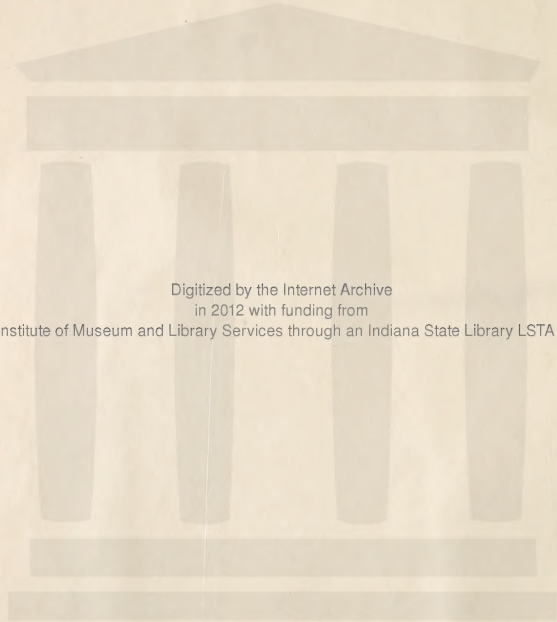
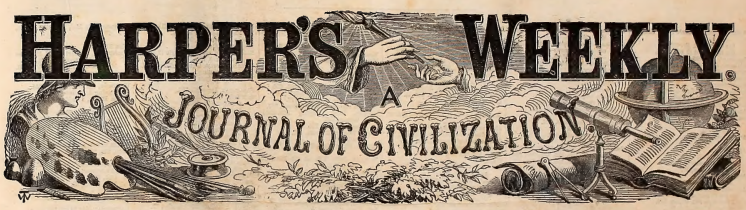


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW-YEAR'S VISITING IN NEW YORK.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new STORY, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to rap this Story from our Magazine

into their paper, *though without the author's advisable alterations*. The same piracy, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Three Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly unfavorable to the prosperity of the British, of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS number of the *Weekly* commences a new volume.

The Contents of the first number, published in the last number, justify the assertion that no publication, either in America or in Europe, contains an equal amount of instruction and entertainment. The proprietors will spare no pains and no expense to make the coming volume still more valuable and welcome.

The *Weekly* will contain portraits of prominent men of the time; pictures of the most striking events of the day, abroad or at home; illustrations of whatever is new and important in civilization, science, and art; sketches of travel, with copious illustrations; light and entertaining gossip on society and the times we live in. In the continuation of the story, "What will he do with it?" other stories, the best that can be had, abroad or at home; humorous and social pictures, original and selected; genial and instructive essays; the continuation of that admirable exposition of wit and humor, "Things Was and Otherwise;" a copious summary of news, foreign and domestic; a complete review of the money, merchandise, and produce markets, etc., etc.

The price being only five cents a number, or $2 50 a year, the proprietors do not hesitate to say that the *Weekly* is the cheapest and best newspaper in the world.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE year which has just ended has been chiefly memorable, in this country, for the commercial revulsion which broke out late in the summer. Politically, there have been but few events of note during the year. The only prospect which we had at one time of commemorating the fall by the final settlement of the Kansas question, has been followed by two events; that, with that other vexed question, the Cuban question, in dispute with England, must be carried forward to the next Year. When the year 1857 was ushered in, the country was in a fever pitch under the excitement of an unusually violent contest for the Presidency: long before summer came, every trace of disturbance had disappeared, and people had ceased to speak or even to think of politics. A speck of war in Utah has hardly roused men from their attitude of indifference; and the expedition of General William Walker in Nicaragua, which a twelvemonth ago awakened a good deal of attention and sympathy, attract very little notice yet. Altogether, the year closes as it has run, as the brokers would say, on a very dull political market.

Abroad, the feature of the year has been the Mutiny in India. Spain, France, Russia, Germany, and the rest of the world, have been quiet enough; their history for 1857 can be very briefly written. But the eyes of the world have been fixed with unusual concern on the struggle which began in the Presidency of Bengal in the month of May last, and which, even at the present time, can not be considered as closed. This general concern has mainly arisen from the horror excited by the atrocities of the savages. When the revolt first broke out, the notorious misgovernment and abominable tyranny of the East Indian Government rather led the European spectators to wish well to the insurgent cause. The Sepoys seemed to be men fighting for freedom. But not many weeks had elapsed before news came of outrages beyond the power of language to describe—of the butchery of little children and fair young girls by the Sepoys; and in an instant the sentiment of the civilized world experienced a change. From the day that the first accounts of the slaughter of women and children were published, no respectable voice has been raised in defense of the Indian mutineers. On the contrary, throughout the world the cry has been universal for their punishment, and the blood-thirsty indignation of the British in India has been shared alike by every civilized people on the globe.

By this time, as every one knows, the suppression of the revolt is a mere question of a few weeks. Thanks to the exploits of Havelock, Wilson, Greathead, and the other great soldiers whom this affair has brought into notice, the year 1857 will not end till every man in India is satisfied of the hopelessness of the attempt to throw off the foreign yoke. The mutiny will be an episode as brief as thrilling in the future history of India.

This and the revulsion are the only events that will be remembered of the year. There was, at one time, a prospect that the year might have been commemorated by the opening of China; but that, too, has been postponed. The year will rank rather as decidedly dull.

THE FINANCIAL PANIC IN EUROPE.

ENOUGH never saw so wide-spread a commercial revulsion as the one which took its rise in New York last September, and is now raging from Portugal to St. Petersburg, and from Scotland to Turkey. But within our day, at least half of Europe enjoyed immunity from financial revulsions from the reason which now keeps Spain calm and undisturbed in the midst of the general tumult: there was no commerce to be overthrown. The magnitude of the present disaster is in exact proportion to the extent of the previous commercial activity. Spain laughs at revulsions, because commercial paralysis is the normal state of the country. The Bank of France gains specie and safely outrides the storm, because the French are gamblers and not traders, not merchants. The London and Hamburg, the great seats of trade and enterprise, have control overshadowed by the centers of the pressure. And as there has been throughout Europe a general and large increase of trade and industry during the past quarter of a century, the revulsion is far more sweeping and terrible than any that have ever been witnessed before.

Legislatures, there as here, are beating their brains in search of causes and remedies. All the common-place have been specified, which, if taken according to prescription, will forever preclude a recurrence of such accidents as commercial revulsions and specie suspensions. But the public wisely looks with no great confidence on these advisers and their nostrums.

The fact has become obvious to all conscientious observers that the revulsion flowed naturally from the undue expansion that was based on the unexpected gold discoveries in Europe and Australia. The increase of wealth which the world derived from these sources was immensely magnified by the facilities of banking and credit, commerce, industry, and enterprise of all kinds, received a directly fair result from the impetus given to the magnificent means for the supplying of our resources. It has taken six years for the gold which was suddenly thrown into use to produce its effects. They have come at last, however, and the gorgeous edifice of credit which was reared upon the gold discoveries has completely broken down.

What then is to follow? The mere mention of the question is sufficient to show how much undo the work which was faulty, and start afresh on a solid basis. Prices must fall to the level of the specie; and there is no more abuse it than our actual gain of wealth will justify. Liquidation—general liquidation—here and abroad, must proceed with no mild severity. When prices have fallen; when the necessaries of life, labor, land, merchandise, and every purchasable commodity, have declined to the neighborhood of the point at which they stood in 1850, then, but not till then, will it be safe to conclude that the bottom of the present revulsion is beginning.

There will come of all the projects that are being ventilated in the newspapers for new bank restrictions, and patent anti-revulsion systems. Nothing will come of them. They are a mere atom in the general basket; though they will undoubtedly befoul the error which led to our present disaster, and will be a nuisance to the general public sentiment, and as an integral part of the commercial system; they are not, in reality, worth a moment's notice. Any one particular drop in a glassful of poison is more rightly chargeable than the other drops with the death which is the result of it. There are always more bank restrictions; there are enough and to spare, if only they are fairly carried out by the men who have the control of the banks, for shut we have any legislation of consequence for the prevention of future commercial crises. The reason that we have such legislation can be framed which shall devolve upon man-kind the duties of prudence and wisdom. So long as mankind continue to be hopeful and credulous, revulsions will occur at periodical intervals, and no human effort can avail to prevent them. We may learn, as individuals, to guard against them, and always to be prepared for sudden disaster; but the commercial world as a whole must make up its mind to revulsions at set periods, just as men and women make up their minds to regular attacks of disease.

SETTLEMENT OF THE KANSAS QUESTION.

IF our news from Kansas be true, the Territorial Legislature have cut the Gordian knot in a rather unexpected manner, by directing that the people of the Territory shall be at liberty to reject altogether the Constitution framed at Lecompton, when the slavery clause is submitted to their vote. This would seem to cure all defects, and to leave no one the least room for further agitation. It is still possible that the Federal party may be in such force in Kansas as may endeavor to defeat the settlement of the dispute by fresh illegal demonstrations; but, on the whole, considering the state of public feeling, and the presence of the United States troops, the chances are the other way.

The President is entitled to general and sincere sympathy at this benevolent. Kansas has been for three years a cacke *à faire* to all of them. North and south; they have lived on her, traded on her, built on her the cities of their hopes. And now she is taken from them. Let us, with every expression of deep commiseration, hope and trust that many weeks may not elapse before some similar excitement breaks out to take the place of Kansas, and supply the politicians with the capital without which their vocation would cease to pay.

SENATOR DOUGLAS.

THE English have one advantage over us: they report their Parliamentary debates in full: we give but a meagre summary of ours. Hence the eloquence of this country have got scarcely a fair notion of the speeches which Senator Douglas, for instance, has delivered on the pending issue between himself and the Administration. It is a serious loss. Those speeches deserve to be reported in full.

The letter from Kansas renders it probable that the present antagonism between Senator Douglas and the Administration will shortly cease, like preceding rows. We are thus open to no suspicion of partisanship if we say that the speeches of the Illinois Senator on that Kansas question deserve to be collected as models of strong, practical, logical eloquence; that they can bear a comparison with the best productions of the best orators; and that they are far better adapted for the study of young lawyers and politicians than nine-tenths of the books of century which are now in vogue.

THE LOUNGER.

ACT SECOND.

WITH this number of the *Weekly* begins the second volume. As the curtain rises, the Lounger stands, with the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, pat for the first act, ready to sing a song.

He claims that he has worked in good company; that, in the first act, a fair result has been produced, that, viewed with shrewd and calculating eyes, your have rarely bought a better five cents' worth than when you have bought this paper.

You have had plenty of illustrations of places famous for the manufacture by the force of events; as always famous, by the force of historic, romantic, or religious association. You have had portraits of great men. You have had all over the world—pictures of manners and customs in all countries—plans, and descriptions, and accurate illustrations! If you can take in a subject through the senses, so much the better.

Then, for the future, have you not had the most eminent and the most unknown (perhaps none the less interesting) men? From Dickens, Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, the Man About Town, the Bohemian, "Prattle and Tattle," "Chat," the Editor himself; light, short, amusing, pathetic, romantic; calm surveys of books and literature, of art and science, of the world, of social news, with Nelly Lancer and the other favoring correspondents of our Letter-box?

A fair prospectus for five cents.

Now begins the second lustrum, with all the old friendships, and new knowledge and wider experience. As we all stand bowing to you, our most gracious public and patron! we know what you want. Your wishes are your pulse—and the hands upon our hearts are the assurance to you that, if we have not been true to you, we will be true.

Precious public! it is your five cents that shall keep our fire burning hay for your entertainment. Behold us in a line!—fraternally linked by the strongest ties of mutual confidence and kindness, with a happy New-Year! We look over our places. We make moonlight and thunder behind the scenes. We are cheerfully afraid of you people who sit in front, eating pea-nuts, and knowing perfectly well that we are only Nick Bottom and Snug the joiner, and no lion at all; and when we make our most successful roar, we listen behind in terror lest you should find us out. But you know all about it!) *Tenez! bonsoir!*

So much for the Second Act. The celebrated Sir Bulwer Lytton will now show what he is going to do with it; and whatever is done by him, or any body else any where, shall not fail to come to your ears and eyes as rapidly as possible.

Ding, ling! ding, ling! There's the bell!

Enter NOBODY. "Here's your *Harper's Weekly*, beginning a new volume; only five cents!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"THE merry, merry bells of Yule" will have died into silence before the Lounger can wish his Merry Christmas. But the good wishes do not end with the music of the bells. They run through all the year like the beauty of the green leaves in veins of the children who hail the day.

Christmas is, of course, a universal festival in all Christendom; but it seems to belong especially to England. In Italy it is magnificent, if you see the Pope in procession and the holy cradle in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. In Germany it is as gay as any festival can be in those gray lands. Everywhere, even in the Greek Church cross twinkle with their fiery blossoms in many happy homes. But there are those for whom it is even the general level of festivity, so as to be especially remarked. In America to have a holiday is to draw an elephant. But in England the day is most *closely* intertwined with a hundred associations. The manners, the habits, and the historians all delight in it, so that English literature is fragrant with the mistletoe. The mere word Christmas is a spell to conjure visions of cheerful country-life—of charity aroused in the city—of glad hearts, good cheer, and blithe song, and, with a general feeling of the great common humanity typified in Him whose birth the day commemorates.

Of these English authors Addison and Dickens are the two whose names are most closely blended with the season.

Milton's hymn of the Nativity is one of the greatest of odes. It is the stateliest strain of the most stately of poets. It has a severe and solemn almost beyond that of any other work in literature. But we cannot like that of a verse more in a ample river, full at once of repose, of power, and of grace. The religious severity of Milton's mind—his eagerness in scholarship, which sometimes rutates of beauty for the adorning of his verse from every region—sometimes his imagination, which used for illustration among them only what was in its very name musical or inevitably suggestive by its associations—that regal self-possession which yet bright, like the sea in summer—all that is most distinctive in Milton's character and genius leaves its impress upon this wonderful ode.

Charles Lamb says Milton should be read to the sound of an organ; but this hymn needs no such music. It flows on with billowy harmonies. Humboldt tells us of the musical rocks upon the banks of the Orinoco, filling all the air with melody—so rolls the hymn of the Nativity, like a magnificent river through a silent land, pealing forth a celestial song.

Yet if the general character of this noble hymn suggests the vast solitude in which everything the listening Syrian shepherds, so do the "Christmas Carols" which are the songs of pure and gentle life which those shepherds heard beneath those stars.

There were many such sermons before, never such stories with a moral, as those which came from the pen of Dickens. The play of humor, of pathos, of exceedingly natural and beautiful fancy in the "Carols" would make the fame of any author—are all devotedly consecrated to the simple moral, a course which would ruin the fame of almost any writer but him.

Probably few writings of any kind have ever had a more direct good influence upon men and society, or more beautiful shown how the magic of genius elevates and illumines. The Carols are always dreadful town, with poverty, and toil, and crime, and misery. But the light of a few generous Christian emotions, to glow and shine like the celestial city. Simple virtues invest common men and women like the mantle of love. The most familiar, most surprising, most touching, and memorable manner, the Independent world of which all the names the day, are borne in upon the mind and left flowering in the heart—" the kingdom of heaven is within you."

In all Christian churches, as in most fit, a solemn service is held on Christmas day. There is good preaching, with the exchange of friendly greetings, and the quiet inward vow, celebrate the festival. But there is another service which may not be performed in every family by the hearth, the altar of the home, and that is the solemn and fit study of Christ's birth, followed by Milton's hymn of the Nativity; and for sermon and application and illustration, the three tales of Dickens's Carols.

That is a service which will set seem, even to the youngest child, like a long chapter of course; but in the years to come, long and long hereafter, when the genial pen that wrote the Carols writes no longer, and the voice that speaks them here are silent forever, that youngest child may perhaps note the fact in addition to his first reading and in the story and the hymn that tender pathos of association which shall make his Christmas to him age, and which shall make it to his children the loveliest day of the year—a feast—a sacrament.

THE *PRESENT* SEASON.

"NO, Sir, don't talk to me. This is something I happen to know about. You, my dear good sport it there will not be half as many visits made by Santa Claus this year as there were last Friday, as in the last five years. No, Sir; I tell you we, Sir Now mark my words; just mark my words."

That is the sort of shrieking style of conversation, even when the other man has all his natural advantages. That fancy the Lounger with his face soaped, his head lying helpless upon a barber's chair, and the razor at his very throat, and, all this fearful disadvantage, subject to hearing that exasperating sort of conversation!

First of all, I say to Santa Claus never comes to any body but children, and he will come to them during this last week of the year as much as ever; not so richly laden, not with such stuffed jackets, but nobody who has ever given his child a gift

will do any less this year because he may be poorer. Any thing will answer—a wooden bucket—a puzzle—a jack-knife—a box for shells. Jimmies, you will be sure to get some remembrance. Santa Claus will not forget you.

But the rest of us he does not know. There is no lovely fiction of Santa Claus when Smith gives Brown a gold pencil (Brown is Smith's book-stirrer at three hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum), nor when one dearest girl gives a kiss which is intended for another. And here is where the loss will fall. This is the pretty exchange that will be annihilated by the hard times.

But then this is a heavy piece of work at the best. The worst of getting a present from your lady you are not intimate with is, that you can not help regarding it in the light of an involuntary tax. You have to spend your money or look mean. Therefore every man should consider naturally whether he has a right to give the little gift he is designing to make to his unsuspecting neighbor.

Not that we are inclined to be too charitable. That is not a universal failing. Sometimes, when we get the steam up, we rush at it the wrong way, like a harbor-tug in the fog that meant to go to Tilbottomia, and found, when it came to shell, that it has also come to Sandy Hook.

So it may be quite well that the promiscuous present-giving has come to an end for the present; and that Mrs. De Gall will not send a highly-embellished box of bonbons to Mrs. Lovegold, when she loves as old orthodox Hebrews love pork. But she may take heart. We have yet to get to the bottom, nor has the bottom itself fallen out. The years will bring again the chance that this year have, and the same things will be given as heretofore.

But it will be well worth while to make a good start—at least for those who really wish to run well and arrive sooner here—by resolving from this time to make gifts with something like sense. We have give them to big people. You love Beggles enough to give him a light from your cigar. Now Mrs. Beggles up there are plenty of levels upon which people stand with you. Don't give your butter-woman a diamond pin. She would be ashamed how she will decline it, or, if she must take it, the joy of her life is over for wondering how she can ever repay the favor. If she have a less sensitive feeling, she will sell it for what she can get.

Your butler—what?

Yes; but have you fully made up your mind which she is?

You know she is not the woman who sells butter, but she who has not a cool alcove butter.

Do you think we ever the more respected because she may be hooped like an enormous firkin? Have you never seen a grocer's shop lined with satin and furnished with rosewood? Have you never swigged and smoked in bar-rooms with soft carpets and Brussels glass?

Diamonds and pearls and roses are for maidens, and queens, and princesses; and they are as likely to live in plebeian breasts and your side-scrapers.

"Fact, Sir, fact. Don't talk to me. I tell you yes, Sir. Mark my words; yes, Sir, mark my words."

How does my man dare to talk in that way? Scat! get out!

OUR LETTER-BOX.

FIRST of all, the Lounger wishes his many correspondents the happiest of New Years, and all the favorites of the season.

His Letter-box has proved a kind of little trap to catch nightingales whose songs might otherwise have been wasted—as a sort of Philomel-box, whose resolving a good deal of anonymous brilliancy into fixed star—yet once more shall sing the days with which he has pecred into many a hidden and remote nest, full of birds of pretty plumage and sweet voice—full of the desire of the world to look over his shoulder and see and hear what he has in hand.

That to-day he finds a strain from the banks of the Mississippi—not from a blue-bird or blackbird, for they are out of season—but from a whistler are always in time, and, this time, in tune. Why should the side-scrapers be musical? is the last query? All the birds are valuable, and he ought to be proud of it in these dismal days.

THE POETRY OF LOVE.

"There's a good deal of green in a tree—it's very true."—*Old Play.*

1. The poetry of human love
In ever-an constant sing;
It thrills through every rolled nerve,
And sets the heart to ring.

2. Through branches to the eye,
Through grass unto the ear,
Glides poetry, more to be felt
And sometimes the tear.

3. It beams in every morning ray,
It trembles on the leaf;
It's ruling o'er the spring
Yis all one joy or grief.

4. It binds our hearts in dearest ties,
Gives brightest charms to life;
And breathes the language of the
skies
To other human strife.

5. Think Heaven that yet this no-thee is
fled
A love that was for thee;
Or, if tossed without it would congeal, (I
The heart would pulsing.

6. It almost brings me back to youth,
When faith and hope were young,
And Nature's voice, in earnest truth,
Was music on the tongue.

7. Hyethed's years so child'd the heart
That it could love in love;
Then faith and hope might all do—(No. 7 middling?)
pulse
And not, as now, grow strongest

GREAT UNKNOWN.—If you print the above, leave off the side-notes. Mrs. Green says the lines will do; but I confess I have not much faith in them, though I think she is a good judge of poetry (or judges), for she always says mine is better than any other in the world, she believes. One reason for this opinion, however, may possibly be that she never reads any other. Besides, she is a very economical woman, and perhaps has a prejudice in favor of *home-made* poetry. It is a great thing in a family to make your own poetry and your own mince-meat—thus, while Mrs. G. insists that my poetry is the best in the world, I hope that her mince-pies were never equaled.

Truly yours, AMAZING GREEN.
St. Louis, *December*, 1857.

—*Jim* makes one mistake. The Lounger did not hope "to draw people out," but to draw them to—his box. And he makes no mistake in what he speaks well of the ever-puisted pencil of Hopkins. As for the Lounger's philosophy, it is the philosophy of Hudibras, Falstaff, and other unconscious humorists. There are some illusions, *Jim*, that should be cherished. One moment of pleasure is worth a year of them. A sensitive Oriental, who has married his wife when she is still veiled, might, and would, long hesitate before he lifted that veil from features. Let him believe her what he thinks all golden should be—young, beautiful, and modest. Let him believe her to be Venus. But to lift the veil is to destroy the possibility of illusion. Under veil Hafiz and Lalla Rookh are lovers.

Jim will surely appreciate what the Lounger hopes *Jim* will consider the Lounger's motive.

DEC., 1857.

DEAR LOUNGER,—I appreciate letters, and to many people I should be grateful for them. I have many correspondents, but very few of them write me long letters—and I like it, when you invited every body to write to you, I thought it was a very strange idea, to say the best of it; but now I see into your object. You mean to draw us out, and I must give you credit for being so well versed in the operation.

I don't know as I have any thing particular to say to you, only that I like you, and hope to get a printed letter from you some day. I am glad to see Hoppin's pencil so often in the *Weekly*, and the others in employ such a genius as his the better for it. I consider Hoppin the best artist we have. Eastman—comic or otherwise. Don't you, Lounger? Oh-holy, Lounger, you must not say that. Let Brady take your ambrotype or photograph, and put it at the head of your lounging place? I wish your admirers are your good old face. Yours truly,

JIM.

Mother-can are nothing of bishops of any kind which the *Lounger* is glad to hear. In fact, only *Modeste* ought to write of such subjects; and if the English did not positively prohibit the marriage of a widower-in-law and *Johnnie*, that her fault? Are not her ideas clear enough? When the Jura sun shines in it is very well reasoned through broken June clouds, do they obscure the light?

Not at all, Sir; not at all.

DEAR, DEAR LOUNGER!!!—I wonder if the melodists conform to the rules of harmony in their intervening for you to hear of? I (a brune, plastonic philosopher girl of seventeen) have attended their meetings, as I say, and have spent a whole four hundred of my fellows silk-warters, and found them to be very much out of tune. Why don't you put patient to the list; or, as they call it "Alabamian ladies have no melody." I was placed in a situation to confirm or refute the above remark, and the result was: appurtenant insensibly: it was not me to me, and the puzzling nature of my position to you.

But the honorable brother-bip attack our soul-teeth rubbing, our faces black, white and red painted, and the hideous wearing of our natural-colored hair adjectives!

A propos, dear Lounger about baloons, Prosper —, a young enthusiastic frenchman a friend of mine, he, just now let me that the Sun is stronger than the moon and consequently always rains. I persisted send you a new form of acrostat with wich he promise to convey the incomparable *Harper* across the oceanic plateau to "Dutchland-Hungary" in less than . . . . he counts it by hours and minutes, with an hotel ready; he, of course, could not, but he did not receive any news of his drawn baloon.

Hooping, hoping you will enlightnen each idea, Roger's Lady Clarissa Harlowe Jones. I place under your royal dependency MODESTE.

New Haven.—At noon 400 miles, there was good looking. 0

Pretty 3

Beautiful . . . . 1 the last was me, of course.

—JOHN SCRIMTUE, of Albany, ought to know that a Lounger is not to be taken in by a "postscard or tricked by any quantity of "silly stuff." In not his very business the study of mankind? Is he not officially the recipient of the confidential correspondence? Ought a coal-bearer to be disconposed by dust?

In reply to his question, the Lounger says with alacrity that *John Schmyth*, of Albany, is double-him the name to "Dutchland-Hungary" in the late Scientific Congress in that city—an accomplished, original, caustic, and discriminating individual, with all his powers of mind and body in that digest and adore our common humanity.

The Lounger is confident that his Letter-box will always be lighter (of course, in the sense of illuminated) by the favors of his good friend Schmyth.

ARARAT, *December*, 1857.

MOST LEARNED LOUNGER,—Can you tell me the advice you gave me very kindly, and hope I shall profit by it. I have purchased a pair of specticles, and long to see how I look in them.

And now, Mr. Lounger, as I believe you are pretty good at conundrums, I should like to know what kind of a man, woman, or child you suppose I am. I am sure, with all your learning, you can and answer that question correctly.

I am writing this on purpose to torment and trouble you with nothing, if, as I do not suppose you will publish or answer such silly stuff as this.

I wish that I could find words to express how much I think of your paper. I would say that in my opinion it is *the best* that is published; and for fear you may doubt it, I will say this with:

May your shadow never grow less,
Nor your wit nor your wisdom grow small;
And may you be always the best
You're an excellent Lounger withal.

YOURS, JOHN SCRIMTUE.

—IBRAHIM BELLFLOWER may be very sure that if roses can understand singing, and nightingales mean any thing when they prick their tremolo and bleed sweet songs, the rose loves to hear the nightingale, though that poetic bird may warble nothing else forever than "Dear beautiful rose."

What is true of roses is true of women; what is true of one sex is true of the other, for both are human; what is true of women is, in respect of variety at least, true of men. Miss Bellflower, or the belle who is only a bud now not yet flowered into the Mrs., whether men or women are wanted, I shall, on receipt of her letter, be glad to be of service to her.

Therefore, what is true of roses is true of lovers, and you have to hear how witty, and gay, and agreeable they are.

SPENCERVILLE, O., *Dec.* '57.

TO THE LOUNGER.—I hardly know whether it is right for me to write to you or not, having nothing to say, either about myself or anything, without it is to tell you how much I think of the *Weekly*; how I wait for its visit as anxiously as if it owed me a thousand dollars, and how we hear enough of that every day, anyhow. Still, I hope it won't flatter you much if I write to you now and then about it? Being nothing but a kind of premature *Bohemian*, with a great longing, or rather a determination, to be something in the wide, wide world—"a man or a woman"—and a firm conviction that the pen is mightier than the sword, and other trite quotations, whether in making matches (*Lucifer*) or building houses.

I want to commence early, and get used to it, and if I may write to you sometimes, I'll do the best I can. If you will shave before answering this, I'll be "Every Inch" does, I am, of course, out of order, and will, I suppose, be unceremoniously called into the back office. If not, I feel pretty sure I get into your Letter-box, and from that into the *Weekly*. If I see this there, I will try and do better next time. I have no way to say more, but I will keep it till next time; it's good for any thing it is worth, and I hope you will, as you most reverently. JIM CROW. YOURS always,

IBRAHIM BELLFLOWER.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

EXPLOITING CHRISTMAS.

I DON'T pretend to be any more particular about small matters than the rest of the world. In point of fact it is the particular province of the Bohemian to be liberal, and sometimes to say things which the more fastidious people would blush to utter. Ages and respectability to tuck them up. But I really can not stand the exploitation, for business purposes, of the various services intended to commemorate the advent of the Redeemer. This, however, has been the fervent of our fashionable churches, and I have before me a ticket of admission to a musical entertainment given on Christmas Day, in a church in the heart of the city. Some musician has composed a new Mass, and he takes this occasion to introduce it, and, of course, the public. There are vocalists also regularly announced, after the fashion of the theatres. There will be the swell of voluptuous music by the orchestra, with the meretricious trills, and shakes, and roulades of the Opera-house; the lawful and proper Christmas music, which is somewhat more simple. Read:

SC. IERE II., TO 14.

7. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they feared with great fear.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

There, Sir, when do you think we shall ever realize the sublime in the simplicity, the grandeur of that first Christmas? Do you think that Mr. Fugue, the celebrated composer, would have ventured to add to the original music for that child "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger," a fine, full, rich, and elaborate chorus, the great prima donna, would have vouchsafed a single cadenza for the son of Joseph, the carpenter, and Mary so good that it was a pity the Angel of Gabriel to avoid the capitation tax imposed by Augustus? The tenor would have as well as not thought he would have sung in praise of the Emperor, of Herod the tetrarch, of Pontius Pilate, and of the good old Queen of Britain, as to the good and the saviour of things proved lucrative.

I believe there are good men and women enough in our churches to prevent musicians from making a trading day of a great Christian festival; but I wish you to say. I have any very strong hope; that they will do so.

THE HOLIDAYS—ADVICE TO YOUNG NEW YORK.

FROM positive observation of the fact, I am induced to believe that there are some children in New York—and, unfortunately, children who are most rows about the house—children who tumble down stairs—children who "bump" their heads against marble projections—children who spend their money like sailors or Irishmen, and generally make themselves nuisances of a pleasant character. It is true that these young people will make even more noise than usual during the holidays, but these antics will release his character, lately somewhat injured in the infantile community by false and malicious reports circulated by interested parties.

It is not to these representatives of little New York that I would speak just now, but to that more staid and respectable portion of the dignity of the American character—the hope and pride of the country—Young New York, Young New York, who arrays himself in the richest attire, and goes forth slaying hecatombs of female hearts at every step—Young New York, the Juggernaut which crushes even criticism beneath its resistless wheels.

I am conscious that the pillars of this estimable class of society—the young men who are already a credit to their country—are above from my especial fellows, who know a great deal, Sir; fellows who are always willing to billiards, champagne, and fast horses, and other fast things; fellows who are generally up to all kinds and varieties of snuff. But there are young men who are not "fast," who gaze upon the splendor of their seniors with anxious expectation—the time when they shall be able to say, I too am ruined, body and soul. It is to these lambs that I wish to address a few words of advice, and counsel them, if possible, from falling into the snares to which youth and innocence are always liable. You are more especially so during the holidays. Listen!

On New-Year's Day you will rise early, and proceed to the grand circle which is at present reigning. You have already written out a list of the ladies whose morning-gowns you intend to illuminate with the splendor of your presence. You will be aided and abetted by another youth, and you will take care that he is not more successful than yourself. As to dress, the English fashion is in vogue just now. You will wear a very tight coat, a hat, or Scotch cap, a gorgeous shirt-collar, a loud scarf, a rough coat, staring plaid waistcoat, loose, baggy pantaloons, and shoes of prodigious size. Bury as some low fellows who think that they ought to have some reverence for the Lord's day, and then call by appearing in full dress. But they are far behind the times. No fellow of any spirit has any respect for any day nowadays.

As to your behavior, there are two distinct characters which you may assume. The most fashionable is that of the *blase* man of the world, but that is difficult; very few fellows are up to it, and the girls can detect the want of your proper style if they see you are in the least bit liable to be upset. The best thing to do is to assume the "fast" style, which is clever, and agreeable. You may do this without being either light, dashing, witty, or in any way clever, and I append a few infallible rules by which you may be governed:

Avoid remarks about the weather.

When asked if you have made many calls, reply about five thousand; but none so pleasant, etc., etc.

If the lady is acquainted with your immediate relatives, and makes inquiries as to their state of health, you will reply, in a tone of deep feeling, that the old governor (meaning your proprietor) is pretty well, but the old lady (your mother) and the girls are feeling "like bricks;" all of which expressions, as they convey no meaning of themselves, are generally witty, and quite genteel.

You may fill up the dreadful intermission between the departure of the last visitor and the invitation to refreshments by a joke or two. This is dangerous ground; but have arranged one or two with the waiters previously, which will answer. A pun may be made upon *lemonade*, as *lemon-ade*, *parlor*, like *parlez-vous*, is sure to bring down the out. A simple conundrum thus: Why is a lady, on New-Year's Day, like a popular clergyman? Because she is always receiving calls. Or, another form of conundrum, which often misses fire: Why is Lord Ellenborough like a certain other thing? and after every body has given it up, you say that you really don't know. That will be a joke even with a very dense company, and I would not advise you to try it unless you meet a very clever set of people. I have known it to have a wonderful effect upon the intelligent, who never could see the fun about it at all.

Don't be too full. It is too much for you, and never would be appreciated if it were not.

If other people call while you are present, and you don't know them, be as rude as possible; and if they seem at all abashed, increase their confusion by quizzing them. The Lord likes those who generally quite safe.

Always carry your hat in your hands, otherwise you are not prepared to know what to do with them.

Take all your friends when you call at a house where you are not little acquainted. It is a most great sport to see a lady trying to do the civil thing when she really wishes that you were in Jericho, and you are not aware of the fact.

Always sit down to refreshment table with your back to the window, as it is more easy to get at them; call for things which are not on the table; talk loudly and coarsely; thus will you "get all the fun of the fair," and every one will think that you are a fellow that has seen life and knows what he is about.

Should you say or do any thing wrong, and do any thing without running any more risk than that of being kicked out, which is something that every body has to run, you may console yourself that education can not be considered to have been complete if it has not been a follow more or less frustration by dragging a young lady to the piano, and insisting upon a song. She run away; be haunted as a man a fellow more or less—and a mental scather severe comic balled with great applause.

Should you be asked to sing, you should refuse at first, and then consent with a good grace.

If you follow these rules, taking care to get very drunk, you may count upon having on the second day of the New Year the proud consciousness that you have made a fool of yourself, although you may have a bad headache, no digestion for a week, and a general sadness and shakiness, all of which are quite fashionable nowadays, I can assure you.

A PUFF FOR THE QUEEN.

THE descendants of the Bohemians of Plymouth Rock had their annual feast at the Astor House the other day. There was quite the usual amount of blarney about the Pilgrims, who never intended to land at Plymouth, and particularly not at that time of the year. Getting into rather an ugly scrape, however, they displayed the usual Anglo-Saxon pluck, and made the best of the matter. And that is the whole story. Not the whole story for after - dinner orators, however. They elaborate it, find twist it, and turn it into all sorts of shapes, and give the poor Fathers credit for plenty of things they never thought of. If one is patient, and, like Master John Hodner, a close investigator, he may pick a plum yoke or two out of this oratorical pudding. I see but one this year, and that has been made by a gallant mariner who replied to a toast about the Army and Navy (two unnecessary evils at which the Puritan Fathers did most incontinently turn up their noses). Now, as a general thing, when your naval or military man has to say "Charge!" or "Fire," he can do it quite well; but that is a different affair from standing up before a lot of orators, lawyers, clergymen, and reporters, and making a set speech. The gallant officer said nothing about the Navy of course (people never do say any thing about the especial matters in the millennium to which they intend to speak), but a great deal about what a jolly time he had of it in England, and how the English were getting to think pretty well of us, for which we ought to be very thankful. I am sure that I am. The mariner now speaks in the following handsome manner about the Queen:

"I have heard the Queen talked of as a good woman. She is one of the best sovereigns that Great Britain ever had. She is not only a good woman, but a good mother, faithful to her children and faithful to her country; leaving no stone unturned for the good of the nation. She always pays attention to her children, such as not besides do in her position, or even in position not so high."

That I call a very good notice; and I hope that Lord Palmerston will take some notice of it in the House of Commons. The old Puritans liked kings and queens very much, especially Charles the First, who was not only a good man, but a good father; faithful, etc., as he understood, and paid a great deal of attention to James and Charles, two amiable boys also much loved by the rulers of Plymouth, Wannalancet, and Boston. I should like to know how nassy "ladies" the mariner has from in the "position" of the Queen of England, and what she does for the good of the nation. I always believed under the impression that the British Constitution was an unique instrument, the fellow of which could not be found elsewhere, and that the personality of the sovereign was not of the slightest political consequence.

Now, here's the speech the mariner should have made:

"I'm not much of a hand at long yarns, shipmates, especially when I'm surrounded by people who make their pay and rations by spinning of 'em. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] About the Army I can't say any thing, because I don't know any thing; but I can tell you this about the Navy: that it is a —— ungrateful service, where a fellow may wear himself out, and get kicked on the retired list for his pains. And if Congress and the papers would just let the Navy alone, except about the pay—and we must have more of that—we would do very well. Thanking you, shipmates, for the compliment you have paid the service, I'll bring myself to anchor."

There, Sir, is not that about the thing? I shall not copyright it, but give full permission to all distressed mariners who fear that they will run ashore on the Shoals of Hesitation or go to pieces on Break-down Rock, to use it as they like.

BOHEMIEN.



PIN-MONEY.

PIN-MONEY AND NEEDLE-MONEY.

MY lovely friend, Clara Rondorton, has received, in lieu of the balance of pin-money to which she was entitled from her generous father, "a few trifles" from Tiffany's. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month is the *bagatelle* on which this economical young lady contrives to dress herself, and supply herself with gloves, pomades, and *extraits Indien*; and to her credit be it observed that she is rarely seen in rags. Such is the fruit of good training and early habits of moderation and self-denial.

Strange vicissitudes of fortune! Thirty years ago, Josiah Ronderton was a porter in the house of Stiggs & Co., Grocers. Every body remembers the great house of Stiggs, whose operations could change the face of the market in a day. Josiah was a steady, hard-working young man, who was thoroughly trusted by his employers, and who employed his evenings in acquiring a knowledge of book-keeping and commerce. After working as a porter for several years, Josiah one day accosted the head of the house, old Dave Stiggs—

"Sir, I'm not satisfied with my position; I wish you would take me into the office, and let me do some of the writing and accounts. I don't care about salary, but I want to rise."

Old Dave fell back with amazement, and made his porter repeat his request.

"Joe, my boy," said he at length, "you're a fool! It's all nonsense talking about rising. Stay where you are; you've got a good berth, and I'll give you an extra fifty for turkey at Christmas. Roll casks, Joe, roll casks; that's your vocation."

"Very good, Mr. Stiggs," said Joe, who was too wise to make a scene.

Young Stiggs, who had had a hearty laugh over the story of poor Joe's request, and whose beautiful wife, and splendid house, and fast horses, and magnificent career generally were the delight of the town—young Stiggs, I say, trampled on Joe's toes pretty roughly. He was a gentleman of a pretty humor and would chaff poor Joe; so

"I say, Joe, it strikes me you're not so active as you used to be; you don't roll the casks fast enough. Has my body been setting you above your trade, Joe?" or "Joe, my boy, we're losing money fast; ah! how devilish lucky you are to be a porter, and sure of your pay every Saturday!"

To all of which Joe only answered, "True, Mr. Stiggs, very true. But we'll do better."

One day, it was twenty years ago, a foolish and insane idea possessed the people of this country. They would not believe that the United States Bank was the most useful, and the safest, and the best institution in the country. David Stiggs was one of the few who opposed this delusion. He maintained that the banks and especially the Great Bank were impregnable, and when any sold their stock, Dave Stiggs bought. He and Nick Biddle, he said, could fight the rest of the merchants. The fight was long and tough; but it ended—alas for the vanity of human triumphs!—in the victory of an insane public, and in the overthrow of the Great Bank, the small banks, Nick Biddle, and old Dave Stiggs.

A few weeks therefore, soon after Dave had blown out his brains in his despair at being ruined, the store which he had occupied was refitted, and a new shingle hung out. It bore the name of ISRAEL ROSWORTH, CHEMISTRY MERCHANT.

Young Livingston Stiggs swore it was the best joke he had ever heard. "Egad, Tin Tin was our porter!" For his own part, the failure of the house concerned him little. He had been very timid to business, and was remarkably industrious and shrewd. He would work his way out of his embarrassments, and then build up a new fortune. And he bestirred himself manfully. It was, however, no easy task; the Bankrupt Act did not come a day too soon for Livingston Stiggs!—who took the benefit of it, got whitewashed, and started afresh.

But the taint of the old house hung round him. The enemies whom the prosperity of the father had created avenged themselves on the son. He met obstacles—unexpected, unaccountable obstacles—at every side. The best of the business of the old house of Stiggs & Co. had descended finally to Josiah Ronderton. New business proved unprofitable. And so, after a long struggle, Livingston Stiggs failed again.

This time the break-down was final. The man's energy had been wasted. He sank, and disease supervening, he became dependent upon his wife—the beautiful, dashing creature, who had been the *belle* of the city—for support. She died, heart-broken; and, at last, the only livelihood of the son and heir of Livingston Stiggs was obtained from the needle-money of his daughter. She had been born in finest linen, cradled in richest lace, decked out in child's-clothes of silk and satin; she burnt her candle to the socket every night now, working—to support her father—for the family of her grandfather's porter, Josiah Ronderton.

Strange contrast!—pin-money and needle-money. But, take the world as a whole, and there's but a generation between them. The father, rich; the son, poor; the children of the nabob lying in garrets or hospitals provided by the munificence of the children of the nabob's servants; the daughter of Croesus intriguing to secure for her daughter the gracious smile of the son of Croesus's stable-boy: such is every history—in this democratic and scheming country. Schemo we never so wisely, we never can contrive to do more than the law allows to testators; namely, to provide for two generations of our posterity: the third generation, the great-grandchildren, are beyond our reach and our power, and, in nine instances out of ten, the great-grandchildren of every rich man will be poor, and of every poor man rich. There is hope as well as sorrow in the thought.



NEEDLE-MONEY.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXIV.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The last View of Mount Lebanon.—A Mediterranean Calm.—A sea-sick Turk.—Mustapha in Despair.—The Harem and the Eunuchs.—A heavy Sea.—A Plunge down the Companion-way.—John Steenburger nearly throttles a Eunuch.—Latakia, ancient Laodicea of Syria, and its Ruins.—Alexandretta.—The Battle-field of Issus.

I BELIEVE that my last letter ended abruptly with the approach of the steamer to Tripoli, which place I had mentioned, and perhaps described, in a former communication. What with the rolling and pitching of the next night, and the events of two or three days following, my brain is not now in any of the best condition to recall what I did write about.

We remained only an hour or two at Tripoli. The city lies some three miles from the village at the port where we swung to anchor, and we did not go ashore. The wind rose after dark. We got away at nine or ten o'clock, and plunged at once into a head-sea. By this time it was blowing a tempest. Sudden storms are characteristic of the Mediterranean. I have had frequent occasion to remark this as illustrative of numerous passages of the Sacred History, especially in the voyages of Paul. A soft south wind, which would be apt to tempt a sailor out of a harbor on the Bay of Naples, will suddenly change into a furious norther and blow for days with unabating power. Then it will flatten down instantly to a dead calm, and the sea, in four hours, will look as if a wind never blew over it.

Plunge, plunge, creak, creak, the ship went rolling all night long on her northward voyage. We had a sorry time of it on board. Mustapha Pasha lay sick on deck, and three several times he rolled out from under the canvas, and presented each time the picture of despair incarnated. You have seen sea-sick people, but did you ever look at a sea-sick Turk? No? Then you have one more sight before you in the catalogue of terrible pictures. Why, Sir, it is indescribable in its horror. Dante should—Dante must have seen them before he described some of the tormented. There was a swinging light on the quarter-deck, and another under the canvas, and when the body of the half-dead Turk rolled out I saw it, and when it rolled in the ladies saw it, and from the occasional bursts of fun that would come at the precise moments when he disappeared under the canvas, I had reason to think the old fellow did not greatly excite the commiseration of his harem.

I remained on deck till long after midnight. It was clear, and the moon was very bright, and I can assure you the scene was one of the finest I have ever enjoyed. But it was not so much the white caps of the sea, the flashing waves, the grand night that was worth seeing. It was the majesty of Lebanon, going down behind us, the snow-capped summits that look down on the Holy Land, touched and sanctified by the white light of the moon, and now fast disappearing from my longing vision.

It were blessed, I thought, to linger out my lifetime there, and die on the borders of the Promised Land! You who have not been there can not imagine with what yearning the heart turns to the sacred soil; with what earnest love the affections draw us back thither. From the moment that I set my foot on the eastern slope of Lebanon I began to feel an oppression stealing over me, an overwhelming sense of loss that I can not make apparent to you, because you have never felt it. It is not like home-sickness. That does not define it. It is like the desire for repose that the disquieted dead might have. The feeling that we are leaving a country where is calm rest of mind, faith that could make death itself welcome, where the world does not enter, where one cares nothing for the pomps and vanities, the trials and sicknesses of life.

On my faith, Sir, as I, stout man that I am, walked that quarter-deck and looked back to the Holy Land, I envied sweet Alice Warren her boy Prit by the Sea of Galilee, and wished I, too, were there.



EASTERN FLOWING.

You will laugh at this, or call it sentimental. What care I if you do? I felt so then. I don't feel precisely so now; but I would be content to go with clothes and food and sit down in Jerusalem for the rest of my life, and die and be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

I thought the old craft would shake her old ribs out of her at last. By one o'clock she was behaving like a mad thing. She yawed and swung in a lubberly way down the sides of the seas, and at length, while I stood holding on by the weather-rail and looking into the wind's eye, suddenly she lay down toward the wind, shoved her wheel-house under a heavy blue sea, lifted up again, and swashed it over her quarter, in a flood that drowned out Mustapha and his harem.

Out came a shriek, and out rushed half a dozen ladies, shrieking as they rushed, and after them, pell-mell, two tall black fellows, bounding over the form of Mustapha as it went down to leeward, and attempting to surround the ladies, who flew like frightened birds toward me. The binnacle-light shone on their bare faces, and I saw that two of them were rather pretty. The third was veiled.

The eunuchs, whose duty is strictly to preserve the sanctity of the harem, usually cut down my rum when he has violated it, whether accidentally or intentionally. This custom is always justified in the East.

I knew enough, therefore, to foresee my danger, as one of the scoundrels led back the ladies while the other rushed at me.

Thanks be to the old sea, that has served me faithfully often, but never so well as just then! So long as the ship lay down to leeward he rushed on, but in a twinkling up went the lee-rail, and the tall reamded staggered as the angle changed, swerved a little as it increased, and when the ship lay down again almost on her beam ends, he threw his arms into the air with that awkward motion that you will not need I should describe. I had him then. Three steps and a kick on the shins settled his business. The shins of the Nubian eunuch are as tender as those of his Virginia cousins. He went down like a falling poplar, and curiously enough, he went down the after hatchway, which John Steenburger was opening at the instant. Nor was that all. The three ladies and the other blackey were stationary in the middle of the deck during the instant occupied by my attack on their unlucky guardian; but now, as the ship again lurched, they came in a heap into the same open pit, and to my horror, John, and the two blacks, and the three ladies vanished, howling and shrieking in English, Turkish, Arabic, and Armenian, down the steep gangway.

Mustapha himself roused his decaying energies at this mishap and the direful tumult it caused. I dashed down the companion-way in time to save the life of one of the Nubians whom John throttled in the dark; Sir John came from one direction and Miss Kate from another, a French passenger from his cabin, three Englishmen and an Austrian from their rooms, and, in point of fact, we had all the ship's officers and passengers there in ten seconds, while Mustapha looked down the gangway in astonishment beyond measure.

I have taken too much space in describing this ridiculous adventure, but such as it is it will serve to illustrate the people one meets with on a Syrian coasting voyage.

In the morning we anchored at *Latakia*, famed for its tobacco, with which it supplies Egypt and the East generally. The Turks of Constantinople do not like it so well, and use but little of it. But its fame is great in all the countries south of Smyrna.

Latakia was once Laodicea, but not the Laodicea of Scripture. Its history is chiefly of interest in connection with the Crusades; but I shall not pause here to enlarge upon it of that. I went ashore, hired a donkey, mounted without saddle or bridle, and trotted deliberately about the old town. There were two fine specimens of Roman ruins here among the houses of the village, looking sadly out of place and infinitely more melancholy for the approximation of filth and poverty than any ruins of Roman grandeur I have hitherto seen.

The incidents of the day were three falls from the donkey, one full donkey and myself both together, three fine old coins of Diocletian bought for a piastre, a large stock of tobacco laid in for the future, and a return to the ship at sunset.

I could prolong my account of this voyage to a dozen letters. There are points of classic and sacred interest on all the borders of this sea, and there were incidents of interest every hour. But enough for these sketching letters now if I but give you the idea of travel here, leaving you some day to appreciate its delicious interest yourself.

The sea went down with the wind at sunset. Next morning, after a quiet and very decent night, we woke to find the ship at anchor in the harbor or roadstead of Iskanderoon, which is Arabic for Alexandretta.

Look at your map, and you will see that it is in the extreme northeast corner of the Mediterranean. Look at your histories, and you will find that around this same corner of the sea the nations of ancient days marched in all their great expeditions, and you will find that on the plain of this same Alexandretta was fought the battle of the Issus, than which no greater was ever fought from the days of Antioch, discomfited in this, unto the fields of the Crimea.

The gate of Syria is near here, a terrible mountain pass through which nations have marched northward and southward.

We got the horses ashore with some difficulty, and leaving the servants to attend to the baggage we rode out three hours to the northward to visit the battle-field. Iskanderoon is a small village under the side of a lofty mountain. A little distance to the northward the hills retire from the sea a mile or more, and on this narrow strip of land Alexander defeated Darius. A plowman was visible when we first reached the plain, breaking up with the rude Eastern plow the soil which once was Macedonian soldiers. Little cared the peasant for the rich earth he overturned, so it yielded him his scanty living. Yet was that earth once

ISKANDEROON, AND THE FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

living men that started at the voice of the son of Philip.

It is not my province to relate stories of ancient history. I am but recording the visits of modern travelers to scenes of old fame, and I confess to you that when I stood on the battle-ground of Issus, as the old sun went down in the sea with his red eye gleaming as it gleamed on the scattered hosts of the Persian, when I stood there and looked at my companion and myself, sole living beings on all the plain, once thronged with the hundred thousands of Greece and Persia, Asia and Syria, and the night came on again as with ceaseless return the night has come over that battle-field, I felt a profound sense of the smallness of these later years, of the puny men and puny intellects that we so pride ourselves on, as compared with Alexander and Darius, and Parmenio and Hephæstion.

LITERARY.

In reviewing the literature of the past year one is struck with the very small number of successful books which have appeared on either side of the water. Dr. Livingstone's Travels, of course, are hardly to be considered as books of the year 1857, published as they are at the close of it. Few works of the past year have sold over two thousand copies, and probably not more than half a dozen have gone over five thousand, unless we except that class of works which, by dint of advertisements and show-bills, are made to sell rapidly, and to be as rapidly forgotten.

In Theology, the volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., have been by far the most salable books of the year; while Dr. Breckinridge's "Knowledge of God, Objectively Considered," published by the Carters, has been the most valuable and solid contribution to this class of literature. "The Man of Business," a collection of practical sermons by distinguished clergymen, intended for the benefit of commercial men, published by Randolph, has also been a successful book, though of that class which wins its way very silently. It forms a specimen of a new kind of book which has become somewhat popular of late, the peculiarity of which consists in the number of contributors to its pages. It is hardly proper to class "The Greyson Letters" published by Gould & Lincoln, with theological works, yet they belong to no other distinct class, and may be mentioned here as among the remarkable publications of the year.

In Fiction we have had certainly enough from which to choose. During the year we have had occasion to notice specially some twenty or thirty novels, and our list embraces as many more not worth naming.

Republication of old standard favorites has been extensively carried on. Every one will be glad to learn that Ticknor & Fields's admirable edition of the Waverley Novels (of which we have just received "The Monastery"), than which there is none more chaste and beautiful, is said to be a successful adventure. The demand for them speaks well for the taste of the reading public, and their issue claims the patronage of all lovers of fine books. Derby & Jackson have issued new editions of such authors as Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austen, and Miss Porter; so that "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Scottish Chiefs" stare us in the face in modern dress and style, much to our annoyance at first glance, but much to our comfort by gas-light of a winter evening.

The noticeable novels of the year are Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," published by Ticknor & Fields; Miss Brontë's "Professor," published by Harper & Brothers; Charles Reade's "White Lies" (Ticknor & Fields); and "Guy Livingstone," also by Harper & Brothers. "Two Years Ago" sold well, but damaged Mr. Kingsley's reputation vastly in America, as indeed also in England. The suspicion that the young clergyman was growing egotistical on the strength of his former success was confirmed by the dictatoria[l] style of his address on American subjects, about which it was but too evident he was lamentably igno[r]ant in the main, and sadly misinformed in particul[ar]s. Miss Brontë's "Professor" was a literary curiosity rather than a new novel. It was the base on which she had built "Villette," and it was, in one sense, like seeing the skeleton of a well-known body, and learning the action of all the parts from the exposure. "Guy Livingstone" is the novel of the present season—a strange book in some respects, a strong book in all. It is a bold, dashing story, whose characters, male and female, live for life, and play its game, every one, as if he or she held all the cards, or as if it mattered nothing in the end whether the game were lost or won. Few books have been so signally popular. "White Lies" threatens to rival it in the public estimation, lacking, however, the spice of mystery which has surrounded the authorship of the former. The author of "Guy Livingstone" is now understood to be a Mr. Laurence, hitherto unknown in the literary world. We should name in passing Mr. James's annual contribution, "Leonora D'Orco," one of his best, and Miss Cumings's "Mabel Vaughan," not equal to "The Lamplighter," but a worthy book nevertheless.

Books of travel have been, perhaps, more plenty than usual. Mr. Train's "American Merchant in Europe, Asia, and Australia" (Putnam), was a decided hit; but we are not informed as to its success. Mr. Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt" and "Tent Life in the Holy Land" are said to have been the most successful books published in the summer, and have still a constant and steady sale. They were received by the press with a unanimity of praise that is remarkable. The plan of their issue was novel, and is worthy of notice. Instead of making two volumes of travels Mr. Prime published two distinct works, each complete in itself. The result has been that the one published a few weeks in advance of the other has sold only about a hundred copies more—showing a very nearly equal demand for the two.

In no year have travelers contributed more to general information. The Carters published Loftus's "Chaldea and Susiana," a work which, in our estimation, surpasses even Layard in interest; and the same house issued Dr. Bonar's Sinai, etc., which, with Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" (Redfield) and Mr. Prime's "Tent Life," have served to reawaken the controversies about the Holy Places and the Sinaitic inscriptions; so that the Orientalists have their hands full to settle the new points and arguments submitted, pro and con, by these gentlemen.

Central and Southern America has been pretty thoroughly explored by books in 1857. Mr. Holton's "New Granada" (Harpers), Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher's "Brazil" (Sheldon & Blakeman), Wells's "Honduras" (Harpers), and sundry minor works contributing thereto.

But the great works of the year, Dr. Barth's "Northern Africa" and Dr. Livingstone's "Southern Africa," will make the year memorable among scientific and geographical scholars. Both are of intense interest to the ordinary reader, and both are of incalculable value to the student of geography or ethnography.

In biographies the year has not been prolific. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Miss Brontë" (Appletons) was the leading biographical work of the year, but was a sad mistake in the author, though it sold remarkably well. Mrs. Gaskell quarreled with pretty much every one concerned, and after trying to revise and reform the book by erasures and new editions, gave it up in despair, and submitted to be universally condemned. Mrs. Gaskell writes admirable novels, and is therefore a poor historian of facts. The only other biography which we have to notice is that of "Mr. Gallaudet" (Carters), which is recently issued, and which commands high respect on account of the distinguished name of the subject, as well as the execution of the work by its venerable author.

Poets have sung their songs in the past year, though the world was convulsed with wars and commercial tempests. Barry Cornwall (Ticknor & Fields being publishers in America) has given us his sad farewell to the Muse. Leigh Hunt, old and kindly (the same publishers), has gathered his poems—has drawn the covers over himself, let us say, before he sleeps. Stoddard gave us his "Summer Songs;" Miss Barrett published "Aurora Leigh," and Whittier recaptured some of his fugitives and bound them in Boston; "Nothing to Wear" was born in *Harper's Weekly* on the 7th of February last. On the whole, poetry has flourished, and the poets have had honor, and, let us hope, profit.

Thus much of a rapid review of the year's work on paper and presses. The "grand crash" suspended the presses until the approach of the holidays, and the New Year opens with a good prospect for publishers and authors. A confident feeling prevails in the trade, and the great demand for such works as Livingstone is opening the pockets, eyes, and hearts of purchasers. It is an excellent start for the book trade throughout the country, the sixteenth thousand being put on the press within a week of the first issue. Dr. Livingstone has left England for Lisbon, to consult with the Portuguese government in relation to his proposed return to Africa through their possessions on the coast. We shall hear of him again in the future.

The approach of the holidays is signalized as usual by the announcements of many elegant works; but there was perhaps never a holiday season when American presses did so little as this year. With one exception, the American enlarged edition of "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Mr. Duyckinck, and published by Harper & Brothers, we have not seen a single holiday book of the ornamental and expensive class which is printed on American presses. All the others that have come to our notice are imported sheets, executed in England with the American publishers' imprint on the title pages.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, the 21st ult., Senator Wright introduced a bill to continue the improvement of Newark harbor, and Senator Wilson his bill appropriating 1,000,000 acres of land for educational purposes in the District of Columbia. Debate ensued between Senators Bigler and Douglas on the Kansas question. The House resolution proposing to pay the arrearages of pay of members at the commencement instead of the end of the session was passed.——In the House, the day was occupied by a debate on the Treasury Note Bill, in which Messrs. Abbott, Letcher, Banks, Lovejoy, Campbell, Quitman, and Boyce took part. An unsuccessful effort was made by Mr. Warren to have an inquiry into the propriety of excluding the delegate from Utah from the floor of the House.

On Tuesday, the 22d ult., in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced a bill securing to actual settlers the alternate sections of public lands reserved in the grants to the States for railroad purposes. Senator Johnson introduced a Homestead Bill. Resolutions were adopted, on motion of Senator Slidell, requesting the President to communicate the proceedings of the several Naval Courts of Inquiry; and, on motion of Senator Seward, to inquire whether new provisions are requisite to secure the faithful performance of the contracts for printing the debates. The Kansas debate was then resumed by Senators Fitch, Douglas, Stuart, and Clay.——In the House, the discussion on the Treasury Note Bill was resumed; Messrs. Grow, Smith of Virginia, Ritchie, Banks, Morris, Glancy Jones, and others, took part. A proposal by Mr. Banks to raise $20,000,000 by an issue of stock was rejected; and the Senate bill was passed without amendment, by a vote of 118 to 86. The Senate resolution to adjourn over the holidays was passed.

On Wednesday, 23d, Senator Simmons gave notice that he would introduce into the Senate a Home Valuation Bill. The debate on the Kansas question was then continued by Senators Stuart, Broderick, Doolittle, and Brown, of Mississippi.——In the House, after a protracted debate, in which Messrs. Warren, Bocock, Humphrey, Marshall, Davis, Banks, Boyce, Keitt and others took part, the following preamble and resolution, offered by Mr. Warren, were agreed to.

"Whereas, it appears from the proclamation of Brigham Young, late Governor of Utah, and from the President's Message, that said Territory is now in open rebellion against the Government of the United States; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Territories be instructed to consider and report on the facts, and inquire into the propriety of excluding from a seat on the floor of the House the delegate from that Territory."

Mr. Faulkner, from the Special Committee, reported the distribution of the new Hall. The deaths of Messrs. Brenton and Lockhart, of Indiana, were reported, and eulogies pronounced on their characters.

Both Houses then adjourned to 4th January.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

According to the latest news from Kansas, it appears that the Legislature adjourned on 16th ult., after having passed laws to submit the Lecompton Constitution to a popular vote on 4th January, in three forms, the ballots being marked, 1*st*, Constitution with slavery; 2*d*, Constitution without slavery; 3*d*, no Lecompton Constitution. Laws were also passed organizing a militia (General Lane was elected Major-General), and providing against frauds at the elections. Acting Governor Stanton had vetoed the Militia Bill; but it was passed over his head by a two-thirds vote. He was still acting as Governor; General Denver was at Lawrence. On the evening of the 16th a fight is said to have occurred at Fort Scott, between pro-slavery and anti-slavery men; and several men are said to have been killed, wounded, and made prisoners on both sides. Further information on these points is anxiously expected.

WHY GOVERNOR STANTON WAS REMOVED.

The official instructions to General Denver have been published. They contain the following passage on the removal of Governor Stanton:

"The Convention which met at Lecompton on the first of September had framed a Constitution, and had authorized its President to submit the question to the people of Kansas on the 21st of December, whether this Constitution should be adopted with or without slavery. The importance of the issue could not well be overestimated. It involved the complete and authoritative settlement of the only subject of difference which had seriously agitated Kansas or interfered with its prosperity. The qualified electors, therefore, to whom this settlement was referred, not only had an unquestionable right to attend at the polls and give their votes on the day appointed, but they were required to do so by the highest considerations of public duty. In the exercise of this right, moreover, they were entitled to adequate protection by the Territorial Government, and the Acting Governor was bound to employ all legal means at his command to give security and fairness to the election. With the conflicting opinions which prevailed in the Territory on the question submitted he had no right to interfere. They had their appropriate issue at the ballot-box, and to that peaceful arbitrement they might safely be referred. The great objects to be accomplished, in the opinion of the President, were to preserve the peace of the Territory, and secure freedom in the election. Entertaining these views, he was surprised to learn that the Secretary and Acting Governor had, on the first of December, issued his proclamation for a special session of the Territorial Legislature on the 7th instant, only a few weeks in advance of its regular time of meeting, and only fourteen days before a decision was to be made on the question submitted by the Convention. The course of Mr. Stanton, the President seriously believes, has thrown a new element of discord among the excited people of Kansas, and it is directly at war, therefore, with the peaceful policy of the Administration. For this reason he has felt it his duty to remove him."

THE GREYTOWN INDEMNITY.

The President, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, transmitted to that body last week the correspondence which took place nearly a year ago in reference to the bombardment of Greytown. Count Sartiges asked indemnity for actual losses sustained by the French subjects, who, he says, found it physically impossible to remove their goods from the conflagration caused by the movements of the commander of the sloop-of-war *Cyane*. Governor Marcy, in reply, informs him that the President has not been able to find upon what principles of right or even of equity the reclamation can be sustained, and in a long dispatch expounds to him the international law. Count Sartiges acknowledges its receipt, and says he will not fail to send Governor Marcy's communication to the French Government. No response to the latter is embraced in the documents. Although the resolution calling for the information included any correspondence with Great Britain, none was transmitted to the Senate. It is believed that Governor Marcy's reply to Count Sartiges was considered conclusive by the British Government.

THE TREASURY NOTES.

The Treasury Notes recently authorized by Congress will be issued in about two weeks. The Secretary of the Treasury has determined that the denomination of these promises to pay shall be one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars. The contract for engraving plates has been given to Rawdon, Hatch, and Co., of New York, and to Topping, Carpenter, and Co., of Philadelphia, the former firm having the execution of the notes of one hundred and five hundred dollars, and the latter the notes of one thousand dollars. The Secretary is very anxious that these notes shall be executed in the best style of American art.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The General-in-Chief of the Army has received intelligence from the Utah expedition confirmatory of the accounts previously published. The detachments under Colonel Johnston and Colonel Smith, together with the supply trains, had united with the main body under Colonel Alexander, and the entire force on the 7th ultimo had advanced to within sixteen miles of Fort Bridger, *en route* for Salt Lake City. The troops were in high spirits, being plentifully supplied with provisions, while the snow had fallen sufficiently to protect the grass from fire.

The War Department has ascertained the actual cash [va]lue of the property destroyed by the Mormons to be [n]early fifty thousand dollars, covering other items than [a]rmy supplies.

Letters found on the person of a Mormon prisoner, and purporting to be orders for Lieutenant-General Wells, the Mormon commander, direct all Mormons to harass the advance of the United States army. No doubt of the open rebellion of the Mormons is thus left.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

On the 8th ultimo, while General William Walker was still on Punta Arenas, Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding, of the *Wabash*, sent a force ashore and took him and all his men prisoners. Walker surrendered without striking a blow; the force sent to apprehend him being so large as to leave no room for successful resistance. The officers and men of his force are coming home in the United States ship *Saratoga*. Walker returned in the *Northern Light*, a United States prisoner on a charge of breach of the Neutrality Laws.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of the *Independent* gives the following vivid description of Senator Douglas:

"Senator Douglas is very short in stature, but of such physical proportions, aside from this lack, as instantly to attract the attention of a stranger. A very large head, connected with broad and powerfully-built shoulders by a short, full neck; a chest sufficiently roomy to contain the lungs of a giant, and a pair of short, dumpy legs, complete the physical picture of the 'Little Giant,' if we except the broad, lofty Websterian brow, and the deep-set, cavernous eyes, that sparkle and glow, when excited, like miners' lamps beneath it. It is the tremendous brain-power lodged in that perpendicular precipice of a forehead, and shooting out its fires from its shadowed eyes, that has given him the sobriquet which he will carry to his grave. When excited and in full flow of debate that massive head rolls and shakes with the emphasis of his thought, and the huge hand doubles until the nails indent the palm, or else the broad, open hand receives the blow of its mate and italicizes the sentence with a stunning report. The sweat pours from him profusely, and falls from his head or is thrown clear of his shoulders by these inimical shakes of the head, as the rain-drops are shaken from the trees by a storm. Add to this a thick, bushy head of black hair and a restless, uneasy feeling, which prevents his being at rest for five consecutive minutes, and keeps him moving from one point to another in the Senate chamber, and my picture of the 'Little Giant' is complete."

In executive session, last week, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Mr. Lamar and the other foreign ministers appointed by Mr. Buchanan. The nomination of Mr. Sedgwick, as District Attorney of New York in place of John McKeon, was not definitely acted on.

Henry M. Rice, formerly delegate to Congress, and General Shields have been nominated for the United States Senate by the Democratic members of the Minnesota Legislature. Their competitors were ex-Governor Gorman, Governor Medary, ex-Judge Chatfield, Hon. Frank Steele, and Hon. J. R. Brown.

A gossiping Washington correspondent gives us the following information about the social life of the President: "The President's invitations are sent out on an engraved card, five inches by seven in size; which card states that the President will be happy to have the honor of Mr. So-and-So's company at dinner, upon such a day, at four o'clock P.M. An early answer is requested.

"President Pierce always wrote his own invitations, in order, I apprehend, that the invited might retain an autographic evidence of his regard. President Buchanan's dinners are pronounced superb in matter and style. It is Mr. B.'s habit to write those with whom he wishes a quiet, confidential conversation upon matters of private business or friendly interest to breakfast with him. Such an invitation is considered an especial mark of favor. The President is often met early in the morning, or about dusk, taking his solitary walk along the broad pavement in front of the White House. He looks hale, vigorous, and solid. It is his constant habit to rise at six o'clock in the winter, and do two hours' labor before breakfast. After New Year's the levees will commence.

"An elegant conservatory has been added to the Executive mansion since Miss Lane—the President's niece—became its mistress. It is said she does the honors of the house to lady visitors with great dignity and grace. During the past summer the White House was renovated and repaired, and it is now a very comfortable place of residence."

The Sultan of Turkey has conferred on Francis Dainese, Esq., who now resides in Washington, the order of Nishan Medjidie, an order of knighthood similar to that of the "Bath" in England. It was bestowed as a recognition of Mr. Dainese's services to the Turkish Government, and a testimonial of its high appreciation of his character. The decoration and its accompanying diploma, bearing the imperial cipher, inclosed in a case of white satin richly embroidered, were last week presented, with appropriate compliments, to Mr. Dainese by the Russian minister, Baron Stoeckel, through whom the Sultan was pleased to transmit them.

The President has received a letter from Mr. Mason, resigning his position as American minister at Paris. The resignation is said to be, in a measure, compulsory, having been tendered in response to a very distinct intimation that it would be acceptable.

Speaker Orr has announced his determination to inforce strictly the rule prohibiting the custom of bringing liquors into that part of the Capitol under his especial charge.

Senator Sumner finds, it is said, that attendance at debates affects him injuriously, and will go North for a few weeks, at least.

The Columbus, Ohio, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "Governor Chase has been laid up for the past week with rheumatism, but is expected to have a firm footing in a few days. He is eminently a man of routine; perhaps no Governor ever devoted himself so constantly and systematically to the business of his office. Rumors connect the recent purchase of a tasty and commodious residence by him with intentions to place in it as his wife an accomplished young widow of Cincinnati, daughter of a wealthy and influential citizen of Columbus. The Governor's sister, from Toledo, will preside over his new home for the present."

Hon. N. P. Banks, Governor elect, has resigned his office of Representative in Congress, and his resignation has been transmitted to the Governor. Probably Governor Gardner will immediately issue his proclamation ordering an election, and it will occur about the 8th of January.

Hon. Edward Everett has repeated his lecture on Washington sixty-five times for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund, and the sum realized is over $36,000.

Washington Irving, now seventy-five years old, walks to Dr. Creighton's Church, in Tarrytown (of which, we believe, he is a vestryman), and back, five miles, nearly every Sunday.

Ex-President Pierce having been named for United States Senator for New Hampshire, the Concord *Patriot* announces that he would not accept the office, even if he could receive the vote of every member of the Legislature.

Captain Henry Meyer, of the Hamburg ship *Gutenberg*, has received from the President a splendid gold chronometer and chain, valued at over $300, for his successful exertions in saving the officers and crew of the ship *Howadji*, of Newburyport.

George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville *Journal*, has suffered for two years past from paralysis of the hands. His editorials are written by the aid of amanuenses.

The Lynchburg (Virginia) *Courier*, in noticing the arrival of General Sam Houston, says he is six feet four inches high, large in proportion, and as straight as an Indian. He has but little hair "on the top of his head," and what he has has been silvered by the touch of time—as has also the large mustache which dignifies his upper lip. He wears a vest made of some kind of animal's skin (wild cat apparently)—has his pantaloons stuffed in the legs of his boots, and altogether presents quite a backwoods and dilapidated appearance—at least so far as his dress [is] concerned.

Mr. B[illegible], the well-known New York photographer, has bee[n to] Washington in search of a suitable place in which t[o ope]n a gallery there of photographic art. It is underst[ood h]e has made satisfactory arrangements, and will ret[urn i]mmediately to carry out his proposed enterprise.

The A[dm]inistration legislative caucus in Kentucky nomina[ted e]x-Governor L. W. Powell for United States Senator [... h]e is the only Democrat who has been Governor of [the] State for the last twenty years. The fifth of January [ha]s been fixed for the election.

Mr. T[hom]as Allibone, late President of the Bank of Pennsylv[ani]a, has written a letter from Nice, in defense of himse[lf] against the charges of being a defaulter and absconding debtor to the bank. The letter is addressed to his brother, residing in Philadelphia, and is by him communicated to the press for publication. Mr. Allibone expresses extreme mortification and surprise at the charges made against him in the affidavit of the directors of the bank; declares that he had no idea that he was at all indebted to the bank; that he was never engaged in speculation; that, on leaving the country, he gave a power of attorney to two friends, one of whom, Mr. Fell, was President *pro tem.* of the bank, authorizing them to sell real estate to meet demands against him; and adds, that absconding debtors do not usually take their families with them as he did. Mr. Allibone's announcement that the suspicions excited against him have preyed upon his health, is confirmed by the statement of his attending physician in Nice, and the tone of the letter tends to induce the belief that Mr. Allibone is in reality suffering in mind and body.

Charles T. Anderson, Esq., who designed the enlargement of the Capitol extension, has been employed by Postmaster-General Brown to prepare a design for the New York Post-office.

A Washington correspondent says: "The Hon. Mr. Banks, who is soon to be inaugurated Governor of Massachusetts, and whose service in the United States House of Representatives closed with the adjournment, called last week upon President Buchanan to pay his respects upon leaving Washington. The President received him very cordially; and a gentleman, who happened to be present at the interview, was quite amused at the tone of conversation which occurred. Mr. Banks congratulated the President upon his evident good health, 'notwithstanding the cares and turmoils of his official station,' to which Mr. Buchanan replied, 'Yes, Mr. Banks, I am burdened; but there are men in the nation who would willingly assume the responsibilities with the honors of the office.' 'So I am told,' replied Banks,

'I may add,' continued the President, naïvely, 'that there are young men who would not object to the position.' 'So I am told, Sir,' said Banks. 'Young men are ambitious sometimes,' continued Buchanan. 'No doubt, Mr. President,' rejoined Banks, quietly; 'you know, Sir, that is the natural fault of youth; but there are some young men who can afford to wait.' 'Yes, yes,' remarked the President, pleasantly, as he turned to other topics. At parting, Mr. Buchanan took the hand of Mr. Banks, and said, 'I am happy to have seen you, Sir; I wish you well, and I most earnestly wish you success and prosperity in every thing but your politics.'"

SCURRILOUS NEWSPAPERS.

The following Message from the Mayor of New York was laid last week before the Common Council of the city:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, *December* 21, 1857.

TO THE HONORABLE THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN—

GENTLEMEN,—I return without approval the resolution to pay the New York *Tribune* one hundred and seven dollars and seventy-six cents for advertising committee meetings.

As it does not appear upon the papers presented to me by whose direction the advertising was ordered, or whether it was ordered at all, it is to be presumed that the *Tribune*, in its characteristic anxiety to pick up patronage, published the committee meetings without any authority whatever, trusting to the influence of one of its editors in the Board of Councilmen to get paid. There are certain newspapers designated by law as the papers in which the official proceedings of the Corporation shall be published.

To the credit of the Corporation be it said, the New York *Tribune* is not one of these. It is assumed that the notoriously libelous and scurrilous character of that obscene sheet properly excludes it from any official recognition by the city authorities.

In my opinion it should be put under the same ban as a newspaper that similar conduct would place an individual—viz., entire exclusion from the families and firesides of all who value the reputation and morals of the community.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has passed the Bank of England Indemnity Bill, and it was to be signed by the Queen by the 12th ultimo. The joint-stock bank system of Great Britain, the Suez Canal project, the American slave-trade in Africa, and the French negro emigration system have been also considered. With respect to the latter, Lord Clarendon gives it as his belief that the French plan has unquestionably a tendency to revive the slave traffic, and cause great injury to the growing trade of England on the African coast.

THE LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The launch of the Leviathan is still in progress. On Saturday the men began work by eight A.M., but it was past four P.M. before another slip took place, and at dusk the signal boards only showed a progress of eighty-eight inches forward and seventy-two aft, her mean being six feet eight inches. During Sunday no attempts were made, but the "rams" were advanced nearer to the ship. On Monday the usual appliances were set to work at an early hour, but the vessel was more than usually obstinate, and at four o'clock the progress marked upon the gauges was about ten feet by the bows, and something less than one foot at the stern. It had been hoped that she would have cleared the boundary of the yard, and thus saved the Company £1000, which they were liable for on account of another month's rental for the premises. On Tuesday the men were set to work early in the morning, but for some time labored in vain. A general pause was made, and then, when she was relieved from all pressure fore and aft, the capricious monster suddenly slipped of herself for a distance of nearly two feet. She was immediately followed up, and two or three more short slips got out of her, and all seemed to promise well for a good day's progress, when the fog intervened. The total distance accomplished on Tuesday was only four feet nine inches forward, and four feet four inches aft. The men have since been engaged in making preparations for the renewal of operations, with greater power at their command. On Saturday morning the Princess Royal, attended by the Duchess of Athol, and one or two gentlemen of the Court, visited the ship. Her Royal Highness was conducted over the yard by Mr. Yates and Mr. Brunel, and examined with great interest all the mighty machinery. Her Royal Highness was most anxious to go on board, and made quite light of the perilous ladder ascent; but Mr. Yates respectfully declined to take the responsibility of such a proceeding—much, it is said, to the relief of the Court ladies and gentlemen in attendance on the royal visitor.

SHOCKING INHUMANITY.

A very interesting young lady, about twenty, arrived at Folkstone by the 4 P.M. express train from London, in a state of helplessness and speechless, having been placed in the carriage in that state at London Bridge, as was ascertained from the guard, by some person who gave him a sovereign to procure any refreshment she might require on the journey. She remained in the waiting-room at the station, and partook of some tea. A few minutes before the departure of the boat she was taken on board by one of the harbor policemen, under the direction, as we understand, of the harbor-master, and placed in the ladies' cabin, receiving every attention from the captain and these on board, but neither spoke nor moved during the passage. On the arrival of the boat at Boulogne, she was taken on shore and carried to the Hôtel de Paris. Dr. Scott, with another gentleman, were immediately summoned, who considered her dying, and truly, for she gradually sank and expired, every thing having been done that could be. Disgusting to relate, on undressing her a large label was found fastened to her dress, as if she were a bale of goods, and in her purse, which contained £7 (and which was also fastened inside her dress), was a piece of paper, affording the only clew as to who or what she was, and her destination. From this it seemed that she had been a governess at a Mrs. C——'s, somewhere in London, that her salary was paid up to the 6th of December, and that she was going to her brother-in-law in Amiens. On the discovery, a telegraphic dispatch was immediately sent to her friends, who arrived too late for her to recognize them.

SORROWS OF A CAUTIOUS CAPITALIST.

A circumstance has just transpired, through intimation received by the police, of a loss of 500 sovereigns sustained by a farmer, who resides near Limerick, during the panic which prevailed last week when the run on the banks was made. The man drew the 500 sovereigns, and when on his way home on his own car, being the worse of liquor, he considered it the safest plan to hide his treasure, for fear of getting entirely drunk, and being robbed. He went into a neighbor's house, borrowed a small iron skillet, and proceeded onward; when in a lonesome place he put the 500 sovereigns into the skillet, took it to a field and buried it. Next day he went in search of it to the spot where he thought he had deposited it, but from that period up to the present he had not been able to discover the money.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

At the opening of the Legislative Corps, M. Fould, Minister of State, read the following communication from the Emperor: "Gentlemen Deputies,—The Emperor has ordered me to inform you that the verification of Powers and the constitution of the Legislative Body will be the object of this first meeting. The Legislative Corps will then be prorogued to the 18th of January next for the dispatch of public business. In the name of the Emperor I declare the session of the Legislative Corps for 1858 opened." Count de Morny, President of the Legislative Body, then addressed the Assembly as follows: "Gentlemen,—I am happy at finding myself once more among you, and proud at being again called to this chair, especially if the choice his Majesty has made of me meets with your approbation. What greater happiness can there be than that of presiding over an assembly which discusses freely and conscientiously the laws of the country, and especially when that country is France? [Applause.] In like manner as the finest buildings are best viewed at a certain distance, so it is in like manner, at a distance from France, one is best enabled to judge how great is her position abroad, and what admiration and respect the Sovereign who governs inspires to all men. [Loud applause.] The loyal, and at the same time firm and moderate policy which has been followed has replaced abroad the old prejudices which were entertained toward us by confidence and by sympathy, so that if absence has its sorrows, consolation may yet be found while afar off in that sentiment of national pride which every true Frenchman carries in his heart. [Applause.] At home, having so happily traversed severe trials, when peace was established, the series of bad harvests over were about to give us repose and prosperity, the reaction of an unexampled financial crisis has fallen upon our labor and industry. The establishments of credit and French commerce now prove their solidity, and gather the fruit of their prudence. France, after three successive loans, after three years of scanty harvests, having followed up the execution of public works, having endowed Paris with wonderful monuments, is not touched by the disasters which afflict so many other states. All this indicates prodigious resources, and must give to the whole world a high idea of her power. Let us hope that this crisis will be of short duration."

LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

The journal *La Presse* has been suspended for two months, for an article which was considered to be of a decidedly revolutionary character.

The *Courrier de Paris*, under the somewhat startling heading in these times of "*La Presse Constitutionelle*," has announced, in courageous and dignified language, its intention to adopt henceforth a new line of politics, based upon the change made in the situation by the fact of the three opposition members, MM. Darimon, Ollivier, and Hénon, having taken the oath. This article, coming immediately after the suspension of the *Presse*, is curious as a sign of the times.

There is not a politician in Paris, says a correspondent, who now doubts the fact, which I at first announced as a suspicion, that M. Emile de Girardin is the author of this article. I happen to know by accident that a snug little dinner, given at a restaurant a few days since, brought together these three personages, Prince Napoleon, M. Prost, the proprietor of the *Courrier de Paris*, and M. E. de Girardin. At this dinner the plan of the campaign, of which M. E. de Girardin is the commander-in-chief, was talked over and settled. He is carrying out the idea with extraordinary ability, steering occasionally very close to the wind, but still, upon the whole, writing in such a way as really to support the government, unless the government entertain any such wild and hopeless design as to keep France in a state of perpetual subjection to its own arbitrary will.

By an arrangement with the *Siècle* those subscribers to the *Presse* who desire it may receive a copy of the *Siècle* during the suspension of the *Presse*; but, notwithstanding this offer, so great is the demand for an evening paper that the circulation of the *Patrie* has increased by 10,000 copies within the last three days. If M. Emile de Girardin were to-morrow to put his signature to the articles in the *Courrier de Paris*, there is no doubt that the *Presse*, for which M. Millaud paid him 800,000 francs not long ago, would be worth comparatively very little when it comes out again at the end of January.

SPAIN.

THE NEW PRINCE.

The new-born prince, who (says a correspondent from Madrid) is destined to play so prominent a part in the world, prospers exceedingly. His appetite and digestion are all that can be desired by the fondest of mothers and the enraptured father, for it was he who presented the child to the assembled courtiers, holding it out on a golden dish, as if it were a truffled woodcock. Nor was this the most grotesque part of the odd ceremonials which followed and preceded this great court performance; there were many others, which a respect for decency and a dread of disturbing your equanimity, forbid repetition, but they are all hung out to air in the columns of the *Gazette*, which devoted eight columns to the record of this wondrous event. At half-past eight the Urban soldiers, who were appointed to warn the Court of the coming event, left the palace and summoned the guests. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were the first arrivals; then limped in Armero and his colleagues; and as soon as the Prince came into the world the King Consort handed him round the room on a golden platter—in truth, a dainty dish to set before a king. Mr. Otway, on behalf of Great Britain; the Marquis Turgot, on behalf of France; and the other embassadors, signed the certificate that the Prince had been born, and then they retired, leaving the Queen alone with her sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, to the chagrin of the Bourbon Duke, her husband, who does not like that his wife should be exposed to the contact of evil influences. Although the child sucks and squeals, and performs all other infantile functions like a "robust Prince," as he has been officially designated, the interesting stranger has failed to interest his future subjects. The attempt at public rejoicings has been a lamentable failure, having been confined to a few paper lanterns hung out at the residences of the Ministers and public offices. The news very quickly spread through all the theatres. At the Circus, one of the Queen's equerries, who happened to be among the spectators, jumped up in a state of frantic excitement, rushed to the front of his box, and told the people that their future King had been born unto them. Thereupon, overcome by his emotions, he burst into tears.

HAMBURG.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE CRISIS.

A letter from Hamburg, dated "December 8th," says that notwithstanding the arrival of about 100,000,000 francs in silver, at Hamburg, during the past week—notwithstanding the decisions of the Senate on Monday—failures have succeeded one another without intermission. "The amount of bills of exchange protested since the commencement of the crisis is estimated at 140 to 150 millions. The Discount Bank of the State has commenced operations, its rate being 10 per cent. The Bank discounts only the bills of such persons as declare on their honor that they have payments to make that day or the next. The affairs at the Bourse were unimportant, the news of fresh failures having put a stop to all business there. The financial state of this city has again become very alarming; the assistance afforded is insufficient. Several important houses have been declared insolvent, with considerable liabilities. Fears were entertained respecting several Danish houses, but hitherto without sufficient cause."

RUSSIA.

MURDER OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

A letter from Constantinople gives interesting details of the murder of Prince Gagarine, the Governor of Kutais, by a Circassian chief, which has already been announced: "About three weeks ago Prince Gagarine received orders from General Bariatinsky, the Governor of the Caucasus, to send the Georgian Prince de Souanète to Tiflis. Prince Gagarine immediately sent for that person, and ordered him to set off, but he positively refused to obey the order. Prince Gagarine told him he would seriously compromise himself by the refusal, and recommended him to comply. On receiving a fresh refusal, the General said that he could not tolerate such obstinacy, and that he should be under the painful necessity of ordering him to be disarmed and placed under arrest. At these words the Georgian Prince exclaimed, 'I be disarmed and arrested! I!' and at the same time drawing out a long knife which the Circassians wear in their waist-belt, he stabbed Prince Gagarine in the abdomen. At the same moment two orderly officers rushed on the Georgian Prince to disarm him, but they were both laid dead by stabs from the same weapon. Two servants then rushed forward, but they were also severely wounded. The Georgian then left the house, threatening death to any one who should attempt to stop him, and went toward the river, but not being able to cross it, he turned back, and, having entered a house, from which he drove out a woman and her children, he barricaded the entrance. A number of soldiers soon, however, arrived, and the door was forced. The Prince defended himself with the long knife; but having received two wounds, was at length disarmed, handcuffed, and taken to prison. Prince Bariatinsky was immediately informed of the catastrophe, and is expected at Kutais. Prince Gagarine died after some hours of very severe suffering.

AUSTRALIA.

HORRID MURDER AT THE DIGGINGS.

The *Melbourne Herald* gives the following account of a diabolical murder at the Ballarat diggings: "On Thursday, the 1st of October, a man named Garkin, a splitter, in Jim Crow forest, called at the Ballan police-station to say that a man had been murdered on the Jim Crow road. Boyle and another trooper immediately started off in the direction pointed out, and eight miles from Ballan they came upon a splitter's hut, in the heart of Jim Crow forest. There they found the prisoner Mason, sitting down with his hands tied behind him, in charge of two men, who were watching him. This was outside the hut. Boyle then went into the hut, where he saw the body of a man, headless, with one leg cut off, apparently with an axe, both arms cut off, and the whole charred, while the remains of a fire showed that an attempt had been made to destroy the body. The fire had since been extinguished. The mutilated trunk lay on its left side, and the severed leg and arms lay across it. The hut was minutely examined by the constables, but the only discovery made was a part of the arms and the half-burned boots of the deceased; the remaining part had been consumed by fire. The head, though carefully searched for, could nowhere be found. The night was then far advanced, and they desisted from further search, remaining in company with the presumed murderer and hideous remains of the dismembered body. The scent of the roast remains, however, attracted the wild cats of the bush around, and the united exertions of all parties present hardly sufficed to keep the hungry animals from feasting upon the human carcass, the scent of which excited their carnivorous instincts. The fearful night at length passed away, and at the earliest dawn the police-officers renewed their investigations. To their inquiries Mason seemed by no means disinclined to respond. The head he said first he had burned, though afterward he insisted that he had hid it in the bush. To deny the horrible crime seemed never to enter his head. The murdered man, whose name was George Beynor (or some such name), was his mate, and he had quarreled with him first and murdered him afterward—how, Heaven and he only know. He did not think much of the murder, for he had known one much worse (could he have alluded to the Meredith tragedy?), where a female had been the victim, and her body similarly treated. The deceased had been his mate for eight months or more, and they had been splitting together in partnership. No signs of blood were seen. He said the blankets of the bed had been saturated, but he had burned them since; and when the police first commenced their examination he said, 'If the man had been a light one he would not have cut him up, but he was so heavy he had to treat him that way.' He was entirely unconcerned; he had taken satisfaction, he said, and that was all he wanted."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

We have news from Calcutta to the 10th, and Bombay to the 17th of November. Generals Havelock and Outram were so closely besieged by seventy thousand Sepoys at Lucknow that no direct communication had been had with them during three weeks, except a few lines. They hoped to be able to hold out until relieved. There was much severe fighting around Lucknow, and Outram's division was terribly cut up. Generals Sir Colin Campbell, Greathead, and Grant were marching to their aid. Sir Colin crossed from Cawnpore into Oude on the 10th of November. There were no fresh outbreaks, but the mutineers of Dinapore and Gwalior were marching for Oude. The life of the old King of Delhi was to be spared. The Scinde, the Punjab, and the Nizam's country were quiet.

PERIL OF LUCKNOW.

A correspondent writes: "So completely is the force at Lucknow beleaguered that the old device of inclosing letters in a quill has been of necessity abandoned. The only message received for weeks was written on a piece of paper three inches square, and concealed by a device it may be prudent as yet to keep private. Sir James Outram's force has been terribly reduced. About the 25th September he and General Havelock forced their way into the Residency and relieved the garrison. This feat was accomplished by pressing on through gardens, small bazars, knots of houses, and other inclosed places. The enemy fought as Asiatics always do fight behind stone walls. The bullets literally rained upon the advancing force, and that single movement cost 400 men. Sixteen officers of the 90th were killed or placed *hors de combat;* and almost all the superior officers of the 5th Fusiliers. I have heard many of the names, but refrain from exciting the regret of their friends at home till further information can be obtained. There had been some hard fighting before the relieving force reached the inclosures, and the total number of soldiers killed or disabled can not be fixed at less than 700. The force, therefore, even after its junction with the garrison already in the Residency, can not be more than 1400 strong; and this small party must be embarrassed by the care of sick and wounded, women and children, to a number in excess of its own. There are besides some 800 men at the Alumbagh, with a great array of camp followers, but they are believed to be without the means of communicating with the Residency. Since this time we know little positively, and that little is obtained solely from native gossip. The rumors, however, all point to one fact—that General Outram, during the second week in October, attacked some large building, probably one of the palaces, and was driven back with further loss of life. I have seen one letter in which the writer, himself in Oude, states this as a fact, but I warn you that this and all other accounts must be received with caution till confirmed. It is nearly certain that there are 70,000 men, Sepoys and armed retainers, around and in Lucknow. Every landholder in Southern Oude, except one, is in arms, to see what he can obtain in the great scramble."

PROSPECTS OF AID.

He adds: "Five hundred men, with a large convoy of provisions and ammunition, left Cawnpore for Lucknow on the 21st October. They, with the assistance of the men in the Alumbagh, may force their way to the Residency, but, immense as is the military value of every European, a garrison so small can not hope to clear a way out through a densely populated town. Nevertheless, there is no cause for despondency. Sir James Outram can hold out till the 10th November. On the 6th or 7th Sir Colin Campbell, with an army, will be before Lucknow. The Commander-in-chief quitted Calcutta on the 27th. He only remained there to organize the means of transport, which, previous to his arrival, were strangely defective. He will reach Cawnpore by the 2d November, and there take the command of some 4000 men, including his own Highland brigade, and 800 cavalry. With this little army and a very heavy train of artillery he will press on to Lucknow, pick up the force at the Alumbagh, and commence the destruction of the city. It is a lath-and-plaster place, and the heavy guns will smash a path for him without so terrible a loss of European life. I hope, therefore, by the mail of the 20th November, to report the destruction of Lucknow, the relief of the garrison, and the dispersion of the besiegers. Great confidence is felt in Sir Colin Campbell. He has will as well as judgment, can be as hard as iron when necessary, and cares nothing about 'old officers,' 'experience,' 'claims,' or, indeed, any thing except efficiency."

A HEROINE IN INDIA.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder, an American missionary in India, gives the following instances of heroism: "In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he with cool aim shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till they again found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she by rein and whip raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell!"

THE CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

A letter from an officer of Colonel Greathead's column, who had been present at the storming of Delhi, and had thence followed in pursuit of the enemy, gives a vivid description of the manner in which the movements of the column had been hampered by the civilians. He mentions one village especially, inhabited by Goojurs, the class who of all others have been most notorious for their cruelty. In it they found the skeleton of a woman; the head severed from the body, and the bones bearing the marks of the most cruel treatment. The skeleton was examined by a doctor, and pronounced to have belonged to a European or half-caste woman. Yet because the village was a large one, and paid a large revenue to government, the magistrate made it a personal favor that it should not be touched. Neither officers nor men could understand this leniency, for they had seen the bodies of their countrywomen at Delhi, their breasts cut off, and every enormity inflicted; they had heard also the speech of one of the sons of the King of Delhi as he was being led to execution. "I die happy," said he, "since I have defiled English women, and seen them walking naked about the streets." The murmurs were therefore loud and deep. But when they came to Cawnpore, and entered the Charnel-house, there perused the writing on the wall, and saw the still clotted blood, their grief, their rage, their desire for vengeance, knew no bounds. One officer was met coming out with a small article of female dress dabbled with blood in his hand. "I have spared many men in fight," he said, "but I will never spare another. I shall carry this with me in my holsters, and whenever I am inclined for mercy the sight of it and the recollection of this house will be sufficient to incite me to revenge." Stalwart, bearded men, the stern soldiers of the ranks, have been seen coming out of that house of murder perfectly unmanned, utterly unable to repress their emotions. From them there will be no mercy for these villainous assassins.

HIGHLAND MONSTERS.

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* remarks, *en passant*, the extraordinary effect produced on the native mind by the appearance of the Highlanders. "The Sepoys on this side of India have never seen them. At first they took them for women sent out to avenge the massacre of the ladies at Cawnpore. The battle of Oonao disabused them of that idea, and the Highlanders were pronounced 'petticoated devils.' Still they were a puzzle. The Sepoys could understand the existence of devils, but could not comprehend why they should be barelegged. At last the truth came out. The devils were barelegged in order more conveniently to break Sepoys across their knees. A Sepoy of the 73d, who happened to be in Calcutta on their arrival, reported on his return to his regiment that the English were sending out monsters, with legs like elephants, faces covered with hair like wild beasts, and blood-red eyes. The Highlanders are, in truth, a singular contrast to the people of the low country. On the arrival of the 42d, a Sircar or Bengalee clerk had occasion to go on board the vessel. A Highlander stepped up to him, and looked at him long and curiously. Then, catching him by the waist, he held him above his head, exclaiming with a chuckle of amazement, 'Sandy, be thae the things we're to fecht wi?' I need scarcely say that a Sepoy is very different from a Bengalee, being usually taller than an Englishman, though he weighs less."

A TRAITOR AT DELHI.

It appears to be proved that there was at least one European at Delhi who lent aid to the mutineers. Many letters report the capture of an Englishman in the dress of a native officer. He was a sergeant-major of the 28th Native Infantry, and formerly an artilleryman. He rendered, it is said, important services to the besieged, and was created a general of artillery. He has not been executed, and, despite appearances, it seems incredible that a European should have deliberately aided the devils who were burning his wounded countrymen. It is to be hoped it will be found that he was simply a man of weak nerves, unable to face the dread of death by torture. In that case his own conscience will be his own sufficient punishment. It is in his favor, also, that the Portuguese drummer, Antonio Seraphim, who was kept to play to the general, and who escaped at a very late period of the siege, does not accuse him, but considers him rather a prisoner. Four Europeans at Moradabad turned Mussulmans to preserve their lives. These five appear to be the only Christians about whose conduct during the rebellion there is even a suspicion. Nearly 6000 of our countrymen were exposed to a danger to which that of death is trivial. One may have yielded, four more purchased life by a temporary apostasy, and that is all, while hundreds have met death or torture as calmly as reward, fighting like Tucker after hope had gone, or like Mrs. Boyse, clinging to her husband's breast to shield him from their balls.

SEPOY ATROCITIES AT DELHI.

A letter says: "Some further incidents of the siege have come to light, and among them one which has driven every European, except the higher officials, almost frantic. The Sepoys took all the wounded Europeans they could catch during the siege and burned them alive. The charred bodies, tied to stakes, were found by the stormers, with the Queen's buttons still recognizable. It must be remembered that the men who did this were Sepoys, the comrades for one hundred years of the victims—men who had been led by them from victory to victory."

MORE EXECUTIONS OF MUTINEERS.

A letter from Ahmedebad gives the following account of an execution at that place: "Meanwhile the doomed five had been marched to the five fatal guns. They were bound by the arms to the wheels, but their legs were free, and the end man—the only one whom I could entirely see from my place on the flank—leaned his back against the muzzle, as loungers lean against a mantle-piece. I fixed my eyes intently on that man, not fifty yards away, and in a moment the signal was given. There was a roar, and the whizzing of a bullet, far away from the firing party; a bank of white smoke, and a jet and shower of black fragments, sharp and clear, which leaped and bounded in the air; this and a fearful sound from the spectators, as if the reality so far exceeded all previous fancy that it was intolerable; then a dead stillness. I walked straight to the scattered and smoking floor before the guns. I came first to an arm, torn off above the elbow, the fist clenched, the bone projecting several inches, bare. Then the ground sown with red gristly fragments, then a black-haired head and the other arm still held together. This was the man I had watched; close by lay the lower half of the body of the next, torn quite in two, and long coils of entrails twined on the ground. Then a long cloth in which one had been dressed rolled open like a floor-cloth and on fire. One man lay in a complete and shattered heap, all but the arms; the legs were straddled wide apart, and the smashed body in the middle of them; the spine exposed; the head lay close by, too. The last body was that of a native officer, who was the arch fiend of the mutiny; he was a short man, with a cruel face. His head had been cut clean off, but the muscles of the neck had contracted round the throat like a frill. His face was half upturned and calm, the eyes shut. I saw no expression of pain on any of them. What had been his body lay on its face, the legs, as usual, not shattered, but all the flesh torn like cloth from a sharp angle in the hollow of the back, off and off, till it merged in one mangled heap. I turned next to the three who had been shot. One had been struck in the heart, and only bowed slowly over on his face. The others had been pistoled afterward through the head. All I think, however, had been badly hit, as all were prostrate when I ran forward to the guns. And only now—there was so much more terrible—did I look up to the ten white figures slowly swinging and revolving over this scene of blood. I hope they died quickly, but the ropes were very short. The troops immediately marched off, and I rode home at speed, and when I dismounted the dogs came and licked my feet."



THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE AIR-HOLE.—A SKATING STORY.

The winter of 185– will be long remembered in southern New England for its extreme and enduring cold. It was in the middle of one of the most slippery portions of that rigorous season that I transacted with one of the most slippery customers I ever met the regular and irregular professional business hereinafter described.

I was at the time a young and not over-busy attorney-at-law, in the slow, solid, and wealthy city of Hartford, Connecticut. A senior professional brother, commonly called Lawyer Brian, just then intensely occupied in preparing a great insurance case, called on me one day at noon, accompanied with a dapper little gentleman of twenty-five.

"Good-morning, Brother Truax," said Lawyer Brian, in his dry, slow way. "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Spiggleton, of New York City. Mr. Spiggleton—Mr. Truax."

We testified great mutual delight at the acquaintance, and Lawyer Brian continued:

"Mr. Spiggleton is traveling for Longtime, Sellemup, & Co., dry-goods jobbers in Murray Street. He's here on a rather unpromising business; and as I don't go out of the county, and am very busy besides, I've told him that you are exactly the man to make every human exertion in the matter, provided only you have the time."

And as he gravely and deliberately uttered these last words, he winked to me a professional and confidential wink with the eye farthest from Mr. Spiggleton, but without any motion of the other eye, or any other change of feature. With corresponding gravity, I replied,

"I'm much obliged to you, Brother Brian. But when must we go, and whither, and how long must we stay?"

"Only to Middletown; but if there's any thing to be done, it must be done by to-night. You can come back in the morning."

"I don't know—let me look at my docket."

So I opened a leather-covered memorandum, of fat and pompous appearance, and reflectingly read, "Ross *versus* Jenkins—that might be put off. Brown's deeds; arbitration with Robinson; injunction, East Hartford *versus* Bridge Company. Why, I'll undertake it if I can positively come back to-morrow."

N.B. The book contained, I grieve to say, only a caricature of Lawyer Brian, ditto of three Supreme Court Judges, ditto of sundry others of the bar of Hartford County, and sundry items of amounts due from me, in the nature of bills payable. "Only this, and nothing more."

"Well," continued my senior, "I'll leave Mr. Spiggleton with you for the present. If you'll just run into my office before you go, I'll give you a hint or two; and you can make the experiment, at any rate."

So he stalked off, and I inquired of Spiggleton what the business was. Being a smart, clear headed, business man, in spite of his trigness and putty-colored complexion, he proceeded to give me a very succinct statement to the effect that a certain Peleg Bitterill, keeping a "country store" in Portland, Connecticut, opposite Middletown, and on the Connecticut River, nearly half-way from Hartford to the Sound, but also doing business in Middletown, and residing there, had bought a large bill of goods of Longtime, Sellemup, & Co.; that they had received private early advices of his intention to "fail up," and probably to *vamos* with the proceeds; and that he, Mr. Spiggleton, had half an hour ago arrived in hot haste from New York to get the professional help of Mr. Brian, the usual counsel for the firm in those parts, for the obtaining of any possible security; but that Mr. Brian had intimated that Bitterill's case was somewhat understood, as it happened, in Hartford, and that the result of the attempt was rather doubtful.

"What were you proposing to do, Mr. Spiggleton?"

"Why, wouldn't you levy on the goods?"

"I would if I could. But is the payment due?"

"One note for twelve hundred, thirty-five, fifty, due three days since—protested. Two others, amounting together to fourteen hundred, seventy-eight, ten, due thirty days hence."

"You can levy for the protested note only, then."

"But," said Spiggleton, "we thought that he might give security for the whole if we threatened to break him up."

"He's too broken already, it's very likely, to be afraid of being broken any more. It's possible, however, that some of the goods may be within reach. The only thing to be done is to try that, at any rate."

"Can't you arrest the body, Mr. Truax?"

"Not in Connecticut, Mr. Spiggleton, unless upon affidavit of the debtor's fraudulent intention to leave the State. I rather think it's a gone case, unless we can find some of the goods; and even then, if you wanted to do more than to secure that first note, you can only do it on affidavit charging fraud in the purchase, not on action of debt."

"I am prepared to make that affidavit."

"Very well. I'll leave for Middletown at three, then. I'll get the papers ready, and if I want you I'll call. You are stopping where?"

"At the City Hotel."

So Mr. Spiggleton left me, and I prepared for my trip; that is, I ate my dinner, made out a writ for a Middletown officer whom I happened to know, and then stepped over to the legal sanctum of Lawyer Brian.

The old gentleman was deep in the consideration of a tough point in the law of insurance, but with professional versatility he piled up his books and proceeded to give me the information at which he had hinted. It appeared that by some of those numerous secret channels by which all sorts of queer information come quietly into a lawyer's hands, he had learned that Bitterill had been selling a large lot of dry-goods in Hartford at very low prices for cash within a week; that those goods were gone West, and out of reach; that sundry New York and Hartford creditors had also possession of the information which Messrs. Longtime, Sellemup, & Co. thought exclusively theirs; and that officers were waiting for Bitterill at Hartford, and were also looking after him in Middletown; and that he was undoubtedly hidden somewhere about this latter city, with a considerable amount of money on his person; that the idea of attaching any goods was absurd; that the only plan was to catch him, and frighten him into partial or full payment; that he was a stout, active, quarrelsome fellow, and an ugly customer; and that, on the whole, it was as barren a prospect for securing a debt as could well be imagined. He added that he had a sort of business-partner, or fellow-rascal, in Hartford—one Johnson—but that he was too wary a rogue to make any thing of.

"Has Bitterill a wife?" I asked.

"Yes. It's astonishing," indignantly moralized the old lawyer, "how the biggest villain under heaven can always find some woman that's fool enough to have him!"

"Then he might be concealed at home. Or, stay—I see! I can find out from her where he is."

"Hardly, I think; but you can try. One thing more: make those New York men pay you from half to three-quarters of any thing you secure. They would jump at ten *per cent.* for their claim this minute."

"Thank you, Counselor," I answered, laughing; "I'll think of it, unless I should get a —— thrashing! Good-day."

Leaving word with Spiggleton that I should be back next morning with news, I rode down to the station on Asylum Street. Espying a constable lounging about the building, I accosted him.

"Ah, Mr. Lockitt, how's the bracelet and nabbing business to-day? Any thing new?"

"Why, no," replied the officer. "I'm here on the chance of ketchin' Peleg Bitterill. But I reckon he's too sharp to stick his nose in here. He's a darned sight more likely to be at the Berlin Station, below. But he's wanted there, too."

"Is he?" I answered. "Pleasant thing to be of so much importance, eh? But isn't there some partner of his here in Hartford?"

"Yes, I b'lieve so," said Lockitt, "Jotham Johnson, they say. But there won't nobody prove nothin' against *him*. He's an old bird!"

The train now came thundering in, and, bidding the communicative constable good-morning, I entered the car and went on my way. My intention was to pretend a message from Johnson to Bitterill, if I could find Mrs. Bitterill, and thus discover his hiding-place; but I deferred any detailed scheme until I should have reconnoitred. Changing cars at Berlin, where also I noticed a Hartford officer quietly ensconced in a corner of the station-house, I arrived at Middletown in good season, and proceeded at once to the residence of the officer to whom my writ was directed. He was absent. His wife thought he was "up to Peleg Bitterill's," and getting the direction, thither I went.

It was an insignificant but snug-looking little white tenement, in the northeastern part of Middletown, near the river. As I entered the street where it stood, I met Mr. Japes the constable, walking slowly, his hands in his pockets, and his head down, but his eyes and ears wide open for all that.

"Ah, Mr. Japes, how are you? Will you serve a writ against Bitterill for me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Truax, after I've found him first, and then served half a dozen others 't I've got in my pocket here," he answered, with a grim official smile.

"How deep is he in?" I asked, confidentially.

"I don't know, I'm sure. There's three fellers up from York, and several from Har'ford, and more'n one from Middletown. There's an officer in the house, and one or two in the streets, for there's a chance of his comin' home to-night, they say. I do'no—*I* guess there won't be enough ketcht on him to put in your eye! Why, they say that if you count all he's done, he's let folks in up to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars! He's a deep one, I tell ye!"

"I'm late in the day, I'm afraid," I observed; "however, there's the writ; I'll go back to the tavern and get some supper, I believe. Hold on, I think I'll see Mrs. Bitterill a moment."

I approached the house and knocked at the door for the purpose of trying the experiment aforementioned. "Come in!" answered a querulous and nasal feminine voice, and I entered; the door opening directly into the plain and very neat little sitting-room. A thin and pale woman, with a worn and frightened look, stood looking out of the window, while a rough-looking fellow, the officer, sat silently by the fire.

"Mrs. Bitterill?" I inquired, bowing.

"That's my name," she answered, in an impatient, angry tone.

I stepped near her, and said, in a tone too low for the officer's ear, "Mrs. Bitterill, won't you let me see you alone a moment?"

She looked suspiciously at me. I added, "I have a message from Jotham Johnson"—she started—"and if I can't find your husband, I must leave it with you."

She answered, with a meaning look, "The books are in the other room, if you'll just step in there a moment."

She led me into the kitchen, and, leaving the door ajar, took down two or three account books, and laid them open upon the table. "There," she said, "it must be in there." I approached, and, bending over them, pretended to search for some item, while I told her, in a low tone, that I was to warn Mr. Bitterill not to endeavor to leave by way of Hartford, for that they were waiting for him there, and at Springfield too.

"He isn't here," she answered, in the same manner. "He's across the river. He was a goin' up on skates, on the ice, to take a team at East Hartford. You'll have to go and see him there, for he ain't a comin' home agin."

"Across the river?" I said, with a show of reluctance. "It's terrible going, and very cold. But I suppose he must know it. Where is he?"

"At Pat M'Cabe's old shanty, near the Upper Quarry," she answered, with some hesitation. "If you knock, and call out for Jotham Johnson, he'll let you in. You must be pretty quick, for he was a goin' to start not fur from this time."

"I'll go right over," I said; "but it's a tough job." Then I continued, more loudly, for the officer's benefit—I had seen him peering through the door—"I don't find it. I must look again in the morning. Good-night, ma'am."

"Good-night." And I quietly left the house, and having saunteringly passed by Constable Japes, yet on his chilly post, with the remark that I hoped he'd have better luck than I looked for, I turned the corner, and made very quick time to the hotel, scheming as I went.

This was evidently a pretty well-considered scheme of Bitterill's, and indicated that he must have something somewhere, worth taking a good deal of pains for. This could not well be any thing except money, which, accordingly, I presumed he had about his person, to the full amount of the receipts from his swindling sales; very likely five thousand dollars. On skates? I meditated; that is not a bad idea, it's glorious skating all the way up, and for such a slippery trick so slippery a means is very suitable.

I determined that I would take a hasty supper, procure a pair of skates and a stout stick, and start off alone after our sly friend Peleg; for skating being a "specialty" of mine, I made no doubt that if he should have set out I could overhaul him on the river. What exactly to do if I should come up with him, I didn't know. But it was an adventure, at any rate, and I felt quite assured that either by persuasion or force I could effect some arrangement or other which should benefit my clients, and, willy nilly, ease his conscience. At the worst, I proposed to arrest him on my own responsibility, and secure him in some way until I could transfer him to the clutches of the law. Nearly three thousand dollars! It was worth one hot chase, or a cold one either. But—suppose he should overpower me? A great, rough, black-whiskered bully, Spiggleton called him. It would be, in Western phrase, "pretty ridiculous," if he should knock me in the head and leave me on the ice. Yet some risks must be taken, and with my training in the fistic art, I did not, on the whole, fear for the result of a single combat.

So meditating and deciding, I reached the hotel, and finding the proprietor, I addressed him in haste:

"Landlord, I want you to do four things for me a *little* faster than they were ever done before. First, get me supper. Second, send out and buy me a good pair of skates, and also, third, a stout straight cane. Fourth, furnish me a pocket-flask of good brandy."

"It shall be done in fifteen minutes, Sir." He disappeared with speed, and it was done—I mean the supper—and before my short and rapid meal was complete, the required remaining articles were at hand; and paying my bill, putting the skates and the flask in my pocket, fortifying myself with comforter, overcoat, gloves, and mittens, and grasping my stick, I was ready.

"Where is the road to the Upper Quarries?"

"Cross the river at the steamboat-landing," answered the somewhat puzzled host; "and it leads you a direct route, behind the Middle Quarries, straight along, up past Pat M'Cabe's old shanty."

"That's enough; thank you. Good-night."

And I was off. It was now between five and six o'clock, and bitter cold, with a sharp wind from the northeast. Settling my head well down in my coat-collars, as if I were trying to cover my ears with my shoulders, with hands in pockets, and cap drawn over eyes, I struck a round pace for the landing, and in five minutes reached the dock. The river lay utterly silent and motionless before me, one great sheet of cold, grayish snow ice; a dismantled schooner, careened over, was frozen-in a few rods out; no voice nor sound was heard; the lights from the houses opposite, in Portland, twinkled dimly through the keen air. And the unsteady, tremulous light of the wintry moon made the deadness of the scene almost ghastly. I paused a moment to look, and then climbing down upon the frozen surface, sliding, scrambling, half-walking, half-running, as those must do who walk on smooth ice, I proceeded. All at once, a series of noises like—

Whip—prrrt—slap bang—crack—crack—*crack!* beginning somewhere out of sight, came ripping and rattling past me, in the ice, and so faded away down the river toward the Narrows. It was a "frost-crack;" and a token of the extremest cold—a sort of groan from the ice under the relentless rigor of the Ice King.

Reaching the other side, I found the road without difficulty. It led me some little distance back from the river, up the steep slant of the hills which border it, and then turning northward, ran along the verge of the immense excavations known as the Middle Quarries. These enormous pits, which look as if a whole farm had been pulled up by the roots and the hole left, extend far below the water-level of the river, the sandstone growing finer in quality as the pit grows deeper; and furnish employment to a vast force of laboring men, as well as "brown stone fronts," caps, sills, and stone blocking, for all parts of the United States. Past the precipitous verge of these great horrible abysses, that looked all but bottomless in the deceitful moonlight, I cautiously and rapidly pursued my way; and having kept on in that direction perhaps a quarter of a mile, gradually returning toward the river, reached the miserable old hovel known as Pat M'Cabe's shanty; a rackety, solitary, dismantled den, where M'Cabe had kept a whisky-shop in the summer, and which had become notorious by reason of the many desperate rows that had occurred there and thereabouts. It was, however, now altogether deserted, and indeed had lost so many boards and joists that it was little more than the tottering skeleton of a tenement.

I knocked loudly at the broken door, and called out "Johnson! Jotham Johnson!" There was no reply, and I entered. The hut was empty; but in one corner there was a heap of shavings and a blanket or two, and there were also the embers of a decaying fire. Bitterill had been there, and had recently gone.

Quarter past six. He must have it in mind to reach Hartford, and then the first railway station between Springfield and Boston, in time to board the evening express train, which leaves Hartford at eight P.M. "That needs fast skating and fast driving—and faster on my part, if I am to catch him."

I hurried down the high precipitous bank to the river, slid out upon the gray, glassy ice, and, kneeling down, proceeded to put on the skates. Deliberately—for in such a business the more haste the less speed—and carefully I fitted them, jammed the heel-pins home, passed and buckled the straps, straining them until my feet felt as if compressed in iron shoes, replaced my mittens, grasped my stick, one hand at each end, holding it athwart me—a most excellent plan, by-the-way, in skating long distances—and wheeling about in a few small circuits to feel the ice, and the skates, and the elasticity of my muscles, I turned northward, bent low, headed diagonally across the river to round the next point above, and struck out across the glimmering silent ice, with long, steady, rapid, sweeping strokes.

From Middletown to Hartford is about twenty-five miles, by the course of the river. I might decrease this distance a mile or two, by taking advantage of my knowledge of the river, and "cutting off corners." But Bitterill doubtless knew the same, and my object, if attained at all, must be so by desperate straightforward racing. My skates, fortunately, though quite new, were not too sharp; and as the ice was extremely hard, they ran over it with very little of the scoring cut which is so apt to diminish speed; and for twenty minutes I sped steadily on at a moderate pace, until I should get a little easy in my work. There had been so much skating that the many tracks along my route afforded me no indications as to my predecessor.

Click—whip—crack—*bang!* went another frost-crack. Colder yet; and although very little of me except the tip of my nose was visible, the air rushing past my face fairly *burned* it with cold. But now my blood began to grow warm with the manly exercise; and gradually I increased my speed up to a good racing pace, not, however, going at a faster rate than I felt that I could hold up to the old wooden bridge at Hartford. The icy northeaster whistled in my ears as I flew along, or moaned and sang dirges to me from among the leafless trees and evergreens on the bleak hill-sides. It would blow the sound of Bitterill's feet back to me, and keep mine from him.

Away I went, sweeping by the wide bare meadows, past the gorges in the hills, whirling round point after point, stretching in straight lines from one to the next, while the reduplicated ringing strokes of my skates made a monotonous music for me, and I could hear the little fragments cut out by an occasional heavy foot-thrust, blown crackling backward by the wind.

Past Middletown Upper Houses; past the level meadows of South Glastenbury, famed for walnuts; past the steep, barren hill-sides of Rocky Hill, I swept along for fifteen miles and more; and now I came shooting up toward Glastenbury Landing, and still I neither saw nor heard any skater. I rounded the point opposite the landing. From this place a long, straight reach opens, the vista being closed by the roofs and cupolas of the Connecticut State Prison, situate in the onion-metropolis, Wethersfield. Now I could see upon the river, half-way up the reach, the figure of a man skating along at a good pace. It must be Bitterill; and my coming upon him while he was speeding so rapidly toward the prison might be taken as an omen of his fate and my success.

Now, at last, I put forth the very utmost of my strength; and, going at a tremendous pace, was rapidly overhauling the dishonest bankrupt. I was almost within speaking distance, when he must have heard the ringing of my skate-irons; for suddenly looking over his shoulder he saw me, and instantly redoubled his speed, which convinced me that he was my man. Away we flew for nearly a mile in perfect silence, except for the scoring and ringing skate-strokes; but I steadily closed up, until, as we turned and swept northward again, round the bend in the bow of which the State Prison stands, I spoke:

"Bitterill, hold up! I want to speak to you!"

"Go to ——!" he vociferated, with abundance of other curses, but slackened not his speed.

I continued to gain, and was just considering whether I would knock him down with my stick or lay hands on him, when, turning his head, he suddenly discharged first one pistol-shot and then another, but, firing over his shoulder, missed me. I was even already lifting my stick, and should have returned his compliment—unless he had "winged" me with a further use of his revolver—when at once the gray ice over which we had been gliding disappeared, and I seemed to be skating on water. It was dead black ice. Good God! *an air-hole!* An instantaneous, horrible thrill of fright shot through me; my speed was too great to turn aside, but, with an instinctive impulse, I shut my eyes, and sprang desperately up from the ice with both feet.

The tremendous speed of my former motion and the effort of that terrific leap swung me over ten feet of black, open water, and threw me, with a severe fall, flat upon the thin but tough black ice beyond. As I leaped I heard a cry, the crackling of breaking ice, a plunge—Bitterill had driven blindly into the ghastly open abyss!

I had slid some distance beyond the spot where I fell. Stunned and hurt, I arose with difficulty just as the prison-bell rang out an alarm upon the keen, still air. The two pistol-shots had been heard, and it was probably thought that some convict was escaping. That was not exactly it; the old bell might, however, be taken to sound forth the signal that a culprit was caged. A glance

showed me that we were opposite the entrance of that singular body of water called Wallenstadt Cove; the warmer outflow from whose springs, passing through a narrow channel into the river, had kept open this death-trap, within whose fearful circle Bitterill had risen to the surface, and, the knife current carrying him to the lower side of the orifice, was sustaining himself by his arms, but made ineffectual struggles to creep out upon the thin ice, which cracked and broke as he bore upon it.

"Hold still!" I cried. "I'll get a rail." So I hurried to the next house, and returned shortly with the rail dragging behind me, when it occurred to me this circumstances facilitated the making of good quotations. "Stand by, Friend Pelegy, as was now, in a manner, at my mercy. So I halted and addressed him:

"You are Puleg Bitterill, are you?"

"Yes."

"You'll settle Longtime, Sellenup, & Co.'s bill if I get you out, will you?"

He answered very eagerly, and with some curse—but rather cool ones, for he was hardly able to speak by this time—"Oh, h—— Are you going to let a man drown before your eyes? Shove me that rail, will ye?"

And, in a rage, he made a great splutttering in the water. But he was getting a little stiff, and the ice kept breaking and letting his head under. I was not to be satisfied with evasion, and repeated my demand.

"Agree to settle that bill in full, with interest, and here's the rail. If not, why, you must get out yourself. Come, I can't wait all night here, I have business at Hartford." And, dropping the rail, I turned as if to depart.

Not that I would have left the rogue to drown, but it was well to let him think so. He was by this sufficiently agreed to my conditions; upon which I got my rail under the ice, crawled out upon it and could reach him with the rail, and held it as firmly as I could, while he raised himself upon it and carefully crawled out, resting upon it awhile to cool and partly upon the ice.

As he somewhat along to firmer footing, such was the intensity of the cold that every time his mitten or his knee touched the ice, all dripping as he was with water, they froze fast to it; and he was at last he stood erect, which he was only able to do by re-lying the rail still upon the ice. Forward the shore, we had not reached the bank before he was clothed from head to foot in crackling icy armor, and his skin was hard and smooth as ice, but he would never have risen; and it was only by threats and a show of violence, and with no small amount of actual dragging and pushing, that I succeeded in leading him to the door of the nearest house, where, upon knocking, we were hospitably received, and forthwith put before a cheerful fire. The kindly Yankee dame and her husband both agreed with me that Bitterill was at most only a fool, for he was almost speechless. When, however, Mr. Allen (such was the name I attempted to give) and I would have resisted. Without attending to his offers, however, we quickly divested him of his frozen raiment, and his reluctance was explained. He wore a belt, with a considerable sum in gold sewed up in it, under his clothes. But we kept him, refusing to take it, even with warm towels, gave him a dose out of my brandy-flask, and in an hour long before he was asleep. On emptying his pocket-book that night he might be dried, I took the liberty of investigating his wallet, and found no signs of money, but the possession of about five thousand dollars, all told. From this I abstracted the amount for which I had stipulated with him, and having deposited the same with my own slender peculium, I went to sleep—pretty well fatigued, but with a joyful feet.

Rising early, I suggested to Mr. Bitterill (who was still asleep when I entered his room) the possibility of his wishing to bring him up before the dividuals anxious to put papers into his hands concerning "Our Mr. Sheriff," as the phrase was "Justice of Peace") and hands on his shoulder; at which idea he exhibited and expressed a disgust profound in character and altogether original in expression. But the suggestion prevailed with him to yield a perfect consent to the proposition, after which I informed him, and whose completeness I demonstrated by exhibiting to him the bunch of wet bills in my pocket-book. And then I left him with as evil grace, a receipt in full from me to Longtime, Sellenup, & Co.'s attorney.

Leaving him to his own devices, and thanking and paying Mr. Allen, I hastened to Hartford, where, not to fail on the strict line of duty, which the community, I noticed officer Locklin of the place where I had left Bitterill, and informed him, although the constable used instant diligence, he failed to apprehend. I have received no news of him since; I suppose he may be in California at present for what I know.

I found Spiggleton at the hotel in Hartford, informed him, with a grave face, that I had found that there were absolutely no goods to attach, and that I had reliable information that Bitterill had left Middletown; but, I added, I thought that there was a certain chance that I might, if I did release, twenty-five *per cent.* or thereabouts of the amount due could be obtained.

Spiggleton's further inquiries about Bitterill seemed to have even lowered his estimate of the man and his solvency. For he caught at the offer, and said it was lucky that they could get so much.

I laughed. "I beg pardon, Mr. Spiggleton, I believe I realize the inquiries by your face. Perhaps I've secured the whole amount. Have the kindness to count these bills, will you?"

And I deposited the documents, yet wet, but good money and true, upon the table. In silent wonder the New Yorker counted and summed up.

"Twenty-seven hundred and thirteen dollars, sixty-one cents," he said. "Do you mean to hand out of the river? The notes are wet enough."

Yes, literally and truly, I did," I answered; and told him the story, to his great satisfaction and delight.

Longtime, Sellenup, & Co. paid me two hundred and fifty dollars for that night's work; but no money would buy me to experience again the awful agony, deadly panic of fright that shot through me at the sight of the black ice of the inlet; neither, to this day, can I refit over the frozen surface of any water without a slight instinctive trembling.

STANZAS TO AN EGG.

[BY A SCOUT.]

PLEDGE of a fowl's affection,
Kidnapped in thy downy nest,
Soon for my breakfast—sad reflection!
Must thou be put to rest.

What are the feelings of thy mother?
Poor bereaved, unhappy hen!
Though she may lay, perchance, another,
Thee she ne'er will see again.

Yet do not mourn. Although above her
Never more shall parent brood,
Know, dainty darling! that I love thee
Dearly as thy mother could.

ONE DAY IN MY LIFE.

I.—THE JOURNEY.

THANKSGIVING began earlier than usual for me this year. I usually enjoy the festival of the day night before, when with a subdued yet conscious triumph I announce my invisibility at the office for the remainder of the day, the joy of a two vacation was enhanced by the bright visions before me. The sanctified turkey—sacred to the day —must before me with freedom in his wings; while on the eastern horizon, rich, round, and golden as the harvest moon, rose a famous pumpkin pie. Exultant yet pitying, I bade adieu to my fellow-laborers. For them no Connecticut even opened with seven-fold fervor, whose-fold turkey yielded up his life. Still "cabined, cribbed, confined" within the dingy walls of the office, under the imitation of a frost, one remove, and only one, above the pasteboard banquets of the stage. But *I* was going to keep Thanksgiving in the country, and already the foreshadowing of the great day made me jubilant even in Nassau.

As a rule, I am not fond of early rising. I never could appreciate the point of that joke which turns on making a worm "early to bed and early to rise," as the untimely hour, the ruthless invasion of that delicious unconsciousness, the sensation of being in the additional circumstance? It is a clear instance of bathos. Be content, O venerable Miller, with the noon day, and dismiss from your list, if not it have, by minor details!"

But on that eventful Wednesday morning I did not hesitate. The sun had not yet risen when fifteen cot-loads of stiffened humanity emerged from the depot and began to disperse. Then, with the facilities of old, was traveled by faith, and not by sight. The cars were packed, and the train of rushed headlong through the darkness; but we knew that Connecticut was ahead, and that neither the cold nor the snow was more than a temporary annual feast. Through the dark tunnel, over Harlem River, by Spuyten Duyvil, through Westchester, scattered through rocky Westchester—Melrose and Waverley, Scrabblington and Laura Matildaville. Then in rapid succession the Highlands of the Hudson, of New England. The plashing rain became feathery flakes, and every hill-side grew whiter as we sped along. Children began to cry for candy, and the wind came, and fell over their joyous anticipations; and children of a larger growth, grave men and women, gazing drearily out on the familiar landscape, felt their impassive hearts throb with more rich warmth as they saw the fences disappearing. At every stopping-place they debarked in crowds to get their dinners, and crowded the waiting railroads; some in quaint, roomy stages; some, already near their bourne, by still quainter vehicles, which had been sent to meet them, and which were driven over to meet them.

Our pilgrimage was not a burger. Through the damp and fetid cavern which serves the New Haven people for a depôt, and to the rest of mankind jungles and bowers, we were hurried by the "cabby" of the book, where we wondered whether it was the real thing, or the "Arabian Nights," and where the omnibus-looking people were standing; through New London, and over, under, by, between, and all around Connecticut. At Saybrook the lies at a town had fallen from the sky and been broken to its present size and shape. At Old Lyme, grave Italian's great palm, and took into his big blue eye, and hear his cheery words of welcome. You intimate that I am a Connecticut man in some way, whereas, as in a great lungering hall, whole troops of Boys in blue are all Connecticut soldiers. So goodly man is Cousin James to look upon, towering up as he does head and shoulders high over us, his honest face beamed by the fire-light, that I could clear calm sunshine of his native New England atmosphere. Cousin Jacob, and Cousin Jane, I have seen in them, too, that tells of thoughts dwelling with his lost ones; with the babes that lie in the graveyard at home, and the loving wife over, whom ocean waves forever sing requiem. By her side-lied, and in her place, sat a fair young woman; up he read the last solemn prayer, he has learned to "suffer and be strong." And strong he is: strong in his manhood, strong in his childhood, strong in the deep shadows of his soul, and only pathos and chasten the light of gladness in which he walks. Playfully he lifts us, like babes, into the carriage, and like babes tucked up in bed together with the very robes in his hands brought from a far-off country. His work for the day is not yet done; many guests will still arrive by the evening train; so off we go through mist and mud, and leave him in the gathering darkness, gazing up and down the platform as if it were a quarter-deck.

II.—THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

High on a bleak and barren hill, like the weatherbeaten air-streaked on Arnaut, stands the old useless-house of Cousin Jacob. Once upon a time it was the necleus of a flourishing country village, and tradition fondly points back to the time when no less than "forty-one" made it a place of commercial importance. But this Augustan age has passed forever. As the valleys round them thriving factory villages have sprung up, and business has slid down into them. Still the North Parish persists in considering them her suburbs. Like a lonely old maid, she keeps solitary state in the old homestead while her younger sisters dance gayly about in the world, and are thrifty matrons with troops of children growing up around them. Over her long green sea-shore she wander. From the upper end the weather-beaten spire, a bird-mark for storms seems, looks down upon half-closed and mouldy houses where a few old men and women, whom no change can transform their life-long homes, sit waiting to be carried into the grave-yard where their fathers lie. Their sons and daughters are in the far city, or on the western coast, and there is an youth left in the lonely old place.

But from the lower corner of the green on that blushingly rural spot a pretty light streamed out into the sleety darkness, betokening us a welcome. Nor did the table belie it. The door opens as we drive up, and warm and cheerful are the hearth and hearths that receive us. Age and loneliness have not frozen the kindhood of the old North Parish people.

How shall a modern—a travel-bed pen describe portray thee, then perfect specimen of ancient maidenhood, Aunt Mary? It different fate had placed thee on a throne, or even in the more unpretentious sovereign, fame would have handed thy name down to posterity as a woman worthy of the great place. And yet, in the rare elements of discretion, thou wouldst have been no more excellent than now. The kings of old were known as wise or unwise, bold, it is not, of all spheres, that where innate royalty of soul shows itself most truly out? And the while, O, my England mother, to be a queen worthy a reign? Judge between them: on the one hand, the loving-hearted wife, the tender mother, the kind neighbor, "mother thy father and thy mother." Would those stalwart Yankees, her sons, bow as implicitly to the old lady as to their mother? They themselves have long been men in authority, accustomed to make their own laws by multitudes of inferiors. He would be a rash man who should taunt either of them with not daring to do "all that may license a man." And who ask one of them to whether he would dare disobey his mother. Or, if you prefer a different test, ask Cousin Jacob or Cousin James to light his best-beloved Manilla cheroot in the south parlor, suggest to Cousin William that he do not shave or wear a cravat, or Cousin Henry a candle and coalscuttles raking up the ashes. You will get by the answer, dear reader, if you wish it for myself, I respectfully decline.

Aunt Mary, however, can not sit in state to-night to have your portrait taken—no, not even if we cabinet meetings to be held in the kitchen, and privy-councils in the pantry, to say nothing of a constant journeys into the chambers and other remote provinces of her kingdom. Even at this minute, though with brows as smooth as a whale-bone and were not weighing on of six sits in her great chair in the best room, and pretends to talk to me, I know she will rush up the moment I retire to direct her attention to me is but a piece of state policy and to her self-respect, rather, of that conscience which sits so gracefully on royalty.

She does not listen long in vain. Whether her now, as, with light in hand, she goes out into the storm from the opened door. Can you not see that face expectant of the young? A whole household child to her, long as he has been to others a portly, prosperous man? Yet, it is to at last. He steps carefully out of the way of the opening door, in the suspicion of the gust has followed him even here. And he does not think of it when he stands on the threshold of the old home, with his mother's arms around his neck, and his lips on her silver hair. Into her face he does not need to look; but you, dear reader, if perchance you have thought there was a little bit of the boy left in the man, if you have seen one of these who believe that the great central fires of this world do not glow as truly beneath the ice-crust as in the tropics, and under cover of a warm fire-place, why then it were well for you to watch that mother's greeting of her son.

III.—AT DINNER.

"How about Thanksgiving dinner?" growls the judicious friend, to whom I suppose myself to be addressing this letter.

Possess thyself, oh worthy but impatient critic, and I will come to it.

"Is the dinner sublime," you know, my dear friend, "transum orditur ab ovo."

And my old friend, Horace, satisfied that he has not only rebuked me, but made a very neat display of his classics, becomes gracious, replaces his feet on the fender, and settles his elegant coat—listening.

He has lost by it, however, more than he can know. The sound of that day, the indescribable, when my nose first emerged into the Arctic atmosphere of the northwest, or keeping-room chamber (temperature, 50° by observation—of my own feeling), up to the time when I ushered beneath their roof my friend, Spiggleton, deserved a "vale sacro" which henceforth they will "exeunt."

Nor will the reader now make with becoming fruit without, and strong appreciation of my friend Jacob, of Boston. Cousin Jacob does business in a genuine down, redolent of fat and calculation, upon some wharf. When I say that he is one of the solid men of that sea-port, my reader will understand me. Wherein Jacob is a solid man. His wharf is a solid wharf. His store and his credit are solid. So are his bank account and his watch chain. His ships are good solid ships, built at Piscataqua, and Passamaquoddy, and other celebrated places down East, where they build such ships by the mile, and stow them off on to the stock required. I have no doubt he married into a solid family, and made his choice from solid citizens. One could not be four-and-twenty hours under the same roof with Mrs. Cousin Jacob without feeling assured of it.

Dinner was a little late, but the time did not seem long. When it was over, I was pleased to meet it, as the poet beautifully remarks, without fear, and was a success. Cousin James's cousin, Lydia, was on my arm.

There, the secret is out, and I may as well spare myself all unnecessary effort of further concealment. Did you ever know me particularly pleased with any thing that was not a hazel-eyed young woman at the bottom of it? On this occasion I was in great coolbrunon. I had demonstrated my friend Jacob the cause of my visit, and Jane must be my cousin also; and the hazel-eyed young woman had attained the force of my reasoning.

"Liddy, child," said Uncle Jacob from the other end of the table, "have you heard of Mary Parkman's engagement to Tom Hopkins?"

"Mary and Tom Hopkins engaged!" cried Hazel-eyes. "Why, Uncle Dlah, they are cousins!"

Something suddenly destroyed my relish even for second-joint and side-bone. The rest of that dinner is vague in my memory to me as a dream. I recall only a long procession of spectral waiters, of shadowy spider patties, of illusion commending wines, and spirits, and pretty pies in large quantity. To the other guests there were substantial realities, but to me there was nothing "help" in the kitchen, where a fresh voice now attracted our attention, and announced the arrival of Uncle Jacob's.

Every country neighborhood has its walking romance. Dartmoor is that of the Dartmoor. A poor, half-witted old man, silent and inoffensive, wandering restlessly from house to house, over a little circuit, which I know by heart, and given tenderly the simple fare and shelter he craves. Aunt Mary generally finds him her self-invited guest on Thanksgiving-day.

"Egad," says Dr. Cook, striking down his newspaper, "something unpleasant about to be visited board, I don't think the fellow so much of a simpleton after all."

While Darcanet was feasting in the kitchen Aunt Mary told us his story. It was a simple old-fashioned romance of a parson and his love, and revealed only in time to learn that the avowal was that a day too late. The parson's love would have conquered or been crushed. His simple, loud nature was only crazed and crippled for life.

"Poor fellow!" said I, when the story was told, and the words seemed to come from the very tint tone of my heart. I started at the sound, and my quick, half-guilty glance detected that of Hazel-eye turned full and searchingly on me. It was very provoking that she should have chosen that very working away on the bosom that reached to Hebrew. Somewhat flurried, I rose, and, hurried, a mighty player on the bass-viol, and chief among the tenors, had brought out Corinna Sacra, or something like it, and with the blessing of Providence Melinda was distinctly audible in the dining-room. Fancy could very well have dispensed with Hazel-eye's company, and would have sung the back through from cover to cover most contentedly without her. Nay face must have been a mask when she joined them, for I caught Mr. Cousin Jacob eyeing me with a look of suspicion, the same I had seen on her face when Hazel-eye left the dinner-table. How I wished that estimable lady a safe voyage to the bottom of Boston Street!

In fact I was thoroughly miserable. For ten years I had stood at the very threshold of that pure, rich heart, gazing on its treasures; and yet it never had occurred to me that the very secret instinct just as the door, so to speak, was slammed in my face.

Tea came at last, and then the long evening. The young folks, whose anticipations of a frolic had been soured by the sad tale of poor Darcanet, and Cousin Jacob from Boston, seized with glad surprise upon the opportunity of making the new-found discussion we hit upon one of these elaborately heavy performances in which one couple is exiled from the room while the rest choose a subject. Mrs. Cousin Jacob, *spiritelle* as I used to think her, was a most stupid woman. She had no imagination.

When it fell to the lot of Hazel-eye to choose a partner and go out, my heart beat like a winning pigeon; but when Uncle Jacob from Boston had called down I came to the turn of Mrs. Jacob, and she called me out, it was going very heavily indeed.

"Bless my heart, "cried my lady, as we reached the door, "if I have not forgotten my handkerchief! Cousin Lydia, do, please, take my place while I run up stairs."

Oh, Mrs. Jacob, Mrs. Jacob! How much I should have lost if you had gone back to Beacon Street that night!

Hazel-eye came demurely enough out of the room, but her cheek glowed, and her glance did not meet mine.

Now do you suppose I am going to tell you what was said in the five minutes before they called us back? Or in the ten which elapsed after that because were locked in the room? Or anything that was said because in the parlor after every body else had left? Or what was said, and kept that old lady and gentleman under their chill for the space of audience?

By no means. If you insist on knowing, ask my wife!



THE REGULAR STUDENT.

"Oh! you see, we—we—went up to their room there, and sat down, and drank some beer now and then, and—and—oh! I tell you we had a capital time, I assure you." Now, the real state of the case is, that Jones was brought home by four students and put to bed, and beyond a cloudy recollection of pipes, beer, and tobacco, dancing, singing, and hugging, smoke, swords, and swearing eternal friendship to every body—beyond this, his account of things is very indistinct. Saufenheimer likes to put travelers through in this style. There was my friend H——, of Boston, who will probably remember the very mellow state in which he reached his couch not long ago. You won't forget, shall you, H——, that ornamental painting on the house, not in water-colors, which you worked out so handsomely that evening after you got home? You remember the three dollars you had to pay to get it removed? Bhaesi! how the good Frau Steckenhamen raved when she first saw that illustration adorning her clean white front.

We have five corps or fighting clubs here, numbering about one hundred and fifty members altogether; and if you wish for a "mensur" or a "row" you can have it at the shortest notice. Generally speaking, we are in a perpetual stew of some kind all the time. From eight to ten duels a day, for at least four days in the week, is about the general average. They begin at eight in the morning, and get through at about one or two o'clock. Of course, the "powers that be" wink at this state of things. It's a vent-hole for hot blood, and, if stopped, might burst out somewhere in the form of a revolution, or something perhaps equally dangerous: so they say, we will let them alone so long as they don't kill one another. These duels are of three kinds: first, for a trial of skill simply; second, the half-serious, without cap and breeches; third, the serious, with pistols, rapiers, or the sabre. The first one originates as follows: One corps sends another a challenge, saying, "We have six men ready to fight six of yours of equal standing." The challenge is of course accepted, and Tom, Dick, Bob, and Harry, without knowing with whom, agree to fight, with the chances of getting a chop in the face which will disfigure them for life. This kind of duel can not exceed fifteen minutes. The combatants having been duly beheathered and bandaged by the doctor, are led forth into the hall, looking very much like two evergreen hay-stacks. An umpire having been selected, and the combatants taken their places, the duel proceeds in this manner:



MY FRIEND SLAPPENHEIMER.

UMPIRE. "Silentium—silentium!" A dead silence ensues.
FIRST SECOND. "Auf die mensur fertig, los!"



A DUELIST IN FULL DRESS.

From our position, Ready—fight. (Slap, slap—slash, slash—slap, flash, whack.)

SECOND SEC. "Halt!"
FIRST SEC. "Weshalb"—why?
SECOND SEC. "Klinge ist gesprungen"—your blade is sprung.
FIRST SEC. (*to the Umpire*). "Is the blade sprung?"
UMP. "The blade is sprung."
This constitutes a round. They then fall back, right the blade, and commence anew.
The second kind, the half-serious, originates in this manner: Two students pass one another on the sidewalk; one accidentally crowds the other off; whereupon the latter turns around, and wants to know if he meant any thing by that. No. 1 replies that he did or did not, just as No. 2 likes. No. 2 accordingly calls him a dumme junge, and says he will fight him, ohne mütze und pantoffeln (without cap and breeches).
The third kind I can illustrate by a duel which took place a few days before my arrival.
A Herr von S, for some supposed insult, had knocked down another student, and jumped on his face with the heels of his boots. The next morning there was a rather dull at the Hirschgasse. On the third round Von S. received a cut in the forehead which knocked him senseless. He was carried into an adjoining room, where, for two weeks, he lay vibrating between life and death. Soon after he began to recover, and at the expiration of the eighth week was just able to leave the house. I have since learned that he has been shot dead in a pistol duel.
The wounds received in the two first kinds of duels are always on the face, but never dangerous. It seems to me that they rather covet their possession. My friend Steppenheimer, of the Rinaus,

THE LIFE OF AMERICAN STUDENTS AT HEIDELBERG.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

HEIDELBERG, *December*, 1857.

HERE I am at last, a jolly student of medicine, at the old Karl-Rupert University of Heidelberg. I believe in the old proverb, "When you are among the Turks, do as the Turkeys do;" so just three months ago, just before matriculation, I bought the largest pair of boots, almost concealing the *ou l'on va*, the shortest bob-coat, not quite covering my *ne petois*, that I could find. I also purchased two or three pipes, one about a yard long, which Kätchen has to light for me; and a map for the lectures. Add a small dumpy cap, and my beer mug, and then allow me to introduce your humble servant—a through and through German student. The American caterpillar turned German butterfly. I like the rig. It's bold and effective; there is no about it, and you feel more like a real Teuton in it.

My first four weeks I fear did not smell much of medicine. I went round under the auspices of lusty Burschen beer-drinkers, inducing myself generally into the mysteries of beer and duels. This forms the quintessence of student-life here. Not a traveler passes this place without going to see the duels, or coming home very late from some beer-kneipe, very drunk. Jones comes over from New York. He wants to see a duel. Could I introduce him to some one? Oh! certainly. So I introduce Jones to Mr. Saufenheimer, with whom he sees a duel, and gets also an invitation to the kneipe or club that evening. The next day I meet Jones, looking rather seedy. "How are you, Jones? Did you have a good time last night?" "Oh, capital! splendid!" "What did you do?"

THE DUEL.

has four conspicuous ones, which I verily believe he is proud of. He is student-life, illustrated with cuts.

An interesting feature of our life here is the torch-light procession. This is generally got up to do honor to the advent of some new and distinguished Professor. We had one a few evenings ago here. There were above two hundred, each with a torch, in the procession. It was a sight for you. Those gay, spanking leaders, and the others who formed the procession, in their grim, old-looking kappiruzas. We marched up to the Professor's house, got a speech out of him, then turned about, and went down to the University Place, where we formed a ring, and sang the "Dum, Vivamus Vivamus" and "Gandeamus igitur."

The roar of those two hundred voices, together with the wild dancing, waving torches, and gesticulation generally, beat all the Kickapoo Calisthenics, I am certain, quite into the shade.

A SUBMARINE RAILWAY

BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

OUR European files bring us intelligence that the prospect of constructing a submarine railway and highway, to connect England with *France*, is once more under consideration—and this time with more than usual prospect of success, so far as an actual attempt is concerned, the Emperor Napoleon III. having appointed a commission of able scientific men to report to him upon the practicability of a plan recently proposed to His Majesty by M. Thomé, civil engineer, of Paris.

The idea of connecting England with France and the European continent generally, by means of a submarine passage-way, by which passengers and goods might be transported to and from the "sea-girt isle," is by no means new. So long ago as 1798, M. Matthieu, French mining engineer, conceived the possibility of such a work, and in 1802 he laid his plan and accompanying drawings and estimates before the First Consul. The drawings were for many years on exhibition in the Luxembourg Palace, and are now deposited in the archives of the Institute.

The wars of those days put off the consideration of Matthieu's plan, and, when he died the matter was forgotten. Since then, however, a number of scientific men, both English and French, have considered the possibility of such a submarine communication. The greater speed attainable for conveyances, since the introduction of railways and steam, had given added plausibility to the project, while the successful submerging of various lengths of submarine telegraph cables has placed a tunnel rather in the opinion of many engineers upon the catalogue of things possible of achievement, and only awaiting time and money to become actual.

In 1842 Mr. E. Pearse proposed an iron tunnel from Dover to Calais, which he supposed could be constructed at a much less (comparative) cost than the Thames Tunnel.

In 1845 M. de la Haye proposed a wrought-iron tunnel, in separate divisions, to be sunk and afterward connected. Supposing these divisions to be 1030 feet in length, he says "only 104 divisions would be required to join the rails of the South-eastern Railway with those of the Calais and Paris." Allowing, as he did, $200,000 as the cost of each division of his tunnel, the tunnel itself would cost $20,000,000. The entire expense of laying down, constructing turnstile stations, watch and light towers, etc., was estimated at another $20,000,000; and M. de la Haye expressed himself satisfied that the undertaking could be successfully carried through with $80,000,000.

In 1848 M. Ferdinand, engineer, submitted to the French Academy of Sciences a proposal to construct a *floating* tunnel from Calais to Dover, of iron sufficient to be traversed by small locomotives and cars for the conveyance of passengers. This would, however, have put a stop to the navigation of the British Channel, and was therefore out of question.

In 1851 M. Hector Horeau, of Paris, made public a plan for crossing the British Channel by means of a single tube of strong plate or cast iron. The details of this plan our engraving will enable the reader to comprehend. The tube was to contain, besides paths for foot-passengers, two lines of rails for cars. The slope acquired by the tube, as it extended toward mid-channel, M. Horeau thought would give the cars a sufficient impetus to send them across from terminus to terminus, without the aid of locomotive or other power. Light-houses were to be moored above the tunnel, to warn vessels from casting anchor over it. Where the water should, near shore, be shoal, light-houses would have a solid foundation, and might serve as residences for light-keepers and fishermen. The tube or tunnel was to be lighted by means of reflecting metal plates. In the upper portion should be placed, at regular distances, strong glass plates, which also would give light. M. Horeau's plan excited some attention at the time. But the matter was not seriously considered by either moneyed men or the Governments of the countries most interested. He estimated the costs at the very reasonable sum of $20,000,000.



SUBMARINE RAILWAY, AS PROJECTED BY M. THOMÉ.

1. The Channel. 2. Folkestone. 3. Dover. 4. Oceanic Railway Station of Ecelle de Varne. 5. Small artificial Islands. 6. Light-house.

In May, 1855, Dr. Payerne proposed, in the *Bon Sens Gazette*, to construct, with the assistance of 40 subaqueous boats (or his own invention), 1500 sinkers and workmen, 4,500,000 cubic yards of material, and at a cost of $50,000,000, a tunnel by which the Channel should be crossed in thirty-three minutes. His plan was to lay a solid arched passage of masonry upon the bed of the channel, smoothing as far as might be all inequalities of surface, having very little incline, and communicating with the surface at the termini, by means of shafts sunk down to its level.

During the same year, M. Favre published in a Parisian journal a plan for constructing a submarine railway. He proposed to make the arch of brick lined with iron, to make the tunnel level, and to sink it at least eighty-five feet below the bottom of the sea—thus boring his way across.

Finally, in November, 1855, Mr. James Wylson, of London, proposed a tunnel, to be composed of hollow iron staves, firmly hooped together, the segments to be joined by flexible connections, and the whole to be moored by heavy mooring tackle, at a depth of one hundred feet below the surface of the channel; where Mr. Wylson supposed it would float by its own buoyancy, and be sufficiently strong to bear the weight and strain of railway trains rushing through from side to side.

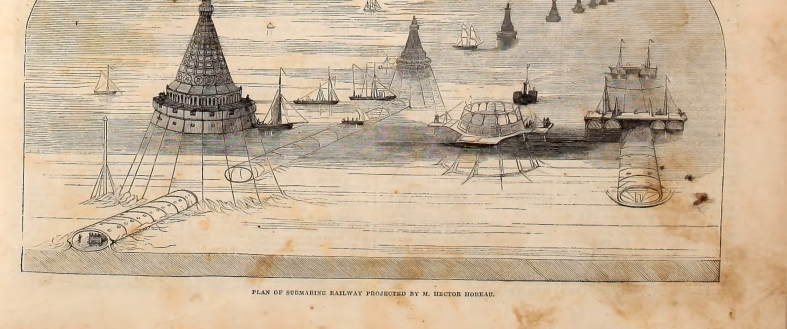
None of these plans seem to have attracted favorable notice from either capitalists or governments. We come now to that submitted by M. Thomé, the most colossal of all in its proportions, and the one which seems at present to have the best prospect of success. Our engraving will assist the reader in gaining a correct idea of this stupendous design, now worthy the whys of the pyramid builders, and which, if carried out, would form another and pre-eminent wonder of the world. To state the outlines simply, it is proposed to construct between Cape Gris-nez near Calais, on the French coast, and a point called Eestware, between Dover and Folkestone, on the British side, a tunnel, cylindrical in form and arched in solid stone, twenty-nine feet wide by twenty-two feet high, eighteen and a half miles long, and having a double set of rails running through it, and, besides, a wide foot-path on each side.

So much for the submarine portion. This is to be connected with the outer world, on the French side, by a tunnel over nine thousand yards in length, and joining the submarine part at a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet below the level of Cape Gris-nez; on the English, by a like tunnel, over six thousand yards in length, and joining the English terminus of the submarine tunnel at a depth of one hundred feet below the surface of Eestware point. Thus would be obtained a very easy grade quite in the power of a locomotive to surmount.

There is yet to be stated, however, the most colossal portion of M. Thomé's plan. To ventilate the submarine portion of the tunnel, it is proposed to establish upon firm foundations twelve small islands and one large one, at various distances from either shore, which islands are to connect with the tunnel beneath, and besides affording air, will serve, by means of stairways constructed within, to give access *from the shores* to the tunnel. Passengers may thus, in a smooth time, permit themselves to be landed—so to speak—upon one of these islets, and descending the stair amid the train for Paris or London, whichever may be their port of destination, leaving the good ship to make her way through gale and head-winds to her proper port: a charming prospect for such of us as may be journeying Paris-ward six years from now—for that is the period which M. Thomé gives himself to complete the whole work.

The larger island, which is numbered 4 in our engraving, is to contain a small but safe harbor for vessels, where, we have no doubt, many a windbound homeward bounder will be glad to find refuge in times of trouble. Here, too, it is proposed to have conveniences for discharging cargoes of vessels, so that an East India or China trader may dispatch half her cargo of silks and spices to Paris per submarine railway, and then proceed with the balance to her proper port of London; a material saving in time, if in nothing else.

The Harbor Island, which is to be known as the station of Basile de Varne, is to be founded upon the shoal or bank of Varne, which is five fayvers M. Thomé's plan. The descent from the water to the tunnelled way will be 300 feet; the island itself is


PLAN OF SUBMARINE RAILWAY PROJECTED BY M. HECTOR HOREAU.

te cover a space nearly a mile square; and the barbor will be so constructed as to be attainable in all weathers, thus proving indeed a harbor of refuge to hard-beaconed vessels. Light-house will be established upon all the islands, as well as upon the points Eastward and Grl-sett. From these points, also, shafts will be sunk to the level of the tunnel, and stairways will enable foot-passengers to attain the light of day here.

As before said, M. Thomé proposes to complete the entire work, road for the passage of trains, in five years from the day of commencement. He divides out his work as follows: the first year he will devote to the construction of the artificial islands, and the sinking of shafts to the level of the sea, pushing out, during the second year he will break ground in all the main sections; and the four remaining years are to be devoted to the completion of the work in all its departments.

The cost he estimates at $22,500,000 for the submarine portion; $6,000,000 for the connecting tunnels on each side; and $7,000,000 for the construction of the islands, the safe harbor, and accidental expenses, making in all a cost of $34,500,000, on which capital he calculates that the net receipts, for freight and passengers, will produce a dividend of at least 12 per cent.

The shafts of the towers and artificial islands will serve from the first as outlets for the superfluous earth which must accumulate below, as well as for purposes of conveying building materials and air to the laborers at the bottom, and freeing the works from gases. When those interesting objects are afterward to form so important a part of the finished undertaking, are of the greatest use from the first.

M. Thomé laid his plan before Napoleon III. last year, and the Minister of Public Works has since appointed a commission composed of able scientific men to take the matter in consideration; while by the Emperor's orders the sum of 500,000 francs has been set aside from the national treasury to be devoted to experimental trials, of pneumatic sounding, etc. etc.

Thus there is reason to hope that this vast project will shortly assume some tangible shape.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PRUSSIAN POLICE.

THE following anecdotes of the tyranny practiced by the Prussian police are from an authentic source, and may be relied upon as true:

H. Henry, a young gentleman who had for more than twenty-five years in Prussia, fell ill, and his wife wrote to their son—who was established in the United States of America—to come over and see his old father once more before his end. The dutiful son then left his prosperous home and embarked the first steamer bound to Hamburg; where he arrived in due time. By the first train he set off for Berlin. Here, he was accosted by the police, who asked for his passport. Young Mr. Henry, little versed in police matters, gave it him even thought of a passport. When he left home he had none. A republican without a passport, what a horror! Of course he was arrested on the spot as a vagabond, put into prison, and examined by the police. In this preliminary examination he remained for ten days: after which time he became free, to the inexpressible delight of his dear cousin in Hamburg, to whom he wrote immediately after his arrest. The Prussian police did not even apologize for the loss of time given him, "All right; you have told us the truth, and we let you go." The innocent gentleman was overjoyed by this vexation, and took the product of his labors in the spinning-house (a large cleve of worsted) home with him, to show it to his relations, and to keep it in his family as a token of Prussian liberty.

Another gentleman I know well remained in prison a whole year for having irreverently observed upon one occasion that the King was a fool.

I was intimately acquainted with a literary man who conducted a weekly newspaper. For some years of which (three shillings a year) was thought more dangerous even than its contents. It was written under censure; that is to say, the proof-sheet was sent to the censor, who struck out every thing which he considered shocking. When the work received the sanction of the government, the paper was published, and common sense would have indicated every editor to think himself safe. It was not so. My friend had an immense success with his paper, and, in a few months, had more than fifteen thousand subscribers. This would have yielded him a considerable income, even after English notions. All the German papers are poor, and most of all that of Prussia, because almost frantic; for my friend was as conscious as I am, and they could not get at him under any legal pretext. It was before the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, and such pretexts were still required. One day, however, when I was at dinner wondering at my friend's success, I received a hasty message of a pencil-note from him, dated from prison; by which he informed me of his having been arrested, and of the judge's having very reluctantly consented to let him go, on depositing five hundred thalers in cash. Fortunately the money was in the house. I took it myself to the judge, and delivered my friend.

Of course I was anxious to know the cause. It was not a little amused when he showed me the lines of his paper for which the Austrian government had imprisoned him. He had spoken of an Austrian chief of artillery having opposed the reducing of military from Italian to German, and, in eight, objecting that it would be impossible for recruits to become good artillerymen in eight years; and the writer exclaimed, "that a fellow who could not learn his service in eight years must be indeed a potentate's son-in-law." A censor, of course, he must be many times sillier than the Austrians generally are thought to be in the army, or in harmony. My friend was condemned to three months' imprisonment without being allowed to compound for his punishment by a payment of money; which was customary in free transgressions. Very soon afterward, the paper was prohibited without any legal proceeding—nay, against law and the constitution. With the same right they might have shut up the shop of any grocer for selling cigars manufactured by the special consent of the government.

When my friend published another journal, that was prohibited also, and we got a hint that he would be arrested. By stratagem I got his paper out from the house where it was deposited, and he left Leipzig, going to the next Prussian town. For he was a subject of Prussia. Again by necessity, my friend was well warned in the law, and adhered so strictly to it, that they were unable to "legal pretexts" for a long time; but he was annoyed in every manner. At last he found an opportunity, and published his aside at any cost —sent one of his books to Magdeburg, that the law might be observed—there might yet be some little matter to impeach him for through treason, or other nonsense that promised a rich harvest of crowns. The book arrived, and some men busied the censorship of the government; for they could find no crime in the book, and were forced at last to Berlin. But very soon it came back, with a reproof, and many passages in the book marked with a red pencil. Cornelius Nicolaus said, "Give me five written words of a man, and I shall find matter in them to have him hanged." And all this was summoned before the court, and impeached on the following points: "Page 1, line 1, contempt of Majesty-Rebellion—lese majestatis 1, line 2, the feloniously and treasonably." The judges showed him the offending passage, he took the Landrecht and pointed triumphantly up from the bench, and set up the paragraph relating to the offense attributed to him, and read aloud, "Such a crime the King, and not subject." "Well, I wonder whether I should have been pardoned also, for having committed such a crime?" Everybody said, "Most likely: for if, even in the scale of justice, a pair of thousand-eyed tricots weighs heavier than a pair of two-eyed ones, how much more will they not put out of its equilibrium the balances of grace?"

Yes: the judges pondered long and roughingly, as two years' imprisonment, and the loss of the national cockade. About this hated sign of slavery in the shape of a cockade I must say a few words, as it is an absolute Hohenzollern invention and not a pin; but as his mischief the less of most of his evil rights. Every one of the judges pronounced this verdict, and it was altered to only one year of imprisonment, which he endured, in the citadel of Magdeburg.

So much for the press. Now I shall show how the police worked in Prussia in 1847 and 48.

There was, in Konigsberg, a dissenting congregation of quite a thousand members, which, although a Protestant sect spread all over the empire. Of course any legal pretexts to be met with were available for persecution. Many of the members were; but the police used the most drastically and most unjustifiable when there was a chance. Thus, for instance, all persons employed in the police, and even private persons, to give no work to any dissenters, in order to force a general abjuration, leading to this persecuted sect—nay, keepers of public-houses and the waiters employed were forbidden to sell any thing to members of it, under pain of the withdrawal of their licenses. This was a serious thing for those congregations, and their minister, the Reverend Mr. Rupp, then minister of the congregation, to maintain them. Many members were also his parishioners, lest they might bring innocent men to trouble and ruin.

One of the members, having no fewer than ten children, happened to be employed in the police, and lost his place because, although a nominal existence this man competed to rent the house of the shooters' company belonging to the city, and therefore dependent upon the city authorities. When the police became aware of his intention, they managed things so that the negotiation fell to him. He was offered the house only if he would receive the Lord's Supper out of the hands of the most fanatical person of the Lutheran church. He refused, and no other hope of supporting his large family, was to seek country. He got a place as a gate-keeper, very much trodden-it in his mind; wretched for life, in fact.

A young respectable girl, having a very large connection as a seamstress, against whom no one in Konigsberg could say a word, was also a dissenter; and, not being a native of Konigsberg, although of Prussia, was ordered to leave the city within a fortnight. The girl, who was entirely supported on all mother, was not base enough to change her religion, and was consequently left by her friends and her sung, although bustle position. However, she was not only never sent good, but pretty and a young master-joiner offered her his hand. She accepted him at once. There was only one difficulty—the banns. The Reverend Mr. Somlyo being just sufficient to fulfill the requisites of the law, refused laughing at the idea of being bride of a cities of Konigsberg, she was forced to remain out of that city. A loud knock was heard at the door. Police entered, and one of them said, "This assembly is dissolved!" This interruption was disagreeable, but no ludicrous that every body was amused. The bridegroom said, "Well, good friends—the assembly is not dissolved, but they might dissolve as much as they like; this society" (he took the hand of his bride) "shall not be dissolved." The bridegroom was a policeman nor by any other functionary, whether in blue or in black."

With this dissolving of assemblies the police answered the dissenters, and a couple of them had little meetings to take tea and read the German classics. Almost always they were disturbed by policemen dissolving the assembly; sometimes followed by soldiers with their muskets and bayonets. The very first such member of this circle was summoned before the police and reproved. Remonstrance was useless; and, when they at last asked the president of the police to give them a definition of a prohibited assembly (for they had a right to ask for information in such matters as this party), he told them their meeting was not to be taken for a tea party, but for an assembly; because they had read books which they were neither friends nor neighbors, nor relations, nor of the same station in life. When the Reverend Mr. Rupp once invited some poor people of his congregation to a public garden, to keep holiday there, he was prevented by the police. They remained, and said these persons had been his guests. He was answered that they had been invited by him, and so society for him. Mr. Rupp took out his Bible and read a passage in St. Luke, in which Christ commands to avoid ostentation in the rich, who could give dinners in return, but the poor and lame. The assembly broke indeed confused, and Mr. Rupp escaped, unlined.

Even children-gardens were forbid by the police, and an association, which, from three to six years old, was once dissolved. The little ones did not know the cry of the police, but were quietly detached by the servants of their parents, and, when the police asked them the names of their fathers, they answered, "Papa." Many of the little lambs were seen walking with the wolves, quite confident about the streets, inquiring where they did belong to.

Such dissenters as belonged to officers formed an exception to the rule. Mr. Lieut.-Colonel L., who died in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, did not conceal his dissent a penny. However, the younger sister had the expectancy of a place at canoness in a foundation for spinsters of noble birth, which had been granted to her and bestowed by the life grandfather of the young lady, who was a very rich man. The elder of the two sisters got, after much sho, a small pension from the government, by the interest of the minister of education, who was connected with the family. Angelius, the younger sister, while expecting her canoness-place, got just finished by private teaching lessons in French, and writing books for young people. Heaven blessed her brave endeavors: she got a husband, a school, and many pupils and lessons. She had, indeed, no much to do, that although her application was to visit the religious congregations of the dissenters, to hear Mr. Rupp.

Thus she went on very well till the year eighteen hundred and forty; when it was found out by Police-President Peters that Miss von L. should not be allowed to visit meetings. It was discovered that Miss Leo, the mistress of the school, should dismiss Miss A. von L. directly; and without any fear (peculiarity) timidly. Miss von L. was to leave Konigsberg, and informed that the intended to go to Prussia Angelius to the whole Prussian monarchy.

In vain the unhappy lady tried the law—nay, went over Peters to the King, complaining of the wrongs practiced on her. She was answered by the Minister of Justice that all the proceedings against her had been strictly lawful. Notwithstanding, Miss von L. tried to give lessons in French, which was the only agitation was a dismissal of her family; but this gentleman, although willing to grant her any favor not prejudicial to the proceedings of Konigsberg. She left the Prussian empire for Dresden, where she found pupils; but there came a telegraphic dispatch from Berlin, and she was ordered by the police of Saxony to leave Dresden in twenty-four hours. To fill the choice of sorrow to the inn, she received a letter from the abbess of the Barth-foundation telling her to give up the application of a canoness-place if she adhered to the dissenters. Thus she lost her canoness-income the only hope left her for old age—for her faith.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE VALUE OF HEALTH.—A good constitution is like sauerkraut—it is the last value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

GOOD-NATURED THOUGHTS.
BY A STOUT, HARMLESS FELLOW.

It is not pleasant to know Work for the follies of young men.

Old wives, like fibrels, will remain good for a long time. Dull people are like cats you take of them, and love you husband them.

Angels and ministers of grace are no doubt like butchers as at all events to hide the holes in them we know.

Solid worth is often found in a rough outside. Sovereign rob oysters are not found in silver fish.

When a friend is asking, Hope is like the Archer that shoots his shaft not only to distress, and to show that a volunteer in carrying it to him.

To him a joyful thing indeed is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at Clives after he has mumbled the candy.

A merry reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of a future payment.

If we only pay attention to the trifling things that, en-fection, we feel we might and ought to have more influence follow the pin to the bell.

We have often seen a cur pet with her milk in the most pathetic manner, and we could not help feeling pain. It reminds us always of a generous soldier grazed by a ball.

WORDS TO THE UNWISE: OR, THE DONKEY'S DICTIONARY.

ADVICE. Generally useless, even when the giver Is sincere, in recommending somebody else to imitate himself. One man tells another what he would do if he were in that other's place, instead of telling him what would be the best thing possibly constituted, so as to be of use. Advice is very commonly mere dictation: the expression of a desire that somebody else should immediately regulate their conduct. In receiving our past errors, we are almost always ready to acknowledge the folly of the course we took, and rejoice for not having taken that which we rejected. Instead advice is generally valuable only as a wise *gratia* is not worth what it is offered for. Little dependence can be placed on any advice but that of a resolute friend.

BANTER. It is the polite and refined expression of contempt. In the conversation of gentlemen who despise one another. Nobody dares to banter a judge on the bench, or any body that he fears. The objects of banter are usually those on whom it can, or gentlemen think that it can, be practiced with impunity. Banter tires a philosopher as reasoning and information bores a fool. To rid yourself of the plague at banter you must retort it, but in the nature of banter care should be taken to return insult for insult in as elegant and pleasing manner. Thus, if a friend, between two cards, is what banter is between gentlemen. It is the reciprocal raillery of rude boys, who, when one says, "I'll punch your head," or "I'll stick dickie" may be taken as a proposal to fight, and if not accepted is considered by the rogues that are concerned about banter as a confession of cowardice. Hence the triumph of chaff lies in the excitement of wrath, but the cutting of chaff and banter, for the most part, consists either in insolence than in satire.

Rupp and Savory were side-by-side to Dennie, adopted as a boy, and brought up in the field of Rupp. The latter soon made progress by his suppleness; the former was a dull, heavy fellow, and remained in the same position. He once ushered a dark-looking Cordean to the presence of Rupp, and when that took care to take a seat near to the interview lasted. When questioned by Rupp's son as to the reason of his conduct, he replied, "I don't like such trash in your company."

A crown, and duke revolution or dethronement. It walks up and down the earth an independent, self-supporting fellow, with a much weight frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not the slightest preponderable a little bit from his life or a golden-orbed speech to roll through the generations to come.

A preacher, not one hundred miles from this, while reading the Scriptures, the thought, for the benefit of things," by pulsating the doctrine of a call to the ministry of which he was not one. He was called upon, but never believed he was called to preach. "And no person else ever believed it," said an acquaintance looking by.

When Sir Richard Steele was made a member of the commission, he was expected from the various writings that he would have been an admirable orator; but it not be the case. He was, in fact, a very poor speaker, and the Speaker one day interrupted him with

"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a taper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply; "you may presume it, and I will not deny it, but I would aim at your approach."

It was Chauncey, the Philadelphia surgeon, who rang the bell, and made that good thing at the expense of Nurse Cox, who, when he was dressing the wound in the chimney, was spending himself, covering the hearth to the utmost of capacity.—"Water, take that 'bleeve' from the fire."

Sir Peter Laurie, when Lord Mayor of London, gave a dinner to the Duke of Wellington, at which, while he proposing their health, observed—after expatiating on the "immortality of the Duke's character"—"in his presence my humble self; but why should I do so, when there be one so much greater than myself present?" and then he sat down, to the astonishment of the company, but I may say, from the very dregs of the people."

Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, was showing one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with the proper respect, the family pedigree. "My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror!" "And," replied the tenant, "I'll be bound the first man that stops out."

Speaking of the miscellaneous articles left in the carriages of the Aberdeen Railway, a wag said to the late Sheridan, "I wonder they don't advertise for a wife and children. The remarks of the by-standers were many and varied. "Why," said one, "I'd give a shilling for a wife myself that my lumbar vend na lose mineel his slavas!" "I'll tell you," said another, "what I'd advertise!" "Well," said a third, "let's hear some chiel that hasna paid his fare, and has had a lang ride."

A Southern paper, among its watch-house items, tells of a "nice looking young gentleman" who was taken up for being drunk and disorderly, and who, on coming to and understanding his situation, fell upon the constable, considering it very hard that he should be locked up for a little thing like that. Such conduct is unbecoming a gentleman; but, Mr. Officer, you will see where to get a case of mercenary wine, with landscape, nature, and a fresh egg in it?

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing, and was to shoot at it, would I be right if I hit it?" "No, my son; it would show you are a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." "Then, father, if I were to shoot at an old gentleman, as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and missed him, would I be right?" "No, my son."

An Irishman, who saw the sharp-pieces on fire that endangered his property, called out to the company with the alarming intelligence. Down rushed the master, and saw a body of boiling fire at the end of the fire. "Well, why don't you put the fire out?" "And sure I was going to, sir, but when I saw the devil in it, I came after it, but water, sure."

Speaking of a fanner's wildness that we do not think of putting on until after we have caught cold.

The first oddity that comes in my way is a remark by some one, that "a man may be always known by the men he make of nothing and are very good"—a very sensible remark, by-the-by—and the next is the definition of a "bad." Thus—Bum, n. bum: rebus, to kiss again: plural, bumbus. Bumbus! regard to see; ablybus, to like the best natural of the life; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; cuculus, to kiss the cook; and so on, through Bybus, to kiss by the bye, and ne'er in the end. Evidently the country-girl who came to "town" last fall had these definitions in her mind, when her fashionable cousin was to escort her a mile or two down-town, and ask nothing to walk, she answered, "No, I'll thank you; take a bus." But Mary, blushing to the eyebrows, with her lids and eyes cast-down modestly replied, "Oh, George! *not right here in the street!*"

Andrew Fuller, one Sunday afternoon, saw the people, during the singing of the hymn, sauntering out—some to the tavern, others to the play, and, taking the Bible, he read it aloud to the few remaining congregation, and then quietly retired, he said, "I am often afraid that I preach you to sleep; but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are asleep before I have begun."

The New York Associated Press have decided to employ a news yacht to meet all the European steamers at Cape Race. The object of this plan, we presume, is to get the news while it is new.

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college: "My dear boy: I will write to you, as one of my old teachers, that you may have a new cent made out of him. As the new cents are sickly things, mine has just knit, by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you an elixir which is very knowing, and for fear you would not use it wisely I have kept back half, and only send you a part. Your mother will, I am well, except that your ciller has got the measles, which we think would spread among the whole school, if we had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will be home to my birthday party, for we are six, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

When Godwin was employed in writing the life of Chatham, he applied to many of his contemporaries for suitable anecdotes and suggestions. Mr. Fawcett applied him with a striking anecdote on a speech which he had heard Chatham deliver on general warrants. "Every man's house is called his castle," said Mr. Fawcett. It is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut, it may be a cottage, it may rain may enter it; but the King can not. The point, as Fawcett thought, was plain enough; but when he came to read the printed volume he found in that autograph: "Every man's house is called his castle. Pish! Pish! Pish! Pish!" It was preceded by a note, of different date, thus: "It may be a straw-built hut; the rain may enter it—all the kicks of heaven may whistle round it—but the King can not." This italicized what Fawcett called a debut of natural impudence.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, it was proposed to make some change in the uniform of the Life Guards; and George IV. ordered some of his subalterns to ask him who was said to have slain six or seven French officers in single combat. He was asked, however, in presence of each of which he assented; until the King, perceiving that he was not to be caught in a trap, turned round hastily and his eye alighted on a tall Scotch officer, who was going to have such another day's work as at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed in the uniform of Majesty," he replied, "in that case I'd rather be in my skirt sleeves."

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes in the Convent Garden Theatre. "Sir," said the comrade, "I cannot pay you ought to be paid me; you know I am in great distress." "I'm not talk to me about your distress," answer'd he within this week I will take care to pay in some shape or another." "Sir," said the other, "I am much obliged to you; and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible."

The other day a Jerseyman was observed standing in Wall Street, gazing at a number of Celestial and Flowery Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. Near Jersey was a rural gentleman from Jersey looked at them and then at the "dog:"

"I say, Mister," said he, addressing the pigeon-toed rebel Bill, whose hands were filled with "stock lists," "I say, does that dog belong to you?"

Bill nodded distantly.

"Will you sell him?"

"What made you think that 'dog' belonged to me?"

"Well, I want to; already sure he belonged to you, for I was outin the dog has taken with you or some of your friends."

"Why so?" said Bill, getting excited.

"Cause he's as close aboard—there ain't a bar on."

Broker walked away, wishing Jersey a good morning.

Jem had offered Tom a gimcrack for his bag of white shillings, and Tom, who had a fancy for gimcracks, had closed at once with the proposition, but in a task more easy than was expected. This was a bargain soon conceded as the basis of the bargain, and Jem held out his hand for the money. "Money!" said Tom, "what for?" "Marbles first," said Jem. "D'ye think I mean to cheat ye for nix?" exclaimed Jem, indignantly. "You know, I reckon, Jem: "dickins times there; don't know who to trust, nor for how much sometimes." "Well, then," said Tom, "there's Sam, there. You give him your money and I'll give him my bag of shillings, and when he's got 'em both, I'll tell him to give you the marbles, and he'll put it down in his book and then we'll be all right." "I agreed," said Jem. And "agreed," said Tom, and he deposited the bag of shillings with Sam, and off went all the traders to the "Jolly Sandboy" public house, where, after counting both money and marbles, back to his bag, he took up the shillings and all his thumb on his nose as he ran—exclaiming to the astonished bystanders, "Sprats, gentlemen, sprats!" Perhaps there wasn't "a row" on that bank.

A gentleman offered a horse six months ago, to a friend for $150. "I'll buy him," said this friend, "on these conditions. I shall pay you two hundred cash, and you pay the rest. The deal was accepted, but the friend coming on, the seller called upon the purchaser for the two hundred cash. "Why," said he, "I said I'd buy him on a variation of contract. I agreed to pay two hundred cash and you pay me one hundred, and at the end of six months would be broken."

Put and Murphy, who were eating corn-cob on the banks of the Mississippi, observed a barrel floating down the Father of Waters, and hoated it. Just as they got it to the loops proved the contents unlucky. Happy Full given Rose Murphy! Over the gave joy they threw barrel, and, crawling on to Mary, and gave every other evening, Murphy, who was a sailor, and had a wife in Rockford Water Street, was shifted to 110 ——— Street. Next morning the question arising how to divide the barrel, a very lively conclusion was arrived at by using the cross-cut saw and sawing it in two: of course the contents were to be sold on the corn cob auctioneer, and the two Irishmen were bereaved.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Dec. 29, 1857.*

THE foreign trade of the port last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week in

	1856.	1857.
Exports,	$1,067,389	$1,575,750
Corresponding week,	1856	1,067,389	1,878,900
Increase		$15,849
Decrease		$303,449

The export of specie was large, amounting to $3,626,316, but nearly as much has been received from the interior. Money continues to be abundant at the rate of 6 to 7 per cent and 6 @ 7, and money on call a 5 @ 6. Exchange is heavy. On 3 days, rates were 108 @ 108¼ and 108¾ @ 9.18. The news from Europe by the *Persia*, which has been almost one week in transit, and a great falling off in the amount of bullion to be imported, has had the effect of depressing exchange here, and the market closed weak and heavy on Saturday.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, December 28, 1857.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have exhibited but little animation during the past week, and the transactions for the business days Friday having been Christmas and Thursday New-Year's day, the sales of the week fall very much short, as for request, chiefly for home uses. Prices fluctuate, and closed with an up ward tendency.——Wheat was tightly dealt in at droopy rates.... Corn was abundant and cheaper, yet not much doing on Saturday, when large sales were reported effected, prices leaning in favor of buyers.... Rye and Barley dull and nominal, and somewhat lower.... Heavy plenty and lower, with a limited inquiry for them..... Cotton was depressed, and it declined materially, closing heavily and irregularly.....Provisions were in stock request at unsettled prices.....The returns of other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ashes, pots, first sort, per 100 lbs. $ 5 00 @ $4 05
Superfine to fancy Western do. 4 35 @ 4 45
Common to fancy State, per barrel.... 4 40 @ 4 70
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.... 4 40 @ 4 70
Superfine Western, per barrel..... 4 10 @ 4 30
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.. 4 75 @ 7 75
Fancy and extra Ohio, Genesee, per bbl.. 4 75 @ 5 75
Corn Meal, per barrel..... 3 20 @ 3 40
Wheat, Chicago, per bushel..... 1 00 @ 1 00
Red Wheat, per bushel..... 1 00 @ 1 00
White Western, per bushel..... 1 00 @ 1 00
Rye, per bushel..... 0 80 @ 0 80
Barley, per bushel..... 0 45 @ 0 60
Barley Malt, per bushel..... 0 80 @ 0 90
State Oats, per bushel..... 0 40 @ 0 43
Western Oats, mixed, per bushel..... 0 38 @ 0 40
Southern Oats, per bushel..... 0 38 @ 0 42
Timothy Seed, per bushel..... 2 00 @ 2 00
Mess Pork, per barrel..... 15 50 @ 15 75
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel..... 13 75 @ 14 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel..... 9 00 @ 9 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel..... 11 00 @ 11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per pieces..... 13 00 @ 13 00
Lard, in barrels, per pound..... 0 10 @ 0 10
Cut Meats, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Hams, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
State butter, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Ohio butter, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Cheese, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Rice, per 100 pounds..... 2 50 @ 3 00
Tallow, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Cuba Sugar, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..... 0 @ 0 0
Hyson Teas, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Coffee, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..... 0 @ 0 0
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Havana Tobacco, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
American Fleece Wool, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
Pulled Wool, per pound..... 0 @ 0 0
North River Hay, per 100 pounds..... 0 @ 0 0
Shipping Clipped and Ragged, per 100 pounds..... 0 @ 0 0

Freights were dull and depressed. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Corn, 6½ @ 6¾d. per bushel; Beef, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Bust, 4s. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 40s. @ 42s. 6d. per ton. For other ports there are no quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 350, against 340 last week.

The Live Stock market, last Wednesday, was dull. The supply of Beeves was inferior in numbers, but superior in quality to that of the previous week. The market was moderately brisk market during a part of the day, and at the close was comparatively inactive, prices ranging from 9½ head left over.....Good fresh Milch Cows were more in demand after a subsiding excitement. Other sorts met a moderate supply and demand at somewhat easier rates.

Sheep and Lambs were abundant, but prices were unchanged figures. Some extra animals have been sent in from the West, which have sold at from $4 00 @ $11 50 each.....Swine were less freely offered and were in fair demand at unchanged prices. The receipts and sales of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Dec. 21.	Week ending Dec. 28.
Beeves	2,017	2,017
Milch Cows	260	258
Veal Calves	140	140
Sheep and Lambs	8,316	8,305
Swine	4,000	4,000

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York	900	Illinois	96
Ohio	463	Connecticut	48
Kentucky	385	Michigan	49

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock, was as follows, viz.: Beeves, first quality, per 100 lbs. gross, $9 50 @ $10 00

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound.. $0 7 @ $0 11
Veal Calves, per pound..... 0 6 @ 0 8
Veal Calves, per pound..... 0 6 @ 0 8
Sheep and Lambs, per pound..... 0 6 @ 0 8
Swine, per pound..... 0 6 @ 0 6
Dressed " ..... 0 8 @ 0 9

The Country Produce Markets have been more active during the week, owing to the occurrence of Christmas Day. Apples have been freely purchased at full prices.....Onions attracted more attention, and advanced a little.....Potatoes have been in good request, and prices for middling and fine-to varieties.....Turnips and Cabbages are abundant and plenty.....Dried Fruits, are actively inquired for, and are generally higher.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$7 00	@ $8 00
Apples, dried, per pound	0 4	@ 0 5
Chickens, per pair	0 50	@ 0 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@ 3 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Blackberries, per barrel	5 00	@ 6 00
Potatoes, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 50
" sweet, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 50
" sweet, per barrel	1 50	@ 4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
Turnips, per barrel	0 75	@ 1 00
Pumpkins, per 100	12 00	@ 15 00
Cabbages, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Cabbages, per head	0 12	@ 0 25
Turkeys, per pound	0 8	@ 0 10
Geese, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Ducks, per pair	0 75	@ 1 00
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsnips, per barrel	0 50	@ 0 75
Celery, per dozen	0 50	@ 1 00
Lettuce, per 100	6 00	@ 8 00
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	17	@ 18
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	0 25	@ 0 30
Chickens, per pound	0 8	@ 0 12
Ducks, per pair	0 75	@ 1 00
Guinea Fowl, per pair	0 50	@ 0 62
Pheasants, per pair	0 50	@ 0 62
" per pair	0 25	@ 0 50
Quails, per dozen	0 75	@ 1 00
Turkeys, Wild, per pound	0 8	@ 0 10
Geese, per pound	0 6	@ 0 8
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@ 2 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Partridge, per pair	0 75	@ 1 00
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 54.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE last number of the *Weekly* commenced a new volume. The Contents of the first volume, published in its concluding number, justify the assertion that no publication, either in America or in Europe, contains an equal amount of instruction and entertainment. The proprietors intend to spare no pains or expense to make the coming volume still more valuable and welcome.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI.

THE portrait of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, which we give below, is from a photograph recently taken at Washington, and is considered very felicitous. As it is generally understood that Senator Davis will be the Administration leader in the Senate, the public will naturally feel a desire to see what sort of a man he is.

His modesty is such that the materials for his biography are scanty. It is known that his father was a Kentuckian, a farmer, it is believed, who transferred his residence from Kentucky to Mississippi Territory early in the present century, taking with him his infant son Jefferson, who was born about 1806. The father's means enabled the son to receive the best education the country afforded. After the usual course at school he entered Transylvania College, Kentucky, where he remained until his father obtained for him admission to West Point. It was in 1822 that he entered West Point Academy; he left it, with honor, in 1828, as brevet Second Lieutenant, and at his own request was placed in active service. The only wars of the time were the Seminole affairs against the Indians; in these young Davis distinguished himself in so marked a manner, that, when a new regiment of Dragoons was formed, he at once obtained a commission as First Lieutenant. His exploits during seven years of Indian warfare resemble those of all the brave officers who have been engaged in the same service. The only fact that is remembered of him is the romantic attachment which sprang up between him and his prisoner, the famous Indian chief "Black Hawk." The latter forgot his animosity to the people of the United States in the friendship and admiration he felt for Lieutenant Davis: not until his death was the bond of amity between the two brave men severed.

In 1835, the United States being at peace with the world, and likely to remain so, Lieutenant Davis grew tired of military life, and settled down quietly on a cotton plantation in Mississippi. For eight years his life was tranquil and obscure; the duties of his plantation, diversified with study, engrossed his time. He devoted many hours per day to the perusal and study of political works, acquiring that remarkable fund of varied information to which he is indebted for much of his subsequent distinction.

In 1843 he took the stump for Polk, from an intimate conviction that the Democratic party was the only one which was likely to deal fairly with the South; and having attracted no little attention in his State by his vigor and ability, he was sent to Congress at the election which took place in 1845. He had only been a few months at Washington when the Mexican war broke out. He wrote home earnestly urging upon his friends not to allow Mississippi to be behind her sister States in contributing men for the war. The answer was an announcement that a regiment of volunteers had been formed, and that he had been chosen as its colonel. He resigned his post in Congress instantly, and joined the *corps d'armée* under General Taylor.

Very few officers in the army which marched against Mexico achieved so much distinction as Colonel Davis. Space forbids our attempting to follow him throughout the campaign; suffice it to say, that, wherever danger was to be encountered or glory won, there Colonel Davis, with his Mississippi rifles, was to be found. Buena Vista, especially, bears witness to his eminence as a soldier: his men—though volunteers—showed a steadiness which equaled any thing that might have been expected of veteran troops; and they were handled in so masterly a way, that, if the glory of that day were to be assigned to any one corps rather than any other, they would probably bear away the palm. Every one remembers the proud appeal of Colonel Davis to another regiment of volunteers, who were finding the fire rather warm, to "Stay and re-form behind that wall!"—pointing to his Mississippians. Throughout the war, he and his brave riflemen loom up as intervals whenever the fire grows hot or the emergency grave, and never without good effect. They were armed with a peculiar rifle, now best known as the Mississippi rifle, chosen by their Colonel himself; it was scarcely less deadly than the Minié. Their Colonel set the example of intrepidity and recklessness of personal injury: at Buena Vista he was badly wounded at an early part of the action; but he sat his horse steadily till the day was won, and refused even to delegate a portion of his duties to his subordinate officers.

The term of service for which the Mississippians had volunteered having expired they were disbanded; and the surgeons insisted on the Colonel withdrawing from active service, in order to give that attention to his wound which it deserved. He was not long permitted, however, to nurse himself on his plantation. In the fall the Executive of his State appointed him United States Senator, to fill a vacancy; and as soon as the Legislature met he was elected unanimously to the office for the ensuing six years. This was, in fact, Colonel Davis's first appearance as a prominent actor in Federal politics. Though, on his first long speech in the House of Representatives, so good a judge as John Quincy Adams had pronounced him a man of infinite promise, his term in the House had been too brief to justify the prediction; it was left for the Senator to fulfill the hope of the Representative. He was chosen Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, in compliment to his military fame; but his most conspicuous function was the defense of the doctrine of States' Rights, and Southern institutions. Those were memorable stormy sessions of 1848–50 and 1850–51 can not have forgotten the fierce and the heat with which Senator Davis defended the doctrines peculiar to his section of the country. In feeling, at least, he was a young man still.

In September, 1851, he was nominated for Governor by the Democrats of his State, and in obedience to an honorable practice which ought to be more common in the North, he instantly vacated his seat in the Senate. The canvass was animated, and the contest warm, but he was defeated by about a thousand votes, and Mississippi remained in the hands of the enemy. Ex-Senator Davis retired to his plantation, and once more found solace and occupation in the study of politics and history.

When Mr. Pierce was nominated for the Presidency, the result in the States of Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana being very doubtful, Mr. Davis took the stump on his behalf. Of all the Southern Democratic speakers, he was perhaps the most zealous and effective. In the judgment of the political managers eclipse stood higher than he; and his engagements till the close of the campaign were more than he could fulfill.

Partly in reward of these services, and partly in consequence of his obvious capacity for the post, he was chosen by President Pierce to fill the responsible position of Secretary of War. He discharged the duties of that office to the general satisfaction of the army during the whole of President Pierce's term of office. His Reports are eminently creditable, and evince a high order of administrative ability. If he deeply to be regretted that his disagreements with the Commander-in-chief—whose popularity with the people at large is almost unparalleled—were ever suffered to rise to the light.

At the close of President Pierce's administration Mr. Davis was again chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of Mississippi. His political force, the devotion he has so often evinced to the interests of the South, and his unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of the Democratic faith, pointed him out as an available leader of the Administration party in Congress. It is expected that, ere the session progresses much further, he will vindicate the wisdom of the selection.

Colonel Davis married, some years since, a daughter of General Zachary Taylor. At her death he married a lady whose amiability and tact have made him many friends.

In the North, Colonel Davis is regarded—somewhat unjustly, perhaps—as a type of the Southern fire-eater. Many persons who have never seen him fancy him a quarrelsome, petulant, hot-headed, turbulent. His appearance in the Senate does not justify these views. A prim, smooth-looking man, with a precise manner, stiff soldierly carriage, and cold expression; his head fuller, seemingly, of statistics and hard, dry principles than any thing else; his voice cool and firm, without tremor or excitement; he is the last person a spectator would pick out as "the fire-eater." In his own country he is intensely beloved—chiefly from his kind and gentle disposition. He is a man of whom Mississippi may well be proud.



HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an International Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun to copy this Story from our Magazine into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the law.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF FILIBUSTERISM.

THE event of holiday week has been the arrest of William Walker by Commodore Paulding, and his forced return to the United States. On one side, a portion of the Northern press have rejoiced over what they consider a just punishment of piracy; on the other, the Southern journals, almost without exception, take ground against Commodore Paulding, and in favor of Walker. The Administration has a sop for both extremes. President Buchanan is understood to be willing to sustain the action of the Commodore, notwithstanding all legal objections; but Secretary Cass, on behalf of the Government, does not recognize that Walker is a prisoner. At New Orleans and Mobile meetings have been held, at which not only the course of the United States Navy has been denounced, but material aid—men, money, and munitions of war—have been promised to the remnant of Walker's force now in Nicaragua; and at the same time Humphrey Marshall and others have given out that they will move Congress to have Walker returned to Nicaragua in a national vessel. Opponents of Filibusterism, in the North, consider the arrest of Walker as implying such ill-luck and mismanagement on his part, that he is forever disqualified from the command of future filibustering expeditions; others, on the contrary, argue that the interposition of the United States Navy was of all accidents the only one against which he had no reason to be on his guard. There are those who pretend that Commodore Paulding really rendered Walker substantial service by getting him out of a hopeless scrape, and making a martyr of him; but there are others who reason that, after the capture of the steamers—which was effected before Walker left—the Great Filibuster, small as his force was, was in fact the master of the situation and of Nicaragua.

Amidst this chaos of conflicting sentiments, a few principles loom out in clear certainty. Had Walker been overhauled by Commodore Paulding on the high seas, he might unquestionably have been arrested and brought home; but after he reached the soil of Nicaragua, the legal question was entirely changed. Walker claims to be a citizen of Nicaragua; and as the laws of the United States recognize the right of a citizen to expatriate himself, and to obtain a naturalization abroad, this country has no right to question his Nicaraguan citizenship. Of the fact, his election bears substantial evidence. Now, nothing can be more clear than that a United States commodore has no right to land men in a foreign country and kidnap a citizen of that country. Let us illustrate the case. During the Russian war, certain agents of the British Government came here, enlisted men to serve in the British army, and conveyed those men to Halifax, in defiance of our laws. What would have been thought of a United States commodore who had chased such an agent to Halifax, landed a boat's crew there, seized the Englishman, and brought him here for trial? Would any body have sustained so high-handed a proceeding?

With the character and aims of Walker we have nothing to do. He may be the pirate certain persons assert him to be; he may be cruel, relentless, heartless, and all the rest; but if he was a citizen of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding had no more right to kidnap him and bring him here than he would have to land a boat's crew in the Thames, and bring us Lord Palmerston or Prince Albert in irons.

At the same time, it is rather probable that the right to complain of Walker's arrest and extradition lies exclusively with the Government and people of Nicaragua. Citizens of the United States seem to have no more right to complain of what has been done—save in a purely officious way—than subjects of Great Britain or Frenchmen. If this be so, then, so far as national interests are concerned, we must wait for a remonstrance from Nicaragua before we can act. Privately, William Walker may possibly have individual recourse against Commodore Paulding; but publicly, the only nation that would appear to be entitled to demand redress is Nicaragua.

It will be well, therefore, to wait to see what the Nicaraguans may do before forming any decided judgment.

SHALL THE MURDERERS BE HANGED?

THE Court of Pardons of New Jersey has decided not to commute the sentence of death passed some time since on the murderer Donnelly. The Court has acted rightly; after the case of Cueva, especially, it behooved our neighbors not to justify the growing suspicion that the trade in blood was as free in the Jerseys as in Ashantee or New York. It now remains to be seen whether the effort which has been made by many respectable persons in this State to revive the old practice of executing the laws will be successful or not.

On the fate of two individuals—Rodgers and Cancemi—does the question hang. The facts in both cases are familiar to the public. Rodgers—a youth under twenty—met, in a public street, a gentleman walking home quietly with his wife, insulted him, and, when his victim turned to expostulate, stabbed him to death. There had been no quarrel between the parties. They had never met before. The deed was a spontaneous outburst of that savage ferocity which is peculiar to the rowdies of New York. If this had been a solitary, unusual accident, it might be argued that a long confinement would answer the ends of justice. But the animus which prompted Rodgers to take the life of Swanson pervades a very considerable class of individuals. There have been half a hundred cases during the year in which men of Rodgers's stamp and age have imperiled or actually taken life. There are youths of that class to be met with every evening in the thoroughfares of the city, who, on the least provocation, or on no provocation at all, are ready to use the knife they carry up their sleeve, or the slung-shot in their hand. For months, nay, for years, these vermin have infested the city, and, under one name or another, have been the terror of quiet people. They have pursued their lawless career with the recklessness which the uncertainty of the administration of justice, and, at the worst, the quasi-certainty of ultimate pardon, were calculated to inspire. Rodgers appears to be the type of the class: ready, at a moment's notice, and without earthly motive, to take life; very sorry for it after the deed is done, and quite anxious not to be hanged.

Cancemi is a villain of another cast. He was a housebreaker. A mechanic by day, a robber by night. He had a character to preserve; and so, when the policeman Anderson tried to arrest him, he shot him dead in order to escape. The law holds that an assault upon an officer in the execution of his duty is more heinous than an assault upon a private individual; not because, intrinsically, the person of the one is better worth preserving than that of the other; but because law-breakers are so sorely tempted to kill those who try to arrest them. It is in the power of many single wards of this city to turn out a force which could overcome the whole body of the police. To guard against this, the law of this as of every civilized land stamps with peculiar reprobation attempts to resist the constituted authorities; and it is to that feature of the law that we owe our reliance on the police, in spite of their physical weakness. This aim of the law will be defeated if Cancemi—a man who shot a policeman in the execution of his duty—be not adequately punished.

The question, then, amounts simply to this: is incarceration an adequate punishment? Will it operate to prevent rowdies of the class of Rodgers from carrying and using knives? Will it deter housebreakers from murdering policemen in order to escape? We have experience as well as reason to guide us in forming a judgment on this point. For some years public sentiment in this State has been averse to capital punishment. No matter how heinous the crime, the authorities have considered the State Prison and Penitentiary a sufficient retribution. The consequence is before us in the shape of a prodigious development of crime, especially in the more heinous grades—murders, rapes, arson, and burglary. Furthermore, the unanimous testimony of the bar and the reporters declares that criminals entertain no dread of prisons. They regard them as temporary asylums, presenting many advantages over their usual abodes. They know that in respect of health and ease of mind they will be better off in prison than at home. They are perfectly aware that the term of years for which they are sentenced is merely nominal, and that a complacent Governor will set them at liberty long before they have served out their time. Practically, to such a man as Rodgers, it matters but little whether he ply his trade in jail or out of it. Thus, the great end of punishment being to prevent, not to avenge crime, the imprisonment of a noted criminal fails entirely in its object. His comrades hardly know of it; it strikes them with no terror. He is missed for a day or two, then forgotten. Nobody is struck with dismay, and led to ponder on the brink—to hold back from meditated sin—by the news that So-and-so has been sent to the State Prison. A villain holds his breath with dread and horror at the news that his friend has been hanged—the idea shocks and terrifies; it is a staring, awful reality which may well deter the boldest. But the Penitentiary—bah! every body laughs at it. *It does not avail, in any sensible degree, to attain the only end and aim of punishment.*

A few days will decide whether Governor King belongs to the party which, in obedience to these reasons, seeks to have the laws fairly executed, or whether he shares the notions of the enthusiasts and politicians who would pardon every body, and trust to Providence for the protection of life and property.

KANSAS.

AT the election appointed by the Lecompton Convention the Constitution framed by that body, *with the slavery clause*, was adopted by a large majority of the voters. In other words, the bulk of the people of Kansas abstained from the election, and the handful of pro-slavery men who still remain in the Territory voted as their instincts suggested. Rumors reach us already to the effect that frauds, even more monstrous than those which Governor Walker defeated at the last election, have been perpetrated by the politicians who are bent on keeping the Kansas quarrel alive. On the other hand, on 4th January the people of Kansas will vote on that Constitution in obedience to the act of the Legislature. There is little doubt but they will vote it down altogether, slavery clause and all.

Congress will thus be placed in possession of two distinct votes of the Kansas people: the one ratifying the Lecompton Constitution, the other rejecting it; and both, so far as will legally appear, will seem to be clothed with every element of validity.

The *New York Herald*, which is said to have the ear of the Administration, argues that Congress should at once recognize Kansas as a State, under the Lecompton Constitution, as ratified on 21st December, with the slavery clause, and that the duty of abolishing slavery and altering the Constitution should be left to the people of Kansas. The view is entitled to respect. But it is more than doubtful whether it will concur with the sentiment of the House of Representatives.

The vote of 4th January will be entitled to as much regard as that of 21st December: the rejection of the Constitution will deserve as much respect as its ratification. Between the two the simplest solution of the difficulty would appear to be, a Congressional Enabling Act, providing for a new Convention and the submission of a new Constitution to the people; and this is the course which Congress will probably adopt.

THE LOUNGER.

VALE!

THE old year died so delicately—going out in June softness—so unlike the grim, bleak, icy death he usually dies—that the tone of these little verses has the deepest sympathy with the peculiar grace and beauty of the season.

They came just too late for last week:

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

The Old Year said to me, as he lay dying,
"Why dost thou look upon my face with sighing?"
A gush of happy tears prevented my replying!

Old year! blest year! oh, ever can another
Lead me, like thee, as gently as a mother?
Kindly reprove me as an elder brother?

Untried, the future years are slowly creeping—
O year of years! my *life* was in thy keeping;
And thus I stand beside thy couch with weeping!

Loved year! lost year! thy latest breath is fleeting;
A stranger comes, with slow and solemn greeting—
O speak to me once more, and bless our meeting!

True friend, we part! Though many men will blame thee,
And with blind hearts will thanklessly defame thee,
As God's eternal angel still I claim thee!

Farewell!

THALBERG.

THE American tour of Thalberg fell in an unfortunate year, and yet his notes have not been at a discount. He has played in earnest all over the country, making it a great keyboard over which he has run from one end to the other, and now lifts his fingers, puts one hand upon his heart and one upon his pocket, and so bows himself gracefully away.

There has been no difference of opinion about him as there was about Jenny Lind and other famous musical artists who have come to us. The simple perfection of his performance was at once appreciated, and always enjoyed; and yet at last it cloyed. No one cared to hear for more than the twentieth time the same fantasia played in the same way. At the twenty-first hearing it began to sound a little trite.

But this was not the fault of the artist—if it were any fault at all. It was merely the limitation of interest in the instrument. Thalberg plays the piano as well as it can be played, but then the piano is a very circumscribed instrument. He seems to understand its resources perfectly, and to develop them with complete skill, but he is not a bit of a mountebank. He does not play with his shoulders, or body, or ambrosial locks. What the piano can do in the interpretation of a piece of music, he makes it do—and no more.

That is the difference between Thalberg and other equally celebrated performers. Thalberg's playing is not suggestive. It is entirely satisfactory in itself (with the limitation mentioned), but it does not leave the feeling that the player could do a great deal more; nor does it raise any haunting image of a great orchestra pouring force and fullness, blood and substance, into the music the performer sketches upon the keyboard. He trills exquisitely, but he never thrills. There is exquisite symmetry in all he does; but in the greatest works of art, of every kind, there is a fragmentary and incomplete character. It is the nimbus of what might be hanging like a halo around what is.

Arion will take care that the great pianist sails smoothly wherever he goes. Triton will blow his wreathed horn before his bark; and, perhaps, some happy day hereafter, ladies of quality will part his glove among them, for souvenirs of that dexterous hand—as late befell his great rival Liszt after a concert in Germany.

And who knows, but that with much patience and many Thalbergs, even we Bœotians may one day attain to a similar homage to art and artists?

"THE VIRGINIANS."

THIS is the Lounger whispering to you upon his own responsibility.

As an author—for every body who drives a pen for the public (except clerks of criminal courts) may be considered authors—the Lounger has his opinions about all subjects interesting to the guild.

The Most Worshipful Company of Scribblers get very little recognition from the Law, and no international protection at all. After twenty-eight years their rights to their own property cease—with a possible renewal for half that time—and then their pretty garden is turned into an open common.

Of course this is matter of high debate. The very fact that the Law seriously limits all copyright, and that general public sentiment has not yet occasioned an international understanding upon the subject of literary property, show that the question has another side—although as an author, and a man with his ordinary allowance of common sense, the Lounger insists upon saying for himself that he can not see the beauty nor the justice of that other side.

But what the letter of the Law does not protect is often guarded by a private sense of justice and comity; and it has grown to be a courtesy and custom of trade for American publishers to allow a consideration to the English author for any peculiar favor from which the publisher may derive an advantage, such as the forwarding of an advance copy for reprint.

This is the course pursued by the first Boston publishers of Carlyle's works; by the publishers of the American editions of De Quincey, Tennyson, Kingsley, Reade; and by the American publishers of the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer.

It is a course adopted in instances where the sale of the work and the advantage to the publisher are very sure. Where he assumes a risk he acts upon his discretion, in the matter of pecuniary acknowledgment.

The English branch of the Most Worshipful Company beforementioned have great satisfaction in this arrangement, which is all gain to them. It is, however, a matter of pure comity. If one publisher agrees to give Mr. Dickens a certain sum for his new novel, another publisher may still reprint it without paying him any thing.

In such a case it is, unfortunately, clear that the author has a poor chance of getting any foreign consideration for his next work; and it is, therefore, only natural that Mr. Thackeray should say, in a letter which the Lounger has read, that he is sorry to hear of the reprint of "The Virginians" by the *Tribune*—and equally natural that he should speak in the kindest way of the publishers who pay him a large sum monthly for the advance-sheets of his story.

Of course he knows that he has no remedy—that no foreign author can remonstrate with any effect—that if he comes over and talks about it, as Dickens did, he is reviled afterward as a base ingrate—although it is not considered indelicate or improper for men in other professions to try all they can for the protection of their property every where.

The part of wisdom for the author is silence. But the other day, in a corner of a newspaper, the Lounger saw a gleam of light—a kind of day-dawning effect. Upon closer scrutiny he discovered an "item" announcing that Lord Napier had in contemplation an international copyright treaty.

Dear, good Lord Napier!

But, alas! had not Mr. Everett—a scholar, an author, dear to Clio—also a treaty in contemplation?

Father Miller has the Millennium in contemplation!

HINTS UPON THE FORMATION OF AN EDITOR.

A VALUABLE correspondent sends us the following line:

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I propose to establish a popular, high-toned, influential, prosperous, and successful daily journal in Tilletudlem, and I write to ask you for a name, and some general directions in editing.

"Yours, fraternally,
"TEAZEWELL LONGBOW."

The title is obvious. It must at once assert the character and scope of the sheet. All instinct and analogy indicate *The Tilletudlem Turkey-Cock and Daily Strutter* as the only proper name for such a sheet.

The course of the paper must strictly conform to the programme of the title. Mr. Longbow has only to consult his fellow Longbows of the other daily newspapers, to ascertain the proper rule of conduct for his sheet.

Thus he must never acknowledge the existence of any other paper in the same neighborhood, except by sneers, innuendoes, or the lie direct. He is to assume that his sheet is the only source of news to every reader. He is to say what he chooses, and never to budge from it. If he is caught in inconsistencies, if he is pierced with his own falsehoods, he is to brave it out. If he declares in large type that the Hon. Timothy Thwicket was yesterday seen to drink a hot sling at The Shades, and it is proved that the Hon. Timothy was at that

very moment poultricing his swelled thumb in another city, an intrepid editor is to declare stoutly that there may be some unimportant error as to time, but he has the pleasure of presenting the following letter from an unquestionable authority, by which it appears that five years ago the Honorable Timothy was seen by five persons to eat a dozen *Atwaberry spon the table* annual! The principle of the factor is enough. If a boy treads on your toe, "scorns" his station.

The *Tillotsonian Penny-a-Week* must also lay hold of every incident in public and private life, and whenever any event, of whatever kind, occurs, it must refer it to the distinct produce of the week's things, and these consequences. If a large fire breaks out in Broadway, the *Daily Revolution* gravely announces: "As we have constantly foretold, in spite of scorn and crimination, inspired only by our vast quickness of foresight, constant use of intelligence (tautologies out to be heeded), and immeasurable love for the welfare of humanity, the catastrophe has at last arrived. As long ago as last January we drew public attention to the vast accumulation of gas about Governor's Island. A vessel, indeed, and dog, and Lollard press affected to despise our warnings. We pointed out the imminent danger of spontaneous combustion. We dispatched reporters daily to the piling ice. We were not to be deterred by any amount of water. We were not to be deterred by the most delusive explosives. Now, for readers will remember, we published the *Weeping World's* and the *Pop-Spoon*, the *Evening Slangwhy* and the *Morning Meanderer*, were telling their readers to relieve into fainting fits, like mum, miserable, canting, driveling, theoretical men, turnspits, and curtain, as they are, and we, being us names, we were confident of our position, proud of the support of the common-sense of Philadelphia, and how, at last, every Philadelphian just as was said it would, our filthy enemies are wallowing in their native mire, and the Quaker City is blazing beautifully! This result was inevitable; only adolescents could have failed to discover it. We have always expressed our opinion, and they are based upon a profound and comprehensive study of science and effect, and the constant and exhaustive investigation of all the laws of nature, both known and unknown. We are notorious for our conclusive, philosophic, and logical views. Perhaps people will now sea into whose pockets they ought to put their coppers, and what newspapers they ought to buy."

In like manner, if the unerring telegraph should waft from yesterday Washington the information that her Lord Tollerby Blunder is coming out to complete the negotiations for the settlement of the Gulf of Mexico, print your leader at once, expressing his whole policy, which you must guess at as well as you can. And the next day you will be to learn that it is not Lord Tollerby who is coming to the Gulf of Mexico, but Lord Tollerby to Blest, who brings a hot poker to melt out the Northwest Passage, fly to your desk and announce that, as you have always expected, Lord Tollerby to Blest has struck at the Gulf, but that at length the man and the poker to stir up the Northwest Passage have arrived.

This is, in brief, the great secret of journalism: you, the editor, know every thing; you, the editor, are sure, dauntless, and unincompass.

The abundance of the treatment of the duties resulting from that secret is, that every body believes you and it. To-day, for instance, you say, "while it grows," and you say, "as we have said," and always insisted, supported by profound and comprehensive, and, in short, which is blank." Nothing can inspire vast confidence, because nobody remembers last week's theory — of course not; yeon days have intervened, if not eight. Nobody says to you, "What an old ass Longbow is!" Nobody ever means, "What profound perception and how well L. displays!" No other editor ever prints what you said last year and what you say to-day. None of your readers have some vague notion that it is very difficult, even if not impossible, to foretell precisely when the lightning is going to strike. Every body believes you are, if an editor, actuated solely by public benevolence, and the desire of helping mankind. The whole world is aware that no newspaper is a grindstone, and that axes are ever ground upon it; and what does such simplicity rely upon every statement in its columns, especially when it is laudatory of the courage, energy, promptness, perseverance, and other particular journal over all other possible or conceivable newspapers?

The Lounger presents these hints to Mr. Tennyvell Longbow, and begs to inclose his subscription to the *Tillotsonian Penny-a-Week and Daily Stentor.*

"THE GRAND AQUARIA."

THIS may be the most surprising and beautiful object ever witnessed. It undoubtedly is so. But, splendid as it is, it can not equal the magnificence of the announcement of it made in the bills of the day. The happy traveler city-ward must be doomed to disappointment if he thinks that such a fact can come up to the following sketch of further, describing the Aquarium. The celebrated Robbins, the slop-shop laureate, all the artists in advertisements, must pine and droop in presence of this triumph. The poets, alas, Bryant, Halleck, are getting out of color, are respectfully recommended to the study of the Aquarium. The Lounger perceives that his own style is already infected by that of the extract, and he hastens to present the following novelty in all its purity and picturesque in advertising. The author is speaking of the Aquarium:

"The various classes of Adepts engaged in its elaborate construction having been for nearly four months industriously absorbed in the study and labor necessary to produce it in a style of the Most Incomparable Perfection. There

OCEAN AND RIVER CONSERVATORIES

are the most exquisitely interesting things to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the ministering hand of TASTE and REFINEMENT. They present us with a striking illustration of

LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES

where the finny tribe disport amid the coral grottoes of the deep, enjoy the cool recades of marine vegetation, make affectionate advances in their flowsy retreats, or wander through the water flowers-beds where the purple and gold *Lucernaria*, the brilliant blue *Club pit*, the glittering *Actinia Belcarra*, the pearl-tinted *Chondrus*, and the rayexpanded *Asterias* flourish in every variety to be invaded in novelty and gorgeous beauty by nothing in the way of the picturesque upon dry land."

Making "Parisienne advertisement" a "retreat" is a masterly touch "in the way" of bold description. But it is invidious to particularize; the whole bill is a passage. It is fully surpassed in its sublime by Dr. Johnson's criticisms on poetry.

Among other interesting facts in connection with the Aquarium, we are informed in the bill that "*Punch* lately let of the following rhymes upon the subject." Then follows the quaint "*Invitation to the Aquarium*," concluding as follows:

"O! pretty sight, how I delight
Of various fin to study.
The water here
Is oh! so clear; it would not do if muddy.

"My deity now stops his work to say
I know that what he writes, is to escape
The rap and slops acquaintance with the fishes.

Now tell me, do, suppose that you,
Your mode of life could vary, which would you like?
To be my pupil or to be my subject?

The Lounger will now "let off" the reader, by informing him, in the exquisite words of the bill, that "the scene is the entrance to HADES AND ITS DENSELY BEAUTIFUL. Hours of delight may be spent in watching the habits of the graceful, sweet, and mouldy, as in examining the singular structure with which the shrimp, the star-fish, the sea-hare, the Nautilus, the Argonaut, and swallowbranch SEIZE AND DEVOUR THEIR PREY and distport themselves at feeding at if there were not a prying finger-tip within the ocean or river where they first saw life.

"To the more horrible the beauty of the brilliant zoophytes, which embody nearly every color and shade known to us. Many of these sea animals have every appearance of flowers, being vegetable kingdom, and we are thrilled with an indescribable sensation as we behold the submarine plants and flowers extend their stems or leaves and size such prey as comes within their grasp."

PROPOSALS FOR MAKING NEWS.

THE existence, a powerful agency, and indefinition, wishes, by the kind permission of the Lounger, to recommend himself as a suitable person to undertake the office of newspaper reporter as the next of government, or at whatever point may be deemed desirable. He is aware that he has a claim upon a post without proper consideration. He flatters himself he can give his letters a singular air of authority. In case of any doubtful grammatical and conciliatory phrases; he can have any thing "stated" upon the most "reliable authority," or from the "most reliable sources," and from a "perfectly well-informed quarter."

He will always give, with desirable quantities, details of personal gossip—especially such as relates to the private conversations of distinguished men, and the contents of secret letters and dispatches. He will take care to have foreseen every thing that occurs, as well as to foresee the occurrence of events that never happen. For a liberal compensation he will be in the confidence of every cabinet minister, and circulate in all distinguished circles. In fact, he will present every day a charming and interesting novel of political society in a blanket de besides, edged with blue. Madame C—g—h, the wife of the Patagonian Envoy-extraordinary, was a very pretty costume of green feathers and porcupine quills. The remainder of the letters of the alphabet were each more beautiful than the other. The ladies generally sat under all the luxuries of the season. Mr. Binn announced the guests, the men of letters and European manner; and "all went merry as those evening bells," as Milton so beautifully observes."

The advertiser says that he is presuming too far upon the consideration of the Lounger. But he is quite sure that the intelligent reader will at once perceive his eminent qualifications for the post publicist. He will, in the first place, undertake to supply that variety, even upon the same theme, which is quite as "spice of life." It is the spice—the spice of life. He thus supplies agreeable topics of conversation, and even of correspondence, in every quarter of the world, native and [illegible]. He himself submits that while the Daily —, and the Weekly —, and the Bi-Weekly —, and the Monthly —, keep each correspondents charming and vivacious so he is to happy to allow them to fall into the sere and yellow leaf, and become experience, such knowledge of the toilet and of statesmanship as he may possess, should not be allowed to be unemployed.

For reference and terms (as already stated) please apply to the Lounger.

THE LETTER-BOX.

—C. DODD, *South Danvers, Massachusetts*—There seems to be no more reason for spelling Esquire with a single *s* than Several with a single *v*. We know of no proper rule for doing it more than for spelling Scissors with a single *s*. Good usage now makes it *rest*. If you choose to direct your letters thus: *mr. john smith, esquire, new york*, is it not a free and enlightened country?

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

"UTILE DULCI."

AMONG other little amiable weaknesses of fiend's New York is a biennial sporadic attack of charity, benevolence, philanthropy, and other good works. It is quite remarkable that this weakness is always perceptible at a time when every one is poor, and therefore when it would appear to be inconsistent to gratify it. Old Mr. Dash, who owns a hundred thousand dollars, and can't pay his debts, naturally thinks it absurd that an angel of mercy in a thirty dollar bonnet should come down upon him for two dollars for the family not satisfied to call on his son. Don't you imagine that the angels are not fully aware of this fact, dear reader? They are much more intelligent than the old-fashioned classic that sat up debt to keep a look-out for poor Jack. They would have a dreadful opinion of the new Street to buy poor Jack a life-preserver; and, if necessary, spread the Atlantic Ocean with oil for Poor Jack and the Nursery to the little Poor Jacks.

Now you must understand that the Woman's Hospital and the Nursery are the fashionable charities just now, and if the fashionable world never did any thing before, now at the very end they are so much to write about. As is ever the case, these good institutions very often get into debt. All charitable institutions do get into debt, or indeed in a normal state of all good institutions—fashionable especially. Fashionable people are always up into debt at the most unfortunate time—just before—at a time when no one has any money. The Hospital is in debt for a building in the suburbs, when a noble woman, who ought to have a statue of Samaritan Bronze—cast immediately—devises its fortunes by concerts, which, I believe, were fulsome.

Well, the concerts not being successful, a grand strategic movement upon the purses of the rich New York was started. The scheme had been tried before with success, and was now pressed with such vigor as to attract the attention of the leading journals, who made the profits of the affair of gracious, like the adventures of the Messieurs Walker, or the claims of the poor sister, Miss Bowles. The list of managers included all sorts of people, from colonels in the army to captains of target companies, from editors to reporters, from aldermen, common councilmen, journalists, and other people interested in good works. They all worked together for once. The lady patronesses stirred themselves with tickets, and went forth seeking young men whom they might get to buy. Sums down upon the recipes of trade with a swoop that left a circle of solitary bankers who had been keeping ward and watch in an otherwise contented wisteret pocket. Young men were enticed into speculations in unknown articles, and suddenly confronted with huge pieces of pasteboard at a dollar each. The bank parlor was too sacred to be counting-house to innumerable [illegible]. Ethelinda engaged in the work with all the ardor of her gentle heart, and received cards from Front Street like a Texan Ranger on a Comanche Indian. In a hair-cutting saloon the hair upon a lump of pork waiting for a savory produce would astonish who suspected her errand and sent word he was engaged. The Lounger, who had always been a friend of their *bonvil* billiards, and their *odious* drinks, and then had been more annoyed.

ETHELINDA SEES THE ELEPHANT.

THE most fascinating of her sex, having finished the great work, has taken her hair out of paper, extracted the combs from the back of her head, and her sweet fingers with lemon-juice, and recovered some of her usual gayety and lightness of disposition. Ethelinda is a great admirer of natural history, and alludes to publishers with scorn tempered by pity. She has a whole row of Audubon's, and several other splendid young fellows, talk about seeing the elephant, which had excited her curiosity, and which excited by the Barnum's remark that there was an elephant in town, she desired to see him. I believe there was a dispute as to the shape of the animal, which were in a singularly unsavory condition. The noble and sagacious beast was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who lionized his flashy waistcoats, massive watch-chains, and an array of jewelry that was dazzling and overpowering. The elephant, for some unexplained reason, was in a bad humor, and being unaware of Ethelinda's high social position, refused to lay down his trunk as for her when she offered him a bit of sugared chocolate. One spoke to him in Chinese, which was of course Foozle give to hear those dulcet tones!), and he absolutely winked his great eye at her. She gave him some more, and he winked again. Then he was much pleased, and they were getting on very well together when I [illegible] side—after having declined a *cigarette*—to make some overtures to the tigers. Suddenly I heard a shriek, and rushing to where I had left Ethelinda I found the dear creature in the very jaws of the monster. He had absolutely pocked her away in his trunk, and, holding her high above his head, was quietly munching her bonnet, which was trimmed with various vegetable productions agreeable to the elephantine taste. After much persuasion he was induced to relinquish possession of his prey. He dropped her, and until he had quite crushed all her hoops, and flattened his lunch by eating one of her boots as a salad.

BOHEMIUS.

THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE OPERATIONS AT SEBASTOPOL.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

[We have received the following very interesting letter from one of the gentlemen connected with the American Submarine operations in the harbor of Sebastopol. The writer has kindly promised to act as our correspondent at Sebastopol, and to keep us informed of the progress of the operations.—*Ed. H. W.*]

As we have now fairly commenced operations on the sunken fleet, it may be interesting to your readers to have a brief account of the *modus operandi*, or, at least, one of the methods by which this vast fleet will be raised. Perhaps it is, or might be, supposed that the vessels will be raised whole; but owing to the destructive properties of the *teredo* or sea-worm, and the time they have been under water, it is doubtful whether they would hold together during the process of raising; and even if they were brought to the surface of the water apparently entire, they would be of no value as warships, and the necessary repairs they would inevitably require would cost as much as to build new vessels; therefore their present value is what the materials are worth.

There are, however, several iron steamers, and some few of wood, which we shall probably raise whole. The others we are obliged to tread armor under the water. The following vessels have been thus treated: *Sapphil*, 84 guns; *Paris*, 120 guns; *Twelve Apostles*, 120 guns; *Constantine*, 120 guns; *Konstrosh*, 60 guns; *Mavis*, 84 guns. The steamer *Vladimir*, 400 horse-power, and the *Chersus*, will probably be raised whole in a few days. As the process of blasting a vessel under water requires considerable care and experience, and may be interesting to many, I will describe it.



A RUSSIAN LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP AS SHE LIES IN THE HARBOR.

In the first place, an experienced diver is sent down to explore the ship and report her position and condition. The diving-boat is then moored directly over the ship, or as near to that position as possible. Connected to the boat, and reaching to the bottom, is a rope-ladder upon which the diver ascends and descends, and connected with his body is a rope reaching to the boat, which serves as a signal and to assist him in rising. Around the diver's head is a helmet of sufficient size to contain a quantity of air, which is kept continually fresh by means of an air-pump in the boat above him, and a gutta percha hose. Sometimes the diver remains below eight or ten hours at once, engaged in the arduous duty of cutting chain-cables of an inch and a half in diameter, which he accomplishes with a hammer and cold chisel, cutting heavy oak timbers, forcing out large bolts, and various other difficult matters which would seem almost impossible for a man to perform under such circumstances; yet this is an everyday occurrence with our divers. Every thing movable is then secured by the diver, such as guns, chains, anchors, etc., and hoisted on board the receiving-ship above, as represented in the engraving. Every thing is now ready for placing the powder in the ship. A large powder-boat is placed at a safe distance from the vessel, containing from ten to twenty gutta percha bags of powder; the bags being made for the purpose, are of course impervious to water, and at the mouth is a pine plug through which pass two parts of insulated copper wire reaching to the centre of the bag; the ends of the wires are connected with a small piece of platina not larger than a fine cambric needle. The diver takes one bag below and places it in the part of the vessel to be first blown; he then ascends and gets into the powder-boat containing about ten men and the galvanic battery.



THE DIVER AT THE BOTTOM.

After the wires are taut the boat is made stationary until the battery is charged, when the wires are placed in contact, and immediately there is a great bursting forth of waters filled with fragments of wood, and large quantities of dead fishes, accompanied by a tremendous noise like thunder; and it generally requires three or four hours for the water to be sufficiently clear to enable the diver to proceed with his work. Any fragments of value are then raised on board the receiving-ship; many of them contain large amounts of copper. This operation is continued until the vessel is demolished.

Our blasting has thus far been successful; and if the high northerly winds which prevail here during the winter months do not retard our proceedings, by the close of next summer we shall be able to report considerable progress.

By order of the Governor a red flag is hoisted for one hour previous to an explosion, and during that time no boats are allowed to pass in the vicinity. This order seems rather strange; for, after enduring one of the most sanguinary bombardments on record, they are afraid of powder fourteen fathoms under water. However, no one is inconvenienced by it; and it is quite amusing to observe how instinctively the gulls hover around the boat as soon as the flag is raised, ready to make a sumptuous repast on the dead fishes.

The harbor of Sebastopol is throughout very deep and clear, so that a line-of-battle ship may float in perfect security within twenty yards of the shore. There is no ebb and flow, and consequently no current, which is very favorable for our proceedings—with this exception, however, that if there was a rise and fall of the water it would afford a better opportunity for lifting a ship; for after one raised she could be taken into shaller water, and broken at much less expense than blasting under water. Some of the ships lie on hard ground, while others are partially imbedded in soft, black mud, which renders them difficult of access. The engravings represent the appearance of a ship after blasting, with divers at work; the helmet and dress of a diver; and other views.

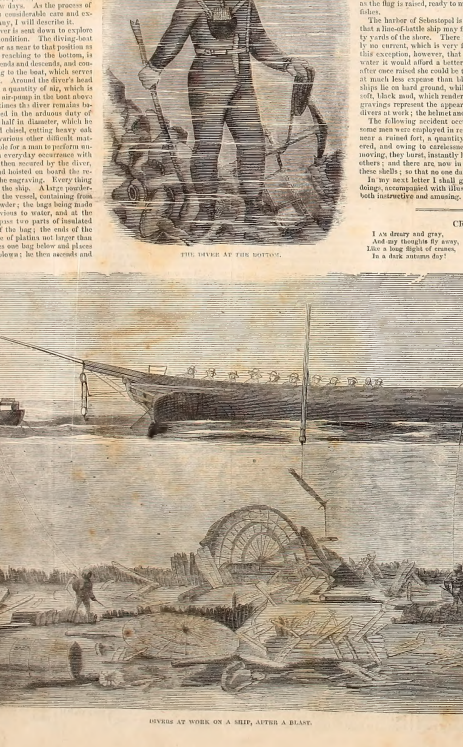
The following accident occurred here a few days ago: While some men were employed in removing an embankment thrown up near a ruined fort, a quantity of unexploded shells were discovered, and owing to carelessness, or some other cause, while removing, they burst, instantly killing six men, and wounding many others; and there are now in the ruined forts large numbers of these shells; so that no one dares approach them.

In my next letter I shall give a more detailed account of our doings, accompanied with illustrations, which undoubtedly will be both instructive and amusing. H.

CRANES.

I AM dreary and gray,
And my thoughts fly away,
Like a bag flight of cranes,
In a dark autumn day!

They may go till they find
The warm sunshine and wind,
But the autumn remains,
And my darkness of mind!



DIVERS AT WORK ON A SHIP, AFTER A BLAST.



HOW THE MAMMAS TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE.



HOW MY MAIDEN NEIGHBORS LEARNED MY SECRETS.

MY BOARDING-HOUSE.

WHEN Mrs. Jacques and I returned from Staten Island, where we spent a very tolerable summer, we said to each other, "Let us try a boarding-house for the winter." I ought to tell you that we have spent two winters at hotels—the first at the Cosmopolitan, whose proprietors half ruined me by selling me coal, copper, iron, and lead stocks, which were to make my fortune, and proved so much waste paper; the second at the St. Dunstan, where our lives were a burden, in consequence of the bad feeling, bad attendance, bad company, and general discomfort. So we resolved to try a quiet, peaceable boarding-house, and advertised in the New York *Times* for the comforts of a home.

"Jacques," said my wife, after examining twenty-five or so of the one hundred and sixty-three offers we received, "I have found a house; two rooms, fire, gas, and attendance, twenty dollars a week; good situation, civil landlady, no other boarders except an old gentleman who'll die before January, three young ladies training to be ministers' wives, a couple of very nice families, and two young men in the pawnbroking business, and of a serious turn of mind."

As Mrs. J. attends to that branch of our affairs I said no more, but followed my wife to our new domicile. It promised well. The rooms were comfortable, neatly furnished, and with a fair prospect from the windows; the boarders, when assembled at dinner, seemed quiet, agreeable people. I was asked to nurse a young gentleman, it is true, who took a peculiar satisfaction in drawing pictures on my shirt front with a finger dipped in jam; but then, youth is frivolous, we all know, and washing is within my means. The mother was truly grateful, and I was content. When we went to bed Mrs. Jacques mentioned to me that the two families (whose heads were clerks in the same furniture establishment) were not on very pleasant terms. Mrs. Rosewood had confided to her that her friend Mrs. Ebony, though a dear creature, had the most ungovernable little wretches for children; and Mrs. Ebony had taken occasion to whisper that if little Claude Rosewood were her child she would send him to boarding-school at once, though he was only three years of age. My wife (we have no children) observed that it was singular how each lady concurred in denominating her own children angels, and her friend's—well, the reverse. I remarked that that was no business of ours, and went to sleep.

Next day, when I came home, there was a fine row in the house. It seems that Claude Rosewood and Jack Ebony had had a fight; their cries had brought their mothers to the scene of action, and each parental had sided with her offspring, and lent the aid of her nails to the combat. Victory was left in suspense; but my wife declared that, when she arrived upon the field of battle, the two mothers were both contriving signals of contempt for the enemy with their open fingers on the end of the noses of their respective boys.

Next morning I was called upon by Mrs. Ebony to sign a request to Mrs. Rosewood to leave the house, or at least to send her boy away. I declined, and the lady intimated that my wife was no better than Mrs. R.; indeed, if any thing, that hated personage was the better bred of the two. I had scarcely recovered from this attack, and was swallowing a hasty breakfast, when Mrs. Rosewood, in presence of all the boarders, asked me if I wasn't greatly incommoded by ill-bred children?

I was trying to say, evasively, that I liked children, when the lady continued, "For I saw a little fellow (meaning Jack Ebony) trying to open your writing-desk with a table-knife."

I smiled incredulously; whereupon Mrs. Rosewood rose from table, with countenance governed, and intimated that I deserved to be robbed, and if I was, I must remember that she had warned me.

I had enough of this. We left that day, and took rooms in a fine, fashionable boarding-house, in a wide street up town. We had a large sitting-room with an alcove. The rooms adjoining were tenanted by two maiden ladies, who seemed very quiet and respectable. Here, thought we, seeing every thing so suitable, we shall find rest.

My Cousin John called upon me the day after we arrived, and told me all about his sad affair with Miss Blueberry, and how he would go to Cal-



THE ANGEL CHILD AS HE APPEARED TO HIS MAMMA.

THE ANGEL CHILD AS HE APPEARED TO EVERY BODY ELSE.



PORTRAITS OF MY LANDLADIES.



JOVIAL NEIGHBOR. (*Time 2 a.m.*)—"COULD YOU O-O-OBLIGE'A'LA'WITHLIGHT?"



WHAT MY WIFE SAW UNDER THE COOK'S BED.

ifornia if the father could not be mollified. He mentioned some other circumstances which I need not repeat. Next day my wife was in conversation with our maiden neighbors; to her amazement, one of them alluded to the affair, and showed a very remarkable knowledge of the facts. John and I were both much chagrined at the publicity which the matter had obtained. We were talking over it in the evening, when we heard a scream outside the door which communicated between our room and our neighbors. We both sprang up. Almost at the same moment my wife ran in, exclaiming,

"There! I knew how it was! They were both listening at the key-hole!"

Well, we tried another house after this. It, too, was a fashionable house; but the room next to ours was tenanted by a very fast young man, who never had matches, or, if he had them, never could light them when he came in at night, and used to knock one out of bed at one and two in the morning to light his candle. I bore this patiently for several nights, as the gentleman was an Irishman and did not know the ways of the country; but one night, when really he was so far gone that he couldn't hold his candle steady enough to light it, I offered to save him the trouble. Will you believe it? The fellow insisted that I had insulted him, and actually sent me a friend—Mr. Patrick M'Blather—next morning to demand satisfaction! I need hardly add that Mrs. Jacques moved us before 10 A.M. that day.

Our next venture was in a private family. The family were very respectable. The husband sold cigars; the wife did *nothing* but knit; the children were perfect angels, and read newspapers all day long. "Here," said Mrs. J., "we may remain for the winter." So thought I. As it happened, the cigar-dealer and his family were of frugal habits. A dish of cold meat served them—and consequently us—for several days; puddings were rare luxuries; dessert was unknown. I was disposed to grumble; but Mrs. Jacques, remembering what we had gone through, suggested that we might supply the deficiencies by a private store of comestibles in our own room. I deferred to the wisdom of the idea. My wife laid in a *pâté* or two, some *vols-au-vent*, a cold ham, and various odds and ends, with a few bottles of good wine. Thus supplied, we smiled at the short-comings of the dinner down stairs. All went on smoothly for some time, till we began to notice that our provisions were disappearing with unaccountable rapidity. Hams which had barely been touched were bare to the bone; *pâtés* vanished, cakes evaporated, bottles leaked dry. When the fact became too certain to admit of a doubt, I tasked Mrs. Regalia with it, and hinted that it might make her children ill to visit my room too frequently. She melted into tears. So did the children, who visited my room that evening, and assured me—each with a newspaper in his or her hand—that they were wrongfully suspected. There was a sincerity about the little creatures which could not be questioned. I bade my wife seek the thief elsewhere.

She sat brooding till past nine that evening. Suddenly, with a shrill cry, she bounded out of the room, and assailed Mrs. Regalia on the subject of her cook. The landlady confessed that that member of the household reigned supreme in her domain—the kitchen and her bedroom. My wife suggested a gentle course of inquiry. Reluctantly Mrs. Regalia consented. The two ladies repaired to the cook's room and stated the case.

The cook was vociferous and indignant. Had she ever stolen any thing? Who durst accuse her of stealing? Let her see the person—

As she uttered these words she advanced menacingly toward my wife, who, retreating, caught sight—horror of horrors!—of the huge feet of a monstrous male under the cook's bed!

We fled again. Since then I have tried a dozen boarding-houses. I have tried quiet boarding-houses and noisy ones; slow and fast; foreign and native; up town and down town; large and small; and am still, as I was in October last, on the look-out.

If any reader of *Harper's Weekly* knows a quiet house where a peaceable man and his wife can obtain decent board and lodging for a reasonable price during the winter, he will confer a prodigious favor by sending word respecting the same to Jacques, care of the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

LITERARY.

THE HASHEESH EATER, or Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean, published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the curiosities of modern literature.

It is possible that some readers hereof do not know what is *hasheesh*. They may have heard of hemp as a drug. In certain countries the hemp plant grows to fibre, and from it is made cordage. In other and more tropical countries the plant secretes a resinous gum, known as hasheesh, which is the ordinary source of intoxication among the Turkish, Persian, and Indian nations.

The effects of the drug are marked and peculiar. Readers of Dumas' "Monte Christo" will remember its introduction by him in one of the passages of that novel, and its effects as there described. Not unlike opium in the play that it gives the imagination, it has also the peculiarity that the delirium it produces is more wild, active, and brilliant, so that De Quincey himself has yet another and an inner heaven of dream delight to enter and enjoy.

The horror with which sensible Mohammedans regard those who use the hasheesh can not be described. We have seen the effects of it in Cairene coffee-shops and kiosks of Damascus, and could pardon the venerable merchant who gravely assured us that it was an invention of Sheitan.

Like many other inventions of the devil it is delicious in its effects, and in none more so than the production of this book by one who has yielded to the temptation, and damned himself for the delirious joy it affords.

The volume contains his experience; a pen-and-ink report of his imaginations, fancies, and facts as well, for there is a deal of fact in the vagaries of a drunken man. Weird and ludicrous scenes intermingle with solemn and stately, and follow each other. The heart of man is visible every where in its nakedness. "In vino veritas" here reads "in *hasheesh* veritas." The man, as he is, shines through the strange hallucinations of the intoxicated dreamer. We have seldom seen a volume of more absorbing interest. While he obviously resembles De Quincey's Opium-Eater, a resemblance which the author is proud to acknowledge, he is, at the same time, no less profound a philosopher, nor any less brilliant thinker or reasoner than his illustrious prototype. His book is at once a pleasure and a study, a curiosity and a subject of profound meditation. No reader can fail to enjoy it.

A somewhat unique book is Mr. Parker's GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN ORATORY, published by Whittemore, Niles, & Hall, Boston.

The author is an enthusiast, but his acquaintance with American orators is somewhat deficient. Of the bar he knows only Pinckney, Choate, Legaré, Wirt, Prentiss, and Hoffman—honoring the last four by a single mention of their names in a sentence in which he says, "There have been in our country, perhaps, half a dozen advocates of national repute as orators," while he gives us very readable sketches of the first two. The volume is made up of gossippy and perhaps too indiscriminately laudatory accounts of these gentlemen and seven others; the clergy being represented by Chapin and Beecher. The faults of the book are its lack of judgment and discrimination in selecting names, and even in regard to the merits of the few orators it discusses. Its virtues are that it is spirited and readable, containing an admirable fund of anecdote, and much that shows the author to be a student of the history of the men he writes about.

We can not help remarking on the strange coupling of Beecher and Chapin in a sentence like this: "A sound, healthy theology, *fit to live by as well as to die by*, animates their harangues." We have been heretofore impressed with the idea that neither one of these gentlemen would be content to "die by" the theology of the other.

LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE, published by A. D. F. Randolph, is a collection of songs of all sorts and kinds, interspersed with illustrations. Some of the selections are of rare beauty. Such, for example, as "Who stole the bird's nest?" on page 41. There's comfort in the old sailor's song which we find here with other ancient favorites:

"One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his head
And cried to Billy Bowline:
'There's a sou'wester coming, Billy;
Don't you hear it roar now?
Poor people! how I pity them
Unhappy folks on shore now!'"

The same publisher sends us a number of children's books for the holidays. "LITTLE LUCY'S LITTLE LIBRARY," three volumes in one case, wherein we find her "Six Birthdays," "Six Teachers," and "Little Servants," also "HEART AND HAND," a story by the author of "Timid Lucy," which a young one who has read it through at a sitting pronounces a good book for her sort. Mr. Randolph's most novel contribution to the amusement and instruction of the juveniles this winter is in the card-board line. PAPER DOLLS' FURNITURE, printed in colors on cards, which can be cut out and folded by the little fingers, to their infinite amusement, and a new style of paper dolls' dresses, being NATIONAL COSTUMES, by the aid whereof the doll becomes one moment a Scotch girl, and the next a Circassian beauty, or a Swiss peasant, or any thing else the little magician chooses to make her. These same paper dolls are a feature of the day by which the little ones and some of the older ones are much amused.

The English system of pensioning authors who have "rendered services to literature" is sadly degenerate. Some weeks ago a volume of doggerel poems by S. H. Bradbury appeared, in which was a panegyric on Lord Palmerston. We see that Mr. Bradbury has received from Lord Palmerston a pension of £50 a year!

Major Warburton, author of "Hochelaga," brother of Eliot Warburton, committed suicide a few days since. It is a curious fact in his history, which we have not seen any where published, that he was, some two years ago, engaged to be married to a very amiable and accomplished lady, but, for certain reasons, the marriage was delayed for five years, and finally broken off entirely. The lady was married to another person in the same week that Major Warburton died, but the two events had no connection with each other.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE ARREST OF GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

IN our last week's paper we announced that General William Walker had returned home under arrest, having been taken prisoner on Punta Arenas, Nicaragua, by Commodore Paulding of the United States Navy. The General remained here one day, then delivered himself up, according to his parole, to Marshal Rynders; with whom and his counsel, Mr. Meagher, he proceeded to Washington. On arrival there he waited upon General Cass to surrender himself as a prisoner of state. The Secretary received his visitors with marked civility, and on their explaining the object of their visit, observed:

"The Executive Department of the Government does not recognize General Walker as a prisoner. It has no directions to give concerning him. It is only through the action of the Judiciary that he can be lawfully held in custody to answer any charges that may be made against him. This," said the Secretary, "is all that I have to say upon the subject."

General Walker was accordingly set at liberty, and has not since been molested. Rumors are afloat that he will proceed to New Orleans to stand his trial there on a charge of breaking the neutrality laws.

Meanwhile, the news of his arrest has created the greatest excitement in every part of the country, and especially in the South. Meetings have been held at New Orleans and Mobile to denounce the conduct of Commodore Paulding, and to offer aid to Walker. Several members of the House of Representatives are reported to have threatened strenuous action against the Commodore and against the Administration; among these Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky has been frequently mentioned. It was understood at first that the President would disavow the action of Commodore Paulding; it is now believed that he will send the papers to Congress this week, with a message regretting that Walker should have been arrested on Nicaraguan soil, but upholding, on general grounds, the course pursued by the commander of the *Saratoga*.

General Walker is at Washington, surrounded by Southern admirers. General Lamar, Minister to Nicaragua, was to sail on 5th. The remnant of Walker's army have arrived at Norfolk. Captain Engle, who came home with Walker, will leave for Aspinwall on 20th.

COMMODORE PAULDING'S LETTER TO WALKER.

The correspondence between Walker and the United States officers, previous to his arrest, has been published. The following is an extract from Commodore Paulding's letter to Walker:

"Your letters surprised me with their tone of audacity and falsification of facts. Your rude discourtesy in speaking of Captain Chatard, of the *Saratoga*, I pass without comment. The mistake he made was, in not driving you from Punta Arenas when you landed there in defiance of his guns. In occupying the Point Arenas, and assuming it to be the head-quarters of the Army of Nicaragua, and you its Commander-in-Chief, you and your associates, being lawless adventurers, deceive no one by their absurdity. Lieutenant Cilly, of the *Saratoga*, informs me that he was in uniform, and you say he was in plain clothes, when you threatened to shoot him. While you use such threats, it may be of some importance for you to know that if any person belonging to my command shall receive injury from your lawless violence, the penalty to you shall be a tribute to humanity. Now, Sir, you and your fellows are here in violation of the laws of the United States, and greatly to its dishonor, making war upon a people with whom we are at peace; and, for the sake of humanity, public and private justice, as well as what is due to the honor and integrity of the Government of the United States, I command you and the people associated here with you, to surrender your arms without delay, and embark in such vessels as I may provide for that purpose."

COMMODORE PAULDING TO THE GOVERNMENT.

The following is an extract from Commodore Paulding's dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy, giving the reasons why he arrested Walker:

"I could not regard General Walker and his followers in any other light than as outlaws who had escaped from the vigilance of the officers of the Government, and left our shores for the purpose of rapine and murder, and I saw no other way to vindicate the law and redeem the honor of our country than by disarming and sending them home. In doing so I am sensible of the responsibility I have incurred, and confidently look to the Government for my justification.

"Regarded in its true light, the case appears to me a clear one, and the points few and strong. Walker came to Point Arenas from the United States, having, in violation of law, set on foot a military organization to make war upon a people with whom we are at peace. He landed there with armed men and munitions of war, in defiance of the guns of a ship-of-war placed there to prevent his landing. With nothing to show that he acted by authority, he formed a camp and hoisted the Nicaraguan flag, called it the 'Head-quarters of the Army in Nicaragua,' and signed himself the Commander-in-Chief. With this pretension, he claimed the right of a lawful government over all persons and things within sight of his flag. Without right or authority he landed fifty men at the mouth of the River Colorado, seized the Fort of Castillo on the San Juan River, captured steamers and the goods of merchants in transit to the interior, killed men, and made prisoners of the peaceful inhabitants—sending to the harbor of San Juan del Norte some thirty or forty men, women, and children in the steamer *Morgan*.

"In doing these things without the show of authority they were guilty of rapine and murder, and must be regarded as outlaws and pirates. They can have no claim to be regarded in any other light. Humanity, as well as law, justice, and national honor, demanded the dispersion of these lawless men."

THE MORMON WAR.

Advices have been received from Colonel Johnson, commanding the Utah expedition, to November 7. He was, on November 5, at Black Fork, three miles below the mouth of Ham's Fork. He states that Colonel Smith, with his command, and the numerous trains guarded by it, reached there November 3. The march was slow and tedious, averaging eleven miles a day. Although the road was excellent and the weather fine, it was not possible to make more rapid progress, on account of the broken-down condition of the draught animals. The trains, including the sutlers' and merchants', destined for Salt Lake, which he would not allow to go on, occupied as close an order as they could be made to travel the space of from five to six miles. No molestation whatever was attempted by the Mormons. On the 6th of November Colonel Johnson was to march on Fort Bridger, and dislodge any force he might find there, and await the appearance of Colonel Cook, when—as the approach of winter was too near to attempt the passage of the Wasach range of mountains with a probability of success—he would seize upon the district mentioned in his letter from the South Pass, and occupy it until an advance should be practicable. He considered that the acts of the Mormon Legislature, and the dispatches from Brigham Young indicated a matured design on the part of the Mormons to hold and occupy the Territory, independent of, and irrespective of, the authority of the United States; and he had ordered that whenever they were met with in arms they should be treated as enemies.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S VIEWS OF HIS POSITION.

Several dispatches from Brigham Young to Colonel Alexander, United States Army, have been published. We make a few extracts. The Governor says to the Colonel:

"In you we recognize only the agents and instruments of the Administration, and with you personally have no quarrel. But you must be aware that circumstances compel the people of Utah to look upon you, in your present belligerent attitude, as their enemies and the enemies of their common country, and, notwithstanding my most sincere desire to promote amicable relations with you, I shall feel it my duty, as do the people of the Territory universally, to resist to the utmost every attempt to encroach further upon their rights. It, therefore, becomes a matter for your serious consideration, whether it would not be more in accordance with the spirit and institutions of our country to return with your present force rather than force an issue so unpleasant to all, and which must result in much misery and perhaps bloodshed, and, if persisted in, the total destruction of your army. And, furthermore, does it not become a question whether it is more patriotic for officers of the United States army to ward off, by all honorable means, a collision with American citizens, or to further the precipitate move of an indiscreet and rash Administration, in plunging a whole Territory into a horrible, fratricidal, and sanguinary war?"

HE PAYS A FEW COMPLIMENTS TO THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALS.

"If you persist in your attempt to permanently locate an army in this Territory, contrary to the wishes and constitutional rights of the people therein, and with a view to aid the Administration in their unhallowed efforts to palm their corrupt officials upon us, and to protect them, and black-legs, black-hearted scoundrels, whore-masters, and murderers, as was the sole intention in sending you and your troops here, you will have to meet a mode of warfare against which your tactics furnish you no information."

HE THINKS BUCHANAN SHOULD BE HANGED.

"In regard to myself and certain others having placed ourselves 'in a position of rebellion and hostility to the Government of the United States,' I am perfectly aware that we understand our true and most loyal position far better than our enemies can inform us. We, of all the people, are endeavoring to preserve and perpetuate the genius of the Constitution and constitutional laws, while the Administration and the troops they have ordered to Utah are, in fact, themselves the rebels, and in hostility to the General Government. And if George Washington was now living, and at the helm of our government, he would hang the Administration as high as he did André, and that, too, with a far better grace, and to a much greater subserving the best interests of our country."

THE MILITARY TACTICS OF THE MORMONS.

The following is an extract from an intercepted dispatch from the Mormon Commander-in-Chief to one of his officers: "On ascertaining the locality or route of the United States troops, proceed at once to annoy them in every possible way. Use every exertion to stampede their animals and set fire to their trains. Burn the whole country before them and on their flanks. Keep them from sleeping by night-surprises. Blockade the road by felling trees or destroying river fords where you can. Watch for opportunities to set fire to the grass on their windward, so as, if possible, to envelop their trains. Leave no grass before them that can be burned. Keep your men concealed as much as possible, and guard against surprise. Keep scouts out at all times, and communication open with Colonel Benton, Major M'Allister, and O. P. Rockwell, who are operating in the same way. Keep me advised daily of your movements, and every step the troops take and in what direction. God bless you, and give you success.

"Your brother in Christ, DANIEL U. WELLS.

"P.S.—If the troops have not passed, or have turned in this direction, follow in their rear, and continue to annoy them, burning any trains they may leave. Take no life, but destroy their trains, and stampede or drive away their animals at every opportunity."

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

The President is determined if possible to put a stop to the African slave-trade, which is believed to have largely increased of late. Movements are now making to increase the naval force on the African station, and to send more efficient vessels to cruise in those waters. Letters received by the last steamer state that the English Government are moving in the same direction, and will co-operate with our Government in any manner it may suggest to prevent this inhuman traffic. A dispatch to the Government from the South coast of Africa, dated October 19, 1857, says: "The slave-trade is assuming a new aspect. The French Government has gone boldly into it, and the British squadron are ordered not to verify the colors of a French vessel, whether legal trader or not. American ships, on the contrary, are searched, seized, and confiscated, in a manner violative of our doctrine of the right of search." The subject has been laid before the Cabinet.

INDIAN CHIEFS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Delegations from the Pawnees, Poncas, and Pottowatomies, numbering about thirty, had a formal interview with the President on 31st ult. at the White House. The auditory were large, including ladies Secretaries Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson. The most interesting feature was the apparent reconciliation between the Chiefs of the Pawnees and Poncas, which tribes have long been hostile to each other. The President, or "Grandfather," as they called him, having personally dwelt upon the blessings of peace, joined their hands in token of friendship. The Pottowatomies were in citizens' dress, while their less civilized colleagues were in their grandest attire, and more than usually profuse of paint and feathers.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

On 21st ult. the vote on the Lecompton Constitution was polled in Kansas, and that document was affirmed with the slavery clause. The Free State men generally abstained from voting; no votes were received in Lawrence, and the poll-books were not opened at Topeka. Scattering returns have been published, which show that the pro-slavery majority was large. General Denver has arrived, and has issued an inaugural address. The state of feeling seems to be much imbittered by recent events.

PERSONAL.

Commodore Hiram Paulding, who has been so instrumental in arresting the progress of General Walker in Central America, is the son of the celebrated John Paulding, the Peekskill farmer, who was one of the three captors of Major André. Hiram was born in Westchester County, and early in life entered the navy, where he has gradually worked his way up through the grades of midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and captain. He has ever been one of the most efficient and valued officers in the service; and Government, a short time since, showed its appreciation of the fact by appointing him to the command of the home squadron, which he now holds.

Mademoiselle Rachel is said to be recovering. She has resolved, however, to abandon the stage forever, and intends to send her theatrical wardrobe and jewelry to the United States to be sold. The value of the same is stated at $125,000.

A Washington correspondent says: "The other day Mr. Buchanan was applied to by a young politician in behalf of a friend, hailing from Virginia, who wished a petty consulship any where in the South Seas, or among the Sepoys, or among the breechless barbarians of Yanader, or the Lord knows where. Mr. Buchanan was good enough to promise the young Virginian a place. 'Yes,' he said, in his charming, amiable humor, 'I must do something for the Old Commonwealth. Poor Virginia! she has nothing.' This allusion to the destitution of the Old Dominion, in the way of place and patronage, excited a very significant titter in the room."

It is said that Mr. Hughes, formerly editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and an adopted son-in-law of the Secretary of War, has been brought into the *Union* establishment as an associate editor. The articles in review of Mr. Douglas's position on the Kansas question are said to have been from his pen.

Miss Leslie, the well-known authoress, died on New-Year's Day, at Gloucester, from the effects of injuries received last summer.

Lieutenant General Scott arrived at Washington on 2d, and shortly afterward paid his respects to the President. He will remain several days, arranging matters in reference to the campaign against the Mormons the ensuing spring.

Mr. Anthony Barclay, late British Consul at this port, has received the retiring pension of £500 per annum to which he was entitled for his consular services, but he has not retired from the service of his Government. He returns to this country with the functions and salary of Post-office agent, formerly held by Captain Granby Calcraft.

A lady in Rahway, New Jersey, has recently succeeded, after several fruitless attempts, in establishing her title to a large amount of real estate, in Dayton, Ohio. It is said to cover all the central part of that town, and it is rumored that the amount is about $2,000,000.

The committee of the contributors to the testimonial to the late Secretary Marcy have informed Mrs. Marcy that the splendid service of plate prepared to be presented to her husband, and now at the manufacturers, Tiffany, Young, & Co., is at her disposal. Mrs. Marcy, in a brief letter returns her thanks, and the plate will pass into the family as an heir-loom.

The Charleston *News* says: "The venerable widow of the immortal John C. Calhoun visited the tomb of her husband on Sunday, December 20, at St. Philip's Church, after the congregation had dispersed, accompanied by one of the elder members of the church and vestry and two ladies. The visit was affecting—the widow never having been in the city since the demise of her illustrious husband—and her simple and unaffected exclamation of 'And is this the tomb of my husband!' brought tears to the eyes of those who accompanied her, while her own were streaming with recollections of the past, and a cheerful hope of a happy meeting in 'the better land.' From the grave-yard the widow then visited the statue, at the City Hall; and, after contemplating it in all its bearings, in melancholy silence, pronounced it a very good likeness."

The Rusk (Texas) *Enquirer* of the 5th inst., learns from a gentleman recently from Henderson, that General J. P. Henderson, United States Senator, is now in Rusk County, in a very precarious state of health. He is so feeble as to be unable to appear on the street.

Among the notable persons in attendance at the Opera, in this city last week, were Senator Douglas and Mrs. Douglas. They were accompanied by Mr. Bancroft, the historian.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

WE have advices from England to 19th ult. The English money market is gradually getting easier, particularly among the discount houses. The applications at the Bank were light. Financial difficulties had arisen among the woolen manufacturers. Messrs. Cheesebrough and Sons, one of the largest firms in that line in Yorkshire, had suspended, and many others were expected to be involved. Consols for account closed at 92¼ @ 92½. American stocks were generally dull, and prices without much change. The Manchester market was dull, and prices of goods had considerably declined. In the Liverpool cotton market prices had declined a half-penny per pound, particularly for the new crop. The market closed with a rather better demand. Sales of the week 28,000 bales. Messrs. Richardson, Spence, and Co. report flour quiet, but steady.

FOURTH FAILURE TO LAUNCH THE LEVIATHAN.

Operations were resumed upon the Leviathan on the 16th, but with the most tremendous pressure the vessel was only moved about three feet, when the work was suspended *sine die;* no less than three hydraulic rams, one powerful arab or windlass, and the double chains which drag the vessel toward the river, having been all burst and broken.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PANIC IN SCOTLAND.

One gentleman, during the heat of the excitement in Glasgow, went into a bank and presented a check for £500. The teller asked him if he wished gold. "Gold?" replied he; "No; give me notes, and let the fools who are frightened get the gold." Another gentleman rushed into the same bank, in a great state of excitement, with a check for £1400. On being asked if he wished gold, he replied, "Yes." "Well," said the teller, "there is £1000 in that bag, and £400 in this one." The gentleman was so flurried by the readiness with which his demand was granted, that he lifted up the bag with the £400 only and walked off, leaving the £1000 on the counter. The teller on discovering the bag laid it aside for the time. Later in the day, the gentleman returned to the bank in great distress, stating that he had lost the bag with the £1000, and could not tell whether he had dropped it in the crowd or left it behind him on leaving the bank. "Oh, you left it on the counter," said the teller, quietly; "call to-morrow, and you will get your £1000."

HOW A JEW CAN CUT OFF HIS SON.

A correspondent says:

"The son of a wealthy Jew banker in London became much attached to a young Christian, with whom his father opposed his union. When the son found that the father could not be induced to give his consent to the match, he concluded to marry without it. The father then threatened to withhold every shilling from him, whereupon the son replied that if the father did not intend to give him any thing he would become a Christian, and according to the law he would be entitled to one-half of his father's fortune. The father, much alarmed, flew to his lawyer, to inquire whether such a law really was in existence. The lawyer's answer was in the affirmative, but adding that, if he would hand him over ten guineas, he would give him a plan by which he could frustrate his son's plans. The ten guineas were quickly produced. 'Now,' said the lawyer, quietly pocketing the money, 'all that remains for you to do, is to become a Christian also, and the law will not oblige you to leave your son a cent of your money.' The Jew hurriedly seized his hat, and left the lawyer without any further remark."

FRANCE.

HOW DEMONSTRATIONS OF UNEMPLOYED ARE PREVENTED IN PARIS.

A Paris letter-writer says: "A manufacturer of the Faubourg St. Denis, of this city, employs ordinarily four hundred workmen. Since the commencement of the crisis he has been gaining but four per cent. on his merchandise, and being obliged to borrow money, he found that at the bank rate of nine per cent. he would soon be ruined. The two alternatives were imperative, either to discharge his workmen or be ruined. He decided on the former. But the secret police, who are every where, heard of his intentions and reported the fact at head-quarters. The next day he was waited upon by an officer of police, *incognito*, who demanded if he was going to discharge his men. The manufacturer replied in the affirmative, and gave his reasons. The officer expostulated, and finally told the manufacturer that he came on the part of the authorities for the purpose, if possible, of dissuading him from his design. The manufacturer, whose line of policy was a clear one, grew furious, and more than ever declared his determination to shut up his establishment. The next day he was visited by the Prefect of Police himself, who first attempted to persuade him, and when he found that this failed said to the manufacturer: 'Very well, go on, keep your men at work, and the Government will see that you lose nothing. A committee will wait on you to see what is your position, and what are your losses.' And thus four hundred dangerous men are kept out of the street by a small indemnity from the public treasury, which can not be said, in truth, to be a dear method of buying public tranquillity. It is probable that this means has been adopted by the Government in many cases."

NEW FINANCIAL SCHEMES.

There are rumors of grand financial schemes as being in contemplation among the princes of finance. It is said that M. Pereire is negotiating a fusion of the Credit Mobilier, the Credit Foncier, the Comptoir d'Escompte, and an important though less known establishment than the three foregoing—the Caissé St. Paul. MM. Rothschild, Bartholony, and others—who are called the syndics of the bankers—have on foot a rival scheme, according to which the Comptoir d'Escompte would be reorganized and started afresh, with the enormous capital of two hundred millions of francs.

REBUILDING OF PARIS.

The Préfet of the Seine has made his annual report upon the condition of the city of Paris, confided to his care for 1857, in which the details of its reconstruction occupy the most important place. Since 1852, and up to the present date, 2971 structures have been wholly or partially pulled down—viz., 2524 up to the end of 1856, and 417 during the present year; of these 1768 were demolished by the municipality for the improvement of the city, and 1203 by the landlords of their own free-will. The number of new buildings finished and inhabited was 5238 from 1852 to 1856, and 1345 in 1857, giving a total of 6583; of these 3743 were entirely new constructions, and 2840 structures partially rebuilt or raised. So much for Paris proper. In the suburbs of St. Denis and Sceaux—in the former 1500 houses were pulled down, and 11,206 built up; in the latter 968 houses were demolished, and 6185 constructed from 1852 to the present year. These different figures give a total of 5439 houses wholly or partially pulled down, and of 25,974 houses wholly or partially rebuilt in the last seven years.

A FRENCH LADY'S PIN-MONEY.

Madame Charles Laffitte, wife of the banker, from whom she has been judicially separated since April, 1847, subscribed on the 5th of January, 1853, an authorization to Baron de Salignac Fenelon, captain in the Lancers of the Imperial Guard, to receive out of arrears of an annual allowance which her husband made her, 26,000 francs, in payment of money lent. M. Laffitte having declined to pay the money, Baron de Salignac Fenelon, in January last, brought an action against him for the amount before the civil tribunal, but the court decided that the action must be dismissed, inasmuch as Madame Laffitte had not been authorized by her husband to sign the obligation, though in such matters the Code Napoleon declares the husband's authorization to the wife to be necessary, even when she is separated from him. On the 28th of November, Baron de Salignac Fenelon appealed to the Imperial Court against this decision. His advocate represented that the 26,000 francs had been advanced to Madame Laffitte at a time when the allowance which her husband was bound to make her had fallen into arrear—an allowance originally fixed at 36,000 francs a year, but owing to M. Laffitte's embarrassments after the revolution of 1848, reduced to 9000 francs, then when his position improved increased to 12,000, and afterward to 18,000 francs, and when consequently she was obliged to have recourse to the purses of her friends to purchase furniture, pay debts, and prevent seizures; and he contended that under these circumstances the authorization to receive the 26,000 francs out of the arrears was one of those acts which the Code Napoleon allows a wife to perform without obtaining the permission of her husband. On behalf of M. Laffitte, it was stated that, in the eight years after the separation, his wife had received from him not less than 518,000 francs, which she had spent in her toilet, and in the purchase of all kinds of frivolous things. At length he was obliged to obtain the nomination of what is called a "judicial council," to control her expenditure; before he did so, she represented that she owed 120,000 francs, and after the nomination was made she pretended that she owed 199,000 francs. M. Laffitte, in addition to her allowance of 18,000 francs, had set apart 100,000 for the payment of her debts, and it turned out that there were claimants to the amount of 45,000 francs, for money lent, who had not received M. Laffitte's authorization; that there was a sum of 14,000 set down as due to a lady's maid; and that one person who was named as having lent 8000 francs, had expressed surprise at being made to figure as a creditor of the lady. In fact, said the learned counsel, the whole thing appeared to be got up to pay a gambling debt on the Bourse. With regard to the case of Baron de Salignac Fenelon, the learned counsel contended that there was no doubt, in a legal point of view, that the authorization given by Madame Laffitte was not regular, and that consequently the appeal must be dismissed. The Court being of the same opinion confirmed the previous judgment.

NOVEL REVENGE FOR NON-PAYMENT OF A DEBT.

An architect, named Vernaux, and his wife and child, who took up his residence at Bezons, a village near Paris, in the summer, there made the acquaintance of M. and Madame Bertaux, the latter of whom is a sculptor. Madame Bertaux proposed to execute a group in plaster, representing Madame Vernaux and her child, and the offer was accepted. When the group was sent home, M. Vernaux, thinking it a present, offered Madame Bertaux an article of jewelry in return; but she made a claim for a sum of money. He refused to pay, and sent her a summons to remove the group. One day, on passing down the Boulevard des Capucines, he, to his astonishment, saw the group exposed in a shop-window, but his wife was represented with a chain round her neck, fastened to a post like a convict, and inscribed on the group were the words, "Mother, where are we?" "In prison for debt, my child." M. Vernaux immediately caused a huissier and a commissary of police to draw up a *procès-verbal* of the exhibition, and the next day he applied to the President of the Civil Tribunal sitting in chambers to order the group to be seized, at the same time intimating that he reserved to himself the right of prosecuting the exhibitors for defamation. The President, declaring that the exhibition of the group was altogether unbecoming, ordered it to be seized.

RUSSIA.

THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE SUNKEN SHIPS AT SEBASTOPOL ABANDONED.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The American brig *Silver Keys*, having on board the engineers and machinery that were to have been employed in the raising of the vessels sunk at Sebastopol, have returned to Constantinople. The said vessels are reported by the divers to be so thoroughly buried in mud and earth that any raising them is out of the question; the difficulties and expense of doing so being estimated to exceed the probable proceeds of salvage. The vessels will therefore now be blown to pieces at the bottom, and taken up piecemeal."

ITALY.

A ROMAN SCHUYLER.

The arrest of the Marquis Campana, Director of the Mont de Pieté at Rome, on a charge of making away with the funds intrusted to his care, has been the subject of much conversation in that city. The Marquis, who is married to an English lady, was well known for his profuse expenditure, also as an archæologist, and for his scientific and artistic tastes. A letter from Rome estimates the deficit at nearly 4,000,000 francs. The general opinion is not favorable to the Marquis, who does not seem to have enjoyed a high reputation previously to his imprisonment on the present charge. He finds, however, some defenders. A letter from Rome endeavors to cast doubts on the justice of his imprisonment, and even to give a sort of political coloring to the affair, saying that the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli have never pardoned him for having continued to serve under the Provisional Government and the Republic. The letter gives some details of the princely style in which the Marquis lived. He possesses, in the street of the Corso, an elegant palace, where he has got together a gallery of the most magnificent pictures, and in his villa near the Lateran he established a museum, inferior perhaps only to that of the Vatican, so rich is it in statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, Etruscan vases, and other most precious things. He has, moreover, a rare collection of stones, minerals, coins, etc. He own lands, palaces, and country houses in great number, both in Rome and abroad. He has established, at immense expense, a manufactory of marbles, or rather of a substance similar to marble, with which are made statues, columns, cups, and pavement of all kinds. In this manufactory nearly 300 workmen were employed. Finally, he maintained at his expense a house of education for poor children.

MEXICO.

COUP D'ETAT OF PRESIDENT COMONFORT.

Advices from Mexico are important. On Thursday morning, the 17th of December, the new Constitution was overturned, the Federal Councils were broken up and dispersed, and Comonfort was declared absolute Dictator. The event was sudden and unexpected, and the movements attending it, which seem to have been planned by Comonfort himself, were cool and daring in the extreme. Indeed, so unexpected was the whole affair, and with so much celerity were all the plans carried into execution, that the opposition seem to have been completely paralyzed, and made no efforts whatever to stop the course of events. The movement extended to the principal cities, including Vera Cruz and Puebla, and was equally successful every where. The new order of things, at last accounts, two days after the revolution, seems to have been every where favorably received, and was hailed by the people with demonstrations of satisfaction.

ROBBERY OF THE BRITISH MINISTER.

The night previous to the *coup d'état* as Mr. Lettsom, H. B. M. Chargé in Mexico, was passing from the city to his house in Tacubaya on horseback, he was attacked by a band of robbers, and came near losing his life by a pistol-shot. The ball providentially missed him, but so near was the gun to his face that several grains of powder were blown into his eyes, and quite a number lodged into the skin of his face. Mr. Lettsom was blinded by this discharge, but, retaining his self-possession, he threw his pistol over his shoulder into the ditch, in order to prevent it from being used against him by his assailants. The robbers took from him his horse and watch, and also the horse from his servant. The number of the robbers was not exactly known, but Mr. Lettsom believed there were about a dozen."

CHINA.

MYSTERIES OF A CHINESE LADY'S TOILET—SMALL FEET.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* in a letter upon the manners and customs of the Chinese, gives an account of the mode in which the feet of Chinese ladies are rendered so wonderfully diminutive. One girl, especially, who fell under his notice, is thus described, while undergoing the second stage of the operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die:

"The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres; as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystère de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true 'small foot.' To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage-day, she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived."

JAPAN.

A NEW TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

The Consul-General of the United States to Japan—Hon. Townsend Harris—has succeeded in negotiating a convention with the Japanese. Article 1 opens the port of Nangasaki to American vessels. Article 2 permits Americans to reside at Simoda and Hakodade, and have a consulate at the latter place after the 4th of July next. Article 3 provides that in settlement of accounts the value of American money shall be determined by weight. Article 4 secures to American residents in Japan the right of being only tried or punished according to American laws. The remaining articles—five in number—relate to commercial matters of minor interest and importance.

INDIA.

THE BATTLE OF LUCKNOW.

The following is Sir H. Havelock's official account of the battle of Lucknow:

"The troops had been marching three days, under a perfect deluge of rain, irregularly fed, and badly housed in villages; it was thought necessary to pitch tents, and permit them to halt on the 24th. The assault on the city was deferred until the 25th. On that morning our baggage and tents were deposited in the Alum Bagh, under an escort, and we advanced. The 1st Brigade, under Sir J. Outram's personal leading, drove the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled inclosures, supported by the two brigades which I accompanied. Both brigades were established on the canal, at the bridge of the Char Bagh. From this point the direct road to the Residency is a little less than two miles; but it was known to have been cut by trenches, and crossed by palisades at short intervals—the houses also being all loopholed. Progress in this direction was opposed; so the united column pushed and deployed along the narrow road which skirts the left bank of the canal. Its advance was not seriously interrupted until it came opposite the King's Palace, or Kissurah Bagh, where two guns and a body of mercenary troops were intrenched. From this intrenchment a fire of grape and musketry was poured under which nothing could live. The artillery and troops had to pass a bridge partially under its influence, but were then shrouded by the buildings adjacent to the palace of Fhureed Buksh.

"Darkness was coming, and it was proposed to halt within the court of this Mehal for the night; but I esteemed it to be of such importance not to leave this beleaguered garrison, knowing that succor was at hand, that I ordered the main body of the 78th Highlanders and the regiment of Ferozepore to advance.

"This column rushed on with a desperate onset, being led by Sir J. Outram and myself, Lieutenants Hudson and Havelock, of my staff; and overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the inclosure of the Residency.

"The feelings of the garrison may be more easily conceived than described; but it was not until the next evening that the whole of my troop, guns, tumbrils, and sick and wounded—continually exposed to the attack of the enemy—could be brought, step by step, within this inclosure and the adjacent palace of Fhureed Buksh.

"*To form a notion of the obstacles overcome, a reference must be made to the events that are known to have occurred at Buenos Ayres and Saragossa.* Our advance was through streets of flat-roofed and loopholed houses, each forming a separate fortress. I am filled with surprise at the success of operations which demanded the efforts of ten thousand good troops. The advantage has cost us dearly."

HOW LUCKNOW WAS RELIEVED.

A letter from Calcutta gives the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party: "On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us—such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the plowing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.

THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS.

"Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest o' them a'! Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: 'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear!'

SAVED!

"At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen!' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' etc. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'"

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S PLAN OF ATTACK.

It is understood that Sir Colin will, when all is ready, cross the Goomtee, advance on the bank opposite the town, and from that vantage ground shell the enemy out. He will then recross, and perhaps enter the Residency without the loss of a man. Lucknow, once entered and fortified, will become his head-quarters, whence, inch by inch, he may reconquer Oude. The plan is strikingly able, but its success depends partially upon two contingencies. The first is the time for which the garrison can hold out. That appears to be settled; but an accident, the explosion of a mine, or the loss of any of the powder in store, may upset all calculations. Secondly, can Sir Colin silence with the guns at his disposal the batteries the rebels will erect on their own side of the river? The Sepoys work their artillery well, and possess quantities inexplicable to men who forget there are four hundred fortresses in Oude, not one of which has been dismantled since the annexation. If we may judge at all from previous experience, the plan of the rebels will be to fire as long as they can, then evacuate the city, permit the relieving force to enter the Residency, and close in upon them again. No man, however, can venture to predict the movements of Asiatics. A panic would dissolve that great army in an hour.

HOW THE LITTLE GHOORKAS FIGHT.

Several engagements are reported during the week ending November 9. The greatest occurred in Juanpore. Colonel Wroughton, who was moving toward the eastern frontier of Oude with some 1500 Ghoorkas and two guns, was met by some 5000 of the enemy with seven guns. The mutineers deployed with beautiful accuracy, displaying at last a solid line nearly two miles long. They did not, however, charge, but opened a heavy fire upon the Ghoorkas. The little men—they are not above five feet—disapproved the proceeding, and, with their usual pluck, flung themselves forward on enemies three times their own number. The curved knives made quick work. Ten minutes after their charge the enemy had disappeared, leaving four guns and 700 bodies on the field. These Ghoorkas are the men for whom Sir Charles Napier had so strong and, as it has proved, so well-grounded an admiration. Both they and the Sikhs despise the Sepoys, and close in with them at once, without an attempt at tactics.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S ESCAPE.

Sir Colin Campbell was very nearly made prisoner on his way up to Cawnpore. He and his staff appear to have been proceeding very injudiciously, without an escort, when they suddenly came up with a body of the mutineers of the 32d N. I. These were mounted on elephants, and were accompanied by seventy-five native troopers. The Commander-in-chief, so soon as he observed the enemy, retreated, till he found refuge in a bullock-train some ten miles in the rear. The troopers continued for a while to hover round, and the marvel was that this piece of unparalleled rashness should not have terminated fatally.

WHAT THE SEPOYS THINK OF THE SAILORS.

The most tremendous reports are prevalent in reference to Captain Peel's sailors, among the Sepoys throughout the country. The sailors are said to be four feet high and four feet across the shoulders, and to carry a field-piece under each arm, with as much ease as a porter would carry a bundle.

NENA SAHIB'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

The *Mofussilite* gives us, from a "forthcoming *Government Gazette*," to be issued at Agra, we suppose, the following description of Nena Sahib: "The Nena is 42 years of age. Hair black, complexion light wheat-colored, large eyes, and flat round face. He is understood now to wear a beard. Height about five feet eight inches. He wears his hair very short (or at least did so), leaving only as much as a skull cap could cover. He is full in person and of powerful frame. He has not the Mahratta hooked nose with broad nostrils, but a straight, well-shaped one. He has a servant with a cut ear, who never leaves his side."

THE PRESENT STATE OF DELHI.

A correspondent writes: "Delhi is nearly in ruins from the effect of the heavy artillery fire. The church is riddled with shot holes, and the College and Magazine as well. The ground outside the city bears unmistakable marks of the conflict. Hindoo Rao's house is a shell, as well as many of the houses in Subzee Mundee and Kishen Gunge. The boughs of the trees are lopped off, and many of them are wholly felled by round shot, and the ground from the glacis to the ridge is strewn with shot, grape, and pieces of shell; large quantities of treasure are being daily dug from the walls of houses and tykhanahs. It is expected the amount of prize-money will be very large. The Jhujjur Nawab came in two days ago to stand his trial. The city is deserted by the inhabitants, and at night is silent as a grave-yard. The military governor is judiciously strict in allowing no one to enter without a pass. I hear some Europeans, as well as natives, have been creeping into the city through a drain or water-course, the iron bars of which were broken. They were soon caught, and will be severely punished. Their object was to loot, no doubt. They say there are many Sepoys still hidden in the city; if so, they should at once be shot. When one hears the sickening details of the almost incredible cruelties practiced by these miscreants on the English ladies, women, and children, mercy to the wretches appears, and is, a sin. Such an example should be made of them as would be handed down to succeeding generations with horror. In Delhi nothing has been done in the way of retribution. The besiegers lost more than the besieged, heavy as the slaughter was."

THE BATTLE OF AGRA.

A letter says: "The surprise on the part of the enemy at Agra was complete, and upon troops less inured to war than the men of the storm of Delhi it might have operated very unfavorably. But the veterans, English and Sikhs, readily recovered themselves. A desperate charge of a party of the Lancers, and a rolling fire from the 75th and 2d Punjabees in squares, checked and repelled the enemy's horse, and then the troops formed in line and attacked his infantry. So complete was the route that the mutineers of Indore and Mhow have ceased to resist as a body. For a time a party of them held together, and occupied some buildings at Futtehpore Sikri; but when a small force moved against them from Agra, under Colonel Cotton, all fled and dispersed but a few desperate men, who were cut to pieces. 'How many of the enemy were wounded?' asked an engineer officer at Agra of a soldier, when the force came back. 'There were none wounded,' replied the man, with a look that could not be mistaken."

THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

THE illustrations on these pages represent scenes in the City of Lucknow, in Oude, the site of the last conflicts between the mutineers and the British forces.

Oude, as is known, is the latest acquisition of the East India Company. For a hundred years, however, the Company has been aware of its wealth. Warren Hastings squeezed it, moderately, of a couple of millions sterling; Lord Wellesley clipped off a little bit of land for a farm for a friend—about as large as England; other Governors—indeed, all the Governors—have contrived to get something out of it. It was a cat-and-come-again for the Company's agents; for Oude was the garden of Bengal. It had ever been the richest, the climate the finest, the people the strongest and hardiest in Bengal. There is hardly a plant that will not grow there; parts of the country are highly cultivated. The situation is central and excellent.

Lucknow, the capital city, was in alike time the equal rival of Delhi and Benares. After Sepoy guards smelled out the pious fume of the latter, and quenched the magnificence of the former, Lucknow stood out pre-eminent. Twenty years ago, it was by far the finest native city in Bengal. Nawab-Dean was then on the throne, with an army of 100,000 men, and a revenue of several millions of dollars, besides what he stole from his people. He had the finest elephants, the fleetest horses, and the handsomest girls in India. His palace, which resembled a series of palaces, on the bank of the river, with lanterned parks and gardens attached, scarcely yielded in pile to the Elysium at Delhi. His throne was of gold, studded with brilliants; his robes were intolerably laden with emeralds and sapphires. So abundant were his means, and so lavish his expenditure, that he would throw away $100,000 in a single year on a lottery. In no palace in India was the pomp and glitter of Oriental state more dazzling than at Lucknow. Though the King spoke English, dressed in French enamels, swallow-tail, and patent leathers, surrounded himself with English attendants, and professed the greatest contempt for his native subjects, he had made no approach toward the simplicity of civilized life. His harem, his dining-hall, his wild beast combats, his guards, his retinue when he went out, his entertainments in the palace, were all worthy of a Grand Mogul of the olden time.

When he died, his successor walked in his footsteps. As thorough a sensualist as his father, he devoted his energies to the single occupations of gratifying every sensual appetite, and providing himself with the means of doing so by extortion. All that has been written of the luxury, the avarice, and magnificence of Persian and Greek monarchs falls short of the truth as regards the late King of Oude.

Necessarily such a sovereign administered the government of his kingdom badly. By a treaty made near half a century since, the King of Oude and his successors bound themselves to govern their country well and wisely; and in consideration of this, the East India Company bound itself to defend them. A tribute was stipulated to be paid regularly at intervals to the Resident Agent of the Company at Lucknow. Under the government of the two last kings of Oude disorganization reached such a pitch that the accounts of it remind us of contemporaneous history of Central America. Neither life nor property were safe any where. The bulk of the land was held by zemindars—a sort of feudal barons, who paid but a slender respect to the royal authority, maintained armies of fear and love in common at their own cost, and either resisted the royal tax-gatherer or fought battles with their neighbors, as the whim seized them. If the peasantry escaped the rapacious hand of the monarch, it was only to fall into the clutches of these barons. The working-classes had to choose between absolute poverty and spoliation. The money contributed to the royal exchequer for the payment of the army being invariably expended on fiddlers, dancing-girls, and wild beasts, the robbery of Crœsus were shifted upon the various sections of the kingdom, and suffered to pay themselves. A zemindar considered himself fortunate if he could buy off a regiment and induce the colonel to remove to another part of the country by a bribe of $25,000. When the Oude men, who were in the Company's service, went home on furlough with the gold and trinkets which represented their savings, they would decorate their wives' persons with them while they were at home; but on leaving, they carefully buried the treasure in the earth. They would not have been safe a day in their wife's cottage.

Under this misgovernment the revenue of Oude had fallen sixty per cent. in the course of a few years; and of the roads, which were at one time many and good, one only—the military road to Cawnpore—remained passable. Agriculture was declining at a fearfully rapid rate; and, as we saw at present in Mexico, a large portion of the peasantry, finding honest avocations unprofitable, betook themselves to robbery for a livelihood. The Court itself was a scene of incessant intrigue, vice, and crime; the King lived in daily dread of being poisoned; and nothing secured the safety of the Resident but a large body of Sepoys and British troops who were assigned him as a guard. It was under these circumstances that the East India Company, asserting that they were acting as much in behalf of the people of Oude as for the benefit of their own stockholders, deliberately deposed the King and annexed the country.

The change was most severely felt by the zemindars. The King of Oude received a pension, which enabled him to gratify his sensual appetites as usual; the peasants were, in all probability, really benefited by the establishment of a firm rule and equal laws; but the zemindars, the feudal barons, who had led a lawless life for years, had waged wars one with another for the sake of repine, and had been accustomed to pay no respect to any authority at all, chafed severely at the inauguration of the iron government of the Company.

THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

The success of the rebellion in Oude is due to their discontent, to which they had ample means of giving effect by means of their armies of retainers—not less, it is said, than 100,000 in all. It is easy to perceive from the accounts we have received from Oude since the mutiny broke out, that the most formidable and resolute of the mutineers have been the men of Oude—the trained partisans led by their baron-zemindars.

Very formidable fellows, indeed! In Oude, as at the old European courts, every man goes armed. Even the traders and pedlers carry a dagger and shield; while a vast proportion of the people consider a matchlock or gun as much a part of their dress as a covering for the head. In Oude the people are bred to arms. Boys know no other play than that with the wooden sword; it is usual to rest babies with little pistols instead of rattles. This habit of arms naturally fosters combative propensities; and as we read of street fights in the large cities of the Middle Ages, so recently at Lucknow it used to be not uncommon to hear shouts and cries at mid-day in some public thoroughfare, and to see quiet people run into their houses, from the conviction that two of the nobility had met and that their retainers were fighting.

Even the beggars—of whom under such a government there were naturally a swarm—were sword and shield, and solicited alms with the point of their weapon directed at the breast of the person they were begging from. One notorious beggar actually prosecuted his business on the back of an elephant.

Lucknow, the capital city, is a place of some 300,000 inhabitants, and, like most of the Indian cities, once covered more ground than it now does. The King's Palace alone occupies nearly as much space as the rest of the city. Like Delhi, there is one large street; the others are so narrow, that, when an elephant passes, foot-passengers are obliged to jump into the houses on either side to avoid being crushed. They are of course dirty, disagreeable, at night, very unsafe. The houses are low, and built of flimsy material. Very many of them have their best chambers under ground; where, in the sultry season, the natives seek cool air and enjoy their afternoon sleep. Perfumers are kept burning in the subterranean apartments in the residences of rich men; foreigners who have been admitted to them complain that even the heat is less intolerable than the close perfumed atmosphere which is inverted in these cool retreats. But the Lords of the East—little used at any time to fresh air—enjoy them prodigiously; in Lucknow, every well-kept harem has a spacious room under ground where the Indies spend a large segment of the day and night.

When the Company took possession of the Kingdom of Oude, it was found that it contained 246 forts mounting 636 guns, with 8000 gunners to work them, besides some 120,000 to 150,000 soldiers in arms. Of these the Company hired 12,000, and sent the rest adrift with their arms in their hands. Vigorous measures were taken to reorganize the administration of government. New laws were introduced. A new system of taxation was established. New local officers were appointed in every department. To carry out all these changes in a country counting several millions of population, and containing a large army, now for the first time thrown on its own resources, the government despatched one English regiment and two companies of artillery.

When the outbreak took place at Meerut, there were in all 300 British troops in Oude, and 27,000 Sepoys. Most of the latter mutinied, but at Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence commanded, matair was made at first. On 20th May, Sir Henry hot some men to Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, and telegraphed to Calcutta that all was safe at Lucknow. But on 31st, after ten days of dreadful anxiety, the troops at the station mutinied, and besieged Lawrence with his Europeans in the fort. He shut himself up, and stood on the defensive, trusting that aid would shortly arrive from Calcutta or from the north. Unhappily the troops in the north were so hard pressed as he, and the government displayed its accustomed imbecility; no aid came, and, after waiting thirty-four days, he sallied forth on 24 July and attacked the besiegers at the head of a force partly composed of Europeans and partly of natives. As might have been expected, his men were hardly outside the fort when the native portion of his army turned against him; he succeeded in retreating, with heavy loss, and himself mortally wounded. The dispatch in which he tells the sad story of that days' doing, and *a which he makes no mention of his own hurt*, shows how truly great he was. He died two days afterward.

The rest is fresh in the memory of our readers. Colonel Inglis, at the head of the diminished band of Europeans, still continued to hold out against the besiegers; but his provisions fell very low, and once, at least, nothing but the providential arrival of Havelock and his Highlanders prevented the place from being taken. Now Havelock is there; Colin Campbell was, at latest dates, only a few miles distant; and against them seventy thousand natives are said to be assembled. No one who has read the accounts of the battles which have been fought since the outbreak can entertain any doubt as to the result, if a junction can be formed between Campbell's and Havelock's forces. Ten to one is hardly enough for the Sepoys to have much chance. And we may rely upon it that when the vengeance does come, it will be exemplary.

Thirty-five years ago a Lieutenant in the Company's service collecting tribute, as was usual, at the head of a pretty strong force, visited the castle of a zemindar of Oude, and demanded the tax.

The zemindar, who had an army at his command, and was accustomed to make light of taxes and orders, treated the Lieutenant with some contempt, and hinted at resistance.

"If one of my men is hurt," said the Lieutenant, "I will storm your castle, and will not leave one human being alive within its walls."

The zemindar, accustomed to hear threats and



ROOMEE DURWAZA GATE, AT LUCKNOW.

amused to see them executed, laughed at the tone of the young man, and ordered some of his guard to shoot at the Sepoys outside. They did so, and two men were wounded. The Company's officer took his leave.

In ten minutes the artillery of the party was brought into play; in fifteen, the gate of the castle was battered down; in half an hour the place was stormed; and before the sun set that day it was done as the Lieutenant had said—not a living creature remained within the castle walls.

People at Calcutta were much shocked at the barbarity of the proceeding; but it is remarkable that, for thirty years from that day, the only district in Oude which was quiet, and where no murders or robberies were committed, was the one in which the haughty reminder had paid so terrible a forfeit for his impudence.

The lesson will not be forgotten by the soldiers to whose hands the fate of India now lies. As to the Company's Government, its means for mischief are much reduced. A native writer says that, in the Post-office at Calcutta, they have two stamps, one "Insufficient," the other "Too late;" and that either the one or the other of these stamps should be impressed on every act of the Government of the Company. It is, perhaps, well that so little responsibility should henceforth rest on them.

We subjoin, as of some interest in connection with the foregoing, our latest news from Lucknow, which is given as follows in an Indian paper:

"It must be remembered that when the force started from Cawnpore on the 20th September the occupants of the Residency were in such peril that a delay of twenty-four hours would have been fatal to them. Their relief was understood to be all that was contemplated, when, returning with them to Cawnpore, Havelock would have waited for the reinforcements — commencing active operations, in which we trust he is engaged about the present time. Although, the country residence of former royalty, if left unoccupied by us, would have been maintained by the enemy, as the means of cutting off our communication with the base of operations; and as the sick, wounded, and baggage would have formed a serious encumbrance in the desperate conflict which, as was expected, ensued, they were left behind — the officers not carrying with them so much as a change of clothing. On the 25th, and more especially on the 26th September, the fighting seems to have been most severe, nearly a fourth of our force having been disabled. Some time aft-



PRINCIPAL STREET OF LUCKNOW.

er this—the date is uncertain—and after nearly a third of the town had become ours, the troops under Outram and Havelock seem to have separated. It now turned out that, with a body so large, so helpless, and so exhausted as the occupants of the Residency is, and a force so reduced, it would be vain to attempt to retire from Lucknow. There appears to have been very severe fighting, with a heavy list of casualties. On the 18th October a tremendous explosion was heard at Alumbagh, supposed to have been occasioned by the blowing up of the principal magazine of the enemy. Provisions now began to fail, and an attempt is supposed to have been contemplated to return to Alumbagh. On the 19th severe fighting is said to have occurred in the streets, in an endeavor to reunite the divided troops, or probably to secure some position of the enemy's occasioning special annoyance—for our information is little better than the echo of a rumor. Maun Singh, the great Oude landholder, who promised to join us with 15,000 men, is said to have become incensed against us about the time of Outram's arrival, by a malicious falsehood, intimating that his Zenana had been violated. On discovering that he had been made the victim of deception, he is said to have expressed his regret for what he had done, and to have proposed to join us; but these things are to be received as rumors only, still wanting confirmation. It was understood the garrison expected to be able to hold out till the 10th November. At this date they would be relieved, and able to resume the offensive at least 7000 strong. Their trials and endurance, when they come to be narrated, will be found to have had few precedents in the annals of heroism or of suffering."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

The most submissive where they love may be the most stubborn where they do not love.—Sophy is stubborn to Mr. Rugge.—That injured man summons to his side Mrs. Crane, imitating the policy of those potentates who would retrieve the failures of force by the successes of diplomacy.

Mr. Rugge has obtained his object. But now comes the question, "What will he do with it?" Question with as many heads as the Hydra; and no sooner does an Author dispose of one head than up springs another.

Sophy has been bought and paid for—she is now, legally, Mr. Rugge's property. But there was a wise peer who once bought Punch—Punch became his property, and was brought in triumph to his lordship's house. To my lord's great dismay Punch would not talk. To Rugge's great dismay Sophy would not act.

Rendered up to Jasper Losely and Mrs Crane, they had not lost an hour in removing her from Gatesboro' and its neighborhood. They did not, however, go back to the village in which they had left Rugge, but returned straight to London, and wrote to the manager to join them there.

Sophy, once captured, seemed stupefied; she evinced no noisy passion—she made no violent resistance. When she was told to love and obey a father in Jasper Losely, she lifted her eyes to his face—then turned them away, and shook her head, mute and incredulous. That man her father! she did not believe it. Indeed, Jasper took no pains to convince her of the relationship, or win her attachment. He was not unkindly rough; he seemed wholly indifferent—probably he was so—for the ruling vice of the man was in his egotism. It was not so much that he had bad principles and bad feelings, as that he had no principles and no feelings at all, except as they began, continued, and ended in that system of centralization, which not more paralyzes healthful action in a state than it does in the individual man. Self-indulgence with him was absolute. He was not without power of keen calculation, not without much cunning. He could conceive a project for some gain far off in the future, and concoct, for its realization, schemes subtly woven, astutely guarded. But he could not secure their success by any long-sustained sacrifices of the caprice of one hour or the indolence of the next. If it had been a great object to him for life to win Sophy's filial affection, he would not have bored himself for five minutes each day to gain that object. Besides, he had just enough of shame to render him uneasy at the sight of the child he had deliberately sold. So, after chucking her under the chin, and telling her to be a good girl and be grateful for all that Mrs. Crane had done for her, and meant still to do, he consigned her almost solely to that lady's care.

When Rugge arrived, and Sophy was informed of her intended destination, she broke silence; her color went and came quickly; she declared, folding her arms upon her breast, that she would never act if separated from her grandfather. Mrs. Crane, struck by her manner, suggested to Rugge that it might be as well now that she was legally secured to the manager, to humor her wish, and re-engage Waife. Whatever the tale with which, in order to obtain Sophy from the Mayor, she had turned that worthy magistrate's mind against the Comedian, she had not gratified Mr. Rugge by a similar confidence to him. To him she said nothing which might operate against renewing engagements with Waife, if he were so disposed. But Rugge had no faith in a child's firmness, and he had a strong spite against Waife, so he obstinately refused. He insisted, however, as a peremptory condition of the bargain, that Mr. Losely and Mrs. Crane should accompany him to the town to which he had transferred his troop, both in order by their presence to confirm his authority over Sophy, and to sanction his claim to her, should Waife reappear and dispute it. For Rugge's profession being scarcely legitimate, and decidedly equivocal, his right to bring up a female child to the same calling might be called in question before a magistrate, and necessitate the production of her father in order to substantiate the special contract. In return, the manager handsomely offered to Mr. Losely and Mrs. Crane to pay their expenses in the excursion—a liberality haughtily rejected by Mrs. Crane for herself, though she agreed at her own charge to accompany Losely, if he decided on complying with the manager's request. Losely at first raised objections, but hearing that there would be races in the neighborhood, and having a peculiar passion for betting and all kinds of gambling, as well as an ardent desire to enjoy his £100 in so fashionable a manner, he consented to delay his return to the Continent, and attend Arabella Crane to the provincial Elis. Rugge carried off Sophy to her fellow "orphans."

And Sophy would not act!

In vain she was coaxed—in vain she was threatened—in vain she was deprived of food—in vain shut up in a dark hole—in vain was the lash held over her. Rugge, tyrant though he was, did not suffer the lash to fall. His self-restraint there might be humanity—might be fear of the consequences. For the state of her health began to alarm *him*; she might die—there might be an inquest. He wished now that he had taken Mrs. Crane's suggestion, and re-engaged Waife. But where *was* Waife? Meanwhile he had advertised the Young Phenomenon; placarded the walls with the name of Juliet Araminta; got up the piece of the Remorseless Baron, with a new rock scene. As Waife had had nothing to say in that drama, so any one could act his part.

The first performance was announced for that night: there would be such an audience—the best seats even now pre-engaged—first night of the race week. The clock had struck seven—the performance began at eight. And Sophy would not act!

The child was seated in a space that served for the green-room, behind the scenes. The whole company had been convened to persuade or shame her out of her obstinacy. The king's lieutenant, the seductive personage of the troop, was on one knee to her, like a lover. He was accustomed to lovers' parts, both on the stage and off it. Off it he had one favored phrase, hackneyed but effective. "You are too pretty to be so cruel." Thrice he now repeated that phrase, with a simper that might have melted a heart of stone between each repetition. Behind Sophy's chair, and sticking calico-flowers into the child's tresses, stood the senior matron of the establishment—not a bad sort of woman—who kept the dresses, nursed the sick, revered Rugge, told fortunes on a pack of cards which she always kept in her pocket, and acted occasionally in parts where age was no drawback and ugliness desirable—such as a witch, or duenna, or whatever in the dialogue was poetically called "Hag." Indeed, Hag was the name she usually took from Rugge—that which she bore from her defunct husband was Gormerick. This lady, as she braided the garland, was also bent on the soothing system, saying, with great sweetness, considering that her mouth was full of pins, "Now, deary—now, dovey—look at ooself in the glass; we could beat oo, and pinch oo, and stick pins into oo, dovey, but we won't. Dovey will be good, I know;" and a great pat of rouge came on the child's pale cheeks. The clown therewith squatting before her with his hands on his knees, grinned lustily, and shrieked out, "My eyes, what a beauty!"

Rugge, meanwhile, one hand thrust in his bosom, contemplated the diplomatic efforts of his ministers, and saw by Sophy's compressed lips and unwinking eyes, that their cajoleries were unsuccessful. He approached, and hissed into her ear, "Don't madden me! don't!—you will act, eh?"

"No," said Sophy, suddenly rising; and tearing the wreath from her hair, she set her small foot on it with force. "No! not if you killed me!"

"Gods!" faltered Rugge. "And the sum I have paid! I am diddled! Who has gone for Mrs. Crane?"

"Tom," said the clown.

The word was scarcely out of the clown's mouth ere Mrs. Crane herself emerged from a side-scene, and, putting off her bonnet, laid both hands on the child's shoulders, and looked her in the face without speaking. The child as firmly returned the gaze. Give that child a martyr's cause, and in that frail body there would have been a martyr's soul. Arabella Crane, not inexperienced in children, recognized a power of will, stronger than the power of brute force, in that tranquillity of eye—the spark of calm light in its tender blue—blue, pure as the sky; light, steadfast as the star.

"Leave her to me, all of you," said Mrs. Crane. "I will take her to your private room, Mr. Rugge;" and she led the child away to a sort of recess, room it could not be rightly called, fenced round with boxes and crates, and containing the manager's desk and two stools.

"Sophy," then said Mrs. Crane, "you say you will not act unless your grandfather be with you. Now, hear me. You know that I have been always stern and hard with you. I never professed to love you—nor do I. But you have not found me untruthful. When I say a thing seriously, as I am speaking now, you may believe me. Act to-night, and I will promise you faithfully that I will either bring your grandfather here, or I will order it so that you shall be restored to him. If you refuse, I make no threat, but I shall leave this place; and my belief is that you will be your grandfather's death."

"His death—his death—I!"

"By first dying yourself. Oh, you smile; you think it would be happiness to die. What matter that the old man you profess to care for is broken-hearted! Brat, leave selfishness to boys—you are a girl! Suffer!"

"Selfish!" murmured Sophy, "selfish! that was said of me before. Selfish!—ah, I understand. No, I ought not to wish to die—what would become of him?" She fell on her knees, and, raising both her clasped hands, prayed inly, silently—an instant, not more. She rose. "If I do act, then—it is a promise—you will keep it. I shall see him—he shall know where I am—we shall meet!"

"A promise—sacred. I will keep it. Oh, girl, how much you will love some day—how your heart will ache! and when you are my age, look at that heart, then at your glass—perhaps you may be, within and without, like me."

Sophy—innocent Sophy—stared, awe-stricken, but uncomprehending. Mrs. Crane led her back passive.

"There, she will act. Put on the wreath. Trick her out. Hark ye, Mr. Rugge. This is for one night. I have made conditions with her: either you must take back her grandfather, or—she must return to him."

"And my £100?"

"In the latter case ought to be repaid you."

"Am I never to have the Royal York theatre? Ambition of my life, Ma'am! Dreamed of it thrice! Ha! but she will act, and succeed. But to take back the old vagabond—a bitter pill! He shall halve it with me! Ma'am, I'm your grateful—"

CHAPTER VI.

Threadbare is the simile which compares the world to a stage. Schiller, less complimentary than Shakspeare, lowers the illustration from a stage to a puppet-show. But ever between realities and shows there is a secret communication, an undetected interchange—sometimes a stern reality in the heart of the ostensible actor, a fantastic stage-play in the brain of the unnoticed spectator. The Bandit's Child on the proscenium is still poor little Sophy, in spite of garlands and rouge. But that honest rough-looking fellow to whom, in respect for services to Sovereign and Country, the apprentice yields way—may he not be—the crafty Comedian?

Taran-tarantara—rub-a-dub-dub—play up horn—roll drum—a quarter to eight; and the crowd already thick before Rugge's Grand Exhibition—"Remorseless Baron and Bandit's Child! Young Phenomenon—Juliet Araminta—Patronized by the Nobility in general, and expecting daily to be summoned to perform before the Queen—*Vivat Regina!*"—Rub-a-dub-dub. The company issue from the curtain—range in front of the proscenium. Splendid dresses. The Phenomenon!—'tis she!

"My eyes, there's a beauty!" cries the clown.

The days have already grown somewhat shorter; but it is not yet dusk. How charmingly pretty she still is, despite that horrid paint; but how wasted those poor bare snowy arms!

A most doleful lugubrious dirge mingles with the drum and horn. A man has forced his way close by the stage—a man with a confounded cracked hurdy-gurdy. Whine—whine—creaks the hurdy-gurdy, "Stop that—stop that muzeek," cries a delicate apprentice, clapping his hands to his ears.

"Pity a poor blind—" answers the man with a hurdy-gurdy.

"Oh you are blind, are you? but we are not deaf. There's a penny not to play. What black thing have you got there by a string?"

"My dog, Sir!"

"Devilish ugly one—not like a dog—more like a bear—with horns!"

"I say, master," cries the clown, "Here's a blind man come to see the Phenomenon!"

The crowd laugh; they make way for the blind man's black dog. They suspect, from the clown's address, that the blind man has something to do with the company.

You never saw two uglier specimens of their several species than the blind man and his black dog. He had rough red hair and a red beard, his face had a sort of twist that made every feature seem crooked. His eyes were not bandaged, but the lids were closed, and he lifted them up piteously as if seeking for light. He did not seem, however, like a common beggar; had rather the appearance of a reduced sailor. Yes, you would have bet ten to one he had been a sailor; not that his dress belonged to that noble calling, but his build, the roll of his walk, the tie of his cravat, a blue anchor tattooed on that great brown hand—certainly a sailor—a British tar! poor man.

The dog was hideous enough to have been exhibited as a *lusus naturæ*—evidently very aged—for its face and ears were gray, the rest of it a rusty reddish black. It had immensely long ears, pricked up like horns. It was a dog that must have been brought from foreign parts; it might have come from Acheron, sire by Cerberus, so portentous and (if not irreverent the epithet) so infernal was its aspect, with that gray face, those antlered ears, and its ineffably weird demeanor altogether. A big dog, too, and evidently a strong one. All prudent folks would have made way for a man led by that dog. Whine creaked the hurdy-gurdy, and bow-wow, all of a sudden, barked the dog. Sophy stifled a cry, pressed her hand to her breast, and such a ray of joy flashed over her face that it would have warmed your heart for a month to have seen it.

But do you mean to say, Mr. Author, that that British Tar (gallant, no doubt, but hideous) is Gentleman Waife, or that Stygian animal the snowy-curled Sir Isaac?

Upon my word, when I look at them myself, I, the Historian, am puzzled. If it had not been for that bow-wow, I am sure Sophy would not have suspected. "Tara-taran-tara. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in, the performance is about to commence!" Sophy lingers last.

"Yes, Sir," said the blind man who had been talking to the apprentice. "Yes, Sir," said he, loud and emphatically, as if his word had been questioned. "The child was snowed up, but luckily the window of the hut was left open: Exactly at two o'clock in the morning, that dog came to the window, set up a howl, and—"

Sophy could hear no more—led away behind the curtain by the King's Lieutenant. But she had heard enough to stir her heart with an emotion that set all the dimples round her lip into undulating play.

CHAPTER VII.

A Sham carries off the Reality.

And she did act, and how charmingly! with what glee and what gusto! Rugge was beside himself with pride and rapture. He could hardly perform his own Baronial part for admiration. The audience, a far choicer and more fastidious one than that in the Surrey village, was amazed, enthusiastic.

"I shall live to see my dream come true! I shall have the great York Theatre!" said Rugge, as he took off his wig and laid his head on his pillow. "Restore her for the £100! not for thousands!"

Alas, my sweet Sophy, alas! Has not the joy that made thee perform so well, undone thee? Ah! hadst thou but had the wit to act horribly, and be hissed!

"Uprose the sun, and uprose Baron Rugge."

Not that ordinarily he was a very early man; but his excitement broke his slumbers. He had taken up his quarters on the ground floor of a small lodging-house close to his Exhibition; in the same house lodged his senior Matron, and Sophy herself. Mrs. Gormerick being ordered to watch the child, and never lose sight of her, slept in the same room with Sophy, in the upper story of the house. The old woman served Rugge for housekeeper, made his tea, grilled his chop, and for company's sake shared his meals. Excitement as often sharpens the appetite as it takes it away. Rugge had supped on hope, and he felt a craving for a more substantial breakfast. Accordingly, when he had dressed, he thrust his head into the passage, and seeing there the maid-of-all-work unbarring the street door, bade her go up stairs and wake the Hag, that is, Mrs. Gormerick. Saying this, he extended a key; for he ever took the precaution, before retiring to rest, to lock the door of the room to which Sophy was consigned, on the outside, and guard the key till the next morning.

The maid nodded, and ascended the stairs. Less time than he expected passed away before Mrs. Gormerick made her appearance, her gray hair streaming under her nightcap, her form endued in a loose wrapper—her very face a tragedy.

"Powers above! What has happened?" exclaimed Rugge, prophetically.

"She is gone!" sobbed Mrs. Gormerick; and seeing the lifted arm and clenched fist of the manager, prudently fainted away.

MARCH ON!

I.

Heavy and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect narrow, dark, severe—
Yet a few steps the path is clear,
For those few steps, march on!

II.

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

III.

A deep wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

IV.

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robes enshrined—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Still hopefully march on!

V.

The day goes out—the fog upcrowds,
Darkness the face of heaven enshrouds—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

VI.

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey,
Still loyally march on!

VII.

Let but your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too,
A Titan's strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

THE RECTOR'S CROSS.

I first saw the little village of Arlington three years ago. It has its modest beauties, like every other country place that has not yet begun to think of being like town, and without great mountains, large rivers, or broad prairies around it to give it *prestige*, still leaves in the heart that has once seen it a feeling of midsummer quiet and green solitude that keeps it from being forgotten, and makes one wish to return to it again. Tired with the dusty tumults of the world, as I entered it, half-reclining among the cushions of my carriage, I said, while I gazed dreamily upon the willows by its water-courses, and the cows that, undisturbed, drank or browsed beneath them,

"Truly this is better than Newport, better than Saratoga, for it is a watering-place for the heart!"

For it did not seem possible that Arlington should ever be invaded by the tumults of the inner or the outer life. It was a lotos-eater's bay, a grotto of stillness not yet wakened out of the blessed *far niente* of the Golden Age. Men were born here into a heritage of peace. There were no feuds between brethren; no pangs of love unreturned; no temptations to be resisted with the writhings of an athlete; no fierce ambitions; nothing but birth, a good, pure life, and a late death, which was not death, but a falling of ripened hearts

——"into the lap of earth,
Gathered, not harshly plucked."

For three months I was to stay in Arlington, and grow young again. I had taken a cottage for the summer in one of the most pastoral dells that slept in the shadows of that pastoral place. I had taken it because it had a window in which I might sit, smelling woodbines in the whispers of the wind, reading Herbert, Sir Thomas Brown, and the musical *trochées* of old Robert Herrick, living with them in the shrines and fields of the simple-hearted long ago, undisturbed by a single hard suggestion of the iron younger time.

But I am a companionable man, and I sometimes felt, even in the delicious repose of my odorous nook, a longing for one congenial soul to whom I might say, "How happy I am!" The birds sang when I read my best beloved old poets, as joyously as if they understood them with me; and, say what you will, I believe the birds do understand Chaucer, and Spenser, and Herrick, and all who understood them so well. But alas! poor child of the present that I was, I had lost the key to their genial criticisms, and heard music only without words. So I sought and found a human friend.

It was the Rector of St. John's, the church of Arlington. Daily I grew in love with that man, for he was one of the most thoughtful, gentle, sympathizing natures that I ever knew. He loved the authors that I loved, and that was the first common ground on which we met. We had both passed through trials; and what bond of brotherhood is there like that? At length we two walked together in lonely places every day, which is the last and surest evidence that communion has been recognized between natures.

Some of these walks were a kind of spoken meditations; others, again, were brisk, sturdy tramps to shake off the over-indolence of the cloister; and in the latter of these I learned that I had been partly mistaken in supposing Arlington utterly devoid of those traits which give a grand as well as beautiful distinction to physical character. She had no mountains, rivers, or heaths, as I have said, but modestly she kept her greatness in secret; her forte was caves.

Every where under the rolling limestone ridges which surrounded her, Nature had gone mining and carving; here running a narrow, sinuous gallery, here lifting the dome of a resounding chamber—now leaving her memorial in a crystal-clad knight, now in an under-earth chapel of sparry fretwork. Many an hour, with torch in hand, have I spent, side by side with the Rector of St. John's, or following him cautiously past gulfs and rifts, among those wondrous monuments upon which their eternal Architect has left no date for us, the workmen of a day.

It was during one of these tours of exploration that we came suddenly into a chamber loftier, and in every respect more beautiful, than I had seen before; and thrusting our torches into a crevice of the floor, sat down upon a shelf to rest. As I searched all the room with the curious eye of a novice in such wonders, now attracted by some grotesque corbel, now wondering if in the ancient time the strange cresset of stalactite which hung from the arch above me had ever flashed with green witch-lights to cheer a goblin-dance, I happened to catch a glimpse, in the farther corner, of a perfect cross, fashioned from the spar, and reared in a deep natural niche whose shadow half obscured it. Rising, I took my torch and went to it. Just at the intersection of the arms, carefully graven, it bore these two letters:

R. N.

"Why, Eversley," I exclaimed, "what is this? Nature certainly does wondrous marvels for you people of Arlington; but I am hardly prepared to believe of her that she has taken to the primer, or learned to write in our alphabet."

I said no more, for I saw that the sprightly tone of my words chorded but ill with the feeling which just then was shadowing the Rector's face into something like the twilight of a past yet unforgotten sorrow.

"Not Nature," solemnly replied Charles Eversley, "but the conquest of Nature by a soul which was greater than she, has hallowed with that cross the chamber in which we are sitting. With my own hands I carved it from the rock, with its inscription, to keep in mind forever the memory of another—an unseen cross, borne by the heroic heart of my more than friend—my brother—who is gone, Ralph Norton.

"Nay, do not ask forgiveness; you have not been unkind—you have not heedlessly awakened memories which I would lose. I brought you to this place because it was the fittest for the recital of that great self-sacrifice which has sanctified this cave to me for evermore.

"I have not always been Rector of Arlington. Twenty years ago I was only master of the parish school and assistant to the then Rector, who was himself the friend of whom I have spoken—the R. N. commemorated by that cross.

"Having graduated from St. Mary's College at the age of nineteen, poor, and without patronage, I took orders, certainly without any expectation of ecclesiastical preferment, but rather in the hope that the future might have something for me to do of quiet usefulness, if not of greatness. I was a lover of books, of walks and talks among the poor, and my early orphanage had very much cut me off from those pursuits of society in which a man of family is likely to indulge. You will not wonder, then, that the offer of this situation at Arlington, subordinate as it was in rank, and modest in remuneration, was still accepted thankfully by one whose whole life had taught him to bound his desires.

"On reaching here I was immediately received into the family of the Rector with a cordial hospitality which it did not take long to ripen into a strong friendship. Ralph Norton was a man of forty-two, erect and handsome, though giving evidence in the paleness of his face, and the unnatural brilliancy of his deep brown eyes, that he had won the invariable guerdon of a life of deep thinking—that sad crown of scholarly men, unhealth. An organic disease of the heart had fastened mercilessly upon him; and on this very account had it been necessary for him to divide with another the labors of a parish so small as Arlington.

"The other members of the Rectory household were a housekeeper and a young girl of eighteen, Rosalie Manners. The latter was the orphan of his most intimate college friend, a clergyman of great promise, who, dying widowed when this, his only child, was a mere babe, had bequeathed her to Ralph Norton, with the entreaty that he would be to her all that, had he lived, he might have been himself. With what sleepless tenderness that trust was fulfilled Heaven has written down beside Ralph Norton's name!

"It was beautiful to see the pride with which he now regarded her as, in the full blush of her exquisite young womanhood, she repaid all his earlier labors for her with a nothing-reserving confidence, an obedience to his every wish, and a thorough accomplishment in those feminine arts which make a home lovely, and glorify the humblest accessory of life into 'something rich and strange.' She was very beautiful, and her mind and heart were as lovely as her face. So that I could not wonder, when, on the very night of my arrival, he made her the theme of most of our conversation as we sat till late around the fire-light together, and listened with a sparkling eye to those praises of her which I could not help speaking. He showed me fine landscape pieces, and said Rosalie had painted them; when a sweet, low voice went singing up the stairs he listened and whispered, 'That is my dear child;' and I could glance nowhere around the room without seeing some new grace which he told me she had contributed. 'Truly,' thought I, 'never did father love daughter more dearly.'

"On the morrow I was installed in my place. Gradually, day by day, I learned to love it more and more. The parish children were bright, and, on the whole, orderly, industrious little things, and there was nothing difficult in taking care of them. Then, too, the Sundays on which I preached in St. John's would have been very pleasant to me, bringing as they did honest, attentive, country faces, and the grand old melody of the service, had it not been for the thought that my place in the pulpit was due to some paroxysm of pain or weakness which kept my friend Ralph Norton at home.

"And whenever, after school or service, I returned to the rectory, what a home was that I came to! How little had I ever expected such a one in my modest peerings forward into life from the college cloisters! There was the Rector looking up always with the same smile of welcome as I opened the door, Rosalie chirping the same bird-like, half-coy greeting as she flew about in tea-making responsibility among the cups and saucers, and the motherly old housekeeper giving comfortable prestige to them all from her sinecure position of oversight in the largest arm-chair by the fire. If there ever was a feeling of short dislike to going away from that dear household in the morning, it was straightway chased by the thought how pleasant the coming back would be at night.

"For the first few months I kept saying to myself, 'How good it would be if all this would last forever; if these nine o'clock partings could be our hardest, these absences the longest, and our evenings could ever be spent in the same way!' By-and-by, however, there crept into my heart the feeling that something was wanting, and I was glad, on the whole, that the once desired unchangeableness could never be realized. I would have had never a hair grow gray upon the forehead of the noble Rector; I would, as earnestly as before, that I might never hear his voice sound differently as he talked with me or read to us all enthusiastically, with a rich, clear tone, out of some beloved book; nor should old Meta have another wrinkle nor need stronger glasses for her liturgy; nor should house or trees or garden change in aught—but for the sake of one, I looked forward with a vague longing to some future time—some time when I might be a nearer friend, a still more warmly welcomed comer—yes, when I might say, as well as the Rector, and still more dearly—my Rosalie!

"Never for woman's sake had I felt this longing before. At first it was so new a thing that I could not define it, and because it gave me a sort of half-pain, I worked harder, and read more deeply, and talked more intently with them all, thinking that I might throw it off. Ignorant one! It grew, and grew, and grew.

"As soon as I began to feel that I was really in love with the beautiful girl, I seemed to perceive a change in her. She was much more shy of me—she blushed whenever I came in suddenly, and really appeared to be avoiding me at those times when I most sought her. Yet in all that I did she took a deeper though more silent interest than before, and if I preached or talked to my children while she was by, I invariably caught her eye fixed upon me when I turned toward her, and saw her look away in confusion. Was this a response of love to love? I was too much of a novice to tell.

"At last a heavy sickness came upon me, and for a week I lay at the rectory just trembling between life and death. It was in those hours of watching and weariness that that noble heart of Ralph Norton showed itself. Truly, all great souls are blended of twain—the manly and the womanly—and when the shadow of death seemed shutting out from my eyes all dazzling cross-lights, I beheld truly the greatness of that man in the strength of his upholding, and the mother-like tenderness of his consolation. Then also did I make another, if possible, a more delicious discovery. On the last night of that delirious week of my danger I awoke about midnight into the first perfect restoration of consciousness. I made no sign which could tell that I had returned, and there, in the moonlight that came through my curtains, I saw Rosalie kneeling by the side of my bed. She thought that I still slept, and with an intensity that made her voice broken she was praying that if it were possible I might be saved. Then all doubt fled forever.

"Just then, too, Ralph Norton looked noiselessly in at the door. He cast one glance at the praying girl, and over his face there passed, like a cloud, an expression of such intense anguish as never before had I seen on the features of a fellow-man. And then he glided away as silently as he had come. What could it mean? Ah—I learned in after days! But at that moment, in the dimness of my newly recovered sense, I feared that it was some sudden paroxysm of his disease, and faintly cried, 'Rosalie!' Hearing me speak again, she started up as in a dream, and seizing my hand pressed it to her lips for a moment, then ran to bring the Rector. He came, and with a face on which the late emotion had left no trace, embraced me, saying, with a solemn cheerfulness, 'The Lord be praised for thee, my brother.'

"And now I mended rapidly. Cheered by a great hope from whose sky all questionings had gone, surrounded by endearments, and nursed by all that loving household more like a child than a man, no wonder that before the spring which saw the beginning of my sickness had melted into summer I was again attending to the duties of my place. They all seemed glad. Rosalie gladder than them all.

"It was as bright a day in June as this which you and I, my friend, have left behind us in the open air, that the Rector, Rosalie, and I set out for a visit to this very cave. We were to explore all its windings, and then, returning to a sunny knoll overlooking Arlington, to meet there a servant sent from the house at noon with the dinner-basket, and enjoy one of those quiet picnics which, in fair weather, had come to supplant all our other holiday recreations.

"I do not remember a more blithely-seeming three than we were that morning. For a long time the Rector had been quite well, I was now entirely restored, and the exuberance of Rosalie's spirits was enchantingly girlish. At the mouth of the cave we lit our torches as usual, and then, taking very much the same route as ours to day, began winding through the labyrinths until we came to this room. Then on this very shelf we all sat down to rest, planting our torches in a rift of the floor.

"Look up now to the ceiling of that strait passage by which we entered. Do you see, just over what might be called the door-sill of this chamber, how deep a chasm opens upward toward the surface?"

I looked, and perceived a high-reaching rift, just the breadth of the entrance, and perhaps ten feet wide in the direction taken by the outer gallery, into which might have been drawn up a portcullis massive enough to make our chamber as impregnable as Gibraltar. "Yes, I see it," I replied.

"Very well. When Ralph Norton, Rosalie, and I entered this room, that chasm was not there. The door was as low as the gallery—we stooped half my height at least when we came in—for the present void was occupied by an enormous rock, bounded on all sides by crevices indeed, but to every human appearance as certain to resist every shock till the last day, as any part of the surrounding ceiling.

"As we sat here together on the shelf our thoughts reverted to those caves which God and Time have hallowed. We spoke of Machpelah, where the grand old father of a race buried the beloved dead out of his sight; the solemn desert catacombs, where Edom laid her grim-harnessed warriors after the fields whose glory was unwritten; the cavern of the rich man, where, when all things were fulfilled, angels watched the wondrous sleep of One who in the time to come shall wake us all to meet Him.

"Then said Rosalie, 'I could not sleep quietly in a cave. When I am dead I would fain lie nearer other hearts and the sunshine.' And she clasped my arm convulsively, as if in fear of the thought.

"Over the face of Ralph Norton there passed such another cloud of quick unutterable pain as I had seen at my bedroom door. But it cleared away in a moment, and he answered,

"'I would willingly lie down to rest here forever.'

"But hark! What was that low rumbling—that grinding as of heavy rock-masses? We all looked at once toward the entrance, and saw the stone above it moving down. For one moment we believed it an illusion; another, and with a muffled roar, it fell and shut us in!

"Yes, we were entombed! A while we sat gazing into one another's fitfully-illumined faces with a dreamy horror—a stupefied doubtfulness. The Rector was the first to realize the truth. He sprang to his feet—he rushed to the fallen rock, and putting his mouth to the narrow gaps that still were left on either side, shouted, 'Help! help!' with all his might, while Rosalie's voice and my own joined with him. In vain! utterly in vain! We might as well have hoped to be heard from the bottom of the sea. This spot, where you and I are sitting, is a winding way of half a mile from the daylight.

"But despair came soon enough, and with it calmness. No, I will not call it despair—at least not with the Rector. His face grew slowly lighter with a serene smile as he sat down between Rosalie and me and took both our hands.

"'God takes us home by an untrodden road,' said he; 'yet it leads to Him as surely. And now, my children—suffer one who loves you to call you so—we can not tell how long we may have to wait here before the darkness breaks. Our master was in the cave three days—for us the time may be longer. But one thing we must do before all things are accomplished. We are going to a world where there is no marrying or giving in marriage; therefore it becomes souls who would meet hereafter in that indissoluble bond to be wedded here. Rosalie—Eversley—you love one another.'

"It was then, with one speechless embrace, in that sepulchral bridal chamber, that my beloved and I told one another all the unimparted yearnings of the past.

"'It is well,' spoke the Rector. 'Let us all stand up.'

"In a clear and solemn voice he began the marriage-service. Even now I hear it sometimes sounding in my dreams, and it makes sleep so holy, so awful, that I instantly awake.

"We came to that portion of the rite in which I was to repeat after him, 'With this ring I thee wed.' But ring I had not—the poor scholar, the only less poor priest, had never numbered a jewel among all his possessions.

"For a moment the Rector stopped, and, feeling in his breast, brought forth a small packet which he opened. There, half hidden in a light curl cut from Rosalie's forehead in her childhood, lay what we needed—a plain gold circlet, without a stone or any inscription but the letters of her name—and he handed it to me. I placed it on her finger, and the Rector went on. But this was done by feeling, not by sight; for just as the words 'Till death us do part' had fallen from our lips, the last torch that burned lingeringly in its crevice of the floor went out, and we were parted by that darkness which seemed a symbol of his more awful brother. In the darkness was the service finished, and kissing with an unutterable kiss each other's unseen lips, we sat down.

"For a short time no one spoke. We heard only our own breathing, sounding low and smothered as if by the palpable blackness. Suddenly, between Rosalie and me there came a bitter groan, and I knew as certainly as if we were in the sunlight that the old cloud was passing over the face of Ralph Norton. But never to shadow it again. The hand that clasped the fingers of my wife and me grew quickly cold—closed tighter still—and then relaxed to close on them no more, till we shall all greet one another in the light ineffable. He had broken the darkness first—Ralph Norton was dead! In the sudden shock of that midnight affliction Rosalie fell senseless on his breast, crying, 'My father! oh my father!'

"But for that mighty upholding which is given us in the measure of our need, I should have gone mad. Helpless—not for myself, whom I utterly forgot, but for her just made mine in the bosom of our grave—not knowing but she were already with him whom we had lost—oh, in this double grief, nothing but God close by me could have kept reason from extinction!

"But presently she spoke again, and knowing that I was not utterly forsaken something strangely akin to joy came back to me, and I clasped her to my bosom, saying, like a little child, 'Rosalie, Rosalie, never leave me!'

"How long we kept our rayless guard over the dead I could not measure. Now falling on the rock beside him in the slumber of exhaustion, now weeping bitterly as if we would move the stones of our prison, now supporting each other with the sublime consolations of a world to come, and now clasping each other in terror as we imagined the rest of the ceiling coming down and the air growing more stifling, we passed—they tell us it was thirty hours.

"At last we saw a gleam dart through the crevices at the door-way. We heard voices call sturdily, 'Mr. Norton! Mr. Eversley! are you there?' Not daring to believe it was not some mocking dream, we still answered loudly, and heard the voices utter a deep 'Thank God!' Yes, they had found us!

"Cheering heartily as they labored on with a will, our preservers hammered and delved and cut toward us with pickaxe and bar. Yet most cautiously had they to mine, or another fall of rock might have buried us all. At last they opened a breach just large enough to shove through the food and drink for which we were famishing. Then they came so near that they could thrust in their hard brown hands, bleeding with that extraordinary toil of humanity, and Rosalie and I wrung them and kissed them as if they had been those of angels. But missing one hand whose grasp they had been nerving themselves to reach, they asked, bodingly, 'Where is Mr. Norton?' I could only answer, 'He has gone to the light before us.' After that they wrought on as steadily, but I heard no more cheering.

"Under God's open sky again! Out beneath the priceless heaven, breathing that measureless free air, bathed in that quenchless sunlight which we had only learned to be so wonderful a blessing from the All-Father, by having known what it was [illegible] despair of ever coming to it more. And with [illegible]ve brought that cold dwelling of Ralph Norton, [illegible] which, as out of a narrower cave, his pure [illegible] had flown into a wider, grander sky. Then [illegible] it laid in the church-yard with weeping and [illegible]amentation of a people who mourned a noble [illegible] and a beloved.

"[illegible] was made Rector of St. John's, and Rosalie and I went to that sad house whose shadow should never be lighted by the blessed face of Ralph Norton. And there have we lived together till this day.

"It was long before I could command myself enough to make the necessary examination of the estate of my dead friend. When I did so I found that he had left every thing to Rosalie, of whom he spoke in his will as 'my best beloved one.' For form's sake it was necessary that I should inspect a small note-book which had always been kept in his private desk. On one of the pages I found this memorandum:

"'May 12th. Bought to-day a ring which shall be my Rosalie's wedding ring if we are married. That is, if I ever think it just to ask her if she could

love me in that way. I am forty-two—she is eighteen—perhaps—"

"That was the ring he took from among the windings of the curl, and gave me in the cave to place upon the finger of my wife! That told the story of his clouded face."

"Oh could the dead have heard—could the motionless hearts have beat—the pale lips have spoken once more, to say 'I forgive you for your greatest sin!' I stretched myself upon the floor in Ralph Norton's silent study and wept as with a broken heart.

"Now, my friend, you know why, day after day, I lay before yonder niche, and, sometimes veiled, blinded with tears, carved out that effigy.

I grasped the hand of my companion without speaking, and then with my own eyes greeting yet and then, looked down and reverently kissed the letters R. N. For I knew that at that crave I was seeds-sowing by the memory of a saintly woman, and was filled with such a solemn blessing as streams from the tombs of the martyrs.

SLEIGH-RIDING LONG AGO.

HOMAIN the the winter moonlight!
White light on the drifted snow;
Hurrah for the clear up country,
Hurrah for the long ago!
How I shiver and shudder and chatter!
Oh! fearfully old, and cold!
But hurrah for the old man's treasures,
The old man's memories of gold!

I remember a winter moonlight
Of exceeding beauty, like this
When all of the stars together
Sang an audible song of bliss;
When the blue was so deep that my young eyes
Never dreamed of that land of rest
Which the old, over whom it hangs lower,
Forever imagine is night!

There are stories of Paradise maidens
That heedless years and Islams
Hear, drowsily murmured by breezes
That rustle the whispering palms.
There are tales of white virgins, whose fingers
Hold goblets of life-giving wine,
Whom the dead, that die bravely in battle,
Shall clasp in endless embrace.

I remember a hazel-eyed woman
Thus whom never dream was more fair,
Like a star in a storm gleamed her brow
Through the dark flowing flood of her hair.
How swift flow the horses before us,
How swift flew the passion-winged hours
Of York over dreamed of such heaven
As lie in the arms of the Graces.

Fast, fast went the horses before us!
Fast, fast in the night keen and cold!
If to-night when still bells ring so clearly
It can't be that I am so old.
Soft, soft, but how warm was the cheek of
My one of her velvety cheek;
Oh, stars! ye have not yet forgotten
That joy, too delicious to speak!

Fast, fast went the horses before us;
Close, close pressed the cheek, soft and warm,
And then—oh, ye stars! through what winters,
What winters of woe and of storm,
What summers and snows ye have kept it,
Her secret and mine, of our bliss,
Which that night turned joyously, gaily,
And blessed my thrilled lips with a kiss!

Hey, Philip, my grandson, stand up here!
Dost ever go sleigh-riding now?
Are there maidens whose lips stir like yours
Whose cheeks are like sunsets o'er snow?
Have the hearts of young beauties grown colder?
Are chaste now forbidden to be?
Are there lips whose soft voices will whisper
Love's latest and sweetest curse?

My lips have grown thin—I am old—
And the current of life runneth slow,
They glide swift as the sleigh-riders drive,
Who trust the road that is true.
But slowly, lonesome, and cold,
No bells ringing out on the night,
No cheek against mine, no delicate ear
Will my hope shall be changed into sight!

The snow-drifts lie deep in the church-yard
Heaped up over head-stone and cross,
Where sleeps under snow-drift and ground-mound,
And head-stone long covered with moss,
Lies the maiden, whose eyes of soft hazel
Were closed on the depths of the skies:
And the kiss of her lips that once blessed me,
I shall know—when the blessed arise!

My lap when you drive down the valley,
Both up at the church and the town,
Go slowly and sacredly by it,
And, Philip, don't touch her lips there!
Don't kiss the dear child, but sit quiet,
And press your cheek closely to hers;
Let the horses go gently, and hear you
The psalm of the solemn old fire.

Then up the long hill with a rattle,
Then down the sharp hill with a shout,
Then clasp the glad girl to your bosom,
And kiss her red lips till they pout.
Then tell her the old happy story,
And her sweet face will be covered low.
Then hurrah for the white winter moonlight!
Hurrah for the brave *Long Ago!*

Miscellany.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

BECHMOS, a personal and political friend of Lafayette, dedicated to Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, a work written by him on our American Constitution. Reflecting after-ward that the plan of the work might seem too revolutionary in its character, he requested his favor of the Duke, and proposed to alter it if necessary. "Change nothing," said the Duke. "I acknowledge the whole. I am now of a republican than you are yourself. You forget that I have lived and labored in America. I alter its Constitution! No, no. It is for me, with me it is practice."

The revolution placed this ardent republican on the throne. He resided in two short years the Liberals were dismissed and proscribed; and even Lafayette himself, one of whom he had most trust in the King, that he felt himself constrained to withdraw from public life, and live in retirement at La Grange. What feeling Louis Philippe entertained at last for him may be deduced from the following circumstance:

There is a pulsating in the new gallery of Versailles, by Vinchon, representing the siege of New York, in which General Rochambeau, as a commander of the French, and General Lafayette of the American troops, appear in prominent figures. While Vinchon was engaged on this painting, on side-to-assay of Louis Philippe called upon him, and stated that, for particular reasons, the King strongly objected to the introduction of the figure of Lafayette in the picture. Vinchon replied that he entirely disapproved of the political course of Lafayette, but that in a historical composition no manner than imitates the subject by leaving out the principal actor, he would resign the work.

Finding Vinchon immovable, he was permitted to finish the painting according to the original design. Many years after the death of Lafayette Louis Philippe had declared that he only accepted the crown at the pressing solicitation of Lafayette in the name of the French nation.

CORNISH BRAVERY.

MANY are the records of unassuming bravery exhibited on the annals of the Cornish miners. When the Anna frigate went to pieces, years ago, on the terrible beach at Trevose Head, Padstow Bay —where, as the people of the neighborhood affirm, the bodies of the drowned, if recovered at all, reappear either on the Padstow or Newquay side by the grinding of the rollers on the shingle—the only assistance that could be given was by means of a small pinnace in the surf, and snatching at the bodies as the breakers carried them struggling toward the shore. At one period of the wreck, when a man was in succored, volunteered for the service. He rode twice on the sea and brought another man, but on the third venture both horse and rider were swept away. A more remarkable story of a few years back is, that not while in the water, but, strictly in our opinion, by falling into the hands of Mr. Carlyle's, he has dressed in the full costume of heroism; but the fact is true, and the scene was a mine in the neighborhood of Liskeard. Two men, an old and a younger, were at the bottom of a deep in a level. Not till the fuse was lit for effecting their escape, did they discover, called out to his younger companion mounting without him, because he said, he had himself contracted a fit of vation, while his comrade might risk soul as well as body. He crouched down in a corner, and the explosion passed safely over his head. Such a story is far best left to make its impression without exclamation. But we will not refrain remarking, if he will, the terrible narrative in Sir Walter Scott's Journal in the Delaware, of the three emigrants suspended by a rope, of which the strands were visibly parting overhead; the topmost man, determined that it must not be his fault if they all three, deliberately cut it asunder below himself, and landed his father and brother into the abyss.

—*Quarterly Review.*

DUCKS OF PEOPLE.

THE Simmons spend three-fourths of their existence in the water. Their first act on awakening is to bathe; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again in the afternoon, and just before sunset; there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. They go in like the surviver, just as poor English children go to play in the street. "I once saw a Simmons woman," says a traveler, "sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place, while, by a gentle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing it and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers, many lives would be lost; for the tide flows so swiftly that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another; and of course many are frequently upset. On one occasion our boat (an English built jig) was thrown a small distance from us raising a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all plunged and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C—— was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they behaved up, and the little girl, about three years old, seized, poured forth a round volley of abuse. This relieved us her mind, the coolly paddled to shore —which had been floating bottom upward—lulled out some of the water and bundled in her two children, who had been meanwhile energetically swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap."

A COURAGEOUS OLD WOMAN.

HER cow had strayed, and was nowhere to be found in her usual pastures. This gave the good dame considerable anxiety, as the cow had been used to search for her in the higher valleys. Leaving her cottage early one morning, she rambled on for several hours, and at length found herself far up on the Tagoan without ensuing upon any traces of the fugitive. This was very disheartening—it still she would not give up her search. The valley she had entered upon was thickly wooded with pines in many parts; in others there were fine open glades, with clumps of bushes and shrubs, and among these she wended her way from one little plot of grass to another. At last she spied the well-known dark brown hide through some bushes. The old woman feared of the many snares she had been searching for the truant; and stealing softly on, determined to give her sufficient chastisement, with a thorough good hit her delicious staff, the blow fell fast. Up sprang the animal and turned slang round, when, to the dame's horror, she saw a large brown bear. The two stood staring at each other, apparently with equal astonishment and apprehension. The bear, however, soon recalled, partly turned tail and bolted.—*Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia.*

UTILITY IS A FORTUNE.

CIVILITY is a fortune itself, for a courteous man generally meets with little ill-will, and believes when objects of stability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was a rule of his at the commencement that his private affairs matters often converted an enemy into a friend. Many years after the battle he was prevailed to be denied a favor by his Grace than to receive one from most men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox ingratiated him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of every country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man confirms it, but recall the past. Perpetual instances where conciliatory manners have made friends of implacable enemies. Civility, in fact, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his office, his shop, or even seats instantaneously give a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously in a negative feeling. To turn civility is in fact what beauty is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation, without the possession of more stronger introductions. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritable and hasty expressions, as the greatest feats of scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men equal in all other respects, the most courteous has twice the chance for fortune by means of it.

SCOTCH AND MANCHESTER PRUDENCE.

SOMEBODY says twenty years ago, when the manufacturing trade was in its infancy, several poor Scotchmen settled in Manchester, who after a few years' experience, and with small capital, started as manufacturers on their own account. Success attended their efforts, and when one of them was asked how one of those men in his early struggles, His landlady thought he paid too little for his room, and he recommended him to raise his rent from 5s. 6d. to 8s. 3d. a week. This the Scotchman stoutly refused, and was given up. He left his late lodgings and began rather than give a fraction more than eighteenpence. A saying like this is worth a fortune. The dispute with this axiom, which ought to be remembered by our young men: "It isn't what you get, but what you save, that makes you rich." Ye ken, Betty, it's the breaking into a fresh piece o' bacon, that's your ruination, and the preservation of Manchester prudence in connection with our Great Exhibition. "Why did you not tell me before?" said the lord, "yourself and family?" we asked a gentleman of considerable property; "the gains among strangers, you know, does not admit you on the gay promenade days." "Listen to me, young man," he said; "don't talk without thinking. You will find that I care for four two-guinea tickets; but"—dropping his voice as though he feared the very walls were a secret a new thought—"don't you see, it would have involved a twenty-guinea dress apiece for my wife and two daughters!"

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

"GOOD-SPEED, Sir Rook!" said a little Lark,
The bright light fades, it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the misty last ray,
And sung my song to the close of day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
To smooth my feathers and roost, Sir Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark!" said his tilled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I've not begun my prelude,
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground.
I'll perch on the tall tree by the mill,
In the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.
To spend my song in the midnight air,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Screaming your notes so wearily dreary,
An ugly spark in the sun's bright beauty,
Nothing has light in it, nothing gay."
And said to myself, What a foolish bird!

"I trod the earth with a princely step;
I felt my way with a lordly force;
I cared all day and a lordly song,
And I made every creature do my will.
The sun shone full on my shoulders bright,
I basked and wondered—good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night! once more," said the Lark's sweet voice,
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
I have built myself a home in the pine,
But in your shoulder nests oft thou mine!
You make your home in the world's dust,
But whose is the sweeter ministry?"

—*Parents Gatherings.*

OUR LANGUAGE.

DICTIONARY language is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 40,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one half that are only employed, if ever, by the very profound, and on the rarest occasions. We should say of not a few printed to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words; our common spoken English hardly to 5000. And the proportion of native or home-grown words is undoubtedly very much higher in both the 5000 and the 10,000 than it is in the 40,000. Perhaps of the 30,000 words or thereabouts, standing in the dictionaries, that are very rarely or never used even in writing, between 20,000 and 25,000 are of French or Latin extraction. If we assume 25,000 to be so, that will leave 15,000 native words for common use; and in our literary English, taken at 10,000 words, those that are non-Roman will thus amount to about a half. In our 5000 words of spoken English only a few more than half will therefore be genuine English words. In our entire extent. It will consist of about 40,000 Gothic, and 1000 Roman words.

A BEGGAR GIRL TRANSFORMED INTO A COURT DAMSEL.

ONE day a dirty and ragged girl applied for some bread, supposed to be Mr. Watt's door, and told a tale of suffering and woe, such as greatly interested him, placed at it was something very striking and prepossessing in the appearance and manner of the girl-herself. Mrs. West had but recently died, and domestic affairs had not yet occasionally employed about the house. Finding an inquiry that Mr. West was not at home, he interested himself on her behalf, and procured for her employment to look after the children of some family belonging to the Court. As she was passing a shop-door, two ladies eyed her, and thought that a frock with her would suit. Her story then suddenly accosted her as follows: "Would you like, my girl, to go abroad with us?" "Oh," was the immediate answer, "I should, but it's you go with us we shall make a fine lady of you." "Oh," said the lady, "we will not do that, but we will let you go at once." Without further delay, arrangements were accordingly made between them. The girl was dressed by Mr. West, and the ladies and she proceed. Much astonished, and suspecting something extraordinary, she had not requested her not to act so foolishly; but her mind was made up, and go she would, although at that time she did not even know who the ladies were, or where she was going. Nothing more was known until about the time girl had elapsed, when a handsomely apparently accomplished young lady called upon him, who, he found to his astonishment, was the same poor girl he had relieved at the door. And, and who now told him the following "romance of real life." She found that the ladies were those of Sweden, and that the two ladies who had accosted her belonged to the Swedish Court. On arriving there, she was expected to appear at the next festivities of the King, a lady who was subject to mental and nervous depression, and who on that account at strike these in attendance upon her. On one occasion her illness of this girl went beyond her usual height, and she was carried to her bedroom by seizing the lady by the hair of her head, and dragging her across the apartment by the same means was fairly spent. Dreading the consequences, she at once found means to make known to the King what had occurred, and with what she had done. Upon hearing her explanation he commanded her, and told her to attend before him. She was expected in a short time to return to the Swedish Court. Most probably she is there now, and if so, may the Christian advices she received from the man of God preserve her amidst the blandishments and pomp of royalty, and the many temptations which must be presented to one so suddenly and strangely raised from the depths of poverty to that of a palace life!—*Life and Journal of the Rev. D. West.*

CAPE TOWN AND THE UNITED STATES EQUADRON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CAPE TOWN, *September* 21, 1857.

WE arrived in sight of the highlands of the Cape of Good Hope Saturday morning, September 7, at day-light; but as a stiff breeze was blowing on shore, the ship was running, and at mid-day under easy sail until Monday morning, when weather and sea both having moderated, we ran in and dropped our anchor off Cape Town.

For a distance of some ten leagues, the high, uneven ridge which forms the boundary is very steep. The principal guides in this range to the entrance to Cape Town are Table Mountain and Lion's Rump. When first seen from the sea the appearance of these points to the objects from which they derive their names is very remarkable and, however, it increases. The scenery upon the whole coast, as far as the eye can reach, is of a most strangely picturesque and romantic character: precipitous sides of the rock, forming strange and fantastic figures, which are frequently enveloped them, inspiring the oddest resemblances—suggesting clumps—are in the most ridiculous figures, of huge fortifications upon Gibraltar-like rocks.

Cape Town is seated in a little indentation in this rocky coast. In the rear it is built in part on a harbor; neither it is upon a roadstead, but it slightly protected from the northwest winds which in the winter blow with great violence, rendering the anchorage extremely unsafe, as the mist wrecks upon the beach are frequent. A narrow spit of land, upon the end of which is a light. When in the anchorage the bold rocky cone is left and fertile hills can be seen, and beautifully green slopes dotted with little glistening white (one of barely two-story high) chimneyless houses; the land in all directions bearing evidences of a high state of cultivation.

The town from the water appears like a long narrow exquisite line of houses upon the beach behind which rises abruptly the perpendicular dark-brown front of Table Mountain with its flat

top, flanked at the right by a much lower range covered with verdure, and bearing a strong resemblance to a couchant lion, from which it derives its name.

The first act which we committed upon setting foot upon the jetty which formed our landing-place, was the involuntary one of protecting with our hands our eyes from the clouds of dust which were flying about us thick as from the very opacity of their particles, to say nothing of the conjunctival irritation they produce, as to render the gratification of the privilege of seeing a rather dangerous one. Fortunately this is the first month of spring, when, they say, the winds and dust are light. In the winter vails are absolutely necessary to protect the eyes.

There is very little either in the style of building or appearance of the streets to characterize Cape Town. The principal thoroughfares resemble those of any other English town, with the exception of the entire absence of sidewalks, and the seldom more than two-story high houses. The streets are well lighted and kept clean, so that the want of sidewalks is not felt. This view of Saint George's Street will give a very good idea of their appearance. In the suburbs many of the houses built by the early Dutch settlers are still standing; while the present prevailing style of architecture is a one-story, stuccoed, neatly-whitewashed house, with a pointed and thatched roof, inclosed by a high brick wall, also perfectly white, and presenting a very pretty contrast to the green groves of oak or fir by which most of them are surrounded.

One very delightful spot in the heart of the town is the Governor's Walk and Botanical Gardens adjoining. The first is a smooth gravelled walk of two-thirds of a mile in length, bordered on either side by oaks which form an arch overhead. Facing,



VIEW OF TABLE BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



A BUSHWOMAN.

but a short distance from this walk, is the winter-residence of the Governor, in the midst of a delightful park in which running about are ostriches, springbocks, an animal resembling our fawns, with many others peculiar to this vicinity.

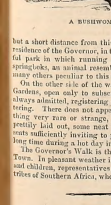
On the other side of the walk are the Botanical Gardens, open only to subscribers; strangers are always admitted, registering their names upon entering. There does not appear to be in them anything very rare or strange, yet the grounds are prettily laid out, some neat fountains and shady seats sufficiently inviting to prompt us to spend a long time during a hot day in them.

The Governor's Walk is the promenade of Cape Town. In pleasant weather it is filled with nurses and children, representatives of most of the native tribes of Southern Africa, who lounge about on the benches, and at night it has been the trysting-place of many a lover.

The natives, which one continually meets with in Cape Town, are an exceedingly interesting portion of its inhabitants. The story of their origin, their former independence and power, is that of the North American Indians; their wrongs and oppression seem a part of the same tale.

Of the origin of those tribes nothing is certain. Various authors have hazarded their conjectures; but every thing seems involved in the deepest obscurity. Of the twenty-three thousand inhabitants at present residing in Cape Town but a very small proportion can represent the early tribes that once owned the whole country. Almost the first authentic information available which relates to them is that given by the early Dutch travelers, who speak in a loose manner of the Hottentot tribes only, and it is thought that from them the Bushmen originated, while the Caffres were of Arabian descent.

But few of the Hottentots are to be seen about Cape Town. They are not many, and mostly reside far in the interior, and are met with at Algoa



A HOTTENTOT.

Bay, at Natal, where they are split up into tribes of Zulus, Fingoes, etc., and at other places in the interior. From the accompanying plates an idea of their primitive huts, mode of life, and dress, and means of subsistence may be seen. Their huts are composed of mud, consisting of one apartment, which is used for every purpose for which a house is supposed to be built. They exert themselves as little as possible, and subsist principally upon the fish which they spear in the streams. Those retiring at Algoa Bay are represented as living in rather better style than the others; they are brought more within the range of civilization, put on rather more apparel, and live in huts in which some little taste has been employed in the construction. The Fingoes resemble the others in most respects. They are said to have a particular weakness for ornamentation, covering their fingers, neck, and all parts of their bodies where they will hang, with brass rings and pendants. Mr. Duff, an artist traveling through their country, mentions having seen a juvenile Fingo who had ornamented his head with the tail of a white buck, which as it hung over his forehead formed a striking and pleasing contrast.

The Caffres are entirely different from these. They are much more athletic, darker colored, more powerful, warlike, and in all respects a finer looking race than the Hottentot tribes. It is impossible for them to overcome their proclivity for fighting. The many repulses they have met with from the English seem not to have humbled them in the least. They are still causing the English



ZULU FISHERMEN AT WORK.



ST. GEORGE'S STREET, CAPE TOWN.



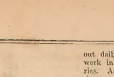


A HOTTENTOT WOMAN.

troops a great deal of trouble. A force must be a strong one which dare intrude itself into Caffreland. Here is a sketch of Sandilla, a powerful chief who rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the colonists, but who was finally captured. Their dress consists entirely of skins of the wild animals they have slain. There are at present fifteen of these warriors, which were made prisoners in an engagement a short time since, confined in one of the fortifications in this place. They are taken out daily and made to work in the stone quarries. As we approached them, several left their work and pressed about us for tobacco, which is now about all they hanker after. Strict confinement, limited diet, and punishments have reduced to submission the most powerful of their tribe.

When taken in war by the English they are forwarded to some of the garrisons, where, under strict surveillance, they are made to work and obey. But once reduces their proud and commanding spirit, and then they are let out to the farmers as servants or slaves. The Caffre tribes are not so strong as formerly; still a force of twelve thousand men is kept on their frontiers, which are the scene of continual skirmishes. A prophet has just arisen among them who commanded that all their cows should be killed.—When this was done the dead weeds rise from their graves and assist them in exterminating the English. As a natural consequence, hundreds are dying daily of starvation; many are coming into the settlements to procure work; starvation is doing in a month what the Minie rifles could not do in years.

The Bushmen vary from either of the others, both in size and in appearance. Their habits are also entirely different. They are between four and five feet high, well proportioned, with a copper hue to their dark skin, and features resembling those of the Chinese or Mongolian race. Some writers think them outcasts from the Hottentot tribes, being driven by their misdeeds into the passes of the mountains, where, from being obliged to subsist upon what their arms could procure, they have degenerated to their present condition. Their habits are exceedingly nomadic, wandering from one settlement to another, plundering and driving off





A ZULU GIRL, NATAL.

cattle from those tribes weaker than themselves. They are almost naked, and the small raiment they do possess is of the filthiest kind of common skin or hide—possessing none of the tasteful adornment of person with skins of wild animals which the Caffres take so much pride in. Their instruments of war and the chase are of course proportionately small.

The only tribes met with about Cape Town are the Mozambiques and the Malays, which are all that remain of the old system of Dutch slavery.

There are very few objects of public interest in Cape Town; the Garrisons, the Botanical Gardens, the Reservoir which supplies the town with water,



ZULU HUT, NATAL.

and which is filled by the streams flowing with the purest crystal from Table Mountain; the Public Library and the Museum comprise about all the sights which a person cares to look at—unless it is the view from the top of the mountain, or one of the two delightful rides leading into the country.

The Public Library contains forty-two thousand volumes, and is quite a select and valuable one. A printed room is attached, which, by the kindness of the librarian, was thrown open at all hours for our curious.

The fund for the establishment of this library was raised by a tax upon the wine manufactured in the district, which is now abolished—the whole support being derived from private subscription.

Naturalists have been at a good deal of pains to collect specimens of natural history of this part of the world and arrange them in the South African Museum, under the charge of Mr. B. L. Layard, a brother of the celebrated traveler. It contains at two large rooms full of interesting objects, among which are models of the Caffre and Bushman huts, their primitive state, and which are the only true representatives of the dress, size, etc., of the originals to be found in this vicinity. There is also a portion of the rude stone cross which was erected by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese, in 1486, and another who has spoken of the southern portion of the African continent under name of Cabo Tormentoso, or Cape of Storms.

Besides this Public Museum are several private sales, called "curiosity shops," kept by Germans, where whole stock in trade consists of skins of lions, tigers, birds, etc., etc., indigenous to the country, together with riding-whips and canes made of the skin or horn of the rhinoceros; the dress, warlike and cooking utensils of the Caffre and Bushman. It is from these shops that many of the fine skins of famous South African hunters are procured, as tradition of skill or success.

Two separate evenings had we prepared our hands, and our guide, and ourselves, with a preparatory to an ascent of Table Mountain the following morning, but, upon rising, the fog, mist, or cloud of which frequently covers it, and which entirely precludes the idea of any person attempting to pass it without danger, was in its usual form of a table cloth, and, as the saying is, "Good-by, last journey," we succeeded.

The distance for a mile and a half from the town is a slight inclined plane, with a good road, and, as we ever, passed it became more rough, and the ascent more abrupt. We were obliged to walk at one moment over sharp stones, and the next through mingly pastoral; the next, wide-shelving hollows but and; then pick our way across immense masses of smoothly-polished stones which composed its bed, occasionally suffering with a slippery coat of green shin. The banks of these streams were lined with washer-women, hundreds being employed; while with these were their children, of all ages and all of all ages, in the garb which Nature provided for them, splashing in the water or gamboling on the black sheep upon the oasis of turf at its side. It seemed as if the bushes of the surrounding country were hung with clothes, and all the sunny-haired women in the colony had come here to wash.

Our junk at first was not so severe as to compel us to rest often. Having accomplished half the distance, however, it was impossible to take a step in connection steep without feeling the effect; the palpitation of our hearts was felt in our throats. It was at this time that the guide proposed a short stop, owing to the entire failure of two of the party.

A little shed of rock was found, in which the sun was hidden; a trickling stream of ice-cold water was forming a little pool near us, which, when mixed with some of the brandy with our guide, kept for just such occasions, so revived our drooping constitutions as to encourage them to renew the ascent. Our poles were of the greatest service in leaning upon, and thus resting; our legs, as well as steadying our persons, and preventing falls—aided in many places, with legs, poles, holding on with our hands to the bushes or grass on the sides—the ascent of a projecting rock, we could with difficulty make the slightest progress. As we entered the Cleof, or split in the rock, through which our path led, and which was but a few feet wide, with precipitous sides, which at the entrance appeared to be a thousand feet high, our path led over loose stones, which formed the bed of some former stream, at an angle of seventy degrees; and we looked, as described by immense masses of rock, around which we were obliged to go. The sun's rays reflected was the cold water from the crevices in the rocks, near or of which moisture streams we would often stop and rest ourselves.

It was in this manner we progressed, until, after three hours and a half of the most laborious exercise, the top was reached.

The summit of Table Mountain is a plain, the edge of which is a nearly straight line, which fronts toward the town, and which is exactly three miles in extent. From this front is a gradual declination to west and south, with terraces, until the low land of Constantia is reached, and which a horse can ascend without difficulty.

The view from the highest point, thirty-seven hundred feet above the sea, fully repaid our hardships in reaching it. The harbor, with Cape Town and its environs, was at our feet. We looked as if a biscuit could have been thrown upon the roofs of the houses. The shipping, with the noble Hindostan towering above all, and looking large enough to hoist any one of the many ships about her inboard, was right before us. On our right was Paarl, Stellenbosch, and many minor towns and hamlets, clustered beneath us, together with the magnificent vine-growing districts of Nyesberg and Constantia. On our left was the Lion's Rump, and further out, the open sea; when, on turning about, the entrance of the Cleof, or Good Hope was clear to; and, still nearer, False and Simon's bays, with their shipping—these last points being considered quite near, but distant. But the panorama could be taken in at a glance; and in extent, diversity, and beauty of scenery, could not be surpassed. We carried an American boat-flag with us, which was soon planted, and then, with a hearty cheer, as the stars and stripes unrolled; then building a fire, the smoke of which should inform our friends of our success, we left a flag on the rock, which our climbing had fully prepared our appetites for, and a bottle of cold water never before tasted.

After this was finished we started to explore the plain forming the summit. Two miles from the Cleof, descending, we had arrived at the commonest twenty feet high, erected by Herschel, to assist him in his observations. Here we rested a short hour.

Our path to it was rough, being obstructed by masses of rock many feet in circumference, as we rode over the Cleof Like, which, in a beautiful and wild flowers growing about it. In fact, wherever there was a little earthy spot would deliver a most these beautiful wild flowers might be seen. Our guide, an old Malay—a remnant of one of the old Dutch slaves—had gathered a considerable quantity of these pretty flowers, but had on this occasion given out when we had arrived at the Cleof. This was now soon waving a flag for us to approach. There was little more to be seen that differed from the view on the other side of the hill, except a wider and long look, we commenced our descent.

The return, however, by this route was rather more perilous than the ascent. Our road, strip from under us upon the long, rank grass, or a mid-air the moment we attempted to move our feet below, where a huge rock would interpose, in the most horrible manner, on the other, and, as we progressed—impressing our bodies with the necessity of proceeding with a great deal of circumspection. However, this was accomplished safely; and in less than three hours we were comfortably in a warm bath at the Mount Nelson, and sitting down to the hospitable board of a noble Dutch gentleman—Mr. Hoffmeyer—whose acquaintance we had made on the journey have appreciated, and which it affords me great pleasure to be able to pay this slight tribute. We had fish, game, delicious wine, and listening to his hearty laugh, my fatigue was soon forgotten. In his grounds was erected a large vineyard, which illustrates very well the mode of growing grapes in the colony. Several hundreds of pipes were manufactured annually by Madeira, Sherry, and a variety of Port called Pontac—the exposure of which wine is from fifteen to a dollar a gallon. The Constantia, however, in a very valuable wine, quite rare, and selling for three dollars a bottle.

On Saturday, September 17, Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape Colony, left Cape Town for English army officers, with the foreign consuls residing here, and a party of ladies, visited the Mountain. The day was delightful, and the view in appearance, size, armament, and all, elicited universal applause. Upon the leaving the summit a salute was fired and the yards manned. Each round, as he left, also received the customary salute.

Mr. Reed has been at the Masonic Hotel during the stay of the *Minnesota*, receiving much attention from the officials of Cape Town. The officers of the *Minnesota* speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of Cape Town. Invitations to balls, supper-parties, and rides, have flowed in upon them; and they will go away with the kindest feelings toward the short and happy two weeks in Cape Town. Letters have reached their ship, and have always been well received. She is to sail on the 23d for Hong Kong.

OLD HUSBANDS AND YOUNG WIVES.

"I was an old fool! Yes—I was an old fool; that's all there is about it. I was an old fool, and no better; *she* was not to blame, poor thing! she is not a child to act with the discretion and wisdom of a libitious mother's eye. It was not the old man, but his money—his money—I might have known it. Why could I ever have believed that Mary Terry could love me for myself alone? Ah! Mark Ware surveyed himself in the large parlor mirror.

See I—he reflects a portly old man of sixty, with a ruddy face—a face which, in spite of every effort, in the light of youth had long since departed. And yet there is the same look and expression as we have he strides across the carpet, ejaculating, with fresh emphasis, "Yes, I was an old fool!—an old fool! I will tell the old fool to her face. I will not remain another hour in the house with her. I will not remain another hour a young girl because her mother took her out of the seminary at home to bring her on. I see now it is not in reason for a young girl like her to have much else to do with a man of my years and gouty feet. Poor little Mary! No—I'll not punish her because she can not love me; she shall have a little while to enjoy herself, and then her mother is only too proud to trot her out, as the wife of the rich Mark Ware. Ah! I see it now; them both happy, let them do it; maybe"—and Mark Ware paused—"maybe, after she has seen what kind of a Sea-gipsy—what kind of a husband she will come back and love the old man a little—maybe—who knows? No woman who is believed in, and well treated, ever makes a bad wife; there never was a bad wife yet, but there was a bad husband *first*; that's gospel—Mark's gospel, anyhow, and Mark Ware is going to act upon it. Mary shall go to the hall tonight—Mary shall dance—I will stay at home and nurse my patience and my gouty leg. There's no evil in her; she's as pure as a lily, and if she wants to see the world, why—she shall see it; and though I can't go dancing round with her, I never will dim her bright eyes with—no!"

"That will do, Tilly; another pin in this line; now move that rose to the right—so! Mary Terry, you're a beauty!" Mark Ware's ugly real Mary. She was sunkest and pure, as he had said; and, child as she was, there was a look in her face—a certain expression—which the most audacious eye would have shrunk beneath.

Who the young bride first realized the impact of those words she had been made to utter, "till death do us part," she looked forward to a life of misery—to be spent at the long, monotonous, weary years before her. Her home seemed a prison, and Mark Ware her keeper. As very plainly as words could her. And she clothed and fretted in her gilded fetters, while her restless heart cried out, "Oh! my prison-house!" Must she sit there in her prison-house, day after day, listening only to the repetition of her own trivial hurt? Must the two and the latterly only to free to revel in the bright sunshine? Must she, with her young heart, be *ex rosis* to some gay assemblage. To her own unpleasant and unwelcome fetish must she bow? Her husband never remonstrated—on the contrary, she often found upon her dressing-table some choice gift, which seemed to be had provided for the occasion; and Mary, as she fastened it in her hair, or around her throat, would say, "Thank you, dear!" like the other appendages of his establishment, should reflect credit on his faultless taste!"

Time passed on. Mark Ware was "patient," as he promised himself to be. His every appearance was so lonely now, for his little babe kept him company; the mysterious nurse, only too glad to escape from the nursery and a "chat with the cook over a back gate." It was a pretty sight—Mark and the baby. Every one knew that we always a fondness sight together. Not a smile or a cloud passed over that little face that did not wake up all the father in Mark Ware. He was proud of his son—that was with it, or rocked it to sleep on his breast, talking to it, as if it could understand the strange, wild words which it was the unconscious object.

"I am weary of it!" said Mark's young wife, as she stepped into her carriage, at the close of a brilliant ball. "I am weary of seeing the same faces, and hearing the same insipid remarks night after night. I wonder shall I ever be happy?" Mary paused. "I ever be such a thing, or am I only? Mamma is proof of me, because I am beautiful and rich, but she does not love me. Mark ware's best friend—and Mary's guilty fear circled scornfully. "Life is so weary, and I am only eighteen!" and Mary sighed wearily.

On whirled the carriage through the deserted streets; deserted—save by some inveterate pleasure-seeker, or the ever-present, ever-watchful policemen. Occasionally a lamp twinkled from some upper window, where a half-tired servant-maid was stitching her life away, or a heart-broken mother bent over the dead form of a babe, which her mother's heart could not spare, although the angels were there to find food for the remaining babes who only beside her. Mary saw all this, although in all that makes women lovely, daunted under the flickering gaslight, while her mocking laugh rang out on the night air. Mary shuddered, and drew back—there was that in its hollowness which told of a heart-ache and secret trouble. Mary's determined stare kept their tireless watch, and Mary's heart grew soft under their gentle influence, and a tear-drop rested on her cheek; others of the like pearls upon her bosom.

"You could not wait to undress me," said Mary to the weary-looking waiting-maid, as she averted her swollen eyes from her gaze; and, taking the hint from the tone, the girl left the room and chamber. So noiseless was the fall of her light foot upon the carpet that Mark did not hear when she entered. He sat with his back to the door, bending over the cradle of his child, till his snow-white head rested on the ivory cheek; then he spoke. It was his wont, to beguile his loneliness.

"Mary is a pretty name, eyes—Mary's mouth; no more like your old father than a rose and a lily—a honeysuckle-bower. You will love the lonely old man, little one, when perhaps she will, by-and-by; who knows?" and Mark's voice trembled.

"She will"—he dosn't" said Mary, dropping on her knees at the head of her child, and turning her face in Mark's hands; "my darling, poisoned husband!"

"You don't mean that?" said Mark, holding her off at arm's-length, and looking at her through a mist of tears; "you don't mean that you will love an old fellow like me? God bless you, Mary—God forever bless you? I have been very—very lonely;" and Mark wept for *their* happiness.

The gaping world, the far-sighted world, the flattering world—all saw the bright, happy star of fashion became a fixed star. Some said "her health must be failing;" others, that "her husband had become jealous at last;" while old stagers maliciously insinuated that it was wise to retire on *Fresh Lands*. But none said—what we say—that a true woman's heart may always lie won—ay, and kept, too—by any husband who does not consider it beneath him to step off the pedestal of his "*dignity*" to learn how.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

An English journalist, eye-witness of Inkia, says: "It is the custom on the occasion of a marriage for a dense square, inhabited by merchants of small or large subjects, to defend the house of the bridegroom, and to fire guns in order to celebrate the happy event. Of course, this is a most annoying disloyalty indulged by imprudent domination."

The foot, water, and air which a man receives amount to the aggregate more than 3000 pounds a year; that is, about a ton and a half, or more than twenty times his weight. The importance of these facts should direct our attention to the expenditure of material required for supporting life, and to the value being of the most trifling action of change on a prodigious scale.

At the annual fair of the New York State Agricultural Society, which came recently to a conclusion reporter, "Among the articles exhibited was a pumpkin which will be contained in a flour barrel; also turnips and beets of the same size. Wheat and potatoes were in a like grower, or knuckler, place upon such Brobdignagian vegetables."

The English papers give an account of a successful resort to the process of transfusion, recently made in Staffordshire. A woman had lost a pint of death, when transfusion was suggested and adopted. Seventeen ounces of blood were taken from the veins of her husband, and injected into her own. The operation was performed up and proceeded herself "better." The French faculty have recently been much interested in the use of chloroform with complete success. We believe it has never been used in the case of three hens—a pair and one. Recently, the blood of a healthy domestic animal has been injected into the veins of a lunatic in the mind of the tyrannical man, by professing his wretched life, took a daily dose of the blood of a lamb, which was slaughtered for the occasion.

The general opinion is that men have physically degenerated since the early ages of the world. But all the statistics of insurance companies which have turned on this subject tend to show that the human form has not degenerated, and that the life of man continues the same stature as at the beginning of the world. Thus, all the records of the Pharaohs show the bones and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchanged in the mummies of the oldest dynasties, to be perfectly sound to this point clearly. The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and it is constructed of hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffin, being six feet long by two wide. It is clear in the mind of the tyrannical effects of civilization is clear, because the savages do not suffer from them.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally save more money than the wives of women, then women of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful source of old bachelorism.

An old plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer of the interior, dropped in at a newspaper office, and paying the editor for a year's subscription, asked: "Editor, is not the Bible a good book?" "Certainly," was the reply, "the most instructive, and strict collar—our honest Mynheer ordered up his team.

"What will it be, Sir?" said the driver, with a sigh. "You get another dollar, if you are always a Dutchy. You."

"You gas sour-crout, Ize, boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, give me some both."

Off started white upon on a keen jump, and presently returned with the sour-crout, and of women, then women of men; and fearing to "break the ice" in a fruitful source of old bachelorism.

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"Another messenger came to announce that she was at the door."

"Tell her to wait a minute," answered he, "and then I'll go to her."

In a minute the door was brought to him and she had expired.

"Alas! I'm very sorry for it," re'mined the tranquil husband. "She was the best wife in the world."

Then he returned his brief funeral oration, he went on with his work.

An industrious rain happened in New York last week, when the water was let on to the Croton distributing reservoir. "Think to discover whether or not the child was born with a caul," is the query.

It is a custom in Barnwickshire, Scotland, among women who have lost a child, when they become pregnant again tired by bearing low down, while singing lullaies with sweet sadness of the tone. At last, the song dies away around, allowing others to step across the lower part of the cradle, which is supposed to prevent the next arrival time, until all pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," mentions a similar custom in Italy, and says: "Some will have the cradle rocked forward and when 'tis at full length, pause, stand upon the bottom, and so rock it backward, and so forward by turns, and rise likes greatly refreshed." This custom is called "leglen" (Scotch). In Scotland it is termed "straddlesing the rock."

Sailors are often shipped without knowing where they are going, or for long about it. A black cook having been shipped in this way, he contented to ask to what port they were bound. "Why, we're going to Liverpool," was the reply. "Ah! dat big disgusting place, where it rains all de time!" "If you're inquisitive altogether, you'll be trying to find out what day of the week it is next."

"Come, get up—you've been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

An intelligent agriculturist out West thinks the best way to make farmers grow madder, is to poke 'em with sharp sticks!—

When a certain bankrupt crossed the English Channel to avoid his creditors, Sydney Smith remarked, it was a pore over which would not be relished by the dove.

"Mr. Jones," said a schoolmaster to his boy, "I have died fortieth time to-day, and I shall be obliged to you if you will not give me occasion to die a fortieth and first."

The man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dangerous of the promises, and wishes to be moved back again.

Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the order parlor."

As Irishman says that a coffin is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

"Pope, what does the editor lick the Price Current with?" "Whip it! he don't whip it, my child." "Well, then we paper boys, 'Price Current carefully corrected,' and when I get corrected I get licked, hey? don't I?" "Sniff and, my son!"

[Lady reads Indigestion pre-eclipses.] "On motion of Mr. Sparkle, the question submitted to a seat on the floor of the house." *(Indignant lady flutters.)* "A seat on the floor indeed. Indeed! I presume the Empire State had better buy chairs, instead of treating the Legislature to wine parties on Blackwell's Island." "I am sit on the floor to oblige the Legislature, nor the Governor himself, I know."

Had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket round his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than would have attended to the eloquence.

"Come in, Jer, and let's take a drink." "No, Thomas, can't afford it." "But, Jer, I'll pay for it." "Oh, I am not speaking of loss of money, Thomas but of loss of health and energy, moral principle, character, peace of mind, and self-respect."

There is a little fellow of our acquaintance, not yet in breeches, and just able to totter after a hoop—not that which his mother wears, for he has discovered the independence of her, as Young America should—his first hoop. When the hoop was handed to him, he ran as wherewith to dress it; another fellow than boots was in the way, and he ran over him, and then proceeded to hit the other by the young gentleman was endeavoring in pursuit of his hoop, which was running away from a rough slip of nine-cent with the hoop in his possession. He was asked what he had done with his proper stick, and he replied that he had put that over the hoop to do it. "But," said his interlocutor, "your hoop will be worn out, and the stick will be left." "I don't know about that, but when I buy a new hoop, I won't have to buy a new stick, for," replied the young financier in petticoats. That youngster, when time shall make him an orator, won't be caught slapping worries and hoops into the unforeseen.

A bonnetmaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, he is coughing," said the lady to her mistress, on her return. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply: "he's just shaggering his teeth."

Uncle Isaac was a great stickler for grammar. He always stuck to it that the adjective good admitted of no degree of comparison, and was wrong, for he said that it is good, and good is good enough." One day brother Jake was reading about the electricity of the air, and was somewhat remarkably bright result. When he came to the sentence, "Electricity is a good servant," he looked up and exclaimed, "I have occasionally had a good servant, but that's the very bad grammar—read correctly—long-ago!" "There is no such comparative as long ago," said he.

An anecdote is related of a young preacher at a church in this city, who had for his text a verse from the parable of the Virgins, and in the course of his sermon he explained, "Thatin old time it was customary, when the bridegroom and groom were coming, for both parties to go out and meet them, and escort them home—five of these virgins being wise, and five foolish."

Lord Shaftesbury says that he would be virtuous for his own sake, and Bishop Butler votes for virtue as it would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

BILL ROPEYARN'S DIFFY.

I have by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Around the furbelish, flimsy cap of a girl,
And I said, "If there's any thing good in this world,
It is found in the smoke of a cigar, my girl."

'Twas twelve—and the boustrous was ordered to "pipe,"
His mates they started to answer the call,
But oh! how much sweeter when the pet's in yourhand,
Yes, child, and you're the sweet cause of it all.

"And thus, in a song man-o'-war," did I say.
"With a rock to windward and a lee shore aback,
With my hell-pint of whisky to shrink every day,
How regal could I live, and how calm could I die!"

"Yes and I am much older," said the lawyer to the banker. "How so?" "Why you contrive to live on the labor of others." "But I carry on my profession as a living," said the banker. "So do I," said the lawyer; "but there is this difference: I get the money and you get with their consent—you get their property without their consent."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January 4, 1858.*

THE recurrence of New Year's Day has limited the business week to five days. The Produce and Provision Markets have been devoid of animation. Breadstuffs have been but moderately inquired for, both by shippers and dealers, and prices have varied but very little. Cotton opened very firmly, but closed with some a lower tendency, and yet prices did not improve. Provisions were somewhat freely dealt in at irregular rates, but generally closed firm at unchanged figures. The Dry Goods trade continues very active, most jobbers being engaged in taking stock and preparing for annual settlements. Prices are generally nominal. The movements in Gold and Sterling were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations. The following is a detailed list of the articles mentioned in this review:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, bbl. $4 15@ $4 25
Superfine to fancy Western do. . . . 4 40@ 4 60
Extra Western Flour, per barrel . . . 4 65@ 4 75
Fancy to extra Genesee per barrel . . 4 75@ 5 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel . . . . . 4 75@ 5 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel . 4 75@ 5 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.. 3 90@ 4 00
Meal, per barrel . . . . . 3 00@ 3 12½
White Wheat, per bushel . . . . . 1 10@ 1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel . . . . . 1 05@ 1 18
New Crop Corn, per bushel . . . . . 81@ 82
Oats, per bushel . . . . . 53@ 55
Barley, per bushel . . . . . 60@ 75
Peas, per bushel . . . . . 80@ 85
State Oats, per bushel . . . . . 53@ 54
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel . . 52@ 54
Southern Oats, per bushel . . . . . 50@ 52
Cotton, middlings, per pound . . . . 6@ 6
New Pork, per barrel . . . . . 15 00@ 15 75
Prime Pork, per barrel . . . . . 13 00@ 13 25
Country Prime Beef, per barrel . . . 6 00@ 6 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel . . . 8 75@ 9 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel . . . . . 10 50@ 11 00
Cut Hams, per barrel . . . . . 14 00@ 15 00
Lard, per pound . . . . . 8@ 9
Lard, per barrel . . . . . 8@ 9
State Butter, per pound . . . . . 24@ 25
Western Butter, per pound . . . . . 21@ 22
Cheese, per pound . . . . . 9@ 11½
Rice, per 100 pounds . . . . . 3 87½@ 4 12½
Rio Coffee, per pound . . . . . 10@ 10
Cuba Sugar, per pound . . . . . 5@ 5½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon . . . . . 27@ 28
Cuba Molasses, per gallon . . . . . 17@ 18
Young Hyson, per pound . . . . . 25@ 50
Hyson & Young Hyson . . . . . 25@ 50
North River Hay, per 100 pounds . . 75@ 75

Stock of several Articles on hand, 1st Nov. 1857, and January 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	1,500	1,500
Coffee, packages	102,020	117,237
Cotton, bales	10,117	15,313
Dry Codfish, quintals	20,030	9,000
Mackerel, barrels	2,300	2,300
Pickled Salmon, packages	450	400
Pickled Herring, barrels	3,000	3,000
Smoked Herring, boxes	20,000	20,000
Rice, packages	6,000	6,000
Sugar, hogsheads	325,000	325,000
Corn, bushels	1,067,000	1,067,000
Wheat, bushels	50,000	50,000
Hemp, tons	200	200
Flour, barrels	25,000	25,000
Hides, number	6,000	6,000
Saltpetre, tons	577,768	577,768
Leather, Side, sides	9,000	9,000
Leather, Sole, sides	97,000	97,000
Molasses, hogsheads	1,000	1,000
Molasses, barrels	1,773	1,773
Molasses, casks	100	100
Turpentine, barrels	4,573	4,573
Tar, barrels	8,859	8,859
Pitch, barrels	8,000	8,000
Rosin, barrels	13,000	13,000
Pork, barrels	10,000	10,000
Beef, barrels and tierces	20,144	20,144
Rice, tierces	2,000	2,000
Tobacco, hogsheads	10,000	10,000
Sugar, hogsheads	10,476	10,000
Sugar, tierces	2,000	1,000
Sugars, loaves	10,021	9,000
Cocoa, bags	1,000	1,000
Tobacco, Cuba, bales	2,000	2,000

Freights were quiet, and rates were essentially unchanged. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 6.71.

The Cattle Market last Wednesday were scantily supplied with Beeves and these commanded higher prices than for some weeks past, which Cows were in demand and sold readily at unchanged rates. Veal Calves were in limited supply and demand at former prices. Sheep were rather dull, raised by the drove of Dover, N. Y., weighing 840 pounds, sold to M. Foley at 6½ cts. per lb. live weight. Hogs were in good demand, and a splendid specimen, Sheep and Lambs were scarce and sold at full prices. The following statement of Cattle were less freely offered and purchased. Prices declined during the first fortnight of Live Stock Fair during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Jan. 7.	Week ending Jan. 14.
Beeves	1,477	1,351
Milch Cows	218	161
Veal Calves	400	310
Sheep and Lambs	8,359	8,712
Swine	2,500	2,500

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York . . . . . 928 | New Jersey 12
Ohio . . . . . 311 |

The total receipts of Live Stock at all the City Markets, including those from Brighton, Bull's Head, and the City Markets, during each of the last two years, were as follows:

	1856.	1857.
Beeves	317,027	317,027
Milch Cows	12,557	12,574
Veal Calves	33,453	33,453
Sheep and Lambs	463,170	446,259
Swine	260,000	260,000

The following table shows the average number of all kinds of Live Stock brought to the city per week:

Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep.	Swine.	Total.
1853 . . . 7,257	753	1,215	10,028	4,853	24,350
1854 . . . 6,097	521	1,021	11,238	6,117	24,993
1855 . . . 6,097	541	628	8,856	6,450	22,524
1856 . . . 6,097	541	628	8,856	6,450	22,524

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

	Poor to Ordinary.	Fair to Good.	Prime to Extra.
Poor to premium Beeves, per pound . .	6@ 6	6@ 6½	6½@ 7
Extra and premium Beeves, per head. .	70@ 75	75@ 80	80@ 90
Veal Calves, per pound	5 @ 5	5 @ 6	6 @ 6
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00@ 2 50	2 50@ 3 00	3 00@ 3 50
" per pound	6 @ 6	6 @ 6	6 @ 6
Live Swine, per pound	6 @ 6	6 @ 6	6 @ 6
Dressed "	6 @ 6	6 @ 6	6 @ 6

The Country Produce Markets have generally been well supplied, and prices have not varied much. The annexed list has been good for Poultry, and moderate for other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 @	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	3 @	4
Peaches, dried, per pound	15 @	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00 @	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00 @	2 25
Chestnuts, per basket	1 00 @	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	7 00 @	8 00
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00 @	1 50
Onions, per bushel	1 50 @	2 00
" per barrel	3 50 @	4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 50 @	4 00
Turnips, per barrel	50 @	75
Carrots, per barrel	75 @	1 00
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00 @	30 00
Squash, per barrel	1 00 @	1 50
Cabbages, per 100	2 50 @	4 00
" per dozen	25 @	37
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25 @	1 50
Beets, per barrel	1 @	1
Leeks, per 100	3 50 @	4 00
Celery, per dozen	25 @	50
Garlic, per 100	5 00 @	8 00
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	30 @	35
Eggs, Pickled	15 @	20
Chickens, per pound	8 @	12
Fowls, per pair	75 @	1 00
Guinea Fowl, per pair	50 @	62
Ducks, per pair	75 @	1 00
" per pair	15 @	20
Turkeys, per pound	12 @	14
Turkeys, Wild, each	4 00 @	6 00
Geese, each	75 @	1
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25 @	1 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	1 50 @	2 00
Partridge, per pair	50 @	75
Quails, per dozen	1 50 @	2 00
Rabbits, each	10 @	15
Hares, each	10 @	15
Venison, per pound	8 @	10
Venison, per pound	8 @	11
Bear Meat, per pound	12 @	16

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan. 4, 1858.*

THE year opened on a depressed state of trade. Though less is heard about failures than was the case two months ago, it is believed that the instances of mercantile defaults are nearly as frequent now as then; all branches of business are suffering from a great want of ready currency, and all articles of commerce have undergone, and are still undergoing, a serious depreciation. On the other hand money abounds in Banks; it is believed that the amount specie in the New York City Banks does not fall short of twenty-nine millions. First-class paper is in demand at the lowest rates, and loans on call can be had on approved stock, even on railroad securities, at 6 per cent. The imports continue to fall off, and there remains in the country a large quantity of produce to come forward.

The foreign trade of the port for the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 2, 1858 . . .	$1,303,711 . . .	$1,501,621
Corresponding week, 1857 . . .	1,190,037 . . .	1,349,751
Decrease	$5,673 . . .	$4,0,152

The export of specie for the week slightly exceeded half a million, the bulk of which was sent to Boston for shipment. The *Persia*, on Wednesday, will probably take over two millions.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned by the failure of several railroad companies on 1st January. That of the Michigan Central—which corporation had sunk $700,000 of debt falling due on the 1st—was among the most surprise, as the concern was reputed highly prosperous. Were it not for these events, money would have been considerably on the opening of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BRUTAL MILKMAN. "Guess you don't want to earn your wages, Sis."



GENTLEMAN (*who has dropped his Wig, and is not aware of his loss.*) "This, I believe, is our Schottisch."

LADY. "Sir! you—you—you must be mistaken." (*Gentleman is hurriedly called away by a friend.*)



GENTLEMAN (*who has recovered his Wig.*) "A thousand pardons, I was called away! May I have the pleasure?"

LADY. "Oh! I am so glad you have come. There was an odious, bald, old man here just now, who insisted on it that I had promised to dance with him."



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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 55.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, will be commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay MR. THACKERAY the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our Magazine

into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations.* The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us MR. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

A MORNING AT A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

MY DEAR SIR,—Why don't you send reporters to the fashionable churches? Why, I want to know, do the newspapers report lectures, concerts, operas, dramas, vaudevilles, comedies, ay, even dirt-eartmeet's meetings, yet have never a word for the assemblies at the fashionable churches, which, as every one will admit, are far more instructive and edifying? I do, now and then, see a sermon reported. When the Rev. Ichabod Surplice, who was perverted from Protestantism, preaches on the gross errors of the Reformation; when the Rev. MR. PAULA LOONS preaches on the text "WIVES, submit yourselves unto your husbands," and proves (this discipline merely an outward thing, but the very opposite—then, indeed, I perceive that the daily papers send reporters; and you, Sir, frequently give us the marrow of their report. But why is the practice not general? Believe me, you would do the public a vast good were you to send your corps of artists and writers to each fashionable church in town, and daguerreotype for us the scenes which take place there every Sunday morning. Who knows but you might be the means of bringing some erring soul from the depths of vulgar religion to the shining light of gilt-edged and perfumed piety?

I am a plain fellow, myself. We live in a pretty fair town in the interior of this State. We are plain folk, and carry out the Main Law among us, though we're only convicted one chap, and he was an Irishman. We have a nice, trim, little church, and a first-rate minister—A. DOWN-EASTER—who preaches twice a day on Sunday, and teaches our young folk a'most every day of the week. He ain't what you'd call a smart fellow: he never pitches into the Catholics or the Unitarians; he never gets into a fume about slavery; he don't muddle plain folk's brains about transubstantiation or other tough doctrines, which are not for farmers to understand. But he just reads a few plain chapters from the Good Book, and explains all the hard verses as he goes along; and then he gives out a few verses of a psalm, and Aunt Betty and Cousin Mary they lead the singing, and we all join in, some in tune, some out of tune: and then he preaches a plain sermon, and tells as we ought to be, all short-weight, or to mix our seed, or to overwork our help, or to let our children be idle and ignorant, or to suffer any poor, houseless creature to go hungry from our door. So, you see, preaching this, and being besides a very kind sociable man, who comes every day to see any body who's sick, and a mighty favorite of the young ones, our minister rather suits us plain folk. I reckon that if he was hard pressed there'd be a good many purses open to him; and a good many sheep chaps, I tell you, a standing before his door if any one wanted to do him a hurt. But bless you, there doesn't live the creature that doesn't love our minister Jeremiah— Never mind his other name.

I was going to say that having come to New York on business, my cousin, John Brown, whom you know I favour, asked me what I did o' Sunday? adding, with a kind of snigger, that if regalias and cherry suited me, I would find him and them in the library all day.

I said I was a country chap, and mostly worshiped once a day at least.

On this he laughed, and bade his wife—a monstrous fine woman, I tell you—take me to church with her.

So I went, walking after MRS. Brown, for she and her daughter, Arabella, quite filled the sidewalk with their dresses. When we reached the church door a fashionable sort of man bowed to MRS. Brown, and came forward to meet her. Seeing him bareheaded, I thought he was the minister, and, says I—wanting to be civil—"How do you do, Reverend Sir?" Upon which that minx Arabella nearly choked herself with a laugh, and cried, "Uncle Gudlah, why that's the sexton!"

He led the way to a pew, and opened the door; after we had gone in he closed it. I had a mind to give him 6*p*-pence, but hadn't change handy, so I nodded, as much as to say, "You score one." He started in a mighty insolent way, and walked down the aisle like a Rajah's state elephant.

I noticed that the gentlemen, the moment they entered the church, poked their noses into their hats, and held them there for a good minute. Why is this, Mr. Editor? Do they find the air of the church overpower them? Do they carry snuff in their hats? I like to know the reasons of every thing; so when the gentleman before us had gone through the ceremony, I just stretched over and took up his hat to look at it. It was a common hat, much like my own. There was nothing in it that I could see but the maker's name. So I gave it back to him, apparently much to his relief.

I was thinking over it when the music struck up a lively air with variations. I am good at music myself, and would have given a good many dollars to have had my old banjo with me at that moment to have accompanied the organist; as it was, I tapped time with my fingers on the pew—till I saw the minister walking up the junior pulpit.

Then I stopped, of course, and the service began. I will say nothing of that old Anglican service, Mr. Editor, except that it seems to me the most touching and beautiful composition in our language, all written as it is in the grand old Saxon tongue; so plain that a child can understand it; so noble and mighty that the greatest mind finds it fill its grasp; cunningly adapted to touch some chord in every breast, and by turns to appeal to the rich, to the poor, to the happy, to the sorrowful, to the believer, and even to the skeptic. There was a Roman Catholic, or mayhap an infidel (*poor fellow!*)—a Frenchman and a poet of infinite grace and sympathy—ah! he died only a few months ago—who used to say that he could never read the Anglican Liturgy without tears. How few of us Protestants have as much heart as poor DE MUSSET!

There were not many tears shed in my part of the church that morning. If there had been I should have seen them, for the ladies' hats didn't even cover their ears. Their eyes were very busy—a millinering, I should say. The laity in front of us had her book upside down; the two behind us got into a violent quarrel about somebody's bonnet, which one of the two said was new, while the other pretended it was an old one turned. They carried on the quarrel furiously, making the responses all the time. The effect was curious.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*angrily*). "I tell you I saw it hanging at MRS.——" (*Sighs.*) "Good Lord deliver us!"

SECOND YOUNG LADY (*furiously*). "I tell you it was brown, with feathers, last summer. (*Presently.*) We beseech Thee to hear us."

FIRST YOUTH LADY (*severely*). "You're a fool! (*Beseechingly.*) Grant us Thy peace."

SECOND YOUNG LADY (*with dignity*). "MRS. Impudence! (*With meekness.*) Have mercy upon us."

THE MAMMA (*authoritatively*). "Hold your tongues! Reward us after our iniquities."

One of the churchwardens, or deacons, or vestrymen (I don't know what they are called), took out his note-book and figured away during the pray-



COMING OUT OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

ers. I can see a long distance; and, being of an inquiring mind, I just looked to see what part of the service he was noting down. His little way was to this effect:

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I couldn't make out whether this was part of the Library or the Commission. If you can make out, will you let me know?

The sermon was excellent, I must say. I think that minister must be one of the great guns of your city. I don't like to mention his name, but I may be just it into that post, miserable Pope of Rome dis my heart good. Wonder, he didn't leave him in, too, with his 4,000 souls. I should think he would send in his resignation, and take to making sermons, if he hasn't all this to do, of course. And he must be a great preacher that; and how much good he must do!

When the sermon was over and the collection made (I put in a flippany bit, but it rolled off the plate, and the gentleman who collected didn't, the time th step to pick it up. I noticed that it contained no end of dollars—scallywag, marry-on Canada Jhar was he gets rid of all his deceitful money that way), we all gathered ourselves up to go home. Again I saw the gentlemen the ladies furiously into their hats and hold them there. One young fellow did this straight before me; so I just took him by the arm, and, says I,

"Mister, I reckon you don't put your nose in your hat for nothing; you just tell a feller your why?"

He looked at me a minute, half-laughing, then, says he:

"You won't tell?"

"No."

"It's a tyme," said he.

"A what?"

"A tyme," he repeated, solemnly: "ask the bishop." And he went away.

The going out of church is the only scene that reminds me of going in to the Opera. Of the two, I think the former the shoviest and the freestest. I asked Arabella—wishing to show her that we country folk, dull as we are, had some wit—whether she would let me carry her Opera-glass (including her prayer-book) home?

"No, thank you," said she, with a sweet smile; "but here, take my fan; and just tell that young man with the light mustache that I count on him for the Lancers to-morrow."

So I saw that the sermon had already begun to do good.

OLIADAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

OUR MEANS AND OUR LIABILITIES.

THE news from Europe goes to show that, after all that has been said about our insolvency, our extent of our reckless method of trading, our dependence upon England, and our unlawful expansion of paper credit, they are in Europe more expanded, more rotten, more reckless, more insolvent, and farther from the legitimate rules of trade than we ever were. No one believed in the gigantic bubbles which have been blown in France since the Empire, but people generally did place reliance in the solidity of British trade. It has remained for this revulsion to teach us that, of the two nations, this is the soundest; not only because, as the London papers state, trade in England is more reckless and less solidly based than trade in the United States, but because we possess in our annual crop an annual income of real wealth far beyond any thing that England, or any other nation, can show. The fact lends a peculiar interest to the commercial statistics on which we touched a few weeks since.

Our whole sales to the world were, for the last fiscal year, over three hundred and sixty millions of dollars, or over thirty millions a month—nearly a million a day. Of this, nearly twenty-four millions were foreign goods, which we bought and sold again—in Canada, South America, Mexico, the East Indies, etc. Many nations with which we trade require to be paid in foreign manufactures, and we buy them accordingly.

The balance—say three hundred and forty millions—is our own produce. And this is the annual contribution to the world's wealth; and a very splendid contribution it is. This is the nonguinea we can put forward against our debts and pensions, and panic. Sixteen dollars per head we may say, counting men, women, and children (white), is the average annual production of the people of the United States. Where is the people that can say as much?

Of this grand figure the leading item, but year, was cotton, of which we sent abroad nearly $122,000,000. The crop was large, and the price was high. Thus the cotton crop alone was nearly equal to six dollars per head of our whole population. But for the cotton crop we should now be a hundred and thirty millions in debt to the foreign world. But for the cotton crop our Northern States, which are the great consumers of foreign goods, would need, this year, to retrench to that extent. But for the cotton crop the revulsion would have left us prostrate.

One may judge of the importance of the cotton export from the fact that the next greatest export—specie—was less than half as much. We send abroad, in round figures, sixty millions of specie, almost entirely from California. But as we imported eleven millions against an export of nine in foreign bullion, we must deduct two from the gross export; and our net outgo of specie is thus reduced to fifty-eight millions, which is less than our export of breadstuffs.

Of this great staple we sold to foreign nations nearly fifty-nine millions—less than one half our cotton export. This was the contribution of the West to pay for the goods of Europe. The West also contributed something to make up our export of forest produce, animals, etc.

New England and the Middle States contributed over thirty millions, in the shape of manufactures; and to this Maine added her quota, Vermont and Delaware, and Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York helped to make up the sixteen or seventeen millions which we got for cattle and minor produce.

The Southern sea-board States gave over twenty millions' worth of tobacco, besides rice, naval stores, and various smaller articles. Sugar does not figure among our large exports, the crop having been unusually scanty and the demand large.

On the other hand, our largest import was dry goods. Of linen, cotton, woolen, and silk goods, we took from abroad, in round figures, one hundred millions' worth—mostly from England. Of sugar, which comes from the West Indies, forty-two millions, thirty-eight of which were from the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. Hardware, and the various metals, we bought thirty-six millions' worth—mostly from Great Britain. Then we have an item of two millions for manufactures, a number of ten millions for hides; another of eight for molasses, etc. All these are articles of prime necessity, and the increase of the import implies no extravagance (save, perhaps, in the finer qualities of silks and dry goods), but a healthful prosperity and comfort. But what can we say of near seven millions' worth of liquors; over five millions' worth of tobacco; nearly three millions' worth of watches; four and a half millions of embroideries — not to go deeper into the items of objects of luxury? Surely these expenses might be curtailed.

For the last two years we have spent our income. Last year we had a balance of over two millions in our favor. We shall continue to do so. So long as we can add to the world's wealth, in such single staples of human action, breadstuffs, and tobacco, between three and four hundred millions annually, it will pay us well to buy such goods and luxuries as suit foreign nations, and to go on opening up our waste lands. The more farmers we have, the better we shall be. The manufactory is the slave of the agriculturist.

GOVERNOR KING ON BANKING.

EVERY man has his vocation; and it is plain that whatever else Governor King may succeed in, banking is not. He proposes, in his Message, in order to prevent revulsions and bank suspensions in future, that our city and State shall agree to keep a sum equal to one-fourth of their total liabilities in specie. This would have obliged them to have on hand, during the past year, twenty-five millions of specie—that is to say, nearly as much as they have now, under the peculiar influence of terror and panic, and their state of things.

Why a quarter? Why not a third? Why more than a fifth? If the idea is to enable the banks to meet demands upon them in ordinary times, the present law is sufficient; and if it is to meet panics, the design to be to enable them to meet demands in time of panic, the law should oblige them to have on hand specie equal to *the whole* of their liabilities, not a quarter. What guarantee have we that the public will only want a quarter of their deposits? If they happened to want a third, where would be the benefit of Governor King's law?

It is quite evident that the members of the State Legislature are hungering for a crusade against the banks, with what designs every one can conjecture. It is, perhaps, a trial by that Governor King, whose motives are above suspicion, should have given the jackals the scent.

THE END OF WALKER.

IT seems to be very generally admitted that the President's Message on Walker's arrest—the main points of which were anticipated by our editorial article last week—has given him a new blister. There is so much hard, practical common sense about the Messages of James Buchanan that they are more and more valued than those of any of his recent predecessors; his candid confession that Walker was wrongly arrested, and his appeal to the good sense of the community to make the best of it, and put a stop to filibusterism for the future, is admirably calculated to tell upon the mind of the American people.

There is, under the sounding phrases of General Walker's last letter to the President, an evident prevarication or conscientious of failure. His great filibuster scene is that in which he played out his game and lost it. He seems to realize that the Administration has taken its side, once for all, and will wink at no more recruiting operations. He must perceive that, in spite of the noisy congratulations which he is receiving from his Southern friends, his repeated failures have impaired the confidence of the filibusters in his availability as a leader. And he ought to know, if his discernment be as clear as it was, that General Henningsen is doing him no good by the rather juvenile letters which he is publishing in the papers in defense of filibusterism in the abstract, and of Walker as its living embodiment.

A very few days in the present day have had as many chances as General Walker. There was a time when not only this country, but all the leading powers of Europe would have gladly recognized him as the ruler of Nicaragua, and afforded him every encouragement and aid in the consolidation of his government and the reincarnation of his country. He threw away the golden opportunity, and is now reaping the bitter consequences. Yesterday is so invariably the rule of politics in Central America that, even now, to a student of Walker's perseverance, a recovery of his lost paradise may not seem utterly impossible, but so far as probabilities go, they are overwhelmingly against him, and he is the fit ground subsidence into obscurity and oblivion.

A LOST FRAGMENT OF A GUBERNATORIAL MESSAGE.

A GENTLEMAN who arrived here by a late train lost night has brought us the following fragment of a Message to have been formed part of the Message of a State Governor, and to have been lost in transmission to the Legislature. Our daily correspondence will doubtless reprint it in the right place.

Over the top are the words [to follow the directions to the Federal Government on Political affairs]:

"I have noticed with great regret that the Queen of England has taken steps to adopt mischievous measures with regard to the revolted Indian Sepoys. Through their native ruler (Nana Sahib), I perceive that it is said that the blowing of human creatures from guns is an atrocity of a peculiarly revolting character. I shall not pass to place on record your disapproval of the practice. I am prepared to go to the length of concurring in any measure of the conduct of Captain Hodgson who, it seems, has blown away the Nana Sahib's wife, and to propose he spend it be surrendered himself. This matter falls entirely within your province.

"If devotees upon me to direct your attention to the measures which the Government of France have taken, with a view to ward off the evil consequences of the revolution, namely, by indemnifying manufacturers for the loss they may sustain in their employ at a loss. A similar course, I regret to say, has been adopted by the King of Dumb Ass, however, in so ill that perhaps he doesn't know what he is doing, and ought not to be held strictly responsible for his acts. Some measure would, I feel satisfied, elicit from you the concurrence which they do not. I shall be happy to transmit to the proper powers of France and Prussia any resolutions which you may frame on the subject. I am prepared to say that my vocabulary, as they decree, as action consideration as any in the country, and would authorize me to depart from special envoy from this State to be the bearer of your recommittances to the court of Dumb Ass, should the Federal Executive would cheerfully perform this trifling service.

"Finally, it is my painful duty to bring before you statistics of the progress of cannibalism in the Marquesas Islands. I regret to say that the progress of that horrible branch of gastronomy has led to a decided change in the old customs, and to an entire abandonment of male flesh for that of females. The consequence is that the inhabitants of those islands, having devoured nearly the whole of their marriageable girls—a rude and unartistic proceeding—have now no alternative except of getting from insularity to perpetuate their race. You will, I doubt not, see the propriety of bringing back Hodgson to their senses by some resolutions framed in a kindly yet firm spirit.

"These matters fall as clearly within your cognizance as the political affairs of the confederacy of the United States, and I trust you will devote an equal attention to the one as to the other."

THE NEW U. S. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

AFTER a contest of some days, Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., of this city, has been confirmed by the Senate as United States District-Attorney for New York, in the room of Judge Keen, removed. For the information of persons at a distance it may be well to add that the Senate should have in confirming Mr. Sedgwick was caused, not by any question of his fitness for the post—that was admitted by all—but by the unwillingness of many Senators to sanction the semblance of proscription involved in the removal of John M'Keon, on the ground of his political views, by the late municipal rulers of this city.

We are happy to republish the following extract from the *Evening Post*, in relation to Mr. Sedgwick's appointment:

"Viewing the nomination apart from the circumstances in which it originated, we are disposed to congratulate the country upon it. Mr. Sedgwick is a lawyer of high standing, of great ability, and of unquestioned character. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the duties of the office will be discharged with as much skill and zeal by him as they were by Mr. M'Keon."

The great difficulty seems to be that Mr. Sedgwick will bring to bear on the duties of his office a forensic skill, a fund of legal and general information, and a high sense of honor, which very few incumbents of the office have possessed. No member of the New York bar would have made a better representative of the Federal Government.

The *Evening Post*, referring to some trifling effusion which Mr. Sedgwick threw off some years since in his idle moments, and published in the *Post*, considers that his appointment was a reward for these performances. The *Post's* estimate of the merit of these communications is probably based upon their effect upon its own character and circulation. They are not likely to have been so well remembered by the President-elect as the letter and far abler productions of Mr. Sedgwick, which, as our associate editor, he published in this journal during the early months of last year; these, we have before seen, no doubt, to the *Post*, a windfall as rare in former times as now.

BRIBERY OF THE PRESS.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers for some days to the effect that a Boston mercantile firm, which recently failed, spent a sum of $87,000 in obtaining a modification of the tariff, and that $8000 of this money was paid out by the New York house in corrupting the press here. No papers are mentioned, nor is the service specified for which the money was paid.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing the whole story—so far as the press is concerned—a baseless fabrication. It is said to be possible to purchase the good-will of a man, but not that very obscure papers in this city; that is to say, it is alleged that certain individuals have purchased, or would every week, type or write down a measure in consideration of advertisements or "a loan" to the proprietors. But every one who is acquainted with the New York press knows that the opinion of none of the leading dailies can in any instance be purchased for money. A journalist may receive his leisure to the service of a cause, and receive pay for his services, as a lawyer does; this is a perfectly natural, and implies no sale of his credit with which he is connected. It sometimes happens that simple persons—foreigners or Western men—are swindled by adventurers who pretend to have access to the columns of this or that paper, and who sell their supposed influence for what they are worth. If the New York newspapers of Messrs. Lawrence, Stone, & Co. were fleeced by rogues of this order to the tune of $87,000, all that can be said is that they were the best job the rogues ever had. But to suppose that either the *Herald*, or the *Times*, or the *Tribune*, or the *Journal of Commerce*, or the *Commercial* received money to advocate a change in the tariff, is absurd and preposterous.

The New York dailies have themselves to blame for the utterness of such calumnious reports. If they were not bought by the spirit of rivalry, and more careful of the honor of their order, these stories about black-mail and the corruption of the press would scarcely serve to occupy the imagination of slanderers, and the public at large would form a juster appreciation of the character of the press.

PROSPECTS OF THE TRADE IN BREADSTUFFS.

IT seems generally agreed that our stock of breadstuffs in the city of New York at the opening of the year just amounted to about 2,000,000 barrels flour, and some 500,000 bushels wheat; say about as much as we had on hand on 1st January, 1857, and nearly a third more than we had on 1st January, 1857. There is still, it is calculated, some $15,000,000 worth of breadstuffs remaining in the hands of farmers in the West; deemed there partly by the disorganization of exchanges consequent upon the crisis, and partly by the desire of holders to wait for better prices. This will not come on in any quantity till the opening of navigation. Those whose means enable them to wait for the full effect of the revulsion has blown over, and trade is itself again, may do well by waiting and keeping out of the market; but those who rely on their crop as a means of subsistence or of trade are running great risk in holding over to the spring.

THE LOUNGER.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

"PERRY CRANIUM," writing from far away, says, "You have amused us much; be in turn amused." He is a boarder in a large and select and very long prospectus of a school, somewhere toward sunset. It contains a philosophy of education, and appeals to the public spirit of parents in which young gentlemen and young ladies study together. This latter point is developed with ornate and obscure eloquence. Thus:

"The plan of the institution, as a society, rests back on a primary law, that either sex alone is not society—social, domestic, or national—but both taken together constitute it. Hence, associated with, as much as young ladies and young gentlemen are required to study apart and recite in separate classes, the great object of the school is to institute a studied formality for the result of discipline, but not a spontaneous charm. Mutual deficiencies are passed by in refined silence; the young and ardent temperament is checked in its courtvitality by the ever-present con-

sciousness of the duty of politeness; the mind is roused to emulation by this species of competition, and upon this same principle that those whose productions are most severely criticised become in time the most accurate, education reserved upon the ordeal system, serves its recipient in after life, when that received upon the hot-house plan lives a short life in the unimpressive atmosphere of years and no, and breathes at last but when exposed to the telegust circus at a premature period of imbecility. The contrast implied in the separation of young ladies and young gentlemen in the educational economy of this age throws a great many shades on the former picture. Either sex in the cloistered Halls of Modern Fashionable Boarding Schools and Colleges is over and soon clothing the other in idealcurs dreams; real beings, and often in forests at that, are transformed into angels of light, and the desire which the God of nature has wisely planted in the race for society is prostituted and converted into systematic fiction; and as a natural consequence the unsocial and anti-philosophic infraction in the framework of civilization, to the certain extreme of shyness and impudence is not unfrequently reached, and the great basis of passion is thrown down at the feet of art.

As for Education in general, the worthy Principal has this to say:

"Education at last consists in three things:

"FIRST—Knowledge.

"SECOND—Language to express it.

"THIRD—A modest assurance of accuracy in supplying it, to banish fear of criticism in speaking. So accomplish these things collectively, the arranged burlesque of question and answer will be found as much as possible, and the student is required to give a digest of the lesson in his or her own language, to answer all arguments by which the scope of the subject is brought to view."

Finally, that the world may know the local influences and the kind of assistance which may be expected at this desirable Seminary, the world will be glad to hear that

"The Institution is situated in a quiet village in ——County, long celebrated for mineral and other natural and alive to the responsibility that rests upon it to the rising race, the moralists, and intelligent Christian element is the endowment of retrit, and upon this let it rise or fall.

"The Associate Principal, Miss ——, was recommended and received with special reference to the permanency of the Institution, having resided in the place now before and not found wanting. And also to afford abundant opportunity, not only for a thorough English Classical and Ornamental Education, but to afford facilities for the proper accomplishment of Natural Instrumental Music How judiciously the trust has been reperson, is unquestionably evident from the fact that a single, the interest taken in her welfare, and the unanimous solicitude for the success of the Institution on the part of this. Her happy temperament, composure, dignity, greatness of mind, patience, and self-possession, combined with her varied attainments and refined conscientiousness, eminently qualify her for the responsibleness, and rector her a valuable guide to young ladies."

"H. M." AND ROBBINS REMOVED.

JOHN BULL, long prided himself upon his ancestor Robbins, who gave up the world to retire to a picturesque local habitation, and such a romantic name, that even his advertisements of country seats to be sold was like reading the last page of one of the Annals of Paradise. And following the current into which the school-boy naturally drifts, the name Lounger and his readers, every man who has too much money and a taste for country life, will be delighted to hear of the advantageous change in the fortunate purchaser of a certain country seat described by a certain "H. M." Robbins. Previous to previous style even that of the famous Robbins dwindle and grow pale.

After quoting the houses and barns in careful detail, "H. M." immediately spreads his wings and soars into the empyrean, where, with a view to avoid it is clear whoever means to send his children to the school to which the Lounger has interduced his friend, should very well like to make the his residence as his home:

"The scenery around this place presents a perfect panorama; in front of the house the turnpike, the railroad, the river, and the canal of the Navigation Company enliven the scene. The tides are navigable, the steamers are beautiful, the roads good, and the country beyond description; some of the summer views surpassing in beauty and grandeur, the romantic drives along the ——. Within a contemplation that may be had of the acknowledge and worship the Deity; seeing, as all must, from the mountain tops, and by the water's edge, the mighty, the greatness and goodness of an all-wise and benificent Creator. It, however, is not enough to be thought necessary to worship the Almighty through the forms created by weak and erring mortals, as many religious denominations can be found within a very short distance; every denomination could be heard in the village for miles. In regard to education, the public schools are close at hand; in addition to which, the commercial seminary of the Rev. Mr. ——, for young ladies, and the Academy of the Rev. Mr. ——, for young gentlemen, are, are but four miles from the place, and highly recommended by numerous scholastic testimonials. At either of these institutions a polished and accomplished education may be obtained. To fully appreciate this place it must be seen, as no one can properly describe it."

TO THE FRIENDS OF PICKLED OYSTERS.

ALTHOUGH NEW-YEAR'S Day has just passed, there will yet be many years, and other days of festal visiting. And while such men as Lounger and myself will be other and a still increasing number of friends of pickled oysters, it will still thank the Lounger for a word in season, and for bringing under their eyes the following lukewarm circular in relation to the esteemed bivalves. We do not regard for the next year as for the recent occasion; for which we can especially plead the plea, that it merely continues the charming vein of advertisements upon which the Lounger has this week fortunately fallen:

"*Mr. and Mrs.* ——

"The approaching Holidays may bring to your table many things connected therewith.

Pickled Oysters & Boned Turkeys,

is having become a pretty general thing to have these two dishes on New-Year's day guests.

"I believe that I have the largest and finest, selected a very choice lot of OYSTERS for pickling: a new large, no coarse, fishy taste, but sweet and delicate flavor; are two pints in producing superior pickled Oysters. Next, the Oyster must receive particular attention, and known by everybody, though many say they know, the other essential point is the preparation.

"Your oft repeated orders, together with testimonials in the form of Diplomas awarded, and now in my possession, are the evidences I present as to the quality of my pickled Oysters.

"Your order is respectfully solicited early, that you may be better served.

"Evening, Wedding and other Parties supplied with Lunch, Confectionery, Attendants and every requisite."

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

THE preceding advertisements of every kind of Journey for the human race remind the Lounger of the famous Pompeii circular, which is the most perfect of all offered to the eager traveler in Europe.

WHEN it was first sent to the world, a merry party who had gone out from Naples on a bright May morning, a few years ago, they laughed so long and loud that they can well believe Vesuvius still recalls the echo of their shouts; and they equally recall remembrance of the Vine-Clad Hill, which upon its side, when they came to settle for their little dinner of wine, bread, and fruit.

IT was printed side by side with a French copy of which it is a literal translation.

A RESERVED LIFE FOR A DEVOTED LOVE.

"KEPT BY FRANK FREEPORT.

"*Forms the Military Quarter*

"AT PEDRO.

"That hotel open every day for days, is reserved for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the courtesy of the waiters, for the moderation of the prices, for the true French-cookery: Being situated at proximity of the encampments, it is the rendezvous of the officers, whether, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town, or to come there, when they are found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air.

"That establishment will avoid to all the travellers, visitors, of Pedro, the annoyance of the guides, drilling draw the anticipated a great disorder, occasioned by the lazy, and accompanied with a great loss of time. Also one will find quickly thither, a complete assortment of stranger shoes, and of the best manufacture, as boots, shoes, sandals, and coach-houses, the whole with very moderated prices.

"Now, all these conditions, and endowments of the hotel, will tend always, to correspond to the tastes and desires, of those customers, for whose interest without doubt, to him, into that town, the reputation whome, is attached.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BOOK.

IN his preface Dr. Livingstone says that he is not a literary man, and does not know how to write a book, and therefore he has taken the time of the most valuable and interesting books of modern travel. His modesty in this unique excellence—that it is a positive addition to the interest with which he deals with new facts, and consequently it has a direct influence upon the true theories of races and destinies.

It is full of adventure in a book in which it always interesting; and the simple style of the narrative is as good a setting for the unconscious heroism of the author as could be found in the English. There is no line so savage that his rear or shake into frightful Doctor Livingstone out of his presence of mind. He calmly proceeds to write, and in the language of the king of beasts; and when he is out of it he correct it to the more appropriate word "majesty" as a characteristic of the rear of that animal.

INDEED the book finds so much of absolute interest in all he meets, and in all he does, that cool and calm, that he has no occasion for epistles of romance. The simple narrative of his daily methods of life, are so dissimilar to all our own that the description is romance enough. Living, alone contents the author of the stories of Zebehr, don Cumming, whom he knew in Africa, and to whom he frequently refers for comparison.

Besides the constant necessary adventure of such life in an utterly wild land, the great interest of the book consists in the view it gives us of the mere chances for the civilization of the future.

DR. LIVINGSTONE traversed the African continent and crossed it; and his observations upon the African races, their capacity and possible development, are of the profoundest interest. He is a missionary by or dull in his work. He was so heartily in earnest in his mission, that he was never in a hurry and he say thing but commonplace. You perceive, and honor the sun throughout; and you secretly say to yourself, "I wish Livingstone were in a mission-ary." If there were more such, Heathendom would shortly be in better case.

IT seems that the English Government understand the value of such a subject as Dr. Livingstone, and will soon have a line of steamers at each of its contemplated journey up the Zambesi.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S further travels will push through all the African mysteries, including the equator, and pass from the Cape of Good Hope to the Nile.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

IF all who have the charge of letter-boxes are as much pleased with the contents of their letters as he does not wonder at the anxiety displayed by multitudes of the fashionable, gayer, and more wealthy of each new Administration, to be appointed to the delightful post, or at the singular tenacity with which they hold on to the office when once in possession.

WE have not, indeed, like the more fortunate Lounger, the opportunity of looking into all the letters which are dropped into the box; but the very consciousness of that privilege is a suggestion which conveys such pleasure to their fellow-creatures, that the Lounger is sometimes tempted to the fectionate natures of the official Loungers of the government whose class of sensible philanthropists by whom our happy republic is so eminently blessed, of—simple, disinterested citizens! They have no other aim than to confer happiness upon their fellow-beings!

"BROTHER, January, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—From some little indication that I have occasionally seen exhibited in your magazine I intend to reform the absurd thing generally ago, and I feel encouraged you will give me the aid and endeavor to reform one of the most detestable nuisances that ever existed in a country like ours. Many of the unfortunate females who are compelled by force or circumstances to ply the streets of this city, and more particularly of New York in the beats of the Fulton Ferry Company? No doubt you are aware that the disorderly dressed she may be, but what must suffer from being compelled to walk through the streams of tobacco juice that are constantly spirted from the non-receptacular lips of a very large majority of the 'Lords of Creation' that throng this great thoroughfare.

"They do not seem satisfied in subjecting us to the trouble of clearing our skirts from the huge balls of quid tobacco that are scattered in profusion from one end of the boats to the other, but oftentimes compel us to make a sickle-deep through streams of filth that would disgust a Hottentot. I would suggest to the managers of the Ferry Company the propriety of compelling the same delinquents (including from the ladies' cabin Sabbath) observe that they use the spittoons, provided evidence enough can be found for the offence by taking. If men are determined to be hogs, they should be confined to the pens in which where they can puff its fragrance and extract its essence without inflicting a nuisance of malice to the benefit of others. It is a nuisance that can not be longer tolerated; and unless the Ferry Company will take some steps in the matter the ladies of New York and Brooklyn to take into consideration the propriety of applying to the Ferry Company of the appropriate a boat for the exclusive use of their lady patronage, and to which the gentlemen will have no objection, as they will be accommodated even those who are now compelled by the magnitude of the boats, and a desire to appear fashionable, to forego a trip to New York, in consequence of the unendurable nuisance of the tobacco accommodations afforded them.

"I now offer this in a cause of this kind will give your lady friends every encouragement to hope that ere they can be in the dangers ever ready to protect them in their rights, and will be prepared to battle manfully in their behalf in rendering a grievous wrong.

"Yours, &c. A MERCHANT'S BROTHER."

—MR. Brookhurst may be very sure of the Lounger's hearty co-operation and assistance in this good work. He will most cordially advocate the calling of such a meeting, and he hereby invites Mayor Wood to call it, and to fulfill the hope that his re-election has excited, to bring the matter before the public, and to preside over the discussion in meeting.

AND when the Ferry Company, with their notorious readiness of compliances with the public will, have established a separate boat for the ladies, Mr. Lounger submits to Mr. Melinda, whether he will not be entitled to the privilege of making his voyages to Brooklyn in such a boat.

MEANWHILE, in anticipation of that bright result, he will send his correspondent to hearing the matter with their own weapons, by helping smoke them out of the places they now infest.

"CHRISTMAS DAY 1857.

"I inclose in this my subscription. My wife desires that she were remembered, as she says she could not get along go without it. Saying the Loungers department is worth the price of subscription, I am sure it is good health and better acquaintance in my best bumper of egg-nogg. More I have to say when I see you next.

"May he is to improve the present age by his Wisdom will succeed to the work and see his grate grate grand children profit by his wisdom and virtue.

"Send it around to your seventy five thousand Subscribers my best wishes and a multiply of the stamps and to gratefully contented admirers as your

"OLD FRIEND."

—The Lounger will not mention his friend's name; but he thanks him with the same sincerity with which he writes, and will ask him one question.

DR. KANE once said in the hearing of the Lounger, that one bitter day when his little vessel was fast in the shadow of the great Greenland glacier, he was sitting and writing absorbed in a book he was reading. His interest was so profound that his Doctor was compelled to call him to his couch to be, and upon going up to him and asking him, the sailor answered "Pendennis."

NOW, dear Mr. Lounger's friend, suppose Thackeray was more pleased to hear of the last little baby than to know that Prince Albert had been reading the same story in Buckingham Palace?

SING SING, Jan. 3, 1855.

MR. LOUNGER,—Your "Old Bachelor Contributor," wishes me to inform you that I have duly enumerated the different kinds mentioned in the Bible. I subjoin them, to add a quota toward completing the list. Years truly,

A BENEDICT.

The Kine of Salutation..... Rev 3 Sam. xx. 41.
The Kine of Benevolence..... Ps. xc. 2.
The Kine of Approbation..... 1 Prov. ii. 12.
The Kine of Valedictory..... Rom. ii. 9.
The Kine of Subjection..... 1 Ps. ii. 12.
The Kine of Affection..... Prov. xvi. 13.
The Kine of Affection..... 1 Gen. xx. 15.
The Kine of Treachery..... Matt. xxiv. 49.

Bohemian Walks and Cafés.

"BOHEMIA IN NEW YORK."

A JOURNAL which I always read with pleasure, the *Daily Times*, has lately published a graphical chronicle of Bohemians in this city, dealing with them tenderly, kindly, and in a thoroughly good-humoured way. I quite indorse the conclusion to which the writer arrives, that—

"Any one who will cultivate a familiarity with any kind of coarse and honest art, or any sort of regular employment, has it in his power to enjoy and actually to exist in the company of the Bohemians. They are seductive in their manners, they hold the finest sentiments, and have a distinctive aversion to all that is mean or low in morals, or coarse or malignant. Still, the Bohemian can not be ranked as a member of society, and it is not an encouraging sign for us that the tribe has become so numerous among us as to form a class of distinguishable citizens, who do not object to being called by that name."

I can not, however, agree with the premises laid down, that the "Bohemian is either an artist or an author *whose special success is work*;" that he is "one for living from day to day;" and that he must always have done something better than true, the Bohemian must be an artist or an author, but not necessarily an unsuccessful thing. Nor, or a lazy one. Let me mention the names of a few Bohemians of my acquaintance, such as BAYARD TAYLOR, PLANCHE, DURIVAGE, the elder, LESLY, WYATT, and Commodore STOCKTON. Have they been unsuccessful? VIVIER is the richest of them all, and has no fixed habitation. If you desire to meet him you must leave a note addressed to the cigar shop in the *Boulevart des Italiens*, making an appointment in the *Café de Helder*. In London the Bohemians have had in their ranks CHARLES DICKENS, WILKIE COLLINS, ROGERS (of the *Times*), ALBERT SMITH, the brothers BROUGH, JOHN LEECH, and a host besides—in fact, almost every author whose name is known on this side of the Atlantic. It is the Bohemian spirit which gave us the MOORE, Weller, Mr. Richard Swiveller, Mr. Montague Tigg, and a thousand other of Dickens's splendid portraits in full surface water; while we need hardly refer to Mr. Micawber and to Mr. Harold Skimpole, to show that he continues his life-studies from the Bohemian point, and that perhaps he has not a Bohemian could have given us these exquisite human stupes! "Dombey and Son" is not a Bohemian could have "done" the Bilker for the foibles of Albert Smith? Who but a Bohemian could have touched it as the author of "Punch" touched it? Have they been shown any aversion to work? Why, they have been industry, and spent much time in taverns, and the streets, and the fields, but I could name now the chief of the London Bohemians, whose labors extend over a greater number of hours in the whole year than any mechanic in the United States, except, perhaps, the printers employed upon the daily papers. Likewise could I give the names of Bohemians in New York, whose works are well-known in every home. The broad difference between the Bohemian worker and other workers is not that the former takes, sometimes, rather odd hours in which to do his work. The distinction lay be in a fool; but he regards the majority with contempt, and does not relish them as he does Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and DICK STEELE were all more enjoyable than the worst Bohemians of the present day.

THE true Bohemian I think I have already defined to be one who is a worker in any profession, with no particular attachment to any abiding place, with no particular affection, or respect for conventionalities or forms, or of persons, with no reverence or shame, or false pretence or nonsense of any kind. He is one who cannot help but like humanity, be the man, or militate against his success, or induce him to hypocrisy—because—that is, if any literary man or artist, without other resources than his salary or his copyright property, were to write a book that he simply endeavored to define, by an arbitrary standard, what a Bohemian was, he would know nothing of rules whatever, and who are therefore utterly Bohemian besides.

I DO not write this in self-defense, as every one will see. The papers to which this distinctive title has been affixed, as well, as heretofore, wander, gipsy-like, still, or gallop over a great variety of subjects, and it is that element of discursiveness which is the soul of Bohemianism. Besides, I do not think that even the *Times* writer would object to being called a Bohemian, when he thoroughly understands the definition of the term. I am quite sure I should not.

A DIT OF ADVICE.

A correspondent desires to know how he shall escape being swindled by the omnibus-drivers, or suffering it in the city railways.

REPLY.

A HINT FOR NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARIES.

BOWLEGS, W., Esquire. I do not intend to give an extended biographical sketch of the eminent Bowlegs, gentleman whose name I have mentioned; but, actuated by a sincere desire to assist the honorable who are now at work upon new biographical dictionaries, I will add a few items to the gay deceased tribute to a gallant band of the defenders of our country's glory. I have picked out a bit of information about William from the Washington correspondence of one of the dailies.

Nobody reads the Washington correspondence, and I only lighted upon this in a moment of despair when I had finished the elegant extracts of the money-market, neither of which departments is of the slightest interest to me, for obvious reasons. William, it will be remembered, is a Florida soldier of whisky and slayer of white men. He inhabits some outlandish country, I have picked out a list of cavalry, and infantry, and militia, and volunteers have been sent after him. I suppose that the efforts to dislodge Mr. Bowlegs from his new natural Uncle at least half a million of dollars. He has had like Uncle Sam, Secretaries of Pochuton, or Osceola, or any of the "big Indians" of former days. He is only a whisky-drinking old blackguard in Southern Florida. Some time ago he found himself in a tight place, and surrendered. He paid his white to Gen. Jesup, and left Washington, and gave his *parole d'honneur* that he would take himself off to some lands which were reserved for him west of the Mississippi. I suppose he must have become corrupted by his stay in the Capital, for he broke his parole, and sent word to Great Jesup that he couldn't think of leaving Florida while the whisky held out. This took place over two years ago, and since that time all sorts of efforts capture Mr. B. have been unsuccessful. At last, however, Gen. Harney has made a treaty with Mr. Bowlegs, Mr. Bowlegs and some of her female friends. At the head of one hundred and fifteen men this gallant band of battle-fighters, with their squaws, over five squaws, and thirteen children—the eldest child seven years old—started and killed one Indian—and off! One of the squaws had Mr. Bowlegs's dagger-type, taken in Washington, and the conclusion is that Mr. Bowlegs is dead, and that Harney can't be for off. It seems, however, that the brave army retreated to camp. Captured two of the squaws and the women and children, and killing the boy two years old, was glory enough for one day. The dispatch says that the command deserve great commendation, etc., etc. We hope they will get it; and we hope that Harney will not leave the land dead of killed and wounded to regret. The country cannot afford to lose the services of heroes who capture squaws and children, and kill Indians. The great achievement is only paralleled by the grand campaign of Captain Scott, commanding at Greytown and the seizure of Walker and his men at

Pasta Arenas. In both the last-named brilliant battles no lives were lost on our side, and the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I hope that Congress will vote all of them swords, or thanks, or medals, or something of that sort; and as I see that some Pawnee Indians are soon to visit this city, I would recommend that the smallest, tenderest child in the group should be mounted in the Park, under the direction and supervision of the Common Council. Meanwhile let the young in Dorcas stick to hunting the female members of the Bowlegs family. It is quite good sport, I have no doubt, and much safer than attacking the old rascal in his proper person.

BELIEVING BROADWAY.

I DON'T think the Arcade plan suggested lately in the Weekly will answer. Shops in Arcades are never popular. The Grand Passage in Brussels is the only exception. The Rue de Rivoli, perhaps the only Panorama, and the Passage de l'Opera, in Paris, are occupied chiefly by small dealers. The grand shops are on the Boulevards, in the Rue Vivienne, the Rue de Richelieu, and the Rue de la Paix. The carriage way in *our chief* avenue is wide enough if we were not bored by an overplus of omnibuses, which saunter lazily along at the rate of two miles an hour. Why should not half these nuisances be obliged to drive up the side streets, and turn into Broadway at Union

THE LOW DOG. THE FAST DOG.

Square? To make it perfectly fair, the several lines might be divided so that they could take Broadway on alternate days. There would still be omnibuses enough for the public in Broadway, while persons who had a long distance to ride would get over the ground much faster, because the omnibus-drivers being of a speculative inquiring, and imaginative turn of mind, as well as extremely social in their habits, have so much swearing, and talking, and looking at the shops, or fights, or horses who have fallen down, or exchanging salutations with numerous Bills and Jims in a crowded thoroughfare, that their progress is considerably impeded. I hope that the new Mayor does not owe any omnibus snuff, and that as soon as he gets through with Mr. Flagg's figures he will look into the matter, and also do away with the nuisance of a crowd of omnibuses in front of the places of amusement at night.

ANOTHER SMALL NUISANCE.

"Boots of the Opera, Sir! Book of the Opera! Book of the Opera!!" That's the *entr'acte* at the Academy every night. It must be trapped altogether, or else the artists must be out of front to sell the books. The words might be bearable if arranged in a cadaletta, and sung by Madame de la Grange, as Mary Taylor used to sing "Hot Corn" long ago; but the youths who chant them now have singularly bad voices, and are shockingly out of time and tune. Away with them!

DOGOGRAPHS.

BY A FAST YOUNG PUPPY.

I.—THE LOW DOG.

His name is Towzer, *alias* Pincher, *alias* Boxer, *alias* Dash, *alias* Now-then, *alias* Here-you, *alias* Get-out, *alias* Come-out-of-that. He has also been called S-s-s-t. He is of a mongrel breed—as you could S-s-s-t. He is of a mongrel breed—as you could see by his ears—but aristocratic dogs looked down upon him in his most prosperous days. He was born in a neighborhood known by the euphonious name of "Back-alleys," and his mother and father made their living in ways not recognized by, and scarce to be mentioned to, the ears polite of reputable dogs. The one found her means of subsistence among the offal and garbage of the street; while the other—rather a vicious dog in his way—was an adroit thief, always upon the alert to pry into neglected markets, baskets, and known and feared of the corner butchers, from whose stalls he had made a stolen meal.

In his puppy days, our low dog was bright and quick. His sportive gambols won him many a kindly glance, and more than an occasional bone, from the dwellers in his street. And there was a time when, had the little puppy fallen into proper hands, he would have been something better. But

posit ostentatiously in its coat pocket a sausage, wrapped in a handkerchief, the end of which was permitted to stick out in view of our low dog's hungry eyes. The master turned his attention to another part of the room. Driven by hunger, Towzer made his way cautiously to the lay-figure, and, leaping one eye upon his master, who pretended to be looking out of the window, carefully and silently drew the handkerchief and coveted sausage from the pocket. Three gulps put down the last, and then Towzer, looking up guiltily, found the eye of his master fixed upon him in an approving smile.

In short, Towzer had taken his first lesson in picking pockets. His new master had discerned in him an apt scholar—and he was not deceived. A few weeks' training sufficed to make our low dog an expert at his new business; and now he was started out at ten o'clock each day, on an empty stomach, to work for his dinner—which was earned by it when he had carried to his master at least a dozen handkerchiefs.

Towzer rather liked the excitement of his profession. But one day a watchful policeman saw him in the act of making off with a pocket-handkerchief, followed him, and caught both him and his master. Towzer's master was jagged, Towzer was cast upon the world with the habits of a bad trade upon him, fell into ill hands, lost character upon the street, sunk lower and lower till even his former companions disowned him; and, finally, having contracted all manner of bad habits, became a confirmed and notorious market-loafer, brawler, and common thief. His will to get rid of his career by a violent death; in fact, he would probably have been shot ere this, had any one thought him worth the necessary powder.

II.—THE FAST DOG.

The fast dog is something of a braggart, and tells his own story:

"I am sick of life—sick as a dog. I have exhausted every pleasure in it, and am prepared to say that the world is a bore. Nothing excites me; nothing amuses me. If you were to get up, for my especial gratification, a concert of sixteen cats and fiddles; if you were to train a whole herd of cows to jump over the moon in my presence; if you were to take me to a coursing match, where the swiftest of gravy-spoons should be hunted by a pack of thorough-bred dishes—none of these exciting sports would make this dog laugh.

"I am a British dog. I need not tell you this, for your true-born Briton is recognized at once. He is superior to all other beings. I come of one of the first families in the land—am, in fact, one of those envied dogs who may be said to be born with silver shovels in their mouths. My habitual residence through life has been in the smuggest corner of the comfortable land of Clover. I have been nourished exclusively on that agreeable oleaginous compound known as the 'fat of the land.' My first draught of milk was taken in the lap of Luxury. I have never had the slightest distemper; and can lay my paw on my heart and affirm, on the honor of a Blenheim, that I never saw a flea in my life!

"I was the eldest and handsomest of a litter of five; the other four brats were drowned. It is the fashion—which is as much as to say the law—among dogs of high birth to sacrifice the majority of a family to the interests of one favored member. Some two-legged people in Britain have the like fashion, I have been informed.

"Of course I was brought up by hand. My mother, being high-born, was delicate, and could not be expected to take the trouble of nursing me. Besides, in our station in life family ties do not count for much, and we have long ago done away with squeamish affections.

"Having grown up into a handsome dog—as it was quite natural I should—I became a member of the family of Lady Flora Puglove; pleased with the thought of there seeing something of life, and earning the distinctions which I coveted.

"I have heard in my time a great deal of nonsense about the fidelity of the dog. I dare say it may be a very necessary virtue among the lower canine orders. For my own part, I admit frankly that I was always remarkably fickle in my affections. I got tired of Lady Flora in a fortnight. Her lavish attentions bored me, and, after all, her society was not strictly fire-flashes. Among her visitors was a lovely marchioness (who shall be nameless) whose manner pleased me very much. I determined to effect her conquest. She was fond of handsome puppies; it soon became evident that she was pining for me. I timed matters correctly—bit Lady Flora in the finger on the very morning when my Countess came modestly to make known to that lady her love for me. In her indignation Lady Flora yelled me—and I was happy.

"But I soon got tired. I got tired of everything, in fact—tired of worrying Angora cats and pet Canaries, of killing parrots and wounding the calves of favorite footmen. Tired eventually of my Countess—who also tired of me, and gave me away. I began going down hill. Fast Dogs do, I have noticed, at a certain period of their lives; and perceiving this I did what Fast Dogs under such circumstances generally do—made love to a rich old lady, with a view to settling myself in life. I was successful, as usual. She adopted me—died, and left me a fortune during my lifetime, with two servants to wait upon me. They have the care of me, and of course are my slaves. We have been traveling for a little wholesome excitement. But I am tired of it.

"I am tired of writing, too."

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXV.

(From our own Correspondent.)

An Accident and a Delay.—The Euphrates Railway.—Lake the Physician.—The Start for Antioch.—A romantic Adventure.—Six beautiful Ladies.—An American or English Lady among the Armenians.—A strange Interview.—The Ladies disappear.—Arrival at Antioch.—Who is she?

ALEXANDRETTA is, as you probably recollect, the proposed terminus on the Mediterranean of the new railway to the Euphrates Valley, and I confess that I have great confidence in the ultimate completion of this road.

In old papers that have from time to time reached me from America, I have seen curious speculations about a railway in Holy Land, and writers have suggested that Jerusalem and other places would be important stations on the line. I know not out of what these notions have grown. No railway project is known of in the East which has a line within a hundred miles of Jerusalem; nor does it seem probable that within knowledge of the present generation there will be a rail laid in what is properly Holy Land. But if this line be completed which is now sincerely projected, it will be curious enough to go over it, especially for those who have in former years traversed these countries on horseback, and with slow baggage trains.

How would Lake, the good doctor of old Antioch, be astounded by a railway train! I fancy that even he would have been puzzled to attend to the exigencies of a collision! And then to run by Aleppo at express speed, and be landed on the bank of the Euphrates in the evening of the same day you left the sea-coast!

I had a tedious time of it in getting up to Antioch.

On the day that I rode out to the battle-field of Issus, my mare, in crossing a dense, thorny cover that I was forced to take, hurt her off fore foot, and when I reached the town was dead lame. The poor creature, with the determination that her breed is so celebrated for, shored no sign of injury so long as I was on her. She must have borne great pain all the way home, for I found a thorn run nearly into the joint, and it was marvelous she did not fall with me. The accommodations at Alexandretta were of the vilest. Our English friends had the only tolerable rooms in the caravanseras, to which, by using blankets and Persian carpets, and shawls and cloaks, they imparted something of an air of comfort, but John and myself slept on the ground floor, in a hole that I was ashamed to bring my horse into.

For I did bring her in as soon as I ascertained her condition. The night was cold, and I was alarmed by the nature of the wound. We all slept together, therefore, that night, as indeed we had done a great many times before.

The next morning she was doing well; but on the third day, seeing that it was out of the question for me to go, I sent the party off, promising to come up to Antioch in as few days as the animal's injury would permit.

I had a lonely time of it in that little town for a week. Occasionally I rode out on a donkey to the battle-field, and sometimes I climbed the steep hill-sides and looked off over the sea and around the sweep of the northeast corner of the Mediterranean, striving to catch glimpses of the hills near Tarsus, but in vain.

At last she was well, and I tried her a day on the beach, and another day on the hills, and then started for the old city of grandeur and of fame, where the disciples were first called Christians.

We left Alexandretta in the early morning, thinking to reach Antioch by evening. The distance can scarcely be forty miles, and although the roads are not exactly fit for a fast gait, one would suppose we could have accomplished that in a day. And we should have done so under ordinary circumstances, but an incident occurred on the way which not only delayed us over the night, but which was, and still is, a puzzle to both Selim and myself, nor have we found any one in Antioch who is able to explain it to us.

We had crossed a ridge and were descending to a plain that stretches away to the northeast, rattling along at a somewhat better pace than usual, when from a sort of cross-ravine dashed out a party of men, twenty-two in all, dressed in a costume approaching more nearly that of the Mount Lebanon Druses than any other Orientals that I have hitherto seen. They were the Nizam dress, that is, the broidered jacket and flowing trousers, and their faces were wrapped up in white cloths, giving them the appearance of dead men on horseback, with the grave bandages still on them, only their black eyes flashed out on us.

They were around us in an instant, and we were captured without so much as a chance to make any resistance. It was altogether an inglorious affair. I am sorry to be obliged to write it, but I must, if I would be a faithful historian of my own adventures.

Yielding to the inevitable necessity of the occasion, we acknowledged ourselves captives, and sat silently waiting the demonstrations of the enemy. Very singularly there was not a man among them that could speak any language that we knew, and it was impossible for us to exchange a word with them. They spoke what I supposed to be Armenian, but it was of a barbarous sort, if there be any such, for out of a dozen or so of Armenian words that Selim and I could produce between us, they could not understand one; and it was by dint of the most unmistakable signs—to wit, their taking our horses' bridles and leading us—that we were informed that they desired our company.

"Neele must go when the devil drives, Selim," said I; and Selim appreciated the proverb, though he had never heard it, and grunted a guttural "Inshallah," which is an Arabic way of saying the same thing.

I have not space to give you details of the adventure. They led us up and down the passes until, at sunset, we found ourselves in a wild gorge of the hills, and approaching an encampment of a dozen tents.

One of these was larger than the others, and before it a guard was standing, indicating that a person of rank was within the curtains. To this we were led, and they beckoned us to dismount. I obeyed, and entered the tent, accompanied by two of the guard. The interior was a splendid affair. Curtains of the richest silks hung over the upper part, and the ground was covered with the rarest and richest Persian carpets. An odor of delicate perfumes filled the air. The cushions were of splendidly embroidered silk, and altogether the view was astonishing and bewildering.

The guards who entered with me bowed their heads and covered their faces as they entered. It was none of my business to follow their example, and I looked boldly around me.

The tent was occupied by half a dozen ladies, of whom one was chief, and also chief of the men who had captured me. This was sufficiently evident by the deference paid to her. I was not so much struck with this, however, as with her splendid beauty. She was not young, that is to say, she was perhaps forty; but her complexion was faultless, her eyes were blue as the sky, her lips were red, her whole bearing was queenly. It is seldom that such women are seen in the East, and still less frequently are they seen as this lady was, with face uncovered.

She addressed me in Arabic, and I replied in the same tongue.

"I trust that my people have not too much delayed your journey by bringing you to see me?"

"If it was by your orders that they have acted I have no complaint to make, but, on the contrary, I have to thank them."

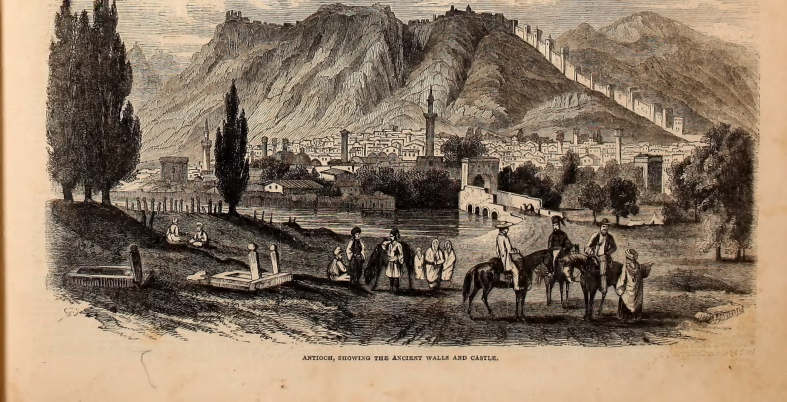
"You are kind"—and she waved her hand to her guard, who vanished, leaving me alone with the ladies. five lustrous girls, who now obeyed their mistress's example, and threw off the veils from their dazzling faces. Imagine my astonishment and perplexity; but imagine, if you can, my overwhelming wonderment when the lady addressed me in as plain English as you talk in New York!

I must pass over this evening rapidly, for were I to relate to you every word of the conversation, which lasted till after midnight, you would in no wise wiser than I am about my fair hostess or captor. We talked of every thing under heaven except herself; for, whenever my questions were that way inclined, she checked me with a smile, and turned to other topics. She had been in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia. She had been, too, in many European cities. I could not even tell whether she was English or American. As the evening advanced we had a delicate supper that would have done honor to the Place Vendome in its best days, and a cup of coffee that Very never equaled.

The other ladies chatted away in Armenian, or whatever was the unknown tongue that the men had used, and sometimes they gathered around their beautiful mistress and listened, wondering with large eyes wide open, to the unintelligible talk of their lady and the stranger. I wish, for the benefit of your lady readers, that I could describe their dresses; but I should fail in that. Their white necks and shoulders and flashing eyes, as they



PILGRIMS ENCAMPED NEAR ANTIOCH.



ANTIOCH, SHOWING THE ANCIENT WALLS AND CASTLE.

grouped around their queenly mistress, made a picture in Oriental life that I shall not soon forget.

We parted at an hour after midnight. She did not tell me why she had sent for me, and I anticipated further revelations in the morning. The morning came, and I awoke in the tent which had been assigned to me, threw open the curtain to look out, and found myself alone. Tents, guard, and ladies had vanished.

I called aloud, and Selim sprang to his feet from among the low brush that grew near at hand. Shortly afterward one man appeared, leading two mules. He made signs that I was to mount my own horse, and I obeyed. Selim and he struck the tent, packed it and the splendid cushions on which I had slept, and laid them on the mules, and we took up our line of march. In three hours' time our eyes were greeted with a burst of splendor—the full sunshine on the old walls of Antioch.

While we paused to look at them, the stranger slipped something into the hand of Selim and disappeared. The latter handed me a piece of folded paper on which were written, in a very good and rather English hand, these words:

"We are all travelers. You should not be without a tent in this country. Accept one from me, who have to thank you for a pleasant evening and for news from home."

The last word was blotted as if she had begun to write another and then had chosen this.

Such was my adventure, and I submit it to you, if it is not a strange one, sounding like a page out of the Arabian Nights. If you know of any English or American lady that is just now playing the Lady Hester Stanhope in the East, perhaps you can enlighten our ignorance. But, for the present, I and all whom I meet in Antioch, are alike unable to solve the mystery. As for the tent, I'll be hanged if I know what to do with it. But for it and the cushions and the two mules, I believe John Steenburger would think the whole story a fiction, but he knows that such silk does not grow in Iskanderoon. I must leave for my next my sketches of Antioch.

LITERARY.

THE admirers of Mrs. Sigourney—and they are numbered in this country and Europe by thousands—will welcome another book from her pen. LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL (published by Harper & Brothers) is an exceedingly delicate and delicious story of the life of an American girl, from the earliest childhood to the mature woman of twenty-two. The blank pages of the Diary which she commences are the pages of the child's future history. Page by page she writes them over as life brightens or blots the days and years. In the whole we have a faithful record of the inner home life of our countrywomen when our mothers were young, in the first part of this century. The very accomplished author suffers no errors of thought or of ethics to mar her lessons. In sketching the life of Lucy Howard she teaches, as none knows better how to teach than she, the lessons of young life; and mothers and daughters will accept and value the book as a charming extract from their own past or present experiences. A year ago we expressed the wish, which we may be permitted here to renew, that Mrs. Sigourney may be long spared to continue her admirable works, and to enjoy the serene and peaceful hours of her "past meridian."

WHITE LIES, Charles Reade's last novel, now published complete by Ticknor & Fields, is exciting some attention in England, from its very "Frenchy" character. So decidedly Gaulish is it that the charge of plagiarism is openly made against it, though no one can put his finger on any origin. The book is remarkable in its character.

Mr. Reade's literary history has not been long, but it has certainly been brilliant. "Peg Woffington" promised great things, which "Christie Johnstone" and "Never Too Late to Mend" fulfilled. We are inclined to think, however, that this last book surpasses the others in character and plan. The plot of the story is ingenious, while it is purely French. The heroine, as in no other novel on earth that we recollect, marries one lover, and marries another while the first yet lives; keeps the secret of the second marriage from the first husband until fate discovers it; is divorced from the first lover, while the marriage with the second is confirmed; and in the end all parties are well satisfied. The book is spirited and Reade-like. Men and women talk like men and women, and not like puppets. Incidents happen very much as in commonplace life, but work out the romance as well as if they were lugged in by the ears. The writer, as usual, rejects all received rules of novel-writing, of rhetoric, and of grammar; but in the end makes a book which, like all he has written, possesses uncommon attractiveness.

White Lies has been dramatized in England, and Miss Laura Keene, of this city, has become possessed of the play, which can not fail to be popular if it has been even tolerably done. The plot is eminently dramatic and lively, full of amusing *contretemps*.

Ticknor & Fields send us Mayne Reid's PLANT HUNTERS, an admirable book for boys who love adventurous stories in which instruction is faithfully given with the fun and the incident. The Plant Hunters are botanists in the Himalaya country, who seek exotics for European hot-houses, and find elephants and tigers as well as strange trees and plants.

THE YOUNG COMMODORE (published by Sheldon & Blakeman) is also a capital book for the children. We think that we can trace in the story a sketch of the wanderings of the American squadron under Commodore Breese, two years ago, in the Mediterranean, two or three of the incidents being those of which we heard at the time. The hero is a boy who accompanies his father in a cruise, and sees a great many curious things which the boys will be delighted to hear of.

Ticknor & Fields also publish another sparkling book by Grace Greenwood, STORIES AND LEGENDS OF TRAVEL, FOR CHILDREN, in which she collects many of her pleasantest travel memories, and in which the young will be interested. These books—the Plant Hunters, The Young Commodore, and Stories and Legends—belong to the same class with Abbott's Histories and other similar books, which are far preferable for the use of the young, and much more acceptable and useful to children, than the small stuff of which their books are too often built.

In the same class we may place WILLIS THE PILOT; a Sequel to the Swiss Family Robinson, published by Mayhew & Baker, Boston. Few boys of the last twenty years have failed to experience the delight of reading "The Swiss Family Robinson." Next to "Robinson Crusoe," it is the most enticing book of children's reading. This sequel to it is very well done, abounding in adventure, and occasionally in fun. Boys that have grown up since they read the former book will not find this dull. The ingenious intermingling of amusement and instruction, which was a characteristic of its predecessor, is preserved in the sequel with much skill.

We have had lying on our table for some weeks past a small volume, which we have not noticed for lack of space, and which we must even now pass with few words. Dr. Seyfarth's SUMMARY OF RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY, etc. (with special reference to Dr. Abbott's Museum in New York), is worthy the careful perusal of all readers. Although differing essentially from the learned Doctor in his views as well of chronology as of interpretation, it is still with great pleasure that we recommend this little volume to the public as one of the first contributions of the American press to this most interesting subject.

Writing of hieroglyphics, we are reminded of an interesting fact which has recently come to our knowledge. The author of "Boat Life" brought down the Nile two *papyri*, which all readers know are the ancient manuscripts of the Egyptians. One of these he left with Dr. Abbott in Cairo, and the other he brought to America. The former has been sent by Dr. Abbott to England, and we have seen a letter from Sir Gardner Wilkinson, stating that the British Museum has purchased it for fifty pounds—a very respectable price for a manuscript. The papyri in the New York Museum are regarded as the most valuable in the world, not excepting the celebrated collection at Berlin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on Monday, January 4, a resolution was introduced by Senator Davis to define the President's authority, under the recent Act to promote the efficiency of the navy. Senator Fessenden gave notice of a French Spoliation Bill. Senator Benjamin moved that 20,000 copies of the Dred Scott judgment be printed for the use of the Senate. Senator Fitzpatrick moved for all the documents relating to the arrest of Walker. Senator Pugh introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas to the Union. The bill provides for the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, with the same boundaries as were defined by the bill of the last Congress. It also requires that the seventh article of that Constitution, relative to Slavery, shall be submitted to the direct vote of the qualified electors on the 7th of April next, and that the returns of this election shall be made to the Governor of the Territory, instead of the President of the Convention; states that the election shall be conducted in obedience to the laws in force on the 7th of November last; also provides that the Constitution shall not be so construed as to limit or impair the right of the people to at any time call a Convention for the purpose of altering, amending, or abolishing their form of government, subject to the Constitution of the United States. Senator Brown began to speak on the Kansas question, but was interrupted by illness.——In the House Mr. Clingman, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, moved for the documents relating to Walker's arrest; and the resolution having been enlarged so as to include documents relating to Walker's operations prior to his last departure from the country was adopted, after a debate in which Messrs. Clingman, Ritchie, H. Marshall, Jones, Faulkner, Cochrane, Savage, and Kelsey took part. Various local matters were the subject of resolutions. Mr. Quitman asked but did not obtain leave to introduce a bill repealing certain sections of the Neutrality Laws. Mr. Cobb moved a resolution inquiring of the Committee on Territories whether the organic Act of Utah should not be repealed; adopted. A bill was introduced by Mr. Morrill and referred, after some debate, to the Judiciary Committee, to punish polygamy in the Territories.

On Tuesday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Seward moved a resolution that the petition of Maillard, who claims to have been wronged in Ireland, be transmitted to the Secretary of State. Senator Fessenden obtained a reference of his French Spoliation Bill to a select committee. Senator Gwin submitted a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of accrediting a Minister to Japan.——In the House, which sat in Committee of the Whole on the Message, the various topics were proposed by Mr. G. Jones to be referred to the appropriate committees. Mr. Quitman moved, in amendment, that the reference to the Neutrality Laws be referred to a select committee; upon which debate ensued, in which Messrs. Quitman, Glancy Jones, Keitt, Stephens, Bocock, Clingman, Maynard, and Lovejoy took part.

On Wednesday, 6th, in the Senate, Senator Crittenden spoke in favor of his resolution for increasing the duty on imports. Senator Fitch moved, in amendment, to tax all bank-notes, so as to drive the small ones out of circulation. Both resolution and amendment were tabled. Senator Pugh presented a memorial from Ohio, praying for the establishment of a National Bank, with a thirty years' charter and $60,000,000 capital. Other local business was also transacted.——In the House, bills were reported by Glancy Jones, for the support of the Military Academy; and by Mr. Washburn, for the better protection of life on board steam vessels. Resolutions were reported by Mr. Clingman calling for documents relating to all differences and negotiations between the United States and Paraguay, New Granada and Brazil. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Message, and the debate on Walker's case was continued by Messrs. Sickels, Haskin, Stephens, Bliss, Bocock, and Gilmer.

On Thursday, 7th, Senator Seward presented to the Senate a petition from Canandaigua in favor of buying up the slaves of the South. Senator King moved for documents on emigration and its troubles; and Senator Foot for official correspondence on the affairs of China. A Message was likewise received from the President on the arrest of Walker, with accompanying documents. Senator Mason moved its reference to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; motion adopted. Debate ensued on the Message, in which Senators Davis, Mason, Crittenden, Brown, Houston, Seward, Pugh, Toombs, Doolittle, Mallory, Douglas, and Pearce took part. The Senate then adjourned to Monday.——In the House, the debate on the arrest of Walker was continued by Messrs. Thayer, Adrian, and Washburn. The House then adjourned to Monday.

THE ADMINISTRATION PRONOUNCE AGAINST WALKER.

General William Walker has published a long and touching letter to the President, praying for redress for the wrongs he has suffered, defending his whole course, and closing with the following:

"As long as there is a Central American exiled from his native land, and deprived of his property and civil rights for the services he rendered us, in evil as well as good report, so long shall our time and our energies be devoted to the work of their restoration. As long as the bones of our companions in arms, murdered under a barbarous decree of the Costa Rican Government, lie bleaching and unburied on the hill-sides of Nicaragua, so long shall our brains contrive and our hands labor for the justice which one day we will surely obtain."

The sentiment of the Administration on the subject was given in the President's Message sent to the Senate on Thursday. As to Commodore Paulding, the President says:

"In capturing General Walker and his command, after they had landed on the soil of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding has, in my opinion, committed a great error. It is quite evident, however, from the communications herewith transmitted, that this was done from pure and patriotic motives, and in sincere conviction that he was promoting the interests and vidicating the honor of his country. In regard to Nicaragua, she has sustained no injustice by the act of Commodore Paulding. This has enured to her benefit, and relieved her from a dread invasion. She alone would have any right to complain of the violation of her territory, and it is quite certain that she will never exercise this right. It unquestionably does not belong to her invaders to complain in her name."

But of Walker's expedition he says: "It well deserves the severe punishment inflicted upon it by our laws. It violates the principles of Christianity, morality, and humanity, held sacred by all civilized nations, and by none more than by the people of the United States. Disguise it as we may, such a military expedition is an invitation to reckless and lawless men to enlist under the banner of any adventurer to rob, plunder, and murder the unoffending citizens of neighboring States who have never done them harm."

He concludes with the remark: "The truth is, that no Administration can successfully conduct the foreign affairs of the country, in Central America or any where else, if it is to be interfered with at every step by lawless military expeditions set on foot in the United States."

THE SENATE IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

The Senate has confirmed the Sound Dues Treaty. The following officials have also been confirmed: Beverley L. Clarke, Minister to Guatemala; K. Isman, Consul to Vera Cruz; Thomas B. Stephenson, Judge of New Mexico; Theodore Sedgwick, United States District-Attorney at New York. It is stated that Mr. Pickens has been nominated Minister to Russia, and Belden, of Indiana, Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands.

THE NEWS FROM UTAH.

Late advices from Utah report the army well, but the cattle dying fast. It is said that the Mormons will resist to the last, and preparations are accordingly being made for a severe fight in the spring. Orders are issued and will be dispatched immediately for the First Cavalry and the Sixth Infantry, now in Kansas, and the Seventh Infantry, now in Texas, to hold themselves in readiness to march by the first of April to reinforce the army in Utah. The War Department has determined on sending immediately large reinforcements to the army now serving in Utah. This force will consist of four full regiments, which will be composed of both cavalry and infantry, with two light batteries of artillery. It is expected they will concentrate at Fort Leavenworth, and take up their line of march at an early day.

THE KANSAS IMBROGLIO.

No positive news of the result of the election of 4th has been received; but the latest telegrams from St. Louis assert that the election went off quietly, and that the Free-State men elected their ticket. Considerable excitement has been caused by the adhesion of Governor Wise, of Virginia, to the side of Senator Douglas. Some persons seem to think that Governor Denver will induce the Free-State party in Kansas to submit to the Lecompton Constitution.

MEETING OF STATE LEGISLATURES.

Several State Legislatures have met during the week—among others, those of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Maine. In the Legislature of Maryland the members, by a vote of forty-three to twenty-seven, resolved not to receive the Governor's Message, which, as they had discovered, contained injurious reflections on the party to which they belong.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Governor King refers at great length to the revulsion, and recommends a law obliging the Banks to hold one-fourth of their liabilities in specie. In reference to the canals, he announces a deficit of $2,500,000, to meet which there is only the loan of half a million not yet negotiated. He considers the Metropolitan Police Act a signal success, and recommends the Legislature to follow it up. After referring briefly to other local matters, he closes with a review of the Kansas question, and the Lemmon slave case.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Governor S. P. Chase sent his annual Message to the Legislature of Ohio on the 4th instant. The document goes pretty extensively into the affairs of the State, and descants on the subject of the finances. It also refers to the relations existing between the General and State Governments; and after a long account of the recent collisions of State and Federal authorities growing out of arrests of fugitive slaves, it refers at length, and with extreme warmth, to the dispute now pending in reference to Kansas.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, delivered his first annual Message to the Legislature of Massachusetts on 7th. The funded debt of the Commonwealth is $1,314,000. Provision has been made for $1,098,000 of this debt, leaving a balance of $215,000 unprovided for. The current expenses of the last year amounted to $1,362,503, and the receipts of the State from all sources were $1,483,166, of which $735,041 were raised by a State tax. The receipts from ordinary resources this year are estimated at $702,000. Unless the ordinary expenses of the current year can be reduced below the standard of last year there will be a deficit of $650,803, to be paid by a State tax equal to that amount. The banking capital of the Commonwealth is $60,319,720. The number of banking institutions is 173. The aggregate circulation of bank-notes is $18,104,827, and the aggregate amount of specie is $3,611,097, which is equivalent to one dollar in specie for every five dollars in paper. The Governor recommends the suppression of bank-notes under five dollars, and after the lapse of three or five years a suppression of notes under ten dollars, and the substitution of gold and silver. In regard to the naturalization laws the Governor says: "There can be no object of higher importance than that of determining upon what conditions the right of suffrage shall be conferred, and what legislative safeguards are necessary to maintain the purity of elections, and to protect the rights of American citizens. I shall cheerfully concur with you in such measures as you may judge expedient for that purpose." In regard to Kansas, after a review of recent events in that Territory, he says: "Nothing but the direct intervention of federal influence can force through Congress the Lecompton Constitution; and if the Government, with the sanction of the people, can force upon Kansas a Constitution conceived in fraud and violence, it will be the weightiest blow ever given against free governments."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, which was sent in on 6th, treats chiefly of the State's finances, banks, and the tariff. It represents that the finances of Pennsylvania have not presented so satisfactory an aspect for a long time. During the year every demand upon the treasury has been promptly paid from the revenue derived from the ordinary sources. For the fiscal year the receipts of the Treasury, including the balance on hand, have been $5,935,000; expenditures, $5,407,000. The interest on the funded debt will be promptly paid, and that due in February will also be paid out of the available means now in the Treasury. Within the last three years the public debt, without resorting to temporary loans, has been $1,816,000. In reference to the suspension of the banks, he states that the amount realized from the banks by the payment of one-fourth of one per centum on the capital stock has defrayed the expenses of the extra session, leaving a balance of $35,000. He suggests a reform in the system of banking and management, and recommends a modification of the tariff to a more liberal protection of manufacturing, especially iron interests.

PERSONAL.

Governor Powell was elected United States Senator from Kentucky on 5th inst. He received 80 votes, Garret Davis 54, and Mr. Thompson 1.

A Boston correspondent of *The Evening Post* says: "Yesterday I had the pleasure of learning from Senator Sumner's own lips that he has no intention of resigning his seat in the Senate. There is not a man in Massachusetts with heart and head enough to fill Mr. Sumner's place, who does not earnestly wish that he may retain it, though he should not speak another word in it. They would as soon level Bunker Hill because that is silent. His history talks.

A Mobile paper remarks: "John Van Buren made a thrilling speech at the great Democratic meeting at Tammany Hall on the 23d, in support of the President's position on the Kansas question. He was severe in his censure of the disorganizing course of Senator Douglas. It sounds strange to hear John Van Buren rebuking Stephen A. Douglas for faithlessness to the Democratic platform, and defending the rights of the South against him.

Daniel Hicks, a soldier in the Revolution, died at his residence near Boydton, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, on the 12th ult., in the 99th year of his age.

A communication in the Richmond *Enquirer* gives some interesting particulars of the history of Dr. Turnipseed, the young American physician to whom the Emperor Alexander recently sent the cross of St. Anne. The writer says: "During his sojourn at Sebastopol he won the admiration and personal regards of General Count Osten Sacken, who was the defender of the city, and who has testified to his fine merits in a letter written to the Russian Government."

The Rev. Dr. Gannett (Unitarian), the Rev. A. A. Miner (Universalist), the Rev. George Richards (Orthodox), the Rev. J. C. Stockbridge (Baptist), the Rev. Dr. Vinton (Episcopalian), and the Rev. S. H. Winkley (Unitarian), who delivered each a lecture last winter at Pitts Street Chapel, Boston (of which the Rev. Mr. Winkley, referred to above, is minister), from the text "What shall I do to be saved?" are to repeat the lectures in February and March next.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that Dr. Mackay was lately called upon by an inventor with the model of a life-boat, and offered a hundred dollars if he would write a song about it. The Doctor acknowledging the liberal tender, declining the job, the applicant added a fifty by way of a higher bid, and, finding this did not inspire the muse, asked the poet if he thought Longfellow would undertake the commission at that price?

A Washington letter gives this sketch of Mr. Bernhisel, the delegate in Congress from Utah Territory:

The delegate is one of the most quiet and pleasant gentlemen in the House. In deportment, tone, and voice, person and countenance, he bears a striking resemblance to Robert J. Walker. He is a native of Pennsylvania. He looked haggard and worn after his long journey over the plains, on his first arrival, but has since recruited. Although he has been in the House for six years, I recollect hearing him speak but once, and that was to protest against any discussion of the social and domestic institutions of Utah. His *forte* is taciturnity. In private conversation he is fluent and agreeable. He is an industrious man of business, and attends faithfully to the interests of his constituents. He is rather short of stature. His head is nearly bald, but iron-gray locks project diagonally from the skull near the ears, upward and forward.

Mayor Tiemann, of this city, received his friends on New-Year's Day. Some of the scenes were amusing. One visitor simply said, "Honesty is the best policy;" another, "Fellow-Democrat, I am glad to see you here, and I wish you a 'Happy New-Year;'" a third said, "I am happy, Mr. Mayor, to see you again surrounded by your friends;" a fourth hoped he "should never regret having given his vote for Daniel F. Tiemann," to which the Mayor replied he hoped not. Prominent among the visitors was Mr. Anthony Tiemann, the father of Daniel F. Tiemann. Father and son heartily congratulated each other. The venerable father then took his seat near where his son was standing, and his countenance beamed with joy and happiness, while the unceasing tide of well-wishers pressed on and passed away.

A correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from New York, says: "One of our clergymen in New York city is quite a sportsman. He keeps his horse and carriage—his town and city house—and also two or three sail boats, and one of the finest yachts in our waters; and in the season he may be found any day in his red baize shirt and sailor trim on board his craft, enjoying the sport like an old tar. The helm he always holds. Some time since he had an appointment to preach out of the city, and went on board his yacht and sailed on Saturday afternoon up to the appointed place, secured his craft, and left his hands on board, while, like Abraham at Moriah, he went "up to worship and return." He put up with a friend at night. Among the family was a little youngster of ten years; he had a keen eye to fun, and the third heaven to his imagination was the ownership of a yacht. He went up to his father and said, "Oh, father, is Rev. Mr. —— to preach for us to-morrow?" The reply was yes. "Oh, I am *so* glad," screamed out the juvenile sportsman. "And why are *you* so glad?" gravely asked the father. "Oh," said Jim, "I *do* want to hear a man preach once who owns and sails a yacht;" and no one heard Rev. Mr. —— with greater delight than "Jim."

Miss Maria Mitchell of Nantucket, who received a gold medal from the King of Denmark for her discovery of a new comet, is passing the winter at Paris.

We observe a notice going the "rounds" of the Press, that Charles Fenno Hoffman, the celebrated poet, who has for some time been an inmate of the Pennsylvania Hospital near our city, is lying dangerously ill. A Harrisburgh paper is requested to state, by Dr. Corwin, the efficient superintendent of the above-named Institution, that the report is without foundation. Mr. Hoffman, so far from being ill, is in the enjoyment of most excellent health, and hopes are entertained that at no very distant day, with the treatment now observed, the distinguished gentleman may be restored to that position in society of which he was an intellectual ornament.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REVULSION AND COMMERCIAL FRAUDS.

THE total amount of failures in England since the revulsion commenced is now said to amount to $250,000,000. The London *Times* makes the following severe remarks on the dishonesty which has been developed by the revulsion:

"The public are astounded at the commercial disclosures on every side. Even those most conversant for years past with all the great operations of business *had no idea of the degree of corruption that, at each turn, was defeating the efforts of the honest trader.* The question is, have they yet any adequate conception of the extent to which the system has been carried? Persons are disposed to comfort themselves by the conclusion that every case of delinquency appears in print and makes a great stir, while the multitude of ordinary transactions are carried on with regularity day after day, and excite no notice. There could not be a greater delusion. On all hands there is a combination *to palliate and hush up the practices that have been prevalent*, and no more difficult or dangerous duty could be undertaken than that of endeavoring to defeat it. There is abundant sympathy for the speculator, who has lived in good style for years, and whose position may at last be questioned; but none for the great mass of the people, who, in consequence of his operations, have been paying higher prices for all the necessaries of life;

none for those who have been tempted by high wages into overstocked branches of labor, and who are suddenly thrown into destitution; and none for society in general, which will suffer through many future years from a generation of young men brought up to the belief *that there is no such thing as honest trade, and that he is greatest who most excels in the adulteration of goods, the manufacture of accommodation bills, and the management of fraudulent suspensions.* In one case now pending at Glasgow, a house is shown to have had seventy-five real or fictitious correspondents, all insolvent like itself, upon whom it had drawn to the amount of £380,000, the whole finally centering in the Western Bank. Is this a solitary specimen? Are there not hundreds of analogous but more adroit cases that might be developed on every side—often, apparently, without much difficulty, if any judgment may be formed from the leading figures lately presented in some of the London balance sheets; and as soon as the present crisis is over, will not all these persons again go to work?"

FAILURE OF THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH THE "LEVIATHAN."

Great efforts have again been made to get the *Leviathan* into the river. More hydraulic presses were set to work, heavier chains were applied, but, as in the case of former efforts, the hydraulic presses burst, and the great chains, although having links of two and a quarter inches in thickness, snapped asunder as if they were so many pack-threads. At high water there was nearly four feet water about the vessel's keel, but as that unfortunately happened at the dinner hour, the rams were all suddenly deserted, and the works were suspended until the great business of life had been satisfactorily disposed of by the workmen. For the labor employed on this monster £900 weekly has been paid for the last six weeks, exclusive of the cost of timber and iron. On the following day the launching experiments were resumed, but with only a small modicum of success. A slip was made of thirty-eight inches aft and sixteen inches forward. This, although not much, had the effect of placing the vessel straight in the ways. As in the case of former experiments, the works were interrupted by the bursting or breaking of machinery, a result which now appears to attend every attempt. It is now understood that farther attempts are to be postponed till the spring tides in January. The ship at high tide has six feet of water under her.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The marriage of the Princess Royal is to be celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 25th of January, and, in honor of the occasion, the Queen has commanded three performances to take place at Her Majesty's Theatre. They are to consist of a tragedy, a comedy, and an opera. A great many royal and distinguished personages are expected to arrive on a visit to her Majesty, in order to be present at the marriage. The King of the Belgians, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg, will be inmates of Buckingham Palace, and for other visitors of less exalted rank a suite of rooms has been engaged at Farrance's Hotel, in Belgravia, where they will be attended by the Queen's own servants, and have the use of her Majesty's carriages. One of the most important *fêtes* will be a grand court reception, for the purpose of a formal presentation of the *élite* of the *beau monde* to the Prince and Princess after their nuptials.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

The London *Court Journal* observes: "On the occasion of her Majesty's marriage the Queen presented to each of her bridesmaids a diamond and turquoise ornament, to be worn on the shoulder on the sleeve of the dress; and the ladies so distinguished always wear this badge whenever they attend at Court. We believe that some such distinction will be conferred on those who occupy a prominent position in the ceremonial of the nuptials of the Princess Royal. Fourteen beautiful bracelets of the same pattern, and with similar jewels, are being manufactured for the event, besides a number of brooches and pins. These latter contain, on a shield of blue enamel, the cipher of the Princess in diamonds, surmounted by the Prussian eagle, also in brilliants. The trousseau of the Princess herself approaches completion, and its magnificence will be in every respect worthy of the illustrious Princess."

ANOTHER PRINCESS TO BE MARRIED.

Rumors have been current for some time of a projected marriage between the hereditary Prince of the Netherlands, born on the 4th September, 1840, and the second daughter of the Queen of England. A letter from the Hague, of the 7th ultimo, in the Cologne *Gazette*, states that Lieutenant-General Van Omphal has left for London with a mission to officially demand the hand of the Princess Alice, who was born on the 25th April, 1843, for the Prince of Orange.

HOW SWINDLERS LIVE IN EUROPE.

Not many years since a certain gentleman became indebted to one of the Glasgow banks to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds. When he was hauled up it was found that he had "no assets," and the bank therefore "insured his life" to the extent of their debt, upon which they, of course, pay a very heavy annual tax. This gentleman called on the bank, some time after, and told one of the managers, "I am offered a lucrative situation in Sierra Leone, but, you know, if I go out there the policy will be vitiated. However, I must go, as I can not starve." What, then, was to be done? The same man is now comfortably living on the Continent on an annuity granted him by this bank, which annuity, added to the premium of insurance, forms a nice little item in the expenses of the establishment.

LORD PALMERSTON AND THE NEWSMAN.

A few days ago, as Lord Palmerston was walking home from "business," he encountered in Parliament Street a file of those brazen-faced and brazen-voiced hawkers of false news who infest the uttermost parts of the British metropolis at hush of eve. One of these public organs of misinformation happening to recognize the ruler of English destinies, shouted at the top of his voice (with a knowing wink to his comrades), "Himpawrt'nt Nooze! Capshur of Nena Sahib!" Startled at this shameless fiction, the noble Premier turned sharp round, and in language not sufficiently parliamentary to suit our columns, accosted the crier thus: "You —— lying scoundrel, why do you deceive the people in this way?" "'Xcuse me, my lord," replied the rival bottleholder, "I'm only follering my trade, as you, my lord, foller yers!" Whether Lord Palmerston made any rejoinder is not known.

A TERRIBLE ESCAPE.

The East Suffolk Railway Company are sinking a well for one of the gate-houses, and strenuous efforts are being made to get it completed as early as possible. A young man named Frederick Dale was lowered, in high spirits, singing "Fare-ye-well." On approaching the bottom he became unconscious. The men above, receiving no reply to repeated questions, became alarmed, and one of their number made an attempt to descend, but had not proceeded more than twenty feet when he was obliged to be drawn up again on account of the fetid vapor. Lighted candles were then sent down, but were extinguished before half-way down. A box of fire was next tried, but with the same result. Grappling irons were then procured, and an attempt was made to raise the poor fellow. The hooks caught the waistband of the trowsers, but not being of strong materials they gave way. Probably, however, the sudden jerk roused him from his stupor, as he laid hold of the rope and was raised thirty feet, when he let go and fell to the bottom. All supposed he must have been dashed to atoms, but providentially he was saved. The rope being again lowered, he fastened it round his body, and was brought to the surface more dead than alive. With the aid of restoratives he sufficiently recovered to be removed home, and is now doing well.

FRANCE.

INTERCESSION OF GEORGE SAND WITH THE EMPRESS.

It appears that Madame George Sand has addressed a letter, through one of the French imperial family, to the Empress Eugénie, describing in the most affecting terms the deplorable condition to which the suspension of the journal *La Presse* has reduced the families of the workmen to whom it gave employment. The letter gave a most touching description of the state of these unfortunate persons, in whose favor the Empress was asked to intercede. It does not appear to have succeeded. The offense of the *Presse* was most heinous; it presumed to talk about freedom of speech, liberty, and such other old world fancies, and will very likely be compelled to pay the penalty to the utmost.

GRISI TURNED MEDIUM.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe*, writing on the 24th ult., says: "Grisi has turned a new leaf in her libretto. She is announced as a 'medium' of no common performance; Hume (not the skeptic, but the charlatan) proclaiming her excellence in her new *rôle*."

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER TRIAL.

A trial for murder has taken place at Evreux, which is destined to take rank among the most celebrated of *causes célèbres.* A lady of noble family, handsome fortune, and hitherto unblemished character, inhabiting the ancestral mansion of her late husband, her two sons, and an old faithful servant, were accused of the willful murder of a neighbor who was at one time on intimate terms with the family, but whose acquaintance it was lately desired to drop. Madame de Jeufosse belonged to an old and much respected family of Vexin. She is now forty-nine years of age. Her two sons, Ernest and Albert de Jeufosse, are now respectively of the ages of twenty-five and twenty-two years. The daughter, Mademoiselle Blanche de Jeufosse, is in her nineteenth year. Since the death of her husband Madame de Jeufosse lived a very retired life, and devoted herself to the education of her children. At the time of the tragical event to be presently mentioned there was a governess in the house, named Mademoiselle Laurence Thouzery, a young lady about twenty years old. Crespel, the man servant (forty-three years old), was born at Jeufosse, and has passed all his life in the service of the family. The name of the individual whose violent death is the subject of the now pending inquiry was Emile Guillot, and this completes the *dramatis personæ.* M. Guillot belonged to a rich tradesman's family, of Gallion, a village not far from Jeufosse. His father was a Government contractor, and had left all his sons, of whom there are several, 25,000 francs a year apiece. M. Emile Guillot, who was thirty-two years of age, was married to a young wife, and had two children of tender years. He is described as having been a person of frank, pleasing manners.

THE CAUSE OF THE HOMICIDE.

Some two years since a more than ordinary intimacy sprung up between the Jeufosses and M. and Madame Guillot. This intimacy continued down to January in this year, when, for reasons which, as Madame de Jeufosse is alleged to have stated, concerned the honor of her family, she determined to break off the acquaintance. In fact, Guillot had paid improper addresses first to the governess and then to the daughter; had openly boasted of his success in both cases, and had ostentatiously forced himself into the premises after dark, as he said, to meet one or the other. He used to carry a horn to these nocturnal rendezvous, and blow it from time to time. Madame Jeufosse, feeling satisfied from what her daughter and the governess told her that they were disgusted with the fellow and that he was an impostor, broke off the acquaintance. Madame Guillot at once resigned herself to this rupture, but M. Guillot could not, or would not, bring himself to believe that it was serious and final. He thought Madame de Jeufosse had merely given way to a momentary caprice, and that there would be no difficulty in renewing the old friendship, which he appeared greatly to desire. He waylaid the family whenever they went out, and spoke to them gayly as if nothing had happened. Madame de Jeufosse was greatly annoyed at these attempts to make her revoke what, on her part, was a settled resolution. Many anecdotes of these forced interviews are current.

HOW THE MAN WAS SHOT.

The Chateau de Jeufosse is a building of the time of Louis XIV. At the back there is a lawn sloping to a garden, beyond which there is a park surrounded by a low wall. It is stated that M. Guillot had several times got over this wall at night in order to deposit in a certain hollow tree a letter for some inmate of the Chateau de Jeufosse. However this may be, it is certain that, on the 12th June last at about ten in the evening, he, accompanied by a servant named Gros, rode on horseback along a lane that bounded the park wall, and choosing a favorable spot, slipped off his horse upon the top of the wall, and jumped down into the park. Hardly had he done so, when the report of a gun was heard, and M. Guillot fell mortally wounded. He called out for help, to his servant Gros, but the latter, panic-stricken, ran as hard as he could to the chateau, where he knocked hard at the door, but could get nobody to answer. He then ran back to the spot where his master fell, and found him writhing in the dust in the agonies of death. M. Guillot charged him to carry his dying farewell to his wife and children, and to ask their pardon, and then breathed his last.

THE EVIDENCE AND VERDICT.

It was pretty well established on the trial that the fatal shot was deliberately fired by Crespel, the old servant, by the orders of Madame de Jeufosse and her two sons, and that it being known that M. Guillot had been in the habit of getting over the park wall, Crespel had been lying in wait for him with his gun for several nights successively. But on proof of the conduct of Guillot to the young ladies, and of his idle boasts about their sacrificing themselves to him, the jury acquitted all the prisoners, *but condemned Madame de Jeufosse to pay the costs.*

THE LITTLE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* tells the following story: "I will mention a trifling incident which occurred yesterday opposite my window, and which created more enthusiasm than I had ever witnessed on any previous occasion toward the Imperial family. The little Prince Imperial was on his return from the Bois de Boulogne, escorted as usual by a body of smart Lancers whose fluttering pennons danced gayly in the breeze, when the carriage of the Empress met him just as his cortége was ascending the brow of the slope leading from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice to the Arch of Triumph. The Empress made a sign for the carriages to pull up, and immediately afterward the little Prince was conducted across the road to her Majesty. The Empress, taking him up in her arms and kissing him, held him out for the by-standers, who were now clustering in thousands round the carriages, to gaze at, and as the little fellow laughed, and crowed, and waved his tiny hand, you could see the tears of delight rolling over the rough cheeks of men and women while they poured out their heartfelt benedictions upon him. It was really a pretty sight, and one that placed power and people in a most pleasing point of view. The fair Eugénie seemed to unite all hearts by her gracious and winsome manner, and when the little fellow was again conveyed back to his nurse's arms, and kissed his little fingers in token of adieu to those that looked on him so kindly, many a sturdy Democrat in the moment ceased to think of the Imperial dictatorship which was over the boy's future inheritance, and to remember only that he was a child of France, and a bonny one to look at.

THE RIGHTS OF COUNSEL.

A duel has just taken place in Paris which has been the subject of much conversation, but fortunately it was not attended with any serious consequences. The parties were M. Gustave Chaix-d'Est-Ange, advocate, and the Marquis de P——. The origin of the affair was some remark made by the young barrister in pleading against M. de P——, who having been separated from his wife, claimed a right to pay a weekly visit to his children at the school where they were being educated. The learned gentleman, in endeavoring to reduce that right to a monthly visit, made some observations which led to an insulting letter from the Marquis. The council of the order of advocates did not wish to establish the precedent that its members should be personally responsible for any remarks they might make in their judicial capacity, but M. Chaix-d'Este-Ange, in spite of their opposition, met his adversary, who received a slight sword-wound in the arm, and the matter terminated.

A BLIND SCULPTOR

"There is now in Paris," says the *Courrier de Paris*, "a young sculptor, named Vidal, who, although deprived of sight, models animals with a skill and exactitude which is really wonderful. He has only to carefully touch the different parts of a dog, a horse, a sheep, or a bird, to be able to model them in all their forms and proportions, and his animals are full of life and movement. M. Vidal was at first, when his eyes were unharmed, a pupil of Barye, and evinced great talent for modeling animals, when by an unfortunate accident he lost his sight. Having no other resource than a trifling pension of 200 francs a year, allowed by the Hospital of the Blind, he applied himself to his old profession, and by degrees acquired the delicacy of touch which has enabled him to accomplish what is above stated."

A GIRL EXCHANGED FOR A DONKEY.

An elderly farmer, named Villy, of Frejus, appeared three days ago before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Draguignan to complain of a female named Annette for having robbed him. The tale he told was rather curious. At the last fair at Frejus he made the acquaintance of a traveling dentist named Delacour, a Pole, and in the course of conversation told him that as he was alone in the world he should like to have a nice young woman to live with him, and he proposed to Delacour to purchase from him for 20 francs Annette, who had traveled with him. Annette, who was present, laughed at the proposition, but Delacour entertained it seriously, and said that as the law did not allow people to be sold, he could not take money for the young woman, but was willing to accept the man's donkey for her. Villy consented, and Delacour at his request drew up a certificate on stamped paper to the effect that "Annette had lived with him five years, and that he had always been satisfied with her." Villy then delivered up his donkey, and took the young woman home. Two days after, to his great vexation, he found that she had decamped, carrying off not only two new gowns, which he had bought for her, but a quantity of linen and his watch. The young woman, who has not yet been found, was condemned by default to four months' imprisonment.

RUSSIA.

THE EMANCIPATION SCHEME.

It appears certain that the Russian government has fixed in the following manner the mode in which the emancipation of the peasants is to be effected. It will take place, not all at once, but successively, at three periods. In the first, the relations between the peasants connected with the soil (*glebæ adscripti*) and the State will be fixed, that is to say, they will be admitted to possess a political existence, and their obligations to their lords will be rigorously traced out. In the second period, serfdom will be suppressed; and in the third, the payments in kind will be converted into a fixed rent, and the mode of redeeming such rent and the acquisition of free property of the peasants will be regulated.

THE EMPEROR AND THE PEASANT WOMAN.

The Emperor Alexander II., a letter from St. Petersburg states, has just been the hero of the following adventure: "At a short distance from Warsaw, between that city and Dublin, the carriage in which his Majesty was traveling broke down, and while waiting for it to be repaired, the Czar asked for shelter from the owner of a cottage near the road. The honors of the humble dwelling were done with most perfect ease by the mistress, who, although she considered that her visitors were nobles, little imagined that she had under her roof the Emperor and his aid-de-camp. The Polish woman spoke of the Czar with such praise that she was asked what she would do if the Prince, whom she appeared to like so well, was ever to visit her cottage? 'Well, then,' said the woman, 'I would take my little boy by the hand and show him to the Emperor, saying, Lord, King of Poland, look at this child; he is my only blessing, and I would give my life for him; but some night strangers will come, and seizing on the poor child, will carry him off to the chief town of the arrondissement, where they will crop off his hair like that of a dog, put a long coat on his back, and tell him he is enrolled in a regiment! Oh, my God! preserve me from such a misfortune! I should die of despair!' The poor woman at the bare idea of such an event hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. Nevertheless,' said the Czar, 'the country can not be without an army!' 'That is true,' replied the young mother, 'but if the soldiers remained in their own part of the country one might go and see them from time to time. But in the Russian army a soldier is sent no one knows where, and there is no chance of seeing one's child, or even of knowing if he be alive. We poor people have our feelings, and the proof is that, with us, the conscription is watered with floods of tears by wives and mothers.' At this moment the suite of the Czar arrived, and the poor woman soon found that she had been talking to the Emperor himself. His Majesty, on leaving, told her that he should not forget the welcome which she had given him; and some days after she received his portrait ornamented with brilliants, and suspended to a gold chain, with permission to wear it round her neck. The bearer of the present was charged at the same time to assure the poor woman of the kindness felt toward her by the Emperor, which is supposed to mean that she will not have her child taken from her."

PRUSSIA.

DAMAGES FOR HAVING THE SMALL-POX.

A curious lawsuit is going on just now in Berlin. A rich banker of that city, who is ill of the small-pox, has had two actions brought against him, one by his barber and the other by his upholsterer, who claim damages because he communicated the malady to them. They demanded compensation for the doctor's expenses and the time they have lost. According to the Prussian law the banker was bound to hang up outside his door a notice with the words, "There is a person here ill of the small-pox."

SPAIN.

BAPTISM OF THE BABY.

The *España* says: "During the ceremony his Royal Highness cried frequently; and his cries, which were loud, sounded most agreeably in the ears of all present, for they proved that he is a robust infant. After the baptism, the Royal child was conveyed by the King, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, to the Queen, who had remained in her chamber. A little later, the Prince was made a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, with all the ceremonies usual on such occasions. The King himself decorated him with the collar and other insignia; among the latter was a crucifix of oak, ornamented with brilliants, called the 'Cross of Victory,' famous for having figured in battles against the Moors, which was presented to the King by M. Mon and some other gentlemen as a deputation from Oviedo, in the Asturias, to which town it belonged."

ITALY.

GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

A great earthquake took place in the Kingdom of Naples on 16th ult., and destroyed much life and property. A letter dated from the city of Naples describes some of the scenes: "On Wednesday night last, however, I was writing when the table began to shake violently, the lamp to rock, and the bells of the house to ring as if they had been pulled by a strong hand. The walls of my room, too, visibly waved backward and forward, and creaked as might a boat straining heavily at sea. There could be no doubt as to the cause of these awful phenomena, and I rushed out of my house. There had already been two shocks up to this time, then came a third so strong that I thought that the house would have fallen and buried me in its ruins. Some women were seated on the ground, and in nearly a fainting state leaning against the wall, to whose movements they yielded, rocking backward and forward as in a cradle. By this time people were escaping rapidly into the streets, and making inquiries as to each other's experience. Every one came to look at Vesuvius, but the mountain gave little comfort; it threw out but little fire, and seemed sulky and gloomy. It was not an agreeable prospect in view in returning to one's own house, so that I resolved to walk the streets, and the scene which presented itself will never be effaced from my memory. They were full of anxious, trembling persons, some half-dressed, some in their shirts, some wrapped up in sheets or blankets, and some in the gay dresses in which they had escaped from the drawing-room or the theatre. All the piazzas were full of carriages, which were occupied by families who had abandoned their houses. At every hundred steps fires were lighted, round which were bivouacked from fifty to one hundred persons of all ranks. The palace-yard, the Largo Castello, and other open places, were full of carriages, in which their inmates were reposing for the night. Hundreds of persons were couched on the steps of the churches, and later in the night the images of the Saints were carried in procession, while the people sang litanies." Full details of the mischief done have not yet been received.

ROBBERY IN THE PAPAL STATES.

A letter from Rome of the 5th ultimo says: "The brigands in the neighborhood of the Eternal City have just resumed their periodical practice of spoliating such incautious travelers as take more money with them than is necessary for their own wants or less than will suffice to pacify the *auri sacri fames* of highway assailants. On Monday evening at seven o'clock a vetturino carriage was plodding its weary way from Civita Vecchia toward Rome, and had reached a spot four miles on this side of Palo, when its farther progress was opposed by seven bandits armed with bludgeons, pistols, and daggers, who stopped the vehicle and proceeded to rifle the passengers, consisting of Doctor Conolley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Halifax, on his way to Rome to pay homage to the supreme head of the Church, Mr. Blake, and Mr. and Mrs. Harper. The Bishop was eased of one hundred and forty pounds sterling, besides his episcopal chain and cross, and the pastoral ring, a fine emerald, which he wore according to custom. Mr. Blake, feeling greatly averse to submitting to spoliation, in his turn manfully resisted the outlaws' invitation to stand and deliver, but he was finally overpowered by numbers, after being severely beaten and having had a pistol presented at his head, which fortunately missed fire. Mr. and Mrs. Harper were robbed of their watches, chains, and purses; and altogether the plunder realized by the marauders may be valued at about a thousand scudi, or over two hundred pounds sterling. At any rate, this inconvenience, which always threatens travelers to and from Civita Vecchia and Rome, will disappear so soon as the railway, which is promised for next July, is actually opened to the public."

TRANSYLVANIA.

AN EXECUTIONER FIGHTING FOR HIS PERQUISITES.

About six weeks or two months ago fourteen Wallachs were tried at Lugosch, on the Transylvanian frontier, for highway robbery, burglary, murder, etc. Seven were sentenced to death by the court-martial, and while the military judge was reading the sentence one of the condemned men was quietly taking the life of an insect which had fallen from his hair on to the sleeve of his dress. When led out to execution one of the seven men had a serious misunderstanding with the executioner, because that worthy was unwilling to allow him to deprive him of a part of his perquisites. According to the law of the land, all the articles of clothing which a man has on when he is hanged belong to the executioner; and, therefore, one of the men insisted on his boots being taken off and given to his wife. The executioner seriously objected to such an arrangement; but the man at last carried his point, and was then as much resigned to his fate as his companions.

INDIA.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The latest news from India is dated at Bombay on the 4th of December. The English garrison in Lucknow was relieved by the troops under command of Sir Colin Campbell on the 19th of November, and the sick and wounded and women and children sent in safety to Cawnpore. The British commander-in-chief reached the Alumbagh on the 12th of November, and engaged the Sepoy army next morning. The rebel forces fought with such energy and determination that the conflict, or series of fights, endured for six days, when the mutineers were routed, and General Havelock, with his command, saved. During these engagements Sir Colin Campbell was wounded slightly, and had four of his officers killed and forty others wounded. It was said that Sir Colin had twenty-two thousand men under his command, with which force he would march to the conquest of Oude. English reinforcements were pouring in daily. The Sepoys had been dispersed at Musserabad, Mehidpore, Malwa, and Rohilcund. Twenty-four members of the royal family of Delhi, with a powerful rebel chief, had been executed near Delhi. The Punjab was quiet, but there was a slight rising in the southern Muratta country. The rebellion, however, was regarded as ended.

EXECUTION OF A BANKER.

Byrapersaud, the great banker at Benares, with his Jemadar and eight Hurkaras, have been tried at Jaunpore, for carrying on treasonable correspondence with the insurgents in Oude, condemned, and hanged. It is said that he offered four lacs ($200,000) for his life.

COST OF FIDELITY.

A lady writes from the Punjab: "A few days ago a melancholy thing happened in our own household. A favorite and faithful servant poisoned himself to save our lives. I must tell you how it happened. We were sitting at whist about 10 P.M., when in rushed Kootadine with a face of horror I shall never forget. He was dreadfully excited. He said, 'Sahib, Sahib, you are in great danger! There is a plot to murder you this night, after you are asleep! The murderer will enter in by your bathing-room door, and will cut your throat with a carving-knife which he has for the purpose.' We, of course, made inquiry, and seized the accused party (a table servant), and had him put under a guard, where he remained all night. Poor Kootadine was crying bitterly the next morning, and, on asking him the reason, he said the Mussulman servants were bullying his life out about having saved the life of a Christian dog, or *soor* (pig), as they politely call us. Well, this went on all day. Nothing we could do to comfort the poor man was of any avail. He took a dose of arsenic, which killed him in two hours. Almost his last words were, 'Sahib, you are saved, but I must die for you.' And most assuredly he has done so, dear C——, for a better and more faithful creature did not exist. He had been with us for years, and had served us to the last. This man was the highest caste of Mussulman—a kind of priest—which makes it still more wonderful. I can not tell you how grieved I am for his loss. We shall never get his like again. The courage with which these people lay down their lives is more than I can understand."

VICTIMS OF SEPOY BRUTALITIES.

A writer in the London *Medical Times* says: "We have been assured by a medical friend that he has been consulted by a lady who has recently arrived at Bayswater, from India, whose nose has been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were all cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family escaped with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way of getting her ear-rings. Another friend is attending a lady whose nose has been slit open and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the Sepoys. We have heard from another source, quite beyond question (a lady, who speaks from personal knowledge), that there are several ladies now in Calcutta who have undergone such unspeakable degradation that they obstinately refuse to give their names. They prefer to be thought of by their relations in England as dead. There are also in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is 'mamma's pet,' and that is all we are ever likely to know of her past history."

ANOTHER UNHAPPY LADY.

A Bristol (England) paper says: "We regret to state that a young lady, the daughter of a highly respected clergyman of this city, who married a gentleman connected with the Indian service about a year since, has just returned, not only widowed, but terribly mutilated. The Sepoys have cut her tongue out, and inflicted other injuries. The melancholy circumstance has created much sensation, for it has brought the horrors of the war before us in their reality, and not the least in the parish from whence the lady went forth, so short a time since, in the bloom of beauty, to the enjoyment, as it was believed, of a very happy lot in life."

MARKETS IN LARGE CITIES.

We engrave on these pages a picture of the great Paris Market, *Les Halles Centrales*, which is one of the greatest architectural works of the present Empire. It suggests important reflections on the subject of markets generally.

We are told that when the good old Greek colonists, the filibusters of ancient time, landed on a strange shore to found a new "city," they invariably devoted their first leisure, and the best land they could find, to a public place of assemblage to the gods, a market-place, and a gymnasium. When there were leisure or stinted soil, these all-thinkers began to take thought for their private well-being—but not before. To tell the truth, the market-place, as such, was evidently a more remarkable fundamental establishment for some time, from the simple reason that the Greeks had nothing to buy, no one to buy, and no money to pay for purchases; but during the period which elapsed before the marketplace became really a place of trade, it was at least a place of meeting for the citizens, and was the scene of their political strifes. Even after trade sprang up, and the *agora* was filled with hucksters, it continued to be the resort of political men, and whose general assemblies of citizens, at which all political questions of moment were adjusted, were held there. A similar custom prevailed at Rome, and in the cities which were dependent on Roman dominion. The *fora* were market-places, where country people sold their produce; but on stated occasions the citizens met there to hear political orators; and whenever a revolution of state effected, the impulse was given from a forum.

Round the great forum at Rome ran rows of stores, low, one-story buildings, divided by pillars, without doors or windows; these were mostly occupied by money-changers, perfumers, barbers, and the like. The real market-men sold their wares in the open spaces, and shoemakers on the backs of mules or asses. It does not appear that there were any stalls: almost each trade had its own market-place together, with ample convenience.

It must be remembered, in defense of these ancients, that their ignorance was such that they despised trade. A Roman Senator who was found guilty of having made money, and even when the King of Persia heard of the market at Sparta, he declared that nothing need be feared from a people who met in a public place to cheat one another—though, for the matter of that, the Spartans had very little to boast of as commercial men.

Under the feudal tenure, the advantages of a stated market for the sale of agricultural produce soon became so obvious that the feudal lords usurped the right of licensing markets, and of selling licenses for the same. In England the right was assumed by the Crown; and towns became distinguished as market towns, and towns where there was no market. A variety of laws and ordinances were made in all European countries to secure the safety and validity of bargains made in public, and as a large revenue was collected by sovereigns and feudal lords from toll on merchandize sent to or disposed of at markets.

Many markets, even in metropolitan cities, were established by wealthy lords, and remained in their family—the privileges to use them being conceded to the family by complaisant monarchs. Thus, Covent Garden Market, which is the great vegetable and flower market of the city of London, is the property of the Dukes of Bedford. The first great market building was erected at the cost of the house of Bedford, by Inigo Jones, during and after the Commonwealth. Within the last quarter of a century this edifice was torn down, and a new one constructed, with a Doric colonnade and granite columns; a fine structure to be sure, and handsome enough, when garnished within with the beautiful flowers and really choice flower-girls of England; but very far from what a market should be, both in size and in arrangement.

The best London market, so far as distribution and mechanical convenience go, is Billingsgate, the great fish-market. Formerly this market was so disgracefully managed that it came became proverbial. Of late years, new and very excellent arrangements have been made, by which the health and morals of the fish-dealers and the comfort of purchasers are largely promoted. By no means unnecessary, since the air is constantly renewed. Fifty thousand cubic feet of foul air are pumped out every minute, and a corresponding quantity of fresh is forced in. There, the supply of water is constant, and well distributed. The daily consumption of cleanliness, two tuns of water are thrown, every minute, into a fountain standing in the centre of the market, and allowed to waste through channels conveniently placed for the dealers. Besides, a ton per minute of filtered water is forced into miniature gutters which pass through every stall, and in which the fish are washed and cleaned. The refuse and offal are carried off by the stream. No soft stone to have been made to preserve them for fertilizing purposes. The sea-water in these arrangements is that Billingsgate is a healthy place, without the miasmatic fevers which might have been expected. Excellent police regulations, *which are rigidly enforced*, still further improve this market. In which is it true that the cats tainted is instantly seized, confiscated, and destroyed, and all under exposed to fine. This judicious regulation enables shrewd house-keepers to lay in a stock of fish at low rates. At a late hour in the afternoon, in summer especially, fishmongers will sell the balance of their stock at almost any price, for fear the street and indefatigable Inspectors should next morning pronounce it unfit for sale.

Another advantage which Billingsgate Market possesses over almost all other markets in the world is that it has a part of its own, at which fish is unloading the tall being still the favorite method of driving them in the desired direction. Since Smithfield market was shut up these remarks do not apply to it, but they are not far from the truth to far as concerns Whitechapel or Aldgate market.

A recent Special Report of the Medical Officer of Health to the Strand district, on slaughter-houses, describes a exhilarating abomination in the butchering of meat: "But confining myself strictly to a common-sense view of the subject, let us ask you for a no meat if you consider it ordinarily decent that some of the meat which is sold in this district should, as is the *general* of the case, have been permitted to be killed in an underground slaughtering-cellar, in which the water-closet used by the butcher's men is situate, and the meat hung up within two or three feet of such closet; or that sheep, previously to being killed, should be kept in the water-closet adjoining the slaughtering-cellar or kitchen, with their heads literally in the pan of the closet? Need I remind you that sheep are habitually kept in many of these underground slaughterhouses for at least twenty-four hours prior to being killed? This is no exaggerated picture; and the very facts described were witnessed by a gentleman who accompanied me in my inspections—a member of the board." Surely the meat which these men sell must be to other men poison.

A very different scene meets the eye when the channel is crossed, and the Paris market-hall under review. They do order these matters better in France.

It was Napoleon the First who said that the poor should have their Louvre. He said *no a-propos* of the Marché St. Sulpice, which was built under his reign in the Quartier St. Germain, and which certainly, *as compared with our markets*, or many others on the Continent of Europe, would appear a very palace.

It was left for his nephew, the present Emperor, to realize the idea in connection with the great market of *Paris—Les Halles Centrales*. Those who have not visited Paris need to be told that the great market lies very nearly in the centre of the city, near the Seine, and close to the famous old church of St. Eustache. It is a place of historical interest. Five centuries since the fate of the monarchy was discussed and decided at the Halles. During the long wars between the Kings of France and the Burgundian faction, and between France and England, the balance of power often rested with the Halles. Once the fishwomen of the Halles, backed, you may be sure, by a strong band of stout porters and market-men, waited on the King, and by so doing created so strong an impression in his favor, that a factious aristocracy abandoned the idea they had formed of dethroning him. Even the great King, Louis the Fourteenth, rejoiced at receiving a deputation from the women of the Halles, and condescended to kiss the fattest of the body. During the Revolution, the Central Market was one of the chief head-quarters of the revolutionists. Several clubs met in its immediate vicinity; and the women of the market and their



THE CENTRAL MARKET (LE

streets. This space is occupied by ten buildings or market-houses, constructed of iron, glass, and wood. Each market-house rests on hollow iron pillars; the roof is perforated at regular intervals, and immense windows shed a flood of light on the space beneath. Round each house runs a brick wall, to divide it and its dealers from the other establishments. The rain-water which falls upon the roof passes through spouts and pipes in the hollow pillars into cisterns underground, from whence it is pumped up as occasion requires. Each markethouse is appropriated—after the Eastern bazar fashion—to the sale of one particular article or commodity. There is a building for auction sales, another for butcher's meat, another for game, another for fresh fish, another for vegetables, another for cooked meats, another for butter, eggs, and cheese, another for poultry, another for salted provisions, another for flowers, and so on.

Each building is calculated to contain 260 stalls, of two square yards each. Each is separated from its neighbor by an iron grating, or a wooden partition. The furniture of each varies according to the articles to be sold there. In the fish department, each stall contains miniature pools in which live fish can swim about and even get fattened for the table. It sweeps again, rows of shelves and ingeniously contrived cupboards supersede the necessity of smooth barrels and baskets. Each building—all being circular—is traversed by two highways which cross each other at the centre of the structure; a fountain stands exactly at the centre;

but in order to prevent a useless waste of water, and also, lest the air of the place should be unduly moist, the fountain only flows when a spring is pressed; thus every one who desires water can obtain it in abundance, but when it is not required the fountain is quiescent. These admirable buildings are so contrived that the temperature within them is nearly ten degrees lower than that of the atmosphere outside during summer, and correspondingly higher during the winter; a boon of no slender value to the vendors of fresh animal food.

But the most curious part of the Central Market of Paris is the underground story. One story below ground there is another market as spacious as the ten above, in which a number of stalls are situate, and a vast amount of business is transacted. Air from above is obtained by ingenious machinery for ventilation, and stupendous windows furnish an abundant supply of light. The market, however, is the least important part of the subterranean palace.

There is a railway terminus there, with trains incessantly arriving and departing, and a crowd of human beings and cattle constantly thronging round the passage to the regions above. All live and dead stock from the country destined for the Central Market must come by this railway. The line enters a tunnel near the outside *barrière* of the city, and burrows its way under streets and houses to the market. There it emerges from darkness, and the cars which have received their load of beef, mutton, geese, poultry, oysters, fish, etc., from

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all parts of France, discharge them at the foot of the inclined plane which leads direct to the stalls. By this contrivance the streets of Paris are never blocked—as ours are only too frequently—by droves of cattle and flocks of sheep. No Parisian's nose is ever offended or his eyes shocked by the sight of a farmer's cart laden with fresh meat on his way to market.

Connected with the subterranean railway terminus is a sink, which receives from above all blood, offal, bones, and other waste and entrays of the markets. Butchers, poulterers, and dealers in all kinds of produce, throw their waste into this sink, and see it instantaneously disappear from sight and from smell. It is not lost, however. Men are ready to shovel it into vans prepared for it; in which it travels every few hours to dépôts outside the barrière, where it is sold to farmers for manure. Since the system of agriculture has begun to be understood in Paris, the demand for this kind of manure has become enormous, and the offal which the butcher throws away in the morning is often fertilising the earth before night. It is stated that were it twice as plentiful it could be readily sold at remunerative prices.

This Central Market, is, in fact, one of the most wonderful works of the French Empire. One only needs to read the above to feel satisfied that, for all practical purposes, it is as far superior to our markets as these latter are to the markets of some Far West village. It is, besides, one of the most elegant and beautiful architectural monuments of Paris.

LES CENTRALES) AT PARIS.

Our illustration, which is vouched for as correct, will testify to this.

It is not gratifying to one's patriotism to turn from the description of the Central Market of Paris to the markets of New York. The contrast may, however, be useful: we are always on the moral.

Through the kindness of Mr. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council, we are enabled to furnish a few historical memoranda of our city markets. The first market of which we have any record was established by a city ordinance bearing date just 202 years ago; the site was "on the beach opposite Hans Kierstedt's house;" the market-day was Saturday. Thirty years afterward, under the English government, there were three market-days; the market was removed to "the vacant space before the Fort"—the present Bowling Green (?); and butchers were required to erect stalls at their own expense. A singularly-worded ordinance of 1693, acquaints us with the division of business, directing that "there be two markets for flesh kept—one in the Broadway, the other under the trees by the Slip. Fish shall be brought into the dock over against the City Hall, or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in." The spot indicated was near the head of Counties Slip; but who was Long Mary, who is immortalized in this fishy connection?

It seems that the market "under the trees by the Slip" took over all the business from the old establishment in Broadway; for we find that the market-house in Broadway was rented in 1695 to Henry Crosby, butcher, for seven years, at £1 per annum. Still it continued to be used as a market. In 1700, Mr. Valentine informs us that there were two flesh and one fish market in the city; but it was not till 1731 that every day in the week except Sunday was pronounced to be a market-day; at which time, it would appear from the Montgomerie grant, that there were five markets in the city—far more than would seem to have been required for a town such as New York was at that time.

Some of these markets seem to have been the private property of the citizens of the ward in which they stood, and subject solely to the control of these citizens. In 1735 the Common Council assumed charge of all the markets, abolished all fees, and leased the stalls to butchers. Strange to say, the interests of the dealers/growers was such that all hawkers were excluded from the markets. The Corporation likewise undertook to keep the markets in repair. It would appear that corporations of that day were but little better than those of our own; after six years' trial of the administration of the market business, the Common Council agreed that some less burdensome method should be tried, and accordingly, in 1741, leases of each stall for one year were sold at auction. The aggregate amount of the products of the leases averaged £600 per annum. Twenty-five years afterward the value of the property had quadrupled.

After the evacuation of the city by the British the markets were repaired by the Common Council; they needed it sadly, most of them having been very badly used by the troops, and having had no repairs for many years. After the Revolution the practice of letting the markets to individuals appears to have been abandoned; we find the Mayor, who was ex officio Clerk of the Markets, reporting that the market fees collected by him amounted to nearly £700, of which the Common Council allowed him to retain one-half.

A new plan was tried in 1796. Stalls in the City Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane, were sold to butchers at prices ranging from £20 to £630. When the Fly Market was pulled down, in 1822, and the Fulton Market established, the butchers who had purchased stalls twenty-six years before had the Corporation for damages, and—such is the luck of the city—actually obtained reimbursement of the total amounts they had paid.

For some time during the present century the choice stalls in the city markets were disposed of at a premium to butchers; and competition at one time ran so high that very choice stalls sold for $4000. This system was abandoned in 1835; since which time the stalls have been disposed of by lot.

There are at present in New York twelve markets, which, altogether bring the city in debt many thousand dollars a year, the fees and rents of stands and cellars falling considerably short of the expenses of repairs, salaries, and gas. None of these markets, it may be safely said, is worthy of a great city as this. Though Fulton and Washington Markets are vast improvements on the establishments which stood their place in the days of our ancestors; though the new Tompkins Market will doubtless be our improvement on these; still, when they are compared with the great markets of Paris and other foreign cities, they are as far in the distance as our municipal government is inferior to that of European capitals. They are neither built, nor ventilated, nor distributed, nor regulated in a manner worthy of New York, or calculated to serve the interests of trade, or to protect those of purchaser and the public.

It has been urged that our markets should be disinvested from municipal control, and left entirely to the management of private individuals; that the ground should be sold, with the buildings on it; and that the corporation should have no more to do with the sale of beef and country produce than with that of paper or flour. One strong argument in favor of this change is the superior success of the private over the public markets. Many butchers and hucksters have established private markets in various parts of the city, and have been able to pay heavier rents than the city receives from any of our public markets. Hence the inference that the failure of our public markets, as pecuniary enterprises, is due to the incapacity of a public body like the government to compete with private enterprise.

There can be no question but trade can be better carried on in a market where two hundred people assemble to sell the same articles, than in isolated shops scattered through the city. The private markets at present in existence obtain customers because they are nearer the residences of lazy housekeepers than the public markets; but their prices are notoriously higher than are obtained at Fulton Market, and the choice of commodities is necessarily less. It is undeniable that the public interest would be better served by the erection of three or four model markets, with two hundred and fifty stands apiece, than by the establishment of a thousand private markets.

This, however, does not touch the question whether such public markets should be under the control of the corporation or the property of private individuals. According to the teaching of experience and analogy, it would appear that such markets, established under municipal authority, and subject to a certain specific municipal supervision, would be more successful, as commercial enterprises, if they were in the hands of private individuals, than if they remained in those of the corporation. But in either case, to insure success, and to make them worthy of general public support, they should be a great improvement on the markets now in existence, and some approach—at all events—to the model market which we engrave elsewhere.

After the new reservoir is built there will be no lack of water for market purposes, and fresh air can always be had with a proper system of ventilation. Sound regulations rigidly carried out are likewise within the scope of possibility, provided we elect good mayors. The subject is one of too much importance to the interests of producers and consumers, to the advance of trade, and to the public health, to be passed over lightly.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Corrections from the problem suggested in Chapters VI. and VII.

Broad daylight, nearly nine o'clock indeed, and Jasper Losely is walking back to his inn from the place at which he had dined the evening before. Now, he has spent his night drinking, gambling, and though he looks heated, there is no sign of fatigue. Nature is so sorting on this man many of her most glorious elements of happiness, bad and temperate a Herculean constitution—always restless and never tired, always drinking and never drunk. Certainly it is true that exhilaration is elicited from alcohol, as it seldom happens that the sickly are very wicked. Criminals are generally athletic—constitution and conscience equally strong. large bucks to their heads—strong sunpersonal muscles—digestion that save them from the over-excitement nerves of the virtuous. The native animal must be vigorous in the human being, when the moral safeguards are daringly overthrown. Jasper was not alone, but with an acquaintance he had made at the dinner, and whom he invited at his inn to breakfast; they were walking familiarly arm in arm. Very unlike the brilliant Losely—a young man under thirty, who seemed to have washed out all the colors of youth in dirty water. His eyes dull, their whites yellow; his complexion sodden. His form was thick-set and heavy; his features pug, with a cross of the bull-dog. In dress, a specimen of the flash style of sporting man, as exhibited on the turf, or more often, perhaps, in the Ring; Belcher neckcloth, with an immense pin representing a jockey at full gallop; cut away coat, corduroy breeches, and boots with tops of a chalky white. Yet, withal, not the air and walk of a genuine born and bred sporting man, even of the vulgar order. Something about him which reveals the pretender. A would-be hawk with a pigeon's liver—a would-be sportsman with a cockney's nurture.

Samuel Adolphus Poole is an orphan of respectable connections. His future expectations chiefly rest on an uncle from whom, as godfather, he takes the loathed name of Samuel. He prefers to sign himself Adolphus; he is popularly styled Dolly. For his present existence he relies ostensibly on his salary as an assistant in the house of a London tradesman in a fashionable way of business. Mr. Latham, his employer, has made a considerable fortune, less by his shop than by discounting the bills of his customers, or of other borrowers whom the loan draws into the net of the custom. Mr. Latham consorts at the sporting taste of Dolly Poole. Dolly has often thus been enabled to pick up useful pieces of information as to the names and private of such denizens of the sporting world as might apply to Mr. Latham for temporary accommodation. Dolly Poole has many sporting friends; he has also many debts. He has been a dupe, he is now a rogue; but he wants decision of character to put into practice many valuable hints that his experience of dupe and his development into rogue suggest to his ambition. Still, however, now and then, whenever a shabby fiver falls to his safely done, he is what he calls "lucky." He has conceived a prodigious admiration for Jasper Losely, one cause for which will be explained in the dialogue about to be recorded; another cause for which is analogous to that loving submission with which some ill-conditioned dogs acknowledges a master in the hand that has thrashed it. For at Losely's first appearance at the convivial meeting just concluded, being settled at the unpretious nice of superiority which that sycotree unmanly, mistaking for effeminacy Jasper's elaborate dandyism, and not recognizing in the brave's elegant proportions the tiger-like strength of which, in truth, that tiger-like suppleness should have warned him, Dolly Poole provoked a quarrel, and being himself a stout fellow, nor unaccustomed to athletic exercises, began to spar; the next moment he was at the other end of the room full sprawl on the floor; and two minutes afterward he received made up to conciliating banqueters, with every bone in his skin seeming to have been the generous's slobbering out that he never bore malice, and shaking hands with Jasper Losely as if he had found a benefactor. Such was the explanation.

Jasper. "Yes, Poole, my hearty, as you say, that blow dropping up by chance, was the safest luther. There's no certainty in whist, if one has a spoon for a partner."

Poole. "A certainty in every rubber, but next to certainty in the long run, when a man plays a game for life—as I do, Losely. Your winnings to-night must have been pretty large, though you had a bad partner almost every hand—pretty large—eh?"

Jasper (carelessly). "Nothing to talk of—a few pounds."

Poole. "More than a few; I should know."

Jasper. "Why? You did not play after the first rubber."

Poole. "No, when I saw your play on that first rubber, I cut out, and left on you; and very grateful to you I am. Still you would win more with a partner who understood your game."

He shrewd Dolly paused a moment, and leaning significantly on Jasper's arm, added, in a low confidential tone, "I do; I am that man."

Jasper did not change color, but a quick rise of the eyebrow, and a slight jerk of the neck, betrayed some little surprise or uneasiness; how-

ever, here joined without hesitation—"French, ay! In France there is more dash in playing out trumps than there is with English players."

"And with a player like you," said Poole, still in a half whisper, "more trumps to play out."

Jasper turned round sharp and short; the hard, cruel expression of his mouth, little seen of late, came back to it. Poole recoiled, and his bones began again to ache. "I did not mean to offend you, Mr. Losely, but to caution."

"Caution!"

"There were two knowing coves, who, if they had not been so drunk, would not have lost their money without a row, and they would have seen *how* they lost it; they are sharpers—you served them right—don't be angry with me. You want a partner—so do I; you play better than I do, but I play well; you shall have two-thirds of our winnings, and when you come to town I'll introduce you to a pleasant set of young fellows—green."

Jasper mused a moment. "You know a thing or two, I see, Master Poole, and we'll discuss the whole subject after breakfast. Arn't you hungry?—No!—I am! Hillo! who's that?"

His arm was seized by Mr. Rugge. "She's gone—fled!" gasped the manager, breathless. "Out of the lattice—fifteen feet high—not dashed to pieces—vanished!"

"Go on and order breakfast," said Losely to Mr. Poole, who was listening too inquisitively. He drew the manager away. "Can't you keep your tongue in your head before strangers? the girl is gone!"

"Out of the lattice, and fifteen feet high!"

"Any sheets left hanging out of the lattice?"

"Sheets! No."

"Then she did not go without help—somebody must have thrown up to her a rope-ladder—nothing so easy—done it myself scores of times for the descent of 'maids who love the moon,' Mr. Rugge. But at her age there is not a moon—at least there is not a man in the moon; one must dismiss, then, the idea of a rope-ladder—too precocious. But are you quite sure she is gone? not hiding in some cupboard? *Sacre!*—very odd. Have you seen Mrs. Crane about it?"

"Yes, just come from her; she thinks that villain Waife must have stolen her. But I want you, Sir, to come with me to a magistrate."

"Magistrate! I—why?—nonsense—set the police to work."

"Your deposition that she is your lawful child, lawfully made over to me, is necessary for the Inquisition—I mean Police."

"Hang it, what a bother! I hate magistrates, and all belonging to them. Well, I must breakfast; I'll see to it afterward. Oblige me by not calling Mr. Waife a villain—good old fellow in his way."

"Good! Powers above!"

"But if he took her off how did he get at her? It must have been preconcerted."

"Ha! true. But she has not been suffered to speak to a soul not in the company—Mrs. Crane excepted."

"Perhaps at the performance last night some signal was given?"

"But if Waife had been there I should have seen him, my troop would have known him; such a remarkable face—one eye, too."

"Well, well, do what you think best. I'll call on you after breakfast; let me go now. *Basta! basta!*"

Losely wrenched himself from the manager, and strode off to the inn; then, ere joining Poole, he sought Mrs. Crane.

"This going before a magistrate," said Losely, "to depose that I have made over my child to that blackguard showman—in this town, too—after such luck as I have had, and where bright prospects are opening on me, is most disagreeable. And supposing, when we have traced Sophy, she should be really with the old man—awkward! In short, my dear friend, my dear Bella" (Losely could be very coaxing when it was worth his while), "you just manage this for me. I have a fellow in the next room waiting to breakfast; as soon as breakfast is over I shall be off to the race-ground, and so shirk that ranting old bore; you'll call on him instead, and settle it somehow." He was out of the room before she could answer.

Mrs. Crane found it no easy matter to soothe the infuriate manager, when he heard Losely was gone to amuse himself at the race-course. Nor did she give herself much trouble to pacify Mr. Rugge's anger, or assist his investigations. Her interest in the whole affair seemed over. Left thus to his own devices, Rugge, however, began to institute a sharp, and what promised to be an effective investigation. He ascertained that the fugitive certainly had not left by the railway, or by any of the public conveyances; he sent scouts over all the neighborhood; he enlisted the sympathy of the police, who confidently assured him that they had 'a net-work over the three kingdoms;' no doubt they have, and we pay for it; but the meshes are so large that any thing less than a whale must be silly indeed if it consent to be caught. Rugge's suspicions were directed to Waife—he could collect, however, no evidence to confirm them. No person answering to Waife's description had been seen in the town. Once, indeed, Rugge was close on the right scent; for, insisting upon Waife's one eye and his possession of a white dog, he was told by several witnesses that a man blind of two eyes, and led by a black dog, had been close before the stage, just previous to the performance. But then the clown had spoken to that very man; all the Thespian company had observed him; all of them had known Waife familiarly for years; and all deposed that any creature more unlike to Waife than the blind man could not be turned out of Nature's workshop. But where was that blind man? They found out the wayside inn in which he had taken a lodging for the night; and there it was ascertained that he had paid for his room beforehand, stating that he should start for the race-course early in the morning. Rugge himself set out to the race-course to kill two birds with one stone—catch Mr. Losely—examine the blind man himself.

He did catch Mr. Losely, and very nearly caught something else—for that gentleman was in a ring of noisy horsemen, mounted on a hired hack, and loud as the noisiest. When Rugge came up to his stirrup, and began his harangue, Losely turned his hack round with so sudden an appliance of bit and spur that the animal lashed out, and its heel went within an inch of the manager's cheek-bone. Before Rugge could recover Losely was in a hand gallop. But the blind man! Of course Rugge did not find him? You are mistaken; he did. The blind man was there, dog and all. The manager spoke to him, and did not know him from Adam.

Nor have you or I, my venerated readers, any right whatsoever to doubt whether Mr. Rugge could be so stolidly obtuse. Granting that blind sailor to be the veritable William Waife—William Waife was a man of genius, taking pains to appear an ordinary mortal. And the anecdotes of Munden, or of Bamfylde Moore Carew, suffice to tell us how Protean is the power of transformation in a man whose genius is mimetic. But how often does it happen to us, venerated readers, not to recognize a man of genius, even when he takes no particular pains to escape detection! A man of genius may be for ten years our next-door neighbor—he may dine in company with us twice a week—his face may be as familiar to our eyes as our arm-chair—his voice to our ears as the click of our parlor-clock—yet we are never more astonished than when all of a sudden, some bright day, it is discovered that our next-door neighbor is—a man of genius. Did you ever hear tell of the life of a man of genius, but what there were numerous witnesses who deposed to the fact, that until, perfidious dissembler, he flared up and set the Thames on fire, they had never seen any thing in him—an odd creature, perhaps a good creature—probably a poor creature—But a MAN OF GENIUS! They would as soon have suspected him of being the Cham of Tartary! Nay, candid readers, are there not some of you who refuse to the last to recognize the man of genius, till he has paid his penny to Charon, and his passport to immortality has been duly examined by the custom-house officers of Styx! When one half the world drag forth that same next-door neighbor, place him on a pedestal, and have him cried, "O yez! O yez! Found a man of genius! Public property—open to inspection!" does not the other half the world put on its spectacles, turn up its nose, and cry, "*That* a man of genius, indeed! Pelt him!—pelt him!" Then of course there is a clatter, what the vulgar call "a shindy," round the pedestal. Squeezed by his believers, shied at by his scoffers, the poor man gets horribly mauled about, and drops from the perch in the midst of the row. Then they shovel him over, clap a great stone on his relics, wipe their foreheads, shake hands, compromise the dispute, the one half the world admitting that though he was a genius, he was still an ordinary man; the other half allowing that though he was an ordinary man, he was still a genius. And so on to the next pedestal with its "Hic stet," and the next great stone with its "Hic jacet."

The manager of the Grand Theatrical Exhibition gazed on the blind sailor, and did not know him from Adam!

CHAPTER IX.

The aboriginal Man-eater, or Pocket-Cannibal, is susceptible of the refining influences of Civilization. He decorates his lair with the skins of his victims; he adorns his person with the spoils of those whom he devours. Mr. Losely introduced to Mr. Poole's friends—dresses for dinner; and, combining elegance with appetite, eats them up.

ELATED with the success which had rewarded his talents for pecuniary speculation, and dismissing from his mind all thoughts of the fugitive Sophy and the spoliated Rugge, Jasper Losely returned to London in company with his new friend, Mr. Poole. He left Arabella Crane to perform the same journey, unattended; but that grim lady, carefully concealing any resentment at such want of gallantry, felt assured that she should not be long in London without being honored by his visits.

In renewing their old acquaintance, Mrs. Crane had contrived to establish over Jasper that kind of influence which a vain man, full of schemes that are not to be told to all the world, but which it is convenient to discuss with some confidential friend who admires himself too highly not to respect his secrets, mechanically yields to a woman whose wits are superior to his own.

It is true that Jasper, on his return to the metropolis, was not magnetically attracted toward Podden Place; nay, days and even weeks elapsed, and Mrs. Crane was not gladdened by his presence. But she knew that her influence was only suspended—not extinct. The body attracted was for the moment kept from the body attracting by the abnormal weights that had dropped into its pockets. Restore the body thus temporarily counterpoised to its former lightness, and it would turn to Podden Place as the needle to the Pole. Meanwhile, oblivious of all such natural laws, the disloyal Jasper had fixed himself as far from the reach of the magnet as from Bloomsbury's remotest verge is St. James's animated centre. The apartment he engaged was showy and commodious. He added largely to his wardrobe—his dressing-case—his trinket-box. Nor, be it here observed, was Mr. Losely one of those beauish brigands who wear tawdry scarfs over soiled linen, and paste rings upon unwashed digitals. To do him justice, the man, so stony-hearted to others, loved and cherished his own person with exquisite tenderness, lavished upon it delicate attentions, and gave to it the very best he could afford. He was no coarse debauchee, smelling of bad cigars and ardent spirits. Cigars, indeed, were not among his vices (at worst the rare peccadillo of a *cigarette*)—spirit-drinking was; but the monster's digestion was still so strong, that he could have drunk out a gin palace, and you would only have sniffed the jasmin or heliotrope on the dainty cambric that wiped the last drop from his lips. Had his soul been a tenth part as clean as the form that belied it, Jasper Losely had been a saint! His apartments secured, his appearance thus revised and embellished, Jasper's next care was an equipage in keeping; he hired a smart cabriolet with a high-stepping horse, and, to go behind it, a groom whose size had been stunted in infancy by provident parents designing him to earn his bread in the stables as a light-weight, and therefore mingling his mother's milk with heavy liquors. In short, Jasper Losely set up to be a buck about town; in that capacity Dolly Poole introduced him to several young gentlemen who combined commercial vocations with sporting tastes; they could not but participate in Poole's admiring and somewhat envious respect for Jasper Losely. There was indeed about the vigorous miscreant a great deal of false brilliancy. Deteriorated from earlier youth though the beauty of his countenance might be, it was still undeniably handsome; and as force of muscle is beauty in itself in the eyes of young sporting men, so Jasper dazzled many a *gracilis puer*, who had the ambition to become an athlete, with the rare personal strength which, as if in the exuberance of animal spirits, he would sometimes condescend to display, by feats that astonished the curious and frightened the timid—such as bending a poker or horse-shoe, between hands elegantly white nor unadorned with rings—or lifting the weight of Samuel Dolly by the waistband, and holding him at arm's-length, with a playful bet of ten to one that he could stand by the fire-place and pitch the said Samuel Dolly out of the open window. To know so strong a man, so fine an animal, was something to boast of! Then, too, if Jasper had a false brilliancy, he had also a false *bonhommie*; it was true that he was somewhat imperious, swaggering, bullying—but he was also off-hand and jocund; and as you knew him, that sidelong look, that defying gait (look and gait of the man whom the world cuts), wore away. In fact, he had got into a world which did not cut him, and his exterior was improved by the atmosphere.

Mr. Losely professed to dislike general society. Drawing-rooms were insipid; clubs full of old fogies. "I am for life, my boys," said Mr. Losely:

> "'Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
> Or pain from Beauty's eye?'"

Mr. Losely, therefore, his hat on one side, lounged into the saloons of theatres, accompanied by a cohort of juvenile admirers, their hats on one side also, and returned to the pleasantest little suppers in his own apartment. There "the goblet" flowed—and after the goblet, cigars for some, and a rubber for all.

So puissant Losely's vitality, and so blessed by the stars his luck, that his form seemed to wax stronger and his purse fuller by this "life." No wonder he was all for a life of that kind; but the slight beings who tried to keep up with him grew thinner and thinner, and poorer and poorer; a few weeks made their cheeks spectral and their pockets a dismal void. Then as some dropped off from sheer inanition, others whom they had decoyed by their praises of "Life" and its hero, came into the magic circle to fade and vanish in their turn.

In a space of time incredibly brief not a whist-player was left upon the field; the victorious Losely had trumped out the last! Some few, whom Nature had endowed more liberally than Fortune, still retained strength enough to sup—if asked;

> "But none who came to sup remained to play."

"Plague on it," said Losely to Poole, as one afternoon they were dividing the final spoils. "Your friends are mightily soon cleaned out; could not even get up double dummy, last night; and we must hit on some new plan for replenishing the coffers! You have rich relations; can't I help you to make them more useful?"

Said Dolly Poole, who was looking exceedingly bilious, and had become a martyr to chronic headache, "My relations are prigs! Some of them give me the cold shoulder, others—a great deal of jaw. But as for tin, I might as well scrape a flint for it. My uncle Sam is more anxious about my sins than the other codgers, because he is my godfather, and responsible for my sins, I suppose; and he says he will put me in the way of being respectable. My head's splitting—"

"Wood does split till it is seasoned," answered Losely. "Good fellow, uncle Sam! He'll put you in the way of tin; nothing else makes a man respectable."

"Yes—so he says; a girl with money—"

"A wife—tin canister! Introduce me to her, and she shall be tied to you."

Samuel Dolly did not appear to relish the idea of such an introduction. "I have not been introduced to her myself," said he. "But if you advise me to be spliced, why don't you get spliced yourself? a handsome fellow like you can be at no loss for an heiress."

"Heiresses are the most horrid cheats in the world," said Losely: "there is always some father, or uncle, or fusty Lord Chancellor whose consent is essential, and not to be had. Heiresses in scores have been over head and ears in love with me. Before I left Paris, I sold their locks of hair to a wig-maker—three great trunksful. Honor bright. But there were only two whom I could have safely allowed to run away with me; and they were so closely watched, poor things, that I was forced to leave them to their fate—early graves! Don't talk to me of heiresses, Dolly, I have been the victim of heiresses. But a rich widow is an estimable creature. Against widows, if rich, I have not a word to say; and to tell you the truth, there is a widow whom I suspect I have fascinated, and whose connection I have a particular private reason for deeming desirable! She has a whelp of a son, who is a spoke in my wheel—were I his father-in-law, would not I be a spoke in his? I'd teach the boy '*life*,' Dolly." Here all trace of beauty vanished from Jasper's face, and Poole, staring at him, pushed away his chair. "But"—continued Losely, regaining his more usual expression of levity and boldness—"But I am not yet quite sure what the widow has, besides her son, in her own possession; we shall see. Meanwhile, is there—*no* chance of a rubber to-night?"

"None; unless you will let Brown and Smith play upon tick."

"Pooh! but there's Robinson, he has an aunt he can borrow from?"

"Robinson! spitting blood, with an attack of *delirium tremens!*—you have done for him."

"Can sorrow from the goblet flow?" said Losely. "Well, I suppose it can—when a man has no coats to his stomach; but you and I, Dolly Poole, have stomachs thick as pea-jackets, and proof as gutta percha."

Poole forced a ghastly smile, while Losely, gayly springing up, swept his share of booty into his pockets, slapped his comrade on the back, and said—"Then, if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain! Hang whist, and up with *rouge-et-noir!* I have an infallible method of winning—only, it requires capital. You will club your cash with mine, and I'll play for both. Sup here to-night, and we'll go to the —— hell afterward."

Samuel Dolly had the most perfect confidence in his friend's science in the art of gambling, and he did not, therefore, dissent from the proposal made. Jasper gave a fresh touch to his toilet, and stepped into his cabriolet. Poole cast on him a look of envy, and crawled to his lodging—too ill for his desk, and with a strong desire to take to his bed.

THE EBONY BOX.

EARLY in June, in the spring of 1855, it chanced that while enjoying my customary ride along the eastern shore of Manhattan, in the vicinity of the ferry of Astoria, I turned off through a narrow lane to the left, and came near to a cottage-house, standing midway in front of a well-cultivated garden. There were indications of wealth, or at least of competency, about the place, and an air of neatness and elegance which pleased my fancy, prone as it is to look always at the prosperous, the happy, and the fair. My horse, a livery saddle-hack, was struck with equal admiration at the greenness of the grass and herbage within the inclosure, and insisted upon looking at it over the paling. The house, of wood, painted of a delicate cream-color, with white cornices and window-frames, was nearly covered in some parts with sweetbrier, and the white climbing-rose of our grand-parents, now so rarely seen.

The green blinds of the windows were open on the eastern side, and at one of these two heads of flaxen-haired children, with pippin cheeks and roguish eyes, attracted me. They leaned too far out of the window, and the mother had just caught each rather roughly behind; as she drew them back, our eyes met, and I recognized the beautiful face of my friend Alice Liston, of former years. The recognition was mutual. I heard a little scream of surprise. Alice disappeared from the window, and reappeared at the front door. I was not loth to accept the cordial invitation which she gave me to come in.

"How did you get into this pretty house? where have you been these five years? how came little Dick and Alice by those round, red cheeks? and, finally, where, in the name of patience, is that husband of yours?"

"He is within: not a word more till you see him," she said, blushing with delight, and pressing both my hands with genuine and cordial friendliness.

I followed her through the house and into the garden, where, under a grape-arbor which he was pruning and training on the lattice, I found my old friend Liston, the wheel-wright, two inches taller than I knew him, and shining all over with the hues of health and prosperity. To find the pale and stooping workman of former days transformed to such a shape, gave me a shock of pleasurable surprise. He was no less gratified than I at the chance that brought us again together, and the afternoon slipped away pleasantly enough in bringing old times to memory.

Alice, assisted by a rosy Swiss serving-maid, set tea for us on the porch, where we could see the sunset. The air was warm, the sky clear, and the stars came out, as we chatted pleasantly, brightening with new sympathy the somewhat faded pictures of former days. At nine, Alice carried off the children to bed, after a sharp struggle with little Dick, and a shower of tears from his sister; Liston, meanwhile, puffing nervously at his cigar.

As soon as they were out of ear-shot, "Alice," said he, "is spoiling both of them, but I can't find the heart to check her in any thing. She has suffered so many privations it would be cruel to deny her the luxury of spoiling the children. Joking apart, however, she is a good mother; and prosperity has brought out graces and qualities in her that did not appear when we were poor."

"Well, Liston, all this is new and delightful. But, to say the truth, I am positively unhappy till I hear by what chance it happened."

"By no effort of mine; it came to us when we least hoped for it. Five years ago, when you went to Europe, I was earning some fifteen dollars a

week at my trade, loving a third of my time, too, with illness and bad luck."

"Yes, I remember Bibb. Little Alice was only two weeks old, and the mother quite feeble."

"We were living, you may remember, in D——— street, in a cheap neighborhood. Our rooms were on the third floor."

"It was there I paid you my last visit."

"I was left me at ten in the evening. I had a bed for myself in the front room, just opposite the door. There was a square table, or light-stand, by the side of the bed."

"Yes."

"As soon as you left me I lay down to read, placing the candle on the table."

"An old habit of yours."

"I have read through many hundred volumes in that way. That night, about twelve, I fell asleep, and the first thing that met my eyes in the morning was a square box, resting on the table, and covered with green cloth, exactly as the top of the box toward myself were three brass letters, S. P. L., the initials of my name. The box had no lock nor hinges. I saw that to open it its brass hoops must be cut with a file and removed. It was in size about equal to a small writing-desk, such as ladies use for their gill-a-gog correspondence. At each end was a strong handle, evidently for the convenience of lifting and carrying. I observed that the table had been moved about three feet from the bed. The candle, which was half-burned out, was fully asleep, was inverted in the socket. It was six in the morning when I waked. On rising and making a personal reconnoissance, I found the door of my room leading into the entry standing ajar; the key was in the inside. I remembered locking it on the inside just after your departure."

"And what was in this box?"

"All in good time. I passed into the bedroom and found Alice, and the baby, and little Dick, asleep. Dick, the shoeblack of my earlier years, as I have told them, for the night was warm."

"Well, the box——"

"After a careful survey I concluded that some person must have come in by the front window, as there was no other ingress; the door and the bedroom being also secured, and the key in the lock, as usual.

"I grasped the handles, and found the box heavy, weighing not less than fifty pounds. Think, my friend, of the fact that it might contain specie. I quickly closed and locked the door of my room, and made a careful examination of the exterior of the casket.

"The initials, S. P. L., puzzled me. They were of an old, fortunate style, and must have been cut by our European or American artisan. These letters seemed to authorize and invite an examination of the contents. With a file I soon cut the brass straps, and soon removed them. Under these were two screws, which I turned easily. It was now only necessary to lift the cover, when the idea offered itself that this might be a torpedo, or infernal machine, placed there with a design upon my life. Not to be outwitted by such a devilish scheme, I cut the casket through, and gradually sawed away the wood, in pieces about an inch square. Within, I found a lining of oakum, saturated with tar, which overspread a second smaller box, of a wood resembling cedar. I carefully drew off the lid, and found within it a box of the other. In this second casket I found four bars of gold, weighing each some twelve or fourteen pounds, and a small leather bag, which, when cut a corner, twenty large diamonds, each of which could not be worth less than two hundred dollars, and two of them three times that sum.

"I searched carefully for some interior marks of ownership. There were none.

"I ran by nature, as you know, cautious, slow, and unscrupulous, but the handling of gold and diamonds roused a fever of cupidity in my blood, and, for the time, I grasped them as if they were my own. Conscience did not awake. It made a fire upon the hearth and burned every fragment of the casket. The handles and the screws were not so easily disposed of. After some reflection, I went up to the scuttle, and getting down upon the roof, threw the screws, one by one, far into an open lot behind the house—among bricks and rubbish.

"The next step was to discover a secure hiding-place for the treasure. Trunks, closets, the cracks of the spaces under the floor, and a multitude of ordinary places of concealment, successively occurred to me as unsafe, and were rejected.

"At length, after an hour of painful and agitating reflection, I asked myself the question, whether, if the real owner of this treasure were to present himself, and make good his claim, or whether, if I had reason to believe that by the aid of advertising and inquiry, he could be discovered, I would confess to his possession?

"The question, literally translated into the vernacular, was, indeed, 'Listen, are you a thief?'

"I was indignant, and felt insulted at the suggestion.

"In that case," continued Conscience, 'will you be good enough, Mr. Liston, to give your reasons for burning and otherwise hiding and destroying the pieces of the casket? Nay, more, will you permit me to open the box at all?'

"I answered, briskly, 'that my initials on the box, and the fact of its being left in my chamber, were a sufficient authorization. That, in fact, I had no intention of appropriating the treasure, and should, that very morning, make a special deposit of the whole in bank, reserving only enough to pay the expenses of advertising.'

"Conscience appeared to be well satisfied with my answers; and not to break promise with one so exacting and inflexible, I took one of the smallest diamonds to a jeweler, sold it for three hundred dollars, made a deposit of my treasure and the money, and inserted a standing advertisement in three daily newspapers, as follows:

FOUND, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF D——— Street, corner of Avenue ——, early on the morning of the 10th of June, a box containing several thousand dollars in gold, and other valuables. The treasure is in the keeping of a bank, and will be restored to the owner, or agent, after satisfactory identification and proofs paid.—Address Z. Y., Post-office.

"Within a week after the publication of the notice I had received three hundred and thirty letters, each giving a different description of some imaginary box or casket. In all of cases, my duty to read each one of these letters. Some of them were written in crimped, Italian hands; others in the bold, practiced style of clerks' writing.

"I soon became weary and disgusted with the paper-collection of fraudulent claims, and left the rid myself of as many as possible, added a few lines to the advertisement, as follows:

"'N. B.—Persons who favor me with attention to communications which fail of a full and accurate identification of the box advertised, will——'

"Five months and seven days after the publication of this second notice, on returning from my office, I found, in the hands of my landlady, a young man, with thinking black hair, and mutton-chop whiskers of the same hue, waiting for me at my rooms. He was engaged in lively conversation with Alice, to whom (if you choose to believe it) I had not mentioned the story of the box. Alice, you know, is painfully conscientious, and if I had made a confession of my first weakness, she would have grieved immediately. But I must tell all or nothing.

"The stranger inquired, with a smile, if I was the party advertising a box of treasure, and at the same moment handed me a card with the initials J. L., written on the back, and the name, Mr. Jacob name. 'J. B. Langdon, Cincinnati,' printed in the middle.

"A thrill of disappointment shot through the marrow of my bones. I had communicated the initials to no person living; the man before me made one step toward the identification of the property by his possession of the card, and I was left without a plea. Happily, it is not what we think or feel, but what we do and say, that tells the moment. With a desperate effort I forced down my disappointment, and from that instant the thieving sentiment did not again visit the secret recesses of my heart.

"I received the stranger with affability, and as Alice had fortunately not mentioned the question as the stranger spoke to me in an undertone, I requested him to step with me into my private room, to a small restaurant, and retired into a private room. 'Now, Sir,' said I, cheerfully, 'let us have a description of identification, and of the property is yours.'

"The stranger seated himself, and called for liquor and cigars; but as I neither drank nor used tobacco, this point of sympathy was interrupted, and he looked disappointed.

"The box of treasure, said he, 'which you have been good enough to advertise, is my property. I am sent by the owner to know what portion of the whole you will consider yours.'

"'I will consider that matter,' said I.

"Certainly; it was a box of stoney bound with brass; measuring about two feet square, with the S. P. L. on one end; brass handles; size about twenty inches by twelve, and seven deep.'

"'Is that all?' asked I.

"Unfortunately, I can give you no information on that point. The owner of the box says, and all that it contains is Madam Danton, a widow Lily in Flatbush. As a friend of Madam Danton, I am authorized by you in the hour of necessity to open the property.'

"I shall certainly restore to Madam Danton whatever of hers may be in my keeping. She has then only of late seen my advertisement?'

"A look of mysterious intelligence was first drawn to it, by the merest accident; and even then she was told only enough to induce her to examine herself so nearly, had it not been for a letter which she had just received from a relative in Batavia in the Netherlands, called Vanderlyn, on his way of Amsterdam. So saying he produced a sealed letter, stamped with the post-office of Amsterdam, and the name of a Dutch merchant-ship, the Slaavoren, Batavia, in writing. The envelope was a strong paper of foreign make. The letter was in French, and the letter was in that language, he volunteered a translation. The purport of the communication, so interesting to myself and the Widow Danton, was as follows:

"S. Paul Lavrenaque, a native of Marseilles, officer on adventurous life as mariner, consul's agent, and finally trader among the islands of the Indian archipelago, had at length settled, in his old age, at Batavia, master of a considerable fortune. Thirty years ago, a stranger under a foreign name, he married a Danton, and soon after a widow, in Amsterdam, named Danton had emigrated to, he resolved to send her, by the hand of a friend, a small portion of his wealth. A buccaneer by profession, this worthy brother had taken the wise precaution to insure his money into human nature; and, on the strength of a letter of credit, he had sent the treasure, hidden in a box of ebony bound with brass, to the care of an American sailor—who wished to return home—addressed to the Widow Danton, at Amsterdam. The messenger, on his arrival, found that Madame Danton had emigrated to America, and was living in New York. He sailed immediately for the United States, arrived safely in New York with the treasure, but failed in discovering the residence of the widow. After seven months of search and inquiry, during which time he had put a letter into the post-office directed to the person he was in search of, indicating also the letter of Lavrenaque. Why he had not called on me was unexplained.

"After reading and explaining the letter of Lavrenaque, Mr. Langdon produced the letter of the sailor, a rude epistle, conveying information to the above effect, and signed 'John Smith.'

"And now,' said the courteous Mr. Langdon, the youthful friend of Madame Danton, 'you will be kind enough to state the expenses which you have incurred, and the skate of the contents of the box which you consider yours.' Madam Danton, though poor, is liberal, and will gladly sacrifice a fourth to recover the remainder.'

"I was silent.

"'In order to convince you, Mr. Liston,' he continued, 'please look over this police report. The box, with the paper, you will perceive, is June 14. The date of your finding the property is June 10.'

"I took the paper from him and read as follows:

"'On the night of the 9th inst. a fatal outrage was committed on the person of a sailor, on the sidewalk at the corner of Avenue —— and Street. A policeman saw two ruffians attack and knock down the sailor, and, on approaching the scene of affairs, apprehended one small villain, upon his shoulder. The policeman saw the villain in the act of having made their escape, on them carrying the box or valise. The sailor was taken to the station-house dangerously wounded, and died before morning. The villain escaped, and died before morning. On his person were found a long Malay kreese, a jackknife, and a pocket-book, on each sheet of which the name John Smith was written on the inside of his tongue.

"So potent was the sentence forced as yet to delay the sale.

"I returned the paper to Mr. Langdon with a feeling of certainty that this Madam Danton was in truth the owner of the property. I was disappointed, but I had by this proposition given me a quarter of the treasure, and frankly told him that I should retain one-fifth of the whole, excepting the expenses and a sufficient sum to pay for the loss of time and trouble—which was considerable.

"'Is that all?' said the astonished, 'he said, 'with a thousand dollars?'

"I replied that that sum is in bank, and can not be delivered to-night.'

"'Yes; I will call early.'

"'Very well; you can have the order. Will you require a personal identification at the C—— bank?'

"A slight change, like a summer cloud, passed over the face of Mr. Langdon.

"'I am a stranger in New York,' said he, 'I think you had better withdraw the deposit yourself, and deliver it to me at your house, say at nine to-morrow.'

"Very well, as you please. And we shook hands and parted in much civility.

"Now, thought I, it is proper to open this matter to Alice. She had made tea and waited for me.

"After a time she perceived that I was preoccupied and anxious. I forgot at the beginning that I developed the affair in his details. She was excited and agitated. I wished to have her opinion of Mr. Langdon. She answered him to be an impostor.

"Impossible; his proofs are complete and satisfactory. Why do you think him false?'

"'He is so plausible—so polite and insinuating. He played with Dick—with Dick—and made himself vastly agreeable.—I dislike his—his—whiskers.'

"I could not forbear laughing. 'Come,' said I, 'Alice, that is nonsense. Mr. Langdon is a gentleman, and has naturally wishes to be agreeable to a handsome woman like yourself.'

"'Shall I accompany you?' asked Alice, timidly.

"'Yes; do.'

"I thought you hated him?'

"'Well, my W——I is a gentleman, and shrewd; I hate his disagreeable puns and jokes, but I like his gentlemanly air. He is certainly handsome for one. You are too trustful by half.'

"I will go and see him to-night.'

"I waited impatiently for W——, at his house. He came home worn and irritated; but on my explaining the affair of the box, and Mr. Langdon, he became deeply interested, and gave it immediate attention. After a searching and minute examination, he pronounced the box, in fact no property, to be at my house, as if by accident, at twelve, the following morning, so as to receive the order for Madam Danton.

"The next day I remained at home. W——d came at the hour's o'clock, and we again talked over the business. At twelve precisely Langdon with his servant arrived. He was received by me, at him as my legal adviser. Langdon shook hands with him, and W——d immediately opened the conversation.

"'Mr. Langdon,' said he, 'will you be kind enough to explain to me by what means you learned the name and residence of Mr. Liston?'

"With pleasure. Feeling that a personal intervview was necessary, I placed myself at the box-office, and waited until Mr. Liston called for the money. He told me that he resided in a large house, and inquired his name at the store opposite.'

"True. It is singular that John Smith, the sailor, left no reference to Madam Danton.'

"Smith was evidently a common sailor; and you can not be aware that writing was unknown to him. He put it off to the last moment.'

"Will you let me see Lavernaque's letter, Mr. Langdon?'

"Langdon gave the letter. W——d, I know, was a master of French.

"He took the letter to the window and read it carefully. He then asked for John Smith's letter, which, I thought, Langdon gave him unwillingly.

"After a close inspection of the two, he folded them up and put them in his breast pocket. 'Of course, Mr. Langdon, you will have no objection to my retaining these letters?'

"None whatever; they are the property of Madam Danton, but she will receive in exchange, I am sure, copies of Madam Danton.'

"Hum. Strange that Lavernaque should not have stated the amount of treasure contained in the box?'

"'Perhaps,' said Langdon, 'you had better let me go for Madam Danton; and you can give the property to her. I presume it is in this house, as we agreed, Mr. Liston?'

"No,' said I, 'we thought it better to make further investigations into the claims of Madam Danton. I have a friend living in Batavia; I will write to him in regard to it.'

"Mr. Langdon became uneasy. He rose and asked for the letters.

"W——d smiled, and shook his head. Langdon's brow grew dark and threatening.

"Sir,' said he to W——d, 'it is not the act of a gentleman to refuse you the letters.'

"I believe them to be forgeries,' replied W——d, quietly, 'and shall not give them up until they have been examined by some person skilled in handwritings. They are safe with me, Sir, and shall be returned when I am sure that I am the propounded genuine. The handwritings of both appear to me to have been executed by the same writer.'

"While W——d was speaking, Langdon, who sat near the door, took up his hat, and escaped as quickly and quickly he seemed to vanish.

"W——d laughed. 'I would have been troublesome to prove,' said he, taking out the letters, that these are forgeries; but the fellow has saved me that labor. A mere experienced swindler could have defied us to the proof.'

"He opened the casket,' said I, 'was accurate. By what means did he arrive at it?'

"'From some knave in communication with the person who wrote the letter in the first place. This morning I looked over a file of newspapers, and found the police report of June 11. I then applied at the station-house for additional facts. There have been an inquiries for the murdered sailor. The papers I found in his pocket-book, correct.'

"It occurs to me,' said I, 'that we have burdened in allowing Langdon to escape.'

"W——d was annoyed by the suggestion, and hurried off to the police office. He would soon be back. The presumptive forger had either disguised himself too effectually for recognition, or had left the city.

"In spite of the succeeding year I moved into a small cottage in the suburbs of Long Island. My business increased, and became profitable. I made a large venture in cotton, and realized several Jonyman. I felt sure that the owner of the treasure would by-and-by appear and establish his claim. I was thinking of Alice. She would never believe that the initials S. P. L. were not intended for my own name. She dreamed of the discovery of the treasure; and in those visions the handsome swindler always made his appearance, which led me to suspect that his presence was to her the more a deeper impression upon her fancy than she was willing to admit.

"The cottage which we occupied was the last one in a row of eight, built alike, each with a garden in front. The one adjoining was occupied by a respectable, quiet old lady and her son, a dark, medium man, reputedly engaged in trade in town. The old lady soon scraped acquaintance with Alice over the railings of the garden, and they seemed to be mutually fond of each other. Mrs. Maxwell—last was the name of our neighbor—commanded Alice's love. She was a widow lady, and sometimes until daylight. In the day time he remained in his own house, reading, writing, and reading flash novels. The old lady engaged his life to that of his father, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, who was the neighborhood, and a piece of respect bordering on adoration. Old Mrs. Maxwell was poor, but in the neighborhood she reputed charitable; but, for my part, I conceived a thorough detestation for her and her son—the one as a mischievous gossip, and the other as a sullen cur.

"I had rented this cottage for a year, and, notwithstanding the aversion I felt for our neighbors, fancied it necessary to remain in it. The upper rooms were divided into four, by Alice, as a nursery, a parlor of boards, and we found the sewing, bibbing, tucking, and rocking of the baby to be very thoroughly unpleasant, we were forced to leave that part of the house unoccupied, and confined ourselves to the lower floor, and garden.

"One evening, while crossing the South Ferry to New York, I caught a glimpse of a face somewhat familiar. The owner of the face avoided me, but I followed and cornered him; and in spite of his efforts to escape, I recognized the gentlemanly with artificial blackness, I recognized the intelligent and polite Mr. Langdon, the friend of Miss Danton.

"'Mr. Langdon, I think?'

"'I have mistaken the man.'

"Not at all; I have a good memory for faces. Now, Sir, I have you, since we are face to face, you will find it necessary to go with me to the station-house, and to answer you will be to be in a place of greater security. Not a word; I need your services, Mr. Langdon. The less trouble you give me the more I shall be inclined to oblige.'

"I put Langdon in charge of an officer at the landing, and left him in the hands of the police, and paid the friend of Madam Danton a visit in his cell. The officers of the law recognized him as a notorious swindler, and consequently known to me.

"Fare Bill was very liberal of his promises, and agreed to sell all his interest if we would give him liberty, and forbear to appear against him. He then stated that he left the city the night after his interview with W——d, and myself, and that he was himself one of the two men who had attacked the sailor on the corner of Avenue —— and Street; that he and his comrade ran down a blind alley with the box, which they found very heavy. They were met by a man with a cart, and a negro driver. While in this hiding-place they both saw Mr. Langdon and the S. P. L. upon the casket—like the police were still in pursuit; but they had come out,

but climbed over a high spiked fence into the yard of the house in which I was living, and of which the lower floor and basement were unoccupied. They entered the basement by a window, taking with them the precious casket, which they felt sure must contain specie, from its weight, and from the fact of its being carried by a seaman.

"At this point of his narrative Faro Bill introduced an episodical sketch of a former adventure of the same character, in which his companion, Black Jack, had left him at a critical moment and made off with the booty. This experience made him distrustful, and he did not quit his hold upon the casket, notwithstanding its weight, which distressed him exceedingly. While they were distressed him exceedingly. While they were hiding and scrambling together in darkness and security, they heard the cry of an infant, and concluded that the third party must be occupied. As the neighborhood was thinly inhabited and many robberies had been committed there with impunity for upon day, Jack proposed that they should finish the night with a burglarious expedition to the rooms above, leaving the casket, meanwhile, in the basement. Faro Bill was averse to the proposition, but finally yielded, while he maintained his own side with a tool ingeniously formed for such an exploit. Thus armed they waited, undecided to see whether I had been wakened by the noise, which, though slight, was inevitable. The door was then opened by the robber, and the two entered together. Seeing nothing of value in the apartment, they concluded that, as the vest of clothes was nowhere visible in the room, it must be under the pillow, and consequently constituted a temptation not to be resisted, as the vest of clothes was nowhere visible in the room, it must be under the pillow, and consequently constituted a temptation not to be resisted, as there was no alternative to ruin the pillow; in order to do this they must move away the table. Faro Bill let go not the light to avoid confusion in case of my awakening, and to ease his left hand, which was overworked and sore with the weight and ile of the heavy casket, he raised the latter and placed it upon the table. A ray from the moon gave light sufficient for the purpose by which to work. They then moved the table carefully away about two feet from the bed, Faro Bill standing with his belt's head facing the entrance of the room in which Alice was asleep with the children. This entrance was through a large chest or bedroom, with two doors of which were open.

"He offered no assault to the fact that, in raising his eyes after they had moved the table, he saw a white apparition coming toward him through the passage. This man would perished from fear and that the eyes were open like the eyes of a corpse. He fled, however, and Black Jack followed him; but nor did the two cease running until they were far out of sight and hearing of the scene of this dreadful occurrence.

"The narrative of Faro Bill accounted for the presence of the casket in my room, which we were still to seek as to the right ownership. W——d expressed no bias in regard to the matter, except the caller. At first he refused to communicate my further particulars, but the promise of money, and the application of a few lively threats, finally induced to a better sense of his own interest. He admitted that Black Jack had found time to return with his load into the pockets of the seaman, and that he drew out a large wallet. That he thought no more of the matter, but brought them with him to the money, and papers in the wallet, but had secretly resolved to appropriate the money but for the same reason that Jack take his chance with the wallet. Had been looking for Jack in Brooklyn when he entered him on the street-cars; thought he might find him, and would undertake the search if we made it an object.

"After some reflection I offered one hundred dollars for the discovery of Black Jack, and nine hundred more to be paid in case the two together could produce the owner of the casket, or furnish papers that should lead to a discovery. W——d approved of the offer, and Faro Bill, after being set at liberty and furnished with a dress suit, promised to lose no time in earning the reward. I returned home that night confirmed in my confidence of finding, at no distant day, the small cause of the treasure.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

MY SISTER.

In misty nights of crazy stars,
Where oh—what knocky answers;
With a rickety table, and without chairs,
And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
Dwells my sister.

There is no carpet upon the floor,
The wind whistles in through the cracks of the door;
Only a single hair adorns her brow,
But who feels interest in one so poor?
Yet that is my sister.

She was Mooning, and fresh, and young, and fair,
With bright blue eyes and auburn hair;
But the rose was wan'd from her cheek,
And her visage is mark'd with a grim despair.
Such is my sister.

When at early morning, to rest her head,
She throws herself on her weary bed,
Longing to stop the sleep of the dead,
Yet fearing, from all she has heard and read,
Pity my sister.

But the bright sun shines on her and on me,
And on many and here, and on there and thee:
Whether our lot in life may be.
Whether of high or of low degree,
Still she's our sister.
Weep for our sister,
Pray for our sister,
Succour our sister.

Miscellany.

HUSBAND-HUNTING.

I KNOW that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, excitement, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into the attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! whimpering women have their own conscience to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are—affectionate and good-hearted—do not to harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out that you may catch a husband. Human nature will live only by halves, because if you showed too much imitation, some pragmatical thing in breeches would have it into his head seriously that you designed to dedicate your life to his insanity.—*Jane Eyre.*

OBSERVATION.

THE habit of observation is one of the most valuable in life—the habit which has been highly estimated, and it is one that can easily be cultivated. Never do any thing without observing that you do it correct, whether you are walking, talking, or hewing your eyes and ears open, and always try and remember what you see and hear. By this means you will acquire more knowledge than can ever be learned from books, as you will find the information in books of very little use apt capable of receiving it. Read books and newspapers, but, above all, observe observing human life. Mankind will be always with you, and ever ready to store your mind with the truths of nature.

THE ART OF SPEAKING-GLASS.

To break a looking-glass is accounted a very unlucky accident. Should it be a valuable one this will literally ruin, which is more than can be said of similar superstitions. Mirrors were formerly used by magicians for the purpose of revealing, and there was an ancient kind of divination by the looking-glass; hence, it should seem, has been derived the popular notion that the fracture of a looking-glass betokens that its owner will lose his best friend. "Ah!" says Bacon (Essay on Clouds of Aristophanes.) Potter, in his *Antiquities of Greece*, says—"from divination by water was performed with a looking-glass, and was called Catoptromancy," sometimes they dipped a looking-glass into water, and by the spectacles, you what was to become of a sick person; for, as he looked well or ill in the glass, accordingly they presumed of his future recovery. Consecrated glasses were used without water. Gross tells us that "breaking a looking-glass presages misfortune in the family—commonly the master." Bonaparte's (Napoleon's) superstition upon this head is often recorded. "During the whole campaign in Italy," says M. de Constant, "he broke the only looking-glass which I had. I was in despair, till the return of the courier he forbids with dispatched to assure him of her safety, on seeing the fragments of the broth upon his mind."

PORTRAIT OF COTTES.

MR. HELPS, in his "Spanish Conquest," writes: "Can who has dealt with, and has been descriptions of men are often as minutes as if he were noting us trade for stock in trade. Cortes, he tells us, is of good make and stature—well proportioned and stalwart. The color of his face inclined to pellor, and his countenance is not very joyful. He is grave, when he looked at you, had an amiable expression; otherwise, a gloomy one. He was a good deal and thin, and so was his hair. His chest was deep, and his shoulders broad, and he was a slender, with very little stomach; somewhat how-legged, with well turned thighs and ankles. He walked with the assistance of a cane, and he set all arms, as well on foot as on horseback; and, down all, he had many of the qualities of a man who is most to the purpose. When very angry, there was a vein which swelled in his forehead, and his voice was the threat; but, nevertheless, his words were mild and decorous. He was remarkable by clean and decent habits, temperate, eating much in fine silks and velvets, or gorgeous ornaments. His present grandeur of estate sat upon him with that ease and air which showed that he had long been worn, and he presented in no way the appearance of a man suddenly risen to second rather to have come to some high fortune which had been awaiting him from his birth."

CAPABILITIES OF WOMEN.

"THERE is not a town in Piedmont," said a Vaudois Barbin, in his Memoirs, "in which some of our brethren have not suffered death. Jordan Tertian was burned alive at Susa; Hypolyte Roubier was burned at Briançon; Valentine Antonio was hanged on the Col de Meane; Ugon Chiampo, of Fenestrelle, was taken at Suza, and tendered to Turin, where his bowels were torn out and hung into a basin, without his sufferings being terminated even by this frightful torture. Peter Gemmont, of Bobi, died at Luceras, with a living cat in the interior of his body. Mary Bonnian was buried alive at Rocheplate. Lucrece Paulon suffered the same fate at St. Johan; Michael Goud, a man almost a hundred years of age, was burned alive at Saranoe. Not only were these executions

place, was left in a dying state upon the snow. Catholicism Frache, having been backed with sabres, had his wounds filled with quicklime, and expired in this manner at Fenil. Daniel Michelin had his tongue torn out at Bobi, for having praised God. James Bardion, died, covered with brimstone matches, which they had fastened between his fingers, and about his lips, his nostrils, and all parts of his body. Daniel Revel had his mouth filled with gunpowder, which was set on fire, and the explosion of which tore his head in pieces. Daniel Maurin was shot in the Combe de Rora, the flush of her cheeks and of her chin was removed, so that the jaw were exposed, and her teeth left to the sun left to die. Paul Garnier was slowly mangled at Bora, Thomas Margaret mutilated in an indescribable manner at the Fort of Mirabone, and Susanna Jaquin cut in pieces at La Tour. A number of young women of the valley of Lucerna were put upon still more dreadful to them than death, flung themselves from a precipice, and perished among the rocks. Sarah Lantagnat was cleft in pieces from the middle of her body, and was left in a dying state on the road from Tavale to Lucerna. Susanna Charbenier was impaled alive, and borne in this state like a banner, from St. Jean to La Tour. At Chasnay, Jeanne Bertrand had her breast cut off, then his fingers were cut off, then his feet and hands were severed by the knife, and then the arms and legs were separated from his body, upon such refusal that he made to abjure the Gospel.

HOSPITALITY.

A BELIEVER in Christianity feels astonished that the philosophic infidel should overlook the fact that that Christianity alone he despises actual and fulfils all the conditions of such a religion as that to which he aspires. Does he idolize the idea of peace and the inherent superiority of one man over another? So does Christianity. Does he maintain the solidarity of the human race? So does Christianity. Believe in a social point of view? This is a fundamental principle of Christianity. Does he even look to a change reported with a want of patriotism, as if she merged the love of country in a universal philanthropy? Does he yearn for the realization of fraternity? The principle was never so enforced in any system of philosophy as in the Gospel. Does he look to Christ for all the right to unisist? Who but the early Christians ever combined together to throw their possessions into a common stock, of which all partook alike? Does he desire that the essential principles of the social state be continually made evident to the senses? Let him go to an assembly of Christians, and see high and low, rich and poor, beggar and the noble, partaking from the same table and drinking from the same cup. Does he desire to see the dignity of woman recognized? Christianity declares that the soul is created in the image of God; that the breath of man's nostrils is the breath of God; and that man is only a taker of the Divine nature. It really seems selfevident that Christianity is the religion of all that is good, in a social point of view, which is to be found either in pure deism or paganism.

THE PRINCE'S TEMPER.

BAD temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to ill-temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, energetic feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and jolts than a dull, phlegmatic child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you reprove a child of a sullen temper for his ill-humor, you only increase the evil by changing passion into rebellion. A cheerful, good-natured tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes which we would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, the occasions of irritation. Many foolish children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—and a child who has much encouragement to make the heart-bleed circulate healthily and freely; a thoughtless kindness, a careless pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness of discontent."

MUSIC.

WITH all his superficial bearishnesses Horace Walpole wrote some very sensible things. He said "I children," he once said, "my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Excepting those who have no ear, nor even a thought for music, the profession seems easy, and yet it is attended with general reflection. In short, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most profitable method. It is the resource which will last their lives, unless they grow dead; it makes them depend upon nothing but their own fingers for amusement and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasure it is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the least mixture of envy; and is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden."

DIGESTION.

It is a principle of nature to be active to give strength and tranquillity to the system at large, which must have a beneficial influence on all its parts, and greatly promote the healing of every local disease. We can not reasonably expect tranquility of the nervous system while there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to insure its perfection.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NEITHER men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; you will struggle in vain for difficulties.

The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

"DIED POOR."

As if any body could die rich, and in that act of dying did not loose the grasp upon title-deed and bond, and, at once, become poor indeed. The gold, the jewels, no lands or tenements. And yet men toil and moil to die rich. To leave behind them a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes of glory.

THE TOMB OF THE FIRST PORTEVOLD.

An epidemic terror of the end of the world has several times spread over the nation. The most remarkable was that which caused consternation about the middle of the tenth century, when, in France, Germany, and Italy, fanatics preached that the thousand years mentioned in the Apocalypse as the term of the world's duration were about to expire, and that the Day of Judgment was at hand. This delusion was discouraged by the Church, but it spread rapidly among the people. The scene of the last Judgment was generally placed to be at Jerusalem, where, in the year 1000, a host of pilgrims, smitten with terror as with a plague, awaited the coming of the Lord.

GUNPOWDER NOT EXPLOSIVE.

GENERAL PIOBERT, of the French Artillery, and a member of the Academy of Sciences, has discovery by which the explosion of gunpowder in passages may be prevented. He mixes finely powdered sulphur in gunpowder with coal dust. When the gunpowder is required for use it is only necessary to add it to the coal which forms the nerve, and the gunpowder resumes its original qualities. The experiment has been tried with success even in a musket loaded with ball. The gunpowder burned like other combustible matters, such as pitch or tar, and the fire was extinguished with common pumps."

AN IMPERIAL GOLD-DIGGER.

LOADS of fifteen pounds' weight are unquestionably worth digging for, and Napoleon III. indeed the Emperor to excavate for gold in a part of the mine with his own hands. After digging and delving for some minutes, and with success, his Imperial Majesty's arms intimated that wielding the pickaxe and spade in the royal hands was rather gious than holding the sceptre. He gave up, having thrown up a quantity of sand from which rose a small heap of gold dust and nuggets. The amount constituted the excavation, and at the depth of two feet below where his Majesty had labored found a lump weighing twenty-four pounds (sixty-eight sodenlbs). To commemorate the event, and point out to future ages the spot where the Imperial digger labored as a gold-digger, a small pyramid was erected.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

In 1638 the Rev. John Glover, an English dissenting minister, sent the newly-founded University of Cambridge a printing press, and in the Amsterdam merchants, through charity and a hope of educating the Indians, sent over a man to manage a press, and subscriptions did the rest. The first printer was a John Green, whose descendants have risen to the highest honors since. In 1639 certain Thomas Mole received authority to establish the first paper-mill, but his operations were not successful. In Massachusetts, so late as 1703, the postmaster, John Campbell, was obliged to ask for a law to prevent his right being invaded with, as well as an annual salary. Not succeeding in this wish, he went through, in addition, to establish the first newspaper. The celebrated divine, John Cotton, was in the habit of giving a weekly Thursday lecture, to which the townspeople flocked in. This alliance of news-seeking personal Londoners was well with the idea of the new undertaking. As postmaster he received the first European news; and as market-day his house was thronged with people from the country for their letters. He therefore started the *Boston News-Letter*, the first sheet of which appeared on the 24th of April, 1704. For nearly sixteen years it was the only American paper; but in 1719 Andrew Bradford published at Philadelphia the Pennsylvania, the *American Weekly Mercury*. The example was then followed in Boston, and the first rival to the *Boston News-Letter* made its appearance in the *Boston Gazette*. The proprietor of the former expressed his regret for the readers of the *Gazette*, which he said smelt rather of beer than of the midnight oil. The latter replied to this by ridiculing the appearance of what may be regarded as the first real American paper, the *New England Courant*, founded by James Franklin, on the 14th of August, 1721.

THE BELLE THAT ANSWERED THE KNOCKER.

A very decent-looking, respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on some small business in a neighboring town, a widower and a bachelor, lived next door to me. One night he was a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it. "I want," said the stranger, "to speak with one of the young ladies, your servants." "Oh, indeed," said the maid-servant, "I don't know which you will do very well." "Please to walk in, Sir," said the nurse. The man was ready in another moment. In the hall stood the woman, and I verily believe they neither of them had ever seen each other before the choice has apparently made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice.

and joined him in many a hymn, thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks, while he was busy about his work and she rocked the cradle. I represent them as I saw them, and I doubt not their whole life was conformable to the scene.—*Eagle's Essays.*

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

Maurice of Westminster says that, formerly, it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness; but that, toward the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time the veneration has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and, lest any one should make the accuracy of this account, the historian assures us that the hand which had been cut off five or six hundred years before still existed in Rome, and was indeed a standing miracle, since it was preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from corruption.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

THE DEVIL'S DIALECT.

Soon after Dr. Porteus, late Bishop of London, was advanced to the metropolitan see, he went to Court, where his Majesty addressed him in French, which the prelate did not understand; he then spoke to him in Italian; with that language he was likewise unacquainted. "What, my lord," said the King, "don't you understand the polite languages?" "Oh, no! Sege," replied the bishop, "the squisition is not necessary, as the devil is as much ascribed by a reproof in plain English as any other dialect."

THE BUSTLING MAN.

A "BUSTLING MAN" is, to a man of business, what a monkey is to a man. He is the shadow of dispatch, or rather the echo thereof; for he makes noise enough for an alarm. The quickness of a true man of business he imitates excellently well, but neither his silence nor his method; and it is to be noted that he never minds matters about matters of no significance. He is always in such headlong haste to overtake the next minute, that he leaves half the minutes in hand; and yet is full of impatience and indignation at other people's slowness, and wastes more time in reproving the idle vice of dispatch than would suffice for doing a great deal of business. He never giveth you his quiet attention with a mind centered on what you say, but hears you with a restless eye, and a perpetual shifting of posture; and is so quick of ear, by quickness, that he interrupteth you a dozen times, misunderstands you so often, and ends by making you and himself so tired, as make you think it unnecessary. He writeth the merest note with an inky face, and blotteth paper with a huge pen, as he would crush it; foldeth it with a flourish; sealeth it with such eagerness that he bursteth his fingers, wounding the wax; and, finally, maketh more noise and wind enough for twenty times the business. In like sort, by his continual bustling about what he wants, and then cuseth worse confusion by turning out the whole contents of a drawer or a desk in finding it. If he comes to or from the business, he rusheth into the room, throweth down his hat and gloves, as if he had not time to give them than any where: and taking out his watch, expresseth his regret that he can give you only two minutes, while you think the two minutes will be three. After he is gone, with a slam of the door which goes through you, he repenteth him that those two minutes alone things he had forgotten. If you go to see him on business, he placeth you a chair with protestations haste—you will excuse him while he dispatcheth two or three messages on most urgent business—calls each of them back once or twice to give fresh installments of his defective instructions; and, having at last dismissed them, recollecth, as usual, that he hath only five minutes to spare, whereof he spendeth half in telling you the distracting number of his engagements.

THE "NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER" AND ITS EDITORS.

THE families of Gales and Seaton are in their origin Scotch and English. The first of the Seatons who emigrated to this country was named Henry. He came to Virginia about the close of the 17th century, and settled in Prince George County; and from him, in a direct line, is descended William Wheaton Seaton, the present editor. The Gales are of much more recent naturalization. Joseph Gales, the father of the present editor, came to this country in 1794, having first settled in Philadelphia. In England he was the founder and proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, and to the lessons of publisher he joined that of bookseller. As had been the case with the first Seaton, he left his native land on account of political troubles—transferring his paper and business to James Montgomery, the poet, who changed the *Register* into the *Iris*, and who until his death continued a devoted friend to those of the Gales family who were left behind, as well as to those of them who had emigrated. He had at first entered the office of the *Register* as an assistant. On his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Gales sought, and at once found, employment as a printer with the leading men there, Mr. Claypoole. While in that position he inaugurated the art in this country of reporting by short-hand the debates of Congress. An opportunity soon offering itself, he became the purchaser of the *Independent Gazetter*, which he conducted with ability until 1799—making both reputation and friends. The person who purchased his paper and succeeded him in Philadelphia was Samuel Harrison Smith. Among his friends were the members of Congress from North Carolina. Through their influence he was induced to sell out and remove to Raleigh, where he established the *Register*—the *Gazetter*, as we shall soon see, having been transferred to Washington, and transformed into the *National Intelligencer*. To speak of the elder



JOSEPH GALES.

Joseph Gales as a man of superior ability, high moral rectitude, and a universal favorite with those who knew him, would be like repeating a thrice-told tale. The closing years of his life were spent in Washington, where his son Joseph and a daughter were already established; and after devoting himself with zeal to the organization and management of the American Colonization Society, he went to Raleigh upon a visit, and there died in 1841, in the eightieth year of his age.

On the removal of the Government from Philadelphia to Washington, Mr. Harrison Smith followed with his printing-office, and on the 31st October, 1800, commenced the publication there of the *National Intelligencer and Washington Advertiser* as a tri-weekly journal. By him alone it was conducted until 1807, when he was joined by Joseph Gales the younger, who had just concluded a residence in Philadelphia in perfecting himself in the practical knowledge of printing. In 1810 Mr. Smith retired from the business, and Mr. Gales because the sole proprietor of the *National Intelligencer*, at which time the second title was dropped. And here we must pause a moment for the purpose of looking at the antecedents of the newly-fledged editor of this important journal. He was born on the 10th April, 1786, in the rural town of Eckington, near Sheffield, and when his father crossed the ocean was nearly seven years old. On his removal to Raleigh, about six years afterward, he was placed at school, and subsequently attended the University of North Carolina; and his youth presaged the coming man. As a boy he is said to have had a fondness for the more sterling authors, and to have been an adept in the art of elocution. Like his father before him, he early made himself acquainted with the art of stenography, and it was in compliance with the wishes of his father that he removed to Washington; and though at first connected with Mr. Smith as an assistant, he very soon became his partner, and so continued until left alone.

In assuming the undivided charge of his journal the young editor thought it becoming to set forth one principle, which has invariably been the guide of his public life. "It is the dearest right," said he to his readers, "and ought to be cherished as the proudest prerogative of a freeman, to be guided by the unbiased convictions of his own judgment. This right it is my firm purpose to maintain, and I reserve to myself the independence of the print now committed into my hands." In 1813 Mr. Gales married Juliana, daughter of Theodorick Lee, Esq., of Virginia, and niece of General Henry Lee, of the Revolution. In October, 1817, proposing to himself the change of his paper into a daily one, Mr. Gales invited Mr. Seaton, who had by this time become his brother-in-law, to come and join him. The partnership was formed in October, 1812, and the change made in January, 1813. The youthful intimacy which had existed between the twain in Raleigh at once matured into that friendship which has kept them together to the present time.

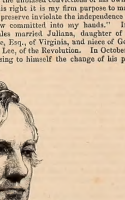
Here must we pause again for the purpose of bringing down the story of William Seaton to the period of the family as well as business alliance. He was born in King William County, Virginia, on the 11th January, 1785. At the old family mansion he passed his childhood, and there, too, he trod the first steps of learning, under the guidance of a domestic tutor. He also went through a course of training at what was then the famous academy of Ogilvie, a Scotchman of family, afterward Earl of Findlator, who had the honor of teaching such men as Winfield Scott, William C. Preston, and R. Watkins Leigh. At the age of eighteen Mr. Seaton entered earnestly upon the duties of life; and, being a ready writer, he soon became a politician. He first became assistant-editor of one of the Richmond papers. From Richmond he went to Petersburg, and took charge of the *Intelligencer* during a long absence of its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Field. His next advance was to the proprietorship and editorship of the *North Carolina Journal*, published at Halifax, the former capital of the State. Though its politics had previously been of the Federal school, he gave them, and took sides with the Republican party, in which he had been raised, and to which he always belonged; and when, on account of ill health, contracted on the sickly shores of the Roanoke, he sold the journal, it had become in his hands twice as valuable a property as when he purchased it, and obtained that additional price. His next move was to Raleigh, where, in accordance with a previous arrangement, he joined himself to the *Register* of Mr. Gales, for, as subsequently, in 1809, married the daughter of Mr. Gales, and sister of his future business partner, by whose invitation he came to Washington in 1812. From this point the interests of Gales and Seaton become united, and, with rare concord, hangs into one. They have never had a difference of opinion on political questions, and never a jar or misunderstanding of any sort, but have, during forty-five years, been in the happiest relations. They have never known a division of interests; have never undertaken coffee, and let a woman between whatever be chose; and for thirty years past there has never been a settlement of accounts between them. Through the course of the *National Intelligencer* through all the ramifications of our political history for the last fifty years does the name within the scope of this article, and what little remains to be said here will be of a personal character. The two editors have been associated so long because nature and settled, have prevented free events in their intercourse. It will suit, I think, every one's mind that of pockets now full and now empty; nothing but a steady performance of duty, an exercise of the economy of high skill, and a slow accumulation, through them, of a deeply-felt esteem and regard, for the subject of the land. Tempering the heats of party strife, reanationalizing all spirit of reclaim, and spreading constantly on each occasion of the day the mantle of moderation, the venerable editors have been all the while a power in the land—in the land—no matter who were the rulers. The modesty and candor of the *Intelligencer*, its fairness and courtesy, have been proverbial. It has been as its motto—the book-room, those proprieties and charities, which constitute the true grace of a public life.

From the time of their coming together, down to the year 1820, Gales and Seaton were the exclusive reporters as well as editors of their journal; one of them devoting himself to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. Generally speaking, they published only running reports; on special occasions, however, giving the speeches entire. In those days there were no other reporters of the debates, and these gentlemen had seats of honor assigned to them in each House, and over the snuff-box, in a quiet and familiar way, the topics of the day were occasionally discussed with the most distinguished members. To the privilege they then enjoyed, but more especially to their sagacity and industry, are we now indebted, as a country, to their *Register of Debates*, which, with the *Intelligencer*, have become an important part of our national history. As in their journal nearly all of the most eminent of American statesmen have discussed the affairs of the country, so have they been the direct means of recovering and preserving many of the speeches which are now the acknowledged ornaments of our political literature. That they have, as men, given away to the poor money enough almost to build a city, and to the unfortunate spoken kind words enough to fill a library; that their opinions on public matters have been solicited by Presidents, Secretaries, and even Presidents, opposed to them in politics; that their homelife has been made happy by the influence of refinement and taste; that their journal has done more than any other in the country to promote a healthy tone of literature and sound principles; and that they are universally respected and beloved by those who know them, are all assertions that none can truthfully deny. If to look back upon a life *not uniformly quiet* is what will give us peace at last, then will the evening of their days be all that they could desire; and their "silver hairs," the most appropriate crown of true patriotism,

"Will purchase them a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend their deeds."

Nor have they been without reward—indeed one of the highest rewards in this world—for a kind Providence has preserved to them both, in health and activity, to gild their declining years, their accomplished and excellent wives.

With one exception, the *National Intelligencer* was the first gazette established in Washington, and since the birth-day there have been published, and have passed away into forgetfulness, more than one hundred journals of different creeds.



WILLIAM WINSTON SEATON.

THE LAMENT OF A PRIZE OX.

I.

Alas! a stall-fed beast am I,
Weary with fat I grow;
To handle well, and please the eye,
The connoisseurs my points espy,
At the famous Cattle Show.

II.

For morning by wheaten straw was spread,
On which I sweet and primp,
Like glutton lord, I freely fed,
Not dreaming I was born and bred
To roast, at Christmas time.

III.

Bold butcher boys, prepare your knife,
Your pole-axe rain on high!
Think not I cling, like man, to life,
I'm sick of fat, and graziers' strife;
Strike—for I long to die!

IV.

One short, sharp pang, and I *am* gone!
No soul have I to save!
Record my weight of flesh and bone,
My offal to friends be thrown,
It is not worth a grave!

V.

Place me on porcelain dishes, fine
As ever potter sold;
Pledge me in cups of rosy wine,
You'll deem the ox a thing divine
Like Apis was of old.

THE GREAT MASTER.

JONAS JOHNSON was the youngest son of an organ-builder in New England. He was a small, quiet boy, in no way remarkable except in his passion for harmonies. So great was his love for music that from his most tender years he could not listen unmoved to the tinging of his sisters as they went about their homely work, and if the voices happened to be discordant he was shuddering from the sound. The choir of untutored country singers in church service made tears fall from his eyes upon his hymn-book, and he joined his sobs to their untrue strains.

Although Jonas let his tears fall unwittingly, the organ-builder saw them and treasured them in his heart. When the boy had reached his eleventh year the family left the country town and came to live in New York. Here the father determined to let his son learn the organ.

"Remember, Jonas," said he, "I am a poor man, and can ill afford to go into thirty-cent pieces when you do the work before you manfully and honestly; I will give you this profession instead of a trade because I believe it to be your wish."

Jonas was entirely satisfied, and his slim fingers quivered in the anticipation of one day being able to move those mysterious white and black keys to the sound and measure of Te Deums and chants. A teacher was found whose manner of education was thorough and profound. At the first lesson Jonas became unregistered master of the keys. Bach was was a serious one, when, after a third time striking G instead of G-sharp, the hasty, quick blow of the master's stick hummed and struck across his hands as they hovered over the organ-keys. "Are ingres! they could work no more that day—they were stiffened and red. He wept to profusely that he was requested to retire and to return again in two days.

All the way home he sobbed, and held his hands suspended from the wrists, a most pitiable object. "Ah! you old ruffian!" soliloquized the tearful pupil, "won't my father give it to you for this? Won't he thrash your bones, old blackguard!"

He found his father in the workshop.

"Well, my son, organ-builder," how vast the lesson?" He saw there had been trouble.

Jonas with fresh tears showed his shrivelled fingers and told the event. The father listened with downcast brow, and when the sad tale was ended he solemnly led his son into a back room, and after inflicting a thorough corporeal punishment, warned him in a terrible voice never again to complain of his master.

Our hero felt for a while that this was almost beyond human endurance, and for several hours he lay upon a pile of shavings plotting vengeances upon those whose tenderness in his worst enemies; when a sudden thrill shot through him at the sound of rich organ tones. The sound came from his father's workroom. Evidently a master hand was there. Jonas sat up and listened. It was the perfection of practice. Sebastian Bach, the boy said in various luminous seemed to speak to Jonas as the voice of a spirit. He rose upon his feet, and his whole soul trembled with the wonderful words it spoke to him, though as yet he hardly understood their meaning. He went to the door and partly opened it. The back of the high organ stood upon bottle to him, but all not wish to be observed, and he passed quietly along at the end of the large room until he saw the musician. Could it be the master? Jonas recognized the form of his father's beard, and even the tones as it lay upon the chair. Amidst the glowing chords the boy ventured to pass on unnoticed. He remembered that in two days he should again present himself. Could that terrible presence be confronted with such power and scale? The very thought was a shudder. Besides, Jonas felt an impatience now. He again burned to be a musician. The revengeful spirit left him with thoughts only of Sebastian Bach.

A small organ had been placed in the little garret where Jonas slept. Thither he repaired, and commenced the work that ever since has so profoundly occupied him.

The wonderful master found no fault with the next lesson, and as Jonas advanced and he perceived that he studied with a zeal, an earnestness quite unusual in a boy, his stern manner relaxed, and he dared allow all the warmth of his heart to cheer his now beloved pupil.

At the end of five months Jonas met with a great misfortune. His master, after a short and sudden illness, died—which so cut him down that the organ-builder feared for his son's health. The boy mostly refused to work under any other teacher, assuring his family that he felt able now to go on alone. Early morning and late evening found the young musician at his organ in the garret. There he was truly the happiest of mortals, and believes here great was his progress. But I state facts.

Just after he had entered his twelfth year he happened to overhear two men, in a music-store, conversing about a church in the upper part of the city, where an organist was to leave in a few weeks. Jonas listened.

"He plays in too operatic a style to suit the congregation," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "they are not fashionable, and the simpler the playing the better they are pleased."

"Where is the church?" asked Jonas.

"It is Saint Cecelia's," said the first.

Jonas returned to his organ, swelling with a new and great idea. The following Sunday morning he went early to Saint Cecelia's Church. No person had arrived except the organist, who was arranging music on his desk. Jonas crept up the stairway and came round in front where he could see the organist. The organist turned at the intrusion.

"What do you want here, Sir?" said he.

"I heard there was to be a vacancy, Sir."

"And do you know of one who wishes to occupy it?"

"I should like it."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I am an organist."

This simple reply brought a smile to the lips of the organist, who looked at the boy in a pleasant way, and said, "Play that." And giving up his seat to Jonas, he went to the aisle to blow the bellows. Feeling nervous and anxious, Jonas began —at first tremulously, but gaining courage with every note, he successfully executed a voluntary, while the organist ran from the bellows to the music-book to see what Jonas was playing, in a great surprise. At the conclusion they both drew a long breath.

"Well, that is rather remarkable" said the organist. "And you want the vacancy?"

"Very much," replied Jonas, trembling with pleasure.

"Then come here this afternoon, just before church, and I will take you to the minister. He makes all these arrangements."

The boy left the church bowing with great reflections. He said nothing to his father on the subject. He dared not trust himself yet. Never all hope pass by as the two days that intervened to the sad church that afternoon. But the good time came, and Jonas, with his father's permission, as was the organist, who took him into the vestry-room, and introduced him as an applicant for the vacancy.

Tall, white-haired, and benign the minister stood before Jonas with kindness.

"Yes, my boy, the present organist will leave in three weeks. Will that give you time to become acquainted with our service?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then I have only to hear you play before deciding. Will you take the organist's place this afternoon? He will show you the forms."

The proposal was sudden and unexpected, and made Jonas's heart quake; but he felt that all depended upon it, and he gave to the trial all his soul.

He took his seat before the great organ with a brave but anxious heart. The bell ceased tolling; the minister entered; and Jonas pressed his fingers upon the first chord of the voluntary, which, contemporaneous as it was, may be considered the corner-stone of the great success of his life.

The music flowed from the organ in rich and pure as the heart from which it flowed. Again Jonas presented himself before the minister, who received him in a most flattering manner.

"Keep to this simple style," said he, "and we shall never desire a change. How much abbey have you fixed upon?"

"Indeed, Sir, I never thought of it. I only wished to play in a church."

The minister sat down at a table, and taking pen and paper, wrote a few lines, which he said was what have always paid—the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I will draw the agreement, Jonas, and you can show your name.

"Your chirography is not equal to your organplaying," continued the minister, looking at, to see the child-like, unseen signature of Jonas Johnson," but one can not expect every thing of such young fingers as yours, and therefore I take care of it."

Jonas took leave of his friend, and hurried home. When the family of the organ-builder gathered about the hearth-stone that evening, the youngest came to the father, and drew forth his contract.

"What is this, my son?"

Jonas was unseen, but writted while the spectacles were adjusted on the respective noses of both parents—mother and father. Both the faces then went drawn by the minister—waited until the mother had hugged him almost to suffocation, and the paper was taken from her hands, examined by her, and said, "He's going to be a great master, bless—a—a—master! God bless him!" And then he could wait no longer, but ran up to his little garret, where he seemed to feel the presence of many "great masters;" and throwing himself upon the cot, gave vent to his willing heart in sobs of joy and thankfulness.

The organ-builder's prophecy came true. The world is now indebted to Jonas for some of its best church tunes. As a composer and performer he is "great." Those who are so fortunate as the writer of this sketch in having him as teacher to their children can truly say they know a "great master" in all senses.

The organ-builder is now a happy, hale old man, but he insists that he can never forgive himself for having so severely beaten his gifted son, after his first lesson, although Jonas tries to make him believe that it was probably the foundation of his success.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A TEACHER FOR LAWYERS TO STARE AT.—The case most easily put by a mathematician.

MOVED FOR AN AUCTIONEER.—"A stir in sight appears."

The bankrupt's ill wind that blows no one any good is a trade wind.

MOVED FOR A NEW-LINTER.—Just Scissors, and nothing more.

TOO INDUSTRIOUS FOR LOVER.—From the time consumed by a young lady in "doing her hair," it is evident that she is in the habit of "combing" it.

FAREN AND BRODIE.—The great Prussian sculptor, Christian Rauch, has departed, full of honors. His splendid monument to Frederick the Great will extend as long as earth worships conquerors—perhaps longer. The Prussian people have subscribed for a magnificent another memorial. We wonder which is the heavier.

BEECHER-STOWE AND THE MORMONS.—Before you marry a lady for her money, consider what an encumbrance you will be to your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth.

The late Rev. Dr. Chesbro would have enjoyed the following from the Boston Transcript. He says of an old-fashioned sermon: "It was very strong, very able, very short, thick little man, with such stomach and lower embonpoint, and the dandiest pair of pantaloons, in half drunk and very impatient to have the Doctor come to the end of his sermon, or rather to commence, for never could have believed to short a man would make so long a sermon."

"Abstain from beans," says Pythagoras. Why so? has been often asked. Some have thought him a gen-tle-man, and that he wished to prevent the consumption of the bean-stalk, which is anatomically superior. I find that Philolaus says that it means *keep out of public offices*. If he accepted, his acquaintance were drawn out of all ones discharged by suffrages numbered by beans."

The Chicago *Tribune* has the following amusing paragraph: "This paper sent one year for three bushels of wheat, and has received 'three bushels.'"

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to leave this world and all his wife. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

Mrs. Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most awful bodily pain, after the hour of death had reached him, and while writhing in agony, he was heard to say, "Mrs. Grizzle, I'll be d—d if you don't kick round so, and rear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that those statesmen who have the deepest feelings are the most reserved in the expression of them. Like the deepest of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their subjects.

A lady being about to marry a small man was told by a friend that she ought to have a tall one. "Oh, no," she said, "there's one comfort—there is very little of him."

A broken-down merchant, to console himself, got drunk, and while regretting his wanton desire to get what he was not happy, he wound up thus: "And if I ever say man ought being, I pray God I may be struck dead."

Afflictions, when accompanied with grace, alter their nature, as warmed water with bread will lose its bitterness.

Alcohol was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia four years ago. It still remains the human face.

A man without wit is a sword, and infects a wound. Suppose instead of binding up the wound, I am showing how sharp the sword is? what is here been done? Am I taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound? Am I healing the sore, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected, and he person in the hands of surgeons to cut off me a limb? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little faults, spies out, or provocation, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better to wink at small faults, and cover with the veil, and never take it off again.

A man called upon a lawyer the other day and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner, "Sir, I have come to you for advice: I'm a bankrupt, sir—" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Bankrupt, Sir." "Sir, you must speak more plain, and not to dunce-de-nobilisms." "Don't you know what a bankrupt-in-law is?" "Sir, you must speak plain English, and not talk of a bankrupt-in-law, but not in fact, Sir—why don't you talk?"

Underneath this stone of clay,
Sleepeth one of wealth in plenty,
Sorrow lets.

Yes, they're sorrowful enough to see her.
Eyes that weep.
Forms that are to the cold grave bent her.
Virgils keep.

When the sun's bright summer noon is shining
On each and the,
Friends do not weep for hours are twining
Chaplets there.

Dark in peace, then gentle spirit,
Sleep in quiet,
Souls like thine win God himself
Life and love!

"So you had a hot antoinette at your house last nite, Mr. Jones," said Simmons, on meeting his friend in a grocery, a waiter at a hotel.

"Oh, yes, Sir, we had—it almost sent me into takin a drink. He was gin from California, old hoper and sherry, and he was a reglar old brandy-face. He was a reglar old Jamaica, and his nose was a perfect pedlers to his face. I hot de mad wen he called for de hot punch, and he was a little 'un more than half seas over, I tell you. I reck'n him for fear sum interested person might get him home, so I kept him in the room, and kept him till he went in, and he in treat was a stickin in a bottle of champagne. God bless him!" Another hold de de bottle and tried to pull it out, but it wasent no use. We had to break the bottle to get it out. Then he went out, and made a reglar bore in de neck, no—no—bust, which reached as far as de counter reached. Then he went up and getting a corkscrew to de fountain, got it out, with a dispatchless, when out flew de bottle and all we could get was de cork.

"What's wrong, Sir?"

"No, de bottle—de man was dat afore de stranger from Cork, Sir, and he de same as a corkscrew."

"Wen dere something found in de pockets, Sam?"

"How you like it yourself? Do you like to put my hand in to feel? What you mean to observe?"

"Why, nothing, only I never seed you ask such good close as afore, dats all."

HARP.—A sentiment exhibited in the sag of a dog's tail, when he's waiting for a bone.

John Broughan, the celebrated dramatist and wit, dining at the Actor House one day with a party of friends, made some allusion to the *Lantern*, a comic paper of some excellence, and of which he was the principal editor. "Oh, the *Lantern*?" said T. B. Bailey, with a sneer, "I never read that paper except when I am drunk!"

"Then by the powers," replied Broughan, "*you are a pretty constant reader, I should say!*"

This allusion to poor Bailey's failing was a settler for the "Irish Belter."

A child is never to have any toy he sees, but thrown it away at the sight of another, and he equally eager to have that. And so most of us children through life, only change one toy for another from the cradle to the grave.

PERSONAL.

At a recent mesmeric lecture, in Exeter, one of the experiments consisted in the mesmerizer placing a pin in a chair, throwing, as he fancied, mesmerized a table and a chair. Each time the pupil came near the pin he was mentally impelled that it all depended on his single will whether they should be pricked or not. Then he placed a shilling in tempting proximity to the hand "in a fix," and exclaimed, "Come now, sir, if you can, take up that shilling you may have it!" "Thank you," said the bewildered boy, as he very coolly grasped the coin into his waistcoat pocket.

Judge Paine's residence for a long theater is well known, and on one occasion, when Cooke's benefit was day when the judge was to be absent, he requested the cast to be put, he promised to pour out from a decanter of Dickey's best whisky into a second decanter of the clear water, which he imbibed with astonishing avidity, following it up immediately with the other as much more. At the last swilling out to the piazza, he said: "I declare that is the best water in this town I ever drank—I would not take any for a drink of it." The Judge could have left them with a balance to his credit, for he was heard by another set on the landlord's son, a lad of fourteen, by taking him if he was bound for the "wet drink." The boy was in the secret, but said he "knew he was in great *Pain's* presence," and were satisfied with a glass of *Paine's* pressed.

We received a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago. The subject of wedlock spoke of by the parents of the little boy, and conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, addressing the apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake, for you are married."

"Why not?" was the inquiry.

"Because I believed I'm going hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours?"

The other day Master Robinson applied at the New York Bail-way station, asking the fare to Harlem, how far it was off, what time it took the train to perform the journey he received an answer to each question. In the space of a few minutes he returned, and asked the same questions, and was told that he had only just been answered. "I tells it to you myself that wunce to-day, and you tell Mike outside."

Porter's Spirit has the following: "Chou, you peckerwooger, the little dutch boy I pyed mit the bed-ad wat you?"

"Vah; vot d'am?"

"Nothings, only I gets sheated burdy bad."

"So?"

"Vah. You see in de vent blease in teh plim mith hats legs, unt fery lame unit von eye. Den von you gits on de train unt dinks you vill sheat de gonductor in to von car so a chenuwhe. I dinks I take him a liddle vite gonductor, unt ven I gits in de car I vinds him in de gennes mid eay, sheet as like a vatsh pruin on a pookin-glass. I dinks I vill sheat him out of a liddle vich-dricks. I vats mineself auins season pockwards, mit his vatch in de vent pocket, unt—"

"Well, you going to do a vite?"

"Oh, I vried him pefore an cham up. I hitch him in de nexd teh blace I vind, unt ven I gits out I dells him spout so a team cots mit a hitcher; he start to go, unt de hook in de vent pocket vas vere he vakes packwards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehint, unt sais town on his packet, unt holds on mit his hant, unt dinks he vas all right. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de vie vay, unt he vas all right, unt I vas all right, unt eferypody vas."

Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing much beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

"Give me a copy of those lines."

Sure the Muse will be in great lover;
Delightful, he, the sheet neigns—
His eye and pen quick, but his cunning even.
Forthwith she hides the paper prize
Safe in her bosom between her eyes;
He wrote the imprisonment, and read the lines.

"Now, Dora, what do you think?"

A well known political economist says: "We pay best debts, those which are due to ourselves, and those who cheat us, politicians and quacks; third, those who steem us supreme and unapproachable, and those who we instruct us, ministers, schoolmasters, and editors."

"Oh, Sir, you must not go; I have been trying to sing some of your parts?" "Decidedly so. Miss Brown; he is particularly apt, I perceive, at learning his parts."

A Spanish proverb says that the Jews rule themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their lawsuits.

"I can't understand why people send children to school so long nowadays," said a man to a friend over the counter of a ice-cream, smoking a cigar. "I still burn a little education after I got through school, and I ain't sure I'd any thing from books since, and I know more now than my parents did when I went to school."

"Well, Bob, have are you?" said a dashing blade to a poverty-stricken pedestrian. "Why, I've been troubled a little with the rheumatism, but otherwise I'm well. How are you? I'm glad to see you looking so well. And how's the family?" "I think he is getting a little rheumatic himself." "Rheumatic! I think he is a little rheumatic!" Dear me; well I will call upon you in a day or two, and see how you are getting along." And the dashing blade ushered to ask you to indulge, for that is rom-attic now-a-days.

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Agreed," said the younger weasel. "Then I will take the egg," said the elder, each with an air of "My children," said Robinson, the attorney, "though you have not one cent of property, I will leave you some trade."

At the late agricultural fair at Poestz, Illinois, the Hon. stephen A. Douglas heard his name loudly and repeatedly called for a speech. Not having prepared anything probably but he was called upon for a speech, he immediately arose and addressed the crowd. He commenced by saying that the object of his namesakes to whom the committee had awarded premiums was to improve the breed of the horned beast, those good Durham bull cat on the ground.

A gentleman in conversation with Dr. Johnson having, in some of the usual arguments for drinking, asked this: "You know, Sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable;" would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, if he sits alone."

Listen went to Paris in 17.9, and was one day noticed standing in front of the Tuileries, with his head hanging hanging out of his mouth.

"What are you doing, my lad for?" asked his intimate friend, Potier.

"Why," replied the eccentric man, "I'm learning your language, and I want to catch the accent."

HOW TO ASCERTAIN IF A HOUSE IS UNTIDY.—Look behind and underneath the pillows and cushions of the sofas in the drawing-room or parlor, and if you find concealed there any cloths, or dusters, or rags, or "things to mend," you may come to the safe conclusion that that house is an untidy one.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan.* 11, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 9, 1858	$1,549,281....	$541,443
Corresponding week, 1857	3,464,797....	1,022,709
Decrease............	$1,916,516....	$481,266

Extreme dullness pervades every branch of trade, and there is little prospect of a revival of business before the spring. Of specie, we sent out last week nearly two and a half millions; same week last year the export was only a quarter of a million. Still, it is not expected that the balance in bank can be much reduced, as the country exchanges are still in favor of the city.

The news, per *Africa*, of the decrease in the rate of discount at the Bank of England from 10 to 8 per cent. is calculated to produce a better feeling in mercantile circles, though failures and extensions are, it is to be feared, still the order of the day.

The Stock Market continues very firm and buoyant. Good State Stocks are eagerly sought after for investment; and Bank Stocks, which ruled at 50 per cent. discount at the height of the panic, now command par. In railroads, there is a large speculative business, chiefly confined to the Wall Street operators. The public rarely appears in the railroad share market at present, except to realize. The confidence in this class of securities was so severely shaken by the events of last season, that some time must elapse before it can revive.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January* 11, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week exhibited no remarkable degree of activity....Breadstuffs were in moderate demand, chiefly for home use, at improved prices for the leading kinds, closing, however, tamely, and, as in the case of Flour, languidly. The receipts have been light, and receivers have evinced no disposition to force off their supplies. Buyers, however, purchased with reserve, anticipating no serious rise in prices....Provisions opened with a fair inquiry, at, in part, advancing rates, but closed quite heavily, with more sellers than buyers....Groceries were in good request, and prices were supported for all articles save Sugars and Rice, which slightly declined....Cotton attracted more attention, and increased in value. Our available supply is 15,808 bales, against 74,411 bales same period last year. The receipts at all the shipping ports, to latest dates this season, have been 1,050,960 bales, against 1,490,111 bales to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports from the United States so far this season have been 528,8 5 bales, against 551,135 bales to the same date last season. The total stock on hand and shipboard in all the shipping ports at the latest dates, was 532,572 bales, against 722,973 bales at the same time last year. The stock in the interior towns at the latest dates was 99,418 bales, against 105,976 bales at the corresponding date a year ago....The Dry Goods trade manifests some symptoms of returning animation, but the actual sales were light, and prices were unsettled....Hay, Hops, and Tobacco were in fair demand at firm rates....American Hemp and Wool were rather more sought after at quoted figures....The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 75
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 55
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 55	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 45	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel..........	4 30	@	5 90
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 50	@	7 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	88	@	1 15
New Crop Corn, per bushel..........	66	@	70
Rye, per bushel....................	72	@	73
Barley, per bushel.................	70	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel...........	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel.............	42	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	29	@	37
Cotton, middlings, per pound........	9¾	@	9⅞
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	14 85	@	15 10
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	12 00	@	12 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	14 50	@	16 00
Cut Meats, per pound...............	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound....................	8½	@	9½
State Butter, per pound.............	12	@	23
Western Butter, per pound..........	10	@	15
Cheese, per pound..................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	2 25	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound..............	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon...........	18	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.........	21½	@	22
North River Hay, per 100 pounds....	55	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton.......	95 00	@	100 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton.........	135 00	@	160 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound....	20	@	28

Freights were dull and heavy. For Liverpool—Cotton, ¼ @ 5-32 per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 5d. to 6d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 672 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavily supplied with Beeves, which were in moderate request at reduced prices....No important variation occurred in the receipts, prices, or sales of Milch Cows, the trade in which is restricted....Although the number of Veal Calves offered during the past week equaled those of the preceding week, yet the market was not as well supplied, owing to a greater demand....Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and more inquired for....Swine were plenty, heavy, and drooping....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Dec.* 30.	Week ending *Jan.* 6.
Beeves......................	1,672	3,796
Milch Cows..................	161	192
Veal Calves.................	310	310
Sheep and Lambs............	8,319	6,625
Swine.......................	2,047	3,165

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	1719	Kentucky..........	137
Ohio...............	307	Connecticut........	100
Indiana............	228	Pennsylvania.......	48
Illinois............	175	New Jersey.........	22

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$0 7	@	$0 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound..............	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	10 50
" " per pound........	6	@	10
Live Swine, per pound...............	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets display very little vigor....Fruit and Vegetables are in fair supply and moderate request....Poultry is abundant, and is in demand, being obtainable at low rates.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	6½	@	8
Peaches, dried, per pound...........	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel............	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel...............	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel.................	70	@	90
Cranberries, per barrel..............	7 00	@	9 50
Potatoes, per barrel.................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel..................	85	@	90
" sweet, per barrel............	—	@	4 50
Onions, per barrel..................	1 25	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel................	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100..................	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel...................	—	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100..................	2 00	@	4 00
" Red, per dozen............	75	@	1 00
Parsnips, per barrel.................	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel..................	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100.....................	2 50	@	3 00
Celery, per dozen...................	50	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100.....................	5 00	@	5 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	17½	@	18
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" per pair....................	25	@	3 00
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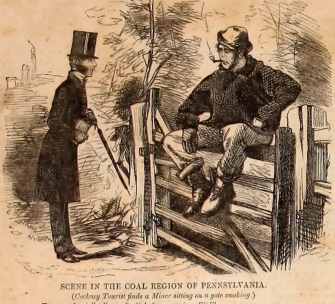
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 56.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.



IN THE BITTER COLD.

IN THE BITTER COLD.

Brixton cold, the daily papers said. The thermometer fell suddenly, and there seemed at last a prospect of the winter becoming a reality. Mary Hardwicke would have found it cold enough if she had thought about it. But she had no thoughts to spare for herself. They three—she mother and her two children—were going to try how cold it was, and her mind never wandered from them.

Theirs was the old story. The husband, a worthless, drunken wretch, had made her life a burden for a couple of years, and had ended that morning in being convicted of theft, and being sentenced to the State Prison. The more he ill-treated her, the more she had loved him. She went to the court when he was tried and besought the Judge, with agonized tears and sobs, to spare him this once: her prayer denied, she approached him to give him one last kiss—the rather that she had left him with a curse, and hurled her back into the bystanders' arms.

All her money had been spent in the purchase of legal assistance for him. When she returned to her little room in a basement-house situate in the outskirts of the city, she found herself dispossessed. The act of ejectment was summary. She and her children were thrust into the street, and their little furniture advertised for sale. It was early in the morning; her strength failed her; her heart was well-nigh broken. She sat down with her back against a fence and drowned.

Years ago she was the daughter of a comfortable farmer in New England. She had been bred up carefully, and had much natural instincts of propriety, that, had she married a lawyer or a divine, she could have filled her station in society with credit. Her father wished her to marry a young farmer of the neighborhood, she preferred to encourage the suit of a journeyman painter from the city, whose face was handsome and manners lively and engaging. The father—half-wise, half-foolish—refused the painter his house. The daughter that night ran away with him. A brother followed the pair, and saw them married, then bore home the message from Mary that she was William's wife, and, so help her God, she would never leave him!

"God grant," said the old man, sorrowfully, "that he may not some day be leaving her for a worse hand than Death's!"

God did not grant the prayer. For a few months William had worked assiduously at his trade; but when his child was born Mary's wholesome influence was withdrawn, and he relapsed into his old society of drunkards and rowdies. From that time till his imprisonment it was an incessant struggle between them: but the influence once lost could never be regained. What sometimes compelled William to work for a few days; but when he had earned a little money he went to the corner grocery and spent it, absolutely relying on it that he had no necessaries of life. She battled bravely with all—want, sickness, and domestic sorrow—always hoped, always kept down the passionate grief that calmly as the slows of her brutal husband do not start, killing "in a very old and venerable way," and at last, after a longer strife than I care to relate, arrived at the terrible pass where the husband was freed from her by a worse hand than Death's," and she and her babies were driven out in the cold.

But could she not obtain shelter in some Christian home?

Of course she would, my dear madam; but you forget that there are misfortunes which blast the faculties, numb the energies, and paralyze mind and body together. You have never known them, and probably never will; but they exist, for I have limited females, many of them of irreproachable character, have no other haven in this great city than the establishments, where they can get to live them a night's lodging. Think you not that these could be better, in all honesty, if they had the nerve and the will?

Ah! Heaven be thanked, this is a Christian country, where papers are rarer than diamonds, and evictions are almost unknown! Didst and more crowded exhibits of wretchedness exist in a decade scenes of suffering where we have one; but we must not suppose that this poor are exempt from misery here. We have hard landlords—grasping men—who make a living by letting tenements, and driving a good per centage into the veins of the brutal husbands, who beat their wives, and get drunk, and steal, and go to prison, and make them a natural consequence. Mary Hardwicke and their poor little starving children, more than any reader imagines—more than all our private charities can adequately relieve.

Lady, it may not be your lot—it is was some one's—to meet Mary Hardwicke in the cold, with her shivering babes; it may not be your privilege to take the poor thing to a warm fire, and watch them eat a warm supper, and given them a good bed, and provide for one mother with work. But it may be—it ought to be—your lot and your privilege to anticipate such frightful catastrophes: to suffer no human sister to stand in danger of being turned out in the cold this winter; to use that so virtuous woman is put to a trial which you, perhaps, might not withstand; and God grant that you may have the good fortune to do so!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

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MR. THACKERAY'S NEW STORY, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*.

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into their paper, *though without the author's authorization and the illustrations.*

The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for the advance sheets of a single work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US IN EUROPE.

A MONG the late items of news from Europe is the effect produced by the Message of President Buchanan. The following is the account from this side arrived at Liverpool late in the afternoon—too late for the Message to be transmitted to London by the electric wire that night. The news agent telegraphed to London and Paris that the steamer had arrived with the Message, and that the reports would be sent by bonds in the course of the evening. The answer came directly—not only from London, but from Paris, as well—"Telegraph the entire Message through at once." It was so done. The entire Message appeared next morning in the London and Paris journals. Such an expensive telegram has never been sent—even in this country of telegraph and newspaper caterprise.

There is some reason to believe that the feat was not altogether one of mere newspaper enterprise; that the Governments paid at least a share of the expense. However this may be, the main point is clear. The American Presidential Message was so vital a matter to the people on the Governments of England and France that they could not wait two days to read it, but must have it entire, by telegraph, at any expense, as soon as it was ready for delivery. Such is the mark epochs in history.

How many years is it since the London *Times* informed us that it was not at all interested in the message of "the President of *America*," but really it was so long-winded a document that it thought it would best consult the wishes of its readers by giving them a brief summary of its contents, and devoting its space to the great powder trial taking place? And how many years it since the French learned that the President of the United States was not identical with the Archbishop of Paris, but was the Governor of Virginia? We are speaking of things remembered by men still young.

This profound ignorance has caused no much distress, seems to have done us one service—it has taught Europe how pitiful a thing it is to be the cause of many serious embarrassments; the high money market which supervened on the receipt of the Message will give a severe shock to commerce in time to explode rotten concerns there; but the bulk of the commercial disasters which have occurred in the money centers of Europe are directly traceable to our troubles here. They have taught the Europeans that it has not enough of which to know as little and which their Governments affect to despise so much, is rapidly growing into a position of unexampled and financial importance that that, before another half century rolls over, the lifeblood of the commercial world will flow from and to the great mercantile centres in the United States. These are truths not very pleasant for the old nobilities of Europe, but the publication of the Presidential Message shows that our neighbors are trying to learn them.

EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

IT seems from the latest news from the seat of war in India that the reconquest of that country is not as yet a fact accomplished. We are told that Lucknow is surrounded on one side by competent authority on the obscure telegram from Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell may have found it easier to get into Lucknow than to get out of it. The Residency, which has been occupied throughout the struggle by the English troops, is strong enough to resist attack; but it is surrounded by a large scattered city, full of very large buildings easily turned into forts. Each time the British troops outside have relieved the garrison in the Residency, they have run the gauntlet of there improvised forts, and have only achieved their purpose at an immense sacrifice of life. The city and palaces are said to be held by a hundred thousand Sepoys, mostly Oude men, able-bodied, brave, and in a high state of military discipline.

It is likely—at least so we read one of the latest telegrams from Lucknow—that Sir Colin Campbell has resolved to evacuate the place, and that in doing so, on the 18th, his loss was severe.

A fortnight must elapse before the truth or error of this conjecture can be ascertained.

The war now seems to concentrate in the kingdom of Oude. Elsewhere, the operations generally consist of the hunting down of the sanctuaries by flying columns, and, though the work may be tedious, the result is a mere question of time. Oude, however, is the seat of the real fire contest in Oude; for there can be no question but the English will reconquer it in the end, whatever the operation may cost. But meanwhile it is not unlikely that we may yet hear of many sanguinary engagements, and of a determined resistance by the rebels. The British force at present in India seems large, considering the great achievement they have done; but Sir Wilson, Havelock, Neill, Greathead, Inglis, and others, with mere handfuls of men, as we see, nevertheless, that Sir Colin Campbell's first telegram to Calcutta was for reinforcements. Those who have friends in India must not be precipitate in supposing that the trouble is over.

RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

It is a matter of public notoriety that the New York Central Railroad has borrowed, in the past few days, at ninety per cent., half a million of dollars, and that, in February next, the directors must declare a dividend of seven per cent. Where can such financiering lead?

Within a few weeks before the great breakdown in railway securities last year, Captain Galton, one of the most experienced railway engineers in England, made a thorough survey of all our roads, and, returning to Europe, published an account of his surveys, going to show that there were no such enterprises in the world as the railroads of the United States, and that every body who took stock in them was sure to make a fortune. There is no reason to suspect the gallantman's honesty. Yet within a few weeks after the foreign public had invested their money in American railways on the strength of his and the colliquy writers, and those investors were fortunate who only lost one-half or two-thirds of their investment.

What is the matter? simply that Galton, like many others, had seen the roads, and calculated their business, but had not seen behind the scenes, knowing strategems which are set afoot by presidents and directors for purposes which can be imagined.

The daily operation of the New Central illustrates the point. The New York Central is, without doubt, one of the best railways in the world. It runs almost through a continuous village from end to end. As the country becomes more settled its way must be more enormous. But how can any business, however promising, be profitably conducted if money is perpetually borrowed at ten per cent. discount, and seven per cent. interest to be distributed in the guise of profits? When merchant could help failing if, at the end of each year, he borrowed money at this rate, independently of the profits of his business, and spent it on his household? For the last three years the New York Central has borrowed precisely the sum it has paid in dividends, and declared that it was paying on the capital, and ought not to be charged to the income account. How can people help thinking that the road is management is a sham, and that the directors collapsed and ran?

GOOD NEWS FOR JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is a lucky fellow: he is going to have a new accession of strength in his American country. He is going to have the Jews added to himself. Early next spring, when the ice melts—so saith Dame Rumor—Brigham Young, with his thirty-seven wives, Lieutenant-General Wells with his wives, the Elders and their wives, and the Saints, big and little, with their wives, are going to shake the dust from their feet, and to found a new Latter-Day Settlement in the territory of the Indian Bay Company. They will be welcomed; any thing in the shape of a man, with legs to carry him and hands to till the ground, is welcomed to the country owned by the Company, and the traders, factors, and governors would give the Mormons the right hand of fellowship, even if they brought with them doctrines ten times as monstrous as polygamy.

Well, we can spare them. It is unlikely that the masses of the American people will give way to unreasonable mourning over their departure. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they have been a nuisance here, and have rendered to the United States no appreciable return for the trouble and expense which they have cost us.

Had their rulers displayed as much tact and address in dealing with the General Government as they must have exerted to retain their hold over their own people, they might have opened a question which would have embarrassed the acutest minds in the country. The South, seemingly, might, by judicious management, have been driven into the support of Mormonism. Happily, Providence, according to the proverb, hath doomed sect of reason; Brigham Young smoothed the way for his own overthrow.

It only remains for us to hope that the news of these intended peaceful emigrations may not be falsified by future events. The newspaper organ of the Mormon government certainly does not scruple to say that the country has yet retained hold upon the rulers of Salt Lake Settlement. There is the usual amount of profanity, slang, and blasphemy in the letters published in the small concern lest, in the hour of trial, the faithful saints should be punished where they have sinned—let their wives shake off the desire to follow them into a new wilderness, or even join hands with their enemies. In all this, sagacious observers may infer only one more nothing proof than a desire at all hazards to avoid a final collision with the troops, and to hasten the departure of the Saints before hot terms they can with the new Governor and the troops who are ready to enforce his behests.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

OUR neighbors in Canada have just had an election throughout the Province for members of the Legislative Assembly. So far as appears from the meagre telegraphic returns before us, the present ministry have carried every thing before them in Lower or Eastern Canada, and have made considerable headway in Upper or Western Province. On the whole, it is presumed that they will have a working majority in the House; though the Hon. Francis Hincks, formerly at the head of whom is Mr. George Brown, of Toronto, threaten to make revolutionary objections to the ministry, and to demand a change in the Canadian majority. It is to be supposed that the revolutionaries will stop short of setting the lakes on fire.

Judging from the election addresses, no principle of any consequence is at issues between the ministry and their opponents. The Administration consists of the remnants of the parties once led by Mr. Hincks and Sir Allan McNab. In the days of their glory, these two factions were at drawn daggers; now they lie down side by side in the most clever, and even loving, fashion and make a spoils blanket. They have no particular policy, nor has the Opposition. In Upper Canada the leading Reformers and opponents of the ministry seems to be hatred of the Roman Catholics; they want to trample the Papists down in some new and startling manner. In Lower Canada, the Opposition, who call themselves *Rouges*, desire to strike out new lines of policy, seem to be generally disposed to be a flavor of Socialism about them, with a dash of anti-priestcraft, and a sprinkling of hostility to the Mother Country. But, however, yet, it seems very difficult to find out what they want; it is doubtful if they know themselves; and, as they are in a religious country, it is of no consequence.

Canada is rapidly assimilating to our great Northern States. The Government is daily growing less and less important; the people, and the great commercial and agricultural interests, more and more important. In a few years the Canadians will regard their general elections with as much indifference as is bestowed on State elections here.

☞ We owe an apology to the gifted lady who writes over the signature of Fanny Fern, for omitting to notice her charming and highly amusing little story, republished from a foreign exchange, in our numbers of January 9th, entitled "Old Husbands and Young Wives." We can only say that, while we trust we shall not be so unfortunate again, the delicacy continues to scatter profusely throughout the world of paper and type such exquisite little sketches as the one to which we mentioned, the temptation to read them will be universal. Our neighbor Bonner of the *New Yorker*, however, we suppose, be respected in his monopoly.

THE LOUNGER.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THERE are some vases of indifferent value that can hardly be handled without injury; just as some men's honesty would be called in question, and there was a slight description of the guests. There were some bold readers who, after perusing the sketch, declared that it could not be true of one of the guests, and that the verses were evidently his own—and they sagaciously added to themselves) mighty poor at that.

But there are who do not drift with the popular current. There are who look at events and read newspapers for themselves, and who will not tolerate, without protest, any assault, however covert, upon well-established reputations. There are who ruthlessly expose all evil-doers, and hold them up in the glare of public contempt.

That is the Lounger's present unhappy position. Here are the words of Nemesis:

"*Harper's Weekly*, in recounting a dinner entertainment in honor of Bayard Taylor's wedding, speaks of one of the company as *Auctor Ignotus*—'a mild octogenarian' (Washington Irving?), who recited certain epithalamic verses, 'poor old gentleman!' in a 'somewhat cracked and cackling voice.' What exquisite ideas some editors have of politeness, propriety, and good taste!"

Now this is altogether *the* luxury of the season. The Lounger, it appears, called Washington Irving *Auctor Ignotus* (an unknown author); he insulted that hale old gentleman of seventy-four, by clapping on six years and calling him an "octogenarian," and "poor old gentleman;" and babbling about his voice; and then the exquisite dunce of a Lounger, too eager in his jealousy of superior genius, at once shows his hand, forgot that Washington Irving was universally known as a comic poet and scribbler of rhymed puns, and so betrayed his malice and the name of the revered author he had so carefully concealed under offensive epithets, by printing a copy of verses which were, of course, at once recognized by this calm, perceptive reader, and by all other people of sense, to be the work of Washington Irving!

Well, since it is all out, why should the Lounger affect surprise? He had calculated, he confesses, upon the general credulity. He had little idea what eyes and minds and powers of comparison and ratiocination were to be brought to bear upon his sketch. He will be more careful in future. He will not only set himself to learn of the editor who has thus exposed him in the departments of "politeness, propriety, and good taste," but will also insist upon joining him in his little excursions for mares'-nests. What a collection the editor must possess!

The Lounger humbly proposes that the first excursion shall be to the forest of Arden; for there the melancholy Jacques found the *finder* of a mare's-nest—does the editor remember?—a much more interesting discovery than the nest itself. And that acute natural philosopher—does the editor remember?—instantly classified him:

"A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the forest!
A motley fool: a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool!"

A. BURR.

THAT Satan is never quite so black as he is painted, seems to be the principle upon which Mr. Parton has written one of the most fascinating of biographies—the Life of Aaron Burr. It is a poor compliment to say that this Life is as interesting as a novel; but it would be the highest praise of a novel to say that it had as much substance, progress, interest, and moral as this biography. The reader gets some idea of the personal attraction and sympathetic power of the man in the very singular interest which his romantic story excites.

It is impossible to reverse the judgment which his country has passed upon Aaron Burr. His very name has grown to have a mean and insignificant sound. It is short and unmusical. It looks unattractive, whether written or printed; and his own habitual signature, though large, was shrinking and unimpressive. Burr was associated with Benedict Arnold in heroic daring before Quebec, and their names are mingled in a common infamy.

Mr. Parton fills a difficult position with great ability. He has put aside all prejudice; he has thrown himself into the times of which he writes; he has carefully collated and compared; he is a Democrat, without any deference to traditions or to persons; he does not excuse his hero, nor defend him, beyond reason; but he carefully sifts and searches, and, according to what is simply just in any biographer, he states his hero's side as it probably appeared to himself, and leaves the final judgment to the reader, while he does not shrink from expressing his own. With all this candor, however, he is sometimes betrayed into unhandsome sneers against the opponents of Burr, forgetting to allow them the same justice of kindly statement which he bestows upon him; and, beyond question, he sees our early politics with the eye of a Democrat, and not of a Federalist. With many of his conclusions many readers will entirely dissent, especially in his comparative estimate of Hamilton and Burr, in which he states that he considers Burr to have been, upon the whole, as good a man as Hamilton.

In fact, Mr. Parton's biography is the final and weighty evidence of the general justice of the estimation in which Burr is held. When you close the book, you feel that you have been dealing with an unsubstantial phantom—with a personality that lives in no work, nor word, nor influence—but solely in a name.

Taking Mr. Parton's portrait as correct, Aaron Burr was a splendid adventurer. He was a brave soldier, and, carrying his soldiership into politics, an adroit political manager, a shrewd and audacious advocate, a polite and dignified civilian, with the good sense of silence, and an invincible hilarity, arising quite as much from lightness of temperament as from the discipline of self-restraint.

But he had no faith, no principle, no aim, except his own advancement. Mr. Parton commends his reticence when he tied the Congressional vote with Jefferson. But Burr was undoubtedly a sagacious man, and he did not dare to seem even to connive at his own election to the Presidency, and the consequent disappointment of the people. Burr knew as well as the people themselves that they wanted Jefferson for their President, and to have thwarted that wish would have been political suicide. He can not be praised for his silence and impartiality at that time. To hold his tongue was the most he could safely do for himself. A greater and wiser man would himself have ended the doubt by giving way to Jefferson.

But throughout his whole political life, State or National, there shines no great cardinal principle, no idea. He secretly despised the Government, and disbelieved in it, in common with so many educated men of the day—including Hamilton. He saw that the mass of people might be used, and he used them—in all he said or did showing only that he was a cool-headed politician. His life is absolutely arid of generous sentiment, of noble thought, of human sympathy. In the old philosophy, he liked the Stoics; in the new, he followed the skeptics. He loved his daughter with fondness and pride. He gave her all his heart. But he taught her like a Roman of two thousand years ago, not like an American of the beginning of the century. He aimed, perhaps, at being a Zeno or Epictetus in the shape of a modern gentleman; but he succeeded only in being a small Chesterfield.

His whole career illustrates these characteristics. Representing no principle, no policy—nothing but his own success—his reverses were incredible. He eluded misfortune—he never met it. When it overwhelmed him he rose above it, not with the serene superiority of the great men—of Milton or Socrates—but with the pert agility of a French dancing-master. "Here we are again!" he cries, with the melancholy glee of a clown. In 1805 he was Vice-President of the United States, and a political leader in the State of New York—a conspicuous politician, whose opinions, if he had any, he kept to himself. He was the most gallant and graceful of the gentlemen in society. He was polite, polished, irresistible, flattering, and flattered—only one round below the highest upon the uncertain ladder of political eminence—the past was bright, the future alluring: few men were, apparently, more to be envied than Aaron Burr.

This was in 1805. In 1810 he was skulking under the name of "Mr. Kirby" through back streets in Paris, to avoid passing an old woman to whom he owed two sous for cigars. In 1812 he returned to his country utterly bankrupt in every thing but fascination and good-humor, and lived for twenty-four years under a weight of obloquy that would have crushed most men in less than as many months.

What success he achieved was evidently owing to his personal persuasion. In his great Western scheme—his treason, as it was called—he was conspicuously incompetent as a controlling spirit. He could lead forlorn hopes, but he could not conduct campaigns. Jefferson called him "great in little things, and little in great things."

The Lounger is writing too long a paragraph. He can not speak of what are usually called the crimes of Burr—the duel with Hamilton, and his conduct toward women, or his Mexican projects. But none of all these explain the odium which shrouds his name. That is only to be solved by the universal conviction that Aaron Burr had not principle enough to prevent his being a murderer and a traitor.

Nor does Mr. Parton's "Life," clear and candid as it is, disturb this impression. The reader feels that the story belongs to that cold, handsome, reticent, epicurean head which hangs at the entrance of the book. Prejudice and passion have had their way—they have done all the harm they can. The man is passing into the cold, discriminating light of history. His portrait will hardly be painted again, it has now been so well done; and though the shadows may be a little lightened, they will be shadows still.

Every young man who secretly thinks political or moral principle a delusion had better read this book. Every young gentleman who glories in his fascinating manners and his "knowledge of the world"—by which he really means contempt for mankind—may well devote a leisure hour to a trip across the bay to Port Richmond, on Staten Island, where the big wooden tavern is still standing in which Aaron Burr died at the age of eighty, leaving no eye moister for his dying; and then let him cross to Princeton, and, by the side of the graves of Jonathan Edwards and the senior Burr, read the name of Aaron Burr upon a head-stone, and supply in his heart the epitaph.

THE GREAT EVENT.

THE Lounger hopes that all his female friends are aware of the ceremony which will so soon take place in London. Nothing like it, certainly, since the birth of little Napkin in France. The Queen of England is about parting with her oldest daughter; and some wicked person wrote a letter lately, saying that the young lady was dull! What an expression! A Princess of England *dull!* Forbid it, history, and the Prince of Prussia!

The same penny-a-liner declares that the second daughter is cleverer than the first, and that the young Prince of Orange wants her. How tiresome! How *can* the Princess, who is only second, be cleverer than her older sister? And the Prince of Orange may go home again, and justify the story that his suit was all moonshine, for the Lounger wants the English Princess number two for another purpose.

When they get through the weary talk about Kansas and Central America, and the other minor public affairs, the Lounger proposes to surprise the country and secure his election as the next President, by developing his grand measure for settling all possible differences with England, and maintaining the peace of the world, by plighting to her Royal Highness number two the troth of our beloved but solitary President Buchanan.

Pending this event, which will naturally throw all the other *coups* of the century into the shade, all eyes wait with anxiety upon the approaching nuptials of the blooming Prince of Prussia and the blushing Princess of England.

BUNKER HILL AT THE OPERA.

IT is pleasing to watch the daring feat of the great Mr. Levi North riding four bridleless horses at once, and alighting upon his feet at last, and not upon his head. Of course there will be philosophers in the pit who patiently bide their time, knowing that he will at last come down upon his head—as, after quietly holding Van Amburgh's head in his mouth unharmed for a hundred times, there will come the hundredth and first time, when the lion, in a moment of forgetfulness, will close his mouth suddenly, with the valuable head still inside.

With similar emotions, a Lounger contemplates the brave battle of the Opera manager with his refractory singers. To ride half a dozen horses at once is easy; but permanently to control a musical opposition is not given to man. This Napoleonic gentleman does wonders. He shifts his cards and plays his game with marvelous tact. He is not to be put down, and, if choruses rebel, he closes his doors, summons another chorus, and throws himself, in a touching attitude, into the arms of the affectionate public.

That tender-hearted mistress hears his plaints and protestations—grumbles and waits. But she is a dreadful sphinx. If you can not rede the riddle of amusing her, she slays you without remorse. The bones of ruined fortunes bleach around her—fortunes of hapless managers. It is a standing marvel why any body should wish to undertake such a thankless, profitless task as conducting an Opera. But nature is opulent, and there are always candidates for immediate ruin at the box-office.

New York has not lately had so intrepid a manager as the present one. His decision and skill command the warmest admiration. He gives us new operas, famous singers, and a gush of talent. We all patiently pay and enjoy, wondering only how soon the jaws of the lion will close, and the amiable manager withdraw without his head. Meanwhile, the town surveys with interest his great feat of an improvised chorus and mortified rebels. He was worsted for the moment, as were our glorious fathers at Bunker Hill; but his retreat only the more refreshed and inspired him.

Let all loyal Loungers hope that the rule may now be reversed, and that this Bunker Hill may be only the ascent to victory. And, waiting the result, we may agitate the novel theme whether the Opera can be sustained in New York.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *January*, 1858.

"HAT in hand, Mr. Ibrahim Bellflower makes his Sunday bow, through the Lounger, to Miss Nelly Lancer, and begs leave—ahem!—to refer the question of male and female vanity to her for arbitration. Which, Miss Ne—Lancer, is the vainest: a girl (lady) of sixteen, with a new bonnet, the only one of the kind in town, or a youth (gentleman) of twenty, with his first love of a mustache? Hat in hand, Mr. Bellflower waits the reply, accompanied by suitable observations on vanity, etc. Meanwhile he will ask Bell, the Rose-bud, the same momentous question, and compare notes on the replies."

—The Lounger has consulted with Miss Lancer upon the question contained in the note of Mr. BELLFLOWER, and that lady desires him to say that a young lady of sixteen, who wears "a new bonnet, the only one of the kind in town," discovers a boldness which is always a characteristic of genius, and an independence of public opinion which is an infallible sign of superiority. It requires the possession and exercise of positive powers to select a new bonnet, and to wear it in advance of the fashion. The whole thing shows perception, and enterprise, and self-reliance. To have a mustache, on the other hand, requires a simple abstinence from soap and water, which (Miss Lancer suggests) may not be so very novel or disagreeable to the young gentleman of twenty. Which, then, has the better right to be vain—the one who brings various powers into fruitful action, or the one who lets his upper lip alone? Both may be vain; but of the two whose vanity has an excuse? Miss Lancer pauses for a reply.

"CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOAF—LOUNGER,—I beg your pardon, Sir; I came near making a most unfortunate mistake, of which I am truly ashamed, particularly as I was rather desirous of making a good impression. I have but lately made your acquaintance. Ned came in the other day, and brought me *Harper's Weekly*. I looked at the pictures, then commenced reading, and became very much interested.

"After a while I looked up, and beheld Ned standing at the door, hat in hand, and looking any thing but pleased. 'You're not going?' said I. 'Why, yes. I think you can dispense with my company, you seem to be so agreeably entertained.' 'But, Neddie dear, I'm very sorry—' 'Oh, never mind! I'll send you the papers every week, but the *Weekly* and I won't make our visits together in future.' I couldn't say a single word, but I gave him a little bit of a kiss, you know, and we made it all up, and he promised to send me the back numbers. Wasn't it kind of him, considering how shabbily I had treated him?

"Somehow I have taken a fancy to the Lounger; but I don't know, perhaps I shall not like him so well when I become more acquainted, though I have much faith in first impressions. As soon as I get the back numbers I mean to search his character to its farthest depths. How does that idea suit you? Do you tremble, or stand firm?

"Sometimes I wonder is the Lounger married—but then it's no matter: I'm not in search of a husband, anyhow. Don't you get tired and out of patience sometimes, arranging this department of the paper? And then some of your correspondents are not overrefined in their ideas, to say nothing of their expressions. But I suppose you have to put up with it. It is strange how pleased some people are if they can get some of their ideas preserved in printer's ink, and put in the newspaper. I, for one, do not plead guilty to that weakness. If I wish to open my heart and send a letter to my favorite editor, is that any reason why he should put it in the paper and let all the world know it? No, indeed; if I should catch one at it, I'd never send him another, or else I'd let him have one that would set him shaking from head to foot with fright—or fun. But good-by, dear Lounger; you have won the regard, the best wishes—all but the heart, of

"BESSIE BRISKOE."

—Miss BRISKOE is perfectly correct in the remark that some people are hugely pleased if they can only "get some of their ideas preserved in printer's ink." There are still others who are more pleased if they can only have ideas. And yet others who have no idea what an idea is.

But is Miss BRISKOE aware how she has outraged the Lounger? You may safely deny every thing to one of her sex—so the Lounger has heard—so long as you concede beauty. Just as you may deny every thing to an author or artist, if you allow that he has genius. Learn, then, Miss BESSIE BRISKOE, that a Lounger is not to be propitiated by any blandishments of your most charming of all the sexes, so long as it is coolly asserted that he has not captured the heart of his correspondent. Nothing less will satisfy him. He must be supreme. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

WE certainly live in a refined, intellectual, and æsthetically-inclined community. Our favorite amusements quite prove this. The Opera, which is presumed to be the highest and most intellectual form of sensuous recreation, is tottering upon its last legs, propped up by tremendous proclamations, and extraordinary representations, in which poor old Don Giovanni gets pressed into the service after the usual custom, like the prodigal son returning to his father when he had nothing else to do.

In the mean time what are the theatres doing? In one we find a *réchauffé* of one of the most miserable pieces of trash that ever disgraced the Boulevards; while two others are given up to the wild beasts, the wrestlers, the tumblers, the clowns, and the horses. It only needs that Colonel Johnston should send us a few Mormons, or a Camanche or two, for the lunch of the lions and tigers, and we should be quite as great brutes as the Romans themselves.

WHAT WE SEE IN BROADWAY.

ON one of the fine afternoons which really belong to April, but have somehow got misplaced so as to appear in January, Asterik and I were "flaning" in Broadway. Asterik has been almost every where, and has done almost every thing. Now he does nothing but smoke pipes and read French novels, which he conceives to be the "whole duty of man." Asterik seeing Ethelinda go by, like the *Adriatic* under full sail and all her steam up, made the original remark that the American women were the handsomest in the world. I am not, I fear, in the good graces of the ladies, and I am happy to be able to reaffirm the remark, and to indorse it for sixty or ninety days. "Yes," said I, "the maidens and the matrons of Manhattan are comely and fair to look upon; always arrayed in the best taste (what are you laughing at?), always refined, intellectual, and amiable, and free from malice, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness." "Pshaw!" returned the old scoundrel, "they are nothing of the sort!" I changed the subject by saying, "And the men, how well they are dressed! Combining the polish and the taste of the *jeunesse dorée* with the solidity and manliness of Young England." "Bah!" said Asterik, "you know better. Some of them do wear good clothes; that is owing (no pun intended) to the tailors. The rest wear shiny black coats, which are abominations. A few affect gray, which hue is the emblem of poverty. Those who are well-dressed seem to be overwhelmed with the consciousness of the fact, and instead of astonishing people they amuse them." I am inclined to believe that there is a great deal of truth in what Asterik said. There are a few young men in New York who devote their entire attention to dress. They have been abroad and know what they should wear, but they have not yet made Brummels of themselves. You see a hat which you never saw before; you see whiskers which project half an inch further than any other whiskers; you see a coat which is a miracle of art; you see boots which are quite perfect; but you never think that there is a man attached to all these pretty things, any more than you would mistake the lay figures in the cloak-shops for lovely women. I do not write this to crush the ambition of the *flaneurs*, but simply to give a hint to some "youth to fortune and to fame unknown" who is endeavoring to imitate them from afar off.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF THE STREET.

IT was not at all a fine afternoon when I crossed the Park, and my attention was attracted by a knot of persons in front of a hotel much affected by gentlemen from the rural districts. There seemed to be a dispute about a trunk; a low order of trunk; a trunk such as is found in manufacturing villages. There is as much distinction of class among *bagages* as among persons. We have the large, real English sole-leather, canvas-covered, patrician trunk, which spoils a twenty-dollar note. Then there is the Paris trunk, covered with those little odd railway labels, that is still more aristocratic. Following we come down to the miserable invention, the shabby-genteel trunk—a thing of thin board covered with rotten leather, and good for nothing. It was the last-named order of trunk which attracted my attention. On one side stood its proprietor, a thin, wiry New Englander, and over against him a son of Africa. The raiment of the black man was insufficient and nigh to the hook of the *chiffonier*. Old trowsers, patched in many places, shoes worn almost to shreds and yawning disreputably at the sides, no head-covering whatever, a "half-shirt" like unto Falstaff's recruit, and an old drab coachman's coat fluttering in many ribbons. So stood he of Africa in the storm, his bare head flecked with snow, tears in his eyes, and a drop at the end of his nose. He was pleading piteously, as I first thought, for alms. No; the Saxon of Connecticut had entered into a contract with the black man for the transportation of the poverty-stricken *bagage* from the Battery to Beekman Street. The black man was to receive pay for said service. He of New England tendered five cents as compensation, but Africa pleaded for twenty-five. It was a grand sight—with, like every thing else truly great, a comic as well as a serious side. Connecticut clung to his pence like a Yankee, as he was. You could see trade, barter, and dicker in his cold, calculating eye, in his sharp nose, thin lips, even to his hair of no color whatever. He would not part with his capillary fluid, because there might be a process of extracting and selling it. He had read the papers, and did not intend to be fooled by any body in York. You could see success written all over the Saxon, while distress, misfortune, poverty, and servility were as clearly depicted in the African. Lengthy was the argument, the Saxon contesting the ground cent by cent; but gradually, as the

public voice seemed against him, he rose to the magnificent sum of twelve votes in a comparatively insignificant county, and Connecticut reluctantly disbarred the quarter—forced so to do by a storm of popular indignation. We shall hear of him yet in Congress, where he will be particularly eloquent in defense of the rights of the colored man.

THE SPECTRE TEXT.

"HANGED by the neck 'til you be dead,"
The law's judicial voice has said
To one whom hate with blood was red.

The felon staggered from the dock,
And glanced toward the court-room clock,
Whose minutes seemed his hours to mock.

Upon his wrist they clasped the gyves—
(The law holds fast its murderers' lives,
From sentence-time 'til doom arrives!)

He paused an instant at the street,
The sunshine once again to greet
—Life's sunshine, henceforth doubly sweet!

—Life's sunshine, valued because such!
Then, summoned by the jailer's touch,
His feet the pavement seemed to clutch.

Though but a stripling 'mid that crowd,
Like an old man's his form was bowed,
But youth found voice—he wept aloud.

As 'mid the thronging mass he sobbed,
All pulses sympathetic throbbed,
Forgetting now the life he robbed.

The sheriff's men, who jailward led,
Felt as if following the dead,
And moved along with noiseless tread

Beside the prison's frowning gate
He passed the threshold of his fate,
And parted with his human mate.

Some keeper by the stair-way saith,
"One moment pause, to give him breath,"
Then whispered, "It belongs to Death!"

As the cell door to swing began
A shudder through his body ran—
"Text spared by the medieval man!"

The spectre-victim's ghastly grin
Welcomed the convict felon in—
Ah! now, at last, he felt his sin.

No eye but *his* that spectre saw
The grating cells slowly draw;
Barbing the vengeance of the law!

The felon stood at Murder's throne,
He felt that Murder claimed its own!
—His sin yet again was left alone!

For constantly that spectre said,
"Hanged by the neck 'til you be dead,"
Until his brain seemed crowned with lead.

And constantly fresh blood was shed
Beneath the fore-spun hair his head—
Waking—or dreaming in his bed!

Vainly by day or night he plead;
Above the jailer's sentry-tread
Still came the words of legal dread.

The very fare whereon he fed,
Even the water and the bread,
Sickened him with its dye of red.

To eye and ear came never peace,
Nor did the spectral vengeance cease
'Til the grim scaffold gave release!

* * * * * * *

Ever for souls by crime perplexed,
Remorse will find some spectral text,
Either in this world or the next.

A. OAKEY HALL.

HON. CHARLES O'CONOR.

TO perfect the portraiture of Mr. O'Conor the reader must combine a compact and short figure of commanding height clad in an unvarying suit of black; he must endue the eye with an expression of keenness, and light up the face with intellectual fire; he must assume the grayness of hair and whiteness as the result rather of excessive mental toil than as a concomitant of age; he must be informed that the countenance on one moment wears a powerful scorn or indignation, and at the next relaxes itself to a mould of humor or sympathy. And then the reader, by the aid of the sketch, will be able to be presented to one of the first lawyers in the United States.

The Cathal (Irish for Charles) O'Conors figure in the histories of Ireland conspicuous among their race. The last king of the country was an O'Conor; and of the five O'Conor chieftains of the province of Connaught, Cormac O'Conor Roe now was a lineal ancestor of the present representative. The present Charles O'Conor is a great-great-grandson of the distinguished scholar of that name, who was a correspondent of Doctor Johnson; and recent editions of Boswell, in their notes, mention him as a historian and philologist of great note. An intermediate Charles O'Conor of the same family was librarian of the immense Stowe Library, once belonging to the Duke of Buckingham, and is well known in Great Britain as a man of learning and a combative dialectic as well as a bibliographer.

These references are only made because all that was ardent, energetic, independent, and patriotic in the early branch, and every thing which is nebulastic, logical, and learned in the more modern generation, has been perfectly inherited by the present representative in this country.

Mr. O'Conor's father came to America in the early part of the present century, and was at that time a gentleman of some fortune, and a single man. He married in New York city, where his son was born in 1804. His mother was also an O'Conor, but of a different family. His earliest boyish hours were passed in Queen's Steuben County, then a howling wilderness, whither his father had gone with an investment in the landed interest. But severe financial reverses compelled a family return to New York city, and until almost the age of twenty-five years Mr. O'Conor had a stern battle with the world's currents—although there were a few years wherein (the life of an Irish kinsman hanging by a thread) he might have awakened to the passion of wealth. Inheriting as he did indomitable perseverance and an aptitude for languages and logic, he needed no masters or college professors to direct him toward books, or to assist him in their consultation. Indeed, the extrinsic advantages of education enjoyed by him were of the most meagre character. He studied law in two offices, and, if the traditions about the City Hall be true, illustrated *before* having that well-known fact of being couplet:

"In truth he *had* no drought his leisure he'd employ,
Until at last the old man was beaten by the boy."

Theodore S. Fay, the present Minister to Switzerland, was a fellow-student, and that clever writer has written many a paper founded upon the original sayings and witticisms of Mr. O'Conor.



HON. CHARLES O'CONOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

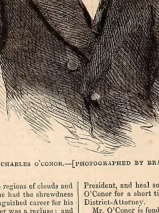
Fay's genius lay more in the regions of clouds and romance than it has, but he and the shrewdness very early to predict a distinguished career for his "fellow-student." The latter was a recluse; and his capacity for study was very great. Perhaps an inherited love for fields and streams wherein he made pedestrian tours for exercise kept the mental in equipoise with the physical. A detail of the devotion which Mr. O'Conor gave to the law in his legal novitiate would be found a perfect illustration of the trite maxim, "No excellence without labor." And it will be a devotion fatal of reflection upon the realism of his few law books than the mind.

Mr. O'Conor came to the bar in his twenty-first year; and immediately began the work of self-reliance without clerkship or partnership. For a few years his progress was slow, but by nature unavoidable. The olden rather frowned upon the junior, whose industry, however, won their respect, while it also aroused their envy generally. Mr. O'Conor tried and argued his own cases from the start. These were at first of minor importance, but as his fame and skill became known, his cases would involve the sum of only fifteen dollars. He rejected no business, however slight, if it were only honorable in its nature and results. By carrying on having carried to higher courts some of them cases, he was soon brought into contact with eminent bar leaders, with whom at twenty-six years of age he was associated, in the famous cases reported in Cowen's, Hall's, and Wendell's Reports, evince nicety of pleading, skill in practice, and exactness of legal application.

Before again referring to his legal career, we may be pardoned a short digression, upon his public and personal life. Mr. O'Conor has always been a consistent member of the Tammany Society. Office has many times sought him, but he has never sought it. Not until called by all parties, and without his knowledge, to become a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1846, had he consented to fill a place of public trust. The debates of that body speak his foresight and ability as a statesman; and so strongly that it must ever remain a subject of regret that his shrewdness, learning, and judgment have not been available in high offices. In the Convention Mr. O'Conor became an admirable check to much of the rampant radicalism. He was felt in the Committee Room rather than heard upon the floor. When he spoke it was exview of the point, and with no low vigor of logic that illustrative wit and eloquence.

He was one of the six delegates who voted against the Constitution, and his constituency gave 20,000 majority against it. He fully predicted all the evils which an elective judiciary and political financiering have confidently brought upon the State under the Constitution of 1846. Mr. O'Conor voted against the franchise of the colored man—doing so as a lawyer outside of the philanthropic sentiment of the question. His views were a forecast of those given by some of the judges in the Dred Scott case. From his early case of the slave Jack, in 3 Wendell, and through his stand in the Convention down to his recent argument in the Lemmon Slave case, his consistency, in opposition to the classer for the negro, has been remarkable—particularly when the political temperaments upon this head from many a Democratic colleague.

In 1848, at the Presidential Election, he ran for Lieutenant-Governor upon the ticket with General Cass. Mr. O'Conor was 3000 votes ahead of his Soft-shell opponent, while his associate for Governor (Chancellor Walworth) ran behind *his* antagonist. The 1852 he was elector at large for Franklin Pierce, who would have made him Attorney-General had not New York contributed Governor Marcy to the Cabinet. To oblige his friend that



President, and heal some Tammany troubles, Mr. O'Conor for a short time held the post of Federal District-Attorney.

Mr. O'Conor is fond of social life, but his relish for his profession sometimes interferes with its enjoyment. Yet few by suavity, tact with guests, knowledge of men and manners, observation in respect to current topics of the day, are more fitted for that enjoyment when it comes; as the guests at the *dejeuners* to Madam Douglas—wife of the Senator—and to Lord Napier, given at Mr. O'Conor's mansion, well testify. He is a great pedestrian, and frequently walks from or to his residence, ten miles from the City Hall street office. His taste is delightfully situated on the brow of the height at the Fort Washington Depôt of the Hudson River road. It is large, and in its interior attests the well-earned competency of its possessor. Here he resides with his wife—a member of the distinguished Livingston family. The chief feature of the scenery in the entrance hall and miscellaneous library of the owner. The former department is represented by all the valuable volumes in civil as well as in common law. The latter is remarkable for its liugual representatives.—Mr. O'Conor reading French, Italian, and Spanish with marked interest, and owning choice editions of the foreign authors. His selections announces that he prefers the romances of Victor Hugo to the (to use a phrase once employed by him in a speech) "Tennyssian" school. Indeed, the whole of the books in the last library hang the portraits of immellite ancestors, taken from life or from the originals in the mother country. In each one may be remarked the reflective brow and searching eye of their descendant. The cast of arms annexed to the portraits has an Irish motto which may be translated, "God sends the Champion." It is a fitting motto for the lawyer who has ever been the champion of what he considered the right against the wrong. The well-appointed stables evince the luxurious habits which its owner has a "cue" of relaxation as well as of argument always at hand.

Charles O'Conor refuses more cases than he supervises; partly because he is obliged so to do from regard to those most demanding of attention, and partly because he always selects his business. Of course his labors are given to questions of great moment, yet these must be of a character business-able and reasonably certain in principle. Within a year past he is said to have refused a suit against the city for a large contractor when the examination of the demand satisfied him that, while the claim was honest, the supposed claim of justice were clearly antagonistic.

This course, in consequence, highly successful, but at the expense of much sickness, and with the necessity at one time (1846) of a temporary residence in Europe, during which he visited Europe. Among the great cases of his life we may particularize the letter he wrote upon his mastership—the Lispenard, Mason, and Parish. Although seemingly beaten by the Court of Errors, in the Parish case, he carried it on to perfection before the jury, regarding the reality in the ejectment case as the point for decision, and before the Supreme, Circuit Judge, and Chancellor he was successful. It is no disparagement toward able associates to say that the great "Forth American Trust case," involving disputes to the amount of over a million of dollars, was won by their clients upon his masterly brief and analytical argument. His acquittal of Mr. Walker for the homicide of his wife, and his late argument in favor of Graham's crime to the grade of manslaughter, in the teeth of terrible evidence, as well recognized landmarks in success in criminal jurisprudence. His views in the Metropolitan Police case were sustained by all the Judges of the Court of Appeals, nor in the disputed Judgeship between Messrs. Davies and Peabody. The law, however, which in the latter case he advocated, has been, in a perfectly similar contest before the highest Pennsylvania Court, adjudicated in consonance with his views. His success in the Forrest case, in the face of grave perjury and much management, is well known to every lawyer. But he has persistently refused all business which would take him from his State, except in the case of the *General Armstrong* before the Court of Claims at Washington.

Mr. O'Conor is a consummate pleader, and is skilled in all the abstruse branches of law. Those who heard him say he could rise to supreme in Westminster Hall, or before the Master of the Rolls, and argue any point which the brief of attorney or solicitor, then and there placed in his hand, might call up. The doctrines of wills, powers, uses, and trusts are to him household words. Nevertheless, in the *trade* of law, as well as in its *profession*, is he a proficient. The tact toward judge, jury, and witness—the play with human nature—the fence with an adversary—the coolness of a repartee—the *sang froid* of cross-examination—the adroit turn of a position—the dissembling of a fear —the catch of confidence—the wile of diplomacy—the momentary bravura (not at all misplaced, never wordy, keenly apt and appropriately dropped) —the representation of *nonsuits*—the "finesky" quotation—the ingenious diagnosis of motive—the dissection of evidence—the pungent application of *prud-ent* theory, which are the sole of the true *prize* advocate, he wields with dexterity.

His powers as a dialectician are remarkable. Logic pervades even his repartees, for which he is noted. Was to the interrupter in the unguarded moment! Even his epithets are rather deductive than in the nature of plain assertion. Mr. O'Conor's speeches are stenographed, and like review articles—apt words and consecutive arguments being all there. It is so with his conversation. His diction is elegant as well as forcible; and his expressions are particularly crispy and original, without any being *outré*.

If eloquence consists in meaningless metaphor, turgid sentences, rapid utterance, swollen veins, trick of voice, and dramatic gesture, then Charles O'Conor never had it. But if there practically be any eloquence in the idea of Tully—*optimus est orator qui docendo suasus ac delectatus et docet et delectat et movet*—then the addresses of Mr. O'Conor to jury and judges are worthy of all eloquent attributes. His voice is not so flexible as many could wish, but its tone is sweet, and to some desire, but his master is so superlatively excellent that there is no room for invidious praise.

His seems to be wanting in what the world calls ambition, and perhaps in professional emulation *per se*. He simply goes forward doing his consentaneous and combativeness are large. As a man, his world is a land. Those who (as a friend wittily remarks) there is but one rhyme —*house*. His generosities are proverbial; and if it were delicate to tell the many of private confidence, would prove bright exemplars, like "all good deeds in a naughty world." Irresistible song he is excessiblingly gracious, especially to the junior acquaintances of his profession. At times there is a habit of serious unconsciousness of his reclines student-like) in his way of business, but it is only habitual. Although thoroughly practical and essentially haughty, he ever unites the true Irish courtier with the American gentleman.

THE GREAT MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

WE are enabled this week to present our readers with a picture of the seizure of the American steamer Fire Queen, by the Sepoys, on the Ganges, and with an illustration of the building at Cawnpore where the terrible massacre of Europeans took place in July last. The latter is from a sketch taken recently by Lieutenant Sydney Penree, from the gate of the compound, and may undoubtedly be relied upon as correct.

The readers of the *Weekly* have had in the news department, from time to time, copious accounts of the events which have made the name of Cawnpore familiar to the ears of people in the civilized world. It may, however, be interesting to many to find, in connection with the illustration, a con-

nected account of these lamentable occurrences. The story will be the more interesting, as we are evidently on the eve of hearing of the final punishment of the monsters who thus disgraced humanity.

It was on the 5th June, three weeks after the revolt at Meerut and Delhi, that the garrison at Cawnpore mutinied. Cawnpore was a small town, but a military station of considerable importance; partly in consequence of its proximity to Lucknow and the recently conquered kingdom of Oude. It was commanded by an officer of high reputation—Sir Hugh Wheeler; the European population was considerable for an inland town. Ever since the news of the mutiny at Lucknow, Sir Hugh had been on the alert, but till the actual outbreak, nothing had occurred to justify distrust of his Sepoys. He had, moreover, been reassured in a great measure by assurances of friendship, and promises of aid in case of need, which had been sent to him by the most powerful of the neighboring native potentates—Nena Sahib.

This individual was the adopted son of the late Peishwa of Poonah. The Peishwa, having contended against and been overcome by the East India Company, had been exiled to the castle of Bithoor, twelve miles from Cawnpore: he had lived there tranquilly in affluence, till his death; but the Company had refused to recognise as his heir, or to continue his pension to the young man who was known as Nena Sahib. The Peishwa was obliged to content himself with bequeathing his savings and his castle at Bithoor to the Nena, who, after vainly endeavoring to obtain a reversal of the Company's decision against him, but seemingly acquiesced in its justice, invested £150,000 in East India stock, exercised a jovial hospitality to Englishmen traveling in that part of the country, and appeared quite resigned to his station in life. He was very fond of having English officers to shoot over his grounds, and more than once gave balls at which the fairest of the English ladies enjoyed his hospitality.

It was quite natural that this man should promise to aid Sir Hugh against the mutineers; and, considering his wealth and influence—he is a highly educated man—not unnatural that Sir Hugh should have relied on him.

The mutineers, driven from the fort at Cawnpore, besieged it on 6th June. Sir Hugh sent word to the Nena that now was a good time to redeem his promise. There was no answer. The fort, a poor, miserable affair, was strong enough to withstand the attacks of a besieging force without artillery. For several days the mutineers made no progress, and in repeated sallies the garrison cut them severely. But one morning a change took place. The garrison thought they perceived heavy guns taking up a position, and sure enough, in the course of the day fire was opened upon them from heavy artillery, and their own guns completely silenced. Whence came the guns? The question was soon answered. Deserters from the mutineers informed Sir Hugh that Nena Sahib had joined the besiegers *with the guns from his castle of Bithoor*, and had taken the command in person.

The defense of the fort, on strategical principles, had been rendered impossible by the arrival of this artillery. Had the Sepoys possessed the least pluck they would have assaulted the place, and carried it by a *coup de main*. It contained only some sixty soldiers, and four hundred women and children. No assault was made, however, and after repeated sorties, Sir Hugh, finding that there was but two days' provisions left, resolved to attempt to cut his way through the besiegers to Allahabad. The attempt was made on the 26th of June. It was at first successful. The half-starved handful of men, led by Sir Hugh, drove the mutineers from their position; but, having no cavalry, they were unable to prosecute the advantage; the besiegers re-formed almost instantly, and being *joined* at that moment by a fresh regiment from Oude, they attacked the British force on both flanks, and forced it to cut its way back again to Cawnpore. In the retreat Sir Hugh Wheeler was mortally wounded; he died shortly after his arrival at the fort.

On the following day the survivors, seeing that further resistance was hopeless, sent to ask terms of surrender from Nena Sahib. They were granted: the garrison, men, women, and children, were to be permitted to go to Allahabad in boats furnished by the Nena, with their property, arms, and a certain amount of money. On the same afternoon they left the barracks, and embarked in the boats.

They had hardly pushed off from the shore when a signal was given, and the boats were fired upon from the shore. The fire was continued till all the boats save one were swamped, and all, or nearly all the men, and many of the women and children, were killed. The survivors were seized by the Sepoys and carried back to Cawnpore.

The men, it seems, were instantly put to death; and in some few instances it would appear that their wives could not be separated from them, and perished likewise. They were the most fortunate. The others—no one can say how many they numbered, probably over a couple of hundred—women and children—were confined in a building which had been used as a hospital at Cawnpore.

Meanwhile the fugitives from Futtegbur had been intercepted by Nena Sahib's force, and arrested. Of these, the bulk, it is presumed, were instantly put to death; the others, including four American missionaries—the Reverends John E. Freeman, David A. Campbell, Albert O. Johnson, and Robert E. M'Mullen—with their families, are believed to have been taken to Cawnpore, and put to death there. These gentlemen are said by the *New York Observer* to have been among the most able and useful missionaries of the American Board —a loss almost irreparable.

From the 27th of June to the 16th of July the captive women and children were detained by Nena Sahib at Cawnpore. It is to be hoped that the statements which have been lately made as to their escape from the extreme outrage practiced on the European females elsewhere are founded on fact; though it must be admitted that the circumstances of the case, and certain memorials which have been discovered, are adverse to so comforting a theory. Mr. Shepherd, the sole European witness of what took place at Cawnpore during that terrible fortnight, states that the females were spared for a worse fate than death; and the native on whose narrative the consoling theory rests confesses that a daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler, having been appropriated by a cavalry trooper, arose in the night, and, like another Judith, killed her captor with his own sword, then threw herself into a well, where in the morning, in the language of the native, "was found Miss Bang, drink and swollen." We know that a few handfuls of grain was all the poor creatures got to eat; that they were crowded together in a narrow dwelling, scarcely more wholesome at that season than the Black Hole of Calcutta; and that, like their sisters at Delhi, they were robbed of their clothing.

Meanwhile, General Havelock, who had hurried up from Calcutta, and had taken the command of a flying column, consisting chiefly of Scotch Highlanders, had fought eight actions in the course of a fortnight, and was hastening by forced marches on Cawnpore. The enemy, about four to one, met him at Bithoor, and after a sharp fight were defeated. Havelock pursued them toward Cawnpore.

Nena Sahib was there with his prisoners. It seems he had calculated on the repulse of Havelock from Bithoor. It was not till the afternoon of the 17th July that the guns of the British and the rejoicings approach of the Highlanders warned him that he must evacuate Cawnpore. He acted with promptitude. He gave orders for the massacre of all the women and children held in captivity.

It would appear—his accounts are very confused —that he offered, through the medium of an old woman, to spare the lives of some of the youngest of the English girls, on condition of their entering his harem. This they indignantly refused, preferring a thousand deaths. Sepoys were then sent into the room where they were—a room in the building representing Asher—and were directed to put them all to death. Of the actual death-scene we have of course no accounts from eye-witnesses. Some of the poor, wretched victims would seem to have escaped into the yard, and to have been killed there. But most of them perished in their prison-house.

No account could be more touching than the silent memorials of the massacre which were found on the reoccupation of Cawnpore. One man saw in the room "all sorts of articles of women and children's clothing—ladies' hair evidently cut off with a sword, combs, and parts of religious books. The floor was covered with blood like a butcher's slaughter-house." Another described the walls as being marked and scarred with sword-cuts and bayonet-thrusts, some of them with hair glued into the cuts. These marks were not at the height of several feet from the ground, as would have been the case had men fought there, but were within twenty inches of the floor—showing that the blows had been aimed at crouching women and children. A lock of paper was found in the blood; on it was written, in a girl's handwriting:

Memorandum of Deaths.
Mamma died July 13. During the captivity.
Alfred died July 8.
George died June 27. Date of the surrender.
Cawnpy left June 9.
Papa died June 6.
Uncle Willy died June 18.
Aunt Lilly June 11. During the siege.
Left Barracks June 27.
While prisoners as soon as we were at the river.

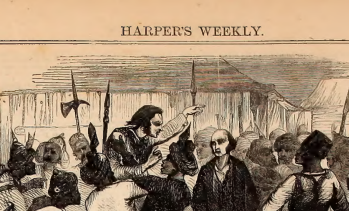
When the massacre was over the bodies were stripped, in many cases dismembered, then thrown into a well—the famous Well of Horrors—which it is now proposed to build a church. Strong soldiers, who had fought in a score of battles, and were accustomed to death in every shape, fainted on looking into that well.

There were but four of the wretched captives who were not there. One girl found her way to Nena Sahib, and boldly upbraided him with the butchery. "No religion," said she, "orders you to kill innocent women and children. Be well assured that by this slaughter the English will not become less; wherever may remain will have an eye upon you." The ruffian laughed sardonically at this address, and actually ordered that the girl should be distinguished from the rest by being put to death by an explosion of powder in her body.

Such were the events of July, 1857, at Cawnpore, and such the enormities which Nena Sahib has yet to expiate.

LITERARY.

As admirers of our *readers*, and, to a certain extent, caterers to their literary supply, we shall do them a favor in calling their attention especially to DEMAR AND CRANEY, Freytag's novel, which has created no little excitement in England, as well from its intrinsic excellence as from the two rival translations which appeared simultaneously. Messrs. Harper & Brothers publish the edition which has a preface by Chevalier Bunsen. The novel is the most successful attempt at the romance of commercial life which has hitherto been made. As such it is perfect, and should be read by every old and every young man in business. The hero, a young German, is an honest, intelligent, capable, and efficient merchant's clerk. His duties lead him into many exciting scenes. He fights in local battles, is thrown into contact with all kinds and classes of society, preserves his integrity under all circumstances, and in the end is rewarded as he deserves. Starting with him in life is a young man, who, devoid of principle and desirous only of achieving success, pursues and nobly amasses wealth, but at the sacrifice of honor and honesty, and in the end is properly served for. A charming girl, with her wife and child, nobly distinguishes herself among the rank of commercial men, are the centre around which the chief plot of the novel turns, the one young man being devoted to the ruin of the noble, the other being equally devoted to saving him from ruin. Lenore, the daughter, is an exquisite a beauty, and as bright, brave, hearty, and daring a girl as Di Vernon her-



THE ARREST OF THE MISSIONARIES BY THE SEPOYS.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SLAUGHTERED AT CAWNPORE.

self; while Sabine, the merchant's sister and the other heroine, is as delicate and lovable a creature as the pen of an author ever outlined. Finally, in summing up the characters who are cited in the play of incident, is Fisk, a young German, educated in New York, and decidedly a fast young New Yorker, who is a capital fellow withal, and who proves in the end to be altogether the hero of the romance. These are the actors. The scene is in Germany, ranging from time to time into Poland. The period is that of the last rebellions and revolutions.

The object of the book was and is to teach the true position of commerce in the world. The romance of examples has found in the author a fitting relater. Yet it is by no means his only forte. There is a rare skill in describing all phases of character, and when he descends to the low and the vile he does it with a refined moderation and delicacy, without dulling his fingers. His men are fair and sinful men. He makes no saints out of his women. Rosalie, Mr. Kemble's daughter, is a fault found on which Sabine and Lessore are brought out in a exquisite contrast; but Rosalie, beautiful as Undine, tempts the frank, good-natured Fisk, and Fisk is not such a good fellow as to be proof against the seductions of Mr. Jewess.

Debit and Credit may be safely pronounced one of the best novels extant. Its politics are not the popular sort, but its incidents are thrilling and well sketched. Its love is rather German, but it is warm love, delicately told; and the author throws herself into the arms of her lover, she does it with such a grace and grace that one can but fall wishing one's self either the lover or Sabine. No one can fail to be deeply interested in the story. The plot is not complex, but the workmanship is interesting, and the scenes change and events succeed each other with a naturalness that is charming. We commend the book heartily to our readers, with the assurance that no one who reads will fail to be delighted with it.

Mrs. (Mowatt) Ritchie publishes (Tickner & Fields) a new volume entitled Fern Hill, which is a graceful and touching history of two sisters, actresses. The plot is not new, being old as it and never uninteresting story which Mrs. Barratt has made eternally beautiful in "Bertha in the Lane"—the self-nature of a rather low-born girl. The object of the book is to show—what no one who knows Mrs. Ritchie herself could question—that the profession of an actress is not inconsistent with the noblest and purest life.

The book as published has been a great favorite. Tickner & Fields add to it Mrs. Jameson's Sketches or Art, Literature, and Character—a series of rare deliciousness as well to stayers at home as to travelers among European collections. Next to a winter in Europe, in person, is the pleasure of a talk with Mr. Jameson over the galleries, sweet, pale, luminous pictures of Italian painters, and artists of every name and land.

Francis & Co., of this city, also publish, in blue and gold, Mrs. Browning's Poems, from the last London edition, corrected by the author. There are three small volumes contained in all that the series, from "The Drama of Exile" to "Aurora Leigh." The popularity of Mrs. Browning's poems is almost great, since it authorizes the publication of so many editions by Francis & Co. The style of the present is admirably adapted to the table or desk, and gives as a drawing-room ornament, while it is a convenient pocket traveling companion.

One of the most noticeable features of the publishing business in America is the extent to which the publication of albums is carried on by private houses. Jasper Harding & Co., in Philadelphia, carry on a large business in this article, which they print, bind, and publish in every form and variety of simplicity and elegance. The American Bible Society has long been the rival of the publishing houses, and being sustained by donations, and able to sell at cost, it has, of course, been considered impossible to undersell, or even to equal them in prices. It is pleasing to know that the Society are only gratified at the increased circulation of the Sacred Scriptures which private houses are able to publish at low prices, which are to be themselves attempts any illustrated editions, leaving that wholly to private enterprise.

Madam Pfeiffer was a short time since reported to be in high favor at Madagascar, where her performances on the piano had elicited substantial commendations from the Queen in the shape of sundry presents of gold and silver. Alas for the fickleness of royalty! A communication states that four weeks later the Queen ordered every European to be summarily decapitated, but was prevailed on to commute that they might leave the island. We have no intelligence which has befallen the enthusiastic lady-traveler.

The German papers publish a newly discovered poem by Goethe, found on the leaf of a book belonging to one of his fellow-students. As it is very short we give it entire:

DER REICHE.

Ja, ich bin wirklich reich, ich habe
Der göttlichen Gedanken die,
Mit Wenigen vergnügt zu sein.
Ein Mädchen will mich an Klassen,
Der Freunde viel, ein gut Gewissen,
Und täglich Brod zum Essen.

GOETHE.

LIFE OF DR. KANE by Dr. Elder has just been published by Childs and Peterson of Philadelphia, uniform with the works of the late lamented Arctic explorer. It is a neat and well written little biography, and is embellished with a handsome portrait of Dr. Kane. It would be difficult to find a modern hero whose character affords a nobler subject for the biographer than Dr. Kane's; in him were united all the higher virtues which ennoble humanity, and his adventurous disposition filled his career with episodes of the most thrilling order. Dr. Elder has done justice to his theme. We could hope he exceed for remarking that many persons will feel surprise that so much space should have been allotted to the funeral ceremonies and eulogies of the subject of the memoir, while by far the most eloquent performance on his career and death is the poem on that subject published in an early number of this paper—is omitted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 11th Jan., the Vice-President laid before the Senate reports of the surveys on the lakes and rivers in New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, and presented a petition for an ocean mail route between New York and Galveston on the Gulf. Senator Wilson proposed, and the Senate adopted a resolution calling for the facts as to the sale, forfeiture, collection, and disposition of the revenue in each collection district for the past five years. Senator Bayard offered resolutions to apply the provisions of the recent Navy Act to the officers commanding the Home Squadron. Mr. Hunter's resolution was passed authorizing the President to restore to the Army officers who resigned to join the Confederate States Army. Senator Bayard's resolution to apply the Navy Retiring Board, by joint resolution the President was authorized to appoint a Board of Navy officers to examine into the passages of the Arctic. The House was not in session. Tuesday, 12th Jan. The Senate were not in session. Wednesday, 13th. The House were not in session. Thursday, 14th.

On Friday, 15th the Senate not being in Session, Mr. Bocock asked the House to take up the Senate Resolution in relation to the Harper's Ferry Arms, which was objected. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the expediency of reducing the duty on coffee, to charge a tax of pensions and papers in reference to the charges of Mr. Buchanan's Message. Mr. Stanton introduced a bill to establish a Court for the United States to sit in the Middlest Mills gold district. Mr. Bocock introduced a bill to provide for the payment of the Virginia militia, ordered by the President, providing for the reimbursement of the State for the money which the State powers was passed. Mr. Hardin gave notice that he would on Monday, 18th, introduce a bill to prevent the expulsion from the House. The House then adjourned to Monday.

CONFIRMATIONS BY THE SENATE.

Many of Mr. Buchanan's appointments have been confirmed by the Senate during the week. Among others are the following: Jeremiah S. Black, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in the room of Judge Curtis, resigned; John Appleton, of Maine, to be Minister Resident to Brazil, of Pennsylvania, as Minister to China, by twenty-five to twenty-three votes. Mr. Appleton was born in Bath, in Chili; R. F. Angel, of New York, as Minister to Peru; Robert Tyler, of Virginia, Register of the Treasury; Benjamin Stanton, of Ohio, Second Auditor; Thomas G. Pratt, of Maryland, Commissioner to Russia; Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, Consul in Liverpool; Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, Minister to Mexico; John Southampton; John Ritchie, of Pennsylvania, Consul to Havana; Charles Mason, of Iowa, Commissioner of Patents; Charles W. Glenn, of Pennsylvania, Consul in Berlin; William Trotter, of Kentucky, Minister Resident to Bolivia; Consul at Brussels; Wyman B. S. Moor, Consul at Rio Janeiro; Thomas Hart Benton, Surveyor; Edward Yalger, of Virginia, Consul for Barcelona; Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama, Minister to Belgium; Wm. H. Wilson, Consul at Cadiz; Consul for Oporto; and Judge Borden, of Indiana, Consul for Lyons. Mr. Buchanan's nominations for Secretary of War, Secretary of the Interior, of State; John Digler, of California, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria; and Mr. Murphy, of New York, Minister Resident to the Netherlands, have not been acted upon. Mr. Buchanan's nomination at Constantinople; William B. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Secretary of Legation at Madrid.

THE NEW INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Committee of Investigation appointed on Wednesday by the House resolution to appoint an Investigating Committee, consisting of seven members, was duly drawn by Lawrence, Stone, and Company for an amendment of the Senate's Committee. The following are the names of the Committee: Among others, Stanton of Ohio, and Winslow of North Carolina, Democrats, and Howard of Texas, to be anticipated that Mr. Stanton will undoubtedly be elected.

THE MINNESOTA CONSTITUTION.

A fight is forming in the Territory of Minnesota. Some Southern men desire to delay it, in order that Minnesota may remain with Oregon and Kansas; and it is said that the Governor and authorities of Minnesota, who are Democrats, will not call an election. The bill introduced in the Senate for the admission of the Territory for the present. On the other hand, the Republicans of the Territory are determined to have the State admitted. Minnesota, Senator Douglas is believed to concur with them.

THE PARDONING AND WALKER INTRODUCTIO.

Governor Walker has arrived at Topeka, and has addressed a letter to the people in which he announces his acceptance of the office. He says that he will not be removed from his principles. That during the time of the pardon in the Territory by Lecompton authority the armed men under his command had full possession of the Territory, and that the Governor had no power to do who what they pleased, besides imprisoning free to liquor, and carrying away clothing and other private property of the petitioner.

The petition concludes with a request that the Governor will pay for the public indemnity.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

Complete returns of the Kansas election of the 4th have not come to hand, but it is generally conjectured that with the State which elected is Democratic, the Free-State party have elected a majority of the Legislature, and will control the State Government against the Lecompton Constitution. Gross Frauds are said to have been used. The Territorial Legislature passed a Lecompton act in toto, and received Governor Denver's approval. The Governor has also issued proclamations existing in the Territory more to personal hostility than to political opposition. Governor Denver's proclamation of the Register of Deeds as worthy of confidence by the people of Kansas; draws attention to the second section of the Act of Congress of 1854, organizing the Territory, the avoidance of Legislation until the action of Congress relative to the Territory of Kansas be admitted under the Constitution at their sole will be nullified; recommends the Legislature to take no action in relation to the building of a prison; alludes to the rumor of the existence of an organization similar to the Justice of Lynch Law; advises action in reference thereto. Other suggestions of a similar character are made. The Legislature have had protracting the session into the Legislature then adjourned to meet at Lecompton.

The Free-State Convention met at Topeka, on the 5th, after receiving a message from Governor Robinson, advising them not to convene. Many members are also members of the Territorial Legislature.

Governor Denver has gone to Missouri, and was expected to proceed from thence to Washington.

THE MORMON WAR.

The whole of the troops sent out upon this expedition are now in communication with Utah, and we are in the receipt of accounts in winter-quarters on Black's Fork, about a mile and a half from Fort Bridger. The force is under the command of Colonel Cooke's command of Kingsbury, who went guide to Fort Bridger and Harney's Fork, where they found no sons must supply of grass for the horses. Five companies of the troops were left at Fort Bridger, where they and were engaged in rebuilding the works, for the purpose of making a permanent post. Colonel Alexander, with the remainder, went forward to the Utah Valley, the whole of the works, it was anticipated, would be completed by the 1st of May, when the troops will march for this object. There is an abundance of wood for fuel, but the troops were all immediately provided themselves in tents, with stoves, and the weather had been, lately, very severe, the thermometer having frequently stood at seven below or fifteen hundred—in addition to which a foot of snow. The troops were also without a thousand stoves and other stuffers of an army.

Governor Young has issued a proclamation to the Mormons and to Governor Brigham Young, threatening to burn Salt Lake City, and to lay waste the country, if the troops attempt to march into it; a court by the Governor Young had sent males with salt to Colonel Cooke, but the latter refused to receive any thing the sent messenger who came on a similar errand.

LEGISLATURES.

Nothing of any consequence has been done in the State Legislatures during the past week. The Ohio Legislature has not organized, the Americans refusing to vote for either a Republican or a Democratic Senator for any office. Resolutions directing the Virginia Delegation in Congress to vote for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution have passed the House of Delegates and the Senate. A contrary character has been reported in the New Jersey and other Northern Legislatures. The Indiana and Illinois Legislatures have been visited by branches of the Legislature. The Legislature of Alabama has requested the Governor to call a convention to meet in Congress refuse to admit Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

PERSONAL.

A writer in the Washington Union thus sketches the first reception of the season at the President's:

"The first reception of the season at the President's took place yesterday. The ladies and gentlemen presented with great cordiality. Mrs. Buchanan, who is a lady of fine appearance, and who has been accustomed to the duties of performing a picture more beautiful, although not so gaudy, than that which was presented by the ladies who had gone to become Mrs. Albert Gaugh.

"A fair lady, an acquaintance, Mrs. C——, was decidedly the 'observed of all observers,' and carried the honors of the day. Mrs. C—— is a native of Kentucky, and Mrs. Buchanan was escorted by a gallant son of Illinois, and her inquiries concerning the many who passed were duly answered. Miss K——, of Baltimore (who wore a toilet of white tulle, with a wreath of the same flowers in her hair), was much admired. Miss L——, of Louisiana, is becoming extensively known for her beauty and accomplishments. Miss P——, of New York, is a magnificent brunette, with either indica whose charms seem to increase with time. Miss M—— is a graceful blonde.

"Among the dressed the very style of beauty was represented, and there was a great diversity of opinion as to the rival charms of the fair ones. The general verdict appeared to be that the ladies of Washington had a unaffected manners and stylish charms, set off by her accomplishments, which commanded admiration. Miss Miss M——, of this city, Miss J—— of Philadelphia, Miss C—— of Baltimore, Miss D—— of Virginia, and Miss Mc—— of Kentucky, were also present, whose flowing ringlets could not conceal her blushes at the compliments which she was the evident object of.

Mr. Fortune, who has returned to England and written a book thereon, has been appointed by Mr. Fish, the United States Government of the agency for the introduction and distribution of Chinese productions into the States.

Ex-President Fillmore, according to the New York Observer, says of his personal habits: "I owe my misfortune to my habits. I am a regular early riser, breakfast at eight, go to my office or farm, and to bib-ing habits of regularity and temperance. I have never used tobacco in any form. I attribute my health and the general habits of living to which I had previously been accustomed. I spend a couple of hours four to six, and am interrupted. The Sabbath I always kept as a day of rest. Business hours, no business days, no visiting or receiving. On commencing my Presidential career, I found that the Sabbath was frequently encroached upon by visits and private interviews with the President. I determined to break this up, and accordingly appointed my door-keeper to permit all Sunday visitors with an unfamiliarious refusal. I found this arrangement to work well, and I was enabled to keep the Sabbath as a day of religious rest. My callers were always courteous, and often expressed their approval of my course before they left the house.

The Christian Advocate says that the Rev. W. H. Milburn, who has been afflicted with total loss of sight, is now partially restored. He can read and write, and preach from his notes. He can also travel without a guide. The first lecture will be on "Epic Poetry: Dante and Milton." Subsequent lectures will be delivered on "Reformation;" the third, "Lyrics: Modern Hymn Writers;" the fourth, "Modern Poetry;" the fifth, "Shakspeare;" the sixth, "Modern Preachers." The Rev. Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second street, will preside at the lectures, which will be delivered on Friday, January 21; and Monday, January 25.

A Washington letter to the Philadelphia Inquirer says of Mr. Schoolcraft:

"Mr. Schoolcraft is now nearly 65 years of age, though he does not look over 50. This is remarkable when we remember that for many years he resided on the frontiers, or was subjected to all the discomforts and hardships of Indian life. Commencing the Indian agency, he was gradually engaged in the service of all tourists, and consequently he has seen more of the Indian character than any other man living. He has been a writing exegetist; and instead of which I was introduced to Mr. Schoolcraft, I was vividly reminded of the fact that his literary and extract contribution he is greatly indebted to a natural-

ly fine constitution, and to the extreme abstinence of his habits. He is a strict vegetarian. The Washington wag who would have destroyed a hundred ordinary men, and looks as fresh and healthy as a boy of 20, is a water-drinker by nature. A total believer in one side, caused by his early exposures, confines him habitually to his house; but he hardly regards this as an affliction, for his library is his home, and he is never so happy as when pursuing his literary labors, which, by the way, are literally labors of love.

Lord Napier proposes enlarging his establishment at Washington, in order to be able to effectively celebrate the birthday of the British Prince of England to Prince Frederick William, son of the Prince of Prussia, the present Queen of England.

Mr. Wright, the new Minister to Sweden, is a native of Vermont, and was formerly a member of Congress from Vermont. He is a lawyer by profession, and is a member of the Democratic party.

Mr. Wright, our new Envoy at Berlin, has distinguished himself in Congress by his opposition to the Know-Nothings, which he gave recently in honor of Alexander Hamilton. He studied law in Philadelphia, and died in Berlin were twisted, bounty and other preparations for the reception of the Prince of Prussia.

On Saturday, 9th inst., as Chief-Justice Dunn, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, was walking from his house to his office, he was met by twenty-eight negroes in a body, all steps and fell with such violence upon his right side as to break his hip. He was conveyed immediately to the residence in a carriage, and a physician was called in, who pronounced the injury to be fracture, though not severe and not a compound one, whereby the process of knitting together will be rapid.

William Brown, Esq., brother of the Postmaster-General, died at his residence in Jersey city, on Saturday, 16th inst., in the 69th year of his age. He was born in Ireland, and he had just arrived from his bed. Mr. Buchanan is an extensive dealer in coal, and has considerable interest in it on this occasion by getting up to address these gentlemen, who were invited to suppose, were collections at that hour. He, however, naively remarked to them, in substance, that he thought it a little singular that they might be hoped they would retire to rest, and that to-morrow they would be better prepared to hear the address of their respective duties." Evidently, Mr. Buchanan, who is a practical man, thought that these gentlemen should have been in bed, and not attempting waggishness about their "going to rest and getting up refreshed" the next day.

The Ottoman Turk has ordered a screw ship-of-the-line to be constructed in the United States, but has charged Rear-Admiral Mehemed Pasha and Hussein Effendi, members of the Board of Admiralty, to superintend the construction of the vessel, and to study the system of naval tactics in vogue here.

Mr. Reuben Mellen, whose unaccountable disappearance from Boston some time since caused a great deal of search and speculation, returned the other day, having been in the State of Maine during the whole time. He has since been in Boston, and has left for the west-ward.

Mrs. Mellen, having no doubt of his death, had married a grocer.

The Hon. W. H. Seward, of New York, at the invitation of the Hon. Mr. Bigler, delivered a very judicious a visit a few days since, the object of which was to stir up a new party in the National Democratic party, condemning Mr. Buchanan being desirous that Seward, from what he said, would be the President that they always to Pollevoise, the nominees of his father-in-law, near Utica, for choice of art, and in the mean time has the dash took place.

The Indians now visiting Washington must either be very fond of a joke, or very much struck with the ventriloquial performances of Mr. Conway Kellogg. Among the Indians who called Executive their "grand father," but Old Book rejoice to the description of the Rat man's "Great Grandfather."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MONEY MARKET.

At latest dates there was a continued growing ease in the English money market, but no reduction in the rate of interest by the Bank had taken place. The birthday of the Prince of Wales (9th November) was a holiday had been done for several days. The London market ceased to be active, and the Bank of England was in receipt of bullion to the amount of £1,000,000 sterling.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Court Journal contains the following account:

"The Queen, the Prince Consort, and all the Royal family will leave Osborne House to-day on the Isle of Jan-uary. The nuptials of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William will take place on the 25th, which is Monday week following. There will be three distinct ceremonies—the first in the presence of which the Queen as sovereign, that of the bride, and that of the royal bridegroom. The first will be performed by the archbishop and all present at the marriage ceremony, and the second by changed their bridal habiliments for traveling costumes, will leave town for Windsor Castle. On the Wednesday after the marriage her Majesty and the Prince Consort will give the newly-wedded Prince and Princess a congratulatory visit at Windsor Castle. The royal party, including the bride and bridegroom, will return to town on Friday, and a grand drawing-room will be held at St. James's Palace on Saturday, the 30th, of January, to enable the sovereign to pay their respects to the Prince and Princess. The Queen will not receive the visit of her Majesty's ambassadors and ministers to whom they will be presented on the occasion. The Queen will also receive the visit of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William, and a series of other entertainments will follow. The Empress is said to take especial

interest in the marriage of the Princess Royal, and great talk is held concerning the wedding presents to be dispatched from the Tuileries on the occasion. We have heard of a certain vail to be worked by the religious ladies of Cambrai, which is said to be a marvel of taste and skill. The value of the piece is beyond calculation. Some idea may be formed of it when we mention that it was commenced more than five years ago, and has been on hand ever since. Two of Vernet's pictures, with Delacroix's master-piece, have already arrived at Berlin, as offerings to the youthful *ménage* on the part of the Emperor. The little statuette of the Empress kneeling on the day of her marriage at Nôtre Dame, executed in silver, is also on its way to ornament the boudoir of the young Princess at Berlin.

MR. THACKERAY ON SCHOOLS.

Mr. Thackeray lately addressed the Commercial Travelers School Society, and remarked, among other things: "Gentlemen, I wish on behalf of my own class of literary men, of which I own I am one, that we could boast of any thing so good as that of which I see the specimens in the gallery yonder. I wish we had an institution where our children could be educated, and well educated, at a moderate cost. At present our children are only educated at an awful cost; and here I am reminded of the respected, the highly respected, proprietor of 'Dotheboys Hall,' when he found from time to time the announcement that the advertiser proposed to take only a limited number of pupils. Now, I should say that he takes the limited number of pupils, not that he is in love with them, but because he desires to extract the largest amount of profit. He looks to, and thinks of the profits to be screwed out of, their unfortunate little bellies. Then why can not we, as men of letters, think whether we can not adopt such a system as this, and whether we, the men of the line, can not emulate the men of the road? Only a month ago I visited a friend of mine, who is making, perhaps, £1000 a year, and he showed me the amount for a half year for his two little boys at school. The one was born in the year 1852, the other was a year older, so that these little heroes were of the ages of six and seven years. They were certainly placed at an excellent school, and they came home with a bill amounting to £75 for the half year. Now, the poor 'Paterfamilias' has to pay his life assurance, his income-tax, and his house-tax, and no doubt, as in all such cases, he has poor relations—so perhaps has his wife, and she is obliged to supply them with millinery, and at present, of course, the enormous prices and size of ladies' dresses consume nearly one-tenth part of his income." The honorable gentleman then appealed to the gentlemen of the press, if any were present, begging them to get up a scheme which should benefit the literary classes. He need not allude to those educationary processes which distinguished this school, because they had been developed in terms of great praise last year. It appeared to him that in those schools they gave the best education which could be taught. It appeared that they taught the modern languages, mathematics, the fine arts, and music especially, of which he was sure they would soon have a specimen in the room. They prepared children for every occupation in life.

AN ATROCIOUS CASE.

People are much concerned about an atrocious case which lately came before the Exeter Assizes:

Jonathan Roose, a very young man, was tried for assaulting Jane Stone, with intent to murder her. Jane Stone is a girl of twenty. She had lived as servant with Mr. Mitchelmore, uncle of Roose, at Torquay; was seduced by Roose; and went into the service of another family. Roose wished her to father her child upon some other man—particularly his uncle, to whom the scoundrel was under great obligations. She refused. One night she was in the garden of her mistress's house with her seducer. Suddenly he threw her on the ground, beat her on the face and head with a large stone, and thrust his hand down her throat, either to stifle her cries or to suffocate her. The life of the poor creature was almost gone. She struggled as much as she could, and with a great and almost dying effort she uttered a slight scream—that little scream was heard, but not by human being except the villain. Her senses reeled, and she became unconscious.

HOW THE MURDER WAS DISCOVERED.

In her employer Mrs. Willes's house a pet dog was kept, and although human ear had not heard that faint scream, the little dog was roused. It commenced barking most violently, scratched at the drawing-room door, where the ladies were sitting, and could not be pacified. Mrs. Willes, and Mrs. Crawford, who was with her, became alarmed, and went into the garden. They called out, but received no answer; but they thought they heard the moans of some one in distress. They then went to the house of a neighbor named Hammersley, and he, with a candle, proceeded to the spot whence the moans came, and there he saw the body of a woman lying on the ground. She was making a low moaning sound. He looked at the face, but it was so beaten and bloody that he could not recognize the features. Surgeons thought that the mangled victim could not survive; but she did, and was able to confront her seducer in the court, but presenting in herself a spectacle shocking to humanity. Her head and face had the appearance of being completely bound together, or rather mashed with plasters. A surgeon who examined the poor girl when she was thought to be dying, stated: "I found her head, face, and chest covered with blood, and found eight lacerated wounds, and four fractures—two on the head, and two on the face. The bones of the nose and upper jaw were fractured; the teeth were loose—I removed them with my fingers. The lip was cut through; the ears were both lacerated. I removed a small piece of stone from the left temple, in which it was imbedded; it was of the same description as the large stone now produced."

THE TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

The case against the prisoner, so far as the assault itself was concerned, was quite clear. But his counsel urged for him that there was no murderous intent; he had acted in a sudden fit of passion; it would not have been murder even if the girl had died. The counsel finished with this astounding request: "He asked the jury to send the prisoner home to his family and to his mother, of whom he had hitherto been the pride and ornament, that, by a life of penitence and repentance, he might in some way atone for one moment of unhappy passion." Witnesses gave the accused a good character. Mr. Justice Willes instructed the jury on the law of the case, correcting the counsel. The jury convicted of "assaulting with intent to do grievous bodily harm." The Judge, after expressing his horror at the atrocity of the offender, sentenced him to penal servitude for life.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH ENGLAND.

At a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool to the Siamese Embassadors, Mr. Beverly Tucker, the United States Consul in that town, was one of the speakers. He congratulated the assembly on the glorious news from India, and trusted that the triumph of English arms would be complete, because it was the triumph of civilization. He said he had no doubt whatever that there was an immense trade to be developed with Siam, and he felt assured that the "Star-spangled Banner" would, like the flag of Great Britain, dip in the water to the vessels of Siam approaching the great republic of America.

SURGICAL OPERATION ON AN ELEPHANT.

During the late visit to Hull of Wombwell's menagerie, the elephant "Chubby" underwent an operation which, from its novelty and success, deserves a place among surgical records. For twelve or fifteen months previously a tumor had been gathering on Chubby's off-side thigh. It grew, and grew, and grew, till at last men began to doubt whether the elephant was an appendage of the tumor, or the tumor an appendage of the elephant; for the larger grew the one the smaller grew the other. Chubby sickened, lost his appetite, pined away—his skin became "a world too wide." The sobriquet of Chubby, which his once fair proportions merited, grew to be a mockery, and it became evident that unless the tumor and Chubby dissolved partnership, the former would soon be the sole representative of the firm. Change of air was tried, but the tumor only derived advantage. Medical advice was called in; but, alas! it proved another nut which the faculty could not crack. Nine famous leeches, at nine various stations, tried their juleps and catholicons, but in vain; no one daring to have recourse to the knife with such a patient. Such was the state of matters when Chubby paid us his farewell visit, as it was supposed, last Hull fair. His friends as a last resource, applied to one of our townsmen, a veterinary surgeon, Mr. Tom B. H. Hyde, Jun. Mr. Hyde went, saw, and boldly resolved to use the lancet. The operation was performed a few days after the fair, and lasted two hours, Chubby undergoing it with such fortitude and good sense as could only be derived from a consciousness of its object. The tumor, when removed, weighed five pounds, and one of the fangs had to be searched out with the knife for a foot down the thigh. The operation proved eminently successful. Every fresh bulletin announced his improving health till the latter end of November, when Mr. Hyde pronounced his patient thoroughly restored, and capable of returning to business.

THE LOSS OF THE SARAH SANDS.

The steamer *Sarah Sands*, while conveying troops to India, took fire and burned for fifteen hours. All the after part of the ship was destroyed, and she put into Mauritius for repairs. The troops showed perfect discipline, and the preservation of all on board was extraordinary.

A letter from Captain Castle, commander of the *Sarah Sands*, is published, describing the partial destruction of the ship, and the escape of the troops and crew. The fire was discovered at 3.45 P.M. The precautions adopted have already been given. The flames burned through the upper deck, and at about 9 P.M. a fearful explosion took place in the port magazine. "By this time," says Captain Castle, "the ship was one body of flame from the stern to the main rigging; and thinking it scarcely possible to save her I called Major Brett, in command of the troops, forward, and told him my opinion, requesting him to keep order among the troops until the last, but at the same time to use every exertion to check the fire. No person can describe the manner in which the men worked to keep the fire back. One party were below keeping the bulkhead coal from burning, several of whom were dragged up senseless, when fresh volunteers took their places, but who soon in turn again had to be dragged up in the same state. At 11 P.M. the main-topsail yard took fire. Mr. Welsh, quarter-master, and four or five soldiers, went aft with wet blankets, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames there, but not until the yard and mast were nearly burned through. About midnight we appeared to have made some impression on the fire, and after that drove it back inch by inch until daylight, when it had been completely got under. The ship now appeared in a fearful plight, merely the shell remaining. The port quarter was blown out by the explosion, fifteen feet of water was in the hold, and the ship was rolling heavily and taking in large quantities of water aft."

FRANCE.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.

Some time since the papers published an account of the discovery of a bottle, which had floated ashore on the coast of France, containing a paper purporting to have been written by a passenger on board the Collins steamship *Pacific*, just as she was going down. This story was supposed to be a hoax. The editor of the Norwalk (Connecticut) *Gazette*, believing that the paper was written by Legrand Smith, of Norwalk, a passenger on the steamer, wrote at once to a friend in Paris, Dr. Evans, to make inquiries about the affair, and especially the handwriting of the note found. By the *Africa* an answer was received, in which Dr. Evans says:

"I was on a professional visit to the Empress the other day; and in conversation mentioned the subject, in which she became most intensely interested. The Emperor entering at the time, the Empress said, 'My dear, Dr. Evans has been telling me of the possibility of ascertaining the fate of the *Pacific*;' then repeating what I had said regarding the receipt of your letter, etc. The Emperor, who is a man of noble heart, at once entered into the details of the subject. Upon my relating it to him he said it interested him exceedingly, and he would immediately send for the scrip of paper. He being a very prompt man, and full of kindly feeling, did so, and sent me, directed by himself and sealed with his own private stamp, the said paper, which I now have in my possession, and which is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be an American's handwriting. It is *hastily written in pencil.*

"Now I wish to obtain through you his own handwriting, to compare with what I have, as of course I can not send you the original, but will have a *fac simile* taken, if possible, to send you."

HE SAVED HIS GOLD.

Highway robberies are becoming nearly as frequent in the south of France as they are in Spain and Italy. The stage-coach which runs between Nice and Marseilles was stopped on Tuesday night last between Draguignan and Lorgues by four men armed with muskets. They first summoned the guard to deliver up two sacks of silver, which they knew were loaded on the top of the coach. One of the gang then approached the coach door, and in very polite terms assured the passengers that they need feel no alarm, as his comrades would be satisfied with carrying off the silver. The guard attempted to make resistance, but being overpowered, he yielded, and the robbers fled with the treasure, leaving the passengers, one of whom had 8000 francs in gold with him, delighted at their fortunate escape. Having arrived at Lorgues, the guard made a declaration of the facts to the commander of the gendarmerie in that place, who sent a detachment in pursuit of the robbers.

THE COUNTESS DE MORNY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* says:

"The house was crowded to suffocation, the imperial box *alone* being unoccupied. The Count and Countess de Morny were present; and for the first time the Paris public were admitted to judgment on the charms which have been so much vaunted in the north and east of Europe. The result of the examination is not wholly in confirmation of the wide-spread fame which these charms have acquired. The Countess's beauty is decidedly of the *petit genre*—soft and *not* commanding—the great peculiarity of the style being the *very* dark eyes and *very* fair hair. This contrast gives a singularity to the countenance to which we 'men of the West' are totally unaccustomed. The youthful Countess was most simply attired, with no ornament whatever in her *coiffeure*, which consisted entirely of the plaits, torsades, and ringlets of her own magnificent hair. Great disappointment was experienced in consequence, as the contemplation of the splendid jewels, said to have been bestowed by the Emperor on her wedding, might be reckoned for a large share in the curiosity with which her presence was greeted. Much has been said of the dazzling whiteness of the lady's pearly teeth; but on the evening in question no opportunity was afforded for their display, as she did not once open her lips to utter a single word during the whole evening."

THE WEATHER IN FRANCE.

A Paris paper says: "The mildness of the season has caused some alarm among persons who imagine that a white Christmas is absolutely necessary for agricultural purposes. But up to the present time nothing can have been more favorable to the farmer than the weather which has taken place, as it has afforded all, even the most tardy, ample time to get through their out-of-door work. Several years are noted in chronicle for the lateness of their winter. In 1684 the frost did not set in until the end of January, but it became so severe that for several weeks carriages circulated on the Seine, and at last a fair was held there, with dancing, feasting, and all kinds of sports. In 1758 it did not begin to freeze at Antwerp until the 24th February, but in return, on the 15th March, foot-passengers and horsemen circulated over the whole surface of the Scheldt. In 1829 the cold did not commence until the month of January, but at the end of February carriages passed over the Seine at Bercy. The severity of the winter did not, however, in any way affect the next year's vintage, 1830 having been remarkable for the excellence of its wine."

RELIGIOUS CRINOLINE.

A new *Journal des Modes* is announced to be forthcoming in Paris, edited by the Abbé Magnat. This pious person is a professor of botany, and has an idea that piety and petticoats have an affinity. He thinks it wrong that the fashions should be abandoned to profane writers, and his new weekly *Le Parterre des Dames et Demoiselles* is quite a flowery announcement. Crochet work, embroidery, floral patterns, and all the remote paraphernalia of the sex this gallant Abbé undertakes to discuss learnedly and tastefully. But as he is supposed to ignore stays and the more recondite muslin of the fair, he has taken into partnership "la Vicomtesse B——," who is some adventurous milliner in disguise. It comes out under the patronage of some good Bishops and several "convents of the strictest propriety," according to the prospectus. A morning journal begs to suggest to Abbé Magnat the obvious improvement of calling his paper *La Crinoline Religieuse*. Our Quaker friends have now a precedent for starting their journal of the fashions, with appropriate colored prints in drab.

HAS A MEDICAL MAN A RIGHT TO REFUSE TO ATTEND A PATIENT?

The Court of Appeal of Paris has just decided a case which has excited much interest in the medical profession. Some time back a physician of Senlis, named Robouam, was condemned by the tribunal of that place to 1500 francs damages for having refused to attend by night a woman in her confinement, and who, it was alleged, had expired for want of medical aid. That decision produced so great an emotion in the medical world that a meeting of the members of the Faculty of Paris was held, Baron Dubois in the chair, and an opinion was adopted by the persons present in favor of Dr. Robouam. The Court of Appeal, after having perused the document so drawn up, and examined fully every circumstance of the case, has now given a decision contrary to that of the preceding judges, and has laid it down as law that a medical man has a right, on his own moral responsibility, to refuse his services. As to the special case brought before them, they have discharged Dr. Robouam from the payment of damages, nothing in the evidence, in their opinion, having proved that the patient had expired from want of medical assistance.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The little Prince Imperial, who takes daily drives up the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne, in a carriage, escorted by a posse of Lancers, excites great interest among his future subjects—especially among the fairer portion. He is excessively active, and is only just beginning to talk. He understands all that is said to him, whether in French or English. He is beginning to learn to ride on a donkey, and has already acquired something of a seat. His great favorites are a young English servant and a large Newfoundland dog.

AMERICAN THIEVES IN PARIS.

Two well-dressed men of gentlemanly manners went a few days since to the shop of M. Leroy, jeweler, in the Palais Royal, and after representing, through an interpreter, that they were Americans, proceeded to select various objects of considerable value, which they directed to be placed aside for them to the next day when they said they would come and pay for them. They then purchased a silver tooth-pick, and some other petty articles, for which they laid down the price and left. Leroy, on arranging the cases which the strangers had examined, perceived that several valuable articles had been abstracted. Before he had recovered from his astonishment, the interpreter came in, and claimed the allowance which Parisian tradesmen are accustomed to make to men of his calling who take them good customers, but Leroy, not doubting that the man, who is an Englishman, was an accomplice of the thieves, had him arrested and taken before the commissary of police. To the commissary, however, the Englishman proved that he was perfectly innocent; and, in fact, his going to claim his percentage showed him to be so, and he was released. On inquiry, it appeared that the two Americans had robbed several other jewelers, among them M. Bury, Boulevard des Italiens, of a very valuable diamond ring. Three or four days after the robbery of Leroy the police read in a London newspaper an account of the arrest at Southampton of two suspected thieves, just arrived from France, and having in their possession a quantity of jewelry. The description given of a diamond ring found on them left little doubt that it was that which had been stolen from Bury. The police of Paris in consequence made a communication to the English police, and the latter had the two men sent to Paris.

RUSSIA.

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION.

The following anecdote gives some idea of the corruption which not long since prevailed, and probably still prevails, in the official world of Warsaw: "About twelve years ago M. Rosengold, a Jewish tradesman, made known to the higher authorities that the State was systematically robbed by certain employés. In order that the matter might not become public Rosengold was seized and thrown into prison, where he remained until the amnesty was granted at the coronation of the present Emperor. On his liberation the unfortunate man lost no time in laying his case before the new authorities, and they soon satisfied themselves that he had been infamously treated. By a special ukase the Emperor Alexander has made public the man's innocence, and given orders that certain civic distinctions shall be conferred upon him.

ITALY.

A ROMAN SCHUYLER.

A letter in the *Independente* of Turin affords a glimpse of the magnificence of the Marquis Campana, recently arrested at Rome on a charge of embezzling the funds of the Monte de Pietà:

"He possesses, in the street of the Corso, an elegant palace, where he has got together a gallery of the most magnificent pictures; and in his villa near the Lateran he established a museum—inferior, perhaps, only to that of the Vatican, so rich is it in statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, Etruscan vases, and other most precious things. He has, moreover, a rare collection of stones, minerals, coins, etc. He owns lands, palaces, and country houses in great number, both in Rome and abroad. He has established, at immense expense, a manufactory of marbles, or rather of a substance similar to marble, with which are made statues, columns, cups, and pavement of all kinds. In this manufactory nearly three hundred workmen were employed. Finally, he maintained, at his expense, a house of education for poor children. His fortune was increased by his marriage with an extremely rich English lady—Miss Rowoles [Bowles], daughter of the lady who received in her carriage the fugitive from the fortress of Ham and conveyed him into Belgium. Napoleon did not forget the service—he did not lose sight of the family, but protected it greatly, and the Marchioness Campana became Lady of Honor to the Empress of the French. It is said that she is preparing to set out for France to state her griefs to the Emperor and ask his protection for her husband. The Marquis is Chevalier of numerous orders and Chamberlain of many Courts."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The following is a summary of the latest news: The news of the relief of Lucknow is confirmed. The enemy fought desperately. The rebels had not evacuated Lucknow. Sir Colin Campbell asks for a reinforcement, although his force is computed at 12,000, in fine order. The women and children and the sick were conveyed safely to Cawnpore. The fighting before Lucknow was very severe. On the 16th the enemy suffered enormously. The fight on that day was one of the severest ever witnessed. On the 19th the enemy were flying in great numbers from Lucknow, and the firing had nearly ceased. After the fight the bodies of 150 Sepoys were counted in one place. The latest accounts are not very intelligible. Two telegraph clerks had been murdered near Alumbagh, the news being thereby stopped. When Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore, on the 11th, he rode forty miles at a stretch. In his engagement he relied upon the artillery as much as possible, thereby avoiding an unnecessary loss of men. Nena Sahib, with all his men and baggage, had joined the rebels. The Gwalior contingent was at Callipee—divided counsels, it was stated, being the cause of their inaction. It was reported that the King of Delhi's son and two nephews, after being tried by military commissioners, had been shot. The London *Daily News* says that the rebels of Oude have placed a boy upon the throne, and keep him in state at Fyzabad, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, which is defended by a large fort, with a wall, and ditch, and round towers, and new intrenchments.

THE GREAT FIGHT AT LUCKNOW.

The Bombay correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

"Joining the main body (which had been collecting opposite Lucknow for some days), Sir Colin Campbell moved on toward the Alumbagh on Thursday the 12th. A little skirmishing took place, and a fort called Jellalabad, lying off the road, a short distance to the right, was taken and blown up. The Alumbagh attained, communications were opened with Sir J. Outram and Sir H. Havelock, at the Residency. Of the operations that ensued it is not easy to give an account that will be intelligible without the aid of a plan of the city. To reach the Residency by the direct road from Cawnpore the whole breadth of the city has to be traversed. It was desirable, therefore, to approach it, if possible, by a circuitous route, turning the city either on the right or the left. To the right, or east side, such a proceeding appeared practicable. There, between the suburb and the River Goomtee (on which the north side of the city rests) was a comparatively open space, between which and the Residency were no continuous streets or lines of buildings, but only some mosques, palaces, and other edifices and inclosures, capable, indeed, of being strongly held, but offering still less danger to an attacking force than the deep, narrow lanes of the centre of the city. Accordingly it was by this quarter that the Commander-in-Chief determined to advance upon the Residency.

THREE DAYS' WORK.

"On Sunday, the 15th, on leaving the main road at the Alumbagh, he marched across the country to his right till he came to the house and park of Dilkhoosha (Heart's Delight), abutting upon the canal, which forms the southern, as the Goomtee does the northern, boundary of the city. This inclosure, with that of the neighboring Martiniere College (founded by the eccentric old French adventurer, General Claude Martin), was carried by Sir Colin after a running fight of two hours. Later in the day the enemy, whom this flank movement may have taken by surprise, came across the canal and attacked us in force. After a struggle of an hour they were severely repulsed, and fell back over the canal. The open space of which I have spoken now lay just in front of our troops, with only the canal between it and them. An advanced picket at once cleared and occupied a position on the farther side of this barrier, and the operations of the day, during which the English loss in officers had been Lieutenants Mayne, of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and Wheatcroft, of the Carabineers, came to an end. On the following morning the Commander-in-chief took his whole force across the canal, and marched across the open space in his front straight upon Secunderbagh, the first in order of the inclosures to which I have alluded as covering the Residency in this quarter, and which was occupied in force. After a desperate struggle, in which the enemy 'suffered enormously,' this position was carried. Then a heavy cannonade was kept up for three hours on what the telegram, as printed, calls the 'Samuch,' and which I take to be either the barracks or one of the buildings lying directly, by the plan, between Secunderbagh and the mess-house; perhaps one of the Mahals, or palaces. 'It was carried at dusk, after one of the severest fights ever witnessed.' Next morning, the 17th, the mess-house, which is described as a very strong position, became the object of a heavy cannonade, which continued for several hours, till, at three in the afternoon, it was taken at the point of the bayonet. Thence the troops pushed on rapidly, till, before nightfall, they had occupied the Motee Mahal, a palace of the former reigning family, situated—like the Residency—on the river, and only a little way lower down. Here the Commander-in-chief was met by Outram and Havelock, who came out of their intrenchments to greet him, and the primary object of his expedition was attained. During these two days his loss in officers was six killed and thirteen wounded.

THE RESIDENCY ABANDONED?

"What was the loss of men we do not yet know. Nor have we as yet any accounts of what took place on the 18th and 19th, saving that on the latter day the enemy were flying from the city in great numbers, and that the firing had nearly ceased. On the 20th the women and the wounded were sent to the rear, and, if I interpret the telegram aright, which says, 'the garrison removed,' the Residency was abandoned. The same telegram then proceeds thus, 'On the 21st (loss?) severe. Two electric telegraph assistants were murdered near Alumbagh, further news thus being stopped.' The first of these two clauses I do not understand. The latter probably relates an atrocity of the rebels flying from the city. It is our latest news at present."

HOW THE PRINCES OF DELHI ARE TREATED.

A charge brought against Colonel Hogge, with reference to his public appearance in Delhi with the son of the King of Delhi, has produced the following letter from him, addressed to the *Lahore Chronicle*:

"Although I do not notice statements made by anonymous correspondents in newspapers, yet, as you have given my name in one of the editorials of your paper of the 14th November, as one of the officers who had been seen riding with one of the sons of the King on an elephant through the streets of Delhi, I send you for publication the following statement of the facts, leaving the truth of your charge of 'lacqueying the King's son about the streets of Delhi' to the judgment of your readers, especially of those who know me. Having been asked to accompany the commissioner on a visit to the King, I went, along with several officers, one of them holding high official rank in the army, to the house where he was confined. Before leaving, Jumma Bukt, a son of the King, apparently a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age, asked the commissioner if he might be permitted to go out occasionally for an airing along with any gentleman who would take him, and as I was in the habit of going out every evening on an elephant, the commissioner asked if I should mind occasionally calling for him. I replied that if there were no other objections, I would do so, and as both the commissioner and the officers before alluded to appeared to think there could be none, I consented to call for him, and, accordingly, on two occasions, I took Jumma Bukt out; the first time, having nothing but a pad on the elephant, and being rather afraid that he might try and escape, I put him in front to prevent him slipping off; the second time, having a 'charjamab,' I sat in front, though I must say I considered it a matter of very little moment which seat I occupied. As to parading through the streets of the city, the first time I went out through the Cashmere gate to Ludlow Castle, and home when it was quite dusk through the Lahore gate and Chandnee Chowk; the second time I passed up the Chandnee Chowk, and returned by the Lall Khoa street, having been induced to go there by Jumma Bukt expressing a wish to show me the house he lived in. Without entering into the question of his guilt or innocence, but presuming that, if guilty, he would never have been allowed to accompany a British officer in public, I can only say that I found him a very intelligent lad. He gave me a good deal of information about the mutineers, their leaders, and their plans; and had I remained longer at Delhi I should probably have taken him out oftener; but having returned to Meerut on the 26th of October, I had no further opportunity."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

At the annual meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the Chairman told an anecdote connected with the loss of one of their ships. The *Erin* was lost in the Chinese seas. On board that ship—a passenger in private clothes—was Colonel (now General) Havelock. When the vessel struck, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, half a gale of wind was blowing. Colonel Havelock sprung upon the deck, and seeing some confusion, said, in that sharp military tone that always arrests attention, "Men, be steady, and all may be saved; but if we have confusion, all may be lost. Obey your orders, and think of nothing else." They did so, and behaved in the most excellent manner. Next day all the lives on board were saved, together with the specie and the mails. On the shore, immediately afterward, Colonel Havelock mustered the men, and said, "Now, my men, let us return thanks to Almighty God for the great mercy He has vouchsafed to us." They all knelt down; he uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving; and as his (the Chairman's) informant, who was one of the officers of the ship, told him, the Colonel then rose up and walked away as coolly as if nothing had happened.

LIEUTENANT GIBBON'S EXPLORATIONS OF THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.



INDIANS FISHING ON THE CHAPARE.

On the 5th of July, 1851, in the small Peruvian town of Tarma, situated between the Andes range of mountains on the east and the lofty Cordillera chain on the west, two gallant officers of the American navy bade each other adieu. They had traveled together from Lima across the Cordillera, and now separated—the one, the late lamented Lieutenant Herndon, to explore the head-waters and main trunk of the Amazon; the other, Lieutenant Gibbon, to explore the Bolivian tributaries of the same mighty stream. As we have already given a brief outline of Lieutenant Herndon's narrative, we propose, in the present sketch, to follow the fortunes and personal adventure of Lieutenant Gibbon, in his travels through Southern Peru and Bolivia to the sources of the Madeira, and thence, along the course of that tributary, to where it pours its waters into the parent Amazon.

The southeasterly route selected by Lieutenant Gibbon leads him, at the outset, through a valley thickly populated with Quinchua Indians, past Jauja, to the town of Huancavelica, and the famous mountain of Cinnebar.

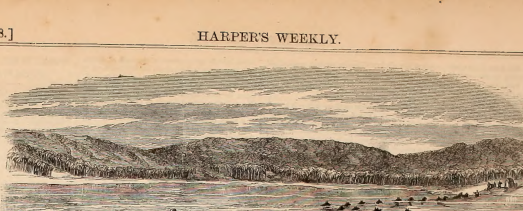
The mountain of Cinnebar, which rises almost from the midst of Huancavelica, contains the celebrated quicksilver mine of Santa Barbara. Lieutenant Gibbon gives an interesting account of his visit to this mine. "Climbing up the mountain," he says, "we arrive at a door-way, fifteen feet high and twelve wide, carved in sandstone. The entrance on the southwest side of the peak is like a railroad tunnel. Eternal glaciers guard this door-way. Icicles hang overhead, and sheets of ice are spread under our feet. Sooty-faced, rough-looking Indians trundle wheel-barrows loaded with quicksilver ore. We entered this dark hole about 600 feet below the top of the mountain. I presently heard a dreadful crash, which, I was informed, was the upper part of the mine falling in. A hollow sound was followed by a splash in the deep waters somewhere below; then came, suddenly, a strong smell of sulphuret of arsenic. A little further on I saw a pair of eyes through the darkness; they belonged to a little Indian boy standing on the side of the mine with a load of ore on his back. He had entered through a narrow passage, called 'Take off your horse,' on his hands and knees, and had raised a choking dust. After refreshing ourselves at a spring of water of 50° temperature, we passed into a plaza, where the market women sell to those men who seldom leave the mines. On one side of this plaza, by holding the torches over our heads we



DESCENDING THE RAPIDS OF THE MAMORÉ.

see a beautiful bridge, and, beyond it, a stairway, leading into utter darkness; on the other side a lake—the opposite shore not in sight, though the sound of a hammer floats over its smooth water. As we move along, among red, brick-colored columns, which support the great weight of the head, we see a dim torch by the side of a workman, seated with his hammer and chisel, cutting away and honeycombing the Andes. We were now about half-way through. Our guide here announced that we had taken the wrong road, and must go back some distance. After jumping our heads, and walking doubled up in a most tiresome position, with great want of fresh air, we finally stood up in the San Rosario Church, which is rotunda-shaped, with a height of 100 feet to the ceiling. The laboring Indian, who seldom leaves these dark regions, attends when the church-bell calls, and offers up prayer for protection from the dangers of the mine. After a walk of two hours we come into the fresh air on the north side of the mountain."

The Cimentar is so narrowly separated by layers of sandstone that the peak of this hill may almost be called a solid mass of quicksilver ore. There are usually about one hundred and twenty Indian



FORDING A RIVER IN BOLIVIA.

yer mines of Peru. The mine here is owned by the Government, and leased to a company, who keep secret its annual yield.

From Huancevelica to Huanta, a town of some two thousand inhabitants, and situated in a rich and fertile valley, due east; then to Ayacucho, and thence across the Apurimac to Cuzco, which towns were fully described in Nos. 8 and 9 of *Harper's Weekly*; thence to Puno, Lake Titicaca, and La Paz, the commercial metropolis of the republic.

The departments of Oruro and Potosi, lying to the southeast of La Paz, long since famed for their mineral wealth, have lost their reputation, from a failure to supply the great demands upon their resources. The city of Oruro, that once contained a population of 38,000, exclusive of Indians, but now only a total of 5687. Near the town there are twelve hundred and fifteen abandoned silver mines, and not less than two hundred gold mines, most of which contain water. Potosi, which lies between Oruro and the Argentine Confederation, once excited this envy of the world. In the Cerro de Potosi the silver ore was found rising from the top of the peak, and the vein was then followed below the water-line, at which point it was given up and a new one sought. Now the people are burrowing at the base of the peak, striving to strike the vein where it was left in its richness. But this is an expensive business, and some have abandoned the plan with heavy losses, after an unsuccessful entrance into the very core of the mountain. In the Cerro de Potosi and neighborhood there are

INDIANS OF THE MADEIRA.

men, women, and boys employed in extracting the metal. These who cut out the ore work very much as they please—that is, they cut without compass —which makes it dangerous for people inside when the proper supports are then destroyed by the ignorant Indian. The ore is carried out at both sides of the peak in bags of raw hide, slung over the backs of boys. It is then wheeled to the furnaces, where men break it up into bits, and women make small cakes of the dust. These cakes are laid in the bottom of a large iron grate, sufficiently open to allow heat to pass, and over them the ore is piled to the depth of three feet. A fire of coarse mountain grass is made underneath, and a strong draught carries the vapor from the heated cinder through a retort of earthen pipes, slipped one into the other, to a distance of five or six *feet*, where it condenses, and the quicksilver lodges in the floor. As soon as the ore becomes well heated, which generally occupies eight or ten hours, the doors of the furnace are closed, and for three or four hours the distillation continues. After this the quicksilver is swept into pots, washed in water, and dried, when it is ready for the market, and is sold at Huancevelica for one dollar the pound. It is sent off in all directions to the eli-

DESCENDING THE MADEIRA.

twenty-six silver mines worked and eighteen hundred standing idle. Besides these, the Government accounts show that in the Provinces of Porco, Chayanta, Chicas, and Lepiz, there exist three thousand and eighty-nine silver mines which have been abandoned, and only sixty-five that are actually worked. There is a mint at Potosi, where the miner finds a ready market for silver and gold. It received and coined, in the year 1849, one million six hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars in silver, and eleven thousand nine hundred and eighty-four dollars in gold.

To the east of La Paz lies the department of Cochabamba, the capital of which bears the same name and contains a population of 30,396 souls. The city has a fine appearance—the houses being well built and neatly painted. As in La Paz, the chief article of trade here is the Cinchona bark. The streets of Cochabamba are laid out at right angles, and are always thronged with a busy people. On the south side of

A BRAZILIAN DECREE.

the main plaza stands a large cathedral, and opposite to it the palace occupies the whole side of the block. It is a remarkably handsome building, and much superior to the palace in Lima. In the centre of the plaza stands a fountain, fed by water from a snow peak on the ridge in sight. One would judge, from the appearance of the houses and stores, that, for an inland town, there was considerable wealth in Cochabamba. Its climate is genial and pleasant, but there are sudden changes in the weather which render it necessary to be careful in dress.

The truly tropical climate of Bolivia—hot and moist—is only to be found in the department of Santa Cruz, to the southeast of Cochabamba. Here cotton, rice, sugar, vanilla, and indigo are produced. It must not, however, be supposed that a very extensive trade is carried on with the department of Santa Cruz, though a most decree population is found on its western border. When we look at the list of productions in that region of the country, we are struck with the independence of its inhabitants upon all external trade. A breakfast-table in Santa Cruz, constructed of beautiful cedar wood, is described as covered with white cotton cloth, silver plates and dishes, with silver cups, forks, and spoons; coffee, sugar, cream, butter, corn, and wheat bread, mutton, eggs, and oranges—all produced in the province. Beef is found on the pampas, game in the woods, and fish in the rivers. Potatoes and all the garden vegetables are raised upon the plantations. The arm-chair of the Creole is made of the ornamental cedra or mahogany tree. His eight guests may be seated, each one in a different species of mahogany. His Indian servants gather grapes, make wine, collect the tropical fruits and tobacco. The climate is such that horses roam about all the year, and there is no expense for stabling the animals. No barns are necessary for the protection of the master's harvests during a hard winter. His house may be as open as a shed. What little thin clothing and bedding his family requires are supplied by the soil, and are worked into fine cloth by the hands of Indians, who spin, weave, and sew. Silver he cares little about, except for table use, and gold ounces are melted into crosses and ear-rings for the Indian girls. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz are hence the most indolent people in the world; for within its hospitable climate few men exert themselves beyond what is absolutely necessary.

A sketch of the daily life of a family in Santa Cruz will further illustrate the genial independence of the people. Very early in the morning the Creole, getting out of bed, throws himself into a hammock with stretches herself upon a bunch near by, while the children are seated, with their legs under them, on the chairs—all in their night-dresses. The Indian servant girl now enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family. After that, she brings some coals of fire on a silver dish, and the wife lights a cigar for her husband, and then one for herself. Some time is spent in reclining, chatting, and regaling, after which the men slowly pull on their white cotton trowsers, woolen coat, and leather shoes, and walks to some near neighbors with whom he again drinks chocolate and smokes a cigar. At mid-day a small, low table is set in the middle of the room and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next her husband, the children next her, and the slaves in a ring behind. Chupe and potatoes, with large pieces of meat, compose the first dish. The man helps himself, and throws his bones straight across the table to the dogs—the children dodging to give them a free passage. Following the general example, the children throw their bones, and the mother delights to avoid a concussion. The dogs are now fighting in the midst of which the second dish appears with small pieces of beef without bones. Next comes a dish with finely chopped beef; then beef soup, vegetables, and *fruits*; finally, coffee or chocolate. After breakfast the men pull off their trowsers and coat and lie down in the hammock. His wife lights him a cigar, and, having lit her own,

finds her way back to bed. The dogs jump upon the chairs, for the fleas bite them on the ground, and the Indian girl, closing both doors and windows, takes the children out to play, while the rest of the family sleep. At 2 o'clock P.M. the churchbell rings to inform the world that the priests are at prayer. The man rises, yawns and gapes; the dogs get down, and, whimingly, stretch themselves; the wife shouts for "fire," with which to light a cigar for her husband and another for herself. At dinner, which takes place between 3 and 4 o'clock, the same food appears on the table as at breakfast, and the same interesting ceremonies are performed. After this meal, a siesta is brought into the house by an Indian servant. The master puts on a large pair of silver spurs, and commences the round of his daily duties. Halting there, he takes off his hat and calls out, "Buenas noches, señora!" The little negress at the door—they are generally beautiful—smile invitingly, and, while one lights a cigar for the gentleman, another mixes him a glass of lemonade. He touches his hat and rides off to another establishment, where the same scene is repeated. After spending the afternoon in this way he returns home, gives his horse to his Indian servant, throws off his clothes, and throws himself into his hammock. Chocolate and cigars are repeated, and the evening are sometimes spent in dancing and merriment. The people are extremely hospitable, and immediately after a human and social act of charity the stranger who chances to enter their home.

A traveler is enjoying the hospitality of a family; no alteration is made in the mode of living, except perhaps, that the dogs and horses are kept out of the house, and there is less dodging of fleas.

The produce of these rich Bolivian provinces are now exported to the Pacific coast, and thence to the four quarters of the world; but in a few years —possibly in a shorter time—this course of trade will be altogether changed. Steam navigations have proved that, by tributaries of the Paraguay and the La Plata, the heart of Bolivia can be reached from the Atlantic Ocean; and the results of Lieutenant Gibbon's expedition point out another communication with the sea through the rich territories of the Madeira and the Amazon.

Lieutenant Gibbon has now returned his overland journey. He has traveled from Lima, on the same route, a distance of nearly two thousand miles; and, starting from the rainfall beast, he pays a just tribute to the valuable qualities of the animal in these Andean regions. The horse may be driven into danger by the rider—with spur he may be made to break his neck—but, in ascending mountain bridle-path, he runs still not cross a dangerous place. You may whip him, but in vain; he will even turn round and kick you, if you have a higher order of intelligence than the horse. The mule is the only animal valuable as a beast of burden in these mountainous countries. The horse would fall, or be worried to death, where the mule passes with ease.

Vinchuta would be the eastern commercial emporium of Bolivia if foreign merchandise were not of being carried over the mountains, came up the rivers from the Atlantic. After the cotton goods, glass-ware, and cutlery of Europe and North America are disembarked at Cobija, on the Pacific, they are brought over the Cordillera, through the desert of Atacama, the barren plains of Oruro, and then over the Andes. After traversing these regions, which for more than eight hundred miles, all that part of the cargo not ruined by such a journey as the inland traffic arrives at the city of La Paz—an important commercial port this country, geocenes. There is very little trading going on here, because the outlet, at this one point, is such as described, and because the people seem to be ignorant of the advantages offered in them of a communication with the Atlantic direct.

Not far from Vinchuta is Coni Creek, where Lieutenant Gibbon and his company of Indians embarked. The current of Coni Creek is rapid, and in some places navigation is dangerous; but the canoes soon emerges into the broad waters of the Chapari, one of the largest affluents of the Mamore and the Madeira. At this point the lofty Andes are left behind, and have become almost indistinguishable in the distance.

Small-pox is very prevalent in this region, and remains frightful ravages among the Indians. The disease was brought hither by the Indians of the low country, who in turn had it from Brazil, and finally have it up the mountain to the city of Cochabamba. The unfortunate victim who is seized with this disease, if one of a superior race, is generally left by his comrades to die on the beach. Gibbon, while descending the Chapari, found there a man who had been thus deserted. The poor creatures had been lying exposed for seventeen days with the small-pox, and were quite recovered. A few canoes shaded them from the heat of the sun, and a man beat in upon them with a few bananas on beds of green leaves, with no one to attend to them. A knife was their only protection against the savage tiger. A family, too, was seen abandoned, and, one night, during the delirium of fever, rushed into the river. Its corpse was seen for a splash, but they never saw the sufferer more. On another occasion Lieutenant Gibbon passed an Indian stage in a hammock, but recognized the face stuck in a mud bank. The crew called to him, and took no humanan move, which was a certain sign that the wretched victim was alive. He had been left there with the small-pox to die, and was sending the Indian's epitaph. The flooded river had reached the under part of the hammock, and the hot sun was shining over it. Gibbon, with a feeling of pathos, Lieutenant Gibbon wanted to see what could be done for the man, the Indians shook their heads, and pulled rapidly by. The first symptoms of this loathsome disease are fever, with pain in the back, which lasts three days; then the breathing becomes anxious, with inflamed lips. At the end of six days the disease has attained its height, and then the can of life or death is decided. After six days more the patient begins to bathe, if he is well enough. This is the course the destroyer takes when the sufferer lies out in the woods, without medical aid or shelter from the weather. The Indians are at a loss for a remedy to the small-pox. They generally accept it in the light of a punishment, and wait patiently till it passes away.

An Indian boat's crew on these waters is a curiosity in its way. The men elect their own captain, and the most active, energetic, and powerful man is generally chosen. Should he prove incapable or misbehave, he is deposed, and another is in the seat of the gubbonan selected over him. Every man obeys his orders, and is particular in his attention to the captain's wishes. Should he rather a second captain, helps to steer the canoe, and encourages the men to keep good time with their paddles by stamping his foot. The captain only stamps his foot on particular occasions, when the crew work unusually well or they are passing their whole strength when he speaks to them. These captains obtain the name of *patrones*, and attend to the want of the person who employs them. Every man does his duty according to the usages of the service. They all have their turn at steering or baling out the boat; and while one or two secure the canoe, a number of others run to look for wood, bring fuel for a fire, and cut cane for a house. After their patron is properly attended to the Indian cooker round the fire, over which a pot of water is properly hung. They then skin the monkeys, and divide the small pieces, yield most in the pot, with morsels of salted meat. After this they lie down, and, with their feet to the hot coals, bear themselves to exercise their talk, a nap. One, as cook, stays awake to attend to the boiling pot. The meal over, they all rise to start up, and each man partakes of the repast by forming his fingers into the shape of a spoon, and dipping into the dish. Having breakfasted, they talk, joke, and sing in the most lively manner. At noon they are extremely merry, and will not scarcely be taken by surprise. At daylight they begin at their paddles, and work best in the morning and evening.

The Chapori widens as it approaches the Mamore. Alligators are seen there in great numbers, and are sometimes insured by the Indians, as the following incident goes to show: A man in the canoe of Lieutenant Gibbon's party, in a mud beach, with his head on the surface of the water. And at once the monster darted forward, took a hide rope, and after making a noose, hung it on the end of a pole, and waited for the animal to put its head in so that he could grasp both pole and rope in one hand. He now lowered himself into the river, in which he remained with his chin just out of water. The noose was carried by the pole near the animal's head, and suddenly, with the quickness of the alligator, who seemed to be aware that doubtful of results. After a while, the beast floated down, and the noose was drawn tight. It was evident that he was swimming away. Presently the alligator's head appeared above water, and he made a spring in the same place. The Indian, still nearly in the water, with the noose, did nearly in the same manner, and, with a dexterous stroke, killed the animal by the back. The animal in question was not of a large size, for the noose was improperly fastened, he succeeded in getting it between his teeth, severing the rope with a single bite. The natives of this region are very much terrified by the alligators, and never use the back-bone—are eaten by the Indians, who also make buttons, beads, fancy knicks, etc., of the teeth.

After a couple of days' travel from the junction of the Chapari with the Mamore, the banks of the latter are approached. On either bank of the river are stretched extensive pampas, which have the appearance of cleared land, but are in fact the work of forest trees. The Indians of this district are known as Canichanas. The river at this point is wide, and is many feet deep, and it may be that out of this fact grew the legend of an Amazonian race of women. Lieutenant Gibbon saw no such people, nor even heard of them. Even these weapons are seldom carried except on long voyages. Nothing of the kind was seen. The Mojos Indians are civil, quiet, and peaceable, and seldom quarrel among themselves. They are skilful hunters, and excellent fishers, and fish masters.

The region of which we are now speaking is an inviting one to the zoologist. The different habits of the bird kind, from the ostrich to the most delicately-winged humming bird, are here seen with the greatest interest. The ostrich lays its eggs in the thick grass on the banks of the river, eggs will fill a man's hat, and weigh as much as a couple of pounds each. The ostrich lays a great number, perhaps as many as fifty or one in a space that it is very certain one bird can not cover with all its efforts. The heat of the sun is relied on for the hatching is over and the young have left the nest. The ostrich is so wild that it is difficult to get at, and some well acquainted with its habits. When going at full speed across the plain, his head is held erect like the snake-bird of the river Nile, and his neck resembles the boiler, and beautiful rich feathers, which stand out straight, flutter behind. The great speed with which he passes through the level country, and his general appearance, remind one very much of a distant locomotive with its flags and many train attached. The Indians never hunt them down, but only shoot them when they come within their originally worshiped them. It is estimated that in this region there are over a thousand varieties of the singing birds, which are remarkable for their beauty, and insects.

Tigers abound in great numbers, and attack the wild cattle of the pampas. The animal crouches in the grass awaiting his prey, and when a herd of bulls chance to pass, he will leap upon one, and, catching him by the ear, fasten his fore-claws accurately in the eyes, and his teeth deep in the neck or shoulder. His head is then just behind the horns of the bull, and his tail hangs down by the side of the fore-leg. In this position the tigery commences to cut into the great vessels of the neck, while the bull runs through the pampa, his head high up in the air, bellowing with pain. Unless the herd, who follow to help, gather round and attack the tiger, he soon brings the prey upon his knees. The suffering animal bleeds to death surrounded by his kind, while the panting tiger prowls about in a short distance, knowing that when the bull dies the cattle will disperse, and he can then enjoy his feast. These tigers sometimes attack a man when he is alone, but seldom when in company. Few persons escape when engaged in the deadly struggle with him. The Indians usually go in a body, with spears, who attract the animal's attention and prevent him seeking an engagement with the man.

The tapir, or lizard elk, is found on these plains, among the banks of the river. It is called *gran bestia* by the Spaniards. Its color is iron gray, with a short coat of coarse hair. The flesh of this animal in some respects is curious. The hoof is divided as the horse's, but not like his. In the middle of the fore-foot there is a fourth toe; and the hinder-foot is divided as the joint like those of the llama and elephant. The strength of the tapir is very great. He is sometimes lassoed by the wood, but not easily, however, he have the rein of the lasso fastened to the saddle, for the animal will manage them or four horsemen with ease. It can only be successfully taken by ball or arrow. Though the tapir is harmless, the Indians are exceedingly careful in their treatment of him as an animal's strength.

The trade of Vinchuta is extremely limited from the fact that, instead of seeking communication with the Atlantic by the Madeira River, the people of the plains have been accustomed to look into immense cost and trouble, and export their produce by the same circuitous route. The time will soon arrive when the productions of Bolivia will be carried in the Amazon and Madeira. Lieutenant Gibbon's expedition has proved that the navigation of a Brazilian trader who, with his vessel and complement of men, was about to return to the Amazon. In one of these he secured a passage, and once more floated on the Mamore.

After passing Exaltation and the Brazilian Fort of Conception, at the mouth of the Itenez River, the Indians tributary is approached. The difficulty of navigation from cascades and rapids is here increased, and the river, which becomes narrower, is obstructed by a portage. The first falls encountered—the Ghaçabetre—are composed of huge rocks and irregular boats; but they are no sooner cleared than the best of another and steeper rapid, called Guajara-mirim. Here the navigation of the Mamore is completely obstructed, and a boat must be hauled for three hundred yards over the land through the small channels, down an inclined shelf of about twelve feet fall. The main channel is on the Bolivian side, where a rock called upon feet high by the swiftness of the current. Next are the Isles de Pau D'Arco, about twenty feet, which takes its name from quantities of wild banana-trees formerly discovered in the vicinity. A Brazilian fortress on the Pau D'Arco islands, with a fall of fifteen feet in one hundred yards; and two miles below them are the Falls of Girao, two miles beyond which is the mouth of the Beni River; and at this point we arrive at the extreme northern corner of Bolivia, and the head of the Madeira tributary.

The succession of falls at the head of the Madeira River presents difficulties of that every kind. Lieutenant Gibbon passed them with much difficulty, and was frequently compelled to haul himself and crew. The most terrible are the Teotoro, where the fall is over fifteen feet, ten of which are in a perpendicular body of forty-five degrees. The boat here was placed upon rollers, transported four hundred and fifty over a hill, and then launched into the river below. After this, the last and most perilous of seventeen cataracts, the navigation is not interrupted for 200 miles. Here are, in a few months of San Antonio, five miles lower down; but they can be passed without disencumbering the baggage.

The Indians, who inhabit the Brazilian side of the river and those of the Madeira, are called Guarayus; but not much is known of their habits. Though not warlike, they are by no means easily civilized. The boys of some of the tribes in this region are remarkable for large bellies, and swell themselves up to a prodigious size. The Mundrucus, rarely heads of hard wood round their necks, and wear bracelets of the same material above the elbow, and round the ankles. All wear their hair long, and cut square all in front. In large houses in their own country they carry pieces of a stick of wood, and through a hole in the nose a quill is pushed, and the lively young fellow puffs out fierent-colored feathers, gives them a mustached appearance. These people are nearly all of the same height and figure, but differ much in the features of the face. Some have thick lips, flat noses, and long, straggling eyebrows, like the Chinese. The former are very ugly, but a few of the latter are tolerably good-looking.

The whole region, on either bank of the Madeira, from the Bolivian territory to the village of Borda, near the Amazon, is inhabited almost solely by savages. But the Brazilians are ascending the Madeira gradually, in their southernmost extremities, and the Spaniards are on their northwest descent to meet the Brazilians. The movement on both sides is rapid, and it is probable that before a close upon each flank of the savage, who now occupies but a narrow strip of land between the contending hosts from Santa and Portugal.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

"Is there a heart that never loved
Nor felt woman's sigh?"

If there be such a heart, it is not in the breast of a Frenchman. Every true Man-eater is sensible of an amorous temperament: he can be indeed scarcely fond of a lady but he can be fond of the admiration of acquaintance of a widow. For further particulars inquire within.

The dignified serenity of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, is not to be long the intrusion of a new inhabitant. A house in that favored locality, which had for several months maintained the solemn stillness and the dread repose" which appertain to dwellings that are to be let or sold, was lighted up, and from the upper part into that exuberant and aggressive life which irritates the nerves of a London neighborhood. Blinds have been removed from the windows—the walls have been cleaned down and painted—the street-door repaired a lively green—servants have gone in and out. The observant ladies (single ones) in the house immediately next the new tant. Sometimes she comes alone; sometimes she is accompanied by a gentleman probably her son. Who can she be? what is she? what is her name? her history? has she a right to settle in Gloucester Place? Interesting questions. The detective police of London is not peculiarly vigilant; but its effects are exhausted on the voluntary efforts of unmarried ladies. The newcomer was a widow; her husband had been in the army; she was left with a small income; and she had been left in straitened circumstances with an only child. The husband was one that she had unexpectedly come into a fortune—on the strength of which she had removed from Pimlico into Gloucester Place. Ah, but—but—the preparations completed—one Monday afternoon the widow, accompanied by her son, came to settle. The next day a footman in genteel livery (brown and orange) appeared at the door. Then, for the first time, the ladies in front and butcher called regularly. On the following Sunday the lady and her son attended church.

No reader will be at a loss to discover in the new tenant of No.—Gloucester Place, the wife and family of Captain Darrell. Nevertheless, the letter for that lady which Darrell had intrusted to his young cousin, Lionel Haughton, on board a cruisal languor, claimed the right to provide for her comfortable and honorable subsistence; and Haughton, with the sanction of his wife, had wisely placed quarterly to her account at Mr. Darrell's banker's. The additional allowance of £1200 was already there deposited in her name, in order to enable her to furnish any residence in a manner suitable to her position. Haughton, Mrs. Haughton, therewith, had removed to Gloucester Place.

She is seated by the window in her front drawing-room—surveying with proud though dignified look the tasteful furniture that is there surrounded. A very winning countenance—lovely eyes, dark, remarkably soft, yet can be very quick and peculiar, but their expression is chastened by a gentle kindly mouth; and over the whole face that attitude, that sweetness the dress itself, is diffused the unmistakable simplicity of the manners, modesty, refinement. No doubt Mrs. Haughton has her tempers, and her vanities, and her little harmless feminine weaknesses, which could not be hidden from an her presence that you were with an affectionate, high-principled woman, good woman, who could not have the refinements of tone and manner which stamp the high-bred gentlewoman of conventional life. Mrs. Haughton had received from an imperfect third-rate education; but she was saved from the vulgarity by the natural unaffectable grace of person and music of voice—even when she said or did things that a well-bred people do not say or do; and there was an absence of intelligence in those quick hazel eyes that made you sure that she was honest, and that what she uttered what was silly.

Mrs. Haughton turned from the interior of the room to the open window. She is on the look-out for her son, who has gone to call on Captain Darrell's family, and who is long detained by this time. She begins to get a little fidgety—somewhat cross. While her husband, with very common wisdom—two hands, in yellow kid gloves, he must move under the laws of Mrs. Haughton suddenly blushes and draws in her head. Too late! the cabriolet has stopped—a gentleman and a young lady alight from the vehicle.

"O Dear, dear!" murmurs Mrs. Haughton, "I do think it is the most provoking thing people born to be tempted—my temptations have been immense! He is getting out—he knocks—I can't say, now, that I am not at home—very awkward! I wish Lionel were here! What does he mean—neglecting his own mother, and leaving her a prey to tempters?"

While the footman is responding to the summons, Mrs. Haughton has recovered herself. Mrs. Haughton had incurred that gentleman's acquaintance. In one of her visits to her new house while it was in the hands of the decorators, her

mind being much absorbed in the consideration whether her drawing-room curtains should be chintz or damask—just as she was crossing the street, she was all but run over by a gentleman's cabriolet. The horse was hard-mouthed, going at full speed. The driver pulled up just in time; but the wheel grazed her dress, and though she ran back instinctively, yet, when she was safe on the pavement, the fright overpowered her nerves, and she clung to the street-post almost fainting. Two or three passers-by hurriedly gathered round her; and the driver, looking back, and muttering to himself—"Not the first thing—gently dressed—lady-like—French shawl—may have means—worth reaping"—quickly, coolly descended and hastened to offer apologies, with a respectful hope that she was not injured.

Mrs. Haughton answered somewhat tartly, but being one of those good-hearted women who, apt to be rude, are extremely sorry for it the moment afterward, she wished to repair any hurt to his feelings caused by her first impulse; and, when, renewing his excuses, he offered his arm over the crossing, she did not like to refuse. On gaining the side of the way on which her house was situated, she had recovered sufficiently to blush for having accepted such familiar assistance from a perfect stranger, and somewhat to falter in returning thanks for his politeness.

Our gentleman, whose estimate of his attractions was not humble, secured the slightest check and faltering voice to the natural effect produced by his appearance; and he himself admiring very much a handsome knocker on her wrist, which he deemed a favorable prognostic of "tin," he watched her to her door, and soon his groom in the course of the evening, to make discreet inquiries in the neighborhood. The result of the inquiries tended him to repair with more punctuality the acquaintance thus begun. He contrived to learn that the name which Mrs. Haughton usually visited the house, and to pass by Gloucester Place at the very nick of time. His bow was recognized, respectfully, acquiescence—a bow that asked "how much further?" But Mrs. Haughton's bow responded—seemed to declare "not at all!" The stranger did not adventure more that day; but a day or two afterward he came again into Gloucester Place on foot. On that occasion Mrs. Haughton was with her aunt, and the gentleman could not succeed to perceive her. The next day he returned, she was then alone, and just as she gained her door he advanced—"I beg you will pardon my freedom, madam; but if I am rightly informed, I have the honor to address Mrs. Charles Haughton!"

The lady bowed in surprise.

"Ah, madam, your unnamed husband was one of my most particular friends."

"You don't say so!" Mrs. Haughton, and looking more attentively at the stranger. There was in his dress and appearance something that she thought very stylish—"a particular friend of Charles Haughton's was sure to be stylish—he was a man of fashion." Besides she loved the poor Captain's memory—her heart warmed to any "particular friend of his."

"Yes," resumed the gentleman, seeing the advantage he had gained, "though I was considerably his junior, we were very intimate—excuse that familiar expression—in the Hussars together—"

"The Captain was not in the Hussars, Sir; he was in the Guards."

"Of course he was; but I was saying in the Hussars, together with the Guards, there were some very fine fellows—very fine—he was one of them. I could not succeed in paying my respects to the widowed lady of so fine a fellow. I know it is a liberty, ma'am, but you see, I am People who know me well—and I have a large acquaintance—are kind enough to excuse my way. And to think that without knowing where to find you, I bought out of Lord Bolton's stud—[200 guineas, ma'am, said—cheap—[which I actually take the life of Charles Haughton's lovely relict. If my body else had been driving that brute, I shudder to think what might have been the consequences; but I have a watch and chain strength in a vulgar qualification—you see that when it saves a lady from perishing, how can one be ashamed of it? But I am detaining you. Your own house, Mrs. Haughton?"

"Yes, Sir, I have just taken it, but the workmen have not finished. I am not yet settled here."

"Charming situation! My friend left a son, I believe? In the army himself?"

"No, Sir; but he wishes it very much."

"Mr. Darrell, I think, could get him a cadetship."

"What! you know Mr. Darrell, that most excellent, generous man!" All we have we owe to him."

The gentleman abruptly turned aside—wisely for his subsequent face as that praise might have startled Mrs. Haughton.

"Yes, I know him once. He has had many a fee out of my family. Excellent lawyer—excellent man—and rich as a Jew. I should like to see my old friend's son, ma'am, he must be a monstrous handsome with such parents!"

"Oh, Sir, very like his father. I shall be proud to present him to you."

"Ma'am, I thank you. I will have the honor to call—"

And thus is explained how Jasper Losely has knocked at Mrs. Haughton's door—has walked up her stairs—has seated himself in her drawing-room, and is now edging his chair somewhat nearer to her, and throwing into his voice and looks a degree of admiration, which has been sincerely kindled by the aspect of her elegant apartments.

Jessica Haughton was not one of those women, and such there be, who do not like a gentleman is making up to them. She knew perfectly well, that, with a very little encouragement, her visitor would declare himself a suitor. Nor, to speak truth, was she quite insensible to his handsome person, nor quite unmoved by his flatteries. She had her weak points, and vanity was one of them. She conceived she, poor lady, the slightest suspicion that Jasper Losely was not a personage whose attentions might flatter any woman. Though he had not even announced a name, but, pushing aside the footman, had announced in a loud voice himself as a friend, he had been a first cousin; though he had not uttered a syllable that could define his station, or his claim to acquaintance, he had the air, the fancy, still Mrs. Haughton implicitly believed that he was a man of the first fashion. And she, who had glittered round her Charlie in the earlier morning of his life, ere he had sold out of the Guards, and married her, she, who was not a lord, or an honorable at least, and was even (I blush to write it) a trifle over the age at which it might not be an excellent thing for her dear Lionel if she could prevail on herself to procure for him Colonel Morley's powerful and influential and brilliant father-in-law—rich, noble, civilized, fashionable, and childless—childless! but the temptation was growing more and more luxurious! when suddenly the door opened, and in sprang Lionel, crying out, "Mother! my own, Colonel has come with me on purpose to—"

He stopped short, seeing hard at Jasper Losely. That gentleman advanced a few steps, extending his hand, but came to an abrupt halt on perceiving Colonel Morley standing behind the door-way. Not that he feared recognition—the last time they had met, by night, in the street, owing to the properties of the object on which it shines. Strange to say, it was the mere sight of the real live colonel, and not of the mock, fine gentleman shrink and collapse. Though Jasper Losely was dressed in the height of the magnificent man—one of royal Nature's Life guardsmen—though confident this from no vulgar or plebeian mien could defy the criticism of the strictest martinet in polite costume, no sooner did this colonel, with his cocked hat, and clad in garments innocent of buckram, but guilty of wrinkles—appear on the threshold than Jasper Losely felt himself to be a cad, as if he had been suddenly reduced to five feet two, and had bought his coat out of an old cheberman's bag.

Without appearing even to see Mr. Losely, the Colonel, in his own, his stern, quiet way, shut toward Mrs. Haughton, had, with what is proverbially called "a look and a nod," taken the whole of that impostor's superb *personnel* into calm survey, had read him through and through, and decided on the spot, with conviction that the slightest hesitation—"a lady-killer and a sharper."

Quick as breathing had been the effect thus severally produced on Mrs. Haughton's visitors, which it has taken me so many words to describe, so quick that the Colonel, without any apparent pause of thinking, had entered the room, and, reference Lionel left uncompleted, and says, as he bows over Mrs. Haughton's hand, "Come on purpose to visit your mother, my boy! Mrs. Charles Darrell's widow, a young friend's mother."

Mrs. Haughton, as I am sorry, Colonel Morley, I am very much flattered. And you, too, knew the poor dear Captain; 'tis so pleasant to think that he had friends who remember him still. This gentleman, also, was a particular friend of Charles's."

The Colonel had somewhat small eyes, which moved with habitual slowness. He lifted those eyes, let them rest upon Jasper, and with stood in the middle of the room, with one hand still upon Lionel's shoulder, the other letting the eyes rest there while he spoke, repeated,

"Particular friend of Charles Haughton's—the only one in my family who ever thought so—never had the honor to see before."

Jasper bore, with consistency in other virtues, certainly did not lack courage, made a strong effort at self-possession, and without replying to the Colonel, turned toward Lionel, who been directly addressed to himself, said, in his most rollicking tone, "Lionel, Mrs. Haughton, Charles was my particular friend, but"—lifting up his eye-glass—"but this gentleman was," dropping the eye-glass and looking at Mrs. Haughton, as I suppose. Then advancing to Lionel, and giving his hand, with a condescending air, "Your image of your father, I declare! I was saying to Mrs. Haughton how much I should like to see my boy—you have not yet seen him, ma'am—and you should go to the play together. Oh, ma'am, you may trust me, I'll take care—I'll take care you should see LIFE." Here Jasper tipped Lionel one of those knowing winks with which he was accustomed to fascinate the youngsters of his friends of Mr. Poole, and hurried on: "But in the meanwhile you will, of course, permit and approve. We'll fix an evening for it, when I have the honor to call again. Good-morning, Mrs. Haughton. Good-morning, Colonel. [Aside, one]—Ah, we shall be great friends, I guess! You must let me take you out in my cab—teach you to handle the ribbons, eh? 'Gad my old friend Charles was a whip. Ha! ha! Good-day, good-day!"

Not a muscle had moved in the Colonel's face during this speech, during the whole time that Jasper had bowed himself out, Mrs. Haughton conveying and ringing the bell for the footman to open the street-door. But the next word (and, as man of the world, Colonel Morley was consummate) again raised those small, slow eyes —this time toward *her* face—and dropped the words—

"My old friend's particular friend is—not bad-looking, Mrs. Haughton!"

And to lively and pleasant," returned Mrs. Haughton, with a slight rise of color, but no other sign of embarrassment. "It may be a nice acquaintance for Lionel."

"Mother!" cried that ungrateful boy, "you are not quite seriously. I think he looks a fool odious. If he were not my father's friend, I should say he was."

"What, Lionel?" asked the Colonel, blandly "was what?"

"Snobbish, Sir."

"Lionel, how dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. Haughton, and, raise vulgar words boys do pick up at school, Colonel Morley!"

"We must be careful that they do not pick up worse than words at school, my dear madam. You will forgive me, but Mr. Darrell was so exceptionally—of course, with your permission—commended this young gentleman by responsible care and guidance—so openly confided to me his views and intentions, that perhaps you would do me the very great favor to let me, during Lionel's stay with his own wishes, the acquaintance—of that very good-looking person."

Mrs. Haughton pouted, but kept down her rising temper. The Colonel began to sew her.

"My dear," continued the man of the world, "may I inquire the name of my old friend's particular friend?"

"His name—upon my word I really don't know it. Perhaps he left his card—ring the bell, Lionel."

"You don't know his name, yet you know him, ma'am, and would allow your son to see him without—pardon me—but I beg you take such sandpiers; but even ladies the most cautious, mothers the most watchful, are exposed to—"

"Immense temptations—that is—to—I—I understand you perfectly, my dear Mr. Haughton."

The footman appeared. "Did that gentleman leave a card?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did not you ask his name when he entered?"

"Yes, ma'am, but he said he would announce himself."

When the footman had withdrawn, Mrs. Haughton exclaimed, pinesing, "I have been to blame, Colonel—I see it. But Lionel will tell you how it came to know the gentleman—the gentleman who nearly run over me, Lionel, and then spoke so kindly about your dear father."

"Oh, that is the person! I supposed so," said Lionel, kissing his mother, who was ecstened to burst into tears. "I can explain it all now, Colonel Morley. Any one who says a kind word about my father warms my mother's heart to him at once. Is it not so, mother dear?"

"And long be it so," said Colonel Morley, with graceful earnestness; "and may such be my passport to your favor, Mrs. Haughton. Charles was my old school-fellow—a little boy to him I and have been in the sixth form; and pardon me if I add that if that gentleman were over Charles Haughton's particular friend, he could scarcely have been a very wise one. For, unless his appearance greatly belie his years, he must have been a mere infant in boy when Charles Haughton left Lionel fatherless."

Here, in the delicacy of tact, seeing that Mrs. Haughton shrunk from all the subject, and seemed aware of her imprudence, the Colonel gave with a request—cheerfully granted— that Lionel might be allowed to come to breakfast with him the next morning.

THE REDDY BOX.

(concerning which more ons LATER HEREIN.

"WHEN Alice had listened to my account of the adventure of Fare Bill and his companion with the basket, she could not help but feel the opposition, the confessing that on several occasions, at intervals of a month, she had walked in her sleep, and wakened to find herself at a distance from the bed even in another room. She had concealed her knowledge of this habit as to avoid giving me needless anxiety.

"It over happened two weeks or more after our interview with Fare Bill when Mr. Wood went to me that the burglar had called upon him, and gave information that he had discovered the hiding-place of Black Jack; that the wallet taken from the latter was in possession of the latter; but would not be given up unless another thousand was added to the reward. I retired to bed that night well satisfied with my progress in my work.

"In the small hours of the night I was awakened by a sensation of voices in high altercation. It seemed to proceed from Mrs. Maxwell's, and I could distinguish the ranging and nasal voice of that woman, always the good old lady in a style that shocking, if applied to the widow of a clergyman. Supporting my head on my hand, and endeavoring to settle my disagreeable and annoyed me, I felt a violent desire to step into the house and administer a rebuke to the woman. But I resolved to wait for a fitting conduct. To be better satisfied in my opinion of him, and finding it impossible to sleep while the noise continued, I went up into the attic, or third story, where, as the houses were very small, all of the doors happened to be open in either house one could hear loud talking on the first floor. I had not been seated there more than a few minutes before I heard the footsteps of the servant girl, and the good lady, 'with your novels and your beer, smoking, drinking, and loading the whole day and half the night, when other men of your size are making fortunes at an honest business!'

"The reply was indistinct, but I approved the sentiments of the Rev. Mrs. Maxwell, and felt a violent indignation against John.

"'Where is the money you got for the Canby job? Look at him, I guess; none of it came to me. Or perhaps that shoemaker Mary Jane—I'll make a kinder mother for her if ever I get within reach. She might as well keep away from you, John.'

"Although the proposition to stick a knife into Mary Jane was silly, I had not the least doubt, was an idle conceit, was too severe, I pardoned it as a mother's indignation.

"She's better at that game than you are, Mother Bridy,' replied the son; 'and if you try it on she'll serve you as she did Bill Jones. You'll get enough from her; they didn't come out even, Bill and Jones, Reddy.'

"From the sounds which followed I was obliged to think that the good Mrs. Maxwell, exasperated by the language and behavior of her son, had flown at his throat. After a short struggle came a voice—

"There, mother, that will do.'

"Then followed a succession of sobs, groans, and 'Oh my's.' The old lady appeared to be in despair of bringing her obdurate son to a sense of his wickedness. But the latter recovered breath she changed her tone, and seemed to be quite cheerful. John had said something conciliatory which I did not hear.

"'Ah!' said the old lady, 'never call me by that endearing name again, as it appears that this fool, Liston, and his silly woman, are the debtors. I could have thought as much. But is Bill sure of the money? Is he sure it is not by a sharp, you know, for all he looks so proper and good?'

"'Bah! am I a fat? If it hadn't been for that lawyer, Mr. Darrell, Fare Bill would have got the whole of the gold. Lucky for me that he did not.'

"The language of Mrs. Maxwell and her son gradually declined, notwithstanding the proximity of Mrs. Maxwell and her son. I took it for granted that on the morrow the tattling old woman would betray her knowledge of me and my name, and that I was not disappointed. When I came home to dinner from my office on the following day Mrs. Maxwell had entertained her with a prolix account of my services in favor of her, who had made a fortune in the East Indies. That she had come to the rescue of him for several years; that she was afraid he might be dead; that she had been the benefactress, out of her revered husband, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell and had been the name of Livingston, signing himself Sam. S. Livingston, also thought was a disgrace to the family, as Maxwell was a most respectable respectable old Presbyterian.

"Not daring to let Alice into the knowledge of Mrs. Maxwell's real character, I told her to hear all that the old lady might have to say, and report it to me. The next day Mrs. Maxwell showed several letters, purporting to be written by my son in the first years of his sea life. These were signed 'S. S. Livingston.' Alice begged to have the letters to show me, as she thought they that this Livingston might be in fact the owner of the property. The letters were at Calcutta, at Batavia. The old lady would not trust them out of her sight. A day or two later, during my absence, on usual, she produced a letter, purporting to have been written at Amsterdam, in which her son, Livingston (the Amsterdam Jack Bundy) informs her that he is waiting for a vessel to come on to New York, but writes by the way of London; that as he shall shortly have money enough in gold 'and valuables'—the language of my professional friend—to make them all rich, he does brother John, and himself, quite comfortable for life.

"That evening I went to a number of stationers' shops in Brooklyn, and purchased single sheets of letter-paper of every variety. I told Mrs. Maxwell Alice, and called her attention to their quality, texture, and the watter's stamp. She immediately, having a quick memory of names, identified one of these sheets as the same in quality and make with the paper and the first pretended son. Alice was dreadfully shocked when it flashed across her mind that the letters were forged. I had much trouble to exact from her a promise that she would continue, for a time, to treat Mrs. Maxwell as a friend, and to visit her daily.

"A day or two after, as I expected, the old woman came in, while I was at breakfast, with a morning paper in her hand. The tears were streaming from her eyes. She burst into a paroxysm of grief, and, with floods of blubbered the heart of poor Alice, notwithstanding her knowledge of her friend. She at length recovered herself, and she showed us my standing advertisement, and begged me to write a letter for her to the person advertising. She said that she was afraid that which that person had found must be her son's; that she remembered, in one of his letters, to have had a very curious box of ebony which he had made to carry gold and 'other valuables' in, at Batavia: that she was afraid the letter might be lost, but she would look diligently for it.

"I congratulated the good lady on the hope that possibly she might recover the property. Day after day, for more than a week, she pretended to have searched for the letter, which, it is to be seen, it must be got up in unmistakable East Indian fashion. Hence the delay. At length, however, it was produced, and would have dafied the scrutiny

of much abler detectives than Alice and myself. The date, post-marks, texture of the letter, written on India paper, stains of salt-water, and a remarkable appearance of age in the ink and the creases, were unexceptionable. I concluded that this document must be the work of Mr. Langdon, alias Fare Bill. It contained a good description of the cask, in which the owner intended to convey his fortune from Batavia to New York, and also contained a brief eulogy of one Smith, a shipmate and bosom friend, who was to return home with it.

"W——d agreed with me in believing that this complicated piece of forgery must have been invented and a crime out by the *sui disant* Langdon. That ingenious person had intimated to W——d that he thought it not at all unlikely that some clew might be found to the real ownership of the treasure, and he believed that Mrs. Maxwell could be persuaded to give up the papers which he took from the pocket of the sailor, they would be found to contain important information. Fare Bill admitted that he had seen two papers; that one of them was a parchment, and might have been sealed or a will; but that the other was certainly a letter. He had casually read the direction, but had forgotten it.

"Although it was unnecessary for the completion of the evidence, W——d, in order the more thoroughly to deceive the forger, suggested to him the propriety and convenience of a personal interview between ourselves and Black Jack. This was of course refused, as it would have identified him with John Smith. At this point the whole affair came to a dead lock; the forger and his chum afraid to move for fear of some mistake or accidental discovery, and we on our part waiting for the slow but sure operation of natural cupidity to bring the matter to a termination.

"I was quite willing to give the required two thousand dollars for the papers, because I was sure that they would lead to a solution of the problem.

"I was not so sanguine. Let us wait, was W——d's view and he was not yet finished the net in which, meaning to catch a fortune, they will be entangled.'

"In compliance with the wishes of the good Mrs. Maxwell, whose daily lamentations over the miserable fate of her dear son Livingston were becoming tiresome, I addressed a letter to the advertiser of the treasure, that is to myself.

"This letter the good lady signed with a trembling hand and many tears. It was a touching and pathetic epistle, setting forth the history of her dear son, supposed to have been killed; giving a good description of the casket, and ending with a long and touching obituary of the lamented Smith, 'the friend of my dear son.' I took pleasure in composing this letter, Alice looking out the while to see me engaged in so gross a piece of deception, and the mercenary Mrs. Maxwell panting for the moment when the beauty and innocence of her dear boy, at the time when he ran away from home, should be Recovered and adored, but too stern and unbending father.

"After the departure of the old woman with the letter, I explained to my wife the necessity of canceling from our neighbors the fact that I was myself the advertiser. It would have been necessary to let them know our position, in order to give opportunity of being on an injury. Alice was much troubled, and urged me to write a note which I sent to do so as soon as we could find a tenant who would take the house off our hands.

"This was not the only reason of my conduct, but it was sufficient for my wife, who feared nothing so much as an expose and scandal. Meanwhile, I saw that Mrs. Maxwell, knowing that I was the advertiser, would perceive that I suspected their relation from the fact of my having this letter to myself, and not making a frank avowal of the fact. This suspicion was not without effect. The next day Fare Bill made his appearance in W——d's private office, and declared that he was ready to deliver the papers left him from the sailor by Black Jack, on the payment of the promised nine hundred dollars. After a variety of negotiations to pay the second thousand as soon as the owners should come forward and establish their claim.

"W——d assented in my name to the proposition, but required a previous inspection. Fare Bill reminded him that on a former occasion he (W——d) had retained certain papers. W——d replied that if he was not satisfied with the genuineness of the documents he would immediately return them, but that the forger that as he was in our power. Meantime them at the time, he should come the next day and the money would be paid.

"W——d notified me that my presence would be necessary, and when the accomplice of Black Jack made his appearance, we were ready to receive him.

"Fare Bill came in, dressed elegantly in sporting costume; talked in an easy, off-hand style, and laid his documents on the table, carefully enveloped, with an air of confidence.

"W——d opened the conversation.

"'We wish, Mr. Langdon, that under no circumstances, even if these documents, like the others, should appear to be forged, that you would run away as you did on a former occasion, but have made a second effort to deceive us, and in fails, we are still under the necessity of dealing further with you, in the hope of securing the real documents. Promise that you will not run away, and I engage that you will not be arrested or otherwise annoyed.'

"The forger, though astonished and disturbed, laughed involuntarily at the suddenness of the attack. He agreed not to run, and seemed to be very confident.

"'And now, Mr. Linton,' continued W——d, 'before we open them papers, please tell us what they are?'

"'The parchment,' said I, slowly opening the envelope, 'is a will, purporting to have been made by S. P. Livingston, *alias* Maxwell, in favor of his mother, Mrs. Maxwell, of Brooklyn.'

"'The letter accompanying the will is from the same S. P. Livingston, *alias* Maxwell, to the same Mrs. M., written at Amsterdam. Of its contents I am not certain; but this much I may guess, that it alludes to the property which constitutes the consession by favor of our friend here, and to a certain John Smith who is declared to have it in his keeping for the benefit of said Mrs. M.'

"So saying, I unfolded the parchment and the letter. They were as I had described them. They were a part of the system.

"The forger's lip quivered, and his eyes became bloodshot with vexation and rage. He was caught baffled. But his presence of mind did not forsake him.

"'By what means you obtained this information, Mr. Linton,' said he, 'it is not necessary for me to inquire. The documents are valuable, and I am happy to know the parties to much the better. I have earned my two thousand dollars.'

"'Not so fast—not so fast,' said W——d. 'This Mrs. Maxwell is the famous Mother Bundy, whom I remember to have seen years ago as one of the witnesses in a celebrated criminal case; and the son, S. P. Livingston, is a convict in the state prison. In short, the failure of this second attempt will perhaps bring you to reason. It is useless to refer to your former statements. Here are your forged documents—take them back to your counsel and say from me that I will not prosecute, only the real papers for the money, or the Penitentiary for nothing.'

"The forger was more astonished than humbled by the exposure of his tricks, and hardly knew what answer to make.

"'Are you prepared,' said W——d, after giving the sober a little time for reflection, 'to say that the other documents are all you compel us to make war upon you? Here is a check for the sum agreed—twenty-one, though not needed, as I have paid you for this for the papers, and you will be certain to receive it if you bring them.'

"At length, after a great deal of reflection and a long silence, during which he looked constantly from the letter, Fare Bill drew it away, saying, that having that he would come and deliver us answer the next day.

"It was late in the afternoon when I left W——d's office, and, having business in the city, I did not reach home until late in the evening. Alice was waiting for me, greatly alarmed.

"Along the hall stood a small well-dressed man go into Mrs. Maxwell's. That after an hour or more a noise of rummaging and moving furniture commenced, and was followed by a loud cry. Fearful about an hour before my return John Maxwell came home intoxicated, and was quarreling with the poor old mother. Her voice of Mrs. Maxwell and her son quarreling. Then there was a third voice, and a violent altercation arising between the two men. Blows, and all was quiet. After this the new John Maxwell and his gentleman go out, taking with them a bundle which seemed to be heavy.

"Not doubting that the quarrel had been about a division of the money which was to be paid for the papers, I went immediately to the front door of Maxwell's house, and finding it open, entered the front room. The old woman, with her hair hanging wild, and a huge gash in her forehead, was in the act of rising from the flowing, rat up in the middle of the floor, as if she had just risen from a swoon. The room was in the greatest disorder, over and about, and there was every indication of a fight in which she had been a sufferer and the worst contributor. Her clothes were torn, exposing many parts of her person, which showed the vigor and proportions of a young man.

"'Well, Mrs. Maxwell,' said I, 'you have been having a little time with that son of yours and Fare Bill, I suppose?'

"'No son of mine, no son of mine,' said the old woman, wildly; 'but a cursed villain—a dog—a——'

"I do not care to repeat the language which followed; but never in my life had I conceived it possible for a woman to make such a terrible exhibition of passion and profanity. The fact that she had cursed herself somewhat by this tirade she laughed a little, and getting up with me a chair and quieted her nerves with a draught of gin; after which, covering her half-naked shoulders with the ragged shawl, she sat down for a dozen such boys."

"'You have an ugly cut over the brow, Mrs. Bundy.'

"'Bah! that is nothing. I have stabs and blows anow on this old body to have killed a dozen people. This one was given me by Livingston, as he said, baring one of her brawny shoulders; 'that scar is a bullet wound, and the ball is in my body—but it's nothing much.' She laughed long and heartily. 'To think,' said she, 'that I, with that mark on me, should have cared for a dozen such boys! to be frightened with a thrust and a blow! Fools, fools, both of 'em!'

"'What were you fighting about?'

"'Papers, man, papers; they want those papers that you took from the sailor. Simple as you are, I told them about them; why, man, the papers are mine. Didn't Black Jack tell me to me? Haven't I fed and clothed him for 'em? Don't I know the vally of 'em? Bah! You decent, quiet folks are all fools; you think because a feller is a thief he must know something.'

"Quite the contrary, Mrs. Bundy. Dishonesty is a proof of ignorance.'

"'So, it is! Well, I'd like to know! Then there's a plaguy big crowd o' rogues, for the most know nothing at all.'

"'I did not say that ignorance was a proof of dishonesty, but dishonesty of ignorance.'

"'It's all the same—only open the chances; fine talk for you, Mr. Linton—a gentleman; you're one of the missionaries, aren't you? No matter for that; you want the papers, and can pay for 'em; I've got 'em, and he 'paid for 'em; that's the point. Talk, man, talk!' cried the lady, holding out one hand in a balancing manner, as if there was a weight of coin to be dropped into the palm. Mrs. Bundy then took a Dutch pipe out of the closet, filled and lighted it at the candle, which burned dimly on the mantle-piece, and began smoking.

"'Where are the papers?' the old gentleman Jack and Bill did not carry them off?'

"She used the pipe in a disagreeable manner. 'I have them where Jack and Bill will never find them; nor you neither; nor all the p'lice of New York. I'll carry thoughut the papers where in the trunk they carried off with them. I let Jack see that two trunks were heavy; the trunk is full of trumpery and rags.' The old woman chuckled. 'The game is played out; I mean to be respectable. I'll live in New York Bundy again; it's more comfortable. Come, now, you shall give me half the treasure for the papers.' She looked, though you be a mechanic, and in a low way; you're going to be rich; you'll keep the treasure; you'll have to account for it to no; but I shall restore every dollar of it to the right owner, except what I have spent for the papers and for myself.'

"The old woman laughed and rocked herself to and fro.

"'That's a good 'un. You're a man, Linton; but soft—very soft. Come, now; give me the half and I'll show you the evidence.'

"'Mrs. Bundy, I hope you won't make me angry.'

"'You're bad when you're ugly, ain't you? said she, scanning me from head to foot. 'I told you boys a mistake. Do you really mean to give up the gold?'

"'I need not have waited so long if I had any other design.'

"'You daren't use the money till you see the evidence and it is in your own hand.'

"'You are hard to convince.'

"'It does one good to talk to a regular out-and-out fool, now and a while.' This remark was followed by a monstrous chuckle.

"I began to be impatient, and rose to go.

"'Sit down. Listen—sit down. I like you. Now, come, say a quarter.'

"I will give you two thousand dollars or nothing.'

"'Say five—that's a stick.'

"I was startled; this woman knew the value of the property.

"'You look queer, Mr. Linton, because I have let out a secret.'

"'I do not heed it.'

"'Who? Jack and Bill? They? Wouldn't I have got 'em where to let on to them? Bill and Jack know what I chose to tell 'em. Jack brought the papers to me the night they left the sea in a hack. Some of them has value and some don't seem them. I had my reasons. They wanted to go to Europe. I consented and left them to it. I thought I would peach. Fare Bill had been a lawyer's clerk; he wheedled and wheedled till I would help him to get up the letter from Lawrenque, or some such name.'

"'You then were the widow Dantou?'

"'Yes.' Another violent chuckle.

"'And Jack does not know the history of that affair?'

"A little of it. He come back to me and was sorry. Fear of punishment was going on, and I was willing to let the boys trap you if they could; but I held the papers, and knew the two owners had when at once by crying them up, I could trade with you over their necks.'

"You intimated as much to them, I suppose, to-night?'

"'Yes, more foul I for doing it. They must a mess, and, sich floored me with a chair.'

"Well, to conclude this matter, Mrs. Bundy, will you or will you not accept the terms I offer?'

"'Yes, yes,' she answered, good-humorously. 'I'll not be hard with you.'

"'Then you come to Mr. W——d's office to-morrow, at 9 o'clock, and exchange the papers for the money?'

"'Yes.'

"'Good-night, then, and pleasant dreams.'

"The old woman was punctual to her appointment. She was dressed like a beggar, and so thoroughly disguised that I should scarcely have till she spoke.

"She waited till the door was closed and locked, and then drew forth a greasy wallet, and held it in her lap.

"W——d laid a bundle of bank-notes on the table before her. She gave no heed to them, but directed all her attention to myself.

"'Isn't your name Simon Paul Linton?'

"'It is.'

"'Are you, Mr. Linton, any relatives, an uncle, a brother, or the like, that lived in India?'

"'I have a brother who is in India at present. No uncles by the father's side; the one brother or my mother is living in New York.'

"'Then, Mr. Linton, I've had of your own age, who left you long ago, when you were both boys?'

"'I recollect; there was such a friend, whom I had almost forgotten.

"'One Peter?'

"'The same; poor Sam Peter, a good-hearted lad; he was a follow-apprentice of mine, and we were friends every thing. Peter ran away, a bad, miserable boy, moping and pining. Our master, old Jackson, the wheel-wright, was very hard with him, and he ran away.'

"'You have never since heard from this Sam Potter?'

"'No.'

"Sam Potter went to sea. In this letter I said the old woman, looking at the papers, *the first minute* of the one which purported to have been written by Lawrenque, 'you will find something that will

"With a trembling hand I took the letter and found myself unable to see the writing through mental excitement. W——d snatched it from me, and after a hasty perusal, 'Now, Mrs. Bundy,' said he, 'the will; and you may take the money and go.'

"The old woman next handed me a will made by Sam Potter, who, dying at Amsterdam on his way home from Batavia, in October of last year, I showed him during his wretched apprenticeship, and confessed to me that he had left all he had in his secret and divided with him the money I had, made me his heir, with a small legacy to John Smith, who was to return it to the deceased on the beginning of his illness he gave a sketch of his life, which nearly resembled that of the fictitious Lawrenque. Then followed the letter of the verchant John Smith, with a schedule of the property, and at last the casket, with the keys, bills and documents, and the evidence was complete. While we were reading papers the old woman disappeared with her money.

"On reaching home that day I found had been there before me, and informing Alice of her good fortune, had left the premises, furniture, and all. Thus ended the strange story of Mother Bundy or the two burglars.

"By Alice's desire I bought this cottage. We have now a pony and a gig, and are becoming attached to the place.

"Are you at the old trade?'

"I have a shop, but of late I grew idle and aristocratic. Come, let us go in; the dew is falling."

A VISIT TO MANILLA.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MANILLA, October, 1857.

Our ship is still lying at Victoria, Hong Kong; but Bruce, Arthur, and I have made a short visit to Manilla, the great sea-port of the Philippines, and the another of these rare blessings, Manilla cheroots. We have been quite a lion and lioness for them in New York; but in this climate they are invaluable. I dare say that they will go down in the dicks of the market.

The way of it was this: Our shipmate, Arthur, who is a naturalist as a school-girl, fell in with a Spanish girl at a ball given by Sir John Bowring whose works entitled him to be known by her. Before the ball was over they were engaged; that is to say, he had given her his card, and written over his name in pencil. The next day and she, under his direction (he can't speak much Spanish) and the lioness sending word that he was in polyglot English, French, and Chinese), had inscribed on her tablets, "I will marry at Sefior Arturo," signed her name and given the card to Arthur. There is a lady near Boston, whose heart will perhaps go down with a thump at this announcement; but I shouldn't wonder—the sex are so fickle—if she had married a fat merchant long ere this. Don Arthur could not be left to be left to his plantation there? In our mess we had come to pity our poor messmate, whose spirits had fallen very low, at very singular after intercourse. Mrs. Bruce, who had been impelled by a spirit of adventure of by jealousy (which is very likely) to make her husband at Hong Kong, had gone to a mixed party at a merchant's house, where there were many ladies, and as her fortune permits—in true New York style. She seemed to wear a small fortune in jewels of various sort. After the party, according to her story, she went up stairs to dress to go home; in the dressing-room there was a young man, a Spaniard, who said he had come to look for some things his sister had forgotten; he fumbled about the room, and then went down and quietly took an agnant Mrs. Bruce; finally left, stating that the sister had not what she wanted. Mrs. Bruce dressed, went home, and discovered, on arrival, that a brooch of great value, a chatelaine, and a bracelet, which she wore at the ball, were missing. She estimated the value of the missing articles at ten thousand dollars.

Inquiry was instituted, but no trace of the lost property could be found. Bruce, on his wife's suggestion, inserted the following notice: "I proved to be a young man of good family, but vicious habits, he had left Manilla, whither he would go. He had an inveterate gambler; he had been in prison at Hong Kong for a night brawl; altogether his antecedents were such that Mrs. Bruce decidedly expected him of being the thief. Her suspicions were confirmed by the fact that the Spaniard had returned to Manilla a day or two after the ball.

Bruce solicited and obtained leave to go in chief of him. Arthur, who had never been there, had become, could not well be refused a like favor; and I, finding time heavy on my hands, asked and was allowed to join them.

So we started—one in search of a thief, another of a wife, and a third of excitement. On arriving Arthur instantly made a bee line for the house of his *inamorata*, whose name was well known at the hotel where we lodged. He was lost to us. Bruce and I, not feeling particularly safe in quenching of our own sympathies, and having no acquaintance, we sentries at every corner, communicated with the police, and received a telegraphic dispatch from Hong Kong, and that the lost property was



MANILLA STREETS IN THE RAINY SEASON.



MARKET-WOMEN AT MANILLA.

that the thief was in Manilla. We were made to put this in writing, and to describe the property. Next day we received a letter three pages long, yet containing one sentence only, the purport of which was that there were no thieves in Manilla, and that the impression of the officers of Her Most Christian Majesty was that we were fools, impostors, and knaves.

Brace, on this, wanted to challenge the Governor. I called on him instead, and after some palaver I first gently hinted at the name of the supposed culprit. He started as if he had been shot.

"The son of Don ——, one of my oldest friends! Impossible!"

I related the circumstances, which were very peculiar, to say the least, and touched upon the young man's course of life.

The Governor confessed that the youth was a rake, and had given his family great trouble; that he gambled, especially at cock-fights, beyond his means; that he had more than once come into contact with the authorities; but steal! was such a thing possible? And the proud old Spaniard grew red in the face at the suggestion.

I obtained, at length, permission to institute a thorough search of the town, and promised to report progress.

Brace and I proceeded forthwith to examine the contents of all the jewelers' stores in Manilla. In two days we had been in every store where such articles as the missing property could by any chance find a market, without finding the least trace. We also instituted inquiry into the whereabouts of the supposed thief, whom I will call Manuel. We found that since he had arrived at Manilla he had gambled more profusely than ever; that he had been seen frequently in company with ladies, dressed in the extravagant fashions of that part of the world; that he was at war with his family, and was residing on a plantation.

Four or five days spent in these researches left us as wise as we were before, and I was constrained to admit to the Governor, when I waited upon him, that we had obtained no clew whatever. The old man was quite joyful.

"You Americans are too suspicious—too suspicious. The lady has lost her trinkets in dancing too much. Your ladies are very careless. Oh, Señor, they are indeed!" And he bowed me out.

We had seen very little of our friend Arthur. Occasionally in the morning he would drop in upon us, and talk half an hour at a time about the constancy, and the beauty, and the countless virtues of his fair one, and would press us to come and judge for ourselves. We were not in a humor for conviviality, however, and had declined his invitations. At last, after ten days' utterly fruitless inquiry, we resolved to return to Hong Kong; and on the eve of our departure we went, at Arthur's request, to the house of his fair friend's parents.

She was a lovely creature, with Spanish eyes and hair, and a sweet mouth; she was as perfect a lady as if she had been bred in Madrid. Arthur was undoubtedly a happy dog. Such were our first impressions. But how shall I describe my feelings when, scarcely five minutes after our introduction, Brace started up as if he had been stung by a serpent, drew me aside, and whispered convulsively in my ear, "By Jove, she's got my wife's bracelet on!"

"Are you sure?"

"Am I a fool?"

"Then sit down quietly and talk to somebody; leave the affair to me." He was so excited that he would have betrayed us at once.

I candidly confess that, remembering that the fair lady had been at the ball where the jewels were lost, and bearing in mind queer stories I had heard about the ungovernable rage of Manilla belles for jewelry, my first impression was not flattering to the lovely Carlita. And what a frightful disclosure for her lover if she were convicted! I sickened at the thought.

I entered into conversation with her on the first opportunity. Arthur, who usually clung to her side, left her *en tête-à-tête* with me, supposing, of course, that I wanted a better acquaintance with the future wife of a friend. In the course of a few minutes I observed, carelessly,

"What a pretty bracelet you wear!"

"Ah! yes," said she, blushing. "But let us talk about the horses. Have you tried our Manilla horses?"

"Hardly yet, I must say. But do let me see that bracelet; I am very curious in matters of jewelry!"

"No, no," said she, with a laugh, which seemed constrained; "men have no right to inquire into such things! Why have you never ridden on horseback?"

"I have been busy. I presume such beautiful bracelets as that one are very rare in Manilla?"

"Very likely."

"I do wish very much that you would let me see it."

"Señor, I am rather surprised that you should ask what I have twice declined. I refuse to show it you, and desire that you will ask no more questions about it! I have good reasons." And she drew her sleeve down so as to hide it.

As soon as possible I left her, and went oftside on the balcony. I found myself whistling, and feeling as though I would give worlds to be about a thousand miles from that spot, when Bruce came to me and inquired what I had done.

"Nothing yet."

"Well, I've had ample opportunities of locking at the bracelet. I'll swear it's my wife's, and I'm satisfied she stole it. Let us have her arrested right away; we owe it to Arthur not to let him go



A COCK-FIGHT AT MANILLA.

any further with a creature of that kind. He should be worried in time."

"Will you wait till midnight?"

"I'd rather not."

"Then I leave you. Give me one chance more, and, if I fail, then I will agree to what you please."

He consented, and within a few minutes I took an opportunity of requesting Carita to step on the balcony with me.

"Mademoiselle," said I, very slowly, "I love you as apology; but I also owe it to you to tell you that I am aware of your inquiring about the bracelet was not mere curiosity; it was—a sufferer, a serious reason. And I now ask you, on honor, on morning you have very serious results hang on your answer, 'Where did you get that bracelet?'"

She had begun to tremble—I held her arm to help her arm—when I commenced; she shook in every limb as I ended.

"Señor, Señor," she muttered; "I dare not."

"Then the consequences be upon your own head!" And I turned to enter the room.

"Stop," she cried, "one moment. Is it really necessary—"

"If you value the reputation of your family, you will instantly tell me where you got that bracelet."

She rather gasped than said, "My cousin Manuel—he came last week."

The very man we had suspected all along. I could have jumped from the balcony in my delight. She couldn't understand why I kissed her hand, and let her into the room radiant. Bruce perceived at once that I was all right, and that Carita's hidious before I had. I assured our host that we should not leave Manilla for a day or two.

When we were in the open air—

"Now, you rascal," said I, in my ecstasy to Bruce, "I have the whole plot. That villain Manuel gave her the bracelet. He's her cousin—probably her lover; yet, but that's Arthur's affair, not ours. She's safe, and he's caught! Hurrah!"

At nine next morning we were at the Governor's, with our spy close and dried. The Governor's mum was sarcastic and incredulous, even after I had told my story; but as good luck would have it, Carita, feeling that her conduct, in refusing at first to explain the history of the bracelet, required to be accounted for, had written me a little note after the party, stating that she was not allowed by her father to speak to Manuel, and that she had discarded by his family; that on his return from Hong Kong she had disclosed the injunction, from her sole affection for him; that he had given her the bracelet on her acceptance at that interview; and that she had promised him faithfully to keep the visit a secret. The Governor knew Carita's family well, and the note removed his doubts. The poor old man burst into tears at the disgrace brought on his old friend's name; but he at once agreed to give us full authority to arrest Manuel.

While they were preparing for the journey to the plantation, where he was, Arthur came in, and we could not conceal from him what we had discovered. The poor fellow burst into a paroxysm of rage.

"A receiver of stolen goods, by Jove!" he groaned out. "Easy situation to blow!—I shall be a pretty figure in league with him. A thief for a cousin! Oh Lord! oh Lord!"

The poor fellow was so broken down that we spent an hour or two with him, and finally extorted a promise that he should not leave us—at least till we returned. It could easily be proved, we argued, whether she was an accomplice or merely a pickpocket in the thing young.

So we started with nine soldiers and a corporal. We had not been half an hour on the way when we heard from a Chinese, who had been a servant of ours, that the man we were in quest of was at that moment at a rock-pit in Manilla.

To turn about and hasten to the spot indicated was the work of an instant. Sure enough, there was the culprit, a very fine-looking young fellow, with a rakish air, but an open countenance. He was not in the least disturbed when the soldiers marched up and arrested him. Such coolness I had never witnessed in a thief before; it quite hardened than I suspected.

On coming out he saluted us, and asked, laughingly, if we knew which of his peccadilloes he was going to suffer for now?

"For theft," said I, bluntly.

His face grew red, then nearly black; with a furious oath he exclaimed,

"Theft! Who dares to accuse me of theft? What did I steal?"

"The bracelet you gave to your cousin," I answered.

Carita! Then she told my secret! Ah! cursed woman! Take me away. Theft, is it? Well, it's all one, theft or murder. Cursed woman!"

We saw him marched off, and proceeded in the direction of our domicile. On the way I said, as against Bruce, and, looking up in his face, screamed out, "Assassin!" and no alley, street, or lane—

"What's the matter?" said I, running after the woman to pick her up.

"Oh! master, forgive—robber, neither did such a thing afore. Oh! forgive—I serve you all my life. Oh! I've—no, no, no—"

"Jack," said I to Bruce, "I can't make head or tail of this girl. She wants me to forgive her. Suppose you try to make her out."

And I gave her up, greatly against her will, as she insisted on clinging to me.

"Why," cried Bruce, "it's Fanchon, our old nurse!"

"Oh, yes, master, It's poor Fanchon. She neber was so mistake. Oh, she so sorry she took missus' things; she give her life to have 'em back again—only don't send her to prison."

I rather think we stood in more need of physical support at that moment than Fanchon.

We very rapidly elicited from her the information that she had stolen the missing jewels in undressing her mistress on the evening of the ball; had sold them, on arriving at Manilla, to Chinese peddlers—from one of whom, obviously, Manuel had bought the ring—and, as soon as she found that she had actually presumed that we were acquainted with her proceedings.

We had better employment than punishing the poor creature. As luck would have it, our friend Manuel had been taken to the Governor's before going to prison; he was in the ante-chamber when I arrived. I could not wait, but took the flunky at the Governor's door by the throat, flung him aside, dashed in, and explained that we had been in error; that Don Manuel was evidently innocent; and that if a trifling penance of twenty years in the galleys would atone for our mistake, we were ready to submit to it.

A suspicious people. I told you, my friend, les Américains!" said the old Governor; "tous suspicieux!" And the old man chuckled at the discovery of his knowledge of Americans.

I need not add that of all the people who were rejoiced at this termination of the affair poor Arthur was the gladdest. He has made it his business to reconcile Manuel with whom he is great friends, with his family, and the wedding is to come off before New Year.

And so ends our romance at Manilla.

Miscellany.

ATTENTION TO DRESS.

APPEARANCE is a subject not to be slightly beneath the consideration of any man or woman. Nature does not disdain them. Nothing is omitted that can enhance its beauty. Every thing is grouped and arranged with the most consummate skill, and with the direct and constant object of pleasing the superior vision. Those persons, therefore, who play the philosopher on the strength of neglecting their attire, and who hope that the world will rest the superiority of their intellect in direct ratio with the inferiority of their dress, are egregiously deceived, because the truly wise man thinks of nature through himself.

WHY FOXES GET MARRIED.

A WRITER in *Titan* amusingly discusses this point: "The fox gets married, but he is not monogamous as husband. He is. The fox takes the same earth with his wife no longer than is necessary for the proper nutrition of the cubs. Then a reunion, which begins toward the close of winter, lasts till the month of August following. It is remarkable that the male parent exhibits, during every quiet in the early days of their married life, and do not mean themselves much trouble. The arrival of the family luxuriantly develops in the father and the mother the plundering and thieving instincts which the union has gifted them.

LOAD AND FIRE.

REV. THOMAS ALLEN was ordained as the first minister to Brimfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1765. Mr. Allen was a native of Northampton, and a graduate of Harvard in 1761. He was eminent for his zeal in the cause of his country previous to the Revolution. He was chaplain to the American army under Washington, and died at Pittsfield in 1776, again in the summer of 1777 at Ticonderoga, again at Bennington, and again when he marched with a company composed partly of his Pittsfield parishioners. From his lips went up the fervent prayer, in the presence of the whole American army, on the morning of the action, and from his own wood fell the first shot of the living fusillade in the battle. His brother Joseph stood by his side in the action, to whom the parson said, "You load, and I will fire." Mr. Allen remained in the army with his original patriot till February 11, 1810, when he died, after a ministry of forty-four years. In addition to his published sermons, Mr. Allen left a manuscript sermon in shorthand, which no one as yet has been able to decipher.

REVERENCE THE OLD MAN.

Bow low the head, hey; do reverence to the old man, for he has lived long. Reverence him, for he has shivered the hair, and changed the round meridian of his head to shining hollow. Bow low the heart lest with aspirations coequal to any that you have felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as you are perhaps destined to be, he may cast form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the gay circles of fashion, the highways of Time, that withers the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, in your age, he was young, and the thoughts that pass through your brain—now nothing to despondingly deeds equal to a book in time, soon imagining life a dream that the scourer he woke from the better. But he has lived the world over many times through. He has been in every near at hand; yet his eye never kindles at old deeds of daring. He sees not the romantic beauty of the staff. How the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

THE SWELL MOB OF THE LONDON OMNIBUS.

AN American gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what a little weazel blear, a man, whose peculiar quackery of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretense at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two or three swells in here." The driver, with all an eagle, a parry, well-known old man rose and stepped out, paused as he did so, "I've no small money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a sprace young person said as he descended, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out, and all's right."

THE HASTE TO BE RICH.

THE poison of covetousness—the all-consuming eagerness to obtain wealth without industry, and without having to wait patiently for the reward of professional excellence—appears to be rapidly pervading every relation in social life. Oh! for the repentance of the rich and men among us who would practically teach us that men were not born to worship money, and to devote wealth to personal and household adornment, and the gratification of every luxurious and sensual appetite! The purple and fine linen, and sumptuous fare and pomp and reality and religion of Christendom, have failed in the production of such a social system as will enable us longer to rely upon the stability of the virtues of the educated and refined middle classes. There is a radical defect somewhere.

ENGLISH INDIVIDUALITY AND AMERICAN ASSIMILATION.

THE English are to be distinguished from the Americans by greater independence of personal action. All have their own institutions, their peculiar condition of our own country, has a tendency to reduce us all to the same level of ranges. The steamboats, the railroads, the cars, the speculation, character of the enterprises, and the consequent opposition to any thing like individuality, all show a tendency of the system in bringing about such a result. In England a man dines by himself, in a room filled with other hermits; he eats at his leisure; drinks his wine in silence; reads the paper by the hour; and in all things encourages individuality, and insists on his particular humors. The American is compelled to submit to a common rule; he eats when others eat; sleeps when others sleep; and he is lucky indeed if he can read a paper in a tavern without having a stranger looking over each shoulder.

SLAMS IN CHURCHES.

A WRITER in one of the Boston papers complains of the "elaborate disfigurement" produced by the alterations in a church at Roxbury. It has been in the country, and, of course, old-fashioned, with regular proportions substituted for the old one, which every body thought was ridiculously small. To build the pulpit is a falsehood—in a church, where every thing should be as it pretends to be—an attempt at grandeur, and the door communicates through this perspective of rows of columns: so that "when the preacher enters the congregation spectator sees the base and part of the shaft of sunday majestic columns turn upon hinges, leaving the square square and the remainder of the shaft to be suspended until the door is closed, and the pleasant illusion restored. In the evening, when there is a scene at the theatre in the daytime, though there the doors are usually in correct position, and the same deception is not practised as in the church, the crowding tendency to sham decorations of a similar kind is clearly seen readily built, or in the process of improvement. The thing is well enough in a theatre, where people go expecting to be humbugged. The children of the living temple, which is the pillar and ground of the *truth*, every thing like an attempt at deception ought to be avoided.

BIRDS IN JAPAN.

BIRDS are treated very kindly there. They are never killed for sport, and little troughs are scooped out in the windows of the houses, which are filled every morning with fresh water for their drink. During the stay of Commodore Perry's ships a number of officers started one day to go gunning. As soon as the Japanese saw the crust master of their train with his gun, they began to protest. Take care of the birds. That is what the farmers say you are to do, they explained, and as the grain is ripe to fruit, for the insects will get the upper hand of every thing. If you kill the birds live, and they will not only cheer us by their beauty and their songs, but destroy the insects and preserve our fruit.

INDUSTRY.

INDUSTRY, if it be only a habit, is at least an excellent habit. If you ask me which is the most destructive vice of human nature, do you imagine I should answer drunkenness? Not drunkenness. I should say indolence—and he who conquers indolence conquers all the rest.

WHITE LIES.

"To show you," said a Scotch clergyman to a friend, "how little feeling many persons, even of respectable character, have for the sanctity of truth, a memorial in a falsehood told in the way of business. I will tell you what occurred to myself when I was a young minister. Like every minister with an extensive parish, I wanted a horse. I mentioned my wish to a highly respectable farmer, and he told me that by great good luck he knew where I could be suited at once. At a farm a few miles off there was a very fine animal as a mare. I waited. He said that I should lose no time in going over to see it, for, to his question, 'Why?' he replied, 'Sir friend, with a look of remarkable shrewdness; 'no, no, that will never do. If you were to gang over yourself you wantna the beast. The farmer wants to put an extra ten or fifteen pounds on his price. He'll be speaking to you first. To another forenoon I'll drive you over to the farm, and I'll say to the farmer, 'This is Mr. Gideon, our new minister; I was just giving him a bit drive to see the country.' And as we gaed by your house just by chance, I thought I would just ha'k a bit beast to sell, and although I dolera think it was suit him ava', yet I thought I was borne to look at it for a' that.' He wanna for comin' in, the minister, for he hadna time; but we have just come in for an minute, and if the beast's at home, we can let us see't; but if no it doesna matter a grain.' Noo, if I say she's to hire, he'll think we dolna heed about the beast, and he'll no raise the price o't.' I was quite surprised that a man of good character should propose to a clergyman to become his accomplice in a plan of trickery and falsehood; but when I expressed myself to that effect, my friend only thought of his proposal, and said I should want a horse forever rather than get one by telling a score of lies. But my friend was quite unabashed by my rebuke, and evidently thought I was a young man of Quixotic notions of honor, of which a little longer experience of life would happily rid me."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

PERSONS OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—"Oh, Mr. Grabbem! you don't mean to say that you should you like to have a family of young children about you, dear?" "Indeed, I should, Miss Simpkins, very much indeed; I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

APHORISMS UPON TIGHT-LACING.

A narrow waist is a sign of valid health and sense of mind. When the ribs are contracted, it is a sure sign that the intellect is also.

Better to have good lungs and what, in the wisdom of *Le Follet*, is considered a fine figure, than by a rigid corset to get a better shape and a worse constitution.

Within a pair of corsets there is often a heart beating with happiness this out of the window.

Tight-lacing is a fashion which may be seen a large portion of the year in outline of a hogshead.

Beauty nipped in the waist is like a rose nipped in the bud. The flower may live, but it will not be a perfect one.

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more she resembles one in that she runs—fast!

The tight bend in the whalebone will eventually "come out" in the vitals of the doctor.

Give me the sparkling of a lady's eyes, and I care not who makes up her dresses.

Tight-lacing is a species of boa-constrictor, wrestling with corsages. When you next require their services send for a good physician.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DUMB MAN AND A POLICEMAN.—One is never seen, the other never heard.

HOW TO DRESS.—Dress so as to have a handkerchief in your breast-pocket. If you do—you take a wiper to your dress.

THE POLICE.—An intelligent officer is alway remarkable for his quickness of apprehension.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A YOKEFELLOW.—A wife-awake.

A few days since three Irishmen, very ill, were ordered to be sent to the St. Louis City Hospital. The physician ordered that the first one should be washed together with a bottle of fourth proof brandy, the latter to be given to him as a drink, and the third to be rubbed. The first two were then put in charge of a Hibernian nurse, with the instructions that the directions be carried out to the letter. The nurse, understanding the Irish attendant reported that the first two were dead, and the third was very dead.

"Did you give the medicine as I told you?"

"Faith, sir, I did, sir."

"And the brandy?"

"Yes, sir, I did, I thought it a pity to waste so much good liquor on the men that were bound to die anyhow, so I drinked it myself."

Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like a good scolding to keep a woman's mind from dwelling unduly upon her own troubles.

There is a lawyer in Dearborn County, Indiana, known as "a lawyer for constructive fees." He is said to collect the anecdotes told of him. A man once went to him to be qualified to take an oath. He held the book in your hand; I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't make me."

Dr. Abernethy rarely sent his match; but as one enormously fat man was about to do so, he said to the fellow-keeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had left him, "Here, take this man and bleed him, for one was bleeding, and much disfigured. Abernethy considered this to be an insult, and sent for the astonishing the offender, and said,

"Sir, though I am not ashamed of yourself, to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all your—"

"Well, Doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and how do you know that I have no head?"

Lord Eldon, when formally advising or giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned on his heel, and never found himself face to face.

An old epigram says:

"What smiles and welcomes would I give
Some friends to see!
And yet what treasures would I pay
To keep them away!

"The mind of a young creature," says Bishop Berkeley, "can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will receive that to mix with it which is bad."

At the time that the blacksmith of Gretna Green was in the full exercise of his vocation a couple presented themselves before him.

"It is five guineas, in advance," said he.

"Five guineas, he would be married," my friend Smuggins only paid you twenty shillings."

"True," said the blacksmith, "and Smuggins five times I made him a discount."

The most unpardonable for office was advised the other day to apply for the constable at the Lobos Islands, for the office was vacant. He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

A lover knelt to beauties fair,
And vowed and swore he'd die;
But when the lass consented, then
They both began to sneeze!
"Why how's your head, dear?"
"Why how's your head, sir?"
"True; but as I love you best me thus,
Me—me, indeed, a mortar!"

Sydney Smith gives this good advice, but whether he followed it himself or not is quite another matter. He says in the morning, not only to avoid self-reproach, but to make sure of the day, do the most important, not only to men of business, but to people in general, and let slighter affairs be spread over mind and body for the whole of the day in which you have not time to feel.

Ben Pantopticon, in an Essay on Tobacco, says: "Tobacco was first introduced into England in the year 1560, and was called the Indian herb, or sometimes the divine shrub, objects being introduced to it, though King James wrote something not very complimentary to it. But not only to men was it introduced, but to several birds, and daughter of whom are to be seen there were in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter Raleigh's suggestion for the weed was afterward inspired by having his head cracked. His memory has been puffed as a great benefactor to the human race that smokes."

MRS. BROWNING sings:

"Were you all to you thought of laughter?
Smile, as tears were coming after?
Flatter your pleasures to your woes,
And think life's green well worth its rose."

Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.

Some public-house patriot was repeating the old national boast that "an Englishman's house is his castle." "I am not so positive about that," said a critic of the *Westminster Review;* "but I am sure that an English woman's dress is her castle; for it is such an enormous size now that it is morally and physically impossible for any one, friend or enemy, to come near her!"

At Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An officer said he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted!

Oh, the wild fever of this mad unrest,
When baffled man, amid his hopes and fears,
Smites in despair his overanxious breast,
Not knowing in the dark which way he steers;
With brokers on his lea, and subtle sands
That late seemed stones but now prove naught but stocks,
He wrings imploringly his trembling hands,
And, just like those in Scripture, prays the rocks
May fall upon him—but prefers the sort
From California; and, howe'er their power,
'Twould be to him, just now, delightful sport
To stand and weather the auriferous shower,
Begging propitious Fortune to let down
Boulders of any size—he'll risk his crown.

At the recent Donegal assizes, the following cross-examination occasioned much merriment: Mr. Doherty—"What business do you follow?" "I am a schoolmaster." "Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?" "I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions." [Laughter.] "Are you a great favorite with your pupils?" "Ay, troth am I, a much greater favorite than you are with the public." "Where were you, Sir, this night?" "This night!" said the witness: "there is a learned man—this night is not yet come; I suppose you mean that night." [Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye as if in triumph.] "I presume the 'schoolmaster was abroad' that night doing nothing." "Define 'nothing,'" said the witness. Mr. Doherty did not comply. "Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it. It is a footless stocking without a leg." [Roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined.] "You may go down, Sir." "Faith, I believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask I will answer them."

At a dinner lately, this question was put to the guests—"Which is the stronger, *lie* or truth?" After a moment's consideration, Mr. Joseph Proctor answered—"Truth, for you may *re-ly* on it."

An old maid speaking of marriage, says it's like any other disease, while there is life there is hope.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January* 18, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been very quiet for Breadstuffs. Flour has been in limited request chiefly for home use, and prices closed in favor of buyers. Wheat was less freely offered, and purchased, at, however, full rates. Corn was scarce and much needed in the early part of the week. Toward the close the receipts increased, and there was less inquiry for the various kinds. Rye, Barley, and Oats were lightly dealt in at about former quotations....Cotton was more sought after at an improvement of about 1 c. per pound since the date of our last review....Provisions have been moderately inquired for, but at irregular figures....Groceries have been more freely offered, especially Sugars, Molasses, and Rice, which have tended downward. The demand for all kinds has been restricted. The total receipts of Coffee in the United States (exclusive of California and Oregon) for the year ending December 31, 1857, were 1,505,038 packages, weighing 217,871,839 pounds, against receipts in 1856 of 1,678,903 packages, or 230,943,150 pounds, while the consumption in 1857 172,565,934 pounds; against a consumption in 1856 of 218,228,450 pounds, being a decrease of nearly 21 per cent.....The Dry Goods trade is reviving very tardily in private channels; but greatly increased activity is discernible in the auction rooms. Four large public sales of Foreign and Domestic Goods have occurred this week. The competition at each was vigorous, yet prices ruled in favor of purchasers, especially for other than choice standard fabrics. These sales were very numerously attended, and by many of the most respectable local dealers, as well as by several of the leading country buyers, who are thus enabled to secure supplies of seasonable fabrics at very low prices. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,073,969 against $2,872,727 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since January 1 have been $1,575,408 against $5,063,736 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 65
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 50
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 50	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 35	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 25	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 25	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel...............	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel...........	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 02	@	1 17
New Crop Corn, per bushel	71	@	73
Rye, per bushel	72	@	73
Barley, per bushel..................	70	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel..............	42	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel...........	29	@	37
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	10¼	@	10½
Mess Pork, per barrel...............	14 75	@	14 90
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	11 50	@	12 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	17 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	14 50	@	16 50
Cut Meats, per pound...............	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound....................	8½	@	9¼
State Butter, per pound..............	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	15
Cheese, per pound..................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds................	2 25	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound...............	8½	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4½	@	6½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon...........	16	@	24
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	28	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound..............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	21
North River Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound.........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton.......	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	28
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds...........	5 25	@	—
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds	5 50	@	5 62½

Freights were inactive, though shippers had any existing advantages. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 659 of all classes.

The Live Stock Market was even more heavily supplied last week with Beeves, which opened pretty uniformly, but closed ¼ c. per pound cheaper. The demand was restricted, owing, in part, to the poor quality of the stock offered....Milch Cows were plentier and less inquired for, prices favoring buyers....Veal Calves, especially good, were also more abundant and in fair request, at firmer rates....Sheep and Lambs arrived in larger numbers and better condition, but the demand was less vigorous, and prices tended downward....Swine were in fair supply and request at, however, a shade lower quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Jan. 6.	Week ending Jan. 13.
Beeves..........................	3,796	3,774
Milch Cows	193	217
Veal Calves.....................	310	338
Sheep and Lambs	6,625	8,055
Swine..........................	3,165	2,598

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........1233		Kentucky............	74
Ohio...............1009		Illinois..............	72
Indiana............ 98			

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$0 6	@	$0 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 50	@	14 00
" " per pound.........	6	@	9
Live Swine, per pound...............	4½	@	5
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets are quite well stocked with the leading kinds of produce, which are obtainable at comparatively low prices; the demand, however, is not very brisk, as the fine weather favors the policy of consumers, who are purchasing only as they really need supplies.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	5	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	15	@	18
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 87	@	2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	3 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel..............	6 50	@	10 00
Potatoes, per barrel.................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel...................	50	@	95
" sweet, per barrel.............	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel	2 50	@	2 75
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	1 12½	@	1 25
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
" Red, per dozen	75	@	1 12
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel..................	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100......................	2 50	@	3 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	75
Garlic, per 100	5 50	@	6 00
Eggs, Limed, per dozen.............	16	@	17
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	18	@	20
Chickens, per pound................	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound...................	7	@	10
Guinea Fowl, per pair..............	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	10	@	13
" per pair	62½	@	2 50
Turkeys, per pound.................	8	@	13
Turkeys, Wild, each	1 25	@	4 00
Geese, per pound...................	8	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@	2 50
Prairie Hens, per pair..............	75	@	1 00
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs.......................	1 00	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	—
Hares, per pair	31	@	38
Squirrels, each	2	@	4
Venison, per pound	6	@	12
Bear Meat, per pound	12	@	16

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan.* 18, 1858.

THERE are more slight signs of an attempt at revival in the foreign trade of the port. A comparison between the last week and the corresponding week of 1857 shows, however, the following figures:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 16, 1858	$3,195,403....	$649,559
Corresponding week, 1857	4,098,552....	1,680,294
Decrease	$1,903,149....	$1,031,735

It must be remembered that the increase in the foreign trade of the port which contributed so largely to smooth the path for the revulsion, began to develop itself just one year ago.

The specie movement was somewhat over a million, to Europe; but against this there was over a million and a half from California; so that, allowing very little for the domestic exchanges, the specie in bank at present can not fall far short of thirty millions.

Money continues to be abundant on first-class securities at 5 @ 7, and on the best paper at 7 @ 10. Exchange rules somewhat lower, the latest quotations being 109 @ 110. Stocks closed somewhat lower on Saturday than they had ruled during the week. The demand for State stocks and bonds, however, continues large; while the Wall Street operators monopolize the railroad share market.

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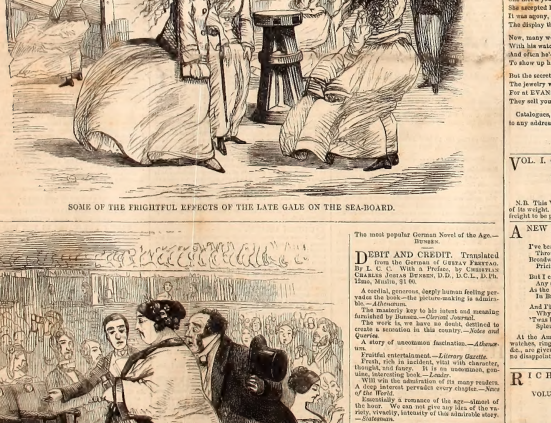
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—NO. 57.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

☞ AND CONTINUED ☜

TO COPY THIS STORY FROM OUR MAGAZINE into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens' "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the law.

STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

DR. TYNG was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 1, 1800, and, consequently, at the present time is fifty-eight years of age. But although verging to threescore years, he manifests all the vigorous activity of early manhood. Notwithstanding his long and arduous labors for more than thirty-five years—he labors paralleled by the records of few other ministries—his age seems to sit lightly upon him.

His father was the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, who attained distinction in the legal profession. His mother was a daughter of the Hon. Stephen Higginson, whose name he bears.

His college course was pursued at Harvard, where he graduated in 1817. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1819, when he commenced the study of theology. We believe that a part of his theological studies was pursued at Andover, but he subsequently studied with Bishop Griswold, at Bristol, Rhode Island.

Commencing his ministry under such auspices, Dr. Tyng has manifested through the period of his public career his fidelity to the impulses and convictions of those early years. He was ordained a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the 4th of March, 1821. He was first settled as a pastor at Georgetown, District of Columbia, in 1823. After remaining there two years, he accepted an invitation to a wider field which was opened to him in Queen Anne Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland.

In the year 1829 he was invited to become the rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. Here he soon became highly popular as a preacher, while his success as a pastor was very marked. No church in the city had ever before exhibited such thronged audiences as pressed to listen to the words of the eloquent and still youthful pastor. In 1832 he had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him by Jefferson College, and in 1833 he became rector of the Church of Epiphany in Philadelphia. Up to the spring of 1845 Philadelphia continued to be the home of his labors. In that year he removed to New York, to occupy the pulpit of the lamented Milnor, as rector of the Church of St. George. The location of the church in the lower part of the city was unfavorable to its extended growth or usefulness, and, mainly through the influence of Dr. Tyng, measures were taken for the erection of the present large and elegant edifice occupied by the congregation on Stuyvesant Square. This enterprise has been crowned by the most complete success. An edifice has been erected whose entire cost is not far from $225,000, the most, if not the whole, of which has been paid, leaving still a fund, derived from property originally given to the Parish of Trinity, amounting to $100,000. The income from the pew rents is nearly $11,000, and from the endowment nearly $6000, thus making the yearly proceeds available for the use of the church over $16,000.

Dr. Tyng's congregation is large, intelligent, and respectable. Drawn together as it has been by his individual attraction, its members are strongly attached to their pastor. Not a few are warmly enthusiastic in his favor, and a large number, from other denominations, might be called Tyngites rather than Episcopalians. Dr. Tyng is avowedly "Low Church," proclaiming at times, in an almost vaunting style, his independence of the rituals of his Church as a necessity in preaching the Gospel with power and effect to the salvation of souls, while expressing also his admiration and love for its excellent Liturgy. The *Bible*, and not the *Prayer-book*, is his guide and his rule of faith and doctrine. He cheerfully cooperates with other Christian denominations in supporting the great catholic and Christian institutions of the Church. It is rarely that any Anniversary season passes which does not witness his public advocacy of some one of them. Indeed, as regularly as their return we look for his appearance on the platform, not merely as a patron, but an advocate. In the latter character few men show themselves more capable, or are more sure of a welcome greeting. Possessed of a voice whose clear and ringing tones may be distinctly heard to the remotest corner of the largest building, he utters his words with a clearness and precision truly characteristic. If his thought is not profound it is sensible, and always vivid or striking. As you hear him, the last suggestion in regard to his connection or antecedents that would meet your sanction would be that of the man of gown and bands. One would imagine that he was almost converted to Methodism; that his spirit, overflowing with a genial appreciation of all Christian excellence, might readily be won over by the arguments of some opportune Wesley. And yet nothing could be farther from the truth. The rector of St. George leaning over—till it seems next to impossible for him to stand at all—to catch the hand of some good Congregationalist or Dutch Reformed brother, is the rector of St. George's still, and, like the leaning tower of Pisa, with all his inclination, is not in the remotest danger of losing his poise.



REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

It has been our good fortune to hear him on a variety of occasions—in his pulpit, on the platform, and as a participant in discussions of public interest. But every where he retained his perfect individuality without the chance of a mistake. We have heard him eulogize Whitfield, and Wesley, and Jesse Lee Gurney; in his own pulpit; repudiate all sympathy with Papacy on the platform; and discuss matters of religious policy with leaders proud of the title of Independents. But throughout the whole, we could not escape the conviction that Dr. Tyng was the speaker; and when we considered his arguments as distinctly impressed upon the memory, we saw them stamped with the individuality of their source. "*If*," said he, on one occasion, "if I am to acknowledge any authority in Christianity, it shall be the man that dwells in here"—pointing with emphatic gesture to his own heart. We felt quite confident that if called upon to cast his vote for a Pontiff, it would be for Stephen I. rather than Stephen X.

Dr. Tyng is possessed of a wonderful command of language. We have heard him on occasions where his words were evidently unpremeditated, and yet each of them took its fitting place, and as paragraph after paragraph rolled on, its movements were as precise, if not as ponderous, as the measured, stately tread of marshaled ranks. There was no faltering, no sign of hesitation, no doubtful utterance. You might perhaps question whether, in a perfectly cool moment, he would make affidavit to all the positions taken on the spur of the occasion, but as to the positions themselves there could be no mistake. They were not wrapped up in fogs and vapors. They were not evolved from implications and allusions. They stood forth in the clear outline of distinct and emphatic utterance.

Dr. Tyng is devoted to his flock as a faithful pastor. The only luxury that he seems fond of indulging in, outside of parochial duty, is the platform luxury, and that is perfectly excusable as a somewhat professional one. The impulse of his energy is felt through every department of the interests of his congregation. His Sabbath School numbers over 1400 pupils, and such mission labor is performed in connection with the church. Few clergymen in this metropolis perform so much laborious service, and few exert themselves to so much effect as Dr. Tyng. His published writings, we believe, have been mostly the fruits of preparation for the pulpit. Among them are the following: "The Israel of God," "Lectures on the Law and Gospel," "Christ is All," "The Rich Kinsman"—a work republished in England—"Life of Dr. Bedell," and "Recollections of England." He is, moreover, a somewhat liberal contributor to the pages of the *Protestant Churchman*, while many occasional pamphlets have proceeded from his pen. The cause of moral reform generally possesses few more earnest advocates, and no man is more ready to give utterance to his convictions in its favor.

In every sphere which he is called to occupy Dr. Tyng is a man of energetic purpose. He knows precisely the point to be gained, and the means necessary to attain it. The moment of action follows that of conviction without an appreciable interval—Nothing in his case is ever lost by indecision. He may be, indeed, sometimes too impulsive. He may say things that sound rash and altogether too severe. But he means

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

OUR ARMY IN UTAH.

SENATOR DAVIS, of Mississippi, has reported a bill to the Senate, in accordance with the suggestion of the Secretary of War, for the increase of the army. However plausible the grounds are on which this addition to the military force of the country is proposed, it is not likely that it can be carried into effect without a severe struggle.

The sense of the people of the United States is decidedly adverse to any measure which tends toward or looks like the establishment of a standing army. People regard the idea of a force of a thousand men now enrolled—the available force is considerably less than this—as a sort of civil police to be employed in the south or on the Texan frontier; and therefore no one takes umbrage at them. But many persons in and out of Congress are likely to consider this force large enough for their specific purpose, and to oppose any increase to the army as a mischievous precedent.

Army proper, in the sense the word is used in Europe, we evidently have none; and it has always been the policy of our Government that we have none. What wars this country may have the misfortune to engage in are not to be waged by our regular army. Our twelve or fourteen thousand men are barely sufficient to garrison a single important point. If we go to war hereafter with foreign nations, the fighting must be done—as it was in our former wars—by volunteers, levened with a due admixture of regulars.

There is a strong feeling, both in and out of Washington, in favor of placing the Utah affair—so far as the military question is concerned—as precisely the same footing as a foreign war, and conducting the contest by the aid of volunteers. It is estimated that, with the reinforcements now under orders for Utah, the force under Colonel Johnston at the present summer will not be much over 3200 effective men. This force is considerably less than that which the Mormons can muster, even though there is no reason to suppose that the rabble under the orders of Brigham Young could contend successfully for any length of time against three thousand United States troops, properly disciplined and judiciously commanded; all will be well be a grievous error on the part of the War Department to tempt the Mormons to resist by sending to them a force sufficient to control them at once. Now there is no doubt that three or four thousand effective volunteers would be raised in a few days on the Missouri and in California. From the latter State alone it is understood that the Department has received offers of five thousand men on the shortest notice. Less than this number—added to the regulars—would amply suffice, provided the volunteers were allowed by now or by and by and say one half of them mounted. Part might be raised on the Mississippi, and proceed with the first of the spring across the plains; the balance setting out, at the same time, from California.

It is likely that some such plan as this will commend itself to the favor of Congress, rather than the proposed addition to the standing strength of the army. Volunteers can be sent home when the fighting is over, and they can resume their occupations as citizens; but wealth but regular soldiers are not easily disbanded, nor the Treasury easily relieved of the cost of maintaining them.

THE NEW INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

SPEAKER ORR has appointed the following gentlemen members of an investigating committee to inquire into the alleged bribery of Congress by MESSRS. LAWRENCE, STONE, & CO., of BOSTON:—MESSRS. STANTON of Ohio, HOUSTON of Alabama, PURVIANCE of Pennsylvania, WRIGHT of Georgia, and RUSSELL of New York. Pretty general satisfaction is felt with the appointment of this committee; all the members are working men, and some of them are known to be able and conscientious.

The fact which they have before them is very simple. The report of the manufacturing company of which LAWRENCE, STONE, & Co. were agents, debits the Company with an item of $87,000 for expenses attending the passage of an act to modify the tariff in the interest of the Company. Is this entry in the Company's books correct? If so, who got the money?

The general impression, based upon the results of the Congressional corruption of last session, and upon general rumor with regard to the character of the rank and file of Congress, is in favor of the accuracy of the entry in the books of the Middlesex Company. It is generally believed that many members of Congress may be swayed by corrupt considerations. It is not believed that the three members who, last session, were convicted of having taken bribes and were most justly punished by expulsion, were the only black sheep in that large and motley flock. On the contrary, an idea is prevalent that they were scape-goats for a multitude of sinners; and that another session among the members may result in a further purification of the House, and more expulsions of knaves. Now these notions are either just or unjust. If they are just, it behooves the Committee to proceed with its work with rigor and dispatch, lest the honest aground should see that the labors of this session; if they are unjust, the duty of vindicating Congress from ungrounded aspersions is equally pressing. Whichever side of the question be the true one, the function of the Committee is equally important, and should be discharged in the same sincerity.

One word in reference to the witnesses of this alleged corruption. We refer not to the late paper-controversy allusions to Lawrence, Stone, & Co., and graceful eulogiums upon the high character of at least one member of the firm. Such strikes unbiased observers as odd, to say the least. According to their own confession—delivered in the Senate—Mr. LAWRENCE the character of Congress, and corrupted the members of the national legislature, in order to advance the pecuniary interests of the corporation with which they were connected. This appears, at first blush, to be no very high but a high-minded or honorable proceeding. The unscrupulous character of the members of the firm may have been any thing their friends please; but if they are the stand well in the Senate-chamber, they must prove that they were not parties to an act as disgraceful to the tempter as to those who succumbed to the temptation.

BURR AND HAMILTON.

THESE heroes of the early days of the Republic have once more loomed into prominence within the past few days. Lives of both have lately been written; and in each case the latest biography has attracted most attention from the critics and the newspapers.

The Life of Hamilton, of which one volume only has appeared, is written by one of his sons, Mr. John C. Hamilton; and the object of the task is simply to show that Alexander Hamilton was an honest, dull, simple-minded man, who, throughout the Revolutionary contest and the Presidential career, was nothing more than a puppet in the hands of Alexander Hamilton; that Hamilton not only wrote his own and speeches, but those of Washington as well; that Washington's only function, in fact, in public affairs, was to sign "G. Washington" to the papers which were given him to sign. Hamilton chose to compose, and to give his assistant and authority to whatever measure he thought best. Hamilton is no longer a measure of universal respect, that the claim which has now been set up for him has not yet been knocked down. Let us see how well understand the feelings which have induced his eldest and best-known son, Mr. James A. Hamilton, to publicly express his disgust, and regret at, the views propounded, and the theory set forth by his brother in this biography.

The biography to which we refer is that of Burr has given rise turns upon a very different matter. Mr. Parton, with a feeling very natural in a biographer, has done his best to vindicate Colonel Burr from the well-known charge of having violated decency and allegiance by stealing and surreptitiously docketing all the letters he had received from the numerous ladies who had loved him, not wisely, but too well. Upon this ground, on this point, diametrically opposite to that occupied by his former biographer, the late Matthew L. Davis, Mr. Parton rests his vindication of his hero has brought several new witnesses upon the stage, and their united testimony goes to overthrow the theory of the late and to confirm that of the first biographer. The confession of the *Evening Journal*, of Albany, is the most important of these witnesses. Another, being intimate with Matthew L. Davis, he obtained a perusal of those letters of Burr's, and from the proof-sheets was allowed to make a transcript of the man who could preserve such memorials of the sin and shame of the poor erring women he had led astray. It seems difficult to conceive what answer Mr. Parton can make to this.

The controversy may possibly damage his hero, or rather neutralize the effect which his biography might otherwise have had in elevating his fame. It has at least given a useful purpose—it may teach some poor, weak woman, trembling on the verge of ruin, that the consequences of a single false step may last for generations—that children yet unborn may live to shudder last, in their day, some one should possess a knowledge of their mother's shame, and the power to blast her memory and their legitimacy.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE TRIBUNE.

WE notice that the *Athenæum*, the London *Publishers' Circular*, and some other English papers are indignant at the liberty which the New York *Tribune* is doing to British authors, by systematically reprinting their works upon the publishers' sheets. These foreign journals naturally inquire whether this can be the same *Tribune* whose articles in favor of British authors have been so carefully forwarded to Great Britain, and whose editors are reported to be so anxious for the acquaintance of foreign literary men? It is surmised in certain quarters that Mr. CHARLEY who was over in England during the Crystal Palace excitement must be dead, and that his inheritance must have fallen among thieves.

The story of the *Tribune*'s late attempt upon the person of Mr. Thackeray, and untoward detection in the act, is quite droll enough to be worth repeating. As soon as the publishers of Harper's Monthly announced that the memoirs of "The Virginians," the *Tribune* announced that it would reprint the work in sheets from *Harper's Magazine*, but from "*an early English copy*." Immense stress was laid upon the fact that the work was to be reprinted from such a copy, and that no use was to be made by our virtuous contemporary of the copy for which the Messrs. Harper had paid several thousand dollars. The first monthly part was no doubt reprinted, not from an English copy, but from *Harper's Magazine*; of course, however, with no direct evidence.

But when the proof-sheets of Part II. arrived, measures were taken to ascertain whence the English copy was obtained. Three verbal alterations were made in Thackeray's first text—as will be likely to escape even the author's notice, yet sufficient for the purpose required.

The *Magazine* was published on 17th December. On 18th December the second part of "The Virginians" appeared in the Semi-Weekly *Tribune*, with the following editorial notice:

"The monthly parts of the 'Virginians,' *carefully reprinted from a London copy*, will be found in the Weekly and Semi-Weekly *Tribune*," etc.

On reference to the Semi-Weekly and Weekly *Tribune*, the passages altered were found printed in those sheets precisely as they appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, with the alterations noted above. But it was thus evident that the monthly part, instead of being "carefully reprinted from a London copy," had been set carefully and correctly from *Harper's Magazine*. It was the old story; the thief in the act with the key that fitted the lock. The key and was detected alike in the theft and in the falsehood.

The following were the passages which served to convict our unhappy contemporary:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

THE LONDON COPY:

No. 1.—"George suddenly took it to the window, and a strange smile passed over his pale face." Chapter V., near the middle.

No. 2.—"He [George] had seen ever pointed out his perfidious heart to her sons," etc. Chapter VII., line 21.

No. 3.—"The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing *perpetually* as they talked." Chapter VIII., line 16.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

No. 1.—"George suddenly took it to the window, and a strange smile passed over his pale face."

No. 2.—"He [George] had seen ever pointed out his perfidious heart to her sons."

No. 3.—"The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing [illegible] continually as they talked."

THE TRIBUNE VERSION, "CAREFULLY REPRINTED FROM A LONDON COPY":

No. 1.—"George suddenly took it to the window, and a strange smile passed over his pale face."

No. 2.—"He [George] had seen ever pointed out his perfidious heart to her sons."

No. 3.—"The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing *continually* as they talked."

Well, shortly after the appearance of the February *Magazine*, containing Part III. of "The Virginians," the *Tribune* of 19th January contained the following notice:

"THE GERMAN'S VIRGINIANS: Part III. of this interesting novel is given complete in the *Semi-Weekly Tribune* of this evening, *reprinted from a London copy which arrived last night by the west of the America*. 'The Virginians' will be found in this day's evening edition of the *Daily Tribune* as well," etc.

On reference to the evening edition of the *Daily Tribune* of January 19, we find that the passage about the liveries is printed as given in the *Magazine*, and not as the London copy has it; and that another passage, altered by the publishers of the *Magazine* to catch the *Tribune*, is given as altered. The following comparison exhibits the unfortunate *Tribune* in a very ridiculous light:

THE LONDON COPY:

No. 1.—"We have we here, with the two negro boys in livery!" Chapter IX., near the beginning.

No. 2.—"And in a mysterious gentleman's house, considering the opportunities he has had," etc. Chapter IX., a few lines further on.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

No. 1.—"Who have we here, with the two negro boys in their livery!"

No. 2.—"And in *an extremely* genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had," etc.

THE TRIBUNE VERSION, "REPRINTED FROM A LONDON COPY RECEIVED BY THE MAIL OF THE 7 ARRIVED."

No. 1.—"Who have we here, with the two negro boys in *livery*?"

No. 2.—"And in a [illegible] genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had," etc.

The Five Points pickpocket, who was caught the other day with a gentleman's watch in his hand, and who insisted, and swore positively, in presence of the owner, that the watch had been given him by a very dear friend, is not to be more hot in a pot without successful imitators. But if the pickpocket, after his detection, had abused the owner of the watch for having his initials engraved on it, and accused him, with volcanic vituperation, of destroying the whole work of art by his clumsy fashion of his case and that of the proprietors of the *Tribune* would be perfect.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NUBILLO.

THE beautiful picture at Williams and Stevens's gallery, in which the Marshal Soult's wife sits for it. An engraving of the *Conception* of the Louvre may be seen at the gallery, and the difference between the fine figures of the Aujawall pictures, and the spasmodic lines and pulses which they held. Both are as much in the Louvre as Rembrandt.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that the picture is grossly misrepresented by the engraving, and that the correspondent certainly forgets.

The dogma of the Conception was peculiar to Seville. Ford, in his capital "Hand-Book for Spain," tells us that in 1615 the Dominican monks of Seville asserted that the Virgin was born free from the pains and penalties of original sin. The rivals of the Dominicans, the Franciscans, refused to give a form of salutation peculiar to Seville; and the painters, whose trade it was to carve dry-goods' figure translations and theories, soon began to illustrate it upon canvas. The Inquisition decreed that the sinless Virgin should be represented in a certain manner—that she should stand upon a crescent moon, lean on a cloud, be crowned with twelve stars, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," and that she should be draped in blue and white.

Murillo, who was born in 1616—only three years after the dogma was announced—was the most unusual all artists as the painter of "the Conception", or, more properly speaking, of the *Virgin of Immaculate Conception*, as they are of sinless mothers.

The *Assumption*, of which subject Titian and Correggio have left us the celebrated pictures, is a very different thing. It represents the ascent of the Virgin into heaven, and the air of rapid upward movement is the chief merit of the conception of Titian's great picture. But in the *Conception* the Virgin stands on a rapt Seraphic carpet. It is not an event, but an idea.

It is, therefore, with perfect propriety called the *Conception*, because it is painted in commemoration of that dogma. The conception lies in confounding with it the idea of the ascent of the soul. This picture is in honor of the Madonna, without reference to the Son. It is the form set given to the theory that she was conceived in sin. And this important point, upon which the learned Dominicans and Franciscans differed, was recently finally settled by the Pope.

A REQUISITION UPON GOVERNOR KING.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER.—On behalf of several ladies, I call on you to remonstrate further in favor of the next to make some explanation to the public of the reasons for the appointment to which have pointed to first man convicted of the greatest crime against a woman ever committed. Is there not a fitness in the selection of men for Governor King; but many among them, and I for one, would like to know if it be respect enough for us to explain this action, which, as matters now stand, becomes incredible? Respectfully yours,

MARY JENKINS."

—The Lounger certainly agrees with MRS. MARY JENKINS, that when convicts are pardoned it is desirable to have some statement made to satisfy the natural curiosity of the public. But, meanwhile, Mrs. Jenkins ought to remember that the Governor is an officer who is very closely watched and severely criticised; that he is known to be supposed to have an interest in causing the laws to be obeyed; and, as a man of sense, is not very likely to put forth certain pardon-papers for nothing.

So, even if the reasons are not given, the Lounger

er hopes that Mrs. Jenkins and her friends will not successfully inflict that our chief magistrate commits at crime.

AN ECHO.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—That touching Valediction to the Old Year, in a late number of the *Weekly*, smote a very different chord in my lyre.

"How can those hold it 'good speed' to whom it has borne sorrow and misfortune, rather than 'hailing on its wings?'

"Scarcely hoping that this will prove worthy of insertion, it may, nevertheless, present another view of the same subject, and mirror more hearts than that loving 'Farewell:'

"Ne joyous chimes, from merry bells,
Exultant ring victorious peals,
As veteran Time his car propels
Toward the year's goal, on tingid wheels.

"More *sternly* now he guides the steeds,
Than when the caress was strewn with flowers;
And swifter past each moment speeds
Since noon has searched the fleeting hours.

"His deathless scythe unheeded trails
O'er piles of love and fields of joy;
Time hears no prayers, regards no wails,
Though ancient lads the edge destroy.

"Then why should throbbing hearts or bells
Hail the grim victor with glad peals?
Sons of sweet hopes that fade
Can stay those flying chariot-wheels!"

ELLA.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HER?

Is the little neighboring town of Orange, Mrs. Lucy Sloan, a woman of intelligence, sense, and spirit, declines to pay her taxes.

Why?

Because, she says, there should be no taxes without representation.

That was a good doctrine on Bunker Hill and in Boston Harbor some eighty-four or five years ago. It remains to see how it will work in Orange.

She is entirely correct—woman—and the tax-gatherer can hardly push that argument very far—for she is also a peaceable, useful citizen; and it must be a very stupid tax-gatherer indeed who would persuade sensible people in Orange that so good a citizen ought to be taxed without representation.

It is, in fact, a brave little cosy *d'état* in favor of "Woman's Rights;" and its success would hardly peril the prosperity of any country: for even if the Lords of Creation should graciously allow their female slaves to vote, they are very few of them who would take the trouble to exercise the right.

EARLY SPRING STYLES.

IF the painter of a picture or the singer of a song is properly called a public benefactor, what shall be said of the man who creates a new fashion? The Lounger is sure of his welcome, for this week at least, by reason of the page in Mrs. Sloan's book which is sure to be echoed before many weeks in the most instructive toilets upon Broadway—toilets so capacious that even he who writes may recognize one of the old FASHION RESTORED.

CRINOLINE are but revivals of the past,
Says Solomon, who, experienced flirt,
And all that shall be done while Time shall last
Is but what was done in the great old days
In Tyches and Nineveh, and Babylon.
They lived the lives we live, we smile or groan,
And the old folks at home in Zabulon,
Were, now their children's wages-by, our own.
'Tis very true—nothing at all is new,
And what the Romans did we may do.
We take and steep again, we work and rest,
Marry and bull, eat dinners and digest,
And like the small that crawled five feet by day,
To fall back four by night, are they.
Is what is called the "progress of society"
A treadmill round that people think variety.
And all we name invention and discovery
Is of our issues merely a recovery.

If you will read the Bible you will find
Yourself and friends as Demas, Og, and Pharaoh,
And man, the creature of the mighty mind,
Hope back and forth the same by rank-and-sparrow:
In dress this truth is most of all conspicuous,
Ter dant we see our ancestors *ter uno*
Lete their grandmothers, make themselves ridiculous
Another year their hoops will roll and swell
To make room for some other new-old notion.
Perhaps ere long the mob will wear our sleeves
When Fashion's Emperor, from beyond the ocean,
Into our streets brings deadened leopard-skin.
Our *popeje trousers* are but old *trunk hose*,
Made to disguise our lack of manly grace—
Don't barely words, it is as I suppose—
And female dress is but a mimic war
Of facts! Amie *antique* our locks we perfume o'er,
To please with sweet-pig and Macassar oil,
And now the ago demande but one *thing more*—
The real old luxury of PAPILLATURE!

With what sweet confidence we'd trust a man
Who were around his wife awake a test,
Or who about his shaving store-slips put
The words of *Scripture*, by no common vexed:
Confession-ages, indeed, we all would be
(At least) were we to do as Solomon did!
And on the pave white forehead of a belle,
With Wisdom's kisses we would leave our quarrel,
For when we have perused her features well
The *only thing* left is this rosy record:
And if there's nothing in that pretty head
Nobody, we should have nothing to read.
Perhaps some holy text inscribed on high
Would win the lovely maid to duty;
Upon the borders of your garments wide,
Fair ladies, a whole chapter might be placed!
A Psalm upon the bosom would be nice,
Bordered in gentle, or on white satin traced.
Knowing the Scriptures would suit the fashion
In boudoirs where they lately read Tom Moore,
And new Polytheisms the last new passion—
A good excuse to vote hard times a bore!
What nothing then to theorize for "new styles!"
What tearing woollen and embroidering suits!
What tossing up and down the shops all day!
What working 6am, chenille, and Berlin wools!

On the broad brow of widows' vails we'd see
Some texts from "Lamentations" or "Job" say,
And "brow of handkerchief" and sleeves would be
Instructive to the sweet every day.

A lady's glove or her manchette would teach
A holy lesson to her hand at once,
And her Balmoral petticoat would preach
Whole sermons, on the way that she should go.
To edify her brain there would be room
Upon her bonnet brim, however small,
And gentle promptings to her heart might come
From her mantilla, or her Cashmere shawl.
The High Church bells black letter then would seek,
Lete Proclytenses appear all better for
Cadeur de rose for beauty, youth, and glee.
And green, perhaps, shall for you and me!

The great new phrase will be "Evangelical."
Will soon be far more useful than Phraseology
To teach us how to reach victorious peals,
And how to find out truth and honesty.
For surely no man would deceive his brother,
Or by cozening do his home a fee
Hypocrisy is rarely out of date
In the year one thousand fifty-eight!

Thus have I told you, in these idle rhymes,
Of an old fashion suited to the times:
Which is all one can do in prose or verse
To all our Rabbis, of whatever persuasion,
To all the rich, the learned, and the wise,
To all who feel, or love *self-upgoodwritten*,
And useful matter of all in politicians,
And Pharisees, whatever their conditions,
Who love to scrape acquaintance with the stars.
Greetings in church, in market, or "*the street*,"
And bow to kings of rats at their receipts!
For merits they would speak of with reserve,
Their secret prudence might not be revealed,
But blazoned forth to all, a glorious show,
Would be their modesty, their virtue proved,
And virtue triumph, even in old *ole!*

O. LAW RAY, *Neighboring House.*

NEITHER HANDY NOR MANNERLY.

HOW to advance the name, and raise his name he spelled like ordinary sown or with a more aristocratic go. It seems that a very flourishing branch of the Knickerbocker family, which we have had occasion to follow in a worthy comparison of the communities of Mrs. Mellicent Johnson, has existed for three weeks in a tin sign nailed against one side of the best the architecture of the Sanding proverbial Pine street in Rest? also, over the door leading to the cabin on the left of the Bowery.

"NOT Hoggs's favorite amusement to while away the time, and the Lounger is not sure that what was once a lounge gradually over from the other side, and finally became a favorite resort for the crowd of gentlemen and gentlemen on the side sacred from tobacco fumes. Whether this was the reason that the name appeared in the crowd, but ingeniously pieces himself to windward of it think that is the term—of us, and emphatically pulls his vile cigar-smoke into the face of those who are thought to gain, by standing outside, a taste of fresh and unadulterated air. Shall we allow this thing? Will Hogge gets betwixt us and the free air of heaven?

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I am a New-Yorker, and belong to every body, but Hogge that it is neither manly nor masterly to smoke in the face of a lady, and especially for sport for ladies—and gentlemen? Won't you tell your Brooklyn friends all that, that we are not always smoking on the wrong side of the boat, that's Hogge?

"WHAT will the ferryman to mind his own business? YOURS,

A NEW-YORKER who *sleeps in Brooklyn.*

OUR LETTER-BOX.

Wednesday Morning, January, 1858.

"PERSIANT LOUNGER,—I put my pen to the paper for the first time to wish you a happy New Year. And I wish you may enjoy all blessings happiness.

"I have just finished reading your short greed by your pen, and I am more than ever convinced that *Harper's Weekly* is the best paper in the country for the volume. No. 2.

"I feel by candies that I can not do without it and its mother the Magazine. I have been told I read *nothing else* than Harper's, and I am proud of the compliment.

"Pahlada has two newly-fledged *Musical Doctors*. I don't know whether it will give them their names B.—D.—, H. D., or how they will call them. I don't know?

"I don't know that I have flattered you enough in this to secure admission, but I am determined to do so before you may hear from me again, or this is my

"FIRST ATTEMPT ought to be aware that he has not flattered enough to secure a satisfactory or ample answer. If he had not, he would have been chasted by the grace and illumanated by the art of the incomparable Lounger. We are sorry to perceive by hope that some reply to his foolish questions might be vouchsafed through the columns of the widely-circulated and highly-intelligent journal with which he is, happily for the public, connected,* why, then the Lounger is not sure that he is not under bonds to him to satisfy the inquiring FIRST ATTEMPT. It would extinguish the dignity and independence of the Press (for the Lounger is not sure that the papers) to yield to so slight an importunity. The Lounger has a dignity to keep which is dear to his fellow-editors which he can not forget except upon condition of a more liberal flattery.

* *Tribune*, January, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—I am very glad to hear that for twenty months we are to be sure of the great monthly entertainment of a new novel by Thackeray. I think the new one begins better than any before. It is such a pretty picture of old colonial life in Virginia, and he makes such a hero of Washington. He describes him just as I fancy him to have been, a very young man, grave and serious, but full of sensitive honor and manliness. Then how natural the passage is in which he tells you how you make for I suppose you are named Harper, too; I understand that Thackeray is fond of his nephews and nephews, a great point, to give the original illustrations. I heartily agree with what you say in your number for December 26th about the value of the cuts, and the pretty manner he puts into them. But do you see how tender and sweet he is getting to be? There are a great many people who have never read Thackeray's books before, because they think he is a sort of snarling satirist and skeptic. But I think he is coming out in a new style now. Go on, dear Lounger, prosper and print away. You have thousands of friends and loyal I am one of them.

"YOURS most sincerely, STEPHEN W. B.

—The Lounger entirely agrees with his friend Stephen, that there is an exquisite mellowness of tone in the new novel. Which is happier for it to say previous work of Thackeray's except the *Newcomes*. It is quite the perfection of strong, sweet, ability. The Lounger is fearfully having alliteration the Lounger gives way to another correspondent.

OUR COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETIES.

"MR. LOUNGER,—As one who has not been a member of one of our colleges can have an idea to what extent secret societies exist in them, I will endeavor briefly to lessen over the students. They are conducted somewhat on the plan of the Masonic societies—possessing chapters throughout the country, having their grip, secret passwords, and

"The United States contains about 130 colleges, and there exist in these colleges at least 50 distinct secret societies, spreading chapters for and wide. There is but one entirely honorable secret society in the country, and that is Phi Beta Kappa (Φ B K), which has many chapters, and takes only the best eight or ten men of each graduating class. I once was the Skull & Bones, a Senior society. That of Yale is the only chapter which they have in the Northern States, and they will take no one. Their initiation fee is said to be $100, and they built themselves a very handsome house in New Haven. The hall has no windows in it, but is lighted by a sky-light from above.

"A curious anecdote is related of one of the members of the faculty of Yale College who was a member of this fraternity. Their hall, it seems, took fire some time ago, and, with characteristic secrecy, they endeavored to put it out; but the venerable professor stood at the entrance of the hall, and, with his cane, knocked down all the first man who attempted to enter. The fire was at length quenched by the members of the fraternity.

"Another *true Senior* society is that of Scroll and Key. The oldest of the local societies in the United States is Sigma Phi (Σ Φ), founded in 1817 at Union. Its badges now consider itself foremost that gets a chapter at Harvard. Next in age is Delta Kappa (Δ K), founded at Cornets Psi Upsilon (Ψ Υ), whose parent chapter is at Union, and which numbers about 35 chapters, among which are Yale, Columbia, University of New York, etc. Delta Phi (Δ Φ) is the next oldest, and also exists in Delta Kappa Epsilon, founded at Yale, 1844. This numbers about 30 chapters, among which are Brown University, Free Academy, University of Virginia, etc. Alpha Delta Phi (Α Δ Φ) was founded at Hamilton in 1832, was once a very good society. It numbers 18 chapters, some of which are very good, and others very poor. Among them are the Williams Free Academy, etc. Phi Kappa Sigma, whose chapters are at Jefferson, Penn., and Pennsylvania, numbers some 12 chapters. Delta Phi has some seven chapters, and is a very good society. There are now a few small societies left, such as Delta Psi, Chi Psi, Zeta Psi, Theta Delta Chi.

"I am writing this article I might say a few words about a fine Freshman society founded at Yale in 1849, called the Psi Upsilon, which has 15 chapters. Its badge is a Greek Psi, and its motto, Evangelical Religion. Some of the badges are plain enough to be worn in public, but I will not describe them. Some of Delta Kappa Epsilon, Psi Upsilon, Sigma Phi, and Delta Phi are very fine. The latter has the shape of a diamond, and the latter is square; there are many other very fine societies, but I will not take up time in mentioning them. In summing up the advantages of these societies, I will say that they are a bond of union and friendship which they promote between members. In fact, they become as brothers to each other.

"COLLEGIAN."

—COLLEGIAN is a bold fellow. The Lounger has a dim recollection of personal manner, and some of his comparisons and epithets. Why should a young man, just starting in life, draw the whole Greek alphabet about his ears, like a swarm of bees? Is he aware that Alpha Delta Phi's and Delta Phi's are not always on the most amicable? Does he know that no college grounds are large enough to hold in peace two youths, one of whom has taken the Phi Kappa Sigma, and the other Delta Kappa Epsilon, and both in a virulent form?

And will COLLEGIAN explain how it is that all the Greek characters, when applied to college societies, however they may be arranged, always spell pa-pa-ish?

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

A PUFF FOR THE POLICE.

"THAT BOHEMIAN Dublin Law was not such a bad thing after all," said Asterik across the dinner-table, to me, the other day. "To be sure the Commissioners were better than they deserved. They discover no burglaries; they break up no gambling-houses; they are not to be seen in the street-bullies with the greatest respect; they enforce none of the ordinances against the plundering of the unwilling at oysters and strangers with wine our gates; in fact, they do nothing that they ought to do; but, for all that, pretty uniform is the look No. 3 the other day for Captain Paixhan, 37th Regiment, U.S.A.); see what a lot of fat places they have given to fellows who can't find anything else to do; read the wise resolutions they make, and pass over them in the general orders of the Superintendent. Why, they have printed a book wherein is expressed what the men ought to do and ought to look; but, gracious and talk; how they ought to keep their boots and faces clean; how they ought to look particularly after you and I and every body else, and see that we walk in the straight and narrow path of virtue, temperance, and gallantry. They are to be the keepers of our consciences and our morals, and if they see a thief they are to tell him afraid if he be willing, otherwise they are to let him go in peace and look out for a young man.

Just then Asterik and I were crossing the Park toward Beekman Street, through the alley which is in most thickly-settled parts of the residential circumstances, who, to hide their clumsy many demands upon the passers-by under cover of some industrial services rendered, always have a wretched broom. It is a curious thing, by-the-way, that no one ever saw a crossing-sweeper with a new broom, or an omnibus-driver with a new hat. Asterik scattered a few pennies among the young ladies, when forth from the City Hall came a platoon of police, who changed upon the enemy in good order. Notwithstanding the imminent danger, the force was firm. The orders of the officer in command were delivered in a firm and steady tone of voice, and the men behaved in the best manner. The crossing-sweepers, reinforced by some young gentlemen in the boiled-shirt line, made a skillful retreat toward Centre Street, leaving two brooms and a blacking-box each upon the field of battle. The force then marched back in the same order, were relieved from duty, and allowed to play dominoes for the rest of the day.

I have not as yet seen any special official notice of this gallant achievement; but I am confident that it will be applauded by resolution in the Board, and recommended as a special order. Why not? If there are no policemen when an independent citizen takes a fancy to kill another independent citizen in the public street, or when men are beaten or robbed, let us at least do something, and annihilate the loafing-sweepers and lamb-blacks. It is a safe exercise, and keeps the men from becoming rusty.

EFFLUENDA AT THE OPERA.

"SO," remarks the brightest and best, "the Opera is over? The dear child was taken to the 'intelligent and fashionable' audience that assisted at the last night of Madame Bosio's benefit? Think," she said, "much of Mozart, and as for La Cruvelli, did you ever hear such a shaky voice? why, it 'subsided' about just as much as the Old Year. And I see what poor Don Giovanni wasted with three such Leporellos as Formes, Amodio, and Beneventano. I don't see how the poor fellow ought to have been punished at all. Why can't we have a pretty prima donna?" "Why," I suggested, modestly, "I have yet to hear one who could have excluded that another woman was pretty." "Now, how can you say so?" she cried. "Why, Madame Bosio's voice her beauty was acknowledged, but you finished her by turning up that dear nose—the prettiest in the world—and looking at her sadly." "And Mademoiselle Labocetta was good-looking, and pitied him for being obliged to be dragged about by that great coarse through the whole Opera, and doing nothing at all. With Formes she was much delighted, but thought it strange that he could sing with his mouth full of macaroni. Certainly, as she says, Carl Formes is one of the greatest singers that ever lived, and one of the greatest that has ever visited us. He has the nicest way of making himself on good terms with the audience; and he has a voice which has no audible familiarity. He is a perfectly satisfactory artists in every regard of view. Ellsworth's success is also rapidly increasing democratic tendencies of the Opera audiences. "The ladies," she says, "go in their best dresses, and bonnets, which they have to take off, while the men appear in business coats, and common gloves. Now, I think, the gentlemen might be done about this matter, and suggest an indignation meeting of well-dressed people to take the matter into serious consideration."

Meantime the Opera is gone, and the Bohemian has lost their favorite lounge. But there is a ray of light in the distance. Maretzek has succeeded in getting nearly all the doubloons that Max Maretzek can spare, and the Academy should here early next month, when we may hope to hear Rosina Vestri. As a matter of course, the Italian musically-inclined and tenor-admiring young ladies I may say that their favorite, Brignoli, is somewhat fatter, and somewhat shorter than formerly. And I am utterly disgusted with the Havanese journals, which have applied the actual accusation to him.

A PUNDIT! A MOONSHEE!

MR. ASPINWALL is exhibiting his Murillo in the print shop of Williams & Stevens, for the benefit of the public, for a short time only, before he sets it. It is called "The Immaculate Conception," by which of the original. There is no doubt as to its genuineness, and if any one desires to read a criticism upon it, he may find about five hundred in different papers in the shape of reviews. The pundit, however, has been writing to one of the daily papers such comments as these:

"With all due deference to Messrs. Williams & Stevens, permit me to inquire in what Gallery in Europe can be found a picture of Murillo entitled 'The Immaculate Conception?'

"The Conception of note may be found one or more paintings representing the Virgin Mother ascending to heaven, with the cherubs and seraphs in attendance accompanying her there. In some of these pictures the Virgin is represented as gazing up to the sky in ecstasy, or looking from her lofty throne upon the earth, but I have never seen one in which she was the subject of the Virgin.'

—The picture is in Seville in 1635. The present Pope, during the last three years, promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and Murillo's picture is the work—his master-piece—in his 'Assumption of the Virgin'—doubtless this very picture now on exhibition in this city. Mr. Aspinwall has made a very fortunate purchase, at the enormous price he paid for the gem, and we hope he will exhibit it. Yet another and exact copy of this work now exists in the Louvre. The real picture was painted by Murillo for the Church of Capuchins by the King of Holland? and in it now owned by Mr. Aspinwall.

The number of blunders that a man can make in a few lines is remarkably well developed in the pundit's criticism. The picture is entitled "The Immaculate Conception." The dogma was held by many of the Popes—the Immaculate Conception being before Murillo's time. The first picture by this artist upon the same subject is in the Murillo Gallery at Seville, and is called as above in the Official Catalogue. The picture in the Louvre (see Catalogue), "The Immaculate Conception," was purchased by the nation, in 1852, for six hundred thousand francs. It was the queen picture of every one of the Murillo keepsakes published by Marshall Soult. I believe this to have been the picture which Murillo painted for the church of the Capuchins at Seville where he was baptized, as Rubens painted his finest work, "The Crucifixion of Saint Peter,"

for St. Peter's Church at Cologne. And let me tell you not to miss seeing it if you ever happen to be in the nasty place. Mr. Aspinwall's picture is a copy by the master's own hand; and there are four or five more, for the subject was a favorite one with Murillo. Mr. Aspinwall's picture is not so fine, in some important respects, as that in the Louvre, and its best points are spoiled by being exhibited by gaslight. As for the question of originality, it would be difficult to say which of the Conceptions was first painted, but the burden of proof is in favor of the small picture in the Gallery at Seville.

LIFE IN HONG KONG.

NEWSPAPER correspondents in Hong Kong are sketching for you pen some of the salient manifestations of Celestial character. First come

THE COOLIES,

a numerous class, half horse half stevedore, who load and unload ships, man the sedan-chairs wherein prudent men perambulate the streets, transport packages, and have the carrying trade generally in their hands—or on their shoulders. They form the largest half of the population of Hong Kong, and are a miserable, brutish, knavish set as can well be imagined. Many of them are athletic and well-made, a few are slightly good-looking, but the majority are half-starved, cadaverous customers, clothed in rags and half-putrid sores, and giving one the idea that a close examination would discover them to be fly-blown. They are found in crowds, sitting under trees or beneath verandas, by the road-side, cracking obscene jokes and waiting for a job. (N.B. A Chinese joke or vulgarity is something so indecent that the veriest ragamuffin of the Five Points would hide his face in shame at its recital.) Their only clothing is a pair of short, baggy drawers, loosely covering the loins, and a bamboo hat, which latter serves not only for head-gear, umbrella, and parasol, but also as a place of deposit for a long-stemmed opium-pipe, or a stack whereon to suspend fish, which swing from the edge of the broad brim and dry in the sun to their Coolie owner and wearer ambles along. They are mostly addicted to opium, and worse the chief part of their subsistence—that is to say, their earnings and pilferings—upon the drug. Their average earnings are about 100 cash (or 20 cents) per day, 80 of which, or 16 cents, many of them devote to their opium-pipes. They have a very poor reputation for honesty—in fact, have no character to speak of—and are not nearly so highly valued as the boats whose labor they in part perform. They die generally of starvation, if they are not carried off by some loathsome disease, the consequence of opium-smoking and other evil habits.

A CHINESE VIRGIN.

It is strange that in most semi-civilized and barbarous countries there should be prescribed by custom a difference in dress between the girl and the married woman. In Queen Elizabeth's time, it was the custom in England for young women to proclaim their maidenhood by wearing the bosom bare—a species of allurement toward matrimony of which some fashionable New York dowagers might take advantage with profit to their fair charges. On the Gold Coast of Africa you may know a maiden by the peculiar shape of her upper garment. In parts of Australasia the unmarried female is distinguished by a face and neck unmasked by the fashion of the tattooer, the woman, on marriage, having her husband's peculiar mark immediately tattooed upon her—a sort of "John + Kanaka, his mark," I suppose. In Japan girls are, on marriage, obliged to blacken their teeth; and a white-toothed fair one is sure to be "disengaged." Well, in China the single female is known by the manner in which she wears her hair. Before marriage she plaits it in a long tail, just as the men do. When she gets married it is turned up behind in a vast, sharp, rudder-like knot, ingeniously fastened up by pins, and decorated with flowers, and looking as though it would violently jerk back the head of the wearer and dislocate her neck. A head dressed in this way would make an excellent vane; but I am sure one of these ladies would find it difficult to make headway in the street with the wind abeam. In addition to this decoration the Celestial married female indulges freely in paint. The lower lip, in particular, is dyed the brightest of scarlet.

Your small-footed woman is generally a wife, and has several splay-footed concubines to do her house-work for her. The children of these concubines (by her lord and master) are her slaves, to do with as she pleases. This is a necessary regulation for the protection of the small-footed one, who are mostly cripples, and unable to walk without support. The six or seven stages of lunging and doubling-up which their feet undergo, cause the sinews of the calf to waste entirely away, leaving the leg no larger than a common walking-stick, shriveling what should have been the feet, and forcing the sufferer to walk upon the point of the great toe and the remnant of the heel-ball—two extremities which are joined solidly in one.

"THE ONE PIECIE BARBER-MAN."

Virgins, although they wear tails like their fathers and brothers, do not shave the front part of the head, as these do. Part of the hair is cut tolerably short, and combed down over the forehead, giving the wearer a most ill-favored countenance. The moslish young ladies have pig-tails frequently extending to within a few inches of the ground; and a stranger can scarcely help admiring the long black hair of a young Celestial. Unfortunately for myself, a rather close inspection of the tail of one of these Celestial beauties revealed to me, some years ago, the fact that the greater part of it was ingeniously formed of silk, colored to resemble her own raven tresses, and twisted in in such manner that only a very close inspection would reveal the cheat. The men, in like manner, extend their tail —or, rather, have it done for them; and the individual who performs this and other tonsorial operations on the usale Celestial is the street barber, known, in the barbarous *lingua franca* prevailing on Canton River, as the "One piecie barber-man." Him you may see plying his razor, scissors, etc., from early morning till dusk, generally under some convenient tree by the road-side. The Celestial head-piece is first carefully shaven, after which the Celestial pig-tail is carefully unplaited, cleansed of the accumulated dust of several weeks, and then replaited, with, if necessary, additional silk, to give it that great length which is considered the correct thing in the Celestial fashion of pig-tails.

CONTEMPLATING SMALL FEET.

The mass of Chinese in Hong Kong are working people, and among these, necessarily, the luxury of small feet is comparatively unknown. Nevertheless small feet are to be seen, and proud enough of them are their bobbledehoys of owners, limping along in the most ridiculously superfluous way. There are, however, those who have risen from the ranks, and whose fast, full-grown ere their owners attained the requisite wealth and position, refuse now to be cramped. Such resort to artificial means to produce the desired effect upon beholders. There is my tailor's wife, for instance, who wore shoes, the thick soles of which are sharpened off before and behind, so that she actually hobbles along upon two stumps not more than an inch and a half in diameter. The trick is very ingeniously done, and I should have not seen through it but for the treachery of an envious neighbor of hers, who exposed to me this mystery also of the Celestial toilet.

DRESS OF A CHINESE LADY.

And now for some idea of the dress of a Chinese lady of the better class. She wears mostly a sort of jacket of blue silk and very loose petticoat trowsers—also of blue or black silk. In place of a hat, she wears a three-cornered handkerchief tied under the chin; a delicate French umbrella protects her from the sun when she walks out; and a wrinkled duenna in like manner protects her (or tries to) from the too ardent glances of any stray Jack Tar. However, from these there is but little danger. I defy any but the most exhaltic of women-worshipers to admire the women of Southern China. The only genuinely beautiful Celestial I ever saw was at the Mauritius, and she had been imported by her old Turk of a husband from one of the northern provinces, where, I understand, beauty is plentiest. The taste for the bahoom-like faces of Hong Kong women is, I fancy, like that for mangoes, an acquired one. I have learned to like mangoes; but my tailor's wife still excites in me only unmitigated disgust.



CELESTIAL LADIES.



A ONE PIECIE BARBER-MAN.



CHINESE COOLIES.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXVI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Antioch.—The old Cemetery.—History of the City and Historical Associations.—Barnabas and Paul.—Commencement of Paul's Ministry.—Roman Empire.—The Crusades and the great Battle of Antioch.—Mohammed Dey again.—A Present to Miss Grandison.—Last days in the East.—An American Clergyman.

WERE I to write you half that in any one hour I think, here in the old Christian city, you would not find space in volumes to print it. For thought has infinite speed here, and moments are ages. One glance of the eye sweeps down the hill-side and down eighteen centuries at the same instant.

In the old cemetery on the bank of the Orontes I gather up a handful of dust, and in it I believe there are particles that have done duty for Christian martyrs, Roman soldiers, Persian invaders, pilgrims, monks, Moslem, and Pagan, of every age since the days of the Apostles.

If you will reflect one moment, you will understand the emotions one must necessarily feel in Antioch. First and foremost are the associations connected with the early history of the Church. Here the wanderers of Cyprus and Cyrene, who had heard the story of Christ in Jerusalem, preached it with such wonderful effect that Barnabas came from the Holy City to see the great work. And he, beholding the advances made by the new creed, went over to Tarsus and brought Paul, and the two preached here for a year.

This was the commencement of the ministry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and here his ministry was honored by the disciples being called first by the name of their Master—a name then indeed of reproach, but in a few years to be of honor and power, which Roman Emperors would delight to bear.

I need not call your attention to the prominent position Antioch occupies in the history of the Apostles. I have studied it over here with intense interest. I think there is little doubt that Luke was a physician here. It seems to me the narrative shows it clearly, and that Paul found him here when they commenced their journeys in company.

After these early years of the Christian Church Antioch began to take its place in the Eastern world as the chief city of Asia. This position it continued to hold until the twelfth century. All readers know of the splendor which rivaled that of Rome and Byzantium, in fact surpassed them both. Then came the Crusades, with their stories of romance. I know not in all battle-histories one which is more thrilling than that of the insane joy of the Crusaders shut up in Antioch over the supposed finding of the spear that had pierced the side of Christ, and the splendor of their sally, the rout of the enemy, and the grand victory of Godfrey and his noble friends.

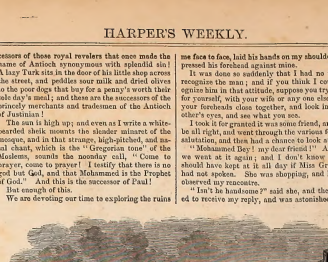
Sad old city now. The sunshine mocks the decaying ruins of the once magnificent Antioch. The wind laughs at my story! Was this Antioch?

An old woman—the veritable successor of those old women you read of in the "Arabian Nights"—has been beckoning to me from a neighboring house-top the last hour, and inclining that there are dancing-girls there, who will be glad to show themselves in their vile postures for a consideration; and these miserable wretches are the successors of those royal revelers that once made the name of Antioch synonymous with splendid sin! A lazy Turk sits in the door of his little shop across the street, and peddles sour milk and dried olives to the poor dogs that buy for a penny's worth their sole day's meal; and these are the successors of the princely merchants and tradesmen of the Antioch of Justinian!

The sun is high up; and even as I write a white-bearded sheik mounts the slender minaret of the mosque, and in that strange, high-pitched, and nasal chant, which is the "Gregorian tone" of the Moslems, sounds the noonday call, "Come to prayer; come to prayer! I testify that there is no god but God, and that Mohammed is the Prophet of God." And this is the successor of Paul!

But enough of this.

We are devoting our time to exploring the ruins



ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

which abound. They are chiefly of the time of the Crusades. Few are older. The walls, which are the chief subjects of interest, are magnificent relics. It would be worth your while to stand for half an hour in one of these old towers and hear the ring of the old steel on armor. Mayhap your ears would not be as sharp as mine to hear it, after the lapse of eight hundred years, but you might imagine it. Stout blows have been struck all along this line of wall, and yonder, where the castle once towered in the pride of its strength, men have done deeds for the cross of Christ that will live in song and story so long as they shall be said or sung.

Do you remember my friend Mohammed Bey, whom I met in Jerusalem, and about whom I told you a Fourth of July story?

Yesterday I was walking quietly along the principal street of Antioch, with Miss Kate Grandison on my left, and John Stenebarger and the old gentleman a little way in the rear, when some one met me face to face, laid his hands on my shoulders, and kissed his forehead against mine.

It was done so suddenly that I had no time to recognize the man; and if you think I could recognize him in that attitude, suppose you try it once for yourself, with your wife or any one else. Put your foreheads close together, and look into each other's eyes, and see what you see.

I took it for granted it was some friend, and must be all right, and went through the various forms of salutation, and then had a chance to look at him.

"Mohammed Dey! my dear friend!" And then we went at it again; and I don't know but we should have kept at it all day if Miss Grandison had not spoken. She was shopping, and had not observed my rencontre.

"Isn't he handsome?" said she, and then turned to receive my reply, and was astonished to see me face to face, laid his hands on my shoulders, and kissed his forehead against mine.

"Ishallah! where it pleases Him. But are you well, and are these your friends?"

I presented him. Miss Kate was admiring a little negro boy, who was part of his suite. He was a very handsome little Nubian, and his dress was exquisite. That evening he presented himself to Miss Kate as her property. Mohammed saw her admiration, and sent him as a token of his own regard for my friends. If I was puzzled about my smiles and text, you may imagine the bother of my English friends about the slave. But we shall devise a way to take care of him, and he has already become a general favorite.

We lodge in or on a house of modern Antioch, and pass most of our evenings and nights on the house-top. This is, in point of fact, an upper terrace, from which rooms open in various directions. It is the roof of the rooms on the ground floor. It looks down into the court, which is partly roofed over with reeds and mats. Was it not such a roof that was broken up to let the sick man down into the presence of the Healer?

I could write on for hours, and tell you of the daily memorials we have of old Antioch. But it is not enough to say just this: that we are in what was once the grandest of Eastern capitals, and what is now but a common Oriental city—the fac-simile of Aleppo that I have seen and described to you? Here, as elsewhere, old glories have faded, and the traveler, while he is overwhelmed with the contrast, yet finds nothing to write of or to describe. If you can imagine yourself in the midst of a desolate plain, where nothing—but, or house, or ruin—breaks the view in any direction, and some one telling you that you stand where once was the heart of a great city, the very forum of a rival of Rome, you may perhaps be able to understand what I am attempting to describe. Your feelings would be unutterable, and there would be nothing around you to describe. Silence is the perfection of eloquence then.

Antioch is indeed a desolate plain, but it is a modern Eastern town, and its inhabitants are as uninteresting as usual in such towns. It is, therefore, better that I lay down my pen than attempt to bring you here into my present position, or make you sharer of my reflections and emotions.

I met a man yesterday who came up from Iskanderoon the day previous. He had arrived there from Beyrout by steamer. He tells me of an American clergyman who was on the steamer, but of course he does not understand the differences among the Protestant denominations, and I can not guess who it is. I heard, after I left Jerusalem, that Rev. Dr. TYNG, of New York, had arrived there; and this may possibly have been that distinguished gentleman. If so, I can not too much regret that I missed seeing him. It is a source of pleasure you little know of to meet persons from America, especially those who know one's own friends.

REASONS FOR WEARING CRINOLINE.

(Extracted from a Lady in the Course of a Quadrille.)

"WELL, I'm sure! What next, I wonder! But it's like you sex. Inquisitive creatures! Talk of *woman's* curiosity! What is it to *you*, Sir, why I wear my crinoline? Getting up statistics, are you? Well—if you're *really* serious—now *promise* you won't laugh—I don't mind telling you my reasons why I wear it. It's by all means, if you like. Take your pencil out, and write down from my lips just as I tell you.

"I wear crinoline, Mr. *Curious*, because MADAME DE FLOUNCEY assures me it's the *Thing*. Who's MADAME DE FLOUNCEY? Oh, she's my French dressmaker, and her establishment's in *Regent* Street; and so, you see, she *must* know. Besides, she assures me it so much improves one's figure—especially when one's slim, as every *genteel* person should be. And then, as MADAME DE FLOUNCEY says, it gives me such an air (so, it's not, you wretch! it's not blown out with the bellows!), and looks so *distinguished*. Though, to be sure, now one's own servants, as you say, have taken to it, there's not so much *distinction* in the

THE GREAT CEMETERY OF ANTIOCH.

wearing, but there *ought* to be. Still, as MADAME DE FLOUNCEY says, it certainly *does* set one off; and as that dear, *dear* EMPRESS EUGÉNIE doesn't mind the maid-servants, I don't see why *we* need.

"Besides, you know, *every body* wears it now, and one *must* do as every body else does; one looks so *horridly* affected else. And I'm sure you *gentlemen* admire it. Oh yes, you may vow you don't, but I'm *positive* you *do*. There now! And then, you know, it's the *Fashion*. Only look at the fashion-books, and see what *lovely* wide dresses are drawn for us to copy in the pictures of *Le Follet*. Folly? No, Mr. Ignoramus, not folly at all. Go and learn your *French*, Sir!

"'Hides clumsy feet?' How *can* you be so rude! *Ladies* do not *always* like to have their ankles stared at. Oh, I dare say you meant nothing *personal*. But I'm sure it's very *disagreeable* of you, asking one such questions; and I've a great good mind to stop my ears, and not speak to you again, you odious wretch you!—taking down one's words, and then taking one up so. Yes, you *do*. And I wish I hadn't said a *word* to you, you horrid man! Now, don't be so *absurd*, Sir—let me take your arm. There's that MISS JIGGLETON, I *know*, is quizzing us *abominably*. * * * Oh, how lovely cool it is! I do so *love* a conservatory; don't you? But I haven't told you my *real* reason yet. You'd like to hear it? Well, then, if you'll *promise* not to tell—I wear my crinoline, Mr. Inquisitive, because I *choose*, Sir! There now!"

LITERARY.

James Russell Lowell's POEMS, in blue and gold, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, form an admirable continuation of the series. The position of Mr. Lowell among American poets is not very exactly defined. His writings are not uniform either in their character or in their success. At times in his satire he is as keen as ever was Horace, at times he descends to as low commonplaces as the same variable old satirist. So in his higher works. Many of his poems are artistic in the highest degree, many possess exceeding beauty of thought and rhythm, while many were perhaps better never published. But this is the poet's license, which all poets have availed themselves of. Enough for the present that these two volumes are most welcome to the drawing-room table, and will make familiar in a great many houses some of those delicate touches of pathos which we have always regarded as the crowning excellence of Mr. Lowell's writings.

The "Biglow Papers," are for the first time acknowledged by Mr. Lowell in these volumes. By the way, could he have had any notion of writing against political clergymen, when he hit off this well-known verse?

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail-coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know every thin' down in Judee."

The whole reading and studying world has long needed such a work as is now supplied by the publication of Arthur Helps's SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, by Harper & Brothers. This work is a clear, well-judged, and philosophical history of the advance of that dominion on this continent, with special reference to the history of slavery and to the government of colonies. Other isolated works have had great and just popularity, but we venture to say that no student of Prescott will regret the publication of Helps. On the contrary, he will find it a marvelous assistant to the right understanding of the eloquent American historian, and he will also find that which Prescott's limited field does not allow him to go into, a thorough history of the relations of each conquest to that which preceded and that which followed, or was contemporary with it.

A peculiarity which adds interest to the work of Mr. Helps as it advances is, that he does not attempt to discuss any questions with other modern writers, but distinctly avows that he has not read them; preferring to issue a work from original sources, and allow his results to be compared with those of other historians, his fellow-laborers. Few stories of veritable history are so thrilling as these. The Crusades and the Battles of the Cross alone rival them in romantic interest. It needs only a careful and polished relater to make the pages which record these stories luminous even to brilliancy. Mr. Helps's style is well suited to his subject. It is brief, terse, forcible, and not without ornament. He feels his work, and at times, when he relates an incident of peculiar interest, he writes with great eloquence and power.

As a book of reference, containing the condensation of history of early Spanish America, there is no substitute for these volumes, which must find their place in all libraries.

The Young Men's Christian Association of London had a series of LECTURES delivered before them in the winter of 1856 and 1857, which Carter & Brothers publish in one volume. The lecturers were learned and distinguished men, and their lectures are worth reading as they were worth hearing. From one, by Rev. Samuel Martin, on Gambling, we learn a few items that may repay a little consideration. The German watering-places, of course, have the most notorious gambling hells in the world. When the National Assembly, in 1849, resolved to close all public gaming banks, the great *bath* cities opposed it vehemently. Wiesbaden demanded compensation for the injury (!) done that city, in 4,272,728 florins, Homburg several millions, Baden Baden upward of 6,000,000. The ten licensed gambling-houses in Paris in 1848 drew in 325,000,000 francs per annum! The Baden Baden bank pays the Government annually 120,000 florins tax! From forty to fifty croupiers stand in the service of this one bank. The shareholders of the Homburg bank divided last year 75 per cent. on their capital! In Prussia the Government receives an annual tax from lotteries of 1,750,000 florins, and 3000 families live by the sale of tickets.

This is a terrible record. There are many more curious and fearful statistics in this volume which will repay perusal.

THE EPICURE'S RECEIPT-BOOK, published by Harper & Brothers, is the prince of cookery-books. Here is a simple, brief, and condensed summary of all the dishes that a plain country man ordinarily wants, or that Apicius ever dreamed of, with notes on the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of each of them, by a physician who loves good eating, but not too well to express his opinion candidly. The book will be found one of the most valuable and available extant; not overloaded with nonsensical mixtures that exist only in theory, and disgust the cook as well as the eater, but containing all that is necessary to a perfect, well-regulated, and elegant kitchen arrangement.

Apropos of health, we have a volume of the contributions to the American Medical Association, containing ESSAYS ON THE SECRETORY AND EXCITO-SECRETORY SYSTEM OF NERVES, by Dr. Henry F. Campbell, of Georgia, published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, in which we doubt not the medical faculty throughout the country will be interested, inasmuch as Dr. Campbell claims, with reason, to be the discoverer of the Excito-Secretory System, in opposition to an eminent English surgeon.

The fine Boston edition of Waverley (Ticknor & Fields), to which we have frequently called the attention of our readers, has reached THE ABBOT. The illustrations are Queen Mary's Escape, and Roland Graeme at St. Cuthbert's cell. No one who does not possess a copy of Scott should omit this excellent opportunity to own a cheap and elegant edition.

ENGLISH HANDS AND ENGLISH HEARTS, by the author of the Memorials of Captain Headley Vicars (published by Carter & Brothers), is a curious book. The author had peculiar opportunities for acquaintance with the laboring classes, three thousand of whom were at work on the Crystal Palace and its grounds near her residence. She subsequently became closely associated with the corps sent out to the Crimea to work in the trenches and on the railway there. The book contains personal incidents in the lives of many of these laborers, showing the heart that is in a stout Englishman, and the good soul he has. Many of the scenes are touching, and not a little beautiful. The memorials of Captain Vicars has become a very popular work, and the author is well known from that book.

PARTHENIA is the title of a novel by Mrs. E. B. Lee, published by Ticknor & Fields, of which the heroine is a Christian lady in the time of Julian the Apostate, who is one of the *dramatis personæ*. There are some rather dubious theological points raised in the course of the book, but it is in the main remarkably faithful to history.

Not long since two ladies died in this city, whose names were well known to our citizens, and whose father was once well known throughout the country. These were the daughters of Mr. Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay. Rev. Dr. M'Vickar has prepared a MEMORIAL of these two most excellent sisters, whose benevolence was world-wide, and Stanford and Delisser of this city publish it in a small volume. The Memorial contains many personal recollections and extracts from the correspondence of the ladies, and forms a remarkable picture of earnest, faithful, woman-work for the good of the world in which they lived.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 18th, in the Senate, Mr. Seward presented a petition for the gradual extinction of slavery; laid on the table. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Chandler, for information respecting the employment of the United States troops in Kansas. A bill was introduced by Senator Harlan, granting land to Iowa for railroad purposes. A bill was passed permitting the Arctic voyagers to accept the British medals. The special order on the affairs of Kansas having been taken up, the rest of the day was occupied by Senator Hale in a speech on the affairs of that Territory.——In the House a number of bills were introduced, namely: By Mr. Taylor, of New York, to promote the useful arts, and to regulate the granting of patents for inventions; by Mr. Kelly, a bill to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain; by Mr. Bennett, of New York, a bill to establish a railroad and telegraph line to the Pacific for postal and military purposes; by Mr. Florence, a bill for the ascertainment and settlement of claims of the French spoliations; by Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, a bill of international copyright; by Mr. Grow, a bill to prevent the future sale of public lands by proclamation of the President, until the same shall have been surveyed at least fifteen years; by Mr. Letcher, a bill establishing a branch mint in the city of New York—referred to the Committee on Ways and Means; by Mr. Dowdell, a bill to repeal the fishing bounties act; by Mr. Cobb, a bill granting to Alabama and other States having unsold lands therein, those which have been in the market thirty years and upward; by Mr. Quitman, a bill to repeal certain sections of the Neutrality law—referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Speaker appointed an Investigating Committee into the $87,000 affair. On motion of Mr. Keitt, the President was requested to communicate all correspondence between the United States and France in reference to privateering. Mr. Campbell offered a resolution requesting the President to negotiate for the annexation of Cuba, Canada, and the British possessions generally; objected to. Mr. Giddings offered a resolution censuring the Dred Scott decision; objected to. Mr. Humphrey Marshall offered a resolution providing that no foreigners should be electors save those admitted under the general naturalization laws; objected to. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Mr Zollicoffer, inquiring into the expediency of checking the import of foreign paupers and criminals. A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the accounts of the late Door-keeper.

On Tuesday, the Senate received the Convention between Denmark and the United States on the Sound Dues. Senator Gwin reported a bill authorizing the President to contract for the transportation of troops and baggage by rail from the Missouri to San Francisco. The Committee of Commerce reported back the bill repealing the fishing bounties. Senator Wilson introduced a bill amending the Half-pay Act. Senator Seward moved, and the Senate adopted, a resolution inquiring into the revival of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa. Senator Houston announced the death of Senator Rusk, and the remainder of the day was devoted to eulogies on his memory, by Senators Houston, Collamer, Gwin, and Seward.——In the House, Mr. Cochrane presented a petition for the appropriation of the public lands to actual settlers. The Speaker appointed a committee to inquire into the late Door-keeper's accounts. A special committee was appointed to report upon a bill for the distribution of clerks and messengers at Washington among the States and Territories. Mr. Greenwood proposed a resolution to inquire into negro stealing in the Indian country; objected to. Eulogies on the late Senator Rusk were then pronounced by Messrs. Reagan, Keitt, Jackson, Quitman, and Clerk.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Senator Iverson introduced a bill to retire disabled officers of the Army and Marine corps, and gave notice of a bill to alter the regulations of the Military Academy. The rest of the day was occupied by Senator Hale's speech on Kansas affairs.——In the House, the following among other bills were introduced: By Mr. Scott, to increase the safety of steam vessels; by Mr. M'Kibben, to grant alternate sections of land to California for railroad purposes; by Mr. Davis, the French spoliation bill. The House then debated that portion of the Message relating to the Pacific Railroad, which, after speeches by Messrs. Maynard, Greenwood, Bennett, Letcher, Harris, Washburn, Florence, Seward, Davis, and Leiter, was referred to a select committee.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Yulee reported, and the Senate adopted, a resolution inquiring what was yet due to Florida volunteers. Senator Jones, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the Homestead bill. Senator Davis, from the Military Committee, reported back the bill to increase the army. Senator Bayard, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a resolution for taking evidence on the Bright and Fitch contested seat case; laid over. The motion to present Commodore Paulding with a medal was then taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Clay, Doolittle, Brown, and Pugh.——In the House, Mr. Kunkel was excused from serving on the Investigating Committee. Bills were reported, making various appropriations, from the Committee on Ways and Means, and from the Committee on Commerce, to refund duties paid on goods burned in New York in 1845, and to provide for a uniform code of marine signals. Various other reports from the Standing Committees were made.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the House refused to adopt a resolution of Mr. Zollicoffer's for information on the Utah question. A bill was introduced by Mr. Winter Davis for the improvement of the Patapsco. Some debate followed on the Pacific railroad: Messrs. Billinghurst and Warren were the speakers. Some appointments were made by the Speaker, and the House adjourned.

THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have agreed upon a report to be presented this week, sustaining generally the President's Central American Message, believing with him that Commodore Paulding went beyond his legitimate limits in arresting the filibusters on Nicaraguan soil, and recommending an amendment of the Neutrality laws, so as to hold as prisoners for trial all offenders captured in the prosecution of their hostile plans against nations with which we are at peace.

APPOINTMENTS AND CONFIRMATIONS.

William G. L. Smith, of Buffalo, has been appointed by the President Consul to Shanghai; Mr. Miller, of Utica, Consul to Rio Janeiro. Mr. Vail, of New Jersey, has received a first-class consulate. Stoke L. Roberts, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Consul to Trinidad de Cuba. Mr. Sacrincote, of Pennsylvania, Consul to Venice. Mr. Wayman, of Kentucky, Consul to Vera Cruz. Mr. Fuller, Consul to Hamburg. John G. Barr, of Alabama, Consul to Melbourne, Australia.

Colonel Williams, of Tennessee, is understood to have accepted the mission to Constantinople. William Ritchie, the husband of Anna Cora Mowatt, is spoken of for the mission to Naples. Brooke D. Williams, of Georgetown, brother of Madame Bodisco, is to be appointed United States Consul at Revel, Russia.

The Senate has confirmed Mr. Lamar as Minister to Nicaragua, and General Denver as Governor of Kansas. The extradition treaty with the Netherlands has also been confirmed.

THE OLD QUARREL WITH NEW GRANADA.

Dispatches received by the last mail from New Granada state that there is no prospect of the ratification of the treaty recently negotiated between the United States and that republic. They seem determined to make no restitution for the losses of our citizens, and are equally opposed to letting the United States have the island in the Bay of Panama. Unless they come to a decision pretty shortly, our Government will send a naval force there which will bring them to terms. The Administration is determined to take prompt action in this matter, and dispatches to that effect will go out in next mail.

THE FEMALE LOBBY AT WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent says:

The female lobby is here in full strength. Many suppose that lobbying is particularly confined to broadcloth and cassimere; but the fact is, silk, crinoline, and other fixings operate largely in the lobby, and exert a more powerful influence upon particular legislation than is generally supposed. There is not a *soirée*, or hop, or social gathering that our fair lobbyists do not improve the opportunity to present some private claim in the most attractive light, and you may believe that a pouting lip and a languishing eye is more potent with members than the most artful scheming of the male bipeds. We have at this time a perfect army of beautiful and intelligent women in the federal capital, including literary celebrities, strong minded and bloomers. From my perch in the gallery I think I can notice a kind of anxiety on the part of sundry members as they look up at the female portion of the gallery. In fact, I believe more speeches are made to that quarter than to the Speaker's chair. The daily attendance of ladies is quite large, and much interest in the proceedings is exhibited by the fair occupants of the east gallery.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The dispatches received at the War Department from Colonel Johnston, dated November 30, confirm the previous reports of excessive suffering and great loss of draught animals by snow storms, cold, and starvation. A sufficient number of oxen, though poor, had been saved to supply part rations in six days of the week, and there was on hand enough bacon for one day of the same period for seven months; also flour and small rations. The storm dealt roughly with Colonel Cook's command. He lost half of his horses, besides a number of mules. Further advance toward Salt Lake City can not be made without a new supply of such animals, to procure which Captain Marcy had been dispatched to New Mexico, for their use early in spring, when the army, with a volunteer force 2000 strong, will assume its march as soon as supplied with horses and mules, and when the grass on the mountains is sufficient to sustain them. Two volunteer companies have been mustered into the service for nine months, and it is expected that in a few days two more will be mustered in. The troops have borne the dangers and privations of the march with patience and cheerfulness. They are in fine health, although some of the regiments are still suffering from frost bites. Another letter from an officer of the army says that "the Mormons are afraid of mounted men. They are a set of cowards, like all assassins and robbers;" and he fears that their leaders, and those who have no claim in the valley, will run away and require their deluded followers to destroy their property, lest it may benefit the army.

WHAT THE UTAH EXPEDITION WILL COST.

The War Department has asked Congress for an appropriation of $1,224,000, to pay for four millions eight hundred and eighty thousand rations, for the subsistence of the Utah expedition for twenty months from the 1st July next—that amount being required for 5306 soldiers, 200 women, 300 servants, and 1894 employés—aggregate, 8000.

THE ELECTIONS IN KANSAS.

On 13th January the returns of the Kansas elections of 21st December and 4th January were opened by General Calhoun, in presence of Governor Denver, the President of the Council, and the Speaker of the House. The results were as follows:

The votes on the 21st December for the Constitution "with Slavery," was 6063, and for the Constitution "without Slavery," 526. Of these votes, 3562 are said to have been polled in precincts containing not over a thousand inhabitants.

At the election on the 4th instant the majority against the Lecompton Constitution was 10,226.

For Governor the vote was: Smith (Free State), 6258; Marshall (Democrat), 6539. For Congress, Parrot (Free State) received 6623, and Carr (Democrat), 6568. To the Senate thirteen Free-State men and six Democrats are elected; and to the House, twenty-nine Free-State men, and fourteen Democrats.

The Territorial Legislature has appointed a committee to inquire into the alleged frauds. General Calhoun is hourly expected at Washington with the Lecompton Constitution, and Mr. Stanton with the remonstrances of the Legislature.

PERSONAL.

The greatest ball of the season at Washington was given last week by Senator Douglas. Over two thousand guests were present. The newspaper correspondents are eloquent upon the beauty and grace of Mrs. Douglas.

A Washington correspondent thus describes Lawrence M. Keitt, a very truculent filibuster indeed: "His action is like that of a gymnast on the stage. The birth of ideas was never before attended with such throes. He shakes his head laterally and vertically in the most alarming manner. It is bobbing around incessantly while he is speaking. His chin frequently threatens his breast, like Punch when engaged in conjugal but fierce debate. His frown is a denunciation, his voice a challenge. Notwithstanding all this extravagance of gesture and manner, he possesses genuine talents. He has the fire and fancy of an orator, though disguised in a melodramatic style. Though turgid, he is seldom trite, and his store of ideas, imagery, and language seems to be inexhaustible. He is a young man, of good size, and seemingly robust constitution."

Mr. Buchanan has been indisposed with a cold, and refused to receive visitors on Saturday in consequence.

It is understood in official circles that Captain Meigs, the Superintendent of the Capitol Extension, will certainly be removed, on account of extravagant expenditures and arbitrary conduct. It is not yet determined who is to take his place.

Monsieur Blondel, whose appointment as Belgian Minister to the United States is announced, is the gentleman who represented Belgium at the Court of the Sultan from the spring of 1849 to the summer of last year, when, owing to his alleged undue interference in the Danubian Principalities question, his recall was requested by the Turkish Government. King Leopold and his advisers having declined the request of the Porte, the latter sent the offending Minister his passports, and a partial rupture of diplomatic relations took place between the Courts of Brussels and Constantinople. Previous to Mr. Blondel's appointment as Minister in Turkey, he was many years Belgian Consul-General in Egypt. He is said to possess considerable diplomatic talent, is somewhat distinguished as a scholar, and is suspected of belonging to the clerical or ultramontane party in Belgium.

Hall's Journal of Health mentions what it calls an "instructive and alarming fact" in reference to the Wall Street forger, recently sent to the Penitentiary. It was proven on the trial that he was never seen down town without having a cigar in his mouth; that he was never well. On entering the prison smoking was absolutely and at once prohibited by an inflexible rule. In three months he gained fifteen pounds in flesh, and his general health was improved in proportion.

The last act of Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, was the pardoning of John Capie, who, six years since, was implicated with Emmons in killing a man in a street-brawl in Southwark.

Mr. Allibone, late President of the Bank of Pennsylvania, having returned to Philadelphia from Europe, publishes a card in his own defense against the assaults made upon him in his absence. He sets forth the reasons of his resignation of the Presidency and departure from the country; denounces the affidavit of the Directors against him as a cruel and unjust procedure; states that illness demanded his retirement from active business in the manner he did; and declares that he left unconscious of wrong-doing, and moreover adds that some of the Directors who swore to the affidavit which charges him with being an absconding debtor, accompanied him to the wharf and expressed warm friendship for him. Mr. Allibone avers his complete innocence of any of the frauds charged to him, and states that, had the Directors apprised him of their intention to proceed against him, he would have returned to the country immediately. The card is manly and straightforward, and puts the case in a new aspect.

General William Walker arrived at Petersburg, Virginia, on the 15th inst., and was greeted by a considerable number of citizens. He remained during the day at the Bollingbrook Hotel. Efforts were made to induce him to prolong his visit, but he disregarded the solicitations, saying that it was essential that he should be in Mobile at an early period. He accordingly left for that destination in the evening.

The Vicksburg *True Southerner* notices the fact that Senator Douglas has disposed of his plantation in Mississippi. The negroes of the plantation will be transferred to Louisiana. A partnership has been formed with a gentleman of New Orleans to carry on the plantation business in Louisiana. The partner is now in the Northern part of the State, looking after a place to locate the force—which is numbered at a hundred hands.

John B. Roberston, the Rochester banker, accused of conspiring to compass the death of his wife by poison, has been acquitted by the Jury after four hours' deliberation. This verdict created much excitement in Rochester.

The *Journal of Commerce* announces that Mr. Arthur Tappan, one of the founders of that paper, "will act as agent for the American Reform Tract and Book Society, and for the American Missionary Society. The former is located at Cincinnati, the latter at New York. Both are strongly anti-slavery."

Rev. William H. Milburn, well known as "the blind preacher," has delivered two of a series of three lectures on "Christian Poetry," before respectable, though not very large audiences, in the new chapel of the M. E. Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

John B. Miller, editor of the Utica *Observer*, who has been offered the post of Consul at Hamburg, has not, says the Albany *Argus*, positively decided to accept. The nominal salary is $2000.

Mr. Paul Morphy, who won chess laurels at the New York Convention, has been chosen President of the Chess Club of New Orleans, and proposes to play two matches blindfolded, after the manner of Paulse.

A writer in the *States* says: "My fair readers will remember a terrible domestic *muss* in Boston last year, in which a young fellow named Sumner was so beaten that he died, giving rise to all sorts of suits for manslaughter, divorce, and other naughty matters. Well, a gentleman here just from Kansas, tells me that this same Mr. Frank Dalton and his wife have made friends, determined to live in peace, and are now quietly settled at Lawrence, where he is doing business."

The Albany *Journal* says: "The medal voted by the Legislature of New York to the late Dr. E. K. Kane is of pure gold, and weighs sixteen ounces Troy. The devices are in bold relief, not stamped, but sculptured. On one side are two figures in Arctic costume, looking out on a sparkling expanse of ocean, with a midnight sun in the horizon; on the other, the arms of the State of New York. The medal has been presented to Judge Kane of the United States Circuit Court, the father of the deceased. It was taken to Philadelphia by Henry I. Seaman, the private Secretary of Governor King, and transferred by him in the presence of a small company of the friends of Dr. Kane, assembled for the occasion.

The captain of a Mississippi steamer has started a morning paper on board his boat, called the *Bulletin*. He issues it regularly, serves it to customers at stopping places, and fills it with news and pleasant gossip. He is one of the veterans of river navigation, having followed that calling for twenty-seven years. It is proposed especially to make the paper the organ of the river boatmen. A newspaper with a floating place of publication is certainly a novelty.

A man named Ittal Curtiss has lately died in Bristol, Connecticut, who for the last forty years has slept and

eaten his morning meal in barns in the neighborhood, declining all invitations, even in the coldest weather, to do otherwise. He has left a fair property.

The *Commercial Advertiser* says: "We understand that Governor Hunt has it in contemplation to write a continuation of the Political History of New York, commencing with the adoption of our present State Constitution. We shall look for a calm and enlightened exposition of the causes which produced the organic changes adopted by the people in 1846, and the practical bearing of the new Constitution upon our political, moral, and material progress. Although Governor Hunt has been an actor on the stage, bearing no unimportant part in some of the events which he will have occasion to record and elucidate, we feel persuaded that he will carry into the historical office a spirit of justice and impartiality, which will commend his work to intelligent men of all parties.

Thomas Washington Smith, who has just been acquitted on his trial for the murder of Richard Carter, the seducer of his wife, on the ground of insanity, has applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "On Tuesday afternoon, a young lady in Brooklyn determined that she would no longer remain 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' and without the fear of parental authority, and without saying 'By your leave, Sir,' put on her bridal habiliments and walked into the P——e H——e, and said to her lover, 'We must be married this afternoon.' He, not to be outdone by his lady-love in the ardor of passion, accepted at once the proposal, and, crossing over to this city, found a clergyman 'who made them one' in the 'eye of the law.' They returned to the P——e H——e, when the bride of an hour sent a note to her 'dear papa,' saying, in the politest possible manner:

"'Dear Papa: I am no longer Miss ——, but Mrs. ——.'

"This last marriage in haste will be a subject of conversation on the 'Heights' until the next one comes off."

It is reported that Mr. Damrell, Representative in Congress from the third Massachusetts district, is about to resign, his disease having made such progress that he is scarcely able to write his name.

Governor King has commuted the sentence of young Cummings to imprisonment for life. Cummings has for some time been suffering with a wasting illness, induced by long confinement and agony of mind.

At a recent meeting of Spiritualists in Dodworth's Hall, a prominent professor of the faith opened by saying it was customary in religious assemblies to read a portion of divine truth; and that he would begin the exercises of the occasion by reading *a portion of divine truth according to Theodore Parker*. He accordingly read an extract from one of Mr. Parker's discourses.

The rural districts of Massachusetts send practical men to the Legislature. A Boston paper tells the following: "One of our merchants, while sitting in his counting-room cogitating upon the hard times, had his reveries disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman. 'Do you want any first-rate brooms?' 'No,' he replied, 'we have a full supply.' 'I've got some very cheap,' was the rejoinder. 'I made 'em myself, and I'm a member of the Legislater.'"

Vague rumors are current to the effect that a still more startling "case" than any that has yet transpired at Rochester is soon to be developed. It is said that a man of high standing "disposed" of his wife by sewing her up in a sheet and smothering her; and that she was subsequently laid out in the usual way and buried without exciting suspicion!

A course of lectures in aid of the aged and infirm, under the care of the Ladies' Union Aid Society, is now progressing at the Clinton Hall Lecture Room, Astor Place. The third of the series was delivered by Rev. J. P. Durbin, D.D., the subject being "Paul considered as a Man rather than as an Apostle."

The following story is told of Colonel Benton: Speaking of the Douglas defection, he remarked, "We hear much said about the people that Douglas will take off. He has not taken off the people—*the people have taken off Douglas, Sir.*"

The Haverhill *Gazette* states that the wife of Mr. M. A. Tidd, of Georgetown, gave birth to four children one day last week, three of whom are still living. A year ago last June she gave birth to three at one time, all of whom are doing well.

Father Weldo, the venerable clergyman, late chaplain of the House of Representatives, who is rapidly approaching the hundredth year of his age, is dangerously ill near Syracuse.

The lecture of the season, in Brooklyn, was that of Mr. G. W. Curtis, on Sir Philip Sydney, delivered on Thursday evening, 20th instant, at the Brooklyn Institute, before a very large and delighted audience. We understand that Mr. Curtis will repeat his lecture, by special request, for the benefit of the new Mercantile Library Association of Brooklyn.

Signor Ronconi, agent of one of the Opera companies performing in Havana, drew the capital prize of $30,000, in the lottery of the 15th ultimo in that city. The number of his ticket was 11,794.

Rev. Mr. Lakeman, a clergyman, of Abington, Mass., was suddenly attacked by insanity last week. He scattered his clothes along the railroad track, and entered a friend's house, in Middleborough, by breaking through the windows, and was discovered inside in a raving condition and in a state of nudity. He was placed in confinement.

At a Cincinnati hotel, last week, two ladies retiring to rest were frightened by the discovery of a fellow concealed under the bed, who grasped the ankle of one of the ladies. There was a prodigious outcry in the house about that time, but in the confusion the culprit escaped.

Mr. Banks is the twentieth person who has filled the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts during the seventy-seven years since the adoption of the State Constitution. Mr. Banks is the fifth Governor who did not receive a majority of the votes in Boston.

Saxe, the poet, delivered a poem on "The Press," in Yonkers, last week. It was full of sparkling hits and *bon mots*.

TUCKERMAN THE MAIL ROBBER.

A letter in the Hartford *Times* gives interesting particulars of the manner in which Tuckerman was first detected in dishonest practices:

"Tuckerman is a gentlemanly-looking man, thirty-seven years of age. He was formerly the Treasurer of the Eastern Railway Company, which runs from Boston to Maine, and the Directors had great confidence in him, as he was a mild, inoffensive, 'clever' fellow. They did not properly examine his accounts. The result was a defalcation of between one and two hundred thousand dollars. When this fact was discovered, the officers of the road did not feel inclined to prosecute such a 'fine, clever fellow.' But an old man, in a rural district, who owned one or two shares of stock, sent a letter to Tuckerman, represented that his interests had been injured by the defalcation, and that unless he (Tuckerman) would send him four or five hundred dollars, he would prosecute him. Tuckerman, under the advice of counsel, refused to comply with the request. The old man was as good as his word. He had legal proceedings instituted against Tuckerman, and he was put under bonds to the amount of $16,000. He procured these bonds, and then went to work at the United States mails to mend his fortunes.

"The amount of ready money obtained by him is not known. He was arrested about the time that a decision was to have been rendered upon some important point in his defalcation case. That case will hang over him till the mail robbery affair is settled, be the time longer or shorter."

THE LADY WITH THE RED PETTICOAT.

The Washington correspondent of *The Pennsylvanian* says of the red petticoat, recently introduced by the wife of the British Minister Ousely:

"There is an English literary lady now in this city, whose dress, known in London as the 'peasant costume,' has caused quite a stir among the fashionables. The dress consists of a red and black striped petticoat, descending within six inches of the feet, over which is worn a dress of the usual length, but hooped up to the height of the skirt. A 'dreadnought' overcoat, with gilt buttons, serves to keep out the cold and damp; while a straw hat screens the head, and real, genuine long-legged boots protect the feet. I do not think the dress is very neat or pretty, but it is novel, and that is something. It is considered an improvement on the Bloomer costume. In all the mud of a Washington winter it is a much better dress than the street-sweeping machines which have so long prevailed."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LAUNCH OF THE "LEVIATHAN."

The arrangements in connection with the launch were proceeded with on Tuesday, 5th January, and the results were satisfactory. On Thursday, shortly after nine o'clock, Mr. Brunel took his usual stand upon his elevated platform, and a pressure was at once applied to the vessel of about twenty-five cwt. to the circular inch. The ship at once obeyed this power, and moved in starts of three, four, and five inches. A slight mischief occurred in consequence of the bow chain failing, and this caused a temporary check in the hauling power. An increased strain came upon one of the anchors on the Deptford shore, which brought away the piles. There was no cessation, however, in the hydraulic pressure, and the vessel continued her movements. At noon she had advanced four feet two inches at the bow, and five feet four inches at the stern. At this period the distance she had traversed to the extremity of the ways aft (low-water mark) was measured by a Thames police boat's crew, in charge of Mr. Inspector Borlase, and found to be 64 feet 6¼ inches. At two o'clock she was moved six feet two inches at the bow, and seven feet three inches at the stern. The launching was continued throughout the following day. The total result was an advance of twelve feet eight inches aft, and eleven feet forward. The vibration of the earth consequent upon each slip of the vessel was more violent and more continuous than has ever been experienced at the yard hitherto. The *Leviathan* has now only some 64 feet more to go.

HOW A DETECTIVE WAS CAUGHT.

There is a story afloat, which may be true, but which we should hardly have expected to hear of its hero—one of the 'cutest detectives of the North of England. The telegraph had heralded the arrival of a lady of nimble fingers, and Detective ——, as pre-eminently sharp, had been sent to the railway station. The train arrived; a lady, answering to the description, alighted; but, surely, *she* could be no pickpocket! Detective —— felt that he must be on his guard, or an action for false imprisonment might fall upon his shoulders. He made stealthy advances to our heroine—followed her as her shadow—introduced himself politely—was received graciously. They found themselves in the same hotel—drank wine together—and, thanks to the Demoiselle, Detective —— had a (drugged?) cigar. Never was more courteous dame—'twas incredible she should be light-fingered. Mr. Detective must be cautious in his conclusions. The wine—(could there be any thing somnific in the cup?)—overcame him—and he slept. He also dreamed; and, in fulfillment of his dream, the day was gone when he awoke: and his watch was gone, too! He was now thoroughly satisfied.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

The Emperor, although not seriously ill—for he drove himself in a phaeton about the streets of Paris a few days ago—has some temporary affection which prevents him walking easily. He has been seen in the reserved garden of the Tuileries, leaning on the arm of an attendant and limping very much.

The Napoleon dynasty is about to receive another guarantee of permanence. Information has been given to the newspaper correspondents that the Empress of France has, by the advice of her medical attendants, left off riding.

COURT FASHIONS.

A Paris letter in the *Independance* of Brussels, gives some details of the ladies' dresses at the reception at the French court on New-Year's Eve: "The Empress wore a crimson velvet mantle, embroidered with gold, and her Majesty was positively dazzling with diamonds. Contrary to the custom observed last year, her Majesty had no one to bear her train. Among the ladies present, the toilets were especially remarked of Mrs. Baring, sister of the Duke de Bassano, who had a dress and court mantle of moire antique of pale green; the Duchess d'Istrie, a dress shot with silver, edged with red, and a rose-colored mantle; Madame Poujade, niece of the Caimacan of Wallachia, a dress of blue satin, and a mantle of the same material ornamented with bouquets of flowers and cherries, which produced a charming effect, and Baroness de Brigode, a white satin dress and mantle of great elegance."

DEATH OF MADAME RACHEL.

Mademoiselle Rachel, the celebrated French actress, almost as well known in the United States of late as in her own country, has departed this life. She expired on Sunday, 3d January, at her estate in Cannes. During her recent professional visit to this country her constitution, never strong, received so severe a shock that she never recovered from it. In her peculiar walk in the drama, Mademoiselle Rachel had no superior in our time.

A SLEEPY BRIDE.

The *Journal des Débats* tells of a young couple who went to a church at Lyons to be married. During the time the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them the bride fell into a most profound sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner, but, on perceiving her state of unconsciousness, he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and irritated at such a flagrant disregard of all decency. After the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving them 2000 francs for her, as stipulated in the contract, left her.

THE NEW SLAVE-TRADE.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* boldly commends the system which the French Government has adopted of purchasing negroes on the coast of Africa, and carrying them to compulsory service in the French Antilles, and argues that in no other manner can prosperity be restored to them, and ridicules the opposition of English philanthropists. However, a dispatch from Paris says there is no doubt that the Emperor will not renew the contract for supplying the French colonies with negroes.

HOW THE PRESS IS KEPT UNDER.

The press has been "invited" to refrain from giving particulars about duels and duelists, with a view to arrest the rage for single combat, which seems on the increase, and which in some late instances has been attended with serious results. It is contemplated to "invite" the press also to eschew philosophical and religious discussions. This is a condescension to the clergy. The subjects which journalists will be allowed to treat on are narrowing their circle each day, until, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," they will soon reach the impalpable condition alluded to by the ingenuous Barber of Seville. The *Estafette* will probably not be long in the land of the living, as its *quietus* is said to be every moment expected by the editors.

PRUSSIA.

CONFIRMED IMBECILITY OF THE KING.

The public life of the King of Prussia is terminated. His intellect is gone, and he is a mere wreck. All hopes of his ultimate recovery have disappeared, and in this state of affairs the idea of a regency has been abandoned. Extraordinary powers, it is said, will be conferred on the Prince of Prussia during the time his relative exists, but the domestic and foreign relations of the country will continue as before. There is some talk of the elevation of Prince Frederick William to the throne.

AUSTRIA.

DEATH OF MARSHAL RADETZKY.

Marshal Radetzky, who has played so prominent a part in the history of the Austrian empire during the last seventy years, has recently expired at the advanced age of ninety-two. He was looked upon in his native country with respect allied to enthusiasm. In the wars against the first Napoleon his powers as a commander were brought out to great advantage, and when the Austrian empire was in the crisis of its fate, ten years ago, it was saved through the bravery and skill of the old soldier, then upward of eighty. A biographical sketch of this remarkable man embodies the history of Central Europe from the breaking out of the first French Revolution down to the time when Charles Albert attempted, unsuccessfully, to drive the Austrians out of Italy. To the last his vitality was almost unimpaired. Soldiers, who in early life are compelled to live by rule, generally attain a great age when they adhere to their early discipline.

GERMANY.

A ROBBER OF HAIR.

The *Augsburg Gazette* states that great consternation has been caused among the females in that city by the fact of some individual prowling about the streets and cutting off the hair of any young girl he meets alone. He accomplishes the mischief, it states, by first placing a bottle containing something which causes a feeling of stupefaction under the person's nose, and then adroitly depriving her of her tresses. A reward has been offered for his apprehension.

ITALY.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

The *Times'* correspondent, writing on the 29th of December, says:

"The details which continue to arrive from the provinces of Basilicata and Principato Citeriore are of the most distressing character, and are much more explicit. Full as they are, however, they do not give us one-tenth part of the injury that has been inflicted, partly because the authorities will not make them known, and partly because they are not as yet informed of the greater portion of them. The official journal of Saturday night contains the names of 46 other townships, hitherto unnamed, which have suffered severely, and yet all are not mentioned. Of these it is said some are a mass of ruins; others leveled with the ground; others almost entirely destroyed, churches, dwelling-houses, and all. In some workmen are pulling down the houses, and in others large fissures are opened in the ground. Out of these 46 places 20 are reported to have lost some portion of their population. Of one it is said 100 corpses have been taken out; of another 70, and it is expected that 300 will be found; but of the amount of the disaster an alarming ignorance is professed by such terms as these—'Molto vittime, non tutte dissepolite,' 'Moltissimi periti—è ignoto il numero; grande ma ignoto il numero delle vittime' (many victims, not all unburied; vast numbers perished, the number not yet known; great, but unknown, the number of victims). It is my opinion, therefore, that what have been called the exaggerations of the public much more nearly approximate to the truth than the scanty and uncertain information communicated by the official journal. According to it, 3655 bodies have already been dug out—a fearful number to think of—to which, if are added the 'moltissimi periti,' the number of whom is as yet unknown, we shall not be very much startled at the medium statement given of about 13,000 or 14,000 victims."

WHAT NEAPOLITANS DO WHEN THEY ARE FRIGHTENED.

The same correspondent adds: "The proverb which says that 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good,' was never more strongly exemplified than in the case of this earthquake. One might suppose it difficult that such a calamitous convulsion of nature should bring benefit to any class, but we learn that it has filled the pockets of the barbers of Naples. The Neapolitans are in the habit, when any thing occurs to shock or terrify them, of getting themselves bled. I am ignorant in what this curious custom originated—whether those who persevere in it can assign for it a plausible reason—but it is certain that after a violent emotion most Neapolitans would consider themselves in peril if they had not immediate recourse to phlebotomy. I know a Neapolitan gentleman who was once sought after by the police for political causes. He was well concealed, and ultimately escaped; but his father's house was searched, to the great alarm of the family, and the *sbirri* had hardly left it when the barber was called in to bleed every member of the household. Now it is difficult to imagine a severer shock to the system than that of an earthquake, and we can imagine the dire consternation that prevailed at Naples when, at ten at night, houses rocked, chandeliers swung to and fro, and furniture was overturned, as described in the letters of your correspondents and others; and, accordingly, we need not be surprised to learn that the barbers and their lancets were in immediate request, and, in fact, could not meet the demand for their services. It is estimated that 30,000 persons were bled."

INDIA.

DEATH OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

General Havelock died on the 25th of November, from dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety.

FIGHTS WITH THE GWALIOR MUTINEERS.

On the 27th November an affair took place near Cawnpore between General Windham and his Division and the Gwalior Mutineers, in which the British troops retreated with the total loss of the tents of the 64th, 82d, and 88th Regiments, 300 in number, which were burned by the enemy. The 64th Regiment is reported as nearly cut up. A message received by the Governor-General from Sir Colin Campbell, of the 7th December, contains an account of an action fought by him with the Gwalior contingent, near Cawnpore, in which the latter were totally defeated, with the loss of 16 guns, 26 carriages of different sorts, an immense quantity of ammunition, stores, grain, bullocks, and the whole of the baggage of the force. The British loss was insignificant. One officer only killed—Lieut. Salmon. All the women and children, sick, etc., from Lucknow, have arrived safely in Allahabad.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

It is currently reported that a modified representative system is to be established, the representatives to form a Lower House and a Supreme Council. A Governor-general will be appointed as at present. The seat of government for the three presidencies to be at Calcutta, as at present. With respect to the reorganization of the Bengal army, it is understood that 60,000 Europeans will be the maximum allowed for the army of India. The remainder of the army is to be composed of Africans, Affghans, Sikhs, Goorkahs, and the natives of India proper. The armies of the three presidencies will be consolidated, and the troops, instead of being confined to one district, will be obliged, as is the case with the British army, to serve in all. Caste will every where be discouraged, and each regiment will contain an admixture of Hindoos. Enlisting for the new Indian cavalry brigade has begun.

HOW THE KING OF DELHI IS TREATED.

The Lahore *Chronicle* says: Accounts continue to describe that wretched old man of Delhi as being indulged in a way that is a disgrace to the authorities. He is said to be surrounded with the insignia of royalty, chobdars, a large retinue of servants, etc., and to give himself airs. Such things might have been tolerated in the munificently pensioned shadow of a prince, harmless and honest, but they are a gross insult to our butchered country people, when permitted in the head and prime mover of a rebellion that has led to such lamentable results. Unfortunately, the life of the villain can not be taken, but the present system pursued toward him induces the belief that something more than life has been "guaranteed;" and we should not be in the least surprised to learn next that he has been promised his pension, with a few lacs extra, to compensate him for the damage to his palace, and loss of property sustained in his vigorous efforts to overturn British rule in India!

HOW HE GOT POMMELED BY A SOLDIER.

An eye-witness, writing to Simla, declares that while there a soldier, who had vowed that he would kill the King during the storm at the palace if he could find him, rushed past the sentries, and began to belabor the unfortunate and guilty monarch with his fists, saying "Take that, and that, and that, you pig;" and was obliged to be dragged off by his comrades. The outrage on the wretched decrepit prisoner was a very sad one, and, to a reasonable man, utterly unjustifiable. But the men are scarcely reasonable just now, when they come across Sepoys and the authors of those frightful atrocities which have never till now been inflicted on their countrywomen, even in the darkest pages of our history.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF DELHI.

A correspondent writes: "We have seen the captive King and royal family; they are in ruinous little rooms in one of the gates of the palace. The old King looks very frail, and has a blank, fixed eye, as one on whom life is closing. He certainly is too old to be responsible for any thing that has been done. With his sons much more guilt may lie; some have been shot, as you must have read, some are yet untaken. The youngest son we saw looking like fifteen—they say eighteen—bold and coarse to look at. He is the only child of the queen. With her some of our ladies have had a long interview; they found her seated on a common charpoy (bedstead), dressed in white cotton clothes, with few and very trifling ornaments, all her grand things having been taken from her. She is described as short and stout, above thirty years of age, with a round, animated face, not at all pretty, but having pretty little plump hands. She was cutting betel-nut to eat with her pawn. Some thirty females, relatives and menials, surrounded her. She professes the utmost horror of the 3d cavalry, to whom she traces all her misfortunes. She says that the King was helpless to control them, and that, when their arrival had placed Delhi in rebellion against us, they were as ready to rob her as any one else. She says the mutineers did rob the palace, and that all her jewels were only saved by being buried. She does not seem to blame us for their present captivity; she understands the necessity for inquiring into guilty or innocent parties, but she did not seem to assert the King's innocence as much as her own. She said she had been in the hands of bad people. There appeared to be frightful rivalries among the women. It is said she criminated the sons of the former wives, she being the last. Her sister is represented as much better looking than herself, and has a daughter of thirteen married to the King's youngest son, already mentioned, and reputed very beautiful. Our ladies describe her as having superb large eyes, and a most beautiful little mouth, but her face otherwise too flat and full. Some of the women told them they had had English women and children in the palace after the massacre, in hope of preserving them, but that the mutineers demanded them and could not be resisted. They say the Sepoys complained that the King was feeding Englishwomen daintily, while he only gave them gram for food. Heaven knows if the royal family be clean in heart and hand or not. I say nothing sentimental about them, but I pity them."

THE KING OF DELHI'S INSTRUMENT OF DEATH.

The following has been communicated to the Poona *Observer*: "It appears from a journal of a European traveler that a new and fearful mode of execution had been adopted by the King of Delhi. The instrument and process are thus described: A box, each side of which is fifteen feet square, is constructed of timber eighteen inches thick, dovetailed together, and braced with iron rods. The outside of the bottom of the box is covered with a plate of beaten iron, one inch in thickness. The interior is filled with perfect cubes of granite, weighing in the aggregate several thousand tons. A machine is erected after the manner of an ordinary pile-driver, but of course on an enormous scale, and of tremendous strength. The mass is raised by powerful machinery, cast in Birmingham for the express purpose, though it is to be presumed that the machinist by whom the work was furnished had no idea of the horrid purpose for which it was intended. The human victim is placed upon a block of granite, of a corresponding surface, buried in the earth immediately beneath the enormous mass, and covered with a plate of iron. At a signal given by the vicramadack, the executioner touches a spring, the mass falls, and the victim, crushed at once, is suddenly annihilated, and spread out like a sheet of pasteboard! The huge weight being again raised, the flattened body is withdrawn, and dried in the sun. When completely prepared, it is hung over the wall of a public building, there to serve as a warning to the multitude."

ONE OF THE SCENES AT CAWNPORE.

One of the survivors, in referring to the massacre at Cawnpore, relates the following: "A poor woman, of the name of White, was walking along the trenches with her husband, and nursing her children (twins) in her arms; some fiend fired at them, killed the man, and broke both the poor woman's arms. The children fell to the ground, one of them wounded. Then followed a scene which can only be imagined. Fancy the poor woman throwing herself down beside her children, and not being able to assist them on account of the wounds she had received. Another woman, who was in a wretched state bordering on starvation, was seen to go out of the protection of the trenches, with a child in each hand, and stand where the fire was the heaviest, hoping that some bullet might relieve her and her little ones from the troubles they were enduring. But she was brought back, poor thing! to die a more tedious death than she had intended for herself. Here you saw poor Mrs. W. hit by a ball in the face, just by the nostril, passing through the palate of the mouth, and making its exit by the jaw; and by her side you saw her daughter, who, although she was badly wounded in her shoulder, was doing all she could to alleviate the sufferings of her unfortunate mother. Poor creatures! they both died of their wounds. Then you saw an unfortunate native servant, who had remained faithful to her mistress, and was nursing her infant under the protection of the walls of the barrack, as she imagined; but all of a sudden you saw her knocked over, and the child hurled out of her arms, and, on examination, you found both her legs cut clean off by a round shot, but the child was picked up uninjured."

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN INDIA.

The following is from a private letter from Cawnpore: "Peel's Jacks are roaming about camp in a remarkably free-and-easy manner. Queer fish these amphibious gentlemen are. One, Crusoe-like, has quite a menagerie in his 'cabin,' as he calls his pall. Rough and ready, rollicking boys they are, and present a striking contrast to the prim dragoons you now and then meet striding majestically along. I hear that the 'nagurs' have a horrible dread of them, having been told by some inventive individual that they were cannibals, and that it was their habit to eat their fill of the slain, and salt the remainder down for future use; and that accounted for each man carrying a clasp knife by his side."

THE FAMILY OF LIEUTENANT SALKELD.

The Rev. Sydney G. Osborne writes thus to the *Times* respecting the family of the gallant Lieutenant Salkeld, who led the forlorn hope at Delhi, and was killed at the gate:

"His father, a clergyman in Dorsetshire, by a reverse of fortune some years since, was, with a large family, reduced, I may say, to utter poverty. This, his soldier-son, supported out of his own professional income one of his brothers at school, helping a sister, obliged to earn her own bread as a governess, to put another brother to school. Just before his death he had saved a sum of £1000, which was in the bank at Delhi, and was therefore lost to him, and, more than this, it was lost to the honorable purpose to which, as a son and brother, he had devoted it. In his native county, as your advertising columns of last week will have informed you, it was determined to erect a monument to his memory by subscription. Cadetships have been given to two of his young brothers; it is now wisely resolved that, while the memorial which is to hand down his name to posterity in connection with his glorious death shall be all that is necessary for the purpose, every farthing collected beyond the sum necessary for this shall be expended as he would have desired—for the good of these young brothers.

"*Punch*—first in his particular line of fun, but ever ready to be among the foremost to point where modest want needs the aid it will never beg—has told of the calling of poor Salkeld's sister. She, I believe, would be the last of that valuable but tried sisterhood to which she belongs to dream of asking for aught she can not earn. Still, Sir, let the benevolent not for one moment doubt but that in helping those she with her poor brother spared not themselves to help, they will lighten many an hour of that life which, I fear, must for a long time yet be one the future of which will have its own clouds."

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FORT BRIDGER, U. T.,
December 1, 1857.

OUR progress thus far has been very dull and uninteresting. The march from Fort Laramie to Fort Bridger has enabled us to realize the retreat from Moscow by the remains of the Great Army, forty-five years ago. The Mormons had destroyed all the grass: we could barely find willows and sage bushes in sufficient quantity to keep our fires going. Cold set in soon after we departed, and with it snow-storms. On the high land the thermometer frequently marked several degrees below zero; and in many places the snow was so deep as to interpose a very serious obstacle to locomotion. The cattle, of course, were the first to feel the inconveniences of the march. For the last four hundred miles of our journey the mortality among horses, mules, and horned cattle was very large. It was quite common of a morning to find a dead ox lying near the door of one's tent. The road to Fort Bridger, like the Isthmus of Panama in the early days of Californian enterprise, will be found next summer fenced in with bones. I am led to believe that the rear guard of the army under Colonel Cook were obliged to leave behind them much valuable property from want of cattle to transport it. Some have estimated the loss of cattle as high as one hundred head per day. Certain it seems that when the spring enables us to undertake active operations we shall have no transport or cavalry.

We were not molested either by Indians or by Mormons on the march. Three trains traveling without proper escort, and at a distance from the main body, have been captured and burned by the Mormons, and a quantity of valuable clothing, together with some provisions, and probably our whole store of salt destroyed. We have, however, provisions enough to last us, with ordinary economy, till the time arrives for an assault upon Salt Lake City. The colonel commanding has just issued an order cutting down the daily rations and depriving the officers of their extras. As to salt, of which articles we are lamentably deficient, it is understood that a supply is on the way from the East, and Captain Marcy has been sent off toward New Mexico to procure a supply. Brigham Young sent in a wagon-load as a present; but Colonel Johnston sent it back with a message that the next Mormon who arrived without a flag of truce would be fired upon. I see no probability of the army suffering seriously either from hunger or cold. The health of the troops thus far has been excellent, and with proper precautions there is no reason why it should not continue to be satisfactory.

We are at present encamped on Black's Fork, in the vicinity of and around Fort Bridger. This fort is an old trading-post, owned by a Major Bridger, who has been in these parts for many years. The commander has leased the fort, and is rebuilding and fortifying it, so as to provide a safe retreat in case of disaster. In a very short time it can be rendered impregnable. In many respects the locality is admirable as a basis of operations. There is round the fort plenty of wood for fuel, and the stream contains excellent water. As to distances, we are 113 miles from Salt Lake City, 90 miles from Ham's Fork, and 380 miles from Fort Laramie. Had we cattle, we could sweep the whole country between this and the cañons; as it is, the Mormons have the advantage of us; their cavalry arm is excellent, their horses strong and well fed, their guerillas indefatigable. They hover round us, trying to pick up stragglers, stampede cattle, and burn trains; and so long as they keep out of gun range they are safe.

There is a strong feeling in the army in favor of an immediate advance on Salt Lake City. I have no doubt—if the thing were proposed—that every man of the expedition would cheerfully agree to encounter Mormons, snow, and cold, in order to exchange our camp life for comfortable winter-quarters in the city. But this is not to be. Our commander has resolved—probably in accordance with orders from head-quarters—that we shall remain where we are for the present; the failure of the expedition—for such really seems to be the proper term—will at least have the advantage of giving us something to think about during the long, dreary winter. No doubt, on other and graver grounds, Colonel Johnston's decision is judicious. From the best accounts, it seems that the Mormon force encamped between us and the city amounts to full five thousand men of all arms. We have less than one-third this number; for of course the teamsters and army followers can not be relied upon for offensive operations.

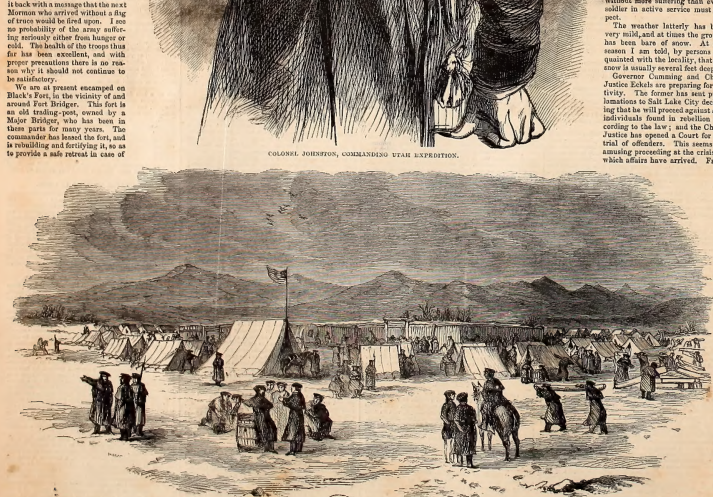
We have resigned ourselves, therefore, to make the best of our position, and are trying to make ourselves comfortable. Some of the officers and the civil officials are building houses on the Aruendan plan, partly underground, with a wooden roof, which the snow will render air-tight. I have no doubt that these huts will be comfortable, warm, dry, and snug. Tents are, however, the order of the day among the army, and, with a due amount of blankets, and a corresponding supply of fuel for the stoves, we calculate to exist through the winter without more suffering than every soldier in active service must expect.

The weather latterly has been very mild, and at times the ground has been bare of snow. At this season I am told, by persons acquainted with the locality, that the snow is usually several feet deep.

Governor Cumming and Chief-Justice Eckels are preparing for activity. The former has sent proclamations to Salt Lake City declaring that he will proceed against any individuals found in rebellion according to the law; and the Chief-Justice has opened a Court for the trial of offenders. This seems an amusing proceeding at the crisis at which affairs have arrived. From



COLONEL JOHNSTON, COMMANDING UTAH EXPEDITION.



PART OF THE CAMP AT FORT BRIDGER.

all we can learn of Brigham Young's views, and the state of feeling at Salt Lake City, two courses of action are being debated—the first, to leave Utah in the spring, and seek a refuge in the British Territory in the north; the second, to submit to the entrance of the army, and make the best terms possible with the new Governor. As Governor Cumming has declared that he does not propose to interfere with the Mormon matrimonial arrangements, it is quite likely that a number of Mormons may prefer submitting to his authority to losing the improvements they have made on their land in Utah. On the other hand, Brigham Young's acts have been so glaringly defiant of the authority of the United States—the burning of the supply-trains amounts, I suppose, to an actual levying of war—that there is very little hope for him, should he fall into the hands of the army. He will, therefore, be quite likely to take an early opportunity of placing himself beyond Colonel Johnston's reach, by flying to the British country. Whether he will venture upon a preliminary brush with the army is, of course, a matter of conjecture. It is asserted by persons who pretend to know, that the rank and file of the Mormons are more governed by feeling than by reason, and that they will not yield without a struggle. They regard themselves as martyrs to their faith. It is supposed here that Colonel Johnston has made up his mind that there will be no fighting, though the arrangements for the winter are as careful as if we were in a foreign enemy's country. For my own part, I can not bring myself to believe that the Mormons will actually shed their blood in the cause.

We have four ladies in camp, all of whom, I am happy to say, are well, and bear cheerfully the privations and discomforts of camp-life. We propose, when the work of preparing for the cold is over, to get up some amusements for the troops and ourselves. I should not be surprised if we gave



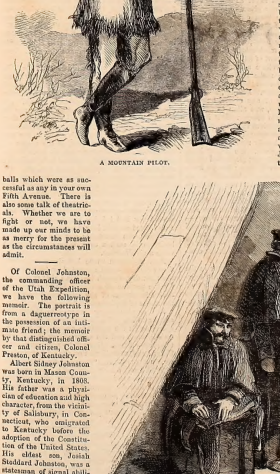
A TRAIN ON THE PLAINS.

balls which were as successful as any in your own Fifth Avenue. There is also some talk of theatricals. Whether we are to fight or not, we have made up our minds to be as merry for the present as the circumstances will admit.

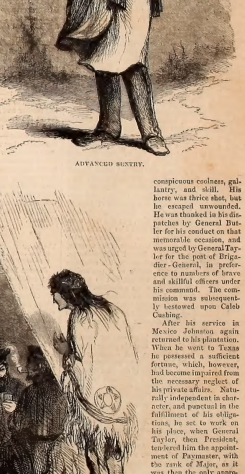
Of Colonel Johnston, the commanding officer of the Utah Expedition, we have the following memoir. The portrait is from a daguerreotype in the possession of an intimate friend; the memoir by that distinguished officer and citizen, Colonel Preston, of Kentucky.

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Mason County, Kentucky, in 1803. His father was a physician of education and high character, from the vicinity of Salisbury, in Connecticut, who emigrated to Kentucky before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. His eldest son, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, was a statesman of signal ability, and was returned to the Senate of the United States from Louisiana. He was the confidential friend of Mr. Clay, and his second in his duel with Randolph. Sidney Johnston was sent by his father, at an early age, to the school of Dr. Lewis Marshall, a brother of Chief-Justice Marshall, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars of his day. Afterward he was placed at Transylvania University, where he had nearly completed a liberal education when his brother, discerning the peculiar bent of his mind, induced him to go to West Point. He graduated at the Military Academy, and received a commission in the 6th Regiment of Infantry. During his academic course he was highly distinguished for his attainments in mathematics and the severer studies of his profession, being almost at the head of his classes; but he displayed little aptitude for languages and the lighter branches of learning. He entered the army, and was ordered to the West, where he was selected as Adjutant-General during the Black Hawk war, by the commander, General Atkinson, and, though young, earned a high reputation for gallantry, energy, and judgment. After the cessation of hostilities he resigned his commission, with the intention of residing upon a plantation near St. Louis; but afterward, during the struggle between Mexico and Texas, he left the United States. He arrived in Texas not long after the battle of San Jacinto, and while the contest was in progress enrolled himself as a private soldier in the army, and rose rapidly to high command. At that time the forces of Texas, under the command of General Felix Huston, a Kentuckian of rash and impetuous courage, but of noble and generous impulses, was collected for the defense of the infant republic. Johnston was elected to supersede him in the command. When he arrived Huston chose to consider himself affronted upon an imaginary point of etiquette, and challenged him the day after he assumed the command. Johnston at once accepted the challenge, and a meeting ensued, in which he was wounded—as it was feared, mortally—by his antagonist, who was an admirable shot. The friend and second of Johnston, thinking he was dying, muttered that the matter should not rest, but would be avenged by him. Johnston turned to him, and said, "It is my request, in the event of my death, that you shall yield obedience to my second in command, General Huston; and I trust you will not, by such conduct, promote a spirit of insubordination." Huston afterward became the friend of Johnston, and always spoke of him with the highest consideration and respect.

General Johnston afterward was appointed Secretary of War in Texas, and organized the expedition under Burleson, in 1839, against the Cherokees. He was present in person at the decisive engagement, on the River Neuces, in which the Cherokees, seven hundred strong, were routed by the Texans. In his department he manifested not only skill as a soldier in every emergency, but ability and discretion as a civilian. He became an ardent advocate for the annexation of Texas to the United States, and used all the influence he possessed to secure its consummation. Subsequently, when war was declared against Mexico, and he was in private life, residing upon his plantation in Brazoria County, General Taylor wrote to him from Point Isabel, and requested him to join him immediately. Johnston at once volunteered as a private soldier, collected a few friends, appointed a rendezvous at Point Isabel, and, as there were no vessels, mounted his horse, and joined General Taylor. Two Texan regiments assembled, and Johnston was elected Colonel of one, and the celebrated partisan officer, Jack Hays, was elected Colonel of the other. Johnston's regiment was disbanded before the battle of Monterey, but he was unwilling to leave the scene of active operations, and went forward with the army. He was appointed Inspector-General, by Taylor, of General William O. Butler's division, and accepted the place. He was present at Monterey; and during a heavy fire upon Mitchell's Ohio regiment, of which the Colonel fell wounded, displayed the most conspicuous coolness, gallantry, and skill. His horse was three shot, but he escaped unwounded. He was thanked in his dispatches by General Butler for his conduct on that memorable occasion, and was urged by General Taylor for the post of Brigadier-General, in preference to numbers of brave and skillful officers under his command. The commission was subsequently bestowed upon Caleb Cushing.



A MOUNTAIN PILOT.



ADVANCED SENTRY.

After his service in Mexico Johnston again returned to his plantation. When he went to Texas he possessed a sufficient fortune, which, however, had become impaired from the necessary neglect of his private affairs. Naturally independent in character, and punctual in the fulfillment of his obligations, he set to work on his place, when General Taylor, then President, tendered him the appointment of Paymaster, with the rank of Major, as it was then the only appropriate place within his gift. Johnston held the commission for several years, until the new regiments were levied, when the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who knew his skill as a soldier, and his high character for



INTERIOR OF AN OFFICER'S TENT.

worth and ability, and who had known him at West Point, and had seen him in the field, appointed him Colonel of the 2d Cavalry. Since that time Johnston has been chiefly employed as commanding officer of the Southwestern Military Department.

When the recent troubles in Utah occurred Johnston was ordered to Washington, and the general opinion of the army, as well as the judgment of the President, indicated him as the proper officer to be charged with the Mormon affair. For he has pushed forward with extraordinary energy, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, the march of the mountain, and the numberless impediments to the march of an army under such circumstances.

Colonel Johnston is now in the matured vigor of manhood. He is above six feet in height, strongly and powerfully formed, with a grave, dignified, and commanding presence. His features are strongly marked, showing his Scottish blood, and denote great resolution and composure of character. His complexion, apparently, is fair. His manners are courteous. His habits are abstemious and temperate, and no excess has acquired his powerful constitution. His mind is clear, strong, and well cultivated. His manner is courteous, but rather grave and silent. He has many warm friends, but they have been won and secured rather by the native dignity and nobility of his character than by his powers of address. He is a man of strong will and ardent temper, but his whole bearing testifies the self-control he has acquired. As a soldier he stands very high in the opinion of the army. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that, in a large assembly of officers and gentlemen, the gallant and impetuous Worth, when asked who was the best soldier he had ever seen, replied, "I consider Sidney Johnston the best soldier I ever knew."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XI.

A man of the world, having accepted a troublesome charge, considers that he will do well to get it off his hands promptly decided, I says, first, that he could not well have done better; and, secondly, that none could be said to prove that he could not have done worse.

RESUMING his latent occupation of a somewhat detailed description of Colonel Morley, it sufficies for the present to say that he was a man of a very fine understanding, as applied to the special world in which he lived. Though no one had a more numerous circle of friends, though with many of those friends he was on the most fasting of familiar intimacy which Society will extend to any one, he was in fact a recluse of late, could not have established with any life desirous of that brilliant world in which Colonel Morley moved and had his being, yet to Alton Morley's heart (a heart unknown to reached) no friend was so dear as Guy Darrell. They had entered Eton on the same day (he left it the year after)—lodged with each other in the same house; and though of very different characters, formed one of those strong, permanent friendships which the Fates weave into the very woof of existence.

Darrell's recommendation would have secured to any young *protégé* Colonel Morley's gracious welcome and invaluable advice. But when Darrell's acknowledged kinsman and as Charles Haughton's son, Lionel called forth his kindliest sentiments, and obtained his most anxious deliberations. He had already seen the boy several times before writing the letter which, deeming it would please her to defer his visit until she could receive him in all the glories of Gloucester Place; and he had made up his mind high favor, and deemed him worthy of a conversation with the world. Having done well, in his letter to Colonel Morley, had emphatically distinguished the position of Lionel, as a kinsman, from that of a client, or dependent or even a probable heir, yet the rich man had also added—"But I will be to the lad quite as the representative to the Haughtons; and, whatever I may do with the bulk of my fortune, I shall leave to him a liberal competence. The completion of his education, the adequate allowance to him, the choice of a profession are matters in which I entrust you to set for yourself, as if you were his guardian. I am leaving Brighton—I may be absent for years." Colonel Morley, in accepting the responsibilities thus presented on his hands, brought to the discharge subtle discrimination as well as conscientious anxiety.

He saw that Lionel's heart was set upon the military profession, and that his power of application—both lukewarm and desultory—was not cheered and concentered by enthusiasm, and hopeful, therefore, that if once fairly started upon which had no immediate reference to the objects of his ambition. The Colonel accordingly dismissed the idea of sending the boy for three years to a University. Alton Morley summed up his theories on the collegiate system in the succinct aphorism: "Nothing so good as a University education, nor worse than a University without an education. Brought into youth at once into the wider sphere of a capital, provided with more income to spend than all the ordinary checks of good company, the restraints imposed by the presence of decorous women, and men of grave years and dignified reports, than confine him to the exclusive society of youths of his own age—the age of wild spirits and unreflecting imitation—unless he cling to the safeguard which is found in hard reading, less by the book-knowledge it bestows than by the serious and preoccupied mind which it absorbs from the coarser temptations."

But Lionel, younger in character than in years, was too boyish as yet to be safely consigned to those trials of tact and temper which await the neophyte who enters on life through the doors of a mess-room. His pride was too morbid—too much on the alert for offense; his frankness too crude, his spirit too untamed by the insensible discipline of every-day commerce.

Quoth the observant Man of the World: "There his honor at his own playing, and he will carry it about with him on full cock, to blow off a friend's head or his own, on the least touch of the hair-trigger. Decidedly huffy. And of all causes that disturb regiments, and make conversation impossible, commend me to a huffy lad! Pity! for that youngster has in him the right metal—spirit and pluck—and would look well in a first-rate soldier. It would be time well spent, that should join professional studies with that degree of social polish which gives dignity and cures *huffiness*. I must get him out of London, out of Brighton, out of the frigid old Fanbourg St. Germain, where manners are best bred, and household diets most repulsive. Fanbourg St. Germain is the place itself, I shall have him under my eye; and a few years spent in completing being into a man would bring him nearer to that marshal's baton which every recruit should have in his eye, than if I started him at once, a new ensign, into the hardcare of himself as an ensign, and unhited, even by mechanical routine, to side with the world, should he live to buy the grade of a colonel."

The plans thus promptly formed Alton Morley briefly explained to Lionel, when the boy came to breakfast in Carton Street, requesting him to obey them. Haughton's arrangement is that exercise of the discretionary powers with which he had been invested by Mr. Darrell. To the proposal that originally emanated from lively studies to which his tastes directed his mind, and the general bias indicated by his unconscious manhood among scenes bright to his fancy, because new to his experience, seemed, of course, perfection of wisdom.

Less readily pleased was poor Mrs. Haughton when her son returned to communicate the arrangement, backing a polite and well-worded letter from the Colonel with his own more artless eloquence. "Mamma, I am going to be a wing of her "little tempers." "What! her Colonel Morley from her—and to the end of the Continent, just when she was so respectably settled! What was the good of money if she was to be parted from her child? Why, Colonel Morley take the money back if he pleased—she would not touch a penny of it!" Such was Mrs. Haughton's feeling; and she was shocked to think Lionel was in such unnatural hands. Such was her peculiarity that he no longer appeared to her—a sergeant's tooth, etc., etc." But as soon as the storm was over the sky cleared, and Mrs. Haughton became penitent and sensible. Then her grief for Lionel's loss was soothed by the consoling mother and son spent together, though painful at the moment, it would be for their benefit in both hereafter to recall! Their hands clasped in each other—her head leaning on his young shoulder—her tears dropped upon his curling hair. And soft words of kindly, motherly counsel—of womanly experience—of fond affection—of thrice happy, as an after remembrance, be the final parting between hopeful son and fearful parent, at the foot of that path of life which first starts from the threshold of Home—lost in the distance of the fog-opposing shore—bridge over which goes the boy who will never return but as the man.

CHAPTER XII.

The Pocket-Candlestick hails his remote kin with love-tokens of a wider nature than those timidly toward it from under the waistcoat.

LIONEL'S career is beginning to be hard up! The infallible calculation at *coup-sur-soir* has deserted all that cupid population. It has emigrated bodily from the vestings of the young gentlemen whom Dolly Poole had contributed to his experience. The interval is here, and, as usual, pathetically observes "that he has lost three times in that time, and that he believes he owes to his legs are gone to enlarge his liver."

Jasper is compelled to put down his estimable dish-lining to his generous patronage of fashionable lodgings; and just when the prospectuses of a dinner begin to flutter from the himself of Arabella Crane, and remembers that she promised him £5, nay, £10, which are still not from her. He writes to her, and tells her his prodigal son. Nay, to his own surprise, he finds Mrs. Crane has become much more loving—the drawing-rooms are cleaned up; the nebelion of a few easy articles of furniture gives them quite a comfortable look. The cook has improved in costume—though her favorite color still remains blue. Mrs. Crane herself is dressed she fully expected him—that these preparations are in his honor—that she has engaged a very good cook—that she hopes he will stay when her better engaged; in short, let him feel himself at home in Fodder Place.

Jasper at first suspected a sinister design, under civilities that his experience told him were unascribed—a design to entrap him into that matrimonial alliance which he had so unqualifiedly declined; and Jasper was not troubled with an ignorance which man is not justified in feeling for any connubial partner loves preternaturally terrific than the Witch of Endor or the Bleeding Nun!

But Mrs. Crane quickly and candidly hastened to dispel his ungenerous apprehensions. "She had given up," she said, "all ideas so preposterous—love and wedlock were equally out of her mind. But ill as he had behaved to her, she could not but feel a sincere regard for him—a deep interest in his fate. He ought still to make a brilliant marriage—did that idea not occur to him? She might help him there with her woman's wit. In short," said Mrs. Crane, pinching her lips, "in short, Jasper, I feel for you as a mother. Look on me as such!"

The Dear Boy's gratuitous notion wonderfully tickled, and egregiously delighted Jasper himself. "Look on you as a mother! I will," said he, with a wink. "Best of creatures!" And though in his own mind he had not a doubt but what she still adored him, and, moreover, believed it was a disinterested, devoted admiration, such as the beautiful muse really had inspired more than once in his abominable life. Accordingly, he moved into the neighborhood of Fodder Place, something himself from the second-floor bedroom in a house recommended to him by Mrs. Crane, and taking his meals at his splendid lodgings with final gratitude. He expressed a desire to make Mr. Poole's acquaintance—and Mrs. Crane hoped to present him worthy. Mrs. Crane invited Samuel Dolly to dine one day, to say the next; she lent him £5 to redeem his dress-coat from pawn, and she gave him medicaments for the relief of his headache.

Samuel Dolly venerated her as a most superior woman—could Jasper such a "treasure" exist? Could Arabella Crane possess herself of the existence of Jasper Dolly. Lightly her deepest cover routine, to side with the fisherman over the captivated trout. And whatever her generosity, it was not carried to beneficence. Mrs. Crane just gave to Jasper enough to bring him within her power—she had no idea of ruining herself by inconsiderate liberality—she concealed from the extent of her income (which was in chief part derived from Jasper himself), the amount of her savings, even the name of her banker. And if he carried off to the *vasque-et-nose* tribe she coins he received from her, and even from more, Mrs. Crane put on the look of a mother incensed—and awful—and could not relent, till those sometimes can scold. Jasper Lonely began to be frightened at Mrs. Crane's scoldings. And she had not been over over her, when, Dolly avoided by a lover, is denied to an adopted son. His mind, without the slightest effort, reverted to the gambling-table—for which the resources was wanting—settled with redoubled force on the unlucky Mrs. Haughton. As he called at her house several times since the first day on which he had seen that sweet Charlie. Mrs. Haughton was never at home. And so, when the answer was given to him by the footman, he looked more than once, and scanned the street, seen herself through the window; it was clear that she was not visible to any visitor.

Jasper Lonely, by habit, was the reverse of a pertinacious and troublesome suitor—not, indeed, from modesty, but want of audacity, from excess of self-love. Where a lovelace so unkindly condemned to such a reverse, he would piss so tasteless as to decline them deserved and experienced his contempt. Besides, steadfast and prolonged pursuit of any object, however important and attractive, was alien to the lively and fickle nature of Jasper. But in this instance he had other motives than those on the surface for unusual perseverance.

A man like Jasper Lonely never reposes implicit confidence in any one. He is garrulous, indeed—very much that Indiscreet—but never to have advised him not to disclose; but he invariably has nooks and corners in his mind which he keeps to himself. Jasper did not tell Arabella his adopted mother his designs upon his intended bride. But he could not help thinking that the woman he was more frank; and when she saw him looking over her select and severe library at making therefore *Polite Letters* and *Art of Love* and the *Elegant Extracts*, Mrs. Crane divined at once that Jasper Lonely was meditating the offense of epistolary seduction upon the widow of Gloucester Place.

Jasper did not write a bad love-letter in the florid style. He had at his command, in especial, lively and pungent quotations, the effect of which repeated experience had assured him to be as potent upon the female bosom as the inhalation of the vapor of the nitrous sorcery. The following in particular:

"Love is the book for falsehood framed,
I never could injure you."

—Could generally to be applied when confessing that he was not in love, had been interestingly wild, and would, if pity were denied him, be pathetically timid:

"When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his woes behind."

Armed with these quotations—many a sentence from the *Polite Letter-Writer* or the *Elegant Extracts*—and a quire of cream-colored paper, Lonely sat down to Oridian composition. But as he approached the close of Epistle the First, he became quite a stranger to the aid which address were necessary. The address not difficult. He could give Mrs. Haughton's name (common to that gentleman)—Poole had a lodging in Bury Street, St. James, a fashionable locality for single men. But the name required more consideration. There were insuperable objections against signing his own to any person who might be in communication with Mr. Darrell—a pity, for there was a good old family of the name of Lonely. A name of aristocratic sound might indeed be readily borrowed from any lordly proprietor in Debrett without leaving a fictitious trace. But this loan was exposed to danger. Mrs. Haughton might very naturally mention such name, as borne by her husband's friend, to Colonel Morley, and Colonel Morley would most probably make those inquiries and communications at which any peer so honored to say, "There is no such Greville, Cavendish, or Talbot." But Jasper Lonely was not without fertility of invention and readiness of resource. A grand idea, worthy of a master, and proving that, if the man had not been a rogue in grain, he could have been created into a very clever author, or, indeed, across him. He would sign himself "Sarum." School—and very there is no such Sarum; nobody could say that it was. He might use the most respectable, fashionable, highly connected name. There are Salisburys—there are Somersets—Smiths who are large-served squires—unsentimental barnacles—peers of England, pillars of the State—members even of the British Collect. Yes can no more question a man's right to be a Smith than his right to be a Browning and wide as the diversity of rank, lineage, virtue, and genius in Britons, is the diversity in Smiths. Jasper still a man so generous affects a decisive precursor. Jasper signed himself "J. Courtenay Smith, Esquire."

He called, and left Epistle the First with his own kid-gloved hand, inquiring first if Mrs. Haughton were at home, and, being alluded to in the negative, this time, he asked for her son. "Her son was gone down with Colonel Morley." Jasper, though sorry to lose present hold upon the boy, was glad of learning that the Colonel was off the ground. Presumption of success, he glanced up at the window, and, sure that Mrs. Haughton was not visible, made his bow her not, lifted his hat with as melancholy an expression of reproach as he could throw into his face.

The villain could not have found a moment Mrs. Haughton's absence at a more auspicious to his chance of success. In her lodging house at Hastings, her son and husband, she had necessarily occupied for that idle train of reverie in which, the poets assure us, that Cupid finds leisure to wing his shaft at the heart of his aim. Had Lionel still been by her side—had even Colonel Morley been in town—her affection for the one, her awe of the other, would have been her safeguards. But alone in that fine new house in Gloucester Place, so spacious and so—no dear visiting circle on which to expend the decree of talk she had to say, the innocent excitement that are natural to ladies of an active mind and a nervous temperament, the sudden obtrusion of matter so personally interesting to her as not to be denied that the temptation was immense!

And when that note, so neatly folded—so elegantly sealed—lay in her resolute hand, the widow could not but feel that she was still young, pretty; and that it was hard for a lady to the day when the linen-draper's fair daughter had been the property of the Haughtons of High Street—when young officers had managed to insult fro the pavement, looking in at her window—when echo and the dark eyes of the invisible Charles Haughton had first learned to laugh her pain away. And in her hand lies the letter of Charlie Haughton's particular friend. She breaks the seal. She reads—Salvation!

Five letters in five days did Jasper write. In the course of those letters he developed the processes for suspicion which Colonel Morley had no suspected suggested. He is no longer unscrupulous—he is a reformed character. He alludes incidentally to the precarious age in which he had incurred those "load of debt, that heritage of woe." This accounts for his friendship with a man so much his senior as the late Arabella. He also confesses that, in spite of dissipation, his hereditary estates have disappointed him. He has still a genuine affection for and with the women of his heart, etc., etc. He had never before known what real love was, etc. The lessons that he had received from Mrs. C. "had the heart—the heart been lonely still." He entreats her to open a personal interview, though to be rejected—scorned. Still, when "he who adored her had left but the name," etc., etc. And after all "Arabella Crane was not Arabella the Fifth, she hesitated; and the woman who hesitates is not a cad, is sure, at least—to write a civil answer.

Mrs. Haughton wrote but three lines—still they were civil—and accorded the hope forever to escape from maternal tutelage, braved her scoldings, and called for a coach at the door. He was sure that he should be in luck that night. She gave to him the sum and spared the scoldings. Paid as soon as he was glad to depart. Then, from the bravado of his manner, what had really occurred, Mrs. Crane put on her bonnet and went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

Unhappy is the man who puts his trust in—a woman.

LAYS like this are apt to be sung when valor is knocked at No.—Gloucester Place, and asked to see Mrs. Haughton on urgent business. She was admitted. She remained but five minutes.

The next day, when "gay as a bridegroom prancing to his bride," Jasper Lonely presented himself at the widow's door, the servant placed in his hand a packet, and informed him that by that Mrs. Haughton had gone out of town. Jasper with difficulty suppressed his rage, opened the packet, and found—a letter—nothing, with these words:—"Sir, your name is not Courtenay Smith. If you trouble me again I shall apply

to the police." Never from female hand had Jasper Loseby's pride received such a slap in the face. He was literally stunned. Mechanically he hastened to Arabella Crane; and having no longer any object in concealment, but, on the contrary, a most urgent craving for sympathy, he poured forth his indignation and wrongs. The mother could be more consolatory than Mrs. Crane. She soothed, she flattered, she gave him an excellent dinner; after which she made him so comfortable—what with an easy-chair and complimentary converse, that, when Jasper at last took to his lodging, he said: "After all, if I had been ugly and stupid, and of a weakly constitution, I should have been of a very domestic turn of mind."

CHAPTER XIV.

No Author ever drew a character, consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies.

WHETHER moved by that pathetic speech of Jasper's, or by some other impulse of the feminine, Arabella Crane seemed suddenly to conceive the laudable and arduous design of reforming that gentleman's stores. She had some distant relations in London, whom she very rarely troubled with a visit, and who, she had wanted any thing from them, would have shut their doors in her face; but as, on the contrary, she was well off, single, and willing to lay her money to whom she pleased, the distant relations were always warm in manner, and prodigal in their offers of service. The next day she enquired to one of these kinsfolk—a person in a large way of business—and received a letter with two great books in white sheepskin. And when Loseby looked in to dine, she said, in the sweetest manner in the world, as she noticed a new expression in his countenance—a look of determination, "Jasper, you have great abilities—at the gaming-table abilities are evidently displayed—your forte is calculation—you were always very quick at that. I have been fortunate enough to procure you a nice piece of tasksork, for which you will be liberally remunerated. A friend of mine wishes to submit these books to a single accountant; he suspects that a clerk has cheated him, but he can not tell how or where. You know accounts thoroughly—so set to work—and the pay will be ten guineas."

Jasper, though his early life had rendered familiar and facile to him the science of bookkeeping and double-entry, made a grimace at the revolting idea of any honest labor. He never light and well paid. But ten guineas were an immense temptation, and in the evening Mrs. Crane coaxed him into the task.

Neglecting no feminine art to make the hovless mound like a home under her roof, she had provided for his ease and comfort morocco slippers and a specially-constructed lamp, material-rich, in color becoming. Men, single or married, are accustomed to connect the idea of home with dressing-gown and slippers, and usually, if, after dinner, they apply (as Jasper Loseby now applied) to accounts, to unyielding figures, to active, the form in repose. What achievement, literary or scientific, was ever accomplished by a student arranged in dressing-gown and slippers, and "cabined, cribbed, confined," in a cost that his him like iron? As robed in that elegant garment which is consecrated to the sacred familiar Lares, the relaxing, handsome ruffian sate in the quiet room, bending his still powerful profile over the sheepskin books—the harmless pen in the white-shaped hand, like a feather, the wreathed him with a softening countenance. To bear him company, she had actively taken herself to work—the gold thimble dropped in the fair repose—working and humming, with nimble artistic fingers, new carpets for the parlor-sofa! Strange creature is Woman! Ungrateful and perfidious as she sleek tiger before her had often proved himself—though no man could less deserve one kindly sentiment in a female heart—how many a low chair has he made ready for her, still it was pleasing to know that he cared for nobody else—that he was sitting in the same room—and the gold thimble did the rest. Her insolence could continue she could forget the past, and look contented toward the future. Again I say, strange creature is Woman!—and, in this instance, creature more strange, because so grim! Such are her eyes softest, such her fingers work, and her mind revolves schemes for making that lawless wild beast an harmless, tame animal, who can help feeling for and with grim Arabella Crane?

Poor woman! And will not the experiment succeed? Three evenings does Jasper Loseby devote to his studies life and fortune depend upon. He completes his task—he receives the ten guineas. (How much of that fee came out of Mrs. Crane's privy purse?) He looks over three mistakes, which justify suspicion of the bookkeeper's honesty. He is clear in each mistake. He is praised for acuteness, and promised a still lighter employment, to be still better paid. He departs, declaring that he will come the next day, earlier than usual—he volunteers an assignment work in general—but Arabella Crane evenings so happy he has not spent for years; he leaves Mrs. Crane so much impressed by the hope of his improvement, that if a female clergyman had found her just at that moment, she might almost have been induced to pray. Bet—

"Hen quatre fièvre
Montaigne deux fortune"

Jasper Loseby returns not, neither to Podden Place nor to his lodging in the neighborhood. Days elapse; still he comes not; even Poole does not know where he has gone; even Poole has not seen him! But that latter worthy is now laid up with a serious rheumatic fever, confined to his room and water-gruel. And Jasper Loseby is not the man to intrude himself on the privacy of a sick chamber. Mrs. Crane, more bereavement, visits Poole—chews him up—gets him a nurse—writes to Uncle Sam. Poole dresses her. He hears that Uncle Sam, moved by the spectacle of his sick bed, will say, "Don't let your debts fret you—I will pay them!" Whatever her disappointment or resentment at Jasper's thankless and mysterious evasion, Arabella Crane is calmly confident of his return. To her servant, Bridgett Greggs, who was perhaps the sole person in the world who entertained affection for the lone, gaunt woman, and who held Jasper Loseby in profound detestation, she said, with unusual firmness, that work must be crossed my life, and darkened it. He passed away, and left Night behind him. He has dared to return. He shall see me no more again till the grave yawn for one of us."

"Ah, dear, dear you, miss, you would not put yourself in the power of such a black-hearted villing?"

"In his power! No, Bridgett; fear not, he must be in mine—sooner or later in mine—hand and foot. Patience!"

As she was thus speaking—a knock at the door—"It is he—I told you so—quick!"

But it was not Jasper Loseby. It was Mr. Rogge.

RESUMPTION.*

No money yet! no money yet!
Although 'tis months since it was due!
The merchant fumes, he storms, he frets,
Ye gods! ye gods! what are the limits about?

I.

The Banks remained, they told us, of other day,
With prompt resumption at exhaustion's fly.
What they "resumed" "twere difficult to say,
Save "notes of preparation."

II.

Thinks other "notes" are neither there nor here,
As all will find who ask accommodation;
And as for specie, that is still too dear
For poets' "resuscitation."

III.

Perchance they will resume their "shining" arks,
Taking good gold and giving doubtful paper;
With "rags" to cover our embarrassed parts,
And pay back-loan's "deficiency."

IV.

Perchance they'll blow their bubbles once again;
Transparent tissues, stained with cute de-vices!
Thinking to "raise the wind," when 'tis next plain
They'll only raise the prices.

V.

Two hundred million paper promises!
(Less promising of Actors than dis-asters!)
What wonder if credit shows a frown,
Just think of it, my masters!

VI.

What wonder such a fabric knocks up all prices;
Makes "bulls" to bully, "bears" grow put to shifts;
Brings people to the "rattle" for their "specs,"
Besides hard times and sweating.

VII.

What wonder our prosperity's all "flash!"
A million bubble, filled with gas and vanity,
Bound to explode, and leave the world in gloom!
Or times grow "tight" or panic'y!

VIII.

What wonder we buy "rags" of all creation;
But all mankind's cave ours machinery slanging;
That all our "paper" is but speculation,
To a general paper-banging!

IX.

"Paper suspension!"—That's the delirium phrase
Neath which this "Country" darkens every dwelling!
Brings misery—not riches—and poverty!
Puts e'en bank-notes' feeling.

X.

'Tis said King Midas, in long, by-gone years,
Turned all he touched to gold—the sea of Mammon!
Our paper plan's the reverse—turns gold to golden ars,
Turn all our wealth to gammon.

XI.

Our gait they send to parly John Bull;
Our paper, lying sent to every shore;
But Jonathan—the guiling green, bank tool!—
Jonathan takes bank paper.

XII.

Enchanted fool!—who said enchantment slit,
Which turned to "rubbish" Gold—the fairy erection;
Finds cash he counts as worse than counter-feits,
His trade but counter-action.

XIII.

Gold he might have and silver without stint,
Instead of paper notes, are "rags" and token;
But Jonathan hates all smell of "mint,"
Yet dotes on paper "tin."

XIV.

The "Golden Gate" is open to our hand;
Gold—our real treasure—is there in plenty;
Our sapient bankers take the bullion, and
Issue "shin-plasters" galore.

XV.

Paper!—the "people's choice"—the banker's blist'ns!—
Dance to his "notes," you'll see a fine piper,
Who Fortune seeks in "rags" just when it wanes,
The while he "loses the slipper."

XVI.

Who doubles paper, doubles, to his cost,
Banks, brokers, skinners, interest, and bank beggars,
And gains—not riches only—but bread,
Counted in bigger figures.

XVII.

The man who finds out how two blades are grown
In place of one, makes the land a no-bel'on!
Who takes two "solids" to my true sense of one,
Is just "a Jonathan."

J. S. P.

THE LEGEND OF MY NATIVE TOWN.

THE little country-town in old England from which my ancestors came has a legend of its own which is well known to many persons there, although I believe it has never yet found print. I have often heard the story told by grey-headed old men who knew it by heart. Old Richard Hayes, took more delight in seeing his daughter—in hearing her speak, or in exchanging a few words with her—than ever old Baron dreamed of, or than ever any one else dreamed of—not excepting the daughter or the appreciative himself. What could Richard Hayes want? He had suspected it if he could have known. He would, probably, have thanked his superiors, and his old appreciation, when they were free from control, took to gambling, or profuse swearing, or drunkenness, with a hearty goodwill. He believed that his masters' eye was not constantly upon them, they would shirk from their work, or rob the till, or get out and do the mile. You might argue as you would!

Richard Hayes was a steady, honest, and industrious fellow; but about this time his mind was apt to wander from his work, so that some one else was accordingly done to the old saddler's materials.

"You are an idle villain," said the master, one morning early. "You eat and drink here and render no return."

Hayes made no answer, though deeply wounded. He was no great hero, and was still but a lad. He did consider that many other lads were often offended—he refused to eat that day. When meal-times came he said he would rather work on. Old Baines bore this in penitential with great cheerfulness. He quoted old proverbs about a proud stomach. Before the noon-day meal-time of dinner, that the savory steam might wander up the long shop, and tease his self-punished apprentice, Richard Hayes looked on; but sometimes, when the old man made a joke at his expense, he paused a while and listened. Did the joke hurt him, or join in the persecution? If she did, he would starve himself to death. But she did not; nor did he hear her speak a word.

That afternoon, when it was getting dusk and Richard Hayes was still at his work, while the master saddler was smoking in his little backroom—Margaret stole through into the shop so gently that the apprentice could not hear her, until she stood beside him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Come, Dick," she said; "come in for my sake. I know—you have not broken fast all day."

"I have broken my fast," he said, with an air of bread that I have not earned," said Dick.

"Never mind that," said the girl. "You are vexing me, and vexing my father, too. Do, pray, come in."

"No, Margaret," replied the apprentice. "I'm not without a guinea of my own. I'll buy my own bread. I'll not eat bread for which I earn no man's table."

"Have you a bad heart?" said the girl.

"I have a right feeling," replied Dick.

"Well; and if you have, Dick," replied the girl, "you've done nothing wrong. Why are you grieve me, too? Well, well, I can not make you come, so good-night."

Dick took her little trembling hand and held it for a while, and felt a strong desire to blubber and give in. But neither held out against any thing but her companion.

He stood there, still holding her hand for some minutes, and not a word; till, just at the moment that she turned away, he whispered to her, hurriedly, "Margaret, I care for nothing. You shan't grieve about me. I'll give in. They shall say or think what they like." With this he let his fair work and left the room where the master saddler was, and sat down in silence and ate his meal. He knew old Baines's jokes, and let him tell of how often he had known such stubborn folks brought round by hunger, and made at one or other of the trades. The saddler, when he had come out, sat there and little thought what power had swayed the apprentice. That night Margaret and her father's apprentice on the stairs and bade him good-night, and told him he was a kind-hearted good-night, and told him he was a kind-hearted fellow, and that he must remember that day.

From that time old Ransen had no more power to make his apprentice angry. He still worked hard and did his best, and if the old man complained he gave him no answer. He was not answering nor when his apprenticeship would end, and Dick thought of what he should do when master of his business. He planned out many schemes. But old Ransen grew every day more irritable. Dick's silence, when he spoke to him, looked like contempt. He was the time drawing near when he supposed that his apprentice would throw off the mask and set him at defiance. He was much soured him; and one day, when he had been eating his apprentice for some trifle, Dick, with thoughts of the old man's anger again to whistle at his work. The old man's anger was roused at this. He rushed at his apprentice and struck him. Dick had been used to a moment he would not have returned the blow; but he didn't pause to think a moment. He knocked him down. There could be no reconciliation after that. The old man declared solemnly that Dick should be taken before a magistrate the next day and sent to jail. Ransen, it is true, had struck the apprentice first; and magistrates had no sympathy with apprentices. The old man had bruises; Dick had none. There was nothing more certain than that Dick, in the case before a magistrate, would be sent to a prison to associate with thieves and rogues. Dick turned it over in his mind that night; but, look at it how he would, he saw no hope, except in running away—so he made up his mind at once. He tied in a bundle all he possessed, put on all his clothes, dropped out of the low window on to the yard, and so into the roadway, and walked away.

A runaway apprentice in these days was a far blacker villain than he is now. There was not a man or woman in the country round about where poor Dick had spent his days who would have helped him with a crust if they had known it. The angry news got to the ears of the masters, and lurked at all such unnatural rebels. Dick had a fellow-feeling. But he was not doubt of getting work when he had got far enough to be safe. Dick's plan was to make a fortune at once, and return and claim Margaret as his wife—to compel old Ransen to forgive him and forget the past. But, although this scheme was in his well defined and practical enough, he found difficulties. In many towns there was not a single soldier to be found. More than one magistrate he had left behind him came to a place where he learned at last that there was a soldier's shop. Dick entered, and hoped, and determined to go in and seek for work; but going across the road to clean his shoes and shake the dust from his clothes, he saw a recruiting-party which turned him in a moment from his purpose. Right facing him on the watch-tower, and there, for the first time, Dick caught sight of his own name upon a large hand-bill, evidently newly stuck upon the board beside the door. Dick could easily the description of himself, which made him at a down glance look like any one else, and was not flattering. It gave Dick a pang to think how his characters must have it all their own way now—how every little boy in the street would now be asked up and exaggerated, and how Margaret, hearing such things, all day, might come to believe, to lose her liking for him, and to think that they were right.

He would not help this story to tell all Dick's sufferings; or how his stock of money gradually went; or how his wits and bundle dwindled down at last to a stick and no bundle. In some places people told him at once that he was a runaway apprentice. Others, when they said, by their looks, that would not harbor him; in other places they wanted a character with him—could not believe what he was from, and who employed him last; and said that he looked young, and must be only just out of his time. Did the people of Dick give his good answer; and, therefore, in the end, went on his way. He was forced to learn how to look like a miserable tramp. He slept in barns and outhouses, where poor travelers took shelter with their horses. He was glad to eat of the swill of swine even of their cloes. The very loggers on the road addressed him as brutishly, without a doubt that he was one of them. But Dick would not lie. He would go and be a soldier first; and to this end, in fact, he had often thought of going before the fair.

It was on New-Year's Day, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-five, that Dick Hayes found himself, hungry, and weary, and cold, in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He wandered up and down the streets and looked at the shops, and shops, and saw two saddlers; but he was too beggarly at his appearance to go in and ask for the employment, like a decent workman. There was no help for him. Rebellion was rife in the North. Only that week the Scotch rebels had left Perth, and that called the King's Own, commanded by Colonel Wade, had marched there from Berwick. Dick found out a sergeant at a public house in a by-street, and there took service at once in the Old Buffs, and in the name of Philip Green.

When all the world conspires to treat an honest fellow as an abandoned scoundrel, it is to one that he begins to get nearer and nearer that character every day. Dick's trials had, in fact, not improved him. He did the meanest and vilest recruits, in which he found himself, tend to make him still more base. He envied his own dog, and cursed the people who had behaved harshly to him in his wanderings. He had a bitter feeling toward all the comfortable folks he met in the street—they by cheerful fires, and ate, and drank, and sang. He heard of plots and conspiracies in the north with a savage pleasure, and wished to be on the march to have a license to lay waste and kill. And this was the boy that called himself "Dick Hayes" still in reflection to that. The world and he had done with one another, and he knew it well.

In this mood he wandered up and down the streets of Newcastle, during the short time the regiment was there. One day, in a public-house, upon a little group of people in an open space in the town, in which a man was preaching, standing in the midst. The audience were poor colliers and sea-faring men, and some soldiers. They preached to the poor in fact then as they do now, and used to preach under roofs, save here and there in large towns. But this was a fine, open, fresh, wholesome-looking man, scarcely less poor in his appearance than his hearers. He stood in the blustering wind bareheaded, and his hair, as his hand, was worn and thumbed Bible, and preached from that in a rough, coarse way, which all these understood and felt. He told them he was a poor fellow like themselves, born still poorer than he started to describe what, if he had strength, should hear from him the words of truth and soberness, righteousness, and life in Christ. He spoke to the colliers and to his fellow-sailors, never liberating them their daily life. To the sailors he used some seaman's terms, saying he had taken to them himself. Richard Hayes listened to him with a curious interest; till, suddenly, the man's eye fell upon him, and he spoke some words which he knew well were meant for him alone. They were blunt, but not unkindly words. They pointed out to him his position with a truth that made him start. They guessed his past life as nearly what it was, and his present state, in so nearly what it was, and his present state, in so nearly what it was, endowed with something more than human power. When he stopped and took his hearers good-night, and the little crowd began

to disperse, Dick followed him in the gathering twilight till he came up with him, and touched his arm. The man looked round.

"You have spoken kind words to a poor friendless fellow," said Dick. "I walked after you to thank you."

"Not my words," said the man. "I preach as I am bidden. God grants that they fall not upon stony ground."

"Master," said Dick, earnestly, "I'll tell you what I feel. I have met unkindness, and wrong, and insult, where I did not quite deserve them. No human being save you has given a thought to what I am, or where I am going, or what may become of me for many a day. If you have found the world as I have found it, you may be glad to know that I am grateful."

The man took Dick's proffered hand, and grasped it; and then pointing to a little public house bade his hearer follow him there, that they might talk awhile. They found a clean quiet room where a bright fire was burning, and glittering in the glass of the old-fashioned prints upon the walls. Dick, in his joy at finding a new friend, told him all his history, and the old man gave him advice. It was too late, he feared, to go back. The war demanded men, and nothing would release him: but he exhorted Dick to do his duty; to avoid the evil courses too common with his comrades; to pray to Heaven to turn the hearts of men from violence and bloodshed, and relieve him from his dreadful burden. Dick assured him fervently that he would strive to follow his advice. And so they parted; promising to meet next day, before the old man went upon his journey. When Dick saw him again, they had a longer conversation; they walked together a mile out of the town, upon the old preacher's road; and there Dick resolved to ask of him a favor.

"You know," said Dick, "after battles, they form a list of all the men who are killed. Now, I want you to promise to look always to these, and if ever you find the name of Philip Joyce, which is my name in the regiment, to let Margaret Ranson and her father know that I am dead."

"God forbid!" exclaimed his friend; "but should it be so, His will be done. I give my promise, and, if I live, it shall be fulfilled."

"Do not say where, or how," said Dick, in a faltering voice, "for it would grieve her more than need be. Say that you saw me after I left them, and that I was sorry for the pain that I had given them."

The old preacher grasped his hand and bade him hope, and be confident of the good wishes of Jacob Bonnell; and then took his farewell, and went upon his way.

Recruits were drilled rapidly in that time of rebellion, for soldiers must be had whether taught or not.

Richard Hayes was with the army under Wade and General Hawley at Falkirk and Culloden, and saw many a scene of carnage, but escaped without a wound. He heard no tidings of the old preacher; but his words were not forgotten. There was not a better or more humane soldier in all the army. Most men liked him, and the cavalry officers employed him to mend their saddles for them. Two years after he had enlisted, he embarked with his regiment for Flanders, and then fought at Roucoux. From the day he left his home he had never heard of Margaret or her father, but he still cherished the hope of seeing her again. The desire had grown with time. He guarded all the money that he earned with the hope of being allowed to buy his freedom, and return to England; and, with this idea forever present, he acquired a greedy love of money that looked like avarice in his comrades' eyes, and, indeed, grew nearer to that quality every day. The long delay preyed upon his spirits, and he became by degrees a sullen and silent man. The waste and luxury of young officers filled him with envy. The good luck of others made him hate them. The sight of successful roguery turned all his thoughts to bitterness.

Sometimes, in his great dejection, doubts would arise in his mind whether all honesty were not a mere delusion—a doctrine preached by knaves who were too wise to follow it, but palmed it upon weaker men for their own gain. He knew that sometimes after an engagement, or even when on the march, men would grow suddenly possessed of a store of money—from what source none told. Some would gamble this away, sitting at night by watch-fires, and would lose good sums without a thought, or with a laugh. Dick never joined in these; but he would sometimes look on with a strong interest. One night he was watching such a party, who were quietly throwing dice upon the top of a drum. The man who won was an idle and dissolute fellow. Hayes fixed his eyes upon the little heap of money which the winner swept into his pouch, and felt a gnawing envy. The blood rushed to his head. The forms of the men shot up into unnatural size, and dropped again; the whole scene reeled before his eyes in the ruddy glare of the wooden fire. A strong desire possessed him to seize the dice-box, and challenge the winner to stake his gains once more. A superstitious whisper was in his ear, that the purpose for which he wanted gold was good and just, and that the other man would squander it—and that, seeing all these things, Fortune would favor him. He advanced to the drum, and asked eagerly to be allowed to throw. The man accepted his challenge, and Hayes lost; he doubled his stake, and lost again; doubled it, and lost once more. Some men who knew their comrade's avaricious character, had gathered round, and he knew that they felt a satisfaction at his losses. Indeed, as he cast down his guineas and left the spot, a half-smothered laugh caught his ear, and roused in him thoughts more bitter still than he had felt upon that New-Year's Day when he wandered hungry and weary, a stranger in the streets of Newcastle.

There was a great battle on the next day, which lasted from daylight till near sunset, many hundreds being slain. The fight had spread over a wide country, many sharp struggles having taken place at distant points. The company to which Hayes belonged had been pushed on to the front; until near the close of the day it found itself alone, and the word was given to fall back. At this moment he received a blow upon the head, from what cause he knew not, for he reeled at once, and fell.

He could not have lain long. When he awoke it was daylight; but the place where he found himself was deserted. He rubbed his head and found a little blood, which he wiped with his handkerchief, but he seemed to have nothing but a bruise. After resting a few moments, he felt quite revived, and determined to go on at once in search of his comrades.

To those who have ever listened for noises real or fancied, in solitary places, where there is no wind, it will not seem strange that Hayes felt doubtful in which direction the body of the army lay; for sometimes he seemed to hear a confused murmur upon either side, and sometimes a noise like one hallooing at a great distance. Not doubting, however, that he should rejoin his comrades, he wound his way round a low hill till he came to a field of brushwood, where traces of the fight were visible. The flush of sunset filled the sky, like a crimson vapor risen from the battle-field; but the light was beginning to fail. Hayes walked quickly till he sunk again into a hollow, and there, a little off the path, beside a pool of water gleaming crimson in the sunset like a pool of blood, he found the body of a man. He lay there motionless, as if he had striven to gain the pool and drink, but had died before he reached it; and, being then some distance from the battle-field, had remained there unobserved; for Hayes knew, by the richness of his uniform, that he was an officer of superior rank.

Hayes paused a few moments, watching the body for some sign of life, but it gave none. His epaulets and sword-hilt glittered even in the waning light, and seemed to dazzle the young soldier's eyes. The uncontrollable madness of the night before came upon him once again. The lust for money; the yearning after his abandoned home; the casuistry that made the basest thing seem good, all drew him on.

It was too late to help the man. The gold or other things about him could be useful to him no more. Before many hours, the wretches who hover about a battle-field would plunder him of all. Hayes's comrades had never yet shown scruples on this point. He stooped quickly beside the body, and drew forth a purse. The man lay sideways, and Hayes perceived a ribbon that was round his neck, as if fastened to some trinket worn beneath his shirt. He clutched it greedily, and found a cross thick-set with diamonds that sparkled as he drew it forth. Hayes shrank from touching the body as he strove to disentangle the ribbon, when, to his astonishment, the wounded man uttered a faint groan.

Hayes started; and then paused; holding the cross still firmly. The man was evidently awakening from a swoon. His hand passed quickly to his breast, as if to feel for the cross there, and as quickly caught his plunderer by the wrist.

"Laissez-moi ça. Mon Dieu! la croix!" exclaimed the officer, as if still half-dreaming.

Hayes strove to disengage himself, but he himself was weak with recent loss of blood, and the man's strength was returning. He half-raised himself, and clutched Hayes with both hands, and they fell together, and struggled with their whole strength. Hayes held the cross still, instinctively, which engaged his hand, and his antagonist drew a pistol from his belt. In another moment he would have shot his opponent dead; but Hayes held off his arm, and, blinded by the fury of the struggle, drew a pistol from his own breast, and fired at his opponent. The officer uttered a groan, his hold relaxed, and he fell back heavily. Horrified by the dreadful act into which his cupidity had betrayed him, Hayes fled from the ground.

Night had fallen as he hurried on over fields and through lanes, till he must have journeyed some miles. He discovered no trace of his comrades, nor did he desire to meet them again. The words of the preacher who had left him at Newcastle rang in his ears, and reproached him with his crime. He would have given all that he possessed—all hopes that he had ever cherished, to go back and wipe out that one day from his memory forever. Toward daylight he met some laborers, who directed him to a little village, where he purchased a blue linen blouse, and a cap and trowsers, which concealed his military uniform. In this garb he wandered about for some time, till, finally, he found his way to the coast, and took ship for England.

Hayes found employment in London, but he lived a solitary life. Of those who employed him or came in contact with him, none knew his history, but all remarked his reserved and gloomy character, and shrank from him with dislike or dread. Some even said that he had been a highwayman; others did not scruple to hint their belief that he had stained his hands with some dreadful deed. Hayes knew their distrust or hatred of him, but he lived too much with his own thoughts to heed it. His sole idea was to remain cut off forever from all who had known him or cared for him, suffering a life of voluntary hardship in expiation of his crime; though, sometimes, the thought of the misfortunes he had met with, and how these had, step by step, drawn him onward through a kind of madness to this dreadful end, passed through his mind, and eased him for a moment of some portion of the burden that he bore.

Two years had elapsed, when, one night, coming to his cheerless home, Hayes passed a man, who stared at him for a moment, and then, following him, called to him in an anxious manner to stop. Hayes turned beneath a lamp, and the man, suddenly coming up with him, called him by the name of Philip Joyce!

Hayes recognized him as Jacob Bonnell, the street-preacher, whom he had parted with in Newcastle.

"They reported you killed," said the preacher; "and for these two years I believed that we could never meet again in this world."

Hayes was too much agitated to speak many words. He begged his friend to go home with him; and there the preacher told him that he had visited his native town, and, according to his compact, had communicated to Margaret and her father the intelligence that he was dead.

"Promise me," exclaimed Hayes, "never to let them know that I still live."

The wildness of his manner struck his hearer with astonishment; but Hayes that night made confession to him of the crime of which he had been guilty.

"This is horrible," said his friend, "and can scarcely hope for forgiveness."

Hayes made no answer; but taking a little box, he unlocked it, and displayed to his visitor's eyes a purse of money and a cross sparkling with diamonds.

"They are here as I stole them," says Hayes, "the accursed things that tempted me to murder a wounded man. I have touched no atom of their value."

"Such justice as is possible must be done," said the preacher. "I will endeavor by this clew to discover the family to whom they belong, that you may restore them."

Hayes thanked him, and his visitor took a description of the cross. They spent that night in serious converse, and Hayes felt a support in his presence which he had not known for a long time. When they parted, his friend told him that he was going from London, but would return again. * * *

Many months after this event, the young workman was sitting one night alone in his room, seeking occupation for his mind in reading, when a tapping at his door aroused him. Taking his lamp in his hand, he threw the door open, and there found his faithful friend, Jacob Bonnell, with a stranger. The light upon the stranger's face revealed a man advanced in life. His countenance was stern and worn, and he had a thick mustache like a foreigner. Hayes shrank from the man's gaze, as if he remembered some one like him, and remembered him with dread.

"Enter, Monsieur Bonnell," said the stranger to the street-preacher, in a foreign accent. "You can best explain this visit."

"This," said the preacher, "is the Count de Beauséant, the representative of Count de Beauséant who was killed in the action at Val. After much correspondence with persons on the Continent, I have discovered him, and he has traveled here in person to obtain from your hand the diamond cross, a precious heir-loom belonging to his family, which you took from his brother's person on the battle-field."

"They are here!" exclaimed Hayes, suddenly unlocking the box; but the stranger stopped him, and taking the lamp from his hand, held it up to his own face, and bade Hayes scan his features, and tell him if he knew him.

The man looked steadily at him, and Hayes trembled violently with a sudden suspicion of the truth that awaited him.

"I have deceived my friend here," said the foreigner, impressively. "It was I myself who was cruelly attacked and plundered on the field of Val. See here!"

The stranger thrust open his shirt, and revealed, near his left shoulder, a bullet-wound now healed. "This is your act," he added.

Hayes uttered a cry of joy, and, seizing the stranger by the hand, fell on his face, and implored his pardon for the terrible wrong that he had done.

Some tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheek of the old soldier as he took Hayes's hand, and assured him of his forgiveness. "This noble friend of yours has told me your strange story," he added.

"It is happily ended so far," said the preacher; "but with God's blessing it may have a happier sequel. Would you see Margaret Ranson once again?"

"The hope of such a happiness was gone forever," replied Hayes; "but this night and its unexpected joy revives it. Would she, or would her father, see me again?"

"She believes you dead," replied Bonnell; "that she would be rejoiced to find you living, how can I doubt? When I saw her last, she still wore mourning for her loss, and her father spoke of you with tenderness and regret as one who might have been happy with his daughter, and who might have relieved him of the cares of his business now in his old age."

On the morrow Jacob Bonnell wrote to Margaret and her father that Richard Hayes was known to be still living, and that he would come to them that week to bring more important tidings; and in a day or two Hayes and he started together. It was in the winter time, with some snow on the ground, and the old-fashioned Highflyer coach was four days upon the road—an endless and a weary time; but Hayes's heart was lighter than it had been for many years. In the old inns where he staid on the road, when he succeeded in falling into a doze at night, he dreamed of being again and again an apprentice in the old saddle-maker's shop, with all the miseries of his future life still mercifully hidden from his knowledge. A dream of dreams it was; but when they stood before the old house again, and looked up at its plastered front, and its worn wooden steps leading into the shop, in which he had known so much of sorrow and delight; and at the small-paned lattice window, from which he had dropped on to the porch on the night when he had fled—and found all still unchanged, a shade of doubt and fear passed over him, soon happily to vanish. Jacob Bonnell entered first, and staid some time, preparing the way for his companion. Then he came out, and led his companion into the room behind the shop, where the old man, though now decrepit, was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, exactly as of old; and oh! crowning delight of all! his own good Margaret, who had mourned for and loved his memory through all, fell on his shoulder, uttering no word, but only sobbed for joy. Not dead! Unless the miserable outcast, the poor soldier, and the gloomy misanthrope were one with him.

Jacob Bonnell staid with them for some days, doing many good offices to poor persons in the town, though he visited them afterward once a year, taking their town in the circuit of his labors. He exhorted them always to be mindful of the Providence which had led them to so happy an issue; for Hayes, before his next visit, was the husband of Margaret, and the old saddle-maker, who had retired, leaving all the conduct of his trade to his old apprentice, had caused to be written over his windows the words "Ranson and Hayes, Saddle-makers."

MY FLORA.

Tell me, Gentles, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
That you may know the Miss I mean,
Her briefly I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head,
But on her neck she wears:
An oyster-shell 'tis said
In size with it compares.
Its shape no eye can brook,
Its use is doubtful, too;
It but imparts a barefaced look,
And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swell
For its swoln exuberance:
She looks a Monster Belle
In such Big Ben expanse.
Those air-tubes filled with gas
Might lift her to the moon;
The small boys mark it as they pass,
And screech out, "Ah Bal-loon!"

A parasol she bears
For ornament, not use:
For comfort gloves she wears
Too tight, and sleeves too loose.
Behind her hangs a hood
Just level with her chin,
An Indian Squaw might find it good
To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,
Sham flowers the rest conceal;
And she's crippled by her boots
With the military heel:
Streets off you hear them stalk
Whene'er she ventures out;
And she seems to waddle more than walk,
Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,
But that no eye can tell;
A mere lay-figure would
Show off her dress as well.
She may have ankles neat,
But they're concealed by skirt,
Which chiefly serves to hide her feet,
And gather up the dirt.

Then, Gentles, have you seen
My Flora this way come?
She can not have unnoticed been,
She takes up too much room!

THE NATIVES OF CAPE COLONY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

New York, *January* 12, 1858.

Allow me to correct a mistake which your correspondent makes in his communication to you from Cape Town, which appeared in your edition of the 9th of this month. He writes concerning the Hottentots: "They are not many, and mostly reside far in the interior, and are met with at Algoa Bay," *and* "at Natal, where *they are split up into tribes of Zulus, Fingoes, etc.*"

The Hottentots belong to a race quite distinct from the Zulus or Fingoes, and are totally different from them in appearance and character. Their color is very much the same as that of the Chinese, and their eyes are generally of the same elongated form. They originally possessed the western part of the Cape, but are now scattered over the colony, and may be called the peasantry of the Cape. They drive wagons, gather in the harvest, and perform other farm labor for the colonists. The Fingoes are a tribe very similar to the Caffres in appearance (so much so as not to be distinguished except by an experienced person). They have the same color (varying from black to olive), and the same upright, tall forms and symmetrical limbs, and the same head, of Caucasian shape, although wool-covered. They were enslaved by the Caffres, but were liberated by the English; and I must give them credit for their gratitude, for they have ever remained the firm allies of their liberators. *They* also live, for the most part, in the colony, and perform the duties of cattle-herds and shepherds for the colonists—and most excellent cattle-herds they make. The Hottentot displays in his conduct a far lower moral nature than Fingo, Caffre, or Zulu. Although it may be said that they have been converted to Christianity by the good missionaries of the Cape, yet their conduct shows none of this conversion: they are addicted to the lowest and most degrading vices, and seem to be perfect slaves to all their appetites. The Fingo or the Caffre is not a drunkard, and does not give way to vice as the Hottentot, although making no profession. The Fingoes are as muscular and powerful as the Caffres, and have generally beaten them, when opposed by even superior numbers, in battle, but the tribe is not very numerous. They hate the Caffres most cordially. The Zulus are a finer race than either the Fingoes or the Caffres; they are very numerous, and live near and in the colony of Port Natal, north of Algoa Bay. They are very useful to the colonists in that quarter. I resided nearly four years in the eastern district of the Cape Colony, near Algoa Bay, where I was engaged in the pursuit of farming, and employed a large number of Hottentots and Fingoes (and Caffres, *in times of peace*). I am, therefore, pretty well acquainted with these people, and understand their character well.

Knowing that you would wish to have any mistake corrected which might appear in your valuable paper, I have troubled you with the above.

A Cape Colonist.



MR. ASPINWALL'S MURILLO.

MR. ASPINWALL'S MURILLO.

THE public of New York have had the privilege, within the past few days, of admiring a great work of art by one of the most eminent of the old Spanish masters—"The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo. This painting is the property of Mr. William H. Aspinwall, a late partner in the eminent house of Howland & Aspinwall, who is now occupied in expending in Europe a portion of his fortune in the collection of a gallery of paintings.

To understand the subject, it must be known that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which has lately been adopted by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church as an indispensable article of faith, was proclaimed early in the seventeenth century by the Franciscans of Seville and an influential section of the Spanish priesthood. Their idea was that the Holy Virgin, the Mother of God, was born without sin, and without share in the curse laid on Adam and his descendants. A party in the Papal Church had professed belief in this dogma ever since the thirteenth century; but at the time Murillo flourished it had not received the favor of the Papal conclave, and indeed was viewed with remarkable disfavor by many eminent Popes. The Spanish clergy were, in consequence, all the more anxious to set forth their peculiar views; and they naturally called art to their aid. Hence the great number of "Conceptions" by the chief Spanish masters, and especially by the chiefest among them —Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

He painted many Conceptions. There are several in Spain—four at Madrid, three at Seville, one at Cadiz—and others elsewhere. The Louvre contains two—one purchased by Louis the Eighteenth, the other by the present Government of France, at the sale of the Gallery belonging to the late Marshal Soult. For this last picture no less a sum than 615,500 francs (over $103,000) was paid. The picture purchased by Mr. Aspinwall belonged to the late King of Holland. At his death his Gallery was offered for sale, and all the paintings sold, save a few which the family bought in. Among these was this Murillo, for which $70,000 had been bid in vain. When Mr. Aspinwall passed through Holland, a short time since, he heard of the painting, and made an offer for it. Negotiations were opened between him and the royal family; but it seeming impossible to come to an arrangement, Mr. Aspinwall abandoned the hope of becoming possessor of the Murillo, and pursued his journey to Paris. He had been but a few days in that city, however, when he was waited upon by an emissary from Holland, who was a bearer of a message to the effect that on reflection the owners of the picture accepted his offer. Mr. Aspinwall thus became owner of this fine work of art. We are not aware of the sum he paid, but the picture is said to have been entered at the Custom-house at the value of $70,000—a larger value, probably, than is set upon any other single work of art ever brought to this country.

The leading idea of the painting is the sinlessness of the Virgin. She is represented as standing on the moon, because the Revelation speaks of the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet." (xii. 1.) Light, in the painting, radiates from her, to justify the expression, "clothed with the sun." The crescent shape of the moon is understood to have had reference to the prominence of the crescent in the old Moorish reminiscences of Spain. She is robed in blue and white, to agree with a tradition which declared that the Virgin had appeared in those colors to a pious Portuguese nun, named Beatrix da Silva. But the crowning idea of the work is the dignified serenity, the passionless innocence expressed in the features of the Virgin. In the language of an eminent writer, "the pure, unerring unconsciousness of sin or shame; Heavenly beatitude past utterance; the retiring virgin loveliness of the blessed Mary, seem to have stolen so gently on her, that she is not aware of her own power and fascination. She is about fifteen years old, with those regular features which the Greek artists selected to express the serenity of the immortal gods devoid of human frailties; her attitude—

> "'Her graceful arms, in meekness bending
> Across her gently-budding breast.'"

It only remains to express the wish that all who care for art will avail themselves of the present time to see this fine work of art. Many persons will regret that Mr. Aspinwall did not rather spend his money on modern paintings than on those of a defunct age; but this is his concern, not the public's. Perhaps when his Gallery is completed it may be found that modern artists have not been forgotten.

Miscellany.

A CHINESE DISH.

Where our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish—something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their escapes from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabbets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly spirit of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole mortal without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried to swallow one with one or two of a second set, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lip a nip as sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise to desist from any further experiment of this nature.—*Life in China, by the Rev. W. C. Milne.*

A NOBLE GUINEA.

In the eulogy delivered by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in Edinburgh, on the character of Hugh Miller, he spoke of him as possessing "that noble genius which was never dissatisfied to write a line or say a word but for the glory of God and the good of man." He concludes as follows:

"It does not matter how a man dies; the matter is, how he lived. God knows that circumstances in providence may happen to deprive me of my reason. No man has any more anxiety for his reason than he has for his life; and circumstances are not wanting to me at present. I may, in the whirlwind of uncontrolled and ungovernable passion, and when the lehmman has cast me away from his post, do what I would never have done in my calm and collected moments. The highest step may be eclipsed, the most splendid genius may be quenched in darkness, memory may fail to remember my wife, my children, my God, the very name of my Saviour. I can not say what may happen, but I can say what will never happen. I say this will never happen—and God is my witness for it, for it is an exceeding comfort in such an hour as this—the connection between me and the members of this sentence shall never be severed—For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain; and come death here, come death there, come what may, this may, this boy still remains—to 'me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

A GOOD PILL TO TAKE.

Sir Astley Cooper received, perhaps, the largest fee ever given at one time for an operation. It was upon an old gentleman named Long, who was a resident in the West Indies, and when he arrived at the age of seventy, began to think he continued on going to England to undergo an operation. It was performed with his accustomed ability; and upon visiting him one day, after he was able to quit his bed, he observed to his surgeon that he had a heavy bill against him, and had not yet remunerated his surgeon. He desired to know the amount of his debt, and Sir Astley stated, "I've been considering that."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I thank you give you two hundred guineas;" but that is what I shall give you," taking off his nightcap and tossing it to Sir Astley.

"Thank you, Sir," said Sir Astley, "any thing from you is acceptable," and he put the cap into his pocket.

Upon examination it was found to contain a check for one thousand guineas.

One more anecdote must be related, as singularly illustrative of his character.

Mr. Storr considered Sir Astley at his own residence, and having received his advice, departed without giving the usual fee. Sir Astley took no notice of this, but gave him his attendance as usual; but, under a feeling that he was a gentleman who had more than days but who was not in independent circumstances. Shortly after, however, Sir Astley received a note, acquainting him that, on going to the Stock Exchange, he found that he had some omission, which he had disposed of, and that he had taken the liberty to put a £3000 of it in his name; and finding that it had soon after risen, he took the further liberty of selling it for him, and now sent the difference, which was £63 5s.

Sir Astley's amount of fees for exceeds that of any member of the profession. In ten years he received no less a sum than £21,000, and for many years from £15,000 upward. His patients have comprised all classes of society, and his reputation was bestowed equally on the wealthy and the indigent.

SHARP PRACTICE.

A French officer, who had served in Algiers, and had formerly been employed in the Government in Constantine, relates the following instance of the manner in which justice is frequently administered in Turkey by the subordinate officers. The details are claimed by foreigners:

"A manufacturer of Carcassone arrived at Constantinople with a large investment of cloths, which, for a new purpose, had rendered peculiarly fit for the Turkish market. An Armenian merchant was so pleased with the goods that he bought the whole lot, and paid by his note of hand at short date. When the note matured the merchant called upon the Turk to receive payment for the amount of the note, but his surprise may be well imagined when the Turk told him that he had already paid it, and owed him nothing.

"'But,' remonstrated the merchant, 'here is your note, which I should have given to you if you had paid it.'

"'It is of no consequence,' responded the Armenian. 'I have paid it, and can produce my witnesses to prove the payment.'

"In this dilemma the merchant felt that recourse was left but to seek the aid of the French Embassador, who, feeling the inefficiency of his own intervention, recommended him to plead his case in the hands of one of his own interpreters, who understood pretty well the chicanery of the Turkish law, and was aware of the devices pursued by native debtors to elude the payment of demands for which they received value.

"When measures were prepared the merchant and his debtor appeared before the Judge, who demanded of each party what he had to advance.

"'The payment of this note,' he replied, 'which the claimant to have received.'

"'What do you reply to this?' asked the Judge of the debtor.

"'That I have already paid it, and that here are my witnesses.'

"Truly enough, two men advanced from the crowd, and testified circumstantially to the payment of the note, mentioning the day and hour when it took place.

"The affair seemed decided, and the contentious Turk was about to withdraw, when the interpreter, who had remained silent, thus addressed the Judge:

"'We admit the payment of the note, as stated by these worthy men; but they have failed to tell you, or perhaps did not know, that a few days after, we lent the money back to the defendant for his convenience.'

"To corroborate this statement two witnesses stepped forth, and bare as full testimony as the two former had done to the opposite fact, that, as the defendant was unable to refund them, he was obliged to satisfy the claimant. This is fairly to the modern practice in some more civilized lands."

FOOD AND DIGESTION.

There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to afford a test of the quality of the food used, and, of course, that must best instruct us what food is fit for and what is not fit for human use or service. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and nourishment, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production. If they are sweet and unadulterated, they may be dreaded by their use: they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, our stomach will digest; if it approves not, it never is excuse; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is carried on in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed. This consists in masticating, or chewing the solid food, and in its being well and completely broken and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is of the greatest urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and masticate well.

DOGS AND WOMEN IN ITALY.

"Are you fond of dogs?" inquires Ross Browne, author of "Yusef." If you are, I pray your indulgence for a few reflections on the subject. They are an important element in social life throughout France and Italy, and have been for ages past upon these three degrees its very existence; without them, it would be a blank. They are the friends, companion, puppet-shows, and lap-dogs. The last are by far the most numerous and the most important. In some respects they are more interesting than the human species: they form a safety-valve for the affections; they sincerely reciprocate the love they yes; they occupy a more exalted sphere in the social circle than many, because a Frenchman is always in earnest when he loves his dog, and is more respected than men, because a woman is never so unfaithful to a dog as to a man. Constancy, constancy, and love even a lap-dog accordingly. In Florence you have the same thing. The amount of affection bestowed upon the canine species is beyond calculation. As society is organized it is very necessary that it should be so. A young lady of any pretensions to gentility can purchase a lap-dog only from a married scull. A blowever beautiful or virtuous she may be, it is useless for her to think of getting married without a well-supported lap-dog. Her husband, her children, her husband may be obtained for these hundred; but to be always a lap-dog again even at that. Any man who would marry a girl without 'the tin' would be considered a simpleton. Such cases are never—not that they could not occur, but the world is tedious he simple is to marry without a settlement for your children. Hence the

MARRIAGE CONTRACT

and the specification of an evening or two before perhaps once a week. To love a woman with any sort of marriage but on that account is impossible. She may be all his fancy painted her; she may be lovely, virtuous, and all else to declare—but such the case is hopeless on her side. A very romantic case was related to me the other day by a Florentine lady. It was one which were left to my discretion portion each of six hundred scudi. It was all they had to depend upon besides their own industry. One had a lover, a gentleman of high standing, who was a miracle of devotion; he was impatient, fierce, and jealous, and would have no opposition soul not as with others, a mere part of its existence, but the whole very life-blood of their heart. Well, as he was on the eve of having his hopes of happiness realized, another lady, with a larger marriage portion, bid for him. He immediately knocked himself down to her, and said to the other, 'Dearest, I can't marry you. I love you with unabated ardor, but marriage is out of the question. I am offered more by another lady; and, dearest creature, you must be aware that my interests at heart, you will be gratified to learn that I have accepted the offer, and intend to be married immediately.'

"The young lady was in great despair, as may be supposed. Her lover was married, and there was an end to all her hopes. Some time after her suitor received the addresses of a gentleman, who was equally intense and devoted in his love. At last he consented to have the nuptial knot tied, he sent his lawyer to demand what amount of funds she had. 'Six hundred scudi,' was the answer. 'That won't do,' said he; 'to be united join the young lady and said: 'Dearest, you know I love you, but I can't marry you on such a paltry hundred scudi. It is too small a sum altogether—much below what a gentleman of my standing in society has a right to expect.' She was, of course, and declared that it was impossible to live without him. Her sister, pitying her case, and sympathizing, observed to her: 'Since the only man I ever loved or can love is married, and since it is impossible that I can ever marry him, I will give you my portion. It is better one of us should be married than neither.' The generous lover was soon informed of it. It was not quite enough yet; but, inasmuch as she was pretty and would receive also a just appreciation of her charms, he would marry her; and the marriage contract was accordingly duly signed and carried into effect. The husband is now an old maid, and lives upon the scanty earnings of her needle. Many other cases of a similar kind have been related to me, showing a very curious state of things in social life. Now, since it rarely happens that a lady and gentleman marry the object of her affections, and since it is equally impossible for a gentleman to live without loving where there is a lack of scull, there must be an intermediate class of beings to receive the outpourings of the heart. Ladies must have something to love; and so they love their lap-dogs. I have seen beautiful girls of eighteen lap-dogs, and fondle them as children. So little women till it made me perfectly nervous. But this is nothing to the displays of affection made by the other sex. Every evening in a café, I observe one two or three bearded men kiss one another. Not a lady present was engaged in kissing their lapdogs. I know a gentleman who means to have a dog, placing a small dog on his plate and trying to swallow its head, and every day he kisses it on the other day in consequence of having jokingly observed to an acquaintance that his dog was an ugly specimen. There are lap-dogs of all grades in Florence. Those of the nobility are seat out in handsome carriages, attended by footmen, to take the fresh air on the Casine; ours in the ordinary rakes of life are attended by equipages on the public promenades, who hold them by a small silk or silver chain. Besides are infatuated about their dogs, and can go nowhere without them. They seem to be the source of pride—I might say the great point of honor—with their owners. Touch a lap-dog, save in the way of jest, and you are a ruined man. Such assaults may be forgiven, but this is an unpardonable offense.

"From dogs to sausages—it is not a very wide step. Then in Bologna—that city being chiefly known to me through its sausages—I have taken pains to inform myself respecting the history of those articles of food. I have been told that it could find on the subject was, that there once existed in Bologna a confraternity of dogs, called Canipini, which were fed and cherished with great care some time in the Middle Ages, since which period they have gradually become extinct. The sausages, however, are excellent."

MEN OF BUSINESS.

Rare should a great poets—nurer, perhaps, than veritable saints and sages—become a commonplace men of business. A man, to be excellent in any kind, should only be variously gifted in order that his gifts should be merely proportioned to one another. He must have, in a high degree, that virtue which men have always found the least important of virtues—prudence. His prudence, however, will not be exercised in any small quaresome matter, but that which, being ever actively engaged, is more fully called discretion than prudence. Such a man must have a well-balanced mind, and not, as Bailey, blended (and this is a rare combination) with a high power of imagination, enabling him to look along extended lines of possible action, and put these details in their right places. He requires a great knowledge of character, with that nice perception of what feels unerringly the right moment when to act. He must have, in combination with these, the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be a taciturn man, who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Conscience.—Mostly used by us in judging the actions of others.

All is vanity! I saw a dustman stop the other day to save his coat-tails.

Next to that of umbrellas, the ownership of baskets perhaps the most respected. Hence the philosophical though much travelled, that basketing, and wise man only.

The value of a "good thing" depends on him who utters it. The joke of the book is certain to be laughed at; that of the private circle is frequently received in silence.

My son, if thou wilt ever right hosts, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer: smoky, a bad wife, a bad dog, and a bad landlord.

It is the last stir on the hurdy-gurdy that gets the last penny from the crowd.

Once upon a time, an elderly Scotchwoman gave her grandson the newspaper to read, telling him to read it aloud. The boy began to read the first thing that came in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk, and he began to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good lady was shocked at the boy's irreverence, and exclaimed, "Hoots on the cat, ex-chelce!—What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible tawng?" Oh that Bible tone! how many well-meant prayers are vitiated in the hearing, how many with to thin of the number of those who are sadly annoyed by it!

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed: "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! I give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

The following notice appears on a country meeting-house: "Any person sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

Two negro women being tried in Petersburg (Virginia) market. One is a tall, powerful, black negress with a stentorian voice; the other, a slight, low creature, in a thin, diminutive creature. The big one is charged with peculiar tobacconist dwelling on the first subject. *Mr. Black, otherwise?* the other, as if perfectly satisfied that all the facts had been heard the announcement, after a moment's pause meekly clapes, "Me too!"

"Ma, here's a word in the paper I want to know what is meant by 'homicide.'" "Homicide, child, is the one murders another." "Well, ma, when Jack Noble killed Tom Jones, was he guilty of homicide?" "Yes, child."

"Sam," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout Mr. Longshore's farm, but I tell you he never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit der corn side, and Longshore's pigs and hens stay at home and starve."

Dr. Bay, Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, Providence, Rhode Island, has written to the Governor of the mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties.

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milk-woman, when she brought milk half to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and mister took the water from the kittle."

The man that has the fork of a road into his eye has a hard row to hoe.

Dining "a la squirt," is a French idea. In Paris, at cheap restaurants, the tin soup basins for the guests are hired to them daily. From the coldness, in which the stock is seething, the attendant Lemoras draw up the soup in a large syringe, from which they squirt it into the guest's basin. He is then expected to pay for the whole day's dinner, and to have unlimited soup. Some hundred weeks up the claims of his soup, by drawing it into her syringe again. Ah! "Lemoras" indeed.

The man who lost his eyesight by injuries from a fall, has resumed his business at the old stand.

Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a "funny man" to be a bad man? On the contrary, it is by the exercise of the generous, humane, social, and good? To be sure he is, now and then, a little too much addicted to practical jokes. He makes his acquaintances so merry that they sometimes shake, sulphurous smoke and flowers wherever we go. Now, we have a very jolly acquaintance who makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and mankind one of the best families we know. We go in for him. The man who can't cultivate it must keep a good-sized half nelson about him.

Sunday morning, a young man with his intended wife presented themselves before the alter of St. John's church, and requested the rite of matrimony. The clergyman was astonished, and the minister had proceeded so far as to say, "Will you, Mary, take this man, John Smith, to be your husband?" when the bride in the truth started up and rushed to the door, followed by the astonished bridegroom, who tried in vain to stop her, and in vain, as she closed the whole colloquy by declaring, "I won't be beaten by King Dick."

A lady inquired at one of our dry-goods stores the other day for "chicken wire. The gentleman in attendance produced bundle of the article, and the lady remarked, "Pretty rigid stuff, isn't it?" "Yes, ma'am," was the reply. The whalebone was all but short by several feet. Some time after, the lady came in to undo the order, made another search through the store, in hope of discovering that article of the required length, but in vain. At last, however, she said "broke" her chagrin to the lady in a polite speech. On the office, "I am very much obliged to you—one of the ladies coming so great a demand for long whalebone that all the whales have fled from the coast of Long, and there were none but little ones now in the ocean—but, madam, they'll be back."

The people in a district in Wisconsin were represented in the last Legislature by a Mr. Jones. He was a very long noise enough, they have this year nominated a Mr. Johnson.

A lawyer in one of the Western courts lately threw a court of somebody hand. The court required him to speak more clearly. "Why, your honor," said the lawyer, "I was only trying to call Judge Spengler beforehand for throwing another case at him the moment it came."

A love-sick gentleman, who wrote sonnets, has hung himself with one of them.

The following appears upon the Clerk's record in Shasta: "Voted, That the March meeting be in April."

An individual advertises the following cure of whisky, which he had procured "expressly for his own use." He intended a gill or two of it:

The mantle of Tom Hood has descended upon "John Polloy," a contributor to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, whose name is a synonym for punning. In a recent article, he denounces at his first visit to New York, and expresses his surprise at the following sights:

THEN AND NOW.

Then the bathers used to dip their own coon up to one's door and cut off any desired part—the animal so fabricate with the greatest ease and skill. The entire piece of business as not to mind it in the least—and as from door to door the animal was carried, the cry was "Here's your fresh meat, nice buffalo meat!" Now, in the streets of New York, as I have found never a decent market-stall, but only the meanest of the meaner kinds of provisions, and those principally cooking for tender-loins, and, probably, cheap deer meat. In the new Croton Reservoir, which is to be a large ship which I read, are to be found all kinds of vegetables, including potatoes, but not a single fish. I couldn't find out the colony of the clerk of the market. A coup told me he was paid a penny-a-head turnips, consequently his colony was raised every year.

Then.

The militia of New York I revived, that is, saw them on the 4th of July, when they were all in their wrong side of their buttoning—being armed with muskets. In some more modern days I have seen the militia in full dress, with a helmet brass of a shape to resemble a small scull mill, and a drunken lieutenant that had been eating cracker and cheese upon whom nothing in his set a knapsack opinion of Scott's tactics.

The Metropolitan Police are not only numerous but fine. The "Union Square," which is round, stands first, in which assembly is to be secured by a body of citizens who are acquainted with the public parts. The fountain, unfortunately, is dry, as a very serious water-cooler—it's lower pipes. The grass plots are very pretty. Critical people say that they are not as green as they used to be, but I observed that they were green on the first day I set my eyes upon them, and I have not seen a good-sized turf nelson about them since.

Then all the French barbers were Germans, and who have Police by their doors to attract customers.

An innocent young spritsman, in order to shock a rustic yet on the top of a tree, climbed another close by, and on being asked the reason of so fantastic a freak, said: "That he didn't want to strain the eye by a long shot."

We have no desire to be acquainted with the bachelor who proposed the following:

"Nature, impartial in her ends,
Where she made man she made the strangest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan. 25, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 23, 1858	$1,300,769	$1,354,742
Corresponding week, 1857	3,045,455	1,145,176
Decrease	$1,704,979	
Increase		$209,571

This, like the statement of last week, is a gratifying and wholesome sign. There is reason to hope that for some time to come the importations may be but within due limits, and that, when trade revives, we may be found creditors, not debtors of the world.

Money continues to be a drug. There is no more demand for it than there was last week, or than there has been for the past month or more. Most of the Banks are using their deposits in lending at stocks at the Stock Street operators. Money can be had on sale at 6, and on approved paper at 6 per cent. Exchange on London rules at 108@109 for 60 day bills: on Paris at 5.15@5.12½.

The export of specie each week for the past is over a million and a quarter; but it is expected that the income from the interior will compensate this outgo, and that the Banks will show this evening, as they showed last Monday evening, an average not less than their legal millions.

The news from Europe is very encouraging. Money has fallen to 6 per cent. in London, and a corresponding reduction has taken place in all the Continental markets. The Funds are up again, and promise to go to par, notwithstanding the sad news of Napoleon's attempt to put upon the Indian mess. Several mercantile failures have occurred in Paris, but they are not numerous. A fair stock market has begun and deepens each week. There is a total absence of speculation save among the Wall street operators. The best State Stocks, however, have an improving tendency.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January 25, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been rather quiet and dreadfully dull. Prices have not all not very much in value. The receipts were limited, particularly of Breadstuffs, and the demand was moderate, though shippers manifested more disposition to purchase. Cotton opened briskly and buoyant, but has closed tamely at dropping prices.... Provisions were in fair request, and prices have ruled in favor of purchasers. The grocery trade has been dull, and has not varied. Sugars are selling pretty freely at steady rates.... Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were unchanged, and without any transactions.... Tobacco was offered on somewhat easier terms, and, consequently, attracted more attention.... Wool, especially pulled, was in rather better request, at former prices.... Kentucky Bagging was offered to a fair set, and it advanced considerably.... The regular trade in Dry Goods is still very backward; but, compared with last month's reserve, yet the leading brokers do not manifest any unusual desire to sell, and are not disposed to force their goods on the market. The supplies are being increased, but the jobbing trade is not sufficiently active to bring much in anticipation of the spring season. Prices, generally, are in favor of buyers, and, in some cases, have been limited, and, indeed, nominal in character.... An auction of about 2800 packages Domestic Cottons occurred on Saturday, which was very unsatisfactory to sellers. The bidding was remarkably vigorous, and the whole catalogue of goods found purchasers at prices ranging from ½ c. @ 1¼ c. per yard, under the currency in private trade. The amount reported for the week ensuing, though slightly manifested more disposition to purchase.... Cotton opened briskly and buoyant, and has closed tamely at dropping prices.... 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WINTER FASHIONS.



SCENES FROM THE ROGUE WORLD.



VETERAN BURGLAR. "Ven you get inside, Sammy, my boy, mind, you look out for the Spoons and Forks. Them's the Swag!"

APPRENTICE. "But, s'pose I'm caught?"

VETERAN BURGLAR. "You won't be Caught; and if you are, the Officer 'll let you go when I ask him."

APPRENTICE. "But s'pose he don't?"

VETERAN BURGLAR. "He will; and if he don't, you won't be tried."

APPRENTICE. "But if I am?"

VETERAN BURGLAR. "You won't be; and if you are, the jury won't agree, and you'll be acquitted."

APPRENTICE. "How if I ain't?"

VETERAN BURGLAR. "You will; and if you ain't, we get out a Writ of Error, and have a new trial."

APPRENTICE. "But suppose you can't?"

VETERAN BURGLAR. "But we can; and if we fail, why, we'll get the judgment suspended."

APPRENTICE. "But if you break down?"

VETERAN BURGLAR. "We won't; and if we do, we'll get a Petition, signed by all the respectable People, and the Gov'nor 'll Pardon you right away. Don't be afraid, Sammy, you'll never be punished."

[Exit Apprentice, reassured.



THE BURGLAR'S FRIEND. "This here, Sir, is a Petition to the Governor for the Pardon of JIM CURTHOAT—one of the best Fellows in the World—who had the Misfortune to knock his Wife's Brains out, set Fire to his House, and burn up his two Babies. All done, Sir, in a moment of ungovernable Passion, for which a Poor Fellow oughtn't to be held responsible. I hope you'll sign it, Sir. We've got the names of Eight eminent Merchants, Sixteen leading Lawyers, and Ten Wall Street Operators. See here?"

MORAL MERCHANT. "Ah! I see. Poor Fellow dashed his Wife's Brains out, eh? Burnt up his two Babies! Poor Fellow! Well, I suppose I must Sign it." *[Signs his name.*

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SENATOR BROWN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of the Hon. Albert G. Brown, Senator in Congress from the State of Mississippi.

This gentleman's life is one of the most remarkable of the frequent instances in our history of merit fostered by free institutions into early eminence. He was born on the 31st of July, 1813, in Chester District, in South Carolina. John Brown, his father, removed from that State when the subject of this article, the youngest of two sons, was about eight years old. Mississippi was then an infant State, having been admitted into the Union only three years before. Mr. Brown, therefore, had his full share of the hardships incident to a new and unsettled country; but his energy and industry overcame them, and ultimately placed him in easy, though not affluent, circumstances. The present Senator, in one of his public speeches, a few years ago, said of his father: "Removing from South Carolina, he pitched his tent amidst the unbroken forest, in the depth of winter. He had two sons able to work. He was in a strange land, without money and without friends. But with an iron will he attacked the forest. It receded before him, and in three short months the sun, which had been shut out for many centuries, was permitted to shine on a spot of earth in which the settler had planted corn."

The opportunities for acquiring a liberal education, now so ample in Mississippi, were, at the time of the immigration of the Browns, not in advance of those which are usual in new settlements. Of such as existed young Albert had the benefit, but he was never sent to any seminary of learning beyond the limits of the State. After he left school, a judicious course of reading and mental discipline completed the instruction begun by his early training, and prepared him for the study of the law. He was admitted to the practice of this profession before he was twenty-one years old. His success was quick and signal. At the second term of the principal Court which he attended he was engaged in more than forty causes; and when, a few years afterward, he passed from the bar to the arena of politics, there were more than four hundred cases on his docket. During his whole practice he exhibited a thorough knowledge of the principles of law, acuteness and discrimination in applying them, and effective eloquence as an advocate.

In the year 1832 Mr. Brown, though only ninteen years old, had been appointed a Brigadier-General in the State militia. In 1833 he married Miss Elizabeth F. Talisferro, of Virginia. This excellent lady died within a few months after the marriage. In the same year Mr. Brown was elected, and twice afterward was re-elected, a member of the State Legislature. In 1839 he was elected a representative in Congress; served there one term; and, in 1841, was elected a Judge of the Circuit Court of Mississippi. In the same year he married Miss Roberta F. Young, second daughter of the late General Robert Young, of Alexandria, Virginia—a lady whose exemplary virtues and attractive graces have endeared her to the citizens of Mississippi. In 1843, when only two years of his judicial term had expired, Judge Brown was elected Governor of Mississippi. Public affairs in that State were then in a somewhat perplexed condition, arising chiefly from financial causes, but having an embarrassing bearing on many other questions of State policy. The Governor met the difficulties of his position with a firmness and prudence which led to happy political results, and to his re-election in 1845, without opposition. At the close of his second term as Governor, in 1847, he commenced a new course of service as a representative in Congress; was re-elected in 1849, and again in 1851. In 1853 he was elected to the Senate of the United States; and in November last was re-elected for a second term of six years, to begin on the 4th of March, 1859. Though this re-election had been preceded by an exciting canvass, it was almost unanimous. Senator Brown has been for several years, and still is, Chairman of the Committee of the District of Columbia.

During the period of Mr. Brown's service in Congress questions have engaged its consideration of which many were of high importance, and none vital to the prosperity and even peace of the Union. Among them may be mentioned the Mexican War; the Territorial bills concerning Oregon, Utah, Kansas, and Nebraska; the admission of California as a State into the Union; our disturbed relations with England and with Spain; the Homestead Bill; the River and Harbor Bill; the Wilmot Proviso; and the Slavery question, in its various other forms of agitation. On these, and indeed on almost every important subject, besides his constant attention to the ordinary topics of legislation, Mr. Brown, as Representative or as Senator, has taken an active and memorable part. As a debater, he is distinguished for fullness and accuracy of knowledge, for a clear and vigorous logic, for felicity of illustration, for readiness in reply, and, above all, for fairness of reasoning. It has been remarked of him—what can not, with justice, be said of many orators—that he never speaks except when he has something to say, and that when he has said it he ends his speech. In addresses to public meetings, now so marked a department of popular eloquence in many portions of the Union, it is conceded that he has but few superiors.



SENATOR BROWN OF MISSISSIPPI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST OF WASHINGTON, D. C.]

In politics, Senator Brown is a Democrat of the straightest sect, and is especially tenacious of those limitations of the Federal Constitution which he regards as protecting the rights of the South. But though a decided party man, he is not a party bigot, and can look on great national questions with a statesman's eye. Recognizing in others the same right of independent judgment which he claims for himself, he is toward them liberal in conduct and courteous in manner; and, in consequence, has perhaps as many personal friends among the opponents as among the adherents of his own particular party. The high trusts which have been confided to him, almost from boyhood, prove his strong hold on the hearts of the people. Entering public life at the early age of twenty-one years, he has continued in it ever since. The utmost entertainment for him by his friends and neighbors has made him a candidate for almost every considerable office in the gift of the State of Mississippi, and he has never once been defeated. Such a career, perhaps without a parallel, indicates a popularity to which both pride and gratitude must forbid Senator Brown to be insensible. But it has been obtained by no arts of the demagogue, by no fawning solicitation, by no unworthy compliance. It is "the popularity which follows, not that which is run after." It is the natural reward of a life of integrity and honor; of sincerity, manliness, and decision of character; of fidelity to duty, and ability in its discharge; of devotion to the interests of constituents; of kind offices where needed, and of benevolence to all men.

As his Senator is now only in the forty-fifth year of his age, he may be expected, according to the ordinary course of human life, to live through many added years; and, if so, a future yet more brilliant than the past may be safely predicted for him.

It can be seen already that Senator Brown is destined to take a prominent part in the important controversy now pending in Congress in reference to the admission of Kansas; it would seem, from the newspapers, that the Administration counts upon him as one of its most reliable forces, though, as yet, he has rather held aloof from the front of the battle. We may be permitted to express the hope that Senator Brown will exercise the influence which his character and his talents impart rather to heal than to embitter a controversy of which the people, North and South, are heartily tired, and whose prolongation can be productive of no possible benefit. And it is but natural that the many admirers of this distinguished Mississippian should likewise entertain a wish to see him still further enhance his claims on the gratitude of his adopted State by lending his powerful aid to the party which seeks the settlement of the financial difficulties which have seemed to cast a shade on the escutcheon of Mississippi.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION IN CONGRESS.

AT length the famous Lecompton Constitution is found its way to Washington. By the time these lines are being read it will probably have been laid before Congress, with a Presidential message throwing upon that body the responsibility of admitting Kansas under it, or referring it back to the people of Kansas either for ratification or amendment. Questions of fraud apart, the *legal* case that can be made in favor of admitting the Territory under that instrument is very plausible. If the election of 21st December was a legal one—and it appears (always passing over the alleged wholesale fraud) to have been clothed with legal forms—then the election of the 4th January was quite superfluous, and could no more affect the result of the election than a new choice of a President made now could unseat Mr. Buchanan. If, again, the enabling act of session does not now require the submission of the State Constitution to the popular vote—and no such requirement has been cited—then the Lecompton Constitution having been framed by a *prima facie* lawfully elected Convention, fulfills all the requirements of the organic act, and Congress is bound to admit the new State with that Constitution.

This, however, is a mere abstract legal view of the question, and assumes the mere existence or the non-recognition of the alleged frauds which are charged upon the framers of the Lecompton Constitution. Practically, there no doubts that a large majority of the people of Kansas are not satisfied with that Constitution, and that, if the affairs of the Territory were left to their own management, they would take the earliest opportunity of repealing it, again, as to the frauds. Charges of gross fraud against the framers of the Constitution have been advanced by competent authority, and we must now look these charges altogether, and proceed to admit Kansas as though no frauds had ever been alleged to have taken place?

It is likely that the Republicans and the Douglas section of the democracy will take the ground that if one such fraud is laid before any vote on the admission of Kansas can take place, an inquiry must be instituted into the legality of the votes cast at this December, and likewise into the arrangements which were previously made for a registry of voters. Should this opinion prevail, the whole question will practically be open till next session. Should it be voted down, and the Lecompton Constitution driven through Congress by the power of the Administration, the Northern politicians will be remarkably strengthened for sectional operations in 1860.

One thing now seems certain. The Free-Slavery party in Kansas have no longer any thing practical or real to fight for. It has abandoned by the Free-State party of the irregular organization at Topeka, and their supposed triumph at the election of a State Legislature, seems to have thrown the selection of Senators completely into their hands; even though Kansas were admitted to-morrow under the Lecompton Constitution, nothing could prevent the election of two Free-State Senators from the next State, and no opposition by the Legislature of very decided and stringent Anti-Slavery laws Whatever contest, therefore, remains now to be fought will be as a question of party and party only. The practical issue is settled, and the prize won.

THE PERIL OF THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

IT has transpired during the past week that the Government at Washington has received dispatches from the Utah Expedition which it refuses to make public. Simultaneously with this startling revelation accounts have been published from the encampment of the Utah Expedition, tending to create the liveliest alarm for the subsistence of the force during the winter. It is well known that the bulk of the animals belonging to the force have perished, and that the remainder may die before spring from want of provender; that many trains of army supplies have been captured and destroyed by the Mormons; and that the army is reduced to the need of many essential articles, such for instance as salt. If there be any thing worse than this, any thing so alarming that the Government dare not tell it, the public not unnaturally suppose that it can be nothing short of an imminent prospect of the entire destruction of the expeditionary force.

Of course all this is mere conjecture at present. It is not likely that the news is so terrible as the public imagination pictures it. People naturally put the worst interpretation on that which is concealed from them. But it can not be denied that even the published advices from Utah depict a state of things which in the case of the army can continue for but a short time without grave apprehension.

Our little army is encamped in the midst of the snows at the summit of the mountain range which is the bleakest part of the inhabitable portion of this continent. They are in want of many necessaries of life. They must have a second danger of losing their entire transportation force; without which they would be incapable of moving in case their provisions were wholly exhausted. It is possible that their clothing is deficient; we are in doubt as to how much of their essential clothing was destroyed by the Mormons. Finally, they are surrounded by an angry and not overcivilized foe—a foe who is watching for their mistakes, and who, rightly or wrongly, regards the United States troops as the ruthless instruments of a cruel, unjust, and oppressive power.

Here are ample reasons for grave anxiety for our brave fellow-countrymen in Utah. Reasons, we say, after all, only hope for the best. In the soldierly qualities of Colonel Johnston, we believe, we have the most perfect faith, who know him heartily concur. But there is by no means the same confidence in the administration of the Government. Only a few weeks since money is abundant at three per cent. per annum. Even in Prussia, where the revulsion was half created by the panic, a political revolution, money is plentiful at 5½ per cent. Money flies every where to bank for safety.

So far as our mercantile returns are concerned the prospect is an unsatisfactory one. The world will no more next summer by so much in this idle country might have earned had it been actively employed. But, in respect of the future, the bottom promises well. So soon as merchants shall have paid their debts and regained confidence we may look for a revival of trade—and a revival proportionate to the amounts of money which the banks will have to lend. It will be the safer, as by summertime all liabilities of merchandise will be so low in price that there can be but little risk in dealing in them. It will be the sounder, as the revulsion will have swept away all the houses whose standing was doubtful and means inadequate to their operations.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.

WE hear from Canada that the Queen of England has fixed upon Ottawa City (late Bytown) as the seat of Government of the Province of United Canada. For the last twenty years the location of the Government has been a bone of contention among the chief cities of Canada. It has been, by turns, housed in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto. It would have remained permanently in Montreal—which is the largest and most flourishing city in the Province—but for the blunder committed by the populace of Montreal in burning down the parliament Houses to revenge themselves on the Government for the passage of an obnoxious bill in 1849. Ever since then the several Canadian cities have quarreled furiously on the subject; and it is next impossible to devise a compromise on which all, or a majority, could agree, they decided, about a year since, to refer the question to the decision of the Queen. She has given her verdict in favor of the obscure and comparatively unknown city which, lately, bore the name of Bytown, on the Ottawa.

Three reasons may be presumed to have governed her choice. In the first place, no one of the four leading cities of Canada could have been chosen without grievously wounding the three others; whereas the obscurity of Bytown protects it from the jealousy of its neighbors. Again, it may be imagined that the British Government has not had to the last moment considerations which have induced the leading States of this Union to locate their respective Legislatures in small towns, remote from the great centres of trade and improvement; more especially since the disgraceful fracas of 1849 in Montreal intimated the danger of placing the Government in a spot where it was at any moment liable to be overawed by a mob. And, lastly, it may be conjectured that the British Government was not unmindful of the possibility of a war with this country; in which event the Legislature and the public records would, unquestionably, be safer in the distant city of Bytown, on the confines of civilization, than in any of the towns which—thanks to steam and railroads—may be considered as bordering upon our Northern States.

THE LOUNGER.

RACHEL.

THERE is something less to go to Paris for. Those who have been there within the last dozen years have secured a remembrance which is no longer to be secured. The Cowden-Clarke great actress in this country, saw her, indeed, but saw her as a Roman may have seen the Vala of Tivoli in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. All the forms might be there, and the combinations; but where was the soft warmth of the *figure* and the bright lambency of the Grecian heaven? Rachel required Paris as transparent texture the genius, and the life of her associations, were French. And now Rachel is only a memory.

Nobody could have supposed she would live long. Her vitality seemed to be a fire-kindred, which she inherited from Judea, under a mask of Greece, but which consumed her still. That faultlessly graceful figure gilding across the scene—the wonderful face of the fate which inspired the dream she played—seemed also the Greek vase, frail as perfect, whose transparent texture betrays the deadly flame that burned within only a blush of beauty when seen from without. Her life was a consumption from the beginning; full of strange variety, of poverty and ignorance and desperate struggle, then of intoxicating triumph, flattery, wealth, and power. She was of the class who taste all the sweetness of their own fame—whose names are long names in the lists who never after—not influences and powers forever, like the names of the poets and the artists but to whom the world is grateful.

The details of her life have been told, and will be now curiously repeated. But the story of splendor in dress and equipage, in dress and society, can conceal the consuming sadness which her expert investigator sees all the way. She may have been mean, avaricious, sensual, deceitful, waywardly passionate; her life may have been wild, high, and voluptuous—nobody can know very much about that—but every body who ever saw her on the stage must have had the impression as profoundly as in those of other people, will not readily condemn what it is so easy to decry and so hard to understand.

Let the Pharisees keep their hands off. If the Master would not throw only that first stone which is to cast the first stone, why should we all be so anxious to fling something at the Magdalen? It is so much easier to throw stones as it is hard for it to be tolerably good! It is such capital exercise for muscle to cast them, and it is such an outsider which reach we can step into the temple to cool, and thank God we are not as other people—particularly Herbert the publican.

Don't misunderstand, and go away saying that the Lounger thinks badness as good as goodness. Neither genius, nor beauty, nor grace, can atone for the smallest sin, any more than giving to the poor, and building a church, and endowing Madeleine, can atone for it. But genius and beauty and grace are in the treasure-house of God, and they are united to the same old sin—which we all have in such abundance—the spectacle is so profoundly sad and full of compassion and terror, that it is almost better than a sermon.

Poor Rachel! She grew up, despite every thing —genius, glory, and success. The last part in which she played was *Adrienne*; but it was also her first part, and the first of her glory. The play was an epitome of her own life. The Lounger was in Paris when she died. At first, and with immense success seemed to be a national event. People had doubted whether she could do any thing but the austere Corneille manner—but doubted whether Rachel could play Rachel! They gradually learned that even the churches were thronged.

Poor Rachel! She could not bear a rival near the throne; but her countries could. Paris hailed Ristori as she had hailed Rachel, and had the departing Queen of the French Drama, without whose electric touch Corneille and Racine would never have seemed to be other than the mummies into which they now lapse again. Her success in this country was doubtful. We have not yet *seen* poetry too, pretty well; but we can not speak French, and we can not feel it. It was evidently a success to live and breathe and have our being in French, or as near it as possible.

Subsequent performances were to arrive and address the merchants of New York from the steps of the Exchange. Mr. Bryant, the venerable bard, had addressed the Common Council of the metropolis in Magyar. Would it have helped the matter much to have applied the Shakspearian Alien? Ristori, an ill-regulated sincere blowing upon a glacier. The lies was not melted, but the wind was frozen.

It is curious to reflect that her last illness is dated from Boston. All this proud passion—this fierce struggle—this impetuous, headstrong power, which will surely be the greatest tradition of the stage, as it has been one of the great attractions of contemporary life—was finally checked in the city, which, with good-humored badinage, is called—because it is the most conservative, quite without malignity—cold and unsympathetic.

The poet
MARYHEWS.
She was born of Syria and Italy, in 1859.
She died of Boston, in 1858.

But it is not with even the appearance of lightness that the last word should be said of this great artist. To have seen Rachel will be hereafter a proud remembrance. The children will listen with wide eyes to the story, and the youth of the storywriter will recur to him as to the aged.

"Grandpapa, was she then such a very naughty woman?"

"Children, there is one who knows. As for us, who are very apt to mistake our own red noses for the lights of heaven, let us leave her in His hands.

"'Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.'"

WINE AND DIPLOMACY.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I want to ask a question—and request an answer.

"When you are in Rome, *must* you do as Rome does?

"Suppose the Hon. Hi. Phalooting, M.C., were to receive from our excellent President the appointment of Resident Minister at the Court of his Majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands, would it be dishonorable, uncourteous, or improper, for him, being present at the annual banquet of that worthy monarch, to refuse to partake with him of the roast baby, which, I am told, figures as the chief dish—the *pièce de resistance*—on that occasion?

"Or if, having a mind to display his good-will toward the members of the court to which he is accredited, he should give, say a *dejeuner à la fourchette* in their honor, would it be bad manners on his part were he to refrain from giving at that banquet 'one of the usual courtesies of such entertainments throughout' the Cannibal world—being the favorite dish of roast child?

"I ask these questions because I see some of the papers just now sneering at a worthy gentleman who is Resident Minister at one of the European courts, for refraining from what appears to be the fashion of that court—*wine-drinking*. I am told by those who should know that an American minister or envoy is one who *represents* the American people at a foreign court—acting for them and taking care of their interests. Now, so far as mere *representation* goes, who does this most faithfully—he who, going abroad, abandons the previous habits of his life, which must be to a certain extent those of the people from among whom he has been chosen, and apes the manners and customs of a people hitherto strange to him—or he who goes honoring by observing the habits and customs of his own land and life?

"Governor Wright, the gentleman in question, has been all his life a temperance man. During a long and successful political life he has, with a hospitality rare even in the West, kept open house to all comers—but for reasons evidently sufficient for himself, has never dispensed liquors at his hospitable board. Should he now put aside the convictions of a lifetime for the sake of escaping the sneers of a few foreign—and American—snobs? He has gone to Berlin, as Franklin went to Paris, a plain American citizen and gentleman, changing in no unnecessary particular his habits, which *are* those of an *American gentleman*. European snobs may sneer at him. They have sneered at American gentlemen before. But should not every true American honor the courage of the simple-hearted man who is *not* dazzled by the empty glitter of a foreign court? Yours,

"ONE WHO KNOWS GOVERNOR WRIGHT."

—The question of his correspondent reminds the Lounger of an incident of travel, which will serve as a pendant to the story of Governor Wright's Temperance breakfast.

In his days of wandering the Lounger had pitched his tent for a season in the same city of Berlin, and, while he yet tarried, there arrived a newly-appointed Minister to Prussia from the United States. The new Minister, unlike Governor Wright, was *not* a member of the Temperance Society, and commenced his diplomatic career by haranguing the Prussian people, in his shirt-tail, from the balcony of his hotel. The Lounger is not aware that any foreign or American journal took especial notice of the circumstance, or seemed to be in any wise troubled by that most bitter disgrace of the American name.

Which of the two ministers most fitly represented his country—which of them were the gentleman—are questions which the Lounger leaves to the discrimination of the American people.

It is a melancholy fact that the sea washes out a great deal of American loyalty from the American. He becomes a follower, an imitator, and a snob. To dine with a lord, because he *is* a lord; to bow in breeches to a king, though it be only King Bomba, of Naples, sends thrills of sweet satisfaction through the free and independent Yankee soul.

To sneer at a man who, believing the use of liquors to be wrong, spreads his table without them, is as gentlemanly as to quarrel with him because he does not introduce a corps of model *artistes* after supper. Temperance with Governor Wright is evidently no whim, but a principle; and in all our recent diplomatic history there is no little incident—not even excepting the annual eloquence of our Ministers in England at the Lord Mayor's dinners, upon the common bond of language, etc., of Shakspeare and Milton, etc.—which is more simply honorable, American, and sensible, or more becoming a gentleman, than the conduct of Governor Wright in quietly adhering to his principles, although my Lord A. might think it "extraordinarily odd"—or Monsieur le Comte B. might shrug his shoulders at this *drôle* of an American—or the Geheimrath C. might declare that it was *ausgezeichnet besonders* not to find any wine to drink at an American minister's.

Suppose they do think and say so. The Lounger has seen a President of the United States waiting to take his turn at a common towel upon a railroad excursion. My Lord B. would consider that, doubtless, "'pon my word, excessively odd!" The sooner Dr. Franklin is taken as the model of an American Minister abroad, so far as simplicity of manners is concerned, the better for us all.

DR. BELLOWS UPON POVERTY AND CRIME.

THE Rev. Dr. Bellows, who last year spoke a kind word for the play-actors—who, although they are play-actors, are still our fellow-beings—has recently delivered, at the Lowell Institute in Boston, a course of lectures upon the History and Philosophy of Poverty and Crime, with considerations upon their proper treatment by society. The course was most interesting and successful. Dr. Bellows is not afraid of looking at facts, nor of calling them by name. As a clergyman, a man brought into daily contact with the poor and suffering, his own experience authorizes him to speak of the subject, and his intellectual habit peculiarly fits him to discuss the reasons and the remedies. Several well-known men have asked him to repeat some of the lectures in New York for the benefit of a most deserving charity—and he will begin this week.

"TOLD YOU SO."

"COLLEGIAN" can not say he did not have fair warning last week. The Lounger told him that he was recklessly drawing the whole Greek alphabet about his ears—that he was tossing a bomb, and there was no knowing where it might explode, nor with what consequences. The Lounger little dreamed (people who give warnings never do) that *he* was to suffer in any way. But bang it comes into his own room, and blows up the whole family. Here is the *Bohemien* swearing at him dreadfully, and openly charging that he is double delta something—a d, d, sort of fellow, and yet not reverend.

The Lounger hereby solemnly implores the youth of the American colleges to beware how they cast him into the hot water which is always bubbling in family jars. His next neighbor and friend, the *Bohemien*, is, in short, a *beta*. He beats all, even Collegians and Loungers. Let them, therefore, agree to keep a peace or a part.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I am sorry for the 'Collegian' who writes to you a letter about the College Secret Societies. He is evidently afflicted with the mutual admiration fever so common to the scholastic youth who, when they ought to be attending to their Latin quantities, are drumming up recruits for 'our society.' You know, Sir, as well as I, what a pang you inflict upon the susceptible hearts of the Delta Psis, the Chi Sis, the Zeta Psis, and the Theta Delta Chis when you allow him to call them 'a few small societies left.' *Left* where? What is the meaning of that sinister remark? *Left* to be called for like a brown paper parcel? *Left* by a railway train, or a steamboat, or over the left, or what?

"The Theta Delta Chi is the most important society in all the world—in the opinion of its *confrères*, of whom, as the man said in response to the toast, 'The heroes who fought, bled, and died at Bunker Hill,' I am one. We have here a Chapter of Resident Graduates which includes some of the most brilliant ornaments of the learned professions, of which, etc., etc.

"We are never 'left' any where, as the Collegian will find if he will come down or over—I suppose he is a Union or Yale man—here next spring. In the mean time I remain,

"Yours, disgusted,

"THE BOHEMIEN.

"P.S.—Ethelinda shares my feelings on this trying occasion."

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"GOOD MR. LOUNGER,—I know you are a good man by the remarks you make. Will you listen to me, and give me your advice, or, at least, your sympathy and condolence? I have tumbled, head-over-heels, into an awful pool of prospective misery, and can see no honorable way of getting out of it. My deplorable case is, briefly, this: I *was* in love (mark the *past* tense), and *am* engaged (note the present one). It was in the country, by the sea-shore, where I had been spending my fortnight's vacation from business, that I first met and fell in love with Helena.

"What a charming, simple, affectionate, pure-hearted, sensible, pretty girl she then appeared to me, as we strolled together along the romantic coast, or read Tennyson's poems, which she said she liked so much (she has changed her mind since, and now pronounces them extremely silly), seated on the gray rocks, within sight and sound of the melancholy sea, her glossy black hair falling in soft showers over my cheek and shoulders, as we bent our heads closely together over the book! The beauty still remains; but, ah me! where are the charms, the affection, the simplicity, the amiability, the good sense?

"When she returned to the city, you may be sure I lost no time in going to see her. She lives in a stately house, and when I entered the drawing-room, where she was seated alone, I expected, of course, she would come bounding to my arms, like the good little cherub I thought her to be; but no, she advanced to meet me—me, who am to be her husband in six weeks—with as slow and stately a step as, I suppose, was that with which Queen Mary marched to execution, and presented to me the cold tips of her fingers, and nothing more, to shake. 'Can this indeed be my Helena?' thought I, as I looked with astonished eyes at her.

"The Helena I fell in love with had a lithe, graceful figure, but, bless me! the hoops she now wears have changed it into the proportions of a beer-barrel. Her beautiful hair is now so twisted and plaited that its beauty is almost entirely destroyed, and is so plentifully oiled that I would not relish having it brushing my cheeks, as it did when we were reading on the rocks. Oh, roses and carnations! what a lovely bloom the fresh sea-breezes blew into her fair cheeks during that happy fortnight when she won my love! But now—I am ashamed to tell it, but it is, alas! too true—they owe their color to the apothecary's shop! Her conversation, which, in the country, used to be all about love, and contentment, and heroism—about literature and art—about the glories of nature, the sweet flowers, the wild woods, the solemn mountains, the flashing sea, and the wondrous and plaintive harmony of its chanting waves—about the gorgeous sunsets and glorious sunrises (do you know, Sir, she rose one morning at five o'clock to see the sun rise?)—has now changed to the silliest chat about what Mrs. Buncombe wore at the Opera, and what a splendid 'turn-out' Mr. Potiphar showed on the Avenue yesterday, and what a fine house Mr. Jones has built, with a passing fling at the Misses Jones; while her wit, which is sprightly enough, is kept in constant exercise by throwing ridicule upon the manners, and dress, and looks of all her female friends!

"When I attempt to raise the tone of the conversation to its former level she laughs at me, Sir—actually laughs at my sentiments—and, tapping me on the chin with her fan, says, 'Such stuff is all very well for the country, but people can find something better to talk about in the city.' If I do not take her to the Opera, or Theatre, at least three times a week, she is not half pleased, and shows her displeasure very plainly too; though I am afraid, from her conduct during the performance, as well as her conversation afterward, that it is not her love of the music and the drama which furnishes her enjoyment there, but the display of wealth and fashion which she sees.

"Fashion! how I hate the word. Whenever I do any thing natural, she tells me it is not *fashionable*. It strikes me, Sir, it is not fashionable to do any thing but what a shrewd monkey, in a strait-jacket, could be easily trained to perform.

"This is my case, Mr. Lounger; and with an anxious, aching heart, I ask your advice. What shall I do? I loved, and could love forever, the Helena of the sea-shore; but the Helena of the city I can not but despise. She reads the Lounger; and perhaps you might write something which would influence her so as to change her appearance, manners, and voice back to its old looks, ways, and tones. Oh! Sir, if you could effect that, you would lift a mountain from my heart, and earn the eternal gratitude of "Your admirer,

"TOM DESPERATE.

"P.S.—What kind of a climate is there at the Cape of Good Hope?"

—The Lounger would gladly help you, Mr. TOM DESPERATE; but when you are stung by a bee it is rather late to tell you how to prevent his stinging. Bear this in mind, however, for your future guidance, as a maxim which experience soon teaches all lovers of the Desperate family—first, calculate all the chances of the game before you begin to play, and then keep a good face to the end. When you go, or any other Tom goes, to Newport, you ought to go with the knowledge that young people, of both sexes, congregate there to pass away the summer in the pleasantest way they can invent. Now is any thing pleasanter for the youth of twenty or twenty-five summers, and the maiden of a corresponding tenderness of years—let us suppose seventeen or eighteen—than to sit upon the shore of the sea, in soft weather, watching the anerithmon gelasma, and reading Tennyson's "Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea?"

Several things are sure to happen under those circumstances. Thus, the female *chevelure* is very likely to mingle itself with the masculine whisker, and the sentiments of the melodious verse are very apt to become the views of the young people who read it, until Maria is at last sure that the Prince in the "Sleeping Beauty" was the very image of Augustus; and the gallant Gus., in a most gentlemanly shooting-jacket and toe-ventilated shoes, is persuaded of the identity of Maria and the "Sleeping Beauty" herself; and so, before they know it, as it were, he finds himself not only reciting those delightful lines—

"Oh, love, 'twas such as this, and this,"

but actually *doing* the "this and this."

Then they must be engaged, of course. But, Thomas, don't you see that it is, in its very nature, a limited partnership? You both come home. For summer, sea-side, time to kill, and reading poetry, *you* have counting-room all day and white gloves and "Lancers" all night; *she* has calling, shopping, dancing, and Grace Church. There is no more Tennyson, summer, or "Sleeping Beauty." The game, in fact, is played out. You have both won a pleasant summer, a pretty flirtation, a gay joke, a blush, perhaps. And what have you lost?

Lost your heart? No, dear Thomas; lost your head only, if you have put any thing so valuable as your heart into the keeping of a beer-barrel, however covered with silk (it is your own comparison). Hearts are not given away as easily as you think. Or if foolishly given, they are dropped again by the holder, with their value quite unknown to her; and, quite uninjured by the fall, they are as good as a diamond which slips from a lady's bracelet, and is a diamond still. Helena can not break your heart, for she can not hold it, and she is too light to hurt it by treading upon it. *Allons, Monsieur Thomas! encore à Newport!*

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

LYDIA LANGUISH IN COURT.

YOU don't know the Count of Timbuctoo, I presume. Like the servant girls who steal spoons, he has had his trials. Closely connected with the royal family at Timbuctoo, he was exiled on account of his enormous appetite. The sums that were expended for his dinners attracted the attention of the Opposition, who made such a row about it in the House that the Government had to send the poor Count away. Arrived here, his inordinate consumption increased the price of provisions, and made the hard times of '54 '55. I think it had a great deal to do with the late panic. The Count goes into society because he is a count; if he was a duke from Marquesas, with a passion for tender infants, *a la Marengo*, he would be invited out oftener than he is now. The Count, having a sanguinary disposition and an appetite for massacres, is a great patron of Wallack's Theatre, where he often meets Ethelinda, who says that while he is not eating he is always saying something severe about his friends. On a recent occasion two well-disposed young men, afflicted with the worst form of *cacoethes scribendi*, produced a play, "The Maiden Wife." One would suppose that even a cannibal would have some feeling, and would know that these unfortunate persons should rather be pitied than condemned. But the Count was as ruthless as his cousin of Dahomey, who kills all his captives that are not in sufficiently good condition for sale. He assured Ethelinda that the title was absurd—that there could be no such thing as a "maiden wife," and that "romance after marriage" was an absurdity. "Now mark," as Prince Hal says to Fat Jack, "how plain a tale shall put thee down."

We have, in real life, a maiden wife.

We have romance after marriage.

We have had her in Court, Supreme (Chambers); we issued a *habeas;* and we, the sovereign people, had her *corpus*. She is a young lady, says one of the reporters, with some attractions (thirty thousand attractions between her and her brother). She is sweet sixteen, and of a romantic disposition. She has a mamma who writes nice letters to a young man, asking him to marry her daughter. After a time, however, mamma changes her mind—thinks the young man will not "answer for the situation." Menalcus takes an appeal to Phyllis herself, who seems willing enough. Mamma's watch is strict; but who doesn't know the proverb about love and locksmiths? A clergyman is taken to a house in Ninth Street, where he remains, like a slave-trader in a creek, with a man-of-war boat outside, waiting to run his cargo. Mamma, the daughter, *the* young man, and some other young men, went to the theatre, where Phyllis contrived to give mamma the slip, and hied to the bower in Ninth Street, where she was straightway united to the fond youth. Returning, the maiden wife saw the remainder of the play, after which the parties separated as before.

Now comes the "Romance after Marriage."

Forty-eight hours elapse; the wife still remains a maiden, but mamma begins to suspect. Cross-examination brings out the terrible fact, and the wife is hurried off to the country, without even being permitted to say,

"Formose, vale longum, vale!"

Corydon flew to the writ of *habeas corpus*, and after a great deal of argument the lady is produced in Court; she tells the Judge that she married the young man freely, but that now she doesn't like him, and won't have him at any price; so the disconsolate husband is sent packing out of Court, with a long bill of costs for his friends to pay. What can be the matter? Why does the lady change her mind so suddenly? Ethelinda thinks she likes some one else. Ah! the inconstancy of lovers of both sexes has been the theme of poets in all ages.

"Brief time for Ariadne Theseus mourn'd;
Demophoon from his Phyllis ingrate turn'd;
In Jason's bark the sea Medea brav'd;
Yet lone, abandoned, curs'd the man she sav'd."

That's the end of the romance for the present, and we should like to ask the Count if he does not acknowledge himself to be demolished?

The case, however, presents some singular anomalies and contradictions. In the first place, What possible rule is there for proceeding to take testimony after the return on a *habeas corpus*, when the body of the person alleged to be improperly restrained is not before the Court? Second, What law justifies a wife, provided the marriage is admitted to have been legal, in defying the authority of her husband? Third, Is the decision in this case to be quoted as a precedent? And again: Can not there be a law to restrain mothers from holding out false signals to lure susceptible young men into the breakers of Matrimony, and then send them to perdition on the lee-shore of Disappointment? Further: Why is it that the law gives so many facilities to people to get married, and so few to get unmarried? Also, Why don't the New York female know better than to get married while she is only a day or two out of the cradle? Let the New York matron answer that. And, finally, after the New Jersey outbreak against taxes, and the case above cited, isn't it fair to ask what we are coming to? I wouldn't give much for the Constitution, the Star-spangled Banner, or the Eagle, or any other of our much-cherished institutions, if the rampant spirit among our female population is not speedily checked!

FLUNKEYISM AT WASHINGTON.

MR. JEAMES YELLOWPLUSH has crossed the Atlantic, and may be found in the fourth story of a Washington hotel. Mr. Yellowplush gets his bread by writing letters for the Squashtown *Banner of Freedom*, and various other journals, from which he can pick up a dollar or two. Mr. Yellowplush is the king of the "dead-heads." He gets his board for little or nothing, for an occasional puff of "our prince of a landlord," "our most gentlemanly clerk," or our "most polished and agreeable" boot-black. He does the society correspondence; he puts his nose in at the receptions by the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, and sends the most charming letters, descriptive of their persons and manners. You will find Mr. Yellowplush in every drawing-room where impudence can take him, and you will see, next day, that he has tried to earn his glass of wine and bit of cake. Mr. Yellowplush has heard that he is a snob, but can not be made to believe it. He has lately been "much interested" in the wife of one of the Secretaries. And why? Let us see:

"When we arrived there were so many distinguished gentlemen and accomplished ladies surrounding her that I began to feel that both my entrée and exit would prove a very 'French-leave affair;' but, with the quick eye of high breeding, our party were espied, and the manner in which we were received, put at ease with appropriate conversation, *and shown to the refreshment table*, somewhat elevated my previous ideas of entertaining."

This paragraph is a little "woolly," as the printers say, but it is nothing when compared to what follows. Here's a pretty bit:

"Mrs. —— is a generous representative of the 'Empire State of the South.' We always linger longest where the bland air and the sunshine greet us, and the half hour in which this eminently social lady, and her friends, Miss —— and Mrs. ——, carried me back to the sunny groves of Georgia, with a ten years' retrospection, left the most agreeable and enduring memories. It should be the pride of our nation that the ladies of our men high in political power can do so much by their high-toned courtesies to hold the Union together."

It is a great pity that the ladies ever brought him back from Georgia. I have omitted the names, which Jeames gives in full, as we do not believe the ladies would feel flattered by seeing them here.

Here we have Jeames in a classical point of view:

"Mrs. —— is the American type of what I understand to have been a Roman matron, provided that they were elevated socially to the high positions of their lords."

The proviso is good. Overhaul your Gibbon, Jeames, the next time you go to the Capitol to beg a frank or steal some stationery. I must, reluctantly, leave Mr. Yellowplush for to-day, with his sweetly-worded peroration:

"Having traversed the social heaven in the orbit of the seven stars of first magnitude, and there being yet an hour of summer-like radiance glancing adown the broad and endless streets of this city of magnificent distances, our party decided to gratify my preferences by a call upon the Misses ——. The three sisters were attired in the most comely contrast, and in the most exquisite taste and richness. It is intellect, after all, which gives position; and, though we had run an ordeal of the most elevated characteristics, we found that, even as the last ray which in summer sunshine melts itself away, and gilds the receding hills with increasing glory, so did this call shed a halo of friendly admiration round the others."

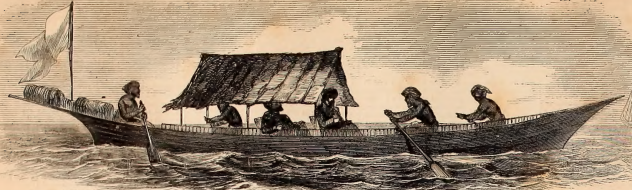
Now I call that grand. A good notice of "intellect"—a bit of poetry at the end, adopted from Byron. In fact, it is, like the ladies, "dressed with exquisite richness;" and I am glad to "shed a halo of friendly admiration" around it. Good dog, Jeames—you earn your money!

THE ISLAND OF LABOUAN.—[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SINGAPORE, *November*, 1857.

I FOUND myself one last day off Coal Point, Labouan, reading the first number of *Harper's Weekly*, and out of pure gratitude for the pleasure received have resolved to send you a few "jottings by the wayside" from this, one of those parts that few visit or know much about.

Labouan is a small island belonging to Great Britain, having been ceded by the Sultan at Brunì to that government for love and money, a few years since, and has already begun to develop its riches to Anglo-Saxon energy. Lying midway between Singapore and Hong Kong, so that a slight deviation by the mail steamers from their usual course, with the loss of a few hours only, would bring it in weekly communication with the home government, abounding in excellent coal, and contiguous to the immense and wealthy island of Borneo, whose mountains loom away to the west in the haze, it possesses advantages such as made its acquisition of no small importance—another demonstration of that great principle expressed by some English statesman of renown, who believed in "*getting footsteps*"—a principle which is being successfully carried into practice wherever there is the slightest opportunity, even though it may not be available for half a century to come.



A LABOUAN PRAHU.

From our decks the straight trunks of gigantic trees, topped with heavy foliage, form a background to the clearing, where a small village, piled about in the most irregular manner, is striving into existence. Every where else the graceful tropical trees, bushes, rank weeds, and parasites—or, all in one word, the jungle—presents an impenetrable barrier, leaning far out into the water, so that it is only at certain points a landing can be effected. Herein lurk—to report says—such animable characters as tigers, wild boars, anacondas, etc.; but though we traveled several weary miles in search of these or other game, we never had a single shot, and always returned on board in the most unavailable condition, from forcing our way through the suffocating forest.

One long pier of bamboo stretches out into the blue water, to accommodate vessels in loading, and ears full of bituminous coal come rolling quietly, comporting with the lazy atmosphere of this climate, from two small holes in the hill-side, dumping their contents into yawning hatchways; often will be found embedded in pieces of these black diamonds lumps of resin an egg in size, wanting a match only to ignite them; and that captain of an American war-steamer, who, on arriving in China, had his lumbers swept clear of this fuel, was wise, for it is too combustible to remain with safety any length of time in such warm quarters.



THE COMMISSIONER'S RESIDENCE.

Labouan affords, thus far, the only coal suitable for steam that has yet been discovered in the East. It has been found in many of the islands keresined, and in Formosa and Japan, but the quality, on testing, proved so inferior, that it was at once condemned as useless. It would be difficult to surpass this place, even should good beds be discovered elsewhere, for the convenience of mining and delivery are unexceptionable, not more than sixty rods of rail being all that is required to carry cars from the pits to the pier; so it may be said that England, with a foresight creditable to her wants, controls and owns every pound of available coal in this quarter of the globe. Our war-steamers even are often obliged to borrow from the Mail Company, on promise of return in a specified time. Immense quantities are transported to the Company's depôts at Singapore and Hong Kong, and a demand greater than the supply exists. At all times there are at least two or three vessels loading, and but that the mining is carried on under the disadvantage of bad workmen—or men who never knew what work was till thus employed—and the want of machinery, which will soon be supplied, treble the quantity would be shipped.

Snugly moored near the pier lies a small fleet of prahus, ranging in size from thirty oars to two. These most beautiful boats, with their tapering bows, that seem to cut through the water without a ripple, and their long, graceful hulls, speak speed in unmistakable terms; there are no faster boats in the world, and to them we are indebted for our clipper ships, their lines having been adopted by us in a modified form.

Not many years ago the appearance of a prahu was the signal to a merchantman cruising in these seas to prepare for his defence. With crews of a hundred men they came paddling at a marvelous speed from behind some island or point, and overtook their prize with but little exertion. It was hardly possible to run away, and, unless damaged by well-directed shot, their conquest was all but certain. Few of these pirates are to be met now, British cruisers having taught them lessons of severity; and they either prey upon themselves or are engaged in legitimate trade. There lying here have come Iolen with produce from neighboring towns, and find a ready market for all they can bring. It is not impossible that Labouan may yet be a depôt for collecting the wealth of Borneo and adjacent islands, in preference to Singapore, which, from some cause, has ceased to advance, if not actually losing ground.

One or two Europeans are occasionally met on shore superintending the work, and indolent natives are either sitting on piazzas or in shady spots, chewing betel-nut, dozing on their mats, or working leisurely at breaking coal, driving horses, and killing mosquitoes. I call them natives. Labouan was uninhabited, except by roving people, who made it a rendezvous when on predatory excursions, until it changed owners; then flocked in from Borneo a goodly sprinkling of Dugis, Dyacks, and Malays. The Chinese are yet scarce, and probably these, being naturally industrious, would be the most preferable emigrants; they will come if any money is to be made, but the dreadful punishment just inflicted on them at Sarawak will have the effect of checking their advance here for some little time. Sarawak is only one hundred and



COAL POINT, LABOUAN.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.



THE COUNTRY BELLE.



THE COUNTRY STORE-KEEPER.



THE CITY DOCTOR.



THE CITY BELLE.



THE CITY STORE-KEEPER.

thirty miles distant; so, with British influence thus powerfully exerted, it is not difficult to prophesy the future masters of Borneo.

To the right, on a rocky bluff, overlooking the whole place, lives the Company's agent, in as European a house as can be built here; the situation, for air and scenery, is delightful, and, surrounded by a dozen old guns, barely seen through the tall grass, with the meteor flag floating over all, he feels, no doubt, considerable security in case of a row.

Victoria, the capital of this colony, or settlement, lies a mile or two further on, at the head of a small bay, affording safe anchorage for ships; here resides a governor, some soldiers, and a bishop.

To us time would pass in that little town with fearful monotony; but people quickly learn how to eat, sleep, and *make* away hours in such a lazy, loving climate.

I have not visited Victoria, and can say nothing about it, being exclusively occupied at the Point; but frequently, escaping from the ship, was glad to lie during spare moments on the matted floors of a Malay cottage, gazing upon the charming scenery, smoke, and think of nothing. This domicile is a jewel of its kind; built on posts to avoid dampness, and partially surrounded by a covered piazza, the air circulates below and about, while the direct rays of a broiling sun finds no opening to penetrate. No architect could design a dwelling better adapted to the climate than this. Straight limbs of trees stripped of their bark, or large stalks of bamboo—that blessing to the East—form postbeams, and rafters; while broad leaves, that shrink when dry, and permit a circulation of air through every part, and swell tightly together at the first drop of rain, stitched into squares with splints of wood, make walls, roof, and partitions—all permitting a speedy removal of the whole establishment.

But few doors or other openings are necessary; the cooking is done outside, and meals served on the front piazza; neither chairs, tables, nor beds are required among a people who sleep on rolls of matting, and sit cross-legged; so the interior appeared rather bare, but was all the cooler.

Just now Labouan is the dullest place imaginable. What it may become when Borneo develops her mineral wealth no one can calculate. Probably there is not a richer island in the world; gold, platina, diamonds, and coal wanting only pickaxes and shovels to gather them from beds barely covered by the soil, while valuable trees, overflowing with gums, wait only to be tapped or cut down for ship-building and furniture.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WHEN I made that operation in sugar I had no idea how it would result. I had a notion, certainly, that I could get rid of it; Boggs of Chicago, Scroggs of Cincinnati, Boggs of Columbus, and Poggs of Buffalo, I knew would take the bulk of it; and, without some unforeseen accident, there was no good reason for supposing that I should lose money. I could have carried it several months if it had been necessary. But I never dreamed, in my wildest moments, that sugar would rise from seven to ten cents, and that on my little operation I would realize—well, it don't matter how many thousand dollars. Suffice it to say, that having, in a moment of expansion, confided to Mrs. Smith the net figure of my profits on that affair, she said to me, "Smith, dear, if that is the case, we must go and live in the country."

The result of that confidence of mine was that my neighbor Dimity, who is in the dry-goods line, sold me his place in Jersey for —— dollars, being, as he declared with many oaths (Dimity is a profane talker, having been at one time a militia dragoon), just what the exotics on the place had cost him. The land and house were thus thrown into the bargain; and I congratulated myself on having pleased Mrs. Smith—which I take to be the First Duty of Married Men—and made a safe operation in real estate at the same time.

I intended at first to have come to the city every day, by favor of the railroad. Though I had retired from the firm of Rum, Molasses, & Co., I had still some little business to *arrange*, and I calculated that, by spending four hours per day in the cars, I could have two hours in the city, and still take a comfortable breakfast and dinner at home. But I soon discovered that the inconveniences of railway travel were greater than I had supposed. I missed the train several times a week; and after resolving to restrict my visits to the city to Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I finally came to the conclusion that all I had to do could be done in two days each week. Accordingly, now I go up on Tuesdays and Fridays, and find that I can safely spend the rest of my time on our place.

Accordingly I see a good deal of society in our village, and it amuses me to contrast it with what I used to see when we lived in ——th Street. Take the doctor. When we lived in the city, none of my acquaintance were better plexed or more faultless clothes than our doctor. He was a delightful man, Dr. S——. He always knew what was going on in the world, from the Empire of China to the Brown and Jones clique in ——th Street. He had the latest information about the sad affair between Miss Calico and young La Pinche, and what old Calico had said to La Pinche's father when they met by accident at the Broadway Theatre. He knew exactly how much Commodore Marlinspike had lost at faro at the —— Club. He confided privately to my wife the ultimatum of Mrs. Fauxpas in her unfortunate quarrel with her husband. Then he was so obliging. He took a hand at whist with us; played backgammon with my sisters-in-law, and once drove my son to see the elephants at the menagerie. He was a thorough man of the world. Our country doctor, on the other hand, is a very good fellow, but his conversation is limited to the subjects of your health and the crops. When he sees you, he either says—

"Ha! fine growing weather—turnips amazing," or "Show me your tongue—bad digestion—pains in the—hum, ha—requires care, your case—must be careful what you eat."

From these two subjects you can not divert him. If you ask him what he thinks of Seward's chances for the next Presidency, he says that Douglas, who may be President, had an attack of dyspepsia ten years ago, and instead of taking the legitimate remedy, consumed a quantity of quack medicines, and he wouldn't be surprised if he went off the hooks any day, in consequence. If you hint that the matrimonial market is dull, he says that so long as young girls get wet feet, and refuse to take his anti-catarrh-and-inflammation powders, they must expect that men will be shy of marrying them. If you suggest that stocks are declining, he observes that if the weather holds out the mangel-wurzel crop will be immense, and that will regulate the stock market. I know not how it is, but since we came here we have not required the doctor once a month, whereas in the city he called at our house twice a week. No doubt it is the effect of the country air; but I shouldn't like to see a fashionable doctor established near us for all that.

My wife says she sees the contrast most strikingly when she goes to the village to shop. When she did her shopping in the city she was waited upon by a very handsome young fellow, with a lovely black mustache and sweet hands. He spoke in a low voice, which was respectful yet tender, and when he asked her whether she needed flannel he always blushed. This is my wife's story. Now, she says, she finds a huge, rough-looking fellow, in shirt sleeves, who sometimes stares at her as though he would chuck her under the chin, and asks her, when she enters his store,

"Well, Missis, what d'ye yer want? 'lasses, or ribbons, or a stick o' candy? Say!"

Mrs. Smith is not aware of the fact that the rough fellow in shirt sleeves pays his debts, which the fashionable youth in mustache and broadcloth sometimes omits to do; that the one—unpolished as he is—is an honest, hard-working man; while the other often differs very slightly from the regular Jeremy Diddler.

For my part, I am in favor of the country. Compare, for instance, the city belles with the country belles. My cousin Leonora is admitted to be a city belle. Between you and me, I have measured her circumference round the skirt: fifteen feet, as I am a Christian! Do you think any man could afford to marry the whole of a woman fifteen feet round the skirt? He might marry part of her; but the whole fifteen feet—ridiculous! Then listen to her talk! She talks about the Opera, about Stewart's, about the weather, of course, about the prospect of Lucy Flinn's marrying; but you might listen to her for a month without gaining an idea. Whereas my little friend Mary Berry, whose father has the next farm to mine, who wears no hoops or other mechanical contrivances for altering her shape from what nature made it, and who trips along over the grass like a sweet little bird—it is a perfect privilege to be near her, to see the soft radiance of her bright eye, and to hear the gentle tones of her voice. She has very few subjects of conversation; but she can talk sensibly on the books she reads, and on the people she meets. She has latterly been reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and has surprised me by her criticisms on the character of Moses. My wife asked her the other day whether she was going to marry young Sturges, who is very tender upon her.

"Oh! no, ma'am," said she, in her simple country manner; "Mr. Sturges doesn't care for me; he only talks to me when he is down here because he is dull."

Altogether, the contrast between town and country strikes me as so full of interest that I send you some sketches, which you may use or not, as you please.

LITERARY.

Bayard Taylor's Northern Travel (in Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland), published by Putnam, is at length out, and will be read with delight by all who admire freshness, freedom, and piquancy in a traveler or writer. It was with some surprise that we heard of the new route selected by Mr. Taylor, promising little of interest to the visitor himself, and perhaps less to the reader whom he should afterward write for. But, as in all else that he undertakes, there is a charm in his style of relation that invests commonplaces with interest, and makes his volume an acceptable addition to the winter's stock of reading, as well as to the library shelves. It is understood that Mr. Taylor is passing the present winter in Greece with his bride, whence we may anticipate observations and notes of increased value for future volumes from his industrious pen.

Parton's Life of Aaron Burr (published by Mason Brothers) has attracted great and deserved attention. It is certainly a very fascinating book. Aside from the interest which always attends the history of Mr. Burr, even in the smallest particulars of it, Mr. Parton has succeeded in making a most charming book, and has in the main, we think, done justice to all parties.

But in saying thus much we, perhaps, should explain, by adding that this justice is, in some instances, more the result of the facts given than of the author's comments. Mr. Parton feels that affection for his subject which the author of a biography is apt to feel. It is seldom that the biographer of a contemporary is otherwise than favorably inclined, and few instances occur in which, during the lifetime of a man's own compeers and friends, any one can write strictly impartial comments on his acts and character.

Mr. Parton struggles against this feeling. He stoutly resists the temptation to praise his subject, to gloss over his sins, and polish the dark spots on his character. The result is sometimes such curious contradictions as we find in passages like the following:

"Aaron Burr, then, was a man of gallantry. He was *not* a debauchee; *not* a corrupter of virgin innocence; *not* a despoiler of honest households; not a betrayer of tender confidences. He was a man of gallantry. It is beyond question that, in the course of his long life, he had many intrigues with women, *some* of which (not many, there is good reason to believe) were carried to the point of criminality. The grosser forms of licentiousness he utterly abhorred; such as the seduction of innocence, the keeping of mistresses, the wallowing in the worse than beastliness of prostitution. Not every woman could attract him. He was the most delicate and fastidious of men."

Probably no one will fail to get from this passage a very correct idea of Mr. Burr's moral character, though Mr. Parton stoutly defends him from the crime of "the seduction of innocence"—a defense that might avail a hundred years hence, but can not in this day, when there are so many who can relate instances within the memory of their parents in which Mr. Burr brought desolation into "honest households."

Perhaps no man ever lived who lived for self as completely and wholly as did Aaron Burr. Personal success, in whatever he undertook, at whatever cost to himself or others, was the impulse of his existence. Whether it was in the achievement of a political plan, the winning of a cause in which he was a counsel, the seduction of a woman, or the gratification of a whim, he asked no question beyond that one, "How shall I best succeed?"

This is the key to his whole life, to his melancholy old age, and his miserable death. All his life long he was a grand ruin. No more so when he lay, at fourscore, on his bed, and groaned out his last breath, than when he deserted the army in Canada, or abandoned his country in his great filibustering expedition. His mind was dilapidated always, from the mere fact that he had no steadfast purpose, no arrangement, no principle, no standard except the desire for immediate success in the matter in hand.

We have not space for longer notice of Mr. Parton's book. It abounds in personal anecdote. It might have contained much more, but we presume he was limited by the size of his book. There is abundant material, in the personal recollections of many of our citizens, for another volume of the same size, but this is enough for the present. The author differs from the late Matthew L. Davis in many respects, and we recommend readers who wish to examine Mr. Burr's character thoroughly to take the two biographies, Davis's and Parton's, and read them together, as we have done. The result will be, to give a fair and full idea of the life and character of one of the most remarkable men of the century, who might have been a man of honor and fame in both hemispheres, but who became a miserable old man, friendless and despised, and found at last a dishonored grave at the feet of his illustrious ancestors.

Lord Palmerston has granted a pension of £50 a year to Mrs. Dick, widow of Dr. Dick, author of "Christian Philosophy," and other works of wide popularity.

Sir Henry Havelock, whose loss the world now deplores, knew how to wield the pen as well as the sword. In 1827 he published a "History of the Ava Campaigns." In a "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign" he has given an animated narrative of the war, in which the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Kabool formed memorable events.

Mrs. Clive, author of "Paul Ferrol," is engaged on another novel.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 25, in the Senate, Senator Mason presented the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations on the arrest of Walker. The report is lengthy; the gist of it is given in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That no further provisions of law are necessary to confer authority on the President to cause arrests and seizures to be made on the high seas for offenses committed against the Neutrality law of 1818. The Committee find that such power is necessarily implied by the terms of the eighth section of that act.

Resolved, That the place where William Walker and his followers were arrested, being without the jurisdiction of the United States, their arrest was without warrant of law; but in view of the circumstances attending it, and its result in taking away from a Territory and State in amity with the United States American citizens who were there in hostile intent, it may not call for further censure than as it might hereafter be drawn into precedent if suffered to pass without remark.

Senators Douglas and Foot dissented from the report of the Committee. The Bill for the Increase of the Army was called up by Senator Davis, but, after some remarks from Senator Fessenden, further consideration thereof was postponed. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of Kansas affairs, Senators Harlan, Polk, Stuart, Wilson, Davis, and Brown being the speakers.——In the House, a special Committee on the Pacific Railroad was appointed by the Speaker. On motion of Mr. Keitt, the consideration of Matteson's case was postponed. The House having gone into Committee on the State of the Union, Mr. Gartrell made a speech in favor of slavery, Mr. Washburne on the banks and the currency, Mr. Granger on the increase of the army, and Mr. Bingham on Kansas.

On Tuesday, Senator Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported to the Senate a Bill for the admission of Minnesota. The deaths of Messrs. Brenton and Lockhart, of Indiana, were reported to the Senate, and eulogies pronounced. The Bill to increase the army was then taken up, and speeches in favor of it made by Senators Davis and Hunter, and against it by Senators Toombs, Hale, Fessenden, Foster, and Seward.——The House, in Committee of the Whole on the Invalid Pensioners' Bill, heard a speech from Mr. Anderson on Kansas, and passed the Bill. It then went into Committee on the Printing Deficiency Bill, and Mr. Phelps spoke on the printing question, Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Keitt on Kansas. The following resolutions were proposed, but were not permitted to be introduced: by Mr. Clingman, to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; by Mr. Morris, to negotiate for the purchase of Utah; by Mr. Florence, to fix the 7th June for adjournment.

On Wednesday, Senator Wilson presented to the Senate a resolution for a commission to inquire into the Utah question before resorting to force. Resolutions from Ohio indorsing the President but censuring the Lecompton Constitution were presented by Senator Pugh, severely handled by Senator Wade, and ordered to be printed. Bills were introduced by Senator Davis, from the minority of the select committee on the Pacific Railroad Bill, and by Senator Broderick respecting customs duties in California. The question of the increase of the army was then taken up, and speeches made by Senators Gwin, Bell, Iverson, Simmons, Chandler, and Davis.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Zollicoffer, a resolution was adopted for information on the Utah question. The House went into committee on the Printing Deficiency Bill, and speeches on slavery, Kansas, Mormonism, and filibusterism were made by Messrs. Davis, Leach, Avery, Thompson, and Giddings.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Foot introduced an amendment to Senator Davis's Pacific Railroad Bill. Senator Slidell reported a bill prohibiting the issue of bank-notes by corporations or individuals within the District of Columbia, or the issue in the District of bank-notes under $50 by corporations or individuals without the District. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Hamlin, directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the propriety of repealing the Lighthouse Board Act. The Army Increase Bill being taken up, speeches were made by Senators Hale, Davis, Toombs, Stuart, Fessenden, and Greene. Senators Slidell and Pearce spoke on the question of presenting a medal to Commodore Paulding.——The House, in Committee on the Printing Deficiency Bill, heard speeches, chiefly on Kansas, from Messrs. Shaw, Burnett, Harris, Smith, Cousins, Hickman, and Sherman.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Printing Deficiency Bill, and speeches, chiefly on the question of the printing, were made by Messrs. Burnett, Letcher, Phelps, Crawford, and Nichols. The House then adjourned.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

There is but little to add to the items of news given last week respecting the Kansas imbroglio. Mr. Clarkson, the bearer of the Lecompton Constitution, has arrived at Washington. There was a rumor early in the week that Mr. Calhoun had thrown out certain votes, cast at the recent election, which had been returned to Governor Denver instead of himself, and that thereby the Pro-Slavery party had secured control of the Kansas Legislature; but the story lacks confirmation, and is generally discredited. It is generally supposed that the Administration adheres to its purpose of making the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution a party measure. Several caucuses have been held to ascertain the relative strength of the two parties in the Senate and in the House; various conflicting results are given in the daily papers. It seems likely that the President could command a majority in both Houses.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The Administration has received advices from the Utah Expedition which it has been thought advisable not to publish. Colonel Cooke's report of his march across the plains has been published; it describes the sufferings of the troops and cattle as fearful and heart-rending. Some additional items have been brought by a late bearer of dispatches. Captain Marcy was expected back about the middle of April, and soon thereafter transportation would be effected, and Colonel Johnston would make an effort to enter Salt Lake City. Colonel Johnston's impression, from the demonstrations made in the valley, is that the troops will have to fight. At Judge Eckel's Court of Session a great many presentments were made to the Grand Jury, involving business enough for two or three weeks. The Committee of Congress on Mr. Bernhisel's case are expected to report that there is no ground for expelling him.

THE ADMISSION OF MINNESOTA.

The bill reported by Mr. Douglas, from the Senate Committee on Territories, declares that Minnesota shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever. It provides that the State shall be entitled to one Representative in Congress, and such additional representatives as the population may show they are entitled to according to the present ratio of representation, leaving the House to ascertain the number when the full returns of the census shall be received, presuming that the residue of the returns will be received by the time the bill shall become a law. So far the ascertained population is 136,461, with seven counties and part of another to hear from.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The New York Legislature has organized at last, by the election of Alvord (Democrat) as Speaker, and Wilson (Know Nothing), Clerk.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has authorized the Governor to open a correspondence with the Governors of other States for the purpose of calling a convention for the adoption of measures to prohibit notes of a less denomination than five, ten, or twenty dollars.

PERSONAL.

The following description of Lord Napier's ball in honor of the Princess Royal's marriage is from the *Times*:

"The cards were issued for 9½ o'clock. Within an hour after between four and five hundred guests had assembled, presenting an array of intellect, station, beauty, wealth, and distinction in the various departments of life such as was never collected before under one roof in Washington, heightened by accessories which contributed greatly to the striking and brilliant effect of the spectacle. Every important branch of the Government was represented. Miss Lane, who so becomingly presides at the White House, and who had not appeared in society during the winter, was present, to testify the respect of the President's household. The Cabinet attended either in person or through their families. The whole diplomatic corps, in full court costume, resplendent with orders and insignia, united in doing honor to the celebration. All the prominent officers of the army and navy, in uniform, with the grand person of General Scott towering, in its fine proportions, above them, rendered more noticeable by the military trappings of a Lieutenant-General, mingled with the throng. The leading members of both branches of Congress, of all parties and sections, were also present. British and other foreign Consuls from the principal ports, in their official dress, added to the general interest. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, contributed their quota of representation through citizens eminent in the learned professions."

The *States*, in describing the costumes at the last President's reception, says: "Several of the belles wore their hair dressed with flowers *à l'Ophelia*, the drooping flowers and tendrils giving a becoming effect to their profiles."

The *Southern Chronicle*, published at Orange Courthouse, Virginia, says: "We learn that the remains of Mrs. Madison were brought from Washington by her nephew, Mr. Cutts, on Wednesday, the 13th ult., and deposited in the cemetery at Montpelier, near the monument recently placed by the citizens of this county over the grave of her husband. This, we understand, was in compliance with a wish expressed by Mrs. Madison herself. Circumstances unavoidable have heretofore delayed it. It would, however, have been consummated when the Madison monument was erected, in September last, if her relatives in Washington had known at the time that this was about being done."

Miss Petit, the Virginia authoress, is, we understand, to give a series of Shakspearian readings through the Southern cities. She can not fail to make a sensation, for in addition to genius of a high order, her personal attractions are remarkable. Her face and head are in themselves a study of classic beauty, while her voice has all the soft rich music which belongs to the accents of her clime. Those who are familiar with that exquisite production of poetry and passion, "Light and Darkness," will need no other inducement to attend these readings than the natural desire to behold the fair and brilliant authoress.

A letter from an officer on board the United States steamer *Powhatan* states that ex-President Pierce and Mrs. Pierce had both improved in health, though the latter had suffered considerably from sea-sickness. The officers and crew were all well, and the ship in fine order. She reached Madeira on the 27th of December, in sixteen days from Norfolk, after a rough passage, and was to have sailed for St. Helena on the 5th of January.

A young lady in one of the leading circles at Washington was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress at an evening party. She replied, "I am glad you like my dress, it cost just seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself." When young ladies pride themselves upon the cheapness of their attire, instead of its expensiveness, we shall have fewer "broken" fathers and husbands.

Rev. John M. Reid, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a member of the New York East Conference, has be[en] elected to the Presidency of the Genesee College, in pla[ce] of Dr. Cummings, recently elected to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University. He will accept, and en[ter] upon his duties at the commencement of the next term.

The following paragraph is from the Washington co[r]respondence of the *Herald*: "A novel scene was witness[ed] at the White House yesterday, with the 'Old Fo[lks] Concert Professionals' and the President. During the call they proposed to sing, and requested Mr. Buchanan to name the song. He named 'Sweet Home,' which they sung with effect, making the Presidential mansion e[cho] with their voices."

Peter Cagger has left Albany for Washington, says the *Knickerbocker*, to hunt up a foreign mission for John V. L. Pruyn, leaving behind him much legislative patronage undisposed of. The following is given as the list of office-seekers who called at his office during the afternoon of Wednesday:

"Eighty-seven married men, one hundred and twenty-three single men, four hundred and sixty-one women, three hundred and ninety-two boys, and ninety-three wood-venders. Owing to the rush, Hill and Porter had to vacate the premises and leave for home."

The Detroit *Free Press* notices the passage through that city of a man having in charge a raving maniac, who was secured in a box for safety, on his way from Minnesota to Maine. The box was just sufficient to allow of his turning round in it, but not large enough to allow of his harming himself. When it was taken out of the cars it was set up on end, and the raving, gibbering maniac looked through the bars at the crowd who gathered around curiously, and beckoned to them to come and release him. He was taken out of his cage at Monroe and fed.

When Mrs. B., the actress, was making a summer excursion in the country, she was accompanied by her husband, and a party of his and her friends. One of them was Mr. ——, formerly a pilot on the Boston station, who had laughed and grown fat so long that he had become, like Woolsey, a "man of unbounded stomach." Some one asked, "Who is this large man in Mrs. B.'s suite?" "That," said his informant, "is Mr. ——; he is a pilot." "Exactly," was the response, "I should think he was a paunchеous Pilate!"

Judge Bosworth, of the Superior Court of this city, is confined to his bed with a severe attack of the pleurisy. Judge Duer, of the same Court, who fell and broke his thigh a few weeks ago, is improving rapidly.

W. Carey Jones and secretary have taken formal leave of the Government of Nicaragua.

Ex-President Tyler is lying very ill at his residence, "Sherwood Forest," Charles City County, Virginia. He has been suffering for several weeks past with a severe chronic attack.

Mademoiselle Rachel had a narrow escape of being buried alive. Eleven hours after the telegram reached Paris of her death, she was still breathing. The operator who came to embalm first felt the carotid artery, and was startled to find pulsation. The truth was known at once, and she only died in the evening.

It is reported in Washington that General Persifor Smith will have command of the eastern division of the army in Utah in the next campaign, if Scott goes to California.

Mr. John J. Palmer, President of the Merchants' Bank, is, we learn, ill with paralysis. He was struck with the disease a few days since, but yesterday his symptoms were pronounced favorable, and it is likely that he will soon recover.

Mr. John J. Eckel, held on his own recognizances as participator in the Burdell murder, has been set completely at liberty, a *nolle prosequi* having been entered.

Mr. George Taylor having married clandestinely a young lady named Emma Hawley, has found out that he is wrong in his speculations and has no right to her. The maiden wife having testified in *propria persona* that she would not go to George—she would not live with him, speak to him, write to him, or look at him, the Judge decided that she might go where she chose, and she thereupon walked off with her mother, brother, and friends, leaving the hapless husband to mourn over the hopes that left him.

There are four ladies in the Utah military expedition against the Mormons. They are Mrs. Governor Cummings, Mrs. Colonel Canby, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Burr. Mrs. Cummings froze one of her feet while crossing the mountains.

Senator Sumner writes, from Boston, that his health has so much improved that he will go to Washington in time to vote upon the Army Bill.

Ex-Governor Grimes was elected United States Senator from Iowa, on the 25th January, by twenty-one majority.

George Vail, of New Jersey, has been appointed Consul to Glasgow.

The famous Chippewa Chief, "Hole-in-the-Day," known for his efforts in arresting the Spirit Lake murderers, was killed in a duel at Crow Wing, Minnesota, on the 12th inst. His adversary was a Mr. Giggy, a citizen of Crow Wing. The cause of the duel was an insult given to Mr. Giggy, by the Chief, while drunk. Two shots were fired by each party, Mr. Giggy receiving one in the right side. At the second fire, Giggy was wounded in the left side. It was with difficulty that he could stand up for the third fire; but the Indian Chief would not agree to settle the difficulty, and the third fire was exchanged, and poor Hole-in-the-Day was shot through the heart.

There are grave doubts as to the death of Dr. Vogel, the celebrated African traveler. Several Mecca pilgrims from the interior coincide in the assertion that Abd-el-Wahed (Dr. Vogel) has not been killed, but is kept prisoner by the Sultan of Waday, who, according to their description, is not only a very severe, but also a very cautious and astute man. Baron Neimans has gone in search of the missing traveler.

A. Jennings Wise, son of Governor Wise, and Mr. Ridgway, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, have a quarrel and personal conflict, and have been arraigned before the Mayor, to prevent them from fighting a duel, and held to bail in the sum of $3000.

Mr. Parton, the biographer of Aaron Burr, is understood to be engaged in preparing a Life of General Andrew Jackson, for which he obtained much new material while writing the life of the great "conspirator."

The Fredericksburg (Virginia) *Herald* states that Colonel Daniel Ruggles, United States Army, who has been on a visit to his friends in that section of Virginia, left on Friday morning for Jefferson barracks, where he will be engaged in receiving recruits and preparing for the Utah campaign, which the army has before it in Utah Territory. Colonel Ruggles's regiment (the 5th infantry) is now west of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Theodore Parker delivered a lecture at New Bedford on Tuesday night, and among other things wise and witty he said: "The aristocratic families of Boston began from some bare-legged and bare-footed ancestors, and by-and-by will become bare-legged and bare-footed again." Mr. Parker himself came into the world without a shirt to his back, or a pocket to put a penny in: and in view of this historical fact, we do not see the utility of his fling at others whose condition was no worse than his own.

A public meeting was held on the 13th ultimo in Scottsville, Albemarle County, Va., at which resolutions were adopted denouncing the arrest of Walker, and denouncing the dismissal of Commodore Paulding from the service. A correspondent of the Charlottesville *Advocate* says: "After the adoption of the resolutions the meeting adjourned, and repaired to Jefferson's Mount, a commanding eminence, which rears its lofty summit above the tallest house which adorns the village, and after successive yells from the large and excited crowd which had congregated to see and hear, the image was set on fire and consumed, amidst the loud and enthusiastic shouts of an indignant population."

At the Museum, in Leicester Square, London, there is now on exhibition the veritable ceremonial robe of the "Hindoo demon of a Nena Sahib," as the Bombay letters describe him, which is daily inspected by immense crowds. The shawl alone is said to be worth a thousand pounds sterling, and is a most perfect specimen of workmanship.

Mr. John Oothout, who for nearly thirty years past has been well known to our citizens as the President of the Bank of New York, died last week, at his residence, 83 Waverley Place, after a long illness. Mr. Oo[thout]

was a familiar face in Wall Street for many years past. and his death will be widely regretted. He was a man of great experience in monetary affairs, and his loss will be severely felt by the institution over which he presided so ably for many years.

The new Douglas mansion in Washington, says the Boston *Post*, is palatial in dimensions, and is furnished in excellent taste. The largest parlor (of which there are three) is nearly as large as the east room in the White House, and is adorned by a large and fine collection of pictures, many of them purchased by Mr. Douglas while in Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

EVERY thing connected with this now rapidly-approaching event is proceeding as speedily as possible. In the works at St. James's Palace such great progress has been made that some days before the time appointed the whole will be completed. Every thing will be as perfect as possible; and when the state apartments and Chapel Royal are thrown open to the public, there will be but one opinion as to the great taste that has been displayed in these decorations and improvements. The number of workmen of all classes has been increased, and the works go on continuously from six in the morning until 11 o'clock at night—in some departments even later—in order that as much may be done as possible before the Court comes to town, which is expected to be either on the 14th or 15th January at latest. At the wedding some of the highest families in the empire will be represented in the persons of the young ladies who will have the honor of officiating as bridesmaids. Among the families thus honored will be those of the Dukes of Richmond, Newcastle, Hamilton, Sutherland, and Athol; and those of the Earls of Derby and Clarendon. The names of these fair representatives of the high aristocracy are said to be Lady Cecilia Lennox, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Lady Susan Murray, Lady Catherine Hamilton, Lady Emma Stanley, Lady Constance Villiers, and Lady Cecilia Molyneux, sister of the young Earl of Sefton.

COSTUME OF THE BRIDAL PARTY.

A London Journal says: "The costume which her Majesty will wear at the marriage of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William will be of peach-color *moiré antique*, with Honiton lace flounces, being the same which the Queen wore at her own wedding. The bridal costume of the Princess Royal will, we understand, be of rich white *moiré antique;* the lace dress of exquisite Honiton *guipure*, consisting of three flounces, the body being trimmed to match. The vail will be of Honiton *guipure* lace, which will be worn in a style completely novel in this country for bridal costume, and will be attached to the head with magnificent Moorish or Spanish pins. The dress and vail are splendidly worked, the emblem being the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The latter has employed fifty girls for the last twelve months. This new style of vail was entirely her Majesty's suggestion, and the carrying out of the idea has met the approbation of the Queen. The cost of this production will be about £600."

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS.

An Edinburgh paper contains the following anecdote of the Princess Royal: "Several years ago, when quite a young girl, a matron, for whom her Royal Highness had a special liking, had added one more to her husband's family. The baby, of course, was an object of superlative interest; and, when the christening was about to take place, the Princess asked to be permitted to attend and act as godmother. This was freely agreed to. The day came, and so did his Presbyterian reverence, but the expected godmother, from some cause, did not make her appearance, and after a little the ceremony went on in her absence. It was barely concluded when the Princess came, breathless with haste and excitement. On being told how matters stood, her undisguised feelings found vent in a sorrowful 'Oh! but couldn't you do it over again?' When the court left Balmoral last summer, the dependents were invited up to the lawn to bid farewell to her Royal Highness. The feelings of the Princess so overcame her, however, that she was unable to make her appearance before them, and the Prince Consort bade adieu on her behalf. It is a cherished hope that they will yet see her at Balmoral, though her home must now be at a foreign court. Invitations to be in London at the Princess's marriage have been sent, by her own special request, to Dr. Robertson, the Prince Consort's commissioner, and to Mr. Grant, the head game-keeper at Balmoral.

THE LEVIATHAN TO BE LAUNCHED AT LAST.

The *Leviathan* has been pushed to within half a dozen feet of the extremity of the launching ways. She was to remain in that position until the prevailing spring tides were over, when she would be pushed off the ways, and so await the high tides of January to float her.

PRINCE ALBERT TO BE KING.

The *Court Circular* thinks the time is come when the Prince Consort's position should be "rectified," and that he should receive the style of King. It informs its readers that "his right to that honorary style does not rest with the volition of Ministers or with the pleasure of the people. It is the law of England since the days of Henry VIII. that the husband of a peeress in her own right shall, if he has issue by her, be tenant, by courtesy, of her barony, earldom, etc. This rule, it is said, applies, not by right but 'by grace,' to the spouse of the reigning sovereign; but the law of grace is just as potent in a question of this nature as is the law of right. It is clearly within the personal prerogative of the Sovereign to order and command that the Consort of the Crown shall, in all such things as title, place, and precedency, have and enjoy the attributes of royalty."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

An Antwerp paper mentions that Queen Victoria, who has of late devoted much time and displayed great talent in the art of photography, has lately sent the Empress Eugénie, as a New Year's present, a charming album full of photographs taken by herself. On the leaves of this very unique work are to be found portraits of the royal children in the costumes of various Shakspearian characters, the portrait of Prince Albert, together with views of Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Osborne House.

CHEAPNESS OF MONEY IN LONDON.

On the 14th ult. the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount to 5 per cent., being the lowest point touched for fifteen months. It was anticipated that a further reduction would take place in a week or two. The discount houses have reduced the rates of allowance at call from 4½ to 3½ per cent. The Joint Stock Bank has reduced the rate for deposit to 3 per cent. This action of the Bank imparted firmness to the Stock Market. Choice paper was negotiated in the discount market at 3½ to 4 per cent.

IS HAVELOCK A BARONET?

We hear it questioned in some quarters whether the baronetcy intended for General Havelock does not formally fall to the ground, from the fact of the death of the lamented General preceding the date of the patent. He died on the 25th of November, and the baronetcy was conferred on the 26th. It may therefore be an error to describe Captain Havelock as "Sir Henry Marsham Havelock, Second Baronet." Lady Havelock is Lady Havelock by reason of Sir Henry having been previously created a K.C.B. The grant voted by Parliament is also not yet completed, the bill authorizing it having been postponed till after the recess. Some entirely new arrangement must therefore be come to. It is understood that the Queen will date his patent as a Baronet on the day he entered Lucknow.

FRANCE.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR.

The *Moniteur* of 15th January gives the following account of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor:

"Last night, at half past eight o'clock, at the moment of their Majesties' arrival at the Opera, three explosions of shells were heard. A number of the crowd who were standing by the door-way, several of the soldiers of the escort, and of the Garde de Paris, were wounded, two of them mortally. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress was touched. A piece of shell, however, pierced his Majesty's hat; and General Roguet, Aid-de-camp in waiting, who was sitting in the carriage, was slightly wounded on the back of the head. The carriage itself was much shattered. The Emperor and Empress, on entering the Opera, were received with the warmest enthusiasm. The course of the performance went on as usual. On hearing of the event which had taken place, their Imperial Highnesses Jerome Napoleon and the Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, as well as Prince Murat, the Ministers, several Marshals and great functionaries, the members of the diplomatic body, and the Prefects of the Seine and of Police, the Procureur-General of the Court of Paris, and the Procureur-Imperial, attended their Majesties. The 'instruction' was at once commenced, and several arrests were effected. Their Majesties left the Opera at midnight. The Boulevards were spontaneously illuminated, and a vast concourse of people cheered the Emperor and the Empress most enthusiastically and touchingly as they passed on their way to the Tuileries. On arriving there their Majesties found a great number of persons, among them the Embassador of England, the President of the Senate, members of the diplomatic body, and several Senators, waiting to offer their congratulations."

Another account says: "The Emperor's face is slightly scratched by fragments of glass. The Emperor and Empress are perfectly well. At twelve o'clock the imperial family attended a solemn mass, with the ministers of state. The conspirators are Italians. Four have been arrested. They came from England, and belong to the sect of assassins. Fifty-two persons were wounded, some dangerously, by the three shells thrown at the carriage."

THE FUNERAL OF RACHEL.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The funeral of Mademoiselle Rachel took place this morning. At eleven o'clock a large crowd attended at the Place Royale, where the deceased resided. The remains arrived on Saturday night, and were, in conformity with the Hebrew ritual, watched by two women, who recited prayers by the side of the coffin. At twelve o'clock the body was deposited in a hearse drawn by six horses; the coffin was covered with a white pall, sprinkled with silver stars, and on it a crown of *immortelles*. The Grand Rabbi of the Jewish Consistory of Paris, dressed in a black gown, or *soutane*, with a cincture of the same color, walked immediately after the hearse. The chief mourners were the father, the brother, and the two sons of Mademoiselle Rachel. The corners of the pall were held by Alexandre Dumas, *père;* Baron Taylor; M. Maquet, President of the Society of Dramatic Authors; and M. Geoffray, of the Theatre Française. The *cortege*, consisting of sixteen mourning and a considerable number of private carriages, moved on to the Jewish burial-ground, which is at the extreme end of Père la Chaise, by the Place Royale, the Rue Bas du Mule, and the Chemin-Vert. An immense crowd, among whom were all who are most celebrated in art and letters, followed. All the theatres in Paris were represented by deputations composed of the principal artistes. On arriving at the gate of the cemetery the coffin was laid on the ground, and the Rabbi recited, in Hebrew and in French, the Prayer of the Resurrection; after which it was borne to the grave, the Rabbi chanting the 91st Psalm. When the coffin was lowered into the earth, he repeated aloud, and in Hebrew, the prayer called *Haskabe*, and then a prayer in French. Speeches were made by MM. Jules Janin, Bataille, and Maquet. That of M. Janin was particularly effective when he alluded to the loss, within so short a time, of all that was celebrated, glorious, and free; and he expressed his regret that the deceased was not eulogized by a man who only was competent to do so, but who was now in exile—namely, M. Victor Hugo. The family of the deceased then threw handfuls of earth on the coffin, the grave was filled up, and all was over. The crowd was immense, and several detachments of cavalry were on the spot to keep order."

RACHEL'S RELIGION.

A Milan journal, the *Bilancia*, announces that Mademoiselle Rachel, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith, was baptized on the 18th ultimo; but the authenticity of this statement, though repeated in other quarters, is doubtful. It is very positively stated that, on Saturday (the day before her death), she sent to Nice for a Jewish Rabbi, who performed, by her bedside, the service *in extremis* prescribed by the Jewish religion.

AN AMERICAN CLIPPER'S ESCAPE FROM MARSEILLES.

A letter from Marseilles, dated January 10, gives the following story: "Since yesterday the whole town has been talking of a strange affair, which it is thought may give rise to serious diplomatic complications. You remember the fearful collision between the *Lyonnais*, a French steamer, belonging to the Messrs. Gauthier Brothers, and the *Adriatic*, an American ship, when the former vessel foundered. Upon that occasion the American captain left the scene of the disaster without troubling himself about the result, and on reaching his destination omitted to make any mention in his report of the unfortunate occurrence. Several months having elapsed, the Messrs. Gauthier learned that the *Adriatic* was lying at anchor in the harbor of Ciotat. An order was instantly obtained to sequestrate her and bring her here, where a stricter surveillance is maintained in the port. Captain Durham lost no time in protesting against this measure, and appealed to our Tribunal of Commerce, in which the pleading of a young *avocat*, M. Aycard, himself an American by descent, gained the day for his client. From this judgment the French owners of the *Lyonnais* appealed to the Court of Appeal at Aix, and the cause was brought before that tribunal, when the previous decision was quashed, and the American ship declared a lawful prize. During the proceedings in this latter court the *Adriatic* was unrigged. Captain Durham was not the man to submit quietly to an adverse sentence, and, accordingly, in concert with one of his fellow-countrymen, he devised the following scheme: The ship *Meaher*, commanded by Captain Smith, was also under sequestration on account of a heavy debt contracted by her, and which had not been paid. Captain Smith, a daring and resolute fellow, contrived to bring her alongside of the *Adriatic*. This manœuvre being effected, the *Meaher's* cargo was shifted in a very short time to the hold of the *Adriatic*, on board of which at the same time the other's rigging was transferred. The captain then followed, and at three o'clock in the morning of Saturday last the *Adriatic* passed the Joliette port. At this point there is always on duty a boat of the Custom-house, and the officer who was in her hailed the ship, when Captain Durham leaned over the side. 'Are your papers all right?' asked the officer. 'Oh yes,' answered the captain. 'What's the name of your ship?' 'The *Moon*,' replies he, and out to sea the *Adriatic* goes, though condemned to be sold for the benefit of Messrs. Gauthier, with her double cargo. Her departure was not perceived till broad daylight, and then a complaint was lodged, but a whole day had been lost. They say that the Prefect ordered out the *Chacal*, a war paddle-steamer stationed in the old port, and away she has gone to catch the *Adriatic*, if she can. She has not returned from her chase, and our seafaring men think the American has run into some creek along the Spanish coast. Captain Smith, just before his departure, bought three guns, other arms, and some powder, all of which were conveyed from the *Meaher* to the *Adriatic*. This curious affair will, perhaps, not so easily be settled."

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA TO BE ROBBED OF ITS TREASURES.

A member of the Académie des Sciences of Paris, who is also an eminent chemist, has invented an apparatus which he thinks will enable human beings to breathe as freely at the bottom of the sea as on the surface of the earth. He proposes to form an association for collecting all the treasures now lying at the bottom of the ocean, and estimates at about £800,000,000 sterling the harvest of treasure to be gleaned on the route between England and India only.

A NEW IMPERIAL ORGAN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "A new journal has made its appearance, under the auspices of M. G. de Cassagnac, deputy of the *Corps Legislatif*, and one of the principal writers of the *Constitutionnel*. Its first article is from Cassagnac himself. Under the title of '*Silence de l'Orgie*' he sets forth his views on journalism, literature, and the new drama, and his object in publishing a new journal. His words are worthy of remark: 'It must be evident to all men that at the present day political journals, without having lost their utility, have lost a little of their importance. Generally speaking, when the political press is strong it is because the ruling power is weak. For writers to take up questions it is necessary that ministers should have let them slip from their hands; and as power must necessarily exist somewhere, it falls into the hands of journalism as soon as the government can not hold it. But as soon as a beloved and energetic power is established in a country which shows itself jealous of its work, and accomplishes it manfully, questions and affairs remain within the circle of government; or when they leave it, they leave it sifted and settled. This is precisely the position in which France now is, after many years of confusion and struggles. The government governs. The executive power is at the Tuileries and in great bodies of State, and not in half a dozen ink-stands. Public opinion and public interests follow their natural guides, instead of losing themselves in a thousand labyrinths, the tracks of journalists, tribunes, etc. The press envenomed questions without solving them; the government solves them without envenoming them. Let us praise God for it.'"

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The weekly mail from Bombay, with dates of the 24th December, had reached Alexandria when the last European steamer left. It contained nothing from Oude or Cawnpore, owing, it is presumed, to the continued interruption of the mail between Calcutta and Bombay. The garrison at Futtepore was pressed by the insurgents, and they had abandoned part of their intrenchments, and taken up another and more secure position. A column from Delhi, under Colonel Seaton, attacked a body of insurgents at Genowree, and defeated them, killing 150, and taking three of their four guns. Three British officers were killed and one wounded. The insurgents in the neighborhood of Jubbelpore were attacked on the 29th of November, without decisive results. Reinforcements were advancing to Jubbelpore. The Rajah of Aamjheer and his Minister had been tried and sentenced to death. The Minister was hanged, but the sentence against the Rajah awaited the confirmation of the Governor-General. Other executions had also taken place. The Punjab, Scinde, and Bombay were all quiet. No further rebel depredations were reported, and quiet generally prevailed.

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

The official report of Colonel Inglis, recounting the wonderful defense of Lucknow, has just been published. It is full of interest, and we make a few extracts:

THE DEATH OF LAWRENCE.

"It is my very painful duty to relate the calamity which befell us at the commencement of the siege. On the 1st July an eight-inch shell burst in the room in the Residency in which Sir H. Lawrence was sitting. The missile burst between him and Mr. Couper, close to both, but without injury to either. The whole of his staff implored Sir Henry to take up other quarters, as the Residency had then become the special target for the round-shot and shell of the enemy. This, however, he jestingly declined to do, observing that another shell would certainly never be pitched into that small room. But Providence had ordained otherwise, for, on the very next day, he was mortally wounded by the fragment of another shell, which burst in the same room, exactly at the same spot. Captain Wilson, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, received a contusion at the same time. The late lamented Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of the 4th July, when he expired; and the Government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier.

THE LAST ASSAULT OF THE ENEMY.

"On the 5th September, the enemy made their last serious assault. Having exploded a large mine, a few feet short of the bastion of the 18-pounder gun, in Major Apthorp's post, they advanced with large heavy scaling ladders, which they planted against the wall, and mounted, thereby gaining for an instant the embrasure of a gun. They were, however, speedily driven back with loss, by hand grenades and musketry. A few minutes subsequently they sprung another mine close to the brigade mess, and advanced boldly; but soon the corpses strewed in the garden in front of the post bore testimony to the fatal accuracy of the rifle and musketry fire of the gallant members of that garrison, and the enemy fled ignominiously, leaving their leader—a fine-looking old native officer—among the slain. At other posts they made their similar attacks, but with less resolution, and every where with the same want of success. Their loss upon this day must have been very heavy, as they came on with much determination, and at night they were seen bearing large numbers of their killed and wounded over the bridges in the direction of cantonments.

THE NATIVE SHARPSHOOTERS.

"Our heaviest losses have been caused by the fire from the enemy's sharpshooters stationed in the adjoining mosques and houses of the native nobility, the necessity of destroying which had been repeatedly drawn to the attention of Sir Henry by the staff of engineers; but his invariable reply was, 'Spare the holy places, and private property too, as far as possible;' and we have consequently suffered severely from our very tenderness to the religious prejudices and respect to the rights of our rebellious citizens and soldiery. As soon as the enemy had thoroughly completed the investment of the Residency, they occupied these houses, some of which were within easy pistol-shot of our barricades, in immense force, and rapidly made loopholes on those sides which bore on our post, from which they kept up a terrific and incessant fire day and night, which caused many daily casualties, as there could not have been less than 8000 men firing at one time into our position. Moreover, there was no place in the whole of our works that could be considered safe, for several of the sick and wounded who were lying in the banqueting-hall, which had been turned into a hospital, were killed in the very centre of the building, and the widow of Lieutenant Dorin and other women and children were shot dead in a room into which it had not been previously deemed possible that a bullet could penetrate. Neither were the enemy idle in erecting batteries. They soon had from twenty to twenty-five guns in position, some of them of very large calibre. These were planted all round our post at small distances, some being actually within fifty yards of our defenses, but in places where our own heavy guns could not reply to them, while the perseverance and ingenuity of the enemy, in erecting barricades in front of and around their guns in a very short time, rendered all attempts to silence them by musketry entirely unavailing. Neither could they be effectually silenced by shells by reason of their extreme proximity to our position, and because, moreover, the enemy had recourse to digging very narrow trenches, about eight feet in depth, in rear of each gun, in which the men lay while our shells were flying, and which so effectually concealed them, even while working the gun, that our baffled sharpshooters could only see their hands while in the act of loading.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS.

"I can conscientiously declare my conviction that few troops have ever undergone greater hardships, exposed as they have been to a never-ceasing musketry fire and cannonade. They have also experienced the alternate vicissitudes of extreme wet and of intense heat, and that, too, with very insufficient shelter from either, and in many places without any shelter at all. In addition to having had to repel real attacks, they have been exposed night and day to the hardly less harassing false alarms which the enemy have been constantly raising. The insurgents have frequently fired very heavily, sounded the advance, and shouted for several hours together, though not a man could be seen, with the view of harassing our small and exhausted force, in which object they succeeded, for no part has been strong enough to allow of a portion only of the garrison being prepared in the event of a false attack being turned into a real one. All, therefore, had to stand to their arms and remain at their posts until the demonstration had ceased; and such attacks were of almost nightly occurrence. The whole of the officers and men have been on duty night and day during the eighty-seven days which the siege had lasted, up to the arrival of Sir James Outram, G.C.B. In addition to this incessant military duty, the force has been nightly employed in repairing defenses, in moving guns, in burying dead animals, in conveying ammunition and commissariat stores from one place to another, and other fatigue duties too numerous and too trivial to enumerate here. I feel, however, that any word of mine will fail to convey any adequate idea of what our fatigue and labors have been, labors in which all ranks and all classes, civilians, officers, and soldiers, have all borne an equally noble part. All have together descended into the mine, all have together handled the shovel for the interment of the putrid bullock, all accoutred with musket and bayonet have relieved each other on sentry, without regard to the distinctions of rank, civil or military. Notwithstanding all these hardships, the garrison has made no less than five sorties, in which they spiked two of the enemy's heaviest guns and blew up several of the houses from which they had kept up their most harassing fire. Owing to the extreme paucity of our numbers, each man was taught to feel that on his own individual efforts alone depended in no small measure the safety of the entire position.

DEFERRED HOPES.

"We sent our messengers daily calling for aid and asking for information, none of whom ever returned until the twenty-sixth day of the siege, when a pensioner named Ungud came back with a letter from General Havelock's camp, informing us that they were advancing with a force sufficient to bear down all opposition, and would be with us in five or six days. A messenger was immediately dispatched, requesting that, on the evening of their arrival on the outskirts of the city, two rockets might be sent up, in order that we might take the necessary measures for assisting them while forcing their way in. The sixth day, however, expired, and they came not; but for many evenings after officers and men watched for the ascension of the expected rockets, with hopes such as make the heart sick. We knew not then, nor did we learn until the 29th of August—or 35 days later—that the relieving force, after having fought most nobly to effect our deliverance, had been obliged to fall back for reinforcements, and this was the last communication we received until two days before the arrival of Sir James Outram on the 25th of September.

THE LADIES.

"The mortality among the women and children, and especially among the latter, from these diseases, and from other causes, has been perhaps the most painful characteristic of the siege. The want of native servants has also been a source of much privation. Owing to the suddenness with which we were besieged, many of these people who might perhaps have otherwise proved faithful to their employers, but who were outside the defenses at the time, were altogether excluded. Very many more deserted, and several families were consequently left without the services of a single domestic. Several ladies have had to tend their children, and even to wash their own clothes, as well as to cook their scanty meals entirely unaided. Combined with the absence of servants, the want of proper accommodation has probably been the cause of much of the disease with which we have been afflicted. I can not refrain from bringing to the prominent notice of his lordship in council the patient endurance and the Christian resignation which has been evinced by the women of this garrison. They have animated us by their example. Many, alas! have been made widows, and their children fatherless, in this cruel struggle. But all such seem resigned to the will of Providence, and many, among whom may be mentioned the honored names of Birch, of Polehampton, of Barbor, and of Gall, have, after the example of Miss Nightingale, constituted themselves the tender and solicitous nurses of the wounded and dying soldiers in the hospital."

GENERAL WYNDHAM'S DEFEAT.

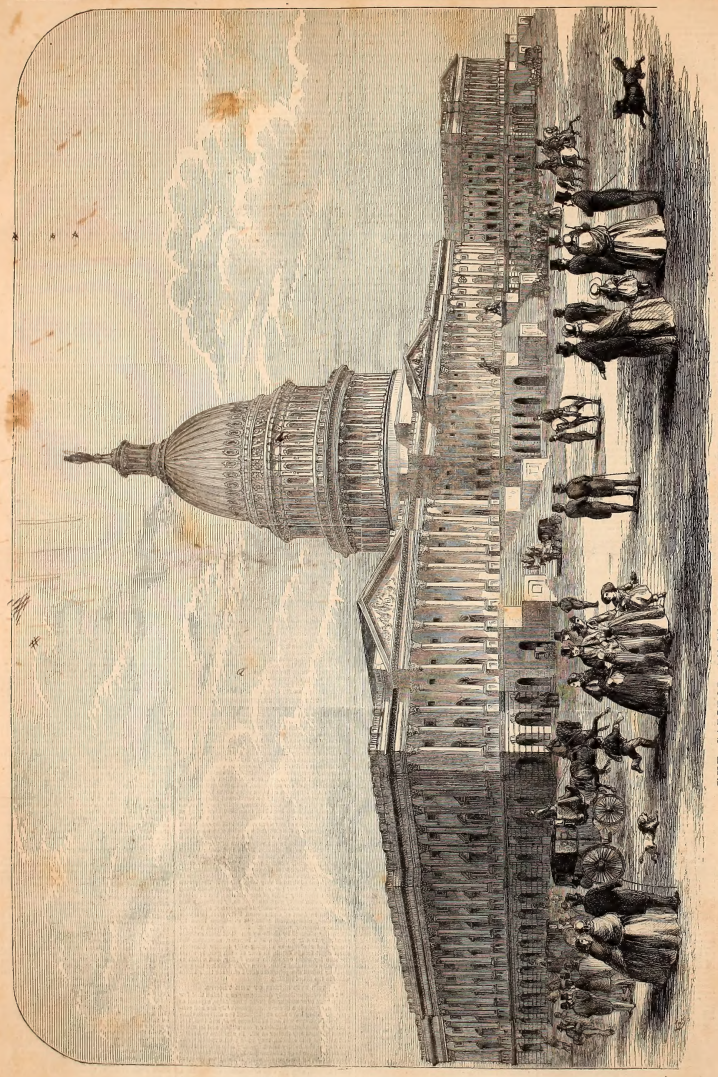
The Indian correspondent of the London *Daily News* thus describes Wyndham's defeat: "General Wyndham, marching at the head of more Europeans than the lamented Havelock had ever had under his command, went down, confident of success, to attack the rebels. Our troops, accustomed to be led to victory, went on with their usual dash, the 64th, one of Havelock's victorious regiments, leading. They charged a battery in the left centre of the enemy's line, and gained it, the enemy yielding to them at every step. By advancing the other regiments to support the 64th, the victory would have been assured; but they were left alone, and the enemy closing on them with their left wing they suffered severely; they were compelled to abandon the guns they had gained. The want of a general was every where conspicuous, confusion reigned on all sides; no distinct orders were issued, and our troops had to beat a hasty, it may be called a disgraceful retreat into the intrenchments, leaving standing camp, stores, camp equipage, and the entire station of Cawnpore to the west of the Canal in the hands of the enemy. Our loss was proportionately heavy, and several of our men, and even some officers, fell alive into the hands of the enemy. It was stated in private letters that one of these was forthwith hanged, and a second beaten to death with shoes, and a third tied to a cart-wheel, which in a few successive revolutions crushed him to death. Our camp and stores they burned, and that same evening advancing close to our intrenchment, they took possession of and burned the whole of the cold-weather clothing for our men, which had been stored up at Cawnpore. On the following day the rebels attacked the intrenchment, commencing with a very heavy cannonade from the right and left of their line. Wyndham attempted a sortie, in which, after some hard fighting, the Rifles managed to capture two guns, but our right were driven back with much loss. It was the sound of the firing on this day which reached the ears of Sir Colin Campbell; a messenger at the same time arrived with accounts of the critical state of Wyndham's party. Had the rebels at this time cut the bridge of boats, which affords the only means of communication with Oude, Sir Colin Campbell would have found it a difficult matter to cross the Ganges; but the rebels, not expecting his return, and making sure of Wyndham's force, were probably anxious to avail themselves of the bridge of boats to crush Sir Colin Campbell. At all events they let it remain, and by so doing were lost."

THE NAVY MEN IN ACTION.

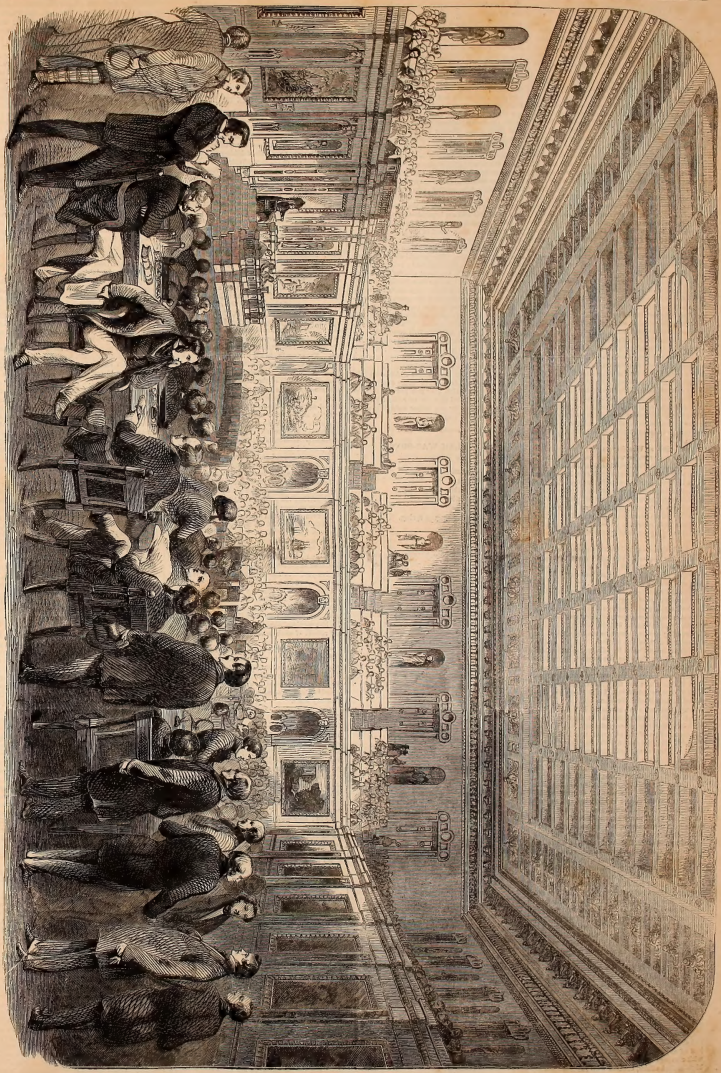
The following is from Sir Colin Campbell's account of the attack on Lucknow: "The Shah Nujjeef is a domed mosque with a garden, of which the most had been made by the enemy. The wall of the inclosure of the mosque was loopholed with great care. The entrance to it had been covered by a regular work in masonry, and the top was crowned with a parapet. From this, and from the defenses in the garden, an unceasing fire of musketry was kept up from the commencement of the attack. This position was defended with great resolution against a heavy cannonade of three hours. It was then stormed in the boldest manner by the 93d Highlanders, under Brigadier Hope, supported by a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston, who was, I regret to say, severely wounded; Captain Peel leading up his heavy guns with extraordinary gallantry within a few yards of the building, to batter the massive stone walls. The withering fire of the Highlanders effectually covered the naval brigade from great loss, but it was an action almost unexampled in war. *Captain Peel behaved very much as if he had been laying the Shannon alongside an enemy's frigate.*"

HAVELOCK'S HABITS.

A letter from Calcutta says: "This model of a Christian knight has found that rest which he seldom knew on earth. It may interest your readers to be told that even on such arduous service as the Afghan campaign and the siege of Jellalabad—where he was almost the only officer who supported Broadfoot in maintaining, against the opinions of both Sale and Macgregor, that Jellalabad should be defended and not surrendered—even there Havelock invariably secured two hours in the morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six, he rose at four; if at four, he rose at two."



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, WITH THE NEW EXTENSIONS.



THE NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WITH THE MEMBERS IN SESSION.

THE CAPITOL EXTENSION AND NEW HOUSE OF CONGRESS.

We gave some time since a picture of the House of Representatives, at Washington, with two illustrations now present our readers with two illustrations —one representing the Capitol with the new extensions, and the other the new Hall of Representatives with the members in session.

The extension of the Visitor, on approaching the Capitol for the first time, is that of disappointment, from the fact that he beholds it from the west or rear, which is the least attractive point of view. When the city was laid out the Capitol was made the centre, upon which radiated numerous avenues, extending almost to the confines of the "Territory of Columbia;" and as it was presumed that the most thickly-settled portion of the city would be on the hill, the principal facade of the building was placed so as to be most conspicuous to that section. When the present and many succeeding generations shall have passed away; when the vast extent of territory embraced within the boundaries of these United States shall have been filled up with a busy, active, and thriving population; when the city of Washington shall have become, in deed and in truth, the centre of the mightiest nation on earth —then will this no longer be an evil. The majestic eye of the *Junior Patriot*, looking along the vista of the future, can see the Capitol of the West, where he had hurried the Red man from his lair, teeming with a population numbered by millions, and in luxury on the capital of that great nation which he saw most arise here, as the result of free institutions, as governed by the voice of a people, and his plans were conclusive. It was fortunate for the country that Mr. Walter had the duty of selecting the site and designing the plan; that the partisan spirit which, even then, had its influence upon the councils of Congress did not prevent the interests of the future, and limit that plan by a narrow political policy, which should result in a cause for regret and embarrassment. Experience has proved already the wisdom of his selection, and it is a matter for that many, if not necessity, of the improvements in and about the city, which are now being carried into effect, had already been in the mind—as, for instance, the supplying the city with pure and wholesome water from the Potomac at Little Falls. This was one of the features which probably recommended the site, and the aqueduct now being constructed proves the feasibility of the design.

The Capitol at Washington was commenced in 1793; the corner-stone was laid on the 18th September of that year by President Washington. But little progress was made toward completing the original plans. Accommodation was provided for the national legislature; but the embargo and war supervening, the work was suspended. During the war, as is known, the interior of both wings of the Capitol was destroyed by the British. When Congress met, after the peace, it assembled in a private building provided by the citizens of Washington.

In 1815, Congress made an appropriation for rebuilding the Capitol. The work was placed under the superintendence, first of Mr. Latrobe, and subsequently of Mr. Bulfinch; it was completed in 1825, and cost a sum of $3,000,000.

The old Capitol—as it must now be called—suffered much for want of room for business. Anticipating the progress that measures be actively taken for the enlargement of the Capitol, in 1850 the senior the Committee of Public Buildings was authorized to advertise for plans for the work. Some thirty to forty plans were accordingly submitted. Among these, the one which was preferred by President Fillmore was one from Mr. T. U. Walter, of New York, which obtained the strenuous support of the late Daniel Webster.

Strange to say, after accepting Mr. Anderson's design the President instructed the duty of carrying it into effect to another gentleman, Mr. Walter. The consequence of the extension was laid on the 4th July, 1851, the orator of the day being Daniel Webster, whose oration still lingers in many memories. In 1853 the work was transferred from the Interior to the War Department, and Captain Meigs, of the Engineers, was placed in control. Mr. Walter, the architect, continuing to assist him with his counsels. The number of persons who have thus had the matter in hand has not, as may be imagined, conduced to unity of purpose in carrying out the work; many changes have been made, and experiments attempted, at no slight cost, whether the result will be satisfactory to the public and to the several professional men who have had their will on this direction of the public taste.

The extensions consist of two wing buildings, at the north and south extremities of the present line of the old Capitol, and connected with it by corridors. These buildings are each 192 feet 8 inches by 324 feet, the sides being over three hundred feet in length of front and rear. There are porticos on each face, with magnificent rows of columns and fine architrave. The pediments are to be adorned with statues designed by Crawford, some of which are now being cut in the marble under the direction of the superintendent of the works. We shall take occasion to refer to these extensions again as the work progresses.

The new Hall of Representatives, which has been the subject of so much discussion of late in the press, is in the centre of the front wing of the new extension, south. It is a room 139 feet long, 93 wide, and 36 feet high. The members' desks, which number 200 altogether, are arranged in a semicircle; the reporters have seats behind the Speaker, and spectators are accommodated in a large gallery running round the room, and capable, it is said, of seating 1200 persons. The desks and chairs of members have been got up "regardless of expense." The former are of oak, richly with carvings on the back; the chairs are antique, high-backed affairs, covered with red Morocco.

Two objections have been taken to this new Hall. The first is, that it has no communication with the free air of day. It has no windows. Light penetrates through a stained glass square in the ceiling; over which, at night, gas-burners are lit. The idea of the architect is, that they can ventilate the Hall by pumping fresh air in, and providing an escape for the impure atmosphere which has been breathed by members. But this diving-bell arrangement does not meet with general approval. It is urged that until fresh air, pure from the vault of heaven, can be got into the hall without the intervention of pumps and tubes, cases of paralysis and other evil results frequently among members who are attentive to their duties. Reference is made to the steaming which was made in the new Parliament Houses in London, where the pumping system was quickly abandoned, and the old plan of letting in fresh air by the windows finally adopted. It would seem as though the contrivance of the new Hall had given no much attention to the subject of acoustics that they overlooked the minor matter of sanitary arrangements.

Some critics have cavilled at the profuse and gaudy decorations of the new Hall. It will be perceived, on a hasty glance, that the general painting, save that the wall is laid out in panels—each panel being intended to receive a historical painting in fresco. The mouldings are painted in the brightest colors; and the stained glass in the ceiling, on the same plan, represents the arms of the thirty-one States of the Union. The general effect, says one of the Washington correspondents, is dazzling and meretricious; one is reminded of a fashionable saloon in agay capital, rather than the place of meeting of a deliberative body. One thing for something more in keeping with the gravity of the interests to be adjusted in that room, and the solemnity which ought to pervade the debates of an American Congress. Time, however, will do much toward softening the effects which have critics deplore. A few years will wonderfully mellow the bright colors of the panels and mouldings; the gilding will wear away, and a solemn dun hue will gradually overspread the chamber.

Let us hope that the decision which shall take place in that Hall shall put to shame any mercenaries whose conduct may now provoke the censures of critics; and that the new Chamber may never be disgraced by any deeper stain than a few ill-judged deeds of bright paint.

A MOSLEM WAR-SONG.

BY M'DONALD.

On! the wine
Of the vine
Is a feeble thing
In the battle
Of battle
The true grapes spring.

When on force
Of the horse
The arm flung abroad
Is sweeping
And reaping
The harvest of God.

When the fear
Of the spear
Makes way for its blow;
And the faithless
Lie breathless
The horse-hoofs below.

The wave-crest,
Round the breast,
Tosses ashes all red;
But under
Its thunder
Is dumb to the dead.

The drop
From the top
To the sear leap below;
And deeper
Down steeper
The shields go.

But bright
Is the light
On the true-hearted breaking;
Supernal
Eternal
Beat for embraces
Wait on his waking.

And he hears
In his ears
The voice of the river,
Like a maiden,
Love-laden,
Go wandering over.

Oh! the wine
Of the vine
May lead to the gates;
But the rattle
Of battle
Wakes the angel who waits.

To the lord
Of the sword
Open it must;
The drinker,
The thinker,
Sits in the dust.

He drowns
Of the gleams
Of their garments of white;
He misses
Their kisses,
The maidens of light.

They long
For the strong,
Who has burst through alarms,
Up, by the labor
Of stirrup and sabre,
Up to their arms!

Oh! the wine of the grape is a feeble ghost;
But the wine of the fight is the joy of a host.

THE STORY OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

I DID not wish to be married. I was content with bachelorism. Before the last word had left each lip I was in the saddle, and, putting the spurs to my horse, I left the town. Only one thought was in my heart, and yet I could not help, even in that mad gallop over the hills, drinking in, throughout sense, my fill of beauty. White and still lay the moonlight over the fields on either side. I could see my whole world, Centaur-like, upon that green sward. Not a breath of air was stirring—it was one of those sultry, dull, and oppressive nights that fall gives us—parts snatched from the necklace of the summer. Pure and white and silent was the world on which I gazed; and I was riding on through its stillness toward the home where the woman I loved best was to die for me.

Involuntarily I slackened my rein as I approached it. This was my old habit, when Lilias had stood on the gate to meet me, and I had passed alittle to look upon her exceeding beauty, and heighten, by a moment's delay, the joy of our first meeting. It was all a delusion, I knew, but I almost thought she stood there now! Under the filacs by the gate it was, or seemed to me, the gleam of a white robe, to catch the outlines of a slight, girlish figure, the light of a face more important than all the world.

Lilias Hunt would stand there never again.

In that upper chamber, on whose windows the moonlight seemed to shine, I knew well that she lay dying. Never again, in all time, would those lights and spring her name from the lips that should I ever the glad echoes of that voice, sweeter and sorrier than all the birds of the forest, as she tripped lightly me into my open paths of love and poesy. How could I go in and look upon her now? I enjoyed my life in the very gateway.

Again that curious sense took possession of me by means of which the mind, utterly absorbed in one great thought, seems, yet, time and the of the minutest particulars of surrounding objects. I have how peaceful and beautiful the old house was, the farm-house, battened and stained by the winds and rains of a whole century of years, looked now, in the white moonlight, like a dream. The trees, weary and gone to sleep. A faint, sweet scent came from the almost hidden hedges of the rose-trees under the door. Along the path leading up to it from the gate were autumn blossoms—asters and dahlias; it could even distinguish their colors.

It might have been five minutes, or five seconds, in which I was in this—I can not tell. Suddenly a voice seemed to say to me:

"Go in there now, you who have killed Lilias! Go in and look upon her before the day. Wipe the death-sweat from her forehead, and ask her to forgive you, and see the gaping where the rich and the poor shall all be alike!"

I turned, but no one was near. There was nothing round me but the stillness of that beautiful night; only, far off, from among a clump of firtrees in a distant corner of the yard, came again the last words of the sentence, sighed out like the low refrain of some tune—sorrowful, yet triumphant:

"Where the rich and the poor shall all be alike."

My horse's head was still, tumultuous thoughts of anguish. I pushed open the gate door, which was already ajar, and went in. Her mother met me at the foot of the stairs, and was weeping, but with a quiet, speechless sorrow upon her worn face, more pitiful than any tears.

"I know the way, Mrs. Hunt; let me go to her alone."

She did not speak—she made a motion for me to proceed. Quick as thought I sped up the stairs, and went within the room where Lilias lay. It was lighted only by the moon-rays. I could see how like herself it looked—pure and aunt, and very, very quiet. I was still alone. I went up to her and would have spoken, but something in her face stopped me. A smile seemed to be of indelible peace. Her dark hair fell heavily over the pillows. Her lips were closed, and one hand lay outstretched upon the counterpane. Trembling I touched it. Oh Heaven! how cold it was. Those fingers that had been warm with all my lightest touch lay like ice in my clasp. O God! was I then too late! Is all the anguish of that wild night-ride this worst fear had ever come to me.

No need now to rain repentant tears—to press throbbing temples that mutely beat brow; and yet the tears fell, and the kisses—will enough almost to have awakened from the long sleep of death her who had so loved me—were dropped upon that forehead; and yet she stirred not. Clutched and broken was my life's anguish in my hand; cold and still and the great Gardener had only lifted her up to bloom forever in the fields of the upper country! But I avalked me to know how to know that I was gone where the world's cold touch could never again chill her. I could have prayed for her then my life but to have seen those pale lips unclose for one moment—but to have heard her voice my just once, "Harry, I forgive you!"

I loved Lilias Hunt. Standing this moonlight night—just such a night as that on which years and years ago—standing in memory by that death-bed, I tell you I loved her as I never loved another—as man seldom loves woman. And yet my cruelty broke her heart. God forgive me!—I can never forgive myself.

She and I were children together. Both our parents were poor. We had walked to school through the same fields in summer, and in winter I had drawn her upon my little sled. When she grew up to innocent and beautiful maidenhood the love of our childhood had strengthened with our years. I used to think of the dead woman who was crown my life. A purer creature never walked forth under the light of heaven; a more beautiful woman, I think, God never created. Lilias Hunt, in her glad, innocent youth. I loved her, but I never asked her to be my wife. Not as I am, I never could have broken my plighted troth. My parents had contrived, by severe toil and strict economy, to assist me in obtaining a very good education, and at twenty I left home to study law in one of the most eminent offices in the neighboring county. My parting with Lilias was playful, and yet, in my heart, was the bitterness of pain that I was not undergone. I had resolved not to tell her my love, and yet it seemed almost impossible to leave her without. "And I shall be able to come back at her half—a keepsake for the memory of the old playmate-days." I said, when the matter was suggested, and then she said, in a laughing tone, assumed—as I knew it was—to conceal deeper feeling:

"And now, Harry Morsfield, you have been one of your own lowns curb, just by way of retaliation. What a year you will be away! Why, it is a year, for I shall take the very prettiest one, and you'll miss it in your morning devotions before the mirror!"

I attempted laughingly to bar illustration of the *her fickleness*, and I went away with her tress of hair lying close to my heart. I have been looking at it to-day. It is dark, and soft, and shining as ever, though the white brow round which it used to cluster is cold as marble, and has been for twenty years under the daisies of the church-yard.

When I left Mayfield that evening, I thought my sorrow, a lover's hopes lay warm and strong at my heart. I was young, vigorous, and possessed a full share of talent. I was sure of success. Hope whispered. I would win a name and a position, and then I would return and claim my beautiful Lilias. All my struggles should be ennobled by her memory—should have her for their reward.

Years passed. I made my successful strides. I think Judge Wentworth was pleased with me. He went to visit me that day Lilias was buried, if I could but hold out as I had begun. I have told you that I was poor. I had neither time nor money to spare from my profession to go to Mayfield. I had resolved to remain six months in Windham before paying home, and I kept my word. The reason was I did not allow myself the luxury of writing to Lilias. It would not be right, I thought, until I could ask her to be my wife. She had waited and said she loved me; but I had seen her cheek flush and her eyes sparkle at my coming, and I was sure that I could trust her. I was contented to wait.

Three months of my absence had passed away, and I received a letter from Lilias. It was short, and to me.

"You have heard of my niece, Clara Burton? Mrs. Wentworth and Judge Wentworth have in an adopted daughter. She has taken the place of our own children, when God saw fit to take away. He has loved me, and has been to visit every year come here; but this morning we expect her back, and I want you to meet us at tea-table, and make her acquaintance. There is very little society here at all suited to her taste, but you and she will have much in common."

I had heard, through other sources, of Judge Wentworth's orphan niece, her pet pride, her wealth, her rare beauty. I could hardly expect to be received into her society on a footing of equality, but I had no intention to cast my fate in the heart of her, however, had not prepared me for the vision which greeted me when I entered the Judge's parlor.

Among all the women I have ever met I have never seen one like Clara Burton. Lilias Hunt was quite as beautiful; but between them was a difference, not unlike that which exists between a wild rose, hanging fair and fragrant and wet with dew upon its parent stem, and some regal blossom of the tropics, lifting its head proudly and haughtily under the fiery beams of southern suns, and filling the air with a fragrance subtle, intoxicating, dangerous. I was still for a moment under the too forgetful of courtesy and propriety, and looked at her.

She was a woman not much more than twenty, but her form was full, mature, regal. She was above the medium height, and yet not above it. She wore a plain white dress, with no ornaments save a band of black velvet around her throat, and each rounded arm, a bunch of crimson roses upon her bosom, and another drooping low in her jetblack hair. Her forehead was low and broad, with the black, shining hair waving away from it, and gathered behind in a mass of curls at the back of her neck. Her complexion was a clear, dark olive, with a rich crimson tint that came and went in the face. Her mouth was small and well proud. Her face indicated a strong and positive will, and her eyes—large, dark, and full—were flashing fire and power. Nothing, I regret, could have been more unlike Lilias. In cultivating the acquaintance of this daughter Lilias I could apprehend no danger to my heart.

I was not deceived me exceedingly. Her conversation was brilliant beyond any thing I had ever before listened to; her thoughts were fresh and original, and she conversed most of them for me wisdom exerting herself to talk much with others—a habit common to all, but to many a vanity is ever insensible.

I thought of the events that followed, in one blind, dizzy whirl, my first introduction to Clara Burton, as to incomprehensible, even to myself, that I should be ever making love to the daughter of a loved Lilias Hunt—God knows I loved her!—and yet—but I will not anticipate.

I had not known Miss Burton long before I discovered—how, I can not to this day tell, for she never descended for one moment from the pedestal of her own dignity—that she loved me, and was resolved to be my wife. I was flattered by her preference, as, I think, any man would have been; but for a long while every beat of my heart was faithful to Lilias. I, as I said, daily invited the Judge's on, one pretext or another. Sometimes it was a book I was to bring; a song I was to practice with

Clara; a rare flower I was to examine; and sometimes I went because it had become my habit to go, and I was lonely away. After a time I began to listen to the voice of ambition. I was proud and poor. Next to love, ambition was the regnant passion of my nature; for a time it overpowered even love itself. I had known what poverty was. From my childhood it had stung me, crushing out warmth and light from my life. If I married Lilias we must both suffer its stings together. Our children must grow up to struggle with it as I had done. No leisure for the æsthetic part of life; no means to surround one's self with works of art, choice books, rare pictures. And in return for these privations what should I have? A low, soft voice, like Lilias Hunt's own, spoke in my heart, and answered—"Love;" but the tones of ambition hushed it into silence. Tauntingly, they said to me:

"You have seen love and poverty in the home of your childhood. Did love make poverty less grim? Did it keep your mother's eye bright and her cheek young? Did it shed a silken lustre over her faded calico gown? Marry your pale, fair Lilias, if you will, and see her eyes grow dim with care, her hands grow coarse, her slender figure bowed and thin; and then look into those eyes and try to recall the bright young Lilias of your love till your tears come, at the very contrast. Or, marry Clara Barton; be Judge Wentworth's partner and adopted son; be the husband of a wife, rich not only, but cultivated, graceful, accomplished, fairer than any of the houris in Paradise—loving you, too, with all the might of her tropical heart. Leave Lilias in maiden peace. You do not know that she loves you—you have never asked her—and by-and-by some other will woo and win her, one rich enough to set worthily the gem of her bright young beauty—to make her happier than you ever could."

Alas! even then the thought that any other should ever make the happiness of Lilias Hunt smote my heart with a sudden, deathly pang. To stifle it I went out of the house—it was an afternoon in the late summer—and walked hurriedly toward Judge Wentworth's. I had no purpose in this visit, beyond the wish to divert my mind from unwelcome thoughts; and yet it must have been fate or Providence which led my steps there at that hour. I pushed open the door without knocking, as was my habit since I had become such a familiar visitor, and went into the parlor. Clara Barton was its only occupant. She raised her head from the arm of the sofa as I went toward her. She had been weeping. A bright red spot burned on either cheek, and round, shining tears still glittered upon her heavy lashes. Her eyes flashed, and her voice was full of pride and passion.

"I did not want to see you, Mr. Lincoln. You had no right—you of all others—to come stealing upon me thus—to surprise me in my weakness."

Was it I, or some demon voice within me, which answered her? In that hour my soul fell from its high estate. I sat down beside her, and put my arm around her. I said,

"Give me the right—me of all others—Clara, to share all your sorrows—to shield you from grief, as far as in me lies, through the whole of our two lives."

I had crossed the Rubicon. There was no longer any room for repentance, though I might seek it ever so wildly, with tears and anguish.

Her answer was a burst of passionate tears. That proud head sank upon my shoulder—that little hand, flashing with jewels, was laid in mine—and, almost before I knew it, I was betrothed to Clara Barton. And yet never had my love for Lilias surged in my heart more wildly than in this very moment, when I had raised up between us an invincible barrier forever! I saw her then as I had seen her last, standing in the shadow of the lilacs at the farm-house gate, her tender eyes sad and misty with the sorrow of parting; her sweet, pale face uplifted to the summer sky. But she was my Lilias no longer, even in hope. Forever and forever must roll between us the inexorable tide of a destiny of my own creating. Ah, I wonder if Clara Barton felt the passionate beats of the heart against which her head was resting, and thought they were for her!

Well, in three months more I was a married man. I never knew exactly how this happened. I certainly had not expected it myself. I think it all originated with Clara, whose influence with the Judge was unbounded. At all events he sounded me on the subject, and gave the plan his warmest approbation. He did not believe in long engagements, he said; Clara's fortune would be enough for us both; I might as well be married, and continue my studies afterward. And so, one warm November day, I walked up the church aisle with a stately figure, robed in bridal satin, upon my arm, and went out again—a husband. I wonder if there was a single hour of real happiness in the winter which followed? I had striven to cast the memory of Lilias Hunt out of my heart, and sometimes, with my wife's superb head lying upon my breast, looking into her matchless eyes, toying with her magnificent hair, I cheated myself into believing that I was happy. My ambition was satisfied; my taste for wealth and splendor was fully gratified; I was no longer the poor student, with his uncertain way to work out alone. Rich and influential friends were around me; power and fortune were in my grasp; and for these things I had given up love and Lilias.

I think Clara loved me truly, but it was with a passion like her nature, self-willed and imperious. She had little in her character of self-abnegation or silent fortitude.

I did not carry her to Mayfield until the next spring. My parents did not rejoice in my good fortune as earnestly as I had expected. In especial, I could see something of disappointment in my mother. I think she had suspected my love for Lilias Hunt, and she would have far rather seen me married to a gentle, loving woman in my own rank in life than the possessor of Clara Barton's fortune. Still she received my wife lovingly, for my sake; but I could see that my humble home was but a dull place for Clara, and I determined to cut our visit short.

The day before we left I was driving through the town in my own luxurious carriage, with my wife beside me. Going slowly along a well-known road, I met Lilias Hunt and her father, face to face. They, too, were riding in their humble, old-fashioned wagon; and as they slowly drew near I could see them distinctly. O God, that white, white face! Was that my Lilias? As she saw me she crimsoned to her very temples, and then turned pale as death. Slowly I saw her beautiful head sink and sink, till she lay, like one dead, across her trembling old father's knees. I would have given all the world but to have snatched that fair head to my bosom—to have covered that pale brow with my kisses; but I was a slave, as is every man or woman who sells heart and hand for wealth and a name. I drove on, and left Lilias Hunt lying there in her father's arms, without one word.

"Poor thing, I should think she had the consumption!" said my wife, carelessly, as we passed along. "Do you know her, Harry?"

I do not think the finest alchemy of even the most jealous love could have detected any change in my voice as I answered,

"I used to; her name is Hunt."

The next day we left Mayfield. Oh, how glad I was to go back to business—to drown, or strive to drown, in the great turbulent battle of life, one weak woman's voice, whose tones must haunt me forever; to bury myself in study, closing doors and windows, and shut out the gleam of one pale, still face. And yet there were hours when memory was omnipotent—when I looked on my wife's proud beauty, or listened to her words as one in a dream—and my heart kept its sorrowful tryst beside the lilac-trees with Lilias Hunt. All that summer I never heard from her, except that once this brief sentence, in the postscript to one of my mother's letters, filled my heart with a wild, vague sense of dread—

"Lilias Hunt is very feeble, and they doubt if she will ever recover."

It was the late autumn before I again visited Mayfield. This time my wife did not accompany me. The old farm-house was never much to her taste, and I was willing enough to leave her behind.

Almost my first inquiry was for Lilias Hunt. I was told that for some time she had been considered in a decline, but, my mother added, she thought her malady was of the heart rather than the flesh. I had been home only three days when the messenger came who told me she was dying. She had heard of my presence in the village—she wanted to see me.

I have told you of my mad night-ride over the hills, and how, when I stood by her bedside, it was too late. I could only kneel beside her, and rain my repentant tears on eyes that would not open—pour out my agonized prayers for forgiveness to ears that would never again listen. And yet sometimes I think that she heard me, even then, my dead Lilias; that from heaven she has forgiven me, and is waiting on the other side of the river for my coming. God knows!

When they robed her for the burial, her mother found, lying upon her innocent heart, a locket such as her small means could purchase, containing the curl she had severed from my head the last time I ever heard her voice. They left it there.

Twenty years have passed since then. Honor and fame have come to me. My stately, fashionable wife has walked or sat by my side. Merry children have sported round my knee, and grown up to manhood and womanhood; but Lilias has slept on through the years very quietly, with willows waving above her grave, and my hair lying still upon her virgin breast. Ah, I have sometimes thought they buried my heart with it!

MY YANKEE MAID.

I WOULD not give a fig, I swear,
For all the goddesses that share
That spot—that's neither here nor there—
Baptized the Olympian Hill!
Venus, I fear, would be untrue,
The learned Pallas is too blue,
And Juno's known to be a shrew—
An awful bitter pill.

Psyche, pretty butterfly,
Might feel inclined her wings to try—
Besides, she's Cupid in her eye;
The Muses are too bold.
Diana's awful chastity
Would make a dozen men like me,
Who dread Actæon's antlers, flee;
While Hecate is too old.

But give to me my Yankee maid,
In spotless dimity arrayed,
A flower that blooms in woodland shade,
Which I as gardener tend.
Her breath as pure as morning breeze
That, jocund, threads the trembling trees,
Her eyes as blue as summer seas
Where summer sunbeams blend.

I can not sing as Ovid sung,
My harp with rustic cords is strung;
No Hyblæan honey on my tongue
Was dropped by Plato's bees.
But I can chant a simple lay
To please myself, as well as they;
A carol caught from June and May,
And learned beneath the trees.

Oh! I can sing the summer days,
When in New England's woodland ways
We wandered 'til the sun's red haze
Came slanting through the boughs;
How, listening to the cat-bird's note,
And to the oriole's honeyed throat,
And the soft low from fields remote
Sent up by milking cows;

How, while one loving arm embraced
The roundness of her willing waist,
The other hand with hers enlaced,
And cheeks that almost met,
We walked and talked, while rolled the time
As softly as an antique rhyme
To which our hearts beat gentle chime,
Love's passionate duet!

Ah! poets sing Athenian girls
With gold cicalas in their curls,
And eyes like stars, and teeth like pearls,
And necks like Parian stone;
As far as I'm concerned, they may
Forever by Illyssus stay,
Until their braided locks are gray,
And all their charms are flown.

For have I not my Yankee maid,
The bud that blooms in woodland shade,
In spotless dimity arrayed,
To vie with Athens' best?
Ah! had I but the lore to speak
About her to you in the Greek,
You'd find new roses on her cheek,
New beauties on her breast!

SENT TO COVENTRY.

If I could bring myself to make the Atlantic transit, and spend a week in getting rid of the dismal breakfasts one gets in ships, it would be to see Coventry. My journey thither is not deferred that I may be sent abroad by the Government at Washington. Sanders and Sickles, Buchanan, Carey Jones, Abbott Lawrence, Hannegan, and Bancroft have been embassadors. I would not join that company. Coventry is the oldest kingdom I read of since Livy—the good old Livy, who wisely wrote history up to the traditions of his time, crystallizing in purest Latin those kindly Latian dreams. With mean actualities, which are no more history than Tammany Hall is the American Republic, he did not seek to mar his clear pages. Those he left to be excavated in after times by old Niebuhrian moles, digging in the earth like the hoarse, unquiet, disembodied father of Hamlet. I would that Livy, instead of Cæsar, had crossed over to Britain. Then might we have had a worthy history of Coventry. Of Washington, we who have lived near his time have accounts written in the Livian vein. They gift us with the people's Washington. Time will come when German critics, and critics who are neither German nor American, epicene Dryasdusts, will write down, asses as they are, that Washington was wont to swear like a pirate on no greater occasions than when there was brought for his riding a horse each particular hair of which did not avouch the nicest grooming. Sparks excised the recorded oaths; in certain quarters he got many curses thereby. Why, forsooth, two men now gone, whose loss American scholarship mourns, each of whom has prepared biographies of the Father of his Country, asserted to me that Washington was an arrant fortune-hunter—seeking, they said, the hand of the richest woman in all the colonies, and when he failed to win Mary Phillipse, marrying Martha Dandridge, the richest woman of her time in the South—but they would not speak of it in their histories. It was a wise reticence. Does any one doubt that Zachary Taylor is in heaven? Killed he was by four bareheaded hours in a July sun, then a surfeit of cherries and milk, and the Galphin swindle on the head of that. Yet Daniel Webster—high authority for some mousing marplot biographer—affirmed that Taylor was nothing more than "a swearing frontier colonel." At the time of that speaking the Philadelphia nomination was pending. In heaven, as he is, the honest old general will be called to testify at the grand assize, which should not much longer be deferred, touching the Treasury robbing at Washington. His rough phrase will not detract from the force of his testimony; though he may know less than some of the subject-matter, to what he does know he will be swift to swear. Names of more comprehensive deponents I could suggest.

Some Niebuhr of narrower bore has undertaken to argue of that oft-quoted speech, "sent to Coventry." He locates it in the day of Charles the First—"holy martyr of blessed memory," as my Oxford prayer-book styles him—and thus he states his threadbare hypothesis: "Coventry was a stronghold of the Puritans at the commencement of their troubles. Many of the despised sect in the neighboring country resorted there." (Despised sect! Did you see the Manhattan Puritans swell at their 22d of December dinner at the Astor House the other day? Despised sect, indeed!) And then our scholiast goes to quote Baxter, the same whose Call to the Unconverted is yet a volume read, and moreover may yet reach the *Tribune* people, and, for aught we know, bring to grace some others in Nassau Street. I will not mention William Street and Wall in this connection. With a writer too sanguine, older and graver readers are ill at ease. Baxter says in this behalf: "They that fain would have lived quietly at home were forced (by the Royalists) to be gone, *and to Coventry they came.*" And thus our Scaliger finds the origin of the phrase, "Sent to Coventry," from the Puritans! Was ever any thing more awry?

"'Twould move my mirth—"

as that magnificent dialogue we used to learn out of "The American Preceptor" has it—

"'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
But now trifling's out of tune."

I will examine the premises gravely.

Did the Puritans ever hand down a slang phrase or catchword? Did they ever have one? Could they bring themselves to *speak* one, if perchance their memory retained it when sounded by unregenerate voice in their presence? Imagine one of the Pilgrim Fathers uttering, "I acknowledge the corn." Who could believe that one of those grave men, seeing a brother in abbreviated skirts, would pronounce him a "Shanghai?" Lawyers like to beat an adversary on his own ground—as it were an ass well smitten with his own jawbone. So we refute our commentator on his own case. In all my reading, careful and continuous, of the doings of the Fathers (Pilgrim), and the record thereof, I have found no slang phrase. Nearest is what occurs in the account of the earliest trading voyage from Plymouth, a corn-exporting venture. In 1626, the Fathers harvested more maize than sufficed for the season's use. With an itching for traffic, which unfortunately has not passed down to their descendants, they cast about for a market for their overplus of corn. It was shipped on board a shallop, and they sailed for the Penobscot to trade it off for furs. "But though they had a ship," says the historian, "they had no sailors; whereupon the old *Stand-bys*" (meaning the principal men of the colony) "were constrained to go the voyage; and they slept on the deck, as the vessel below was filled with corn. It was tempestuous; but they returned in safety, and made good trade in the parts to the eastward." Imagine for yourself the aspect of those stern sailor-Pilgrim corn-exporting farmer Fathers, with long icicles on nose that precluded audible prayer, a tough northeaster blowing down from Labrador! "Stand-bys" is the nearest to slang that can be traced to Puritan mouth or pen. That people did not preserve or record catch phrases and cant terms. Royalties, skittle-grounds, courts, universities, camps, race-courses, inns of the Temple, court-jesters, tournaments, easy-going parsons—these are the soils in which slang thrives. If there is a cant of the conventicle, it is a heavenward cant, and nothing like these ungodly I have just enumerated.

Besides, if I may descend to verbal criticism, belaboring the topic etymologically, I should straightway show that "Sent to Coventry" could not be born of the Baxterian phrase. He says, "And to Coventry they *came.*" Of course they did. Nobody sent them. They *came*, of themselves—came with their own beasts of burden, and brought *omnia catalla*, their goods and chattels with them. They all owned horses. They were never sent. They came to Coventry as they came to Plymouth, paid their own bills, and no doubt increased their substance by their industry and frugality while they dwelt in that city. Coventry was a place in which thrifty men might profit.

And this last consideration brings me to the main intent of this present writing.

I shall proceed to show that Coventry was a kingdom in its palmy days. Embassadors were sent thither from foreign courts.

The proofs that Coventry was an independent kingdom in its prime are not, you say, found in the writings of the English historians. Grant they are not. Pray, in what books of Egyptian record do you find the history of Thebes?—and was not Thebes a kingdom? What Syrian historian mentions the kingdom of Troy?—and was Priam not a King? Perhaps not. By-the-way, where would the history of Troy have been had not some gloriou fellow, who lived long after Homer's time, compile and edited the blind old bard's song? Who shal say that, long after Lingard, Hume, and Smollet shall have been forgotten, and when shall hav gleamed no more the veneer of bright words whic Macaulay has glued upon English facts—who shal say that some traveler from New Zealand, takin his stand on the half submerged wheel-house of sunken Peck-slip ferry-boat to sketch the ruins o Pearl Street (after the widening), may not stumbl on this very Number of *Harper's Weekly*, and restore to the world the proof that Coventry was sovereign realm once on the North Sea's strand.

Thebes had a hundred gates. Where is the proo that it had? Why, besides that the fact is mentioned in a speech of Counselor Phillips, confessed ly the Richard Busteed of his time, Homer als calls it the "hundred-gated city." Well, Coventr had, on towers and churches, a hundred city-clock which struck the hours. Godiva, it will be remem bered, rode forth at noon. Thus the poet record the hour:

"The shameless noon was clashed and hammered fro
a hundred towers."

Is it any more likely that Tennyson should hav misstated the number of clocks in Coventry tha Homer the number of gates of Thebes?

It is allowed by common prose historians th Coventry was surrounded by a strong wall and ha twelve gates. These were larger than those Thebes. This last-named city, built upon the de imal plan, had a hundred gates—ten times ten comparatively small, but yet substantial gate Coventry was constructed externally upon t duodecimal scale and had twelve gates, very lar ones. New Yorkers think that the spire of Trinit 264 feet high, is a very tall one. (Here I beg disclaim that I shall contend that there was a Wall Street in Coventry. All writers deny tha Trinity Church, in Coventry, is only 237 feet hig But St. Michael's Church there—a comparative modern structure in the lighter Gothic style—h a spire which lifts 363 feet. St. John's Chur in the same city, built as late as the time of Edwa III., need not be mentioned in this connection. T town is now lighted with gas, and the inhabita are supplied with water by the corporation wat works. It is the greatest ribbon emporium in E gland, and yearly more watches are made th than in London.

But these are facts for statistical people. I t them over to the industrious Fellows of the Am can Geographical Society.

Where does the world get that term, "t blue," eloquent of good faith? From Covent The *Gazetteer* says: "Coventry was celebrated its cloth caps and bonnets as early as the sixtee century, and also for a kind of blue thread ca 'Coventry true blue.'"

Coventry was a kingdom dwelt in by honest

ple. The story of Queen Godiva shows this. I will cite incidents thereof to the point. The King of Coventry had proclaimed some regulation, after the fashion of his government, of which the people very strenuously complained. Honest citizens often complain of, and sometimes abrogate, rules, which, duly tried, would be found to be wholesome. The King turned a deaf ear to their expostulations, satisfied, no doubt, that the law objected to was salutary. As he was despotic in his government—by-the-way, some contend that a wise despotism is the best form of human rule—he insisted on continuing his edict in force. At length his wife, the gentle Godiva, moved by the anxiety of the people, prayed the King to give way and abolish the law that seemed to bear so hard. Seeing him still resolute, she fell upon her knees and besought him fervently to change his will; nor were her tears wanting. At heart willing to indulge his wife and yield, he seized the occasion to prove to their subjects that his queen was their sincere friend, willing to make any sacrifice for their welfare. He therefore signalized his compliance by adding the condition which has been told by writers innumerable. It was indeed a hard stipulation—that she, the queen of that fair realm, should, on horseback, at high noon, ride naked through the great thoroughfare—the long Broadway—of Coventry. In a good cause she did not hesitate. Giving orders that at the hour fixed none of the people should be abroad, that all should be within their homes, and look not forth from chink or casement, she mounted her palfrey and rode through the town, girt alone in the invisible robe of wifely chastity. The honest people of her realm heeded her request. One scamp alone, an embassador just then accredited to the court at Coventry, the Baron Tom, peeped through a loop-hole as she passed, to the disgrace of his name, his office, and his manhood. How his sight was blasted before it fell upon the fair form that Innocence and Honor shielded is known to all the world. She dismounted at her palace door, the decree was annulled, and Coventry was happy. We are not informed that diplomatic intercourse was broken off with the power which Baron Tom represented; but, like Crampton, he departed; poor, sightless plenipotentiary (Tom, not Crampton), he groped his dishonorable way from the walls of Coventry, and his name is a by-word even to this day. His effigy is found here and there on low ale-house signs.

The intelligent reader will have concluded that Coventry, with a court and people so frank and honorable, was but a sorry place for the courtiers of other courts. It was no atmosphere for the trade of diplomacy. What is the function of an embassador? One of the ablest of the craft has described an envoy to be "a gentleman who lies abroad for the good of his own country." In a truthful place like Coventry, how uncomfortable must have been these wily liars whom their sovereigns severally sentenced thither! What Siberia with its cold is to the courtiers of the Czar, Coventry with its honesty was to the courtiers of the contemporary courts. When a king desired to punish an eminent subject whom he would not openly disgrace, he sent him to Coventry—as embassador. The dread of being elected to this mission kept many a paltering fellow faithful to his king. The reader will now have seen how it came to be a by-word that one was "sent to Coventry."

Miscellany.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
That the world will be the better for me."
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

DOMESTIC ETIQUETTE.

A carelessness of speech is a fertile source of estrangement in married people. Now, it is too much the fashion in all households to have a domestic colloquy, very different in its tone and carefulness to that in use with strangers. The very best of us, it is feared, are too prone to this; but, from wives to husbands, and the reverse, matrimony seems certainly to possess the chemical property of converting sweets into acids in no time. Short answers—foe the direst of domestic happiness—or else no answers at all; no conversation for *his* leisure for whom, once on a time, you carefully brushed up all your stores of knowledge; and an utter oblivion of the personal politeness which most well-conducted people think due to a stranger. Pity such things are kept, like your choicest preserves and *bonnes bouches*, merely for strangers. None can place too much value on domestic warmth of politeness, unmixed, of course, with hypocrisy or shallow words. Kindness might be a better word, perhaps, for what is meant; for where there are kind hearts there is almost sure to be a certain suavity of manner. But this etiquette of the heart you keep, like your best clothes, for company; never thinking that everyday use is your true polish, not merely for the baser metals, but even to keep bright gold itself.

Regard these things in a higher light than as mere everyday trifles; for home, domestic love, joy, happiness—all hang on a series of well-directed trifles, and small is her chance of happiness who sees fit to neglect or overlook them entirely.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool and your feet warm;" "Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which can not be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

INDUSTRY ITS OWN REWARD.

Any thing we make up our minds to do we can do. There is nothing impossible to be done by determined, persevering effort, and nothing of importance can be accomplished without it. It was labor that built the pyramids; by labor the arts and sciences were brought to their present state of perfection; and labor is necessary for the health and happiness of all. Industry is the law of our being, and we are so constituted that when the law is fully recognized it brings its own reward. Bodily labor is not the only kind that is necessary—mind and body should be exercised. In this way cheerfulness and contentment are promoted, and we are prepared to fill with honor any station assigned us by Providence. We often regard the doom pronounced on man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," a curse; but it is really a blessing, for we find that all rational enjoyment follows in the train of industrious labor, whether physical or mental.

CHARACTER IS ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

Without a good character happiness is never known. All that exalts, ennobles, embellishes, and dignifies humanity is blended in the beauty and the glory of a truly genuine character.

All the treasures of ten thousand worlds will not compare in value with one pure heart for the production of all that is satisfying and blessed. They will not purchase peace, nor joy, nor sacred rest, nor the sweet tranquillity of an unsullied conscience, nor one single moment's real bliss. They can never be exchanged for those golden-gloried virtues that blossom all over a good character, like the blossoms on a thick bed of roses, and which are as rich in the sweet incense that the heart loves most as the flowers are in refreshing fragrance.

The youth who places a proper estimate upon a good character has learned a lesson that is more valuable to him than any thing else possibly can be. He has learned the source of his purest joys.

But the happiness and blessedness of a good character are not confined to the sunny chambers of its possessor. *Character is catching.* If one has a good character, he gives something of its goodness to all with whom he associates. If his heart is radiant with the light of virtue, that light gets out, and shines in upon the hearts of others. He can scarcely look at another without impressing some mark of his own character on the heart of the one upon whom he gazes. A man's face is almost always radiant with the light of his true character. Character, like murder, will out. It can not long be concealed. You might as well attempt to chain the lightnings in the black caverns of the surcharged cloud, or put a hood over the great bright face of the sun, as to lock up a man's character from the sight of his fellows. God never designed that it should be. Character was made to be seen. It is the government of the soul: put on, not only for the comfort and convenience of the wearer, but for the pleasure of other people's eyes. It is not worn for self alone, for that would be mean, but for all by whom it is surrounded.

THE FORTUNES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Crœsus possessed, in landed property, a fortune equal to £1,700,000, besides a large amount of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. He used to say that a citizen who had not a sufficient sum to support an army, or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,624,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £35,000,000. The debts of Milo amounted to £600,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000. He had purchased the friendship of Curio for £500, and that of Lucius Paulus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Antony was in debt to the amount of £3,000,000; he owed this sum on the ides of March, and it was paid by the kalends of April; he squandered £147,000,000. Appius squandered in debauchery £500,000, and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he only had £80,000, poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Satulla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £10,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment she gave to Antony, dissolved in vinegar a pearl worth £80,000, and he swallowed it. Clodius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000. Caligula spent for one supper £80,000, and Heliogabalus £20,000. The usual cost for a repast for Lucullus was £20,000; the fish from his fish-ponds were sold for £35,000.

THE HANDS.

One of the most common signs of want of breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce far niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burned his hand off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that, amidst the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

HANDWRITING.

Lord Chesterfield says that every man who has the use of his eyes and his right hand can write whatever hand he pleases. This is hardly true. Handwriting indicates character, and corresponds with it; and however great our powers of imitation, we must always possess more or less strongly marked individual traits. It is no more to be expected or desired that we all shall write alike than that we all shall look alike or act alike. But it is true that every one, with the use of eyes and hand, may write well—write a free, regular, and graceful hand—write legibly, at all events.

If you write a cramped, irregular, and illegible hand, the sooner you set about reforming it the better. Go to some good teacher of penmanship, if one can be found in your neighborhood, and take a few lessons, with the strong resolution to improve; but if no teacher is at hand, never mind, set about the task without one. All difficulties will vanish before resolute effort. Try it and see. Form your letters clearly, distinctly, symmetrically, and with a uniform slope or angle, and make your lines straight and even, and your manuscript will look well and be easily read. The more graceful the curves, and the smoother the lines, the better; but these last qualities are not essential.

THE OLD AND NEW RECEPTION OF BOOKS.

"In times of old," says Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," "books were as religious oracles. As literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and as their numbers increased they sank still lower, to that of entertaining companions; and at present they seem degraded into culprits, to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory judge who chooses to write from humor or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision (in the words of Jeremy Taylor) of him that reads in malice or him that reads after dinner."

NIGHT AND DEATH.

One of the noblest sonnets in the English language is that written by Joseph Blanco White on the analogy of Night and Death, in which, by a sudden revelation which has the highest effect of wit, a usually dark and discouraging theme is turned into the highest exaltation. Once read, it can never be forgotten for its sublime consolation:

Mysterious night! when the first man but knew
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widen'd on his view.
Who could have thought what darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such endless orbs thou mak'st us blind?
Weak man! why, to shun death, this anxious strife?
If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *life?*

This sonnet was communicated by the author to Coleridge, who was in the habit of repeating it, and it thus found its way into *The Bijou*, an annual of the year 1828. The author subsequently made some trifling verbal alterations in it, but we prefer the first version as the more vigorous in expression. Coleridge, and that refined scholar and poet, John Hookham Frere, thought this one of "the finest and most graceful sonnets in the language," ranking with Milton's and Wordsworth's.

White, the author, belonged to an Irish family settled in Spain, was educated as an ecclesiastic, distrusted his religious creed, and, to escape his professional obligations, expatriated himself and went to England. He was well received in the Holland House circle, became a Church of England man, and came greatly into notice by his publications against the Roman Catholics. He changed his opinions again, and attached himself to the Unitarians. His biography by John Hamilton Thom, besides its materials for the study of his subject's various changes of religious opinion, has many fine passages from his correspondence.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

We have all heard of the Spanish monarch who was roasted alive while the courtiers were arranging the order of precedence for going to his relief. The monarch was the successor of Philip II. (Philip III.), who died in 1621. The Countess D'Aunoy, writing from Spain some fifty years after the event, thus describes the circumstances from the lips of a Spanish lady of quality: "This Prince was writing letters in his closet; and it being very cold that day, they had placed very near him a quick fire of coals, whose reverberation struck so much on his face that he was all in a perspiration, as if a great quantity of water had been poured on his head. The easiness of his temper hindered him from complaining, and even speaking of it; for he never found fault with any thing. The Marquis de Pobar, having observed the injury which the King received by this extreme heat, informed the Duke of Alva's gentlemen of his chamber of it, to the end that he might remove the fire away. He replied, 'It was not his office, and that the Duke Duesda ought to be made acquainted with it, whose proper business it was.' The Marquis de Pobar, being troubled to see the King thus suffer, and not daring himself to ease him for fear of invading another's province, left the fire still in its place; but he sent to give notice of it to the Duke Duesda, who was, by misfortune, gone near Madrid to see a stately house he was building there. Word was brought of this again to the Marquis de Pobar, who proposed again to the Duke of Alva the taking away the fire. But he found him inflexible hereunto, and chose rather to send into the country to the Duke Duesda; so that, before he was come, the King was almost spent, and that very night he fell into a violent fever, accompanied with an erysipelas, which inflamed, and the inflammation degenerated into the purples, which caused his death."

A SCORE OF PROVERBS COLLECTED BY GEORGE HERBERT.

He that stays does the business.
I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.
Every path hath a puddle.
Advise none to marry or go to war.
A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.
I had rather ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.
I had rather ask of my fire brown bread than borrow of my neighbor white.
A mountain and a river are good neighbors.
Prayers and provender hinder no journey.
Call me not an olive till thou see me gathered.
Be not a baker, if your head be of butter.
Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.
Stay till the lame messenger comes, if you will know the truth of the thing.
He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.
Serve a noble disposition; though poor, the time comes that he will repay thee.
My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Escurial.
In the morning, mountains;
In the evening, fountains.
In the kingdom of blind men the one-eyed is king.
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the church.
Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.

[Advertisement.]

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As the Advertiser entertains a most decided objection to travel (in a Colonial direction and at the Government expense), he begs to state that where he is engaged in any work that may bring him into trouble, he expects a special bonus in addition to his salary as compensation for the risk. He is willing to make himself generally useful, and to do whatever dirty work may in reason be required of him; and he has abundant vouchers to attest that his fidelity (when duly paid for) may be most thoroughly relied on: but in cases where detection might occasion him not only personal discomfort, but public loss of character, he insists on an equivalent in money for the risk; and he will only take

in hand three hazardous transactions upon the terms of pocketing a half-share of the swag, called otherwise the profits.

From long experience in houses of the worst commercial character, having been employed by some of the most thoroughly unprincipled principals in London, the Advertiser has completely lost that squeamishness of conscience with which he was by nature, and in grosser years, afflicted; and whatever dirty work may be intrusted to his hands there need be no fear that his scruples will prevent his doing it. If any doubts be felt as to whether he be trustworthy, he can furnish the best references as to this important point. He need not hesitate to state that, in spite of all temptations, his honor has been kept in an unblemished, spotless state; and he has vouchers to attest that where inducements have been held out to make him blow the gaff, he has never once betrayed the least propensity to peach. At the same time he should state, to prevent misunderstanding, that on each of the occasions on which he has proved faithful, the seal upon his lips has borne the impress of the Mint. Even among thieves honor must be paid for; so whenever his employers require him to be mum, and keep a matter dark, to insure its holding good the gag must be a golden one.

Address, stating terms and nature of the business, to NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR, EXCETER, care of MR. CADGER, 27 Scamp Street, Seven Dials. N.B. Parties wishing for an interview will please call after dark.

NENA SAHIB'S EXECUTIONER.

THE portrait here given is said to be a correct likeness of the executioner who was employed by Nena Sahib to put his victims to death at Cawnpore. The fellow sat for his likeness, it is said, to a lady named Archer, who was at Cawnpore, and somehow contrived to escape with her picture. It is in great demand in England. A British contemporary not unruly remarks upon it: "The intolerable brute has the true Asiatic cast of countenance — the slow, cruel, sluggish, cunning, demoniac, devilish face that leers upon us sometimes even in this country from beneath the tortoise of a Lascar beggar sweeping a crossing or selling tracts, and that horrifies us in a reminiscence of Delhi and Cawnpore."

Most of the victims of the Cawnpore massacre were killed, it would seem, in a body, by the Sepays. But more than one was butchered singly, and this fellow was, probably, the instrument of their slaughter. We give, a few weeks since, an account of the awful murder of a young lady who had the courage to threaten Nena Sahib with the vengeance of her countrymen: it was, probably, by the hands of the wretch depictured above that she died. It was the same man, no doubt, who cut off the feet of thirty ladies and children, and placed them in a row, with their boots or shoes on — a sight which to horrified Havelock's Highlanders that they swore from that time forth to give no quarter while the war lasted. One may gaze on such a face as one would upon the form of a hideous brute—an alligator or a shark—and lament one's destiny that the duty and pleasure of punishing the monster to whom it belongs devolve upon others.



NENA SAHIB'S EXECUTIONER.—[FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT CAWNPORE.]

THE WIVES OF THE KING OF DELHI.

THE illustrations given below are said to be faithful portraits of the favorite Queens of Delhi, who, with the other members of the royal family, have lately fallen into the hands of the British troops. Of their history, of course, little or nothing is known. As a general rule, these Oriental queens begin life as slaves in the harem, or are presented—still as slaves—to the emperor or king whose wives they subsequently become. Some day their beauty or grace attracts his notice, and in a day the humble waiting-maid may be promoted to the highest place in the royal seraglio. They are, of course, ignorant, indolent, and selfish—valued simply as physical instruments of pleasure, like so many dwelling-bottles or rich dishes.

Grave questions have been agitated in Delhi, since the capture, as to the share which the women of the harem had in the outrages that were practiced on the European lady captives. One of them—whose portrait is given below—was visited by some English ladies, who sought to ascertain from her whether the King's wives were participators in his infamies. "The Queen of Delhi," says the narrator of the interview, "was found seated on a common charpoy (bedstead), dressed in white cotton clothes, with few and very trifling ornaments—all her grand things having been taken from her. She is short and stout, above thirty years of age, with a round, animated face, not at all pretty, but having pretty little plump hands. She was eating betel-nut to eat with her pawn. Some thirty females, relatives and menials, surrounded her. She professes the utmost horror of the Sepoy Cavalry, to whom she traces all her misfortunes. She says that the King was helpless to control them, and that, when their arrival had placed Delhi in rebellion, they were as ready to rob her as any one else. She says the mutineers did rob the palace, and that all her jewels were only saved by being buried. She does not seem to blame the English for their present captivity: she understands the necessity for inquiring into guilty or innocent parties, but she did not seem to resent the King's innocence as much as her own. She said she had been in the hands of bad people. There appeared to be frightful rivalries among the women. She eliminated the sons of the former wives, she being the last."

Another wife, the sister of this last, declared that the King's wives had endeavored to save several of the English ladies, by secreting them in the palace chambers, but that the mutineers hunted them out and bore them away. This story is not very consistent with another, which was obtained from another inmate of the palace, and according to which the native



THE FAVORITE WIVES OF THE KING OF DELHI.—[FROM MINIATURES BY MOHAMMED ISMAIL KHAN, PORTRAIT-PAINTER TO THE KING.]

women are said to have complained bitterly that the Europeans were better fed and cared for than themselves. Jealousy is so thorough a feature of Oriental life that this is quite likely.

THE CUIRASS.

She wound her arms lovingly
About his stalwart shoulder,
And she pressed his steel-clad bosom to her own,
And said, "May Heaven's mercy
Through the raging battle nurse ye;
For if you die, you will not die alone!"

He said, "See how thou'rt mirrored
In this stainless, polished cuirass;
Thus, so long as life is left me, shall thy form
In my heart be brightly painted,
Like an image mild and sainted,
That will shield me through the battle and the storm!"

But when the sun was setting
O'er the black and distant mountains,
From the tower where she sat watching, she beheld
A cavalcade wind slowly
Through the gorges melancholy,
While the death-bell from the convent chapel knelled.

And the stalwart knight lay laxly
On his shield, upheld by bearers,
And the lances of his comrades were reversed;
And she knew by his great pallor
That his mighty heart of valor
Had ceased to hold the image that it nursed.

So she lay upon his bosom,
While the dimmed and bloody cuirass
No more mirrored her pale features; and she died—
And they buried them together
Where the purple-blossomed heather
Waved above them on the lonely mountain-side.

FAMINE ABOARD!

"When I was such a lad as you," said Thorsby, "I ran away from a good home, and went to sea. I came back to England many times, visited secretly my native place, saw my father and mother, and once even heard them speak; but they never saw me again, or knew where I had gone. How this was does not matter, for it is no part of my story. Nearly thirty years ago, I sailed from Montreal for Liverpool, aboard a vessel laden with timber. We had a crew of thirteen persons, including the captain; besides four passengers—a physician and his wife, and an old Canadian Frenchman and his niece. It was in the month of January, and we had a fair wind; but we soon came among ice-fields, and had bitter cold watches, which make men think of home, and comfortable fires ashore. Many a time I went aloft, and, holding on with hands or belly to the frozen yards, and fumbling with numbed fingers at the stiffened reefs, have thought I must go off with every blast that cut me in the face. We kept among the ice a long time, and got far out of our course: so at last the captain told the passengers that, as he had not counted on the delay, he must shorten the allowance of food for all.

"This set me thinking. What if we should be many weeks in that situation? Our provisions must be all gone, and we must perish one by one of hunger and cold, or do something worse. I had read stories of drawing lots aboard ships in such a situation; and at night I dreamed about it. I do believe it was not so much the dread of death as of coming to be one at that horrible kind of feast, that frightened me. However, I devised a plan—a selfish plan it was—for escaping from such a horror. Our allowance of food was as yet very slightly diminished. Every day I saved some portion; and sometimes, on pretense of being more hungry than usual, I bought the ration of a man who was sickly, and could not eat. Such of those hoardings as could be preserved I put away in a box, inside my chest, and now and then, when I went down to my hammock, and found myself alone, I used to open it, and contemplate my store with a miserly sort of satisfaction, which is horrible to me now to think of; for I knew that in my secret heart I looked forward to a time when the bottle of water which I hoarded there would have become more costly than any wine that mortal lips ever tasted; when, if I had an opportunity, I meant to use my treasure slowly, to maintain my own life while my companions starved.

"The Frenchman and his niece I knew well, for I had lodged in their house. He was a superannuated government-clerk, with a small pension, who was going to live in France for the benefit of his health. The niece was an intelligent and pretty young woman, who spoke English well, for her mother was an Englishwoman. They were cabin passengers, but had taken a passage at an intermediate sum, which restricted them to plainer food than others got; but they fared no worse than the rest now. The rations were reduced again, and we all began to feel the pinch.

"We had heavy snow-storms, succeeded by bright moonlight nights, awful in their silence; but, at last, the ice became rarer, and we began to sail clear. However, a worse trouble awaited us. From the moment that the last ice left our sides, it was manifest that we were sinking rapidly, from some great injury to the vessel's bottom. It was in the night-time when we discovered it; and, in the hurry and confusion, little was done to save stores until too late. One man, who volunteered to go below, was killed by the floating timber. The water bilged up the hatches, and kept the vessel flooded amid-ships; but the upper deck was comparatively dry, for the timber aboard kept the vessel afloat, and there we all took refuge. We knew she could not sink, being merely water-logged.

"When the first alarm was given I was below, and I thought at once of my box. It was heavy; but, taking it on my shoulder, I crept on deck, and groped my way aft with it. On the way I ran against several persons coming forward; but in the darkness they took no heed of me, and I deposited my treasure in a boat on the after-deck, and covered it as well as I could with coils of rope. I knew they would not take to this boat while the vessel floated, and I hoped that no one would think of disturbing the ropes.

"For four days I took the share of the rations which the Captain distributed to us all. The physician's wife, who was in ill-health, died, and was cast into the sea. This left us fifteen persons. The old Frenchman was also in weak health; but he held out, and his companion tended him constantly. Every body took interest in them, wretched as they were, and it was a fine thing to see her bravery and constant care for her charge. I remember looking at them, and thinking that if there were no more than they, I would gladly give them a portion of my store; although, perhaps, I was then too selfish for that, and only flattered myself with the thought. I did not dare myself to go to the boat until the first dark night, when I pulled off my boots, and, groping along, found my box, and stealthily ate a portion of its contents; eating, however, in great fear, lest my secret should be discovered; in which case I knew my famished comrades would have killed me for my selfishness. I knew I could have relieved them to some degree; but I did not stir. I heard their murmurs, but I held my tongue; all which I justified to myself; for what, thought I, would be my little hoard among all these? Better that one should live than that all should eat, merely to live another day.

"Soon after this our case became dismal indeed. The ship sunk deeper, and even the after-deck became gradually immersed, so we all took refuge in the tops and rigging, where we lashed ourselves; and all day long, as shipwrecked men will do, reported a strange sail. As to my box, I had managed to fold its contents in a large sail-cloth which I carried with me, and of which we all had plenty. And now, seeing my companions' weakness, I took the devilish idea of feigning weakness equal to theirs, lest otherwise some suspicion might arise against me.

"I had lashed myself in the main-shrouds, having made a better place for myself with a swinging board and an old coat. Immediately above me in the main-top were the Frenchman and his niece; but most of the crew were in the mizen-shrouds and top. I used to look up and exchange a few words with the Frenchman and his charge. They were better sheltered than I was, and the girl, who was of a cheerful temper, bore up well. We threw no more bodies in the sea, but several were dead, as I knew by the drooping of their heads, they being lashed to their places. One man, who had untied himself accidentally, fell with a splash in the deep water on the mid-deck, and no one offered to descend, or even spoke. There now began a dreadful silence among us, so that I began to doubt if many lived save I, the Frenchman and his niece, and an old sailor who was on one of the mizen-yards. This man, whose name was Ephraim, sat drooping, and apparently very dejected, for several days; but one day looking toward him, soon after daybreak, I found his eyes fixed upon me in a manner that perplexed me. He was a man of a hideous cast of countenance, his face being furrowed with scars, as if it had been at some time burned with gunpowder, and his upper lip being slit in a way that showed all his front teeth even when his mouth was closed. He had a low forehead, and long black hair like a Malay, and he regarded me with a scowl that at such a time would have terrified the bravest. I could not see him unless I turned toward him, but at first a curiosity, and finally an impulse which I could not control, compelled me to meet his eyes. For, when I did not look I felt them upon me—nay, even at night when I could see him no more, I felt that he was still looking toward me, and bending forward as if striving to discern my figure in the gloom. Sometimes he regarded me with a grimace which was at once ludicrous and terrible; but he spoke no word, only uttering now and then a dismal cry, not like the sound of any human voice.

"All this so fretted me in my weakness and depression, and so filled me with a kind of shame, that I sat one night in my place and omitted to creep down to my box. When day dawned, it was a relief to me to find our ship enveloped in a mist; and just at that time I heard a moan either from the Frenchman or his niece in the tops. Touched with a sudden pity, which in my selfishness and fear I had not known until then, I crept up the shrouds to where they lay, and there found what might have moved a stonier heart. The man lay back against the mast quite cold, but his companion, who had been enveloped in a cloak and heap of sail-cloth, evidently by his hand, was living still. It was her moans that I had heard. She could not have eaten any thing for some days, nor had they had any water for a longer time, save a few drops of rain which they might have collected in the sail-cloth. I turned and crept down again to my box, where I had still some biscuits, a piece of raw pork, some grocers' plums, a bottle containing in the bottom a little rum, and another small bottle of water. With some drops of the spirit-and-water mingled in the palm of my hand I wetted her lips, and after a while revived her a little, though still insensible—a happy thing. For finding the Frenchman quite dead, I moved his body to the edge of the top, and then let it down into the sea, which now covered the mid-deck above the bulwarks.

"She remained in this weak, half-senseless state for some days, during which the mist continued, and shrouded me from the terrible gaze of old Ephraim; but I heard him still. By what dreadful means he sustained his life I only guessed. Sometimes he shouted out my name, and then began again to utter those cries that I had heard before. It was evident to me that he felt some spite against me; why I knew not, for he could not have discovered my secret. If he had, he might have rifled my box long before. This idea, however, induced me to remove it by night into the top, where I finally withdrew myself, and now sought, in cherishing my poor companion, to find relief from evil thoughts. Once, when she opened her eyes, looking round, as if in quest of her former protector, she shuddered, and turned her face to me imploringly, as if she knew that I had power to save him yet; but at other times, even when conscious of my care—as when I wetted some biscuit into a paste and put to her lips—she seemed to have forgotten the horrors of the place.

"Hour by hour I felt an interest in the fate of this girl growing up within me, more deep than any feeling I had ever known. I reduced my own share of my little store of food and water to the lowest point, that I might sustain her the longer. I watched her face as she lay sleeping, and it seemed to me so beautiful, that sometimes I fancied that my sufferings had brought upon me a kind of delirium in which shipwrecked men see visions which mock their horrible and lonely state; but, at most times, I clung to her with no thought but that of saving her from death. It seemed to me as if in hiding my store of provisions I had but unconsciously prepared a means of rescuing her from that dreadful end which had befallen our companions. Sometimes, indeed, the idea would come upon me that, if she should escape, she would remember that I had had the power to prolong her uncle's life—that I had marked his sufferings, and had yet held my hand. Would this make her hate me? The thought was now more terrible to me even than death.

"One night, having shrouded myself in sail-cloth—worn out with tending her—I dropped asleep. I dreamed of warm and sheltered places—of walking in gardens in which the sunlight fell on an ancient red-bricked wall, where fruits were ripening; and with me was my dear companion—she my wife, and I no longer a poor, horny-handed seaman, but a gentleman, as I had thought to be before I ran from home. This, and many such places, I had dreamed of, she with me in them all. I was suddenly awakened by a shriek, and, starting, found a hand at my throat. In an instant I felt a wound as from a knife upon my arm; but I grappled with my antagonist in the darkness. A cry that he uttered told me in a moment that it was old Ephraim.

"'To the devil!' he exclaimed, as he struck at me again with great force; 'why should I eat vultures' food?'

"He was a man of great strength. I struggled hard. I had no weapon; and if I had not warded off his last blow he had struck me dead. But the top was slippery with the misty night-dews, and his foot tripped, and he staggered over the rope and sail-cloth in which I had been wrapped. Following up my advantage quickly, I thrust him from me, and he fell. I heard a dull splash in the water below. I slipped down the shrouds some distance and listened, but could hear nothing. Old Ephraim had perished!

"Gray light was dawning, and the mists had cleared away, when I hastened up again to my companion, calling to her by the way; for her silence made me think that she had fallen into a swoon. She gave no answer, nor did she speak as I raised her from the ground, and found to my horror that there was blood upon her. My box, in which I had still some biscuits remaining, I had made a resting-place for her head, but it had been pulled out, and the sail-cloth which covered her had been drawn aside. The madman or devil who had assailed me had roused her in endeavoring to remove the box, and when she shrieked had stabbed her. She was still warm and gave some signs of breathing; but they grew fainter. I spoke to her by name, calling aloud as I would call to some one at a distance; but she was already in the distance of eternity.

"Of all that wretched band none now was living except I. Careless of all, and with a superstitious feeling that the box had somehow brought this fate upon me, I arose and cast its contents out into the wind, and sat down upon the edge of the top, with my feet hanging over, and with my head resting on my hand.

"Loss of blood from my wound quickly made me feel a drowsiness in which it was strange that I did not fall from that height. Some time after this—like a man neither asleep nor awake—I heard a noise of voices below, and rousing myself, with an effort, I looked down and saw a boat alongside, with two seamen guarding it; and there, about a mile on our larboard side, was a large brig brought to in a calm sea.

"They nursed me and brought me round," he continued, "but they did not like me. They thought that I had killed my companion and her protector, and that the wound that I had got had been received in the struggle. They whispered together that I had done this to rob them of their stock of food; and when they got into a French port they would have had me tried for murder and hung, or sent to the galleys. But they could make no case against me; and I was free. Ay, I was free!" Thoresby continued, clutching my arm; "but the calumnies stuck to me. The old story has followed and come up against me many a time, forcing me sometimes to fly, and making me the sullen, hated fellow you have known me."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

He who has learned to obey will know how to command.

A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business *sooted* him.

A RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messengers sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

Wanted.—"A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character means those that are well soled.

"What is the difference between a man in deep thought and King Henry VIII?" *Ans.*—One is a fat king, and the other is a *thin*-king.

"I believe," said a very tall representative, "that I am one of the tallest members of the House." "Yes," added a fellow-representative, "and the *slimmest* too."

An honest grazier, who had seen *Richard* performed one night in town, waited upon the manager next morning to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis of Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your Majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

DIGGING POTATOES.

A soldier on furlough, and just convalescent,
Sought a job to supply him with cash for the present,
And promised a farmer to dig up a patch
Of potatoes, with faithfulness, care, and dispatch.
A bottle of whisky, his spirits to stir,
Was given to Bob as a sort of a spur;
Which bottle, with many a copious pull,
He emptied, and left the potato-hills full,
While he with some difficulty held by a stump,
Saluting it oft with a staggering thump.
Some hours had elapsed; his employer returned,
And said, while his bosom indignantly burned,
"You indolent rascal—you slave of the jug—
Not a single potato, you sot, have you dug!"
"Po-ta-toes!" said Bob, with a stammering tongue,
"If you want your potatoes dug, *fetch 'em along!*"

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform; they are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

Genius.—A distinguished teacher, and president of a college, defined genius to be "the power of making efforts."

"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a lady to her visitor. "Oh! but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

There is a great difference in rogues. There is your honest rogue, who will do you a good turn, and always remembers a kindness; there is the dishonest rogue—he is a hypocrite. One of the former kind was working for a friend of mine, who told me the dialogue that passed between them. "How comes it, John, that you're no better off—you're a handy fellow enough, but it seems you're one of the poorest, and never did yourself much good?" "Why, I'll tell you what it is, Sir. I was as honest a feller as any in the parish, but I don't know how 'twere, but I were always poor; and so says I to myself, John, this won't do, thee must make a change; and so, Sir, I took to stealing a bit—warn't particular, a duck, or a goose, or some such matter—and then I fell into poaching, and then I got into jail, and somehow or other I got out o't; and then said I to myself, John, this won't do neither, thee must change again." "Well, John, and what then?" "Why, Sir, now I do mix it."

Montaigne kept a register of the oddities of all his friends, and introduces them to us whenever he can. "I know a lady of very high rank," he says, "who believes that it gives a person a disagreeable appearance to be seen in the act of chewing, and, for this reason, will scarcely ever eat in public." This lady would have met with the approval of Byron.

Admiral Rodney gave a punch in honor of his officers. He took for that purpose 4 tons of water, 1200 bottles of Malaga wine, 600 bottles of rum, 600 bottles of Cognac, 600 pounds of sugar, 200 nutmegs, 2600 lemons; the bowl being a marble basin, upon which a handsome boy, clothed as Hebe, paddled a little canoe of Acajou-wood, filling always the emptied glasses of the enchanted seamen.

It is worthy to be remarked, that almost every nation denotes "a fool" by the name of its favorite dish. The German calls him "Hans Wurst;" the Frenchman, "Jean Potage;" the English, "Jack Pudding;" the Dutch, "Pickelhäring;" the Italian, "Maccaroni;" the Russian, "Kapustnick;" the ancient Greeks and Romans, "Parasit, Sycophant, and Scurra."

Professor Stäudlin, at the University of Göttingen, once argumented before his audience as follows: "Man does not die! For he dies either in the last moments of his life, or in the first moments of his death, or in both together. Yet he dies not in the last instants of his life, for he is still alive; neither in the first instant of his death, for he is already dead; nor in both together, for he can not live and die at once; consequently, he dies in none, or not at all."

Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name.

Seneca was able to rehearse two thousand words, which were given to him, in the same order.

Hortensius kept in his memory all the prices paid on a day of auction.

Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers which were there called up.

Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the works of Tacitus from the first word to the last, forward and backward, even when somebody was standing before him with a drawn dagger, to pierce him at the very moment he had forgotten but an only word!

A Venetian lady, well known by her erudition, when asked for the sermon she had attended in church, repeated scrupulously every word.

Racine knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides, Bayle the whole work of Montaigne, Hughes Doneau the Corpus Juris, Metastasio the entire Horatius, and Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, all the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of Apocalypse. The learned Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, affirmed he knew not what it was to forget; and Scaliger is told to have apprehended within twenty-one days the whole Homerus, and within four months all the Greek poets.

The notorious and mysterious Count of St. Germain surpasses them all. Any newspaper he read once he knew by memory, and was furnished with such a gigantic comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward, backward, and pulled out from the middle. From the court of Henry III. in Cracow, he demanded one hundred packs of picket-cards, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the succession of the cards, ordered it to be noticed exactly, and repeated their following one after the other, without being wrong once.

He played almost every musical instrument of the world, was an excellent painter, and imitated any handwriting in the most illusive manner. He had but one passion—playing all games with absolute mastery. In chess no mortal has vanquished him, and in faro he could break every bank by calculation.

Archdeacon Jefferson says: "For one really converted Christian, as the Society of Missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards."

A fast in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—every thing appears small to him, and he appears small to every body.

A London paper suggests that the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon be engaged to preach in the *Leviathan*—the obstinate monster that refuses to be launched because he has had another precious man any body of the present day in "moving position."

The editor of the *New Idea*, at Sandia, Shelby County, Iowa, advertises for somebody to purchase a half interest in his establishment. The wife of the present owner has a half an idea.

A Detroit paper mentions the arrest of a woman in that city, "with nothing on her person but a love-letter and a superscription." Rather a "poetical" and "picturesque" costume.

The Tampa *Peninsular* gives a curious account of the destitute state they were in when a part of their stock had been thrown into spasms from a small quarter snake having been swallowed by a cow. The cow was immediately attacked by the snake, and her actions were such as to create the utmost consternation and scattering of her body in all directions, during her head forward, with an attempt to produce a hissing noise.

EPITAPH FOR A VERY HONEST MAN.

An honest fellow lies below,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more true, his neighbors tell us
He sent back borrowed umbrellas.

ILLEGAL CORN MEASURE.—A tight shoe.

ORNAMENTAL FEED-TROUGH.—The eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.

THE HIGHLAND VOLUNTEERS.—In the eighteenth century, the volunteers were generally composed of men who, on checks as raising a certain number of men for the army. An English officer, who was recruiting among the Highlands to receive recruits, inquired, "Where are the volunteers?" "All ask," was the reply; "they are tied up in the barn!"

"Teddy, my boy, just guess how many cheeses there are in that bag, and I'll give it to you when I've done with it." "Five to be sure."

"Arrah, the new owell had luck to the man that told me."

Coleridge once gravely recommended a Canterbury attorney of his acquaintance to take a house in the Cathedral Close, in order that his constant companionship and large object might neutralize the contracting influence of professional habits upon his mind.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February 1, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week were very quiet for Breadstuffs, the receipts of which were light. Flour was in stock limited, and but little now see, at reduced prices. Wheat was sparingly purchased at lower former rates. Rye continues was transacted in Corn, which closed with an upward tendency. Oats were in fair demand, and prices were steady at quotations. Cotton has been more sought after and advancing prices. Provisions have been in fair demand, for market closing pretty firmly at the following rates for leading kinds.: Rio Coffee was more freely dealt in, and it improved 1 c. per pound. ... Sugars were in moderate request at higher rates. ... Molasses was inactive and steady. ... A fair inquiry prevailed for Spirits of Rye within our range. ...Hay and Hops were salable and steady. ...Hemp, Grass Seeds and Tobacco were as in previous figures. ...Tobacco was in moderate demand, but was somewhat less firm. ... Thus all the leading articles of Dry Goods during the past week have been to a moderate extent, and prices have been steadily sustained, owners in their movements to the requirements of the trade. The week has been moderate. Some brown Cottons have been purchased for export. Prints and Woolens have not been heavy, but in the absence of an active distributive movement they have been maintained by moderate supplies. A slightly improved demand has prevailed for the leading Dress Goods, with steady prices generally. There is no apparent expression among factors to dispose of stocks of desirable fabrics in the anticipated revival of business, it is thought, will furnish a more satisfactory market for such. The same sales of the week are the best of no remarkable interest. The week's import of Foreign Goods was $1,000,000 less than 1857, ($1,071,151 over) reducing the total from January 1 to date to $1,595,344 against $10,266,495 same period last year. The movements in the Woolen trade are moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations. ... We present a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 15 @ $4 55
Superfine State, per bbl.	4 30 @ 4 60
Extra Western Flour, per barrel.	4 30 @ 4 60
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.	4 65 @ 5 00
Superfine Extra Canadian, per barrel.	4 30 @ 4 60
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	4 50 @ 8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 90 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel.	3 00 @ 3 50
White Wheat, per bushel.	1 11 @ 1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel.	1 00 @ 1 30
New Corn, per bushel.	63 @ 65
Rye, per bushel.	70 @ 72
Barley, per bushel.	70 @ 75
Western Oats, per bushel.	45 @ 46
State Oats, per bushel.	45 @ 46
Prime and Choice Timothy Seed, per bushel.	3 00 @ 3 25
Southern Oats, per bushel.	40 @ 42
Cotton, middlings, per pound.	10½ @ 11
Mess Pork, per barrel.	15 75
Prime Pork, per barrel.	13 00 @ 13 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel.	9 00 @ 10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.	6 00 @ 6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.	18 00 @ 24 00
New Mess, per barrel.	16 00 @ 17 00
Old Mess, per pound.	6 @ 8½
Lard, per pound.	7½ @ 8
Butter, per pound.	13 @ 24
Cheese, per pound.	7 @ 11
Hams, per pound.	8 @ 9
Rice, per 100 pounds.	3 50 @ 5 50
Tobacco, Kentucky, per pound.	10 @ 11
Cuba Sugar, per pound.	4½ @ 4½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon.	28 @ 30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound.	4½ @ 7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon.	30 @ 35
Crown Teas, per pound.	55 @ 75
Young Hyson Teas, per pound.	35 @ 55
Common Whiskey, per gallon.	21½ @ 23
North River Hay, per 100 pounds.	75 @ 85
Shipping Hay, per pound.	5 @ 6
Kentucky Hemp, per ton.	170 @ 175
Rope Yarn Tobacco, per pound.	10 @ 11
Ale, Hump, undressed, per pound.	100 00 @ 110 00
Ale, Hump, dressed, per ton.	160 00 @ 165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound.	37 @ 45
American pulled Wool, per pound.	29 @ 33
Pod Ashes, per 100 pounds.	5 @ 6
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds.	5 50 @ 6
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon.	43 @ —

Freights continued quiet. Engagements getting full rates: for Liverpool, Cotton, 5-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 44d. @ 5d. per bushel; Beef, 4s. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; Beef and Pork, 5s. per barrel; Beef, 4s. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; Provisions, 5s. per barrel. ... The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 317 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last week were heavy for Beeves, of which there was an adequate supply available. Cows were in good demand, and sold at about the full figures, while on common and inferior grades there was a decline of about half cent per pound on the estimated net weight, with the estimated weights favoring purchasers. ... There was increased dullness in the trade in Milch Cows, owing, in part, to the depressed state of the beef market. Milkmen retain Cows when they think they can sell milk for beef and buy fresh ones. ... Veal Calves were in good supply, and sold at about the full figures. ... Sheep and Lambs were now less abundant, and, with a good inquiry, prices were firm. ... Swine were in fair supply, and sold at about former quotations. ... The reported receipts of Live Stock at the following points for the week ending January 30, were:

	Week ending Jan. 30.	Week ending Jan. 23.
Beeves	2,940	3,749
Milch Cows	113	97
Veal Calves	341	373
Sheep and Lambs	7,061	6,819
Swine	1,322	1,459

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were reported:

New York	823	Indiana. 145
Illinois	284	Ohio. 1,000
Kentucky	236	Virginia. 54

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday were as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	$9 @ 10½
Common to Milch Cows, per head	19 00 @ 60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	7 @ 8
Sheep and Lambs, per pound	7 @ 8½
Live Swine, per pound	6 @ 7
Dressed "	8½ @ 9

The Country Produce Markets are well stocked with farm and dairy produce. The demand is limited, and has to be put in the hands of commission merchants for buyers. ... Poultry is less abundant, and prices have declined somewhat. Game is on the fowl which is now in good order. Much of what comes from the West arrives in bad condition. The range of prices is:

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel.	$2 50	@ $4 50
Apples, dried, per pound.	3	@ 4
Peaches, dried, per pound.	17	@ 19
Cherries, dried, per pound.	25	@ 30
Hickory Nuts, per bushel.	1 87	@ 2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel.	1 50	@ 2 00
Peanuts, per bushel.	70	@ 1 12
Potatoes, per barrel.	2 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, per barrel.	1 75	@ 2 12
" sweet, per barrel.	50	@ 75
" sweet, per barrel.	4 50	@ 6 00
Onions, per barrel.	2 50	@ 3 00
Turnips, per barrel.	75	@ 1 00
Cabbages, per dozen.	50	@ 75
Pumpkins, per 100.	15	@ 20 00
Beets, per barrel.	1 25	@ 2 00
Parsnips, per barrel.	1 50	@ 2 00
" per bushel.	75	@ 1 00
Parsley, per barrel.	1 75	@ 2 00
Carrots, per barrel.	1	@ 1 50
Eggs, per dozen.	2 75	@ 3 00
Celery, per dozen.	50	@ 75
Turkeys, per 100	9 00	@ —
Lugs, Lined, per dozen.	10	@ —
Ducks, per pair.	75	@ 1 00
Chickens, per pound.	11	@ 11
Fowls, per pound.	11	@ 11
Geese, per pair.	75	@ 1 00
Ducks, per pair.	44	@ 87
" per pair.	75	@ 1 00
Turkeys, per pound.	11	@ 13
Geese, per pound.	11	@ 12
Pigeons, per dozen.	1 75	@ 2 50
Partridges, per pair.	1 50	@ 2 00
Partridges, per pair.	50	@ 75
Rabbits, per pair.	25	@ 50
Quails, per pair.	25	@ 50
Squirrels, each.	2	@ 4
Venison, per pound.	8	@ 11
Bear Meat, per pound.	12	@ 16

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb. 1,* 1858.

The foreign import trade of the port continues to show a gradual but positive increase as the following extracts as follows with those of the week previous:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 29, 1858	$1,844,950	$1,419,697
Corresponding week, 1857	3,031,096	833,559
Decrease of Imports	$1,117,639	
Increase of Exports		$1,031,461

A corresponding increase of Exports and a decrease of Imports, is the natural result of foreign imports on a large and regular scale:

Imports at New York for Jan. 1851 ..... $6,230,614
" " " 1857 11,666,761

At this rate we shall soon have a large balance in our favor on the foreign account, notwithstanding the low prices of produce.

There was only about $50,000 in specie sent abroad last week, and that was to meet, not to pay for, goods. Boston, most of which was for export from there. Take it all in all, considering the excessive importations, however, it is not likely that the Bank statement this evening can show any serious decline. Money continues to harden steadily easier: it is very hard to lend at six per cent., and in Wall Street large amounts are daily destined by the brokers. Exchange closed on Saturday at 109 @ 110 on London, and 5 3-16 @ 5 3-8 on Paris. The banks of Baltimore and Philadelphia resume specie payments this week, and will be able to handle their own business with those cities.

Trade is at the street is one of extreme buoyancy. All stocks have risen, some of the dividend-paying railroad stocks especially. The idea prevails that the country is going to remain very cheap all spring and summer, and that it must necessarily be invested in or lent out on stocks.

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The maiden so richly attired,
Whose delicate face, as she leaned on my arm,
You and all who beheld her admired.
To that maiden I'm going to be wed, Tom Vane,
The wealthiest heiress in town,
She owns a neat palace in Madison Square,
And the breakfast is ordered by Brown.

The way of my wooing was this, Tom Vane,
That benefit of passion and truth,
I never deceived her, nor tried to deceive,
Nor ever pretended to wealth:
But my love was sincere as the heavens, Tom Vane,
And she knew not at first I was poor,
For in buying my locks, I still kept them *from* EVANS,
And thus I did HIDE GIFTS secure.

She had wealthier beaux by the score, Tom Vine,
But the trinkets and presents they brought
Were nothing to those which in EVANS'S store,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 59.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many spirited illustrations by the author, will be commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $3,000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun, and, falsely asserting that they received from a London edition,

☞ CONTINUE ☜

TO COPY THIS STORY FROM OUR MAGAZINE into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a Foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

THE HONORABLE EDWARD EVERETT.

NEITHER foreigners nor natives —so far as we have seen—have ever remarked that one of the most striking characteristics of eminent Americans is their aptitude for oratory. Public speaking has grown to be so common an accomplishment, that there are but few citizens of the United States who are not prepared to deliver an impromptu stump speech on some topic of general interest. With us, grocers, mechanics, editors, lawyers, physicians, are always prepared, as a general thing, to harangue. The reverse is the rule abroad; in France and England the men who can speak in public are counted on the fingers.

In itself the art of speaking fluently in public is nothing; it does not imply profundity of thought, and, except in few cases, is no indication of the gift of eloquence. It is an accident proceeding from our system of self-government. But it is natural that, where all can speak, many should speak well; and, further, that of these many some few should be excellent orators. There may seem to be vain boasting in the remark that the United States probably contains more masters of eloquence than any other country in the world; but there is reason to suppose that such is the case.

Of all our orators, the foremost, by general consent, is EDWARD EVERETT. He is the "golden-mouthed orator" whom young aspirants to fame strive to imitate. He is the type of the finished and perfect rhetorician. He was a famous speaker when the present generation lay paling in the cradle. He has made oratory the business and end of his life. For forty years he has been a laborious student, accumulating facts, principles, and doctrines. For forty years he has made learning and oratory the business of his life; dipping into political life by the way just to borrow from it whatever it had at the service of its peculiar aim, and relinquishing it when he had sucked it dry. It is natural that he should be at the present time the most perfect orator not only of the United States, but perhaps of the world.

His life has been remarkably serene, and happily contrived for his favorite pursuits. Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794, the son of a New England clergyman, he was educated with the care which such a father was likely to bestow on his son. So precocious was he, that at thirteen he matriculated at Harvard, and graduated with honors four years later. His aptitude as a linguist was so notorious that the ruling powers of Harvard College kept their eye on him; and soon after he left the University, before he was twenty-one, he was offered the professorship of Greek, with the condition that, if he accepted it, he must spend some years in European travel in order to fit himself for his duties. How few young men at the present day have such offers extended to them! And how far-sighted was Harvard in this remarkable liberality to young Everett!

The years 1815 and 1816 were spent at the great seat of classical learning in Germany, Göttingen. Paris was exhausted in the winter of 1817–18. The spring and summer of 1818 were devoted to a closer analysis of the fruits of Oxford and Cambridge learning, and to delightful recreation in the society of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Lord Jeffrey, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Samuel Romilly, and others of equal merit; the autumn and winter were given to a thorough exploration of Italy and Greece. Let us pause a moment to dwell upon the completeness of this training. What man, having graduated at Harvard, spending afterward four years in the society of the ablest men of France, Germany, and England, and in the elaborate study of the great monuments of learning which preservations have erected in Europe, could fail to make his mark when he came home? How few at the present day enjoy such advantages! Young men in our time are in such a hurry to commence the actual business of life, that they are ingloriously every thing which adds to their apprenticeship. How few, too, will reach the eminence on which Edward Everett stands!

It was in 1819 that Mr. Everett entered upon the discharge of his duties as Professor of Greek at Harvard. It is not likely that the chair was ever filled by a Professor so thoroughly fitted for the place. The duties, however, were not sufficient to engross the leisure of so active a mind as Mr. Everett's. The editorship of the *North American Review* falling vacant, he was invited to become a candidate for the vacancy, and the preference was at once given to him. Of the merit of his performance as editor of that periodical, it is enough to say that he raised the *Review* to the position it occupied some years since, and that its subsequent circulation has been mainly due to the prestige of his efforts. Stress has been laid by biographers of Mr. Everett upon the success with which he vindicated the United States from the criticisms of foreign writers; he deserves the compliments they have paid him, but his replies to foreign critics are but an atom in the mass of his services to American literature and the American mind. The *North American Review*, under his direction, was a fit compeer of the *Edinburgh*, and Everett no whit inferior to Sydney Smith and Jeffrey.

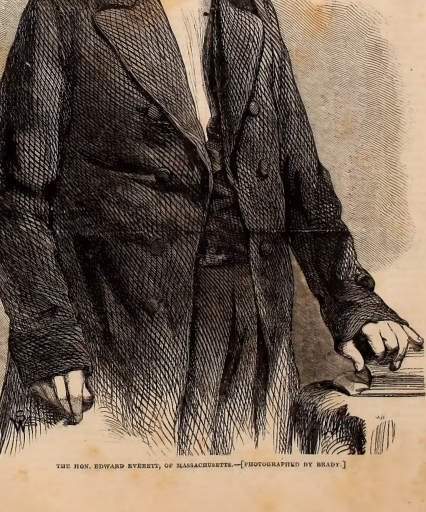
In 1824, when Mr. Everett was thirty years of age, he began, simultaneously, his career as a politician and as an orator. An oration which he delivered in presence of the venerable Lafayette in that year attracted universal attention by his extraordinary powers; and from that time forth he became the orator of Massachusetts—a rank which even Daniel Webster proudly conceded to him. In the same year he was sent to Congress from Middlesex. In the House he was chiefly noted for his industrious habits and vast learning. He was an invaluable man on committees, and frequently did the whole work of the committee of which he was a member. On all debates of importance his voice was heard; but he never sought to make speeches. What he said was brief and to the point. Strangers, especially from New England, frequently thronged the House when he was to speak, in the expectation of hearing a grand oration; but they were invariably disappointed. Mr. Everett seemingly considered that there was a place for all things, and that Congress was not the place for set orations.

After ten years arduous labor in Congress, Mr. Everett was elected Governor of Massachusetts, which office he filled to the satisfaction of the people of that State for four consecutive years. In 1839 he was again a candidate, but was defeated by one vote out of over 110,000 cast. This defeat happily left him free to accept the mission to England, which was tendered him by the administration of General Harrison in 1841.

He was absent four years, during which time he won golden opinions from persons of every class in England. It is doubtful whether any American statesman stands as high as Edward Everett in the British judgment at the present time. He was described by an Englishman as a man firm and unbending as a rock on important questions, yet so conciliatory as to lead every one to suppose that he was ready to yield every point in dispute: keen and close in argument, "stuffed full of facts," and "as estimate a Yankee as you could meet with in a month's journey in New England."

On his return to his own country (which was a matter of deep regret to the British aristocracy and government), he assumed the Presidentship of his old University at Cambridge. A fortunate marriage—fortunate in every respect—had happily placed him beyond the necessity of daily labor for a livelihood. He was enabled to devote to his heart's content to the studies which were dear to him, and which are the best solace of life. Four years of retirement with his books must have proved a delicious recreation to the statesman and orator.

Accident disturbed his pleasing labors. He was unexpectedly called to fill a leading office in the Cabinet—the Secretaryship of State. He abandoned his library, and betook himself to the drudgery of official life with as much cheerfulness as he had displayed when his first public honors burst upon him. His most important public act—his letter on the Fishing question—was indited and published after his resig-



THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

nation of office; but the character of the man gave it as much importance as any official tenure could have imparted; and there is reason to believe that it was not without influence on the mind of the leading statesmen of England. A subsequent brief senatorial career justified the expectations which had been entertained of Mr. Everett. He always proved himself a philosopher and a sage. He held himself aloof from the petty squabbles of politicians, and rose above the body with which he was associated and the questions on which he was called upon to give his vote.

His subsequent career has been tranquil. He has appeared in public as an orator only. His oration on Charity, which he last delivered in this city on the 2d inst.; his oration on Washington, the profits of which are destined for the Washington Monument, and which has done more for that structure than all the private contributions of the public put together; his oration on Astronomy at the opening of the Albany Geological Hall, in August, 1856, are master-pieces of eloquence which will live for centuries after Burke, and Sheridan, and Patrick Henry, and will be learned by boys in schools in ages far hidden in the future. The writer had the good fortune to be in company with the eminent Professor Bache at the opening of the Geological Hall in Albany. Professor Bache introduced Mr. Everett, and in a few words, admirable as every thing Professor Bache says, described the emotions which the "golden-mouthed orator" had awakened in his young heart when he, a boy at West Point, had heard him deliver an oration there twenty years before. As the Professor regained his seat tears rolled from his eyes—tears of gratitude—as honorable to him who shed them as to the great man whose career caused them to flow.

Like most finished orators, Mr. Everett does not trust to the inspiration of the moment. He composes his speeches deliberately in the cabinet, writes them out, commits them to memory, and repeats them before his audience. Nothing—not even his gestures—are left to chance. Every thing is elaborately studied. He respects the public too sincerely to run the risk of disappointing them in any particular. Those who heard his oration on Tuesday will confirm the assertion that he never does disappoint his hearers; that in every respect—thought, matter, manner, and delivery—he realizes the *beau-ideal* of the PERFECT ORATOR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

THE FRACAS IN CONGRESS.

ON Saturday morning, at two A. M., a personal rencontre took place in the Hall of Representatives between Messrs. Keitt, of South Carolina, and Grow, of Pennsylvania, in which the former gentleman had the misfortune to be knocked down. Other members, among whom was Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, mingled in the fight, and for some moments a regular pugilistic affray took place under the Speaker's nose.

The newspapers are, very naturally, indignant at the violation of decency involved in this appeal to brute force on the floor of the House. What they say is very just and proper. At the same time, it may be well to remember that violent party controversies are usually accompanied, in every country, by personal conflicts. Political business, of an ordinary routine character, can be, and usually is, transacted with gravity and decorum in this country as abroad. But history does not bear witness to any violent and bitter political controversy—especially if extensive personal property were involved—in which the hot blood of some of the controversialists did not lead to personal rencontres. Nor is there any reason to hope that there can be much improvement in this respect, so long as the imperfections of our nature endure. The old common law of England, on which our laws are based, directed that soldiers should not be stationed within three miles of a polling booth on election-day; in order, as the old lawyers say, that the voters might evince their sincerity and earnestness by hard knocks, if they were so minded. There is no generic distinction between the electors and the elected to justify the idea that the latter need no vent for their "sincerity and earnestness."

In England and France, in times of great political excitement, the duel has carried off the superfluous rage of the combatants. Under the last republic in France, just before the empire, duels were of daily occurrence; and when the English have any exciting question before their Parliament they will have duels too. In these Northern States the duel has become obsolete; hence the occasional interruption of legislative debates by explosions of personal violence. They are very much to be regretted; but so long as Congress is engaged with the Slavery question they must be expected.

UNIFORM CURRENCY.

THE movement for a uniform currency and uniform weights and measures among all commercial nations gains ground. Our neighbors, the Canadians, have adopted the decimal currency; the old pounds, shillings, and pence are rapidly disappearing from their commercial and financial ledgers. The Prussians are about to take steps to place their currency and weights and measures on a footing similar to the French. An association has been formed in England with a view to the same reform.

The difficulties which the various systems of coinage, weights, and measures throw in the way of commercial intercourse can hardly be exaggerated. A pound English is not a pound out of England; an American ton is a ton here, but less than a ton every where else. Between the United States and England there is no common measure of weight or unit of currency. The exchanges are so intricate that it is a special business to know them. An individual requires to undergo an apprenticeship to know how much a ton, a bushel, a pound, an ounce, a dollar, a cent will prove to be in foreign countries.

Some years ago the American Association for the Advancement of Science appointed a standing committee to inquire into the feasibility of a uniform currency and uniform weights and measures for the commercial world. Gentlemen of the highest scientific standing were appointed members of the committee. If they have done any thing the fact has not been made public. Possibly, as a committee of the Association, they felt that respect for the example set them by the parent body ought to forbid their doing any thing but talk.

Individuals here and there, however, have devoted attention to the subject. The eminent Dr. Lieber, late of Columbia, South Carolina, now of Columbia College in this city, is known to have collected a quantity of valuable statistics on the point; he is believed to have digested a plan for the reduction of the weights, measures, and currency of all commercial nations to one uniform standard. We are not acquainted with the features of his scheme; but it is to be presumed that it is a decimal one, and that it proposes to borrow from the French the best features of their system.

When Congress has quite settled the Kansas question perhaps it might be worth while to devote a little time to this topic. A man like Dr. Lieber, authorized by Congress to proceed to Europe to negotiate with the foreign Governments, might achieve valuable results. At any rate, the experiment would be worth trying.

PROHIBITIVE LEGISLATION.

WE have, on the statute book, several laws designed to put a stop to gambling in stocks. We have a law which declares that the sale of liquor by retail is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment. We have other laws against gambling houses and lottery offices. We have laws against prostitution in any and every shape. Yet, in the face of these laws, prostitution, lottery offices, gambling houses, liquor selling, and stock speculation flourish to an unexampled extent.

A *bona fide* attempt has recently been made, by the Mayor of New York, to put down gambling houses. Policemen, duly armed with authority and prepared to execute the laws, have made descents upon well-known gambling establishments; they have not, in any single instance, found any thing to justify a seizure. When they made their appearance the most notorious dens of gamblers presented an aspect of primeval innocence. After heroic exertions they have been compelled to confess themselves beaten, and the Mayor's aim has, for the time, been defeated. It is needless to add that, after a convenient delay, the gambling houses will resume operations without let or hindrance.

The last Mayor of New York, Fernando Wood, began his career with a like display of virtuous vigilance. He, too, undertook to execute the laws and to abate nuisances. But the desire did not last long. He soon abandoned a hopeless and thankless contest with the vices and propensities of the people. We are doing no injustice to Mayor Tiemann when we say that he will follow the example. He will discover, before a fourth of his term has elapsed, that the evils against which the laws we have enumerated are directed are beyond the reach of law and police to eradicate. And, like a sensible man, he will confine his efforts to the pursuit of objects and reforms which are humanly feasible.

We, in this State of New York, lying midway between the large liberality of the South and the narrow precision of New England, are constantly wavering between the two. At regular intervals the Puritan spirit gains the ascendant, and laws are enacted which only differ in degree from the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Our worthy friends of the rural districts want to put down the bar-rooms which defile their respective villages; they want to put an end to the depreciation of their railways by the stock-gamblers of Wall Street; they are shocked by the brazen spectacle of vice which disgraces our streets at night; they have a private grudge against our gambling houses; and the plan they adopt is to make stringent laws against these various evils, and to leave their execution to the magistrates. If ladies were unduly kissed at Auburn and Schenectady, we should have a formal statute imposing fine and imprisonment on those who indulged in the profane diversion of kissing.

It is pretty well established that while the Puritan spirit may at times predominate in the country, the latitudinarian spirit is always in the ascendant in the cities; and thus, while our country friends amuse themselves by making laws, we in the cities divert ourselves by breaking them. We have, in large cities, certain habits and modes of thought and action; these can not be altered or modified by any law or statute. The only effect of prohibitive legislation in reference to these settled and inherent vices is, first, to induce concealment with its obvious concomitant evils, and, secondly, to engender a contempt for the law. There is no instance where a rooted habit among the people of a large city has been eradicated by legislation.

The fact ought at least to suggest to the Legislature the propriety of carefully considering any prohibitive laws which may hereafter be proposed. To load the statute book with laws which can not be executed, can not be agreeable to any mind. Whether a less direct opposition to unconquerable evils would achieve the end sought, may possibly be inquired with advantage.

IS CONGRESS CORRUPT?

MUCH ado has been caused at Washington by the proceedings of one J. D. Williamson, who hails from this city, and has figured first as a contumacious, and finally as a very willing witness before the Committee of Investigation now sitting at the Federal Capital. Mr. Williamson did not know any thing about the matter in hand—namely, the alleged corruption of Congress by the woolen manufacturers last year—but he volunteered the assertions that he did know that members of former Congresses had been bought up; that the tariff of 1846 had been carried by British money, contributed by British manufacturers; and that persons now occupying very high stations indeed had received money to influence their course on other prominent topics.

The question which has naturally arisen, on the publication of these statements, is—Who is J. D. Williamson? And up to this time that question has not been satisfactorily answered. It is said that he is a secret agent of somebody; but who that somebody is, wherein Williamson's duties as agent consisted, and why the agency was to be a secret one, remain matters of mystery.

During the investigation which led to the expulsion of three members of the last Congress, a new and seemingly popular vocation for gentlemen of easy virtue and ample leisure was introduced to public notice. This was bribery brokerage. It was made evident that there was a class of persons among the lobby agents in Washington who carried on a trade in members' votes. Some were ready to contract to sell so many votes for or against a bill; while others confined themselves to the safer department of holding bribes in trust for purchasers and vendors of votes. It has been asked—Does Mr. Williamson belong to this class of persons? If he does not, he ought to say so, to clear his skirts and silence calumny; if he does, he does himself injustice, in a business point of view, by remaining in obscurity.

There are many men living who sat in Congress when the Tariff bill of 1846 was passed, and who voted for that measure. It devolves upon them to call this Mr. Williamson once more to the stand, and to compel him to designate the names of the members who were on that occasion bought with English money. Until this is done, wherever Williamson is believed suspicion will rest upon every member who voted with the majority in favor of the tariff of 1846.

THE LATEST MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

THE advices from Mexico represent the whole country as being in a state of revolution; the mails regularly robbed; every considerable city in the hands of insurgents; the capital disputed inch by inch at the cannon's mouth by the two parties; foreigners and natives murdered without a chance of redress; all business, trade, and industry brought once more to a stand.

Of course, coming from a Spanish-American country, the news takes no one by surprise. We should be more astonished if we heard of a stable government being established, and enjoying the respect and obedience of the people of the country. Mexico, like France, is subject to chronic revolutions; but, as becomes the restlessness of her people, the periods of revolution recur at least three times as frequently as they do in France.

However similar the outward phenomena, the real difficulties in France and Mexico are widely different. France is a democratic country, of liberal instincts, seeking naturally, at regular intervals of a generation or so, a change of government; and the genius of French statesmen has never provided any means for such a change short of a revolution. In Mexico, the case is totally different. There the Church is the chief obstacle to good government. The Mexican Church is immensely rich; the people and the Government are poor. The public revenues fall far short of the public expenditure; and an increase of customs duties—which in this country would be successfully resorted to in case of need—would simply lead there to a curtailment or cessation of imports. Hence, the Government is naturally driven to lay imposts on those wealthy corporations which enjoy the benefits of government without contributing to its charges; in other words, to make the Church contribute out of its substance to maintain the existing authorities. This the Mexican clergy—with true ecclesiastical avarice—have never consented to do; and whenever the question has been pressed, they have contrived by their influence over the people to excite a revolution. This is the history of all the revolutions which have taken place in Mexico during the past quarter of a century; it is the secret of the contest now being waged. It is, moreover, the history of a contest which has been fought out in every European country, from Great Britain to Spain and Portugal. There is not a Christian country in whose history the successive accumulation of wealth in the hands of the Church, and the spoliation of that Church by the secular power, have not formed prominent incidents.

Some day a man will be placed in the Presidential chair who will have nerve to undertake and strength to carry out a thorough spoliation of the Mexican Church. He will make the Church pay the expenses of the war. He will strip the fat cathedrals and swollen abbeys remorselessly. Then, perhaps, it may be possible for a good government to exist in Mexico. But till that is done, revolution must continue to be the usual rule, and stable government the exception.

THE LOUNGER.

WANTED A WIFE—BADLY.

A WORTHY man advertised for a wife. She was to be between seventeen and twenty-five, and a good seamstress. Also, she was never to have been married, although the advertiser himself was a widower—but men are the lords of creation. He bravely confessed that he was neither rich nor handsome, but would treat his wife well.

A wicked wag wrote a reply to the advertisement, which drew the following answer from the wife-hunter.

N.B.—Grammar no object.

Washington City DC januay 17th 1858

Mrs or Dear madam From your first leter you stated to that you prefer akind
and True friend to one of riches or Beauty iam the very Man for your Mind my first and Greatest Care is Pay attention to the Every Wants and Comfort and happines of awife my first wife used to say She had Engoyed more happiness in 3 months after imarried her than she Engoyed in 7 years iam amost Powerful and a splendid Provider without any Stint for Whatever Now as thousands upon 1000s Can Testify of this fact iam aman of all Stiring Preservance and industrious and temperate Sober upright and honest in all My Dealling ineither Drink or Smoke or Chew Tobaco or Go to any Places of amusement and as for Swearing i have not Sworn abad Word Sence 1842 ibelong to the episcopal Church first-Ward all this What ihave Said is areality ihave no temper to guard ido not Believe in aquareling life iam one of the Most Peacebel and Quiet men Now living and ihave to much respet for awife to Treat her Bad i have Ben Wownded in the texican War 1836 so iam not called hansome as all Can see awound on on My face you will know me By the red Stripe an red Calico vest milatory Cap With asilver star Before my Cap this is no hoax neither Do i wish to take any advantage of your frankness but Will Protect at my peril So help me God Now Misess if you are the very indentical Lady who have riten to me about our union do Come at all harzard Call at my residence Between —— and —— Streets
Name over the Door or rite to me through the Postoffe but iwould rather Call
you must Excuse me for this leter

OUR OWN JOHN THOMAS JENKINS.

THE Lounger's Washington correspondent is very anxious not to be outdone in discrimination by his talented contemporaries. He writes, under a late date:

"The speech of Mr. A., on Monday, was acknowledged to be the finest speech ever delivered in Congress. Mrs. B.'s party, the same evening, was the most successful fête ever known in Washington. Mr. C.'s speech in committee, on Tuesday, is, beyond question, the greatest Congressional effort on record. Mrs. D.'s ball, on Tuesday evening, was confessedly the most brilliant in the social annals of the metropolis. Guests came even from Georgetown, Capitol Hill, and the next street. The gowns were gorgeous. Hon. Mr. E. will speak to-morrow, and his speech will undoubtedly be the feature of the session. It will surpass all that has been heard upon the subject. Mrs. F. has cards out for to-morrow evening. It will probably be the most *recherché* affair ever known in the fashionable circles of the Federal metropolis. Mrs. Secretary G. is going to wear her grandmother's brooch upon the occasion; and Mrs. Senator H. has turned her yellow satin, to grace the festive halls. Mrs. Jenkins has been darning my best trowsers, and washing out my white cotton gloves, that I may be all ready. The fashionable world is on the *qui vive.* Several quarts of ice-cream are *known* to be already ordered. There is going to be TERRAPIN and a *real lord!* J. T. J."

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW BOOK.

IN the absence of any winter of our own, Bayard Taylor hands us his pictures of a Norwegian and Finnish and Lapland winter, colored with that cheerful, rosy enthusiasm which makes his descriptions of all scenes in all countries poetic and exhilarating.

His northern journey was a rapid flight across snow and ice, through black forests and obliterated fields, under stars and a midnight sun and the northern lights. He drove reindeer—he froze his nose—he and his companion almost lost their wits in the cold—he ate fat, and drank unknown drinks—he saw dirty and ignorant, cheery and honest people—and he has thrown all into a book which flashes before the mind like a shifting, dazzling phantasmagoria of icicles and snow, and lights rich as rainbows, streaming over all.

The same genial intrepidity and universal adaptation—the genius of taking every thing as he finds it, and making the most and the best of it—the

same facility of address and unconquerable good-humor, without which no man can travel with advantage, and with which Bayard Taylor always travels, are as evident in his new book as in all his old ones.

Certainly, since John Ledyard, there has been no American traveler who loved travel for its own sake so truly as Bayard Taylor. His sympathies are so quick, his perception so just, his appreciation so generous, his imagination so warm, that he is at home every where, and tells the story of his wandering with a manly simplicity which well accounts for his great popularity as an author. Of all the younger American writers he is the best known and the most eagerly sought; and when he has been every where, and seen every thing—as, of course, he must do—his complete record of travel will be the most cheerful cosmorama in literature.

?

"Auburn, *January*, 1858.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I have always taken the *Tribune*, and have always liked it. I agree with its sentiments about copyright and the honesty of giving authors their own. I have, therefore, watched with surprise its course in relation to Thackeray's 'Virginians,' and observe that it makes no reply to the plain statement of the *Weekly*, some two weeks ago. Does the *Tribune* mean to have the friends who have stood by it, and believed in it through thick and thin, especially upon the copyright question, understand that it advocates picking the pockets of an author, because the law which it advocates for his protection has not yet been passed? If it has done wrong in this matter, why will it not say so?

"Your obedient servant,

"—— ——."

A NEW POEM BY MRS. KEMBLE.

Rachel is gone; but a great dramatic interpreter yet remains. The spell which Fanny Kemble cast upon this country when she first came to it, more than twenty years ago, still binds it fast; and her readings of Shakespeare awaken, in their way, the same enthusiasm which her acting of Shakespeare excited years ago.

Her reading is an astonishing monologue. She sits quietly at a table, but she looks and speaks and acts all the characters in the play, each one as distinctively drawn by her inflection of voice and expression of face as if the name were previously announced. Her reading of Shakespeare is that of the school whose name she bears. It is Siddonian; it is the reading of John Kemble's descendant. It is the reproduction, by one Kemble reading, of a whole stage full of Kembles acting.

It is, therefore, a close following of the conventions of the English school. It is mannered, as Rachel's recitation of the French Alexandrines was, and as, perhaps, all reading and acting must be. But her profound appreciation of the varying shades of character, the conviction of the listener that she enjoys the reading herself, as if she were a third party, her incredible resources of tone and implied action, and the deep, rich, musical modulation of her voice, make the golden evening "all too swiftly sped," as Longfellow says of her in his sonnet.

Fanny Kemble is, without doubt, the greatest living interpreter of Shakespeare. A woman of quick intellect and passionate genius, she has the deepest reverence for the great master—a tender veneration, of which the following sonnet, now for the first time published, is the exquisite expression:

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Oft, as my lips I open to rehearse
 Thy wondrous spells of wisdom and of power,
And that my voice and thy immortal verse,
 On listening ears and hearts, I, mingled, pour:
I shrink dismay'd, even as the sound I hear,
 From the presumption of my own rash deed;
Thy glorious spirit seems to mine so near,
 That, suddenly, I tremble as I read:
Thee, an invisible auditor, I fear.—
Oh if it might be so, my master dear!
 With what beseeching would I pray to thee,
To make me equal to my noble task:
Succor from thee how humbly would I ask,
 Thy worthiest words to utter worthily.

TIT PRO TAT.

In speaking of Rachel last week the Lounger said that in this country, however tolerably we might *commong voo porty voo*, we could not speak French. On the other hand, the following note from Monsieur Crapeau shows the difficulties that environ our dear vernacular when approached by the Gallic genius:

"St. Louis, Missouri, *January*, 1858.

"Monsieur the Lounger.—Three years ago I did arrive in this very admirable republic. I came with the intention chiefly to acquire your (*pardonnez!*) d—d language, and thought at last, by much study of the dictionary, that I had learned him pretty good without the aid of a teacher. So, after practicing with my own countrymen for much period, I naturally cogitate that I be well 'posted.' I then take board in an American hotel, and, on the vigor of my knowledge, enter liberally into conversation with my fellow-boarders. Ah! I soon detect that they make jolly about me. And yet I speak always like Noah Webster's Dictionary says—*Parbleu!* My pronunciation is akin to perfection, all people say, and yet they make a large quantity of derision when I shall talk in the English language—*Sacre!* I know not what to do to help myself, your tongue is so intricate!

"I have frequently observed, by example, that the mother of a pretty little girl is pleased when her daughter is called 'a charming little puss,' or 'a kitten.' One day, desiring to compliment an American lady who is acquainted with me, and who possesses two fine children, I applied the term to her daughter; she appeared gratified. Thinking to get still more into her good graces, I patted her small boy on the head, and called *him* 'a promising young puppy.' To my much amazement, the lady became indignant, and sailed out of the room, muttering something that had the sound of 'Brute!' She has not spoken at me since, and I can not conceive how I injure her sensibility.

"On another occasion, a new-married gentleman introduced to me his wife—a very delicious woman. After the interview he wanted to be cognizant of my opinion of her. 'Isn't she a *duck* of a girl?' he ask, with raptures. Wishing to make him feel good, and also to surpass him in his comparison, I bethought me of a prettier bird than the duck, and, with gallantry, replied, 'Yes, my friend, she is a regular *goose* of a girl.' Would you believe it, Mister the Lounger, this compliment procured for me a broke head? Without doubt, did it!

"In fact, whenever I project to be peculiarly correct or elegant, I, without variation, place my feet into him.

"And then I hear every day so odd expressions which my dictionary do not explain to me. The boys so much say, 'Go it, boots!' sometimes adding, 'for wooden legs are cheap!' I can not for my life understand in what particular manner boots are thereupon expected to perambulate (eh! is that last word correctly applied?), nor how their going could possibly be affected by the price of wooden legs. 'Go in, lemons!' they cry, too, very much. Do the juvenile Americans thereby mean to advise that the person addressed shall actually enter that fruit, or is 'Lemons' merely a familiar nickname for any body that exhibits a disposition to fight? Begar, it is totally incomprehensible to me!

"By confound it! your droll English tongue is so full of incongruity! I *never* shall be able to talk him with agility. What *shall* I do? By pshaw! I entertain much notions to manufacture tracks back to *La belle France*.

"I remain, Mister the Lounger, all days yours,

"Jean Crapeau."

MORE HOGS?

A frightened friend writes to the Lounger that a horrid thought has entered his mind. Upon taking the Fourth Avenue cars the other morning to come down to the Park, whither his duties call him for the purpose of settling great differences among mankind, by the aid of jurisprudence, he found himself compelled, by an event which occurred during the ride, to ask himself, Can it be that the family, of which the males smoke and spit in the ladies' cabin of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, and occupy several seats in railroad cars when they have paid for one, has also female members? *Are there female Hogs?*

If not, says this excited man, what am I to make of the person in female clothes who stepped into the crowded car and took a gentleman's seat—which was most courteously offered her—*without a solitary word or look of recognition and gratitude in reply?*

"Madame," said genial C. S., whom the pleasant homes of wooded Berkshire, where he lived, shall long remember—"Madame," he said to a person in female clothes, to whom he had given his seat in a car, and who at length felt nervous from his looking at her, and asked him if he had left any thing in the seat, or were waiting for any thing—"Madame, I have left nothing; I am waiting to hear you say 'Thank you!'"

BALMORAL OR IMMORAL.

The suggestion of O. Law Ray, in a late Lounger, of a new science of costume to be called Phylactrology, is already received and approved, and the practice has already begun. At least, so far as this—that, if skirts are not to be the cause of reading in others, they are to be well red themselves.

The Queen of England walks in summer mornings over the Scottish heather, wet with dew, clad in a red p—tt—t, like a sensible woman, that she may not soil the snowy edges of the august p—tt—ts which she is wont to wear upon domestic occasions. Thereupon American ladies in Broadway must immediately gird themselves with colored p—tt—ts also; and that article of feminine costume, of which no man is supposed to know more than a vague tradition that there is such a garment, is forthwith discussed in the newspapers, and every masculine eye is turned toward the lower edge of every lady's toilet, to ascertain whether the p—tt—t is red.

It is an immense excitement. There are, at a moderate computation, ten thousand of these daring garments already made up in the city, and ready to be worn the moment any lady of sufficient *ton* will show her blushing ankles. Let us hope the blush will go no lower than the ankles. Having deserted the cheeks, it is truly sad to think that it may be trampled under foot altogether.

The Lounger is assured that the p—tt—t in itself is a perfectly harmless garment, and innocent also. But it instinctively goes under cover, and delights in concealment. What wonder, then, that it grows so very red upon being publicly talked about in the newspapers! If you happen to see it as you go up town, and it looks fiery, remember it is only coloring at your impertinence in staring at it. To speak lightly of its blushes is the act of a betrayer of innocence. Pass it gently without notice or remark, and who knows but it may recover all its pristine purity—a purity which could not blush, because it knew and suspected no evil.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

Μι Δεαρ Σιρ,—I σηε ιν αν αρτικλε σιγνεδ "Κολλεγιαν," αν ιντεντιον ον θε παρτ οφ υρ κορρεσπονδεντ το δεπρεσιατε θε σταιδινγ οφ οθερ σοσιετιες;—Ιφ ιν θε "Κολλεγιαν's" αδμιρατιον οφ θε "ΦΒΚ's" θε "ΨΧ's" θε "ΨΥ's" ανδ οθερ πετ σοσιετιες θε "Κολλεγιαν" κουλδ ρεφραιν φρομ τρεαδινγ ον θε κορνς οφ θε "ΘΔΧ's" ανδ οθερ ρεσπεκταβλε κολλεγε σοσιετιες, υρ ρεαδερς μιγτ κομε το θε κονκλυσιον θατ "Κολλεγιαν" υας νοτ α πυφερ γενεραλ το θε φιρστ μεντιονεδ σοσιετιες ανδ α σεκρετ φοε το θε "ΘΔΧ's."

Υρς ρεσπεκτφυλλιε

Γραδυατε.

—This learned letter must finally dispose of this exciting subject. Our Letter-Box has been in flames several times in consequence of the fiery nature of the communications dropped into it concerning the societies which are interested in the Greek alphabet. A dead language, indeed! The Lounger knows of nothing so lively at this moment, except a wonderful Stilton cheese of his friend Sparrowgrass's!

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—You see that I live at a good distance, and that it takes your wonderful paper a long time to reach me, consequently the *news* has *almost* just got to me that 'Mr. O'Rumpkin looks at Mrs. Catherine and wonders what has become of little Kate.'* I might fear that you had had time to forget that he ever did look at her and wonder such dreadful things, but then I know that nobody could, you know.

"Now a state of perpetual wonder is an awkward, disagreeable, and stupid state to be in, consequently I feel a quick sympathy for Mr. O'R. I have been all *my* life wondering at something. When other children of my age were thinking of nothing, I lent all the powers of my young mind to discover why a certain bird upon my curtain did not jump, when he looked as if he wanted to—so badly. When people have grown lean before my eyes, I have wondered where the fat went; when they have spread out (I mean before hoops came up), I have wondered whence the superfluous flesh came. I have wondered what becomes of all the pins, needles, and fine bonnets, which are made in the world; I have wondered what a score of my gentlemen acquaintances could see in a few of my female friends to charm them so; and I have given the matter serious consideration, when I have heard it said that Miss Brown had *nerves* because she fainted, and Miss Jones had *nerve* because she didn't faint.

"I have not been able to 'hazard even a wide solution' to any of these mysteries, so much of grave philosophy lurks in the simple questions; but when I heard of Mr. O'Rumpkin's difficulty, it struck me at once!!

"If Mr. O'R. had not given such a full description of his dress, manner, and feelings in his wooing days, I might have been a little confused; but as it is, it is as clear as day!

"I don't know if *you* can do it, Mr. Lounger, but I want you to take a full view of Mr. O'R. on his wedding day, then follow him up (or down) through the years, to that very morn upon which he sent you that wondering letter. Have you done it? Well! can't you see? *He* made her Mrs. Catherine.

"Little Kate, struck cold and silent at the thought of being married to one person, whom she had supposed some one else, lies at this moment well-nigh dead in the very bottom of Mrs. Catherine's heart.

"She deserted her post? No! she *had* to get out of the way! Did she marry a man with a nightcap on? Would she have stood at the altar with Mr. O'R. if she had known who it was? Bless you, no! I can't say that Mr. O'R. has any power to go where little Kate is to look for her. If he longs for her very much—*as he* says he does—he may try. He must take off his cap, change his voice's tone—in fact, he must pretend to be somebody else again, or she won't come back—even if she is still alive.

"Do you really believe all that about Mr. O'R.'s nursing the baby? Well! don't any more—it's all, *all* stuff! How do I know? O'Rumpkins are not sealed books to *me!* *I* have had my experiences. O'Rs are not the Innocents they pretend to be to unsuspecting Loungers.

"Don't believe those hints about the traps which little Kates lay for O'Rumpkins. Little Kates don't lay traps; if they did would not O'Rs jump into them *gladly?* There are numerous traps laid for O'Rs through life I admit, but if they never fell into any but those they fell into *unwillingly*, how Virtue's list would grow, to be sure!

"Dear, unsuspecting Lounger, let me open your eyes! I can tell you all about the O'Rumpkins, and as for little Kates—I know their sad history *well*.

"To Mr. O'R. I would say, that if little Kate is alive she would like to come back. She likes nice, cosy firesides (such as people promise on their wedding-days) much better than a bitter bed of tears in a lonely heart. She will come back with the person she married—not Mr. O'R.

Yours, respectfully,

"Sagacity Ironsides."

"Dear Lounger,—I was so much pleased with the remarks you made in reference to that public benefactor who has rarely been invited to eat in honor of his fame and services—the artist. Oh, I would like so to talk with you about him, he is such a modest being; he comes not forth to the public halls to be seen and heard of men, neither do they put him in high places. But, why not? 'Painting is the poetry of religion.' Is this true? It comes not in the whirl and roar of commerce, therefore we see it not. The poetry of religion? This may in a degree account for its exceeding retirement. Who studies, toils, and labors like as he, with so little encouragement? None! no not one! His intellectual gems come forth, we look upon them and are pleased, that is all. His sermons from the whispering brook, the golden fields of summer, or the wild glee of the terrible ocean, go forth upon their exalted mission, but we think not of it. Yes, I would like so to converse with you a long time of his glorious art—to talk with you often. Would you be pleased to have me chat with you? V. de V."

—Simplicity, O V. de V., whether in painting, poetry, or prose is the great excellence of art. Why not say of the painter that "he paints pictures?" What do you mean by saying that "his intellectual gems come forth?" How could you suppose any Lounger would be able to sustain conversation at that height?

The expression "Painting is the poetry of religion" which you quote, means as much as Byron's platitude, "Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!" (the Lounger hopes he doesn't misquote the noble lord.) It is not a beautiful, but a Bulwerian expression, and there is a great difference between beauty and bulwer (with a small *b*).

"V. de V."—might the Lounger dare to think of Lady Clara Vere de Vere?—must not be wroth with his friend for "blowing out" in this way. The old sculptor said to his pupil, "First, form; and second, form; and third, form; those are the rules of sculpture." And so simplicity in all the places, first, second, and always, is the rule of good writing.

Don't say that if that be so you won't come to school to the Lounger, for you *have* come to his school, and he hopes you will come again.

* See *Harper's Weekly* for November 7th and 14th, 1857.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

"WHITE LIES."

There could not have been selected a more appropriate title for this novel than that of "White Lies." The characters are always telling lies to each other; the friends of the author told lies when they denied that its plot was taken from Auguste Maquet's play "*Le Chateau de Grantier*;" the Pecksniffian management of the city theatre, where "White Lies" has been produced as a drama, told a lie when they announced that the dramatic version, by some unknown scribbler who perhaps does not exist after all, "had been prepared under the supervision of the author by a distinguished member of the London Dramatic Authors' Society." The evening papers allowed correspondents to tell lies impugning the motives of two of the gentlemen who write theatrical criticisms for the leading journals. This was the more unjust because these gentlemen, being private persons, have no opportunity to reply, and yet, being in some measure separated from the public, they can not come out from their anonymity to defend themselves. The charges are, as I happen to know, all lies from beginning to end. As to the charge that the criticisms were influenced by the fact that the critics were vexed because they had been anticipated in the work, I can only say that a good version would now be successful, while that which has already been performed was a miserable failure. And, further, I will guarantee that Harper's youngest apprentice shall take the novel, and in forty-eight hours get out a better dramatic version of it than that played at ——'s Theatre.

It speaks well for the comity of the press when a respectable journal like the *Evening Post* allows anonymous correspondents to assail though its columns gentlemen whose veracity, rectitude, and reliability have never been impeached in the course of several years of journalistic life. One might have expected it from the *Tribune*, which, with its customary fellow-feeling for thieves, says, "Whether or not Mr. Reade stole this play from a French play we don't care." Being "in the same box," the organ of the faro gamblers "don't care," of course. In fact, rather likes it.

I have said more about this than I intended, but I only desired to show how one lie makes many. It is well, however, that the play failed. Our young women are quite bad enough now. They do not need to be told that a woman like Josephine may make love to two men at the same time—marry, cheat, and swindle them—and absolutely be rewarded for so doing by receiving the hand of her favored lover through the "magnanimity" of the first husband, then living. If the stage is to inculcate such lessons as these, "under the patronage of our first families," I shall begin to think there is too much truth in the denunciations leveled against it by the religious press.

LE JUPON ROUGE.—SYMPTOMS OF REBELLION.

"What do you suppose," said I to Ethelinda, "they wore those horrid red caps (*bonnets rouges*) for in the time of the French Revolution?" "Why," said the brightest and best, "because they wouldn't show dirt. Don't you know that the color of the Bourbons was clean, gentlemanly white? But cleanliness was too aristocratic for such *nasty* fellows as Marat; and they took red, white, and blue, the lowest and dirtiest adopting red alone, because, as I said before, it would not show dirt nor blood—two Red Republican essentials." "Then," I insinuated, "I presume you don't like the scarlet petticoat?" "Like it!" returned the most magnificent, "I should think not. It is a base conspiracy against soap and water—a scheme to deter the use of detergents. Besides that, it is not pretty for the drawing-room, and in the street every body would say, 'There goes a red petticoat!' 'That's the most disagreeable thing in the world!' 'There goes a new bonnet!' or 'What a splendid dress!' A lady who has good taste will dress herself unobtrusively and nicely throughout, so that one article of her costume shall not predominate over the other, and attract marked attention. If the Queen of England, to make a little popularity in Scotland, sees fit to wear peasants' clothes, well and good for her; if the ladies in Canada, who are continually walking, or riding, or skating, or sleighing, or doing some awful thing or other in the open air like them—that is well also. They are quite suited to the climate. But no person of taste, *none of our set*, I'm sure, will ever have one in the world."

I presume that matter is quite settled. *A bas le jupon rouge! Vive le jupon blanc!*

BAVARIA IN HOPE CHAPEL.

The erratic Countess, the wandering dancer, the wife of many husbands, has been guilty of many audacities. She has, they say, snubbed royalty to its face; she was frequently in the habit of horse-whipping colonels of dragoons; with many more minor exploits in the same line. This chief of the female Bohemians has lately, however, overtopped all of her previous achievements in the way of impudence, and has absolutely delivered a lecture to the ladies of this city upon the proper method of preserving their beauty. As if they were not handsomer and cleverer than any other women in the world! As if *they* ever were obliged to resort to any of those mysterious toilet appliances by which European dowagers get up a feeble imitation of the bloom of youth! There was, to be sure, some good advice in the lecture. Ladies were told to take long walks—not in Broadway (I should really like to know where any decent person can walk in this city unless it is in Broadway, and one or two streets up town)—and to do various other things, which they will do—if they like. Is it necessary to say that the lecture was clever, pointed, epigrammatic, and well delivered? and that the great exiled looks precisely the same as she did ten years ago? Well, that is the case.

THE CALICO BALL

Has come and gone, and was a great success in every way. There was a good deal of humbug about the calico part of it, as every body expected; and the few cheap dresses that were worn disappeared at midnight, when the ball really commenced. There was a good deal of "sham" about the poem by "a distinguished *literati*" (whatever that is), but it was quite up to the average of such efforts. The Seventy-first Regiment kept the floor in good order; and it was a capital idea to have the men there. I never knew before that militia soldiers could be made of any use. But the Age of Wonders is evidently at hand. Ethelinda says she made a member of Congress useful the other day. After that we may expect any thing.

I am very glad that the Ball was so successful. It will net a handsome amount of money, as well as many donations of clothes—all highly necessary just now; for I hear, in my wanderings, of a great deal of distress in that class of poor people who will not apply for relief, but who are sought out by some truly benevolent ladies—angels of mercy who are satisfied to have the reward of their own consciences. Let us hope that the blessings showered upon their heads will be returned ten-fold.

THE RED PETTICOAT AND ITS PEDIGREE.

"It is our painful duty to announce the death, this week, at her lodgings, from fever, produced by overanxiety, of the celebrated mantua-maker, Mrs. Selby, the inventor of the hooped petticoat."

Thus the *London Weekly Journal* for the first week in January, 1717, near a century and a half ago. And hence the acute reader may learn how old is every thing under the sun; for not only doth this long-forgotten Mrs. Selby strip our modern milliners of every claim to originality, but, if the truth were known, she herself, in her day, was regarded by the erudite as an ignoble plagiarist from some long-buried female Snip of foreign extraction. Let us be content with whispering that there is in that bloody city of Delhi a female idol—say a Vishnu—which was made no long ago that the creation is an affair of yesterday in consequence, and which wears a full-hooped hoop.

Every body knows that if Madame de Montespan had never added to the pretty large family of her lord and master the king, hooped petticoats would never have become fashionable. At least, the chances would have been against them. But Madame de Montespan loved her lord, and was shame-faced. "I see that Madame de M—— has put on her *robe bottonée*, therefore she must," etc., says the babbling old Duchess of Orleans. So the fashion spread across the Channel, and was even brought across the Atlantic, to Virginia, in some of the fortunate ships which were freighted with persons of the better condition.

The idea of expanded skirts—with a view, seemingly, of giving an appearance of solidity to the female figure by enlarging its base—was familiar to the fashionable world as early as the days of Raleigh. But the expansion was not circular; the skirt hung from two or more projections proceeding from a belt round the waist; and the belt and projections were known by the inelegant but intelligible name of "pairs of hips."

"I faith, Maria," says the young lady in the shocking old play, "some varlet has run off with my new hips."

Our artist has sketched for us a figure in the expanded skirt of Elizabeth's time, and another in the long, graceful, flowing train, which was worn at court for so many years, and which, so far as appearance goes, strikes us as by far the most artistic and beautiful costume ever worn by a lady.

If people will go to the Astor Library and examine old books of costume, and especially caricatures, they will perceive that the hoop of the eighteenth century was not only similar in appearance to that of the nineteenth, but that it gave rise to precisely the same jokes and just as many witticisms as have been freshly received about it in our day. Nearly all the jests about hoops are to be found in the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Examiner*; one of the very best *facetiæ* of the *Tatler*—the trial of a young lady for constructing the tagtway with her hoops—was the other day modernized and adapted into a Boston paper, whence it has gone the rounds of the press of the Union.

Between the hoop of Madame de Montespan's day and that of our own the female skirt has fluctuated prodigiously. It ebbed back at one time, until, under the French Empire, the waist was under the arm-pits, and a lady duly provided with skirts needed, for the fashion of the time, little or no other clothing. Then the ebb proceeded from the other extremity, and gradually fair ankles were suffered to be seen and the extremity of a tapering leg. Against this enormity moralists long protested in vain. They might indeed have preached till doomsday—so inexorably obstinate is the female sex—but for one accident: how shall we describe it? Nature, jealous of her gifts, has not been so prodigal of graceful ankles as the fashion of thirty years ago would have required. First one fine lady, then another, blushing for undue solidity where grace requires tapering form, let fall her dress to within an inch or two of the ground. They say that Queen Victoria, whose example has been so recently followed in another novelty, was one of the first to adopt the fashion of long dresses. But who shall dare to criticise a monarch's ankle? Whether that gracious potentate was or was not led by vulgar considerations of what her courtiers might think of her foot and the adjacent premises, it is undoubted that, with the courage of her character, she took an early lead in adopting the long skirt, whereupon all good Englishwomen followed suit; and the rest of the female world, brought to consider first the grace of the long skirt, and next its convenience for the bulk of Eve's daughters, frankly adopted it too.

Hoops succeeded at an interval of nearly twenty-five years, as a substitute for the load of heavy skirts which fashionable ladies felt bound to wear in order to produce the requisite expansion in the skirt. And last of all came the latest novelty, the Scarlet Petticoat.

Every body has read how Queen Victoria, sojourning at Balmoral, and grievously impeded in her mountain walks over the dewy heath and grass by the flapping of a bundle of wet skirts at her heels, was struck by the advantage which the short petticoat of the Highland girls gave them over the fashionables of the court; how she instantly resolved to borrow the convenient article of raiment; how Prince Albert, who, in the intervals of the severe labors which are known to engross his time, had once or twice, not oftener, noticed the petticoats of the aforesaid Highland girls, declared that the attire was good, not only in shape but in color; how the Queen ordered half a dozen red petticoats with stripes; how every body in England flew into red skirts directly; how the French took it up with the ardor and vivacity of their character; and finally, how Lady Cora Dundey, as the lawful representative of Her Majesty in the United States, formally introduced the garment at Washington, and our ladies straightway pronounced the verdict that it would do. Every body knows all this. People may not know, however, that within the past few weeks over ten thousand of these scarlet petticoats have



LADY OF FASHION A.D. 1660.



FASHION OF 1690.



THE MODERN HOOP.



COURT DRESS A.D. 1730.



PARIS FASHION, 1825.



THE SCARLET PETTICOAT.

been made here and elsewhere. The finest are of an all-wool material, consilierably thicker than flannel; the color is generally dark crimson, with black, green, or purple stripes; they are usually embroidered at the bottom. Others again are of cheaper material, with bayadere stripes, and sometimes stamped with a border of palm-leaves round the lower edge. The price varies from three to twelve dollars.

Every one who has watched the miseries of our New York ladies on a muddy day will wish well to the scarlet petticoat. It seems to be the only contrivance by which dirt and decency can both be regulated.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

NO. XXVII.

Leaving Antioch.—My mysterious Friend again.—A Note.—Lady Ellenborough.—Our Ship.—A Change of Wind.—Drives out to Sea.—Cyprus.—A great Mountain.—Another Change of Wind.—The Port of Tarsus.—Arab way of letting go an Anchor.—A Wreck.—Landing at Messina.

THERE was a gay scene in the old Square of Antioch the morning that we left. Some of these Oriental scenes I would like to impress on my mind so that I should never lose them. The queer men who look into one's face out of those sleepy eyes, the flashing orbs of the women, now more fully exposed than in former years—for fashion has so changed the Oriental customs that even the faces of the women are almost visible through the thin laces that are the substitute for the old yashmak—the mixture of nations, the strange and varying costumes, all these go to form the scene; but it is necessary to a perfect realization of it that you should hear the Babel of voices which make the air ring in an Eastern market-place.

We were all on horseback. The baggage was on the mules, and the train was about to move off, when a small, old, Arabic-looking fellow, a weasel-faced specimen of the Eastern beggar, approached me and slipped into my hand a piece of paper. I grasped it eagerly, for it was folded precisely as one I received a week before had been folded, and I knew instinctively that it came from my beautiful entertainer, or captor, of the previous week. The contents ran thus:

"Should you ever, in your Western wanderings, meet any one who speaks our tongue, and who, knowing you as an Eastern traveler, asks if by chance you ever met me—say that I am well, am beautiful, am happy; for all this I know that I am. I wait for you, not only that I might have the pleasure of an evening such as we passed together, but because, having learned the names of your party while you were resting at Iskanderoon, I knew that you would one day meet those who once loved me, but who have cast me off as I them. For I know who you are, though for the present you know me only as

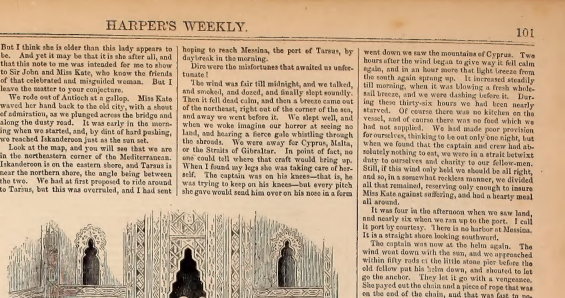
"HAFIZA."

That is the note. Now help me if you can. Print it, and let it be seen, that if by any chance there is an American family who have a wandering daughter like this, they may know that she is proud, haughty, beautiful, and queenly; and whether she is saint or sinner, on my faith I know not.

Perhaps she is English. I have never seen Lady Ellsborough, and I have thought it barely possible she may have come up here from Palmyra. But I think she is older than this lady appears to be. And yet it may be that it is she after all, and that this note to me was intended for me to show to Sir John and Miss Kate, who know the friends of that celebrated and misguided woman. But I leave the matter to your conjecture.

We rode out of Antioch at a gallop. Miss Kate waved her hand back to the old city, with a shout of admiration, as we plunged across the bridge and along the dusty road. It was early in the morning when we started, and, by dint of hard pushing, we reached Iskanderoon just as the sun set.

Look at the map, and you will see that we are in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean. Iskanderoon is on the eastern shore, and Tarsus is near the northern shore, the angle being between the two. We had at first proposed to ride around to Tarsus, but this was overruled, and I had sent



AN EASTERN RECEPTION.

down to engage a boat of which I had heard while at Antioch. It was waiting for us.

Pray to be delivered from a voyage in such a boat. I had been as grossly cheated as if I were the greenest of Howajjis, instead of an old stager in the East.

It was an open, single-masted speronare, with a lateen sail. She would measure, perhaps, seventy feet over all, and might go sixty, seventy, or a hundred tons. But she wouldn't go any where but before the wind, that is very certain. At first we abandoned any idea of the voyage. Then the captain grew eloquent and persuasive, and a fresh breeze springing up from the southward, we yielded to the temptations of the devil and went on board. The horses were stowed pretty well forward, and so barricaded in that they could not well be harmed by a sea. The after-part of the ship we cleaned out and made as comfortable as possible, and at eight o'clock, or thereabouts, with a moon in the clear sky over us, we set sail from Alexandretta, hoping to reach Messina, the port of Tarsus, by daybreak in the morning.

Between the misfortunes that awaited us unfortunate!

The wind was fair till midnight, and we talked, and smoked, and dozed, and finally slept soundly. Then it fell dead calm, and then a breeze came out of the northeast, right out of the corner of the sea, and away we went before it. We slept well, and when we woke imagine our horror at seeing no land, and hearing a fierce gale whistling through the shrouds. We were away for Cyprus, Malta, or the Straits of Gibraltar. In point of fact, no one could tell where that craft would bring up. When I found my legs she was taking care of herself. The captain was on his knees—that is, he was trying to keep on his knees—but every pitch she gave would send him over on his nose in a form not within the postures of prayer prescribed by Mohammed.

The sailors were not given to praying. Two of them were fair enough sailors. The rest were landlubbers. With John Steenburger's help we got some sort of trim on the ship, and stowed the cargo, which was rolling in all directions. I then took the helm myself, and steadied the vessel a little. But it was of no use. She would go before it, and no other way would she go. So we let her go before it.

It can not have failed to strike you that in all the ancient accounts of the Mediterranean, in the voyages of Paul, and in profane writers, the suddenness of the changes of wind is spoken of as a characteristic of this sea. It is no less so now. A light southerly breeze is usually followed by a stiff norther, which may last a few hours or may blow for days.

Fortunately for us, the gale was a brief one. It went down with the sun that night, and before it went down we saw the mountains of Cyprus. Two hours after the wind began to give way it fell calm again, and in an hour more that light breeze from the south again sprung up. It increased steadily till morning, when it was blowing a fresh whole-sail breeze, and we were dashing before it. During these thirty-six hours we had been nearly starved. Of course there was no kitchen on the vessel, and of course there was no food which we had not supplied. We had made poor provision for ourselves, thinking to be out only one night, but when we found that the captain and crew had absolutely nothing to eat, we were in a strait between duty to ourselves and charity to our fellow-men. Still, if this wind only held we should be all right, and so, in a somewhat reckless manner, we divided all that remained, reserving only enough to insure Miss Kate against suffering, and had a hearty meal all around.

It was four in the afternoon when we saw land, and nearly six hours when we ran up to the port. I call it port by courtesy. There is no harbor at Messina. It is a straight shore looking southward.

The captain was now at the helm again. The wind went down with the sun, and we approached within fifty rods of the little stone pier before the old fellow put his helm down, and shouted to let go the anchor. They let it go with a vengeance. She payed out the chain and a piece of rope that was on the end of the chain, and that was fast to nothing.

Then they cursed and swore, and called on their prophet. I think I never heard such fellows at an oath as are these Mohammedans. I have heard a Mississippi boatman, an Albany hackman, and a Buffalo canal-boy swear, but their oaths are child's play to an old Moslem when he begins to pull his turban to pieces. Meanwhile we forged ahead in the trough of the sea, and then brought up in the wind's eye.

You may imagine our position. A pretty heavy sea running, a light breeze blowing us on a lee-shore, a sail that could not be made to work the vessel to windward, and no anchor.

I suppose it does not require much seamanship to foresee the result of that state of affairs. The only question was, which was the softest place on shore, and the hardest end of our craft.

There was by this time a crowd on shore watching and shouting to us, and in a few moments two stout boats pulled off through the surf to our assistance. They got alongside with some caution, and we put Miss Grunilion and Sir John, with the luggage, into one of them, and my tent and furniture into the other. Steenburger and myself resolved to stick to the ship, and rescue our horses. I would certainly have saved my *Tiger-Lebel* at the risk of my own life, and here was but the risk of a swim in the surf.

Hortense followed, we prepared a way for the horses from their pens to the side of the boat. Then one at a time we lowered them and led them to the edge, and they plunged in unhesitatingly, my own mare last of all. Rising on the waves they saw the shore, and struck out bravely for it.

Then John and I stood on the low end of the old craft as she swung sullenly and heavily in toward the beach.

She struck first a hundred yards from the shore, and as she thumped we went over into the boiling surf. It reminded me of old days at Cape May. It was but a few stout strokes and we touched bot-



FOUNTAIN AT ANTIOCH.

tom, ran swiftly up through the undertow, and stood at length on the dry sand, in the centre of our group of horses, who now surrounded us, and of the townsmen of Messina, who were watching the vessel in the process of going to pieces.

Such was our landing at the port of Tarsus, whence came the great Apostle.

LITERARY.

DR. BARCLAY'S new work, JERUSALEM, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING (published in New York by William C. Church, Spruce Street), is not only valuable to the student of Oriental geography and topography for its learning, research, and observation, but is also made particularly interesting to the general reader by the number and elegance of its illustrations. The author resided several years in "The Holy City" as a missionary, and during this time had of course ample opportunity for study, examination, and reflection. His daughter, who is evidently a young lady of remarkable talent, lent him much assistance by her skill in drawing, as well as by her courage in penetrating into many forbidden places, disguised as a Turkish lady. To her the public are indebted for the fine colored lithograph of the Moslem "Tomb of David," on Mount Zion. She is probably the only Christian who has ever seen this mysterious chamber, of which she gives a graphic description.

The value of Dr. Barclay's book consists chiefly in the careful and apparently accurate measurements he has made in and about the city, in his remarks on the Mesjid el Aksa, the site of the Temple of Solomon, which he had abundant opportunity to study; and in his discussions of the water-supply of the city, the wells, fountains, and pools, which have long afforded subjects of discussion to Eastern travelers. In these portions of the book we find great reason to regret that he has been compelled to abridge his notes, and we hope that he may be induced to give hereafter another volume on these particular subjects.

The whole world turns devoutly to the "Holy City." At no time within our knowledge has such deep interest been felt by the public in all that relates to it. The man who has seen Jerusalem finds eager listeners to the story of his pilgrimage, and books on the Holy Land find abundant readers. There has been, too, a revival of the discussion on the locality of the Holy Places, to which Dr. Barclay will lend new interest, since his theories are absolutely Ishmaelitish—against every one else who has had any theories.

At one blow he knocks Dr. Robinson and Chateaubriand out of his way. No former belief has any favor in his eyes by reason of its antiquity. He leans toward no one, but walks up and down and around the city establishing theories of his own as it pleases him, in the most independent way.

We commend Dr. Barclay's work to the attentive perusal of all who feel an interest in Jerusalem. It is valuable, learned, and it is interesting. But we must at the same time add that he is given over wholly and entirely to the hatred of all so-called Holy Places, and has, like Dr. Robinson and some few other travelers, a holy horror of a tradition.

It is to be regretted that such is the case, since it leads him at times to the commission of grave errors. Thus, in the great question of the locality of the Sepulchre, the author falls into the usual mistake of supposing that its genuineness is a question of tradition, and he attacks the received locality with all the thunders of anti-tradition argument and outcry, forgetting entirely that tradition has nothing more to do with it than with the settlement of Massachusetts or New York. Dr. Barclay admits that the spot now pointed out is that selected by Eusebius and Macarius and Helena, about A.D. 326. So far there is no tradition; it is all history. The only question is, were these persons correct? And no one pretends that they relied on any tradition. They judged from such evidence as then existed. So that tradition has nothing to do with it. The most surprising part of Dr. Barclay's work is, that he does not believe Eusebius and Jerome capable of distinguishing between monkish fraud and historical truth, within three hundred years of Christ, when the walls of Jerusalem were lying, and the towers and western wall were standing, all around them; yet he, in this nineteenth century, deliberately selects a probable site of the crucifixion, and argues in its favor until he satisfies himself that it is the spot! Dr. Barclay is not alone in this same way of arguing—with one breath proving that it was impossible Eusebius could have had any satisfactory evidence in the fourth century, and with another contending that even at this late day it is possible to select and point out the place of the Sepulchre! Others have made the same curious error.

Our readers will perceive from what we have said that Dr. Barclay is no friend to the so-called Holy Places. Many of his ideas of the hills and valleys of Jerusalem are novel and interesting, and will repay an attentive perusal.

As a whole, the volume is a most important addition to our stock of knowledge of Jerusalem, and the public owe a debt to the learned author which we hope he will find abundantly repaid.

THE WORLD OF MIND, by Isaac Taylor, published by Harper & Brothers, is an excellent elementary treatise on metaphysics, which teachers and college professors will find worthy their careful examination. In some respects its plan is novel and worthy of commendation. It leads the mind of the student in a more familiar, and on that account perhaps a more intelligible, way into the ordinarily difficult paths of mental philosophy. There is none of the usual mass of references, nor of the too-frequent loads of foot-notes and comments, which burden such books. The work is intended for students, not for scholars, and is admirably calculated for them.

HUSBAND *versus* WIFE is an amusing satire, in the "Nothing-to-Wear" style, published by Rudd & Carleton, and illustrated by Hoppin. The prologue is a very good parody on Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," of which one Abel M'Adam is the hero, and the conclusion is a new adaptation of the rhythm of "Brahma."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Doolittle presented a petition for the acquisition of Cuba. After some routine business, the consideration of the Army Increase Bill was resumed, and speeches made by Senators Houston, Davis, and Wilson. The latter Senator moved an amendment empowering the President to call for 5000 volunteers. Senator Douglas moved that the bill admitting Minnesota be taken up. This led to a long discussion, in which Senators Green, Crittenden, Seward, Douglas, Mason, Wilson, Hale, Brown, etc., took part. Senator Mason intimated that it might be necessary to couple Kansas and Minnesota together.——In the House, a resolution was adopted directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring J. B. Williamson before the Investigation Committee. The bill to provide additional funds for the national armories, and the Printing Deficiency Bill, were discussed. The State Constitution of Oregon was presented by Mr. Lane. Resolutions of the Legislature of Kansas protesting against the Lecompton Constitution were presented by Mr. Parrott, and read, after an ineffectual attempt of Mr. Craig to prevent their being received.

On Tuesday, 2d, Senator Wilson presented a memorial from Dr. Livingston, praying to be employed to index the papers of the United States. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, by Mr. Mason, reported a bill to indemnify the owners of the *Amistad*—Senators Seward and Foot presenting a minority report in the opposite sense. Discussion on the Army Increase Bill being resumed, speeches were made by Senators Seward and Hale. A Message from the President was received, recommending the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. Remarks thereon were made by Senators Bigler, Trumbull, Douglas, and Toombs.——In the House, the Printing Deficiency Bill, appropriating $700,000, was rejected. The President's Message on Kansas having been received, a warm discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Hughes, Harris, Grow, and others took part. Mr. Stephens moved that the Message be referred to the Committee on Territories; Mr. Harris, that it be referred to a select committee of thirteen.

On Wednesday, 3d, in the Senate, the bill for the payment of Invalid and other pensions was passed. Senator Wilson moved the reference of the President's Kansas Message to a Select Committee. Senator Trumbull desired to have the dispute respecting the contested seats of Senators Bright and Fitch, from Indiana, settled first, but after some remarks from Senators Bayard, Brown, and Bright, he withdrew his motion, and speeches were made on the Kansas Message by Senators Wilson and Brown.——In the House, Mr. J. D. Williamson was brought to the bar by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and certain questions put to him to be answered on the following day. The Army Appropriation Bill was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means. Two reports from the Naval Committee were presented, one censuring, the other (the minority report) applauding, Commodore Paulding for the arrest of Walker. A Pension Bill was reported by Mr. Savage. Some debate took place on the contest between Messrs. Campbell and Vallandigham for a seat from Ohio.

On Thursday, 4th, in the Senate, resolutions from the Legislature of Iowa, instructing their Senators to oppose the Lecompton Constitution, were presented by Senator Jones, who declared that he would not be bound by them. A resolution of inquiry was adopted, on motion of Senator Mason, seeking information as to the delegation by Turkey of a naval officer to this country to obtain information about ship-building. Another resolution, inquiring what amounts have been spent in printing and advertising by the departments, was adopted on motion of Senator Stuart. The French Spoliation Bill was reported by Senator Crittenden. A resolution of Senator Trumbull's, providing for the decision of the contested election case from Indiana, was tabled. The Kansas Message was then taken up, and speeches made by Senators Brown, Stuart, Wilson, Green, Bigler, Collamer, and Douglas.——In the House, the witness Williamson submitted an answer to the questions put to him by the House, denying the right of the House to make him divulge private transactions; on which Mr. Wright moved that he be committed to jail for contumacy. After debate, in which Messrs. Stanton, Millson, Cox, Davis, Burroughs, Hughes, Wright, and Cochrane participated, the witness obtained leave to amend his answer. The remainder of the day was employed in unimportant matters.

On Friday, 5th, the Senate not being in session, it was decided that no further time be granted to take testimony in the Ohio contested election case. An amended answer was put in by the contumacious witness, Williamson, and on the statement of Mr. Stanton that the witness had appeared before the Committee and answered all questions, he was discharged from custody. The President's Kansas Message was then taken up, and speeches made by Messrs. Grow, Harris, and others. The vote, on the motion of Mr. Harris, for a select committee, was staved off by the intervention of numerous calls for the yeas and nays on frivolous questions, and, after a tedious night's work, the House adjourned at 6.30 A.M. on Saturday, on motion of Mr. Quitman, with the understanding that the vote on Mr. Harris's proposition was to be taken on Monday morning.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON KANSAS.

On Tuesday, as stated above, the President sent the Lecompton Constitution to Congress, with a Message urging the admission of Kansas under it. After ascribing all the difficulties which have arisen in Kansas to the treasonable action of the Topeka party, he goes on to say:

"It is manifest that the Lecompton Convention, according to every principle of constitutional law, was legally constituted and invested with power to frame a Constitution. The sacred principle of popular sovereignty has been invoked in favor of the enemies of law and order in Kansas; but in what manner is popular sovereignty to be exercised in this country if not through the instrumentality of established law? In certain small republics of ancient times the people did assemble in primary meetings, passed laws, and directed public affairs. In our country this is manifestly impossible. Popular sovereignty can be exercised here only through the ballot, and if the people will refuse the exercise of it in this manner, as they have done in Kansas at the election of delegates, it is not for them to complain that their rights have been violated.

"The Kansas Convention, thus lawfully constituted, proceeded to frame a Constitution, and, having completed the work, finally adjourned on the 7th of November last. They did not think proper to submit the whole of this Constitution to the popular vote, but did submit the question whether Kansas should be a Free or Slave State to the people. This was the question which had convulsed the Union, and shaken it to the very centre. This was the question which had lighted the flames of civil war in Kansas, and produced dangerous sectional parties throughout the confederacy. It was of a character so paramount in respect to the condition of Kansas as to rivet the anxious attention of the people of the whole country upon it alone—no person thought of any other question. For my own part, when I instructed Governor Walker in general terms in favor of submitting the Constitution to the people, I had no object in view except the all-absorbing question of Slavery. In what manner the people of Kansas might regulate their other concerns was not the subject which attracted my attention. In fact, the general provisions of recent State Constitutions—after an experience of eighty years—are so similar and excellent, that it would be difficult to go far wrong at the present day in framing a new Constitution. * * *

THE REMEDY OF THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS.

"The only remedy for the people of Kansas in this case is that which exists in all other similar cases. If the delegates who framed the Kansas Constitution have in any manner violated the will of their constituents, the people always possess the power to change their Constitution or laws according to their own pleasure. The question of slavery was submitted to the election of the people on the 21st of December last, in obedience to the mandate of the Constitution. Here, again, a fair opportunity was presented to the adherents of the Topeka Constitution, if they were the majority, to decide this exciting question 'in their own way,' and thus restore the peace of the distracted Territory; but they again refused to exercise the right of Popular Sovereignty, and again suffered the election to pass by default. I heartily rejoice that a wiser and better spirit prevailed among a large majority of these people on the first Monday in January, and that they did on that day vote under the Lecompton Constitution for a Governor and other State officers, a member of Congress, and members of the Legislature. This election was warmly contested by the parties, and a larger vote polled than at any previous election in the Territory. We may now reasonably hope that the revolutionary Topeka organization will be speedily and finally abandoned, and this will go far toward a final settlement of the unhappy differences in Kansas. If frauds have been committed at this election by one or both parties, the Legislature and People of Kansas, under their Constitution, know how to redress themselves and punish these detestable but too common crimes without outside interference. * * *

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

"It has been solemnly adjudged, by the highest judicial tribunal, that Slavery exists in Kansas by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. Kansas is, therefore, at this moment, as much a Slave State as Georgia or South Carolina. Without this, the equality of the Sovereign States composing the Union would be violated, and the use and enjoyment of a Territory acquired by the common treasure of all the States would be closed against the people and property of nearly half the members of the Confederacy. Slavery can, therefore, never be prohibited in Kansas, except through the means of a Constitutional provision, and in no other manner can this be obtained so promptly, if the majority of the people desire it, as by admitting her into the Union under her present Constitution. On the other hand, should Congress reject the Constitution, under the idea of affording the disaffected in Kansas a third opportunity to prohibit Slavery in the State, which they might have done twice before if in the majority, no man can foretell the consequences. * * *

THE PRESIDENT TAKES HIS GROUND SQUARELY.

"For my own part, I am decidedly in favor of the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution, and thus terminating the Kansas question. This will carry out the great principle of Non-Intervention sanctioned by the organic act, which declares in express language in favor of the non-intervention of Congress with slavery in the States and Territories, leaving the people 'perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way subject only to the Constitution of the United States.' In this manner, by localizing the question of Slavery and confining it to the people who are immediately concerned, every patriot anxiously expected that this question would be banished from the halls of Congress, where it has always exerted a baneful influence throughout the country.

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"The speedy admission of Kansas into the Union will restore peace and quiet to the whole country. Already the affairs of that territory have engrossed an undue proportion of public attention, have sadly affected the friendly relations of the people of the States with each other, and alarmed the fears of patriots for the safety of the Union. Kansas once admitted, the excitement becomes localized, and would soon die away for want of outside aliment, and then every difficulty could be settled by the ballot-box. Besides, and no trifling consideration, I shall then be enabled to withdraw the troops from Kansas, and employ them on a service where they are much needed. Kansas once admitted, it is believed there will no longer be occasion there for the troops."

AN AFFRAY IN THE HOUSE.

An affray took place on Saturday morning in the House of Representatives between Messrs. Grow and Keitt. A member of Congress, who was witness to the difficulty, gives the following particulars: "Mr. Grow objected to Mr. Quitman's making any remarks. Mr. Keitt said, 'If you are going to object, return to your own side of the House.' Mr. Grow responded, 'This is a free hall, and every man has a right to be where he pleases.' Mr. Keitt then came up to Mr. Grow and said, 'I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that.' Mr. Grow replied, 'I mean just what I say. This is a free hall, and a man has a right to be where he pleases.' Mr. Keitt (taking Mr. Grow by the throat) said, 'I will let you know that you are a d—d Black Republican puppy.' Mr. Grow knocked up his hand, saying, 'I shall occupy such place in this hall as I please, and no nigger driver shall crack his whip over me.' Mr. Keitt then again grabbed Mr. Grow by the throat, and Mr. Grow knocked his hand off, and Mr. Keitt coming at him again, Mr. Grow knocked him down. The fight took place at twenty minutes to two o'clock."

THE ASPECT OF THE HOUSE.

The House of Representatives presented a singular appearance during the Friday–Saturday *séance.* Many members lay stretched on the sofas half-asleep; others had arranged themselves for slumber at their desks. About a hundred persons remained in the galleries, most of whom went to sleep there before morning. One lady was noticed among them. Many fair jokes were made during the contest. A member inquired if it would be in order to send for a photographer, and have the scene daguerreotyped. The Speaker replied, "Not yet." Several clerks broke down in calling the Yeas and Nays, and the Speaker himself was obliged to resign the chair to Mr. Bocock of Virginia.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

It is stated that the contumacious witness, Williamson, who was forced last week to answer the questions of the Investigating Committee, declared that he knew nothing of any corruptions practiced during the last Congress, but that he knew of members of former Congresses receiving money—and particularly from British manufacturers, to aid the passage of the Tariff of 1846. Williamson describes himself as a secret commercial agent of some foreign houses. The Committee refused to listen to his tales. Mr. J. W. Wolcott, of Boston, is now before the Committee.

THE UTAH AFFAIR.

The latest news from the Utah expedition reports the health of the army good, and no new incidents. At Washington, Dr. Bernheisel, of Utah, is said to have proposed terms of accommodation to President Buchanan, with a view to the withdrawal of the troops; but it is understood that the President's reply was that he could entertain no negotiation from the delegate, and that matters must now take their course.

MRS. COBB'S RECEPTION.

"Jenkins," the correspondent of the *Herald*, thus describes Mrs. Cobb's ball on 3d: "Last night was the second public 'reception' of Mrs. Secretary Cobb, *née* Lamar, a charming type of the true 'Southern matron.' The Secretary of the Treasury is extremely popular, and his house (consecrated last session by the hospitalities of Governor Aiken, of South Carolina) very much resembled the entrance to the upper room at a court ball at the Tuileries, so dense was the mosaic of bright eyes and brighter gems, floral head-dresses *à l'Orphelia*, epaulets and eagle buttons, diplomatic decorations and dresses *tres decoltes*. The prominent group was the White House party: Miss Lane, still in mourning, being escorted by 'rotated' (and would be 'rotating') George Plitt; while Mrs. Plitt was on the arm of J. Buchanan Henry, the popular Private Secretary of him whom the Indians call 'Chinquinilla'—the 'great Buck.' Marshal Hoover was, of course, in attendance, as the 'usher of the gold stick' should be.

"Colonel May and his lady (she looked queenlike in black velvet) were there in all their majestic proportions; Mrs. Secretary Thompson is ever fascinating in appearance as in conversation; Mrs. Squiers looked charmingly in white; and as for Mrs. Clayton (the lady of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), she always looks well, and always is in the best of spirits. Lord Napier came alone, and did not appear to be overhappy, although the fate of Mister Davis warns him to be prudent. The Misses Gordon, of this city, are ever attended by admirers; and there are those on Governor's Island who will not be surprised to learn that Miss Fanny Randolph, of Georgetown, was bewitching. The belle of the Cabinet, Miss Saunders, was not there; but the Post-office Department was well represented by the gifted and pretty Miss King, daughter of the Assistant Postmaster-general. With this array of 'maidens fair,' with many others in the full glory of irreproachable toilet, there was, of course, no lack of beaux, and gallantly did the latter organize themselves into foraging parties to make Balaklava charges through hosts of crinoline to the bounteously spread supper-tables."

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has directed the committee on Kansas affairs not to report till 10th March. The Lecompton Constitution has been denounced in the New Jersey and Rhode Island Legislatures.

THE $8000 AFFAIR.

The *Journal of Commerce* denies that it received the $8000 paid by the Middlesex Mills Company for editorial services in this city, or that it came into its treasury. The *Journal* also has the following:

"Now a word for our worthy commercial editor, David M. Stone, who for many years past has faithfully served us and the public on a salary. His familiarity with commercial statistics and with the principles of political economy, and his known opinions on the matter in question, which were and are the opinions of the *Journal of Commerce*, naturally directed toward him the attention of Mr. William W. Stone, of the firm of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., as a fit person to aid in the diffusion of intelligence and arguments designed to influence the public mind in favor of the changes proposed in the Tariff. Accordingly, he edited and issued several pamphlets and other documents, one or more of them bearing his signature, of which large editions were published. They were not printed in the office of the *Journal of Commerce*, nor had we any thing more to do in getting up or publishing them than any other paper in the United States. For this service he received from Mr. William W. Stone, of the said firm of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., such pecuniary acknowledgment as they saw fit to render. Whether it was too much or too little we know not, nor do we know what it was. We presume the items will be stated in the Report of the Congressional Committee of Investigation.

"If any body thinks that because Mr. D. M. Stone is connected with a newspaper he should, therefore, in another service entirely, be expected to work for nothing and find himself, we are not of the number.

"The following letter was not written for publication, but its insertion under existing circumstances will not, we trust, be objected to by the writer:

"'NEW YORK, *January* 18, 1858.

"'DAVID M. STONE, Esq.

"'DEAR SIR,—So much is said in the newspapers about money paid by the late firm of Lawrence, Stone, and Co. for "Editorial services," that I deem it proper to say (not for your information, as you know it already, but for that of your friends to whom you may show this note), that no money was paid you for editorial services in *The Journal of Commerce*, or on account of your connection with that paper. The money I sent to you was solely for editing the several pamphlets and circulars, and collecting statistical information for our circulation.

"'Yours truly, WM. W. STONE.'"

PERSONAL.

The Washington *Star*, an Administration paper, says: "It having been asserted in newspapers, that Mr. Stone (of Lawrence, Stone, & Co.), in his testimony recently given before the committee to investigate the Middlesex Manufacturing Company's $87,000 transaction, has alleged that the firm loaned to ex-Speaker Banks $7000 of the money in question, we have made inquiry into the facts, and have satisfied us that Mr. Stone made no such statement. He alleged that Mr. Banks had borrowed $700 only of the firm, more than two years ago, to pay off the bills of carpenters that had made some improvements on his house, for the repayment of which he (Mr. Banks) had given ample security. However much we may differ from Mr. Banks politically, we see no good end to be attained either for the democratic party cause or that of public morals, by circulating unfounded imputations on his personal integrity, such as this we thus explode."

The Hon. A. C. Dodge, American Minister at Madrid, has transmitted to the Hon. B. F. Hallett, of Boston, a copy of the pardon granted by the Queen of Spain, through the Minister of State, to John Campbell of Boston. This young man, the son of a widow, was one of the crew of the ship *Waverley* at the time of the horrible act by which two hundred Chinese Coolies were destroyed in the port of Manilla by the cruelty of the commanding officer, French. The crime having been committed within the Spanish jurisdiction of the Philippine Islands, the master and seamen of the *Waverley* were tried before the legal tribunal there, and sentenced to the galleys. Among the prisoners was the young man Campbell, who was sentenced to three years' punishment in the chain-gang. A year ago his mother applied to Mr. Hallett, then United States Attorney, who voluntarily made the proper representations through the State Department to Mr. Dodge, American Minister, to intercede with the Queen for the pardon of Campbell, who was in reality not guilty, having acted ignorantly under the orders of the captain. Mr. Dodge has devoted himself with untiring energy and zeal to effect the pardon, which he has at last obtained, obviously as a mark of respect to his distinguished interposition.

The Hon. Charles Sumner left Boston for Washington on Wednesday, in order to attend to his Senatorial duties at this important crisis.

Ex-Governor Walker has arrived in town, and will spend a few days at his brother-in law's, General Cook, of Hoboken.

Ex-Secretary Stanton has also arrived, and is stopping in Brooklyn with his brother-in-law, E. V. Perrin.

James W. Grimes, just elected United States Senator from Iowa, for six years from the close of the present Congress, March 3, 1859, has just retired from the office of Governor, to which he was elected in August, 1854. He is a native of New Hampshire, about fifty years of age, is a lawyer and farmer, formerly Whig and now Republican in politics, and was the first man of that political stripe ever chosen Governor of Iowa. He takes the place of George W. Jones, a Nebraska-Lecompton Democrat.

It is stated that the late Mr. Blennerhasset, of St. Louis, who is mentioned as the nephew of Hermann Blennerhasset who was made so famous by Wirt, had in his possession the manuscript journal kept by Hermann throughout all his transactions with Burr; the same document from which Mr. Davis, in his Life of Burr, has given several extracts. It is said that it is the intention of a member of the family at St. Louis to edit and publish that journal, together with some letters throwing a light on a transaction in which American people, especially of the West, will never cease to take an interest.

Palmer, the Albany sculptor, says the Boston *Transcript* of the 3d, is hard at work on the "White Captive," a female nude figure intended as a companion to the "Indian Girl." She is supposed to have been taken captive by the Aborigines, and to be the daughter of a pioneer. Palmer is bestowing infinite care in the modeling of this figure—the subject giving full scope to his beautiful and refined manipulation. It is worthy of remark that chiefly through his influence a successful Art Exhibition has been opened at Albany this season.

Parton, in his "Life of Aaron Burr," represents his hero as the father of filibusterism and first of filibusters in America; whereupon the *Southern Citizen* suggests that this Life of Burr was prepared "for the express purpose of discrediting all extension southward, by fathering that idea upon Burr."

Colonel Inglis, whose defense of Lucknow is likely to rank among the most memorable instances of gallantry and endurance in English martial history, is a son of the late Right Rev. Dr. John Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia.

A private letter from Mr. Bryant, dated Naples, Jan-

uary 7, 1858, announces the arrival at Marseilles, on their way from Spain, of himself and family, two days previously at that place.

Rev. Dr. Haight has sailed for Europe with his family, in order to recruit his health. Trinity Church supplied him with the necessary means. There is no doubt that with all her faults Old Trinity takes good care of her clergy. Her charities to them ought to cover a multitude of her shortcomings.

The Legislature of Virginia has appropriated $5000 for the purchase of Mr. Barbee's statue of "Young America."

E. J. M'Lane, Esq., a magistrate at Brownsville, Texas, was shot dead at that place by a Mexican, and the latter was immediately hung by the enraged citizens. The New Orleans *Picayune* obtained the facts from an officer of the steamer *General Rusk*, who says it occurred on the 13th instant. Mr. M'Lane was a lawyer by profession, and a native of Maryland, where he has numerous relatives and friends. He had resided for several years at Brownsville, was much respected, and, according to the *Picayune*, had rendered himself a perfect terror to all the desperadoes in that place. For his energy in enforcing the laws, and the determined spirit he manifested in bringing their violators to justice, the citizens of Brownsville recently elected him to the office of magistrate. On the 25th ult. he shot and killed, in self-defense, a desperado named Robinson, and when he met his death he was trying to restore peace between the Mexican and his wife.

Ex-Governor Gaines, of Oregon, whose death was announced by the last arrival, was a native of Virginia. He served in the war of 1812 at the battle of the Thames, and in the war with Mexico. During the latter war he was taken prisoner and confined for several months in the City of Mexico, but finally made his escape and joined the American army. He was frequently a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and was twice elected to Congress from that State. He was appointed Governor of Oregon in 1849, by President Taylor, and served out his full term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE APPROACHING WEDDING.

AT latest dates festivities in honor of the approaching nuptials of the Princess Royal were the dominant topic. A great array of distinguished visitors from the Continent, including the King of the Belgians and numerous Prussian princes, were the guests of the British court. State balls, concerts, and banquets at Buckingham Palace, and festival performances at Her Majesty's Theatre followed each other in rapid succession. The Prince of Prussia arrived in England on the 19th ult. on his way to court to claim his royal bride.

HOW THE QUEEN IS GOING TO LOSE HER JEWELS.

The official *Journal* of Hanover gives the following account of the great jewel case:

"When the Guelph family ascended the throne of England in 1714, they took over a portion of the Crown jewels with them to London. While on a visit which his Majesty George II. paid to his hereditary dominions in 1751, he executed a last will and testament in German, in which he made the disposition that all the jewels which he had bought with his own money, or which he had inherited from his ancestors, should be a perpetual *fidei commiss* (entailed in perpetuity) in his family, and should descend to his successor in his hereditary kingdom of Hanover. His Majesty King George III. presented his consort, Queen Sophia Charlotte, with various jewels and other articles of value, but subsequently in two wills, a German one, dated May, 1765, and an English one, dated July, 1770, he alluded to these valuables in a manner which was open to doubt. Her Majesty Queen Sophia Charlotte also, in a will made in November, 1818, settled all the jewels thus presented to her, and all others at that time in her possession, on her own descendants and successors in the hereditary territories of Hanover. When the two crowns of Hanover and England became separated by the death of King William IV., it became necessary to separate the jewels that belonged to Hanover. In the negotiations that were carried on in connection herewith, diverging views obtained with the two Plenipotentiaries as to what jewels had been designated by King George II., and also as to what influence the testamentary dispositions made by King George III. ought to have upon the jewels left by Queen Charlotte; moreover, there were, in consequence of the lengthy period that had in the mean time intervened, very considerable difficulties in ascertaining the identity of certain jewels. The two sovereigns eventually came to an understanding to submit the inquiry into and the decision of these questions to three English jurists, who in fact were nominated in 1843. While the preliminary inquiries into the subject were still going on, various changes in the persons of the commissioners hereto appointed were necessitated by death, and the whole inquiry came to a stand-still, until at length, in the middle of December, 1857, a decision was come to by a fresh committee recently nominated, viz., that the testamentary dispositions made by King George II. had reference only to the jewels inherited by him from his ancestors, or purchased by him with money derived from his hereditary dominions in Hanover, and that, on the other hand, all the jewels that belonged to Queen Charlotte are entailed and settled on the Crown of Hanover. Now that a basis of decision has been obtained through the conciliatory disposition shown by the royal relations on both sides, the final separation and setting aside of the jewels that fall back to Hanover will be simple, and not productive of any great loss of time. Although the statement of the *Globe* that the jewels in question are of enormous value, exceeding a million sterling, is excessively exaggerated, it is nevertheless matter of very great satisfaction, apart from their money value, that such highly-prized *souvenirs* from the hands of glorious ancestors, so well calculated to add brilliancy to the crown, should thus revert to our most gracious royal house."

A MODEL MAYOR.

The first official act of the new Mayor of Cork was to visit the city jail, from whence he liberated all the pauper debtors there confined, he paying the demands against them. He also set at liberty a number of poor people who were under a rule of bail.

WHEN STARVATION WILL FILL.

From the celebrated experiments of Chossat on Inanition, it appears that death arrives whenever the waste reaches an average proportion of 0·4; that is to say, supposing an animal to weigh 100 pounds, it will succumb when its weight is reduced to 60 pounds. Death may, of course, ensue before that point is reached, but not be prolonged after it. The average loss which can be sustained is 40 per cent.; sometimes the loss is greater, especially if the animal be very fat: thus, in the transactions of the Linnæan Society, a case is reported of a fat pig which was buried under thirty feet of chalk for 160 days; his weight fell, in that period, no less than 75 per cent. Curiously enough, as an illustration of what was just said respecting time not being an index, fishes and reptiles were found, by Chossat, to perish at precisely the same limit of weight as warm-blooded animals; but they required a period three-and-twenty times as long to do it in: thus, if the experiment be performed of starving a bird and a frog during the warm weather, although both will perish when their loss of weight reaches 40 per cent., the one will not survive a week, the other will survive three-and-twenty weeks.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

The French Legislative Assembly was opened on 18th January by Napoleon in a long speech, in which he alluded to more repressive measures. Four Italians who attempted his life are to be tried this month.

THE EMPEROR ON THE CRISIS.

In the course of his speech the Emperor said: "The increase in the price of all necessaries has compelled us since last year to augment the salaries of the lesser functionaries; the rations of the soldiers have been improved, and the pay of subalterns increased. The budget of 1859 provides for better payment for teachers and professors, and for magistrates. I may point out an increase of charitable societies—in the country those of the medical corporations, and in the towns the establishment of soup kitchens. One million has been distributed in relief of the populations which have suffered most from want of work. The budget of 1859, which will be laid before you, will show a balance in favor of receipts, and the action of the sinking fund can be renewed. On the close of accounts a reduction of the floating debt was assured. Commerce recently suffered a check, but the firm position it took up in the midst of what may be termed a universal crisis is, in the eyes of all, an honor for France, and justifies the economical principles advised by the government in matters of commerce, finances, and credit. The increase of direct and indirect revenue during the past year was 30,000,000 francs.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

"What is the empire? Is it a retrograde government, an enemy of progress, desirous of suppressing generous impulses and of impeding the pacific extension of the great and civilizing principles of 1789? No; the empire inscribes these principles as the motto of its constitution. It frankly adopts every thing of a nature to ennoble the heart or exalt the mind for what is good; but it is also the enemy of every abstract theory. It seeks a strong power, capable of overcoming the obstacles which might stop its advance, for—let us not forget it—the advance of every new power is a long struggle. Moreover, there is a truth inscribed upon every page of the history of France and of England—namely, that liberty without obstacles is impossible as long as there exists in a country a faction which obstinately disowns the fundamental bases of the government; for then liberty, instead of enlightening, controlling, ameliorating, is nothing else in the hands of factions but a weapon of destruction. Therefore, as I did not accept the power of the nation with a view to acquire that ephemeral popularity, the paltry prize of concessions exacted from weakness, but with a view one day to deserve the approbation of posterity by founding something lasting in France, I do not fear to declare to you to-day that the danger, no matter what is said to the contrary, does not exist in the excessive prerogatives of power, but rather in the absence of repressive laws. Thus, the last elections, despite their satisfactory result, offered in many localities a sad spectacle. Hostile parties took advantage of it to create agitation in the country, and some men had the boldness openly to declare themselves the enemies of the national institutions, deceived the electors by false promises, and, having gained their votes, then spurned them with contempt. You will not allow a renewal of such a scandal, and you will compel (*obliger*) every elector to take an oath to the constitution before presenting himself as a candidate.

THE LATE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.

"I can not conclude without alluding to the criminal attempt which has just taken place. I thank Heaven for the visible protection with which it shielded the Empress and myself, and I deplore that so many victims should be made when only one life was aimed at. Yet these plots bring their lessons with them. Firstly, they prove the weakness and impotence of the parties who have recourse to assassination and such desperate means; secondly, that no assassination, even if successful, ever served the cause of those who hired the assassin. Neither those who slew Cæsar nor those who assassinated Henry IV. derived any advantage from their crime. God sometimes allows the just to fall, but He never allows the cause of crime to triumph. These attempts, therefore, neither shake my security in the present nor my faith in the future. If I live, the empire will live with me; and if I should fall, my very death would only tend to strengthen the empire, for the indignation of the people and of the army would be an additional support to the throne of my son."

ARREST OF THE ASSASSINS.

The effect of the explosion of the three projectiles proved on investigation to be far more disastrous than was at first supposed. The number of persons more or less wounded, fell little, if any, short of one hundred and fifty, and six had died of the injuries they sustained. Five minutes previous to the explosion an Italian named Pierri, who was expelled from France in 1852, was recognized by the police and arrested. He was armed with a six-barreled revolver and a dagger, and was the bearer of a bomb similar to those exploded. Count Orsini, who was arrested at his lodgings upon information given by his servant, is said to have confessed that he threw one of the bombs. These parties, and two others named Gomez and Da Silva, alias Rudio, also in custody, are supposed to be the chiefs in the affair. A police officer from London had arrived in Paris, for the purpose of identifying Pierri and Orsini as having been connected with the affair of Toschini, who escaped from London some time since.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says: "Rudio, the youngest of the assassins' gang, has turned Emperor's evidence and revealed all. The trial comes on on the 8th or 10th February."

THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH.

The *Droit* says: "The bombs were of cast-iron, oblong, and in the form of a pear, and, in the widest part, from four to five inches in diameter. The shock of one of the caps, of which each had several, on a hard substance necessarily caused an explosion. The bombs were loaded with detonating powder. The first thrown at the carriage of the Emperor was just after the vehicle entered the Rue Lepelletier; it did not touch the Emperor, nor even the vehicle; but it wounded about twenty persons. On this the coachman whipped up his horses; but almost immediately a second bomb burst, and one of the horses being struck by three projectiles fell to the ground. A third bomb, thrown with more precision, fell beneath the carriage itself and burst with tremendous force, smashing part of it in pieces. The splinters of this bomb wounded the second horse, which expired some hours after. The coachman, named Ledoux, was wounded in the hand. The only person in the carriage with the Emperor and Empress was General Roguet, and he, as already stated, received a slight injury. The escape of their majesties was quite miraculous. The Emperor received a slight cut on the side of the nose by a piece of glass from the carriage window. Another piece of glass struck the Empress at the corner of the left eye, but left no trace. Superintendent Hebert, of the police, who opened the door of the Emperor's carriage at the moment of the third explosion, was dangerously wounded. The carriage itself was yesterday taken into the court-yard of the Tuileries, and visited by great numbers of persons. All the under part and front of the carriage had the appearance of being blown to pieces."

THE ASSASSINS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "When Pierri was taken to the guard-house, near the spot where he was arrested, the explosion had not yet taken place. In two minutes, however, it reached his ear; he cried out to the guard, 'Do what you like with me; I am content—the blow is struck!' He appeared certain that it had taken effect, but was dismayed when he heard of the Emperor's escape.

"The person named Orsini is, it seems, the same whose extraordinary escape from the prison of Mantua, as recounted in the papers about a year ago, excited so much curiosity. He had been condemned to death by the Austrian tribunals. He had taken a very active part in the Italian revolution in 1848. During the Mazzini domination at Rome Orsini was sent as Commissioner to Ancona to inquire into the assassinations which were of frequent, and even daily, occurrence there. He has been mixed up in various attempts at insurrection since the fall of the Roman Republic. After the explosion of the projectiles he made his way to his lodgings in the Rue Monthabor, and it was owing to the inquiries of his servant at the guard-house of the Rue Lepelletier, who, with agony depicted on his countenance, demanded of the by-standers where his master was, that he was apprehended. He was asked, 'Who was his master?' He remained silent, and fainted. This gave rise to suspicion; he was arrested, and disclosed his master's address. I have heard little of what may be relied upon respecting the two others, named Gomez and Da Silva, otherwise Rudio. They are said to be of an inferior class of men. It is still affirmed that the persons directly and most deeply implicated in this nefarious transaction are Italians. I should add that Orsini had long broken off, at least in appearance, with Mazzini. He was very badly wounded on Thursday night by the explosion."

SUSPENSION OF TWO NEWSPAPERS.

The *Revue de Paris* and the newspaper *Le Spectateur* (formerly the *Assemblée Nationale*) have been suppressed for the publication of articles upholding republican principles. The conductors of the *Estafette* newspaper have been condemned to two months' imprisonment and 500 francs fine, "for an outrage on public morals and religion."

LAST MOMENTS OF RACHEL.

M. Sardoux, proprietor of the house at Cannes where Mademoiselle Rachel died, has written the following letter to M. Mario Uchard:

"CANNES, *January* 4, 1858.

"I do not remember the date of my last letter, my dear Mario, but it must have prepared you for the fatal *dénoûement*. On Friday, when exchanging the compliments of the New Year, poor Rachel embraced me with so much emotion that I saw she was thinking of an eternal farewell in answer to our salutations. Dr. Bergonnier, however, assured us that we might hope still for some days of her life. On Saturday no new incident occurred. Rachel remained as usual in a sort of stupor caused by weakness, from which she was from time to time aroused by intolerable suffering. At last, about midnight, she awoke calm, as if from a deep sleep. She conversed tranquilly with those who were around her bed, and wished to write to her father, but she had not the strength. She then began to dictate a letter, in which her last wishes were expressed. She could not finish it, and fell back to the state of prostration and suffering in which you have seen her. They tried at various times to get her to take some nourishment, but succeeded only with much difficulty; the functions of the stomach, which had hitherto continued sufficiently, had failed in their turn. At eleven o'clock on Sunday expectoration became difficult, and there were fears of suffocation, when a fortunate effort relieved the respiratory organs, and a calm succeeded this crisis. Rachel then desired to resume the letter to her father; she dictated it to the end, re-read it, and then exclaimed, 'Ah! my Rebecca, my dear sister, I am going to see you again; how happy I am!' She then added some words to the letter, signed it, and appeared to fall asleep. This state lasted several hours. Up to this time Sarah had hesitated about calling in the succor of religion, but having witnessed this transport of Rachel, she telegraphed to the Consistory of Nice, who immediately sent ten persons, males and females. They arrived about eight o'clock, and were told to wait a while, fearing that their arrival might produce a fatal excitement. At last, about ten o'clock, a crisis similar to that of the morning occurred, and alarmed the whole house. The physicians declared it would be the last. The religious persons were then admitted. The women and an aged priest drew near the bed and began to chant the prayers for the last agony, in Hebrew. Rachel turned her face toward them, radiant with celestial light, pressed the hand of Sarah, and died with a smile upon her lips. When I arrived, a few hours later, I found every one impressed with the token of divine support that God had given to Rachel. I was not there, my dear friend, but I doubt not Rachel died in the hope of another life."

RACHEL AND DR. VERON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* tells the following story: "It appears that on Rachel's first appearance, at a minor theatre in Paris, the Gymnase, she failed, or rather fell far below her own hopes of success. At this juncture came forward the well-known 'man about town,' familiar to Parisian eyes, and covered with political prestige, by name Louis Véron. His position in the artistic world, to say nothing of his influence over the press, was that of a Jupiter, and is it to be wondered at that when he presented himself before the Leda of the Gymnase, offering her his august patronage, and an engagement at the Théâtre François, that she yielded, like her mythological prototype, but from far other motives, for Monsieur Véron never bore the least resemblance to a swan. A solemn compact, however, was entered into on the occasion, and Monsieur Véron bound himself in honor never to divulge the *liaison*. Rachel's fiery genius, favored by all the critics of Paris (Monsieur Véron being the bellows-holder), soon dazzled the imagination of the electrified public, and she became the acknowledged Queen of Tragedy. Fame decked her brow, and wealth flowed into her coffers. *La donna e Mobile* sings the tenor in 'Rigoletto,' and so it was in this case; for Rachel, tired of her secret *liaison*, notified the luckless Véron of its discontinuance. Now, mark the desperate vengeance of the discarded opera-manager. He forthwith assembled all the penny-a-liners of the Parisian press at a sumptuous dinner at the Café de Paris, who little dreamed of the volcano in the breast of their Amphytrion. While the repast was gayly going on Monsieur Véron dispatched a note to the ill-fated actress, mentioning the journalists and 'men about town' he had gathered about him, and declaring that if she did not return instanter to her allegiance he would break all vows and disclose to his company the fact and proofs of their connection. Rachel recoiled before the menace. Things went on as before for a time, when again she closed her door to Monsieur Véron, who went through just the same ceremony as the first, but this time with a bold defiance from his victim. The ex-retailer of cough lozenges was as good as his threat, and he told at once, with vindictive flourish, the story of poor Rachel's weakness, which next day flew all over Paris, and cut her off, finally, from all the association with the refined and distinguished of her own sex. This pitiful tale has a moral, but so palpable that all may scan it."

WHO IS THE FATHER OF RACHEL'S CHILDREN?

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, in a letter of recent date, says: "Rachel's eldest son, a boy about fourteen, whose father is Count Walewski, is being educated at Geneva, and knew nothing of his mother's death. A friend of mine was requested to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs on this subject, and inquire from him if he did not think it fitting that the boy should be present at the funeral, which takes place to-morrow; but Count Walewski said he did not deem it by any means necessary, and that it would cause the child a sad and disagreeable impression. Most people imagine that the real fact is, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs does not choose that the crowd at Rachel's funeral should say, 'There, that young lad who is chief mourner, and Rachel's son, is the son also of M. Walewski, the first Minister of the Empire.' Besides this, many would have added, 'Ten or twelve years back that boy's father persecuted Rachel, the actress, to become his wife; and what was then termed her good sense, and her friends who surrounded her and besought her not to think of such a thing, alone prevented the marriage.' All this might not be particularly flattering to M. Walewski just now; so the young Alexander Napoleon Viscount Walewski (for he is perfectly acknowledged) is left in school at Geneva, and kept from the public eye."

The *Court Journal* says the recognition by Prince Napoleon of one of the children of the late Mademoiselle Rachel has caused an immense sensation.

THEATRICAL APPLAUSE IN PARIS.

The following story is going the rounds of the Paris papers: "Rachel was in the habit of showing her confidential friends some of the singular epistles which occasionally found their way to her, addressed by all sorts of persons; and the annexed was perhaps the not least curious of them all. The great *tragedienne* had made some complaint touching the strength of the applause provided by the manager as being inadequate to the efforts she was making in creating a new character. She was informed that the chief of the *claque* had been indisposed, and that it was the fault of his deputy. Hearing of Rachel's complaint, this personage addressed her as follows: 'Mademoiselle—I can not remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place: At the first representation I led the attack in person not less than fifty-three times; we had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried out *à la porte*. Some were positively exhausted with fatigue, and even intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. Seeing such to be the case, I applied for the manuscript, and after having profoundly studied the piece I was obliged to make up my mind, for the second representation, to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I, however, applied them only to MM.——; and if the *ad interim* office which I hold affords me the opportunity, I will make them ample amends. In such a situation as that which I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal, and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me. I am, Mademoiselle,' "etc.

CHRISTMAS FOUNDLINGS.

A touching custom has prevailed at Lyons for many years. The first child that is abandoned to the care of the Foundling Hospital the eve of Christmas Day is received with peculiar honor, and attended to with every care. A very handsome cradle, prepared beforehand, receives its little body, the softest coverings give it warmth, the kindest solicitude watches over its slumbers. The whole is designed to present the strongest contrast to the scene in the stable in which the Saviour was received in entering on his earthly existence, and to show that the being condemned here below to perish the victim of vice or misery is saved by the birth of Him who was sent on earth to inculcate charity and good-will among men.

M. GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS.

"M. Guizot, who returned to Paris some days ago," says a correspondent of the *Emancipation* of Brussels, "has delivered to the printer the manuscript of the first volume of his Memoirs. This volume, the publication of which is announced for the 15th January, comprises the political period from 1814 to 1816, that is to say, the time included between the residence of Louis XVIII. at Ghent and the accession of M. Decazes to power."

GERMANY.

MARSHAL RADETZKY SELLING HIS BODY TO A CREDITOR.

The *Evening Post* says: "German papers state that the veteran Radetzky, who it seems was constantly in debt, sold his body, some time previous to his death, to one of his creditors, a linen-draper of Vienna, named Barkfrieder. It appears that Barkfrieder, who had acquired an immense fortune from contracts for furnishing goods to the army in Italy, was desirous of attaining a position among the dignitaries of the Court, and determined by a master-stroke to accomplish his elevation from the plebeian ranks. Radetzky figured extensively in the linen-draper's books—the latter offered to cancel the obligations if the Field Marshal would place his body, after death, at his disposal, to be buried in his country seat at Watzdorf, promising, at the same time, that the veteran's grave should be surmounted by a handsome monument. Radetzky readily assented, and signed a written agreement to that effect. The old soldier now slumbers in the grounds of M. Barkfrieder, whose country seat has become the Mecca of princes, dukes, barons, counts, and generals. The linen-draper's scheme has been crowned with success—members of the imperial family and titled nobles have necessarily become his guests, and he is a member of the 'Court circle.'"

ITALY.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

The *Times* correspondent gives the following, as part of an account of a tour through the district affected by the earthquake: "On entering S. Pietro, which is a suburb of Polla, and is separated from it by a river, they saw a wall, about 10 feet high, cracked from top to bottom, with an image of the Virgin let into it. Both S. Pietro and Polla have suffered awfully; one half of the houses were prostrate; the roofs of all had fallen in, and those which were standing were unsafe. Out of a population of 7000, 1000 have certainly fallen victims; 507 bodies have already been taken out and buried, and on Friday last the horrid work of disinterment was going on. During this day three severe shocks of earthquake were felt throughout the district; the first occurred before daybreak, the second about half-past 12 P.M., when they were standing on the ruins of a church examining the melancholy scene around them. Suddenly the ground began to heave violently, and a heavy sound was heard underneath; the cry of 'Earthquake!' was raised, and they all fled. The wall of a belfry-tower, which was still standing, fell almost upon their heels, and a house close by, which had been leaning out of the perpendicular, also fell, within 20 feet of them. It is difficult to describe the consternation of the people; all ran to the temporary building where Divine service is performed, and the crucifix and the image of the Madonna being brought out all followed in procession, priests and all scourging themselves with ropes."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Our dates from Calcutta are to 24th December. The Furukabad rebels have been defeated in two engagements, in the latter of which, on the 18th, the dispersion of the enemy was complete. Their guns were captured; British loss is trifling. No further intelligence from Oude. The 11th Cavalry mutinied on the 1st of December. They were overtaken near Purneah. Eleven were killed, but the remainder escaped. The 17th Native Infantry are under orders for China. A small force from Delhi, under Colonel Seton, encountered a body of rebels at Guingeree on the 15th December, took the guns, and killed 150 men. The English lost few men and three officers. Again, on the 11th December the same column attacked a strong force of the enemy intrenched at Putalem, near Futteghur, killed about 600 of them, including many chiefs; took eleven guns with their camp, and parted (pursuing?) the routed enemy seven miles. The British loss was trifling, including only one officer killed.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

The Newark *Advertiser* says: "Nothing definite is yet known concerning the fate of the Jersey missionaries in India, though it is supposed they left Futtehgarh on the 2d or 3d of June last and fled down the River Ganges, in company with other missionary families. About this date, according to information furnished the Somerset *Whig*, a large company, composed of the wives and children of the officers, etc., of the East India Company, also left Futtehgarh, and were taken prisoners by Nena Sahib, and were all butchered at Cawnpore.

"It is rumored that the smaller company, in which Mr. Freeman was, were taken and imprisoned a few days and then beheaded. The belief of the relatives now is that they were probably killed at the time of the massacre of the other party. The last intelligence from them was dated in June, at which time they were at Futtehgarh, and in expectation of falling at every moment into the hands of the rebels.

"Mrs. Freeman was a daughter of the Rev. John S. Vredenburgh, formerly pastor of the First Dutch Church in Somerville. After the death of Mr. Vredenburgh she removed to Elizabeth. Mrs. Freeman was, in 1850, married to Rev. Edgar Freeman, a native of New Jersey, and sailed in July for India, where they have since remained, laboring as missionaries of the Presbyterian Board."

HOW THE LADIES WERE DRESSED AT LUCKNOW.

An officer writes: "We have all vacated Lucknow, and some or all are going to Cawnpore. The ladies had to walk out, and I went to see them, expecting to find them looking very miserable. Instead of that they looked quite well, dressed up with white kid gloves, and made me feel quite ashamed of my dirty appearance, as I had been sleeping on the ground in the dirt for several nights. When Sir Colin Campbell went into the Residency he dined there, and they offered him Champagne and claret, which he refused.

CHINA.

MEDIATION BY THE U. S. COMMISSIONER.

Our advices from China are dated at Hong Kong on the 16th of December. The Canton River was declared in blockade by the French naval commander, and Lord Elgin had sent in a British ultimatum to the Chinese authorities, which was to be accepted or rejected in the space of ten days. The Anglo-French force had occupied the Island of Donan, opposite to Canton. A report was circulated to the effect that an offer of mediation, made by the Russian Minister, had been rejected, but that a proposal to that effect, made by the Hon. Mr. Reed, the United States Commissioner, had been accepted.

ST. VALENTINE AND VALENTINES.

The observance of St. Valentine's Day among Christian nations is probably a relic of an ancient Roman custom. The Lupercalia, Roman feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, were held on this day, and among the ceremonies was a game wherein young persons of opposite sexes jocularly chose each other for the year, by lot.

St. Valentine, who has, probably very much against his will, lent his name to the day among Christian nations, was a presbyter of Rome, who was beheaded under the Emperor Claudius.

Birds are supposed to choose their partners about this time of the year, and hence, it is commonly supposed, originated the custom of young people also choosing partners for the year; or, as it is now observed, of sending anonymously amatory or flattering effusions to the objects of their preference.

Whatever may be the moving cause, lovers have observed the day from time immemorial. In England, shortly after the Reformation, it was "a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar," says Bourne, "to draw lots on the eve before Valentine Day. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel, and after that every one draws a name,

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. VALENTINE.

THE PURCHASER OF THE COMIC VALENTINE.

THE PURCHASER OF THE SENTIMENTAL VALENTINE.

which for the present is called their Valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterward." The interchange of amatory epistles on Valentine's Day seems to this day to be thought "of omission" of hymeneal consequences.

In the days of the *Spectator* Valentines partook of the courtly character of the literature of the day. Instead of the caricatures and comic verses which now-days form the staple of Valentine literature, were then circulated courteous professions of attachment and devotion from young man to young maiden, honeyed with compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of an humble hope for the love of the fair one addressed. Fancy Sir Roger de Coverley indicting a Valentine!

In parts of England there is at this day a superstition that the first unmarried person of the male sex met by a young girl on St. Valentine's morning, on walking out, is the destined husband of the fair maid.

In Scotland, on St. Valentine's morning, the lower surprises his mistress, and blindfolds her with his hands, saying—

"Guess, and guess truly, lady mine,
Who is abroad as thy Valentine?
Where are the fingers, and where is the vow,
That press on thy forehead, that bloweth thee now?
Love for such love hath no need of his eyes,
To the loving no lover is known by his signs.
Oh! for a spell on thy lips of love's art!
Say, to my name, dearest! writ on thy heart!"

"Surely thy soul and thy brow understand
The voice of my spirit, the clasp of my hand.
Oh! if they nod not my ridd'n this morn,
That bond must be widow'd, that spirit forlorn.
This is the first when in city and grove
Love is a wanderer seeking for love.
Who is thy fond one now pleading for thine?
Guess, and guess truly, my own Valentine!"

With us, and at the present time, St. Valentine's Day is held sacred to anonymous practical jokes. Ere yet the present system of prepaying postage was inaugurated rival lovers were wont to victimize each other with bulky parcels duly directed in mock feminine hand, as coming from the disputed lady, and slyly committed to the charge of the village postmaster, who took care to levy sufficient postage upon the luckless recipient, whose curiosity was sure to overcome his cupidity. Exaggerated caricatures have taken the place of heavier parcels; and many a spiteful thought, slumbering quietly the year through, finds vent on St. Valentine's Day in anonymous satire.

Yet doubtless many a match has been made even among ourselves by the aid of a "sentimental Val," gratifying the vanity and touching the heart of the wished-for maid, by praising, in second-hand third-rate rhyme, the cool black eyes, the raven tresses, the cherry lips, the pearly teeth, the fawn-like form, and siren voice supposed to be part and parcel of said fortunate young lady. The "sentimental Val" is by no means the least powerful weapon in Cupid's armory. In fact, no history of love can be said to be complete without it. There is something so delightful in the anonymity of the shot; and then what fair one having a dozen lovers, and receiving a dozen Valentines, but chooses her favorite Valentine from the assortment, and in that very deed commits her heart to him whose compliment has best pleased her fancy?

They say "set a thief to catch a thief." How know so well how to use the artillery of love as those who have once won the great battle. This will account for that not unreasonable fear in which widowers are held by prudent bachelors—vide Samuel Weller, Sen., in Pickwick Papers—as well as for the general success of "eligible" widowers in remaking at the expiration of the usual year of sorrowing remembrance.

And we hereby caution all fair maidens among our readers to steel their hearts against all Valentines which do not *certainly* emanate from one or other of their lovers. Thus was our fair friend, Amelia F——, whose curls were laid upon our table but two weeks ago. One year ago Miss Amelia was wont to inform her friends, with an air of the utmost sincerity, that she had determined to live an old maid. She is a fruitful girl—and no doubt she thought as she spoke. Two weeks ago the fair Amelia was married to one who had long sued *cheerily* and *hopelessly* for her hand.

"How did it come about?" we asked her father, as we sat lately in his study, smoking a post-prandial Havana. He laughed and disclosed the plot. The old fox had seen for a long time the love which young Harvey bore the fair Amelia. He knew that she returned it, but, with the obstinacy peculiar to some young fellers, refused to give her suitor an opportunity to "pop the question." Harvey was about giving up in despair, and things had come to a dead lock, when a happy inspiration brought the old gentleman to a stand in the midst of Wall Street.

It was the eve of last St. Valentine's Day. He rushed up to Cozzns's, and expended—I won't tell how large a sum—in the purchase of the most extraordinary "sentimental Val" of the season; inscribed upon the blank leaf some touchingly tender but manly verses "To Amelia," directed the parcel to "Miss Amelia B——, —— Street," and committed it to the tender mercies of the postman.

"That did the work, Sir," said the old fox, triumphantly. "My young lady was brought to her senses. She supposed, of course, that the Valentine came from Harvey; was touched with the manly devotion of the verses, received Harvey favorably when I sent for him to spend an evening with us—permitted him to declare his love; and now, Sir," concluded the old gentleman, throwing the stump of his cigar into the grate, "the happy couple are off for Havana together. Wouldn't I like to be behind the door when Amelia comes to talk about her Valentine!"

What shall we say about feminine motch-making after that?

Every body has noticed the eruption of Valentines on shop windows and counters a few days before the memorable 14th. For guess the amount of capital invested in the manufacture of these missives—amatory and otherwise—or the vast number sold and dispatched each year.

The head-quarters of the manufacture is in New York. Five firms—Messrs. P. C. Cozzns, H. W. Strong, Fisher and Brothers, M'Laughlin and Brothers, and J. Wrigley—have the business chiefly in their hands. There are, besides these, five or six small manufacturers in New York, one at Worcester, Massachusetts, and two in New Hampshire. To Mr. Cozzns we are indebted for some interesting statistics of the present condition of the trade, embodied below. It is only about eighteen years ago that Valentines were first made popular throughout the Union. At that time the manufacturers sent traveling agents through the South and West with samples; and these gentlemanly fellows received, in a majority of cases, a reception to those with whom they wished to deal the ure to be made of the curious missives, and to make a minute of the particular season for which they were prepared. At that time cheap Valentines were very high priced—the commonest "colored comics" being sold from twenty-five to fifty cents. The original "sentimental Vals" were not then made. The "motto" seem took however, there being sufficient mischief in it to make it palatable to human nature. The demand increased so fast that the manufacturers extended their operations, and, by reducing the prices of their wares, soon brought them into almost universal use.

THE RECIPIENT OF THE COMIC VALENTINE.

THE RECIPIENT OF THE SENTIMENTAL VALENTINE.

MAKING VALENTINES.

Although the machinery needed for the manufacture of Valentines is of the simplest description—consisting, in great part, of a few embossing presses, some glue, water colors, and the nimble fingers of expert young ladies (the process of manufacture is shown in our engraving)—the capital invested in the business in America amounts to the large sum of $70,000. The profits, to all concerned, from the manu-

facturer to the smallest retail dealer, are very large. The sales for the last year amounted to over $2o,000, exclusive of the lace and embossed paper and embossed envelopes used by those who prefer originality to second-hand wit — which, counted in, would bring the amount up to $3 0,000. A vast sum to be expended in the idle gratification of what has, somehow, become a national whim.

There were sold, we are assured, last year, over three millions of Valentines, ranging in price (retail) from three cents to thirty dollars. Of this, one would think the great bulk should be comic. But the manufacturers assert that the race is very equally divided between "comical" and "sentimentals;" the actual sale being about one and a half millions of each kind, and the sentimental valentines outvaluing the others very largely.

The manufacturers lead the taste of the public in the way of novelties; but it is curious to know that certain parts of the country demand their wares at certain prices. In the Northern and New England States, it is stated, the demand is chiefly for Valentines ranging in price from three cents to three dollars. In the South and West the favorites sell at from twenty-five cents to twenty dollars each. In the large cities a few are sold each year at prices ranging from twenty to fifty dollars each. The Valentines which sell from two dollars upward are mostly inclosed in fancy boxes, which are imported from Paris for the purpose.

Besides these boxes the lace paper, gold and silver Lion paper, rice paper, satin and crape, are likewise imported. The finest lace and embossed paper, curiously enough, comes from England, the French being inferior to their neighbors across the channel in this branch of mechanic art. Paper flowers, gold and silver embossed ornaments, mottoes, and medallions of different kinds are also imported. The embossed envelopes and much of the plainer embossed papers are also manufactured in New York, and the verses, vines, beads, etc., lithographed in colors, with which Valentines of all prices are decorated, are also prepared here.

Altogether about one hundred hands find employment, the year round, in preparing, assorting, and arranging the materials, and in the embossing, coloring, painting, and other labors which are necessary to complete the three millions of Valentines sold yearly. Of these seventy-five are women, and seventy-five boys and men. The women receive wages according to their taste, skill, and speed in workmanship, varying from three to eight dollars per week. Milliners are counted the best hands, as these have some practice in the arrangement of artificial flowers, and the pleasing combination of colors, on which depends, in great measure, the success of a pattern — as well as greater nicety in handling the minute specimens of decorative art which, properly arranged, make up the high-priced "sentimental Val." Men are employed to move the embossing presses, and boys to dash the "cheap comics," wherein the infamous artist belle hath her pet vex some haughty maiden.

Imported Valentines do not succeed. Many of those containing moving figures are brought from England; but even these ingenious contrivances do not obtain the approval of Brother Jonathan, whose idea of a joke is evidently something entirely different from that of his cousin John Bull. About ten thousand dollars' worth of various styles of Valentines were imported last year, but the venture does not pay. The rule principle is strictly adhered to by our manufacturers. One firm employs three travelers, who start out in October of each year, and return in February, sending home orders meanwhile, and securing trade. The annual rush of business lasts generally about ten days — that is to say, four days before the 14th, and five days after.

In the opinion of our informant, the students of the University of Virginia display uniformly the best taste in their selections, and the orders filled for their use have to be chosen with more care than any others.



BOARDING-SCHOOL ON ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

We trust the young gentlemen of the University will do honor to our mention of them, by answering more than usual care bestowed after upon their selection of Valentines. Their cheap comics should be funnier than ever; their "moving figured V.'s" should move to risibility not only themselves, but also their recipients. And as to their "sentimental V.'s," if they do not, in their choice of them, display the most faultless taste and judgment, they may expect the compliance of their young lady friends to be warmly entertained by the *Lounger* of *Harper's Weekly*.

In this matter of selecting Valentines we trust all our readers will do justice, not only to themselves, but also to their victims. There should be some point to the joke when young Smoky sends a "cheap comic" to his crusty neighbor over the way. In such case even old Crusty may be induced to laugh, and have a better opinion than before of the wit of his vivacious. And we may be permitted to suggest that there is no point, not even the last end of a joke, when Mr. Impudence sends a hideous caricature of a crea female to Miss Arrabina, his kind old maiden aunt. He may laugh over his ill-natured jest now. He will not laugh some day, when, looking over the papers of the kind old lady, he shall find these such Illustrated "cheap comic," but, tied up with ribbon of faded rose color, the courtly proffer of some old-time lover's love, which the good soul could not accept, but valued yet enough to lay away among her hidden treasures.

As for young William's choice of a "sentimental Val" for his adored Anna Maria, that is altogether too solemn and important a matter for us to venture advice upon; and we leave that young man to his fate, with the ardent hope that he may get through the important operation without breaking his heart or spoiling his mustache. One thing, however, he should not attempt; namely, to originate the rhymes with whose jingle the musical ear of Anna Maria is to be made captive. Let him take advice in this particular at least, and borrow of Byron or Moore that which, if constructed by himself will only proclaim him a donkey.



THE FIRST VALENTINE.

HAVELOCK.

[From Punch.]

He is gone. Heaven's will is best:
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old cathedral gloom,
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight,
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.
Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald's verse:
Let us hear no words of Fame
Sounding loud a deathless name:
Tell us of no vauntful Glory
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
"*In Hoc Signo*," pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the Crown for Duty done.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XV.

"When God wills, all winds bring rain."—*Ancient Proverb.*

The manager had not submitted to the loss of his property in Sophy and £100, without taking much vain trouble to recover the one or the other. He had visited Jasper while that gentleman lodged in St. James's, but the moment he hinted at the return of the £100, Mr. Losely opened both door and window, and requested the manager to make his immediate choice of the two. Taking the more usual mode of exit, Mr. Rugge vented his just indignation in a lawyer's letter, threatening Mr. Losely with an action for conspiracy and fraud. He had also more than once visited Mrs. Crane, who somewhat soothed him by allowing that he had been very badly used, that he ought at least to be repaid his money, and promising to do her best to persuade Mr. Losely to "behave like a gentleman." With regard to Sophy herself, Mrs. Crane appeared to feel a profound indifference. In fact, the hatred which Mrs. Crane had unquestionably conceived for Sophy while under her charge, was much diminished by Losely's unnatural conduct toward the child. To her it was probably a matter of no interest whether Sophy was in Rugge's hands or Waife's; enough for her that the daughter of a woman against whose memory her fiercest passions were enlisted was, in either case, so far below herself in the grades of the social ladder.

Perhaps of the two protectors for Sophy—Rugge and Waife—her spite alone would have given the preference to Waife. He was on a still lower step of the ladder than the itinerant manager. Nor, though she had so mortally injured the forlorn cripple in the eyes of Mr. Hartopp, had she any deliberate purpose of revenge to gratify against *him*? On the contrary, if she viewed him with contempt, it was a contempt not unmixed with pity. It was necessary to make to the mayor the communications she had made, or that worthy magistrate would not have surrendered the child intrusted to him, at least until Waife's return. And really it was a kindness to the old man to save him both from an agonizing scene with Jasper, and from the more public opprobrium which any resistance on his part to Jasper's authority, or any altercation between the two, would occasion. And as her main object then was to secure Losely's allegiance to her, by proving her power to be useful to him, so Waifes, and Sophys, and Mayors, and Managers, were to her but as pawns to be moved and sacrificed, according to the leading strategy of her game.

Rugge came now, agitated and breathless, to inform Mrs. Crane that Waife had been seen in London. Mr. Rugge's clown had seen him, not far from the Tower; but the cripple had disappeared before the clown, who was on the top of an omnibus, had time to descend. "And even if he had actually caught hold of Mr. Waife," observed Mrs. Crane, "what then? You have no claim on Mr. Waife."

"But the Phenomenon must be with that ravishing marauder," said Rugge. "However, I have set a minister of justice, that is, ma'am, a detective police, at work; and what I now ask of you is simply this—should it be necessary for Mr. Losely to appear with me before the senate, that is to say, ma'am, a metropolitan police court, in order to prove my legal property in my own bought and paid-for Phenomenon, will you induce that bold, bad man, not again to return the poisoned chalice to my lips?"

"I do not even know where Mr. Losely is—perhaps not in London."

"Ma'am, I saw him last night at the theatre—Princess's. I was in the shilling gallery. He who owes me £100, ma'am—he in a private box!"

"Ah! you are sure; by himself?"

"With a lady, ma'am—a lady in a shawl from Ingee. I know them shawls. My father taught me to know them in early childhood, for he was an ornament to British commerce—a broker, ma'am—pawn! And," continued Rugge, with a withering smile, "that man in a private box, which at the Princess's costs two pounds two, and with the spoils of Ingee by his side, lifted his eye-glass and beheld me; me in the shilling gallery, and his conscience did not say 'should we not change places if I paid that gentleman £100?' Can such things be, and overcome us, ma'am, like a summer-cloud, without our special—I put it to you, ma'am—wonder?"

"Oh, with a lady, was he!" exclaimed Arabella Crane; her wrath, which, while the manager spoke, gathered fast and full, bursting now into words—"His ladies shall know the man who sells his only child for a show; only find out where the girl is, then come here again before you stir further. Oh, with a lady! Go to your detective policeman, or, rather, send him to me; we will first discover Mr. Losely's address. I will pay all the expenses. Rely on my zeal, Mr. Rugge."

Much comforted, the manager went his way. He had not been long gone before Jasper himself appeared. The traitor entered with a more than customary bravado of manner, as if he apprehended a scolding, and was prepared to face it; but Mrs. Crane neither reproached him for his prolonged absence, nor expressed surprise at his return. With true feminine duplicity she received him as if nothing had happened. Jasper, thus relieved, became of his own accord apologetic and explanatory; evidently he wanted something of Mrs. Crane. "The fact is, my dear friend," said he, sinking into a chair, "that the day after I last saw you, I happened to go to the General Post-office to see if there were any letters for me—you smile, you don't believe me. Honor bright—here they are," and Jasper took from the side-pocket of his coat a pocket-book—a new pocket-book—a brilliant pocket-book—fragrant Russian leather—delicately embossed—golden clasps—silken lining—jeweled pencil-case—malachite penknife—an arsenal of nick-nacks stored in neat recesses; such a pocket-book as no man ever gives to himself. Sardanapalus would not have given that pocket-book to himself! Such a pocket-book never comes to you, oh, enviable Lotharios, save as tributary keepsakes from the charmers who adore you! Grimly the Adopted Mother eyed that pocket-book. Never had she seen it before. Grimly she pinched her lips. Out of this dainty volume—which would have been of cumbrous size to a slim thread-paper exquisite, but scarcely bulged into ripple the Atlantic expanse of Jasper Losely's magnificent chest—the monster drew forth two letters on French paper—foreign postmarks. He replaced them quickly, only suffering her eye to glance at the address, and continued: "Fancy! that purse-proud Grand Turk of an infidel, though he would not believe me, has been to France—yes, actually to * * * * *—making inquiries evidently with reference to Sophy. The woman who ought to have thoroughly converted him took flight, however, and missed seeing him. Confound her! I ought to have been there. So I have no doubt for the present the Pagan remains stubborn. Gone on into Italy, I hear; doing me, violating the laws of nature, and roving about the world with his own solitary hands in his bottomless pocket, like the Wandering Jew! But, as some slight set-off in my run of ill-luck, I find at the Post-office a pleasanter letter than the one which brings me this news: A rich elderly lady, who has no family, wants to adopt a nice child, will take Sophy; make it worth my while to let her have Sophy. 'Tis convenient in a thousand ways to settle one's child comfortably in a rich house—establishes rights, subject, of course, to *cheques* which would not affront *me*—a Father! But the first thing requisite is to catch Sophy; 'tis in that I ask your help—you are so clever. Best of creatures! what could I do without you? As you say, whenever I want a friend I come to you—Bella!"

Mrs. Crane surveyed Jasper's face deliberately. It is strange how much more readily women read the thoughts of men than men detect those of women. "You know where the child is," said she, slowly.

"Well, I take it for granted she is with the old man; and I have seen him—seen him yesterday."

"Go on; you saw him—where?"

"Near London Bridge."

"What business could you possibly have in that direction? Ah! I guess, the railway-station—to Dover—you are going abroad?"

"No such thing—you are so horridly suspicious. But it is true I had been to the station inquiring after some luggage or parcels which a friend of mine had ordered to be left there—now, don't interrupt me. At the foot of the bridge I caught a sudden glimpse of the old man—changed—altered—aged—one eye lost. You had said I should not know him again, but I did; I should never have recognized his face. I knew him by the build of the shoulder, a certain turn of the arms—I don't know what; one knows a man familiar to one from birth without seeing his face. Oh, Bella! I declare that I felt as soft—as soft as the silliest muff who ever—" Jasper did not complete his comparison, but paused a moment, breathing hard, and then broke into another sentence. "He was selling something in a basket—matches, boot-straps, deuce knows what. He! a clever man, too! I should have liked to drop into that d—d basket all the money I had about me."

"Why did not you?"

"Why? How could I? He would have recognized me. There would have been a scene—a row—a flare up—a mob round us, I dare say. I had no idea it would so upset me; to see him selling matches, too; glad we did not meet at Gatesboro'. Not even for that £100 do I think I could have faced him. No—as he said when we last parted, 'The world is wide enough for both.' Give me some brandy—thank you."

"You did not speak to the old man—he did not see you—but you wanted to get back the child; you felt sure she must be with him; you followed him home?"

"I? No; I should have had to wait for hours. A man like me, loitering about London Bridge!—I should have been too conspicuous—he would have soon caught sight of me, though I kept on his blind side. I employed a ragged boy to watch and follow him, and here is the address. Now, will you get Sophy back for me without any trouble to me, without my appearing? I would rather charge a regiment of Horse Guards than bully that old man."

"Yet you would rob him of that child—his sole comfort?"

"Bother!" cried Losely, impatiently: "the child can be only a burden to him; well out of his way; 'tis for the sake of that child he is selling matches! It would be the greatest charity we could do him to set him free from that child sponging on him, dragging him down; without her he'd find a way to shift for himself. Why, he's even cleverer than I am! And there—there—give him this money, but don't say it came from me."

He thrust, without counting, several sovereigns—at least twelve or fourteen—into Mrs. Crane's palm; and so powerful a charm has goodness the very least, even in natures the most evil, that that unusual, eccentric, inconsistent gleam of human pity in Jasper Losely's benighted soul, shed its relenting influence over the angry, wrathful, and vindictive feelings with which Mrs. Crane the moment before regarded the perfidious miscreant; and she gazed at him with a sort of melancholy wonder. What! though so little sympathizing with affection that he could not comprehend that he was about to rob the old man of a comfort which no gold could repay—what! though so contemptuously callous to his own child—yet there in her hand lay the unmistakable token that a something of humanity, compunction, compassion, still lingered in the breast of the greedy cynic; and at that thought all that was softest in her own human nature moved toward him—indulgent—gentle. But in the rapid changes of the heart-feminine, the very sentiment that touched upon love brought back the jealousy that bordered upon hate. How came he by so much money? more than days ago, he, the insatiate spendthrift, had received for his taskwork? And that Pocket-book!

"You have suddenly grown rich, Jasper?"

For a moment he looked confused, but replied, as he re-helped himself to the brandy, "Yes, *rouge-et-noir*—luck. Now do go and see after this affair, that's a dear, good woman. Get the child to-day, if you can. I will call here in the evening."

"Should you take her, then, abroad at once to this worthy lady who will adopt her? If so, we shall meet, I suppose, no more; and I am assisting you to forget that I live still."

"Abroad—that crotchet of yours again. You are quite mistaken—in fact, the lady is in London. It was for her effects that I went to the station. Oh, don't be jealous—quite elderly."

"Jealous, my dear Jasper; you forget. I am as your mother. One of your letters, then, announced this lady's intended arrival. You were in correspondence with this—elderly lady?"

"Why, not exactly in correspondence. But when I left Paris I gave the General Post-office as my address to a few friends in France. And this lady, who took an interest in my affairs (ladies, whether old or young, who have once known me, always do), was aware that I had expectations with respect to the child. So, some days ago, when I was so badly off, I wrote a line to tell her that Sophy had been no go, and that but for a dear friend (that is you) I might be on the *pavé*. In her answer, she said she should be in London as soon as I received her letter; and gave me an address here at which to learn where to find her when arrived—a good old soul, but strange to London. I have been very busy, helping her to find a house, recommending tradesmen, and so forth. She likes style, and can afford it. A pleasant house enough; but our quiet evenings here spoil me for any thing else. Now get on your bonnet, and let me see you off."

"On one condition, my dear Jasper; that you stay here till I return."

Jasper made a wry face. But, as it was near dinner-time, and he never wanted for appetite, he at length agreed to employ the interval of her absence in discussing a meal, which experience had told him Mrs. Crane's new cook would, not unskillfully, though hastily, prepare. Mrs. Crane left him to order the dinner, and put on her shawl and bonnet. But, gaining her own room, she rung for Bridgett Greggs; and when that confidential servant appeared, she said: "In the side-pocket of Mr. Losely's coat there is a Pocket-book; in it there are some letters which I must see. I shall appear to go out, leave the street-door ajar, that I may slip in again unobserved. You will serve dinner as soon as possible. And when Mr. Losely, as usual, exchanges his coat for the dressing-gown, contrive to take out that pocket-book unobserved by him. Bring it to me here, in this room: you can as easily replace it afterward. A moment will suffice to my purpose."

Bridgett nodded, and understood. Jasper, standing by the window, saw Mrs. Crane leave the house, walking briskly. He then threw himself on the sofa, and began to doze: the doze deepened, and became sleep. Bridgett, entering to lay the cloth, so found him. She approached on tiptoe—sniffed the perfume of the pocket-book—saw its gilded corners peep forth from its lair. She hesitated—she trembled—she was in mortal fear of that truculent slumberer; but sleep lessens the awe thieves feel, or heroes inspire. She has taken the pocket-book—she has fled with the booty—she is in Mrs. Crane's apartment, not five minutes after Mrs. Crane has regained its threshold.

Rapidly the jealous woman ransacked the pocket-book—started to see, elegantly worked with gold threads, in the lining, the words, "Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle"—no other letters, save the two, of which Jasper had vouchsafed to her but the glimpse. Over these she hurried her glittering eyes; and when she restored them to their place, and gave back the book to Bridgett, who stood by, breathless and listening, lest Jasper should awake, her face was colorless, and a kind of shudder seemed to come over her. Left alone, she rested her face on her hand, her lips moving as if in self-commune. Then, noiselessly she glided down the stairs, regained the street, and hurried fast upon her way.

Bridgett was not in time to restore the book to Jasper's pocket, for when she re-entered he was turning round and stretching himself between sleep and waking. But she dropped the book skillfully on the floor, close beside the sofa; it would seem to him, on waking, to have fallen out of the pocket in the natural movements of sleep.

And in fact, when he rose, dinner now on the table, he picked up the pocket-book without suspicion. But it was lucky that Bridgett had not waited for the opportunity suggested by her mistress. For when Jasper put on the dressing-gown, he observed that his coat wanted brushing; and, in giving it to the servant for that purpose, he used the precaution of taking out the pocket-book, and placing it in some other receptacle of his dress.

Mrs. Crane returned in less than two hours—returned with a disappointed look, which at once prepared Jasper for the intelligence that the birds to be entrapped had flown.

"They went away this afternoon," said Mrs. Crane, tossing Jasper's sovereigns on the table, as if they burned her fingers. "But leave the fugitives to me. I will find them."

Jasper relieved his angry mind by a series of guilty but meaningless expletives; and then, seeing no farther use to which Mrs. Crane's wits could be applied at present, finished the remainder of her brandy, and wished her good-night, with a promise to call again, but without any intimation of his own address. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Crane once more summoned Bridgett.

"You told me last week that your brother-in-law, Simpson, wished to go to America, that he had the offer of employment there, but that he could not afford the fare of the voyage. I promised I would help him if it was a service to you."

"You are a hangel, Miss!" exclaimed Bridgett, dropping a low courtesy—so low that it seemed as if she was going on her knees. "And may you have your deserts in the next blessed world, where there are no black-hearted villings."

"Enough, enough," said Mrs. Crane, recoiling, perhaps, from that grateful benediction. "You have been faithful to me, as none else have ever been; but this time I do not serve you in return so much as I meant to do. The service is reciprocal, if your brother-in-law will do me a favor. He takes with him his daughter, a mere child. Bridgett, let them enter their names on the steam-vessel as William and Sophy Waife; they can, of course, resume their own name when the voyage is over. There is the fare for them, and something more. Pooh, no thanks. I can spare the money. See your brother-in-law the first thing in the morning; and remember they go by the next vessel, which sails from Liverpool on Thursday."

LOTTY LOWE.

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
You know my love, you know my woe,
I think of you where'er I go
You charming, wicked Lotty Lowe!

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
See the crested corn-cobs grow—
My love for you grows twice as fast,
But at this rate things can not last.

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
I wonder if your tears will flow
If you some day behold a grave
Down by the red Missouri's wave.

Ah, Lotty Lowe, the summer flies!
Ah, Lotty Lowe, the green leaf dies!
I need not fall, I need not flee,
If you a summer make for me!

WHAT A BOTTLE OF BRANDY DID.

AN EPISODE IN THE "PATRIOT WAR."

"We came more than once very near fighting," said the Canadian Colonel, as we watched the first "regular train" crossing the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

"About the *Caroline* affair, do you mean?"

"No. That was not the most critical time, though Sir Francis Head, the most wrong-headed fellow in her Majesty's service, did his best to put things into a muddle."

"Was it when we caught that poor fool M'Leod, and came so near hanging him?"

"No. It was before that. Both Governments had time to get cool, and saw that it was folly to go to war about him."

"Still, if he had been found guilty of the murder of Duffy, we must have hung him; and as your Government had assumed the responsibility of the affair, how could you avoid making it a case of war?"

"A little diplomacy settled all that. We agreed to find witnesses who would swear to an *alibi*, and you agreed to believe them. Upon my honor, I think you undertook the more difficult task."

"How and when was it that we came so near coming to blows? and what prevented the catastrophe?"

"It was prevented by a bottle of bad brandy. The affair is a portion of the unwritten history of the times, and is worth the telling."

"How was it, Colonel?"

"It was not long after the burning of the *Caroline*, and there was excitement enough on both sides of the line. We had a couple of thousand men, and the Patriots were encamped on Navy Island. We had no very definite information as to their numbers. Some said there were five hundred; others guessed them at three times as many. But few or many, they had plenty of artillery and small arms, as I once came near finding out to my cost when I approached the Island in command of a reconnoitring force. They peppered away at us, and it is a wonder that we were not blown out of the water. We had fitted out an armed flotilla, consisting of two schooners and a couple of scows, for the purpose of covering a landing upon the Island. But as we could not at the time command a sufficient number of boats, our squadron lay inactive in the river a few miles above. Your Government had in the mean time sent General Scott to the frontiers to try and keep the peace. A noble fellow is the General! He has saved you and us more than one war. Don't you think your Government is acting rather shabbily, quibbling about a few dollars more or less?"

"It looks like it, Colonel. But depend upon it, all will be right at last. The country knows too well what it owes to the old veteran to suffer any injustice to be done to him."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "we lay in the river commanding the access to Navy Island, and General Scott had erected a battery on the shore commanding us, and within point-blank range. About this time the little steamer *Barcelona* dropped down from Buffalo to Fort Schlosser, carrying, as every body supposed, recruits and supplies to our neighbors on Navy Island. However, we ascertained from our spies that her papers were all regular—a peaceful trader plying between two American ports—and we could not interfere. We afterward learned that she had commenced running between Schlosser and Navy Island on 'picnic' excursions and such-like peaceful errands. We had no means of hindering *that*, and said nothing.

"One day intelligence reached our head-quarters at Chippewa that the *Barcelona* was about to ascend the river to Buffalo for further supplies. To do this she must come within reach of our flotilla, and our commander, Captain Graham, received orders from Colonel M'Nab and Captain Drew to arrest her. But on the very day before she was to ascend, Colonel Hughes of the 24th arrived at Chippewa; and as he outranked M'Nab, he took the command. His first step was to forbid Captain Drew to interfere with any vessel ascending the river under American colors. Much against his will the Captain was forced to send an order to this effect to the commander of the flotilla.

"At dinner Colonel Hughes changed his mind, and sent to Graham an order to 'Stop the *Barcelona*, peaceably, if possible; but at all events to stop her.'"

"The mess must have had very good Port," suggested we.

"Very likely they did; and it came near costing us dear," rejoined the Colonel. "I am an old soldier now, and may safely own that I did not at all relish our position. It was easy enough, to be sure, for us to stop the *Barcelona*. We could have blown her out of the water in two minutes; but, unluckily, Scott's battery could do *us* the same kind turn in about three-fourths of the time. We soon had evidence that he was quite determined to do so if necessary. For hardly had we received our orders to stop the *Barcelona*, before a boat approached the flotilla from the American shore with a message from General Scott to the effect that, if we interfered with the steamer, he should consider it equivalent to a declaration of war, and would sink our squadron *instanter*. We were very well aware that a couple of rounds from his battery would be quite sufficient for the purpose.

"Our bluff Captain replied that he had orders to stop the *Barcelona*, and stop her he would. So we took a quiet glass of brandy and smoked a cigar with the very gentlemanly young American officer who had brought us General Scott's message, which, under the circumstances, was equivalent to our death-warrant. He took a very courteous leave of us and returned to the American side.

"'Old Graham,' as we called him, now issued his orders to the vessels of the squadron. We were to put springs on our cables, so as to be able to engage the American battery, after we had taken the *Barcelona*. Considering how completely we were in its power, this would have appeared a capital joke, had it not been a matter of life and death.

"I very well knew that Old Graham would go to the bottom before he would swerve from obeying orders; but being, as I have said, a young officer, it would not do to show any alarm; so I turned in to what was likely to be my last night's sleep.

"The morning broke gloriously. The thermometer stood a number of degrees below zero, and a sharp north wind blew away the mist, and showed the trees on both banks glittering in the rays of the rising sun, as though every twig was hung with diamonds. By-and-by we saw the *Barcelona* shoot out from the island, and move slowly up stream toward us. Orders were passed to light our slow matches, in readiness for action. At this moment the bugles in the American batteries sounded a call; we could see the gunners fall into their places, load their pieces, and bring a couple of them to bear directly upon each of our vessels. We were so near that we could actually see them light their slow matches.

"All this time the *Barcelona* kept creeping up toward us. She was a slow boat at best, and wind and current being against her, she did not make more than a couple of miles an hour; but even at this rate, half an hour would bring her up to us, when we were sure Graham would order us to fire upon her; which we were just as sure would be followed by Scott's firing upon us, and sending us to keep her company at the bottom. It would have been an even chance which of us went first over the Falls.

"Just at this moment we saw a dragoon on our side hailing us, and holding up a dispatch from head-quarters. A gig was sent, and the document was brought on board. It was from Colonel Hughes, and was short, and to the point:

"'Under no circumstance will Captain Graham interfere with any vessel bearing the American flag.'

"I am not now afraid to own that I was delighted at this new order, though I would not then have acknowledged it for the world. Graham swore like a trooper, but had no other alternative than to give orders to the commanders of the other vessels to let the *Barcelona* pass. They swore too, and seemed vastly grieved that they had lost such a capital chance of going to the bottom.

"Meanwhile the *Barcelona* puffed lazily up, and as she passed between our vessels we were saluted with a cheer from her decks, which in no wise tended to soothe our ruffled feelings.

"Hardly was the steamer out of sight, when a boat was seen approaching us from Chippewa. It bore an officer charged to arrest Captain Graham for disobedience of orders and neglect of duty in suffering the *Barcelona* to pass. He was sent to head-quarters to give an account of himself. He produced the dispatch forbidding him to interfere with any vessel under American colors. Its purport was unmistakable, and there was no doubt of the genuineness of the signature of Colonel Hughes; but it was neither dated nor numbered.

"The whole matter was soon explained. It seems that Captain Lockwood was in command of a troop of dragoons, who were on patrol duty along the river. Happening early in the morning to enter a small grog-shop midway between Chippewa and the station of the flotilla, he espied a dragoon stretched out on the floor, as drunk as a lord. Upon searching him an order was found on his person, directed to 'Captain Graham, in command of the flotilla.' Lockwood at once dispatched this by his own orderly, the original bearer being too drunk to explain how long it had been in his possession. It turned out to be the first order of Colonel Hughes, sent *before dinner* on the preceding day; and to which he had fortunately forgotten to affix any date or number. Graham receiving it the day after, very naturally concluded that it was subsequent to the one ordering him to stop the *Barcelona*; and so, sorely against his grain, he allowed her to pass."

"Had the dragoon kept sober, he would have delivered his dispatch the day before?" suggested we.

"And Graham would have stopped the *Barcelona*, and—"

"Scott would have fired upon your flotilla, and—"

"I should not have had the pleasure of narrating this incident to you."

"War would have been inevitable, think you?"

"How could it have been avoided, with Sir Francis Head to give his version of the story to our Government, and the red-hot 'sympathizers' on your side?"

"We should have 'annexed' the Canadas," said I, confidently.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not. At all events not before our fleet had bombarded New York and Boston," replied the Colonel.

"If you had gone to war with us seventeen years ago, you would hardly have been in a condition to have fought Russia, just now."

"Nor would you have cared to fight Mexico, and the gold of California would not have been discovered."

"Quite possibly," assented we.

"So," moralized the Colonel, "that bottle of bad brandy has changed the course of the world's history for a century."

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

Bravely the Pilot sailed to sea,
  Down the Bay and out of the Narrows;
His sails were trim, and the wind was free,
  And his crew were merry as morning sparrows;
But none were blither of heart than he,
  As he went sailing out of the Narrows.

He sailed to meet the mighty ships,
  From distant countries across the ocean,
With a jolly sea-ditty upon his lips
  That sang of a sailor's brave devotion.
So with trolling tongue, and hands on hips,
  The Pilot went sailing over the ocean.

But by-and-by the sky grew black,
  And he heard the growl of the fierce nor'wester;
So he looked to his boat, and altered her tack,
  And cried, "Now, boys, we're about to test her;
For, sure as I float, we're right in the track
  Of a tearing, swearing old nor'wester!"

The clouds came down like a wild-fowl flight,
  And the north-winds roared their awful chorus;
The lightning flashed through the stormy night,
  Till the skies themselves seemed split and porous;
And the brave boat sank in that ocean white,
  While crew and captain prayed in chorus!

But the Pilot's wife, from red sunrise,
  Sits at the Battery, waiting gravely
To see her husband's number arise
  When he shall sail through the Narrows bravely.
Ah! how patient and calm her eyes,
  As she sits at the Battery, waiting gravely!

The boatmen loafing on bench and grass,
  As they look on her feel their heart-strings soften;
They touch their hats when they see her pass,
  To the sad look-out where she sits so often.
"Poor thing!" they cry, "she is crazed, alas!"
  And their rough old hearts on a sudden soften.

LEAVES FROM A CHRISTMAS-TREE;

OR, THOUGHTS THAT HANG ON PLAYTHINGS.

Pleasure is but a ball that a child runs after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it stops.

The character that has holes pierced in it isn't worth a pin, and you can say the same of a child's drum.

The child takes a pleasure in blowing its trumpet. What is music to itself is discord to others; and yet it will persevere for hours. The man becomes often as great a nuisance when he allows his vanity to be incessantly pushing him before others to blow his own trumpet!

A gong that is sounded too loudly only startles people. So, in sounding your praises, you can not do it with too light a hand. If you sound them too thumpingly persons will only run away from you, or else put their fingers in their ears, to prevent their being bored with such empty noise.

The performer on a tin fiddle reminds one of the prosperous fool who is always boasting of having accumulated a large fortune.

We generally make the most of any little danger. We shriek one moment and laugh at our fears the next, like young ladies pulling bonbon crackers. Most apprehensions have a ridiculous or a pleasant termination. The end is generally a motto or a sweetmeat.

The doll that speaks too frequently ends badly. The possession of its gift is the cause of its destruction. To find out the secret of its inspiration it is picked to pieces. It is the fate of genius all over.

Scandal flies much like a kite, according to the length of the *tale* it has to carry.

At Christmas-time, in the society of children, every one is *presentable*; but more especially he who comes laden with presents.

Whipping may make a humming-top go spinningly enough; but it is thrown away on boys. Xerxes, after his ships were wrecked, flogged the sea; but we never heard of the sea having taken a moral turn from that moment. In the same way many boys are wrecked at school, and the schoolmaster in his rage flogs the boy for it.

The full mind, like a money-box that is full, makes no noise; but the empty mind, like a money-box with only two or three coins in it, keeps up such an incessant rattle that its emptiness soon betrays itself to all.

A wooden sword has this advantage—that it doesn't wear out the scabbard. The same can be said of a body with a wooden soul in it!

It is pleasant to see a green old age, like a Christmas-tree, comfortably boxed in at home. It is pleasant to see its trunk, bent beneath the weight of riches, surrounded by a host of happy children. It is pleasant to see it stretching out its hospitable arms to all, as though it were anxious to embrace the entire party. It is pleasant to see it blossoming with generous things, and shedding a cheerful light on the gay circle it delights in drawing around it. And it is pleasant to see it distributing with a lavish hand the treasures it has accumulated on all branches, and to notice its head rising higher every time it parts with a fresh gift!

THE WRONG BURGLAR.

"Perhaps I should say the 'wronged' burglar," said my friend Barrister H—— (from whom I received the following narrative as we were steaming down from Albany last week behind the locomotive "Superior"); "wronged, because he was legally convicted of one burglary, when he was only morally guilty of another."

Returning from the Court of Appeals, we had been giving reminiscences of our early professional career. What preceded the story is unnecessary to recount.

"I had unsuccessfully defended him before Recorder Riker, nearly a quarter century since, for breaking into a Pearl Street store"—was the point at which I pursue my friend's narrative. "The testimony fixed him in the vicinity of the crime, and he could not explain his presence there, nor could he give testimony of that good character which the Judges in Cancemi's case have just held of such weight—so much so, that we shall never again convict men of a *first* offense! But he was not guilty, and why not I will tell" (continued H——), "as I paraphrase his own story, narrated in his cell the night before he went up.

"'Stony Davis and I,' said the culprit, 'and by Stony Davis I means the hard-faced man as brought you the fee (we've been pals for thirty years), were agoing that night to pay a sort of outside visit to a German store in Maiden Lane. When we looks around a place to see about bolts, and inside fixins, and who leaves last and cums fust, and where the safe-keys are left, and all sich-like things, that's wot we calls an outside visit. It's never policy to go into a store and take things fust off: that ought to be left to another time—and the blowing, washy nights, them's the times for a full crack! Well, Stony Davis and me was there with our jimmy and lantern when the alarm from Pearl Street was given, and Stony was fool enough to run, instead of dodging into an area. Of course I had to follow, and that made the pavement tramp the harder; but as Stony ran fastest he got off. I was nabbed with the jimmy, and that killed me on the trial, as you sed it would. But the porter's gabber about recognizing me in the daytime prowling about the store was lively fancy, cos I never seed the place nowise. It was good retribution, as the Judge called it, though; for among my first burglaries in London, afore I come over, I shot one of his tribe—one of those porter men: and I dare say I'm to be punished for that after all the years gone by since it wer done. When that thing happened, they arrested no end of wrong chaps for that, and the Coroner blundered hisself into a mess. This was the way. The store had a little house next to it. Stony Davis and I hired rooms there, as emigrants just come over from Antwerp, and the rooms were against the store. Maybe we didn't look German though, with our false beards and pipes. The big chests over which the landlord and the carriers sweated were filled with pieces of scrap-iron! We kept up a very good character there for a week, and made one or two visits inside of the store about a bogus draft we had, and looked around pretty well fust. But one Saturday night, about midnight, we began operations. The windows were hung with sheets and heavy brown paper, and the door was well stuffed. The feather-bed spread on the floor was to catch the pieces of mortar; and, by good luck, the floor of the second story of the store started from about my height. Stony Davis had laid in a good five gallon of ale, and we went at it by turns. There was two walls to break through, and we couldn't give hard blows, but had to pick as it were. The fust wall must have been built fifty years—the mortar was a sight harder than the brick. So it was ten o'clock Sunday morning, at least, afore we got a hole through, and we were pretty near gone—nothin' but the ale kept us up. Next we had to widen the hole by chunking and scraping it, but that was not so bad; still it was afternoon before we got it well through. Stony Davis was tougher than I—there's where he gets his name from—so he went in fust, and I followed. We struck a light, and, blazes! what a sight. They had been taking what the tradesfolk call "account stock," and there had been no end of measurin' and unfolding. The shawls and silks and satins were piled on the counters. Stony Davis fairly hugged me, and sez he, "Plimmy, my dear, we can go half over England and not find this, and now we shall live like publicans!" So we went right to work. Shawls we gave the go-by—they are too bulky, and don't sell to the nunkies and fences so well. Velvets, them's the go! So are satins. They make sweet packages, and stow away like ribbons! It didn't take long to get the scrap-iron out of one chest, and put in the things. The papers said what was right: every blessed bit of velvet and satin went, and how *we* lost them too you'll see in a minute. When the chest was full, we agreed to send Stony Davis off t'other side of Holborn, to Jew Mose, and fence the swag. We dressed up German again, as if "*mine frien*" was going away. There was a carrier hard by, although it was Sunday—he had been carrying a small-pox corpse to a grave-yard, and was in spirits for a job to ventilate himself—so we got him. Blowed if the street warn't charmed with the tears I shed over "mine frien" at the door as we parted. I kissed him on the nose and ears and every where—false hair and all, I was so sorry; even the carrier thought we were parting forever. And then, Stony off, I went back to my lonely German exile, *alias* (as indictments say) the store, to stow away some light stuff in a bundle—ribbons and such things. I don't know what possessed me, but I thought I would go down stairs and examine the safe. Taking my lantern, jimmy, file, oil bottle, and some vitriol in its stone case, I went down stairs, and, to my delight, found, by turning my master wire about, that the double lock was not turned—only the upper padlock held. Them was the infancy of safes, and afore Hobbs's time of day. In an instant, regardless of every thing, I applied the vitriol to the padlock, and filled the socket full so as to soften the hasp. I sat down on a chair to wait a bit. That was as bad a piece of bad luck as ever comes to a cracksman. I had been hard at work nearly twenty hours, and the excitement was wearing away. What wonder I fell asleep? I dreamed I was in a bank vault with nothing but gold. I tossed it—I tumbled it about—I scooped it up—I shoveled it with my boots—I laid down and kissed it—I filled my pockets with it—and then fell to counting it, by thousands, into bags! It was a glorified dream. I have had many such—even in prison. Talk of sperrits or wines! There's nothing like the sight or touch of gold to bring the reel to a cracksman's brain.

"'I awoke from it!

"'Horrible! Not three feet from me stood a man. I shall never forget the smile upon his face as he looked. There was triumph and glee in every line of his lips as they worked up and down sort of maliciously like—just the smile which you see on a policeman's face when he sez to himself, "*Now, my fine fellow, I've got you foul!*" I looked for but an instant. I saw the thing at once, and how, betrayed by the yawning muss, I had been discovered. Just as quick as I strike my knee with this hand I sprang for his throat and caught it. He dropped like a plummet in water when it sounds "thug," and my free hand was got over his mouth. The lantern was just going out; but over his shoulder I could see a streak of light as if from a street lamp. That told me he had come in and left the front door ajar. I thought for another instant had he persons in company? for if he had I would have let him go. To kill him at such odds would have been a fearful waste of my life. I held him so, by throat and mouth, for full three minutes, and listened eager-like. He seemed paralyzed. I heard nothing near by; but a clock began to strike nine a few streets away. Then he began to struggle. I collected all my strength and turned him to the floor. "Are you alone?" said I. He wheezed a fearful "Yes." So much the better, thought I to myself. The lantern-wick gave a spiteful sputter—flashed up and went out. By the flash he must have seen the resolution on my face, for he gave a fearful roll and freed his mouth; but my grip weakened his voice to a whisper. There we were—in the dark—and oh, *so* dark! and he so near the *great* dark! He whispered, "I'll—open—the—safe; I'll—give—you—all; but—spare—my—life." For a moment I relented. I had never exactly killed a man—only stood by at it—but I knew what I'd suffer if I let him go. So I knelt upon his breast, tightened his throat, and held him. How he rolled! It seemed a year before he was still—and then he was *very* still. I didn't need to light a match to look at him, as I first tho't I would do. I *felt* his look, and saw the smile stiffen into a spasm. Then I stepped softly to the door, shut it, and went out. I forgot

about ribbons, safe, hole in the wall, and every thing after that.

"'I walked boldly away for a few blocks, and then ran for it three miles over to Jew Moses's. Stony was there with the chest, and the bargain was being struck. That rascal, Moses, saw by my face something had happened. Indeed my right palm was bloody where the blood must have run from the man's nose. "Holy Abraham!" said the infernal rascal, "have you been at dog's mischief?" I nodded. "Then I gives you up. These trifles here—found in your house as they will be—may hang *you*." I broke in, "and if you dare to Jew me I'll blab the fust!" Stony stepped in and the quarrel was stopped; but the upshot of that business was, the Jew got all the goods—moved off to where we never knew—which was lucky for all of us when the carrier turned up—and we got not a farthing. They wos worth £1000; for the papers the next day was full of the thing. It is nigh ten years ago at this time of my tellin' you; but I remember the whole matter. It seems the porter was found in the morning dead. The holes in the wall explained every thing as to how and why he died. It seemed too, from his wife's story, that he remembered in evening church about the safe, and went down to lock it. There was fifteen thousand sovereigns in gold in it, paid into the store after bank hours Saturday. Stony Davis and I grieved over the thing more for the gold than the man. We went off to Liverpool and so to Dublin. How little we made by that night's work has been often talked over by Stony Davis and I since we've jobbed together in 'Meriky.'

"I was more shocked by his hardness of soul than I can now tell you" (concluded H——); "but it had just this effect with me—I never again defended a villain. First offenders and the unfortunate I always attended to, but never rascals. Perhaps, too, that incident gave me my taste for prosecutions— But here is Thirty-first Street; and now to supper and bed with what appetite we may."

LOOKING INTO THE WELL.

I.

Up in the maples the robins sung,
  The winds blow over the locusts high,
And along the path by their boughs o'erhung
  We wandered gayly—Lulu and I—
Wandered along in pleasant talk,
  Pausing our nursery tales to tell,
Till we came to the end of the shaded walk,
  And sat, at last, by the moss-grown well.
She was a child, and so was I,
  It mattered not that we told our love—
Whispered it there, with no one nigh
  Save birds that sang in the trees above.
I looked down into her shy blue eyes,
  She at my face in the shaded well;
I saw the glow to her fair cheek rise,
  Like red in the heart of an ocean shell.

II.

Again in the trees the robins sung—
  The gold had deepened upon her hair—
The locusts over the pathway hung,
  To look at her face, so still and fair.
I said no word—I sat by her side,
  Contented to hold her hand in mine,
Dreaming of love and a fair young bride—
  Visions that truth had made divine.
The robin's song took a clearer tone,
  The sky was a tenderer, deeper blue;
Her face in the limpid waters shone,
  I thought her eyes were holy and true.

III.

I walked alone to the shaded well,
  When locusts bloomed in the next year's June—
The shadows along my pathway fell,
  The wild birds sang a sorrowful tune.
She had given her shining hair's young gold,
  Her holy brow and her eyes of blue,
The form I had scarcely dared to fold,
  To a wealthy suitor who came to woo—
Sold, for jewels and land and name,
  Youth and beauty and love and grace—
Alone I cursed the sin and shame,
  And started to see my own dark face
Mirrored there in the well below,
  With its haggard cheek and its lines of care,
Where I once had seen a girlish brow,
  And shy blue eyes and golden hair.

IV.

Years have passed since that summer day
  Went over the hills with its silent tread:
I walk alone where its glory lay—
  I am lonely, and Lulu is dead.
Dust is thick on her shining hair,
  A shroud is folded across her breast,
The winds blow over the locusts where
  She lies at last, alone and at rest.
Youth and beauty, and love and grace,
  Wealth and station, joy and pain;
If she dreams at all in that lonely place,
  She will know, at length, that her life was vain.

V.

I do not think of her heart's disgrace,
  Looking into the waters there,
For I seem to see once more a face
  With shy blue eyes and golden hair.
Out among men she walks by my side—
  For me she lives whom the world call dead—
I talk, at night, to my shadow bride,
  And pillow, in dreams, her golden head.
They broke her heart—so the gossips tell—
  Who sold her hand for wealth and a name;
But I see her face in the cool, deep well,
  And its virginal beauty is still the same.

Miscellany.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

Is there any thing like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child? Can any other music so echo through the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sports, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, continually gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seem paved with precious stones from Heaven's treasury. No day of storms is dark where he is, no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.—*Mrs. Sigourney's "Lucy Howard."*

JUBA AT A FRENCH WATER CURE.

Then there were riddles, guessing of proverbs, and various plays attended by forfeits. It was once allotted to me as a punishment to dance some ridiculous dance; and having, in the leisure of my boyhood, mastered the negro *Juba*, I gave it out with marked emphasis. It proved a season hit; it was *comique! charmant! tres curieux!* Not only was I called on for a repetition night after night, but several persons wanted to learn the step of me; and one of the most fanatical in carrying this point was a severe Swiss minister, a man of the Boanerges type, with stern black eyes, and a long black beard of apostolic dignity. Over and over again did my reverend disciple carefully watch my feet while I danced the Juba, and then set himself, with solemn perseverance, to imitate the complicated caper. Such a blessing followed his efforts that he very soon had the step at his fingers' ends, or rather at his toes' ends; and day after day I used to hear him double-shuffle, or hoe corn and dig potatoes around the billiard-room and down the passage, by way of a reaction after his bath. He told me that he wanted to amuse his children with the dance; and I only hope that it diverted them as much as it diverted their papa.—*De Forest's "European Acquaintance."*

TALKING NONSENSE.

"To write or talk concerning any subject," says Coleridge, "without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of the duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offense against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking, and even publishing, nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better."

GENTEEL RECOVERY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

Among his Italian court gossip, Dutens has a good story of an incident which happened to a young English nobleman who was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies of Naples by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box which was stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is not he a sharper?" "Take care," said the other, "that is a man of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman; "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it." "Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came; and, as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well," said the Englishman, "how did you obtain it?" "Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

FLUTE PLAYING.

Lord Brougham, in his Life of Priestley, lets us into the secret, perhaps, of the general prevalence of bad flute playing in the world. Priestley, we are told, sought relaxation from music, and learned to play on the flute, in which there would have been nothing amiss had he not taken pains strongly to recommend the habit to students, especially, he adds, with a charming simplicity, to such as have no fine ear, "for they will be the less annoyed by bad music!"

HARD STUDY AND GOOD HEALTH.

Hard study is generally thought to be adverse to health; and, conversely, unhealthy students are thought, or think themselves, to be identical with hard students. Paleness of countenance, nervous weakness and headaches are cultivated or affected, because they are supposed to indicate superior intellectual gifts. Dangerous fallacy which has cost many a good fellow his life! No man, or woman either, ever killed himself or herself with hard study. Not a bit of it; but many a lazy fellow, fond of intellectual occupation, with physical inaction, has fallen a victim to disordered digestion and crazed nerves, all the time laboring under the grievous mistake that he was one of those favorites of the gods who die young, because they are of too ethereal a temper to stand the rude shock of such a miserable world as this! Why, the world is a brave world—worthy to be the dwelling-place of the noblest creatures God ever made! It is too good for the simpleton who does not know how to take care of himself; who mistakes neglect of body for culture of mind; who goes moping and moaning about, because his breakfast sits uneasily upon his weakened stomach, thinking it to be the proof that he is too delicate or too refined for the hardships of human condition. Up, man, dreamer, fool; go plunge into the health-giving, joy-inspiring waves of yonder ocean, while summer lasts; take a cold shower-bath in winter. Walk long distances, if you have the time; swing the dumb-bells if you have not. Cold water, vigorous exercise, hard study—these are the conditions of moral, mental, and bodily health. All kinds of devils, as well as blue devils, flee before these mighty enchanters: even the leader of them all, the old Prince of Darkness, fears dumb-bells, cold water, and an active brain more than he did Martin Luther's inkstand.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defense of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation, "I do not care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's Principia, was one of these pedantic ladies, who studied science that it might minister to vanity; and Madame de Staël, the bedchamber-woman of the Duchess de Maine, well known by her lively memoirs, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators, as the drunken slave scared Spartana from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation and tried a fresh room on the following night, and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged; and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burned. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and methinks, says Madame de Staël, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised.

SWEET-HEARTS AND WIVES.

You all are apt to complain (writes a lady, addressing her own sex) that lovers, when they become husbands, can not unite the two characters. You lay this mostly to the men's charge. Do you think it is their fault entirely? I am disposed to say no. I will tell you why. Before marriage, you take the greatest pains to elevate yourselves into goddesses, and desire to be worshiped accordingly. Men—especially those possessing superior intellectual qualities and refinement of nature—favor these views, and treat you as something nearer to heaven than themselves; and lo! no sooner has the honeymoon passed than your husbands discover, by imperceptible but sure degrees, that you are (though in a somewhat inferior ratio to themselves) of the "earth, earthy." Happy the woman who has the wit to contrive that, in her married life, the same halo shall surround her in her husband's eyes that existed before their union! The thing—in the intimacy of commonplace, everyday life—may be difficult, but is by no means impossible to achieve. Your own neglect of all those cares and arts by which you won the lover, causes commonly the early estrangement of the husband.

How frequent is the spectacle of neat, scrupulous maidens, who, when they become wives, neglect their personal appearance; and who, if asked why they do so, would answer, "Oh, I'm married!" showing plainly that their care and trimness formed no part of their natures, but was a trap, a cage, spread for the lure and destruction of men. Pretty Mrs. Spider! when your careful, fine-spun web caught the credulous fly, your object being effected, good-by to neatness, good looks, care, and refinement. What more had you in the world to do? Your unfortunate husband finds the very qualities which most likely influenced his choice have vanished, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and which, to paraphrase the poet, "leaves *but* a wreck behind."

"MARRIAGES AND MARRIAGES."

Let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances; that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question, not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her almost as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten-fold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death.

HOW LOVE SHOULD THRIVE.

I dreamed that love
Should steal upon the heart, like summer dawn
On the awakening world, soft, gradual;
First hailed and welcomed by the mountain-peaks,
The loftiest aspirations of the soul;
Then, slowly spreading downward o'er the slopes
Of intellectual intercourse, so flood
At length the very plains and vales of sense
With beauties of its sunshine; one by one
Kissing awake all spirit buds and flowers,
To pour their fragrance forth in gratitude.
I had forgot that perfect love like this
Could be the portion but of perfect souls!
I had forgot to estimate how far
My own heart fell below the standard raised
By my presumption, when I deemed its pulse
Should never quicken, save to one whose touch
First waked the highest, holiest chords that thrill
In heart of mortal; deemed I must be wooed
As angels woo, won as might angel be.

TOAD-WORSHIP.

The practice, which seems so unaccountable, if it be once seriously thought upon, of worshiping some of the lower animals, was not unknown on the coast of Cumana, and their treatment of toads may be mentioned as a ludicrous instance of that kind of superstition. They held the toad to be, as they said, "the lord of the waters," and therefore they were very compassionate with it, and dreaded by any accident to kill a toad; though, as has been found the case with other idolaters, they were ready, in times of difficulty, to compel a favorable hearing from their pretended deities, for they were known to keep these toads with care under an earthen vessel, and to whip them with little switches when there was a scarcity of provisions and a want of rain. Another superstition worthy of note was, that when they hunted down any game, before killing it they were wont to open its mouth and introduce some drops of maize-wine, in order that its soul—which they judged to be the same as that of men—might give notice to the rest of its species of the good entertainment which it had met with, and thus lead them to think that if they came too they would participate in this kindly treatment.—*Helps's Spanish Conquest in America.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

Many of our readers have heard the anecdote of the cool composure and resignation of Sir Isaac Newton, when his little dog overturned a lamp, and burned up his papers, the fruits of many years' labor. But they may not be so familiar with a similar anecdote of Audubon, when his valuable drawings had been destroyed by Norway rats.

Returning from Philadelphia, after an absence of several months, absorbed in the newly-found delights of home, he failed to inquire the fate of a certain wooden box, which, before his departure, he had intrusted to the care of a relative, with the strictest injunctions as to its safety. At last, on interrogation, this treasure was produced, the dearly-prized deposit of all his drawings, more cherished than a casket of rarest jewels. It was opened, and what was Audubon's dismay to perceive the misfortune which had befallen it! A pair of Norway rats, having taken possession and appropriated it, had reared there a whole party. A few gnawed bits of paper were the only remains of what, a few months before, had been a thousand marvelous representations of the curious inhabitants of the air. The shock of such a calamity was too much even for the fortitude of Audubon. Like an electric stroke, it thrilled his whole nervous system, and for some time caused the entire prostration of his physical powers. A burning heat rushed through his brain on the discovery—the discovery of the entire wreck of the result of all his efforts and his patience. For nights he could not sleep, and days were passed with listless apathy, till at length invigoration of mind and frame gradually, under kindly influences, returned. He once again took up his pencils, his note-book, and his gun, and went forth to the woods. Then, consoling himself with the reflection that he could make much better drawings than before, he persevered untiringly for three whole years, until his portfolio was replenished.

SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

Say over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo song," as thou dost treat it;
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed!
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry—speak once more—thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance! only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence—with thy soul.

A MUSIC LESSON.

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw forever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face (pointing to a semibreve, between two lines of a bar), he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; an' if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

HOW OUR ANCESTORS BRIBED ELECTORS.

There is a variety most creditable to English invention in the way in which our ancestors administered their bribes, says the *Quarterly Review.* At one place a mysterious person used to arrive with the cash, known as the "Man in the Moon," who approached at nightfall, and was at once met with, "What news from the moon?" This was a poetic form. Then there was the humorous form. "I'll lay you five guineas," said a celebrated canvasser in Fox's contest of 1784, "and stake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr. Fox." "Done!" says the free and independent, and wins his bet and bribe. Another playful plan was to buy the elector's canary at a price that would have been handsome for a bird of Paradise—a very pretty kind of bird fancying! Sometimes men showed perfect genius in availing themselves of professional advantages. Thus a military gentleman employed in the recruiting service once stood for Great Grimsby, and enlisted a majority of the voters for soldiers with a liberal bounty!

Such anecdotes as these constitute the literature of electioneering; and there is probably not a town or county in England where there is not an elderly gentleman with a small batch of them. In a contest a good many years ago in North Briton, one of the parties had strong reasons to suspect a particular voter of having taken a bribe —a considerable bribe, too—for votes were valuable. A sharp scrutiny was resolved to make an attempt on him. Accordingly, as the man entered the poll, he whispered rapidly—"They're making a fule of ye, Jock; they are a' bad." "The scoundrels!" exclaimed the dupe; and down on the table he flung a batch of notes. They were impounded at once by the authorities, and the man's suffrage was invalidated.

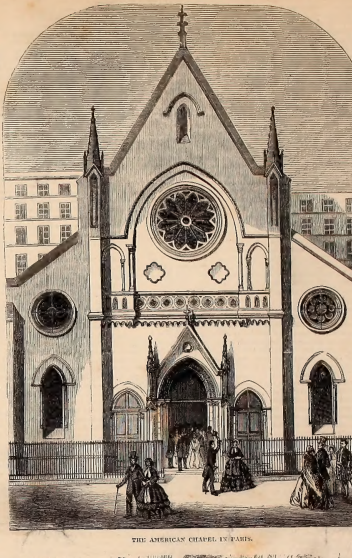
THE AMERICAN CHAPEL IN PARIS.

We give on this page a cut of the newly-erected American Chapel at Paris. Those of our countrymen who have recently visited Paris, and the religious community at large, will be glad to see it.

This is, we learn, the first American place of worship ever erected in Europe. When the idea first suggested itself to the American in Paris and their friends in the American and Foreign Christian Union here, their attention was naturally directed to the English Church in the rue d'Aguesseau. The owner—or, a party claiming to be owner—of that building gave them the refusal of it at a certain price; but after examining his title, and discovering that the British Embassy intended to contest it, Dr. Kirk, who was sent out to Paris to establish the church, preferred to erect a new building. A site was selected in the Rue de Berry, and a contract made with Mr. Salmon, a leading architect, for the erection of a suitable edifice. The whole cost, we believe, was under $50,000.

Some difficulties arose in the course of the work. The Government, in reply to an inquiry from the Americans in Paris, informed them that the American and Foreign Christian Union could not hold real estate in Paris. This was got over by placing the title in the name of the minister, Dr. Kirk, who gave a *contre lettre* to the Society. Another difficulty, which jarred against the religious scruples of the minister and his friends, was the reluctance of the French workmen to give up working on Sunday. To induce them to do so, Dr. Kirk agreed to pay them for being idle as if they had worked; thus the chapel was built without Sabbath-breaking.

The American Chapel in Paris is in every way creditable to the gentlemen and clergymen who have been instrumental in founding it. It is not sectarian; the services are to be such as to shock the opinions of no sect of Protestants; it will be the place of worship of many of our countrymen in Paris, and, with the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and the Wesleyan Chapel, which has been established for many years, will fitly represent Anglo-Saxon Protestantism.



THE AMERICAN CHAPEL IN PARIS.

THE YELLOW FEVER AT LISBON.

New York has so recently recovered from a yellow fever panic that the subject is still generally interesting, and we therefore draw attention to the picture given below, which represents a procession of the Lisbon clergy, in atonement of the sins which are supposed to have brought upon the city the late fearful yellow fever epidemic.

It was in September last that the yellow fever broke out at Lisbon. It is supposed to have been brought to Portugal by a ship from Brazil, which is the more readily believed as the first persons who were attacked were the director and officers of the custom-house. From the custom-house the epidemic spread to the adjacent streets, which are chiefly devoted to business offices and cheap lodging-houses; and from thence it gained the higher parts of the city, ravaging palace and cottage with the same severity. Lisbon is so dirty a city, as a general rule, that it is not surprising that, notwithstanding the rigorous measures which were at once taken to cleanse and purify the streets, the epidemic should have made fearful progress before any thing was achieved toward checking it. Over eight thousand persons are said to have died, among them several of the nobility, the higher ranks of the clergy, and the professions. The bulk of the wealthier population, to the number of thirty or forty thousand, took refuge at Cintra, a beautiful and healthy retreat some twenty miles from Lisbon, and beyond the reach of the disease. But the young King, to his honor be it said, his vicinity with the physicians in his fearless exposure to the danger. He has visited the hospitals almost daily; pressing the hands of the sick and the dying, and comforting all with kindly and generous words. One evening Dom Pedro, the King, was on his way to the opera; suddenly calling to the driver, he bade him turn about and drive to the hospital. Attended by a single servant he walked through each ward, and spoke to many of the sick persons, promising among other things that their families should be cared for if they died. At one bedside he found a city physician feeling a man's pulse with his gloves on.

"Sir," said the King, with great severity, "take off your gloves—we are not at a ball."

Dom Fernando, the King's father and regent, has been equally prominent in works of charity and kindness.

The clergy, acting upon the belief that all epidemics are special visitations from the Deity which may be averted by ecclesiastical intercession, have organized repeated public processions to propitiate the favor of the tutelar saints of Lisbon. The oldest priest takes the lead, and is followed by numbers of penitents singing penitential hymns. The processions are grand and imposing, and the spectacle, as they pass through the silent and awe-struck city, with people on either side kneeling in respect, is very striking. It is such a spectacle which is portrayed below.

The latest news from Lisbon is that the fever



PENITENTIAL PROCESSION AT LISBON DURING THE YELLOW FEVER.

has passed its climax and is rapidly disappearing from the city.

The Spanish Peninsula has been twice visited by yellow fever during the present century. In 1803–5 most of the cities of Spain suffered severely; Malaga was positively depopulated. In 1819 the disease reappeared, and Cadiz and other ports were severely attacked.

A BABY VALENTINE.

BY THE LATE MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

TO LITTLE ERNEST.

They all are writing Valentines—
  Mamma and Ellen too;
And even May a lover has—
  Suppose I write to *you?*

They tell me *I* had only left
  My home of joy above
A month or two, and lighted here—
  A messenger of love—

When *you* came down—a cherub wight,
  With glance of heavenly glee;
Perhaps, my friend (oh, am I right?),
  You came to look for *me!*

At all events, don't give your heart—
  Your precious heart—away
Until you've met, and *tried* to love,
  Your little Fanny Fay.

February 14, 1847.

MODERN GHOSTS.

We invite the attention of the impartial reader to some anecdotes which have struck us as sufficiently remarkable to induce us to rescue them from the fate attending all oral tradition, *i. e.*, amplification and distortion. They are simple and circumstantial statements, the actors in which may be relied on as trustworthy witnesses.

Mrs. A——, a lady who has well earned her world-wide reputation, related to us the following anecdote, herself. She had been spending a summer's day with a party of friends among some ruins, whence they adjourned to the mansion of a Quaker gentleman in the neighborhood, where they all dined. During dinner, some one asked whether the ruins were haunted, when Mrs. A—— observed that the various members of their host's family looked grave, and the son, a young man who sat near her, was beginning to explain, but his father sternly reproved him for vain talking, and the conversation dropped. But woman's curiosity was naturally excited, and when they adjourned to the garden after dinner, Mrs. A—— questioned the young man as to the inhibited story. "The fact is," he replied, "we have a ghost in our village, or are supposed to have one, and it has been the cause of a great deal of gossip lately. The story is a strange one. Many years ago a carter, John ——, whose cottage you see yonder there, gleaming through the trees, 'kept company' with a girl in the village; but as neither of them had any money, she prudently accepted a well-to-do Londoner who came down to these parts, married him, and disappeared until last year, when she returned a rich widow, on a visit to her friends. John, who had never left his native place, and never taken unto himself a wife, revived the old flame in the widow's heart, and in the course of a short time they were married. It was necessary that she should go back to London after the wedding to wind up her affairs there (I believe it was the sale of certain houses, in which her property chiefly consisted), before returning to her new home. She never did return. She was missing for some time; no one knew what had become of her, until it was discovered that she had been murdered, no doubt for her money, as she was known to have had a large sum upon her, which the sale of her houses had realized. John benefited in no way by her death. He was soberly sorry for that event, but nothing would induce him to go up to London, in the prosecution of justice, whereat the neighbors were somewhat scandalized. Perhaps he thought that the same fate that had befallen his poor wife awaited him in the great Babylon. 'What good could he do? He couldn't call her back to life. No, decidedly, he wouldn't go to London.' But whether this preyed upon his mind, or from whatever other cause, all his friends could not fail to remark that John grew thinner every day, and seemed ill at ease. They questioned him, and at last he confessed that he could get no sleep, on account of his wife, who, every night, came and stood at the foot of his bed. She said nothing, but there she remained looking at him; and he seemed to take it very ill of her. He would not mind it in the daytime, he said, if she came and stood by him while he was at work, but it was very hard that she could not let him sleep in peace at night. All this happened some months ago, but John persists in saying that his ghostly visitant still comes to him occasionally, and the excitement in the village upon this subject is consequently kept up. Of course the neighbors declare they have seen the ghost, and the belief in it is universal." "I should very much like to see this John, and have a talk with him," said Mrs. A——. "Could we go down to his cottage?" "I am afraid he will be away at this hour, but we can try." And a party of five, three besides Mrs. A—— and her young host, walked to the cottage, which was about a quarter of a mile distant.

It was then between seven and eight o'clock; a clear summer's evening. Mrs. A—— described John's dwelling as forming one of a row of three or four cottages, having small gardens, of some ten or twelve yards in length, between them and the road, and a separate little wicket to each. While the young man went up to the door to see if John was at home, Mrs. A—— and her three companions remained outside the wicket. The door was locked. John was evidently out, and had given the key to a neighbor, as was his custom; but to make sure of this, the young man went round to the back of the cottage to try the other door. It was then, as I have said, still perfectly light. He was scarcely out of sight, when the four persons who were outside the gate saw the figure of a woman inside the cottage, passing slowly by the window—a thin woman, dressed in a cotton gown of a lilac color, her profile turned toward them; this was how they all subsequently described the figure they saw there, so distinctly and unmistakably, that there was a simultaneous exclamation of "Oh! you see there *is* some one in the cottage, so we shall get in." But a minute afterward the young man returned. As he had expected, the back door was locked, showing the cottage to be empty. Impossible! they had just seen some one inside. The neighbor who had charge of the key was then applied to; the door was opened, and every corner of the cottage explored—in vain. It consisted of only three rooms, and there was but one other exit, which was fastened on the inside. It was, therefore, equally impossible that any one could have entered or left the cottage without being seen by the four persons who now felt so eagerly anxious to solve this mystery. They questioned the neighbors as to the personal appearance of the murdered woman, and it tallied precisely in the particulars above-mentioned with the figure they had seen. On the minds of three of its witnesses that strange event produced a powerful effect; the fourth, a young artist, who had turned the whole story into ridicule beforehand, still endeavored to laugh it off. But we have reason to know that he subsequently confessed himself deeply and painfully impressed by an occurrence which he could neither deny, nor reason upon, nor explain away.

We have very few observations to offer on this story. Two things will strike every one as distinguishing it from the generality of supernatural experiences: the fact of its happening in still clear daylight, and the concurrent testimony of no less than four witnesses. It may be objected that the imaginations of these persons were prepared to receive what they went "out into the wilderness for to see." But we have shown that in one, at least, the predisposition was quite the other way; and it is remarkable that, *at the moment*, they none of them connected the figure with the rumor belonging to the house, or were in any way disconcerted at its appearance. These are the simple facts. Some readers will account for them, no doubt, in a manner highly satisfactory to themselves, and we willingly leave in their hands the solution of a mystery which we confess ourselves unable to explain.

Tales of "foreshadowings" and "warnings" are not uncommon among us, and, as a striking example of coincidence between the phantasmagoria of the brain and a contemporary event (such we are disposed to consider it), we may mention a singular circumstance that happened not long ago in Dorsetshire to the wife of Major B——. That gentleman was awoke in the middle of the night by his wife's terrified inquiry as to whether he saw any thing? "There, there, at the foot of the bed!—James, the coachman, with his throat cut—staring at me!—can't you see him?" Her nervous terror increasing, Major B—— got up, lit a candle, and searched the room—of course in vain. His wife was now tranquilized in a degree, though still by no means convinced that what she had beheld was simply an effect of the imagination. You may guess in what light she regarded it when, the following morning, she and her husband were roused by the intelligence that the coachman had actually been found in bed with his throat cut! It may be supposed that Mrs. B—— knew the poor fellow to be in low spirits, and that a dread of this calamity preyed on her mind and haunted her dreams. It does not appear that such was the case. We believe that no apprehension of the kind existed in the household. But among the many thousand presentiments, omens, and warning-dreams that bear no fruit, it is enough that one, as in this case, shall seem to have direct connection with the *actual*, for us to regard it as a spiritual manifestation in our behalf. The Emperor Napoleon's death was predicted for this year: had it come to pass, the chance hit of a false prophet would have counted as the bull's-eye of a true one. The terrible dreams our friend Smith relates over the breakfast-table happily remain unrealized; and Jones returned in rude health from Jerusalem, though he confided to us when he embarked that the figure of Death on a portmanteau had appeared to him on the preceding night. We can not accept such instances as the above, therefore, in any other light than as remarkable coincidences.

But distinct from these again, and to be approached with bated breath, as too solemn for discussion, however skeptical we may be, are the many stories on record (that of Lord T—— is among the best known) of spirits appearing to the objects of a strong attachment at the moment of dissolution, though absent from them in the flesh. There is something profoundly touching in this idea of the soul on its passage from its earthly tenement, flying toward the beloved object, lingering around that one spot, and struggling, as it were, to retain the only link that still holds it to this earth. We know too little of the mysteries of our being to deny that this is possible; perhaps our eyes are darkened to such spiritual presence when our hearts are yearning toward the absent on the battle-fields of India! The apostles of Mesmer may very plausibly assume, regarding the stories of such appearances, that the powerful influence of animal magnetism, exercised over the spirit, is able to draw it toward the magnetizer at the extreme hour—and by an unconscious effort, it may be, on his part—the intense *sehnsucht* of the Germans. We do not advance this as a theory of our own; for, of course, upon the principle with which we started, these experiences of highly excited imaginations can not be received as facts: we do no more than touch on them.

We now come to a tale of a very different complexion, the scene of which should be a "moated grange" rather than a prosaic dwelling among the dingy streets of London. I am sorry I may not indicate more particularly the house in which the events I am about to record took place, as it is a locality well known, by name at least, to all.

Captain C—— received a lucrative appointment some three years since, attached to which was the disagreeable condition of a residence in the heart of the city. He was lately married, and after the honeymoon he and his bride removed to their future home, bent on making that gloomy abode as cheerful as might be. It had one spare bedroom, which was to be dedicated to the use of Mrs. C——'s father, an officer commanding at ——, during his occasional visits to London. The first of these visits took place shortly after the C——s had arrived in their new house. The old gentleman was inducted into his room, which it was understood he was to occupy for some weeks. The next morning, however, he appeared grave and silent, and after breakfast he said to his daughter—

"I have been thinking, my dear, that perhaps it is hardly right that I should remain away from my command. I am not quite comfortable about it. It is, fortunately, so near London that I can run up and see you whenever I like, and back the same day; but I think it is better that I should not be absent at night, so I shall return to-day."

Captain C—— and his wife were surprised at this sudden whim of her father's, but all their arguments to persuade him to remain were unavailing, and he departed.

A few weeks after this a young Swiss lady, with whom Mrs. C—— had been educated abroad, came to England, and her first visit naturally was to her old friend. She came, after the manner of her sex, accompanied by sundry boxes, indicative of a lengthened stay, and the spare room seemed now sure of an occupant for some time. But the morning after her arrival she set out to Kensington to visit some friends there, and two or three hours later Mrs. C—— received a note from her, saying, that as her friends had pressed her to remain with them, she had promised to do so, and would thank Mrs. C—— to send her boxes. The latter felt naturally indignant at such extraordinary conduct, and was for giving the young lady "her mind" on paper, when Captain C—— observed—

"There is more than meets the eye in this, I feel sure. This is the second time it has happened. Do you remember the sudden way in which your father left us? Perhaps there is something disagreeable about the room—a drain, or a dead rat—which drives away our guests in this manner. Let me advise you to go yourself *with* the boxes, and ask Miss ——, frankly, the reason of her leaving you in this way, as, of course, there *must* be a reason."

Mrs. C—— acted on her husband's advice, and the young lady, after some hesitation, said—

"I will candidly confess to you that nothing would ever induce me to pass another night in that room. What I suffered it is not in the power of words to describe. I will, however, try and give you an idea of what I saw. I put out my candle last night carefully before getting into bed. It stood on a table facing the bed and between the windows; I feel quite sure I put it out. I suppose it was about the middle of the night that I suddenly started up, feeling a cold wind near my face, and dimly conscious that there was a bright light in the room. The candle opposite was burning; that, however, was not what lit up the room. Between the candle and the bed stood a figure, a dark shadow, and yet, horrible to say! its spine appeared to be of fire; the candle was dim beside it. I could not scream; I was choking, without power to utter a sound, while the figure bent over me, and seemed about to encircle me in its shadowy grasp. I had just strength to draw the coverlet quickly over my head and crouch down under the clothes. There I lay gasping, trembling, with eyes tight shut, though I need hardly say, sleepless, until morning. I have told you all. Are you surprised now when I say I had rather do any thing on earth than pass another night in that room?"

Upon Mrs. C——'s return home she wrote to her father, simply begging him to let her know whether there was any reason which he had not named to her for his sudden departure from their house, some weeks before, as she had a very particular reason for the inquiry. Her father, in his answer, said he had not breathed on the subject to any one, nor should he have named it now but for his daughter's urgent request. As she wished it, however, he would confess that he had never passed such a night in his life as the one spent under her roof. Whereupon he described, in almost identical terms, the apparition which had produced such an effect on Mrs. C——'s young friend. Here was a hale man, of vigorous mind, and by no means imaginative, as his daughter knew, corroborating a girl's statement, which Captain C—— naturally enough had regarded as foolish and fanciful. It was passing strange: it must be looked to: and he and half a dozen of his friends in turn tried their fate in the haunted room, with varied success. To some the spirit of the place appeared in much the same form as it had done to the two first occupants of that chamber. For others, and Captain C—— among the number, it was invisible. But no additional evidence in this case would be of much importance. The room already enjoyed the reputation of being haunted; and the imaginations of its occupants were stimulated in a particular direction. It must be remembered that in the first two instances there was not only no rumor of this nature to put them on the *qui vive*, but the whole aspect of the room, as well as its position in the heart of the noisy, bustling city, was ill calculated to inspire terrors of a ghostly nature. Once inspired, however, they were not so easy to be allayed. Several of the workmen on the premises took fright, and struck work. All Captain C——'s efforts to account for or throw discredit on the tale which had got wind in connection with his house were ineffectual. They only brought to light another tale which was almost forgotten, that a murder had been committed in that room many years ago, since when it had never been inhabited.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Dr. South says, "The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

"How did you like that clam song?" asked an old lady of her daughter, as they stepped with the crowd out into the open air after a popular concert. "Clam song!" exclaimed the young lady, in astonishment; "why, what do you refer to, mother?" "Why, the first one he sung." "Oh, you mean 'Shells of the Ocean,' don't you, mother?" "Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it: it was something about clams, any way, and you know I like clams so well! Didn't you like it?"

The most astonishing instance of a man's regard for his word was recently given by a man who killed his wife, whom he did not like. When asked "why he didn't go off and leave her instead of killing her," he replied, jocosely, that "he had promised on the wedding-day to live with her until death should part them, and that he wasn't the man to break his word!"

How much of character lies in a laugh! It is, in fact, the cipher key, oftentimes, wherewith we decipher a man. As a late writer observes: "You know no man until you have heard him laugh—till you know how and when he will laugh. There are occasions—there are humors—when a man with whom we have been long familiar will quite startle us by breaking out into a laugh, which comes manifestly right from the heart, and yet which we had never heard before. And so, in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen, until some happy moment awakens it.

Dr. M—— coming out of a coffee-house, J—— C——, a perfect stranger to him, begged him to lend him five guineas. "Sir," said the Doctor, "I am surprised that you should apply to me for such a favor, who do not know you!" "Oh, dear Sir," replied J——, "it is for that very reason; for those who *do* won't lend me a farthing."

"Hallo, my friend, I see you are losing flesh." *(Old Gentleman, indignant at the familiarity of his supposed friend, sputtering most fearfully.)* "W—what? losing flesh! you impudent scoundrel! I'll let you know, Sir, I'm not, Sir. I, Sir, last night, Sir, was weighed, Sir, and had gained ten pounds, Sir. Very pretty state of affairs, if a person has to be insulted in this manner!" "Well, my friend, all that I can say is, if you look behind you will find it to be true." *(Old Gent. discovers a small dog making a violent assault on his market basket.)*

There is a lady in New York who will not permit her children to eat any thing of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear it will make them savage. She must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach, for fear it would make them green.

The man who was "filled with emotion" hadn't room for his dinner.

When is a horse not worth a shilling?—When it's worth less (worthless).

"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who called him hard names.

A rather thick-headed witness in the police-court was asked the question whether So-and-So stood on the defensive? "No, Sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

Love Morals.—A sweet heart is sometimes companion to a bitter tongue.—Crosses in love are better than strokes in matrimony.—They who court for gold more than a wife will be fortunate if they have not to count more disappointments than sovereigns.

BRUTE *versus* BIPED.

I saw a damsel holding by a string
  A little puppy, who, disposed to stray,
Checked at restraint and made a frequent spring,
  In effort vain to tear himself away.
But yet the more he strove the more he choked,
  Until he deemed his conduct wouldn't pay,
And moved along as though he were provoked,
  And held his head down in a sullen way.
My soul was touched the emblem thus to see
  Of life's too frequent scene, where, day by day,
Strings clog the spirit's elasticity
  And kill the willingness that would obey.
Men, like the puppy, follow at a word,
But try to drag them and their dander's stirred.

Reventlow, the notorious Danish mnemonical artist, published a work containing the rules and principles of his system of memory. A man bought the book, and after he had studied it a year, he held himself to be entirely initiated and lent it to a friend, but on the next morning could not remember to whom it was lent.

Aristotle, speaking of the subjects of imitation, observes that men must be represented either as they are, or better, or worse; and gives instances of painters, then of poets. Homer, he says, has made men better, other poets worse, others again as they are. In this very thing lies the difference between Tragedy and Comedy; for comedy endeavors to represent men worse, and tragedy better than they are.

Among writers of tragedy Sophocles was the first that did not act his own plays, having but a weak and unharmonious voice. He introduced three actors upon the stage, which critics imagined sufficient to be brought together in conversation in one scene; for more, they supposed, would occasion embarrassment and confusion.

Rabelais tells us that Nero was a fiddler in the infernal regions, and that Trajan was an angler. That Shakspeare was a reader of Rabelais may be proved from the following extract from King Lear, Act III.:

"Edg. Fraterretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness."

Muggins says Job's turkey was fat compared with an old gobbler he shot last week on the Devil's Fork. That was so light it lodged in the air, and he had to get a pole to knock it down!

At his boarding-house the other night Jenkins's landlady complained that something stopped the nose of the tea-pot, as it would not pour. Jenkins suggested that he had observed it growing very weak lately, and he presumed it was unable to run any longer. "Madam," said Jenkins, the next evening, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?" "I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is any thing nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you've struck the wrong house! There ain't a first hair in the milk; for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me the cat was drowned in it, I went and strained it over!" The horrified young man declined partaking.

The art of kissing is daintily expressed in the following little poem:

Kiss me, darling! when I kiss you
  Kiss me back and back again!
Lips are only rosy petals,
  Kisses drops of fragrant rain!

Where's the harm, then? I could give you
  Reasons, dear! for every one,
Only that I may not tell them
  In the broad and garish sun.

Take, at least, I think, a sweet one!
  And I know you'll think with me,
'Tis the Scripture:—"Do to others
  What thou'dst have them do to thee."

That was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar' pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

Not a thousand miles from Oneida County, a coroner's jury lately rendered a verdict that a certain deceased man "came to this death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, Feb.* 8, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port, continuing in the course of contraction we have noticed during the past few weeks, compares as follows with the corresponding week of last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 6, 1858	$2,213,846....	$1,347,316
Corresponding week, 1857	6,411,241....	1,242,446
Decrease	$4,197,395	
Increase		$104,870

The export of specie last week fell but little short of three millions, and the banks will probably show a slight decrease. Money, however, continues to be superabundant, and can be had readily at 6 @ 5 per cent. Stocks continue to improve, and the public begins to purchase more freely.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, February* 8, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week exhibited more general animation. Breadstuffs arrived rather sparingly, while the leading kinds, especially Flour and Corn were in good request, closing with increasing firmness in prices....Cotton was pretty freely dealt in at advancing rates....Provisions were in fair demand, and the tendency of the market was mainly in favor of sellers....Rio Coffee, New Orleans Molasses, and Rice attracted more attention at improved quotations, while other kinds of Groceries were in pretty good demand at uniform figures....Naval Stores were brisker and dearer, with less offering....Spices were more sought after, and prices favored sellers....Tobacco was quiet at old rates....Wool was moderately dealt in, and Domestic Pulled increased in value....The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,611,618 against $4,156,018 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $4,477,772 against $14,542,494 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 15	@	$4 55
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 15	@	4 40
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 40	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 15	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	64	@	67
Rye, per bushel	70	@	—
Barley, per bushel	70	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	45
State Oats, per bushel	41	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel	27	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound	10½	@	11¼
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 25	@	15 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 00	@	12 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	6 00	@	7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8¼
Lard, per pound	9	@	9¼
State Butter, per pound	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	16
Cheese, per pound	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 62½
Rio Coffee, per pound	8¼	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4¼	@	7
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	17	@	23
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	4¼	@	7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	28	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	65
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21	@	21¼
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6¼	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound	20	@	32
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds	6 00	@	—
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds	6 12½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	45	@	46

Freights were pretty brisk. Shipowners were getting ful rates.

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about February 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	825	2,100
Coffee, packages	106,357	91,979
Cotton, bales	89,979	10,020
Hemp, tons	50	550
Hemp, bales	17,141	20,482
Hides, number	84,500	357,883
Leather, Sole, sides	19,300	340,950
Molasses, hogsheads	1,963	1,075
Molasses, barrels	825	1,811
Pork, barrels	14,831	9,092
Beef, tierces and barrels	21,672	27,723
Rice, tierces	5,885	6,584
Rice, bags	2,700	4,629
Sugars, hogsheads	6,835	7,962
Sugars, boxes	18,171	4,760
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	5,547	8,967
Tobacco, Crude, bales	3,350	6,480
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	37,150	41,244

The Live Stock Markets were moderately supplied with Beeves last Wednesday, and as a pretty active inquiry prevailed, prices exhibited somewhat greater firmness....There was continued dullness in the trade in Milch Cows....Veal Calves were less freely offered, and were in demand at full rates....Sheep and Lambs were also less abundant, and, with a good inquiry, prices ruled firm....Swine were in fair supply and good request at firmer quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Jan. 27.	Week ending Feb. 3.
Beeves	2,739	3,067
Milch Cows	203	116
Veal Calves	312	382
Sheep and Lambs	6,879	5,624
Swine	1,480	2,102

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio	633	Kentucky	185
New York	639	Indiana	121
Illinois	363	Texas	78

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	8 00
" " per pound	7	@	11
Live Swine, per pound	4¼	@	5½
Dressed " "	5¼	@	7

The Country Produce Markets are moderately active, and prices are firm for most kinds of produce. Apples and potatoes bring a slight advance on previous quotations.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 75
Apples, dried, per pound	5¼	@	7¼
Peaches, dried, per pound	17	@	19
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel	7 00	@	11 00
Potatoes, per barrel	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel	55	@	1 00
" sweet, per barrel	4 50	@	5 00
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel	25	@	50
Squashes, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	4 50
" Red, per dozen	75	@	1 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100	3 00	@	4 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	75
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	10½	@	11
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14½	@	15
Chickens, per pound	11	@	13
Fowls, per pound	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	13	@	17
" per pair	75	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	11	@	15
Geese, per pound	8	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@	2 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@	1 00
Partridge, per pair	65	@	75
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	30
Hares, per pair	31	@	38
Squirrels, each	4	@	7
Venison, per pound	8	@	12
Bear Meat, per pound	12	@	16

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While the cock crows loud and free,
And click! click! click!
Is a merry sound to me.
With bodies trim and neat,
I seam and gusset and band,
With my dainty slippered feet,
And a small white-fingered hand,

I stitch to the click of the steel,
And never an aching head,
While I turn the gliding wheel,
With the gleaming silver thread.
Oh! woman, no more a slave
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 60.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE picture on the preceding page will make the readers of the *Weekly* acquainted with one of the worthiest monuments that have ever been raised to the memory of the Father of the Country, and one of the greatest triumphs of American Art. We need hardly add that we allude to Crawford's Washington Monument, which is to be inaugurated at Richmond, Virginia, on the 22d inst.

The statue of Washington, on horseback, small as it seems in the picture, is twenty-five feet high. Among the figures who surround the base of the equestrian statue are Lee, Mason, Nelson, Patrick Henry, and Jefferson. Each is in an appropriate attitude: while Patrick Henry stands forward, with his arms outstretched as if in the act of addressing an audience, Jefferson thoughtfully studies, pen in hand, the Declaration of Independence.

It is known that the design of the Washington monument was completed in a few days by our illustrious countryman. He was, we are told, staying with some relatives at Bordentown, on the Jersey, when he noticed in a newspaper an announcement that the city of Richmond, Virginia, had appropriated a sum of money for a Washington Monument, and invited designs from artists. He hastened to Boston, made his design, forwarded it, and obtained the contract. It was, one can easily believe, a labor of love with him; and the result will do equal honor to his fame and to the liberality of the city in which the monument stands.

The death of Crawford was probably the severest blow ever inflicted on American Art. No American ever promised such a future. He had lived, it is the opinion of many of the best judges that he would have become the first of modern sculptors, and would have raised American Art at least to the European level.

Born in New York in 1813, he spent his childhood in poring over pictures and trying to imitate them. His father passed away in the midst of the monumental sculptors in this city; he was twenty-two when he realized his young dream of going to Rome. There he was taken kindly by the friends of the great Thorwaldsen, and there his real life began. The touching picture of his early struggles, his stupendous labors; his childlike devotion to art; his pinching poverty, so keen that it was truly said of him that he lived on a crust; his manly resolution to persevere to the end, no matter what cost, and either win immortality as a sculptor and do honor to his country, or to work himself to death in the endeavor; and his final, full, triumphant success—all this has been told in detail in the eulogy pronounced on his memory by his friend Mr. Bartlett, and it need not be repeated here.

It was in the heyday of his fame and his power —just as he was beginning to reap the reward of twenty years of arduous labor—that death struck into his studio. For a year or more the deadly disease was upon him before his agonized friends knew it. It seemed so trivial a matter—a sore eye—in comparison with the great works which he had to do before his life's race was legitimately run. And as the disease grew worse and worse; the eye slowly protruded from the socket, the most eminent surgeons ceased to secure the sufferer a few hours of peaceful sleep; pain of the most intense character became incessant; and at last a time came when it was a duty to tell the great sculptor that his hours were numbered, and he must die soon. His answer—worthy close to his heroic life—was simply, "God's will be done!"

The citizens of Richmond, Virginia, have done themselves honor in erecting their monument to Washington. The time may come when even the least attraction of their shy will be its possession of the last and greatest work of the great American sculptor, Crawford.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

PROSPECTS OF A FOREIGN WAR.

IT is evident that the partisanship with which the Bill to increase the army is pressed upon the consideration of Congress has become deeper motive than the necessity of subduing the Mormons. No one seriously supposes that the present force at the disposal of the Administration is inadequate to bring Brigham Young to terms. Nor does any one who has formed person doubt that if additional force were requisite volunteers would answer the purpose better, and do the work more effectually, than servile troops. Still, Senator Davis and the friends of the Administration press their Army Bill forward, as though it was a matter of the greatest consequence to the Government and the country.

There may be good reasons for this. The relations between this country and Europe, or its neighbors are not in a situation to preclude the possibility of a recourse to hostilities within a brief period of time. It is impossible to foresee, even for a day what may take place in Mexico; what attitude the United States citizens the Administration may see be required to observe, or what measures it may not be compelled to take to compel the adherence of this or that revolutionary Government of Mexico to its plighted faith. The United States are on the verge of a war with the miserable despot who rules Paraguay, whose audacious shot who rules Paraguay, whose audacious outrages upon American citizens would, one two years ago, still remains unatoned for. In Central America all is utter confusion. No satisfactory assurance have ever been made by New Granada for the attack on the peaceful American Transit Company; and it is every prospect that the United States will be forced into collision with that or with some other American States as soon as a serious effort is made to reopen the Nicaragua Transit route.

On another hand, it is not to be supposed that the President has ever lost sight of the considerations which induced him, three years ago, to avow his opinion that Cuba ought to be part of the United States. That opinion is not lessened by to have been weakened by the discovery that last year Cuba was, next to Great Britain, our largest customer, and the largest consumer. Since the Ostend Manifesto has been made public, moreover, a startling change has taken place in the public sentiment of England, both with regard to the effect of the acquisition by the United States or the Island of Cuba. It is now the opinion of the London Times that Cuba is a convenient pretext for seizing Cuba, England, on all events, would stand aloof, and prepare to take commercial advantage of the event. Of course, British sentiment is of little consequence to the Administration of the United States; still, the President is not so wrong-headed as to abandon a design which he once strongly entertained because the English people are in a fright. Neither Senator Davis nor any of the friends of the Bill to increase the army have hinted at Mexico, Central America, Paraguay or Cuba. But it is possible that the peculiar state of these countries, and of our relations with them, may have some of the considerations which have induced the Bill. Five thousand additional soldiers would suffice for any immediate operations that might be required in the event of a serious rupture with Spain, Mexico, or any Central American State. And it may further be noticed, that, while a foreign war would, almost under any circumstances, be popular with the masses of this country, it would, just at present, possess the negative advantage of withdrawing attention from the slavery controversy—a consummation which the President must desire to attain.

If a foreign war should be the issue, perhaps the army may fall, if not in the Senate, at least in the House. But if it passes, it may not be absurd to prepare for trouble abroad.

THE LECOMPTON COMMITTEE.

SPEAKER ORR, in obedience to the command of the House directing him to select a committee of fifteen to inquire into the facts concerning the Lecompton Constitution, has composed his committee of nine Northern and six Southern members. Two of the Northern members chosen voted with the Administration and against the reference to a select committee, so that, in fact, a majority of the committee are opposed to the reference; but for this we presume that so experienced a man as Speaker Orr had no satisfactory precedent. The fact of the fact, that before the committee reports some days will elapse, is of consequence may take place among the members of the House; and while the suggestions of office and emolument may tell upon the weaker members of the opposition, Mr. Harris's motion, it is possible that the considerations of future re-elections may induce some of the Southern supporters of the Lecompton fraud to reconsider the votes they gave on 6th February.

For the present Kansas is shelved. Should the Committee of Investigation perform their task conscientiously much time will elapse before all its evidence they need can be obtained; and meanwhile such chances as imminent that the Gordian knot will be cut by the summons of a fresh Constitutional Convention by the legislature of Kansas, and the submission to the people of a new Constitution. This contingency would necessarily put an end to the entire agitation on the subject. If not at this, certainly at the next session of Congress Kansas would be admitted with her new Constitution, and that dangerous question would really be acceptable to the Free-Soil party, a basis for further contests would be wanting.

It remains to be seen whether the politicians for whom Kansas has been so valuable of late years will permit a pacific settlement of the dispute. It could be kept open by a report of the Lecompton majority of the committee, certifying that the Constitution now before Congress needs no investigation; it would continue, if the Republicans contrived, by a judicious absence from the House, to let the State of Kansas be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution. Unless one of these two courses be pursued, the Administration are, that in 1860, Kansas will be buried in oblivion.

WOULD WASHINGTON HAVE FOUGHT A DUEL?

WE are rather surprised to find the editors of the *Express* sitting in judgment upon what has been got up by a few obscure Irish papers against Mr. Thackeray's delineation of Washington in "The Virginians." That the Irish should dislike Thackeray is simple enough. No man living has made more fun of the Irish character than Thackeray, and our Hibernian friends have not yet learned enough to join in the laugh against themselves. But why the editors of the *Express* should come to the aid of Captain Costigan and Major MacBullwhackington is not so easily understood. They are men of the world, and must know that the public are willing to be led but little in matters of taste by the opinion of a few newspapers.

Some silly people have taken Thackeray to task for his making Washington command at a duel. These persons should read history and character. When they do, they will find that no man of Washington's standing could, in his time, have declined to fight a duel without losing his character and being cut by his acquaintance. The proscription of the duello is of modern date; in Washington's time it was universally recognized as a *bonus vadis* of personal differences; and a man who refused to fight with his equal when challenged was set down by the best men of that day as a poltroon unworthy of social recognition. It would be as sensible to call Washington a nincompoop for his very imperfect conception of the steamboat, as it is to make him for consenting to meet his angry young friend Warrington in a duel.

So far as we are able to judge, Thackeray's delineation of Washington will be the most perfect in existence. We design no injustice to the able men who have written biographies of the Father of the Country when we say that none of them have drawn a household picture of the man as he really was. We have the appearance of fancy sketches, and classic studies of the ideal Washington; but a life-like picture of the man as he lived, spoke, acted, thought, and demeaned himself in private, we have none. That deficiency in our literature it seems to us that Thackeray is about to fill. A true artist, deeply read in American history and biography; a profound observer of character, skilled in the detection of motives and the delineation of characteristics, a thorough democrat by conviction; a keen, yet wide-souled, generous man; Thackeray is admirably adapted for the great task which he has undertaken; and while some may regret that he has not left that task to some countryman of Washington's, it will soon be (if we mistake not) the universal sentiment of the educated people of this country, that he has achieved his performance so thoroughly and so perfectly that for many a year to come those who desire to know Washington will need to read Thackeray.

THE FAILURE OF THE COLLINS LINE.

THE Collins steamer which was advertised to leave this port on Saturday last did not do so. The reason assigned was that for the present the line will be discontinued; that since the reduction in the government allowance to the company it was ceased to be a paying concern. This is the first we have heard of the failure of the Collins Line. The idea that to ensure the British Government ought to grant to the Collins company a monopoly of the passenger business is too absurd to require consideration. The persons who seriously entertained it could not be expected to be capable of carrying on a successful business.

There is no reason why Government should grant indemnities to ocean steamers any more than to railroads, or canals, or manufactories. Let the ocean steamers be paid for carrying the mails, and let the price be regulated by the usual law of supply and demand. That which can be done for a thousand dollars should not cost five thousand, though by paying the larger sum the national vanity may perhaps be tickled by the construction of fine and fast-sailing ships. If the United States, with their peculiar advantages, can not maintain a line of ocean steamers without taxing the entire people of the Union to keep them afloat, then we had best stick to sailing vessels, and leave the steam navigation of the ocean to John Bull.

THE AMERICAN SHIP "ADRIATIC."

EVERY one has been glad to hear that the *American Shipper* has made its maiden sneer in French port to await the issue of a collision between the courts, and which, with the aid of a little management named the Adriatic, broke away from its moorings and made three capes to sea, has been overhauled and taken back to port by a French war-steamer. It is also satisfactory to know that the captain, who thus disgraced himself and his country, is in irons, and will probably suffer severely for his conduct.

Such acts as this of the captains of the *Adriatic*, and of the *Shipper*, are unaccountable, calculated to lower the American name abroad, and lessen the value of an American's word. We have been sufficiently frightened into apologizing all by the *chevaliers d'industrie* who have contrived to hang on, somehow, to our foreign embassies. This mean trick of these sea-captains will go to show that our politicians do not enjoy a monopoly of dishonesty. The Paris papers which we receive are already improving the affair by reiterating the sneers which were current in England ten or fifteen years ago, about the proverbial trickiness and unreliability of Americans.

It is to be hoped that the captains of these two ships may be thoroughly ashamed of themselves when they are, the action of the British Government in the case of the *Prince Albert* is passed by the people of the United States.

SAFETY AT SEA.

A VERY excellent bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Scott to enhance the security of passengers on board ocean steamers. The bill renders it compulsory on the owners of such vessels to construct them with at least three water-tight compartments, and to provide them with boats sufficient to carry one passenger for every seven tons of the vessel's tonnage; it imposes a fine of $2000, with imprisonment from two to ten years, on any captain sailing from a port in violation of a steamer not thus constructed and provided. We trust the bill will pass. Nothing is more shameful than the recklessness with which, urged by many of the owners of our ocean steamers; useless, perhaps, it be the lax manner in which the laws are in force at present for the protection of passengers have been administered. We need hardly remind the public that no action has ever been taken to hold any one accountable for the lamentable loss of the *Central America*, though the report of the committee appointed to investigate the disaster pronounced it a perfectly clear case of gross negligence and practical unseworthiness.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY'S WASHINGTON

MANY correspondents have asked the Lounger what he thinks of the portrait of Washington as appearing in "The Virginians," by Thackeray. Some of them are very furious in their denunciation of the novelist who has dared alone for the manner in which they conceive he has done it, but for undertaking to do it at all. "What right has he to meddle with Washington in any light?" they ask. As know about him, or about these early times in this country? He is an ill-bred, ungrateful, Irish Tory, who comes over to our shores to abuse, and then goes home and abuses us."

The Lounger's personal argument is not a very strong one. In the simplest view of the case a stranger is not responsible for your asking him to dinner. You do it of your own free will, and you take that the fact of the invitation, and the consumption of your wine, is a tacit law by the guest, has bound him to honor never to say or do any thing that you may not like to hear. The guest will probably differ from you. It is really quite difficult to say how a man may not say that the yellow fever is a very deadly disease if he has not been asked to dine by a yellow friend in New Orleans. When Dickens came to this country we all seemed to think that we had laid him under a profound obligation to pay only the lowliest things about us, by giving him so many hundreds of champagne suppers as we could. And we have never done abusing him because he didn't like the wine into his eyes and stuff the pudding into his hair. He was accepting our hospitality in a courtesy and not as a bribe, and spoke frankly of what he saw and heard.

The argument, in its plainest form, reads thus: "I paid your money to hear Thackeray's lectures, and what business has he to write a novel in which he introduces General Washington into it?"

Didn't you get your money's worth? Didn't the lectures show you how devotedly and lovingly the novelist had studied the life and manners of the last century? Is it "literary impertinence" to find an unusual skill in historical story? The truth is, there is no more certain test by which to gauge and study, to paint the life of the last century—and that the last century American life was only English colonial life—than Thackeray's novels. Long time, George Washington, of Virginia, was an English gentleman. Now, if it is possible for a novelist ever to use any real personage as an actor in his story, and of that there can be no serious doubt with inspired correspondent of the *Express* prior to any individual in the last century more conspicuously proper than George Washington to point the moral and adorn the tale? Of course the novelist undertakes it at his own risk. He measures himself by the highest standard that he can use to describe a person whose life is familiar to all his readers. If he succeeds, well; it is only because he is a man of very superior talent.

And what is the fact in the present case? Simply that the young Washington who is about twenty one or two years of age at the time described—is represented greatly as he stands in the mind of every thoughtful and intelligent American—young man "without a grain of wild oats," "simply," "splendid," "in love with Miss Warrington," who "always exhibited an extraordinary simplicity and purity of life," who "had studied his mother's and his family's affairs from a very early age, and was trusted by all his friends and the country of his country never more persistently than now," "anxious to serve his king and do his duty," who first is shot which he ever heard, and who "never was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to free even England from her sway, and create the great Western Republic; to rage over the Old World, to wash entangled in the web of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest to leave the price of the greatest fame with him who stirred the first blow."

These are some of the author's words. They are always most respectful when speaking of the hero, but it is in the general tone of the portrait that the likeness lies. One friend writes us that he is represented as "a fortune-hunter!" Good friend, remember the Johnsonian story of not furnishing brains. It is a foolish Mrs. Mountain, another woman's body, and a morbid spelled son, who call him a fortune-hunter; and the point is in the contrast of his character with the body, and the spirit of the age in which he lived. Mr. Thackeray has not made the hero a fortune-hunter.

a challenge. Nothing can exceed the naturalness and probability of the scene, in view of the character of the young officer. Does any reader of history, who knows men, suppose for a moment that George Washington, an English colonial military officer at the age of twenty-two, a century ago, would have refused the challenge given under such circumstances as are related in the tenth chapter of "The Virginians"?

Whoever wishes to think of Washington as a prudent and accurate machine will not like any true biography of him. Those who love and appreciate the character of the man, and all the more that it was grave, and silent, and lofty, will delight to see his sparing of youth painted as it really was, finished with beautiful youthful feeling, but with all the germs of that grave repose which were afterward so majestically developed. George Washington was not a machine, but he was the first citizen of the United States. He belongs to history and literature, and any author in any country may write about him as of Julius Cæsar or Pericles, or as of Russell or Sidney. What his young countrymen to-day want, most of all, is a portrait of him, so painted that they may be ashamed not to be as he was. He was a good and great man, as he is already shown in this story. To deify him is to destroy his influence forever.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

"Is not too much trouble, I would like the Longer to answer the following question: What is the origin of the term 'blue stocking,' as applied to literary ladies? It is a lady who wishes a solution and a gentleman."

—In Boswell's Life of Johnson "a lady" will find an account of a club of literary ladies, who used to meet to converse with literary gentlemen. One of the latter was Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore a splendid pair of blue stockings. Hence they became a prevery, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings;" and the name was gradually transferred to the club, and to the ladies who composed it.

ANNUAL VISITATION OF BISHOP VALENTINE.

Tiny good Bishop has just made his annual visit. He is the only Bishop who can be claimed by no sect, but who is welcomed in all houses of every faith. Whether he is one man or three, and if so or why he is so named, are questions which may disturb the speculations of daily papers, and even occasion an overflow of orthodoxy, but who cares to count the silver hairs, or watch for the accent, or invade the sweet privacy which hides his individuality? The gods came and went in state. They appeared and disappeared; and so, when the time is full, all the windows and doors and hearts burst in his blithe coming, and on one bright day the whole world is his diocese, and Valentine is all.

Some political newspapers are troubled because the designs that honor the day are not altogether beautiful. We do not like to encourage so heated a discussion, they can not allow for the imperfect effect, and on the ugly reverse they discover the deavor. Of course, political editors send only Shakespearian verses and Tirlemagne pictures upon parchment, perfumed with the balm of Gilead, to their valentines. But every thing in its kind. Grudge not the verses that he loves! are, we suppose, all the pleasure is proportioned to the excellence of the picture.

The fastidious daily papers complain of the hideous Valentine prints! They might as well grumble at the bird-painting perhaps because there are bitter days in March. If they wish comfort—if they wish to know what loyalty to Valentine yet survives—let them ponder the following tender and tremulous solicitation of destiny, which flutters on a soft, warm south wind into the Lounger's hand:

VALENTINE.

She is lovely and I love her, though as yet I dare not speak;
All were bad to me, perchance, should I my breathless silence break;
Joan, at least, I dare to gaze forever on that dear young face—
Dare to follow all her footsteps—dare to haunt her dwelling-place.

Is there love in those shy glances, as they gently rest on me?
Is there hope in those sweet blushes, as they deepen while they flee?
May I deem the first faint tremblings of that virgin heart are true?
Can I dare to trust the tenderness that lingers in her tone?

Dream thus fondly, dream thus ever, if thou canst—oh, weary heart!
Think not of the hopeless years that lie before thee when we part;
Let a long and weary future chase them with its promised bliss;
Youth is not forever vanished, or thou could'st not love this!

Even sun gazes on fondly, dressed, 'neath a care-worn, wrinkled face,
As before the locks that shadow them were silver-tinged or no race.
Yet thy wealth of youth and beauty, and thy spirit's glad and free,
Make my noble wish one who offers but a heart that yearns for thee?

If she loves me, I am old, and life's sweet spring is over;
If she loves me, at that moment I am young forever-more;
If she leaves me, I am old, and life's sweet spring is over;
Yet I linger, fearing ever, on the threshold of my joy,
Or perhaps beside the gateway that opens to eternity!

Let me bask a little longer in that pure and fearless smile—
Let me linger in the sunshine but yet a little while!
For cold the joints will gather round my pathway dark and slow,
When love sweet lips once have uttered a denial and a plighting No!

ALMS.

A certain club in a certain town writes to the Lounger that it has recently organized itself, and wishes to establish a reading-room—the only reading-room in the county—and will the *Weekly* be sent for nothing?

Now will the club look at it a moment? There is a certain county in a certain State in a certain country—a whole county—which professes to want a reading-room, and yet a county which can not pay two dollars and a half for the paper it wants. Why shouldn't every reading-club in every county, or village, in the country, ask the same thing? Why shouldn't the Lounger, in the name of the *Weekly*, ask the very people in the very county he is residing of who want the paper given to them, to send him a few barrels of apples, and potatoes, and meal, and a few years' supply of beef, and pork, and bread? It would be precisely what they ask the *Weekly* to do for them, and if it would not be the same in any thing, they why not send the equivalent in money?

The Lounger has not the slightest fifty cents a year. How much is that apiece for the inhabitants of the county?

The club may say that it merely asked for information. In that case the Lounger has great pleasure in communicating the intelligence that it is impossible to furnish the *Weekly* gratis—as the club will easily see if the members will apply the principle to it and meditate.

Secondly, the club may say that it asked because it supposed one or more of the numbers to be the publishers. But will any member, when he is next buying, step into Stewart's and ask for a pair of gloves for himself, as a silk dress is to his wife, on the principle that a single pair or a single dress makes up different in the case of the price?

Finally, for the information of all counties and clubs, the Lounger will state this great truth, free of charge (Lowell will make a bill of calculation and hard business, and until the farmer is willing to give the paper to the man who is the owner the publisher wants to suck cider, he has no right to ask the publisher to give him a newspaper whenever he wants to be a-dreaming.

TREASURE TROVE.

When a father sets his net, he does not know but he may catch a casket like that of the Arabian Tale. *And why not?* for the waters of Arabia are pearls and flowers, and why should not he be the lucky one to trap some?

"The pied things that be
In the hoeless mosses under the sea?"

But there are pearls and flowers of more value that have not the form of precious stones; there are deep-colored flowers that have no fragrance—for words may have the appearance of gems that are not such at all. Therefore, when the Lounger spread his net, in the form of a Letter-box, he knew that it might sometimes rare treasures; hoped that choice verses and dainty conceits and sweet fancies would come floating in—but he has rarely cast a net with more delight.

Last week he had the honor of introducing to the public another new poet, known by Mrs. Fanny Kemble; and this week he wreathes his column with two more garlands woven by the same hand.

LETTY'S LOVE AND LETTY'S DEATH.
BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Oh, Lobkins! if thy faith were mine,
Thy faith, my love, as Summer Sea,
Seek for a slumber sound as thine,
Instead of this sick fantasy.

But though the waves, with death's control,
Might still the lover in each vein,
And they obey, my soul to thine,
The obedient of all my pain.

This weary, weary, restless strife;
I can not bear—I can not flee—
The more thou doubt'st, the all of life,
And parcel of eternity.

MORNING BY THE SEA.
BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

With these two lines on three eyes,
I melt thy doubts—like ice
For look, my Love, flushes his golden hand
His dark veil rends, and bares his face to me:
And springing from the blue deep gloriously,
He greets here and me, his and my troth-wed vows.
Now come his horses up all steeling fire,
The lovely rosiate Morning's golden car shoir
Of triumph, circle round the royal sun,
And the great pageant of the day begins!
Come! let me lock in mine thy hand,
And pace we with swift feet this smooth and sparkling sand.

See how the swollen ridges of the waves
Curl low and gleaming, and then sway
Rising and rounding,
Bulging and resonating,
Breaking and rebounding.
And melting into silver, creamy spray;
Sweep with their wavy line the far-indented bay.

The little bark, that by the sheltering shore
Pleased her with rocking, now with rocks no more,
Shakes out her pinions to the breeze once more,
And, like a sea-bird, dips, and rises on the deep.

Hail welcome day! hail miracle of light!
Hail wondrous resurrection from the night!
Hail picture-painter of the beauteous world!
Hail ye sweet breezes of fresh vital air!
And hail, my love! my life! my joy! my light!
Soul of my day! my morning, noon, and night!

ANONYMOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dear Sallie, believe a venerable Lounger when he says that you are playing with edged tools. Of course a man who writes as your correspondent does is simply a fool to suppose you a friend in earnest. Young women, beware of the letters of the Alphabet when they advertise for wives, and send notes signed "Flib-Mantico," and "James Taylor," and "Smith," through the Postoffice. They mean nothing good or honorable. Before you suspect it you are in their power, and there is nothing so remorselessly despotic as "Your tenderly devoted A," and "Your sincere friend X." Never try to pull a rope of which the other end is held by a man you can not see. You will find yourself hanging, suddenly. Whoever means to play fair, plays in the daylight. May all the Lounger's friends, Sallie, remember it, and profit by it!

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

The most striking announcement in the programme of ceremonies for the marriage of the Princess Royal of England is, that the press may appear in their ordinary black dress-suits instead of in the court costume. The reservation is made for the press only. The diplomatic corps, the nobility, the ladies, must all attend in some kind of extraordinary clothing, but the journalists may come in black coats. It is the formal recognition of the fourth estate by the first. It is a reference to the supposed unwillingness of some of the nobility to wear a court dress for the day. To me, the sturdy democrats might argue that the prescription of any dress, even that of a black dress-coat, is the very assertion of their civic rights, a constraint upon the judgment of the independent press. But perhaps we reflect how inflexible is the etiquette of any court, and how little disposed courts have always been to concede any thing to the newspapers. An exceptional movement, at such a time, may be considered the high-water mark of the liberal and tolerant spirit of the age.

There must have been few sights so touching to the cogent censorship as the pure and beautiful Press of Paris, all covered with crape black.—

"Clothed all in lonesbirth with cheiver to the chin,
How d'ye do, and how d'ye do, and how d'ye do again?"

OUR LITTLE-BOY.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—Please don't think me a frivolous fondist because I go to you "without an appointment," and the cause of my visit.

"I do want to know several things, and am sure that you can tell me if you will.

"It has been said by some wise people, you know, that Time is money, and that accurately now and then, I sent back to earth again. It was that smart clon't like to be wise, but I am. Herself, I believe, was engaged Uyses in Louis Philippe. He found this out before Mr. Louis left France so suddenly that day, or in night never knew. He discovered.

"Now 'I want to know' if any great spirits have come to you lately, and can tell me the names of whom we are, and explain, 'History is more beautiful than fiction'? Or, perhaps, you can summon earth with the fragrance of their deeds, as it were, thus bidding us love and hope the poor friendless and sick in the hour of pain.

"If Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh, or Gonsalvo Cordova have come, please let them greet us by note to you; then, dear Mr. Lounger, let us somen know all they say. Perhaps, in this case, you will be a different style from that which the 'strong-minded' adopt.

"We want Mrs. Hemans to address Lucy pour answers us age, ugliness, poverty, and good sense—put down forever. If we have these, we shall be happy, and if we are hint at being young, they laugh; if we dress and strive to look young, they contemn us as sick. Yet if we are to pour to dress they neglect us, and if ugly or old they make horrid remarks about us. What are we to do?

"Do you ever see Carlotta? Is she not a dear one? They will know how to make the Whigknowledge feel that Bolivia, with her many sorrows, has not forgotten her great statesman, poet, and philosopher, whose armor too heavy for him, and strong pleasure speedily was. Then the knights—who never attack the defenseless—may tell the Widow-country that they are sovereign, and say to her when what it is which they hid seems to seek, in return for the noble example she has set, how valiantly endeavor to quicken in them. The knights will not say—I think—that man proves his manhood by the things which he sings which he seeks.

"Dear Lounger, I wish the gallant knights knew how much we women love gentleness and valor. How we need them both in such a world—for one to soothe, the other to protect. But we hope that some gallant souls have come back, and are now in our beloved country, to all that keep order and virtue.

"Do tell me if that sweetest oddity—that quietest, dearest blending of chivalry and patience—that girl Charles Lamb, I mean. I would wish a hundred years for word from her, and especially from the knights who sing.

"Yours, faithfully, Exactly Incognito."

—Surely Miss Incognito's experience ought to answer her letter. Can any thoughtful person (like herself) live to her years (number not stated) and seriously doubt either courtesy, enterprise, and quaintness—or, in other words, Sidney, Raleigh, or Lamb—are living?

Dear Madame, we all move in that fine society. The world was never fuller of brave men and lovely women than it is to-day. If you allow yourself to observe that the seams of some hero's coat are a little rusty, you may begin to doubt whether the Chevalier Bayard ever wore a soiled velvet doublet. But don't disbelieve in the hero. Believe in the hero if you don't yet see him. Never doubt the existence of the noblest men in every age, and remember that the Lounger has ears alone as brightly over you as they did over Greece two thousand years ago.

SAW-DUST LITERATURE.

One proof of the rapid advancement of the American Mind—whether it "advances backward" or forward I'll stick to Mr. Emerson to say—may be found in the current literature of the day—the newspapers, the ballads, the plays, and the playbills. We are growing extensively grandiloquent and florid in our style. We delight in words of many syllables, we rejoice to etc., victorious at hand, and to cull what are irreverently termed "jaw-breakers." I have given a week or two some choice bits from Mr. James Yellowplush's Washington correspondence, which illustrated what is called our "feature" of daily journalism. The Union would go to pieces did not Mr. Yellowplush tell us what Mr. Jones of Arkansas wore at the last dinner given by the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury; and the bonds of paternity between the North and the South would have been irremediably snapped had not the aforesaid Jeames been permitted to learn the particulars of Mr. Speaker's first dinner-party.

Jeames having saved the Union, has left Washington for a time, and has attached himself as private secretary to a showman. This showman, it appears, had, at Niblo's Saloon, "Jeames says that it, "although but a feeble conception of the days of classic splendor, serves to convey an idea of the manner of the tilt and tourney, the living panorama, the long line of trilliant simulations, the gilded canopies, the exciting entrances, the numerous strifes, the impassioned struggles for the crown of victory, being so back again to the days of knightly prowess, when bravery and valor actuated men to the accomplishment of deeds great and glorious."

If that is not "pretty" writing I have never read it. The author of "The Sanguinary Coleman; or, the Dentist's Revenge," or the poet who wrote "Sweeney sang the Martingale," could not do better. Mr. Ford, in his sad remember upon thrilling or elegant bit of description in Ethelinda's great work, for the publication of which subscriptions are coming in rapidly—but in which I can in when "things begin to expand." Young Foulis would subscribe for his son, by now, the Governor has gone and cut off every thing, and a fellow can't even get enough for his necessities (cigars and billiards), to say nothing of knowledge." I should like to see young Foulis the next time he enters the presence of the 1 eighteen or the last; Louis Napoleon in the Rue Lepellitier was a great deal safer.

However, the great work is only postponed through the "lightness" of the publishers. Jeames will "do" for the contemporary address of the public in the style of the above extract, and an eminent British critic (see *Punch*, of course), at present somewhat affected by pecuniary "crisis," has promised to "make it all right" with the Spanish Queen *Isabel of Transversal Liberty of Spain*, special New York correspondent of that able journal), for the ten dollars. "Cheap enough, I'm sure," said the fair authoress, to which I assented. They say that the men in the Custom-house "make a good thing of it, as a matter of course. That is a very comprehensive phrase; but I adopt it to illustrate my plan for the Queen of the great work, which the last *Dresser* says "is unequaled by waited for in literary and fashionable circles."

WHITE LIES.

The statement of Dr. Mackay (see *Illustrated Notes*) that the New York firemen have drinking-bouts in the "cellars" of their engine-houses.

That Lola Montes is an eloquent orator.

That Tammany Hall is to be moved to the corner of Lourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue.

That the daily papers have resolved not to write any thing more about Kossuth.

That the butcher's bill of a resident of the Fifth Avenue never amounts to over seven dollars per month.

That the musical critics have all committed suicide for fear of employment.

That the "first families" go to actresses' benefits "in full dress."

That the 22d petticoat is going to be the rage.

That the omnibus horses don't appreciate the literary efforts of the Metropolitan Pressmen.

That the "Bride of an Hour" has been recondoled to "George."

That rents will be lower after the first of May.

The statement of Colonel Bomb, of the Louisiana Pumpkins, that the senate will be reformed, and that then "something will be done for him."

That the Calico Ball was an economical affair.

That Professor Longfellow writes "My Lost Youth."

That the Harpers pay the writer of these papers one hundred dollars an article (which they ought).

THE BANNER OF PEACE.

Perhaps you don't know where Ludlow Street is. There are a good many ignorant people in the world, and as I don't wonder at your lack of topographical information, I will inform you that there are a great many things which I don't know. For instance, I never know what day of the month it is, and have great doubts as to what year we are in. Well, if you desire to find out Ludlow Street, look in the Directory. That valuable work advises, Ludlow Street, is just now the scene of one of the most interesting events of the day. Whenever a new general has hung out his banner, set to Elisabeth in Mexico, or to enlist men of battle to eat up the Mormons, it is a standard of public curiosity to see. There, a man of the people feels the peculiar throbbings of joy and without pride, it is very convenient to put his name in letters of gold, it will be proper, if you please, Mr. Glen, to write it in letters of silver. Jacob Wormser's banner, Ludlow Street. He has fitted up a neat room, where, from six in the morning to eleven at night, persons come every day, to dispense good, plain dinners to all who are poor and hungry. His dinner-parties number sometimes as many as four hundred guests, all of whom are treated with as much consideration as if they were Queens; would also have no one else to give me a special dinner at Delmonico's, which you don't, more's the pity (for you, of course). All the Ludlow Street boys for out of his own pocket, and gives his personal attendance. We read about people who devote themselves to the public service by making long speeches, taking large salaries, or killing a great many Indians; but if *they* are to be honored, what should be given to this man who, as they say, is only a mechanic? All will agree, save those who think that to display the highest traits of a true Christian gentleman. The blessings of the poor and needy are coming up like a cloud of sweet flowers to smooth the pathway of his glorious life. May he live a thousand years, and may his tribe increase!

THE OLD LULL HOUSE.



THE OLD LULL HOUSE.

THE accompanying very spirited and picturesque engraving represents the celebrated "Old Lull House," a relic of old Indian times, named after the family in whose possession it has been for more than a century. It stands in Byfield, a short distance from Newbury port, and is one of the most ancient houses in the country. It was built as early as 1660 for a garrison-house, and was the scene of the massacre, by the savages, of Goodrich, the chaplain of the garrison. He was shot while at prayer on Sunday evening, the ball passing through the first window on the right of the front door. His grave is underneath the small tree, which is seen in the picture, on the right of the house.

The house was built to resist a modern bombardment, instead of a flight of stone-headed arrows from the bows of the wild men. The timbers are of white oak, from a foot to twenty inches square, which have become hardened by age to the consistency of iron. The space between the posts is filled up with brick-work, which is exposed where the boarding has fallen off, as shown in the engraving. The whole being covered with a double course of boards of the same indestructible wood with the frame. The huge chimneys contain bricks enough to build quite a block of modern houses.

Thus runs the tale: Cantewit was a younger son of the chief of the Quescacunquen tribe of Indians, who inhabited the banks of the Parker River, where their remains, and many interesting relics of them, are still found in great numbers. He attracted the attention of Mr. Goodrich by his natural talents and his fidelity to the English, and became in time a constant visitor at the Garrison House, though, as Goodrich began at last to mistrust, more to seek the society of his daughter Anna, a girl of fourteen years, than to profit by the endeavors of the chaplain to convert him from the errors of paganism. Once when the good man was enlarging upon the beauties of the "New Jeruslem," and of the angelic inhabitants, Cantewit interrupted him with the question, "Do the angels look like Anna?"

Goodrich, however, did not aspire to an alliance with the sachem's family, and was at last obliged, in order to avoid the troublesome pertinacity with which the Indian pressed his suit, to forbid him the house.

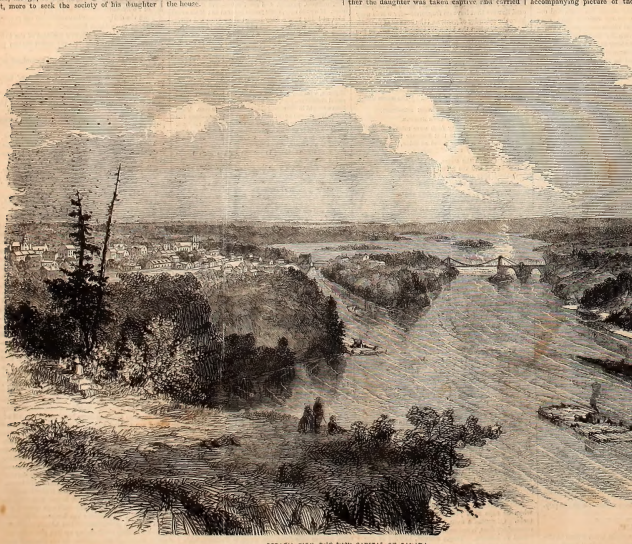
This slight his majesty (?) laid up in his heart for future reference. About a year after this the attack on the house was planned by the New Hampshire Indians, a tribe who were friendly to the Quescacunquens; but whether they were incited to it by Cantewit, or whether it was a quarrel of their own in which our hero subsequently took a hand for the advancement of his own ends, is not known. At any rate he was in their confidence, and held a hand in the game which took the "queen of hearts." After the massacre of the father the daughter was taken captive and carried first to New Hampshire, and afterward, to elude pursuit, to Canada, with her Indian lover sitting in the company of her captors or following fast behind.

Time and the presence of the handsome young chief assuaged at length her grief at the loss of her father, and her own exile, and on Cantewit's consenting to adopt the habits of civilization, she gave him her hand, and for more than threescore and ten years lived with him as his wife.

At the age of ninety years, after Cantewit was dead and his tribe extinct, she bade adieu to her adopted home, and traveled back to the home of her childhood. The grandfather of the writer of this sketch, then a boy of a dozen years, led her through the once familiar rooms of the old house, and out to her father's grave. Strangers dwelt in those rooms. Strangers occupied the lands around which were rightfully her husband's inheritance; and the stranger's plow-share had even disturbed the sod over the grave of her sire. Every thing was changed. She remained for an hour in a state of intense distraction, then turning to my grandfather with a deep-drawn sigh, she said, "There is something wrong here—I must go home." She would have started the same night back to Canada, but was of course prevented, as the neighbors saw she was exhausted from travel, and that death at best was not far off. She retired to rest that night in the house of a friend, and in the morning was found lifeless in her bed. She had gone home.

THE NEW CAPITAL OF CANADA—OTTAWA CITY.

OUR Canadian readers will be glad to see the accompanying picture of their new capital, the



OTTAWA CITY, THE NEW CAPITAL OF CANADA.

city of Ottawa, on the river of the same name, in Western Canada.

Ottawa City has just been selected by the government of Great Britain to be the capital of Canada. For the benefit of readers in the United States, a few words of explanation as to this selection may be necessary. Previous to the union of the provinces of Upper or Western, and Lower or Eastern Canada, each province had a capital of its own—the two fortunate cities being Quebec and Toronto. At the union of the provinces, which followed the rebellion of 1837–38, Montreal was selected as the capital of United Canada. In the course of a year or two, the Upper Canadians complaining that Montreal was not central enough, the seat of government was transferred to Kingston. There it remained some years; but two governors dying there, a prejudice arose against the place, and Montreal was once more chosen as the capital. In 1849 a mob in that city, in a fit of rage at the passage of an unpopular act of Parliament, burned down the Parliament Houses and mansion the Governor's life, upon which the government was removed from the place. To satisfy both extremities of the province, a scheme analogous to that in use by our Connecticut neighbors was adopted. It was determined that the government should be located alternately at Quebec and Quebec, each city holding the honor for four years. Accordingly, in 1849, the Governor and departments were removed to Toronto. In due time they migrated to Quebec, and again, at the quadrennial period, they relapsed to Toronto. This peripatetic system, however, was objectionable in many respects. The cost of each removal was very large, and there was no slight risk of losing valuable records in the transits. So, after two or three journeys to and fro, the legislative hotly of Canada, finding it impossible to persuade the members from the several districts of the province to agree upon any one city, decided to choose an outside arbitrator, and the Queen was naturally suggested for the office. She has decided as we said, in favor of Ottawa City.



A MILL OF THE UPPER COUNTRY.

The first settler at or near Ottawa City was a Massachusetts man named Wright, who built his log-hut there in 1800, and brought up a large family on the border of the rapids of Ottawa. Subsequently, the war of 1812–14 teaching the British that it would be well for them to have a communication with the lakes which was not liable to a sudden interruption from Ogdensburg, an officer of engineers, named Colonel By, was directed to construct a canal through the swamps and lakes between Kingston and the waters of the Ottawa. He built the canal, which is known as the Rideau Canal; and a few huts, sheds, and store-houses, which were erected on the Ottawa at the terminus of the canal for the convenience of the men employed, were erected into a town by the name of Bytown.

In course of time the abundance of valuable timber on the upper waters of the Ottawa River attracted settlers to Bytown, and it became a thriving place. Portions of the adjacent land are fertile, and agricultural settlers were induced to prefer it to the favorite sites between the lakes. Several enterprising timber firms established agencies at Bytown, erected mills in the vicinity, and built slides for timber. A number of that valuable class of settlers—Protestants from the north of Ireland—selected the vicinity of the town as their home. Altogether, the site was fortunate, and the town prosperous.

In 1855 the progress of Bytown, was so marked that the people grew tired of the old name, and desired to disentangle their fortunes from the memory of the builder of the very ornamental, but not particularly useful, Rideau Canal. They obtained leave to call their city Ottawa City instead of Bytown, and at the same time they put in their plea as a candidate for the honors of the capital, urging the superiority of their town over other Canadian cities in view of its central location, its remoteness from the United States frontier, and the inoffensive character of its people. We have mentioned their second claim.

Ottawa City is supposed to contain about 1200 inhabitants. It is a fine city, well laid out, and very picturesquely situate. It contains also a few churches, public buildings, mills, etc. The chief business of the people is getting out lumber and sending it to Quebec for sale.

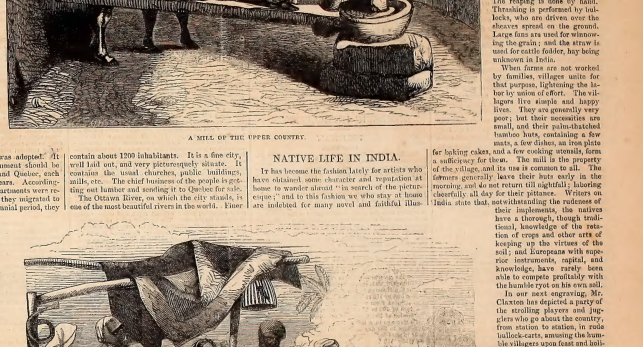
The Ottawa River, on which the city stands, is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. Floor scenery than that which adorns its banks can not be found any where. Whether it derives its name from the old tribe of "Ottawas," who are now dying out on Manitoulin Island, in Lake Huron, or whether they borrowed their name from it, can never be known. The word signifies, strangely enough, "the human ear."

NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA.

IT has become the fashion lately for artists who have obtained some character and reputation at home to wander abroad "in search of the picturesque;" and to this fashion we who stay at home are indebted for many novel and faithful illustrations of foreign life, manners, and customs. Thus Mr. Marshall Claxton, a well-known painter, contributes some excellent sketches of Life in India, three of which we engrave for our readers on this page.

In our first engraving is shown the manner of grinding grain in the northern provinces of India. The principal food of the people of Hindostan is rice in Bengal, and wheat in the North and the interior. The great mass of the people are cultivators of the soil. The farms are in general small, and the wealth of the farmer is estimated by the number of bullocks he owns. The implements of husbandry are rude to the last degree, little or no improvement having been made for ages in any of the most important farm-tools. Labor and living, however, are cheap, and tasteful and laborious cultivation makes up for rudeness of tools. With the light wooden plow, to which are hitched two bullocks, the fields are plowed and replowed, often a dozen times, till the soil is reduced to a fine powder. The reaping is done by hand. Threshing is performed by bullocks, who are driven over the sheaves spread on the ground. Large fans are used for winnowing the grain; and the straw is used for cattle fodder, hay being unknown in India.

When farms are not worked by families, villages unite for that purpose, lightening the labor by union of effort. The villagers live simple and happy lives. They are generally very poor; but their necessities are small, and their palm-thatched bamboo huts, containing a few mats, a few dishes, an iron plate for baking cakes, and a few cooking utensils, form all we see. The hall is the property of the village, and its use is common to all. The farmers begin their daily labors in the morning, and do not return till nightfall; laboring cheerfully all day for their pittance. Writers on India state that, notwithstanding the rudeness of their implements, the natives have a thorough, though traditional, knowledge of the rotation of crops and other arts of keeping up the vitality of the soil; and Europeans with superior instruments, capital, and knowledge, have rarely been able to compete profitably with the humble cooly on his own soil.



STROLLING PLAYERS OF THE UPPER COUNTRY.

In our next engraving, Mr. Claxton has depicted a party of the strolling players and jugglers who go about the country, from station to station, in rude bullock-carts, amusing the humble villagers upon feast and holidays by their antics. Reclining upon the cart beneath the shelter of the carpet-serving as seen the match girls, whose graceful dances and monotonous singing are unfailing accompaniments to every fete or celebration, religious or secular, in India. These girls are devoted to this profession from childhood up. Their dances require great attention, the dancer's feet being hung with small bells, which sound in concert with the music. In youth the women are often very beautiful, and always shapely, lithe, and of graceful carriage. They compose a separate class, live under the direct protection of government, and are governed by special laws. It is noteworthy that the lithe, graceful, and healthy shapes of the Indian women are the result of a habit of carrying light burdens upon the head, which they are trained from early youth. This strengthens the spine, elongates and develops the neck and shoulders, while it produces at the same time the erect and elastic gait which is so generally admired. It would not be advisable to introduce this among the exercises of our calisthenium.

The jugglers of India have long been noted for their adroitness, bodily activity, and the slightness of the means with which they produce the most surprising effects. Dr. Fryer relates that he saw a man actually swallow a jack chain, and cause it to jingle in his stomach.

Another, by suction or drawing of his breath, so contracted his lower belly that it had nothing left to support it, but fall flat upon his loins, the midriff being forced into the thorax, and the muscles of the abdomen so clearly marked out by the stiff tendons of the lean ribs as by the most accurate dissection could be made apparent, he moving each row like living columns." Mr. Johnson gives an accurate account of a native who swallowed a sword—or rather a stout iron rod—twenty-six inches in length, an inch in breadth, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness. Having edied the instrument, the fellow grappled his nose, and, bending backward a little, pushed the sword gently down into throat, "until my hand,



ELEPHANTS' STABLE AT BARRACKPORE.

which was on the handle, came in contact with his lips." The point of the rod could now be plainly felt between his breast and navel. A whistling fracture was fixed on the handle, and being fired, surrounded the juggler with a blue flame, while he sat calmly, but rather stiffly, before his audience. It was noticed that on withdrawing the instrument several parts of it were spotted with blood. Warren Hastings records that he saw a man actually stalk about in the water as one would on land, without extraneous machinery or encumbrance.

Our third illustration shows an elephant stable at Barrackpore—a gigantic building. The elephant is the chief draught animal of India. Most of the wealthy men keep elephants as objects of luxury. In war they are of immense value in moving artillery and baggage; and their docility and power are made use of in a thousand different ways. Elephants are almost as common in the streets of Indian cities as horses are in the streets of New York.

They are caught in their wild state by being enticed by tame beasts into an inclosure prepared for the purpose, which is surrounded by a strong fence and deep ditch. They are tamed by a thorough course of starvation, and, when sufficiently subdued to trees, are afterward fed by their future mahouts or attendants. It is a singular fact that the existence of a rare of thorough cannibals, living within two hundred and fifty miles of Calcutta, was first discovered by a troop of elephants under command Major Gardiner, who were hunting to supply the Government stables at Chittagong. The fact came to us as these people called themselves—are low in stature, have prominent bellies, muscular limbs, harsh features, and hair a strong resemblance to the monkey tribe. They construct their dwellings in the tops of trees. So ferocious are they that even Major Gardiner's parties had always to go fully armed, and yet several men were killed and eaten by them. One poor fellow, caught off his guard, was devoured before the life-blood was cold in his veins. As individual of this race are very caught, and endeavors were made to civilize him, but he still habits were too strong upon him. After some months of polish, he murdered a fellow-workman, and was detected feasting upon the body; whereupon he was immediately hung up by the civil authorities of Chittagong.

LITERARY.

We have on our table this week two translations of Guerazzi's novel, BEATRICE CENCI, one by Leigh Hunt, published by Ticknor & Fields, the other by Mr. Watts Sherman, published by Mason Brothers.

This book is not, as advertised by the publishers "the book of the age." It is in point of fact a very stiff and tame novel, violating almost all the rules, closely as on Italian bandit violates law, and murdering truth for the purpose of the story as ruthlessly as Orsini and his companions murdered Parmisiun for the sake of reaching the Emperor.

The story of the Beatrice should not be told except on a sunny afternoon in the Barberini palace, and then we stand before those magnificent, mournful eyes, which seem even now to speak the agony and shame, mingled with sullen patience and faith, of the wronged and unprotected girl, and hear some enthusiastic Italian whisper the sim. ple and thrilling tale. Then we see the palaces and the splendor of her character by its allotations, and raise the interest of her story by its absurd romance.

Guido has written the story of Beatrice Cenci on exactly this level. Those who have read the whole; and no novelist—certainly no Guerazzian—can hope to share the fame of the author, or better by any translation the history which it perverts and records.

Speaking of that picture, let us remark in passing that the Beatrice was never copied but once. The masterless pictures that abound in galleries and private collections, public and private auctionrooms, are copies of a copy at the best, for the prejudices of the palace of which it is the pride will not see (even before the Fornarina of Raphael, which hangs on the same walls) have never allowed an artist to copy the room with pencil or brush, except in one instance. This one copy is possessed by a Florentine artist, and from it have come all the copies. But no one of all that we have seen conveys an adequate idea of the power, the grace, the sadness and melancholy of the eyes in that original which the painter sketched in the pen of the poet before she was executed on the scaffold.

From writing of the Beatrice, we pass naturally to the new book on our table, A MANUAL OF ORNITHANCY, by J. W. De Forest, published by Harper & Brothers; for the author starts in Florence. He was on a pleasant side of that Greek-eagle, and takes up along with him to Venice, and Rome to Sorrento, Piræus, Athens, Smyrna and there, and back to Florence and the Cascine, always with sparkling reminiscence, amusing anecdote and observation, the keen observant eye of an educated and wide-awake traveler, and the love of incident and amusement which will be much liked to make travel delicious. The book is more devoted to people than to places, yet the traveler's reader will enjoy passing allusions to localities which will remind him of his own life abroad. Who that has been in it will ever forget the marvelous gondola at Venice, and the funeral thought that one sees sails in it struggling with all the way from the island to the Hotel Danieli?

We have found Mr. De Forest a genial and hearty traveling companion, who looks at men as we like to have our silly look at them, gives us their "sketchees" at once without hesitation, and we commend him to the attention of our readers who have not been abroad, as well as to those who have, as the most delightful of companions. The sketches of the Cascine at Florence, the evening drive, the event, and the whole picture of the interest of assembly places, are alone worth getting the book to read, to say nothing of "General Jones of Baltimore," and other worthy Americans who figure here and there in these amusing pages.

Let us look at home. Here is an octavo, EARLY INDIAN TRIBES AND SURVIVORS, by Hon. O. H. Smith, a gentleman who has grown with the growth of the State to whose historical resources he adds this volume, which is published by Moore, Wilstach, & Co., of Cincinnati. Books of this class are eminently valuable in a historical point of view. They are the observations of a contemporary; the views of an intelligent observer of the facts of civilization wherever they grieve. Great dissatisfaction is expressed by the Democratic press at the Governor's course as to the constitution of the Select Committee of Investigation. They should have no fear in the matter, while they see in a minority also that the stronger Democratic party is represented. Of the seven men here cite are from the middle of the House.—Free Kansas Legislature met at Topeka on the 4th inst. The Free-soil Legislature will proceed to the Constitutional Convention and Committees to be appointed. Governor Medary has sent over certificates to any members who have not received them. Governor Walker's candidates have been elected: but nothing is yet known of the Legislature.

Governor Wise has issued a new manifesto in reply to Governor Pollock's address on anti-Lecompton meeting at Philadelphia. He says that a careful review of the Presidential Message has satisfied him that it is the true policy of his choice. He protests against the mode in which the Lecompton Constitution was prepared, and is objected, as anti-republican and aggressive, and as offensive to the Democratic party of the Northern States. He admits that the conduct of the Topekaites and violent anti-slavery men in their opponents made it necessary for the authority up to the submission of the Constitution to the people. He says that if the people of Kansas do not like the constitution the act has given the people, and it is the constitution that must be voted down. The contest will not justify the war, he is sure to be victorious, and can force the defeats of the Lecompton candidate, which though positive, will have the effect of adopting the Lecompton Constitution will be worse than referring it back to the people. Territorial discord is the way to ruin the Democracy and the feeds for demanding more slaves in a State. He says that the issue is not now to slavery but Kansas question against a single slave; it is the question of the Democratic party, and the Democratic party must be sustained Democracy is now the Black Republican flag over the Capitol in the next struggle for the Presidency. Governor Wise is for the Democracy.

MINISTER MADE IN DENMARK.

Hon. R. K. Meade, of Virginia, United States Minister to Spain, has been appointed by the President an ambassador from that foreign power to Denmark. In the course of his address Mr. Meade expressed himself as follows: "I am deeply impressed with a sense of the honor and remembrance and identity of interest which should make the intercourse of the two countries a matter of interest to the policy and aspirations of each. An equal extent of territory, of population, of resources, gives the natural assurance of future power that this is where the roots of the Danish Government are to be found. It is the policy that belongs only to consistent strength.

"The Danish Government, in asserting in their policy their constitutional organization, is well calculated to secure the confidence of the United States, and to secure the confidence of the United States in their progress, while an institution common to both countries, fixed and deeply rooted in the nature of many bodily interests, which will resume from without, does now establish an affinity between them, and will be a source of mutual benefit, of action and feeling that will prove invincible in the future."

These remarks have attracted some attention from the press.

ANOTHER ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON THE COAST OF CUBA.

The Navy Department has received dispatches dated at Pensacola, January 30, from Commodore Armstrong, commanding the African Squadron, "He says that British cruisers had committed another outrage by firing shot and not just cause, the James Watson, a vessel bearing the American flag, on the coast of Cuba, near Santa Lucia, and afterward released, there being no evidence that she was engaged in the slave trade. Another has been detained by the modern Wise, senior British officer, that the facts of the case will be investigated by the British Government, and that the officer who had committed the outrage would probably be deprived of command. Commodore Armstrong expresses the opinion that Cuba, of the nations now in existence, is inquire into the rail- of Wilkinson's Point to Governor's Island.

On Wednesday, 10th, the credentials of Senator Grimes of Iowa, appointed to fill the vacancy, were read. Petitions attempted to bring up his Kansas resolutions; but after a sharp passage at arms with Senator Douglas, Senator Davis and Mason, his motion was defeated by 13 to 35. Senator Green of Missouri, presented a memorial and resolution for repeasure. but Senator Toombs objected, and after much personal excitement the matter was laid off. The Army Bill was then taken up and debated by Messrs. Bayard, Hunter, Green, Fitch, Pugh, Clay, Wade, Crittenden, Iverson, and Cameron, the latter opposing Wilson's resolution inquiring what army officers are absent from their regiments, and why. The bill was then wrongly taken up, and debate followed. Senators Hunter, Bayard, Crittenden, Green, Clay, and Pugh spoke. A motion to strike out the first section was lost by 25 to 26. Senator Green, of Missouri, presented a memorial, and pointed by the President. The committee under the resolution of Senator Mason, of Virginia, was referred the Kansas Message and Lecompton Constitution, with instructions to report by bill or otherwise. The committee Morrill of Vermont, Seward of New York, Wade of Ohio, Trumbull of Illinois, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Grimes of Iowa, Collamer of Vermont, White of Indiana, Fessenden of Michigan, Anderson of Missouri, Stephenson of Kentucky, Bigler of Pennsylvania, Broderick of California, Bissell of New York; the Select Committee to examine the Post-office Department and report a bill to reduce the rate of postage to three cents. Mr. Hunter presented a memorial, although the memorial session kept away from the Senate. Messrs. Bayard of Virginia, Wade of Missouri, Florence of Pennsylvania, and Hall of Massachusetts, were appointed to act as the Select Committee by Messrs. Florence, Whitaker, and Workmen was considered by Messrs. Bayard of New York, Hall of Virginia, the Investigating Committee reported that the witness, Mr. Workmen, was not to be found. Mr. Florence, the Sergeant-at-arms, was directed to report to the Senate. Messrs. Stanton, Stone, and Company, and asked for a resolution to appoint a day for the Senate to visit Mount Vernon. This was carried after debate by Messrs. Stanton, Underwood, Phillips, Seward, Fessenden, John Cochrane, Brooks, Moore, Gould, and Lovejoy.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the contemptuous witness, Wolcott, was brought before the House by the Sergeant-at-arms, but on motion of Mr. Stanton, and after remarks by Messrs. Cochrane, Clow, Pendleton, Vallandigham, Campbell, and others, he was discharged on his answer to Mr. Stanton that he considered the Committee had looked out of their province in the matter of the Post-office Department, and referred to various newspapers on the subject. The question was then taken on Mr. Stanton's motion, and decided by Stephens, Washburne, and Giddings. It was then decided, by 105 to 85, that the question was not one of privilege.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

It is understood that the Senate Committee on Territories will send in three reports on the Kansas question one for the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution, from the majority of the Committee; another, from Senators Collamer and Wade, against that measure; and a third, from Senator Douglas, for action on the submission of that Constitution to the people at the election in June next. The latter report will be the most elaborate of the three, and will be received by both with a provision that nothing is to deprive the people of Kansas of the right of altering the Lecompton Constitution whenever they please. Great dissatisfaction is expressed by the Democratic press at the Governor's course as to the constitution of the Select Committee of Investigation. They should have no fear in the matter, while they see in a minority also that the stronger Democratic party is represented. Of the seven men here cite are from the middle of the House.—Free Kansas Legislature met at Topeka on the 4th inst. The Free-soil Legislature will proceed to the Constitutional Convention and Committees to be appointed. Governor Medary has sent over certificates to any members who have not received them. Governor Walker's candidates have been elected: but nothing is yet known of the Legislature.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 8th February, in the Senate, Senator Allen presented the credentials of Senator Dodge, re-elected. He regretted the Lecompton Constitution. Senator Seward presented petitions from New York for action on territory for secession. The Kansas question was then taken up, and Senator Douglas spoke in favor of the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, followed, the motion to refer for President's Kansas Message, to refer the Constitution to the Committee on Territories to inquire into the number and legality of the votes cast in Kansas, and empowering the Committee to send for persons and papers, was lost by a vote of 22 to 28. The Message was then referred to the Committee on Territories. Senator Douglas hoped the Senate would take no resolutions acting on the Message. Senator Crittenden relative to Kansas; but Senator Mason moved an adjournment, which was carried by 27 to 25. Senator Mason took the first business in order, in pursuance of the Kansas Message, and moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the Kansas Message. Senator Douglas opposed the motion; but by 31 to 23. Debate then followed on the Lecompton Constitution, in which Senators Green, Pugh, Mason, Bivins, Foot, Benjamin, and Hunter, of the Committee on Ways and Means, appropriating a sum of money to be paid from the Treasury, whereas the sum of $50,000 was appropriated for drawing the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and for the payment of claims, against Mexico, under the treaty of 1853. Inquire into the rail- of Wilkinson's Point to Governor's Island.

On Wednesday, 10th, the credentials of Senator Grimes of Iowa, appointed to fill the vacancy, were read. Petitions attempted to bring up his Kansas resolutions; but after a sharp passage at arms with Senator Douglas, Senator Davis and Mason, his motion was defeated by 13 to 35. Senator Green of Missouri, presented a memorial and resolution for repeasure. but Senator Toombs objected, and after much personal excitement the matter was laid off. The Army Bill was then taken up and debated by Messrs. Bayard, Hunter, Green, Fitch, Pugh, Clay, Wade, Crittenden, Iverson, and Cameron, the latter opposing Wilson's resolution inquiring what army officers are absent from their regiments, and why. The bill was wrongly taken up, and debate followed. Senators Hunter, Bayard, Crittenden, Green, Clay, and Pugh spoke. A motion to strike out the first section was lost by 25 to 26. Senator Green, of Missouri, presented a memorial, and pointed by the President. The committee under the resolution of Senator Mason, of Virginia, was referred the Kansas Message and Lecompton Constitution, with instructions to report by bill or otherwise. The committee Morrill of Vermont, Seward of New York, Wade of Ohio, Trumbull of Illinois, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Grimes of Iowa, Collamer of Vermont, White of Indiana, Fessenden of Michigan, Anderson of Missouri, Stephenson of Kentucky, Bigler of Pennsylvania, Broderick of California, Bissell of New York; the Select Committee to examine the Post-office Department and report a bill to reduce the rate of postage to three cents. Mr. Hunter presented a memorial, although the memorial session kept away from the Senate. Messrs. Bayard of Virginia, Wade of Missouri, Florence of Pennsylvania, and Hall of Massachusetts, were appointed to act as the Select Committee by Messrs. Florence, Whitaker, and Workmen was considered by Messrs. Bayard of New York, Hall of Virginia, the Investigating Committee reported that the witness, Mr. Workmen, was not to be found. Mr. Florence, the Sergeant-at-arms, was directed to report to the Senate. Messrs. Stanton, Stone, and Company, and asked for a resolution to appoint a day for the Senate to visit Mount Vernon. This was carried after debate by Messrs. Stanton, Underwood, Phillips, Seward, Fessenden, John Cochrane, Brooks, Moore, Gould, and Lovejoy.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the contemptuous witness, Wolcott, was brought before the House by the Sergeant-at-arms, but on motion of Mr. Stanton, and after remarks by Messrs. Cochrane, Clow, Pendleton, Vallandigham, Campbell, and others, he was discharged on his answer to Mr. Stanton that he considered the Committee had looked out of their province in the matter of the Post-office Department, and referred to various newspapers on the subject. The question was then taken on Mr. Stanton's motion, and decided by Stephens, Washburne, and Giddings. It was then decided, by 105 to 85, that the question was not one of privilege.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

It is understood that the Senate Committee on Territories will send in three reports on the Kansas question one for the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution, from the majority of the Committee; another, from Senators Collamer and Wade, against that measure; and a third, from Senator Douglas, for action on the submission of that Constitution to the people at the election in June next. The latter report will be the most elaborate of the three, and will be received by both with a provision that nothing is to deprive the people of Kansas of the right of altering the Lecompton Constitution whenever they please. Great dissatisfaction is expressed by the Democratic press at the Governor's course as to the constitution of the Select Committee of Investigation. They should have no fear in the matter, while they see in a minority also that the stronger Democratic party is represented. Of the seven men here cite are from the middle of the House.—Free Kansas Legislature met at Topeka on the 4th inst. The Free-soil Legislature will proceed to the Constitutional Convention and Committees to be appointed. Governor Medary has sent over certificates to any members who have not received them. Governor Walker's candidates have been elected: but nothing is yet known of the Legislature.

Governor Wise has issued a new manifesto in reply to Governor Pollock's address on anti-Lecompton meeting at Philadelphia. He says that a careful review of the Presidential Message has satisfied him that it is the true policy of his choice. He protests against the mode in which the Lecompton Constitution was prepared, and is objected to, as anti-republican and aggressive, and as offensive to the Democratic party of the Northern States. He admits that the conduct of the Topekaites and violent anti-slavery men in their opponents made it necessary for the authority up to the submission of the Constitution to the people. He says that if the people of Kansas do not like the constitution the act has given the people, and it is the constitution that must be voted down. The contest will not justify the war, he is sure to be victorious, and can force the defeats of the Lecompton candidate, which though positive, will have the effect of adopting the Lecompton Constitution will be worse than referring it back to the people. Territorial discord is the way to ruin the Democracy and the feeds for demanding more slaves in a State. He says that the issue is not now to slavery but Kansas question against a single slave; it is the question of the Democratic party, and the Democratic party must be sustained Democracy is now the Black Republican flag over the Capitol in the next struggle for the Presidency. Governor Wise is for the Democracy.

MINISTER MADE IN DENMARK.

Hon. R. K. Meade, of Virginia, United States Minister to Spain, has been appointed by the President an ambassador from that foreign power to Denmark. In the course of his address Mr. Meade expressed himself as follows: "I am deeply impressed with a sense of the honor and remembrance and identity of interest which should make the intercourse of the two countries a matter of interest to the policy and aspirations of each. An equal extent of territory, of population, of resources, gives the natural assurance of future power that this is where the roots of the Danish Government are to be found. It is the policy that belongs only to consistent strength.

"The Danish Government, in asserting in their policy their constitutional organization, is well calculated to secure the confidence of the United States, and to secure the confidence of the United States in their progress, while an institution common to both countries, fixed and deeply rooted in the nature of many bodily interests, which will resume from without, does now establish an affinity between them, and will be a source of mutual benefit, of action and feeling that will prove invincible in the future."

These remarks have attracted some attention from the press.

ANOTHER ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON THE COAST OF CUBA.

The Navy Department has received dispatches dated at Pensacola, January 30, from Commodore Armstrong, commanding the African Squadron. "He says that British cruisers had committed another outrage by firing shot and not just cause, the James Watson, a vessel bearing the American flag, on the coast of Cuba, near Santa Lucia, and afterward released, there being no evidence that she was engaged in the slave trade. Another has been detained by the modern Wise, senior British officer, that the facts of the case will be investigated by the British Government, and that the officer who had committed the outrage would probably be deprived of command. Commodore Armstrong expresses the opinion that Cuba, of the nations now in existence, is inquire into the rail- of Wilkinson's Point to Governor's Island.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT was to assemble on the 4th of February. The Government will have a majority sufficient to prevent the early attendance of the supporters of the Government, in case of consideration of a vote of censure under discussion.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Princess Royal of England was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, in the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace, on 25th ultimo. We take nearly from the London Times the following account of the ceremony:

THE SCENE BEFORE THE CEREMONY.

Visitors were admitted to the Chapel Royal at 11 A.M. They were assembling there were some crown, of course, in attendance, but the Court generally was in the Throne of the Guard, and a party of diplomatists were generally assembled in the Throne Room. The various functionaries of this kind, and criticisms of each other's toilets by the ladies. Many of the ladies appeared in the prevailing style of dress was befitting a bridal; there were no many white dresses and gauze veils, but the general hues bore suggested a large number of brides had been dispersed among the company. The military and (particularly for gentlemen) portion had evidently been made up with especial care, and the uniforms of the Guards, Hussars, and Lancers, with their gold lace and facings, looked well, with the addition of bouquets of palm-leaves and flowers. Beneath every cocked hat was seen the full dress of a field guardsman, also his cuirass, and, finally, the rich full dress of a cavalry soldier, with his splendid drapery behind him.

THE MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

It is now past twelve o'clock, and the excitement of expectation, unnecessarily wearied, is relieved when there enters near the door intrigue successfully to change their places with those who were before them. A noble cousins drops her cloak and stands over the gallery rail to the Hon. Miss Cavendish, who is in the adjoining litter course. It is increased, somewhat process, looking over, and the Duchess of Cambridge, and every one looks up such as people do at the theatre when the curtain is delayed over the rise.

ENTRANCE OF THE ROYAL PARENTS.

Suddenly there is a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia enters her son, leading the bride, followed by a rear of crown cards, and with her train borne by the youthful Princesses Alice and Helena. The appearance of the bride was the signal for the entrance of the Queen, the bridegroom-in-law (such passes as to the alter) leading her Majesty to the throne on the left-hand side. Shortly in the distance the long-drawn, clear, defiant notes of the trumpets rise from the Throne Room, announce and the last arrivals among the visitors hasten to arrange themselves. Then the officers of the household and two brilliant lines along the corridor by the chapel at either side. Step by step the procession approaches is felt—level; now they are descending the stair-case, the regiment of the Guards is heard presenting their present salute, and the prolonged, triumphant flourish proclaims the arrival of the Queen. The Prince of Prussia leads the Queen to the throne on the left-hand side of the Queen the bride of State to gentleman assistant.

The Prince of Prussia, on the left-hand side of the bride, and the Princesses Alice and Helena on the right. Behind the Queen, and next to her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Alfred and Princess Helena, stands Prince Albert. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged trumpet-flourish and the firing of the royal salute. Which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to the throne, and the Prince of Prussia, with his son, quickly and audible, but self-possessed and stately. On her head she wore a splendid diamond coronet, the appearance to the effect which the lofty "veil" upon the royal caskets of the bridegroom. The bride was then conducted to the throne, and the Prince of Prussia, with his son, while he welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to the throne, and the Prince of Prussia, with his son, quickly placed between the three-embodored retinue occupied by the young and royal children.

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Again there is a flourish of trumpets, a loose interval, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and, ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the bridegroom. On his right walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the Royal bridegroom, as he walks slowly but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, if not of gesture, to the throne. His uniform was full dress as to advantage, and as to all his breast, upon commanding figure, it was displayed to the best advantage. He wore the collar of the Garter, and the star of the order, with the most profound reverence, and, turning to his royal brother, kissed him on both cheeks. The royal bride then kissed that to the Queen, and then, kneeling in the centre

of the chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

THE BRIDE.

After a while the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again quit the chapel to usher in the procession of the bride, who is soon at the door, and stands "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls" that bloom in fair array behind her. The gorgeous vail she wears depending from her head-dress is thrown off, and, hanging in massive folds behind, leaves the expression of her face completely visible as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all can see distinctly the mild, amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling, and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray which would "only prove how vainly words essay to fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray." Her bright bloom of color has completely deserted her, and even when compared with her snowy dress her cheeks seem pale, and her whole appearance denotes tremulousness and agitation.

In these ceremonies, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks only next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark any thing, save that it is exquisitely becoming, beautiful, and white. In fact, its unity only recalls to mind the belle of the French Court, who is said to dress with such a perfection of good taste that one can never observe what she wears. While, however, we mention this as the actual effect of the costume, we may state, for the further information of our readers, that it was composed of a rich robe of white moire antique, ornamented with three flounces of Honiton lace.

The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open work of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in three medallions. At the top of each flounce in front of the dress are wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms—the latter being the bridal flower of Germany—every wreath terminating with bouquets of the same flowers, and the length of each being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by a large bouquet worn on the girdle. The train, which is of the unusual length of more than three yards, is of white moire antique, trimmed with two rows of Honiton lace, surmounted by wreaths similar to those on the flounces of the dress, with bouquets at short intervals.

THE APPROACH TO THE ALTAR.

As the bride passes up to the altar she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so the bridegroom elect advances, and kneeling on one knee presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequaled brilliancy, the service commences with the chorale, which peals through the little building with the most solemn effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and piety, and the audience follow them in a whispered cadence as the choir sing—

This day, with gladsome voice and heart,
We praise thy name, O Lord, who art
Of all good things the giver!
For England's first born hope we pray—
Be near her now, and ever!
King of Kings, Lord of Lords,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Hear us, while we kneel before Thee!

THE CEREMONY.

The hymn over, the marriage service is commenced at exactly ten minutes to one.

The Rubric is rigidly adhered to throughout. After going through the usual formulary, the Most Reverend Primate, who was very indistinctly heard, asks the royal bridegroom,

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince replies, loud and clear, "I will."

To the same question the faint answer of the bride is barely audible, though the attention of all is strained to the utmost to catch the feebly-uttered words.

To the next—

"Who giveth this woman away?"

The Prince Consort replies, loudly, "I do."

Then the Prince takes his bride's hand in his own, in earnest warmth, and repeats, slowly and distinctly, after the Primate—

"I, Frederick William Nicholas Charles, take thee, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Again, in reply, the words of the bride are almost lost, and she seems faint and tremulous enough to excite uneasiness among her ladies.

The Prince then, taking the ring from his brother Albert, said, with marked emphasis,

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said, "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

AFFECTING SCENE.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended, and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent up feelings, turned, and flung herself upon her mother's bosom, with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion, but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, and, hurrying across the *haut pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which as he stooped to kiss she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for, by the working of his face, it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

THE TROUSSEAU.

The portion of the wedding outfit of the Princess Royal supplied by Howell and James consists of Spitalfields manufactures. Those of moire antique may be held in competition with, or even as exceeding in beauty and richness, those of foreign make, while in color they are both brilliant and lasting. English ladies would do well to follow the example set by her Majesty, and pride themselves upon wearing these rare specimens of Spitalfields manufacture. We may especially point to the moire antique silks of Spitalfields manufacture chosen by her Majesty and the Princess Royal. The effect of the watering is reduplicated by a thread of silver or gold interwoven, and gives to the watering the appearance of the silver light of a phosphorescent sea by moonlight. Of these the Princess Royal has chosen white moire antique, richly woven with real silver, and white poult de soie, striped with real silver. Her Majesty has a mauve-colored petticoat of moire antique, richly woven with real silver, Spitalfields; and a train of same color of Lyons velvet. The color "mauve" is that of the mallow in its early spring bloom; it is sometimes confounded with that of the peach blossom, but is more delicate in its hue. So exquisite is the color of the Lyons velvet in her Majesty's train that it is still kept in the loom, since the surpassingly delicate bloom upon it will not endure in perfection after more than five hours' exposure to atmospheric influence. The light tulle dresses are of fairy texture, looking as if a breath would puff them from their resting places. They are embroidered in white and colored floss silks in beautiful devices, and some have trimmings of lisse gauze, and bunches of lisse gauze flowers.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

The nuptial present given by Prince Frederick William to his royal bride consists of a pearl necklace of unusual beauty and costliness; the necklace consists of thirty-two large Oriental pearls, pronounced by connoisseurs to be remarkably pure, and the larger of which, those toward the centre, are of the size of a hazel-nut. The cost of this little collection, which has been completed only by dint of great diligence during a lengthened period, is stated to be 28,000 thalers (£4200). For six ladies, who have been the companions and friends of the Princess Royal hitherto (whether these ladies are the same as those selected by the Princess to officiate as her bridesmaids I have not heard), the Prince takes with him six golden bracelets, consisting of a broad rich band of gold, bearing a shield, on which is mounted a Prussian eagle; the wings of which are incrusted with diamonds. The Princess of Prussia has also had a set of diamond and turquoise ornaments arranged with excellent taste as her present to the Princess Royal. Another present, destined for the Bishop of London by the Prince, is a copy of the New Testament, printed in folio by the celebrated printing firm of Decker, in Berlin, which formerly enjoyed the monopoly of printing all State documents. This work was got up by this firm in 1840 at the fourth centenary of the invention of book-printing celebrated in Berlin, for the purpose of showing the world what Prussia could produce in this branch of industry, and was admitted to bear off the palm from all other competitors for fame on this occasion. The types, which are of unusual size and elegance of form, were all founded specially for the work, and the initial letters of the chapters are decorated and illuminated after designs by Kaulbach. As yet this work stands unrivaled as a typographical *chef d'œuvre*; but the triumph has not been obtained without a great sacrifice of money as well as of time and labor; for, although a single copy of this one volume is not sold for less than 200 thalers (£45), the printer still suffers a considerable loss by it. The copy destined for the bishop is bound in dark-blue velvet, and mounted with massive silver clasps, etc., richly chased, so that the book, in its bound state, weighs seventy-seven pounds.

The Prince has had his portrait, three-quarter length, taken in duplicate by an artist in Breslau, and has presented one of the two pictures to the Eleventh regiment of infantry, which he commanded for many months in Silesia. The other he has taken with him as a present to Queen Victoria in exchange for the portrait of the Princess Royal which her Majesty lately sent him. This latter, which is either the original, by Winterhalter, or a copy of it, the Prince has lent to Lord Bloomfield for his *fête* next Monday, and it may be expected to form one of the chief attractions of the evening. Invitations have been issued to four hundred guests.

THE RINGS.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, writing before the wedding, says:

"The wedding rings that are to be used at the approaching nuptials are of Silesian gold, and have been made in Breslau. The maker of them—who has also a large gold refining establishment in that town—has had the two rings mounted on a skin of parchment, on which is engrossed, with every attention to caligraphy, a short history of his gold works in Reichenstein, from which we learn that in former days Silesia was a California on a small scale; gold was not only obtained by mining, but also by washing the sands of certain rivers (the same is still in the recollection of old people as having been the case with the Rhine). In this form of the heading to a historical document, the two wedding rings have lately been forwarded to the Royal bridegroom."

MOVEMENT OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The London *Observer* gives the following result of the operations of the *Leviathan*: "She now is within a few feet of the very extremity of the ways, and at the ensuing spring she will have amply sufficient water under her to be fairly floated. Indeed, on Wednesday, when there was a very good neap-tide, she showed very lively symptoms of freeing herself from bondage, as if anxious to bound into her future element, and was seen to lift at her stem and stern. As a matter of precaution to check her buoyancy, 1500 tons of water was put into her compartments to keep her down."

By the *Niagara* we learn that the steamship *Leviathan* had been pushed twenty-five feet off the ends of the launching ways, and her cradles were being removed. She had over seventeen feet of water under her, and it was expected that she would float on the 30th or 31st.

FRANCE.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE EMPEROR'S LIFE.

"When the first detonation took place before the Grand Opera," says the *Patrie*, "several of the horses of the lancers escorting the Imperial carriage took fright, and galloped along as far as the Rue Rossini before their riders could pull them in. That circumstance probably saved their Majesties from a portion of the danger, as the involuntary charge cleared the street, and forced back the crowd. When the escort wheeled round to regain their places near the carriage, there was scarcely a person in the middle of the street. After the third detonation, when the chamberlain on service, who was in the first carriage, and had escaped quite unhurt, hurried back to the door of the Imperial carriage he held his arm to the Emperor to alight. His Majesty, who had preserved all his sangfroid, said, 'But, *mon cher*, be so good as to let down the steps, if you wish me to descend.' The Empress alighted in her turn, and the scene which then presented itself was most terrible. Hébert and Alessandri stood near, streaming with blood, and a mass of functionaries, police agents, and soldiers, almost every one wounded, were grouped around, crying out 'Vive l'Empereur!' On the steps of the peristyle a number of persons were lying, either badly wounded or killed—the whole constituting a dreadful spectacle."

COOLNESS OF THE ATTENDANTS.

M. Lanet, commissary of police of the section of the Opera, received, as we have before mentioned, three wounds. He, however, retained sufficient presence of mind and coolness to be at the door of the imperial carriage, and, when it was opened, to ask his Majesty whether he had been wounded? "No," said the Emperor, "I have not been touched, but I see that you have not escaped." In fact, the blood was at the time streaming down M. Lanet's face. He is better, but the projectiles which penetrated both his thighs have not yet been extracted.

It is stated that in the confusion which immediately followed the explosion the escort of lancers remained as calm as on parade. After a while the officer in command asked in a loud voice, "Is any one wounded?" "I am, Sir," replied one of the soldiers, holding up his hand. In a few seconds he fainted and fell from his horse, and in the course of the night he died.

THE SCENE NEXT MORNING.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "I went myself early the next morning to inspect a locality which can not fail for the future to have a traditionary interest, and the spectacle was indeed a fearful one. The pavement was still wet with blood. The zinc screen was perforated like a colander with holes the size of an orange; the lamp posts, curb stones, and bases of the pillars were seared and torn as with grape shot. The windows of the theatre were smashed, as were many of those in the houses opposite. The street was thronged with persons of all descriptions, from the highest to the lowest, and a good deal of 'sensation' was manifest. I took some pains to collect the occasional droppings of an assemblage so heterogeneous, comprising the wealthiest millionaire to the lowest *ouvrier*. The loudest expressions of indignation came certainly from the better dressed, but the working man was more chary of his reflections. One bold man said, 'Well, he killed the republic in a drear, dark night—*chacun à son tour*. He has escaped this time.' 'Mind what you say;' some one rejoined, 'you have two of the police at your elbow.' I looked around, and certainly there were none but blouses within two yards of him; and so the police must have been, to use the technical expression, 'in plain clothes.' The more well-to-do people rather dwelt upon the wholesale cruelty of the attempt which, to attain its object, was prepared to sacrifice so many innocent lives; and whenever the name of the Empress was mentioned there was no mistaking the heartiness of the feeling."

THE WOUNDED.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "A lawyer, M. Rasetti, had his life preserved by a circumstance which he was far from believing would prove so agreeable to himself. He had secured a good place in the front rank of the crowd to see the arrival of the *cortège*, when, just before the explosion, a woman crowded in front of him, and received directly in the abdomen a fragment of a bomb. This woman is the one who died at the Hospital Lariboisière. Another woman was saved by her enormous expanse of crinoline. The force of the projectile was spent before reaching her thigh, and the wound is not serious. The largest proportion of badly wounded persons is naturally among the police and soldiery. The lancers of the Imperial Guard have twelve men struck, two perhaps mortally. The Municipal Guard have eleven men struck, one now dead, and five severely wounded. The police number thirty wounded, of whom fifteen were of the secret police, the rest were *sergents de ville*, one commissary, and one divisional inspector, or chief of the secret police. Five horses were killed on the ground, five more were mortally wounded, and twenty horses of the lancers alone were wounded. The Emperor's second horse had to be shot."

REPORT OF THE SURGEONS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following synopsis of the report of the surgeons who dressed the wounds of the victims: "The wounds in general are small and not deep—some are only skin-deep, while others descend into the muscles. In general these wounds have but one orifice, which is jagged. The fragments of the shell by which the wounds were inflicted are angular, with indented edges, and small; some are not larger than a pea, others resemble a broken nail or a grain of shot flattened. One remarkable circumstance is the number of wounds received by the same person. Surgeon Larrey counted twenty-seven on the body of one soldier, and twenty on that of a young man who was an innocent spectator in the crowd. The wounds at first caused but little pain—so little that several persons seriously wounded were not aware of the fact. A lady arrived from the provinces, who was dangerously wounded in the face, the arm, and the breast, thought at first that the explosion was caused by a fire-work let off in honor of the Emperor. After some days the wounds became extremely irritable, more so than might be expected from their small size. Some persons who were near the projectiles when they exploded had their bones broken and the interior of their stomachs torn open. One person, who died in the Hospital Lariboisière, received a large fragment of a shell in the abdomen. Fortunately such cases are but few. A great number of persons were wounded, not by the projectiles, but by splinters of wood or glass driven with great force against them by the concussion."

SYMPATHY OF THE BABY PRINCE.

The following appears in several of the French journals: "An affecting scene took place at the Tuileries after the mass of thanksgiving, at which the Emperor and Empress were present on the day following the late attempt. The Prince Imperial, when brought to his august parents, remarked the scratch made on the previous evening on the face of the Emperor, and said, in his infantine accents: 'Papa hurt!' The Emperor took the prince in his arms, and said: "You love papa, do you?" The prince replied by kissing the Emperor, and again repeated the word 'hurt!' At these caresses and these words of his child the man who had beheld death so near him without being disturbed and without changing countenance could not restrain the feelings of his heart and he shed tears." This story is told by the *Univers*. It is probably untrue, but will doubtless go the round of the papers.

THE OLD ANTI-BRITISH SPIRIT ASTIR.

Addresses from some of the regiments to the Emperor on the occasion of the late attempt on his life are worded in such strong language as to attract much attention. The Zouaves almost regretted that they had no opportunity to manifest their zeal in a striking manner, and the address of the Eighty-second regiment contains the following sentence: "And if your Majesty wants soldiers to reach these men, even in their haunts, we humbly pray you to designate the Eighty-second regiment as part of the advance guard of this army." Addresses from other regiments appear to have been worded still stronger; for the *Moniteur* has omitted some of the paragraphs.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

The Queen-mother of Oude died in Paris on the 24th of January. It was said that the Queen died of grief. She was attended in her last moments by Dr. Royer, one of the Emperor Napoleon's physicians. The prayers enjoined by the Buddhist religion were said over her deathbed. The body was watched by four women, and the arrival of the prince, the son of the deceased, who had been sent for by telegraph from London, was waited for before any arrangements would be made for the funeral.

THE JERKS IN FRANCE.

The following extraordinary tale appears in the *Echo de la Frontière*, published at Valenciennes: "A family named Brisson, consisting of two brothers, one married, two sisters, and a child five years of age, were, a few evenings ago, quietly seated at supper. All at once one of them, seized with some sudden vertigo, jumped up and began talking most incoherently, and all the other members of the family being attacked in a similar way, did the same. They then all began dancing, and afterward stripped themselves of the whole of their garments, singing, as they did so, sacred hymns. They next took the child, stripped him, tied him to a ladder as if to crucify him, and then stuck pins into the fleshy part of his person, continuing to dance and sing all the while. Their next exploit was to ascend to the roof of the house and pour water down the chimney to extinguish, as they said, the fires of purgatory. At this moment the neighbors interfered, and released the little boy, who was insensible from his sufferings. The cause of the sudden madness has not been ascertained."

ITALY.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS AT NAPLES.

The *Times'* correspondent says: "I am glad to relate the following facts. On Saturday morning ten political prisoners were liberated from the prisons of Santa Maria Apparente, but the circumstances should be known. Eight were arrested early in August, 1856, on a charge of having proclamations upon them. The *procès* drawn up against them was set aside by royal rescript in June, 1857—a despotic act, though on the side of humanity or policy, for the King does not like political trials. Since June, when they were virtually pardoned, they have been kept in prison at the disposal of the police. An old man, too, Cavaliere de Luna, aged eighty-one years, and whose name has figured in your columns already, has received some amelioration in his condition. Misfortune has made him familiar with a prison. In 1799 his house was sacked by the Calabrese, his sister assassinated, and himself arrested. In 1821 he was again imprisoned, and obtained his liberty on the condition of perpetual exile. After twenty-seven years spent in France and England, he returned in 1848 to Naples. In 1850 he was again arrested by Pecchaneida, and though *assoluto* on his trial, is still in prison, in his eighty-first year and in his second childhood, with the sole improvement, recently granted, of a better room and a better bed."

INCIDENTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

The following is from the correspondent of the London *Times*:

"Some of the incidents which they relate seem more like fables than facts. An infant had been dug out alive, after having been under the ruins eight days. Its mother fed it too bountifully, and it died. A girl of eight years of age had been disinterred after eleven days' burial, and was still living. The monks of S. Francisco, in Padula, related a story of a girl of seventeen years of age who had been recovered after twenty-one days' burial; the monks added that the girl spoke of having been visited in her subterraneous tomb by a lady dressed in black, who gave her bread and water. She believed that it was the Madonna! Mules had also been dug out alive after twenty-one days' burial. One of the monks told my informants that on the night of the 16th ult. the shock was so violent as to throw him out of his bed, through the window, into the garden of the monastery. At Veggiano a poor woman had lost her husband and two children beneath the ruins; two yet survived, but they quickly died of hunger, and the wretched mother hanged herself. Tales of wonderful and tragic interest abound, and if the reader doubts their possibility, he has only to read Colletta's graphic description of the earthquake of 1783. The people had not settled down to any thing like regular occupation, but were grubbing among the ruins for whatever they could find, and seeking for the bodies of their friends, of whom hundreds still remain as yet disinterred. Supplies were slowly coming in for the poor people, but roads there were scarcely any, and much had to be transported on the backs of mules. The province of Basilicata is the largest in the kingdom, and yet has not more than one carriage-road through it of any importance. Potenza will not be rebuilt on the same site on which it stood; but, perhaps, lower down in the plain. I am glad to say that the English have, at length, obtained permission from Signor Bianchini, the Minister of the Interior, to send a deputation of two of their number into the Basilicata to distribute the funds collected among our countrymen. I believe that there is not a man among us who would not have felt the greatest confidence in the judgment and honor of Signor Bianchini in making a right use of whatever might have been committed to his care; but it is an Anglo-Saxon usage to manage one's money, and in Naples subalterns are many and needy, and the administration is not too good. As for Signor Bianchini, his praise is in every man's mouth."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The following has been received in England in advance of the Bombay mail of January 9:

"Sir J. Outram defeated the rebels near Alumbagh on December 22, and took four guns; his own loss was trifling. Sir Colin Campbell on December 12 advanced toward Ferukabad, and intended to proceed thence to Agra. Colonel Seaton's column reoccupied Mynpoore on the 27th of December, after defeating the rebels and taking six guns. Brigadier-General Chamberlain proceeds with a column to Rohilcund, and afterward joins Sir Colin at Agra. The Decca mutineers had entered the Assam country, and her Majesty's 54th Foot was in pursuit of them. The conduct of the Thirty-first Regiment of Native Infantry had excited suspicion. The population of Indore have been disarmed and tranquillity restored. The Punjab and Scinde were all quiet, but strong suspicions were entertained of Kholapoor Rajah's movements. New depredations by the Khandeish rebels have been reported, and the Peinth and Hassie rebels have been severely handled. A grand entertainment has been given by the native gentlemen of Bombay to all the European troops in the garrison at that place."

WYNDHAM'S DEFEAT.

The *Times'* correspondent gives a circumstantial account of the Wyndham affair; but the facts do not differ from those already before the public. The scenes after Wyndham's defeat are said to have been fearful. The hospitals were crowded to suffocation. The enemy directed their fire especially upon them, and it was not till Sir Colin Campbell returned, and, with a dozen haughty words, brought every man to his place, that order was restored.

TERRIBLE FIGHT AT LUCKNOW.

A medical officer attached to Havelock's force thus describes a terrible escape of his during the attack at Lucknow:

"All hope seemed gone; as a last resource I ran with four others into a small, one-storied house, three rooms on a floor, all doors and windows. Other fugitives now joined us, soldiers from the escort who had escaped, and two badly-wounded officers. The Sepoys now commenced yelling fearfully. I calculated their numbers at from 500 to 1000. Their leaders tried to get them to charge down on us, but as often as they came on we gave them a volley, and off went the curs; then they began their yelling again, and reviled us in Hindostanee, telling us that in a few minutes we should be massacred; they were not more than five yards off, but round the corner, and sheltered from our fire. At this time we expected instant death; it seemed incredible that ten effective men could resist 1000, who were firing a fearful hail of shot through the windows. Three of our number inside were struck down wounded, and this diminished our fire. The Sepoys all this time were massacring the wounded men in the palanquins (we rescued two more wounded men); perhaps they killed forty by firing volleys at the palanquins. The rebels now gave up the attempt to storm us, but crept up to the windows and fired in on us, so we had to lie down on the ground for a time, and let them fire over us; there was no door to the door-way, so we made a barricade of sand-bags by digging the floor with bayonets, and using the dead Sepoys' clothes to hold the sand; we also piled up the dead so as to obstruct men rushing on us. My duties, as the only unwounded officer, were to direct and encourage the men—as a surgeon, to dress the wounded—as a man, to use a rifle belonging to a wounded man when he fell. After a while we saw that the enemy were tired of rushing on us; we had killed over twenty of them, and must have wounded many more; this damped them.

FIRING FROM THE WINDOW.

"We now told off one man to fire from each window and three from the door. My post was at a window. I had my revolver, but only five shots left in it. I had no second, and, worst of all, no fresh charges. I must tell you that an eastern window means a lattice-work. At this I kept watch and ward. After a time a Sepoy crept up very cautiously, to fire as usual through the window, quite unconscious that at this time a Feringhee had him covered with a revolver. When he got about three yards from me I shot him dead, and another, who was coming up, was shot by one of the men. For nearly an hour now they were very quiet, only firing at a distance."

CHINA.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASSAULT OF CANTON.

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Canton River, under date Dec. 16, 1857, says that Commissioner Yeh has returned an insolent answer to the ultimatum of the English and French plenipotentiaries, and that the two forces would, in a few days, attack Canton.

Lord Elgin's demand was of the most temperate character. He asked for no more than that the treaty should be carried out; that Canton should be put upon the same footing as the other treaty ports—its gates open to commerce; that compensation be given for the damage to British merchants, and that the occupation of the Island of Honan be acquiesced in, as a material guaranty, until all matters are settled.

A letter from Hong Kong says: That Yeh's answer to Lord Elgin is couched in a sarcastic view. He tells his Lordship that the question of the treatment of strangers at Canton has been settled by decree of the Emperor; that Sir George Bonham was made a baronet for respecting that decree, and recommends Lord Elgin to follow his example; and as for compensation, Yeh had demanded of the British government for losses suffered by China.

A few days before this answer was received, Mr. Reed, the American Commissioner, solicited an interview in the city, and Yeh replied that he would meet him outside of the city, but that no barbarian should set foot within the limits of Canton.



THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.



THE GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING-ROOM.



THE LADIES' DRESSING-ROOM.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THOSE poor Pocket Candlabs, how easily does persecutly distend the air with their sensual grey wreaths! Pocket Candlabs are all males. But your Muscadet is the most offensive of all. He will never give you a light, even if you offer him a cigar.

WHATEVER the source that had supplied Harper Lesely with the money, from which he had paid the expenses of his visit to Scotland intended to console Wafer for the loss of Sophy, the source either dried up, or became wholly inadequate to his wants. For the elasticity was the felicitous peculiarity of Mr. Lesely's wants. They accommodated themselves to the state of his finances with mathematical precision, always requiring exactly five times the amount of the means placed at their disposal. From a shilling to a million, multiply his wants by five times the total of his means, and the product is a just conclusion. Harper called upon Poole, who was slowly recovering, but unable to leave his room and feed. Poole gentleman in a more melancholy state of mind than usual, occasioned by Uncle Sam's brutal gentleman that "everybody" for his godson's sins, he was not responsible for his debts"; and that he really thought "the best thing Lesely could do was to go to prison for a short time, and get whitewashed." Jasper began to launch into hard facts: "And just when one of the finest women in Paris has come here on purpose to see me," said the disappointed lover, "I am to have her enemy. Dolly Would have introduced you if you had been well enough to go; you can't be shown by proxy, sir." Lesely could not be cool. There's Mother Crane would sell her gown off her back for me, and Frank Trafford, an old friend, and positively pickles me. Besides, she lays traps to decease me —says me is dead, and then, when I would not just get there both? My Paris friend, Madame Caumartin, was going to Italy, but her plans are changed, and she is now all for St. Petersburg. She will wait a few days for you to get well. She will set off together and enjoy yourself. The Russians dost upon whist. We shall get into their swell sets, and live like princes." Harper's face was scrunched forth on the word Russian existence, in such glowing terms, that Dolly Poole felt sure that his worthy friend himself sledging down the Neva, covered with furs—a countess waiting for him at dinner, and events to induce him not to offer her, to a fabulous amount, that Jasper Lesely lost the rubber.

Having thus entered into the scheme of aerial castles, Jasper then, descending into the practical world, wound up with the mournful fact that one could not get to Petersburg, but when there, into swell sets, without having some little capital at his command.

"I tell you what we will do. Madame Caumarlin lives in prime style. Get old Latham, the money-lender, to advance her bill for three months, for £500, and we will all be off in a crack." "Capital suggestion," said Dolly. "Latham is too knowing a fish for that—an forgiver." He'll want security."

"I'll be security."

Dolly shook his head a second time, still more emphatically than the first time.

"But you ay he does discount paper—get rich on it?"

"Yes, gets rich on it, which he might not do if he discounted the paper you propose. No offence."

"Oh, no offense among friends! You have taken him bills which he has discounted?"

"Yes, many times."

"Any paper signed by good names is good paper. Who can sign good names if we know their handwritings."

Dolly started and turned white. Knew he was—knew he was—shrinking on the word—bad forgery! that crime was new to him. The very notion of it brought on a return of fever. And while Jasper was increasing his malady by arguing with his apprehensions, luckily for Poole, Uncle Sam arrived. Uncle Sam, a sagacious old tradesman, no sooner clapped eyes on the sick gentleman, than he pronounced for him a distrustful repugnance, similar to that with which an experienced gunner may regard a fine pheasant. Under the circumstances, he already learned enough of his godson's ways and chosen society to feel that Samuel Lesely had not indulged in very anti-commercial tastes, and been sadly contaminated by very anti-commercial society. Uncle Sam, therefore, saw, with the sole chance of redemption was in working on his mind and his body with all the energy of which Poole might, on recovery, break with all former associations. On seeing Jasper in the dress of an exquisite, in the sleeves of a purple dressing Uncle Sam saw the stalwart incarnation of all the sins which a godfather had covenanted for a godson should renounce. Accordingly, he made himself so disagreeable, that Lesely, in great disgust, took a hasty departure. And Uncle Sam, as he helped the nurse to plunge Dolly into his bed, had the benefit to tell his nephew, in very plain terms, that if ever he found that Brownmajor got in Poole's rooms again, Dolly would never again see the cheeks of Uncle Sam's money. Dolly beginning to blubber, and Uncle Sam threatening, patted him on the back, and said, "But as soon as you are well, I'll carry you with me to my counter box, and keep you out of harm's way till I find you a wife, who will comb your head for you—a which cheering prospect Poole blubbered more dolefully than before. On retiring to his own lodging in the Misenmere coffee-house, Uncle Sam, to make all sure, gave positive orders to Poole's landlady, who was married to Uncle Sam the man who might pay what Poole owed to her, on no account to let in any of Dolly's profligate friends that especially of the wild but found there; adding, "The as much as my godson's life is worth, and, more to the purpose, as much as your bill is." Accordingly, when Jasper presented himself at Poole's door, he was very courteously informed by expressed him of her orders; and, proof to his instant apprehensions, he found them true on his face. But a French chronicler has recorded that, when Henry IV. was besieging Paris, and was in want of money and corn, the walls, love-letters passed between the city and camp as readily as if there had been a spy at all. And does not Mercury preside over money as well as love? Jasper, spurred on by Madame Caumartin, who was now making excuses to exchange London for Petersburg as soon as possible, contrived to come most frequent correspondence with Poole by the agency of the mouse, who luckily was not above being bribed by cheese. Poole obtained a regular visit to the village proposed by Jasper; but, in the course of the correspondence, he found, more interchangeably—for his mind began somewhat to wander—a scheme equally fractious, which Jasper, Madame Caumartin, Madame Latham, and everywit, caught up, and quickly reduced to definite matter and form. Old Mr. Latham's profits he discounted, kept those of such more bashful customers as stipulated that their resort to temporary accommodation should be maintained a profound secret in his own safe. Among these bills Poole knew that there was one for £500, given by a young nobleman of immense estates, but so entailed that he could neither sell nor mortgage, but therefore obtained only of a few hundreds for pocket-money. The nobleman's name was Lord Lovell, well and favorably-well known; his honor unimpeachable. A bill of his any one would cash at sight. Could Poole not obtain that bill? It had, however, only a few weeks yet to run. Jasper or Madame Caumartin might get it discounted by my Lord —'s own banker; and if that were too bold, by my professional bill-broker; and all three, by no means to suspicion attaching to Poole. But to get at that safe a false key might be necessary. Poole respectfully submitted suggestion of his own. Jasper sent him a reader contrivance—a spectacle-looking tool that looked an instrument of torture, but was necessary evil to enable Poole to recover sufficiently to return to business, and to get rid of Uncle Sam by a pretence of a move to the country the moment Poole had capacities closely cleared some necessary arrears of work. Jasper, by correspondence, was ready. Jasper Lesely shunned Mrs. Crane, and took his medical opinion from a young friend of Madame Caumartin. He needed no dressing-gown and slippers to feel himself at home there. Madame Caumartin's house was a shop where one was in genteel street. Her own appurtenances were eminently what the French call déshabillée. Dressed to perfection, from head to foot; neat and finished as an epigram. Her face, in shape like a Spanish fan, small colors, eyebrows, eyes, mouth frontal, widening as the summit; chin tapering, but jaw strong; hair marvelously arched, small, and with points sharp as those in the maw of the fish called the "Sea Devil"; eyes like dark enemas, of which the pupil, when she was angry, or when she was scheming, retreated upward towards the forehead, leaving the impression given my that shot through space like the gleam that escapes from a dark lantern; complexion appetizingly Spanish—all of pale, but white, as if she lived on blanched almonds, peeled onions, and sugar candy; hands and feet so bloodless, with fingers so pointedly taper there seemed stings at their tips; manners of one who has ranged all the courts of Europe, from high to low set, and duped the most wary in each of them. But she played, it is certain, so strongly here thought her youth must have passed in the chambers of porphyry! Did she please it, as she probably would have enough to please her been a *sénéchale*. In age, perhaps bordering on forty. She looked scarcely more than she been a hundred and twenty she could not have been more wicked. Ah! happy, indeed, for Sophy that she was not in the same town with Mrs. Forstered in elegant boudoirs by those bloodless hands! Mrs. Forstered, originally married herself her envy from Arabella's less cruel unkindness; better for even Rouge's village stags, than for Arabella. Jasper, feigned himself to all the entire tricks of Sir Isaac!

Mrs. Crane, who used to Jasper to state here that in Lesely's recent design to transfer Sophy from Wafer's care to that of Madame Caumartin, he had not taken into the ideas of a village so execrable as the character of the *Parisienne* of the Rue de Rivoli, Arabella's house in the real object in getting the child, at that time, once more into his power was (whatever its remote and ultimate compass) the humiliation of Arabella's dark doubts. But still, if Sophy had been restored to Jasper, the object in regaining her foiled (as it probably would have been), what might then have become of her?—lost, perhaps, forever to Wafer—in a foreign land, and under such guardianship? Grave question, which Jasper Lesely, who exercised no little foresight in the paramount question, viz., what, some day or other, will become of himself, was not likely to have left unsolved by his reasoning?

Meanwhile Mrs. Crane was vigilant. The decision to which she looked, every day, for Mr. Lesely's departure was not information which Rogue

desired, and which she could not long need. She gave the detective some information respecting Madame Caumartin. One day, toward the evening, she was surprised by a visit from Uncle Sam. He called ostensibly to thank her for her kindness to his godson and nephew; and to say her not to be offended if he had been rude to Mr. Lovely, who, he understood from Dolly, was a particular friend of hers. "You see, ma'am, Samuel Dolly is a weak young man, and easily led astray; but, luckily for himself, he has no means and no stomach. He can't get spent in time; and if I could find a wife to manage him, he has not a bad head for the main chance, and may become a prosperous man. Repeatedly I have told him he should go to prison, but there was only to frighten him, and so, I want to get him safe down into the country, and he don't take to that. So I am forced to say, 'My boy, cousin-hearted and kind-hearted Samuel Dolly, or a Lennon jail, and debtors' allowance.' Most give a young man his choice, my dear lady."

Mrs. Crane, observing that what he said was extremely sensible, Uncle Sam warmed in his confidence.

"And I thought I had him, till I found Mr. Lovely in his sick-room; but ever since that day, I don't know how it is, the lad has had something on his mind, which I don't like at all—cracky, I think, my dear lady—cracky. I suspect that old rip, poor Sammy, has been at her with it, and she immediately wanted to take her Bible-oath, and smelt of gin—two things which, taken together, look ugly."

"But," said Mrs. Crane, growing much interested, "if Mr. Lovely and Mr. Poole do correspond, what then?"

"That's what I want to know, ma'am. Because one likes to wish to diagnose, Mr. Lovely—a dashing gent, and nothing worse, I dare say. But certain it is, that he has not been the means of Dolly's head something which has cracked it! There is the lad now up and dressed, when he ought to be in bed, and wandering off to Mr. Latham's to-morrow, and that long arrears of work can not be considered. Now, ma'am, you talk of conscience before—that looks guilty! And it does not frighten him any longer when I say he shall go to prison for his debts; and he's very anxious to get me out of London; and when I threw in a word about Mr. Lovely, that my good lady—just to see its effect), he grew as white as that paper: and then he began strumming and singing and saying that Mr. Lovely would be a great man, and that he should be a great man, and that he did not care for money—he could get as much money as he liked. That looks guilty, my dear lady. And, why," cried Uncle Sam, clasping his hands, "I do fear that he's thinking of something worse than his bad ever done before, and that he can't stand it. And, ma'am, he has a great respect for you, and you've a friendship for Mr. Lovely. Now just suppose that Mr. Lovely should have been thinking of what your flash sporting gent—a harmless creature—and my sister's son should, being cracky, construe it into something criminal. Oh, Mrs. Crane, do go and see Mr. Lovely and tell him that Samuel Dolly is not safe—it not safe!"

"Must better that I should go to your nephew," said Mrs. Crane; "and with your leave I will do so at once. Let me see him alone. Where shall I find your afterward?"

"At the Gloucester Coffee-house. Oh, my dear lady, how easy I think you could do it. The boy can be nothing to you; but to me, he's my sister's son—the blackguard!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Direct labyrinths in one
Passages triangular Cires.—HORAT.

MRS. CRANE found Poole in his little sitting room, hung round with prints of opera-dancers, prize-fighters, race-horses, and, last not least, Samuel Dolly was in full dress. His cheeks, usually so pale, seemed much flushed. He was evidently in a state of high excitement. He was extremely low to Mrs. Crane, called her Countess, asked if she had been lately at the Opera-house, and if she knew Madame Caumartin; and whether the nobility at St. Petersburg were jolly, or stark-up Methodists, who played cards—not waiting for her answer. In fact his mind was unquestionably disordered.

Arabella Crane abruptly laid her hand on his shoulder. "You are going to the gallows," she said, suddenly. "Shown on your face, and on the one tell, and I will keep your secret, and save you; lie—and you are lost!"

Poole burst into tears, and dropped on his knees as he was told.

In ten minutes Mrs. Crane knew all that she cared to know, possessed herself of Lovely's letters, and, while Poole was lighting cigars in a more light-hearted, she hastened to Uncle Sam at the Gloucester Coffee-house. "Take your nephew out of town this evening, and do not let him from your sight for the next six months. Mark you, he will never be safe in town, and you may save him from the hulks. Do so. Take my advice." She was gone before Uncle Sam could answer.

She next proceeded to the private house of the detective to whom she had been formerly referred—this time less to give than to receive information. Not half an hour after her interview with him, Arabella Crane stood in the street wherein was placed the showy house of Madame Caumartin. The lamps in the street were now lighted—the street, even at day, a quiet one, was comparatively deserted. A few windows in the French woman's house were closed with shutters and curtains, except on the drawing-room floor. From those, which, from within streamed over a balcony filled with gay plants—one of the casements was partially open. And now and then, where the watcher stood, she could just catch the glimpse of a passing form behind the muslin draperies, or hear the sound of some louder laugh. In her dark gray dress, and still darker mantle, Arabella Crane stood motionless, her eyes fixed on these windows. The rare foot-passenger who turned by her turned involuntarily to glance at the countenance of one so still, and then as involuntarily to survey the house to which that countenance was lifted. So such observer so incurious as not to hazard conjecture what lady could be waiting in front of the dark laird eyes that watched it with so fixed a menace. Thus she remained, sometimes pausing, moving from her post, as a sentry moves from his, slowly pacing a few steps to and fro, returning to the same place, and the same incessantness; thus she remained for hours. Evening deepened into night—night grew near to dawn, but was still there in the street, and her eyes were on that house. At length the door opened suddenly, and Uncle Sam came forth with a light step, and humming the tune of a gay French chanson. As he came straight toward her she moved not—she remained as in watch, from her dark mantle stretched forth her large arm and hand, and seized him. He heaved, and recognized her.

"You here?" he exclaimed—"you!—at such an hour?—you!"

"I, Jasper Lovely, here to warn you. To-morrow rise before the lark, and fly from this accursed house. To-morrow that woman—not for her worst crimes, they elude the law, but for her last, by which the law can recover some will be a prisoner. No—you shall not return to warn her of your flight. Your word once broke away, and retreated some steps toward the house); "or, if you do, share her fate. Now, go!"

"What do you mean?" said Jasper, hesitating, but with some show of anger at the mandate. "Speak more plainly: if poor Madame Caumartin has got into a scrape, which I don't think she has, what has it to do with me?"

"The woman you call Caumartin fled from Paris to escape the hands of justice. She was tracked; the French Government have claimed her. Ho! you smile. This does not touch you?"

"Certainly not."

"But there are charges against her from English tradesmen, and if it be proved that you knew her in her proper name—the infamous Comtesse de Beaumarais—if it be proved that you passed off the French *billets de banque* that she—poor woman—forced upon tradesmen in obtaining goods under her false name—if you, enriched by her robberies, were aiding and abetting her in her crimes, you may be taken for exile from the French law, will you be safe from the English? Fool! you are in the hands of Lovely if so, fear nothing. You may be guilty; if so, hide, or follow me!"

Jasper hesitated. His first impulse was to trust implicitly to Mrs. Crane, and lose not a moment in obeying her; but reason and self-preservation set flight as an intelligence so superior to his own could suggest. But suddenly remembering that Poole had promised to get the bill for Lovely by the next day—that if flight were necessary, there was yet a chance of that bill—that it—unconstitutional hardihood, and the grasping cupidity by which it was accompanied, made him resolve to hazard that chance—that it—a few hours. And after all, might not Mrs. Crane exaggerate? Was not this the contact of a jealous woman? "Pray," said he, moving on, and fixing quick keen eyes on her as she walked by his side, "I must know did you know my particulars?"

"From a detective policeman employed to discover Sophy. In conferring with him, the name of Jasper Lovely as her legal protector was of course stated: that name was already coupled with the name of the false Caumartin. The policeman, eager, and raised in scent, recognized to that woman, saves you from sharing that woman's ignominy and doom."

"Ah, indeed!" said Jasper, musingly, though he winced at her words: "I don't, on reflection, see how I can be implicated in any crime, as I am not bound to know why a lady changes her name, nor how she comes by her money. And as to the bills with forged signatures, I will speak of; most of what she has got is paid for—a few are not, but they are less than the worth of her goods. Pooh! I am not so easily frightened—much obliged to you all the same. Go home yourself, you horribly fine, you look rather good-morning."

"Then you will not? If you see that woman again—if you attempt to save or screen her—I shall know, and you lose in me your last friend. Remember, Jasper, this plunges in a gulf."

These words were so solemnly uttered that they frightened Jasper more than the menace was. "I have no wish to screen or save her," he said, with selfish sincerity. "And after what you have said, I should as soon enter a fire-ship as that house. But let me have some hours to consider what is best to be done."

"Yes, consider—I shall expect you to-morrow."

He went his way up the twilight streets toward, a new lodging he had hired not far from the Surrey Theatre. She stood where they could count her gaunt figure, and, taking the opposite direction, threaded thoroughfares yet lonelier, till she gained her door, and was welcomed back by the faithful Bridget.

QUARTER-DAY.

SAYS blackbird to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,
I'm so pragly pleas'd for the pelf!"
Says he, "Mr. Finch," (Quarter-Day—"your lord's main good,
For I never can raise it myself."

A FEARFUL BALLOON ADVENTURE.

WE are not related, His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Wallker; and we called ourselves the Pelagonian Brothers, because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time; and, though we became good friends, we never grew entirely intimate. I was reading at his past life, nor he of mine, and I never asked him a question on the subject. I am particular to have it all, in case anything happening; for I am a plain man telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tours; but we not, when we left, as I was aware that either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together for a year, and see what we could do. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and, when the summer came, joined a traveling company, and went about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which we were equals. We had no wages to get, to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not make all our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a night; but the balance was always along with the good, and on the whole, we prospered.

We left with the company two years and a half, and by that time had a very good connection both and London. During that time we had found little to grumble at. There were each other's confidants through now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat which we did not attempt which we did not learn. Even to the "pecke" business, and the trick of "the ladder," which is considered the most difficult. In fact is that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Each of us was a host to the nicknack of his mate, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths were considerably a little more muscular than was the more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that, for the three years and a half which we had spent together constantly, we had never had a hard word or quarrel. We had been in the same bedroom and dressing-room, and shared our purse and our friendship with the circus folks), we had never had a difference. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little gray eyes, and heavy black hair. I remember thinking, more or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to his face, and only a face of my own fancy. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and I am not aware that I could better than any thing in the world.

We had come down as expert that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February or the beginning of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five. We put up at a little inn in the Borough, and, having nothing to do, we found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the Belvidere Tavern, at a salary of seven pounds a week. Now that was a chance of which we were both previous gains; and the Tavern we try po means a bad place for the sale of a theatrical speculation.

Situated half-way between the West End and the city, surrounded by a densely populated neighborhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing, and smoking, and rifle-shooting, and supper-eating was going on from eight till twelve o'clock every night all through the summer, which made the place a special favorite with the working classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if the speculation succeeded, and raised it soon we, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business, and, in short, all the most of the new features a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did every thing that every yet was done in the way of trick and skill, too; though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events the great colored posters were pasted on the walls of the town, and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week, and the gentleman who writes about the drama in the Sunday Scout was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so worthy of a visit as that of the Pelagonian Brothers, for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lived very well, of course, together in a quiet street on a hill, near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gas-fitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one child, a daughter about seventeen years of age. She was very good, and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and all the rest took the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had been living together in the same house for years.

I am not hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time—and, indeed, I never did set down to write one set before now, and I am well aware that I am getting on, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many months were over, that she was not altogether unlike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine, "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had very little book-learning to boast of. But, my dear, I love you; and, though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you like me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, I do not remember. I can undertake to say no ideas were all confused, and I only remember that I kissed her, and was very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found us with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I was not aware when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but that it was something I could not help noticing I am decidedly certain. It is hard to put looks into words, and to account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling in the minds readers of fact. I can only say the change as well as myself, and no one could help observing that he began to be more distant, and less sociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, sometimes away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put up a room to our self, and, instead of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a set of tap-room club that was kept by a boxer or so of the theatre, belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely ever practiced with me, and never rehearsed at night, even when we were at meals. He watched about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, when I spoke to him, I could see that he was willfully in my life. I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his, and I did not like it.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning to the door, and asked him to stay with me; but he always made some excuse, and I thought, "Griffiths, have you got any thing against me?" or, "Griffiths, what is it that makes you behave cold with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial of my question, and I began to think a secret answer as I got tired of pease-making at last, and let him go his own way, and chose for myself.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I found out the way the fellow was going to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same I told you, for a few months, and then it was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him in the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation and of what he answered me, and the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July (I am particular about the dates), and there had been a general call to rehearsal at nine o'clock in the day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early in order to get a walk in the fields first. I knew that, what with the rehearsal and the new piece, and the Grand Concert, I should have enough to do before my day's work was over; and in the consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gates gardens had not been up by daylight, but they were pleasanter, anyhow, than the theatre; so I went in, and strolled among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters making the stalks off the tables in the summer-house, and thought of the pleasant life I should lead when they were not playing, and what miserable gimcrack concerts the Surrey and the Cyder and the Cosmorama Gardens, and all the other watering places which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fire-works.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see but one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths! He was lying forward upon the table with his face resting upon his folded arms, and seemed to be in very unsociable and glum stood close beside him, and his white bull-finch near his chair. A bottle and glass was taken in his, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder. He started up scowling, and I said, "I thought I was here early; but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently upon me.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. I know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married to Ally."

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and with his eyes full of savage light. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that, you smooth-faced hound?—to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion that I had nothing to say, and could only ask—

"Why can't you let me alone? Why do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now."

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot with rage—scared—it's not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was; but the sight of his hatred seemed to have the effect of making me cool and steady.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer; but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was; but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh, Alice, Alice!" I said to myself, with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that, at that moment, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing.

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterward, to go through our scene in

the rehearsal. It was a grand Easter piece with a great deal of firing, and real water, and a live cake at in the last act; and Griffiths and I were Mozamboo spies, performing before the Rajah in the Hall of Candidates. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, that is all I ever know about the plot; and, upon my word, I don't believe that any body else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, recovered my usual composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady. When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Rice called us into the private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderful lofty manner of his own, and always called us by that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work to-night, pay on the sixth—just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, Sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of hearty manner that wasn't natural to him, "We're ready for any thing. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French trick that never yet been done in this country, and they call it the tragedy. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a ballet-act carried out in the same distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden frame-work, which Griffiths was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of the triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a leather strap or heavy leather cincture round the ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man swung head downwards, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some hand or other to hold him in his companion. The idea was also we were then to go through our customary performances, considering them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "is made considerably dangerous in itself really. To mount of a balloon through the air is so stanky and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of the ropes and the boatstope, you will perform almost as comfortably as in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men who know their business well, and are to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians?"

Griffiths nodded his head down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, Sir," said he, with an oath. "I'm ready to do any thing of any man born as afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood up into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night."

If I was to try from now till this day next year, I never could describe the expression that came over the face of Mr. Rice at those words. I seemed to turn all the current of my blood. I could not understand it then; but I understood it perfectly well afterward.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a very few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Wurtemberg balloon were to be engaged; fifteen hundred additional colored lamps were to be hired; and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds apiece for the evening, exclusive of our general salary.

Poor Alf! In the midst of the excitement I had forgotten her, and it was not till I got out of the theatre and walking slowly homeward that I remembered she must be told. For my own part, I did not believe there was the slightest danger, but I knew how her fears would magnify every thing, and my heart I came toward home grew more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I was such a coward—for I always am a coward when women are concerned—that I could not tell her what I had her even the next; and it was only on Sunday, when we were sitting together after dinner, that I found courage to speak of it. I had expected nothing of the sort; but I had no idea that she would have taken on as she did, and I declare that, even then, if the gentlers had not been already out and myself bound in honor to acting to my engagement, I would have gone straight to Mr Rice and declined the business altogether. Poor little, heartedarling! it was a sore trial to her and to me also, and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought of her feelings in the least degree. But there was no help for it now; so I gave her the only consolation in my power by promising that I would be the first man tied to the trapeze. It was, of course, the safest position, and while I had secured her a vital point, I saved air. On all other points I logs my own counsel, and you may be certain I said as to that nothing.

I saw less of him than ever. He even took his meals in the city now, and during the seven days that elapsed between the theatre-night and the sixth, never once came face to face with me, except upon the stage.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break; and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally, dear," says I, smiling and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your pretty eyes in that way. Remember that I want you to look well, and that we are to be married to-morrow."

The multitude in the Belvidere Gardens was something wonderful. There they were—men, women, and children—thronging the orchestra, the orchestra stairs, and every available inch of ground; and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurtemberg balloon, like a sleepy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, and as we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress, and then went to the greenroom to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely, Colonel Steward, Captain Crawford, and Sydney Baird, Esquire. They were fine handsome looking gentlemen, all three—especially Sydney Baird, Esquire, who was, as I have since been told, a play-writer, and one of the contributors to getting up arms free, going to draw back when I saw them sitting there with their wine and cigars; but they would have me to take a glass of sherry and shook hands with me all round as polite as possible, and treated me as handsome as any gentlemen could.

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Steward, "and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, I sat with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off as a racer at the starting-point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he. "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. The ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of.

Mr. Rice grew very uneasy, and the crowd very angry, and he sent messengers everywhere to find him, we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and apologized to the company, and then there was a cheer, and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car; and a basket of Champagne and a cold chicken was put in with them; and I was made fast by one leg to the trapeze; and then the signal was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cut loose, when who should we see coming in a coach but the crowd but Griffiths!

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more for the drawing.

And at last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very pallid when he leaned out of the coach door, and seemed to stagger; but there was no time to change any thing now; even if I had thought so his Mr Rice was already dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as I ever was in my life, and lived in the air with my head downward.

Never was there a more performance. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; we were swinging by our heels, by our hands, and throwing somersaults one over the other. And during the whole time the fireworks and the squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the boiers from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and looked, I could see that with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sweet city, the city of my love, and of all the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired of leaning over, and began to talk and laugh, and drink Champagne over their heads. Then the Surrey hills drew nearer, and the city sank away to the right, farther and farther. Then the Thames appeared like green fields with lines of railway crossing them at one point, and then it was lost in a sort of misty mist, and we ceased to see any thing, except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," said I, "the hour of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting down to earth?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet for some minutes. He didn't speak to me, and had no wonder, for the clouds were gathering now, and it began to be dusk; and I saw that the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again, but he never made any answer.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees, till our faces came nearly on a level. I felt his breath, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Wilson," says he, hoarsely, "can't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the breath and fetid coldness of it, struck with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held me fast.

"Well, what if it was?" said I, after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the bag, will you? and let go of my arm."

He gave a short hard laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose you are thinking of marrying Miss Ally, says he, and it seemed to me that he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall, I'm afraid that you would be wrenched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downward, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same. Your hands are slipping."

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to him over the cold blade. "I bought it this evening—I hid it in my belt—waited till the clouds came round and there was no soul to see. Present I shall cut you away from the balloon. I took an oath that you should never have her, and I mean to keep it!"

The madness came over my eyes, and every thing grew red. I felt that in another minute I should be insensible. I thought I was so strong—that in setting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and so he rose to dree me along with him; for I was on his right hand, and I had made a great effort for myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him put the knife in his right; I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then—

And then, the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the frame-work with all my might.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! It seems me a hundred of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the woodwork with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. He fell his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of that hideous struggle, to hear the click of a gentleman's cork—followed by a peal of careless laughter—overhead . . . . Oh, it was worse than death; a hundred times over I would have died rather than have had to fight that fight.

I am not clear as to all that followed. I remember that I got my right arm round together by a leathern strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the crowd applauded, and I felt that I was standing upright and steady above the heads of the people.

Down sank the balloon, and I descended with a movement of upturned face. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the music and the cheering. Down sank the roofs of strange that, for the first moment, I was forced to shut my eyes and hold on as if I were in the act of dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as I ever was in my life, and lived in the air with my head downward.

Never was there a more performance. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; we were swinging by our heels, by our hands, and throwing somersaults one over the other. And during the whole time the fireworks and the squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the boiers from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and looked, I could see that with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sweet city, the city of my love, and of all the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

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"Ah, indeed! I stammered, again rubbing my eyes and unsealing my ears.

But the latter interrupted me, yet not inquitly, for I shall never die—nevermore. The only fault I have to find with my existence is, that I lived in public life fifty years before I should. I was a statesman before the age was ready for me. The era that makes Lord Derby a minister, and forbids audiences for Lola Montez, will crowded court-rooms for beautiful Mrs. Woodman, would have been impatient and disgusted with my little tricks with female society. And indeed, when the land worships Colonel William Wallace, its representative would have defiled Colonel Burr for hinting at his Western Empire. Instead of having been tried for my life, I might have been elected to the Presidency, or been mayoress of a calico ball, or attained to either high position. *Forsan sic, forsan hæc habuit the first Filldmore!* Had I not,worn a bitter oath never to leave private life again, I would run for Cuba and South Carolina to-morrow.'

Taking courage, I turned here to slip in. "Or perhaps Utah!"

Utah! cried the Colonel, springing to his feet, fumbling me with his eyes, and reaching out his long finger until my bones creaked like the cordage of a ship in a wintery midnight, "that gigantic trust to take away from the government. Take away! What said the Latin grammar? Why not Utah, Sir—Utah—and police garrisoned the whole territory. *Ute consule* is the example of the rule I would give Buchanan out of the Eton grammar as he no doubt yet preserves among his Pennsylvanian mutuals."

"It is certainly so, as you say, a very ignominious institution, this polygamy," I interrupted.

"It is almost as great an evil as to be said, Sir, I said no such thing." What, Aaron Burr quarrel with polygamy! Sir, I was an original Mormon. Why, I married the first woman Brigham Yoke Lake would have been my capital. I was always famous for polygamy. But, as I said, I was in advance of my age even in that practice.'

He caught my eye again as it rested upon a book on the table rack—the last *Imbroglio* volume by John C. Hamilton.

"Ah!" he continued, mencing me with his finger, "I know what you would say. That this book would not have appeared except for the General. I say it would! I acknowledge to you that I intended to kill him. I murdered him. I murdered him. All this stuff in the papers about my tenures is sheer *bosh*. As a murderer, this age would have placed me upon a pedestal. I would censured as sheer-pork. Lawyers would have carcased me; judges extended to me every indulgence; juries would have been fined for my entertainment.'

"My eye rested upon the next book, Randall's entertaining volume on Jefferson, and the sharp gray eyes saw that also, and the owner of it snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"There was another instance of my being in advance of the age. Such gentlemen as I practiced toward Jefferson would, in this day and generation of Congressmen, have earned me gold medals from the people. Sir, I was born in the time for intrigues, and I would have been the leader in all of them. Do you remember my Manhattan Water-works Charter with the concealed banking proviso? People said that was knavish. But nowadays I have learned that it was positively clever. Live to evade the Constitution?

The old gentleman was getting proxy, so I struck in with an audacious remark: 'But, Colonel, how about these letters in divers blue boxes, Smith, Wesley, and Lincoln, you know what all? Would this age tolerate that?'

"Yes!" he shouted.

"The Raven croaked 'Nevermore,' and I awoke.

"Am I not right, then, in confounding the country newspapers?

"Well, Boz, my dear friend," rejoined I, "you have had a wonderful dream, blank verse and all, after all, your friend the Colonel was more than half right in his observations."

"In your opinion," replied; but fell to abusing the coffee and chops, while I adjourned to pen, ink, and paper.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 19, 1858.

I HAVE only been here a day or two, but events have followed each other so rapidly that in seven months since I left Vera Cruz. You will see by the daily papers that the contest between Constitutionalists and the rival party has come to open fighting.

On 9th instant two proclamations, or *pronunciamentos*, were published by the Ministers of the Government, and straightway afterward, according to the custom of the country, barricades and other strong buildings began to be fortified and prepared to resist siege operations. This might have been expected from past and unmanning to the mob of commanding houses; heavily-laden carts followed each other in the streets, or were left a safe refuge in the country; merchants and bankers shut up their offices, and turned up such of their shutters as could be brought to a close; private citizens who could not leave the city hid in large stocks of provisions, and closed up doors and windows and shutter windows. Every body seemed to understand what was coming; there was no surprise expressed any where; a restlessness and strength-fights were calmly awaited as matters of course; and many speculated on the probable amount of the carnage. Clubs were formed in various parts of the city for the protection of the life and property of non-combatants; but most people seemed to trust little to these organizations. Those who had money or valuables hid or barricaded them as far down in the night-fingers as for out of harm's way as they could.

As early as Monday evening, 11th, shots were fired from the head-quarters of both parties; and



THE MORNING TRUCE FOR MARKETING.

accordingly, on Tuesday, and on the following day, the streets were completely deserted. Whenever an unfortunate wayfarer was seen, he was fired at from the tops of houses; and in this way it is believed many unwary foreigners have met their deaths. During the nights the streets were barricaded with sand-bags and stones, and in some places the barricade was strengthened by a piece of cannon, placed so as to sweep the street. But the favorite site for the fighting was on the house-tops. The flat roofs of the houses in the City of Mexico are, as you may be aware, a not uncommon retreat for the citizens during the hot nights of the summer months. They are well adapted, too, for military purposes. A few sand-bags convert them into so many forts, from whence a brisk fire can be kept up with very little risk to the gunners. Indeed, the only modes of attacking these house-top forts are either by assault from within the house, which would be utterly at variance with the



THE HOUSE-TOP FIGHTING IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Mexican system of fighting, or by shelling them from a distance. The immense destruction of property which this mode of attack would involve deters the Government from resorting to it.

Throughout Tuesday and Wednesday sporadic firing was heard, with no greater result, that I can gather, than the loss of some eighty to one hundred lives on all sides, many of whom were, doubtless, stragglers in the streets. On Thursday morning, it being generally understood that the efforts of the diplomatic corps and other officious intermediaries had failed to suggest a compromise on which both parties could agree, a very heavy fire indeed was commenced from the Convent of San Augustin, which was occupied by the *pronunciados*, or insurgents. The Comonfort party were not at first in a position to return it with effect. But in the course of an hour or two a strong body of troops were led to an adjacent building, which they forced and occupied. From the roof of this they were able to return the rebels' fire with at least a semblance of effect. From that time till the present the fighting has been almost incessant. Both parties blaze away at each other with cannon and musketry till they are tired; but I don't think the shots do much damage, as a rule. There are about five thousand men engaged on either side; but all of these keep close under cover, and the marksmen are none of the best. Every now and then a lucky shot knocks over a poor fellow, as he leans over the breast-work of his house-top to look about him or take aim, and then the offices of the female ecclesiastics, nuns, or sisters of charity, are called into requisition. But these accidents are rare, in proportion to the amount of powder spent. The illustration on page 125 may convey some idea of this house-top fighting.

President Comonfort, whom I heartily admire for his pluck and gallantry, has offered to fight the *pronunciados* with any force they can raise if they will only march twenty miles from the city. But this challenge has not been accepted. The interest of rebels is naturally opposed to conservative measures; they would rather Comonfort were obliged to batter down half the city than not. As I write the cannon shots boom at very rapid intervals, and though life may be sparingly sacrificed there must be no slight damage done to houses and walls. If this conflict lasts much longer, Mexico may lose some of her finest edifices.

One of the most curious and characteristic incidents of the conflict is the morning truce which has just been declared. As while the fighting was going on no one ventured into the streets save at the risk of his life, many of the poorer inhabitants, who had not had forethought or means to lay in a stock of provisions, soon became reduced to the verge of starvation. For their sake, Comonfort, on the government side, and the *pronunciado* chiefs on the other, agreed that there should be every morning a truce for three hours to enable people to go to market, and hucksters and others to earn a livelihood. As might have been expected, the idea is very popular. The effect is that the business of the day is crowded into three hours. When the truce begins every body rushes into the streets to buy or to sell; every thoroughfare is thronged with market women and peddlers; housekeepers hasten to lay in an ample provision of victuals for the day's siege; poor mechanics hurry hither and thither trying to raise a few cents by the sale of some article of household furniture or gaudy apparel. The combatants on either side mingle in the throng, buy eatables and drinkables, and occasionally men from the hostile camps fraternize in the most ardent manner. In the general *mêlée* you may see plenty of sleek, fat priests, gliding unctuously through the crowd, and looking so pacific and amiable that, unless you knew the story, you would never suspect that they were the true originators of the anarchy and war now pending. At the close of the armistice, which is announced by the ringing of bells and lowering of flags, quickly followed by the rattle of musketry, a terrible scurry and race begin. Of course, many persons are taken by surprise, and some, I have reason to suppose, are shot before they can get home. The true plan, if you are so careless as to be overtaken away from home, is to slip into the first open door you find and make yourself at home till the truce begins next day. Those who have families, however, naturally object to being separated from them, and the confusion and scamper at the fatal hour are tremendous.

No one can tell where this will end. The longer the conflict lasts the worse it is for the government. If Comonfort had followed the dictates of his own judgment, he would have pursued the course which his enemies the *Puros* now advocate; he would have stripped the Church, and with the proceeds of the spoliation he would have been able to support a stable government for many years, and probably to regenerate Mexico. His heart failed him after he had begun the work, and now he is feeling the consequences. C. B.

Since the above letter was written we have received telegraphic advices of the end of the conflict, as follows:

On the morning of the 21st ult. Comonfort, having been abandoned by his troops, left the City of Mexico when the *pronunciados* entered the Palace and named a *Corsigo de Notables* as the head of the Government, and Notables elected Zeulaga as Provisional President of Puebla, Toluca, and other points within the radius of the city. He acknowledged the Government which had been organized and nominated its Ministers. They, however, up to the 7th inst., had not a single port, and were depending upon the clergy for support.

Juarazer, as President of the Supreme Court, is President of the Republic under the Constitution, and has called Congress together at Guanajanito, the great point of union of the Liberals, while Parodi de Clado and Artenja Degaledo, at several points, are preparing to unite and march against Mexico.

Lazare holds Orizaba, and the castle of Perote is in the hands of the Liberals.

Don Juan Alvarez is said to have all his forces under arms in the State of Guarero.

HEED NOT THE ERRING CHILD.

BY C. B. HANKINSON.

Heed not
The erring child,
Pass her by.
Heed not
Her accents wild,
Let her cry.

Hear not
Her dying moan,
Onward hie.
Hear not
Her parting groan,
Let her die.

Stop not
To shed a tear,
Nor come nigh.
Stop not
To mourn her here,
Pass her by.

Sound not
The tolling bell,
To the sky.
Sound not
Her funeral knell,
Out on high.

Leave her
Alone to rest,
Close her eye.
Calmly
On earth's cold breast,
Let her lie.

Down in
Her lonely bed,
Cover her o'er.
Leave her
With Him who said,
"*Go, sin no more.*"

Miscellany.

VALUE OF INTELLECTUAL TRAINING.

"WHAT is the use of reading?" said Louis XIV. to the Duke de Montemar, the handsomest and wittiest of his courtiers.

"It has the same effect upon the mind, Sire, that your dainties have upon my cheeks."

The Duke was remarkable for a fine complexion.

Sir John Herschel says: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things should go against me and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."

This taste for literature, this habit of cultivating the mind, should be formed in early life. The mental soil becomes so overgrown with weeds, if these are allowed to take root in the spring, that late in the summer neither flowers nor fruits have room to expand:

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

The young girl whose immortal faculties are all frittered away upon flounces and opera-music will grow into a vapid, silly old woman, shunned by the selfish, tolerated by the generous, and incapable of inspiring any higher sentiment than the compassion nearly allied to contempt. A butterfly belle may, at sixteen, attract "the white-gloved beaux;" but, alas! for a butterfly of sixty! Instances of such, and deplorable ones, too, we have seen; there are few more humiliating spectacles for our sex. Skill in the fine arts is delightful—a source of unfailing pleasure to its possessor and her circle of friends; but it is only in rare instances that nature gives talent for art worth the years of time and the very large amount of money necessary before the woman can attain an excellence that rewards her and her family for their sacrifices. The cultivation of elegant literature is in the power of every one who has leisure; and what young lady has not time on her hands? It is the cheapest, the easiest of accomplishments. Is it the least valuable? Which is the more desirable friend or companion? Which is capable of giving more entertainment at home or abroad, by the fireside or in the largest assembly? the woman who can warble half a dozen *cavatinas* as well as a tenth-rate opera-singer, or she whose well-stored, well-balanced mind is filled with the bright ideas of the best writers of every age; whose ample fund of knowledge is ready on every occasion; whose wit—not erratic or sarcastic, but properly curbed and tempered with kindness—gives brilliancy to old thoughts; and whose well-cultured judgment is able to produce new ideas? We can dance and sing but a few years at most; we can converse all our lives, unless our intellects have been weakened by years of habitual repression and factitious torpor.

THE WOMEN.

WOMEN are the real efficients that settle the great points of human existence. They exert their influence at a number of distinct epochs. They fetter us (males) alike before and after marriage; though many of them are wise enough to silence the clanking, and to conceal the iron. They rule us in infancy—in maturity—in age. No other hand knows the tender, adroit, and proper mode of binding our brows in pain and sickness. They stand by us in the last agonies with untiring and undismayed faithfulness. They soothe our dying moments. They shed the choicest tears of memory that water our turf. They are purer, less selfish, less destitute of true moral courage, more susceptible of kind and generous impressions, and far more so of religious feeling than men. Surely, then, every thing which concerns the education of this better-half of the species must be of intrinsic importance. If this world is ever to become a better and happier world, Woman, well educated, disciplined, and principled, sensible of her own influence, and wise and benevolent to exert it aright, must be the original mover in this great work.

STORY OF A JEW.

THE Countess D'Aulnoy, in her "Letters from Spain," relates this anecdote of an escape from the Holy Office of the Inquisition: "A Jew, named Ishmael, was put into the prison of the Inquisition of Seville, with his father, who was a Rabbin of their law. After four years of confinement, Ishmael, having made a hole, climbed up to the top of the tower, and, making use of ropes which he had provided, he slid down the wall with a great deal of danger; but having got down, he reproached himself for having abandoned his father. And without considering the risk he had run, after more than one manner, seeing his father and he were condemned, and were to be led, in a few days, to Madrid, with several others, to suffer there the greatest torment; yet this hindered not his determination, for he generously climbed up the tower, descended into the dungeon, drew from thence his father, made him escape before him, and got away himself."

VANITY.

"EVERY man," said Swift, "has just as much vanity as he wants understanding."

ENGLISH CREDULITY.

A GENTLEMAN informs us that, traveling in the West a few years since, he saw on one occasion about a thousand men and women in a grove, rolling hoops, flying kites, playing ball, shooting marbles, leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, rolling and tumbling in the grass, the women caressing dolls, and the men astride of sticks for horses, and the whole company intently engaged in all the sports of childhood. At last he ventured to ask what it meant. They told him that they were the little children to whom the Lord had promised His kingdom, and affected some surprise that he seemed not to have known that it was written, "Except ye be converted and become *as little children*," etc.

Again:

Not very long ago two clergymen of the Episcopal Church, traveling in Kentucky, called at a farmer's house, and not finding him at home, waited a while for his return, as night was near and they had occasion to claim his hospitality. By-and-by the farmer came home, and as he rode into the yard, or rather after he had dismounted, *sang* out to his man in a most extraordinary tone—

Go, give that horse some ears of corn,
He hasn't had any since I've been gone,
Glory Alleluia!

Then leading the two gentlemen into the house, he said—

Come in, my friends, and take something to eat;
Go, Katy, go, cook them a portion of meat:
Glory Alleluia!

It is easy for an American to see from the above (copied from an English paper) that the whole story about America has not yet been imparted to the people of Europe.

A RAPID TOILET.

ONCE more settled down we found time to be hungry, and accordingly ordered tea. Who could paint our despair when the men proclaimed that there was neither tea nor kettle to boil water in—both having been left behind! We had plenty of provisions with brandy and Ouralian nalifka, and these enabled us to make a meal. There is, however, nothing which can be compared to the beverage "that cheers but not inebriates," and makes the traveler supremely comfortable after a day of hard toil. We sat talking over our misfortune and the anticipated pleasures of the morrow, till past one o'clock; then lay down on the rocks and wrapped ourselves up for the night; but the joint effects of wine and smoke had given me a violent headache, which prevented me sleeping. A little before three o'clock I was up, and my toilet made, by rubbing the smoke out of my eyes, and giving myself a shake.—*Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia.*

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER!

Hoot away despair!
Never yield to sorrow;
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny face to-morrow.

LITTLE COURTESIES.

HOW much of meaning, of refinement, ay, of Christianity itself, there is in those little incidental attentions and politenesses which go a great way in making up the beauty of life!

We have known very many people—good, warm-hearted, and generous—who were capable of almost any act of self-sacrifice and abnegation, who would never have condescended to raise their hat to a lady, or offer her a glass of water, before drinking themselves. This is frequently the fault of a coarse-grained nature, but perhaps most often the result of early education. Indeed, we always think a man's manners are the "living epistle, known and read of all men," of his mother's training. Habitual politeness can only make a man a thorough gentleman—a woman a true lady. And this is most easily acquired in childhood, and in one's own household. If a boy be respectful and courteous to his sisters, he will be so to all women, so long as he lives; but if his intercourse with them be coarse, careless, abrupt, not softened and refined by a thousand nameless little attentions and graces, he will be rough, awkward—not fulfilling always the beautiful injunction of the apostle, "Be ye courteous to all men." Then, too, outward refinement influences and softens the inward character; for it is a law of our being that "expression intensifies the emotions and feelings."

But this work, after all, lies with every mother in the land—in the world; and we can only hope that these hints may influence some to consider it.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IT was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia, listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

"Pompey, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?" "Es, massa." "Did you see him?" "Es, Sar, me did." "How did he look?" "Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he's so blind." "Blind! what do you mean by that?" "Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin de paper, he axed me whar my hat was, and perhaps you won't believe me, but massa, he war on de top of my hed de hull time."

During a recent trial in Essex county, Mass., a man was placed upon the stand to testify as to some boundaries of land. "How long have you lived in Gloucester?" asked the plaintiff's counsel, in a loud tone, approaching very near the witness. "Hey?" said the man, placing his hand behind an ear, and leaning forward. "How long have you lived in Gloucester?" repeated the lawyer, separating the words, with a tremendous roar. "Ah," replied the witness, "yes, about two rods." "You may step down," said the lawyer. "Yes," replied the witness, "it might be a little more."

An Indiana paper says that, during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as a witness was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he would go where the lawyers went.

Hippolyte Lucas, a serious writer, in whom criticism finds no cause of attack but a long nose, was playing chess the other day with Louis Desnoyers at a moment when he was suffering from a cold in his head. "Blow your nose, my dear fellow," said Desnoyers, with considerable good-humor, as he saw him losing. "Blow it yourself," said Lucas. "It's nearer you than I."

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical senorisity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, Sir."

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he regretted "that circumstances repugnant to the acquiesce would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

The Marechal d'Etrees, aged one hundred and three, heard of the death of the Duke de Treame at the age of ninety-three. "I am very sorry for it," said the Marechal, "but not surprised; he was a poor worn-out creature; I always said that man would never live long."

The young lady who swooned on hearing it announced that a naked fact would be disclosed, came to on receiving positive assurance that it would be clothed in becoming language.

A man, named Gnio, of Cincinnati, cut off a young girl's hair, just for a joke, but was arrested and sent to jail for ten days on bread-and-water diet. It will puzzle him to discover, now, where the laugh comes in at his own joke.

"Oh, Johnny!" said one little boy to another, "let us play fighting! and you stand on the table; that's the fort; and I'll be the enemy, and undermine the fort, and blow it up—take the table by the legs, you know, and tip you over. Won't it be fun?" Johnny was doubtful, and suggested that Charley stand upon the table, or else he must decline playing.

The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work, has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal, another had been taken up as a vagrant, and the third had gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business under a keeper.

Two gentlemen were chatting on the Boulevard; one was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project; the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience' sake. Near these two paused a couple of youngsters of twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cries out to the other: "By the piper! I'd like to smoke a sou's worth of tobacco." "Well," said the other, "buy a sou's worth." "Ah! as luck will have it, I haven't the sou." "Hold on! I've got two sous." "That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe and one for the tobacco." "Oh, yes, but what am I to do?" "*You! Oh! you shall be the stockholder; you can spit.*" It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the urchins and turned down the street.

Mr. Lyons of Scottsburg, Oregon, was so unfortunate as to lose his eyesight when a boy, and long before he came to Oregon. At the beginning of that shower of rain which commenced along the coast of Oregon early in November, 1856, and which lasted until the following April, a gentleman who had been indulging in something stronger than Oregon rain-water said to him,

"Mr. Lyons, you are the most fortunate man I've met with in Oregon."

"How so?" said Mr. Lyons.

"Why, Sir, you are unable to see what a miserable country it is that you are living in!"

"Does my son William, that's in the army, get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting sergeant, the other day. "He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

"Why am de beloved ob my heart, Miss Dinah, de sunflower ob de hill, like a kind of cloth dey make in Lowell?" "I don't know, nigger. Why?" "Cos she's an *unbleached she-ting.*"

If you are determined to commit suicide in consequence of poverty, do the deed early in the morning instead of late at night, and you will save the expense of three meals.

Drop by drop falls into the clear well-spring of youth the bitter water of experience, and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

A man well known for his uncommon avarice was boasting to Quin that he had lost a considerable sum at play without uttering a word of complaint. "No doubt," replied Quin, "*deep* sorrow is always silent."

Charles Bannister going into a pastry cook's shop with Parsons, the latter gentleman was very curious in examining an electric eel, and inquired of Bannister what sort of a pie he thought it would make. "A *shock*-ing one," was the reply.

A verdant Yankee expectant for office was advised the other day to apply for the consulship at the Lobos Islands, *vice Guano removed.* He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he never could go out without catching a cold in his head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without any thing in it."

"Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes, Sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from this very canary seed."

In a recent ride to Peoria, says a Western editor, we discovered the following placard upon a gate-post:—"for Sall too story Hows And ben the Ouer Xpex to Go 2 california."

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised them."

Dr. Jackson, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend Allen, Surgery (both part surgery) in the street the other day, accosted him with, "Well, Mr. Quibery, how much larger do you think your head is now?"

"Till I need no doctor," was the quick reply.

"And when did you need no one last?" inquired he Jr.

"Just eight-six years ago!" answered Mr. Quibery, adding the precise date of his birth.

An Episcopal clergyman, who rather likes a joke, was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was surprising to church a little heated on Sunday morning. A friend, seeing his discomfiture, inquired, saying, "Sir, why so hot?"

"I'm called in," replied he, "that he who reps may read."

Alexander Dumas receives twenty cents a line for his romances. One of his constant readers estimates that he has received hereupon a thousand francs for every volume. A cold perspiration stood upon the forehead of the creditor, "a little more and he would have paid."

The Syracuse Journal tells the following good story: "A man in a thousand miles from home having made an engagement, some years since, was called upon by a New York creditor, to whom he was indebted a trifling sum, with whom he proposed to settle at fifty cents on the dollar.

"The New York man replied, 'How can you pay fifty cents on the dollar? You owe me a hundred and fifty cents.'

"Well, never mind that,' said the unfortunate assignor, 'if my assets will not pay the fifty cents I will make up the deficiency out of my own pocket.'

"'Wait because of the New Yorker after that, deponent saith not."

The gallant brattler of the *Troy Times* describes "Mooted Issues" to be as

"Marrying a woman with the expectation of getting her with $20,000, and getting the value of a consumption to be presented with a bill for her last year's board."

In the year 1851 the Governor of Connecticut, Colonel Seymour, of Litchfield, was in the contest with our way of doing things, he wrote a letter:

"I can discover reason the office of governor shall pay *twenty pounds* annually, and no more. I have no desire to pay a penny; and whenever refuse the office of counselor or assistant, I'm promising."

A Mr. X. was about consulting the aide of a hero which he was very anxious to dispose of when a little urchin appeared, who innocently inquired

"Please, sir, which way you going to sell? Do one you built a fire under to make him draw?"

The bargain was at an end.

At a meeting of the friends and believers in spiritualism, not long since, among the "relics" of the departed, the spirit of Daniel Webster raged fearfully for rum. The great statesman, through the medium—a gray-headed negro—acknowledged that he had been a confirmed sot and that he had concealed many a cruet in the desk. His friends were astonished at the revelation, but the negro medium came, he was sorry to say, in his *Dictionary*.

There resides on Cure Hill, in Utica, an eccentric genius, reputed in the vicinities of Jersey and Whitestown, by my losing out of work but felt started on a tramp for a job. Having traveled a considerable distance on the road, he came near Sitterville, Jimmy's characters were reported to the post fingers to have a job, and he was offering a desire to test their quality, he thought he would call and try them. He accordingly went to the house and knocked a very genteel looking lady came to the door. After dinner and himself, the "Squire" wanted to know what Jimmy could do about this farm.

"Almost any thing you'd set me about, Sir."

"Well, Jimmy, if you can do that, I think you'll suit me. Are you a good cricker?"

"Pooh! it's mostly that," replied Jimmy; "but couldn't you give me some 'pot-door work?'"

Poverty is like a pestilence—catches everybody in the face and it will turn and flee from you, says an exchange. Yes, but like Davy Crockett's "coonskin," it's a nasty varmint to freeze to a fellow when it once gets a good hold, and the trick of the job is to make him go.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"

"Yes, Sir; attraction of gravitation is when a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all went down up in front, toward the north.

"Now, what's before you, Tommy?"

"The north, Sir."

"And what behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat-tail, Sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

When crossing-sweepers cease to touch their hats to you, consider that it is probably time for you to procure new clothes.

When reminded of their want of progress in agriculture and manufactures, the Spaniards generally reply, that Adam, once upon a time, requested leave to revisit this world—some half hundred years after his creation, and as angel commissioned to conduct him. On views of the new permanent, returned to the regions above, and so changed, so strange all seemed to him, that he felt at home nowhere until he came to his own grave, which he exclaimed he, "not an down here; every thing here is not as I left it!"

Some time ago the Westerly had an account of the trial of a man for stealing a dead-color hide. The Boston correspondent says:

"There is a mistake as to the place. The trial actually took place in this (the 13th) Judicial Circuit of the State of Illinois, and not in any court appointed by Commissioner Fuller, this State Attorney for this District, nor by any Judge presiding over the same. The counsel for the man of five dollars; the prisoner was finally discharged, and the jury discharged, and the prisoner from the court room, it became necessary to reduce it to the actual value of the till below its nominal value; and the defendant, of course, always the last to leave the room, set forth its fees in specie, and was at some small rate of discount in New York. After some consideration as to the admissibility of the testimony on that point, the arguments to the jury commenced. The attorney for the people beyond doubt, or proof, the value of the bill became the property of the alleged delinquent. On cross-examination of the defendant tried, 'might and main,' to steam the bill, and could not. Counsel for the defendant rested on the above fact, and contended that the property of this bill was the only point assailed; and, in addition to what you heard of his sayings, and the fact of the prisoner's having passed the bill at par, and called upon the jury to determine, under the oaths they had taken, as to whether the prisoner, when he stole the bill, took it at a value or not. The jury retired and sustained the latter with an eloquence and force which convinced the jury that the bill was stolen and had, prior to the theft, depreciated accordingly."

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

It is said that Kentucky knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."

"Yes, mother, I will; but how shall I divide it honorably?"

"Why, George, it is one of the first things you learn at school. Don't you know the rule?"

The Rev. Dr. C——— was one of the earliest Presbyterian ministers in Upper Canada, and a man of talent and considerable learning, but somewhat given to the use of "big words," which sometimes led him into ridicule. On one occasion he was reading the lesson of the day, and came to "The Lord would take up a flyte-a-whirlwind." He paused, and said with strong Mission accent, "I don't know what it is—" Perhaps, said a gentleman of the congregation, "it was when a whirlwind is. Well, a quite-easier for a tea-saucer."

A lady friend of ours went into her kitchen one day, and said to her bright-eyed Irish cook, "Bridy, there is to be an eclipse of the moon to-night, which you can see if you sit up and watch for it." "Och, mum," she replied, "and is it the moon that you say is to be eclipsed. Sure, the moon's been quite dull enough for me. It's the sun in my country!"

A gay and gentlemanly fast fee from Exeter, was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness upon the last century appeared. His husband had just been lead dying, and at length, as the clergyman of the parish approached to offer the holy visits, he found him in the disconsolate widow, as giving him an account of her husband's departure. "Sir," said she, "your dear man kept groaning and groaning, but he could not die: at last I got up, and I said I had got a pot of jam on the fire upon the drawer, so I took some of that and tied it in a handkerchief, and I put it to his nose, and he smelled it, and he said, 'Delicious and finger, and, poor dear! he went out like a lamb!'"

WHY DIDGEST THUS?

"Old man! old man! for whom dost thou thus grieve?"
I asked as I walked along:
For I saw in heart of London streets
A dark and busy throng.

Then a stranger, with a sad but a wilder with
Of the parted soul, to tie,
Which this mortal, possessed of living men
Who would pass him idly by!

So I said, "Old man, for whom dost thou thus grieve,
In the heart of London here?"
And the disordered voice of the digger replied—
"We're laying a gas-pipe down."

A reporter visited Gooster in the tragedy of King Lear, at Boston, and was much surprised to see suddenly dressed, and in the midst of the storm, no hood, who was singing, "Softly!" to cheerlier. He got on famously, until the scene came to be laid on the heath, and then he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of his part.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb. 15, 1858.*

THE foreign trade of the port compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 13, 1858	$2,026,100	$958,150
Corresponding week, 1857	1,045,000	1,004,000
Decrease	$9,018,776	$780,046

The specie movement was small, about $20,000 being sent to the Havana, and $10,000 to Europe. Since last Saturday the California steamer arrived with $1,343,207. The exchange market got down to 9½ per cent, and the exchange on Sargand is falling to a point at which it will pay specie to go out.

Our advices from England, per *Niagara*, at Halifax, state that the money market was somewhat easier at the Bank of England to 4 per cent.; in the discount market, however, rates were firm, and 4 a 5 per cent. was allowed on deposits by the discount houses.

The course of the stock market here continues upward, with no prospect of a check.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February 15, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week were generally lower. The receipts of Western produce were limited, while the demand was more extensive, and prices were firm, and in some instances the sales effected at somewhat higher prices.....Cotton was very actively sought after, and 2,000 bales were disposed of. Advices from England having favorably affected the market for it.....Breadstuffs were in very active request, and prices sellers.....Provisions were moderately inquired for at former prices.....Ashes, Hides and Naval Stores were more sought after, and such advanced considerably.....Wool, per, yet prices were in fairly active demand, at full rates.....Hemp, Tobacco, and Wool were quiet, though the market had undergone advantage. The sales of Liverpool Grain at Liverpool, during the week ending Feb. 6, $1,421,218 against $3,450,922 the corresponding week in 1857. The stock of Grain in store at Liverpool on the 6th inst. $6,916,200 against $18,421,425 same time in 1857.....The receipts of Breadstuffs, Provisions, and Naval Stores were unproductive of any remarkable alterations..... We appear to have entered upon a season in fairly active, at full rates.

Receipts for extra State Flour, per bbl. $4 60 @ $4 69
Superfine to fancy Western do. 4 15 " 4 50
Extra Genesee, per bbl. 4 60 " 4 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel. 4 70 " 5 00
Superfine to extra Ohio, per barrel. 4 15 " 4 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel. 4 80 " 5 00
Fancy to extra Southern, per bbl. 5 05 " 5 50
Corn Meal, per barrel. 3 00 " 3 50
Rye Flour, per barrel. 3 90 " 4 00
Wheat, per bushel. 1 50 " 1 60
New Crop Corn, per bushel. 0 67 " 0 67
Rye, per bushel. 0 90 " 0 92
Barley, per bushel. 0 70 " 0 78
Barley Malt, per bushel. 0 80 " 0 84
State Oats, per bushel. 0 41 " 0 44
Southern Oats, per bushel. 0 37 " 0 38
Southern Oats, per bushel. 0 37 " 0 38
Mess Pork, per barrel. 16 75 " 16 75
Mess Pork, per barrel. 14 75 " 15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel. 9 00 " 9 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel. 10 00 " 10 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel. 11 00 " 11 50
Beef Hams, per barrel. 14 00 " 15 00
Cut Meats, per lb. 0 6 " 0 7
Lard, per pound. 0 10 " 0 11
Tallow, per pound. 0 8 " 0 8
Western Butter, per pound. 11 " 0 16
State Butter, per pound. 0 16 " 0 20
Rice, per 100 pounds. $ 3 75 @ $ 3 75
Cheese, per pound. 0 8 " 0 12
Cuba Sugar, per pound. 0 4 " 0 5
Cuba Molasses, per gallon. 0 30 " 0 32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound. 0 4 " 0 5
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon. 0 30 " 0 32
Clover Seed, per pound. 0 6 " 0 6
Oolong Teas, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon. 0 0 " 0 0
Nuts Hay, per 100 pounds. 0 0 " 0 0
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Ass. Hemp, undressed, per ton. 0 0 " 0 0
Ass. Hemp, dressed, per ton. 0 0 " 0 0
American Flaxes Wool, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Saxony Fleece Wool, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Pulled Wool, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Spanish Wool, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Peruvian Wool, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Chilian Wool, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0
Tallow Tree, per pound. 0 0 " 0 0

Freights were moderately active, and rates were easier. To Liverpool, Cotton, 3-16d. @ 5-8d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5d. per bushel. To London, Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. @ 6s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 30s. @ 40s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 450.

The Live Stock Markets were less extensively supplied with beeves on Wednesday, and through the demand was very brisk, prices were somewhat firmer..... Milch Cows were in moderate request, and sales were effected at $45 @ $55 per head, as to quality. Sheep and Lambs were in pretty fair request, and rather higher prices were obtained. Swine advanced, and were in proved demand at strengthening quotations. The receipts at the Chapel of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending	Week ending
	Feb. 8.	Feb. 15.
Beeves	2,242	2,109
Milch Cows	116	134
Veal Calves	93	93
Sheep and Lambs	8,804	6,988
Swine	1,200	1,200

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York	407	Virginia	167
Ohio	537	Indiana	85
Illinois	104	Connecticut	9

The range of prices according to the actual rules of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7 @ $ 14
Common to extra Sheep, per head	3 00 " 6 50
Veal Calves, per pound	5 " 7½
Milch Cows, per head	30 " 60
" per pound	5 " 11
Live Swine, per pound	5 " 6½
Dressed "	6 " 8

The Country Produce Markets continue moderately active.....Apples, Cabbages, Cranberries, and Squashes were in fair request, and prices were firmly supported. Other commodities are essentially unchanged in value.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT OF PROVISIONS AT MARKET.

Beef, Mess	$7 50	@ $8 75
Apples, dried, per pound	3	" 4
Peaches, dried, per pound	6	" 7
Plums, dried, per pound	12	" 13
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 50	" 2 75
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	" 2 50
Pecans, per bushel	2 50	" 3 00
Cranberries, per barrel	4 00	" 4 50
Potatoes, per bushel	1 75	" 1 87
" per basket	15	" 1 00
Onions, per barrel	4 00	" 4 50
Onions, per barrel	1 75	" 2 00
Cheese, per pound	8	" 12
Rosemary, per barrel	2 50	" 3 00
Sage, per barrel	1 00	" 1 50
Hops, per pound	1 25	" 1 50
Hay, per dozen	1 00	" 1 25
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	" 1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	" 1 50
Turnips, per barrel	1 00	" 1 25
Celery, per dozen	50	" 87
Beets, per barrel	1 00	" 1 25
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	10	" 11
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	18	" 20
Chickens, per pound	11	" 13
Turkeys, per pound	11	" 13
Geese, per pound	11	" 13
Pigeons, per dozen	2 75	" 3 75
Venison, Saddle, per pound	12	" 14
Partridge, per pair	1 00	" 1 12
Rabbits, per pair	50	" 62
Hares, per pair	75	" 87
Squirrels, each	8	" 8
Beef, Corned, per pound	6	" 7
Beef Head, per pound	17	" 18

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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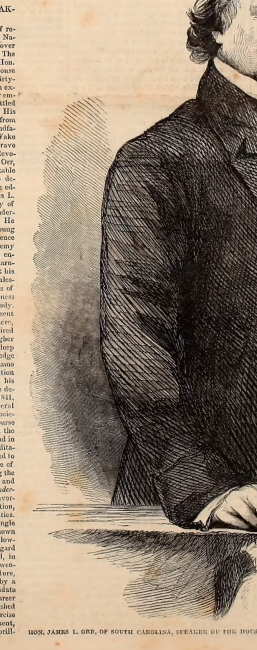
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HON. JAMES L. ORR, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

IT is a coincidence worthy of remark that both branches of our National Legislature are presided over by comparatively young men. The subject of this sketch, the Hon. James L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is in his thirty-sixth year. Mr. Orr is of Irish extraction. His paternal ancestor emigrated to this country, and settled in Pennsylvania about 1730. His maternal ancestors came also from Ireland about 1786. His grandfather, John Orr, a native of Wake County, North Carolina, was a brave soldier and true patriot in the Revolutionary War. Christopher Orr, his father, was a highly respectable and successful merchant, who devoted his means liberally to the education of his children. James L. Orr was born on the 12th day of May, 1822, at Craytonville, Anderson District, South Carolina. He began his studies when quite young at a country school, from whence he was transferred to an academy at Anderson, and while there, engaged in the ardent pursuit of learning, he still found time to assist his father as a book-keeper and salesman, thus early blending habits of practical industry and usefulness with those of research and study. In his eighteenth year he was sent to the University of Virginia, where, by constant application, he acquired great proficiency in the higher branches of learning, laying deep the foundations of future knowledge and usefulness, while at the same time he won an enviable reputation among his fellow-students by his manly, generous, and honorable deportment. He left college in 1841, and devoted two years to general improvement, by mingling in society and pursuing a judicious course of reading. In 1842 he entered the law-office of Judge Whitner; and in 1843, after passing a highly creditable examination, he was admitted to the bar. He began the practice of the law at Anderson, and during the first year he also established and edited a newspaper called the *Anderson Gazette*, thus pursuing his favorite system of full mental occupation, to the exclusion of idle frivolities. Mr. Orr still found time to mingle with, and became thoroughly known to, and appreciated by his fellow-citizens. As a proof of their regard and confidence, he was elected, in 1844, when a little more than twenty-two years old, to the Legislature, from the Pendleton District, by a larger vote than any other candidate in the State received. His career in the Legislature was distinguished by usefulness through the exercise of sound sense and good judgment, rather than by any attempts at brilliant display; and yet his very first speech, which was in opposition to a movement intended to commit South Carolina to the doctrine of Nullification in regard to the tariff of 1842, gave him at once the reputation of an eloquent and able debater, and placed him in a leading position. His speech was received with applause throughout the State, and characterized as "one of the boldest, plainest, and most sensible of the whole discussion." Mr. Orr also advocated with great earnestness and ability the choice of presidential electors by the people—the practice being then, as now, in South Carolina, to elect them by the Legislature; thus in defiance of custom and prejudice, giving a pledge in the beginning of his career of his devotion to popular rights.



In 1848 Mr. Orr became a candidate for Congress. His opponent, who took the field some months in advance of him, was a lawyer of great talents and high reputation. They were both Democrats, and the contest resolved itself into one of personal popularity. After an animated and exciting canvass, Mr. Orr was elected by 700 majority—a flattering proof of the appreciation in which he was held, and a high tribute to his ability and worth. From that time to the present he has continued to hold his seat, being re-elected at the close of each term without opposition.

When Mr. Orr entered the Thirty-first Congress that body presented a brilliant array of talent. In the Senate were Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Cass, Douglas, and Benton; in the House Winthrop, Toombs, Stephens, M'Dowell, Bayly, and others of eminent ability. Among them the young statesman soon assumed a position which commanded both respect and esteem. He spoke seldom, but was always listened to with attention, and rapidly won his way to distinction. The principal speech made by him in this Congress was on the question of the Slavery Question, which he earnestly deprecated. His speech is marked by a high tone, calm, cogent reasoning, and sound constitutional doctrine.

It was during this Congress that the Compromise Measures were passed. Most of their features were opposed by Mr. Orr, on what he considered Constitutional grounds. These measures were much condemned in his State; and when he returned home in March, 1851, he found a formidable party organized in favor of secession from the Union by South Carolina alone. A Constitutional Convention had been called, and a majority of the delegates elected were pledged to vote for secession. Mr. Orr had been opposed in the beginning to the call for this Convention, taking ground that, if wrong had been done to the South, it was impolitic for her to attempt to redress it. The delegates elected from his own Congressional district to this Convention were two to one in favor of secession. He did not hesitate, nevertheless, to proclaim boldly his opposition to their policy, and, in a public speech at Pickens, a few days after his return, he warned his constituents eloquently and earnestly, against the disasters which would inevitably follow. The "Southern Rights Association" which had been formed the previous winter determined on holding a general convention in Charleston, which convention Mr. Orr attended as a delegate from Anderson. This body was distinguished for its intelligence and moral worth; and it was believed that the extreme opinions of the ultra party were largely in the ascendency. Mr. Orr introduced the resolution upon which the minority founded their report, and sustained it in a patriotic, fearless, and manly speech. Only about thirty members, out of 450, supported his views. He did not, however, quail before mere numbers, or shrink from his honest convictions. He maintained his position; his speech was published by the co-operation party, and circulated throughout the State; it produced the most powerful effect; and in October following, Mr. Orr and his colleague, Colonel Irby, were elected to the Southern Congress, which had been proposed, by an overwhelming majority over two talented and popular gentlemen, the candidates of the secession party: the majority in the State for Mr. Orr's party being over 8500! The welfare of the country was at stake, and the occasion called forth all his energies and self-sacrificing devotion.

That the crisis was one full of alarm and danger must be admitted even by those farthest from the scene, and most disposed to deny both the right and power of a State to secede; and that Mr. Orr, in the very opening of a brilliant political career, hazarded his future honors and prospects to a sense of right and duty, entitles him to the regard of every true lover of the Union. His triumph was highly honorable to himself, and fixed him more firmly than ever in the esteem and affections of his constituents.

The Congressional career of Mr. Orr, which a want of space prevents us from noticing more in detail, has been both a brilliant and a useful one. Always sustaining his positions with eloquence and force of argument, and exhibiting great fairness in debate, he has commanded attention, and exercised a powerful influence over the questions of the day. His habits of thorough investigation and analysis, and his tenacious adherence to his convictions of right, have frequently placed him at the head of important committees; and his reports are among the ablest in our legislative records. As chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, during the discussion of the most important and exciting measures, he displayed so much promptness, firmness, and intelligence in his decisions that he won the confidence and respect of men of all parties; and at the commencement of last Congress he was almost unanimously selected by the

HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.]

Democrats as their candidate for Speaker. His party were, however, in the minority, and his election failed. When the present session of Congress opened Mr. Orr was nominated, without opposition, and elected its presiding officer. So far he has justified the expectations at his friends and of the party which placed him in the chair. In the fulfillment of the duties of his present position Mr. Orr will doubtless add honorably to the reputation he now enjoys. He is not wise a man not to perceive that while fidelity to party was the lead which helped him to rise to his present height, impartial neutrality will now serve his fame and ambition better.

The personal appearance of Mr. Orr is bold and striking. He possesses a manly form, a dignified bearing, a kindly and courteous manner, and a cheerful disposition. His countenance is open and intellectual; and his phrenological developments indicate promptness and decision of character combined with considerable powers of analysis.

Colonel Orr married, in 1843, Miss Mary Jane Marshall, daughter of Dr. Samuel Marshall, of Abbeville District.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

MARCH OF IMPERIAL DESPOTISM.

EVENTS point to the prospect of a new revolution in France. Exasperated at the late nefarious attempt upon his life, and fortified by the unanimous expression of sympathy which that event elicited from the civilized world, the Emperor is pushing his despotism beyond the limits of human forbearance. Not satisfied with having crippled the press, he is now fast crushing it out altogether. Journal after journal is suspended upon pretenses which are absolutely ridiculous. One paper has been "warned" for stating that "the telegraph announced the Emperor's speech was applauded," instead of assuming the responsibility of the statement and asserting that "the Emperor's speech was applauded." Another has been suppressed for simply alluding to the historical fact that the Bourbons were often attacked in the public newspapers altogether.

It may seem absurd to talk of the liberty of the citizen in France. It would seem, however, from a bill now before the French Legislature, that the constitution of that land will bear some shadow of liberty to the French citizen, and that that shadow it is now proposed to take away. The bill in question authorizes the arrest and punishment of any person who shall have carried on a correspondence with any one at home or abroad, by which the interests might be endangered or brought into contempt; of any one who shall have sold detonating powder or "destructive machines" without a license; of any one "whom important circumstances may point out as dangerous to public safety." It is difficult to conceive an individual who might not, if the Government desired, be convicted and thrust into prison under such a law as this. It would simply amount to a legal declaration that the people of France, as a people, held their lives and liberty at the good will and pleasure of the Emperor.

Napoleon has not adopted this course without counting the cost. He foresees the struggle he may have to wage, and has prepared according-ly. He has divided France into five great military divisions, with a corps d'armée to act as police in each. At the head of each division he has placed an officer whose fidelity is guaranteed by the gratitude for past favors and his hope of future rewards. It is hardly necessary to remark, that as the new law "to provide for the public safety" will amount to a practical suspension of all liberty and property, so this new military arrangement is equivalent to placing the entire Empire in a state of siege.

It is not consistent with experience or reason to suppose that so high-handed a policy as this can be either successful. Napoleon is the French idol, they are not so utterly helpless as to submit to this. Servile as the army is, it can not always consent to play a part which must be odious to every man of heart or intelligence. There must, in a word, come a point at which the trampled citizen will rebel, whatever the risk, and the soldier-slave refuse his aid to the work of so endless a despotism. In spite of the Emperor's genius, there are many who think that point not far distant. Whatever strength the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier may have given to the Imperial Government has been lost in consequence of the recent "repressive measures." Many who, when they first heard of the attempt, executed the assassins, now, when they see how despotism works, almost regret the failure.

Charles the Tenth fell in trying to enforce such a law as Napoleon is carrying out. Louis Philippe fell in trying to restrain the popular liberty of the Parisians. Both had power enough; wanting more, they lost that which they had. The Emperor Napoleon the Third seems to have profited little by their example.

PHYSICAL DECAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE London *Times*, by an article on the physical decay of the people of the United States, has aroused the people of our large cities to some sense of their physical degeneracy. Whatever may be said in correction of trivial errors committed by our English critic, there can be no question but the charge he brings is generally well founded—that, as a general rule, our people are neither as strong nor as healthy as people of the same age and vocation in the old mother country.

There are for this three principal reasons.

In the first place, the climate of that portion of the United States which we inhabit, and from which our foreign critics draw their inferences, may be set down as not favorable to health and strength. The coast-line of the United States is decidedly unhealthful. Fevers, varying in severity from the black *vomito* to mild intermittent or fever and ague, ravage our sea-board from Texas to Massachusetts throughout the summer months. There are spots, of course, which are free from them; but speaking generally, the whole coast of the United States, from the ports of the interior—and these the most thickly settled portions—are swampy, and therefore unwholesome. In the country in the south, and so young, that thorough systems of drainage have not yet been established; when it is drained in England it is much drained in this country. Again, the startling vicissitudes of heat and cold in the central parts of the United States are unknown to Europe. While in winter the thermometer has a range of forty degrees in the twenty-four hours, People who have been almost expired with heat on Monday have been known to require a fire in the grate on Tuesday. In the spring sudden inclemencies of weather are common. They can not but injure the physical stamina.

Secondly, there seems to exist among the American people a decided aversion for field sports and open-air exercise. Among the people of the large cities physical exercise is not considered for a moment. No athletic exercises or sports are popular. We have cricket clubs, on which the bulk of English wealth and gentlemen. We have no hunts, with horses and dogs; a few enthusiastic persons shoot a little in the season, but the sport can not be said to be general. As a general rule the New Yorker never takes a gun in his hand except when he goes, as a popular delight, *quail-shooting* at Tonget Corners, which are usually equal parts of dullness and dirt. The Americans do not ride. Their idea of horse exercise is sitting in an uncomfortable wagon behind a fast trotting horse, which whirls you through clouds of dust on a road covered with flash men and flash teams. There are several gymnasia in the large cities. They are frequented by very few acolytes, and after a few months' patronage these generally desert them. In fine, it may be said broadly that, after every man of a certain school, they never seem to think that it is necessary to exercise their muscles.

Lastly, the hasty and ruling consideration of every American is business. Walk up Broadway, and listen to the conversation of the people whom you pass—ninety-nine out of a hundred are talking of dollars, percentages, and premiums. The same is true of the groups of men assembled in drawing-rooms, hotel-parlors, and bar-rooms. Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together, there you may be sure that business and dollars are on the topic. There are a few boys whose prime aim in life is to play Napoleon at school, but they are not an exception. The bulk of our people have not time to be vicious. They are too busy to be so. As Benjamin Watts remarks, the same the Evil One by the intensity of their application to the serious things of life. As Eu-lah merchant seems ever to make a dog's breakfast, eats a hearty dinner, and plays with his children till bedtime. A Frenchman drops into his office before breakfast, leaves business at noon, goes back to work at two, and dines at five, after which he may be seen at an opera or in a ballroom. An American begins work before he is dressed in the morning and never stops till he goes to bed. If he goes home, it is in order to write his letters and look up his accounts more quietly. Life for him is a mere ledger, in which he debits himself with sixteen available hours for work each day. This absorbing dollar worship can not but produce certain specific injurious effects. The mind can not be incessantly employed without detriment to the body. Men whose trade obliges them to use their arms incessantly are prone in the long run to have arms are usually feeble in the arms. Just so, these intense head-workers who are performing sums in addition, multiplication, and division, from seven A.M. till ten P.M. must necessarily lose bodily strength.

These three causes may be said to have led to the physical decay which attracts the notice of our foreign friends. All are curable. Proper hygiene of climate, a proper attention to natural habits of living and diet, will go far toward neutralizing the injurious effect of our climate. Enlarged experience will inculcate the necessity of more physical and open-air exercise. Increasing refinement and cultivation will discourage the general sacrifice of life to the pursuit of the dollar. When these reforms are generally adopted, the decay of the human forms in the United States will cease to attract attention, and our physical development will compare favorably with that of foreign nations.

PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS.

NEARLY half the working hours of Congress last week were taken up by "personal explanations." Mr. A wished to inquire whether Mr. B. in correcting that bill the XX says pickpocketics, had intended to include him; and Mr. B. thus interrogated, courteously replied that his remark had been made in a purely parliamentary sense, and that the A before him was not one of the A's whom he charged with picking pockets. Mr. C. rose to a question of privilege to ask whether, in striking him on the nose, and causing the blood to flow from that organ, Mr. D. had observed the ninth law, and Mr. D. instantly disclaimed any such intention, observing that the act was not in the least intended to be personal. It was evident, in short, that whatever study members may have made of Hinsdale and the "Congressional Directory Compendium," they were well up in their Fieldens.

Of course, so long as apologies are the order of the day on the floor, these personal explanations are productive of no positive injury. Whether they constitute a negative wrong to the country is a point on different matter. Congress will soon have been three months in session. What law has been passed during that time? What law is likely to be passed? What question discussed in a statesmanlike and thorough manner?

On looking over the reports of the proceedings as carefully reported in this journal from week to week, we find that three questions and three only have engaged the attention of the two branches of Congress. One is Kansas; the next the arrest of Walker by Commodore Paulding; the third the Army Increase Bill. Of these the second has never had any practical consequence. All the speeches which have been made in the arrest of Walker have been for buncombe; no national benefit could result from any motion which could have been made in connection with that event. The bill to increase the army is supposed to be doomed to defeat; at all events the speeches made concerning it will have been lost. There remains only the Kansas affair, which, if the two Houses can agree upon, will be the only measure of the State in accordance with the views expressed in some of the reports presented and to be presented by the committees, may possibly result in practical and useful legislation.

Will this be an adequate return for the cost involved upon the session? It will be so that Kansas is going to be an expensive addition to the confederacy if each step in her career is to cost three months' debate in Congress. We should manage our political concerns better if our national legislators were paid by the job, and not by the day or the session.

STRAWS.

SENATOR SEWARD has separated from his friends on the Army Bill; he voted with the administration Democrats and against the Republicans on that question—taking counsel, by the way, to proclaim his independence of party, and his full belief in the doctrine that the judges in the Supreme Court of the United States among the various sections of the country accordingly. Several republicans, by amendments, of course, the control of that tribunal would be secured to the most populous or Northern sections. In the height of these manœuvers Senator Seward has received the commendation of several Northern Democratic organs, and has been favorably mentioned as a presidency for 1860 by some of the more liberal Republican prints.

Senator Seward is generally supposed to have been disappointed by the nomination of Colonel Fremont by the Republicans at the last presidential contest. He seems to be taking his revenge on them for their neglect.

Senator Douglas has, in like manner, cut himself loose from his party. He has not only read out of the Democratic fold; and though the Democrats are happy to avail themselves of the aid of his talents and his vote, it is of course regard him as a doubtful convert, and would not be disposed to select him as a standard bearer. He could not anticipate any share of the profit in case of a Democratic triumph.

Have these two leading politicians committed political suicide? Or are they looking for an entire reconstruction of parties—a state of things in which the control of the country will pass into the hands of a new party of Northern extraction, but with moderate tendencies, and seeking and finding the support of such conservative men as every section of the common country?

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

THE Prime Minister of England has introduced a bill for the transmission of the dominion of British India from the East India Company to the British Crown. It was shown in an article published some time since in this journal that the government of the Company has for years been merely nominal, that the real control of India rested with the British Cabinet, and that the patronage of the Indian service was the only remnant of the old dispotism which remained to the Company. The change contemplated, therefore, will simply amount to the abolition of the intricate formalities by which the nominal sovereignty of the Company was maintained, and the transfer of the appointment of Indian cadets from the Company's Directors to the future Secretary of State for India.

This, it is needless to remark, will avail but little toward the settlement of affairs in Bengal and Oude. A new system of government is needed there. The rebellion may be and will be put down with the strong hand. But the permanent cure of what was the active expression will survive. Until the British Government devise a system of administration which shall command the loyalty of the natives, the Indian problem will remain unsolved. To maintain a British army in the Indian Empire enough to subject the natives to an unpopular sway will not pay. Great Britain can not afford so expensive a luxury as an Indian dependency bristling with British bayonets. And though for a time the last for vengeance will drown the cry for economy, the hour is not far distant when the question of the ultimate disposition of India must be settled on economical principles. That settlement, if to be possible, will require a memorable precedent in the science of colonial government.

THE LOUNGER.

THE HISTORIAN PRESCOTT.

In the midst of the wild whirl of political items that daily fly along the telegraph there is sometimes heard a brief mention of some fact which excites a deeper and more personal interest, and in which the heart of the whole country is interested. Such was the late intelligence of the sudden death of the historian Prescott.

His fame was by devoted and earnest study, by a long series of historical pictures of the great days of Spain, when Spain was most intimately related to American events, and which interests excited by his heroic superiority to a misfortune which would have been unbearable to any lesser man for a life of silence, have all conspired to surround his name with the deepest regard in the popular heart. At this moment engaged upon the continuation of his history of Philip the Second, his labors lie in the most interesting period of his subject.

May the thin cloud gum before this paragraph is read, and the days and weeks of an honored and honorable life be long continued! Such the prayer of his friends, and the hope of his countrymen.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

EVERY woman has a right to express her opinion.

That, at least, is a safe and indisputable proposition.

Some women may find talking more profitable than dancing.

In that case they will do well for their own interests to talk as much and as often as possible.

Some women want to vote, and declare they have a right to do so. Other women laugh at them for wanting to vote, and declare that, although the ballot may be their right, they have a right to it dropped according to the whim of the woman.

"I pity the women," says one of the Lounger's correspondents, "who can not make two sons vote as she pleases." That distinguished public teacher, Mrs. Job Scott, makes a similar observation.

As a matter of curious speculation, will each woman vote as her husband votes, and will her vote are yearly deposited at the instance of women. What, for instance, are the chances that the multifarious subjects of voting for her fine generally national representative from Washington, vote for a female friend if one is? Is it unfair to say that possibly about a thousand votes are immediately or remotely affected every year in our elections by female influence?

If that be so, what becomes of the argument? How many men, if they think that their whiskers and whiskers are becoming, shave them in deference to female interference? How many, who are fond of it, smoke cigars because their women fear fast desires it—except, haply, during the sweet time wherein the drinker is wooing Miss to become Mrs.?

Besides, if every woman can persuade two men to vote as she does, would not her vote be as two strike ballots, and are not three better than two in any election?

Certain sagacious philosophers are of opinion that women ought to stay at home and rock cradles. Let them, they add, inquire how long it takes to deposit a ballot. Other philosophers assert that women don't know enough to vote. Let us, then, converse with our neighbors male, and reckon how many of them are competent to the privilege. Especially, let us compare the opinions and moral impressions of public questions among our wives and daughters with those of the valuable corpses of Erin-go-braghs which arrive daily, and which are of such inestimable advantage to the ballot-boxes of so intelligent and enlightened a ring, free and enlightened, star-spangled-bannering

people. Other well-wishers of their kind think that women could not go to the political meetings or the dreadful dirty polls. Let us, then, investigate the question whether women ever go to any kind of public meeting, lecture, theatre, sermon, or debate, and then ask ourselves in secret whether an educated orator upon public affairs is less intelligible to women than upon morals, physics, or philosophy; while into dirty holes, which are not necessities in a republic, no decent man or woman—and decency is in the majority—ever care, upon any occasion, to go.

As for the Lounger, who—Heaven save the mark!—is not a politician, he never hears his friend Mrs. Lambswool Tagmutton eloquently proving that women ought not to vote, but ought to wear red petticoats and drink green tea and sew on breeches buttons, in peace and contentment, without laughing at the idea that his sarcastic and intelligent friend is not as competent to express an opinion by her vote as well as by her tongue.

WARLIKE CHARACTERS.

"COLLEGIAN" has stirred the Greek alphabet from alpha to omega. The Lounger has already said that the letter he lately published in the Greek character must end the controversy; and although the claims and concerns of the secret college societies are of the last importance, and excite the most profound and universal public interest, there is still a part of the public (a little dull, of course, dear Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, etc., etc.) which desires to read of something else.

The Lounger's letter-box groans at this moment—like the public dinner-tables in John Thomas Jenkins's letters—under the good things which this controversy has caused to fall into it. Innumerable gauntlets—contemptuous defiances—sneers—calm contempts—grim humors—sarcasms—lies direct—Socratic series of questions—rebuffs—replies—rejoinders—objurgations—indeed every form of letter, is heaped up, and has many a time, as he hinted, kindled his inflammable box. Should he assume the responsibility of allowing them to get into his columns, this paper would cease to be safe in the hands of the reader; it would justly be called an incendiary sheet, and produce conflagrations in the domestic circle.

The Lounger deprecates any such result, and suggests a compromise to be carried into effect in the various chapters of the various societies. Thus:

1. Deadly and unappeasable hostility is to be assumed as the normal state of any secret Greek character society against all others.
2. Each society, at a convention to be especially called for the purpose, shall resolve unanimously that all the best fellows in every college always have and always will belong to itself: the fact of membership to be taken as the test of good fellowship.
3. Each society, at its convention, shall declare all the members of all the other societies to be entirely beneath contempt, and consequently of notice.

This proposition seems to cover the whole ground, and protects the honor of each society. It also releases individual members from the necessity of cherishing wrath, or writing letters denunciatory of others; and it has the great merit of expressing in permanent form the unalterable conviction of each member of every secret society respecting all the members of every other.

LIVING BY LITERATURE.

MR. CAREY JOHNS writes to the Lounger that he is a very lazy gentleman, but with native sense enough to distinguish himself in the world of letters; wonders how he ever came to know any thing; is twenty-eight, a bachelor, without profession, without fortune, and without energy; but is quite confident he could make a living by Literature, if he could only rouse himself.

This is a not uncommon complaint—laziness, with a tendency to Literature. It is one of the most fascinating and frequent alliterations in the world. For his comfort let Mr. Carey Johns observe two facts; first, that while he is lazy he will remain a bachelor, without fortune, without profession, and generally good for nothing, except to buy cigars, and that nobody but himself can cure his laziness; second, that to "make a living by Literature" is given to two kinds of writers—great geniuses and indefatigable hacks. To write a few tolerable articles for a magazine or a newspaper is not making a living by Literature.

There is a great deal of misunderstanding of this matter in the minds of lazy young men who like to smoke and read magazines, and who fancy they could do the thing if they only tried. Look at it for a moment:

You are resolved to live by Literature. Very well; you write a book, living meanwhile upon charity, for your book, of course, does not pay you any thing until it begins to sell. Your book is completed, and no publisher cares to print it. Of a hundred manuscripts offered to a publisher he may select two. Suppose yours is one of them, although the chances are against you. It is printed and issued. It may be a fair book, but nobody knows your name; the subject may or may not be attractive; the sale is very slow. There are copies given to the press; you give some to your friends. The press hails you as another Shakespeare, or as the American Martin Farquhar Tupper. Your friends compliment you, and young ladies to whom the book has been lent send for your autograph. You come down town trailing clouds of glory. You fancy that you read in the papers, and hear from the mouths of your friends, the verdict of the age and the salutation of posterity. You ask for an account, and, in a year, you find the work has not paid expenses. You will not believe it. You quarrel with the publisher for not advertising; you hint darkly of "cooked accounts." You are enraged, and the publishers are unpaid.

But meanwhile, pending the coming in of the profits upon your book, and resolved to live by Literature, you write for the magazines. Very well. How many magazines pay any thing for contributions? What are the chances that your prolusions will go in every month? And what will you be paid when they are accepted? It is a sum you can easily calculate.

If you are a great genius, and your book takes, then you have drawn one of the prizes, and are safe. But what is the chance that you are a great genius, and then that it will be recognized?

The Lounger speaks now to lazy young gentlemen lolling before fires and looking at the arena in which they are so sure they would excel. But if a youth is really in earnest, and has something to write, paid or unpaid, it will be written. He may drudge and delve, but his drudging and delving will be immortal labor. Goldsmith was a hack, and he hacked out works of imperishable charm. He was a genius, and lived by Literature. But it was not a pleasant life altogether, and he tried many things besides Literature to save himself from starving.

If Mr. Carey Johns wants to be an author at any cost, he must conquer his laziness and run the risk of starving. If he is disinclined to that risk, then he must seek some employment which is more secure in its rewards. A grocer's clerk is paid for his service, and sleeps sure of to-morrow. An author, with a MS. in his pocket, waits upon the whim of an editor. Mr. Johns must remember that the old College President spoke truly when he said that "very few young men have any particular *vocation;* they all have a necessity of making their living, and the talents of most men may be as well applied to one pursuit as another."

But if he shall resolve to take the risks, let him enter the guild. He may know that if his pay is not so sure his satisfactions are surer. If the artist and author are paid less in money, they have the immense gain of doing for a living what they would choose to do for pleasure. They live among the words and works of all that is greatest in history and best in human nature. If a man adopts Literature as his profession, he must do some hard drudgery; but if he is in earnest, he will be like one whose hands dig potatoes in a field, while his eyes converse with the glories of summer and the splendid spectacle of sky and air.

And so, Mr. Carey Johns, there is the "thesis."

MURDER AND DESPOTISM.

WHILE the English are marrying their Princess with national cordiality and sympathy, the French have seen their Emperor and his wife almost murdered, and some of the American citizens now in Paris have assembled and passed resolutions of congratulation upon his escape.

Now whatever any Lounger, foreign or domestic, traveling or staying at home, may think of Louis Napoleon, he can have but one opinion of assassination; and but one feeling in regard to this particular demonstration, which was so clumsily managed and arranged as apparently to involve the murder of crowds of innocent people. But that may be safely assumed; and it is to be hoped that the Emperor does not suppose that all who do not say they are glad he was not killed wish he had been or soon might be. The court may be presumed to know some things.

But if any man is glad that the assassins did not succeed, he must also be aware that the attempt is likely to be constantly renewed. The course of Louis Napoleon is pure despotism, and it will recoil upon his own head or upon that of his unfortunate descendants.

The evident objection to the entirely unnecessary step of the American gentlemen who passed the resolutions is, that it is a kind of approval of the Emperor's course, and will tend to confirm him in it. An American ought to be as much opposed to the Emperor's being a despot as he is to his being the victim of a murderer. He may justly be pleased at the failure of this attempt; but if he takes it upon himself to speak of it at all, he ought to blend with his felicitations a word of warning. If he can't do that, he had better hold his tongue.

THE WEDDING.

WELL, the wedding is over, and the young Prince and Princess have gone away under arches and over flowers, through illuminations, and homage, and happy huzzas. Jenkins has surpassed himself in the description of the nuptials. He has written a most interesting and twaddling and touching account, which we have all read, of course, with a mingled smile and sigh. Youth and Love are very real things, spite of Beef-eaters and Gold-sticks and venerable Palmerstons carrying symbolic swords; and although this wedding was a state ceremony, and the nuptial choice of royal personages is very limited, so that an intelligent young Prince and Princess in Europe must be rather dismayed at a survey of the lines within which they must choose, if they choose at all, yet this seems to have been a union of hearts as well as hands.

The poor old palace of St. James's is a shabby palace, to be sure, and the Continental guests, used to magnificent residences, may have stared a little at the low ceilings and dingy brickiness of that particular royal house of England; but the spectacle was splendid, beyond doubt, so far as fine men and women sumptuously attired can make splendor. The father and mother of the young bridegroom probably remembered their own pretty palace in Berlin, built by Schinkel, the Prussian Ictinus; and although the young bride will not be taken to that, she will live near by in the vast old royal schloss, or castle-palace, in whose extent there is a regal grandeur.

The severest Democrat ought to remember that a Princess Royal is, after all, a young woman; that a Queen is, in this case, a fond and careful mother; and when Jenkins describes the bride flinging herself upon her mother's bosom, not all his sympathetic adjectives can prevent the feeling that it was a very tender and tearful moment for that daughter and her mother. For in that vast, old, dreary, regal palace the bride is henceforth to live and lose her nationality. By-and-by she will sit upon a Queen's throne there. She ceases to be an Englishwoman, and her children will be Prussians. To be sure, her father is a German, but she, by birth, and residence, and education, is a good Englishwoman, and doubtless loves, and is proud of, her noble country.

It is a fine thing to be a prince or princess. There is, probably, not a valet or lady's maid in the world who is not of that opinion. But the hedges of etiquette, the fences of ceremony, the universal and eternal chin-chin-ing, must make a prince sometimes weary. One does not wonder at that "good" old George III. stealing away from the palace and pottering about the pots of the Windsor peasants: exercising his gracious and regal intellects with the problem how the apple *did* get in. And it is quite possible to conceive a princess looking from her bower with envy upon a rosy milkmaid.

When a king has not crowned himself, like Napoleon, he is part of the state machinery. The homage is not paid to him personally; but the state uses him as a mirror, and bows before him to its own reflection. That, also, is not a proud thought to a sensible man.

In fact, there are many things to be considered when you have done reading of the princely nuptials. The Lounger's friend, Nelly Lancer, and her friends, have been studying out the dresses and the presents, and it is just possible they have been half wondering how they themselves would have looked in that lovely attire.

On that point, of course, there can be no reasonable wonder; and if it were only a matter of orange-flowers, moiré antique, and pearl necklaces, who would not wish them all to be princesses royal, and all royally married in quick succession?

But those things are not all. And it is impossible to read Jenkins's glowing story without a profound sympathy for the young pair—without being glad that every thing and every body smiled so cheerfully—without gratitude to the ladies who wore plumes and ancestral jewels, and sat, hoops and all, in space some twenty inches wide; to the gentlemen who wore garters and coats of many colors; to Mr. Gooch, who conducted the locomotive safely; and to the Eton boys, who dragged the young pair to their nest.

And when the Queen said in her prayers that night, as she doubtless did, with all the anxious entreaty of a mother's heart, "God bless them!" and all English parents in their hearts cried "Amen!" can we not understand the prayer, and with hearty wishes and happy hopes join our Amen in sympathetic echo?

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"JANUARY, 1858.

"*Modeste,* dear Lounger, received the happiest of new Years you forwarded to yours correspondents, although unworthy of this qualification. She put her duty and hearty will in manifesting to you the same desire of felicity, multiplied by sincere thanks

"You recollect, dear Lounger, I added to my last missive the approximate number of fair people I saw at a conference meeting? But, darl ng, I will now entertain you of the balance: sickly, dear, coughing, hooping, struggling under the consumptive pressure, to the superlative comfort of who goes to church to be moralized or edified, according the state of consciences. It will no doubt astonish you, that, in the midle of the sunny couth of our people can pass, said Dante:

"' . . . . per la porta
Lo cui sogliare a nessuno è negato'

by another cause than of morbus or tropical fever.

"'Pa' has been to Europe and Asia several times, and speaks to us of the general heath of these countries as being far above our, specialy on the southern sections. The difference of rosy there, and yellow-white complexion here, may have some reasons indipendent of longitude or latitude, to wich I call your attention to day, dear Lounger, sure you will bring to evidence something better than charlatan's pills.

"If you excuse my profuse prattle, dear, I will try explain to you my opinion about this interesting consumptive people. The recipe wich Modeste think would be efficacious and humanly give gratis, bear the name of *Gastronomy.*

"She believe that in *Gastronomy,* consequently aided by her brother *Culinary Art,* as some suggestions of old *Mother Vine* consist in some degre the future and true happiness of our beloved country

"Mater Familias will cut to pieces the bridge to the bar and the bridge to the grave by hygienely placing on the *meals' table* a bottle of home-made wine

"'Pa' in accordance with travelers noted in Spain south-France, Italy, Greece, etc, the almost total absence of salt meat, corn bread, and if salt fishes are sometimes used they are drowned in olive-oil, as well as all kind of fecula. There it is said a cook is oftentimes pushed by: 'What shall I prepare for diner, for supper?' months passing without the repetition of a single dishe

"I hope, dear Lounger, under your patronage, something will be done.

"We, consistently, will begin by a salad with abondant sweet oil; a tolerably large napkin being produced to keep in a state of decency the 'co luxurious lips and mustaches; no doubt if the mentioned napkin could not appears on ours tables, you would find an accommodating medium.

"The product suggest me of its producer: olive-tree, Oh! olive-tree! Is it not a national sin the neglected culture of this peace emblem? This tree wich our Saviour was so found of promenading amid? In a word this anti-consomptive element?

"Your 'Bible lands' distinguished correspondent, in his No. XXIII. says: 'I cultivated Mustapha the first afternoon, and by sunset we were smoking the tenth chibouk, and I was telling him how much good he might effect if he would go to New-York and enligten the infidels there with the ligt of his wisdom and experiences, especialy on the question of olive-oil. The olive-oil question, by-the-by, is worth discussing if I had time for it.'

"Mister Mustapha would enligten our prejudices on the Mormons' poligamy controversy, of course. I come to my sheeps; do you think, dear Lounger, that your pacha's friend looks to the question he have not time to discuss, in the light of a lamp-oil? I wonder, we have so many kind of light nowadays beside the moon and electric ones, that the classification would become obscure to enligten committees.

"Wine is to Gastronomy, what nice ribbons are at a winter velvet bonnet. In the southern portions of Europe ladies drink wine as well as gentlemen, in private houses as at table d'hôte. I am dreaming just now, what could be more favorable to succes: ask Aunety to put wine on our table, or try to make her change the shape of her old fashioned chemisettes. Religiously, I say, the pilgrims ours fathers was not practicals in their knowlege of the scriptures, of not planting vines when they touched to this new land as did the good man of the arch, who I believe was the arch-bishop of that rainy season of the creation.

"I may be beside the question, but think the subjet as serious as to know if toads are viviparous, oviparous, carnivorous, herbivorous, nothing of it, but certainly rousers by nature.

"Confident in your proved good will, dear Lounger, and my candle going down, I can just write

"MODESTE."

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

THE LADIES ON THE ICE.

THE cold weather naturally makes me think of ice, and ice naturally leads to skating, and skating to the ladies who have lately taken up with this graceful and elegant exercise. In my skating days—and I shall not tell you how long since they have been over—it was not considered the thing for the girls to skate. Indeed the boys were sometimes subjected to cruel, unusual, and unconstitutional punishments for beguiling the young women to venture upon the ice in a hand-sledge. And there was another piece of injustice for which I never could account. When came the first ice of the season, and several hundred embryo Presidents and militia captains were getting up an appetite for the Thanksgiving dinner upon the lovely lake—*vulgate* "mill-pond"—the ice cracked, and the valiant band were precipitated into the foaming flood. Of course they all received paternal correction—for what? Not for skating, but for falling through! In fact, the boys were obliged to suffer for the treachery of the ice. And I have never forgotten that early lesson. The successful misdemeanor is never punished, but the unlucky rogue who fails gets a kick from every body.

To return, however, to the feminine *athletæ.* I have noticed that some country editors, in want of a paragraph, have rudely maligned the ladies that are learning to skate, by saying that the crinoline is terribly in the way, and that the dear creatures must either give up the hoops or the skates. Quite the contrary. Very few ladies are strong enough to skate against the wind, and when going before it the crinoline is a great advantage. Every body knows how a ship goes when she has the wind "dead aft." And other feminine productions are subject to the same laws. The other day a Maine girl, carrying out the motto of her State, led a party across a large lake, offering a kiss to the young gentleman who was the first to overtake her. She made splendid time, and was not caught until she had neared the opposite shore. Ethelinda, who knows a great deal about such things, thinks that the young woman adopted this osculatory proceeding in order to throw out signals to some nice young man who was quite at home upon his skates, but who found the drawing-room a very slippery and uncertain foundation. I think we might have iced flirtations as well as iced creams. I have seen some (flirtations, not creams) that could not have been cooler.

THE TRAGEDY AFTER THE COMEDY.

ALL the ladies have been devouring with much *goût* the elaborate and lengthy accounts of the marriage of the senior Miss Guelph with the heir of that king who always has a superfluity of double eagles, and whom, I remember, the English journals delighted to call bad names, such as "Old Cliquot," and various other disrespectful appellations. I rather like such things—and read all about the chamberlains, and beef-eaters, and lords-in-waiting, and maids of honor, and gold and other sticks; but here is a bit which I discovered in an out-of-the-way corner of a London paper. It is worthy the particular attention of the ladies:

"Janet Fife was the fortunate pupil of the government school of art in Gower Street who received her Majesty's commands to design a dress and vail for the Princess Royal. Day and night dear Janet labored to get it done in time. She could ill afford a new dress to smarten herself, to take the drawings to Windsor, and was much disappointed when she arrived at the Castle to be told to leave them. After a few weeks' anxious suspense she wrote respecting them, and received for answer that she would hear about them at the proper time. Before that time over-exertion and anxiety had done their work—the cold clay had closed over her before any answer arrived. All honor to the dead! An Englishwoman has designed the marriage robes of royalty, and the court papers say it took fifty girls a twelvemonth to work the vail, at a cost of six hundred pounds (about sevenpence a day each girl)."

The designer loses her life. The fifty girls wear out their eyes and fingers upon fine lace-work for about twelve cents per diem. It seems to me that that wedding robe was rather a grave affair, with misery and destitution and hunger and want lurking in every wave of its graceful drapery. But I really can not see why it was necessary to kill Janet Fife, unless in order that the Princess Royal's Honiton might have the extra design of a bleeding heart.

AN ORPHEAN JOURNALIST.

AMONG other good things forthcoming at the Academy of Music, the manager announces the speedy production of an opera by Mr. W. H. Fry, an acute critic, and a sturdy, vigorous journalist. I do not know any thing of Mr Fry's constructive abilities in a musical way, but if he can build up half as well as he can pull down, his "Leonora" will make a grand sensation. It is quite certain that Mr. Fry will not be governed by any absurd technicalities, but will ignore every thing that is not bold, striking, and effective. The opera has never been sung in Italian, but was given at Philadelphia several years since in English, and therefore is quite as good as new. I presume that the composer will conduct in person, as he is not one of the half-way men by any means.



THE START.

OUR SLEIGH-DRIVE.

BEING a *foreigner*, a native of a country where the snow never lies an hour upon the ground, I could not be expected to understand the free-masonry of sleigh-rides. I had spent three weeks in the village of ——, in Maine, and I have no objection to confess that I considered the two Misses Grower the sweetest girls I had ever known. Nelly was a sweet, soft, tender creature, with soft eyes and a loving expression; Bessie was a tall brunette, with flashing eyes which looked through and through you, and an air which seemed to say that she would as soon fight as love. Both were very handsome girls, and all the youths of the village had been, or were, or expected to be, their recognized admirers. I, a sickly foreigner, roaming the North in search of health, crept into their acquaintance almost unawares. My physician had prescribed *riding*; we met frequently in the narrow path through the wood, or in the narrower road which leads up the mountain; and, in obedience to rural etiquette, we bowed at our first, spoke at our second, became social at our third meeting. Afterward we usually rode together. I called at the house—a fine old country mansion, with more rooms than half a dozen families could fill, and a glorious wood fire blazing on a broad hearth every evening; and I was delighted to make the acquaintance of old Mr. Grower, a farmer and lumber-man, well-to-do in the world, who had but one idea beyond crops and logs, and that was Kansas; of his wife, a jovial dame, who, though gay and very stout, insisted on superintending every detail of her household, and of half a dozen sons and as many daughters—as hearty and amiable a family as I ever met. When we became intimate, they pressed me to occupy a room in their house; and the girls and boys led me through room after room, in order, as they said, that I might make a choice; but I could not consent to trespass so far upon their hospitality, and contented myself with spending almost every evening by the side of their genial hearth.

I had been notified that it was necessary to provide myself with a sleigh, and had done so. When Nellie told me that a party had been made up for a sleigh-ride to the Indian Cross next day, I said, simply, "Very well"—having no idea of the social importance of the affair.

"I suppose," said Bessie, in her quick way, "that you will drive Lucy Thompson?"

"If I am at liberty to invite a partner, of course you and your sister would have the refusal."

"I'm sorry," said Nellie; "but I am engaged."

"And you?" I asked, turning to Bessie.

"I'll drive with you; and as we always drive three in a sleigh, we'll take Cousin Mary."

"Agreed."

Till that evening I had never thought of the sisters separately. I don't think I had ever been alone with either of them. We had met on such friendly, confidential terms, that I had behaved rather as a brother than as a lover, and had viewed them in the light of sisters. They had told me of their little love affairs, and we had laughed over them. I used to quiz them about this or that youth who showed his feelings for one or the other in a marked manner. I had never for a moment asked myself how I felt toward them or they toward me.



THE RACE ON THE HILL-SIDE.

This sleigh-drive shed a new light on the state of affairs. I knew that Cousin Mary was an excellent girl, who was engaged to a lawyer at Bangor, and that she would regard me as a part of the harness of the sleigh. Was I pleased that Bessie and not Nellie completed the trio? Which did I like best?

I fell asleep while revolving the problem and weighing the merits of the sisters. I admired Bessie; I think now she is as fine a woman as I ever met; but there was something in Nellie which touched me. I dreamed that night that her head was leaning on my shoulder, and that I was passing my hand through her long, loose, fair ringlets. When I awoke in the morning I was quite disappointed that she was not to drive with me.

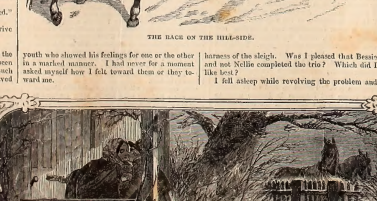
My horses were in magnificent condition. It was several degrees below zero, and the poor brutes could hardly be induced to stand still while I entered the old farm-house and met the assembled guests. The man who had supplanted me—for I began to regard it in this light—was a doctor from a neighboring village, a young fellow well educated, no doubt, but as green a whip as myself. He was—so I was told by her youngest brother—"uncommon sweet on Nellie." I should have liked to have driven my whip-handle down his throat.

We started. The road was splendid: the snow crenked and whistled under our runners, the horses were soon covered with flakes of congealed moisture—we flew over the ground. There were nine teams altogether, our places had been assigned by lot; mine was the seventh. It was settled that any one who could pass another without danger might do so; but a collision was to involve the blindfoldest of the two sleighs in the disgrace of taking the last place in the procession.

I never saw Bessie look handsomer than when she took her seat beside me. The cold brought a ruddy flush to her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed; her spirits rose, and as we started she rallied me on my dullness till I almost lost my temper. Nellie was far ahead. At the signal, away we went. I soon found that it would not do to sit down. I stood up, and with whip, rein, and voice, urged on my horses. We positively flew over the snow; at times the drift raised by the six teams before us shut out the road from my sight, and if any thing had happened to Joe Berryman, who was in front of us, we must have gone over him.

My cattle were the best that the village contained. I had chosen them with great care. They entered into the spirit of the thing as well-bred horses will. We had driven but ten minutes when we came to a spot where the wind had left the road nearly bare. With a yell, I took advantage of the place, and passed Joe and the sleigh in front of him. I was now sixth, and my noble horses seemed to exult even more than I did in the prospect of leading the race. Five minutes more and a crossing—of which Bessie, who knew the country, notified me in due time, gave me another chance; I applied the whip, and with a shout at the proper moment, number five was outstripped, and we took his place. Number four was the doctor's sleigh, with Nellie and her friend. Now I had them.

It was plain to see at a glance that his horses were not fit for the work. Their heads drooped already; which perhaps was no wonder, consider-



GOOD-NIGHT!

ing the pace we had made; but mine were fiercer than at the start. I gripped the reins with a firmer clutch, and looked out for a safe place to pass.

Nellie, who seemed quite as excited in the race as any of us, pointed me out to the doctor, and from her gesticulations seemed to be impressing upon him the disgrace of being outstripped. Bessie, sitting close behind me, screamed to her sister that we would be happy to take any message from them.

Our road skirted the mountain. Sometimes it rose over a spur, and descended into a valley on the other side. I made up my mind—so insanely excited had I become—that I would pass the doctor at the first turn we came to, no matter what the consequences to life or limb. But I was foiled. At the first corner, I shouted to him to make way, and flourished my long whip over the horses; but he shrewdly guided his sleigh squarely in the middle of the road, and rendered it quite impossible to pass him. My turn was coming, however. We came to a place where the road skirts the mountain in a regular curve for three quarters of a mile, with a steady descent throughout the whole distance. Of course the advantage of "the inside track" on such a break-neck race as we were running was quite apparent. My neighbor saw it, and drove as close to the mountain side as his horses would go. I watched him. At a spot where the road descended suddenly for a few paces, I suddenly shouted, "Make way inside!"—dashed my team almost between him and the hill-side, and drew them back suddenly. The ruse succeeded. With a tremendous effort he forced his horses off the track into the snow nearest the hill, and, as we to be expected, upset his sleigh and tossed his ladies into the snow; at which moments I passed, shouting lustily and crowing, with my team snorting proudly at the feat.

I saw no more of Nellie and her friend till we met for dinner. He was silent and quarrelsome. I was wondering what I should do if he tried to fasten a quarrel upon me, when Josiah—Nellie's brother—came to me and proposed that Bessie should take Nellie's place on the drive home, if I had no objection, as Nellie and the doctor had had a tiff. I need not say that I agreed.

The homeward drive, after a hearty dinner and a short but lively dance, was tremendous. I started sixth, but long before we got home I was first and led the way. It was silent and quarrelsome. I was wondering what I should do if he tried to fasten a quarrel upon me, when Josiah—Nellie's brother—came to me and proposed that Bessie should take Nellie's place on the drive home, if I had no objection, as Nellie and the doctor had had a tiff. I need not say that I agreed.

The homeward drive, after a hearty dinner and a short but lively dance, was tremendous. I started sixth, but long before we got home I was first and led the way. It was bright moonlight, and the snow bright and crisp. As I had no passenger, I sat down between Mary and Nellie. Mary went to sleep. But few words passed between Nellie and me; but I noticed that her cheeks were very cold.

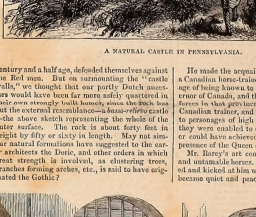
That evening, when we arrived, poor Mary was so fast asleep that it took us some moments to wake her. We got her in at last, and Nellie, the dear affectionate heart, staid outside with me while I shook the snow from my collar and the sleigh robes and turned the horses into the yard. It really seemed as though the noble creatures were inspired with human intelligence. I was taking Nellie in, on the gallery, and had looked around to see if my one was watching; I saw no one, and proceeded to —, when suddenly my horses neighed.

"Silence, you brutes!" I roared in my ecstasy. "Isn't she going to be my wife?"

"Yes!" said the sweetest, softest little voice in the world.

A NATURAL CASTLE.

NEAR the village of Shawnee, in Pennsylvania, some three miles from the Delaware Water Gap, a locality affluent in varied natural charms, has recently been disclosed, by the chopping of the wood in which it has until recently been obscured, a rock of remarkable appearance, forming a natural bastion or castle. The elevated position it occupies, as well as its architectural adaptedness, would favor the idea, if history does not, that here the early Dutch settlers, who migrated from Europe about a



A NATURAL CASTLE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

century and a half ago, defended themselves against the Red men. But on surmounting the "castle walls," we thought that our portly Dutch ancestors would have been far more safely quartered in their own strongly built homes, since the rock has but the external resemblance—a most perfect one—the above sketch representing the whole of the entire surface. The rock is about forty feet in height by fifty or sixty in length. May not similar natural formations have suggested to the early architects the Doric, and other orders in which great strength is involved, as clustering trees, branches forming arches, etc., is said to have originated the Gothic?

THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER IN ENGLAND.

THE accompanying illustration represents the American Horse-Tamer, Mr. John S. Rarey, performing his singular feats in presence of Queen Victoria, her family, and several of the heads of the military departments of Great Britain. Mr. Rarey is a horse-breeder of Columbus, Ohio, and, like his father, who is in the same line of business, is well known throughout that and the adjacent States.

He made the acquaintance, some time since, of a Canadian horse-trainer, who enjoyed the advantage of being known to Sir Edmund Head, the Governor of Canada, and the commander of the British forces in that province. These officials gave the Canadian trainer, and his friend Mr. Rarey, letters to personages of high rank in England, and thus they were enabled to do what intrinsic skill never could have achieved, namely, to exhibit in the presence of the Queen and the Royal Family.

Mr. Rarey's art consists in subduing untamed and untamable horses. One horse, who had neighed and kicked at him when he first entered its stall, became quiet and peaceable, and submitted to be sat upon and played with, after Mr. Rarey had spent a quarter of an hour in its company. Another, an unbroken blood colt, belonging to Prince Albert, evinced the most marked symptoms of willfulness and vice when Mr. Rarey approached it. He requested the spectators, among whom were the Queen and her family and the chief officers of the Horse Guards, to withdraw for a few minutes. They complied with his request; at the expiration of a quarter of an hour they returned, and found the vicious colt lying down, with Mr. Rarey reclining between its legs, and resting on its haunch-

es. He took the colt's head and lapped them together. He drove a wheel-barrow round it. He beat a drum close to its ear. During all these performances the animal lay still, and gave no sign of life. It seemed pleased when Mr. Rarey caressed it, and was as docile as any amiable horse.

Another blood horse, who was submitted to Mr. Rarey, had never allowed any one to ride him. He was so vicious that he could scarcely be groomed. When Mr. Rarey first entered the box where he was he showed plenty of fight, both with heels and teeth. After some ten or fifteen minutes spent in private with the animal, Mr. Rarey requested the company to reappear on the stage. In their presence he mounted the horse, and rode him round the inclosed ground. He made him lie down at the word of command, and pretended to sleep, using his haunches as a pillow. Seizing a plank, he laid one end of it on the horse and drove a wheelbarrow up it. While on his back he beat a drum, and suddenly opened an umbrella over the horse's head. None of these manœuvres appeared to frighten the animal. So far as could be judged he was possessed by one idea, and one alone—affection for his new acquaintance.

The authorities of the British Horse Guards appear to have been much struck by Mr. Rarey's performance. Sir Richard Airey and others, to whom he has communicated his secret, certify that there is nothing in it which can be injurious to horses, and that it deserves the attention of all lovers of the horse tribe. Accordingly, Mr. Rarey advertises that he will teach his method to pupils as soon as he can secure five hundred at fifty dollars apiece.

This taming of horses is no new thing. For many years, at every European fair, men have figured as horse-tamers or horse-whisperers, and have exhibited feats similar to those of Mr. Rarey. They have always been regarded as charlatans. One Sullivan figured for many years in England as a horse-whisperer. Like Rarey, he could subdue the most vicious horse by a little private conversation. Unfortunately for Sullivan, he had the folly to pretend that his control over horses was acquired by whispering certain things in their ear, and this, of course, discredited him and his grooms.

It has long been known that certain medicaments will exercise a peculiar influence over the horse. The oil of cumin is a thing which he can not resist. If any one chooses to rub some oil of cumin on his hand, and with that hand put a horse's nose, he will perceive a magical change in the animal's temper. It will make him stand as still as a rock, no matter how wild or vicious he may be. Thus let the experimentalist take about eight drops of oil of rhodium in a small phial or a thimble, and, gently opening the horse's mouth, pour it on his tongue, and he will be an obedient slave. He will follow his trainer at call; at the word of command he will lie down; no noise will frighten, no experiment disturb him,



THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER PERFORMING BEFORE THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

so long as the superior being who has charmed him remains by his side. As for sparrows as a little incidents will, after this, achieve a permanent conquest.

Mr. Ramsy's process is still a secret. But it will naturally be conjectured that these chemicals have some part in the wonderful triumphs he has won over the horses of England.

LITERARY.

DUNGLISON'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY, published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia, appears in a new and much extended edition, offering to any one who may desire it the fullest information on all medical subjects. We imagine that no physician, whatever his particular pathy, can get along without this volume at his elbow; and for family purposes it is a valuable book of reference. Indeed, in this day, no one who reads the newspapers can dispense with it. If a physician is called to testify before a court or a coroner's jury he considers it his privilege to talk a language which is neither Latin, nor English, Greek, nor Hebrew, but which may be styled the medical language. In many instances it is like the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics, which he said was "When the man you're talking to does know what you're saying, and when you think he has what you've said yourself." The commonest words are translated into this jargon. We now some physician's testimony run thus FOURTEEN OF REV. AMOS BARTON'S MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY and JANET'S REPENTANCE. These stories were esteemed among the best contributions to *Blackwood*, where they originally appeared. It is not often that the author has ventured into the Church for his heroes or his incidents. But no one will read this interesting story without feeling satisfied that the walls of a country parsonage may contain as much of the romance of life, as much love, passion, and faith, as more pretty and as many disappointments as the walls of a palace. There is a thrilling story, and at the same time a great gentleness, in these stories, not without some fun and grotesque humor, which unites of qualities chiefly commends them. They form the 3d and 4th Library of Select Novels.

No one will be more astonished than was Mr. Motley on his arrival at the Hague, whither he has gone to examine his literary labors. He found himself famous in a moment, and most amusingly so. A translation of his DUTCH REPUBLIC is soon to appear in the French language, under the superintendence of M. Guizot, to whom Mr. Motley concluded the sight of translating some months ago. A reprint has been published in Amsterdam, and has had a good sale. A translation of the work, complete, has been published, in the Dutch language, at Leipsic and Dresden. A translation into the Dutch language has been made, under the supervision of Professor Johannes Vanden Brink, Archivist-in-Chief of the Kingdom of the Netherlands—the most learned man and the greatest writer in that country. He has written an introductory chapter to the book, of a very complimentary character, and has added many notes and comments. It is publishing in numbers, very handsomely printed, and will scarcely be completed before the close of the year. An elaborate commendatory article upon the book has just appeared in the *Gids*, the leading review of the country, written by one of the best historical writers of Holland. These various editions and notices will be a great wonder-shock without any solicitation on the part of the author; and we can only refer to the fact as a newer heard of any of them except the French edition, which was brought about by an application to him from the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on behalf of M. Guizot, for permission to make the translation.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish in cheap form WILKIE COLLINS'S HOUSE AND HOME, an odd and *outré* story, in which there is a dead-and-living girl in a coffin, and no love, although it is a love-story. The plot turns on a life-interest and deed in an ancient English girl, and the return to England long afterward of her brother, who seeks revenge for her wrongs. Some of the passages are good, and on the whole the book is not up to the ordinary standard of the author.

Eastern travelers, readers of such works as Gibbon and Lindsay, and especially students of history, will find in the valuable addition to the LIBRARY OF CLASSICAL ATLAS FOR ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, a new edition of which is published by Blanchard & Lea, Brothers. The labor bestowed on it was immense, and there is no pains-taking in ancient geography, or which the reader of ancient authors will meet with the name of, that he can not instantly locate on these maps with all of a single reference to the accompanying index. The volume is an octave, of good library size, and should be on every lady's shelves.

Carter & Brothers send us another volume of the Rev. J. C. Ryle's EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS. The former volume covered the Gospel of Matthew. This contains Mark. The author belongs to that class of Churchmen in England who are commonly designated as Evangelical, and his works contain practical and orthodox reflections and suggestions.

Among the papers on mathematics presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, none rose age, was one which excited considerable attention, and it was referred to an eminent mathematician in order to examine it and be in due time reported on it. In the last sitting a letter from the author of the paper was read, and he, to the surprise of the learned academicians, announced himself as a single paragraph abandoned of practical living, who knew nothing of mathematics except what he had learned by unaided study. He wrote with much modesty, and begged that the bad spelling in his letter might be excused.

Crosby and Nichols issue the AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1858. It is to be supposed that every one knows the value of this publication, which has long since become a standard work. It is the only compendium of the kind, and, as a full and complete statistical account about the United States, general and the several States, it is, of course, a necessity to every library and to every office.

Professor Rogers, the well-known author of the "Eclipse of Faith" and "The Greyson Letters," has become Professor of Logic in Queen's College, a post vacant by the resignation of Dr. Vaughan.

A little printing-press has been sent from Paris to Constantinople. It is to find its place in the office of Ibrahim Effendi, and will be used exclusively for the benefit of the Turkish ladies. The wife of Ibrahim Effendi is said to be well versed in the French and English letters, and she intends to publish a collection of the best Western novels in a Turkish translation. The enterprise, it is to be hoped, will produce no pecuniary gain or satisfaction to the people of Turkey. Indeed, if the Turkish ladies have not been refreshed their right, and that Territorial Government in the Territory of Kansas is entitled to the legislative sphere of promised freedom.

The Lecompton Constitution in the form of adoption were presented to the Convention for its consideration and decision. To submit it by Congress to be in given notice of the Territorial Government in regarding, and to secure that people, not to an election fairly and legally conducted, as to submit it to the people of a Constitutional State. Calhoun shall hereafter proclaim, and an such conditions as he may deem proper, that the will of the majority, and incontestable indecision and reserve but encourage agitation for the purpose of peace, will of territory deemed to disappointment.

GENERAL CALHOUN'S REPORT.

Another minority report, committed by Judge Douglas, takes the ground that it is to be submitted to a vote that the Constitution framed at Lecompton is the act and deed of the people of Kansas, and that it is to be by no means that the Convention was not clothed with competent power to make the Constitution without the consent of Congress, which has been expressly withheld in the Act of 1854. The Lecompton Convention was the creature of the Territorial Legislature—and rightfully creator, and was bound to obey the will of its creator, and not to go to Congress on a memorial for authority to do that which the Legislature had already established the paper—that the Convention was bound by the Legislature, and have been held in strict obedience to the authority of the Territorial Government which made it. In fact, it was not to be to form, and to take effect in defiance of the Territorial Government, and in the face of the authority of the press, and that the only lawful election held on the subject of the Constitution was that on the 4th of January last, which was in obedience to the law passed by the Territorial Legislature, and submitted by the Territorial legislative power on all rightful subjects within the Territory.

GENERAL CALHOUN ON THE KANSAS RETURNS.

General Calhoun's report, which accompanies the report of the Delaware Crossing election returns, which proves to be in accordance in the settlement of the whole of all complaints of the Kansas Legislature. He says: "I have carefully examined the returns of the Delaware Crossing precinct which gives to the Democratic party a majority of the Legislature and an overwhelming majority in favor of the Lecompton Constitution. I have no doubt of the correctness of the returns, and I have no doubt that the Democratic party is entitled to the majority of the Legislature, and that the Lecompton Constitution has the majority of the people of Kansas in favor of it. I declined to be governed by the oaths of the judges. I declined to be governed by the legality of the returns. Of that I was judge and determiner. I shall do so still, by the same conscientious rule of right and duty. I pardon and truth and the right. If it shall, as it probably will, be the determination of the State of Kansas that the basis of my examination was not right and correct, but that I was not entitled to the oaths of the judges, and that the duty with regard to the returns of said precinct shall fall in the honest discharge of my official duties. I have written the foregoing report in the presence of the statements of the judges of this controverted precinct, which I have not read, and which I do not intend to read, to secure a free and unbiased exhibition of facts. By the sworn statements thus obtained, I shall be governed in giving the certificates of election to the members of the Kansas Legislature from Delaware Crossing."

GAIETIES AT WASHINGTON.

"Jenkins," the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, thus writes of the third reception at the White House:

"In the absence of Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Lane presides here. Miss Lane, still in mourning, and wearing no ornaments but a single white camellia, is a very pretty blonde and visitor, Miss Brown of Pennsylvania, who stands about five feet high. Her dress—the ornamental flounces tipped with pink, while a green wreath surrounded her head. It was amusing to see how the modern fashion individuals endeavored to establish themselves in the good graces of the President's niece. Some were successful, and others were not. Some got the green prize, and others into the east room. Also, the Secretary's department has also had its levee, and the Secretary of War, in which set the nearest hand, making a regular promenade concert of the whole affair. The Secretary himself gently decked out with epaulettes and aiguiletts, wielded to court the fair, leaving his chivalrous aid to attend with majestic grace. If General Henderson will abolish the custom of wearing his cocked hat on reception days, well, for it even seemed to disturb Colonel Hartley, the gentlemanly commissioner of the public buildings, and no end for the District, who has also complied and sought to be relieved of it."

The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, Mr. Dickenson, Hon Houston, and Colonel May; the latter seemed to be in high spirits, and was the centre of much sport last Gussey and my lady were there, giving out a few appointments for the evening. Lord and Lady Lyons, and Senator Washington Bartlett exercise his beautiful daughter, who has returned from the fashionable circles of Europe. Senator Hale had his lady (who wore a flaming and fashionable dress) and his two accomplished daughters. The other, crowned with their Assistant-secretary Appleton and Mrs. Appleton, one of the handsomest women in Washington. Mr. Appleton's personal appearance did not add to the grace of the occasion. Mr. Appleton is a very pleasant lady and his pretty daughter with the opening Saturday night. Mrs. Judge Black, Mrs. Cass, and Mrs. Dallas graced more richly than any other young lady present, and were the most elegant and fashionable appearing of flowers which ornamented the tissues of her fine satin."

THE EXPEDITION.

By telegraph from St. Louis we have news from the Utah expedition to New York. The troops were in excellent spirits. From the Mormon papers we learn that Brigham Young has issued a proclamation well advised of the movements of the Saints, who were making active preparations for the reception of the troops in the spring. Their immaterial regulations were very stringent, and forbid the sale of provisions except to keep the least inclined to favor the action of the United States Government, and to prevent the Mormons leaving the duties of his office, so far as he was able. The settlement bound main very making good progress, and the many Indians whom they met manifested friendly feelings.

A letter from Colonel Johnston, dated December 12, to his friend in Washington, says: "Our troops are well. We are still encamped at the Ham's Fork settlement. Until we move in the spring. The army has abundance of food and clothing, and is well sheltered from cold in Sibley tents. With your knowledge of camp life you would pronounce our situation one of great comfort. These Sibley tents are tall, conical tents, twelve feet high and twenty feet in diameter, open at the top, with a view to prevent its smoking, which it does not quite do. With a stove in the tent, in the middle, it is a great improvement in the comfort of the soldier. It has an appearance of warmth, and looks like a home."

Some think the Mormons, when it is necessary to make the issue with the troops, will submit to *arrangement*. *I do not agree with them. I think their treason, and killing of Gentiles, will be fought to the bitter end*; and *I think our government ought to desire it*, as the only means of eradication of the pestilential question. If they resist, a final settlement would be at the hands of a company, and the Territory be free from the terms of subjugation.

Brigham Young votes to me a few days since, reading as a present some 800 pounds of salt, *or if preferred*, we will have the money. I have declined the salt, and have told a fabulous delight in the knowledge that he would be very much surprised when he received the check. Enough we have no salt, I sent it back to him with this message: That Brigham Young and his associates are in rebellion against the government of the United States to their allegiance and obey the laws, I will accept no favor or consideration from them, neither shall I correspond with them; that when I advance, the people who remain at their homes may enjoy only in their private business will be undisturbed. *If I find them armed in force I will consider them enemies*, and treat them as such. If they entertained the delusion that the army would not fight, they will find out their error. I am confident that the army will never take salt one day late."

A. S. JOHNSTON."

PERSONAL.

The *Times* says: "A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* corrects, in that journal, a statement borrowed from the *Times* of the 4th inst., that Mr. Bryant was a great admirer of his namesake, Bryant, of the French Academy of Moral and Political sciences, by adding to the name of Bryant, Bryant, Governor of North Carolina College, and now of Columbia College in this city, in lieu of Bryant, Bancroft and Prescott on the list of 'Foreign Associates.' But the correspondent of the *Post* is himself in error. Bryant, of the *Foreign Academicians* of the Academy in question, and the honor conferred upon Mr. Bryant, was a personal tribute, and of a lower grade. He has been appointed not an Associate, but a Correspondent of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes: "Mr. Longstreet, Governor of Georgia, has written three letters yet. I had a long letter from him at the White House yesterday, and he has written me a letter since. He is a man of great intellect, and I consider him as much united and contried there as he has been every where. There is something of the Southern Goldsmith, after all, which I have never found elsewhere. His wife is a perfect gentlewoman, and a lovely lady. Bryan Dameiros of the Academy in question, and the honor conferred upon Mr. Bryant, was a personal tribute, and of a lower grade. He has been appointed not an Associate, but a Correspondent of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

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Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, of New York, is said by the Boston *Transcript* to have made a present to the city of $12,950, a beautiful residence on "Gallows Hill," Lenox, Mass. The gift is to be used as a public library, and Sedgwick put forth his vision touching the Temperance question, which is the astonishment of the Abolitionists. He opposes prohibitory laws, and says: "I have not only never drunk a glass of liquor, but have never even tasted, and have always found those who were in the habit of it, and were the very persons who were best, and where all had the most enjoyment of his kindness. I have found that you can among excellent millions the further they are removed from the temptation of drinking, and the more they forget the effect of its products the greater you will find the temperance and virtue of the people."

Mr. Ingram, who came to this country in the wife of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, is now residing in the city of New York, where he has earned a high reputation as a pulpit orator. He is a native of Scotland, and is now in the 32d of May. His remarkable talents run in his family in India, where he will practice his beautiful art.

Mr. Spencer Hosmer, of the Albany *Journal* estimates the following: "The sudden and serious illness of Mr. Speaker Hosmer has caused much anxiety to his friends, and by telegraph last night we received the intelligence that to the probable removal of Colonel, the heir of the Assembly, and his appointment from Colonel Wright. Only a few hours before her indisposition commenced she was speaking as a delegate from Mercer, Burlington and New Jersey, and was invoking her numerous friends to attend a meeting in Trenton. Mrs. Hosmer, who has been passed near unto the dark valley, and her illness has only been a source of great anxiety to her friends, which makes an opportunity to discharge its poisoned shafts."

Mr. Thomas Ewbank, Commissioner of the United States Patent Office, has lately been appointed to the Commissioner of Patents, and has been appointed to the Commissioner of Patents, and has been appointed to the office. Mr. Brouwer did not return to his home, No. 139 George Street, Jersey City, on the night of the meeting, and as he was absent all night his family became much alarmed. On Tuesday he returned home to his office, but found the door locked. On getting a key he entered and found Mr. Brouwer lying on the floor, and by a bandkerchief to the knob of his iron safe. He had evidently been dead for some time.

The late Chevalier François André Michaux, the distinguished botanist, died at Paris, in 1855. He had travelled throughout the United States, but journeyed to the Rocky Mountains and explored the whole of the vast unexplored country between the then extant *settlements*, and published an account of his travels in 1804.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Rome on the 30th of January, says: "Rome here seems to be the reverse of that which I have proved on the other side of the Atlantic—a dearer country. Indeed it is easier than has been known for many years. Yet the hotels still exist at which the travelers have been 7½ Fahrenheit, and roses and violets are still gathered in the open air. Rome is, in fact, more populous than ever, and the season. Of New Yorkers, however, there are but few. Among the latest arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. George Ticknor, Edward Everett Hale, Longfellow, Sumner, and others, with their families. In addition to these may be noted a number of artists, as Mr. Page, Mr. Terry, of Philadelphia; Joseph E. Sheffield, of Connecticut; Mrs. W. W. Boardman, of Connecticut with their families; also the family of George P. Robbins, of New York. The latter gentleman, by the bye, resides here, has just arrived."

The following is quoted in the New York correspondence of the Boston *Journal*:

"Mr. Powers has built a wall and a post. The marble in Mrs. Powers's studio is finished by Mr. Davies, who has more of Young America in him than any Yankee on the Bonds, and who has won the hearty advocates of Junior Jerry up their march. The figure of the boy reading is very much admired. Mr. Hedge has placed an hour-glass before the lyre. The other day a gentleman known Mr. Mr. Bliss was on the floor. He talked and talked, and listened that he could not get in a word. At last, in despair, he said, 'I could not go till Mr. Bliss had ended his argument.' Whereupon the gentleman in question remarked the following couplet:

'Mr. Bliss is the plain bolds not to run,
Endless Bliss has just begun.'"

A statue of Lawrence, by Thomas Rogers of Hartford, the Hartford sculptor, now in Rome, is said to be a statue of a man of 50, which has been put

chased by a gentleman of Philadelphia. Eve is seated on the stump of a tree, around which the serpent is entwined. Her hands are clasped, and her head bent down—she is evidently contemplating the sad consequences of her disobedience. Her hair hangs disheveled almost to her feet, and forms a graceful drapery. The pedestal is of marble, with bas reliefs, representing the temptation, fall, and expulsion of Adam and Eve."

Hon. T. L. Clingman, Professor Phillips, and other distinguished personages, are engaged in a wordy warfare in the newspapers of North Carolina, to establish the fact whether the late Dr. Mitchell was or was not the first man who gained the top of Black Mountain on a scientific exploration.

Rev. J. J. Dana, of South Adams, Massachusetts, has caused a sensation in that village by a sermon entitled, "The Hole in the Wall, or South Adams as it is." Its rebukes seem to have been aimed at sins at home, instead of the faults of the heathen in Asia, or the stubbornness of the Jews 2000 years ago, and could not fail, therefore, to be rather exciting. Mr. Dana said the sixth commandment of the manufacturer is, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh make thy repairs."

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 6th inst. says:

"Among the news of the day we hear that Colonel Preston has sold his extensive plantations in the parish of Ascension, the Houmas, to Mr. Burnside, of this city, for $1,000,000, of which $300,000 cash down. There are 12,000 acres of land, 500 to 600 hands, three sugar-houses, besides a large amount of stock, etc. This is the heaviest landed operation we have been called upon to notice in this State.

The venerable widow of President Harrison, the Cincinnati *Gazette* says, has been for a considerable time confined to her bed, at the residence of her son, J. Scott Harrison. Old age, rather than any particular disease, has asserted its influence upon a naturally robust organization. Mrs. Harrison is now more than eighty years of age.

The Salem *Register* notices the execution of a statuette of "Virginia Dare," in marble, by Miss Louisa Landor, a young artist of that town, who is pursuing her studies of the art of sculpture in Rome. The lady was a pupil of Crawford.

A girl of eleven, in the Taunton poor-house, has just given birth to a child weighing eight pounds. The father is fourteen years old, and the mother was born in the poor-house.

Another strong-minded female is in trouble. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, of Middletown, New York, refused to pay her tax, and her goods, like those of Lucy Stone, have been levied upon.

A man named Maylet was picked up in the street at Keokuk, Iowa, on Friday evening, while laboring under a heavy pressure of liquor, and confined in the calaboose. He represents himself as being a Mormon preacher, and has in his possession an Elder's certificate from his Highness, Brigham Young.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT reassembled on 4th February. Lord Palmerston gave notice of his bill to amend the government of India; and Earl Grey gave notice of a petition from the East India Company against any change. Lord Palmerston likewise gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to amend the law relative to conspiracies to commit murder.

Mr. Roebuck asked Lord Palmerston whether there had been any communications between the governments of France and England respecting the Alien Act, or any alteration in the criminal code of England. He spoke with much bitterness against the Emperor of the French, and against the position taken by Counts de Morny and Persigny, and the addresses of the French army in regard to the recent attempted assassination of the Emperor.

Lord Palmerston said in reply that a dispatch had been addressed by the Foreign Minister of France to the French Embassador in London upon the late transactions in Paris, and conveying the wish of the French government that the British government should take such measures in consequence that they in their wisdom might think fit, but not pointing out any measures whatever. The French Minister simply left the case to the British government. No reply had been made to the dispatch of the French government. He condemned the intemperate language of Mr. Roebuck, and repelled his charges against the French Embassador.

A resolution was adopted conferring pensions of £1000 a year each to the widow of the late Sir H. Havelock and the present baronet.

THE LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The *Leviathan* was launched at last on Sunday, 31st January. We take from the *Times* the following extracts relative to the event:

"Friday afternoon's high tide gave a depth of 18 feet 2 inches under her stern. The tide of Friday night should have been some four or five inches higher, but the change of wind kept it down to less than 15 feet.

"All Saturday the adverse wind continued, but on Sunday the weather was fine, clear, and calm, with scarcely any breeze, and what little there was all in favor of the vessel and a high tide. The public had been so often disappointed as to the launch that, although it seemed generally known that yesterday was the best and highest tide, and that, if ever, she would float on that day, the prospect of her floating at all seemed quite as generally disbelieved. The presence of all the workmen in the yard yesterday, therefore, was regarded as a thing of no account, and not till the huge monster actually floated did the preparations for hauling her off seem to excite much interest.

"The tide ran up with unusual swiftness; and as the flood relieved the weight upon the launching ways, some of the hydraulic machines were set to work, for the last time, to push the monster as far as possible into the centre of the river. She moved easily, and with such a low rate of pressure, that a short time gave an advance of 80 inches, which showed that more than half the cradles were quite pushed off the ways and rested on the river bottom. At half past one the men in the row-boats stationed alongside observed that she no longer rested on the cradles—that she was, in fact, afloat, but, of course, the transition was so gradual that few were aware of it until the tugs began steaming ahead, and showed that at last she was fairly under way. Then the cheers which arose from the yard and from the decks, from the boats in the river and the crews of the ships at anchor up and down the stream, spread the great news far and wide, and thus, under the most favorable circumstances, the *Leviathan* commenced her first voyage on the Thames.

THE SURGING OF HER CRADLES.

"Two powerful tug-boats were at her bows and two were fastened astern. Other steamers also were in attendance and rendered their aid, but the efforts of the four we have mentioned were mainly instrumental in managing her. At first the efforts of those ahead seemed to have little effect, and when at length some way was made on her it was abruptly checked by one of the paddle-wheels fouling the cradles. It took some time to clear her of this obstacle, but at last it was accomplished; her head was let swing partly round with the tide, and the steamers began moving her slowly, but very slowly, forward, clear of the cradles. These, as our readers are aware, were composed of immense balks of timber, on which the vessel's bottom rested, and which her weight alone kept down. The police, therefore, had to take unusual precautions yesterday to keep all boats clear of her while the wrecks of the cradles plunged up in tremendous masses as each was released by the onward movement of the *Leviathan*.

"It was curious to see these huge groups of beams emerge from the river, rising rapidly from the surface of the water 20 or 30 feet, with a slow, heavy movement, and then falling over with a great crash that churned the water into foam around them. Some, broken and splintered by the violence with which they were thrown against each other, formed a loose tangle of timber-work, and went slowly drifting up the river in little islands, which rose some four or five feet from the water. Others, long after the great mass had floated up, came plunging to the surface, falling about in a way that showed the necessity of the precautions taken by the police, and the certain destruction that would have overwhelmed any boat within their reach.

TERMINATION OF HER FIRST VOYAGE.

"After some further obstacles the *Leviathan* was again got under way and brought slowly down to her moorings opposite Deptford. Here she was instantly made fast, stem and stern, to the Government moorings in the centre of the river, at a part where, even at low water, she will have almost double the depth required to float her."

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Prince and Princess Frederick William, of Prussia, quitted England on the 2d inst. They proceeded from London by railroad to Gravesend, where they embarked in the royal yacht, under a salute from Tilbury Fort and the squadron in attendance, and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled crowds. In the City of London and along the route there was a perfect ovation to the young couple.

THE PARTING BETWEEN THE PRINCESS AND HER FAMILY.

At Gravesend fifty-eight young ladies had been directed to strew flowers under the feet of the young bride. They were all uniformly attired in light white dresses, with mantles of blue, trimmed with swan's-down, and on their heads a wreath of drooping lilies of the valley. With much good taste the young ladies selected for this graceful act of homage to the Princess were nearly all children, and their faces were radiant with delight, partly in anticipation of their pleasing duties, and perhaps also in recollection of the conspicuous and striking feature which they themselves formed in the tableau. The Mayor's daughter, an exceedingly pretty and interesting child, came laden with a magnificent bouquet, which she was specially charged to present to the bride. In compliance with some stentorian injunctions issued just before the advent of the Royal party, there was very little cheering on the pier itself, and the good taste of this arrangement among such a number of people, in such a comparatively confined space, was obvious. Still, however, it could not altogether prevent the cheers which greeted the bride as she stood leaning on her husband's arm. Her face was slightly flushed, as if with the excitement of the scene; and, with her eyes red and swollen, as if from weeping, she courtesied with a stately grace peculiarly her own, in return for the deep reverences which welcomed her, and seemed, though self-possessed, to look around with something of a feeling of timidity and hesitation.

The Princess soon entered the cabin of the royal yacht, and there took leave of her father and brothers. On reappearing on deck the Prince Consort was grave, but composed, though the effort which it cost him to maintain an appearance of serenity was visible to all. With less self-command, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred made little attempt to conceal their grief, and the latter especially wept with all that bitterness which marks the affliction of the young. The yacht then weighed anchor. As she steamed away the Prince Consort waved his hand to the Royal bridegroom again and again, but kept his composure, but not so did the young Princes, whose grief seemed only redoubled by the tokens of farewell around them. Neither could conceal his sorrow, and neither tried to do so, but stood brushing away the tears from their eyes, and still watching the royal yacht, till, as her distance from the shore increased, Prince Alfred fairly hid his face in his handkerchief and sobbed as if his heart was breaking. On such an occasion there were not many who could resist the contagious influence of a sorrow so innocent and so sincere, and there were few who looked with dry eyes upon this scene at the departure of the daughter of England.

THE PROPOSED ALIEN LAW IN ENGLAND.

The *Press* says: "We believe we may state confidently, that among the earliest measures introduced by Government at the approaching meeting of Parliament, a bill, framed with special reference to the recent atrocious attempt upon the life of the Emperor of the French, will be produced to restrict the privileges of aliens. It is obvious that the unrestricted liberty hitherto enjoyed by political refugees in this country has been conditional. There has ever existed a tacit understanding that our hospitality was not to be abused; and if such men commit a willful infraction of that understanding, they can have no just cause of complaint at the imposition of a restrictive law."

LADY BULWER IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

It seems from a circular signed "Isaac Ironside, *Free Press* office, Sheffield," that Lady Bulwer Lytton is in urgent distress, and has nothing to hope from her husband. She has been advised to have recourse to legal proceedings against him, and Mr. Ironside solicits subscriptions from her friends to defray the expenses of the suit.

FRANCE.

MEETING OF AMERICANS AT PARIS.

A very numerous and highly respectable meeting of Americans was held on 29th January, in the Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, to express their sentiments on the recent atrocious attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French. The Hon. John Wethered, ex-member of the United States Congress, was called to the Chair, and in a few observations he explained the object of the meeting. Mr. Pillé, of Louisiana, then proposed, and Mr. Prescott, of Boston, seconded the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, By the Constitution of the United States, the conduct of our relations with foreign Governments is confided to the President of the United States, we, as citizens of the United States, now assembled, disclaim all inclination of purpose to interfere with the Executive of our country in the discharge of its duties; and,

"*Whereas*, While temporarily sojourning in Paris, an attempt has been made to assassinate their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French, and that by means which necessarily endangered the lives of many of both sexes and all ages, against whom the murderers could have had no cause of ill-will; and,

"*Whereas*, Americans regard with horror the crime of assassination and such diabolical attempts to commit it;

"*Resolved*, That we have heard with detestation of the attempt made on the 14th inst. to destroy the lives of the reigning Emperor and Empress of the French.

"*Resolved*, That we express our congratulations at the escape which, under Providence, has been accorded to their Majesties from the terrible dangers to which they were exposed.

"*Resolved*, That the Chairman of this meeting be requested to communicate these resolutions, so that they may be made known to their Majesties."

These resolutions having been put from the chair, were adopted unanimously, and the Chairman signed them. The meeting then broke up.

THE EMPRESS TO BE REGENT.

On Feb. 2, M. Fould read the following Message to the Senate from the Emperor:

"MESSIEURS LES SENATEURS,—The *Senatus-Consultum* of the 17th of July, 1856, leaves a doubt which I now think it advisable to put an end to. In fact, it only confers the Regency on the Empress, or, she failing, on French Princes, provided the Emperor has not by some public or secret act willed it otherwise.

"'I believe I am responding to the public wish at the same time that I follow my own feelings of the highest confidence in the Empress by designating her as Regent. Actuated by the same feeling, I designate, she failing, as her successors in the Regency, the French Princes in order of hereditary succession to the Crown.

"'I have also wished to provide for any doubts which might arise as regards the Council of Regency from the alternatives left open by the 18th Article of the *Senatus-Consultum* of the 17th of July. Consequently, I have established a Privy Council, which, with the addition of two French Princes nearest in the line of hereditary succession, will become the Council of Regency from the sole fact of the accession of the Emperor a minor, if at that moment I should not have established another by public act. This Privy Council, formed of men who enjoy my confidence, will be consulted on the great affairs of the State, and will prepare itself by the study of the duties and necessities of a Government for the important task which the future may have in reserve for it.

"'Whereupon, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping. NAPOLEON.

"'PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, *February* 1, 1858.'"

The Message was accompanied by letters patent, nominating the Empress Regent and the following a Council of Regency: His Eminence Cardinal Morlot, his Excellency Marshal Duke of Malakhoff, his Excellency M. Achille Fould, his Excellency M. Troplong, his Excellency Count de Morny, his Excellency M. Baroche, his Excellency Count de Persigny.

THE NEW REPRESSIVE MEASURES.

The repressive measure which has been proposed to the Corps Legislatif consists of certain additions to several of the articles of the Penal Code. Article 2 punishes with imprisonment of from one month to two years every individual who, with the object of disturbing the public peace, or of exciting hatred and contempt against the Government of the Emperor, shall have practiced any intrigues or carried on any correspondence either within this country or abroad. 3. Every individual who, without being authorized, shall have manufactured, sold, or distributed, firstly, destructive machines acting by explosion or otherwise; secondly, fulminating powder of whatever description, shall be punished with imprisonment for six months to five years, and by a fine of 50 to 3000 francs. Article 7 declares as following: "Any individual may be *interne* in France or Algeria, or expelled, who was condemned, expelled, *interne*, or transported in May or June, 1848, in June, 1849, or in December, 1851, and who may again have been pointed out by important circumstances as dangerous to public safety."

EMASCULATED CONDITION OF THE PRESS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "This extreme severity has reduced the press to the most extenuated condition. It is not the shadow of what it was. No journalist thinks of expressing an opinion of his own on the topics of the day. To speak or to be mute is equally hazardous. The *Spectateur* was suppressed for having, at the close of its article denouncing the crime of the 14th, said a few words about hereditary right; the *Journal des Débats* is denounced for not saying enough; and the *Phare de la Loire* officially reprimanded for quoting its authority for a fact. I take the papers this morning as a specimen of what the press is reduced to. The first in seniority, rank, and talent, the *Journal des Débats*, contains a brief summary of intelligence from India, taken from the English papers, from New York, from Mexico, from Hayti, and the *Vienna Gazette*. The rest of its first and second page is occupied with extracts, most cautiously selected, from the European and provincial journals, or from the French *Moniteur*; the third page contains a review of the literary works of Rancon, and the fourth advertisements and theatrical news.

SECOND ESCAPE OF THE BARK ADRIATIC.

From the following paragraph from the Paris Correspondence of the London *Globe*, it may be inferred that Captain Durham, of the bark *Adriatic*, has again eluded the vigilance of the French authorities, and has made his second escape from captivity:

"You have already heard how that maritime Jack Sheppard, Captain Durham of the *Adriatic* clipper, has broken loose again, and is once more over the waters of the dark blue sea. Count Cavour telegraphed to the authorities at Marseilles and Toulon his arrival in the Gulf of Spezzia, whence the French war steamers dragged him to Genoa, the weather being too stormy to proceed farther. It would appear that they relied on the Genoese Captain of the Port for safe custody, and the port Captain on the French; but between them, amidst the squalls and darkness, the clipper crept out at night, and dashed off in a smart and clever style. Lever tells of a Tipperary peasant, when asked to pay for prayers for his son, who had come to grief, saying: 'My boy, when alive, broke out of every jail in Munster, and he won't stay long in purgatory.'"

MARSHAL BOSQUET WOUNDED IN A DUEL.

A correspondent writes: "A duel was fought a few days ago between Marshal Bosquet and a general officer whose name I am not at liberty to mention. The Marshal was wounded. The cause of meeting was very delicate, essentially French. In some countries, instead of being called out, the gallant Marshal would till lately have figured as defendant in a crim. con. case. The outraged husband surprised the guilty couple *flagrante delicto*, and according to French law would have been justified in avenging his honor by killing the adulterer on the spot. The authorities are trying to hush up the matter."

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER WARNED.

The editor of the *Phare de la Loire*, a journal published at Nantes, has received a warning from the Prefect of the Department, for having published an article describing the opening of the Legislative Session, in which a doubt is cast on the fact of the Emperor's speech having been received with cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!" The speech, it appears, was forwarded to the papers previously to its delivery, with the "Vives" inserted at the places where it was thought by the authorities they ought to occur. The *Phare* said that the cries were stated to have been uttered, but did not confirm the assertion that they actually were so.

FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

A Paris paper thus describes the funeral of the Queen: "During the night the body of the Queen, after having been embalmed and wrapped up, received from the hands of the princesses and the women of their suite the last marks of attention. A diadem was placed on her brow, a necklace of lapis lazuli round her neck, and circlets of amber round her arms and legs. A number of amulets were also attached to the covering in which the body was enveloped. The coffin was of rather singular form, as it was made to receive the body in a sitting posture. It was entirely lined with wadding covered over with silk. Prayers were recited during the whole night by the Mohammedan priests who had accompanied the Queen on her journey, it being to that religion that her Majesty belonged, and not to the Buddhists, as has been erroneously stated. The females also watched during the whole night near the body. In the morning the rich ornaments were taken off, and the last preparations having been completed, the body was placed in the coffin, which, being covered with gold brocade, was raised amidst the tears of all the persons present, and placed on the funeral car. This vehicle was hung with white silk, and drawn by six horses richly caparisoned. Six officers of the Queen walked by the side of the car, and behind it was the brother and the chief officer of the household of the deceased. The chief mourner was Prince Mirz, son of the deceased, who leaned on the arm of General d'Orgoni. The prince wore a sort of red turban, richly ornamented with precious stones, and surmounted by an aigrette in diamonds. After him walked the servants of the Queen. Thirteen mourning coaches followed, the cortége being headed and closed by a body of *sergents de ville*, who had some difficulty in clearing the way, so dense was the crowd assembled. The procession went along the Boulevards to Père-Lachaise, and, after appropriate prayers had been recited in the mosque, the body was deposited in the Turkish cemetery." The proceedings then terminated, and the crowd dispersed.

RUSSIA.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A DIVER AT SEBASTOPOL.

The following is from a letter communicated to the *Tribune*:

"'We had a terrible excitement on board one day last week. One of the divers (Harris, the English marine spoken of before), a first-rate fellow, and bold as a lion, goes down examining the outside of the ship on which they are at work. He had been forward and was going aft, along the bottom, in sixty feet of water, when he suddenly signaled for more air, and though the pressure was instantly increased, two more signals for 'air,' and 'to come up,' followed in rapid succession, and then ceased all reply to signals given. Thinking the fault was in the air-pump, the speed was increased until a pipe bursting near the engine showed that the hose was foul. Then they shouted to the other diving party, in a row-boat at a little distance, to come to the rescue. That diver was brought up by his tenders, and they commenced rowing for the steamer. Meanwhile, poor Harris made no more response to the anxious signaling of his tenders, and they had tried in vain to haul him up—the 'life-line' was also foul. The pump was kept slowly in motion, but no bubbles came up from the water, and we knew that no air was reaching him. The row-boat was coming as fast as possible, but I thought it never would arrive. At last they came alongside. The diver's helmet was closed, strong hands worked rapidly and silently, and in an instant he was lowered out of sight, the hose of his suffocating companion in his hand; there was an interval of two or three minutes of fearful suspense, in which no word was spoken by any of the score of men gathered there, save one whisper—'It must be too late.' Suddenly a second column of rising air-bubbles appeared. 'The hose is cleared—he has air!' several voices spoke eagerly. Then followed the signal for rising, and up they came, poor Harris all stark and motionless. 'Stop the pump, he is dead!' said one, unscrewing the eye-glass through which he saw the ghastly countenance and frothy lips. But the cold air striking his livid face, the eyelids half opened and closed again. 'He is alive!' they all cried, joyfully, and removing the unsightly helmet, and dashing water on his head and breast, he presently began to breathe perceptibly, and after an hour's diligent rubbing from as many strong and willing hands as could get around him, he began to come to consciousness. He suffered great pain for hours in the head and breast, but is now altogether recovered, and diving as usual."

INDIA.

NO QUARTER GIVEN.

An officer in command of a regiment says: "I never let my men take prisoners, but shoot them at once. I have made made many a Sepoy pay the penalty for mutinying and killing my brother officers and friends, and trust more will suffer ere I have done."

CHINA.

DIPLOMATIC AFFAIRS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "There has been solemn conference at Macao, and it has been whispered that Count Putiatine was admitted to the councils of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros. A rumor soon spread that Mr. Reed had taken an independent line, and had met with a rebuff. He had, so went the story, sent a proposal to Yeh to treat with him inside the city, but Yeh replied that he should be happy to see him outside the city, but could not think of admitting any barbarian within the walls of Canton. Mr. Reed then proceeded to Macao, but even rumor did not venture to affirm what he proposed to himself by this journey, or whether the rather contemptuous refusal he had just received had in any way modified his opinion as to entangling alliances. The Chinese have another version of this affair. They profess to have seen a copy of the answer, and laugh when they speak of it. I have not been able to induce any of them to procure me a transcript, and can not make much of their description of it. If it should reach you by way of America, I think you will find that the Imperial Commissioner has replied to his Excellency, Mr. Reed, by what is vulgarly called 'a sell,' a sort of Chinese version of 'Don't you wish you may get it?' Certain it is that Mr. Reed is very irate with his Celestial friends, and has rather abandoned his idea of being master of the position. Yeh seems resolved to show the world that he is determined to carry out the policy openly acknowledged in that notorious Chinese state paper, and to consider the terms of the last treaty binding only so long as he had not force enough to break them. He seems to be confident also that the present is a proper season for perseverance in this policy. He has doubtless heard of the might and wonderful contrivances of the *Minnesota*. Nothing that can be said in praise of her discipline and arrangements, her exquisitely-finished machinery for economizing labor and time in the working of her guns, her Sharpe's rifles, her officers' cabins, and her state reception-rooms, can be too great praise, but Yeh has heard all about these."

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS CORRESPONDENT.

He adds: "Another affair has happened, which has attracted some attention. Intelligence travels slowly from ship to ship in our widely separated force, but I believe the circumstances are these: On the afternoon of Monday, Lieutenant Pym, of Arctic celebrity, who now commands the *Lanterer*, landed for exercise in the neighborhood of a Mandarin village some way down the river. He was accompanied by Mr. Wurgman, the artist who is here sketching for the *Illustrated News*. Allured by the friendly appearance of the inhabitants, they entered the village, and they appear also to have entered the house of the Mandarin there. Whether Lieutenant Pym was acting prudently or properly in doing this I am not able to state; my information is too indistinct to allow me to offer even a suggestion upon this point. All that is certain is, that, as the party returned to the boat, the population of the village suddenly encompassed them, and poured in a volley from gingals and other fire-arms. Five men were killed. Lieutenant Pym was shot through both legs. The interpreter then jumped overboard, and was followed by several of the men, who retreated across the paddy fields. They were followed by the Chinese multitude, and six wounded. All this took place within sight of the *Nankin*, whence assistance was, of course, dispatched at the first sound of fire-arms. The *Nankin* men arrived just in time to rescue Lieutenant Pym, who was keeping the Chinese at bay with his sword and revolver. Of the whole party every one was either killed or wounded, except Mr. Wurgman and two seamen. This seems to have been a most treacherous and unprovoked assault, and an attack upon the village was subsequently made by the *Nankin*. The first attempt was, I believe, not very successful, but it will doubtless be renewed."

MEXICO.

THE FALL OF COMONFORT.

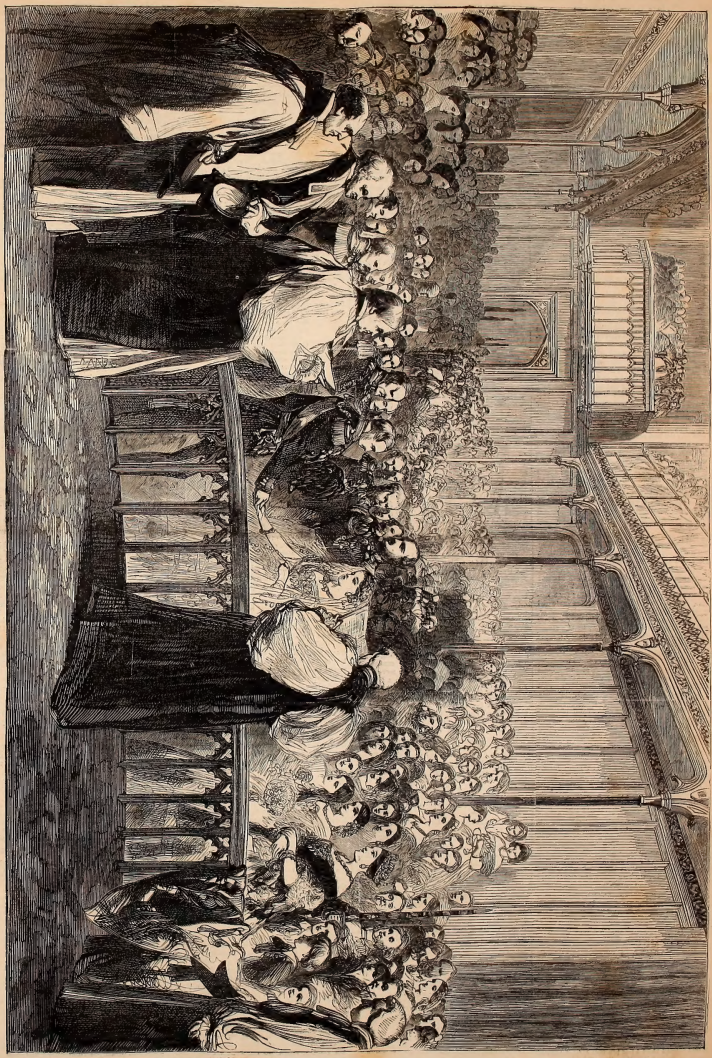
The correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "On Wednesday, the 19th ultimo, the firing commenced at 11 A.M. with unusual severity, and the day will long be memorable in the annals of this city as that on which occurred the fiercest fighting which Mexico has ever witnessed, although fighting, or rather civil wars, are common here. The bombardment was sustained without an instant's intermission, until late in the afternoon, and as the fire was well directed, great havoc was made in many parts of the city.

"About 2 P.M. the pronunciados obtained possession of one of the most important positions of the government, and repelled a large force of government troops which were sent against them. Having once obtained this position, they silenced immediately one of the most effective batteries of the government party, and brought their guns to bear with telling effect upon the San Francisco, the palace, and in fact all the remaining posts of the government. The success of the pronunciados here inspired confidence throughout their ranks, and, of course, struck terror upon both the leaders and men of the government. To such an extent did the panic spread among the government troops that long before the chances of their success became desperate, they deserted in bodies with their officers at their heads, and passed over to the enemy, preferring such a course, dishonorable and dangerous as it might be, to trusting themselves to the tender mercies of the pronunciados in case of a defeat. Comonfort himself, though he manifested the most admirable courage and coolness throughout the whole affair, was rendered powerless by the desertion of his forces, and was obliged to retire to the palace while he yet held it, and make hasty preparations for flight. Thus, in one day, by a successful manœuvre on the part of the pronunciados, and the desertion of the government troops, a civil war which, under ordinary circumstances, would have lasted many weeks, was brought to an end at once. On the following morning, Thursday, the 21st, Comonfort, with the miserable remnant of his former army which still remained faithful to him, left the city and took the road to Vera Cruz. All the positions which had been held by the government were abandoned during the night, and the pronunciados entered them triumphantly on the following morning.

"The rejoicings being over, General Zuloaga, one of the leaders of his party, and a man who has risen from the lowest station in life, was duly elected President of the republic, and *en suite* all the other public officers were elected in the same manner."



THE BRIDESMAIDS



THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

Of the illustrations on the preceding page, one represents the wedding of the Princess Royal of England in the Royal Chapel, in St. James's Palace, London; the other, the noble bridesmaids who attended the Princess to the altar. The attention which the event has attracted throughout the world will justify the space which it occupies in this week's paper.

The Princess Royal was born on 21st November, 1840, and was christened by the names of Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa. As she was the eldest child of the Queen, she was, until her brother was born, the heir-apparent to the throne, and as such acquired, during the first year of her life, more of the public attention than she has ever since enjoyed since. Her dangers and sufferings during that first year were elaborately chronicled by the most serious journals of Great Britain; a volume of poems was written on the acute agony she endured when, in the courtly language of the Jenkins of the day, "she was first introduced, at the age of six months, to solid food." In the course of the next year however her mother made his appearance, and the poor Princess relapsed into a secondary rank.

From time to time, however, she provided the Court newsman with material for a paragraph. When she was four or five years old, she was kept awake one night by the incessant snoring of a sentry under her window. She seems to have made no remark about it; but next evening, hearing the same cough as she was walking on the terrace, she ran up to the unfortunate cougher, and asked, in infantile accents—

"How is your cough, soldier? I hope it's better."

This was considered an extraordinary evidence of the Princess's sensibility; no doubt it was.

She was eight years old when, on the occasion of the Prince of Prussia's visit to England, the possibility of an alliance with the Royal House of Prussia glanced more to have dawned upon the mind of the Heroic Father-in-Law-Bobus-Imbecillus. Be that as it may, we are told, with the Prince of Prussia; and he was, or appeared to be, equally surprised and delighted at the vivacity and intelligence displayed by the youthful Princess. His son, Prince Frederick William, was seventeen—about seven years older than the Princess. It is believed that he was straightaway noticed that it depended upon himself to make a very prepossessing match, and one who was the best match in Europe.

When the happy Prussian first met is not recorded in history; but it is certain that when the Princess was fifteen she was staying at the Queen's highland home, at Balmoral, and was there visited by the Prince Frederick William. The young people walked and rode together—as we are told—and were much pleased; and, whether they only followed the dictates of their own feelings, or their part was prompted by the senior managers of the affair, the young Prince Frederick William left they were privately engaged.

The course of true love, it seems, can not run smooth even in royal families. An accident very nearly deprived the Prussian lover of the Princess's love. In a fit of abstraction, one evening in her boudoir, the Princess raked her arm over the fire, and set fire to her gauze sleeve. It was summer time, and her white dress was of that transparent tissue which is best calculated to burn; for a moment it seemed possible that the unfortunate girl would be burned alive. She showed, however, enough presence of mind to take up her dress and roll her burning arm tightly in it; by that means the fire was extinguished, and the Princess escaped with some severe burns.

Soon after this the attitude of Prussia in the Crimean war threatened to disturb the happiness of the young couple. The King of Prussia was not the brother-in-law and intimate friend of the Emperor Nicholas. Furthermore, Prussia had no political end to serve by participating in a war test in which she had no real interest. When, therefore, the Russian Empire was called on by the Western Powers to espouse their cause against Russia he resolutely refused. The English, proportionally selfish and unprincipled, were not surprised for a moment the situation of the Prussian monarch; they changed his judicious neutrality into a vile crime, and ruled at him as though he had been a pariah. We can all remember the caricatures with which *Punch* pelted "Frog-Frederick," and the bitter diatribes which overflowed from the London press. One of the cleverest of these articles touched a tender spot. A hint of the engagement of the Princess Royal was given to the *Times*; and that journal fiercely inquired whether "a daughter of England" was to be traded off to the heir of England's enemy? The question was difficult. Though, of course, the Queen could marry her daughter to whom she pleased, it could not obtain a portion for them save from Parliament, and that, as the Court well knew, could never be obtained so long as the *Times* opposed the marriage. The Queen's advisers resolved to temporize. The young lovers were separated. The Prince went back to his Court, the Princess to her studies; meanwhile Queen Victoria on one side, and the King of Prussia on the other, prayed earnestly that some accident would relieve them from their embarrassment.

It was the knowledge of the antipathy entertained by the English for the Prussian marriage which induced the young King of Prussia to visit England. He, too, was in search of a wife, and was not insensible to the great advantage to accrue of an alliance with the English House of Brunswick, or to the particular comfort of a fat sovereign assured to his wife by Parliament. He was very popular in England, as he had done precisely what Prussia had refused to do; he had sent a contingent to the Crimea. He was a fine looking young fellow, with generous, liberal principles, and remarkable capacity as a lady-killer. Altogether there seemed to be a fair prospect for his suit, in case he pressed it. How the affair came to an end we are not yet informed. It is generally surmised that the Queen, whose Protestantism is of no tolerant kind, interposed a veto on the marriage of her daughter to a Roman Catholic. Courtiers assert that the Princess, having once plighted her troth, had too much honor to entertain the idea of encouraging another suitor. Certain it is that the King of Sardinia failed.

The next point was to overcome the prejudice existing in the British mind against every thing Prussian. This was managed with considerable dexterity. The Prussian press were warned by the police that the Princess Royal of England would marry no one who would involve the immediate suppression of the indolent newspaper. The British press was conciliated by the Court. They were invited to state circumstances, and more generally encouraged to forget that Prussia had ever been the case before. Peace had been declared with Russia; thus the cause of offence was removed. Personally, the young Prince was not unpopular; a recent incident had won him the favor of a large section of the British people. The Duke Hinckelby, Minister of Police at Berlin, had rendered himself very odious to the Prussian nobility by his severe or else by very unjust measures. Themselves, the Prussian nobles decided not to dance with Mademoiselle Hinckelby at a ball at which they were to be given just afterward. Their decision was communicated to Prince Frederick William. His Highness was "sorry" for the circumstance; he begged to me that whatever differences you may have with Prince Hinckelby, you will not visit them upon me," and not with his daughter. For my part, I intend to open the ball with that lady." The story got wind, and did the Prince credit.

At length, in May, 1856, it was considered safe to venture upon a public announcement of the engagement; and, after some preliminary "feelers," the *Gazette* announced the official consent of the Queen to the "contract of matrimony." No sin was made till, in the spring of 1857, a formal application was made to Parliament for a "provision" for the Princess Royal. For some weeks before the imminence of such an application was disclosed, and the Radical and Opposition press had sounded notes of alarm. A natural outcry was raised against the idea of the heir of England's house to support the wife of a Prussian Prince. There was reason to fear that the Queen's refusal to grant this consent involved at the utterance of extravagant rumors with regard to the amount which the Prussian would expect. When the terms of marriage were freely circulated before Parliament met, to the effect that a large annuity was settled upon her for twenty thousand a year, were the least that the Princess would take. The Radicals prepared for action on the basis of these figures. But it is asserted, that, when the Government declared that the Princess would take only ten thousand of these amounts, the Opposition was cheated out of its rapture; and after a few wordy speeches, Parliament granted, by a large majority, the sum of £40,000 down, and an annuity of £40,000 a year. A very comfortable thing it is for a young couple to get the whole allowance of Prince Frederick William is only £30,000 a year.

The wedding was postponed by various accidents —the illness of the King of Prussia, the death of the Duchess of Sussex, &c.—till the 25th of January. A general wish was expressed that the ceremony should take place in Westminster Abbey, which is a more large building, capable of receiving several thousand spectators; but the existence of illness in the Royal Family, and a marriage induced the Court to defy public opinion, and to adhere to the original design of having the marriage celebrated in the old Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace. The event set newspaper men a-thinking about the dress of the bridesmaids. This was to be honored by the nuptial ceremony; whence it appeared that, after having served as a manufactory for many years, it became a hospital for "maiden lepers;" then a palace, where Anne and Queen Caroline were successively married the last days of Bloody Queen Mary, where Charles the First took leave of his children, and was before his execution, where Charles the Second was born, where Anne and the Georges spent their still uninteresting lives. At last it was considered to be married in, certainly. The Chapel was consecrated for the marriage of Queen Victoria in February, 1840; but remembrances still hung round it of that fatally inauspicious marriage which, in the course of the next half century before, when George the Fourth, fortified by copious draughts of Cura oa, went through the ceremony by candlelight to the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick.

A very full account of the ceremony was given in last week's paper.

The bridesmaids selected were Lady Cecilia Lennox, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Lady Susan Murray, Lady Catherine Hamilton, Lady Cecilia Maynes, Lady Adelaide Paget, and the Honorable Villiers, and Lady Victoria Noel. It may be presumed that they were selected with a due regard to considerations as from their intimacy with the bride. Lady Emma Stanley is the daughter of the Earl of Derby; Lady Frances Villiers, that of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Susan Clinton of the Duke of Newcastle; the fathers of the other bridesmaids, though of the highest rank, are less known than those we have named. Respecting their appearance on the occasion of the chapel, the reporter of the *Times* remarks:

"It is but just praise to say how well those noble maidens upheld even the high traditionary fame of England's beauty, and how they added their own in no meanings of the first and noblest of the land. Astbey move along forward, scanning the brilliant audience with timid glances now and then, the lines which Byron has applied to the Queen's attendants, to the 'Dove and the Leaf,' irresistibly recurto memory, and the spectators realize the vision of the poet when he sang—

'A train the brightest which e'er graced
Behind the sons of Heaven to rebel.
I saw their fairy and every dimpling grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase.
But their mien, like liveries of a kind

Simple, but rich, in fresh within my mind.'

In calm white as more the troop was greet'd,
The same with sparkling jewels set around.

"The dresses worn by this fair train are from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consist of a white glace petticoat, entirely covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which falls a tunic of tulle trimmed with ruches of tulle, looped up on one side with a bouquet of gold roses and white lavender. The body is trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material, trimmed with ruches of lavender. The head dress is worn in the girdle and open each other."

Of the bride's dress we gave in our last number a pretty full description. Our old subscribers will remember that we likewise gave, at the time of her betrothal, in No. 25 of the Weekly, an excellent portrait of the late Prussian Prince Frederick William. Without being beautiful, she has a pleasing countenance; her cheeks are rich and red, her eyes good, her auburn hair very heavy and rich; her face is test decided, perhaps, by saying that it is unmistakably English. Were Hush so frequently discerned by a frown, it would be subject of severe criticism and admonition. The Princess's figure is excellent. Wholesome exercise in the open air—riding and walking—have imparted to her form strength and elasticity which are rare even among ladies who are not so fortunate as to be princesses.

Needless to say that the wedding has given a tremendous impetus to the pastry cook portion of the British literati. Tons of verse have been written on the nuptial altar; the sacrifices of rhyme, good taste, and grammar offered have indeed been immense. We can only make room for a couple of them.

The first is the poem *obligato* by the Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson, who receives £1000 a year for firing off verses when the state of the nation requires them. It runs as follows:

God bless our Prince and bride!
God bless our lands allid,
God save the Queen!
Clothe them in righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
God save the Queen!

Pair fall this hallowed hour,
Farewell, our royal flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, but stay!
Let both the peoples say,
God bless the Queen!
God bless the Queen!

The other is the contribution of *Punch*, Mark Lemon, and has been set to music by Frank Romer. It reads as follows:

Fair-haired virgin weighs the gold
Which her finger doth enfold,
Ruth with hope and pain and height
On a perfect circumbin
Hammering, hammering merrily:

When the day was nearly shed,
Ere its Eden-scent had fled,
Fairy hands in silver flowers
All her wreath of bridal flowers
Gathering, gathering lovingly:

All the mode that belongs
To summer's most splendid songs,
Songs we scarcely hear yet feel,
Seem to make her bridal peal,
Ringing, ringing joyfully:

In the cot and lordly bower
Love then watch'by her flower—
Kindly words half hushed in tears—
Hopeful prayers for coming years—
Uttered, uttered lovingly.

The *Athenæum* has collected much interesting gossip respecting the wedding and the previous processes of England. The first English princess, of true English descent, who was married in England was, it was thought, Mary, whose lover and husband was so poor that he couldn't pay his traveling expenses to the wedding place, and a tax of three shillings was levied on every hide of land throughout the kingdom to enable him to pursue his journey. Mary, daughter of Stephen, followed suit. She was an abbess; but her daughter lover, William of Aimale, was not to be denied. He broke into stormy night, broke into the convent, carried off the abbess—neither with or without her consent we are told—and rode off with her on a pillion in high good-humor. Joanna, daughter of King John, married Alexander of Scotland, but he was a very poor devil, and the English paid his traveling expenses to the tune of £200. The money was performed, and back to Edinburgh. So his successor, the third Scottish Alexander, who not only got paid for traveling from New York to marry the daughter of Henry III., but insisted on a regular salary from the English monarch during the whole period of his absence on the wedding trip, and greatly exasperated the English by refusing, after all their liberality, to do the usual trilling for the English knee! which the King had bestowed upon him.

Intelligence of the Princess Royal's wedding must have been. When Joanna, daughter of Edward the First, was married to the Earl of Gloucester, the Welsh bards "sang sweet dirges, but alluded to sisters to wee old ones; and, not content with this, to soon as the unmarry was over he made the Welsh give up her fine clothes, as "they would do very well for the next of her sisters who was married." On this occasion twenty-eight shillings were contributed in *largesse* to the people.

We read of the marriage—that of Mary, daughter of Charles the First, to William, afterward Prince of Orange—which must have been a serious night. The bridegroom was a mere boy, a brisk nine, the bridesmaids all very little children. Bishop Wren performed the ceremony: the children had a good romp; the happy couple were obliged to stand up and receive so many congratulations that they could hardly be kept awake till bedtime.

The first marriage, in England, of a Princess of the Georgian era, occurred," says the *Athenæum*, "in March, 1733, when the Prince of Orange, fifteen years old, was called up—almost as George the Second a 'baboon,' was crowned by the Princess Anne, 'in the French Chapel,' St. James's. The groom was hideously ugly, and the bride was marked by the small-pox. The ceremony took place in the evening. At midnight there was a public supper, and at two in the morning the unromantic couple sat upin bed, in rich undresses, while the Court and nobility, as a chronicler remarks, 'feed from an extraordinary supper and strong wines, defiled before them, making pleasant remarks that the while, as fair gentlemen used to make who were born in our Augustan age.' As similar observances marked the other royal marriages of the children of George II. a retrospect into the happy state, a simple record of the fact, by mark the decline of the times."

It must be confessed that the times have improved since then. There is offered, reason to believe, no marriage which the Court has taken place was prompted by as sincere affection on both sides as in the present wedding with great state; and every kind-hearted person throughout the world will wish bride and bridegroom joy and happiness!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hope tells a flattering tale to the sages. He is understood by a Solicitor, and left to mourn; but in turn, launch unconsciously. Mr. Gotchod is left to mourn by a Solicitor, and the Solicitor deceives his client, which is 6s. 8d. in the Solicitor's pocket.

The next morning Arabella Crane was seareshy dressed before Mr. Riggs knocked at her door. On the previous night the Bailiff had informed him that William and Sophy Wade were discovered in a house called by courtesy Crane, the unhappy manager rushed to the steam-packet office, and was favored by an inspection of the books, which each confirmed the bailiff's allegations. As if in mockery of his bereaved and deluded state, on reaching home he found a letter from his mother, requesting him to call at the office of that eminent solicitor, with reference to a young gentleman named Wade, Sophy, and hinting "that the visit might prove to his advantage." The morning for a visit however that Mr. Lonely, conscience-stricken, might through this solicitor pay back £100, he rushed incontinent to Mr. Gotchod's office, and found it once admitted into the presence of that stately practitioner.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Gotchod, with formal politeness, "but I heard a day or two ago accidentally from my brother-in-law, who had learned it also accidentally from a sporting friend, that you were existing at Hazlewood, during the race-week, a young actress named on the play-bills (here is one) 'Juliet Arambury,' and whom, as I am also informed, you had previously exhibited in Surrey and elsewhere; but who was suspected to be your daughter under private engagement, and left your stage with her grandfather, William Wade. I am instructed by a distinguished client, who is desirous to avoid, who from motives of mere benevolence, invests himself in the said William and Sophy Wade, to discover their residence. Please, therefore, to render up the child to my charge, apprising me also of the residence of your daughter. If he be not with you; and without waiting for further instructions from my client, which I am aware, I will venture to say that any sacrifice in the loss of your juvenile actress will be most liberally compensated."

"Sir," cried the miserable and impudent Lonely, "I paid £100 for my daughter's child—a three years' engagement—and I have been robbed. Restore me the £100, and I will tell you where she is. Not a farthing else."

"Certainly, Sir, that is my property."

"Then it is quite clear that though you may have wheedled her out of my power by your lover self, and can not, therefore, place her in my hands. Perhaps she is—in heaven?"

"Confound her, Sir! no—in Americs! or on the seas to it."

"Not sure?"

"I have just come from the steam-packet office, and seen the names in their book. William and Sophy Wade sailed from Liverpool last Thursday week."

"And she has formed an engagement with you —received your money; broke the one, absconded with the other. Bad characters indeed!"

"Bad, Sir! my wife will never get rid of scribbling scoundrels, the whole lot and kin. And the impudence to!" continued Lonely, "I was more than a father to that child" (he began to whimper); "I fed her, I clothed her; my own wife died of convulsions in teething. I thought that child would have supplied its place, and I dreamed of the Lord Mayor's Show; but that vice was lost in the folds of a marvelously dirty red pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Gotchod having now, however, learned all that he cared to learn, and not being a softhearted man (first-rate clients excepted), here, here pulled out his watch and said,

"Sir, your loss has been much exaggerated, I perceive. I must wish you good-day: I have an engagement in the Cre. I can not help you back to your £100, but accept this trifle (a £5 note) for your loss of time in calling" (ringing the bell violently). "Door—show out this gentleman."

That evening Mr. Gotchod wrote at length to Mary Darvill, informing her that, after great pains and prolonged research, he had been so fortunate as to ascertain that the strolling play-

er and little girl whom Mr. Darrell had so benevolently requested him to look up, were very bad characters, and had left the country for the United States, as, happily for England, bad characters were wont to do.

That letter reached Guy Darrell when he was far away, amidst the forlorn pomp of some old Italian city, and Lionel's tale of the little girl not very fresh in his gloomy thoughts. Naturally, he supposed that the boy had been duped by a pretty face and his own inexperienced kindly heart. And so and so—why, so end half the efforts of men who intrust to others the troublesome execution of humane intentions! The scales of earthly justice are poised in their quivering equilibrium, not by huge hundred-weights, but by infinitesimal grains, needing the most wary caution—the most considerate patience—the most delicate touch, to arrange or readjust. Few of our errors, national or individual, come from the design to be unjust—most of them from sloth, or incapacity to grapple with the difficulties of being just. Sins of commission may not, perhaps, shock the retrospect of conscience. Large and obtrusive to view, we have confessed, mourned, repented, possibly atoned them. Sins of omission, so vailed amidst our hourly emotions—blent, confused, unseen, in the conventional routine of existence—Alas! could *these* suddenly emerge from their shadow, group together in serried mass and accusing order—alas, alas! would not the best of us then start in dismay, and would not the proudest humble himself at the Throne of Mercy!

CHAPTER XIX.

Joy, nevertheless, does return to Mr. Rugge; and Hope now inflicts herself on Mrs. Crane. A very fine-looking Hope, too—six feet one—strong as Achilles, and as fleet of foot!

But we have left Mr. Rugge at Mrs. Crane's door; admit him. He bursts into her drawing-room, wiping his brows.

"Ma'am, they are off to America—!"

"So I have heard. You are fairly entitled to the return of your money—"

"Entitled, of course; but—"

"There it is; restore to me the contract for the child's services."

Rugge gazed on a roll of bank-notes, and could scarcely believe his eyes. He darted forth his hand, the notes receded like the dagger in Macbeth, "First the contract," said Mrs. Crane. Rugge drew out his greasy pocket-book, and extracted the worthless engagement.

"Henceforth, then," said Mrs. Crane, "you have no right to complain; and whether or not the girl ever again fall in your way, your claim over her ceases."

"The gods be praised, it does, ma'am; I have had quite enough of her. But you are every inch a lady, and allow me to add that I put you on my free list for life."

Rugge gone; Arabella Crane summoned Bridgett to her presence.

"Lor, miss," cried Bridgett, impulsively, "who'd think you'd been up all night raking! I have not seen you look so well this many a year."

"Ah," said Arabella Crane, "I will tell you why. I have done what for many a year I never thought I should do again—a good action. That child—that Sophy—you remember how cruelly I used her?"

"Oh, miss, don't go for to blame yourself; you fed her, you clothed her, when her own father, the villing, sent her away from hisself to you—you of all people—*you*. How could *you* be caressing and fawning on his child—their child?"

Mrs. Crane hung her head gloomily. "What is past is past. I have lived to save that child, and a curse seems lifted from my soul. Now listen: I shall leave London—England, probably this evening. You will keep this house; it will be ready for me any moment I return. The agent who collects my house-rents will give you money as you want it. Stint not yourself, Bridgett. I have been saving, and saving, and saving, for dreary years—nothing else to interest me—and I am richer than I seem."

"But where are you going, miss?" said Bridgett, slowly recovering from the stupefaction occasioned by her mistress's announcement.

"I don't know—I don't care."

"Oh, gracious stars! is it with that dreadful Jasper Losely?—it is, it is. You are crazed, you are bewitched, miss!"

"Possibly I am crazed—possibly bewitched; but I take that man's life to mine as a penance for all the evil mine has ever known; and a day or two since I should have said, with rage and shame, 'I can not help it; I loathe myself that I can care what becomes of him.' Now, without rage, without shame, I say, 'The man whom I once so loved shall not die on a gibbet if I can help it; and, please Heaven, help it I will.'"

The grim woman folded her arms on her breast, and raising her head to its full height, there was in her face and air a stern gloomy grandeur, which could not have been seen without a mixed sensation of compassion and awe.

"Go, now, Bridgett; I have said all. He will be here soon; he will come—he must come—he has no choice; and then—and then—" she closed her eyes, bowed her head, and shivered.

Arabella Crane was, as usual, right in her predictions. Before noon Jasper came—came, not with his jocund swagger, but with that sideling sinister look—look of the man whom the world cuts—triumphantly restored to its former place in his visage. Madame Caumartin had been arrested; Poole had gone into the country with Uncle Sam; Jasper had seen a police-officer at the door of his own lodgings. He slunk away from the fashionable thoroughfares—slunk to the recesses of Podden Place—slunk into Arabella Crane's prim drawing-room, and said, sullenly, "All is up; here I am!"

Three days afterward, in a quiet street in a quiet town of Belgium, wherein a sharper, striving to live by his profession, would soon become a skeleton, in a commodious airy apartment, looking upon a magnificent street, the reverse of noisy, Jasper Losely sat secure, innocuous, and profoundly miserable. In another house, the windows of which, facing these of Jasper's sitting-room, from an upper story, commanded so good a view therein that it placed him under a surveillance akin to that designed by Mr. Bentham's reformatory Panopticon, sat Arabella Crane. Whatever her real feelings toward Jasper Losely (and what those feelings were no virile pen can presume authoritatively to define—for lived there ever a man who thoroughly—thoroughly understood a woman?), or whatever in earlier life might have been their reciprocated vows of eternal love, not only from the day that Jasper, on his return to his native shores, presented himself in Podden Place, had their intimacy been restricted to the austerest bounds of friendship; but after Jasper had so rudely declined the hand which now fed him, Arabella Crane had probably perceived that her sole chance of retaining intellectual power over his lawless being, necessitated the utter relinquishment of every hope or project that could expose her again to his contempt. Suiting appearances to reality, the decorum of a separate house was essential to the maintenance of that authority with which the rigid nature of their intercourse invested her. The additional cost strained her pecuniary resources, but she saved in her own accommodation in order to leave Jasper no cause to complain of any stinting in his. There, then, she sate by her window, herself unseen, eying him in his opposite solitude, accepting for her own life a barren sacrifice, but a jealous sentinel on his. Meditating as she sate, and as she eyed him—meditating what employment she could invent, with the bribe of emoluments to be paid furtively by her—for those strong hands that could have felled an ox, but were nerveless in turning an honest penny—and for that restless mind, hungering for occupation, with the digestion of an ostrich for dice and debauch, riot and fraud, but queasy as an exhausted dyspeptic at the reception of one innocent amusement, one honorable toil. But while that woman still schemes how to rescue from hulks or halter that execrable man, who shall say that he is without a chance? A chance he has—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BOOK V.—CHAPTER I.

Envy will be a science when it learns the use of the microscope.

When leaves fall and flowers fade, great people are found in their country seats. Look!—that is Montfort Court! A place of regal magnificence, so far as extent of pile and amplitude of domain could satisfy the pride of ownership, or inspire the visitor with the respect due to wealth and power. An artist could have made nothing of it. The Sumptuous every where—the Picturesque nowhere. The House was built in the reign of George I., when first commenced that horror of the Beautiful, as something in bad taste, which, agreeably to our natural love of progress, progressively advanced through the reigns of succeeding Georges. An enormous *façade*—in dull brown brick—two wings and a centre, with double flights of steps to the hall door from the carriage-sweep. No trees allowed to grow too near the house; in front, a stately flat with stone balustrades. But wherever the eye turned there was nothing to be seen but park—miles upon miles of park; not a corn-field in sight—not a roof-tree—not a spire—only those *lata silentia*—still widths of turf, and, somewhat thinly scattered and afar, those groves of giant trees. The whole prospect so vast and so monotonous that it never tempted you to take a walk. No close-neighboring poetic thicket into which to plunge, uncertain whither you would emerge; no devious stream to follow. The very deer, fat and heavy, seemed bored by pastures it would take them a week to traverse. People of moderate wishes and modest fortunes never envied Montfort Court; they admired it—they were proud to say they had seen it. But never did they say,

"Oh, that for me some home like this would smile!"

Not so, very—*very* great people!—*they* rather coveted than admired. Those oak-trees so large, yet so undecayed—that park, eighteen miles, at least, in circumference—that solid palace which, without inconvenience, could entertain and stow away a king and his whole court—in short, all that evidence of a princely territory, and a weighty rent-roll, made English dukes respectfully envious, and foreign potentates gratifyingly jealous.

But turn from the front. Open the gate in that stone balustrade. Come southward to the garden side of the house. Lady Montfort's flower-garden. Yes; not so dull! flowers, even autumnal flowers, enliven any sward. Still, on so large a scale, and so little relief; so little mystery about those broad gravel walks; not a winding alley any where. Oh for a vulgar summer-house; for some alcove, all honey-suckle and ivy! But the dahlias are splendid! Very true; only dahlias, at the best, are such uninteresting prosy things. What poet ever wrote upon a dahlia! Surely Lady Montfort might have introduced a little more taste here—shown a little more fancy! Lady Montfort! I should like to see my lord's face, if Lady Montfort took any such liberty. But there is Lady Montfort walking slowly along that broad, broad, broad gravel walk—those splendid dahlias, on either side, in their set parterres. There she walks, in full evidence from all those sixty remorseless windows on the garden front, each window exactly like the other. There she walks, looking wistfully to the far end—('tis a long way off)—where, happily, there is a wicket that carries a persevering pedestrian out of sight of the sixty windows, into shady walks, toward the banks of that immense piece of water, two miles from the house. My lord has not returned from his moor in Scotland—My lady is alone. No company in the house—it is like saying, "No acquaintance in a city." But the retinue in full. Though she dined alone, she might, had she pleased, have had almost as many servants to gaze upon her as there were windows now staring at her lonely walk, with their glassy spectral eyes.

Just as Lady Montfort gains the wicket she is overtaken by a visitor, walking fast from the gravel sweep by the front door, where he has dismounted—where he has caught sight of her; any one so dismounting might have caught sight of her—could not help it. Gardens so fine, were made on purpose for fine persons walking in them to be seen.

"Ah, Lady Montfort," said the visitor, stammering painfully, "I am so glad to find you at home."

"At home, George!" said the lady, extending her hand; "where else is it likely that I should be found? But how pale you are. What has happened?"

She seated herself on a bench, under a cedar-tree, just without the wicket, and George Morley, our old friend the Oxonian, seated himself by her side familiarly, but with a certain reverence. Lady Montfort was a few years older than himself—his cousin—he had known her from his childhood.

"What has happened!" he repeated, "nothing new. I have just come from visiting the good bishop."

"He does not hesitate to ordain you?"

"No—but I shall never ask him to do so."

"My dear cousin, are you not overscrupulous? You would be an ornament to the Church, sufficient in all else to justify your compulsory omission of one duty, which a curate could perform for you."

Morley shook his head sadly. "One duty omitted!" said he. "But is it not that duty which distinguishes the priest from the layman? and how far extends that duty? Wherever there needs a voice to speak the Word; not in the pulpit only, but at the hearth, by the sick bed; *there* should be the Pastor! No—I can not, I ought not, I dare not! Incompetent as the laborer, how can I be worthy of the hire?" It took him long to bring out these words; his emotion increased his infirmity. Lady Montfort listened with an exquisite respect, visible in her compassion, and paused long before she answered.

George Morley was the younger son of a country gentleman, with a good estate settled upon the elder son. George's father had been an intimate friend of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montfort (predecessor and grandsire of the present lord); and the Marquis had, as he thought, amply provided for George in undertaking to secure to him, when of fitting age, the living of Humberston, the most lucrative preferment in his gift. The living had been held for the last fifteen years by an incumbent, now very old, upon the honorable understanding that it was to be resigned in favor of George should George take orders. The young man from his earliest childhood thus destined to the Church, devoted to the prospect of that profession all his studies, all his thoughts. Not till he was sixteen did his infirmity of speech make itself seriously perceptible; and then elocution masters undertook to cure it—they failed. But George's mind continued in the direction toward which it had been so systematically biased. Entering Oxford, he became absorbed in its academical shades. Amidst his books he almost forgot the impediment of his speech. Shy, taciturn, and solitary, he mixed too little with others to have it much brought before his own notice. He carried off prizes—he took high honors. On leaving the university, a profound theologian—an enthusiastic Churchman—filled with the most earnest sense of the pastor's solemn calling—he was thus complimentarily accosted by the Archimandrite of his college, "What a pity you can not go into the Church!"

"Can not—but I *am* going into the Church."

"You, is it possible? But, perhaps, you are sure of a living—"

"Yes—Humberston."

"An immense living, but a very large population. Certainly it is in the bishop's own discretionary power to ordain you, and for all the duties you can keep a curate. But—" The Don stopped short, and took snuff.

That "But" said as plainly as words could say, "It may be a good thing for you, but is it fair for the Church?"

So George Morley, at least, thought that "But" implied. His conscience took alarm. He was a thoroughly noble-hearted man, likely to be the more tender of conscience where tempted by worldly interests. With that living he was rich, without it very poor. But to give up a calling, to the idea of which he had attached himself with all the force of a powerful and zealous nature, was to give up the whole scheme and dream of his existence. He remained irresolute for some time; at last he wrote to the present Lord Montfort, intimating his doubts, and relieving the Marquis from the engagement which his lordship's predecessor had made. The present Marquis was not a man capable of understanding such scruples. But, luckily perhaps for George and for the Church, the larger affairs of the great House of Montfort were not administered by the Marquis. The parliamentary influences, the ecclesiastical preferments, together with the practical direction of minor agents to the vast and complicated estates attached to the title, were at that time under the direction of Mr. Carr Vipont, a powerful member of Parliament, and husband to that Lady Selina whose condescension had so disturbed the nerves of Frank Vance the artist. Mr. Carr Vipont governed this vice-royalty according to the rules and traditions by which the House of Montfort had become great and prosperous. For not only every state, but every great seigniorial House has its hereditary maxims of policy: not less the House of Montfort than the House of Hapsburg. Now the House of Montfort made it a rule that all admitted to be members of the family should help each other; that the head of the House should never, if it could be avoided, suffer any of its branches to decay and wither into poverty. The House of Montfort also held it a duty to foster and make the most of every species of talent that could swell the influence, or adorn the annals of the family. Having rank, having wealth, it sought also to secure intellect, and to knit together into solid union, throughout all ramifications of kinship and cousinhood, each variety of repute and power that could root the ancient tree more firmly in the land. Agreeably to this traditional policy, Mr. Carr Vipont not only desired that a Vipont Morley should not lose a very good thing, but that a very good thing should not lose a Vipont Morley of high academical distinction—a Vipont Morley who might be a bishop! He therefore drew up an admirable letter, which the Marquis signed—that the Marquis should take the trouble of copying it was out of the question—wherein Lord Montfort was made to express great admiration of the disinterested delicacy of sentiment, which proved George Vipont Morley to be still more fitted to the cure of souls; and, placing rooms at Montfort Court at his service (the Marquis not being himself there at the moment), suggested that George should talk the matter over with the present incumbent of Humberston (that town was not many miles distant from Montfort Court), who, though he had no impediment in his speech, still never himself preached or read prayers, owing to an affection of the trachea, and who was, nevertheless, a most efficient clergyman. George Morley, therefore, had gone down to Montfort Court some months ago, just after his interview with Mrs. Crane. He had then accepted an invitation to spend a week or two with the Rev. Mr. Allsop, the Rector of Humberston—a clergyman of the old school, a fair scholar, a perfect gentleman, a man of the highest honor, good-natured, charitable, but who took pastoral duties much more easily than good clergymen of the new school—be they high or low—are disposed to do. Mr. Allsop, who was then in his eightieth year, a bachelor with a very good fortune of his own, was perfectly willing to fulfill the engagement on which he held his living, and render it up to George; but he was touched by the earnestness with which George assured him that at all events he would not consent to displace the venerable incumbent from a tenure he had so long and honorably held—and would wait till the living was vacated in the ordinary course of nature. Mr. Allsop conceived a warm affection for the young scholar. He had a grandniece staying with him on a visit, who less openly, but not less warmly, shared that affection; and with her George Morley fell shyly and timorously in love. With that living he would be rich enough to marry—without it, no. Without it he had nothing but a fellowship, which matrimony would forfeit, and the scanty portion of a country squire's younger son. The young lady herself was dowerless, for Allsop's fortune was so settled that no share of it would come to his grandniece. Another reason for conscience to gulp down that unhappy impediment of speech! Certainly, during this visit, Morley's scruples relaxed; but when he returned home they came back with greater force than ever—with greater force, because he felt that now not only a spiritual ambition, but a human love was a casuist in favor of self-interest. He had returned on a visit to Humberston Rectory about a week previous to the date of this chapter—the niece was not there. Sternly he had forced himself to examine a little more closely into the condition of the flock which (if he accepted the charge) he would have to guide, and the duties that devolved upon the chief pastor in a populous trading town. He became appalled. Humberston, like most towns under the political influence of a Great House, was rent by parties. One party, who succeeded in returning one of the two members for Parliament, all for the House of Montfort; the other party, who returned also their member, all against it. By one half the town, whatever came from Montfort Court was sure to be regarded with a most malignant and distorted vision. Meanwhile, though Mr. Allsop was popular with the higher classes, and with such of the extreme poor as his charity relieved, his pastoral influence generally was a dead letter. His curate, who preached for him—a good young man enough, but extremely dull—was not one of those men who fill a church. Tradesmen wanted an excuse to stay away or choose another place of worship; and they contrived to hear some passage in the sermons, over which, while the curate mumbled, they habitually slept—that they declared to be "Puseyite." The church became deserted: and about the same time a very eloquent Dissenting minister appeared at Humberston, and even professed churchfolks went to hear him. George Morley, alas! perceived that at Humberston, if the Church there were to hold her own, a powerful and popular preacher was essentially required. His mind was now made up. At Carr Vipont's suggestion, the bishop of the diocese, being then at his palace, had sent to see him; and, while granting the force of his scruples, had yet said, "Mine is the main responsibility. But if you ask me to ordain you, I will do so without hesitation; for if the Church wants preachers, it

also wants deep scholars and virtuous pastors." Fresh from this interview, George Morley came to announce to Lady Montfort that his resolve was unshaken. She, I have said, paused long before she answered. "George," she began at last, in a voice so touchingly sweet that its very sound was balm to a wounded spirit—"I must not argue with you—I bow before the grandeur of your motives, and I will not say that you are not right. One thing I do feel, that if you thus sacrifice your inclinations and interests from scruples so pure and holy, you will never be to be pitied—you will never know regret. Poor or rich, single or wedded, a soul that so seeks to reflect heaven will be serene and blessed!" Thus she continued to address him for some time, he all the while inexpressibly soothed and comforted; then gradually she insinuated hopes even of a worldly and temporal kind—literature was left to him—the scholar's pen, if not the preacher's voice. In literature he might make a career that would lead on to fortune. There were places also in the public service to which a defect in speech was no obstacle. She knew his secret, modest attachment; she alluded to it just enough to encourage constancy and rebuke despair. As she ceased, his admiring and grateful consciousness of his cousin's rare qualities changed the tide of his emotions toward her from himself, and he exclaimed with an earnestness that almost wholly subdued his stutter,

"What a counselor you are!—what a soother! If Montfort were but less prosperous or more ambitious, what a treasure, either to console or to sustain, in a mind like yours!"

As those words were said, you might have seen at once why Lady Montfort was called haughty and reserved. Her lip seemed suddenly to snatch back its sweet smile—her dark eye, before so purely, softly friend-like, became coldly distant—the tones of her voice were not the same as she answered—

"Lord Montfort values me, as it is, far beyond my merits—far," she added, with a different intonation, gravely mournful.

"Forgive me; I have displeased you. I did not mean it. Heaven forbid that I should presume either to disparage Lord Montfort—or—or to—" he stopped short, saving the hiatus by a convenient stammer. "Only," he continued, after a pause, "only forgive me this once. Recollect I was a little boy when you were a young lady, and I have pelted you with snow-balls, and called you 'Caroline.'" Lady Montfort suppressed a sigh, and gave the young scholar back her gracious smile, but not a smile that would have permitted him to call her "Caroline" again. She remained, indeed, a little more distant than usual during the rest of their interview, which was not much prolonged; for Morley felt annoyed with himself that he had so indiscreetly offended her, and seized an excuse to escape. "By-the-by," said he, "I have a letter from Mr. Carr Vipont, asking me to give him a sketch for a Gothic bridge to the water yonder. I will, with your leave, walk down and look at the proposed site. Only do say that you forgive me."

"Forgive you, Cousin George, oh yes. One word only—it is true you were a child still when I fancied I was a woman, and you have a right to talk to me upon all things, except those that relate to me and Lord Montfort; unless, indeed," she added, with a bewitching half laugh, "unless you ever see cause to scold me, there. Good-by, my cousin, and in turn forgive me, if I was so petulant. The Caroline you pelted with snow-balls was always a wayward, impulsive creature, quick to take offense, to misunderstand, and—to repent."

Back into the broad, broad gravel-walk, walked, more slowly than before, Lady Montfort. Again the sixty ghastly windows stared at her with all their eyes—back from the gravel-walk, through a side-door, into the pompous solitude of the stately house—across long chambers, where the mirrors reflected her form, and the huge chairs, in their flaunting damask and flaring gold, stood stiff on desolate floors—into her own private room—neither large nor splendid that; plain chintzes, quiet book-shelves. She need not have been the Marchioness of Montfort to inhabit a room as pleasant and as luxurious. And the rooms that she could only have owned as Marchioness, what were those worth to her happiness? I know not. "Nothing," fine ladies will perhaps answer. Yet those same fine ladies will contrive to dispose their daughters to answer, "All." In her own room Lady Montfort sunk on her chair; wearily;—wearily she looked at the clock—wearily at the books on the shelves—at the harp near the window. Then she leaned her face on her hand, and that face was so sad, and so humbly sad, that you would have wondered how any one could call Lady Montfort proud.

"Treasure! I—I!—worthless, fickle, credulous fool!—I—I!"

The groom of the chambers entered with the letters by the afternoon post. That Great House contrived to worry itself with two posts a day. A royal command to Windsor—

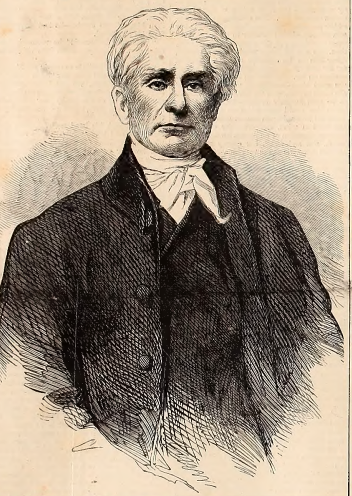
"I shall be more alone in a court than here," murmured Lady Montfort.

BISHOP WAUGH.

A good man has fallen at his post. Rev. Beverly Waugh, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Baltimore, on the morning of the 9th inst., in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Bishop Waugh was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, in 1789. He connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1805, when only in his sixteenth year; early felt a call to preach the Gospel; and with much diffidence, and after earnest struggles of mind—as is evident from the entries in a diary kept by him at that period—decided upon preparing himself for the ministry. In 1808 he was regularly admitted into the connection, in the Baltimore Conference. He served the Church acceptably and profitably, on station and circuit, within the limits of that conference, until the year 1827, when he was chosen to superintend the Book agency in New York, in connection with the late Bishop Emory. This post he held until the year 1836; meanwhile, by his faithfulness and business tact, doing very much to develop the resources of the Book Concern and increase its efficiency. In 1836 he was chosen and ordained Bishop by the General Conference which met at Cincinnati; and the varied and responsible duties of this office he fulfilled with zeal and discretion for more than twenty years, until his death.

After his ordination Bishop Waugh's residence was Baltimore. But the bishops of the Methodist Church are of necessity but little at home. Their never-ceasing round of duty calls them to all parts of the land, and not the least of the privations suffered by those invested with the arduous offices of the Episcopate is the prolonged, almost continuous, absence from home and its tranquil enjoyments. In the first year of his Episcopacy Bishop Waugh visited Texas, where he organized the first Methodist Episcopal Conference in that State. Since Bishop Hedding's death, in 1852, Dr. Waugh has been the Senior Bishop of the Church.



THE LATE REV. BEVERLY WAUGH, D.D., SENIOR BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

[From a Photograph by Brady.]

The last illness of the Bishop was probably brought on by his labors at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, whither a revival in the Church had led him to preach, pray, and counsel. There his last sermon was preached. Gray-haired, with trembling limbs and feeble utterance, the aged man yet adhered to his post until stricken down by the illness of which he died. Returning home, he had so far recovered that his friends thought him out of danger. On the morning before his death he led the family devotions. Retiring early, he was heard to pray long and earnestly for the Church and for his family. He evidently knew his end was near; but sank quietly to sleep. About one o'clock he uttered sounds of distress. Mrs. Waugh attempted to turn him, in bed, to ease his pain, on which he said "Never mind, my dear." These were his last words. Before the physician arrived he had expired.

The body was attended to the grave by a numerous concourse of Christians of all denominations. The grave is near where lie his eminent companions in office, Bishops Asbury, George, and Emory.

In manners and presence Bishop Waugh was a pattern of the Virginian gentleman of the old school, uniting affability with dignity. He was not eminent as a preacher; but had the clear head, good administrative talents, and calm practical common sense, so necessary to complete success in the difficult office of the Episcopate. Above all, he was a man of genuine everyday piety, zealous in his ministry, prayerful always. After serving the Church with all his powers for forty-eight years, he has gone peacefully to his reward.

THE PET OF THE LAW.

Ever since I can remember, up to the period when I reached fifty years of age, I was a thief; not an amateur occasional thief, not one of those impulsive fallen respectabilities who do some piece of inartistic crime, and then are sorry for it; but a regular professional trained thief, who was, and is still, proud of his profession.

I am married, and have four children, three boys and a girl—all thieves, and all, I am happy to say, at this present time doing well. The girl, aged nineteen, has a decided talent for shoplifting, and I have had proposals for her hand from a celebrated housebreaker (I must not mention names), which I shall certainly accept, as it will be a very good match. I have also apprenticed my youngest boy, aged twelve, to this artist, to learn his branch of the trade, and I hear very satisfactory accounts of the lad's progress. My next boy, aged fifteen, who has taken quite naturally to the pickpocket and church business, has just returned, after a twelve-months' imprisonment, as plump as a butcher, and looking as if he had been at the sea-side for a long season. My eldest son, aged twenty-two, is out on a ticket-of-leave; and we often talk together about the way in which he interested the chaplain in his welfare. He said he thought he could be of immense service in trying to convert his family from the evil course they had adopted, and the chaplain and the governor of the prison—a governor of the new school—thought he could. To do the young man justice, he mentioned the subject once or twice when he came home; but I think he broke down when he pretended to prove to his sister, in the presence of the chaplain, that needle-work was, in the long run, more profitable than shoplifting. What effect his arguments might have had if he could have devoted more time to enforcing them, I can not tell; but he is out a great deal, especially at night, and is doing very well, to judge by the money that I have seen him with lately. The rumor that he was the man who gave the gentleman that ugly blow the other night in the fog, I treat with the contempt that it merits. A man is innocent until proved guilty before a jury of his countrymen. My wife is not altogether undistinguished in the profession (you may remember the great plate robbery at Lord Mumblepeg's, in which she was concerned), but I will not dwell upon that. I did not marry her for her virtues, nor her talents, but to secure her from coming against me as evidence at any time.

Our business—the business of thieving—does not differ from any other business in which the profits are high and the risks proportionately great. We go into it, knowing exactly what forces are arrayed against us. Some men prefer the army, some, gold-mining; some, the excitement of the Stock Exchange; some, the delirium of the turf. I, and a very numerous body of fellow-professionals, prefer thieving.

Many persons suppose that we detest the police, and look upon them as our bitterest enemies. On some occasions, I admit, we find them troublesome; but, generally, we consider them as wholesome checks upon the increase of unskillful thieves, who diminish the profits without adding to the credit of the profession. The ordinary police force is not a very highly paid, highly educated, or highly intelligent class; and any man who knows his business can easily avoid coming in contact with them. As to the detectives, those awful men in plain clothes and curious disguises (which latter they might save themselves the trouble of putting on, as we know the wearers as well as our own fathers), they benefit us by inspiring an unbounded faith in their efficiency in the public mind, and stopping the appointment of real preventive officers. The sum they require as a reward, if successful in tracing a crime, is another element of our security; as is also their plan of fostering the development of small thieves until they become important criminals. They carefully tend the criminal fruit until it is rotten with ripeness, and then—if it does not escape them—they shake it gently into the lap of justice; but they never nip it in the bud. Why should we be on unfriendly terms with such weak and agreeable guardians?

When I come to consider the rules of evidence, the comforts of prisons, and the general leniency of the criminal law and its administration (and I have devoted a good deal of attention to these subjects during my retirement), I can not believe that any one is in earnest for the suppression of our class, but that we are considered worthy of preservation as providers of wholesome excitement, employers of capital in a peculiar direction, agents for the distribution of wealth, bodies to be experimented upon by the social philanthropist, problems to exercise the ingenuity of, and provide amusement for the legal mind, and members in that company which is conveniently styled "necessary evils." When I was engaged in the active duties of my profession I was tried, for the first and only time in my life, in conjunction with the whole of my family—my wife and four children—for a robbery of some magnitude. We were guilty, of course, but we had managed matters very artistically. My boys were not so old or so experienced as they are now, and when the magistrate cautioned us, at the preliminary examination, that we were not bound to say any thing to criminate ourselves, the two youngest could scarcely believe what they heard, and thought, in their simplicity, that we had all made an impression upon his worship. I remember having the same feeling myself when I heard the same remark addressed to my father, on the occasion of his trial, many years before. The youngest lad was so overcome by this, to him, unexpected exhibition of legal tenderness, that if it had not been for an additional caution from the worthy magistrate, and a sharp nudge from his mother, he would have there and then made a clean breast of the whole affair. That boy, like myself, and, I may say, all the family, is now a firm believer in the fact that the law does not want to discover the truth, but only desires to give an opportunity for a display of legal learning and ingenuity.

When we came up for our trial at the Oyer and Terminer, we were again put upon our guard, and very amusing the trial must have appeared to the spectators, for it amused even me. There we stood in the dock, a very happy family—a father, mother, daughter, and three sons—all implicated in one crime, and all warned to hold our tongues, lest we should spoil the sport of the trial. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case with a highly ingenious speech, full of eloquent denunciation but very empty of facts; and when he had finished, he proceeded to call witnesses in support of his charge. Several persons were examined without adding much to the previous knowledge of the case, for we had taken most elaborate precautions to shield ourselves from being proved guilty, although we could not avoid suspicion.

Once or twice, when some of the most absurd suppositions were put forward in place of better evidence, I thought we should all have burst out laughing in concert, they were so very wide of the mark. One witness at last succeeded in proving to the apparent satisfaction of the court that, on a certain night, I was at a place which I never saw in my life; but as this supposed fact had nothing to do with the case, it was not of much benefit to the prosecution. Maddened by his ill-success, the prosecuting counsel wished, in defiance of law, to put a question to my daughter, but our solicitor at once objected to this, and the judge spoke up against it like a man, amidst a murmur of approbation that ran through the whole court. If they had put the question, I am afraid we should not have got off as we did, for my daughter is rather nervous, and could not have stood a cross-examination. But we were spared the trial, and the liberty of the citizen was preserved.

The case lasted a long time, and during its progress some very pretty circumstantial evidence was adduced, which all fell to the ground, bit by bit, under the vigorous blows of our solicitor. When the speech for the defense came, it was necessarily short, for there was really nothing of any moment to answer.

The summing-up of the judge was pleasant and dignified, with, of course, a little dash of the severity required by the duties of his position. But I can not think that he was dissatisfied with his day's work; and the jury, who had been highly amused by the legal fencing displayed, and who—bless their hearts!—could not have put a question about the case to our happy family for the world, were glad to hurry over an acquittal and get to their dinners.

I can not believe that a public hangman dislikes murderers, or that a judge dislikes wretched suitors; or, seeing the leniency of the laws, the mode of criminal procedure, and the vast amount of employment that we thieves give to capital, I can not believe that judges, juries, public officers, police, jailers, governors of prisons, jail-chaplains, and legal practitioners, are at all in earnest and interested in our extermination. So a long life and a merry one to all those honest gentlemen, and similarly to us!

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXVIII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A Kenterkiar in the Mediterranean.—Bringing Pompeiopolis to New York.—The Altar of Bacchus in a New York Club-House.—Tarsus.—The Cadi's Court.

My last letter left us standing on the shore at Mersina, escaped from the wreck of the ship which had brought us and our fortunes from the coasts of Syria.

A more miserable and uncomfortable place could hardly be found, from the Northern Ocean to Timbuctoo, than that same little town of Mersina on the coast of the Mediterranean. It has been founded for the sake of a port to the modern town of Tarsus. I have already said here in my letter. On a long sandy sweep of the shore stand a few modern-looking frame houses, which are inhabited by the usual mixture of all Eastern nations found in Mediterranean sea-ports. As we walked up from the scene of our disaster into the village we were accosted in every language that the East knows. Now an Arab shouted his *Sohal leer*, and now a more civilized Syrian growled a *Marhobba*. An Italian, Spaniard, German, and French crowd talked all at once in their several dialects, and in the confusion of tongues it was not a little astonishing, as well as gratifying, to hear a hearty welcome in "American-English."

"Well, stranger, it came mighty near being a goner, didn't it?"

"Kentucky, by Jupiter!" said John Steenburger, looking around him in the gloom, and scanning the faces of the crowd to see what pair of lips had uttered the familiar sounds. We were not long in suspense. From behind, the man, a tall sinfooter of the pure Ohio River breed, elbowed his way through the motley crowd, and stretched out his brawny hand for a grasp that we were not slow to take; and chatting as familiarly as if we had just dropped together by accident in a street of New York or Cincinnati, we strolled on up to the little stone pier, where Sir John was standing guard over his baggage, while Miss Kate sat on a carpet-bag listening to the heavy dash of the surf, and, as I verily believe, wondering whether one of us two were before that time overwhelmed in its dark abysses. The other of the two I don't believe she had thought of, for on our approach she sprang to her feet with an exclamation of delight, and her mood became on a sudden as furiously gay as it had seemed to be anxious and sad.

In half an hour we had found lodgings for the night in the upper part of a sort of half-shop and half-inn, answering in appearance to a rum-hole on the line of a canal in America. Two rooms, swept thoroughly, and with the windows wide open, served in some sort as a protection from the night air; and here we had a tolerable supper in a few minutes, and a cup of irresistible coffee which smoothed down the last ruffle of our tempers.

In the evening I went down into the room below, and, on my honor, I could imagine myself in an old-fashioned store at the cross-roads in the country, where the men and boys gather in the evening, and swing their heels from the counter, and talk and tell stories, and exchange the gossip of the day.

My Kentucky acquaintance was on hand, and I may as well tell you at once what he is here for. He has come to see if it will pay to carry Pompeiopolis to America.

That is it precisely.

Pompeiopolis, once known as Soli, was in its day a glorious city, and is glorious in its ruin. All along the shore, a few miles west of Mersina, stand or lie its magnificent ruins. We rode out with him the next day to look at them. It was a terrible ride through brush and thicket. All the glory that I have so often seen in ruin was here. The city which Antony and Cleopatra visited with their splendor is now a howling waste. About forty columns remain standing of some two hundred that once formed a splendid arcade; and of the other great buildings of the city, a theatre and a temple, both in ruin, and both overgrown with dense wild thickets of brush, remain in the most mournful

EASTERN THRESHING.

grandeur to attest the ancient magnificence of the city.

I have not time or space to linger on a description of the ruins of this city. You will readily remember the fame of Soli, which was once the chief city of Cilicia, and which Pompey rebuilt and named after himself. Well, Sir, there is here a Kentucky gentleman who thinks it feasible to put all the old marbls of Pompeiopolis on ship-board, and take it to America and make it pay! Think of that! Imagine the shade of the Parthenon sawed in a New York marble-yard! Imagine the shade of Bacchus cut into monuments for a New York whit-bussing, and the threshold of the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Aphrodite made the mantle of a house of ill-fame! To what base uses we may come!

Latterly a great business has been commenced in the East, and Athens is yielding to its temptation. Ship-loads of Pentelican marble have already been sent to America, and my enterprising friend was looking at these ruins with the idea that the very columns and stones that once did duty for Pompey and his noble friends are none too good for New York houses, and withal are in very close proximity to the sea and easily shipped!

But these ruins have a nobler and a grander interest to me. I have no doubt that this now desolate shore once rang to the voice of the great Apostle. Here was the old sea-port of Tarsus. Hence came the ships of Tarshish. The River Cydnus was once navigable for small vessels nearly up to the city of Tarsus, but Soli, doubtless, was the great sea-port of the capital of Cilicia. Here Saul the young man often wandered before he had heard of Him of Nazareth. Here, in later years, I can not doubt, he preached the new gospel he had learned.

Feeling thus at Soli, you may, if you can, imagine how I felt the next day when we reached Tarsus. Space and time forbid that I delay you but four hours in the saddle, and then we saw the old city. It is as ruinous almost as Soli. It is a miserable modern Arab town. So they all are. I tell you the same story of every one I visit.

Yet I confess I had expected something more of Tarsus, for the Turks speak of it now with some admiration. But alas for the old town, it has no present wealth, no ruins of ancient greatness, and no hope for the future! Yet here Saul was a tent-maker, and here in after years he was a prince with power to call dead men from the grave. Yes, it was a mighty change!

The city has perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants. The River Cydnus is no longer navigable. But it flows as coldly as when Alexander nearly perished in its icy flood, and the old hills of Taurus look down in solemn majesty as of old on river and plain, on city and ruin.

Does Taurus remember that gorgeous barge in which Cleopatra came up the Cydnus in old days —that barge whose fame has been handed down from age to age? The scene was before me as I stood at the fall of the river, where it dashes over the rocks below the city with the same murmur and hoarse roar that it has continued, incessant, since the days of the Egyptian Queen.

I am aware that I am writing you a very rambling letter. I can not well do otherwise. In following as we now do the track of the Apostle, every step is of deep interest to us, every foot of ground has its sublime associations, but volumes will not suffice to convey them to you.

It is to me a striking thought just here, that Paul was born and brought up in a highland country, a land of lofty mountains and dashing torrents. Who can doubt that much of his boldness and courage, much of the grandeur of his character and the force of his intellect, was derived from the sublime majesty of Taurus, whose glittering summits stand now above Tarsus, a memorial and a monument alike of his own great power and the sublimity of that faith on which he rested.

Our lodgings in Tarsus were of rather better quality than we have been accustomed to find. A worthy Armenian merchant, hearing of our arrival, insisted on placing his house at our disposal. It stands outside the city, among groves of fruit trees, and we found it a delightful place. In the forenoon we amused ourselves with examining the primitive methods of farming going on around us, and listening to the quaint songs of the cattle-driver who is managing the curious threshing-machine of the East. In the afternoon, when the sun was well toward the west, we went into the city and strolled about its streets, talking with the shopkeepers and studying human nature in the people of Asia Minor.

Human nature is pretty much the same thing all over the world. An Armenian silk-vender cheated Miss Grandison as thoroughly and neatly as the thing could have been done in New York or London. He sold her a damaged article for a full price, and when it was brought back to him he avowed that he had told her it was damaged. The opportunity for an appeal to the Cadi was too good to be lost, and we took the shop-keeper thither. Miss Kate knew nothing of our intention, or she would have prevented it, and I confess to a strong disinclination myself to call for the assistance of Government any where in the East in such cases, for punishment follows detection with a suddenness and a severity not at all satisfactory to American sensitiveness.

But it is well to be informed of the courses of practice in legal matters all the world over, and once in a while John and myself have taken the risk of seeing a man bastinadoed for the sake of gaining useful information.

The officers brought him into the presence of the Cadi as if he were a murderer carried to execution. There was a general howling, kicking, and struggling, prisoner and captors vociferating and fighting even to the very foot of the throne of justice.

When silence was procured, John Steenburger stated the case, for he was with the lady when the purchase was made. The silk was produced, and the shop-keeper denied every thing, and insisted on proof in the most approved Western style of legal proceeding. But the law of the Turk admits no quibbles. The Cadi looked at the offender, and the



RUINS OF SOLI ON POMPEIOPOLIS (NEAR TARSUS).

Miscellany.

A PROFITABLE USE OF TIME.

MARK the point of time. Suppose the little Telegraph, but there are sundry expedients, any one of which, if fairly tried, would make that little business longer. Most of the men who have died enormously rich acquired their wealth not in huge windfalls, but by minute and careful accumulations. It was not one vast sum bequeathed to them after another which overwhelmed them with inevitable opulence; but it was the hoarded money which most men would lavish away, the little sums which many would let run out of their looking after, the pennies of which you would keep no reckoning—these are the items which at the year's end would have reared their pyramid of fortune. From these money-makers let us learn the noble practice of saving. Let us, in the strongest and most elaborate poems of recent times we composed in the streets by a physician, who had practised there, the brief snatches of time when passing from one patient's door to another. And if order to achieve some good work which we have much at heart, you may not be able to secure an entire week, or even an uninterrupted day. But try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust—those ragings and parings of precious metal—those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the dust-heap unheeded. Sometimes, if you be a miner of moments, if you be fired and heart up odd minutes and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful thrift may make you not a long and useful life, and you may do at last rather in extense than intensive proportions what is all their own. The time which some men waste in superfluous slumber and idle visits and desultory applications, were it all redeemed, would give them wealth of leisure, and enable them to execute undertakings for which they could not find a single life than theirs essential. When a person says, "I have no time to improve my mind or to a kind turn to a neighbor," he may be telling what he thinks, but he should not think what he says; for it is not the time the time already, he may get it by redeeming it.

THE FEMINIVES OF PARIS.

When Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were led to the place of execution, though at different periods, the Parisian fish-women observed no breach of decorum in their loud expressions of joy. In their savage joy they danced before the cart which led the royal captives along the streets, and mockery of their sufferings, and sons held up their clenched fists, exclaiming, that if there were another world, he would hunt them out of it there, and that he revenged upon them.

When old General Custine appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, he was accompanied by his daughters-in-law, Madame de Custine. She was descending down the steps of the conciergerie of the La Force, when a silent crowd, with the most infuriated gestures, gradually closed around her path. An exclamation, or the slightest token of fear, would have been instantly fatal to her. She is said to have bitten her lips until the blood flowed, in order to prevent herself from becoming pale. On her path was a hideous-looking female fish-seller, armed with an infant in her arms. Madame de Custine passed for a few seconds, and expressed her admiration of it. This touched her heart, without daring to understand perfectly the critical position of madame. "Ah, ha," said the fish-woman, perceiving the child; "you will give it back to me below." Madame de Custine obeyed; and, protected by that shield, she descended the steps in perfect safety. When she had reached the street she made signs to the child to return, without daring to murmur thanks, which would certainly have proved dangerous to both.

HOPE AND CHARITY.

ALL seem to speak and to dream are prone,
Of better days before them:
We see them waving and hasting on
To the happier goal that's over them.
The world's movement all is onward,
But man hopes ever for better days.

How leads man into his earth years below,
Round the bay doth it brightly hover,
It lights up his path with its golden glow,
Nor quite him when life is over.
When, sad and weary, his spirit must cease,
With "hope" on its footstone, he slumbers in peace.

It is not a fiction empty and vain,
From a full faith flowed it;
A voice in our heart cries once and again,
For better things we're intended.
And the whispering voice can hope impart
That ne'er shall deceive the trusting heart.

TURNING TO A VIRGINIAN.

A CURIOUS book might be made out of the blunders of travellers on the Continent and the inquisitions under which they suffer. A fine young fellow whom I met in Florence, a Virginian, told me of a really yet laughter-provoking blunder which was put upon him by one of the Custom-house officers on board the packet which brought him from Leghorn. Having purchased specimens in front of Dennis's, he wanted to visit his brothers, Messrs. Maquay and Parnham. The two called a coachman, and asked him if he knew of the whereabouts of the said firm. The cunning rogue professed ignorance, and sent a boy to the Hotel des Nord, near by, under pretense of inquiring if there were any such people in the city. The boy came back with the direction, as he said, and John, after some haggling, agreed to carry the party for a dollar, or fifty cents. A boy got in, paid the inevitable lagger for shutting the door, and leaned back in attitude of waiting for the word to start and drive. Coachy turned his horses, drove across the street, and pulled up. There was a shop with the name on the sign, MAQUAY AND PARNHAM, BANKERS. They were indignant, of course, with the scamp, called him all the bad names they knew in the language, and refused to settle. He quietly answered that the distance was a dollar, and went away, with browning moderation, that, "as they were foreigners, he would let them off for three paols." That was worth this, and he pocketed it, and then the money.—*De Forest's "European Acquaintance."*

MISSIONARY DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

A RECENT French traveler asked the Bishop of Agra what progress missionaries were making in communicating Christianity among the Hindoos.

"Progress!" said the bishop, shaking his head; "what influence can we have in enlightening the minds of such a people? As soon as we speak to a Hindoo of the miracles of Jehovah or of Christ, he answers us immediately by exercises and recounting miracles of Krishna, who raised a mountain in his little finger to serve as an umbrella to protect his shepherdess from a storm. He does not doubt the reality of our stories; he is only surprised at our ignorance in regard to his gods and miracles. In such a matter, nothing appears to him too extraordinary. He believes in all, because that, in order to open the eyes of Christians, Satan brought the sun and moon down to the earth, and then made them ascend again. The respective places like ballooms, without the slightest inconvenience to the three gods, who have actually received it without any difficulty: the Buddhist and Puranu legends have warmed him in this respect; but, after the miracles of Father de la Mare, he would remind you of some still more incredible folly performed by a Christian type, Kirsnu."

WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?

The world it goes round,
And the people go mad,
When good and evil
We must put up with bad:
Go things as they will, I never mind 'em,
But take 'em all just as I find 'em—
For what signifies it to me?

Your stark-looking fakes,
Who shrug with grimace
At genteel plays,
Or a thing out of place,
Are mighty contemptible characters:
I laugh while they screw up their features—
For what does it signify?

A light heart must win,
All must allow that;
Gloom grants and groans thin,
Mirth helps to fat:
Your sour, crabbed folks are more smirkers,
And look themselves up in their partners—
For what signifies it?

LUXURIOUS LIVING IN SIBERIA.

AMONG the higher classes in Siberia there is no lack of refinement and luxurious living. The Archangelsues of St. Petersburg have been transferred to the mountains of the Ural, where officials of all ranks, and military officers, live in the "Parisian style" affected by Western capitalists. With the refinement of civilization it will be seen that luxury of its bad habits flourish there also.

"A traveler from the most civilized parts of Europe, who should come here to gratify his curiosity, would not find a very remarkable difference between the style of living in this remote country and that of the same class in his own country. He would find the ladies handsomely clad in dresses made after the latest fashions from Paris and London; and would be welcomed at the feasting, and on all occasions, with a degree of hospitality seldom to be met with elsewhere. If asked to dinner, he would find the table covered with a repast that would not disgrace the best hotels of the same countries. Fish and game of every kind are most abundant here, and luxurious living in these regions are not wanting. Wines of the finest quality, and a great variety of them, are served out at the tables; the only drawback to comfort being the quantity of Champagne the traveler is obliged to drink. Their balls are elegant, and conducted with great propriety, and they dance well. The elder members of society spend their time over cards, and pay much money in this way. It is deeply to be regretted that the young men are also much addicted to gambling—a vice which is very much in vogue here as elsewhere. During my stay in the Ural a young officer left himself in consequence of his losses at cards. Even the fair sex in Ekaterinenburg pass much of their time in card-playing. I am acquainted with a lady who has lost as much as less than eleven children; there is not a day in the week that parties are not assembled at one house or six hours at cards, unless prevented by sickness; and when once she sits down to the cardtable, hunger, thirst, and all the necessities which know another lady here, the principal business of whose life is card-playing. She has a moderate income, and passes her days and most of her nights at cards; she has her daily rounds, and goes with as much exactness to her haunts as the most punctual merchant to his office. Ten o'clock in the morning is her hour for rising, when the cards are opened and the cards placed. If no one call before this hour she goes forth to her usual occupation, and seeks some one among her friends who will sit down and play, if only for an hour. The games over at one place she goes to another, till she finds some one who will indulge her in a second rubber; and so the time passes until dinner. After dining she sleeps a couple of hours, and wakes quite fresh for her favorite pursuit. In the evening she has no difficulty, for many are willing to play: thus the time is spent until a late hour."—*Athenæum.*

THE LACE-MERCHANT'S DOG.

WHO would have imagined that a dog had been made accessory to a theft, and that, too, under his master's upward of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened a few years since in Europe.

One of those industrious beings who know how much to charge for a trifle cast out a little piece, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and, repairing to Flanders, there bought pieces of lace, which, without any delay, he smuggled into France in the following manner:

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and prepared for him the skin of another dog, of the same hue and the same shape. He then killed the last-named dog, took off his dog, and put over it the garment of the stranger so adroitly that it was impossible to discover the trick. He then, when arrived in his pocketed handbag, he would say to his docile messenger, "Caraway, my friend, I am fatigued, and you would start and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers appointed to prevent smuggling." Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country, where they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, and resumed his position as mercantile traveler.

Such was the success of the smuggler that in five or six years he returned to his native town, and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous. A mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant, and, notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered. How for the future the cunning of man could prevail! Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at the gate, he now threw at a distance, and promptly rewarded the attack. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall; at others was secretly lowered a carriage, or running between rivulets of travelers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then found him five hundred crowns worth of lace; the loss of which did not affect the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

UPON this James Kelly, the collector of the Scottish proverbs, remarks, "*Matrimonia ex cœlo petuntur*: heaven, sone had few friends there"—a peculiar remark which probably has no more meaning than the real spirit of the proverb than Trench's unctuous comment. A proverb," he says, "of such religious depth and power as this could have been quite impossible for all antiquity to have produced, or even respectfully to have apprehended. It is not quite beside the mark; for there is no religious depth at all in the proverb, and its hearty cousin only in its wide expression of the fact that matchmaker observation, that it is not forethought, deliberation, or mutual desire that makes marriage, there in bringing couples together in matrimony. More efficient than all these is the force of circumstances, and the accidents of time and chance, fate, fortune, destiny, and so forth, as often as they find it making wrong out of their calculations, and bringing about results they had not dreamed of. In the French version of the adage—" Marriages are written in heaven—we find the special Christian, and, we entail fatalism, and fatalism in every where the popular creed requires a religious form. The Scottish proverb, "A man may woo where he pleases, but he must wed where his hap is." Hence, as Shakspeare says,

"The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving go by destiny."

VENICE.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth.
Her strength was in her sea. Down upon the Ocean
She was a maiden city, bright and free.
No gods adored, no force could violate;
And when she stood to meet the flying foe,
She most opposed the everlasting sea.
Such was she: and with sea-born grace she rose,
Those tides vanish, and that strength decay;
Like some sea-flower she on the waves must play.

When her long life had reached its final day:
Men say, the sea mists rose round her like a shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

NEVER BE HAUGHTY.

A HUMMING-BIRD once met a lamb-pie, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once sported me, and called me a drawling dolt." "I supposed it was a compliment," said the bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never be haughty to the humble, as they may, some day, become your superiors."

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION does not profess to give the gifts of God, by creating abilities in man, but merely to draw such out as are inherent within him, so that he may be enabled to apply them to his advantage and happiness in life. Schools are arenas for mental training—places for mental gymnastics—where, by strenuous effort and exercise, the faculties and mind become strong.

THINGS WHAT ARE OTHERWISE.

SOME years since I happened, in company with a number of others, at the house of Colonel H——, a gentleman away down South. After having regaled ourselves with a social pitfall the weed, the Colonel said, "Now, gents, let us take a drink all round." To this appeal there was neither remonstrance nor a negative. The glasses being then duly emptied, Colonel H—— turned to the Colonel, "Let us have another smoke. I always make it a rule never to drink more than once after smoking, and never after drinking." And he did it. He lived up to his principles.

Judge Holmes, of the northern part of the State of New York, is one of the most celebrated wits in the country of our "great country." The Judge has a son who was recently admitted to the bar. Meeting him, the Judge, by way, has now "joined the Sanns" and referred, with considerable emphasis, to the profession which is his brother's brilliant wit, and he sometimes even put a little of it into his decisions.

The Judge was presiding at the trial of a case which involved the question of his place of residence, and the counsel on the other side, in order to show that he had been a voluntary child in the audience kept up an incessant laughing. At last the Judge, becoming annoyed through with, and the Judge and his son got into their carriage and started for home. After riding some distance in silence, the Judge said:

"Frank, I am afraid that that child disturbed the audience very much."

"Yes, father," said Henry, "I didn't observe that they was kept awake by it."

The Rev. Sydney Smith was one of the wittiest men of an old-fashioned country town, kept by an inveterate wag named Hall. On a certain day a gentleman from London, who was passing through the village, called at the tavern to inquire himself. The landlord and several of his acquaintances not easily chatting before the fire, and politely made room for the traveler to take his seat. "Landlord," said he, "a good day," says he. Affirmed unanimously. "An ugly day," says he. "Ugly," said the landlord. "Yes," replied the host, "only"—in his dry way—"they say the day after." "Why, sir," said Henry, "I didn't observe that child." After a while he arose, walked across the room, and approached the door. "Landlord," said he, "your servant." "Servant, sir," said the landlord, "I have none." he, inquired of the traveler what he'd have to drink for his dinner. "Nothing at all," said he, "I dine at home." "Why then did you let him money here?" "Am sure, sir," said the host, "I did not." "Landlord," said he, "you chap knew his daddy, to give him a few coppers to jog him get to the school."

In one of the picturesque hill-top towns of Western Virginia there lived an ardent spirit. Once, after indulging in a little too much drink, he started out on a tempting to fly, and, to obtain a startling point, climbed to the top of a high house. Here he was seen by a crowd of people, who, fearful of the consequences, called to the yielding atmosphere. Gravity—not that of the lyceum—soon brought him to the ground in a mangled state. The next day our *sorrow* friend was asked how he found *himself*. "Well, sir," he replied, "it's nothing to *fly*, but it's mighty hard to *light*."

A hen in Iowa having made the most devoted efforts for several successive days to lay an egg without success, they obstinately remained unhatched, and on breaking it open a young chicken was found within. The hen had evidently a common knife out.

A Western editor had a friend of ours was the other day rounded, as many an older head has been, in trying to "paddle his own canoe." His spirit so distended that he endeavored to explain. "You said you loved me just now?" "Yes, dearest, I did." "Then why did you call your betrothed 'it'—'no.'" Your hand? your foot? your head? your heart?" "Why, no, dearest, I—I—" Stammering and being flattered from one member to another as they were successively named, she at last exclaimed, indignantly, "Why, you don't know what I love with—what is it—*the fifteen that pushes*?

A Western *settler* once broke forth in the following eloquent strain: "Stranger, I'm a backwoodsman, I am, I am. He and my client can't never be intimidated nor bamboozled by no man mark that, and as sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of *ejectum*, sir, and we'll have it by the Supreme Court of the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of *ejectum*, replied, "Why, sir, it's a writ to eject another to ascertain who's the best." "I don't just remember the exact word, but it's what will knock the out of court and settle the question forever."

Few men have a readier excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who, being asked why philosophers always run after rich men, but rich men never courted philosophers, replied, "Because the latter know they need wisdom, but the former are ignorant of the fact that they want wisdom."

We have known a lawyer of the world say, "The *state* of widowhood is inconvenient—for one must assume all the authority of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

A benighted husband says that, learned of himself and world-wise, he has not yet learned to tell his wife so.

The buck-keeper who fell from a column of figures it still in a considerable way.

Mentem, the philosopher of Brooklyn Heights, calculates the whole depth of all the rain and snow (if melted) which has fallen since the flood, and found it would cover a hundred and fifteen feet. If it had all remained where it fell, the present northern hemisphere would direct from Albany to Quebec. How fortunate it is that it "dried away."

There is a woman in Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum who thinks Roman Catholics are trying to build a cathedral in her stomach.

A favorite mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be: "This is my friend, at whose disposal I have placed a certain responsible for a month."

Has a poor fellow ever been penned than that Knowle put into the mouth of Virginia?

"I have a curious case on hand that nothing cannot
"Twixt is and nineteen!"

The Northampton *Courier* vouches for the truth of a statement that a gang of Irish Catholics, by a majority of one vote, a year or two since, waited until the St. Lawrence river was frozen over, and then went over to the other side distance of more than a hundred miles, and then, before the ice broke up, returned to their own side of the river. Such a thing is of common occurrence, where he has since remained in faithful subject.

A Wisconsin correspondent of the Rochester *Union* relates that a boy from Prairie du Chien fell down stairs a few days ago, a singular scene was presented on the premises. A man who had been watching the accident was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him on the middle principle to keep them together. Some of the other extremity of the saloon there was music and dancing.

A few days since a rough, country-looking fellow entered one of our city banks, and marching up to the cashier, exclaimed, "Here I am; I want you to take a fair look at me." Without saying a word further he stood back. The next day the same customer appeared, and, with the same words, and again disappeared. The next day at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the cashier, said, "Here I am again; I've been three days now, and I guess you've seen me long enough by this time, I want the money for it."

A machine for "pumping" witnesses is among the improvements of the day. The inventor is first sworn to the old man who made leather spikes.

A young lady thus describes her feeling, and casts sympathy:

My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
I'm sick of all the world, and not glad;
I am not glad, I am not sad,
I'm not myself—I'm not the same;
I am indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all, except in name—
Oh when shall I be changed in what?

One of Mitchell's best characters is Alcazie, in "The Mansion of Agony," a beautiful but treacherous girl reared, educated, and allowed a control which her slight have gained to be lost by default, but which, in the hands of a woman of genius evidences could get power.

In the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had said the first place they stopped at? "Your honor, sir, sir." "What next?" "Two pints of whisky, sir." "And then?" "One pint more of brandy." "What next?" "A flight."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb. 25*, 1858.

THE movement of confidence of trade and aggregation of money in the financial centers continues with undiminished vigor. The foreign trade of the past last week compares as follows for the last four corresponding weeks of 1857:

Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 20, 1858	$3,853,055 ... $3,577,764
Corresponding week, 1857	5,624,637 ... 1,440,378
Decrease	2,571,582
Increase	$2137,386

Since 1st January the imports at this port feel up over twenty millions less than they were in the same time last year. The spring trade will decidedly be dull, but the country will be under the new tariff a year, and business will revive in the fall with all the more vigor.

The movement of specie is still very heavy against the California arrival, so that the Banks will probably show over thirty-one millions this week. The specie line rates at 19@@ 20 in London, and 5.16 @ 5.14 on Paris. At these rates it will hardly pay to ship specie.

We learn by the *Africa* that the Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 2½, and that money is abundant in London Street at 2½, and even 2 per cent. Every thing indicates a speedy and healthy revival, save the imminence of an unprecedented plethora of money at the financial centers.

The upward movement in the Stock Exchange continued throughout the first half of the week, but a reaction was checked on Friday and Saturday. Since this day last week, however, we see no important change of from ½ to 5 per cent. in the leading railway securities, while State stocks are good.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February 23*, 1858.

THE Wholesale Trade Produce markets during the week have been quite active for Flour, which has been in lively demand, chiefly for home use, at generally advancing rates. The receipts have been light, and the available supply has been reduced. Wheat has responded to the Flour market, and sales have been very limited. Corn has been pretty active for export and purchases have been made for shipment at the seaboard stations at buoyant quotations. Cotton opened the week with a fair demand, but for several days past it has been more quiet, the receipts of the season being rather quite yet steadily. Groceries were in good demand at generally steady prices. Provisions opened with a pretty active inquiry at rising prices, especially for Lard, which was in great demand for export. Tobacco was dull and Manufactured Tobacco have been more sought after, but without any increase of sales. Hides have been in better and dearer. Hay was less firmly offered, and sales were made at lower prices. Hides and Naval Stores were more inquired for at improved rates. Ice was in fair demand, and the stock in the trade are available at an early reduction of 2 c. per pound from the highest rates of the season. Metals and Goods held for full prices. Freights were in fair demand, chiefly from and to ports of Southern Europe, there being a very slack inquiry from Western America. Shipping was generally firm, and in prices of unbleached Cotton Goods more inquiry was perceptible. Domestic sales are still unusually numerous, but are gradually becoming less important and less attractive. . . . The total import of dry goods amounted to $1,579,126 against $1,194,173 the corresponding week in 1857. The total amount thrown on the market has been $2,114,124 against $2,677,550 same time last year. The total withdrawals for consumption have been moderate, and reproductive of any remarkable alterations . . . We append a revised list of the prices of staple articles for the week ending to-day:

	Week ending Feb. 23	Week ending Feb. 16
Ordinary to extra State Flour, bbl.	$4 15 @ $4 65	
Superfine to fancy Western do.	4 30 @ 4 65	
Extra Western Genesee, per barrel	4 70 @ 5 00	
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 05 @ 5 50	
Superfine to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 30 @ 5 00	
Fancy to extra Canadian, per barrel	5 05 @ 5 50	
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	2 90 @ 4 00	
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00 @ 3 25	
White Wheat, per bushel	1 10 @ 1 40	
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 05 @ 1 10	
New Crop Corn, per bushel	70 @ 71	
Rye, per bushel	70 @ 72	
Barley, per bushel	75 @ 75	
Western Oats, per bushel	40 @ 42	
State Oats, per bushel	41 @ 42	
Southern Oats, Virginia, per bushel	38 @ 40	
Southern Corn, White	70 @ 72	
Cotton, middling, per pound	11 @ 12	
New York, per barrel	12 @ 13	
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 @ 13	
Country Mess Pork, per bbl.	12 @ 12	
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	6 00 @ 7 50	
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00 @ 13 00	
Beef Hams, per barrel	17 00 @ 18 00	
Cut Meats, per pound	9 @ 9	
Lard, per pound	9 @ 10	
Tallow, per pound	8 @ 8	
Eastern Butter, per pound	15 @ 17	
Western Butter	13 @ 15	
Rice, per pound	4 @ 5	
Rio Coffee, per pound	10 @ 13	
Java Coffee, per pound	14 @ 14	
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	29 @ 32	
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5 @ 6	
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	28 @ 30	
Hams (canvas), per pound	11 @ 12	
Young Ham, per pound	10 @ 10	
Sidemeat, per pound	9 @ 9	
Shoulders, per pound	7 @ 7	
Dried Beef, per pound	11 @ 12	
Pickled Pork, per pound	6 @ 7	
Pickled Hams, per pound	10 @ 11	
Pickled Shoulders, per pound	6 @ 6	
Pickled Tongues, per dozen	1 00 @ 1 25	
Pickled Pigs' Feet, per dozen	50 @ 75	
Pickled Lambs' Tongues, per dozen	50 @ 75	
Pickled Lambs, per dozen	50 @ 75	
Pickled Oysters, per barrel	1 75 @ 2 25	
Pickled Oysters, per gallon	75 @ 1 00	
" seconds, per barrel	4 50 @ 5 00	
" seconds, per gallon	1 00 @ 1 25	
Turnips, per barrel	75 @ 1 00	
Turnips, per bushel	25 @ 50	
Cabbages, per 100	4 00 @ 5 00	
" per dozen	50 @ 75	
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 25	
Carrots, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 25	
Onions, per 100	3 00 @ 4 00	
Celery, per dozen	50 @ 75	
Eggs, per dozen	12 @ 12	
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	11 @ 12	
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15 @ 16	
Chickens, per pound	11 @ 13	
Turkeys, per pound	11 @ 12	
Guineas Fowl, per pair	44 @ 50	
Ducks, per pair	50 @ 75	
" per pair	75 @ 1 25	
Turkeys, per pair	1 50 @ 2 00	
Geese, per pound	8 @ 10	
Geese, per pair	1 00 @ 1 25	
Partridges, per pair	1 00 @ 1 25	
Pheasants, per pair	1 00 @ 1 25	
Roasting Pigs	1 75 @ 2 50	
Venison, per pound	10 @ 12	
Hares, each	37 @ 50	
Rabbits, per pair	37 @ 50	
Venison, per pound	9 @ 15	

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 62. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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SENATOR WILSON, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Hon. Henry Wilson, Senator in Congress from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose portrait we this week present to our readers, is emphatically a representative man of New England. Springing from that great fountain, THE PEOPLE, he has risen by his own exertions through every grade of useful toil, and has ever filled the measure of the expectations of those who have supported him.

His life is a noble commentary on our republican institutions. He was born on the 16th of February, 1812, at Farmington, New Hampshire. His parents were very poor, and as they had many children to support, he left his home, with their consent, when he was but ten years old, and apprenticed himself to a farmer in the neighborhood, with whom he remained until he was twenty-one years of age. At the end of his severe and laborious service of eleven years, he received as compensation therefor a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which he sold for eighty-four dollars.

During this apprenticeship he was allowed to attend school about one month in a year, on an average; but so zealous had he learned to read than his inclination for learning was strongly manifested, and he devoted his Sabbaths and evenings to reading. In that period he read more than seven hundred volumes of history and biography, most of which were selected for and loaned him by the wife of the Hon. N. Eastburn, a sister of that distinguished statesman and judge, the Hon. Levi Woodbury. To the judicious kindness of this accomplished lady, who early discovered his great talents, the future senator was indebted for the means of acquiring much solid knowledge, and of forming habits of study and of reflection which have largely contributed to his subsequent success.

Mr. Wilson, after attaining his majority, worked upon a farm for eight months, at nine dollars a month. Hoping to better his condition, in December, 1833, he quitted his native town, and, with a pack upon his back, made his way to Natick, Massachusetts, his present residence. There he hired himself to a shoemaker, who agreed, in return for five months' service, to teach him the art and mystery of St. Crispin. At the end of six weeks Mr. Wilson bought his time of the shoemaker, and went to work on his own account, working with such diligence that the constant confinement injured his health, and compelled him, at the end of two years, to quit the bench.

In May, 1836, Mr. Wilson made a visit to Washington, and passed a month in regular attendance on the debates in Congress. Calhoun's "Incendiary Publications' Bill" was at this time before the Senate, and Pinckney's celebrated "Resolutions" were before the House of Representatives, producing discussions which excited the sectional pride of the attentive listener, and excited a desire on his part to oppose the politicians of the South on their most vulnerable point. Returning to the North, Mr. Wilson entered Stafford Academy, and afterward studied in the Academy at Wolfsboro', in which town he taught school in the winter of 1836–7. In the spring he entered Concord Academy, where he remained six months, and during that time was chosen a delegate to the Young Men's Anti-Slavery State Convention, before which body he made his first public speech. In the autumn he returned to Wolfsboro' Academy, and at the close of the academic term went again to Natick, Massachusetts, where he taught school during the winter of 1837–8.

In April, 1838, Mr. Wilson engaged in the shoe-manufacturing business at Natick, which he continued until 1848, making from 40,000 to 125,000 pairs of shoes annually. It was this that gave him the sobriquet of "the Natick cobbler," when, in 1840, he took the stump in favor of General Harrison. During that campaign he made upward of sixty speeches.

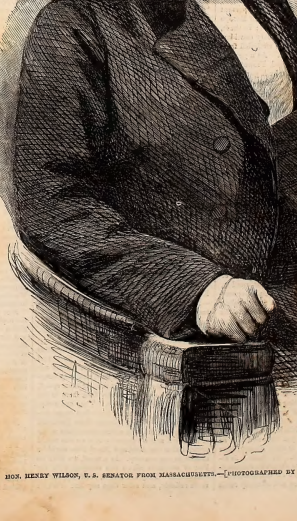
In 1840, and again in 1841, the town of Natick elected him its representative in the Legislature; and he was a member of the State Senate in 1843 and in 1844. In 1845 Mr. Wilson and a large portion of the Whigs of Massachusetts arrayed themselves in opposition to Messrs. Levi Lincoln, Abbott Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, and others, who favored the annexation of Texas; and since that time he has been the acknowledged leader of the successful Free-Soil movement in that State. From January, 1849, to January, 1851, he was (at a heavy personal loss) the editor and publisher of the organ of that movement, the Boston *Commonwealth*, taking a prominent part in the politics of the Northern States.

In 1850 Mr. Wilson was again elected to the State Senate by a large majority, and for two successive years he was chosen President of that body. When a State Constitutional Convention was called in 1853, he was not only elected a delegate from Natick, but from the distant town of Berlin; and the journal shows what an active part he took in the deliberations. Twice nominated as a candidate for Governor, he was defeated by the Whigs in 1853, and by the American in 1854. By the aid of the last-named party he was elected, in 1855, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Everett, and has since taken a prominent part in the political questions of the day. His nonserial career has met the best expectations and warmest wishes of a large majority of the people of Massachusetts, whose views he represents.

In 1842 Mr. Wilson was elected Major of a uniformed regiment of artillery in the Massachusetts Militia, which he afterward commanded. Elected Brigadier-General in 1845, he for five years commanded his brigade at the encampments kept up in that Commonwealth, with marked ability, and is familiarly known as General Wilson. He is also a favorite lecturer with the Lyceum organizations of the Northern States, and is proverbially ready to contribute his talents, time, or money, or all of them, for the rational enjoyment of the public.

As a political orator Mr. Wilson has few equals. His retentive memory and quick intellect enable him to turn to effective use statements well calculated to incite the sectional pride of his hearers, to inspire them with confidence, and to invigorate and stimulate them to action. Although avowedly a party man, true to his political friends and to their principles, we believe him to be a firm friend of the American Union, with an abiding confidence in its permanency.

Personally, Mr. Wilson is an athletic, good-looking gentleman, quick in his movements, rapid in his conversation, and of the Anglo-Saxon type. Married in early life to a lady of amiable character and domestic disposition, and blessed with an intelligent son, he never appears to such advantage as at the social fireside. Of unbending integrity, strictly temperate habits, and generous disposition, he possesses the personal esteem of bitter political opponents, and the devoted affection of a host of friends.



HON. HENRY WILSON, U. S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST, OF WASHINGTON, D.C.]

THE SURE CASKET.

I HAD a garment rare—
A robe of cost;
I hoarded it with care
From sun, and dust, and air;
Lo! the moth marr'd it sore,
It charms the sight no more—
'Tis lost!—'tis lost!

I had a ring of price—
A wedge of gold—
Hat to their secret bed
The cancerous rust hath spel'd:
It hath made a fatal sweep—
It hath eaten bread and deep—
Look! look! Behold!

I had a precious gem—
A jewel lone;
Close in my bosom's core
That talisman I bore:
How shall the robber's eye
My life of life espy?—
'Tis gone!—'tis gone!

Alas! poor, rifled heart,
Buried with care—
What friend shall take thy part?
Who draw the envenom'd dart
From thy despair?
List to yon music free!
Calleth it not to thee?

——Heaven hath a casket fair,
Where are no moth, nor rust,
Nor thief to mock thy trust;—
Heaven hath a casket sure,
Ta treasure up earthly,
Lay thine up—*there!*

DAY AND NIGHT.

BRIGHT and bold, like a knight of old,
With a plume of snow and a shield of gold,
The beautiful, bive-eyed Day
Goes on his happy way.

Filling the world with light.
But Night, the stealthy Night,
In treacherous, dark Malay,
That dogs his victim's track,
And, while he is dreaming of peace,
Wraps out his horrible cross,
And stabs him in the back!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMY BILL.

IT is unfortunate for Mr. Buchanan that he made the Army Bill an Administration measure. With so vital a matter as the Kansas admission to engineer, he would have acted prudently in not compromising his Administration on the minor question of the increase of the army. Under proper conditions, Congress could hardly have refused to sanction the employment of a sufficient number of volunteers to perform the service required; and why this would have been less satisfactory to the President than the addition of more companies to the existing regiments can not readily be perceived by those who are unacquainted with internal Hibbardism. As it is, Mr. Buchanan has greatly weakened his party, and damaged his prestige for the Lecompton fight.

We are not yet informed whether the Administration will consent to avail itself of the services of volunteers for the Utah expedition. There can be no doubt but both branches of Congress would cheerfully sanction the employment of four or five thousand volunteers for a couple of years to bring the refractory Mormons to terms. And this he will find that a decision of them, the President could hardly do better than make known his readiness to take volunteers, as he can not obtain regular troops. The former would certainly answer as well as the latter, so far as service in Utah is concerned.

It is possible, however, that a show of force may be necessary even to raise volunteers. The latest advices from Kansas justify the belief that all the troops may be removed from Kansas by the first of the spring; and we notice that General Quitman has proposed to raise a regiment of mounted volunteers for frontier service in Texas —which step would liberate other United States troops now stationed in that locality. Altogether, unless the Mormons should prove more than formidable adversaries than is generally anticipated, it is probable that the work of subduing them to order, or even of expelling them from the Territory might be achieved without any addition to the present standing army.

In view of party politics, the defeat of the Army Bill leaves the Administration in a tryingly position. It has very much to say though the "cohesive power of the public plunder" was exhausted. It is not vouch for a President to be defeated so early in his Administration, or before his whole patronage has been distributed. The debate on the Message in relation to the arrest of General Walker and the vote on the Army Bill seem to render it highly desirable for the President to adopt some new measure, or suggest some line of policy, which will have the effect of welding together the diverging elements of the party on which he relies for support.

ELECTIVE OFFICIALS.

THE discussion, in the Legislature of this State, of the Metropolitan Police Act of last session, has led to a general inquiry as to the best mode of filling administrative executive offices.

Under monarchical governments it may justly be said that such offices are filled by appointment by the executive head of the government to which they belong. Kings appoint their ministers; such minister appoints his clerks; and, theoretically, if not practically, each clerk of bureau organizes his office in the manner which he deems best calculated to insure effective service. In the free countries of Europe the elective powers of the people are restricted to the selection of legislative officials and the supreme head of the executive, the latter of whom fills all the inferior stations.

In this country we began national life with a similar theory. The people elect the President and Vice-President; the President appoints his Cabinet and the entire staff of subordinate officials of the general government throughout the country. The people have no patronage. When they have chosen their President their duty is finished. Vacancies in the Supreme Court, in the highest grades of the Army and Navy, in the Post-office, in the Customs, in the diplomatic service, are all filled by the mandate of the elected Chief Magistrate. In practice respect is paid to the desire of the people, as expressed through their representatives, in the selection of officials; but the theory is, that that selection is made by the President alone, and that he alone is responsible to the people for the entire administration of the Government.

This was the original theory of Democratic Government in the United States. It is still a full force and vigor as far as the confederacy is concerned. But in several of the States innovations have latterly been introduced. In several States—among others, in New York—the idea prevailed many years since that the patronage of the people was too circumscribed. To enlarge it, a number of offices, which, according to the old theory of Democratic government, would have been filled by appointment by the Governor, were made elective. The people elected State officers, the Canal Commissioner, and elected judges. In some parts, as in this city, they went still further, and elected the most subordinate officials, as City Chamberlain, Corporation Counsel, and a number of commissioners charged with the performance of various minor details of executive duty. They said that the plan been pursued much further we should have come to elect the very clerks and messengers in the police offices of city and State; and even the thousand policemen who are supposed to keep watch and ward over us.

In practice, doubts have arisen as to the wisdom of so wide-spread an elective system. Judges, it is true, it was found, were unobjectionable. In this State, for instance, neither the judges nor the State officers, nor the city officials who had been elected by the people, have been in eminent or so popular as to vindicate the wisdom of the popular choice. And an opinion has been gaining ground that, in the various offices had been filled by a conscientious and high-minded Governor, in the case of the State, and by a like Mayor, in the case of the latter, in the case of the City, the public business would have been better administered at less cost and with greater advantage to the community. In other words people are beginning to think that popular sovereignty does not consist in imposing on the people the duties of chief magistrate, and that the sooner we retrace our steps the better.

It will be curious to watch how long it will take these views to penetrate the minds of the several Legislatures. ‡

THE RAILROAD SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE unusual plentifulness of money at the present time, and the reason combined with the organization of commercial enterprise, has received speculation in the leading railway securities, and caused a decided rise in the stock and bond markets. The event is of greater consequence than those who merely look at it in its stock-gambling aspect will be disposed to admit.

Those who judge the railway system of the United States by the rules which obtain with regard to railways in Europe, commit a serious error. European railways are carriers' enterprises, constructed solely with a view to profit by the transportation of passengers and goods. They are usually short lines between important points of commerce. In some parts of Europe military roads have been constructed; in these, of course, profit has been a secondary consideration; but the railway system of Europe is confined to the subject. As a general rule, all the railroads in England, France, Belgium, and Germany have been laid out early and altogether with a view to the earning of money as carriers. No other principle, indeed, considering the size and general development of European countries, could have justified their construction.

In the United States the case is widely different. Our country is so vast that we might almost annex Europe bodily and make a State of it without doubling the bulk of population. Our railways correspond; we have, in round numbers, 25,000 miles in operation—considerably more than there are in all the rest of the world. And the idea which prompted the construction of these 25,000 miles was not the mere making of money by the transportation of goods and passengers, but the development of immense tracts of productive country, which, without railways, could have been opened to commerce, agriculture, and industry.

These, therefore, are the attempt to deduce from European experience rules for the guidance of American railroads in respect to tolls, rates of fare, expenses of working, cost of construction, expense of repairs, and so forth, must necessarily fall into gross errors. The great ruling idea of our railroads is the opening up of new land; to build the road at any cost, to borrow money at any rate, to trust the stock to the tender mercies of Wall Street, and to submit to any depreciation of stock and bonds, but —to build the road. No prudent man in this country has invested in railway securities without coupling the investment with a purchase of land along the road; nor, on the other hand, has any far-seeing proprietor of land ever refused to contribute according to the extent of his land for the purpose of running a railroad through it.

Hence it follows that while it is of the highest importance in Europe to put fares and tolls as high as possible, in order to make money, here the very reverse is the rule. So, there, it is vital that no competing lines should be constructed; here, the very essence of our system requires as much competition and as many roads as possible. There, bonds and preferred stocks are dispositions as being likely to damage the prospects of stock; here, dividends on stock being a minor consideration, no sound objection is made to the raising of money by mortgages or privileges when the enterprise requires it, and it is on that basis that we proceed.

The revulsion of last fall narrowly missed doing the country a fatal injury by prematurely breaking down a number of the leading railways. How some of them escaped total wreck is indeed marvelous. Half a dozen great companies are now in possession of the protest, and received legal notice that their property would be seized, or eroded the calamity by a timely compromise. And the depression of last October continued till the present time it would have been out of the power of many of them to escape the fate of insolvent debtors. They would have been sold under the hammer, and railway enterprise in the United States would have received a shock from which it would not have recovered in a generation.

That misfortune has been averted by the accidental influx of money which is now the leading feature of the financial world. In the absence of safe and profitable mercantile investments, capitalists are driven into the railway market for employment for their means, and this competition is that nearly all the roads which were on the verge of bankruptcy a few months ago now lid fair to surmount their difficulties and become solvent. It is no slight gain to the country at large that such concerns as the Erie, Cleveland and Toledo, Michigan Central, Hudson, Illinois Central, etc., should be rescued from insolvency. When they fail, railroad enterprise—which is merely another term for the development of the country—will receive a fatal blow. As it is, they may now flourish long enough to justify further expenditures for the construction of new roads and the opening of new tracts of virgin soil to commerce and agriculture.

THE USURY LAW.

THE Committee on Banks in the New York State Legislature has reported a bill fixing seven per cent. as the legal rate of interest on all loans of money, but abolishing the old forfeiture of principle and interest where a larger interest than the legal rate was stipulated. According to this bill, where a creditor has covenanted to receive more than seven per cent. the debtor may, on proof thereof, cheat him legally of all his interest, but can not, as at present, defraud him of his capital sum.

We ought to be thankful for small favors, and the Legislature is therefore entitled to some gratitude. At the same time it may not be out of place to remark that the Report is evidently less elaborate than the Bill. It continues which looks almost exclusively to bonds and mortgages on land, and hardly at all to loans on mercantile paper and securities. It continues which looks almost exclusively to bonds and mortgages on land, and hardly at all to loans on mercantile paper and securities. It is impossible to borrow money on farm-lands under ten or twelve per cent. Without inquiring into the soundness of this belief, it may be suggested that it is quite possible to frame a compromise which shall be equally satisfactory to the landholders of the rural districts and the capitalists of the cities. It is not likely that the latter are desirous of lending their money on bond and mortgage on country property. They are but little addicted to that class of investments. What they want is to be protected against the dishonesty of persons who borrow money of them in Wall Street at the current rates of the day and afterward turn round, plead usury, and cheat them of principal and interest. A law declaring that money might be sold at its market value in Wall Street, but that it should not be lawful to exact more than seven per cent. on land and mortgage on land, would be gladly accepted by the opponents of the usury laws: why should not such a law meet the views of the country members?

A DISGRACE TO THE COUNTRY.

IT being determined that the Collins line of European steamers is to be abandoned, the question arises —How is the steam transportation business between the United States and Europe to be transacted? And the only answer that can be made is, that it must fall into the hands of the Scottish Cunard Company.

There is an American company which owns two steamers plying between New York and Liverpool, the *Arctic* and the *Baltic*. They are very fair steamers in their way, and very favorably run and managed; but neither their speed, nor their size, nor their route place them in the first rank of ocean steamers. They are a second-rate line. There is a first-class steamer—the *Vanderbilt*—plying between New York and Southampton; but she can not constitute a line of steamers, and we presume that no one would pretend that the *Ariel* and *North Star* could be classed as her consorts. In a word, we have no line of steamers which can compete with the Cunarders. And the longer, hence, this opinion is more reliable, and safer than any line of which the United States can boast, and the natural consequence is that they will monopolize the travel between this and Europe.

We have little sympathy to bestow on the Collins line. It was a poor enterprise, depending for support on an unjustifiable subvention from the Government, and so managed that it could not support itself without public help. But we do think that it is a disgrace to this country that, with all the enterprise, and all the capital, and all the facilities which American shipyards enjoy, the business of transporting freight and passengers across the Atlantic should be abandoned to foreigners. After all our brag and bluster, the British can beat us in steamers, we had best be a trifle more modest in proclaiming our national go-ahead capacity in future.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

CANTON, it seems, has been successfully bombarded by the English and French. In a strategical point of view, the operation must be regarded as purely a foraging expedition; for it is not to be supposed that the loss of so distant a port will affect the resources of the Chinese Government, considering the disturbed state of the empire, and the notorious ignorance of the Chinese Government of that part of the most distant parts of his dominions. It is merely, on the other hand, a pull at the purses of the wealthy Cantonese, and also a sober, a tub to the whale in England and France.

But it may fairly be presumed that this opening of hostilities will be followed, by measures calculated to produce more decisive results. A great expedition against Pekin or the vicinity is understood to have been prepared, and unless no accident supervene, it may be expected that it will be undertaken so soon as the allies have been adequately refreshed by the plunder of Canton.

The belligerents seem to be much exercised by the religious and sectarian views of their master, Mr. Reed, who is not only debarred from participation in their councils by the instructions of his government, but is effectually restrained from hostile intercourse with the Chinese by the impossibility of getting his ship near them. If, however, the Chinese have no better repartee for their outrages upon our vessels—and it is believed they have—it is not easy to perceive any ground upon which we can justify hostility to war with them. Our European neighbors are fortunate in Mr. Reed's inaction in the midst of their bustle and activity; they may not have forgotten the fable of the fox who had lost his tail.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LOUNGER RE-LOUNGERED.

A FORTNIGHT ago last night, said "Does any reader of history, who knows what he is about for a moment that George Washington, an English colonial military officer, at the age of twenty-two, a century ago, would have refused the challenge given under such circumstances as are related in the tenth chapter of "The Virginians"?

In view of the times, the probable character of Washington was very young, and, as it is likely enough to be heard of again, may as well be stated at some length.

"Lord Fairfax and Colonel Washington," says the Lounger's correspondent, "were attentive to a party. Fairfax challenged Washington to the second, and they exchanged shots, when an explanation ensued, and Fairfax admitted that he was in the wrong. Washington had the pistol in conviction Fairfax of his error before they went upon the ground, but he preferred to exchange shots first."

This is the story; and the writer then proceeds to speak of the impossibility of getting it into history, and concludes that "he must rely on his own other source than American history for history and not sole or exclusive." The "sole" authority in his estimation, lying in the great truth that George Washington was only fought a duel, but a silly and unnecessary duel!

Now when Lord Fairfax first met Washington the nobleman was fifty-nine years old, and the Virginian sixteen. Fairfax, from the first to the last, was the particular friend of Washington; and the first great undertaking of the latter was the survey of the vast lands of Fairfax, in Virginia. It is one of the "sole" authorities of history that the decendant of the Lord Fairfax who conquered with Cromwell at Marston Moor was, in the words of Irving, "one of Washington's earliest friends, and in some degree the founder of his fortunes." (See also an article upon "Governor Court" in Putnam for June, 1857.)

Will the Lounger's friend, Marmion, U. S. A., put that in his pistol and fire it off into the story which he has been in the habit of believing?

But there is unpublished testimony directly to the point, of which Thackeray could have had no knowledge, and which is probably known to very few of Washington's contemporaries. The Lounger is indebted to one of our most accurate and accomplished historical scholars for the perusal of an ex-

tract from a letter of George Mason's to Edmund Randolph, written in reply to one of Randolph's, after the difference between General Lee and Washington at the battle of Monmouth, and expressing an apprehension that a duel might be the result. Mason says that Randolph need have no fear—that he had known Washington from his boyhood to have had but one opinion of dueling: that it was essentially wrong, and no indication of moral courage.

It is a very interesting and important fact. Thackeray, of course, could have had no access to it; and no author can be reasonably required to know every thing that was ever said or written about a personage incidentally introduced into his story. As the case stands in published history and the probabilities of the case, Thackeray is right. But as the Lounger said before, "it is in the general tone of his portrait that the likeness lies." Let any reader carefully compare the young Washington of Thackeray's romance with the young Washington of Irving's biography, and decide if they are not substantially the same character.

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

In Manilla and the West Indies, and in effete India not long since, a very favorite amusement in cock-fighting. "I have often seen a man in Manilla," said Henricus to the Lounger, within a few days, "hurry to save his game-cock from being run over, leaving his child to be killed himself." The sport consists in tying steel spurs to the legs of the birds, putting them down in a ring—having previously betted heavily—and the one who strikes first kills his foe and wins the day, having also covered himself with honor. In this kind of business there is some reason, because the successful bird makes money for his master.

But why should our Congress, and the Army and Navy, keep game-cocks, and having put steel into their hands, instead of upon their legs, and without betting, or any possible advantage to any body or thing except the undertaker and surgeon, "pit" them together to strike or fire?

Or, again, when two men in a bar-room, or a barber's shop, or a hall of representation or any other house of uncertain character, give each other the lie, or break each other's nose, or spit in each other's face, and then, having slept, prayed, and made their wills, go out to complete the business by killing each other, why in the name of humanity courage and moral heroism, should any body talk about honor?

Honor is a cock-pit!

If a man spits in your face, and you fight a duel to show your courage, everybody says that the world knows that you fight not because you are brave, but because you are not a miserable poltroon that you can not endure to hear miscroppos tell you a coward. A duel is sheer cowardice. A man professes to be afraid of public opinion, and fears to pass for a coward—to be branded as showing the white feather. What is public opinion public opinion of which he stands in such fear? Who brand him? Who account him a coward? Are they generous, noble, heroic, who make him fight that they may peppery and pop-cocky Sir Lucius O'Trigger?

There is not a solitary instance in history or human experience, of a man who has increased the respect with which he was regarded by honorable men and women by fighting a duel. The indignant and instinctive shout of the whole world that Washington could ever have consented to a duel is the present evidence of it. The feeling with which the country has always pursued Aaron Burr is another proof of it. Can any honest, highminded man put his hand upon his heart and say that he likes Hamilton better for having fought with Burr?

We can make all allowances of different times, different circumstances, different sentiments; but should we excuse prodigacy in Lady Russell now if the more readily because profligacy was fashionable in her time?

OUR POETS.

NAMELY, the Lounger's poets. He is happy to be the vehicle which excellent verse as has been already passed through him into the public mind and memory.

Of such is the following:

TO MY DISHONIN ANGEL.

O! horrow! how I quarrelsis
at what sine going to say
mi trumbles dare not go to words
mi follee wil Betra.

O mi hart, its of a fire
now sis or lump or ise
won minnit its or wharlin roun
the next its in ver ice.

O ladee dere, it isent fer
that makse mi trumbel so
but with ur start makse this mi hart
like fevers agur go—

fur Sally, si the agog sees
that makse mi hart so wise
Wot greddete horrible to fer
i mail mi mine to say.

Bistur jeruba shee mail catalp too
i kant so happy bee
fur spurits aather in do spare
tre tuk to bring me—

jeruba wen the kittel bins
in orful angrich screams
She takes too sliver out an lets
the angrish out in stemeh

So isa a kittel in town fums
but in a forful quiver
I shuld leave sil to pease but
that pootry is mi liever

O Sally, you I love so
i wasent much effeckt
If gra on me so stedfully
It never war suspected
Shill i break down at ur wunst
si cupide dart shot thru
an ive ben dum in De gross
fur morns or mouth or tu

O ladee fare it beist yer bare
nur nuther bolt yer lix
Surpassing, but treen an bolt
the charm so fatal lies
Yer love is him er meetin house
and then sich goofy bare
an yer complexions like the sno
thuis just cum down a fare
tis yer perfickshun amazes
that of the Miss Cluffs da
yer mimic is nuthin to
ta la tha blame on in
nil pride i pumpke lee an tes
like i etickle a thavin
whilin in a kab with a viper is
a livin an a maxim.
Seeday last in the Queenses
nil go to se au shows
an fashinge dare amount to me
Si dent want no no close
but dont let mi fale worry u
a endless kabb to pay
of a hot sever so pooly on
hiah spirits to stay.

u eadent help looking sweets
wibout contradicted trubbel
an truthout hee natteret not to mails
wurts fur sope nails not to babbel

i spare yer feelins of i can
in it all fab i ay
i shold hoe nipped it in the but
insted ov lettin it spred
sums made fer kiess & liv an mave
an bettin at bagpipes
an others grin an bare it with
a smile & a sweet grimace
its natteral for man to bee
jest everything—multiply—adding, dimynishing
so if they evir se thuns
there sure to be sum one
i ax for nuthin Sam—ol
you hez to giv, youre gone
i drame not ov sich a one
i only ax to love
go on be happy Sara an
dont let ot thort se me
cause i wood be jilus er chip
thelz gat nils yer tes
but kepe a——combolog
may nest down tu yu serene
last youth has bloomed in his
yer fateful Valentine

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

THERE was a late election in the Legislature of this State for a Judge of the Court of Appeals. This, of course, a purely literary office; but property to distribute the money and to direct the management of elections, requires some literary knowledge and sympathy.

The name of a gentleman was proposed who is not only one of the most illustrious men of letters in America—loved and honored as a poet wherever the English tongue is spoken—but also accomplished and various scholar—but also a man of great practical experience, and shrewd in affairs, public and things; of the largest popular sympathies and profound political sagacity—a man whose genius is as much his own as his name is Sedgwick. It was as palpable and foregone a conclusion that he was as proper a person for the place, as that the sun rises every day that Washington was first President.

The Empire State was about to elect William Cullen Bryant one of its University Regents. But while it was refusing him, Massachusetts was calling her Judge Hoar to a seat in her Senate, as one of the overseers of her University.

There was a difference, perhaps, between Lawrence Boston and Athens.

POETRY.

TO THE PRARE PHLOSENCE.

Composed while sitting on an Omnibust. By John, Jr. Jr. Jr.

O Parare Phlen! with thy sweet pymals,
Of pluinonces, and small bunnit on the top;
Just tell us what's been passin dicy:
if they go on as we're before they stop.

Pains pluinonces make about the size
Of a big——
You are a bird—a trump!—Trumpet the shop
Where these phino things they plurnish. How do
you do?

(Do fro, the phrench say—meaning how dumsyed)
And I probably am very very well boy.
If you're phine phiries happed to collapse—
Tell them to send for Dr. Phillips directly,
And all that phire phoet spread quite thro'd away!
A strange, strange life you lead—just like a play—
A phinny phiction—with never drops.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

IF any thoughtful reader will consider that the Weekly is published only once a week, that the Lounger, in a single week, fills only one side of it, he may arrive at the conclusion that if ten correspondents send him over three closely written sheets of advice, inquiry, remonstrance, and flattery, it will be very hard for him to make room for it in type—even if he wishes to do so. How, then, if thirty and fifty do the same thing?

NOTICE, therefore, TO THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE LOUNGER.

You are expected to pack your wit and wisdom into one page of YOUTH-PUNCH *paper; else the Lounger's Letter-Box will never be a Bon-Mots-Hole of Calcutta, in which you will all straight each other.*

Dear correspondents, the Lounger will do the best he can with you this week, and don't be afraid that every line you write will not be carefully considered, for it is so. If Uncle Sam doesn't bring the letters, do you mean to swear at the Lounger?

—How could we better begin, to-day, than by a hearty thanks to the luckiest cigar the probable smpz?

"Here's to the Lounger's good health and better acquaintance in my best bumper of egg-nog. More power to his elbow and magick pen! May he live to improve the present age by his Wisdom, wit, sincerity, and humor, and see his grate grate grand Children profit by his virtious example."

The Lounger listens for an "Amen" from Katalin to Sacramento.

—MISS MELINDA BROADSKIRT, who has already opened the subject of smoking and spitting upon the Brooklyn ferry-boats, and in cars and steamers generally, now says, in personal explanation:

"In your comments upon my first communication you confer upon me the maternity title of Mrs.—a distinction that I have not yet attained, however much it may be desired, and it may happen my future prospects to permit such an egregious error to be proclaimed to the world unmolested. At once the strongest evidence that I am just emerging from my sixteenth year, and without a graduate of one of the numerous seminaries that are bored locust in almost every ward in this and adjacent city. I took my degree for beauty and intelligence, but am possessed of sufficient of both to answer my purpose, and to adorn one of those wedding, prize-fighting communities that women have their rights, the sanctity of which can not be invaded; and though this is a free country, and the largest liberty awarded to all, yet men have no excuse for making 'smoke-stacks' of themselves while enjoying the society of ladies, whether in the drawing-room or public conveyance.

The Lounger respectfully recommends to Miss Broadskirt to carry in her 'reticule' (a word of great elegance) a package of envelopes of the Anti-Tobacco Society, and to hand one of them quietly to every sinner who dis colors in the very smoke. He will read upon it, among many choice observations, the following:

"A MOKE WHO SPITS—*Lickspit, dickers, dickens, keepers under! Begin smoke! Little, rapped, dingy, dainty, everyone knows! Fodder, fodder, fodder, no wicker, 'can't you oppose to manufacture?' Yes.' 'They get me a box of Havannas.'* And again: "*Can I be excused?*" (or Miss Melinda Broadskirt's shirt), *I please!' 'Oh yes, my friend; you can be a shaving, cleaning, cudgel, quilting, dimynishing animal of your choice. You can your little soul!' Stand aside, my little boy, I want to pass.' 'Don't call me a 'little boy.' I have studied and chewed these two years!"*

Try a few envelopes, Miss Melinda, just a few!

—"I was at a card party the other evening, and, among others, there was a young man present who was quite an adept at cutting paper. I being quite the contrary, I took great pleasure in presenting me as an object of ridicule to the company."

So says WILLIAM PACKCARD, asking advice, and requesting that "a young man" may be corrected. William, let us leave that to the ladies. Women are more perceptive than men. If "a young man" shows himself to be no young gentleman," a young lady" (for whom have I "a lady's delicate etcetera" (it is usually called *love*, William) will perceive it at once, and correct her opinion of him accordingly.

—"The Dog-epic" fails to enchant the Lounger. It begins:

"Heard ye the crash of the bob-dogs' bones?"

The Lounger must think his correspondent maligns the "crash of wits" which he describes as entertained by it.

—RESTICUS describes the Diana of his dreams, to whom he can only be near than he can be his bosom. "DESPAIRING also appreciates to a certain extent," he says, "and gives a man admiration for the esteem enough to make him in love with himself, but never shows the least desire to rival him in actual affection." Restricus, do you know the white mountain-lizard? Do you recall its form, love-more than any other animal we can think the most exquisite vases? Do you think how, in dog-days, it lies upon hot mountain-sides, like a thought of snow to distract the sun? Do you in other side of the mountain—in the next county—in the next field, even, it will not stir, nor bite, nor scarce a spell be enough to compel it? Wrestle your brows with that lizard, and in the cold moonlight sing under your lizard's window that poem of Matthew Arnold's in which are these stanzas:

"She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for sighing passion die;
Yet she would love, those eyes declare,
Were but some waiting lover there.

"Yet, oh that Fate would let her see
One of some sterner race than we!
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deep she could love!

"Then will she weep—with smiles, till then,
Coldly she marks the sons of men:
Till then her lovely eyes will mantle
Their gay, unwavering disdain."

—J. MAYNARD writes that he suffered a young lady, his cousin Sallie, to go to his writing-desk. Presently,

"Having occasion to write a note, I looked for an envelope in which to place it, but to there was none to be found. What was the meaning? Why it was only yesterday that I placed a pack of fine cream laid in that very drawer; but they were not all cousins; that's certain—and I must look elsewhere. While searching for one envelope I discovered a dozen or more, and for the purpose of directing it, but to my surprise it was directed to some one—not to my brother; it seemed to be duplicate of the former; another and another was examined until the whole pack had been examined. Every envelope had a different superscription on each, some written one way and some another. Curiously he ran to the fireplace, and there discovered a letter unfinished directed to the same person. Why were they so carefully destroyed? Simply because they did not exactly suit the fastidious taste of the young lady."

Ah, Sallie!

"But, lasting adds, it is not the envelopes themselves that annoy me so much; it is the fact that twenty-five were used for one letter when it required but one. Now, if this habit prevails with the rest of the sex, it be fair to presume will be equally as when more important matters are under consideration and the opportunity is afforded her of doing as she pleases!"

Cousin Sallie's name is Legion. Let your indictment that so *le J. Maddon's*; and that every man who sees the extravagance of a young woman lavishing one of his luckiest cigar the probable amount of her married disbursements.

—A SUBSCRIBER says that on Valentine's Day

"I found in my pigeon-hole to my address many aspiring belittling the day, in which I was relentlessly made to appear as a fool. I am forty: that my hair is turning decidedly gray: that at *forty-one's* chicks would be blowed, yet I can't help but feel a little annoyed at the fact that my wife would prove an unpleasable blessing: that we are commanded to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, etc., etc. And then graded to the quick, they took to cast a ray of sunshine upon my almost forlorn hope by relating many happy marriages even at *forty*—and some have gone so far as to venture an offer, on confidence, however, that no secret was ever comply with."

But he adds that one note had awakened hope even in his aged heart. The handwriting was feminine, and he was sure that the portrait was self-drawn from life. Let us wish the bachelor well married!

—"A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have with you through the journey of life. She can smooth your linen and your brow; assist your genius and your fortune; encourage you, comfort your moments as well as your toes and coffee. If you are overtaken with misfortune your tongue, alas! often does the same to your *debut* bosom. If she occasionally sees aside to your pocket, it is some consolation to find that she sees your bottom as nothing. If you are too proud or too fiery to dig your own potatoes, she can scratch them and save you permission to have it done, she will do it for you. Her love for her husband is such that she will do many hard things to please him. When woman loves, remember it is with a double-distilled devotedness."

LYNVOL

"*Alarum: flourish: exeunt omnes.*" So sometimes end books, plays, and lives. But sometimes also "*Sufficunte: the scene changes*" in the glad life of Lynvol. Lynvol shall be the Lounger's reading today—passing the reader through music to his neighbor the Editor's Table.

SONG FROM A NORTHERN SHORE.

The cold, grey sunset over lonely seas,
The grating moan, that frets the ridges of the sand,
Are all that recompense me for the breeze—
The wild, wild breeze that lost her love by the land!

Ere now she glides along through tropic airs,
Green islands, bathed in mist, before her pass,
Where lamb and cocoanut trees sense perfumed bears,
And orange-flowers its scattered on the grass.

Pale forms, rich odors, magic warbling birds,
Winds wailing sounds of sorrow all day and night,
Are much for her as music for sweet words—
As sweet as sorrow—the lightest for the light!

Will the spring come again? Will lives frost
Unlock his icy doors, and bid us live?
Will summer bring again the lost and dead,
And warmer seas once more my treasure give?

Wait, then, in hope, my heart! Be strong in love!
Let faithless be my prompting, and despair!
But conquering sin thy selfish dreams above,
And trust the boon that helps thy sadness there!

She will not thus forget thee; and when spring
Voices for brook and bird once more has brought,
Oh, welcome hearts! still sad, and sweet!
May't then not find the words thou long hast sought!

Nightingale Dean. G. LAW RAY.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

THE SUNDAY LAW.

ON present estimate Mayor, following the example of several of his predecessors, has proposed the enforcement of the ordinances against Sabbath-breaking in this city. I see by the daily papers that a number of policemen, commanded by a sergeant and supported by a corps of reporters, made a raid in Bowery yesterday. Information lodged against the German theatres, beer-shops, and concert-gardens, made some beer, and numerous arrests against those breaking the law that they were detailed to enforce. I opine that there could be no great difficulty in the way of enforcing the law in the city of New York. It is claimed that the majority of Sabbath-breakers are Germans. In the streets of Frankfort, for example—is as quiet on Sunday as the Fifth Avenue. The difficulty here is with the police administration. The law should be detailed to shut up the theatres, and to keep them shut. But in the present constitution of things between the Common Council and the Police Commissioners it is not probable that any thing will be done. The last time I was in Paris was in a new city springing up on the "East side." In this city there are still vacant lots and unoccupied streets, scattered together, speaking their own languages, practicing their own customs, and declining to associate with the American population. So far from assimilation, the most bitter hostility exists, and numerous combats ensue. The quiet of these streets is often broken by mobs pursuing some unfortunate fellow-being, which I still think should be the law, while the police are discussing the Kansas question over a quiet cigar. They can find more terror-millen in the streets of Paris. A most interesting territory. On Sunday the tumults, disorders, and riots are directed; drinking, dancing, fighting, during the chief amusements of the people. It is a disgrace to the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

THAT the Washington papers are published for the information of their readers, and their principal value is as repositories for the clerks in the Departments.

That the Washington correspondents write what they believe, or believe what they write.

That the reception of Congressional proceedings by telegraph contains any reliable information as to what is done or said in either House.

That all the dramatic critics have grown rich through the contributions of artists.

That Saturday Lost all the young ladies substitute sketchish for crinkine.

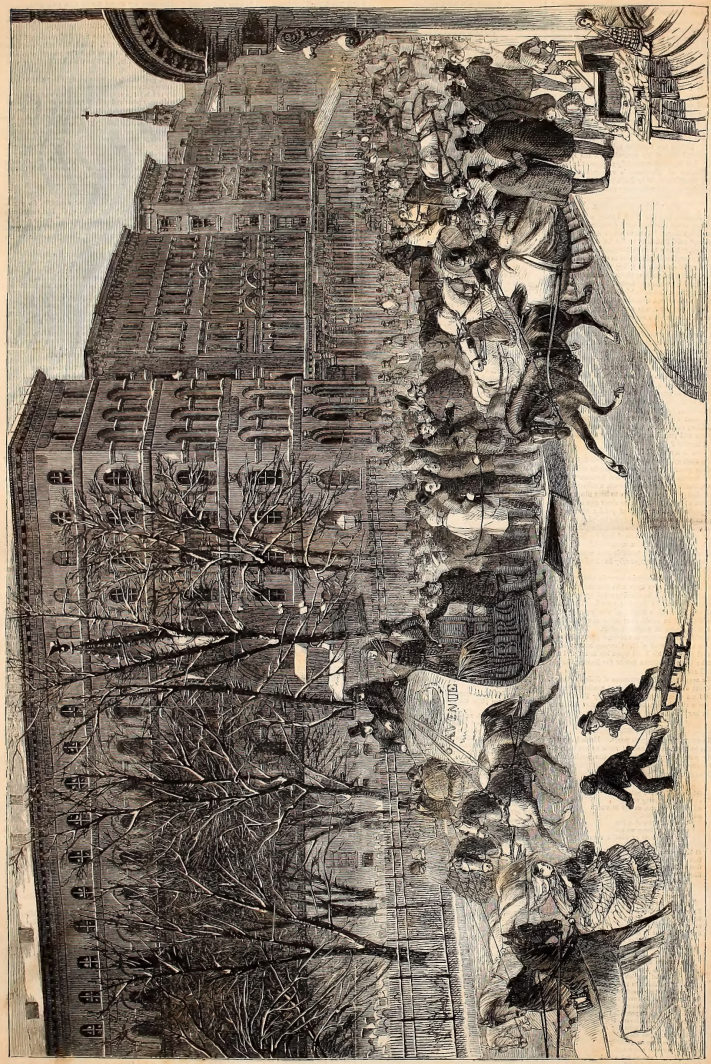
That the public press of this city is in such a high state of perfection that the President of the Commission deserves something handsome for his arduous labors in writing resolutions and receipting for his salary.

That the streets of the city are in "as good a condition as could be expected."

That "every body" has adopted the Balmoral petticoat.

That money is "so easy" that every body can get as much as they want.

That the Ottoman Rear-Admiral intended to article all the New York ship-builders.



SLEIGHING IN BROADWAY.

SLEIGHING IN BROADWAY.

THE late fall of snow has exhibited Broadway in a new light. Sleighs have taken the place of wheeled vehicles, and the usual rattle of the great street has been diversified by the clang of bells and the creak of sleigh runners. Of late years, this winters have been so severe that sleighing in Broadway almost lost its charm by its long continuance; but this winter the mild weather lasted so long that there seemed a prospect that the omnibuses would retain their control of the thoroughfare till spring. Happily for the spirits of the Broadway promenaders, and for the prospects of the farmer, the late storm has re-established the uniformity of the seasons.

For the benefit of our country readers we may say that a Broadway sleigh is a long box, with a seat for the driver in front, and ledges running parallel to the runners for passengers to seat themselves. A Broadway sleigh is intended to carry twenty people; but such is its elasticity, and such the spirit of accommodation among the traveling public, that it has been known to receive eighty persons at once, and sixty is no uncommon cargo. A few eldrin seats, the others stand—where they can; in cold weather the latter are the more fortunate of the two. There are no skins in the Broadway sleighs, and a long ride in one of them is apt to chill the blood.

Of an evening, in sleighing time, the javasible portion of our people enjoy a sort of saturnalia. It is allowable to snow-ball every sleigh as it passes. The consequences are more agreeable to the snow-ballers than to the snow-balled. A heavy lump of snow and ice striking a lady in the face is not so pleasant to her as it may be to the playful urchin who launched it at a venture. Under such circumstances, however, the best thing that she can do is to wipe away the blood which the missile is apt to draw, and to congratulate herself upon living in a land of such unbounded liberty. When that amiable and lovely portion of our people to which Rodgers and O'Connell belong partake in this agreeable pastime, they usually put stones in their snow-balls; this makes them much surer as projectiles, and if they strike a lady in the face they may knock out her eye or maim her for life. The advantages of this novelty will at once be recognized. To complete the picture, we only need realize a policeman splitting his sides with laughter at the sight of a lady knocked down by one of these missiles—such, occasionally, is sleighing in New York.



SKATING IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SKATING, FROM A LADY'S POINT OF VIEW.

T' the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you be so kind as to have the inclosed picture—representing a recent scene on our pond near ——, Massachusetts—published in the next number of your *Weekly*? You may if you choose combine with it the other print which I send; it represents a skating scene in Northern Germany or Sweden, and is pretty enough, though the fair skaters, I flatter myself, suffer by the contrast with the girls of our village.

Between you and me (I hope you will not publish this paragraph) your fair correspondent must forgive us, but we could not think of maintaining her letter. —*Ed. H. W.*]. Papa doesn't like skating. He thinks it is unladylike, and he says such awful things (I wouldn't repeat them for the world) about our going out at night with gentlemen. But as Emily says—Papa is behind the age; in his time (he is over sixty) there were no telegraphs or railroads; no, perhaps I didn't), a few days ago we had a grand party on the pond. I had made up with Paul on purpose (you must know that he left me sitting on a chair at Mrs. Timothy's ball a few days before while he danced with that stuck-up thing Jemima Bell—and it was very Christian-like of me to forgive him, wasn't it?) (Undoubtedly, and we recommend Paul not to regret the offense.—*Ed. H. W.*); and the Bells, and the Simpsons, and the Hudsons had agreed to go, and each girl was to have two gentlemen to wait upon her; oh! it was to be such a time! It was quite seven when we left home, and though Jim drove as fast as the mare would go, it was a quarter to eight by the time we arrived at the pond, as we had to stop for several things on the way. The moon was up, and it was almost as clear as day; the ice was smooth as glass, and it was just cold enough for one to hate to stand still—a clear, bright cold, which makes the snow creak under your feet, and brought out the smoke from the chimneys in broad bold lines against the sky.

There was a great fuss about tying on our skates. Every gentleman wanted to fasten every lady's straps; such shoving and quarreling as went on among them—though for my part, what pleasure can be derived from having a wet, dirty, lady's boot in your lap, and twisting it about and handling it without gloves on a cold night, I can not see. However, they all seemed to like it, and I'm sure Paul took long enough to fasten my skates. I was 'most frozen when he let go my foot (will you believe it, Mr. Editor, the impudent fellow actually kissed the toe of my boot as he put it down? Such nonsense!) (We do believe it, and our opinion of Paul improves.—*Ed. H. W.*), and then away we went.

Mary Hudson seized my hand and we dashed off together, taking the left and right alternately, then the in-turn, and winding up with two parallel circles of eight. The chill soon passed off, and I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life. I challenged any of the gentlemen to a race the



SKATING IN NEW ENGLAND.

whole length of the pond. About a dozen of us started.

Susan Bell—the little cheat—started first and got the lead, but we were soon after her, and I tell you, Mr. Editor, the ice creaked "some" under our flying skates. David Wynn, who was second, struck a branch or something, and went down, and poor Emily Bell, who was close behind him, went over him. We saw nothing but a cloud, and her poor feet sticking out of it. Then Paul, who, poor fellow! went out of his way to help her up, tripped and struck his head a terrible blow on the ice. I was sorry for him, and under other circumstances would have stopped to ask if he were hurt; but could I be expected to do so in the middle of the race? [Of course not; we entirely approve our correspondent's neglect of Mr. Paul, under the circumstances.—*Ed. H. W.*] After a few seconds of the race, Jim was first, Susan second, Martha Simpson and her brother third and fourth, I fifth, the others nowhere. I am the best skater of our village (you needn't sneer, Mr. Editor, I am; if you come down our way, you shall judge for yourself) [We should leave at once, if our engagements permitted; meanwhile we beg to state that we have not the least doubt of the fact stated by our correspondent. —*Ed. H. W.*]; so, as you may fancy, my blood was up. With a few vigorous efforts, I passed the two Simpsons, and was close behind Susan. She was flying over the ice; her skates scarcely seemed to touch it; and she is so strong. Still I made sure of passing her, and edged inward toward a bend which the pond makes.

Suddenly as I dashed along, I saw Jim draw up. The heels of his skates cut furrows in the ice an inch deep, and he shouted—"Look out ahead! The ice bends!"

Susan stopped short. Not so I. I had made my mind up to win the race, and, bend or no bend, on I went. In less time than you take to read this I was first, and had but a few yards to skate to win the race. Just as I passed them the moon slunk under a cloud. Directly afterward I heard a tremendous crack just behind me. The ice had given way. I was now safe. The others could not overtake me. Victory was mine.

At the instant these thoughts occurred the ice under me broke, and I felt myself suddenly plunged into very cold water. Instinctively I threw out my arms and caught the ice. This saved me. My feet did not touch bottom. I sustained my head above water; but every time I tried to raise myself upon the ice it broke.

For some moments I was too proud to call for help. It was my own fault. I had been duly warned. I fancied the girls jeering me for my foolhardiness. I realized my father gravely saying that he had known all along how it would end. So I tried again and again to work my way toward a solid place in the ice; but without the least success. Just as I fancied I was going to escape from my watery prison the ice broke, and I went under.

I was growing very cold. Strange thoughts of hungry fish came into my head, and clustered round twinges which I began to feel in my feet. The idea of death in that place burst upon me. I, a poor girl, to be drowned under that ice! It was horrible. Overcome by the thought, I renounced my pride, burst into tears, and screamed aloud for help.

A dead silence followed. Oh! was it possible that they had gone home? or that they could not hear me?

I screamed again with all my strength, the cold converting the end of my cry into a feeble chatter.

A dozen bold shouts instantly replied:

"Where are you?"

"Here, here, oh! here." I tried to scream, but my voice was going fast.

I heard more shouts, but did not understand them. I heard, or thought I heard, skates cutting over the ice, and splashes, as if the ice had given way under other skaters as it had under me. Voices rang in my ear, but whether they were near or far I could not tell. My feelings were not painful. On the contrary, they were rather agreeable—something similar to what one feels when sinking into a fainting fit.

Some one was in the water beside me. Who it was I could not say. But he said:

"Put your arms round my neck."

I had just sense and strength enough to do so.

"Now boys, haul away, for God's sake!" he shouted in a voice very like Paul's.

"Give way, there, like men!" roared some very stern voice in the dark distance.

Then we were in a farm-house, and I was in bed, warm again, with all the girls round me. And they told me what a narrow escape I had had; how they had all supposed that I had fallen through at the place where the ice first cracked and had been carried away by the undercurrent; how Paul, who had been disabled by his fall, suddenly revived, went on like a maniac, getting into the hole, and diving under the ice, till they were obliged to hold him back; how he and the rest of them were beside themselves with agony when my distant cry was heard; how Paul, whose clothes were stiff, and who was nearly frozen to death, had again started up at the sound of my voice, had dashed over the dangerous ice, and had reached me first; how brave cousin Jim (noble fellow! he always does precisely the right thing at the right time) had thrown him the end of a rope which he had just strength enough to catch; and how we were both drawn out stiff and senseless.

They told me all this, the sweet dear girls crying with emotion, and scolding me for having given them such a fright; and when I asked, in a low, feeble way,

"And Paul?"

"Oh! Paul is very ill—quite delirious—he is in the next room."

So I got up. The girls said I was mad—that any thing so indelicate could not be thought of—that they would put me to bed by force. But I suppose there was something in my eye which showed them I had made up my mind. I put on some dry clothes which the farmer's wife lent me, and I went straight into Paul's room. I felt awkward at first, being in the same room with a young man in bed; but, dear Mr. Editor, could I act otherwise? [Decidedly, we honor you for the act.—*Ed. H. W.*]

The doctor was there. He supposed I was Paul's sister.

"Be so good," said he, "as not to leave him till I return. He is in a very dangerous state. Apply the remedies which I have prescribed."

I obeyed. For three days and nights I never left him. My father and his friends came, and besought me to leave him. I said, quietly, that I would stay there till he was able to walk out of the room. Papa groaned in his way, and went home. On the fourth day the doctor pronounced him out of danger. His frost-bites yielded to proper treatment. He was able to walk, and I left him.

So ended our skating adventure.

I don't like to tell secrets; but if, Mr. Editor, you should receive any future communications from Mrs. Paul ——, you may perhaps notice that the handwriting bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Yours truly,

CARRIE B——.

LITERARY.

HARPER & BROTHERS publish this week their third great book of travels for the season. Barth was followed by Livingstone, and now we have Atkinson's ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA. The world is well-nigh explored.

Seated one afternoon on the slope of the Giant's Mountain, looking over the Black Sea and straining our eyes to see white sails in the distance, a friend said, "Where shall we go now to find something new?" and after a little thought we replied, "Let us go to Siberia, and endeavor to reach the Pacific Ocean through that desert that lies south of the Russian wastes and north of the Indian and Tartar possessions." The idea was never accomplished, but never abandoned, and had been the subject of discussion only a few days before Atkinson's work was announced.

He has not accomplished it fully, but he has seen those parts of Siberia which no traveler has before penetrated, and has opened the way for future and farther explorations. He is an artist, and wandered into those remote regions in search of subjects for his pencil. He brought away with him 560 sketches of scenery and people, of which we have about one-tenth here, and his admirable account with them.

Mr. Atkinson writes with exceeding simplicity and freshness of style. He is no book-maker. He tells his story precisely as he would if talking aloud, and hence it is a very enjoyable narrative. The character of his seven years' wanderings necessarily made them abound in incident. Under the special protection of the Emperor Nicholas, he was received in all circles and all houses, while his objects and his profession led him into close contact with life in every phase.

Men and women are not precisely the same persons in Siberia that they are elsewhere. Human nature has some variations. We have not found more novelty, more interest, in Livingstone than in Atkinson, nor as much fun.

Lovers of hunting and forest sports will be delighted with his accounts of the game of Siberia. In this respect the book resembles while it is a contrast to the great African Explorer's work.

The greatest bear-hunter he met with was a woman, Anna Petrornaia, who has singly killed sixteen bears! He drove deer with eagles trained like falcons. The eagle struck the deer and brought him down while tearing into his side and liver with her sharp bill. Now he shot wild boars, and now snipe, and now wild goats. Perhaps the most remarkable "day's shooting" which he describes is that of three of his friends, who being upset in their carriage while crossing water, and thoroughly soaked, sent their coachman on horseback for dry clothes while they amused themselves with snipe shooting, their guns being in water-proof cases and dry. Taking off their clothes and pouring the water out of their boots, they replaced the latter, and in the primitive costume of boots and hats only shot for three hours in a mosquito cover, and bagged some dozens of game before their servant returned to their relief.

The book abounds in adventure, and at the same time is manifestly accurate in geographical statements. As a contribution to useful knowledge it possesses the highest character, and as a readable book of travel and adventure it will have thousands of admirers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 22d February, in the Senate, Senator Bell presented resolutions of the Tennessee Legislature on the Nebraska law, and his course thereon, and accompanied them with a speech defending his course. He was answered by his colleague, Senator Johnson; after which he rejoined, and the Senate went into executive session.——The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Burroughs, Curry, Morris, and Andrews.

On Wednesday, Senator Mallory introduced into the Senate a bill authorizing the construction of a naval dry dock. Senator Bell resumed his personal defense, and, after some remarks from his colleague, consumed the rest of the day in explaining his course.——In the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Campbell changing the present system of relief to disabled seamen. The House then went into Committee on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Crawford, Goodwin, Millson, Chaffee, Fenton, Davis, and others.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Mason presented resolutions inquiring as to the condition of the navy and the distribution of prize money during the last war. Senator Crittenden presented a letter from Mr. Shields, of Minnesota, praying that he be allowed to take his seat as United States Senator. He also moved that the prayer be granted. After debate by Senators Pugh, Crittenden, Johnson, and Toombs, and a refusal by vote of 26 to 22 to table the subject, the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee. An amended substitute for the Army Bill, proposed by Senator Johnson, and providing for the employment of 3000 volunteers, was rejected by 26 against 23. Senator Hunter proposed to add one regiment of dragoons and two of infantry to the army; this was amended by Senator Pugh, so as to read—3000 volunteers to serve as dragoons or infantry for two years, and was adopted by 27 against 25. The bill thus amended was put to the vote, and was lost by 16 to 35. Explanations were made by Senators Bell and Johnson, and the Senate adjourned to Monday.——In the House, Mr. Quitman reported a bill authorizing the employment of a regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas, and the employment of four additional regiments if they should be needed. The case of Mr. Matteson was then taken up, and after discussion, in which Messrs. Harris, Keitt, Seward, Stanton, Taylor, Giddings, Hughes, Smith, Nichols, Jones, Curtis, Morrill, and Grow took part, resolutions to inquire into Mr. Matteson's right to sit in the House were referred to a Select Committee by 93 to 87.

On Friday, in the House—the Senate not being in session—Mr. Grow gave notice of a bill to permit the United States to be sued by their creditors. The House then went into Committee on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and passed it, after remarks on Kansas by Messrs. Smith of Tennessee, Giddings, and Harris. A bill was also passed to enable the President to pay $408,000 for the abolition of the Sound Dues.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Much correspondence between the Government and the commanders of the Utah expedition has been published. A letter from the head-quarters of the army informs General Harney that "So well is the nature of this service appreciated, and so deeply are the honor and interests of the United States involved in its success, that the Government will hesitate at no expense to complete the efficiency of the little army, and insure health and comfort to it as far as attainable." He is told, "The prudence expected of you requires you to anticipate a resistance, general and organized, and to shape your movements as if it were certain, keeping the troops massed and in hand when approaching expected resistance." In a letter to Colonel Johnston, dated 23d of January, General Scott heartily approves of the Colonel's conduct, and unites his sympathy for the difficulties he (Johnston) so manfully conquered; also tendering an expression of his (Scott's) high appreciation of the noble energy, patience, and spirit displayed by the officers and men, adding that in this the War Department concurs. In another letter addressed to Colonel Johnston during the present month General Scott says that it is no longer probable that he will go to the Pacific coast, or that any expedition against or toward Utah will be dispatched from that side.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Investigating Committee into the alleged corruption of Congress by the manufacturers of Massachusetts continue to summon witnesses, but seem to gather but little information from them. Matteson and Horace Greeley have both been examined, but both proved perfect Know Nothings. Neither of them knew of the purchase of any member of Congress, or of the use of money in any shape to influence the votes of Congressmen. The Committee was baffled at every point.

THE KANSAS COMMITTEE.

At the last, as at the preceding meetings of the Kansas Committee, the old motions to send for persons and papers were made by Mr. Morrill, Mr. Walbridge, and Mr. Wade, but were voted down by a tie vote. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, gave notice that, at the next meeting, he should propose a resolution to the effect that the Committee had all the information they needed, and should prepare a majority report.

THE DUELS AT WASHINGTON.

Washington has been in a dueling humor. No less than four "affairs of honor" have been on the *tapis* during the week. First, Colonel Sumner, who had an old grudge against General Harney, growing out of their professional relations, challenged him; the General handed the challenge to the Secretary of War, who is going to have Colonel Sumner tried by court-martial for the breach of discipline. Next, Lieutenant Rhind, of the Navy, who was "dropped" by the Navy Board in 1855, challenged Commander Boutwell for some offensive remarks contained in a pamphlet published by the latter; the Commander refused to fight, and was duly "posted" as a coward by the Lieutenant. Lieutenant Rhind has since been arrested and held to bail for the breach of the peace. Then, General Cullom, of Tennessee, was challenged by Mr. James B. Clay. It seems that both parties were drinking in a Washington bar-room when General Cullom, irritated at some remarks of Mr. Clay's, observed that he was "the degenerate son of an illustrious sire." Mr. Clay then called General Cullom a "d——d liar;" upon which General Cullom struck him. On the challenge being sent, Hon. W. S. Underwood and A. G. Brown offered to mediate, and succeeded in inducing General Cullom to apologize for the blow, and Mr. Clay to withdraw his remark. So this affair, like the others, ended without bloodshed. The only quarrel which has really led to a duel has been one between two cavalry officers—Lieutenants Bell and Williams. The cause of the quarrel is unknown; but the two parties met in a barber's shop, and Lieutenant Williams broke a cane over Bell's head. They met at Bladensburg; Bell fired and sent a ball through Williams's hat; whereupon the latter discharged his pistol into the snow. So ends the chapter of duels.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

The Kansas Legislature have adjourned. Their most important measure is for the removal of the seat of Government to a paper city, named Minneola, the bulk of the lots in which are said to be owned by members of the Legislature. An immense number of bills have been passed, but very little serious business done. Quiet prevails throughout the Territory. The Judges and Clerks of the election at Shawnee have been arrested, and they have testified under oath before the Investigating Committee that the poll book of Shawnee was taken to Westport and three hundred names added thereto in that place. J. J. Clarkson, Postmaster at Leavenworth, was burned in effigy on the 15th ult., and threats were made to hang him if caught.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S PROCLAMATION.

We have news from Salt Lake City to 25th December, by way of California, and from Camp Scott, the head-quarters of the military expedition, to 9th of January. The accounts from Camp Scott are highly favorable. The weather was mild for the season, and the troops in good health and spirits. The extemporaneous court organized by Judge Eckels in Green County had found bills of indictment for high treason against Brigham Young and other prominent Mormon leaders.

The Mormon paper contains Governor Young's Message to the Legislature. He says therein: "Has Utah violated the least principle of the Constitution, or so much as broken the most insignificant constitutional enactment? No; nor have we the most distant occasion for so doing, but have ever striven to peacefully enjoy and extend those rights granted to all by a merciful Creator. But so unobtrusive and wise a course does not seem to please those who live and wish to live by office, and those who make and love lies; and since those characters are numerous and also powerful through well-disciplined organization, and since Utah has yielded right after right for the sake of peace, until her policy has emboldened the enemies of our Union, it must needs be that President Buchanan, if he has ordered an army to Utah as reported—for he has not officially notified me of such a movement by his order—has at length succumbed, either of choice or through being overcome, to the cruel and nefarious counsels of those enemies, and is endeavoring to carry out a usurpation of power which of right belongs only to the people, by appointing civil officers known to be justly objectionable to freemen, and sending a so-called army under mere color of law to force those officers upon us at the point of the bayonet, and to form a nucleus for the collection and protection of every gambler, cut-throat, whoremaster, and scoundrel who may choose to follow in their train. Such a treasonable system of operations will never be endured nor even countenanced by any person possessed of the least spark of patriotism and love of constitutional liberty.

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THE MORMONS WILL RESIST TO THE LAST.

"Fully aware, as has been justly written, that 'patriotism does not consist in aiding government in every base or stupid act it may perform, but rather in paralyzing its power when it violates vested rights, affronts insulted justice, and assumes undelegated authority,' and knowing that the so-called army, reported to be on its way to Utah, was an undisguised mob, if not sent by the President of the United States, and if sent by him in the manner and for the purpose alleged in all the information permitted to reach us, was no less a mob, though in the latter event acting under color of law—upon learning its near approach, I issued, as in constitutional duty bound, a proclamation expressly forbidding all bodies of armed men, under whatsoever name or by whomsoever sent, to come within the bounds of this Territory. That so-called army, or, more strictly speaking, mob, refused to obey that proclamation, copies of which were officially furnished them, and prosecuted their march to the neighborhood of Forts Bridger and Supply (which were vacated and burned upon their approach), where it is said they intend to winter. Under these circumstances, I respectfully suggest that you take such measures as your enlightened judgment may dictate, to insure public tranquillity, and protect, preserve, and perpetuate inviolate those inalienable constitutional rights which have descended to us a rich legacy from our forefathers. * * *"

PERSONAL.

Hon. John K. Kane, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, died about nine o'clock on 21st ult., at his residence, Fern Rock, on Green Lane, Twenty-second Ward. He had been suffering for some days from a very severe attack of pneumonia, the fatal termination of which had been anticipated by all who attended him. John Kintzing Kane was born in Philadelphia about the year 1795. He was a son of John Kane, whose father emigrated from Ireland in the year 1756. His mother was a Miss Van Rensselaer, of New York. He was educated at Yale College, and then studied law in Philadelphia. In 1845 he was appointed, by Governor Shunk, Attorney-General of the State. This office he resigned in June, 1846, when, on the decease of Judge Randall of the United States District Court, President Polk appointed him to fill the vacancy. This office he continued to hold up to the time of his death.

Judge Kane was a gentleman of fine abilities, a good lawyer, and a learned Judge. He was also an accomplished belles-lettres scholar, and an adept in the graceful accomplishments of society. Few men of our acquaintance were more courtly in manner, or better calculated to impress upon the observer the idea of a perfect gentleman. Whether at the bar, on the bench, in political life, or in society, he never for an instant lost his self-possession, or was betrayed into a rude word or a display of temper. He was a member of various artistic and scientific societies, such as the Musical Fund Society, the Academy of the Fine Arts, and the American Philosophical Society, and exercised high influence in all of them. However men may have differed from him on political questions, there are none that will deny him the possession of most winning social qualities and of great firmness and tenacity of purpose in every thing that he undertook.

The *Times* says: "We regret to be called to record the death of Dr. Thomas M. Foote, editor of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, which event occurred on Saturday evening. Dr. Foote relinquished, many years ago, the medical for the editorial profession, of which it is not too much to say that he was one of the brightest ornaments. As an elegant, forcible, and pleasant writer he had few equals, and in personal intercourse his gentlemanly bearing was always agreeably conspicuous. Dr. Foote was appointed *Chargé* to New Granada in 1849 by General Taylor, and Minister to Austria by President Fillmore. Since his return from Europe his health had been poor, and some two or three years ago he disposed of his interest in his paper, with a view to retirement, but circumstances occurred which induced him to resume it. His age was not far from fifty.

Ex-President Comonfort of Mexico is said to be the son of an Englishman, who was a cotton manufacturer at Puebla, and who married a Spanish lady. The Washington *Union* says: "Comonfort was born in Puebla, received a liberal education, and has traveled extensively in the United States and Europe. He was, not many years ago, a visitor in New York City, where he formed a number of acquaintances. He is said not to resemble a Spaniard in appearance, having a fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair—marks of the Anglo-Saxon blood inherited from his father."

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "The present Cabinet is composed of 'men of weight,' as I noticed to-day on a register of the weight of visitors kept at the Smithsonian Institution. Howell Cobb is set down at 217½ pounds, Governor Brown at 177, Secretary Toucey at 166, Secretary Thompson at 147, and Governor Floyd at 129. I should judge that General Cass will weigh nearly 200 pounds, although he is not as fleshy as he was a few years since. He is very active for one of his age, and walks to the Department of State almost every morning without an overcoat, and with an elastic step."

We find the following notice in the Richmond papers: "Married, on Thursday, February 11, 1858, at Trinity Church, New Orleans, by the Right Rev. Bishop Polk, Philip P. Dandridge, Esq., of Virginia, to Betty Taylor Bliss, daughter of the late General Zachary Taylor, and widow of the late Major Bliss."

The little picture of the "Chess-players," by Meissonier, which was exhibited in the French Gallery in Broadway, has been purchased by Mr. Belmont for his collection. He paid $1000 for it. The painting consists of but two figures, and the canvas is not as large as a child's pocket-handkerchief. As Mr. Belmont's picture by this artist was not a good example of his style, the "Chess-players" will add greatly to the value of the Belmont Gallery.

The *Evening Post* has the following: "Rev. H. W. B., a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, was taken on a stage-sleigh, from the dépôt in W—— (a New England town, where railroad communication then ended) to B——, a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm February day; the sleighing was splendid. B. was on the box beside a young driver; the teams, of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours—pretty good railroad time on some tracks. But it didn't do the teams of horses any good; and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line he called up that particular driver (Sam), and asked how he came to drive his horses that day at such a rate. 'Well,' said Sam, 'I had one of the "boys" on the box with me—he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through!'"

John M. Botts's (of Virginia) book of travels, including his adventures in the Sistine chapel at Rome, will, it is said, soon be published. He is reported to have made a large fortune by his tour. It is also stated that the Emperor of all the Russias held a review of sixty thousand troops for his special honor, gratification, and pleasure.

Parson Brownlow relates the following incident which occurred during his passage from New Orleans to Mobile on the steamboat: "One incident only occurred at the table, worthy of note. An ill-bred and low-flung fellow, indifferently dressed, sat at my left elbow—he had never traveled much. He called for some 'fried perch,' seeing another gentleman opposite to him have a pair of fine lake perch on a plate. They were brought and placed before him on a small dish. I had at the same time, called for a dish of stewed oysters, and the same servant, at the same time, placed them before me in a small, deep dish. This ill-mannered rascal reached over deliberately, lifted my oysters, set them in his plate and went to work on them. I as coolly lifted up his plate of fish, set them before me, and went to work on them. He remarked to me in an under-tone, 'Them's my fish.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and them's my oysters.' Here the matter ended, with this improvement: I called for more oysters, and he for more fish."

It is reported that Mr. Dallas will be offered the Federal judgeship vacated by the death of Judge Kane. This may make the American Minister's prospective recall less disagreeable.

The Boston *Traveler* hears that the state of health of Mrs. Wolcott (wife of the contumacious witness at Wash-

ington), is such that the news of her husband's imprisonment has not been communicated to her.

Dr. Rae, of Hamilton, Canada West, the celebrated Arctic traveler, a few days since accomplished the distance between Hamilton and Toronto, more than forty miles, in snow shoes, in about ten hours.

The Turkish Admiral Mohammed Pasha, so long expected in this country, was at the Naval Arsenal of Ferrol, in Spain, on the 30th of January, superintending the work of repairing the line-of-battle ship *Fethie*. This is given on the authority of the Madrid *España*, and it is presumed that his Highness will come over in the *Fethie*, which is a fine war-ship of the Turkish navy.

MUSICAL LEGISLATION.

The Maine Legislature has instituted the novel and very pleasant feature of morning concerts in Legislative session. The Kennebec *Journal* says:

"The veteran Messenger of the House, Mr. Thomas, of Newburgh, has a taste for music, and he has discovered an unusual amount and variety of musical talent among the members. This united talent has been brought out in a series of impromptu morning concerts before the hour of calling the House to order, until, at length, morning singing has become a regular institution in the Representatives' Hall, for the fifteen minutes before the Speaker takes his seat. At times the spirit of harmony becomes pervading, when the singing is specially marked by simple melody, and grave Senators, and members of the House in large numbers gather round the centre of the Hall and join the singing of familiar tunes in true Congregational style, and the music rises and floats and echoes through the Hall with fine effect. It partakes, at times, of a truly devotional character, and is regarded as a most acceptable exercise to all in attendance at the State House during the session, and highly satisfactory to strangers who happen to be present."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings in Parliament on 10th, 11th, and 12th ult. were unimportant. On the last day in the House of Commons, Sir George Grey, in response to inquiries, said that the evidence offered by the French Government of the complicity of Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and others, in Pierri's attempt on the Emperor's life, was insufficient to justify proceedings against those parties, and that the British Government had declined to interfere. Lord Palmerston explained that so far from Louis Napoleon having paid the legacy bequeathed by Napoleon the First to Cantillon for an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, an application for it had been rejected on the ground that the testator must have been in a state of mental aberration when he made the bequest. A part of the bequest was paid under the Bourbon *régime*. Lord Palmerston moved for leave to bring in his new India bill, to transfer the government of India from the India Company to the Crown. He explained that the bill proposed was confined to changes in the administration and organization of the Company, which it was intended should in future be centred in the Imperial Government. The alterations proposed were to be as little as was consistent with the object the government had in view, namely, to make the advisers of the Crown responsible for the government of India. It was proposed to abolish the Court of Directors, and in lieu thereof to establish a Council to be mainly composed of persons who had been in India, or who knew Indian affairs well—the Council to consist of eight persons, to go out in rotation every two years; the President of the Council would be appointed by the Government; the power of the President would not extend to matters of finance. In such matters the President would have the assistance of four councilors; the President would be one of the Secretaries of State, with a stipend accordingly. Palmerston further explained the provisions of the measure, and urged the House to consent to its introduction. Mr. T. Baring moved as an amendment that it is not at present expedient to legislate for the government of India. The matter was then debated at some length, but without arriving at any result.

THE BILL FOR THE PROTECTION OF NAPOLEON.

In Parliament, Lord Palmerston has moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to conspiracy to murder, by making it felony. He said that the proposition was made in consequence of the recent attempt on the life of the Emperor. That attempt was the result of a conspiracy formed in England, and the consequence was that foreign nations had formed the opinion that Parliament ought to take some steps to remove, upon mere suspicion, aliens from Great Britain. The Government, however, had no intention to propose any such measure, although, under the circumstances, they were driven to consider the present state of the law with regard to conspiracy. He explained the appearance of the offensive address in the *Moniteur*, and the Emperor's regret for the same, and concluded by pointing out the necessity for the amendment on general grounds.

Mr. Kinglake moved a resolution in the shape of an amendment that the House, while anxious upon every proper occasion to consider any defect in the criminal Anglo-Saxon law, deem it inexpedient, in compliance with the demand contained in Count Walewski's dispatch, until further information has been afforded by the production of any communications between the two governments subsequent to the date of that dispatch. He declined to concur in altering the municipal law of the country upon the demand of any power whatever.

Several speeches were made against the proposed measure, including a very sarcastic one by Mr. Roebuck, when the debate was adjourned.

The following evening the debate was resumed, and after speeches by Lord John Russell, Disraeli, and others, in favor of leave being granted to bring in a bill, Lord Palmerston's motion was agreed to by a vote of 299 to 50.

THE RADICAL VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

In the course of a speech upon the subject Mr. Roebuck said:

"There have appeared in the pages of the *Moniteur* certain addresses to the Emperor of France from the French army; those addresses, naturally enough, express strong indignation at the attempt at violence on the person of the French Emperor. Now, Sir, if the expressions had rested there, I should have been the first to sympathize with, and give my cordial concurrence to, every sentiment therein expressed; but, Sir, from the French army there came accusations against England, as if England was participant in the attack made on the Emperor of the French; and now, Sir, I will state to the House the immediate object of my question: the *Moniteur* is not an ordinary paper. It is the gazette of the French Government. Every thing it utters is under the immediate inspiration of the Government. That Government is the Emperor; therefore I may say that what appeared in the paper of the *Moniteur* is, in fact, a reflex of the opinion of the Emperor of France. Now, Sir, in the *Moniteur* have appeared attacks on the English people, and one colonel, full I suppose of military ardor, that loyalty for reigning monarchs, which is a part of the army of France, asks the French Emperor to be led against that haunt—that den, that *repaire*—meaning England, and that is published in the pages of the *Moniteur*. That is the expression of the opinions of the French Emperor, and I wish now to state my opinions. The French Emperor is the person who directs against England the accusation of being a den of conspirators. Who could speak with greater knowledge than he? Has he not enjoyed the protection and hospitality of England? and has he not, when so enjoying our protection, acted the part of a conspirator? Did he not leave these shores armed with a great name—the great name of his predecessor—I mean the great Napoleon? Did he not, armed with that name, and a tame eagle, go to Boulogne, and there did he not attack the throne of King Philippe, and did he not murder a man, who, in the performance of his duty, opposed his landing? Is this the man who chooses to publish in the pages of the *Moniteur* accusations against England of being the haunt, the den wherein conspiracies are hatched, and ought, therefore, to be the object of invasion of an infuriate soldiery? It is not confined to that. The brother of the Emperor of France, M. de Morny, has chosen, in the Legislative Chamber of that nation, to accuse England of being participant in this; and not only he, but Count de Persigny, here in England, in the presence of Englishmen, has dared to make the same accusation. Ay, Sir, and in the presence of Englishmen he has not been answered. The only reason I can make for such a proceeding is, that the persons who heard him did not understand French. [Laughter.] I can not believe that any Englishman could hear his country so libeled, no matter by whom, without an answer to the accusation."

WHAT THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT WANT.

A dispatch from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Embassador of France in London, respecting the refugees, is couched in moderate language. After referring to various designs which have been concocted in London, and the facilities afforded for further guilty enterprises, the dispatch concludes as follows: "The Government of Her Britannic Majesty can assist us in averting danger by giving us a guarantee of security, which no State can refuse to a neighboring State, and which we are authorized in expecting from our ally. Full of confidence, moreover, in the exalted reason of the English Cabinet, we abstain from all indication as regards measures which it may be suitable to take to satisfy this wish. We rely in this matter entirely upon the English Cabinet for the care of appreciating decisions, which they shall judge most proper to lead to this end, and we congratulate ourselves in the firm persuasion that we shall not have appealed in vain to their conscience and loyalty."

WHAT THE PRINCESS ROYAL THINKS OF HERSELF.

The correspondent of the Dublin *Express* writes: "Last week the Prince was unmistakably shy, and was literally pulled forward by the then Princess Royal. He looks a frank, well-made, handsome man—nothing of the German type about him—more, I should say, of the Scandinavian type; light hair and blue eyes, and a good nose and mouth. His portraits do him but scant justice. The Princess has her mother's forehead and mouth, the lips of the latter a little more pouting, and the nose an exaggeration of the Queen's—not in length, but in breadth and *retrousseness*. It is at once the most impudently bewitching nose to be beheld in woman. Of her own personal charms the Princess holds but a very poor opinion. Just before starting for the wedding last Monday, her portrait was photographed by order of the Queen. If ever a young girl looks well it is in her wedding dress. The Queen approved highly of the portrait, but the Princess, looking over her mother's shoulder, said, 'Ah well, I dare say it is very like, but you can never make any thing else of me than a white nigger.' I am assured by a by-stander that these were the very words used."

HOW SHE BEHAVED AT THE MARRIAGE.

He adds: "At the marriage she displayed none of that emotion so feelingly described by the *Times* correspondent; on the contrary, the emotion was altogether upon the part of her mother, her sister, the Princess Alice, and the bridesmaids, who had been her friends from childhood. She was perfectly collected as she walked up the aisle, and, turning to one of her bridesmaids, who accidentally trod on her vail, said: 'C., my dear C., do not tread upon my lace; I do not like my lace trodden upon?' On the morning of the marriage the Palace was in as great confusion as any private house upon such occasions."

THE NEW INDIAN LOAN.

The London *Times* says: "Although authority is to be taken by the East India Company for raising £10,000,000, it appears that the actual deficiency for the year ending April, 1856, is estimated to be limited to seven or eight millions. Whether the £8,000,000 is to be borrowed at once, or in amounts from time to time, has not transpired; but it includes one million pounds to be repaid to the Bank, £1,000,000 to be available as a cash balance, and £653,000 for bonds on which advances have been obtained, or for which the holders have notified they will require to be paid off.

LORD SHAFTESBURY RETRACTS.

The opinion is gaining ground in England that the stories of Indian cruelties, which were so current some time since were, if not generally false, at least greatly exaggerated. Lord Shaftesbury (in a letter to the *Times*) explains his statement as to cruelties in India: "Some time before I made the speech, I had heard from a person in whom I had entire confidence, that there was a letter 'from the highest lady now in India, describing that day by day ladies were coming into Calcutta, their ears and their noses cut off and their eyes put out.' In the heat of speaking I made reference to that statement. The disclaimer published by your correspondent, 'A Lover of Accuracy' (which I now hear for the first time), is sufficient to prove that my informant was in error; and considering the delicacy of the evidence, I should, I confess, have acted more wisely had I not used it."

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEW EXPEDITION.

A dinner has been given to Livingstone, the African traveler, on the occasion of his departure from England for a fresh expedition into the interior of Africa. He is furnished with all requisite assistance from the British government to push his discoveries to a still more successful conclusion than heretofore. A sum of £5000 has been assigned to him for the prosecution of his enterprise. He is to be accompanied by competent assistants, and, in short, every thing appears to have been done which can help him on his way. Dr. Livingstone is to proceed, in the first instance, to the Cape of Good Hope. From that point he and his companions will be conveyed in a Government vessel to the mouth of the River Zambese, and even there the watchfulness of the British Government over the travelers is not withdrawn. Dr. Livingstone and his companions are to be conveyed 300 miles up the river in a steam-launch, and not until they have been landed in safety at a point so far onward in the vast continent which they are about to explore will they be left to themselves. The adventurous spirit which inspires such an enterprise as this will surely meet with the heartiest sympathy in England, and, we doubt not, many persons will be present to bid farewell to Livingstone, the African traveler, and bid him "God speed." May he in due course return again to receive, in the admiration and respect of his countrymen, a due reward!

FRANCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, has resigned, and will be succeeded by General Neil. Count Walewski will probably resign the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and go to London as Embassador. Count Persigny has returned to Paris to take his seat in the new Privy Council. The new Foreign Minister will probably be Drouyn de 'l Huys. De Rayneville's death leaves a vacancy for the Embassy to Prussia. General Pelissier, it was expected, would be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in Paris, in place of Marshal Magnan, who is spoken of as Embassador to Russia.

ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN DUNHAM.

The following letter from Captain Dunham appears in a foreign paper:

"SPEZIA, *January* 20, 1858.

"We arrived here on the 18th from Marseilles, after giving the Frenchmen the slip. I went on board the *Adriatic* at 9 o'clock in the evening of our departure, and, with four men, bent the topsails, then hauled out through the ships down to the mouth of the harbor, and made sail. Before daylight we were out of sight of the city. I was obliged to slip both anchors, and put to sea without them. It was a pretty good night's work, considering the circumstances. I am now safe in regard of being seized by the French authorities, as they can not take me here. The Sardinian Government will not allow me to land, and as I can not get anchors I shall have to come on without them. The United States store-keeper here has furnished me with stores enough to reach the United States. I don't know what sort of a scrape I shall have next. J. B. DUNHAM."

APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL ESPINASSE AS MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

General Espinasse has been appointed Minister of the Interior in the room of M. Billault. The correspondent of the London *Times* remarks upon the subject:

"The appointment is said to have been very suddenly resolved upon; at least it was kept a profound secret till the last moment, and we may well believe that the Ministers themselves, of whom General Espinasse is now the colleague, suspected it as little as the public, and that they have been taken quite as much by surprise. It was at a dinner given by the General to a number of general officers yesterday that the fact was first made known. He was sent for by the Emperor at four o'clock. The audience was long, and the guests were kept waiting considerably beyond the hour of dinner. Public curiosity had been much excited as to the successor of M. Billault. It was the chief topic of conversation with the guests, and when the General made his appearance among them it was concluded that he knew the solution, though none imagined that he was personally interested in it. He was of course asked the news, and he then and there announced that he, General Espinasse, was the successor of M. Billault! The announcement was at first received with incredulity, and, when there no longer appeared any doubt, with great surprise. A personage of high military rank, indeed among the highest, stated yesterday afternoon as positive that M. de Persigny was to be the new Minister. Apparently he was not in the secret.

"I can not say that the effect of this nomination is satisfactory. It is rather the contrary. The conjectures and apprehensions expressed by many people may be exaggerated, but it is certain that the impression is far from favorable. This is, I believe, the first time since any thing like a constitutional system has prevailed in France, that a Minister of the Interior has been taken from the army."

THE LATEST ABOUT THE MEDIUM HUME.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "The fashionable world continues its support to our medium Hume. His *prestige*, however, has somewhat diminished with time, and we hear no more of his feats at the Tuileries. He is none the less, however, a mystery and a wonder to many aristocratic circles, where one would look for more intelligence and discernment. On account of the truths which he taught a distinguished lady, until then a skeptic on the immortality of the soul, the lady, just dead, has bequeathed the celebrated medium an annual sum of twelve hundred dollars. Until the arrival of Hume in Paris this lady had remained an obstinate skeptic; she saw the performances of the accomplished trickster; he brought before her the ghost of one of her dead relatives; she touched it, believed, and soon after died, leaving the sum just mentioned as an acknowledgment for the saving of her own peace in the other world. A small recompense for so great a service, and that service the most sublime of charlatanry! But the fact is authenticated as regards the legacy.

"Hume continues his game of not appearing in public, of not being seen even in public; in other words, he refuses to show himself to the 'million.' No matter how much he is caricatured before the public (and his portraits are every where), no matter what may be the character of the anecdotes laid to his account, he refuses, absolutely, to talk, or write, or be seen, outside of the aristocratic circle to which he has thus far clung. Many people are incredulous, and believe Hume a myth; in fact, half the strength of his game lies in the mystery with which he surrounds himself."

IS DUMAS THE AUTHOR OF HIS NOVELS?

The same writer adds: "A suit of M. Maquet against Alexander Dumas, gives the public this week an insight into that mystery of French literary labor, collaboration. On this trial it is shown that M. Auguste Maquet assisted M. Dumas in the production of fifteen or more of his most popular novels and dramatic pieces, among the rest the *Mousquetaire* and *Monte Christo*. M. Maquet, although employed as a journeyman by Dumas, a sort of builder to follow out the designs traced by the architect, now sues M. Dumas for one-half of the reputation of those works, and a larger share in the profits. To prove his claim he brings forward mountains of letters from the great novelist, written during the several years that Maquet assisted him, in which the former made observations sufficient to encourage the latter in his attempt at a judicial contestation. These letters form the most curious exposition of the secrets of novel-writing that ever appeared before the public. In one place Dumas tells Maquet that he 'must make *Louise* come in by a door on the right instead of the left;' in another, that '*Raymond* must kiss the governess instead of *Rosa's* mother;' and again, he laments loudly that they had not brought *Julia* into the world lame, for that, now that the first volume was published, it was too late for a congenital lameness, and he asks Maquet's advice as to how they could force her to limp. One shudders to think of the excruciating pain the fair *Julia* escaped at the unsurgical hands of Messrs. Dumas and Maquet, by the difficulties which they encountered in finding for their readers a just cause for the operation.

"The suit of Maquet *vs.* Dumas was decided in favor of the latter, on the ground that Maquet was merely employed as an assistant. Maquet was condemned to the expenses of the suit, which were considerable."

THE ASSASSINS' COUNSEL.

The *Times* correspondent says: "I am informed that the Minister of Justice has assigned the *bâtonnier* of the order of advocates for the defense of Orsini. Some of the most distinguished members of the bar are to defend the others."

THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL TO BE BUILT.

The plan proposed by M. Thomé de Gamond for uniting England and France by a submarine tunnel has been submitted to the examination of an official commission, named by the Minister of Public Works; and the Commissioners have recommended that a sum of 500,000 francs be appropriated to examine the plans already prepared.

REVELATIONS OF NUNNERY LIFE.

A nun has been tried at the Court of Assizes of the Ain for forgery and arson. On being admitted to a convent at Belle, she gave a promissory note, purporting to be signed by her guardian, for 2600 francs, payable in three years. She was requested to obtain payment of the money at the earliest possible period; and, on replying that she could not get it before the time specified, she was told that she would not be permitted to pronounce the final vows as a nun until she had done so. Shortly afterward several mysterious fires burst out at different times in the convent; the gardener of the establishment was arrested; but the conflagrations continued, and, the novice being suspected, she was examined by a magistrate. To him she confessed that it was she who had caused the fires, and also that the promissory note she had given was a forgery. She said she had always wished to lead a religious life; that she had been for a short time in several convents; that she knew a certain sum of money was required, which she had no means of obtaining; and that, therefore, she had forged the note. The defense at the trial was insanity; but she was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' hard labor. One of the witnesses was a nun who had been in the convent ever since 1814, without once going outside its walls. On being conveyed by railway from Belle to Bourg, the assize town, she was astonished at every thing she saw, and especially the railway.

PRUSSIA.

THE KING'S HEALTH.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Herald* says: The King's health has taken an unfavorable turn lately, and his recovery appears to be remoter than ever. In fact, scarcely any hopes are entertained of his being entirely restored to the possession of his mental faculties: though a lucid interval occasionally breaks through his clouded intellect, these glimpses of light are growing rare and rarer still, and total darkness seems to be gradually closing in. Under these circumstances it becomes absolutely necessary to have the regency question settled as the only means of defining the political position of this country, which has been kept in a state of suspense for the last three or four months. It will then be seen whether the Prince of Prussia is really inclined to inaugurate a new system of government, as his friends profess to believe; and if he does not, their complaints about his hands being tied and his not being able to carry out his good intentions, will cease of themselves. I hardly know which of these two events is more to be desiderated.

RUSSIA.

THE ABOLITION OF SERFDOM.

A very remarkable banquet was held at Moscow on the 9th of January to commemorate the Emperor's measures for the emancipation of the serfs.

Among others M. Babst, Professor of Political Economy at the University at Moscow, spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, after the eloquent speeches which have been made in honor of our meeting to celebrate a great event in our economical existence, I hope you will allow me to say a few words as an expression of my deep gratitude to him whose thoughts and acts, during the few years we have passed under his reign, have always responded to the real wants of the people. We have met here to celebrate an event which will be an epoch in the annals of our history, and upon which future historians will dwell with pleasure. Already, at the commencement of this century, one of our first manufacturers said to Storch that trade could never flourish under our system of compulsory labor, or, in other words, of serfage; already, in 1819, the Free Economical Society proved by facts the inconvenience of serfage as regards agriculture. The development of national wealth has ever gone hand-in-hand with the regular organization of popular labor, which, as it gradually emancipates itself from stringent conditions, becomes more active, more progressive, and consequently more productive. In proportion as national labor gradually issues forth free from such disadvantageous conditions, the love of work increases among the people. Emulation and competition arouse the sleeping energies of the nation; they will not allow them to rust, but excite them to healthy activity and continual progress. The day of the primitive forms of the economical condition of the people has now left us forever. The wants of a great nation increase daily, and can not be satisfied with the coarse conditions, contrary to all progress of primitive economy founded on compulsory labor—a labor, the limits of which are as restricted as its nature is unproductive. Our task is not to double, but to increase ten-fold, our productive power, our labor, our wealth, unless we wish to see taken away from us by nations more advanced than ourselves the markets which are ours by tradition and by our geographical position. And we can not increase our productive power except by a regular organization of national labor, which will then boldly take in hand and work the treasures now hidden in our land." The learned Professor concluded with an appeal to all honest men to support the Emperor in this great social reform.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Our dates are from Calcutta to the 9th of January, and from Bombay to the 18th of January. Sir Colin Campbell has taken possession of Furuckabad, which was abandoned by the enemy on the 2d of January, and Goruckpore was taken on the 6th of January by the forces under Maharagab Jung Bahador. Seven guns were taken from the enemy, and 200 of the enemy killed. British loss only two Ghorkas killed and seven wounded. The intelligence is generally of a cheering character. The direct roads between Delhi and Calcutta are now open. General Outram's forces, 4000 strong, continued safely posted at Alumbagh. The peasantry were beginning to bring supplies into the camp. A bill has been introduced for uniting the Meerut and Delhi divisions to the Punjab. The Lieutenant-governorship is to be given to Sir John Lawrence.

HOW GENERAL NEILL WAS KILLED.

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes the manner in which the gallant Neill met his death: "He was riding through a narrow street, urging on the troops, when he halted for a moment under a portico to listen to the shout of the 78th Highlanders as they gained the Residency. At this moment an officer passed by faint with his exertions. Neill pulled out a flask and handed it to him. While he was thus engaged an eunuch, leaning over from the portico, discharged his matchlock into the gallant hero's skull; he fell dead at once, the most daring, dashing spirit in the army."

A LADY'S SUFFERINGS AT LUCKNOW.

A Calcutta correspondent writes on the 23d December: "I have just seen a letter from a lady delicately born and nurtured, accustomed to the highest society of England, who, with her children, endured the frightful time in Lucknow. She writes: 'It was very hard work. I often lay down feeling as if nothing could rouse me again. We were literally starving—sometimes to make the others eat who could not swallow the nauseous food set before them. Our family allowance latterly was a tea-cup full of rice, a few pounds of wheat, a little salt, and six ounces of gun-bullock. Nothing was allowed for the children. I lost all sense of fear—death was so familiar—it was such rest to many weary souls. It was sad to see the poor children pining and dying, sometimes seven or eight buried in a single night.'"

CHINA.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

The following dispatch is from Mr. Green, British Consul at Alexandria, and dated February 6:

"The Allied forces landed at Canton, December 28, consisting of 4600 British, and 900 French. On the 29th the walls were escaladed, and the heights within the town in our possession by 9 A.M. The advance within the city was but feebly contested. The damage to the town was very small. Captain Bate, of H. M. S. *Acteon*, was killed. This telegram was received in Malta by the *Euxine*, from Alexandria, February 9, at 9.55 P.M."

The following dispatch is from the *Times:*

"The bombardment of Canton commenced at daylight on the 28th of December, and was continued during the whole of the day and night. The assault, in three divisions, two English and one French, was given at 6 o'clock in the morning. Gough's Fort was taken at 2 o'clock, and blown up. The Chinese continued their fire from the houses, but the troops were restrained from entering the city."

CANADA.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Governor-General's opening speech was delivered on 26th ult. In it he alludes to the Indian rebellion, and anticipates the success of the British arms and the re-establishment of British rule in India. He congratulates the country on the prudence of its commercial men, and on the good position of the banks; recommends improvement in commercial legislation, and the assimilation of the commercial laws of Upper and Lower Canada, and the consideration of the law of insolvency and imprisonment for debt and fraudulent assignments. He notices a measure for the amendment of the whole system of management of public lands. He recommends attention to the fisheries, and congratulates on the success of the Canadian line of ocean steamers, and the proposed establishment of a weekly line next summer. He recommends notice of the increasing value of lake commerce, and the trade with Chicago and the Western States. He says that a correspondence has taken place between the Imperial Government and the authorities of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in reference to an intercolonial railway and military road to Halifax. He confidently anticipates an early completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, without further aid from the province. He gives notice that correspondence relative to the Hudson's Bay Territory and the selection of a permanent seat of government will be laid before the Legislature.

MEXICO.

PROSPECT OF MORE TROUBLES.

We have Vera Cruz dates to the 21st inst. Little political change has yet occurred, although the Government was violently opposed by General Mejia, who was also committing terrible outrages upon the people of Sierra Blancha. They had applied to the Constitutional Government at Guanajuato for aid against him. It was reported that the States of Vera Cruz, Oajaca, and Puebla had sent 8500 men and 40 pieces of artillery against General Zuloaga. The troubles in Campeachy had been settled. The whole State of Yucatan was united against Zuloaga. Zuloaga had issued a decree making the duties on goods imported *via* Vera Cruz and Tampico payable in the capital; and payment otherwise would not be recognized.



THE MAMMOTH STEAMSHIP LEVIAT



N BEING TOWED TO HER MOORINGS.

THE LEVIATHAN.

At last the monster ship is launched, and so far as mere floating uprightly goes, the experiment is a success. She drew, when launched, 16½ feet of water aft, and 14 feet 11 inches forward; which is within 6 inches of what her builder had calculated—as close an approximation as one could desire.

In No. 49 of this journal we gave, at some length, the particulars of the *Leviathan's* size, construction, rig, and capacity. The picture on the preceding pages represents her as she was towed to Deptford by four large and powerful tugs, on the morning after her launch. We will add here a few facts concerning her general plan which, we believe, are not generally known.

Her builder, Mr. Scott Russell, states that he is an advocate for *small* ships; and asserts that so far from being the monster she is generally supposed to be, the *Leviathan* is in fact the *smallest* vessel that could be built capable of doing the work for which she is intended. Experience has shown that a steamship can not be profitably worked which is of less size than one ton for every mile of the voyage she is to perform, *carrying her own coal.* The voyage from London to Sydney and back is 25,000 miles. The *Leviathan's* tonnage is but 22,000. She is, therefore, actually smaller than she should be.

Again, her length seems to have been accurately calculated for the rate per hour she is expected to make. In 1835 Mr. Russell first brought into practice what he calls his "wave system" of construction, a new form for vessels, possessing the quality of uniting the greatest bulk with the least resistance. According to this system, when a vessel is about to be built intended to attain a certain speed, from 10 miles per hour upward, reference to the tables of the wave principle informs the builder of the requisite length of bows and stern and other peculiarities of construction necessary to produce the required result. Now the exact rate proposed for the *Leviathan* is known only to her builders and owners; but it required that her length of bow should be 330 feet, length of stern 250 feet, of midship 120 feet; and this, with 10 feet for the screw propeller, gives a total of 680 feet, the exact length of the ship.

In conclusion, we will give the comparative dimensions of the *Leviathan* and other large steamers:

	Length.	Breadth.
Great Western, 1838 (first Atlantic steamer)	236	36
Great Britain, 1844 (first ocean screw steamer)	322	51
Himalaya, 1853 (largest screw steamer)	370	44
Persia, 1856 (paddle steamer)	390	45
Adriatic, 1857 (paddle steamer, next in tonnage to the *Leviathan*)	354	50
Leviathan, 1858 (screw and paddle)	680	83

The *Leviathan* is to be rigged and fitted for sea with all possible expedition; but this operation will probably require between four and five months longer, so that it will be late in the fall before we may hope to see with our own eyes, and in our own harbors, this monster vessel.

ROUNDELAY OF THE HOOP.

A song for the Hoop!
Montespan's great invention! in whose cells
So much undulation dwells,
As the silken fabric swells
To the graceful pacing tread
Of our lovely Broadway belles,
Whom the beaux are mad to wed!

A song for the Hoop!
'Tis trundled by queen bees from beauty's hives;
Lifting skirts in walks and drives,
Giving ankles better lives:
For the clumsy folds have fled
From our sweet-hearts and our wives,
And the Hoop doth swing instead!

Hurrah for Crinoline!
That mid imperial boudoirs rustled first!—
The secret, for a season nurs'd,
Soon from Fashion's temple burst
In the fullness of its pride.
But the sires and sighers cursed
Whene'er called to take a ride!

Hurrah for both at once!
Crinoline and Hoop, and all of mysterious
Springs that fall when delirious
With grace, and imperious
Of space, swell the skirts
Potent over all the serious
Papas of laughing flirts.

Whoop, whoop for the Hoop!
Roll the whoop to the salons of Versailles,
Or the Boulevards, where hie
Duchess and grisette to buy
Steel and horse-hair graces cheap!
But, pray, never ask us why—
'Tis a secret we must keep.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER II.

Truly saith the proverb, "Much corn lies under the straw that is not seen."

Meanwhile George Morley followed the long shady walk—very handsome walk, full of prize roses and rare exotics—artificially winding, too—walk so well kept that it took thirty-four men to keep it—noble walk, tiresome walk—till it brought him to the great piece of water, which, perhaps, four times in the year was visited by the great folks in the Great House. And being thus out of the immediate patronage of fashion, the great piece of water really looked natural—companionable, refreshing—you began to breathe—to unbutton your waistcoat, loosen your neckcloth—quote Chaucer, if you could recollect him, or Cowper, or Shakspeare, or Thomson's Seasons; in short, any scraps of verse that came into your head—as your feet grew joyously entangled with fern—as the trees grouped forest-like before and round you—trees which there being out of sight, were allowed to grow too old to be worth five shillings apiece, moss-grown, hollow-trunked, some pollarded—trees invaluable! Ha! the hare! how she scuds! See, the deer marching down to the water-side. What groves of bulrushes—islands of water-lily! And to throw a Gothic bridge there, bring a great gravel road over the bridge! Oh, shame! shame!

So would have said the scholar, for he had a true sentiment for nature, if the bridge had not clean gone out of his head.

Wandering alone, he came at last to the most umbrageous and sequestered bank of the wide water, closed round on every side by brushwood, or still patriarchal trees.

Suddenly he arrested his steps—an idea struck him—one of those odd, whimsical, grotesque ideas which often when we are alone come across us, even in our quietest or most anxious moods. Was his infirmity really incurable? Elocution masters had said "Certainly not;" but they had done him no good. Yet had not the greatest orator the world ever knew a defect in utterance? He too, Demosthenes, had, no doubt, paid fees to elocution masters, the best in Athens, where elocution masters must have studied their art *ad unguem*, and the defect had baffled them. But did Demosthenes despair? No, he resolved to cure himself—How? Was it not one of his methods to fill his mouth with pebbles, and practice manfully to the roaring sea? George Morley had never tried the effect of pebbles. Was there any virtue in them? Why not try? No sea there, it is true; but a sea was only useful as representing the noise of a stormy democratic audience. To represent a peaceful congregation that still sheet of water would do as well. Pebbles there were in plenty just by that gravelly cove, near which a young pike lay sunning his green back. Half in jest, half in earnest, the scholar picked up a handful of pebbles, wiped them from sand and mould, inserted them between his teeth cautiously, and, looking round to assure himself that none were by, began an extempore discourse. So interested did he become in that classical experiment, that he might have tortured the air and astonished the magpies (three of whom from a neighboring thicket listened perfectly spell-bound) for more than half an hour, when, seized with shame at the ludicrous impotence of his exertions—with despair that so wretched a barrier should stand between his mind and its expression—he flung away the pebbles, and, sinking on the ground, he fairly wept—wept like a baffled child.

The fact was, that Morley had really the temperament of an orator; he had the orator's gifts in warmth of passion, rush of thought, logical arrangement; there was in him the genius of a great preacher. He felt it—he knew it; and in that despair which only Genius knows, when some pitiful cause obstructs its energies and strikes down its powers—making a confidant of Solitude—he wept loud and freely.

"Do not despond, Sir; I undertake to cure you," said a voice behind.

George started up in confusion. A man, elderly, but fresh and vigorous, stood beside him, in a light fustian jacket, a blue apron, and with rushes in his hands, which he continued to plait together nimbly and deftly as he bowed to the startled scholar.

"I was in the shade of the thicket yonder, Sir; pardon me, I could not help hearing you."

The Oxonian rubbed his eyes, and stared at the man with a vague impression that he had seen him before—When? Where?

"You can cure me," he stuttered out; "what of?—the folly of trying to speak in public. Thank you, I am cured."

"Nay, Sir, you see before you a man who can make you a very good speaker. Your voice is naturally fine. I repeat I can cure a defect which is not in the organ, but in the management."

"You can! you—who and what are you?"

"A basket-maker, Sir; I hope for your custom."

"Surely this is not the first time I have seen you?"

"True; you once kindly suffered me to borrow a resting-place on your father's land. One good turn deserves another."

At that moment Sir Isaac peered through the brambles, and, restored to his original whiteness, and relieved from his false, horned ears, marched gravely toward the water, sniffed at the scholar, slightly wagged his tail, and buried himself among the reeds in search of a water-rat he had therein disturbed a week before, and always expected to find again.

The sight of the dog immediately cleared up the cloud in the scholar's memory; but with recognition came back a keen curiosity and a sharp pang of remorse.

"And your little girl?" he asked, looking down abashed.

"Better than she was when we last met. Providence is so kind to us."

Poor Waife, he never guessed that to the person he thus revealed himself he owed the grief for Sophy's abduction. He divined no reason for the scholar's flushing cheek and embarrassed manner.

"Yes, Sir, we have just settled in this neighborhood. I have a pretty cottage yonder at the outskirts of the village, and near the park-pales. I recognized you at once; and as I heard you just now, I called to mind that when we met before, you said your calling should be the Church, were it not for your difficulty in utterance; and I said to myself, 'No bad things those pebbles, if his utterance were thick, which it is not;' and I have not a doubt, Sir, that the true fault of Demosthenes, whom I presume you were imitating, was that he spoke through his nose."

"Eh!" said the scholar, "through his nose? I never knew that!—and I—"

"And you are trying to speak without lungs; that is, without air in them. You don't smoke, I presume?"

"No—certainly not."

"You must learn—speak between each slow puff of your pipe. All you want is time, time to quiet the nerves, time to think, time to breathe. The moment you begin to stammer—stop—fill the lungs thus, then try again! It is only a clever man who can learn to write—that is, to compose; but any fool can be taught to speak—Courage!"

"If you really can teach me," cried the learned man, forgetting all self-reproach for his betrayal of Waife to Mrs. Crane in the absorbing interest of the hope that sprang up within him—"If you can teach me—if I can but con—con—con—conq—"

"Slowly—slowly—breath and time; take a whiff from my pipe—that's right. Yes, you can conquer the impediment."

"Then I will be the best friend to you that man ever had. There's my hand on it."

"I take it, but I ask leave to change the parties in the contract. I don't want a friend—I don't deserve one. You'll be a friend to my little girl instead; and if ever I ask you to help me in aught for her welfare and happiness—"

"I will help, heart and soul. Slight, indeed, any service to her or to you compared with such service to me. Free this wretched tongue from its stammer, and thought and zeal will not stammer whenever you say, 'Keep your promise.' I am so glad your little girl is still with you!"

Waife looked surprised—"Is still with me—why not?"

The scholar bit his tongue. That was not the moment to confess; it might destroy all Waife's confidence in him. He would do so later.

"When shall I begin my lesson?"

"Now, if you like. But have you a book in your pocket?"

"I always have."

"Not Greek, I hope, Sir."

"No, a volume of Barrow's Sermons. Lord Chatham recommended those sermons to his great son as a study for eloquence."

"Good! Will you lend me the volume, Sir, and now for it; listen to me: one sentence at a time—draw your breath when I do."

The three magpies pricked up their ears again, and, as they listened, marveled much.

CHAPTER III.

Could we know by what strange circumstances a man's genius became prepared for practical success, we should discover that the most serviceable items in his education were never entered in the bills which his father paid for it.

At the end of the very first lesson George Morley saw that all the elocution-masters to whose skill he had been consigned were blunderers in comparison to the basket-maker.

Waife did not puzzle him with scientific theories. All that the great comedian required of him was to observe and to imitate. Observation, imitation, lo! the ground-work of all art! the primal elements of all genius! Not there, indeed, to halt, but there ever to commence. What remains to carry on the intellect to mastery? Two steps—to reflect, to reproduce. Observation, imitation, reflection, reproduction. In these stands a mind complete and consummate, fit to cope with all labor, achieve all success.

At the end of the first lesson George Morley felt that his cure was possible. Making an appointment for the next day at the same place, he came thither stealthily, and so on day by day. At the end of a week he felt that the cure was nearly sure; at the end of a month the cure was self-evident. He should live to preach the Word. True, that he practiced incessantly in private. Not a moment in his waking hours that the one thought, one object, were absent from his mind; true, that with all his patience, all his toil, the obstacle was yet serious, might never be entirely overcome. Nervous hurry—rapidity of action—vehemence of feeling brought back, might, at unguarded moments, always bring back the gasping breath—the emptied lungs—the struggling utterance. But the relapse—rarer and rarer now with each trial—would be at last scarce a drawback. "Nay," quoth Waife, "instead of a drawback, become but an orator, and you will convert a defect into a beauty."

Thus justly sanguine of the accomplishment of his life's chosen object, the scholar's gratitude to Waife was unspeakable. And seeing the man daily at last in his own cottage—Sophy's health restored to her cheeks, smiles to her lip, and cheered at her light fancy-work beside her grandsire's elbow-chair, with fairy legends instilling perhaps golden truths—seeing Waife thus, the scholar mingled with gratitude a strange tenderness of respect. He knew naught of the vagrant's past—his reason might admit that in a position of life so at variance with the gifts natural and acquired of the singular basket-maker, there was something mysterious and suspicious. But he blushed to think that he had ever ascribed to a flawed or wandering intellect the eccentricities of glorious Humor—abetted an attempt to separate an old age so innocent and genial from a childhood so fostered and so fostering. And sure I am that if the whole world had risen up to point the finger of scorn at the one-eyed cripple, George Morley, the well-born gentleman—the refined scholar—the spotless Churchman—would have given him his arm to lean upon, and walked by his side unashamed.

CHAPTER IV.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

Numa Pompilius did not more conceal from notice the lessons he received from Egeria than did George Morley those which he received from the basket-maker. Natural, indeed, must be his wish for secrecy—pretty story it would be for Humberston, its future rector learning how to preach a sermon from an old basket-maker! But he had a nobler and more imperious motive for discretion—his honor was engaged to it. Waife exacted a promise that he would regard the intercourse between them as strictly private and confidential.

"It is for my sake I ask this," said Waife, frankly, "though I might say it was for yours." The Oxonian promised, and was bound. Fortunately, Lady Montfort quitting the Great House the very day after George had first encountered the basket-maker, and writing word that she should not return to it for some weeks—George was at liberty to avail himself of her lord's general invitation to make use of Montfort Court as his lodgings when in the neighborhood, which the proprieties of the world would not have allowed him to do while Lady Montfort was there without either host or female guests. Accordingly, he took up his abode in a corner of the vast palace, and was easily enabled, when he pleased, to traverse unobserved the solitudes of the park, gain the water-side, or stroll thence through the thick copse leading to Waife's cottage, which bordered the park-pales, solitary, sequestered, beyond sight of the neighboring village. The great house all to himself, George was brought in contact with no one to whom, in unguarded moments, he could even have let out a hint of his new acquaintance, except the clergyman of the parish, a worthy man, who lived in strict retirement upon a scanty stipend. For the Marquis was the lay impropriator; the living was therefore but a very poor vicarage, below the acceptance of a Vipont or a Vipont's tutor—sure to go to a quiet worthy man forced to live in strict retirement. George saw too little of this clergyman either to let out secrets or pick up information. From him, however, George did incidentally learn that Waife had some months previously visited the village, and proposed to the bailiff to take the cottage and osier land, which he now rented—that he represented himself as having known an old basket-maker who had dwelt there many years ago, and had learned the basket craft of that long deceased operative. As he offered a higher rent than the bailiff could elsewhere obtain, and as the bailiff was desirous to get credit with Mr. Carr Vipont for improving the property, by reviving thereon an art which had fallen into desuetude, the bargain was struck, provided the candidate, being a stranger to the place, could furnish the bailiff with any satisfactory reference. Waife had gone away, saying he should shortly return with the requisite testimonial. In fact, poor man, as we know, he was then counting on a good word from Mr. Hartopp. He had not, however, returned for some months. The cottage having been meanwhile wanted for the temporary occupation of an under gamekeeper, while his own was under repair, fortunately remained unlet. Waife, on returning, accompanied by his little girl, had referred the bailiff to a respectable house-agent and collector of street rents in Bloomsbury, who wrote word that a lady, then abroad, had authorized him, as the agent employed in the management of a house property from which much of her income was derived, not only to state that Waife was a very intelligent man, likely to do well whatever he undertook, but also to guarantee, if required, the punctual payment of the rent for any holding of which he became the occupier. On this the agreement was concluded—the basket-maker installed. In the immediate neighborhood there was no custom for basket-work, but Waife's performances were so neat, and some so elegant and fanciful, that he had no difficulty in contracting with a large tradesman (not at Humberston, but a more distant and yet more thriving town about twenty miles off), for as much of such work as he could supply. Each week the carrier took his goods and brought back the payments; the profits amply sufficed for Waife's and Sophy's daily bread, with even more than the surplus set aside for the rent. For the rest, the basket-maker's cottage being at the farthest outskirts of the straggling village inhabited but by a laboring peasantry, his way of life was not much known, nor much inquired into. He seemed a harmless hard-working man—never seen at the beer-house, always seen with his neatly-dressed little grandchild in his quiet corner at church on Sundays—a civil, well-behaved man too, who touched his hat to the bailiff, and took it off to the vicar.

An idea prevailed that the basket-maker had spent much of his life in foreign parts, favored partly by a sobriety of habits which is not altogether national, partly by something in his appearance, which, without being above his lowly calling, did not seem quite in keeping with it—outlandish in short—but principally by the fact that he had received since his arrival two letters with a foreign postmark. The idea befriended the old man; allowing it to be inferred that he had probably outlived the friends he had formerly left behind him in England, and on his return, been sufficiently fatigued with his rambles to drop contented in any corner of his native soil, wherein he could find a quiet home, and earn by light toil a decent livelihood.

George, though naturally curious to know what had been the result of his communication to Mrs. Crane—whether it had led to Waife's discovery or caused him annoyance, had hitherto, however, shrunk from touching upon a topic which subjected himself to an awkward confes-

tion of officious intermeddling, and might appear an indirect and indelicate mode of prying into painful family affairs. But one day he received a letter from his father which distressed him greatly, and induced him to break ground and speak to his preceptor frankly. In this letter the elder Mr. Morley mentioned incidentally, among other scraps of local news, that he had seen Mr. Hartopp, who was rather out of sorts, his good heart not having recovered the shock of having been dismissed "in that" by an impostor for whom he had conceived a great fancy, and to whose discovery George himself had providentially led. (In the father referring back to what George had told him of his first meeting with Waife, and his visit to Mrs. Crane, the impostor, it seemed, from what Mr. Hartopp let fall, not being a little queer in the head—a remark which George had set down as cynical—was a very bad character. "In fact," added the elder Morley, "a sentence or two that Mr. Hartopp let fall gave me to understand that he thought you were a very good fellow, whom the man appointed to guard you had contrived to get rid of, and I suspect from what Mr. Hartopp said, though he does not like to own that he was taken in to so gross a decree, that he had been actually entrapping to his fellow-townsfolk, and conferring familiarity, with a regular jail-bird and common burglar. How lucky for that poor, self-heeded, excellent Jno Hartopp—whom it is positively unfortunate to be as ill he ever is not natural—that the lady you saw arrived in time to expose the snares laid for his benes tolent credulity! But for that, Jno might have taken the fellow into his own house—just like him!)—and been robbed by this time—perhaps murdered. Heav'n knows!"

Incredulous and indignant, and longing to be unprovoked to vindicate his friend's fair name, George seized his hat, and strode quick along, the short cut to the basket-maker's cottage. As he gained the water-side he perceived Waife himself, seated on a mossy bank, under a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, smoking a short pipe, and to drink, and whistling a soft mellow tune—the tune of an old English border-song. The dear lifted its antlers from the water, and turned its large bright eyes toward the opposite bank, whence the new comer listening and wafted. As George's step crushed the wild thyme, which the fawn's delicate hoof spared—"Hah, Jack Waife," said he, "and mark how the rudest musical combination can affect the brute creation!" He resumed the whistle—a clear, simple, wilder tune—that of a lively hunting-song. The deer turned quickly round—uneasy, restless, tossed its head, and bounded through the fern. Waife again changed the key of his primitive music—a melancholy, *bellow* tune, like the wailing itself as melancholy hart, but more modulated into sweetness. The deer approached. Waife, charmed by the mimic sound, returned toward the water-side slow and stately.

"I don't think the story of Orpheus charming the beasts was a fable—do you, Sir?" said Waife. "The rabbits should have known my quality, and if I had but a fiddle I would undertake to make friends with that reserved and unsocial race of animals, who seem to have no vein endeavors to present to fore his acquaintance. Man contrasts a great deal, but not sufficiently. Nature intimate and amicable relation with the other branches of earth's great family. Few of those not more nearly allied to we—naturally, for they have not our cares. And such variety of character, too, where you would suppose all!"

GEORGE MORLEY. "Very true: Cowper noticed marked differences of character in his fellow tuvin hares."

WAIFE. "Hares! I am sure that there are not two house-flies on a window-pane but mo nows in that water, that would not present to me interesting points of contrast as to temper and disposition. If human life and manners could but coin money, or set up a manufacture—coo rive something, in short, of real use or attractive to Anglo-Saxon enterprise and intelligence—of course we should soon have diplomatic relations with them; and our geographies and newspapers would instruct us to a T in the characters and propensities of their leading personages. But where man has no pecuniary nor ambitious interests at stake in his communications with any order of his fellow-creatures, his information about them is extremely confused and superficial. The best naturalists are mere collectors, and think they have done a vast deal when they classify a species. What should we know about mankind if we had only a naturalist's definition of man? We only know mankind by knocking against each other, head, and sticking out for man as a class in himself. Compare Buffon with Shakspeare! Ah, Sir! Shall you ever see with Shakspeare! Ah, Sir! Shall you ever have a Shakspeare for house-flies and mosnows?"

GEORGE MORLEY. "With all respect for mi nows and house-flies, if we found another Shakspeare, he might be better employed than in the profession in selecting individualities from the classifications of man."

WAIFE. "Begin yourself a man, you think so —a house-fly might be of a different opinion. But permit me, at least, to avoid intrusion on an investigation which would be better employed in reference to his own happiness, though I grant that he would be so in reference to the scientific intellectual amusement and social interests. Poor Shakspeare! How much he must have suffered!"

GEORGE MORLEY. "You mean that he must have been racked by the passions he describes —bruised by collision with the hosts he depicts. That is not necessary to genius. The judge on his bench, summing up evidence, and charging the jury, has no need to have shared the temptations, or known prior to the acts, of the prisoner at the bar. Yet how consummate may be his analysis!"

"No," cried Waife, roughly, "No. Your illustration destroys your argument. The judge knows nothing of the prisoner! There are the circumstances—there is the law. By these he generalizes—by these he judges—right or wrong. But of the individual at the bar—of the world —the tremendous world within that individual heart—I repeat—he knows nothing. Did he know, law and circumstance might vanish—human justice would be paralyzed. Ho, there, place that sweet-visaged, ill-looking foreigner in the witness-box! Usher, bring that slave—here the witnesses depose! Oh, horrible wretch!—a murderer—cruelest murderer! He poisoned the woman smothered by cruelest hands! Hang him up—hang him up! 'Softly,' whispers the Poet; 'softly, lest he hear.' Hang him—hang him! 'Lo! it is Othello the Moor!' What jury now dare find that crime—that prisoner guilty? Who now will put on the black cap? Who now says 'Hang him up—hang him up?'"

With such vehemence did the Comelian vent this passionate outburst that he thrilled his listener with an awe which, when he had ended his convicted Moor gathers round himself at the close of the sublime drama. Even Sir Isaac, more startled, and more deeply pursued myriads of the water-rat, uttered a low bark, came to his master, and looked into his face with solemn curiosity.

WAIFE (relapsing into colloquial accent). "Why do we differ against me, deemed me with more than with those below? why with the sorrows of a human being, and not a beggar? why does Sir Isaac sympathize with me more than (let that wicket-cat yes him over so much) with the gentleman with him? Whatever be the cause, see at least, Mr. Morley, one reason why it would be more like mockery than kindness for employment to cultivate the intimacy of brutes than to prosecute the study of men. Among men, you may look to your reputation, as me; but I have known two friends who never injured nor betrayed each other. Those are Wamba was another. Wamba, Sir, the native of a remote district of the globe (two friends who never betrayed each other are not looked for by any one man)—Wamba, Sir, was less gifted by Providence than Sir Isaac Newton can Sir Isaac, but he was a safe and trustworthy companion. Wamba, Sir, was—an opossum."

GEORGE MORLEY. "Excuse dear Mr. Waife, I fear that mean must have behaved very ill to you."

WAIFE. "I have no right to complain. I have behaved very ill to myself. When a man is his own enemy, he has no reasonable right to it his expect other men to be his benefactors."

GEORGE MORLEY (emotion). "Listen! I have a confession to make to you. I fear I have done you an injury—where, officiously, I meant to do you a service. I have been hurried on to narrate the particulars of his visit to Mrs. Crane. Mr. Hartopp has told me all you told him."

"When again I met you here and learned that your Sophy was with you, I felt increpressible curiosity to see her. I knew that this young grandchild had been left to your care unprotected, either that she was a relative or the child of some of whom the parties were in search, or family affairs had been so explained and reconciled, as to make your possession of her innocent and harm. But to-day I have a letter from my father which destroys that hope. He writes that the persons in question did visit Gatesboro' and have maligned you to Mr. Hartopp. Under the shock of what he so painfully, I fondly you to believe, he may be unwilling to give; but if you will rem me with the power to vindicate your character from aspersions which I need not your assurance to hold unjust and false, I will not rest till I have done justice to your unmerited wrongs."

WAIFE (in a tone calm but dejected). "I thank you, Sir—I thank you. But it is not a thing to be done. I am glad that the subject did not start up between us until such little time before we parted for ever. Mr. Morley, it is pretty well over. It would have been a pity if you had become involved in any vindictive contention with a man of attainted character before you had learned how to manage the powers that you have inherited over a more docile animal than I have been. Hush, Sir! you feel that, at least now, I am not to be trusted with the rearing for a humble livelihood. You will not repeat here what you may have heard, or yet hear, to the disadvantage of my Sophy. She will not send me and my grandchild forth from the observance you have confided to me with which we have no strength to cope? And, believing this, it only remains for me to say Farewell, Mr. Morley!"

"I should deserve to lose spe—spe—speech altogether," cried Waife, after a moment's stammering fearfully as he caught Waife firmly by the arm, "if I suffered—suff—suff—such

"One, two! Sophy, Sir! Until the Comedian, softly. And with a sweet patience he resumed himself on the bank.

The Oxonian threw himself at length by the outcast's side; and with the noble tenderness of youth, and the delicacy of a gentleman, which ever gave to priest, he rested his folded hands on his knees, looked down, and spoke low and close in the face, and thus, slowly, deliberately, not a stammer.

"Sir, you do not guess what you have done for me; you have recurred to me a home and a career—the only career and home which could have inspired—the divine vocation on which all my earthly hopes were set, and which I was on the eve of renouncing—do not think these are objections which can be lightly shaken off. If there are circumstances which forbid me to disclose others of impressions which wrong you, imagine not that their false notions will affect my own estimate of your respect for you?"

"Nay, Sir! they ought—they must. Perhaps not your respect—but gratitude for what I have done for you, would not, however, measure by its effects on yourself, but by the slightness of the trouble it gave to me; not perhaps your gratitude—but your respect, yes."

"I tell you no! Do you fancy that I can not judge of a man's nature without calling on him to tell me his will all the secrets—all the errors, if you will, of his past life? Will not the calling to which I may now hold myself destined give me power and commandment to absolve all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe? Sir, I repeat, if in earlier days you have sinned, do you not repent? and how often, in many a lowly cottage, have I received assurance from your lips, have I had cause to know that you unfeignedly believe! Were I now clothed in those sacred vestments, could I not absolve you as a priest? Think you that, in the mean while, I have ceased to be a man? I should be a base, guilt, guarded hinherto from temptation by careful pursuits and favoring fortune—*I* presume to judge, and with the lawless, the gray-bloated vice, wearied by the march, wounded in the battle!"

"You are a noble-hearted human being," said Waife, greatly affected. "And—mark my words, Mr. Morley—there is no large you will find in your career as a robe of honor. But hear me, Sir! Mr. Hartopp, as I said, is a man unfortunately kind, benevolent, kindly, and, through all his simplicity, acutely shrewd. Mr. Hartopp, on hearing my story, spoke to me, deemed me worth to retain my grandchild, resigned the trust I had confided to me, and has since written a letter which, no doubt, hint I asked them, but not his hand. Take your hands, Sir, from my shoulder, lest the tremble!"

George did take his hands from the vagrant's shoulder, but not to press the hand that waived them off, and struggled to escape the pressure. "You are innocent, you are innocent of all that can stain you in the sight of mankind, if you had been guilty. I repeat, I should have loved it by your side, and rejoiced in the power to defy you to say that you are guilty of what has been laid to your charge, of what has darkened the fame of your name. Mr. Hartopp believed to your prejudice. Look me in the face and say, 'I am not innocent, I have not been belied!'"

Waife remained voiceless—motionless.

The young man, in whose nature he yet unproved all those great qualities of heart, with our which the world has no parallel—nature, a great preacher—qualities which compare the souls of sergeant, and arrive at the end of elaborate wonder and sublime impulse—now reversed Waife's hand, rose to his feet, and, facing Waife, with all man can with love ever accord, eyes dovercast, breast heaving, said, softly,

"Forget that I may soon be the Christian minister—forget even how his ear to the lips of shame and guilt—whose hand, when it points you any heavenward, may be guilty—whose sublimest post is by the sinner's side. Look on me but as man and gentleman. Sen, I now you, Mr. Waife, to you. If, as man and gentleman, you have done that which, could all hearts be read, the secrets known—human judgment reversed by Divine omniscience—forbids you to take this hand—does reject it—go hence in your turn! But if no such act be on your conscience—however you submit to its imputation—I offer you my hand, as to a man and gentleman to man and gentleman, I command you to take this right hand, and in the name of God I bid you shake it, on pain of your palsying, I forbid you to disobey."

Waife's vagabond rose, like the dead at the spell of a magician—took, as if irresistibly, the hand held out to him. And the scholar, overjoyed at the act, pressed it warmly, long as a sense.

"You know," said George, in trembling accents, "that I am not a man to be moved with ordinary—never desert; but it—is—it is really powerless to raise and to restore you to your place!"

"Powerless among your kind for that indeed, powerful with God. In accents still more tremulous. "All the kings of the earth are not strong enough to raise a penny that has been lost. Powerless—powerless! Learn that it is not only impossible for me to clear myself, but that I have no desire to clear me to confide to moral being a single plea in defence of I am innocent, in extenuation if I am guilty. And my child—him, and mother—I pray you to hold it more merciful to condemn than to question me—to condemn and to punish. I can not reject your pity but it would be mockery to offer me respect!"

"What! are you so much wedded to such an enmy can not crush? Would that fortitude be possible if you were not calm in the knowledge that no human judgment can mislead the Eternal Judge? Respect you! yes—because I have such joy happy in the depths of pain, and therefore I have that the cloud around you is not the frown of Heaven."

"Oh," cried Waife, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "and not an hour ago I was jesting at human friendship—naming ourselves pitiful to my fellow-men! And now—now—Ah! Sir! Providence is so kind to me! And," said he, suddenly, and with a look in which all arch smile began to play round the corner of his mouth—"and kind to me in the very quarter in which unkindness had most sorely smitten me. True, you directed toward me the woman who took away my grandchild—who destroyed all I had the esteem of good Mr. Hartopp. Well, you see, I have my sweet Sophy back again; we are in the home of all others I most longed for; and that woman—yes, I can, at least thus far, confide to you my secrets, so that you may not blame yourself for sending her to Gatesboro'—that woman has provided me a shelter—furnished me with the very reference necessary to obtain it; has freed my grandchild from the thraldom which would, if I could not have legally resisted; and should new persecutions chase us, will watch, and warn, and help us. And if you ask me how this change in her was effected—how, when we had abandoned all hope of green fields, and deemed that only in the crowd of a city we could escape those who pursued us when discovered there, though I fancied myself an adept in disguise, and the child and the dog were never seen but as if they were part vails in which I hid them; if you ask me, I say, to explain how that very woman was suddenly converted from a remorseless foe to a friend, I can only say that the only answer, by no, no device, no persuasive art of human influence softened her heart, and made it kind, just at the moment when the agency on earth could have rescued us from—from—"

"Say no more—good Sir! Say no more! No man showed me was a legal form authorizing your poor little Sophy to be given up to the care of a father. I guess! of this last fact we would not speak til me; yet from that father you would have received grandchild. No more. And you quiet home—your humble employment, reright quotes you?"

"Oh, if such a life can but last! Sophy is so well, so cheerful, so happy! Did not you hear her sing from the other side? Since need to sing! But we had not been here a week when song, tired down from her nursegirl, as from a bird. But if any ill report of me travel hither from Gatesboro', or elsewhere, we should be sent away, and the kind would be sure in my thoroughness—Sophy would sing no more."

"Do not fear that should drive you hence. Lady Montfort, you know, is my cousin, but you know not—few do—how thoroughly generous and gentle-hearted she is. I will myself, of you to how—Oh, do not look alarmed. She will take no step without I tell her: that is a good man;' and if she ask more, it will be enough to say, 'those who have known better days are not to be judged by strangers of the hour.'"

"I thank you earnestly, sincerely," said Waife, hastily, standing up, "and you—and—if you saw in the formal document shown to you, or retain on your memory, the name of—of the woman who refused to claim Sophy, you can you not guess how I long—how I yearn to view that child under the roof of that woman. Perhaps if Lady Montfort saw my pretty Sophy she might take a fancy to her. Oh, if she did but—but—but—" he added Wholly, inarticulately, "to see a right to respect. She is not like my self-heeded enough to be judged by her fear —Do you know that I conceived that hope—that the hope helped to lend me back here when, in my folly, I was at Hammerton, indeed upon rescuing Sophy; and saw, though," observed Waife, with a blind still arch smile round his mouth, "I had no right at that precise moment to be seeing any thing—Lady Montfort's child under the care of the village church, I again saw that face—wonderfully altered—but as the for and—fair as moonlight and as melancholy. Indeed it is, Sir, that I, naturally a boisterous, mirthful man, and now a shy, skulking fugitive—should have been so drawn toward a countenance, in proportion as I read there the trace of sadness. I feel less abashed to lay my own sadness before a gentleman used to approach and say, 'Not so far apart from me; you, too, have suffered.' Why else this?"

GEORGE MORLEY. "The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God;' but the fool hath not said in his heart that there is no sorrow—pithy and most profound sentence; intimating the interchangeable chain that runs into the Father. And where the chain tightens the children are closer drawn together. But to your child. You will remember if—there are young cousins else shall see your Sophy."

ANECDOTES OF RACHEL.

SINCE the death of the great tragedienne the Parisian papers are filled with reminiscences of various parts of her career, and anecdotes characteristic of her who so long delighted the French stage.

Her parents, as is known, were poor Jews. The mother kept a small shop in the Rue Richelieu, and the two sisters, Elisa Rachel and Rebecca, contributed their share to the family support—Elisa singing in the streets, when M. Choron, an old gentleman, formerly director of the Opera, but then teacher of singing and declamation, was induced to give the girls instructions in singing. After being a short time under his care, he persuaded her to make them useful. Choron writes his opinion of the merits of the two children: "Elisa (Rachel) has decidedly the more voice, but she has a worse memory and works less than her sister, who is constantly more thoughtful, and understands with greater facility."

Her genius for tragedy being discovered, she was sent to a school of declamation, and having, at a trial declamation, elicited the approval of some of the first critics, she was placed for further instruction under Samson, the celebrated professor. It is stated that only with the greatest difficulty could she be induced to give up her predilection for comedy—another instance of the errors in self-judgment so general amongst talented people.

At length came an engagement at the Gymnase. "That name, Elisa, will not suit the bill at all,"

said the director to her, when the arrangement was made. "Have you no other?"

"My name is Elizabeth Rachel."

"Come, that is better! Rachel is a name which will be remembered, and which is not borne by every body. Call yourself in future Rachel. The selection of a name is of more consequence than you may imagine."

So she came to be Rachel. She made her *début* on the 16th of April, 1837, in a poor play, *La Vendeuse*, written expressly for her. But few of the critics recognized her marvelous power. Jules Janin on the 18th of May was behind in proper terms the rising star. He takes to himself the credit of being the Rachel discoverer. "Mademoiselle Rachel, ever, was rapid. It may be estimated by her income. She began with a salary of fifteen per year. The next year the authorities of the theatre to which she was then attached voluntarily raised her stipend from 4000 to 6000 francs. And now, by, when acting independently, her income was estimated at 60,000 francs, or $60,000, per annum.

Mademoiselle Mars appears to have been one of the first to recognize her great genius. One who with her witnessed Rachel's *début*, says:

"When Camille appeared on the stage Mademoiselle Mars followed her attentively; then rising to me, she said, with a half nod and a sigh of hearty satisfaction, 'She walks well!' These acquainted with the theatre will know what praise was contained in these simple words, especially from the lips of Mars. Subsequently applied the words to Camille at the moment when the latter appears on the stage. Mademoiselle Rachel had not yet quitted the wings, when Mars turned to me again, and regarding me with an air of personal triumph, said, 'And she listens!' That listening well is the height of art which few actors possess —an art as difficult, more difficult, perhaps, than that of speaking well. Mademoiselle Mars was profoundly, too delicately artistic not to seize with delight the slightest semblance of talent when it came to her. She had scarcely uttered half a dozen lines when Mars exclaimed, with a satisfaction I shall never forget, and which no double-bolted door could 'Ah! she does not declaim; she speaks!'"

In 1838 she left the Gymnase, and entered M. Lockay reduces the circulation which led her to the attempt:

"One evening I was in Rachel's box, when she suddenly said, 'I have dreamed of something extraordinary, which will dare all the world. I will play the *Marseillaise*.' 'But I did not know you could sing.' 'No matter, I will make a *solfeje* of it. You shall come and hear me.' I went to Rachel's only three or four of you present.' Then I am to announce that Mademoiselle Rachel will sing the *Marseillaise* at the Théâtre Français?' 'Certainly. Don't you think it will bring in money at a period when the theatres are deserted?' 'I do, indeed; I must hear it first.' In short, when the performance was over we attended her to her carriage. With her family collected around her, and the stricter duke of Orleans, she began to sing, restrained song, which she had stealthily studied, verses by verse, note by note. All the world knows what she made of it. It was singing, declaiming, declaimed, but a recitation, in which the strength of accentuation and the power of expression avoided the want of melody. It made the hearers tremble and shudder. The success was as great as the conception was daring. *Mademoiselle Rachel* was for a much money as an entire tragedy."

There exists in her singing the same mixture of genuine liberality and benevolence, and Israelitish meanness. A young author, very poor, and yet enjoying a certain degree of reputation, recently completed a three-act comedy in verse. He presented it to the Théâtre Français, and it was rejected. The poet was in despair, when Rachel took him on one ride. "I know an Englishman who has a mania for unpublished plays. I will ask him;' 'will you let him have yours for 100 francs?' The poet gladly consented, and the Englishman him the money and kept him to dinner. A week later the MS. was magnificently bound and placed in his private library.

During the *coup d'état*, a critic, who had not always been kind to her, was arrested and imprisoned. She heard of it, and never rested for two whole days until she had restored him to liberty—not to write as must her still.

One day Rachel had a grand dinner party, and determined to have the whole. She sent a note to a critic of her acquaintance to aid her in choosing her dessert. They went to Chevet's, where Rachel demanded all the finest fruit in season out of season. Just as she was going away, Chevet suggested that madame should have a splendid pine. She had not but the price was too high; she agreed to hire it. The dinner was gay; for she did things right royally. Still, in a corner of her heart, there was always a trace of that parsimony peculiar to her race. When the dessert was served, and the fine, fine-apple looked magnificent, and the critic maliciously suggested to the Duc de Guiche that he should cut it. The Duc leaned over the table and thrust a sharp knife into the forbidden fruit, which he tore off in triumph. Mademoiselle Rachel saw the deed. She was struck by it as if a tragedy dagger had been suddenly drawn on the stage. She uttered a dolorous cry, and cast a fith-act glance on the Duc. "Mademoiselle Rachel has, then, a pineapple for a soul." Rachel's face, while she was thinking could restore her good-humor that evening. It could not be avoided, for the cost was only 2500 francs. It was rather an attack of the nerves.

Rachel received 500 francs pension for each occasion she thought proper to play *Phèdre* or twice a week. When this "Malade Imaginaire" was given, with the procession in which all the company deliles before the audience, she walked at the head to receive the applause of the public—and the 500 francs. The amount being at last dispensed, she never appeared in the procession again; not even on the night of Molière.

One of her companions at the Théâtre Français, a blonde with an angelic face, but tormenting diabolorably in enormous hands and feet, said one day before her in the green-room, "I adore Meudon—I have there a little *pied-à-terre*." "Yes!" Rachel exclaimed, with an indescribable air of mockery, which gained her three rounds of applause.

Among the letters of Mademoiselle Rachel, which are now seeing the light, is this one to a well-known Hebrew banker:

"Monsieur,—My friend M. asserts that I need only write me owed to you to obtain for him fifty shares in the Asiatic railways. If you will be kind enough to add fifty more for each extra word, the surplus will be for your devoted

"RACHEL."

On one occasion she had to write a letter of thanks to the Duke of Devonshire. Before sending it, she showed it to Arsene Houssaye, who advised her to recopy it, and correct some orthographical errors. "Why?" she asked. "Why? Because, Rachel, you are a duchess!"

Rachel was superstitious, and had an especial horror of dining thirteen at table. She herself told of such a party, which the men have to the privilege of returning. This license gives rise to a great deal of harmless merriment, particularly among the young women, who, armed with large syringes and flagons, endeavor to wet every man they meet about the street, and in their way receive a wetting with perfect good-humor. Nor is the smaller efficiency ever manifested than by any other of their sports. Dirty water is never cast."

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.

The *Revue Contemporaine* contains a second paper by M. Cherbuliez on the social state of Morocco, from which we condense the following harrowing picture of the condition of the Israelites in that unhappy country. The Jews are considered by the Mussulmans of Morocco in the light of unclean animals, the enemies of God, and if they do not exterminate them it is only because they are useful, and because true believers have a right to turn their money to profit. Indeed, were the Jewish population suddenly removed from the country, with an army of Mussulmans to replace them, the calculable magnitude; for it is the Jew alone who can mend a lock, build a house, make gold and silver trinkets, keep money, discount a note, or receive silk, all such handicrafts being regarded by the Mussulman as degrading occupations. Even the Sultan himself is obliged to have recourse to them for the collection of taxes or negotiations with Christians. Under oppression, the Jew's position is reality all that power which superior talent and cunning give to the weak. The Jews of Fez are shut up in a particular quarter inclosed with a wall, and it is only after sunrise they are allowed to visit the Mussulman towns, where they have their shops. The Jewish quarter is called 'Mellah,' which means a place of damnation. Its population has none, because that town is already 'defiled' by the presence of the Christian consuls. The Jews live in narrow black shelters, that cost them being the emblem of misfortune and malediction. Their dress is distinguished from that of Moors, or if he meet a holy man, a marabout, or a sheriff, he must take off his shoes and carry them in his hand until he has passed them. They are not allowed to cross a Mussulman cemetery, and their corpses must be dragged on the slightest pretense by a Mussulman woman, specially designed for this function, and who will ask bounty. If a Mussulman strike a Jew, the latter is not permitted to defend himself otherwise than by flight or supplication. Assassinations are more than eight or ten years old, may sometimes be seen wandering about the streets at vigorous young Jews twice their size and age; they bite them, box their ears, scratch them; and yet the unfortunate victims, with agony depicted on their faces, dare not retaliate, and limit all their defense to cadaverous grins and piteous contortions. When the Sultan passes through a town the Jews of the place are obliged to offer him rich and magnificent presents. He, with all the burden of servitude upon them, they never abjure their faith; they are, on the contrary, enthusiastic adepts of it, zeal, is repulsed with the grossest ignorance and superstition. The creed they are taught is this—that God has created them for a time, and that they must bend under his wrath until all the nations of the globe, from the rising to the setting sun, the day will come when they shall all be reassembled in the land of their fathers, and be powerful and happy. Meanwhile, all that the other nations possess they have been unjustly deprived of, and they therefore have a right to get possession of it again by any stratagem they can devise. They hate the Christians quite as much as the Mussulmans, because the little protection they enjoy at Tangier is due to the Christian consuls. When a Christian enters a Jew's house, he knows that he is received with every mark of hospitality; but no sooner is his back turned than the glass out of which he drank is broken into pieces, and every thing he has touched is subjected to a rigorous purification, performed with many complicated ceremonies. A Jewish servant will not eat the meat she has cooked for a Christian, although she will eat a Jewish butcher's, because it has been cooked in Christian vessels.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

I remember, when a boy, walking with an elderly gentleman, and passing a broker's stall; there was the portrait of a fine florid gentleman in resplendents. "Look at it—he might be a prince, I thought it for a few shillings. After we had gone long—"Dad," said I, "is the portrait of my wife's uncle—member for the county, and colonel of militia; you see how he is degraded to them stop!" "Why do you not rescue him?" said I. "Because he left me nothing," was the reply. A friend of his showed me a fine picture of his grandfather; the example is worth following. Her husband was the last of his race, for she had no children. She bought family portraits out of broken frames, rolled up all the pictures, and put them in the coffin with the deceased.

Miscellany.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Every school for young ladies rejoices in its teacher of drawing, painting, etc., as well as its teacher of music; and under the heads of these two individuals, the whole school, as a general thing, is content to pay for teachers and parents. French is studied as an accomplishment. The result usually is, that when a young lady is "finished," she can play the tunes on the piano; has executed three pieces of drawing or painting; which pays Longfellow's line, "Art is long and life is short for exhibition to visitor; has done a little portfolio of sketches from the life, or otherwise; and is frequently visible; has learned to dance; and has achieved a free run of nineteen French phrases, by the aid of which she can manage to get along in her life. So far there is nothing but show. Principles have not been inculcated, habits have not been in her hands nothing, not even the instruments for winning the accomplishments which she and her parents consider her own. Can any one examine an sketch from nature? How many are taught to draw from life? How many can paint from life? How many can take a simple piece of music and play or sing it at sight? These are the points on the foothill they have achieved and become mistresses of the delightful art, something the husband and wife may and will find entertaining his friend when they call upon him? How many read a French book aloud with ease? How many could shoot one in fifty. Their accomplishments are a gilded cheat. The money spent to obtain them is all but thrown into the fire. Every one of them should have been devoted to more solid studies, in which three-fourths are now deficient. Many a man feel that their time has been so unprofitably occupied.

MARRIAGE.

A PLEA for marriage, if it required any, is to be found in the following from Dr. Hawker's *Life and Journal of Health*: "That the relation of marriage is the more natural condition of man, and, in the highest degree, happiest and best for his well-being, attested in the double fact, that unmarried adults do not live so long as married ones, and are not so good people, and that there are more insane single persons in our asylums, in proportion, than of married."

DRESS.

Do not fear being surrounded on all sides by wise and good books; fear only lest you slight or misemploy the wisdom which they contain. Remember that the savage Australian ran for centuries by the gold dust, the diamonds, the pearls, that, unfortunately believe, than that in itself a good library is a good thing, although in some cases it may be injurious to the possessor. The habit is obvious, and may be avoided. If, by the acquisition of books, you have once delivered your mind, you may think for yourself; if you are tempted to roam from subject to subject, glancing at it in a superficial way, you may remember that you have been bend upon it, your large library will become, when you have done it, a mere literary nuisance. But you have chosen a branch of study, convinced that for you it is the most appropriate, then oftentimes a single volume will be broken into pieces, and by bear upon it. One author may awaken suggestions which, though insignificant in his own mind, your own mental territory, may bring you back to it at last enriched and benefited. Another author may confirm your views, and, by doing so, and a third the impulses and inducements without which your labors would be unfruitful, and may not at all. One may brace you for mental conflict, another may soothe and refresh your spirit; and so, if not wearied by satiety, each may be auxiliary to the end you have in view.

YOUNG WASHINGTON.

Herself of the most unbounded generosity and good breeding, in his communication with other folks he appears to exact, or, at any rate, to receive, the same behavior. His nature was above levity and jokes; they seemed out of place when addressed to him. He was slow of comprehending; from which they shrunk as it were abashed out of his society. In 1754 Washington was in his 22d year. Governor Warrington, in one of his letters many years after the date of which we are writing; "and I never thought of him otherwise than of a hero. When he came over to Camlewood and taught us boxer horseplay, to see him striking to bounds was as if he was charging an army. If he fired a shot I thought the bird must come down, and if he flung a net the largest fish in the river were sure to be in it. His words were always few, but they were to the way into; they were not idle, no one words are; they were grave, sober, and strong, and ready on occasion to the their duty. In spite of his antipathy to him, my brother respected and admired the General as much as I did—that is to say, more than any mortal man."—*The Virginians, by Thackeray.*

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN BURMAH.

"On the 15th of April, the last day of the Burman year, we were invited by the Mayween (*i. e.*, Viceroy of Pegu) to bear a part ourselves in a sport that is universally practised throughout the Burman dominions on the concluding day of their annual cycle, to wash away the impurities of the past, and commence the new year free from stain; women on this day are accustomed to throw water on every man they meet, which the men have the privilege of returning. This license gives rise to a great deal of harmless merriment, particularly among the young women, who, armed with large syringes and flagons, endeavor to wet every man they meet about the street, and in their way receive a wetting with perfect good-humor. Nor is the smaller efficiency ever manifested than by any other of their sports. Dirty water is never cast."

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.

The *Revue Contemporaine* contains a second paper by M. Cherbuliez on the social state of Morocco, from which we condense the following harrowing picture of the condition of the Israelites in that unhappy country. The Jews are considered by the Mussulmans of Morocco in the light of unclean animals, the enemies of God, and if they do not exterminate them it is only because they are useful, and because true believers have a right to turn their money to profit. Indeed, were the Jewish population suddenly removed from the country, with an army of Mussulmans to replace them, the calculable magnitude; for it is the Jew alone who can mend a lock, build a house, make gold and silver trinkets, keep money, discount a note, or receive silk, all such handicrafts being regarded by the Mussulman as degrading occupations. Even the Sultan himself is obliged to have recourse to them for the collection of taxes or negotiations with Christians. Under oppression, the Jew's position is reality all that power which superior talent and cunning give to the weak. The Jews of Fez are shut up in a particular quarter inclosed with a wall, and it is only after sunrise they are allowed to visit the Mussulman towns, where they have their shops. The Jewish quarter is called 'Mellah,' which means a place of damnation. Its population has none, because that town is already 'defiled' by the presence of the Christian consuls. The Jews live in narrow black shelters, that cost them being the emblem of misfortune and malediction. Their dress is distinguished from that of Moors, or if he meet a holy man, a marabout, or a sheriff, he must take off his shoes and carry them in his hand until he has passed them. They are not allowed to cross a Mussulman cemetery, and their corpses must be dragged on the slightest pretense by a Mussulman woman, specially designed for this function, and who will ask bounty. If a Mussulman strike a Jew, the latter is not permitted to defend himself otherwise than by flight or supplication. Assassinations are more than eight or ten years old, may sometimes be seen wandering about the streets at vigorous young Jews twice their size and age; they bite them, box their ears, scratch them; and yet the unfortunate victims, with agony depicted on their faces, dare not retaliate, and limit all their defense to cadaverous grins and piteous contortions. When the Sultan passes through a town the Jews of the place are obliged to offer him rich and magnificent presents. He, with all the burden of servitude upon them, they never abjure their faith; they are, on the contrary, enthusiastic adepts of it, zeal, is repulsed with the grossest ignorance and superstition. The creed they are taught is this—that God has created them for a time, and that they must bend under his wrath until all the nations of the globe, from the rising to the setting sun, the day will come when they shall all be reassembled in the land of their fathers, and be powerful and happy. Meanwhile, all that the other nations possess they have been unjustly deprived of, and they therefore have a right to get possession of it again by any stratagem they can devise. They hate the Christians quite as much as the Mussulmans, because the little protection they enjoy at Tangier is due to the Christian consuls. When a Christian enters a Jew's house, he knows that he is received with every mark of hospitality; but no sooner is his back turned than the glass out of which he drank is broken into pieces, and every thing he has touched is subjected to a rigorous purification, performed with many complicated ceremonies. A Jewish servant will not eat the meat she has cooked for a Christian, although she will eat a Jewish butcher's, because it has been cooked in Christian vessels.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

I remember, when a boy, walking with an elderly gentleman, and passing a broker's stall; there was the portrait of a fine florid gentleman in resplendents. "Look at it—he might be a prince, I thought it for a few shillings. After we had gone long—"Dad," said I, "is the portrait of my wife's uncle—member for the county, and colonel of militia; you see how he is degraded to them stop!" "Why do you not rescue him?" said I. "Because he left me nothing," was the reply. A friend of his showed me a fine picture of his grandfather; the example is worth following. Her husband was the last of his race, for she had no children. She bought family portraits out of broken frames, rolled up all the pictures, and put them in the coffin with the deceased.

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY.

Sweet odor and bright eyed, swiftly passing,
Swiftly as breath upon a looking-glass,
Byron, the school-girl's pet, has lived his day,
And the tall May-pole scarce remembers Moore.
Then, Nature, blossomed in personal youth—
Two only men stand—Goldsmith and Tennyson,
Who walks not with their thro' the dim church-yard
To Nature not with Eton's wandering boy,
Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild
To take upon himself the woes of land
These in all hearts will find a kindred place,
And live the last of our poetic race.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LAND THOU.

Attachments between friends and lovers can not be secured strongly, and perpetually augmenting, except by the intervention of some interest which is not personal to them—which is common to both, and toward which their attentions and passions are directed. Love is the most impassioned of friendship, and friendship is love without sexual intercourse. In either case, will be reduced to the condition of a vanishing animal's stomach, the opposite sides of which, for want of pabulum, meet and digest and consume each other. Attachment must burn in oxygen, or it will go out; and by oxygen is meant a mutual admiration and pursuit of virtue, improvement, utility, the pleasures of taste, or other similar ostensible concern, which shall be the element of their commerce, and make them love each other, not only *for* each other, but as devotees to some idol or object which they both adore. The affections of the soul will feed a dissatisfaction, a mood, if, as has been said, they are simply interrupted and stopped by any object that is not *shared*; they wish rather to be like rays of light glancing off in all directions, and yet for ever meeting and passing away; they wish the power of elongation, through a series of interesting media, on toward infinity. Human society is a vast circle of beings on a plain, in the midst of which stands the shrine of goodness and happiness, inviting all to approach. Now the attached pairs in this circle should not be continually looking in the centre, but should turn their faces very often toward this central object, and as they advance they will, like radii from the circumference to the centre, necessarily approach closer to each other as they approximate to their mutual and ultimate object.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

The history of those who, by their genius and untiring energy, have taken the sting from poverty, and placed themselves a place in the catalogue of the illustrious, must ever be interesting to the last of the last. The generous heart worth belongs to such characters; apart from high birth and proudly-swelling titles, from the splendor of wealth and its fame, and frequently without the advantages of early education, the children of penury have marveled and won their high position, struggling over the obstacles which impeded their progress. The working man may well glory in the new and bright example which his path presents—at the loom, the plow, and the anvil have helped to establish, and may be stimulated by their example to show himself worthy of the fraternity to which he belongs.

COMPENSATION FOR GROWING OLD.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older—that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, and that the weariness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the pangs of it are not, on the whole of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain: to betak, to hopeless, letting out of hearts and hearts, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. Every one who passes it after-life, knows the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be what neither any calamity like a blood worm under a stone.

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

Life is a task, because it is a work to
Death, because we know it not;
But we do not feel it, because we
Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts, who shrink and sigh,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing Life, we should not fear it,
Neither Death, for what is death?
Courage, Patience—these are virtues
Which will bear us through the breath
Who has these—and have not I—
He is fit to live and die!

THE SPIDER.

The worst thing about this poor animal is that it is so ugly. In fact, it is a nature so sacrificed every thing to the formation of the industrial machine necessary to capture its prey. A circular form, furnished with eight legs, and eight vigilant eyes, it astonishes (and disgusts) us by the mechanical and automatic regularity of its operations. Is it an instinctive and superficial observer will find nothing but a type of gluttony. Alas! it is quite the contrary. This abdomen is its workshop, its magazine, the pocket in which the rope-maker keeps his stock, but as he fills this pocket with nothing but his own substance, he can not replenish it but at the expense by means of a rigid sobriety. True type of the artisan. "If I fast to-day," he says, "I shall, perhaps, get something to-morrow, and if my manufactures be stopped, every thing is lost, and my stomach will have to fast forever." In character the spider is

watchful and cunning, in disposition timid, uneasy, and nervous, being endowed with a more sensitive nature than is possessed by any other insect. These characteristics are the natural result, M. Michelet believes, of its miserable condition, which is a state of constant, passive, weary waiting. To be forever watching the ceaseless, joyous, careless dances of the fly, which pays no attention to the greedy desires of its enemy, or the gentle whispers of, "Will you walk into my parlor, will you, will you?" it is to be in a state of constant torment, to be continually undergoing a succession of hopes and mortifications. The fatal question, "Shall I get my dinner?" is an unusually interesting itself to the dweller in the web, followed by the still more sinister reflection, "If I have neither to-day, then no more bread, and still less hope of dining to-morrow." The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny, while the female loves them so tenderly that if she can not save them in circumstances of peril, she prefers to perish with them. The love which she bears to her little ones, she does not extend toward her male associations, after having in vain attempted to prevent him devouring their offspring, the idea appears suddenly to present itself to her mind that the cannibal is himself prey for food, on which she instantly falls upon him and eats him up.

PARISIAN SUPERSTITION.

A CURIOUS piece of statistics is furnished by some of the Paris papers. It is observed that on a Friday the omnibus circulation of Paris diminishes in a proportion of twenty-five per cent.—proving how strong is the superstitious avoidance of doing any thing that can be helped on that day. It is also further remarked that when the Friday happens to fall on the 13th day of the month the omnibus receipts decrease at the rate of fifty per cent.

THIRST WORSE THAN HUNGER.

THAT disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of Raging Thirst is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason: During abstinence from food the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental torturers. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of shipwreck paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst: and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta.

MAN THE DESTROYER OF MAN'S WORKS.

"FANCY what we should have had around us now," says Ruskin, "if, instead of quarreling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if, even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories! Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks —if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans—if the noble and patriotic architecture of the Middle Ages had not been ground to dust by mere human rage! You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time—well you, Time is not the scythe and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who make like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish; ourselves who consume: we are the milldew and the flame—and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth fruit from which it is not fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it can not illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood —it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its pathlessness to the desert: the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood —it is we who have hacked down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries!"

REMEMBER PROSPERITY!

"WE write," said good Bishop Hall, "our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former." Many a page would seem to have a singular preference for misery.

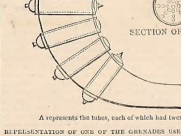
THE FRENCH ASSASSINS.

As the trial of the persons who attempted to assassinate the Emperor of the French will be reported in the papers by the time this journal sees the light, we have thought our readers would like to see portraits of the two leaders—Orsini and Pierri. We have therefore procured a sketch of the instrument by which it was intended to destroy the Emperor.

For the benefit of those readers who have not followed the history of the affair with attention we may say, briefly, that on the evening of 14th January, as the Emperor and Empress were driving through the Rue Lepellatier, Paris, to the Academy of Music, a sudden explosion was heard. The Imperial coachman, suspecting the truth, whipped up his horses, and the carriage rolled on without injury. A second explosion, occurring almost immediately afterward, killed one of the horses, and checked the progress of the vehicle. And a third, which followed at an interval of a few seconds,



ORSINI.



SECTION OF TUBES.

A represents the tubes, each of which had twenty-five bullets filled with explosive materials.

REPRESENTATION OF ONE OF THE GRENADES USED IN THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE FRENCH EMPEROR.



PIERRI.

burst directly under the carriage, and wounded every body in it except the person whom it was designed to kill. From fifty to sixty persons were wounded by these various explosions, seven or eight of whom are either dead or dying. Exact figures can not be had; it is the policy of the French Government to conceal facts.

Four persons have been arrested on the charge of having discharged the projectiles which were intended to kill the Emperor. These are Felice Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez. The accounts in the French papers are so suspicious and conflicting that it is not easy to compile an exact statement of the facts. It appears, however, that Gomez was the servant of Orsini; that Rudio, who is quite a young man, has turned State's evidence against his comrades, and revealed the plot; and that the two others, Orsini and Pierri, were the life and soul of it.

The life of Felice Orsini was told in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1857. He seems to belong to that singular class of Europeans who are the progeny of despotic institutions. From the time he began to think and act he was a conspirator. He conspired against the Grand Duke of Tuscany; He conspired against the Pope, was imprisoned over an many years for his pains, and finally regained his liberty under cover of some general amnesty. He conspired against the Austrian Government, was caught, imprisoned in the fortress of Mantua, and sentenced to death. His companion and friend, Calvi, who was incarcerated with him, was executed. He was more fortunate. By dint of unusual good fortune, ingenuity, and hard labor, he contrived to work his way out of his prison, and though he sprained his ankle so severely by falling into the ditch of the fortress, in making his escape, that when he regained his freedom he could hardly make use of it, he still managed, somehow, to make his way to England. There he published one or two books about himself and his wonderful adventures; and for a time he was a lion in revolutionary circles.

Poverty seems to have been his trouble. In London he lived out a livelihood by writing his books and translating for the papers; but, if common report is true, his funds were very low when he fell in with Pierri at Birmingham.

Pierri, like Orsini, was a born conspirator. The earlier years of his manhood he spent obscurely; the only thing that can be safely said of him is that he did not follow any honest occupation. In 1848 he donned up as a republican and a soldier; his military aptitude and his fame as a demagogue procured him a commission as Colonel in the Italian Legion. The French authorities assert that during his stay in his native country he committed several murders; that he killed, among other persons, an unfortunate priest who had evinced a fatherly affection for a lady with whom he was acquainted. However this be, there can be little doubt but that, like Orsini, was, in his exile at Birmingham, extremely embarrassed in his circumstances, and ready for any change in the political affairs in the Continent.

It was in the peaceful manufacturing town of Birmingham that the plot was matured. Rudio, another of the culprits, had married an English girl, and resided there when living at Nottingham upon her wages at the time he was admitted to the confidence of Pierri and Orsini. The three conspired together, and laid their plans after the true Italian method. No one of them, it seems, had sufficient common sense or reliance upon himself to provide himself with a reliable ride and to undertake to do the deed singly. They agreed to share the peril and to divide the blow in such a way as to have the largest room for failure in their immediate aim, and the best room for their own escape.

They provided themselves with projectiles of cast iron, pear shaped, and from four to five inches in diameter at the widest part. Our engraving will give a better idea of these implements than any description could. At the lower part seven tubes will be seen, each perforated by fifteen barrels; each of which was filled with explosive materials. Thus each explosion may have thrown out nearly one score of death enough to kill fifty persons.

The rest is easily told. We have given in former numbers of the *Weekly* the account of the tragic affair; we have described how the Emperor, when his horses were lying dead, and every one around him was wounded, quietly remarked to the police-agent who opened his carriage door—"*Mon cher*, if you want me to get out you had better let down the steps"; how the Empress preserved her equanimity and sat in the front row at the Opera, applauding the singers and entering into the spirit of the music as though nothing had happened; how the Chief of Police had so thoroughly taken his measures (too late, as usual), that when a high functionary exhorted him to clear the street of "that crowd of by-standers," he was able to reply sarcastically, "Monsieur, all those are my people, *i. e.* police-agents in disguise; how Pierri, who enthusiastic simpleton, had merely been an interested spectator, exclaimed to the police-sergeant when he heard the first bomb go off—"Now you may take me where you please; the blow is struck!" how Orsini's detention was caused by the officiousness of his faithful servant Gomez, whose anxiety slowed his master aroused the suspicions of the police; finally, how the soldiers of the French army swelled themselves of the accident to give expression to their cry for vengeance—not against the assassins, but against England; while Monsieur de Morny and his friends took the same opportunity of screwing a little tighter the imperial yoke round the neck of the press and people of France. All this the attentive reader of the news department of the *Weekly* has heard already.

One thing—which may lead to some curious developments when the case comes on for trial—is the abundance of money found on the persons and in the possession of the prisoners. Orsini had over a thousand dollars in gold and bank-notes; Pierri was equally well provided. How came they by this money? It would really seem as though they had accomplices who agreed to supply the funds for their criminal enterprize.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine—
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night, for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
One shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there, within thy nature hid,
The demon-spirit, Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou, had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—
Oh, surely thou, wilt warn me now!

PADDY AND I.

When I heard a grave gentleman-like man, at the Ballybrogue Station of the Great Punster Railway, say to a friend, who asked him how he should spend the half-hour he would have to wait, that he should spend it thinking of all the kind things he (the friend) had been saying to him, I said, "*The Irish are a polite people.*"

When I saw, at a Dublin theatre, the whole house to a man get on their legs, and howl at the manager because he wouldn't introduce a national jig in the Middle of *La Sonnambula*, I said, "*The Irish are an excitable people.*"

When a Killarney guide swore to me on the tomb of his grandmother that there was a small lake up in Mullacap, county Kerry, which contained a giant eel, that swam twice round the inclosure every day at two o'clock, with a pan of old gould tied to his tail, I said, "*The Irish are a superstitious people.*"

When a Tipperary landlord, in a Galway railway carriage, told me he was surnamed "the Woodcock," because he had been shot at so often by the "noblest tinantry" and missed, I said, "*The Irish are a revengeful people.*"

When I saw my friend Mike Rooney's best blue breeches stuffed into his window to keep out the rain, I said, "*The Irish are a thoughtless people.*"

And, lastly, when I refused the beggar-woman at Castlebar a half-penny, and she ironically hoped "the Lord would make my bed that night in heaven," I said, "*The Irish are a witty people.*"

But this is nothing to do with my story; for what I want to say is, that I got into Westport on the fair-day and the sessions-day, and found the coffee-room full of bagmen and sessions people, just hot from a case in which an action had been brought against the owners of a steamer for putting a cargo of eggs with which they had been intrusted too near the funnel, in consequence of which half the eggs had been hatched and half addled. I first threw myself heart and soul among the bagmen; those whom I chiefly valued were a big-headed elephantine Smith, in the hardware way, and Fitzgibbons, an invalid—a neat-featured droll Dublin man—very full of anecdote. Thus we began:

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?" said Fitzgibbons, the Dublin bagman, to the big-headed gentleman in the hardware line.

Smith had thrust his hands in his pocket, shut up with a bang the order-book, in which he was making memoranda of the day's work, stretched out his shapely legs, and seemed entirely intent in staring with a Quaker-like concentration at the tips of his boots.

"I tell you what it is," said Smith, moodily, "I can't get on without my claret."

"The house is going to rack and ruin since Proger's death," said a neat bandbox man in the floor-cloth line.

"Oh, you shouldn't be hard on the house. They do their best," said the full-whiskered neat-featured Fitzgibbons. "Have you ever heard, Smith, that story of Dwyer, the Dublin 'beak?'"

"No," said Smith, not yet rallying from the effect of the absence of his favorite wine, but wishing to be amused.

I was somewhat tired of the endless ceremonial of "Mr. President, may I be permitted," "Mr. Vice, I am intruding, I fear, on your province," and bridled up to hear the story which the eccentric dispenser of justice had himself told Fitzgibbons.

"Fill your tumbler, old fellow, before you begin," said Smith.

"Thank you, old boy," said Fitz, twisting his mouth into an elongated tube adapted for probationship in "screeching" hot whisky and aqua.

"I'll tell you the story, boys, as the ould jintleman himself told it me. 'The other day,' said he, in his own mealy brogue, 'as I was sitting for the administration of justice on my judgment-sate in Ormond Street, a little boy was brought up before me charged with robbing an orchard out somewhere by Donnybrook. The case was clearly proved; and the keeper of the nursery-garden deposed that the boy was an old offender, and that he had visited the place so often that he had cleared it of every sort of fruit. Having no pity on such villainous young marauders found guilty upon the clearest possible evidence, I sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, not forgetting to add the usual whipping—the peculiar prerogative of juvenile offenders. Just as I had delivered this sentence with a solemn air, I looked in a dignified way round the court, and to my surprise observed the old gardener, who lingered in the witness-box, standing there still, and pulling down his forelock as if he wanted to speak to me, and had something on his mind. "If you plase—" he said. "What are you wanting, fellow?" said I. "If you plase," said the man, "I've got a peculiar favor to ask." "What is it?" said I. "Why," said he, "if it plase your honor's worship, that I may see the little boy receive his sentence." "What, be whipped?" said I. "Yes; be whipped," said he. Well, as soon as the business of the day was over, I went down into the back-court, feeling anxious to know what sort of morbid curiosity impelled the man. When I got there, the little boy was receiving his first lash, and I saw him, all in a shivering heap, cramming his dirty knuckle into the extreme corner of his left eye; and there, in the corner, stood the prosecutor looking on and rubbing his hands as if it was, 'pon my sowl, the Royal Theatre he had got a dress-box in. Well, I watched him; and before the whip could come down again on the poor little divil's dirty hide, he goes up to the urchin, and giving him a dig in his very small ribs, cries out, "There's a Mogul plum for ye;" and the next time the whip came down, he goes up on the other side, and cries, "There's a jargonelle for ye;" and the third time it was, "There's a Kerry pippin for ye;" and so the cruel villain went on, till, I'll be bail, there wasn't a fruit or vegetable known in Paradise, much more in Ireland, that he did not mention to the poor boy.'" (Loud laughter, etc.)

Smith. It's a good story now, ain't it?

Fitzgibbons. Why, you never heard it before.

Smith. Och, haven't I? Weren't we all half kilt with it the other week at Derry?

Fitzgibbons. Bad luck to the big head of ye, so I did. Well, it's a good story, ain't it? Yet, hang it, I towld it the other day to a man who couldn't for the life see the point of it. "Why did he say, 'There's a Mogul plum for ye?'" he kept repeating; "'Ah, there's a jargonelle.' Now why did he say 'jargonelle?'" I could have laid hold of the boiled leg of mutton, and beaten him into capers with it.

After this, the neat little man in the floor-cloth way volunteered a long and pointless story, all about "*a clock*" running up a wall. Now, I could imagine a clock on a wall, or a man running away over a wall with a clock; but what was this?

It was a new hotel, and he had just gone to bed, when he heard a mysterious noise, and presently saw "a clock" run up the wall.

"A clock?" said I, unable to contain my amazement.

Smith. Oh, they call them in England beetles.

Well, the clock did not end the story; for the small neat man went on to say, that in all his circuit he had never seen such a place. All night he was kept awake with the gnawings of something sharper than even conscience. Day broke, and yet no sleep. He could not stand it; he leaped out of bed, and rang a yawning peal that made night hideous and roused the whole house. Soon at his door came the half-dressed indignant landlord. Our friend grew tranquil; he asked if they'd any toast-and-water ready made? The landlord was furious. "Look here," said I, drawing him to the bedside; and flinging back the clothes, I showed him the white sheets spotted with black. "Lord!" says the landlord, with an expression of mingled astonishment, pity, and indignation, "*why it's only a parcel of bed-bugs;*" and he went shuffling off, grumbling at being rung up at such an hour about so mere a trifle.

Fitzgibbons. That's a neat little mare you drive in your trap, Grady; but where's the cob gone?

Grady. Gone? why, where the good niggers go—to the knacker's.

Fitzgibbons. Well, I hope you sent him to our ingenious friend at Sandymount. You have heard his way of doing business, haven't you? No? Well, I'll tell you. When a man takes his horse there, he generally leaves him in the yard, panting and wheezing, while he goes into Geoghean, in the little box of a counting-house, where he finds him, pen behind his ear, running his finger down a ledger, and sharper than a Tipperary fox. They can not come to terms at all. Our friend asks £3; Geoghean won't give more than £2 2*s*., and wants the harness in besides. At last, in a tiff, off goes the owner to get up in his cart and whip home again. In the mean time, however, Geoghean has slyly sent out one of his men to knock the beast on the head, and there he lies stone-dead between the shafts. The owner does not know what to do. He won't take the price; but he can not get the carcass home, and when he does, it won't keep. While he is trying to flog his brains for a plan, out comes Geoghean in a burning storming rage, threatens him with prosecution, orders him directly with his own hand to remove that carrion from his yard, or he will charge five shillings for every hour it is kept there. In despair, the mortified owner reopens the negotiation; but Geoghean, stern and obdurate, will not now give more than £1 15*s*., and at that miserable and insufficient price the bargain is closed.

Smith. "And mighty ingenious too. The *coup-de-grace* most judiciously applied. (Seriously.) This house isn't as it used to be in Rooney's time: there was no talk of a gentleman wanting claret then."

Fitzgibbons. "Och, man, never mind the claret; tell us the story of how you took in the Dublin carman."

Smith. Oh, it's not worth the telling. It was last year I was coming home from my circuit, and I arrived by the seven o'clock train at the Drogheda station in Dublin. I thought I would have some fun, for I had a white hat on at the time, and looked mighty like a tracker (pedestrian); so I went staring about the station, and called for a jaunting-car. Three men ran up, whip in hand: one would drive me for nothing, and give me a dram besides; another had a horse that would make the tay-kettle's steam-boiler burst; a third would go bail that his horse could drive all the rest before him. I hired one, clung on the side-seat like a stranger, and told him to drive to the Gresham. "The Gresham, is it?" Away he went—such a drive! round by the Quays, and the Phœnix, and Grafton Street, and the Liberty, and back to Sackville Street. Then he pulls up at the lamp with a start, leaps off as if he had done the thing well, and waits for his fare, expecting a crown or so. I handed him the statute sixpence. "What's this?" said he, looking at it as if it was a bad one. "Is it bad?" said I. "No," said he, "but I want four-and-tinpence." "For one set down within the municipalities," said I, "fare, sixpence." "Oh, by Jabers," said he, "the mealy-mouthed rascal! To the ould Harry with your municipalities! Sorra to your big head, if I didn't take ye for a *rowler* (tourist)!" (Laughter.)

I. They tell a story in Dublin of a magistrate there who has a peculiar mission for putting down carmen. His object in life is to check extortion; he lives to suppress carmen. One day he sent his little girls to school in a car, putting them in at the turnpike to save over-fare, and directing them with many precautions to get out this side the municipal boundary. When they get out, they hand the carman, who had prepared himself to pluck his young fare, sixpence. The carman looked at it first, and then at them. "What's this dirtying my hands?" says he. "It's your sixpence." "Is it sixpence?" says he. "It's your proper fare," they said, "and we shall not give any more." "You'll not give any more?" "No; it's what papaw told us to give." "And who is your papaw?" (with a voice of drawling disgust). "Mr. Flannigan, the police magistrate." "Mr. Flannigan!" (with a look of discomfiture rising to terror, regaining his seat, and whipping off). "Och! then, good-morning to ye, my little darlints, and remember me to your papaw."

Smith. There are two magistrates, Flannigan and Flaherty, of whom many good stories are told. One is peculiarly hard on people who are found incapable of taking care of themselves or of any one else, and who, because they have been generally already robbed, are also fined. The other is equally forgiving. I heard a drunken fellow once, lying in the gutter and talking with his wife, who was swearing at him for not coming home. "Where's your manners, ye dirty baste!" she said, pushing him with her foot, "bringing disgrace on the ould name and the ould blood! Och! you big baste, to leave your poor neglected wife and childer—get up with you!" "Biddy," said the drunken vagabond from the kennel, "for the love of the Virgin and St. Patrick, just rowl me over to Flannigan's side of the street, and I'll be all right in the morning."

Fitzgibbons. He's the magistrate who examined the man of straw as to the value of his property. "Will you swear," he said, "that your holdings are worth twenty pounds?" "Bedad," said the bail, who was holding his nose as if he was rubbing it, "I swear that I wouldn't part with my holdings for twice twenty pounds." So he was admitted.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy when he found it hid in the wood pile and wondered what it was.

A man who fancies himself funny, says that Iago's description of Roderigo is the first instance on record of the manufacture of a Venetian blind.

Old Deacon Biggs is as remarkable for his closeness as was Dickens's man, Barkis. His name has come to be a proverb in our region for such an economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter cold morning, a few falls ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fatted for the market into the little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the Deacon, with a pair of pincers in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off, *close up*. So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even a stump of a tail. Cort, who worked for his grandfather, stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur cap over his ears, his body warped into a crescent by the cold, and his teeth jawing against the outrage with a prodigious clatter. At last he stuttered out, "Grandpa! what you cuttin' off those tails for?"

Sober and solemn was Deacon Biggs as he replied, "You never will be a rich man, for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child, that *it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail.*"

Cort has gone to the West, and, in the corn-growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to the raising of tailless porkers.

A contemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives? We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

In a restaurant in Philadelphia, about a week ago, a man entered a stall and ordered sausages for one. This was during the horse-beef excitement. On the appearance of the smoking sausages, careful of his stomach, he addressed them thus: "Art thou pork and hog meat?" And the sausages replied "Neigh." The customer whinnied a little, and left abruptly.

"Thank God," exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed; "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

Jenkins was noted for his courage and his vixen of a wife. He was not afraid of man or of his wife either. His friends had often tried to scare him but had always failed. His wife's brother tried one night, fixed himself up in the most ghostly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of wood through which Jenkins had to pass on his way home. The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when Jenkins hove in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice commanded him to stop. Jenkins did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—*I married your sister.*"

A young farmer, not over well-stocked with brains, nor overrich in this world's goods, had come to that crisis in life when he was sure he must commence "a double-barreled" existence, or "spile." Having made the necessary preliminary arrangements, in the shape of a rough board cabin, and a "Barkis who was willin," he borrowed a horse and wagon, and took a bag of corn and the expectant bride to the mill and the minister's. The corn being left to be ground, the twain who wished to be made one flesh waited upon the minister, and the swain, explaining the necessities of his case, demanded to know "How much the swindle would be?" The minister replied that the fee was usually measured by the generosity of the gentleman, but one dollar was the smallest sum considered orthodox. This was beyond "the pile" of the farmer, but, nothing discouraged, he said: "Now see here, old fellow! I hain't got but fifty cents, and you must marry us as much as that will come to, and we'll come again for the balance." The minister could not resist the entreaty, and married the parties so effectually that they never returned for the other fifty cents' worth.

There is a new town out in the Northwest called Barton (contract of Beartown). At this point a post-office has been established; the route extends some distance beyond, and there are several offices farther on. Soon after the establishment of the office at Barton, the postmasters beyond began to be troubled by a strange irregularity in the mails. This week, one thing would be missing; the next, some other package would be *non est*; and quite often letters for B. would have to be sent back. This state of affairs became unendurable; and Agent Hall was sent on to investigate the matter. He went straight to Barton, where he found the post-office in the back room of a little grocery. It was about time for the mail to arrive, and he took a seat in the grocery, where a plump and good-natured woman, well in years, and possessed of a "rich brogue," attended behind the counter, dealing out small quantities of beer, cheese, cakes, peanuts, etc., etc., to a company of loungers, who seemed to wait for some event.

Hall bought a quantity of pea-nuts, and treated the crowd to beer, by which course he succeeded in removing all suspicions which his decent garb had created against him. Soon the stage drove up, the mail-bag was thrown out; the lady picked it up, and retreated to the back room, followed by the crowd—including Hall, who blocked up the door.

After opening the bag, and turning its contents on the floor, the postmistress produced a box, and deliberately proceeded to measure out a peck of miscellaneous matter from the pile on the floor. Having done this, she commenced returning the rest, when Hall found his tongue.

"Why, what *are* you doing there?" he contrived to stammer out.

"Indade," said the postmistress, looking up, "it's changing the mail that I am."

"But how do you know that you get the right matter? Why don't you look it over and select your own?"

"Faith an' it's a fool's job you'd be afther havin' me do," replied her "leddyship." "I can't read niver a blessed bit of ritin', an' when my son Jem (he's had school larnin') isn't here, *I jest measures out about our sheer, an' we divides 'em.*"

We lately heard a vulgar politician boast upon the stump that he and Daniel Webster once staid over night at the same public house. It must have been a house of "entertainment for man and beast."

Said old Mrs. Philanthropy, the other day, accosting a precocious urchin in the street with a wardrobe remarkable for its ventilating advantages, "Bubby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that awful hole in your trowsers?" "Oh, you git eout, old 'oman," was the respectful reply, "our folks is economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch any day." The old lady's honest sympathy was wasted, while youngster beat a retreat round the corner.

"I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happened to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added:

"Them's my sentiments exactly—all but the pains."

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes the following amusing apple feat:

"I can not help telling you a little incident of Secretary Toucey's reception. One of the guests, a gentleman, having a lady on his arm, took from the table a large, fine apple probably for the little ones at home, and his coat sleeves being large, he secreted it in the sleeve of his right arm. Unfortunately he forgot the circumstance just at the very moment he should not, for in making his retiring bow he gave a flourish of his arm and pitched the apple almost in the Secretary's face! It bounded and rolled away till it lodged under some lady's crinoline, while the poor gentleman looked as much mortified and astonished as if he had accidentally fired a bomb-shell in the parlor. This incident was too ludicrous for gravity, and even the grave and dignified Secretary was forced into a broad smile, which expanded into a grin all around the parlor. Some wag scrambled to get the apple, and restored it to the discomfited gentleman, who then incontinently took himself off."

There is no grave so desolate that flowers will not at least spring on it.

"There now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there now, grandpa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles. What *will* he do?" And shortly afterward, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand, and an errand on her lips—

"You goin' to die?"
"They tell me so."
"Goin' to Heaven?"
"I hope so."
"Well, here are grandpa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

The following epitaph, found on a tombstone in Oxford, New Hampshire, may not be superlatively ludicrous, but it certainly is "some:"

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew,
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink."

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped *him*. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's superior manhood. He said: "Vell, Jake ish a shmart fellow. He can vip his own taddy."

Marriageable young women are in great demand out West. A Yankee writing from that section to his father, says: "Suppose you get our girls some new teeth, and send them out."

Good manners—the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

A lady writes us a communication in which she says that most who are constantly regretting that women are not better educated for the discharge of household duties ought to reflect on their own shortcomings, and avers that not one man in ten can carve a turkey gracefully, and not one carving knife in a dozen is drawn a duke. She wants a carving school established. As this would be a place for "gander parties," we should suppose the gander would be the first victim to be given a thorough cut and look of fowl that may be supplied at short notice.

Flintarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Lacedæmonian, which only he who has put away childish sports, replied, "It is that having my white beard constantly before my eyes I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, Monday, *March* 1, 1858.

The foreign trade of last year for the principal ports is as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 27, 1858	$8,111,474	$614,187
Corresponding week, 1857	8,859,025	1,637,305
Decrease	$3,093,551	$1,023,118

Money grows, if possible, easier and easier. Financier brokers are stimulated a bit per cent., and the Banks are much embarrassed to use their surplus. The Custom-House receipts have received yesterday $1,240,000, which, considering that the direct export of the week only slightly exceeded $600,000, will probably swell the aggregate in the Banks to thirty-three millions.

The effect of this upon trade is to a certainundation of specie there also. The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 3 per cent., and the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany are said to be receiving specie during the month.

Trade has not yet begun to feel the effect of the ease in the money market. Stocks, which were depressed during the early part of the week, recovered on Saturday; the market closed very buoyant and animated. It is the opinion of the street that the bull movement in the securities and State stocks will rule much higher before the summer is over.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March* 1, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Trade during the past week were less active for Breadstuffs, of which, however, the receipts were large, and prices lower. Cotton, though toward the middle of the week it ruled somewhat dull, was more sought after, and closed firmer. Groceries were steady, and the demand fair. Provisions were unchanged. Hops, Hides and Leather were moderately active in figures. ... Rains were active and dearer. ... Hides and Leather were moderately active in figures. ... Naval Stores were pretty inquiring for at former rates, though closing quietly, and the demand for Petroleum, Rosin, Rosin Oil, and Spirits of Turpentine was about former quotations. ... The demand for Dry Goods has been more regular, and most staple descriptions, both from country dealers, during the past week, and prices of most kinds of Staple Dry Goods have been fully maintained, while Cotton fabrics have favored factors. The week's import of Dry Goods amounts to $1,240,000, against $2,265,491 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since January 1st, 1858, amount to $8,111,474, against $23,816,697 same time in 1857. ... The movement in Ocean freights has been quiet, and the charters during the week unremarkable. ... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the week, as follows:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl. $4 20 @ $4 60
Superfine to fancy Western do. ... 4 65 @ 5 00
Extra Western Flour, per barrel ... 4 40 @ 5 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel ... 5 00 @ 5 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ... 4 30 @ 5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ... 4 30 @ 5 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. ... 3 60 @ 3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel ... 3 00 @ 3 25
White Wheat, per bushel ... 1 10 @ 1 47½
Red Wheat, per bushel ... 1 10 @ 1 40
New Crop Corn, per bushel ... 66 @ 71
Rye, per bushel ... 68 @ 70
Barley, per bushel ... 65 @ 70
Oats, per bushel ... 45 @ 46
Malt Corn, per bushel ... 65 @ 70
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel ... 45 @ 46
Southern Oats, per bushel ... 40 @ 42
Cotton, middlings, per pound ... 12 @ 12
Mess Pork, per barrel ... 15 75 @ 16 00
Prime Pork, per barrel ... 12 00 @ 13 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel ... 10 00 @ 11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel ... 6 25 @ 8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce ... 11 00 @ 13 00
Beef Hams, per barrel ... 18 00 @ 18 50
Lard, in bbls., per pound ... 9½ @ 10
Lard, per pound ... 9½ @ 9½
Western Butter, per pound ... 14 @ 17
Western Dairy, per pound ... 12 @ 14
Cheese, per pound ... 8½ @ 9
Rice, per 100 pounds ... 3 50 @ 4 50
Rio Coffee, per pound ... 11 @ 11½
Java, ditto, per pound ... 16 @ 17
Cuba Molasses, per gallon ... 29 @ 32
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon ... 32 @ 36
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon ... 37 @ 39
Syrup Teas, per pound ... 30 @ 50
Oolong Teas, per pound ... 28 @ 50
Hyson Teas, per pound ... 30 @ 50
Hay, per 100 pounds ... 65 @ 75
Hops, per pound ... 20 @ 25
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound ... 7 @ 10
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound ... 9 @ 15
American Flaxseed, per bushel ... 1 67 @ 1 67
American pulled Wool, per pound ... 20 @ 23
Dry Cod, Boneless, per cwt. ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Mass. Mackerel, No. 1, small, per barrel 10 25 @ 10 37½
" No. 2, ditto ... 8 00 @ 8 00
" No. 3, medium, " 6 00 @ 6 00
Dutch Bolsters, per box ... 3 00 @ 3 00
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ... 3 75 @ 3 87½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon ... 44 @ 44
Rosin, per 280 pounds ... 1 67½ @ 1 50

Freights were quite dependant, and closed very firm. For Liverpool, Cotton, 13-64. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Wheat, 10d. per bushel; Corn, 5½d. per bushel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel, Beef, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Cheese, 50s. per ton. For Cork for orders, 2s. 6d. per barrel.

The other ports present no feature of importance. The vessels, of all classes, in port, are 1,000.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were somewhat more firm for Beeves, but closed heavily at about the previous week's quotations. The supply was of a good average quality. The finer kinds are now most in demand as most of them are fed with a view especially to supplying the abstinence peculiar to Lent. ... Milch Cows have been receiving more attention of late, and Fine Cattle sell in fair supply and moderate request at unchanged figures. Sheep and Lambs were in moderate supply and fair demand, and prices rather inquiring for at former prices. ... Swine arrived, and supply acquired for at former prices. ... Veal quotations, but they close heavily. ... The receipts of cattle at Live Stock during each of the last weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Feb. 22.	Week ending Feb. 29.
Beeves	2,600	2,351
Milch Cows	141	150
Veal Calves	511	552
Sheep and Lambs	6,953	5,300

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio	775 Indiana	79
Kentucky	200 Pennsylvania	1,297
Illinois	404 Michigan	31

The prices of prime according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading Yards, for the past fortnight, were as follows:

Pure to premium Beeves, per pound ... $ 7½ @ $ 7½
Common to fair Beeves, per head ... 55 00 @ 60 00
Veal Calves, per pound ... 6 @ 6
Sheep and Lambs, per head ... 5 00 @ 6 00
" per pound ... 6 @ 6
Swine, per pound ... 6 @ 6
Dressed " ... 6½ @ 6½

The Country Produce Markets have been less freely supplied during the week with the leading articles, and have been in good demand at but little advance, prices have favored sellers.

PRICES CURRENT FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE AT WARD

Apples, per barrel	$2 00 @ 00
Apples, dried, per pound	3@ 5
Peaches, dried	12 @ 14
Plums, dried, per pound	15 @ 16
Cherries, dried, per pound	7 @ 8
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 00 @ 2 00
Walnuts, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00 @ 14 00
Potatoes, per barrel	2 00 @ 2 50
" per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Onions, per barrel	3 00 @ 3 50
" per bushel	1 50 @ 2 00
Turnips, per bushel	50 @ 00
Beets, per bushel	50 @ 00
Cabbages, per 100	3 00 @ 4 00
" per dozen	25 @ 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 12 @ 1 25
Carrots, per bushel	50 @ 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00 @ 5 00
Celery, per bunch	6 @ 12
Garlic, per lb	8 @ 10
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	11 @ 12
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17 @ 17
Lambs, per carcass	4 00 @ 5 00
Guinea Fowl, per pair	50 @ 00
Ducks, per pound	10 @ 12
" per pair	75 @ 1 25
Geese, per pound	10 @ 12
" per pair	1 50 @ 2 00
Turkeys, per pound	12 @ 14
Prairie Hens, per pair	1 12 @ 1 50
Partridges, per pair	1 12 @ 1 50
Quail, per dozen	3 00 @ 3 50
Rabbits, per dozen	1 50 @ 2 00
Rabbits, each	12 @ 15
Hares, each	25 @ 31
Squirrels, each	6 @ 8
Venison, per pound	11 @ 12

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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FRENCH COURT FASHIONS.

THE picture given below represents two grand ladies of the Court of France in the costume which they are now obliged to wear on great occasions. The most prominent figure, it will be noticed, wears a court train.

So far as can be ascertained with certainty, the train or cloak came into fashion as an article of court dress after the hoop, some hundred and fifty years ago. The hooped skirt was considered so becoming that the ladies were quite willing to adventure further novelties in the same direction; and accordingly the skirt was made much longer behind than in front, and dragged for some length on the floor. The satirists of the day, who had broken many a lance with the hoops, naturally fell foul of trains. One of them says (A.D. 1761): "A lady's quality and fashion are now reckoned not by the circumference of her hoop, but by the length of her tail." Some of the "tails," he adds, should be carried in a wheel-barrow. It is not stated that any lady adopted this benevolent suggestion, and was followed by a wheel-barrow into the royal presence; but the length of fashionable trains and the weight of their material soon became an insupportable burden, and pages were employed to carry them. We have all seen pictures of noble ladies followed by one or two pages bearing the hinder portion of their skirts. In muddy weather, the fashion might be beneficially adopted in our New York streets.

Under the first French empire the train was brought into fashion, together with other usages of the old monarchical court. Napoleon's court was famous for its trains and for the expense which they involved. His nephew, who copies him wherever it can safely be done, has resuscitated the fashion, and trains once more sweep the floors of the reception-rooms at the Tuileries.

They are no longer, however, mere appendages to the skirt. They form part of a mantle which hangs from the shoulders, and does not interfere with the rest of the dress. They are of different material from the bodice and skirt proper, and in contrast with them. The lady whose dress is depictured below wore, at the last reception at the Tuileries, a mantle or train of light blue velvet, with a border of pearls and white feathers. Her skirt was white moire antique, with a colour of the finest *point d'Alençon*; the body of the dress and the sleeves were of blue velvet, like the train, trimmed with tiny pearls and feathers. Her head-dress was



COSTUMES OF THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

a diadem of fine pearls and *turquoises*, with what a rather small coal ornaments of lace. The lateral chief was of the finest lace, and the fan a *chef d'œuvre* of workmanship—seemingly a frame of light lace and white plumes.

Another lady on the same occasion wore a train of satin antique, green and gold; it was trimmed with "*bouillonné*" of white satin gathered together with green and gold silk. The skirt was white *tulle illusion* with gold "stars;" and the *berthe* was likewise white and gold. This lady, who is the wife of a Russian ambassador, wore a splendid set of diamonds.

A third, a very young lady, the Countess of ——, wore a train of crimson satin, wholly covered with the richest lace, and trimmed with a garland of *fleurs de grenade*. Her dress was white tulle, with lace *volants*; she wore no jewels but rubies.

From these few details none idea may be formed of the magnificent show which the French Imperial Court must make. At the reception of which we have been speaking there were no less than three hundred ladies present, all in trains.

The expense of these gorgeous toilets is, of course, enormous. From facts elicited in the course of a recent lawsuit at Paris, it would appear that a lady who goes to the Imperial Court can hardly dress herself on less than twenty thousand dollars a year, and this presumes a stock of jewels already on hand. At a recent ball at the Tuileries the wife of a prominent banker wore $140,000 of jewels; and her husband's costume, including lace, dirk, etc., not little short of $175,000. The interest of the money spent on her dress would have exceeded $10,000 a year. When the French Court goes to the country we are informed that each lady is expected to appear in three toilets each day, and that never during her stay at Court is she to wear the same dress twice. It is a proof of fortune to be dun. The greater the extravagance of the Court, the more the work for the mechanic; if the workers can not pay their bills, so much the worse for them. To encourage sumptuous living and extravagance is, indeed, Louis Napoleon's avowed purpose. He recently appointed one of the most learned men of France to be senator. On his calling at the Tuileries a few days afterward, the Emperor noticed from the window that he had actually walked to the palace.

"Mon cher," said he, "where is your carriage?"

"Your Majesty's eye assures that I am poor; I can not afford to keep a carriage."

"Then you had better make money and keep one. If you can not keep a carriage, I fear that you will find the Senate too expensive for you."

The honest man instantly tendered his resignation, which was duly accepted.

Not much pleasure since, the darling aim of a countryman of ours—the object on which his hopes had been set up for years—was realized. He was presented at the French Court. His wife had been as ardent as he; and now that their wishes were to be gratified, she, artistically resolved to be present the ladies of the United States in a manner worthy of them. The diet of some days together she obtained some inkling of the costume to be worn by the leading belles of the Court. With the aid of the most experienced dressmaker of Paris she composed a toilet more brilliant and dazzling than ever. How many poor women were worked to death on it, and what it cost, no one knows; but it is generally understood that the lady's husband spent for that ball so much money that, from being a wealthy man, he has now a bare maintenance, and has been obliged to quit the city. His wife carried her point, however; all accounts concur in stating that she was the best-dressed woman at the palace.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

OUGHT THE UNITED STATES TO INTERVENE IN KANSAS?

EX-PRESIDENT COMONFORT, whose portrait we gave in a late number of this journal, has arrived at Washington, and is freely discussing with his friends in that country the events which have led to his temporary exile from Mexico. The flagrant injustice of which he opinions are committing, both to their own countrymen and to foreigners, has supplied him already with an attractive and sympathetic audience. And many are inquiring already whether we can not do something more than merely look on and wonder?

The doctrine of non-intervention, which has only formed part of European political systems within the past quarter of a century, is now recognized by the United States from the origin of the confederacy. There never has been a party in this country that has claimed that we had a right to interfere in the local affairs of our neighbors, or even to pronounce opinions upon the policy they choose to pursue in the administration of their public business. Despotism in Cuba, negro democracy in Hayti, emancipation in Jamaica, have never been classed among the subjects which fell within the scope of our official utterance. It has been the policy of the United States to recognize whatever *de facto* governments were established in the various states of this continent, and to hold no further intercourse with any of them than our own immediate interests required.

At the same time, it can not be disguised that we can, and ought, as the leading power in the Western World, to exercise a commanding influence, by the force of our example and public sentiment, over the affairs of all the states of the continent of America. For more than a quarter of a century we have held that no European government should be suffered to colonize or acquire new territory in America, simply because a wise foresight warned us against the danger of permitting that influence, or risking the commanding position which accident had conferred upon us. The question now arises—is this a crisis which calls for a display of our influence? and, how should that influence be exerted?

It seems to be pretty well understood that President Comonfort was overthrown by the clergy of Mexico. He, in common with his predecessors, had tried to govern independently of the Church. Finding that impossible, from the ancient and powerful wealth of the Church, he pursued the next best course; he undertook to reduce the clergy to submission by the confiscation of their revenues. Here he was met by ecclesiastical intrigue, fomenting sedition, and hiring conspirators; and is himself compelled to succumb. Religion is to have headed his adversaries wherever they have made successful demonstrations. The first movements for the counter-revolution were supplied by a loan of a million of dollars from the revenues of the Church. The non-compliance of the population to us are, increased insecurity of life and property in Mexico; the suspension, for a time, of all negotiations and projects for an interoceanic route across that country; the re-establishment, on our borders, of anarchy, confusion, and civil war.

We have a direct, tangible interest in the establishment of stable government in Mexico. So long as revolutions succeed each other in that country our commercial relations with the Mexicans must be unduly depressed, the money which the citizens of the United States have invested there in various enterprises must be jeopardized, and an unwholesome example of rebellion and anarchy must be set to our Southern people. We are, moreover, deprived, by these political disturbances, of the use of the shortest interoceanic route to California.

Clearly, therefore, this is an occasion on which a plain duty confronts us. If the United States on the side of peace and order would be beneficial to ourselves as well as helpful to Mexico. How could we do it? Not by the sending of a crusading army of volunteers to restore Comonfort seems to have met with but little favor. Is the executive without power to take a move in the matter? Have we no rights which Mr. Forsyth might be directed to enforce? Are the British and Spanish the only powers which can dictate to Mexico?

THE DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

On 19th ult. Lord Palmerston's bill asserted by the Opposition in the British Parliament on an incidental question growing out of the recent demand of the French government for the extradition in the law of England on the subject of murder. The actual point raised, and, for the moment of that, Lord Palmerston's bill itself, were practically of but little consequence, and had but slight connection with it. The Queen, the Lords of the House of Commons was, that the Emperor of the French was attempting to dictate to Parliament, and the Ministry were not submitting to his dictation. His Imperial Majesty will learn from the vote that there is still one country in Europe which he can not subject to his despotism.

The event does honor to the English. It proves that, clearly as they are afraid of the French, and much as they must value peace, they are still more closely allied with manhood, and they value their independence more. It proves that the time has not yet come when the United States shall be the only country in the world where England can find a friend in a sailor. It administers to the Emperor a wholesome rebuke for the unserious and flippant way in which he has lately been guilty, and for the discretion with which he has suffered the officers of his marine to act.

It is likely that the vote may be followed by some talk of hostilities, or at least of angry feelings between the two countries. There is no apprehension of serious trouble need be entertained. The Emperor of the French knows well that a struggle with Great Britain would be as fatal to him as it was to his uncle; that he could not avert a revolution for thirty days after a declaration of war against England; and that, whatever the upshot of such a war might be, so far as national interests were concerned, it is impossible that it would be followed by security. Whatever vaporing among the noisy placemen or the ambitious soldiery of the empire may follow the unexpected defeat of the vote in Parliament, it may be taken for granted that reflection will convince the Emperor of the wisdom of accepting the rebuff with becoming placidity and resignation. The arrest of Bernard, and the reward offered for the stock-broker Allsop, are very fair evidence of the sincerity of the English professions of regard for his government; he will content himself with them, and the *Moniteur* will probably not hear of the vote of the 19th February.

There is another point of view in which that vote deserves to be regarded. Though the actual question at issue involved none of the party doctrines which divide British politicians, it will be noticed that the leaders of the opposition to the Ministry were the chiefs of the Radical party—Sir Bulwer Lytton, Kinglake, etc. This is the second occasion within twelve months on which the Radicals have defeated the Government. They seem to have gained power since they broke down Lord Palmerston's former administration on the Chinese question. They can now carry, it seems, upon a workday majority in Parliament. Under the circumstances, it would be only natural for them to expect and to claim, in return for the proper fruits of their success—the resignation of Lord Palmerston, and the installation of a Radical cabinet in his place.

England has never been governed by Radicals. The Radical theory, indeed, is as thoroughly republican, that a government of Radicals would be almost tantamount to a constructive abolition of the existing monarchy. A Radical government would, at least, endeavor to establish universal suffrage, vote by ballot, biennial parliaments, and other democratic institutions. How the aristocratic system of England would stand such enormities, remains to be seen.

THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW.

SENATOR TOOMBS, from the Judiciary Committee in Congress, is about to report a bill to carry out the President's suggestion for a general compulsory bankrupt law. Under such a law the unsolicited creditor of an individual or a corporation would be enabled to force his debtor into bankruptcy and call for a sale of his property. Mr. Buchanan only suggested such a law for the case of railway and banking corporations; but the latitude seem to think that individuals ought not to be exempted from its scope.

It is not likely that Congress will adopt any such law. The general tenor of our legislation with regard to debt may be described as favoring the debtor rather than the creditor, especially, but few laws for the collection of debts. A case can hardly be imagined in which a hundred debtors may not, if he chooses, defraud his creditor. A man may incur any amount of debt, may live in Fifth Avenue in the very best style, and may set his creditors utterly at defiance. It is so well understood that a recourse to law for the collection of debts is uncertain and unreliable that many of our shrewdest men of business make a rule rather to submit to loss than engage in litigation.

The principle which underlies this apparent failure of the law is very simple. It is that, while the security of the law of debt is to be calculated to suggest caution and prudence in the extension of credit, the license granted to debtors is likely to lead to reckless trade. It is nicely agreed that those who choose to trust their neighbors must rely on their honor and self-interest for protection. And, as a general rule, the plan must be admitted to work well.

Nor is it easy to perceive any remarkable gain in the law of bankruptcy law for for corporations. What benefit the country would derive from breaking banks or railways one is at a loss to imagine. No one is obliged to trust these concerns. When they are in danger of insolvency the public are not left in ignorance of the fact. It is notorious that they can not obtain money at any thing like the price at which it is within the reach of individuals. Those who lend to them do so with a full knowledge of the risk, and charge accordingly. Why should the law interfere to their protection? And, indeed, in should we be gainers if all our banks to-day were in the hands of receivers, as they would have been if the banking Act had been strictly carried out in October last?

A HIGHER LAW.

By the written law of this State it is murder to shoot a man; but in fact one may shoot one's neighbor under certain circumstances without incurring any penalty. Last week a father and son were indicted for shooting (it was understood) which of the two fired the shot) an individual who had seduced the daughter of the one and the sister of the other; the jury found a verdict of guilty of assault only, and the judge suspended judgment.

This is strictly in accordance with the old testament of our New England law. The old common law justified the homicide of the adulterer by the injured husband, if the parties were detected in the act of criminality. Modern enactment has assigned the license of husbands and fathers. It is perfectly well settled that any man that the seducer of an innocent girl or the paramour of a wife may be shot by the relatives of the one or the other. Grand juries will seldom find bills against the avengers of female wrongs; and petty juries will invariably contrive to screen them, if arraigned, from the consequences of the act.

In a certain point of view it is to be regretted that so fearful a power should be granted to angry men. The theory of civilized society is that the law monopolizes the duty of vengeance, and that no man shall take the law into his own hands.

But the uncertainties of the law, and its glaring maladministration in these latter days, have tended to discredit this ancient principle. In this State, for example, the man who trusts to the avenging arm of the law is very likely to be disappointed. Therefore it is that, without any legislative action and without any general expression of opinion, public sentiment has quietly settled the point that seduction will justify homicide by the best friend of the party seduced.

If the fact is to be regretted in one point of view, in any other it has its advantages. No one has lived in any of our large cities but without remarking the dangers to which a large portion of the female population are exposed. There is no country in the world where the rules of society expose young girls to so much risk as in this enormous city. What is to be understood by our gay young men that they can not give the rein to their passions save at the risk of their lives, female honor can not fail to be safer.

THE STOCK-JOBBING EXCITEMENT.

THERE is a movement at Albany to bring some laws to bear on the prevailing excitement in stocks in Wall Street. Our Legislature must be in a bad way if it can find no better use than this to make of the few remaining days of its corporate existence. More laws against stock-jobbing would merely add to the long list of dead-letter statutes without doing any good to any body.

There are certain practices and propensities which may be regulated but which can not be repressed altogether. One of these is stock-jobbing. When men money can not be had in any quantity at over five per cent., and stocks paying six, and eight, and ten per cent. dividend can be bought under par—as they are at the present time in New York—you might just as well attempt to legislate people out of eating or drinking as try to prevent capitalists from using their money in the purchase of stocks. It is gambling, no doubt; in one sense; just as time, purchases of breadstuffs, cotton, sugar, and dry goods are gambling; but all the laws in the world will not prevent men from buying stocks. the Legislature spends in discussing the subject a time lost.

There is, perhaps, one sensible change which might be made in the law. Once or twice in almost every year, the abundance of money and the temporary dullness of trade throw such men into the stock market, and a stock-jobbing excitement is created. On these occasions an average of from 20,000 shares per week of sock, representing a money value of say $1,000,000 to $1,500,600 changes hands, or is supposed to change hands, every day. Now in ordinary times, the aggregate daily contracts will amount to one-half these sums. There is no reason why a hundred times this should be laid on these operations. As it is, this stock-jobbing business is almost the only trade which does not pay its share to the support of the State government. Abroad, stock-jobbing yields a handsome revenue to the government under which it exists; why should it not be made to do so here?

REOPENING OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

IT seems that while the eyes of Northern politicians have been steadily fixed on Kansas the practical men of the South have been quietly increasing their stock of negroes by vigorous importations from Africa. At least such is the statement of the New Orleans *Delta*, which journal avers that the plantations of Mississippi and other southern sea-board States are plentifully supplied with negroes from that source. The story derives a plausibility from the bill which has just passed the Assembly of Louisiana for the importation of free negroes from Africa, and from the agitation which has existed for two or three years in South Carolina, Tennessee, and one or two other Southern States, in favor of the reopening of the slave-trade. It is a pity that some one does not urge some intelligent mem to write, while the difficulties which now impede the acquisition of labor by the South could be overcome. All admit, and the steady increase in the value of negroes proves, that the great want of the South is labor. If in the North our supply of foreign labor were suddenly cut off, the country would receive a shock in comparison with which the late revulsion would seem utterly insignificant. Yet the natural increase of our laboring population is greater than that of the negroes.

THE LOUNGER.

LENT.

"Is this a fast to keep
The larder clean?"

asked the Reverend Robert Herrick, whose works, both dirty and divine, are not unfamiliar to many readers. The reverend gentleman lends off in a lyric of delightful defiance, as if he were himself the willing victim of an eternal Lent, and carnal morsels had lost all relish for him. Let us hope they had, and that his fare belied him, or that his portrait belied his face. English literature owed him some of its loveliest verses.

It is fortunate he did not live a couple of cen-

tories or so later, for to what use would he have put his censure now? Let, at least, the dead rest in peace, and however Herrick may have found it in the England of his day, has set in with great rigor. Balls are now limited to one hundred and fifty invitations, three pieces of music, and a general understanding that people are to go away as soon after supper as practicable. Nor is this, by any means all. They are not called balls, but a "fete d'etude," or "pas de evening," or some other equally Lenten term. Besides these observances there are already speculations about the next season, and the future of flounces—that ever-interesting question to the fair.

The Opera, too, lends its solemnity to the season. The lugubrious La Grange and pensive Formes continue to deepen the blackness of Meyerbeer's sad, gray toilet, to the scene. The other evening an instance of profound and pathetic sympathy and devotion was witnessed. A young gentleman who, having, in common with many of the race at the North, nothing to say, undertook to say it in the face of his neighbor audibly, during one of the sweetest cavatinas of the prima donna. And a dull gentleman sitting near, who was truly fond of music and was extremely annoyed by the talk, turned suddenly upon the buzzing youth and said, with pathos, "Sir, if you can't drink, it is any reason you should dirty the water in this manner!" and he did.

It was a very Lenten moment for the youth, who, after a moment's confusion, surveyed his elderly neighbor through his lorgnette. But the accident that he was wondering why any body who wished to hear music should come to the Opera. But although he was a downy-chinned "man of the world," and smiled with a tolerably successful contempt upon the old gentleman, he felt that for the time until his check was scarlet.

Besides the Opera and the musical balls, fish on Fridays with egg sauce, previous to the mutton, is another marked characteristic in the observance of Lent. It is, moreover, the time for oysters, to be followed by Champagne and a cigar at proper intervals.

In truth, the reality of the fast, the sincere contrition with which the city is walking in sackcloth and sitting in ashes for the pitiful, pitiful self-abasement with which we all go about our business, or idleness, and fold our hands, and sigh, as Nelly Lancer writes to say that she is out every day at church by half past eight, and confessing that she does not fully go to sleep in "service" during the evening," until three o'clock on the morning, the Lounger can readily believe in the universal repentance. But it is not so much of a penance, perhaps, to her revered uncle, who, reading home from the fish mart, and asking in a kind of despair, after dinner, "My dear, are we going any where to-night?" hears from his wife, "Why, no, my love, not every night in the week. Last night we were at Mrs. Bobs, and to-morrow Mr. Bobs, you know; and we have our religious duties, for it's Lent, you know. "Is it?" replies the revered uncle, as he opens his bulk before the newspaper, and leans back with a sigh of satisfaction, "Thank Goly, it's Lent!"

IN REPLY TO KATE'S BASKET OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIS.

Wonder to one's thoughts resemblance bear
Of shadows to the silvery clouds,
Which only in the moonbeam-day
When sailing through the vault of air.

But clouds dissolve, in shadows hues,
In dew descending from the skies,
To moisten with its purity tears
The plants and fragrant lips of flowers.

Not in the jewel wealth of mines,
Nor wealth of the silver flight of stairs—
In simplest things the tender thought
Its simplest, fitting emblem finds.

Bless, then, the soft, mysterious power,
Breathing in blossoms words of love;
That fragrant in its nothold,
But blooms a fragrant milk-white flower!

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to the Lounger, as it will be to every patriotic person, (if any reader derives) of well-regulated mind, to know that the eminent banker, Solomon Gumpwright, having cleared a million hundred and fifty thousand dollars by a fortunate operation at the Stock Exchange, cherishes the intention of retiring from business at once, upon the remembrance of a well-spent life, and has accepted the honorary Presidency of the Gilmanton Anti-Gaming Society. It is an interesting fact that his contribution of five dollars to the funds of the Society was from the first payment in the operation above mentioned.

As a matter of private interest, also, to all who know Gumpwright—for it is a shining example to all patriots—the Lounger is permitted to state that Mr. Gumpwright has forbidden his wife to visit Saratoga—and—Broadway, known as gaming-houses, under penalty of his severe displeasure. It is therefore gratifying to know that, despite his remarkable pecuniary success, Mr. Gumpwright still regards the claims of religion; and every day, to the expiration of the hour at the Stock Exchange, leaves his business relations entirely behind, and hastens to offer a prayer in some one of the churches in his daily open.

The value of such an example can not be overestimated. It is computed that he was already worth half a million. Such facts make us proud of our common nature.

"A NEGLECTED AUTHOR" UPON WOMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT, as above, writes to the Lounger that he constantly observes "silly complexions" in this department of the *Weekly*, and therefore concludes that the Lounger is just the man for his purposes, and so sends him an article. The correspondent observes that he does not regard his own efforts as "silly," but publishes probably do, for he can never get them printed; adding that when he receives the rejected manuscript back again, "I read Addison and Goldsmith, and then my own effusions, and instantly and dispassionately decide that mine are the best." He is pleased to say that he "considers" the Lounger's articles as good as his own; and insists upon seeing either his letter or his "production" in print.

Nobody will object to it, if it does not annoy the writer nor wisdom. People like to see human nature under all aspects.

People shall be satisfied, then, for once, and see what it is that publishers will not print.

Vast Audito, whoever fails.

ON WOMAN.

"I recollect to have seen, in some slang dictionary, the definition of woman as 'a nuisance.' I don't think it the best definition that can be given. The artist-lover is apt to call her a divinity, and the sentimental blessing that has survived the fall; if you tell him that, in the same manner as the earth, alone that enlarging brings forth only briars and thistles, without the labor of man, so the human nature, without woman, only evil seeds, he will tell you of his flowers, away in the forest where the foot of man never trod; of the disinterested fruits of the Torrid zone, that are brought to maturity by a grateful apple-bough—but he forgets that, after all the care of man can not make to grow in the Temperate zone and delicious fruit, without the aid of the sunbeam later.

"So the favored lover will talk, while the jilted suitor declares that since Eve was tempted by Satan and Adam by Eve, the curse upon womankind is that it is the instrument of his wooers, which he avers to be the ruination of the depravity that has always obtained in the world. And then what a misanthrope a woman is, according to him. I agree with the first, that woman may sometimes prove a curse. It is true that she is sometimes the cause of a junction—often a line for a love—when a pretty woman is the opposite of it. On the other hand, she seems to inherit something of the nature of the serpent, whose deceitful coils and sliding, hissing tongue, have been cated to avoid.

"It has frequently been denied that a woman has a heart, but it is probable that as it is generally some cruel and barbarous act that is charged upon her, these advocates opinion more from the fact that he has been all his life a lifeless in search of a sympathetic feeling, than any thing else. We have no right to consider ourselves a soul and woman a machine. The human soul and is a connection wherever we are pleased to cause signs to be given; but we have no right to demand to be, nor moved by some mysterious and inscrutable wind to make that assurance of some human heart to be received not upon these unfeeling favor. A peculiar quaintness, chilling sensation is produced in the mind of the subject of youth when the pretty lips that have just been wreathed up to a bewitching smile utter some cruel jest as an expression, and the child that he has just been pressing waves his departure. The poor fellow certainly deserves some pity; but he is not to be compared with the revolving the commonplace levels of life at one bound by the aid of a single effort.

"A good-humored friend of mine, who had often been jilted, used to compare woman to a bird, which is all bright and sparkling, and did it not burn when we thrust our fingers in it? Woman is compared to a flower also, but they might be bound and thrown in to their advantage. A thoughtful author has compared woman to the sea. To my friend, but many will confess a wife frequently makes her home too much so. I do not think woman is to blame the sentiment that 'a good wife is the best gift of God;' and I would sincerely advise all who have not found her, to forbear her great value from her rarity. It has never been so great as now, and it is the part of every man to seek and realize this sparkling glass of Champagne, a wife, the ultimate object of existence, and the only effectual strength of mind to resist the temptation.

"I have always had a very high spirit of prophecy, that must have inspired the first man, when his mate stood before him in all her loveliness, and said to her, 'I am Adam.' She replied, 'I am a vo to man—the fine of his Paradisical day. Such was the first woman; and what is she now? A thing of nothing, that is all she can be to a man who is capable of appreciating her. She has been called an angel without wings. I say that she is a woman without angel's wings that are ever ready to help a man fly into a position. I have known her to be every thing in all its aspects, and she is indeed a 'mystery,' yes, an unsolvable creation. I have known her to be a creature as long as earth but is of some benefit; but she is 'evil, and that continually.' The most pitiable situation imaginable for which I can come is, that she is a man-trap set by the devil in the most unfrequented middle. It is a device worthy of the Prince of Darkness himself; the bait is so tempting, and the fall so sudden, that very few get in are as likely to kill themselves of despair as those who are caught, from the unspeakable nature of their misfortune.

"The following is the history of the foregoing Essay: I obtained it from a lady friend of mine, a woman who informed me that it was the production of a very quiet young man, who lived in the country, was very eyed, and extremely nervous lady, bounded with him a short time, and then suddenly disappeared. He was described by a terrible square in the quiet gentleman's and nervous lady's room, and found the noise was caused by the lady, who was giving her husband a terrible caudgeling. The husband was a quiet man, and took his cane, and was then with one hand hold of his men and the other in his pocket, and was sneering, and tearing like two mad bears, like a very fury. Our host attempted to interfere, but was instantly knocked down and was severely hurt for the two belligerents. When he recovered his consciousness, the husband and wife had taken from hold of them; but their skeleton was still shaking his; every bone in his body was sore, and he was in bed for a week he sufficiently spotted to be buried. Soon after this he came upon several poems of mine, and wrote me that he could never be made to acknowledge any other cause for his misfortune than a woman's rage. He concluded that she was shaking her husband's bones in the other world. I have written to him this terrible fray that made his mind was the preceding Essay, which was found on the table, weighed and torn by the lady before she had turned to finish her rage upon its unfortunate author. My wife remarks that it served him right."

JESTICS.

SOMEBODY in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, writes to know something about the author of "Festus".

Mr. Philip James Bailey—saying, "I am an admirer of the poetry in 'Festus,' the irreverent bombast and the attempted profundities of portions of that remarkable production can not be called poetry."

Well, there are poems and poems. Parts of "Festus" seem irreverent and shallow to the Lounger's correspondent; while to the Lounger they seem the shallowest kind of Lilliputienne poem in the language is Mr. Robert Pollok's "Course of Time;" a poem generally held in fair repute, and not forbidden to youth. The truth is, that it is such as finding a letter "Festus" and exited "The Course of Time," which is a very favorite fashion, as it is to denounce "Tom Jones" and devour "Paul Clifford."

There is very little to say personally about the author of "Festus." His name is Philip James Bailey, son of the proprietor of the Nottingham *Mercury*, in England, and he was born in 1816. In 1839 he published "Festus," and some years afterward "The Angel World;" and in 1853, "The Mystic," which was the last.

"Who holds not life more fearful than the hours
Since first into this world he wept his way,
Knows not life."

and continues even "more so," as the jeerer saith. Mr. Bailey is, no doubt, but never practiced, and now receives a pension of £50 a year from the English Government.

THE HOGENS.

THE Lounger's affection for a genus that large class of his fellow-citizens, the Hogs, to a sense of decency, are rewarded by the smiles of the Muses. Let us not accuse them of well-doing. Let us continue to make a great effort to extort a "Thank you!" out of the female mouth when a seat is not rendered, and to shame the male who occupies two seats when he has paid for but one, and while others go passengers are standing, scathes, in the aisles. So long, therefore, as any are scathes,

"Once more we sing of Hogens, once more!"

A delicate hand sends us a poem to help on the happy day.

THE HOGENS.

We reach another station,
The car is full of men,
When lo! a lady enters
About as big as ten.

Without a seat whatever
We rise upon our feet,
And each politely proffers
To give her up his seat.

But with majestic motion,
As if Cleopatra's barge
She sinks upon my cushion
Without a "Thank you, sir!"

Now, "by the great Eternal!"
If it should ever hap
That I must seat another,
I'll hold her in my lap!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MR. RICHARD TUCK GRAY writes from Pearl Street that he can not quite sure whether he should say Mr. or Mrs Lounger, "so soft as you seem to be," and compliments the writer on his skill as a letter to beg. He begs them to stay away.

"I am bored to death with these charity-mongers. One woman I will not name, but she is the wife of a prominent business out of her husband's drawing-room and carriage (I keep my carriage) that the least he comes to me say another day—I am tending the truth, you know—and ask me to subscribe to every thing. Now, I don't like to be rich! And she didn't think so! but looked so innocent and smiling at me, you know. But I gave her not one sever. I chuckled over it the whole afternoon. "Make me," says I, "a present of a thing I don't want." I have not heard that he has become insolvent, and I hold that a man who has no shame should have one that will her up when she got my sweet. "Good-day, Sir," she to angry, for that I was not bored up with work. But you are aware, dear Lounger, that I am much younger than you, and young persons are sometimes very enthusiastic; you will observe also that I have been provoked to school which, I suppose, is a cause fail of subject and a pallet of strong and brilliant colors. Now I am not to be over-fly gaudy pallet, walk my brushes, and take up the soft gray tints of the Lounger School, and with your permission, trust I may be enabled to paint, occasionally, a pleasing, *simple picture*. Before closing with a parting friend, however, I will spend a passage from one of the poets whose productions I've been reading of late with much pleasure, wherein I am persuaded there is some simplicity. He says:

"If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience may not you?
Only keep the rain in view,
Try again!"

Then we an old gentleman, Y. or Y., who had many young friends, and who loved them all. They constantly brought new ones into the old gentleman's room, and if he noticed that the new friend thought he knew any thing especially well, he gave him very earnest advice upon that point. Generally the youths were wrathy; and "hoped if they wanted instruction it was not any that subject." Whenever any one of them listened attentively and confessed that there might be something in what the old man said, he smiled and answered, "My dear, that may or may not be—but you'll come to something because you can take advice."

—LOSSING, Jr., writes from Nashville, Tennessee, to "strengthen the hands" of the Lounger in speaking of Thackeray's Washington, and another friend, J. B. K., also from Tennessee, writes about the same matter. For the present, however, there is nothing further to say upon the subject. But there is certainly something exquisitely ludicrous in the idea that we have been made to the portrait, if we except the dueling. Let it be so.

Thackeray can take good care of himself and his heroes and his critics.

—NELLIE writes from the "City of Hogs," as she says some profane poet calls Cincinnati, and declares she, as a quotation from the same source, the following lines:

"Though fish be thinly lips
Are the tender pigs,
And the Philadelphia porkers;
But Ohio swine
Are far more divine
Than the pigs of New Yorkers."

—EMMA LOTHROP'S "bunch of wild flowers" is sweet, but hardly enough so to ask the public to smell them.

—MR. ARTHUR HOPEHILL is emboldened by Mr. Tom Desperate's success in laying his communication before the public to hope he may be heard a praise of his Dulcinea, his Leonora. But he must remember that condescension is not argument. People are glad to know you are happy—spite of the witty Frenchman—but they don't want to hear about it. There is one picture in his letter which is worth hanging in the chambers of reflection to which all young ladies retire at this Lenten season:

"The other day, as I was walking in the upper part of the city, my attention was suddenly arrested by an awful sneeze at incidence—I was attracted by the singing of children into a neighboring school. Upon entering Mr. Lounger, a hundred little ones ensisted from nice and not very much to be feed clad, their heads uncovered, and their voices trained—now when they can be trained—to sweetness and purity. As I looked around upon the delightful eyes—though I felt that I, whose life had been so fruitless, had no right to stand in the presence of these angels of mercy, whose daily life is 'a sermon on the mount'—I was impressed with the awful sweetness in a center, with a desire of little ones clustered affectionately around a kind face, a delicate little creature was seated on her knee. What a world of kindness, of sympathy, of Christian love, did I see in those her eyes—bestowing on the faces of the happy children, which reflected at brightly as the lovely light! I never felt deeper before how utterly unworthy I was of her. The students of my past life were looked at me from their desks, I was able to keep the vow I then silently and solemnly made."

—"If there ever did lull 'Bonaparte' was brought up a pet, for his unexpressed emotions, being dressed in a remarkable garb of a suit almost white, bordering on a blue cross. On the end of one of the tassels of his prepossitive, but no boy in mischief as a monkey. He does all the line of tricks an entertainer was making about 1200 pounds. I had frequently found my gentlemen up in the back and story of my friend, Bonaparte, in remarkable, which was accessible by a stairway, very steep two and a half feet wide, and fastened to the floor on the ground, which he would travel up and down with as much ease as a boy of his age, and he had a good deal of sympathy to climbing.

"It did, I am confidential one morning when I came into the barn-yard and found Bonny mounted in a large, unfashioned wagon, which set forward into the middle of the ground, the top of the box a very little short of the cross; the old fashioned was up, and had not been comfortably, and may casting some loose corn, as we had been feeding every morning to the fowls and pigeons. My friendman appeared to be about his usual work, talking to nobody in particular any more than he had to talk to himself. But upon questioning Pat shortly, I found that Bonny had spent the most of the morning in the shortest possible way and time, and being in a great hurry when Pat, whom he had been walking up and down the premises, he sprang by him, and as the wagon sprinkled most of the corn-way, he jumped into it; when he rapidly sweep down to the old barrel, and inserted my gentleman into the middle of the yard, in distance, to await a conference decision which was to forward into his apartment. Bonny, after surveying and learning the state of things, like a thoroughgoer improved the intervening moments to enjoy the luxuries of the corn. When I come to the ground, I found Bonny in the wagon, seated with pitchfork in hand, which fact Bonny contrived into an instant to exercise his penalty, when, in a short manner, he leaped from the wagon and made a hasty escape.

"A fact in the experience of a Long Island Farmer."

—LILLY lives "out of the world into Canada." But the cold of Canada could not keep out her heart, and she sings like little birds under the Lounger's window:

TO DEAR MR. LOUNGER:

"I wish I were a little bird
That could flee with wintry weather,
I know where I would fly just now,
And wait and watch together.

"I'd fly, with all my might and main,
Straight off to your great city,
And light on your window-sill,
And sing my sweetest ditty.

"And then, when you would turn around
To say the sassy minx,
I'd take a sly peep in your face—
This artful little finger.

"And when I'd looked about enough,
Back to my forest home I'd flee,
I'd fly, and to my woodland mates
Such tales as I'd be telling!"

—N. Y. Z. inquires, from Ridgely, Missouri, "Why do Mr. Lounger and Mr. Broad indulge in fits of brown timber, make a ton?" Upon this grave question the Lounger, properly entertaining his own skill in the matter, has taken the silent advice, and the result he is most happy to impart to his correspondent. The ton in question is not a matter of weight, but of measurement, as in the tonnage of ships. A ton measurement is always forty cubic feet, and you can get, of course, more of lower than of round timber into the same space, because the lower straw closer than the round. This has a very wise sound, and the Lounger humbly hopes it will satisfy the intelligent curiosity of his correspondent.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXIX.

Holding in the Horses.—The Sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia.—Harbor of Rhodes.—Street of the Knights.—Turkish Ladies.—Steenburgen's Gallantry again gets him into Trouble.—The Isles of Greece.—Samos.—Scio.—Approach to Smyrna.—A Beef-steak at Salvo's.

THE process of hoisting in the horses was safely accomplished, though with no little difficulty, for the wind was fresh from the south, and a heavy sea was rolling in toward Mersina. Our good animals, however, have by this time become accustomed to the thing, and were not so astonished as might be expected at finding themselves swinging in a box between wind and water.

Under ordinary circumstances we should have found it much better to leave our horses at this point, and trust to purchasing others in Smyrna; but I had too strong an attachment to my desert bird to be willing to part with her while I was in the East, and the additional expense of carrying her with me from place to place was nothing when compared with the entire confidence I had in the horse, and in my being able with her to do whatever I wished. In going to Smyrna, with the idea of visiting the sites of the Seven Churches, and exploring the interior of Asia Minor, I wished to be perfectly certain that I could do a day's travel in any given direction; and I knew the ability of this animal quite as well as you know the power of a steamer or the speed of a railway train.

Sir Charles sold his horses at Mersina, determining to buy again at Smyrna. John Steenburgen retained his own good steed; and we took them in together in the afternoon, got away just before sunset, and went all night rolling along the coast to the westward.

In the morning we were in the broad strait between Cyprus and the main land, which is the Sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, through which Paul so frequently sailed. Both coasts were at times dimly visible; but, for the most part, we saw only the northern shore, and we discussed, as well as we were able, the probable names of the headlands and bays that here and there opened on our view. The second day, or after the second night, we woke and were on deck early. The morning was delicious beyond description. The sky was golden and pure, the air balmy and soft—neither hot nor too cold. We were running rapidly up to a coast that was rising out of the mist a distance before us, and at length, about nine o'clock, were in the harbor of Rhodes, surrounded by a fleet of shore-boats of all sorts and sizes.

Twenty of the third-class passengers chartered one boat to take them ashore. That you may have an idea of the prices paid in this part of the world, I give you the charter price of this boat, which carried twenty vagabonds about a fourth of a mile. It was just two paras per passenger—a little less than half a cent!

The harbor of Rhodes is one of the most stately places in the world to one who loves the memory of old glories. That harbor where the Colossus once stood is long since filled up with sand. The spot pointed out as the entrance which he once bestrode is dry earth now, nor does it look as if Greek galley ever could have sailed there. But the harbor of the Knights of Saint John, with its tottering towers and grand old bastions, is here, and no traveler enters it without a thrill of pleasure not unmingled with pain. The city is one vast fortification, sadly decayed and ruinous now, but a splendid relic. The landing-place is crowded with Smyrniote boatmen, Greek sponge dealers, Arabs of various descriptions, and the usual Levant crowd that I have so frequently described. From the landing-place, by a little winding passage through the fortifications, the stranger enters the street of the Knights, a mournful silent street, leading up a steep hill to an archway at the top, where stood



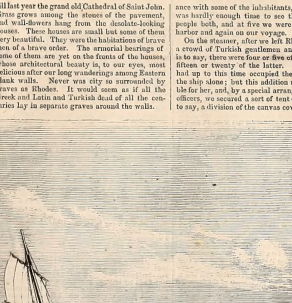
AN ARAB CAMP.

till last year the grand old Cathedral of Saint John. Grass grows among the stones of the pavement, and wall-flowers hang from the desolate-looking houses. These houses are small but some of them very beautiful. They were the habitations of brave men of a brave order. The armorial bearings of some of them are yet on the fronts of the houses, whose architectural beauty is, to our eyes, most delicious after our long wanderings among Eastern blank walls. Never was city so surrounded by graves as Rhodes. It would seem as if all the Greek and Latin and Turkish dead of all the centuries lay in separate graves around the walls.

We strolled all day among the cemeteries around the city. You of course know all about the terrible explosion of last year which demolished the old church and nearly demolished Rhodes. Between the gunpowder and the earthquake the city came well-nigh being wiped out of existence.

I have no personal incidents to record of this stop. We simply walked around as very respectable travelers should do, and we behaved ourselves in approved Eastern style. Had we been there a day longer we might have scraped an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants, but eight hours was hardly enough time to see the city and the people both, and at five we were away from the harbor and again on our voyage.

On the steamer, after we left Rhodes, was quite a crowd of Turkish gentlemen and ladies. That is to say, there were four or five of the former, and fifteen or twenty of the latter. Miss Grandison had up to this time occupied the ladies' cabin of the ship alone; but this addition made it intolerable for her, and, by a special arrangement with the officers, we secured a sort of tent on deck—that is to say, a division of the canvas covering, which we



LANDING AT SMYRNA.

subdivided into two rooms—and that night, along the coast of Samos, we slept again as we were accustomed to sleep under canvas, and enjoyed the rush of the sea and the breath of the wind.

For now we were in musical seas. Every round of this water was full of old melody, full of ancient song. One was tempted to plunge over into it, so deep and divine was its blue beauty. This was the Ægean Sea, this the first of men, this the sea of the Isles of Greece. The water that dashed around us had washed the shores of Somothrace and Tenedos, and Lesbos and Scio and Patmos—had dashed itself in white foam against the base of "Samian's marble days"—had rushed rejoicing down by the Cyanean Symplegades, through the Propontis, by the coasts of Troy, and was at last ready to join the Ionian bride of Venice.

I tell you frankly it shakes a man's stability to find himself in the Grecian Archipelago. It wakes him up, and if he has any old Greek in him it brings it out.

If he hasn't that, then he usually sports Byron, especially if he happens to have one of Murray's Red-Books with him, which gives the proper quotation at the proper place.

The next morning was of the dirty sort. We had a head-sea, and the Turkish ladies were wailing about deck in various stages of sea-sickness. It was utterly out of rule to keep out of their way. When you least expected it down would come three hundred weight of tenacity and silk before the wind, and bring up against you with an exclamation of horror, and you involuntarily threw your arms around her, and then came a sea-sick Turk to "pitch into you" for daring to clasp his property in our infidel grasp. We had the prettiest little row, growing out of an affair of this sort, that I have ever seen. John Steenburger was standing at the weather-rail looking at Scio. Miss Grandison was by his side, and they were chatting gayly [illegible], when a Georgian girl, wholly oblivious of [illegible], dashed across to the rail directly between the two, threw back her yasmak (or veil), and exhibited not only her face but the bottom of her throat—yes, the very depths of her stomach, to the astonished vision of the two Franks. After one or two vain efforts to bring something out of those depths which seemed to trouble her, she sank back suddenly, and fell on the deck in a dead faint.

John seized her instantly and carried her across the deck to a settee, where he had hardly deposited her when her indignant lord rushed on my friend with drawn sword in his hand, and I verily believe would have made an end of my long Virginian friend there and then, but for a sudden leap which the latter made over the settee and sick lady, thus avoiding the blow and giving himself time to reflect, if he needed it.

But John is not the man to reflect. He only touched the deck, raised a steel that was occupied by a Greek merchant from Smyrna, jerked it out from under the astonished shop-keeper, and aimed it at the head of his assailant. It flew like a cannon-ball; but the Turk dodged and the steel went overboard, passing within a foot of my head, where I stood at the lee-rail looking at Scio.

I turned in time to see the Greek seizing John, and the Turk advancing. Nothing was left for me but to collar the Turk; and, as he had no collar, I throttled him. So we went down on deck together, and at the same moment John and the

Greek pitched into the weather-scuppers, out of which they rolled as the ship went down again. We polished those two gentlemen off in very quick order; and all the while Miss Grandison stood shouting with laughter, and holding in her hand the sword of the Turk, which had escaped his grasp as he fell. Peace was restored in a few minutes, and our enemies were really too sea-sick to entertain or renew their enmity.

That night we ran down the Gulf of Smyrna, and as the clock ought to have struck twelve, if there had been a clock in any of the minarets of the city, we let go an anchor just at the moment that we smashed a Greek ship down to the very water's edge. In fact the anchoring was an afterthought; but I make no doubt, when the matter comes to be settled between the Greek and the French consul in the port, it will appear that both ships were at anchor ten minutes before the collision took place.

Next morning, beautiful exceedingly, Smyrna lay before us. I know no city whose appearance from the water is more picturesque and striking. We were more than a mile from the city. I know not what possessed the captain to anchor there, unless it was the collision aforenamed.

Before breakfasting we hastened into a shore-boat and pulled away for the city. You can hardly imagine the anxiety of one who has been for a few days on a Mediterranean steamer to get on shore and eat a respectable meal. I had been in Smyrna before. I remembered that, on the very water's edge, there was a little shop, kept by one Salvo, who supplied American and English ship-masters with provisions, and who could make a good cup of coffee and cook an egg just to the point of deliciousness. We pulled up to the little landing-place in the rear of his house, and took possession forthwith of his little breezy room.

"What have you?"

"Beef-steak—if it would suit."

"Beef-steak! Ye gods, it is seven—eight—ten—months since I have seen the article of beef!"

How we did breakfast! Sir Charles, who came ashore after us, found the second steak nearly gone and ordered a third, and we helped him finish that, and then we sallied out to the Hotel of the Two Augustuses—two French brothers of a few years ago who have left their names on their hotel, which is abominably kept, at exorbitant prices, but in which we are at present located, one of the Augustes being the present landlord.

THE APPROACH TO CANTON.

THE city of Canton, whose bombardment by the English and French troops has been announced, lies upon the north bank of the Pearl, or *Choo-Keang* River, some seventy miles from the sea. The river is one difficult of navigation, and large vessels of war do not generally find their way above the Bocca Tigris, or Bogue, which is properly its entrance. Here are some rude Chinese forts, and just above these, in a narrow passage, the Chinese, during the English opium war, sunk a number of large junks, with a view to preventing the passage upward of the English devils. The wrecks were blown to pieces shortly afterward, and the passage made sufficiently deep for vessels of moderate draught; but the rapid current had already accumulated a bar sufficient to prevent the passage of first-class vessels. Merchant ships commonly anchor opposite Whampoa Island, fifteen miles below the city of Canton. Our plan shows the devious course of the river, which forms, between Whampoa and Canton and opposite the city, a number of islands, on whose fertile soil great quantities of rice and vegetables are grown. Canton Proper is surrounded by a wall, said to be sixty feet high, and a deep ditch; the wall also, in several places, defended by guns. When the English and French "devils" have crossed this ditch and scaled this wall, they will, it is supposed, have to contend with an infuriated crowd of low-class Chinese, who will form another and rather stubborn wall between the aforesaid foreign devils and his Excellency Governor Yeh—whose portrait, by a Chinese artist, is given on this page.

Governor Yeh, some time famous for his obstinate diplomatic resistance to Barbarian aggression, is a mandarin of the highest rank, a cultivated man—from a Chinese point of view—and a most faithful servant of the Celestial brother of the sun, moon, and stars. In China all political offices are held by literary men, and all preferment in the State is for literary excellence. Whether Yeh's preeminence is as novelist, essayist, or pamphleteer, contemporary history does not inform us. Sure it is, that he was once a poor boy, much given to reading, and, it is to be supposed, regarded by his Celestial parents as incorrigibly idle. Having applied himself diligently to the studies prescribed in the Imperial course, he was, when twenty-three, ready to pass an examination. But, unfortunately, he could not raise sufficient money to bribe the judges to a hearing. So he was forced to the ignominious alternative of, for a certain sum of money, taking the name and place of a wealthy young idler, who desired a certificate without the trouble of cramming for it; a mode of swindling the State, openly and shamelessly practiced in China, where the *theory* of life is wise as it is odd, but the practice has long since degenerated.

With the sum which the future Governor of Quang-tong gained by this means he emigrated to another province, and at the succeeding session of the Imperial Examiners, having duly blinded those worthy men to his poverty, he succeeded in astonishing them by his thorough scholarship. Whether it was a political squib or a satirical novel which first attracted the Imperial attention to poor Yeh we are not told. Certain it is that, instead of becoming one of the class of well-educated, shiftless Bohemians common in the Chinese cities—and whose counterparts are not unknown even in our own country—he shortly obtained office—and office in China means wealth, more or less honestly gotten.

Having proven himself one of the Emperor's most trusty adherents, Yeh was, on the breaking out of the rebellion, made Governor of the populous province of Quang-tong. How he has here held parley with the Barbarians—how he has argued with them, implored them to peace, and done all he could to restrain the fury of the lion-hearted soldiers of the Celestial Emperor, and save the worthless lives of the wretched foreign devils—is it not written in the dispatches of Yeh to his Imperial master—and has it not been printed in *Harper's Weekly?*

The population of Canton is reckoned at about 400,000, while it is calculated that 60,000 persons live in the boats and schamps, and about 200,000 in the immediate vicinity. The number of Europeans settled here is about 200. The goods in the shops are exposed for sale either in large open boxes or on tables, behind which the shop-keepers sit and work. In the corner of the shop a narrow staircase leads up into the dwelling-house above. Here, as in Turkish towns, the same regulation is observed of each trade or calling having its especial street—in one nothing but crockery and glass is to be seen, in another silks, and so on. In the physicians' street are situated all the apothecaries' shops as well, the two professions being united in one and the same person. The provisions, which are very tastily arranged, have also their separate streets. Between the houses are frequently small temples, not differing the least, however, in style from the surrounding buildings. The gods, too, merely occupy the ground-floor, the upper stories being inhabited by simple mortals.



GOVERNOR YEH.—[FROM A PORTRAIT BY A CHINESE ARTIST.]

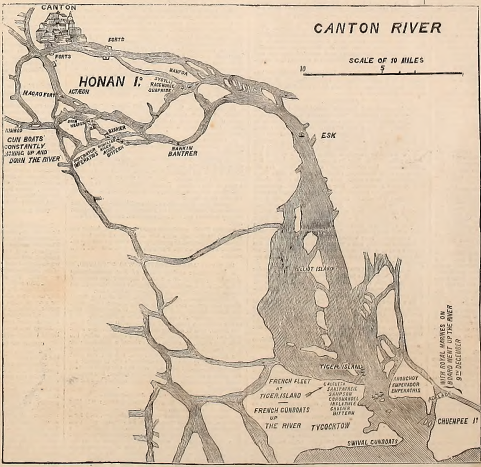


CHART OF PEARL RIVER, SHOWING THE POSITION, AT LAST ACCOUNTS, OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH ATTACKING FORCES.

LITERARY.

FROM G. P. Putnam & Co. we have received a work entitled THE APPLICATION OF ART TO MANUFACTURES, by George C. Mason, which we were at first disposed to pass by as a book of the "manufactured" sort, but which on examination we find to be of unusual value. It is a very thorough account of art-manufactures, and we suppose there is no one who will not find instruction and interest in reading how bronze statues are cast, how gilding is placed on metallic ornaments, how porcelain is made and painted, how iron, steel, terra cotta, plaster, china, silver, and all the metals and earths are turned by the hands of workmen into the graceful, beautiful, and magnificent works which cover our tables, or ornament our public squares. The accounts of the process of making porcelain alone are worth all the price of the volume, and the illustrations, of which there are a large number, although not new, add much to its value. We are always glad to commend a work of permanent value united to intrinsic interest like this before us.

A. S. Barnes & Co., who are indefatigable in publishing school books, have issued the FIRST BOOK OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY, by Professor Norton, of Yale College. The names of the author and publishers are sufficient to direct the attention of teachers to this elementary work. Barnes & Co. also publish THE LITTLE SINGER, OR PRIMARY SCHOOL VOCALIST, by George Henry Curtis, which contains glees and songs as well as an oratorio for the young.

The Third and (for the present) last volume of GIESELER'S CHURCH HISTORY, edited by Professor Henry B. Smith, of New York, now makes its appearance, published by Harper & Brothers.

We have heretofore spoken of the peculiar value of this work to theological and other students. It is exhaustive as a book of reference. It is a mine of authorities and condensed extracts. The amount of labor devoted to its preparation by the author and the American editor has been enormous. Instead of being the work of one or two men this mass of authorities would seem to be the result of the studies of a body of the clergy.

The character of the work is of course known to all theologians. It is eminently evangelical in tone, while of its orthodoxy there is no question. To a clergyman who does not possess a large library we should suppose this work would be the equivalent of a pile of old Fathers' and other works. Many volumes are condensed into the foot notes of these pages, and every line of history has its authorities, and all the authorities, not only referred to by line, page, and edition, but in most instances quoted in full or succinctly stated. The work will, of course, be adopted largely as a text-book in seminaries, and perhaps in colleges, where its worth will be found to be vastly greater than any extant Church History.

Harper & Brothers publish THE WORKS OF TACITUS, the Oxford translation, revised, with notes. Without reference to the value which this new and thorough edition of Tacitus will have to students who use translations judiciously, we may especially commend it to the general reader as an agreeable companion. We know of nothing more refreshing, in these days of new books, than it is to take up one of the old writers. Tacitus is particularly readable. His style is easy and winning, and is well preserved in this translation. We have heretofore remarked on the use of translations by students in school. We believe all teachers agree that the boy who uses it with care and judgment will be benefited by it, and that the boy who uses it as a substitute for study and labor will not be apt to gain much from his ordinary studies without it. Every school library should contain this entire series of classical works issued by Harper & Brothers.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, or rather, an elementary work on the English Language, by Professor William C. Fowler, is a valuable contribution to the school books of the day, and will probably take precedence of all other grammars. It is an admirable work, philosophical in plan, and clear and definite in arrangement. As a book to teach the English language, its history, development, theory, and use, we know of none equal to it, and we recommend it to the examination of teachers and others interested in this class of works. It is a new plan, in teaching grammar, to teach the derivation of the language we speak, but the plan is certainly most excellent and commendable. 12mo. Harper & Brothers.

The present number in the household Waverley series of Ticknor & Fields is THE PIRATE. The illustrations of this number are particularly good, especially the visit of Norna to Minna and Brenda. The series sustains its high reputation for simple elegance and beauty.

Grave-yard poetry is often

curious and interesting. We know of one cemetery in which the stones form a published volume of poetry of all kinds by one person. We are reminded of this by a pleasant little pamphlet containing a poem on the new cemetery at Bristol, Rhode Island, which has been laid out with much taste, and which is well celebrated in these lines. The cemetery itself is a memorial of the late Levi de Wolf, one of the excellent fathers who has gone to his reward.

Carter & Brothers publish another of Dr. Macduff's admirable and delightful volumes, Memories of Gennesaret, in which, with his well-known grace and delicacy, he recalls the scenes in the life of Christ which are located on the shores of that lake of lakes. There, indeed, occurred more of the incidents in His life on earth than ordinary readers of the Bible are apt to remember. Mount Hermon looks down on it from the north, Tabor from the west, Gilboa from the southwest, and Lebanon from the northwest. Nazareth is near it. Nain is yet nearer. Capernaum and Bethsaida were on its shores. The lake is there yet, but around it linger only these holy memories to sanctify it. Lonesome, solitary, and beautiful, it is of all lakes the most holy, and its associations the most thrilling. Few readers will fail to appreciate and enjoy this volume.

Dr. Barclay's new work on Jerusalem, published by James Challen & Sons, Philadelphia, of which we have before spoken favorably, is attracting the attention of the learned and of all who are interested in the Holy Land, and, as we predicted, has revived many of the discussions concerning the holy places.

Among the new works of art which this age has produced we have been most gratified by an exquisite set of photographs of views in Egypt and the Holy Land, now in process of publication in London. We do not know that they are imported by any New York house, but they are worth sending to England for. They are importations of the very ruins and hills themselves.

Much attention has of late been called to the East, and in another part of our paper this week is advertised an Excursion to the Holy Land, which is one of the great things of the day. This will afford many who have but brief time to travel a grand opportunity of seeing spots to which all hearts turn with the utmost affection.

The friends of Dr. Livingstone have had him meet them at dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, to receive their farewell. Dr. Livingstone has been appointed H. B. M. Consul for Quillimane, Senna, and Tete, on the east coast of Africa—an official position which will be of important advantage in carrying out his plans for opening up the commerce with the interior from the Zambesi River coasts. The iron steamer in which the expedition will ascend the river is to be taken out in pieces on board the African packet of next month, and prepared at Quillimane for the voyage.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 1st March, in the Senate, Senator Henderson, of Texas, qualified and took his seat. Memorials were presented from Iowa asking for land for railroad purposes. Senator King reported a bill granting the Rome Arsenal to the State of New York. Senator Green called up the bill for the admission of Kansas, and in spite of the opposition of Senators Broderick and Gwyn, who claimed priority for the Pacific Railroad Bill, it was taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Green and Collamer.——In the House, a special committee was appointed to report upon the case of Matteson. Resolutions approving Governor Stevens's course were received from Washington Territory. Mr. Sherman presented a resolution inquiring whether any moneys had been paid to defray the expenses of the Legislature of Kansas. Mr. Florence presented a memorial from the marine underwriters of Philadelphia against any alteration of the Light-house Law.

On Tuesday, 2d, in the Senate, the House Appropriation to commute the Sound Dues was passed. Bills were introduced by Senator Seward to regulate the carriage of passengers in steamships and other vessels; by Senator Evans, to amend the Patent Laws; by Senator Houston, authorizing the raising of volunteer regiments in Texas. Senator Douglas's resolution on Kansas affairs was taken up, and the bill for the admission of that State; speeches were made by Senators Douglas, Collamer, and Pugh.——In the House, after some debate as to the pay of employés of the House, the question of the reference of the Senate Bill reinstating the naval officers dropped by the Retiring Board was taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Davis, Miles, Chapman, Sherman, and Wilson. No vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 3d March, Senator Hammond introduced into the Senate a resolution authorizing the payment of the officers and men of Captain Hartstein's expedition at the same rate as those of Lieutenant De Haven's. The Kansas question being taken up, long speeches were made by Senators Seward and Thompson.——In the House, the resolution authorizing the President to reverse the action of the Naval Retiring Board was passed by 71 majority, after speeches from Messrs. Whiteley, Bocock, Winslow, and Seward.

On Thursday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Stuart reported against amending the Bounty Land Act. The Kansas Bill was then taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Hammond and Doolittle.——In the House, Mr. Hoard's resolution to inquire whether or no the President had used his executive patronage in aid of the Lecompton Constitution, and notably in the case of Mr. Burns, of Ohio, was taken up; but after speeches by Messrs. Hoard, Humphrey Marshall, Burnett, Blair, Nichols, and Giddings, the question was tabled by 92 to 80. Mr. Quitman called up his bill for a regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas, and spoke in favor of it.

On Friday, 5th (the Senate not being in session), the House was engaged all day with the private calendar, and adjourned at the close to Monday.

THE KANSAS COMMITTEE.

The House Kansas Investigating Committee met on Wednesday, 3d. All the members were present. General Calhoun sent in a statement, but it was decided that it should not be considered as evidence. Mr. Stephens read a report expressive of the views of the majority, setting forth, with other things, that as the authority was legally conferred on the delegates to the Convention to frame a Constitution, those who had an opportunity, but who declined to vote, were debarred from finding fault with the action of the Convention. The report also reviews the past positions of Messrs. Douglas, Stanton, and Walker, maintaining that they are inconsistent with their present course. Resolutions were passed with the view of obtaining information relative to the census and other documentary evidence, which it was agreed should accompany the report. A motion was made to adjourn until to-morrow night, but it was voted down by the usual 8 to 7, when the Committee adjourned *sine die*.

It is understood that the statement of General Calhoun, above referred to, avers that at the January election for members of the Legislature of Kansas, 7050 Free-State votes were cast, of which 631 were illegal, while the legal Democratic vote was 6581; thus giving a nominal Pro-Slavery majority, according to this test, of 153.

It is said that Senator Toombs will insist upon amending the Lecompton Constitution so as to allow the people to alter it when they please, which may defeat it in the Senate.

THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "The Congressional Investigating Committees now in session, with perhaps a single exception, are not accomplishing much. There are six at work:

"1. The Fort Snelling Purchase Committee.

"2. The Tariff Bribery Committee—the Lawrence, Stone, and Co. case.

"3. The Willett's Point Purchase.

"4. The Committee on Clerk Cullom's Accounts.

"5. Committee on the conduct, etc., of the late and present Door-keepers.

"6. To investigate the present system of public printing.

"There is another demanded, I believe, by Mr. Florence, of Philadelphia, relative to the charge that some one got $25,000 for aid rendered in the purchase of the Pennsylvania Bank building for a Post-office."

THE NEW BANKRUPTCY BILL.

Senator Toombs, from the Committee on the Judiciary, has given notice of a bill for a general and uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States, for the protection of creditors, the relief of insolvent debtors, and to regulate the commercial intercourse of the citizens of different States, including banks and all corporations; it will regulate both voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy, and will compel both individuals and corporations to pay their debts or become bankrupt under it. There can be no more suspension of specie payments by the banks. It will provide with care against all frauds or preferences, and compel an honest division of all the bankrupt's property among the creditors. The measure is decidedly popular at Washington.

THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

The Senate Committee on Territories are about to report a bill for the organization of the Territory of Arizona. It has been delayed by a difficulty in reference to the boundaries—Mr. Mowry, the Arizona delegate, proposing to connect Arizona with Texas on the east—thus including in Arizona the lower Rio Grande, which properly belongs to it, being separated from New Mexico proper by the *Ernada del Muerto* (Dead Man's Journey), a desert of ninety miles. This desert Mr. Mowry claims (and he is supported by the views of his constituents), is a natural boundary between the two Territories.

NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Advices have been received from the Utah Expedition to 4th January. Colonel Johnston, in his letters to General Scott, says that no incident of any military importance has transpired since his last communication, and that the troops are in excellent health and spirits. He expresses fears that he has not sufficient draught animals. The greater number of the soldiers who have been on the sick list were rendered unfit for duty by being frost-bitten. For this reason Colonel Johnston recommends that each man be supplied with a pair of buffalo-overshoes. Colonel Johnson calls attention to the great length of the line of communication to the army, and the necessity of providing the means for defending the supplies which must be sent forward early in the spring, more especially that portion liable to be attacked by the Mormons. Colonel Johnston commends highly the field-works thrown up around Fort Bridger, and has sent the drawing of them to the War Department.

Colonel Cook, writing from Henry's Fork on the 31st of December, says, that he found little grass and shelter at that place. The weather was moderating, and he had no doubt he would be able to remain there six weeks.

REOPENING OF THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE SOUTH.

The New Orleans *Delta* has a singular article, in which it says that "Southerners have taken into their own hand the law, and opened the African slave-trade with the South; that Africans are now imported into Mississippi and other sea-shore States; that in Mississippi there is a market for African slaves, and that on plantations in that great and intrepid State negroes recently imported from Africa are at their daily work. The authority on which we make this announcement is indisputable. We even have advices that, in Mississippi, Henry Hughes and some of his party now privately urge the Labor Immigration movement, not to open the supply of Africans, but to legitimate, moralize, regulate, and equalize the supply already opened and impossible to be closed. We have some further details. Some negroes are disembarked on the Atlantic coast, and brought overland to the Mississippi cotton fields; but the Mississippi sea-coast's peculiar facilities for landing and secreting cargoes, and the conveniences of Pearl River as a channel for distribution, are not overlooked."

The lower branch of the Louisiana Legislature has passed a bill authorizing the importation of 2500 free blacks from the coast of Africa, to be indentured for *not less* than fifteen years.

PERSONAL.

The long-expected Turkish Rear-Admiral arrived at this city in the *Europa*. The *Herald* describes him as a man of "portly appearance and considerable hauteur in his manner. He is a man of about five feet ten inches in height, rather stoutly made, with broad shoulders, and an intelligent countenance. He has a smooth, pleasing face, peculiarly Oriental large dark eyes and round visage. His cheeks have a tendency to redness, and his face is plump. His nose is long, and somewhat of the Roman form. His mouth small, and lips thin. On his upper lip is a mustache, which appears to have been trimmed with much care. His forehead is high, broad, and without a wrinkle. His hair, mustache, eyebrows, etc., are brown or auburn, and he does not wear his hair longer than it is usually worn by Americans. His dress is in no way remarkable. A loose brown frock overcoat covers a dark cloth frock coat, inside of which is a brown velvet vest and colored shirt. His pants were of black cloth, and his boots were rather heavy in material, of the kind commonly known as short boots. Around his neck was a muffler of gray woolen cloth, and around his head, in Turkish fashion, was a red-and-blue turban. All his apparel was of a very fine material; and were it not for the turban nothing extraordinary would be about his appearance."

The Grand Jury of the City of Washington have, under the law of Congress to punish contempt of the authority of either House, found a presentment against John W. Wolcott, the recusant witness. He has moved for a habeas corpus, but refuses to disclose.

On a recent public occasion in Lisbon, at which a great many Roman Catholic priests of various nationalities were present, Mr. O'Sullivan, our Minister to Portugal, replied to an allusion to his country, first in English, then in Portuguese, and finally, for the benefit of some who did not understand either language, in Latin.

The *Episcopal Recorder* says that the health of Bishop Alonzo Potter has much improved, and that he intends soon to leave for Europe to recruit.

Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, returned in the *Europa* from an extended tour in Europe. He visited England and Ireland during last summer with Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, as delegate to the Wesleyan Conferences in those countries; subsequently visited the Methodist Missions in France, Germany, and Norway; was present at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin; and traveled, during the winter, in Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, and Greece. He was for some time dangerously ill, at Beyroot, and has scarcely yet recovered his usual good health. He proceeds, at once, on his Conference rounds. It is hoped the Bishop will give the results of his travels to the public in book form. From his shrewd observation and racy style we may expect a volume of unusual value and interest.

A private letter from Mr. Bryant, dated Naples, February 1, and published in the *Post*, says: "The weather here has been unusually cold. Night after night ice forms in still water, and the ground is frozen hard. This is quite a phenomenon in Naples. How the orange-trees stand it I can not imagine, but the degree of cold does not seem to be quite severe enough to kill them yet. One effect of this extreme cold is the prevalence of rheumatic fevers, which are so general that whole families are down with them at once. Mrs. Bryant has not escaped, and has been confined almost ever since she arrived at Naples."

Admiral Zerman, whose movements on the west coast of Mexico have made him well known, has been in town. He came from Vera Cruz to New Orleans with President Comonfort. The statements in several of the papers that he is in this country to obtain men and money for General Comonfort is entirely incorrect. He is here on no such mission. He belongs to the liberal party of Mexico, and hopes for the moral support of the country for that party—nothing more.

The body of an aged negro named Redman was found last week in one of the sub-cellars of the large tenement-house, rear of No. 9 Mulberry Street. It was terribly mutilated, a portion of the head having been eaten off by rats. The deceased, it appears, was literally starved to death. Notice of the affair was sent to the coroner, and an inquest will be held to-day.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 23d ult. says: "Mr. Charles Mackay, the poet-lecturer and editor of the London *Illustrated News*, who has for some days past been in our city, and has delivered one of his excellent lectures on 'Poetry and Song' to a large and highly-appreciative audience, left town yesterday for Mobile, where also he is to lecture. He was accompanied by Colonel H. Fuller, of New York, his friend and traveling companion; and our fair correspondent, 'Belle Brittan,' we understand, has availed herself of their joint escort on this her first visit to our sister city over the lake."

The House of Assembly of Nova Scotia has voted an address and £100 to purchase a sword to be presented to Major-General Sir John Inglis, for his heroic conduct in the defense of Lucknow. Sir John is a native of Nova Scotia.

Judge Bowden, our new Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, left in the *Moses Taylor* for Aspinwall, *en route* for Honolulu.

Mr. Joseph H. Harris, formerly of Richmond, Virginia, was recently murdered at New Providence, Tennessee, by a slave of Wm. Gray. Mr. H. was sitting in his office reading, when the fellow approached and buried an axe in his head. After repeating the blow and thrusting his victim's head into the fire, he set fire to the office, but the flames were soon discovered and suppressed. The murderer was arrested by the Sheriff, from whom he was immediately taken by the citizens of Clarksville. A committee of twelve having been appointed to try him, found him guilty, and he was hung on the spot after confessing his guilt.

The New York correspondent of the Syracuse *Standard* says: "John Dean, the coachman who married Boker's daughter, is more fortunate than Dillaye, as he is secure in a place as marker in the Public Store, to which he was recently appointed by Collector Schell. This brings up the question of Dean's whereabouts since his marriage. Where has he been? Some say at school, others at home, and others still that he has been under private instruction. But wherever he has been, it is evident he has not improved, as the appointment of marker is always given to those whose talents and acquirements are of an inferior grade. It may be that the highly educated and accomplished Mrs. Dean has already found that marrying a coachman is not so romantic after all."

A New Haven correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says of the case of the mail robber Tuckerman: "His Honor said that there were three cases to come before the jury—Tuckerman's, also one for counterfeiting, and one for assault and battery upon the high seas. He said that if the jury were satisfied that an offense had been committed, no matter if the locality could not be proved, no matter whether the evidence was direct or circumstantial, they were to find true bills. Under this, Tuckerman will most assuredly be indicted; but, as has been said before, that will not necessarily bring conviction. I understand that the defense will make its great point on the locality, and unless more definite testimony than was given before the commissioners is presented, there will be a large loop-hole."

A lad of seventeen, who had acquired some reputation as a theatrical performer, was recently converted during a revival in the Baptist Church at Lagrange, Missouri, and has been licensed as a preacher. He is said to be another Spurgeon, swaying his audiences with remarkable power.

The following incident of family history is told by the Baltimore *Sun*: "The late Wm. Bodman of this city dictated a will, bequeathing over $100,000. When the will was opened, it was found that after providing for his immediate family to the extent of $10,000, the testator had left the balance, $65,000, to a nephew, Mr. Charles Bodman, of Cincinnati, Inspector of the Tobacco Inspection Warehouses of that city. The slaves, five in number, he also bequeathed to him, making him sole residuary heir. The contents of the will being communicated to Mr. Bodman, he immediately came to Baltimore, and on Tuesday made over the whole bequest to two female members of the family, who had been overlooked by the testator, reserving only for himself Gano, the body servant of his uncle. Such acts of generous disinterestedness are seldom met with."

Ex-President Fillmore has purchased the house of James Hollister on Delaware Street, Buffalo, with a view of making it his future residence.

Freeman Hunt, the founder and editor of the *Merchants' Magazine*, died in Brooklyn last week. He has been unfit to attend to his business for some months past. He has been a useful man. He was about fifty years of age.

A Virginia paper, in the course of a complimentary article on Governor Seward, describes one of that gentleman's peculiarities: "The most elegant, chaste, and strong passages of Governor Seward's speeches are spoken with his arms resting on the railing and his fingers playing with his spectacles, as if he was in easy conversation with somebody. We never saw or heard of such a man in this respect. It is no trouble to him to talk intelligence, terseness, beauty, elegance, strength—as it all appears to be in print."

Captain Robert Bayley and wife celebrated their golden wedding at Newburyport on Thursday evening. Captain Bayley is one of the old and successful merchants of that city.

Senator Davis continues quite an invalid, being yet confined to his bed with the affection of the throat. Senator Fitzpatrick is gradually recovering from the attack of neuralgia with which he has been afflicted for a month.

HOW THE ADMINISTRATION WAS DEFEATED.

A Washington correspondent of *The Mississippian* gives the daughter of a Cabinet Minister the credit of defeating the Administration Kansas Committee in the House the other day. It happened in this wise:

"It is whispered in social circles here that the defeat of the Committee of Thirteen on the Kansas Bill, which the Administration lost by one vote, is attributable to a lady, a daughter of one of our Cabinet Ministers. One of her victims, a prominent but 'doubtful member' from the North, who is sighing himself into premature wrinkles and ugliness, conceiving, on the evening before the vote was taken, that Miss —— evinced a preference for a rival member, would have his revenge by voting against the Administration; the result was, the bill was lost! (A word in your ear.) That member's fate is sealed; for we saw Miss —— an hour ago, and had she swallowed all the pickles of her father's last state dinner, her feelings could not have been more acidulated against him for his recreancy."

THE STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

The Boston *Ledger* tells the following story: "In 1786 a youth, then residing in Maine, owned a jack-knife which he, being of a somewhat trading disposition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. This he retailed, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, which was followed in due time with a large stock. In a word, he got rich, and became the Squire of the district through the possession and sale of the jack-knife and an indomitable trading industry. He died worth property in real estate and money value for $80,000. This was divided by testament among four children—three boys and a girl. Luck, which seemed to have been the guardian angel of the father, deserted the children; for every folly and extravagance they could engage in seemed to occupy their exclusive attention and cultivation. The daughter married unfortunately, and her patrimony was soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate, and two of them died of dissipation and in poverty. The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in the days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor-farm. A few days ago he died, suddenly and unattended, in a barn where he had laid himself down to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined all that was found in them was a small piece of string *and a jack-knife!* So the fortune that began with the implement of that kind left its simple duplicate. We leave the moral to be drawn in whatever fashion it may suggest itself to the reader, simply stating that the story is a true one, and all the facts well known to many whom this relation will doubtless reach."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

On Monday, the 15th of February, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Cambridge announced the receipt of dispatches from Sir Colin Campbell, exonerating General Windham from all blame in regard to the defeat at Cawnpore, lauding the gallantry of the General, and stating that he was inclined to recommend him to a higher and more important command.

On the following days but little business of importance was transacted till 19th, when Lord Palmerston, in moving the second reading of the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, described its character at length, and repelled the notion that it was an alien bill, although he admitted that it had arisen out of the late attack in Paris.

Mr. Milner Gibson moved, by way of amendment—

"That this House hears with much concern that it is alleged that recent attempts upon the life of the Emperor of the French had been devised in England, and expresses its detestation of such guilty enterprises; that this House is ready at all times to assist in remedying any defects in the criminal law which, after due investigation, are proved to exist; yet it can not but regret that her Majesty's Government, previously to inviting the House to amend the law of conspiracy at the present time, had not felt it to be their duty to make some reply to the important dispatch received from the French Government, dated Paris, January 20, 1858, and which has been laid before Parliament."

Spirited speeches were made in favor of the amendment by Mr. Gibson, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, and others; while the course of Government was sustained by Mr. Baines, Sir George Grey, Lord Palmerston, and others.

Upon a division, there were for Mr. Gibson's amendment	234
For the second reading of the bill	215
Majority against the Government	19

The result was greeted with loud cheering by the Opposition.

ARREST OF A FRENCH REFUGEE.

On 14th ult. a M. Barnard, a French political refugee, was arrested on a warrant at the instance of the Home Office, on a charge of being concerned with Orsini and Pierri in the recent attempt made on the lives of the Emperor and the Empress of the French. The arrest was effected in the morning at the lodgings of M. Barnard, Bayswater, by Sergeant Williamson, a detective officer, and police-constable Tinnaci, who had been charged with the execution of the warrant. The latter officer, a young man of Italian descent, was specially selected for his skill as a linguist to aid in the arrest of the prisoner, of whom he had been in search for some days past. On making application to see M. Barnard at his lodgings they were admitted to an interview with him without any difficulty. They stated the object of their errand, and Tinnaci produced and read to him the warrant authorizing his arrest. He treated the matter in a good-natured way, and offered no serious resistance. Being somewhat in *deshabille*, however, he asked permission to go up stairs to his bedroom for the purpose of changing part of his dress, but the officers expressed their regret that they could not, consistently with the duty imposed upon them, allow him to do so; and, though he repeatedly urged them to comply with his request, they still refused, and removed him from the house in the dress in which he stood. On going afterward to the room in which he had slept on the previous night the officers found two revolver pistols, loaded, and an instrument called a "knuckle duster"—a formidable article, and made of brass, which slips easily on to the four fingers of a man's hand, and, having a projecting surface across the knuckles, is calculated, in a pugilistic encounter, to inflict serious injury on the person against whom it is directed. In a subsequent conversation which the prisoner had with his captors he stated that, had they been French instead of English officers, he would have shot them.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WILL.

The will of the late Mr. Morrisen, sometime M.P. for the Inverness burghs, has just been administered to in Doctors' Commons; it is among the longest upon record. Upon its production were engaged conveyancers and barristers of eminence, and during its progress to completion the testator evinced much anxiety. The estate exceeding £4,000,000 is, in such cases, sworn to as of upper value. Basildon park cost £126,000; the furniture there alone has been valued at £90,000. This mansion is to be the residence of his widow, with an annuity of £10,000 a year. The estate of Basildon is left to his son Charles, as well as the Islay estate in Scotland, which latter cost £452,000; and, from its extent and vastness, may be termed a principality. This is let to numerous tenants. Mr. Charles is also bequeathed a round sum of £1,000,000 under the will. Mr. Morrison was possessed of Fonthill Abbey; Hove Park, Sussex; a town residence [illegible] Harley Street; shares amounting to £80,000 in the Victoria Docks; and vast acquisitions in the United States.

THE ENGLISH ACCOMPLICE OF ORSINI AND PIERRI.

It seems that one of the accomplices in the late attempt to murder was an Englishman. His name is Thomas Allsop, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange. The instruments of the crime were all made to order in England, and the whole scheme and conspiracy was hatched and matured in that country. He was always a warm-headed and crotchety man; a friend and associate of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose "Table Talk" he edited. He was also an intimate friend of Robert Owen. An extreme Republican, he was always a gentle-hearted man, and had no guilty knowledge, but was probably used as a tool. His wife, who is a perfect lady, kept for several years a *Magazin des Modes* at 250 Regent Street, London, and her business connections lay among the most aristocratic circles in London. Coleridge dined every Sunday for years with Allsop.

Allsop has been advertised by the police, and is believed to have escaped to this country.

CHARLES DICKENS ON POOR CHILDREN.

At a festival held in London on 9th ultimo, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Mr. Charles Dickens took the Chair, and delivered a speech in his peculiar vein. In the course of it he said:

"Those two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, which brought these poor children before them that day, breathed the breath of fever over their wretched cradles, nailed up their little coffins, and piled up the earth upon their graves. Of the annual deaths in this great town the unnatural ones formed more than one-third of the whole number. He should not ask his audience, as in the case of other spoiled children, to observe how good or how pretty they were. No; he was about to ask the charitable to observe how weak they were, how like death they were, and he should implore them by the remembrance of every thing that was happy in their own infancy, to extend to these spoiled children of the poor their patronage, their succor, and their compassion. Some time since, being in Scotland, he went with a humane member of that

most humane medical profession to visit some of the poor inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In a close wynd, a most picturesque place—he was sorry to say that the picturesque and typhus were often very nearly allied—he saw more poverty and sickness than he had ever seen within a similar space. In one wretched dwelling he saw a poor sick child cradled in an egg-box which its mother had begged from the shop, and that little wan child, with his fevered countenance, his wasted hand, and his bright, wakeful eye, was ever before his sight. He could see him at that moment, and fancied he heard him say, 'Why am I lying here, shut in from the light of day, and from the play with other children?' That case was only a type of thousands occurring in London every day; and if the company he saw around him, which formed a drop of the life-blood of the great public heart of the country, would only come forward, three-fourths of these melancholy cases might be annually saved."

FRANCE.

THE APPROACHING TRIALS.

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "The approaching trial embarrasses the Government more and more each day. It is true that the plot of Orsini and the others was a purely Italian and Carbonaro one, framed in order to punish the Emperor, as an ex-Carbonaro, for having betrayed his oaths; but, had it succeeded, the ramifications of all the secret societies in France would have vibrated at the instant, from one end of the land to the other, and, backed by the general discontent, and the force of the dissident monarchical parties, there might have been a great commotion. Here is the dilemma now—how to conduct the trial? Whether publicly or not? If not publicly, how to account for this? If publicly, how to prevent such things from coming out that it would be frightful even the sitting magistrate should hear? For instance, here is a fact that some ten people in all Paris know (certainly not more), and that on no account would it be advisable to spread abroad; ten days before the *attentat* the man Allsop appeared in Paris, and offered the four chief conspirators four tickets for the ball of the Wednesday night at the Tuileries! They all drew back, saying they preferred the combination of the visit to the Opera. Allsop replied to this, 'If that is the case, go your own way—one man only is certain of escaping from your Rue Lepelletier plot, and that is the Emperor. I wash my hands of you;' and thereupon he disappeared, and most people believe he is now in America. This is a fact that it is unsafe to reveal here, because it shows a fresh means of practicing assassination. It is certain that nothing was easier than to be present at the Imperial balls without being invited; and I could name many persons, both male and female, who have assisted at these *fêtes* under other names, by procuring the tickets of individuals who were prevented from attending. This has long been so notorious that it has often been said that the scene of Gustavus of Sweden might easily be enacted with Louis Napoleon for the victim. I presume care will be taken in future to prevent any such danger, which results principally from the tickets of such persons as have been prevented going to the balls not being returned. They are left lying about, and form an object of traffic for valets and ladies' maids."

OTHER ATTEMPTS ON THE EMPEROR'S LIFE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "That the fears of repeated attempts on the Emperor's life are not merely chimerical some of the circumstances which attended the event of the 14th sufficiently attest. The instant it was known that the attempt had proved abortive a long, low whistle was distinctly heard by many persons, taken up and carried on throughout the whole line of the Boulevards up to the column in the Place St. Antoine. No efforts of the police have as yet been successful in tracing the authors concerned; but it is of itself an evidence of a fearful system of organization. Again, when, ten days afterward, the Emperor and Empress paid their visit to the English Embassador, on account of the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Prussia, it is whispered that on their quitting the hotel, about two o'clock in the morning, just as they had entered the carriage, a man fired a shot straight at the Emperor from a revolver. In an instant the short swords flashed from the scabbards of a hundred police who were on duty; and the Empress seeing the fact, and forgetting the nature of the body that surrounded the carriage, and believing a band of desperate assassins were present, ready to complete the work which the pistol-shot had missed, flung herself on the bosom of the Emperor, exclaiming, '*Mourons ensemble!*' I do not answer for the truth of this, because I was not present, but my informant was one of the immediate *entourage* of the nearest relative of the Emperor's."

THE BALL AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

He adds: "As to the British Embassy itself, such was the state of terror lest any thing should occur, that the Embassador declared he would be responsible for their Majesties' reception and safety on condition that the house should be placed several days before in the hands of the police. Only one or two of the ordinary domestics were retained on duty, and the hotel was accordingly fairly invested by the agents of M. Pietri. The very serving-men, arrayed in gorgeous state liveries, with powdered perukes, white kerseymeres, and long silk stockings, were these gentry in disguise, and probably accounted for the incompleteness of their waiting, which was complained of, notwithstanding the vast number of attendants. Not a day passes without fresh arrests being made; and the number in prison, directly or indirectly accused of implication in this crime, is enormous."

WHY THE AMERICANS DID NOT GO TO LADY COWLEY'S BALL.

The scarcity of Americans present at Lady Cowley's ball—which attracted, of course, various ill-natured remarks from the French journalists—was entirely owing to the order, emanating at the eleventh hour, for all gentlemen to appear in full court dress, knee-breeches, and court collar. The Americans have always resisted this injunction, and in this case preferred abstaining altogether from making their appearance. One Yankee wit answered the summons by declaring that "Never having possessed but one of those unmentionable garments, which his wife had seized upon the very day of his marriage, and had worn ever since, he had not dared ask her for the loan upon this occasion."

THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS.

A Paris letter dated Sunday evening, the 14th, says: "The Carnival which has been rendered *triste* by the *grippe* and the comparative absence of foreigners, is now, in its expiring, but always most brilliant moments, gay. Pierrots are numerous. Crinoline is the favorite theme for caricature in dress. I have seen on the Boulevards to-day men dressed up as women, with hoops which must have been stolen from the great barrel of Heidelberg, and who took up as much room as half a dozen ordinary individuals. They were followed by laughing crowds."

LIBERTY'S LAST FRIEND.

M. Emile Olivier, in speaking against the Safety Bill in the Legislature, is reported to have made use of the following strong language: "No liberty exists. The greatest of all, that of the press, is annihilated, and yet you come to ask for laws of public safety. Do you not fear that the country may say, I have sacrificed to you my liberty, my franchises, my traditions, the conquests of my blood—all that has made me glorious among nations—for the sake of a little tranquillity, and now you ask for more. Where will you stop?"

WHAT IT COSTS TO GET TIPSY AND TALK.

The following conviction for the use of disaffected language appears in *Galignani*: "A lawyer's clerk, named Dain, of Laon, Aisne, was tried two days ago by the correctional police of that town, for having been guilty of disaffected language against the Emperor. The prisoner had, it appeared, expressed to a fellow-clerk his sorrow that the attempt of the 14th of January should have failed, and had declared that he would have given ten francs to have heard of the Emperor's death. Portraits of Ledru Rollin and other Montagnards were found in his room. Dain admitted having used the expressions attributed to him, but with tears declared that he was intoxicated at the time. The court condemned him to seven months' imprisonment, to a fine of 700 francs, and to pay the costs."

FURTHER ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS.

One of the Paris correspondents of *Le Nord* says that the military addresses in the *Moniteur* have not been the only manifestations of feeling against England on the part of the French Colonels—some of those honored with the Order of the Bath having expressed a desire to return their decorations. The Minister of War, according to *Le Nord*, speedily put a stop to these demonstrations.

IS ORSINI A JESUIT?

A writer in the *Standard* says: "Orsini is a Jesuit. The words he used, 'My name is a legion,' have always been the motto of the Jesuits. He has been brought up in a Jesuit school, he has been saved in Mantua by Jesuits, and formerly in Switzerland by Jesuits, who are so powerful there. He was arrested in Genoa, because the Jesuits wanted him to do something against the hostile Piedmont. He made the attempt of the 14th ult. in obedience to the orders of the Jesuits, being dissatisfied with Napoleon, who becomes daily more independent of them."

BELGIUM.

ANOTHER JOURNAL PROSECUTED.

It is understood that the prosecution which has been instituted against the *Drapeau*, of Belgium, for libel on the French Emperor, will be sustained by the whole force of the Government, and that both the *Drapeau* and M. Labarre, the editor, will be ruined. The following is the article complained of:

"Yesterday evening, as M. Bonaparte was going to the Opera, some projectiles were thrown at his carriage. Several persons were wounded. He himself had only his hat struck. The journals crowd upon this piece of news all the epithets they can collect—terrible, execrable, etc. Without disputing their right to designate the attempt in any way they think proper, and without discussing the sincerity of their indignation, we state to these journals that, for our part, we know of no attempt more terrible, more execrable, than the one which was committed successfully on the night of December 2, 1851, against the liberty and life of the French people. Yes, it is frightful to think that, at the present day, a people, in order to get back its liberty stolen from it by a highway robbery, should be reduced to the last mode, that of assassinating a man. But what is more frightful than to have seen a people morally and materially assassinated for the advantage of this same man? Before making ourselves the cursers of the murderers, let us be informed who is the greatest murderer, and who is the most worthy of our curses. Until then we can only see in attempts similar to that of Thursday evening that which is called the return of things here below, with a warning to the 'Elect of Providence' to have always present to his mind this expression of Scripture, 'He who makes use of the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

PRUSSIA.

THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM AND HIS BRIDE.

The correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the meeting of the King and Queen and the young couple:

"The reception of the Prince and Princess Frederick William by the King and Queen at Bellevue Palace, where the young couple stopped to make their final preparations before commencing their public entry into Berlin, was a surprise, and a most agreeable one, to almost every body. The King's state, although a great and constantly progressing improvement on what it was some months back, is nevertheless too variable to admit of any settled plans being formed in connection with it; the meeting, therefore, was an event not provided for in any official programme, and one that was only to take place if, when the moment came, his Majesty's strength would admit of it. This was happily the case; and the meeting gained an additional value in the eyes of the Princess from its very unexpected, unceremonious, and affectionate manner. The King and Queen came for the purpose from Charlottenburg to Bellevue, and, as soon as the near approach of the young couple was announced, the King left the apartments where they were waiting, and went to meet his niece at the bottom of the staircase. The Princess, who was most pleasingly surprised at this unexpected meeting, stooped to kiss his Majesty's hand, but the King anticipated her by taking her in his arms and kissing her, exclaiming at the same time, with joyful emotion, 'How delightful that is! Here you are at last!' He hereupon led her up into the palace, where the Queen received her also very affectionately. When the young couple left there in the festal procession the King returned to Charlottenburg, while the Queen hastened by a *détour* to arrive at the Schloss in Berlin in time to receive her niece in common with the rest of the royal family; this also was not prearranged or expected, and therefore the more gratifying."

THE STATE ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

He adds: "After devoting the necessary time to the assumption of the festal apparel appropriate to the bridal nature of the Princess's first visit to Berlin, the *cortège* left Bellevue palace at one o'clock in the grand State carriage, and preceded by a military escort. The State carriage in Prussia is one of those highly-gilded and uncomfortable vehicles that one sees portrayed in Old-World engravings, all angles and allegory, uncouth figures, and inconvenient shapes, and is, if possible, more ugly than our own, but possessing, like it, the one good quality that its ample glazed sides admit of the occupants being thoroughly seen. Thanks to this circumstance, I am enabled to report that the Princess wore a white satin or silk dress, with an ermine tippet over her shoulders and close up round her throat, and a diadem of brilliants in her hair. The Prince wore a Prussian General's uniform, with the broad band of the Order of the Black Eagle. The Prussian State carriage differs, however, from ours in possessing on the centre of its roof a gilt helmet with a fierce-looking plume and open visor, which, surrounded by other military trophies, throws the balance of ugliness, as compared with our own, rather in favor of the Prussian one; but, drawn by eight horses with highly-decorated, old-fashioned trappings, it, nevertheless, seemed more appropriate to the occasion than a modern and more comfortable vehicle would have been."

The entry was, of course, magnificent; *du reste*, like all such ceremonials.

THE STATE BALL.

Of the State Ball, given in honor of the Prince and Princess, the same writer remarks: "Of the numerous ladies present, and who for the most part occupied estrades round the saloon or sofas advanced on to the floor, it was remarked that, with almost no exception, all wore a white silk or satin jupe, with a pink or blue robe and train. Thus, accidentally or otherwise, the English colors (red, blue, and white, as found in the union-jack) were constantly being combined. The Princess wore a white silk or *moire* dress, embroidered down the front with silver in a pattern representing the twigs or branches of a rose-tree, and at each point where the bud might be supposed to form in nature a rose of pink crape, as it appeared to me to be, grew out of the dress. The same with the rich pink robe and train, the greater part of which was thickly set with pink roses, and was carried by two pages, and held out at its full extent, apparently about twelve feet long. The pearl necklace I have already described as the present of the illustrious bridegroom, consisting of 32 large pearls, and a tiara of diamonds, tallying with the description of that given to her by the Princess of Prussia, composed the entire ornaments the Princess wore, as far as I could see. Appended to the left shoulder, however, was an order, consisting of a medal suspended from a bow of black and white ribbon, which I presume to have been the Louisa Order, and, if so, must have been conferred on her by the Queen either that day or the day before."

ITALY.

HOW TO ROB A RAILWAY.

It would seem, says a letter from Rome, that the brigands of Italy are by no means disposed to give up their profession in consequence of the introduction of railways. A railroad, not more than nine miles in length, connects Rome with Frascati. On the 28th ultimo an unusually large number of passengers, chiefly of the better class, had taken the train for the latter place; a circumstance, it appears, which the bandits of the neighborhood were well aware of, for in the interval they surprised one of the signalmen on the most deserted spot of the line, and then hoisted a red flag as a signal of danger. The engine-driver, on approaching, saw the signal, and stopped the train; immediately two men sprang upon him and secured him, while their confederates leisurely opened the doors of the railway carriages, and rifled the pockets of all within, without the slightest opposition. After this operation the train was allowed to continue its route.

THE TRIAL OF THE SALERNO CONSPIRATORS.

The Salerno trial was resumed on the 1st ult., but Watt, the English engineer, whose mind appears to be broken down by suffering and imprisonment, again refused to appear, and violence was not used, as it would evidently have driven him into positive frenzy. Signor D. Francesca, one of the advocates of the crew of the *Cagliari*, wished that a diary of events, kept on board from the day of the departure from Genoa till the landing at Sapri should be produced, in order that Baron Nicotera might be questioned as to the authorship. The diary, it is said, was written by Pisacane, the leader of the expedition, and contained an exculpation of the crew; but, though other documents found on board had been used against the prisoners, this was not allowed to be used on their behalf. "Thus," says the reporter, "another gross illegality has been committed." Some of the accused complained bitterly of the treatment they had received, and of having been robbed of all their clothes and money, and one declared they had been buffeted and knocked down with hatchets. They also stated that many of their companions had been massacred in cold blood after surrender; that thirty-five had been murdered in this way at Padula, and twenty-seven at Sanza; that the bodies of the wounded were rolled over the cliffs, and their existence thus finished; and that it happened thus with Pisacane and Falcone. Others complained that, though brought to the prison in carriages, to create the impression that they were well treated, they were dying of cold in the prison, for want of bed or covering. All, too, united in exculpating the captain and crew of the *Cagliari* from all part in the conspiracy. There was a manifest eagerness on the part of all to do this, from Baron Nicotera downward. Their declarations were clear, precise, and repeated by several of them many times in such words as these; "We alone are guilty; we compelled the captain and the crew to act under our orders; we put them down below and kept watch over them."

TURKEY.

A CIRCASSIAN SLAVE-DEALER IN TROUBLE.

A letter from Trebisond, of the 18th, gives some details of the disturbance caused there by the Circassian slave merchants: "Our city has just been in great confusion in consequence of the conduct of some Circassians who bring slaves from the eastern coast of the Black Sea to be sold at Constantinople. About a hundred of these men have been here for some time with a number of young women and children, whom they wished to convey to the Turkish capital, but their embarkation was opposed by M. Machnine, the Russian consul. He, on the contrary, wished that they should return to Circassia, and offered them passports for that purpose. The Circassians refused, and attempted this day to embark on board the steam-packet, but were refused. Highly irritated at this, they assembled in the public square, fully armed, and thence sent message after message to the Russian consul, urging him to give them passports for Constantinople, and threatening to kill him and burn his house unless he complied. All the town was soon in commotion, and a great number of people assembled out of doors. During this time all the other consuls hastened, completely armed, to the assistance of their colleague of Russia, and several Russians in the place also went to the consulate for the same purpose. More than 300 persons had assembled under the windows of the consulate, all determined to support the consul, when it was announced by a message from the Pasha that the Circassians had decided on returning home, and the governer himself shortly after came, and said that all apprehension of a riot might be considered at an end."

AFRICA.

FEARFUL ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGRESS.

In October last, near the Cape of Good Hope, Whitboy Swart, residing in the Zwarte Ruggens, went out at daylight one morning in search of a horse, and while strolling about the neighborhood in which he resides, his attention was attracted toward a bush by the yelping of three young dogs that had followed him from his home. On approaching the spot, he was startled by finding that his canine companions had joined a beautifully spotted tigress, that was lying on its back, with which they appeared to be enjoying a very satisfactory romp. Upon perceiving the man, the animal sprang to its feet, and Whitboy, though a noted hunter, and an athletic, bold, and active man, retreated, being unarmed, except with a small switch or stick; the tigress pursued him, and finding that he lost ground, he resolved on wheeling about and facing the animal, which, with one blow of its paw, tore away part of his cheek, and would, with the violence of the concussion, have knocked him to the ground had it not been for the support which he received from a small bush near him, which prevented him from falling on his back; probably to this circumstance he is indebted for his life, for with the tiger above him he would have been perfectly powerless. Whitboy struck at the savage beast with the switch in his possession, but this also fell from his hand; to preserve his face he now assumed a pugilistic attitude, when the tigress seized hold of his arm; with his other hand he then picked up a stone, which he placed in the jaws of the enraged brute to prevent his arm from being bitten in two. This done, he next seized his opponent by the throat, and by his great strength threw her down, and placed his knee on her neck; fortunately the dogs, though young, now harassed the enraged animal, and thus kept its paws engaged. The man then drew his arm out of the jaws of the animal, but when he had almost extricated it, the stone fell out, and the animal seized his hand, which was so severely bitten as to be disabled. With the other he now took the stone, and battered the tigress's nose and teeth. In this position, and in the greatest agony, he was two hours contending with his enemy. He had a knife in his pocket, but the other hand having been rendered helpless, he could not open the blade; he now contrived by main strength to move himself and the tigress to the spot where his switch lay, about six yards off. The struggling of the two combatants became quite terrific—the ground was trampled quite hard, and the spot covered with blood. Reduced to the last extremity, and believing the animal to be in a similar state, he resolved on encouraging the dogs to attack her while he jumped up and ran off. After running for about 300 yards, he looked round, and found the dogs coming on alone. He then hastened to a farmer's house to request assistance; they visited the spot and curiously examined the small clumps of trees, but having no dogs on which they could depend, the search was soon given up, and the wounded man conveyed to his home; his wounds were dressed, and he lay in a very precarious state for four weeks, having been twice attacked with lock-jaw; his sufferings were intense, one arm being entirely disabled, and the lower parts of his body severely lacerated. He was engaged altogether for two hours and a half. Hopes were, however, indulged that a sound constitution and powerful nerves would sustain him, and that he would ultimately recover from injuries which must have proved inevitably fatal to one of less physical power.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

We have news from India dated at Bombay on the 24th of January. The capture of Furruckabad and Futtyghur by Sir Colin Campbell is confirmed. The Nawab fled across the Ganges into Rohilcund, whither Sir Colin was about to follow him; and after the subjugation of Rohilcund, the Commander-in-Chief was to advance again upon Lucknow. On the 12th and 16th of January, Sir James Outram, at the Alumbagh, was attacked by the rebels, who on both occasions were driven back with great slaughter. In the last engagement the leader of the rebels was taken prisoner. The Indian papers state that the country all over was being tranquilized by degrees, but that a vast amount of work had still to be performed. The "Lucknow heroines" had arrived at Calcutta, and were received with great enthusiasm and a salute from the fort. There are no authentic accounts of the enemy in and around Lucknow, but it was considered not unlikely that they numbered 100,000 men.

THE TRIAL OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The trial of the ex-King of Delhi had been fixed for the 9th of January, but the prisoner being indisposed it was postponed until the 13th. The charges preferred against him by the Government prosecutor, Major Harriott, of the Judge-Advocate General's department, are for encouraging mutiny and rebellion against the State, while a pensioner of the British Government in India; for having declared himself Sovereign of India. And the last charge is that he did feloniously cause and become accessory to the murder of 49 persons, chiefly women and children, of European and mixed European descent, and did, moreover, encourage and abet divers soldiers and others in murdering European officers and other English subjects, including women and children, both by giving and promising such murderers service, advancement, and distinctions. And further, that he issued orders to different native rulers, having local authority in India, to slay and murder Christians and English people wherever and whenever found in their territories. If these charges are proved, the Court can not but sentence the prisoner to death; but the general supposition is that his life will be spared, having been guaranteed to him at the time of his capture, though by whom, or by whose authority, we are as much in the dark as ever.

DID THE SEPOYS MUTILATE ENGLISH LADIES?

An English paper says: "The allegation that the rebels and natives of India had not been guilty of any acts of mutilation can not apparently be sustained. A correspondent of the *Times* asserts that he knows two ladies and one child now in England—one lady having lost her nose and ears; the other, nose, ears, and lower lip; while the child is minus feet and hands. He can not believe that these are the only sufferers, and thinks it must be evident to every one that all who have been thus brutally used should wish to live in private. A police magistrate in London is also personally acquainted with a lady residing in the neighborhood of the metropolis who has come home from India in a dreadfully mutilated condition, and who has brought with her a child whose feet and hands have been cut off by the Sepoys. A medical man in London authorizes the *Morning Advertiser* to say that he attends another lady who is so frightfully disfigured by the mutilations made on her by the mutineers that she refuses to see any body but her nearest relations. Moreover, says that journal, we are only stating what is known to many persons in private, that Mr. Vernon Smith, President of the Board of Control, makes no secret of the fact that he knows individual cases of ladies who were maltreated by the Sepoys in a way so gross as that no reference can be made to the circumstances in a public journal.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF LUCKNOW.

A letter from a Lieutenant in the 32d regiment, to his father, who was in the residency at Lucknow, and who, being wounded, on his return to England mentions the case of a Christian heroine, who appears to have acted all the part of a Miss Nightingale to the unfortunate wounded. Unfortunately, however, for her deification, she has a most unromantic name. The writer says: "I can not close my letter without expressing the deep and heartfelt sense of gratitude I feel for the kindness shown to me by Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins, of the civil service, during my time of sickness and suffering in hospital. Mrs. Gubbins was truly 'The Nightingale of Lucknow;' she never ceased in her visits of kindness and mercy to the sick and wounded, dressing their wounds, watching them in weakness, and supplying their wants, and this at the imminent peril of her own life, not merely from contagion, but from the bullets of the enemy. When General Havelock's force came in and we had an interval of comparative rest, she seized the opportunity, and took over to her own house the worst cases in the hospital; she fed them out of her own scanty stores, and gave them her own wine. I was one of the fortunate number, and never shall I forget the Christian kindness and devoted attention of 'the Gubbinses.'"

CHINA.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

There is nothing late from China; but the correspondence from Canton gives ample details of the bombardment of that place.

The assault and capture of Gough's Fort took place just as the mail was leaving, so that no particulars are received. All the hill-defenses of the city were in possession of the English and French. The whole of the operations had been concluded with a view to occasion the smallest possible sacrifice of life. At the last moment the Chinese showed no signs of surrendering, but continued to fire at their adversaries from the tops of houses. The position of the allies was such that they could entirely destroy the city in case of continued obstinacy.

The official dispatches from the naval and military commanders-in-chief report that the city was escaladed and captured with trifling loss on the morning of the 29th of December.

MEXICO.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE CITY.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Thirty days have now rolled quietly by since the Comonfort Juarez government fell amidst the roar of cannon, the rattle of artillery, the bursting of shells, the whiz and crash of balls, etc. Exciting and horrid at times as was the appearance of this city during the bombardment, which set the yuros to flight and drove Comonfort out of the country, I have failed to learn of much bloodshed. A good election knock-down in the Sixth ward of your city would have furnished a longer list of mortality. This circumstance of so small a number of killed is wonderful even to us here, and must be still more so when it is known that for about eighteen hours, on the last day of the fight, firing was continuous, and for about seven hours of this time shells fell like hail for hundreds of yards around all the points held by the contending forces. These points being within musket-shot range of each other throughout the city, there was scarcely a house that was not exposed to catch the reckless fire of both parties. The tactics of Mexican gunners is peculiar to themselves. If a gun was holding a good position it was sure not to be used; if it was required to be used it immediately was removed from its commanding position. The course of the Mexicans is doubtless the most humane known. A tremendous noise is made, houses are destroyed, every donkey, cat, dog, or other animal that may happen in line is shot down, commerce is closed, women and children are scared out of their wits for days, while the roar of the cannon and the tingling whistle of the Minie rifle-ball give evidence that a great and bloodless battle is waging between two forces, scattered over house tops and secured behind sand bags and parapets. The first spasmodic or accidental exhibition of valor ends the day."

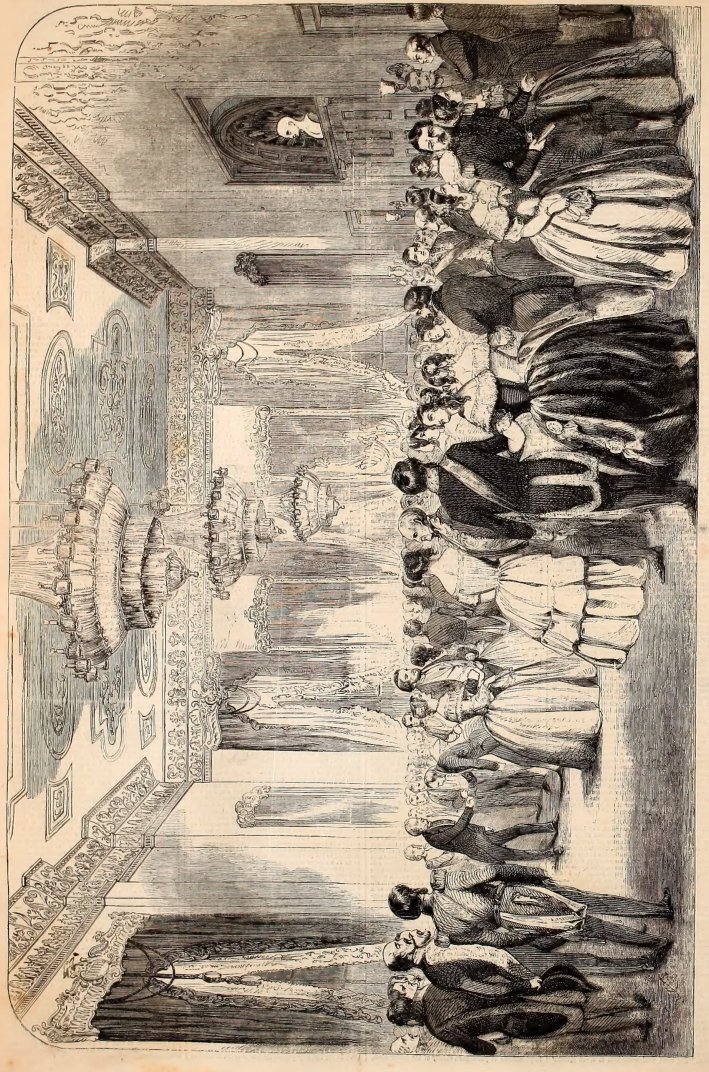
BRITISH PROVINCES.

A PROPOSED BRITISH CONFEDERATION.

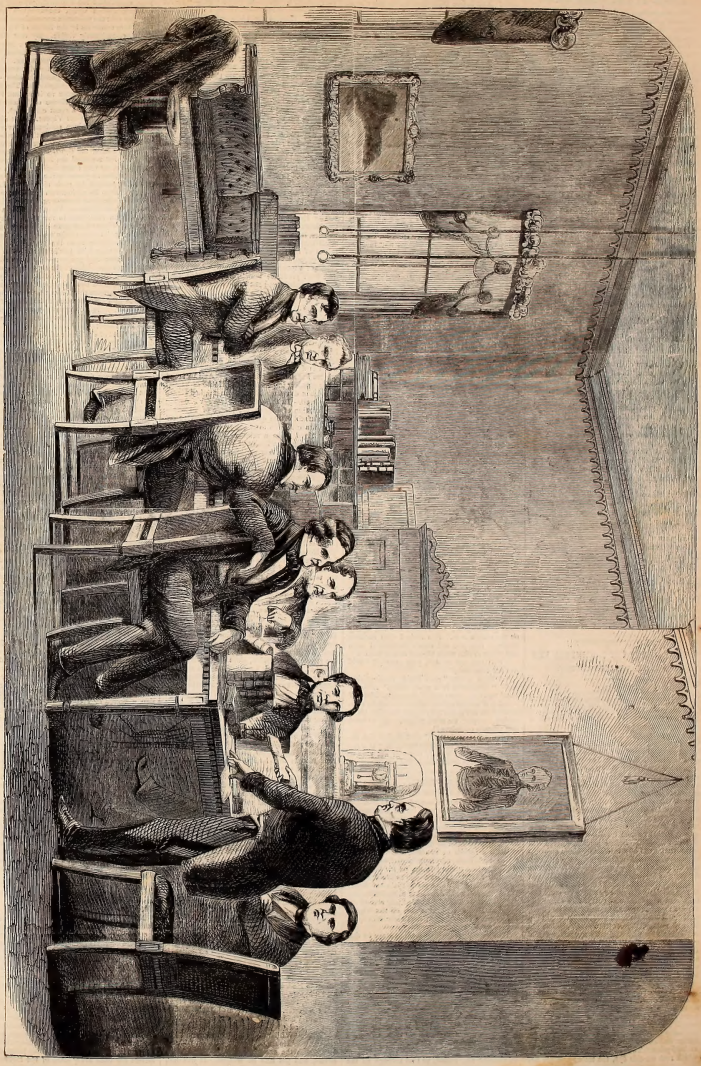
The Hon. James W. Johnston, Attorney-General, and Adams G. Archibald, Esq., Commissioners of Nova Scotia, to London, were instructed, on the 16th June last, to confer with the Imperial Government on the subject of a union of the British North American provinces. They give, in a letter to the Provincial Secretary under date of February 8, the following as the result of their interview with Mr. Labouchere:

"He informed us that her Majesty's government had no desire to interfere with the determination to which the Colonies themselves might come on a point so immediately affecting their own interests; and that if they should be of opinion that union would advance their prosperity, the government would oppose no obstacle to their wishes."

In pursuance of this, the government of Nova Scotia has opened negotiations with the other provinces for such confederation.



A PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.



THE CABINET COUNCIL.

SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE illustrations on the preceding pages, which represent a Reception at the White House and a Cabinet Council, will, we think, be admired throughout the country.

It will be remembered that during the last Presidential contest one of the objections most frequently urged against Mr. Buchanan was his unfortunate bachelorhood. It was said that were he elected the White House would be a dull, gloomy bachelor-hall, destitute of the charm of female society, and stupid masculine enjoyments; whereas the accomplished wife of his rival, Colonel Fremont, would do the honors of the Presidential mansion with infinite grace and tact. These cavaliers forgot that, if Mr. Buchanan was not blessed with a wife, he had a niece, the charming and amiable Miss Lane; and that she would take the place which has been filled by Mrs. Buchanan, had there existed such a lady. It is universally acknowledged that the White House has become more brilliant and refined since the advent of which Miss Lane has done the honors. Visitors to Washington are not likely to forget the social gatherings which the White House has contained under our bachelor President.

Our picture of the Cabinet will do to begin. It will be noticed that the portraits of the President and Secretaries are faithful and correct. They do great credit to the artist.

TEA-PARTY POLITICS.

I am glad you are getting acquainted;
I know you'll be struck by her clothes;
But that's what I told you she "painted;"
We're on such very *intimate* terms.

She's led sweet-hearts, of course, by the dozen;
"Engagements," some dozens of crosses;
But one can't say many things of one's cousin
We're on such *very* intimate terms.

Of course you are charmed with "the Heiress,"
Whose "grace" is all wriggle and squirms;
They say she was engaged to young Spoker
They're on such very intimate terms!

Her smile 'twould bewilder a matador,
Or break ten poetical trees;
But I know it is all *artificious*—
We're on such very intimate terms.

There's that snaky-eyed belle from the city,
Whose "*dash*" deals in blubber and sperma,
You'll think her both pretty and witty
Til you get upon intimate terms.

And that widow-bewitched, who *will* weave all
Her weeds into barn-catching foams!
But then we are sisters (in Eve) all,
And such are its intimate terms.

—And thus the "inquiring" stranger
Gets "crammed" by these gossiping rims,
B. Biting and D—g-in-the-Manger,
Who *will* keep his intimate terms.

But one soon puts em "down" if one chooses;
I've a rule to dispel all their "charms:"
Cut each jade, and with those she abuses
Grow at once upon intimate terms!

J. S. T.

HOCKANONG VALLEY, 1859.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

MR. Waife, being by nature wrinkety, resident, that is, proportion as between beings who grow old and who convert it into bad. He suffers Mr. George Morley to get away in his debt, and Sophy fears that he will be dott in consequence.

GARNOCK MARKET, a few weeks after the conversation last recorded, took his departure from Montfort Court, prepared, without a scruple, to present himself for ordination to the priestly bishop. From Waife he derived more than the sum of a shilling's intimacy; he received those hints which, to a man who has the natural temperament of an orator, so rarely united with that of the scholar, expedite the mastery of the art which makes the fleeting human voice an abiding, inexhaustible power. The practical teacher exhausted all his love upon the pupil whose genius he had fired—whose heart had imbued himself before. Before leaving, he was much perplexed how to offer to Waife any effectual remuneration for that which, in the legislature, had already overpaid all the benefits he had received—viz., augmenting friendship and pledged protection. It need scarcely be said that George thought the man to whom he owed fortune and happiness was entitled to something beyond that moral recompense. But he found, at the first delicate hint, that Waife would not hear of money, though the ex-Comedian did not affect any very Quixotic notions on that practical subject. "To tell you the truth, Sir, I have rather a superstition against having more money in my pocket than I have need to part with. It has always brought me bad luck. And what is very hard—the bad luck stays, but the money goes. There was that splendid sum I made at Gainsboro'. You should have seen me counting it over. I could not have had a prouder or more swelling heart if I had been that great man Mr. Elwes the miser. And what bad luck it brought me, and how it all frittered itself away! Nothing to show for it but a silk ladder and an old hunting-gown, and a debt to an half-price. Then, when I had the accident which cost me this eye, the railway people behaved so generously, gave me £120—think of that! And before three days the money was all gone!"

"How was that?" said George, half amused, half pained; "stolen, perhaps?"

"Not so," answered Waife, somewhat gloomily, "but restored. A poor dear old man, who thought very ill of me—and I don't wonder at it—was reduced from great wealth to great poverty. While I was laid up my landlady read a newspaper to me, and in that newspaper was an account of the old man's misfortunes. He was accountable to him for the balance of an old debt, and also, as the executor's bills, quite exceeded my £120. I hope he does not think quite so ill of me now. But the money burned my pocket like a traitor than to be. . . . Well, Sir, if you were now to give me money I should be on the hovel or some respectable common lodging. Gold is not natural to me. Some day, however, by-and-by, when you are thinking of settling down for good and have a renowned preacher, and have plenty to spare, with an idea that you would feel more comfortable in your mind if you had done something royal for the basket-maker, I will ask you to give me a number on a train which I am going by decrees to save—an enormous sum—as much as I paid away from my railway compensation—I can tell you. But who lent it to release Sophy from an engagement which I—certainly without any remorse whatever—made the child break."

"Oh yes! What is the amount? Let me at once relieve your mind."

"Not yet. The lady can wait—and she would be pleased to wait, but only on condition that I—as would be unkind to her to pay it off at once. But in the mean while, if you could send me a very good book for Sophy I—certainly not for not very, very dry. And a French dictionary—I am teach her French when the winter days close in. You see I am not above being paid, Sir. But, Mr. Morley, there is a great favor you can do me."

"What is it? Speak."

"Caution Sophy from doing me a great disservice! You are going back to your friends and relations. Never speak of me to them. Never describe me and my child. Name not the lady, nor—nor—her—the man who chained Sophy. Your friends might not use me, others might. Talk travels. The Hare is not long in its form when it has a friend to hound that gives tongue. Promise what I ask. Promise it as 'man and gentleman.'"

"Certainly. Yet I have one condition to whom I should like, with your permission, to speak of you, with whom I could wish you might meet. He is so sincere a man of the world that he might suggest some method to clear your good name. I should like a second opinion." "Not under, Colonel Morley—"

"On an account," cried Waife, almost fiercely, and he evinced so much anger and uneasiness that it was long before George could persuade him by the most earnest assurances that his secret should be inviolably kept, and his injunctions faithfully obeyed. No more could he be consulted how to force him back to the world at men that he fled from! No colonels to scan him with narrowed eyes, and bow him to decay a tanskit! Waife's apprehensions gradually allayed, his confidence returned, and before morning George took leave of his eccentric benefactor.

Waife and Sophy stood gazing after him from their garden-gate; the cripple leaning lightly on the child. Sophy, who strongly suspected fondness into the old man's thoughtful face, and clung to him more closely as she looked.

"Will you be dull, poor dear?" "Will you not miss him?"

"A little at first," said Waife, rousing himself. "Education is a great thing. An educated mind, provided that it does us no mischief—which is not always the case—can never be withdrawn from our existences without leaving a blank behind. Sophy, you are strongly urged to read and educate ourselves!"

"We will, grandfather dear," said Sophy, with decision; and a few minutes afterward, "I I can become very, very clever, you will not miss so much after that gentleman—will you, grandy?"

CHAPTER VI.

Being a chapter that comes in on untimely end.

WESTERN was for advanced when Montfort Court was again brightened by the presence of its lady. A letter from Lord Lyndhurst had reached her before leaving Windsor, suggesting how much it would be for the advantage of the Queen's interest if she would consent to visit for a month or two the seat in Ireland, which the Earl had lately purchased, and to which my lord would join her on his departure from his Hibernian duties. The letter was from Lady Montfort. My lord did not join her there; but Mr. Curr Vyvent deemed it desirable for the interests of the world that she should join her unite at Montfort Court, where all the Vyvent family were invited to witness their felicity and mitigate their ennui.

But, before proceeding another stage in this history, it becomes our tribute of respect to the great House of Vyvent to pause and place in past events a brief chronological table, a fuller display before the reverential reader. The House of Vyvent! What am I about? The House of Vyvent requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE OF VYVENT.—*Majora canamus.*

THE House of Vyvent! Looking back through ages, it seems as if the House of Vyvent were always prosperous, living illustrious lives, and its progressive development a connected unity of thought and action, so that through all the changes of its outward form it had been moved and guided by the same single spirit—"*Le roi est mort—vive le roi!*"—A Vyvent dies—live the Vyvent! Despite its high-sounding Norman name, the House of Vyvent was no House at all for some generations after the Conquest. The first Vyvent who emerged from the obscurity of time was a rude soldier, of Saxon origin, in the reign of Henry I., one of the thousand stalwart men who sailed from Milford Haven with Fitz Stephen and Fitz Gerald, on that miserable expedition which ended in the conquest of Ireland. This gallant man obtained large grants of land in that fatal island—some Mores of it vanished, and the House of Vyvent rose.

Henry the Second Richard I., Princes of Vyvent, though recalled to England (leaving its Irish acquisitions in charge of a fierce cadet, who founded a race of warlike kerned itself from the Crusade, and, by marriage with a rich goldsmith's daughter, added wealth to land property), those who indulged in that exciting but costly pilgrimage. In the reign of Henry III. the Vyvents succeeded in mortgages on lands thus pledged, and became possessed of a very fair property in Kent, as well as its fiefs in the sister isle.

The House of Vyvent took no part in the troublesome politics of that day. Discreetly obscure, it attended to its own fortunes, and felt small interest in Magna Charta. During the reigns of the Plantagenet Edwards, who were more conscious of unrecognized literature, the House of Vyvent, shunning Crecy, Bannockburn, and such profitless brawls, intermarried with London citizens, and got many a good thing out of the Geocese. In the reign of Henry IV. the House of Vyvent began to feel the benefit of its past forbearance and modesty. Now, for the first time, the Vyvents appear as lusted knights—not a town but figures on them—they buy Lancaster to the back-bone—they are exceedingly indignant against the Percies—they back the Bolbads—they have places in the household of Queen Joan, who was called a witch, but a witch is a very good friend when she holds a sceptre instead of a broomstick. And in proof of its growing importance, the House of Vyvent marries a daughter of the then high House of Darrell. In the reign of Henry V., during the invasion of France, the House of Vyvent, being afraid of the dysentery which carried off the greatest heroes of that reign, and of Agincourt—contrived to be a minor. The Wars of the Roses puzzled the House of Vyvent sadly. It was a toss through that perilous ordeal with singular tact and success. The manner in which it changed sides, and made change safe, and many changes lucrative, is beyond all praise.

On the whole, it preferred the Yorkists; it was impossible to avowedly Lancasterism, with Henry VI. of Lancaster always in prison. And then, as the Earls of Edward IV., the House of Vyvent was Baron Vyvent of Vyvent, with twenty manors, and in Henry VII. counted on the favor of Vyvent, when he left London to meet Richmond at Bosworth—he counted without his host. The House of Vyvent was decidedly Lancasterian, and was among the first to crowd Henry VII. on his return to the throne of the metropolis. In that reign it married a relation of Empson's—did the great House of Vyvent? and in the reign of Henry VIII. existed by burning Lollards, the House of Vyvent was all for the Reformation, and obtained the lands of two priories and one abbey. Gorged with that prey, the House of Vyvent, like anacondas in the process of digestion, slept long. But no, it slept not. Though it kept itself still as a means during the reign of Edward VI., Queen Mary (only letting it be known at court that the House of Vyvent had never wavered—never could waver), during the reigns of Elizabeth and James it made no noise, the House of Vyvent was silently by fitting its habits and improving its constitution. Slept, indeed! it was wide awake. Then it was that it began to contract those wise alliances and alliances; then was it sedulously grafting its olive branches on the stems of those of the New Houses that had sprung up with the Tudors; then, alive to the spirit of the day, perceived that the time for the movers, and the length and breadth of the land it wove the intricate web of those family connections which, step by step, began to build palaces, to inclose parks —it traveled, too, a little—did the House of Vyvent. In the reign of Charles I. it received a state; a very elegant House became the House of Vyvent. At the Queen's reign, for the first time, the House of Vyvent got the Garter. The Civil Wars broke out—England was rent. Peer and Knight, Baron and Squire, took side or declined. The House of Vyvent was again perplexed. Certainly not for the Roundheads, but for the King Charles. But when King Charles took to fighting the House of Vyvent shook its sagacious head, and went about, like Lord Falkland, saying "Peace, peace!" Finally it remembered its relationship to Irish cousins, and transplanted itself to Dublin. To Ireland it went, discreetly said, and, marrying a kinswoman of Lord Strafford's, became popular and quite constitutional. Returned to England with Charles II., and, by the Restoration, found itself a peer. Not a very high—I cannot say a lofty—title, but a peerage. Lord Vyvent of Vyvent was a very elegant House to be—the House of Vyvent got the Garter. The Civil Wars broke out—England was rent. Peer and Knight, Baron and Squire, took side or declined. The House of Vyvent was again perplexed. Certainly not for the Roundheads, but for the King Charles. But when King Charles took to fighting the House of Vyvent shook its sagacious head, went about, like Lord Falkland, saying "Peace, peace!" Finally it remembered its relationship to Irish cousins, and transplanted itself to Dublin. To Ireland it went, discreetly said, and, marrying a kinswoman of Lord Strafford's, became popular and quite constitutional. Returned to England with Charles II., and, by the Restoration, found itself a peer. Not a very high—I cannot say a lofty—title, but a peerage. Lord Vyvent of Vyvent was a very elegant House to be—the House of Vyvent got the Garter.

The House of Vyvent had long generations been an energetic race. Whatever their defects, they had evidently inherited great vigor. The late Vyvents (grandfather to the present) had been, perhaps, the ablest (that is, done most for the House of Vyvent) of their race. Of a grandiose and superb mode of living—of a majestic deportment—of princely manners—of remarkable talent for the management of all business, whether private or public—a perfect enthusiast for the House of Vyvent, and aided by a marchioness in all respects worthy of him, he might be said to be the culminating flower of the venerable stem. But the present lord, succeeding to the title as a mere child, was a melancholy example of heredity to his grandson, but to the general character of his progenitors. Before his time every head of the House had

done something for it—even the most frivolous had contributed one line collected in a picture, another the statues, a third the medals, a fourth had amassed the famous Vipont library; while others had at least married heiresses, or augmented, through ducal lines, the splendor of the interminable escutcheon. The present marquis was literally *sui*. The pith of the Viponts was not in him. He looked well, he dressed well; if life were only the dumb show of a tableau, he would have been a paragon of a Marquis. But he was like no watches we pass daily in the cities, with a pretty gilt dial-plate, and no works in them. He was thoroughly inert—there was no winding him up; he could not improve his fair property—he could not answer his letters—very few of them could be even read through. He was, in fact, not interested, nor literature, nor field-sports. He was shot, it is true, but mechanically—wondering, perhaps, why he did shoot. He attended races, because the House of Vipont kept a racing stud. He bet on his own horses, but if they lost showed no vexation. Admirers (no Marquis of Montfort could be without them) said, "What fine temper! what good-breeding!" it was nothing but constitutional apathy. No one could call him a bad man—he was not a profligate, an oppressor, a miser, a spendthrift; he would not have taken the bones to be a bed man on any account. Those who beheld his character as a distance would have called him an exemplary man. He owed conspicuous duties of his station, subscriptions, charities, the maintenance of great establishments, the encouragement of the fine arts, were virtues admirably performed for him by others. But the sphere or nullity of his being was not, after all, so complete as I have made it, perhaps, appear. He had one susceptibility—which is more common with women than with men—the susceptibility to *pique*. His answer *proper* was unforgiveness—to say that, and he said it—was a trifling, a foolish thing, a spiteful thing—pique that, surely, he could! He watch over, as the care of a rooted pique against his marchioness. Apparently he had conceived this pique from the very first. He showed it passively by extreme negligence; he showed it actively by removing her from all the spheres of power which naturally fell to the wife when the husband shuns the details of business. Evidently he had a dread lest any one should say, "Lady Montfort influences my land." Accordingly, not only the management of the estate, but all that fell to her own, of his gardens, his household, his domestic arrangements. It was Curr Vipont or Lady Selina who said to Lady Montfort, "Do this," and "Do that," "You should ask so and so to dinner." Montfort was much hurt to see the Duchess at the Twickenham Villa broken up by those new footsteps. True, it is settled on you as a jointure house, but for that very reason *Montfort is a treasure-house, etc.* etc. In fact, they were virtually as separated, my lord and my lady, as if they were disunited, and as if Curr Vipont and Lady Selina were trustees or intermediaries in my public approach to each other. But, on the other hand, it is fair to say that where Lady Montfort's tokens of esteem did not happen to suit her husband's plans, habits, likings, dislikings, jealous apprehensions, that she should be supposed to have any ascendency over what would have belonged to himself as *Rex faineant* of the Vipont's, and to which he was by his sex and his masculine control or conjugal advice. At her disposal was wealth without stint—every luxury the soft could desire—every gewgaw that vain could covet. Had her pin-money, which was in itself the revenue of an ordinary nobleman, been used to satisfy her wants—had she grown tired of wearing the family diamonds—had one of the new gems from Golconda—a single word to Curr Vipont or Lady Selina would have been answered by a *carte blanche* on the Bank of England. But Lady Montfort had the misfortune not to be extravagant in her taste. Strange as it is in the world Lord Montfort's marriage was called a love match; he had married a portionless girl, daughter to one of his poorest and remotest cousins, against the uniform policy of the House of Vipont, which did all it could to prevent marriages except marrying them to its chief. But Lady Montfort's conduct in these trying circumstances was admirable and rare. For three years her humiliation was unless we resent them—and in vain. Lady Montfort had had exquisite susceptibility, and gives to submission the grace of cheerful equanimity. That in the gay world Bettvers should gather round a young wife so conspicuously neglected, and so wholly left by her husband to her own guidance, was inevitable. There was the first insinuated compliment or pathetic confidence, Lady Montfort, so meek in her household, was haughty enough to keep admirers at a distance. She was thus very early felt to be beyond temptation, and the loudest gossip was constrained to tempt. She was unpopular; called "proud and freezing;" she did not extend the influence of her House; she did not keep up the fashion—fashion which necessitates social ease, and which we rank, no wealth, as we may give themselves suffice to give. And this failure on her part was a great offense in the eyes of the House of Vipont. "She does absolutely nothing for us," said Lady Selina; but Lady Selina in her heart was very pleased that the Duchess's credit thus fell, almost without a rival, the female representation, in the great world, of the Vipont honors. Lady Selina was fashion itself.

Lady Montfort's social peculiarity was in the eagerness with which she sought the society of persons who enjoyed a reputation for superior intellect, whether statesmen, lawyers, authors, philosophers, artists. Intellectual intercourse seemed as if it was her native atmosphere, from which she was habitually banished, to which she returned with an instinctive yearning and a new zest of life; yet was she styled, even here, but seemingly without justice—capricious and unsteady in her likings. These clever personages, after a little while, all seemed to disappoint her expectations of them; she sought the acquaintance of each with ordinal earnestness; slid from the acquaintance with weary languor; never, after all, less a cone than when alone.

And so wondrous lovely! Looking so rare as beauty of the high type; genius and beauty, indeed, are both rare; genius, which is the beauty of the mind—beauty, which is the genius of the body. But, of the two, beauty is the rarer. All of us can remember, in the course of forty to fifty persons of undoubted and illustrious genius, including those famous in action, letters, art, not one say of us remembers more than more than four or five specimens of first-rate ideal beauty." Montfort and Lady Montfort would have ranked her among such four or five in his recollection. There was in her face that lustrous dazzle to which the Latin poet, perhaps, refers when he speaks of the

> Splendentis Pariæ marmore purius . . .
> Et vultus, nimium lubricus aspici,

and which an English poet, with the less sensuous but more spiritual imagination of northern genius, has described in lines that an English reader may be pleased to see rescued from oblivion :

> "Her face was like the milky way i' the sky,
> A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

The eyes so purely bright, the impalpable harmony of coloring between the dark (not *too* dark) hair, and the delicate skin, the soft, yet vivid radiance in the lip when it broke into a smile. And it was said that in her maiden day, before Caroline Lindsay became Marchioness of Montfort, that smile was the most joyous thing imaginable. Montfort, who could not think of it, but that stately lady had been a wild, frolicsome girl, with the merriest laugh and the quickest foot, filling the air to-day with April-weather shine. Certainly, no being ever yet lived the Life Nature intended her to lead. She was a play for heart and mind, who contrived, by hook or by crook—to marry the wrong person!

THE TEST.

THE room was old; the walls were gray;
The floor was honeycombed with age;
On arras eaten with decay,
Sad portraits shone of knight and sage.
Beneath a window which the sun
Clove with a sword of crimson light,
There stood, as day was just begun,
Old Abbas and his neophyte.

Then Abbas, the magician, said,
Breaking the young one's golden hair,
"The vigil's past; the charm is bred;
I hear the demons in the air.
They float in on the mystic line.
The mystic vapor yields thy breath.
Art thou prepared to give the sign
That tests you arm of Life or Death?

"Young Asriel, peace! Bethink thee well.
That should thy courage fail to be free,
Sweet is the potence of the spell,
And endless knowledge blooms for thee!
But if one base or foul desire
Within its secret cell hath harm,
Thou'rt victim of the demon's fire!
Thou know'st the pact. There lies the urn!"

Young Asriel raised his scornful head,
Proud as young eagle dares the sun,
"I fear nor God nor fiend!" he said.

"Old Magus, see! the deed is done!"
He seized the alabaster vase
That near him on the tripod stood;
He quaffed—a thunder-clap—a blaze!
And Abbas' feet were bathed in blood!

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID'S LIFE.

WELL, then (began my aunt), I am going to tell the history of an old maid's life. You have listened to my heroine, and she is but a poor heroine, I must speak of her as a girl. I will not tell you her real name, but it is the same as that of three good, and might-do-harm; call her Caroline or Carrie. She lived with her father's sister, in a pretty little cottage in Devonshire that I have seen, and which in a most lovable place—many miles from here where speaking comes to an end—was anxiety and her father's was the well-being of the only son of their house, who was also their darling way. He was supposed to be doing very well and steadily, but his father and sister in the little Devonshire cottage were often uneasy about him.

Carrie's life was a very peaceful and honest one; she helped the servants in their work, and that finished, made her garden smart. Carrie was not beauty; she was fairly good-looking, and fairly good-tempered, and with large notions of honor and candor implanted in her by her father. She was about twenty when the history of her life—if I may so term it—began. She was plucking the dead leaves of a geranium, when the distant and slow clatter of a horse's hoofs became very rapid and near. In another moment a horse and rider tore past, the animal's eyes starting from its head, and the rider vainly trying to hold him in. He was young and fairly handsome; of course, Carrie did not mark these qualities as he was carried past, but she had opportunities of doing so after, poor girl!

* Suckling.

Attracted by the clatter, a man-servant came out from a room into the road, his head streaming behind him, and shading his eyes from the sun with one hand. Suddenly he started, and ran, as the clattering stopped for a moment and then began more loudly than before.

The girl ran out into the road, and, looking down it, she saw a gentleman lying insensible, while the riderless horse was disappearing in the distance. She called to another man-servant and then herself ran down the road. Stooping, she saw that he was insensible. She put back some hair from his forehead, which was quite cold, and then, seeing the servants standing about her, she asked them if they knew the gentleman up and carried him to the house. Her own bedroom being on the ground-floor, Carrie's was not really a gentleman being nearest, she directed the men to carry the sufferer into it, and he was laid upon her bed. He soon came to, and looked wildly about him, but he quickly comprehended his position, for he smiled on the girl as he closed his eyes—it was then he opened them that Carrie saw that they were blue.

Soon the village doctor was at hand; there was no great harm done, the gentleman's shoulder was slightly injured—a few days' rest where he was and all would be well.

When Carrie's father came home, the tramp of his sure-footed horse was heard a long way down the road. Carrie was very strange of his daughter's work, but he round and she had had the stranger taken into her own room; who could have been a visitor's room?—there were several spare rooms.

The girl said, "It was the nearest room."

"Well, well," said the father, "let him stay there!"

In the case was more troublesome than the village doctor thought; so said the physician from the town near at hand. The patient "must not be disturbed" some weeks instead of days. When he recovered from the shock of the fall sufficiently to converse, he told Carrie about him in a perfectly kind manner, and yet with a sense of superiority upon him, as though he spoke to familiarly was a condescension. This mood lasted for three days, during which Carrie chiefly attended on him, for the women-servants of the house had enough to attend to, it being harvest-time.

It was the end of the third day, and Carrie had just taken a tea-tray from the table beside which the injured young fellow was lying, when he said—

"Miss Carrie, I do not know your other name—you and your father seem very superior people to live in such a place as this—you will not be sure, but what the place is pleasant enough, but still, it is small, is not it?"

Carrie said, "Yes," and smiled. She added, "But only my father and I live in it; we would sooner have it so than—"

"Your father is a farmer, I presume, Miss Carrie?"

"Well—yes—Sir."

"You only seem to give your answer with half submission."

"I mean to say my father *is* a farmer, but that there is no absolute need for him to be so."

"Oh, indeed!" said the patient, with increasing interest; "a gentleman farmer."

"Yes; just so."

"May I ask your father's name?"

"Mr. —"

"Any relation to the Taunton F——s?"

"My father is one of the grandsons of the late Sir Thomas Carrie, younger son of a younger son."

"I'm glad to hear that," said he, heartily, "most glad. And now, I suppose you would like to hear my name?"

His listener smiled.

"Or perhaps you would not like to hear my name?"

"Indeed, Sir, I have no right to expect to hear it; we were so fortunate as to be near you when you were thrown, and more fortunate to receive you here."

"It is I who have been fortunate."

"We should be most fortunate to help any one in such a strait as you were."

"Oh! my one."

"Yes, indeed; surely."

"Ah! then you don't care to hear my name?"

"Perhaps you do not care to tell it." (A long, long pause.) "Well, perhaps not; have you found it on from my card-case?"

"No, indeed."

"I beg your pardon; my inquiry was most vulgar. I assume that I suppose you might have opened the case in order to communicate with my friends."

"Nay, Sir; you came to yourself so quickly that we were not able to see any thing of the kind."

"Ah; you have no wish, I see, to hear my name. Indeed, Miss Carrie, it is the same as that of those vulgar people to whom I sent the letter on the night of the accident."

"Do you know they have not sent to inquire after you?"

"I begged them not to send."

"And they have obeyed?"

The gentleman looked up, surprised for a moment; then smiling gayly again, he said, "I will call me Mr. Frederic—"

"Very well, Mr. Frederic," said Carrie; and then, having handed him some refreshment, she was about to leave the room.

"Are you going, Miss Carrie?"

"Yes; can I do any thing more for you before I leave you?"

"No, no; good-night, good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Frederic."

And she was gone.

He did not read the papers; he smiled; dreamed awake; bit his nails; sighed; he said he "sighed" a week after that evening.

Two or three days more went on; then the following conversation took place, at the same hour as the first:

"Miss Carrie, do you believe in love at first sight?"

Laughing, because she was frank, honestly, and possibly not vain, she said, "Hardly."

"You don't think that you could love at first sight?"

"No."

"Ah!"

"Ah what?"

"But why should not you as well as any other young lady?"

"I don't know that any young lady ever *did* love at first sight."

"Ah! Do you think a man could love at first sight?"

"I can't say, Mr. Frederic."

"Do you think I could, I mean?"

"How should I know, Mr. Frederic?"

"I ask a question whether she did or did not; surely any girl can tell an admirer.

"Do you know, Miss Carrie, I am going to write to my father?"

"Oh! you have a father?"

"Yes; I don't think I need write to him for permission to act. I'm of age, Miss Carrie."

"Yes; I'm twenty-four."

"Indeed!"

"May I ask how old you are?"

"I, Mr. Frederic! I'm twenty, nearly."

"I'm going to speak about you in the letter."

"And—and about my father?"

"Oh! I'm going to speak of you all; even Sir Thomas."

There really is no need to report any more of these short-sentenced conversations; let me say shortly that, a fortnight from the date of his fall, Mr. Frederic had his arm round Carrie's waist just before he left her on the sofa to his wife if she wished his surprises; and I suppose she did, for, under conditions, she was. She married him.

She did not fall in love at first sight, as he had done; but she grew to love him day by day and hour by hour, and when she had married him, she had grown to love him with a strong, earnest, undemonstrative affection—an affection which, once fostered, can never be destroyed, is never jealous—a wholly different affection to that love at first sight, which is most distrustful, and most alternately jealous.

Then he told her his name; I will not tell it here; but it was one of the greatest of English names. He was but a younger son, yet he was very rich.

Then Carrie, in all her new confidence, told of her brother, younger than he by two years, told how they were anxious about him, how he was always wanting money, how he was the best of boys, only extravagantly and foolishly led away.

Said Mr. Frederic, "We will look after him when we get home." And then the gentleman showed her a letter from his father, and pointed out a sentence where the writer said he was sure his son was not dead, because he had lately seen a marrying Carrie. "So you see," he added, "I have already made up my mind to like you a great deal before I got your."

Said Carrie, "And now you must talk to my father. He did speak to her father and then there, and showed him his father's letter.

"Let me think of all that," said the gentleman; "let me have a night to think it all over."

Then the night came.

If I were to tell the tale as it next touched Carrie, the whole matter would appear as mysterious to you as it did to her. I will tell it in the clearest manner.

That same night the lover had fallen asleep full of happy thoughts, when he was awoke by a slight tap on the glass of the slightly-opened window. It was a French window opening on the lawn.

It was moonlight. He started, and sat up in bed. He could see nothing at the window; so, assuring himself that he was still suffering from the slight fever that supervened upon the accident, he lay down again, and turned away his head from the light.

Another moment, and again he heard the tapping. Again he started; and there, standing in the moonlight, near the window, was a slightly-made young fellow, with a black mustache, and long, thick hair, shadowed with a broad, slouching hat.

He trembled, poor fellow, as he looked; for he felt sure the man was no house-thief, no robber; he trembled, for he suffered from his illness, and was weak, and with great effort only he stood upon the floor. He had but to see the man in the nightvisitor looking through the glass, and then he heard a young, boyish voice say, "Carrie, dear Carrie?"

He raised his hand, meaning to run to the window and shut the sash, but he could not open the searching face; but again his weakness prevailed, and he could only see a few more faces in the graveward enough to show his white figure to the searching, eager eyes.

"Dear Carrie, don't be afraid; it is I; it is I. Rush! don't make a noise, or they might hear us. Come to me, Carrie; open the window." As he spoke he kissed the window near his lips.

The sound maddened the man; he rushed forward to the window; he saw the visitor was still looking through, when he felt he was falling, and he fell with a crash to the ground outside the glass. The stranger then, uttering a faint cry, started back, and fled over the grass, and through a gap in the hedge.

When he came back to a knowledge of his trouble, the next day, he was steadily conscious. As he wearily climbed to his feet, and staggeringly leaned against the window-seat, he asked himself "Could it be true? Not any one been there? Had not his fever been brought back by the events of the night? Was she not honest?"

Then he thought, if he could only have a proof. He opened the door; and there before him, at his feet, was a proof indeed—a rare, certain proof—a boot-mark in the narrow bed between the door and the window-sash. He made the mark with his own—a mark that crushed his heart down, as it told him of the reality of the night.

He dressed himself, and after setting his bed

upon the mark, and crushing it out, he turned to the morning-dresses for a little consolation. As he turned he looked upon the grass; another proof lying there was a half-smoked cigar, bitten through and through. Then he remembered that as he left the man crept through a gap in the hedge; he went to the hedge and marked that near the opening, through which a slight man could easily creep, the earth had been broken down.

How should he act? Should he pass as the blind had passed, and be his ward? Should he leave her to guess the truth? He would go! But he would not; to be worn back to the room—put on—sat down, and wept bitterly for the life which had left him. At last a servant tapped at the door; but he gave no faint an answer that the girl asked if he had grown worse during the night.

He said No; and that he would come to the breakfast-parlor at once.

He opened the parlor-door. She was there, and met him with a smile. He stood irresolutely. She wonderingly looked at him.

"Sir," he said, and said the word so harshly that she flinched back as though she had been struck. "So you can look at me?"

"Look at me?"

"Oh! it's a just return for the life I have led. I should feel what I do feel."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought that if I married you—if I left the people of my station in life, I should find a simple, honest girl, whose heart should be wholly mine. I did not think to find a smiling hypocrite."

"Great God!"

"Oh, you may act; but I can see behind the fair curtain of your breast, and mark well the blackness there."

"He is mad!"

"Mad! Oh, no. I may be, perhaps, in time. Look me in the face. You can't steadily? She is able! Well, what do you say now? Am I mad?"

"No; quite sane."

"Will you believe what I am going to say?"

"Of me?"

"No; of myself."

"Speak."

"I would sooner die than marry you, you monster. I would sooner tear you to pieces, though I should have to come near you, to touch you, to do so."

"Do not come near me. Do not touch me."

"I need no bibliance. Good-by! I abhor you; but I say good-by, not your hand, but my own! Good-by to our lives' happiness. You are worthless."

"Our lives' happiness. Ah! then you do not say good-by to your love alone, but will put all my hopes; took them in your arms, and laid your forehead on them, and today me trample on your face, I could not forgive you now. You have made me proud and harsh: but presently, presently, when you are away, I will forgive you. As a proof, if ever you want a great friend in great need, come to me. You will be sorry soon, I fear, for what you now say and do; though I hope not, for your sake. I will not ask to know what your troubles be; I do not care to know when you have condemned me unheard. So, I say good-by now, good-by: yet always remember, in your great need I am your great friend."

Then he went.

Carrie's father soon came in, and saw his child sitting alone. She told him her young husband was dead to her henceforth, and prayed her father never to name him more; and her father, who had known early trouble, respected her wish.

The day had half gone when Carrie missed her Carrie a mysterious note. Opening it, she started, took a heavy purse from her desk, and left the house.

She walked on quickly till she came near the village, and then, turning down a lane, took a gap on till she came to a poor house. She raised the latch, when the youth who had stood near the window ran forward, and catching her in his arms, said, as he kissed her tearfully, "Carrie! my own dear Carrie; come to us at last!"

And this scene the poor lover saw from the wood across the road; for after leaving Carrie's house he ought to have questioned her; he was returning to the house when he saw her coming down the road; he watched her, and he saw her go through what was confirmation of his suspicions. He heard the boy speak, and the music of her voice as he kissed her mother from both? Then he said they were not worth a thought; and, with a curse, he fled through the wood, rapidly.

And what said the girl when inside the poor cottage? "Mary, my brother! Oh, my dear brother!"

The boy, a medical student, had angered his father, through requests for repeated sums of money, and he had come down to his sister, being pressed by his creditors, to borrow of her. And what money of her own.

Carrie gave him her money, and he went back to town, happy. He did not think to tell her that he had tapped at her window on the past night.

The girl went home to begin her woman's life of grief—quiet, unconplaining, hopelessly sad.

She had led this life for some months when her father, hoping to dissipate her sadness, asked a relative in London to invite his child to town. Carrie wearily accepted the invitation, and went to town. Her relative, a thorough Londoner, knew her business perfectly well, and left the melancholy girl half over London in no time. She introduced Carrie to several gentlemen; but Carrie didn't care about the gentlemen, nor the gentlemen about Carrie; for though she tried to please them, she never did. Perhaps they were all of one pattern.

One night, about a week after Carrie had been in town, her relative took her to the Opera. They had not been long in the house, when the relative, Mrs. Mytheon, remarked upon the arrival of a most beautiful lady into a box on the grand tier. They had not sat much longer, when one of the gentlemen of whose acquaintance Mrs. Mytheon was so proud came to the door, and, upon being permitted to enter, volunteered small scandal.

Said he, "That is Lady ——. She is a lady in her own right. She's married to a commoner of good birth—Mr. Frederic ——."

Carrie turned pale as she heard the name, for it was that of the man who had asked her to be his wife.

"And they do say," said the small scandalizer, "that she thirts a great deal too much for a married woman, for she husband, he is very seldom with her; he goes his way, and she goes hers. They have only been married a month; and there is a pretty life for you!"

"Who is that bending to her now?"

"That? That is Sir Germain Roi, a dissipated young guardsman. They do say she once had a liking for him."

"Dear me! dear me!"

"Ah! it's a way they have in the upper world," said the gentleman, coolly.

"Dear me! dear me!"

And the curtain rose on the second act.

After that night the gentlemen found Carrie much more pleasant; nay, a week or so, and one she seemed to like. She refused him at one sad crash.

Mrs. Mytheon was disgusted. "A man," she said, "that any girl might have been proud to marry; her best friend."

Carrie, after that, went home to her father; and she fell into her quiet, useful, monotonous life. At the end of six months more a letter came from the son in town, saying he had been severely struck by a medman, and that he must come down in the country to get right again.



THE LATE COMMODORE M. C. PERRY, U. S. N.

He came down by coach, and Carrie met him, with the little family chaise, at the setting-down place.

Seated in the chaise, and driving home, he told his sister of the encounter, which had led to the fracture of one of his ribs.

Said he: "God! he was down on me like a shot. I was in Regent Street, with a drop; he started from the other side, seized me, said, 'So I do see you at last!' and, without more ado, he crashed me on the pavement. Of course my friend gave him into custody, and he was locked up. As for me, I was carried straight to my hospital. Next day a magistrate came and took my examination; and I heard from Harry, the chap who was with me, that when the queer customer heard my name he screamed so as to frighten the magistrate, who, I hear, behaved very politely to him. They let the poor fellow go; he was mad, it seems. And he was taken away by his wife—a lady, by Jove!—a lady by birth."

"Edmund, what was his name? Do you know?"

And Carrie's brother, knowing, told her. It was her old lover who had beaten her brother so.

"There's the old house," said the youth, as the hoss came in sight; "there's the old house, and there's your bedroom window, at which I stood that night."

"At which you stood?"

"Yes, when I came down for that money."

"At which you stood?"

"Yes; it used to be your bedroom, used it not? 'God, when I tapped at the window, and a man's face—a visitor's, I suppose—came toward me, instead of your own pleasant little one, I turned, and was off through the gap in the hedge like a shot."

"Oh, Edmund, if you only knew what you have done! Oh, Edmund! oh, Edmund!"

"Why, Carrie, Carrie!"

For the poor girl was weeping bitterly.

She then told him the whole sad truth, which she had but just learned; and Carrie's sorrows then did some good, for it made her brother more considerate for her, and made him, perhaps, a great deal better than he was before.

So she remained, unwedded, in her father's house—kind to all who sought her kindness, unobtrusive, thoughtful, almost unselfish. So she lived for five years, and rather better, when she had a trust put upon her—a trust which she very joyfully undertook.

One night she was waiting for her father's return from dinner at a neighbor's, when a carriage was heard to stop, and thinking it was he, she stepped at the door; and there, on the step, was a lady, who came to the hall-door, and opened it herself; and before her stood a haggard-looking man, carrying a fair young child, wrapped in a great white shawl.

"Carrie, do you know me?"

"You—my—my—"

He stooped down on one knee, bearing the sleeping child to the other.

"Let my little girl plead for me. I for I dare not plead for myself. Let us come in, Carrie."

"Come in—oh, pray come in?"

As he rose his head drooped forward; then he stepped on, the lesson of the house which he had so madly left those years before. She took him by the hand, and led him into the very room at the window of which he had seen the eager face—the very room which she had had turned into a sitting-room, and in which she passed almost all her time.

He shaded his eyes from the window, and sat down, still with his child in his arms.

"This is your letter, Carrie?" he said, taking a paper from the bosom of his dress.

"Yes, I sent it you a long while ago, and after her brother told me what he did. Ah me! how could you have been so rash?"

"Poor! no, richer than she ever has been; for she has a mother's care now, and that she has never had. No, no—not poor. Carrie, let her bear your name, and let her lose the one she has. Oh, let her bear your name, and let me think her yours as well as mine!"

"Think as you will, for I do will as you."

"And you will never undeceive her?"

"What do you ask?"

"I ask you, never call her yours."

"I ever will."

Carrie, kissed her lips."

She did; then the father kissed them.

"I will not say good-by: I said it once before. No, Carrie, I will not say it. I will come to see you, and let me go."

She turned away from him, still holding the child, and then waited a little. She thought she felt the long hanging sleeve of her dress touched for a moment, and she thought she felt a warm breath upon her arm; but she was never sure of this. Her excitement, and she heard the rattle of carriage-wheels; she turned then, and saw that he was gone. In exchange for the child he had given her, he had carried off the flowers she had been arranging when he came to the house.

The little child awoke, and after a very little fear at finding herself in a strange place, fell asleep again upon her new mother's breast, and whilst she placed one of her tiny arms. So she sat, with the child, till her father came home.

The aged gentleman started at the sight he saw upon entering his house; but his daughter's smile reassured him.

I have gained a pleasant cure since you left the house, father."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you remember the day whose history I prayed you never to talk of more, father?"

"Yes."

"Ah well, this child grew out of that sad day—he married, this is his child; he has brought her to me. You can guess the rest, dear father."

So from that time the child was reared in the same name as Carrie's. It was given out that she was a dead sister's child; and the child called her Mamma, and believed her so until she died—for the little thing died, died with her arm round her new mother's neck—died with her arm in a link lain on that first night of her coming home, when her child's fear passed into confidence in the newly-found friend.

As for the child's father, he, poor fellow! was dead. Carrie went on the Continent to see his grave—it is well kept to this day.

THE LATE COMMODORE PERRY, U.S.N.

WE present our readers above with a portrait of the late MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, Commodore in the United States Navy, who died at his residence in this city on 4th instant, at the age of sixty-three years.

Commodore Perry was born in 1796, at South Kingston, Rhode Island. His father became an officer of the navy in 1798; and his four sons followed his example. Of these, one became famous as the hero of the Erie—Oliver H. Perry; the others have left no historical name. Matthew entered the navy in 1809, and made his first cruise in the schooner *Revenge*. It is believed that, though he was subsequently attached to the *President*, under Commodore Rogers, he served with his brother on Lake Erie, and during the terrible fight which won the latter his high fame, he passed through the squadron in a small boat after the *Lawrence* was disabled, and aided his brother in hoisting his flag on the *Niagara*.

He joined the *President* in 1814, and after a brief service on board the *Chippewa* was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained a couple of years and won his rank as lieutenant.

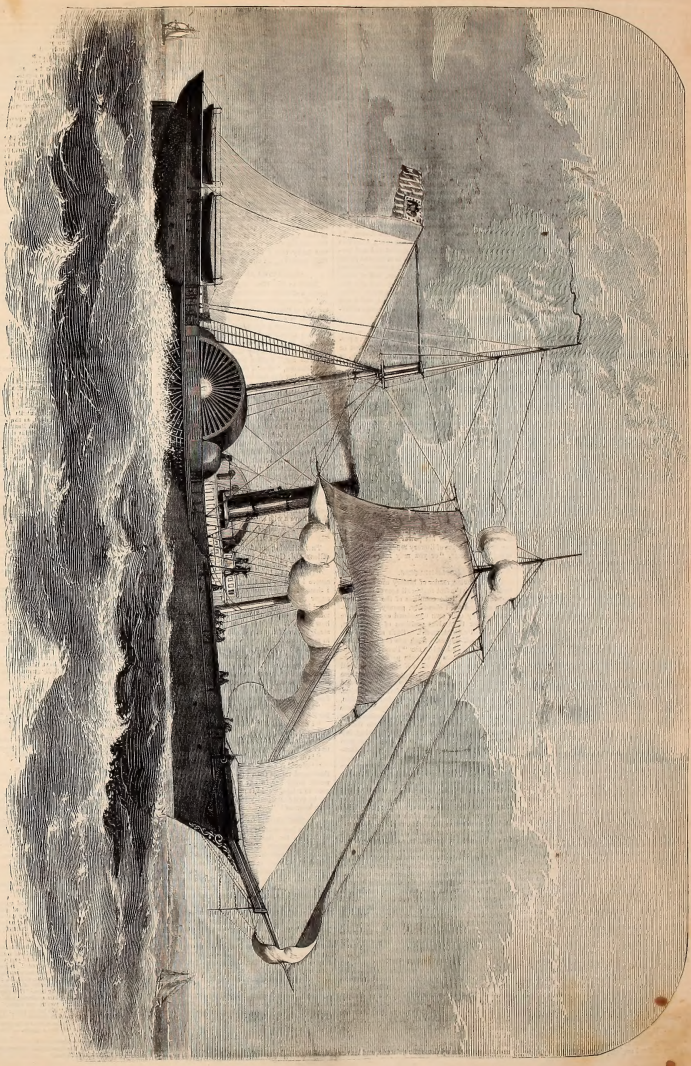
In August, 1819, he was ordered to the ship *Cyane*, which was sent to the coast of Africa to aid the efforts of the Colonization Society in the attempt to found a settlement of free blacks upon the island of Sherbro, near Sierra Leone. The mortality at Sherbro was so great that it became evident no colony could be planted there; and Lieutenant Perry selected Messurado as a more suitable locality for a town. He therefore fixed the location of the first settlement of Liberia. In May, 1821, Lieutenant Perry was put in command of the schooner *Shark*, in which vessel he twice visited the colony of Liberia. In the latter period he also cruised the waters of the West Indies, and captured several pirates.

On his return he was again attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained until 1824, when he was ordered to the ship *Fredonia*, in which vessel, under Commodore Rogers, he served as First Lieutenant, and Captain of the Fleet, during the war with the Seminole Indians. He was then promoted to the rank of Commander, and took charge of the training service at Boston, where he continued until 1830, when he took command of the corvette *John Adams*, in which he conveyed John Randolph as United States Minister to St. Petersburg.

The next important service of Commodore Perry was a tour of inspection through Europe to visit the dock-yards and establishments, from which he made personal inspection such facts as might be useful in improving those departments of the United States service. Early in 1837 he submitted his report to the Government, and resumed his duties as Superintendent of the Brooklyn Yard, in preparing plans for the construction and equipment of the *Missouri* and the *Mississippi*, the first large ocean-steamers in our navy.

In 1846 he sailed in the squadron that was to operate against Mexico, and on the retirement of Captain Conner took the chief command. He directed the bombardment of Vera Cruz, and General Scott gratefully recognized his valuable aid and co-operation in his dispatches.

The services which he has done the most for Commodore Perry's fame was the Japan Expedition.



THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER "HARRIET LANE."

He sailed from New York on 24th November, 1852, and negotiated his treaty on 31st March, 1854.

The events and results of that expedition are fresh in the minds of our readers. Various opinions have been entertained as to the value of that undertaking; but the Administration, at least, were satisfied that Commodore Perry had carried out every thing the Government expected from him, and Mr. Fillmore is known to have so expressed himself. It is true that he did not succeed in negotiating a treaty of commerce with the Japanese, but perhaps they were not prepared for such a progressive measure at that time. The late Commodore was one of the Naval Board of fifteen at Washington whose action has been the occasion of so much animadversion. But no officer of that board regretted more than he did having any thing to do with it.

Commodore Perry leaves a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters. One of the sons is now Consul at Hong Kong. Of the daughters, two are married (Mrs. John Hone and Mrs. Auguste Belmont).

He was an able officer, of fine appearance, courteous, open manner, and genial disposition.

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER "HARRIET LANE."

Mr. Secretary Spencer, when at the head of the Treasury Department of the United States in the Administration of President Tyler, seeing the defective provision for enforcing the revenue laws by means of the small cutters—which had the duty not only of preventing smuggling but of coercing the filibustering or other refractory vessels in American ports, and also of affording succor to the distressed and shipwrecked—conceived the idea of creating steam-vessels as a substitute for the small sailing schooners until then universally used. At the time of their first establishment, in fleetness as sea-boats and in facility of management, they were unsurpassed; but by the introduction of steam their prestige vanished. They could no longer rule the seas; for a steam-vessel, disregarding winds, could enter or escape from port while they were either becalmed or headed off.

Excellent as were the views of Mr. Spencer, they were rendered nugatory by the miserable character of the vessels (six in number) built for this purpose, which were all ultimately condemned; and since this time the Department has suffered things to gradually slide back with the failure of each steamer, till the old cutter schooner was again the only arm of power wielded by the Secretary of the Treasury.

During the last year the Underwriters of New York, supported by the Chamber of Commerce, strongly represented to Congress that the commerce of this country demanded more efficient protection. The arguments were not without avail, and, despite the opposition of the Treasury Department, a bill providing for the building of a suitable vessel was passed, and under the direction of the successor of Mr. Guthrie the plan was cordially forwarded.

In the spring of 1857 propositions were invited by Secretary Cobb, from the builders of the United States, for models, plans, and specifications of such a vessel as they should deem suitable for the proposed object, and without any limitation of price. A number of the most eminent men of the country was also convened to decide upon their respective merits.

As might have been expected, numerous propositions were made. It was justly considered that the man to whom the contract was awarded, by a board of impartial officers, would be considered as the first man in his profession—one which in loftiness ranks with that of the heaven-inspired sculptor, and, when considered by its utility, is far superior.

Thirteen plans were presented from the most eminent builders in this country, no one of any note failing to enter the *concours*.

As this was the first time in the history of the American marine that an opportunity was afforded to the ship-builders of the country to present models and plans for comparison, every effort was made by the competitors to secure the contract. The decision was made after a prolonged and careful study of the various models, plans, and specifications, and a *unanimous* recommendation was made by this scientific committee of the model of Mr. William H. Webb, and, in accordance with this decision, the contract was awarded to him by Secretary Cobb.

This decision of the Committee was very satisfactory to the New York Chamber of Commerce and Underwriters. To them William H. Webb was known as the *builder of more tons of vessels than any other man that has ever lived in any age*; that his vessels have no superiors either at the insurance offices or with practical sea-captains and sailors. He is also the son and successor in business of the late Isaac Webb, Esq., who was a pupil and for many years a partner of Eckford, the celebrated constructor of a great number of American vessels, including part of Commodore Perry's fleet on Lake Erie, and of a great number of vessels in the Turkish navy. The inheritance, education, and practical experience of Mr. Webb were thus guarantees of his success in this new undertaking. The public can now judge for themselves whether grace or power is wanting. A drawing can but feebly show the lines of beauty in a ship, yet from the cut presented our readers on another page some idea may be formed of her exquisite symmetry. She is indeed a model of sea loveliness, capable of charming even so accomplished a connoisseur as Neptune himself.

At the instance of Mr. Cobb she is named the *Harriet Lane*, in honor of the niece of President Buchanan, the accomplished lady who now so gracefully does the honors of the White House.

She is a side-wheel vessel of 650 tons, propelled by two inclined engines, each of 42-inch cylinder, seven feet stroke, and brig rigged. She has three cabins, finished with neatness and taste, for the use of the captain and other officers, and room in the steerage for a crew of sixty to eighty men; especial reference being made for the accommodation of the rescued officers, passengers, and crews of wrecked vessels. She is pierced for ten guns.

The vessel, as delivered to the Government by Mr. Webb, is not only fully provided with the usual necessary equipments, but also with spare supplies for the aid and relief of vessels in distress and danger.

Her cost is $150,000. She is to be stationed in New York, and is commanded by Captain John Faunce, for many years an able captain in the United States Revenue Service.

Miscellany.

AMERICANIZATION OF THE WORLD.

Thomas Moore, in his Diary of the year 1838, records a breakfast-table remark of Lord John Russell, which some future Macaulay, dwelling on this era, may expand with curious and felicitous illustration. "Lord John spoke of the tendency of the world now to *Americanize* in every thing; in the form of government, in literature, in the tone of society, etc. The remark," adds Moore, "I fear, is but too just." Does not every American reader at home and traveler abroad feel and perceive that the future of Europe is to be read in the present of America? The doubts and aspirations of English legislation, for instance, and of many purely social questions, have long been the truisms and realities of America. But when Europe attains our present standard of personal, social, and political freedom, at what period of progress or revolution shall we be?

A TASTE FOR LITERATURE.

A great epicure having bought a library, a person was remarking, in Foote's company, that he wondered what the purchaser could do with it, as it was well known that he preferred a *good table* to all the books in the world. "It may be partly for that reason," neatly replied Foote; "for the *Table of Contents*." This is wit which is something more than a pun. It might be a pun without a sting; but in this case, apart from the play upon the word, it would be a just and severe remark on the buyer of books which he can not use, or, at the best, use unfairly as an index-hunter. But the pun comes in and adds the grace of wit to a sensible, cutting observation.

Foote's literary thrusts have never been surpassed—not even by Sydney Smith. The prolific author, the Irishman in London, dramatist and what not—Hugh Kelley—who filled the town with his publications, once visiting Foote, noticed the smallness of his library. "Why," says he, "I have got almost as many books myself!" "Perhaps you may have," said Foote; "but consider, you *read* all you *write*."

Kelley, who was also a journalist, at another time was boasting of his power as a reviewer in the free distribution of literary reputation. "Take care," said Foote, "or you may leave none for yourself."

SELF-HELPERS.

The observant reader of history can not fail to be struck with the fact that in all ages of the world, and in almost all the countries of the globe, men have emerged from obscurity, penury, and ignorance, and by their own unassisted exertions have attained for themselves positions of distinction, wealth, and enlightenment. Such men are emphatically self-helpers. Such are the men whose lives are briefly related in our "Poverty and Genius." While others have been patiently occupying their original positions as if some ban or spell prevented them from occupying any others, these men have pushed onward, and by their energy and enterprise arrived at the goal of their ambition. While others have been deploring their condition, and sighing over their limited advantages, these men have set to work and bravely achieved for themselves those privileges which birth denied them. While others have been idly waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, these men have labored hard to turn it up, and up it has turned to reward their honorable exertions.

In looking back on the lives of great men, we are taught that man by his unaided exertions may perform more wonderful achievements than were ever wrought by the imagined hero of an Oriental fabulist. They have called light out of darkness; they have made fortunes out of nothing; they have attained positions such as birth could not bestow and the proudest noble might envy.

And they have done this in all sorts of positions, in every branch of occupation, and in spite of every description of disadvantage.

They came forth from the work-shop, the carpenter's shed, the smithy, the factory; they came from the field, the mine, and the sheep-cote; they laid aside the hammer, the saw, the chisel, the harrow, the plow, the spade, the crook, the needle, the awl; they left the forecastle, and the barrack, and the servants' hall; no matter what position they occupied at first, they came out of it, left it far behind, rose to a new life, moved in a new world, were elevated to an altitude which they never anticipated, and were blessed with an immortality for which they had never dared to hope.

DOMESTIC QUIETUDE.

Let fathers and mothers ponder over the following: "Indeed, where the life of the home is neglected there is no true manliness. Fathers! whose sons are growing up miserable shoots of dissipation, what nourishment have their best faculties received at home? Mothers! whose daughters are happy only in the whirl of vanity and extravagance, what has been their example? Members of fashionable society! there is not only excess, but inexpressible evil, in any method of amusement that breaks up domestic quietude, and leaves no time for domestic responsibility, and no delight in domestic pleasures."

TREE-FROGS.

Mr. Buckland, son of the late Dean, tells the following amusing story: "Returning from the University of Giessen, I brought with me about a dozen green tree-frogs, which I had caught in the woods near the town. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, old, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and, after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they one and all of them began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made seemed, in the closed compartment of the coach, quite deafening. Well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again two or three times."

CHARACTER AT A WATER CURE.

Next to our Hamburg friend sat a tolerably pretty and intolerably haughty Prussian lady, the wife of some government official, and therefore, according to German etiquette, always addressed by the title of her august husband. She sometimes made use of our grave neighbor as an interpreter between herself and our Georgian; and once she signified, in a jesting way, that when she came to America she should pay him a visit.

"Tell her," replied Burroughs, with Oriental magnificence, "that if she will come and see me I will give her five hundred negroes to wait on her."

The old Hamburger, incapable of suspecting a joke, opened his eyes to an unaccustomed extent at such an extravagance of hospitality. "I think," said he, after a moment's reflection, "that five would be better than five hundred."

They told us of a Mexican who came there a year or two before us, for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern, and bade him get into it. "Never!" he thundered; and, marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to Mexico. Another man in the same situation is said to have fallen on his knees before Priessnitz, exclaiming, "Oh Sir, remember that I have a wife and children!"—*De Forest's European Acquaintance.*

EVIL-SPEAKING.

The following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle:

"One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil-speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely,

"'Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?'

"I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked,

"'Think; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?'

"'Oh yes, I know some good things; but—'

"'Would it not have been better, then, to relate those good things than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there *is* good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity," thou knowest?'"

THE TRIBES OF NORTH AFRICA.

At the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society in London Dr. Barth delivered a lecture on the tribes of Northern Africa, in their relations to the ancient Phœnicians. The portion of Africa to which he directed the attention of his audience extends from the Southern limits of Algeria and Tripoli to the banks of the Niger, and is occupied by a variety of tribes, of whom the Tawareks are predominant. That tribe is far more warlike than the others, whom it has subjugated. Dr. Barth said the Tawareks are so hostile to Europeans generally that he was the first who had dwelt among them and returned alive. During his residence in that portion of the country he had been enabled to trace, by a variety of indications, their Asiatic origin, and to arrive at the conclusion that they were the descendants of Ham. Dr. Barth conceives that the first emigration of these tribes of Northern Africa took place two thousand five hundred years before Christ; and he referred to Genesis x. to show that his recent researches confirmed the statements there made respecting the emigration of the first families of man. A very remarkable custom of the Tawareks is the observance of monogamy, in opposition to the practice of polygamy common among the other tribes of Africa. Another peculiarity of the tribe is the silence they observe respecting their dead.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The ladies of the congregation of Dr. Peddie, Edinburgh, lately determined to present the Doctor with a pulpit gown. The Doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church: "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I sha'n't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The Doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, Sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown!" The Doctor said (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

"Now, then," exclaimed an enraged creditor, "when are we going to have a settlement, Sir?"

"We have had a settlement," coolly responded the debtor, as he crossed his legs on the table, and knocked the ashes from his cigar."

"It is false, Sir. I have never been able to get a settlement out of you; but now I'm determined to have it."

"My good Sir, you are mistaken. I called on you last week for the purpose of closing the affair. I then *meant* to *settle*, and of course that was a *settle meant*."

The Philadelphia *Gazette*, speaking of a new *prima donna*, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

Quoth Smith to Jones, it really is a sin
You do not get your pretty house fenced in;
Quoth Jones, you're wrong; the place is fenced, confound it,
My wife is all the time a *railing* round it.

It is an extraordinary fact, that when people come to what is commonly called high words they generally use low language.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg *Sun*, writing from Bolivar County, tells of a chap at Napoleon, Arkansas, who was drinking at a counter, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents down his shirt, set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, Mr. Bar-keeper."

PROCRASTINATION.

If Fortune, with a smiling face,
Strew roses in our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.

But should she frown with face of care,
Or talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

What did the cat say, as she looked out of the window when the ark got aground?
"*Is that 'ar a rat?*"

Ex-Governor Morton, of Massachusetts, and his son, are both members of the Legislature, as they were of the Constitutional Convention of 1855. A Boston paper has the following incident connected with the election of the Sergeant-at-Arms: the Clerk was calling the roll—"Marcus Morton." "Yes," responded the ex-Governor, clearly, but rather feebly, near the chair. "Marcus Morton, Jun.," called the clerk. "No," was the vigorous response of the member from Andover, from the centre of the hall.

During the session of a county court in the interior a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amidst the laughter of the court, "No, Sir, I'se not married."

Mr. Pepper's house was on fire. A large crowd was soon on the spot, when one of them remarked, "We've *muster'd* enough to save *Pepper*." So it proved.

The wife of Dr. Bentham was a woman of disposition congenial with that of her husband. She asked a person who applied for the place of a footman in her family "if he could whistle?" "Why is *that* necessary?" said the man. "Because," said the lady, "I expect my footman to whistle all the time he is in the cellar, to be certain that he is not drinking while he is there."

A St. Louis friend writes: "One of our newsboys was crying his papers in the street the other day, and meeting a man, said, "Have a paper, Sir?" "No!" said the man, laughingly, "I can't read!" "Well, I didn't think you could," said the boy; "thought maybe might want to look at the picters! Here's *Harper's Weekly*."

A gentleman presented a lace collar to his wife, and in a jocular way said, "Do not let any one else rumple it!" "No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

"I took you, deceiver, 'for better for worse,'
Submitting to wedlock's hard fetter;
While your *worse* part has daily grown *worse* and still worse,
I have not discovered your *better*."

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

"I have lived to know," says Adam Clarke, "that the greatest secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate."

A gentleman wrote as follows to a female relative:
"How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?"
To which she replied:
"My worthy coz, it can not B,
U can not come till after T."

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain,
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;
"Ah, would to Heaven," says graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too!"

Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the compliment.

Turn a deaf ear to tale bearers, and turn them neck and crop out of your company at the same time.

Nonsense.—Sense that differs from your own.

What is the lightest ship that man ever embarked in? Courtship.

The man who carried out his moral resolutions did not bring them back again.

A young merchant's clerk, whose good conduct had fallen into disuse through his patronage of *spirits*, was lately engaged in one of his idle hours by a former employer to take a check to a bank. Being asked by the teller how he would have it, he replied instantly, "Cold, if you please, and without sugar."

An old gentleman in the city, who was remarkable for his prosing powers, had got into a habit of talking continually of his "gray pony;" say what you would, do what you would, in came the gray pony. A gentleman who prided himself on his conversational powers, one day made a wager that he would converse with the old fellow without allowing him an opportunity of "mounting his gray pony," or even introducing him. One day he met him at a tavern, and observing him at dinner, said, "That's a very fine piece of salmon you've got there." "Yes, Sir," said the octogenarian, "it's pretty good; but whenever I wish to enjoy salmon in perfection I mount my little gray pony, and—" "Hang your little gray pony!" said the other; "he has cost me a dozen of wine and a supper of oysters for six."

A lady advertises in the *Herald* that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."

THE WITNESSES DEAD.—A gentleman once boasted that he had drunk, two, three, or four bottles of wine every day for five years, and was as hearty as ever. "I have smoked a hogshead," where are your bon compagnons?" All! and he, "that's another affair; if the truth may be told, I have buried three entire generations of them."

HUMAN affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being. They catch every breath, and in the buds and roots of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

THE reason Jenny carried his father with such ease was because he had Dropsy upright upon his feet when he could not bend without last week." "Didn't you, mamma?" asked Dumpy. "I believe I did, my dear."

A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, and, making the smallest advances at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and he thinks himself quite easy in the matter. Then, and not before, the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to her mind. Love is a thing that nothing but her will at her fingers' ends.

A lady just married, was dressed on the degree of fortitude to be attached to her uncle's rolling on orchard, "Indeed," said Johnson, "it all depends on the size of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, David Garrick —he was always a sensible fellow—when he was going to church with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple-tree—for I was always a lover of fruit—he brought brake with me, and it was called judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented as blind and lame!"

It not achieved of a humble parentage or a humble occupation: be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural deformity. Many have already reproach the King of kings; but be ashamed of unchaste and misdirected thoughts, and of unrighteousness. A wicked man can not be truly brave or noble.

Let the windows of thy soul, like the windows of a house, set down every thing that comes in, and let the foul stench notices of every thing from without.—*John Foster.*

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March 8, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the week have been more active for Flour, which has been in good demand chiefly for home use, and large sales reported. Wheat has been scarce, and held above the figures current a week since. Corn has been in steady to mild request, and closes firmer than last week. Pork has been active, and prices tended downward. Cotton has attracted more attention, and, later, exercises manifested to realize, prices have declined. Sugar, Molasses, and Coffee have been active and held with more firmness, while Coffee and Teas exhibited less activity and are lower. Naval Stores were in fair request, and prices closed with an upward tendency. The movement in Hides, Leather, and Wool Stocks were more extensive than for the previous week. The Metal Markets were quiet for desirable kinds of Domestic and Foreign Dry Goods, especially woolens and fabrics, is very pretty brisk, and with the moderate supplies available, prices are acquiring more firmness and buoyancy. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,087,479 against $378,345 the previous corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $6,811,126 against $3,633,433 same period in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and independent of any remarkable circumstances. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl. $4 70 @ 5 45
Superfine to fancy Western do. 4 70 @ 5 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel 4 80 @ 7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel 5 15 @ 5 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel 4 85 @ 5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel 4 70 @ 6 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. 3 90 @ 4 35
Corn Meal, per barrel 3 00 @ 3 75
Wheat, per bushel 1 30 @ 1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel 1 09 @ 1 25
New Crop Corn, per bushel 57 @ 60
Rye, per bushel 82 @ 84
Barley, per bushel 90 @ 95
Western Oats, per bushel 48 @ 46
State Oats, per bushel 44 @ 46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel 34 @ 38
Southern Oats, per bushel 32 @ 36
Cotton, middlings, per pound 11 @ 11¼
Mess Pork, per barrel 10 50 @ 11 00
Prime Pork, per barrel 9 50 @ 10 00
Mess Beef, per barrel 11 00 @ 11 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel 8 75 @ 9 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce 21 00 @ 23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel 17 00 @ 18 00
Cut Meats, per pound 6½ @ 7½
Lard, per pound 10 @ 10½
Butter, per pound 16 @ 20
Western Butter, per pound 15 @ 19
Cheese, per pound 8 @ 10
Rice, per 100 pounds 3 00 @ 4 00
Tallow, per pound 6 @ 7½
Candles, Sperm, per pound 22 @ 23
Oils, Whale and Lard, per gallon 70 @ 75
New Orleans Sugar, per pound 5 @ 7½
Porto Rico Sugar, per pound 6 @ 7½
Havana Sugar, per pound 6 @ 7½
Brown Teas, per pound 18 @ 60
Oolong Teas, per pound 30 @ 60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon 28 @ 29½
Hay, per load, per 100 pounds 75 @ 90
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound 8 @ 12
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds 3 75 @ 4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon 61 @ 63
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds 1 20 @ 1 25

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about March 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	1,500	1,500
Coffee, packages	101,485	59,977
Cotton, bales	84,333	53,993
Hemp, tons	50	500
Hides, number	15,000	20,000
Hides, number	98,483	287,884
Leather, Sole, sides	6,000	5,000
Molasses, hogsheads	6,000	7,000
Potatoes, bushels	1,723	4,273
Tar, barrels	15,768	14,757
Beef, tierces and barrels	12,500	12,000
Rice, tierces	6,623	11,026
Rice, bags	2,700	5,878
Tobacco, hogsheads	13,073	16,151
Sugars, boxes	15,000	5,759
Sugars, bags	9000	3,854
Sugars, Crude, hogsheads	4,015	3,359
Sugars, Refined, barrels	2,000	1,000
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	30,000	21,282
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	2,000	2,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	5,000	4,000

Freights were dull and heavy. For Liverpool, Cotton, 5-64 @ 9-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s 3d. per barrel; Wheat, 6d. per bushel; Corn, 5d. per bushel; Beef, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Lard, 6s. per cwt.; Cheese, 6s. per cwt. For Glasgow, Cotton, ¼d. per pound. Intermediate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 653.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were fewer in number, and the quality was inferior, while the trade was dull and dragging. Milch Cows were plentiful, and were in slow request and unchanged rates. Veal Calves were in better supply and were more sought after at rather higher quotations. Sheep and Lambs were more freely offered, with a very good demand, prices were supported, while attracted rather less attention, and closed heavily at the following quotations. The Receipts of Live Stock during the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Feb. 22.	Week ending March 1.
Beeves	2,652	2,500
Milch Cows	114	108
Veal Calves	339	445
Sheep and Lambs	7,254	7,400

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were from

Illinois	123	Texas 46
Indiana	120	Kentucky 51
Ohio	431	Michigan 15
Missouri	20	New Jersey 15

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday and this week:

	Last Week.	This Week.
Poor to first class Beeves, per pound	5 @ 9	11
Poor to first class Cows, per head	20 @ 50	55
Veal Calves, per pound	5 @ 7	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	5 00 @	6 00
Lambs, per pound	7 @	8
Live Swine, per pound	5½ @	6½
Dressed Hogs, per pound	7 @	8

The Country Produce Markets continue to be somewhat sparingly supplied, with the exception of Potatoes, Onions, and dairy produce. The demand is good, and prices generally firm. Apples, Potatoes, Onions, and Turnips are heavier, and, with a moderate inquiry, buyers have the advantage.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF PRODUCE AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 00	@ 6 00
Apples, dried, per pound	6	@ 6
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@ 20
Cherries, dried, per pound	18	@ 20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	3 25	@ 3 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 75
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@ 75
Potatoes, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, per barrel	3 25	@ 4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@ 3 00
Turnips, per bushel	50	@ 75
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@ 2 00
Cabbages, per dozen	50	@ 1 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 12	@ 1 75
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 5
Celery, per dozen roots	1 00	@ 1 75
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@ 6 00
Eggs, packed, per dozen		9 @ 10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen		14 @ 16
Poultry, per pound		10 @ 12
Poultry, per pound		12 @ 14
Guinea Fowls, per pair	42	@ 50
Ducks, per pound	10	@ 12
per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per pound	11	@ 13
Geese, per pound		11 @ 13
Butter, per pound	21	@ 25
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Quails, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Quail, per dozen	5 00	@ 6 00
Venison, per pound	15	@ 18
Rabbits, each	18	@ 25
Squirrels, each	12	@ 18
Hares, each	25	@ 37½
Venison, per pound	8	@ 13

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, March 8, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 6, 1858	$3,857,199	$311,344
Corresponding week, 1857	3,710,455	1,509,747
Decrease this year	$153,817	$737,403

The export of specie fell short of $200,000; so that, on this probability, the week's statement this evening but little less than thirty-three millions of specie. Money continues to be more than abundant, and it is very difficult to place any considerable amounts at any thing like the legal rate. Foreign Exchange continues very dull, with no specie shipping point.

The advices from Europe by the *Europa* are highly satisfactory. Though the Bank of England had not reduced the rate of interest, a reduction was fully indicated near a million sterling, and money was freely obtained out of doors at 2½ @ 3. Speculation in Domestic and Foreign Stocks was quiet, with considerable activity. American bonds and stocks were much inquired for at advanced rates. The London brokers seem to anticipate quite a decided expansion.

In the market, during the week active, though the closing prices on Saturday were hardly as high as those of the previous Monday. An unfavorable weekly return set in, which lasted throughout the week. The persistent opposition, however, had nothing can arrest the upward tendencies of the market.

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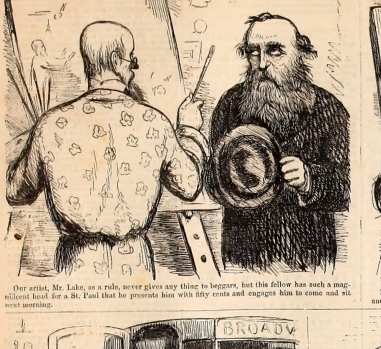
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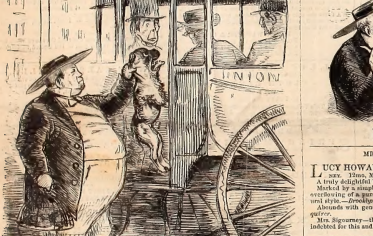
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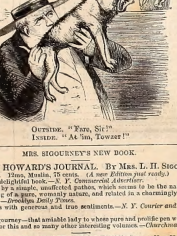


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[From the print of view of the London Punch.]

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SENATOR JAMES M. MASON, OF VIRGINIA.

WE present to our readers this week a portrait of Hon. James Murray Mason, who was so well introduced by Mr. Winthrop, in June last, to an assemblage on Bunker Hill, as "a Senator from the Old Dominion, whose name is associated, in more than one generation, with eminent service in his native State and in the national councils."

His first ancestor in Virginia was George Mason, who was, at the time of his emigration, a Member of the English Parliament, in which he represented his native county of Staffordshire, where his estates lay. He was of what was denominated the "Country Party," but was a stanch loyalist, and commanded a regiment of cavalry in the "Cavalier" army of Charles Stuart (afterward Charles II.) in the campaign against the "Roundhead" troops of Oliver Cromwell, especially distinguishing himself at the Battle of Worcester, in 1651. After the defeat of the royal forces in that closely-contested struggle Colonel Mason escaped to Virginia, and landed at Norfolk. Soon afterward he established a plantation in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac—"River of Swans" the Indians called it—on which river he and his lineal descendants for now more than two hundred years have lived.

The subject of this necessarily brief memoir was born on the 3d of November, 1798, on Analostan Island, which is encircled by the Potomac River, just above the present metropolis of the Union. It was at that time a part of the County of Fairfax, in Virginia, and was the residence of the Mason family.

As he grew up he was educated at the primary schools in Virginia and in Georgetown, District of Columbia, which was the residence of most of the Members of Congress in the then infant days of the "Federal City." The society of such statesmen as then sat in the councils of the Republic, and the privilege of listening to their debates, was in itself an education. He pursued a thorough course of study, and graduated, in 1818, at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. The legal profession was evidently that to which he was best adapted, by endowments and education, among the various pursuits which offered themselves to his choice, and he commenced the study of law at the venerable Alma Mater of the Old Dominion, "William and Mary College," at Williamsburg. He afterward entered as a student the office of the late Benjamin Watkins Leigh, at Richmond, and so profited by the superior advantages afforded him, that he obtained a license to practice in 1820. In that same year he removed to Winchester, in Virginia, where he entered upon the practice of his profession with signal success.

His abilities were soon appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and in 1826 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates from Frederick County, in the General Assembly of Virginia. Distinguishing himself by the soundness of his political views and by his eloquence in debate, he was twice afterward returned a member of that body, which he left finally (declining a re-election) in 1831. He was also chosen and served as a member of the Virginia Convention called, in 1829, to revise the Constitution of that State.

He was elected to the House of Representatives for the District composed of Frederick and Shenandoah counties in Virginia in 1837, where he served but one Congress, and declined being afterward a candidate. He was at the Capital long enough, however, to place himself prominently among the distinguished men of the time as a clear, logical debater, and as an unflattering disciple of the Democratic statesmen of the past generation.

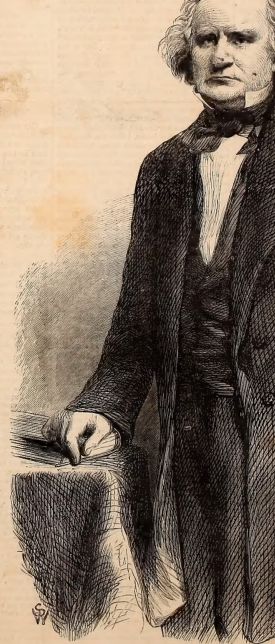
In January, 1847, he was elected by the Legislature of Virginia to the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacant seat of Joel Poinsy'sacker, who died during the session. He was re-elected in December, 1849, for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1851 (the sessions of the Legislature being biennial); and he was again elected to the Senate in December, 1855, for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1857, and to expire on the 4th of March, 1863. Those successive endorsements by the Old Dominion, so proverbially jealous of her fame, show that she appreciates the fidelity and ability and dignity with which Senator MASON represents her on the floor of the Senate of the United States.

Senator MASON's present position, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is proof of the high estimation in which he is held by his peers. True to the high behests of his public duty, he is diligent in his attention to business, and the record of debates shows that he never hesitates to express his convictions upon all public measures, or to criticise the public conduct of rulers when. Although a firm believer in those political doctrines which have crowned Virginia with glory, and the Union with prosperity, happiness, and honor, he never indulges in invectives against other Senators who may differ with him in opinion. His speeches show a high order of talent, which has been ripened and improved by long experience in political affairs. Arranging the points which he wishes to establish as systematically as Euclid laid down his problems, he so demonstrates their truths as he proceeds, calling to his aid time-honored authorities, that when he arrives at the closing argument the whole is geometrically proven. Justly jealous of constitutional encroachments, he is also ever ready to sustain the best interests of our common country, and to defend our national honor.

Mr. Mason has for many years wielded great influence in shaping the foreign relations of the country. His position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations may be said to give him a quasi supervision of the proceedings of the State department; he is naturally in the intimate confidence of the President, and possesses the power of holding the Executive in check. In this high station Mr. Mason has acquitted himself worthily. His views of foreign policy have uniformly been American and conservative. He has never flinched from a bold, independent course, when the interests of the nation seemed to require it; nor, on the other hand, has he ever countenanced the noisy band of demagogues whose fixed idea seems to be that the United States should be an Ishmael among the nations. Not the least pleasing reminiscence of Mr. Mason's career—when he is gone—will be the leading part he took in returning the *Resolute* to England.

An interesting event in Senator Mason's life was his visit to Bunker Hill, referred to in the opening paragraph of this sketch. A statue of General Warren was inaugurated on the sacred spot where that hero fell, and Senator Mason found himself unexpectedly called upon to become an actor in the scene. His impromptu address was eloquent and effective. "If," said he, "that great and gallant man [Warren] could have returned from the battle-field, and told Massachusetts to hand down the memory of that day from generation to generation, posterity would have found his request fulfilled. Four generations have passed by; we are here in the fifth now. I shall tell it in Old Virginia, when I return to her hallowed land, that I found the spirit of Massachusetts as buoyant, as patriotic, as completely filled with the emotions that should govern patriotism, when I visited Bunker Hill, as it was when that battle was fought."

In person, Senator Mason is stalwart and well-formed, with a fine, imposing head, a pleasing countenance, and a keen eye. One of the few remaining polished links between the statesmen of the past and present generations, his manners are courtly, and the genial warmth of his heart endears him to a large circle of relatives and friends. He married a daughter of the late Benjamin Chew, Esq., of Philadelphia, and has children and grand-children. One of his sons, George Mason, Esq., has recently been appointed United States District Attorney for Texas. He removed from Winchester, Virginia, only five years ago, and having made Galveston his place of residence, made rapid progress in gaining the confidence of the people of his adopted State, as his name was recommended to the final foreappointment by the entire Congressional delegation of TEXAS.



HON. JAMES M. MASON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HOW'S MY BOY?

BY SIDNEY DOBELL.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good-wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from seas,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an inn in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and never a row!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*."
"Speak low, woman—speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy, John?
If I was loud as I am spectacious,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
So she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man but one."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy, I say?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

IT is not yet two thousand years since the origin of Christianity; and to-day it rules the civilized world. But no one who has studied its history can have failed to see that its progress has not been uniform. The growth of a century has been gained in a decade; periods of great activity have been succeeded by years of lethargy; the victories of the Church over the world have been followed by apparent victories of the world over the Church. In a word, Christianity, from the beginning, seemed to acknowledges a law of periodicity; religion has achieved her grandest triumphs by means of REVIVALS.

To use the theological language of Jonathan Edwards—the greatest philosophical thinker and one of the purest Christians that country has produced—"the work of Redemption, in its effect, has mainly been carried on by *remarkable* communications of the Spirit of God, the way in which the greatest things have been done has always been by remarkable effusions at special periods of mercy." Every age has had such manifestations. We trace them in the Pentecostal times of Apostolic preaching; in the missionary activity of the fifth and sixth centuries; in the genuine yet misdirected fervor of the days of the Crusades; in the mighty march of the Lutheran reformation; and in the great awakening of English-speaking men under the labors of Wesley and Whitefield. Within the present century, the greater part of the growth of Protestant Christianity, both in Europe and America, has been due to such revivals.

The Christian churches of the land are now in the midst of an extraordinary awakening, the greatest, perhaps, which they have ever known. The movement is so so grand a scale that it commands universal attention. It lies with the sublimity of vastness. The most indifferent and the most incredulous lookers-on, even those who profess no belief in Christianity at all, can not choose but gaze, if it be only in wonder to see the heart of almost a whole nation moved by one spiritual impulse. The hurry of the worshiping throngs of Maine are echoed by those of California; the "daily prayer-meeting" guides the sentiment that ocean to ocean. Wherever, within the memory of man, has this great city, spiritually, been so stirred by religious feeling and so attentive to religious observances, as this year or two ago the churches that yet remain in the centres of trade, "down town," were thought to have survived their days of possible usefulness; now they are filled, at high noon, by men of business and men of toil, drawing for the while, their thoughts of daily labor to strengthen their purposes of virtue by earnest prayer. The many churches are open also every night, and no clap-trap appeals or attractive "machinery" are necessary to fill them with attentive throngs. The Sunday services of Protestant worship are every where well attended; the preachers utter their message with unwonted force and fervor; and the minds of men are susceptible of religious instruction and impression to a degree which but a year ago was rare and occasional. And what is true of the city is true of the whole country. The journals, secular as well as religious, teem with chronicles of revival; the telegraph brings tidings from all quarters of an awakening; and every where, in public places, even in those "where merchants most do congregate," as well as in all circles of private society, you hear men talk of the new reformation. A similar movement is going on in the British Islands, "the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of England preach to the masses in the Abbey, and talk of opening the Cathedral for popular meetings;" and Lord Shaftesbury tells us that unusual religious activity among Churchmen of all schools, as well as among Wesleyans and Dissenters.

We are well aware that all men—even all Christian men—are not agreed as to the character of these manifestations. It is said that they are mere signs of an unnatural excitement which will soon pass away, and leave corresponding exhaustion behind it; that such excesses are usually followed by reactions; and that, on the whole, Christianity has more to fear than to hope from them. But the most objective view we hold against the grandest and most beneficent movements in the history of humanity. The progress of mankind in art, in science, and in literature has been marked by periods of excitement, of exaltation. Commerce in action has advanced by leaps, rather than by a regular march; and though the way may have been prepared during the years of silence and of apparent stagnation, three have always been thunder-peals "when thought hath wedded fact." But the test of every great movement in the human mind is its fruit; and it is matter of history that a large proportion of the so-called Evangelical Churchmen, now living, have been brought in by revivals. The leading philanthropists of the time are active in them; indeed, it is believed that most of the truly philanthropic enterprises of the age owe their origin to them. The present revival, moreover, is characterized by calmness, sobriety, and moderation: it is the movement, not of a torrent, but of a deep and quiet river. Nor do we hear any thing of sectarian strife and proselytism; good men of all the churches, come together in the "Union Meeting" for daily prayer.

Believing that the good results of this excitement will far outweigh the evil, and that its tendency is "to awaken and not to lull the land as by a sacred contagion," we bid it God-speed! We trust that, under the judicious teaching of Christian pastors, it will lead to the real awakening of the religious affections will be attended with a corresponding growth of Christian knowledge, and a deepening sense of Christian virtues. And if this be so, the American people will have reason to rejoice, for they will become, over the fruits of the great REVIVAL of 1858.

THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN ENGLAND.

SINCE our last number was published we have received advices of a change of Ministry in England—Lord Derby's Ministry taking the place of Lord Palmerston, who resigned the seals of office in consequence of his defeat on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

The Earl of Derby is known as the leader of the Conservative or Tory party. For the last twenty years the only members of the Tory platform of that party has been protection to native agriculture. But in 1852, when the Earl of Derby took office as Prime Minister, he found it so impracticable to attempt to restore any of the dreams of his party in reference to the re-enactment of the Corn Laws, that he was compelled to drop that policy was, if any thing, still more friendly to Free Trade than that of the Peelite-Liberals, who had carried it out. The Conservative party was, necessarily, thrown aside. Ever since then Lord Derby has had a certain number of followers in Parliament, whom they have called themselves a party; but they were never able to muster strength enough to build a peculiar policy of their own. There is no reason to suppose that, on any important question, Lord Derby would pursue a different course from Lord Palmerston.

There is, in England, one living political question, and only one, which is, in the estimation of political rights to the masses. It presents itself in various shapes—reform bills, projects for a new ballot, plans for a new electoral districts, etc.; but, at bottom, the idea is always the same—the question which perpetually recurs is, shall the people participate in the government of the country more largely than they have done, or shall they not?

On this issue the politicians of the day are divided into two well-defined parties. On one side the Radicals, with stray allies from the old parties, in favor of an extension of political rights to the masses. On the other, the old parties—under the name of Whigs, Liberals, Tories, or Conservatives—opposing any further concession to the growing spirit of Democracy.

Latterly the Radicals have gained strength enough to cope with any or all of the old parties. They have never fought a battle on the issue which forms the corner-stone of their organization; but they have twice defeated the Government on incidental questions. They defeated Lord Palmerston on the China question, and they have now defeated him on the French imbroglio. These victories must have taught them their strength.

British political custom requires that an outgoing Minister shall recommend his successor to the sovereign. Availing himself of this usage, Lord Palmerston, in resigning office, recommended Lord Derby as his successor. The latter had taken a leading part in defeating the Government, and was quite certain to prove unfriendly as possible the same line of policy as his predecessor. Lord Palmerston thus avoided the painful necessity of suggesting a name from among his real opponents—the Radicals—for the control of the Government. In other words, the succession of Lord Derby is a fraud upon the Radicals, and upon the British people. It is merely another illustration of the art possessed by the British aristocratic clique—who figure as politicians under various unmeaning party names—to retain the government among them at all costs.

It now remains to be seen how long the Radicals will submit to be thus cheated.

BANK MANAGEMENT.

A DECLARATION of nearly two hundred thousand dollars of the Union Bank of this city, and the report of the State of Pennsylvania Commissioners on the Bank of Pennsylvania, have attracted attention to the general subject of bank management.

From the facts elicited in the course of the investigation of the affairs of the failure of the Pennsylvania Bank and the Union Bank scandal have grown rise, it undoubtedly appears that banks, in this particular, are not conducted on principles calculated to ensure to the ultimate benefit of their stockholders; and it is marvelous, considering the fact, that bank stock should rank so high in the market. When a bogus mining or other joint-stock company is started, it is quite common for the promoters to hire good names as directors with a bribe of stock. But it has been commonly supposed that bank directors did something more than lend their names as irresponsible indorsers of concerns started under their auspices. It has been imagined by the public that the office of bank director was the reality onerous and responsible; that each director, in his turn, took an active and personal share in the management of the bank; and that all of these were intimately acquainted with the business, profits, liabilities, and resources of the bank. Recent developments do not justify any such supposition. It appears that the directors of the Bank of Pennsylvania did not know what to a million of dollars her much assets the bank had in its possession at any one time—though they were called upon by their names to sign a fiftieth specifying the bills receivable on hand when requested to do so by the President; and the directors of the Union Bank, in like manner, seem never to have insinuated—during the last ten years—such an examination of their books and such as would have resulted in a reliable statement of their affairs.

These disclosures are calculated to stagger the faith of many believers in bank management. We were accustomed to mining swindles; we knew of railway financial operations; we had read of State defaults; we had even heard of insurance collapses; but banks had hitherto elicited the casualty of the "run," and commanded universal confidence. These recent exposures are likely to shake their standing.

All the foregoing evils have befallen our leading banks during the past ten years might have been averted by the observance of a very few simple rules of business sense. That is to say, that no man should accept a bank directorship unless he is prepared to do the proper work of the office, and to be judge with his own eyes of the business of the institution. If he takes the post in order to discount his own paper to a greater degree than his fellow-men, or to be done by others, loss must eventually result to the bank. Next, every bank should insist on a regular balance of accounts at stated, but uncertain, intervals; the books and cash should be frequently examined by a Committee of Directors, and the employes of the bank should have no notice of such examination; finally, a system of business should be pursued among the officers, and no office should be held continuously by any one person. There is another rule which, if observed by the directors, would almost quickly put a stop to defalcations. There never has been an instance of defalcation within the past ten years in which it did not appear, after the discovery was made, that the defaulter had been living far beyond his means. The least previous acquaintance with his style of living would have conveyed timely and unequivocal evidence of his dishonesty. If bank Presidents were in the habit of calling to know how their clerks live, and what they spend, there would be no more defalcations.

Until these rules are observed, we must expect to hear of periodical mishaps.

THE CASE OF THE BARK "ADRIATIC."

THE American bark *Adriatic*, having been libelled at Marseilles for steaming down the French vessel *Lyonnais*; having been condemned and sentenced, together with her owners and captain, to pay the full value of said *Lyonnais* to her owners; and having escaped from the custody in which she was held by the French authorities, is now fully due at this port.

The condemnation of the *Adriatic* is said to have been based on the fact that at the time of the collision, namely, during the night, she had no lights aloft.

Maritime law is divided into two parts; that which is universal, and that which is local or national. All nations are agreed upon certain principles of maritime law; which principles, originally derived from the Romans, have been improved and settled by the English and American jurists, and gradually consolidated into the shape of axioms. Such is the law respecting prizes and articles contraband of war. There are other principles of maritime law which are settled by the maritime statutes of the various sea-faring nations, and which vary, therefore, according to the usages of those nations. Such are the rules governing the tackle, apparel, and lights of sea-going vessels. Each nation has peculiar regulations on these heads. It would be advantageous in certain points of view for all nations to agree upon a uniform code in these respects. But they have not done so; and until they do, no nation can presume to impose its peculiar statutes upon the vessels or even the waters of another.

At the time of the *Adriatic* came into collision with the *Lyonnais* she was sixty miles from the American coast. According to our maritime law she was beyond the reach of the statutes which govern the waters of the United States. Her case should be tried as the law of nations or the law of France! And if it be true that she has been fined and condemned under a peculiar local French law which obliges vessels to carry lights during the night, how palpably unjust her condemnation was, and how justifiable her escape!

Not only would Captain Dunham, on this state of facts, deserve the applause of the police for his conduct, but the Committee of Congress of Foreign Affairs, to whom the subject has been referred, owe it to the country to insist on the abandonment, by the French Government, of the principle on which his arrest was based, in order that our ships may, hereafter, trade with France in safety.

THE TURKISH ADMIRAL.

CAN not some respectable persons rescue the Turkish Admiral out of the clutches in which he seems to have fallen? Ever since he arrived here he has led the life of a prize pig; he has been carted up and trotted down to see this, that, and the other, between two New York City Councilmen, and driven, and badgered, and bullied, and worried, and cheated, as no respectable visitor ever was before. The accounts which have been given in the daily papers of his Excellency's treatment are vulgarity of the individuals who have assumed to take him in charge are enough to make every one blush for the city.

☞ We shall give in our next number an admirable likeness of his Excellency Ahmed Pasha, Mural Mohammed Pesha, from a photograph taken expressly for this journal. The portrait is to be accompanied by biographical details of great interest, and heretofore unpublished.

THE LOUNGER.

LOUNGERS IN DANGER.

IN these days and in this city a Lounger must take great care, or he will find himself a busy-body. With the phenomenal and multiple life of all kinds, and half a dozen theatres and concerts—with eloquent and instructive lectures—with Barnum's Aquarium—with two Museums, and Simpson's Historical painting of the restoration of the Arctic ship *Resolute*, and the Dusseldorf Gallery, the Belmont Gallery, and the Bryan Gallery, and the Dusseldorf Gallery, and the artists' studios—with a Mohammedan Mosque—with a dozen other public demonstrations of all kinds—with a dozen Lenten parties every evening—with morning, afternoon, and evening receptions—what is he to do?

In the realm of art the most prominent object for the loafer is Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, at the Academy. The manager has issued proclamations and pastoral letters, engravings, advertisements of columns of notices and criticisms, until it is foolish for any body to pretend that he does not know of the performances of the *Huguenots* in Irving Place.

Yet it is very droll to observe what particular attention is paid to the fact, which is a very plain fact, half despairing appeals are made to the public to come forward and show that New York has of much taste, and sentiment, and musical appreciation as Paris, or St. Petersburg, or Madrid. Every time a new version of Opera Legitur, or of such opera is put upon the stage, a grand hold-day takes place, in which we are claims to assert, that what is considered to be the same thing, to a proper civilization, are to be determined. It was so of Norma, Ugeno, and Bellini, in Chambers Street, thirteen years ago, and it is precisely the same in

the Academy of Music now. The public taste is treated by the manager as a farmer treats his field. Every year it must be broken up—furrowed and harrowed, *de novo*.

Besides, as an observer merely, who has not yet been spoiled by the sights of the *Desperate* at the Academy, the Lounger is persuaded that it is an unmanageable opera for esthetic and popular purposes. The glittering spectacle and the prolonged thundering upon the tom-tom of the newspapers are excellent contrivances to fetch people in. But Meyerbeer's music, despite Madame George Sand, will never hold the public heart a great while. It is most laborious, elaborate, skilful, careful, stately, effective, imposing; he brings to bear every kind of *prestige*, intellectual spectacle, costume, ballet, concert; he takes care that the public mind is properly prepared—that heralds, and parasites, and sub-authors, as it were, go up and down the earth blowing great trumpets, and announcing the approach of the stupendous Impostor. But all this coming shines; and when the glad tidings that Meyerbeer is going to produce an opera has been listened to the uttermost parts of the earth, Paris, the metropolis of civilization, suspends all other interest—fabulous sums are offered for places not to be had for the first night—nests are taken, the entire theatre is engaged, for weeks in advance in advance; and the untold evening dragoons are stationed along the Boulevards and the Rue Lepelletier, and the streets swarm with all the people of ease to see those who are going to see the new opera. The work itself is a prodigious piece of ceremony and excitement. It is incontestably a work of great talent and consummate knowledge of the world. It is every thing but a work of genius.

Might not an audacious critic find a great deal of roundabout, in every way, between an oration of Mr. Everett's and an opera of M. Meyerbeer?

There are sounds of a grand music in Meyerbeer, even of war to the fields. While Mr. Ullman makes his engagements with Jenny Lind, Meyerbeer Mr. Maretzek is to plant himself at Burton's, and try to turn his flank. It may be only rumor. If it be true, none one may say that he will not do a great pity. Both the gentlemen are reported to have done well by their newspaper agents; for they come to war, they must necessarily harm each other; and as for the public interest and sympathy and support, why, the public cares very little as much about the managers as the Roman plebs cared for the lions and gladiators in the Coliseum.

VIRTUE and CAKES AND ALE.

With beautiful humility Fashion acknowledges that its glory is nothing. Anxious lest to offend the slightest prejudice, it conforms with exquisite tact to every variation of opinion. Thus, dear reader, the reader knows, the city is plunged into profound woe for its shortcomings and peccadilloes of the last year—under the auspices of Lent. But to assuage your virtuousness and to cheer and allay *false zeal*. It was, therefore, the kindly office of the Lounger to receive the following card, which combines the most elegant sport for the season with the greatest tenderness for human nature. The card in question is of a contrite pale-gray hue, and the letters are in the deepest purple:

Mrs. Genaramis O'Gammon at home to a VERY LOW Card on Friday evening, when the cause which is indispensable. Dancing from eight to twelve, where at any generosity. N.B.—*A copy of the first-rend Mr. Jorgeous's remarks on the Immaculate Conception in the library, upon the punch-table, for those who wish to peruse it.*"

MOHAMED PACHA AND CAPTAIN MUSTAPHA.

THE Pacha has come and left us. He is the passage of youth, he is "getting it." The daily papers have supplied the details of his reception, and if the world does not know all that it received it is too busy. A wise man, when he does not know how to speak German or to play on the violin, will never ask a lady in that language to accompany him in that dance. The thing he can not do is the thing to try to do.

The city of New York is clearly not a wise man. It tries to learn all arts and accomplishments, and goes for distinguished people, and it makes most melancholy failures.

What, for instance, has this innocent Turk done that, upon touching our shores, he should be forthwith carried off to the most pompous dinner of the entire asylums belonging to the city?—that he should be "set down" in public to pork and wine, both of which, as religiously forbidden by his creed, could hardly be publicly acceptable to him (however he may, in the privacy of his own apartments—caches in private)—and made to witness the frantic efforts of the city fathers to get a "toe" in? Viewed as a punishment the entertainment seems its advantages, but as a festive reception it is rich beyond Rabelais.

Nature gave him a reception somewhat better than the municipal. It dropped in the city in a soft, sparkling beauty, such as the Turk perhaps never saw. It filled the air with evanescent splendor, more exquisite than that of pearls of Ormus; and as the Turk sat cross-legged at his window, and toasted with gratitude a pipe of *yenee*, listening to the merry bells, and watching the throngs in the streets, he must have felt willing to waive the small-pox, measles, crape, and undertakers, and not altogether unknown to him in his own, his native land, and to observe and study those features which are peculiar to the continent he has reached.

If he has ever read—and there is no reason to doubt that, as a well-educated Turk, he knows the —the letters of his fellow-Moslem, the Capidn Mustapha Rubadui-Keli-Kheh, written from New York in the early part of this century, and preserved in the delightful Mustapha Papers, he will admire and wonder at the tenacity of a nation which exhibits the same habits and manners in the treatment of foreigners that it did fifty years ago. Although with much less simplicity in the forms.

The reader will doubtless remember that the Captain Mustapha writes to Assem Hachem in Trigoli:

"Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians. On landing, we were visited upon by our lodgings—I suppose according to the direction of the municipality—by a vast and respectable crowd of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, desirous to do honor to the distinguished personages who formed the cavalcade. They were somewhat ragged and dirty in their appearance, but we were delighted with their enthusiastic simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which, with a natural anxiety for its entire salutation on one side of the head, wirrow I was not hit. I was pleased to perceive by my companions, and to that this was the customary manner in which great men were honored in this country, and that I was more highly satisfied they were the more they were subjected to the attackand pelting of the mob. Accordingly, I smiled upon them, waved my hand to my turban, and made a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of stones, which, as I judged, from its exceedingly refreshing to us all."

One fancies Mahmoud Pacha secretly envying the happier fate of Mustapha Captain, who fell upon the simple days of the republic, and was let off with only the flinging of an old shoe.

FIDEI ITHE.

THE Spartans and some other savage nations exposed their children in tender infancy, to harden them and inure them to privation. The Americans do the same thing in New England. Accustoming their children with fire. During the year they are kept burned almost to death in winter, and lately one teacher, desirous with the best possible results. Earmuffs, hoes, and stove-pipes are indispensable articles in the season, by which means the buildings, and illuminate the papers with most startling flashes. The children are sometimes also apparently constructed like cages; and when the alarm is given, no foolish scholar need hope to escape the notice of the master. It is a result of the system of education carried on in the common schools, of course that the children should learn that seating is intended to persuade all parents to send their children to school. Now in a republic the leading business of life is politics, and hence there is ought proverb about every body's business being nobody's. The Fejee Islanders, who devour selves upon their fine roads and their pour houses, and, so far, they disproved the justice of the proverb. Here everybody's business is the politician to imitate the Swiss, so far, at least, as to have common places as well as their hips. The Zeitgeist of the nineteenth century has produced a new species of animal, which is to the second what the Lounger is to the first—the Politician. He can be said to his friends at the dinner, "My wife and accompany me to the theatre to-night," and he leave will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa—she is able to do it is nothing to compare with the well-known fact that in that country one must put one's hand to every thing. The Politician is the man who knows how to proceed, she knows that the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without. Long ago it was decided that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel—and I am glad of it—but I should be sorry to his country by-and-by laden with richer spoils than my mere conqueror ever won.

It is not being too much of a politician when Queen of England took leave of another conqueror, and handed him a sword, with the characteristic remark, "Sir Drake, stretch it out;" and surrounded with every luxury, Sir Francis Drake sailed away to the Spanish Main, carrying fire and sword, and returned with gold and slaves.

The Politician is just sometimes Dr. Livingstone had inspired all the discoverers, and first explorers of countries—and even a few more—that the ancient history would have been! Rupine, war, and outrage mark the first exploration of the African and Americas, as they do the first settlement of every continent. Even Columbus brought a sword in his hand, and he had a great deal of blood upon there is no sudden story than the history of the Spanish Conquest in America. The great business of the Politician is to prevent the like in these days of crimes and mistakes in the past. When the happy day arrives—the day of which I am sure—that Christendom as a dream, because it involves simple Christianity,—in which the right men are sent to the right place, and the wrong men to Parliament and not the Cortes and Picarro, who is sent to distant lands and

Dr. Livingstone has told the story of his travel and exploration in a work which has been very widely sold in this country, and in spite of which we will always remain an authority upon lands and people of which we know little. He has left behind a counterfeiting or garbling it, or of swindling the public with a spurious publication, different from the one which he has himself authorized, and of which he derives the benefit, is so incredible that it may well be, successful. It has been so in several instances which have come to the knowledge of the Lounger. Every reader who wishes to have Dr. Livingstone's narrative in the form in which he wrote it, and in which he meant it to be published, will take care to obtain the edition of Harper and Brothers.

A gentleman in Rome, New York, writes to the publishers of this paper that he had lately procured a copy of Livingstone's book, "which is evidently a fraud, and got up only as a speculation." The fact of the fraud shows the popularity of the work, and should put every purchaser upon his guard.

CHRISTIAN CAUGHT IN NEW YORK.

NOTHING is so rare as a Christian in Christendom. If a man finds a bag of money in the street and restores it to the owner, it is a matter of congratulation and gratitude in the public prints. The whole "trade" of the city of New York comes to a stand-still, with wondering and fills to newness; and every man has a vague idea that his neighbor is getting the better of him, or at least is paying to. They are all Christian merchants in a Christian city of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. The practical principle of Christianity is—Love thy neighbor as thyself.

"Ah! that would be da trade,"

"Nor in politics,"

"Nor in society,"

"Or A, B, and C.

Where then does it do?

"In the months of ministers on Sundays," answer A, B, and C in their hearts and their conduct.

Nothing so old as Christianity in Christendom. "Love your enemies as yourself." "But as you would be done by." Certainly, answers A, B, and C. "Do unto A, B, and C before they work. Come in, then, you poor starving people, and eat.

"Devil!" says A.

"Extremely odd!" says B.

"Premium on lunatics!" says C.

"Good man, but—" says D, touching his forehead.

The newspapers are full of it. The town talks of it. Seven hundred thousand people hearing every Sunday, and, indeed, every day, of the beauty and the duty of loving your neighbor, hurry in crowds to see a man who is positively doing it. It is really very *piquant*. How many does he feed? How much does it cost him? How long has he fed it? What the devil does he do it for? How very funny! What a queer old chap! Let's go and see the Tootles!

[CONTINUED CHRISTIANS.]

WRIGHT AND WHITE.

A FEW weeks ago the Lounger was great delighted to learn that Mr. Wright, our Minister to Prussia, to Berlin, had, without injuries to any person, did not put his principles in his pocket when he gave a breakfast to some gentlemen and Ladies in Berlin. Mr. Wright is of the Methodist persuasion a great outrage to many critics; while to a correspondent of the Lounger and to himself it seemed only a simple and manly adherence to his (the Minister's own practice at home, and a pleasant instance of the true Christian and catholic independence of an American citizen.

The Lounger has recently looked with great interest at the papers which were so furious and sarcastic because Mr. Wright didn't choose to give his guests Champagne, although they were grown-up and titled people, to see what criticism they make upon the conduct of Mr. White, the Minister to the United States at Lyons, France. That gentleman lately gave a *fête*—it was on St. Valentine's day—and because he was not a papist, very much to the Rage of France and of the United States. And the chief newspapers were a-tuns of the present Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon, *crowned with laurel*, and on one side of that august personage was a band of Swiss de Castellane, and on the other that of George Washington! and the ciphers on the Emperor's carriage were also victorious.

Now France is a friendly ally of ours, and may she long remain so. But if American patriotism and sense of decency in the fête at M. Wright's dispersed in Berlin, what effect has Mr. White's absence from the dinner that he in Lyons upon the national pride? Why should an American official take such pains to put his forehead in the dust to show much an humble he is? Why should he? It be must have his host, as a matter of courtesy, why not carry it, quietly to the host, as he would to the Strasbourg and Boulogne, or for the reign of terror he isn't "inaugurated" in Paris? And why is not Washington a place of honor? Why isn't once Washington's with Castellane, who is the representative of the military Governor of Lyons?

It is not to be excused upon the plea of courtesy. It is only to be explained by the servility of the time.

It is the unwarranted overdoing of an officer who forgets that he should represent America—the democratic idea of the age. So self-respecting gentleman, whatever his official relations with the Emperor Napoleon, would treat a man like Louis Napoleon with more than formal official respect.

As an American and a man, who would not have enjoyed the breakfast of Mr. Wright, even without *the lunge at*, more than the ball of Mr. White, with the laurel-crowned bust of the French Tiberius?

COSAS D'ESPAÑA.

THE beginning of the history of this continent is the Spanish Conquest, and whoever would commence reading the story of his whole country properly, must begin with it. Here the Spaniard first landed in Mexico a century before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth. The shores of the Mexican Gulf and the West Indies swarmed with people with Europeans and covered with their institutions while the coast of provinces of historic night rested upon the shores, and hills, and valleys on which the great camp of Western empire is now settled.

Hence our historical writing has not been at random. Our well-loved authors, Irving, Prescott, Motley, Hildreth, and Bancroft, have all treated in order of the progress of American discovery and civilization. It was in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and under their auspices

Prescott has told their story—that the great discoverer was about. Irving has followed Columbus across the sea, and through his life. Prescott again has chronicled the two great branches of discovery north and south—Cortes and Pizarro, Mexico and Peru, relating from the results of Columbus's explorations. Prescott is continuing the tale of the subsequent Spanish rule in Europe, while Motley accompanies him, devoting his special care to the great battle-ground of modern progress, the Netherlands, on which were sown the seeds from which the harvest of American development has sprung. Hildreth will write the history of Plymouth—and of Plymouth Rock and Jonestown Bancroft and Hildreth will write the wondrous tale.

It is this series of historical works which is really the true glory of our literature. Cooper, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, and the rest, are secondary glory.

The Spanish Conquest in America is not only a romantic and somewhat confused story, as it is usually considered, but it is full of the most permanent interest in two points: first, the character of the contact of the highest civilization of the sixteenth century with tropical barbarism; and secondly, the demonstrated superiority of Christian principle over pagan power as an instrument of civilization.

This whole question, which may be pursued at length through the histories of Irving and Prescott, is now the subject of a history by Arthur Helps in the English scholar and author—the writer of "Friends in Council," "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," etc. Uniting to an exquisite study clear and racy style a deep and conscientious study of all the original materials and a habit of accurate statement, Mr. Helps has made a most general survey of the whole ground, with special reference to the Spanish sources of labor in their new relations. The work is not yet completed; but three volumes, about the size of Irving's "Columbus," have been issued in London, and have been reprinted by the Harpers here, bringing the history down to the death of Atahualpa in Peru. Of course the third work must ensure the great title of "Conquistas" and Prescott's "Conquests of Mexico and Peru" will henceforth be known as a single story in a much compacter form. It is a masterly compendium, so far as it is advanced, of the whole matter.

To American readers it will have the peculiar charm of translating the most interesting and fascinating account of Las Casas, the Spanish priest, who is usually considered to be the father of negro slavery upon this continent. Mr. Helps shows precisely what Las Casas did, and what he himself thought of what he did. It is the first time that the Roman Catholic Church, as such, can not justly be held accountable for the terrible tragedy of the Indians and the Spanish rule. But the fathers of that Church were generally the friends of the unfortunate race; while Las Casas himself should be recognized and honored as their Christian and Wilberforce.

The whole work is intelligent and delightful. It is full of little maps, constantly repeated upon each page, to keep the reader, without the trouble of referring to an atlas, has the relation of the different countries to each other always before his eyes. It is a little thing, but a great convenience. The spirit of the author is so calm, and wise, and humane—he is so in love with his theme, and grasps it so strongly—that all the romance of the story's relations, and the principles, of which all history is only an illustration, are kept clearly and consistently in view.

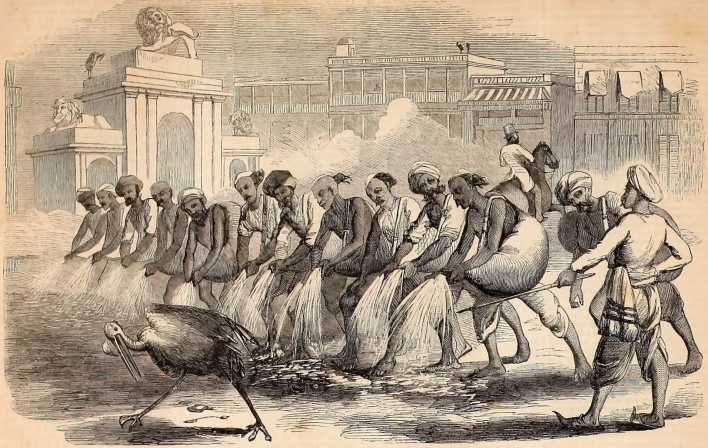
MISS BROADSTREET TO THE RESCUE!

WHEN, in your night-cap and dressing-gown, you are preparing to shoot a burglar from your chamber-window, to feel his hand upon your throat must be a discovery of the highest interest and importance to you. In the matter of the Tobacco War, what is that position, compared with the one in which the Lounger correspondent of Miss Mercedes Broadstreet, will find herself, upon pursuing the following indignant communication? It will be clearly a man who goes to no Women's Rights' conventions, and who remains severely seated in the seminoles, when he receives the following letter, when there are already twelve inches, including the Lollies with lumps. Now, therefore, I call the ladies to keep calm. It is a dreadful blow, to be sure, but something may yet be done. While the mischief is brewing, it is hard to do a lot. It is the hideous assault, ladies, upon your very handwriting, glove, pocket-book, pin-cushion? Then give mind thrills with horror to think that the forty-foot itself may become the arena of a desperate contest between *Parlor and Counting-House*.

"FRIEND LOUNGER.—There appears to be a malicious misrepresentation on the part of the manufacturers of our fine smoking prodigies. Not content with adopting a style of dress which excites a sense of ridicule and disgust in the minds of sensitive, unselfishness, and wickedness, they have made a direct attack on a highly respectable class of citizens—to wit, the ladies, the ornament of the world," or grind the delectable 'weed' itself between their genial selves.

"The sacred rights of 'blowing a cloud,' and returning a 'cheroot' to the lips of a friend, are trampled in the rich brown, waxy streams of expectoration, have never, I believe, been issued in London, and therefore of the extensive and valuable family of Tobacco Worms, I feel sure that no specimens exist. I am at a distance from a museum, to send off the weakening and depressing effect of the Tobacco Worm preserved in spirits. Therefore, 'Patchouli,' or 'Creme d'Ethis.' Is it to be taken for a fact that our most valuable commercial staple is unremarked? Must we submit to have the pure ether substituted by the second abomination of the street-cheroot of France and America, and quietly tolerate the concealing odors, without one attempt to relieve our distressing position? The enthusiastic damsel, of the interesting age aforesaid, has been much annoyed by cheroot-smoking for the last forty-four days, and has felt the gradual encroaching agony of the offending Acrobat which commenced with a 'cheroot' in a cigar. I feel sure that, on the contrary, the fumes of six different-assorted abominations may be 'Vooms,' indistinguishably,

"A. SAVAGE, Tobacco Worm."



WATERING THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA.

SCENES IN CALCUTTA.

THE accompanying pictorial representations of the methods by which the streets are watered in Calcutta, and elephants are landed, are of interest at the present time.

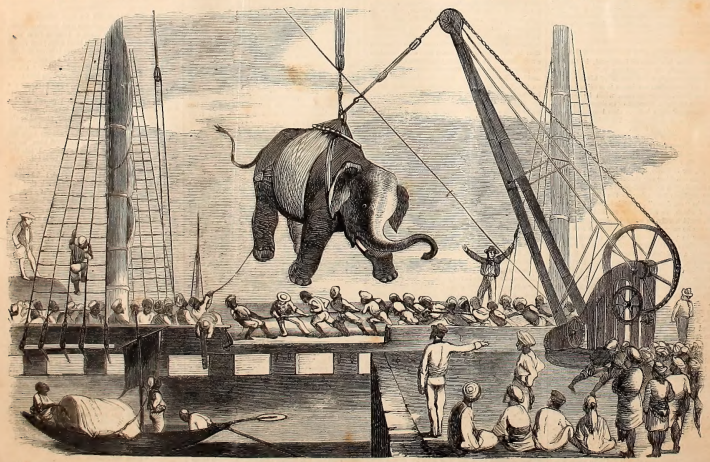
Though New York is in the temperate zone, every resident is aware of the suffering which is caused by the dust in the summer months. In the tropical zone the plague is far more severe. At Calcutta, for instance, the dust penetrates every chink, cranny, and crevice in furniture and clothing, and at times renders life insupportable. At Lucknow, residents declare that they could bear the heat well enough, but the dust drives them from the city. In the capital of the Bengal Presidency large sums are expended for the purpose of allaying the dust. Early in the morning a gang of men may be seen knee-deep in the river filling their leathern bags with water. As soon as they are full they proceed, under the command of a foreman, to one of the principal streets, and range themselves in a line which stretches across the street. Each man squeezes his leathern bag as though it were a bagpipe, and the gang run at a jog-trot through the street, sluicing a deluge before them. As soon as their bags are empty they return to the river to replenish them, and continue their labors under the command of their foreman throughout the day.

Water-carts, it seems, have not been invented in India. But if the accounts we read be reliable, the *khistie*, or water-carriers, achieve the desired end much more satisfactorily and cheaply than carts do here.

Our other illustration represents the landing of elephants from ships at Calcutta. Elephants, though not used as offensive animals in war in our day, are nevertheless essential parts of a military train; they carry general officers, draw cannon, and form the brew and sinew of the transportation department. Importation of elephants from Ceylon and Bangkok is constantly carried on for the benefit of the Government of India.

When Hannibal wanted to cross the Rhone with his elephants he had rafts constructed, covered them with earth and turf, and, with the aid of a sagacious female elephant, seduced his male monsters upon the raft, which was instantly unmoored and towed across stream. We have invented the crane since Hannibal's time, and now elephants are disembarked from ships with as much ease as any other bulky and weighty articles. Bands are made fast round their bodies, and they are hoisted up and let down, either into barges or into the shallow water on the side of the quay.

Our readers remember the story of the elephant that was sent to England a century and a half since, and who, in the attempt to land from the clumsy craft in which he had made the journey,



LANDING AN ELEPHANT FROM SHIPBOARD AT CALCUTTA.

stove in the bulwarks and narrowly missed drowning the crew. The world has progressed since then; now elephants are no more trouble on board ship than bales of cotton. It must, however, be a striking spectacle to see one of the huge brutes hoisted over the side of a ship and swinging in mid air.

CANTON AND THE BOAT GIRLS.

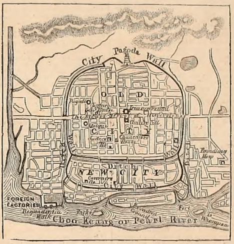
In the last Number of this journal we gave our readers a chart of Canton River, with the approaches to Canton. Hereto subjoined will be found a plan of Canton itself, which will prove of service in making intelligible the movements of the outside barbarians within the walls of the Sacred City, which is now in their possession.

Canton, often threatened, has at last been taken. The unfordable ditch has been crossed, the impregnable wall has been battered down, the barbarian rockets have cleared a passage for the barbarian feet, pagodas, governor's houses, treasurer's halls, and tea factories have been knocked into a cocked hat, the lion-hearted soldiers of the Celestial Emperor have reserved their vengeance for the present, and the foreign devils strut, vaingloriously, up and down the Strait Street of Benevolence, ogling the small-footed fair ones, and cutting off the tails of refractory citizens.

Poor Yeh, disguised in coolie dress, has been taken prisoner and sent on board a British man-of-war, where, if he is a sensible man, he will lead a jolly life enough, till his Imperial master shall choose, in mercy to the barbarians, to submit to their terms. Two Englishmen and a Frenchman meantime discharge the multifarious duties of the late obstinate governor of the province of Quangtong; and the Celestials will for the first time have an opportunity to test the practical and just rule of the barbarians. Much is to be hoped from the intimate relations into which the best inhabitants of the captured city will be brought with the conquerors. Old prejudices will receive a severe shock; and the capture and rule of Canton may prove an entering wedge toward a willing adoption of a liberal policy by the Chinese, who, it is to be hoped, will perceive not only that the outside barbarians are more powerful than themselves, but also that they are more moderate and just in their requirements, and will be of more benefit to the Chinese than these have hitherto been permitted to suppose.

In the mean time, hit or miss, no one takes the misfortunes of his country easier than the bumboatman of Canton River, who, with his family, goes up and down among the shipping, laden with horticultural dainties, and is ever a welcome visitor to hungry Jack-Tar. *The* feature on board one of these boats—after the eatables, of course—is the girl, or woman, who steers and takes charge of the boat. Women do almost every thing in China. They plow, they fish, they buy and sell, they gather and prepare tea, row and steer ferry-boats and passage-boats, make boots and umbrellas, and even act in the capacity of porters. China is the country for Lucy Stone and the Woman's Rights people.

As will be seen by our illustrations, the boat girls of Canton River are not beauties. In fact, there are few things in nature more hideous than these broken-down hags—shrill-voiced, sepulchral-eyed, and betrowsered. The river population of China comprises the poorest and most knavishly-inclined of the Tartars. Thousands of families are born, live, and die upon the river. In the boats which float up and down may be seen all ages, from the grave picanniny Celestial, with inch-long tail, and buoy of calabash attached to his body to save him from a watery death should he inadvertently tilt overboard, to the aged crone who sits in the stern burning joss-sticks and mumbling rice. Of the virtue of the boatwomen the less said the better, perhaps. Of their strength and skill in managing their boats in the intricate passages and currents of the river wonderful stories are told. Alone, with a young monkey-faced Celestial slung to her back, one of these girls will guide an immense boat through the most crowded channel, never coming in contact with others, or for a moment losing control over her floating home, and taking advantage of every turn of the current or puff of wind that may favor her progress. There used to be a story current on the river of two of these women who, tending a boat while their husbands and owners were trading on board some men-of-war at the Bocca Tigris, were swept out toward the sea by the swift current. Their boat was a very heavy one, which a dozen stout sailors would scarce have pulled up against the tide. To make headway back was, therefore, a useless attempt, and the girls sat themselves down, contentedly, and suffered the tide to sweep them out. The following day they came back upon a return-tide, under full sail, with a staggering breeze, and with a heavy boat-load of fish, which these Amazons incontinently fried and disposed of to the hungry seamen of the fleet. They had been swept far out into rough water, and had passed the night, unconcernedly, upon the billows. With early dawn they began to ply their bone hooks and cocoa-nut husk lines, with which every boat is abundantly provided, and ere the turn of the tide, which they reckoned to the fraction of an hour, they had their cargo on board.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

LITERARY.

If one were to select a class of men whose biographies should be most interesting and most valuable, whether as indications of personal or of public character—if, in other words, one were to look for the subjects of biography in any one class of men which should best give us the history of their own times, the character of their own age, the style and sort of people they were part of, he certainly would not select the lawyers, the merchants, the editors, the mechanics, or the physicians, and he certainly would select the clergymen.

Give us the biography, or the merest outline sketch, so it be faithful, of the life of a country pastor who has spent a long life in one church, and we will instantly tell you what kind of men he had for supporters—what soldiers and what everyday men they would make.

Dr. Sprague has therefore undertaken a work of great value in writing the Annals of the American Pulpit, of which the third and fourth volumes have now appeared (Carter & Brothers, publishers). The first two volumes were devoted to the Congregational Church, and contained an immense amount of interesting historical and biographical anecdote. The two volumes now appearing are devoted to the clergy of the Presbyterian Church, and the whole four contain a mass of the most interesting personal history that could by any possibility be collected in four volumes.

It is the history of good and great men, brave soldiers, stout fighters, every one of whom won the victory for which he contended. We need not pause to comment on the admirable way in which Dr. Sprague has done the work. The books speak for themselves. Once taken up it is impossible to lay them down, and we venture to say to our readers who are not habitual book-purchasers, that in purchasing these volumes they will secure a collection of most interesting biographies, among which they will find the names of many personal friends of their own, which will afford evening's reading for years, and which will be good books to give to children and children's children. A hundred years hence the names of these good men will be held in esteem and reverence, and this collection of their lives will be a valued book of reference.

The plan of Dr. Sprague has been to collect, as far as possible, personal recollections of his subjects. These have been contributed by friends, successors, or descendants of the persons. Hence the work abounds in incidental anecdote, and we can only regret that our space will not allow us to give our readers much of this which would interest them.

None of our readers can be forgetful of William Wirt's "Blind Preacher," whose eloquence he so touchingly and admirably described in the "British Spy." We have here a brief but very interesting account of him. He was the Rev. James Waddel, and it may not be generally known that Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, of this city, is his grandson.

Dr. Samuel Buell was the clergyman at Easthampton, on Long Island, that primitive old town where they go to this day by a clock that was presented by Queen Anne.

Dr. Buell was a notorious Whig, and some anecdotes of his intercourse with British officers are well known. We find many of them here. An officer, in great anger with his troop for some insubordination, happened to be asked, in the Doctor's presence, what regiment he commanded. "A legion of devils," was his short reply. "Then I suppose that I address Beelzebub," said the Doctor, with a polite bow. He it was who, observing an inclination to leave the church in the course of a long sermon, paused and said he had been preaching so far to sinners, and they might now go; the rest of his sermon would be addressed to good people. The effect was as might have been anticipated.

We have spoken of the lives of clergymen illustrating the lives and characters of other men. Here is an anecdote contained in the sketch of Rev. William M'Whir, which is worth the price of the volumes. He was on terms of intimacy with Washington, and writing of his first visit to Mount Vernon he says: "At the dinner-table Mrs. Washington sat at the head and Major Washington at the foot. The General sat next Mrs. Washington on her left. He called upon me to ask a blessing before meat. When the cloth was about to be removed he returned thanks himself. Mrs. Washington, with a smile, said, 'My dear, you forgot that you had a clergyman dining with you to-day.' With equal pleasantness he replied, 'My dear, I wish clergymen and all men to know that I am not a *graceless* man.'"

It is not often that we hear of Washington making a pun, or even attempting a show of wit. But the witticism is the least interesting part of this anecdote.

The history of Rev. William Tennent is well known to a large number of our readers; but there are others to whom the history of his trance will be new, although it has long been a part of local



CHINESE BOAT GIRLS, ROWING AND STEERING.

and personal history known to good witnesses. At one time this distinguished clergyman was sick, and supposed to be near his end. Death appeared. He was cold, motionless, stiff, and they laid him out for the grave. The solicitations of a friend succeeded in preserving him from burial, though the funeral ceremonies were held, and two or three occasions for the interment appointed. He then revived at the last moment, before they were about to bury him, and fully recovered. His account of the experience of his mind during that state of quasi-death is interesting, whether regarded as a dream, or, as some have been disposed to regard it, as a visit to heaven permitted by God to an eminently pious man.

Mr. Tennent related the occurrence to a friend, with whom he was riding, and who gives his words, as follows:

"'I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but Glory all unutterable!' Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, let his bridle fall, and, lifting up his hands, proceeded: 'I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things all unutterable! I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously; and I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my dangers and all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun; and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "You must go back!" These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, "Lord, must I go back?" With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in the world I fainted; then revived and fainted several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation.'

"Mr. Tennent further informed me that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name; that he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before until he had again learned his letters, and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as *thee* and *thou*; but that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned. Yet, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollection of what he saw and heard while in heaven, as he supposed, and the sense of divine things which he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength; so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy of mind. And said he, 'for three years this sense of divine things continued so great, and every thing else appeared so completely vain when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world by stooping down to pick it up, I believe I should not have thought of doing it.'"

Thus much must suffice at present by way of extract from these very interesting volumes. They abound in similar anecdote, and they are noble tributes to the memory of a list of worthies whose names are written on the rolls of Heaven in far brighter characters than here, but whose memories it is pleasant, delightful, and rewarding to cherish.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 8, in the Senate, Senator Wilson offered a resolution to amend the law regarding desertion from the army. Senator Johnson moved for the printing of 10,000 copies of the Patent Report of last year. The Kansas question being taken up, speeches were made by Senators Doolittle and Foster.——In the House, Mr. Taylor moved for an inquiry into the seizure of the bark *Adriatic* by the French Government; referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Printing Deficiency Bills for the thirty-third and thirty-fourth Congresses were passed. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Messrs. Bocock and Dawes.

On Tuesday, 9th, resolutions of the Legislature of Texas, providing for a Southern Rights Convention in the event of the defeat of the Lecompton Constitution, were presented by Senator Houston. On motion of Senator Mason the Bill for the Relief of Commodore Jones was taken up and passed. The Kansas question being taken up, Senator Hamlin, of Maine, spoke against the Lecompton Constitution.——In the House, Mr. Quitman's bill for the employment of volunteers was taken up, and a speech made thereon by Mr. Faulkner. The Diplomatic Appropriation Bill being then considered in Committee, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Keitt, Clemens, English, Phillips, and Montgomery.

On Wednesday, 10th, in the Senate, Senator Johnson's motion to print extra copies of the Patent Report was passed after discussion, and on condition that the volume printed did not exceed 800 pages. Senators Hamlin and Sebastian then spoke on Kansas.——In the House, Mr. Stephens asked, but was refused, leave to present a report from the majority of the Kansas Committee; he declared that he would print the report on his own responsibility. Mr. Curtis made a speech on Mr. Quitman's Volunteer Bill. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Messrs. Foster, Taylor, Haskin, and Dowdell.

On Thursday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Cameron presented a memorial for a Steam Mail line between Philadelphia and Brazil. Senators Polk and Benjamin spoke on Kansas; after which the House Deficiency Printing Bill was passed.——In the House, a speech on the Volunteers' Bill was made by Mr. Stanton. Mr. Harris rose to present a minority report from the Kansas Committee. On motion of Mr. Humphrey Marshall the question was postponed for the day. The Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was reported by Committee of the Whole, with favorable recommendation. On the Deficiency Appropriation Bill speeches on Kansas and Utah were made by Mr. Case and Mr. Boyce.

On Friday, 12th, in the Senate, speeches on the Kansas question were made by Senators Chandler, Hunter, and Kennedy.——In the House a bill was passed to pay £750 for repairs to the bark *Ellen*. The Senate bill authorizing the Arctic explorers to receive medals from the British Government was passed. The House then took up Mr. Harris's appeal from the decision of the Chair that he could not show that the Kansas Committee had not fulfilled the directions of the House. After debate, in which Messrs. Harris, Stephens, Grow, English, Campbell, Colfax, Morrell, Washburn, Adrian, Jones, and Letcher took part, Mr. Harris withdrew his appeal.

On Saturday, 13th, in the Senate, the Kansas question was debated by Messrs. Wade, Mason, Bigler, and Broderick. The House was not in session.

THE REPORT ON THE FILIBUSTERS.

The Committee of the House on Foreign Affairs has reported on the arrest of Walker, taking the same view as the President, and winding up with the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as the United States can never consent that any foreign power shall have the right to enter its territory with a view of forcibly carrying off any person who may be therein, so it becomes the duty of the government to disown and disclaim all right on its part to enter, for a similar purpose, the territory of any foreign power or state with which we are on terms of amity and friendship.

"*Resolved*, That officers of the United States have no right to use the forces under their command in the territory of any foreign state at the instance of, or for the benefit of, such state, unless previously authorized by Congress.

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as the views of the President, as made known in his Message to the two Houses of Congress, are in accordance with these principles, no action is necessary on the part of Congress."

THE LATEST FROM SALT LAKE.

We have news by way of the Plains direct from Salt Lake City to the 25th of January—one month later than the accounts received *via* California by the last steamer. The bearer of the news came through the mountains by a route known only to the Mormons, and of which the army have as yet discovered no trace. He reports the Mormons as busily preparing for a stout resistance to the United States troops. They were casting cannon and manufacturing revolvers and gunpowder in large quantities. It is reported that Brigham Young is not opposed to the entrance of the civil officers into the Territory, and their exercise of their functions, but that all attempts of the army to enter the valley will be resisted to the last extremity. As an instance of the feeling of the Mormons upon this point, it is stated that Young addressed a meeting of nine thousand of the faithful on the 24th of January, to whom he put the question, "All those in favor of giving the troops hell will rise," when the entire multitude sprang to their feet. A skirmish had taken place between a party of Mormons and a picket guard of soldiers, in which two of the former were killed, and it was reported that four of the troops were also slain. The winter at Salt Lake Valley and in the mountains had been unusually mild.

FESTIVITIES AT WASHINGTON.

Of Lady Ouseley's ball on the 4th March, "Jenkins," the correspondent of the *Herald*, writes as follows:

"Last evening Sir William Gore Ousely, her Britannic Majesty's Special Envoy to Central America, gave a magnificent entertainment, the first he has given since his temporary sojourn at our national metropolis. It was as select as it was brilliant and agreeable, the guests numbering, perhaps, not over two hundred.

"Of course Lady Ouseley herself was the main centre of attraction, and possessing, as she does, extraordinary personal beauty, she lost nothing by the rich, though very becoming manner in which she was dressed. She wore a rich blue brocade, trimmed with a Honiton lace berthe, with a wreath of blue flowers upon her hair, fastened at each side by a diamond brooch.

"Miss Lane, of the White House, was, of course, one of the belles of the evening, and wore a black tulle, ornamented with bunches of gold leaves, a head-dress of gold grapes, with necklace of pearl.

"Miss Cass, the stately daughter of the Premier of the Administration, was magnificently attired in pearl-colored silk, with point lace flounces, but without ornaments of any kind.

"Madame Stoeckl, of the Russian Embassy, looked as stately as a queen and beautiful as a Hebe, in a dress of white silk, with black lace flounces, cherry-colored flowers, and gold beads, setting off a style of beauty which could hardly be enhanced by any outward adornments.

"Madame Sartiges, of the French Legation, wore a rich chene silk, perfectly plain, but elegant, and was surrounded with friends charmed with her lively and intelligent conversation. A niece of hers was also present, tastefully and prettily dressed in pink tarleton.

"Mrs. Brown, the popular partner of the present Postmaster-General, wore a rich pink silk, with pink roses in her hair, and looked young enough to be his daughter.

"Mrs. Thompson, the lively and whole-souled wife of the Secretary of the Interior, was dressed in a rich pink silk, with lace flounces, and a *coiffure* of pink flowers."

MISS SAUNDERS'S FETE.

The same writer thus describes Miss Saunders's ball at the Postmaster-General's: "Thursday night was the scene of Miss Saunders's triumph, at the residence of her step-father, the Postmaster-General, where she gave—issuing the invitations in her own name—the most brilliant *fête* of the season. Among the guests were Lady Ouseley (who used to attend parties in the same house when William Wirt first fitted it up) and her charming young daughter; Miss Lane, who yet retains her mourning and her dignified Saxon beauty; the fascinating Miss Butt, of Norfolk, Virginia, who bears her literary laurels bravely; Mrs. Minturn, of your city, most elegantly dressed; Mrs. Senator Clay and Mrs. Maynard, each fine looking, and each in black; the bewitching Mrs. Martin, of Tennessee, bright as the golden grapes which decked her hair; charming Miss King, whose deep hazel eyes must be the windows of a true heart; Miss Julia May, our metropolitan nightingale, in most becoming blue and silver; Miss Comer, of Georgia, *naive* and yet brilliant; Miss M'Donald, of Onondaga Valley, New York, wearing an amber-colored silk, with lace flounces; Miss Chosch, fair representative of *la belle France*, in a charming blue silk; Miss Dunlop, called the "Belle of the District" by one in high authority; Miss M'Kim, of Baltimore, a *débutante*; the beautiful Mrs. Campbell, of Vermont, yet wearing her bridal blushes; Mrs. Senator Thomson, of New Jersey, an acknowledged leader of the fashion, and one of the best dressed ladies here; in short, *la creme de la creme* was there, excepting our foreign friends, who—for conscience' sake—stay at home and eat red herrings."

PERSONAL.

We find in the Anderson (South Carolina) *Gazette* a lengthy letter from Colonel Orr, in response to a communication addressed to him, requesting him again to be a candidate for Congress at the October election. Colonel Orr acknowledges the compliment conveyed in the request, but positively declines acceding to the wishes of his friends. He concludes as follows: "In discharging the arduous duties devolved on me I have been actuated by an earnest purpose to maintain your rights, guard your honor, and preserve this government, by restraining it strictly within its constitutional sphere. I have not believed that the highest test of patriotism was found in vehemence of sentiment or violence of counsel; and have consequently co-operated cordially with national men from all sections in carrying out such a policy as would best promote your interests and the interests of this great country. The prospect of retirement brings me gratification as well as regret. I have been in the whirl of political excitement long enough to covet quiet and repose; I require rest and recreation. The long neglect of my private affairs imperiously demands my presence at home. I can not longer disregard those obligations in justice to those who may rightfully claim, through the strongest and holiest ties of affection, my care and protection."

The President has appointed William Selden, late of the firm of Selden Brothers & Co., Bankers, Marshal of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Wingrove Cooke, the correspondent of the London *Times* in China, whose graphic letters have been read with so much interest, is coming home, unable to stand the climate any longer. Mr. Fillmore, a very able gentleman of the *Times*' staff, who has just returned from special service in America, succeeds him.

Mr. J. B. Gough, the American temperance orator, has commenced legal proceedings against Dr. Lees, of Leeds, a famous British lecturer on total abstinence, for an alleged defamation of character, and the trial, it is expected, will shortly take place in the law courts in London.

Mr. Arthur Helps, the author of "Friends in Council" and the admirable history of "The Spanish Conquest," is about to bring out a tragedy—"Oulka, the Serf."

Madame Goldschmidt is expected to arrive in England early in June, it is said, with the intention of taking up her permanent residence there—and, possibly, of singing in public.

The Senate, in Executive Session, has confirmed the nomination of M. Cook as Postmaster of Chicago.

Rufus Choate has been engaged to participate in the defense of Tuckerman, the mail robber.

A WESTERN WILLIAM TELL.

The *Louisville Journal* says: "It has been announced that Captain Travis has accepted a wager to shoot, at three shots, three oranges, placed upon the head and hands of a boy. It is certainly a most remarkable feat, only equaled by that of the great William Tell, with his 'cross-bow and arrow,' shooting an apple off his son's head. It will require an extraordinary amount of coolness, nerve, judgment, and precision even to make the attempt; and much more to accomplish it successfully, as we are certain the Captain will do. Great steadiness of nerve and acute sight are required to thus delicately play with hair triggers, while aiming at an orange on the head of a gentle and confiding youth, who trusts his life to your keeping for the time being. When we reflect that the least tremor or movement of a muscle may be sufficient to cause a premature discharge, and that the deviation of the fraction of an inch from the precise aim might terminate fatally to this trusting lad, the feat appears as fearfully wonderful as it is certainly novel.

"The oranges are each to be 2¼ inches in diameter; one is placed on the top of his head, and one on the back of each hand, the arms being extended. In this position, at the distance of ten paces, or thirty feet, facing the shooter, and with no intervening object, Captain John Travis proposes to hit each orange, and has only three shots to hit the three oranges. The feat is to be performed in this city in June next. The boy who is to support the oranges is ten years of age, and a bright and sprightly lad. He has every confidence in the ability of Captain Travis to hit each object, and has equally as much in his own nerve, which can not be surpassed. He is now under daily training. The boy's feet are placed twelve inches apart and his hands upon his hips. The Captain shoots through the angle made by the bending of the arms and between the feet. This is done to accustom the boy to the firing, and, if possible, give him more confidence and make him feel at ease. From what we have seen, he possesses all the nerve requisite to the perfect accomplishment of this most extraordinary feat. The little fellow is a native of Louisville, and *his mother is always present during the practicing. She is entirely satisfied that it will result in safety to her son.*"

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The Boston *Ledger* says: "On the 23d ultimo a passenger came to Portland by the steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning he took the cars for this city in company with a gentleman who had remained at the same house with him over night, with whose countenance he, somehow or other, imagined himself familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern Railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether or not they had been old acquaintances. When they arrived at the dépôt, and had attended to their luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired in the hearing of the other for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he purposed going to the same street, and the two engaged the same conveyance. On arriving at the street in question it appeared that they both designed to call on the same individual. This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined but in a degree, when they found that they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them has been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt for twenty-two years; the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies, while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and have not seen each other for twenty-four years.

ANOTHER GIPSY STORY.

A story is afloat that some gossip has been occasioned in Cumberland County, Penn., by the following circumstances: Mr. George Fry, of Shippensburg, married a gipsy girl, belonging to a gang who were haunting the neighborhood, about three years ago. The gipsy girl's father was so enraged at this that he kidnapped her and sent her to parts unknown. Mr. Fry mourned her loss two years, and then married again. But, says the Shippensburg *News*: Last week Mr. Fry's *first wife*—his gipsy wife—in company with "George Fry the second," arrived in this place in search of him! By the assistance of Officer Shade, she was successful in finding him. Limited space forbids us from entering into details, at this time, of the excruciating suffering Mrs. Fry had undergone since her departure from this place. The intelligence of her husband's second marriage was a severe shock to her, but she emphatically declares her exclusive right to him. It appears, by-the-way, that Mr. Fry's second wife was "a widow," that her husband went to California some years ago, and, soon after his arrival there, it was rumored that he was murdered. A few weeks since a letter was received from him by her, we have been informed, in which he states that he will return in the next steamer, etc. What the *finale* of this romance will be is beyond the power of human ken.

A PORCELAIN NOSE.

A Boston paper notices that a Dr. Codman of that city has made for a young lady in that vicinity a porcelain nose, to be worn with spectacles, which is of the exact shape of the original organ, and of a color like that of the natural skin. All this may be very creditable to the professional skill of the Doctor, but a porcelain nose can not be of the slightest service to a woman, since it can not be made "*to turn up*" under any provocation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RESIGNATION OF LORD PALMERSTON.

On 22d February Lord Palmerston resigned office in the following words: "I wish, Sir, to make a short statement to the House with respect to the course which Her Majesty's Government have thought it their duty to pursue in consequence of the vote to which this House came on Friday night. I think it can scarcely be necessary for me to say that that vote led Her Majesty's Government to feel that there was only one course which they could pursue with a due regard to their own honor and with a due respect to this House. We therefore, on Saturday, humbly tendered to Her Majesty the resignation of our offices, which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept, and consequently we now hold our offices only for the purpose of carrying on the business of the country until our successors are appointed."

LORD DERBY'S MINISTRY.

Lord Derby, who was recommended for the premiership by Lord Palmerston, formed his Ministry on the 23d, and submitted the list to the Queen. The following are the members of the new Cabinet:

First Lord of the Treasury.—Earl of Derby.

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.—Right Hon. B. Disraeli.

Lord Chancellor.—Lord Woodstock (Sir F. Thesiger).

Lord President.—Marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Privy Seal.—Earl of Hardwicke.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs.—Earl of Malmesbury.

Secretary for the Home Department.—Right Hon. Spencer Walpole.

Secretary for the Colonies.—Lord Stanley.

Secretary for War.—General Peel.

President of the India Board.—Earl of Ellenborough.

President of the Board of Trade.—Right Hon. J. W. Henley.

President of the Board of Works.—Lord John Manners.

First Lord of the Admiralty.—Sir John Pakington.

Parliament met on the 27th. In the House of Commons new writs were ordered for the seats occupied by members of the Cabinet. Both Houses had adjourned until March 1, when they would further adjourn to the 12th.

LORD PALMERSTON'S LAST SPEECH WHILE IN OFFICE.

The correspondent of the Carlisle *Examiner* thus describes Lord Palmerston's last speech on the memorable night of his defeat: "And now Lord Palmerston is on his feet—at half past twelve, having sat here since four; and seeing but too clearly his fate in the faces of the Opposition. What wonder that he is hot and angry? But there was something more than excusable feeling in the speech which was to close his Premiership. The language was bad enough—the reckless statement and the vindictive personality. But the tone was far worse—the tone of rage, with gestures to match. Such an exhibition the oldest members could not recollect, and the youngest could not brook. Cries of 'Question,' 'Order,' and 'Time,'—cries very rarely uttered while a minister is speaking, and least of all when he is known to be a falling minister—these ominous cries rebuked his indecorum and recalled him to self-control. It was past one before the House divided. Great was the excitement of suspense. As one after another who might have been expected to go into the left lobby went into the right, calculations wavered, and Ministers seemed to have gained. But when the ministerial tellers came in, and the Opposition came not, it became clear that the majority was with the latter. The agitation rose to its height, and found vent in a cheer when Gibson and Bright re-entered the House. The cheer was renewed when the clerk handed the paper to Mr. Gibson, and he advanced, as is the usage, on the right of the four tellers. Then there was a hush of silence that the numbers might be heard; and he read them out somewhat nervously.

"Then arose such a shout as has not been heard since the old Corn-Law time—a shout taken up and echoed along the lobbies into Westminster Hall. Some of the young members actually waved their hats, which is quite unusual, and not to be encouraged. Only on and behind the Treasury bench was there silence. Palmerston himself sat covered, and with his face bent down."

MINISTERIAL SCANDALS.

The correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "The appointment of the Marquis of Clanricarde to a seat in the government has caused more legitimate and universal disgust than even the introduction of the Alien Bill by the command of Louis Napoleon and his colonels. Our good Queen is said to be much annoyed at the appointment of a convicted card-sharper as one of her ministers. Worse, much worse, remains behind. If possible, two more discreditable appointments have been made—one of a Mr. D——, an unmistakable Israelite, the son of a notorious bum-bailiff; the other, of a *soi disant* nobleman, also of Hebraic connection, the Marquis of L——a. Mr. D——, the first, has been appointed a Queen's messenger, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Clanricarde—his qualifications being his marriage with Miss O'Neil, who is the daughter of the O'Neil associated with the noble and honorable Marquis in the well-remembered gambling plant upon Mr. Auldjo, where that gentleman was successfully bled to the tune of half a plum. It is currently reported that if Mr. D—— is really married to Miss O'Neil, our police courts will very shortly take the matter in hand touching the existence in health, though bereavement, of Madam D——, a former wife—a well known teacher of dancing, and a long resident in the vicinage of Grosvenor Square."

PROGRESS OF THE "LEVIATHAN."

The London *Times* says that the *Leviathan* "still remains moored stem and stern in the centre of the river, a little below the old building-yard, from which, for so many months, she kept out the light and air, and in which, for so many weeks, grave fears were entertained that she would remain—a permanent adornment of the river's bank. But though, as we have said, nothing worth speaking of in the way of work has been done about the *Leviathan* herself, a very great deal has been perfected, and, we believe, the arrangements are being made for her final completion and fitting for sea. With regard to this point a great deal of misapprehension appears to exist with the public as to the total outlay necessary to fit her out, and the time it will require to get her ready in all respects for sea-going service. As far as the first-named subject is concerned, we believe we shall be found correct in stating that the total cost of completing her fittings, putting on board stores, etc., and making her in all respects ready for sea, will not exceed £120,000, and that the time required to do this will certainly not extend beyond the month of July. Four months is estimated as being the utmost time necessary to fit her, but circumstances have arisen, such as the company being obliged to give up possession of the yard at Millwall, which may occasion hindrances that will probably delay her completion till the time we have stated."

POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

A committee, the names of the gentlemen composing which have been studiously kept in the background, having called an "indignation meeting" of the men of London to protest against the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, and fixed Hyde Park as the place of assembly, crowds of people poured from every quarter of the town to swell what it was expected would be a monster meeting; but great was their disappointment, on reaching the Park gates, to find it placarded that, in consequence of the patriotic vote of the House of Commons on Friday evening, the meeting had been abandoned. The men of London bore their disappointment in silence, which was but natural. The gathering, however, did not want a political aspect, and, from a few little circumstances which occurred, it became tolerably manifest that the refugees were not foremost in the affections of those assembled in the Park; for whenever one of them broke cover a set of youngsters opened the cry, and, helter-skelter, a mob was upon his heels, and chased him from the inclosure. Beyond a few of these little episodes to the great political demonstration nothing worthy of notice took place, and the crowds, after enjoying the balmy breezes of the Serpentine, returned—meek as doves, and quiet as lambs—to their own habitations. Several members of the Legislature were upon the ground to observe the conduct of those assembled, and nothing could be more exemplary.

THE DISPUTED DUKEDOM OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Court Circular states that "there is a claimant to the dukedom and its magnificent appendages in the person of a son of the late duke by a lady to whom, it is positively asserted, that his grace was privately married by a Roman Catholic clergyman, the lady being a member of that Church. Such a marriage, though it might have been attended with illegality, would not be necessarily null or invalid, and the issue thereof might, undoubtedly, be the heir-at-law of his father, and therefore of the Duke of Devonshire, if the late duke had really been the rightful possessor of that exalted title. The claim, if formally advanced, will necessarily raise two important questions; 1st, whether the claimant is or is not the legitimate son of the late duke; and 2d (supposing this point established in the affirmative), whether the late duke was or was not the legitimate son of his father the fifth duke? But in the event of its turning out that the late Duke of Devonshire has left a male heir, born in wedlock, as we are informed is the case, we more than doubt whether his right to succeed to the title will be disputed on the ground that the late duke was illegitimate. We understand there is no doubt at all as to the late duke's having left sons who succeed to very considerable property by his grace's death, and that the claim of one of these to the patrimonial honors and estates is now going through the preliminary stages necessary to a legal investigation."

PROSECUTION FOR LIBEL ON THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The London papers give a report of the examination, at Bow Street police-court, of Edward Truelove, a bookseller, who was charged by Mr. Bodkin, counsel to the Treasury, with having "unlawfully written and published a false, malicious, scandalous, and seditious libel, of and concerning his Majesty the Emperor of the French, with the view to incite divers persons to assassinate his said Majesty." The alleged libel was contained in a penny pamphlet, entitled "Tyrannicide; is it justifiable?" published by the defendant. Mr. Bodkin designated the publication as a most "atrocious" production, which advocates the propriety of assassination, and in terms, not indeed direct, but not to be misunderstood, applies this doctrine to the Emperor of the French. The defendant was remanded, but he was liberated on bail.

A FATAL HOAX.

A Sheffield paper contains the following: "A singular circumstance happened at our union last week. For some misconduct the master had put a boy for punishment into the deadhouse. At that time there was a corpse in the 'dead ward,' in a coffin. The boy took the corpse out of the coffin, dressed it in his own clothes, propped it up against the wall, and then himself got into the coffin, lay down, and covered himself over. In the course of a short time the master came, looked in at the door, and saw, as he thought, a sulky lad standing against the wall. 'Now,' said the master, 'do you want any supper?' There was no answer. The question was repeated with the same result. The boy looked out from the coffin and said, 'If he won't have any I will.' The master fled under terror, and received such a shock that it is said he has since died from the effects."

FRANCE.

TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS.

The trial of the assassins Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez commenced on 25th February before the Court of Assizes of the Seine. No person was admitted after half past ten o'clock on any pretense whatever, and if any one left the court he could not again return. The prisoners, who were all dressed in black, are all young men, with the exception of Pierri, who is middle-aged; they all seemed composed, and listened with attention to the proceedings. The early part of the day was taken up with the reading of the indictment, which is of great length. There are no less than thirty-three witnesses. Gomez denied any participation in the act; he only knew of it at the last moment. Rudio confessed every thing; he threw one bomb; he incriminated the rest of the prisoners. Orsini confirmed his former account, and accepted the full responsibility of the part he had taken in the affair; he confessed that he wanted to kill the Emperor, and he was ready to die; he never confided his intention to Mr. Allsop. M. Barnard brought the bombs to Brussels, but did not know for what purpose they were intended; would not say any thing as to the other prisoners. Pierri denied all participation in the conspiracy until the day the attempt was made, and then repented. Most of the witnesses were heard. Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, did not answer to his name. On the following day, the Court sentenced Orsini, Rudio, and Pierri to death. Gomez was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to hard labor for life.

THE NEW PENAL LAW.

The new Penal Law, as amended in committee, has been presented to the Legislative Body. The amendments consist of a verbal addition in the third clause, and of two new clauses of which there are in all now ten, instead of eight. In the third clause, relative to the manufacture of "murderous machines" and "fulminating powder," the words "or causes to be manufactured" (*ou fait fabriquer*) are introduced; and the penalty for him who manufactures, or for him who causes to be manufactured without being legally authorized, is the same, namely, from six months' to five years' imprisonment, and from 50 francs' to 3000 francs' fine. The eighth and tenth are the new clauses inserted in committee. The form is to this effect: "The powers granted to the Government by the fifth, sixth, and seventh clauses of the present law shall expire on the 31st March, 1865, if they have not been renewed before that period." The latter states that "the measures of general security authorized by the fifth, sixth, and seventh clauses shall be taken by the Minister of the Interior on the advice of the Prefect of the Department, of the General commanding in it, and of the Procureur-General. The Procureur-Imperial will act as adviser in those towns where there is no *Cour Imperial* sitting." The law will thus be in force for seven years. The second and seventh articles retain all their fearfully vague and menacing character.

POLITICAL ARRESTS.

A great many political arrests, some say as many as two hundred, are being made in Paris in a single day. The persons in custody are probably obnoxious demagogues who are to be transported under the new law of public safety. The Bordeaux Journals mention a great many arrests there. Arrests are going on all over the country, and they still continue on a considerable scale.

A NICE QUESTION OF COURT ETIQUETTE.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "At the last grand ball at the Tuileries another of those delicate questions of etiquette, which are the standing annoyance of official society in Europe, came near destroying the harmony of the evening, so far as the atmosphere which surrounds the throne was concerned. It was a question of precedence between the Prince of Denmark, who was present, and the diplomatic corps. The Prince is the heir to the crown of Denmark; but a law of etiquette, adopted many years ago by the Court of Vienna—a law which has been adopted very generally since in the courts of Europe, as the rule of conduct—says that Embassadors (not Ministers) must take precedence of all foreign princes who are not the sons or brothers of a reigning monarch. The Prince of Denmark is neither of these, but he is heir to the throne—a rank that ought to be higher than a son or brother *not an heir*; and so the Emperor, not to give offense, sacrificed himself in the following manner: In the Hall of the Marshals, where, on these occasions, a platform is placed, on which chairs are occupied by himself, the Empress, Prince Jerome, Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, and the Embassadors—the Emperor, not being permitted by the law of etiquette to seat the Prince of Denmark, suppressed his own seat at the side of the Empress, and stood on his feet during the whole evening, thus keeping the Prince company. The Embassadors occupied their chairs."

THE MASKED BALLS.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "The masked balls have been more than usually crowded this season. The entrance takes place at midnight, and no lady is admitted who does not appear in character or in a domino. The animation of these scenes is something indescribable. In no other country but France is the thing found endurable. Here, even the *bal masqué* is not what it once was; the same class of persons do not form the company, and *egalite*, which has pushed from their stools so many privileged institutions, has not been without its effect on those high-bred manners which made the French people so justly famous. Still there is an immense residuum left, and, combined with the extraordinary facility afforded by the French language for words of doubtful signification, and the national vivacity in *repartee*, with the born talent for acting common to all, a scene of unequaled revelry is produced, which those who witness will seldom forget. The Opera House is on such occasions thronged to the roof, many who do not choose to take part in the scene below occupying the boxes. That the licentiousness is terrible no one can deny; that the result of a masked ball is simply a very vortex of sensuality is undoubted, but nothing is done to offend the eye, and if French manners were not sufficient to guard against *contretemps*, there are police on all hands—mingling among the revelers as part of themselves—to keep order. The dresses are generally models of tasteful ingenuity, got up often at comparatively small cost."

THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF LABLACHE.

The funeral service of Lablache was, pursuant to notice, celebrated with great pomp at the Madeleine on 20th February, and in the course of it Mozart's Requiem was executed, the solo parts being sung by Mario, Tamburini, Alboni, and Grisi. A great number of artists and musical persons were present, and among them Rossini; the church was crowded to excess. The mortal remains of the great singer were afterward conveyed to Maisons-Laffitte, and there interred. The cords of the pall were held by Prince Poniatowski, Prince San Giacomo, Baron Taylor, and M. Carafa.

A WOMAN CONDEMNED FOR FORETELLING A REVOLUTION.

A singular trial has just taken place at Rheims. A woman named Lorinet, whose husband was condemned to transportation so long ago as 1854, for belonging to a secret society (no other offense), said, in the shop of a barber named Jesson, on January 14, a few hours before the attempt was made upon the Emperor's life, that something remarkable would occur in Paris between the 15th and 20th of January, which would lead to a revolution. The barber Jesson, who had himself been arrested as a member of a secret society in 1854, repeated to several customers what Madame Lorinet had said. They were now both tried for "false news, of a nature to disturb the public peace." Their counsel urged that whatever might be the culpability of his clients, they were, at any rate, not guilty of "false news," because, unfortunately, an event very likely to lead to a revolution was perpetrated in the evening of the 14th, and was publicly known in Paris on the 15th. The Court, however, condemned the prisoners for the sole fact of the false news, and sentenced Madame Lorinet to three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 500 francs, and Jesson to six months' imprisonment, with a fine to the same amount. The public prosecutor took occasion to say that at first it was hoped that foreigners only were guilty of the odious crime, but that judicial inquiries had now demonstrated the fact that the attack upon the Emperor was expected by the revolutionary party throughout France, and that they were in readiness to act as soon as the success of the crime should be announced.

CHEAP JEWELS.

The *Court Journal* says: "Opals may be had at this moment in Paris at less than half the usual value. This is said to be owing to the impression which has got abroad, and which has come from Russia, that it is the *pierre de malheur!* carrying misfortune to those who wear it. The Empress is even said to have joined in this wild superstition, and foresworn the wearing of the beautiful *parure* of this stone she had just formed from the re-setting of several others."

ROSSINI AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

On the 27th of last month an Italian organ-grinder stationed himself in the court-yard of the house occupied by Rossini, at the corner formed by the Boulevard and the Chaussée d'Antin, and began playing several airs from the *répertoire* of the great composer. He had played the serenade from the *Barbiere*, and was about to repeat it, when Rossini, accompanied by a friend, passed through the court-yard. The maestro felt in his pocket for a few sous, and while doing so he inquired of the man if he was aware whose music he was playing. "Of course, I do," replied the man, "it is from our great Rossini." "And the air you played before?" "Also from Rossini," said the man; "I should not think of playing any thing but Rossini in the serenade which I am now offering to him." "You offer a serenade to Rossini! and why?" inquired the composer. "Because to-day is his birthday," replied the man. Rossini, on hearing this reply, was deeply touched, and he turned to his companion and said: "This poor fellow is the only person that has remembered the date; all my friends have forgotten it; even I myself had done so. Believe me, when I say that the greatest triumphs of my career have not moved me more than the attention of this poor man." And the maestro drew from his purse a hundred-franc piece, and presented it to the organ-player, who was in the greatest astonishment at his generosity. "It is Rossini himself who has spoken to you," whispered the friend, when the composer had turned his back. "Rossini!" cried the Italian, and running after the retreating maestro, he kissed the hem of his cloak, and exclaimed, "Thanks, maestro! but it is not money that you have given me; it is a medal which I shall preserve all my life."

A MONSTER CAFE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* writes: "I sent you some details of the monster café on the Temple Boulevard, capable of accommodating 12,000 frequenters. The joint-stock company to which it belongs begs to rectify a misstatement of your paper of the 22d. There are, on the ground floor, not eighteen broad billiard-tables but twenty-four! I was asked to be eye-witness of the fact, and the performances thereon, and I must confess that I saw nothing that gives a better idea of the immensity of the *locale* and the din of ivory balls, so much as the great quadrangular hall at Salterre, Bradford, where Titus Salt keeps 1000 power-looms at work, all weaving alpaca stuffs by steam, and all going as by clock-work, under one glass roof. The difference was they worked without clamor, while the noise of 'Carombole' and its jargon formed a wild uproar, not to add that time is wasted in the one, while the Yorkshire Titus can never regret that 'he has lost a day.'"

PRUSSIA.

A PRUSSIAN DUEL.

A telegram from Konigsberg, in Prussia, states that General de Plehwe has been killed in a duel. His adversary was a relative, named Jachmann, a lieutenant in the 3d Curassiers. Money matters led to the quarrel. General de Plehwe was one of the leading members of the "pietest" party. A letter from Konigsberg, of the 16th, gives the following details: "When, on the 11th, General de Plehwe presented himself at Trutenau, and Councilor Jachmann refused to receive him, he asked to speak to Lieutenant Jachmann, who conducted him to his room, and made him sit down. The General asked whether it was by the order of his parents that he had refused admission to the house to his (the General's) son, and the Lieutenant replied in the affirmative. The General then asked whether he (the Lieutenant) shared in the opinion of his parents in the matter, to which the Lieutenant replied that his opinion had nothing to do with the affair, but that, as he was interrogated on the subject, he was bound to declare that his views on the subject perfectly coincided with those of his family. 'If that is the case,' said the General, 'you are an infamous wretch, and you shall fight me to the death;' and he then retired. The Lieutenant laid the affair before the council of honor of his regiment, who for three days made vain efforts to bring about an amicable arrangement. General de Plehwe admitted the correctness of the facts advanced by the Lieutenant, but refused to come to any understanding with the council of honor, saying that, as a general, he knew what he had to do. A duel with pistols, at eight paces distance, took place on the 15th, in presence of Captain de Schlichting, the second of the General; Lieutenant de Lehwaldt, second of M. Jachmann; and a council of honor, composed of five officers. The General advanced to within two paces of the barrier, and armed. Seeing that his adversary did not move, he called out, in a loud voice, 'Lieutenant Jachmann, what does this mean? I do not understand it; you must fire.' The Lieutenant shook his head, but did not move. 'Gentlemen,' said the General, 'I beg you to advise the Lieutenant to fire.' As Jachmann still remained motionless the seconds observed that the General might fire first, if he chose; and he did so. The ball entered his adversary's mouth, broke his lower jaw, and passed out at the neck. After staggering for a moment Jachmann advanced a few paces and fired. His ball entered the heart of the General, who fell dead on the spot. Every one who had been engaged in this unfortunate affair rendered homage to the moderation and conciliatory spirit evinced by Lieutenant Jachmann."

ITALY.

MORE LAWS TO PROTECT NAPOLEON.

The Sardinian Government has presented to the Chambers a Bill on conspiracies against the life of the heads of foreign governments. It proposes to punish the crime with hard labor, which may amount to ten years, and in certain cases to inflict the severer punishments imposed by the penal code. It also proposes to punish the defense of political assassination by imprisonment of from three to twelve months. The Bill, in addition, effects certain modifications in the law relative to the jury, with a view to increase the number of challenges allowed both to the Government prosecutor and the accused. But the most important part of the measure is that which constitutes 200 electors of the town in which the Court of Appeal is established judges of the fact, such 200 electors to be designated by a commission composed of the mayor, a municipal councilor, and a councilor delegated by the intendant. These judges of the fact are to be nominated for six months, and can not be reappointed for the six months following. The jury charged to try offenses of the kind referred to is to be selected from the 200.

THE KING AND THE CENSUS-TAKER.

A late law of Piedmont orders that a census of every man, woman, and child shall be taken this year, and that each individual capable of doing so must write his or her own name, followed with the occupation. The census-paper was presented to the King himself by a census-taker, who seems to have been a "strict-constructionist," and his Majesty, pleased at the officer's close observance of his duty, wrote, "Victor Emmanuel, Constitutional King."

THE COST OF ROSY CHEEKS.

A Milan correspondent of the *Musical World* writes: "A young and clever English girl—very good-looking, and with a bloom of health upon her rosy cheeks—recently applied to a certain theatrical agent here for an engagement. After the lapse of a few days the agent introduced an impresario to hear the young aspirant for musical fame exhibit a specimen of her talent. The impresario stared at the English girl in a very peculiar way, and, at last, stammered out, 'But, Signora, I want some one to sing the "Traviata."' 'I am quite glad to hear it,' replied our young cantatrice; 'I have studied the opera; do me the favor to hear me sing the cavatina.' No sooner said than done; the cavatina was sung, and well sung, the impresario all the while looking daggers at the poor devil of an agent, who was thinking of his fee, and what good business he had done. 'Well,' he exclaimed to the manager, 'what do you think of her?' 'Think!' sulkily replied the other. 'She sings well,' added the agent. 'Diablo!' cried the manager, bursting into a furious passion, 'what's the singing? You ass, why did you bring me here? With that fat, and those red cheeks, she'll damn the opera, in the last act, the very first night!' So much for pale faces."

SYRIA.

OUTRAGE UPON AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

On 11th January the house of the Rev. Walter Dickson, at Jaffa, Syria, was broken open by a band of Arabs. He describes the scene in a letter to his son. When he first heard the noise, he says, "I got up immediately, and dressed me, and went out to the back-gate, where the dogs were barking. The Arabs had broken down the gate, but had not entered. I returned to the house and told Fred, who had arisen and dressed himself. I took down the gun, and we both went down toward the broken-down gate. As we were advancing Fred said, 'Don't fire, father.' 'No,' said I, 'you take the gun.' He took the gun, and we advanced within three or four feet of the gate, when one who stood outside the wall fired obliquely, and hit Fred in the lower part of his bowels and groin with a heavy charge of buckshot. He fell, and said, 'They have hit me! take the gun!' which I did, and fired at random through the gateway, not seeing any one, as they fell back behind the wall. I made my retreat into the house as soon as possible. Fred had hobbled in before I did, and was lying on the floor, bleeding most profusely—your mother and Mary trying to stop the blood with cotton-batting. He said, 'Father, pray for me, that I may be able to bear it.' He said he was faint, and asked me to give him some water, which he drank. I then secured the doors as fast as possible.

THEY BURST INTO THE HOUSE.

"In a few minutes we heard a noise at the door—they were trying to burst it open with a lever, which they soon did, although I held it as long as I could. As it flew open they retreated for an instant, and then five large, stout men rushed in, armed with guns, swords, pistols, and a large club six or seven feet long. With this one of them aimed a blow at my head with all his might. I threw up my right hand to ward off the blow, but he felled me senseless to the floor, cutting my head and wounding my hand. As soon as I recovered I sprang to my feet and ran out to raise an alarm, but was followed and knocked back into the house. They began plundering, but soon left that, and caught Mary by the arm to drag her out doors. She caught hold of me and I hold of her, but they soon broke our hold by striking me with their gun. She then caught hold of the bedstead, upon which her two little children were sitting, and pulled it down. They succeeded in dragging her out, and three of them violated her person! They then caught hold of your mother, dragged her into an adjoining room, and committed the same act. They then demanded my money. I took out my purse, handed it to them, and told them there was all the money I had. They renewed their ransacking in earnest, searching every trunk and box in the house, and strewed the floors with their contents. Not finding any more money, they presented the muzzle of a gun at my breast, and demanded more money. I caught the muzzle and held it above my head. They twitched it away and searched again, selecting such articles as they wanted, and tied them up in bundles. One of them caught me by the head, and with a drawn sword made a cut to take it off. I caught the sword with my left hand, which received a deep cut.

THE SCENE OF RUIN.

"When they had taken every thing they wanted they went off, it being nearly daylight. Fred lived about half an hour after he was shot. He made not the slightest struggle, as we perceived, when he died. After the robbers first came in he moved partly under the table, after that we saw him move no more. They dragged Mary out over his dead or dying body. They robbed us of most of our bedding, carpets, wearing apparel, and all our money, not sparing bread, silver spoons, table knives (forks being useless to them were not taken), and, in short, every thing they wished; also ruined the timepiece.

"Thorough measures are being taken to bring this matter before the Sultan and our Government. All foreigners here are equally interested. What the result must be we must wait and see.

"From your pilgrim father,

"Walter Dickson."

INDIA.

THE INDIAN GENERALS.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* is telling some interesting stories about the Indian Generals:

"Sir Henry Lawrence, whose only fault was too great a respect for the religious prejudices of the natives—a feeling which led him to forbid the destruction of the mosques and private houses close to the Residency, which leniency subsequently cost the garrison very dear—even he coincided with Neill in swift punishment, hanging the men and flogging the women who were caught plundering and burning. At Allahabad some Jewish merchants were plundered of every thing. Neill, as was his wont, gave each of the convicted marauders three hundred lashes, with a fresh hand at the end of each hundred. This struck more terror into the natives even than hanging. The women were every where foremost in pillaging, and very few instances of humanity can be recorded in their favor. The Mussulmanee women, generally speaking, hounded on the men to every atrocity. I only know of one instance where a Mohammedan interfered to save the lives of Christians. This was a Munshi at Allahabad, who sheltered three of the native Christians. Instances of the basest treachery are innumerable. A Mohammedan, forty years in our service, was detected in a plot to betray the magazine at Allahabad to the mutineers. A *respectable* native official came to pay his respects to Havelock, who sternly asked him if he had had any share in the mutiny. He denied it stoutly, saying, 'You may hang me if I have.' 'You will be hung,' the General answered, dryly, and produced a book of the fiend Nena, showing that this very man had been his paid agent. The soldiers led him away, and made him lick up some of the blood of our murdered women, then flogged him, and hung him. But the Mohammedans were ever foremost. The Mohir, who reigned nine days as King of Allahabad, offered a reward of 100 rupees for every European and fifty for every native Christian. A Chaprasi, named Haider, attached to the Mission, was his most active agent in ferreting out his victims. When Neill arrived he thought it best to go and make salam to his old masters, as if nothing had happened. A gentleman employed on the railway was present—a man of great personal strength—who seized and pinioned him, and he was carried off to one of the magistrates. The evidence was conclusive, and in five minutes he was condemned to be hanged that evening. He no sooner heard his doom than, by a violent effort, he wrenched his bonds asunder, and was off like a shot. The magistrate happened to be one of the swiftest-footed men in India; away he went after the prisoner, overtook him, knocked him down, kicked him, forced him to get up on a palkigari which was standing by, and hung him on a tree, then and there; after which, looking pitifully at his fist, he complained that 'the wretch had spoiled his knuckles.' This will give you an idea of the advantage of having able-bodied magistrates in these times."

CHINA.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

We have now our files containing full accounts of the bombardment and capture of Canton.

The bombardment of the city commenced at six o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 28th of December, and during the whole of that day the gun-boats were busily engaged in transferring the various arms—British and French, seamen and marines, artillery and engineers, 59th and Sepoys—from Honan, the larger men-of-war, and the troop-ships to the Canton side. The fire continued all day; it seemed to flag toward evening, but only for a time; and at six o'clock a large fire burst out in the extreme western suburbs, kindled by Captain Hall and a party of men from the gun-boats, designed to clear a road up to the wall from just below French Folly: it raged furiously for several hours, and effectually cleared away all obstructions.

The bombardment during the night is described as "a sight never to be forgotten." Along the whole river line there were fierce fires raging, houses tumbling, and timbers crashing. At the extreme east end were the gun-boats, pouring in rockets and shell; next came some French ships; then the *Niger, Hornet, Cruiser, Surprise*, and *Nimrod;* then Dutch Folly, with its rockets and mortars; below it, two large French gun-boats, and last of all the *Phlegeton* and *Actæon*. The fire from the various ships was kept up only at intervals, but from their numbers it appeared incessant. During the brief pauses every thing was still as death in the city—no shouting or screams, or sounds of confusion; not a human being was to be seen either on the city side or on Honan, but it seemed as if the stern form of the Destroying Angel were crouching over the fated and unhappy city, and awing its victims into silence. The shells were whirling through the air, their track marked by the fizzing of their fiery fusees twinkling like stars during their revolutions, till at last, arriving at their destinations, there was a flash and an explosion, which told how accurately and fearfully these engines of destruction do their work. Some of these shells reached even to Gough's Fort, and fragments were found there the following day. The rockets, too, seemed to be hissing about in every direction; and the elliptical shell from the French ships caused no little astonishment as they burred through the air with a noise not unlike that of an immense humming-top. The scene was one replete with awe, and dreadful must have been the sufferings of the poor people, thus made to answer for the sins of their rulers. By midnight the fire in the city seemed nearly to have expended itself; but every now and then the flames shot up with fitful glare, dying away again nearly as rapidly. The whole of the suburbs seemed to be on fire, but nothing was touched on the Honan side.

APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.

The city was soon taken. On the following Sunday a correspondent entered the city by the new road carried through that portion of the suburbs immediately above the French Folly, and which had just been opened. No Chinese were to be seen. You enter the city by the southeast angle of the wall. The streets were entirely deserted. The town had suffered very much in this quarter; not a house scarcely that had not a hole in the roof, indicative of the entrance of a shot or rocket. No dead Chinese were lying about, which may be accounted for by an order that all bodies fallen in with should be buried; but when the city was first entered the walls were well covered with dead bodies.

HOW YEH WAS CAUGHT.

On Tuesday an expedition into the interior of the city was planned and executed. Mr. Parkes had heard of Yeh's whereabouts, and was anxious to catch him. His Excellency was reported to be residing at the Ut-Wa College, in the very centre of the city; but on arriving there it was found he had decamped the previous Thursday to the Lieutenant-General's Yamun, in the southwest corner of the old city. This information was given by a Chinese officer, who refused to point out the Yamun, but depending on two Chinese guides whom he had engaged by promise of reward, Mr. Parkes made his way to the place indicated, under the protection of about 100 Blue-jackets, commanded by Commodore Elliot and Captain Key. Bursting open the doors of the Yamun, the retreating figure of the High Commissioner was the signal for a general rush after him, and notwithstanding the protestations of an ambitious mandarin that "Me Yeh!" the stout Viceroy found himself in the embrace of Captain Key and the Commodore's coxswain, who had outrun the others, and ranged up one on each side of him. He was brought back, and conducted to a seat, and was soon identified by many Chinese who were marched in singly, and asked by Mr. Parkes who the gentleman was; they all instantly fell down on their knees, saying he was the Chetoi (Governor-general).

WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE.

The correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "If he had six headmen in his train, and if we all stood kidnapped men before him, he could not hold his head more haughtily. It is a huge, sensual, flat face. The profile is nearly straight from the eyebrow to the chin. He wears his mandarin cap, his red button, and his peacock's tail, but in other respects has the ordinary quilted blue tunic and loose breeches, the universal winter wear of this part of China. He seats himself in an arm-chair, and some inferior mandarins, who have pressed in after him, stand round and make him a little court. The officers who fill the room are passing to and fro upon their duties, and of course refrain from staring at him. Yet no one can look upon that face without feeling that he is in the presence of an extraordinary man. There is a ferocity about that restless, roving eye, which almost makes you shrink from it. It is the expression of a fierce and angry but not courageous animal. While the long nails of his dirty fingers are trembling against the table, and his eyes are ranging into every part of the room in search of every face, his *pose* of dignity is too palpably simulated to inspire respect, even if you could forget his deeds. But no one can look upon him with contempt.

"The two admirals and the generals now arrive, and after some salutations, which were naturally more embarrassing to the captors than the captive, the English admiral inquired whether Mr. Cooper, Sen., was still living. You will recollect the circumstances under which this gentleman was kidnapped. Yeh burst forth into a loud laugh, which sounded to every one present as though he were recollecting and enjoying the recollections of this poor man's sufferings. When he had finished his cachinnations he replied, 'I can't recollect about this man, but I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if he can be found you shall have him.'

"The disgust was at that moment so great, for many in the room had known and esteemed poor Cooper, that if the audience could have decided the matter, Yeh would have been taken out and hanged.

"He was told that his answer was not courteous, and he replied that it was, at any rate, the only answer he should give.

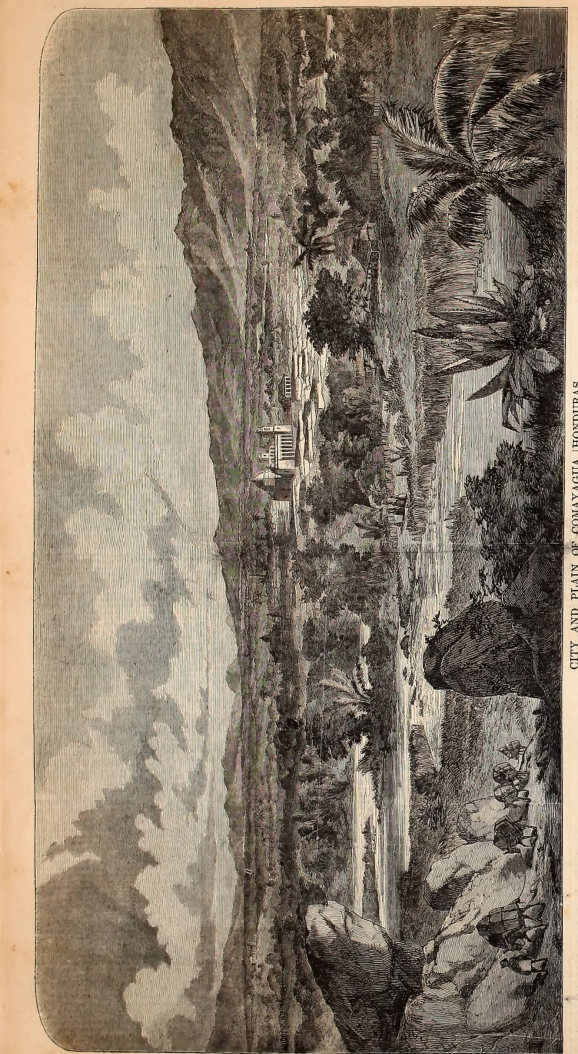
"After some further conversation, Yeh was sent on board the ships."

THE PLUNDER.

For six days the western gate had been open, and exit had been denied to neither men, nor goods, nor treasure. Surely there could be nothing left to reward the captors. How can we strain our minds to comprehend the stolid, stupid confidence of these Chinese officials? The treasury was full of silver, as full probably as it ever was. As many as fifty-two boxes, which a man could not singly lift, were found, and sixty-eight packets of solid ingots. There was also a store-house of the most costly Mandarin fur dresses, lined with sables and rare furs, and there was a room full of copper cash. Now a strange scene occurred. The instructions were to bring away any bullion, but to touch nothing else. These orders were obeyed with a strange and self-denying fidelity. The soldiers and officers with difficulty turned their eyes away from the rich dresses. But how to remove the heavy load of bullion. Crowds had assembled in front, and a happy thought occurred to one of the officers: "A dollar's worth of cash to every coolie who will help to carry the silver to the English camp." In a moment the crowd dispersed in search of their bamboo poles, and in another moment there were a thousand volunteer Cantonese contending for the privilege of carrying for an enemy their city's treasure. With their stipulated strings of cash around their necks, away they trudged with the English soldiers and the sycee silver.

HOW CANTON IS TO BE GOVERNED.

The Governor of Canton was taken prisoner as well as Yeh and the Tartar General. The Governor Pihquei was subsequently installed as vice-Governor of the city, with powers similar to those wielded by Yeh. The allies were to continue their protectorate until satisfactory terms were made by the Government of Pekin. A committee, composed of two Englishmen and one Frenchman, had been charged with the supervision of the Government, and had issued a proclamation inviting the people to return, assuring them of their protection.



CITY AND PLAIN OF COMAYAGUA, HONDURAS.

BRIDGING THE CONTINENT.

THE HONDURAS INTEROCEANIC RAILWAY.

CENTRAL AMERICA, during the past five years, has attracted greater attention than any other portion of the American continent. It has been the theatre of national rivalries and consequent embittered diplomatic contests, and of an episode of adventure more remarkable than any other recorded in modern annals; and which, from varying points of view, has been denounced as piratical, or applauded as in the highest interest of humanity and civilization. But the great fact, out of which these rivalries and contests have sprung, and which gives to Central America its real value in the eyes of the world, is that, somewhere within its borders, lies that "short and easy passage" between the seas of which Columbus and Cortez dreamed, and which is the great desideratum of modern commerce. Tehuantepec, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama have become familiar words, as designating those geographical points to which the enterprise of our day has been chiefly directed in its search for an interoceanic highway. Each affords certain facilities for such a work, and each has able and earnest advocates. It seems not improbable, however, that the palm of superiority—for which all contend—will be held in reserve until the question shall be determined by the test of experiment.

Meantime the great world can have only a relative interest in the question, limited to obtaining an intelligent idea of the various routes proposed, and a knowledge of the leading facts upon which their claims to attention are founded. It is hardly necessary to say that it is solely with the view of gratifying this interest, and only in the sense of contributing impartially to enlighten the public mind in these respects, that reference is had, in these pages, to *any* of the great projects in question.

The construction of the Panama Railway may be regarded as the first practical attempt toward connecting the oceans through an improved means of communication answering to modern requirements. This work, commenced in 1849, was carried forward in the face of many serious obstacles, resulting from a fatal climate and an unsettled condition of affairs in the Isthmus, to a completion in 1855, since which time it has been in constant operation. It is unquestionably a remarkable monument of commercial enterprise and engineering daring and skill, and has proved of vast public utility.

Another project for connecting the oceans, at points perhaps more advantageous than the termini of the Panama Railway, is that of constructing a railway through the Republic of Honduras, between Puerto Cortez (late Puerto Caballos) on the Atlantic, and the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. This road is in course of construction, under the auspices of a Joint English and American Company, at the head of which is William Brown, Esq., M.P., of Liverpool, the head also of the great commercial house of Brown, Shipley & Co., and Chairman of the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company, who, by a life of service in the cause of "peace and good-will among men," earned from the lips of Lord Palmerston himself, in a speech delivered some years ago, the honorable designation of "the living link between Great Britain and the United States."

The plan of this road, designated as the "Honduras Interoceanic Railway," originated with our countryman, Mr. E. G. Squier, not unknown as an author and antiquary, and who, some years ago, held the position of representative of the United States in Central America. To his various books and reports the world is principally indebted for the information which it possesses relative to the work in question; and to him also is conceded the credit of having organized and put in operation the powerful company which has undertaken the enterprise.*

But however Mr. Squier may have contributed to make known to this generation the facilities of the Honduras Isthmus for a route of interoceanic communication, the credit of the original discovery belongs to those iron men who, in the days of Cortes and Pizarro, traversed every part of the American continent, and investigated its most secret recesses, in their search for "*el secreto del estrecho*" (the secret of the Strait), or that open water connection between the oceans which they supposed to exist, and of which Cortes wrote that its discovery "would make the King of Spain master of so many kingdoms that he might consider himself Lord of the world." Failing to find such a Strait, they next devoted themselves to careful search for those points where communication overland could be most easily established.

ANCIENT EXPLORATIONS.

As early as 1540, but thirty-eight years after Columbus had landed on the shores of Honduras at Truxillo, and but fourteen years after Cortez himself, at the close of a long and weary journey from Mexico overland, had built the town of Natividad at Puerto Caballos—as early as 1540, Alonzo Caceres, one of the lieutenants of Alvarado, had found-

* See "*Notes on Central America; particularly the States of Honduras and San Salvador, their Geography, Topography, Climate, Population, Resources, etc., etc., and the Proposed Interoceanic Railway*, by E. G. Squier, late Charge d'Affaires of the United States in Central America; with Original Maps and Illustrations." P. 400, 8vo. Harper & Brothers, New York.



PUERTO CORTEZ (LATE CABALLOS) AND ALVARADO LAGOON, ATLANTIC PORT OF HONDURAS RAILWAY.

ed the city of Comayagua, then called Valladolid, the present capital of Honduras, in obedience to instructions "*to find out an eligible situation for a town, midway between the oceans.* It was the intention of the founders," adds the historian of Guatemala, Juarros, "by means of this place to obtain *an easy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific*; its situation, being about half-way between Puerto Caballos and the Bay of Fonseca, would render it a convenient intermediate dépôt; the climate being healthy, and the soil fertile, much of the sickness and waste of human life would be prevented, and many of the fatigues and privations avoided that were experienced in the journey from Nombre de Dios [Chagres] to Panama."

Although the establishment of the city of Comayagua does not seem to have led to any immediate change in the course of trade across the Isthmus of Panama, still the object had in view was neither neglected nor abandoned. Among the many papers relating to this subject in the Department of the Marine, at Madrid, is a memorial addressed to the King of Spain, in 1565, by Phillip de Aniion, entitled, "*On the Utility and Advantages which would result from changing the Route of Transit between the Seas from Nombre de Dios and Panama to Puerto de Caballos and Fonseca.*"

The memorial of Aniion sets forth that the subject of which he proposes to speak is one that "concerns the glory of God, the service of his Majesty, and the common good," and he claims to be heard, and have his representations credited, as "being an old settler in the country, well informed on its condition and resources, and from having traveled all over it." He affirms that the change proposed by Hermosilla would "result in the saving of the lives of many Spaniards, in consequence of a better climate; in the better protection, at less cost, of the establishments on both seas against the attacks of freebooters and pirates; and in the speedy establishment of ten or twelve cities in a country rich in the ores of gold and silver, and abounding in corn, cattle, and other supplies."

Upon the point of comparative salubrity, Aniion speaks with the blunt emphasis of a man in downright earnest. He says: "At the outset, if there be any thing on earth which may be compared to hell, it is the climate of Nombre de Dios, which is so notorious that I shall not enlarge upon it, but sum up by saying that in all the Indies, fruitful and abundant as they are, Nombre de Dios [near Chagres] alone is so thoroughly barren that no kind of fruit can be grown there, not even plantains; nor can children be reared there; and the Spaniards die out so rapidly that the population becomes almost entirely extinct every six months, and is only filled up by the number of persons attracted thither by the large profits on the vast quantities of gold and silver which pass through the place."

The testimony of Aniion was followed up by that of numerous officers of the Spanish Crown, and confirmed by the results of a survey of this route by the celebrated Italian engineer, Bautista Antonelli, in the year 1586. It would seem that at this period the Council of the Indies had resolved to break up the transit at Panama, and transfer it to Honduras; but the wars which followed between Spain and the English, French, and Dutch, extending equally to the colonies, the coasts of which were harassed by invasions and infested by pirates, had the effect of preventing the contemplated change; and the project seems not only to have become neglected, but absolutely forgotten. It is said that some time during the last century the line was again examined, under orders from the Spanish Crown, with reference to a ship-canal; but of this we have no satisfactory evidence.



CHURCH OF MERCED, AND INDEPENDENCE MONUMENT, COMAYAGUA.

MODERN DISCOVERY.

In making these references to the early Spanish explorations and reports, we do not wish in the least to detract from the credit which belongs to Mr. Squier, who, three hundred years later, has again drawn attention to the capabilities of the Honduras Isthmus. It is due to him to say, that his conclusions, as to the advantages of that Isthmus for an interoceanic highway, were founded upon observations made on the spot, quite irrespective of the hints and data furnished by ancient documents bearing on the subject, and which, indeed, have only been rescued within the past year from the chaos of the Spanish archives.

The great physical fact which gives feasibility to the project of a railway through Honduras is, that there is here a breaking down or interruption in that great back-bone of the continent, the mountain chain of the Cordilleras, constituting an uninterrupted transverse valley extending from sea to sea. The manner in which, in 1850, Mr. Squier was led to infer the existence of such a valley is a good example of close induction from observations on the prevailing winds and other data, but too long to be detailed here. At that time, it would seem, our explorer felt no interest in his discovery, except as a remarkable topographical feature of the country. Later, however, when the question of interoceanic communication took a practical form, he was led to reflect upon it in that connection; and early in 1853, at the head of a small party of engineers, took the field in person, to test the accuracy of his inferences by an actual survey. The results seem to have more than realized his anticipations, and he lost no time in securing, from the Government of Honduras, a charter for a railway on the line that he had marked out, which, it is claimed, is far more liberal in its provisions than any which has yet been conceded for a similar purpose. Since then, as we have said, a company has been organized for the construction of the work, under guarantees of the neutrality of the line, and of protection against "interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation," in the form of treaty stipulations between Honduras and the principal maritime nations of the world.

The line of the proposed work commences at Puerto Cortez (late Caballos) on the Bay of Hon-



BAY OF FONSECA, PACIFIC PORT OF HONDURAS RAILWAY.

dures, in lat. 15° 49' N., and long. 87° 32' W., and from mouth to mouth across the continent to the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific, in lat. 13° 21' N., and long. 87° 35' W. Its total length, from ancient boundaries to the plains, is 148 geographical miles—shorter is an error—but it is 148 miles which is equal to about 161 statute miles. It lies wholly in the State of Honduras, whose territorial right and sovereignty over it has never been called in question.

PUERTO CORTES.

Puerto Cabello was discovered by Cortes, in his expedition from Honduras in 1524, who named there a town, which he called Natividad. The selection was made, to quote the language of his historian to the King of Spain, "*porque es el puerto mejor que hay en toda la costa descubierta de esta Tierra-firme, hoy, desde Las Perlas hasta La Florida*"—that is to say, "because it is the best port hitherto discovered on all the coast of the main land, from Las Perlas to Florida." It was surveyed in 1854 by Lieutenant Jeffers, U.S.N., who describes it as "a good harbor, of great capacity, with plenty of water, and easy of entrance and exit. Situated at the base of the hills, there are several small streams or swamps to affect the healthfulness of the locality, which is sufficiently extensive for the formation of a large city."

BAY OF FONSECA.

On the other side of the continent, and constituting the Pacific port of the proposed railway, is the large and beautiful Bay of Fonseca, which has been justly described as "constituting on the coast, by its fifty miles in length by about thirty in average width, perfectly protected, and containing a series of three large islands, offering inner ports with ample water, and admirable sites for towns and commercial and naval establishments sufficient to accommodate the three States of San Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, took place in Honduras, however, for the Atlantic front fortnight. The entrance to the bay from the sea is about eighteen miles broad between the volcano of Conchagua (3800 feet high) on the east, and of Cosiguina (2000 feet high), which rise like huge lighthouses on either hand, and constitute invaluable landmarks for the mariner. On a line across this entrance are the high islands of Conchagua and Tigre, and a cluster of smaller ones called Los Farallones, which serve to protect the bay against the swell of the sea.

These islands belong to San Salvador, but the principal islands, Sacate Grande and Tigre, belong to Honduras. At these, Sacate Grande and Tigre, at best, being upward of seven miles long, and rising, at its southern extremity, to the height of 1500 feet. The island of Tigre, however, from its position, is the most important. It is, perhaps, fifteen miles in circumference, rising—as will be seen in the engraving—in the form of a regular cone, to the height of 2200 feet. Seen from the sea, at a moderate distance inland, is very gentle, and abounds of cultivation. The port of Amapala has a fine anchorage for the largest vessels.

Salubrious, surrounded by a country of illimitable agricultural resources, and with one of the exhaustless coal, gold, and silver mines inland, abounding in the finest and excellent species of wood, possessing all the necessities for sustaining a large and prosperous population, the Bay of Fonseca is unrivaled in its adaptation to the wants of a great work of universal utility like the one proposed, and seems to have been set apart by Nature herself as the ultimate centre of enterprise, and the great emporium of trade on that side of the continent.

PLAIN OF COMAYAGUA.

The leading physical feature of Honduras, however—that which gives feasibility to the projected railway, and value to the fine ports above described—is the great Plain of Comayagua, which is in the very centre of the State, midway between the seas. In it rise the rivers Humuya and Goascoran; the former flowing due north into the Atlantic, near Puerto Cabello, and the latter due south into the Bay of Fonseca; the valleys of which are in conjunction with the plain itself, constituting that great transverse valley between the oceans to which we have previously alluded.

This plain is not far from forty miles in greatest length by from five to fifteen broad. It is of regular or longest axis is north and south, and nearly coincident with a line of the projected railway. Both its eastern and western borders it is skirted by mountains five or six thousand feet high, and it consequently enjoys a climate cool, equable, and salubrious comparing, in respect of temperature, with the south of France in the month of May. The hills and mountains adjacent to the plain are covered with pines, and on their summit and slopes, wheat, potatoes, and other products of the temperate zones are cultivated, and may be produced in abundance. The production of the plain itself, however, are essentially tropical. Its soil is extremely fertile. In short, the plain of Comayagua offers all the conditions for attracting and sustaining what there is abundant evidence that it formerly sustained, a large and flourishing population.

In the centre of the plain stands the city of Comayagua, the capital of Honduras, which, as we have seen, was founded in 1540 by Alonzo Cerron, as a kind of half-way house between the seas, and which, in view of equipping through it the oceanic highway—an object which now, after a lapse of three years, seems on the point of being accomplished. The city now contains between 7000 and 8000 inhabitants. Previous to 1827 it had about 16,000, and was embellished with churches and monuments. In that year it was taken and burned by the monarchical faction of Guatemala, and has never wholly recovered from the shock. It is the seat of a bishopric and a university, and has a magnificent cathedral and a number of large and beautiful churches. In front of the Church of La Merced is a square, or plaza, ornamented with a monument raised to commemorate the independence of the country. There are several other considerable towns in the plain, the principal one being Las Piedras, with a population of about 6000 inhabitants.

The line of the proposed road pursues a direct course across the plain to its southern extremity, where there is a comparatively easy pass out of where there is a comparatively easy pass out of about 200 feet to the summit, which may be overcome by two passes, called respectively Rancho Chiquito and Guajoca. The latter presents the greatest facilities. It is not, however, at night to suppose, a rocky summit, abruptly divided by the water flowing into the great ocean, but a beautiful valley, a savanna or natural meadow, bounded on the east by a gradual rise of the mountains, and on the west by a corresponding range of hills. In this meadow-like valley, on the east, the traveler finds two bright streams, scarcely a hundred yards apart, flowing in opposite directions. From a narrow divide between these rises into the Atlantic, the other of the Goascoran, falling into the Pacific. An active spectator could survey the entire line in a single day.

ENGINEERING AND COMMERCIAL DATA.

We have thus indicated the leading practical features of Honduras as connected with the projected railway. The engineering data bearing upon it are hardly known as matters of fact in general reader, and it is perhaps enough to say that the profile of the line exhibits no grade higher than 200 feet in height; or, to speak more intelligibly, the sum of the ascents and descents, on the whole distance of 161 miles, 2000 feet, considerably less than upon some of the most successful American railroads. Local freights, for instance, involving a grade of more than 60 to 80 feet to the mile; that the cost of construction is estimated at $30,000, and that it is the opinion of Mr. Squier, built, shorten the voyage to California, as compared with the route via Panama, by about 1500 miles of sailing distance, and from six to ten days in time.

Should it realize these anticipations, wholly or in any considerable degree, some idea of its utility may be gained from a consideration of the following data. The arrivals and departures at San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Central America, during the year, for the years 1855, 1856, 1857, 60,521 per annum. This number is irrespective of the passengers for Salt Lake, and the Pacific ports generally, and would probably swell the aggregate to upward of 80,000. For the same period the number of vessels engaged on the western coast of the American Continent, and of which the natural flow is by the speediest and safest route from the Atlantic American isthmus, has amounted to not less than 400,000 tons, or nearly that the capital of the Bank of England, in annual value.

Of course the commerce of California now constitutes the largest item in the aggregate of trade with the ports of the Pacific. But leaving California and Oregon out, the commercial statistics of States alone, with there ports, rose from 626 vessels of 244,000 tons in 1849 to 1856 vessels and 1,007,000 tons in 1853, and its imports and exports increased, in the same period, from $17,001,320 to $60,000,000, or about 100 per cent.

And if (as is most probable, in case an adequate route of communication between the oceans, with rapid ports and subsidiary steam lines (Atlantic and Pacific), the trade and travel between Great Britain and her Australian colonies should follow the direction of the Central American Isthmus—in this event we should be called upon to add to the large aggregates above cited an additional commerce of not less than 30,000 persons, bullion to the amount of upward of $100,000,000, and general trade to the value of $62,000,000!

All travelers concur in representing Honduras itself as a country of surpassing beauty of scenery, unbounded agricultural and mineral resources, and possessing climates equally delightful and salubrious. "In its physical aspect and configuration of surface," says Mr. Squier, "it is an epitome of all other countries and climates of the globe. High mountain ranges, isolated volcanic peaks, elevated table-lands, deep valleys, broad rivers, level plains, and extensive alluvions, are here found grouped together, forming a picture of surpassing beauty and singular rivers, the whole teeming with animal and vegetable life, and possessing every variety of climate, from eternal frost to the cool and bracing temperature of eternal spring."

LOCKED OUT.

THE snow was coming down fast—white, solid, determined flakes, that meant business. All day New York to spend the winter, and defied any thing to melt them except the fire. Even Broadway, and even the white marble front of Stewart's, and the long vista of blackness that stretched through the night where Grace Church was, could not daunt them. They clung to the carved architraves of the stores that lined the street—every projection and lintel looked as if it had been trimmed with swan-down by some eccentric architect. The peaked roofs of the houses in Washington were heavy with the white load, and nodded to each other with knowing coquetry as the flakes that formed to cut modern fashions, they had gone back to the pictures on the tombstones, and were constantly disturbed by the change.

There was snow on the sidewalks; deep, despotic, and unmelted. Here, that there was a path—up all the thousand pitfalls and ruts of the great city arteries, and there was a path—but in some of the town under one vast charitable mantle. The few people that were out on foot thundered along with quick-beating hearts, and sometimes for miles were deep in it, and might be seen standing in some great drift looking dump and helpless. Small boys dashed through the huge banks like water-dogs through the white cousin of the surf at Long Beach. They plunged into it as if they had been born Russians, and were continually taking snow-baths. They seemed to love to get it into their shoes, and hair, and ears, and sometimes they would emerge from a long dive under the surface, looking a perfect picture of Santa Claus in their shaggy coats.

The world was en runners. The centre of Broadway was a confused arabesque of sleighs; a vast labyrinth of furs and horses, very dimly illuminated, and, indeed, by the half-frozen gaslights that seemed to grow feebler every moment as if ere long they would perish altogether with the cold.

A bitter wind began to drive the dry, thick snow salant. It hurried its inflexible mass in the face people's eyes on the streets, and routed them up into furrows like some wild howling animal. It rushed round the corners of the houses with a rush and a howl as it would garrote every passing wayfarer, and then, as if mad with disappointment at its failure, it would shriek like a fiend down the alleys.

It was a night to make Charity feel ill at ease. A night to make Charity, as she sat by a warm basement all his money at the grog-shop this evening."

"Hush! I see!" said Rufus. His charity rather startled by this revelation of intoxication. "Your brother is drunk, then?"

"Yes," said the very drunk. But that wouldn't matter so much—he's used to it—if the snow hadn't come on so deep, and we lost our footing. He is asleep in a ditch, Sir, he was too far gone to push."

Rufus took a closer glance at the speaker, who by this time had struggled completely out of the snow, and was kneeling down and tenderly lifting a head from the mud that lay breathing mysteriously on the chill air. She was starvation idealized. Her features were all beautiful, but shrunken. Her delicate nose was pinched, her cheeks fallen away, her lips of a purplish hue. But through this Death and Beauty were visible, like prisoners dimly seen through the narrow grating of the cold cell; but not extinct.

"What is your name?" asked Rufus.

"Janet Lee, Sir."

"Janet East! Janet Northeast it should be, poor child—you look so cold! Come, help me to lift your brother. Another of you, and I'll see if I can't find some cab and take care of you and him until morning."

The pair bent down and tugged at the inert form of Mr. East. Presently a crimson face became visible, with the head of hair that Nature, in flaming fecundity, had bestowed upon it. Rufus knew the features misused of ice. There was the beautiful face of Mr. East's perishing with cold. He had within him such a plentiful supply of fuel in the shape of vivacious brandy, that the cold was quite excessive as the bolder of a Mississippi steamer out. Presently Mr. East, who had been roused by the unusual by Rufus, seemed to awake to resentment, and after a few staggering attempts to gain his feet, he made a determined effort to fall. He mercifully never got farther than the knees, he eventually resumed a somewhat erect position, and, leaning immersed up to his waist in the snow, and debauched steady of Rufus, "Whashyouwant?"

"All right," said Rufus, "I'll help the drunken man a tremendous lift that near sent him backwards into the snow-bank. "Now, Miss Janet, take his other arm, and help me along to my door."

"Oh, thank you, Sir!" cried little Janet East, and her large eyes widened with gratitude as if she would straightway devour Rufus. I see the snow that just at that moment she felt inclined to devour almost any thing.

The supporters had a long walk, like a coat of arms, Mr. East staggered along until they reached the front house in which Rufus had his humble lived. Here the unpleasant conviction forced itself on the latter's mind, that the same difficulty presented itself to him as to get the drunken man into the door alone. How was he to get in?

"You mustn't get any nearer!" he said reflectively to Jane, while he hung Mr. East by his coattail on one of the iron spikes of the area-railings to keep him steady. "You don't get a step, Miss, have you?"

"Nothing but slippers, Sir," answered the girl, holding up a little foot enveloped in what seemed to be a collection of ragged pieces of sticking-plaster.

"Well, then, you will have to stay here," said Rufus, tugging at a huge boot with a sole so thick that a famous would have worshipped it for years"; and with a deliberate aim and vigorous swing he flung it at the obstinate window-sash on the third story, and a shower of splinters of broken glass was followed in a second or two by a lifting of the window-sash, and a human face.

"Hello, Rufus! Is that you?"

"Open, Jack. Confound you, you sleep like a hippopotamus!"

"Ay, ay, Sir!" answered the gentleman through the sash, and presently there was clearly a rumbling on the stairs—that rumbling so pleasant to locked-out seven—was followed by the unbolting of the door by Mr. Jack Dingly in person, who appeared in a mixed costume of counterpane and slippers.

"Why, who have you here?" he exclaimed, as Mr. East, still armorially supported, was hoisted into the hall.

"It's all right," said Rufus. "Help me up stairs with this gentleman, Jack, please."

So Mr. East was gradually conducted up stairs, and without disturbing the slumbers of another lodging he sat down with considerable dignity, and declared his intention of passing in that spot the remainder of his days.

Rufus Gay was an artist on wood. By no means a wooden artist by the way, for he executed every week in the *Pickwissing*, were the most spirited and imaginative things in their line that American could boast of. Mr. Jack Dingly was of the same temper, but he had one skeleton in his house—he was honored by having a boy! would cut out his effects. If he drew a pretty woman with dimpled cheeks and *nez retroussé*, when the block came out of the hands of Dibble & Co.—who did the engraving for the *Pickwissing*—she was sure to have lantern jaws, and a proboscis like a sawdish. Then Rufus would glare gloomily on the effects of his genius, and say with profane emphasis that he would like to know what Gayarré would like if he had his drawings to treated?

Jack Dingly and Rufus Gay roomed together.

As both were artists, their apartments were a pleasing mixture of the bedroom and the studio. The sofa and the duvet were combined. The washstand was concealed by an easel. The sofa—that sofa on which so many ragged models had reposed for Jack Dingly's historical pictures that were never purchased—was at night clothed with equivocal blankets and sheets brought from some mysterious corner behind the oak-skin. The walls were covered with rough sketches of what artists call "effects." Snatches of yellow and blue which Dingly called "sunsets," and of white and black which Dingly called "moonlights."

They led a jolly life for all that in their "cells," as they called it. It may have gone hard with them sometimes to pay their rent, but they never repined, and laughed at their little straits—and I doubt much if Leviathan, the great Wall Street lender, slept half so heavily in his wide bed as these two young fellows on their queer couches.

After Rufus had explained the circumstances that led to the strange addition to their party, the first question was to get Mr. Jacob Dingly's fine gentleman was with difficulty persuaded to extend his limbs on the historical sofa, where, covered with a picture drapery of red cotton, he presently went to sleep, retaining to the last a vague impression that he had been unwarrantably insulted.

Then the stores of the camp were produced as soon as this happy consummation was attained, and Jack and Rufus spread their bread and cheese, and somewhat exhausted demijohn of sherry before Jane Kerr, with a good-will that made the feast with invisible flowers. How the poor child ate! How the famished black eyes glared at the food! How the thin hands trembled as they clutched it!

She was very pretty. They soon discovered that—but it made no matter just then. She was hideously as Medusa, they would have lit the fire and cooked her frozen feet, and dried her clothes all the same. None but those who have lived among artists know how good and gentle are men made by Art!

As the poor thing gained strength under the care of the two young fellows she began to tell her own wrongs, fragments of her little story. It was simple and sad. She was an orphan. She and her brother lived together in a tenement house in the lowest end of Walker Street. Her brother, a capital fellow, if Jane was to be believed, "was very steady but one fault—he drank. He worked as a cabinet-maker in a large manufactory in Second Avenue, and earned quite a respectable income, but this income, alas! he seldom brought home. Mein Herr Mechlenheim, who kept the little grocery near where they lived, got it all. She, Jane, earned a little by sewing—but oh! it was not enough to buy food. People will not wear shirts —curse them! (this ejaculation is Jack Dingly's)—pay as little. Has she cried? It was not the time or for spending his money as he liked. It was his. He earned it. He had a right to do what he liked with it. Of course this disconnected to such a course of life as her brother's was easily imagined. Nonpayment of rent. Hard language. Then, finally, the evil day—until on that fatal snowy night poor Jane and her brother, who had been locked out by order of the greggery to which she, faithful sister, had gone to fetch him, found the door bolted against them by their last landlord, and were forced to seek shelter, while utter insanity hungered.

"There never was such a pitiful-looking creature in the world," thought Rufus Gay, as she finished her little tale. "Just look at her eyes—what a face for a picture! What intelligence in spite of her haggard, woeful cheeks! Egad, she must have a brave intellect to have stood such a siege and not been starved out."

"What an effect of rags!" thought Jack Dingly. "What a picturesque arrangement! Backed by an old wall well toned down, what a study she would make for A. Kyzing Minor!"

Rufus, however, being of a more practical turn of mind than his friend, was revolving a thousand plans for the improvement of Jane's and her brother's estate. "She might go out for a governess; is not, I know of Mrs. Bulus wants some one to do anything. But pshaw! of course she doesn't. How should she? or she might set up a fancy store in Broadway, as she is so clever with her needle. Five or six hundred dollars would do it. Just then Rufus's mind came to some end to all his events and the vision crumbled. He planned numerous elegant occupations for his *protégé*; but somehow all of them required money. Where was the devil of it? Through all this vista of vague dreams—all through the long vacation that left to London the trills chimed to the cockney bore, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London"—there rang the words, "Five hundred burden, "Janet Eust is pretty, Janet Eust is young;" and somehow the tune grew more and more distasteful to his ear, and eventually chimed into dim echoes of marriage bells, while Rufus Gay sat musing.

Rufus and Jack slept that night together, and Janet lay on a pallet-bed in the studio, made up of a consultation of coats and waistcoats, and slept at once picturesque and comfortable. Jack went off to bed, muttering, as he glanced at the impromptu couch, "Good Heavens! what an effect! what a study for a Sleeping Mendicant!"

The next morning Rufus Gay went out early in the snow, down to the tenement house in Walker Street, the manner of which he got from Jane the night before, and had an interview with the hard landlord, which resulted in that individual, after some demur, accepting the artist as security for the rent owed by the Eusts. This seemed to Rufus a capital joke. The idea of any body accepting him as security for any thing was so ludicrous to him that he came into Jack Dingly rosy with exercise and breathless with laughter, and woke that gentleman out of a sound sleep to tell him the farcical incident.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jack. "She's a lovely creature, this Janet."

Rufus was grave in a moment.

"Do you think so, Jack?" he said—"I can't agree with you at all. She's small, and thin, has a hump."

Hump be dished!" cried Jack, starting up in bed, "Are you blind, man? Why, with a month's feeding that girl would be a Venus."

"Hallo! Hallo! you seem wonderfully interested, Mr. Dingly."

"Well, so I am, Mr. Gay. Why not?"

"I don't care," said Rufus, sullenly"—you may marry her to-morrow if you like, for what I care."

Who talks of marrying her, you fool? I only want to draw her. She's just the thing for my picture. She is—she is—she is—Mary Magdalene girl!"

"Jack Dingly, I have to request that you will speak a little more respectfully of Miss Eust. She's not a beggar girl, Sir!"

"*Miss Eust*," why Rufus—Rufus! what's the matter? you look as red as a turkey-cock. By Jove, I believe you are in love with the girl!"

"Have you any prior claim, Mr. Dingly?"

The only reply that Jack Dingly to this solemn question, which Rufus asked with such pomp and formality, was to catch the latter by the neck and roll him over in the bed shrieking with laughter.

"Don't suffocate me," spluttered Rufus, as soon as he disentangled himself from Jack's clutch, "Ass that I am! Nothing nothing! Drop in it, is there, Jack?"

Jack sat up and looked earnestly at his friend. Then he took his hand and said,

"Rufus, my boy, you are a gentleman. It does not matter a pin what girl you marry if she is an honest girl; and if you love this little waif, and that her to be as sound as a nut, marry her to your wife, why, in God's name, marry her, and I'll be your bridesman."

Rufus pressed his friend's hand, and said nothing.

What Janet's delight was on that morning when she woke and found that the hard landlord had been appeased, it would take a bigger pen than the one I write with—which is, I regret to say, very old and very small—to describe. Neither is my little black crow-quill a big enough pen from the grocer's, and grocers water every thing, even their ink—to portray the pleasure with which Rufus looked on Janet's face when she woke. It is a pity, then, that the historian is obliged to say that he was only a tenant.

If by any mechanical contrivance I could, by aid of pen and ink, illuminate this page with fireworks—such fireworks as Rufus's would, on the present occasion, present the reader with a perfect blaze of rejoicing—I would do so; but as this should be able to read, inscribed in blue letters on a vermilion ground, "Jane Eust is engaged to marry Reginge columns of the *Daily Times* three months after the incident I have above related had occurred. The lines were these:

"MARRIED, at the Church of Holy Symbury, by the Reverend Amos Sharpeyes, Rufus Gay, Esq., to JANET, only daughter of the late THOMAS EUST."

"FANNY."

FANNY was a beauty. Fanny was a perfect belle pet. She was as delicate and graceful as a fawn, and as loving as she could be.

She was over the world to show some pretty little attention to these she loved, and was always one of my most welcome visitors.

Who do you think Fanny was?

She was a small, high-bred, terrier dog.

Her master believed he loved her as well as if she had been his child; her master never was married, or he would have known his mind a little on that, I think.

I first became acquainted with this pet of a Fanny when I lived in California.

We were in the same house for a while, and she used to let us play with her. She was a treasure, not quite—for kittens enjoy perfect repose, sometimes, and *Fanny never did*.

At last her master came to New York. Of course he brought Fanny, too. It was a long, tiring voyage to the dog, and her confinement in the little cabin deprived her of her exercise, so she passed through without injury.

In New York she was the observed of all observers. She gamboled by the side of her master when he walked in Broadway street, and lay lovingly at his feet while he sat at his desk in the office.

Now, I don't suppose gentlemen ever say where without Fanny he passed a slight steel chain round her neck and fastened her to the leg of the table; but when he visited any of his acquaintances,

I lived then in one large room in a boarding-house, and there she was always one of an evening with her master, and springing up into our little girl's crib, kiss her face with animated delight.

Lily would call her some of an evening pretty creature, caressing it, and they were very happy together.

Lily was fond of the gentleman, yet if he ever came without Fanny she was disappointed.

One evening, however, Fanny was not his companion. Lily looked eagerly at his feet, and behind him, but not seeing her pet, anxiously inquired for her. Greatly grieved she was to hear that Fanny was *lost*.

The gentleman took Lily on his knee and told her the sad tale.

He had been, the evening before, conversing with a friend at Taylor's saloon. When he was ready to go he whistled to Fanny, who bounded on before him till they reached the street, when the gentleman suddenly remembering something he had left, returned to fetch it, shutting the door behind him, but imagining his little companion was already at his feet all the while. Not until he again reached the street did he miss her. He whistled and called in vain; no bounding response answered his voice.

At once concluding that Fanny, finding herself shut out, had run home as fast as she could, he followed, but, arriving at his room, he was disappointed in not finding her, as he expected.

Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers. A considerable reward was offered to any person who would find and bring her back.

The tale was told to me, as the gentleman sat writing as usual at his desk, he heard a hesitating "Cap'n" upon the door.

"Come in!" he called.

The door opened, and *Fanny* bounded forward, and flung herself into her master's arms, and kissed him with kisses.

Behind her came a white-headed boy, who said he "would like that *reward* for bringing back the dog."

The gentleman knew that this boy had stolen Fanny and brought her back only in the hope of being paid, and he refused to give a penny-piece in the form of a sound chastisement; but the experienced youngster was too quick for him. Seeing the indignation at the avenue he was receiving, he was cowing, and took to his heels, nor did he stop until fairly out of sight.

Fanny looked none the worse for wear. She was so frantic with joy at being once more under the protection of her master himself that she could offer very careful to keep close by him and almost under his feet.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Interior of the Crown House. The British Constitution, as known in a Family Party.

GRAVE was the family gathering that Christmas Eve called at Mordred Court. Thither flocked the cousins of the House in all degrees and of various ranks. From dukes who had nothing left to wish for but kings and coalitions to give, to bitchers hurriers and aspiring curates, of equally great dignity in their own sphere, the superb family united its motley scions. Such reunions were frequent, they belonged to the hereditary policy of the Crown House. It was in this occasion the master of the clan was more significantly than usual known as a "cabinet," in the constitutional history of the British empire. A new Government had been suddenly formed within the last six weeks, which overthrew a powerful, none direful blow on our ancient institutions; for the House of Vipont was not a party-name in its arrangements, and was wholly unrepresented in the Ministry, even by a beriship of the Treasury. Vipont Hall was the family mansion of the patriotic and resentful kindred.

It is the history of the Constitutional dinner. The gentlemen have joined the ladies in the state room of the mansion. The Hall Marquis had rearranged and redecorated in his old age—during the long illness that finally conducted him to his ancestors. During the latter years that princely Marquis had deserted Mordred Court for Vipont Hall, and the Crown House

[illegible] filled with that brilliant society of which he had been long the ornament and centre. Everywhere was the mind active, the habitation of time and space, and a journey to a northern county was a visit to a world-home, making the invitations even of a Marquis of Montfort unwilling to languish beauties and gouty minuteness. The scenery had all the unworldly career, this long neglect of the dwelling consecrated to the hereditary traditions and conscience of the illustrious sinner. And other occupations beginning to pall, his lordship, accompanied only by his faithful valet, installed at a late taste in the decorative arts, came resolutely to Mordred Court, and there, interviewing with architects, and gilders, and upholsterers, redeemed his errors; and soothed by the reflection of his wealth provided for his successor added to his vanity—a coffin.

The state rooms before the eye. You are in the grand drawing-room, copied from that of Versailles. That is the picture, full length, of the late Marquis in his robes; its pendant is the late Marchioness, his wife. That table of malachite is a present from the Emperor Napoleon Alexander; that vase of Sevre which rests on it was made for Marie Antoinette—see her monogram—and was provided for her use, but open door at the far end you eye loses itself in the vista of other compass chambers and drawing room, the statue hall, the orangery; other rooms there are not pertaining to the mansion—but made fit for Bishops, a library that might have adorned Alexandrine—but they are not lighted, nor required, on this occasion, for it is strictly a family party, sixty guests and no more.

In the drawing-room three whist-tables carry off the more elderly and grave. The piano, in the music-room, attracts a younger group. Lady Adelaide Vipont, eldest daughter Hall Marquis, lately not yet brought out, but about to be brought out this year, seems in threading a wonderfully intricate German piece,

"Linked music long drawn out,"

with variations. Her science is consummate. No pains have been spared on her education; elaborately accomplished, she is formed to be the sympathising spouse of a wealthy statesman. Lady Montfort is seated by an elderly duchess, who is good-natured, and a great talker; near her are seated two middle-aged gentlemen, who have been conversing on the state of Europe, having cut in, turned dialogue into monologue.

The elder of these two gentlemen is Mr. Carr Vipont, bold, with clipped parliamentary whiskers; valued himself on his talent for discussing but with a prettier precocse—looks a large-armed man. Carr Vipont has about £40,000 a year; has often refused office for himself, while taking care that other Viponts should have it; is a leading member of Committees; speaks very seldom, and on to great length, never arguing, merely stating his opinion, carries great weight with him, and as he votes, vote fifteen other members of the House of Vipont, before adjourning sittings. He can therefore turn divisions, and has decided to do so on the present occasion, a pleasant man, a little consequential, but the reverse of haughty—nay, unusually overbearing. The other gentleman, to whom he is listening, is our old acquaintance Colonel Alban Vipont Morley —Darrell's friend—Lucretia's friend—a man of importance, not inferior, indeed, to that of his kinsman Carr, in authority in club-rooms, an oracle in drawing-rooms, a luminous mass of the *brain sociale*. Alban Morley, a younger brother, had entered the army, distinguished himself, rose also, from the Guards with the rank of colonel, and on receiving a legacy from an old aunt, which, with that interest derived from the sum at which he sold his commission, allowed him a clear income of £1000 a year, he determined to come sufficed for all his wants, fine gentleman though he was, and retired with the full parliament—refused a high place in a public department. Single himself, he showed his repugnance for wedlock in the interest he took in the marriages of other people—just as East Wardwin, too wise to set up for himself, had a great passion for royalty by becoming the king-maker. Alban colonel was exceedingly accomplished, a very fair scholar, knew modern languages. In painting an amateur, in music a connoisseur; witty at times, and with a fund of dry humour, but thrifty in the expenditure of it; too wise to be known as a wit. Manly too, a daring rider, who had won many a fox's brush, a famous deer-stalker, and one of the few English gentlemen who still keep up the old sport of hawking—twice a week to be seen, full in hand, against all comers in Angela's rooms. This, well-shaped —not handsome—man of deer exercise. Far from it, but with an air so thoroughbred, that, had he seen him in the Park, the Duke of Wellington had a crush-room and a fops' alley—even him as either of those resorts, surrounded by elaborate dandies, and whose faultless toilets studies and beauty-men would have resented to you seconds—not vulgar, and yet not at all distinguished by that quiet form—plain in manner, plain in dress, plain in features, but you have said, "Yet, he is very distinguished it is to be so plain!" Knowing the great world from the cuss to the cuticle, and on this Christmas Eve, in social dignity and position, Colonel Morley was not calculating—not cunning—not scrupulous—but he was one of the more quick because its movements were straightforward. Intimate with the greatest, but sought, not seeking, he was a man of great importance. But when his advice was asked (even if advice necessitated the sacrifice of a fact) he was blunt candor. In fine, a man of such social reputation as rendered him an ornament and prop to the House of Vipont. He was the unexpected depths of intelligence and feeling which lay in the lower strata of his character to the world, to witness of some other one, and justified Darrell in commending a boy like Lionel Haughton to the Colonel's care and kind administrative counsels. The Colonel, like other men, had his weaknesses, if weakness it can indeed be to believed that the House of Vipont was not merely the Corinthian capital, but the embattled keep from moral decay, and the very first *resistance extraordinaire* reason of the British monarchy. He had put hose of his cousins to the test, and hence he did not provoke your spleen by enlarging on the manifold virtues of his kindred. Nor has he harmless jest against its members or even against its pretensions, but such seeming evidences of forbearance as to make those very pretensions to mitigate envy. His devotion to the House was not obtrusive. It was plainest to those of the House of Vipont for the sake of England, he loved England for the sake of the House of Vipont. Had he been pressed to name the circumstances reveral of the ordinary laws of nature, to dissociate the one from the other, from the cause of the House of Vipont, the Colonel would have said, "Save at least the Ark of the Constitution! and really none of the family could.

The Colonel had none of Guy Darrell's intimate friendship pride; he was not proud of his more pedigrees—much too liberal and enlightened for such obsolete projections. No! He knew the world as few men in its centre. Knew that old family and long pedigrees are of no use to a man if he has not the personal and real worth merit. But it was of use to a man to be a cousin of the House of Vipont through without any money, without any merit at all. It was of use to be part and parcel of a British institution; it was of use to have a hereditary interest and right to share in the administration and patronage of the empire, as the Crown is the fountain-head of "the sun never sets." You might want nothing for yourself—the Colonel and the Marquis equally wanted nothing for themselves; but man is not to be a selish egotist! Man has cousins—he has cousins over vast continents. Benevolent consciousness, in words that inflame every manly breast, the ancient Greek who does not love his Peleus or State, even though he take nothing from it but barren honor, and contribute toward it—a great many disagreeable taxes. As the Peleus to the Greek, was the House of Vipont to Alban Vipont Morley. It was the most beautiful touching affection imaginable! Nevertheless the House was in difficulties—whenever it was not in difficulties—a cousin—Colonel by his side, sparing no pains, neglecting no means, to get the Ark of the Constitution back into smooth

water. That duty done, he retired again into private life, and scorned all other reward than the still whisper of applauding conscience.

"Yes," said Alban Morley, whose voice, though low and subdued in tone, was extremely distinct, with a perfect enunciation, "Yes, it is quite true, my nephew has taken orders—the defect in speech, if not quite irremediable, seems to be my obstacle, owes to eloquence; an oracular mission may not be sufficiently interesting, and when the right word comes, there is the chance of surprise in it. It is good that George has a deep and distinguished clergyman."

Mr. Cabin Vipront. "We want one—the House wants a very distinguished clergyman; we have some at the present—at the Commons not even a bishop; all mere parish parsons, and among them not one we could push. Very old, with more than forty sittings to his credit. He seems seldom take to the Church kindly—George must be pushed. There I think of it, the more we want a bishop; a bishop would be useful in the present crisis. (Looking round the rooms proudly, and informally.) Ah, Mr. Jacqueous gathering, Morley! This demonstration will strike terror in Downing-street—the Old House stands firm—never was a family so united; all here, I think—that is, all worth naming—all, except Sir James, whom Morley chooses to dislike, and George—and George comes to-morrow."

Colonel Morley. "You forget the most eminent of all our countercurrents—one he could indeed strike terror into Downing Street, were his voice to be heard again."

Cabin Vipront. "Whom do you mean? Ah, I know!—Guy Darrell. His wife was a Vipront —and he is not here. But he has not yet resigned to communicate with any of us—the only connection that ever fell away from the house of Vipront—especially as it is not in the present. Singular man! For all the use he is to us he might as well be dead, but he has a fine fortune—what will he do with it?"

The Duchess. "My dear lady Monfort, you have been quite silent with this subject."

Lady Monfort. "No, indeed. Hush! we are disturbing Mr. Cabin Vipront."

The Duchess, in awe of Carr Vipront, sinks her voice, and gobbles on—whisperously.

Cabin Vipront (resuming his speech). "A very fine fortune—what will he do with it?"

Colonel Morley. "I have never, but I had a letter from him some months ago."

Cabin Vipront. "You had—and never told me!"

Colonel Morley. "Of no importance to you, my dear Carr. In better times you indeed to me a charming young fellow—a kinsman of his own (no Vipront)—Lionel Haughton, son of poor Colonel Haughton. You may not remember."

Cabin Vipront. "Yes, a handsome scamp—went to the dogs. So Darrell takes up Charley's son—what's in his brief?"

Colonel Morley. "In his letter to me he anticipated that question in the negative."

Cabin Vipront. "Darrell may master business?"

Colonel Morley. "Not that I know of." Cabin Vipront. "Perhaps he will select one of his wife's family for his heir—a Vipront; I should not object."

Colonel Morley (dryly). "I should. But why pay my Darrell any regard? I always thought he would—I think so still."

Cabin Vipront (glancing toward his own daughter Edmund). "Well, a wife well-chosen might restore him to society, and to us. Fitly, indeed, that a man should be cut off from us somehow. So you think Darrell will marry again? A remarkably fine-looking fellow when I last saw him; not old yet; I dare say well-preserved. I wish I had thought of asking him here—Montfort!" (Lady Monfort, who, in her two male friends, was passing by toward a billiard-room, paused.) "Montfort, you are about the regular suite)—Montfort! only think, we forgot to invite Guy Darrell. Is it too late before our party breaks up?"

Lord Montfort (coldly). "I don't choose Guy Darrell to be invited to my house."

Carr Vipront was literally stunned by a reply so contumacious. Lord Montfort dense at with Carr Vipront suggested all the respect due to their his senses.

"Not choose, my dear Montfort! you are joking. A monstrous clever fellow, Guy Darrell, and at this crisis—"

"I hate clever fellows—no such bores!" said Lord Montfort, breaking from the caressing clasp of Carr Vipront, and passing on.

"Spare your regrets, my dear Carr," said Colonel Morley, "Guy Darrell is not in England —I rather believe he is in Vevona."

The Colonel sauntered toward the group gathered round the piano. Adelaide had risen when Lady Monfort escaped from the Duchess, and, mingling courteously with her brother guests, found herself close to Colonel Morley. "Will you give me my revenge at chess?" she asked, with her rare smile. The Colonel was charmed. As they sat down and ranged their men, Lady Monfort remarked, carelessly—

"I overheard you say you had lately received a letter from Mr. Darrell. Does he write as well —cheerful? You remember we used to like much with his daughter, much in his house, when I was a child. He was ever most kind to me." Lady Monfort's voice here faltered.

He writes with no reference to himself, his health or his spirits. But his young kinsman described him to me as in good health—wonderfully young-looking for his years. But cheerful—no! Darrell and I entered the world together—we were friends as much as a man so busy and so eminent as he could be friends with a man like myself—indolent by habit, and oblivious out of Mayfair. I know his nature; we are not correspondents. Why should we be? We can not be happy! Impossible!—alone—childless—secluded." Poor Darrell, shrouded now; in the tomb, "as Hamlet at port"; but fiction does not stand alone in this. How very many books are dry, hard records—how absolutely rabid among us is the drivelling reading of the people of Africa—the wildest schemes! Dear County Guy, as we used to call him, how much more sad his might have been! Don't let us talk of him, he makes me nervous!" There I think of it, the more we want a bishop; a bishop would be useful in the present crisis. (Looking round the rooms proudly, and informally.) Ah, Mr. Jacqueous gathering, Morley! This demonstration will strike terror in Downing-street—the Old House stands firm—never was a family so united; all here, I think—that is, all worth naming—all, except Sir James, whom Morley chooses to dislike, and George—and George comes to-morrow."

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"I overheard you say you had lately received a letter from Mr. Darrell. Does he write as well —cheerful? You remember we used to like much with his daughter, much in his house,

Do not be afraid of fancy. Do not imagine that an eternal separation exists between the beautiful and the true; that all that is graceful and lovely, touching and affecting in the literature of our language—or of other languages—is in any degree less worth the having than stern truth. Do not run there for novels, poets, and novelists, and dramatists. Do not imagine (one of the greatest of fictions!) that these are merely to be regarded as playthings, put to pass a little leisure time. A fiction may do us far more good than a fact. There are times (there have been in my own life) when it is quite true that fiction has produced much that is unmistakable reality—that is worth absolutely nothing but its intrinsic paper; but fiction does not stand alone in this. How very many books are dry, hard records—how absolutely rabid among us is the drivelling reading of the people of Africa—the wildest schemes! Dear County Guy, as we used to call him, how much more sad his might have been! Don't let us talk of him, he makes me nervous!" There I think of it, the most painful subjects upon principle."

Lady Monfort. "Nonsense—you will not talk of him!" The Queen's pawn. No, you will not talk of him—no?"

The Queen moves, and the Colonel was within three moves of checkmating his adversary. Forgetting the resolution uttered in the heat of the pursuit, and seemed despondently meditating a hopeless defense—

"Pray, my dear cousin, what makes Montfort dislike my old friend Darrell?"

"Dislike! Does he? I don't know. Vanquished again, Colonel Morley!" She rose; and, as he restored the chessmen to their box, he heard her murmur to herself, in a tone—

"This young kinsman—will he not be a competitor to Mr. Darrell?"

"He would be a confidant and a pride to a father; but to Darrell, so distant a kinsman—a stranger—why not?" Why not? A principle for him, that is all. A very gentlemanlike young man—graceful, fluent by nature, polished in polish and knowledge of life. When he comes back he must enter society; I have put his name up at the clubs—may I introduce him?"

Lady Monfort hesitated, and, after a pause, said, almost inaudibly—

She left the Colonel, slightly shrugging his shoulders, and passed into the billiard-room with a quick step. Seven or eight persons were there, looking at the players. Lord Monfort was chalking his cue. His wife stood close and straight up to him; her color was heightened; her lip was quivering; she placed her hand on his shoulder with a timid familiarity. It seemed as if she had come there to seek him from an impulse of sudden fear. He looked round, and, muttering kindness of voice, "If he had been successful!" and called him by his Christian name. Lord Montfort's countenance became merely apathetic, now assumed an expression of extreme displeasure. "I wish to teach you to make a carom, I suppose!" he said, muttering, and turning from her, contemplated the balls and studied the carom.

"Father in my way, Lady Montfort," said the player, looking up, and laughing as he spoke.

Lady Monfort's countenance became still more flushed. She turned, mowed, and retreated to the drawing-room, and for the rest of the evening was unconsciously animated, gracious, fascinating. As she moved with her host guests for the night, she looked round, saw Colonel Morley, and said, in a low voice, to him—

"Your nephew comes here to-morrow," said she, "my old playfellow; impossible quite to forget old friends—good-night."

Miscellany.

READING.

A taste for reading is not only important, but necessary, to all intellectual beings. It is impossible to overestimate its advantages. The question is not what it can do, but what is there it can not do? It is the key which opens every door in the temple of learning. It is an armor of defense against the atrocity of ignorance and the vanity of superficial knowledge. It is a powerful weapon from degradation, and a refuge free from interruption.

The great men of all ages have been great readers. They employed a person to be always reading to them while at their meals, and in the evening. He made extracts from the comments of Tacitus. "Cæsar," he says, "in his book on grammar is not so afford something valuable. Cicero read with a pen in his hand for the purpose of making quotations. It is unnecessary to enumerate instances of this kind, for they form an integral part in the life of every celebrated man.

Books have been prized by the wisest and best of mankind even in the most dangerous times, when there are bad books as well as good books, and the choice of books is as important as a taste for reading. The materials for miscellaneous reading are so multifarious, that it is difficult to show how to select, and what to read. The Bible is first on my with Lord Bacon, "There seemeth to be a superiority of books. But shall no more be made, for I make answer that the Scriptures, as the Author of Heaven, may do over the serpents of the enchanters." In our books, we should select such as these which furnish facts and fancies, sanctified by religion and purified by morality. Facts in history, and the philosophy founded on those facts; facts in political economy, and the science built on those facts; facts in natural philosophy, and the science defined from those facts; facts in philology, and the history and diversities of language; facts in astronomy and the sublime and magnificent discoveries and theories of their original proportions—but freely selected as such. But do not confine study only to hard facts.

Lord Bacon, or Lord Bacon's index-maker, uttered the aphorism, *Knowledge is power*. The aphorism is true, but not entirely true. Let us add, "Wisdom is strength"), and perhaps a great deal of the knowledge which is power was valuable, and worth being no man's indefensible possession, if, belonged neither to Solomon, nor to Bacon, nor the index-maker, but to every body. Who discovered it first is of no particular importance.

That knowledge is power, does not of course stand good in every case; the aphorism is of general application. Thus a man knows letters, and by that means he becomes the possessor of much the friend and companion of all the great men whose writings are preserved in the language he understands. Every new acquisition of a foreign tongue gives him an introduction to those foreign worthies whose books are untranslated, and makes him grow more intimate with those who have been "done" into his native tongue. Again, a knowledge of the elements of nature, their properties, and characteristics, and their action on each other, gives him the ability to command them in his service —to harness their four ancient coursers, fire, water, earth, and air, to the car of his inventive genius.

Knowledge is power in another sense—with the money-maker, to wit. He whose speculations are the result of careful thought and deep research of information is scarcely to be considered a speculator after all. A neophyte on 'Change, with the learning of all the schools in his head, but not the school of life, would be at the mercy of the jobbers. A man of the world, with his eyes and things, is the grand secret of success in commercial enterprises. Such knowledge is power—the power of accumulating wealth and building a fortune.

In any way you please the aphorism is true—true of the sawyer holding his battery, of the statesman in his political schemes, of the speculator in his dashing enterprises, of the murderer compassing his base purpose, of the lady with her chariot outwitting the prisoner—of all, every where.

FATAL EFFECT OF SOUND.

Great noises, or violent concussions of the air, such as those produced by large cannon or loud thunder, produce sufficiently most astounding, and, in some instances, overwhelming effects on men and animals. Brocster relates that when peace was proclaimed at London in 1697, two cannon were were dismounted and drawn up in line, in order to fire their volleys. Opposite to the centre of the line was the door of a butcher's shop, where there was a mastiff dog of great courage. This dog was chained by the leg; but when the first volley was fired, it immediately started up, ran into another room, and died in the course of a few days. On the firing of the second volley the dog rose, ran several times over the room trembling violently, and apparently in great agony. When the third volley was fired, the dog ran about once or twice with great fury, and was instantly felt quite dead, throwing up blood from its mouth and nose.

FACES.

There is a great deal in a face; all the interest of life depends on face. It is a difficult thing to imagine how we should do without faces; we have no faculty for doing things without faces. In fact: there is not one man in a thousand, save and except the mere animal, who can do without the face of a lamb, it has such a pretty innocent face; but oysters are slaughtered remorselessly, wrenched out of their shells without the slightest compunction: they have no faces, though they have beards; and as for cows, they utter never a word, whilst in no mournful countenance—and therefore they are not pitied. As a proof of hypocrisy in all our pity for negroes, all we ever procure is tracts, and all our anti-cruelty crotchets—it is nothing more or less—extend to the lobster. The consideration of the big drops coursing each other down the stag's face, as he is pursued to ancient disease and death, had such faces as mermaids, there is not a fish-wife at Billingsgate who would dare to skin eel; but mermaids have no masculine faces and so attack all both cats, that nobody pities them. What a pathetic face the monkey has, and yet how few turn to the body of the murdered Caesar, when he says,

"Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips!"

Here is a metaphor of face, bringing to the hearer the most touching of the countenance of one wounded even to death. It was from flattering, recognized or not, of the universal sympathy with face, that led Shakespeare to the adoption of this metaphor, and it tells well. Ovid's bleeding trees excite very little more sympathy than a skinned sheep—certainly not more than a squeaking lobster—they want face. Gorrick was the man to show the world what could be done with face. He was one of the few who ought to act without a mask.

COCKNOACHES ON BOARD SHIP.

The Red Sea water is hotter than the ocean, and the steamers are renowned for cockroaches, animals—as they are called among ladies who have written a book upon India—not very different from the generation of domestic ills: "The transparent character of the cabin and its partitions allows indecorous and conversations sometimes to be overheard; for instance, a lady, on board the Cleopatra, I'm certain I heard something crawling." No wonder—George being in the land of Nod. "George, louder, 'yes you sleep!' Here's a cockroach, I'll kill him, shall I, do get up and kill it?" Some sleepy towel remonstrance, and then further talk. "George, I'll never love you any more if you don't actually look for that cockroach." And, on no response being made to this terrible threat of never-ending and lamentation causes of ever having left her dear mamma—and, in short, the whole history which we doubt's cure if she is happy or miserable.

DE GENTLE.

He ever gentle with his maiden God bless them; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of the Scriptures, "Be not bitter unto them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a father say, "but—" I fails to them very much, but do not like to hear my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though the father himself was ignorant. For, if we make child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy, and the world will be the same, if long enough spared, the storm will not fear. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the master's repressing eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

LYING.

"It is more from carelessness about truth," said Johnson, "than from intention; I fear that there is so much falsehood in the world."



EAST PORTION OF VIGUILLA. RUINS OF ITO. MONASTERY OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

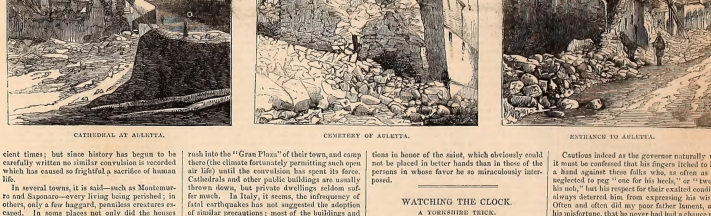
THE nine illustrations which accompany this article were forwarded to the *Illustrated London News* in the shape of photographs; they may, therefore, be assumed to be correct representations of the terrible ravages which have been committed by the late earthquakes in the kingdom of Naples.

No such earthquake, or rather series of earthquakes, has been known in Europe within the last thousand years; nor, perhaps, has any ever occurred which occasioned so terrible a loss of human life. Our Central American earthquakes—such as the one which destroyed the city of San Salvador four years ago—were terrible, certainly. But when one realizes that between thirty and forty thousand human beings perished in the Naples earthquake, our American catastrophes sink into insignificance. We have no record of the amount of life sacrificed by the earthquakes of antediluvian times; but since history has begun to be carefully written no similar convulsion is recorded which has caused so frightful a sacrifice of human life.

In several towns, it is said—such as Montemurro and Saponara—every living being perished; in others, only a few haggard, penniless creatures escaped. In some places not only did the houses and walls crumble to pieces, crushing every one who was exposed, but the earth gaped, and those who escaped the crush of falling masonry were ingulfed, and perished miserably when the yawning cleft was closed by the force which opened it.

The usual physical operation of an earthquake is best described by the word "earth-wave." The earth undulates; a wave, like a wave of the sea, passes over it, alternately raising and depressing the surface. The rate at which this wave travels has been estimated, on scientifically ascertained phenomena, at 1000 miles an hour. But the wave is but one of the phenomena of earthquakes. The sudden openings and rents in the soil, the convulsive shocks, the periodical trembling—none of these can be distinctly referred to the wave-like motion. During the late earthquake in the kingdom of Naples, persons who had escaped from the first terrible shock were overwhelmed by a second convulsion in the act of gathering up their property from the ruins.

In Central America, and those parts of South America which are exposed to earthquakes, the houses are built with a view to withstand such freaks of Nature. They are all one story high. The walls, which are very far apart, are wonderfully thick, in many cases four to six feet at the base, and gradually narrowing toward the roof. There are no narrow streets; wide squares abound. When the people of Guatemala or San Salvador note premonitory symptoms of a storm such they was, however—to the priests tell us—well, hearty, and lively when she was dug out. In reply to an inquiry as to how she had subsisted during her three weeks' subterranean sojourn, she replied that a baby in black had appeared unto her and fed her on bread and water. The profane critic may cavil at the diet, and wonder why the saint did not treat the poor girl to something better, as evidently canvas-back duck and *Lacrima Christi* could have been had at the price, the whole operation being supernatural; but in such matters profane cavilers must be frowned down. St. Januarv has figured on two or three occasions. Very fat and rosy monks have appeared and confessed that they had been ten or twelve days under ground, with the ruins of a cathedral resting on the small of their back, and a chapel or two on the nape of their neck; but, thanks to St. Januarv! they rather enjoyed the excitement, and were none the worse. Pious persons have acknowledged the miracle by contributions in honor of the saint, which obviously could not be placed in better hands than in those of the persons in whose favor he so miraculously interposed.



CATHEDRAL AT AULETTA. CEMETERY OF AULETTA. ENTRANCE TO AULETTA.

WATCHING THE CLOCK.

A FORBIDDEN TRICK.

ABOUT ten years ago the grand national and provincial steeple-chases took place at York, and three very gentleman-like and well-dressed strangers came as far as Little Studdington, and put up at my father's house, "The Angler's Rest." They went into town, and returned from it every day in our four-wheel during the week; and when the races were over, they were so enamored of the snug little house and its capital accommodation, that they remained with us a fortnight, eating and drinking of the best, and always delighted to see the old gentleman at their dinner-table. I think I can see my respected parent now, as he was wont to sit upon the extreme edge of his well-polished chair, in rapt astonishment at their fashionable conversation. If they happened to mention an absent friend under the rank of a baronet, it was in a sort of apologetic tone—their connections being so exclusively aristocratic. Good society was my poor father's weakness; and never having been familiar with the turf himself, his sense of the excellences of our nobility was quite overwhelming. The three friends were wont to play at cards after dinner for pretty large sums; and the games which seemed best to suit their elegant but eccentric taste was that of triangular critchago. My father was a capital hand at this, and easily perceived that they were but indifferent performers; but they never dreamed of asking him to cut in, although one or other of them would often request his advice at an important crisis.

Cautious indeed as the governor naturally was, it must be confessed that his fingers itched to hold a hand against these folks who, as often as not, neglected to peg "one for his heels," or "two for his nob," but his respect for their exalted condition always deterred him from expressing his wishes. Often and often did my poor father lament, after his misfortune, that he never had had a chance with the cards; but my belief is, that had he ventured upon such a thing, these unskilled gentry would have very rapidly improved in their play, and would have won his shirt off his back if they had played long enough.

One afternoon, when they had dined as usual, early, and before the cards were produced, their conversation turned upon wagers: how Lord Clickclack had won ten thousand pounds by being dumb for a day: how the Duke of Oxfordshire had backed himself to walk from Pall-mall to Bond Street



RUINS AT ATENA. RUINS AT POTENZA. STREET IN FABOLA.

on a levee morning without opening his eyes; and of the ingenious device of his antagonist, the Marquis of Luxall, in driving over him in a Hansom cab until he did so; with many other anecdotes of the aristocracy not included in the collection of Mr. Burke.

"This sort of thing is much harder than it appears to be," observed one of the three gentlemen. "Now I will lay ten pounds that no man keeps himself in one position and counts the ticks of that great clock, for instance, for a whole hour."

"How do you mean?" exclaimed my father, greatly interested.

"Why, that no man can sit in a chair—your chair, for instance—facing the clock, and wag his head from right to left as Old Time with the scythe yonder is wagging, for the space of an hour, and never say any words but 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' as the clock says."

"You bet ten pounds that I don't do *that?*" cried the governor.

"Not with you," replied the other, coolly; "I don't want to win *your* money, my good man. I will bet either of my two friends that *they* do not do it."

"Nay," said one of them, "'tis easy enough; but I would not bother myself with such a thing for twice the money. I don't see," added he, "why you should not give our good Boniface a chance, either."

"Do, pray do!" cried my father, who was perhaps the most stolid man in the world, and could have sat six hours doing any thing he was told to do without any inconvenience. "I'll bet you."

So, rather against his will, as it seemed, he who had proposed the conditions agreed to make the wager.

My father was then placed in his chair immediately opposite the clock; the stakes on either side were placed upon the table within his view; he was warned that every means would be resorted to short of laying hands upon him to induce him to look away, or say any thing besides the words agreed upon; and as the clock struck four the old gentleman's head had begun to wag, "Here she comes, and there she goes," and "Here she comes, and there she goes," very slowly and solemnly, keeping time with the pendulum.

"He'll lose," cried one of the gentlemen.

"Certain to lose," replied another, laughing. "Hallo, old chap, there goes your window-pane!"

There was a crash of breaking glass, that made the governor wince again, but he did not alter his position a hairbreadth, or desist one quarter of a tick from his monotonous task. Some of the particular china which then ornamented our oaken shelves next came down with a run; but its owner's face only turned a little pale, as he thought what step-mother would say about it. "Here she comes, and there she goes," was all it drew from him.

His antagonist seemed now to have given up the destructive plan as a failure.

"I say, Boniface," cried he, "I am going to put the stakes in my pocket—I am;" and suiting the action to the word, he swept off the two ten-pound notes into his waistcoat before the governor's own eyes.

A shadow of anxiety flitted for an instant across my parent's brow, but "Here she comes, and there she goes," was all that torture itself would at that time have wrung from him. Ten minutes of the terrible ordeal had already passed."

"Boniface," observed the sporting gentleman with feeling, "we must now part. My friends and myself have passed a pleasant time at Little Studdington, but our visit is now at an end. One of us has just gone out to order the four-wheel; and by rapid driving, we shall just catch the express train to London. In anticipation of this position of affairs, our little articles are already packed and ready to be placed under the seat. Receive, my dear Sir, the assurances of our consideration. I wish that we had any thing else to offer you in return for your very genial hospitality; this ten-pound note of yours will remind us, be assured, of your kindness, until the day when it shall be spent. I would that the terms of our little wager permitted us to shake you by the hand. Unlucky it is, too, that we start from the back-door, so that you will be unable, of course, to see the very last of us. In forty minutes about you will be released from this irksome task, and we ourselves shall be at York, Boniface. Heaven bless you! What! not a word at parting?"

"Here she comes, and there she goes," cried the governor, stoutly, but suffused with a cold perspiration.

"Yes, here she comes," repeated the sporting gentleman derisively, as the sound of wheels made itself to be distinctly heard from the back; "and there she will go in about a minute: she is a fast mare."

He closed the door, and the governor was left alone with the broken window, and the smashed china, and the infernal pendulum, repeating his prescribed formula with the utmost constancy, but with an anxious expression of countenance.

To him presently entered my maternal step-parent, who is of a suspicious temperament. "Whatever have you been about, John, to let them chaps go away without any one to drive Polly, and at such a pace as— Goodness gracious, the china! What *has* happened? Rachel, Betty, Dick!" screamed she, "what has come to your poor father? Do but look at him! Speak to us, John!"

"Here she comes, and there she goes," murmured the governor, sadly, and swaying himself slowly from side to side like a mandarin.

I shall never forget the scene as long as I live: I laughed until I could stand up no longer, and then I lay down on the floor and laughed there. The indignation that was thrown into the old gentleman's tones as he pursued his terrible task only made the matter ten times more ridiculous.

"He is mad, stark staring mad!" cried my step-mother, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Here she comes, and there she goes," exclaimed my father irascibly, as with one well-directed blow of his elbow he tumbled the old lady upon the floor.

Then I really thought he had gone mad, and went to get a rope to tie his arms; only the foam flew from his lips—he was in that passion of rage—that I did not dare come near him when I had got it. We sent for the policeman, therefore, and of course we sent for the doctor; and presently they both arrived, and were as astonished as we were to see what was taking place.

"When did this fit come on him?" asked the medical man, as the clock struck five.

"Here she comes, and there she goes," yelled the governor, starting up from his chair. "Where are those three thieves? They have robbed me of ten pounds, and board, and horse-hire, and lodging for fifteen days and a half." (He had been calculating all this, poor fellow! in case they should have really gone away, while he was repeating his foolish sentences.) "Ride after them—ride!"

Alas! we did ride, but we never came up with them. They had left our Polly at the station in the four-wheel, but they were off nobody knows where. We found out only, long afterward, that our visitors were three of the London swell-mob, who had been warned out of York by the detectives during the race week, to which circumstance we had been of course indebted for their patronage. My poor father never held up his head again: the jockey-boys were always wagging theirs whenever they saw him, and crying out: "Here she comes, and there she goes," until he was driven into his grave.

It is a sad story from beginning to end; but now that I have fairly published it, I feel that there is something off my mind. There will be no need for futile attempts upon my part to conceal this disgrace to my family any more. And perhaps, after all, one of the reasons why I am so "up to the time of day" myself—as we say in Yorkshire—is because of the warning that was afforded to me in my poor father's watching the clock.

A RESURRECTIONIST STORY.

Dr. Monkton was a physician; and was so far advanced in fortune and reputation as to be able to retire for four months every year into the country, and leave his practice and his patients to be ready for his return. There was a very romantic story attached to him, which, looking at his red face and considering his precise, old bachelor habits, one would not have suspected. But there was something when one knew him better, which seemed to intimate that he might have gone through trying scenes and hours. It might be fancy, however, for he never said one word on the subject, and, intimate as I have been with him, I never dared inquire how much of the things reported was true and how much false.

The tale was this: When he was quite a young man, and only beginning to make some little progress and money in his profession, it was said that the strange chance had happened to him to revive the apparently dead body of a subject brought to him, he knew not whence, for dissection. Whether this part of the story was really true, or had been adopted to account for subsequent circumstances, I can not tell. Certain it is, that the knowledge and belief of the story grew up with me, and it was very long before I thought of doubting it. What further is certain, is, that all the few friends he had at that time remembered a most beautiful woman who lived with him, and whom he declared to be his wife, but few believed her to be so. A profound mystery hung over her, none ever hearing of father or mother, or former friend of any kind. It was not many, indeed, who had the opportunity of inquiring, for not above two or three persons were ever admitted intimately to their house. The name by which he called her was Umbra. Whether it was a fictitious name or a real one he would not say. The report which these persons made of her was, that she was exquisitely lovely; but as far as intercourse went, little better than some warm marble to which Dr. Monkton had given a dose of the elixir of life. The story goes, that, like those Athenians who recovered from the plague, all trace of her former existence had been erased from her memory by the illness which had consigned her to the grave, and that she retained neither any recollection of past events, nor, except the use of language, any trace of what knowledge she might formerly have acquired. However that might be, Monkton loved her better than every clever and learned creature of the earth, and during the years of their connection he gave his friends the idea of a man who has one sole interest forever present to his imagination.

It was about two years after it first became known that this beautiful shadow inhabited his house, that a merchant, who had a tolerably intimate acquaintance with Dr. Monkton, returned from abroad, and chanced to be admitted to the presence of his shadowy inmate. He seemed wonderfully struck by her, and afterward told Dr. Monkton that if he had not seen his own wife in the tomb he could not but have believed that she and this beautiful creature were the same. Monkton repelled the idea with an indignation for which there seemed to his friend no cause; but the cause, I suppose, was the frightful fear that it was true. She, however, was wholly unmoved at sight of the stranger, and this comforted Dr. Monkton a little, and prevented him from taking any steps for the absolute exclusion of Provost, for so was the young merchant named. Provost, for his part, desired nothing more than to come frequently to the house, and indulge the pleasure he felt in looking at the image of one whom he had lost in the height of love and youth; and at last, unlike any other of their acquaintance, came alone, and in the morning, and succeeded in getting admitted to the presence of the mistress of the house, even when the master was absent. Dr. Monkton learned this with some displeasure, and forbade the continuance of his visits. Umbra was willing, nay, seemed glad to concur in the prohibition, and Monkton informed his friend that the arrangements of his very small and secluded establishment prevented him from receiving guests, except when invited.

His friend thought him jealous, and acquiesced; but it excited rather than discouraged him, and he sought every occasion to elude the prohibition. A few days after it had been given, he made some pretext for calling in the evening, and succeeded in establishing himself in the little drawing-room. Here he endeavored to talk to the lovely shadow more than was the custom of Monkton's guests. It was necessary for him to bear the chief burden of the conversation, for he got few words from her, and almost fewer looks; and, in order to keep conversation alive, he told anecdotes and described scenes, to which she gave a mere passive attention.

"I was walking," said he, "with only one person along the edge of the cliff I have described to you. The sea was many hundred feet below us; the precipice went sheer down to its brink. On a sudden a great layer of the rock seemed to unjoint itself from the rest, and a rent yawned between the ledge we stood on and the main mass of the mountain. My companion sprang into my arms. I feel her now."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Umbra. "That is a dream. I know it is a dream. Don't speak; but is not it a dream?"

At Umbra's voice, at her most unusual manner, Dr. Monkton started up, and then ran to her, and received her in his arms.

"Oh, Monkton, I can not bear to hear any body else talk of that dream. It seems to become real again. His foot slipped just on the very edge!"

"O God! who told you that?" cried Provost, in the most vehement agitation.

She looked up, and full at him, when she heard these tones of his voice, screamed aloud, and shrank into Monkton's bosom, pressing her hands on her forehead. Provost was no less agitated. He would have seized her hands; but she turned away from him with such agony of fear that life seemed unable to support it, and, gathering herself closer into Monkton's bosom, she fainted like one dead.

He carried her from the room, and would suffer no one to hear the words of reviving consciousness from her lips. But from this moment he could no longer repress the idea that Umbra had been the wife of this man. Yet he did not allow it to separate her interest from his. The grave itself had given her to him. He had devoted all the affections of his soul to her. Any right to claim her by another he cast off as a weak pretense, which, if she should urge, would be mere proof that she loved another better than she did him. This was the idea that people said haunted him, and, in the fury of his jealousy and his love, he made it the sole question between himself and Umbra. She, in the mean time, with purer instincts, saw the same idea very differently. With her it was a wandering notion, which terrified her like some dreadful phantom. Her love for Monkton had absorbed every faculty that remained to her, and whatever interfered with it was terrible to her imagination. When a dark and doubtful sense of duty, then, came between her and him, it was repelled by all the efforts of her will. And yet at times it seemed to overshadow her in a shape which she was not able to drive away. She was frightened at herself when happiest in his presence, and he was vehement with her in proportion to his adoration and his jealousy.

Provost, in the mean time, became aware of the misery which had grown up in the house of his friend, and knew that he himself was the cause. The extreme beauty of Umbra, and her resemblance to his wife, moved him strongly to compassion and interest; and, firmly believing that she was not the wife of Monkton, he felt but little scruple, when he learned how she was now treated, in endeavoring to induce her voluntarily to quit her present home for his. A horrible wavering notion seems to have possessed her that Provost had a right to command her to do so. Then, again, she lost sight of it, and only a vague idea that she was to be cast off by Monkton darkened her imagination.

When Monkton learned from her own lips the struggle she was enduring, the last hold upon his passions gave way. They broke that hour over their boundaries, and spread their own ruin around them. In his madness he himself hurried her from the house, and led her to Provost's door. There he furiously rang, and, hearing some one running to open it, he started away like the wind, and, rushing into his own desolate house, locked himself in his room, and neither answered nor summoned the frightened servant who beheld his return.

It was a winter night of tempest, but there was no fire nor light in Monkton's room. He was not heard to stir from the moment he entered it; and the servant who watched a little while at his chamber-door, and once or twice knocked timidly, was fain to retire at last, and conceal her fears for her master in her still greater awe of him. Morning came, and she once more tried to obtain an answer; but all was silent within his room. After a few more moments, however, she had forgotten her awe of him, on beholding an object of yet greater terror. She screamed his name in a voice which prevailed over his passions. It made him spring up, unbolt the lock, and the door was thrust open as he did so by the trembling servant. She dragged him to the step of the entrance, and there lay the dead Umbra, frozen to death. No doubt she had followed him in his flight, and had not attempted to enter, since he had driven her away, and had sat down and died on the step. Monkton took her up in his arms, and for three days he never loosed the dead body, not though the dreadful taint of corruption spread over it. At the end of that time his brain reeled, and his strength wavered. His arms, in spite of himself, gave way to force; she was taken from him, and he sank into a stupor from which it was long before he recovered.

A short outbreak of remorse followed, and then he shut up her name in silence as profound as the grave which a second time held her. He made no confident; he gave no detail. One journey he took as soon as he was released from the restraint to which his temporary alienation of reason had reduced him, and at that time he was too much absorbed in his own feelings to care whether he was observed or not. They thought he intended to open the tomb of Umbra, and see her with his own eyes in the last resting-place. They watched him, but he did not go there. He went to the vault where the wife of Provost was recorded on the marble to lie, and caused the lid of the coffin to be lifted which bore her name. The lid was lifted, and the coffin was an empty one.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The following is a copy of a barber's sign in Green Street, Albany:

CAPILLIARY ABRIDGER
AND
TONSORIAL OPERATOR.

"Don't you know that some people are always taking offense at something; construing every slight into an affront, every doubtful word into an insult? They are like one of my carriage-horses. He has a bad habit of shying. Sambo, the coachman, was driving them the other day, and the horse displaying his bad trick, the mistress in the carriage expressed her fears that the horse was unsafe. 'Don't be afeared, Missus,' says Sambo, 'there's no danger; this 'ere horse is always looking out for an *insult!*'"

"Have you any thing like cheese here?" shouted a wagoner, as he halted his team in front of Joe Baird's store. "Yes, Sir-ee!" shouted Joe, in reply; "we have some tallow, *very much like it!*"

Female Employment.—"We see that there is an agitation to employ women in the business of watchmaking, which is said to be beautifully adapted for the delicacy of their pretty little fingers. We highly approve of this employment of female hands; for there is probably not even a surly old bachelor who, having recovered from a long illness, would not be too happy to admit that women (Heaven bless them!) are at all times, but more especially in moments of sickness and danger, the very best *watchers* in the world!"—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

The Parentage of Joking.—It's a wise joke indeed that knows its own father.

Doctor Chapman, of Philadelphia, whose wit was equal to his medicine, having been invited by a friend, more eminent for a love of show than for real literary attainments, to examine his newly fitted-up library, was asked how he liked the taste displayed. He looked round upon the gorgeous crimson curtains, the rich mahogany cases, and dark maroon paper and carpets, and then, with his peculiar comical expression and nasal voice, replied, "*Every thing read* (red) *but the books.*"

A three-year-old boy of ours has a new pair of boots with *red* tops. A friend was teasing him, saying he would take them at night. "No!" says Ned; "I put 'em in the bed." "But I will take them out!" says the friend. "No, can't do it; I seep in the middle!"

Paddy in the Witness-Box.—A certain witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honor; hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off." "Dennis?" "No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honor." "The dog came back at you?" "No, Dennis, yer honor; and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honor."

A fellow was convicted of arson, the penalty of which crime was imprisonment for life. Upon being called up for sentence, he was asked by the Judge the usual question as to what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him. "Nothing, your honor," replied he, "but to ask for mercy." The Judge went on and passed sentence of imprisonment for life. The prisoner stood a moment in silence, then looking up at the Judge, significantly says, "*Well*, you've done *your* worst!" "What?" said the judge; "you rascal, open your head again and I'll *commit you for contempt!*" The idea of committing a man for contempt while under sentence for life *was* certainly original.

A lately arrived native of the Emerald Isle, who a few years since was in the employ of a friend of ours, had been for some time anxiously expecting a letter informing him of the arrival of his brother, who had announced his intention of joining him in this country. After several fruitless visits to the post-office, he returned home very late one night after the family had retired to rest; and on passing the door of our friend's bedroom, the latter inquired, "Well, William, any news yet?" "Ah, yes!" replied William; "*furstht-rate, bad news.* Me brother's comin till Amuriky—*but he's dead!*"

A gentleman traveling in the West stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover." "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible." "Found it in the Bible!" quoth the gentleman. "Pray, and in what part of the Bible did you find it?" The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: "*Moreover*, the dog came and licked his sores." "There!" said she, "wasn't the dog's name *Moreover?*"

Mr. Jenkins broke the lock of his gun, and sent it to a gunsmith, who imperfectly mended it, and charged one dollar, which was paid. Soon after, Jenkins used his gun, and on the first shot the lock broke in the same place; he sent the gun again to the smith with a request to do his work so that it would stand; the lock was again mended, and another charge of a dollar made. But Jenkins contended that the first mending being imperfect no charge should be made. Thereupon the smith brought suit before John Nixon, then a justice of the peace, and a wag withal. Jenkins, indignant, went to M. W. Hines, then a distinguished lawyer, and told him he would give him twenty dollars to defend the suit. The bargain was struck and the money paid. The case came on for trial at nine o'clock; at twelve, the lawyers were still hard at work, when the Judge raised his spectacles, interrupted the lawyers, and inquired the amount in dispute. On being informed, he took a dollar from his own pocket, and handing it to the smith, said, "Here, poor gunsmith, is your dollar, and there are no costs."

At a meeting of stockholders of the Buffalo, Corning, and New York Railroad, held at Batavia in 18'5, there was in attendance a rich but miserly old farmer from Canadice named Terbush. As the ride to the place of meeting was free to the stockholders and their families, the old farmer took his gude frau along with him. Arriving at the place of meeting, the old fellow got out of the car with his wife, half famished with the long ride, and too stingy to patronize a hotel. Seeing an old acquaintance, he went up to him with, "Cale, is there a bakery around here some'ers? Mammy and I are hungry and want to get some crackers." "I don't know about the bakery," said Caleb; "but there's a crib around the corner where you can get some *corn in the ear!*"

A long-legged Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for the first time, while stalking around the pavilion, suddenly came on the elephant; whereupon he turned to the keeper with surprise: "Thunder and lightning, mister! what critter have you got there, with a tail on both ends."

IRISH PROVERBS.

By the Cove of Cork.

Men of straw don't make the best bricks.

It's a narrow bed that has no turning.

When money is sent flying out of the window it's poverty that comes in at the door.

The Pig that pleases to live must live to please.

One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse.

Short rents make long friends—and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes.

The mug of a fool is known by there being nothing in it.

You may put the Carte before the Horse, but you can't make him eat.

Money makes the gentleman, the want of it the blackguard.

When wise men fall out then rogues come by what is not their own.

"Les Belles Lettres."—Valentines decidedly belong to the order of *Belles Lettres*, as they are generally the rose-tinted emanations from, or else the heart-glowing offerings to, *Belles.—Our own dear Jenkins.*

DRAWING-ROOM THOUGHTS.

By a Waiter who has moved in the First Circles.

A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it.

Characters, like pipes, get blacker the oftener they are smoked.

The more polished a person's mind, the more susceptible it is to the warmth of friendly impressions, like a well kept mahogany table, whose bright surface is marked instantly with any dish that is placed upon it hot.

Many friends, like cards, are flung down upon the ground as soon as those who have been playing with them have got all they cared out of them.

The Value of Early Rising in Congress.—It is your early M. C. that catches the Speaker's eye.

Inquiring Gentleman. "Mrs. Brown, is Mr. Smith, your boarder, a man to be trusted?"

Mrs. Brown. "I don't know any body more so. I've trusted him for two years, and I expect to trust him for-ever. He never pays!"

John Doe boasts of his plays (unacted), Richard Roe reads them, and says to D., "You resemble Shakspeare very much!"

"You flatter me," replied the unctuous D.

"Not at all; I would scorn the act."

"Then where's the resemblance 'twixt the Bard of Avon and your humble servant?"

"Well," replies Doe, "I'll tell you. Shakspeare, in his early days, was guilty of stealing—"

"Well?" quoth Doe.

"Why, there the likeness between you ends."

Yankee (*very keen*). "Why, Pomp, you can't tell who made the monkey?"

Pomp (*keener*). "Oh yes, I can, massa. The same One made de monkey dat made *you*."

"Did the defendant approach the plaintiffs seriatim?" inquired an attorney, in a case of assault and battery, the other day.

"No, Sir-ee," was the reply; "he went at 'em with a poker."

Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out, "Zounds, Dennis, if ye be dead can't you spake?"

"I'm not dead, but spachless," said the other.

Young Hopeful (*to his mother*). "Now, mother, if yer don't let me come into the dinner-party to-day, I'll go right out and catch the croup!"

Mother. "Catch the croup, indeed! how can you?"

Boy. "Why, lie down in the snow, just as I did last week!"

The most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

John's wife and John were *tête-à-tête;* she witty was, industrious he; says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate;" "and I," says she, "have *urned* the tea."

"This is a grate prospect," as the prisoner said, in peeping out of his cell window.

Lord Byron made a comparison of divers languages with music. "The Russian tongue," said he, "was like a kettle-drum; the German like a base-viol; French, as a wedding-hymn; the Italian like an Æolian harp; the English only being the human voice." On the contrary, H. Heine gives the following. He says: "Take a word into the mouth, turn it around therein, and spit it out; that's English."

The creator of the ideal philosophy, I. Hegel, gives the following definition of a *word* (notion) that is often tried to be explained in these papers. He says:

"*Love* is the absolute identity with the totality of that finite being—connected with cupidity and carnity of I and thou—for *I* and *thou* is *he*, and *he* is the love."

"Smoking is a disgusting ptyalism, with inevitable concomitant dirt."—Dr. C—x.

Dr. C., from his sermons awaking,
 Comes "down upon" smokers and smoke,
Just (to judge from his language, jaw-breaking)
 Having dined upon Art-o'-choke.

Encyclopedias ranged at his back,
 He raves without reason or manners,
And, filibuster-like, makes an attack
 Upon the defenseless Havanas.

Truce, Doctor Chanticleer! truce to this war!
 At best, 'tis a crusade Quixotic;
Stick to your sermons—leave me my cigar;
 Thus each may enjoy his hypnotic!

Nephelegereta.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, March* 15, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week of last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 13, 1858	$1,767,954....	$1,074,398
Corresponding week, 1857	5,065,712....	891,209
Increase..............		$163,189
Decrease..............	$3,297,752	

There is no change in the money market to report, except that exchange on England has fallen so low, that some parties anticipate a revival of the gold shipments in this direction. At least it is probable that many of those foreigners who are availing themselves of the present occasion to invest in American securities, will accompany their orders with the gold to pay for what they buy. Money is freely lent at the Banks at 6 and 7; and any quantity can be had on call at 4 and 5. It is probable that the Bank average, to be published to-morrow morning, will not vary much from that of last week—say $32,750,000. To-morrow a California arrival will be due.

The New York bids for the new Treasury loan were sent in on Saturday. It is generally supposed that the loan will be taken at 3½ @ 4. Much more than the amount required was applied for from New York.

The stock market has been dull, and prices have receded 2 @ 4 per cent. during the week. The event has been caused by the movements of speculators, who, having bought in at low prices, sold out at the close of last week, and left the weight of the market on weak shoulders.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, March* 15, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week exhibited no remarkable changes for Breadstuffs, the receipts of which were moderate. The demand for Flour and Wheat was mainly for home, and that for Corn was chiefly for export.... Cotton was more active, especially on Saturday, and it closed rather firmer.... Provisions fluctuated in demand and value. Toward the close the inquiry was fair for nearly all kinds, and prices displayed more steadiness....A very brisk trade has been reported in Rio Coffee, which tends upward. Sugars, Molasses, and Rice have been in good request at full rates. Teas have been more freely offered, and prices have favored buyers, especially for Oolongs, of which the available supply is heavy. The demand, however, has not been as brisk.....Less activity has been discernible in Hides and Leather....The leading kinds of Naval Stores and Oils have attracted considerable attention at improved quotations....Wool has been in more request.

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 3.	Week ending *March* 10.
Beeves....................	2,583	3,539
Milch Cows................	209	211
Veal Calves................	448	565
Sheep and Lambs..........	7,376	5,337
Swine....................	——	375

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	868	Iowa................	51
Ohio................	801	Pennsylvania	59
Indiana............	472	Michigan	17
Illinois............	417		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound...$	7½	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	6 50
" " per pound.........	8	@	11
Live Swine, per pound..............	4	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets present no very remarkable alterations. Much of the produce recently received was injured by exposure during the uexpectedly cold weather. Supplies of desirable commodities are moderate, and prices generally favor sellers. The demand, however, is not brisk.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel....................	$3 00	@	$6 00
Apples, dried, per pound..............	6	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound..............	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 50	@	2 00
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel..............	10 00	@	12 00
Potatoes, per barrel..................	2 00	@	4 00
" per bushel....................	1 00	@	1 10
" sweet, per barrel.............	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	50	@	62
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Cabbages, per 100	6 00	@	8 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel..................	1 50	@	1 75
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	—
Celery, per dozen	1 25	@	1 50
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	8	@	10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	16½
Chickens, per pound.................	12	@	14
Fowls, per pound....................	10	@	15
Guinea Fowl, per pair...............	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	17	@	21
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound..................	12	@	15
Geese, per pound....................	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair...............	75	@	88
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen.....................	2 50	@	3 00
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each.......................	18	@	25
Hares, each.........................	37	@	50
Squirrels, each	5	@	8
Venison, per pound	8	@	13

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" 25th, . . . Chateaubriand.
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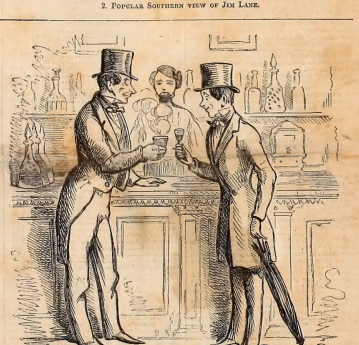
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SENATOR JOHN SLIDELL, OF LOUISIANA.

We proceed, in due course, to add to our gallery of political portraits that of the Honorable John Slidell, one of the two Senators from Louisiana in the Senate of the United States.

The modesty of the United States Senator from Louisiana has rendered the task of his biographers one of no common difficulty. Materials are absolutely wanting, save those which can be found in the histories of the country.

It is known that he is a New Yorker by birth; that he was born, in this State, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1793, and that he went to seek his fortune in New Orleans as soon as he reached man's estate. It is to be presumed that he had received from his family a good—indeed, considering the times, one might say an excellent—education; for, though he arrived at New Orleans "poor, friendless, and alone," he was able to take his place almost immediately at the bar of that city, and to cope with the master intellects which have always adorned the forum of Louisiana. The eminence of his brother (the late Commodore Slidell Mackenzie) in literature, will also vouch for the completeness of the education of the two young men.

We have no record of the cases in which Mr. Slidell was engaged during his fifteen or twenty years' toil at the bar of New Orleans. Suffice it to say that his success as a lawyer was unparalleled even in that city of sudden success, and that, after a few years' patient labor, and successful competition with the chiefs of the profession, he made himself so high a name that he was necessarily retained, on one side or the other, in almost every important lawsuit which arose, and gradually accumulated a princely fortune.

His first public service appears to have been as United States District Attorney at New Orleans, to which office he was appointed by General Jackson. The General and the lawyer were united by the closest ties of intimacy; it was Mr. Slidell who took the lead in procuring from Congress the reimbursement of the fine laid upon General Jackson for his violation of law during the danger of New Orleans in the last war.

He was frequently sent to the State Legislature of Louisiana; and having vindicated his capacity for public and political business, was chosen one of the Louisiana delegation to Congress. In the House he was remarked for his tact and skill as a manager, and his shrewdness and coolness in debate. At times, under peculiar provocation, he would become excited, and then the words would flow from his lips in a perfect torrent; but this rarely happened. His temper was thoroughly under command, and his sagacity was never betrayed by outbursts of passion.

While a member of Congress, Mr. Slidell was selected by the President to act as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico. The circumstances imparted unusual importance to the mission. War was actually on the point of breaking out. Taylor was on the Rio Grande, and the American squadron lay off Vera Cruz. Previous to firing the first gun, however, the President was anxious to make one effort more to preserve peace, and the Mexican Government having intimated that a new Envoy from the United States would be received, Mr. Slidell was accredited. The mission did not achieve any useful purpose. After many and futile discussions the Mexican Government refused to receive Mr. Slidell; and after much strenuous exertion on the part of the latter to avert from Mexico the blow that was impending, he finally demanded his passports and returned home.

After his return home, his commanding influence in his own State, and the reputation he had won in his Congressional and diplomatic career, enabled him to take a lead in federal politics. It was generally understood that he was an ardent believer in the theory of the gradual Americanization—the word is now naturalized—of this continent, and of the steady absorption of the Spanish, Indian, and other races by the hardier Anglo-Saxon. It was evident, even so far back as 1850, that the time could not be far distant when the intervention of the United States in Central America and Mexico would become a duty; and many looked to Mr. Slidell as one of the soundest authorities on this very important and delicate question. In accordance with this sentiment, Mr. Pierce, on assuming the direction of the government, tendered to Mr. Slidell the post of United States minister to Central America. Unfortunately for the country, the offer was gracefully but peremptorily declined. Our interests in Central America were committed to much weaker hands, and the Presidential term of Mr. Pierce passed away without witnessing the solution of any of the embarrassing questions which are involved in our relations with our Southern neighbors.

When Mr. Soulé vacated his seat in the Senate to fill the post of United States Minister to Madrid, Mr. Slidell was appointed to succeed him for the unexpired term; and at the close of this term he was re-elected for six years. He has been a very quiet, unobtrusive member of the Senate. He is more felt in council than in debate. In the exercises of the party with which he is acting no member's advice carries more weight than Mr. Slidell's; the speaking and ornamental part of the political fight he leaves to others. His sentiments, when spoken, are expressed in strong, terse, unimpassioned language.

It is understood that Mr. Slidell enjoys a more than common share of Mr. Buchanan's confidence, and that his counsels possess unusual weight at the White House. Should the settlement of the Kansas question, and the gradual development of destiny in the South leave room for the adoption by the United States of a bold and generous policy, Mr. Slidell—it is generally supposed—would be intrusted with high and important diplomatic duties. His name has been freely mentioned for the mission to Paris; and should the settlement of the chronic disturbances in Central America and Mexico require to be effected in Europe, he would no doubt be tendered either this or some other equally important office. In the event of the retirement of Mr. Cass from the office of Secretary of State, Mr. Slidell might perhaps be a prominent candidate for the vacancy. It is generally believed that Mr. Slidell was in close correspondence with Mr. Buchanan at the time of the Ostend Conference, and that the doctrines embodied in the famous document known as the Ostend Manifesto received his hearty approval. As there is no reason to suppose that the President has altered his views since that manifesto was given to the world, Mr. Slidell would doubtless be selected as one of his aids should the time come for its realization.

In person Mr. Slidell is striking; his figure is stout, about the middle height, with a bold, dignified mien. His features are rather handsome. One who knew him well thus spoke of his private character: "His character, with many excellences, abounds in contradictions. John Slidell accumulates, save, spends more, and wastes more than any other man in New Orleans. While apparently yielding you his confidence and securing yours, he walks quietly, composedly into your affections, and gains every thing he wants without loss to himself. The man of liberality, the spendthrift, the economist, appear to combine in his composition. What shall we say to such a character?"



HON. JOHN SLIDELL, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM LOUISIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis sweeter than all else below,
The daylight and its duties done,
To fold the arms for rest, and so
Relinquish all regards but ours;
To see her features in the dark;
To lie and meditate, once more,
Some grace he did not fully mark,
Some tone he had not heard before;
Then from beneath his head to take
Her notes, her picture, and her glove,
Put there for joy when he shall wake,
And press them to the heart of love;
And then to whisper "Wife," and pray
To live so long as not to miss
That unimaginable day
Which farther seems the nearer 'tis:
And still from joy's unfilled cup swell
To drink, in sleep, while on her brow
Of innocence ineffable,
The laughing bridal roses blow.

TROTH AND KISS.

A TREMBLING came upon her lip,
Such as June rose-buds know
When queen-bees there alight to sip
The honey-drops which flow
Beneath each petal's roseate tip,
For bees to blossoms blow!

One cheek trembled too! And then
Tear's dew-drop slivered both!
I pressed her to my breast, and when
I found her mouth,
She kissed the happiest of men
And I sealed there our troth.

Twice twenty years have blown away,
Filled up with wedded bliss!
For every month 'tis seemed like May,
Our every joy like this
Of our remembered youthful days—
The day of troth and kiss!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

CAN THIS COUNTRY SUSTAIN A LINE OF OCEAN STEAMERS?

THE Collins steamers are advertised to be sold in April, and it is reported in the papers that the Messrs. Brown, Bankers, the owners of the bulk of the stock in the Collins line, and also its chief creditors, have determined to buy them and run them on their own account. It is unfortunate, rightly or wrongly, that notwithstanding the enormous tax levied upon the country for the support of the Collins line, it has never been profitable; both the legitimate profits of the enterprise, and the illegitimate assistances which it derived from the unfair protection of Government, were more than absorbed by the inordinate expenses of keeping it going. The question which is suggested, therefore, by the announcement that the line is hereafter to be run by the eminent house which we have mentioned, is, Can we sustain an American line of ocean steamers?

It is not to be disguised that the bulk of the passenger business between this and Europe is already in the hands of British ship-owners. The Cunard line of steamers, whatever objections may be made to them, are unquestionably the most uniformly successful line of the present day, and also the safest. It is natural to suppose that until this country has established itself in the way of ocean steamers than has yet been witnessed, the greater part of the travel between the United States and Europe will be in the hands of the Cunard company. And while rich travelers patronize that line, as the most reliable and the safest, poor persons will naturally take their passages on board the many excellent and cheap screw steamers which ply between New York and Glasgow or Liverpool or European port.

The success of these steamships, and the unfortunate failure of the Collins line, are, therefore, the obstacles which stand in the way of the establishment of a successful line of American transatlantic steamers. An American ocean steamship company is bound to make a reputation for regularity, speed, and safety before it can compete on advantageous terms with the Cunard and the Glasgow lines. The English have a vast advantage in the race.

The prospect is at present that the only American lines of ocean steamers which will contend, this summer, for a share of the travel, will be the *Asapo* and *Fulton*, and the *Vanderbilt*. The two former vessels are well known and popular. They are known to be well provided and carefully managed. They enable an American to go to Paris without passing through England. They are consequently understood to be profitable to their owners, and they will doubtless continue to be so. Whether the *Vanderbilt* was run at a profit last summer by her owner can tell. She carried great numbers of passengers, and, to judge from the complaints made by the public, she was not unskillfully managed. She may perhaps do well. What is to become of the Collins steamers—the *Atlantic*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Adriatic*—no one can tell; they may, as we said, run as a new line without a small capital, but in case, they will have to be added to the list; but there was, some time since, some talk of their passing into the hands of some foreign government.

Is this all that can be done by the ship-owners of the United States toward contending for the steam enjoyment of the Atlantic?

The bulk of the travel between the United States and Europe is American. Even the foreigners who cross the ocean have every motive for preferring an American to a foreign ship, if it can be shown a to be equally secure. Establish a safe line of American steamers to Liverpool, and they will in twelve months command three-fourths of the whole trade. Why should not this be done? In sailing vessels we have beaten the foreign world; why can not we do as well in regard to steamers? There is an opportunity to be made by a fair and square trial of the experiment; let us see whether the Messrs. Brown Brothers, of New York, or any other parties will realize it.

THE NEW TREASURY LOAN.

MR. COBB has not been as successful in borrowing money for the Government as it was generously suggested he would be. Though over eight millions were offered him when he only wanted five, the rates at which the tenders were made were considerably higher than he anticipated; and as the law is peremptory, he will be obliged to award the loan to the lower bidders, whose proposals will average 4¼ per cent. for the five millions. Nor is this all: it is quite obvious that the certificates which bear this low net rate of interest will speedily find their way back to the Treasury Department in payment of duties; while the five and a half per cent. will remain in the market out, in the hands of private holders. Altogether the operation is no matter of congratulation to Government or country. It is very easy to say that he was victimized by a coalition of brokers and financiers; but a man of his position of finance to be victimized by a coalition of brokers and financiers; but a man of his position of finance to be victimized by such foolish sorts persons from getting as high interest for their money as they can, or from combining together if they can thus lend certain their ends, it is not easy to see how this can avail to make the case any the less awkward for the Treasury Department.

That United States securities at par could be placed at lower rates of interest than five or four and a half per cent. is plain enough. Five and five per cent. are the market rates for call loans on railroad and State and city bonds in New York. A million of dollars can be borrowed any day in that locality at five per cent. on such securities, and on demand at twenty-four hours' notice. It surely can not be pretended that United States bonds, with a fixed term to run, are on a par with such loans as these.

Abroad, we hear of money eagerly seeking investment at two per cent. The rate of loans could undoubtedly have been procured at that in London at that rate. A judicious financial agent could have placed the whole loan at three, in the course of a few weeks, and would have netted a handsome profit into the bargain. The whole thing could have been done at Frankfort or Paris.

The whole blame of the transaction should not be heaped by the public on Mr. Cobb. Congress is responsible for the Act which tied his hands. But the loan will not redound to his fame as a financier. It is to be hoped the United States to obtain cheaply the ten millions which the Government will still require to get through the year.

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS

WITHIN the past fortnight business has received to a surprising extent. The accession of a large amount of specie to the capital that at former weeks since the revulsion, and various branches of trade have begun to display unusual activity. The ship-yards are all busily; the foundries are again in full blast; the grocers are preparing for the spring sales; the dry-goods dealers are also laying in a moderate stock for the summer consumption of the country; booksellers are beginning to make their preparations forward wealth and prosperity which this country has made have been consequent upon, and in a most unexpected manner, by the recent financial depression and suffering. The revulsion of 1857 will prove to have been one of the most fortunate accidents of the century.

At the time that wholesome check overtook us we were plunging headlong into a vortex of extravagance and speculation. The former, bad as it was, was not the worst. The latter, ruinous plus of produce was unprecedented, we were spending the whole of the profits of labor in a manner of foreign luxuries. We were spending enormous sums in the construction and maintenance of railroads which were utterly unnecessary for the time. We were living individually on a scale wholly unsuited to a hard-working people. In the shape of private and public waste and extravagant expenditures, curtailed our exorbitant imports, checked our reckless railway enterprises, and brought the whole business of the country within narrow and convenient limits. That the evil was superficial, and not radical, was proved by the fact that the country was sound at bottom, and the people generally rich—the unprecedented accumulations of excess which the late prosperity had left in individual centres prove to demonstration.

It now remains to be seen how long we can contrast ourselves with an ordinarily successful business. So long as the trade of the country bears due proportion to its consumption it may be taken for granted that it will be profitable, and the general commercial condition healthy. But as soon as the standard of present consumption is neglected, and we begin to build for the future, or to trade for exorbitant profits, further disasters may be anticipated. But till this is the case we may consider the horizon serene.

AN OPENING FOR YOUNG MEN.

IT is all very well to talk of the merits of the dry goods, or the hardware, or the law, or the physic, or the engineering business for promising young men. Doubtless some may do well in one or all of these, with adequate labor and experience. But a careful examination of the facts can not fail to demonstrate to every unbiased mind that all these are vastly inferior—in point of promise and capacity—to the ancient business of burglary.

In the first place, the training or apprenticeship requisite for the profession of burglary is slight. A few weeks practice with the "jemmy," the "dark lantern," and the "jack," will be the most unskillful hand perfect. Then the capital required to enter into business on one's own account is extremely insignificant; a few dollars—a single haul from a gentleman's pocket—will supply outfit. Finally, unlike many of the trades which are popular with young men, the art of burglary is not confined to any one locality; it is cosmopolitan. Merchants are confined to the place where their trade can be carried on; lawyers must remain in the locality where they studied law; but doors and bolts are the same all the world round; and burglars, after exhausting New York, may find a virgin soil in Boston and Philadelphia, and a very fair success-ful field in the cities of the Old World.

The chief advantage of the ancient art of burglary in New York is the troubled immunity which it enjoys. Now and then, it is true, some one catches a burglar on his premises, holds him down, and secures him; but this is very rare indeed; but it is evident that these are rare cases. The business of arresting burglars being left entirely to the police, who is usually fast asleep while they are operating, arrests are naturally few. In some foreign countries, it is said, the police connive at professional burglars. That is not the practice here. On the contrary, our police not only do not make any serious effort to arrest burglars when caught, but they place themselves actively to conceal the deeds of the burglars. When a burglary has been committed, the first effort of the police is, "Try to not mention it to the newspapers." Thus the burglar not only escapes the suspicious eye of the police, but is enabled to dispose of the stolen property without difficulty and to advantage. A published account of the deed and of the burglar's description will attract suspicion to the guilty parties and prevent a satisfactory sale of the plunder.

Where can there be a finer business—one which can be undertaken with so little outlay of time and money, and prosecuted with so little risk as this? Is it any wonder that there are so many practitioners of the science in New York? But so many respectful, law-abiding citizens sleep with a revolver at their head, resolved—considering the apparent sympathy of the police with burglars—to shoot, without parley, the first man who breaks open their window, and to shoot down every strange man found on their premises after the doors are locked?

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CANTON.

CANTON is occupied by British and French troops, the latter very properly filling a secondary place. The proclamation which followed the capture of the city, Lord Elgin announced that it would be restored to the Emperor so soon as peace was established. He took pains to assure, not the Chinese only, but the world, that Great Britain had no intention of acquiring territory in that part of the globe.

Policemen long ago noticed that rogues seldom undertake their villainies in pursuance of a deliberate plan. They are led on, from petty to wrong, until circumstances seem to compel them to commit the most heinous crimes. There is reason to believe that the experience of Lord Elgin's agents now installed at Canton may afford ground for comparison between them and the common run of civilized communities.

Before since Canton has been known to our world we have heard of the Governor of Canton, who have secured to the citizens a measure of protection and order in return for systematic robberies. We have been prepared, moreover, the past fifty years for the Governor of Canton to make requisitions upon wealthy merchants for sums of ten thousand, or four thousand pounds and dollars at a time, and these exactions have always been successful. This black mail has secured the safety of the Governor's person. Those who paid it were secure of official favor, and of a moderate amount of protection against their thieving colleagues with which Canton swarms. Those who did not pay it were left to protect themselves as best they could.

One of the first consequences of the establishment of European sway at Canton will be the cessation of this kind of robbery by the regular thieves, and of spoliation by the higher authorities. The small shopkeepers and private citizens will enjoy a period of safety and peace such as they have never known before, and the Hong merchants will cease to expect a periodical requisition from the Governor regularly enough to give him half a year's profits of their business. It is not to be supposed that the change will pass unnoticed by the community, and it is fair to presume that the practical Chinamen will appreciate it highly, and that, when the time comes, if it ever does, for the evacuation of the city by the foreigners, they will strenuously resist the removal of so wholesome and thorough an authority.

It is possible—it is likely—there may come a time, when the English at Canton may be placed in a dilemma between abandoning the city to thieves and assassins or retaining it as a British protectorate. In such an event, the duty of the civilized power would be obvious. It could behoove England but little to annex Canton to the British empire, but it would be a great advantage to the commercial world to have that port under the control of intelligent Europeans, and to have its police as well managed as that of Liverpool or London.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE expedition in the steamer *Ericsson*, Captain Lowber, to visit Cairo, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Greece, and other parts of the Old World, appears to offer a capital opportunity for persons who have but little time to spare, and who desire to see these interesting points in a comfortable manner. A first-class American steamer, with all her appointments of luxury, will be a very different ship for a voyage in the Mediterranean from the miserable little craft in which Eastern travelers usually sail about these seas. Should this plan prove successful, it will be but the first of such voyages, and it may result in the establishment of a regular excursion of a Mediterranean line of steamers. Only a few years ago the idea of a steam voyage to Jerusalem was thought a mere speck in the sea from the material for squibs in *Punch*. Now it is a realized fact.

GIFT ENTERPRISE SWINDLES.

MAYOR TIEMANN has rendered the public a signal service in breaking up one of the gift enterprises swindles which have been so successful of late in fleecing those people in the rural districts. A concern which proposed to distribute gifts among the purchasers of its goods was, on examination, found to be carried on in the name of a man of straw, and to be based on the purest fraud and imposture. It is to be hoped that the Mayor will inquire further. Without exception, these gift enterprises are fraudulent and dishonest. They profess to be the equitable of a matter by pretending to sell for a dollar that which is worth two, and, as might be expected, they cheat every one who has any dealings with them.

THE LOUNGER.

DIGNIFIED RODDIE.

THE Senate of the United States is the most dignified assemblage on the face of the earth. It is so called by all foreign observers, who write books upon America, of which there is no end in sight. It is so considered by Americans themselves, who, eager to tell the truth, greet the House to be a beer-garden, and point with pride to the assembly of sages and statesmen who occupy another wing of the building. The reporters have been struck with new force by this characteristic of the Senate during a recent debate in that body. The points were taken, the question stated and urged with decorum and dignity, and it is difficult, upon reading the debate, to tell where the real point lay.

Probably, as is usually the case, there was a great deal of truth upon both sides. The Lounger, of course, can not give only an abstract of the discussion, but it embraces all the chief points.

MR. JOHN SCOTT SMITH, of Fourth Ward, for "Second Sage and Statesman. "You're a—d liar!"

MR. BRADISH, for "Fourth Ward, for"

THE POETRY OF ADVERTISING.

IS there any profound moral difference between the acts of Jones, who uses a counterfeit bill in favor of barter, and forging his name to a letter praising soap, with the intention of persuading the public to buy it? If the one act sends the offender to the State Prison, where should the other send him? Jones is for the benefit of the public in the case of pilfering, nothing, of course, can be done. Smith says he does. "I can prove great good arising" at the dinner to-night. After the Press has been drunk, and Brown has squirted in reply, I am going to say, "Mr. President, I must confess that truth has been down thrown!" "I think it will be rather a long journey," says Brown. "Where, I pray, and what is Smith's wrath, when "the Army and Navy" have been drunk with applause, and Commodore Stewart has returned thanks? Jones is filled with their usual felicity, to res the deceitful Jones rise and say with the poet, with it will, "Mr. President, I must confess that toast has been drunk down on both sides." For this kind of larceny there is no law, and in the society of Sheridan's dramas it is so estimable in other branches—a man must hold his tongue and drink his wine.

So when Jones reports Smith as having said something, it may be difficult to disprove that he never said any thing which could tear that construction. But when Jones deliberately sits down and writes a letter and prints it, in a community in which Smith is perfectly well known as an author, with the evident intention of giving another man's book the advantage of Smith's name and prize—what is the word generally used to describe such conduct?

Now publishers are well known to be the most modest and retiring of men—especially in the newspapers. But ought they not to avail themselves

enough to take care that their names are not abused? Ought they not to see that their names are not put to untruths? Is no restraint to be placed upon the poet who prepares the advertisements?

Let us suppose, for instance, an advertisement commences with Washington Irving's name at the top, followed by "New book in press." There are probably people in the world so stupid, when they see that, as to suppose that Irving is about publishing a new work. Of course, the author of the advertisement had no intention of producing such an impression—because it would be a pure forgery; but it shows how careful these poets ought to be. Let us next suppose that the work is stated to have received the unqualified approbation of Mr. Irving; and that a letter is printed dated at Sunnyside, November 1st, 1857, praising the book and complimenting the author, and telling him how much money he ought to make by it, etc., etc. Let us then further suppose that Mr. Irving never wrote such a letter. Is that not a great triumph of imagination? Is it not an evidence of that high order of genius known as invention? Is not Sing Sing so called because it is the temporary cage of poets who sing just such songs as that? Might you not naturally suppose that you would next read, "Mr. W. B. Astor will give ten dollars to every body who buys a copy of this delightful work?" How could you know he would not, until you asked him? How could you know that Mr. Irving wrote no such letter, until you had made the inquiry?

There is a very vulgar phrase about "cutting it a little too fat." And it is always well for such a poet as has been described to remember, that if he has no self-respect to lose, the public has always, under certain circumstances, plenty of contempt to spare. Doubtless, before this paper appears, the publishers, in the case supposed, will have absolved themselves from all complicity in the imposition upon the public which has been already exposed by Mr. Irving's publisher. It is to be hoped that they will also impart the name of the adventurous person who writes letters in the name of Washington Irving.

ATROCIOUS THEFT.

A SKILLFUL theft of time was accomplished, a short time since, at the residence of Rabelais Lamb. The distinguished author, whose urbanity of manner is as well known as the geniality of his genius, lives, as our readers are aware, upon the lovely banks of our noble Ganges, at his secluded and beautiful retreat of Mont Blanc. The home of Rabelais Lamb is naturally an intellectual Mecca. No man but is glad to have been there, and proud to tell of the visit. But Lamb is an author, and a hard-working author; he is also a gentleman, and his private life and his family circle should be as secure of invasion as those of the most obscure of his fellow-citizens. But rudeness is not altogether unknown, even upon the banks of our noble Ganges, as the sequel will show.

Among the many inconsiderate persons who do not hesitate to call upon Mr. Lamb at all times, and totally regardless of his engagements and employments, there is often a sly intruder who carries away with him, quite unperceived, a most valuable part of the day, or even purloins three or four hours of careful work. Some time since, Gape, a celebrated lion-hunter, hitherto esteemed a tolerable sort of person for a man of his class (and who gave occasion to the celebrated witticism—"Why is a visit of Gape's to Bryant or Longfellow precursive of the Milennium?" "Because it is a boar lying down with the lion")—arrived at Mont Blanc at an early hour of the morning and inquired for Mr. Lamb. The author came out of his study, and sat entertaining his guest. Although he was very busy, and anxious to continue his work, he could not take the visitor into his study, and had no one to leave him with—being naturally unwilling to leave a man who would thrust himself into his house, as Gape had done, alone with the spoons. Gape thus began his robbery in the very presence of his host. He bagged the entire forenoon, and appropriated the afternoon until three o'clock, when he left for the cars, having taken all of the day that was worth taking. Scarcely had he quitted the door when the whistle of the locomotive was heard, and the wretch, who had fully intended to be left, returned to the scene of his crime to carry off the rest of the booty. In sheer despair Mr. Lamb took him into the study, and while there, with an effrontery which is beyond human belief, Gape surveyed a set of Lamb's works, in 15 volumes, in half-gilt calf, standing upon the mantle, and coolly asked the author *if he would not give them to him!*

Entirely overwhelmed by this last blow, Lamb sank quietly into a chair and wrote the name of the burglar upon the fly-leaf; after which, having despoiled the author of his works and his day, the cold-blooded miscreant departed.

There are plenty of traces of him. His haunts are perfectly well known; and no police or clew are necessary to discover him. But what shall be said of a state of society in which such criminals not only go at large unrebuked, but openly display upon their library shelves the ill-gotten plunder of their marauding forays? Nor only this; but point to it with pride, and have no remorse for having cheated a fellow-creature and a hard-working author of a day!

WHAT ARE GRAMMAR?

BARNUMBO declares, upon a large and beautiful transparency in front of the Museum, "SCARCELY ANY BODY KNOWS WHAT AN AQUARIA IS." Now Mr. Tailor, of Tooley Street, presents his compliments to Barnumbo, and desires him to take notice that he, Mr. Tailor, is "scarcely any body," because he knows "what an Aquaria is." "It are a things," says Mr. Tailor, "very interesting to contemplate. It resemble a glass chests full of marine production, shell, and sands. Fish swims in it. Fish, in facts, breathes and lives, move and have its beings in it. It amuse and instruct. It kindle the philosophic minds. It elevate the sentiment of all beholder. Young ladies likes it. It are a beautiful inventions and a fortunate hits for Museum."

And now, having shown that he is "scarcely any body" by promptly answering the question, What is an aquaria? Mr. Tailor, of Tooley Street, demands of Barnumbo a reply to the inquiries, What are Grammar? and What is the rules of person and numbers?

A DESIGN UPON THE CENTRAL PARK.

THERE is a report that the Commission of the Central Park intend to invite the gentleman who laid out the *Bois de Boulogne*, near Paris, to come over and superintend the laying out of our park. Such a rumor is too likely to be true. The error which imported a statue by a tenth-rate Italian sculptor—Persico—to adorn the Capitol at Washington, instead of employing our own sculptors, is perennial. In the fine arts we have a national preference for foreign performances which is not fully justified by their uniform superiority. Why, for instance, in the case of this park, should we send abroad for a landscape gardener? Is the *Bois de Boulogne* such a beautiful park that it should be selected as the model of ours? On the contrary, the rectangular stiffness of French garden taste is the least desirable in the world to imitate.

And not only is the model a poor one, but there are plenty of men in this country who are, probably, quite capable of designing a great public park. Let the Commission (assuming the report to be correct) first advertise for proposals from American landscape gardeners. At least, give us a chance of knowing our inferiority. Nobody wants the work poorly done for the sake of having it done at home; but nobody wants the new park to be turned into a *Bois de Boulogne*. Don't assume that a man can do this park because he is not an American, or because he did something that pleases Paris and French taste.

The Lounger will be very glad if he is firing his pistol before the enemy is in sight. But he can hardly be too soon. Commissions are such droll things.

SOUND AND SENSIBLE VIEWS.

WHEN the *Huguenots* is withdrawn and Mr. Fry's *Leonora* is produced at the Academy, let us not all discover that we have spent enough for the Opera at present, and can not afford to go any more. On the other hand, let Mr. Fry not be disgusted and disappointed if we all do say so.

Is he not an American? What business had he, then, to write an opera? What right has an American, with the Stock Exchange open to him, and the dry-goods line, and the wet ditto, ditto, to fall to scraping fiddles and tum-ti-tid-y-ing? Why not leave that sort of thing to Italians and Germans, who have nothing on earth to do but eat maccaroni and pickled cabbage? They are expected to write operas, and then go and listen to them, and cry, "*Bravi! bravi!*" and when they choose to come here and shout and squeal and make faces in public for our amusement, why, we can toss them a trifle and laugh, and then turn away to the serious business of life.

It is refreshing to watch the profound contempt with which a man who invests his soul and body in a voyage or an operation; who is forever talking and wondering about short credits and long credits; who finds himself sometimes calculating whether, in a great hurry and press, thirty-five inches might not make a yard—regards a man whose investments no winds can blow over, nor storms sink, nor commercial crashes affect, and whose interests are planted as deep as the everlasting hills.

We might as well confess it—those of us who believe that "a sound, sensible, business man" is the ideal of manhood—that the pity is on the other side. We don't pity the poets and musicians, the artists and authors, half so deeply as they pity us. We don't laugh at them half so heartily as they laugh at us. In books, in pictures, in wit, in music, in intellectual sympathy and conversation, there is an exhilaration, a satisfaction, an inspiration, and a happiness, that reveal to a man what it is to be a man—that make life worth living—that make men nobler and women fairer—a delight which Golconda and Potosi could not buy. There is an old story of treasures that moth and rust can not corrupt, and that thieves can not steal. When you have glowed as you read a poem—when you have kindled before a picture—when you have melted under sweet music, has it never occurred to you that the story might be true; that the hope, the aspiration, the ecstasy of every great human work, were all ingots of that treasure?

Don't pity a man for writing a song or an opera, but commiserate yourself for wanting to pity him. Shrewdness and thrift are, certainly, useful things in a world where men must have bread to eat. But they are apt to degenerate into dishonesty and meanness. Genius, also, is inclined to be impracticable. If your horses will not plow your potato-field, it may be because they are blind and stubborn. It may be, also, because they are horses of the sun. And, excellent Sir, except for the sun that shines without feeding, there would be no potatoes to the acre.

FROM A PAINTER'S PORTFOLIO.

THIS ink-sketch is a Tuscan boy—
  How well the urchin I remember!—
Who would my hurried nap annoy,
  One drowsy noon of gold September.
He leaned upon the window-sill,
  His brown, bare elbows laid along,
And, heedless of my presence, still
  Kept droning a Campagna song.

It was the vintage: beautiful
  Was every peasant boy that bore
A bursting basket, overfull,
  Of grapes that hung his forehead o'er;
And laughingly they crowned the girls
  With vine-wreaths also; while bright glances
Came answering through the leaves and curls
  That fringed their ruddy countenances.

Beneath a road-side olive-tree
  A cross, rose-garlanded with pious care,
Poured a sweet breath of sanctity
  Upon the soft Italian air.
A bulky priest, upon an ass,
  With seedy cloak, and snuffy band,
Droning an *avé*, I saw pass—
  A shadow o'er a sunny land.

All the bright morning this gay scene
  Was sketched before my happy eye;
If you in Italy have been,
  You know it all as well as I.
You know the *mezzo-giorno* rest;
  Frittata, vino rosso, too;
And how extremely bad the best
  The little *osteria* can do.

And after dinner, in the noon,
  When, lying on the bench, I tried
To get a hurried nap, the tune
  Was murmuring ever at my side,
For, curious and careless, he,
  My ink-sketched Bacchus, leaned his head
Upon his arms, and looked at me—
  Uncaring what I did or said.

If, vexed with his incessant stare,
  I shouted, in the fiercest way,
Andate via!—in the air
  The angry echoes died away:
But he sang on; and if I rose,
  He stepped back humming still the strain;
And I no sooner sought repose
  Than he was at his post again.

It was not malice, and not fun;
  He watched me as you watch a fly
That whirls and buzzes in the sun—
  Half curious, but not knowing why.
I laughed aloud, to try him so;
  I called him a contemptuous name;
I sprang up suddenly to go:
  'Twas effort lost—'twas all the same!

Then I pulled out my sketching-book—
  The blunted pencil would not mend,
But with a pen transfixed his look,
  Upon the instant. "*Ecco*, friend!"
Cried I, and held it to his eyes;
  And saw a faint, far-smiling flame
Flush their deep dusk, like the surprise
  Of a young poet tasting fame.

Intoxication possible
  From vines whose tendrils never grow—
Whose fragrant blossoms faintly swell
  And blow in hope; whose fruit's soft hue
Is fed by suns of Paradise;
  Like roses, red; like planets, bright;
And whose fine frenzy opes the eyes
  To love, and passion, and delight!

This seemed that brown boy's element—
  Behold the Bacchus that I drew!
This wreath around his black hair went,
  The tangled masses pushing through.
This bunch of grapes he held that day,
  This smileless sweetness lit his mien;
Behind him that soft distance lay—
  September, sunny and serene.

And later in the afternoon
  I took the road again for Rome,
And left him humming the same tune,
  But turning slowly toward his home.
He bore his basket on his head,
  With glowing clusters, blue and green;
I wonder if that boy is dead—
  What kind of man would he have been?

THE FRENCH FASHIONS.

MAZZINI has recently written a letter about the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, in which he utters one very notable sentiment with the gloomy hopelessness of a patriot who sees no glimmer of coming day. Why, he asks, in effect, why howl so dismally over this unsuccessful effort to kill one man, and hold your tongues so steadfastly over all the cold-blooded murders of which that man is guilty? And in the spirit of his question he is quite right.

Why should Louis Napoleon have an immunity of murder? He has no right of any kind to his throne that a thief has not to the purse in your pocket. He was able to get it by bloody means, just as the thief might be able to get your purse by cutting your throat. His uncle also made himself Emperor; but France rejected him just as she has suffered the nephew. The Duke of Malakoff has done more for the glory of France in one war than Louis Napoleon in his whole life; and if, to-morrow, the Duke should arrest Louis Napoleon in his bed, and send him to Cayenne, and shoot down Frenchmen in the streets of Paris, and then, holding Paris with the army, invite the country to vote for him for Emperor, the Duke of Malakoff would be the elect of four or five million Frenchmen, as Louis Napoleon calls himself to-day.

His empire, he said, was peace. Undoubtedly a great many people in France were glad to have peace, and would pay any amount of silence to secure it. Now, will any sensible man say whether, to-day, there is either peace or security in France? Will any man say that he thinks the poor little prince will ever wear the bloody crown of his father? Does any man believe the pale Montijo does not wish she were playing billiards in Madrid?

Let us try to clear our minds of cant. If Orsini and Pierri are beheaded, they die because they failed to kill a tyrant. Charlotte Corday died for the same offense. The terrorism of Marat and of Louis Napoleon differs only in degree. Every body knows that this despotism must presently end in some way, as every body felt that the old was too fierce to last. Charlotte Corday is not considered a criminal in history; and when the revolution bursts, and Louis Napoleon is driven from France, or beheaded, or imprisoned, it will be only millions of men doing together, and triumphantly, what two or three now suffer for failing to do individually, because they were desperate and resolved a little before the rest of the nation. So long, of course, as Louis Napoleon can command the army, he is safe. The French army is a nation within the nation. It is a military aristocracy, to which the Government of France has been intrusted. It is brave, disciplined, and unscrupulous. It is bound neither to the Faubourg St. Germaine nor to the Faubourg St. Antoine. The Emperor is encamped in France as the Turks were said to be in Europe. Without the army he could not stand an hour. And in this age, whenever the government of an enlightened country is reduced to a military despotism, it is a question of time only how soon the Government will be subverted.

How sweet it was in Mr. Consul White, at Lyons, to crown the bust of the Emperor with laurel!

IN THE FOG.

THIS heading would answer for many paragraphs just now. It might even serve as a motto for a coat-of-arms of many statesmen and political personages of the present moment—dear to their country and to mankind. It would be, possibly, an accurate description of the future. But the Lounger uses it in its plainest and most literal sense to ask a plain and most literal question; namely, When it is impossible to see, and the channel is very narrow and dangerous, and there are known to be a great many other vessels and steamers moving to and fro, why should steamers be driven at the "usual speed?" why should they be driven at all, except in the slowest and most careful manner?

There is nothing involved in the question but an immense amount of human life. But what satisfaction would there be to any man, as the waters closed over him and the vision of his family rose before his dying eyes, in the knowledge that the steamer was making her usual time, and not stopping or slacking for any old womanish terrors of fog? What pleasure to the owners to know that their property was wrecked upon the rocks in order not to be behind at the wharf!

There was a heavy fog a few days since, and the consequent running on rocks, bars, and into each other achieved by the steamers was triumphant. Whoever has crossed the bay in a fog knows the fun of it. Every steamer is whizzing, and shrieking, and ding-ding-ing in company with all the others. Their own tumult and the jar of their own machinery prevent their hearing any other noise. Sometimes they escape—generally they do not. There is never a heavy fog but there are collisions and injuries either of life or property. The other day, too, there was trouble on a railroad in a fog. Men were sent back with *lanterns!* Of course they were sent by Know Nothings—because, in a fog, all lanterns are dark lanterns. A terrible accident was scarcely avoided. But a few grenades upon the rail would have prevented the chance of danger.

Of course gentlemen in the suburbs must come to town in the morning. But this "of course" has very stringent limitations. Gentlemen will not start for town in a leaky boat, if they know it, nor will they drive in a wagon with the linch-pin out, nor—if they are blindfolded—will they run along as nimbly as when they can see, when they know there are stones to break their shins against and holes to fall into. Why, then, should they combine all these chances by embarking in a fog?

However, who's afraid?

When some gorgeous floating-palace that adorns our waters and inspires a proud chuckle over the heavy-timbered vessels of the abject Briton, goes down in a fog upon her gallant voyage through the Sound—and it is a question of time only when she will do so—what a wail and wonder there will be! How very inexplicable the accident will be! How totally unexpected! How surprising; in fact, how sad! Two hundred lives lost! Really, really, you don't say so! How very melancholy! Those splendid steamers, too! And the fog would have lifted in an hour or two! But the passengers were so naturally impatient to arrive! What a satisfaction it must have been to them to know they were doing all they could to be in town by nine o'clock! What a comfort, too, to widows and orphans!

Who's afraid?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—SARCOPHAGUS, who has an office in Wall Street, has perpetrated a most unfeeling joke upon the Lounger in a very clerkly hand. He invites the Lounger—premising that he must be *at least* FORTY-FIVE (*is* there such an age?)—to call in at his office and bestow upon him "a portion of his patronage!" SARCOPHAGUS wishes to "do" the Lounger's little bills, and invest his rents for him! Cruel SARCOPHAGUS! how can *you* jest upon so *grave* a subject?

—The Lounger invites the attention of undeveloped lexicographers and philologists to the following inquiries:

"Mr. Pry presents his compliments to the Lounger, and would ask whether any reason exists for spelling the word 'excentric' as 'eccentric?'

"Whether, if so, the following words should not be spelled as eccess, eccel, eccerpt, eccept, ecceed, etc?

"Whether the Latin *ex* has been changed to *ec* in any other word?—the present one being probably from *ex centrum*.

"Whether the true spelling could now be restored? and, if so,

"Whether the reform should be made in every case, or only in the word used physically or mechanically?"

—D. E. GREENE, *Oakland, Mississippi*, seems to the Lounger rather too hypercritical. Let him consider the general tone of the work, and answer, upon his conscience, if it is not a just and noble portrait.

—LILLY, of Malone, also asks the Lounger if he put her little poem in quotation marks because he thought it not original? Far from him be the thought. He meant only to indicate that it was sent to him. This time her muse is opulent—but gods and columns allow only this tender and kindly stanza:

Heaven bless thee, dear Lounger,
  May'st thou stay with us long,
And oft listen kindly
  To the would-be bird's song!
And if *Harp*-er or no, *now*,
  May your harp, by-and-by,
Swell the anthems of glory
  That roll through the sky.

HIS EXCELLENCY REAR-ADMIRAL MOHAMMED PACHA.

THE portrait of his Excellency Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pacha, which we present below, is taken from a photograph by the eminent artist Mr. Brady, and may be relied upon as more correct than—if the *Courrier des Etats Unis* is to be believed—portraits in illustrated newspapers sometimes are. It gives a very fair idea of the man.

Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pacha is a man of only thirty-five years of age. We are informed by one who was long a resident of Turkey that he entered the navy at an early age. His father was a prominent citizen and a very wealthy man. His mother—as the unmistakable symmetry of his features indicates—was a Western woman, and a lady of extraordinary beauty. How the son came to be the chief wife of so prominent a man as Mohammed's father we are left to conjecture; her beauty and talent were probably the secret of her elevation. At very early age, then, the son of Mohammed, and the husband of the sister, entered the navy, and witnessed the incipient decline of Turkey in an arm for which Mehemet Ali Mehemet had always been famous. The battle of Navarino had been fought, and Turkey could hardly be said to have a navy. Greece had been avenged in earnest.

At the time young Mohammed commenced his naval career the Turkish navy was just beginning to revive from the blow. An idea prevailed in Turkey that the defeat of Navarino was due to the unskilful seamanship of the Turkish captains, and the greatest strictness was observed in the training of naval officers. Foreigners were employed to assist in organizing the Turkish army and navy on a sound footing. Thus, while Omar Pacha was retained to put the army in a proper state of discipline, Admiral Slade and others were offered high commands to render a like service to the navy. Disaster had taught the Turks the absolute necessity of abandoning routine, and of profiting by the scientific progress of the world. It was under this improved system, and the teaching of the best foreign masters, that young Mohammed took his first lessons in the science of navigation and the management of vessels of war.

For twelve or fifteen years his career was that of every young naval officer. He had his duties to perform, and discharged them conscientiously; he had his pleasures, and did well with them likewise. Our informant communicates a story, which he says is circulated at Paris, that Mohammed had attained the grade of captain he was on leave at Constantinople. At one of the balls given by a foreign ambassador he met a French lady distantly connected with the French embassy, and paid her the attentions which might have been expected of a *galant homme*. The lady was *impressionable* and romantic; the fascinations of the Turkish sailor produced a more serious effect upon her than Mohammed had intended. In brief, she fell in love with him. The romantic love of the Western nations is not well understood by the Turks. Our sailor did not trouble himself much about his French friend, though he was scrupulously civil and attentive when they met. At last orders came for his ship to sail. They were known at Pera. He was calmly preparing for the cruise, when he received a scented billet from the fair Parisian, imploring an interview. The sailor naturally concluded that there was some trouble between her and her family, and having provided himself with a yataghan of tried temper, and an attendant on whom he could rely, he went to the appointment prepared to vindicate his character as a *chevalier des dames*, and as a brave sailor. Had she requested him to run through her any stray Frenchman of the legation, it is likely that he would have done it without the least compunction of conscience.

Instead of this he found the poor French girl dissolving and trembling at the head of a staircase, and ready, with a small bundle under her arm, to fly with her too fascinating acquaintance.

"Lady," said the honest Turk, "I have a wife already."

"I know it," replied she; "but your laws allow you to have several. I shall be content with a small share of your heart, but I can not bear you to leave me."

Mohammed is, like most of his countrymen, a man of cool, imperturbable temper. He gazed at her for a moment.

"I can not be," he said, at length.

"Do you refuse?" she cried, the blood rising to her cheek, half in shame, half in anger.

"Lady," said he, very gently, "I love you too well to place you in a position of which you would repent in a few months. Adieu!"

And as she sank, fainting, on the floor, he raised her up, kissed her gently on the forehead, forced a ring on her finger in memory of him, and tore himself away. Next morning, fearing that his resolution might give way, he went on board, and insisted himself actively with his duties. The lady—to says our informant—is still at Pera; she is known as the *belle Provençale* who lost her heart years ago to a handsome officer of the Turkish navy, and lives only to admire his genius at a distance, and to pine over her own sad fate.

Seven years ago, when the Turks resolved to send contributions to the first great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations at London, the Sultan felt that the vessel which bore the Turkish contributions should be commanded by a sailor who had seen for the criticism of the able seamen of England. He accordingly selected Mohammed Pacha for the post. Those of us who remember the British newspapers of the period will readily recall the attentions which were paid to him in England, and the astonishment created by his perfect mastery of his trade. An idea prevailed that the Turkish navy was officered by men who did not understand the first principles of seamanship; but the best sailors of England soon perceived that they could learn nothing to the captain of the *Mevri*.

His name was in every one's mouth when the disaster at Sinope roused the British public to active sympathy with the Turks in their unequal contest with Russia. When the war broke out there was, at one time, a pretty fair prospect that at least a fair share of it would be conducted on sea. In this event, for which Mohammed—now captain of the three-decker *Twatefyed*—ardently prayed, the Turkish navy would have had an opportunity of retrieving their fame. But fate willed it otherwise. The war was prosecuted on land only, and the only important service rendered by the Turkish navy was that of a transport. Her captain, however, was enabled to give important advice to the Turkish commanders, and to afford wise counsel to the Government at home. Accordingly, when the war was ended, and the Sultan distributed his rewards, the captain of the *Twatefyed* obtained his promotion to the rank of Vice, or Rear-Admiral, in the Turkish navy.



HIS EXCELLENCY REAR-ADMIRAL MOHAMMED PACHA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

His Excellency is the youngest man who ever attained his exalted rank in Turkey. He has won it solely by his remarkable abilities and thorough knowledge of his profession. As a politician, he belongs to the school of which the late Reschid Pacha was the acknowledged chief—he believes that Turkey must fall into line with the other nations of Europe, and adopt every reform which experience and increased knowledge indicate as advantageous. He is, in a word, a progressive Turk, with an immense future before him.

He came to this country, as our readers are aware, with the design of superintending the construction of a frigate for the Turkish navy. He will, no doubt, speedily complete the contract for that purpose. It is to be regretted that he should have been allowed to fall into the hands of persons who may lead him to form an unfavorable opinion of the social civilization of the people of the United States; it is to be hoped that some of our best people will at last take him in hand, and prove to him that his New York friends were not all types of the educated American.

THE LITTLE GRAY CLOAK.

THERE'S a little gray cloak that goes trotting about—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
There's a something beneath it, I have not a doubt—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
In sunshine or rain, in pleasure or pain,
Wherever I go or whatever I do,
Like a sprite of the air, 'tis now here and now there—
I see it before me—that little gray cloak.

Oh, I fear that my heart is not strong as my eyes!—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
That my heart is betraying itself by the signs—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
For all through the day a vision of gray
Is over my heart, and is over my eyes;
For my eyes I can't swear—for my heart, I declare,
'Tis under the folds of that little gray cloak.

I have faithfully sworn—to the oath I will own—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
That the little gray cloak shan't go trotting alone—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
I'll step by its side, and I'll take for my guide
Whatever may be in its mysterious hid;
I shall fear not the storm—it will keep us both warm—
For bread are the folds of that little gray cloak.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEW VOYAGE OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

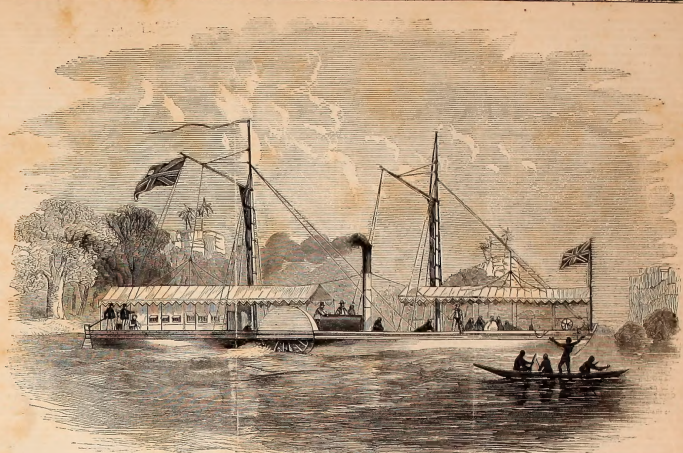
WE engrave on the following page the launch which Dr. Livingstone takes out with him to prosecute his voyage of discovery in the valley of the African continent; likewise, the dinner which was given to him at Cambridge, on the 4th of December.

The fame of Dr. Livingstone as a traveler, and as a writer on Africa, has made his name familiar to the American as to the European public. Every one knows him. The romance of his early career—his studies at the University, intermingled with zeal paid for by his arduous labors in a Scottish mill—his bold adventure as a medical missionary to Southern Africa, his successes among the natives, his wonderful discoveries, and his startling theories with regard to the future of Africa—all these are so well told in his recent book that they need no further comment here. We may remark, by-the-way, in this connection, that while the whole world is honoring Dr. Livingstone for his great exploits, and his worthy labors in the cause of civilization, in this country alone has a shameful attempt been made to damage his reputation, and make money at the expense of his fame by the publication of two ridiculous books, containing unfitted and unfaithful accounts of his travels. The public will not do him justice by reading no other "Livingstone's Travels" than his own account, published, by his authority, exclusively by Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Livingstone's design, on returning to England, was to induce the Government, or some one of the societies which are interested in the development of the African continent, to furnish him with means to prosecute still further his investigation of the resources, and especially of the commercial capacities of that unknown land. He has entirely succeeded in his aim. Both the Government and the African societies have agreed that he must be supported in the task which he has set before him. He has been furnished with means and with an adequate staff of assistants.

One of his first aims was to ascertain to what extent the great River Zambesi—of which we gave a striking picture in a former number of the *Weekly*—was navigable, and what route could be prosecuted on its banks. For the purpose of navigating this magnificent river—which may be described as the Nile of Southern Egypt—the British Government have furnished Dr. Livingstone with a small vessel, of the kind called a launch. We take the following description of this little craft from the *Illustrated London News*:

"The hull and boiler are built of 'steel plates.' From the extreme tenacity of its fibre, equal strength is obtained from homogeneous plates of half the thickness of ordinary iron plates, and the whole vessel rendered much lighter, a most important matter where a small draught of water is required. The launch is seventy-five feet long, eight feet broad, and three feet deep; and is in form simply a large, flat-bottomed canoe, each end having a great rise like those of canoes. The bow is of very fine form, with a perpendicular stem, and the whole vessel rendered as light as possible, consistent with strength, for the purpose of navigating shallow rivers. The hull is divided into three sections, each complete and water-tight in itself, the centre section containing the boiler and machinery, which is of horizontal high-pressure engine, of twelve-horse power, the piston-rod working directly on to the paddle-crank, similar to the arrangement of a locomotive engine. At the bottom of each section of the vessel are openings, covers with holes in them. These ledges or areas extend under the adjoining sections, and the holes are then fitted in the lower part of the other sections. The upper portions of the transverse plates, forming the ends of each section, are also bolted to each other, and the whole vessel is thus compactly united together. On a flat keel and broad external-stringer plates, of the thickness than the other portions of the hull, running the full length of the vessel, is worked great additional lateral strength to the vessel. To her after end is attached a frame-work of iron rods, on which the rudder is hung. The rudder hangs lower than the bottom of the vessel, for her draught is so light (twenty inches) that unless otherwise it would not have sufficient power in directing its course. The steering apparatus is worked by the engine. The accommodation of those employed in the expedition. The depth of the vessel is small, but, of course, the usual sleeping-berths are out of the question, but the most has been made of the limit-



STEAM LAUNCH PRESENTED TO DR. LIVINGSTONE FOR THE EXPLORATION OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

ed room, and each end of the vessel will be covered in with awnings, so that it will be something like living in a tent, with the additional advantage of always having a dry floor. There will be seats below the level of the deck, like those in the stern-sheets of a river barge, with 'bunks,' or sliding lockers, above them, for stowing provisions and stores. Two trials have been made of the launch in the River Mersey, and the result was most satisfactory, the engine making seventy to eighty revolutions with fifty pounds steam, and the vessel attaining a speed of nine miles an hour on a draught of water of about thirteen inches."

The vessel on board of which Dr. Livingstone is to sail for Africa is to take the launch on board as part of her cargo.

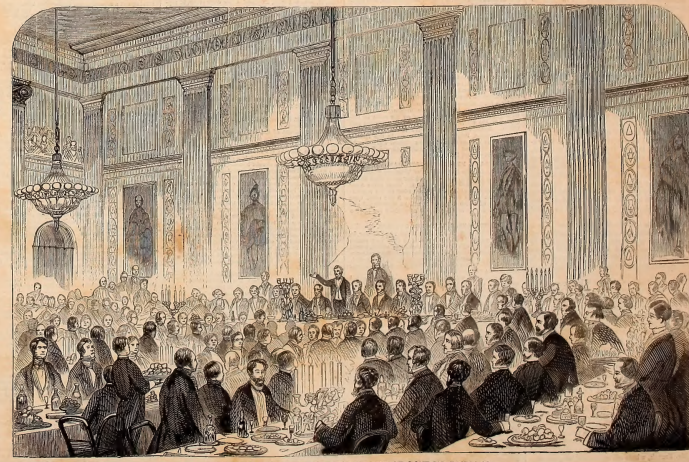
As to the staff of his exploring party, the speech of the Chairman made at the dinner which we illustrate below, conveys very full information. It is as follows:

"One of the members of the expedition is Captain Bedingfield, a man known to all geographers for his successful explorations of Africa, especially on the River Congo, and my distinguished friend will no doubt receive valuable assistance from that distinguished officer. Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, well known as a naturalist, also accompanies the expedition; Mr. Baines, the artist; and finally, not least in usefulness among the members of the expedition, Mrs. Livingstone."

We can not better close this brief notice than with the words in which Doctor Livingstone himself alluded to his wife on that occasion. He said:

"Now it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife; but I can only say that when I left her at the Cape, telling her that I should return in two years, and when it happened that I was absent four years and a half, I supposed that I should appear before her with a damaged character. I was, however, forgiven. My wife will accompany me in this expedition, and I believe will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa, she is able to work, she is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to every thing. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the Jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel."

By this time the expedition is under way. The next we shall hear of them will be their arrival at the Cape, if they touch there; then they will be lost to us and to civilization until the time comes to reap the harvest of their labors. Every generous heart will bid them God-speed!



FAREWELL DINNER TO DR. LIVINGSTONE AT LONDON, ENGLAND.

LITERARY.

ONE of the most curious books that we have examined during the season is entitled LOST CHAPTERS RECOVERED FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM, by Rev. J. B. Wakeley. It is curious because it contains a great many personal sketches of early New Yorkers, and very remarkable incidents in the history of the foundation of that Church which is now one of the most powerful in this city or country. Methodists will prize the volume highly, and to them we especially commend it.

Mr. Wakeley defends New York against the claims of Baltimore as the birth-place of American Methodism. He appears to be successful in his argument. His sketch of the first church in John Street is remarkably interesting. It was commenced under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The Methodists were then few and poor. They had worshiped first in the house of Philip Embury; then in a rigging-loft which they hired in William Street; and, at last, a pious woman declared that she was inspired to command them to build a church. They bought land in John Street and built. The whole country aided them. Their room, when completed, had a large chimney and fire-place in it to prevent its being in violation of the statute against Dissenters' meeting-houses. Here was nursed the Church that is now so great in the city.

The first clergyman, Philip Embury, was a carpenter himself, and worked on the house as it progressed. Old Captain Webb, the one-eyed soldier, preached there in his regimentals, with his sword lying on the desk by his side.

Afterward occurred a very strange circumstance in the history of a New York church. It was neither more nor less than the buying of a slave. Here is a nut for the *sin-per-se* abolitionists to crack. The John Street Methodist Church bought Peter Williams, their colored sexton, for £40, and held him as their slave for years, and until he bought himself, dollar for dollar, and paid the church the sum total. Will not some one count up that "blood-money," and add compound interest, and see what portion of the John Street property ought now to be considered as derived from the sale of that slave? Will not some indignant ranter of the political pulpit take this matter in hand, and convince the John Street people of the iniquity of their present conduct in enjoying the results of that money? Was it a sin for the church to own Peter, and have they repented of the sin? Or is it not just possible, after all, that it may have been right, under the circumstances, for a church to own a slave; and, if so, what becomes of the *sin-per-se* doctrine?

Mr. Wakeley's book contains a great deal of readable gossip, and not a little valuable history.

The last book of Oriental travel is THE LAND OF PROMISE, by Dr. Horatius Bonar, published by Carter and Brothers. No one who knows the eloquence of the pastor of Kelso can doubt that this book contains much of thrilling interest. We have before mentioned his travels from Cairo to Beersheba, by way of Sinai. We have now the continuation from Beersheba to Sidon, by way of Jerusalem, the Sea of Galilee, and Cesarea Philippi.

Readers of Mr. Prime's Tent Life in the Holy Land will be interested in Dr. Bonar's references to him when their routes of travel lay together, as they did from Jerusalem to Banias. The world contains few men gifted with such delicate and tender appreciation of the beautiful and the holy as this traveler. All his works have been favorites. His peculiar ideas on the second coming of Christ add special zest to his reflections as he walks up and down the holy hills.

The volume contains less of Dr. Bonar's peculiar emotional and powerful writing and thinking than we had hoped. But this is counterbalanced in the fact that it is a simple narrative of his travels, such as he might read aloud to his congregation at Kelso; and to this is added a careful and accurate account of every ruin, village, and town, with the Arabic name: so that we are disposed to consider the book one of the most valuable in a geographical and historical view that we have yet had on the Holy Land.

It is a pleasure to meet such men as Dr. Bonar in the world, and as pleasant to meet their writings. His soul is large and full. His thoughts, even when they are trite, have a heartiness about them that commends them. His devotion marks every page. Sometimes he startles us with a Scripture illustration that no one else has seen, but which he, sitting quietly on his horse, and looking to the right and left over the sacred soil, has felt with a force and a beauty that astonish us at our own blindness.

The volume is one which will be valuable to a person who desires a simple, earnest narrative of the pilgrimage of a pious, faithful clergyman to the Land of Promise and through it, with all the illustrations of Holy Writ that his active and educated mind could gather here and there as he traveled.

Carter and Brothers also publish a new edition of MOSHEIM'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, in three volumes. The character of Mosheim is of course known to the whole Christian world, and this translation of Dr. Murdock has long since established its position, so that the announcement of a new edition is all that is necessary to call attention to it. While Giesler has displaced Mosheim as a text-book and a volume of reference, the latter will always hold its place as a family volume, which every household ought to possess.

Mr. Horace P. Biddle publishes, through Moore, Wilstach, Keys, and Co., of Cincinnati, A FEW POEMS, which seem to depend on their vulgarity for popular favor. There is at least one poem in the volume which ought to bring it within the statute against immoral publications.

We mentioned two weeks ago the photographs of Oriental Scenes which are now in process of publication in England as among the finest works of Art of this age. They are for sale in this country by Mr. French, whose advertisement we give elsewhere. To their accuracy we are able to give our testimony, if the photograph needed it, while their beauty speaks for itself. They are, as we said, pieces of Egypt and Syria brought to New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, March 15, in the Senate, the Kansas question was taken up, and speeches were made (after personal explanations by Senators Broderick and Bigler) by Senators Wade and Mason. Senator Clark then spoke on Kansas, and in the middle of his speech moved to be allowed to conclude on the following day. Lost by 13 to 22. Senator Clark continued his remarks. Motions to adjourn—the night being far advanced—were made by Senators Chandler, Broderick, Wade, Wilson, and Seward; the majority voting them down. Much conversation ensued between Senators Green, Cameron, Pugh, Harlan, Toombs, Seward, Hamlin, Wilson, Benjamin, etc., as to the term which ought to be set to the Kansas discussion. At one A.M. Senator Doolittle moved an adjournment; negatived by 11 to 21. More conversation ensued between the senators who were present, and an acrimonious altercation took place between Senators Cameron and Green; after which an adjournment was finally carried by acclamation, on motion of Senator Wilson.——In the House, Mr. English introduced and the House passed a resolution seeking information about the Louisville and Portland Canal. Mr. Gilmer introduced a bill to prevent an undue surplus in the Treasury. A Homestead Bill was introduced by Mr. Wright. Mr. Leiter introduced a bill providing for the election of postmasters by the people; also a resolution inquiring what members of the 33d Congress, who voted for the Kansas Bill, were subsequently appointed to office by the Administration. A resolution, liberating Mr. Wolcott from custody, was introduced by Mr. Hughes. Bills for the admission of Kansas were proposed to be introduced by Messrs. Gilmer and Davis, but leave was refused.

On Tuesday, March 16, Senator Hale laid before the Senate the agreement entered into between the Opposition and the Administration members, which was in the following words:

"We agree that the debate shall close and the question be taken on Monday next, but if it appears necessary that the sessions be protracted to allow free discussion, they shall be extended to such hours as we may indicate."

Senators Green and Cameron then apologized to the Senate for the altercation of the previous night. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Senators King, Mallory, and Pugh.——In the House the following bills were introduced: by Mr. Greenwood, to prevent negro stealing in the Indian Country; by Mr. Burroughs, for the construction of a wagon-road from the Columbia to the Missouri; by Mr. Borroughs, to grant land to the Niagara Ship Canal Company; by Mr. Phelps, for the admission of Kansas. This last Mr. Stephens moved to refer to the Committee on Territories; lost by 94 to 105. Resolutions were introduced by Mr. Covode for the adjournment of Congress on first Monday in June; and by Mr. Florence for an inquiry into the purchase of the Bank of Pennsylvania building for a Post-office. A memorial from the Legislature of Utah was read to the House.

On Wednesday, March 17, in the Senate, the memorial of the Legislature of Utah was ordered to be printed. A personal explanation between Senators Benjamin and Hale followed. Speeches on Kansas were made by Senators Crittenden and Trumbull.——In the House the Army Bill was taken up and discussed, without a vote being taken, by Messrs. Quitman, Pendleton, Marshall, Bingham, Bryan, Giddings, and Farnsworth.

On Thursday, 18, in the Senate, a letter was received from the Secretary of War, stating that Rock Island was no longer required for military purposes, and should be sold. Senator Collamer reported that no expenses of prosecuting before United States Courts in Territories could be paid. Senator Gwin offered a resolution of inquiry as to what steps have been taken as to the murder of a party of emigrants on the plains. Senators Toombs, Crittenden, and Bell then spoke on Kansas.——In the House the Army Bill was debated by Messrs. Savage, Washburn of Illinois, Marshall, Faulkner, Washburn of Maine, Smith, Blair, Quitman, and Morris.

On Friday, 19, in the Senate, a resolution of the Legislature of New Mexico was laid before the Senate, in reference to the organization and boundaries of Arizona. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Senators Foster, Clay, and Durkee.——In the House the Army Bill was further debated by Messrs. Faulkner and Quitman, and passed by 124 to 73. The bill, as passed, authorizes the President to receive into service one regiment of Texas mounted volunteers for the defense of the frontier thereof, and for the purpose of quelling disturbances in Utah, for the protection of supply and emigrant trains, and the suppression of Indian hostilities on the northern and northwestern frontiers. The President is authorized to accept the services of any number of volunteers, not to exceed in all four regiments. The same or any portion thereof to be organized into mounted regiments or infantry, as the President may deem proper. The volunteers are not to be accepted in bodies of less than one regiment, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and Territories to which said regiments shall respectively belong. Speeches on Kansas were then made by Messrs. Montgomery and Brogan.

On Saturday, 20, in the Senate, Senator Bayard submitted a resolution which was laid on the table in reference to the relations between the United States and China. Speeches on Kansas were made by Senators Foot, Simmons, Bright, and Wilson.——In the House, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Farnsworth, Maynard, Waldron, Giddings, Colfax, Adrain, Learing, Wright, Morse, and Smith.

THE NEW TREASURY LOAN.

The bids for the five millions of Treasury notes were $7000 at 3½ per cent, $10,000 at 3¾ per cent, $648,000 at 4 per cent, $500,000 at 4½ per cent. Total below 5 per cent. $2,525,000, which will be awarded to the respective bidders. The bids at and above 5 per cent. were $4,937,000, of which $2,471,000 will be distributed *pro rata*, to make up the $5,000,000 advertised for by the Secretary.

THE KANSAS ELECTION RETURNS.

Mr. John Calhoun, of Kansas, has published a letter, in which he says: "I think it proper to state that recent information, through Governor Denver and others, leaves no doubt that the returned vote from the Delaware Crossing precinct, in Leavenworth County, should be rejected, and that certificates of election should be issued without reference to the vote of the precinct.

A month ago I was put in possession of a newspaper containing what purported to be the affidavits of the judges of election at that precinct; and, in a communication to the *Union*, I immediately stated that, if the facts contained in said affidavits were presented to me in an authentic and reliable form, I should be governed by them in determining the result of the election in Leavenworth County. Although I have not received any reply to my letter to Governor Denver, yet from various sources of information I am left in no doubt as to the statements of the judges of election at that precinct; and I shall, therefore, issue the certificates of election to the persons having the highest number of votes in Leavenworth County, irrespective of the Delaware Crossing precinct. I regret to add that this decision will give the control of Kansas to the party which I view as the enemy of the peace and good order, the Constitution and laws of the Union."

PERSONAL.

The War Department some time ago disapproved of the conduct of General Twiggs in ordering a Court of Inquiry, and directed him to promulgate this censure of disapproval in his next division orders. He did so, but accompanied it with comments, saying he would give both the bane and antidote together. A court-martial, composed of Generals Wool, Jesup, Harney, and other high officers, has been ordered to meet at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, on the 28th of April, to try General Twiggs on a charge involved in this matter.

The interview between the President and the Turkish Admiral, last week, was very brief, but of an interesting character. The visitors were received by the President at two o'clock, having first been formally introduced to the Secretary of State. The President said that it gave him great pleasure to offer the hand of friendship and hospitality to such a distinguished officer of the Ottoman empire. He assured him of a kind and friendly greeting from all true Americans, wherever he and his suite might go. He spoke of the friendly relations existing between the two governments, and did not doubt but this interchange of courtesies would go far to strengthen them. The Admiral, in reply, expressed his gratitude for the kind feeling and honor shown himself and traveling companions by the chief of so great a nation. He had been directed, he said, by his imperial master to be guided by the advice and direction of the President of the United States, and he desired to offer a *souvenir* in testimony of the high regard entertained by his imperial master.

Mrs. Senator Gwin has issued several hundred cards for a fancy ball on April 8, with a notice that a fancy costume will be obligatory.

Mr. Musard, the distinguished director of the "Concerts de Paris," arrived here in the *Arabia* on Saturday. Mr. Musard will spend the next two weeks in organizing his orchestra and preparing for the promenade concerts and *bals masques* at the Academy next month.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The marriage of the pretty daughter of the Attorney-General, last Wednesday, to a son of Governor Shunk (also of Pennsylvania), who occupies a clerkship in Judge Black's department, took every one by surprise. Nobody dreamed of such a thing! Neither were any 'bidden,' except the President, Miss Lane, private secretary Henry, Mr. Hickman, and two other Pennsylvania friends—ladies from Somerset County. Not an orange blossom—not a bride cake—not a wedding present! Worst of all, not a single Jenkins was 'posted up,' or enabled to learn any thing (as most of these Press-Hessians do) by pumping the servants. Even the dress-maker was ignorant that the traveling dress she made was for a bridal tour!

Mr. Douglas has been confined to his room for some days by sickness. The Republicans badly want him to speak, but his physicians say that he must not for some days. On Monday night, when an unexpected attempt was made to force a vote, he came into the Senate anteroom to engineer his forces, but did not take his seat. We learn that the excitement that he was under occasioned a relapse.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina: "I knew his father, who was a true Yankee from Massachusetts. He then resided in Lexington District, South Carolina, and was the owner and manager of a saw-mill. He had previously carried on the business of a butcher at Columbia. His chief pride seemed to be centred in his son James, whom he trained from childhood in oratorical exercises. The mother of James was, I think, the daughter of an Englishman named Fox. So the aristocratic Senator is half Yankee, half Bull. His Yankee father grudged no sacrifice to make him an orator and fit him for public life."

John Percy sued the Albany *Evening Journal* for a libel, published eleven years ago. He claimed $10,000 damages. Last week the *Journal's* counsel moved to strike the case from the calendar. Mr. Percy replied. Judge Gould examined the matter, and granted the prayer of the defendant's counsel. This kills the case.

At Burton's Theatre, which has been engaged for three days by the revivalists, a young man rose in the pit and said that he had heard glorious news—namely, that the greatest actor in America, Edwin Forrest, had been converted in Philadelphia.

Mr. William Curtis Noyes has recently had completed for him an alto-relievo by Palmer. It is the imaging of Faith, with steadfast, onward step; only one object before its earnest gaze—the Cross in the Cloud.

Lieutenant Ives, who was sent out at the head of the expedition to explore the Colorado River, has been detached from that service and ordered to another duty in the same vicinity.

The recusant witness Wolcott, says the *Union*, remains an inmate of the keeper's office at the Washington Jail, having the privilege of taking out-of-door exercise. His New England friends do all in their power to make his position endurable.

The arrival of Madeline Smith, the alleged poisoner of L'Angelier, in the colony of Australia, is reported by the Ballarat *Times*.

The Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Farmer* says: "We hear that an interesting divorce case is soon to be tried before the Superior Court for this county. The parties are Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hubbell, of this city. Mrs. Hubbell is the plaintiff. She is the eldest sister of the celebrated General Tom Thumb, now traveling in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. H. returned from England, a few days since, in separate steamers. It is rumored that they have not lived happily together for some time. The respectable position in society occupied by the parties will give the case an unusual degree of interest in this community."

Colonel Samuel Colt, of Hartford, has purchased the famous "Charter Oak Chair," refused by the Corporation of the city on account of its extravagant price. The Colonel paid $500. The chair is made from pieces of the Old Charter Oak, which exists no longer, except in scattered fragments.

At the meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, last week, Mr. August Belmont was elected a member of the Board, in place of Hon. James E. Cooley, resigned.

W. A. Harris announces, in the Washington *Union*, his retirement from the post of editor and publisher of that journal. Cornelius Wendell is announced as his successor. Mr. Harris has made the official organ a highly readable paper.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that the late John Avery Parker, an enterprising and successful merchant of New Bedford, who died worth $1,300,000, was at one time in his life warned to leave Westport, Massachusetts, under the old law or custom as to warning strangers, lest he should become a public charge.

The *Daily Times* says: "Nathan Jackson, Esq., of this city, has celebrated his 78th birthday by making a gift to Williams College, Massachusetts, of $14,000 in cash and nine acres of land, with suitable buildings thereon, adjoining the college grounds in Williamstown, for which he paid $5000 in addition, though the land is worth more than its original cost. The particular object to which this munificent donation is to be applied is to found a Professorship for teaching Christian Theology, and branches of knowledge in harmony therewith, and also to aid the education of the sons of missionaries and others who are desirous of entering the Christian ministry. This charity is most worthily bestowed, and the object will commend itself to every lover of the missionary cause. Mr. Jackson has previously made several other liberal donations to the college."

Miss Tyrrell, the only daughter of the Admiral of that name, recently gave her heart, hand, and fortune, which consisted of no less than £100,000, to her preceptor. Mr. Hughes, the fortunate possessor, has only just attained his majority, while the lady is his senior by ten years.

Rev. William H. Milburn has been lecturing at Rochester, on the "Character of Aaron Burr."

Governor Banks, in a Message to the Legislature, has removed Judge Loring, in accordance with the vote of the two branches of the Legislature.

Col. John C. Fremont and family, together with several literary men and engineers, among others the son of Sir Charles Fox, of the Crystal Palace, England, have gone to Mariposa, California.

The *Times* has the following: "The celebrated committee, appointed to receive Vice-Admiral Mohammed Pasha and suite, have returned from Washington, and are as well as can be expected. Alderman Boole says there was some mistake in the telegraphed reports of the attempted robbery of the Turkish gentleman. He says it was not the Admiral's trunk that was cut open. It was the trunk of Hassan Bey; but fortunately there was nothing taken. It is supposed that just as the rascals had cut open the trunk they were alarmed by the approach of some person, and so decamped without spoil. A white kid glove of Hassan Bey was cut with the trunk. Some one having stated that it was a left-hand glove, the Alderman wished the mistake corrected. It was a right-hand glove. The Alderman carries the identical glove that was cut in his bosom, and any having doubts as to whether it is a right or left hand glove can see for themselves, by applying to the Alderman."

Isaac H. Smith, ex-Alderman of Brooklyn, but lately a resident of this city, died at his residence, No. 26 Beach Street, last week, from the effects of the wound received on Sunday evening by the discharge of a pistol in the hands of Mark Johnson, the bar-keeper of the People's Saloon, No. 388 Canal Street. Mr. Smith, it will be recollected, was passing through Canal Street with his wife, on his way to church, when Johnson, who was being assailed by some rowdies, fired a pistol at his antagonists, the ball from which struck Mr. Smith in the fore-arm, producing such a severe wound that he sunk under its effects. The affray grew out of a bar-room row. The saloon in which the disturbance took place is the same in which young Hamilton was cruelly murdered some months ago, and is a noted resort for prostitutes and other disorderly characters.

Frederick S. Cozzens, Esq., has accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before the literary societies of Hamilton College, at its next Commencement in July.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: The old hall of the House of Representatives is now only used as a thoroughfare between the Rotunda and the new ice-cream-saloon-like hall. During the past week, however, a delegate from Massachusetts has occupied one of the old desks, and has attracted quite a crowd of curious passers-by. It is the venerable Colonel William Emmons, long celebrated as, *par excellence*, the orator of Bunker Hill, in addition to his fame as a vender of *pop*, and of his immortal poetical effusions. The Colonel, with an eye to business, occasionally suggests to members of his audience, the expediency of purchasing a copy of his "historic poem in four cantos," and success generally crowns his desires. It is his intention to deliver his last farewell address to his countrymen, on Bunker's Hill, on the 17th of March next. His friends "will take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly."

FAMILY INFLUENCE IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the *Press* says: "It is curious to notice how 'family influence' controls things in Washington. Some skillful commentator could make up a most taking *brochure* on this subject if he chose to do so. The old families are adepts at this business. They are the nobility of the capital. They seem to think that every thing belongs to them and that they grow sons only to put them into place, or train daughters only to match them to fortunes or to bureaus. There are a number of families who have *five* and *six* in office. The army, the navy, the marine corps, the civil service, home and foreign, are honored by the scions of the first families. All kinds of fascinations are resorted to to accomplish these results. The labors of a dozen senators, the laurels won in a dozen party campaigns, even the learning and experience of a life, are nothing in comparison to the system adopted by those veterans in Washington society. Not, indeed, that there is any thing morally wrong in their manœuvres. I do not charge it. But it is a thing of almost daily occurrence to find a young fellow, without brains, but abundantly skillful in the arts and graces of the saloon and the opera house, and *au fait* in the more dangerous mysteries of the higher circles, seated in some official snuggery, where he can remain as long as he pleases, making his duties the incidental and his mustaches the main business of his life."

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL SUMNER.

Colonel Sumner has been acquitted by the court-martial of the charges preferred against him by General Harney. The Court did not deliberate fifteen minutes. The Secretary of War has disapproved the finding of the Court, but has released Colonel Sumner from arrest, and directed him to join his regiment in Kansas.

NEWS FROM CAMP SCOTT.

John Hartnett, Secretary of Utah, arrived at St. Louis on the 13th instant. He left Camp Scott on January 26, and reports that the troops were in comfortable condition and excellent health, only four deaths having occurred since the arrival of the command. In view of a serious, if not insurmountable, obstacle in the fortifications of the cañons by the Mormons, it was thought that the entrance into the Salt Lake Valley would be made by another route a hundred miles longer, but offering no obstructions of any magnitude. Two hundred of the principal men of the Utah Indians had been into camp, and gave assurance of the peaceable intentions of the tribe toward the Americans. The Cheyennes also desired peace. With the exception of along the skirts of the south side of the South Pass, Hartnett met with no snow on the route.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN A PENITENTIARY.

The Alton *Courier* of 9th March gives the following particulars of one of the most singular and terrible tragedies ever known to have occurred in the whole country.

"A convict named Hall, from Chicago, who is now serving out a second term, formed the idea of acquiring his liberty in the following method. He watched his opportunity shortly after breakfast, and when no other guard was in the hall surrounding the cells, except Mr. Crabb, whom he knocked down and stunned by a severe blow on the head, then dragged him into one of the lower cells, tied Crabb's hands behind his back, fastened the cell door by means of a stick of timber, previously put in the cell by some confederate, then drew a huge knife from his bosom, assisted Crabb to rise, put him against the door, and threatened him with death, unless he was allowed to go at liberty.

"This most daring attempt was soon known, and promptly brought Colonel Buckmaster and his guards to the spot. The convict threatened Crabb with instant death if any attempt was made upon the door, holding his knife within a couple of inches of Crabb's breast. For upward of an hour Colonel Buckmaster and his guards watched an opportunity to shoot him, but there being but one opening in the door, and that quite small, he kept Crabb constantly between him and the opening, so that he could only be reached through Crabb's body.

THE GUARD ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

"Thus matters continued until noon, when Crabb made some effort to open the door, but was immediately cut severely in the hand by the convict. During the day the convict stated his terms of submission to be a revolver, loaded by himself, a full suit of citizen's dress, $100 in money, and to be driven out of town in a close carriage, accompanied by Crabb, to such place as he should designate—all of which were of course inadmissible. In the mean time, however, Colonel Buckmaster procured a pardon from the Governor, to be used at his discretion; but up to twelve o'clock last night no information of it had been given to the convict. All day the guards were on the watch to shoot the scoundrel, but as he had positively declared he would kill Crabb if he was not instantly killed himself, great care had to be taken for fear he might put his threat in execution. Crabb had no arms whatever, the yard guards not being allowed to carry any, and had nothing whatever to defend himself from any attack of the desperado.

"About eleven o'clock at night one of the guards got a shot at him, but averted his fire upon a change of position, for fear of shooting Crabb.

"The entrance to the cell is very narrow, the door of plate-iron, with a small grating at the top for ventilation. The door opens inward, and is very strongly fastened. It is impossible to get at the scoundrel without using great force, which we learned would be applied this morning, unless he should be shot during the night. During the day great fears were entertained that he would kill the guard, and for fear of that, active operations were not pushed forward.

"Every thing was done which could be done consistently with Crabb's safety. No chance would the convict give for any injury to himself, as he either studiously kept the guard between him and the grating, or lay down against the door, and out of the reach of a shot. He professed to have no ill-feeling to Crabb, but had deliberately planned this method of gaining his liberty, and would kill Crabb and then himself unless he was pardoned and taken out in the manner stated.

THE FATAL STRUGGLE.

"At nine o'clock on the following morning Rutherford, the State Superintendent, and Colonel Buckmaster, warden, undertook to get into the cell of the prisoner by stratagem. Breakfast was set at the cell door in vessels of larger size than ordinary, but the convict refused to open the door until the hall was cleared, which, after a brief consultation, was done. The warden, superintend-

out, and guards were on each side of the wall, but out of sight and misdirection. The convict slowly opened the door some enough to show the face of a woman who was instantly inserted. The warden cried out to Craft, who instituted guard, to fight for his life. He accordingly sprang to the opening of the door, and at length dragged himself through, but not before he was stabbed by the convict some dozen, seven times in the back and face and arms. When this poor victim was dragged out, the convict leared the door again and refused to yield. He was then given a few minutes to consider, when he ceased was, after much delaying and effort to get out of the cell, he was induced to do so. He was then immediately handcuffed and leg-ironed, and taken to the dungeon. He was then stripped of his clothing, and his wounds dressed and bandaged. He was then put in a cell, and was thought to be secured and talked as secure as any man could under the circumstances. After the convict was thus locked up in the cell, his knife, about eight inches long, with a double edge, was found in the cell, and the person was found on the another large knife, with a blade four inches long. The wounds, we understand, was considerably taken to the hospital, and his wounds were examined and dressed by Dr. Wilson. It is thought that the wounds of Craft, who left long was found to be taken personally to be quite, and that he will recover. The convict, during the night was under the charge of a keeper, but was not closely watched and closely from one minute's end to the other, and seemed himself during the time to be perfectly satisfied with the point at his cell. The convict has since died; the guard Crabb is doing pretty well.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY PROGRAMME.

In the House of Lords, on the 1st inst., the Earl of Derby rose to make his statement on the Ministerial programme for the session. The importance of the duties that had devolved on him, he believed, would excuse the proceeding and following the resignation of the late Government.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

As to the war in China, he had always thought that the Government had not sufficiently applied to China, and he rejoiced to see the success of the British arms there. He hoped that success would effect the opening of the country. Without delay, a full and ample commissioner, and re-establishing that intercourse which alone could render peace of that important country. The foreign policy of the Government generally would be directed to the maintenance of friendly relations with all foreign states and small; it would neither take a tone of haughty intimidation nor of meddlesome interference. Whatever should arise, the Government would endeavor to arrange them by a friendly explanation. The Government had not merely existed from the war in which this country had been engaged, but from the state of affairs which had been recently be produced by the Crimean war, and it was important that it should not be subject to perpetual change. He had no doubt the feeling that prevailed at the Emperor and Empress had escaped the recent peril of assassination—assassination aimed at them as the representatives that could aggravate the crime of such a dastardly attack. If the conclave of Orsini, and a few others, had not been kept down under the fire of Her Majesty, what would have been the feeling of the people of England? Would it be known known that it was made by foreigners who had arrived there? Would it not be known that they had been there? Under such circumstances, he was convinced that the feeling would be much aroused, though he did not think the sentiments of the people of France and the French Colonies represented the general feeling toward this country or the French nation as owing to the attempt. It was a true value never indulged in bombast. As to the foreign action in England, although the Act of Parliament passed for crime committed here, it was impossible to put the law in operation as owing to the fact of the Parliaments that, together with the bill introduced by the late Government, which was most objectionable, was opposed by any manner or explanation. That dispatch which had been sent to the Court of France would be read and answered in terms from his sentiments of the Government, and under all circumstances, and without distortion, the dignity of nations would be preserved. It was desirable, but it was an interesting grievance that persons having the protection as well by their acts levities or control England with its allies.

THE REFORM QUESTION.

As to an amendment of the present system of representation, he believed that the House of Commons, when it was before Hull, had fairly represented the people; he should have been satisfied if such a question had been the situation had been demanded. But for three or four years the question had not only been debated in Parliament, but by successive Governments, and occasionally in speeches from the Throne. That was not right. Parliament ought now to introduce any bill of the kind, but as soon as the process of the present Parliament had expired, it would carefully consider the defects in the existing system of representation, with an earnest desire to find that the question should no longer be trifled with—the whole, that would be a settlement of the question, and that, though it might not please everyone, would be a moderate people, as fair and reasonable as impartial and moderate people.

RE-ELECTION OF MINISTERS.

The members of the late Government who accepted office under Lord Derby are being re-elected for Parliament by their generally without opposition, and the addresses to their constituents they throw but little light upon the ministerial programme.

ANOTHER EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

A "Great Exhibition" for 1861 is spoken of, and the *Daily News* is informed that a meeting between the Council of the Society of Arts has been summoned for the final consideration of the proposition, and that the society shall at once announce it. Prince Albert is to be especially connected with the Exhibition of 1851, or any other year, and also to define the exact character which such exhibition should assume.

FRANCE.

THE TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS.

The proceedings of the trial of the assassins have been published. Orsini was defended by Jules Favre, assisted by lawyer Jules Favre, who attested, to the course or his speech, for which they were remarkably interesting.

"The Procureur-General and myself may differ in political opinions, but I am convinced that we agree entirely before the principles and the men to be defend, to preserve in my heart the respect of my political convictions and convictions. But these convictions The Procureur-General will honors as well as I, have not remained unknown to the prisoner as they symbol. I detest violence and assassination, and I am convinced that they are the murder of right. If I acted as in unfortunate as to fall before the bar of a despot, it is not by means of a position that it will abase of his chains. God, who counts them, knows the number of hours despot have to last, and reserves them none longer than those inevitable to the mature preparation of uprisers. Such is my profound conviction, and yet, when Orsini appealed to his political opinions before his judges, I knew what a terrible burden I accepted; how to rise and my defense by and I felt that I should have left in his mouth the sublime cause expressing the horror with which his actions inspired me.

"I have sacrificed the power nor the liberty to our benefit in his heart in my heart. The words of Orsini betrayed to his judges, and I have to combat not only their opinions on which he has acted and which led him to conduct to his fatal emerged. I have to need, gentlemen of the jury, of the adjustments of the Procureur-General; you will do your duty without passion and without weakness. But God who is above us, God before whom must appear the prisoner and his defenders, God who will judge us and measure the extent of our duties, will not pardon us if we have misunderstood the sacred him a pardon which the judges of the earth may be impossible to grant."

THE SPEECH OF THE PROCUREUR-GENERAL.

M. Chaix d'Est Ange, the Procureur-General, replied against the prisoners, remarked:—"I could lay before you superb documents of the trial of Fieschi, Morey, and of Pare, but also from every point of the territory, which would show you that the crime of Orsini was premeditated, a murder, the preparations of which were made in the retreats and reasoning the audacity of the worst periods of our revolutions. Orsini, from the 25th to the 28th of January, announcing to every one that the Emperor's days was numbered, and that he would not see the end of March in Paris. Men whose lives were abominable were his friends and confidants. He had a secret idea, and that the poniard—the vulgar instruments of assassination—was never divorced from his thoughts and preparations that they should constitute by conflagration, or even blow up the Opera-house, and assassinate the Emperor on the night of the 31st of January. Orsini arrived on the 14th January the same Grenelle, as the same point I have pointed to. Jules Favre has spoken of the sacrifice of the dictating. It is, in fact, at his life each man has, he has given it to his life that order and tranquility in Europe depend.

"It is in England, it is in a foreign country, that the abominable plot has been hatched. Assassination is a science which are opposed to our habits, our manners, our principles, but which is practiced in England. Since the first place, because we are imperfectly acquainted with them; third, because the English laws are not so old and free England."

THE TREATMENT OF THE PRISONERS IN PRISON.

Though Orsini is said to have displayed much nobleness and calmness, he was not so with his companions. Pieri, by his own hand, it was thought prudent to use the strait-waist-coat, and Rudio was placed in a cell by himself. The exception of Gomez, who is not condemned to death, are treated as criminals. Pieri, Rudio, and Gomez are not allowed to see their friends, and Orsini is not allowed to speak the execution of their sentences, except the Court of Cassation, to which they have appealed, has given their trial to have been irregular. This, however, is very unlikely.

RAGE OF FIERI.

Orsini, Pieri, Rudio, Gomez, Lemaire, on returning to their prison after the trial, appeared to retain all their usual calmness, but on the arrival of Pieri in his cell, where he was being put on them, Pieri gave way to the most violent rage, which was with difficulty restrained by force. He said, "I wish," said he, "that Orsini had a dozen heads, and that they were all cut off, and that I had one of them to bother the longer." De Rudio was very much cast down. He fancied he was about to be put to death, and that he he defeated that in his sleep he felt as if the iron were falling on his neck. Lemaire, on the contrary, was very calm, and interrogated the warders as to the manner in which he ought to come out of the dock safe and sound; and on receiving their reply, he answered that he was sure that several days before, all his thoughts had been concentrated upon the means of leaving the court-house. He had written several letters on the subject, requesting that it might be brought to him, and that the dress he should be released from prison.

THE QUESTION OF APPEAL FOR ITALY.

The papers contain a dying appeal from Orsini to the Emperor in favor of Italy. It is dated from the prison, and is as follows:

"In order to maintain the balance of power in Europe it is necessary to make Italy independent. It is from the chains by which Austria holds her in bondage. Shall it be said that the Emperor of the French, the man whose credit he shed for the Italians? No, I do not go so far as to say that. Italy can only be free by her own efforts; but, she and France shall not unite to destroy to aspect the Austrian power in Italy. Let the Emperor remember that the Italians, from my cell, I dare to address to your Majesty, in the despairing hope that you will listen to the voice of a wretch devoted solitaire; she will, therefore, spurn of his prayer in favor of his country. Remember that the future of Italy is in your hands, and that its possession of laws protecting the dignity and the free inhabitants."

THE BUTCHERS' TRADE THROWN OPEN.

By an ordonnance of the Emperor, it is decreed to throw open the butchers' trade in Paris. Any body may now be a butcher who pays the 15f. 50c. required by the likes. He will be subject to no other restrictions than those police regulations which affect all persons who sell wholesome meat from being sold. As a matter of course, the butchers will be subject to the laws which regulate the sale of meat, and will be liable to be fined or imprisoned if they sell meat of a diseased nature. It is also taken against the operation of the municipal council. It is to come into operation on the 1st of March. Paris is not careful to tell the people not to expect any great reduction in the price of meat.

THE HORSE-TAMER IN PARIS.

The commotion caused by the Emperor, consisting of General Fleury, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, and other gentlemen connected with the Imperial stables, to the ceremonies into Mr. Rarey's mode of proceeding, has terminated in favorable results. In order to put the matter to a rigorous test, it caused to be purchased, at Caen, a horse which had killed two grooms, and had, in fact, become, and for kicking formerly whenever an attempt was made to approach or to. He was brought to Paris a few days the horse was as docile with the saddle and in harness as any horse could be. Mr. Rarey has been able to be touched about any part of his body, and has even allowed the most violent demonstrations of fear. We are informed that the success of the experiment has created especially of the men in question, are considered by the Emperor's stables, and that, in consequence, their report to the Emperor will be very favorable. Mr. Rarey has been invited to visit the Imperial stables at Tuileries, on a station belonging to the Horse Guards, and there to exhibit his system to the men of the stables, and, if possible, to instruct them in it. It is not unreasonable, we believe, to surmise, in fact, that a resolution has been taken to adopt it. The Emperor, we believe, has the purpose by M. de Baylen, chief of the Imperial stables, and by Mr. Mackenzie Grieves and Commerce, and by other clubs assembled to see what Mr. Rarey could do with him. It was agreed with this horse, which, when mounted him, he was then perfectly quiet; and having put on the saddle and bridle, Mr. Rarey mounted on in a fury. It received a correction as quickly as the horse had received the first, and the horse was then mounted by Colonel Clerk was mounted at once the horse was then mounted by and explanations of situation; after which they galloped round Mr. Rarey to complete him. M. de Baylen, for his part, warmly expressed his surprise and pleasure, and, at his request, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves gave the spectators an account of the character of the horse. Mr. Rarey then requested to be allowed to keep the horse for three days, promising, at the end of that time, to give him up as perfectly docile to any lady's horse, and his application was granted.

THE ASSASSINATION OF COUNT LEON.

A young man named Guignard murdered his father and then attempted to destroy himself on the 2nd inst., with the sole purpose of robbing his house. He has been brought to trial, and it was proved in evidence that the father of the prisoner had been a gambler, and had lost the small sum of thousand, in the department of the Côte d'Or. He was, however, hardly in those daughters and one son, who had not carefully educated. One of the daughters was married to a gentleman of the name of Leon, and resided in visit to her grandmother. The son, on the night of the 1st February, armed himself with a hatchet, and murdered his two sisters in their sleep, mutilating their bodies in a hideous manner. He then drank some laudanum and murdered his father in the same manner. He next plundered the house of every thing valuable and fled. He was shortly afterwards taken, and, after committing the death. A theft of horror was through the court, at the conclusion of the trial, when the prisoner was found guilty and his two daughters, while the prisoner at the bar was put to death.

GERMANY.

THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AT HOME.

The Princess Royal has just left Berlin at the departure of the wife of the Prince of Prussia, and the Princess of the poor. She has also sent 500 to the town of Potsdam for the same purpose. In addition to these donations she has made over to these officials, who have local knowledge, the distribution of the money, and they have already distributed large sums, and made to be for relief. The Prince and Princess of Prussia have returned to the Castle of Berlin after a brief visit.

"HERR UNTERSUCHUNGSRICHTER.—The reception that this book gives from a certain section of the press was also no manifold and as fateful, the city and all the inhabitants have taken as freely as the book itself. It has never experience the necessity of finding some expression for the sentiments of the city. Will not the Senate express them say feelings to the city and its population? They are feelings which are not to be expressed in the form of party prejudice and welcome in all the towns and every class of the people. Will you not express the sentiments of the interest from all the inhabitants of the kingdom of this country, in which I have long taken a most lively interest, has by its friendly and advances expressed to me my to feel myself at home in it, so belonging to it. I leave it with extreme regret, and with the deepest sympathy of the capital in benefit sending you. Herr clerkgentlemen, as a token of my esteem and to the poor of Berlin, the distribution of which among worthy recipients I refuse to the Senate, and I have confidence in the full confidence in the correctness of its application. To the Senate I add my most cordial thanks for their considerate, the applications for relief which have been made to me. "PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

"Princess Frederick William von Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland."

ITALY.

OUTBURST OF PUBLIC FEELING AT VENICE.

That public feeling at Venice was unanimous in its fury may be inferred from a recent occurrence at Venice; in the Teatro Rossini, during the representation of a new drama, entitled *Cimabue IV.*, in which a chorus of contadini had to sing a repeat of a song, the air of the verse "Corriamo animosi in parte a salvar," the police had given instructions to change the air to that of "Corriamo tutti in Germania," the name of one of the persons of the piece. The audience, on hearing the change, rose in a body, and began shouting and hissing, and immediately applauded that passage might after night; and on the next evening, when the piece was announced to be about to close, a cry was raised from every part of the theater, "Let the Germans go, in parte!" A row took place, with the closer and plausible were raised to their highest pitch, and a police officer, drawing his sword, rushed on the stage, warning the spectators to be quiet, was quite unable to calm them. The police then cleared the boxes, and they enthusiastically executed the significant verse, "Corriamo animosi in parte a salvar," and left the theater amid enormous cheers.

TURKEY.

DEATH OF THE SULTAN'S BEST FRIEND.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Daily News*, after reporting the death of Reschid Pasha, says:—"The old good servant to his country by his congratulations of the Sultan's birthday. Will you kindly add a few words here to the public service, his death has occasioned no surprise. For the last two years Reschid Pasha is known to be suffering from organic disease of the heart, the last accounts of which were very grave. He was attended by the best medical skill that the doctors of the Bosphorus is regrettable sincerity, and, although he was in the month of the Golden Horn, and its walled freight at Tophanhe. Pasha, in the Sultan's steamboat, took up the body with all artillery, was a dust debased kept up always four with short hours. The Sultan, who was himself very over the hills behind Scutari, when the sailing corps bore the funeral procession, and the Imperial steamer, which all through the coming day the effects of copious alternations of Lancaster and Belfast guns, and Enfield rifles stock to port, but his august companion divided his affections between the Pasha and the Queen of Sheba at Epernay. A new Prime Minister has been installed in the person of Fuad Effendi, the brother of Abdul Medjid."

INDIA.

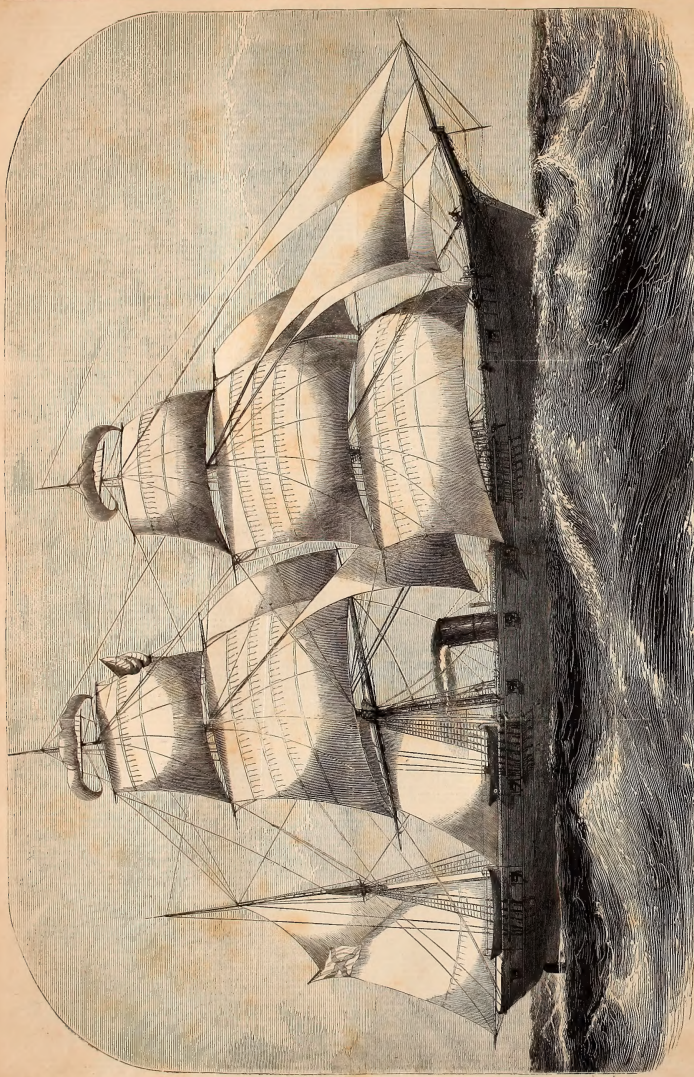
THE LATEST NEWS.

The commander-in-chief, at the head of the force at Cawnpore (which is now in a state of complete efficiency, continues collecting supplies and means of conveyance at Allahabad. The force at Cawnpore is now being actively invested by masses of troops advancing on all sides about from Bithi. They are reported to be moving up by time in great strength. There are about 100,000 of them in Oude. The force at Cawnpore is not strong enough to negotiate. Sir James Outram has been left undisturbed at Alum Bagh. He is well provisioned, and has for Majesty's 34th, from Cawnpore, a convoy of stores, and a reinforcement of 1,000 men, with a siege train. Sir Hope Grant has been appointed to the command of the field force upon communication. Sir H. Rose, with Central India Field Force, continues his operations. Up to the 25th, the enemy having escaped over the walls. He is pressed hard on the rear by the victorious troops, and flies women and children. The garrison had been shut up for six months. It surrendered to Sir Colin Campbell Avan of the 25th. It was the strongest town in Rajpoot-ana. The garrison marched out with the honors of war. Some of those who were present describe the scene of the surrender as affecting their winter crops, and the Rajpoots as looking like men who had undergone a long and harassing siege. The 72d Regiment arrived at Bombay on the 22nd ult. The Sultan had reached on the same day, via the Cape.

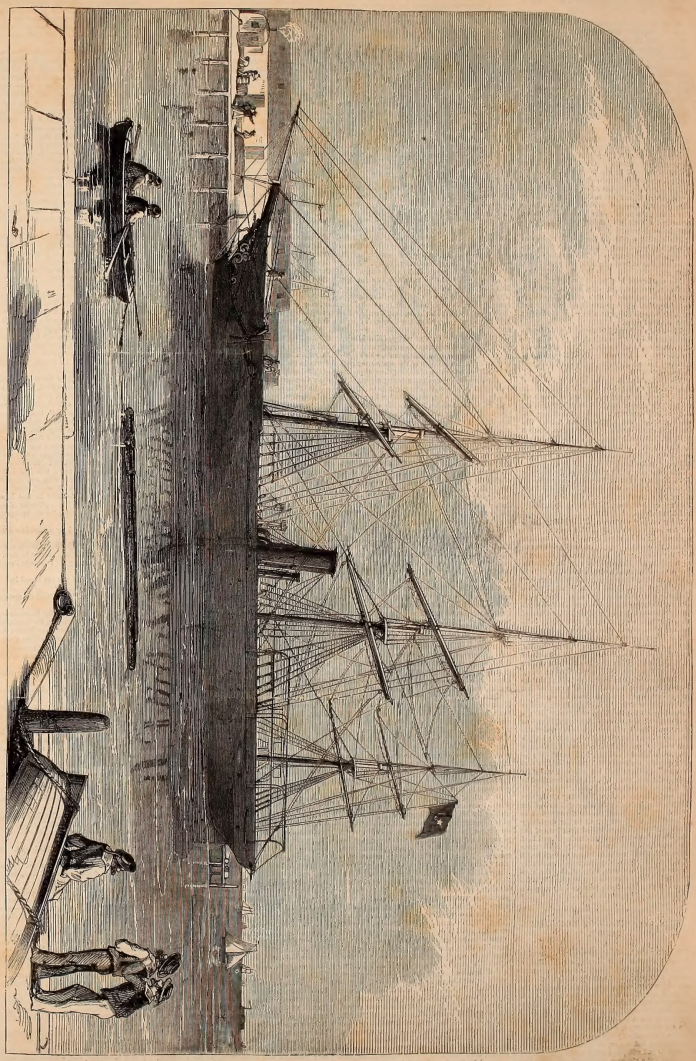
THE CAPTURE AND STORM OF THE MUCHY.

A Calcutta correspondent of the *Examiner* says: "Reports have reached us from Lucknow, and from the camp in the Lucknow, where they are confined in one small room, but about the 20th of last month, when the widows of officers who have fallen; but it is supposed that the large number of ladies and children will be sent further down one of them has reached its destination: it is forming to be about the 15th of this month, and one of the passage of time, taking when it would be Christmas. As to the fate of the prisoners, nothing is known. It is to be offered the rebels £15,000 for their ransom, which Lord Canning immediately declined to pay.

Another letter says:—"I regret to conclude my letter with the announcement of the murder of Mr. Thomas Montgomery Jackson, Deputy Parish Ops, Lieutenant Barnes, Sergeant-Major Morton, Miss Madeline Jackson, and Mrs. Parish Ops—news known by us by the hands of the Cudu rebels. It was hoped that they would be spared, but they were all put to death in cold blood. Alas! All the males were between the ages of the time of the week of which they were confined in the Residency in confinement, and have lost, they say, all reckoning of time. Mrs. Montgomery Jackson is the chief object of regret for each of them, but, I fear, without effect."



THE CORVETTE "JAPANIS," BUILT FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT BY W. H. WEBB, OF NEW YORK.



THE EGYPTIAN YACHT "VOYAGEUR DE LA MER," BUILT AT BOSTON.

THE RUSSIAN CORVETTE AND THE EGYPTIAN YACHT.

WE engrave on the preceding pages the fine corvette *Jeannette*, just built by Mr. W. H. Webb, of this city, for the Russian navy; also the Egyptian yacht *Voyageur de la Mer*, built at Boston for the Pacha of Egypt.

The former craft, the *Jeannette*, was built in pursuance of a contract between Mr. Webb and Captain Crown, of the Russian navy, for the construction of a vessel combining larger size with less draught of water than had hitherto been deemed practicable. She is a perfectly beautiful model, of sufficient vessel, and does the greatest credit to Mr. Webb's skill.

Her length on deck is 214 feet; breadth of beam, 36 feet; depth of hold, 17½ feet; draught of water, 11½ feet. Her engines, made at the Novelty Iron Works, are two oscillating cylinders, each 51 inches in diameter, stroke of piston, 3 feet, and of 310 horse-power, with two fine boilers. The propeller is 12½ feet in diameter.

Her armament consists of an eight-inch pivot gun at each end, and four medium 32-pounders on each side. In consequence of the difference in the size of the guns usual in the Russian Empire the armament will not be furnished by Mr. Webb, except the small armor.

The captain's cabin is lined with variegated woods, highly polished, and fitted abaft of the secretary, drawers, closet, etc. The captain's stateroom contains water-closet, bath, pantry, drawers, desk, etc.

The ward-room is of polished oak, very chaste and neat, also arranged with secretary, drawers, settees, and state-rooms for eight officers, fitted with desks, drawers, etc. The after-steerage is arranged with state-rooms for eight officers, fitted similarly with the ward-room.

The steerage forward is arranged with accommodations for eighty men, and, in case of necessity, can receive one hundred. The accommodations for the crew are arranged inside of the vessels, under cover, instead of outside, in the head, as is usual in men-of-war.

The fittings and furnishing of the cabins are of a very costly description, being of the same general quality to those usually furnished in vessels of war. The marine furniture, upholstery, silver, cutlery, and crockery are of the most approved pattern description, both in quality and finish. The total cost of the vessel and equipments will be about $250,000. She will be taken out to Hong-Kong by Captain Hull, and there delivered to the representatives of the Russian Government, who will finally carry in April.

The other ship which we engrave, the *Voyageur de la Mer*, was built in the neighboring town of Boston, for the Pacha of Egypt, from a model furnished by a naval architect. She is a vessel of 200 tons measurement, 216 feet long, 22 feet deep, and 27 feet beam.

She is entirely constructed of iron, being one of the few iron vessels built in this country. The total weight of iron consumed in her construction reached the enormous aggregate of 881,000 lbs.; to which add the timber necessary to fit her out, and more were required. Three plates vary in thickness from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch in thickness. The frame also is wholly of iron.

She is full ship-rigged, but is provided with a propeller as well as sails and oars. Her speed and safety she is traversed from side to side by five water-tight bulk-heads; so that her hull consists of six water-tight compartments, each entirely independent of the other. She has two flush decks.

Her accommodations were intended to be of the most perfect character. Her boilers, four in number, were designed by James Montgomery, and built by C. S. Greenleaf, at the Dry Dock Works, of New York. Her engines, which are oscillating, are of 800 horse-power each. They were built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston. It will be noticed that they are unusually powerful for such a vessel.

The *Voyageur de la Mer* is originally designed as a pleasure-boat for the Pacha of Egypt. Her appointments are in the most complete and luxurious character. So drawing-room is more comfortable than her saloon—the Pacha does not lack for cash—no men more convenient chamber than the state-room in which he will sleep on board his yacht. We believe that she is provided with every "modern convenience"—such as gas, hot and cold water for baths, bells, etc. She has been described as an American first-class hotel afloat.

It seems, however, notwithstanding all the care that has been bestowed upon this vessel, and all the outlay, that she does not answer the expectations of her builders. Some defects in the machinery department have hitherto baffled the efforts of the builders to make her steam as she should, and loud has been the wail in Boston over the misfortune of the craft which was to do Boston so much credit in Egypt. We, of course, are quite unable to report on the subject; we hope, however, that the accidents which have occurred may be remedied in future, and that the Pacha may ere long make his trial trip in *Le Voyageur de la Mer*.

THE APPARITION OF MONSIEUR BODRY.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago there lived in Paris, in the Rue Sainte Marthe, a rich silk-merchant named Gombert. He was about sixty years of age, a widower, with an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was no less admired for her personal attractions than for the handsome fortune which she was likely one day to inherit. Mademoiselle Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk-merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry it was not certainly for want of suitors. A hundred years ago the reign of the Encyclopedists had begun; their principles were dictated far and wide, and religion was going out of fashion; but a stranger accidentally dropping into the church of Saint Merri, on a Sunday morning, would have concluded, from the number of young men who knelt at mass and sat out the sermon, that devotion had—at all events—lost no ground in that quarter of the city. He would, however, have been wrong: the cause of this crowd of devotees arising simply from the fact, that Saint Merri was the parish church of Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and that to see, and possibly, attract the notice of the beautiful Madeleine, had a direct deal more to do with their attendance than the sincerity of their faith, or their admiration for the preacher. Whether Madeleine Gombert was aware or not of the motive which her presence excited I will not pretend to say: the chances are, that feminine instinct set her right on that point, though it did not influence her conduct. As for Monsieur Gombert, he was far too much engrossed by cutting a Pope's encroachments on this peculiar demonstration; to doubt was not his habit. He accepted every compliment, whether sincere or not, purely in all he saw.

Of course, it was never intended by nature or fashion, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much beauty, and the heiress of so much wealth, should go to the altar without a bridegroom: it did, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of bargain, when there was any thing to marry for—while the war vat a child. The business of the silk-merchant of the Rue Sainte Marthe had suffered in the very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city of Lyons, the name of Benoit Blairaux. As connection increased, the desire arose on each side to cement it by the union of the two families. Monsieur Benoit had an only son, Augustin, a student an only daughter. Could any thing be more natural than a match between these young people? The terms of which should be, that Monsieur Benoit's son should marry Monsieur Gombert's daughter.

Although the proposed marriage of Henri Bodry and Madeleine Gombert was a matter arranged for years' standing between their parents, which needed no consent on the part of the contracting parties, still, with the view of making the arrangement all, Monsieur Bodry one fine morning consented to the request of Henri, that he should be left alone for an his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The consent of Monsieur Bodry was, to this degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to his partner for life, that he left the truth must be told—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Every day, or, at least, every day of enjoyment, and to have his full swing of the capital before he settled down for ever in the dull city of all others which the young Lyonnese must ardently desired. Supplied, then, with a full purse, and the better of a handsome horse, Monsieur Bodry, left, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out from his native town of Lyons in the fair end of November, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

A hundred years ago the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travelers usually took a fortnight to accomplish what now-twenty days on the road; but the wealthier aristocracy, who had their own carriages, and were in no slow as the public wages, but infinitely more agreeable. The rate of traveling adopted by the dignity of Henri Bodry he took the coche. In those days of no intercourse between nations, divided by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveler who was going all the way not with a companion or companions before he had reached the ancient city of Macon. The coche, as soon as it was ready for the night at the auberge called The Cross of Burgundy; and in a large room containing four beds, the usual complement of that time, Henri was left to pay for his bed, and make it out how he might until eight o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him, the youngster was in a pleasant case; for when he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking, and of a highly prepossessing countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the solitary couple of beds he proceeded to him, as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing in his cloak, hat, and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and without any preamble asked him if he was traveling, and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the newcomer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and as freely as he had spoken went on to say, that he had come some distance across the country, was very cold and hungry, and if Monsieur had not already engaged supper, he would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served, and over a bottle of Moulin a Vent, the wine for which Macon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance, and discovered that in age there are no reserves. Bodry entered into his own affairs without the slightest concealment, described his prospects, and the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confidence, the stranger said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blairaux—the son of an avocat at Bourg-en-Bresse; that he was not encumbered with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to the law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather have spent a fortune, than to be the means of making one client miserable, could you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travelers was not diminished by the time they reached Paris. On the contrary, it had grown into a romantic friendship. Their habits and tastes were so closely allied, that what the one proposed the other was sure to be ready for.

Among the subjects which engaged them during the latter part of their journey was the question of how they should spend on their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew nothing of Paris, and therefore made no objection to the plan of the latter, which was proposed by Blairaux; so they went to the Eau d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes—an auberge at the time of which I am speaking in favor not slightly in his cups, as being the only place in Paris for drinking Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable part of the town, but the college was near and the residence of Monsieur Gombert not remote. Considering the close proximity, it seemed odd that neither love nor law was meant to be the first consideration which brought the young Bodry to the auberge, they saw the Marionettes on the Boulevard du Temple; together they went to dance at the opera of the Porte St. Martin; together they sat in the Jardin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the Transeunaval houses of Paris; together, they were every where, in short, except to the College of Law and the Church of Saint Merri.

Some evenings, when they were returning home, decidest but them through the Rue Saint Martin, and as a matter of course ever Bodry was to be seen as remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capital without delivering any letter of introduction—including any introductory one from Monsieur Gombert and Mademoiselle Madeleine. A series of circumstances arises from a trifle, as the real cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of sorts, and proposed—like a certain gentleman when he "kick-ed his wife"—passing the evening by way of amendment. When he reached the Eau d'Argent, however, he found his friend Blairaux had directly to bed; in the course of the night he was seized with a violent fever, and, though it was not more than the following morning, he remained very ill. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention which Henri Blairaux, who, as his friend's bedside all night, ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his cheerfulness.

Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what was uppermost in his mind at the moment of his delirium; and his desire to make the long-neglected visit was increased by a letter which arrived from his father, asking many questions respecting the silk-merchant's family. But it was in vain he would try to get up, or still hold his head, if he kept yet, in the perversity of his malady, he persisted in declaring that the visit was immediately to be paid. Henri Blairaux urged that Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his being in Paris, with various other arguments, and concluded by saying, that if his friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Saint Martin and explain the circumstances of the case.

This last suggestion operated singularly on the mind of the delirious invalid. Yes, Blairaux should go as he proposed, but he must not say a word about his having presumed to pay attention to the real Bodry—keep Blairaux entirely out of sight—and by-and-by, when he was able to appear in person, the visit would make merry over the past and laugh it entirely away. Blairaux combated this proposition at first; but, finding that the objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

All this was not a difficult one for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The worthy silk-merchant entertained his visitor with all the effusion which the approaching connection seemed to warrant, and met with a demonstration no less cordial. It was in Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the greeting took place, but the greeting over, the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her mother, who had retired there from her cradle, was occupied with her embroidery, feeding the hungry, providing shrouds for the naked, and clothing the destitute. The worthy first sensation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom Bodry was betrothed, but it lasted only a moment, being quickly succeeded by the pleasure which he experienced in looking at and conversing with her. At the end of an evening of hours he found himself head over ears in love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and on the old nurse, who had a voice in every thing, was all he could have desired, provided always, that he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly, at last, he rose to take his departure, and lingered as he pressed the hand of Madeleine Gombert, and, as freely as he dared, on the tenderly withdrawn; neither did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome when he next renewed his visit. This was consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood toward the family Gombert, but, somehow or other, Blairaux could not divest himself of the notion—which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have entertained—that no small share of the reception accorded to him was a homage to his own personal merits.

On his return to the Rue des Carmes he found Henri Bodry much worse. A physician was sent for; Blairaux was committed to his special charge, but the fever increased alarmingly, and as evening drew on he began to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's request Blairaux related to him all the particulars of the interview in the Rue Saint Martin, and the subject still engrossed the mind of the sick young man, to the exclusion of every other. Even when conscious of his own danger he still continued the theme.

"I have often been ill," he said, "but never felt before as I feel now. Should I die, Henri Blairaux, promise me here, that you will still be Henri Bodry."

Think what a desolation it would be in Monsieur Gombert and Madeleine to be told of my death! Think, for, my sake, that you will feel that I have done my duty in giving her the husband she expected. Do not, I say, undeceive them. I know very well what I say. Unless you promise this I can not die content."

Blairaux, deeply convinced that his friend's mind was wandering, but, to keep him quiet, he again promised all that was required of him. Bodry appeared satisfied, and his anxious attendant believed he slept; but suddenly he rose up in bed, and with a distressing change was evident in the wandering came short and thick, his voice was faint and low, the delusion of fever was evidently upon him.

It was ten o'clock at night, and Monsieur Gombert was alone in his counting-house. Every thing was silent in the apartment but the ticking of one of those large clocks—which, by the way, existed, and highly tolerated with gilding—which we call in the age of Louis Quinze, though they belong to the time of his great-grandson. That clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke had hardly ceased to vibrate when Monsieur Gombert, who happened to raise his head, became aware of some one who was standing near the door. He had not heard any body enter, perhaps because he had been absorbed in his accounts, and his astonishment—not unmixed with fear, for he was quite alone and night nature—was very great.

"Who is there?" he asked, with hesitation.

"Is that—you—Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confidential clerk, but no answer was returned, and the merchant remained speechless, with his eyes still fixed on the figure, which now slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it seemed to him, without noise. As the figure drew nearer, though the light from the solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face, which wore an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were deep open and glittered exceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair streamed widely. Monsieur Gombert gazed for some time on the face before him. The appearance came nearer still, and then Monsieur Gombert imagined—had indeed, indeed—something that he recognized features he had lately seen. This supposition gave him a glimmer of courage.

"Is it you?" he said, "is it you, Henri, here at this hour?"

"Bodry!" answered the figure, in a deep, sepulchural voice.

"How! Death! Has any misfortune arrived?"

"The greatest that can happen to me," Henri Bodry said an hour ago. I come to invite you to Henri Bodry's funeral."

"You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!"

"I was—this morning."

"Ah! I don't—I don't!" exclaimed the merchant, and fell senseless from his stool.

As his senses returned to him he made in falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the beune, who were at work in the next room, rushed into the counting-house. To Monsieur Gombert's question as a fit, and hastily applied such remedies as they could devise. After a few minutes the silk merchant opened his eyes.

"Where is he?" he said, looking round with terror.

"Who, Sir?" asked Madeleine. "What do you mean?"

"Who?" he repeated, slowly, again looking round him. "Who? Henri Bodry. He was here this moment."

"Impossible, Sir!" said Petronille. "You were alone when we came in, and, indeed, had the night you called out. There was not the shadow of a person in the room."

"The shadow!" returned Monsieur Gombert. "Ah! that it is. The shadow. It was no living man."

"I beseech you, my father," said Madeleine, "to tell us what is the matter. You look ill and frightened indeed."

"I have reason to be so," replied Monsieur Gombert. I have seen a spirit—a ghost!"

He then, as collectedly as he could, related what had occurred.

"That is a fancy," said Madeleine. Monsieur Gombert shook his head.

"A dream," added Petronille. "You supped well on that famous goose of Alencon—you had more than one glass of Burgundy in honor of Monsieur Bodry's arrival—you fell asleep over your books after supper; a wrong time; you became sleepy: an indigestion arrives—here's a ghost!"

Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory to Monsieur Gombert.

"I saw him," he persisted, "as distinctly as I see either of you. It was the face of a dead man. He stood with his forefinger—"

These words, and the earnestness with which Monsieur Gombert spoke, infected Madeleine with a portion of his fear, and Petronille's also. They also looked timidly about them, dreading to behold some hideous apparition.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to regain her presence of mind.

"Let somebody be sent at once to ask news of him."

This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in the house with the rest, was thought the most proper person to attend on the errand, without being made aware of the motive which had led to his errand, was di-

rected to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry would come and see Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than half an hour he returned, with a countenance much discomposed.

"Sir," said he to Monsieur Gombert, "I bring you very sad tidings. The young gentleman who came here only this morning so full of life and spirits died about an hour ago!"

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But it was more than astonishment. There was a pang at her heart. That fine, handsome young man, who had so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Petronille and his daughter kept watch beside him with as many candles burning as there were candlesticks in the house to hold them; and, further to scare away all evil spirits, Madeleine read aloud the Office des Morts, Monsieur Gombert joining fervently at the end of every psalm with the anthem, "Heu mihi!"

So much affected, indeed, was the honest silk-merchant by the sudden death of his correspondent's son that he did not get the better of the shock for several days. To attend Henri Bodry's funeral was entirely out of the question; and the knowledge that it had taken place while he was confined to his room materially contributed to his recovery.

"Once fairly under ground," thought Monsieur Gombert, "he is not so likely to pay me another visit, unless—unless—" and this doubt harassed him sorely—"unless he is vexed at my not having complied with his wishes."

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked over the sad event with old Petronille. It was the only consolation she could find for the loss of her lover. She also sought comfort in devotion, and, instead of going now and then when the day was fine, went regularly, morning and evening, to mass in the church of St. Merri.

III.

In the mean while Henri Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had even been before. In vain he pored over Pandects and delved into Digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralized all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret, if she feels any, must all be on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusations."

This hourly Jeremiad made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue Saint Martin.

One rainy evening, weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The vesper service was going on, and, thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the out, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little baize door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at vespers on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking, as usual, of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building, without noticing that any one was there; but the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Virgin. Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worshiper, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which Madeleine looked round in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hand and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by the altar lamp, beheld, close to her, the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To run after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but he had not gone three yards before he tripped over an old woman who was fast asleep (at her prayers) in the aisle, and came down on the pavement with a crash. In the midst of a furious scolding, Blaireau picked himself up as well as he could, and then, remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. To quiet the old woman, whose occupation (besides praying) was the letting of rush-bottomed chairs to the pious, he gave her all the sous he had in his pocket, and then stole away on tip-toe, thinking himself lucky in not having drawn on his head the fulmination of the officiating priest. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain: he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portal was closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue St. Martin—could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious the next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in the church of St. Merri, but she made a confidante of Petronille. The old bonne crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself—did it wear a shroud—was it very pale—did it speak—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

IV.

The next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous second-hand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat and a long, gray dragoon-cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twenty years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragoon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitred Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the door-posts of the open gateway was an écriteau announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the concierge. It was not on the ground floor, for these were the silk merchant's warerooms; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no entresol), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the stair-case, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a mansard or garret, and there we have the joli appartement, bien meublé, as the concierge poetically described it. What furnished it well, consisted of a truckle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs, and a still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles which, in spite of their color, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it, but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to its wretchedness. He returned to the Ecu d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe where gossip holds its head-quarters, it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth as it is in the reign of Napoleon the Third. The occupants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Pocheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter every thing in the menial line, and their marriage had been as much an affaire de convenance as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Montmorency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a garret at ten livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond: so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed them to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame le Pocheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix which I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest-born is Curiosity. The old bonne became curious about the mysterious dragoon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when this process was at an end, and he found that, stretch his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a court-yard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the stair-case, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing in the door-way of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was—and clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word, before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down stairs; and, the porte cochère being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille—for she it was who had been lying in ambush—continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquet, without daring to lift her head, until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert's household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever, had gone again to vesper service, in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, Sir! Sir!" replied she, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I—myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk-merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding-sheet—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question; Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicité, the fille-de-chambre, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of Heaven!"

"One, two, three—as slowly as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the stair-case, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vespers. How can I tell why I waited to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened, he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair, unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

Every body (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the concierge, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap, made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are much the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts."

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd, if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs are shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the bonne, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you—my duty now compels me to reveal it—that Mademoiselle Gombert, in her turn, has seen the spirit? No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account, she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Curé."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend Pierre, run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also ask Monsieur le Curé to come as soon as the service is over."

The concierge no longer presumed openly to deny what was affirmed on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

V.

When Henri Blaireau got into the street he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations, loftier, nobler, altogether more becoming a lover—led him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly, he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arrived there, he made no pause in the porch, lingered not an instant in the nave, took no heed of priests or old women, but plunging into the south aisle, steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled-up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight, as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mademoiselle Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unlucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced, therefore, at a quick step, covered his face with both hands, took advantage of a devotee's privilege by plumping himself on his knees beside Madeleine, and bending down his head, began to pray with great fervor.

Though such an association in worship was not so uncommon as to be remarkable, Mademoiselle Gombert felt a little uncomfortable at the close proximity of the stranger.

"Beata mater," murmured the new supplicant, "et intacta virgo, gloriosa regina mundi, intercede pro nobis ad—" He paused for a moment or two, and then turning toward Mademoiselle Gombert, substituted for the right word, "Magdalenam;" and, before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused you trouble."

Madeleine rose hastily to her feet, and moved from the chapel; but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Can it be?" she said, faintly. "Do the dead return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeleine's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers, a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle, forgive a deception which was not premeditated—nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry is, indeed, no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. Oh, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner, that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common-lawyer, but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous?

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice behind them—the voice of Pierre the old concierge, carpet-cap in hand, and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits, and every body is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running into his arms, "I grieve for your distress—for poor Petronille's—but there is one behind me (do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance) who can explain all."

About a quarter of an hour afterward the curé of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

ALONE.

Patient and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears;
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—
You can not: too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Though the light from my spirit forever hath fled,
Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted in you—
As my standard and type of the leal and the true;
O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

Miscellany.

UNCLE TOBY'S PHILOSOPHY.

The mild benevolence of Uncle Toby's philosophy can not be too often borne in mind. The world owes a great debt to Lawrence Sterne for these few simple sentences. "Had I studied Sterne more and Voltaire less," said the unhappy Aaron Burr, "I might have been a better man."

"My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not from want of courage, where just occasions presented or called it forth. I know no man under whose arm I should sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness in his intellectual parts; he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring element in it, all was mixed up so kindly within him: my Uncle Toby had scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly. 'Go,' says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one who had buzzed about his nose and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last as it flew by him; 'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand: 'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; 'go, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee! This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.'"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

An Englishman, it has been said, is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war.

USEFULNESS OF INSECTS.

If insects speak to us neither by the voice nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies. By the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned, till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or to more salubrious places. In Central Africa

the *nam* regulates the migrations of whole herds. The *tsetse*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provision of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes, are all devoured—not an insect, nor even an insect's egg is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the markets as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly, that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindelæ, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive of insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real "gardes champêtres." It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercules, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or deceased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurtful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible: a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossi, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portuguese of Brazil ants, "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

MANLINESS.

Learn from the earliest days to insure your principle against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it; however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

NOT PRAYING ENOUGH.

Felix Neff once made the following comparison: "When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water: the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it, you must pump it a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer: if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

BRUSSELS LACE.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention that it is impossible that it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, underground cellars, for it is so extremely delicate that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a humid, subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers, who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health; and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

"Les extremes se touchent."

The next day the gentlemen were dispersed out of doors—a large shooting party. Those who did not shoot, walked forth to inspect the racing stud or the model farm. The ladies had taken their walk; some were in their own rooms, some in the reception rooms, at work, or reading, or listening to the piano—Honoria Carr Vipont again performing. Lady Montfort was absent; Lady Selina kindly supplied the hostess's place. Lady Selina was embroidering, with great skill and taste, a pair of slippers for her eldest boy, who was just entered at Oxford, having left Eton with a reputation of being the neatest dresser, and not the worst cricketer, of that renowned educational institute. It is a mistake to suppose that fine ladies are not sometimes very fond mothers and affectionate wives. Lady Selina, beyond her family circle, was trivial, unsympathizing, cold-hearted, supercilious by temperament, never kind but through policy, artificial as clock-work. But in her own home, to her husband, her children, Lady Selina was a very good sort of woman. Devotedly attached to Carr Vipont, exaggerating his talents, thinking him the first man in England, careful of his honor, zealous for his interests, soothing in his cares, tender in his ailments. To her girls prudent and watchful—to her boys indulgent and caressing. Minutely attentive to the education of the first, according to her high-bred ideas of education—and they really were "superior" girls, with much instruction and well-balanced minds. Less authoritative with the last, because boys being not under her immediate control, her sense of responsibility allowed her to display more fondness and less dignity in her intercourse with them than with young ladies who must learn from her example, as well as her precepts, the patrician decorum which becomes the smooth result of impulse restrained and emotion checked. Boys might make a noise in the world, girls should make none. Lady Selina, then, was working the slippers for her absent son, her heart being full of him at that moment. She was describing his character, and expatiating on his promise to two or three attentive listeners, all interested, as being themselves of the Vipont brood, in the probable destiny of the heir to the Carr Viponts.

"In short," said Lady Selina, winding up, "as soon as Reginald is of age we shall get him into Parliament. Carr has always lamented that he himself was not broken into office early; Reginald must be. Nothing so requisite for public men as early training—makes them practical, and not too sensitive to what those horrid newspaper men say. That was Pitt's great advantage. Reginald has ambition; he should have occupation to keep him out of mischief. It is an anxious thing for a mother, when a son is good-looking—such danger of his being spoiled by the women—yes, my dear, it *is* a small foot, very small—his father's foot."

"If Lord Montfort should have no family," said a somewhat distant and subaltern Vipont, whisperingly and hesitating, "does not the title—"

"No, my dear," interrupted Lady Selina; "no, the title does not come to us. It is a melancholy thought, but the marquisate, in that case, is extinct. No other heir-male from Gilbert, the first Marquis. Carr says there is even likely to be some dispute about the earldom. The Barony, of course, is safe; goes with the Irish estates, and most of the English—and goes (don't you know?)—to Sir James Vipont, the last person who ought to have it; the quietest, stupidest creature; not brought up to the sort of thing—a mere gentleman farmer on a small estate in Devonshire."

"He is not here?"

"No. Lord Montfort does not like him. Very natural. Nobody does like his heir, if not his own child, and some people don't even like their own eldest sons! Shocking; but so it is. Montfort is the kindest, most tractable being that ever was, except where he takes a dislike. He dislikes two or three people very much."

"True; how he did dislike poor Mrs. Lyndsay!" said one of the listeners, smiling.

"Mrs. Lyndsay, yes—dear Lady Montfort's mother. I can't say I pitied her, though I was sorry for Lady Montfort. How Mrs. Lyndsay ever took in Montfort for Caroline I can't conceive! How she had the face to think of it! He, a mere youth at the time! Kept secret from all his family—even from his grandmother—the darkest transaction. I don't wonder that he never forgave it."

First Listener. "Caroline has beauty enough to—"

Lady Selina (interrupting). "Beauty, of course—no one can deny *that*. But not at all suited to such a position; not brought up to the sort of thing. Poor Montfort! he should have married a different kind of woman altogether—a woman like his grandmother, the last Lady Montfort. Caroline does nothing for the House—nothing—has not even a child—most unfortunate affair."

Second Listener. "Mrs. Lyndsay was very poor, was not she? Caroline, I suppose, had no opportunity of forming those tastes and habits which are necessary for—for—"

Lady Selina (helping the listener). "For such a position and such a fortune. You are quite right, my dear. People brought up in one way can not accommodate themselves to another; and it is odd, but I have observed that people brought up poor can accommodate themselves less to being very rich than people brought up rich to accommodate themselves to being very poor. As Carr says, in his pointed way, 'it is easier to stoop than to climb.' Yes; Mrs. Lyndsay was, you know, a daughter of Seymour Vipont, who was for so many years in the Administration, with a fair income from his salary, and nothing out of it. She married one of the Scotch Lyndsays—good family, of course—with a very moderate property. She was left a widow young, with an only child, Caroline. Came to town, with a small jointure. The late Lady Montfort was very kind to her. So were we all—took her up—pretty woman—pretty manners—worldly—oh, very! I don't like worldly people. Well, but all of a sudden, a dreadful thing happened. The heir-at-law disputed the jointure, denied that Lyndsay had any right to make settlements on the Scotch property—very complicated business. But, luckily for her, Vipont Crooke's daughter, her cousin and intimate friend, had married Darrell—the famous Darrell—who was then at the bar. It is very useful to have cousins married to clever people. He was interested in her case, took it up. I believe it did not come on in the courts in which Darrell practiced. But he arranged all the evidence, inspected the briefs, spent a great deal of his own money in getting up the case—and, in fact, he gained her cause, though he could not be her counsel. People did say that she was so grateful that after his wife's death she had set her heart on becoming Mrs. Darrell the second. But Darrell was then quite wrapped up in politics—the last man to fall in love—and only looked bored when women fell in love with him, which a good many did. Grand-looking creature, my dear, and quite the rage for a year or two. However, Mrs. Lyndsay all of a sudden went off to Paris, and there Montfort saw Caroline, and was caught. Mrs. Lyndsay, no doubt, calculated on living with her daughter, having the run of Montfort House in town and Montfort Court in the country. But Montfort is deeper than people think for. No, he never forgave her. She was never asked here—took it to heart, went to Rome, and died."

At this moment the door opened, and George Morley, now the Reverend George Morley, entered, just arrived to join his cousins.

Some knew him, some did not. Lady Selina, who made it a point to know all the cousins, rose graciously, put aside the slippers, and gave him two fingers. She was astonished to find him not nearly so shy as he used to be—wonderfully improved; at his ease, cheerful, animated. The man now was in his right place, and following hope on the bent of inclination. Few men are shy when in their right places. He asked after Lady Montfort. She was in her own small sitting-room, writing letters—letters that Carr Vipont had entreated her to write—correspondence useful to the House of Vipont. Before long, however, a servant entered to say that Lady Montfort would be very happy to see Mr. Morley. George followed the servant into that unpretending sitting-room, with its simple chintzes and quiet book-shelves—room that would not have been too fine for a cottage.

CHAPTER X.

In every life, go it fast, go it slow, there are critical pausing places. When the journey is renewed, the face of the country is changed.

How well she suited that simple room—herself so simply dressed—her marvelous beauty so exquisitely subdued. She looked at home there, as if all of home that the house could give were there collected.

She had finished and sealed the momentous letters, and had come, with a sense of relief, from the table at the farther end of the room, on which those letters, ceremonious and conventional, had been written—come to the window, which, though mid-winter, was open, and the red-breast, with whom she had made friends, hopped boldly almost within reach, looking at her with bright eyes, and head curiously aslant. By the window a single chair and a small reading-desk, with the book lying open. The short day was not far from its close, but there was ample light still in the skies, and a serene if chilly stillness in the air without.

Though expecting the relation she had just summoned to her presence, I fear she had half forgotten him. She was standing by the window deep in reverie as he entered, so deep that she started when his voice struck her ear and he stood before her. She recovered herself quickly, however, and said with even more than her ordinary kindliness of tone and manner toward the scholar—"I am so glad to see and congratulate you."

"And I so glad to receive your congratulations," answered the scholar, in smooth, slow voice, without a stutter.

"But, George, how is this?" asked Lady Montfort. "Bring that chair, sit down here, and tell me all about it. You wrote me word you were cured, at least sufficiently to remove your noble scruples. You did not say how. Your uncle tells me by patient will and resolute practice."

"Under good guidance. But I am going to confide to you a secret, if you will promise to keep it."

"Oh, you may trust me; I have no female friends."

The clergyman smiled, and spoke at once of the lessons he had received from the basket-maker.

"I have his permission," he said, in conclusion, "to confide the service he rendered me, the intimacy that has sprung up between us, but to you alone—not a word to your guests. When you have once seen him, you will understand why an eccentric man, who has known better days, would shrink from the impertinent curiosity of idle customers. Contented with his humble livelihood, he asks but liberty and repose."

"That I already comprehend," said Lady Montfort, half sighing, half smiling. "But my curiosity shall not molest him, and when I visit the village, I will pass by his cottage."

"Nay, my dear Lady Montfort, that would be to refuse the favor I am about to ask, which is that you would come with me to that very cottage. It would so please him."

"Please him—why?"

"Because this poor man has a young female grandchild, and he is so anxious that you should see and be kind to her, and because, too, he seems most tenacious to remain in his present residence. The cottage, of course, belongs to Lord Montfort, and is let to him by the bailiff, and if you deign to feel interest in him, his tenure is safe."

Lady Montfort looked down, and colored. She thought, perhaps, how false a security her protection, and how slight an influence her interest would be, but she did not say so. George went on; and so eloquently and so touchingly did he describe both grandsire and grandchild, so skillfully did he intimate the mystery which hung over them, that Lady Montfort became much moved by his narrative, and willingly promised to accompany him across the park to the basket-maker's cottage the first opportunity. But when one has sixty guests in one's house, one has to wait for an opportunity to escape from them unremarked. And the opportunity, in fact, did not come for many days—not till the party broke up—save one or two dowager she-cousins who "gave no trouble," and one or two bachelor he-cousins whom my lord retained to consummate the slaughter of pheasants, and play at billiards in the dreary intervals between sunset and dinner—dinner and bedtime.

Then one cheerful frosty noon George Morley and his fair cousin walked boldly, *en evidence*, before the prying ghostly windows, across the broad gravel-walks—gained the secluded shrubbery, the solitary deeps of parkland—skirted the wide sheet of water—and passing through a private wicket in the paling, suddenly came upon the patch of osier-ground and humble garden, which were backed by the basket-maker's cottage.

As they entered those lowly precincts a child's laugh was borne to their ears—a child's silvery, musical, mirthful laugh; it was long since the great lady had heard a laugh like that—a happy child's natural laugh. She paused and listened with a strange pleasure. "Yes," whispered George Morley, "stop—and hush! there they are."

Waife was seated on the stump of a tree, materials for his handicraft lying beside, neglected. Sophy was standing before him—he, raising his finger as in reproof, and striving hard to frown. As the intruders listened, they overheard that he was striving to teach her the rudiments of French dialogue, and she was laughing merrily at her own blunders and at the solemn affectation of the shocked schoolmaster. Lady Montfort noted with no unnatural surprise the purity of idiom and of accent with which this singular basket-maker was unconsciously displaying his perfect knowledge of a language which the best educated English gentleman of that generation, nay, even of this, rarely speaks with accuracy and elegance. But her attention was diverted immediately from the teacher to the face of the sweet pupil. Women have a quick appreciation of beauty in their own sex—and women, who are themselves beautiful, not the least. Irresistibly Lady Montfort felt attracted toward that innocent countenance, so lively in its mirth, and yet so softly gay. Sir Isaac, who had hitherto lain *perdu*, watching the movements of a thrush amidst a holly-bush, now started up with a bark. Waife rose—Sophy turned half in flight. The visitors approached.

Here, slowly, lingeringly, let fall the curtain. In the frank license of narrative, years will have rolled away ere the curtain rise again. Events that may influence a life often date from moments the most serene, from things that appear as trivial and unnoticeable as the great lady's visit to the basket-maker's cottage. Which of those lives will that visit influence hereafter—the woman's, the child's, the vagrant's? Whose? Probably little that passes now would aid conjecture, or be a visible link in the chain of destiny. A few desultory questions—a few guarded answers—a look or so, a musical syllable or two exchanged between the lady and the child—a basket bought, or a promise to call again. Nothing worth the telling. Be it then untold. View only the scene itself as the curtain drops reluctantly. The rustic cottage, its garden-door open, and open its old-fashioned lattice casements. You can see how neat and cleanly, how eloquent of healthful poverty, how remote from squalid penury, the whitewashed walls, the homely furniture within. Creepers lately trained around the door-way. Christmas holly, with berries red against the window panes; the bee-hive yonder; a starling, too, outside the threshold, in its wicker cage. In the background (all the rest of the neighboring hamlet out of sight), the church-spire tapering away into the clear blue wintry sky. All has an air of repose—of safety. Close beside you is the Presence of home—that ineffable, sheltering, loving Presence—which, amidst solitude, murmurs "not solitary;" a Presence unvouchsafed to the great lady in the palace she has left. And the lady herself? She is resting on the rude gnarled root-stump from which the vagrant had risen; she has drawn Sophy toward her; she has taken the child's hand; she is speaking now—now listening; and on her face kindness looks like happiness. Perhaps she *is* happy at that moment. And Waife? he is turning aside his weather-beaten, mobile countenance, with his hand anxiously trembling upon the young scholar's arm. The scholar whispers, "Are you satisfied with me?" and Waife answers in a voice as low but more broken, "God reward you! Oh, joy!—if my pretty one has found at last a woman friend!" Poor vagabond, he has now a calm asylum—a fixed humble livelihood—more than that, he has just achieved an object fondly cherished. His past life—alas! what has he done with it? His actual life—broken fragment though it be—is at rest now. But still the everlasting question—mocking, terrible question—with its phrasing of farce and its enigmas of tragical sense—"What will he do with it?" Do with what? The all that remains to him—the all he holds!—the all which man himself, betwixt free-will and pre-decree is permitted to do. Ask not the vagrant alone—ask each of the four there assembled on that flying bridge called the Moment. Time before thee—what wilt *thou* do with it? Ask thyself!—ask the wisest! Out of effort to answer that question, what dream-schools have risen, never wholly to perish! The science of seers on the Chaldee's Pur-Tor, or in the rock-caves of Delphi, gasped after and grasped at by horn-handed mechanics to-day in their lanes and alleys. To the heart of the populace sink down the blurred relics of what once was the lore of the secretest sages—hieroglyphical tatters which the credulous vulgar attempt to interpret—"What will he do with it?" Ask Merle and his Crystal! But the curtain descends! Yet a moment, there they are—age and childhood—poverty, wealth, station, vagabondage; the preacher's sacred learning and august ambition; fancies of dawning reason;—hopes of intellect matured;—memories of existence wrecked; household sorrows—untold regrets—elegy and epic in low, close, human sighs, to which Poetry never yet gave voice—all for the moment personified there before you—a glimpse for the guess—no more. Lower and lower falls the curtain! All is blank!



THE LIGHT BURNING BEFORE THE CORPSE.

THE BURIAL OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

We have had occasion to allude to the death of the Queen of Oude, which took place lately at Paris. We now give illustrations of the unusual ceremonies to which that event gave rise.

Her Majesty was in ill health some time before she left England. Her recent vicissitudes of fortune, and the anxiety which the recent mutiny in India must have caused, no doubt aggravated her disease. She was known to be in a dangerous condition; yet she refused to submit to the visits of European practitioners. When she went to Paris she was taken alarmingly ill; still she would not allow physicians to be called in until her state became so serious that death was imminent. She then sent for Doctors Cabarrus and Roger. But as her son philosophically said, "If her fate was written, science could avail nothing;" and the physicians, having done what they could to ease her last moments, left her to die tranquilly.

As soon as she was dead the body was taken down to a room on a level with the court-yard of the house. (It should be remembered that most large houses in Paris are built on a very wide lot, and that the centre of the lot is left vacant; so that each house has a private court-yard of its own.) In a room looking out on this yard, the body of the Queen was laid on a bier. The women then proceeded to embalm her. This was the process: The body was placed on a table, and the women, one after the other, poured cold water over it from vases procured for the purpose. This ceremony over, and the body being carefully dried with towels, the face was painted, so as to hide the hideousness of death. A powerfully perfumed preparation was poured into the mouth, which was afterward sealed up with red wax and stamped with the Royal seal of Oude; as also were the eyes,



THE FEMALE MOURNERS.

nostrils, and ears. Perfumed ointments were then rubbed upon the body, which was afterward clothed in beautiful and rich garments. The embalming was now complete. The Queen was then placed on a bed, and the Mohammedan funeral rites were proceeded with. A priest and the chief mourners entered the room, now lighted with innumerable candles; prayers were read, and passages from the Koran were chanted, while the chamber was filled with the choicest perfumes burning on every side.

The funeral, which took place a few days after the death, was delayed by a singular accident. According to the Mussulman rites a fire must be lighted "over against" the corpse, and must be allowed to burn out before the corpse is removed. When the funeral pageant arrived at the house, this fire was still alight, and the cortège was obliged to wait several hours till it went out. Then each lady of the household spent some moments in solitary prayer by the side of the corpse.

At length these preliminaries were completed, and the funeral procession commenced. It was grand and unusual even for Paris. The coffin was carried by eight of the chief members of the suite to the hearse, which was entirely covered with silver tissue, and drawn by eight white horses. The hearse was preceded by a carriage containing the priest, and was followed by the Prince Mirza Bahadour, leaning on the arms of General d'Orgoni and Captain Lynch; behind them came about a dozen natives, members of the suite, also on foot, and then a line of ten mourning-coaches, containing various ambassadors and men notable in science and literature. An immense crowd assembled in the Rue Lafitte to witness the procession; and just as the body left the house a number of Indian women of extraordinary ugliness, but dressed in rich and picturesque costume, appeared on the balcony.

When the procession reached the cemetery of the Père la Chaise, where the body was to be buried, a white cloth was spread over the grave, and the people of the family of the late Queen gathered in circle round it. Her son and the priest sat down on the cloth, and proceeded to discuss in a set dialogue the virtues of the deceased. They were talking against time, and her Majesty was eulogized in the most garrulous manner; every virtue which she possessed, and every virtue which



SCENE AT THE GRAVE IN THE PÈRE LA CHAISE CEMETERY.

she did not but might have possessed, was descanted upon to the fullest extent and in the most elaborate manner. The Parisian by-standers, who did not understand a word of what was being said, got tired long before the talking was over, and went home in knots of twos and threes.

At length sunset arrived, and the white cloth was removed and the body of her Majesty was duly committed to the tomb. It is said that her son was so much overcome by the first news of her death that he very nearly did himself a mischief in the paroxysms of his grief. However this be, he bore himself very manfully during the public ceremony. His voice did not falter during the utterance of his eulogium upon his mother, and when the dread hour of sunset came, he saw the coffin lowered into the grave and the cold earth thrown upon it as apathetically as any French *badaud*.

Perhaps the most curious circumstance of these obsequies relates to the inscription on the monument over the grave. It states simply:

"In memory of Malka Kackwar, Queen of the Kingdom of Oude, died Rue Lafitte, aged fifty-three years."

The lapidary artist suggested to the friends of the Queen who ordered the inscription of him that it was usual for the date and place of birth to be mentioned as well as the date and place of death. They referred the matter to the Prince; but neither he nor any of his mother's ladies could tell where the late Queen was born. She was a lady of fortune; and like ladies of fortune in this country, her birth and childhood were matters of impenetrable mystery.

THE CHAPEL CHORISTERS.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!" rang through the little chapel in a clear volume of sound that rose above the accompaniment of the organ, and was just shaded and softened by the flute-like tenor that accompanied that single female voice.

Many of the sunbrowned seamen who worshiped there knew the voice and the singer, and listened the more earnestly, because of her, to the chants and psalms, and the sermon that followed. It was "English Bessie" who came among their wives and children on many a kindly errand, and had always a cheerful word for the sick and desponding. The men called her "a hearty lass," and wished many a "blessing on her honest face." Their wives, in Sunday dress, and proud of the stalwart arms on which they leaned, "thought it shame" that she had not chosen from among the rough and hardy wooers by whom she was surrounded.

Prayer and chant were over, and the still sermon-time came, when Bessie's duties were ended; and she drew the crimson curtain aside to look and listen with the rest. The warm summer sun came quivering from the water through the lance-shaped windows, and lighted up the pale, grave face of the clergyman in his pulpit and the strangely gathered audience.

Some were boatmen, or hands from coasting vessels, whose occupation allowed them leisure for home and its comforts. They were surrounded by their wives and little ones in all the smartness of their Sunday costume, relieved by scarfs or shawls of bright foreign weaving, the gift of some successful relative on a return voyage. The children sat uneasily on the high benches, and looked at the flies on the window, or studied the pictures in their prayer-books, as children will. These were the more regular attendants of the chapel. And there were men whose dress had no pretension to Sunday neatness, who scarcely knew one day of the week from another, except that the seventh was, in some sort, a day of rest even with the hardest captains under whom they sailed—who were there they scarcely knew how or why, from idle whim or vague curiosity, to hear the music or "what the parson would have to say," gathered literally from the highways and by-ways, and compelled to come in.

Heat and cold were alike to them so long as they could lead in the "common praise" and respond to the "common prayer" of those in whom they thus evinced untiring interest—to English Bessie, for the sake of the father and brother buried by one wave from the same wreck; and to the blind man at her side, whose white hands drew such noble music from the organ's keys, while he sang the pure, clear tenor of which we spoke.

He sat with his face turned toward Bessie, as if his sightless eyes longed to know the features of this familiar friend, whom he had never yet seen. His long hair, thrown backward from a forehead that had never known exposure, touched the broad linen collar, turned over a simple ribbon, tied carelessly about the throat. His dress was simple and far from new, but neat, so neat that you wondered to know a woman's hand had not arranged it. Music was at once his passion and his livelihood. For the rest, he had no relatives and no dependence.

It was a singular friendship that had grown up between these two, who met not elsewhere; and when the sermon was done, it was pleasant to see the sisterly care with which she handed him his hat and staff, and led him down the narrow stairs, where he must have groped slowly but for her hand.

"Here is the sill, Richard," she said, "and here the door; and there is the rector waiting to speak with you."

But the quick ear of the blind man discovered another step, and, though he listened to the kindly words of the grave rector, he heard an invitation given and refused where Bessie stood at the door of the vestibule.

"What did he want?" asked Richard, in the quick, excited manner peculiar to him, as his hand was once more placed in that firm, reliant clasp, and she led him over the swaying plank to the shore.

"Steady! There, now you are on the wharf," Bessie said, as she might have soothed an excited child. "Who? What? Allen?"

"Yes, Allen. I heard his voice when Mr. Storey was talking. When did the *Bess* come in? He has had a quick trip."

"Not very; the usual time. There, now, you do not need my hand any longer."

"Why do you take it away, Bessie? There is a crossing yet, and those piles of lumber."

"Yes"—and she laughed pleasantly—"but you know them as well as I do. You could lead me here."

"*I wish I could*," he answered below his breath, for the blindness was still a dark horror to him. "But Allen?"

"He only asked about to-night, if I should go to chapel, and—"

"If he could walk with you. When are you going to be married?" he added, abruptly.

But Bessie only pointed out a loose round stone in the crossing, as if she did not hear the question.

"Mother's not so well to-day, and I can not go as far as usual," she said, as they entered a narrow, crooked street. "How bright and pleasant it must look out at the asylum now, with all the roses in bloom!"

"Yet, if one could *see* them."

"Richard, you are not thankful to-night for what you *can* enjoy," said the young girl, earnestly. "You have a cheerful home and fresh sweet-scented air and cheerful society."

"Go on, Bessie. You mean 'while you are shut up in this close street with a sick mother, and your bread to gain by your needle.' But then there is Allen!" and the gloomy tone came back again.

"Let him *be* there," Bessie answered, decidedly, pausing at her own door-stone. "Richard, you sang 'Benedic, anima mea' this afternoon; remember it on your way home. I shall, so long as my mother has a shelter, and I have health and strength to work for her. Take care now, and look out for the carriages and the crossings. I shall have time for a practice hour on Wednesday evening. You may come to tea if you like."

The blind man's staff rang upon the pavement as he went on his lonely way, not knowing that she stood upon the door-stone, and watched for his safety so long as he was in sight. He did not know what should make him so restless and disturbed about this marriage. It was right and natural, and what he could have wished for Bessie. They would be finely paired—the high-spirited, energetic woman and her sailor lover. He so tall, and bronzed, and stalwart, as Bessie's husband ought to be; frank and generous, as sailors ever are.

Richard Langdon, the blind music-teacher, still lived at the asylum where he had studied his beautiful art, with the love and confidence of pupils and teachers. The rooms were of noble proportions, the grounds fragrant with sweet-scented shrubbery, and cool with the shadow of heavy foliage. Here he walked, that still Sabbath afternoon, and thought upon his aimless, joyless childhood, and what if he had had a sister like Bessie to cheer it. There were many hours when his mind preyed upon itself; it had always been so in the pauses of study, but never so much as now.

So he wandered down the rose-walk, listening to the murmur of voices that rose from the playground beyond the garden, and envying the children their Sabbath rest and peace. But his mind would go back to Bessie and their first acquaintance, when she came to offer her fresh, strong, but untrained voice to assist him to lead in the chapel music. His nature was so gentle that her quick, stirring way was not pleasant to him at first: it was not his idea of womanliness. He liked her better when he found how much in earnest she was to improve this one talent, and how grateful for his instructions. Now when they were together he laid aside the timid uncertainty of step and manner trusting to her guidance. When she was married, all these pleasant walks and rehearsals must end, for she would have new duties and companionship and pleasures. No wonder he was restless and disturbed.

The pale, gentle widow had a welcome for him when the appointed evening came; and he sat down near her, in the open door, until Bessie should come in. He could *feel* the neatness of all around him, and heard the cat purring in the door-sill, and the kettle singing its pleasant evening song in the outer room. It was all so still and homelike to him—though he had never known a home but in his dreams; so different from the clatter of feet through the corridors of the asylum, the opening and shutting of doors, the hum of children conning their lessons, or the discordance of the tortured musical instruments under the hands of unskillful pupils. He wondered if the gay, boisterous sailor would appreciate this quiet rest, so dear to him, and Bessie's invalid mother, with her delicate tastes and instincts.

When tea was over and the household duties were ended for the day, though it was pleasant to hear Bessie go so easily about them, she came, for the first time, and sat down by him on the door-stone, for the house was one of those low, old-fashioned tenements where you step from the street into the dwelling-room at once. The street was still and deserted, save now and then a solitary footstep echoed along the pavement, and died away in the shadows beyond. A massive, but long disused warehouse, built when this narrow street had its great commercial fame and influence, loomed opposite to them, the iron-bound doors and shutterless windows gleaming in the moonlight, an old, decayed, but to Bessie a pleasant neighbor. It was better to sit by her window and imagine the days of its ancient bustle and opulence, than to watch the bad management of some thriftless housekeeper, or her neglected children quarreling on the pavement. To-night, it was especially pleasant to see it so softly shadowed; and she described it to the blind man as she would have drawn the picture of a friend.

And yet she could not draw a portrait of herself that satisfied him. She always turned away with some jest upon her stout figure and heavy features, which displeased and annoyed him, for he never could make her any thing but beautiful in his mind.

"I will ask her now," thought Richard, "before any one has a claim upon her;" and, with quick impulse, he preferred a long-indulged, but unspoken request.

"If you will only let me touch your hair—your face, one instant, Bessie, as I do when I wish to know my friends and pupils better, I shall be more contented when you are Allen's wife. You have been such a dear, true friend to me!"

She took up both his hands, and, stooping, laid them on her bowed head.

"As I thought," he murmured rather than spoke; and his hands shook and trembled, though she was so quiet beneath their touch. "Soft, wavy hair; it is brown, I know, brown, and silken as a child's. The broad, open forehead, that belongs to you, Bessie. I know how your eyes look now, honest and fearless and very truthful; such long lashes, and your cheek so round and smooth! How could you tell me that you were not beautiful!"

"Because I am not," she said, taking his hands again. "And feel how hardened my hands are, while yours are soft and white. It is an ugly contrast, and so are our faces and characters and dispositions," she added, presently.

"I knew—but Allen is manly and hardy and cheerful. I was not always so gloomy, Bessie; truly I was not. But I grew so restless and dependent and *homesick*—I can not describe it any other way—yet I never have had, and never shall have a home such as other men win for themselves, who do not know how to prize it as I should."

"It is almost time for the rehearsal," said Bessie, as if to lead him from this hopeless mood, "and mother has fallen asleep there upon her pillows. Come, let us go, Richard."

She drew his arm within hers as they rose, and they walked on toward the river, for the chapel was scarcely a stone's-throw. He longed to say more, to tell her all that the touch of that bowed head had revealed to him, how passionately he loved her, how doubly hateful his blindness and dependence were to him for her sake, how doubly solitary his life would always be for having known her and for her care over him; but he struggled with this stormy mood bravely, for he knew he had no right to lay the burden of his misfortunes at any woman's feet, even if she were free to take it up and bear it onward for him.

So they walked on in silence for a little time until they began to hear the soft plash of the incoming tide against the wharves and the sides of the vessels lying at anchor. It recalled the trim schooner *Bess* and her captain to his mind.

"When are you to be married?" he asked, abruptly. "Soon, I hope."

"Do you, Richard?"

"Yes, it is better to be soon;" and again the strong tide of feeling rushed to his lips. He pressed his teeth into them, so that he should say no more.

"Well, then," said Bessie, her voice trembling a little—he had never known this before—"I am going to make you a strange proposal, not strange, for it is right and best; mother thinks as I do. You are to be my husband, Richard, when I do marry, for you love me as Allen does not and can not, and you need me more than he, as I told him when he asked me to be his wife."

"I, Bessie! Poor and blind! I *your* husband!"

He reeled as if a sudden blow had been struck, but she upheld him steadily.

"If you do not wish it, Richard, it ends here. You know me well enough in these three years to know that I mean all I say, and that I had only to assure myself of your love before I allowed mine to be seen. You would never have asked this of me: *but here I am*. I offer myself, my love, and care, and companionship to you, if you will take it. Richard, let me be home, and strength, and *sight* to you always."

It was well that they had reached the chapel, for the courage with which she had nerved herself was fast forsaking her. By the dim light she saw their rector bending over his books in the vestry, as was his wont when he expected them there. The blind man heard the advancing step and kindly welcome, as he came forward to the chancel, and the sound of other voices in the loft above them.

"Make it real; it is all a dream," he said, and they knelt down together for their pastor's blessing, for he knew all that was in their hearts, and that henceforth the chant of thanksgiving would come from the innermost depths of Richard Langdon's soul—

"Who crowneth me with mercy and loving kindness."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BOB PETERS was too bashful to pop the question, but he sent a ring to Clara, with these lines:

"This ring that's inclosed will you please to retain?
May it grace your dear hand when we next meet again;
I'm aware 'tis a trifle, but still it will show
What I tremble to ask, yet am dying to know. R. P."

Now Clara was somewhat witty, and she resolved to punish Bob's vanity. Accordingly, the next day she sent one of the servants with a dainty little note addressed to Mr. Robert Peters, with the ring inclosed. Bob broke the seal, and read as follows:

"If you mean by your *trembling* that you have obtained
That awful disease, by the 'Faculty' named
The fever and ague, and sometimes the shakes,
I advise you at once to get some quinine—
Take a spoonful or so, and mix it with wine—
Then swallow a dose; it will cure all your aches."

Two young men were examining a case of perfumery; one remarked that "Harrison of Philadelphia had realized a considerable fortune by its manufacture." "Yes," said the other, "no doubt he has; but Mr. Eau de Cologne must have made a great deal more."

In the Court of Special Sessions, recently, a man named Smith was arraigned for stealing a demijohn, containing three gallons of whisky.

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Wal, you can call it what you likes; I tuk the whisky, that I admit, and *drinked* it, too."

"You took it without leave, did you not?"

"I never wait to be asked, when *that* article's round."

To ridicule old age is like pouring, in the morning, cold water into the bed in which you have to sleep at night.

VERY ENCOURAGING.—A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it, others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

THE CHICKEN AND FEATHERS.—At breakfast one morning in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his mustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and, speaking up, said, "Why, Sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?" "Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you vouldn't have me eat de vite? De yolk is de shicken; de vite de fedders. Am I to make von bolster of my belly?" The farmer was dumbfounded.

Major Brown, some years ago, occupied a seat in the Legislature of one of our Western States. The subject of public improvements was being discussed, and, among the rest, a bill for improving roads was before the House. The Major "spread" himself hugely in favor of the bill. Pointing out the beauties and benefits of roads, "Why, gentlemen," says he, "look at the Mi-*chi*-gan road, Sir—straight as a bee-line, Sir; and, gentlemen, so straight that you can see a red dog a mile long, Sir!"

A correspondent in Missouri writes that the minister of his parish was holding forth last Sunday on the state of things before the flood, and thus delivered himself:

"My hearers, before the flood the people (like they are at the present day) were divided into different parties. There were then two *great* parties, *denominated* the Diluvians and the *Anti*-Diluvians. Here, in this State, now, we have Bentons and *Anti*-Bentons. In those days the Diluvians were in favor of the flood, while the *Anti*-Diluvians were opposed to it. Here the Benton party are in favor of Benton, while the *Anti*-Benton party are opposed to him." It is very evident that the Diluvians carried the day.

Mrs. T., on reading in a recent paper that a modern writer on gipsies claimed John Bunyan to have been one, remarked that he was most probably a *corn doctor!*

A journal of the early part of 1852, in an article on the suspension of life in the case of perch and mullet which had been brought in ice from Lake Champlain during that winter, frozen solid, and, on being put into a tub, had come to life as lively as ever, stated: "Our readers will remember that a female convict in Sweden is now in ice, on experiment; and that a man was found lately, in Switzerland, who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice-houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation."

"Were you ever in Cork?" said the gay Mrs. Jones,
In the blandest of manners and sweetest of tones.
"No, Madam," said I; "though in Dublin I've been,
Yet of *Cork* it is only the *drawings* I've seen!"

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is bullion—splendid and uncirculating.

A HARD WITNESS.—The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

LAWYER (*with a bland and confidence-invoking smile*). "Well, Sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

WITNESS (*with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable*). "A straddle, I believe, Sir."

LAWYER (*with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones*). "But, Sir, what gait does he ride?"

WITNESS. "He never rides any gate, Sir. His boys ride all the gates."

LAWYER (*his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky*). "But how does he ride when in company with others?"

WITNESS. "Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

LAWYER (*triumphantly, and in perfect fury*). "How does he ride when alone, Sir?"

WITNESS. "Don't know; never was with him when he was alone."

LAWYER. "I have done with you, Sir."

A lady was requested by a bachelor who was somewhat advanced in years to take a seat on his lap while in a crowded sleigh.

"No, I thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

The following is a very clever parody on "Excelsior:"

HIGHER!

The shadows of night were comin' down swift,
And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
As through a village a youth did go,
A carryin' a flag with this motto—
Higher!

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair;
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash;
And he never stopped shoutin' through his mustache—
Higher!

He saw through the windows as he kept gettin' upper
A number of families sittin' at supper;
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein'—
Higher!

"Take care you there!" said an old woman; "Stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on the other side!"
But the hurryin' stranger loud replied—
Higher!

"Oh, don't you go up such a shocking night;
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as upward he clomb—
Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that sycamore tree:
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied, overhead—
Higher!

About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as often as twice,
The very same word, in a very weak voice—
Higher!

And not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven;
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still a clutchin' the flag with the motto—
Higher!

Yes! lifeless, defunct, without any doubt:
The lamp of his being decidedly out;
On the dreary hill-side the youth was a layin',
And there was no more use for him to be sayin'—
Higher!

If a man's goods and chattels are his effects, is that man the cause of his plate and furniture?

FORTUNE A SALE.—Two of "our" boys, writes a Western friend, Hi Anglo and Mike Walker, while hunting in the wilds of Minnesota. During the long winter evenings they went to work and made up a lot of sun-drives. Being "our" hands at the business, the latter were very thing but handsome, but they were very much interested in what was displayed on them, and in giving their instructions, went in alone. Inquiring of the shopman if he had any knives, he was informed that he had not. Hastening up, he inquired why he did not keep such things, and told him to buy the next dozen he came across and they would settle for him. A dozen did not long pass some time, Dick went in and sold the knives. The shopman is understood to be happy.

A perfumer should make a good editor, because he is accustomed to make "elegant extracts."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, March 22, 1858.*

MARCH of last year was about the culminating point of excessive speculation, accordingly, as the time intervening between the movement this year and then more striking even than in January. The following are the exports made of this port for the two periods compares as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 20, 1858	$2,506,544	$1,208,964
Corresponding week, 1857	3,054,991	1,809,334

Decrease this year.....$548,447 ..... $600,370

The export of specie was only $116,114. We have no change in the rates of sterling or currency, and the exchange on England has fallen to 107 @ 107¼, at which rate it would pay to import specie freely. Indeed, the drain for export has therefore entirely ceased for the present. Specie continues to accumulate rapidly at the banks. Through the sub-treasury in this city has gained $2,000,000 by the operation of treasury notes issued in January, it is not expected that the Banks will draw this specie out to any large amount. The Bank of England is considerably strong as well as London bankers on the basis of England remains as last reported, but on the Continental points the drain for specie to the gold fields of France has gained five millions since the last statement.

There are decided symptoms of a revival in the Dry Goods and Grocery business, while the aspect of agriculture promises somewhat more activity in the produce line. As yet, however, the improvement in all branches are very limited.

The stock market has declined throughout the week, the prices of many of the speculative securities being nearly 5 per cent. per cent lower than they were a fortnight ago. The depression has been in Rock Island, Michigan Silver Lake, and Illinois Central. The latter is understood to be the manifestation of attempt to unload had carried large parcels of these stocks for long period.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March 22, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were in a very hasty for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs up to Saturday, when Flour and Wheat afternoon and evening, still closed buoyantly. Corn was plenty and depressed.... Cotton was less active, and prices favored buyers, and sales were opened quietly and languidly, but at no close they were more sought after at generally firm rates.... The Grocery trade has been decidedly vigorous, and prices have favored selling, especially Sugars, Coffees, and Molasses.... A fair business has been transacted in Fresh Fruits, Provisions, and Seeds, and prices rule firm.... Rice, active for previous days, has been quiet.... The Hay was very moderately dealt in at drooping figures.... Despatches advise of Drug and Chemical markets generally quite attention, both in private trade and in the auction-rooms, at pretty fair prices.... The Leather trade we have been on an extensive scale, and, on the whole, there were sales, and, considering the season, a good many Dry Goods amounted to $657,412 against $1,697,590 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $11,347,705 against $23,642,831 same time in 1857. Specie continues to accumulate at this port, and the exports of it are comparatively unimportant.... We append a revised quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@ $4 60
Superfine to fancy State Flour	4 65	@ 5 00
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 45	@ 7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 00	@ 7 50
Superfine to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 25	@ 5 85
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 50	@ 7 50
Fine to Supr Sour Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@ 3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@ 1 30
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 10	@ 1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	65	@ 68
Rye, per bushel	70	@ 72
Barley, per bushel	60	@ 70
Barley Malt, per bushel	80	@ 90
Peas Canada, per bushel	85	@ 85
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	43	@ 45
Southern Oats, per bushel	38	@ 40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11⅛	@ 11⅜
Moss Pork, per bbl.	13 50	@ 14 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 50	@ 13 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@ 11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	7 00	@ 8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	19 00	@ 20 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	17 00	@ 19 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@ 7
Lard, per pound	10	@ 10½
Butter, Ohio, per pound	12	@ 14
Western Butter, per pound	14	@ 20
Cheese, per pound	7	@ 9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@ 4 12
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@ 7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@ 28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@ 7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	31	@ 35
Syrup Cane, per pound	30	@ 35
Tallow, per pound	9½	@ 10
Whale Bone, per gallon	28	@ 30
Hay, per 100 pounds	60	@ 75
Straw, per 100 pounds	50	@ 60
Crude Turpentine, per barrel	3 87½	@ 4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	43	@ 44
Common Resin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@ 1 62½

Freights were moderately active. For Liverpool, Cotton, 3-64; @ 5-32d.; per steam, 5-32d.; Flour, 1s.; per barrel; Grain, 6d.; @ 9d. per bushel; Beef, 5s. per barrel; Pork, 5s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. per tierce, and Heavy Goods, 35s. @ 40s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. Ins. steady at ruling rates. Exchanges, in part on Saturday was:

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less active and less firm for Beeves, the supply of which was in excess of the requirements of the trade. Prices, however, were in slack request at drooping rates.... Veal Calves were upraised dull in and unchanged prices.... Sheep and Lambs were moderately inquired for at about former prices.... Swine, also, were less heavy.... The reported Receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:	

	Week ending Mar. 15.	Week ending Mar. 22.
Beeves	2,277	2,437
Milch Cows	211	195
Veal Calves	565	640
Sheep and Lambs	5,337	5,953
Swine	3,000	3,000

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were reported:

Ohio	773	Canada	3
Illinois	42	Michigan	1
New York	461	New Jersey	3
Indiana	694		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of the week for the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Four to first class Beeves, per pound	$ 6½	@ $ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@ 50 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@ 7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	5 00	@ 6 00
" per pound	6½	@ 7½
Live Swine, per pound	4	@ 5½
Dressed "	6	@ 7½

The Country Produce Markets are better supplied, with a moderate demand for the leading commodities, no very remarkable changes have occurred in prices, save in Potatoes, which are generally lower.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 00	@ $5 00
Apples, fancy, per barrel	6 00	"
Pitachos, dried, per pound	15	@ 20
Plums, dried, per pound	15	@ 20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@ 2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@ 3 00
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@ 1 25
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, per barrel	3 50	@ 4 00
" sweet, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
" sweet, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
Onions, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00
Turnips, per bushel	25	@ 30
Beets, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00
Cabbages, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 50	@ 1 75
Carrots, per barrel	1 50	"
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ 4 00
Celery, per 100 roots	1 50	@ 2 00
Garlic, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	9	@ 10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@ 16
Butter, per pound	16	@ 20
Butter, Firkin, per pound	14	@ 16
Guinea Fowl, per pair	44	@ 75
Ducks, per pair, tame	50	@ 75
" per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys per head	75	@ 1 00
Geese, per pound	9	@ 11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 00	@ 3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@ 1 25
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Quail, per dozen	3 00	@ 4 00
Rabbits, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Rabbits, each	16	@ 25
Squirrels, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Muskrats, each	6	@ 8
Venison, per pound	6	@ 8

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APRIL 1ST, . . . MAN'S DUTIES.
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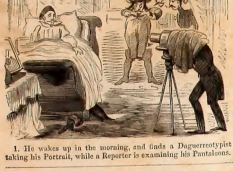
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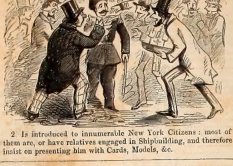
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3. Takes a little Refreshment. (*N. B.* The Koran contains no Text prohibiting Brandy and Water.)



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5. Goes out for a Sleigh-ride.



6. Goes back to Lunch, and can't eat any thing, in consequence of a pretty Woman sitting on either side of him, and scrutinizing his actions.



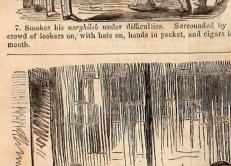
7. Smokes his *meerschaum* under difficulties. Surrounded by a crowd of lookers on, with hats on, hands in pocket, and cigars in mouth.



8. Gets indignant at the infliction, and orders his suite to banish the next intruder. (Turks removing an Alderman's boots.)



9. Refuses to be visible to any body, and places officers at his door with instructions to bowstring any intruders.



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VOL. II.—No. 66.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HOW WE FURNISHED OUR HOUSE.

FOR my part I had long ago made up my mind that I would move no more, save into a house of my own. I believe, as I am an honest man, that during the two years of our marriage we had inhabited successively every street in the city, from Bleecker to Forty-fifth; and had never known what it was to remain a month together in the same place. So, as I said, I was tired of so roving a life, and when Carrie proposed, in a meek, timid voice, as though she was dreadfully afraid of shocking my feelings, that we should go to housekeeping, I seized the dear girl in my arms, and kissed her till, as she declared, her collar was quite spoiled.

It was no matter of extraordinary difficulty to find a house. Thanks to the revulsion!—the ill wind that, like other ill winds, blew some good to some few fortunates—we were enabled to find a small house suited to our means in a convenient situation. A bargain was soon struck, and we entered into possession of our empty house. We felt so proud—Carrie and I—in the house that was all our own, that for the first week we spent all our spare time in pacing up and down the great, empty, dusty rooms, and peopling them with imaginary pieces of the most costly furniture. We quarrelled vociferously over the furnishing of the drawing-room (remember I had only some $1200 in all to spend on my furniture); Carrie insisting that a tapestried Brussels with yellow brocatelle suit would do very well, while I was immovably fixed in my preference for blue damask, ormolu, and a carpet with a single gigantic pattern. She preferred pier-glasses; I thought oil-paintings, exclusively by the first native artists (did we not owe it to ourselves to patronize art?) were far better adapted to the adornment of the walls. The first time I think I ever made Carrie cry was when I insisted on the furniture of our spare bedroom being rose-wood instead of a "cottage ash," green and gold.

However, after a few days of this castle-building, we were forced to betake ourselves at last to the serious business of filling our house with something more substantial than the sumptuous furniture over which we had quarrelled; and this time, I flatter myself, we went about the business in a methodical way. We had so much money; therefore if we spent so much on the parlors, so much on the bedrooms, so much on the kitchen, so much on the dining-room, and so much on the stairs, there would be left— Well, there wouldn't be much, though our estimates had been made with the most severe frugality.

But, as Carrie remarked, by going to auctions we could buy every thing for a mere song; and taking up the *Herald*, she read me an advertisement to the effect that that day, at the hour of ten in the forenoon, D. Humbug, the well-known auctioneer, would sell the entire furniture of a wealthy family going to Europe; said furniture consisting of "fine tapestry carpets, three-ply and ingrain oils; to rose-wood parlor suits in brocatelle; oak buffet, oak extension tables, chairs, etc., in suit; rose-wood bureaus, rose-wood and mahogany centre, pier, and fancy tables; rose-wood and mahogany secretary and library book-cases; French plate pier and oval mirrors; a superior line of fine oil-paintings in rich gilt frames; mahogany and rose-wood bedsteads; spring and hair mattresses; beds and bedding; gas chandeliers and fixtures; together with a large assortment of new furniture, cutlery, crockery, plated and silver ware; the whole to be peremptorily sold without reserve, and worthy the attention of housekeepers and the trade."

This was evidently the thing we wanted; so we hastened to the address, and found ourselves in a motley a crowd as I had seen for a long time. There were a number of old women, among whom we recognized several editions of Mrs. Toodles; one or two young couples like ourselves, bent, apparently on house-furnishing; a number of crossgrained looking men, who scowled fiercely at the furniture, as though they wanted to know what business it had there, and whether they couldn't afford to buy it twice over if they wanted; a Jew or two gazing with appreciative eyes at the silver-plate; two or three Irishmen, laden with furniture and plates, which they contrived very cleverly to break at regular intervals, and quite a number of persons who, to my eyes, seemed confirmed members of the "Upper Ten."

The first article which was put up to mile was a lot of lavakin wine-glasses. There were sold cheap enough, my wife said, to one of the Mrs. Toodles. Then followed a Brussels carpet. Carrie nudged me as if to say, "Here is our chance." So, when it was put up, I bid, boldly, five shillings a yard. I was in a mortal agony for some time afterward for fear it should be knocked down to me; but one of the cross-grained men, after staring at Carrie and me, bid sixpence more, and, in spite of Carrie's appeals, I let him have it. It was knocked down to him; I discovered afterward that it was full of holes.

A clock, a fine French clock, was the next article offered. Would any gentleman start it at twenty dollars? No gentleman volunteering, the auctioneer magnanimously announced that he would take fifteen, or even ten. These offers eliciting no response, the clock was at last put up at a dollar. Carrie asked me how I thought it would look on our chimney-piece, and, jumping at the thought, I nodded.

"Two dollars!" shouted Humbug.

"Four!" cried another of the cross-grained individuals.

"Five!" said I, in the excitement of the moment.

"Six!" shouted my opponent.

"It's perfectly lovely," whispered Carrie in my ear; and, yielding to the suggestion, I nodded again.

"Seven dollars!" croaked the auctioneer; "an article which cost the manufacturer twenty-five—who'll say ten?"

No one said ten; but Mrs. Toodles, by my side, squeaked, "Seven and a half;" the auctioneer, watching my face, received, or pretended to receive, a bid from the crowd, then turning to me, said, "Say ten, and it's yours." I said "ten!" mechanically, and down fell the hammer.

I confess I felt relieved. The ice was now broken. I had begun to furnish my house. So I had no backwardness in bidding for a small, round table, with a stain on the top and a wound of some gravity in its single leg: or for several extremely nice-looking chairs, on which we were not allowed to sit; or for a quantity of porcelain—or, as Humbug called it, "real Sevres china;" or for many more articles besides. I made some purchases. I thought a great deal of them at the time—more, perhaps, than I do now. I bought four buckets (Carrie said that buckets were quite necessary in a house, and called me "disgusting," with a pretty blush, when I asked what would she do with four?); they had the misfortune to need constant caulking. I bought a bedstead, but as it couldn't be taken to pieces, and the door was too small to let it in whole, I gave Humbug a dollar to let me off that bargain. I bought a set of fire-irons—" quite lovely," Carrie said; they were in an advanced stage of oxydation. I would have bought more articles but that my attention was attracted to the conduct of one or two of the cross-grained men. They made a desk-set as me, and bid on every thing I wanted. The man who had opposed me on the clock seemed to want also buckets, beds, fire-irons, crockery—every thing, in short, which we required.

"Perhaps he's furnishing too, dear," suggested Carrie.

He didn't look like it. He made his bids as oft-



AN AUCTION OF SPLENDID HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, TO BE SOLD WITHOUT RESERVE.

en by signs as to works, looking wistfully at me, and at the fountain. After the sitting, I overheard Humbug order him to "go and gather up them glasses, and be smart about it." From which I was led to suspect collusion between them.

We collected our purchases—a singular assortment to be sure (not as Carrie said, every thing must have a beginning)—had them carted to our own house, and rested from our labors. We put the clock on the chimney-piece (by the way, I ought to have said that it didn't go, and didn't seem ever to have gone for the matter, for I discovered, on its works), sat down on two of the buckets—which answered well enough for seats, however uncomfortably they may have been as buckets—and came to the conclusion that a few days more of such work would enable us to double our house, both easily and economically. Carrie wouldn't hear of any imputations upon Humbug or my self-denial.

Next day, before I was up, Carrie had found, as she said, the "very place" for us to go and buy the rest of our furniture. It was an auction room, in 234 Street, of the "entire furniture of a wealthy family about to retire to the country"—a delightful hint in the advertisement intimated that the retirement of the family aforesaid had been rendered necessary by the late revulsion, and that every thing would consequently be sold "without reserve."

I was struck on entering the house with the air of newness which distinguished the whole array of furniture. Carpets, chairs, tables, étagères, sofas, beds, bureaux—nothing appeared to have been in use before.

"No doubt, dear," said Carrie, when I drew her attention to the fact, "the family were very careful of their furniture. It is a lesson to us."

Strange to say, with few exceptions, the auctioneer was surrounded by the very articles which we had met the day before. The cross-grained man were there in great force; and the very fire thing that we had seen was knocked down to my yesterday's rival on the clock question. One of the party, who sat modestly in the vestibule of the auctioneer, bought, at the start of the auction and at very high prices, three drawing-room sofas and two splendid étagères; though, as Carrie remarked, what a great, coarse, vulgar-looking fellow like that could do with brocatelle suits it was hard to discover.

I found myself bidding on a bedstead which struck us as very convenient. It was a neat affair, and being knocked down to me when the thought flash-ed on Carrie's mind that it came from the room of the

I asked an Irishman, who appeared to be assisting the auctioneer, to unscrew one of the sides. He made me the request honestly, but with a frown. I then noticed, to my horror, that it was the same bedstead which I had bought the day before at the house of the wealthy family going to Europe. Light was dawning on my mind. I took the presentation of which a few of the remaining pieces of furniture without telling Carrie; and, having bought a set of kitchen ware, four chairs, a chiffonnier, and a dust-pan, we returned to our home.

On the following day, the sale we attended was one of the "furniture of a leading clothing dry-goods-consul." At a glance I noticed that the company were the same as on the previous day, and a hint or tour of inspection enabled me to say positively that the chief articles of furniture were the same as those which I had already seen sold twice.

In passing the auctioneer's desk my eye fell on a narrow slip of paper. I blush to say I read it. It ran thus:

"Received from Peter Funk, Esq., auctioneer, forty dollars for three days' rent of the house, No. —— Street, for his furniture auction.

The house was vacated; the furniture contributed by several furniture makers of the neighborhood, the "wealthy families" and "leading citizens" were creatures of imagination.

Carrie desires me to add that the moral of my story is that young people who want to furnish their houses should go to a respectable furniture dealer, and not seek great bargains at auction sales, especially when they are advertised as being sales of the household furniture of rich families going to Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD.

A GERMAN paper, published at Augsburg, has commented on an article intimating that we go to Europe to borrow money which we do not mean to pay, and that we are, in short, a nation of swindlers. Papers in this city, of course, without motive, have republished the article without comment.

The fact is, that, in the general crash of the last year, no nation did so well by its creditors as the United States. With remarkably few exceptions, every bond and every coupon due in this country was paid at maturity. At a time when merchants in London, Hamburg, Berlin, and Frankfort, could not raise money to pay their notes, the interest on our State, county, city, railway, and other corporate securities was promptly and fully met. It would have been possible to enumerate several securities on which there has been a default. But these have never ranked among our first-class securities. The danger of default was duly taken into account by the purchaser when he bought them, and discounted in the price he paid.

When a man buys a seven or eight per cent. bond at fifty, he has no business to complain if now and then the interest is not paid. Money is not worth fourteen or sixteen per cent. in this meridian; and when a man buys a security at a rate of interest he must run a certain risk. The bonds on which defaults have occurred were bought on the ground that no risk invariably been sold in the market at so low a price that the purchaser could afford to be cheated of his interest one out of every two years, and yet find the investment satisfactory. For such a purchaser to rail at this country because he does not get "the face of his bond" is absurd. *Cui vult emptor.*

Whatever newspaper men may say the United ed States must, eventually, become the Banker of the world. We can profitably use money for this we pay seven and eight per cent., and can give ample security for its repayment. Nor is there any prospect that we shall cease to enjoy such opportunities of profitably employing within the next half century. Until this continent is fully peopled, it will always pay us to borrow money, and even to pay seven per cent., who shall be able to pay back, after a certain interval, principal and interest.

In Europe and Asia are high rates of interest. Many large fortunes are wholly invested at three and three and a half. As the immense harvests of the precious metals increases, our superior capacity for employing capital will become generally known; when it is, the money will come to us from many a home. They will all buy into our securities or lend money out here: for by thus doing, that large class of capitalists who live upon the interest of their money will find their income doubled. And sensible men, who do not try to get exorbitant rates of interest, will never have reason to complain of our want of faith.

The state of commercial affairs at present—declining exports—steady exports—exchange on London at two per cent. discount—constant and steady accumulation of bullion—these are the gradually developing industry and increased production—all this points to the state of things which the young among us are destined to see. Shortly, the establishment of the United States as the financial centre of the world, and the Banker for the Bank of England, France, Germany, South America, Russia, China, and the East Indies.

THE CONDITION OF MEXICO.

Our latest advices from the Mexican States describe the Zuloaga Administration as being on the point of dissolution, and the whole fabric of government as tottering to its fall. Every traveler who ventured ten miles from a large city was certain to be robbed; not a few had lost their lives in the endeavor to save their property. Business of every kind was at a standstill; many of the mines, situate, unhappily, in disturbed districts, had been abandoned; the import trade, the duties upon which alone served as security for so many loans, was almost annihilated. Zuloaga, who had not any thing to lose was trying, not to employ, but to hide his means; money was now so valuable that to a gentleman than lent out upon interest. Nor did there seem to be any decent prospect of a better state of affairs. The officials, finding that they might as well submit to compulsory spoliation as sustain the Zuloaga Government at present unsupported by money, were assuming an attitude of neutrality in the pending civil war. No prominent resident citizen presumed to aspire to the rank of Dictator. From his retirement, the ancient reprobate, Santa Anna, was hankering after the power he had lost; but neither he nor any one else had as yet had sufficient faith in him to warrant the supposition that he was likely to succeed again. There was a vague impression that Miramon was about to make a movement with a view to the recovery of the debt which Mexico owes them; but no overt measures had been taken, and the general impression was, that common sense had not entirely departed from the Spanish peninsula, and consequently that the Spanish fleet would never be executed.

Strange to say, in all these revolutionary proceedings we never hear a word of the action of the United States Government, or even of the influence of the representative of this country. We hear of English influence, of French suggestions, of Spanish threats; but the United States appears to have no Asiatic power for any control they exercise over Mexican politics.

The Mexicans have now had nearly forty years' experience to form conclusions. During that period they have essayed at least three distinct and antagonistic forms of government. They have tried monarchy, and every species of its natural term; the career of each and every Government since Iturbide has been alternately despotic, empiric, nor under a democratic, nor as a republic.

The only experiment which remains, to be tried is a foreign protectorate. The Papal States would not have been a safe residence for any man of means, for many years past, but for the tacit protectorate exercised by France: Mexico is in the same condition.

The time has not yet come for the incorporation of Mexico with the States of this Union. But events call for preparatory steps toward that consummation. Mexican anarchy is also a positive injury. It damages the prestige of republican institutions. It sets an unwholesome example to our southern frontiers. It injures our material interests by closing to us the shortest available road to our California possessions. For our own sakes vigorous steps should be taken to terminate the existing confusion in Mexico. Even those steps should be it were difficult to say; but if ANDREW JACKSON were President of the United States he would very soon discover good grounds for the inauguration of a policy which would culminate in the establishment of stable government in Mexico and in the development of the boundless resources of that magnificent country.

THE CANAL QUESTION IN THIS STATE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurances which were given at the time the last canal loan was sanctioned by the people, to the effect that no more money would be needed for the completion of those great lines of internal communication, it now appears that, unless a further sum of five millions dollars be granted to complete the work of enlargement, the enormous expenditure which have been expended during the past five years will prove to have been thrown away, and the design of the enlarged canal system will be defeated.

Of course, however we may grumble at the additional outlay, there is but one opinion among all far-seeing men as to the expediency of completing the canals on the enlarged scale. The work has progressed so far, the advantage of the enlarged canals is so obvious, and the necessity of retaining within our borders the traffic which our neighbors are straining every nerve to wrest from us so palpable, that no person can for a moment consider or slander the ground that we ought to abandon the work, and leave the canals in their unfinished state. However the money may be raised, and whether whatever restrictions it may be spent, all parties are agreed upon the propriety of raising and spending it on the canal enlargement.

Whensoever the question shall have received deliberate attention at the hands of our politicians and the press, there will be a decided a majority in favor of raising the amount by tax as there is now in favor of completing the enlargement. Many financial schemes have been suggested. A few persons have proposed to cripple the work by the issue of Railroad Bonds, Baltimore, and Montreal at our expense, by buying additional tolls on the freight carried over the railroads in question. This foolish scheme has met with no more favor than it deserved; and other projects for taxing banks and making the State's deposited deposits in sound banking situations have been equally scouted. The sense of the Legislature and that of the mass of sensible persons throughout the State are in favor of the completion of the canals by means of an ordinary State tax, to be submitted to the people for their final approval. This, doubtless, will be the plan adopted.

But when the law to that effect has passed, it may well be a matter of inquiry how long the canals are to be a senseless burden to the State, and a source of perennial corruption at Albany? It stands to reason that the canals are used notoriously by each successive dominant party for corrupt political purposes. Had the canal revenues and the sums which have been raised by loan been honestly and economically applied, no further loan would now have been required. Some of the ingenious methods of this corruption, and of the constant appeals to the people for means to enlarge, continue, or repair the canals, many persons are inquiring whether the time has not come for the disposal of the canals to a private company. The States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Pennsylvania have all found it unprofitable and unsatisfactory to hold the canals. Why are we exposed to be an exception? Would it not be better to close the avenue to further expenditures and more corruption by taking means for the sale of the canals as soon as possible?

THE LOUNGER.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

MCKEAN, the Governor of Pinchem—Mazard, with his salutory fiddle, is at hand.

Determinant, the flutist, whose name is, of course, a humbug, and Mazard, the hautboyist, or the hautboy, or however the boy hauts, of all capitals, are busy as only waiting for Lent to be over to blow us all out upon the floor, and round and round in the dizzy waltz.

Ah, me! Blessed be the *Times Bosses* waltz of my kind which he can send all over the country, until Saturday night, hand-organ, and church choirs conspire to swell the lofty strain, he may be very sure of success. If not, he must see to his pulls and his wires.

If the Lounger were a raven he would croak that they could not be very successful. In Paris they are so, because they are the naturalia of the *demonde*. In Rome they are so, because the Italians are an intriguing and festive people, and because every mask is an absolute concealment.

But how will they do for New York manage it? The nobility will sit in the boxes and look on, as they do at charity and military balls. The common may will put on fake noses, wigs, black visors, and clashed cloaks. Some will perhaps try to drain courage from the bottle, and some do not. But where will be the delicious daring, the wild excitement, the novel, the wit, the humor, the atmosphere of Carnival, the mystery, the romance, of Paris and Rome!

If the Lounger were a prophetic cycle, he would say that a masked ball at the Academy would be like a genuine masquerade as the reception of Mohammed Pacha was like a real civic ovation.

But he hails the advent of Carnival, and the beginning of promenade concerts, and wheels his chorist and musicist. He wonders whether Mr. —— will work the expansive weathercock in his jetty ringlets earling about an aquiline nose—whether he will have learned all the mysteries of fingers—and sinks, at last, exhausted, in negligent but effective grace, in a capacious arm-chair.

Thus he soothes of Mazard, but ooh senses, Julienne!

THE REVIVAL.

NOT even a Lounger can help seeing the unusual interest in the great religious movement of the moment. When, at high noon, in the densest business part of the city, swarms of men are hastening in various directions, and on observer learns that they are not going to the bank, and that they are in all the hurry to save their credit—but their souls; and when, for the first time in his experience, he learns that in a Christian country the Christian churches are not closed for six days in seven, but are open; that they are not attended by a few old women listening to a nap, but thronged with multitudes of eager and excited people—the Lounger, we say, will admit that, as this Lounger did, follow the crowd and observe the scene.

It was in Burton's old theatre that the Lounger went, on the day when Mr. Beecher was to lead the services. The crowd extended from the door in the street showed him that he had little chance of getting inside of the building. In fact, there was not room for even a tenth part of the people packed in the vestibule, and long over the tops of doors, and in the passages, and in the dressing-rooms, and stood patiently where they could neither see nor hear, in the hope that somebody would presently be driven out by the heat and crush, and a key for a hundred people to fill the space in which one was squeezed. There was a constant crowd around on the rim of the crowd. Our fellow-citizens who could only put their noses over the shoulders of those who stood next to the sidewalk, looked for a few years of that position, and withdrew. But every body within the doors seemed to be waiting and listening.

Suddenly a rich, full sound of singing poured out from that vast throng of people. The great audiences were singing a hymn to one of the well-known tunes. Over the heads of the crowd about the inner doors the dimness of the interior was visible; figures were discernible, but very indistinctly. They were all listening, they said, and seemed to be joining in the singing. It rung out boldly and solemnly, and then suddenly died away. The sound of a clear, earnest voice followed. It was impossible to recognize the voice or distinguish the words. But those who did the utterance turned to a church, and men and women were praying and singing hymns.

Following the current of the crowd, the Lounger crossed the Park to the Fulton Street meeting. There were the same crowds and the same scenes. The sounds of prayer and exhortation and singing were all mingled, and the crowd were constantly coming up and down the stairs. In one room a clerk was praying; in another an old sailor was exhorting; in another two or three women were singing.

In the street the shops were open, the drays and carts passed, the busy crowd hurried along on the sidewalks; truckmen were swearing, boys shouting, and the evening-man closing over all with his solemn refrain of "Extra-ra-ra-ra-ra!" It was a soft spring day, and it was a pleasant thing to see how many of the merry men and women gates turned back, so that, even in William Street, a bold boy might have sat upon the grass.

Will the fact that the Lounger is in the city on every man asks himself. Will the spirit of prayer which now abound in William and Fulton streets, in Nassau and Maiden Lane? There is always, of course, a certain amount of hysteria in every thing; which is developed more or less by every other strong excitement. Superstition is found in all classes of society. Ignorance, but in candid man can believe that this revival is only a morbid enthusiasm. Admitting every thing that is questionable, and that will probably be undoubted fact, confirmed by experience, that men and women will be really better. If such a meeting as that at Burton's can touch an erring woman as the writer of the following letter was touched, who shall smile or sneer at the Revival? The letter was read at the theatre on Wednesday.

"I am one of those who have not a father or mother —or brother. Have had a husband and other near relations. I have still abandoned. I am yet in a hopeless condition. I have prayed to God to forgive me, even as only the woman of Samaria may reveal himself to my soul. Will you pray that my eyes may be open who art in heaven, when you pray? And when you pray for me remember that I am a woman, surrounded by the hautiousness of unprincipled men, and kept as by the pitiless prejudice of our own sex. MARINA."

A WORD FOR WOMEN.

THE letter of Marilda is a satire of other women, and that the great financial crash trembled, in its consequences, to every quarter of society, however unbooked and remote. A man who has made a million may make a million, and when his riches take their natural wings we wonder only how soon he will catch more. But when a woman who gets twenty-five cents a day for making shirts suddenly finds there are no more shirts to be made because people who wear a fresh linen bosom every day must economize, a dreadful incentive is opened before her. Mr. Mayhew, in his work upon the

peer of London, which is more exciting than Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," mentions poor neglected Lucien Wheeler, who, even when he had work, were not enough to save them from starvation, and who were forced to choose between their children's death and their own slavery. Heed 'e "Song of the Shirt" and "Bridge of Sighs"—the two most passionate cries for human misery in literature—are parts of the dreadful story of the life and the death of needlewomen. Now comes the sewingmachine, asking from those who had nothing that which they had, and the condition of these poor women every where is more hopeless.

A series of lectures is to be delivered in the city during the month of April, in which the whole subject of women, in their social, industrial, and legal relations, will be considered. The tongues of the speakers will be loosed upon the Child Question, upon this profoundly important theme. There is plenty of complaint to women in America—plenty of readiness to give a well-ordered woman a seat in an omnibus, and a pretty woman a front place at a theatre; but there are many questions to be answered before we can say that women are as justly placed in society as they are profitably protected. The lectures are upon a subject of universal interest; the lecturers are Mr. Brady, Mr. Curtis, Rev. Mr. Osgood, Rev. Mr. Bellows, and Rev. Hon. Eli Thayer; and the topics to be discussed by them are "Women and her Legal Disabilities," "Fair Play for Women," "Woman and her Work," "Woman and the Elective Franchise," and "The Benefit to Woman of Organized Employment." The immediate occasion of the lectures is the assistance of the Sisters of Charity throughout the Union. We do hope they may do something, not only to help prevent the ills that leads to such letters as that of "Martha," but to excite a more general and public interest and sympathy in the question itself.

ART CONVENTION.

Some of our readers have lately met in convention at Washington. The moment selected—that of the very crisis of the Kansas debate—was not a very promising one, but it was, doubtless, unavoidable. Old Mr. Peale was elected president. He delivered a lecture upon Washington's character, and Dr. Bellows an address, before the Convention. Report states that there was a crowded and fashionable audience, much candidating for office in the place, more interest was manifested by the public than could have been anticipated.

The object of the Convention seems to have been to take measures in some way to cultivate amusing of action and an elevation of taste, and to enable the artists of the country from which might proceed a remunerative employment for their labor, and the works of art commissioned by the Government. In other words, as the manufacturers of the country want to get rich, they ask Congress to appropriate to paint the pictures for the country. To accomplish this result two ways are suggested, which, we have, doubtless, urged by the speakers. One is, to paint better pictures than the artists of other countries; the other is, to sell equally good pictures for a cheaper price.

That is, without question, the cotton-spinning view of the members from all parts of the country, who have no taste for, nor knowledge of, pictures. The Capital of Washington is quite full of artists—so is the Vatican at Rome. Probably the honorable members would find it difficult to tell, practically, between the merits of the two galleries. If the artists mean to make it a matter of national pride that the pictures in the American Capitol shall be painted by American artists—that is at least, patriotic. But it will be a third step in the proceeding, not indicated in the strictly cottonspinning view? For instance, might not the public taste itself be cultivated as well at the seat of Congress controlled, with a view to the ulterior knowledge without which encouragement will remain, as they are now, mere matters of lobbying? And is it not a very good way to cultivate public taste to collect and exhibit good pictures, by whomsoever painted?

It will, however, be a matter of satisfaction to every body interested in art to know that the artists have begun to move in the matter. The method of tagging on a commission to paint pictures to the tail of an army bill, or a vote of thanks to Brigadier-General Bomb, is all very well in its way, but that a Committee of Congress has advised with a body of men who understand the subject, and that Chairman of the Committee of Commerce would hardly venture to report a bill without some consultation with merchants; and the Committee on Fine Arts, or whatever Committee has the matter in charge, could not do better than follow a wise example.

However, as for the active co-operation or assistance of artists there may be both a question and a question—a doubt whether it is very likely or possible, and a doubt whether artists will ever be benefited by such association. That artists should have their guild, like mechanics and musicians, and all other workmen, for the purpose of mutually helping pecuniary fortunes and worldly comfort, is not just as possible. But that they accomplish any other kind of result by it? Is this opinion connected at Washington likely to do more than benefit some particular artist, or some class of artists, having American Art itself untouched? Will there be any less favoritism, lobbying, and ignorance than now?

The Lounger speaks on both sides, because he is really an inquirer, and not a judge.

WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

Who is considered the greatest living man in the world? We must omit, of course, the mute inglorious Miltons and gems of purest ray serene. But who among men, whose names are familiar, is probably conceded to be the greatest man? The verdict of the Future will doubtless be very different from ours! Probably the brilliant court of Leo Tenth, the head of the world of civilization at that time, did not imagine the refractory and brawny monk of Wittenberg was to overtop all men in his age, and lead the world to future ages. But, for all that, we have a right to our opinion.

Is it the inventor of the electric telegraph? Is it Louis Napoleon? Is it Dickens? Is it our venerated Chief Magistrate? Is it Humboldt? If it be he who has even most and most accurately read the various departments of human knowledge, must it not be the latter? If it be he who has the most universally popular mind, must it not be Dickens? If it be he who has made the most practical forces of the world, must it not be Morse? If the most successfully audacious and the most contentedly prosperous, is it not Louis Napoleon? If it be the President of the United States, must it not be one—some one—of these? And who?

We are inclined to think that Humboldt would carry the largest vote if the world could be polled. His life long study seems to be to collect facts. His services to mankind have lain happily in a sphere where envy could not reach or malice, and in whom results only the world is interested. Then what a book to *Cosmos!* How ripe with wisdom, how rich with experience! What a mine, with the life of current events, of lofty thought, and of humane sympathy!

A palm-tree in a botanical garden first awakened in him the longing to travel and explore. The transplanted siren sang to him of the tropics in which she was born, and his journeyings began before old age had set in to chill his spirit. They are over now. In his ninetieth year the old man is still active and busy; fresh in mind and firm in body; going to balls and concerts—at war at the ball in honor of the young Prussian bride—and inviting all the worthies, as it is the custom of European *soirées*, from ten years ago the Lounger can think of, to his great housewarming. Speaker of "the dead of the eighteenth of March," is Berlin. He was never a politician, nor an actor in public affairs, except to be the "Friend and Counsel of the King of Prussia; but he was understood to sympathize with the popular feeling, and was with the popular movement. His plate was always placed at the King's table. In the country palace of Tegel, which he built, there is the chamber of Humboldt, and Germany knows him with a kind of reverence which is the next best to reverently, although but for a short time. It can not be long before we shall have news of the death of a great and good man, and it is, perhaps, the most greatest interest that the last letter he will probably ever write to this country will be that which was addressed to the President of the American Institute, whom Humboldt supposed to be Judge Talmadge. Humboldt, we trust, may receive the very happy, although it may be very literal—but how genial and pleasant that will be!

"BERLIN, *February* 21, 1858.

"MR. PRESIDENT,—Through the kindness of his Excellency Mr. Wheaton, the representative of the United States at Berlin, I have received the interesting volumes of the Transactions of your Academy of Sciences in addition, and I beg, Mr. President, of that noble and patriotic institution to express to it my heartfelt gratitude. I feel, for the honor done to me by this benevolent remembrance of my native land, that I am indebted to your beautiful and powerful country ever since the time of Franklin, and I am proud to be one of your honorary members.

"Condensed to accept kindly this assurance from an old man—almost an octogenarian—of the homage and respect of your very humble and very obedient servant,

"A. L. HUMBOLDT."

"THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."

WHOEVER has traveled in foreign lands feels a secret longing kindled in his heart by the returning spring. It was kindled in the Lounger's heart again, and his heart starts with it. Memory is no less strong than hope, and while the latter looks forward or forward he sees alluring images that beckon him on.

The season are not melted yet among the Alps; but already tables are placed upon the Boulevards in front of the cafés, and the sidewalks are thronged all the street; already the chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries is in bloom, and Easter bonnets begin to blossom at every corner. The "height of the season" is beginning, for stout John Bull prefers his gallia in the spring, and Jonathan in the autumn; garks will be a few weeks later! What a city to wander over, exploring and exploring in the golden weather! How many memories must we have! And how they ought to! But on the southern slopes of the Alps memory is not the only guide. There are camelias at Isola Bella, the grass of the villa Pamphili is blue with violets; there are soft intimations of blue sky opening in the gray veil of March. But in Naples!—*see in Hispania, nulle etre!*

Beyond the Mediterranean lies the sandy banks of the Nile—on the desert—among the almond-groves of Damascus—on the solemn hills of Jerusalem—in the little Bethany where the sisters received Lazarus at the plain of Esdraelon toward the sea-shore such purposes and such associations as these! The Lounger himself—the joy of the whole earth—this is the very moment of the year. You may sit now upon the Mount of Olives, and look down, as it vibrates, gray of the mazzein; you may watch the delicate green of the leaf upon the fig-tree, and see the sun go up over the walls to the silent, gray Mount of Olives; or into the city upon the heavy pile of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. You may see all that, you will come down, and thread your way through the narrow streets of the bazaars, and sitting at the door, mingle in the most motley and remarkable coronary of Christendom.

Even those who have not traveled have the kindest interest in travel; love to listen to travelers; and believe that one day they shall see as well as hear. But the universal interest of Christendom concentrates upon Jerusalem. No other city—not Athens, nor Rome, nor Damascus, nor Paris, nor London—has such a profound and mysterious charm as the "City of the Great King." The interest of the study of Jerusalem is inexhaustible. America had contributed one of the most valuable and learned treatises upon the subject in the work of Dr. Robinson; and she now adds another in Dr. Barclay's "City of the Great King." It is a complete cyclopedia of Jerusalem; an invaluable *vade-mecum* for the traveler, and a body of facts for the student. The Doctor, who was a missionary, and a scientific man, enjoyed peculiar opportunities of research and investigation. His work is amply provided with maps, plans, and pictures; and the author has his own theories about excavations and surveys, which he submits with skill and vigor, but with what justice a wiser than the Lounger must decide. He is not only a practical forces of the world, must it not be Morse? If the most successfully audacious and the most contentedly prosperous, is it not Louis Napoleon? If it be President of the United States, must it not be one—some one—of these? And who?

We are inclined to think that Humboldt would carry the largest vote if the world could be polled. His life long study seems to be to collect facts. His services to mankind have lain happily in a sphere where envy could not reach or malice, and in whom results only the world is interested. Then what a book to *Cosmos!* How ripe with wisdom, how rich with experience! What a mine, with the life of current events, of lofty thought, and of humane sympathy!

A palm-tree in a botanical garden first awakened in him the longing to travel and explore. The transplanted siren sang to him of the tropics in which she was born, and his journeyings began before old age had set in to chill his spirit. They are over now. In his ninetieth year the old man is still active and busy; fresh in mind and firm in body; going to balls and concerts—at war at the ball in honor of the young Prussian bride—and inviting all the worthies, as it is the custom of European *soirées*, from ten years ago the Lounger can think of, to his great housewarming. Speaker of "the dead of the eighteenth of March," is Berlin. He was never a politician, nor an actor in public affairs, except to be the "Friend and Counsel of the King of Prussia; but he was understood to sympathize with the popular feeling, and was with the popular movement. His plate was always placed at the King's table. In the country palace of Tegel, which he built, there is the chamber of Humboldt, and Germany knows him with a kind of reverence which is the next best to reverently, although but for a short time. It can not be long before we shall have news of the death of a great and good man, and it is, perhaps, the most greatest interest that the last letter he will probably ever write to this country will be that which was addressed to the President of the American Institute, whom Humboldt supposed to be Judge Talmadge. Humboldt, we trust, may receive the very happy, although it may be very literal—but how genial and pleasant that will be!

"BERLIN, *February* 21, 1858.

"MR. PRESIDENT,—Through the kindness of his Excellency Mr. Wheaton, the representative of the United States at Berlin, I have received the interesting volumes of the Transactions of your Academy of Sciences, and I beg, Mr. President, of that noble and patriotic institution to express to it my heartfelt gratitude. I feel, for the honor done to me by this benevolent remembrance of my native land, that I am indebted to your beautiful and powerful country ever since the time of Franklin, and I am proud to be one of your honorary members.

"Condensed to accept kindly this assurance from an old man—almost an octogenarian—of the homage and respect of your very humble and very obedient servant,

"A. L. HUMBOLDT."

"THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."

WHOEVER has traveled in foreign lands feels a secret longing kindled in his heart by the returning spring. It was kindled in the Lounger's heart again, and his heart starts with it. Memory is no less strong than hope, and while the latter looks forward or forward he sees alluring images that beckon him on.

The season are not melted yet among the Alps; but already tables are placed upon the Boulevards in front of the cafés, and the sidewalks are thronged all the street; already the chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries is in bloom, and Easter bonnets begin to blossom at every corner. The "height of the season" is beginning, for stout John Bull prefers his gallia in the spring, and Jonathan in the autumn; garks will be a few weeks later! What a city to wander over, exploring and exploring in the golden weather! How many memories must we have! And how they ought to! But on the southern slopes of the Alps memory is not the only guide. There are camelias at Isola Bella, the grass of the villa Pamphili is blue with violets; there are soft intimations of blue sky opening in the gray veil of March. But in Naples!—*see in Hispania, nulle etre!*

Beyond the Mediterranean lies the sandy banks of the Nile—on the desert—among the almond-groves of Damascus—on the solemn hills of Jerusalem—in the little Bethany where the sisters received Lazarus at the plain of Esdraelon toward the sea-shore such purposes and such associations as these! The Lounger himself—the joy of the whole earth—this is the very moment of the year. You may sit now upon the Mount of Olives, and look down, as it vibrates, gray of the mazzein; you may watch the delicate green of the leaf upon the fig-tree, and see the sun go up over the walls to the silent, gray Mount of Olives; or into the city upon the heavy pile of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. You may see all that, you will come down, and thread your way through the narrow streets of the bazaars, and sitting at the door, mingle in the most motley and remarkable coronary of Christendom.

Even those who have not traveled have the kindest interest in travel; love to listen to travelers; and believe that one day they shall see as well as hear. But the universal interest of Christendom concentrates upon Jerusalem. No other city—not Athens, nor Rome, nor Damascus, nor Paris, nor London—has such a profound and mysterious charm as the "City of the Great King." The interest of the study of Jerusalem is inexhaustible. America had contributed one of the most valuable and learned treatises upon the subject in the work of Dr. Robinson; and she now adds another in Dr. Barclay's "City of the Great King." It is a complete cyclopedia of Jerusalem; an invaluable *vade-mecum* for the traveler, and a body of facts for the student. The Doctor, who was a missionary, and a scientific man, enjoyed peculiar opportunities of research and investigation. His work is amply provided with maps, plans, and pictures; and the author has his own theories about excavations and surveys, which he submits with skill and vigor, but with what justice a wiser than the Lounger must decide. He is not only a practical

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

MUSARD.

FLORENTINO[1] has, in one of his latest *feuilletons*, a great tribute for the Musardines, now that Musard has gone to the "country of the Yankees." Every line that Florentino has had on his pen since October, the condition of its customers is truly pitiable. Who forgets the fiery sign in front of the *estrade*? Who does not remember the various occult games and sports that were practiced in the *antre-rooms* of the concert, in which every thing except Latour himself seemed to be to transfer all the small change from your pocket to that of the keeper of the table? The numerous photographs of Musard and his lieutenants in various shapes; the innocent-looking *pouponne* in their midst? Who forgets the delicious and affable *orgiac de table* who told you to "move on" with as air that could not be resisted, and who did it with as air that could not be disputed? What a charming lounge! What a delicious place for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar! Then, the *bosquets*, or each side into a garden, one could either listen to the music quietly or promenade, or get away into a quiet corner of the garden where the melody came softened like the murmurs of a waterfall. Paris is generally boisterous—there is too much out of doors about it; but the Hotel d'Osmond had many a sly flirting corner. The price of admission was only nominal—one franc—and every one went. I have seen some of Hall Columbia's proudest and fairest daughters interchange vows in the Musardines.

And the concert itself. It is charming. In front stands Musard, in evidence to him who was called the king of the quadrille, and whose subjects remained faithful under the Empire, the Restoration, Louis Philippe, and the Republic. Musard, under all these political fluctuations, held his undisputed despotic sway. The respectable persons above-mentioned attempted to govern the heads of the people. But Musard, more sensible, knew that most Frenchmen can be better ruled through their heels than their heads, and his sway was as absolute upon a rock. The Prince Musard, now in New York, once had the whole city mad, as Florentino has marked to young Fouth the other day, he is "not to be underrated." Tall and thin, with fine profile and good eye, he wears his hair long, in the gymnastic way, and thoroughbred. He leads the orchestra with the utmost coquetry[2]. Bad Musician he can not go wrong. He has no grand flourishes with his bâton—no sweeping waistcoats or flashy cravats of the fashion of the king of the French—and, Julien—but the Prince Musard soars as if he had just plunged in upon the perfect Quadrille, and seems to exercise a gentle superintendence over it, and to exchange friendly greetings with the audience, which is composed almost entirely of old friends. Such is Musard as he appears to the lounger upon the Boulevard des Italiens. His entertainment the only dreary place from the Place de la Concorde to the Boulevard de la Madeleine. It was the Nina's Garden of Paris, as Nina's Garden was when it had a whitewashed board fence on the Broadway side.

What Musard will do among us barbarians I don't know not. He will undoubtedly organize a good orchestra, and conduct it well. The rest is the public's affair.

SALTER.

SALTER has been making a great deal of fuss about town. He has given a concert. Well, then, you must know that Salter is a person from Vienna, and that Salter plays upon the piano. Salter is an imitator of the school of Liszt. Salter, they say, although not at all handsome, has made a great, fierce among some of the "set" of the saloons of the gentle Cockatilla, who is now receiving his levée at the fashionable hour of Ladies." Poor Cockatilla! Salter now reigns in thy stead. The amateurs are a good deal bothered about Salter. They don't exactly know whether he is good for any thing or not. He has great facility of execution, and produces great effects, does Salter. He can do every thing with the piano, Salter can. No man could do more with the keyboard than does Salter, and yet man could do more it would be of no consequence.

THE SPRING BONNETS.

Reverend readers, arrived in town last week, from the interior of Hamilton county, where railways, skeleton skirts, defrauding bankers, and other metropolitan follies have not hitherto penetrated, Miss Bastics had to make a few small purchases, and, of course, her mother went with her. A very handsome body from Hamilton county purchases in Broadway. It was just the time when all female New York was rushing with the utmost fury to the Spring-ering. "It is our opening day." Poor Bastics found herself entirely swamped in the current of crinoline. The shops were crowded with angels who went hallooing about from place to place, chattering and laughing like *houris* in the Prophet's garden specially." In the confused murmur that came to his ear Bastics heard, "Yes, ma'am, that thing?" "Two dollars 75" "revival;" "the other;" "the old brute knocked him out of the house" "I thought heaven were going out this year;" "I drank laudanum in her chamber;" "two ounces;" "good gracious! what a shawl!" "and a bonnet to match!" "and such!" "he married now?" "got two wives in Italy!" "stretch!" "dog, beast!" "I am glad of it myself!" "stood sticking in somewhere;" "yes, dear;" "and thing of—" "how cheap!"

No wonder that Bastics was completely carried away by all this chattering, and so far bewildered as to crush out of the fair one's mind all power to know whether he stood on his head or his heels. He thought there was a great deal of talking and silence each, for ma, Matilda Ann (the female hope of the family), and Araminta Jane (the young person from Broadway) seemed to know each other handily as if you hear of a revolution in the political atmosphere, and a great combined movement to the right of woman to have "new bonnets from York," you'll know what caused it. These openings, whether of theatres or stores, are always dangerously expensive.

THE LAST MATINEE.

The Opera *matinée* was a beneficent invention for those persons who had nothing to do, no one to do it with, and no where to go to do it with on the day; except ladies, that class here is not very large. People who come from the country to the highest state of beatitude if they can be permitted to sit in the "offices" of their hotels, with their feet higher than their heads, while they smoke, chew, and expectorate till dinner-time, and in the evening they go to the theatre or opera.

Had the *matinée* been more frequent, these luxurious might have been seduced away from their customary; but the Opera *matinée* was a novelty, and the populace it was "nipped in the bud."

But, alas! such is always the case. Whoever had a gazelle that didn't "up and die?" The *dance* of Calypso and Ketarye, in morning dresses and half prices, were charming. At least so they do on Saturday there was a great gathering of the "fifty thousand," the good, under the charge of the Academy to hear Formes, Johannsen, & Co. sing Flotow's Martha. The affair was too brilliant for description. It makes me feel tears to think how blessings brighten as they take their flight. You will not intrude upon a sacred sorrow, and so I will again return to dignified reticence, silent to weep, not as one who can not be consoled, but as one who has hope in the Bohemians and the *dancers*, may yet give us a morning performance for two. *Dy. de la Frusa, e. o. o.*

POMPEY'S PHILOSOPHY.—[IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.]





I.
WHERE queenly Richmond from the hills
Looks down on James's roaring river,
Hard by Gallego's monstrous mills,
Where pocket-boats their freights deliver,

II.
Upon a bale of Yankee hay,
Half dreaming in the warm sunlight,
A ragged boatman, basking, lay—
Pompey the pop-eyed was he hight.

V.
If I'd a dollar of my own,"
He murmured, as he scratched his wig,
"When I gits back to Jefferson,
I would invest it in a pig.

VI.
A sow 'twould be, of Berkshire breed;
I'd build a pen near master's barn,
That she might never lack for feed—
For master he has heaps of corn.

IX.
From master, then, my time I'd buy
(He thinks this nigger is a fool,
And sell him cheap); then I would try
To set me up a cart and mule.

X.
I'd quickly come to Richmond town,
And cut a swell with my new team;
All day I'd truck it up and down,
And money 'd pour in like a stream.

XIII.
Low louted Pompey to the ground,
And, as his staring eyes waxed bigger,
He grinned and chuckled, "I'll be bound
I knows a gent'man by his figure."

XIV.
He grinned to north—he grinned to south;
He turned his grinning face t'ward Beckett's,
And put the dollar in his mouth—
A negro's substitute for pockets.







III.
Upon his shock of glistening wool
He wore a hat without a crown,
And, scantly-covered at his skull,
His shapely feet hung dangling down.

IV.
A merchant who was passing near
Heard Caffey thus soliloquize:
"Wittles down here is 'mazing dear;
A lazy nigger I despise.

VII.
There she would thrive, and, in due time,
Would pig a dozen, or fifteen;
And when these were in order prime,
In market here they'd soon be seen.

VIII.
The money that this pork would brag
I would lay out in market truck;
And in three years or more, by jug!
I'd have a hatful—with good luck.

XI.
In three years more—or maybe two—
I'd be both free and rich together;
And would retire, like white folks do,
Eat, and do nothing whatsomever."

XII.
"Here!" quoth the merchant. Pompey started.
"See Fortune present when you call her;
Such good designs should ne'er be thwarted;
Go! make your fortune—here's the dollar."

XV.
His dreams forgot, by instinct drawn,
He wends his way to where he wot of—
A place to colored boatmen known,
But which the city guard knows not of.

XVI.
'Twas near the hour of evening gray,
The thoughtful merchant homeward sauntered,
His quondam friend upon the way,
All drunk and reeling, he encountered.





XVII.

"Ah! wretch, this can not be excused!
To aid your fortune by your thinking;
But you my kindness have abused,
And spent the day in lawless drinking."

XVIII.

"Good master!" cried the goggle-eyed,
Striving to mantle his confusion—
"I've put them notions all aside,
And cogitate to dis conclusion!

XIX.

"That way we thought of takes so long,
I wish to die my freedom under;
Now all the world to me belong—
I 'nvested master's gift in licker!"

LORD DERBY, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of Lord Derby, the present prime minister of Great Britain, and one of the most famed orators in England.

It has been said of the highest nobles of England that there is no position in the world to be compared to the one which they occupy. The remark may well be applied to Lord Derby. Descended from one of the oldest of the great families of England, fourteenth Earl of Derby, he enjoys by right of mere birth a rank higher than genius or any possible success in life can win for their possessor, and equal, if not superior, to any station in the world, the kingly estate alone excepted. Endowed with wealth so large as to be wholly independent of pecuniary considerations, he has never felt the debasing influences which thoughts of money-getting engender, and his mind has always been free to devote its whole energy to the pursuit of high and exalting objects. Born of a race which has for generations made statesmanship its trade, he has enjoyed advantages, in point of elaborate training, hereditary experience, and cunningly-devised schemes of education, such as fall to the lot of no men in the world save a few of the class to which he belongs. Such a man may well provoke the envy of the ambitious; and if to this accidental good fortune he add the common merits of a quick intelligence, an aptitude for oratory, and very reputable powers of application, his good luck seems too astonishing to be real. Such has been the fortune of the present Earl of Derby.

When in 1809, at the age of twenty-one, he became competent to take his seat among the members of the British House of Commons, his grandfather, the Earl of Derby, presented him to Stockbridge, which constituency was in the Earl's pocket, and therefore naturally returned his nominee. He made his mark in Parliament by several brilliant speeches within a few months after his appearance in the House of Commons, and soon took a prominent place among the Whig leaders. He was known at this time as Mr. Stanley, his grandfather being alive, and his father enjoying the title of Lord Stanley. He sat in Parliament successively as member for Stockbridge, Preston, and Windsor, and acted with the Whig or Liberal party. His later elections were due entirely to the influence of that party, and his promotion to office—he became Secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey—was wholly due to the favor in which he stood with the Liberal leaders. In his official capacity he contrived to win more general unpopularity than any Secretary for Ireland before or since. No doubt, at the time, it was very difficult, if at all possible, for an English minister to administer the affairs of Ireland so as to satisfy its turbulent and short-sighted people. Mr. Stanley certainly managed to render himself hated by them, and not even appreciated by the people of the sister isles. There are many persons who remember him best by the name of the "scorpion Stanley," which was frequently bestowed on him by the arch-agitator O'Connell.



THE LATE EARL OF DERBY, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

In 1834 there appeared to be a prospect of the Whig party breaking up. The Reform Bill, on which they had rested their claims to public support, had become a fact, and the Tories once more loomed in the distance as a formidable opposition. Mr. Stanley who had done so well by his connection with the Liberals, and whose national reputation rested on the share he had taken in their great reforms, judged that the time had come to shift his colors; and, on the occasion of a party measure introduced by Earl Grey, boldly seceded from the Whig camp, and went over to the Conservative or Tory party. The question of free trade—which in England means the question whether breadstuffs shall be taxed or no—was coming up, and the Whig liberals took the ground that the poor should be enabled to buy bread as cheaply as possible, the Tory conservatives that the farmers should be protected from competition with foreign agriculturists by a tax on foreign breadstuffs. Mr. Stanley took the side of the latter. He maintained, in a number of ingenious speeches, that it was the duty of Parliament to support the farmer—that is to say, the landed aristocracy—at any cost; that the consideration of cheap bread for the poor was of insignificant moment in comparison with the maintenance of rents and the honors of the landed proprietors. Holding these views, when the Whigs unluckily broke down after their victories in 1833 and the following years, Mr. Stanley was called to the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, and under that chief filled the office of Colonial Secretary.

When Sir Robert Peel had the manliness to confess that he had been all along wrong, and that the protective duties on foreign breadstuffs ought to be repealed in order to give cheap bread to the poor, Mr. Stanley was one of the members of his party who deserted him. He held out to the last in favor of the agricultural—that is to say, the aristocratic—interest; and when Sir Robert became prime minister in 1846, and proceeded to repeal the Corn Laws, Mr. Stanley—who now became, by the death of his grandfather, Lord Stanley—took a leading part in opposing him.

From this time forth Lord Stanley was recognized as one of the leaders of the Protectionist Party in England. In one sense he was the leader of that party. He was the only chief it had who was capable of contending in Parliament against the chiefs of the Free-traders, and his rank and the prestige of his name gave him a marked advantage over the other Conservative leaders.

In the year 1851 his father died, and he duly succeeded to the title of the Earl of Derby. This settled his position. He became the leader of the party which advocated the reimposition of protective duties on foreign breadstuffs; and, in virtue of that attitude, enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the landed aristocracy of England. Accordingly, when in that year Lord John Russell found himself incapable of carrying on the government of England, he recommended Lord Derby as his successor, according to established usage. Unfortunately, when the latter tried to form a cabinet, he could not find men enough of the proper stamp to aid him in the work of carrying on the government, and declined the honor. A twelve-month afterward he was more successful. Another defeat of the ministry compelled the Whigs to hand over the government to their opponents; and this time Lord Derby became prime minister, with a number of his Protectionist friends to support him, and a small minority of Parliament to see him through.

It was thoroughly understood that, now that Lord Derby had attained the post which had been throughout life the dearest object of his ambition, he would bestir himself actively to carry into effect the designs which it had been the purpose of his life to favor, and which had won for him the position which he held among the landed aristocracy of the realm. It was confidently expected that he would at least attempt to reimpose protective duties on foreign breadstuffs. Instead of this he deliberately bestowed his attention on the best method of extending and consolidating the free-trade measures of his opponents, which it had been the aim of his life to defeat, and whose passage had clustered round him the thew and sinew of his supporters.

Partly in consequence of the disgust created by this second tergiversation, and partly from the inherent absurdity of the Tory platform in modern England, Lord Derby was soon compelled to resign his power, and to fall back upon the position of head of the Tory opposition. He remained in that attitude for several years. During these years he faithfully adhered—in all respects save the free-trade question—to the entire platform of the Tories. Especially was he noted for his strenuous and eloquent opposition to every bill which contemplated in any the least degree to extend the political rights of the people. Any extension of the suffrage, he argued, could not but be fatal to British institutions, and to the permanency of the British empire; and accordingly he opposed with all the power that was in him, in the House and out of the House, with speech and writing, at all times, in all places, and in all ways, with a tact or resolution which could by any possibility lead to an enlargement of the number of parliamentary electors, or to any expansion of the political privileges of the working-class of England. He was known throughout the British empire as the champion of the existing electoral law, and as the resolute opponent of popular suffrage.

During the Russian war he remained in dignified obscurity. Not until the past few weeks has any opportunity offered for his display of attention to his peculiar views. In the early part of this year, some acrimonious feelings having grown out of certain insolent disputches sent to England by the French Government, the Palmerston ministry were sacrificed in the endeavor to stand by the Emperor of the French. The Radicals, representing on this occasion the low hordes and hosts in England, opposed the concessions which the Government was prepared to make to the French; and Lord Derby and his conservative followers joining them, they succeeded in overthrowing Lord Palmerston, and forcing him to resign his office.

The old Whig leader accompanied his resignation with a recommendation to the Queen of Lord Derby as his successor. Lord Derby formed a Cabinet out of his old Tory - Conservative - Protectionist - anti-reform associates, and assumed the direction of the affairs of the country. He has duly inaugurated his administration by announcing that one of the first measures which he will propose to Parliament will be a bill to enlarge the list of electors.

His life has been a succession of bolts; he seems only to have sought office in order to repudiate his principles, and to give the lie to his professions. The ultimate fate of such a politician must be the same in England as it would be here: he will be driven from office with as much derision at every leading event of his life has elicited contempt.

Lord Derby married, in 1826, Emma Caroline Wilkinson, daughter of Lord Skermersdale. His eldest son, Lord Stanley, is one of the most rising politicians of England; he is liberal in his views, and is classed as "the most American" of the British statesmen of the day.

LITERARY.

It is now some time since we have seen the name of Donald G. Mitchell, Esq., on the title-page of a new work; and here we have it on the outside of an agricultural address which is delivered before the Connecticut Agricultural Society.

Here are no reveries of a bachelor but the plain matter-of-fact teachings of a practical farmer. The address is refreshing. It is an error among the deacons of this sort of public speech. It is polished and artistic, while it is frank and hearty in tone. Mr. Mitchell speaks like one who knows what he talks about. He has hard toys at "gentleman-farming," as it is called; throws cold water on the slanders of high-priced imported stock; recommends thrift, economy, and common-sense rules, in this forcible and telling way:

"Yes shall we find fault and cry saying you are nothing for looks; you do care for looks; you always have cared for looks. For what else did you, who need only a small house, build one of two stories, and set it off with white clapboards and with green blinds, and perhaps a cupola? For what else, in the days that went before your marriage with that very respectable woman, your wife, did you paint the house and seat and rig at your sister-cellars?

"Ay, we all care for looks, each man in his way. But I would counsel you to give less heed to the shirt-collars, and more to the flowers that unless you do lose to the green blinds and the cupola, where you never go, and more to the books and pictures about your family rooms. Do not build houses open to

go to once a year; do not stifle yourself in small kitchens for the sake of a parlor that is only occupied once a month to put your dead friends and kindred out in, saving society. Make your living room the large, sunshiny, comfortable, cheerful room of the house. Let the winter's noon stream into it, warm and golden. Let the fruits of autumn, and the flowers and blossoms of summer, which your daughters' hands have gathered, reside and grow upon the mantle. Let there be pictures on the wall which shall keep ever in your eye their lessons of Faith, lessons of Courage, lessons of Charity. Make it altogether such a place as your friends shall delight to linger in, and your children's hearts cleave to—fondly—always. Let there be no sham about your house; no shoddy furniture, no flimsy curtains, no cheap carpets which look as if they were made for a scene and abominable affectations as any concomitants of either. Let all your furniture be of a substantial and even a typical sort, typical of comfort, typical of refinement."

Apropos of addresses, we have received one de-

livered in the old Representatives' Hall at Washington by Edward M. Gallaudet, on the occasion of an exhibition of the pupils of the new National Institute for Deaf Mutes, which is under his charge at the Capitol. The address is simple and eloquent, and appeals strongly to the country for the support of this enterprise. Mr. Gallaudet is the son of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, whose fame in the same benevolent work is world-wide.

Carter & Brothers publish Hymns of the Church Militant—a collection made by Miss Warner, whose taste is excellent, and which will prove itself acceptable to all who desire a general collection of hymns without reference to church books. We find many ancient favorites here which have long ago escaped out of the ordinary hymn-books.

Another delightful collection of songs is published by Randolph, and entitled Little Songs for Little People, than which we know no collection more judicious or more complete. Many a house will ring with the music of these songs sung by the voices that are purest and pleasantest of all in the world; for if they do not sing in harmony, the little ones sing in perfect melody, and oftentimes it is far more cheering to hear their voices than would be a full orchestra or a perfectly trained choir.

Carter & Brothers publish in their Fireside Library series Passing Clouds, or Love Conquering Evil, an excellent little book for young people; and also The Roby Family, or Battling with the World, which is a conclusion to "The Giant Killer," a little book that many of our young readers will remember with pleasure. The lady author of these books has become very popular with the little folks; and as her lessons are unexceptionable, her books are desirable additions to the juvenile literature of the day.

One of the most valuable books of the past week is a new edition of the Rev. Dr. Riggs's Manual of the Chaldee Language, thoroughly revised by him, and forming now the only reliable work of its kind. To clergymen and Hebrew scholars in general we need not commend this book, but to general students of language we shall do a favor in directing their attention to it. Much interest has been manifested of late in the study of the Shemitish languages, both in England and America. Dr. Riggs has returned from his long residence in the East with perhaps a more complete understanding of those languages than any American scholar; and although his work is small, its condensation, simplicity, and clearness sufficiently evince the long study and careful labor which have enabled him to produce it.

John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, issue new editions of their Hand-books of Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas and Nebraska, of all which we have before spoken. That of Kansas contains too much political matter that does not belong in a hand-book, but it contains also much interesting and valuable information for emigrants and others.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 22, in the Senate, Senators Stuart, Bayard, Broderick, Douglas, and Toombs spoke on the Kansas question.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Stephens, and after debate by Messrs. Stephens, Phillips, Stanton, and Hughes, the witness Wolcott was handed over to the law for trial at the criminal court on the indictment found against him. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill being then taken up, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Garnett, Bishop, Pottle, Morris, Abbott, and Kellogg.

On Tuesday, 23d, after a speech on the Kansas question by Senator Green, that Senator moved the following amendments, which were carried:

First—Strike out of the preamble and substitute, "Whereas, the people of the Territory of Kansas did, by a convention of delegates called and assembled at Lecompton, September 4, 1857, form for themselves a Constitution and State Government, which said Convention having asked the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State, on an equal footing with the original States," etc.

Secondly—Add to section 2, ninth line, "That nothing in this act shall be construed to abridge or infringe any right of the people, asserted in the Constitution of Kansas, at all times, to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government in such manner as they may think proper—Congress hereby disclaiming any authority to intervene or declare the construction of the Constitution of any State, except to see that it is Republican in form, and not in conflict with the United States."

The vote on the last amendment was 31 to 25. Senator Pugh then moved, and it was carried, that the Federal laws, if not inapplicable, be extended into the State of Kansas, and a judicial district be formed as in Iowa. Senator Crittenden moved his amendment, in substance that the Lecompton Constitution be submitted now to the people of Kansas, and if approved of, that the President admit Kansas by proclamation; if rejected, the people of Kansas to call another convention and frame a new Constitution. This amendment was lost by 24 to 34. The amended Bill to admit Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution was then put and carried by 33 to 25.——The House, on assembling, went into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Kellogg, Singleton, Howard, Barnett, Blair, Wortendyke, and Potter.

On Wednesday, 24th, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented New York resolutions against Lecompton. Senator Wilson introduced a bill authorizing the construction of an electric telegraph to Utah. Various petitions were presented—among others, two for a relief (*i. e.*, bankrupt) law. A resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of suspending the Territorial laws of Utah. Senator Iverson, from the Military Committee, reported back without amendment the bills for the employment of a regiment of mounted volunteers on the Texan frontier, and for the calling out by the President four additional regiments of volunteers. Several unimportant memorials were reported and resolutions considered, when Senator Gwin proposed to take up the Pacific Railroad. After discussion, the Minnesota Bill was taken up in preference, and some discussion between Senators Seward, Pugh, Bates, and others followed.——The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Clark of Missouri, Granger, Clark of New York, Kilgore, Stewart, and Buffinton.

On Thursday, 25th, anti-Slavery resolutions were presented from Maine by Senator Fessenden (in spite of objections from Senator Mason), and from New York by Senator Seward. Various private bills were considered. The Committee on Commerce reported back without amendment the bill for a uniform code of international marine signals. The Minnesota Bill having been taken up, speeches were made by Senators Toombs, Brown, Wilson, Johnson, Mason, and Crittenden.——In the House, some conversation took place between Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, Washburn, and Montgomery as to the day on which the vote on the Kansas question should be taken, but no result was reached. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill having been taken up, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Peyton, Grow, Reilly, Thayer, Moore, Washburne of Illinois, Davis, Dean, Boyce, Covode, and Robbins. In the course of the debate it was understood that Mr. Stephens would, on the Thursday following, move to take up the Kansas Bill, and would move the previous question.

On Friday, 26th, the Senate not being in session, the House was occupied with the Lecompton Constitution, and speeches on the subject were made by Messrs. English, Smith of Virginia, Davis, Marshall, Palmer, and Morris.

On Saturday, 27th, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Seward of Georgia presented the report of the committee in Matteson's case, to the effect that it is inexpedient to take further steps for his expulsion. After conversation between Messrs. Seward and Craige the report was agreed to by 96 to 69. Mr. Glancy Jones, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill making appropriations for expenses incurred in collecting the revenue from customs, and repealing all laws authorizing their payment on the Pacific coast out of the revenue before being paid into the Treasury. Also a bill modifying the act of 1857, relative to the safe-keeping of the transfer and disbursements of the public revenue, so as to authorize the disbursing agent with the sanction of the head of his department, to hold money and pay it directly to the person to whom payment is to be made, without first depositing the same in the Treasury. The Kansas question was then taken up and speeches thereon made by Messrs. Shaw, Morris, Smith of Virginia, Burnett, Lane, and Hall.

REPUBLICAN REPORT ON LECOMPTON.

We gave, in a former number, the substance of the Majority and Douglas Reports of the House Committee on Kansas. The following is the point of the Republican minority of that Committee: They claim that "the Lecompton Convention could not make a valid Constitution:

"1. Because, whatever inherent power the people may possess, Congress refused all legal authority to the Territorial Legislature to call the Convention, though urged by President Pierce;

"2. Because the Legislature which created it was itself the creature of fraud and foreign invasion, and that this usurpation was never consummated by the acquiescence of the people;

"3. Because the Act of that Legislature, passed February 19, 1857, to 'provide for taking a census and the election of delegates to a Convention,' was never fairly executed. The census was incomplete, the registry was incomplete, the apportionment was incomplete, and the number of delegates assembled was incomplete;

"4. Because, through the nefarious apportionment, the threatened exclusion from the polls unless coupled with the payment of a tax to support a Government imposed upon them by high-handed outrages, through lack of all confidence of protection at the polls from violence and fraud, the majority did not and could not participate in the election of delegates, and it was therefore composed of a mere faction entitled to no regard;

"5. Because the most noted delegates pledged themselves to submit their work to the ratification or rejection of the people—thereby securing their election—and afterward betrayed their trust, and did not so submit the Constitution;

"6. Because it is not, in fact, the work of a majority of the Convention;

"7. Because the legislative, judicial, and executive powers conferred upon John Calhoun transcended the power of the Convention, and their exercise was entirely illegal, and therefore null and void."

They also deny that the Lecompton Constitution is acceptable or satisfactory to the people of Kansas.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS ON LECOMPTON.

Mr. Cochrane issued a notice on the 27th ult. for a democratic caucus to be held in the hall of the house at half past seven o'clock that evening. At the appointed time between sixty and seventy members were present. Mr. Cochrane was called to the chair, and Mr. Seward, of Georgia, was appointed secretary. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, stated the object of the meeting to be to confer together—the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton Democrats—and see if some arrangement could not be made to unite the discordant elements. He was ready to hear any suggestion from those gentlemen upon this Kansas difficulty. He had never yet been able to ascertain what those gentlemen desired. He, for one, was for unity and harmony, and desired above all things to preserve the party intact; and he believed it could be done if a proper spirit was manifested. Mr. English, of Indiana, then offered the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed by the chair, to consist of ten Lecompton and ten anti-Lecompton Democrats, whose duty it shall be to confer together, and ascertain whether any thing can be done to secure harmony and concert of action in reference to the question of admitting Kansas into the Union; and that said committee report the result of their deliberations to this caucus, for its consideration, on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to which time the caucus will adjourn."

The resolution was adopted.

THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE COMMITTEE.

The Investigating Committee on the Philadelphia Post-office has met at Washington. Mr. Campbell, late Postmaster-General, was examined, and completely exculpated himself from any connection with the transaction. Mr. Allibone was also examined. He testified that $23,000 was paid to Mr. Miller as a reward for his services in consummating and securing the contract. The price paid for the building and site was $250,000. The whole amount was paid into the Bank of Pennsylvania, in gold, from the Philadelphia mint. The committee meet again soon, when Mr. Miller will be examined.

LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

The War Department has received dispatches from the Utah Expedition to 1st February.

Colonel Johnston's letter is of such a character that it is deemed advisable not to permit a copy of it to be made for publication, although it is said that nothing of particular interest has transpired since the last advices. The health of the officers and soldiers is represented as good.

COLONEL JOHNSTON'S VIEWS.

Colonel Johnston writes officially on the 20th January as follows: "My information respecting the conduct of the Mormons since is that their troops are organized to resist the establishment of a Territorial government by the United States, and in furtherance of that object they have erected works of defense in the mountain-passes and near Salt Lake City. Knowing how repugnant it would be to the policy or interest of the government to do any act that would force these people into unpleasant relations with the Federal Government, I would, in conformity with the views also of the commanding General, on all proper occasions, have manifested in my intercourse with them a spirit of conciliation, but I do not believe that such consideration for them would be properly appreciated now, or rather would be wrongly interpreted; and in view of the treasonable temper and feeling now pervading the leaders and greater portion of the Mormons, I think that neither the honor nor dignity of the Government will allow of the slightest concession being made to them.

"They should be made to submit to the constitutional and legal demands of the Government unconditionally—an adjustment of existing difficulties on any other basis would be nugatory.

"Their threat to oppose the march of the troops in the spring will not have the slightest influence in delaying it; and if they desire to join issue, I believe it is for the interest of the Government that they should have the opportunity."

AN EXPECTED MORMON ATTACK.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Leader* writes: "On the 8th inst. we had quite a little excitement in the shape of an expected Mormon attack. Colonel Bee sent me out in charge of a small patrol early in the evening, to proceed up Black Fork and search the scrub and bluffs in the neighborhood for a Mormon camp, which was reported to have been seen by some individual, whom we hope to see some day soon properly rewarded for making such asses of us. It was very dark, no moon, and the pleasure of wading over sage brush and rocks, on a January night, among the Utah mountains, with a couple of feet of snow on the ground, must be tested to be appreciated. I went about fourteen miles or so at a rattling pace, saw nothing, found no fresh trails, and returned to camp, where I learned that two other larger parties under Lieutenant Deshler, 10th infantry, and Lieutenant Bennet, of the volunteer battalion, had started immediately I had left camp; the former returned on the following day, after a fatiguing night march, but the latter was out five days, the men carrying rations for that time. It was pretty hard licks walking over these plains in deep snow and camping out at night with only a single blanket for bedding and tent. Many of the men were more or less severely frost-bitten. Their reconnoissance was also unable to discover the least trace of any enemy."

A BALL IN CAMP.

He adds: "While some of the army were thus roughing it out, another portion of it, the non-commissioned officers of the 10th, got up a ball and supper in their camp, and many of our sergeants, corporals, and men of the volunteers attended. How it went off I don't know, as, though I have a pretty fair appreciation of a really genuine absurdity, still the idea of a ball in this confounded region, without the faintest attempt at any thing almost in the feminine line, was a leetle too rich. As far as I remember of what I heard, it ended in a perfectly free fight, involving the loss of the supper and the destruction of the grub, etc., being the only return made to a large majority for the $5 which they paid for their tickets.

CAPTURE OF A SPY.

"On the day following a gentleman came into the camp at head-quarters in the most free-and-easy kind of way, perfectly affable and communicative, and all that sort of thing, stating that he was a persecuted individual who had escaped from Salt Lake City, and offering for sale butter, eggs, and milk, luxuries unheard of, and assuming the air and manner, as far as possible, of a friend to the States and the army, and a jolly good fellow into the bargain. His career in this part, for which nature never intended him, was cut short as summarily as there is every reason to hope his existence will soon be, though not by the intervention of a rope, but of Major Porter, Assistant Adjutant-General, and a file of men with unpleasant revolvers ominously cocked. The interesting but misguided provider of the aforesaid dainties proved to be a notorious Mormon, called Cherokee Jim, *alias* Thomson, a regularly-commissioned 'destroying angel;' in other words, a blood-thirsty, murderous fanatic, who, like the Thugs in India, offered human sacrifices to the object of his adoration. He was immediately accommodated with bracelets and anklets to match, and put into the guard-house of the Fifth regiment, in which appropriate locality he still flourishes, and, it is to be anticipated, will flourish until he can be tried. Strong suspicion has arisen that the Mormons have spies, and good ones too, in our midst. Cherokee Jim asserts that they know every thing that passes, and I, for one, believe it."

PERSONAL.

Colonel Johnston, commanding Utah army, has been appointed Brevet Brigadier-General by the President.

Mr. Harris has been removed to Judge Douglas's house, as it is more comfortable than his lodgings. It is feared that he is far gone in consumption.

The Turkish Admiral and suite have accepted an invitation to visit the Red River of the North, which is the western boundary of Minnesota, the principal object being to see the valley of the river and to engage in hunting the elk and buffalo. It is proposed to make the trip in July. It is said that Vice-President Breckinridge, Senators Fitch and Rice, Messrs. Becker and Cavanaugh, representatives from Minnesota, and ex-Governor Medary will accompany the expedition.

Wolcott, the Middlesex Mills man, has been released on bail, and has gone to Boston. The bail is $2000, and Willard of the hotel is his bondsman. It is believed that through informality in the indictment this will be the end of that farce.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Galveston *News* writes that Colonel Lockridge was expected to leave for Texas on the 24th ult., with the intention of revolutionizing Northern Mexico, and that many Northern men and considerable means are engaged in the enterprise. A letter from Colonel Lockridge to the *News* confirms the statement.

Colonel Benton is confined to his bed, with cancer of the stomach. He works upon his Abridgement of the Congressional Debates as steadily as ever, and hopes to live long enough to finish it.

Mr. Edward F. Underhill, of this city, has started a revolutionary, fiercely progressive paper, called the *Movement*. We hope it may move in the right direction.

Governor Wise has written the following letter to the editor of the Vicksburg *Whig*:

"Richmond, Virginia, *Wednesday, March 3*, 1858.

"Dear Sir,—My opinion is that Virginia will never allow the remains of Washington to be removed from Mount Vernon, except to her own monument to his memory at Richmond. That she will, if they are not removed, never cede Mount Vernon to the Federal Government, and that she *ought* never to do so.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Isaac M. Patridge, Esq." "Henry A. Wise.

At an Assembly in this city the distinguishing feature of the evening was the Balmoral Schottische, in which all the ladies upon the floor appeared in the scarlet *jupon*, with the dress looped up over it, *a la* Queen Victoria. The reporter announces the *tout ensemble* as agreeable as the costume was jaunty, coquettish, and unique.

The Mayor of Louisville has ordered the arrest of Captain Travis, who had advertised to shoot an orange from the head of a boy, in that city, on a wager of $1000, in evidence of his skill as a pistol-shooter. Complaint was made by many citizens, who were incensed at this wanton trifling with human life.

A Washington letter-writer says that the bar of one of the fashionable hotels in that city has taken $21,000 for drinks in the past fourteen months. During several of these months the city was comparatively tenantless. This enables us to make a sort of approximation to the sum total of Congressional expenditure for fluxions.

Dr. Haight, we are happy to say, was, at the last advices, at San Antonio, about 22 miles from Havana, and so much improved in health that he had discontinued the use of medicine, and had been visiting the sugar plantations on horseback.

Mr. Polk, former minister to Naples, when he was recalled, remarked to a lady: "My brother Jim being President of the United States, it was necessary we should all become diplomatists, and you see what a fool I have made of myself."

Mr. N. P. Willis went to a christening at Mr. James E. Cooley's, and thereon writes as follows: "Among the celebrities were Dr. Taylor, the patrician pastor of Grace Church, who performed the service; Governor Hunt, with the couchant lion behind his easy smile; the historian Bancroft, locomotively ahead of the train of thought with which you were trying to come up with him; Count Gurowski, the exotic American author; Church, the Ossian-painter of Niagara, with a face corroborative of his inspired picture; Professor Greene, so long our scholarly Consul at Rome; Tiemann, the believed-in Mayor of our great cosmopolis; several of the best-known manufacturers of public opinion; and last, not least, the country's distinguished tree-champion, who has so happily moderated the thoughtlessness of the American axe. In the way of 'bright particular stars,' the most admired shining for the evening was done by a constellation from the North—a Boston mother and her two superbly beautiful daughters. It seemed but a day to me, as I looked upon them, since the mother herself was a fair young school-girl—just those daughters' age.

"For the rest of the evening's events—how charmingly the band played as the supper-room was thrown open; how *têtes-a-têtes* went on in the cozy library; how Morris and Willis renewed their vows of eternal fidelity over the chicken-salad; how Palmer's exquisite marble bust of Cooley's daughter was admired; how it waxed late; and how we wished the sweet infant whose baptism we had witnessed all manner of warm blessings, as Brown received us under the cold starlight of out-doors, and called our carriage with his pleasant fiction of 'good-night,' though it was morning—for all this, please call on your memory, my dear Morris, while we leave it to the reader's accommodation."

The Albany *Statesman* furnishes the following small-talk about New York society for the information of the rural districts:

"Now that Lent has caused a temporary cessation in the general festivities of the so-called fashionable world—especially of the Episcopal and Romish Churches—readings at private houses are coming in vogue, at which from fifty to a hundred of Eve's fair daughters assemble to listen to the interpretations of the best specimens of 'pure old English undefiled.' Miss Sedgwick, of hereditary intellectual fame, following in the wake of Miss Kemble Butler, whose career here was a success financially as well as oratorically, has given quite a number of these readings. With most attractive presence, a well-modulated and sympathetic voice, and thorough cultivation, this lady has inspired great admiration; reading-days of her own selection having been arranged for at the houses of Mrs. President King of Columbia College, Mrs. George Bancroft, Mrs. Parish, and other leaders of the 'upper ten.' The scene at one of these readings is represented as quite striking—with the number of private carriages, the ladies dressed in full visiting costume, and the absence of the male element—so pleasant *occasionally*, as one of the fair spectators *naively* remarked. The 'occasionally' was slightly emphasized, of course; but certainly this new style of entertainment is an improvement upon the balls and parties, which, this winter, it is true, have been rather less frequent than usual."

The *Times* says that "Ex-President Santa Anna, accompanied by his family, embarked on the 12th instant, at Carthagena, on board the British mail steamship *Clyde*, for St. Thomas and Havana. He was, doubtless, *en route* for Mexico."

A Chinaman visited the fish-market at Sacramento, and paid $2 50 for the privilege of throwing overboard forty-five fish. In explanation of this singular notion, he stated that on that day, a year or two since, he was wrecked with some eighty of his countrymen and thirty white men; that he was the only Chinaman that survived, and that he then made a vow that he would release forty-five fish on each succeeding anniversary of the day.

HOW CAPTAIN DURHAM MADE HIS ESCAPE FROM MARSEILLES.

Captain Durham, of the *Adriatic*, has published an account of his escape from Marseilles, in which the affair is thus described: "Learning that the *Adriatic* would not be taken possession of until the full extent of the loss by the *Lyonnais* could be ascertained, he improved the interval in devising the means of escape. He engaged a caulker and had her caulked all around for about five feet above the water's edge, under the pretext that she was so open, when the mistrals should set in she would sink right there in the harbor. Captain D. thinks there were no suspicions from this movement; for in the 'noise and confusion' of the caulkers' operations he and an assistant were quietly weaving the running rigging on board, and getting ready for sea. They worked at this business about three hours every night—say from nine o'clock till twelve—when there was much noise, and it was so dark no one could either hear or see what they were doing. What provisions they got were put on board another vessel, and from thence transferred to the *Adriatic* during the night. The crew were also shipped for another vessel, and subsequently taken on board the *Adriatic*, when they were so much intoxicated as not to be conscious of what was going on.

"Captain Durham commenced getting ready to haul out about nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th January, his force consisting, besides himself, of Captain ——, the two mates, and a boy. The vessel lay in the middle tier, about half-way up the harbor, with both anchors ahead, and moored with a hawser astern. They bent the two topsails and main-topmast staysail where she lay. The vessel ahead of the *Adriatic* was made fast to the chain, and when the *Adriatic* slipped they let go the fast of the other vessel, and hove her right into the middle of the harbor ahead of her. When the captain awoke and found out his situation, and that his vessel was adrift, there was no end to his imprecations against 'the d—d Yankees.' Captain D. had no time to spare to his '*sacres*,' but got clear of him as soon as he could, and hauled down the harbor nearly to the guard-ship, when he stopped to take on his crew and to make sail. The crew were got on board by four o'clock on the morning of the 9th; they then set the topsails, and putting four oars in the boat, put her ahead until the vessel got steerage way.

"When the *Adriatic* got abreast of the guard-ship, her boat came off and demanded the fort-pass of the former. Captain D., when asked for his pass, replied '*Prennez garde la*,' and threw the officer a small bit of paper with two sous wrapped up in it. The paper and money, however—whether by accident or design the Captain does not say—went over the boat and into the water, sinking to the bottom. The officer of the guard-ship then inquired for the name of the vessel, when Captain Durham sang out that she was the American ship *Luna*, that had cleared the day before. Nothing more was heard from the official, and the *Adriatic* proceeded on her way."

FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY IN CALIFORNIA.

A terrible tragedy took place at Grass Valley on Sunday, February 21, in which the family of Michael Brennan, consisting of his wife and three children, were poisoned by him with Prussic acid, after which he committed suicide in the same manner. Mr. Brennan was the agent of the Mount Hope Mining Company, and had formerly been a phonographic reporter for the press in this city. Pecuniary embarrassment is said to have been the occasion of the dreadful deed.

HOW THE DEED WAS DONE.

The *Alta California* says: "We have lying before us a letter written by a lady of that town to a friend in this city, which gives so well-connected a narrative of the affair that we avail ourselves of the privilege of making the following extract:

"'Mrs. Brennan did not tell the girls to go to church, and the cook heard Mr. B. ask Mrs. B. if the two servants were not going. Mrs. B. said, "You know the cook (Delia) is not well." The nurse, Kitty, went to church, and the cook took the two eldest children out to walk. Mrs. B. then took the youngest child in her arms, and walked up and down the veranda until he came and took it from her, when she went and laid out the children's clothing ready for their bath when they came back from the walk. The last the cook saw of Mrs. B. was when she left the veranda and went into the house. It is supposed that he did not tell his wife that he had lost heavily, and was deeply involved, more than ten minutes before her death. As she was totally unacquainted with her husband's financial condition she knew nothing of his embarrassment; and when he told her of his situation and what he meant to do with himself, the shock caused her to feel faint, and she laid down on the sofa. At this time he handed her a glass of claret, with the deadly poison in it, which she drank, thinking it was only wine, and that it would revive her. *A loaded pistol was on the table, for use in case she had not drank the wine.* After drinking she clenched her hands and struggled some, when he put the pillow over her face and smothered her; then saturated a piece of sugar with the poison and fed it to the child. When the cook returned he took the eldest child, a girl, and administered the sugar to her. He then called the boy, Bobby, into the room, but he ran out, crying, "Oh! mamma!" but the father followed him, calling him his little man, took him up in his arms, carried him back, gave him some sugar, and smothered him. The girl, who was preparing lunch in another apartment, did not think any thing unusual of these actions. After killing the entire family the father secured all the doors and sat down to write, but hearing Martineau come he stepped out, and, holding the door in his hand, told him the girls were at church, and that he would not bother about lunch, but have dinner at five o'clock. He said Mrs. Brennan was not well, and had laid down. In the letter he wrote, he said he wanted Martineau, the secretary of the company, to be sure they were all dead.'"

WHY COUSINS SHOULD NOT MARRY.

In the annual report of the Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is the following argument against the marriage of cousins:

"From ten to twenty per cent. of deaf mutes are the children of cousins. It is greatly to be regretted that the law forbidding the marriage of first cousins did not pass the recent Legislature. These marriages are violations of the law of nature, as is evidenced by the affliction visited in almost every case upon their offspring in deafness, blindness, and idiocy—and ought to be a violation of human laws also. The commonwealth has a clear right to protect itself against these ill-starred matches, whose offspring it has to sustain, frequently for life. It may be hoped that this important subject will not escape the action of our legislators many years longer. It is confidently believed that, by forbidding marriage of this kind, and by proper attention and care of infants laboring under the disease stated, the number of deaf mutes in the community might be diminished by one-half in a generation."

A CHASE AFTER A SHARK.

The Norfolk *Argus* contains the following: "A gentleman and servant, a stalwart negro, went fishing for rock on the Bay shore. The big darkey, after wading out, tied the line around his body. Soon an old shark came along and swallowed the bait, and Sambo held the line. The powerful fish, however, drew him gradually out in deep water by a rapid movement, tightened the line and dashed furiously out from the shore, followed by the darkey, who alternately disappeared beneath the waves and rose to the surface, grabbing at his knife as he rushed on with almost lightning speed in the wake of the shark. He was seen at the distance of nearly a mile, entirely beyond the reach of assistance, and a victim of his own hazardous daring and imprudent temerity."

A BLACK MAN SOLD AT AUCTION IN BOSTON.

The Boston *Courier* states: "Messrs. Barbour & Son sold at auction yesterday the old wooden buildings at the corner of Sudbury and Portland streets, to make room for improvements. The auctioneer stated that he should sell to the highest bidder the buildings and their 'contents,' with the exception of the bricks and stone, but was quite surprised, if not alarmed, upon being subsequently informed that one of the buildings contained a negro tenant at the time of the sale. The black man, it is said, was once a Southern slave, although a free man at the present time. This little incident created considerable merriment, as the auctioneer is known to be somewhat ultra in his Anti-Slavery views."

A CLERGYMAN BURIED ALIVE.

A letter dated Holland, Erie County, Pennsylvania, March 15, says:

"A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister named Reed was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped overnight with another minister at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit in the night, and it was supposed he had died. The other minister being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season had him buried the next day. On his return from meeting he left word at Oxford that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split, and his shroud was completely torn off and he turned nearly on his face. He was a bachelor, and a very worthy man. His dreadful death is much lamented."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE WITH FRANCE.

In Parliament, on 12th, Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said he would take the earliest opportunity of stating that within the last hour her Majesty's Government had received a dispatch from the French Government in answer to the dispatch addressed to them by her Majesty's Government, and he had great pleasure in announcing to the House that those painful circumstances which had unhappily for a time subsisted between the Governments of the two countries had entirely terminated; they had been terminated in a spirit friendly and honorable, and in a manner which he believed satisfactory to the feelings, as he was sure they would be conducive to the interests and happiness of both countries. As soon as her Majesty's permission had been obtained, it would be his duty to lay the correspondence upon the table.

THE COURT CAMARILLA AGAIN.

A gossiping correspondent of a London paper tells the following anecdote of the troubles which beset Lord Derby's accession to office:

"One story flying about was, that there was a 'Bedchamber Plot,' that the Duchess of Sutherland would not budge in favor of the Duchess of Manchester, and that Lord Derby was going to throw up the cards in consequence. The Whigs played that game in 1835 with great success—Sir Robert Peel, in consequence of his ladies not being accepted, having declined to form a Government. But it could not be done again; common sense could not afford it. With a very youthful female sovereign on the throne, it was a political consequence that she should be surrounded by a Court at least not hostile to her Minister, and the public sympathy of the time was with the youthful Queen, hesitating to bring a host of strange Tory dames about her. But Victoria Regina is rather an elderly, sensible person by this time, and if a Minister insisted on his bedchamber women, her Majesty would undoubtedly have to give way. It is, however, a question whether the time has not come to omit these great ladies in a 'crisis.' The world has very little idea how they hunger for pay and place, and the social advantages of a court position; and their fuss gives rise to many an intrigue and affects many a vote. But is it not time to put a stop to such a system? Why, because Lord Palmerston is out and Lord Derby is in, should the Duchess of Sutherland give up her rooms, and leave off scolding the maids in charge of the robes at the palace? The female officers about the court ought to be abolished altogether. Some suggestion of this kind may have been very appropriately urged by the Queen, and hence the gossip about a difficulty at the Court. But Lord Derby seems not to have had the courage to undertake the innovation. Rupert ran away from a charge of crinoline—and no wonder."

DEPARTURE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The *Pearl*, screw-steamer, having on board Dr. Livingstone, sailed on 10th ult. from Liverpool. There were also on board Mrs. Livingstone and her little son; Captain Bedingfield, R.N., Government surveyor and nautical commander of the expedition; Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, botanist and medical officer; Mr. Thornton, geologist; Mr. Rae, engineer of the launch; and Mr. T. Baines, artist, who now goes out for the purpose of sketching the country passed through, and the inhabitants, animals, and plants met with in the research in Africa. The *Pearl* will proceed up the Zambesi as far as her draught of water will permit, and, after disembarking her passengers, stores, and launch, steam direct for the island of Ceylon, whither she will be employed by the East India Company for the purpose of carrying the mails from the main land to the steamer contract boats at Point de Galle. She has been fitted up with a lifting screw, and every other recent invention, for the purpose of procuring speed. The launch which the *Pearl* takes out is for the purpose of facilitating the navigation of the shallows of the River Zambesi.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT FROM WEARING HOOPS.

Another instance of the dangerously combustible nature of that article which is just now the "delight of the fair sex," has occurred at Tunbridge Wells. Three young ladies were at a party, when one of them rose from her seat, and passed by the fire-place. Presently one of her companions espied her dress on fire, when an excited scene was enacted. The second young lady called out to the first that her dress was on fire, and rushed to the door to alarm the house. The lady "on fire" seized her, and thus her dress was ignited also. The crinoline was flaring away, when the shrieks of the fair unfortunates brought one of the other sex to their assistance, who tore off them the ignited parts of their dress. After he had, as he thought, placed them out of danger, the lady whose dress first caught fire when she passed the fire-place, discovered that her garments were still on fire, and she rushed to the door, but was prevented from going out by the third young lady. She was then hurried away to the bath, and finding no water in it, the gentleman placed her under the tap, and saturating her clothes with water, succeeded in extinguishing the fire. One of their arms was severely burned. The floor of the room caught fire from the burning pieces thrown on it, but it was soon put out.

THE WORKING OF THE NEW DIVORCE ACT.

The *Leader* tells the following story: "The operation of the New Divorce Act is beginning to be illustrated in a marked manner. An application which was made at Exeter a few days ago deserves attention. A Mrs. Catherine E. Bond applied under the 20th and 21st of Victoria, cap. 85, for protection for herself and property against her husband and his creditors. The wife stated that her husband had deserted her without reasonable cause for nearly five years, during which time she had supported herself by letting furnished lodgings. She had heard nothing of her husband until June last, when he returned to her in a state of utter destitution, and out of charity she permitted him to sleep under her roof, and to take his meals in the kitchen. Very recently it has been ascertained that during the time of the husband's being away he had married another woman, and he is now in prison awaiting his trial for the bigamy. Meanwhile, the man's creditors have applied to Mrs. Bond for payment of her husband's debts, and she is threatened with ruin. The notable feature in this case is, that the fact of the wife having consented, even in charity, to permit the husband to return beneath her roof, is held to have condoned for the previous desertion, and to have rehabilitated the husband in all his previous rights and authority; and there is but one hope for the security of the poor woman whose tender-heartedness prevented her from shutting her door in the face of the man who had deserted her—the fellow will, very probably, be convicted, and there will then be no difficulty in affording her protection."

A COMFORTABLE FAMILY.

A London paper gives the following list of offices held by a noble family in England: "The Marquis of Normanby—our Minister at Florence, and high in Austrian favor. The Earl of Mulgrave (son of the above peer)—just appointed Governor of Nova Scotia.(?) The Hon. Charles Phipps, C.B., Colonel in the army (brother of the marquis)—Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse, and Treasurer of the Household to the Prince Consort. His son, Charles—page of Honor to the Queen (which will soon procure the boy a commission in the Guards, worth £1200). His son-in-law, Captain Sayer, Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards. The Hon. Edmund Phipps (second brother of the marquis)—Commissioner of Encumbered Estates in the West Indies (usually resident in Italy). The Hon. Augustus Phipps (third brother of the marquis)—Rector of Euston-cum-Barnham, Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen."

FRANCE.

REVOLUTIONARY OUTBURSTS.

The *Moniteur*, of the 11th March, says that, on the 24th Feb., arrests were made in various parts of France, which defeated culpable projects, and led to the discovery and seizure of arms, ammunition, and compromising correspondence. The arrests, however, have been exaggerated. They are limited to fifty principal ringleaders at Paris, twenty at Lyons, twelve at Marseilles, and four, on an average, in forty other départments. In spite of this precaution a gathering took place in Paris on the night of the 5th of March; but firm and vigilant measures caused it to prove abortive, and led to twenty new arrests.

The *Moniteur* states that, at Chalons, on the 6th March, forty men surprised a small post of infantry. They then attempted to get possession of the railroad station, crying, "*Vive la Republique!*" Driven back, they occupied the head of the bridge to interrupt communication with the barracks. The officers, who live in the town, cut their way through, and the garrison also turning out, the rioters were dispersed. Fifteen were captured.

The affray which took place at Chalons was, indisputably, part of the plan of systematic agitation.

The *Patrie* gives further details of the revolutionary attempt at Chalons, showing that the mob took the infantry post by surprise, and seized nearly all the arms. The rioters were subsequently subdued by a strong military detachment, and many arrests were made.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The *Patrie* publishes further particulars. It says: "We have received from Châlons-sur-Saône some new details relative to the revolutionary attempt of which that city was the scene on the evening of the 6th. Favored by the darkness and by a heavy fall of snow, the rioters, preceded by some individuals of an inoffensive appearance, proceeded first to a small infantry post in the Rue de Beaunes. At some distance off the majority of the mob halted; those who formed a sort of advance-guard went up to the sentinel, who was instantly surrounded and disarmed, in spite of his resistance, while one of the assailants put his hand on his mouth to prevent his raising an alarm. After this first success the remainder of the rioters rapidly advanced on the guard. The soldiers, half-asleep, could not prevent the seizure of the arms which were placed in the gun-rack near the door, but the sergeant in command had time to draw his sword and seize a few of the muskets, which he distributed among his men, ordering them to load immediately. The rioters, who had possessed themselves of arms, then left the post, and went to the railway station, where, as the *Moniteur* announced, they were energetically repulsed. Meanwhile the officers of the garrison had received information in a *café*, where they were accustomed to assemble, of what was going on. They went forthwith to the sub-prefecture, in order to take forcible possession, if necessary, of the representative of authority. Seeing that every thing was tranquil there, they went to their barracks, situated on the other side of the river, taking with them some soldiers whom they had met strolling about; but on arriving at the bridge the rioters disputed their passage. Thereupon the officers and soldiers, sword and bayonet in hand, cut their way through, not without wounding several of those who attempted to oppose them. On the other side of the bridge appeared almost immediately the military commander at the head of a strong detachment coming from the barracks. At sight of these soldiers the rioters fled in all directions, while the soldiers occupied the Hotel de Ville, the sub-prefecture, and the approaches to the bridge. As a peculiar incident of this affray, it was noticed that some of those who took part in it wore tin-plate cuirasses beneath their clothes. The greater part of the insurgents were arrested, and the rest no doubt will soon be in the hands of justice."

NAPOLEON'S MANIFESTO ON THE ENGLISH DIFFICULTY.

A pamphlet has just been issued at Paris in regard to the refugee difficulty between France and England. It is entitled "*L'Empereur Napoleon III. et L'Angleterre;*" and the Paris correspondent of the *Times* says, though it is the work of an eminent publicist, a member of the Council of State, yet the inspiration has been derived from the highest sources. The document treats of Napoleon's career since he was elected President; refers in glowing terms to the Anglo-French alliance, its results, and the earnest desire of the Emperor for its continuance; and then enters at great length into the refugee question, and shows the danger the French Government is constantly running from the machinations of the French refugees in London, winding up with an appeal to the English Government and people not to be led away by false interpretations, and expressing a hope that the alliance will firmly stand the trials which it is undergoing. The manifesto was regarded as a State paper, and attracted general attention in France. It is said to have produced favorable impressions; but in England the reverse was the case.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE BETTER ADMINISTERED IN FRANCE THAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

An "eminent member of the New York Bar," in the course of a letter to the *Evening Post* on the trial of Orsini, makes the following striking remarks:

"Whatever may be thought, in the United States and in England, of the political system of France, no reproach can justly be made against their criminal proceedings. A criminal prosecution is for the purpose of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of the accused, and the French pursue this investigation with perfect fairness. In the United States it is not so. Criminal trials are not there fairly conducted. The accused has largely the advantage of the Government which accuses him; and besides he has, I regret to say, generally the sympathy of the public; and, in consequence, many of the guilty are turned loose to renew their outrages upon society. In France the judges are independent, and therefore fearless and learned in the law; the rules are inflexible, and are, moreover, not all made to facilitate the prisoner in covering up his guilt. It does sometimes happen in this country, as in the Jeufosse case, recently tried, that the guilty escape; but it is rare that the feeling of the community takes the side of the criminal. How many murderers are annually acquitted by corrupt or incompetent juries and courts in the United States! And yet we boast of the perfection of our government!"

A SET OF LIVING CHESSMEN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "In the new opera of M. Halevy, the *Magicienne*, which is about to appear at the Grand Opera, a game of chess will be played by the *corps de ballet*. In this animated game the dancers will be dressed in the costume of the various pieces of the chess-board, so that chess players in the audience can follow each move. For the invention of this singular interlude, M. Mazilier, *chef de dance*, claims the priority. But it seems that the same thing has been done at Mobile, in Alabama. At Mobile there is a society of anonymous young men, who meet once a year for a masquerade. This year this society ordered their costumes from Paris—it is thus that the circumstance is known here—and these costumes represent an old German tableau on an old bridge at Munich, which has been popularized by lithography and photography. The picture represents the genius of good and the genius of evil, sitting face to face, with a large chequer-board between them, on which they play the destinies of humanity. Satan moves the black pieces, of which each represents a vice. The white pieces, representing virtues, are moved by his adversary."

LAMARTINE A PLAGIARIST.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "Another literary quarrel has been furnishing amusement to the public lately. A very few years ago, M. Lamartine published 'Graziella,' as a work of his own. It is now proved beyond dispute that the events and the personages were all borrowed, without consent of the real author, from 'Charles Barimore,' a novel published by M. de Forbin, in 1810. Had this been all, M. Lamartine could only be accused of plagiary, but he had proclaimed himself not only the author but the hero of 'Graziella;' he had given it to the public as 'an ower true tale,' the incidents were those of his own life, the story was that of his love and his tears! And behold! the love and the tears of M. Lamartine are the love and the tears of somebody else! M. Lamartine proclaimed himself the seducer, the destroyer, of a lovely creature who never existed, save in some one else's imagination! All tender-hearted sentimental readers were indignant, but very glad to know it was all true, and M. Lamartine accepted with contrite heart the responsibility of a sin he had never committed. The last line in his book was: 'Forgive me, I have wept!' His sin and his repentance proved very profitable; each drop of those same tears was coined into bright pieces; innocence would never have paid so well and had such a run. M. Lamartine chose to remain under this load of sin, until forcibly relieved, and cruelly declared *not guilty!* A curious farce to be acted by a great poet and a statesman."

THE EMPRESS JEALOUS OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

He tells the following story: "An anecdote, of which the heroine is an American lady, has recently been put into private circulation. The lady, celebrated for her personal charms and her husband's wealth, was a very welcome and very frequent guest at the Elysée, in the days of the Presidency; indeed, her reception there on all festive occasions was so warm that she thought fit to withdraw from attentions that were becoming too marked. When her host took unto himself a wife, Mrs. —— thought the danger was over, and again became a guest at all the court balls. About two years ago, however, the invitations ceased suddenly, and all applications for tickets remained unanswered. The lady was exceedingly annoyed, and took great trouble to ascertain the cause of her disfavor. But, finding her efforts and inquiries unavailing, she courageously determined to seize the first opportunity that offered of *demanding satisfaction* for what she considered a gratuitous insult. Fortunately France and the United States did not declare war on each other on this momentous question—the lady was her own champion. At the fancy and masked ball of Mr. Fould, Mrs. —— appeared as *La Dame de Pique*. Her dress was composed of alternate stripes of white satin and crimson velvet, on which were numerous black velvet spades surrounded by gold cord. The head-dress, composed *con amore* by Felix, consisted of a crimson velvet tiara, around which the trefoil leaves of the spades in black velvet, each adorned with a large diamond as a drop of dew, figured as *fleurons*. The lady was resplendent. Among those who surveyed with admiration this beautiful and portly Queen of Spades was one domino, between whom and her Majesty a little ball-room flirtation arose. Finding they were closely watched by another mask, the stranger proposed a walk through the saloon, to which Mrs. —— readily assented. The conversation commenced with a remark that, though she did not appear to know him there, they were old acquaintances. Where had she been traveling these two years? Nowhere. She had remained in Paris. Ah! then, why had she not added the charm of her presence to the court balls? And why had she chosen that dress? Here Mrs. —— could no longer contain the explosion of her griefs. She recounted her mortification to this domino, whom she insists she did not know. He replied there was some woman's work in all this, and at any rate she should no longer be the *Dame de Pique*. She should have invitations to all the balls. The finale was, the gallant stranger revealed his august features, the lady gave a flower from her bouquet in exchange for the promise, which has been faithfully kept, and so ends my, or rather her story, of which the reader may believe as much as he chooses; my own opinion I reserve."

STORY OF A KISS AND A KICK.

The correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* is responsible for the following:

"A few evenings since, at Madame de R.'s, it was proposed to play an unpublished comedy, the production of one of our most successful dramatic authors. The subject was excellent—the *rôles* all very good—but there was one which no person would consent to take—that of a young man who gives a kiss to a beautiful woman, and receives a kick in return from the beauty's husband. Every one wished to give the kiss, but no one would consent to receive the kick—and this same kick, being an excellent comic element, made a point in the piece not to be suppressed. The comedy was about to be laid aside, when a young man, lieutenant in the cavalry of the imperial guard, consented to take the *rôle*, and receive the kick in public, provided, however, it was dispensed with at rehearsals, which was naturally agreed to.

"Madame de N. took the *rôle* of the young wife, receiving the embrace of the lieutenant. M. de N., her husband, acted the part of husband in the play.

"At the first rehearsal M. de N. said,

"'It is understood the kick is to be omitted at rehearsals, and it follows that the kiss be also omitted.'

"'I do not consent to that!' exclaimed the lieutenant. 'This is the only condition on which I submit to the humiliation I must undergo before the public.'

"'But consider,' continued M. de N.

"'Oh, the jealous monster!' exclaimed all of the ladies.

"'Nonsense—jealous!' cried the wife.

"In short, M. de N. in vain endeavored to be heard—it was decided the kiss should be given, and the kick omitted.

"The rehearsals lasted over a month. Already our lieutenant had given his thirty-eighth kiss—he had been present at every rehearsal, and the rehearsal was always preceded by an excellent breakfast. The husband, dissatisfied with the manner with which the kiss had been given and received, promised himself an exciting revenge on the evening of the representation. At last the important day arrived—the last grand rehearsal had taken place, and the lieutenant had given Madame de N. his thirty-ninth kiss—but a few hours more and the comedy would be presented to the public. M. de N. sharpened his foot. At six o'clock, as Madame de R. was giving the last glance at the arrangements of her theatre and *salons*, a servant presented her with a note, which she opened and read as follows:

"'MADAME LA COMTESSE,—I am in despair at what has occurred, but I feel it will be absolutely impossible for me to embrace Madame de N. in public. I had hoped I should be able to overcome my miserable bashfulness—but my timidity triumphs. I renounce new efforts, which would be useless, and take flight. I have exchanged positions with one of my brother officers in Africa, and at the moment you receive this I shall be far from Paris. Believe, Madame la Comtesse, in my very profound regrets and my despair. Present my heartbreaking excuses to Madame de N.; and receive the assurances of the highest respect, etc.,

"'LE VISCOUNT DE T.'

"The comedy, naturally, was not played, but replaced by another."

HOW M. DE X. WON HIS WIFE.

He also tells the following story: "One of the most brilliant balls *costumés* of the season was given recently in the superb salons of Madame de X., Faubourg St. Honore. Madame de X. has been married but a few years, and the circumstances attending her marriage are singular enough to be worthy of record.

"This lady, formerly Mademoiselle B., an opulent heiress, was about to marry a Portuguese gentleman—Marquis de F.—presented by her family, for whom she had neither love nor aversion. The day of the wedding Mademoiselle B. entered the salon in bridal costume, and approached the mirror over the fire-place to arrange a part of her head-dress. Her dress took fire, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. The guests present uttered cries of horror and fear, and many rushed from the room. The Marquis fell fainting in an arm-chair. A young man, M. de X., a friend of the future husband, caught the young girl in his arms and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, not, however, without being severely burned himself. The wedding was postponed, but the adventure had its important consequences. Miss B. was disgusted with her effeminate *fiancé*, who, in the moment when she most needed his aid and assistance, had betrayed unpardonable weakness. M. de X. merited her gratitude, and even something more. 'He has presence of mind, courage, and fortitude,' she said; 'he has suffered for me—he has saved me; I owe him a recompense—I will marry him.' This decision was irrevocable. The Marquis was dismissed, and M. de X. had the happiness of marrying a charming wife, whose least merit is the possession of a large fortune."

HOW TO SET A DISLOCATION OF THE VERTEBRÆ OF THE NECK.

A little girl, nine years of age, of Fournols, a commune in the department of Puy-de-Dome, was amusing herself with "see-sawing" on a plank, her brother being at the other end. He suddenly got down, and the little girl was thrown off by the jerk, and fell on an obstacle, which caused the luxation of the sixth cervical vertebra. Dr. Missoux being called in, he immediately recognized the case as one in which any violent effort to replace the vertebræ would inevitably cause the death of the patient; he therefore resolved to effect it gradually, by fatiguing the muscles, and causing them to relax of their own accord. A plank was procured, and a square block of sufficient thickness placed at the end of it by way of a pillow; the patient was then laid on the plank, so that her head, which was immovably thrown backward, rested on the block. There was, therefore, an empty space between her spine and the plank; the weight of the chest and shoulders was solely supported by the dislocated vertebral column. By degrees the resistance of the muscles, which was the chief obstacle to the restoration of the bone to its natural position, diminished, the head slowly returned to its place, and in about an hour and a half the muscles had so far relaxed that the dislocated vertebra slipped into its place again by itself. The patient could see, move, and speak as before; nevertheless, she was kept in bed for a whole month by way of precaution, and is at present perfectly recovered.

ITALY.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

A letter dated the 19th says: "It is nearly certain about 40,000 victims is the result of the earthquakes. In Basilicata hundreds have perished from hunger and by lock-jaw. Two other shocks, rather severe ones, happened in Calabria, and one near St. Germano, announced by rumbling noises, but causing no damage. The Pope has given 3000 ducats for the unfortunates of the earthquake; and the club of the horse-races, at the head of which is the Conte d'Aquila, gave the sum of 2000 ducats that was to have been spent for the next spring meeting. The sum subscribed by the English here is about £1000. After much discussion, it was settled that Dr. Strange and two other English gentlemen (residents) should go to distribute the money themselves, instead of giving it into the hands of Government."

ANOTHER DREADFUL CALAMITY.

Another sorrow has fallen upon Salerno. No sooner has the panic occasioned by the earthquake begun to cease than the population are again alarmed by another sad event. The tooth of St. Matthew the Bishop, one of the precious relics of the Church, has been stolen. It disappeared during the agitation consequent on the late disaster, and this incident is only another proof of that moral disorder which is often perceptible in times of great social distress. The Bishop has ordered the excommunication of the sinner, but to no effect; processions with torches have been made, all equally useless; the precious relic, which has saved Salerno from so many misfortunes, is not to be found.

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have dates from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult., with advices from the City of Mexico to the 16th. It is very difficult to obtain reliable information, but the following is probably pretty near correct: Several battles had been fought between the Constitutional forces and those of the Zuloaga Government. The latter claim a triumph, but it don't amount to much.

General Parrodi had retreated before General Osollos, of the Zuloaga party. Pronunciamentos were still the order of the day, but the Government of Zuloaga seems to be generally gaining ground.

The City of Vera Cruz was under martial law. The forces of Zuloaga were on their way there, and a hard battle would probably be fought somewhere between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz.

REBELLION IN SONORA.

A letter by the overland mail, *via* El Paso and San Antonio, to Lieutenant Mowry, dated Arizona, Feb. 7, states that General Gandara, the leader of the rebellion at Sonora, has been entirely successful, having defeated the Government troops in several battles. At the last accounts Gandara had surrounded Peschiera, the Governor, so as to cut off all hopes of escape. Gandara had also ordered all the prisoners to be massacred, and proclaimed that he would hang Peschiera if taken.

Other letters say that the Fort Yuma and El Paso wagon-road was progressing finely.

The people of Rio Grande were much interested in the success of the Arizona bill to admit them as a Territory.

REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.

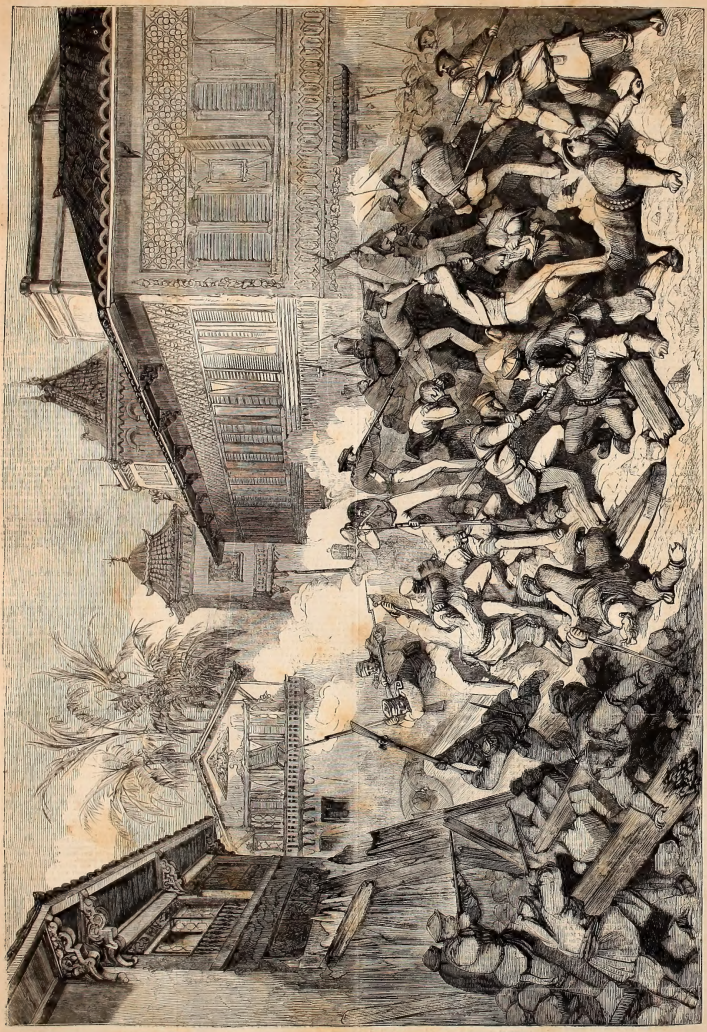
The *Herald* contains the following statements:

"PANAMA, *March* 17, 1858.

"On my arrival here I found the news widely circulated of a revolution in Caracas, in behalf of General Paez. It is said that the people rose, proclaiming him (Paez), and that Monagas was besieged in the Plaza de San Pablo, with his personal guard, fighting for their lives."

"CARACAS, *Feb.* 27, 1858.

"We are now in earnest, and the outbreak will commence this month in Valencia and Porto Cabello."



A SCENE IN THE ATTACK ON CANTON BY THE ALLIED FRENCH AND ENGLISH.



ATTACK ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR'S BOAT IN A CREEK NEAR CANTON.

THE ATTACK ON CANTON.

THE foregoing illustrations represent a scene in the recent attack on Canton by the allied French and English troops, and an attack by Chinamen, in a creek near Canton, on an English man-of-war's boat containing the famous Lieutenant Pim, and the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Wurgman. The American reader will easily look for the stars and stripes among the combatants. Our people were, for the last accounts in the week, kept out of the fight.

We have already given in the news columns the story of the attack. We feel that we can not do better than add the following extracts from the correspondent of the *London Times*. Referring to the first assault, he says:

"Captain Key's guns, and four French field-pieces under Lieutenant de Vaisseau Vezzi, from behind the village, were battering away at the walls, and kept down all but the occasional distance of thirty feet, and the shells and rockets from the Dutch Folly and the ships in the river were, from an unseen distance, bursting along the whole line of fortifications. The orders were that the assault should be made at nine o'clock, but the time had been all night in the open; they were drawn up at daybreak in position, and the interval between the French and English added to their impatience. However we may censure the system of it would be a small amount of courage to continue to crowd these walls, and ply their hidden assailants with guns, and grape, and musketry, rockets, while these shells were bursting over their heads, and these guns were crowding their embrasures and the riflemen were dinging their deadly bullets through the loopholes. Twenty minutes before the appointed time the French advanced guard, and of course the English could not be kept back. They had crossed the ditch, and were clambering up the wall, before the scaling-ladders could be brought up.

"Meanwhile the Chinese had been tumbling down all sorts of missiles, but when the Allies were once upon the walls the great body of them fled. They poured down into the city and fired from the streets; they dodged behind the buildings on the ramparts, and aimed their cumbrous matchlocks from behind them. A few single encounters took place, and the ground was won to the left of the gate, and hurry to the right to sweep the wall upward toward the hill. Helter-skelter, away they went, driving the Tartars down in front of them and before them along the wall, until, some hundred yards in front, they came upon a new set of scaling-ladders, who were just accomplishing another escalade."

The first attack only effected the destruction of the fortifications. The troops were not allowed to enter the city. A week afterward orders were given for the assault upon the city itself. This was on the 5th January. The *Times* correspondent says:

"At half past seven o'clock in the morning, while the rain was still falling, three columns of English red-coats penetrated into the city down three narrow streets, while a detachment of four hundred French sailors, with a gun, were advancing along the wall to our right. They are all soon lost to sight, and we must imagine as well as we can how if we would see more. There is heavy firing on our left, and of course we hurry there first. It is only Colonel Jamieson's men disembarking at the fort. Let us speed away to see what the General's party are doing. They meet with no resistance except from the intricacy of the streets. But they have lost their way, overshot their mark, and, in the labyrinth of narrow ways, can not find the yamun they are in quest of. Colonel Holloway's detachment of four companies are more successful. They have marched rapidly down the street, and they have paused for a few moments before a closed gateway. It is only a passive resistance. The pioneers, with a few blows of their axes, open a way through the obstruction, as they have done at a barricade which is erected a little beyond, but is not manned. The people look on from their doors, and the Chinese very waters-beaten in the mud fly to the rear of the troops, just as though nothing uncommon were passing. Few Tartars arrive at the cross-road where one street strikes the Street of Benevolence and Love—a fine broad avenue in the map, a hovel-crowded alley, no doubt, in reality. Here Colonel Holloway detaches Captain Parke, with three companies, to the left, with instructions to advance and seize the treasury, while he leads the rest of his men round to the right. A hundred paces bring him in front of the yamun of Peh-kwei, the governor of the city and provinces. Like the house of all Chinese yamuns, it is a shabby square, with a wall on one side, whereon a gigantic beast is painted. The vast doors of the yamun, whereon two great lgures like those of Magog are daubed, front this monstrous effigy. This is the place ultimately in the Colonel's instructions 'Quick!' is the word. A rush from the pioneers, and the battered doors move open with unexpected ease. 'Front face!' cries the Colonel, and in a moment the red-coats are four abreast, and advancing at the double up a broad and straight causeway in the middle of an immense court-yard —trees and shrubs on either side, the commonplace buildings forming the right and left sides, and a huge barn-shaped pavilion closing the space in front. In appearance for a few seconds of the structures, antics are thrown out, and, while the main body is marching on, every spot is searched.

The success of the attack was complete. We have already stated that the whole city was occupied almost without resistance, and that the Governor Military Commandant was reinstalled in his post under the authority of the British and French Plenipotentiaries. Our picture will tell the remainder of the story.

The other illustration may be best described in the language of Mr. Wurgman, the *London Illustrated News* correspondent, who was, as we said, one of the principal actors in the tragedy depicted. He says:

"On the morning of the 14th, at about 10 A.M., the second gig of the *Hesperus* gun-boat left the vessel with a crew consisting of eleven men of the lower decks, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commanding Bedford Pim, myself, and my assistant-man, as interpreter —in all fifteen. The object of the expedition was partly recreation and partly information. We proceeded about a couple of miles up a winding creek, opposite High Island, and brought up near the town of Sai-Lau, 15,000 inhabitants. Two large Chinese war boats had visited previously. Two men were left in charge of the boat; the remainder landed. Nothing suspicious was observed, and we passed quietly and unmolested into the town. A Celestial told us that fifteen-man-that the day of the 10th of January, 1858, was a Monday. Lieutenant Pim, with some of his men, charged at this moly, and thereby made good the retreat of all the party. Before this, the moment were in the boat than the enemy kept up a smart fire of jingals, wounding one man in the leg; they brought a small cannon to bear upon us: the balls whistled over our heads, others struck the boat, and the brickwork in the wall, the yells, screams, and gesticulations of the infuriated mob were truly appalling. Our fire must have made sad havoc at the masses were so dense. The creek being both narrow and shallow, paddles were used to propel the boat. Numbers commenced firing at us from the banks. Our men, however, managed to keep their assailants at bay. We had arrived at a point where a large tree and a group of houses, standing on the bank, afforded our enemies cover: the brickbats from the house-tops and jingals from the beach rained death and destruction upon us. The gunner and two men fell dead upon the spot, the former sitting next to me. Several also were wounded. Their sharp crics of agony were heartrending, as they received a ball, or another jagged slug, and dropped the paddle they were no longer able to lift. We were, in the shortest minute of locomotion, the boat came to a stand-still. During the whole of the above trying period Lieutenant Pim was the life of the party. His strategems of the boat, encouraging his men, and occasionally shouting at the enemy, the ammunition being handed to him by myself. He had been wounded early, but I did not know until afterward that he had received in his left thigh. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the men who were both decided to leave the boat, and try to escape an inveritable death (for these 'braver give no quarter) by crossing a paddy-field, at the edge of which we might be seen by the Allies. Both Lieutenant Pim refused to quit the boat, still thinking we had a chance to land a short distance lik amidst the thick hail of bullets. The interpreter, who had hitherto shown immense pluck, seeing all hope gone, was for leaving the boat, swimming to the water, and gained the paddy-field; while the boat was soon deserted by all but Pim and myself. Lieutenant Pim, who urged me to run. I did so, and from personal experience, can assure you that the paddy-field is not much better than the boat, for any one would seize for locomotion. Every step I was up to my knees in mud. I was on the creek, and, in a fainting state, arrived at the river side, swaying my red sash to the *Nembis* as a signal of distress. I felt perfectly safe, when once on shore, to my having on a Chinese dress, and being unarmed, for I had thrown away my pistol but a knife. Two more men were killed. I parted the body of one, Pim's coxswain, from the boat, and left him on the bank. At last I had the happiness of seeing the *Nembis*'s boats pulling off to our rescue. Lieutenant Pim was in the bow of the boat, faint, away as hard as he could. At length the Chinese must have thought we were all dead, for ceased to put off in their sampans, and we proceeded at our leisure. I was left in sole charge of powder to show their leader; which caused sufficient confusion to enable my self and Pim to reach the friendly child. The decapitation of the corpses took some time, and, thank Heaven! it was accomplished. Now the *Nembis*'s boats, although closely followed by braves the whole way. Thus, out of a party of fifteen, five were killed, and seven wounded—one since dead. It was very awful, but most picturesque. The Chinese were in great force, and looked on all in the kindest manner. I turned it between blankets, at 1 was wet through with my agnatic fluid and Pim to reach the ship I was covered.

"The boats of the *Nembis*, with a party of marines, went up the creek and did a little 'peppering;' but not a trace of our second gig was found. Her crew had undoubtedly been taken and recovered in the paddy-field. He was immediately buried on High Island. The next day, Lieutenant Colin Stewart, of the *Nembis*, having in the mean time communicated with the Admiral, received his instructions to proceed with the boats' crews and marines to the creek, and, if necessary, to proceed to shell the town. Next day the boats of the squadron and boats-launches mustered about 250 men. They met with a most determined resistance, but succeeded in destroying a large fleet of war junks. Admiral soldiers swarmed—the hills were covered—but a few rockets and shells from the boats soon disbanded them, and prevented them cutting off our retreat, as was their intention. The blue-jackets then set fire to the place; but a Chinese town is rather difficult to destroy, the houses being swell built of splendid grey brick, and the roofs being the only part combustible. However, the smoke rose high in the air, and the 'brave army' came safely out of the conflict with only four wounded. The most melancholy part was to see the women, with small feet, hobbling up upon their wooden clogs. They seemed to know that our men would not touch them, for they walked right past them. Some unfortunate children, likewise, having lost themselves, were wandering about without parents. The fire in a number of the Chinese must have been great, for they at one time charged us, but were checked by a well-directed volley, and put to flight at the point of the bayonet. It is a mystery to me how they manage to hit with their jingals, for they never fire from the hip, as you see in the sketch, and never from the shoulder, as we do. At the end of the week, where they expected we would land, they had erected a battery of tubs filled with mud, into which they had placed heavy jingals with immense touch-holes. However, we disappointed them by landing in an entirely opposite direction. Lieutenant Pim was the day of the 10th, member. Next morning we went down to Hong Kong with the wounded. A very comfortable place was erected for them on deck with poles, from which their cots were suspended, the whole covered by an awning to prevent the rays from of it. We created quite a sensation in Hong Kong. The *Banterers* were received on board the *Hercules* hospital-ship, and are now doing well."

TREASURES OF THOUGHT.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought
Upon life's common ways,
Should other men pass by and learn aught,
Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often thou shalt find,
While folly plunders fame,
To the rich store the crowd is blind,
Nor knows thy very name.

What matters that, if thou uncoil
The soul that God has given,
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,
But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true yet in thee lurks
For fame a human sigh:
To Nature go, and see how works
That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets
In full of purpose still;
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets
Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides, the modest leaves between,
She knows not why, her fruits;
Her richest treasures are not seen
By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for
Reward; from out thee chase
All selfish ends, and do not more
Than to fulfil thy place.

HELEN FLOYD.

HELEN FLOYD was sitting alone in her own chamber one day in the afternoon. The window was open, and there was just motion enough in the air to stir the hovering vines that clustered round the casement, to break the sunlight streaming through into flecks and spots and wavering lines of radiance. A stray beam danced around the brown head of the young girl, now brightening into sunny splendor the brown shades of her hair, and then of some waving leaves, and crept it using, passed in glitter still more vividly on the golden frame of a miniature that she held in her hand.

It was the face of a young, handsome man, full of eagerness and impulsive feeling, and stamped in every moulded line with the impress of an ardent, passionate, sensitive, yet most loving and chivalrous nature. It was just the face to win a woman's love, especially young and romantic women, to whom life is all poetry and passion. And indeed its original had already possessed all the warmth and tenderness, all the faith and trust of Helen Floyd's pure heart. For, though the miniature had been only loving, first quickened to new life and gladness the gentle spirit as unconscious before of its womanly quality and tenderness as a bud ere dawn that she had only lived in the joy of his love.

Her head was bent over the look of joy at this time either in her attitude or the expression of her face, as she gazed upon the picture of her lover. She sat upon a low chair in a listless, careless way, with a drooping head, and large sorrowful eyes fixed upon the picture. The miniature for all tears that dropped slowly, one by one, upon it, and upon the loose letters that lay in her lap. There was a listless drowsiness in her whole attitude, in her whole manner, that revealed the presence of some grief far deeper than tears.

"Tribes light as air which move
Pitcairnian beliefs beats that law."

A light laugh broke on the door, to-day, startled her from her meditations, whatever they might have been, and she made an impulsive movement to hide from the eyes of the picture; but checked immediately as a stately-looking lady entered the room, followed by a fine-looking, and stately-looking girl in an arm-chair opposite the girl. It was an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, its dark oaken frame and its cushions of faded red damask contrasting antique, flowered stuff; and its whole effect seemed to be to give an appearance of importance to the girl who sat in it. She was tall and erect, not above middle age, with a face that was regular in its handsome outlines as a statue's, yet just as cold and proud; and as exceeding stateliness of dress and manner.

There could have been no greater contrast than between her and the sorrowful, shrinking girl at her feet. Helen's tender, timid eyes had caught no ray from the calm, bright orbs that looked so haughtily upon them, and her soft, delicate, girlish features with their loving, trustful expression, bore no single point of resemblance to the coldly-chiseled face above her. Just as unlike were the inner countenances of the two, just as different were their heart and mind, as is face and look; and yet the proud lady was Helen's mother, and Helen was her only daughter.

There was no word spoken between them for a minute. Helen folded her hands upon her lap, and sat still without looking up; and Mrs. Floyd gazed at her quietly. Presently she said, in a calm, clear voice that sounded well with her face,

"You are acting very strangely, Helen. I conclude that this position is assumed according to your promise, and have given you more than sufficient time to prepare it. Yet here you are, dreamy, and gaze there before and after, irresolute still, and have not as much as copied the note which I left with you."

"Because I can not, mamma, I can not!" the girl exclaimed with sudden passion, lifting up her hazey eyes with a half-startled, half-imploring expression. "I never can send such a letter as that—so hard and cold, so false and unkind to Harry Arlington. I wonder how even you could write it, mamma!"

"Then write for yourself," said Mrs. Floyd, calmly. "Tell the truth in your own way, if mine does not suit your fastidiousness."

"If I tell the truth in my own way, I shall say, Come back to me; I do not care what you have done, or what is said of you; I love you better a thousand times than ever before!"

"Helen!" said the lady, and suddenly proceeding, "Mrs. Floyd retorted, in the same icy tone, "to say nothing of its exceeding wisdom and filial obedience!"

"But, mamma!"—Helen dropped her head upon her knees with a pitiful cry—"you know, you, I can not give him up! It will break my heart if you make me do it! Why must I? why must I?"

"I have intimated that reason is to others. Helen, that it seems idle to do it again. Still if you can not understand yet, I will repeat once more my reason for insisting upon saving you from ruin. In the first place you are my only child, the one object I have to live for to love, and I can not help loving you although I meet so little return."

"Mamma, you are cruel to say that," Helen interrupted, vehemently. "You know I love you, as much as my daughter could. And you are not answering my question fairly."

"I intended," said Mrs. Floyd, "to answer it fairly and candidly, but if by 'fairly' you mean give up Henry Arlington; I reply, because I am not willing to give you up to what would be the ruin of your happiness. Your happiness, your well-being, your peace of mind, present and future, are the concerns of my life. I have no other desire and purpose in living than to secure them as certainly as I can; and for this reason I am willing to purchase even a short-lived misery now than to see all shipwrecked by a worthless man. Yes, do not interrupt me, mamma, says Helen's cheeks flush, and her lips spring apart as if to make some reply. "I know the protest you would make, and, in spite of your partial affection, that is not the less a worthless man. He is an undutiful son, a heedless husband, a reckless parent, and a selfish, dissipated idler. He has so disgusted his uncle by his evil conduct, that Mr. Curtis has disinherited him, and now, rejoicing in their fate by one of the finest estates in the country, he has no fortune. He has squandered that in his profligacy, for the sake of wild hunting parties, and all manner of senseless dissipation: showing entirely no regard for your reputation than his own. And, lastly, if all these evils did not exist, he is still, by his conduct to you, proving himself unworthy. He knows no bounds when once it is excited, the last time in the world I can come I would consent to intrust my only daughter."

"You consented once," Helen murmured, as her mother paused for a just.

"Because I did not know him then as I do now," she said, sharply. "He had not yet revealed his true character."

"Oh, mamma!" Helen exclaimed, eagerly, "that is not true. He has revealed his true character as he seemed to us then; only now, he is not himself. I know what he means by these things, what things lately, but it was because they tormented him so—his mother and his uncle. Mr. Curtis is a stingy, cross-grained old man, and Mrs. Arlington literally only because he refused to leave his property to her profession, and because he chose to go to his uncle's factor, his overseer, his *slave*, on a rice plantation in Georgia! Who could blame Harry for rebelling at the mistake they made him if he had gone, just for the sake of his uncle's money? and so cruelly and unjustly disinherited him, just as soon as you heard of his misfortune, you treated him so coldly, and would not let me see him, or even write to him, that it is my wonder that he was tortured and stung by every body's unkindness, and driven into doing what he never would have done otherwise? Oh, mamma, every body has been unjust to Henry, and now you are trying for the greatest thing of all, to part him forever, maybe; when you might save him, if you would!"

She stopped, out of breath with her vehement speaking, and closing with passionate sobs which shook her whole frame. Her own fond, impulsive heart must have been moved by the fervor and eloquence of her appeal, and her remembrance of her grief and supplication; but it had no effect whatever upon Mrs. Floyd. She smiled, half in pity, half in contempt, as one would smile at a child's fleeting, unreasonable sorrow, when Helen, quite unable to control herself any further, hid her face and cried aloud, bitterly and despairingly. She did not disturb her until the first outbreak of her weeping had exhausted itself; then she merely bent over her, and laid her hand upon her head, saying coldly and calmly, but not unkindly either, and caressing it as one would a grieved child's.

Helen did not yield to this unwonted tenderness

at first. The blow had been too cruel, every nerve quivered too keenly with the agony of one moment, once, even by any thing so rare and so precious as her mother's caresses. But her nature was too childlike and too dependent to resist it long, as Mrs. Floyd very well knew; and Helen presently lifted her head and laid it upon her mother's knee, half in penitence, half in trust, but still more with an eager hope of some final relenting, that would restore happiness—even though after a long probation—to herself and Henry. In this upbraiding hope, and unclouded by the recent bitterness, which still lingered upon her throbbing temples, she ventured to make one more appeal, untried before.

"Mamma, will you do this one thing for me? and then indeed I will ask nothing more. Write my Henry for a while; do not make me give him up entirely; let him have a few words every day-and-by, when he has atoned for all that he has done wrong. He will see the justice of being put upon probation, as long and severe as you please, mamma, we can bear it—and I know he will be so sorry that it will seem like a new life to bring him back to himself, and the time will come when you will be proud of Henry Arlington for your son! It is no matter if he has been Mr. Curtis's wealth: he will make wealth for himself, if he only has an object to work for, and I am the future. And I—oh, mamma! I will be so patient; so obedient; I will love you as I never loved you before, if you will but grant me one request!"

Fear Helen! How little she knew the rock she was trying to melt! All her unconscious and pleading awaited no more to turn Mrs. Floyd's purpose than a child's sand-fortifications would avail to check the progress of some great tide-wave. She began to feel it herself when she saw the hard look settle again upon her mother's face, the expression of stateliness with which she drew up her proud figure in the fine old carved chair, and the dignified displeasure with which she withdrew her hand from Helen's hair, even before the words came which took away the last shadow of hope from the poor young heart.

"It is impossible," Mrs. Floyd said, rigidly, "to consider such a plan for a moment. It was undignified and unmaidenly in you to propose it, and I should be injustice to all parties concerned to prefer to be reminded; it can only result in misery to you and to me, and you will understand that henceforth all communication, of whatever nature, is at an end between you."

She stooped, as she spoke the final sentence, to gather up the shawl which still lay on the floor beside her's lap. Helen suffered her in silence, but her grasp tightened upon the mistress, as if she would not resign it but without another effort. Mrs. Floyd did not appear to notice her, however. She tied up the letters composedly, and placed them in the envelope which she took from the table; then said, simply,

"I am ready for the picture now, Helen, and the ring;" and Helen, knowing how vain and useless resistance would be, could only obey, though she was like a rending of body and spirit to yield up these last tokens of her life's happiness so utterly and so bright!

She turned away from her mother and walked to the further end of the room, where Mrs. Floyd had buried herself in putting up the little packages and writing the cruel letter which was to accompany it. Her child she took onward, or speak again, even in reply to Mrs. Floyd's question, "Did she wish to see the letter she had written?" and then the door left the room. But when she was alone with her own sorrow and grievous sense of error—with the fond broke all bounds of restraint; and for long hours, till the May afternoon waned into twilight and darkness, Mrs. Floyd grew from time to time at the abandonment of her despair, in passionate crying and wild words of resistance and remonstrance which, in truth, had no purpose, but only served to relieve the pent-up storm of her soul.

It was no more unusual or unnatural episode with her, this engagement with Henry Arlington. Young as she was, she had already seen and known among many her's; but her heart had gone out to him in a self-unconscious, all-absorbing love, which was returned by him in kind with such a fidelity as a man can ever return such entire devotion. Her mother had given her sanction to every thing in the first place; for Henry Arlington was an eligible mate, in all important respects, for her beautiful but elderly-portioned child's hand. His family and connections were unexceptionally aristocratic, and his fair prospects, if not those to his rich uncle, more than satisfied Mrs. Floyd's ambition. So the course of true love ran as smoothly as a quiet stream through summer meadows for many months; and Helen found this earth such a sweet paradise to her that she scarcely thought of heaven at all of any other.

The first shadow was cast by Mr. Curtis, a cynicus old invalid, who had so little interest in his own life that he could not bear to see others enjoy it any more. He said that Henry ought to study in foolish passages with a sweet-heart; that his profession was a mere excuse for doing nothing sensible, and that, finally, ending, indeed, in a demand that he should absent himself entirely, for the space of a year, from his promised bride, and go to take charge of some Georgian plantations belonging to the old man. Henry refused, of course, indignantly; and then followed a series, of petty persecutions from his mother and uncle, the conclusion to which was a threat of disinheritance unless he should accede to their wishes.

It was at this time that Mrs. Floyd began suddenly to discover many objectionable traits in the young man, unknown hitherto, and to impose limits and restraints upon his intercourse with Helen which his pride and sense of right could ill submit to. He said and did things, perhaps even that in themselves, but not to be wondered at under the circumstances, which still further widened the breach; until by the time it became known that Mr. Curtis had really disinherited his nephew, Mrs. Floyd had fully made up her mind that Henry Arlington was no longer a desirable husband for her daughter, and that the engagement must be dissolved without delay.

How her determination succeeded in the accomplishment of her purpose, as far as Helen was concerned, we have already seen. As for Henry Arlington, he could not submit as patiently to a decree so cruel and unjust. He came, and came again and again, in vain; Mrs. Floyd's drawing-room day after day was denied to him, and the positive admission of betrothal ring which Helen had vowed to wear until his hand should place another in its stead, he demanded back as soon as he could write a letter, her own sign if he consented to this thing; but it was no use! Mrs. Floyd was inexorable in every meeting, and all his wrathful indignation availed nothing against her cool persistence in denying it. Lest Helen was on no way at his command, leaving wildly against her bonds, but just as visibly and he was to open every door but the one, and nothing but an increase of the rage and bitterness which he had brought with him.

Helen from her secret room felt at the window caught just one glimpse of his white face, right with a fearful passion, as he turned from the door and round a turn in the avenue. Then he bounded on in a mad gallop, down through the double line of poplars that stretched to the gate, over it, and on with one wild leap, and cut into the open road, as Helen eyes and her sinking eyes could no longer reach him.

That night Helen was stricken with brain-fever, and for days and weeks had no consciousness of any body or any thing around her. She only lived over the agony of that last interview, repeating unless repetition—saw only the white face of her lover as that one glance had revealed it, and heard only the mad gallop of the flying hoofs forever ringing and echoing in her brain.

Whether over-doing was the part she had acted and the misery she had wrought, or any momentary relenting from her hard purpose, ever entered into Mrs. Floyd's heart, I can not tell; but I do not know they were never made evident. She nursed her daughter with the utmost devotion, however, as though she would bring her back from the very gates of the grave; and her care, under God's providence, was finally rewarded by Helen's recovery, although there had been at times but little hope of such a result. It was a long, slow process of life and health and strength were coming back slowly but surely, she was still the most faithful nurse, watchful, and patient, and tender, as the most lovingly-demonstrative mother could have been. But her daughter's heart, though it was still true to its trustiness, never mentioned Henry Arlington's name, and least of all sought to have any thing changed or renewed from her first determination.

Nor did Helen speak again of what had passed. After the delirium of fever was gone, and Henry Arlington's name never passed her lips, and her own memory, whatever it might have been, was dumb as a word or "ah" of her mother. Whatever her mother requires was accomplished unquestioningly, ever she requested was granted in the same way. At her wish, she went again into the old life of social observance, and resumed her position in society, and as the summer advanced, consented to go from city to watering-place to another, just as Mrs. Floyd desired.

Nor was it all mere outward docility. Helen's real aim and object was to make herself unconscious to have neither power to resist suffering nor to spring up with any new strength for it. Her heart was crushed, body and mind, by one blow, and she did not try to rise from her utter prostration. Subdued and heart-broken as she was, she was a helpless puppet in her mother's hands to be worked as she saw fit. Once, however, she did make a faint attempt at resistance. It was when Mr. Emerson Dennis, a young planter whose wealth was sufficient to satisfy Mrs. Floyd's fullest, most ambitious sole for her hand. She refused at first with some energy to many several times, determining to say one else, be the suitor who he might. But Mrs. Floyd was no way daunted by this outbreak; she had conquered in a harder battle than this, and did not for for victory now.

So it ended just as she chose that it should. Helen gave up the contest in a sort of weary indifference, saying to herself, "What matter? I am not holy myself, and I shall not be, I suppose. Perhaps I may die all the sooner."

So the engagement was made, therefore, and announced; and Mr. Dennis, who had scarcely wit enough to know whether he got a willing bride or not, came and went, and played the part of devoted admiration for hours together, and brought her all that means of beautiful and costly gifts which she took without even looking at; and, finally, beginning to wish for something a little more satisfactory, arranged with Mrs. Floyd for the marriage-day. Helen submitted to her mother in this also, as in every thing else, and the preparations were settled to take place in the first week of September, little more than three months after poor Henry Arlington had been so hopelessly dismissed.

Helen was sitting in her chamber the afternoon before the wedding, on the same low seat, and in the same place, as on that afternoon in May when for the last time she dreamed over Henry's miniature and letters. There had been little, if any, change in the aspect of the room since then. There was the frame unshadowy white lace, and the same fringed curtains, the dressing-bureau strewn with dainty toilet appliances, the rosary table full of gifts, the wardrobe loaded with books.

The same engravings hung upon the wall, the same delicate Bacchante vase bore its burden of fresh flowers upon the work-stand near her, and the antique carved chair stood in the same place as when her mother had sat upon it, as on a judgment-seat, to pass sentence on her lover.

There was little change in Helen's appearance either, except when you looked more closely, and saw how thin was her form, and how vividly the slender veins was traced upon her thin hands and transparent temples. She sat in the same drooping way, in the same sorrow of utter grief, only now there was more weariness, less passion, and less despair. A few days more, and she will lay for the making of bridal favors, and through an open door, leading into an inner room, were seen heaps of pearl and satin, and soft white tarlatan folds, and the many laces, and ribbons, and flowers, for the bridal ladies.

But Helen's thoughts were far away from all these things, and neither were they wandering in any of the glad or sad reveries of an expectant bride. A vague presentiment had taken possession of her heart, and was absorbing her whole soul to-day—the echo of flying hoofs which had haunted her brain ever since she watched Henry Arlington's horse leap away from the door more than months ago. She tried to drown it—to put it away from thought as unnecessary; but the sound would burst with all the vividness of reality, until Helen, at last, sprang to the window, almost believing that she would see the well-remembered scene enacted again. But there was not a living thing in sight, and not a sound to be heard except the rustling of water, stirred the motionless stillness of the calm September afternoon.

She leaned her head against the sash in a sort of vague disappointment, and then the echo, which had been but in her own memory, returned again, and far away at first, but gradually increasing with a sense of nearness, until she no longer doubted of its actual existence elsewhere than in her own mind. It grew rapidly more and more distinct, and Helen, in a sudden fear of being overheard, as she had not felt for months, leaned far out of the window, straining every faculty of sight and hearing to seize the first appearance. For the horse well who the horseman was, as well by the mysterious security in her soul as by the instinct of her own eyes, when, at last, she saw Henry Arlington riding, in her full view, up the poplar avenue toward the house.

She waited until he had passed almost directly under her window, and then until the first impulsive waves of the piazza hid him from her sight as he rode on to the front entrance. Then, without pausing to reflect upon the absurdity she was going to do, but full of a strange excitement which led her on almost unconsciously to her own act, she hurried out of her crept noiselessly down stairs, and, before any one else had seen the unwelcome visitor, herself met him in the door, and led him into the house.

Her mother had gone out for a drive, the drawing-room was empty and silent, and Helen led the one to interrupt the strange interview thus obtained between herself and her lover, who was also as cruelly been wronged. Alas, that there was so little hope now—so little comfort or peace to be won from such an interview! It was but the last of reproaches, eg explanations, or prayers—too late for saying their own appearance. Her self and entire, and mutual forgetfulness—if that were possible!

And yet he poured out passionate entreaties—he knelt at her feet—he clasped her in his arms—he claiming her for his own by all the sacredness of vows and truth, which demanded that she should go from this false marriage and go with him, while there was yet time to escape from her own lifelong wretchedness, and redeem his own utter ruin. He told her how he had spent himself since they were parted in vain—how he could see her again, or communicate with her in some way; how he had been twice denied admittance to the house; how the servants had been returned unopened; how he had striven, by all ways and means, open and secret, but to send one word to her, and yet in all had failed. And now, when by a very Providence he had been allowed to find her, would she have the unutterable weakness and cruelty—would she dare to remain, and perjure her soul forever with lying vows to another man!

And so, from one wild adjuration to another—with mingled threatenings and supplications, tears and imprecations—until Helen, who had neither physical nor moral strength to front such storms, and whose short-lived energy had already given way to weakness and terror, fell down, fainting, at his feet—crushed by a violence which she could neither resist nor entreat.

He was as wild in his sorrow and self-reproach when he had been taught a lesson in the remission of her; and could not access himself sufficiently, or lavish enough tenderness upon the unconscious form. The swoon lasted but a little while, however; it was only a momentary suspension of vital power, and Helen soon recovered again. She rose up presently from the sofa where he had laid her, while he was still chafing and kissing her hands in his remorseful love, and tried to leave him; for she knew that she must put an end to his interview, or she could not keep her senses much longer. But he held her back, pleading.

"One word more, Helen! Let me ask you once again for the very last time! It is not too late—we are alone yet—will you go with me?" and waited for her answer with such a look in his face as it gives once might have worn who waited for the word which should bring him death or life.

But Helen shrank away from the look, and hid her eyes, with a piteous cry: "I can not—I dare not, Henry! Oh, why will you kill me so cruelly when you see I am dying already?"

Then he released her. "I will not, Helen," he said, with a strange, forced calmness. "It is all over now, and you shall never be troubled again by any word of mine. I will only speak one more. God-by!"

He stooped and kissed her, as if involuntarily, and then walked firmly past her out of the drawing-room into the hall, and from there to the piazza, where his horse stood, champing the bit and pawing up the gravel with his hot feet in impatience to be gone. Helen followed him, mechanically, obeying a blind impulse, though her feeble strength scarcely could support her. She leaned against the low rail of the piazza, and watched him as he untied the reins and gathered them up, and took some trifling readjustment of girth or bridle. Then he laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, as if about to spring into his seat, but turned suddenly on the piazza, and found Helen, and she saw that he held his right hand to his heart, as if he heard him call her name. "Look, Helen!" and under that impulse she looked. It was the flash of a pistol; the blinding flash, the loud, startling report, echoing and reechoing in fearful vibrations of sound through the breathless stillness of the afternoon, and Henry Arlington fell dead almost at the very feet of the woman in the world he had loved so fatally.

The ring of the horse's hoofs, as he galloped riderless and terrified down the avenue, blended strangely with the still lingering echoes of the pistol-shot; and Helen, herself, was unconscious of the distracting carriage-wheels on the graveled drive as Mrs. Floyd returned from her airing.

She was leaning back on the cushions, more handsome and stately than ever in her complacent and well-satisfied meditation. All her cares and anxieties for her daughter were nearly at an end; her highest ambition was realized in the fact that she be mistress of the most elegant establishment in the country, besides being connected with the most aristocratic families; and herself, thanks to her simplicity and unbounded admiration of Mr. Dennis, would look at Oak Lawn, practically, and in triple grandeur, as she did now on her own domain. As for Helen, she had made affair with Henry Arlington—Ah, well! it was all over now, thanks to her good management. Certainly she had much reason to congratulate herself on, dear sweet!

Much, truly, in a fearful way! Far more than the proud lady dreamed of, as her swift steeds bore her on straight to the spot which had just witnessed the deed of horror! There he lay at he had fallen, the first object which met her eyes as she descended from the carriage. Dead as she had wronged—tortured to frenzy and despair—driven to death and death! And beside him, with his left arm clasped around his head, and his crimson lips clinging to the ghastly mouth, was the daughter for whose happiness, as the highest and purest of mind" she had so successfully labored. Truly, she had much cause for self-gratulation in so fair seeing all her schemes!

There was no wedding the next day, nor any ever after, as far as Helen Floyd was concerned. The soft white satin robe, the rich laces, the gauzy, shimmering veil, and the bridal wreath, all lay away in some old chest or bureau, there to lie unseen until the fashion of them should change. And Mr. Dennis's pearls and diamonds, and multitudinous costly gifts, found their way, by-and-by, back to Oak Lawn—even as poor Henry Arlington's ring and miniature had returned to him.

Neither did Helen die, though night and day—in alternations of frantic anguish with blank, dreary despair—she prayed for death to put an end to insensory and feeling. She lived, and through months, nigh years, heart-broken and hopeless; and her mother, Mrs. Floyd, lived to see the need to dwell upon the retribution of a proud and evil heart. I have told a true history, and the moral needs no showing.

AN OLD STORY.

I.

KNEE-DEEP in leaves, in the autumn woods
I follow a path I know:
Withered is all the life the turf was green,
In the bright days long ago.

II.

The pathway led to a forest bower,
In the leafy days of June,
Where the gay winds sang and the flowers bloomed
In the light of the harvest moon.

III.

The winds sang sweet, but sweeter still
A voice sang at my side—
The voice of a girl I dearly loved,
And who should have been my bride.

IV.

She married another, cold and grand;
And they live in splendid state—
He jingles his wealth, and waves his hand—
A man of wealth and "weight."

V.

But I thought when, the other day, we met,
Her heart returned to the days
When a boy and girl went hand in hand
Through the leafy woodland ways.

VI.

We sat all alone for an hour, in talk;
Then I rose and went my way,
And came to the woodland path I know,
In the twilight wan and gray.

VII.

Knee-deep in leaves, in the autumn wood
I live in my youth once more;
And the hollow trees are roland in green,
As they were in the years before!

VIII.

And here, in the silent forest bower,
A maiden sits by my side—
A maiden I loved, who loved me,
Who should have been my bride!

Miscellany

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

THE instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrow, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she should deduce her husband to take her advice, and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made as admire her. When she prevailed, they soon thickened about their plight gloom, and the fatal law was lost sight of by both. One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is to be unobstructed and self-forgetful. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to realize in himself the qualities he admires and loves and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each ought to be to the other; for in the formation of a happy character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must seat us in the other's love the realization of the character desired. Hence the pathos-ity of true love: a woman's love cannot create a character that would otherwise be lost forever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that can alone sustain it in wrong; then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. It is to be feared that woman is now more tenaciously than man, her slight surpasses she so far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing her, without at the same time showing her, her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she may help him to see it, and consequently exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, woman is to blame. Give him time, and he will love that, and that only, to him to save him.

THE GREAT MR. CAMPBELL.

CURRETTA, the poet, after he had acquired fame, went into the Highlands, indulging many curiosities to know whether his name had found its way over the mountains, and into the glens of his native land. On an occasion he modestly inquired of an old lady if they knew any thing of Mr. Campbell in that quarter? "Know Mr. Campbell!" answered she knows Master Campbell here." Now, thought the poet, this is true fame! "I am Mr. Campbell," he said. To the old lady's surprise, "Then," said she you really and truly the great Mr. Campbell?" The poet began to speak up to the true "Mr. Campbell" before he would appropriate it to himself. This startled the worthy matron, and led her to ask, "But are you the great Mr. Campbell, the shoemaker?" This question dissolved all the vision.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

AMONG the many stories which clothe around the "Iron Mask," there is one which I can not refrain giving you. In the days of Louis XIV. a lady in captivity—these days in which the prisoner, whether from fancy or memory, was thus described, "as of handsome face, middle life, fair hair, and a pale complexion, and beautiful voice"—there was a lovely prisoner in the fortress of Pignerol. Of course she was the daughter of one of the officials, as her name was Julia de Beaugrie. The mysterious prisoner fell in love with the lady; was taken his last from his window; and what feminine heart could resist a prisoner who had the misfortune to love? The father gave his consent—they were married at an altar erected in the dungeon, and the devoted wife shared the captivity to the last lifetime. Two little infant sons could not, however, be weaned near the unfortunate mother, and were sent secretly to Corsica under their maternal name of Bonaparte. From them sprung the Bonapartes, who are therefore fourteen years of the date of a conversation at St. Helena, it was mentioned to Napoleon by a gentleman present that he had come to him to tell the above story, and to the mountain from thence that Napoleon was a lineal descendant of the Iron Mask, and thus the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. The gentleman had laughed all the whole story, which he said he had rather very angry: he maintained that the marriage could easily be verified in the registers of a parish of Marseilles, which he named. The Emperor said that he had heard the same story; and that such was the love of the man's wife, that she would not for his own cause to have substantiated ceremony of the kind for the credulous multitude.—*Miss Bremer's Letters from Cannes.*

HABITS.

LIKE dukes of whom the fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant habits of life succeed one another. As the sons gobble together, so are our habits formed; and like the child in a fable, ed to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action ruins, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hath its origin in the breath of the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so proceeds upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together for imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

MODERN VANDALISM.

MR. MACAULAY, a few years since, uttered at Edinburgh the following remarkable observations on the Vandalism then prevalent, and not unlikely to be hereafter revived, in parts of Europe: "I remember," said he, "that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The food, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were again to destroy civilization? Alas! it did not occur to them that civilization itself might engender the barbarism who should destroy it. It did not occur to them that the worst heart of great capitals—in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice and ignorance and misery might produce a race of Huns hircer than those who marched under Attila, and who were impotent on destruction than those who followed Genseric."

IDLE VISITS.

THE idle are a very heavy tax upon the industrious when, by their importunities, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, are importunate and full of stuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we dismiss signs that, entering, he has overstayed; for we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He does not at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of *canui*, and then sallies forth to distribute it among all his acquaintance.

HOME DIFFICULTIES.

THE house-mother has her troubles nye, be she never so gifted with that blessed quality of "faculty" which is to do it cheerfully. It is not pleasing for lazy ladies to get breakfast over at that regular hour they hear what is to be done in the kitchen, or going for the day; nor for unarithmetical ladies, who have always reckoned their accounts by circumference to burn that "Missis is never in time" and laugh at her complaints of their unpunctuality. Nor is it very pleasant for a sensitive mistress of invalidence of waste; "Missis never knows about any thing." She may lecture from the very highest heights and cleanliness—"Just put your head into her room and see!" For all moral qualities, good temper, truth, kindness, and above all, conscientiousness, if there are deficient in the mistress of a family, will be reflected in servants, or children, or any members of the family circle.

THE PINKS OF PROPERTY.

"THE pinks of a people," says the manly Dr. Chalmers, "are of far more worth" whom I can not bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every movement is regulated by a code of movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul to animate their bodies. What is left but their manners may be abundantly correct, while the elegance is without the grace, and gracefulness is every position, not a genius out of place, and not a step that would not look the measure of the step that would not look the measure of the reverent sanctity. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the grace. I want the benevolence that will not let a sprain ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affinity to all. I want the countenance that is a mission, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy." This is what I conceive to be the object of the text, and not the unmeaning formality of those who walk by rule, and would make the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of aniary and constraint.

A LITTLE DISSERTATION ON KISSING.

THE first oddity that comes in my way is a remark in a newspaper, that kissing is a salutation, because they are made of nothing, and they are sound——a very convenient thing to show-by—and the next is the definition of a "buss." Thus "buss, to kiss; rebuss, to kiss again; pluribuss, to kiss whom it pleases to term it." Now, to kiss the hand instead of the lip; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; and omnibuss, to kiss the whole of the room; orbuss, to kiss in the dark. Evidently the country girl who wrote to her lover had been kissing him on her head. A young gentleman was to escort her a mile or two, and not wishing to "make conversation," he said, "Mary, this!" But Mary, blushing to the eyebrows, drew back, and, with downcast modesty, replied, "Oh, George! not *right here in the street!*"

CULTIVATED WOMEN.

SURELY, said, beautifully, "Women govern men; but a reader thought that they govern are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the sweet of woman depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

THE CRINOLINE.

WHAT does all this grumbling spirit echo from? My own conviction is that it is not at our taste in dress which is making feeling. Every day we can see their wives and children well dressed, but they can not buy pretty clothes. Every day we can see the gentlemen are in a state of looking at; but, grumble as they like, they must pay for it. It is not the crinoline that is the offender. It is the crinoline that is the subject of the clergyman, the lecturer, the leader, the rake, and the buffoon. And why all this? It can not be on the ground of cost, for the price is only 4s. 6d. for the best. It can not be on the ground of room in the theatre for a lounge. Joe pays 4s. admission for a box. Joe pays his turn for the waiter and porter, for which Charles pays 4s. Afterward they go and have some brandy, which costs 2s. 6d. And they have smoked 1s. 6d. worth of cigars during the evening. It is in this way the men spend their money, which is as much ours as theirs, if we had our rights. What they spend upon themselves out-of-doors in three or four days in this loose manner-of-course way would buy a handsome dress for me. The word "extravagance" is confined to us. Only turn the tables. If we chance to take up an illustrated paper, the same idea is pictorially brought under our eye in every variety of form. The fashionable editor of the Sunday newspaper "brings forth out of his treasure things new and old," by placing a Bible and a crinoline next to next. A lady chanced to lift her petticoat with her dress a little too high, and *Mr. Punch* heard the young countrymen say, "Bill, what is that?" "I don't know, unless it be fire-works!" Can any thing be more insulting? Because what we spend in dress is ours, and what the men spend is not, we are to be grumbled at, persecuted, and called extravagant. Now, I don't know what they spend upon themselves, and suppose we were to criticise them as they do us, how would they like it?

ILLUMINATION.

THE art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must appreciate—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but beautiful.

DR. WATTS'S HYMNS.

WHEN DR. Watts was a young man and a candidate for the ministry, the congregation in which he officiated was that of Mr. Rother's family, one of whom child did not eschew all pulmonly, were obliged to go from home. During the time the collections of Stensbald, or Barton, or other like rhymesters, such as existed in that day. The collection did not belong to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student's mind had long since hinted his discontent, he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was commenced with the following stanzas, which, it is said, struck the reader with the most solemn astonishment. The hymn were doubtless encountered to, will be perused with a redoubled glow of pious and poetic exultation. This is a genuine Congregational hymn, by which pious hearts instantly welcomed it attests the peculiar and unequaled merit of Watts as a sacred oral writer:

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new hosours for his name,
And sing his worthy praise;
Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials filled with odors sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.
Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to their complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless honors paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on Thy head.
Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the princes free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.
The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy pow'r;
Then shorten Thy appointed days,
And bring the promis'd hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the composition of the hymn is the alacrity with which it was received. Instead of "no sing" song," that they entrusted the author to repeat the service—"Hi, the next morning Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS

A GRAIN of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Cowards die many times before their last agonds.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Every thought, as God said, was wounteth herself.
Foolish fear disdains danger.
God sends meat, but the devil cooks by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
Idleness is the root of all evil, and the key to it lies here.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to be contradicted is the way to shorten it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud knights are poor men in their faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Talent is to Tact what reason is to instinct.
Small faults indicate a great thieves that let is greater.
The bought that hear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is the safest walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wit comes without expectation than they find.
You never loss by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is a runner without light.

EMBLEM OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE with double flowers are too often the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

TO A PAIR MAIDEN.

Let fops prefer whom I look at thee,
I wish I could be young and free;
But bold at once, oh! who could be?

THE CARNIVAL IN PIEDMONT.

ROME and Paris have been from time immemorial the especial seats of carnival; every one is familiar with the Roman extravagances, the gay costumes, the harum-scarum balls, which celebrate the approaching season in the capitals of ancient and modern civilization. Our engraving bears witness that other cities are now endeavoring to compete for the pre-eminence in the matter of *joyeuseté* in carnival time; it represents a scene in the principal street of the chief city of Piedmont—Turin.

Those of our readers who have seen Turin need not be told that the Via di Po is the Broadway of that fine city. Those who may remember that among the streets which cut the Via di Po at right angles none can compare, in point of eminence and splendor, with the Via di Porta. At the intersection of these two streets the fast men of Turin perpetrated the most audacious and successful feats we ever seen.

A timber frame-work, upward of thirty feet in diameter, rose from the gallery, or balcony, at the second story of the houses on the Via di Po, tapering upward, and bearing in form an exact resemblance to the metallic enlargements at present in favor among ladies. The circles and cross-bars of the modern hoop were mortised into the walls of the adjacent houses, and the whole fabric must have been constructed by labor and ingenuity. It was covered with a most brilliant petticoat, white, with pink flowers and garlands of green, and surmounted by the Brobdignagian effigy of a modern *dignata*, with an ermine mask, a voluminous *cravage*, and a most exquisite assortment of bonnets, the tem of the garment and the top of the balustrade on each side of the Via di Porta. It is said that it would hold 300 persons, who occupied by the contrivers of this huge burlesque, chiefly artists, who armed with their pencils and lamp-black, the bastets of *bonbons* to within a tantalizing distance of the mouths and noses of the promenaders below.

The exhibition took place on Dimanche Gras—a day, according to our Protestant notions, singularly selected for such a spectacle. Before daylight on that Sunday morning the upholsterers succeeded in completing their work. With the early dawn men were seen scrambling over the rafters and beams which composed the understructure of the petticoat and hoop. To them numerous artisans and flowers were hoisted up from beneath, and the ornamental portion there was subjected to hammering—horrid cruelty!—of the petticoats of the Goddess of Crinoline to her too substantial support. At an early hour in breakfast was over that of the day began. People thronged the streets; and the windows and balconies were crowded to witness the inauguration of the statue begun. The fabric, represented in our engraving, from under the lens of Mr. Mayall's photographic perfection, was extremely lively. The nibbles were numerous, but it seemed difficult to get a good bite—not an account of the shyness of the fish, but because the bait was rarely allowed to come within less than a tantalizing distance of their jaws. Numerous carriages, full of the most grotesque masks, and several extensive omnibuses, crammed inside and outside down the street, confining themselves, for the most part, to the Via di Po, which was the centre of the diversions of the day.

There seem to have been but few persons at Turin who did not join, in some way or participate in the enjoyments of the day. It is said that the King was in the midst of the revelers, disguised in a domino. A number of young people dressed as millers, with sacks full of lime beans, belonged to the fast fraternity. Numerous bands of musicians disturbed conflicts with the populous without the least fear of compromising their dignity. The editor of the leading newspaper of Turin was present in the garb of an inquisitor, with a body-guard—probably composed of printers' imps—dressed in the dress of Crouts. It is even whispered that the great diplomatist—Count Cavour—improved the occasion by his visit to share in the revelry in the cousins of Adlea, bearing, not the world, but Piedmont, on his shoulders.

For some reason or other we have never been able to realize the European carnival here. In other lands they have a season of revelry, rufflany rowdies, of foreign and native origin, that make the night a universalis wrong—a night of murders, rapes, and savage assaults. These persons have no notion of license without brutal blackguardism. Even the Roman or Parisian carnival attempted here, each of these men would commit crimes enough before the night was over, to justify his being hanged half a dozen times over. And the knowledge of the existence of such a class with such propensities effectually restrains the quiet people here from taking part in any public festivities which are not thoroughly under the control of the police.

The carnival at Paris is undoubtedly a scene of much disorder and vice. But it may well be questioned whether the vice would not occur independently of the carnival. The great mistake of society the carnival is the occasion of a general renunciation of the laws of morality and the restraints of decency. And it is to be remembered that these are not remarkable for their respect for morality at any other period of the time. For, and a much larger,than the carnival is a pleasant holiday—a season when the cares of business and the troubles of everyday life may be forgotten in gayety, frivolity, and genial society. There are many people in Paris who never have any real holiday in the course of the year—that is, during the carnival. Others, again—strict men of business, yet men of some means, do not so enslave themselves the whole year through—take their holidays at regular intervals, but never for more than most at home, when the police feign to sleep, and even the laws are quietly set aside.

Mardi Gras in Paris—who that has ever enjoyed it as Parisians do can ever forget it? The procession, in the morning, with its grotesque and good-humored followers, and the witty comments which it elicits; the jolly dinner at some cheap restaurant, with its *oeufs au beurre noir* and *boeuf gras*, and with just enough wine to exhilarate without intoxicating; the balls in the evening—first, at some grand house, where every one is primed to the muzzle with dignity and *insolence*, and then at some harum-scarum assembly, where every one is half fellow well met, and where the most extraordinary things may be done and said without lending to any result; the dance, with Mussard leading the orchestra, and a galop to *ébranle* that any luckless wight who trips has no slender chance of being trampled to death; the supper, with wit and less mots, and songs in the morning; and then the quiet hours of sleep, without headache or confusion—these are scenes which are peculiar to Paris. At all events, they seem the greatest fun of any we capacity here. Carnival thus far is an exclusively European institution.



THE MONSTER LADY OF CRINOLINE AT TURIN.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

In one of the Western States I was once a prosecuting attorney. The settler's axe was then familiar music, and the prairies away from the woodland had not yet heard the screams of the steamwhistle. All branches of society, of trade, business, and professions were in a transition state. Of course the judges were not men of vast learning or of rare character; and, lest I appear vain, I may add, that the lawyers were by no means Chief Justice Taneys!

The Judge who traveled circuit with us in the counties round about the city of ——— had been in early life a horse-jockey, and had gained a large amount of tact, knowledge of men, and of human nature, and of circumstances that would stand him or him in his legal walk. At the West he had been a member of the first Constitutional Convention in our State, and, being a good talker and of quick natural intellect, had shone in the debates. Of course it was natural that, as he was able to be, he should claim to be able to expound it. And at the first election after the State was admitted it was chosen a Judge.

I never liked him. With all his affability and apparent kindness of manner, there was in his composition an understrata of cunning that I suspected and became wary of. He had been indicted when he should have sought my confidence, but I replied it, and, except in court, we were little together. Many times the civil side of him he gave me a favorable charge on facts, or acquiesced in my law when I felt that I was wrong. Not recalling him why he thus sought to get the winning side of me.

I suspected him of knavery. When prisoners were convicted, and he had the discretion of punishment, his sentences were oddly inconsistent. He fined when he should have imprisoned, and confined when a nominal punishment would have answered the justice of the case. But I could not get my clew, and with the populace he was regarded as a man of rare integrity and firmness of mind.

Once night, at the inn in the little village of Washington, where a court was to be held, I went to my "bunkroll of" bedroom for an afternoon nap, and was soon fast asleep, when I was aroused by a confused murmuring, that, after I was thoroughly aroused, I perceived to come from the adjoining room—one occupied by the Judge.

"He is committing his Grand Jury charge," said I to myself, "and I should a strange one—viz: 'The bootle is most used up of the old stripe.'"

Now "bootle" is a flash term used by counterfeiters, and I was attracted now by the processing attention. As I sat up on the bedside a ray of light came through a chink of the board partition. As a man, honest would have forbidden a "peep" as an officer of the law, prudence commanded it. So reasoning myself exculpatory and closely to the "wall," or the boarded separation, I looked through the "peep" and was instantly interested at a table with a sinister-looking man, who wore a pair of remarkably black whiskers; and the two were engaged quite a while in close colloquy. I listened, but not another word was spoken for some time. I saw the counterfeit bill taken from pike, and the Judge placed one in his pocket, the other remaining on the table. The man then drew off his boots, divided the third pile between each boot in the midst of it, and then again placed them on his feet. "Next the table," said "the bootle and rend it to the proper place." His sinister companion gave a reassuring nod; they shook hands; the stranger left the room cautiously; and the Judge then sat down to some papers. I continued to look for several minutes, but he appeared absorbed in his duties, when, just as I was about quitting my point (fearful a point of observation discovered), and taking out his roll of bills placed them up the chimney! and then continued his reading.

I must say my blood ran cold, for a grave suspicion had often crossed my mind that he was a fraud; but I never suspected him of being so concerned with the drawers, trappers, and traders who occasionally made bad money their commodity. Nor, as I sat collecting my thoughts, could I conceive it possible, when I remembered how severe he was often upon those he pursued as counterfeiters' money, and how earnestly and solemnly he always in his charges in such cases declaimed against the enormity of offenders who substituted a spurious currency for a good one. I therefore concluded that the word "bootle" was a counterfeiters' "cant stuffing," must relate to some other kind of offence, connected with which I now felt assured he must be.

Steadily going and carefully descended the stairs and entered the bar-room. The heavily-whiskered man was seated at a table reading the last Cincinnati paper, as calm and placid as if he were the Methodist minister of the village. I sat down, and pulling out a box-paper proceeded to read it, but I was glancing over to top at the stranger. His eye did not wander from the particular point of the paper, nor did the sheet after several minutes turn; it therefore concluded he was not reading but was reflective. I continued to catch his eye, but could not. I next thought of trying the demeanor of the "bootle," so making in my mind some excuse relating to my official duties, I again went up stairs and knocked at his door. "Come in, pleasant voice, in an unembarrassed tone, cried, "what is it?" and I entered. After getting through my excuses and business, I said, in a careless tone, "What have you been doing all the afternoon, Judge?" He answered, just as carelessly, "Going through my charge, and a decision or two I have to make on to-morrow. As yet, I have not seen any one since I arrived."

The last lie was an unnecessary one, as I knew its falsity, for he needed not to have asserted the fact—an immaterial one. This, therefore, the more confirmed my suspicions; because I had found these immaterial assertions to be always made by witnesses when they are committing perjury, just as cowards withhide to keep up their courage.

We continued chatting until the bell rang for tea, but not a tone nor an act betrayed that the Judge was troubled or uneasy. We went down stairs together and began our meal. The whiskered stranger sat opposite, but he and the Judge were to each other as if they had never met. One or two table civilities passed between them, but they were accompanied with freezing politeness, somewhat unusual in our Western way of life. All this satisfied me that the counterfeiting was of the big; and I resolved while at the table to furnish myself with some evidence. I finished the meal first, and went into the Judge's bed-room, and groping to the chimney in the dark felt for a loose brick, found it, and discovered a roll of bills. I took out one or two pieces, and replaced the balance handy and left the room.

Nothing more occurred that night worth narrating, but the next day in Court I found on the calendar the case of a man who had been indicted and held to bail for counterfeiting, and had been out on bail.

"What does this mean?" I asked of the clerk. "I did not authorize the trial, nor am I prepared with witnesses."

"Judge C——— ordered it on last term for this day," answered the clerk, "and produced your recognizance."

"My request!" stammered I.

"Yes, your name is on it," as he handed me a piece of paper bearing in my writing the words, "Give Judge C——— his request. I remembered, now I had written it when the prisoner's counsel had recall the apparently trivial circumstance which had prompted it.

Just then Judge C——— entered, and Court business began. The case in question being called, I arose to produce the book and a desk, into which he usually retired, and thither I followed him.

"Judge," said I, as I opened the pocket-like the voice of a man under severe ague, so terribly was I wrought up by the excitement of the moment, "a circumstance has come to my knowledge which bad once been hoe, answered: "Sure, honey, I never think of it. Do you know the man, or have them?" "No," replied the other. "Why," says Pat, with a look of knowing wink in his eye, "behave they're full of holes on the other side."

"Extremely ingenious," said Mr. Senebare.

That means with switch, and hard restraint, to stay a woman's will, that is disposed to go astray.

SPENSER.

Once on a time I had a humble kin'd,
Whom want was too ill-favoured to be mind'd;
Said I, "My love, I fain would kiss you ofuse.
But hang it, you've got a beard, and so have I, Sir."

Of the whole population of England and Wales in 1851, one person in 19 was named Smith, one in 76 was named one in 315 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 182 a Brown, and one in 193 a Davis.

If wine be poison, so is tea, but in another shape, What matter whether one be killed by *cognac* or *pogue*.

It is said that the Baron Rothschild, on the first day of peace, dared not touch what they supposed were true bonding—till the next, and that he ascribed his forbearance, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, to the fact that he had been "under fire" before, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the following day—which he done away five hundred.

The following is the title of a pamphlet, in verse, written for benefit of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's fund, and the Pipes shattered content their cure who idly listens to bass and baritone—"Lord, by a valley of the shadow of death *Saved from* Mount Helicon." It is, perhaps, the earliest book ever published in Greenland.

To succeed, a man must be steady. A mechanic, or artizan, who is invariably making holidays, festivals, and saint days, cannot be a successful man. He will soon become a drunkard, and be ruined. Steadiness is the sure credit and character; the spender distresses the vision and the heart—the steady winner hears no curses from over lawyer and lower, subsisting on accidental jobs and precarious meals. Steadiness, or industry, follows the same course, and sinks into a similar condition. He leads a life of dull, monotonous labor, and a dawdling waste of the money he started with soon vanishes, paper takes the place of bullion, and embarrassment finally ends in ruin, in a bankruptcy court.

Chief-Justice Pakefield, as he was commonly called, was a native of Ireland, and had left it in Warren and Mississippi. On one occasion some mischievous boys had thrown Tiger Bone him, charged with theft, to the dog of John Fleicherson, by pulling turpentine on his tail. The judgment of the Court was set forth in the following entry: "The evidence in this case having been heard, and the Court being satisfied that neither of the premises, it is ordered, adjudged, and decreed, that the defendants be fined in the sum of three dollars each, and that they severally enter into recognizance, in the sum of three hundred dollars each, with good and sufficient sureties, for the good dogs of the State of Mississippi, and especially toward the dog of the said Fleicherson."

A writer, deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan, "I wish I could withdraw my countenance." "Do!" "Many thanks for the favor, Sir," replied the confidant, "but I'll be hanged if I can afford it."

A printer out in Arkansas, whose office is ten miles from any other building, and who has only one style of handbill of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "Any boy from the country preferred."

"Mr. President," said a member of a school committee out West, "I rise to get up, and am not backward in come forward in the course of education." "Sit down, Sir," for elfinction, I might have been as ignorant as yourself, replied President.

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is one of my business," replied the King. "Then I will speak ill of him." "Ah the lady, "That," replied he, "is none of your business."

Old Jerry Dowse, out in California, was reuting the other day, when a neighbor called to see him. In the course of the conversation, neighbour Clark threw out a feeler on the pipline, and it was feared that the emigrants would not like it. "Don't you know?" said Jerry. "No." "Well, I'll tell you. You don't know? Don't you know? Then, and received from each a negative answer. "Well, I'll tell you. Because they're a mighty uncommon a growling and a grabber, and is very bad on grass."

"Have more than thou showest;
Speak less than thou knowest."

Once on a time I had a humble kin'd,
Whom want was too ill-favoured to be mind'd;
Said I, "My love, I fain would kiss you ofuse.
But hang it, you've got a beard, and so have I, Sir."

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A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house with windows, but without doors. A man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but unfurnished.

RECONCILIATION.

"Is that Ethel still out, Yesterday!

I've an idea what O'clock.

Johnnie Gray!

I only know the sun shines bright,
Though yesterday he dead and gone,
And through the fields I feel delight
The light comes dancing as before—
Johnnie Gray!

The evening follow'd glowing noon,
And driving clouds obscured the moon—
Johnnie Gray!
But night is past, and morn is here—
The fields are greener, and the air is clear,
The rose and lily gleam with dew—
Johnnie Gray!

Few things are more injurious to a horse than late hours. It is by no means necessary to stay until the small hours at night, in order to accustom a steeplechase to leave at a reasonable time. Dr. Kitchener always hung up in the stable-door opposite the horse's head the following celebrated Tuesday evening conversazione, "At seven o'clock, a clergy."

It is a popular fallacy to think that you can make pork out of pig-iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by drinking shorty-cobblers.

An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in mounting a revolutionary horse. The animal suddenly reared, and the toper found himself unseated in a most pitiful plight. Gathering himself up cautiously as his situation would allow, he shook his fist at the horse, and said, "You wise animal, did you see me kick that 'ere boss?" "Why, no, dad, the boss kicked you." "Kicked me, did he? Dog on 'im! I'm glad he's totally busted. Third one, there's four!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, Monday, March 29, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 27, 1858	$3,503,851	$1,155,764
Corresponding week, 1857	4,567,659	1,954,940
Decrease	$1,063,808	$799,176

The export of specie was very small, only $53,120. The amount in Bank and Sub-treasury, including the California section of the latter, can not be less than $40,000,000.

Money is as plentiful as ever; indeed, the demand from the stock-brokers having fallen off, in consequence of the failure of the Stock Exchange, the supply appears more embarrassed than they have been to use their means. Exchange on England rose a trifle to 107¼, at which rate it would pay to import specie into this country from Europe.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March 29, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been rather quiet for Flour and Wheat, but pretty brisk for Corn, which has ruled steadily in favor of buyers, and Corn, though a shade higher than a week ago, is excited downward. Other kinds of Breadstuffs were depressed and heavy. The receipts were small in value, in view of the partial resumption of internal navigation, receivers were free sellers, ... and stocks in all cases were less extensive, and the market closed irregularly . . . . Provisions were in fair request, and prices did not vary remarkably. . . . The transactions in Coffee, Teas, and Molasses have maintained a fair degree of activity, and has been done. Prices of Sugars slightly declined.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT OF PRODUCTS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 75 @	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound	6 @	7½
Peaches, cured, per pound	12 @	13
Plums, dried, per pound	10 @	10
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 00 @	2 75
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00 @	2 25
Peanuts, per bag	1 50 @	1 75
Cranberries, per barrel	14 00 @	15 00
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00 @	1 50
" per bushel	1 00 @	1 50
Onions, per barrel	3 00 @	3 50
Cabbages, per dozen	1 00 @	2 00
Turnips, per bushel	62 @	87
Beets, per bushel	50 @	
Cabbages, per 100	4 00 @	6 00
Parsnips, per bushel	75 @	
Carrots, per barrel	1 75 @	
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00 @	
Celery, per dozen	1 75 @	1 50
Garlic, per lb	25 @	
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	8 @	10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	12 @	14
Chickens, per pound	11 @	13
Fowls, per pound	10 @	12
Guinea Fowl, per pair	50 @	62
Ducks, per pair	75 @	1 00
" per pair	1 00 @	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	15 @	18
Geese, per pound	9 @	10
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75 @	1 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	62 @	75
Partridge, per pair	62 @	75
Quail, per pair	50 @	62
Hunting Pigs	1 25 @	1 50
Rabbits, per pair	25 @	25
Hares, per pair	31 @	44
Sparrows, per dozen	8 @	10
Venison, per pound	8 @	13

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I read your work with interest and satisfaction. It is written in a good style, is graphic in its details, and gives animated and interesting pictures of scenery, manners, and characters in Norway. Different members of my family have derived both pleasure and information from the perusal of it. I think, therefore, that it will prove a successful publication, and that you will be encouraged to pursue your literary career.

Wishing you a prosperous career,

I remain yours very respectfully,
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J. A. MAITLAND, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.

ONE of the ablest and the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and decidedly the most remarkable in personal appearance, is Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who represents the eighth Congressional district of Georgia, which comprises the City of Augusta and the fertile region about it. He was named Alexander after his grandfather, who served in the celebrated force defeated under Braddock, and afterward in the campaigns of the Revolution with the troops from Pennsylvania, where he resided, and from whence he removed to Georgia in 1783; and Hamilton after a favorite preacher who was much beloved in that State. His father, Andrew B. Stephens, was a planter of moderate means and industrious habits; his mother (Margaret Grier) was a sister to the famous compiler of Grier's Almanacs, as celebrated at the South as were those of Thomas at the North. His mother died when he was an infant, leaving him with four brothers and one sister, of whom only one brother now survives.

Mr. Stephens was born on the 11th of February, 1812, on his father's plantation at Tallisferro, near Crawfordville, in Tallisferro [pronounced *Tolliver*] County, Georgia. When in his fourteenth year his father died, and the homestead was sold, his portion of the entire estate being about five hundred dollars. With a commendable Anglo-Saxon love of his ancestral acres rarely witnessed on this continent, Mr. Stephens has since re-purchased the original estate, which comprised about two hundred and fifty acres, and has added to it about six hundred. Here he resides, and all his affections are centred at this rural and life-cherished home.

After the death of his father good friends offered to give young Stephens a classical education, and he accepted their aid, but only on condition that the money advanced should be considered a loan. In nine months he completed his preparatory studies, and entered the University of Georgia, at Athens, in 1828. He had little taste for any study except the Latin classics, but applied himself with such diligence that he graduated in 1832 at the head of his class. His health had been seriously impaired, but he immediately commenced teaching a public school at Madison, by which, with subsequent employment as a private tutor, he earned sufficient money to repay in full the sums advanced by his friends to defray his collegiate expenses. Then, in the hope of recruiting his health, he made a tour on horseback through the picturesque mountain region of Georgia, which the pen and the pencil of Mr. Richards have so admirably illustrated.

In May, 1834, Mr. Stephens commenced the study of law in his native town, without the aid of any teacher. His health was miserable, yet he struggled forward, was admitted to the bar, and in less than twelve months was engaged in the most important cases in the county. His eloquence had a powerful effect upon the juries which he addressed, enforcing as it did arguments of admirable simplicity, legal weight, and perspicuous exhibition of fact—showing a mind deeply imbued with the science of his profession. Few, if any, members of the Georgia bar have exhibited talent of a higher order, a genius of more vigor, a legal acumen of deeper investigation.

In 1836, while dangerously ill with congestive fever, Mr. Stephens was elected a member of the Georgia Legislature, in the lower branch of which he served in 1837, '38, '39, and '40. His forensic talents and sound judgment soon gave him weight and influence in that body. Among his first, if not his very first effort, was a successful championship of the Georgia Railroad, against which there was a powerful opposition, but which all citizens of that State now acknowledge was the first step toward the prosperity and influence she now enjoys. In 1841 he positively declined a re-election, wishing, if possible, to obtain health.

In 1842 he was persuaded to accept a seat in the State Senate, where he again distinguished himself both in debate and in the unostentatious but most important task of forwarding the public business. It is rare that a public man possessing a high order of oratorical talent has those habits of indefatigable application and persevering industry so necessary in the committee-room; yet in Mr. Stephens these great and useful qualities are admirably harmonized. A matter intrusted to his care, either officially or by friends, is always carefully examined and never neglected.

In 1843 Mr. Stephens was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for Congress, to fill a vacancy. He "took the stump," and, after a most exciting political contest, was elected. The House of Representatives was then generally graced by gentlemen of unquestionable honesty, finished education, and statesmanlike ability, and among these Mr. Stephens soon became prominent. He was a member of the Whig party in its palmy days, and his speeches at home carried the State. Nor was he ever backward in attending conventions and meetings in other parts of the country when his health permitted him to gratify the earnest invitations extended him.

Since the dissolution of the Whig party Mr. Stephens has acted in the House with the "Men of the South;" but the constitutional light of his powerful mind shines brightly among the disorganizing spirits around him and commands respect. In the present era of faction, selfishness, or suspicion, no one has whispered an accusation of selfish motives, sordid purposes, or disgusting intrigues against Mr. Stephens. He has served prominently on the most important committees, and effected the passage of the Nebraska Bill through the House when even the warmest friends of the measure despaired of accomplishing that end. The opponents of the act were endeavoring to defeat it by continuing the debate until the expiration of the session, and they would have succeeded had not Mr. Stephens moved to strike out the enacting clause, and thus shut off debate. This parliamentary achievement gave Mr. Stephens a high reputation as a successful "tactician," and the Administration was, doubtless, well pleased at his appointment as chairman of the present Committee on Territories, and subsequently as chairman of the special committee to which the Lecompton Constitution was referred.

Mr. Stephens is most distinguished as an orator, although he certainly does not look like one who can command the attention of the House at any time, on any topic, and so long as he may desire to speak. His health, as we have previously remarked, is very feeble—indeed, he has been, apparently, at death's door since childhood, having been afflicted with four abscesses, and a continued derangement of the liver, which gives him a consumptive appearance, although his lungs are sound. He has never weighed over ninety-six pounds; and to see his attenuated figure bent over his desk—the shoulders contracted, and the shape of his slender limbs visible through his garments—a stranger would never select him as the "John Bunch-ish" of our time, more dreaded as an adversary, and more prized as an ally in debate, than any other man in the national House of Representatives.

The style of Mr. Stephens's oratory is decidedly florid, with occasional bursts of keen satire and scintillations of brilliant wit as he passes, meteor-like, from topic to topic—building up his solid argument step by step. Every point has been so carefully studied that *no trace of study is perceptible* as he dashes along, apparently discovering (by a glance so rapid as to seem intuition) new views of the subject which common capacities struggle laboriously to comprehend; and he brings forward those which favor his cause in so strong a light that the gorgeous illumination of his rhetoric casts unfavorable truths into a shadow of oblivion. Above all, he never allows his position to delay public business by making a speech merely for effect at home—satisfied, probably, that his constituents know well that he will



HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

not only faithfully represent their wants and their wishes, but will worthily set his part in advancing the prosperity of this glorious confederacy of States.

Mr. Stephens is a most amiable, agreeable gentleman, possessing refined tastes, and (although a bachelor) fond of social enjoyment. He is a most devoted friend, ever ready to serve those whom he considers worthy of his powerful support, and never cherishing resentment. Above all, he possesses what Bulwer terms "the heart which kindles and refurnish—its sense counts revive—an enlightened Christian virtue and intelligent piety." Those who are led by sectional prejudices to think that he has often gone astray in political opinion will only to know him to be proud of his personal friendship.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

THE RUMORS OF WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE week has been enlivened by rumors of a war between England and France. The New York *Herald*, in a series of elaborate articles, has argued that it is Napoleon's best policy to quarrel with England, in order to retain the affection of the anti-English military and agricultural classes of France; and the money collected of the latter, and the news in the London *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, has not only predicted a war between the Allies, but with less sagacity than might have been expected from one so experienced, has actually fixed the period at which the first outbreak of hostilities might be expected to occur. Six months must pass the Interval of peace which the money editor at first conceded to the world; on second thoughts he changed his mind, and with English inconsistency sustained the maritime powers of Europe to go to war in sixty days.

Even admitting the general ingenuity of the arguments put forth in the New York *Herald*, there is absolutely no ground whatever for entering at the moment which that print puts forth. The first essential requisite for a war between England and France—and there is such a thing, indeed, *sine qua non belli*—nothing like one. There is no clear, well-defined issue of any kind between the two governments. Even the risks for nothing which England does not concede; England, it need not be said, has no demands to urge. On the contrary, of the measures and the indignation naturally caused by the atrocious attempt of the Rue Lepelletier, the ministers of the Emperor of the French have spoken in terms of Gallic emphasis their surprise that the laws of England did not repress conspiracies which have their lurking-places and in attempts upon the Emperor's life. The demand which was simultaneous with very horrible instances of dictation on the part of the French to the governments of Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont, roused a manly feeling of indignance on the part of the English, which is represented it, and demanded explanations. Those explanations have been tendered in the most candid manner by the French Government; the Emperor has withdrawn his demand, and left the minister regardless of the matter of the "loyalty of the English people." Thus the matter stands; and even a Calipso could not here discover the least basis for a quarrel.

More than this, passing over the frothy verbiage of the press, we have substantial evidence of the mind of both these countries. The commercial classes in both countries for a maintenance of the alliance. The British Army and Navy Club, headed by the corps of a second son of the *Punch* had been sent under cover of the Club envelopes to the French Colonels, have offered a reward of fifty pounds for the capture of the author of the outrage. The Frenchman Bernard, very slenderly tainted with suspicion of being connected in this last conspiracy, has been arrested in London, and held for trial. M. de Persigny, one of Napoleon's oldest friends and closest counsellors, has seized this opportunity to draw still closer the ties which bind him to England. The Emperor of the French has sent a note to aid the English in their quarrel—with which the French have nothing to do—against China. Lord Stanley is growing so fat as may be regarded as one of the leading minds in the new Ministry, declares emphatically, in his late address to his constituents, that, regarding the menacing greatness of Russia and the United States, the only safety for Western Europe is in the unshaken alliance of the two great powers. Lord Derby, his father, inaugurated the policy of a close alliance with the French Emperor during his ministry, in which Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Minister, is Napoleon's intimate personal friend.

In opposition to these mere facts, to what does the gabble of this or that French or English newspaper amount?

There are other practical considerations which show the absurdity of expecting a war between England and France. England could best afford it, as being distracted by no internal elements of disturbance. But when it is remembered that, in addition to the expense of a Chinese war, England is engaged in a military operation in India which will cost some sixty millions a year—nearly as much as our entire expenditure—how can it be supposed that she will embark, on a point of honor, in another war, which would cost ten times as much? As to France, the idea of a war with England would be the ruin of the Empire. In six weeks, as the *Herald* says, there would be nothing left of the Napoleon dynasty. Ten millions of pounds—a mere baguette for the British Government—would take away from the Emperor his Canrobert, Leduc Rollin, and Louis Blanc at their head, would upset the Empire in a fortnight, and the Emperor knows that the Emperor and his advisers are blind to a contingency which is so palpable to us?

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE MORMON AFFAIR.

WITHIN the next thirty or forty days it is likely that the Mormon trouble will be brought to an end, one way or another. General Johnston, it is to be presumed, will not wait either for further instructions or reinforcements, but on the first of spring will move his forces, and, making Fort Bridger a basis of operations, will proceed to invade the settlement at Salt Lake, and to take immediate possession of the city. If the Mormons are going to fight, it is likely that the first battle—probably a decisive one—will take place in the Salt Lake valley. From all accounts the spring throughout the country, and especially in the West, is going to be earlier than usual, and it is not likely that the Utah army will remain at Camp Scott no longer than the weather compels them to stay there.

There is a report in the papers that Major Ben M'Culloch and one or two other gentlemen are about to be accredited to Governor Young as Civil Commissioners, with power to effect a compromise. We do not believe that Mr. Buchanan will commit any such folly as to send agents to the Mormons for any such purpose. In the first place, there is but little likelihood of any envoys to be hereafter dispatched commanding any scene of their labors, or sure to be of any service; furthermore, there is not the least probability that Brigham Young would receive any commissioners upon hostile overtures. It is abundantly evident from his late Message, from the legislative proceedings which have taken place in the Mormon Legislature, and from the language of the Mormon hierarchy, as reported in the Deseret News, that their intention is to be prepared for a struggle, and that they will not be deterred from their purpose until recourse be had to arms.

There is another reason why we believe that the President will send no Commissioners to Utah. Civil commissioners, accompanying an army on hostile service, has not only seldom been felicitously a nuisance. Whatever they can do can be done as well by the general commanding, if he be fit for the post. The civil interference is negotiate as well as to fight. If he is competent to command his army, he is better competent to make the ultimate work of negotiation than any one else. Moreover, all experience shows that civil commissioners, while having an army, and empowered to conclude a peace or a truce, are certain to thwart and embarrass the military operations. The old rule of *imperium in imperio*, which is well calculated to damage the success of the whole enterprise.

As we have said, we do not look for a pacificatory having under his orders certain forces, military and naval, as is to be the case in China; but for unsparing condemnation if such was to be the case in the late operations against Russia in the Crimea. But to carry on a war by the agency of a soldier, civil commissioner time to repoint civil functionaries with power, at their discretion, to oppose and counteract him, is to endanger the success of the undertaking. It is the largest ill parties conceived. Our Mexican experience should surely protect General Johnston from the mischief of encumbrances in his camp lording it over him and controlling his movements.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.

THE undertakers of the schemes popularly known as Gift Enterprises have issued manifestoes against the Mayor and police for arresting their agents, and declare that it is impossible to be heard that, in this free country, they can not be suffered to delude the public without molestation.

It is, perhaps, doing them too much honor to follow them in their line of argument; but, for the benefit of the public, it is time to warn it against these enterprises are defended is this: They claim that the manufacturers of books, jewelry, and pianos expend their capital "upon an enormous profit on their wares; that they, dog-in-the-manger-like, keep all this profit to themselves; whereas the gift enterprise people, with sagacious liberality, propose to divide profit with their customers, the share of the undertakers of the enterprise being "plunked" in hard cash, while that of the customers is handed over in the shape of gifts. For instance, Mr. Ap Williams gets up a gift enterprise. He offers to sell gold rings at a dollar apiece; but, besides the ring, he proposes to give to every customer a good milk cow. And when you say to Ap Williams, "My good fellow, how can you afford to give me a cow as well as a ring for the price of a ring?" he answers, triumphantly, "The reason is that I am sharing profits with you on the ring." In other words, he avows that he makes so enormous a profit on his rings that he can afford to throw cows into the bargain.

Now, according to Ap Williams's own showing, he must be a monstrous rogue. If his profit on the ring is so great that he can afford to throw in a cow to boot, then every body who wants rings had better deal with Tiffany or Ball and Black, who don't pretend to make such huge profits on their sales. And if Ap Williams does not make a huge profit as to enable him to afford to throw in the cow, then, on the face of it, he intends to break faith with his dealers, and defraud them in some way or another.

This talk about monstrous profits made by manufacturers, and selfishly monopolized by them, is all nonsense. Prices are the product of demand and supply; in other words, they are stimulated by competition and restricted by competition. If there be a general demand for gold rings on the part of the public, persons who have gold rings to sell will realize profit on the sale of them; but those profits will be curtailed by the necessary tendency of each vender to undersell his neighbors. If, for instance, Ball, Black, & Co. undertake to make more than a fair profit on gold rings, Tiffany & Co. will immediately undersell them, and drive them out of the market. The very fear of this will prevent Ball, Black, & Co. from getting any higher price on their rings than fair trade warrants. So with all other articles of commerce. In every highly active commercial community, it may be taken for granted that every common article of merchandise is sold by the regular dealers at as low a price as it can be sold, after adding thereto the usual fair commercial profit.

To suppose, therefore, that any member of dealers can, in the long run, make, and, under pretense of sharing profits with their customers, undersell the entire manufacturing community, is absurd. If Ball, Black, & Co. could have been undersold in rings, Tiffany would have done it. If Stewart could have been undersold in pottery, no doubt dealers would have done so years since. And parties who now pretend to furnish the public with rings of any kind at the regular prices, and to give a bonus to customers besides, may be boldly set down as intending to defraud them.

CLOSE OF THE INDIAN WAR.

BY the next mail from India we shall probably hear that the famous rebellion which has attracted so much of the world's attention during the last twelve months has been finally crushed. At the time our latest advices left Sir Colin Campbell had completed his beautiful arrangements for the subjugation of the remaining insurgents. For some weeks he has been laboriously engaged in chasing the various flying bodies of mutineers into Lucknow, in clearing and occupying the principal roads leading to that city; and in gathering a sufficient force to make a vigorous assault upon it. The preparations were nearly complete when the last mail left; the head of his army had already crossed the Ganges; and with all human probability, between the 24th February and 1st March, the great battle was fought which settled the fate of the mutiny.

Until Sir Colin Campbell arrived in India the operations of the British troops undirected the genius and the energies of the Briton for heroism and gallantry, but hardly added much to their fame as strategists. The attack on Delhi, which was launched with an handful of troops who took part in it, was not, in a military point of view, a judicious operation; it would have been far better to have invested the mutineers in Delhi, and to have waited, before attacking them, till the besiegers had force enough to close all avenues of escape. Then, one can really picture to stand how no man of heart could resist the imploring appeals of the noble garrison of Lucknow to march to their relief, no doubt but it was a military point of view, a sad error in Havelock and Outram to cut their way through that city at a loss of so much their force.

Only Sir Colin Campbell has committed not the smallest error. All his operations have been characterized by caution, coolness, and skill. The manner in which he retrieved the disaster of Wyndham, the splendid manœuvring which enabled him to extricate the Lucknow garrison from their wretched prison, and afterward to withdraw his own force, comparatively without loss, to Cawnpore from the best foreign critics the remark that he is the first general England has had since Wellington. It may now be safely predicted of him that he will destroy Lucknow, and administer to the Sepoys such a punishment as will remain a terrible tale in Indian story for generations to come, almost without any loss. He understands—what so many old generals do not—that to moderate times the brunt of fighting should be done with big guns, and that if you can hit your enemy while he can't hit you, you must win in the end. The disproportionately large force of artillery which he has, and the Minie and the Enfield rifle, will make an end of the Lucknow Sepoys before they have an opportunity of showing their skill as marksmen against Sir Colin's force.

UNITED STATES INTERESTS IN CHINA.

THE New York *Times* sneers at Minister Reed for his neutral attitude in the pending contest in China, and sarcastically suggests that he should make love to Lord Elgin for an invitation to accompany him to Pekin as his guest.

This notion is very natural and proper in the mouth of Englishmen, to whom the co-operation of the United States in the Chinese war would be of some benefit; but why any American authority should desire to see this country involved in a quarrel which does not concern us, which would cost us much money, and might not yield any return, is not so easily perceived.

The United States went to war with China without any particular cause. Lord Palmerston was glad enough to divert attention from domestic embarrassments by summoning the vindication of the petty wrongs of Mr. Consul Parkes. In the end, it is quite possible that the war will prove a gain to civilization and commerce; though it must be admitted that the prospect at the present time is not overwhelmingly encouraging. The Chinese don't seem to want any thing of us, and it is not easy to perceive how we can get what we want from them on whose part we have to get it at present. However, the changes which may grow out of the war may develop new commercial opportunities; if we have nothing to obtain the entry of the great rivers. We may, therefore, entertain sympathy for the cause which the French and English are espousing.

But between this sympathy and active co-operation with the belligerents there is a wide gulf. The Chinese would do well to take the grounds on which it can be traversed. We have no quarrel with the Chinese. No causal of cause has been enabled. How can we, in the face of an intelligent world, and with our reputation as a peaceful people, make war on a nation which has done us no wrong?

As to our duty as a leading member of the family of nations, and a co-partner in the great work of promoting civilization and commerce, we have chosen our field—Japan. Perhaps we have not done as much in that field as we might; no doubt there is yet glory to be reaped at Jeddo by future sailors and diplomatists. But till we fail there, is it best that we should confine ourselves to the Japanese empire, and leave the Chinese quiet to those who have a legal right to thrust in their knife. The *Times* would do better, in suggesting a more liberal appreciation than by taunting the Administration and Mr. Reed with an inactivity which could not be abandoned without injustice and folly.

THE CASE OF ALLSOP THE REFUGEE.

IT seems quite certain that the Englishman Thomas Allsop, who gave the order for the destruction of the steamer which carried Orsini and the Emperor of the French, is, or has been lately, in this city in concealment.

It seems also beyond doubt that the city has the honor to contain half a dozen French and English detectives, on the scent of this Allsop.

If it be true that the British and French Governments have sent detectives after Allsop as far as New York, the next thing for them to do is to get for them a search-warrant. They will never reclaim him from this country. And it is much to be feared that the British Government make themselves very active in the matter, the powerful protection of our Metropolitan Police may prove inadequate to shield them against the wrath of the foreign exiles.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

MR. MORAN, the President of the New York and Erie Railway Company, has returned from Europe, and has obtained there ample money to save that great enterprise from immediate ruin. He has obtained, it is understood, four millions of dollars, one half payable in unsecured bonds of the company, the balance in cash. By suspending for a time certain work of improvement and extension which were in progress, the Erie Company will, with this timely aid, be enabled to meet the present crisis.

Taken in connection with this fortunate consummation, we may note the adoption, on the Hudson River and the Harlem railways, of certain reforms and economies which are alone equivalent to a fair dividend on the stock of both. The policy of economy which has never yet been abolished, has so sensibly curtailed its expenses that, with a good business this year, it may pay as handsome a dividend to its proprietors as the New York Central itself.

Similar improvements are going on in other railroad companies. But the policy of sacrificing the permanent interests of the road to the payment of immediate returns on the stock has generally been abandoned; the Rock Island road, for instance, which, under the old system, would infallibly have paid its regular April dividend, even if it had had to borrow the whole of it, now wisely proposes to leave it unpaid, and keep the balance of earnings in store for the next dividend day. Other Western lines—the

Cleveland and Toledo, for instance—have manfully ameliorated that fiery dog no end; and now any more dividends on their stock until their whole floating debt is extinguished.

This, at last, is a step in the right direction. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of our railways as money-making enterprises, there can be no question of the folly of the old system of borrowing money to pay dividends on stock, of paying dividends when the company will not pay them, and of thus carrying a steam floating debt at usurious rates of interest. The least that can be said of such policy is that it was dishonest. It now remains to be seen which of our railways—those great creators of wealth, and prosperity, and commerce, and civilization—starved with the aid of honesty and economy, be raised to the rank of permanently and fruitfully dividend-paying enterprises.

THE LOUNGER.

BELLES-LETTRES.

"MRS. GREENE presents her compliments to the Lounger, and wishes to know whether he considers it proper that she and the Misses Grundy should attend the ball to-night about to be given at the house of Mr. Mussolf. During the residence in Paris, Mrs. Grundy was presented at the Tuileries at the late French Opera, at which she saw a great many gentlemen in fancy dress, if not without, very many young ladies in—in short, trousers. If that is to be the costume expected at Irving Place, it hardly becomes Mrs. Grundy to state that she shall on no account conform to the regulations, and that Mr. Grundy and Grundy will wear sacs at his own discretion, the Misses Grundy will wear trousers."

"An early answer will oblige."

—The Lounger hastens to present his respectful compliments to Mrs. Grundy, and to express his sense of the honor done him by the inquiry of the most influential lady in society. He will, however, excuse in him to advertence a suggestion to the very Queen of Society, and, excepting that he considers her request a command, he should not dare to be so abimited to listen to her own instructions.

In the present case, the unlucky genius of our fashion and good manners, the Napoleon of the Opera, has not only told us who Musard is, and what is meant by the name in his, and in other capitals swell Mr. Jullien is, and what "supreme elegance" of manner distinguished the great conductor, and how not to frequent Musard is not to know Paris—not only has Napoleon told us all these things, with an ease and splendor of style which surpass even the charm of the novel and interest, ing truth of romance, but he has added, with a subtlety worthy of Walewski himself, a description of masks, and the details of their construction; also the characteristic dress of dominos, and even the sly stroke, betraying his just opinion of his public, that the whole "gathering together of the black ash for the domino is used in its natural breadths!! Could the skill of Napoleon go further? And when you have used your silk as a domino, Mrs. Grundy, Napoleon insinuates that you can make it into a gown—of course, "much lower dresses."

But further than this, and bearing directly upon your question, he states that ladies will be admitted only with gentlemen; that bouquets will be allowed to mask; and that thus the utmost respectability will be preserved. In fact, if you read what appears, from his animated circular, that they are to be so very moral that a visit to the balls will be essential to moral respectability!

Now here, with deference to Mrs. Grundy, is something delightful. Here is morality and only made easy, but respectable. The arrangements are to be precisely the same as in Paris and other Continental cities, and Mrs. Grundy knows the respectable the *bal masqué* is in those places.

She will observe, however, that the excesses for *demi-vierges* are not stipulated in the case of Irving Place. In that matter they will doubtless consult each other and Mrs. Grundy. But as that lady has now expressed her opinion, the Lounger ventures to state boldly that none will be worn.

He would therefore, in fine, humbly and under correction, suggest to Mr. and the Misses Grundy to take a box—or reserved seats in the balcony—merely, of course, to look on." Under the kind care of Napoleon, who is perfectly conversant with the elegant habits of European society, the scene will doubtless have quite a foreign air. The young gentlemen—who will certainly be generally in the crowd, with the most careless smiles upon their faces and their hats under their arms—instead of being spoken to by the *bal masqué* is a very delightful amusement, really quite innocent, and altogether the best way to set a power in society which can make it unfashionable.

GUILLOTINED.

On the morning of the 13th March Orsini was awakened at six o'clock, and at five minutes past seven his head fell into the fatal basket. He died calmly, exhorting his companion to patience: having written a letter of farewell nearly four years previously to his children; and having throughout behaved like a hero and not like a criminal.

Over his bloody grave one word ought to be said, and one thing remembered. Orsini is one of many thousands in Europe who believe that every man who is subject to a government ought to have a voice in the government; a doctrine not very strange to those who live in the country of Lexington and Bunker Hill. When, therefore, any one man, by murder and treason, overthrows the government and disfranchises all the rest, they regard him as the common enemy of the state, and not to be removed like any other murderer or bandit. Orsini, indeed, was not a Frenchman, but Louis Napoleon was helping to do in Italy what he does openly at home. In striking at him, therefore, Orsini considered that he was destroying a dangerous enemy of the race. He had no personal object to gain, and having failed in his blow, he has submitted gallantly to the penalty.

The policy he adopted may be always an unwise policy. But to say that he was a bad man, and justly be executed as a murderer, Charlotte Corday undoubtedly assassinated Marat, is not moral to be enforced upon the world from her soulful is, not that even tyrants should not be murdered, but that Orsini would not be murdered, were Napoleon sits to-day in the Tuileries, and Orsini him buried in some Potter's Field. The attempts bury writes about atrocious attempts at assassination, and even Walter Savage Lander says that he can not approve murder. Does Napoleon? Therefore, think that only an attempt is atrocious, but that whoever assassinates is worthy of England's sympathy and alliance? Is Landor unable to approve Orsini's guilt, such as it was, and able to applaud Louis Napoleon's long career of crime?

Louis Napoleon is to-day an Emperor, and Orsini is a beheaded patriot; but is there any fact in contrast for the last time, ask yourself which of the two you sincerely believe to have been the greater criminal and the more dangerous to society?

W. C.

SHAKSPEARE'S Sonnets were entered upon the books of the Stationers' Company by Thomas Thorpe, with the famous dedication, "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." In like manner the Lounger desires to dedicate this notice of his "Saloon" to Mr. W. C., the only begetter of the ensuing remarks, which suggests the more sesquipedalian style of Dr. Johnson. After a physical description, which, the personal difference of barbers, W. C. presents:

"Gentleman, if you wish to frequent a hair-dressing saloon where cleanliness, and quietness, and politeness rule—where the comfort and satisfaction of the habitue are made the subject of every care—where you may have a chin into gentle slumber upon the easiest of chairs, and blissful visions as to the efficacy of razors and the mildest of perfumed soap—where gentle hands lull and soothe by their manipulations, and where the mirrors and grotesque are conjured into fashion and beauty during your momentary unconsciousness—where, in fine, there is a reputation to maintain, and he will maintain it bravely."

The Lounger means to put all this fine promise to the proof, and if he finds that W. C. is "a true man," as well as poet, he shall be further introduced to the public.

THE MORMONS.

It is announced that a brother of the late Dr. Kane, whose father was a personal friend of the President, has been sent to Utah on a peace mission to the Mormons. Mr. Kane has been among them before, and has had opportunities to observe his visit, in which he speaks of them more kindly than they are generally mentioned.

There seems to be no way of ascertaining what the Mormons really feel and want, than to send some man to live among them, and share into their city, to converse with them. Soldiers in a hostile camp, fearful of starving or freezing, will by silence or evasion baffle every endeavor for the chance of brilliant exploits than of settling difficulties, or even of ascertaining their intentions. Nobody appears to know the intention of the Mormons. Mr. Brigham Young wishes a great many furious speeches about him, and perhaps says what he but then they know the enemy is moved up. They must know that the Mormons will not surrender; they must either go into exile or be annihilated.

They can not appeal to any sympathy. There is no reason why they should not hear another view of it. Editorial lines. As yet they have been subject to no clear opposition, and in their own country these mischieves always inflict upon culprits; and that moral contempt on the part of the world which always attends criminal or pernicious folly.

These things, and the consequent considerations, could be made clear to any man of ordinary intelligent and friendly man, like Mr. Kane, that it is to be hoped he is charged with such a mission. As to creating them by force, by fighting or starving, it is impossible under our institutions. That policy gurney kept breed a great many more young men which might come in conflict with the laws in many ways, is more than likely. But if civilization is not able to hold its own against barbarism, it is not what we have all taken it for.

MRS. ANSCHÜTZ FARTINGTON

MRS. FARTINGTON tried to mop out the sea when the tide was coming in, and when the admirable conductor of our Opera tried to stem an encore the other evening. The house thundered and clapped and stamped in order to hear Mlle. Formes repeat an aria in the *Messiah*. The conductor looked sulky, and cried encore to such folly. Bang, bang went the house; bang, bang went Mr. Conductor Anschütz to begin the next movement. The house stamped, and cried encore! Mr. Conductor Anschütz kept his back turned, and waved his baton to the forces. Formes smiled, the chorus men perplexed; but the house was not perplexed, neither was the good Anschütz. The house grew obstinate, and the conductor wrathy.

"Who the dickens are you?" cried the House, in imagination, to Anschütz.

"You darned Yankee blockheads!" thundered Anschütz, in his heart, to the House.

"Bang! bang! We will have that tune again!"

"Bang! bang! I'll be whopped if you do!"

The contest waxed warm. Anschütz, at last, turning his burning face to the house, the unlamayed, but furious and disgusted, conductor cried out:

"It isn't artistic to encore in sacred music!"

Unhappy Anschütz! Had you dare to insinuate that the free and enlightened were guilty of an inartisticality? Then sing, O Muse! how dreadful was the rage of Britons, until some Talleyrand behind the scenes did what no statesman has yet been able to do with Lecompanies and Anti-Lecompanies—namely, settled the difficulty, by announcing that the wind of the trumpeter would not sustain him through it, but that necessary for the accompaniment to Formes's song. It was wisely done—but the House knew that no one touched it the compromise. He threw down his baton and was forceful, but unconquered. Yet even he was at length quelled and returned.

What a deadful thought, that we are an unartistic people! What a call for more, that we ought to restrain our appetites! Perhaps, with Mr. Ullmer telling us what masks are, and Mrs. Anschütz Fartington vigorously laughing up ignorance of artistic proprieties, we shall gradually get to be a presentable public.

IT'S OPERA.

To write an opera, to compose the various parts, and score them for an orchestra, is, of itself, a wonderful thing. But to achieve the performance of a work by good singers, in a fitting house, before a proper audience, is a good fortune reserved for few composers. Auber and a painter depend mainly upon themselves. The one writes a book, and, by the help of a few pots of ink, a few sheets of it is printed; the other paints a picture, and he can put it in his window for the world to see. But a musical composer must wait for the public only after a crowd of other people, any one of whom may do him and his work irremediable injury.

It was, therefore, with a real perception of the case that Mr. Fry, in his little speech after the production of his opera of *Leonora* evening, paid a just his gratitude to the artists. He, better than any body else, knew what they had done for him.

And we—the public, the great critical audience, that sat in dignified judgment upon the quality and claims of that work of a gentleman, about which musician—we owed them the great enjoyment which attends a fine singer's interpretation of a work, and the exquisite skill and care with which they executed it. Madame La Grange has never sung more admirably than in the crude and elaborate music of her rôle of *Leonora*. Her crisp, clear, and yet rich voice, her finished execution were never more pronounced or more pleasing. D'Angri, too, did her part with conscience and care. Lassier was excellent as Florestan—Lind Florestan is a tenor, and tenors are always lumpish as such.

But Formes is the great Italian work. His character and treatment it is exclusively Italian. The instrumentation is learned and skilful. The music itself is harmonious, and in itself it would belie than melodious; that is to say, the airs have the harmonies of accompaniment to themselves, if they do not seem to be distinctive tunes. People will not be heard whistling them, and hand-organs grinding them, and young Misses laughing them upon piano.

But for that, it is a much better work than most of the Italian operas, except those of the best musicians. It tastes of the composer's studies, as all the earlier works of genius do and ought to do. It is clear enough that he has a natural musical sympathy with Bellini, and a thorough appreciation of the finest sweetest of the Italians breathes throughout *Leonora*. But there is more vigor and variety in management than in Bellini's; and it is wonderful how the only original specs of any promising claims that have been produced in New York.

The audience received it most kindly. Of course there were the friends of the composer present. There should be the composer's friends to whom he brings out an opera? The applause was pleasant to hear; and the whole evening was altogether very pleasant to see. It was a good beginning; and no one there but hoped that, before long, we should all be summoned to hear another work of a musician whose talents and claims are no longer unrecognized even in his own country.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

THE title of Dickens's novel, which has now been so long in course of publication from advance-sheets in the *Weekly*, has undoubtedly often enough suggested to the reader the question propounded by itself. But let every man who has or has not read the first or the first chapter of the part published to-day.

Bulwer is too skilful a literary artist to make a blunder. The author and reader may differ about his genius, they can never quarrel over his mastery of mere execution. His novels are not anecdotes or, or impromptus, written from time to time; they are carefully planned and ably elaborated. He has a plot, and he knows what it is, and where it is going, and how it is coming out, and what part every character is to play in it. The opening chapters of the present tale all the personage cause on with the air of intelligent performers. The story-telling power was as evident, and the profound love and enjoyment of his work by the author himself was as clear, as in a novel by Sir Walter Scott.

The address to the reader in the present number is of peculiar interest. Bulwer anticipates the question already hinted, and answers the inquiry. What he has done is to write the first chapter of this chapter is an intricacies, and that the whole MS. is in the hands of the publisher, having been completed on the 22d of January. He then proceeds to tell us what his principles of literary composition are: that the method of publication, whether serial or otherwise, can have nothing to do with the character of the work in the hands of a conscientious author; that it is not to be written number by number, as the voracious press may require, but must be well understood by the author from the beginning.

The reader will remember that, after the completion of "Caxtoniana," Bulwer was evidently assisted in having written in such a slip-slop, hit-and-miss style as to leave taken the idea of the Caxtonian from the fall of an old building in London, which occurred during the progress of the work. So, whoever attacks Dickens may be said, in the vulgate, to wake a Tartar. He wrote a reply to the article, in which he stated, after having surrounded the critic with all the thin-lights and rockets of his humorous sarcasm, that in fact, if the reader would look at the notice, when the first chapter he described the house in question, and in such a way as to allow his intention of tumbling it down in the last chapter to be probable, he was expected, from the beginning.

Bulwer also tells us that, being concluded, the work can not be supposed to refer to any of the present political questions, and the personages who have been associated, and that, in truth, he should not have himself to mingle practical politics and art under any circumstances.

However widely we may differ from his philosophy of literary art, and whatever opinion we may have of his literary power and position, nobody can question that Bulwer stands with Dickens and Thackeray in the third English novelist in popular estimation. His audience is doubtless, larger than that of Thackeray's, and probably not so large as Dickens's. For more than a quarter of a century he has been one of the most noted and prolific of English writers; and the appearance of his address this week is not without a pathetic interest.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—INTELLIGENCE to the ladies is the following from a correspondent with an unpleasing name:

"FAN FREAK, *Esq.*

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Having seen some advertisements, you permit strangers sometimes to address you, allow me to send you a few remarks on a subject which has greatly exercised me, in common with very many others—I mean the monstrous expansion of the ladies' skirts. The fashion has reached the country, Sir, and is inflating every part of it with crinoline. Even the churches have entered the most voluminous extravagances of Broadway. Not until we all get to one house. It seems the fashion has been splendid in various parts of Europe. It has infinitely exceeded in reading some remarks to the Queen of Spain, on this subject, in illustrating *vestis pejorum* in the conquests which his sovereign has made in the Netherlands.

"Pass, Sir, with deference to your judgment, whether this extravagance is not the result of the crinoline skirt. It takes it into its head to exaggerate, in the same proportion, another article, which, with the hoop, is indeed its cotton, in some cases, for its graceful outline, what a Spanish writer calls its *pudor* and its *impudicitia*.

"I propose, Sir, to remonstrate a sum for the dress which may help to bring it to a reasonable size all over before. Some mischievous Frenchman christened it the 'Petit de Tais.' Faith, that on it, and past it round, and it is round what we shall see. This, Sir, you say, is no doubt the origin of the name Farthingale, which our etymologists have been so long seeking that the French troops of those days were really 'pièces de resistance,' and not the flimsy, watch-spring contrivance of our times. Farthingale was again corrupted into *Vertugale*, which is not very far from Farthingale. But, Sir, I propose a much better derivation. Farthingale is a translation, or rather also by a Frenchman, of *Petit de Tais*. We have the 'ill' of no account in a Frenchman's pronunciation, and the matter seems to be settled. But the old tales on the monstrosity, dear Lounger.

"The Italians called the thing 'Guard' infante,' which also shows that it was a substantial affair in those days. It has become a question of focus with our young ladies would by no means approve.

"Yours, very truly,

"OLD BACHELOR."

—A. SAVAGE, *Tobacco Worm*, must not expect to squirm with impunity over a BROADSHEET. In reply to his letter of the 3d inst. we have to say, the Lounger has received a note from MISS MELINDA, of which he subjoins the most striking portions. He shows from it that MISS MELINDA BROADSHEET is an earnest and doughty antagonist:

"FRIEND LOUNGER, * * * * It appears strange to me that the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY should be the object of our common Creator, who can be so devoid of all decency and propriety of taste and conduct as to vilified, and whose love of the world will permit him to come out boldly and defend so unjustly the cause of the most odious. * * * * It is my impression, however, that your correspondent A. Savage is the class of young men whose every-day happiness consists in looking upon themselves as very gentlemanly, and considering while himself as the very pink of the 'delectable world' between the 'dental attachments,' into the 'delica' adieus, selects for himself the most conspicuous position, and, while persisting in retaining it, stares every respectable lady out of countenance. He makes her ashamed of compelling her to wade through the 'virtues of Virginia's most profusely scented weed,' before she can be kept in the other. This 'indignant worm' asks if it 'is to be taken for a fact that not one gentleman knows of more than a dozen 'different-scented abominations' every hour in the day;' as vitiating the sense of smell that this 'round appendage' might as well come in contact with a lump of sarcastics as with the delicate jessamine, for all the harm it would occasion. I will now leave this 'Savage Tobacco Worm' to enjoy his favorite weed, sincerely hoping that our style of dress may not entirely exclude him from his rightful place in some good church, where he may be led to see the error of his ways, repent of his sins, and be cleansed of his abominations.

"TRULY YOURS,

"MELINDA BROADSHEET."



A MASKED BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT PARIS.

MUSARD AND THE PARIS MASKED BALLS.

Now that we have Monsieur Musard here in the flesh, and that there is a striking prospect of masked balls being given at the Academy of Music, the opportunity is favorable for a brief glance at the historic Musard, and at the theatre of his fame, the masked balls at the Academy of Music at Paris.

If Louis Napoleon were shot down to-morrow in the Boulevards, there might be a change in the upper-crust of the French Government. But if Musard were killed, all Paris—and, especially all Bohemia—would fly to arms. For Musard is the darling of the Parisian people, from the Quartier Latin to the Quartier Breda; members of the Council of State pique themselves on knowing him, and the famous Rothschild tenant of a garret in the Rue d'Amsterdam to the co-occupant of a *grenier* in the Rue du Faite St. Jacques, pay him, as he sounds his own, homage which words can but faintly depict. Once upon a time there was a rumor in Paris that a haughty Englishman had shot Marie in a duel; all Paris was on the alert, and it needed no common firmness on the part of Monsieur Guizot (then were the days of Orleans royalty) to avert an instant rupture between the allies; had the rumored mishap befallen Monsieur le Prince Musard, not even the European concord have withstood the cry for instant war upon *perfide Albion*.

Several fair correspondents demand of us a biography of Musard. It can not be written. He leads orchestras—that is all. There is nothing more to be said. It is probable that he had a father and mother. The chances are that, unlike Topsy, he was born, at some time, in some place or other. There is reason to believe that he underwent an apprenticeship, of some kind or other, to the calling which he now follows with such marked success. But, considering the doubt which envelops these matters, the world has gradually settled down to the opinion that he was born, like Minerva, armed with a bow in one hand and a fiddle in the other, and equipped, *cap-à-pied*, in French broadcloth, with a stupendous tie crossing his neck and sticking out on either side; that his first movement was a signal to the hautboy to burst forth, and his first cry an energetic "*Allons, Messieurs!*" to a full-bodied orchestra; and that, as he was full-grown and ripely experienced when he came into the world, so he has never grown any older since then. His portrait corroborates this latter view; let us be content with it.

Our colleague, the Bohemian, has drawn a graceful sketch of Musard at his concerts at the Hôtel de Osmond; to us he is more interesting at the Académie de Musique on a masked ball night.

Paris, as every body knows, abounds with masked balls during the brief season which intervenes between the commencement of the year and the first days of Lent. Masked balls are given at every one of the eighteen theatres of Paris, at several of the public ball-rooms, and at a number of private houses. It has been calculated that an experienced ball-goer might spend every night of January and February at a masked ball, without going twice to the same place. But the greatest of all the masked balls takes place at the Academy of Music on each Saturday evening.

It commences at midnight—that is to say, on Sunday morning. The reader must bear in mind that our Sabbath is a very different institution from the Sunday of Catholic countries; that in France, for instance, while the devoutly-inclined go to mass, and so forth, all classes consider it a holiday—a day of enjoyment and pleasure. It is the great day for theatres, balls, and all kinds of amusements. And the Parisians deem the first hours of the Sabbath fitly spent in revelry at the grand *bal masqué* at the Academy of Music.

The doors are usually opened at eleven P.M., as soon as the Saturday evening's performance has ended, and the theatre has been prepared for the ball by the removal of the seats, and so forth. The parquette and stage are thrown into one, and a beautifully smooth floor presented to the dancers. The *premières loges* (first circle) are thrown open; but the boxes, as well in that tier as in the one above, are let that night at an open night rate.

There is a legend that in times long gone by ladies in good society used to attend the masked balls in the Academy, and dance, and flirt, and intrigue with all manner of fashionable cavaliers in gay costume. We imagine this was before the deluge, or, at all events, before the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar. Within the memory of the oldest sane inhabitant of Paris, no ladies—save on occasional hair-brained girl, or a very dashing and reckless married woman—have graced at the masked balls of the Academy otherwise than as spectators. The scene is very brilliant and striking, and persons in good society frequently wish to see it. When this happens, they take a box; the ladies equip themselves in black dominoes, and are conducted by their friends to their box, whence in safe obscurity they overlook the revelry of the evening. Even this participation in the masked balls at the opera is becoming obsolete, in consequence of the peril which its curious, modest-looking woman on entering that scene of revelry. Speech is free at masked balls in Paris. You may whisper what you like into any lady's ear. You may pluck her arm as she passes. You may jostle her. Redbeards avail themselves of all these licenses, and ladies who have once gone through the ordeal of making their way from the door to a box seldom feel inclined to renew the attempt.

Nor could it be otherwise. The joint and secret of a public masked ball is perfect license. Not one out of a hundred persons assembled knows his neighbor. If these persons are to enjoy themselves, they must dispense with the formality of



MONSIEUR MUSARD.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

introductions, and treat every one—male and female—as if they were old acquaintances. More than this, the mask, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Though men, at the Academy balls, are not permitted to wear a mask throughout the evening, the reverse is the rule with regard to ladies; they are not allowed to unmask. *Sorgons de rafi* patrol the room during the evening, and expel every masked male and every unmasked female they find. Now the mask is a perfect wall, from behind which any liberties may be taken. Under cover of a mask, ladies will say things which they would rather die than utter with unveiled countenance. The widest experience of masked balls at Paris decides that the gravest inconvenience of those gatherings arises from the license of the ladies. The men—gentle and polished as the bulk of Frenchmen are—can easily be managed. But no police force that has ever been organized has been enabled to control the exuberant spirits of the female maskers.

Beginning at midnight, the masked ball at the Academy lasts till five or six A.M. Between two and three the respectable visitors begin to thin out. At four there are but few boxes tenanted. This is the time of the *grand rond*, when Prince Musard loses his senses in the excitement, and two thousand dancers tear round the dancing hall in a frantic ecstasy, realizing the name which has been given to the *pas*, the "Horses Galop." Woe to the luckless wight who trips in that fearful "galop"! Before he knows that he is down, a dozen couples have passed over him, and hundreds more will trample him as they rush furiously on. If he has had the good luck to fall near a body of policemen, they will charge and rescue him by sheer force—signalling the orchestra to stop. But if, as is usual, there are no guardian angels within reach, he must take his chance, happy if he merely escapes with a few bruises, or even an occasion-

al broken bone, where some have been trampled to death.

Refreshments are ex right at the masked balls at Paris. It is considered proper to invite your partner to partake of a bottle of Champagne at an adjoining restaurant. Persons have been known to make as many sorties from the ball with a view to being refreshed in this manner, as Colonel Inglis's gallant garrison did at Lucknow. The consequence may be imagined. Between six and seven, squads of policemen enter the ball with stretchers and vehicles resembling wheel-barrows. They gather together the killed and wounded, as the porter is said to do at the door of a Virginia editor's sanctum. These who, after copious applications of cold water and stick, are able to walk, on reaching the fresh air are mercifully released; the balance are generously provided with lodgings, at the expense of the state, in the nearest *corps de garde*.

The sober survivors of the ball usually sup between five and seven in the morning. At such suppers scenes are enacted which recall the most scandalous episodes of the Regency. For the first time since midnight the ladies unmask themselves. Strangers who have fallen half in love with exquisite creatures in tights and Greek costume, or in the freshest *demi-deshabille* attire, then discover that their charmer is a sober female of forty, who has a propensity for turkey and oysters, and vainly endeavor to drown their disappointment in adulterated Champagne. Those who have been more fortunate—who have spent the evening in the company of friends, or who have made conquests—are left by their gay and satisfaction to the same fountain; and by eight in the afternoon—men and women—are in a fit condition for bed and rodawater.

To the unsophisticated observer—the man of plain common sense and virtuous habits—the most melancholy spectacle in the world, next to a masked ball at the opera, is the funeral of a dear friend. He enters the hall soberly, in due black, with irreproachable gloves. He knows nobody; if he attracts an acquaintance, the latter is too busy to attend to him. No one speaks to him but suspiciously neglected dames, and hungry little musicians who beg for confectionery and Champagne at the commencement of the acquaintance. Every body dislikes him. The gayer the surroundings are, the more people laugh in his neighborhood, the more serious he grows; the dashing maskers who hurry past him enliven his dullness by pleasant inquiries as to whether he personates a grave-digger, or whether he is aware that his wife and sister are jolly enough under-ground.

The funeral of a friend—such the great Dejeuner has appeared to his country has long been held to be the most powerful argument against immorality which was ever adduced. Those who have tried a masked ball from beginning to end, who have gone there alone, and resolutely endeavored to enjoy themselves, will certify that it is quite as efficacious a remedy against dissipation.

Monsieur Musard, we say, intends to inaugurate the era of masked balls in this country. He is to give one or more at the Academy of Music. One of two things; either they will be as dull as many of our great parties in Fifth Avenue, or they will be as licentious and indecorous as the masked balls at Paris. There is some prospect that the latter alternative will be the true one. We have in New York a set of demoralized men and women, extending from the pickpocket order up to the coarse bully who deals in groceries or dry goods, and from the nameless outcast to the loose dweller in an elite bowling-house: these persons will find a congenial sphere in masked balls. But they will not keep up a warm excitement, as the Parisians do, for several hours on a stretch, without drunkenness, violence, such coarse and brutal language as the lowest Parisian never uses, and all manner of savage developments. And the chances are, if we have a masked ball here, that it will be a scene of such immorality and profanity, and disgrace of all kinds, as even this vicious city has never known before.

LITERARY

We have seldom met with a book of its class which embodied so many excellences as THE HAPPY HOME, by Kirwan, published by Harper & Brothers. The name of the distinguished author is always a guarantee for a bold, unflinching, faithful delivery of the truth; and in this little book he has added to these qualities the experiences of a careful parent, and the affectionate opinions of one who knows what it is to love and be loved at home.

The volume is a manual of home duty. Its instructions and advice are such as all parents will thank him for, and all children who read will appreciate and approve. There is something irresistible in the style of Kirwan. He deals with sledge-hammers, and he does it well, but they fall as nonchalantly as sow-dukes. He ridicules or he praises, overthrows an opinion or builds up a theory, and all is done forcibly, eloquently, and satisfactorily. Not the least merit of his writings, and of this book in particular, is the fact that the whole volume of two hundred pages is contained the whole pith of some twenty books on the same subject, by as many Protestant divines who have from time to time written on family and home duties and pleasures. This essentially the book for parents, and will find its way into thousands of houses to make them happy homes.

Not long since the congregation of the Fifth Street Chapel, in Boston, invited six clergymen, of as many denominations, to preach in succession in their chapel, each one giving the reason for the faith that was in him. The sermons, six in all, were as follows, severally, such questions as "Why am I a Universalist?" "Why am I a Trinitarian Congregationalist?" "Why am I a Meth-

odist?" etc. These sermons are now collected and published by John P. Jewett & Co., in Boston, in a handsome volume. It would have been in better taste if the congregation, or committee, or whoever superintended the publication, had omitted the preface, which appears to be a somewhat lame eulogy of the Pitts Street Chapel congregation. We find ourselves somewhat puzzled, after reading it, to know what the people there do believe on religious subjects. But that aside, the volume is interesting and curious, as presenting the views of the several denominations side by side, as held and taught by some of their most eloquent and distinguished men. Very many persons are desirous of possessing a compendium of denominational views—some book which will tell them what different churches hold and why they hold it. This seems to be such a book.

Carter & Brothers publish with remarkable quickness of succession book after book of sound orthodox character, and they select, also, with excellent judgment, works whose intrinsic interest, and literary merit also, makes them valuable. Their last issue is Ministering Children, a story of English life, in which the way that children may do good in the world, and be "ministers" of kindness and mercy, is exquisitely set forth. This story has passed through thirty editions in England. The present is finely illustrated with twenty cuts, from designs by Birket Foster, and others, and makes altogether one of the best children's books of the day.

Carters also publish a Memoir of Captain Hammond, one of those gallant men who fell at the storming of the Redan. We have had time only to read the accounts of the preparation, mental and bodily, for that assault—the taking of the Sacrament by some who thought that death was probably before them—and then the three days' battle, at the end of which Captain Hammond was seen at the head of his men in the heart of the enemy's works, where he fell under their bayonets. This is well told, with skillful touches; and we judge favorably of the character of the rest of the book from this. The Crimean war has given us some admirable biographical subjects, as well of religious as of other general character. We recur at this moment again to an admirable book—English Hearts and Hands—which every one should read. It is a most excellent and interesting little volume.

A volume of Transatlantic Sketches, by Professor Kelland, published in Edinburgh, is remarkable for the small amount of matter necessary to make a book out of. Here is a story which he heard related on board the steamer by a Yankee who is somewhat celebrated for large stories:

"I remember one Silas Gray, a queer fellow, a citizen of the world, who, when he heard a traveler's tale, always chimed in with one more extraordinary still. Such as this: Did you ever go to the Rocky Mountains? Well, I wonder at that. You may be sure you don't know the world. My ancestors came from there, and in my younger days we used often to talk about an old uncle that was living there about a century ago. He was a crack shot, and when he came down to see grandfather brought a particular long gun with him. I thought I might as well go and see what they had done with the old man. Well, do you know, that district is so remarkably healthy, high up in the air, that people never die. They get old and shriveled, and lose their faculties pretty much, and then the neighbors tie them up in a sack, and ticket them, and hang them up in the church. So when I got to the place I went to the church, and asked the man that had charge if he knew what had become of my old uncle. The man said he didn't know, but if I would come along with him we'd see. So we went round and examined the sacks, a precious lot of them. Sure enough there was my uncle's name on one. So the man asked me if I wished to speak to him. I told him I wanted particularly to do it. Well, he took down the sack, and inside there was my uncle as dry as a mummy. He put him into warm water, and after a while the old man began to open his eyes and sneeze. At last, says I, 'Well, uncle, can you speak?' and he said he could. So I began to chat with him about our relations. The old man presently tired, and began to yawn. Says he, 'If you have any thing particular to ask about I guess you had better make haste, as I am getting tired and want to be hung up again.' 'Well, then, uncle,' says I, 'I do just want to know what became of a particular long gun you used to have.' 'Look,' says he, 'under the thatch at the northwest corner of the house, and you'll find it.' 'Thankee, uncle,' says I; and we tied the old man up again."

A new poet has appeared in England. Mr. William Morris publishes The Defense of Guenevre, and other poems, which possess very high and refined merit. Some of them are not without obscurity, but others are exceedingly beautiful.

The new Cabinet in England is composed of men not unknown to literature. Lord Derby is author of "Conversations on the Parables." Disraeli is, of course, well known. Lord Manners is a poet; and several other members of the Government have published works.

A bookseller in London, Edward Truelove, has been committed by a Bow Street magistrate for publishing a pamphlet on Tyrranicide. The pamphlet is understood to be a defense of the propriety of disposing of tyrants by any means—a doctrine which, however wrong and unrighteous it may be, certainly ought not to disturb the Government of England. America seems to be the only country of free political discussion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 29th March, in the Senate, Senator Fitzpatrick announced that the Vice-President had been obliged to leave for the South. A president *pro tem.* was voted for, and the following was the result: Fitzpatrick, 28; Fessenden, 12; Hamlin, 1. Senator Fitzpatrick was accordingly conducted to the chair by Messrs. Slidell and Dixon. The Minnesota Bill being taken up, after remarks by Senators Hunter, Pugh, Fitch, Collamer, Simmons, Trumbull, Polk, and Brown, Mr. Mason's amendment to allow Minnesota only one representative in Congress was lost by 41 to 8; and Senator Wilson's amendment to allow one representative now, to order a new census forthwith, and to base the representation thereon hereafter, was carried by 22 to 21.——The House having gone into Committee on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, speeches on the Kansas question were made by Messrs. Hill, Wade, Ready, Gooch, Taylor, Olin, Bennett, and Wilson.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, various unimportant memorials and reports were presented; among others, a resolution from Senator Hunter, which was adopted, directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a national foundery at Alexandria, Virginia. Senator Johnson introduced a bill to introduce economy into the printing department of Congress.——The House having taken up the Printing Deficiency Bill, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Sandidge, Walbridge, Leidy, Davis, Clay, Campbell, Harlan, Underwood, and Hoard.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Senator Douglas presented the Constitution of Oregon; also petitions from the Territory of Dacotah, praying for a Territorial organization. Some unimportant reports and petitions were presented. The Minnesota Bill having been taken up, speeches thereon were made by Messrs. Polk, Iverson, Fitch, Doolittle, Bright, Mason, Green, and Pugh; and the following amendments were put and voted upon: Mr. Doolittle's, to allow Minnesota two representatives, lost by 20 to 33; Mr. Fitch's, to allow three representatives, lost by 14 to 36; another, by the same Senator, to allow two representatives this session, and three when her census shows sufficient population, lost by 19 to 27; Mr. Iverson's, to allow two till the next census, lost by 23 to 26. On motion of Mr. Benjamin, this last vote was reconsidered, and Mr. Iverson's amendment was finally adopted by 29 to 21.——The House having gone into Committee on the Deficiency Bill, speeches on Kansas were delivered by Messrs. Stevenson, Gilmer, Mills, Burlingame, Parrott, Zollicoffer, Niblack, Groesbeck, Trippe, Morse, Hatch, Marshall, Hughes, Tappan, Letcher, and Walton.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the Army Bill was taken up, and Senator Hunter moved that in lieu of four regiments, the bill should read two regiments exclusive of the Texas regiment. After remarks from Senators Iverson, Pugh, Cameron, Houston, and Douglas, the motion was carried by 28 to 14. Further conversation ensued between Senators Iverson, Pugh, Johnson, Crittenden, and others, and the bill was reported to the Senate, the verbal amendments being concurred in by 25 to 10. Further discussion of the principle of the bill then ensued between Senators Hale, Wilson, Cameron, and Brown, and the bill, as amended, passed by 41 to 13.——In the House, a resolution was offered by Mr. Maynard, directing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire whether life and property are properly protected in the District. Mr. Haskin insisted on the expulsion of a newspaper correspondent who had, he said, maligned him. This being the day fixed for the vote on the Kansas Bill, Mr. Stephens moved that it be taken up. It was read once. Mr. Giddings having objected to the second reading the question was put: Shall the bill be rejected? Yeas 95, nays 137. The bill was then read a second time. Mr. Stephens gave way to Mr. Montgomery, who offered the Crittenden substitute, as amended by the Anti-Lecompton Democratic Conference, proposing to admit Kansas into the Union, and to refer the Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people; in the event of its rejection by them, a Convention to be called to form a new Constitution. It also allows one member of the House of Representatives until the next Federal census. Mr. Quitman also offered a substitute, which is the same as the Senate bill, with the omission of the declaratory clause "that the people shall have the right at all times to alter or amend the Constitution in such manner as they think proper," etc. Mr. Humphrey Marshall wished to amend the Senate bill, but Mr. Stephens refused to yield the floor, and demanded the previous question. The vote was then taken on Mr. Quitman's amendment, which was lost by 72 to 160. Mr. Montgomery's substitute was then put and carried by 120 to 112.

The following list gives the vote in detail:

YEAS—Messrs. Abbott, Adrain, Andrews, Arnold, Bennett, Billinghurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Brayton, Buffinton, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark (Conn.), Clark (N. Y.), Clawson, Clark B. Cochrane, Cockerill, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cox, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis (Md.), Davis (Ind.), Davis (Mass.), Davis (Iowa), Dawes, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Eddy, English, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foley, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gilmer, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Groesbeck, Grow, Hall (Ohio), Hall (Mass.), Harlan, Harris (Md.), Harris (Ill.), Haskin, Hickman, Hoard, Horton, Howard, Owen Jones, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Kunkel (Pa.), Lawrence, Leach, Leiter, Lovejoy, M'Kibben, Marshall (Ky.), Marshall (Ill.), Matteson, Montgomery, Morgan, Morrill, Morris (Pa.), Morris (Ill.), Morse (Ma.), Morse (N. Y.), Mott, Murray, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pendleton, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Purviance, Ricaud, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw (Ill.), Sherman (Ohio), Sherman (N. Y.), Smith (Ill.), Spinner, Stanton, Stewart (Penn.), Tappan, Thayer, Thompson, Tompkins, Underwood, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Walton, Washburne (Wis.), Washburne (Me.), Washburne (Ill.), Wilson, Wood—120.

NAYS—Messrs. Ahl, Anderson, Arnold, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bocock, Bonham, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caskie, Clark (Mo.), Clay, Clemens, Clingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, Craig (Mo.), Craige (N. C.), Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Davis (Miss.), Dewart, Dimmick, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, Eustis, Faulkner, Florence, Furnett, Gartrell, Gillis, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Hatch, Hawkins, Hill, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Huyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones (Tenn.), J. Glancy Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Kunkel (Md.), Lamar, Landy, Leidy, Letcher, Maclay, M'Queen, Mason, Maynard, Miles, Miller, Millson, Moore, Niblack, Peyton, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Quitman, Ready, Reagan, Reilly, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Shaw (N. C.), Shorter, Sickles, Singleton, Smith (Tenn.), Smith (Va.), Stallworth, Stephens, Stevenson, Stewart (Md.), Talbot, Taylor (N. Y.), Taylor (La.), Trippe, Ward, Warren, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright (Ga.), Wright (Tenn.), Zollicoffer—112.

Applause being heard in the galleries, Mr. Keitt moved that they be cleared. The bill as amended was then passed by 120 to 112.

On Friday, April 2, the Kansas Bill, with the House amendments, was taken up, and Senator Green moved to disagree. Speeches were made by Senators Bigler and Pugh against, and by Senator Douglass in favor of, the House amendments; after which the vote on Senator Green's motion was taken and the motion was carried by 32 to 23.——The House having gone into committee on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, speeches on the Utah rebellion were made by Messrs. Jones, Lovejoy, Faulkner, and Phelps.

FAILURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The caucus of Lecomptonites and Anti-Lecomptonites met in the Representatives Hall on 29th March. Mr. English moved "that the admission of Kansas is upon the fundamental condition that the people now have, and may at all times exercise, the right of altering, amending, or changing their Constitution at pleasure." This was voted down by the Administration Democrats, and the caucus adjourned *sine die*, having effected nothing toward a compromise.

LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

We have news from the army of Utah to the 16th of February. The health of the officers and men was excellent, and they were unremittingly engaged in preparations for a forward march, which it was expected would take place about the 20th of May. It was supposed that Captain Marcy, with his mules and escort from New Mexico, and Russell and Major, with an ox train of 115 wagons, would soon reach Fort Bridger. The grass on the plains was as far advanced as in May of last season. Several hundred recruits had arrived at Fort Leavenworth, and preparations for the early starting of reinforcements continued unabated. Some had already gone on—Colonel Hoffman's command of four companies and two hundred mule trains having been met two hundred miles west of Fort Leavenworth.

The only apprehensions of Colonel Johnston relate to his supplies, which will not last longer than the first of May. An attempt was being made at Fort Laramie, where there is a supply for four months for three thousand men, to send on a train to Fort Scott as early as possible. Colonel Johnson does not propose to enter Salt Lake City, *via* Echo Canon, but will make a detour to the north. The opinion is entertained that the Mormons will adopt a guerrilla mode of warfare, and that it will take a couple of years to subdue them. One great difficulty relating to the occupation of Salt Lake City by our troops lies in the fact that all army supplies must come from the States.

COMMISSIONERS FOR UTAH.

It is understood that the President will appoint Commissioners to proceed to Utah to endeavor to induce the Mormons to yield obedience to the laws, in order to avoid, if possible, the shedding of blood. The Commissioners will represent the determination and force of the Government to reduce them to subjection, and will endeavor to impress upon them the uselessness of opposition. It is said that Governor Powell, of Kentucky, and Major Ben M'Culloch, will be the Commissioners.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF WASHINGTON.

In view of the nightly scenes of ruffianly violence in Washington, the Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia of the Senate, Mr. Brown, is preparing a bill to establish an efficient police for Washington, which he will bring before the Senate immediately. The features of the bill have been agreed upon, unanimously, by the committee. The police will be called the "Auxiliary Guard," and will consist of one hundred men, in uniform, with a commissioner-in-chief, a captain, and four lieutenants. The captain and lieutenants will be mounted. The cost will be about one hundred thousand dollars a year. The President will be empowered to add to this force one hundred or more on any emergency. A small portion of the appropriation proposed will be a secret service fund, for the employment of detectives, if necessary. The whole will be under the Interior Department.

PERSONAL.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes: "Colonel Benton is about closing his long and eventful career. He is almost the last of the old veterans—the men who were in the height of their glory during the days of Jackson, and who then made the whole country ring with the echo of their contending blows. He has been confined to his room for the last few weeks. In the pleasant weather of February he was often to be seen riding slowly, upon his splendid black horse, along the Avenue, keeping near enough to the sidewalk to enable him to recognize and return the courteous salutations of the many friends he was sure to meet. But he soon became too feeble for this, and was scarcely ever out of his chamber. Now he is confined to his bed almost entirely, suffering a great deal of pain, but bearing it with characteristic fortitude, and, in spite of it all, working incessantly at what he styles his *magnum opus*, the abridgment of the Congressional Debates. He has completed the work nearly to 1850, and says he only hopes to live long enough to bring it down to the present time. His familiarity with the more recent discussions of Congress renders the labor comparatively easy, and three or four months of comparative health would enable him to bring it to a close. But it is very doubtful whether this will be vouchsafed to him. He suffers from an internal cancer, and it may end his life almost at any moment. He is cheerful, resolute as ever, and especially glad to see his friends. His indomitable courage is conspicuous in the incessant vigor with which he continues to work. His review of the Dred Scott decision was written under intense suffering, and in spite of pain he persisted in having every proof-sheet ready for the mail by which his publishers would expect it."

It is rumored that Allsop, the English fugitive, has arrived at Washington, with the purpose of ascertaining what the views of government are on his extradition, if demanded.

Among the passengers by the steamer *Columbia*, which sailed on Saturday for Charleston, South Carolina, were the Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Edward West, Surrogate, and Hon. Florence M'Carthy, Judge of the Marine Court. The two latter gentlemen have gone on a short trip South for the benefit of their health.

Juarez, who is contending with Zuloago for the government of Mexico, has sent a Minister to the United States. He arrived in the Tennessee, and it is understood is on the way to Washington. The Zuloago government has been recognized by our Minister in Mexico, and therefore the embassador of Juarez can not be recognized here under the present condition of affairs.

Lieutenant Beale, of the Camel Wagon-road Expedition, arrived at Washington last week, and reported himself at the War Department. The success of the Camel experiment has inclined the Administration to further use of them, and Congress will be asked to make an application of $25,000 to purchase additional supplies. Partial arrangements are already made, and a contract agreed on by the Secretary of War. It is also determined to appoint a Commissioner to go to Africa and make a treaty by which permanent supplies can be procured from that country instead of Arabia.

Ex-Governor John S. Peters, of Connecticut, died at Hebron on 20th ult. He was a member of the Assembly, as Senator or Representative, for several years, and Lieutenant-Governor from 1827 to 1831, when he succeeded Gideon Tomlinson as Governor, holding the office two years. In 1833 he was defeated by Henry W. Edwards; and he has not since appeared in political life except as a Presidential elector. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man of the old school, of fair abilities, and of considerable reputation as a physician. He must have been over eighty at the time of his death. The funeral took place Friday noon.

Hon. David S. Reid, of the United States Senate, who has been detained in Richmond for two or three months by sickness, has left for his home in North Carolina. His health is improving, and he hopes to resume his duties in Congress shortly.

Hon. Charles Sumner left the Brevoort House on Friday morning for Washington.

His Excellency Count Sartiges, the French Minister, arrived at the same house on Thursday evening.

A New Orleans correspondent of the *Herald* says: "I called on ex-President Comonfort to-day. He has leased for several months the fine mansion known as the Leseps House, near the United States Barracks, some two miles below the city. There, surrounded by groves of orange-trees and magnolias, he is leading a life of quiet retirement. He spoke with regret, but without bitterness, of recent and present events in Mexico. He will probably not visit the North at present. The filibusters are here and in this vicinity in force, awaiting the grand trial which is to come off next month. General Walker went to Mobile a few days since. General Henningsen and Captain Fayssoux are also here, with Anderson, Lockridge, and others. They are confident not only that they will not be convicted, but that, in the revelations that will be made during the trial, they will knock the Administration 'higher nor a kite,' if a *nolle prosequi* is not entered, which, it is said, they fear will be done. After they have finished the Administration, I am informed they look to ulterior operations on the Rio Grande. The steamer *Fashion* having been bought in under the Sheriff's sale for $200, is now on the floating dock at Mobile, where she looks as bright as a new pin."

Among the arrivals by the *St. Louis* at Aspinwall, from New York, says the Panama *Star* of March 20, was Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguished Irish journalist and orator, on his way to Costa Rica, for the purpose of collecting materials for a work and a series of lectures illustrative of the resources, the social and political condition, the institutions and commerce of that little state. Mr. Meagher is accompanied by Señor Ramon Paez, the eldest son of the celebrated and venerable General Paez, of Venezuela, who will not only be his companion on this trip, but his co-assistant in his proposed literary and scientific labors. Señor Paez is highly accomplished as a linguist, botanist, geologist, and naturalist, and has won considerable reputation as a draughtsman and painter. These gentlemen bring with them a splendid photographic apparatus, and letters of recommendation from Señor Molina, the Costa Rican Minister at Washington; Señor Yrizarri, the Guatemalan and Nicaraguan Minister; Royal Phelps, the consul-general for Costa Rica in New York; and from other influential citizens.

It is reported that since his arrival in this country, on a certain occasion, a lady was admiring an elegant Cashmere shawl worn by the Turkish Admiral. He gallantly took it off his shoulders, and laid it upon her own to witness its effect, or perhaps momentarily to gratify her vanity. The shawl was a magnificent one, costing $4000 or $5000. Imagine the surprise of the Admiral, when she blushingly courtesied to him, and moved gracefully off with the coveted shawl as—*a present!*

The Rev. Dr. Monod is returning North from his Southern tour. He has had a series of pleasant receptions.

Governor King has nominated General Duryea, of Brooklyn, as Major-General, vice Aaron Ward, resigned.

Charles H. Brown, of the Atlas Bank, Boston, died April 2, after a short illness.

T. B. Cumming, Secretary and Acting Governor of Nebraska, died on the 23d ult.

Rev. Mr. Kalloch has arrived in Kansas, and entered in a law partnership with John L. Pendery, formerly of Cincinnati.

On Friday evening a small box or case was left on the door-steps of the residence of a prominent city official in Boston, and upon the contents being examined, a note was first discovered bearing the following lines:

"Oh, take me in, and use me well,
For in this house my father dwells!"

Further investigation revealed a brazen image of an infant, or something very much resembling such an article.

Since the enterprise of C. E. Todd & Co., in Broome Street, was broken up, over 6000 letters, addressed to the proprietors, have been taken from the Post-office. These letters contained over $8000. The money has all been sent back to the writers, with the following note from the Mayor:

"Inclosed you will find the sum remitted by you to C. E. Todd & Co., who have been arrested in this city. Be on your guard against all gift enterprises, lotteries, and all other bogus schemes, as they are intended to defraud only the unwary. Daniel F. Tiemann, *Mayor*."

Captain Leonhart, who has figured in the disturbances in Kansas, was shot on Thursday night, 18th instant, at Geary City, by the clerk of a grocery store, who revenged himself for a blow inflicted by Leonhart.

Thackeray is said to have joined the editorial staff of the London *Times*.

THE TURK'S GREAT HUNTING EXPEDITION.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The announcement of a party having been formed to accompany Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pacha and suite for an excursion to Minnesota, this summer, has created quite a sensation among the foreign *attachés* and other pleasure-hunters in Washington. Besides Vice-President Breckinridge, Senators Fitch and Rice, Becker and Cavanagh, Representatives from Minnesota, Governor Medary, Dr. Coleman, Representative elect from Dacotah, there will be a large party from Washington, and among them many of the Foreign Legation. The beautiful lakes and prairies of Minnesota, abounding with fish, game, and the buffalo, will afford such novelty and excitement to the distinguished Turk, other foreigners, and the whole party as can not be found in any other part of the world. It is proposed to start in July, and to go to Breckinridge, near the dividing line between Minnesota and Dacotah, at the head of the navigation of the Red River of the North, and at the junction of the Bois des Sioux, or Sioux Wood River, with the Red River, or Otter Tail River. This will be the head-quarters of the party. Only imagine Mohammed Pacha and suite, and these scented gentlemen of the Foreign Legations, on a buffalo hunt on our magnificent prairies of the far West! What a chance for their health, after the dissipation of Washington society and city life! and then twelve or fifteen hundred miles of railroad continuously to travel, through great cities and highly cultivated States, with all the magnificent scenery of mountains, lakes, great rivers, which for thousands of miles bear produce to the ocean, and the immeasurable prairies, how will these strike our visitors? Doubtless they will exclaim, 'God is great,' and this is a 'great country!' Speaking of this Western country of Minnesota and Dacotah, I may mention that there is a project being developed to connect by a canal, less than a mile in length, two of the lakes of Minnesota, one connecting with the waters of the Mississippi and the other with the Red River of the North, by which a continual chain of communication will be opened between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson's Bay—between the tropics and the arctic zone—through the interior waters of this continent. Let the Turkish Rear-Admiral see these things and understand this fact, and he will apostrophize Allah and say, this is a 'great country!'"

SALE OF THE COLLINS STEAMSHIPS.

The steamships of the Collins line—the *Adriatic*, *Baltic*, and *Atlantic*—were sold at auction last week by order of the Sheriff. They were sold together, and brought $50,000. The liens on the property amount to $657,000. The vessels are valued at $2,500,000. The purchaser was Dudley B. Fuller, of the firm of Fuller, Lord, & Co., iron merchants.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the 17th, notice was given of a bill to limit the duration of Parliament to three years. Lord John Russell's Oaths Bill was considered in Committee—the various clauses were agreed to, and the report was ordered to be brought up on the 22d. The Lords were not in session. On the 18th, in the House of Lords, the case of the Cagliari was debated, but without bringing to light any thing not already known. In the House of Commons the state of affairs in India claimed attention. Acts of cruelty to the Sepoys were strongly denounced, and a spirit of justice tempered with mercy was advocated on all sides. Mr. Disraeli, in reply to a question from Mr. Crawford, indignantly repelled the insinuation that Lord Malmesbury's dispatch to Count Walewski had been submitted to the French Government for approval before it was officially communicated. After some debate, leave was given to bring in a bill to disfranchise the electors of Galway on the ground of bribery. On Friday, the 19th, in the House of Lords, Earl Derby stated, in reply to an inquiry, that Government would not be parties to any measure which would impair the efficiency of the system of education established for half a century in Ireland. The East India Loan bill was finally passed. In the incident debate upon it, Lord Ellenborough said that, in future, it would be necessary to keep up in India forty battalions of European infantry, ten of European cavalry, and a large force of European artillery. In the House of Commons, General Peel said it was in contemplation to give a medal for the capture of Delhi. Nothing else of importance transpired.

INSTALLATION OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The members of the new Government took their seats in the House of Commons on the 12th: the first day the House had met since the re-elections consequent upon the formation of the new Administration. The following took the oaths: The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, the Right Hon. J. W. Henley, the Right Hon. Sir J. Pakington, the Right Hon. Lord J. Manners, General Peel, Lord Lovaine, Sir F. Kelly, Mr. Cairns, Lord H. Lennox, Mr. Adderley, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. S. Escourt, Right Hon. G. C. W. Forester, and Mr. Inglis. Lord Palmerston took the seat generally occupied by the leader of the opposition. Lord John Russell sat on the first seat on the floor immediately beyond the gangway, beside Mr. Roebuck.

A LETTER FROM ALLSOP.

Mr. Simon Bernard has been committed for trial on a charge of complicity in the late attempt to murder the Emperor of the French. In the course of the examination before the magistrate Mr. Bodkin put in a letter in Allsop's handwriting, and addressed to the prisoner, which was found at the residence of the latter. It commenced "My dear Doctor," and contained the following passages;

"I am glad to find difference of opinion limited to a single point. Differences of opinion exist in every army, but unity is necessary for action. However, I have every confidence in the future. *The abominable miscreant of*

the 2d of December seems to have reached his culminating point. Have you seen the withering contempt with which Smith O'Brien alluded to the Queen kissing this unconvicted felon? *He is not likely to give much more trouble, even if he should escape the retribution he so richly merits. If I was in California now, I would double the amount offered by Landor to the man who should perform an act of justice toward that most wretched caitiff.* It is a poor consolation to know that he is obliged to drink before going abroad to drown his fears. *He must be killed*, and with him the system he feels it necessary to keep up. I shall feel pleased to hear of Orsini's progress. Be kind enough to assure Orsini of my warmest sympathy and affectionate regard. Yours, fraternally,

"THOS. ALLSOP."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ON ASSASSINATION.

Referring to the letter from Allsop, given above, Mr. W. S. Landor writes a letter to the *Times*, in which he says: "Never have I countenanced any assassination whatsoever. Assassination I consider as the basest of crimes—tyrannicide as the sublimest of virtues, it being self-immolation for a man's native country. Beyond that country it would be murder. It strikes him down who hath subverted its laws and stands above them on their ruins. Now, whoever is above them is out of them; in one word, an outlaw.

"The Emperor Napoleon is the most legitimate *sovran* in the universe, having been chosen by a greater number of suffrages than ever was one before; whereas the wretched and infamous government which he overthrew annulled those which itself had recently called forth and consecrated. It was not he who planned and executed the invasion of the Roman state, the sister republic coming by stealth in the garb of amity, and perpetrating an assassination a hundred-fold more extensive than the Parisian. No, it was not he; it was those small, restless, wriggling creatures which showed their heads out of their burrows in the crevices of the old republic. It was politicians like Lamartine and Changarnier—first-rate in chatter, second-rate in literature, third-rate in public confidence. These people had abjured all ambition, all encroachment, all interference with the territory or government of other nations; yet attempted to wrest Savoy from Sardinia.

"So far am I from desiring the overthrow of Napoleon, I should regret the loss to Europe of the most energetic and sagacious potentate that ever governed any portion of it, excepting the great Protector and the great Stadtholder. To England the loss would be peculiarly deplorable, since we may rely on him, and on him only, for the continuance of peace.

"Personally, I never had any intimacy or connection with democratic strangers; I detest and abominate democracy, the destroyer of republics. Let me never be confounded either with the enemies or the partisans of Napoleon. Frequently, and for many years, I enjoyed his conversation, and I heartily wish him a long life and a long succession. He knows enough of me to be convinced that I care little for rank, for power, or for popularity, and that it is quite enough for me to be as retired and obscure as any man in England."

INTERNATIONAL BICKERINGS.

It is stated that Mr. Roebuck has received a challenge from the Count de Ligny, an officer in the French army, for his language in regard to France.

Caricatures from *Punch* having been sent to certain French Colonels, in the name of the Army and Navy Club in London, the Committee of that Club offer a reward of £50 for the name of the party who has been guilty of the insult.

A LETTER FROM LADY HAVELOCK.

The Mayor of Birmingham has received from Lady Havelock, in reply to a vote of condolence passed by the Birmingham town council, a letter in which she says:

"The high encomiums you have been pleased to pass upon the heroic deeds of Sir Henry Havelock, as a soldier and a general, and the exalted terms in which you have spoken of my beloved husband as a *man*, are like sweet incense to my broken, afflicted heart; not merely because the praises of those we love are ever precious to us, but because I am so well aware that the portraiture of his almost perfect character is by no means overdrawn, and the experience of more than eight-and-twenty years of domestic happiness only serves to strengthen this opinion. But I thank my Heavenly Father that, even in this crushing and unexpected bereavement, I have many sources of comfort. Our gracious Sovereign has provided bountifully for my wants, my sons are nobly following the bright example of their father, and my two daughters are my best earthly treasures. A shade of regret might intrude if I were to reflect on the altered prospects of my fatherless children; but I can not for a moment indulge in vain regrets, for our Heavenly Father ordains all things for the best, and I have too much confidence in my husband's countrymen to suppose that they can ever cease to take an interest in the children of Henry Havelock. May I beg you will do me the honor to convey my heartfelt thanks to the corporation of Birmingham, and to believe me, with every feeling of respect, to be yours very gratefully,

"HANNAH S. HAVELOCK.

"J. RATCLIFF, Esq., Mayor of Birmingham."

FRANCE.

THE EXECUTION OF ORSINI AND PIERRI.

The execution of Giuseppe Andrea Pierri and of Felice Orsini, condemned to the punishment of parricides by the decree of the Court of Assizes of the Seine, on the 26th February last, took place on 13th ult. at seven o'clock A.M., on the Place de la Roquette. The sentence of death passed upon Carlo de Rudio has been commuted into that of hard labor for life. Gomez and Rudio will be shipped off, at the close of the month, on board the *Adour* for Senegal, and from thence they will be transported to the pestiferous swamps of Cayenne, which are less speedy, but as remorseless instruments of destruction as the guillotine which they congratulated themselves on escaping. The wife and daughter of Rudio will be permitted to accompany him in his exile.

THE SCAFFOLD.

"This morning the weather was bitterly cold, and the ground wet, from the snow which had fallen. The sky was covered with clouds of a slate color, and under that dismal canopy dark gray mists, transparent like funeral crape, were drifting about. The streets in the more distant part of the city were deserted, but as you neared the quarter contiguous to the prison, detached squads of *sergens de ville* might be seen moving toward the same direction, the occasional flash of bayonets in the gaslight was discernible, and nearer still the vague mass, without form or outline, and heaving to and fro, showed that the awful moment was approaching. Now and then a butcher's or a market gardener's cart, with its red lamp in front, rolled heavily along, and with difficulty made its way through the crowd. Many of the spectators had brought their breakfasts with them; they had their loaves under their arms, their pipes in their mouths. Some men were grave and serious, and spoke in a low tone of voice; others jested and laughed, and many observed that the prisoners well deserved their fate. About 15 paces from the gate of the prison the scaffold was erected, and on it rose the instrument of death, the name of which recalls so many terrible associations. There it stood on its platform like a ladder without steps—the block with the hole for the head to enter, at the lower end; at the upper the heavy knife of triangular shape, with its edge like a razor's; hard by it the shell for the body after decapitation, and in front the basket for the head; the cord by which the blade is kept suspended, the frame-work painted a dull red, just discerned in the dismal glimmering of a winter's morning, all presented a most hideous spectacle.

HOW THE CONVICTS PREPARED FOR DEATH.

"Precisely at six o'clock Orsini and Pierri were awoke from their sleep by the governor of the prison, who then announced to them that their hour was come. The Abbé Hugon, chaplain of the Roquette, and the chaplain of the Conciergerie, were present. They heard mass and received the Communion with respect, if not devotion. Soon after they were taken to the room called *de la toilette* for change of dress. When the convicts entered the *chambre de la toilette*, they were placed at different extremities of it, with their backs turned to each other. There were two assistant-executioners—one from Rouen, the other from Caen—besides him of Paris. These lost no time in preparing the convicts for the scaffold. During the dreadful operation Orsini remained calm; and though he was not so loud and contradictory as during his trial, Pierri was somewhat excited. The strait-waistcoat interfered with his gesticulations, but he hardly ceased talking for a moment. When the executioner was pinioning him he asked that the fastenings should not be drawn too tight, as he had no intention of escaping. The cold touch of the steel on his neck when the scissors cut off his hair, so as not to interfere with the guillotine, for an instant appeared to thrill through him; but he recovered himself when he found that his beard was left untouched. He thanked the executioner for letting him die with his face as became a man. When the hood, to which the vail which covers the features of the parricide is suspended, was put over his head, he is said to have laughed, and attempted a joke about the figure he must cut. At this moment he turned his head and perceived Orsini; he saluted him gayly, and asked how he was getting on. He was interrupted by Orsini, who was himself undergoing the same operation with the same *sang froid* as if he were under the hands of a valet dressing for a party, with the words, 'Be calm, be calm, my friend.' Pierri's tongue ran on, however. The assistant proceeded to strip him of his shoes, for in pursuance of the sentence they were to proceed to the scaffold barefooted. The man appeared to hesitate, but Pierri encouraged him to proceed, and assisted him as much as he could, still talking. The operation being over, and the toilet complete, he turned toward the turnkey and asked to be allowed to embrace him. This request was complied with. The moment of moving now came, and the Abbé Hugon cried out, 'Courage!' 'Oh! I am not afraid—I am not afraid,' he said; 'we are going to Calvary!' and in a sort of feverish excitement he repeated to himself, 'Calvary, Calvary!'

ORSINI'S CALMNESS.

"Orsini was, on the other hand, as calm and tranquil as his fellow-convict was excited. He spoke little; but when the governor of the prison and some of the officers approached him he bade them, in a low tone of voice, farewell. The turnkey of his cell announced to him, in a tone of regret, that his last moment was come. Orsini thanked him for his sympathy. His hair was also cut away from his neck, but he underwent the operation without flinching. At the moment when the hood was put on his head his face, which up to that moment was calm and impassible, became flushed for a moment and his eye lighted up.

THEY ASCEND THE SCAFFOLD.

"The prison clock struck seven; before the last sound died away the door leading to the scaffold opened as of itself. The Abbé Hugon entreated Pierri to profit by the few moments still left to collect his thoughts and assume a calmer attitude. He promised to be calm, but said he should chant a patriotic hymn; and it is said that he actually began to sing the well-known 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' Leaning on the Abbé Hugon he mounted fifteen steps of the scaffold, still repeating the verses of the song.

"Orsini was supported by the chaplain of the Conciergerie, and his calmness never abandoned him for a moment. When he appeared on the platform it could be seen, from the movement of his body and of his head, though covered with the vail, that he was looking out for the crowd, and probably intending addressing them. But they were too far off. The greffier then directed the usher to read the sentence of the Court condemning the prisoners to the death of parricides. The usher, who was an old man, over sixty, was evidently much moved at having to perform his duty, and he trembled as much from emotion as from cold as he read the document which no one listened to.

THE KNIFE FALLS.

"After this formality was terminated Orsini and Pierri embraced their spiritual attendants, and pressed their lips on the crucifix offered to them. They then gave themselves up to the headsman. Pierri was attached to the plank in an instant. He was executed first. The moment his vail was raised, and before his head was laid on the block, it is affirmed that he cried, '*Vive l'Italie, Vive la Republique!*'

"Orsini was then taken in hand. His vail was raised, and his countenance still betrayed no emotion. Before he was fastened to the plank he turned in the direction of the distant crowd, and, it is said, cried '*Vive la France!*' It was but five minutes past seven when the second head fell into the basket. A cold shudder ran among those whose attention was fixed upon what was passing on the scaffold, and for an instant there was deep silence. It passed off, however, very soon. When all was over men went to their work, and parties who had gone together to the spot from distant quarters of the town hastened home to breakfast. The morning was becoming clearer every moment. The troops began to move as if about to leave the ground. The guillotine was lowered and taken off; the crowds gradually thinned; some few groups still lingered about the spot; but the cold was bitter, and the snow began to fall, and in a few hours the place was deserted."

THE FEELING AMONG THE CROWD.

A by-stander says: "When the dead, dull sound of the falling of the knife upon Orsini was heard, it was responded to by an immense but smothered reply of '*Vive la Republique!*' I can not properly describe this; it was like a gigantic mutter; it was not a cry or a shout, but it sounded like the breath of the sigh of thousands of human lungs. It was well appreciated by the authorities; for, on the instant, the soldiers raised the most disorderly clatter imaginable; struck their horses, so as to make them plunge and kick, shook their arms, and contrived that the popular whisper should be stifled without being literally put down. But the words, '*Vive la Republique!*' must have been clearly audible to every one." In addition to this my friend says—"I purposely went home on foot, threading my way slowly through the groups wherever I found them thickest. I am bound to admit that every where I heard expressions of sympathy and admiration for Orsini, whose crime seems utterly forgotten, while only the effect produced by his courage and generosity toward his associates remains. Pierri's name I did not hear once. The attitude of the populace was, I should say, extremely menacing, for it has the marks of a hate and thirst for vengeance seated too deep for words. All the remarks I heard were made in an under-tone, as though a police spy were dreaded at every instant."

THE BODIES.

"Orsini has left a will, in which he begs the Government will permit his family to transport his remains to England, that they may be laid beside those of several of his companions in exile. This request he had preferred before his death. A lady applied at the Roquette prison for permission to comply with the last wishes of the deceased; but as she was not furnished with proofs of her relationship, her request was declined. It is even doubtful whether it would be granted under any circumstances; and even were it granted, it is said that the heads of both Orsini and Pierri were steeped in vitriol after death, that no prying Madame Tussaud or insinuating Claudet might, would, or could photograph the features, which may be stamped upon the banners of democracy in future times."

ORSINI'S LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN.

In the year 1854, when about to start on the desperate mission which led to his arrest at Hermannstadt, and confinement in the citadel of Mantua, Orsini intrusted the education of his daughters to his brother and uncle, and to the former addressed a letter, some passages of which are of interest at the present time:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTERS,—These few lines, together with two little hearts, which contain two locks of my hair, will be consigned to you when I am alive no longer; you will also receive a portrait greatly resembling me. The vicissitudes of Italy do not permit me to watch over your education myself, and I have not had the sweet pleasure to caress you in your most beautiful period of youth.

* * * * * * *

"First, believe in God! I have a firm conviction of His existence. Second, possess unalterable principles of honor! Mark! I do not mean malleable and material principles; no, but those which are universally recognized as such by all people and nations, which do not alter with the changes of time, of country, of governments; I mean those principles which are eternal truths, absolute, immutable, not depending on any one's caprice.

* * * * * * *

"When the true principles of honor have taken root in you, as I have explained, and that they are considered by you as the basis of public and private morality, you must necessarily be lovers of your country, honest, affectionate toward your parents, pure in your youth, pure and faithful to your husbands to whom you may be married; in fine, loving toward your children, and adorned with the finest qualities which can be desired in women destined by God and nature to embellish the life of man and to render his existence less miserable.

* * * * * * *

"Give ear to these words which your father composes with tears in his eyes. I hope that you may never suffer the lightest of the misfortunes experienced by me, the least of the disappointments in friendship. If you marry, be careful how you make your selection; let him be honest, honorable, a lover of his country; let his heart be large, and let him be capable of true friendship, and be careful to return it on your part with conduct equally noble and an affection equally pure. Be faithful to the husband whom you select for your life-companion; let the very thought of infidelity strike you with horror; destroy yourselves rather than fall into that fault; an error like that nothing can ever remedy; the pardon which might be conceded does not remedy the evil; in you remains an eternal stain, in the husband an eternal rancor—an eternal remembrance of your guilt, of your dishonesty. Take care of yourselves, and keep this as a general maxim, that the greater part of men are bad and wicked; and lastly, in leisure moments cultivate your minds with pleasing and moral reading, which will have the effect of guiding your minds early toward good, and nourishing you with the fruit of wisdom!"

THE EMPEROR'S APPEARANCE AT THE OPERA.

On Wednesday, 17th ult., for the first time since the attempt of the 14th of January, the Emperor and Empress visited the French Opera in the Rue Lepellitier. The correspondent of the *Times* describes the precautions taken on the occasion. For about half an hour before his Majesty arrived the streets were completely cleared; no group of persons was allowed to remain opposite the entrance. A chain of sentinels was stationed on both sides of the pathway, and the middle of the street was patrolled now and then to keep it clear. The Emperor's carriage was preceded by five or six Lancers, with an escort of about twenty or thirty; not more than the ordinary number followed.

THE SPY SYSTEM AT PARIS.

The London *Times* draws a fearful picture of the extent to which the spy system is carried in Paris. It says:

"We hear of professional spies of every apparent rank in life, from the well-dressed gentleman to the workman in his blouse; we hear of *lorettes* paid for information concerning those with whom they associate; we hear of hotels and restaurants being frequented by persons whose duty it is to listen to the conversation of suspicious visitors, and to endeavor to draw them into an expression of opinion. But the worst feature of all is the encouragement of domestic treachery by the corruption of private servants. No one can be secure that the man who brushes his coat or the woman who attends on his children is not in correspondence with the police. We are not repeating any *gobemouche* gossip; we are stating facts proved beyond a doubt, and commenting on practices which are not even denied." Our contemporary proceeds to show that sedition will be generated by this intolerable omnipresence of the police; that every advance of the new power will necessitate a still further extension; that such a system of government for a high-spirited nation is full of danger to the Emperor and to the world; and it asks, "Why should Napoleon III., after all his exploits and his glory, prepare for himself the old age of Tiberius?"

HOW THE EMPEROR ESCAPED ASSASSINATION.

It is stated that on 14th January the Emperor's carriage interiorly was lined with sheet iron, a circumstance which, after all, must have been the most important in saving his life. It is probable that all the imperial carriages are thus lined. It is generally believed, too, from the remarkable difference in size presented by his Majesty's person when at home and in the street, that he wears concealed armor whenever he goes out.

THE EMPEROR'S RECKLESSNESS.

A letter from Paris gives the following account of the Emperor:

"Yesterday he was in the Bois de Boulogne without escort, and was walking about with the Empress and the Imperial Prince. I happened this afternoon to be a witness to the almost rash way in which he sets at naught precautions which most men in his situation would be likely to take. Passing through the Tuileries gardens, between three and four o'clock this afternoon, I saw the Emperor alone, standing on the steps of the little staircase leading from his study to the reserved garden, which is only fenced off from the public promenade by a railing not more than forty yards from the palace, and a railing which any body might jump over. For at least a quarter of an hour he remained alone, leaning on the banisters in an attitude of contemplation, with his legs crossed, and smoking a cigar. The day being very fine, thousands of people were walking in the gardens, and great numbers leaned over the railings to stare at him. When at length, being summoned by an usher to give audience to some one, he went into his study, he left the outer door open. Whatever may be said against him, truth commands one to say that pusillanimity is not one of his characteristics."

THE DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The diplomatic correspondence exchanged on the subject of Count Walewski's dispatch by the English and French Governments is reproduced by the Paris journals, and pronounced by them highly satisfactory, as far as the integrity of the alliance is concerned. The *Pays* and the *Courrier de Paris*, however, alone publish leading articles on the subject. Both articles bear certain traces of irritation. The *Pays* says: "Lord Malmesbury was aware of the real meaning of Count Walewski's dispatch of the 20th of January; and if he desired an explanation it was only in order to fulfill the conditions which placed the new Cabinet in power. This species of compromise between the necessities of policy and the conscience of statesmen is readily understood in England, but in France it has ever been severely judged; and these compromises form the principal motive of the disrepute into which Parliamentary government has fallen in France."

HOW THE RED PETTICOAT FARES IN PARIS.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The Aberdeen, or Balmoral petticoats, seem to have created in America more or less confusion in the minds of the critics. These petticoats were very common here a year ago, but were then exclusively worn by Englishwomen of fashion. The present winter they are sold in all the shops, and are worn by Frenchwomen as well. But the Frenchwomen who wear them do so for economy and not for fashion; and the consequence is that fashionable Englishwomen are forsaking them, and they will soon fall exclusively into the hands of the *petite bourgeoisie*."

LAMARTINE IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

Lamartine finds himself at last forced to sell his hereditary and acquired landed property at Mâcon, in order to save from grave loss the friends by whose aid alone he has for some years last past been able nominally to hold it. It is certainly high testimony to the worth of the man that, on the announcement of this determination, his townsmen and some other friends and admirers, more than four hundred persons in all, have proposed to him to take the charge of the sale, and so arrange it as to produce for him the greatest possible benefit beyond a sale conducted in the ordinary manner. It is proposed to put the estate in lottery.

A BON-MOT ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "The late Washington Ball at the American Legation in this city, was the subject of a *bon-mot* dropped by the French Minister of War, which ought to have publicity. Marshal Vaillant remonstrated with Mr. Mason previous to the ball on the inappropriateness of giving a *fête* during Lent, and asked if it were not a mistake. 'If it is a mistake,' replied Mr. Mason, 'it was Washington who made it, for that is his birthday, and the ball is in honor of the event.' 'Oh, that's it,' replied the Marshal; 'then it is the only mistake he ever made in his life!' The Marshal was one of the first guests at the ball—a concession he made to the name of Washington, for he is a strict observer of the requirements of Lent. When the orchestra, in opening the gayeties of the evening, commenced the national air, 'Hail Columbia!' the whole company spontaneously rose to their feet."

A STRANGE LUNATIC AT PARIS.

Some commotion was caused in the garden of the Palais Royal, the other day, by a young man, whose dress was in disorder, crying and gesticulating in a strange manner, and giving to the passers-by pieces of paper, saying, "Take and read. If you have faith you will find in letters of flame revelations of extraordinary things! And then you must act, for the fullness of time has come!" The papers, however, turned out to be blank. The man was arrested, and, on being taken before the commissary of police of the district, he fell on his knees, and, opening a Bible which he carried under his arm, he began singing a psalm. He was searched, and a small sum of money was found on him, but it was ascertained that he had distributed a larger sum. On inquiry it was found that he was a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum at Bicêtre. He was sent back to that asylum.

GERMANY.

AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

An apple of discord has been flung into Stuttgard society. A letter has come to *poste restante*, directed "to the fairest woman in the city." It is exhibited at the post-office window, and has some soft substance inclosed, feeling like lace, and probably of value. A committee of ladies (jury of matrons) is about to sit on the property. If men had to decide, duels would be plentiful.

INDIA.

THE COMING ATTACK ON LUCKNOW.

The Bombay correspondent of the *Times* writes: "In all probability the great blow has been already delivered at Lucknow by the Commander-in-Chief. Not, as we anticipated, from the direction of Futtyghur and the Ramgunga, but along the direct road from Cawnpore, by which, on the track of Havelock and Outram, he has once already marched to victory, Sir Colin advances upon the rebellious city.

"Sir Colin having, as I have said, pushed on from Futtyghur for Cawnpore, the troops followed him with all possible speed. Sir Colin went down on the 8th to see and confer with the Governor-General at Allahabad, but before that date two bridges had been thrown across the river, and the movement into Oude had commenced. A brigade under Colonel Campbell, of the Bays, crossed on the 4th, composed of the 7th Hussars, 79th Highlanders, and Major Anderson's troop of Horse-artillery.

"On the 6th went over the 9th Lancers, 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and Remington's troop of Bengal Horse-artillery. On the 10th, the 42d and 93d Highlanders, Hodson's Horse, and another troop of Horse-artillery. On the 12th, the date of our latest accounts, Sir Colin had returned from Allahabad, but had not yet crossed into Oude. The report that has reached us attributes this delay to the non-arrival of the siege-train and convoy from Agra, and adds that considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of this important addition to the attacking force. But this, I think, is a mistake, for the convoy appears to have been but two marches from Cawnpore on the 4th, with the siege-train only one march in its rear. And an officer writing from the Chief's camp on the 8th, states expressly that the train came in on the 7th, and was to cross about the 12th.

"I conclude, therefore, that Sir Colin was only waiting to see the whole force over before he himself crossed, and that within a day or two after the date of our latest accounts he once more set foot in the rebel province, at the head of probably from 12,000 to 15,000 men, and about 140 guns, some 80 of them pieces of heavy metal, and the remaining 60 field-pieces, the whole number under the command of Sir Archdale Wilson."

TRIAL OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The trial of the ex-King of Delhi commenced on Wednesday, January 27, in the Dewan Khas of the Palace. It was half past twelve o'clock before the prisoner was brought in. He appeared very infirm, and tottered into court, supported on one side by the "interesting youth," Jumma Bukht, and on the other by a confidential servant, and coiled himself into a small bundle upon the cushion assigned to him. He presented such a picture of helpless imbecility as, under other circumstances, must have awakened pity. He sat coiled up on a cushion on the left of the President and to the right of the Government prosecutor; his son, Jumma Bukht, standing a few yards to his left, and a guard of rifles beyond all.

The prosecutor read the charges against the prisoner, stating that, although the prisoner might be fully convicted by the Court, no capital sentence could be passed upon him, in consequence of his life having been guaranteed to him by General Wilson, in a promise conveyed through Captain Hodson.

The prosecutor then put the question, through the interpreter, "Guilty, or not guilty?" which the prisoner either did not, or affected not to understand; and there was some delay in explaining it to him. He then declared himself profoundly ignorant of the nature of the charges against him, although a translated copy of them was furnished and read to him, in the presence of witnesses, some twenty days previous. After some more delay the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," and the business of the Court proceeded.

THE EVIDENCE AND VERDICT.

On the 7th and 8th days the prosecutor examined, through the interpreter, a person named Jutmull, formerly news-writer to the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra. His evidence confirmed all we have already heard concerning the cold-blooded atrocities committed absolutely under the prisoner's own apartments in the palace. The canal water, which ran through the place of execution, was, it appears, used for the purpose of washing away all traces of the bloody deed.

On the twelfth day "Golam" was examined, and gave some particulars of the massacre of Europeans inside the palace, of which he was an eye-witness.

A telegram received at Bombay states that the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life to the Andamans.

BANISHMENT OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The unsatisfactory nature of the telegrams received rendered it difficult for many to understand the precise locality to which the King of Delhi has been banished. For the information of numerous correspondents we furnish the following facts respecting the settlement: Andaman Islands, or Andamans, are a chain of islands on the east side of the Bay of Bengal, consisting of four principal islands and a number of smaller. The whole chain extends from latitude 10° 10′ to 14° 55′ N.; longitude 92° 25′ to 94° 15′ E. In 1791 the English effected a settlement near the south extremity of the Great Andaman, but in 1793 removed it to Port Cornwallis, on the east side, and near the north extremity. The object of the undertaking was the procuring of a good harbor to shelter ships during the northeast monsoon, and to receive convicts from Bengal.

NENA SAHIB'S WHEREABOUTS.

There is later intelligence of the monster of cruelty, Nena Sahib. According to the natives, he was on the opposite side of the river in Oude, in the last extremity of terror and despair. Deserted by, or having himself dismissed, all his followers but a few Mahratta irregular infantry, he wanders about the country with such precipitation and impatience of delay that, in the expressive native phrase, "He dines in one place and washes his hands in another." By thus constantly shifting his position, and by equally constant changes in his dress and accoutrements, he seeks to lessen or to counteract the increasing chances of capture by an enemy against whom he knows that he has sinned too deeply to be forgiven.

WASHINGTON FROM A MOHAMMEDAN POINT OF VIEW.—[By a very obscure Member of the Turkish Admiral's Suite.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
31st March, 1858.

AGREEABLY to the command of his Excellency the Admiral Mohammed Pacha, I now proceed to give you the net results of our observations and experiences in Washington, after more than a fortnight's residence there and association with the Effendis and Fechas of your land.

Washington is not so large a place as Constantinople. There are not so many men there, nor so many dogs; which is the greater loss you, Editor Effendi, shall determine. Of barking and yelping, however, we had enough when we followed his Excellency into the Divan of Representatives; but—as Mirza wisely observed, that evening—whereas dogs do bark and maul at each other only when a juicy bone moveth their contention, the members of your Divan contend with each other without even the smallest morsel of bone or flesh to be won by the victors.

Of mosques there are several—poor, mean edifices, to my view—albeit the people here seem to think them monstrous fine. My pious friend Mustapha hath spent an hour extra each morning in prayer for the blind people of this region, in hopes that they may be converted to the true faith—that the Koran may be read daily in their mosques—and that a space may be cleared therein for orthodox devotion with prostrate bodies. He hath been more ardent than ever since day before yesterday, when he converted a pious American, by name Truenail Keel, a ship-builder by trade, and a man, I learn, of note in your society. His devotions at the present moment excite our earnest admiration: he spends his whole time in the perusal of the Koran, prostrates himself night and morning, bathes regularly (which, I think, was needed



ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

Mussulman, and that in one of your States—Maine—that great Moslem doctrine—abstinence from spirituous liquors—has already been adopted as a general law.

I am myself a tolerant individual, and therefore when, on our arrival, a number of negroes seized us and our luggage, and carried us off hither and thither, without regard to our remonstrances, I said "Allah to praised!" and forbore to rebel against the usages of the country. I regret that on the gathering together of our party and our luggage, which Excellency should have lost much valuable property, and I a very convenient writing-desk, containing some money and many useful papers; but after all, what is written is written, and there is no use contending against the decree of fate. Who are we that we should rebel against our destiny, or assume to control the habits and customs of foreign nations? Americans submit to our usages, and I submit to theirs—though I wish I had the letters of introduction which were in my desk.



MEMBER FROM THE EAST.

Soon after our arrival here we went to a Presidential levee. It was a very singular spectacle—at least, to us. Every body dressed as they pleased. Some seemed to have come from the plow, without even washing from their hands the dirt which their honest labor had left there. There were numbers of lovely women, all unveiled, according to the custom of your country. Two or three of them gazed at the Admiral in a manner which is well understood in our country; but his Excellency, whose virtue is truly worthy of the blessed Prophets, deputed Mustapha to communicate to them his irrevocable resolution not to enlarge his harem at present. The first to whom our venerable colleague broke the painful intelligence burst into tears; but Mustapha, in firm but respectful tones, warned her—she is the daughter of one of your principal chiefs—that neither lamentations nor tears would avail her; his Excellency's purpose was set. The next flew into furious exclamations, speaking your American language so rapidly that Mustapha could not comprehend her; but from the frequent repetition in her harangue of a sound like that, he inferred that her pride would speedily daun the torrent of her tears. He therefore applauded her resolution, and proceeded to discharge his grave duty with the third lady whose soft and eloquent eyes had told her tale of love. She, it seems, was the wife of a member of your Divan, and when Mustapha called, her husband was sitting with her drinking the unlawful but delicious beverage—Champagne. Our venerable friend delivered his message slowly and deliberately, as became his dignity. The husband started as though he was surprised, and bade our worthy colleague repeat his speech. He had not finished it—I use the words of Mustapha—before the barbarian member of the Divan rose, and seizing our colleague by the throat, shook him violently; then alleging, like the last-mentioned lady, to the prospect of damming up his feelings, actually—will you believe it?—applied the toe of his boot to a part of our friend which no respectable Turk will deposit on any thing save the softest cushion; and by consecutive and rapidly succeeding impulses, drove him into the street.



MEMBER FROM THE SOUTH.

This, too, we have agreed, is one of the customs of your country—and painful



CONVENIENCE OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

as it was to the feelings (to speak of nothing else) of the worthy Mustapha, we have resolved to endure it with resignation.

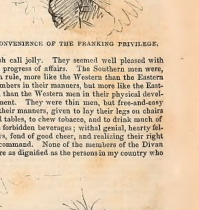
Our next experience was in your Divan or Congress. Here we sat a whole day listening to speeches on a part of your country called Kansas, which, I am told, is very thinly populated, and not easily got at. Mirza, who is a very acute observer, felt satisfied, on watching the warmth with which the speakers debated the question, that the point at issue was whether this distant region should be supplied with population, machinery, and means to develop itself; and certainly, from the length of the speeches and the excitement of the speakers, one would infer that nothing less than the ultimate existence of the region in question was at stake. Feeling some doubt on the matter, I inquired of a member of the Divan, who was so polite as to call on us, whether Kansas would be handed over to the English, or abandoned to the wolves and buffalo, if the proposition before the Divan was rejected? He laughed a good deal (which surprised me greatly, as he had been very earnest and angry during the debate), and said: Oh no; the question was whether or no certain election returns, at places called Swindleum, and Chesteru, and Floggem, were correct; and whether they were or weren't it didn't matter, and nobody had any right to interfere.

From all which I perceived how great a people you Americans are, and how prosperous and happy you must be, when the only subject on which your legislators can quarrel is the doings of little places in wild regions on the outskirts of your country.

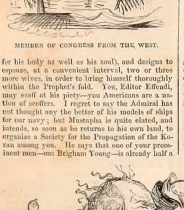
My friend the member of the Divan was a friend of the government. Every body in my country is a friend of our government, or pretends to be; in yours, I find, almost every body is against the government. Another illustration of the greatness of your country; for all the opposition which is made to the government does not appear to disturb it in the least. When I mentioned Mr. Buchanan's name to my friend his eyes moistened and he pressed my hand. "Mr. Turk," said he, "Buchanan is a great man—a second Washington. He has just appointed my nephew postmaster of Buchananville, in Oregon Territory."

I said that I was a great admirer of Mr. Buchanan, and that he had treated us very well.

My friend was so obliging as to point out the chief members of the House. I noticed that the Eastern men were mostly thin, spare, grave-looking men, seemingly with a great deal on their conscience. They had a hilarious and rather a cantankerous expression. The Western men, of whom there were a prodigious number, were, on the contrary, fat men, like our provincial Pachas; their face was unctuous, and their manner what the Es-



A VIGILANT GUARDIAN OF HIS CONSTITUENTS' INTERESTS.



MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE WEST.

for his body as well as his soul), and designs to espouse, at a convenient interval, two or three more wives, in order to bring himself thoroughly within the Prophet's fold. You, Editor Effendi, may scoff at his piety—you Americans are a nation of scoffers. I regret to say the Admiral has not thought any the better of his models of ships for our navy; but Mustapha is quite elated, and intends, so soon as he returns to his own land, to organize a Society for the Propagation of the Koran among you. He says that one of your prominent men—one Brigham Young—is already half a



A SPEECH ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.

occupy exalted positions; but who am I that I should undertake to judge others?

We have had many walks in the Common which they call Pennsylvania Avenue. Mirza, whose appetite is failing, crosses the Common twice before breakfast, and finds the exercise an unusual stimulus. Mustapha has tried to follow his example, but finds the distance too great: once across and back again exhausts him. It is, indeed, a monstrously wide common; why call it an avenue?

We have seen since we have been here one or two of your original Americans, and have compared them with a gentleman who has some connection with your Republican palace, and who is said to be a type of the modern American. Of course we can not judge of such matters; but to us it seems that, barring the breeches, the ancient American is the finer looking creature of the two. Is this the general opinion?

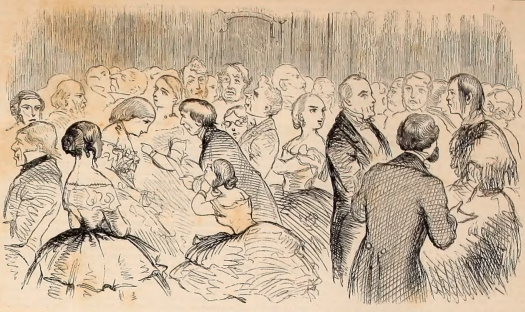
You know, of course, Editor Effendi, that, by the rules of our holy religion, no good Moslem ever tastes that heavenly but forbidden beverage which is called Champagne. Of late years, I blush to say, the wholesome rule has been honored in the breach by many to whom we had a right to look for example. Of that delicious kiosque on the Bosphorus, at Topkaneh, and of the blissful revels which it witnessed throughout many a dewy summer night, it becomes no one, much less so humble a servant of the Prophet as myself, to speak. But among us we have always—yes, always—religiously preserved ourselves pure. The other night, however, as Mirza and I were sitting enjoying our chibouks, and meditating on the uncertainty of human destinies, a member of your Divan called. He was an aged man, stout of figure, and red of face: a man monstrously puffed up, as it seemed to us, with good opinion of himself, yet ignorant of some things which even our children know—for did he not confess that he knew not the first elements of geography?—that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south? Well, this member of the Divan, after many civil speeches, announced to us that he was a manufacturer of a beverage which was especially intended for these persons who, like ourselves, religiously abstain from intoxicating drinks, and that he wished us to do him the honor of tasting it.

Mirza asked him, somewhat nervously, if he was sure it would not intoxicate?

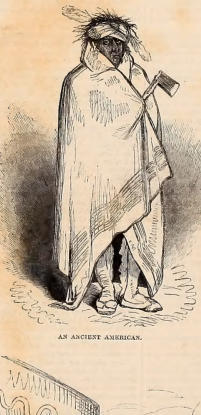
He answered that the question having arisen in one of your Courts, an expert had been called in and plied with drink: that he had drunken bravely nine-and-forty large tumblers, until, from being a thin man when he began to drink, he had swollen to a monstrous volume before he ended: that the Court had then interrogated him, and, finding no thickness in his speech, nor uncertainty in his gait, had rendered a formal judgment that the liquor in question could not intoxicate.

Thus reassured, Mirza and I fell a drinking of the proffered beverage; and very good we found it. For my part, I take a good deal, and have found the assertion as to its harmlessness strictly true. Mirza takes more than I do, and, the other night, fell asleep on our door-step, where he was picked up by a charitable Samaritan; but as the accident occurred on the eve of the eclipse of the sun; it was readily accounted for. In our country men of Mirza's station always observe eclipses. There was no ground whatever for the profane remark made by a member of your Divan on the subject, to the effect that it was our friend, and not the sun, who had got eclipsed; nor should the accident injure the character of our favorite drink—lager beer.

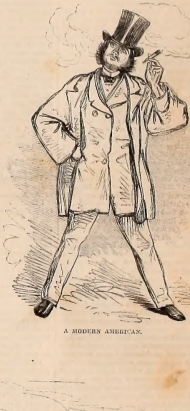
Editor Effendi, I have written you a long letter. For this time I will say no more, save that I commend you to the protection of Allah.



A PRESIDENTIAL LEVEE.



AN ANCIENT AMERICAN.



A MODERN AMERICAN.



VIEW OF THE COMMON CALLED PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

LOVE'S CURE.

Ir thou will cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep.

And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep.
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But with thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart?
Then die, dear, die.

'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a stormbank to lie dreaming,
With folded eye;
And then alone amid the beaming
Of love's warm blush meet her,
In eastern sky.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF.

BY CHARLES READE.

I AM nothing that I particularly remember until I was fifteen, except born my lessons with ease and then a fight. I lived with my mother in Edinburgh. One day a parcel of gentlemanly appearance met a band of us as we were going to school, and inquired for no by name. He took me aside into a tavern, and after treating me, revealed himself to me as my father. He also gave me a crown, and promised to see me again: but was unfortunately prevented, or perhaps forgot.

My education being now considered complete, I went to receive lessons in anatomy, at which I remained for the space of nine months.

I now formed an acquaintance with a young lady. (At this time I was staying with my godfather upon my mother's decease.) But she was unfortunately a Roman, and on this account my godfather ordered me to leave off her acquaintance, which I refusing, he ordered me out of the house. I complied with this harsh mandate, but first collected all the money I could find, which amounted to about £40—and this time I went to Dumfermline, and from there to the Rumbling Brigg, where I lodged with a cousin of my wife to do: I paid my board while my money lasted—but being now empty, and my host finding I was a scholar, I agreed to give him three hours a day upon the sly, for which he privately contracted to give me secretly the remainder of his wife my board.

This lasted three months: but one evening as we were at our studies, and having neglected to lock the door, there came in three of the municipality, the wife, who had discovered our retreat, having intimated a sentence or two, which struck us upon us and falling on her knees exclaimed—

"Good gentlemen, I married to a man who does not know that three times five makes fifteen?"

and burst into a flood of tears and reproaches.

This was the last of the table he unfortunately regularly to me at the time.

His wife's confession made a counter-excitement in my pupil, and finding I had lighted a flame which would not easily be extinguished, I thought proper to retire and go back to Dumfermline. Here I learned my first trade of the many I have practiced.

I engaged myself to a master weaver and petty manufacturer. Besides learning to take drafts of patterns, etc., I used to chat sometimes: so one day he sent me to the bank to draw some money: on this I absconded with the money and went to Edinburgh.

He pursued me so closely, that, with the aid of the police, he apprehended me before I had time to spend it: to avoid punishment I gave him back the money and seventeen shillings, which was all that was a good-natured man, wished me to go back to my place; but having borne a good name in the place, and that I thought shame to go back; so I went to Newcastle after borrowing of my late master 15s. for the journey.

At Newcastle I went into a chemist's shop for some cough-lozenges: now it happened that a woman in the shop asked for some medicine, but I forgot just now what it was, but the shop-boy took down the wrong box and took down a bottle containing cannonile, I remember that—to I told the boy that he mistook the Latin term; this naturally attracted the master's attention, and he looked at me and saw I was correct; so then he asked me several questions, and finding me fit for his purpose he took me into his service—and here for a long while all my events went on as end: for I was now delight in studying my master's interests, and laying up knowledge.

He favored me with his instructions, and I enjoyed at times the company of his daughter, which was to me a comfort above all, and with whom I felt myself soon deep in love, and with her I spent many a happy hour after the business of the day was over, which put in the evenings while the moon with her bright and gentle rays gave to all things a delightful appearance, and seemed to lift up our minds to something above the groveling cares of Time—or we heard the plaintive notes of the nightingale breaking the silence of the night and calling us to join him in his songs of praise to the God of Nature. Not sweeter could be the voice of the nightingale was the voice of my companion, which was sweetest of all when its topic would turn to that portion which forms the golden part of Cupid's dart.

In these innocent joys I spent four years.

But one unfortunate evening, having a drop too much at the time, I met Miss B., as usual, and opportunity and temptation unfortunately occurring, I was guilty of a felony that has always remained in my conscience more than any of those acts I have been guilty of which the law describes to be the highest crimes.

From that night our walks beneath the moon by the river-side were no longer innocent, and we were no longer happy.

Oh cursed sight and place that robbed a virgin of her purity! and oh cursed Tyne, why did not then overflow thy banks and drive me away?—if now thy fountain-spring was to pour out streams of flaming lava, it would not purge me the disgrace out of thy dark banks; nay, if thy banks themselves were to become gold, they would not ransom the character that I this night, nor restore the rest and quiet that now fled from my pillow.

I hear much and scarce elapsed before I learned that consequences of a serious kind were to be expected.

I was in great perplexity; at last, taking a desperate course, I with much hesitation asked my master for his father's hand.

My master, who though a good-natured was a busy man, turned black and red at the idea, but recovering himself soon he turned it off as a jest.

I saw by this that he would never consent, and, dreading discovery, I got a friend of mine to write to me from Edinburgh that my sister lay at the point of death and begged to see me.

Showing this letter to my master, I got leave of absence and a present for the journey, with which I started, promising to return in a week: but I made no such intention.

I arrived at Edinburgh, and found my sister, whom I had spoken of as dying, just on the eve of marriage. I was at the wedding, but the supper I did least eat—as I was for it only recalled the thoughts of my own guilt.

I now began the world again.

I went to Stirling and obtained a situation with a baker: but the work was much too hard for me, as I felt him for days, and was glad to leave and found ten shillings; was apprehended in Glasgow and got sixty days.

On receiving my liberty I enlisted in Her Majesty service and was marched on board the *Pique* frigate bound for the Mediterranean.

Here I remained until we got to Plymouth, where I made my escape, but was retaken in the town and brought back to the ship and put in irons on the spar-deck under cover of a tarpaulin which was over the hatch. Immediately after this we anchored here for two days, and in the confusion of getting aboard fresh water and provisions, unperceived, and having broken my padlock the day before, I stole into the captain's cabin, he being on deck, and took from it a gold watch, chain, and dropped into the water; and the weather being calm, and having an excellent opportunity, I swam alongside a brigantine that lay at anchor in the bay, and hailing her from the surface of the water, sang out that I had fallen overboard.

"We are," was the reply, "where do you hail from?"

"What has that to do with it?" said I. So they hauled me on board.

The master finding I had been educated, sent me on shore to his brother who kept a store; and he now I was in Edinburgh.

I lived with my new master: we used to come to the shop in the morning and go home at night. He lived at what is called the Head of Leith, in a pretty Gothic house, which stood in the middle of a delightful garden, and which commanded from the front of the house an avenue of orange and lemon-trees mixed: their branches bent with the weight of their fruit, and the whole garden filled with great shaddocks and limes, that by like lamps of gold, studded among their dark-green leaves. The air too was filled with the scent of thousands of rich flowers that were scattered about, some by nature, some by art, in the garden, in short, it was an earthly paradise, in which I might have ended my days if the devil had not put it into the head of a mind with the desire to behold once more my native country—stupid fool.

I sat out, and after a slow passage reached the port of London.

Sailing down the Commercial Road till my money was nearly gone, and then I became dissonable.

Wandering one day in the Ratcliffe Highway in a new Jew Suit I met with an old acquaintance whom I had known through being in trouble together; he informed me that he had married a servant in the neighborhood, who, after a few words with my companion, told me "it was all right; we should find means of keeping me."

I went to bed, and when I wanted to get up, my clothes were gone, and with all my money I had left. Remonstrating with the landlord, he said, "Oh, it is a mistake," and disappearing for a few minutes, during which I heard high words and a bit of a tussle, he returned with my clothes and money.

The next day seeing me very dull, and concluding by that I was ripe for business, he inquired the cause of my uneasiness.

I told him my last shilling was nothing.

He laughed at the cause of my grief, saying,

"You don't know," said he, "you are in the Mint."

"In the Mint?" said I.

"Yes!" was his reply; "in the Mint my boy!" He then led me to the back up a chisel and went to the chimney and carefully removed a loose brick, and took out of the hole left by the brick a bag of gold and coins of every sort in profusion flashed upon my bewildered eyes—and not only coins, but dies for the making of all sorts for money.

"Now," said Cæsar, "having gone so far, you must take the step."

Four men and four females were then summoned, and standing in the middle of them I took a solemn oath to this effect:

"I hereby swear never to tell say one how to make 'shells' nor where I learned it, nor get to me any kind of language that may lead to the same, upon pain of death."

Here followed imprecations upon my eyes and limbs, if broken, such as are used among freemasons, etc., but not being fit for your ears, I suppress that part.

The next process was to go and change a base sovereign, which I did accordingly, returning with nineteen and sixpence, and of which sixpence went for the gin.

Behold me now a shoffle-pitcher. But it was never my way to remain at the bottom of any business that I found worth studying. I therefore in the course of six months learned to coin first a shilling, then a sovereign, then the most difficult of all, a crown; and last of all to make the moulds for each of these coins; and as soon as I found I could make a mould for a crown, I dissolved partnership, and went to Gravesend on my own bottom.

You will blame me less for this revolt if I tell you the terms which we worked with him whom I have called Cæsar, and his name did begin with a C.

He had the half of every coin we uttered—he had the cost of the metal besides, and the half of every article produced by the mint, with respect and attention, I attracted notice, and was made a member of the body, and soon after permitted to work part in a pit. I was a doctor's shop in the Commercial Head, and my share came to £50. And this was only the first of many transactions of this kind.

And as it seems every one that is in a business does not master it if possible, I will tell you how I attended to mine, trusting you will not make it a precedent, for as it is not considered honorable among us to reveal the secrets of business.

Now as the chief work of practitioners in our line is to find out where the money or valuables are kept, this was my plan:

If it was a house, I would go in and buy something, give the shopman a sovereign and notice where he put it, and from whence he took the change, and as I left the shop, time the door was fastened, whether with a lock or bar, or while my pal (for we always work in pairs) was engaging the shopman, I would take the dimensions of the name.

Or if it was a dwelling-house, I would in the evening the master with a card stating I was a china or glass-monger, a French-polisher, a teacher of music, and so on, and by every mean I got admittance into the parlor, and then you may be sure my eyes were not shut.

Or else I would go and offer the servant some article for sale as a hawker, and would chaff out her master, and if she mentioned a notion where the plate was kept, and the next week come and fetch it away.

In the course of a few weeks I had collected some where about one hundred pounds in money and valuables, and having the police hard after me, I left London, and went down by the Leith smack to Edinburgh.

Here I visited my friends and passed myself off all their society for a thriving tradesman.

I also sent home money to Miss B., not that money could repay the injury I had done her, but still it would make her friends more civil to see that she wanted for nothing.

If my real character had not got wind in Newcastle, I should have, as they would have said, married her; and I think, had as I am, I should have mended for her sake, for she was the only woman I ever really loved.

It is an old saying, that "the money which comes by the wind goes by the board."

I have made thousands, but never could keep so much as a 5*l.* note.

In a short month nearly all my money was melted, and I set out on a cruise again.

Sailing down the Thames I off hoasts in Yorkshire I met with a friend who manufactured base coin, and, having passed a quantity of it, he advised me to go on my own. I determined to study a new profession.

I therefore secluded myself from all my idle companions, took a quiet lodging, bought several medical books, and studied the human frame and the disorders to which it is subject.

I studied night and day with the same diligence as I had given to coining, horse-breaking, and all other professions.

In a short month I considered myself fit to start, which I accordingly did with as much pomp as I could command, having seen how far that goes toward success in all honest professions.

I engaged a servant with a handsome livery to deliver my bills, took respectable lodgings, and attend upon me when I addressed the public.

I had a thousand bills printed representing myself as Dr. Graham, late Court Physician, and I furnished myself with testimonials from respectable parties; I mean that would have been of this sort had the fact had no existence: and printed them at the foot of my bills.

My plan was on entering a town, first to go for the more respectable customers by putting up at a good inn, making friends with the landlord, and sending my footman round with my bills—but before leaving I used to appear in my true colors as an inveterate gambler.

In this capacity I used to harangue the people and sell my medicines.

In my public discourses I always ran down the regular practitioner, as we are all obliged to do, and the plan I used to follow was cool irony—I found this went farther than pretending to get into a heat.

Unlike most quacks I did not apply one or two remedies to every disorder, and I met with wonderful success, especially with the women: partly I think because with them imagination goes for, and my patient acquired them with more confidence than the regular doctors could, not having the gift of the gab.

While traveling as a doctor I never would accept money from any of my patients until the cure was, whatever it might be, took a turn for the better; and even then my charges were always low: but to make up I did pass a deal of base coin wherever I traveled.

The following were some of my most remarkable cures:

The landlady of a public-house at York of a dysentery.

At Wakefield I reduced an impostume which the regular doctors were going to have cut, if it had not burst for me.

At Hull I actually cured a respectable woman of a cataract, and was praised in the public journals.

These, and a hundred ordinary cures, are the benefits I rendered the public in return for the many wrongs I have done it.

I had now been practicing pharmacy some three months; when one day I received a letter from Newcastle.

It was from Miss B.'s uncle telling me I might visit her now.

The letter was very short, and there was something about it I did not, understand; so that, instead of setting me with delight on a letter would a while ago, I set out for Newcastle flesh of sash but full of perplexity.

I reached Newcastle, and lest her friends should have changed their mind again, and receive me with an officer, I went in an hide-hand carriage to her residence, and sent for her younger brother, who had never been so much against me as the rest.

He came directly, and I began to put a dozen questions to him: but he answered none: he hung his head and said, "Don't ask me—you will soon know—and since you are here, come without fear." Then he led the way in gloomy silence.

I was taken into the house and after some little delay was allowed to go into her room—I shall never forget it.

Her cheeks, that used to be like two roses, were now pale and lifeless; and her beauties—her two dull and sunk in her head; only her voice and her smile were the same as ever.

Her first word was, "I have only waited for this—" then she stretched out her hand and thanked me in a sweet and sampered voice "for coming to perform the last part of a husband's duty!" I had been told of her marriage this and the poor thing burst into a flood of tears, and I fell on my knees and sobbed and cried with her, and her relations mistook my fit that time for one to come between us any more now, and they looked at one another and left the room without any noise, and we were alone a little while.

And then I kneeled down again and prayed her to forgive me for injury I had done her then and character—and then she answered like a woman and what she said to me then was the last answer from her, and she dying, went through me like a knife, and I prayed to die for her, or at least to die with her: and remaining late unnoticed in useless grief, and groveling in anguish and remorse upon the floor, some of them came in and informed her her sake, and very properly led me away—and not in an unkind manner, for which may God bless them always.

I hope you may never feel as I did—I had no certain sense of what I felt: my head ached into bed, and my sleepless but motionless till daybreak. Then I was sent word down to the river-side and walked up and down—and at about nine, when I thought the family would be up, I went to the house.

The master and I came in sight of the house, and all the shutters were up. But it gave me scarcely any shock, for I was stone, and I seemed to know before this that all was over.

They wished me to see her, but I was unable then—but the next day before she was buried I took a last look at her—it did not seem to be her but only some shell of some thing she had once inhabited—now a ruinous heap of corruption: and that is an awful word.

Is it a castle?—there was a time when the heart of the bold soldier burned with ardor to defend it.

Is it a mansion?—there was a time when the loud applause of eloquence thundered from its roof—

Or is it a temple?—there was a time when the white-robed priest bent before the altar, that heaven to bless the sacrifice.

But here is a temple, one not made with hands, the architecture of which is too sublime for our minds to conceive—a temple that was erected to be the seat of the Most Holy, one in which not only the image but the spirit of its Creator: let me ask, then, why was it thus left desolate, and whither has its tenant gone?

Tell me, ye seas, whose waves roll still ripple as when the white-robed spirit of Jesus walked—tell me, have ye seen the airy stranger float along your surface, and whither has it gone to rest?

Tell me, ye winds, harpers of the mountain forest: methinks ye could; for there are times ye whisper so mournfully, as if ye were in solemn communion with departed spirits; tell me, have ye seen this airy stranger, and whither has she gone? Tell me, ye dazzling worlds that perform your regular but mystic dance upon the airy sea: first tell me, have ye seen the spirit—tell me, have ye seen her airy stranger float along your surface, and whither has she gone to rest?

Such thoughts as these followed the first anguish at losing her, and to all these inquiries one answer seemed to come back to me from all Creation—

"The body returns to the dust, and the soul to God who gave it."

And when I compared this answer with my own conduct, I felt I was far behind: and every poor sweet-hearth grave I vowed to amend my life—that one day I might hope to meet her again. The first three days after the funeral I tried in every direction for an honest situation.

The fourth I fell from all my good resolutions.

In my despair I had recourse to drink, and was undone. I was drunk for a whole week, and by the end of that time was penniless.

Let mankind take warning by my fate, and not fancy the habit of drink can be formed with safety. Up to this time, though like all the world I had wasted a large portion of my gains upon drink, yet I had never gone at it like a madman. But what of that? the habit was formed, it was there waiting like a lion for its prey, waiting for a great opportunity—one came—I was in despair—my appetite was gone, and drink comforted my stomach: my heart was dead, and drink made it beat. I had recourse to this solace, and became a beast. As I said before, for a whole week I was never not to say sober.

No man and no woman is safe that has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace—or cheerfulness—or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate: but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the trains are laid down, and the station-houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive. Well, the first great trouble or hopeless grief is the locomotive: it comes to us, it grapples us, and away we go in a moment down the line we have been years constructing, like a flash of lightning, to the devil.

I woke one afternoon sober and penniless.

From drunkenness to thieving is not a very wide leap even to those who are beginning an evil career—to me it was no more than crossing a gutter. I pawned my watch and got on board the steamer for London, and back to my old haunts.

I soon fell in with an old pal and borrowed £10 of him, and began first to pass and after that to coin "shoffle;" and, when that was not quick work enough, took to house-breaking and shop-lifting again.

But in the early part of this chapter of my career, having very little cash, for part of the £10 went for clothes, I was obliged to be moderate in my expenses, and I accordingly spent a week in a lodging-house kept by an old friend of mine, which I will try to describe.

The house itself is divided into two separate compartments besides the bedchambers.

The first or state apartment is for professional thieves.

The back-room is for those street trades that lie between thieving and commerce.

My friend ushered me in here, and there were more than a score of them all gazing with their mouths open at the new-comer—all engaged at various labors, and talking a dozen different branches of cant.

Some were making mats—some arranging articles for sale in their baskets or on their trays—some making matches—the "askers" selling their begged bread at three halfpence the pound—another tuning up his fiddle—the whole lot comparing notes to the detriment of the public—the beggar telling the match-maker at what house they gave him meat or money—the hawker and mat-maker exchanging the same sort of profitable information, by which many an easy-going gentleman, that thinks himself obscure, gets his habits published among the dregs of society, and perhaps a nickname tacked on to him, and more people knowing him by it than know him by his own.

Then there was the "buzzer" practicing his necromancy—presently in came a "sneaker" with half a firkin of butter for sale at 4*d.* per pound—on which the women fell to abusing their men because they had not enough money to buy ten or twelve pounds—children crying—and all in a mighty way because the fountain is not boiling.

In the corner was a handsome young female evidently a stranger, biting the end of her apron-string, her mind not being able to comprehend the fullness of the scene.

"Here is a sweet-heart for you and all," said my friend. "She is waiting for her husband to come back," added he, winking to me.

Her husband, as she had called the man who had enticed her from her friends, never came back, and indeed nobody except herself ever thought he would.

Then to amuse her mind I requested her to go an errand for me—she agreed—I gave her a base sovereign and sent her to buy groceries, which when she had done I invited her to take tea with me, and over our tea she told me her story without reserve.

Finding she was a decent girl, and apparently had never made but this one slip, I determined to enter into partnership with her if she would consent.

Strange as it may appear I felt the want of a female companion now in a way I never had until Miss B.'s death. I believe my nerves were shaken by that sad event, and I began to want to see a woman's face opposite me, and to hear the soft notes of a female voice.

Three days after our first meeting we were married according to the custom of the house—*i. e.*, a traveler dressed in a white sheet with holes cut for his arms read a few sentences of the marriage-service to us—he then drew a line on the floor with a piece of chalk and made us leap over it in succession while he recited in a solemn voice the following:

"Leap rogue, and follow jade,
Man and wife for ever more."

Which concluded the ceremony, and we were man and wife in the eyes of all the lodgers, unless we should agree to be untied, which could only be done by the same party or his successor, and with other ceremonies, and above all—fees! We soon left this house and set up a lodging of our own. She made me very comfortable when I was at home, and I let her want for nothing.

I lived nearly three years in London this bout, and, owing to the company I kept, I got the cockney phrase and twang, so that I fear I will never entirely get rid of them. Indeed I am commonly taken for a cockney, which is a sad disgrace to a man born north of the Tweed.

At the end of this time my wife's friends sent to beg her to come home, which she asked my leave to do—I consented, and we were untied and parted with mutual expressions of esteem. Finding London rather dull after she was gone, I agreed to join a gang of us that were about to make a provincial trip.

We went to Mortimer, a village in Berkshire—the scene of our business was Reading and its neighborhood—we committed some very daring robberies in Reading and Caversham that will not soon be forgotten.

We broke into one house in Reading in open day—it was Sunday, and the whole family were gone to church—we rifled the house and left a paper on the table, on which, I am ashamed to tell you, I wrote—

"Watch as well as pray!!"

But this could not last forever. I had been out fishing all day (a sport I am very fond of) when returning toward dusk I saw a strange face at one of the windows of our house.

Not quite understanding this, I turned back and went a mile round, to where I could see the back of the house without being recognized—and my caution was not wasted.

I soon found that the house was in the possession of the police, and that all or most of my comrades were nabbed.

Having some money about me I decamped, and returning to town found two of my companions about to start for California, dazzled by the accounts we heard of the fortunes made there by digging and levying the road-side tax on those who dug.

I joined them, and after a voyage of six months we landed at San Francisco.

I will abstain from relating my adventures in the New World; in fact, they would of themselves fill a volume: suffice it to say, I had at one time twelve hundred pounds in money and gold dust; but I wasted the greater part, and by a just retribution was robbed of the rest.

I returned to London with £10 and a nugget, which I sold for £25 in Threadneedle Street.

And now, not liking the smoke of London, after one or two successful jobs which swelled my stock to a matter of £60, I bought some new clothes, and went down to Reading; but not thinking it prudent to remain there long, I crossed the river and went into Oxfordshire.

I heard of a farmer who sometimes took a lodger, and as I was well dressed and he too honest to be suspicious, we soon came to terms.

The farmer was George Fielding. I never met with such a character as his: he did not seem to know any thing about lying, far less taking any thing without paying for it.

When I first lodged with him I had of course an eye to business, but I got so fond of him I could not take any thing of his—and he was attached to me too, until one unlucky day he found out my real character; and then he insulted me—and now he despises me.

I spent four innocent months here, and I often thought if I could have such an honest man as George Fielding always close to my side all day, I could keep from taking any thing all the rest of my life—but unluckily my money gradually melted; in which state I went to a fair in the neighborhood—I saw a rich farmer take out some notes and make a payment, and put the rest back into a side-pocket; almost before it reached the bottom of his pocket it was in mine.

The country banks close at three o'clock, and it was near four at the time; I got rid, therefore, of the Bank of England notes, meaning to change the others when a good opportunity should occur.

But meantime I suppose measures were taken against me—any way the police came down from London, and I was seized, identified, and put to an open shame.

This, the last passage of my life, went nearer to drive me to despair than all the rest; for I had begun to taste the sweets of innocence, and to love honesty under the name of George Fielding.

I was convicted at the assizes, and being recognized as having been seven times in prison, and notoriously guilty of many felonies besides, they sentenced me to twelve months' imprisonment and transportation for ten years.

I have been six months in this jail, where I have met with most cruel treatment, being forced to labor beyond my strength even when weakened by sickness; and punished for mere inability: and, besides the harm this wrought my body, it hardened my heart and made me look on mankind as my enemy.

Well, Sir, when I look back upon my past life, of which what I have written here is no more than a single page out of volumes and volumes—when I think of the many opportunities I have had of doing good to myself and others, and then think of how it all ends—a convicted felon, doomed to pass the remainder of my life in shame and exile, debarred from situations where I could execute my talents, and felon printed upon me, I am whiles tempted to put the gas-pipe that is in my cell into my mouth, and suck the poisonous vapor into my lungs, and thus with crime to end a life of crime. But then your face, Mr. Chaplain, rises up before me and expostulates with a look, and bids me be patient and hope—also your words, that I ought to be thankful to God for his mercy in giving me time to reflect on the enormity of my crimes, and not cutting me down as a cumberer of the ground.

But, above all, I feel it would be ungrateful to you, and grieve you, if I was to make away with myself under your eye; or even to despair.

I will try my best to be somebody yet, if only for your sake; for it is a shame a gentleman like you should give his days and his nights, and all the blood in his heart, to saving us poor fellows from perdition, and be continually disappointed.

So once more thanking you for all kindness, and for setting me to write this, which has amused and whiled away some weary hours, and begging you to excuse all faults and blunders, for in my busy life writing is an art I have had no time to give my mind to, I close this record of the disgraceful past, and, here in my cell, envying the cripple round whom the free air plays and on whom the sun shines, I await the gloomy future.

THOMAS *
—*alias* WILKINSON.
—*alias* LYON.
—*alias* M'PHERSON.
—*alias* SCOTT.
—*alias* HOWARD.
—*alias* ROBINSON.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER I.

Being an Address to the Reader.

SEEING the length to which this Work has already run, and the space it must yet occupy in the columns of Maga, it is but fair to the Reader to correct any inconsiderate notion that the Author does not know "what he will do with it." Learn, then, O friendly reader, that no matter the number of months through which it may glide its way to thine eyes—learn that with the single exception of the chapter now respectfully addressed to thee, THE WHOLE OF THIS WORK HAS BEEN LONG SINCE COMPLETED AND TRANSFERRED FROM THE DESK OF THE AUTHOR TO THE HANDS OF THE PUBLISHER.

On the 22d of January last—let the day be marked with a white stone!—the Author's labors were brought to a close, and "What he will do with it" is no longer a secret—at least to the Editor of Maga.

May this information establish, throughout the rest of the journey to be traveled together, that tacit confidence between Author and Reader which is so important to mutual satisfaction!

Firstly.—The Reader may thus have the complaisance to look at each installment as the component portion of a completed whole; comprehending that it can not be within the scope of the Author's design to aim at a separate effect for each separate Number; but rather to carry on through each Number the effect which he deems most appropriate to his composition when regarded as a whole. And here may it be permitted to dispel an erroneous idea which, to judge by current criticism, appears to be sufficiently prevalent to justify the egotism of comment. It seems to be supposed that, because this work is published from month to month in successive installments, therefore it is written from month to month, as a newspaper article may be dashed off from day to day. Such a supposition is adverse to all the principles by which works that necessitate integrity of plan, and a certain harmony of proportion, are constructed; more especially those works which aim at artistic representations of human life; for, in human life, we must presume that nothing is left to chance, and chance must be no less rigidly banished from the art by which human life is depicted. That art admits no haphazard chapters, no uncertainty as to the consequences that must ensue from the incidents it decides on selecting. Would the artist, on after-thought, alter a consequence, he must reconsider the whole chain-work of incident which led to one inevitable result, and which would be wholly defective if it could be made to lead to another. Hence, a work of this kind can not be written *currente calamo*, from month to month; the entire design must be broadly set forth before the first page goes to press; and large sections of the whole must be always completed in advance, in order to allow time for deliberate forethought, and fair opportunity for such revisions, as an architect, having prepared all his plans, must still admit to his building, should difficulties, not foreseen, sharpen the invention to render each variation in detail an improvement consistent to the original design.

Secondly.—May the Reader—accepting this profession of the principles by which is constructed the history that invites his attention, and receiving now the assurance that the Work is actually passed out of the Author's hands, is as much a thing done and settled as any book composed by him twenty years ago—banish all fear lest each Number should depend for its average merit on accidental circumstances—such as impatient haste, or varying humor, or capricious health, or the demand of more absorbing and practical pursuits, in which, during a considerable portion of the year, it has long been the Author's lot to be actively engaged. Certes, albeit in the course of his life he has got through a reasonable degree of labor, and has habitually relied on application to supply his defects in genius; yet to do one thing at a time is the practical rule of those by whom, in the course of time, many things have been accomplished. And accordingly a work, even so trivial as this may be deemed, is not composed in the turmoil of metropolitan life, nor when other occupations demand attention, but in the quiet leisure of rural shades, and in those portions of the year which fellow-workmen devote to relaxation and amusement. For even in holidays, something of a holiday-task adds a zest to the hours of ease.

Lastly.—Since this survey of our modern world requires a large and a crowded canvas, and would be incomplete did it not intimate those points of contact in which the private touches the public life of Social Man, so it is well that the Reader should fully understand that all reference to such grand events, as political "crises" and changes of Government, were written many months ago, and have no reference whatever to the actual occurrences of the passing day. Holding it, indeed, a golden maxim that practical politics and ideal art should be kept wholly distinct from each other, and seeking in this Narrative to write that which may be read with unembittered and impartial pleasure by all classes and all parties—nay, perchance, in years to come, by the children of those whom he now addresses—the Author deems it indispensable to such ambition to preserve the neutral ground of imaginative creation, not only free from those personal portraitures which are fatal to comprehensive and typical delineations of character, but from all intentional appeals to an interest which can be but momentary, if given to subjects that best befit the leading articles of political journals. His realm, if it hope to endure, is in the conditions, the humors, the passions by which one general phase of society stands forth in the broad light of our common human nature, never to be cast aside, as obsolete and out of fashion, "into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."

Reader! this exordium is intended, by way of preface to that more important division of this work, in which the one-half the circle rounds itself slowly on to complete the whole. Forgive the exordium; for, rightly considered, it is but an act of deference to thee. Didst thou ever reflect, O Reader! on what thou art to an Author? Art thou aware of the character of dignity and power with which he invests thee? To thee the Author is but an unit in the great sum of intellectual existence. To the Author, thou, O Reader! art the collective representative of a multifarious abiding audience. To thee the Author is but the machine, more or less defective, that throws off a kind of work usually so ephemeral that seldom wilt thou even pause to examine why it please or displease, for a day, the taste that may change with the morrow. But to him, the Author, thou art, O Reader! a confidant and a friend, often nearer and dearer than any one else in the world. All other friends are mortal as himself; they can but survive for a few years the dust he must yield to the grave. But there, in his eye, aloof and aloft forever, stands the Reader, more and more his friend as Time rolls on. 'Tis to thee that he leaves his grandest human bequest, his memory and his name. If secretly he deem himself not appreciated in his own generation, he hugs the belief, often chimerical and vain, but ever sweet and consoling, that in some generation afar awaits the Reader destined at last to do him justice. With thee, the Author is, of all men, he to whom old age comes the soonest. How quickly thou hastenest to say, "Not what he was! Vigor is waning—invention is flagging—past is his day—push him aside, and make room for the Fresh and the New." But the Author never admits that old age can fall on the Reader. The Reader to him is a being in whom youth is renewed through all cycles. Leaning on his crutch, the Author still walks by the side of that friendly Shadow as he walked on summer eves, with a school-friend of boyhood—talking of the future with artless, hopeful lips! Dreams he that a day may come when he will have no Reader! O school-boy! dost thou ever dream that a day may come when thou wilt have no friend?

CHAPTER II.

Etchings of Hyde Park in the month of June, which, if this History escapes those villains the trunk-makers, may be of inestimable value to unborn antiquarians.—Characters, long absent, reappear and give some account of themselves.

FIVE years have passed away since this History opened. It is the month of June, once more—June, which clothes our London in all its glory; fills its languid ball-rooms with living flowers, and its stony causeways with human butterflies. It is about the hour of 6 P.M. The lounge in Hyde Park is crowded; along the road that skirts the Serpentine crawl the carriages one after the other; congregate, by the rails, the lazy lookers-on—lazy in attitude, but with active eyes, and tongues sharpened on the whetstone of scandal; the Scaligers of Club windows airing their vocabulary in the Park. Slowly saunter on foot-idlers of all degrees in the hierarchy of London *idlesse;* dandies of established fame—youthful tyros in their first season. Yonder, in the Ride, forms less inanimate seem condemned to active exercise; young ladies doing penance in a canter; old beaux at hard labor in a trot. Sometimes, by a more thoughtful brow, a still brisker pace, you recognize a busy member of the Imperial Parliament, who, advised by physicians to be as much on horseback as possible, snatches an hour or so in the interval between the close of his Committee and the interest of the Debate, and shirks the opening speech of a well known bore. Among such truant lawgivers (grief it is to say it) may be seen that once model member, Sir Jasper Stollhead. Grim dyspepsia seizing on him at last, "relaxation from his duties" becomes the adequate punishment for all his sins.

Solitary he rides, and, communing with himself, yawns at every second. Upon chairs, beneficently located under the trees toward the north side of the walk, are interspersed small knots and coteries in repose. There, you might see the Ladies Prymme, still the Ladies Prymme—Janet and Wilhelmina; Janet has grown fat, Wilhelmina thin. But thin or fat, they are no less Prymmes. They do not lack male attendants; they are girls of high fashion, with whom young men think it a distinction to be seen talking; of high principle, too, and high pretensions (unhappily for themselves they are coheiresses), by whom young men under the rank of earls need not fear to be artfully entrapped into "honorable intentions." They coquet majestically, but they never flirt; they exact devotion, but they do not ask in each victim a sacrifice on the horns of the altar; they will never give their hands where they do not give their hearts; and being ever afraid that they are courted for their money, they will never give their hearts save to wooers who have much more money than themselves. Many young men stop to do passing homage to the Ladies

Prymne; some linger to converse—safe young men, they are all younger sons. Farther on, Lady Dorset and Mr. Crampe the rival, are similarly side by side, pecking at each other with sarcastic beaks; occasionally desisting, to fasten up and clear upon that common enemy, the passing friend! The Sloanes, a numerous family, but taciturn, sit by themselves—bored to much; accosted rarely.

Note that man of good presence, somewhere about thirty, or a year or two more, who, recognized by most of the loungers, seems not at home to them. He has passed, by one of the various entries just described, inside his clearance to the Ladies Prymne, received and let go again from Lady Prest, and a laconic meet from Mr. Crampe, and exchanged silent bows with seven silent Sloanes. He has wandered on, looking high in the air, but still looking for some one, not in the least in the absolutely disengaged, in his search, comes to a full stop at length, takes off his hat, wipes his brow, utters a petulant "Pre——sterous!" and seeing, at last, in the background, the chirpless shade of a thin, emaciated, puny tree, blither he retires, and seats himself with as little care whether there to seat himself be the right thing in the right place, as if in the honey-suckle arbor of a village inn. "It serves me right," said he, to himself, "a precocious child learns in open air, to-day as to-day, makes an appointment to meet here, in these very walls, ten minutes before six; de coeur me with the promise of a dinner at Prest——room looking on the river, and fried flounders. I have the vanity to yield; I give change my habits—I leave my coal studio; I put off my cosy blouse; I imprison my free-born throat in a cravat invented by the Tinge's two days are at hand, and I walk rashly over scorching pavements in a black-cool, and a blinding hat; I annihilate 3s. 6d. in a pair of kid gloves. I arrive at this haunt of spiders; I run the gauntlet of Dreams, and Prymnes, and my cruel traitor fails me! Infâ pust sis—not a sign of him! and I wait here at Putney—among flounders? Dreams! Patience, five minutes more; if then he comes not—bench for life between him and me! Ah, *voilà!* there he comes, the laggard! But how those folks are catching at him! Has he asked them also to dine at Putney, and do they care for fried Flounders?"

The solitaire's eye is on a young man, much younger than himself, who is threading the motley crowd with a light quick step, but is compelled to stop at each moment to exchange a word of welcome, a shake of the hand. Evidently he has already a large acquaintance; evidently he is popular, on good terms with the world and himself. What free grace in his bearing! what go! what cool-haunt of the visible Powers above! Lady Willelmina surely blushes as she returns his bow. He has passed Mr. Frost unblighted; the Slowes evince emotion, at least the female Slowes, as he shoots by them with that step. He looks this way, that side to side, with a rapid glance of an eye in which light seems all dance and sparkle; as one in the soliloquist under the meagre tree—the pace quickens, the lips part, half laughing:

"Don't scold, Vance, I am late, I know; but I did not make allowance for the *tête*——s."

"Body o' me, redemptions! But you have just arrived in London, you seem to live no lack of friends."

"Friends made in Paris, and found again here at every corner, like pleasant surprises. But no friend so welcome, and dear, as Frank Vance."

"Sensible of the honor, O Lionello the magnificent. Verily you are *bon Prince!* The Houses of Valois and of Medici were always kind to artists. But whither would you lead me? Back into that trend-mill? Thank you, humbly; no. A crowd in fine clothes is of all ends the dullest. I can look unconcerned on the many-headed monster, wild and rampant, but when the many-headed monster puts on hats in Bond Street, and has an eye-glass at each of its inquisitive eyes, I confess I take fright. Besides, it is now seven o'clock; I dread wet vair, bile, and the flounders not fried!"

"My dear fellow, wonder, we must walk it—we can keep on the turf, and avoid the throng. But tell me honestly, Vance, do you really dislike to mix in crowds—you, with a fame, dislike the eyes that turn back to look again, and the lips that respectfully murmur, 'Vance, the Painter?' Ah, I always said you would be a great creature. And in five short years you have soared high."

"Pooh!" answered Vance, indifferently. "Nothing is great and unadulterated in London but next cream, nor carpenne pepper—least of all, Fame; mixed up with the most disparaging ingredients. Fame! did you read the Zenic criticism on my pictures in the present Exhibition? Fame, indeed! Change the subject, Leo, there's no good as flounders. Ho! is that your cab? Superb! Cut fit for the Grosvenor club cadets sure,' in Mr. Eufield's *Speaker*; bores, that seems compound cut of the Elgin marbles. Is he quiet?"

"Not very; but trust to my driving. You may well admire the horse—present from Darrell, chosen by Colonel Morley."

When the young man had settled themselves in the vehicle, Vance dismissed his cabman, and touching his horse, the animal trotted comfortably.

"Frank," said Leonel, shaking his dark curls with a petulant gravity, "Your cynical definitions are unworthy that matchless beard. You despise fame! what sheer affectation!

"Palverem Olympum
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis——"

"Take care," cried Vance; "we shall be over." For Lionel, growing excited, tensed the horse with his whip; and the horse bolting, took the cab within an inch of a water-cart.

"Fame, Fame!" cried Lionel, unheeding the interruption. "What would I not give to have said so bold a line as hers!"

"Hold an ee!, less slippery: a scorpion, less stinging!' But added Vance, observing his companion's heightened color. "But," he added seriously, and with an honest compunction, "I forget, you are a soldier, you follow the career of arms! Never heed what is said on the subject by a spectator merely. The deeds of war may be folly in civilians, in soldiers it is wisdom. Twin-born with the martial sense of honor, is patriotism. Fame is the love by device; it gives music to the whirr of the bullet, and lends the ball's splash-hop in the deep, a purl; knits civilwith the bond of brothers; comforts the survivor when the brother falls; takes off the grim aspect of contrary and from homicide itself extracts lessons that strengthen the heart to humanity. Fame inspires pipe and fife to nations. Right—pant for fame; you are a soldier!"

He was one of those bursts of high sentiment from Vance, which, as they were very rare with him, had the dramatic effect of surprise. Leonel listened to him with a thrilling delight. He could not answer, he was too moved. The artist continued, and in his peculiar manner he laughed, and rolled safely and rapidly along the road. "Let me change the subject. Two years you have spent abroad, completing your general education, you have made little progress in Art, but have evidently repertoire to the patience you have so recently chosen."

"You are right, Vance, my dear Vance. If a man's heart be set on a thing, he is always studying it. The books I loved best, and most frequently read, were such as, if they did not minister leisure, suggested hints that might turn to leisure hereafter. In the intervals of service, I never was so pleased as when I could fasten myself to some practical veteran—question and cross-question him. One picks up more sense in conversation than from books; at least I do. Besides, my mother was poor and I succeeded some day, is not that of a mere mechanician at arms. See how accomplished most great captains are. Wasn't Cæsar observer? Wasn't Napoleon—What diplomatists—what reasoners! what men of action, Vance, are not the education and had been habituated before they acted. How many stores of wisdom they brought to the judgment which hazards the sortie, or decides on the retreat?"

"Gently, gently!" cried Vance. "We shall be into that omnibus! Give me the whip—do!—there—a little more to the left—so. Yes; I am glad to see such enthusiasm in your profession—'tis half the battle. Hadlit said a cspirit rising, 'tis genius does not constitute a great Lord Mayor in his gilt coach the greatest man in the world, but the will to be so."

"Pish!" said Lionel, catching at the whip.

Vance (holding it back). "No. I apologize for having used the Latin quotation. Companions are odious. I agree with you, nothing like hardware-knowledge to make a really great soldier—Hannibal, and so forth. Cherish that conviction, my boy; meanwhile, respect human life—there is another calling, and divine."

The danger past, the artist thought it prudent to divert the conversation into some channel less exciting.

"Mr. Derrell, of course, consents to your choice of a profession?"

"Consents—approves, encourages. Wrote me such a letter—such a generous, comprehensive intelligence that man has!"

"Necessarily; since he agrees with you. Where is Derrell now?"

"I have no notion; it is some months since I heard from him. He was then at Melts, on his return from Asia Minor."

"So! you have never seen him since he bade you farewell at his old dwelling?"

"Never. He has not, I believe, been in England."

"Nor in Paris, where you seem to have chiefly resided?"

"Nor in Paris. Ah, Vance, could I but be of some comfort to him! Now that I am older, I think I understand his character better, and regard me as a boy, when he parted. Darrell is one of those men who require a home. Between us great worldly solitude, he has found the intermediate filling up which the life domestic alone supplies; it is the natural repose of the human mate—children, with whose future he could link his own toils and his ancestral remembrances. That interposition of nature among the great world and the solitude are left, each frowning on the other."

"My dear Lionel, you must have lived with very clever people; you are talking far above your years."

"Am I? True, I have lived, if not with very clever people, with those who are so to me. That is a secret I learned from Colonel Morley, to whom I must present you—the noblest intellect under the noblest exterior I have met. So tells to me, 'Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man's reason—without crudeness and without decline—look habitually, while young, with persons older, and, when old, with persons younger than yourself.'"

Vance here said, indeed. I felicitate you on the evident result of the maxim. And so Darrell has no home, no wife, and no children?"

"He has long been a widower; he lost his only son in boyhood, and his daughter—did you never hear?"

"No—what—?"

"Married so ill—a runaway match—and died many years since, without issue."

"Poor man! It was these affections, then, that soured him. And he has made him the hermit or the wanderer?"

"There," said Lionel, "I am perplexed. I find that even after his son's death and his daughter's unhappy marriage and estrangement from him, he still held it for an honor to be the fast activity of career. But certainly he did not long keep it up. It might have been as effect to which, strong as he is, he felt himself unequal; or, might he have known some fresh disappointment, some more sorrow which I was never guesses? what I have said as to his family affections was not known. But I think he will marry again. That idea seemed strong in his own mind when we parted; he brought it home."

"Honor, I suppose," said Vance, "and he convinced that he will marry, if but for the sake of an heir."

Vance. "And if so, my poor Lionel, you are ousted of——"

Lionel. (quickly interrupting). "Hush! Do not say, my dear Vance, do not you say—you—one of those who, by their things which, if said to me even by men for whom I have no excuse, make my ears tingle and my cheek blush. When I think of the debt I owe to Darrell alone for me—me who have no claim on him—it seems to me as if I were the man who stood on Calvary. 'Fear lest your benefactor find a smile at his own hearth, a child of his own blood—for you are the cause of his death in proportion as his life is desolate.'"

Vance. "You are a fine young fellow, and I beg your pardon. Take care of that milestone. Thank you. But I suspect that at least two-thirds of Darrell's friendship has dated from you on the way to me, were stretched out less to Lionello Leonel, than to Count in the Granite—than to Mr. Darrell's heir-presumptive."

Leonel. "That thought sometimes galls me, but it may be good; for it goads me on my desire to make myself some one whom the most worldly and the most selfish may be glad to own also. Oh for active service!—Oh for a sharp campaign!—Ah for fair trial how far a man in earnest can grapple Fortune to his heart with his own strong hands! You have done so, Vance; you have made a name and your own career; brush. I have no genius, but I have resolve, and resolve is perhaps as sure of its ends as genius. Vance, you have been my friend, my elements in common—Patience, Hope, Concentration."

Vance, more and more surprised, looked hard at his companion, grinning. Five years of that critical age, from seventeen to twenty-two, spent in the great capital of Europe—kept from its snares dangerous to boys partly by a powerful sense of personal dignity, partly by a temperament which, regarding love as an ideal for all tender and sublime emotions, shrunk from its gross exchanges, is not the Vance of the Yahoo of the bleaching ground, but a Vance whose mental work by the brooding ambition that takes youth out of the frivolous present into the serious future, and seeking, amid the noble and with commanding survey allers, but with the highest and greatest intellects that the free commonwealth of good society brought within his reach—Five years so spent had changed the boy's fresh impressionable into a man fit for noble action—retaining freshest youth in its enthusiasm, its elevation of sentiment, its honest candor, and divine credulity in its own unexercised resources; but borrowing from experience composure and solidity of idea—the link between speculation and practice—the power to impress on others a sense of the superiority with which he has been self-endowed by unconscious culture.

"So!" said Vance, after a prolonged pause, "I don't know whether I have resolve or genius; but, certainly, if I have made my way to some small reputation, patience, hope, and concentration of purpose must have the credit of it; and you, Lionello, who have not forgotten to name, and certainly don't evince as a characteristic, hope, my dear fellow, you are not extravagant. So poor, and yet so lofty you laugh?"

"The question is so like you, Frank—thrifty of care."

Do you think I could have painted with a calm mind, if I knew that at my door there was a duo which I could not pay? Art needs severity; and if an artist begin his career with an eye to sales to back as I had, he must place economy among the rules of perspective."

Lionel laughed again, and made some comments on economy which were certainly not smart, rather flippant, and tended not only to lower the favorable estimate of his intellectual improvement which Vance had just formed, but seriously disquieted the kindly artist. Vance knew the world—knew the peculiar temptations to which a young man in Lionel's position would be exposed—knew that contempt for economy belongs to that school of Peripatetic which reserves its last lessons for finished disciples in the sacred retreat of the Queen's Bench.

However, that was no dispassionate moment for didactic wisdom.

"Here we are" cried Lionel—"Putney Bridge."

They reached the little inn by the river-side, and while dinner was getting ready, they hired a boat, five pairs.

Vance. "Not so pretty here as by those green quiet banks along which we glided, at moonlight, five years ago."

Lionel. "Ah, no. And that innocent, charming child, whose portrait you took—you have never heard of her since?"

Vance. "Never! How should I? Have you?"

Lionel. "Only what Darrell repeated to me. His lawyer had ascertained that she and her grandfather had gone to America. *e* Darrell gently implied that, from what he learned of them, they scarcely merited the interest I felt in their fate. But we were not deceived—were we, Vance?"

Vance. "No; the little girl—what was her name? Sacy? Sally?—Sophy—true, Sophy—had something about her extremely prepossessing, besides her pretty face; and, in spite of her humble birth, a certain air that could never forget it."

Lionel. "Her face! Nor I. Can see it still before me!"

Vance. "Her cotton print! I see it still before me! But I must not be uncivil. Would you believe it, that little portrait, which cost me three guineas, was made, I don't say my fortune, but my fashion?"

Lionel. "How! You had the heart to sell it?"

Vance. "No; I kept it as a study for young female beauties—with variations,' as they say in music. It was by my female hands that I became the fashion; every order I have contains the condition—'But be sure, if you want your young female heads, Mr. Vance.' My female heads are as necessary to my success as Mr. Rowland's to Wouvermans' 'Beatrice.' Well, that child, who cost me three pounds, is the original of all the Beatrices announcing at Hanwell. She has been in turns a 'Psyche,' a 'Beatrice Cenci,' a 'Miranda,' a 'Portia,' and a Nobleman's Daughter,' 'Burns's Mary in Heaven,' 'The Young Gleaner,' and 'Sabrina fair,' in Milton's *Comus*. I have had that child through all history, sacred and profane. I have painted her in all costumes (her own natural print excepted). My female heads are my glory—even the *Times* critic allows that! Mr. Vance, there, is inimitable!' Mr. Vance publishes green prints, and, alas, etc.' I'll lend you the article."

Lionel. "I should never again see the original darling Sophy? You will laugh, Vance, but I have been heart-proof against all young beauties, till lately; my wish has been Sophy's eyes! In America?"

Vance. "Not so long for this time happily married to a Yankee! Yankees marry girls in their teens, and don't ask for dowries. Married to a Yankee, and not a doubt of it, for when she chaws, whittles, and keeps a 'store'!"

Lionel. "Vance, you have your tongue! *Apropos* of marriage, why are you still single?"

Vance. "Because I have no wish to be double'ed up! Marriage is a trap. To the wise, the unces neatly the housewife doubles him, the most cherished she lays lures for him. Next her cue a man once doubled know how often he may be doubled. Not only his wife folds him, but he finds every child carries him a new double, till what was a wide and handsome substance, has become a thin and mean lessen, dwindles into a pitiful square that will not cover one platter—all pockets and creases—smaller and smaller, with every fresh child, every double a new crease. Then, my friend, comes the washing bill! and, hardest of all, the tears one receives in the mangle, considers the heavy wear and tear of the linen-press. In short, marriage systematizes the high life, and depicts the double in the famous line—which is no doubt founded on the practical of marriage—

'Double, double, toil and trouble.'

Besides, no single man can be fairly called poor. What double man can with certainty be called rich? A double man can only be double, and dine on a herring; nobody knows, nobody cares. Let him marry, and he invites the world to witness where he lives, and how he dines. The first necessary a wife demands is the most ruinous, the most costly of luxuries—it is Society according to what her neighbors call genteel. Gentility commences with the honey-moon; it is its sickness, its longitude—it is its declines. When the honey is all gone, your bride says, 'We can have out no without sugar when quite alone, love; but in ese Gentility drop in, here's a loaf for silver sugar-tongs!' That's why I'm single."

"Economy again, Vance."

"Prudence—thrift—dignity," answered Vance, seriously; and sinking into a reverie that seemed gloomy, he shot back to shore.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXX.

Pilmos and the Vision of John.—The Seven Churches —Smyrna and the Ladies.—A Horse kicks a Lady and we get into the Harbor.—Ephesus and Diana.—The way to our Distances in the East.—Smyrna to Ephesus. —Ephesus and the Ruins.—Burial-place of John the Divine and the Virgin Mary.

So we commenced our journey to the sites of the Seven Churches, which were to be ours.

Far out in the wild sea, over whose waves we had sailed along to the Gulf of Smyrna, there was a rocky isle that rises abruptly from the azure the ancient waters. Over those waters the songs of Homer and other Greek bards had resounded in the old, old days. But the songs of Homer were human songs, of the brave past—stories of stout men battling with the fierce Trojans—tales of thought-grand, but which in the long annals of eternity still seem but passing ripples on the sea of existence.

On that rocky island once sat an old and wayworn man. John the beloved, last of all the Lord's disciples, had loved Him and been loved of Him first of all, and now, in the inscrutable will of his Master kept longest on earth, and away from Him. Longing with a desire that could not be more thoroughly expressed in the words in his last half-prayerful, half-exultant cry, "Surely I come quickly; amen! even so, come, Lord Jesus!" the disciple whose head had lain so often on the breast of his master, lay on a rocky pillow at Patmos, while by God's will his soul was in the divine presence. The head of the beloved disciple was white now as snow, and his face, once fair, was wrinkled with age. But now across the Holy Sea he sang a prophecy, an utterance of the Divine voice through the lips of man, goes to the Seven Churches in Asia. Never before, never since, have

the waters of the Archipelago heard such eloquence of poetry, such grandeur of inspiration. If I were an infidel, I could not doubt that the Revelation to John was the grandest poem or dream that human lips ever uttered to the ears of men. Believing it, as I do, the voice of God himself, I am not ashamed to say that, standing on the hill above Smyrna, and looking down on the city and out on the sea, I believed that I was on holy ground, and I seemed to hear a voice above me, forever sounding in the sunshine and the starlight alike over the city, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!"

Pardon me. I am not to write of thoughts, feelings, or emotions. I have promised you that these letters shall be simple records of what I do, am, and see. But before I write further let me ask you to open your Bible and just read over the 5th, 6th, 7th, 7th, and 8th verses of the first chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and then you will surely be able to appreciate the feelings of one who has landed at Smyrna with the idea of visiting the ruins of those great cities which once heard those words, fresh from the lips of the beloved disciple.

But Smyrna the modern has no relics of Smyrna of that time: this you know. It is a busy, active city, where the people seem to have something of the Western spirit of money-making. In the harbor lie ships of all nations, and in the bazars are men who speak nearly every language under the sun.

We were in Smyrna three weeks. Long enough, you will say, to know something of it. I assure you it was. We knew it tolerably well, and we had some incidents of adventure that might be worth relating. Thus the old baronet got into a scrape with a Smyrna lady that afforded us lots of amusement, and Miss Grandison, the queenly lady Kate, actually found herself involved in an intrigue without knowing it herself, and John Stonebanger fought a duel with the husband of a pretty Greek woman, as impromptu duel, growing out of the fact that John wouldn't pay her the attention she wanted, at which her husband was properly resentful, and—the catalogue is endless. Every body that visits Smyrna gets into some scrape with the ladies. Every body except myself. I got into none, but I got into a harem.

You will recollect that Stonebanger had done this once or twice by accident. But I did it a more legitimate way.

Oulaf Effendi is a wealthy Turk of Smyrna, who lives in gorgeous style, with the full Mohammedan allowance of four wives and I do not know but four hundred slaves. Never was more superb harem, and between ourselves never was more beauty in a harem.

Miss Grandison bought a horse, or her father for her, of Oulaf Effendi. The horse was recommended as gentle and kind; he was, in fact, a perfect devil. The first day she rode him I was with her, and in one of the upper streets the animal plunged into a little flock of ladies, and out flew his feet and over went a lady with a shriek, and it turned out to be one of Oulaf Effendi's favorite slaves. We picked her up and carried her into the house, which was close by. Miss Grandison led the way into the women's apartments, and I remained outside till I was accosted by one of the black guardians as a hakim, and asked to go in and see the wounded lady. I went, of course, for little as my medical skill is, it was at all events enough to give me the



LOOKING OUT AT THE LATTICE.

name of Doctor, in this country where charms and incantations answer the purpose of pills and plasters. Miss Grandison had convinced them that I was a physician of magical powers, and I was ushered into the holiest of Eastern places.

The word *haram*, literally translated into English, may be understood to be *sacred, forbidden ground*, or what the Sandwich Islanders call *Tobo*. It is applied to all mosques, and all holy places. No infidel, unbeliever, or stranger may enter a harem. Eunuchs are employed to guard the mosques as they are the apartments of the women.

The wounded lady was lying on a magnificent couch. That she was the favorite was sufficiently evident from the deference paid her on all sides, and the fact that I was admitted to her presence was accounted for only by the sudden and terrible anxiety of her lord and master, who sat at her feet and eyed me, when I entered, with a look of fierce anger that was rather amusing to one who understood how dependent he felt himself on my skill.

Miss Grandison sat at her side, and fortunately the Turk understood Arabic, so that we got along well enough. I gave him to understand in very short order that I would have no insolence; that if he and his household were not *perfectly* respectful, I would let him and his go to Shitan as rapidly as their natural proclivities would lead them.

Then I examined the lady. She had a glorious eye, a shoulder and arm that were of the mould of the Venus of Milo, and a lip that the old Turk might well have been proud of possessing. She was not seriously hurt. That was comforting, since my skill as a physician was not brought into very dangerous requisition. I sang a stave or two out of an old song, by way of incantation, burned a handful of feathers by way of suffocating the by-standers, and after using up ten minutes in similar nonsense I came away, with Miss Kate, both of us exceedingly gratified at the opportunity we had enjoyed of seeing the interior of a magnificent harem.

Next day I called, physician like, and my beldames prescribed me an entrance to the lady's rooms again. My coming was sudden. Oulaf himself led me in and gave the warning of my approach, but I can not help thinking the ladies intentionally disregarded the voice; and one, who wished to show me her face, came to me so that Oulaf's curtain was finally, turned from a lattice as I entered and let the full glance of her countenance fall on me. Certainly Oulaf Effendi was mistaken. This one was far more beautiful than the favorite.

Times are slowly changing among the Turks. It is not long since a Christian lakim would have been slain on the threshold of the harem, rather than permit his entrance. Now it is not infrequent for them to be called in, and as the doctors insist always upon seeing face and tongue, the worthy pashas have quite gotten used to the thing. In Smyrna, perhaps, it is different from other cities. Here there are so many Greek ladies who use strumpas always as freely as we do in America, that the Turkish families are getting more accustomed to it.

Smyrna abounds in pretty women. It is celebrated for that throughout the Levant. The Greek belles of Smyrna are of fine form, and clear complexion, good features, and sparkling eyes.

But I must not pause longer in Smyrna. We left it with camp equipage, and are here among the ruins of Ephesus. I can not even save time to sketch the journey of two days which we accomplished by aid of large camels, noble animals surpassing in size the camels of the Hejaz, but very slow in gait. We are living now in our tents where the great fane of Diana once reared its gorgeous walls.

Do you wish to know what now remains of Ephesus the magnificent? A waste, on which lie a few walls, a few broken columns, a ruined theatre, and nothing more. The harlot is a ruin. The temple of Diana is utterly gone. Never was desolation more complete, ruin more total. God did come, and did "remove the candlestick out of its place," and the city of the first of the Seven Churches become a wild ruin, a haunt of the jackal and the owl.

Yet here is holy ground. For this dust that I hold in my hand was once the dust of John, and this flower that I have plucked at the side of a broken column sprang from the grave of Mary, the mother of the Lord. Yet, even so, John and Mary died and were buried at Ephesus, and though they show at Jerusalem the tomb of the Virgin in the valley of Jehoshaphat, yet she lies here in the dust of Ephesus, and the memory of Diana fades before the splendor of her memory who was honored among all women as being the mother of the Son of God.

How in the few days that we have rested here this memory has come over us and made the very atmosphere seem holy you may well imagine. We are no Mariolaters; but we do honor to the grave of the mother of the Immaculate. Though we do not believe her immaculate, we nevertheless believe that she is first of women in heaven, and that



REMAINS OF EPHESUS.

it is a pious duty to be homage to her grave here among the ruins of the great city.

John Schweinfurter sits by the hour en ruins, and wonders if this is her grave, or that, or this, or that; Miss Grandison plucks flowers every where, and presses them to be sure of some particle of the dust. Sir John strolls quietly about the desolate ruins, and once in a while looks up at me and expresses himself briefly and sententiously thus:

"Deuced lonesome, isn't it?" and I, standing quiet in the sunshine, in the lulls with splendour and grandeur consecrated, or sitting on a fallen column, or a fragment that may have been an altar-piece of Rome, remember John, and his Lord's last charge, and how well he kept it.

I thought I had left Holy Land, but I find it here in Ephesus.

Miscellany.

A TASTE FOR READING.

"If I were to pray," says Herschel, "for a taste, which should assist me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher aims and more real and unspeakable privileges of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands the perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in the most agreeable society, with the wisest, with the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for his benefit.

"It is indeed possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from his constant habit of conversing in thought with a class of beings, or, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible that the man who assumes should not a tinge of good-breeding and civilization from having constantly before our eyes the way in which best-bred and finest-tempered men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is no manner so perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less influential because it works insensibly, and because it is really by that living lesson that we learn the exercise of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

A NEWSPAPER.

It was Bishop Horne's opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. Of it he said: "It gathers, and conveys to successive ages of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and envy than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution more likely to be effective against gambling and profligacy than the manifold relation of ruin, confusion, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than the cautions of estates, houses, and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it, and it will instruct you."

CREED AND CONDUCT.

To make speculative belief the rule absolute of conduct is not to act. The "flesh" wields not our powers us. Yet even in defeat the intellect vindicates its superiority, and feels the best possible reason for its defeat. A Spanish priest, once, exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added, in the ardor of enthusiasm, "Reflect, my brethren, that whoever falls to-day in battle sups to-night in paradise." The wonders of paradise subdued the regiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, the priest took to his heels, when a soldier stopping him referred reproachfully to the pompous supper in paradise. "True, my son, true," said the priest, "but I never believed it!" Is not every man a moralist? Many believe firmly in predestination. "Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him. "Of course I do." "Well, I'm glad to hear it." "Why so?" "Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine-knots and *bullet-safety-valves*. So don't be alarmed, for if the boilers ain't to burst they won't." And the action began partially to prove true, and looking very much like backing out, which the captain observing said, "I thought you said you believed in predestination, and that it was to be well in." "So I do; but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it does burst." The reasoning against sin principles of predestination is arguing in a circle. A thief tried to excuse himself to his judge by informing his lordship that he was by from all eternity been destined to commit the particular theft which he was tried. "Then," the judge answered the judge, "and I was destined to send you to the treadmill."

FRENCH PIETY.

MANY of our people were of the west orthos, evangelical class in France and Switzerland—such persons as the French respectfully designate as *dévots*, or contemptuously as *Methodists*. Those from Geneva were followers of Merle d'Aubigné and Cesar Malan; those from France, of such men as Frederick and Adolphe Monod. Frederick in Europe I had encountered no characters of the kind —no approach, even, to the serious piety and incessant Christianizing zeal of these my present companions. They seemed to me the most charming possible examples of those who are commonly called pious people; amiable in manners, cheerful in conversation, conscious of the beauty of earth and of their brotherhood with humanity, yet never forgetful of their mystic life, their heavenly calling, the price of their redemption. In short, they combined the existence of this world and the existence of the invisible more easily, gracefully, and lovingly than any class of persons that I had ever been seen.—*In Forest's European Acquaintance.*

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

HABIT eats a terrible chasm in humanity that, instead of constituting no more than his second nature, it expels the first, usurping the sovereignty. Our minds may turn like the poles, but it is the same direction that never again can we look quite straight. Thoughts, passions, affections, once sanctioned by custom till, like barn-door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sings on the same roost.

WOMEN AND MEN.

PERHAPS at no age since Eve's were women found so evidently their own mistresses—almost apart from positiveliterary or tyrannical depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits, and estimated according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And if these rules overturn the insanity to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult, indeed, and requiring from us more than the men have required before, but from its very difficulty rendered the more honourable? Let us not be afraid of men. They suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. "Gentlemen don't like such and such things." "Gentlemen object to such and such principles." My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man—any manly man—can possibly hate over love a woman the more for reverencing her the less? Or likes her better for transferring all her instincts of right and wrong, from herself to science to his ideas? Or even supposing he did like it, is a woman's dignity to be sacrificed to him? And here, piercing to the foundation of all truth, we may find the truth concerning self-deference, which is only another form of selfishness. Self-deference is not in self at all; when its strength is drawn, and from man's love, from that which is the only source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, all of whose instincts are right, not a vague, sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, makes submission to the laws she parts; she recognizes the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its opinions or its power, she is conscious of its responsibilities to another; she is content to take it as it is in the sweetness of its daily duties, and to only care long as to fulfill it, that while the world at large may recognize and profit by her self-abnegations, they, knowing them to be the source of strength, lies in the deepest humility, recognizes, solely and alone in her dependence upon God.

PETER THE GREAT.

HE was a very tall man, exceedingly well made, rather thin, his face somewhat round, a high forehead, good eyebrows, a very full nose, but not too short, and large at the end, rather thick lips, complexion inclining to brown, but very clear, light, piercing, and well open. His looks majestic and gracious when he liked; but when he counterfeited severe and angry, the twitching of the face not often occurring, but which appeared to control his eyes and all his countenance, was frightful and fit to see—it lasted a moment, gave him a wild and terrible air, and passed away. All his temperament was his intellect, his quickness, and his greatness, and was not devoid of a certain grace. He wore commonly a coarse cloth, brown wig, without hair-powder, and which did not reach to his shoulders; a brown camlet light frock coat, and, with gold buttons; vest, breeches, stockings, no gloves or ruffles, the star of his order over his coat, and the ribbon under it, the cut of which, frequently quite unbuttoned, his hat upon the table, but never crushed under arm out of respect. With this simplicity, ill-accompanied or ill-mounted as he might be, the air of greatness natural to him could not be mistaken.—*Memoirs of St. Simon.*

THE INFINITE.

In mathematics any finite quantity added to infinity is infinity. Thus the finite life of the good qualities in man, and add infinity to them, and you think you have some conception of the Divine Being. But you have lost in the bargain; for all the good in man is nothing, and God is all in all—he is infinite, and eternal.

WATER AS FOOD.

TELL the first man you meet that water is, on the whole, a more nutritious article than beef, and that common salt, or bone ash, is as much an edible as the white of egg, and it is probable that he will, with a contemptuous glance, assure his nose to assure himself your keeper is at hand. Make the same announcement to the next person you meet, and the chances are that he will think you very ignorant of organic chemistry, or that you are talking in your sleep. Nevertheless, it is demonstrably true, and never would have worn the air of a paradox but for the prejudices and errors of the system of an alimentary substance. *That* is an element which nourishes; whatever we find in the organism, or which mingle with all it contains, do not forming part of its structure or one of the conditions of vital processes, that, and that only, serves the name of aliment. If "to nourish the body" mean to sustain its force and repair its waste —if food enters into the living structure—and if all the integral constituents of that structure are derived from food—where can be nothing improper in designating as nutritious substances which have an enormous preponderance among the integral constituents? Why, then, should it be ridiculed to call water food will cause their surprise on learning that water forms two-thirds of the living body.

HOME.

HOME! To be at home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the dreadful dreams of trench and tented field. Where the pale-trees waves its graceful plumes, and birds of perfect hues flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy; a far-away home lies on his heart; and, borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees the sunbaired boy-brother, with light feet and childhood's glee, chasing his butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home is his ostensible home, a home with his Father above that sky, will in the midst of joy he remembers. He looks around him—the world is full of suffering; he is distressed by its sorrows and vexed by its sins. He looks within him—his own mark of his own corruption to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, disgusted, and wearied, he often turns his eye upward, saying, "I would not live here always. No, not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the wealth of her argosies—but all the pleasures of his flashing forty-up—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms—would I live here always." He is at home, and about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows or strips the grove, or binds the streams in crystal, he will often, in spirit, be planning his wing for the hour of his flight to glory.—*Cuyler.*

THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.

WHEN the body of Napoleon was opened, at St. Helena, his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final deposit, was placed in a basin of spirits of water, and left, for the night, on a table in the bedroom of the man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night the doctor was awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash on the floor, and starting up, alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and, by the light of a taper, looked eagerly round him to determine what should spring from bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Was that mighty heart, strong to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still beating? Was it? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Bonaparte going into the basin of water, jumping from bed to bed, and in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat.

DISTINCTIONS IN SNORING.

THE variety of sounds which the nasal organ is great. You have the piano snore, commencing on a weak key and passing away into a faint whistle. You have sometimes the snore of the wind playing through the keyhole or some other cranny. Then there is the great consequential snore, by which you know the house in the silence of the night. We once had a visitor with such gifted nostrils, and we can suppose that children of a half-awake traveler who had to engage his chamber in a forlorn fit of horking. It is a new terror to them, and we had the greatest difficulty of explaining to Billy and Bessy that the noise was meant—that no invasion of the premises was threatened—that it was ver *y generous* solid. The great snore, we have varied by wild unearthly cadences, harmonizing with the howling wind without; and in listening to such a performance, we are free to confess that sometimes on our solitary pillow we have felt a little *eerie*. But the most remarkable snore we have ever met with is a short, quick, convulsive snore, properly described as a snort. It is the snore of a man who has had his ear-bore, or to that of the starting, struggling locomotive, for which it has been more than once mistaken by a half-awake traveler who had to go by an early train. The locomotive seems clearly to be getting under the human engine. Mr. Buckland wishes to study the subject, let him take his station during night in the lobby of the bedrooms of the Great Western. His opportunities will be better if the hotel is much frequented by commercial gentlemen. Let him then listen to the engine-lobby in which they indulge previous to retiring form a good basis for a full nocturnal disquisition.

"Prose knows no metre, and yet prose must rule."

Dropping semicolonal fears and snorting fire."

A full rush expresses the appropriate manner of sustaining the instrument. It is a vulgar error to suppose that a large pedalcock is necessarily an organ of great power. On the contrary, in large cavern the air seems to lose itself; and we have seen an insignificant pedal-cock in a cave have outmoved the most exaggerated Roman variety.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

IT is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either domestic relations a matter of personal merit, or, if obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is ashamed of his parentage will not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the rough forms of pioneer life, and have passed as early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled among the forest boughs, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. I am indebted to that fact for my annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generation that built the primitive family abode; I wrap to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living. And if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my children be blotted from the memory of mankind.!—*Daniel Webster.*

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

ASH FOUNDER.—If your friend is made of honey, do not eat him up at once. Let him live. Study the nature of the animal, and you will find that you are the animal, after all. When you are the honey, you are the bee, and will. He who eats not take a bite, can not comprehend a long explanation. Take counsel of one grocer, and one less than yourself, and, afterward, form your own opinion.

MARKET HOUSE.—The places are flat, and heavy, and dull, whatsoever be the brick, cherbark and stone, are drugs, starch is slithering, and paper is stationery. There is no pith in them, and they contain no nourishment for the chemist.

Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favorites, they like it: with general favorites, they don't dislike it, and with no favorites, they do not like it.

Colonel Mordecai Topp, making a speech at Memphis, Tennessee, recently observed that "the Indian had no law progress with wanshed, however obvious they may appear to the solvay," meaning, we suppose, reversed.

The action of sighing arises from very similar causes to those of yawning. But in sighing, the nervous depression is owing to *grief*, rather than to *pain*. In the result of *fatigue*. In sighing, the effect is generally caused by an oppression proceeding, as in hysterics. The mind, wearied and weakened by sorrow, has omitted, for a few moments, to continue the respiratory process; and then, suddenly, there comes an involuntary respiration—that is, something like a faint sound as it passes the organs of the voice.

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their dignity rights is one of the most disgraceful and unprofitable in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which others can earn a disposition to foster. It is a very monotonous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are not considered, and it is not wise, happier, and more prudent to yield somes that of our precious time to their sensibilities.—*Sunday Times.*

A youth that was jilted said once, to a wag,

"My love, O, Jemima, has forsaken me."

"Oh, think not of *flopping*," replied he, "I pray, But choose the best method of going your way."

Never look sad—there's nothing so bad

As getting familiar with sorrow;

Always look glad, and your friends will be many,

And hold such advice quantities to-morrow.

A gentleman, after an audible nature observed, he could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a pea-jacket, nor ever lay down in one.

A gentleman, at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately turned round, "I prithee then, dear, let me have it in a large *pinkcushion*."

Pastor.—Jemima Jones, what for them cauticisms?—ask for them cauticisms?—ant them cauticisms?—ik ant them knowledge?—ocy? Do you know the meaning of them prudently—cautipy them lawfully—impart them knowledge?—ocy? Do you know the meaning of them cauticisms? —can them attentively—forego them easily—reign them willingly.

PEACE OR MUSIC.—Quiet of mind and ease within is a perfect blessing, which the world can neither give nor take. Nothing, without this, can make one's life happy. The purest enjoyment can be had, and nothing can disturb the inward tranquillity. Our whole trouble in our let in the world arises from the disagreement we have with ourselves. Let the mind be brought to the int, and the whole matter is finally looked.

"Let the toast be—dear woman!" as the hungry husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast.

Old Sir James Herring was remarrietated with for sale by petty-vendors. You make by any mind to it," said he, "but I can not make up my body."

It is not great calamities that embitter existence: it is the petty vexations, the small annoyances, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the head gray before its time, and the heart old. The rose that grows would not destroy; it is merely the small, invisible fingernails, except in some very rare cases, when it is linked by nature to a poisonous thorn. Even the most noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good-humor.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name me an animal of the *genus ridiculous*?" "Yes, sir, the schoolmaster!" A boy echoes face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good thrashing. "I am," said he, "what is the animal?" asked the teacher. "My grandmother, sir," said the boy, as he ran off.

The company of a good-humored man is a perpetual feast; he is always welcome. He has a welcome at his approach, and dolliculties vanish in his presence. Friendship is beautiful, social-hearted and kind, and in the country in the old Congress as Adams's fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He cannot be found in a seeking out of it is not like the steak.

The following words, if spelled backward or forward, are the same: "Name no one man."

"I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said an ingenious fellow. "I dare say," said the friend replied a gentleman.

The gallant Colonel M'Clung was addicted to fits of abstract thinking, even in the presence of his fair-sex friends. On one of these occasions the ladies and the epigrammatic mode of thought which made it so. I was once sitting at a dinner-party with Colonel M'Clung when he was an antediluvian duck, which I was making devilish hot with cayenne pepper, when the Colonel interrupting me with a steady smile, and remarked, "Colonel, you appear to be peppering that duck considerably." Sir, replied he, "I was thinking why the term devil was used as a word of reproach, when it must have been a compliment."

The editors of one of the New Orleans papers announce the death of a subscriber in the following style: "Departed and Bishop elect of the Methodist Episcopal Church South." The announcement must have taken the Rev. Winkle nap; or the mails in those parts must be very slow—the event must have occurred a thousand years ago!

INFECTIOUS LITTLE BOY.—*Is very fat old gentlemen, who is trying to get along on foot to his run, but with very indifferent success.* "I say, old fellow, you would get on a jolly sight quicker if you would lie down on the pavement and let me roll you along."

An advertisement in the Liverpool *Daily Post* states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a quiet sober man, and can have no objection to wear whiskers." Are the advertiser cannibals? And can not only the whiskers go, which what sense do they not little boys five years old?

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, Monday, April 5, 1858.

THE fortnight ends of the part for the last two months past as follows with that of the corresponding week of 1857.

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending April 3, 1858	$3,718,625	$1,344,883
Corresponding week, 1857	8,646,229	1,150,749
Decrease	$1,327,604	$149,077

Some $139,700 was exported in specie during the week. Money continues to be abundant at 5@7 per cent.; many of the Banks are willing to loan at the former rate on call, and 6, and money is left with brokers at 5, and in some cases even lower. Exchange has risen about one per cent. Sterling is held at 107¾@ 108¼ @ 108¾.

The stock market has continued to be dull throughout the week; the speculators for the fall coming to have complete control of the market. The total sales for the week are 31,000, when the rise culminated, is from 180 to 188 per cent. on the speculative list; generally the rest of the stocks have sympathized.

The following table shows the movement during the week:

STOCKS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE FOR THE WEEK.

	Sold.		Sold.
N. Y. Central	1,400	Reading	1,300
Erie	1,000	Rock Island	75
Michigan Sou.	611	Panama	1,000
Tennessee	87	Pacific Mail	1,000
California	1,000	M. Southern	1,000
Ill. Cen. Bonds	1,000	M. South'n pref.	1,000
Ill. Cen. Stock	1,000	N. Cen. Rlr.	1,000
Cumberland	1,000	Toledo	1,000
La Crosse	1,000	Galena	1,000
La Crosse L. Gr. Bd.	1,000	Hudson	1,000

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, Monday, April 5, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for their width since a week ago, but with no up tendency. Wheat has been in moderate supply and demand. Prices have favored buyers. Corn is scarce, has prevailed for Corn at advancing rates. Rye, Barley, and Oats have attracted considerable attention. Coffee has been quite heavy and irregular, closing, however, with symptoms of returning vigor.—Provisions have been in fair request, and prices generally exhibit more firmness.—The grocery trade has varied much in any respect.—Hay has been more freely offered and purchased at reduced prices.—The movements in Dry Goods have been to a moderate extent, inclining a shade more for the buyer's favor. The receipts of Dry Goods entered at the Custom House for the week ending April 3, 1858, were $2,118,752 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports into the port for the week ending April 3, 1858 against $2,912,852 same time in 1857.—The movements in other commodities were unimportant, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.—We append a revised list of the changes noticed for the week, as follows:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl. $4 95 @ $4 60
Superfine to Eastern Western do. 4 30 @ 4 65
Extra Western Flour, do. 4 45 @ 4 70
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel 4 45 @ 4 70
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel 4 45 @ 4 70
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel 4 70 @ 5 80
Low to superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. 3 00 @ 3 50
Ordinary to fine Corn Meal 3 75 @ 3 90
White Wheat, per bushel 1 15 @ 1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel 1 00 @ 1 39
New Crop Corn, per bushel 67½ @ 71
Rye, per bushel 67 @ 70
Barley, per bushel 66 @ 74
Western Oats, per bushel 43 @ 46
State Oats, per bushel 45 @ 46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel 50 @ 52
Southern Oats, per bushel 50 @ 52
Cotton, middling, per pound 10½ @ 11
Mess Pork, per barrel 13 75 @ 14 00
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel 13 75 @ 13 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel 9 00 @ 9 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel 7 75 @ 8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce 15 00 @ 16 00
Beef Hams, per barrel 10 00 @ 18 75
Cut Meats, per pound 6 @ 8
Lard, per pound 10½ @ 10½
State Butter, per pound 15 @ 16
Western Butter, per pound 13 @ 16
Cheese, per pound 6 @ 8
Rice, per 100 pounds 2 25 @ 4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound 9½ @ 10
Cuba Sugar, per pound 5½ @ 6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon 25 @ 30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound 5½ @ 6
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon 34 @ 36
Hyson Teas, per pound 30 @ 65
Oolong Teas, per pound 32 @ 55
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon 22 @ 23
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds 60 @ 75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound 5 @ 6
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds 3 81½ @ 3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon 45 @ 46
Common Resin, per 112 pounds 1 75½ @ 1 75
Stock of several Articles in the New York Market, April 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	1,713	1,533
Coffee, packages	95,413	100,503
Cotton, bales	84,341	43,901
Drygoods, bales	552	1,090
Hemp, tons	191	99
Hides, number	111,731	59,721
Hides, number	245,118	246,118
Leather, sole, sides	68,100	210,909
Molasses, hogsheads	6,301	4,909
Molasses, barrels	5,273	2,011
Pork, barrels	35,761	40,642
Beef, tierces and barrels	24,239	23,413
Rice, tierces	2,466	1,414
Rice, bags	410	1,000
Sugars, hogsheads	22,063	7,450
Sugars, bags	16,540	34,709
Sugars, boxes	3,000	3,767
Tobacco, cases, hogsheads	4,731	4,929
Tobacco, bales	1,000	1,000
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	27,663	28,023
Turpentine, casks, barrels	unknown.	7,000
Turpentine, rosin, barrels	unknown.	17,000

Freights were quite dispersed. For Liverpool—Cotton, by sail, per pound, 5-16@ 7-32; do. by steam, 7-32; Grain, 8d. @ 9d. per bushel; Resin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Pork, 40s. @ 45s. per barrel; Beef, 40s. @ 45s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports prices unquotably low. The return of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 640.

The Wool Market last Wednesday week was fairly supplied with Fleeces, which were in fair request, and 1@2 cents higher; somewhat more doing in Pulled, and moving and selling slowly.—Coal Values were pleniher and lower.—Hides were in fair supply and request, and were 1@2 cents more abundant, yet, having been in good demand, closed firm.—Tallow was in moderate request, and inquired for at slightly improved prices.—Among the petrol receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending March 29.	Week ending March 31.
Beeves	3,648	2,192
Milch Cows	72	77
Veal Calves	629	747
Sheep and Lambs	2,816	3,315
Swine	5,647	5,023

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	200	Ohio	1,000
Ohio	721	Kentucky	65
Virginia	747	Western States	1,000

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading yards during the fortnight was as follows:

Prime to first class Beeves, per pound... 9 7 @ 9 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.. 35 00 @ 60 00
Veal Calves, per pound..... 4 @ 7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..... 2 00 @ 10 00
" per pound..... 4 @ 6
Live Swine, per pound..... 4½ @ 6
Dressed " ..... 6 @ 7½

The Country Produce Markets have been more amply supplied with nearly all the leading kinds of produce. The demand has not been brisk. The alterations in prices have been of a comparatively trifling character.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT NEW MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 75	@ $4 25
Apples, dried, per pound	4	@ 5
Peaches, dried, per pound	9	@ 11
Beans, dried, per bushel	75	@ 1 00
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@ 1 25
Cauliflowers, per dozen	13 50	@ 18 00
Potatoes, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 50
" per bushel	37½	@ 50
" sweet, per bushel	50	@ 60
Onions, per barrel of 3 bushels	1 00	@ 1 50
Turnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cabbages, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Carrots, per barrel	2 00	@ —
Beets, per 100 bunches	2 00	@ 3 00
Garlic, per 100	2 00	@ 3 00
Eggs, per dozen	8	@ 10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@ 16
Chickens, per pair	50	@ 62½
Fowls, per pound	11	@ 13
Turkeys, per pair	50	@ 62½
Ducks, per pound	18	@ 20
" per couple	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per pound	16	@ 17
Geese, per pound	13	@ 14
Quinces, dried, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	87	@ 1 00
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Quail, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 75
Rabbits, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Rabbits, each	13	@ 25
Venison, per pound	21	@ 25
Venison, per pound	8	@ 10

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SKETCHES OF THE "FANCY."



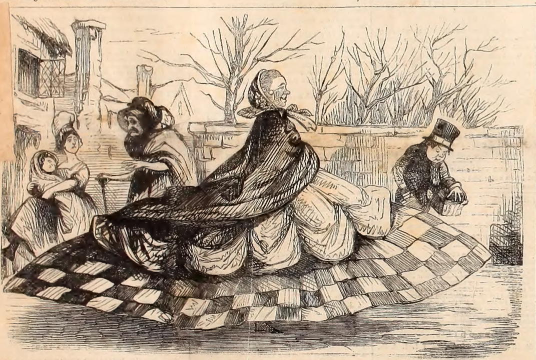
Metropolitan Policeman. "Say, Jim, Old Boy, here's a go: I've got a Warrant against you. Ain't it prime! Now, what'll you have? Will you knock me down at the first corner, and make tracks, or will you go before the Courts and take your chance? I'm agreeable to any thing."

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First Juvenile. "Who's that with Judge Bullyem, Billy?"

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Miss Smith, of New York, pays a short visit to Scotland, and out of compliment to the people of Balmoral, wears the fashion which they are supposed to have introduced.



A CONGRESSIONAL SCENE.

(*From the Washington Globe.*)

During the protracted session of the Senate last week, Senator Clark having the floor, said: "If it be the pleasure of the Senate to adjourn now, it would be very agreeable to me. I have had nothing to eat since 8 o'clock, neither bread nor any thing else." But the Senate wouldn't adjourn, and he proceeded till 8¼ o'clock, when, during an explanation by Mr. Green, having spoken over three hours and a half, he availed himself of the opportunity to indulge in that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," with accompanying muffins and sandwiches, which gave his desk the social aspect of a cosy tea-table. *The Hon. Senator retained his right to the floor, with a cup of hot tea in one hand, and a huge sandwich in the other.* The scene was novel; but a twelve hours' fast had created an inexorable stomach. By the call of the Yeas and Nays he was afforded ample time to finish his repast.

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In consequence of
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OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING PRICES:—
A MISCELLANEOUS LOT OF SILK AND LACE MANTILLAS, now clearing out
at one dollar.
Do. do. LARGER IN SIZE,
at two dollars.
Do. do. STILL LARGER,
at three dollars.
Do. do. WITH DEEP RUFFLES,
at four dollars.
All the finer goods proportionately cheap.
Very pretty BROCHE BORDERED STELLA SHAWLS,
at three dollars.
Do. do. RICHER IN QUALITY,
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VERY RICH BEAUTIFUL NEW BORDERS,
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UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 68.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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THE LATE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

THE portrait which accompanies these lines will recall to many thousands of our readers the well-known features of one of the patriarchs of American politics—almost the last survivor of that circle of great men who shed lustre upon the country in the days of Jackson—THOMAS HART BENTON, for thirty years United States Senator from the State of Missouri, who died at Washington on Saturday, April 10th, of cancer in the stomach.

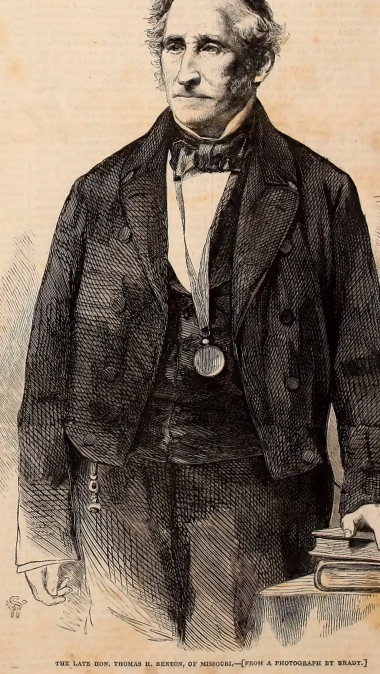
Mr. Benton was born at Hillsborough, Orange County, North Carolina, on March 14, 1782, and was therefore seventy-six years of age at the time of his death. We are told that his father died when he was quite young; that his education was not as carefully watched over as might have been wished; that he removed when a mere boy to the wilds of the young State of Tennessee, and helped his mother establish herself on a tract of land which she had obtained from her husband. Under whatever disadvantages he may have labored, his progress at the profession which he chose on reaching manhood—the bar—was unusually rapid. Andrew Jackson was at that time the leading man of Tennessee; he was pleased with young Benton, sought his friendship, and gave him his powerful assistance in fighting his way in the world. When the war with England broke out, Benton gladly accepted the post of aid-de-camp to Jackson, and rendered him substantial service. Unhappily, before the war was over, the two friends quarreled, and, according to the ferocious custom of the age in that locality, vented their mutual wrath in a fierce street fray, in which each was aided by a posse of seconds. Years elapsed before the bitter feelings engendered by this conflict passed away from the minds of the combatants; but they did pass away at last, and General Jackson had no stronger or abler friend during his Presidency than the man whom he had fought with pistol and dagger in the streets of Nashville.

Toward the close of the war, Colonel Benton was commissioned by the War Department as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular army. Peace having been declared, however, before he reached the theatre of war, he resigned his commission, and settled at St. Louis. There he devoted his time to the practice of law and the editorship of a paper called the *Missouri Argus*. When the territory became a State, and was admitted into the Union, Colonel Benton took his seat as one of the Senators from MISSOURI—a post he filled continuously for nearly thirty years. It will be remembered that the admission of Missouri was attended by almost as much difficulty as the more recent admissions of California and Kansas; Colonel Benton and his colleague were kept waiting a year after their election. It is understood that he made good use of the time in acquiring a knowledge of foreign languages, and mapping out that prodigious course of study which he pursued throughout his life, and which rendered him the best-read man in the Senate.

His first labors in the Senate were directed to the encouragement of the settlement of the public lands, by favoring a reduction in their cost, by facilitating pre-emptions to actual settlers, and by urging forward the opening up of the wilderness by means of roads. Nearly forty years ago he took strong ground in favor of the necessity of exploration for a road from the Mississippi to the Pacific; using, in support of his views, the very arguments which are urged to-day in support of the Pacific Railroad. Throughout his career he has been a consistent advocate of liberal expenditures for the discovery of the best line for such a road; most of the explorations which have been made—among others that of Colonel Fremont—were planned by him.

Soon after General Jackson's inauguration the war between the Government and the United States Bank commenced. The leading athletes of the Senate took ground against the President; and that body so far sympathized with the great financial institution as to pass resolutions censuring the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank as a high-handed measure, "in derogation of the Constitution of the United States." Upon the side of the Administration Colonel Benton rose to the first place. His logical mind, ample stores of information, and undaunted courage, fitted him to be a parliamentary leader; and throughout the long and bitter struggle which commenced with the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank and ended with the revulsion of 1837, Colonel Benton led the Administration party in the Senate. Every one who is familiar with history will remember the extraordinary asperity of the conflicts of those memorable years—1833–37. In all these conflicts THOMAS H. BENTON bore a conspicuous part. He had the peculiar satisfaction, after four years of incessant warfare, of seeing the triumph of his party in the Senate, and the reversal of the sentence which had been pronounced on General Jackson at the commencement of the war. The resolutions which censured the President for the removal of the deposits were formally expunged. Colonel Benton has so vividly described the last night's debate on the question, that the passage is worth quoting:

"Midnight was now approaching. The dense masses which filled every room in the lobbies and the galleries remained immovable. No one went out—no one could get in. The floor of the Senate was crammed with privileged persons, and it seemed that all Congress was there. Expectation and determination to see the conclusion was depicted on every countenance. It was evident there was to be no adjournment until the vote should be taken—until the deed was done; and this aspect of inflexible determination had its effect upon the ranks of the opposition. They began to falter under a useless persistence, for they alone now did the speaking; and while Mr. Webster was yet reciting his protest, two Senators from the opposite side, who had been bestable to maintain their equanimity, came round to Mr. Benton, and said, 'This question has degenerated into a trial of nerves and muscles. It has become a question of physical endurance; and we see no use in wearing ourselves out to keep off for a few hours longer what has to come before we separate. We see that you are able and determined to carry your measure, so call the vote as soon as you please. We shall say no more.' Mr. Webster concluded. No one rose. There was a pause—a dead silence—and an intense feeling. Presently the silence was invaded by the single word 'Question,' —the parliamentary call for a vote —rising from the seats of different Senators. One blank in the resolve remained to be filled—the date of its adoption. It was done. The acting President of the Senate, Mr. King, of Alabama, then directed the roll to be called. The passage of the resolution was announced from the chair. Mr. Benton rose and said that nothing remained but to execute the order of the Senate, which he moved be done forthwith. It was ordered accordingly. The Secretary thereupon produced the original manuscript journal of the Senate, and opening at the page which contained the condemnatory sentence of March 28, 1834, proceeded in open Senate to draw a square of broad black lines around the sentence, and to write across its face in strong letters these words: 'Expunged, by order of the Senate, this 16th day of March, 1837.' Up to this moment the crowd in the great circular gallery, looking down upon the Senate, though silent and menacing in their looks, had made no manifestation of feeling; and it was, doubtless, not the intention of Mr. Webster to excite that manifestation when he referred to their numbers, and expressed his ignorance of the feeling with which they would see the deed done which he so much deprecated. Doubtless no one intended to excite that crowd, naturally composed, as usual since the bank question began, of friends of that institution; but its appearance became such that Senator Linn, the colleague of Senator Benton, Mr. George W. Jones, since Senator from Iowa, and



THE LATE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON, OF MISSOURI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

others, sent out and brought in arms; other friends gathered about him, among them Mrs. Benton, who, remembering what had happened to General Jackson, and knowing that, after him, her husband was next obnoxious to the bank party, had her anxiety sufficiently excited to wish to be near him in this concluding scene of a seven years' contest with that great moneyed power. Things were in this state when the Secretary of the Senate began to perform the expunging process on the manuscript journal. Instantly a storm of hooting, yelling, and vociferations arose from the left wing of the circular gallery, over the head of Senator Benton, the presiding officer promptly gave the order which the rules prescribe in such cases, to clear the gallery. Mr. Benton repeated the order, saying:

"I hope the galleries will not be cleared, as many innocent persons are excluded when a few have been guilty of no violation of order. Let the ruffians who have made the disturbance alone be punished; let them be apprehended. I call upon the sergeant-at-arms will be directed to enter the gallery and seize the ruffians, ascertaining who they are in the best way he can. Let him apprehend them and bring them to the bar of the Senate. Let him seize the bank ruffians. I hope that they will now be suffered to insult the Senate, as they did when it was under the power of the bank. Let the United States, when ruffians, with arms upon them, insulted us with impunity. Let them be taken and brought to the bar of the Senate. Here is one just above me that may easily be identified."

His motion was agreed to. The order to clear the galleries was revoked; the order to seize the disturbers was given, and immediately executed by the energetic Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. John Shackford, and his assistants. The ruffian who was seized and brought to the bar. This sudden example intimidated the rest, and the expunging process was performed in quiet. The effect upon was impressive.

This great victory, achieved after a seven years' war, was the culminating point of Mr. Benton's fame and power. Though he continued for fifteen years to occupy a leading post in the public service—though he was, to the day of his death, a very prominent public character—he never was, from since 1837, the crowning rank which he filled when he defeated the "bank ruffians" on the resolution to expunge.

Under General Harrison, and generally under Captain Tyler, he was in opposition. He opposed the Tariff of 1842, and opposed the Bank Bills; he was for a hard-money currency exclusively; for a sub-treasury; against every measure which Mr. Clay advocated, as the Administration leader in the Senate. When Mr. Polk came into office, Mr. Benton's influence returned. As Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Military Affairs he had much to do with the conduct of the war. He was even appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United States Forces in the Mexican Department of California, but the bill raising him to that rank did not pass; he was not confirmed by the Senate; and thus he never left Washington.

During the Oregon dispute he took strong ground against the prevailing notion, "Fifty-four forty or fight." It was mainly to his influence that the Government of the United States was induced to be content with the line forty-nine and peace.

With the first of the Slavery questions which grew out of the Mexican war Mr. Benton was not with his usual ardor; and his violent antipathy to Mr. Calhoun exercising an slight influence on his judgment, he began to show a leaning toward what has since become known as Northern sentiment. He fought Mr. Calhoun on the admission of the Missouri Compromise to Oregon. He fought Mr. Clay on the compromise measures of 1850. He fought the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; and, still more lately, he fought the Dred Scott Decision and the Lecompton Constitution. He was the author of the Benton Democracy of the State of Missouri, whose cardinal doctrine is the emancipation of the slaves.

This departure from the policy of the party with which Colonel Benton had acted during his career in the Senate was, no doubt, the real cause of his defeat when he sought a re-election to that body in 1851. He ran for Congress, and was elected. But on presenting himself anew, at the close of his term, he was defeated by a like fallen strength when he put forth to become Governor of Missouri. It is due to Mr. Benton's memory to say that he never, in any of the latter occasions against his inclinations, and solely in obedience to the earnest desires of his friends and old political associates.

The last years of his life were spent in arduous literary labor. He wrote a comprehensive review of the political history of the country during the thirty years which he spent in the Senate; and his contemporaries, when he died, a year since, in Congressional debates. He literally died with the manuscript of that work in his hand. He had but his voice, and could only, and with great pain, utter words in a low whisper, he still continued to dictate sentences to his daughter. He succeeded against disease and death with Roman energy, and showed in his death-bed that the courage and resolution which had rendered him so dreaded an opponent in the time of Jackson were nowise abated by age.

One who knew him well thus writes of his personal character:

"The tone, manner, and bearing of Mr. Benton in the Senate were such suited to his popular character adapted to win the partiality of the mass of his Senatorial brethren. His tone was bold and imperious, his manner precise, and somewhat dictatorial and dogmatical, and his bearing that of a giant among the pigmies. He was by many men considered a savage, egotistical, selfish, vain-glorious, and loquacious old aristocrat; and yet, in solid substance, his peculiar, as great and noble traits, were will favorably compare with the best whether other man of our country has produced; while his real character, in fact, was that of a most practical Democrat. As the head of a family, husband, father, companion, and host, he was a model of affection, simplicity, and hospitality. Among his neighbors, no man could be more popular. Among his children and grandchildren, he was literally worshiped as their best friend, their teacher, their companion, and their guide. At his own table or by his own fireside, his genial spirit, his extensive readings, his great experience, and his reflections upon concerning men and things, and his wonderful memory, rendered his conversation positively charming, upon whatever subject they might turn. And upon the little trifles of everyday gossip he would talk by the hour and give an every lady of the lady's bonnet and the changes of the fashions as readily as upon the affairs of the Church."

Colonel Benton married a daughter of Governor M'Dowell, of Virginia, a very accomplished lady, called Miss Elizabeth. They had two daughters, all daughters, who have married respectively Colonel Frémont, Mr. W. Carey Jones, Mr. Jacob, a celebrity farmer, & Mr. Sulleau, French Consul-General at Calcutta.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

WILL THERE BE WAR IN UTAH?

AS we intimated last week, the President has appointed civil Commissioners to accompany the military expedition ordered to Utah by Gen. M'Clellogh. These gentlemen are instructed to endeavor to bring Brigham Young to reason before forcible measures are resorted to, and it is stated to be the opinion of Mr. Bernhisel, the Mormon delegate to Congress, that, had they been sent three months ago, the whole matter between us and the Utah expedition might have been spared.

At the time our latest advices left Utah Territory, the difficulties between Mr. Young and Mr. Powell had notified General Johnston that he and his force must vacate their quarters and betake themselves hereward to the Great Salt Lake by March. It may be that this notice was merely intended as a bravado. The Mormons are known at the age of Mr. Young. That the notice was intended seriously—if it be the design of the Mormons really to insist on the withdrawal of the United States troops from Utah Territory, we know enough of General Johnston's character and intentions to feel certain that a terrible conflict must already have taken place, and that either our little army has been severely cut up, or that it has cut its way into Salt Lake City, or either event is to follow. But the attitude of the Peace Commissioners, on arriving at the scene of action, will be somewhat ridiculous.

We regretted, last week, over the efforts of the policy of dispatching civil Commissioners in the midst of an army as to be likely to embarrass the masters to the general commanding. However, as the new commander of the Utah army, General Scott, has already had to contend against the appointment of Powell and M'Culloch, we presume he does not anticipate that any inconvenience will arise from it. It is his affair.

But, at any rate, the Administration seems to be in a pitiful position. Its civil Peace Commissioners settle the business without fighting, how will the President reconcile it to his conscience to have spent so much money and to have sent the necessary military expedition—the mere loss in cattle amounting to many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the very barrel of provisions by the army having cost the Government, it is said, one hundred dollars? And if the Mormons fight, how will the President get out his only sending Peace Commissioners to the scene of action when the battle has been fought?

HINTS TO SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

VERY few persons, outside of the foreign trading community, comprehend the whole importance of the statement which has been strewed upon the public mind by the fact that the rate of exchange between the United States and Great Britain is 100: that is to say, when Mr. Baring in England can buy dollars at 109, there is no current of money flowing either way. When we are debtors of England—as we usually are—and owing America also, as to France, Germany, South America, China, and almost all our foreign customers—exchanging to England to pay our debts, at some rate between 109 and 110, or 111. When, on the contrary, we are the creditors, and foreigners in all parts of the world, exchange on London falls below par, that is to say, below 109. The meaning, therefore, is that the foreign creditors generally of the United States are liquidating our foreign debt, and piling up abroad a balance in our favor.

This announcement is practically explained by the Custom-house returns at this port, which, at every one knows, is the largest importing port in the United States. During the three months ending on March the 31st, our importations of foreign goods fell short of those of the corresponding months of last year by thirty-six millions of dollars. Our importations for the nine months which have elapsed of the current fiscal year—including the last three of the most direful months of enormous speculation, importation, and general commercial activity last fall—fall short of those of the corresponding period of the former fiscal year by nearly thirty millions of dollars. In other words, assuming the operations of the past three months as the basis of calculation, the people of the United States are at the present time retrenching their consumption of foreign merchandise and manufactures to two-thirds of what they were before the late panic. The consequence of this we see in the fall of foreign exchange.

Another fact is, the present moment becoming creditors of the world at large. Whether we shall remain so depends upon the conduct of the next fiscal year. We could pay our gold to foreign countries, in round figures, three hundred and sixty-two millions of our produce, and took from them in return three hundred and seventy-six millions of produce and manufactures. If we had dispensed with one-third of these latter we would have had a balance of gold, instead of a balance not of two, but of one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars in our favor, which we could have drawn at pleasure in specie.

It rests with the people of the United States to decide whether they will, or will not, humble the bankers of the world. If they resolutely determine to curtail their consumption of foreign merchandise—by say six silks, laces, watches, jewelry, wines, foreign hardware, cottons, woolens, and linens, tea, coffee, sugar, and fruits, as they habitually now require—in a very few years New York will occupy the place now filled by London in the commercial community, and this will be the greatest bank of the trading world. Foreigners can not dispense with our cotton, corn, wool, and tobacco; we can do without a great portion of their manufactures. It only needs a little resolute economy on the part of the Amerikan people. If every father of a family would make a rule to use no foreign luxuries of any kind, the battle would be won. If every lady would appear in public dress with fewer silks and laces for two or three years, half the work would be accomplished. If wine-drinkers would resort to the temperate Champagne and claret of 1862, there would be no need of self-denial after that date.

The solution of the problem rests with the consumers—that is to say, the great public of the United States. So long as they will buy, consumption must. So long as they will support on the scale of recent years, we shall, as a nation, accumulate nothing. It is simply a question of a few years' abstinence from unnecessary luxuries.

The question has been confused by foolish endeavors of the trading world to throw it on the protectionist dispute. People who would gladly exclude foreigners from our markets have been led by their interests to join the selfish efforts of certain classes here to obtain a legislative monopoly of those markets. In reality, there is no need of legislation on the subject. If people are resolved to spend their money on foreign luxuries, all the laws in the world will not prevent them, and the balance of trade will remain against us; if, on the contrary, the American people set about this important reformation, leaving creditors, instead of debtors, of the foreign world, they will, without any laws, cease to consume more than is absolutely necessary for foreign merchandise, and the United States will rapidly become the mart, centre, and focus of the commercial world.

OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS.

IT was well understood, when Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated, that notwithstanding the identity of political principle between him and his predecessor, the foreign representatives of the United States would all give place to new men. It was considered convenient that, in addition to reward his supporters, the new President should have the patronage of the foreign appointments, but no proposition of the kind has succeeded a chief magistrate of a hostile party. There was a reason for this independent of the exigencies of party. The foreign service under Mr. Pierce's domestic service had been miserably inefficient. With the exception of Mr. Buchanan himself, some of Mr. Pierce's representatives seem to have done any thing at all. Their performance had been confined to drawing their salary, and occasionally filling and writing American letters of quite coffee. They had achieved no purpose whatever, as far as the national interests were concerned. It was therefore very generally argued that the nation would bear up bravely against their dismissal, and the appointment of new men in their stead.

Hitherto Mr. Buchanan seems to have been true to his habits in diplomatic vacancies which the rule of rotation laid open to him. He has sent a new man to Prussia, another to Sweden, another to Mexico, several to South and Central America, and one or two others to other second-rate courts. But the most important missions are still filled by the appointees of Mr. Pierce. Mr. Dallas still represents the country in England, and Mr. Mason continues to entertain with genial hospitality in Paris.

So far as England is concerned, it seems likely that the important negotiations still pending between the United States and that kingdom are now to be settled at Washington; and in this view, Mr. Dallas's retention of his post becomes a matter of very secondary moment. But the case is very different with regard to France. According to Mr. Claiborne's report to the State Department, France lately took from us in a single year over fifty millions' worth of our produce, and we consumed no less than ninety-eight millions of French manufactures and wines. All this trade was carried on at a gross loss disadvantage to us. Our produce paid exorbitant duties on entering France; the French manufactures which we consumed were admitted in favor of the French empire; and our ships were obliged to contribute their share toward the maintenance of Louis Napoleon on the plunder of differential tolls. It should be the business, it would seem, of an active diplomatic agent to insist upon this government at least putting the policy of rectifying the unequal regulations under which our trade is carried on. If Mr. Mason has devoted himself to the matter in evidence of his labors has transpired; and it is fair to assume either that he has failed in his purpose, or that he has made no endeavor to achieve any reform at all. In either case it would appear to be proper to give some one else an opportunity of attempting to do something.

Mr. Buchanan's administration is now so far advanced that but little advantage can be reaped by the retention of patronage. Let us have new ministers abroad at all the foreign courts, and perhaps the country may cease to consider the diplomatic service a dead loss.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FINE ARTS.

PICTURES and music must have the place of honor, or again this week. So great an advent as that of Mozart, and so important a work as the opening of the Academy, are not to be dismissed with a solitary mention.

The weather graciously lends itself to every kind of festivity. Never was such a soft, sweet April. The trees were only in bud, and the plants in flower, it would pass as the ideal May of the poets—that kind season so "longed for, never here," except in the cloud-land of the mind poet. The air is full not only of the songs of birds, but of lovely perfumes. The Academy of Musical Luxury is described as fully resolved to come and concur us. He will bring the Piccolomini, who is a young Italian singer, and who, they say, can't act better than she sings. If, however, she be pretty in person and fine in manner, she will not sing orchly or sweetly, and act like a lady, her success is sure. We are not very terrible critics. We are very captivated in our admiration of a novelist in art, but never in our homage to an artist who has an atom of talent.

When the pretty Piccolomini arrives, the great question will be opened again for solution, whether we truly love the Opera, and how much it can be supported. No manager must hope to answer that question until he feels able to compete with Barnum. The Opera itself, as we have had it this winter, is really better than any where else in the world, except in London and Paris, and sometimes the Perseberg—much better than the usual Opera in Italy and Germany. But in the smaller cities in those countries have this advantage over us, that they do not begin every year with wondering whether they have the means of state to support an Opera. After the question has been practically asked and answered a thousand times, they drop it for some other inquiry.

The brotherly love upon the Delaware can expend in vigor only to the same question. Last year they went freely to hear their special impertation La Vestvali from Gazzaniga, but they may stay at home. Gazzaniga sings as sweetly, the house is as pretty, as ever. But hard times have taken the people out of hearing. The same true in vain; and genuine Philadelphia probably welcomes why he Gazzaniga is but an Opera-house.

Here, however, there is no room for skepticism. Novelty follows novelty—attraction paralyzes attraction; and the question Ultima is doing precisely what Barnum did when he engaged Jenny Lind; he is giving the people all he can get, and blowing his own trumpet with such a sonorous blast that the White Hills and the Alleghanies echo the reply. He has contracts innumerable with the great Jullien (whom he rather contemptuously insinuates to be a swell) conducted by Jullien. One heard the orchestra, but saw Jullien. So through Maurel and Huguenots and Fornasi and La Grange. Jullien through a certain gauze drapery of various patterns, we behold Napoleon Ultimus. What advertisements! What announcements! What puffs! And who so surly as not to listen with satisfaction to the clink of rapidly-dropping dollars into the manager's lap? Let Mr. Barnum, Maurel, Fornasi, Huguenots, and more of the same, who does not agree with his, and, in the name of the trumpet, cry, "Hooray! hooray! bis, bravo!"

PRACTICAL PIETY.

THE minor movement of the spring season is over, and now the nasty major resumes its dominance. Now the streets are heart sick could wish. The streets were gayly crowded; the dresses hinted of change and that that had flowed and culmination of the long Lenten mortification, THE EASTER BONNET, was all that the soul of any lady's mind could desire.

It is a beautiful bringing of religion into the daily business of life, this mingling of millinery and church festivals. Scarcely a belle in town who has bonded through the winter from hall to ball, but knows perfectly that no Lent sets in—but will tell you the very moment, like a prayer-book to whom she will consult—and dresses accordingly. Tied having for six long weeks strewn her cheek with ashes (of roses), how truly she names the very Sun-

day which is consecrated by the great triumph of her faith, and which with all the ardor of a Christian soul she celebrates with a new bonnet. This year will be collect practical glory.

The same thing is carried a little further, perhaps, in Florence, where, on Christmas-eve, at the church of the *Annunziata*, the bens *monde* assemblies—and does not dance.

A friend of the Lounger's sally offended the loveliest of her sex by asking her if she took a lorgnette to church on Easter Sunday. She looked shocked and grieved and said, "Oh, no! But, indeed, I My dearest Lucilla, you were just telling me how becoming white bonnets were, and Arethusa, and what a pretty walking-dress Mrs. Plumbnly had, and what a darling ribbon and gloves to match your cousin's wagon had, and what an elegant sermon Aunt Jemko's Calhoun shawl, and I only thought how much nicer it would be on a summer day for you it would be to take a lorgnette and study these pretty things more carefully. A church is a large place, you know, and a glass diminishes the distance."

But Lucilla is obdurate. She says he makes fun of sacred things. And she adds, in proof of the probability of this being so, that on this very Easter Sunday, while she was getting ready for church, and wondering which bracelets to wear with her new dress, she heard Edward in the parlor whistling the hymn from the Huguenots!

A HERO.

Bergoni this paragraph is printed it is possible that Colonel Benton will have finished his work in his world. But he does not mind publishing even until the last moment, and working so long as a ray of day is left. The list of Benton's published books of the speech succeeding Jefferson and Madison, the contemporary of some of the most celebrated of our modern public men—of Jackson, of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—he has been giving the latest years of his life to record services of which he had always labored; and it will be said of him, hereafter, "Death found him armed at his post."

A man of great industry, and of great experience, and of vast political knowledge, he was also an acknowledged defeat. He had a bold, bluff, Western genius; distinguished for prowess rather than prostration; a warm friend; a fierce opponent; an indomitable politician; his tough tenacity of purpose in making more conspicuous than the polished resolution with which, during the last few years, he has worked upon his "Thirty Years in the Senate," and his "Abridgment of the Debates in Congress." Twenty years ago it used to be said of him, that in the summer-time he went about the ways in Washington, stuffing himself at the Library of Congress.

If we must not call him a great man, he was a noted man, and of great influence in the history of our politics. And how much is forgotten of the men given by the bedside of a man who dies bravely! Congress will soon be voted his eulogies; the newspapers will be full of his biography; forgotten chapters of political history will be opened; he will be overpraised and overcriticised; but the old brave stand and defend himself, his tall form towering with conscious endeavor; and whoever recalls our public history of the last thirty years, will be surprised and overshadowed by the figure that rises before him, swaying, confused, and tumultuous, yet not full as much as the broad shoulders of Benton floating on the strife, like Fingal, "advancing his spear, and raising his voice on high."

A TWELFTH NIGHT PICTURE.

Were the opening of spring the National Academy opens the doors of its splendid exhibition, or later year, whatever chances and changes mark the current events of affairs, it regularly comes to pass that the results of the year's study, and inspiration, and enthusiasm of the studios. During eleven months of the year the quiet sedentary life of artists is hidden beneath the more noisy life of the country, but it is sure to show its fruits in company with spring muslins and early violets.

The exhibition of this year is in the new building of the Academy in Twenty-third street. The Belmont and English pictures were shown. A Lounger is naturally a frequenter of the rooms, and will have, from week to week, various observations to make upon the pictures. This week he wishes to speak of one which has been much noticed, and will have a historical interest.

On Twelfth Night of last year the Century Club, an association of gentlemen interested in art and literature, and whose foundation as a club is esthetic entirely, and includes none of the responsibilities in every profession in the city, inaugurated their new clubhouse with a delightful supper party to the season. A king, a queen, an almoner, heralds, pursuivants, and whatever else was proper for such a display, were duly announced. The scene was the great hall, or drawing-room, of the club, the guests those of the club and their friends, and the performance was so picturesque, and pleasing, and successful, that the club resolved to perpetuate its memory.

Mr. Louis Lang, the artist, who had been charged, with his scenic artists and designs, with the decoration of the occasions, had prepared a transparency—a kind of allegorical representation of the scene—which he was commissioned to paint, to make the study of such a picture as he thought suitable for the commemoration. The picture was executed can sower, and it now hangs upon the Academy walls. It represents a Twelfth Night procession in all the fantastic and glittering array of the old festival moving through the court of a medieval castle. The king and queen are borne aloft, throned beneath a canopy. A white-bearded harper moves before, followed by chanting boys. A herald, with his trumpet, announces the coming of the reverend almoner follows, and man at arms; and a throng of knights, pages, standard-bearers, and ladies in the perspectives. In a gallery above are seated various spectators of the scene, and the whole effect is brilliant, animated, and unique.

But the peculiar interest of the picture lies in the fact that the faces are all portraits of various members of the club. The likenesses are even striking in many instances, and yet not such as to destroy the propriety of the work as an old-time pageant. In the gallery, a presiding genius of the scene, is the genial and benignant face of Gulian C. Verplanck, whose antiquarian lore and taste revoked in the original spectacle, and who has prepared a dainty little volume, privately published by and for the club, containing a history of the proceedings of the evening. He is represented by Cozzens, Lorge, Kensett, Hemple, and Parsons, familiar and honored faces on the club; while below the eye alights first upon Bryant, "the harper hoar," striking his harp, while Sparrowgrass Costar, whom the herald's trumpet "calls," and King Viola sits built beside the Queen, to whom every heart is given, and who has gladly changed out her reign. Jester Wainwright, Pursuivant Mcdonough, Almoner Gourlie, Rossiter, Hicks, Duly, Hamilton, Bryant, and others, as quaint and curious guise, pass, smiling, by.

The picture will attract attention, not only from this secret and personal cause, but from its own merits as a bright and cheerful reminiscence of the old revel. It will remind the families of "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Portrait of a Lady," which are in the Academy exhibition, the brilliant walls of the Exhibition, and to the friends of the Century will be a lasting memorial of a happy evening and beautiful festival.

A UNIVERSITY.

Half of the public institutions in Europe, built with money derived from the people, are called Royal and Imperial, so that a Lounger, who thinks only kings and emperors are likely to found galleries, libraries, parks, and museums, is not singular, in this country, we are showing the possibilities of democratic institutions even in the same directions.

The Astor Library, the Girard College, the Lowell Institute, the Lawrence School, the Cooper Institute, are instances familiar and near at hand. And now it is announced that Mr. Charles M'Kicknen, of Cincinnati, has bequeathed his splendid libraries to that city to establish a free university, educational and charitable. It is desirable to be liberal, free, and orphans from the age of five to fourteen are to be supported out of the endowment—those who are capable to be taught to read, write, and cipher, to be taught trades or whatever may seem to be most useful."

Nothing, at this time and in this country, is such a monument—not of munificence, for any rich man may be generous—but of wisdom, as this practical popular University. That is to say, a University in which not only the professions and learned pursuits shall carry the student as far as he can be carried at any institution in the world. Our Lounger at present is not able to express any opinion upon a childish plan. Scholastic traditions are almost tougher than creeds, and are to be found more riches and more various than any other in the world, a distinct professorship of Belles Lettres, Language and literature is almost a luxury in our colleges. There is a Greek professor—and a Latin—and a Modern Language—but the Professor of Logic, or Philosophy, or Rhetoric, is usually charged with the duties of performing the pupils that there is such a thing as English Literature. Consequently, there are plenty of men who have read Greek and Latin and mathematics, and physics, who have stuttered and stumbled through Virgil and Homer, and Cicero and Terence—who know whom Spenser, and Milton, and the great English drama are, practically, unknown.

Here is only a dawn of education. What we want in a University *after the College*—an arena where, daily, after the hours of lecture, and in habits of study, they may apply those habits to the branches in which they are really interested, and which they have only touched upon before. The College might begin at ten, and at sixteen, or fourteen, the pupil be sent to the University.

Then this University should be amply endowed, and entirely free to the whole world. The severest scholar of the professorship should be paid so as to tempt the most learned and accomplished scholars to fill the chairs. Libraries, and museums, and laboratories should enable us to dispense with the rogue; and while the professorship and most eloquent men in every department of science, and literature, who came for the love of learning, learning would speak, make class-lectures to the University of Berlin and Bologna, of Salamanca and Pisa, be more than verified.

Who will catch your hare!" First, find your Charles M'Kicken or your Peter Cooper, and then have, immediately after the College, a place that can always get the best men in each chair. What committee or ex officio board of trustees, or what single man, would not gladly accept the noble, privileged, unique and very delicate situation? There is the place—but then that is the place of honor and power.

Here, in New York, the great building of the Cooper Institute is almost completed—the noble purpose of its founder will be carried out. The work of commencing its career—but what is that career to be? What kind of college or school are we to have?

Within its resources, might it not be something such as we have hinted at? In view of the vast amplitude of endowment, with Columbia College, and the above any town or city in the country, it is not quite as well instructed in such departments as may be established as they are in that or any other college? And where, by reason of intermediate fees and a hundred details, a Columbia professor lectures to forty or fifty, might not a Cooper professor lecture to four or five hundred? If nothing more in the way of instruction is possible, might not the Cooper Institute be another Astor or a Lowell Institute in Boston?

We have "high schools" are so many that we may as well wait and see what may be and is. But, meanwhile, remember the name of Charles M'Kicken.

A WOMAN.

Among the brilliant instances of woman's heroism the recent conduct of Mrs. Baker, wife of the jailer of the Watertown prison, in this State, may well be counted.

A prisoner feigned to be ill, and sent a confederate, at two in the morning, to rouse Mr. Baker. He came into the cell, and, while attending the false patient, he was knocked down by the accomplices and locked into the cell. The prisoners then rifled up their effects, and prepared to depart. But Mrs. Baker had heard the noise, comprehended the case, and placed herself at the door of the outer hall, with a revolver in hand, and its six small mouth muzzle commanding, through the opening in the door, the entire passage, along which the prisoners were to pass.

"Advance one step farther, and you die!" said the fine, delicate voice of the wife.

The prisoners looked at her, but laughed, and jeered, and threatened, and did not come on, but consulted together what was to do. They then told Mrs. Baker to take her choice—either to see her husband's brains knocked out, or retire. She did not quail, but stood firmly, repeating her warning. until a messenger whom she had dispatched for help returned with a party of men, who relieved her from her post, drove back the prisoners, and rescued the jailer from his perilous position.

This is all the story of Mrs. Col. Arnold of the Maid of Saragossa, of Grace Darling, and of Mrs. Patten, and of all the splendid women whose name rise to enthusiastic mention upon the popular lip.

BEFORE THE BETROTHAL.

As when the impatient traveler
Pauses to watch the lowering skies,
The storm-cloud drifting here and there,
Resolved, yet unresolved, and says,
"It will be fair."

Ah! no, not yet: the rain's not o'er!
And look, still, in the radiant bow,
God veils the sunny side to cover
So thou, my sweet, reluctant one,
Dost long to go and yet to stay:
Fearing that clouds may hide the sun—
That danger lurks in the way.

Then weep, my love—its not in vain—
Yet hey adds thy timid fears:
The brightest days are cool and rain,
The perfect love brings smiles and tears.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—An Ethanol Boy, in Baltimore, sends the Lounger a letter describing his life and that of his other errand boys. It is too long to print, but it is really interesting, and even picturesque. It begins with the following lively and popular rhymes:

"Early in the morn I rise,
Before light has left the skies;
Put on my clothes—wash my hair—
Grope my way to the stairs.
Open the cupboard for something to eat—
Find a piece of bread or meat—
Cram it in loose down my throat;
Not on my bed and button my coat:
Then—NOW begins my day's fleet—
Quick I hurry in the street.

* * * *

When the servant comes, rubbing her eyes,
And yawning as she leaves the stairs;
I grasp them, and as quick as before,
Away, away, I shake to the stairs:
I rush it at length by a speedy run,
And now my work's for the day has begun.
Open the door, open the windows,
Make the fires, and sweep the stairs:
Take down the shutters, place them neat,
Clean the grates and sweep the street!
Do a thousand things or more,
Before the house is open to the store.

* * * *

Now a few lofty errands there were,
Overhauls a dozen things or more,
Looks at all things, chooses some,
And though living a mile must have it sent home.
Back to the Post-office I must bound,
Whether there's letters or whether there's none,
Next there comes a heavy box,
Which in vain I try to carry,
A wheel-barrow I must trundle,
Softly, 'go quick and do not tarry.'

* * * *

If it is a rainy day,
There's bills to be sent out for debtors to pay.
And my wants are at la vain,
For 'tis always, 'Call again,'
Now the dinner comes on,
Now I hasten quickly home;
At the table I have a seat,
Sit no down and quickly eat.
To the clock my eyes I keep,
And I rise and haste away!
Running home to bring o'er,
What the morning saw before;
And when night's dark veil doth come,
Wearily dragging my tired limbs home;
Softly my feet all inherrit and sore,
And my shoes sit torn and new;
As tough I pretend to welcome you,
Get something to eat, for supper is o'er;
And up the stairs I drag to bed
My wearied body and weary head:
And all the long, long night I ocan
In an earthy bunnie in my dream.
All these things and many more,
Which I have to bear in number o'er;
Borrow and care, but never joy.
Is the AUTOBIOG OF THE ETHANOL BOY."

—C. C's

"I remember, I remember,
In the days now long gone by,"

is not so good as the old version:

"I remember, I remember
The cat where I was born."

The feeling is tender; but tender feeling is not, of itself, poetry.

—Omega and Omicron find that "all the persecutions of the Puritans of England, the Protestants of France, and elsewhere, were followed by great revivals and the increase of the Christian Church," and infer that the present great wrecks ing may be considered as a kind of reaction from the Spoay slaughters of Christians in India. The letter is full of generous enthusiasm about the revivals—an enthusiasm which we will hope flowers into humble, patient, self-sacrificing lives.

—Rev. sends "dear Mr. Lounger" part of a letter from a poet-friend, written during a late sunny-day remain. It is a hymn to sunshine:

"The most blessed of manifold blessings is the genial sunshine.

"Without it, beauty were but a radiant myth—bright objects seemed as but unattractive forms and opaque undistinctive.

"It is God's sweetest charity to His pauper-children: yet what mattered it how much it were without our kindling glow of gratitude to the beneficent Giver!

"What marvelous power it hath! It quickens it heaves the bending 'bow of promise;' unto the evening sky with crimsons hues it gives a glowing blush down with gay threads of light; and throws the lingering mantle o'er the dying day.

"Spreads a tapestry of varied green o'er hill and valley, forests with flowers of every form and hue; rocks the trembling forest-maids of spring with leafy verdure; and, to the country dance of autumn, a wardrobe gives of scarlet, gold, and crimson, that India dyes may vainly strive to imitate."

—The Lounger has been speaking of the University to-day, and is glad to have his attention called to the good sense of a suggestion in the catalogue and laws of the "Irving College, in Maryland. "The *regular reading of good periodicals* in more than one respect, considered of great importance to every student, therefore, is requested to subscribe to some good paper, according to his own selection and with the approval of the faculty." This suggestion is full of good sense; for in this country, where every young man is to have an active share in the government, he cannot be graduates, it is only fair and necessary that he should have the same knowledge of politics that he fairs. Dr. Longstreet, also recommended every college student to take a newspaper. It is pleasant to find such intelligent adaptability to new times and a new country.

Mr. Longum.—Allow me to suggest to Mr. Try that the word "*acumen*" is probably derived from the Greek as and *acuo*, to sharpen, and not from *acumen*, a point from the Latin language. In not a sufficient reason for confusion to the present spelling?

Respectfully yours, Pedagogue.

—C. A. B., *Davenport, Iowa.* "An ambitious young gent" wishes to know whether Longarm in "Lucile" is spelled "Long" or "Longe," "Longe" is right, and resemble other children? Even so, C. A. B., even to being "ambitious young gents."

—Greek informs us that upon visiting the land of dreams he was requested to examine the "Book of mortal Washington," and was told that he was still in the Abe. We are glad the editor's chair of *Harper's Weekly*. The Editor informs the Lounger that he wishes people in dreamland could keep a secret.

—Dolly Ann, who says

"I am one of that nondescript class called Single Women—belonging to a genus, but of no particular species or method, but only know why existing—alone our friends,"

speaks very well upon a very important subject; namely, domestic civility, or good manners at home; and concludes thus:

"If you, dear Lounger, can put your sex wife and daughter, without exacting a proper acknowledgment, they will claim it as their undoubtable right from you, but, after all, in all the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, master and servant, these little civilities are strictly observed, a habit is formed which will inevitably be carried out and practiced in the world, and this crying evil rectify itself."

—Agricola Randol sends the following epigram upon a recent vote in Congress. It is late, but it, perhaps, as good as ever:

EPIGHAM.

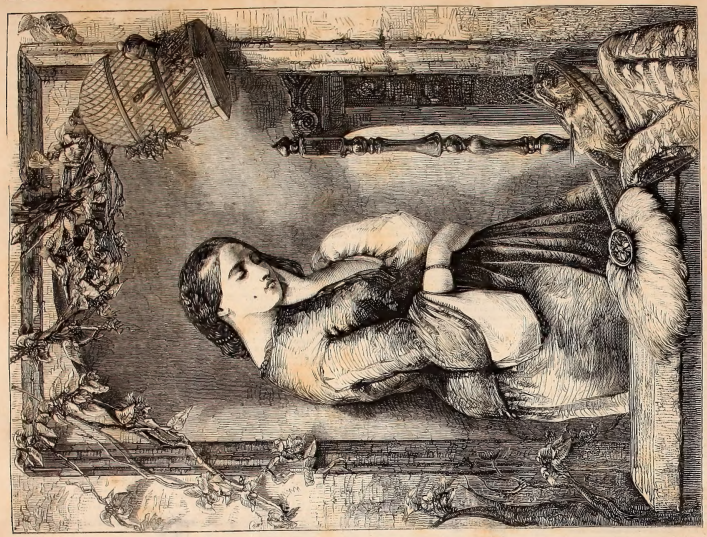
"The day is fixed the struggle's to be ended,
Turnout to vote, and Kansas free be minded!"
"What is the day?—when it is?" Answer truly."
"The best of all, the 1st of April."
Let no one call our Congress irreligious,
Let no one attribute to it superstitious:
The golden mean is chosen, and by the rules they
Have taken from the Almanac of Poor Richard.
And to their patron saints have made appeal
Ere guide them, and insure the commonweal."

—Several letters to Spring come declaring in upon the warm air of these April days. They show that the old magic still works, and that song and love woken with the birds and flowers. But they have nothing which would make them very interesting to the general reader.

—A Savage, *Tobacco Worm*, replies promptly to the Mrs. Lounger's letter to the boys, with genuine gallantry:

"Why lovely antagonist have dismed me as a 'crusty old bachelor,' and inadvertise that my sentiments are positively pleasantable to 'staring a lady out of countenance,' or because they compel her to look through the juice.' Here the precious Methods does me great injustice. I am a 'crusty old bachelor,' but that is only instead of being 'crusty,' I am quite amiable—too much so for my own happiness. Staring ladies out of countenance is not one of my accomplishments; and I utterly detest that I would attempt to acquire any art which evidently compelled to 'wade' under the embarrassing circumstances which it has so elegantly described. On the contrary, my pity is easily excited; and if I should see my humble Methods endeavoring to make headway against such a sea of troubles, I would rush to the rescue, lift those feet, as Hero *changé*, form the consternation, and, in the most graceful manner imaginable, 'pick me up' and dispatch her safely to 'quarters dry.'"

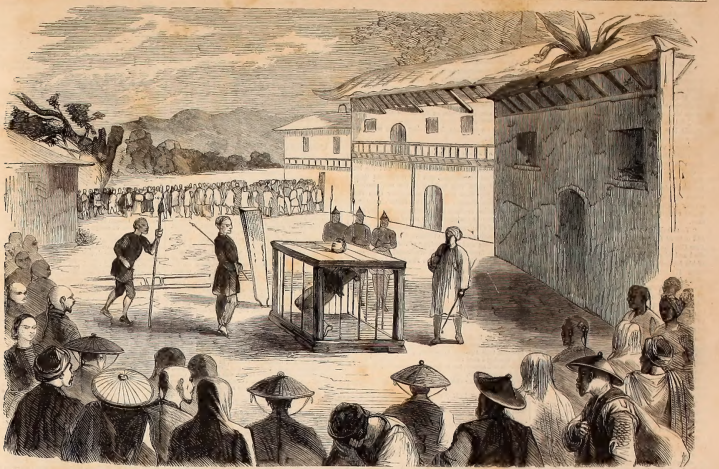
The Lounger trusts his correspondent may never have the opportunity of doing any such thing. But his gallantry does not console us. Except for Christy to Miss Melinda, and wishes her to know that he has lately been singing psalms "like a nightingale."



DISAPPOINTMENT.



HOPE.



PÈRE CHAPELAINE IN THE CANGUE.

HOPE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

These two pictures have been exhibited at a late Exhibition of Paintings in London.

They are by Mr. A. J. Woolmer, and place him in a high rank among British artists. They are beautiful pictures, full of tender sentiment poetically expressed. In the one, we have a fair-haired girl looking out in joyful expectation at the approach, or supposed approach, of her lover; the glad sun-rays so bright that she is obliged to shield her eyes from their influence with her feather-fan. In the other, we find that the fond expectation has not been realized—the advancing form was not that of the loved one—and, the fan thrown aside, with head resting on hand, all is disappointment and dejection. The quaint old window surrounded by the trailing foliage, the bird-cage and the knitting implements, indicate that our heroine is in the seclusion of an old country mansion, where the advent of an agreeable visitor would be an occurrence all the more important and welcome for its rarity.

We are sure that the lady subscribers to *Harper's Weekly* will be glad to add these pretty faces to their album gallery.

A RECENT MISSIONARY MARTYR.

Opinions are divided as to Chinese civilization. Part of the civilized world regards the Chinaman of this day as the result of an effete ultra-civilization; the other part looks upon him as a narrow-minded barbarian. In theory, the first-mentioned supposition is perhaps correct; in practice, the last is most likely; as is proven by the terrible and wanton cruelties practiced upon an inoffensive French Jesuit missionary and several of his Chinese converts, last year, in the province of Quangsi, in Southern China, circumstantial accounts of which, by an eye-witness, have just been received in France.

The Reverend Father Chapelaine had labored for a number of years faithfully and quietly in various provinces of the Chinese Empire. Genial, inoffensive, ingenious, and a man of letters even in the Chinese sense of that term, the good Father was more than usually successful in gaining the good-will of the people among whom he labored, and even in conciliating the authorities generally in his favor so far as to cause these to leave him unmolested. Thus matters had gone for some years, until February of last year, when, being



PÈRE CHAPELAINE SUFFERING THE TORTURE OF THE KNIVES.

then resident in a city of the province of Quang-si, he found himself suspected by the authorities of being in league with the—at that time—victorious rebels. The facts of the case seem to have been that the chief mandarins feared the worthy Father's influence among the people; for he had, by his preaching, and exhortations, and prayers, made numerous converts to Christianity.

On February 26th a patrol of mandarin soldiers suddenly entered the house where Father Chapelaine was staying, and rudely dragged him before the Mandarin Judge. Here, placed in the midst of a large concourse of people, he was interrogated as to his purposes and political sentiments. So well did he answer that the mandarins saw they should lose their prey did they not silence him. They therefore addressed to him some blasphemous questions, whereupon the Father kept silence, and thus effectually preserved his dignity during a most angry interrogation.

Made furious by the calm dignity of the priest, the chief Mandarin Judge at length ordered him to be bastinadoed. Hereupon, we read, a touching scene ensued. Several young converts to Christianity stepped forward, and implored that they might receive the blows instead of the aged Father.

"You shall bear him company," said the Judge, and ordered four of them to be stretched out with Père Chapelaine. The last then received one hundred and fifty blows with a bamboo upon the soles of his feet—sufficient, often, to kill an able-bodied man. He bore these without a murmur. Enraged at his heroic silence, he was then taken to one of the squares of the town, and placed in the cangue, or wooden collar, where for three hours he was left bareheaded, exposed to the heat of the sun and to the jeers of the multitude. His position, as will be seen on reference to our engraving, was one of utmost discomfort. He was, in fact, suspended by the head in an iron cage, in a semi-crouching position, so that his lower limbs were of no support to his body. Here, amidst the abusive cries of an immense crowd, the poor Father suffered for three mortal hours, several times losing his consciousness, but never (so writes a Chinese Christian, an eye-witness to the whole scene) gratifying his persecutors by a cry for mercy.

The following day he was brought out again. The crowd was now ferocious. They demanded blood. Again he was stretched upon the ground, and again one hundred and fifty blows with a stout bamboo were administered upon his swollen and inflamed feet. He fainted during the operation. One of his native fellow-martyrs gave up the ghost while undergoing the same punishment. Still the Father kept silence—not a cry for mercy saluted the ears of his persecutors.

Such unheard-of endurance could not come from natural causes, thought the mandarins and the populace. The unfortunate man must be a magician. So, while he was yet lying in a swoon upon the ground, a dog was brought, his head cut off, and the insensible body of the missionary was sprinkled with the hot blood. This was to exorcise the devil of endurance.

Whereupon he was returned to prison for that day; and here one of his followers, by means of a bribe, obtained access to him to dress his grievous wounds.

But the poor man's sufferings were not yet over. On the following—the third—day he was taken out to the square of punishment, and there underwent the final torture of the knives. This is, we believe, a mode of punishment peculiar to the Chinese. The unfortunate sufferer is stripped and tied to a stout stake in the midst of the square, and then, the judges and high mandarins being present, the executioners—generally five or six in number—bring on a large covered basket filled with knives. Each of these knives is marked with the name of some portion of the human body, and is devoted to the mutilation of that part. The executioner puts in his hand, and drawing out a knife at random, performs the operation which chance has pointed out. Often flesh-pincers are used to assist in the excision of tender portions of muscle and flesh, as is shown in our illustration. Even this intense torture failed to elicit signs of pain from the Christian hero. He bore all without complaint. His hands, his arms, his thighs, his breasts, were successively mutilated; and at last, when bleeding at every pore, he was disemboweled, and his entrails thrown to a caged wolf brought for the purpose.

The next knife brought death. It was the headsman's tool; and at one blow the head was severed from the mutilated trunk.

So suffered a Christian missionary in this nineteenth century. This tale of horror will sharpen the swords of those Frenchmen and Englishmen who are now bearing the banners of their countries into China. Whatever may be thought of the Chinese as a people, the insolence of their officials is beyond bearing with; and it is to be hoped they will, in the present war, be taught—at the sword's point, as no other way seems likely to succeed—enduring lessons of moderation and toleration.

LITERARY.

MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY appears again as a poet. Ticknor & Fields republish ANDROMEDA, AND OTHER POEMS, in the very chaste style which characterizes all their issues. The volume is small, and its contents will not tire the reader. This is one merit. Andromeda occupies two-thirds of it, the rest being filled with seventeen longer or shorter poems, as Mr. Kingsley styles them on the title-page. Unquestionably (like the boy's picture of a horse in the story) some of them need the label. Such mixed metaphors as this, indeed, have no place any where in literature:

> So many a wife for cruel man's caresses
> Must inly pine and pine, yet outward bear
> A *gallant front* to this world's *gaudy glare*.

One characteristic of the only poems that have sufficient merit to demand special notice is their imitation of others—an imitation not sufficiently close to found a charge of plagiarism, yet enough so to deprive them of the merit of originality. ST. MAURA is very much like Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites," evidently suggested by it, yet not copying from it except in what may be called the action.

Andromeda is a poor specimen of hexameter; as a rhythmical production it fails; sparkles of beauty here and there relieve its dullness, but gross faults mar it past redemption by these beauties. The story of Andromeda is, of course, familiar to all readers. The present version locates the enchaining of the maiden

> Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore, to the southward;

and goes on to relate the coming of the sea-monster, which

> ——devoured of the fairest,
> Cattle and children and maids, till the terrified people fled inland.

The consulting of the priests follows, and the lot which takes Cassiopœia, and her confession that, while her child was bathing in the sea, she had dared to say that the maid was fairer than the Queen of the Ocean; and for this crime comes the condemnation to chain the maiden to the rocks, and leave her to be the prey of the monster.

Some of the finest passages in the poem are those which describe the grief of the mother in fulfilling the sentence; and the inability of Mr. Kingsley to sustain the force of poetry is illustrated in the same lines. The mother speaks to the child before she leaves her:

> "Daughter! my daughter! forgive me! oh curse not the murderess; curse not!
> How have I sinned, but in love? Do the Gods grudge glory to mothers?
> Loving I bore thee in vain in the fate-cursed bride-bed of Cepheus,
> Loving I fed thee and tended, and loving rejoiced in thy beauty,
> Blessing thy limbs as I bathed them, and blessing thy locks as I combed them;
> Decking thee, ripening to woman, I blessed thee; Yet blessing I slew thee!
> How have I sinned, but in love? Oh swear to me, swear to thy mother,
> Never to haunt me with curse, as I go to the grave in my sorrow,
> Childless and lone! May the Gods never send me another to slay it!
> See, I embrace thy knees—soft knees, where no babe will be fondled—
> Swear to me never to curse me, the hapless one, not in the death-pang!"
> Weeping she clung to the knees of the maid; and the maid low answered—
> "Curse thee! not in the death-pang!" *The heart of the lady was lightened.*

The flatness of the conclusion destroys the entire passage. The substitution of "mother" for "lady" would have saved it somewhat, but as it now stands the descent is a shock. To call classic Cassiopœia "the lady" was left for the weakness of modern poetry.

The maid waits on the rock—sees the sea nymphs go by, prays and weeps by turns, till Perseus comes. The latter is not the Perseus we have been accustomed to. He is "a boy in the bloom of his manhood," if one can understand what that is. He comes and looks at the chained maid, flits around her, butterfly fashion, and is altogether an object that the writer somewhat mythically describes thus:

> Hovering over the water he came, upon glittering pinions,
> Living, a wonder, outgrown from the tight-laced gold of his sandals;

from which it is difficult to discover whether Mr. Kingsley wishes us to understand that the wings grew from the sandals, or that Perseus (having slain the Gorgon and won the fleece) had grown too big for his boots. He "bounds from billow to billow, sweeping the crests *like a sea-gull*," until he reaches her side, and

> Hovering under her brows, *like a swallow* that haunts by the house-eaves,

lifts the vail of hair which conceals her beauties, and the

> ——maiden, *motionless, frozen with fear, wept loud.*

Perseus addresses her; likens her to a white cross against the dark rock (a fine, but not an original idea); to a statue, which he had thought her to be.

> But the maid, still dumb with amazement, watered her bosom with weeping;

and then the new-comer, considering her a fair prize and lawful prey, begins to warm her up after a fashion that must have surprised the poor naked girl that had been all night chained to the rock, even though the sea-gull which had shrunk to a swallow now dwindled to a bee.

> Beautiful, eager, he wooed her, and kissed off her tears as he hovered,
> Roving at will, as a bee, on the brows of a rock, nymph-haunted, etc.

And again:

> Beautiful, eager he kissed her, and clasped her yet closer and closer,
> Praying her still to speak—

until he reached the desired result, which is thus delicately (!) described:

> Just as at first some colt, wild-eyed, with quivering nostril,
> Plunges in fear of the curb, and the fluttering robes of the rider;
> Soon, grown bold by despair, submits to the will of the master,
> Tamer and tamer each hour, and at last, in the pride of obedience,
> Answers the heel with a curvet, and arches his neck to be fondled,
> Cowed by the need *that maid grew tame;*—

We trust the reader has the scene in his mind precisely as Mr. Kingsley seems to have it. Perseus continues kissing and the maid continues kicking, and by kissing steadily he tames her. When we reflect that she was chained with brazen links, which his sword could afterward scarcely cut away, it is not a matter of great surprise that he succeeded, especially as she was naked, and had been all night chained to the rock, "motionless, frozen with fear."

This will suffice of Mr. Kingsley's last poem. From some of his songs in former works he had acquired a reputation, well-deserved, which he has ventured too much on. With a little learning but no scholarship, a good imagination but no judgment, a superabundance of egotism, which leads him to attempt theology, novel writing, political reform, and poetry, without the ability to be perfect in either, until he shall give up all the others, and study more rules of reason and rhetoric for one line of authorship, he is in danger of losing what reputation he has acquired if he tries again without taking good advice. He is still young—much younger than he feels—and when he is older he will go back and begin again.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 5, in the Senate, various petitions were presented, among others one from citizens of New York praying for a bankrupt law. Senator Bright moved for the instructions of Mr. Reed, United States Commissioner to China. Senator Brown introduced a bill for the protection of life and property at Washington, providing, among other things, for an armed patrol of one hundred men. Discussion ensued, in which Senators Douglas, Fessenden, Seward, Wilson, Iverson, Houston, Crittenden, Johnson, and others took part, and, after various ineffectual attempts to amend it, the bill passed by 34 to 9. Senator Douglas introduced a bill for the admission of Oregon.——In the House, a bill for the protection of life and property at Washington was introduced by Mr. Goode, and, after discussion by Messrs. Colfax, Goode, Washburne, Leiter, Giddings, Kilgore, and Morris, was referred to Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. After remarks by Messrs. Quitman, Hughes, and Otero, the House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Volunteer Bill. A resolution was moved by Mr. Lovejoy, and adopted, inquiring for information respecting the Utah contracts.

On Tuesday, 6th, in the Senate, Senator Slidell claimed the right of holding back for three days his motion to reconsider the vote on the Kansas Bill. This was opposed by Senators Stuart, Douglas, Crittenden, and others; but the Chair, Senator Fitzpatrick, ruled in favor of Senator Slidell. The bill for the admission of Minnesota was taken up, and discussion ensued, in which Senators Fitch, Douglas, Pugh, Kennedy, and Johnson took part. No vote was taken.——The House was all day in Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. Speeches were made, chiefly against the appropriations for the war in Utah, by Messrs. Seward, Taylor, Burnett, and Tappan among others, and the Committee rose.

On Wednesday, 7th, in the Senate, the subject of printing eulogies of deceased Senators was taken up, and remarks made by Senators Brown, Fessenden, and Hale against, and by Senators Houston, Mason, and Seward in favor of printing eulogies of certain deceased Senators. The question being put, the Senate decided not to print. The Minnesota Bill being then taken up, speeches were made by Senators Houston, Johnson, Stuart, Crittenden, and Wilson, and the bill passed by 48 to 3.——In the House, Mr. Otero introduced a bill for the construction of a wagon-road to New Mexico. The House then went into Committee on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and speeches were made, chiefly on the Utah question, by Messrs. Letcher, Lovejoy, Hughes, Colfax, and others, after which the Committee rose and reported the bill, with a recommendation that it be recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to report in separate bills the items for deficiency under each head for the expenditure for service of the present fiscal year, and in another bill all appropriations designed for the next fiscal year, and also with instructions to inquire what further legislation is necessary to restore to Congress an efficient control over the expenses of the Goverment.

Some further remarks on these instructions were made by Messrs. Letcher and Campbell, but the Speaker ruled that it was competent for the Committee to make the representation.

On Thursday, 8th, in the Senate, a discussion took place on the printing of expensive works, in which Senators Johnson, Bright, and Fessenden, took part, and a motion by Senator Johnson to amend the Public Printing Act was adopted. Senator Gwin reported a bill for the construction of a Pacific Railroad. The Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill was passed with amendments. The bill to restore officers dropped by the Naval Board was passed. The bill for the organization of the Territory of Arizona was reported by Senator Douglas. The subject of a medal for Commodore Paulding being taken up, Senator Slidell read an elaborate speech in favor of national filibusterism.——In the House, the Deficiency Appropriation Bill being taken up, the resolution of the Committee, passed on the day previous, was put and lost by 101 to 119. The bill was then put to the vote and rejected by 124 to 106. On motion of Mr. Montgomery, the House resolved to adhere to its amendment on the Kansas question by 119 to 111. A motion to reconsider was laid on the table. Remarks on the Deficiency Bill were made by Messrs. Branch, Campbell, and others, but no vote was taken.

On Friday, 9th, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Lovejoy moved unsuccessfully to obtain from the War Department a return of the number of officers absent from duty. The vote on the Deficiency Bill was reconsidered, and after remarks by Messrs. Branch and Glancy Jones, the bill passed by 111 to 97. The death of Mr. Benton was then announced, and the House adjourned to Monday.

ABROGATION OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

Negotiations are now going on between the United States and England for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Senate and House Committees on Foreign Affairs will shortly, by a decided majority, recommend its immediate abrogation. The English Government, through their Minister here, professes to have no objection, provided our Government will make certain concessions in Central America.

NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

We have dates from Camp Scott, Utah Territory, to 15th February. Brigham Young had notified Colonel Johnston to leave the Territory of Utah by the 10th of March, otherwise his troops would be annihilated. Young had also tendered to the army sufficient provisions to last them to the States. Indictments for treason have been found in Judge Eckel's Court against all the leading Mormons and members of the Mormon Legislature. The *Times* correspondent writes, under date of 13th February:

"I am told by a gentleman who has just arrived from Henry's Fork, where the animals of the command have been kept during the winter, that they are in excellent condition. The dragoon and artillery horses are improving beyond all expectation, and are now really fat. There is no snow on Henry's Fork. The health of the command has been excellent during the winter. There has been but three deaths, and these were from the effects of diseases contracted elsewhere. The weather thus far has not been severe, for although the temperature has been quite low, yet its freedom from sudden changes, and the extreme rarity of the atmosphere, prevent the cold from being felt as it would be in a much lower temperature in the climate of the Eastern States."

Enough is known to warrant the assertion that Governor Powell and Major M'Cullough, Peace Commissioners to Utah, will be instructed to assure the Mormons that it is not the desire of the President and the United States authorities to make war upon them, but to secure the enforcement of the laws, to which end they will be counseled to participate. The Commissioners will also inform them that some troops will be retained in the Territory to protect the emigrants to the Pacific against the attacks of hostile Indians. The Commissioners will go with the next reinforcements to Utah.

THE KANSAS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

This body met on 25th March and adjourned on 3d inst. General Lane was elected president but resigned before proceeding to business, and M. F. Conway was elected in his place. A Constitution was duly framed. Foreigners who have declared their intentions to become naturalized, and also negroes, are allowed to vote on the question of the adoption of the Constitution by the people. At the first election under it a vote is to be taken on granting universal suffrage. Several of the delegates signed the Constitution under protest on account of its giving the right of suffrage to negroes.

STATE AND MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

At the State election in Connecticut the Republicans have won the day, electing their Governor, Buckingham, by about 3000 majority. Both branches of the Legislature are strictly Republican.

In Rhode Island, the American Republicans have elected their Governor and a majority of both branches of the Legislature.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, the anti-Lecompton ticket has triumphed at the municipal election. At St. Louis and Jefferson City, Missouri, the Free-Soil Democrats have been successful. At the town elections in Michigan, at Portland, at Detroit, at Elmira, and Ogdensburg, the Republicans have carried the day.

PERSONAL.

Mohammed Pasha made an application to the Secretary of the Navy to build the best three-decker that could be constructed for Turkey, without regard to cost. He did not apprehend that any objection would be made. Judge of his surprise when a negative reply was given. He has now written home for instructions to make a private contract, though it is suggested here that a naval constructor may be assigned him to prevent him from being fleeced.

Before the members of Congress separated on Thursday, a letter was read, dated the day previous, written by Colonel Benton to Senator Houston and Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, saying that, in the event of his death, he expressly desires no notice to be taken of it. No rule of either House would justify such a proceeding, and, besides, it was contrary to his convictions expressed many years ago.

It is understood that the daughter of a distinguished Senator from Georgia is soon to be led to the altar by a gentleman from Memphis, Tennessee.

General Persifer F. Smith has been ordered to Utah, as well as General Harney. The chief command of the Utah Army will devolve on the former.

The President had a long interview with Col. Benton on 9th inst. It is said the conversation was very affecting—that the dying statesman expressed his views freely to Mr. Buchanan, and that the President was greatly moved. It is understood his remains will be conveyed to St. Louis.

Last Thursday an assault was made, in Washington, upon the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Thompson, by a man named Peter Besancon, who, some months ago, was discharged from the Department, together with about thirty other clerks. He had recently made several unsuccessful applications to be restored, and on Thursday used violent language toward the Secretary in the hall of the Department, and struck him as he was entering the door. Mr. Thompson immediately turned, and discovered Besancon in the act of drawing a pistol upon him. Mr. Thompson thereupon seized Besancon, and threw him upon the floor, dislocating one of his arms. He was then secured.

We learn by the Cleveland *Herald* that Professor J. B. Hudson, of the Oberlin (Ohio) Collegiate Institute, was killed on the Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus Railroad, on the evening of the 1st inst., near Olmstead Station. The place where the body of Mr. Hudson was found is about fifty-eight rods east of Olmstead Station, on the joint track of the Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus, and the Cleveland and Toledo Railroads. His footprints were found on the earth, making short steps at first, then longer strides, as if running while holding on to the cars, and ended at a pile of iron, beyond which his body was found. It is supposed that his foot struck the pile of iron, by which means his hold on the cars was loosened, when he fell under the wheels. This theory is strengthened by the fact that his shawl, carpet sack, and pieces of clothing were found scattered along the track between the pile of iron and the body. Thus lying helpless upon the track, the poor man was sufficiently conscious to know that the Toledo train was coming down upon him, yet he was unable to drag his crushed bones off the rail. He could but raise his hand, and in an instant was mangled beyond even recognition.

Mrs. Mary H. Breckinridge, consort of the late Hon. John Breckinridge, departed this life, at the residence of her son, Dr. W. L. Breckinridge, on Friday evening of the week before last, in the ninetieth year of her age. We shall not attempt to portray her strongly marked character, nor pay the passing tribute which her memory so richly deserves, presuming that some one more familiar with the facts in her long and most useful life will perform that task. The mother who could give birth and training to four such sons as Robert, John, Caleb, and W. L. Breckinridge—to say nothing of her daughters—was no ordinary woman. Her funeral obsequies were attended, on Sabbath afternoon, by a very large concourse of people, in the First Presbyterian Church, where a discourse was delivered by Rev. Dr. Halsey. The remains were taken on Monday to Caleb Dale, her residence in Fayette County, where they were deposited by the side of her distinguished husband, to await the resurrection morn.

Hon. John Greig died at his residence at Canandaigua on 9th inst., aged over seventy years. He was among the early settlers, and one of the most esteemed citizens of that section of the country, and for thirty years or more has been one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. When Louis Philippe was an exile in this country, in the time of the first Napoleon, he is said to have been especially indebted to Mr. Greig for hospitality and friendship.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes:

"We had the pleasure of reading, the other evening, a very characteristic letter—the joint production of Macready and Thackeray—to Dr. Francis, dated last month, at the rural home of the former. It appears the retired actor is building up an Institution in his neighborhood for the Education of the Poor; and the novelist went down to lecture in its behalf; at breakfast, they talked over Brother Jonathan, and discovered they had a mutual friend in the medical Nestor of New York, and so resolved to send him a common epistle—which, however, is quite uncommon, coming from two such famous men, and written with such geniality; Macready declares himself moored for life, unless routed out of his pleasant domain by the French; while Thackeray owns he relishes a friend's society and a cigar more than quill-driving, but says he must work still for his girl's sake: both seem to cherish fond reminiscences of Yankee land, and the latter means to pay it another visit; and they both recall the Doctor's curative and personal influence with grateful affection."

Michael Clear, a native of Queen Anne's county, Maryland, died at Greenwich, Connecticut. In 1810 he was a sailor before the mast, but during the war of 1812 he was captain of the foretop on board the old United States ship *Constitution*. He aided at the taking of the British frigate *Guerriere*, under Commodore Hull; at the taking of the British frigate *Java*, under Commodore Bainbridge; and at the taking of the *Cyane* and *Levant*, under Commodore Stewart. He subsequently returned to the merchant service, where he continued for many years, when he re-entered the United States service, on the sloop-of-war *Erie*, and subsequently on the frigate *Congress*. His last position was that of a sailing-master at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

At the Historical Society's meeting on Tuesday evening Mr. Bancroft read a passage from the forthcoming volume of his History. It relates to the battle of Lexington, and is greatly admired by those who were favored with its perusal.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says that Mrs. Thomas, a washerwoman of that city, has recently become heir to a fortune of a million of dollars in Europe.

It is said that the Earl of Rosse, one of the first astronomers in Europe, has told a gentleman in England that he anticipates one of the most intensely hot summers

this year that has ever been known, and he advises farmers to build sheds for their cattle by way of protection against the extreme heat.

Mr. Sydney Gipson, of Tuscumbia, Alabama, last week killed a horse-thief whom he was hired to pursue and capture. The thieves set upon him, when he drew a bowie-knife and killed one. Gipson surrendered himself to a Justice of the Peace, who looked upon the case as one of justifiable homicide, and refused to hold him. When Gipson got home his fellow-citizens gave him the ovation of a hero, and the papers puff him.

The Pennsylvania Regiment for Utah has been fully organized. It numbers 1000 men, under command of Colonel Breece. A Committee of officers has been appointed to proceed to Washington, and make the tender of the services of the regiment to the President.

The Lockport papers have reports of the arrest of a Mrs. Lavina Fisher for larceny; but in the course of the examination it came out that the lady was purchased by one Carpenter from her husband, some six years ago, for the sum of fifteen dollars. The buyer and the bought have since lived together as man and wife. Carpenter died recently, and the woman took possession of his personal property. The heirs prosecute her for grand larceny, to answer which charge she is under bail.

A native Japanese, Samuel Southaro, was baptized at Madison University, in this State, by Professor Harvey, a few days ago. He is to return to Japan as a Missionary.

Mrs. Swanson, the widow of the gentleman who was murdered by the boy Rodgers, writes to the papers to say: "There appears to be a rumor prevailing in this city to the effect that I have received money from various persons who were interested in Rodgers's case, and supposed to be for the purpose of exerting my influence in his favor. Persons have approached me on two different occasions, though entire strangers to me, requesting my intervention in his behalf; but, as soon as I became aware of their motives, I absolutely refused to listen to their respective propositions, and stated that I desired to have it distinctly understood that I should in nowise interrupt the course of the law. And *all* rumors concerning my complicity in this matter are wholly without foundation.

"Having recently opened a fancy store at this place, in order to obtain a subsistence for my three orphan children, and as the extensive circulation of this rumor is calculated to seriously affect my business in so doing, it prompts me to make this correction."

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.

The *Utica Herald* says: "About two o'clock last Sunday morning a messenger came to Jailer Baker, in the jail at Watertown, with the intelligence that a prisoner named Spencer Wilson was sick, and wished Mr. Baker to bring him some medicine. Mr. B. did not hesitate to attend the prisoner, and brought him a drink calculated to alleviate his pain. While Mr. Baker was holding the cup for the consummate villain to drink (for Wilson was feigning his illness) three other prisoners, named Eddy, Ward, and Missic, stole slyly into the cell in their stocking feet (Mr. B.'s back being toward them) and seized him, bore him to the ground, beat him terribly about the head, and abused him shamefully. One of the wretches stepped on the throat of the prostrate jailer, while the three others proceeded to gag and bind him—not, however, until he had made sufficient noise to awaken his wife, who, brave woman! seized a revolver, and stationed herself at the outer door leading into the hall, where she calmly awaited developments.

"Meantime the villains had picked Mr. Baker's pocket of his wallet and the prison keys, and locking him into the cell, coolly proceeded to prepare for departure, considering themselves now 'all hunk,' as the phrase is. They picked up their sachels, which were carefully packed, flung their coats on their arms, and proceeded to the outer door for the purpose of taking leave.

AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE.

"What was their consternation on looking through the hole in the door and beholding leveled directly at them an ugly concern with six holes in the end of it, and a little white finger calmly resting on the trigger. 'Advance one step into this hall,' said the delicate, but firm voice, 'and you die!' The villains quailed. 'Come on,' said Mrs. Baker; 'but the first man who steps from that door I will shoot!' This was more than the fellows had bargained for. But one of them was cool and impudent. 'Pshaw!' said he, 'you don't know how to shoot it.' 'Yes, I do,' said Mrs. Baker; 'I have been practicing this long time; if you don't believe it, you can make the trial.' The fellows were completely baffled. They retired for consultation. With a refinement of deviltry worthy the arch fiend, they returned with the intelligence that Mrs. Baker might take her choice—either to see her husband's brains knocked out, or to retire and let them pass out! Here, indeed, was a fearful trial! What did the brave woman do? She quailed not for an instant—her eye relaxed not its vigilance—her finger trembled not on the trigger—there she stood pointing the deadly weapon through the iron bars of the hall before the door, and repeating her warning to the villains not to come forward a step, as they valued life! We challenge history to produce an example of more glorious heroism on the part of a woman!

RELIEF AT LAST.

"A messenger had, in the mean time, gone after help, and it soon came in the shape of some of the most resolute and hardy men in Watertown, who speedily relieved the little woman from her guard, drove the prisoners back into their cells, and set matters 'to rights.'

"The four men are now in chains. They are named, H. D. Eddy, in for grand larceny at Watertown; Oliver Missic, in for attempting to commit a rape in Rutland; Lawrence Ward, in for burglary in Watertown; and Spencer Wilson, in for burglary in Clayton. Four more Heaven-defying and devilish wretches probably Jefferson County boasts not; at least, we hope so!

"Mrs. Baker is a small, slim woman, with very expressive features, in which courage and firmness are displayed in the keen, clear eye, and the resolute lines about the mouth. We asked her if she would really have shot the men, had they disregarded her warning? She said, 'Most certainly I would! *Wouldn't you?*'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

On the 22d ult., in the House of Lords, Lord Derby announced that the House would be adjourned from the 30th to the 12th of April, for the Easter holidays. He also said, in reply to Lord Brougham, that there was no foundation for the report that it was intended to import free negroes from Africa and form them into black regiments. The Earl of Carnarvon, in reply to Lord Brougham, said that the Vagrant Act, recently passed by the Assembly of Jamaica, had been received at the Colonial Office, and was under consideration. He believed that there would be no objection to laying the bill upon the table before it received the royal assent. One of the allegations against this bill is, that it partially revives slavery. In the House of Commons, General Peel said that it was not the intention of Government to embody any more regiments of militia. Mr. Disraeli gave notice that he would move for leave to bring in a bill to reform the Government of India on the 26th. Lord John Russell's Oaths Bill was debated at length, and an amendment, which continued the exclusion of Jews from Parliament, was rejected by a vote of 297 to 144. The third reading was fixed for April 12. A motion to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the Consular service and Consular appointments was agreed to.

On the 23d, in the Lords, Lord Ellenborough explained the desire of the Government to enlist into the Indian Army Kroomen on the coast of Africa, but said the plan had been abandoned on account of technical difficulties. In the Commons it was announced that the Governor-General of India had, on his own responsibility, confiscated and annulled the principality of Jhar. Mr. Monkton Milnes called attention to the vexations to which British subjects were exposed by the alterations in the French passport system, and moved for the production of the correspondence on the subject. After considerable discussion on the merits of the whole question, assurance was given on the part of the Government that they had considered the best mode of providing a remedy, and it was contemplated to establish offices at the principal ports, and to reduce the price of Foreign-Office passports. Leave was given to bring in a bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by 43 majority.

On the 25th, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury, referring to the case of the British engineers at Naples, stated that Mr. Watt had arrived in England very much improved in health, and that a telegraphic dispatch had been received from Mr. Lyons, stating that Mr. Parkes had been liberated on bail. The same subject attracted attention in the Commons. Mr. Griffiths asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, if in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown the capture of the *Cagliari* proved illegal, it was intended to demand from the Neapolitan Government full and ample compensation to the engineers for the treatment they received? Mr. Disraeli declined to answer. General Peel announced that it had been determined to grant a medal to all troops serving in India, and to give a clasp for service at Delhi and Lucknow. Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for the abolition of the Irish viceroyalty. After some debate, a motion for the previous question was negatived by a majority of 127, when the subject dropped, the main question not having been put.

In the House of Lords, on the 26th, the sanitary condition of the army was debated, and the Government promised the adoption of all necessary improvements. In the House of Commons, Government was asked whether it meant to prosecute the directors of the Western Bank of Scotland. The reply was that they had no materials before them to justify prosecution. Mr. Henley announced that the Government had no intention of introducing any measure in regard to the passing of tolls and local dues on shipping this session. Mr. Disraeli moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the government of India, and explained its provisions at length. Like the bill of the former Government, it abolishes entirely the East India Company and Board of Control, and substitutes in their place a Council composed of a President, Vice-President, and eighteen members—the President to be a Secretary of State. It was not proposed to interfere with the powers of the Governor-General. The details of the bill were objected to by sundry members, but leave was given to bring it in.

HOW PELISSIER WILL BE RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

The appointment of General Pelissier as Embassador from France gives very general satisfaction in England. The London *Times* believes the English nation may be fairly gratified by the appointment of the Emperor, as he is said to have declared that he selected this distinguished soldier as a tribute of respect to the alliance, to the English people, and to the two armies. The *Times'* correspondent believes General Pelissier to be a warm partisan of the English alliance, and says that, on a recent occasion, before the Privy Council, he expressed himself very strongly to that effect. The London *Herald* unhesitatingly asserts that the resignation of Count Persigny does not proceed from any difference with the existing administration, but is the result of some divergence of opinion on certain matters between him and Count Walewski.

PROGRESS OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The editor of the Portland *Advertiser* has had an interview with a gentleman lately from England, and says: "The gentleman informs us that, just before he left England, he visited the monster steamship; that there are 1750 men hard at work upon her; that her machinery is already in, and every thing is being driven as fast as man can do it. The desire on the part of the overseers to prevent all impediments to the work going on as rapidly as possible is so great that 'passes' to go on board of her are refused to visitors, lest they should incommode the workmen; and our informant was enabled to get on board only by a personal acquaintance with Captain Harrison, who kindly took him over the ship. He speaks of the state-rooms and other arrangements for passengers in the highest terms. She is being fitted up in the most costly and desirable manner. Captain Harrison had strong hopes of getting her ready for sea in July. This is good news, and we are rejoiced to be able to record it from so direct a source."

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The United States steam frigate *Niagara* arrived at Plymouth on the 23d ult., with machinery slightly damaged, having encountered a succession of southerly gales. The British frigate *Agamemnon* had commenced taking in the telegraph cable. A large quantity is on board by this time.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1861.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Touching the proposed exhibition of 1861, in celebration of the Prince of Wales's majority, and under his Presidency, it will come off, be assured. The Council of the Society of Arts have had several meetings to discuss the project of holding this great international exhibition, and we may mention that among its members are some of the most distinguished men of the day. If we are rightly informed, they one and all take a different view from the *Times*, and intend to announce boldly to the world that they mean to have the exhibition in question in 1861—on the principle that *Homines nihil agendo discunt male agere*—and so to avoid the ills consequent upon inactivity, they intend to be active. On the 24th inst. the Council will again have the subject before them. It is said that the exhibition is intended to combine with industry and art manufactures all the materials of interest which made the Manchester exhibition so eminently successful last year."

SAD END OF A FAMOUS MAN.

He adds: "Apropos of exhibitions, you must have been, in common with us Britishers, very sorry to hear that Mr. Henderson, of the once celebrated firm of Fox, Henderson, & Co., the builders of the Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, and of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, died the other day, so penniless that his bereaved wife had not the means to bury him or save herself from starvation. A committee has been formed in London to collect subscriptions."

A REVIVALIST IN SCOTLAND.

A Glasgow correspondent of the *Presbyterian Herald* writes: "In the early part of the year our city enjoyed the ministrations of Mr. Brownlow North, a lay gentleman of independent means, who has devoted himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He is an Episcopalian, but addresses all who choose to listen to him wherever he finds an open door. His object is to deliver the simple Gospel message, which he does with overpowering earnestness. He speaks with fluency and even elegance, makes no attempt at exegetical preaching, says that he has but one doctrine to expound and enforce, and disavows the ministerial character and authority. But such is the fervor of his earnestness, that the largest edifice in town was not capable of containing the multitudes who flocked to hear him, from the highest to the lowest, nor were two addresses on Sabbath sufficient to meet the demand upon his ministrations, which were continued throughout the week. I heard him address about three thousand people, who were admitted by ticket to the City Hall, and the effect of his simple and earnest pleadings was very impressive and memorable. No preaching, I dare say, since the days of Whitfield, has produced such a powerful effect upon the popular mind as this remarkable man's addresses; and their power lies not in their logical structure, but in their earnestness. A friend of mine, who has seen Mr. North in his wild days on the stage as an amateur player, once dined in his Highland lodge along with a gay party. The wine was circling freely, and a Highland boy, whom Mr. North had engaged as a domestic servant, entered with a fresh supply of liquor, and in setting it before his master, whispered something to him, upon which North instantly withdrew from the table and took a cigar, refusing to indulge longer in his cups. Turning to my informant, he said, 'P——, that boy is a Christian; I could trust him with untold gold.' Whether that poor Highland boy's humble influence as a child of God was instrumental in touching the wicked heart of his master my friend could not tell. But on the occasion referred to, his warning whisper arrested North in his bacchanalian career, and probably he was in the habit of using the same liberty with his master on other festive occasions."

PIERRI'S HOUSE AND DAUGHTER.

The Birmingham *Daily Press* says: "The house lately occupied by the misguided and unfortunate Pierri, in Bath Row, which, up to the last few days, remained, nominally at least, in his tenancy, is now shut up. Hand-bills announcing the sale of his household furniture were, we have understood, issued some days ago, but from some cause, at present unexplained, the sale in question has not taken place, and the goods have been removed, we were told, by the parties whom their late owner left in charge. By whose authority, or for whose benefit the removal has been carried into execution, we have not heard. Pierri has left a daughter, now in a conventual school at Leicester, to whom, we apprehend, any sums arising from the sale of his effects are legally as well as morally due."

FRANCE.

THE FEELING WITH REGARD TO THE ALLIANCE.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* of the 25th ult. has an article in large type on the alliance between France and England. Most friendly sentiments are expressed throughout. It says that the Duke de Malakoff personifies the alliance as a living memorial of common glory and common perils, and that the Emperor could not have made a choice more significant or more flattering for the Queen and English people.

THE SECRET POLICE OF PARIS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "The *Moniteur* says that 'his Majesty has changed nothing in his ordinary habits, and that he continues to go out every day without an escort.' It is very true that the Emperor takes his drives in the Bois de Boulogne, and that his carriage is not on those occasions encircled or followed by Cuirassiers, Lancers, Gendarmes, or Cent Gardes armed *cap-à-pie*, with the earth shaking under their horses' hoofs. If the *Moniteur* means this by 'escort,' it is quite right. But the author of this paragraph in the official paper must know better than any one that there are other escorts besides those with uniforms, helmets, breast-plates, and sabres. There is the secret escort of police in plain clothes, with its advanced and rear-guard, its *éclaireurs*, its flank companies, etc., exclusive of the ostensible police. They ride in *coupés*, on horseback, or go on foot, and a good many have as fashionable an exterior as any of the professional *lions* of the Bois de Boulogne. Their numbers have been considerably increased since the *attentat*, and the Minister of the Interior is too experienced and too skillful a soldier not to take care that they who form this species of escort are distributed in the most effective manner for the protection of his august master. If the action of the police is, as the *Moniteur* inconsistently affirms, the same as before, I would venture to ask what was meant by the demand made by the government, and granted by the Legislative Body, of 1,200,000 francs for the service of the secret police? This sum is in addition to the 2,000,000 francs previously comprised in the budget on the same account. The secret police service under Louis Philippe was, I believe, just 1,000,000 francs."

HOW THE EMPEROR'S PERSON IS GUARDED.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have heard a curious and perfectly authentic anecdote, illustrative of the state of things during the last days of M. Pietri's administration. It is usual, when the Emperor is going out, to telegraph the fact from the Tuileries to the Prefecture in the Rue de Jerusalem, and then numerous police agents in and out of uniform are dispatched to the line of route which he takes. But it very frequently happens that the notice given is so short that the Emperor is outside the barrier and in the Bois de Boulogne before the police have arrived in the Champs Elysées. M. Pietri, deeply feeling the weight of his responsibility, represented these facts, and asked to be furnished every morning with a programme of the Emperor's movements, so that he might be enabled to make proper arrangements in time. The request was refused."

PRUSSIA.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF PRUSSIA AND HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "On Sunday the Prince and Princess Frederick William and the Princess of Prussia attended divine service at the English chapel, in the Monbijon Palace. The young Princess appears to great disadvantage by the side of the tall and commanding figure of her mother-in-law; it must be confessed, in fact, that she is a rather insignificant-looking little lady, but she is gaining 'golden opinions' by her good nature, and the unaffected kindness with which she treats every one that approaches her. The old Prince of Prussia has been confined to his room for the last fortnight, in consequence of a fall, by which he sprained his ankle severely; but he is now recovering. His Royal Highness seems to have been born under an unlucky star, for his whole life has been one succession of accidents. At home or abroad something is sure to happen to him; in the antediluvian times, before the invention of railroads, his traveling carriage was constantly overturning or his horses running away with him; once he tumbled off a platform and almost killed himself; another time his sleeping apartment caught fire, and he was nearly roasted. Then, again, he would slip on the parquetted floor of his drawing-room, or a chandelier would fall down upon him and almost crush him to death. If omens were believed in nowadays, a disastrous reign would be prognosticated for him in case he should ever ascend the throne; but perhaps he will have exhausted the malice of fortune before that period arrives."

PARTIAL RECOVERY OF THE KING.

He adds: "The other day the King came to see him for the first time since his illness, and staid with him for about half an hour. Prince Albert, their youngest brother, who was present at the interview, says (as I am informed by a friend of mine) that the King appeared '*bei leidlicher besinnung*' (tolerably sensible), an expression which shows plainly that even in his more lucid moments his mind is not entirely free from the dark cloud that overshadows it. In bodily health he has improved wonderfully. He takes long walks and rides every day, in spite of wind and weather, and looks almost as stout as ever. Under these circumstances there is no prospect that the provisional authority intrusted to the Prince of Prussia will either cease or be converted into a Regency; indeed, the latter has agreed to wait for at least twelve months, to see whether his brother will recover the entire amount of his faculties before taking any steps for settling the administration of the country on a more permanent basis."

ITALY.

POLITICAL DISCONTENTS.

Discontent in Austrian Italy is said to be daily increasing. On the 20th ult. the Court at Genoa gave judgment in the political trials which took place in consequence of the events of June. Mazzini and five others were tried in their absence, and in contempt of Court sentenced to death. Twenty-nine were acquitted and twenty-eight were sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from seven to twenty years.

INDIA.

THE PROJECTED ATTACK ON LUCKNOW.

An official dispatch to the East India Government says that Colin Campbell, with his force, consisting of fifteen regiments of European infantry, three regiments of native infantry, three regiments of European cavalry, three regiments and detachments of two others of native cavalry, with eighty heavy guns and mortars, and sixty-three field pieces, had crossed the Ganges, and was in progress to Lucknow. The attack was expected to take place on the 27th of February, when Jung Bahadoors and General Frank's forces, 12,000 strong, would also have reached Lucknow.

CHINA.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM CANTON.

The blockade of Canton was raised on the 10th of February. The Americans and Russians have joined the French and English in a demand on the Chinese Government. The letters of the four Plenipotentiaries have gone up to Shanghai, and by the middle of March it will be known what line China would take. Trade has re-opened at Canton. The 70th Sepoy Regiment had arrived, and is quartered within the walls of Canton. The city is now accessible to foreigners under certain conditions. The state of siege is to continue during the period of occupation. Immense dépôts of arms have been discovered. The allies have destroyed the remainder of the fortifications. The large towns of Koachow and Koang Chang have been retaken by the Imperialists.

LOSSES OF THE CHINESE DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes: "I have taken some pains to ascertain the loss suffered by the Chinese during the bombardment and the storm. We have all the official returns of the first day in our possession, and no account that I have seen places the deaths during the whole operations higher than two hundred. Some distrust the Chinese accounts, but I am inclined to put faith in them. Unless you surround Chinese soldiers you never kill many of them. You never catch them upon an island or in an isolated position. They act upon the principle of the Wife of Bath, that

'A mouse who trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.'

They fire very fiercely upon you as you are coming up to attack them, but escape by the back door as soon as you get too near. Our escalade was a complete surprise upon them. They fancied you were advancing under the fire from their walls to attack Fort Gough; they never expected that you would turn aside and 'jump upon wooden legs' over the wall. Howqua's Comprador, with whom some of us talked the matter over, declares that it is impossible that the numbers killed could be greater than is stated. The people, he says, knew perfectly well the line the fire would take, and got out of the way. The troops who were obliged to remain on the walls kept very much under cover, and great quantities of the missiles missed the wall and fell into the ditch. The dead must be buried outside the city, and, as the western gate only was open, it was easy for any one to calculate how many were carried out. It says little for the destructive power of our warlike engines that so small a loss should have been occasioned by so large an expenditure of shot and shell, but the probabilities are that the fact is as the Chinese state it. It is placed beyond doubt now that the loss of the Chinese during the bombardment in 1856 was not more than forty-three, and I quite believe in the probability that the recent list of killed does not exceed two hundred."

THE STATE OF THE CITY.

He adds: "On the 21st I returned to my quarters in Canton, and found that all the tender solicitude of the people of Hong Kong had been entirely thrown away. I traversed the whole city with my trunk and chow-chow baskets, myself the only escort to my four Coolies. Along the great east and west thoroughfare a closed shop was become a rare exception, and the only difficulty was to push our way through the crowd. The people were cutting up their pigs and their fish (the abundance of immense carp, tench, and roach in the streets of the city is wonderful), and cooking their comestibles in full business-like security. Idlers were playing at Chinese hazard, and exhibiting their piles of coins upon the board. The curiosity-shops, in incredible numbers, were spread with curious antiques of the newest fashion, and were victimizing credulous lieutenants in a way which Mencius would not have approved. The crowds are not even afraid to manifest curiosity at the clothes and features of their European guests, and the shop-keepers invite you into their shops with a politeness that proves they have no misgiving that you will exercise any right of conquest except a conquest by purchase. Yet the spirit of insolence has departed out of them. Neither in word nor gesture is there any symptom of hostility or even of dislike. I have seen two people frightened very much by a scolding for using the word *Fan-quei* (Foreign devil); but I believe they used it in all innocence, having never heard it called by any other name. I would neglect no precautions, for the neglect of precautions would revive hopes now abandoned, and the neglect of precautions nearly proved our destruction at Ningpo during the last war; but, so far from there being any notion of retaking this city, I believe that no ten Chinamen within sight of Canton would dare raise a stick in the presence of a British or French soldier or sailor."

YEH AND HIS BUTCHERIES.

Official documents have been discovered in Canton, in which it appears that Yeh, during the short period of three months, put to death no less than the enormous number of 20,000 human beings. This is a fact beyond doubt, the documents taken showing the name of every man and woman, and for what they were executed.

Yeh is still on board the *Inflexible*. He eats and drinks well, but is not very communicative, and says "he is tired of waiting for Lord Elgin, and if he does not come soon, he must really go and attend to the governorship of his province."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH HIM?

The *Times* correspondent writes: "It naturally occurred to the Anglo-Saxon mind that he also must want books. The offer was rejected; but Yeh is a religious man, and said nothing about romances. His answer was, 'What should I do with books? All the books that are proper to be read I know by heart.' He quoted Caliph Omar, without having ever heard his name. He passes his time in praying to Buddha and telling his fortune. His papers abound in fortune-telling schemes, analogous to our '*Sortes Virgilianæ*' or '*Sortes Biblicæ*.' One of them is headed 'Scheme to determine when the Kwang-si Rebellion will Terminate.' The Chinese are very indignant with him for not killing himself. They say, 'Eep number one fools; he no makee writee pigeon, he no makee fightee pigeon; he number one bad Mandalin; he no cuttee thloat.' The wretched creature seems to have been influenced in his conduct by these fortune-telling tricks, which are as heterodox in China as they are in England. Yet, although the revelations of his State papers, and our observation of his personal habits, demonstrate that he is without conduct or judgment, or even the strong common sense of an ordinary Chinaman, his official rank is so great that we are told his presence in the Canton river exercises an unfavorable influence upon our dealings with the Chinese people. Unless early news of his degradation should be received, he will be sent away. The present idea is to send him to Calcutta, where he will probably have an opportunity of cultivating the friendship of the King of Oude within the walls of Fort William."

VENEZUELA.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A revolution, headed by General Julian Castro as military chief, broke out in Valencia on the 5th ult., on the same day Puerto Cabello was taken, and the movement spread through the Valles de Aragua on the 6th, coming as near as the Ajuntas to Caracas; immediately also others of the western provinces, as Barquinwater, Taraqui, Cojedos, etc., joined, and Castro was in a few days able to collect a very respectable army of about 10,000 men near Victoria, at the same time that General Briceno was blockading Laguayra with a few small vessels.

"President Monagas tried hard to collect people and arms, and all that he could get together was sent under Generals Castelli and Tisa and Commandant Rafael Vidanalo, who got as far as the Coquija or the Consejo, but soon found out that their force was altogether too small to attempt an assault: meanwhile the Tuy pronounced also against Monagas, and he, seeing that resistance was useless, abdicated on the 15th his Presidency and that of his son-in-law, the Vice-President, into the hands of Congress, and surrendered himself and family and ministry, taking refuge at the French legation, where they still remain.

"Immediately, and under the greatest possible enthusiasm, a provisional government was named by Congress, which after this dissolved; the provisional government consisted of Dr. Pedro Gual, Dr. Lucio Siso, Manuel M. Quintero, and Dr. Manuel Maria Echeandia y Ledo. The ministers are Dr. Reyes Pinal, Interior; Pedro de las Casas, Finance; Minchin, War; and Ramon Yopes, Foreign; Commandant de Armas Corovell Mattuerell, Governor Joaquim Herrera."



SPRING IN THE CITY.



SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

SPRING IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

THE foregoing pictures do credit to the artists who drew them. They explain themselves, and illustrate ingeniously the contrast between the genial invigorating spring of the country, and the gay, fluttering spring of the town. Where one has buds, the other has bonnets; where one rejoices in verdure, the other exults in showy dry-goods; birds are the music of the one, barrel-organs that of the other; but in both the season is one of love, gladness, and general expansion of mind and body. Both pictures are taken from nature. We will look at them and endeavor readers to discover the scenes which they represent. It would be unfair to the proprietors of our resorts not to reveal the charming spot which has been selected to illustrate spring in the country; for their native wealth in the way of verdure, and the owner of the fortunate Paradise would be troubled with offers which he certainly would not accept. And those persons who are locked of the other scene may be no secret to some of our New England readers, our respect for the metropolitan pride of the denizens of other cities forbids us to say more than that the site represented is one which perhaps will become more beautiful and famous a summer afternoon than any other in the United States—Broadway, of course, excepted.

LEAVES.

WHAT is life, and what are we?
Only leaves upon a tree,
Green to-day, to-morrow sere,
Then we are no longer here!

Others, fair and brave as we,
Grew, of old, upon the tree;
Now they crumble in the mould,
With their histories untold.

So shall we—it is our lot
'Thus to shed and to forget;
By-and-by the tree will fall—
One oblivion waits for all.

ANAÏK TIMOR, THE SORCERESS.

HAVING occasion, while staying at Fontrieux, to visit Trégnier, I took a cross-road which I had traversed before, and which I calculated would bring me to my destination before nightfall. As this I found my memory had deceived me, for night overtook me before I had accomplished a third of my journey, and I became fearful of losing myself among the various by-paths, which, in the darkness, it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. To add to my embarrassment, the wind rose and the rain began to fall.

I had just reached a sort of moor, covered with heath, over which the road sweep with a sullen roar, and which offered no shelter from its relentless fury. Enveloped in my fur cloak, I bent my head to the storm, and continued to walk through the uneven path. Turn which way I would I could see nothing but a wide moving sheet, which served to confound both heaven and earth. Momentarily, however, the storm would abate, and the wind sink so as to enable me to distinguish the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the plaintive howls of famished wolves; then, again, the blast would overtake me, groaning and moaning, until all was lost in one great roar.

I had at first a sort of proud enjoyment in battling with the whirlwinds, which tossed like the waves of the sea around me; but exceedingly cold and fatigue lessened my ardor, and I began to look out anxiously for some shelter. By good fortune this path I had continued to follow soon began to dip into a narrow gorge, where I was soon able to distinguish the outlines of several black trees; and as I proceeded I seemed to leave the storm behind me. At last I arrived at the entrance of a narrow valley, where the noise of the storm was suspended by the surrounding mountains, reached me only as an echo. The moor also fell away behind. I raised my head, glad to breathe freely once more.

I knew by experience that the valley contained rain habitations. A washing-shed and a solitary oven soon confirmed me in this belief; and, a few steps further, I perceived a hamlet, composed of about a dozen cabins. The first which I approached was also the largest; but, guided by the murmur of voices, I reached one standing by itself, and pushing open the door, found myself in the midst of a *Veillée*.* A dozen women were seated upon their heels around a blazing fire of furze, worn turning their spindles, chatting and laughing the while. Several children lay at their feet, asleep; and a young mother, seated in the most distant corner of the hearth, was suckling a newborn infant, murmuring, in a low voice, a cradle-song. On my entrance they all turned round. I had stopped at the threshold to shake off the water with which I was covered, and now placed my thick soar hat on a neighboring nail, after the custom of the country. The mistress of the house understood by this that I demanded shelter.

"The blessing of God be upon all here!" said I, advancing to meet her.

"And on you!" she replied, with American brevity.

The shroud covers the moor, and wolves themselves could not find their way."

"Heaven were made for Christians."

Uttering these words the peasant woman remained me to the hearth. All the spinners made way for me; and I took my seat by the young mother, while the mistress of the hut threw upon the fire an armful of dry brambles. A long silence ensued, the laws of Breton hospitality forbidding the host to question a guest until he has himself spoken. At last I asked how far I was from Trégnier.

"Three leagues and two-thirds of another," answered the peasant woman; "but the waters are out, and the road is dangerous without a guide."

"Nothing else?"

"Will one of your men serve me as such?"

"The men of this place have gone to Newfoundland in the *St. Pierre*."

"What, all?"

"All. The master perhaps knows that these of the same parish embark together when they can?"

"And you are expecting their return?"

"Every day."

"Ah!" yes," exclaimed one of the spinners, with a sigh; "may God protect them! The other vessels have returned to Brihat, to Saint Pierre—every where. The *St. Pierre* is the only one that delays."

"And you," continued a second woman, with emphasis, "it is quite time the men returned."

"Indeed! Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the peasant girl who sat beside me as the hearth. "Ah Dieu, Marie, how many bushels of barley she has left in her bin," said she, "The young peasant blushed.

"Not so many as she owes me as many measures of milk as her child numbers days," added a third woman in the house.

"Or that her landlord has threatened to sell her furniture," added a third.

So much I comprised the first speaker, "I have advised her to pray that the sailors of the *St. Pierre* may be successful in their fishing, and to ask a blessing here!"

"I only pray God to bring Jean back," said the girl, pressing her infant to her breast.

I was struck with the sad and profoundly pathetic tone in which these words were uttered, and I turned and looked at Dinah. She was a beautiful woman, not more than four-and-twenty; and notwithstanding the rather masculine style of her beauty, there was something extremely gentle about her. Her carriage was upright, her forehead high, and her feet were firmly planted on the hearth; with one arm she held her sleeping infant on her bosom, the other being employed with her side. There was in the proud yet flexible lines of her countenance, in her full brown lips, and black eyes, ever ready to veil themselves with their long lashes, an expression of wild, untamed pride, softened, tempered, however, with an intensity of caressing tenderness. After a second she perceived that I was observing her, and turned away her head, embarrassed. But while I was thus engaged the conversation had continued among the spinners, the sum of whose wailing of what she would do when the *St. Pierre* had returned.

"I shall go and visit the town, and, for once, eat my fill of wheaten bread," said one.

"My husband will bring me a silver ring worth thirty francs," said another.

"I shall buy a mass for my mother's soul."

"I shall go to St. Ann's shrine."

"And you, Dinah," I asked, "what will you do on your return?"

"I shall put his child into his arms, and we shall be united again," she answered, with a blush.

At this moment the black rose at the end of the hut put her head over the low partition which kept out of the cows, and bellowed.

"There is some one approaching," said the mistress of the house.

As she spoke a sharp blow shook the door, and a rough voice was heard without.

"Is there room for a belated traveller?" it said.

"Anaïk Timor!" exclaimed all the women.

"Anaïk!" repeated Dinah, involuntarily pressing her infant closer.

"But who is she?" I asked.

"She is a woman made the future and tells fortunes," replied the mistress of the hut.

"Is there room for the poor in this house?" repeated the voice, impatiently.

"Let her in, or she will make mischief enough us," remarked Dinah.

A spinner rose and opened the door, and Anaïk Timor appeared. She was a little old woman, whose tattered garments drenched, in many places, her withered limbs. She carried at her back a coarse basket, which, sitting at the door, she took off a bottle, and held in her other hand a prickly stick, hardened in the fire. The nose, which had originally been that of a man, but which, under others, gave a speedy appearance to their dull color; and the scanty locks of white hair, stiff with rain, hung like icicles around her wrinkled cheeks. Her gray eyes had the sharp yet vacillating expression peculiar to those addicted to intoxication.

She stopped short in the middle of the room and looked fixedly, without at the same time, at a low grovel. "Much trouble you give yourself to receive a beggar," she said, throwing a disconcerted glance around. "You let us work, and do not answer.

"We were not expecting you," replied the woman of the house, a little embarrassed.

"Are you expecting any one?" repeated Anaïk.

"What does it matter to those who sit by the warm hearth that others are freezing outside? But take care; every one has their turn."

Although I was well acquainted with the privileges accorded to the mendicant by the laws of charity, and had been accustomed to see them, when once admitted, place themselves on a perfect equality with the owners of the house, I was struck by the perfect, not to say menacing, tone assumed by the old woman. While thus scolding the relieved herself of her wallet, and having deposited it in a corner, advanced to the hearth, where she perceived me. "Ah! there is a gentleman here," said she, stopping short, and fixing her piercing glance on me. I was struck with her singular appearance. She had one, too—and gold earrings, and ribbons in his shoes! While Jann lived old Timor was not obliged to knock at people's doors with a beggar's staff! But he has gone to rejoin his father and sisters! So now every one tramples on the widow who has buried her only son." And she began to cross, almost unintelligibly,

"J'vais rend'ffe des pas j'avais mis au monde: et voila que la mort est venue me les prendre— Ne les prend pas encor le seuil de notre porte, et je n'ai personne pour me donner une goutte d'eau."

While she murmured this song she knelt down on the hearth-stone, and extended her skeleton hands over the fire, whose dying gleams flickered over the sparkling rings in her hair. Her haggard, restless eyes wandered, meanwhile, from face to face, till they fell upon Dinah, when a flash of hatred crossed her features. "You here, you raven?" she cried. "What business have you among honest folks—you, the mother's daughter?

I glanced at Dinah, who turned very pale. The word, "mother's daughter" explained the young girl's timidity, and the vague feeling of ill-will evinced toward her by her neighbors. She belonged to the race of the old criminal among the peasantry of Bretagne as accursed one.

"You cannot recall what I have committed!" continued Anaïk, "because a young man of the village took it into his head to like you—because you have a young child! Ah, but a hundred years of burden. But wait a little; it is just a year since I foretold your evil days!"

"Why do you wish me ill, Timor?" asked Dinah, in a gentle, timid voice.

"Why? Ask me why? Has not your husband chased me from his door?"

"Because your master made me weep."

"My tants!" repeated Anaïk. "I called you the *cupcake's daughter!* Was it not true? And my Jean declared I was drunk! He threatened me—yes, he threatened me, old Timor!—ah! ah! Ah! the knapsack he had set his foot on the viper, but it can sting yet! An hour is coming when I shall be revenged on all who have despised me—on all who have shut the door! Ay, ay, my children, your pride will have a fall. She was a beautiful woman, not more than four-and-twenty; and notwithstanding the rather masculine style of her beauty, there was something extremely gentle about her. Her carriage was upright, her forehead high, and her feet were firmly planted on the hearth; with one arm she held her sleeping infant on her bosom, the other being employed with her side. There was in the proud yet flexible lines of her countenance, in her full brown lips, and black eyes, ever ready to veil themselves with their long lashes, an expression of wild, untamed pride, softened, tempered, however, with an intensity of caressing tenderness. After a second she perceived that I was observing her, and turned away her head, embarrassed. But while I was thus engaged the conversation had continued among the spinners, the sum of whose wailing of what she would do when the *St. Pierre* had returned.

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While she murmured this song she knelt down

* Spinning party.

* The Breton call the English Saxons.

† A sign among the Bretons which accompanies the death of the absent.

"Has not the gentleman heard the voices?"

"I have heard some pilgrims, who, as they passed, were chanting a hymn." She looked at me fiercely, and shook her head.

"Good! that is the way they talk in towns. No one in the town believes in the soul; they treat their dead as so many dogs, and cast entirely in the hole in which they are flung. Well, well! God will yet teach the heathens what he can do. Perhaps the gentleman means to deny that those who have just passed are the drowned sailors of the *St. Pierre*?"

"And the gentleman would be right," interrupted a grave voice. I turned; a priest stood on the threshold.

The woman rose, exclaiming, "The rector!" The latter advanced slowly into the room, and fixed a severe look upon Anaïk Timor.

"What business have you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"The poor have a right to go wherever there is a morsel of bread to be found among Christians," whined the beggar.

"It was not hunger," replied the priest, "but the love of evil. Instead of basking beside the hearth of a clergyman, you should be at the altar of the Holy Virgin!"

"And those six—?"

"Are saved!"

"Where are they?—where are they?"

"You have just heard them pass."

The woman of shook tumultuously to the door.

"Stop!" cried the rector, barring their passage. "You can not see them."

"Are they not here?"

"They are here; but they have all vowed not to lift their voices to God to save them by words."

"Their names—at least their names!" cried the excited Dinah.

"It would be a violation of their oath," replied the priest; "for they have sworn that neither to wife, to mother, nor to child will they make themselves known till after the accomplishment of their vow. Respect their solemn promise made before God."

There was a cry of despair, and, as it seemed, a moment of hesitation. Then, with a movement like her father, son, brother, or husband, endeavoring to glean some information from a corpse's face, or name after name was pronounced; but the priest, immovable, continued to invoke the sanctity of the vow, and to exhort them to submit to his decisions. At last several, listening only to the promptings of their generous impatience, exclaimed that, at whatever cost, they must know their fate. The rector vainly attempted to detain them; they rushed in a body to the threshold, and, irregularly.

"Go, then," he cried, indignantly; "go, violate the sacred vow made before God. But tremble lest his punish your sacrilege, and the first who lifts the veil in of the wrecked men shall see the fate he expects!"

Dinah, who was in the act of going, suddenly recoiled.

"Ah, I will not go!" she cried, terrified.

"Solemn words, my daughter," said he, authoritatively; "your suspense can endure only for a short time. Be patient and unmurmuring, as a punishment for your many sins. Be you one of the happy or of the afflicted, endeavor to bend to His divine will. Learn each of you submission from this moment a widow, or an orphan; let her heart become like marble, and, as the storm-tossed mariner tries from the tomb, let her regard it as a miracle, for which it will be her duty to thank God as long as she lives."

The women burst into tears and fell on their knees.

The rector endeavored to calm them, addressing to each some especial consolation. He reminded Dinah, in a few words of encouragement, the holy patroness of broken hearts; and having announced that he would offer up the holy sacrifice for the deliverance of the shipwrecked mariners, he made them promise to accompany him to the church, and join their prayers to his.

All followed, with the exception of Dinah, who, turning aside, remained kneeling on the hearth, on who was seated by the hearth, and seized her hand.

"You know who are saved?" she asked, in a voice choking with emotion.

"Ah!" cried Anaïk.

"You must have met them at Trégulier."

"Well?"

"Jean! Where is Jean?"

The beggar sneered.

"The priest desired you to wait."

"No!" exclaimed Dinah, who had sunk upon her knees, with clasped hands and wandering eyes; "I must find my Jean, Anaïk, if you have seen Jean—if you have recognized him. Oh, a word, a single word! Say it, for the happiness of a child let me know it! Better to die at once than wait! Anaïk, Anaïk! Ah, do not—do not refuse me!"

"And what will you give me for my news?" asked the beggar.

"All that I have!" cried Dinah. "What will you have? Here—my ebony beads—my cross? Here they are."

"They are not enough."

"Well, then, take the gold ring he gave me. Take all, Anaïk—all that I have in the world."

And she knelt at the old woman's feet, pressing

her child against her bosom with one hand, while, with the other, she offered her cross, ring, and beads. Timour held her thus for several instants, as if expiring beneath her glance; then, bursting into a wild laugh, she said,

"You may keep them all; for to torment you is better than any thing you can offer me!"

Dinah rose with a bound, and darted out of the cabin.

I was too interested in the result to remain behind, and followed her.

She ran through the hamlet, and we reached the Christian temple. The women were in their usual haunts, the vapers burned upon the altar, the choristers were in their places. Suddenly the door of the sacristy opened, and the six shipwrecked men appeared, enveloped in white shrouds, which effectually concealed their persons.

A smothered groan burst from the women; several nuns escaped amidst their sobs, but the vails remained immovable.

It were vain to attempt to describe the awful solemnity of the scene which followed. The whole body which reigned throughout the church was broken only by the voice of the priest; and if, for a moment, a murmur were audible, it rose as if to remind the murmurer of patience, and the sound died away!

What sublime power has the will over the human soul! Every woman there was awaiting the decree that was to influence the remainder of her life; yet each, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, knelt motionless before the altar.

I glanced round in search of Dinah, and discovered her kneeling in the porch, her face raised to heaven, her arms hanging powerless by her sides, and her hair lying before her, like a victim awaiting the blow, with an instant of awaking!

At last the rector pronounced the blessing. A shudder ran through the crowd, and the moment that followed was one of intense agony. Every head was strained, and all arms were extended toward the altar.

"Put your trust in the Lord!" said the priest; and, taking by the hand the man who stood nearest to him, he made him step forward, and raised the shroud! There was a scream; and the next instant he fell dead at his wife's feet!

The priest raised the second shroud, and then the others. As each vail fell to the ground a scream of joy resounded, echoed by a sorrowful murmur; but as the last fell, loud groans and sobs of despair burst forth.

I turned quickly to where Dinah knelt. She was in the same place, in the same attitude, still gazing intently in the direction of the altar. All the vails had been raised, and still she sought Jem.

* * * * *

I passed the rest of the night at the parsonage, while the rector occupied himself in offering consolation to the orphans and widows. A wreck of day I resumed my journey to Trégulier.

The wind had ceased; and the sun, unencumbered by mist, shone joyously in the heavens; the birds, under the enlivening influence, flew among bedless branches glittering with frost; the hoarhorn hedges had shaken off their robes of snow, and displayed their ruddy berries; all creation seemed to revive under the warm breath of spring, which spared never the frozen earth.

Just before descending the hill I turned to give a last look at the desolated village I was quitting, and perceived in the distance, on the road to Carhaix, descending the opposite slope, her child in her arms and a mendicant's white staff in her hand.

* * * * *

THE MUSICAL REVIEW.

I.

Chaconne through the crotchets,
Dashing past the bars,
Flashing o'er the quavers,
Higher than the stars:
All the world is present,
Leader in a stew;
Gracious! what a pleasant
Musical Review!

II.

Now begins the battle
From the younger throats;
Grand pianos rattle
Whole broadsides of notes.
Nothing can be finer,
[*"Sorely when 'tis through!"*]
And so ends the minor
Musical Review.

IV.

Study!—study!—loud!—
All the leveling hours;
Till each brain, grown muddy,
Half forgets its powers.
Reading, Music, Rithme—
Tis, till Time grows "blue"—
Bothers all end with the
Musical Review.

V.

P'r'aps a trip to Bash-Bish,
Or to Hunter's Cave;
P'r'aps a "walk"—quite solemn—
Now and then we'd have;
But not a dash of "moonshine,"
Not a drop of dew,
Till 'tis spoiled by sunshine,
Can we ever view.

VI.

No sweet, handsome "cousins,"
Cooening our dear aunts—
Sweet-hearts, by the dozens,
Glancing glance for glance!
No dear, dark Othellos
Watching all you do,
Whose long "lectures" tell us
"Pranks" we never knew.

VII.

Now they'll soon be over—
Lectures, "marks," re-marks—
For, fire-flies, like love,
Sparkling with the sparks;
Or, with *cerbed* noises,
Saying "How do ye?"
Bowgoeting with the *Beau-ses*—
[*"Don't you wish 'twere you?!"*]

VIII.

"Hear me, Norma!"—listen!—
[*"Silence!—and oh! sorry!*]
Angels' eyes mighty glistening,
[*"Don't they do it Brown?"*]
Now an air from Bellini—
[*"Go it while you're young!"*]
Pretty, sparkling Stella!—
Now, then, for a song!

IX.

Like a Saint Cecilia,
In a seraph choir!
Like a Nora Cipolla,
"Higher still, and higher!"
But my brain grows dizzy
With over-fire!
Gar! if there's Elysi-
Um! 'tis our "Review."

X.

Now, there comes the crisis—
Candies, cakes, and cream—
Worshipers of *Isis*,
I'll commune with them!
Sweetnesses in Fusion
Mingle each sense and aim;
All things in profusion,
["Only, only—*chairs!*"]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

MR. VANCE explains how to make presents to grind colors and save half-pence.—A sudden announcement.

The meal was over—the table had been spread by a neat maid-of-all-work upon the river. The moon was up; the young men asked for the other lights; conversation became brisk, and often shifting, often pausing—had gradually become grave, and, as usually does, with two remarkable results; while the lively voices of young Future stretch before them deep in shadow, and half call into existence the shapes that gleam within, what they fear; making visionary maps in that luminous obscure.

"There is so much power in faith," said Lionel, "even when faith is applied but to things human and false. Now, I am sure I could be half persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies. Surely, when you were a child at school, you felt convinced that there was something in your fate distinct from that of the other boys—whom the master might call quite as clever—felt that faith in yourself which I am sure that you would be one day what you are."

"Well, I suppose so; but vague aspirations and self-conceits must be bound together by some practical necessity—perhaps a very homely and a very vulgar one—or they smoke and evaporate. One would think that rich people in high life ought to do more than poor folks in humble life. More pains are taken with their education; they have more leisure for the summer, the bent of their genius; yet it is the poor folks, often half self-educated, and with pinched bellies, that do three fourths of the world's real labor. Poverty is the keenest stimulant, and poverty made me not say, '*I will do*,' but '*I shall*.'"

"You know real poverty in childhood, Frank?"

"Real poverty, covered over with sham affluence. My father was Genteel Poverty, and my mother was Genteel Gentility. Sham affluence went when my father died. The real poverty then came out in all its glory. I was driven from a genteel school, at which, long afterward, I genteelly paid the bills; and I had to support my mother and sister—or rather contribute to her support. I succeeded. Also, I fear not genteelly! But before I succeeded, which I did in a few years, she had some comforts which were not appearances; and now I easily allowed, dear soul, that gentility and shame do not go well together. Oh! beware of debt, *Lizzette sus*; and never call that economy which entails debt—debt is but the safeguard from mean degradation."

"I surround you at last, Vance; shake hands; I know why you are so fond of me."

"Habit now," answered Vance, repressing praise of himself, as usual. "But I remember, so well what twopence was a sum to be respected, that to this day I would rather put it by than spend it. All our ideas, like orange-plants, spread out in proportion to the size of the box which imprisons the roots. Then I had a sister. Vance paused a moment as if in pain, but went on with seeming carelessness, leaning over the window-sill, and turning his face from his friend. "I had a sister older than myself, handsome, genius, the very pride of her! Foolish girl! my love was not enough for her. Foolish girl! she could not wait to see what I might live to do for her. She married—oh! ingenerally!—a young man, very well born, who had wooed her before my father died. He had the villainy to remain constant when she had not a farthing, and he was dependent on distant relations and his own domain in Parmasan. The wretch was a poet! So they married. They spent their honeymoon genteelly at Bare say. His relations cut him. Parmasan paid no rents. He wrote sonnets. Such sonnet-reading letters from her! They were destitute. How could I help it? how I regret! But how could I maintain her and her child? Yes, more child than I was! No matter. They are dead now, both; all dead but whose name I bear, and whose memory is half-peace. And Frank Vance is a stingy, selfish bachelor. Never revive this dull subject again, or I shall become a crown from you, and cut you dead. Waiter, ho!—the bill. I'll just go round to the stables, and see the horse put to."

As the friends re-entered London Vance said, "I'm not down my wives in Piccadilly; I will walk home. You, I suppose, of course, are staying with your father in Gloucester Square?"

"No," said Lionel, rather embarrassed; "Colonel Morley, who acts for me as if he were my guardian, owns a house in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair. My hours, I fear, would ill suit my dear mother. Only in town two days, and, thanks to Morley, my table is already covered with invitations."

"Yet you are no one day, generous friend!"

"You the second day—my mother the first. But there are three balls before one can dine. Come home with me, and smoke your cigar while I dress."

"No; but I will at least light my cigar in your hall—prolong it!"

Lionel was engaged at his lodging. The groom, who served him also as valet, was in waiting at the door. "A note for you, Sir, from Colonel Morley—just come, Sir." Lionel hastily opened it, and read:

"My dear Lionel,—Mr. Darrell has suddenly arrived in London. Keep yourself free till to-morrow, when, no doubt, he will see you. I am hurrying off to him. Yours in haste, A. V. M."

CHAPTER IV.

Grey and Grey Darrell.

GUY DARRELL was alone. A lofty room in a large house, on the first floor. His own house in Caulton Gardens, Pimlico. He had arranged during his brief and brilliant parliamentary career; since then, all his contemptuously to the care of a house-agent, to be let by year to the highest bidder known various tenants of an opulence and station suited to the rent he asked. Dinners and concerts, routes and balls, had assembled in its friendly walls all the spirits of many a gracious host and smiling hostess. Now, however, one of these temporary occupants had recently departed, and the house agent, had not forgotten the long-absent owner dropped down into its silvered halls at the very hour that gives writers what they fear; making visionary maps in that luminous obscure.

"There is so much power in faith," said Lionel, "even when faith is applied but to things human and false. Now, I am sure I could be half persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies. Surely, when you were a child at school, you felt convinced that there was something in your fate distinct from that of the other boys—whom the master might call quite as clever—felt that faith in yourself which I am sure that you would be one day what you are."

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The man is but little altered externally since we saw him last, however inly changed since he last stood on those unwelcoming floors; the form still retained the same vigor and symmetry—the same unexhaustible dignity of mien and bearing—the same thoughtful bend of the proud neck—no distinct, in its elastic rebound, from the stoop of debility or age. Thick as ever the rich mass of dark brown hair, though, when in the impatience of some painful thought, his hand swept the loose curls from his forehead, there was discernible streaks more than scanty here and there—vanishing almost as soon as seen. Not, however, the baptismal register may say to the contrary, that man is not old—not even elderly; in the deep of that clear gray eye light may be cold, but it sparkles not; nor will a ray, sent from brain or from heart, is yet flickering down. The cheek, however, there is less composure than of old in his smile, and hesitancy—less of that resignation which seemed to say, "I have taken the substances of life." Still there was gloom, but it was more broken and restless. Sometimes he would throw his head again admitting, or forcing itself to cease, human hopes, human objects. Returning to the substances of life, their memories were seen in the shadows which, when they wrap us round at sunset darkness seem to lose their solidity as they gain their width. He broke from his musing attitude with an abrupt, angry movement, and it fell from off thoughts which displeased him, and gathering his arms rigidly to his breast, in a gesture peculiar to him, paced to and fro the room, murmuring inaudibly. The door opened; he turned quickly, and with an evident sense of relief, for his face brightened. "Adrian, my dear Alban!"

"Darrell—dear friend—old school-friend—dear, dear Guy Darrell!" The two Englishmen shook hands tightly clasped in each other, in true English gentleness—eyes exchanging with remembrances that carried them back to boyhood.

Alban was the first to recover self-possession; and when the friends had seated themselves, he surveyed Darrell's countenance attentively, and said: "So little change!—wonderful! Why, you are younger!"

"Suppose from life—hybernating. But you look me; you have been spending life, yet seem as rich in it as when we parted."

"No; I begin to decry the present and look the past—my head with gladness to decide from prejudice, to recoil from change, to find sense in wrinkles, and the value of health from the fear to lose it—feel a tendency to rheumatism, an awe of bronchitis—to tell anecdotes and to wear flannel. Yes, I am a street-collector I disclose the truth—I am no longer twenty-five. Yet, lurking—I'm civilized talk; does it not refresh you after the gibberish you have been forced to in Asia Minor?"

Darrell and Alban answered in the affirmative with truth. What man, after long years of solitude, is not refreshed by the sound of social, that recalls to him the gay time of the world he remembered in his young day—and recalls to him on the first day of his return home? But Darrell and nothing; only he settled himself in an chair with a more elaborate air of enjoyment, his relaxing brows with a nod of encouragement or assent.

Colonel Morley continued. "But when did you arrive? whence? How long do you stay here? What are your plans?"

DARRELL. "Cæsar could not be more laconic."

"When arrived?—this evening. Whence?—Constantinople. How long? So I say unceremonious. What are my plans?—let us discuss them."

COLONEL MORLEY. "With all my heart. You have plans, then?—a good sign. Animals in hibernation form none."

DARRELL ("Putting aside the lights on the table, so as to bring the fire-light more strongly toward the floor as he speaks). "For the last five years I have struggled hard to renew interests—to find occupation—to deal with common life and its healthful objects. Between Easley and Loddon I desired to be—to become—to almost. I took rather a vast one—nearly all the rest of the known world. I have visited both hemispheres—both Indies. I have have I ransacked, and pierced as far into Africa as travelers have ever been in search of knowledge. I have sojourned also, at long intervals—at least they seemed long to me—in the gay capitals of Europe (Paris excepted, which, even with the payest—hired palaces, filled them with guests—I could not stand much). 'Guy Darrell,' said I, 'shake off the rust of years—thou hadst no youth while young. Behold a holiday for young nature free to wholesome work, as a boy restores the worried school-boy.'"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Experimented; the experiment succeeded?"

DARRELL. "I don't know—not yet—but it may; I am here, and I intend to stay. I would not go to a hotel for a single day, lest my resolution should fail me. I drove to my own—of into the castle of care without even a garrison. I am here, Mr. Morley, I am here. In a word, and without metaphor, I am here with the design of re-entering London life."

COLONEL MORLEY. "I am glad. Hearty congratulations! How rejoiced all the Viponts will be! Another career for you, and we shall have seen the newspapers regularly, of course—the state of the country interests you. You say that you come from Oxenford, the town you once represented. I guess you will re-enter Parliament; you have but to say the word."

DARRELL. "Parliament! No. I received, while abroad, so earnest a request from my old constituents to lay the foundation-stone of a new Town-hall, in which they are much interested, and my obligations to them have been so great, that I could not refuse. I wrote to fix the day

as soon as I had resolved to return to England, making a condition that I should be spared the infliction of a public dinner, and landed just in time to keep my appointment—reached Southford early this morning, went through the ceremony, made a short speech, came on at once to London, not venturing to diverge to Fawley (which is not very far from Oxnelford), lest, once there again, I should not have strength to leave there again, I should not have strength to leave it—and here I am." Darrell paused, then repeated, in brisk, emphatic tone: "Parliament? No. Luther? No. Fellow-men? I am about to confess to you; I would snatch back some days of youth—a wintry likeness of yesterday—than none. Old friend, let us resume ourselves! When I was working hard—hard—hard—it was you who would say: 'Come, Darrell, come!'—You happy butterfly that you were! Now, I say to you: 'Show me this Boanerges town that you know so well; initiate me into the joy of polite pleasures, social communion—

"Dash—and forever on and on:
You have amusements—let me share them."

"Faith," quoth the Colonel, crossing his legs, "you came late in the day! Amusements cease to amuse at last. I have tried all, and begin to be tired. I have had my holiday, exhausted its sports; and you, coming from books and desk fresh into the playground, say, 'Football and cricket—Ah! my poor friend, why did not you come sooner?'"

Darrell.—"One word, one question. You have made rash a philosophy and a system; no man ever did so with more brilliancy and less loss in following pleasure, have you parted company with conscience and shame. A fine gentleman even, in honor as in elegance. Well, are you satisfied with your choice of life? Are you happy?"

"Happy—who is? Satisfied—perhaps?"

"Is there any one you envy—whose choice, other than your own, you would prefer?"

"Certainly."

"Who?"

"You."

"I!" said Darrell, opening his eyes with unaffected amaze. "I! envy me! prefer my choice!"

Colonel Morley (coyishly). "Without doubt. You have had gratified ambition—a great career. Envy you! why, you have the stalwart and unbowed, young blood still in your veins. Ungrateful man! who would not change lots with Guy Darrell? Those words are sincere, and, not to flatter you, a form and presence that would be remarked, even in the crowd of the black frock by the side of a monarch in his coronation robes."

Darrell.—"You have turned my questions against myself with a kindliness of intention that makes me forgive your belief in my vanity. Pass on—or rather pass back; you say you have tried all in life that distresses or sweetens. So be it; lose bachelor, you have won wedlock. Has not that been your mistake?"

Colonel Morley.—"Excuse for yourself. You have tried it." The words were scarce out of his mouth ere he repented the answer. For Darrell did not let it sting to the quick; and his brow, before serene, his lip, before playful, grew, the one darkly troubled, the other darkly compressed. "Pardon me," faltered out the friend.

Darrell.—"Oh, 'tis I should ask pardon of myself. What could we have been talking? Tell me the news—not political—any other. But first, your report of young Haughton. Cordial thanks for all your kindness to him. You write me word that he is much improved—more worthy of his name? Is he become the rage—that in London you are sure he will be extremely popular. But is it so, if for his own sake, I feel quite sure that it is not for the expectations which I may have allowed to conjure?"

Colonel Morley. "Much for himself, I am certain; a little, perhaps, because, whatever he thinks itself I say to the contrary—people have no other heir to your property."

"I understand," interrupted Darrell, quickly. "But he does not nurse those expectations? he will not be disappointed?"

Colonel Morley. "Verily I believe that, apart from his love for you, and a delicacy of sentiment that would shrink from pilfering hopes of wealth in the graves of benefactors, Lionel Haughton would prefer carving his own fortune to all the chances here and out of California by another's hand, and bequeathed by another's will."

"I am heartily glad to hear it—glad to trust you."

"I gather from what you say that you are here with the intention to—to—"

"Marry again," said Darrell, firmly. "Right. I am."

"I always felt sure you would marry again. Is the lady here, too?"

"What lady?"

"The lady you have chosen?"

"Ouch—I have chosen none. I come here to choose; and in this I ask advice from your experience. I would marry again! I—at my age! Ridiculous! But so it is. You know all the mothers and marriageable daughters that London—words mirror—rears for nuptial share —where, among them, shall I, Guy Darrell, the man whom you think so enviable, find the safe helpmate whose love he may reward with magnificent jointure, to whose child he may bequeath the name that has now no successor, and the wealth he has no heart to spend?"

Colonel Morley—who, as we know, is by habit a match-maker, and likes the vocation—assumes a placid but cogitative mien, rubs his brow gently, and says, in his softest, best-bred accents, "You would not marry a mere girl? some one of suitable age? I know several most some one of suitable age? I know several most superior young women on the other side of thirty—Wilhelmina Prymme, for instance, or Julia—"

Darrell. "Old maids. No—decidedly no!"

Colonel Morley (suspiciously). "But you would not risk the peace of your old age with a girl of eighteen? Now, I—I, who am so accomplished, well brought-up girl; just eighteen —why—"

Darrell. "Re-enter life by the side of eighteen! Am I a madman?"

Colonel Morley. "Of Neither old maids, nor young ones; maybe the choice becomes narrowed. You would prefer a widow, I suppose, for sake of one's a prize, indeed, could you but win her —the widow of—"

Darrell. "Sphynx! Halt! suggest no widow to me. A widow, with her affections buried in the grave!"

Morley. "Not necessarily. And in this case—"

Darrell (interrupting, and with warmth). "In ever case, I tell you, no widow shall doff her weeds for me and for me alone. Enough of Belle is the woman who can love twice. Did she not love him? why did she marry him? Perhaps she could not help it. Enough! Shall she sell herself again to me, for a jointure? Heaven forbid! Shall I, Guy Darrell, be bought so favorless as a heart warmed up again?"

Colonel Morley. "Neither widow nor thing old or young, you refuse. Possibly you want an angel. London is not the place for angels."

Darrell. "I grant that. I am not quite so wolved in perplexity. How can it be otherwise, if one's self is perplexed? And yet, Morley, I am curious; and I do not think I am so exacting as my words have implied. I ask not fortune, nor, since I have myself some name, another beauty, nor accomplishments, nor fashion; but I do ask one thing, and one thing only."

"What is that?" said the friend left nothing worth the having to ask for."

"Nothing! I have left all. I ask some one whom I can love—love better than all the world —not the *surrogate de connexion*, not the *amour de raison*, but the love of romance. All other marriage, with vows of love so solemn, with interchange of affections so tender, now touch, now sage, in my eyes, is as rotted falsehood—a vanished sin. Ah! if I had thought so, what a brief misery, torpor and repulsion! The future alone is now before me. Alban Morley, I would not have the body of a lovely dead girl laid in the house at Fawley, ay, and after signing, eat off, to boot, this right hand, could I have seen her lips kiss my brow, my heart, again, as any two of Heaven's simplest human creatures may love each other with all their soul! Stranger, friend —look out into the world; mark the man of our years who shall be most admired, most followed, most adored. Give him all the attributes of power, wealth, royalty, genius, fame. See all the younger generation bowing down to him, as they or owe; his word can make their fortune; at his smile a nation may rejoice. Then look on that man say to the young, 'Room among yourselves—all that wins me this homage I would not at the like price accept.' I enter the lists of love," and straightway his power vanishes, the young body my early-dead can push him aside; before the object of reverence he is now the butt of ridicule. The instant he asks right to win the heart of woman, he is, in her objective, he could rule as a hickey, cries, 'Off, Gray-beard!' and Time is the victor over me."

"This were but eloquent extravagance, even if your heard were gray. Men older than you, and with half your fame, have married, and in some form, have carried away hearts from boys like Haughton. Be reasonable, and, as I said before —if it was not difficult who would be a bachelor?"

Guide my choice. Pilot me to the haven."

"Accepted! But you must remount a suitable establishment, receive and visit—in a great world, and penetrate those sacred recesses where anxious spinsters weave the fatal web. Leave all to me. Mrs. and Miss (I see you have him still) call on me to-morrow about your *nosegay*. I can will go home, and write to them."

"Oh, of course. Must I dine at them myself?"

Morley laughed softly, and took up his hat.

"So soon," cried Darrell. "If I fatigue you already, what must I be together—you, my friend—to others?"

"So soon! it is past eleven. And it is you who speak so fatigued."

"So much good luck; were I fatigued, I might hope to sleep. Good night, Morley. Let me not alone in this room—alone in the jaws of Fish; swallowed up by a creature whose blood is cold!

"You have something still to say to me," said Alban, when they were in the open air; "I desire it to be said before we part."

"I know not. But you have told me no news; these streets are grown strange to me. Who're now the great? Who're the rising? Answers were my friends."

"In that house—oh, new people; I forget their names—but rich—in a year or two, with luck, they may be exclusives, and forget we name. In the other house, Curr Viponi, still."

"Viponi; those dear Viponis! what of them all? cruel they? sting they? Bask they in the sun? or are they in anxious process of a change of skin?"

"Hush, my dear friend; no satire on your own connections; nothing so injudicious. I am a Viponi, too, and all for the family maxim—'Viponi with Viponi, and come what may!'"

"I stand rebuked. But I am married. I married, it is true, into their house, and they married, ages ago, into mine; but no drop in the blood of time-servers flows through the veins of the last childless Darrell. Pardon. I allow the merit of the Viponi ease; no family more serene nor respectful interest. What of their births, deaths, and marriages?"

Colonel Morley. "All to births, Carr has just welcomed the birth of a grandson; the first-born of his daughter, who married last year the son and heir of the Duke of Halifax]—a promising young man, a Lord in the Admiralty. Carr has a second son in the —— Hussars; he just purchased his step; the other boys are still at school. As for Lady Viponi, she is now considerably brought up; indeed, now I think of it, the eldest, Honoria, might suit you, slightly accomplished as she is read, interests herself in politics—a great admirer of intellect—of a very superior order, in fact."

Darrell. "A female politician with a serious turn of mind—a farthing rushlight in a London fog! Honoria to subjects less gloomy. Whose funeral achievement is that present?"

Colonel Morley. "The late Lord Niton's, father to Lady Montfort."

Darrell. "Lady Montfort! Her father was a Lord, and left her to the Fleet. Ha! Haughton, at least, has gone over me and my world with a kindred spirit in the face of his widow."

Colonel Morley. "I speak of the present Lord Montfort's wife—the Earl's. You of the late Marquis's first wife. Marquises—the antipathies is extinct. Surely, whatever your wanderings, you must have heard of this death of the last Marquis of Montfort!"

"Yes, I heard of that," answered Darrell, in a somewhat changed and muttered voice. "So he is dead, the young man.]—What killed him?"

Colonel Morley. "A violent attack of croup—quite sudden. He was staying at Carr's at the time. I suspect that Carr made him drink a drug, for he was not accustomed to the deranged his system altogether. But don't let me revive painful recollections."

Darrell. "Was she with him at the time?"

Colonel Morley. "Lady Montfort? —No; they were very ill-matched together."

Darrell. "She is not married again yet?"

Colonel Morley. "—No, but still young, so beautiful, she will have many offers. I know those who are waiting to propose. Montfort has been only dead seven months—died in May, and how young Carr's marriage. His widow lives, in complete seclusion, at the furniture-house at Twickenham. She has only seen even me once since her loss."

Darrell. "When was that?"

Morley. "About six or seven months ago; she asked about you with much interest."

Darrell. "After me?"

Colonel Morley. "To be sure. Don't I remember how constantly she and her mother were at your house? Is it strange that she should ask about you, or ought to know her better—the most affectionate, grateful character?"

Darrell. "I dare say. But at the time you refer to I was too occupied to acquire much acquaintance with a young lady's character. I should have known her mother's character better, yet I scarcely do."

Colonel Morley. "Mrs. Lyndsay's character you might well mistake—charming but artificial; [and I should advise you, Darrell, if you had not that liberal prejudice against widows, she was the very person I was about to suggest to you."

Darrell. "A fashionable beauty, and young enough to be my daughter! Such is Spartan friendship! So the manipulate is extinct, and Sir James Graham [of treasonable name in the House of Commons—respectable man—great authority on cattle—timid, and always saying, 'Let your own better article to-day's cattle-show'] has the estates and the earldom."

Colonel Morley. "Yes. There was some fear of a disputed succession, but Sir James made his claim very clear. Between you and me, the claimant has been a curious subject for the Viponis. The late Lord was not wise, but the Morse connection [that of the late Lord *Grand Seigneur*—and Carr managed the family influence with admirable tact. The present Lord has but been a cypher, as his wife's family his taste. He has taken the management not only of the property, but of its influence, out of Carr's hands, and will make a sad mess of it, for he is an impracticable, speculative politician. He will never keep a Parliament together—quarrels —a-nd thing. I remember how our last minister, Lord Spain [not a Viponi connection—created into Lord ——'s Cabinet; the mere report of it in the newspapers set all people talking and thinking. What was it, then, that, a month after, proper overtures were made to Carr—he connected to assist the Administration, and the Country was saved! Now, thanks to this stupid new Earl, in eighteen months we have lost ground which it took at least a century and a half to gain. Our votes are divided, our influence frittered away. Montfort and Viponi, he and Carr, grown quite thin, says that, in the coming ' crisis ' Cabinet will not only be formed, but will last—last—last—long enough for reputable mischief—without a single Viponi in office."

Thus Colonel Morley continued in mournful strain, Darrell silent by his side, till the Colonel reached his own door. There, while applying his latch-key to the lock, Alban's mind returned from the perils that threatened the House of Viponi and the Star of Brunswick, to the petty claims of private friendship. But even these last were blended with those grander interests; one care for which every true patriot of the House of Viponi imbibed with his mother's milk.

"Your appearance in town, my dear Darrell, is most opportune. It will be an object with the whole family to make the most of you at this coming ' causes'—I say coming, for I believe in most cases. Your name is still freshly remembered—your position greater for having been out of all the scrapes of the party the last sixteen or seventeen years; your house should be the nucleus of new combinations. Don't forget to send Mills to me; I will engage your *chef* from your present steward for a month. I know just the man to suit you. Your intention to marry, too, just at this moment, is most auspicious; it will increase the family interest. I may give out that you intend to marry?"

"Oh, certainly—if all [you please."

"A club-room will do as well. I beg ten thousand pardons for my want of luck about money whenever they talk about marriage. I should not like to exaggerate your fortune—I know it must be very large, and all at your own disposal—eh?"

"Every shilling."

"You must have saved a great deal since you retired into private life?"

"Take that for granted. Dick Fairthorn receives my rents, and looks to my various investments; and I find I can keep my disposable cash nearly when I say that, what with the rental of hands I purchased in my poor boy's lifetime, and the interest of very much more lucrative money-ed capital, you may safely whisper to all Indies that it is not for interest in their affairs I invoke a—Sphynx, 'Thirty-five thousand a year, and an old fool.'

"I certainly shall not say so aloud, for I am the same ages as yourself; and if I had £35,000 a year I would marry Venus."

"You would! Old fool!" said Darrell, turning away.

THE GREAT PARIS SEWER.

The great argument, according to some authorities, in favor of the authenticity of the regal history of Rome is the existence of the *Cloaca Maxima*, the great sewer, by which the city of Tarquin was drained. This was standing one hundred years since, and parts of which serve the same useful purpose today.

The accompanying illustrations demonstrate that the Emperor Napoleon the Third is minded to leave a equally substantial memorial of his reign. Under his orders, a gigantic sewer has been constructed in Paris with a view of carrying all the sewage water and refuse stuff from all the lower decies on the right side of the Seine into that river near the Pont d'Asnieres. This work commenced some seven years ago, and the Cloaca Maxima of Rome, of which it has been said that a loaded cart could be driven through it. The main sewer into which we herewith present a vertical section—is about eighteen feet wide, and fourteen feet high. Scores of various sizes, communicating with street and house drains, traverse the earth on either side, and discharge themselves into the main sewer, which flows through the bed prepared for it. This bed is nearly seven feet deep, and is formed of concrete, so that it may be considered a small river. In dry seasons it is calculated that the drain-stuff will keep the sewer well pretty full; but in seasons every preparation is made for the overflow of the sewer. In the section which the reader will remark in the walls of the sewer are doors of escape for those who may be surprised by a sudden rush of water into the drain and an overflow of the curb. They are provided with safety ladders communicating with dry land above. Such precautions are the more necessary as, in the very rainy seasons which sometimes occur in Paris, it is estimated that the flow of water from sources will amount till the whole tunnel, and would of course drown every unfortunate workman who happened to be in it at the time the torrent began.

The tunnel itself is about three miles long altogether. It is calculated to carry off all the stuff not only from Paris itself but from the populous suburbs of Montmartre and Belleville, which provide against any rise or fall in the Seine which might interfere with the steady flow of liquid outward. At the end of the drain is a system of locks at the point where it joins the river.

The great London drains have not exactly the subject of much curious inquiry. Though they are neither as large nor as scientifically constructed as that Paris sewer they are nevertheless very capacious subterranean tunnels, and may, with proper care, be traversed by visitors without fear or toil. The great danger to be apprehended on such an expedition is from the rats. The sewer rat is a peculiar variety of the genus. They have huge spiny garbage their bite becomes venomous. At those times they will attack a full-grown man among the sporting men of London, the owner of the dog invariably stipulates that no sewer rat is to be introduced. Under such circumstances, these denizens of the sewers become very tiers and hold when brought to bay. They have frequently been known to attack the scavengers while engaged in their work.

A few years since, an unfortunate man, who had been reduced by intemperance to the profession of scavenging, was sent down into one of the great London sewers to make the usual examinations—to clear away obstructions, and inspect the solid matter which is gathered in gratings placed at intervals in the sewers. He was a very corpulent man, and much disabled by the use of ardent spirits. He descended into the sewer late in the afternoon, promising to return by nightfall. Night came, and he did not return. Unhappily no one thought enough about him to inquire what had become of him, or, if the idea occurred to any one, it was not sanatorially cooperated that he had emerged and had gone to the public-house, as his wont was. Next morning his wife and child appeared at the office to inquire after him. Their questions aroused



BUILDING THE SEWER. SIFTING THE DEAD-STUFF.

the attention of the agent in charge, and he directed a couple of men to descend instantly into the sewer in search of him.

They found a horrid spectacle on descending into that abode of filth and darkness. The unfortunate man lay with part of his body in the turbid stream, his head against the side of the sewer. He was quite dead, and almost fleshless. When the two men first saw him, they estimated that a thousand rats were at work devouring him. Around him lay many score of dead rats, whose corpses attested the vigor with which he had defended his life. His cheeks, nose, and eyes were gone. His intestines were mostly devoured, and the bulk of the flesh was gnawed from his legs and arms. At the first approach of the new-comers, the rats evinced a strong disposition to contest possession of the corpse. As the men approached they flew at them with tiger-like ferocity. To drive them away, the scavengers were compelled to resort to a well-known method: by a mixture of chemical ingredients they produced an ammoniacal flame which rats can not endure, and by this means recovered possession of the horrid skeleton of their unhappy comrade.

Old scavengers have been heard to declare that they had rather meet a well-armed burglar than a squad of these sewer rats on a foraging expedition, unless they were provided with their chemicals. The peculiar mode of attack of the sewer rat indeed renders him a most formidable enemy. The sewer rat, when he has resolved upon an attack, runs with peculiar swiftness upon his adversary, and in a twinkling ascends his legs to a vital part. At the moment the man aims a blow at the rat who is dashing at his feet, the vermin is biting his stomach or his throat. If the rats are numerous, and the man has no means of defense but a common weapon, he must find an avenue of escape or he is gone. These safety holders have been added to the Paris sewer partly with this view.

At the locks at the extremity of the Paris sewer proper gratings are provided to facilitate an examination of the matter which passes through the drain into the river. It may not be generally known that Pactolus, with all his golden sands, did not flow to the sea more richly freighted than the great sewers of metropolitan cities. The slime, and filth, and garbage, and refuse of all kinds which roll their unfragrant bulk through the underground channel contain, every day, the most precious products of human industry and ingenuity. If the scavenger staff of New York could be sifted thoroughly, the right of retaining the valuables buried in the filth would be worth a princely fortune. In London, the scavengers constantly find in the sewers such articles as bank-notes, valuable papers of various kinds, lace handkerchiefs, and trimmings, pieces of silk (sometimes whole, having evidently been thrown into the sewers by thieves who were chased and took that method of getting rid of the evidences of their crime), jewelry of every kind, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, breast-pins, chains, pocket-books, purses, silver spoons and forks, small articles of plate, etc., etc., etc. Of these, many find their way into the sewers through the carelessness of servants. Thieves—under a police pressure—contribute others. The bakers are articles dropped in the street which the first rain naturally floats into the common receptacle.

The Paris sewer was somewhat impeded in its progress by the necessity of guarding against a landslip in parts where the earth above had an unusual weight to bear. In one part of its course it passes under a railway. This part was considered peculiarly dangerous, and, until the sewer was complete, the railway company was prohibited from running heavy trains over the spot; even the lighter trains were ordered to proceed as slowly as possible on approaching that point. When the London drains were opened they met with very different obstacles. At several points they intersected with subterranean channels, which, up to that time, had remained quite unknown to the police. These channels, or tunnels, had been used for generations, it is supposed, by thieves and malefactors. Some of them led to the Thames; into these murdered bodies were thrown, and left to float out into the river. Others were convenient channels of escape for burglars and other criminals when hard pressed by the police. The English novelist, Harrison Ainsworth, turned the discoveries of unlawful subterranean passages to good account in his "Jack Sheppard" and other romances, which were published at the time the construction of the sewers led to these discoveries.

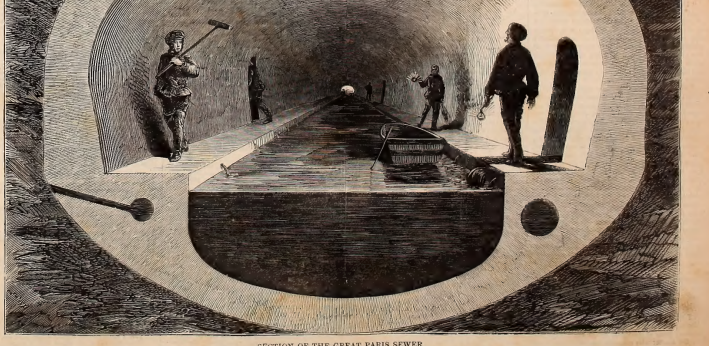
Even in modern times criminals have frequently sought refuge in sewers. Some years since, under one of the last Bourbons, the police and public of Paris were appalled by the commission of an atrocious crime. An old lady and her daughter—both members of the first society of Paris, and the latter one of its fairest ornaments—were discovered murdered in the house which they occupied alone. It was evident that they had been robbed and shockingly abused previous to death. Circumstances, which need not be here repeated, pointed to two notorious villains, who had lately been released from prison, as the criminals. All Paris was on the alert. The King, the municipality, the family of the murdered ladies, and various prominent citizens offered high rewards for the detection of the scoundrels, and that large body of idlers who are ready for any thing instantly turned detectives for the nonce, and gave their aid to the regular police. Not a nook or cranny in the old city was left unexplored, but all without result. Suddenly, in the midst of the excitement, one of the principal sewers became choked up. The consequences were so disagreeable that measures were at once taken to discover the stoppage, and a very few hours' work brought to light the bodies of the two criminals jammed into a narrow part of the old sewer, and perfectly embedded in a mass of filth and garbage. From the position in which they were found it seemed likely that they had tried, after finding refuge in the sewer, to make their way out of it, probably in search of food; but that, whether from incaution or accident, they had contrived to jam themselves into a corner from which they had not the power to creep out. The effluvia would soon cause death in such a case.

The old Dublin story may serve as a pendant to this. Many years ago, as people were trudging along Sackville Street, in Dublin, on a bright morning, a voice was heard issuing from the mouth of a sewer—"Help! help! I'm stifling! Good Lord—good people, get me out!"

In an instant the street was crowded with people, and the police, who had attempted to take the lead in investigating the matter, were roughly driven aside. Half a dozen sympathetic individuals volunteered to communicate with the imprisoned tenant of the sewer.

"Where are ye, darlint?" shouted they, with their noses in the dirt.

"Sure it's in the drain I am, honey; an' ay ye



SECTION OF THE GREAT PARIS SEWER.

don't get me out mighty quick, I'll die here — the smell is killin'."

"He's alive!" shouted the leaders of the mob; and to work fell the crowd instantly, under their command, to tear up the street. With picks, and spade, and shovel, and crow-bar, they fell upon the pavement—working so furiously that in a very few minutes the drain was laid bare. There were no signs of the prisoner.

"Where are ye, honey?" roared one of the chiefs of the sympathetic mob.

No answer.

"Shall I be fainted—the poor crathur!"

And the crowd fell to, more ardently than before, digging and delving, till a full acre of the pavement of the street was torn up. Still no signs of the miserable prisoner was seen.

Just at this moment a squadron of horse-police arrived at the scene of action, and the mob took to their heels instinctively. The magistrates had been told that a clever ventriloquist had played the trick on the mob, without dreaming of the consequences. But it is generally believed by this day, among the people of Dublin, that the voice came from a poor Irish potato, which the luckless Saxons stifled to death in the drain, sorra.

PROVERBS.

INCOME.

No one is less respected than a man who **muddles** away a large income, nobody knows how. For all expenditure there should be something to show, and that something ought to have either utility, use, or dignity, or pomposness to recommend it. But every one and then we meet with cases of expenditure perfectly mysterious. A man of princely inheritance or preferment does nothing, makes no figure, helps nobody, has no exquisite taste, has not only spends every shilling of his income, but eats into difficulties. His domestic comfort, his house ill-furnished, his equipages shabby, his servants ill-paid, his subscriptions in arrears, his hospitality mean, his sons stinted, his daughters portionless, his estate encumbered: in fact, every thing goes to rack and ruin around him, occasionally performing his part in sustaining the great fabric of society, as far as his influence extends, there is one vast deficiency. He may be with cases of cards and crash in every direction. Nobody can say where the money is gone. He has not portioned friends, assisted dependents, built churches, fertilized the soil, ornamented the country, delighted the town, or done any thing that is creditable to his hand upon. It has all been dribbled and frittered away on himself, without any visible enjoyment, without either system or object; it has won neither gratitude, nor admiration, nor respect.

ARTICLES OF FOOD.

Besides varieties in the staple articles of food, there are the infinite varieties of fancy. The Chinese make a delicacy of rats and mice—almost the French, of frogs. The ancients, who carried epicureanism to lengths never dreamed of by gourmen, thought the hedgehog a tit-bit, and had a word to say in favor of the donkey, which they placed on an equality with the ox and sheep. They considered squid to chickens, and even eats were not to be despised. The pork which we eat with great confidence, they considered, and not unfruly, the least digestible of animal meats, fit only for artizans and soldiers. They ate snails, and the edible chodder, with the gusto we acknowledge in oysters. It would be difficult to persuade even a Roman stomach to dine, in full consciousness, off a "single donkey," flanked by "ribs of dog, with fried hedgehogs." In this repugnance only peculiar to the were Greek dogs and donkeys more succulent than ours?

DIOGENES AND HIS TUB.

Every body has heard of Diogenes and his tub. All may not know, perhaps, that the tub was an article of pottery, and not very easy to make.

"The principal vases of terra-cotta manufactured by the Greeks were large tubs or casks, called *pithi*, calculated to hold enormous quantities of wine and oil; *amphoræ*, or vases with a small size, yet sufficiently large to hold several gallons; *phiale*, or saucers; *pomoles*, or vases shaped like pears; *unochoe*, or jugs; together with numerous small vases used for common domestic purposes, and others which appear to have been manufactured solely to funeral ceremonies.

"*Pithoi*, or casks, of gigantic size, are found in Italy; and although no perfect ones have been discovered in Greece, yet fragments of them prove that they were also used in that country. They are shaped like enormous cadrons, with globular bodies and wide gaping mouths. When full, the mouth was covered with a large circular stone, called *lekanis*. It must have been such a cask that Glaucus, the son of Minos, fell; and it was amount the Centaurs, according to mythical traditions, how kept their stock of wine. They were sufficiently capacious to hold a man, and were, in fact, the original bodies of the tubs which are perhaps best known from the circumstance of the eccentric Diogenes having converted one of them into his domicile; who is represented in some works of ancient art stretching his body out of a *pithos* at the moment of his conference and repartee with Alexander. They were used to hold honey, wine, and figs. It required great skill to make such vases; hence the Greek potters characterized an ambitious but inexperienced man as 'one who began with a cask.' They were made by a peculiar process, which is described as plastering the clay round a certain frame-work of wood, the *pithos* being too large to be turned on the lathe."

SALT.

Tim will buffalo frequents the salt licks of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of Southern Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself beside one of the spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times.

When Cook and Hunter landed in Otaheite they astonished the natives, who saw them eating white powder with every mouse of meat; and every one remembers Mr. Bligh's expressive repudiation of salt. But the savages who ate no "white powder" ate fish, and therefore found their food rich in salt. In several parts of Africa men are sold for salt; and on the Gold Coast it is the most precious of all commodities. On the coast of Sierra Leone a man will sell his sister, his wife, or his child for salt, not having learned the art of distilling it from the sea.

The properties of salt are manifold. It forms about the 200th part of the bulkes of human body. It renders aliments soluble, and is necessary for digestion, being decomposed in the stomach into hydrochloric acid for the gastric process, and soda for the bile. It has also a most important property of preserving the animal from putrefaction by fluids through the walls of the vessels, in accordance with the law of *endosmose* and *exosmose* of vital processes depend, but which we can not stop now to explain. So great are the services of salt that we may confidently adopt the conclusion of Dr. Bence Jones, that it is "a substance as essential to life as nitrogenous food or non-nitrogenous food and water;" and if so essential, then assuredly Food.

CONSECRATION OF AGE.

Old Solomon—old Mimnermus—old Theognis —old Sophocles—old Anacreon—old Sophocles—old Plutarch—old Heinsius—old Homer—old old Methuselah! What mean we by the word old? All nations agree to call it in three letters. Old is the raven age—long, long ago—and we heard tell of them in our youth. Their glory dawns on us like the first rays of life's golden prime—and far away seems now that dawn, as if in another world, before the deluge came! In the word of the word "old," far from us is all thought of dotage or decay. Old are those great personages as the stars which, in heaven there is no sense of growing, forever young, all the most ancient spiritual words of poetry. How full the expression "old boy!"—"old girl!"—"old Christopher North!" "old Shakspeare!" "old Ben!" which sayings age seems to give a consecration which youth reverses. —*Recreations of Christopher North.*

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT DISSECTED.

Words in the Old	592,439
Books in the Now	77
Chapters in the Old	929
Chapters in the New	260
Verses in the Old	23,214
Verses in the New	7,959
Words in the Old	876,480
Words in the New	181,253
Letters in the Old	3,729,100
Letters in the New	838,380

APOCRYPHA.

Chapters	183
Verses	6,081
Words	152,185

The middle chapter and the least in the Bible is Psalm 117.

The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm.

The word and occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times, in the New 10,684 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6000 times.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Middle book, Proverbs.
Middle chapter, Job 29.
Middle verse, 2d Chronicles, 20th Chapter, 17th and 18th verses.
Least verse, 1st Chronicles, 1st Chapter, and 1st verse.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Middle book, Thessalonians 2d.
Middle chapters, 13th and 14th Romans.
Middle verse, 15th Acts, 8th verse.
Least verse, 11th Chapter John, verse 35.

The 21st verse of the 7th Chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

19th Chapter of 2d Kings and 37th of Isaiah are alike.

The above took three years in casting.—*Gentlemans Magazine*, 1773.

COMING TO CONSCIENCE.

A COUNTRY minister was about to leave his own congregation to preach in another church. A magistrate of the village who was by no means a pleasant attendant to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to the minister's leaving the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now I am going to preach where I am unconsciously done all that we can for the removal of this debt; what answer am I to give? Brother So-and-so, what do you suppose I shall say?" "Why, Sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't think you will." "Well, gentlemen, you are to a second and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, till the whole sum required was subscribed, and the debt no longer put a stain upon the pastor's wearing out his zeal in coming to the city on any such unworthy errand."

HELPING THE DYING.

It has often noted a difference in the sympathy with the dying in the rich and in the poor. With the former, there is generally great caution and that the sick should not think themselves going; with the latter, a disposition to tell them so. Under caution attention, a more affectionate look, which the sick may not understand, assurance in a different manner. The poor, on the contrary, tell the sick at once, and without any circumlocution, that they will never get out any more. The reason why is less to the poor—that they have fewer objects in this world for which life might be desirable? But this is sometimes dangerous. I was once going to visit a poor woman, and met the parish surgeon, and inquired for his patient. He told me the room was full of friends and neighbors all telling her she was dangerously ill; and, added he, "I suppose she will not, for she is sinking because she thinks she is going; yet I see no other reason why she should, and I could not get one to leave the room."

I entered; my authority had a better effect. I turned all but one out of the room, and then addressed the woman, who was apparently exhausted and speechless. I told her exactly what the surgeon had said, and that she would not die, but be restored to her children and husband. The woman revived, raised herself in bed, and said, with an energy of which I did not think her capable, "What, am I not dying? shan't I die? No! Then, thank the Lord, I shan't die." I gave strict orders that none should be admitted; and the woman's confidence in my falsehood thanked me for having saved her life. Clergymen should be aware of this propensity in the poor, that, when misdiscovery, they may counteract it.—*Rev. John Eagles.*

TURNING SMOKE INTO GOLD.

His pipe often furnished Raleigh with an opening for conversation, as he nearly will to the Queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of tobacco, which "it could not be carried by," said he, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the pipe of any quantity of tobacco." "I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, who was thought of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and I will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt." Raleigh accepted the wager, and he thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed them with great exactness; and what was deficient of the original weight he gave as the result. "Your Majesty," said he, "can not deny that the difference has evaporated in smoke." "Truly, I can not," answered the queen. Then turning to her treasurer, she said, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous—"Many laborers in the fire have I heard of who turned their gold into smoke; but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Notice you bury ominously don't set a stum up over its grave.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed Jonah.

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not ask it.

"Squibbs" "wants to know" if doctors, by looking at the tongue of a wag-on, can tell what ails it.—*Exchange.*

Persons who have lectures on other heads, by listening to a waggin' tongue, what ails its owner.

The papers occasionally speak of persons sold to a life of misery. Perhaps they've apprehended that the unfortunate persons alluded to must have stopped shaking hands long enough to drown.

An ascended family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, noticed with regret that the father had lived not to lay his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir: "I give and devise to him a shilling and a rope to hang himself with."

"Wait for God," said Tom, nabbing like the rest, "that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself!"

Lord Norbury, when Solicitor-General, was singularly destitute. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr. Curran, seeing Lord Norbury enter a van attempt to give utterance to his usual hearty salutation, but he could not. He was in tears. "What is that ex-cur-rand ass?"

Let no man be too severely afflicted with a disorder usually denominated hypochrites imagined she would not become sick, as that they should be recognized as backers of shadow.

"Lad, you know that brass thing the feller gin me for you?" "Yes, father."

"Well, 'tarn't nothin' but brass, was it?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Good! Well, I tucked it on to that backman back there for a matter of fifty pounds of gold-dust."

Jonathan found out when kind of a game he had played when he saw Brother Brimstone push check and take a trunk from the baggage-master, in spite of his own loud protestations that it was his property.

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of the courts in Chicago. The Judge and a Dutch witness at the stand were examined:

Judge.—"Do you understand the language?"

Witness.—"I go so outin."

Judge.—"Where is your mother tongue?"

Witness.—"Ich hab no mudder, Mynheer."

Judge.—"Have you any father?" "Yes, I vas got learn; I What language did you speak in the cradle?"

Witness.—"I don't remember the language in the cradle; I only cry in Deutch!"

Judge.—"Take your ground Jaugh, in which the Judge, jury, and audience, joined. The witness was interrogated in English, and answered in Dutch.

A parson once prefaced his sermon with: "My friends, I am going to preach you a funeral sermon."

This is about equal to the clap who took a short nap before his wedding ceremony.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The mistake is often made by husbands and fathers who pride themselves in very large in any society.

A late arrival in Boston, Mass., followed the example of his comrades, and landed his muskets. Having done so, he proceeded to the middle of his piece on his ground, and appeared to be anxiously endeavoring to draw his charge. A bystander, observing his difficulty, said, "Why don't you fire, and let 'em have it, boy?" "Because," replied the soldier, "I don't dare to; I shall accidentally, for get a ball in my gun, and can't get it out."

A love-smitten gentleman, after converting a while with a young lady, commenced the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded, at last, with a declaration, and put the very emphatic question of, "Will you have me?" "I am very sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain; but I must answer—no." "Well, well, that will do, madam," said her pillowpeech lover: "and now suppose we change the subject."

A lady, apparently very solicitous before marriage, was heard to say to her younger sister shortly after, "Well, I wasn't time," remarked an intimate friend to her husband, "that I should not say so to you." "Why, my dear," he answered the husband, "but it's very long since; we've used upon another feeling now, as the song runs."

JERRY.—"Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? I see you succeed in getting rid of him?"

ANNIE.—"Oh, yes! I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now."

Dr. Busby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature with, "Hey-day! can to my soul, O glass!" when the Doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pon, O pigmy!" "Oh, Sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "Then," retorted the Doctor, "Sir," said he, "is the size of yours."

The will of Governor Blackhall, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, proved in 1833, contains the following singular clause: "I give unto my body to be kept as long as may not be offensive, and that one of my sons or lingers may be cut off, to see whether my body be dead. A further request my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with me so long, she will not think of marrying a second."

A romantic young lady fell into the river, the other day, and was near drowning; but escape being fortunately at hand, she was saved. "Good heavens!" exclaimed her father on receiving her safe, "and to her family that she must be saved by a stranger!"

"Hast prose to dispute should look at dissipation's practical effects, and they will turn from it in disgust.

Man who marries are not deep humiliation,

An iron-clad steamboat would be a good craft.

Don't be afraid to tell your troubles to your uncle.

Have spent their wrath on each other's useless head.

Let us be cheerful! the more sky o'ercasts,

The more shall we feel on the evil and the blast,

On narrow cells, and through our lumbber dwelling,

Look a glorious sunshine poem as from a hill.

Faith, hope, and love, still in our hearts abiding,

Are the best of our present and our future days,

And to the couch of suffering we may carry,

If but the sense of water in the cup.

The Count de Non, one of the prominent men of the Bride under the government of Louis XVIII., died at an advanced age. The Count de Non (Noah in English) had his picture taken almost to the end of his life. Amid a resting-place on Mount Ararat. He had three sons, and his favorite was Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in the order.

"It was an Irishman trying to sell a chain to a gentleman. "What do you suppose I should want of the chain?" asked the man. "To hang yourself with, myjewel!" was Pat's ready reply.

Rousseau, the infidel author of a system of domestic economy, married his own children by handling their food.

Turn your own bread, and see how happy you will be! Work, and see how well you will be! Work, and see how cheerful you will be! Work, and see how much sin you will be! Work, and see how happy your family will be!

A German correspondent has been trying his hand upon rendering into English some specimens of American humor, and sends us the newspaper of his native city. He writes:

"On a Hudson steamer I came down at night, some Americans with me. After long and tedious and very animated narratives of a young fellow-merchant, which he, for entertainment of the society, communicated, was a part of California I never saw another. On digging,-I found only a copper-cent, and therefore I left the place, and of earth gave two pounds of grease!

"Then I went to the saloon, me standing impregnated with fluid; but they are extremely narrow, too. Even one of the most understood persons can not turn himself around, especially this that it was too weak to run out of the ess-doors.

"Then I saw from a poor nigger-boy, who was accosted by a passe-mesure, made a good many schnaps in a world. He, with signal me beckoning, came and I spoke to the other—then seeing at last he couldn't escape it at all—me I took the shape of a bear, and he, not understanding all his movements, entangled itself to the same shape, and—was a bear!"

One of the religious papers says, that in Wayne County, Virginia, there is a tree about one quarter of a mile square mile, and that fraction is daily getting away, like a walker-palm-tree. Now, we don't believe a word of it, only we never heard of before: taking a quarter of a mile per and nothing into daily like a talker candle by a hot fire!

A man in Boston came near losing his life a few days since by swallowing a bed and a dozen bed-cords asleep.

Indemnity for the past—pay up; Security for the future—pay down.

In a single building in Boston, last week, there was a grocer-meeting on one floor, a boring exhibition in the room above, and a dancing school in the third story. Strange from one room of the edifice to another would have been a very rapid illustration of Fogy Ideas.

"From grass to grey, from lively to severe."

There are in the present time upward of 40,000 women in New York who are for a living, and they get along pretty well.

At a late entered ball in New York the following notice was posted on the door-post: "Tickets fifty cents each; to gentlemen without unless accompanied by ladies."

A boy reading the verse, "This is the heir, come let us kill him," read it, "This is the hair, come let us cut it," and the noise of the other boys drowned the remainder.

Mile Stanlish, of Moscow, is a "porter," and on the occasion of his wife's departure from the hotel and board, he published the following advertisement in the *Journal vielle Independent*.

NOTICE.

Whereas, my wife Elizabeth is not dead,
But has deliberately left my board and bed,
To parts unknown mendatiously fled,
With no provoking reason or just cause,
Which conduct is a most unnatural laws,
Things big to me this commise so sad an act,
That I to notify my friends and public do contract.
That I shall not pay no debts of her contract.
Since now to me her trunck back is turned;
She mustn't spend the money I have earned.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, April 19, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets spread gaiety briskly and luxuriantly with more offering. Cotton has been in good demand, and has advanced. . . . Provisions have been more sought after at firmer prices. . . . Sugars, Rice, and Coffee have attracted considerable attention at full quotations. Naval Stores are in good request, and have had a moderate demand at almost previous figures. . . . Tobacco and Wool have been lightly dealt in at unchanged rates. . . . Hides and Leather have been in regular request at buoyant prices. . . . Desirable qualities of Dry Goods are saleable and quite firm, especially domestic descriptions, which are in moderate demand, and are held with more confidence. . . . The week's import of Dry Goods amounts to $1,641,141, against $1,467,502 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $13,167,303, against $13,499,644 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were inconsiderable, with the exception of any remarkable alterations. . . . We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the week ending to-day:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl. $4 15 @ $4 80
Superfine to fancy Western do. . . . 4 90 @ 5 10
Extra Western Flour, per bbl. . . . 4 90 @ 7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel . 5 00 @ 5 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel . 4 90 @ 5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel . 4 90 @ 5 40
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. . 3 90 @ 4 15
Corn Meal, per bbl. . . . 3 00 @ 3 25
White Wheat, per bushel. . . . 1 15 @ 1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel . . . 1 09 @ 1 19
New Corn Corn, per bushel . . . 73 @ 75
Rye, per bushel . . . — @ 70
Barley, per bushel . . . — @ 90
Western Oats, per bushel . . . 46 @ 47
State Oats, per bushel . . . 46 @ 46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel . . . 37 @ 41
Southern Oats, per bushel . . . 36 @ 40
Cotton, Middlings, per pound . . . 12¼ @ 12½
Rosin, Strained, per barrel . . . 1 75 @ 1 80
Prime Pork, per barrel . . . 14 25 @ 14 50
Mess Pork, do. do. . . . 15 75 @ 16 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel . . . 7 50 @ 8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per bbl. . . . 10 00 @ 10 50
Beef Hams, per barrel . . . 19 00 @ 20 00
Cut Meats, per pound . . . 6¾ @ 6¾
Lard, per pound . . . 10½ @ 10½
State Butter, per pound . . . 20 @ 26
Western Butter, per pound . . . 17 @ 20
Cheese, per pound . . . 7 @ 10
Rice, per 100 pounds . . . 3 25 @ 4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound . . . 9½ @ 11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound . . . 5¾ @ 6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon . . . 27½ @ 32
Syrup, do. do. . . . 30 @ 35
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon . . . 34 @ 40
Hyson Teas, per pound . . . 38 @ 60
Oolong Teas, per pound . . . 30 @ 50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon . . . 21 @ 24½
Rum Hay, per 100 pounds . . . 80 @ 90
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound . . . 8 @ 12
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds . . . 2 62½ @ 2 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon . . . 47 @ 50
Common Rosin, per 280 pounds . . . 1 50 @ 1 55

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which advanced a shade, and found ready buyers. . . . Milch Cows were also less abundant, and sold with more firmness, though the demand was not active. . . . Veal Calves were plenty and in good request at uniform rates. . . . Sheep and Lambs were scarce, and with a fair inquiry, prices improved . . . Swine were in better supply and less active demand at reduced figures. . . . The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending March 31.	Week ending April 7.
Beeves	3,799	3,495
Milch Cows	170	145
Veal Calves	252	275
Sheep and Lambs	9,805	9,811
Swine	2,642	2,200

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	121
Ohio	317
New York	3,057
Indiana	117
Michigan	87

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was as follows:

Four to first class Beeves, per cwt.	$5 50	@ $6 15
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	45 00	@ 65 00
Veal Calves, do.	4	@ 6
Sheep and Lambs, per head.	2 50	@ 10 25
do. per pound.	7	@ 13
Live Swine, per pound	4	@ 6
Dressed do.	6	@ 7

The Country Produce Markets are less firm for the leading Articles of Produce, but the demand for desirable supplies available, while the demand continues moderate.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT OF BREADSTUFFS AND PRODUCE MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 75	@ $4 50
Apples, dried, per pound	5½	@ 7
Peaches, dried, per pound	10	@ 12
Plums, dried, per pound	12	@ 20
Prunes, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 62½	@ 2 25
do. per bushel	50	@ 62½
do. sweet, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
Onions, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
Turnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@ —
Parsnips, per barrel	1 50	@ —
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Leeks, per 100 bundles	3 00	@ 4 00
Radishes, per 100 bundles	4 00	@ 5 00
Garlic, per lb.	—	@ 10
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	—	@ 9
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	—	@ 14
Chickens, per pound	11	@ 14
Turkeys, per pound	11	@ 14
Geese, Feed, per pair	50	@ 62½
Ducks, per pair	50	@ 62½
do. per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per pound	15	@ 18
Geese, per pound	12	@ 14
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@ 3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@ 1 25
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Quails, per dozen	2 00	@ 2 50
Rabbits, per pair	1 25	@ 2 00
Hickories, per bu.	75	@ 1 00
Hares, each	37	@ 50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, April 12, 1858.*

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 10, 1858	$1,153,549	$1,587,959
Corresponding week, 1857	2,508,177	1,934,426
Decrease this year	$1,405,315	$346,517

The export of specie during the week slightly exceeded a quarter of a million, so that the Bank statement this evening will not, in all probability, show any change in the specie line. The most important feature of the Bank movement is the increase of the circulation to $4,000,000. Last week this item appeared to the extent of $3,870,031, and in consequence of the dullness of trade the deposits are still largely on the increase hand, of course, a growing ease to money. Money is low left on call with the brokers at 4 @ 5 per cent, and first-class paper at short dates is being done at 5 @ 6. There are no signs whatever of a renewal of the specie export.

The downward movement in the Stock Market was checked early in the week, and a very material improvement has since taken place. Monday last the improvement in the leading speculative securities amounted to about 6 @ 8 per cent. On Friday there was a further and decided symptoms of a fresh inclination, as outside orders again crowded the brokers' offices. In the absence of money, the prospect of increased traffic on the railroads and the dullness of trade, are favorable to speculative movements in stocks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A BOOK FOR THE SEASON.

THE GARDEN: A NEW POCKET MANUAL

OF FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES, containing what grows or ruins a garden, large or small, will find this book of all garden matters indispensable. It gives full directions for the cultivation of

ALL THE KITCHEN VEGETABLES;
ALL KINDS OF FRUITS AND BERRIES;
ALL SORTS OF FLOWERS AND SHRUBS;
ALL THE BEST ORNAMENTAL TREES.

It tells all about

SOILS AND MANURES; VEGETABLE GROWTH; AND THE STRUCTURE OF PLANTS; WHAT PLANTS LIVE UPON; and also,

HOW TO PREPARE THE GROUND;
HOW TO SOW SEEDS;
HOW TO CULTIVATE;
HOW TO GRAFT AND BUD;
HOW TO PROPAGATE FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES;
HOW TO BE EVERYTHING.

It is

POPULAR, RELIABLE, FULL OF INFORMATION, PRACTICAL, COMPREHENSIVE, VERY CHEAP.

YOU MAY READILY understand it, easily remember its directions, and without difficulty put them in practice. It is outlines a year, and may be carried in the pocket. Adapted to all climates, and sold everywhere. Orders should be sent in at once. Price, in paper, 20 cents; in muslin, 50 cents.

The Seller of "Rural Hand-Books" to which this belongs—"The House," "The Garden," "The Farm," and "Domestic Animals" will be furnished to Subscribers ordering the Garden. C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & ALDRUS FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

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EXTENSION
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UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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Full steamer fare for the voyage.....$150
No berth accounted till paid for.
For further particulars, apply to
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It prevents the hair from falling off.
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MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," will open HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May. The Author was commenced in the DECEMBER NUMBER of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets —received from the Author in advance of publication in England—and will be issued in numbers per Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

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Postage from the commencement of both the Magazine and Weekly can still be supplied. Specimen copies will be sent gratuitously to those who wish to procure subscribers. Current Club rates only.

The Postage on HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and HARPER'S WEEKLY, to any part of the United States, *they are received.* When prepaid quarterly in advance, the Postage is Twenty-five Cents a year on the MAGAZINE, and Twenty-five Cents a year on the WEEKLY.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to their Subscription, Twenty-five Cents on the MAGAZINE, and Twenty-five Cents on the WEEKLY, for the American postage.

Single numbers in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences at the Publication office.

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VERDANT CONVEYMAN. "Great Jerusalem! a Gold Ring and Livingstone's Travels for a dollar! Ain't I lucky to have come just in time for sich a Bargain?" *(Goes in and Subscribes.)*

CITY FRIEND. "Why, Nathan, what have you been doing?"

VERDANT COUNTRYMAN. "You see, Mr. Brown, we know a thing or two up our way, so I've just been and subscribed to that there Gift Enterprise, and now I've got Livingstone's Travels and this splendid Gold Ring for Sairey—both for a Dollar. Pretty slick, I guess! Oh! we're up bright and early in our section of country, I tell you."

"CITY FRIEND. "The only misfortune is, Nathan, that your Livingstone is not perfect, and you can buy Rings like yours by the Bushel for Two Cents apiece."

VERDANT COUNTRYMAN. "Je——e——rusalem!"

HOUSE HUNTING.



OLD MRS. JONES, who has a Mania for looking through her Neighbors' Houses, unhappily wanders into the Bedroom of Bill Swipem, the well-known Member of "The Fancy," and on endeavoring to make her exit, finds her path blocked by this ferocious Brute. What must she do?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A LEGITIMATE GIFT ENTERPRISE DEFENDED.

EVANS & CO.,

In reply to a Libelous Weekly,

Merry Xmas tale their stand on, *Attorney Dividends*.

At intervals of a fortnight during the past ten weeks a paper, celebrated for the touching, confiding, and bad grammar of its widely-pulled stories, has seen fit to libel, unfactiously, all engaged in the Gift Enterprise of Evans & Co. It has sought to confound in public regard the

Admittedly legitimate book business of The concern

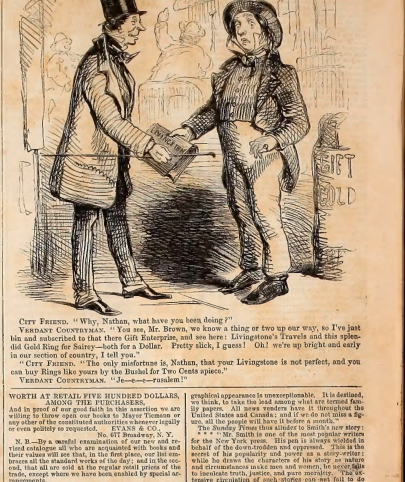
with the "pithy, pencil, and lottery swindles" against which we are glad to see Mayor Tiemann now taking such vigorous and effectual steps; and it has labored unscrupulously and persistently to create an impression throughout the country that all Gift Enterprises, of whatever kind, have been declared by the Common Council and Mayor to be on a par with our country friends to understand, as it is already understood by all in this city, that Mayor Tiemann has proved himself *the best friend of the honest Gift Enterprise* by avenging away those unprincipled and fraudulent concerns, through the agency of which a fair, respectable, and widely useful business was falling into disreputableness and disgrace.

We are sincerely thankful for the late vigorous measures of the Mayor, which have seemed to have been *to please our business as a recognized legal feature*, without subject to any interference from the law, nor has the Council as yet been so much slanderous as the editor of the libelous sheet in question has paid his damaged newsletter-writers, both male and female, to pour out upon us.

We say on us, though the attack was general—the libeller knowing his weakness too well to provoke a direct personal issue; but, as the inventors and originators of a system by which we claim to have done great public good in the diffusion of intelligence, we reply individually, and say that the charge is false, and that both the innocent and guilty with our common disgrace.

As stated very fairly in *The New York Herald* of last week, the real motive of the attack made by the wealthy and demoralizing journal in question, will be found in this: that certain "journals, standing on the same ground, though not so stupid or besotted as the libeling sheet, have lately put in practice the idea *first conceived by Messrs. Evans, of getting patronage by occasional distribution of profit* with the subscriber, instead of paying agents an enormous percentage for each subscription, or advertising through dishonored columns of the daily press an identical repetition of the request to "*read Plato's New Book*" "Hemo, and Hem hems easily," goes on *The Herald*, "and with this explanation, the public, even the intelligent public, is able to judge of the [illegible] of the value, honor, and disinterestedness of that paper's criticisms." Now, *this is a system of the grossest dishonest literature* which we did in defiance—being at present, beyond any doubt, the most extensive retail bookseller in the United States, and not having our text standard works in all departments of learning in our catalogue—competed with that system, and, consequently, *declarations, and untruth trash* resulted in *swiftly* drifts by the journal which her libeled us, we are not only willing but anxious that a just comparison should be made between the two systems, and that, through the agencies of the Gift Enterprises, victory here in the last resort of despotism, and this particular form of the periodical journal be performed. To make doing it a confession of as much imbecility: to confess liking it if my one over did that), would justify the most active interposition of solicitous friends! Our business stands on a broader and firmer basis to-day than ever heretofore. Amid all the prosecutions going on, *the bestowery of our system has never once been questioned*. We stand as the recognized peers of the first book-publishing houses throughout the country, and the Libraries in the *States* have testified their confidence in us by standing to us as patrons to be sold in our catalogue as our system has been their *integrity, promptness, and honor* with which *we have of all times managed our difficult and onerous business*.

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graphical appearance is unexceptionable. It is destined, we think, to take its lead among what are termed family papers. All news venders have it throughout the United States and Canada for sale, and it is sold by canvassers in the people with whom it is a necessity.

The *Sunday Press* thus slinder to Smith's new story:

"* * * Mr. Smith is one of the most popular writers for the New York press. His pen is always wielded in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed. This is the secret of his popularity and power as a story-writer: while he draws the characters of his story, as nature and circumstances make men and women, he never fails to inculcate truth, justice, and pure morality. The utensives circulation of such stories can not fail to do good."

The *Irish Americ*an says:

"Smith will surpass even the previous works of Mr. Smith will be pleased to learn that they are soon to have the gratification of perusing another story from his pen. The subject is one that can not fail to be effective in his hands. It is gratifying to find a man of his ability using the powers which God has given him to expose the wrongs of the helpless."

We clip a few more extracts from similar notices:

"If all story writers turned their talents to so good account as Francis S. Smith, there would be less a complain of in the works of fiction."

"He always portrays vice and virtue in their true light."

"It is one ever yet perused one of Smith's stories without being impressed with the importance of sin, and the happiness an upright course of conduct always confers."

"Like a skilful painter, he brings the characters before you in life-like proportions. You almost fancy that you have met them in your daily walks."

"Romance is a powerful engine for good or evil. We regret to say that it is too often made the vehicle for disseminating vice and immorality. With Mr. Smith, however, no such fault can be found. He has never written a line that a Christian father would hesitate to place before his children."

The subject chosen for this story is one that can not fail to interest every reader, and the author is a field in which Dickens has justly merited and well-deserved fame as a writer. That Mr. Smith will do it ample justice no one will doubt who has read his previous productions."

The announcement of a new story by Francis S. Smith has created a great stir among the newsmen. From what we gather from the rumors, we should not be surprised if the proprietor of the New York Weekly had such a demand on his resources as would stagger his enterprise. We know of no man now before the public as a writer equal to this talented author—at least one in the United States.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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SENATOR HALE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HON. JOHN P. HALE, a Senator from the State of New Hampshire, is one of the most prominent politicians and debaters in the present Congress of the United States; but the frigid etiquette of the "Upper House" has not succeeded (as the accompanying portrait shows) in banishing a genial expression of humor from his open countenance.

The Hales were among those men of iron will and stern determination who aided in founding the colonies of New England. Jonathan Hale (grandfather of the subject of this sketch) was a lawyer of marked ability, whose son John also followed the legal profession, and for years stood at the head of the bar at which he practiced. He married a Miss O'Brien, daughter of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, who commanded the Americans at what has been called the "Lexington of the Seas."

When the news of the struggle with the mother country reached Machias, in Maine (then a province of Massachusetts), on the 9th of May, 1775, an armed British schooner, the *Margaretta*, was lying in port, with two sloops under her convoy, loading with lumber in behalf of the King's government. An attempt was made to capture the officers of the *Margaretta* while they were at church, but they escaped on board, weighed anchor, and dropped down the river. On the 11th a party of thirty-five volunteers was hastily collected, and, taking one of the lumber sloops, they made sail. The *Margaretta*, on observing their approach, weighed and crowded sail, to avoid a conflict; but the sloop proved to be a better sailer. As she approached, the schooner opened a fire with four light guns and fourteen swivels, to which the sloop replied with musketry, and soon the Americans boarded and captured the *Margaretta*. The loss of life in this affair was not very large, though twenty men on both sides are said to have been killed and wounded. It was the first blow struck on the water in the Revolutionary struggle, and it was characterized by a long chase, a bloody struggle, and a triumph.

There was originally no commander in the sloop, but, previously to engaging the *Margaretta*, Jeremiah O'Brien was selected for that station. Transferring the armament to a sloop, he engaged separately, and captured two English cruisers sent out from Halifax expressly to take him, and carried their crews as prisoners to Watertown, where the provincial Legislature of Massachusetts was then assembled. His gallantry was so generally admired, that he was appointed a captain in the marine of the colony, and afterward distinguished himself as a continental officer. Two of his brothers, uncles of Mrs. John P. Hale, senior, were also noted for their bravery.

John P. Hale, junior (the subject of this sketch), was born at Rochester, in the county of Strafford, New Hampshire, on the 31st of March, 1806, and there enjoyed such early educational advantages as the village school afforded. As he grew up, he was sent to the celebrated Phillips Academy at Exeter, where he was fitted for college under the preceptorship of Dr. Benjamin Abbott, who presided over that institution from 1788 to 1838, and counted among his pupils such men as Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Bushrod Washington, and Edward Everett.

Mr. Hale entered Bowdoin College in September, 1823, and graduated at that institution in 1827, with distinction as a scholar, and a high collegiate reputation as an original thinker, a logical reasoner, a ready debater, and a rare humorist. Among his contemporaries while in college, were Frank Pierce, Hawthorne, Longfellow, S. S. Prentiss, and the Rev. Professor Stowe.

After having graduated, Mr. Hale determined to follow the profession in which his father and his grandfather had distinguished themselves, and commenced in his native town the study of a science which has justly been styled the "perfection of reason." In the summer of 1828 he went to Dover (where he now resides), and entered the office of D. M. Christie, Esq., where he finished his studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1830. He looked at the law in a *practical* light, and when he commenced practice he rather chose to take a just, common-sense view of the cases intrusted to his care, than to hunt up musty authorities from which to eliminate subtle arguments. His winning manners, assiduous attention to business intrusted to his charge, and energetic pleadings, soon gained him a large practice, and afforded him frequent opportunities for the exhibition of his professional qualifications. So numerous were his clients that in 1834 he found himself obliged to take a partner, in order to carry on his business.

In 1832, Mr. Hale was elected to the Legislature of New Hampshire from Dover, and became prominently identified with the Democratic party. Yet the idea of blindly following the edicts of party leaders, or of submitting to party discipline, was never congenial to his feelings, neither would he permit himself to be diverted from the high path of duty which he had marked out.

General Jackson, in 1834, appointed Mr. Hale United States Attorney for the district of New Hampshire, a position well calculated to task his intellect and his legal attainments, but he discharged its onerous and exacting duties with marked ability and success. He was reappointed by President Van Buren, and was removed from office by President Tyler.

In March, 1843, Mr. Hale was nominated and elected to the United States House of Representatives, where a new scene opened itself to his mind. Signs in the political zodiac exhibited indications of a portentous character. He soon discerned that there was to be a struggle for supremacy between two sections of the Union, and lost no time in proclaiming himself a NORTHERN MAN.

He was renominated for Congress by the Democratic party of his district; but soon afterward (it was in January, 1845) he published a letter denouncing the annexation of Texas, which he had opposed from its first mention. The Democratic State Central Committee, considering this letter an unpardonable heresy, called a new convention in the district, at which Mr. Hale's nomination was reconsidered, and Mr. John Woodbury was nominated as the "regular Democratic candidate." A majority was required to elect, and there was "no choice" for all that Congress.

In 1846 Mr. Hale was again elected to the New Hampshire Legislature from the town of Dover, and was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives. He presided with dignity and urbanity; and his independent, conscientious expression of opinion, in defiance of party mandate, gave him such a strong hold upon the popular sentiment, that the Legislature elected him United States Senator.

When Mr. Hale took his seat he was almost alone, and had to contest, single-handed, the political "giants in those days." Sometimes he was met with labored arguments, then subjected to bitter reproaches; at times those who were but "his peers" would affect almost to ignore his presence, and again they would mercilessly denounce him as advocating doctrines dangerous to the liberties of the Republic. But the Senator from New Hampshire was not to be intimidated, or diverted from what he considered to be his duty. Adopting the *guerrilla* tactics, he manfully held his ground, and with felicitous humor, pungent retort, or keen sarcasm, made an impression upon the phalanx against which he had to contend. So high were his aims, and so conciliating were his manners, that before the close of his senatorial term Mr. Hale had beaten down the barriers of prejudice, and fairly conquered sectional discourtesy. He was thus not only the standard-bearer, but the pioneer of the North in the Senate.

At the expiration of Mr. Hale's senatorial term in 1853, the Democrats were in the ascendency in New Hampshire, and Mr. Atherton was elected United States Senator. Mr. Hale, thus released from the responsibilities of office, resumed the practice of his profession, and devoted himself to the duties of his private relations. He was, however, frequently called upon to address public meetings, and his speeches were characterized by the same vigor and ability which had distinguished his senatorial career.



HON. JOHN P. HALE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

difficulties of public life, was urged by numerous friends in New York to locate himself in that city for the practice of his profession. So brilliant were the inducements that he reluctantly, and against the wishes of his home friends, commenced practice in the commercial metropolis. But he retained his house at Dover, where his family continued to reside, where his poll-tax was paid, and where he was run as a candidate for the State Legislature. His professional reputation immediately gained him clients, but the party claimed his services, and he was forced back into the political arena.

In 1855 he was again elected to the United States Senate from this State of New Hampshire, and it is unnecessary here to record his career, or his advocacy of those principles for which he so boldly contended when single-handed as now when supported by a large number of Senators. Yet he assumed no leadership, claims no prominence, but is content to advance, shoulder to shoulder, with those who last on a few years since were to be found in the ranks of his opponents.

Senator Hale is especially attentive to his constituents, and never neglects their interests for practice in the Supreme Court or other private business. He is nevertheless ever prompt to address public assemblages on subjects in which he takes an interest. The sullen will never forget his efforts in procuring an abolition of flogging in the United States navy, in consequence in which they presented him with a gold medal.

From the commencement of Senator Hale's career up to the present time he has been the leading advocate of whatever he viewed as powerful for good, as calculated to meliorate the condition of man, or as likely to advance the political interests of the American Union, without prejudice to the rights of the section which he represented. He has ever been refused to bow before counter-political images, or to stumble for place in the arena of party, but he has ever strolled in the pathway of the over burden of duty his friends counsel him to bear.

In person Senator Hale is burly, bluff-looking, with a clear eye, and a hearty grasp of the hand for his friends. His colloquial powers are of a splendid order, and he is a rare humorist, genial, munificent, and liberal. He laughs with the foibles and shortcomings of the world—not at them; and his laugh is pure and silvery. Married in early life to Miss Lucy H. Lamprell, of Berwick, Maine (a lady who combines rare attainments of mind, beauty of character, and personal charms), she has ever found his highest happiness in his own domestic circle, which is now graced by two accomplished daughters just budding into womanhood. The evening spent with this estimable family is an event to be remembered with pleasure.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

MR. BENJAMIN seems to have given this measure its quietus. The Senate may, of course, reconsider the vote by which it referred further consideration of Senator Gwin's bill till December next, but it is not likely. Small as the majority was in favor of Mr. Benjamin's motion, it is one of those majorities which time is likely to swell.

One very striking fact is apparent on a glance at the division which took place on the questions. All the aspirants to the Presidency voted against deferring the bill; both Republican and Democratic candidates for the White House registered their votes in favor of proceeding with the subject forthwith. The bonds of sympathy did not contain one name which is likely to suggest itself for the present, to any successful canvass; and, in fact, the Presidential "platforms" of all political parties are now identical on the question, all concur in giving their standard-bearers to the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

How, then, does it happen that the Senate so unceremoniously throws overboard this "plank," which forms a part of all political platforms?

Of course, the deficiency in the Treasury occurs as the most obvious reply. The United States Government is in the market as a borrower. It pays more for its money than the brokers of Wall or the first-class merchants of South Street. It is not likely to grow rich in a hurry, for the receipts are falling off prodigiously, in consequence of the retrenchment in expenditures and the curtailment of importations. Under the circumstances, this ought to be reason enough for the refusal of Congress to embark in a new enterprise which is likely to cost a couple of years' income.

But it is to be feared that there is yet another reason for the postponement of the consideration of the Senate. A Pacific Railroad is a magnificent project to ventilate in the press and on the stump. It is certain to command the enthusiastic approval of the people of California, Oregon, and the States bordering on the Mississippi. The very name of the thing evokes visions of fat contracts, a prospect by no means unpleasing to politicians of any party. No wonder, then, that the managers of all parties have made a rule of adopting the scheme as part of their programmes.

But to build the road is a very different matter. The enterprise itself is without example in the history of public works. It could only be likened to the great Wall of China, or the Pyramids of Egypt, which were built by compulsory labor. The great military roads of Russia, which are exhausting the means of the Empire, are bagatelles in comparison. It would require an army of workmen to build it, an army of soldiers to protect them while at work, and an army of settlers to see that the Indians did not tear up the rails when they were laid. Every foot of iron laid on the deserts, and every ton of Pennsylvania or Maryland coal burned on the locomotives would be as costly, in proportion to the labor cost required, by General Johnston's force—which costs $100 a barrel. Of the expenses of building the road there would be little, although the official estimate of a hundred millions would fall short at least by one-third of the sum which, judging from the cost of our railroads in the new States, would be required to place the enterprise in working order; but, if the road were finished right, the millions spent on it would not matter. No return could ever be expected; even in the Atlantic States no railways pretend to pay dividends which have not a large way traffic.

There is, however, another and a greater difficulty than any of these. There is a strong and a growing prejudice—based on thorough experience—against governments embarking in works of construction or improvement. We do not now allude to the constitutional question whether such works fall legitimately within the scope of the functions of our governments. We refer to the general opinion that whenever a government undertakes to build a road or to make a canal the work badly, and is tremendously cheated into the bargain. This has been the experience of the United States Government in the construction of vessels of war, and in works of internal improvements in a score of places. It has been the experience of the State Governments of New York and Pennsylvania in their canals. It has been the experience of every large government which has ever built or dug. Experience teaches that, in this country, at all events, Governments are not fitted to undertake works of extensive enterprise. This is the reason to suppose that the Pacific Railroad would prove an exception to the rule.

Of course no one will be understood as considering these objections finally fatal to the scheme. An Atlantic telegraph seemed a marvelous absurdity a few years since. And a few years hence all the difficulties in the way of an intercoastal road may be overcome. But they are quite valuable enough at present to justify a prudent administration in evading the responsibility of undertaking the enterprise, and beginning it as a legacy to their successors.

This is not the place to inquire into the relative merits of the various routes for a road from the Pacific to the Mississippi. There can be no doubt, should the road ever be undertaken, but that a branch or the main feature will be San Francisco on the one side and New York on the other. The best route therefore would appear to be that one which, from the nature of the country will permit to be built as nearly as possible to a straight line between New York and San Francisco. And whatever considerations may be made by sectional interests to such a route, the common sense of the country would probably have insist on its being adopted, were Congress prepared to undertake the work.

BANK UNION.

THE New York *Herald* has been urgently pressing on the attention of the city banks the expediency to some sort of union or association, with a view to the adoption of a policy in the event of future financial disturbance.

The difficulty in the way of such an incorporation seems to be the old and well-known influences which a bank consolidation would sacrifice. We have here between fifty and sixty banks, each of which has a president and a cashier. Each of these presidents and cashiers conceives himself to be better acquainted with the business of banks, and to have more skillful financier, than any of his rivals. Each wields, in his particular sphere, an amount of power which he would be very loth to resign. Hence, as a bank consolidation would consign to obscurity at least nine out of ten of the bank managers, it seems almost certain that any immense majority of that body would resist any change which would tend towards consolidation.

This is the argument against bank union. On the other hand, the public interest would unquestionably be greatly subserved by some sort of association among the banks. The existing rivalry is the cause of all the disasters which befall the money market. Each one of these makes bad debts in order to secure business. If the city banks were agreed upon some general rule of action, on what seem called for, as events were—as they are now—compelled to pursue a certain line of policy in consequence of the course of the remaining eighth, it is not likely that they would be any the less successful as pecuniary enterprises, and it is certain that they would do business with infinitely less risk.

As the case is at present, our fifty odd banks are striving incessantly to cut each other's throats. They are irreconcilably hostile to each other, and have a direct interest in each other's failure. Hence, when hard times come, each bank concerns itself not only about its own safety, but about the damage to be done to its neighbors. Such a bank is conscious that the losses it suffers by reverses are the far greater troubles which have befallen its neighbor. It calculates that these disasters will lend a certain number of depositors to its counter. Four or five large banks, by their weight and influence, impose the law upon all the others. A day's discount from any one may for how foolishly—all the other city banks must do the same or lose their customers. This was the principal cause of the commercial crisis which last year. If those great banks contract, all the other banks must do the same for safety's sake.

It appears that there is a great deal of good sense in the suggestion of the *Herald*, that the banks sh ould avail themselves of the present panic—the misery and stagnation of business—to extend the urtial association now existing at the Clearin, house to their entire business. So many of them, indeed, during the trying times of last , the great banks of England and France ca to the commercial community of those countries for more effectively than our fifty odd little c ncerns did here. It is a settled point that we have a great future before here. But there s no reason why our banks should not organize a mutual association, which would improve their future operations; and we shall be glad to hear that they have some such scheme under consideration.

ARE WE TO HAVE MASKED BALLS?

MR. ULLMAN, the *impresario* of the Academy of Music, seems to have got into a sea of trouble by his announcement that he intended to give a masked ball during the season of the prescient Mozart. The announcement of masked balls seems to have been a signal for a number of musical batteries to open upon him. Justice Welch has fulminated a sort of firman against any such scandal. Superintendent of Police Carpenter has declared that our immaculate Police will suffer no such infraction of the laws. And our truly moral Legislature, fresh from the consideration of lobby jobs, has passed an Act which will expose Mr. Ullman—as in case he perseveres in his design—if not to the penalty of fine and imprisonment which he runs, were he even a manager, would highly court. So that, on the whole, the prospect is decidedly adverse to any masked balls in New York this season.

Let us think for one. In Paris, at the Academy of Music, among a people bred to that sort of thing, and in a locality into which no public conveyances but private coaches can be had, masked balls may be given without danger. Here, under those favorable circumstances, they are productive of an amount of vice which is frightful to contemplate. In this city they would be very different affairs. No tariff of prices would exclude persons whose presence would taint the gambling-houses and disreputable scene. All the prize-fighters and the fancy; all that loose, idle, and disorderly youth which mingles in the gambling-houses and other improper places; all the women who have lost every thing that is worth preserving; all the pickpockets and jail-birds; and, generally, all that class of the population whom it is ruin to meet, would infallibly collect in great force at a public masked ball given in this city. Under cover of the mask and disguise, things would be said which would almost bring a blush to the cheeks of the marble figures on the outside of the Academy. Licentiousness and brutality—the peculiar characteristics of our rowdy population —would not be the only nuisance enjoyed. Personal dialogue, witty repartee, amusing mystification—all that forms the charm of masked balls elsewhere, would be wanting: in their stead the spectator would discover nothing but what he may see any night in the under-ground dancing-cellars of Water Street.

If it be true, as many believe, that we are gradually progressing in morality and intelligence, there may come a time when masked balls may be safely attempted here. When we can hear Governors invited with formal ceremony, and when native rowdyism is under some semblance of restraint, it may be possible to venture upon a masked ball without fear of a moral earthquake. But at present the thing is impossible, and a prudent manager will not attempt it.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.

MR. BRADY, the great photographer of this city and of Washington, has initiated a new feature in the photographic art. He has begun to publish photographic likenesses of eminent individuals. These likenesses resemble steel engravings; differing from them only in their superior fidelity to nature. Their cost is the same. Already he has begun his series with a portrait of the Reverend Archbishop Hughes; he proposes to continue it with the late Colonel Benton (of whom we give an admirable likeness in our last Number), and to keep it up for some time, publishing a portrait a week. The subscriber to Mr. Brady's photographic gallery of portraits will thus be enabled to cover the walls of his library with reliable likenesses of the most eminent Americans of the day at a very moderate cost.

While we trust Mr. Brady will be as successful as he deserves, and indeed doubt not but he will find his new branch as profitable as the former one, we can not forbear contrasting the cost of his gallery of portraits with that which is presented to the subscribers of *Harper's Weekly*. We do not hesitate to say that our portraits will not yield to Mr. Brady's in point of accuracy and finish. They are invariably drawn by the first artist—in that line—in this country; they are engraved by the most practiced and skilful engravers of portraits; they are printed on as superior paper as illustrations have been printed in the United States. As a general rule, their fidelity as likenesses and their merit as works of art are admitted by all. They appear, on an average, in every number of the paper. Thus, the subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* will obtain, for two dollars and a half, a series of fifty-two portraits of eminent men, as choice and perfect as Mr. Brady's, for one-half the cost of one of Brady's photographs. We need not add that, in addition to the portrait, he will have, every week, a biographical sketch of one or more eminent men, together with the best stories, essays, poetry, and the illustrated news of the world. It may still be questioned whether two and a half dollars ever procured for any one so much instruction, entertainment, and wholesome reading.

THE USURY LAWS NULLIFIED AT LAST.

ONE must friends in the Legislature, who have so strenuously contended for the last modification of the Usury Laws, seem to have been entrapped into repealing them unawares. The Act legalizing time transactions in stocks, which obtained a large majority in the Senate and Assembly, defeats the Usury Laws as completely as any one could desire. For our reason we believe that its framers and supporters had this end far more directly in view than the suppression of Wall street stock-gambling.

For instance; A B desires to borrow ten thousand dollars of C D. Usury at the time is worth 12 per cent. Up to the passage time, however A B and C D managed the transaction, as was always in the power of any landed usurer when the debt became due; and many rogues did so with perfect success. Now, then, A B wants ten thousand dollars. He goes through the following operation: He will buy ten thousand Virginias, Missouria, or Tennessees, and sell to C D, at a very low given price; he will, at the same time, buy them back of C D on time, at an advance in price calculated to give C D a full interest on his capital. He will thus obtain the use of the money he requires, and C D will get the interest that he limits justly.

In this manner the absurd restrictions on trade created by the Usury Laws may be evaded. Until common sense shall prevail enough for the entire repeal of these laws this compromise must be accepted as a boon. The members of the Legislature are entitled to public gratitude.

We are informed that the Corliss Steam-Engine Company have contracted to introduce their improvements in steam-engines into the steamer *Fulton* and the *New York*, and that a fine illustration was lately given in this journal.

CRIME IN NEW YORK.

THE Congress of the United States, as the Legislature for the District of Columbia, have at length been roused to action by the frequency of riots, murders, and the crime of perjury within the precincts of the Federal capital. They are in the act of passing very thorough measures for the vindication of the laws and the repression of rowdyism. This help comes not a day too soon.

Can the same example be followed in this city? For many days past the average of reported murders has been one per day. Many of these cases of homicide have been accompanied by circumstances of peculiar brutality. Some of them have resembled the case of Mr. Swanson, who was murdered by a young villain who had never seen him before the moment he laid him in the dust. All these cases demonstrated the utter inefficiency of the police to preserve the peace of the city and to execute the laws against crime.

The worst feature in our social system is the difficulty of punishing obvious guilt. The only fault that we find in the community is from the newspapers. But for the press it is doubtful whether any crimes would ever be avenged. When the District Attorney publishes a harrowing account of a murder—as they do about six times a week in these times—the police are covered into confusion by, and, after a moment's outcry, certain arrests are made. Generally speaking, the persons arrested are the criminals. It is after the arrest that the difficulties begin. In the first place, blunders are apt to be made in commitments, and Judges are prone to accept bail when they ought to do nothing of the kind. Then, when prisoners are brought up for trial, juries are sure to disagree; and if by any accident a jury should be empaneled which contains no bigoted co-religionist or compatriot of the prisoner, who will vote to acquit him in the

teeth of any evidence, the prosecuting officer or the Judge is quite certain to make some blunder which will offend the Supreme Court on opportunity of ordering a new trial. If, after all, the criminal should be convicted, a weak or ignorant Governor is sure to commute his sentence, or to pardon him altogether.

Governor Clark, after a very creditable performance of the gubernatorial function, ruined his fame by a general jail delivery on resigning his office. Governor King has not waited for the term of his official career to defeat the ends of justice. If he had done no other act during his Governorship, his commutation of the sentence of death passed on M'Connell, the convicted murderer of an old woman under the circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, would exclude him from the list of Governors of whom New York may be proud.

THE LOUNGER.

MUSARD, JUN.:

FOR, although Musard, *père*, no longer conducts an orchestra, we have no right to assume that he does not live, nor deprive him of the glory of his proper honours.

As for the young man, such a very loud blast was blown upon the trumpet of many types — the fact of his "world-wide" celebrity was insisted upon in such cephid letters — and the universal acclamation of Paris, while he played balls and cockerels with his orchestra, and its profound respect and despair when he delightedly deserted the Hotel d'Osmond for Irving Place, were so vividly described — that the sentient Lounger who fulfilled his duty as newspaper, and believes it — who also reads physbills, and believes them sometimes — was delighted, in the midst of the thunder, "If the French gentleman is so *very* famous, and if Paris, sans *Musard*, is Paris no longer, how happens it that I have never can knowledge of him is so limited?" There are, at the most moderate calculation, a million persons in New York who have been in Paris, and we might, therefore, seem to have some right to know something of the colossal reputation. But, apparently, *Lennox*, the *Mission* were overlaid with Musard. Musard came in suspicious contact with private houses. Musard wrenched the advertising columns of the newspapers. Musard fared and flamed upon the dead wall. Musard stood, at Goupil's, in the shop-windows and in the illustrated papers; and finally, Musard sank-ship, for the Concerts Musard and the Bal Masqué Musard, were hung temptingly before the longing eyes of young New York.

Now, if an obscure fact in the career of a distinguished company in full dress is marshalled and ushered by solemn lackeys in livery into the full dining-room where beef-steak and onions are served upon gold plate. It is good eating; but if you get out for the full dress, the lackeys, and the gold plate, what are you to do for the larks' tongues and nebulæ?

Some years since the Lounger was in London, where Mr. Hokey, a very second-rate French composer, had, in company with Mr. Jullien's success, just perpetrated an opera, founded upon Shakespeare, called *La Jeunesse de Henri Cinq*. Jullien's June, and the height of the London season; and at her Majesty's Opera-house, where the new work was produced, a gayer band of musical critics could not be found. A drove was loosed from the gallery; there were verses of welcome to Hokey and Parodi!

M. Musard, Jun., is the sole conductor of a fine orchestra which plays in the Hotel d'Osmond, in Paris, and at the Grand Opera during the carnival balls. He composes grotesque quadrilles for his concerts and balls are attended by the *demi-monde* of Paris. The company, where this class of "society" — no half and half — where there are no *bal mariquis* — there is promenade concert is not comprehended — M. Musard, Jun., is the conductor of a fine orchestra.

"Then all there is of it," Musard's music, as such, is not attractive. The grotesqueness of it has been introduced by Jullien in a triumphant manner, leaving to Musard, if he be not ignorant of the idea, "only that and nothing more." Jullien's ear essentially grotesque composer, and the magnificent conductor for the performance of the best music in the world, and a most amusing harlequin and charlatan in his mysterious, and at times terrific grotesque manic. Jullien standing in front, with that coat, that waistcoat, that shirt, that collar, that neck-tie, those curls, those gloves — Jullien patting, and pointing, and springing, and squatting, and triumphantly flourishing into arms, like a sweet, and splendid mass of swell-tailoring, into a gorgeous crimson sash — Jullien was himself the most grotesque test of the performance, when it was "Herman's Quadrille," or "An Affectionate Quadrille;" and when the music was itself good, as on the banks of Zohn and Beethoven nights, his conducting was so admirable that his personality was pardonable. Then, too, Jullien had a genuinely popular talent. His Prima Donna Waltz and Katerini Polka were favorites from the first moment they were heard. Shall we forget, too, his soloists?

The Lounger remembers these things simply in justice to Jullien. If M. Musard will give concerts of the best kind — of which, of mingled symphonies, overtures, polkas, and waltzes — he will find them the most popular. But a very little overture and a great deal of *mouving* and *tossing*, and rubrocal clatter, may extort a languid smile, but it will not attract an audience. The public may be a very great ass, but you must be very careful how you treat it as such. The concert on the first evening ought to have opened the ears of Young Paris to Napoleon to several things. The only hearty and universal applause followed Stallenge's playing. There was a suspicious sound of *claque* in all the rest where it was continuous or noisy; and there was no foundation of an unanimous kick at a solitary instance of the programme.

The Lounger, however, of the morning papers were very generous next day. But if some one of them would try the experiment of a Pre-Raphaelite style of description and criticism of musicals and other performances, the tale of his paper would be immensely increased on the following first appearance. How many thousands of people opened the papers to find out whether Musard was a success! And how many of them did read it?

THE OPENING NIGHT.

THERE is something fascinating, and in "a private view." We all hurry with eager pleasure to our own opening. It is so delightful to be distinguished from "the public" — that dull, dark mass, which is so abused, flattered, and denounced, to which every lady smiles, and writes, and of whose judgment every body is skeptical.

The private lecture, as distinguished from the public, of the National Academy, came through a pelting rain, and crowded the rooms of the Gallery. They were brilliantly lighted, and the air tapestried with pictures; music played in the long hall; every body looked cheerful and happy; there were all kinds of notable people, some of them poor and on the walls. There was crowding, and chattering, and laughing, and squeezing, and admiring, and rejoicing. Old friends came suddenly on each other, and acquaintances jostled; lovers went about hinted, and silently pressed; and authors looked indifferent; and young women, situated with friendly ease, looked as cheerily calm as if all worldly wishes were gratified. Early on the festival was Bigham, Nestor of Academicians — although we believe his relations with the Academy have been interrupted. The contemplative President, Durand, the gallant Huntington, the author of the disheveled locks; brisk Cafferty; Rossiter, with flowing locks; the calm Kensett; gentleman Darley; Secretary Richards; and Cropsey, the busy servants of beauty who spread every year fresh brilliant wreaths.

Of course, in a crowd and by gas-light, pictures look their best — But next week, when the Academy will have been visited and its works familiar, we will talk of them together. If any Gostics and Chadsleys, if the Gallitt Knights, if Sir Joshuas, if any Titians and Vandycks, are lying *perdus* upon the walls, we will try and discover them.

Yes, and if patience and pure impartibility — if delicacy, fidelity, honour, and grace — are hidden, as we vainly, here, we will try and find them, and applaud; not asking that any man shall be praised for any one that deserves to-day shall be duly three hundred years ago.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

WHEN a hundred or two of the leading citizens of New York allow their names to be published as the committee of a ball, it is disgusting to see in all that the ball ends in the wildest riot and loss of property?

The Hunter Woodis festival is over, and a cloud of ridicule and shame rests upon it. But there will be scores more of these festivals, and they will be aided by advertisements supported by solid citizens' names. Then these names will be of the kind usually called "respectable;" yet every body will understand that the ball will be a disgraceful, and a dangerous riot. Every body will also understand that he ventures into it as a hunter ventures into the woods, and must be prepared to defend himself. He must expect to receive kicks and blackings, and to be at their mercy. He must expect to have his pockets picked, and his clothes torn off. All the Hons. and the Regs. who sign the committee will be probably lent their names to grace an indecent row.

Now the simple question is this: Is it impossible to have a ball without endangering the public city? Is it not perfectly notorious that the police are afraid of the rascals, and that the rascals know it?

At the Hunter Woodis Ball the Lounger learns that a gentleman's wife was sent to a policeman the man who had struck him, and had been trying to kick him, and said, "Please, sir, don't dare to kick him!" At the same moment the bully squared off before the officer, as much as to say, "Touch me, and I'll spoil that face of yours, in just try it on!" The gallant officer, of course, sneaked away.

Are democratic governments and civic disorder irresponsible? If the thousand policemen can not keep the city in order, why not have a thousand and? Why not have a standing army, if police decency will be laid upon other terms? Do you think that would be a despotism? Well; but why not have a despotism of good order as well as a despotism of riot? At this moment the police is not a "*corps* man" in New York who does not live on city corruption. He does not dare to do what he pleases to do, and despise the police as a pack of old women.

It is not altogether the fault of the police. For if they are weak in numbers they know it, and must behave accordingly.

Some years since, *Punch* proposed, as a prevent tive of railway disasters, that every locomotive should carry a director, strapped on in front. In like manner, let it be a rule that every "respectable" gentleman connected with the success of Hunter Woodis Balls is to go and serve as a policeman, and we have hope for less riot and drunkenness of those festive occasions.

MOUNT VERNON — GOING — GONE!

MR. EVERETT has been delivering his Washington oration in the Southern cities, and as he is thus about completing the tour of the country with his oratorical effort to secure the home of Washington, it seems that the object is about to be attained.

Mr. John A. Washington, the present proprietor of Mount Vernon, has written a letter to the ladies with whom Mr. Everett acts, and states that he has been willing to dispose of the estate only to Virginia or the United States. That was very natural and proper — provided they would pay enough. But he adds that the events of recent years show that neither of these "parties" desire the purchase. Under such circumstances, he continues, he is leaving that, after the *two highest powers* in our country (namely, Virginia and the United States), the women and the private guardians of such a spot, why, he is willing to hear proposals from the women. The ladies and Mr. Everett have now nothing to do but to offer sufficient money, and Mount Vernon is theirs.

It is a great pity that the home and tomb of George Washington should be exposed in the public market of this country, and shall be secured only by money skillfully talked out of the people. Congress every year wastes ten times as much as would have bought Mount Vernon, and made it a national possession entirely unique. What if Mr. John A. Washington should sell it to the very highest price? What is a high price for Americans to pay for Mount Vernon? It might have been had for a hundred thousand dollars, probably.

Now nay it is to dip into a pocket because an author unwilling to sell, and a public purchaser may have had some human characteristics; and how very hard to expect a cent in practical testimony of respect for the greatest American!

STOP THAT BALL.

MR. POLICE-JUSTICE WELSH has been acquaintance Napoleon Ulman, of the Grand Opera, "with the merest thread of the slightest acquaintance" on the subject of the public masquerades. The law decrees that they must not be. Mrs. Grundy may remain all the year round, and shake the trees — it false nose. The natural width of the black silk will never peep through dominos to disarm. The majesty of the law commands Terpsichore to unmask.

But we should be delighted to hear the learned Justice more at length upon "the moral sentiment of the community" in favour of any subject. We should be glad to know what are the more prominent symptoms of any moral sentiment at all. How — before there is a moral sentiment at present in this metropolis — its absence is to be ascertained. Whether the moral sentiment against any other fraud than the is severe reprehension of masked balls. Whether the moral sentiment is to be sought in the board of brokers. Whether it takes cognizance of every crime or of a private peculiarity of crime. Whether it is over strain at a gnat and swallows a caravan of camels.

MUSIC ABROAD.

WHILE we have among us so many good singers and musicians, we must not suppose that music is utterly silent. Tamberlik, the great tenor, even now is living, has just achieved "an extraordinary triumph" at the Italian Opera in Paris. He has been for some time absent in Brazil. Mr. Anthony has returned to Europe. Mr. Bristow, with a new prima donna, Mademoiselle Theresa Hamburg; another new prima donna, Mademoiselle Lucieni; and a fresh baritone, Signor Malvisi. Upon the last, as the most important, Fofo Signorelli — whose earliest characters are said to be her love Antonio Spezia and Ortolani, and Signor Giuglini, Bellini, etc. Giuglini is a very great favorite, and has saved an Italian translation of Balfe's Bohemian Girl, which was about to be ridiculous singing. Besides Rosati and Marie Taglioni; Mr. Anthony will enrich his ballet with Anetta Grahn, a new dancer from Vienna, who is not related to the late victim of the guillotine. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, who have sung delightfully in London, and Mr. Harrison, her tenor, has been undergoing double exercise.

The new Opera House at Covent Garden is to open on the 15th of May. The architect is Mr. Barry, who is the designer of the new houses of Parliament. The exterior dimensions of the building will be 200 feet in height, 122 feet broad, and 240 feet long, about *two thirds of the size* of that in Milan. There will be three tiers of boxes, and an amphitheatre above the third tier. There will be a fourth arcade of glass and iron extending the entire length of the building, a chapel adjacent to the Crystal Saloon Flower-market, which will be lighted upon open nights for a promenade. Signor Mongini, a Welsh singer, and Mr. Lover are drawing crowds to *Rory O'Moore*, singing "William Tell." His prima donna is Miss Pyne. Signor Bosio is engaged for the New York, who is called "a good and careful singer, although some people think her delicient in expression."

A REGRET.

SOME time since the Lounger mentioned that Mr. Bryant had not been elected one of the Regents of the University. Although it was very difficult to find any man more peculiarly fitted, in every way, for such a post. But there were "political considerations" and they were always the out of argument.

At the last meeting, however, to fill a vacancy made by the death of Mr. Gelig, of Canandaigua, Mr. Bryant was elected. Such an appointment honors the man, perhaps, but certainly much a man honors the office. Mr. Bryant is not only one of our most illustrious authors, but one of our best citizens. He has never held that his literary talents and abilities gave him peculiar claims upon him for other duties as a citizen of a republic. His life has always illustrated the great truth — which every scholarly American should never forget, but which is nevertheless generally forgotten by scholars — that every man in this country, just in the degree of his intelligence, cultivation, and character, owes duties to his country which it is treasonable for him to shirk and omit.

Since there sometimes a peculiar regret expressed that so noble a post should also be a politician, and so deeply interested in public affairs. But it is because such men as he so often neglect politics that the word "politician" becomes a by-word of meanness. Aaron Milton was not less a politician he was a working patriot. Irving and Bancroft, who are not less distinguished as scholars and men of letters because they have filled high offices of trust. The poet or the author is no longer a minstrel sitting below the throne. He is a harranger and Diclem, is a power for base politicians to fear. His influence is the want of personal skill, ity kept him out of office. But his fidelity to his political convictions made him peculiarly the patriot of France.

BONCONI.

SINCE Mr. Napoleon Ulman has been officially informed that he must not give his masquerades — and how they would inevitably end every sensible citizen knows — and since M. Musard, with his grotesque orchestra, and his grotesque carpets, and and inverted servants, and hot coffee, and ice-creams have failed to make a successful impression upon the public mind — why should not Mr. Edmund Bonconi Napoleon give us a short season of Rouconi, the greatest of living singers? Bonconi is now singing in Philadelphia, where they praise his acting and his not praise his singing. But with Madame La Grange and Formes and Rosati and Bertucini, what a performance of *Don Pasquale* we might have — the best level opera-company, and the finest Opera, perfectly sung, would soon take the taste of Beef and Mutton Quadrilles out of our mouths!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

— C. A. P., *Iron Mines, Jefferson County*, in the Lounger with a complimentary sonnet, and adds to it, "I am unique."

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER. — Please don't let your modesty prevent you from publishing this, for it is all true, every word of it, and I hope you will be tried before a jury of your readers if it is not so."

But the Lounger shrinks from the trial. He only ventures to express two of the lines:

"Therefore twice welcome is your page of sprightly wit and song,
When on the door-mat of our minds you wipe your feet so long."

"DEAR LOUNGER. — I am persuaded it is good to have an Art Convention, because the artists ought to know what they want, and undoubtedly do. I weighed when I heard that there were to be two conventions, and if it was only to give their countenance, for the time has not yet arrived, when the public can be left entirely to itself to decide whether we shall have an American School of Art or not — and there is no doubt that the advertisements in all but the Fine Arts. We do not apprehend the vast importance which would attach a proper organization of this subject, or the necessity of impressing the views of our practical artists upon the public mind, inasmuch as there is among us American School there are some who would not be willing to see such a school, but it is not to such, but unto the citizens generally, we must look for encouragement and support. We need show them that in no department of art is there a difficiency of merit which is not found in the works of some ever pressed a broader field for action, or possessed in a greater amount of material, that to us better way can we elevate our nation to an universality of position than by cultivating a true taste for the refining influence of art, and liberally encouraging the artist. It is true we should also discover that slowly the public taste has been strongly developed in favor of any thing of foreign importation, however inferior to that of home talent. We need but attend the Apollo exhibitions, and mark the eagerness with which Ethiopian performers are received, to be convinced of this fact. them, when they are acknowledged to be inferior to the works of our own native artists; while the latter are striving to thoroughly forgive that our painters are compelled to visit Europe to complete their studies, and that originality and become mere imitators, which is derogatory to the development of true American genius. We therefore hail the Convention cordially, in the hope that it will result in the establishment of a School of Art, and a more patriotic taste we may greet our long productive artists, and the conviction that it is a cause of congratulation to those who are truly interested, and be an honor to the nation."

— The Lounger sympathizes most heartily with his old friend V. de V., but he does not find in the Academy of Design and Academy of Fine Arts any kind have ever really helped its development. You can not make a school of art as you make a pair of shoes. In this country, at this moment, there are artists who are full of purpose, and who unite genius with study, and imagination, there will generally be an American school of art. And if you regard a convention of artists as an infusion of the conscientious of that spirit, then you may look for a school of art, but not otherwise. The facilities of study are abundant, and the public taste is every day more than balanced by the conventional standard of excellence in criticism. The tendency of the Academic influence is constantly to mechanical, not to imaginative or intellectual excellence; so that an "Academic" picture is usually a dull, cold, and careful performance. Nor must we put the cart before the horse. The public taste will follow, and not lead — national art. It is with art as with literature. Its superiority must be span out of the individual.

— J. L., Quebec, wishes to know how high or how low dresses may be worn. Just as high and as low as modesty will permit.

— A CHERRYCT poet leads off in this brisk style:

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER. — I have noticed that you are always ready to record the sentiments of others. Do you know of any sentiment better than the following?

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?"

and several verses follow. But the Lounger is happy to join in the refrain of the song —

"Rise! rise! rise!"

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXI.

Ephesus.—The Theatre.—Demetrius the Silversmith.—Scale of the Seven Churches.—Tyria.—Arrival at Philadelphia.—The City.—The Bishop.—The Successors of Paul and Gaius.—Sleep.—A wise Churchman.

Of the Ephesus that you have read and heard so much of, little now remains. In vain did we search for the temple of Diana, or even its ruins. Nothing whatever is there that one could by the utmost stretch of imagination make conform to our ideas of that grand fane that was once justly a wonder of the world.

But there is a ruin that possesses perhaps more interest to the Christian traveler than would the walls of the great temple.

In most of the ruins of ancient cities are found the seats and sometimes the walls of theatres. These were generally very massive structures, often dug in the sides of hills, or built on the most solid foundations. Hence where every other vestige of an old city has been carried away, it is not uncommon to meet with the sweeping circles of a theatre, silent, ruinous, melancholy, the more so that the place was accustomed to be the most gay and brilliant of all the public places in the city.

There are here, in much grandeur, remains of a theatre, which is probably that same one into which the people rushed with the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and in which Demetrius the silversmith made his attack on Paul, and stirred up the people against him. It is perhaps the only spot among the ruins of Ephesus at which the traveler feels any inclination to pause and recall the past.

The scene is before you. I will not endeavor to picture it as it came up to my imagination. But we found ourselves oftener in the theatre than in any other part of the desolation that once was Ephesus.

By-the-way, can you imagine the connection between the modern name of Ephesus, *Ayasolouk*, and the Greek words Αγιος Θεολογος? Because some persons say that the former is derived from the latter, and I am puzzled to detect the resemblance.

Miss Grandison was ill for a day or two during our stay at the city of Diana, and we used the time to discuss our route for the future. The tour of the Seven Churches would involve a complete circuit around Smyrna. A glance at the map will show you this. But we had some uncertainty as to whether it was best to go to Laodicea direct from Ephesus, or to go first to Philadelphia and thence to Laodicea, returning by the same route. We decided on the latter course, from the fact that the southern road was pronounced dangerous, and we heard of several robberies committed within the past month, which, with a lady in the company, it became us to avoid.

I must beg of you, if you would understand my route, to refer to a map of Asia Minor before going on with this letter. You will then see where Philadelphia and Laodicea lie with reference to Ephesus, and what I shall write hereafter will be more intelligible to you.

It is entirely impossible for me, in these letters, to give you even an outline of our journeyings. You may have before you our caravan, and that being fixed in your mind you must imagine the rest.

We have six large camels of the splendid breed of Smyrna, six mules, stout and sleek, and our horses and those of our attendants. Altogether we are fourteen *persons*—one, you know, is a lady. We have four tents, and the usual quantity of luggage.

Our camp at Ephesus was broken up on a sunshiny morning, and traveling along the bank of the Kaister through fields of grain and orchards of Eastern fruits, we reached *Tyria* in the evening, and rested there for the night. A false alarm of robbers in the night. John Steenburger distinguished himself by a valiant assault on one of the mules. The mule had, on the whole, the best of it. This was the chief incident of the way to Philadelphia, which we reached on the third day, in the afternoon.



THE INFIDELS AT BAY.

The city of brotherly love derived its name from Attalus Philadelphus, though who was the brother that Attalus loved I confess to you I am unable to say. My classical memory serves me no farther. I have an impression on my mind that he was brother to that Eumenes of Pergamus whose library rivaled that of Alexandria. But the history of his city sank into insignificance before that interest which attached to the city of the days of John. One ray of light from the sublime revelation of Patmos extinguishes the glory of all the kings and warriors who preceded the days of Christ.

The history of the city is but little known. Yet there are passages in it that would be worth relating; and there is a grand tradition of a battle in the crumbling times, wherein one gallant knight kept back a score of Paynims, that deserves lasting preservation and illustration among the deeds of brave men. Listening to that story from a Greek priest, in the gloom of a stormy evening, as I did, one could not but recall with a thrill of admiration the deeds of the warriors of the Cross, and acknowledge how vastly Christian soldiers in later ages have excelled, in valor and valiant work, the mighty men of more ancient renown.

It is to this day a place of considerable importance. The relics of its old walls are imposing and grand, but of their age it is impossible to guess. It is the seat of a bishopric of the Greek Church, and on the whole is a city of some note in these remote parts of the Old World. Its population must be from 10,000 to 15,000.

We obtained accommodations in a very decent house belonging to a Christian merchant, and having disposed of our effects, went out immediately to look at the remains of the old city and the ruins of the new.

Almost the first person we met was the Greek Bishop, with three attendant priests, and our appearance manifestly astonished him. He had not seen such a cavalcade in "The City of God" in his time. Philadelphia, by-the-way, is now called the City of God—*Allahkshur*.

The prelate was sailing up the narrow and dusty street with all his dignity of an English Metropolitan. We saw no horseback, but when we met him we dismounted and paid our respects to the representative of the Church in Philadelphia.

The glory has departed from the city that had once a canvas, which God hade her hold fast, but which she long ago let fall into the dust.

This filthy-looking lot of priests were the custodians of the Church of Paul, and Gaius, and Aristarchus. We accompanied them to the episcopal residence—a miserable, cold, turn of a house, in which we were hospitably received, but in which it was difficult to realize that we were in the hours of a Bishop of the Church to whom it was promised, "Him that overcometh I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

We had fruits and a glass of sherbet; and the Bishop tried to tell us of the splendor of the churches of the city, which are now in ruins—but I confess I could not believe his stories when I saw the ruins. They appear much more like remains of ancient temples of heathen gods. But the Bishop says they were churches, and he ought to know best.

Mount Tmolus stood up in the light of the setting sun, grand, magnificent, as the memorial of the faith that once blessed the city now lying in ruins below. Oh, holy faith of Christian hearts! When I remember how many have by it been sustained, even here where I now stand, in the long gone years, I thank God, and take courage. Yea, there were faithful men and faithful women, whose prayers went up from flame and torture, up above yonder serene mountain-top — up above yonder cloud lit with the red sunset glow—and whose dust is here now. They did overcome, and are pillars in the temple above!

All the afternoon, as we strolled about the ruinous town, these and like thoughts possessed our minds; and in the evening we heard vespers sung in the Greek Church, and then went home and slept.

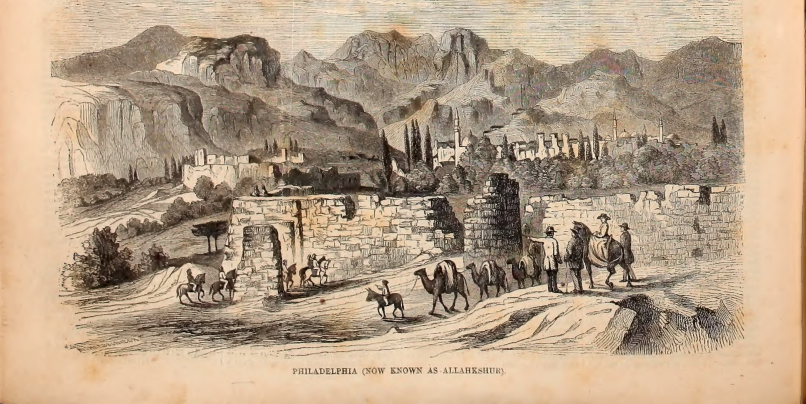
Do you know what a luxury is sleep? Were you ever tired—physically tired out? If not, you can't appreciate it. And I sometimes think, in these Eastern wanderings, that no one ever was fatigued elsewhere. I never have experienced more thorough and absolute bodily exhaustion than at the close of one of these long days of riding and ruin-visiting. But Miss Grandison is an example of endurance.

"Where is America?" asked one of the Greek priests of me, at the Bishop's house.

"It is on the other side of the world," said I, in Eastern style of exaggeration.

"Has the world two sides?" demanded the learned Churchman, with a look of great astonishment.

"Verily they are not past the age of Galileo here!" said I to myself.



PHILADELPHIA (NOW KNOWN AS ALLAHKSHUR).



AN ANDAMAN ISLANDER.

THE ISLAND PRISON OF THE KING OF DELHI.

WHEN Delhi was stormed by the British, its King (whose portrait may be found in No. 33 of our first volume) fled across the Jumna, and, with a small train of women and eunuchs, took refuge in a strongly-constructed tomb, whence he issued only upon the promise of an impatient subordinate British officer that his life should be spared. It reflects no little credit upon the temper and self-control of his captors, who thus beheld one of the chief offenders in the rebellion escaping their just vengeance, that they scrupulously honored the pledge of one who might well have been declared irresponsible toward an individual who had himself violated every tie which could give him claims upon humanity. After serious deliberation it has been determined to exile the rebel king to one of the Andaman Islands, a small and unimportant group situated in the eastern portion of the great Bay of Bengal, between latitudes 10° 30' and 13° 40'. A lonelier prison could scarce be found. Lying full within the rango of the southwest monsoon, these isles are washed for eight months in the year by continuous rains. The inhabitants are a peculiar and most savage race, sunk to the lowest stage of barbarism—suspected to be cannibals, and known to be vindictive, treacherous, and hostile to all intruders. They seldom exceed five feet in height, have protuberant bellies, limbs disproportionately slender, skin a deep sooty black, hair woolly, nose flat, thick lips, small red eyes, and an expression of countenance made up of famine and ferocity, and indicating extreme wretchedness. They go quite naked, having no sense of shame whatever; and have made no efforts toward cultivating the ground, inhabiting only the sea-shores, along which they wander, preying and subsisting upon fish and other marine animals, snakes, lizards, and rats.

Their weapons and implements are of the rudest kind, but they use them with remarkable dexterity, particularly in spearing fish. They have no utensils that will resist fire; and cook their food, which is entirely animal, by throwing it upon the coals, and devouring it when half broiled. Their huts consist of four poles driven into the ground, and interwoven with branches of trees. Herds of a diminutive species of hog—supposed to be descended from a shipwrecked stock — are found in the forests, and with the skulls and bones of these animals the islanders are accustomed to adorn their rude huts. These remains, it is supposed by some travelers, first gave rise to the supposition that the Andamanese were addicted to cannibalism.

They are continually in a state of semi-starvation, which may account, in part, for their ferocity, and their very low physical and moral condition. Their chief trouble, however, is to protect themselves against the countless flies which swarm here as they do on the coast of New Holland. To evade this plague, the first care of the islander, on getting up in the morning, is to daub himself all over with a thick coating of mud, which, hardening in the sun, forms an armor completely insect-proof. He next paints his woolly locks with red ochre—and, this done, pays his respects to his neighbor; which salutation of politeness—said to be never omitted—is performed by lifting one leg and smiting the lower part of the thigh with the open hand.

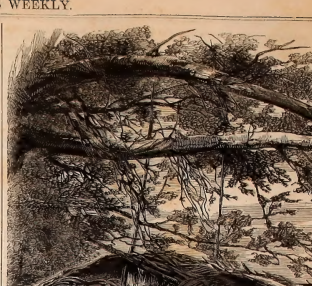
The Andamanese are supposed to worship the sun and moon. During violent tempests they become much alarmed, and by various barbarous and disgusting ceremonials endeavor to avert the wrath of the storm-demon. Their language is peculiar, and has not the slightest affinity to any known to be spoken in India or on any of the Indian islands. It has been supposed that they are the degenerate descendants of a tribe of wandering negroes; but of this there is no certainty. When the great island of Papua comes to be thoroughly explored, it may be that the Andamanese will be found akin in manners, language, and race to the Papuan negro.

Great Andaman and Little Andaman are the chief isles of the group. Of these the first and most northerly is 140 miles in length and 20 miles in breadth, and contains in its centre a peak—the Saddle Peak—2400 feet in height, which forms a landmark for passing mariners. On this island was established, in 1793, a British penal settlement, called Port Cornwallis, where were sent convicts from Bengal. The harbor is excellent, but the situation proved so extremely unhealthy that the settlement was abandoned in 1796. Since then the islands have been visited willingly but once, in 1825, by a British squadron bound for Rangoon. On that occasion the natives attacked a peaceful watering party with such obstinate ferocity that they were not beaten back until the British lost three men, and two-thirds of the attacking party were slain.

Of animals the islands have, besides several snakes and lizards, only small hogs and rats. Timber for ship-building and cabinet purposes is found, but only one fruit, the mango. The cocoanut, which flourishes in the neighboring Nicobars, is not known to the Andamanese. The swallow, which builds the edible birdsnests so much prized by the Chinese, is found here in caves by the seaside.

Altogether, this prison-home of the inhuman exking is of the most desolate character; and, living there, he will have leisure, in the absence of opium, to rethink him of his past life, and prepare for that death which, in his case, can not be far off.

A few years ago an American Indiaman was cast away on Little Andaman. Half the crew were murdered by the natives, who made a sudden and ferocious descent upon them soon after they got ashore. The rest were immediately driven into a boat, which, fortunately, they had been able to preserve; and such was the inextinguishable hatred of the natives, who followed them along shore, and



HUT OF AN ANDAMAN ISLANDER.



VIEW OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS, THE PRISON OF THE KING OF DELHI.

dartled spears at them whenever they approached near enough, that they were obliged to put off for sea without provisions or water. They were fortunately picked up a few days afterward by a passing vessel.

Now that a settlement is to be made on one of the islands, it is to be hoped we shall learn a little more of the savage and singular race, which seems so mysteriously separated from all its fellows, and planted here in the Indian waters.

H.S. Since the above account was written, further news has come to hand, from which it appears that the worst having in charge the future of the ex-king of India) has sent detachments to all the Andaman Islands as the locale of his imprisonment. The matter was still under consideration, and the probability is that the islands will be selected as the most convenient and eligible site.

LITERARY.

THE American Geographical and Statistical Society is an institution which has recently advertised itself somewhat extensively in connection with a series of lectures and an exhibition of pictures. In common with others we received an invitation, issued by their "Committee on Syrian Exploration," to attend a private exhibition of the illustrations to be used in these lectures, and in particular the pictures of Mr. Edward Troye, the well-known artist, who has been on Mount Lebanon, other, and has finished some elegant works while there. The invitation was in printed form and card, and he passed us in at the theatre entrance, whence, by a subaltern, we made our way through passages familiar in concert days to the lecture-room we entered.

Here all was darkness except behind a white screen which was stretched across the stage for the purpose of receiving "magic lantern" views. Some twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen had found their way as we had to the room. Standing over stools and benches in the pit, we found a place we found a seat, and waited the Society's proceedings.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed, and then some one began spreading the screen with white, the occasional profile was visible on it, cast by the dim light in the rear. At last the lecture was pronounced to members of the Geographical and Statistical Society. If so, it was all we saw of them or their committee. It half a dozen persons behind the screen and this hall at making rabbits with the hands interlocked in an ingenious manner known to the boys as the wall done—on the whole, successful. Next, an occasional view of a tent with a stripe on it, which was thrown on the screen, and fresh showers of water were added. The effect on the dark air was not striking: on the contrary, rather the reverse. At nine o'clock the spectrum of the magic lantern was thrown on the curtain, and that is the last we saw—larger, smaller, more light, less light—for ten minutes. At 9.15 a view of a city, upside-down, was introduced, and the lecture began to be satisfactory: then a view of some trees was let down and put in (the fashion of drawing blinds), lifted, let down—lifted, let down; then both were withdrawn. Ten minutes later the city appeared, right side up, then wrong side up, then right side down. Five minutes more, and the same city reappeared and disappeared. Five minutes more, and the same. Five more, and the same. By this time the experiments seemed satisfied. There was a general shuffling up of the boys and benches were fixed behind the screen, and the invited audience, this orderly hall, could find its way to each other's faces, would doubtless have presented reminiscences of unlooked-for entertainment.

A self-organized committee of invited gentlemen now ascended the stage, and found a solitary individual in charge of the magic lantern, who was not a Geographer nor a Statistical gentleman, but our excellent friend Mr. Starr, who was managing the lantern once in a while for the public on his own account. Mr. Starr was shocked at the invasion, and wanted to spare the slide at which he was at which, for the first time, the lecture was pronounced to be going on. Mr. Starr, and recognized some of the most respectable gentlemen of the city.

"What are you here for?" demanded Mr. Starr. "We were invited," was the reply. "Well, you've mistaken the evening," said Mr. Starr. "Read the invitation." Whereupon the invitation was read and protested that he knew nothing about it; and so no one was present on behalf of the Society to explain the mistake, the company went home about ten o'clock, with no favorable anticipations from the lectures under such auspices.

As it afterward proved, they were not far wrong in their unfavorable opinions. The price of the tickets was fixed at a dollar a lecture, the audiences were slim, and the lecturers were choked off, when two-thirds through, to allow of the exhibition of pictures that might have amused children in a Sunday School, but which were out of place in a scientific body. Mr. Troye's paintings were, indeed, exhibited, and are magnificent works of art in the room where he now shows them; but they might as well have been hung in the dome of the Exchange as on the front of the stage at Niblo's. And to finish the chapter, when Mr. Troye came to remove his noble painting of The Syrian Pavesman on the Plain of Damascus, a careless workman so managed his ladder as to fall absolutely through the canvas, and nearly ruin one of the finest works of art which this country possesses.

We have given more space to this account than we intended, hoping that this is the last we shall hear of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, or its Committee on Syrian Exploration. Until they can manage a course of lectures in a New York saloon, it will hardly be safe to trust them with running a line from Jaffa to the Persian Gulf, or giving to the world any new information on Eastern Geography.

The death of little children is a subject of household interest in very many families. Dr. Prime's admirable work, published by Harper and Brothers, met comfort and consolation into thousands of homes. Carter & Brothers now issue an admirable volume of Life and Light, for Little Children. Dr. N. L. Rice, of Chicago, whose experience in sorrow has made him a fitting counselor of the afflicted. The book is a real large, but large enough to contain an abundance of instructive truth which mothers will read, and, reading, will find comfort.

Few good novels are published in these days. Guy Livingstone and Dead and Alive, by George Lee, fall on you with no rivals. It is a feature of the age, to which we have before called attention, that the republication of the old classics is well employed. Harper & Brothers have yielded to the demand for such reading by republishing the works of Miss Mary Howitt, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Sedgwick, which are not only of standard value but of enduring freshness and interest. Harper and Brothers the same connection we may mention the continuation of Fielder and Fielder's elegant edition of the Waverley novels, of which the last number is the Fortunes of Nigel. Nor has the publication of such books of travel as Livingstone, Kelly's son, Bonar, and others have just issued, increased any degree the demand for the works of our American writers.

Mr. Cooper's new edition of Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime's "Europe and the East," one of the most useful books of the day, is to be issued by Harper, published by the Harpers, as well as a new edition of Mr. W. C. Prime's Boat Life and Tent Life.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 12th, in the Senate, a message was received from the President, accompanying his veto on the Kansas Bill, on which Senator Green gave notice that he would call up the bill for the admission of Kansas. A message was also received from the President of the United States of the Dedimus Appropriation Bill, which was also returned with a protest against the passage of the Military Asylum, complaining of abuses, and proposing for a substitute the Land Warrant Bill, referred to a special committee. The Senate then adjourned to attend the funeral obsequies of Hon. Henry Clay, delivered after the reading of the Journal.

On Tuesday, 13th, in the Senate, Senator Green, pursuant to notice, moved that in the House had disagreed to the Kansas Bill, and that a message to that effect be sent to the House. This led to discussion, in which Senators Douglas, Green, Bigler, Hunter, and others took part, and Senator Clayton, Senator Hunter, and Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, spoke in favor of the bill. By the Utah Telegraph Bill, which was discussed by Senators Gwin, Brodhead, Bigler, Wade Hampton, Crittenden, Hale, and others. Senator Iverson moved that Senator Douglas's bill be made the special order for the 7th December, which was carried by 28 to 17. Senator Brodhead moved that the Senate adjourn over to Monday, and adjourn on the first Monday in June. After discussion by Senators Douglas, Bigler, Green, Hunter, and others, the motion was carried by 28 to 17. Senator Brodhead then occupied all day in discussing the Senate bill to establish a telegraph between the Mississippi and Pacific. Speeches against the bill were made by Messrs. Gwin, Douglas, Bigler, Green, Hale, Fitch, and Mr. Mason, Gould, Clemens, and Smith. The House adjourned without taking action.

On Wednesday, 14th, in the Senate, a Memorial from the Legislature of Utah, praying the Territory be made the Mormons, was presented and laid on the table by 32 to 19. Senator Brodhead presented a memorial from the Illinois Legislature praying for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. The Utah Telegraph Bill was then taken up, and Senator Brodhead moved that the eastern terminus be "at a point on the Missouri River opposite Council Bluffs, in the State of Kansas (sic)," which, after discussion by Senators Douglas, Green, Bigler, Hale, Crittenden, and others, was lost. Senator Toln moved to substitute the words "the Missouri River" in lieu of Senator Brodhead's motion between the mouth of the Big Sioux and Fort Smith, on the Arkansas River, which was lost by 28 to 17. Several private matters. In the House, the Senate message asking for the Kansas Bill was received and referred. The Senate bill for the admission of Kansas was then taken up. The previous question having been moved and carried, Mr. English's motion to concur with the Senate was lost by 108; the Speaker then voted say, and it was carried. Some disagreement, which was promptly terminated by the Senate bill for the protection of life and property was then discussed by Messrs. Stanton, Bocock, Cobb, and Gilmore. No vote was taken.

On Thursday, 15th, in the Senate, Senator Pearce moved for returns of all contracts for Utah supplies which have been given without notice; agreed to. Discussion of Senator Hunter, the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill. Senator Douglas's bill to establish a Territorial Government for Utah was then taken up, and passed by Act of 1852. The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up and discussed by Senators Bigler, Douglas, Wade Hampton, and Foster. A message was received from the House, announcing the appointment of Messrs. Stephens, English, and Howard as the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill. In the House, the Senate bill for the admission reported from the Committee on Commerce; by Mr. Millson, from the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, instructions; by Mr. John Cochrane, making an appropriation for the improvement of the Hudson River; by Mr. Bocock, for the relief of 1812; ratified on the 3d March, 1857; reported from Mr. Cobb, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported adversely on the bill to establish a bureau of agriculture and mechanics.

On Friday, 16th, in the Senate, several thirty-two private bills, and then adjourned. The House was likewise engaged on private bills.

On Saturday, 17th, Senator Pest introduced a bill providing for the organization of Oregonia and Nebraska. Monday to November. An effort was made to take up the Deficiency Bill, but Senator Douglas objected, and the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up. Senators Douglas, Bigler, Foster, Brodhead, Green, Johnson, Hunter, Broderick, Green, Wilson, Crittenden, Hale, and Fitch participated in the discussion, which, further consideration of the bill was postponed till Monday, December 7th. In the House, the time was occupied with private bills. The bill to refund duties on railroad iron, which was first at the House in 1856 was discussed by Messrs. John Cochrane, Clemens, and Stanton; no vote was taken.

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The Conference Committee have met twice; but thus far no result has been arrived at. Mr. Stephens is seriously indisposed, and did not attend the two last meetings of the Committee. It is understood that Senator Douglas has had an interview with Mr. Stephens and Senator Hill, and the admission of Kansas under the act of 1854 is the basis proposed. It is said that Mr. Stephens has not objected, and that an amicable arrangement which does not submit the Constitution to the popular vote in Kansas.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

An interesting and important diplomatic correspondence, lately carried on between the British Minister, Lord Napier, and General Cass, relative to the slave-trade, has reached the climax is a long, able, and convincing note from the venerable Secretary, addressed to Lord Napier, reviewing the whole subject, and furnishing a complete refutation of the demands and pretensions of the British Government. Several notes had previously been exchanged between Lord Napier and the late Government, in which the former had charged the United States as a lenient observer of slavers of all nations, and maintaining that the United States and Great Britain, between the African coast from there, the present number of vessels, to four, or, at the most, six. In the communication to Lord Napier the views of our Government at length, and in a manner which must be considered as satisfactory, had been and his Government. General Cass, however, ended on the subject. He had, in his previous notes, dismissed with great and deserved severity upon the British treaty, and the right of search, which Lord Napier had claimed, and even with equal justice upon the African agencies system, by Lord Palmerston.

NEWS FROM SAINT LAKE CITY.

We have news from Salt Lake City, by way of California, to February 6.

Mass meetings have been held in all the various districts and towns of Utah, expressive of the people's entire confidence in Governor Young, and their approval of his acts and policy. The Territorial Assembly, in a unanimous meeting, called for this purpose, was held at Salt Lake City on the 4th January, Governor Young presided. At this meeting Committees reported resolutions, approving of the late President of the United States, and the votes to Congress. The Address to the People set forth the policy of the Mormons, and the reasons for the charges of rebellance to law.

The Governor's Message to Congress is noticed in our report of Congressional proceedings.

FOREIGN.

The Legislative Assembly of Utah adjourned on the 23d January. A memorial was presented to Congress, and the presidential may be gleaned by the following sentences, extracted from the Governor's Message, dated January 17:

"The Legislative Assembly adjourned on the 23d inst., without the occurrence of a sequence rule on any portion of the code of practice, and the Supreme Court of the Territory, under the impression that the conduct of their offices would be suspended throughout Christendom! If the world is to be a standstill, and the Legislature is to be idle, the judiciary would most heartily commend and drive it inflate the worthy example. Let the lawyers, doctors, the passions, counsellors, pig-skipping, wire-working, lobbying, quarrelling, and other kindred ability cease from unchecked selfishness, find no place in our legislative halls. Then, and then only, will we be able to say that we install the devil a standing member in our Legislative Assemblies, or that the Legislative Assemblies of our country indisputably prevail over all the devils in creation. Then, and then only, will we be able to say that we have not brought the devil into our Legislative Assemblies, and that people proceeds from above, while the main-spring of our conduct proceeds from beneath."

APPEAL IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Nearly all the members who, after the House adjourned on 12th inst., left the city for their homes, are back in groups or in their seats, were startled by a cry from Mr. Hopper, of New York, and Mr. Hopper, author of the Southern Address, that Mr. Hopper was the author of the Southern Address. They had just before been attending regular business. Crowds of spectators and others rushed in and separated the combatants while they were engaged in a personal struggle. Mr. Hopper was temporarily taken in charge by the Sergeant-at-Arms. A number of Members left the House before the conclusion of the proceedings, were much frightened. A pistol and bowie knife were found in the possession of the man who was thrown. An investigation was held, and Senator Hale and Montgomery Blair, who were present, and Mr. Mr. Creigh refusing to appear against the assailant, the matter was laid over for the present.

MRS. OWEN'S FANCY BALL.

Mrs. Owen gave a fancy dress ball at Washington on the 8th. Every body was there, and the affair went off with great éclat. We subjoin a few descriptions of the characters:

Mrs. Webb's dress was that of a *Lady of the Court of Louis XIV.*, consisting of a skirt of white satin, richly trimmed with flounces of pearls of quality; bodice of the same trimmed with pearls of quality; overdress of cherry satin, trimmed with a ruche of white satin; point lace of rare value; XIV., which added much to the effect of the costume, so admirably adapted to the face of the lady who wore it.

Miss Grin, who aided in 'doing the honors,' looked charmingly in a *Costume of a Greek Girl*. Her dress of white and full white satin pantalets; boots of silver and blue satin, which fitted perfectly to the ankle, trimmed with stripes of cherry satin, was a skirt of tulle trimmed with a ruche of white satin; a bodice of white satin, with cross of cherry satin, upon trimmed with pearls and blue ribbon.

Mrs. Bigler, of New York, *Indian Princess*. This was perhaps the most perfect costume worn, and every thing was in keeping with it.

"Hon. Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, *Julius Cæsar*. Perry, a costume of white satin and velvet.

"Mr. M. B. Brady, of New York, looked magnificently as *Count Fiesco, the Genoese*. Costume of white satin and velvet.

"Mr. Lamb, of Kentucky, was dressed with great taste and elegance as a *Spanish Cavalier*.

"Mr. Ely, of Georgia, one the ball-dress of *Count Robert of Paris, in the Crusades*. Court, at the time when President Washington's opening address were commenced efforts. Lord Napier and Lady Napier were one of these most admired—perhaps on account of the affability of the wearer.

"Mrs. Senator Douglas, of Illinois, as *Ancient*, was dressed in a style of beauty and elegance worthy admiration.

"Her presence was as glorious as her state;
To mortal eyes she did all grace exceed;
Whose face destruction only would shield;
Her looks were like the sun, which none can read,
Then looked by what I can relate.
To tell her hair, full many a would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail.
Her dress was of white satin, richly trimmed.

"Hon. Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, as a *Gentleman of the Court of Louis XIV.*, looked most handsome, fared and lined with white satin, except the velvet collar. The breeches were of white satin, trimmed with the court sash too, also lace at the wristbands. White silk stockings, with red clocks, and shoes with red heels, and buckles. The hat of old time form, with red feathers. The tremble Lady Napier took as old friends and old and distant member from North Carolina, the appearance of ball-rooms will be improved.

"Miss Hale of New Hampshire, as *Scarlet*, scattered bright and joyous glances wherever she moved.

"I marvel not, O Sun! that unto thee,
In adoration, man should bow the knee.
Since thou dost shine on him with joy and love!

"Hon. L. M. Kutt, of South Carolina, was *Buckingham* in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and looked the part to the full act. His was one of the best sustained characters in the room.

"Lady Oakley, as a *French Marchioness*, would have been an ornament to the Court of Versailles.

"Miss Oakley, as *Indian Peasant Girl*.

"A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded
A rose with all its sweetest leaves unfolded."

"Mr. Foote, of Massachusetts, *The Merry Monarch*, and, later in the evening, as *Major Jack Downing*, enlivening for the Utah army.

PERSONAL.

The funeral review of Mr. Benton was attended, among others, by the President, members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and members of Congress. The corpse was conveyed to the vault in the Congressional Cemetery.

Colonel Benton's will was opened the day after his death. The instrument was drawn up by himself, but previous to the surgical operation which threatened his life. It is written entirely in his own hand, and is dated December 1, 1856. The estate is bequeathed to Mrs. Jones, and William Carey Jones is to have the library and the manuscript. The rest of the estate is distributed among the surviving children. The executors are Messrs. Montgomery Blair, Preston King, Richard Y. Jacob, Montgomery P. Blair, and Philip Lee.

Mr. Preston Brooks, of Carolina, is about to leave New Orleans for Kentucky, and will arrive here before the end of this month. He will be met at the depot of cars with different schemes; and especially republicans all the Democratic Members of Congress from the said confederacy.

Lord Elgin and Kincardine has had a public reception in Canada, and has left for America, on his way to London Mr. Young addressed him as "Oculus, Patriot, Sage, Citizen of America, Lieutenant of Wodenshire, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind."

Queen has been celebrating the birth-day of the deceased *J. Addison Thomas*, of this city. He died at his residence, No. 48 Clarendon Hill, on the 17th inst., and was interred by the former Member of that Government with the usual military honors.

The Swedish Envoy has also been transferred from Washington to Constantinople.

The Russian Legation will forthwith return to Costa Rica.

The British *Advertiser*, having been led by an error of the telegraphic reporter to suppose that the Hon. William L. Dayton, U. S. Minister from that country, had left a Lecompositis in the important division to the name of Lecompton, has the following: "Mr. Dayton makes the following statement:

"I left Paris on the 7th of June, nor shall I see any such vote from the Senate. I am not aware that I have been in any way connected with the Lecompton Constitution, or with the Kansas question, since I have been here on record. Soon the final struggle on Lecompton will come, and the people of Kansas will have the opportunity to be heard on, as usual, you will please contradict the report, in answer to any letter that may be addressed to me."

Here Forney was thrown from a carriage on Monday, and falling over a hedge, was quite severely injured. Mr. Gorchie, and injured his leg so seriously that it was found necessary to amputate the limb above the knee.

The Rev. Mr. Kellock, of Boston notoriety, is said to have received a call to the pastorate of Trinity Church, and is expected to take charge of the parish.

It is reported that John W. Seymour, the defaulting ex-cashier Post Office, is living in Canada, keeping a silver store.

General William Marks, who was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature as early as 1810, and for six years a member of Congress, died at Lowell on the 5th ult. He was elected to the United States Senate, and was the author of the bill which, if it had been adopted, would have been contemporary with Webster, Calhoun, and Clay. He was also the author of the bill which established the Court of Claims. He was a regular contributor to the Democratic Review in the days of Langdon Cheves, and was for many years on the Committee on Military Affairs, and was known when he left Congress as the gentleman who was called the Cincinnati Pennsylvania.

The New Hampshire Patriot and Gazette is looking over the list of members of this Congress (thirty years ago), and published in Alden's Register, of December, 1857, we notice a curious circumstance. The list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee, whose Christian name was not given in the report by the compiler, and as he put his name down in the list of members he signed it with the short for gentleman, of whom already there was another in the House, and was elected President of the United States.

General Lewis Cass, formerly of this city, has been appointed United States Commercial Agent at Florence, in Tuscany. Our foreign government has a large proportion of Florence.

Mr. Frederick Rasmacher, of Indiana, Pennsylvania, was shot a day or two ago by a tenant of his, named Bennett, from whom he attempted to distrain for rent. He later settled the case by killing the landlord, whose age is not mentioned.

Miss Matilda Hyde Crim, of Baltimore, Tuesday morning, the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, the eloquent and popular Rector of that city, and his sister, Miss Anna Maria Cruikshanck, to look at the operation of a corn-shelling machine in the Patent Office, and while engaged there, he placed his hand on that portion of the instrument which was in motion, which crushed his hand. His dressing-gown became entangled in the wheels of the apparatus, which caused the arm to be drawn in the right manner, from the elbow to the shoulder, severing the main artery and bone, and otherwise badly and severely injuring him.

Mr. Cruikshanck, with great presence of mind, ordered the machine to be stopped, or Mr. Tyng would have become very much exhausted by his great loss of blood. The wounded gentleman was at once taken home and was from Norristown, who remained with him all night, and rendered every assistance in his power.

This morning Mr. Tyng was doing as well as it was at any reason to expect, but he can not be considered fairly out of all danger from the wounds.

Dimmick, of Pennsylvania, a Lecompton Democrat, is at that time in Washington, D. C.

William Knapp, Jun., Esq., for the past two years a resident of this city, and a member of the Philadelphia bar, has been appointed Consul to Belfast. Mr. Knapp's recognition only next week on business connected with the duties of his office.

Lady Napier has expressed her intentionally to post a visit to Mount Vernon. Lord Napier remains in Boston on the 19th inst.

General Cass has left, as has been stated, for Washington, but is awaiting orders to join his command in Utah, if necessary. His health has slightly ill, is proved, but he equips yet to be quite feeble. It is likely his brothers pass will contribute to revive and strengthen him.

The United States frigate to present a magnificent set of bound and colossal.

Mr. Frank H. Smith, one of the official reporters of the House, was on Wednesday morning married to Miss Mary Ann Hall, daughter of Mr.

The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Herald* says: "Lieutenant Maury, of the Observatory at Washington, has ordered the stage for the purpose of opening a wine and liquor store in Lodge."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW INDIAN LOAN.

The London *Times* of the 2d says: "The biddings for the India loan of £5,000,000 in four per cent. debentures were handed in on Thursday, and the result has been more satisfactory than was generally anticipated. The minimum price fixed by the India House was 97, and the tenders at and above that point amounted in the aggregate to £4,800,000. They ranged from 97 to 102, two or three persons having offered the latter price for some moderate sums. It is believed that the average will prove to be about 98. There were some large offers under 97. As soon as the adjudication of the £4,800,000 had taken place, the new security was negotiated in the Stock Exchange, and numerous transactions were effected at 98 @ 98¼, the final quotation being 98. The first payment of 20 per cent. will be due on the 8th inst."

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.

The work of taking in the Atlantic cable was, at latest dates, proceeding with dispatch on both the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, and the whole was expected to be on board by the 10th of May.

It is intended that the two vessels, which are expected to be completely ready by the end of May, shall, before commencing to lay the cable, proceed to sea, and in deep water, about 300 miles from the Irish coast, rehearse a series of experiments in paying out and hauling in, and put to a practical test several suggestions and appliances that have been proposed by various ingenious persons. The two ships will then return to England and report progress; and should the experiment show that improvements or alterations are desirable, there will be time to get them effected so as to enable the expedition to make its final start at the most favorable time of the year.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AMONG THE PEOPLE.

The Emperor, on horseback, went to visit the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, a few days ago. The crowd of workmen, masons, and stone-cutters engaged in building the houses of the new thoroughfare crowded round his Majesty, and cheered him most lustily. The Emperor went home through the heart of the city by the Rue de la Ferronerie, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, the Rue Vivienne, and the Boulevards. In the Rue de la Ferronerie his Majesty reined in his horse and stood for some time looking at the bust of Henri Quatre, which is fixed up in the front of a house exactly opposite the spot where he was murdered by Ravaillac. Late events must have occurred to his mind as he gazed upon it; and he could hardly avoid reflecting on what might have been the fate of France had he met with his Ravaillac on the 14th of last January.

THE NEW EMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

M. de Persigny has returned to Paris. Marshal Pelissier was to leave for London on the 12th inst. The Marshal's income will enable him to make a greater display than any embassador since the time of Louis Philippe. 300,000f. ($60,000) a year is the salary allowed to the diplomatic representative of France in England; 100,000f. installation, on an average stay of three years, making about 33,000f. a year; a sum of 100,000f. a year which was voted to support his rank as Duke de Malakhoff; his pay as Marshal, 40,000f.; and his salary as Senator, 30,000f.—which make a total of over 500,000f., exclusive of his allowance as Knight Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Duke has, therefore, a sufficient income to support his rank liberally.

DUEL BETWEEN AMERICANS.

The *Commercial* gives the following extract from its Paris correspondent's letter: "A duel took place here three days ago between Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the secretary of the American legation in this city, and Mr. Brevoort, of New York. They exchanged shots with pistols; and then, on account of an informality, the seconds stopped the fight for explanations. No meeting has since taken place, and I believe the affair is to be published."

ORSINI'S WILL.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the *Independence Belge*—"M. C——, who took part in the Roman revolution, and who is now an *employé* of the Credit Mobilier, was summoned the other day to the office of the Procureur-General, and asked if he had known Orsini. 'I knew him very well by reputation,' replied M. C——, 'but I have never to my knowledge seen him, though we may have met in the Roman Constituent Assembly.' 'That's what Orsini said,' replied the Procureur-General; 'but he has nevertheless appointed you his executor.' M. C—— replied that he was ready to accept the mission if they would show him the will. 'The will we can not give you,' said the Procureur-General, 'the law not admitting those who are condemned to death to make a will; but I undertake to acquaint you with his last wishes.' M. C—— went at once to Madame Orsini, who is at Paris, with her two young children, and offered his services to that Lady. Madame Orsini, who has been living in Italy, had not seen her husband for three years."

TWO MORE DEATHS FROM THE ATTEMPT OF THE RUE LEPELLETIER.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "We have to record this week two other deaths, victims of the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier. But the causes of their death were quite opposite. A young girl, who was wounded in front of the opera by the explosion of the bombs, has just died in the hospital Lariboisière; while a soldier who was at the execution, near the guillotine, has just died from the effects of the impression he received at the moment the heads of the prisoners fell under the axe."

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

A case has just been decided at Boulogne-sur-Mer, to which the attention of young ladies about to marry should be seriously directed, as it may prevent a great deal of misery and distress. Miss Baron, a young English lady, made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, M. Albert de Coupigny. The young people, both of whom were of age, fell in love with each other, and agreed to take each other "for better for worse." They stepped on board the Folkstone packet, and duly exchanged their vows before the registrar of that place. The little domestic drama now commenced. There were "stern parents" in the case, but, on the side of the young gentleman, unlike their prototypes in the song, they only interfered after their son brought his wife home, and then applied to the tribunal to have the marriage quashed on the plea that, first, their son had not asked their consent, and, secondly, that the formalities prescribed by law to validate the marriage of a Frenchman abroad had not been performed. As a caution for any young ladies who might be tempted to follow Miss Baron's example, it should be told what these formalities are. Three weeks before the performance of the ceremony the banns must be posted up at the mairie of the place where the bridegroom habitually resides. No matter what his rank and position may be, this formality must be complied with. When M. de Morny was married to Mademoiselle de Troubetzkoi, at St. Petersburg, the banns were put up according to the usual form at the mairie of his arrondissement in Paris. Let all girls intending to bestow themselves on a Frenchman take care that this precaution is not omitted. The consent of the parents of the bridegroom (supposing him, of course, to be no longer an infant) must also be asked, and, if refused, the intentions of the son must be thrice notified to them by a notarial act. If these precautions are not taken, what has occurred in the case of Miss Baron may again take place. Should the parents of the bridegroom apply to the law, and though the court may, as in the case in question, express deep regret that their authority should be called on to dissolve, against the wishes of the parties most interested, a marriage duly solemnized and consummated, the letter of the code is so precise that they have no alternative, and must apply to Miss Smith, Jones, and Robinson the sentence which "annulled the marriage between the parties, and condemned Miss Baron never to assume the name of Madame de Coupigny under pain of fifty francs fine for each infraction." There are some ugly features about this case, which it is painful to dwell on. M. Albert de Coupigny made no opposition to the application of his parents, and it is extremely desirable that the final *dénouement* of this matrimonial romance should be clearly understood.

THE EMPEROR AND LAMARTINE.

A number of the friends of Lamartine, without distinction of party or profession, have united in a plan for honorably relieving him from his oppressive pecuniary embarrassments, and securing his last days from further disquiet on that score. A deputation from the Maconnais Committee, who had undertaken the execution of this plan, went up to Paris a few days ago to ask of the Minister of the Interior permission to open the subscription in favor of their illustrious fellow-citizen. The Minister replied to their petition as follows:

"Gentlemen,—I have had the honor of communicating to the Emperor the object of your yesterday's visit. His Majesty is deeply touched at M. de Lamartine's actual position, and earnestly feels that the honor of France is engaged in preventing the aggravation of this position by its continuance. None of us can be indifferent when there is question of coming to the assistance of one of the greatest literary glories of our time, and no one can appreciate more fully than does the Emperor all the claims of your distinguished countryman (*glorieux compatriote*). The prince who has been opposing for these ten years the excesses of demagoguism does not and never will forget the services rendered by M. de Lamartine to the sacred cause of order in 1848, and all the wretchedness and shame from which France was saved by his glorious energy. I authorize the subscription which you, gentlemen, so nobly undertake, and am happy to inform you that the Emperor desires to inscribe his name at the head of it. Accept, etc., Espinasse."

DUMAS COOKING AGAIN.

A correspondent at Marseilles writes to the *Post:* "The prolific play-writer, M. Alexandre Dumas, is now residing here, to superintend the production of a new drama, *Les Gardes Forestiers*, which he has just written, and which is to be acted for the first time on Monday next. This drama, as I am credibly informed—represented to be one of the best of that writer's genius—was composed and completed in the very short space of time of four times twenty-four hours; having been commenced on Monday, February 22, and finished early on the following Thursday. M. Dumas forestalled the completion of the drama by one day, as he had entered into an engagement with the director of the theatre to write it in five days. My informant, on whose testimony I can implicitly rely, assured me that if he had not been an eye-witness he could not have believed it possible for the most gifted writer to compose so rapidly and under such circumstances. My friend found M. Dumas composing the drama, seated between his secretary and copying clerk, to either of whom he alternately turned, to indite, or to look over the MSS.; while, at the same time, there were from eight to ten persons in the apartment, with whom the writer entered actively into conversation. But what astonished my informant most was to find that, as the dinner hour approached, M. Dumas, stripping to his shirt sleeves, entered the kitchen, and handling the *casseroles* with the skill of a professed *chef*, prepared with his own hands that all-important repast. I am told that it is a habit with M. Dumas that when his mind is intensely engaged in study, he takes for a short time to the fumes of the kitchen by way of recreation."

GERMANY.

A NOVEL USE OF CHLOROFORM.

Hans Zocher has discovered, by means of the sleep produced by chloroform, the deception produced by a pretended mute, who attempted to quarter himself upon the cantonal hospital at Munsterlingen, during the winter, under false pretense. A full dose of chloroform betrayed his power of speech. His involuntary vociferation was of the most distinct and articulate character.

HUNGARY.

A TALE OF HORRORS.

An atrocious crime has just been perpetrated in Szikszа, in Hungary. A hawker who had long been in the habit of traveling about the country selling linen, stopped for the night at the house of a peasant. After taking his supper quietly with his hosts, he retired to bed. In the middle of the night the wife awoke her husband, and proposed to him to go and murder the hawker, in order to get possession of his property. The husband positively refused, on which the woman, calling him a coward, went and plunged a large knife into the heart of the sleeping hawker. The husband then, by order of the wife, put the body into a sack, and threw it into the river, while she set about removing all the marks of the blood. In the morning her son, a boy of five years of age, asked his mother for a piece of bread, when she took a knife to cut him a slice. Seeing this, the child cried out, "Do not cut it with that knife, for you used it to kill the hawker!" On this, the woman fearing that her crime would be revealed by the child, seized hold of him and threw him into the oven. It so happened that on the very night of the murder the house of another peasant had been robbed of a quantity of meat and bacon, and the owner had been prowling about in search of the thief. In passing near the house of his neighbor he smelt an extraordinary odor of something burning, and gave an alarm. While persons were entering the house to search for the cause of the smell, the mother pulled out the half-consumed body of the child from the oven, and endeavored to carry it away in her apron, but one of the feet was seen protruding, and the whole affair was discovered. The peasant and his wife were arrested, and the woman made a full confession of her guilt.

ITALY.

MASSES FOR ORSINI.

At Padua, a collegiate row has ended in the handcuffing and imprisonment of two hundred or three hundred students of that university. There is, on the outskirts of the town, a very picturesque and spacious church, dedicated to St. Antonio, called "Antony of Padua." To this shrine the Paduan youths came with a request for a requiem mass in favor of Orsini. The monk refused, but consented to officiate for an "unknown soul." The attendance was numerous, and at the close a grand *de profundis* was chanted by the disaffected lads, who were set upon and seized on their return.

INDIA.

THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

Mr. W. H. Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent, has arrived in India, and has begun to write home. After describing his entry into the ruined town of Cawnpore, he says: "A few yards beyond this mass of the ruins of what had once been a house there rose a ramp or sloping mound of earth from the level of the ground to the edge of a circular brick well, the top of which was covered in, and close by the well stood a monumental cross. It was scarcely necessary for my companion to say, 'There is the house and just beyond it is *the* well.' We passed on by the blackened wall of an absurdly fine masonic lodge, and by the ruins of a very spacious building called the Assembly-rooms, just opposite the scene of the butchery; by a house close to it, in which the Nena lived after the occupation of the place by the Sepoys; and then through the remains of mud houses and bungalows, till we reached the ruins of the Cawnpore hotel. Every thing around us was dilapidated—not a pane of glass in the broken window, the doors and ceilings broken, and here and there the holes made by cannon shot; but we were glad to find that some of the rooms were unoccupied, and that such things as breakfast and dinner were not unknown. The scene from the hotel—you must dismiss from your mind all associations connected with the use of the word in Europe, so far as the outward aspect of the place is concerned—was curious. Ruins, ruins, nothing but ruins, amidst which troops of vultures were gorging themselves, mingled with buzzards, kites, 'adjutants,' and carrion crows; a few tents pitched inside the compound by travelers *en route*, vast processions of carts drawn by oxen, and files of elephants and camels passing along the dusty plains which were swept continually by blasts that whirled before them clouds of fine earth, brick-dust, and the powdered surface of the compounds.

REMAINS OF THE BUTCHERY.

"Before breakfast we walked over to inspect the site of the horrid butchery which has rendered the Sepoy mutiny infamous for ever. The house in which it took place is now in ruins; it was pulled down to clear the ground for the guns of the *tête de pont* across the Ganges, and the very outline of the walls is scarcely traceable. It was originally built for and used as a zenana, an inclosed residence, with a court-yard in the centre, in which the stump of a tree was still standing: and off this open space were the rooms in which the massacre took place. The plaster of the walls was still lying about in patches, but I could not detect any trace of blood. Bits of cloth and of women's dresses were still visible amidst the rubbish; but there were none of the more painful tokens of the dreadful tragedy which had been enacted where we stood. There is reason to believe that the writing on the plaster, the purport of which you know, did not exist when Havelock's force entered the place. I have spoken with officers who examined the walls, and every scratch in the sides of the rooms, and they declare that the appeal to vengeance, which is attributed to one of the wretched victims, was not to be seen immediately after we returned to Cawnpore, and that it had been traced on the wall by some person who visited the place subsequently.

THE WELL.

"We walked a few paces further to the well in rear of the house, into which the bodies of the slaughtered women and children were thrown by the murderers. It is now bricked over, and there only remains a small circular ridge of brick marking the wall of the well, which was not more than nine or ten feet across. Beneath rest the mangled remains of our poor countrywomen and their little ones, and standing there we could well realize the strength of that indignation which steels the hearts of our soldiers against the enemy. Within a few feet of 'the well,' surrounded by a small wooden paling, there stands a stone cross on a flat slab, on two courses of masonry, the inscription on which tells its story:

"'In memory of the women and children of Her Majesty's 32d Regiment, who were slaughtered near this spot on the [illegible] of July, A.D. 1857. This memorial was erected by [illegible] men of the same regiment, who were passing through Cawnpore, November 21st, 1857.'

"This inscription is engraved on the upright part of the slab, which is in the form of a Maltese cross, within a circle of stone. In the quadrants of this circle are inscribed, in red letters and in the old English character, 'I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead.'

HOW THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF LIVES.

"Certainly the Commander-in-Chief does not set an example to his officers by any extravagance in baggage. He lives in a small subaltern's tent, and his chief of the staff is equally moderate. I believe his Excellency's *personnel* is contained in a couple of small portmanteaus, and during this short campaign he has slept on the ground among his men on more than one occasion without cover of any sort. He is apparently in excellent health, although his labors are arduous and incessant, as he and his chief of the staff manage all the details connected with the disposition of his force, and to a great extent dispense with the usual services of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General."

TRIAL OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The trial of the King of Delhi was not, as announced, concluded. The correspondent of the *Times* writes:

"The trial has now lasted fourteen days. The King, seated on a camp bed, listens to the most damning evidence without attention, but wakes occasionally into fierce excitement as a favorite approaches. I inclose a most singular and somewhat unexpected piece of evidence given by a Christian half-caste woman. It is fatal, and the trial, wretchedly reported, certainly proves three things: First, The revolt was instigated by the Shah of Persia, who promised money and troops. His proclamation to that effect was posted over the Mosque gate, and was taken down by order of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who, moreover, was warned by John Everett, a Christian Rissildar, very popular with the natives, that he had been warned to fly, as the Persians were coming, and that the Mussulmans were exceedingly excited. Sir Theophilus thought the matter one of no importance. Second, A paper was produced, addressed to Mr. Colvin by Mohammed Dervish, revealing the whole plot six weeks before it broke out. Mr. Colvin treated the warning as unimportant, and never even reported it to Government. Third, The murders of the Europeans in Delhi were committed by order of the King, in the presence of the Royal family, and by means of the Khassburdars, his special personal guard."

CHINA.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

The special correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the following account of the execution-ground at Canton:

"Threading our way, under the guidance of some experienced friend, we come to a carpenter's shop fronting the entrance to a small potter's field. It is not a rood in area, of an irregular shape, resembling most an oblong. A row of cottages open into it on one side; there is a wall on the other. The ground is covered with half-baked pottery; there are two wooden crosses, formed of unbarked wood, standing on an angle, with a shred of rotting rope hanging from one of them. There is nothing to fix the attention in this small inclosure, except that you stumble against a human skull now and then as you walk along it. This is the Alcedama, the field of flood, the execution-ground of Canton. The upper part of that carpenter's shop is the place where nearly all the European residents have, at the price of a dollar each, witnessed the wholesale massacres of which Europe has heard with a hesitating skepticism. It was within this yard that that monster Yeh has, within two years, destroyed the life of 70,000 fellow-beings. These crosses are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death. Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and, by Yeh's orders, her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh—that was how he treated his prisoner. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed and the skin torn down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done; but at what period of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman none can tell. The fragment of rope which now hangs to one of the crosses was used to bind a woman who was cut up for murdering her husband. The sickening details of the massacres perpetrated on this spot have been related to me by those who have seen them, and who take shame to themselves while they confess that, after witnessing one execution by cutting on the cross, the rapidity and dexterity with which the mere beheading was done deprived the execution of a hundred men of half its horror. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or brought down in chairs, and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the blow. Then came the warrant of death. It is a banner. As soon as it waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull, crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop. No second blow was ever dealt, for the dexterous man-slayers are educated to their work. Until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber they are not eligible for their office. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off a hundred lives. It takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell, that they might embezzle the spare wooden box. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure."

WHAT THE CANTON PRISONS ARE LIKE.

He adds: "I approach with reluctance the task of telling what we saw in these places, and shall dismiss the topic as briefly as I can. It is not, however, sufficient to say that all the inmates were squalid and half-starved, swarming with vermin and covered with skin diseases. This condition is common to all the Canton jails, and to all their inmates. But there are horrors which one mind can not convey to another, and such we saw again and again during those two days. A Chinese jail is a group of small yards inclosed by no general outer wall (except in one instance). Around this yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed that when the prisoners are let out into the yard the jailers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stank like the monkey-house of a menagerie. We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who is seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The jailers were ordered to open that place, and refusing, as a Chinaman always at first refuses, were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to make them. No sooner were hands laid upon the jailers than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low, weakly-muttered groans. So soon as the double doors could be opened several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive.

MISERABLE APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

"The Mandarin jailer, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. As they were borne out, one after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the yard, each seemed more horrible than the last. They were too far gone to shriek, although the agony must have been great, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins, as the jailers lugged them not too tenderly along. They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. Their crime was that they had attempted to escape. Hideous and loathsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, their filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so distressing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; the horror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fascination. As the dislocated wretches writhed upon the ground, tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the escort, who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French sergeant, who had the little Mandarin in custody, gesticulated with his bayonet so fiercely that we were afraid he would kill him. We did not then know that the single word which the poor creatures were trying to utter was 'hunger,' or that that dreadful starting of the eyeball was the look of famine. Some of them had been without food for four days. Water they had, for there is a well in the yard, and their fellow-prisoners had supplied them, but cries for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! it was not till the next morning that we found this out; for although we took some away, we left others there that night. Since the commencement of this year fifteen men have died in that cell.

CHILDREN CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.

"This was the worst of the dens we opened, but there were many others which fell but few degrees below it in their horrors. There was not one of the 6000 prisoners we saw whose appearance before any assemblage of Englishmen would not have aroused cries of indignation. '*Quelle société*,' exclaimed Captain Martineau when, in the first yard we visited, he saw a little boy confined here because he was the son of a rebel, '*Quelle société pour un enfant de quatorze ans!*' Alas! we saw many, many such cases in our after experience. In one of the dens of the Poon-yu, the door of which was open, some one pointed attention to a very child—rather an intelligent-looking child—who was squat upon a board and laughing at the novel scene taking place before him. We beckoned to him, but he did not come. We went up to him and found he could not move. His little legs were ironed together; they had been so for several months, and were now paralyzed and useless. This child of ten years of age had been placed here, charged with stealing from other children. We took him away.

THE PRISON FOR FOREIGNERS.

"It was not until our second day's search that we were able to discover the prison in which Europeans had been confined. Threats and a night in the guard-house at last forced the discovery from the Mandarin, or Jail-Inspector, in our custody. It consists of four rooms, each containing four dens. The hardest and most malignant face I ever saw is that of the chief jailer of this prison. The prisoners could not be brought to look upon him, and when he was present could not be induced to say that he was a jailer at all, or that they had ever seen him before. But when he was removed they always reiterated their first story, 'The other jailers only starve and ill-treat us, but that man eats our flesh.' How, step by step, we followed up our inquiries, and how we cast about hither and thither for a clew, and at last found one, which was often lost and refound, would be too long to tell. Mr. Parkes conducted this business with a vigor and intelligence that can not be overestimated. At first they had never heard of a foreigner, then a heavy box on the ears, administered by one of the orderlies, in punishment for a threat to a prisoner, produced a recollection of one European prisoner. Then the jailers were roughly handled in sight of the prisoners, and together with the Mandarin were taken out in custody of the soldiers. Gradually the prisoners began to give credence to what we said, that we were now the Mandarins of Canton, and could protect them if they spoke out. One produced a monkey-jacket from his sleeping place at the back of the den; another had an old Jersey; all of them soon had stories to tell. It appears quite certain that, within a period dating from the commencement of the present troubles, six Europeans, two Frenchmen and four Englishmen, have found their death in these dreadful dens. Many different prisoners, examined separately, deposed to this fact, and almost to the same details. The European victims were kept here for several months, herding with the Chinese, eating of that same black mess of rice which looks and smells like a bucket of grains cast forth from a brewery. When their time came—probably the time necessary for a reply from Pekin—the jailer held their heads back while poison was poured down their throats. The prisoners recollected two who threw up the poison, and they were strangled. We asked how they knew it was poison. There was no doubt on this score. It is a curious circumstance, illustrative of the prostrate state of terror that exists here, that the jailer's fowls scratch about untouched among all the famishing men within the Canton prisons, and feed upon the vermin. It was remarked that the fowls fed upon the vomit of those two Europeans, and died."

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

He adds: "I have great reason to believe that the overtures made by Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were at once frankly and cordially accepted by the representatives both of America and Russia, and that every act yet done by the belligerent allies is now adopted and approved by the two hitherto neutral Powers. I believe it has been agreed between the Four Powers that they shall proceed in the first instance to Shanghai, and there, if possible, make one general treaty. If the Court of Pekin should remain unimpressed by the union of the four first-class Powers of the world, reinforcements are coming out. Russia will not be long represented by a single ship; America is sending; France has vessels on their way; and England, if she is to keep the lead which she has so worthily assumed, and hitherto so wisely maintained, will also strengthen her force. It is, however, to be hoped that no further act of conquest will be required."



AN ARMY TRAIN CROSSING THE PLAINS.



THE BIVOUAC.

THE WAR IN UTAH.

THE pictures which are herewith presented illustrate some of the most striking scenes of the experience of our army in Utah. They may be relied upon as faithful representations of the scenes they purport to depict; of their artistic merit it is unnecessary to say any thing. We doubt whether any newspaper has ever contained finer woodcuts.

The large picture illustrates the march of one of the great army trains across the prairie wilderness. The event itself is, we believe, without example. We read in the history of Russia of immense journeys across the steppes being undertaken at various times by enterprising generals. One or two other instances of long marches by armies across deserts are on record. But if there be a precedent for the march of an army, completely equipped, and provided with the multifarious and cumbrous appliances of modern warfare, crossing a desert of one thousand miles in extent, we do not recall it. In the foreground will be seen a bullock-wagon, with the animals in better condition than they are likely to have been when they reached the end of



THE MARCH ACROSS THE PLAINS IN A SNOW-STORM.

their journey. The size of the wagon will enable the reader to judge of the labor which they will have to perform before they earn a few days of rest. On the other side, a couple of officers are discussing the mail to be pursued. Mounted men are seen galloping out of the line of march, here and there, to race their horses, or to observe some unusual phenomenon on the prairie. The train itself, several miles long, may be traced like a river undulating through the plain until it loses itself under the horizon, or is concealed from view by the smoke of the fire at which a portion of the last breakfast was cooked.

The other two pictures illustrate passages in a letter from General Johnston describing his march to Camp Scott. In that letter he said:

"On the 10th of November the animals were reassumed, and then commenced the storm of snow, and wintry cold, racking the bones of our men and starving our animals, and mules, and horses, which had strayed. They died on the road and at our camps by hundreds, and so diminished were the numbers that from camp to camp, only four or five miles, as many days were required to bring them all up, as it was necessary to give time to rest the animals, now incapable of protracted efforts, and to hunt for food. In this way fifteen days were consumed in making thirty-five miles to this place, the nearest and best place of shelter and fuel for the troops, and for shelter and grass for the animals. The struggle, then, amidst snow and Arctic cold (the thermometer at sixteen below zero), was enough for a place of safety. If my doubt existed before this storm of the propriety of risking the troops on the mountains before us before spring, that of the ability to accomplish the march, the destruction among our draught animals, the necessity of saving all the oxen left for food, even if capable of further exertion, now dispelled that doubt and solved the question."

The other picture illustrates the night-service of the camp-guard. General Johnston says:

"The winter thus far has not been so rigorous as to prevent often the full instruction of the troops; they have proved themselves to be warm enough for any service, a few only—as many as thirty or less—have been frostbitten, and not one assumes disease, when necessary, in the passes without exposure."

These pictures will, we think, give the public a better idea of what is going on at Camp Scott and in the vicinity than all the letters which are being published in the papers.

TEN MINUTES IN A FYKE FENCE.

I AM not a literary man. If such were my vocation I should have called this humble sketch by some other name. I am simply a country attorney, and writing a little reminiscence of the past in an truthful a way as possible. I shall write it without an apology for my want of mechanical construction, or even my faults of grammar. It is a favorite theory of mine that none but literary men and schoolmasters know any thing about grammar. In fact, judging by myself, I am inclined to doubt whether the power to define a common noun comes with the after our schooling. I believe, however, that this is not coming to my story.

It is a great many years ago—how many I am not prepared to say; but if I may judge by my wife's assistance in counting out the years on her tiny thinly-clad skull, it must be a considerable number. I was a lad of fourteen, possessing all the attributes that lads of that age are generally supposed to possess; the most prominent of them to her a cricket-bat sanguinary. Well, it is scarcely a great superiority over every affair, both public and private, but triangular is the village that has the honor at that time of claiming me as a dweller.

I come of a very respectable family; my father—I just remember that this has no connection with my story, and is not, therefore, evidence. Well, then, I have a mother—in fact, I had at the present time; and it may be interesting to those who read this to know that they are all still unmarried and in a respectable walk. It is scarcely a week since I had the pleasure of complimenting my eldest, Harriet (about the age of forty-five), and urging on the attention of my younger, Lizzie, that she looked even better than twenty years ago. My sisters had a friend—Caroline Watts by her name. She was a remarkably fine girl. I remember her ideal exquisite beetle, and, having more than ordinarily jolly disposition, there was no lack on her part of opportunity for displaying them. She also had very fine eyes—grey-blue I think my memory serves me. Carrie was very fond of fun; took considerable pleasure in seeing me at my cricket bat; and I must confess it always seemed to me that her exhibitions would have led her to take a hand if she had been invited. Unfortunately, I never asked her, for somehow, if she did my thing in her line, she would do it so much better than myself that I was nobody. We had a very pretty little secret among us—Carrie and I—but no one dared mount her but myself. But when Carrie Hurst came," a long farewell to all my greatness." She not only overpowered him and, to all appearance, her arrival, the beast would cease at her call, and no matter for the wool flung from the sitting-club, rush after and bring it to her, like a dog. I remember liked that part, but I must admit that I was jealous in a slight degree. The truth was that I didn't like to play second fiddle to a woman, and she only three years older than myself.

And now I think it all over, she was a kind of general favorite. My quiet mother looked rather astonished the first time the young lady mounted a cherry-tree to show us how to pick with both hands; still she affirmed that Miss Hutton was a very lady-like girl. I remember that my sister Harriet was considerably amazed when Miss Hutton proffered her assistance to lift a basket of fruit to the shoulder of an old fisherman on the beach before the house. Very funny that was, the old man, in the excess of his admiration, set the basket down again to bless his new-made friend; and having no other means handy by which he could show it, proffered for her acceptance the finest shad in his basket. And what was funnier still, she took it; and removing from her finger a little plain ring, squeezed it on to the tip of the old shad man's. All this struck me at the time as being remarkably comic; perhaps I do not think so now. But I remember cogitating that night after going to bed on the probability of the old fisherman's coming round to the house in the morning, proposing for Miss Hutton in the form of a solitary herring, and declining in disgust, living in seclusion in this country for the purpose of securing our bits old clothes. I remember dreaming that night of being present at their bridal, and seeing the lady put the ring on the finger—the right hand—of the old groom.

I think I said every body liked Miss Hutton, I merely re-assert the fact to say that, according to my estimation of the thing, all their likings compressed into one great love could not half equal that which any one boy gave to Carrie. She was a favorite with every body, all their likings compressed into one great love could not half equal that which any one boy gave to Carrie. She was a little too effeminate to please boys in general. She arrived since at a better estimation of his character. He was all things to all men, but only as a way to ensure popularity. "Will you come to go cry, or his horse lame? Phil always could give a good help." Phil was fonder of fun than of any particular that never failed. He was like a businessman who performs miracles as a clerk, but is utterly lost directly he commences on his own hook. He did not dislike to show the boys how to build kites on scientific principles; he delighted in mechanical riddle; to mend a broken doll; write a prologue, in verse, for a school exhibition. But equally as well as any of these things he could fix a canoe who, in the summer season, was our village to rating-club. He more shrewdly noted the combinations and attractions, relations of matter, and such other little affairs as across generally love to talk about.

I do not know whether I am writing nonsense; and if not, I shall have to further apologize for it made at first. Every body knows what I mean; and that, I take it, is quite enough.

Phil loved Miss Hutton—there was no mistaking that fact. If nobody else knew it, I did. It was impossible to miss the signs—and as for me, I could not go down to fish without finding them sitting by the shore, just on the very spot I wanted to be. Every time I looked I found them sitting. They got up and moved away as I came down the hill. Miss Hutton was very sorry about it each time. She did not seem very happy in her love. For my own opinion in the matter, I cared more for Phil than for her. I had formed a rash declaration from her lips that she must marry which men, as a matter of fact, I could not say; I knew Phil was not a rich man; so that I could see further into the matter than he. Were I an artist I would paint the picture of Love. Two people of making him a chubby little boy, wondering about with bow and arrow, and the other a fine-looking imbecile, born without eyes, and seeking, as it were, every dangerous spot that, by the common laws of nature, is sought to be have escaped.

I do not wish to convey the idea that Miss Hutton was heartless and fickle because I believe I can show that there was some excuse for an assertion of this kind with her. She had been bred in the highest circle of aristocratic indulgences. Her father, the head of a very heavy shipping-house, was reputed to be a man of enormous wealth. She was no boarding-school *debutante*, her education had been acquired at home under the most approved systems and masters. Her mother, an only child, it had been a matter of continual fashion that she should be considered a beauty; and feel that money was an imperative necessity in life, and that all her graces and accomplishments, her physical and mental advantages, were intended to shine, and dazzle society in its most exalted sphere. She was not a girl of twenty years before the date of my story, and the discovery that the old gentleman was not going to leave up to all his income, did not alter her views, and Cecilia Hutton and her mother, living modestly on their revolve landed property could not be expected to assist in their matrimonial aspirations than when the unknown object of their love had the supposed heiress the greatest catch in the city.

I can not say that I altogether disagree with this view of the case. Still we have to do with a queer wife for a poor man. She was well up in the Italian Opera, could have been a very good substitute for sitter ignorance of the accomplishment of dancing. Her music was faultless; her rendering of "Il Bacio" followed her, as the respective critics say, to possess a contralto organ of superior quality; but as for playing the piano, she knew about broad-making, and as to that girl's ignorance of cooking, it was perfectly laughable. To learn, we presume that I have said that Miss Hutton since could handle a pair of horses as Carrie Hutton did, I will not say anything to the contrary account, she must have married an omnibus-driver or a horse-dealer.

I shall not enlarge any more on this subject. It is sufficient to say that I knew well that, notwithstanding all the artless flirtations that was going on between this pair, it would never amount to any thing; or rather, that it would amount to something more than a mere episode. I was very sorry to Phil in my own way, and I expect it was rather a queer way. I was a boy, and I was not very attractive, astonished, and then, as though the matter struck him in a very ridiculous light, burst into (for him) quite a loud laugh, and patronizingly clucked me under the chin. I remember I was not much pleased, and did not again proffer my advice.

It was a nice night in the last of June. I had just got myself into a scrape in the house for throwing dirty water over my sister's freshly done up linen, and was adding my reputation and my person by lying on my back under a tree in the orchard. I had my knees, and, looking at my left figures approaching. Not knowing to a certainty whether they were friends or foes, I lay still. They came toward the very tree under which I had taken quarters, and in a few moments were standing on the opposite side. It was Carrie Hutton and Phil Bartlett. I did not consider it entirely in the line of my duty to make myself known; in truth, I dare say I lay as still as possible—so still that I could hear her soft, as though she had just got over what women call "having a good cry." It was Phil's voice I heard first. He said,

"Oh, Carrie, why do you act so? You tell me that you love me, and then at some dark opposition that must separate us. If you love me, you will give up your engagement."

"Mr. Burdett, I have confessed to your ardor, to-night, what I thought I should be gainted enough to have died before I could do so. I love you; but to me you could have been nothing but a friend. And now, after all this night we are not even to that, and meet; when we part, we must part to meet no more forever. I have told you there is a barrier between us which can not be removed. I shall bear your memory with me through life, but I can not be mere to you than a memory—no more."

"Miss Hutton, will you listen to me?"—and I could see him sink on to and convulsively. "Without you I am lost. I have never before wound my heart on any one thing human. I have never known a mother's or a sister's love. I have never loved any thing in my life until I loved you. I can tell for you I can give the world and best against it; I can live for you alone; I can wait for you, bet it be years, centuries. Give me hope, or I die!"

How grand he looked—his fine form against the clear sky, his head slightly bent over the head he held. I could see his black eye flashing in the moonlight, and I could see his lips close, as though his mouth were sealed after the last word, and he stood waiting persuasion to live or die. There was perfect silence for a moment. Then Carrie spoke. In a moment her hand was withdrawn from his. Across the sentence; it needed not the words that followed.

"Mr. Burdett, let us not meet after to-night. To-morrow I shall expect to return as a friend; but as think of each other only as a dream—our wakes in life will run naked. You have told me that you intend to find a way to fame and wealth in the Far West. If I hear of you, I shall thrill with pleasure at your remembrance. If I do not, I shall still believe that you are happy; but I can give you no better proof of my love and esteem than by refusing to become your wife."

The wretch—how I hated her at that moment! What would I have given that Phil should have known her as well as I did! Before I could receive this in a mask we was on his knees before her. Then how I hated him!

"Miss Hutton—Carrie—love—hear me, see me! I am human; I am a man; I am not a woman. I am suing for more than life: I am asking for eternity. Carrie, I love you, I love you, I love you! I am also to hope. I am proud—to all the world I am proud—but to you I will be but as an atom of dust. Do not crush me forever."

And then she sobbed aloud. I felt as if I wanted to get up and help, and felt for the moment I was ashamed; but I knew it would do no good. I knew well how it would all end. Now she spoke:

"Mr. Burdett, *Sir*, rise; do not the humble yourself before me, a poor girl. Think if any one should see you. Rise, sir, I beg you, entreat you. I love you me, Sir, as dearly as you say, leave me and prove it by not attempting to see me again." (Sentence of death.) "I must leave you."

He rose; I could see his flushed color go from his face as he hastily arose; I could hear his teeth as he clenched, and the light go out of his eyes. I could see the sentence carried into effect, and could even risen to my feet and uttered with the heart, "God have mercy on your soul!" There was no mistaking the fact that I was a murderer. No moonlight could produce that look. I think he stood in this way perhaps ten minutes; and then he turned slowly from her, without a word, and strode away toward the road. I watched his figure till it grew so dim that it could not be seen, and then Miss Hutton watched it too. She stood under the tree a long time, how long I can not say, but I know I wished her gone that I might look at her. She cried, and sobbed, and occasionally I could hear a sort of moaning. She was not a heroine enough for her feelings; my sympathies had all gone off with the last figure in the distance.

The next morning at breakfast I watched the countenance of Miss Hutton attentively, as she announced to us that her intention of returning to New York that afternoon. She did not look at all like a heroine. She was very much pale, and in her manner of address made my quality more suggest that she was conscious I had overheard the interview of the previous evening; and she rode was a cloak for an opportunity to entreat my secrecy, or rather, into some justification of her course. It was not exactly to my taste. Had I been six years older, and she remained the same age as at that time, I think I could have had the style of girl I should have delighted to have got up a flirtation with, and seldom my heart for at night, but at fourteen, a boy's taste in women is fastidious, and nothing would strike him more harshly, next to her looking upon him as too young for her notice, than her being necessary in any affair of the heart whatsoever. I was therefore rather obliged to temporize, by pleading an engagement for a bathing party; and finding this overruled, I stipulated that I should be the rider of Fanny, the sorrel mare, while she should take the next choice. This being arranged, the matter was dismissed, and the course—my desire was for the road, Miss Hutton's the woods. I yielded. In an hour we were off. It required but a few minutes on our route to show me the motive that dictated it. She suspected me of a knowledge I did not possess, and desired to sound me. How she could have so much lacked an estimation of his character I can not tell, but it was clear to me that she thought I possessed Phil Bartlett's confidence. What folly, a boy of fourteen the confidant of a man of twenty-five! All the skill and all the diplomacy of a woman was brought to bear upon me; but I flatter myself that the same point of character that has since served me so well in my profession was then in force. I was as close as the grave. I heard every thing, and insisted upon proof.

I was right. Every thing that I had stipulated to ride Fanny. I am sure if Miss Hutton had ridden her she would never have reached home alive. I would have taken a bottle for fifty dollars between them. The gray bore her whipping nobly, and cut to her grounds as a staid old horse should cut; but still it must have been very trying to his feelings. It required all my skill—and I am not a bad horseman—to keep Fanny from bolting from sympathy. When we reached the house Miss Hutton had loosed the gray into a loose and box, self into a high flush, and a very irritable state of mind. We arrived just in time to meet at the gate two brothers, and a particular friend of the family, and likewise friends of Miss Hutton's, English gentlemen, who had been educated at the German University. Doctors John and William Tenbold enough, and poor enough, to be out of the range of matrimonial chances; and young enough, and rich enough, to be pleasant fellows and good companions. They were staying with some cousins very where, the joy of their coming made the departure of Miss Hutton, in the eyes of my sisters, a thing double to be deplored. She must stay. All joined in that prayer. I say all. I do not include myself. I was only a boy. My opinion did not amount to much; and yet my vanity told me that Miss Hutton would have cared more for my voice in the matter than all the rest. She was accompanied finally by a consent to remain until the following day, when Fanny was to be taken over to the city. That night was appointed for a moonlight excursion. The echoes of the Palisades were to be awakened with "Carrie Hutton to you." In the days when we went gipsying" for the last time, and altogether we were to have a jovial jolly time. I knew better. Not a word was said about Phil's going. Once or twice I felt I could be spiteful enough to assert that he should be there. But as my sisters said nothing, I thought my better course was silence. Carrie Hutton went over the sallies of the brothers, and toward afternoon was deep in a chess flirtation with Doctor John. I observed about five o'clock with a look that I knew my presence had become unpleasant to her. Sir, Yes, I determined to give her a piece of it! She was my first study in the intricacies of a woman, and I was fascinated by it. I watched her every look. I wished to hear every word she spoke. I weighted it and counted it; and then I got up and walked off. Then the moon did show, the water was beautiful; just enough of wind to make a wave that might be rolled back alive and ridden by an imaginary sprite. A specific, like stemboat crept up the opposite side, and the white sails of the village, like ghosts, floated on their silent way. A bugle sounded from the deck of one, and the echoes of the waters. It ceased, echoed and answered from boat to boat, contributed to give the river a solemn and quiet appearance, such as it should have. There is something, to me, mournfully beautiful in that cry of the fishermen, lifting their nets, on a Sunday on the Hudson. Away off, like a speck, lies the little boat; the light at her bow swaying with the rising of fishing-net, and the melodious sound call, peculiar to shad-fishermen since shad were first invented, come floating on the watery. It strikes the shore, and, with a hundred echoes, it flies back to the dancing lights on the river; it is caught in another voice, and so it goes on and on, to the boat, from voice to voice, up the river and down, from Spyder Zee to the Narrows. Every thing is in it.

The boat is ready; but, somehow, we did not seem as merry a party as should be; there is a shade, which I can not even account for, cast on the Doctors. Miss Hutton has her guitar; Doctor William made a flageolet; Doctor John, finally, to trail out an old Burchen song—a memory of the German school-days; Miss Hutton touches the guitar, the trespass the accompaniment on the flageolet under mechanical; no matter, the water will set all right. There is something in the movement of a boat upon the water provocative of music, and one time so suitable or beautiful for the human voice as moonlight and the water. We started, pleasantly away from the shore; the fishermen were coming in, bargaining for their morning's sport; we shot into the stream, the tide was flood, and as we were to go up, the farther we got into the stream the easier would be our work. We sang "Row, brothers, row;" we sang "Oft in the stilly night;" we let the oars rest and sang "Sweet and low" with the tide, dipping our hands in the warm and sparkling water as it murmured by the boat. I think any nature that has poetic feeling must agree that the true *dolce far niente* is floating idly in a boat, on a moonlight night, with the sweetest feeling of idleness, that can reach you nowhere else; that coolness that rises from water in the night, though there be not a breath stirring elsewhere; the excellence posture; the hand laving in the liquid silver; the hum of the insects on shore; the phosphorescent sparkle of the wave; the delicious drowsiness; all combine to make the perfection of abandonment.

The spirits of our little party had become somewhat elevated by a dust of the Doctors', in which

Miscellany.

—Very strange, and almost paradoxical, is the capability nearly every substance has of assuming, under certain conditions, certain changes which entirely alter its aspect, and to great extent change its uses and effects. Ice especially is this so with

Food.

The tea which we daily drink, with health and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous trembilings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agents, called bioplasts—which tea owes its qualities—may be taken by itself (as theine), and as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Scoresby declares the natives of the Polar regions 'prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow.' Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water; and it must be melted in the mouth. Nevertheless, although it be thus the most effective to moisten the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when it is melted in it like the rest. Experiments which render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is more effective in allaying thirst.

—The profoundest differences in effect may, and do, result from simple differences in the

State of Subdivision.

"The water which drowns us as a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when lifted from a mould, cannot cool itself, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized perfume of the rose, which is scentless, is fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—in a compound substance, contains only exactly the same elements as the others, in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we lighten our streets."

—Again, as to the uses of substances which serve as food: to the chemist, who resolves all things into their constituent elements, there may seem little or no difference between

Plant and Flesh,

except in the proportion of the physiologist, the difference is profound.

"He sees the lion perishing miserably of inanition in presence of abundant herbage, which to the elephant or buffalo furnishes all that is needful. The ox and the horse, he knows, can eat the ox, but will not touch the grass. The flesh of the ox nearly contains that which is not wholly contained in the grass; and the chemist analyzing the flesh of both may point out their identity; but the questions of Food is not one of chemical, but of physiological differents of different substances? but, 'What are the substances which will nourish?' and he answers, 'If the animal will not eat, or, having eaten, can not assimilate, a certain substance, that substance is no food for it, be its chemical composition what it may. It is a curious fact that the flesh-eating animals subsist chiefly, sometimes entirely, upon the herbivorous, each class refusing that which most resembles its own. We thus see that physiological or organic element is the estimate of food: unless the substance can be digested, it can not be assimilated, can not nourish. Digestion, then, is hope, if assimilated, the substance might have a high value. A pound of beef-steak contains an enormous quantity of incombustible matter, and over that contained in a pound of cabbage; yet to the rabbit the cabbage is the more valuable food, while to the dog the cabbage is no food at all."

—Water science has established have as to the relative value of such substance as food, there will be found considerable difficulty in applying these laws, owing to the peculiar influence of the vital principle, which is to great and so sumerous as to justify the adage that

One Man's Meat is another's Poison.

"Then, there is the difficulty of obtaining analysis that, in Europe and America, at least, men in more nutritious than vegetables, those who eat largely of animal being stronger and more enduring than those who eat little or none, we must be cautious in the application of such a principle. Difference of climate may, and difference of temperament certainly does, modify this question. The Arabian Sage, who lives on rice, dates, and milk, is mature, knock down, or in any other way prove superiority in strength over the Gaucho of the Pampas, who lives on flesh. And not only are some organisms ill adapted to a flesh diet, as we have seen, but, according to Andral, the sanguine man be ever knave scarcely ever touched animal food. This was a Dane, who could walk from spot to spot carrying a stone which was so heavy that it required two men to lift it on his shoulders; his chief diet was gallons of thick soup, and beer, of coffee—a diet which no ordinary man could support with success."

Milk

has been taken as the standard of food, because it is itself a nutriment which contains all the substances necessary for the nourishment of an organism during the most rapid period of growth.

"Out of milk, and milk alone, the young elephant, the young lion, or the young child, extracts all the various substances which compose muscles, nerves, bones, hair, claws, etc.; milk furnishes these in abundance; thus that the nourishment which is far greater during the period when the animal is fed exclusively on it than at any subsequent period of its career. 'Fit milk,' says Prout, 'we should expect to find a model of what an alimentary substance ought to be—a kind of prototype, as it were, of nutritious elements in general.' The idea is so plausible that its acceptance was general. Nevertheless, nothing is more certain than that milk is not the model food, since, however it may suit the young lion or the young child, we can not feed the adult lion or the adult man on milk alone: we can feed the adult on bones and water, and the man on bread and water, but not on milk. A true model food for the young, it ceases to be so for the adult; that relation which existed between the food and the organism in the one case, no longer exists in the other."

Acids

are resolved with vegetable food; but they are also taken separately, especially the acetic acid, or vinegar, which, according to Prout, has, either by accident or design, been employed by mankind in all ages—that is to say, substances not originally containing it have been employed as sources, or it has been formed artificially.

"It is curious to their social habits that vegetables are necessary to man, although not necessary to the carnivora. Dr. Budd justly points to the prejudice of abstinence from animal food vegetables and fruits as the cause of the scurvy among sailors. Cannon-balls is now always given to sailors with their food; it protects them from scurvy, which an amount of vinegar, however, is sufficient to effect. We make confection the lemon with vegetables, and our salads and greens demand vinegar, as our cold meat demands pickles. That the combination, also, is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial, but in excess it impairs the digestive organs; and experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down an alarming obesity; and the ladies who dread the disappearance of their graces will seldom be cured of plumpness without some 'fat,' may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal libations of vinegar; but they can only so arrest it at the far more painful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be

A Warning to Plump Young Ladies.

"A few years ago a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to hear that she was plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly she consulted a surgeon, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily: the young lady followed her advice, and grew perceptibly thinner. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for some days, when she began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold, which would go off. Meantime, from a dry it became moist; a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing with pain in the chest, which grew away; night-sweats, swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded, and a diathesis terminated her life. The young ladies, be boldly fat! Never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor, but if nature seems you to be only ordinarily fat, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a love-sick heroine. At any rate, remember always that if vinegar will diminish the fat, it can only do so by sacrificing the health.

—Words can so further go than in this magnificent bit of Ruskin's. He is speaking of what a miller would call

A Heavy Sea.

"Its green mountainous giddiness of wrath; its overwhelming, as it were at you, lifted as though climbing against the sky in long cleven edges; its furrowed black and ghastly clear, deep to immeasurable death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing upon into meshed interstices of their chasms of silver fury, showing still the calm abyss below that has no fury and no voice, and is, as a grave, always open, which the green sighing mound do but hide for an instant as they pass."

—Woman," said Tom Brown, Captain of the Footer club, and a great believer of the sex, "woman is like a Portuguese devil: when she's good she's uncommonly good, but when she's bad she's a bad 'un. To which sentiment of an old seaman, an

Epigram of Man and Woman,

from spoken Philetatus Cauton, Esq.:

"A bad woman is popularly said to be worse than a wicked man; if so, partly because, possessing more solitary, breed more unceasingly ever cherished ideas, whether good or evil; partly also, for the same reason that makes a wicked woman, who has lost caste and character, more irreclaimably a wicked woman than a wicked man—because: viz., that in proportion to the loss of shame is the gain in recklessness; but principally, perhaps, because the average wickedness there is necessarily a distortion of the reasoning faculty; and man, accustomed to the cradle rather to reason than to feel, has that faculty more firm against abrupt twists and forces than it is in woman; where more easy from the first, from logic may still linger, and so may decline to push evil to a point at which it is clear to the understanding that reason vanishes and punishment rests; while woman, once abandoned to ill, finds sufficient charm in its new excitement with reason and consequence, where the man says, 'Can I?' raves out, 'I will.' Then man may be considered through reasoning, as very, love, jealousy, fear, ambition; rarely in civilized, that is, reasoning life, through lust and revenge; for hate is a profitless investment, and revenge a ruinous speculation. But when women are thoroughly bad they are unbridled, since time out of ten it is hatred or revenge that makes them so."

—There is an argument for

Women's Rights

which the ladies and gentlemen now seeing that social question will thank us for receiving from the memoirs of that rank gossip, the Duke de Simon. He relates:

"When the King was with his ministers, when he received couriers, when the most important affairs were under discussion, she (the Dauphine) was present; and with what liberty, that, hearing the Duchess de Maintenon speak, she evening, with affection of the Court of England, at the time when peace was hoped for from Queen Anne,

'My aunt,' she said, 'you must admit that, in England, the queens govern better than the kings; and do you know why, my aunt?' asked she, running about and gamboling all the time; 'because under kings it is women who govern, and men under queens.'"

Quick Work.

P. H. G., in the London *Literary Gazette*, suggests a "new plantagenista process" which will recommend itself to impressible natures:

"There—toil in front, that cowlish one alone
The embrace of your arm, and your kiss,
Sit still for a few seconds: one—
Is—done! Now hard at me. 'Tis done.
Impressed by photographic art,
Your picture hangs on my heart."

—There is something wonderously and, rightly considered, sweetly familiar in many of the old legends of our children's days and nights. Take, for instance, the curious, among the lower classes of Northern Europe and Germany, and only now extracting curiosities among the higher classes. A nice example is this

Legend of the Gretful Bird.

as the Norwegian peasantry familiarly call the great black woodpecker:

"Our Lord, in his wanderings on earth, accompanied by St. Peter (it is Thorpe who tells the story), came to a woman who wore a red hood on her head and was employed in kneading. The wanderers were weary and hungry; and our Lord begged the woman, whom he addressed as Gertrud, to bake a cake. She took a little dough and set it on to bake, but little as it was when it was set on, it soon filled the whole pan. Thinking that this was too large a cake, she took a smaller quantity, and again began to bake; but this also grew as large as the first. Gertrud then took still less dough, but this cake too swelled till it was as large as the others. Then said the woman, 'You must go without cake, for all my baking are too large for you!' Then was our Lord wroth, and he changed Gertrud's hood, because she grew it was nothing, then shalt for punishment become a bird. Thus shalt eternally be driven between the wood and the bark, and drink only when it rains.' The words were no sooner spoken than the woman was changed into a bird, which Gertrud Bird, and flew away through the kitchen chimney. At this day she is known by a red hood and black body, colored by the chimney soot. The Norwegian peasant points at her as she constantly pecks the bark of trees for nourishment, and says aloud: 'Ah! for she always thirsts and hopes to drink.'"

—A worm in *Blackwood*, who has evidently paid attention to the subject, asserts, as "a fact worth remembering," that the

Old Maid

is not an invention of these latter days.

"There were unmarried women long ago, before civilization had reached the point it has now, while all the heroines in all the novels were still married and eighteen—and they were always eighteen when I ever began, or there was a woman in existence qualified to write it—unmarried ladies existed in this world, though nothing to do. Many hundred, nay, thousand, years ago, there was even a certain disinterested and remarkable person, called Miriam, who, willful and womanlike, and unquestionably unmarried, was still so far from being dismissed into nonentity that when her mission waited for her till she was able to join their journey. And there was Deborah, who, long ago, eighteen hundred years ago, gave any thing but an inferior place to the unwedded maidens of the time. It was a very long period for the things that belong to the Lord, how slowly pleas the Lord, and to the writer of Judges; and many an unmarried woman since his day has proved his existence, happily unwitting of all the philosophies which should prove to her her laxity and comfortless she ought to had herself, and what hard cut her nerves, and how, notwithstanding, it behooved her to make some certain amount of and and patient continue to vindicate her womanly credit with the world.

—So much is said and sung in praise of country life that our quarrel seems not to be with us as for quoting a refreshing word from the otherside—the jocular and merrie side—of the question: such as the following from the pages of **Arcadia**:

"I have long since found that the country, in their simplicity and their love of the marvelous, are an Arcadian innocence; that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity; that men lie and cheat in the country as much as they do in the town; and that the country has even more of mischievous stupidity. That sorrow, and misery, and misery may quite well live in Elizabethan cottages grown over with honey-suckle and jasmine; and that very sad eyes may look out from windows covered which roses twine. Virtue and religion are plants of difficult growth, in the country; and the most outstanding Cowper's exquisite poem, I am not sure that 'the calm retreat, the silent shade, with prayer and praise agree' better than the closet into which the weary man may enter, in the quiet street, and bolt the business and the world out. People may pare up and down a country lane, between fragrant hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and not dream of neighbor characters to very shrub. And the eye that is sharp to see the pinnatest object on the field-side or hedge may be blind to the beauty which is spread over all the landscape."

Speaking of

Infidelity,

Bishop Horne once said, that to reject the evidence of prophesy till all divines shall agree exactly about it, argues a conduct as wise in the infidels as if they should decline sitting down to a good dinner till all the clocks in London and Westminster struck four together.

Happiness.

"There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first, never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help."

A MARRIAGE REMEMBRANCE.

SHE came to me in winter time,
When diamonds fell in show'rs
That fring'd the trees with fairy light,
And gemm'd the rustic bow'rs.
Her cheeks then mock'd the holly's fruit—
Her brow the sunlit snow—
Her eyes of clear celestial blue,
With love did overflow.
She came to me in youthful prime,
With anxious, trembling heart;
I feel I never can forget
The joy she did impart.

She came to me in winter time,
And own'd a passion pure,
That, lighted by Truth's constant flame,
Must ever fix'd endure.
Affection's sparkling tear then shone,
And linger'd on its way;
Like that bright sun-illumin'd star
Which decks the frozen spray.
She came to me in winter time,
With anxious, trembling heart;
Indeed I never can forget
The joy she did impart.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

Revealing glimpses of Guy Darrell's past in his ewiest prime. Big but deep enough, and under all earth runs water, and life runs grief.

ALTON in the streets, the vivacity which had characterized Darrell's countenance as well as his words, while with his old school fellows, changed as suddenly and as completely into passive attentiveness as if he had been now a pupil, and with the exit the acting ceased. Disinclined to return yet to the solitude of his home, he walked on, at first mechanically, in the restless desire of movement, he cared not whither, so as that chanced-like, he found himself in the centre of that long straight thoroughfare which connects what once were the separate villages of Tyburn and Knightsbridge, mounting in the desultory links of reverie suggested as object to his senses. He had but to follow that street to his right hand to gain, in a quarter of an hour, a sight of the humble dwelling-house in which he had first settled down, after his early marriage, to the arid labors of the law. He would go, now that wealthy and renowned, he was revisiting the long deserted focus of English energies, and contemplate the obscure abode in which his powers had been first concentred on the pursuit of renown and wealth. Who amongst the passers-by that may have risen on the glittering steep (*) Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb** has not been similarly attracted towards the roof, at the craggy foot of the ascent, under which golden dreams reflected his visionary gleams? Somewhat quickening his step, now that a bourne was assigned to them, the man growing old in years, but, unhappily for himself, in tenacious of youth in its grand discontent, and keen susceptibilities to pain, strode, unheeding on, under the gaslight, under the stars; gaslights partly manufactured at equidistance; stars that soon, to the naked eye, dotted over space without symmetry or method—Man's order, man and brute, is so distinct; the Maker's order, remote, infinite, is so beyond Man's comprehension even of what is order!

Darrell paused, hesitating. He had now gained a spot in which improvement had altered the landmarks. A newly-built thoroughfare continued where once it had vanished abrupt in a labyrinth of courts and alleys. But the way was not hard to find. He turned a little toward the left, recognising, with admiring interest, in the grey wall to-wall-be Grecian edifice, that his French *gridu*, bronzed, gilded, the transformed Museum, as the still desirous of what he had sometimes snatched a brief and ghostly respite from books of law. Onward yet through lifeless Bloomsbury, not so far onward as had bounded of Atlas as the desolation of Poddon Place, but the solitude deepening as he passed. Solitude it is, a quiet street indeed! not a soul on its gloomy pavements—not even a policeman's soul. A night starting save a stealthy, prodigious, good-for-nothing cat, flitting fan through you area ben. Issue that street had he entered, but now with a livelier, quicker step the day when, by the strange good luck which had uniformly attended his worldly career of honour, and had been suddenly called upon to supply the place of an absent senior, in almost his earliest brief, that the Courts of Westminster had recognised a master; come, I trow, with a livelier step, knocked at that very door whereat he is halting, gaily entered the room where the young wife sat, and at sight of her anxious perturbed face, and the sound of her unsympathizing languid voice, fled into his cabinet—shook back parchment—and muttered "courage"—courage to—and master-head and heart longing for a voice which should invite and respond to a cry of joy.

How closed up, dumb, and blind, looked the small mean house, with its small mean door, its small mean rayless windows. Yet a FAIRY had been born there! Who are the residents now? Buried in slumber, have *they* any "golden dreams?" Works herein any struggling brain, to which the prosperous man might whisper "courage;" or beats, there, any troubled heart to which faithful woman should murmur "joy?" Who knows? London is a wondrous poem, but each page of it is written in a different language; no lexicon yet composed for any.

Back through the street, under the gaslight, under the stars went Guy Darrell, more slow and more thoughtful. Did the comparison between what he had been, what he was, the mean home just revisited, the stately home to which he would return, suggest thoughts of natural pride? it would not seem so; no pride in those close-shut lips, in that melancholy stoop.

He came into a quiet square—still Bloomsbury—and therein was a stately and somewhat sombre mansion, almost as large as that one in assertive quarters, to which he loiteringly declared the hour return. There, too, had been, for a time, the dwelling which was called his home—here, with style and rolling in like a tide, distinction won, position assured, there—not yet in Parliament, but foremost at the bar, already pointed by constituencies, already vowed by ministers—there, still young (oh, luckiest of lawyers!)—should he not be moved to household gods. Fit residence for a Prince of the Gown. Is it when living there that you would envy the prosperous man? Yes, the moment he steps into that door; but envy him when he enters its threshold? Envy, envy rather that selfish, cheerydyed villain who crept under yonder portico, asleep with his ragged arm crooked for a pillow, his stupid thornless? There, in that great barren drawing-room, sits a

"Pain and elegant Asceta."

Well, but the wife's face is not querulous now. Look again—mournful, fearful, secret, sly. Ah, that fine lady, a Vipont Crooke, is not contented to be wife to the wealthy man. What then? What want that he does not gratify? Is it the fashionable fine Mrs. Darrell? Pride in him? not a jot. Pride in such pride was unknown. Were he proud of her, as a Christian husband ought to be of so elegant a wife, would he call her a Bloomsbury? *Envy her!* the high gentleman, so true to his blood, all gallant and chivalrous by nature, so courtly in the world-moving, tend-eating manner of the Lady Selinat. Envy him! well, why not? All women have their foibles. Is it, then, a foible in her to be forlorner. Is that all? wherefore, then, is her square no longer? Oh, no worry for her, no blustrant storenes? Tut, what so brings into covetted fashion a fair lady exiled to Bloomsbury as the mental adjustment of a long absent lord, who gives law to St. James's? Untempted by tension, cold and distant, the husband's face at a flash of a sentiment, secretly preferring the husband she chose, wooed, and won, to elders less gifted even in outward graces than he, and by seeking, coquetting for, the *éclat* of dishonor? It's clear! Oh, no worry for her, born to be engazed at and talked of, as the fair Mrs. Darrell, to whom the Loveless of London was so fondly devoted. Why, laughter on the Bloomsbury Dame, ere she was yet—the fashion! Happy in grief the widower who may, with confiding hand, transmute the bride's bouquet into the rose that no thought concealed from him in life will again accompany into the tremendous tomb! But that pale, proud mourner, hurrying the eye over sweet-scented *billets*, compelled, in very justice to the dead, to restore himself at once to the cher of his children was corrupt only at heart—was cold, reserved, as he came to see in after time—and, wretchedly consoled by that ingenerally conviction, flinging into the flames the last flimsy tatters on which his honor (cock-like in his own keeping) had been fluttering to and fro in the breeze of the world's opinion. Envy you dear mourner? No! not even in his release. Memory is not useless, he would say, nor coffin; and to great loyal natures, less bitter is the memory of the lost when hallowed by tender sadness than the remembrance, even, of shame.

The visit is dead. Dead, too, long years ago, the Lothario! The world has forgotten them; they fade out of this very record when yo tyre the page; it is needless, no longer, that they on such future events as may mark what yet rests of life to the man. Enough, if the man stands and gazes into space, the two forms are before his eye as distinct as if living still. Slowly slowly he turns those forms to the false smiles flicker away from their feeble lineaments; woe and horror on their aspects—they sink, they shrivel, they dissolve!

THREE WEEKS WITH THE STOCK-GAMBLERS.

MY friend Miles Flenderleah had often said to me to try my luck. He said that young hands always won—that there was a Providence which watched over them as there is in the case of poor Jack and drunken men. He added that I had only to follow his advice and I would infallibly double my money in thirty days. As to Central, he said it was plain that it was going up; it was equally certain that Erie was going down; which was the best—buy Central or sell Erie?

I told I would neither buy Central—forgiving from his aliveation to selling Erie, that he took for granted that I owned some, and not liking to confess that I didn't.

So I gave him a thousand dollars, just what I realized from my share of Uncle Joshua's estate, and he, the day after, handed me a paper to the effect that Messrs. Bull, Bear, & Co., brokers, had purchased per my order and for my account one hundred New York Central, at eighty odd. I didn't sleep much that night. I sneezed on going to bed and woke up dreaming that the Central Railway had been sold out by the Sheriff for taxes. I began to doubt, and as I owed, prospectively, a hundred shares of Central stock, I might be elected a Director, and I knew that Messrs. Tallow, Grease, & Co., my employers, would never stand that. At times I reflected on the possible decline in the value of the stock, and I saw my thousand dollars melting away at the rate of a hundred dollars a day. Central never rose, and Bull, Bear, & Co. were after me, furiously demanding more margin. This vision recurred so frequently, that toward morning I made up my mind to close the transaction and got back the money I had deposited.

I fell asleep on this resolution.

Before I was dressed next morning, Miles was in my room.

"Doing pretty well, old boy!" said he, joyously. "Central went up a quarter last evening."

"The devil it did!" I answered, rapidly figuring up the profits at the advance.

"Yes, Sir! and it's bound to go to ninety. Mark my word!"

"Do you think so?"

I decided, within the wicket, that I would not sell out as yet. I went to the store, and read all the money articles. Flam was a fool, evidently—he mentioned Central. Flam was green, and Cram was eloquent, positively sublime. I can not say that I was much edified by the duties in hydrostatics of Messrs. Tallow, Grease, & Co. as I ought to have been. I did my work mechanically and carelessly. Mem.

That day Central went up one per cent. Next morning I bought another fifty. Profits were a hundred dollars, one month's salary! I went to the office as usual, but I could scarcely endure the drudgery. Visions of working hard for a paltry pound for twenty-five dollars, as Messrs. Tallow, Grease, & Co. called their clerks, were all that I did of doing, seemed to me the acme of meanness when a hundred could so easily be made.

In the course of the next ten days Central rose four, six, six, and eight, consecutively. I had already decided to buy a house in Fifth Ave., a true friend, and a sagacious operator. I could, at any time I chose to realize, make in the fortnight nearly as much as my whole salary for a year. Needless to add that I paid very little attention to my duties. Several instances which ought to have been posted were left over for several days; one, a matter of some consequence, a purchase of cassia, which I had made on the enlightened view of the Arabanus Islanders, I actually lost. It was subsequently found in the Custom House desk. Old Tallow was sanguine, and hinted that whatever misfortune in the shape of a loss might befall, he properly kept. Young Grease took me aside, in his kind, friendly way, and said,

"Mr. Flam tells me, Sam," "I see how it is. You must be aware that we perceive you have not been as careful as we could wish of late. You can see at a glance that there's a lady in the case. Now, my dear boy, take my advice, and hurry it up. You're worrying yourself for nothing, by-being off and on. Get married at once, and we'll do something handsome for you, Sam."

I looked very sternly at Mr. Grease, and thanked him, saying that he was mistaken; that I did not contemplate matrimony at present, that so long as I remained in it, my situation appeared to me to require undivided attention.

He replied, "Oh! if that is the case, very well." And I, knowing that I had made twice as much as he had within the month, felt humiliated at having put him down.

Next day one of Messrs. Bull, Bear, & Co. invited me to the office of these eminent brokers. Old Mr. Bull, a fat old gentleman, with a sleek head, received me in a very friendly manner, and observed that the stock which I had purchased through them was very fortunate since my purchase; that I could now sell out and make a thousand dollars profit; that he thought that was a great deal of money; that he understood I was a bookkeeper in a grocery-house, and without wettering to give advice, he would, nevertheless, advise to speculate in stocks, that I did it through some other house than theirs.

The cold water of my hope while in making this speech, and took considerable pains to make them understand that he acted entirely unbiased. He made a few remarks about the inevitable ruin of young men who speculates in stocks, and almost kicked me back to stick to my employers; but I was in no humor to listen to counsel; I demand, of my client to sell out for me, and left.

I had, as Miles had prophesied, doubled my money in a little over a fortnight. We dined together that evening (I paid for the dinner), and when I heard Miles talk about stocks, I could not explain to myself why he was not as rich as William B. Astor, he appeared to know so much more than any one else. When I asked him the reason, in a playful manner, he laughed, and said he could make all he wanted, and desired no more. He was a bachelor, he said, and a couple of hundred dollars a week satisfied his modest necessities. Would I try another speculation? Chesapeake Bonds?

He agreed that night to go into more stock speculations. I had a check for two thousand in my pocket, and could raise five hundred more. With this for my share, we could buy more Central, Reading, Cleveland and Toledo, Rock Island, Galena, Panama—and I don't know how many other stocks besides. He knew so much more than I did that I did little else but listen, open-mouthed, to his convincing arguments, and drink the wine. The end of it was that I handed him over two checks—that of Bull, Bear, & Co., and another upon my cousin, who was my private banker, for the five hundred I had saved.

Next day I was notified that Mr. Curbstone (a friend to Mr. Grease of Miles and, as much as exacting rascal at old Bull or Bear) had bought, per my order and for my account, more stocks than I have the slightest recollection of.

I sat down at Tallow, Grease, & Co.'s desk, and figured up what I had lost. The sum total which I had made in my first ventures, these last would not me right thousand dollars. That, with what I had, would enable me to keep a flat there, to make a few presents to Maria, and, in the spring, to go to Europe, and live like an honest gentleman. I ran out at one to see the first board; every thing was up; my profits had already begun. When I returned to the office my cash was in a white. A pile of accounts lay on my desk to be entered. Some of them had lain there several days.

Mr. Grease came in, drew my attention to them, and left. I spent the afternoon in figuring up my profits at various rates. Toward evening, I was preparing to leave; I wished to call and see the second board before going home; and Mr. Tallow looked into the office, and, turning to Wax & Stee, the porters, said to them,

"Why, Mr. Flat, I don't see that last transaction with those people entered!"

"Ah!" said Wax, carelessly; "then I suppose I must enter it to-morrow."

"Mr. Flat, that's not the way we do business, Sir, I'd have you to know, Sir!" and the old man's voice rose.

"Don't go into a heat, Mr. Tallow," said I, feeling no small contempt for the old man, for the whole interest of the house account was not equal to a day's profits on a hundred shares; "the fact is, I'm tired of keeping your books."

"Mr. Grease," said he to the porter, "draw a check for Mr. Flat's balance."

"Never mind the cents," said I, proudly.

So I left the employ of Tallow, Grease, & Co., and felt myself free to engage in the delightful and lucrative occupation into which my mind had minuted me.

Next day I was in Wall Street bright and early. My new friend, Curbstone, introduced me to several of his friends, who were well acquainted with the stocks; he told them the nature of the operation. I took a pretty high stand at first with them, not knowing their manners; but we became quite familiar. They all said that I would make my fortune in a month. Bill Put, a leading authority, assured me that the Michigan Railway was going to declare a half-yearly dividend of nine per cent; he had it confidentially from the President. Bill Call confided to me that the Barings and the Bank of England had undertaken to lend ten millions to the Erie, at four per cent. Interest. Bill Call was a Director, and it might be relied upon. Jack Shyster was authorized to state that the Board of Illinois was about to buy the Rock Island Road, taking the stock at ten per cent. premium. These facts comforted me a good deal, and therefore, when I which I had bought rather declined during the day, I readily believed the reasons for so doing that they called a "natural reaction," and dined very snugly with Put, Call, and a couple of other good fellows. When, by-the-way, slightly late on the bill, at an up-town restaurant.

Next day stocks fell one to two per cent. I felt uneasy. I did not, however, fear up the losses against me at present prices. It could do no good if I called on the directors in the morning. He was rodiant.

"Nothing is it, my dear fellow! All a device of the rascally bears! We'll have them on the hip presently."

Call was of the same mind. He had a private letter from Ohio to say that the President had ordered all the ordinary annual meetings, expectation to be carried over the Cleveland and Toledo road, and double rates of freight to be paid for coal. Jack Shyster was very sharp on the thought the bears should be arrested for swindling, and depreciating the value of the Erie property.

What comforted me more than all this was that the Timbuctoo Mining Company, in which I had bought a hundred shares, was rapidly advancing. As Curbstone said, I was sure to make money in that, whatever happened to the other stocks.

That afternoon stocks fell heavily. I was very unhappy. I called on all my Wall Street friends, but they were all engaged. In the evening I went I got into conversation with the omnibus-driver, and asked him what he thought of speculation.

He confessed that he knew nothing about it, but he didn't see how there railroads could make any money at the present rate.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said I, swearing at him; and he growled, and went on driving.

My landlady, to whom I propounded a few questions about Erie, further exasperated me by saying that her brother-in-law, a carpenter most uncivil people, and she hoped they'd all "go to smash"—and never was heard.

I slept little that night. Of course I called on Curbstone before he left his boarding-house. He had no doubt whatever of the future, he said. The world could not always be deluded by the wiles of the villainous, lying, dishonest, vile, scoundrelly, thievish bears. There must come a ray of sunshine sooner or later. The only thing was to hold on—and while he was on this head, he thought it was but right that he should suggest that my margin was nearly exhausted, and could I let him have a little more money?

I promised to call on him, and went down town. On my way I fell in with Jones, one of Curbstone's

acquaintances. He, like myself, had bought stocks, and was disgusted by the fall. He held in his hand Flam's last money article, which was opposed to a rise in the stock-market; and we agreed that a more knavish, lying rogue than Flam did not exist. Jones promised to have his uncle, the paper-maker, call on the editor of Flam's paper, and have the fellow discharged.

When I saw the Stock List that morning it took away my breath. Stocks —all my stocks—had fallen from three to five per cent. "How, in the name of all that is reasonable, did this happen?" said I to a broker.

"Why, Sir, you see, that fellow Curlstone, and his friends, went in to hammer down the market, and had it all their own way. Great operator, Curlstone!"

"But he's the very man who persuaded me to buy."

"Ah! very likely: you should have got out in time. He turns like an eel; you never know where to find him. A great operator, Curlstone. Good-morning!"



STOCKS DOWN.

I hurried, furious, to Curlstone's office. As I entered a clerk handed me a note. It stated, in brief, that Mr. Curlstone had closed all my contracts for want of more margin, and that the transaction left me in his debt in the sum of $463 50, which he desired me to pay forthwith! I was overwhelmed.

But one hope was left. The shares in the Timbuctoo Mining Company had risen that very morning four per cent. My profit on them would at least enable me to pay my debts. I hastened to the office of old Scallywag, who had bought them for me.

"Sir," said he, when he saw me, "this is a hard dispensation. Providence punishes us cruelly at times."

"What do you mean?"

"The fall in stocks, of course. My dear young friend, you are young and elastic; misfortunes glide off from you—glance, I may say, like a musket-ball on the ice. But an old man like me—oh! Providence is very hard!" And the old man put his hand to his eyes.

I was somewhat touched by the old gentleman's sympathy for me, and added, more cheerily than I had thought I could, "At all events, Mr. Scallywag, our Timbuctoo is all right. There is a balance in my favor of some six per cent., and I will thank you to realize it."

"Poor young man!"

"Can you let me have a check?"

"Why!" he answered, sharply, "haven't you heard?"

"No. What?"

"I failed this morning."

How I got home I know not. I remember looking at Mrs. Scallywag's carriage, and wondering what part of it, or of the horses, or of the lady, my $600 had paid for. In the course of the evening, in the depth of my agony, I told my story to my landlady, who gave me notice that at the end of the week my room would be wanted.

I am now living in a wretched little attic in Frankfort Street. I have no employment. Old Tallow declines to reinstate me, of course. Grease lent me ten dollars to go on with, he says. If any of you will employ me, at even six dollars a week, pray send word to the editor of this journal, and you may rely upon it that you will not catch me stock-gambling again—so long, at all events, as I continue sane.

N.B.—Miles has just called to say that, having made his fortune, he was about to start for Europe, for a lengthened tour of pleasure; and had taken the bulk of his means in notes of the Bank of England and gold. His clerk had the key of his safe, in which the money was deposited. The very evening before the steamer sailed the young man had the folly to go into a fashionable gambling-house in Broadway. He very speedily lost all the money he had of his own; but feeling that luck was certain to turn if he could only hold on a while (being assured that this was so by the proprietor of the saloon), he hastened back to the office, took out a bundle of notes and a handful of Miles's gold, returned to the faro-bank, and lost the whole. Again he went back to the office, and returned again, and again lost. To make an end of the story, he lost all Miles's money!

"The young rascal!" as Miles said; "one might almost forgive him the robbery, but to go to a gambling-house! Shocking!"



A STUPENDOUS RISE.



A TREMENDOUS FALL.



STOCKS UP.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE THOMAS H. BENTON.

BY A WASHINGTONIAN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

LET justice, at least, be done to the dead. While it can not be denied that the late Colonel Benton, in the Senate and on the stump, was, if you please, egotistical, dogmatical, imperious, and, at times, exceedingly violent, harsh, and offensive, in his personal disputes, there is another side to the picture which should not be overlooked. I refer to Benton as the private individual, and to his genial, simple, and winning ways, in his social relations. In this connection I hope the following personal anecdotes may find a place in the columns of your popular paper. Respect for the memory of an old friend, and a belief that these reminiscences will be really acceptable to your readers—trifles though they are—have induced me to put them to paper.

Yours, truly, * * *

THE CADI, OR ALCALDE, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

On the 27th day of November, 1847, at the court-martial of Lieutenant-Colonel Frémont, at Washington, the following conversation took place; which, as illustrative of the genial, social qualities of Colonel Benton, made at the time a lasting impression upon the mind of the writer. The day in question was one of those soft, luxurious, balmy, and golden days peculiar to the Indian summer of the South. The misty and purple atmosphere which invested the landscape of broad rivers, and their surrounding amphitheatre of swelling hills, as with a halo of supernatural beauty, seemed also to entrance the heart and the imagination in a waking dream of ethereal loveliness. Hence, perhaps, in some degree, the charming vivacity of Colonel Benton on that day of our lovely Indian summer, which, in those latitudes, is indeed the

"Sweet Sabbath of the year."

The court was held at the Arsenal, which, at the southern extremity of Washington, occupies between the Potomac and the Eastern Branch a position like that of the Battery of New York. With a few scattered houses here and there over the broad, level common intervening, the aforesaid Arsenal lies over two miles from the main body of the city; a fine walk on a fine day—a walk which frequently, including the day under our pencil, we have made with Colonel Benton and his "children of the mountains," returning from the court.

The court was in session. Edwin Bryant, formerly of Kentucky, a California protegé of Frémont, was called up as a witness, and was under examination by Colonel Benton—who, with his son-in-law, Mr. Carey Jones, was the counsel for the defense. [In 1846, when California was revolutionized by Frémont, he made Mr. Bryant *alcalde* of San Francisco, then a straggling Mexican village of *adobe* houses; the Mexican local institutions of the country, *pro tempore*, being adopted by the American conquerors.] Colonel Benton put the following question to Mr. Bryant:

Question. "Did you, as *cadi*, or alcalde, of San Francisco, purchase any town lots?" etc.

The officers of the court pricked up their ears. What could this mean? Alcalde was something they understood, but what was a *cadi?* The court was cleared for a private discussion upon the admissibility of this mysterious question, and defendant, counsel, witnesses, reporters, and spectators, accordingly passed out into a large retiring room provided for the purpose. Among the witnesses were nearly a dozen of Frémont's mountain men.

The company having taken their seats upon some benches which surrounded a long, rough table, the following conversation ensued.

REPORTER. "Colonel Benton, may I ask you the meaning of that question upon which we have been turned out of court; and the application, particularly, of that word *cadi?*"

COLONEL BENTON. "Yes, Sir; and I am gratified that you have asked the question. Come up here, boys. These are my boys, Sir. They are the children of the mountains, my children; because they have been and are Frémont's brothers, Sir; bound together by the bonds of suffering and hardships in the deserts and mountains, as brethren of the same family altar. Boys, that last question was rather a poser to the court, wasn't it?"

ONE OF THE BOYS (*a full-grown muscular mountaineer*). "Yes, Sir, they didn't seem to understand what you meant by calling Bryant the *cadi* of San Francisco."

COLONEL BENTON. "Well, now, do you understand it? We all want to know."

THE BOY. "No, Sir, unless the cadi and the alcalde are the same thing."

COLONEL BENTON. "That's it, Sir. Right to the point, like a true son of the mountains. Now, I suppose, you would like to know why I put in the *cadi*, when I could have left him out just as well?"

THE BOYS. "Yes, Sir."

COLONEL BENTON. "Because the cadi was the father of the alcalde. Did you know that, Bryant? (*General laughter among the boys.*) Listen. The Spaniards and Mexicans settled California, bringing with them the language, religion, laws, officials, customs, and institutions of Spain. Among their officials was the alcalde. You, boys, found him in the person of a Spanish-Mexican in San Francisco. You, Bryant, took his place and his name, and thus, officially, you became a descendant of the cadi."

REPORTER. "Yes, Sir; but who was the cadi, and how was he the father of the alcalde?"

COLONEL BENTON. "Coming to that, Sir. But we must be quick, or the court may settle the knotty point before we do. Listen, boys. You have read the stories of the Arabian Nights—a thousand and one. You have all noticed the minute details which they give of domestic life in the East at that day, and how frequently the cadi occurs as the officer of the peace. Let us begin there with the cadi. He was the mayor among the Saracens. At the time of the Crusades they were the most highly civilized people in the world. The Dark Ages of Europe were the Light Ages of the East. The Saracens extended their conquests, and carried their institutions, arts, and refinements from Damascus westward around the southern side of the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. At that point they were known as Moors; from that point they crossed over (a romantic story) into Spain, conquered it, occupied it, beautified it, and held it, or a great part of it, for seven hundred years. Yes, boys, for seven hundred years. It was an armed occupation all this time. They were a refined, cultivated, and luxurious people; but they were also a brave and warlike race. With the junction of the Christian forces of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the time of Columbus, the Moors were finally driven back into Africa—a dark and bloody chapter of cruel persecutions. But the Moorish cadi remained the chief of all the towns in Spain. *El cadi*, or *al cadi*—which is, the cadi—however, became corrupted into alcalde, and alcalde came over with Cortéz into Mexico, and went with the Spanish adventurers and missionaries to San Francisco. So you see, boys, we trace the official pedigree of Bryant, here, back to Cortéz, to Columbus, to Spain, to the royal Moors, and eastwardly around the south side of the Mediterranean to Antioch, Jerusalem, Damascus, and away back to the cadi of the Arabian Nights."

REPORTER. "Well, Colonel, I wonder if that's what's puzzling the court all this time?"

COLONEL BENTON. "Oh no; they are speculating upon those town lots. But, boys, where does San Francisco come from?"

ONE OF THE BOYS. "From some Spanish saint, I reckon. They name every place after some saint or other."

COLONEL BENTON. "In this case the saint is an English sea captain—Sir Francis Drake. The name of your town, therefore, comes from England, sanctified by the Spaniards; while Bryant's official title, alcalde, comes from the Orient—an Oriental title, older than Haroun Al Raschid—the cadi."

MR. BRYANT. "I accept your explanation, Colonel. Let it be the *cadi*. Are you agreed, boys?"

THE BOYS. "All agreed."

COLONEL BENTON. "Carried unanimously. Such, boys, are the uses of history. A link here and there fills up the chain from our day and ourselves to the most distant ages and dim traditions of the past. Thus, in Mexico, we may now find some of the fashions, customs, domestic and farming implements almost the same as in Egypt in the time of Moses. For instance, one of the most cruel tasks imposed upon the Israelites in Egypt was the task of making bricks without straw. The cadi, or alcalde, of San Francisco, here, can understand that. The bricks of the ancient Egyptians were the same as the bricks of your adobe houses in California and Mexico, unburned or sunburned bricks. Straw mixed with the clay holds them together. The poor Israelites, not being supplied with the straw by their masters, had to find it themselves."

VOICE FROM THE INNER TEMPLE. "Court's open." And here ends our story of the cadi, or alcalde, of San Francisco.

SPANISH AND AZTEC NAMES.

In another interval of the Court, upon a hint thrown out, Colonel Benton thus discoursed upon Spanish and Aztec names:

COLONEL BENTON. "One of our boys has said that the Spanish name every thing after some saint or other. It is so. The habit was the result of that seven hundred years' war with the Moors—a religious war, between Christianity and the creed of Mohammed. With the expulsion of the Moors the Christian conquerors of Spain became outrageously aggressive. They sought to carry their religion every where, and they did carry it into all their discoveries in the New World, by fire and sword. Cortéz was one of these crusading fanatics. The spot where he landed in Mexico he named the True Cross—Vera Cruz. The same partiality for holy names had infused itself into the whole Spanish race. So from San Augustine to San Francisco, from Santa Fé to Ciudad de los Angeles (the City of the Angels—beautiful name), throughout the Spanish possessions, their names of towns, rivers, etc., bear the evidences of that intense religious feeling peculiar to the race. On the other hand, as with all other races of men in all ages, the Aztecs frequently imparted their local names from some distinguishing feature in the locality itself; and as we have adopted many of these aboriginal names, so were they adopted by the Spaniards. In the Aztec, *tepec* means hill, and *petl*, mountain. Thus Tehuan-tepec, Lion Hill (in honor of Cortéz); Chapul-tepec, Grasshopper Hill; Popoçate-petl, or Smoking Mountain—pooh-pooh, as you puff the smoke from a pipe."

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S LAP-DOG AND THE OREGON QUESTION.

After Colonel Benton's second speech in reply to General Cass, upon the Oregon question, the writer, in a conversation with the Missouri Senator, alluded to the happy incident of Mrs. Masham and the lap-dog of the Duchess of Marlborough, as employed in the debate.

COLONEL BENTON. "Yes, Sir, twenty years had elapsed since my reading of that incident; but when it was brought forward by General Cass to show what trifling causes sometimes produce the most disastrous wars, I remembered the story as if I had read it but yesterday. Mrs. Masham was a favorite of the Court of Queen Anne; for the Queen was a little jealous of the glory reflected from the Duke upon the Duchess of Marlborough. One day the lap-dog of the Duchess spoiled a beautiful silk dress of Mrs. Masham—you may guess how; and naturally enough a quarrel followed between the two ladies. The Queen took the side of the injured party; the results were of the greatest moment to the whole world of mankind. Yes, Sir,

"'When there is a lady in the case,
Of course all other things give place.'

The siege of Troy, the head of John the Baptist, Bluff Harry the Butcher's quarrel with the Pope, and, within our own day, the dissolution of General Jackson's first Cabinet, are among the proofs of the controlling power of woman's beauty and woman's caprices over the hearts of princes and the affairs of nations. But there is no case of the sort more remarkable than that of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess of Marlborough's lap-dog. The Duke was recalled from the Continent, a suspension of the war followed, and the treaty of Utrecht, where I found my first and best authority for the line of 49°, as our northern boundary of Oregon. And thus we may say, Sir, that that little lap-dog of the Duchess of Marlborough has done more to put an end to this silly cry of 'fifty-four forty or fight' than any other party in the debate. Such are the trifles that control the greatest events. In your readings treasure them up."

THE ROUND TABLE.

Calling one day at the house of Colonel Benton upon a matter of business, the writer found him and his family seated at dinner around a round table.

"Walk in, Sir. The round table, you perceive, and the knights thereof, including the children. This is Democratic equality, Sir, in the family circle. Will you join us? The guest does not break the chain. As with the Arabs, he that eats of our salt is our friend. He that refuses is our enemy. Take your choice, and take a glass of wine."

THE WOOLLY HORSE.

In the summer of 1849 the woolly horse was brought to Washington, and, with a flaming hand-bill in front of the door, it was exhibited on Pennsylvania Avenue, on the same square on the C street side of which Colonel Benton resided. He could not, by his usual route to the Capitol, come out or return back to his house without passing that flaming hand-bill, which described the animal on exhibition as "*The wonderful nondescript, captured by Colonel John C. Frémont, after an exciting three days' chase, on the River Gila.*" A regular sensation wood-cut, which represented the nondescript as springing from one mountain-peak to another, with a troop of hunters in pursuit, followed this startling announcement.

The writer, passing by one afternoon, stopped to read this bill. A hand tapped him on the shoulder. Turning round, he discovered it was the hand of Colonel Benton, who observed, "Come in and see this nondescript. I want you as a witness." Lieutenant Beale was with the old gentleman. "I want both of you," he said. He paid our way, and we all walked in. It was the woolly horse—a sickly, stunted, and miserable steed, with his tail and mane naturally destitute of hair, or shaved to the skin. Colonel Benton made us examine him, point by point, walking round the beast several times. Then he opened upon the exhibitor. "So this is the wonderful nondescript captured by Colonel Frémont? Now, Sir, you impudent impostor, I give you notice, and I bring these two gentlemen as witnesses that I have given you a fair warning, that unless you quit this place before to-morrow morning you will be arrested as an impostor, a vagrant, a shameless vagrant and swindler, obtaining money under false pretenses." And so on, in a loud, angry, and terrible voice, for perhaps ten minutes. A day or two passed, when, meeting Colonel Benton on the way to the Capitol, he remarked, "They fly, Sir!" "Who fly?" "The enemy, the impostor, the vagrant, the nondescript and his driver. They are routed, horse and foot; but I had to take the fellow before a magistrate, after all. I thought I had frightened him, but his impudence was proof against fear as well as shame. He is as hard a case as his horse. They are both nondescripts." [For a more particular account of the woolly horse, see Barnum's Autobiography.]

OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

The amusing comparison (1850) made by Colonel Benton, in a speech upon Mr. Clay's Compromise or "omnibus bill," between the young Doctor Townsend, and the old Doctor Jacob Townsend's sarsaparilla, secured for the Colonel a whole box, by express, of the old Doctor's medicine. Having heard of the circumstance, the writer, on the first opportunity, asked the venerable Senator about it. "Yes, Sir, a whole box of the old Doctor's sarsaparilla! But what am I to with it? I can't take it. If there were thirteen bottles, I might send one to each of the Senate Committee of Thirteen; but there are not bottles enough for that. Then I thought I would distribute it among the newspaper men, but they are worked enough already. What shall I do with my sarsaparilla? Will you take a bottle, and pledge me to drink it, live or die?"

THE NEW-YEAR'S CALL.

On New-Year's Day, 1854, Colonel Benton was left "solitary and alone" at his residence in Washington, the other members of his family—wife, children, and grandchildren—being, some in Europe, some in St. Louis, and some in California. But he opened his house to the customary New-Year calls of his friends. The absence of his family, however, being known, his visitors, with here and there an exception, were exclusively of the male gender. Through a crowd of politicians a gentleman advanced with his wife on his arm. After the usual salutations, he observed, "Contrary to the order of the day, this lady has insisted on visiting you, because you are left all alone." "Thanks, thanks, madam; a graceful act of woman's sympathy. She is right, Sir. Her presence brings me nearer to my absentees. Sit here, madam, by my side; and you, Sir, help those gentlemen to a glass of punch." On coming away the lady remarked that he was "a dear, good old man, simple-hearted and confiding as a child; and he is so lonely here, with wife, daughters, and grandchildren all gone. I am glad we came." The gentleman had a large bundle of cake and sugar-plums under his arm, which the veteran Senator insisted should be taken to their children and judiciously distributed. "In our children, Sir, we live over again, and they are the richest legacy we can leave to our country. Honored be the man who has a house full! Thrice honored be the woman who is their mother!"

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

NOT long ago I was breakfasting at the New York Hotel, and asked one of the waiters, a genuine son of Erin, to fetch me a couple of eggs. I said, "Be sure and have them boiled three whole minutes." He went away and staid a full half hour. I asked him what kept him so long. He replied, "*Sure, Sir, an' it takes a very long time to boil an egg three minutes!*"

At the last meeting of the Board of Education in this goodly city of ours proposals were submitted for building a school-house in 44th Street. One denominated the building a "shool house;" others offered "shureties," "sureities," "scurities," "securitys," "suretys," and "surities." One proposal addressed "to the School ofesrs of the 22 Ward," read thus:

"Jantle Mon: I do propose to do all the Mason Work of the School House to Be Built in 44th-st. Nere 10 Avenu in the 22 Ward for the Some of fifteen thonsent Seven hunde and fifty Dolers Acording to the plans and Spetions in a good way * * * * * * and find all the Nesery Materils. $15 750-00."

A good wife is like a *snail.* Why? Because she keeps in her own *house.*—A good wife is *not* like a snail. Why? Because she does not carry her *all* on her *back.*—A good wife is like a *town clock.* Why? Because she keeps good *time.*—A good wife is *not* like a town clock. Why? Because she does not speak so *loud* that all the town can *hear* her.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the pig remarked when he was contemplating the kinks in his tail.

A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture: "He was *clothed* with *curses* as with a *garment.*" "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had *got a bad habit of swearing.*"

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half-dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always endeavor to feel sunshiny, especially in a sick-room, and to look so too.

The *Post* has a very neat epigram: to wit,

"Apropos of this Turkish Pasha's coming,
For whose contracts the *bosses* all are drumming;
Why should we, unemployed ship-joiners, hope well
To prosper in far-off Constantinople?
The reason's plain: No master here is o'er us,
But there we're sure to find the real *Bos-phor-us.*"

A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady: "A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness and a man's courage."

"The Legislature of one of the Southwestern States," so says the Canton *Repository*, "at the session of 1856–'7, passed an act instructing the 'State Librarian to furnish each member of the Legislature with a copy of the Holy Bible, *St. James's Revision.*'"

SERMON OF A QUAKER.—My friend, bridle thy tongue, to enable thee to remain quiet; mind thine own business, and thee will not have much time to attend to that of others, and thee will have many friends and few enemies.

A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common fund. The common law of America now recognizes the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cassimere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

In things of moment on thyself depend,
Nor trust too far thy servant or thy friend,
With private views thy friend may promise fair,
And servants very seldom prove sincere.

What may be done, with care perform to-day,
Dangers unthought of will attend delay.
Your distant prospects all precarious are,
And Fortune is as fickle as she's fair.

No trivial loss nor trivial gain despise,
Mole-hills to mountains, if oft heaped, will rise.
Weigh every small expense and nothing waste—
Farthings long saved amount to pounds at last.

Emerson's poem, "Brahma," is regarded by many as nonsense, and it has been ridiculed and parodied without stint. The St. Louis *Republican* has "gone and done it" in prose:

"If the scarlet murderous individual conceive he kill, or if the assassinated victim imagine he be slaughtered, their knowledge is exceedingly limited of the artful and cunningly-devised methods I maintain and vanish, and again change my direction. Remote or unremembered, to me, is contiguous; darkness of the sun's intercepted beams and the luminous rays of the god of day are identical; to me, the annihilated deities are obviously visible, and consciousness of guilt and exaltation of rumor are synonymous. They do not compute accurately who omit to leave me in; I am the means of their acceleration when they move swiftly through the air; I am the fluctuating state of opinion and the dubious individual, and I the sacred musical composition rehearsed in numbers by the Pagan Hindoo. The powerful and cogent mythological deities long for my habitation, and the consecrated six plus one languish ineffectually; but thou, humble and mild-tempered devotee of beneficence, discover me and reverse thy rear on the residence of the celestial gods."

A bear has always been reckoned a formidable animal—a gay seducer, who hugs his victim to death in the most affectionate but painful manner. But the most terrible specimen of a bear that we ever heard tell of is mentioned in the following spirited verses, which we clip from a Western poem:

"There was a jolly woodman
Was standin' by a tree,
When he spied an awful big bear
A-coming right at he!
The bear was ramparagous,
The foam was on his lip,
And fell a yard of prairie
He cleared at every skip!"

The secret league in England to destroy the life of Napoleon III. is called the "Society for the Diffusion of Bomb-Shells."

An Irish witness in the Worcester Police Court refused to be sworn on the Bible the other day, and when asked the reason of his stubbornness, replied, "An isn't it an American I am? What the divil's the use of getting naturalized, if I can't swear as the Yankees do?"

Some one says, that "human heads are like hogsheads—the less they contain, the louder the report they give of themselves. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth."

The following is from "Andromeda, and Other Poems"—a new volume by Charles Kingsley, just issued by Ticknor and Fields:

A FAREWELL.

I.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

II.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, April 19, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were freely supplied during the week with Flour, and though this was in good demand chiefly for home use, prices closed lower. Wheat was moderately inquired for at drooping rates. Corn was in active request, and it advanced. Oats were in more attention at improved quotations. Sales also were made of Barley and Barley Malt at steady prices, when it was more freely offered in, and closed heavy. A lively inquiry has prevailed for provisions, which are generally shorter. . . . The Grocery Trade generally for remarkable changes . . . . Hay was in demand at steady rates. . . . Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were quiet. . . . Hides, Leather, and Naval Stores were in good request at buoyant prices. . . . Tobacco was dull, but firm, with light supplies available. . . . Wool attracted more attention at former quotations. . . . The movements in Freights were limited.

Goods were to a moderate extent, Jobbers and Dealers having met early in the week, when the terms of Dry Goods assumed a firm tone. . . . Almost $1,000,000 were entered for consumption the last quarter since the 1st of January have been $3,000,000 against $3,211,000 during the same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable transactions. . . . We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@ $4 40
Superfine to fancy Western do.	4 45	@ 4 75
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 75	@ 6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 75	@ 6 50
Fine to Superfine Ryo Flour, per bbl.	3 60	@ 3 90
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 12	@ 1 30
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 07	@ 1 20
New Corn Unin, per bushel	74	@ 76
Rye, per bushel	69	@ 70
Barley, per bushel	60	@ 72
Western Oats, per bushel	50	@ 52
State Oats, per bushel	50	@ 52
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	46	@ 48
Barley Malt, per bushel	80	@ 90
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12	@ 12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 75	@ 18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 50	@ 14 60
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	10 00	@ 10 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	8 00	@ 8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	19 00	@ 23 00
Mess Beef, per barrel	14 00	@ 15 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@ 7
Lard, per pound	10	@ 11
State Butter, per pound	16	@ 27
Western Butter, per pound	12	@ 20
Cheese, per pound	7	@ 10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 87	@ 4 50
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@ 6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	25	@ 31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@ 7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	32	@ 40
Hymn Tea, per pound	23	@ 60
Oolong Tea, per pound	35	@ 60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21	@ 24
Hide Hay, per 100 pounds	60	@ 70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	6	@ 8
Lunds Quantpicine, per 100 pounds	3 75	@ 3 87½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	55	@ 55
Common Resin, per 100 pounds	1 50	@ 1 75

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were easier for Beeves, which were more abundant, but prices were not brisk. . . . Milch Cows were rather more sought after at former prices. . . . Veal Calves were dull and rather cheaper, with a moderate inquiry. . . . Sheep and Lambs were less freely offered than they were expected, and met with fair favorable sales. . . . Swine were in good supply and sluck request at drooping rates. . . . The appended table of the Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares thus:

	Week ending March 29.	Week ending April 5.
Beeves	2,975	3,000
Milch Cows	151	204
Veal Calves	1,000	1,100
Sheep and Lambs	9,811	7,700
Swine		3,000

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1133	Michigan	79
Ohio	977	Indiana	11
New York	461	Kentucky	39

The range of prices according to the Drovers' Live Stock Journal at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Four to first class Beeves, per pound	8	@ 8 ½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	35	@ 60
Veal Calves, per pound	6	@ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@ 5 50
" per pound	10	@ 13
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@ 5½
Dressed "	7	@ 7½

The Country Produce Markets are very well supplied with the leading kinds of Produce, and the receipts of the usual gravels, prices continue to favor buyers.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT OF PRODUCE AT VARIOUS DUTCH MARKETS.

Apples, per barrel	$2 75	@ $4 00
Apples, dried, per pound	5 @	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	10 @	12
Plums, dried, per pound	15 @	20
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00 @	1 25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 50 @	2 75
" per bushel	75 @	1 00
sweet, per barrel	3 00 @	3 50
Onions, per 100 bunches	3 50 @	4 50
Turnips, per barrel	87 @	1 50
Beets, per barrel	1 25 @	1 75
Turnips, per bushel	1 00 @	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 50 @	1 75
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00 @	5 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	4 00 @	5 00
Garlic, per 100	4 00 @	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	2 00 @	3 00
Eggs, limed, per dozen	10 @	12
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	13 @	15
Chickens, per pair	50 @	75
Fowls, per pound	10 @	12
Ducks, per pair	1 00 @	1 25
Ducks, per pound	10 @	12
" per pair	1 00 @	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	10 @	12
Geese, per pound	9 @	11
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50 @	2 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75 @	1 00
Partridges, per pair	1 00 @	1 25
Roasting Pigs	1 75 @	2 50
Rabbits, each	12½ @	25
Hares, each	37½ @	50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, April 19, 1858.*

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 17, 1858	$1,198,240	$1,105,564
Corresponding week, 1857	2,328,605	1,153,393
Decrease	$1,060,458	
Increase		$105,556

The total reduction in imports at this port since January 1st, compared with the same period last year, exceeds $37,000,000.

The export of specie during the week was $705,157; the receipts, from California and England, $1,005,000. The banks this evening are likely to show over thirty-three millions. Money rules, if possible, still easier than last week; short loans on call, on good securities are made as low as four per cent. Exchange on England is held at about 108½ @ 109.

The tendency to recovery in the Stock Market noticed last week still continues, though the business of the week has been limited. The rival shops of operation have not operated with any freedom or vigor. All seem to be waiting for the action of Europe. The tone of the following table will show the fluctuations of the leading speculative securities during the week:

New York Central	82¾@83¼	84@84¼
New York and Erie	21½@22	23@23¼
Reading	58¾@59	61@61¼
Delaware and Hudson	108¾@109	110@110
Pacific Mail	107½@108	109@109½
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 70.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In preparing biographical sketches of prominent statesmen in the thirty-fifth Congress, we are constantly reminded of the advantages which a Republic confers upon energetic and gifted men, who, born in comparative obscurity, *might*, under other forms of government, never rise above the daily strife for daily bread, and, accomplishing no grander purpose than wresting by fierce struggle a bare subsistence for themselves and families, would pass on into the silence of nameless obscurity "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." If Congress may be taken as a criterion, the Republic has not so greatly degenerated after all; for many of the most prominent legislators in both branches are men whose rare genius, intense application, indomitable will, and unswerving rectitude have enabled them to rise from the shoe-bench, the factory, the forge, and the farm, to the solid dignity which, after all croaking, still appertains to American Senators and Representatives.

Among those who in elevating themselves have illustrated the true worth of our institutions, we must award a very high place to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, whose likeness our artist has so admirably presented herewith. Mr. Grow was born in Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on the 31st of August, 1823. His father, Joseph Grow, died when the subject of this memoir was only three years of age; leaving the mother to provide for a family of six children, of whom four were sons. The youngest child was only three months old at the time of this sad bereavement, and on settling up the affairs of the family it was found there was barely enough of property to pay up all indebtedness. Fortunately Mrs. Grow was a woman of remarkable energy and decision of character; instead, therefore, of losing all courage and bemoaning her lot, she gathered her little flock about her and removed to the residence of her father, Captain Samuel Robbins, who lived in Voluntown, in the same county. Here she engaged in truck and farming; and, to her honor be it said, succeeded not only in providing for her young family, but also accumulated a surplus, which afterward laid the foundation for the precuniary prosperous circumstances of her children. The best answer to the inquiry "What can woman do?" might be given in the history of what this brave and good woman *did*. Unfortunately we are not writing her history, and must therefore content ourselves with this meagre outline of the accomplishments of one woman, who, we are happy to believe, in but a representative of a great many others, that in the lowly cares, and patient endurances, and holy sacrifices of maternal love are quite content to have inscribed upon their tomb-stones, "She hath done what she could," but of whom history and God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

When Mr. Grow was eleven years of age, his mother found that her industry and enterprise had enabled her to save a sufficient sum to defray the expense of removal to the West, and for the sake of her children she determined to make that great sacrifice. Twenty-five years ago the tide of emigration was setting westward; the Northeastern States had commenced to push out advance parties of settlers, who, knowing nothing of what they should encounter, struck boldly into the forests and laid the foundation of our Western prosperity. There were no railroads then to carry the emigrants in a few hours, and for a few dollars, from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Mississippi, but painfully and slowly the caravans moved like snails toward the setting sun; and when the last good-by was said to relatives, and the last view had been taken of the old homestead, the emigrant felt that years must pass before he saw either again, and had faint hope of returning at all.

Despite there serious drawbacks, the Grow family started for the West, and finally took up their abode in a wild and mountainous part of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, which from its romantic beauty they named "Glenwood;" and there is still the residence of the subject of this sketch. For the next few years Galusha led the ordinary life of farmers' boys, attending school when there was opportunity, and undergoing the noble discipline which is afforded by wild mountain scenery to a quick perceptive nature which has also something of cultivation. It is told of him in those early years that he was often in the woods for a week or ten days, sleeping on hemlock boughs, and trusting to his own skill to provide his food. Living in a region of country in which lumber was abundant and good, the winter occupation of all the settlers was the cutting of timber, to be floated in the spring down the stream on which they lived to the Susquehanna (of which it was a tributary), and so find a market at Baltimore, and other towns lying along Chesapeake Bay. The great event to which Galesha, in common with the other boys, looked forward, was to be permitted to accompany the lumbering parties down the river. When he was about fourteen years of age the desired opportunity came, and he accompanied his brother Frederick to Port Deposit, in Maryland. While here an incident occurred which furnishes very decided testimony to the confidence which his neighbors felt in Mr. Grow's integrity, and the high estimation in which the innate sterwdness of the natives of the well-ashamed State of Connecticut was held twenty years ago. A friend of the Grows was anxious to send a cargo of lumber to Annapolis to be sold, and intrusted our hero with the business. On arriving at his port he sought out a Mr. Claud, who wished to buy the lumber, but almost feared to trade with such a young merchant. After asking his age, residence, parentage, family connections, and a variety of test questions, it occurred to him to ask, "Were you born in Pennsylvania?" Grow. "No, Sir, *I was born in Connecticut*."

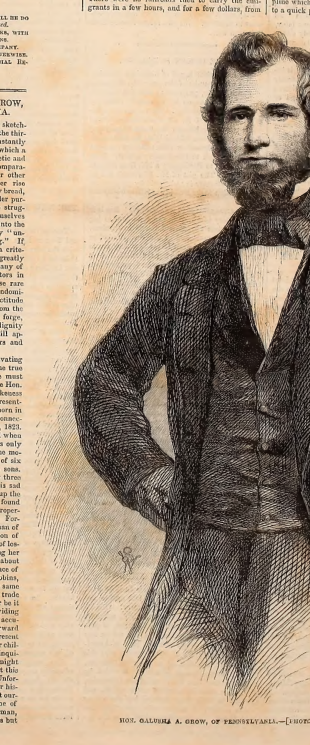
CLAUD. "Oh yes, I understand it all now; yes, I do want to buy some lumber."

It is needless to add, the cargo was sold to good advantage.

At seventeen years of age, Mr. Grow, being generously helped by his brothers, entered the Freshman class of Amherst College, graduating in 1844. As soon as his collegiate course was completed, he commenced his political life by "stumping" for Polk and Dallas. When the election was over he entered the law office of F. B. Streeter, Esq., late Solicitor to the Treasury, and was admitted to the bar in the autumn of 1847.

In the spring of 1850 it was found that his close application to study while in college, and his subsequent confinement to his business, was impairing his originally fine constitution, and he was forced to retire temporarily from his profession to seek a recuperation of his physical powers in out-door exercis. He accordingly returned to his mother's farm and resumed his place in the field. In the winter of 1850 he surveyed six thousand acres of land into small lots.

In the summer of 1850 the Democratic convention of his county nominated him unanimously for the Legislature, but he declined. In the autumn of the same year he was first elected to Congress. The Democrats of the district were divided, and had two candidates in the field, each claiming to be the regular nominee. Eight days before the election both agreed to resign if Mr. Grow would be the candidate. He was visited by a delegation, who found him not exactly, like Cincinnatus, plowing, but working with a set of hands on the public highway, rebuilding a bridge that had been carried away by a freshet. He heard their proposal and consented to be a candidate; both the other candidates resigned as agreed upon, and a convention was called which nominated Mr. Grow, just one week before the election. He was successful, having a majority of twelve hundred and fifty votes; and in 1851 he took his seat, the youngest member of the thirty-second Congress. The second time he was elected by a majority of seven thousand five hundred; the third time he was elected unanimously, on account of the satisfaction with which men of all parties in his district regarded his strenu-



HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ous opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The last occasion upon which he asked the votes of his constituency he was elected by a larger vote than he received when there was no opposition. During the Speakership of Mr. Banks, Mr. Grow was chairman of the Committee on Territories, one of the most important positions in the gift of the Speaker. Upon Mr. Banks's retirement from Congress, Mr. Grow became virtually the leader of the Opposition—an arduous post which he has always filled so as not only to win the applause of his friends but to gain the respect of his political opponents. He received the Republican vote for Speaker at the commencement of this session.

In the winter of 1850 he visited Europe in company with Hon. E. B. Morgan and Hon. B. Pringle, of New York, Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, and others. They intended to visit the Crimea, but were prevented by the prevalence of cholera. While in Paris, our Representatives were treated with great consideration by the Emperor of the French, being invited to ball and given in honor of Queen Victoria, who was then visiting Napoleon.

With the probability of a long life before him, having thus early distinguished himself, it would be in the speculative to set limits to his future. He has already attained a high position as a leader in debate and parliamentary tactics. We may reasonably anticipate more honor and more power for him; but the pleasure of them for himself, and the world of them for others, will be limited in the facts of his strict personal uprightness and private integrity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PRINTING PRINTER.

THE Select Committee on the Public Printing have reported to Congress in favor of a national printing, engraving, electrotyping, lithographing, and bookbinding establishment, under the direct supervision of a Committee of Congress, and under the management of officers to be appointed by the President. The ground on which this recommendation is based is the enormous and disproportionate cost of the printing, etc., of Congress at the present time. Now it is shown that the cost of printing, lithographing, bookbinding, electrotyping, and engraving for the thirty-fourth Congress was $1,813,793, exclusive of the cost of the *Globe*; while that of the same work for the thirty-third Congress reached the enormous sum of $2,780,000. It is shown that while the contracts for the Senate and House printing have been awarded to various individuals, the work has invariably been done, of late years, by Mr. Wendell, who has paid the contractors a bonus, or given them a share of his profits. The margin for profit has been so large that one speculator who bought a contract for binding actually paid the contractor twenty per cent. on the gross amount of the printing done, and was yet enabled to sell out to a third party, who agreed to do the work for him on half profits. The conclusion of the Select Committee is that, by judicious management, the country may save one third the present expense of printing, and so forth.

This estimate would unquestionably be verified by the result if Congress could establish a great printing and engraving office, and manage it as private printers manage theirs. The lean purses and the figures of the public printers show that the people are shamefully robbed, and that the public printing is not the leanest part of the public plunder. But is there any reason to suppose that matters would be any better managed under the system proposed by the Committee?

If the United States can not have the printing done under the contract system without being robbed of half a million a year, how can they expect to escape robbery when they shall be no competition for the printing contracts, and the printer shall be entitled to draw his check for any amount that he chooses to set down as the actual cost of the work he does?

It would seem that there can be no safer example for the Government to follow than that which is held out by private individuals. When a private mercantile house requires a large quantity of printing, binding, or engraving to be done, it does not establish printing-offices or binderies; common sense teaches it that, being ignorant of the businesses of printing and binding, it will not succeed if it undertakes them. But it quietly proceeds to obtain tenders for the work from prominent binders and printers, and, on an examination thereof, awards the work to the competitor who offers the best security and asks the least money. It does not happen that it is often cheated. Why can not the Government pursue the same course? Let proper means be taken to give all the printers and engravers and binders an opportunity for competition, and there would be no robbery of the Government. A great national printing-office would be as doubtful an experiment as a national bank.

MORE NEW STATES.

As soon as KANSAS, Minnesota, and Oregon are out of the way, a new crop of States will knock at the national door and demand admission to the Union. Three of them already loom in the distance.

One is ARIZONA, which, if the stories which are told of its gold-bearing region are correct, may possibly prove a second California. The world is ripe for the development of a new auriferous region; and, notwithstanding all the individual failures which marked the settlement of California and Australia, the solid successes of many of the emigrants to those countries are well calculated to stimulate a rush to any new country which presents equally dazzling prospects. At present, Arizona is remarkable for its back-ground.

Next, we have a strong prospect of a new State to be carved out of TEXAS. Of late years there has been a large foreign immigration into that State. It is the only way by which slaveholders can establish in their political system a basis of population sufficiently large to give them a decided preponderance in the Union which offers greater promise to immigrants than Texas, and we are not surprised that a large portion of the best European immigration is being diverted thitherward.

Lastly, it is understood that the people of the State of Lake Superior are about to form a separate political existence under the name of the State of Ontonagon. Part of the new State is to be carved out of Michigan and part out of Wisconsin. Both States can well spare a slice. According to the plan now proposed the new State would have an area equal to that of New York, and has at present a population of 70,000. So soon as the capitalists who are engaged in mining enterprises realize that money is not to be made in mines by stock operations in Wall Street, but that copper veins, patient industry, and skilful perseverance are absolutely essential to success, the proposed State of Ontonagon will become the copper-producing region of this country and of the world.

By the time Mr. Buchanan's successor is inaugurated these three new States will probably be ready for admission. They will be followed in due course by others. The advantage of separate States over provinces or even the old legislative union pursued in European countries is so obvious that it must be expected that many of the provinces of the British Empire will, as population increases, and give birth to new members of the confederacy. Many already think that it would be well if New York were now divided by a line running due east and west and cutting off Manhattan, Long, and Staten Islands from the rest of the State. By dividing it in this, as by the Missouri compromise, the interests will grow up, and the best interests be subserved for each among these interests, or undue domination by one over the others, the better.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE SEPOYS?

THE man who was presented with an elephant as a gift was in a worse position than the English conquerors of India are at the present time. There is every reason to believe that, notwithstanding the heavy odds in favor of the Sepoys, the English have succeeded in their ruggedly crushing out the mutiny which reared its formidable head just twelve months ago. Sir Colin Campbell's operations in Oude seem to have completed the work of subduing the Sepoys. The intelligence received from the British will be those of police engaged in hunting down bands of guerrillas in the jungles and the mountain fastnesses of Northern India. In this work all is tranquil. Notwithstanding the excellent reasons which were given some months ago for the revolt of the soldiery of Bombay and Madras, the troops in those presidencies have, with few exceptions, remained faithful to their colors. At the present time they are perfectly reliable. In the Punjab, which was retained in its normal condition by the prompt energy of Lawrence, there are no signs of trouble, and the authority of Great Britain was never more triumphant than it is at present. Thus, in a word, the mutineers are annihilated, and those who might have joined them are frightened into tranquility. The question which arises on this state of facts is, What is to be done with the Sepoys?

At the time the mutiny broke out there were about 17,000 British troops dispersed throughout India, and some 220,000 Sepoys. Of these latter about 100,000 have ceased to exist as a military body. Their place has, for the present, been taken by the British troops who were sent from England to put down the mutiny when it first broke out. It is evident that these regiments can not be kept in India. They cost too much. A double garrison, therefore, arises: first, What is to be done with the Sepoys? and next, How is India to be guarded against future mutinies?

The India bill which has been introduced into the British Parliament by the new Ministry contains no provision on the subject. It provides for the selection of a new India Board to take the place of the Board of Control, but now manages the affairs of the East Indies; but the practical questions of the destiny of the Sepoys and the police of the country it does not touch.

Some one has proposed that regiments be organized of mixed Europeans and natives, in the proportion of one European to three or four natives. The idea which underlies this scheme is, that no regiment thus constituted could mutiny, because the European element would become aware of the plot, and would reveal it. The difficulties are, first, the cost of twenty or thirty thousand European troops to leave the Indian army; secondly, the palpable impossibility of fusing Europeans and natives into the same body. No decent Hindoo will mess with an Englishman, and the very Europeans will mess or sleep with a "nigger," as the Hindoos are now called. Regiments consisting of both races would appear to be organized in such a manner that the men of each constituted separate companies; and this arrangement would defeat the plan which proposes to make spies of the Europeans.

The reserves of India—as a British colony—show an increasing deficit every year. The whole cost of this war, which can not be less than a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, will have to be met by England upon the future revenues of the colony. At the present time the taxes on land and labor are actually higher than they ought to be. In many parts of India they grind the peasant to the earth, and keep him and his descendants in perpetual poverty. Whatever scheme be adopted, therefore, it will need to be an economical one. It would seem to follow that the colony must be protected, not by British, but by native troops.

What method can be devised to use the natives to keep the natives in subjection, and, at the same time, to prevent the possibility of their mutinying, it is now left for the English politicians to discover. We had rather it were their task than ours.

MORE OCEAN STEAMERS.

WE have often heard of historians creating armies with a stroke of the pen; Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, proposes to establish a line of transatlantic steamers by an equally summary and inexpensive method. He has given notice that in obedience to the public accommodation of five ocean post-routes between the United States and Europe: one from Philadelphia to Southampton; another from New York to Havre; a third from New York to Glückstadt; a fourth from New Orleans to Bordeaux; a fifth from Norfolk to Santos. Such a list of Mr. Florence's bill is, that each steamer is to be paid by government in proportion to the number of letters which she carries.

This arrangement is well enough. But it is the old story of circulating the cow, how to jump the lane when the animal roams in freedom. Mr. Florence must find us the steamers before he need trouble himself about how they are to be remunerated for carrying the mails. As it is, the whole ocean steam service is passing into the hands of foreigners on their merits. But it will take some time for the effects of the mistake to be cured. A year or two must elapse before new steamers will risk their means in new ocean steam adventures.

When the time does come for the establishment of new lines of American steamers, New York must be the terminus on this side the ocean. To talk of other places is idle. Neither Boston nor Philadelphia can sustain a line of transatlantic steamships. As to Norfolk and New Orleans, the bare idea of the thing is ridiculous; quite as much so as that of sending steamers to Nantes and Bordeaux. We must run our lines from New York to Liverpool—from one commercial centre to another—from New York to Liverpool or Southampton. When we have a line successful, Washington and Chicago we may try others elsewhere; but not till then.

THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA.

CERTAIN of the Irish journals in New York have been unusually violent of late against the Anglo-Saxon element in this country. One of them, and one of the most influential, urges its readers, with characteristic vehemence, to preserve their separate nationality, and not on any account to mix in the common herd of Americans. The natives of this country, says this Irish paper, are after all nothing but common, coarse, Anglo-Saxons, somewhat modified by climate; they lack the vivacity, the enterprise, the noble qualities of the true-born Celt, and present in their stead nothing but the vulgar characteristics of the material, grovelling, animal SAXON. By remaining aloof from the debased and unhappy natives of the country—our Hibernian monitor implies—the autochthony of the Irish can not fail to be recognized at last, and then they will have the choice of all the best offices and the fattest plunder.

It does not happen to be our function to counsel the Irish in America as to their course of conduct. They have counsellors enough and to spare, in whom, no doubt, they place proper trust. Nor shall we presume to dictate their pretension to be the noblest race on the continent. They may be that, or any thing else they please, so they let us live in peace.

But we will venture to submit for the consideration of the influential organs of the Irish community whether the conduct of at least a portion of the Irish people in this country is calculated to train them for the position of command to which they consider themselves entitled. We are dealing with facts, and not with theories; and we know that Irishmen will be glad to meet us on this ground. How the Irish are happen, as the criminal returns show, that so enormous a proportion of the crime committed in New York is the work of Irishmen? How is it that they people our penitentiaries in so large a proportion? How comes it that so disproportionate a share of the penal crime which horrifies this community are perpetrated by Irishmen? Common murders are peculiar to no nation; less barbarous modes of assassination have a life, outraging and murdering a poor girl, burning a house, are crimes in but stray cases, and kindred varieties of murder, seem to be usually frequent among the Irish. Surely this sort of thing is not the proper apprenticeship for a race which aspires to conceal this continent.

There seems to be among the Irish a fatal disregard of what the poor Anglo-Saxon race poses to consider the decencies of life. The other day, at Cincinnati, on St. Patrick's Day, the health of Queen Saldi was drunk with the most ferocious applause by a crew of assembled Celts. The authors of the massacre of women and children, the fiendish outrages with ever-dyed blood-lasmanity, were in like manner applauded some time since in this city by a meeting of Irishmen, over which Colonel Haskett presided. Now, of course, the Irish are entitled to exercise their own judgment. But as the general sentiment of this country is now, at the present time, favorable to the mutilation and massacre of helpless children and women, it would seem that these expressions of Irish opinion were ill-judged to forward their aspirations to dominion. The Irish should make allowance for our Anglo-Saxon simplicity if they want to rule us; they should at least seem to bow to our prejudices against lawlessness and brutality.

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

THE advocates of a war between England and France have been comforting themselves with the idea that the appointment of Marshal Pelissier to succeed Persigny as French Embassy to London implies a menace to Great Britain, and that the famous Crimean General has only been promoted to that ostensible post in order to afford him an opportunity of obtaining such a knowledge of the defensive armament of England as would be required by an invading army of Frenchmen.

If Louis Napoleon were so simple as to send Marshal Pelissier to England for any but her weak points, he would prove conclusively that the decline in his intellect which has so long been foretold by the Paris press is correct. An ambassador, like a monarch, can not command privacy. Marshal Pelissier could no more make private surveys of England's coast defenses than Prince Albert could spy out the weaknesses of Cherbourg. Every step that he took, every glance of his eyes, would be duly chronicled in the papers next day. If he remained a thousand years he could not point his guns surprise the British engineers. They would know of his coming as soon as he did himself, and act accordingly. Moreover, he would be just as much as it was intended he should, and no more. As a spy, he would be not worth as much as the newspaper gossip.

It is said that his appointment is an insult to Great Britain. This is a purely gratuitous assertion. Throughout the Crimean campaign Marshal Pelissier was scrupulously careful of the feelings of his allies. All the military writers, French and English, dwell on the admirable conduct of the British troops. Here and there an idle newspaper scribbler has invented stories tending to throw his commander for the English's power's court no one is so firmly and unchangably wedded to the theory of an English alliance as Marshal Pelissier—the man whose appointment to the mission to England is regarded as a menace by certain writers in the press.

The promotion of the Marshal is susceptible of a very simple explanation. Ten years have elapsed since the last revolution in France. During that period a generation has grown up which knows nothing of the cost of revolutions, and which, with warm French blood in its veins, looks forward to the prospect of barricades with

ardor. The only safeguard for the Government against this class is the army. To conciliate the army and to retain its affections is, therefore, the sole thought and aim of the Emperor. Hence all the vacancies which have lately occurred in the civil and diplomatic service have been filled by soldiers, and the best of all the offices in the Emperor's gift—the mission to England—has likewise been awarded to a soldier. The meaning—the only meaning—of Pelissier's appointment is, that so long as the Emperor Napoleon rules France the loaves and fishes are to be the property of those soldiers on whose fidelity the permanency of his dynasty depends.

THE LOUNGER.

THIS YEAR'S PICTURES.

THE new rooms of the National Academy accommodate nearly twice as many pictures as the old. The exhibition of this year is therefore twice as large as usual. But as excellence is not always in the ratio of quantity, it can hardly be said that there are twice as many good pictures as usual. In fact there are, as there always must be, so many poor ones that there is danger of thinking the whole exhibition inferior. But it is not so. On the contrary, although every frequenter of the gallery will miss certain names—Church, perhaps, chiefly—and will find that some of the older men do not appear quite so well as in some other years, yet others, on the contrary, "come out very strong," and give us as good works as we have ever had.

No. 57. *Winter Twilight*, by George H. Boughton, of Albany, is a very admirable picture by a comparatively fresh hand. It is a perfect piece of winter. The chill distance, the dark outline of trees against the sky, the house withdrawing as if into itself, the lustre of the ice in the foreground, as the late gleam of light strikes across it, the dry dash of snow on the same ice, and the hurry of the woodman homeward, are rendered with rare fidelity, and skill, and simplicity. Nor is it only the form and conscientious treatment of the picture, but its sentiment, its apprehension of the winter spirit of the landscape, which makes it a work of art, and irresistibly suggests those verses of Shelley, which show at once the poet and the man:

"It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests: and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice; which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick: and when
Among their children comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas! then, for the homeless beggar old!"

The first stanza of the same poem expresses no less truthfully the character of Kensett's pictures. Mr. Kensett is one of those who are "very strong" this season, showing us the fruit of his sea-side studies during the last two or three years. His large work, No. 613, *Sunset on the Coast*, is a view of the sea rolling upon a shore beneath a cliff, probably suggested by Newport coast-scenery. It is a very simple subject, and it is treated with masterly skill. We like to trace, as in Boughton's picture and Shelley's poem, the sympathy and homogeneity of works of art in various kinds, and although Kensett's talent is as little rhetorical as can well be, and Ruskin is the most splendid rhetorician in English literature, yet we are reminded by some touches in the picture of some descriptions of sea scenery in Ruskin's late work upon the ocean. If the subsiding wave in the foreground of No. 613 were a rising wave, a thousand miles from shore, lashed by a tempest, might we not easily see the "green mountainous giddiness of wrath: its overwhelming crest, heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge—"? [The whole passage is in the "Miscellany" of the *Weekly* for last week.] What a turbid, briny swell along the front of the picture! How fresh and sparkling the air! And what a purely American coast!

So in No. 506, *Newport*, the rocky bluff seamed with verdure, and the calmness of the water just curdled into quick ripples by a freshening breeze, lighted by two or three living sails in the distance, are traits of everyday nature, but they are given with an unobtrusive reality which is refreshing. But best of all, perhaps, is No. 128, *Sunset at Newport;* all water and light and cloud, but so exquisitely fused and blended, so rich and sweet and tender, that such a picture upon the parlor wall would be like a rose-bush always in bloom.

It is a pity that Mr. Church does not exhibit this year, for it would be most interesting to compare the different excellences of these two painters. But Mr. Louis R. Mignot's sole picture, No. 215, *Among the Cordilleras*, recalls the later subjects, if not the style, of Church. It is a very large and striking picture, but it represents scenery with which comparatively few are familiar. The darkly-luxuriant, massive verdure of the foreground contrasts well with the arid, rocky summits of the mountains beyond, and the group of lush foliage of poetic forms, the palm and tangled vines, the broad, sun-sucking leaves, and the sheer abyss, muffled with rounded, tufted forest, with the cataract plunging brightly down and winding away through unseen thickets swarming with slimy life, suggest all the fecund opulence of the tropics. It is a most characteristic and effective picture.

Not far from it hangs a very different work, No. 210, *Malaria*, by Hellingford. It has none of the skillful manipulation of No. 215, but it is full of sentiment. It represents a boat crossing a sluggish stream on the Pontine Marshes. A peasant, the victim of the malaria, lies stretched at length, another peasant, with his head carefully shielded by his coat, steers—two or three women and children are grouped around the sick man, while in the front of the boat sits a woman clasping her knees with an air of hopeless dejection. Upon the high bank of the stream, at a little distance, is a Campagna hunter. The picture is not well painted. It is dingy and heavy; but it is entirely dramatic and Italian. There is a sense of disease in the very air. The blighted silence and desolation of the marshes are all there, and more than that, and making the subtle charm of the picture, the nameless blight that hangs like a malaria over Italy, paralyzing its genius and its progress, is symbolized in the figure of the woman hopelessly clasping her knees on the boat's very prow. So sits Italy, sad and effortless, and every thing Italian seems to share the doom.

The Lounger can not catalogue the pictures, nor even name all that he would praise. The eye is almost benumbed by the immediate succession of such different impressions, and when a man has passed through the gallery he may well wonder whether he has even noticed the best. Goethe said that the highest compliment you could pay a collector of paintings was to ask him at once to show you the best. For it implied that he knew which they were. So would the Lounger gladly ask to be shown the best. But there are two hundred and twenty-nine exhibitors: to whom shall he apply?

From week to week he hopes to have a word to say about some of them. Whether they are well painted or not he will possibly be unable to say, for the painters themselves have not yet done discussing that question in the case of pictures hundreds of years old. For himself the Lounger has a profound respect for any man who can put paint upon a canvas so as to resemble any thing but a mud-puddle. He has several times found himself delighted with "crude," "blotchy," "fuzzy," "chalky" performances. They might have been justly liable to those disastrous epithets, but they awakened some kind of sentiment, some remembrance, some longing, some regret, some hope, in which he was more interested than in skillful *chiaro 'scuro*. Does not the great Ruskin pish and pooh at Claude Lorraine's cotton-woolly clouds and trees; and yet is not Claude Lorraine the interpreter of the house Beautiful to many a Lounger?

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

IT is still a question in many minds whether it is delicate for women to speak of their "rights," and whether men do not have a juster and clearer idea of them than women themselves. But a woman's right to say such things as are said in the following sonnets has never been questioned since Eve loved Adam, or Hero lit her lamp for Leander.

TO J * * * * * *.

I.

"I do not love thee with a slavish dread,
Forever waiting on a master's eye,
Or to a sensual sultan bow my head,
Accepting thee as fate and destiny;
Nor would I with a woman's despot power,
Capricious, wish to rule thee to my mood—
Such homage is but transient beauty's dower—
Such tyranny unworthy womanhood.
Love is no iron fetter of the soul,
But true election—freedom good and wise—
Each from the other feels a calm control,
Like God's pure law, in human lips and eyes:
His love is perfect freedom—so is thine;
And ever wast, or thou hadst ne'er been mine.

II.

"Yet while a woman's pride proclaims me free,
A woman's love, her own *free gift*, is thine:
Else were the paltry boon unworthy thee,
Thy image far too noble for its shrine.
But now I dare to lift my head and say,
A manly love, a passion without guile,
Is a possession none can take away,
Nor steal *my* sunshine from thy bounteous smile.
Thus art thou evermore, as now, my own,
Still more and more my own as years pass by,
Life draws its sweetness but from thee alone,
And pride forgets herself in ecstasy.
Thus, though my love, my self, my thoughts, are free,
Their liberty is consecrate to thee.

"O. LAWRAY, *Nightingale House*."

PASSING THE HAT.

BELISARIUS figured for a long time in history as a sublime beggar—an Edie Ochiltree on the largest possible scale. But investigation has sent such a derogatory rumor about its business, and has decreed that the conqueror of the Goths was able to make his own living.

Lamartine was a kind of conqueror of the Goths on that famous morning when he persuaded the ravening French rabble that the tricolor would only be stained and not glorified if it were drabbled in blood. Lamartine, in fact, did an immense service to Europe and the peace of the world. Mr. Carlyle sedulously squirted rose-water at him; but if Mr. Carlyle's favorite William the Norman or Oliver Cromwell had been in Lamartine's place, there would have been blood instead of rose-water running in the gutters.

Ever since his fall from power—and what an unparalleled fall it was!—Lamartine has been constantly paraded as a public mendicant. Few brave men in any country could have calmly endured such a total loss of public confidence as was evinced in his case; but to a Frenchman, peculiarly sensitive and vain, it would seem that it must have been of overwhelming mortification.

And yet, from being almost first consul of France, Lamartine passes to being the first mendicant in the world without an apparent pang or blush. There is something positively sublime in the appeals made to the charity of mankind in his behalf. This great man! this illustrious poet! this saviour of order! this main-spring of his country! who will not hurry to subscribe a few hundred francs—for what?—to enable him to retain his ancestral estates, his hereditary acres on which his childhood played, over which his mother led her boy, under which he would fain lay his bones—ah me!

That such an appeal should be made once is sad—that it should be done twice is incredible. If France had voted him a million, it would have been an act of national gratitude. If grateful Frenchmen had individually subscribed a million, it would have been an intelligible and natural proceeding. But if his country as such, or its inhabitants, did not move instinctively in the matter, there was the end of it.

What pathetic solemnity invests in the imagination the tragic misfortune of Walter Scott! With what ludicrous compassion it regards the position of Alphonse de Lamartine! And, as if to add the last bitter drop, Louis Napoleon, whom Lamartine adjured France to distrust, now heads the subscription with ten thousand francs!

"SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!"

IN every country, at every period, there is a band of men of about the same age, and of the same sympathies, whose professions and homes may be far apart, who may be never known to each other except by name, but who are conscious that they are working together in the hope of humanity. When one of them falls, under whatever circumstances, and wherever he may be, all the rest follow invisibly the funeral train, and the amen of the prayer is breathed from each surviving heart to heart. So the recent death of Dudley A. Tyng, a young man full of promise, full of energy, full of hearty human sympathy, brings regret and mourning to many a young man who never knew him, but to whom his name was sweet with goodness and heroism. Noble, hopeful, intrepid, he had already made his name dear to many who did not agree with him in opinion, but who were heartily upon his side in the spirit with which he was doing his work. Now his work is done, and he rests from his labors. His life ends suddenly, but not too soon, for a well-spent life is always symmetrical and complete, whether it be long or short. The longest life is little in the sum of all; but no flower that blooms for a day and dies at evening, no little insect, unheard and unseen, that is born and dies with a sunbeam, but has fulfilled all that tropical forests and the whole animated world have fulfilled, for it has done its duty. When that can be said of *a man* as he passes away from our sight and is buried in spring-time, his memory, like the flowers flung upon his grave,

"Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

A NEW SHAKESPEARE:

NOT a new poet, but a new edition of the old poet, is soon to appear from the press of Little, Brown, & Co., in Boston. There is already one original American edition, that of Mr. Verplanck, which is well known and esteemed; and it is satisfactory to reflect that a poet who belongs to the language, and not to any country, is best presented to his American readers under American auspices.

The publication of the new edition will be an event in our literature and in the literature of Shakespeare. The editor, Richard Grant White, is universally recognized as the most accomplished of our Shakesperians, and his work, "Shakespeare's Scholar," is, without question, the most judicious, intelligent, and comprehensive commentary upon the poet. His peculiar fitness for his task lies in his reverential, and not critical, spirit. His treatment of Shakespeare is that of a man, and not of a grammarian; and we have, consequently, good sense interpreting good sense. So accurate and extensive is his familiarity with the literature and the history of the Elizabethan age—his work is such a labor of love, and taste, and geniality—that the reader will have in it a satisfaction he has, perhaps, in no other: the consciousness that whatever opinion of fact the editor expresses he has the best right to express, and that all his explanations of doubtful points are the views of a profound and sympathetic scholar. Being master of the subject, having all the assistance (and impediment) of all the other commentators and editors; aiming, as he does, to free the poet from the confusion of pedantic criticism, and to give us a simple Shakespeare, we have no hesitation in saying that White's Shakespeare will be the best in the world.

We have had the pleasure of seeing some specimen pages, and we observe that the publishers fully appreciate the value and importance of the work they have undertaken; and that in exquisite typography, careful arrangement, and general fitness and beauty, the volumes will be entirely what such an edition should be. It will be comprised in twelve volumes, four of which will be ready in May, and the series will be completed by next spring; the price, a dollar and a quarter for each volume.

Few readers who glance at the beautiful page can ever know what long and acute study and careful thought have gone to a result apparently so simple; how every comma—upon which the meaning of a line may depend—has been conscientiously adjusted; how every fact stated has been the fruit of curious and erudite research.

We sincerely trust that this monument of American scholarship will receive at once the recognition which it is sure ultimately to attain.

MUSIC.

MR. NAPOLEON ULLMAN certainly understands his business. Quite undismayed by the moderate success of the pure Musard music, he has not betaken himself to denouncing the public taste, but has somewhat changed his programme. For the *Berlioz* nights he is to be heartily thanked. Probably no orchestra in the world could better interpret the music of this eccentric master, which every lover of music wishes to hear, and to hear which we have hitherto had no opportunity in this country. Surely, with Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Formes, and Musard, it will be Mr. Napoleon's fault if he does not so adjust his concerts as to fill his house and his pockets.

THE ORSINI PROCESSION.

IT was a striking and solemn spectacle—that of three or four thousand men marching silently to the funereal drum-tap through Broadway. They marched and spoke in honor of men who had just been publicly executed upon a scaffold.

Let us congratulate ourselves that we live in the only country in the world in which their march would have been allowed—that we live in a land so confident of the security of its peace in the love and good sense of the people that any kind of demonstration, not positively indecent, is tolerated either with a smile of indifference or a sneer of contempt. The morbid enthusiasts who composed the procession marched, unchallenged, into the park and into oblivion. They disturbed the public peace less than a fire-engine company rattling and roaring to a fire. They were certainly not wise men, and they were well let alone.

Their pageant was called the apotheosis of assassination. And Orsini himself, in a reputed last letter, stated that he had been seduced from his better principles to lend an ear and a hand to murder; and, whether he wrote the letter or not, he calmly gave his life without a word of entreaty or reproach.

Yet if words have any meaning at all—however much the wise patriot may deplore murder—no thoughtful man will class Orsini with Baker who killed Poole.

If the honor paid to the memory of Orsini be the apotheosis of assassination, what is the present French empire? We do not say, certainly, that Orsini was not an assassin—but what is Louis Napoleon?

THE HOLY LAND.

AMONG the pleasantest lounging places in Broadway is the room at the Apollo Gallery in which hang the five large pictures of Mr. Troye—pictures painted in Syria—of the Dead Sea, the place of pilgrim baptism of the Jordan, a Damascus bazar, a plowing scene outside Damascus with the snowy Hermon, and a view of the Sea of Galilee with Tiberias and Jaffet. These pictures are very large, and they are most faithful portraits of the places. Mr. Troye, who resided many months in Syria, has elaborated them with great detail and accuracy; and while to every Eastern traveler they recall the most interesting points of his journey, they are also a "vision splendid" to the man "who farther from the East must travel." They are, in truth, most interesting pictures. The view of the Dead Sea, which is of large size, is the most impressive representation we have ever seen, in colors, of the profound desolation of that solemn region.

These pictures are well worth attention, and the names of Mr. William C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt" and "Tent Life in the Holy Land," with Commander Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the Dead Sea, both of whom most highly extol these paintings, are sufficient evidence of their authenticity and value.

MURDER! MURDER!

DURING the year ending the first of last January we all know how orderly, and clean, and generally decent the city was! How rarely the peace was broken! How seldom any body lost any thing by stealing! What purity prevailed at the City Hall, and what brotherly love in the municipal offices! How few murders there were, and what a lovely foreshadowing of the Millennium the city presented! During that whole Christian year—merely, probably, by way of keeping up the civic connection with human frailty—only one man was executed for murder, and he that poor outcast negro D'Orsay, who had no friends, and to whom the gibbet was only emphatic charity.

During the reign of Wood, of glorious memory, we quite forgot there was such a thing as crime, and that forgetfulness is now showing its bad consequences. The friends of the late lamented Poole, whose apotheosis is fresh in the public mind, have been freely fighting and killing each other, and citizens disappear, or are found murdered, with an imbecile incompetency of pursuing the malefactors which shows how completely spoiled we are by the recent Millennium.

By-and-by, when we get bad enough, and are considered worthy, perhaps we shall have a detective police—persons who understand how to find out who it is that sew people up in sacks and throw them into rivers, and otherwise quietly make way with them. But we must not expect that until we are a great deal worse than we are now. While there are not more than two mysterious murders a week, we do not deserve any thing better than a long investigation, a verdict that somebody did it, and a request to the Governor to offer a reward.

JUSTICE.

IF a starving man is punished for stealing a sixpenny loaf, why should a bank President or Director escape, after swindling his stockholders of thousands? It is not a new question—and every body at once answers, "Certainly, why should he?" And meanwhile he does.

There is some kind of jugglery by which officers of moneyed institutions escape the consequences that men of less responsibilities always happen to suffer. There was the Bank of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, in which so many thousands of dollars of poor people's money was stored for safety, and one day it appeared that the people who had taken charge of it could not pay it upon demand. There was also a great deal of card-writing about "aspersions," and "injured honor," and "Christian character," and so forth—but still the men who had taken honest money to keep could not account for it. If it had been a gardener, or clerk, or errand-boy who could not account for money he had received, there would have been a summary process. But it really seemed that the collapse of the Bank of Pennsylvania was to be treated like the bursting of the boiler of a steamer or a railway massacre, and that the verdict would be, "Nobody to blame." Every body, of course, would have regretted it very much indeed, and nobody would have done any thing more.

But, somehow, there is to be a trial. The President of the bank and several of the Directors have been indicted, and an investigation will follow. Let us hope that a just verdict and an adequate judgment will follow the investigation.



ACCIDENT TO THE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK, ON 28TH MARCH LAST.

SCENE ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, N. B.

THE accompanying illustration, for which we are indebted to a New Brunswick artist, represents a thrilling incident which took place in that province a month ago.

On 24th March a violent storm raged throughout the province. As night fell the wind became so violent that the flooring of the bridge over the St. John's River was upset and thrown into the river. The girders soon followed the example; and shortly after dark a gap of some two hundred feet divided one extremity of the bridge from the other. Matters were in this state when the Fredericton coach drove, as usual, upon the bridge. The horses, which were traveling rapidly, came to a dead halt. The driver, in the storm and darkness, could see nothing; and, not unnaturally, plied the whip with some vigor. To his amazement the horses stood stock still. He whipped afresh, more severely than before; but the animals did not flinch.

With some impatience the driver got off his seat, supposing that there must be a log in the way, or that the harness was in disorder; and intending to lead his team past the doubtful point. Meanwhile the travelers inside, who, in that storm, were not in the happiest frame of mind, were loud in their reproaches and abuse of the lazy animals.

On alighting the driver could find no log in front of his team. In fact, he could see not a yard in front of him. All was blank darkness. He advanced a few steps, and finding nothing that could justify the sudden stand of the animals, turned about, resolved to lead them forward, when a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the scene. The spectacle which then shone out made his blood run cold. He was standing within a few inches of the chasm in the bridge. One step more would have precipitated him into the abyss. Had the horses not stopped when they did the coach would have gone over, and the Norwalk catastrophe would have been renewed on a smaller scale.

One can readily realize the emotion with which driver and passengers returned thanks to the Almighty for their providential preservation from an awful death.

THE NEW ENGLISH TRACTION ENGINE.

WE have most of us seen the steam carriage which has traveled through the streets of New York. It seems to be universally considered an ingenious machine, but without practical utility.



THE NEW ENGLISH TRACTION ENGINE.

They appear, in England, to have invented, on the same principle, a steam carriage which promises actual results of some value.

One Francis Hamilton, of Acton, England, has contrived a steam carriage for agricultural purposes. The engine contains two 7-inch cylinders with twelve inches stroke, and seventy pounds of steam pressure to the square inch. With a load not exceeding twenty tons in weight, divided among several carts, this engine will travel at the rate of three miles an hour over a tolerable road with a gradient not exceeding one in seventeen.

The wheels, as will be seen by the engraving, are provided with what are called "shoes," which are large or small, according to the hardness or softness of the ground to be traveled. These shoes supply the place of flange and rail. They are made upon mathematical principles, the rail being the length of the radius, and the guide-bars form the cycloidal line of the circle; so that upon each revolution of the wheel one rail is always advancing, while one remains stationary; the whole of the sleeper and rail combined representing a foot and leg from the knee-joint, having the toe, heel, and ankle-joint. By driving the wheel at its apex by machinery, independently of the effect of the steam pressing against it for the forward motion of the engine, the steam power employed is rendered *doubly effective*, as the leverage of the wheel is gained by the pinion being worked through one space, and carried by the forward motion of the engine through another.

The advantage of these engines is obvious. They will do the work of forty horses. On a common road in England the cost of using them to draw twenty tons weight would not be over a penny (*say two cents*) a mile; and if a train-way were constructed the cost would be diminished one-half. But it is evident that the chief use to which traction engines would be put would be on flat lands over which there exist no roads. Thus we learn that the Russian Government has purchased several for use on the steppes of the south. Negotiations are on foot for their introduction into South America; they would be invaluable on the Pampas. On our Western prairies their use would be equally obvious. In Illinois, and on the Plains, such engines might supersede the necessity of railways. Some of our energetic inventors will, doubtless, see that they are introduced as soon as they are required.

MARSHAL PELISSIER, THE FRENCH EMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

IN another column the reader will find some mention of the famous General Pelissier, who, after gaining the title of Duke of Malakoff by his exploits at Sebastopol, has just been appointed French Embassador to Great Britain. This is a fitting occasion to present the readers of this journal with the veteran's portrait.

General Jean Jacques Pelissier was born in the midst of the first French Revolution, in the village of Maromme, near Rouen, in the year 1796, and is consequently sixty-four years of age. His father was superintendent of the Rouen powder magazines. His calling placed him in constant contact with the officers of the army. By the time young Jean Jacques was old enough to feel manly emotions France was thoroughly imbued with military aspirations; the genius and successes of the elder



MARSHAL PELISSIER, THE NEW FRENCH EMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

Napoleon had filled every heart with the hope of military distinction. The father of our General sent his son to the military school of the period, enjoining upon him to pay such attention to his studies as would insure his admission to the choice corps of the French army, the Etat Major or Staff. Young Pelissier fulfilled his father's expectations. He entered the Etat Major at the age of eighteen, and, according to rule, served a specified time, first in the infantry, then in the cavalry, and last in the artillery. When Louis XVIII. became sovereign of France Pelissier obtained his company, and shortly afterward won the title of Chef d'Etat Major, or Chief of the Staff. He served for nearly a quarter of a century in this capacity, attached to army divisions and acquiring a wide-spread reputation for soldierly qualities. In 1842 he was promoted to a staff lieutenant-colonelcy—a rank unknown in our army, but one which is highly prized in France.

He was soon after attached to the expedition against Algiers, and formed part of the military family of Marshal, then General, Bugeaud. At that time the French were absolutely contending for a foothold in Algiers. The Arabs, under the brave Abd-el-Kader, disputed every inch of ground. Every mountain and every valley from Morocco to Tunis, and from the desert to the sea-coast, swarmed with brave defenders of the soil. In the long and tedious wars which ensued Lieutenant-Colonel Pelissier bore a prominent part. He soon elicited from his chief special mention of his services, and received, in consequence, a commission as full Colonel of Etat Major.

His first independent command was on an expedition against the Hittes, an Arab tribe. It took place in 1845, and was crowned with complete success. He then rejoined his chief, and took an active part in the subsequent operations against the Kabyles and Arabs. When the Moors made an alliance with the Arabs, and the Emperor Muley Abder-Ahman led an army to the support of Abd el Kader, Pelissier accompanied Marshal Bugeaud into the Province of Oran. A battle was fought near the frontier; the French were perfectly successful; they lost but few men, whereas the Moors left eight hundred soldiers on the battle-field, and eighteen flags and eleven pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the invaders. At this battle Colonel Pelissier commanded the left wing, while, strange to say, Colonel, now General, Cavaignac led the centre. This settled the contest for the time.

When the war broke out afresh Colonel Pelissier was inverted with the chief command of the army. The most treacherous and blood-thirsty of the tribes engaged was the Ouled-Riah—a small clan, but imbued with the most bitter hatred to the French, and controlled by no principles of honor or humanity. Colonel Pelissier engaged and defeated them. They fled for refuge to a cave—a natural strong-hold, and one in which they had often found refuge when pressed by the French armies. Colonel Pelissier encamped at the mouth of the cave, and sent an officer with a flag of truce to the Arabs to demand a surrender. The unfortunate emissary was seized and tortured most cruelly until he died of his sufferings. After waiting a certain time Colonel Pelissier sent a second emissary to the Arabs, demanding their immediate surrender and the restoration of his first envoy. He added that in case these demands were not instantly complied with he would burn the entire tribe alive in the cave. The only answer he received was the well-known cries and shrieks of the second messenger, who was tortured to death like the first.

Colonel Pelissier was not the man to endure outrages of this character. Without a moment's hesitation he had the mouth of the cave stuffed with dry wood. A brief delay was allowed for a proposition from the Arabs; none coming, the wood was fired, and the fire was kept up for some hours. It is said that the shrieks and cries of the women and children, who had followed the warriors of the tribe into the cave, were so heart-rending that many French soldiers rushed through the flames and rescued some of the unhappy creatures who were near-



SPRING FASHIONS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

est the mouth. But those who escaped in this manner formed a very small proportion of the whole. It is supposed that nine hundred souls altogether found refuge in the cave. Seven hundred were found dead when the extinction of the fire permitted the French to explore the cave in safety. Two hundred were taken out alive, but all perished before the sun went down. It was the 18th June—a terrible day in the history of Algiers.

This fearful tragedy made Colonel Pelissier's name famous throughout the civilized world. In France the indignation aroused by the massacre of the Ouled-Riah was intense. Colonel Pelissier was denounced by the press and by several members of the House of Peers. The Minister of War—old Marshal Soult—made a very timid apology for the affair. Among the public there was but one opinion—and that was in favor of the immediate degradation of the blood-thirsty Colonel. Louis Philippe did not share the public sentiment on the subject. On the contrary, he shortly afterward promoted Colonel Pelissier to the rank of General and Maréchal de Camp.

A very short time afterward General Pelissier brought the war to a close by the defeat and utter destruction of the forces of Bon Maza.

At the downfall of Louis Philippe General Pelissier lost no time in sending in his adhesion to the Government of the Republic. There is this to be said in favor of French military men: they seldom display any unreasonable obstinacy in adhering to a fallen cause, but transfer their allegiance from one government to another with truly admirable discretion. As a reward for his support, General Pelissier received from President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the rank of General of Division. He also filled for a time the post of Governor-General of Algiers.

In July, 1852, he distributed eagles among his soldiers in Algiers, and addressed them as follows: "Soldiers, beneath these eagles I, the oldest among you all, began my career. Around these emblems glorious heroes have been gathered. Let us take them for our models. Watch over their memory, and rather suffer a thousand deaths than part with the banners I now intrust to your keeping."

General Pelissier prudently accepted the empire, and was rewarded by the Emperor with the command of the first military division of the Crimean army under St. Arnaud. When, at the death of St. Arnaud, Canrobert obtained the chief command, Pelissier acquiesced without a murmur; though his knowledge of Canrobert justified the opinion which he expressed to one or two intimate friends that he (Canrobert) was an excellent peace soldier, but not the man for the pending tussle. This idea soon made its way into the Emperor's mind, and Pelissier, as every one remembers, was substituted for Canrobert in the command of the French army in the Crimea. The remainder of his biography is familiar to every one. He had been appointed to the post he held in order to take Sebastopol, and he took it, though at a frightful sacrifice of life. He achieved the purpose sought by his imperial master; and whatever it cost France, he certainly paved the way for the re-establishment of peace.

Ever since the close of the Russian war General Pelissier, who won the titles of Marshal and Duke of Malakoff, has been reposing on his laurels in France. Circumstances having suggested the withdrawal of M. de Persigny from the Court of St. James, the Emperor has appointed Pelissier in his stead.

It is generally supposed that he will prove a highly acceptable minister. His attachment to the Anglo-French alliance is well known; he has passed the age at which military exploits fire the soul; he can desire nothing but peace, tranquillity, and the *statu quo*. No doubt he will become quite a favorite with the English people.

SPRING FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

FIG. 1 represents a young lady attired for a morning walk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with ribbon. Figured taffetas robe, the corsage low and cut square, the skirt adorned with flounces to the waist. Mantelet of white glace silk, entirely without ornament.

FIG. 2.—Promenade dress. Bonnet of blonde and rice straw, ornamented with roses and branches of ivy; the interior has a cap of blonde, with white rose and a branch of ivy hanging down. Taffetas mantelet composed of pale pink glace silk, decorated with a ruching of ribbon, and silk fringe. Robe of organdi, a round body, with bretelles. A double skirt, with side trimmings of narrow velvet.

FIG. 3.—Carriage dress. Bonnet of rice straw and white silk, trimmed with primroses, blonde, and tulle; the front is formed of a width of rice straw coming very forward on the head, in the Pamela style; the crown is sloping, and a row of lace is put along the edge of the front, as a face, and continued along the rice straw curtain. Dubarry mantilla of plain white muslin, cut in the shawl shape; at the neck there is a rather full hood, falling full and round behind. It is decorated with flounces of lace. Satin robe with double skirt, the upper one decorated with velvet and lace.

FIG. 4.—Country Dress. Rice straw hat, trimmed with ribbon, blonde, and flowers; the brim slightly tends to a point in front, and bends toward the face; a row of blonde hangs down all round. Robe of gray silk; a double skirt, with quilles of satin. Black taffetas mantle, with bands of pale blue velvet, and finished with guipures and black lace.

LITERARY.

HAVELOCK died four months ago. The first biography of the brave soldier and Christian is already out. Carter & Brothers publish Mr. Brock's memoir, which is written to supply the immediate demand for such a work, pending the preparation of a larger work by Mr. Marshman, the brother of Lady Havelock. Mr. M. and Lady H. have supplied Mr. Brock with abundance of material; so that the memoir appears to be quite thorough, though confined chiefly to the Christian character of his subject. We need not say that it possesses great interest. Few such men have lived. From boyhood his life seems to have been one of vigorous principle, energetic and noble.

In school days he was once caught with a black eye. The master questioned him as to its origin. "It came there," was his reply, nor did a thrashing bring any more out. He had interfered in a fight to help a friend who was not getting fair treatment, and, although he was not blameworthy, he would not, to show his own innocence, reveal his friend's fault. He was nicknamed by the boys "Old Phlos," from that cool, philosophical character which he preserved in after life.

The charm of his whole life is his Christian principle. Let the man who has the idea that earnest religion is incompatible with brave and hearty life read this and see his error. One of the strangest scenes in the history of Christianity that we have met with is related of him when he was in Burmah. After that memorable success which all readers of the life of Dr. Judson remember, when the British soldiers were in possession of Rangoon, Havelock, pursuing his invariable course of religious meetings with his soldiers, transformed a room in the great Shivey Dagoon pagoda into a Christian prayer room. "All around the chamber were smaller images of Boodh, in the usual position, sitting with their legs gathered up and crossed, and the hands resting on the lap, in symbol and expression of repose." An officer strolling around the pagoda heard the sound of a psalm tune. Astonished, he entered the temple, and, guided by the sound, reached a room where "what should meet his eye but Havelock, with his Bible and hymn-book before him, and more than a hundred men seated around him?" Their lights were lamps set in the laps of the idols! That scene is worth painting for a grand historical picture of English conquest, and as a monument of one of England's greatest Christian soldiers.

Doctor Gray has long occupied his position at the head of American botanists, and we have, from time to time, announced valuable works from his hands. We have now two excellent volumes, which leave nothing to be desired in this department of science. Ivison & Phinney publish GRAY'S STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY, and GRAY'S MANUAL OF THE BOTANY OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES (a revised and enlarged edition), both works profusely and accurately illustrated. They are, of course, useful both as text-books for schools and as reference books for the family. No farmer or agriculturist, on a large or a small scale, should be without such books. The Manual possesses a great attraction to us in its fullness on the subject of ferns and mosses. We are not singular in our admiration of these plants. Our country abounds in exquisite varieties, and the most beautiful collections that we have seen have been made in the Northern States of the Union. Many ladies find a pleasant and instructive employment in gathering them. It is worthy of remark, that a recent traveler in the Holy Land states that a friend requested him to procure for him specimens of mosses, but from Cairo to Banias he found but one specimen, and that in Jerusalem. The variety of mosses in America is very great, extending in number, if we mistake not, to some hundreds.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 19, in the Senate, information was received from the War Department respecting Utah contracts made without Congressional authorization. Memorials praying for aid for ocean steamers between New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and certain European ports, were presented by Senators Slidell and Bigler. Senator Mason submitted a bill for the relief of the claimants in the case of the privateer *General Armstrong*; also a resolution inquiring whether the courtesy of the British Government at Jamaica to the men of the *Susquehanna* did not require acknowledgment. The Deficiency Bill was then considered, on motion of Senator Hunter, but no vote was taken.——In the House, the Washington Police Bill was debated. Memorials in favor of steamship lines between Philadelphia and Europe were presented, and Mr. Florence gave notice of a general bill to regulate the steam service between various ports in the United States and Europe.

On Tuesday, 20th, in the Senate, Senator Houston spoke in favor of establishing a protectorate over Mexico, and offered a resolution appointing a committee of seven to inquire into the expediency of the measure. The Deficiency Bill having been taken up, Mr. Hale's amendment was put and lost by 21 to 30. On motion of Senator Clark, the vote on the Pacific Railroad Bill was reconsidered.——In the House, Mr. Morrill spoke in favor of his bill granting land to the States for the establishment of agricultural colleges. The Washington Police Bill, from the Senate, was then taken up and tabled by 110 to 79. The Military Academy Appropriation Bill having been taken up in Committee of the Whole, a sharp interchange of words took place between Messrs. Shaw, Giddings, Campbell, and Clingman, in reference to the Lecompton question.

On Wednesday, 21st, in the Senate, a petition in favor of a line of European steamers from Philadelphia was presented by Senator Cameron. Resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature against Lecompton were presented by Senator Durkee. Senator Wilson introduced a resolution authorizing the President to suspend the sales of land in Kansas for twelve months. Senator Mason introduced a resolution authorizing the President to take such measures against Paraguay for the reparation of the outrage upon the *Water Witch* as circumstances may require. This was sustained by Senators Douglas and Allen, but opposed by Senators Collamer and Mallory. The Deficiency Bill was taken up, and an amendment of Senator Fessenden, confining the appropriations to the fiscal year, was discussed.——In the House, Mr. George Taylor reported from the Select Committee a bill for the establishment of a bureau of printing, binding, engraving, lithographing, and electrotyping; referred to Committee of the Whole. Mr. Boyce called up the Nebraska election report, and moved that further delay be granted for the adduction of evidence: granted. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the West Point Appropriation Bill, it was passed.

On Thursday, 22d, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented the reply of the American Telegraph Company to the memorials of Amos Kendall. Senator Seward introduced a bill for a telegraph to San Francisco; referred to the Army Committee. Senator Mason's resolution on Paraguay was taken up and discussed, as also was the Deficiency Bill.——In the House, the bill granting lands to the States for the establishment of agricultural colleges was passed by 104 to 101. The bill granting pensions to veterans of 1812 was then taken up, and notice of many amendments given.

On Friday, 23d, in the Senate, Mr. Morrill's bill granting lands to the States for agricultural colleges was received and referred. Senator Green asked and obtained—in spite of objections by Senator Stuart—leave to present the report of the Kansas Conference Committee. Remarks were made thereon by Senators Seward and Green, and it was made the special order for Monday.——In the House, Mr. J. Glancy Jones asked but failed to obtain permission to print the Indian Appropriation and Indian Deficiency bills. Mr. English then read the majority report of the Kansas Conference Committee. Mr. English made a few remarks thereon, and Mr. Howard was about to speak in reply, when several motions for postponement were pressed. That of Mr. Hill, of Georgia, for postponing the question till 2d May prevailed by 108 to 105. Some further conversation took place between Messrs. Harris, Stephens, Hill, Trippe, Burnett, Gartrell, and others; and the House adjourned in some confusion.

On Saturday, 24th, in the Senate, some private matters were disposed of, after which Senator Gwin brought in his bill for securing the lives of passengers on board steamers; referred. The Deficiency Bill was then taken up, and Senator Fessenden's amendment lost by 22 to 30. Speeches were made by Senators Wade, Wilson, and Hale, and the bill then passed by 28 to 19.——In the House, after remarks by Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, Clay, Hill, and Montgomery, Mr. Harris's motion to reconsider the vote postponing further consideration of the Kansas question till 2d May was carried by 105 to 101. Some further motions of secondary importance were put and lost, and the House adjourned without disposing of the subject.

REPORT OF THE KANSAS CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The report of the majority of the Kansas Conference Committee, of which mention is made above, refers to the people of Kansas, for their acceptance or rejection, not the Lecompton Constitution, but the ordinance granting to Kansas certain public lands, which are granted to every new State on entering the Union. If they accept the ordinance by a majority vote, Kansas is to be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution. If they reject it, Kansas remains a Territory until she shall have ninety-three thousand inhabitants. The election is to be conducted by a Board of Commissioners, embracing the Territorial Governor, the Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the two Speakers of the Legislature. From this report two members of the Committee, Senator Seward and Mr. Howard, of the House, dissent.

INSTRUCTIONS OF OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.

The instructions to Mr. Reed, as Minister to China, have been published.

The Secretary of State informs him that the objects which it is understood the French and English Allies seek to accomplish by treaty stipulations are: To procure from the Chinese Government a recognition of the rights of other powers to have accredited ministers at the Court of Pekin, to be received by the Emperor, and be in communication with the authorities charged with the foreign affairs of the empire; an extensive commercial intercourse with China, which is now restricted to the free ports enumerated in the treaty; a reduction of the tariff duties levied on domestic produce in the transit from the interior to the coast, as the amount now imposed is said to be in violation of the treaty; a stipulation for religious freedom to all foreign residents of China; arrangements for the suppression of piracy; a provision for extending the benefits of the proposed treaty to all other civilized powers of the earth.

These objects, the Secretary says, "are recognized by the President as just, expedient, and so far as you can do so by peaceful co-operation, he expects you will aid in their accomplishment. In conformity with this policy, you will communicate frankly with the British and French ministers upon all points of common interest, so that it may be distinctly understood the three nations are equally influenced by a determination to obtain justice, and by a desire to procure treaty arrangements for the extension and more adequate protection of their commercial intercourse with China. But on your side these efforts must be confined to firm representations appealing to the justice and policy of the Chinese authorities, leaving your own Government to determine upon the course to be adopted should your representations be fruitless."

SECRETARY CASS ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The papers and correspondence between Lord Napier and the Secretary of State, called for by the Senate, relating to the slave-trade, are now before the Senate, and ordered to be printed. The whole matter is very voluminous. The reply of General Cass occupies fifty-one pages. In opening it he says, rather tartly, to Lord Napier that, while he concurred in the opinion of his lordship that the efforts of the British Government have been increasing for the extinction of this traffic, still he must be permitted to say its hope of the "hearty co-operation of the naval forces of the United States" might safely have been entertained without appealing to the example of Great Britain. General Cass says the United States have not been less anxious than Great Britain for the extermination of this commerce, as they have given proof; that the system of joint blockade has been pursued for some years, and the benefit it has produced bears no reasonable proportion, he regrets to say, to the expenditure of life and treasure it has cost; that this failure need not discourage the anxious hopes of Christendom; that there is another method of proceeding without the dangers and difficulties and inefficiency which beset a blockade, and which is sure to succeed if adopted and persevered in, and that is—to close the slave marts of the world, or rather of the island of Cuba, which is now almost the only region where the slave dealer can find a market. Speaking of the United States, he says the introduction of a slave into this country is a fact which he believes the present generation has not witnessed, and attributes it to a sound state of public opinion. He argues that the conventional arrangements which exist between Great Britain and France and Spain, for their mutual co-operation in the suppression of the slave-trade, do not seem to have produced the desired result, and that upon the course of the Spanish government far more depends than upon the most rigorous blockade of the African coast. He recommends the extension of free-colored establishments along the coast of Africa as efficient in suppressing the slave-trade. He discusses with much force, and with the slightest spice of ridicule, the new scheme of forced labor called "apprenticeship," or of "involuntary emigrants" by the French government, and recognized by the British. In conclusion, he then says: "I am instructed by the President to inform your Lordship, that while he is determined to execute the treaty of 1842 with fidelity and efficiency, he is not prepared, under existing circumstances, to enter into any new stipulations on the subject of the African slave-trade."

COUNT WALEWSKI'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

Among the papers transmitted to the Senate from the President, on the subject of African Slavery, and African and Coolie laborers, is one from Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, dated February 19, in which he relates a conversation with Count Walewski. Mr. Mason inquired whether there was any truth in the statements in the English newspapers that French vessels freighted with African emigrants would be regarded by British cruisers as engaged in the African slave-trade? Count Walewski replied no, that there had been some communication between the two Governments, and that the British would not object to the French scheme while the wants of the British colonies were being supplied by the Coolie trade. Count Walewski urged that by the plan adopted to secure African labor, which is indispensable to their colonies, the emigrants were free, and were rescued generally from impending immolation; that, relieved from ignorance and heathenism of the most degraded character, they would be humanized and Christianized by being placed in contact with the French colonists. It does not appear whether a consideration is to be paid to the chiefs of tribes for their captures, or the people; but Mr. Mason infers there is. Nor is the duration of their service explained, and it remains to be seen whether any of the emigrants will serve their term or return to their country. Judging from the tone of the public press, and reasoning *a priori*, Mr. Mason feels confident that in future we will see fanatical denunciation of American Slavery greatly moderated, if not silenced, in France—perhaps in England. He adds, that it is quite evident that the conviction is gaining strength, both in England and France, that the compulsory emancipation of the slaves in their tropical colonies by authority of their Governments was a grave political error—an error unjust to the colonists, whose rights of property were destroyed, and to the colonies by the annihilation of the labor which made them productive, without securing any compensating benefit.

HIGH LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* is responsible for the following: "A capital story is told at the expense of a lady-resident, who has prided herself on the exclusiveness of the society which has graced her saloons. A *double-distilled-double-F. V.*, no one could obtain invitations to her parties whose *ecusson* did not bear the quarterings of some old family, and thus these entertainments were accused of resembling the tournaments of ancient times, where the guests were led—not from any prospect of amusement—but merely to prove their right to *ennuyer* themselves *en bonne compagnie*. Foreigners, however, were always welcomed, and this winter one of her '*pets*' has been a romantic looking young Frenchman, who avoided the Legation as representing a usurper, and therefore not worthy the attention of one like himself, of the '*vieille roche*.' The young man, enveloping himself somewhat in mystery, assumed the dignity of LOUIS QUATORZE, in his earlier days, and his decisions on all fashionable matters were law. Where he lived no one exactly knew, as his letters were left in WILLARD'S card-basket, but yesterday, his aristocratic protector persuaded GAUTIER to let her look at the furnaces of his restaurant-kitchen, and there—must it be said—she found M. le Compte, in white apron and paper cap, constructing a *mayonnaise*. 'This young man is my best cook,' said GAUTIER, but Madame —— did not wait to receive his salutations."

PERSONAL.

The correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* writes: "The spring flowers remind the President of the necessity of selecting in time comfortable summer quarters. He has directed a friend to negotiate with General Hiram Walbridge for the use of his beautiful villa of Ingleside during the hot season. Ingleside is about one mile out of the city, and immediately northward from the White House. It is to be the rural abode of the Chief Magistrate of the country. The point of difference between the landlord and the President is a singular one—General Walbridge objects to the receipt of rent, while Mr. Buchanan positively and properly objects to taking the property unless at a fair yearly rent. The correct views of the President will doubtless prevail."

The Hon. Tom F. Marshall publishes the following card in the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

"In a notice which the *Commercial* the other day was kind enough to take of my discourse at Smith and Nixon's on temperance, it was stated that I had embraced Christianity, from which it has been inferred that I had joined some religious sect. I am receiving letters containing abundance of pious exhortations, prayers, etc., which annoy me exceedingly. I have joined no church, and have not the most remote idea of doing so. I am no infidel, certainly; but have a very fair copy of the Scriptures, which I read, and to which alone I refer for religious truths. I have never knowingly deceived any one, and am constrained to take this method of undeceiving the public."

Mr. Everett has been a second time compelled to postpone his Southern tour. The Charleston *Mercury* of the 19th publishes this card:

"A CARD.—The subscriber, having this day received letters from his family which again make it necessary for him to return home, begs leave, in this way, to express to the public bodies and committees which have honored him with invitations to repeat his address 'on the Character of Washington,' his deep regret that he is obliged a second time to postpone the fulfillment of his engagements. EDWARD EVERETT.

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *April* 16, 1858."

The St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes the appearance of the coffins which contained the remains of the aged Benton and his young grandchild:

"By its side was the little coffin containing the body of the statesman's grandchild, M'Dowell Jones. Each body was inclosed in an air-tight zinc case, which was laid within a mahogany coffin. A lid was raised so as to allow friends to look through a glass on the faces of the dead. The face of the Great Missourian wore that expression of majestic placidity which was habitual to him in life. The lips were slightly open, the eyes closed, and every lineament in the face in a state of repose that indicated how gentle and peaceful had been the end of the veteran's stormy life. There was no discoloration or wrinkle to be seen, and the presence of death was visible only in the closed eyelids and the cold, white, marble-like appearance of the features. The grandchild lay as sweetly as though only sleeping, with its little head, covered with golden hair, nestling amidst white hyacinths and early spring flowers, whose purity was typical of its own young spirit."

General Twiggs, Captain M'Kitt, Captain Witters, and Dr. M'Cormick, of the Army, arrived at Galveston on the 8th ult., *en route* to attend the court-martial at Newport, where the General is required to answer charges preferred by the Secretary of War.

N. P. Willis is lying seriously ill at Idlewild. A bilious fever, and a return of his old trouble of the lungs, have combined in a prostration against which his usual active resistance to disease has succumbed for the present.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "We have a new prodigy in this city in the person of a boy preacher. He is about fifteen years of age. His name is Cranmond Kennedy. He is a Baptist, and belongs to the church of Rev. Mr. Adams, on Christopher Street. He is a convert in the late revival, has already been licensed to preach by that church, and is just now attracting large crowds to hear him. His style is vehement; his sermons have in them much method; he speaks wholly extemporaneously; and his system of theology seems to be mature, and after the school of the sounder and more conservative schools of the day. He preaches and speaks nearly every night. His houses are crowded to overflowing; and for a season he will be the great attraction of our city."

Mr. M. H. Grinnell, being about to make a tour in Europe with his family, has sold his famous schooner-yacht *Haze*, to Mr. W. H. M'Vicker, of the New York Yacht Club. In proof of the stanchness, speed, and good sea-going qualities of the *Haze*, it may be mentioned that an association of pilots offered for her the price at which she was sold, namely, $8000.

Rev. John Lyon, a teacher at Kirkwood, Missouri, having become deeply engaged in religious exercises, continued his fasting and prayer until his health and reason gave way, and he has been taken to the insane asylum at Fulton. He had been greatly exercised with the idea that God would do nothing to save men without a certain amount and intensity of prayer on the part of Christians, and his mania now takes the form of a painful conviction that if he stops praying the divine government will at once suspend operations, and the universe go to ruin.

A Methodist missionary in the Puget's Sound district writes that his charge embraces an extent of country two hundred miles long, one hundred and fifty of which has to be traveled in an ocean steamer. No country west of us; no preachers beyond us. We have 14,000 Indians and about 7000 whites, and 100 church members.

The Boston *Journal* says that Rev. Dr. Prentiss, of the Mercer Street Church in New York, has placed in the hands of the officers of his church his resignation. It is not probable that the resignation will be accepted. He will have leave of absence for some months, and the parish will probably settle a colleague. The frail condition of Dr. Prentiss's health is the reason for the step he has taken.

The Common Council of Cleveland has appropriated $6000 for the preparation of a monument in honor of Commodore Perry.

The celebrated bigamist, Dr. Haynes, who has just served a four years' imprisonment in the Kentucky penitentiary, was again arrested in Louisville on the 14th ultimo.

The Hon. John C. Mather is still detained in Albany by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

The Boston *Bee* mentions that four of the most enterprising merchants of that city have gone to Europe "to purchase goods for the next season."

Mr. David A. Neal, late vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, has commenced a suit against the company in the United States Circuit Court, for $250,000, for services rendered to the company while in its employ.

Dr. Wistar, of Philadelphia, pronounces Mr. Sumner's case still "serious," and prohibits any attention for the present to business.

A portrait of Joshua Bates, the London banker, has just been added to the gallery of eminent merchants in the possession of the Boston Mercantile Library Association.

WILLIAM WALKER'S WHEREABOUTS.

A New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* writes as follows: "If there be any filibusters in St. Louis, it may interest them to learn that the redoubtable ex-President of Nicaragua, General William Walker, is now in this city, and has been for a month past. He is coolly and contentedly waiting his trial before the United States District Court, on charges of violating the neutrality laws, which is expected to take place some time in May. He keeps himself secluded in his room, and writes, I understand, as industriously and continuously as if committing to paper the minute particulars of the last few busy and eventful years of his life. An ardent friend and follower of the renowned filibuster informs me that another raid upon Nicaragua is not only contemplated, but in actual preparation, and that the confidence in its success is just as great as it ever was; that General Henningsen has been busy securing friends to the cause, arranging for recruiting and making other preparations, and that no formidable obstacle is expected to interfere—least of all, a third interference on the part of our Government. Henningsen made a mysterious Southern tour recently, which extended into Texas; but the supposition that he was merely sounding the prospects of taking part in the movement for a Sierra Madre Republic, is as reasonable as any other. Many are itching to have a hand in that movement."

DYING HOURS OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

We alluded last week to the sad accident which had befallen the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng. The Philadelphia *Press* says: "From the time of the fatal accident to one hour previous to his death Mr. Tyng had an unfaltering confidence in his recovery, and even conversed freely and hopefully upon what, as he believed, Providence had designed to teach him in the dispensation to which he was being subjected. He believed it was intended to promote his greater efficiency as a minister of the Gospel, and he looked forward with bright hopes when he should again be able to preach, and to preach as he had never done before. About one hour before his dissolution, his family, fearing that his hopes of recovery were groundless, approached him with the solemn intimation that in all probability he was soon to leave them. His physician entering the chamber at the instant, Mr. Tyng spoke to him of these fears. The doctor's reply was that they were only too true—that his time was fast drawing to a close. The dying man, with the same heroic spirit, which never forsook him through all his sufferings, received the solemn announcement with the utmost resignation, answering only, 'Then it is well—it is very well; God's will be done.'

"After a few moments of composure he called his friends present and the members of his family to his bedside, to bid them a last farewell. He thanked his physician, who is not a professing Christian, for his kind attention, warning him with great tenderness to lose no time in giving himself to that Saviour who was now sustaining him in the hour of trial. To each of his children he gave an affectionate farewell, hoping that, by the grace of God and the care of a devoted mother, they might be early brought 'to know their Saviour.' To his wife, who has ministered to him with so much affection and fidelity all through his illness, he included in his parting words the request that she would use her endeavors to bring their boys up to the ministry. He was now to say farewell to his venerable father, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. Taking his aged parent by the hand, he said, with much earnestness, 'Stand up for Jesus, father; stand up for Jesus! and tell my brethren in the ministry, wherever you meet them, to stand up for Jesus.'

"At the close of this solemn ceremony, feeling that he was approaching his end, he requested those around him to sing a hymn. After a moment of silence, his own wife, notwithstanding the solemn circumstances under which this request was made, commenced singing the beautiful hymn—made doubly so by its appropriateness to the occasion—beginning,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

"The hymn was sung, and even while the echoes of that mournful strain yet floated in the air the spirit of Dudley A. Tyng took its flight to other, and, as we have reason to believe, more blissful realms."

BAPTISM IN HOOPS.

At Chicago, last week, a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The *Union* says: "The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hooped skirt; the minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation, she was swallowed up in the swelling skirt; the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded in baptizing the fair one. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously-inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket-kerchiefs."

MISS CUSHMAN IN REAL TRAGEDY.

The Nashville (Tennessee) *Union* says: "A little incident occurred during the performance of Macbeth on Wednesday night which, but for the wonderful presence of mind of Miss Cushman, would have seriously marred the interest of the occasion. In the sleeping scene in the fifth act, as Lady Macbeth approaches from her chamber, lamp in hand, the light lace vail with which Miss Cushman's head and shoulders were covered caught fire, and blazed like tinder. Miss Cushman, without relaxing a muscle of her fixed features, or showing by any visible sign the least discomposure, caught the blazing robe in her grasp and immediately extinguished it, without turning her eyes either right or left, or betraying the least sign of emotion of any kind. So promptly and fearlessly was it done, and so much was it in keeping with the character she was playing, that notwithstanding the distinctly audible shrieks of some of the ladies, many present actually believed it to be a part of the performance. It certainly was, if not in the bills, one of the greatest pieces of acting we ever witnessed."

A SENATOR ELECTED BY A LOVE LETTER.

We read in a Providence *Journal*: "In a certain town in this State a letter arrived for a young lady from her lover, on the day of the election. The postmaster, as is not infrequent in the rural districts, knowing the eagerness with which a message of that tender character would be expected, took upon himself the pleasing duty of delivering it; but first, like a good Democrat, he must vote, and, of course, in a separate self-sealing envelope. This was duly prepared, with the Democratic tickets safely inclosed, and the gluten stuck together. Stopping at the town meeting, he deposited the letter in the ballot-box, and proceeded with the separate and self-sealed to the house of the blooming maiden, to whom he gallantly handed the entire Democratic ticket, State and town. How the lady interpreted the missive we do not know; but the moderator and clerk ungallantly refused to count the love letter, and the Republican candidate was declared elected by one majority."

A LITTLE MORE GRAPE FOR UTAH.

The Baltimore *American* of the 19th ultimo says: "We learn from Colonel Taylor that the celebrated light artillery corps, known as 'Captain Bragg's Battery,' which rendered such invaluable service in the late war with Mexico, has been ordered by the Secretary of War to proceed to Utah, and left here in the western train of last evening *en route* for Fort Leavenworth. The company consists of seventy-four men, including non-commissioned officers and the following officers in command: Major John F. Reynolds, Third artillery, Lieutenant C. M'Keene, Lieutenant John Edwards, and Lieutenant A. Wildrick. The company carries with it their light battery, consisting of four six-pounders and four caissons, but will not be mounted until they reach Fort Leavenworth, which will be about the 20th of May. Leaving that post, they expect to travel at the rate of fifteen miles per day, and reach Utah some time during the month of July."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ACCIDENT TO THE LEVIATHAN.

A FEW days ago considerable anxiety was manifested on the river for the safety of the *Leviathan* steamship, moored off Deptford, in consequence of the breaking of two of her bow mooring chains. Some steamers which laid between the *Leviathan* and the shore assisted in checking the canting of the bow of the ship inward. With all expedition a large hawser was laid out to the *Dreadnought*, and three powerful steamtugs were brought to bear on the port bow, in hauling the ship into her former position. Fortunately the squall was of short duration, but the weather continued boisterous, and the tugs were engaged until late in the evening in keeping the bow out. She sustained not the slightest injury, and as far as could be learned none of the vessels that were lying inside her were damaged. It should be stated that the moorings at the stern remained firm.

PROSPECT OF TROUBLE WITH NAPLES.

The London *Herald* has reason to believe that the present law officers of the Crown have come to a decision in the Cagliari matter directly at variance with that of their predecessors, who, as will be remembered, were of opinion that England had no right to interfere in that matter.

BULWER'S FACE AND BEARD.

Sir Bulwer's dislike to "parliamentary whiskers" has become so very strong as to have made him run into the opposite extreme, if one may judge from the following description of his own hirsute appearance, as given by the writer of sketches of "The Inner Life of the House of Commons," in the *Illustrated Times*: "Sir Bulwer's face is a marvel, but it is a marvel of his own making; and all that is strange about it might be removed in half an hour by a village barber. It is simply a case of bad cultivation. A comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor would, in skillful hands, metamorphose him into a personable man, which at present he certainly is not. He has a capital forehead, a prominent but not a bad nose, and we suspect that he has good features generally; but we can not vouch for this, for they are, for the most part, entirely concealed by an extraordinary growth of hair. Indeed, Sir Bulwer seems to be a Nazarite; for certainly no scissors or razor, nor as we imagine, even a comb, is ever allowed to come near his head. His hair proper is all disheveled and unkempt, and his beard and mustache grow according to their own will. Some men wear beard, whiskers, and mustaches; others shave the whiskers and beard, and leave the mustache; while others preserve the mustache and part of the beard, but eschew whiskers; but in all these varieties, and a great many more, there are marks of design. But Sir Bulwer despises all art, and lets Nature take her own way, and the result is, probably, the most astonishing human face in the world."

LORD ROSSE NOT WEATHER-WISE.

The Dublin *Evening Post* says: "For some months past idle rumors have prevailed to the effect that the Earl Rosse has declared it as his belief that the approaching summer would be one of the hottest seasons ever witnessed in Ireland. It is a lamentable evidence of credulity, even among educated people, that this ridiculous tale was believed by many. But it is now completely disposed of in the following communication, which we have received this morning from Lord Rosse:

"'THE CASTLE, PARSONSTOWN, *March* 25.

"'Lord Rosse presents his compliments to the editor of the *Evening Post*, and, having observed a quotation from the *Limerick Reporter*, in which his name is associated with some conjectures as to the approaching season, he begs to say that he has never expressed any opinion on the subject.'"

FRANCE.

ORSINI'S LAST LETTER.

The following letter has been published in the Italian papers. It is not generally believed that it is authentic:

"To His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

"SIRE,—The fact of your Imperial Majesty having permitted the publication of my letter of the 11th of February, while it is a clear proof of your generosity, shows me that the wishes expressed in favor of my country find an echo in your heart, and to me, about to die, it is certainly no small comfort to see how your Imperial Majesty is moved by true Italian sentiments.

"In a few hours I shall be no more; but, before drawing my last breath, I wish it to be known, and I declare it with that frankness and courage which, up to this day, I have never belied, that assassination, in whatever form it may disguise itself, does not enter into my principles, notwithstanding that, by a fatal mental error, I allowed myself to be led into organizing the attempt of the 14th of January. No, political assassination was not a part of my system, and I have combated it, exposing my very life, as well by writings as by public facts, at the time when a mission of Government put me in a position to do so.

"And let my countrymen, instead of putting faith in the system of assassination, utterly reject it, and know by the voice of a dying patriot that their redemption must be won by abnegation, by a constant unity of efforts and sacrifices, and by the exercise of true virtue; gifts which already germ in the young and active part of my co-nationals—the only gifts that will ever make Italy free, independent, and worthy of the glory with which our forefathers illustrated her.

"I die; but, while doing so with calmness and dignity, I desire that my memory should not remain stained by any misdeed.

"As to the victims of the 14th January, I offer my blood as a sacrifice, and I pray the Italians that, when the day of their independence comes, they will give a worthy compensation to all those who then suffered injury.

"Finally, let your Imperial Majesty permit me to ask, not my own life, but that of the two accomplices who were condemned to death with me.

"With the most profound respect, etc.,

"FELICE ORSINI.

"Prison de la Roquette, March 11, 1858."

OPENING OF THE NEW BOULEVARD OF SEBASTOPOL.

The opening of the new Boulevard of Sebastopol took place on 5th April. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the scene: "The Emperor left the Tuileries at two o'clock precisely. He was mounted on a splendid charger with rich housings. He was preceded by half a dozen Cent Gardes, and followed by a numerous body of general officers, among whom were the Duke de Malakoff, Marshal Vaillant, Marshal Magnan, Admiral Hamelin, his Military Secretary, General Espinasse, and a considerable number of aides-de-camp, orderly officers, etc. I may observe that on his passage from the Tuileries up to the Strasbourg station the Emperor rode along, at a distance of about fifty paces in advance of the staff of general officers who attended him, and more than that to the rear of the few Cent Gardes who preceded him. The Empress, in an open carriage, and accompanied by the Princess Mathilde, with her equeries riding on each side, and preceded by a squadron of the Cent Gardes and her ladies-in-waiting, followed. The *cortége* proceeded along the quays till it reached the Place du Chatelet, where the Prefects of the Seine and Police, with their respective secretaries, awaited his Majesty. A flag-staff, erected at the entrance of the Pont au Change, suddenly displayed a tricolored flag at its summit, as a signal to those at the other extremity of the new Boulevard that the Emperor was coming along the Quay de la Megisserie.

"Two lofty minarets had been erected at the end of the new line where it joins the Boulevard St. Denis. They were rich in gilding and imperial ornaments. Between them was suspended a huge curtain, displaying golden bees and the imperial arms at the top, and divided into lozenges in gold. This curtain concealed from the spectators the new section of the line which extends to the river, and it was only as the Emperor approached that it was to be thrown open. The moment the signal was seen flying from the lofty pole on the Pont au Change, the curtain fell, and his Majesty, as he reached the bridge, took in at one glance the whole sweep of boulevard from where he stood to the northern extremity of Paris. From that spot it was one of the finest sights that could well be witnessed, with the immense multitude that lined the way, the troops, whose arms glittered in the sun, the gilded minarets, and the flags and streamers flying from house-tops and balconies. The windows, from the ground floors to the topmost stories, were full of spectators, and men and women might be seen watching from the roofs the progress of the gay cavalcade.

"The moment the Emperor appeared, holding with a light hand the beautiful but fiery charger on which he rode, keeping his paces as slow as possible, and thus presenting himself alone in advance of all guard or escort, an immense shout broke forth, and hailed him as he advanced from the Place du Chatelet, and did not cease till he reached the railway station. The Emperor did not remain long at the terminus. He again mounted on horseback, and, accompanied by his generals, and followed at the same distance as before by the escort of cavalry, he descended to the Great Boulevard, and instead of returning by the way he came, which was lined with troops, rode along the Boulevard, on which there was not a single soldier, turned down the Rue de la Paix, and in this way entered the Palace of the Tuileries. The Emperor's reception was most flattering. The usual precautions were taken against mischief, but nothing whatever occurred to disturb the tranquillity which reigned unbroken the whole of the day."

THE PERIM QUESTION IN FRANCE.

The *Débats* has a leader on the subject of the British occupation of the Isle of Perim. It says that, although it was premature in stating that a collective note had been addressed to England by the Cabinets of France and Russia, yet "it is true, and should surprise no one, that this affair of Perim has recently been the subject of a serious conversation between Count Walewski and Count Kisseleff, Embassador of Russia." It then gives its own version of the several occupations, combats the deductions of Mr. Vernon Smith, and concludes: "Under any circumstances, Turkey protests against this new occupation, which is effected without her authorization, and under totally different circumstances from those in which the two countries found themselves in 1799. She vindicates firmly her rights over the Isle of Perim, which she will neither gratuitously cede nor sell to England. The Sultan refuses to grant the firman asked from him to authorize the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez, at least until the English restore Perim. The Porte knows the value which the whole of Europe, except the English Government, attach to the execution of this grand project. Is it not, then, as if Turkey appealed to Europe, to all the co-signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris, against this open violation of her territory, against this attack made against the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire?" In another part it declares Perim to be a "second Gibraltar." As this spot is now the subject of a political "difficulty," the subjoined information may prove interesting: When the French took possession of Egypt in 1799, the English began to fortify the island, but quitted it soon after 1801, in which year Egypt was restored to the Turks. Somewhat to the south of Perim, and close to the African coast, is an island which is well known as the "Acht Brüder" (it is marked in English charts as "High Brothers"), and of this British troops are said recently to have taken possession. When the English returned to Perim about a year ago they found that no one had meddled with the fortifications and reservoirs which they had begun to make at the beginning of this century.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN PARIS.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "General Espinasse seems determined to immortalize his superintendence of the Home Department. With his comrade, M. Bottellier, as Prefect of Police, the system of espionage is carried to an extent that, unless one saw it in actual operation, would be incredible. To you it must be completely so. But the police now regularly visit every house in Paris once a day where the residents are known not to be adherents of the present dynasty, or profess political opinions in any degree contrary to the prevailing ones. If a foreigner, these domiciliary visits are made at his residence with more exact punctuality. The *concierge* is required to give in every instance a description of the parties visiting at the house, their names and abodes. The *bonnes*, or female domestics, are summoned before the Judge de Paix, and questioned as to all that happens under their eye; and are informed that unless they render a faithful account the *livré* which every servant must have signed once a year by the police will be denied them. Many *bonnes*, rather than submit to the office imposed upon them, have quitted their service and gone to the country. In this country, however, the espionage is carried on with such rigorous exactness that every tenth man may be said to have an eye upon his neighbor. The Emperor, as if conscious of the reports of his unpopularity, has been of late rather ostentatiously driving about in his phaeton, with no other attendants than his two grooms seated behind him, and yesterday astonished the *beau monde* in the Champs Elysées by driving down through the avenue at an ordinary pace. Usually his pace is something like fourteen miles an hour."

ANOTHER EXPLOIT OF ESPINASSE.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells the following story of General Espinasse: "A very short time ago a printer, named B——, had his license taken from him for some offense. He applied for an audience and never obtained one. At last, three or four days back, he got to see the secretary, and said, 'Tell the Minister I must see him—that it is an affair of life or death.' This being repeated to him, General Espinasse fancied the words applied to some plot against the Emperor, and at last admitted the man. The moment he saw him he exclaimed, hurriedly, 'Well, what have you to reveal?' The printer looked surprised—'I have to speak to your Excellency of my license, which has been arbitrarily taken from me,' was the reply. At this General Espinasse turned round in a rage, saying, 'What do you mean, then, by pretending you have to speak to me of a question of life or death?' 'But so it is,' answered the victim—'it is life or death to me—it is my bread—the bread of my children * *.' Here he was interrupted by the Minister's exclamation of 'What is that to me?' and was told angrily to retire. Before doing so, he tried another chance, and said: 'But think of my workmen. I have fifty or a hundred workmen, more or less; they will starve.' Whether General Espinasse fancied this hid a threat or not, I can not say; but he, upon this, most violently retorted, 'Dont talk of your workmen to me! Tell them we are not afraid of workmen; and if they trouble us, we will shoot them.'"

ANOTHER AMERICAN HEIRESS GONE.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says: "I regret to say that after Easter Miss Ridgway, the wealthy Philadelphia heiress, will be led to the altar by a Frenchman, M. Ganay; for it is really a national prejudice that so many of our wealthiest ladies bestow their fortunes upon foreigners. Every winter one or two heiresses of millions of dollars from the United States marry Frenchmen."

BREAK-UP OF THE FRENCH LINE OF STEAMERS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Commercial* writes under date of the 1st inst. as follows: "One of the brothers Gauthier, owners of the screw line of steamers to New York, and of the *Lyonnais*, which was sunk by the *Adriatic*, is now in prison at Lyons on a charge of what is a serious crime in France. It was found that, in order to sell more rapidly the stock in their line of steamers, they made false entries in their books, so as to show a much higher and fictitious return of profits. The line will thus, perhaps, be broken up."

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF DIAMONDS SCATTERED IN THE STREET.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* describes an accident which occurred at Madame Lehon's ball, who lives on the left of the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées: "Young Prince Murat and his wife were going to the ball, when, just before they reached the door, some obstacle in the avenue made the carriage jostle so violently as to throw the driver from his seat, the horses ran away and broke the carriage on the basin of the fountain. The Princess was carried, bleeding and senseless, into Madame Lehon's; the dances were, of course, instantly interrupted, and several ladies fainted at the sight of the Princess in a ball dress and covered with blood. The wounds she received proved, fortunately, slight. When her alarm was dissipated it was discovered that her necklace and other ornaments of diamonds had fallen into the avenue. Imagine the consternation which followed this discovery, especially when search was made in vain for them, and it became necessary to postpone further investigation until the daylight appeared. Ten thousand dollars of diamonds in the Avenue des Champs Elysées all night! Policemen were posted to guard the ground until day broke, when the diamonds were found scattered in every direction; not a diamond was missing!"

ST. FAUSTIN IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The Council of the Order of the Legion of Honor have, after due deliberation, resolved that the Order of St. Faustin, founded by the Emperor Soulouque of Hayti, shall take its proper place among the decorations which French subjects will be permitted to wear."

PRUSSIA.

THE NEW PRINCESS FORBIDDEN TO RIDE.

A letter from Berlin, of the 1st, in the *Nord* of Brussels, says: "For some time past the ladies of this capital have been in the habit of assembling about noon in the alleys of Thiergarten, where the Princess Frederick William has been in the habit of taking her rides on horseback. For some days past the ladies have, however, been doomed to disappointment, as the equestrian exercises of the illustrious Amazon have been interdicted by her physicians for some months to come."

RUSSIA.

THE LAST SHELLS EXPLODED AT SEBASTOPOL.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from Sebastopol, March 1, says: "The bombshells strewn about the city during the siege are still doing the work of death. No less than eight deaths, I think, have been caused by explosions of these missiles since my arrival, hardly a year since. Only a few days ago, two seamen belonging to the English steamer *Beyrout*, came on shore near our ship-yard, and for a few minutes were conversing with Mr. Gowen. They then started for a walk to the Redan, quite near our residence, and on reaching the breast-work one of them picked up an exploded detonating shell, intending to keep it as a relic, but finding it rather heavy, threw it down, when it instantly exploded and killed him, almost severing the head from the body, and completely cutting off his right leg. The remains were brought to our yard, whence they were buried. His companion escaped with a slight scratch upon the lip. On the following day two Russians were killed in a similar manner, while picking out the stopper of a shell. The lock by which the concussion ignited the powder of the shell is a curious affair, being a small equilateral cross, with a capsule at each point, and four little hammers held by a human hair. A sudden jar breaks the hair, causing the hammer to strike the cap, which explodes. After the shells are charged, the locks are inclosed in a copper tube and inserted within the hole of the shell, upon which a plug is placed. The shells, thus prepared, are placed in a box of the size of an ordinary chronometer box, which, for safety, must be handled 'this side up with care.'"

INDIA.

THE FALL OF LUCKNOW.

A transient steamer, with Bombay dates of March 18, and Calcutta March 8, reached Suez on the 29th ultimo. The latest news from Lucknow is to the morning of March 15, when nearly all the city was in possession of the British, but few rebels remaining in it. General Outram having turned the enemy's line of works on the Canal, the Martinere was stormed by Sir Edward Lugard, and the line of works seized on the 9th. The Bank House was also occupied. On the 11th, Jung Bahadoor moved into line, and the 93d Regiment, supported by the 42d, stormed the Begum's Palace. The British loss was less than 100 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was 500. General Outram on the same day, on the north side of the Gomtee, seized on the stone bridge, and cut up 500 more of the enemy.

The buildings in advance of the Begum's Palace were occupied on the 14th. The Imaumbarrab was stormed, Goorkas assisting. The Kaiserbagh was entered, and after a fight lasting all day, was solidly occupied and twenty-four guns taken. General Outram then crossed the iron bridge, and opened fire on the flying enemy. The British loss was not known at Bombay, but was supposed to be small. The enemy rushed by the artillery on the 15th, flying from the city in great numbers. Two columns of cavalry and artillery were sent after them. Maun Singh had come into Jung Bahadoor's camp.

PANIC AT CALCUTTA.

There was a panic in Calcutta on the 3d of March. The President of the Council called out volunteers, and placed cannon on the bridges. Information had been received that the barrack of poor Sepoys, who were to relieve the fort garrison that night, were to have arms and attack the city. All, however, passed off quietly.

CHINA.

PROSPECT OF MORE FIGHTING.

The correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from United States Ship *Mississippi*, says: "It is currently reported here that the Chinese are preparing to give battle to the English; they have opened a foundry and are preparing all kinds of implements of war, and that they now muster twenty or thirty thousand strong, within four or five miles of the city of Canton. You may rest assured that, unless several thousand British troops arrive before long, the Chinese, under the direction of the Emperor, headed by the mandarins and gentry, will make a desperate attempt to retake Canton. When this takes place it will be a terrible hard fight, and the slaughter on both sides will be very great. The handful of troops now in that city will stand a very poor chance to hold the city should they be attacked by the Chinese army before reinforcements can reach them. The garrison of Hong Kong can not give them any aid, as the few troops—about five hundred—now in the garrison are required to keep the Chinamen of Hong Kong under subjection, who, by-the-way, do not express much friendship for these English rulers, and who would not hesitate a moment to take off an Englishman's head if he should happen to trust himself too far in the interior unprotected. The news which reaches here daily from Canton gives sad tidings of the destitution and misery among the poorer Chinese, who have been driven from their homes and have lost all they possessed."

PARAGUAY.

THE RIVERS OPENED TO TRADE.

We have news from Rio Janeiro to the 14th ultimo, containing the important intelligence of the amicable settlement of the difficulties between Paraguay and Brazil. By the provisions of the treaty of peace entered into by these two countries the rivers of Paraguay are thrown open to the commerce of all nations. To Brazil alone is conceded the privilege of allowing vessels of war to navigate the rivers; but this concession, owing to the shallowness of the streams, is one of little importance.



AN INDIAN FORAY IN THE WEST.



THE WAR TRAIL.

PICTURES OF INDIAN LIFE.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the accompanying beautiful pictures of Indian Life, by Felix O. C. Darley, Esq. Of all the artists who have made Indian life their study Mr. Darley has been, without doubt, the most successful. Old Indian traders have been heard to declare that the young artist must have spent most of his life in the Indian country, so admirably has he caught its "*coulear locale*" and peculiar characteristics.

The first of the pictures may be viewed as an illustration of a terrible tragedy which took place in 1832, in Illinois. In the words of a correspondent:

"In the year 1832, while the Kickapoo Indians were moving West from Illinois, a party of them camped on Spoon River, and spent some time in hunting.

"In the midst of this season of enjoyment—the last they would have before leaving the grounds forever—some white men, with no fear of God or man before their eyes, seized one of the young Indians and gave him a thrashing with a hickory sprout. Had they shot him the deed might have been forgiven, but the indignity of a flogging was more than they could bear, and the spirit of revenge rankled and festered in their red bosoms. Years were away, and long leagues lay between them and their foes, but the memory of the offence was kept alive with the fires of revenge.

"It came at last, the time of vengeance. In May of 1832 the young Indian heart that the Sack and Fox Indians, under Black Hawk, were about to make war upon the whites. Rousing himself to the spirit of the hour, he called on his tribe to revenge his wrong, and to wipe out their disgrace in white man's blood. Nineteen redskins, brave and cruel, offered themselves to the work of vengeance. He went to Black Hawk and proffered the band of twenty warriors, with four of the Potawatomie tribe who joined them; and being gladly accepted by the great chieftain, they waited for the hour of expiation to arrive.

"This little band, with less of the daring, but not less of the blood-thirstiness, of their fathers, were sent to watch the country from the head-waters of Indian Creek, south and west, to Spoon River, the scene of the deed they were now sworn to revenge. A hundred miles they marched, through a country inhabited by three thousand whites, till they came to the head of Indian Creek, in Lasalle County, Illinois, where they found three families dwelling in fancied security, and dreaming not that these infernal wretches were prowling at their doors. These were the families of Mr. Davis, Mr. Pettice, and Mr. Hall, and the three men were together, near the house of one of them, when the Indians fired upon them, killed them all, and, rushing upon their defenseless homes, murdered sixteen of the inmates in cold blood! Their work was complete, and their errand done. Two beautiful young women were spared the fate of their parents and friends. Together with some choice cattle, they were seized and carried in triumph to the camp of Black Hawk. Here they were treated with respect, and detained as prisoners to be given as wives to the young Indian whose beating had now been so gloriously revenged. Happily for them they were saved from this doom, to them more dreadful than death itself, by the exertions of the noble Colonel Dodge, of Wisconsin.

"I was a trader among the Indians at the time, and know these facts to be true. They have never been published, but so strikingly do they illustrate the Indian character, they deserve to be recorded.

"Yours truly,

W."

The other two pictures represent the "War-Trail" and the "Buffalo Hunt." We consider the former one of Mr. Darley's happiest delineations of Indian character. The prostrate figure of the man who is listening on the earth for the foot-fall of the enemy—the eager gaze of his followers—their crouching attitude—tell a tale of some fearful tragedy. The "Buffalo Hunt" is also a striking and effective scene, and will no doubt fire the blood of our sportsman readers.

These pictures will do no injury to the high reputation which Mr. Darley has won by his former illustrations of Indian life.



THE BUFFALO HUNT.

PHŒBE'S WOOING.

"PHŒBE! Phœbe! Where is the chit?
When I want her most she's out of the way.
Child, you're running a long account
Up, to be squared on Judgment-day.

"Where have you been? and what have you there?"
"To the pasture, for buttercups wet with dew."
"My patience! I think you are out of your wits;
I wonder what good will buttercups do?

"There's pennyroyal you might have got,
Which might have been useful to you or me,
But I never heard in all my life
Of buttercup-cordial or buttercup-tea.

"I want you to stay and mind the bread,
I've just put two loaves in the oven to bake;
When they are done take them carefully out,
And put in their place this loaf of cake,

"While I run over to Widow Brown's;
Her son from the mines has just got back—
I don't believe he's a cent in his purse,
Young men are so shiftless now, alack!

"It was very different when I was young;
Young men were prudent, and girls were wise;
You wouldn't catch them gadding about,
Like so many idle butterflies."

So bustled and scolded the worthy dame,
Until she had passed the outer sill:
To do her justice, it seldom chanced
That her hands were idle, or tongue was still.

So Phœbe gathered her knitting up,
And sat her down in the chimney niche,
But her mind was on other thoughts intent,
And here and there she dropped a stitch.

The yellow kitten purred on the hearth,
While the kitchen clock, with its frame of oak,
In the corner stood, like a sentinel,
And challenged Time with its measured stroke.

But Phœbe's mind was on none of these—
The bread in the oven, her good aunt's frown,
And the scene before her faded away,
And blended with thoughts of Reuben Brown.

How they walked together on summer days,
Or bravely faced the winter's chill,
And chatted merrily all the way
To the little school-house on Sligo Hill.

How both grew older, and school-days passed,
When he was a youth and a maiden she,
How often she went with Reuben Brown
To the rustic dance or the social bee.

The warm flush deepened on Phœbe's cheek,
And she breathed a low, half-conscious sigh:
"Ah, welladay! they were happy times,
But he has forgotten, and so must I!"

So Phœbe gathered her knitting up,
Which, while she was thinking, had fallen down;
When her quick ear caught a strange footfall,
And there in the door-way stood Reuben Brown!

With the same frank, handsome face she knew,
A smile as bright, and an eye as black—
"Phœbe," he said, "I have wandered far,
Are you glad to see your playmate back?"

The kitten still purred on the kitchen hearth,
And the ancient clock, with its frame of oak,
In the corner stood, like a sentinel,
And challenged Time with its measured stroke.

A pleased light shone in the maiden's eyes;
Ah, Love, young Love, it is very sweet!
Reuben had gone, but she sat quite still,
And the knitting lay untouched at her feet.

Just then the dame came bustling in,
And went to the oven without ado.
"Why, Phœbe, child, what *have* you done?
The bread is baked as black as my shoe!"

And Phœbe started, and blushed for shame,
Took up her knitting, and dropped it down;
And when her aunt said, "What ails you, child?"
She hastily answered, "Reuben Brown."

Ah, Love! young Love! it is very sweet
In field, or hamlet, or crowded mart;
But it burns with the brightest, purest flame
In the hidden depths of a young maid's heart.

SPRING TALK.

"YOU must come up and see me to-morrow, for the lilacs and rose-bushes are beginning to show their little green leaves."

These were the spring-like words that greeted my ear as I passed two youthful ladies who had met on Washington Park last week. I looked slyly at them, to judge if their faces justified the remark, and the ready response which followed. They were sincere, pleasant faces, with no "lots for sale" upon them: every line and feature expressed something. Their garments were of quiet and becoming colors, and so unique that I was unable to remember any thing about them except the effect, which was pure and refined. I went my way; but upon casting one glance over my shoulder I saw that the one whose garden was blossoming held her hand toward a little romping girl, who came leaping over the jumping rope, crying out, "I have had a glorious time, mamma!" She is married, then; has a family; probably lives up town far enough to admit of trees and bushes in the yard; is evidently cultivated in mind; loves nature better than fashion; and is a good mother. So settling the lady's affairs, I went on satisfied.

In this manner I always speculate upon people I meet in my walks, and it is irresistible with me. Perhaps I fall into the habit of forming too hasty judgments, but I suspect it is better than gazing at shop-windows and wishing my purse was adequate to cover their tempting contents. There are some things, I admit, my heart yearns for in the spring days when I pass them in my walks; they are the potted plants, bending their tender twigs tremblingly to the soft-stirring air. The sight of roses, English violets, gillyflowers, heliotropes, and the dozen other sweet blossoms that stand lovingly together in odorous profusion, makes me more sentimentally happy than any thing else in the world. Dear friend, if you live in the city during the summer, let me beg you to place upon your window-sills some jars of potted flowers. There is a consolation to be reaped from them not to be expressed in words.

I love to go, on a May morning, with a friend, down to Fulton or Washington Market. Let me recommend it especially to dyspeptic ladies, only they must not wear thin boots nor handsome dresses—I hope it is unnecessary to explain why. There you will see a new life.

There the clean, brawny old women, whose skin is like tanned leather, sit behind their stands, knitting with complacent benignity of countenance: their fragrant cheeses; their tubs of butter, fresh and sweet; their baskets of transparent eggs—all ornamented with bunches of spring violets, stand in promising certainty before them. They look up at you as you advance, give you a knowing smile, and provokingly smell of their own cheese and butter, and rearrange their eggs—so pure—"Some bleached, some unbleached," as little Annie said when she saw them, and she held her hands clasped tightly together, lest she should give way to a naughty desire to break the brittle tempters.

Others you find surrounded with *my* loves—the plants; and oh, so *deliciously* cheap! You will not be able to resist these; you will buy just one verbena—only sixpence!

A little farther on and there is a bright array of *porte-monnaies*, bracelets, beads, and fancy work; and by the side of these, perhaps, an oyster vender, who, behind his stall, with brandished knife, invites you to stop and partake, "fresh from the shell." A two-pronged fork and a pewter castor are the only formalities; but in exchange for this lack of ceremony you swallow the most savory and slippery of mouthfuls. Beyond, again, are "Connecticut pies," aged tarts, and large dough-nuts, especially the *dough*; but I suspect you are as skeptical as regards pastry as you are about Spiritualism.

Scattered about in picturesque confusion are the meat-stalls, with their few spring chickens and their abundant legs of veal, interspersed with suggestive bottles of horseradish.

Here you see rosy-checked young wives, with their baskets on their arms, selecting dainties wherewith to make their husbands good-natured. Look at these well and long, you lords of creation, and then go and make speedy arrangements for finding your mate. Never mind your meagre purses—with such wives men are sure to prosper; and remember that

"The love you're always rich in
Makes a fire in the kitchen."

If your market-jaunt has fatigued you, then step on board the ferry-boat. Drink in the brisk, refreshing breeze, now just hiding its edge out of sympathy with the season. Let it trifle with your smooth hair; let it flutter your vails; let it lift your hats; let it redden your cheeks and warm your hearts, expand your lungs and open your eyelids. It is soft, hopeful, spring-like.

See the hills, how green they are turning; the willows are vailing their sorrows; the birds are seeking notched boughs; the gardeners are raking the beds; the florist opens his green-house to the warm air of the skies. The ladies are trimming their hats with green wreaths, and the children are shading their merry faces with broadbrims. The quiet rain talks to us at night, and the sunny sky laughs with us all day. Every thing speaks to us of hope and happiness. Every things says, "The good time is coming."

OUR CHARLEY.

FIVE years ago we parted from our Charley, bound for the East—the blithest, brightest, bravest lad that ever drew breath. I, who have been his mother, as he says, these fourteen years, have a right to boast of him; but all our island knows him. He was but just sixteen upon the night of the great storm, when I and all of us thought in our hearts that we should never live to see another day: the whole Atlantic raging at our feet, and the southwest wind, in its unbroken fury, pouring upon our low-roofed cottage—the first opponent, save a few mastless ships, that it had met for a thousand miles. The darkness and the noise were hideous; but, worse still, the pauses, when the powers of air seemed to be gathering strength for some more tremendous effort, and when the lightning showed for an instant the long line of white and shuddering cliff, and the black mass of waters rising in wrath to overwhelm it. We women were all up and in the parlor; the supper-table was yet spread there, at which four hours before we had sat, and laughed, and eaten, listening to the rising tempest, not without a selfish sort of comfort—God forgive us!—to think that we were safe and warm on land. There is a strange difference observable under all circumstances between hours, whatever they may be, devoted to wakefulness and those given to rest. Between twelve o'clock, for instance, to the lady of fashion, and three o'clock, if she happen to be awakened at such a time; and between ten and one to persons who live domestic, quiet lives like ourselves; quite apart from the contrast which the gayety and brightness of the one, and the loneliness and darkness which the other, must of course present—they seem periods of two separate existences, one of which is not without a certain terror for us. Whenever I have chanced to be called up at night, from illness in the house or other cause, although I soon get my brain in order for working purposes, I am a long time coming to myself: the business that I have been in such times set to do has always appeared, in a measure, weird-like, the familiar places unnatural, and my friends themselves what the Scotch call "uncanny." I think most people will feel what I mean. On this night of the tempest we were all excessively terrified. It was long before the candles could be lit (the wind got in so every where), and, when that was done we were the more frightened with looking at each other's faces. Poor Janet—but fourteen then—with her brown hair hanging about her shoulders, and her large eyes starting out of their bed! Herbert—thirteen—very pale, with his mouth set in an artificial smile, poor little fellow, while his teeth chattered with horror! Small Alice, in fits of tears and screaming, so as to be heard even through that tempest, and both the maids pictures of abject terror! Presently, while the house was rocking to and fro like a tree, in rushed Master Charley, dressed, and with his Glengarry cap on. "Now, girls," cried he, "who will shut the front-door after me?"

"Good Heavens, Charley!" I exclaimed, "you are not surely mad enough to venture out in such a night as this?"

"Yes, mother, I am; why not?

"'In such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
Did Jessica—'

We read it, you know, the other night. I am going after Jessica—Phœbe Taylor, that is—or she will be drowned else. I am certain that this spring-tide, with such a gale to help it, will more than reach their cottage, and the old man can never carry her away without help."

He spoke of the bedridden wife of a superannuated fisherman, who, in defiance of the warnings of his companions, had set up his old boat, by way of a house, in the corner of the bay, just above high-water mark.

Directly Charley mentioned this, we knew at once the danger to which this aged couple must already be exposed, for it wanted but an hour or so to full tide; but the dangers of a rescue were not less.

"Remember, Charles," cried I, "that these three children have nobody to look to for protection in the world, save you."

"Oh yes," laughed he, gayly; "there's Herbert; ain't there, Herbert? Besides which, you will not get rid of me so easily; you will see me again anon, bearing the lovely Phœbe in my arms."

A tremendous crash, occasioned by the flying open of the hall-door, and its being jammed against the wall by the blast, announced the boy's departure. Then we felt deserted indeed. The two maids were blown down in the passage in their attempt to shut the door again, and the rush of wind into all parts of the house became so violent that I was in momentary expectation of its lifting the roof off. Our only comfort seemed to be gazing at the lighthouse. We had been inside it but a few days before, and it was, in a manner, cheering to know that there were living beings there then engaged in their usual occupation, and even counteracting to some extent the awful effects of the storm. In the mean time, walking edgewise, as he afterward affirmed, in order to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible, and absolutely feeling his way foot by foot, our Charley had reached the path that winds down to the beach. Here, away from the trees, and in the open, it was not so pitchy dark, and the gusts being dead against him, only nailed him to the cliff without danger of sweeping him from off it, which, had it changed to a point or two more westward, it would have done at once, like a knife. The tumult below him sounded so near and awful that he seemed to be descending into the sea; a slip, a false turn, a sprain of the hand or ankle, would now have been certain death to him. There was a light still burning in the wooden hut, however, which guided him aright, and gave him spirit, for it told him that he was not too late. He found the old man sitting by his wife, with whom he had fully made up his mind to die, since he could not save her. He had attempted to do so, however, for the poor woman was partly dressed, and had been lifted on to a chair. She was trying, as Charles entered the hut, to persuade her husband to leave her to her fate; "but, since it is your time to die, Phœbe," said the old man, "I seem to have lived in this world long enough." No two young lovers, charcoal-burning to death together after the French fashion, were ever half so noble a spectacle as that of this ancient couple. There was no doubt whatever about the reality of their heroism, for the spray of the still-rising tide had already begun to patter against their refuge, and they knew that the end must be very near indeed. Charles and the old man together had to wade very deep before they got poor Phœbe to the foot of the path, up which, with such a burden, they were quite unable to make their way. But our Charley was not the only angel abroad that night: the two coast-guard men had also bethought them of the perilous situation of the Taylors, and had come from the station with lanterns to see what could be done for them. They dared not, in such a night as this, however, take the shortest way which lay across the Down, and had been much delayed, so that the light in the little room was quenched, and the hut itself far out to sea, when they arrived; but they were in time to assist in bringing Phœbe up the cliff. We heard nothing of them until the party were in the little hall, and at the parlor-door—all safe.

I will tell you one thing more of Charley, to prove to you how brave a boy he was.

One of his chief pleasures was to join the fisher lads in their perilous expeditions after the nests of the eider-duck, and for the eggs of other sea-fowl. With the aid of an iron bar and a rope he would swing himself over the face of the steepest cliffs, and into caverns which one would have thought no creature could have entered save with wings. Upon one occasion he went out with another youth with only one strong rope between them, and, instead of one remaining above the precipice while the other went below, they thought it would be excellent fun to go down both together. They chose, too, for this amusement one of the loftiest and least-frequented cliffs of all, midway in which, however, they had seen from their boat once a great cave much haunted by the sea-fowl. They fixed their bar firmer than usual, and took to the rope together, the fisher lad being undermost; they laughed and chatted in air, with the sea four hundred feet beneath them, as town-bred lads would laugh and chatter in a swing; but they found it by no means easy to reach the cavern with their double load, being afraid to make a pendulum of the rope for fear it should wear away from the increased friction at the summit. At last the boy beneath obtained a footing, and held the rope fast while Charles slid off into the hole. But attracted by the cry which the latter raised at sight of the myriads of nests which lay within, and confused, perhaps, besides, with the swinging, the fisher lad let the rope slip through his fingers; once only it swung within distance, but in his agitation he made a futile grasp at it, and after one or two vibrations, succeeding one another more rapidly than I can write of them, the two boys were left in their living tomb, with the means of escape indeed within sight, but only to tantalize them with its proximity: seven or eight feet of fathomless space lay between them and it—a situation to them, who well understood it, more awfully perilous even than it seems. No vessel ever came near enough, on account of the breakers, to see any signal such as they could make from the sea; they had left no word at home of whereabouts they were going; and, even should they be found, it was very improbable that means could be devised for their rescue, while they had still the strength and spirit to take advantage of them. The boys looked at one another in blank dismay, as they thought of all these things. "My poor dear mother," said the fisher lad, with a groan, for he was her only hope. "Supposing one dropped," asked Charley, thoughtfully, after a few moments, "would this tide carry one for certain on to shore in the fishing bay?"—"Yes," said the other, "and within the next hour to a certainty, but it would be only as a dead corpse, Master Charles."—"God alone knows that," quoth Charley; "we must trust in Him." He wrote down upon a slip of paper (which I now possess, with the writing just a little, a very little shaken, poor fellow, when it gets to the last message) some such words as these: "Robert Harris is in the Gull's Hole upon Wadden Cliff: he has lost hold of the rope, and must have help at once: my dearest love to all at home.—Charley." He put this up in his case bottle, taking the cup off at the bottom, so that the writing might be seen at once through the glass, and buttoned it up in his coat-pocket. "My people are richer than yours, Bob, and can better spare me," cried he. "I am going to leap at the rope, old fellow; let us shake hands." The lad tried to persuade him not to risk it, but rather to hope for rescue by means less desperate. But—"Don't unnerve me, Bob," was the simple heroic answer; "once, twice, thrice, and here goes." The other hid his face while the spring was taken, listening for the far-off splash, perhaps, that should tell him his friend was dead, who had spoken to him the instant before. But when he looked up, our Charley was holding well on to the rope, only he was deadly pale. He got to the cave again in safety, and the two rescued lads came up to life again, with their pockets stuffed with eider-down. Charles was a brave boy—his widowed mother's darling and mine, in whose care she left him, and beloved by all. He did not know her long, but loved her dearly, and had the strangest thoughts about her always. He thought that she was near to him, and upon the eve of any special peril he seemed to grow conscious of her presence. The night before he left us, as we wandered in and out the rocks by the sea-shore, and round the leafy paths that thread the copse, and up and down the level sands, all grown so doubly dear to him at parting, he was full of this. Perhaps it was but natural—having dwelt so long upon the happy past, and stroke by stroke together retouched many a picture hanging dim enough in the long gallery of memory—that we should come at last to her. With our eyes upon that boundless world of waters darkening as the night drew on, with that whisper of eternity breaking softly on our ears, alone, and in that beautiful spot, it was natural, I say, that we should speak of the beloved dead.

"Mother"—he called me "mother" even then—"she is listening to us now," he said. "I shall see her in my dreams to-night; she is quite close to us."

I begged him not to talk thus, and reminded him that it was time to go within.

"Nay," said he, "but let us once more climb the Down." So we toiled up the steep behind us in silence, under the innumerable stars.

"See you," said he, when we had reached the summit, "yon steadfast lights on ocean? There rides a mighty fleet, the guardian-angels of our land, and all night long they keep strict watch and ward because of us. There were they, still, though hid from view, until we gained the headland, and there will they be when we descend again. So it is, as I think, with some of us: few souls but have some spirit watching over them, although unseen, save, haply, when a more than common danger threatens, when heavenly stoops to earthly, and the fleet sails rounds to us."

I do not mention this because I think that such a belief was to Charles's credit—for I believe it to be a false and weak one—but to prove that he was no mere samphire-gatherer and pillager of gulls' nests, a youth of nerves and sinews only. Had he been so, would Janet, the enthusiastic, the poetess, have ever loved him so dearly as she did? Would gentle Alice, for whom I have heard him weave full many a fairy tale? Would Herby, whose young head he filled with visions of tilt and tourney?

It was terrible the parting from a lad like this; but he thought the Fusabad appointment was too good to be let slip, for our sakes; although, for himself, he would have much preferred the military service. We watched the mighty vessel that bore him out, rounding the point and speeding into space, farther than any other dewy eyes in Britain. Our roof, I think, is the last English home the exile sees, and the first speck which, after

weary years, grows gradual to the sight on his return. Through all the war in the Crimea we saw the very last act of every equadron, the smoke-clouds streaming on the horizon's verge, and the first glimmering of those countless sails which brought up from the warring "underworld" our wounded thousands. If the wind was favorable, we could hear the martial bands—music, nay, even the cheers themselves, of the gallant soldiers, in the vessels outward-bound; and in the homeward, if the skies were clear, we could see, with telescopes, the very beds of the wounded, ay, and perhaps of the dead, brought up upon the decks for disembarkation. We were sad enough, indeed, but we had no miseries of this kind then to mourn for! Others, it is true, was then at peace, whether he was bound; the vessel that bore him was cleaving tranquil seas. The last letter, however, which we got from him was from Spain. The ship had been wrecked, with awful loss of life—himself picked up on a shattered but "all's well," he wrote, "as far as I am concerned, except for my kit, and I bought that from Gibraltar in a lucifer vessel." A slip of paper enclosed for me: "I told you that a peril threatened me; remember our talk upon the Cliff at Dover. There was not a word in his account of the shipwreck of this neediest, which we read of in the newspapers:—"Among other deeds of heroism during the confusion, and when it was plain that the ship must go to pieces in a few minutes, the chief Mr. Charles Brooke, R.I.C.S., deserves especial mention. Observing a young lady—Miss Claud, daughter of Lieutenant-General Claud, of the Royal army, who was on her way to join her father in Calcutta—unprovided with a life-preserver, and removed his own from his waist, and fastened it securely on her; and in the water afterwards, preferred to be drifting out to sea, he brought, by his incredible exertions under the protection of the headland, and into the bay, where she was picked up. Mr. Brooke was picked up subsequently insensible; but we are happy to state that the young noble young fellow has since entirely recovered." All this had happened two years later, we should not have considered this proceeding so entirely extraordinary, as after that period Miss Claud began to figure in his letters pretty prominently under the more familiar title of "dearest Ellen." In due time they were married, and last January wrote us a most enthusiastic account of their little boy "now seven month old, and already" beginning to take a great deal of notice."

"Next Christmas," wrote our Charley, "we hope all thrus to spend in the beloved island,

"Where groves of pine on either hand
To break the blast of winter stand,
And, east and west, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a restless ice cliash round.

"Where underneath the milky step
The ships of battle slowly creep,
And on the leaning noses of light sail and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep!

We have the latest pacific accounts of you, you see, up here at Fussbull, which, indeed, is almost as much in the world, and quite as civilized a Town, as your Southampton. Alice and myself will take his leave at the same time with us for England. How I long for you all to see dear Ellen and the child!"

Not more than we longed for them, be sure! How we planned ourselves with reserves of apartment of person—pretty and good-tempered, we were certain—Charley's Ellen would be! And that sweet baby, too, whom we loved in advance even so much, and kissed, and dandled, and made much of, already in anticipation! Whose head would our Charley himself be changed or no? How much would he have to tell us, after his five years' absence! What a merry, merry, Christmas we would surely be!

Then came the first rumors of revolt to shadow this fair picture. Again the soldier-crowded ships began to pass in quick succession, before us over the eastward sea; but, this time, how much more of our selfish hearts they bore with them! How prayerfully, even though we were sure, we wished God-speed to rifle-ball and bayonet! One day we got a letter from our Charley, concerning our rumors; words which, from him who always was the most cheering view of matters, filled us with sacred grief.

"It is folly," wrote he, "to disguise our position from any longer. The irregular cavalry here are not to be trusted, and our lives are in the hands of the general can not afford to say anything to our little band of European soldiers: they are watched all around us; and this is probably the last dutch that will go safe to its destination, so I write in haste to catch it. I have looked death in the face before now, mother, but never with such dear ones in my company: this is what makes it so terrible. Some of us here think better of our situation, and fancy that their duty may be right: but I—I am her last night, and you know what I hold such a sight to mean. You will not soon forget me and mine, wherever they may be, I will leave them when you all."

Our Charley never wrote to us again. The very next telegraph ran thus: "An outbreak of the I. C. at Fussbuil; their officers were fired upon; all the civilians in the station massacred except one. Never, surely, had oracle of old the power to cast be among those "three." After nearly two months of wearing hopes and fears, the names were published, giving joy to other households—to ours despair. They were all three strangers. Captain Arden, poor Charley's friend, was one of the few officers who escaped with life; he wrote us a sad letter, with but one cold gleam of hope, in a report that he had heard of some European who Fussbul being still alive in the revolted district, under the protection of a native rajah; but we were sure too deep in sorrow to be buoyed by such a floating straw as this. We gave the wife or credit for good intentions, but were not more wretched when we found, in his second letter, that the last spark of hope has, I fear, died out. I come to England by the earliest packet, and my first visit will be to you."

Such was the history of the first fruits of a very terrible interest. By this time autumn had fairly set in, and our Channel was springing with snow-white pall, lightly and tenderly, as in our island he never spread a fall, like a father covering the face of his dead child. But the mourners themselves could bring no such change upon nature as it seemed, in the darkness of our hearts. We were not suffered. The breeze that swept our lofty downs in gusts of lamentation, the surges that broke in ancholy sighs: the laughing sea had become a series of sorrows, and our favorite place, where the evergreens flourish as in spring, might have been full of withered leaves, so both were we to walk there; because our Charley would not be associated with all these things, as the scent with the flower, or as the soul with its beautiful form. If this seems to be exaggeration, it must be remembered that we had launched in a very simple one, and alone in the world, and that our Charley was all in all to us.

The time had now arrived when the steamer that was to bring Captain Arden might be expected, and we watched for it attentively, but without impatience; with quiet tears, indeed, but followed that retreating vessel years ago, but with no fearful hope.

Herbert had been dispatched to Southampton to forward the expected guest to him on to us at once; so that, when the black ship came in sight, we knew that we should see him that same evening. He did arrive at last, with the tide, in the most constantly wistful and anxious that the girls and I entertained to walk up the cliff-road to meet our guest.

"There comes the carriage!" exclaimed thoughtlessly Lucy impatiently, clapping her hands.

A look from her sister reminded her at once of the failings which our guest must needs have to tell us, and the poor girl (who had been in a heart as any of us) hung her head down, and let fall her curls. Jane must keep them hidden, however, about the carriage, as it must have by this time rounded the corner of the rock. Instead of this, a solitary horseman, rode up, and set it himself. "Arden is not come on," cried he, "but I have with him a few lines from him. By news, the very best: the baby is saved—Ellen is saved—Charley is saved: the rajah took the very greatest care of the whole family. I will read you the letter."

"They are here," murmured Janet, faintly; they are all here, I know."

"Well, dearest, I was going to tell you that myself: they are waiting round the cliff yonder, till you have warned him up your minds to see them."

And there in very truth they were—the three: the mother, the fair child, the little boy, and Charley, safe in their island home. Thanks be to God, we had indeed a time of great joy. I would that I could tell you how, but I fear that the vacant chairs had been as blithely filled!

Miscellany.

The Boy is Father to the Man.

A recent biographer of Daniel Webster says:

"The Charter House has boasted of many others who have sprung into eminent men: among others, Crashaw, the poet; Addison and Steele, the essayists; John Wesley, the religious reformer; and Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice. But the name that is added 'Old Pilos.' The pet name will be remembered by those whose reminiscences can go back some forty years or more. They will not have forgotten the man and thoughtful lad who used to stand looking on while the boys played their harmonious exercises, never procured for him the name of philosopher, subsequently diminished to 'Pilos,' and occasionally applied as a nickname with more malice by ulterior philosopher was the solitair at whose name the whole school would shout with honest pride, 'Old Pilos,' of the Charter House, was Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore."

—A writer in *Blackwood* has some very sensible remarks on the way in which fashionable social philosophy which turns out annually so many

Unhappy Young Ladies

girls, that is to say, moulded to a certain monotonous pattern which no height have been jewels, but are, in fact, little centres of vanity, selfishness, and affectation.

"Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose 'the one' out of a bevy of proper-behaved damsels like so many Miss Nancy dolls, of the height, and shape, and color? They all look alike, dress alike, talk alike, and are ready to say any thing that appears to the contrary, think alike and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention—matrimony proposes; few men have the nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butchers' and bakers' bills before they take such a plunge as that.

Marrying a Young Lady.

"There was my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion (chaps for Alma and Balaklava), gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressible, decidedly. 'What I missed most,' said he, in his spain-deserted, astonished simplicity, 'was the sight of a woman's face.' Whereupon I spoke: 'I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking-room of the "Army and Navy."' And he not pick up a miss grief, and set up the family name again at the old corner?' 'I would,' said Jack, 'but I can't decide softly between the puffs of his cutty, 'but there are so many of them.' Poor old young ladies: catch me marrying a young lady!'

A Partner to Dance.

"Jack has mortally offended, I fear, a whole circle of previous admirers, cousins and old partners, by a very innocent and well-intentioned little speech he made at one of his last public appearances. A young lady was begging him to dance. Jack 'didn't seem to care about dancing.' Hap-py-go-lucky fellow, he was in a mood to enjoy his sight sitting down, and the men were so stupid!' Jack would have danced with a she-bear sooner than be really rude or ill-natured; so he consented. The patroness was charmed and grateful. And now, which should be the fair lucky partner? Why, in Miss A.? sweet girl! Miss B.? very sweet girl also, only so quiet! The two Miss C's? both darlings! And Miss D., in a whisper? twenty thousand, and not engaged!? 'Thankye,' said Jack, after casting his eyes along the line of the ball-room parade, 'they all look very much alike. As I am, he it's continued he, without moving a muscle of his countenance, 'I can be no more than a partner as well do it handsomely; so I'll take the tallest and the thinnest, as a shade of rel in her hair.'"

At hour to the Brave Girl

of whom the author of "John Halifax," heroine will be proud as an English lady, will exclaim:

"A young girl, an elder sister, had to receive for step-mother a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not wealthy, as it turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and heroic thing—she left it. She went with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this woman only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and it helped her. She did never was dependent upon any human being, but while there is work to be done, and bread protected more than I could count—pupils and pupil children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters—these nephews and nieces, growing to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers, will find in her a friend to whom any thing but a poor governess, always independent, and never ready to assist others, because she never was and never could be tempted to any one, except the few for whom she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long enjoy present the can and want the other!"

—Dr. Yan, the Chinese Consul at Chinese fast, heard a cricket sing, and was delighted with the music.

Celestial Love of Home

Dr. Yan, the Chinese Consul at Chinese fast, when traveling, is surrounded themselves with every thing that can remind them of family life. He was accompanied by a knowing friend, who informed him that it was the custom of the country to have a wife and family at sea, but for their purposely. Presently he become silent to a shadow of one of these cottages, when, from admiration at their song, he had named Master and Lucinda.

A Cricket Match.

"Two Chinese took down a couple of cages of bantams, about the size of pigeons, and placing a little palaces filled with silky herbs, and sat down before me. The two palaces contained Lubbahe and Mr. Dung, who were let out and placed in a porcelain bowl. Lubbahe was just what I had fancied—a bold, pugnacious, handsome creature, his voice: his rounded paunch caused the segment of his cairass to bulge out; his powerful fore-leg were armed with double nails; and through his brown visor could be seen two arched tusks which gave him a fierce look. His wife was smaller, more slim and graceful; his black armor fitted tightly round his waist, and his tusks were completely concealed by the front piece of his helmet. The two lasers no deavored at first to escape, but the polished sides of the porcelain bowl an insuperable obstacle to the attempt. Accordingly they took up their position at the bottom of the bowl, where they would have the advantage of meeting their foe with out needing to look for the intervention of Chinese perfidy. The two ladies remained in their cages with a large fan in the hands of the wicked the most harmless weapon becomes defensible. Mario's master, with the most admirable intention, pushed the blade of grass insolently beneath the nose of his champion; the latter, thinking the insult came from Lubbahe, who at this moment appeared to be beating time with his antenne, sprang at his head, and struck to the ground. Then on which he had the full Indignant at this unmerited aggression, the insect that had but now been the object of adversary, and leaned him with the first blow. Marie looked for the instant with surprise at his foe-foot, deprived of the right torso, and following only to the left. As he passes, seized Lubbahe by the hair, and dragged him three times round the bowl. Alas! it was not Achilles with the body of Hector; for Hector, suddenly recovering himself, fell with all his weight upon his adversary, crushed him in his entrance, and devoured a portion of his head. After gratifying his wrath the conqueror took up his position in the middle of the bowl, and waited for a new assailant; but no other knight had the audacity to present himself. Lubbahe returned in triumph to his palace, shaking proudly his solitary horn. All this long our fat-dog was the theatre of similar scenes."

Beauty and Wit.

"Handsome features are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speak alone is incapable of expressing wit."

—Has it ever occurred to the gentle reader to consider seriously on the amount of genuine suffering to the proper performance of that common trick of the ring—not the political arena, but the circus ring—known as the

Summersault?

Here is the whole matter laid bare:

"Nothing but ever been born to me a greater mystery, or a cause of more painful and fruitless cogitation, than the art of throwing clear somersaults from feet to feet. As well as I can understand the matter, it seems that this is the only notable trick whose performance could not be perfectly accomplished at the very first trial; which stands, I say, confessedly to-day at that time, if ever. Here is an act, surely, the most difficult and complex of any, though it attracted the notice from the uninitiated, on account of its apparent facility, is said to be as much as difficult as the summersault. A clown performs the first about ten times on an average, in the course of a pantomime. It is his professional stock-in-trade. The first time he ever knocked down, Pantaloon, under the same circumstances, Harlequin, Columbine, is picked up by his nether drapery. But the clown allows the throws no sapping; and this is how he does it. Being put on to look for elevation by the spring-board aside, and then jumps quickly to his feet, taking the spring from the bending. That's all. It looks really very easy. Try it."

—Any thin calls to mind

A Yankee Trickle.

"Sitting at the *table d'hôte*, at Boulogne, once, it happened to start a conversation which became very general. It was in the matter of gymnastic exercises, and embraced, among others, the trapeze, and on the fearful exertion it called forth. A tall Englishman, who grave observation with a very serious of voice, both of which contained had gained with the serious conference of the company, said he thought he could perform the feat in question. One of the youngest and least reverential persons present proposed to bet him a dozen of champagne that he would fail on the first attempt. To the astonishment of the whole table, the serious gentleman took the bet; but how much greater was the surprise of every body, when, having laid his long undress coat on the floor, he threw the trapeze in a clever manner, and calmly pocketed his fusion! He was afterwards found to be the agent was an American clown, proceeding to Paris, on an engagement with Francouli."

—Thus is the age of Science, and it is commonly supposed, in the present man's duty to know a little of every thing. There are yet left, however, some conservative folk who believe that the only science worth study is the Tree of Knowledge, and swear by the old proverb that

Ignorance is Bliss.

"Now, I am addressed to my personal comfort," says one of these, "to know to a decimal fraction what proportion of red earth I may expect to find in my meat and potatoes, or having become thoroughly conscious that my cuticle is mixed with ground glass, I should like to know the finest chicory; and that bisulphuret of mercury forms the basis of my cayenne. It was once my fate to have a friend staying with me, one who was a chemist and mining philosophers. He used to amuse himself after breakfast by reading Dr. Ure's analysis and diagnosis of the contents of the tea-pot, laid out on a kind of *burnt sienna* on his plate. 'This leaf now,' he would say, 'is genuine Souchie; observe peculiarity that's no tea-leaf—positively poisonous. This, my friend, is the real Mocha; these grains, privet, you may know it by the divisions in the particles; that's no tea-leaf.' A most uncomfortable guest he was, for knowing not a leaf connected in many respects, I felt my appetite improved the first time I sat down to breakfast with him. I went to do look into all your meals with a microscope. Of course there is a medium between these overcurious and unobservant persons, and that lies in every thing that is set before you. One likes in the main, through pretty well, to know ourselves, to know what one is eating. Hear, on the other hand the question, a recent preacher in China: 'Solicit earth-worms, my friends, which *Providence set did not know until we had eaten them.*' That was a true philosopher, for we can not all be expected to attain to the sublime."

—Lord Lyndhurst—the Doctor lord—tells a good story of a certain Scotch judge in the Great Seal, in 1846, showing the relative importance of the

Law and Gospel.

"When I went to the palace," says his Lordship, "I alighted at the grand stairs—one I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called, in sonorous voices, my name to leading, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England;' I entered the presence chamber; I gave the bible to the bishop, I took the book of blessing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a tack stair-case, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey bustled up, and, with a patronizing air, said, 'Lord Lyndhurst, can I do any thing for you?'"

Pity

is akin to love, but often of a purer origin. A fair young child may pity the weak, infirm old man. And nothing on earth is more beautiful than infancy tending age.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

The wreck cast back from Charybdis.
Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle.

GUY DARRELL turned hurriedly from the large house in the great square, and, more and more absorbed in reverie, he wandered out of his direct way homeward, clear and broad though it was, and did not rouse himself till he felt, as it were, that the air had grown darker; and looking vaguely round, he saw that he had strayed into a dim maze of lanes and passages. He paused under one of the rare lamp-posts, gathering up his recollections of the London he had so long quitted, and doubtful for a moment or two which turn to take. Just then, up from an alley fronting him at right angles, came sullenly, warily, a tall, sinewy, ill-boding tatterdemalion figure, and seeing Darrell's face under the lamp, halted abrupt at the mouth of the narrow passage from which it had emerged—a dark form filling up the dark aperture. Does that ragged wayfarer recognize a foe by the imperfect ray of the lamplight? or is he a mere vulgar footpad, who is doubting whether he should spring upon a prey? Hostile his look—his gesture—the sudden cowering down of the strong frame, as if for a bound; but still he is irresolute. What awes him? What awes the tiger, who would obey his blood-instinct without fear, in his rush on the Negro—the Hindoo—but who halts and hesitates at sight of the white man—the lordly son of Europe? Darrell's eye was turned toward the dark passage—toward the dark figure—carelessly, neither recognizing, nor fearing, nor defying—carelessly, as at any harmless object in crowded streets, and at broad day. But while that eye was on him, the tatterdemalion halted; and, indeed, whatever his hostility, or whatever his daring, the sight of Darrell took him by so sudden a surprise, that he could not at once re-collect his thoughts, and determine how to approach the quiet, unconscious man who, in reach of his spring, fronted his overwhelming physical strength with the habitual air of dignified command. His first impulse was that of violence; his second impulse curbed the first. But Darrell now turns quickly, and walks straight on; the figure quits the mouth of the passage, and follows with a long and noiseless stride. It has nearly gained Darrell. With what intent? A fierce one, perhaps—for the man's face is sinister, and his state evidently desperate—when there emerges unexpectedly from an ugly-looking court or *cul de sac*, just between Darrell and his pursuer, a slim, long-backed, buttoned-up, weasel-faced policeman. The policeman eyes the tatterdemalion instinctively, then turns his glance toward the solitary, defenseless gentleman in advance, and walks on, keeping himself between the two. The tatterdemalion stifles an impatient curse. Be his purpose force, be it only supplication, be it colloquy of any kind, impossible to fulfill it while that policeman is there. True, that in his powerful hands he could have clutched that slim, long-backed officer, and broken him in two as a willow wand. But that officer is the Personation of Law, and can stalk through a legion of tatterdemalions as a ferret may glide through a barn full of rats. The prowler feels he is suspected. Unknown as yet to the London police, he has no desire to invite their scrutiny. He crosses the way; he falls back; he follows from afar. The policeman may yet turn away before the safer streets of the metropolis be gained. No; the cursed Incarnation of Law, with eyes in its slim back, continues its slow stride at the heels of the unsuspicious Darrell. The more solitary defiles are already passed—now that dim lane, with its dead wall on one side. By the dead wall skulks the prowler; on the other side still walks The Law. Now—alas for the prowler!—shine out the thoroughfares, no longer dim nor deserted—Leicester Square, the Haymarket, Pall Mall, Carlton Gardens; Darrell is at his door. The policeman turns sharply round. There, at the corner near the learned Club-house, halts the tatterdemalion. Toward the tatterdemalion the policeman now advances quickly. The tatterdemalion is quicker still—fled like a guilty thought.

Back—back—back into that maze of passages and courts—back to the mouth of that black alley. There he halts again. Look at him. He has arrived in London but that very night, after an absence of more than four years. He has arrived from the sea-side on foot; see, his shoes are worn into holes. He has not yet found a shelter for the night. He had been directed toward that quarter, thronged with adventurers, native and foreign, for a shelter, safe, if squalid. It is somewhere near that court, at the mouth of which he stands. He looks round, the policeman is baffled, the coast clear. He steals forth, and pauses under the same gaslight as that under which Guy Darrell had paused before—under the same gaslight, under the same stars. From some recess in his rags he draws forth a large, distained, distended pocket-book—last relic of sprucer days—leather of dainty morocco, once elaborately tooled, patent springs, fairy lock, fit receptacle for bank-notes, *billets-doux*, memoranda of debts of honor, or pleasurable engagements. Now how worn, tarnished, greasy, rapscallion-like, the costly bauble! Filled with what motley, unlovable contents—stale pawn-tickets of foreign *monts de pieté*, pledges never henceforth to be redeemed; scrawls by villainous hands in thievish hieroglyphics; ugly implements replacing the malachite penknife, the golden tooth-pick, the jeweled pencil-case, once so neatly set within their satin lappets. Ugly implements, indeed—a file, a gimlet, loaded dice. Pell-mell, with such more hideous and recent contents, dishonored evidences of gaudier summer life—locks of ladies' hair, love-notes treasured mechanically, not from amorous sentiment, but perhaps from some vague idea that they might be of use if those who gave the locks or wrote the notes should be raised in fortune, and could buy back the memorials of shame. Diving amidst these miscellaneous documents and treasures, the prowler's hand rested on some old letters in clerk-like fair caligraphy, tied round with a dirty string, and on them, in another and fresher writing, a scrap that contained an address—"Samuel Adolphus Poole, Esq., Alhambra Villa, Regent's Park." "To-morrow, Nix my Dolly; to-morrow," muttered the tatterdemalion; "but to-night—plague on it, where is the other blackguard's direction? Ah, here—" And he extracted from the thievish scrawls a *peculiarly* thievish-looking hieroglyph. Now, as he lifts it up to read by the gas-light, survey him well. Do you not know him? Is it possible? What! the brilliant sharper! The ruffian exquisite! Jasper Losely! Can it be? Once before, in the fields of Fawley, we beheld him out of elbows, seedy, shabby, ragged. But then it was the decay of a foppish spendthrift—clothes distained, ill-assorted, yet still of fine cloth; shoes in holes, yet still pearl-colored brodequins. But now it is the decay of no foppish spendthrift; the rags are not of fine cloth; the tattered shoes are not brodequins. The man has fallen far below the politer grades of knavery, in which the sharper affects the beau. And the countenance, as we last saw it, if it had lost much of its earlier beauty, was still incontestably handsome. What with vigor, and health, and animal spirits, *then* on the aspect still lingered light; *now*, from corruption, the light itself was gone. In that Herculean constitution excess of all kinds had at length forced its ravage, and the ravage was visible in the ruined face. The once sparkling eye was dull and bloodshot. The colors of the cheek, once clear and vivid, to which fiery drink had only sent the blood in a warmer glow, were now of a leaden dullness, relieved but by broken streaks of angry red—like gleams of flame struggling through gathered smoke. The profile, once sharp and delicate like Apollo's, was now confused in its swollen outline; a few years more, and it would be gross as that of Silenus—the nostrils, distended with incipient carbuncles, which betray the gnawing fang that alcohol fastens into the liver. Evil passions had destroyed the outline of the once beautiful lips, arched as a Cupid's bow. The sideling, lowering, villainous expression which had formerly been but occasional, was now habitual and heightened. It was the look of the bison before it gores. It is true, however, that even yet on the countenance there lingered the trace of that lavish favor bestowed on it by nature. An artist would still have said, "How handsome that ruggamuffin must have been!" And true is it, also, that there was yet that about the bearing of the man which contrasted his squalor, and seemed to say that he had not been born to wear rags, and loiter at midnight among the haunts of thieves. Nay, I am not sure that you would have been as incredulous now, if told that the wild outlaw before you had some claim by birth or by nurture to the rank of gentleman, as you would had you seen the gay spendthrift in his gaudy day. For then he seemed below, and now he seemed above, the grade in which he took place. And all this made his aspect yet more sinister, and the impression that he was dangerous yet more profound. Muscular strength often remains to a powerful frame long after the constitution is undermined, and Jasper's Losely's frame was still that of a formidable athlete; nay, its strength was yet more apparent now that the shoulders and limbs had increased in bulk, than when it was half-disguised in the lissom symmetry of exquisite proportion—less active, less supple, less capable of endurance, but with more crushing weight in its rush or its blow. It was the figure in which brute force seems so to predominate that in a savage state it would have worn a crown—the figure which secures command and authority in all societies where force alone gives the law. Thus, under the gaslight and under the stars, stood the terrible animal—a strong man imbruted—"SOUVIENS-TOI DE TA GABRIELLE." There, still uneffaced, though the gold-threads are all tarnished and ragged, are the ominous words on the silk of the she-devil's love-token! But Jasper has now inspected the direction on the paper he held to the lamp-light, and, satisfying himself that he was in the right quarter, restored the paper to the bulky, distended pocket-book, and walked sullenly on toward the court from which had emerged the policeman who had crossed his prowling chase.

"It is the most infernal shame," said Losely, between his grinded teeth, "that I should be driven to these wretched dens for a lodging, while that man who ought to feel bound to maintain me should be rolling in wealth, and cottoned up in a palace. But he shall fork out. Sophy must be hunted up. I will clothe her in rags like these. She shall sit at his street-door. I will shame the miserly hunks. But how track the girl? Have I no other hold over him? Can I send Dolly Poole to him? How addled my brains are!—want of food—want of sleep. Is this the place? Peuh!"

Thus murmuring he now reached the arch of the court, and was swallowed up in its gloom. A few strides, and he came into a square open space, only lighted by the skies. A house, larger than the rest, which were of the meanest order, stood somewhat back, occupying nearly one side of the quadrangle—old, dingy, dilapidated. At the door of this house stood another man, applying his latch-key to the lock. As Losely approached, the man turned quickly, half in fear, half in menace—a small, very thin, impish-looking man, with peculiarly restless features that seemed trying to run away from his face. Thin as he was, he looked all skin and no bones—a goblin of a man whom it would not astonish you to hear could creep through a keyhole. Seeming still more shadowy and impalpable by his slight, thin, sable dress, not of cloth, but a sort of stuff like alpaca. Nor was that dress ragged, nor, as seen but in starlight, did it look worn or shabby; still you had but to glance at the creature to feel that it was a child in the same Family of Night as the ragged felon that towered by its side. The two outlaws stared at each other. "Cutts!" said Losely, in the old rollicking voice, but in a hoarser, rougher key—"Cutts, my boy, here I am, welcome me!"

"What! General Jas.!" returned Cutts, in a tone which was not without a certain respectful awe, and then proceeded to pour out a series of questions in a mysterious language, which may be thus translated and abridged: "How long have you been in England? how has it fared with you? you seem very badly off? coming here to hide? nothing very bad, I hope? what is it?"

Jasper answered in the same language, though with less practiced mastery of it—and with that constitutional levity which, whatever the time or circumstance, occasionally gave a strange sort of wit, or queer, uncanny, devil-me-care vein of drollery, to his modes of expression.

"Three months of the worst luck man ever had—a row with the *gens-d'armes*—long story—three of our pals seized—affair of the galleys for them, I suspect—French frogs can't seize me—fricasseed one or two of them—broke away—crossed the country—reached the coast—found an honest smuggler—landed off Sussex with a few other kegs of brandy—remembered you—preserved the address you gave me—and condescend to this rat-hole for a night or so. Let me in—knock up somebody—break open the larder—I want to eat—I am famished—I should have eaten you by this time, only there's nothing on your bones."

The little man opened the door—a passage black as Erebus. "Give me your hand, General." Jasper was led through the pitchy gloom for a few yards; then the guide found a gas-cock, and the place broke suddenly into light. A dirty narrow stair-case on one side; facing it, a sort of lobby, in which an open door showed a long, sanded parlor, like that in public-houses—several tables, benches, the walls whitewashed, but adorned with sundry ingenious designs made by charcoal or the smoked ends of clay-pipes. A strong smell of stale tobacco and of gin and rum. Another gaslight, swinging from the centre of the ceiling, sprang into light as Cutts touched the tap-cock.

"Wait here," said the guide. "I will go and get you some supper."

"And some brandy," said Jasper.

"Of course."

The bravo threw himself at length on one of the tables, and, closing his eyes, moaned. His vast strength had become acquainted with physical pain. In its stout knots and fibres, aches and sharp twinges, the dragon-teeth of which had been sown years ago in revels or brawls, which then seemed to bring but innocuous joy and easy triumph, now began to gnaw and grind. But when Cutts reappeared with coarse viands and the brandy-bottle, Jasper shook off the sense of pain, as does a wounded wild beast that can still devour; and after regaling fast and ravenously, he emptied half the bottle at a draught, and felt himself restored and fresh.

"Shall you fling yourself among the swell fellows who hold their club here, General?" asked Cutts; "'tis a bad trade, every year it gets worse. Or have you not some higher game in your eye?"

"I have higher game in my eye. One bird I marked down this very night. But that may be slow work, and uncertain. I have in this pocket-book a bank to draw upon meanwhile."

"How?—forged French *billets de banque*—dangerous."

"Pooh! better than that; letters which prove theft against a respectable rich man."

"Ah, you expect hush-money?"

"Exactly so. I have good friends in London."

"Among them, I suppose, that affectionate 'adopted mother' who would have kept you in such order."

"Thousand thunders! I hope not. I am not a superstitious man, but I fear that woman as if she were a witch, and I believe she is one. You remember black Jean, whom we called *Sans culotte*. He would have filled a church-yard with his own brats for a five-franc piece; but he would not have crossed a church-yard alone at night for a thousand Naps. Well, that woman to me is what a church-yard was to black Jean. No; if she is in London, I have but to go to her house and say, 'Food, shelter, money;' and I would rather ask Jack Ketch for a rope."

"How do you account for it, General? She does not beat you—she is not your wife. I have seen many a stout fellow, who would stand fire without blinking, show the white feather at a scold's tongue. But then he must be spliced to her—"

"Cutts, that griffin does not scold—she preaches. She wants to make me spooney, Cutts—she talks of my young days, Cutts—she wants to blight me into what she calls an honest man, Cutts;—the virtuous dodge! She snubs and cows me, and frightens me out of my wits, Cutts. For I do believe that the witch is determined to have me, body and soul, and to marry me some day in spite of myself, Cutts. And if ever you see me about to be clutched in those horrible paws, poison me with ratsbane, or knock me on the head, Cutts."

The little man laughed a little laugh, sharp and eldritch, at the strange cowardice of the stalwart dare-devil. But Jasper did not echo the laugh.

"Hush!" he said, timidly, "and let me have a bed, if you can; I have not slept in one for a week, and my nerves are shaky."

The imp lighted a candle-end at the gas-lamp, and conducted Losely up the stairs to his own sleeping-room, which was less comfortless than might be supposed. He resigned his bed to the wanderer, who flung himself on it, rags and all. But sleep was no more at his command than it is at a king's.

"Why the —— did you talk of that witch?" he cried, peevishly, to Cutts, who was composing himself to rest on the floor. "I swear I fancy I feel her sitting on my chest like a nightmare."

He turned with a vehemence which shook the walls, and wrapped the coverlid round him, plunging his head into its folds. Strange though it seem to the novice in human nature—to Jasper Losely the woman who had so long lived but for one object—viz., to save him from the gibbet, was as his evil genius, his haunting fiend. He had conceived a profound terror of her, from the moment he perceived that she was resolutely bent upon making him honest. He had broken from her years ago—fled—resumed his evil courses—hid himself from her—in vain. Wherever he went, there went she. He might baffle the police, not her. Hunger had often forced him to accept her aid. As soon as he received it, he hid from her again, burying himself deeper and deeper in the mud, like a persecuted tench. He associated her idea with all the ill-luck that had befallen him. Several times some villainous scheme on which he had counted to make his fortune had been baffled in the most mysterious way; and just when baffled—and there seemed no choice but to cut his own throat or some one else's—up turned grim Arabella Crane, in the iron-gray gown, and with the iron-gray ringlets—hatefully, awfully beneficent—offering food, shelter, gold—and some demoniacal, honorable work. Often had he been in imminent peril from watchful law or treacherous accomplice. She had warned and saved him as she had saved him from the fell Gabrielle Desmarets, who, unable to bear the sentence of penal servitude, after a long process defended with astonishing skill, and enlisting the romantic sympathies of young France, had contrived to escape into another world by means of a subtle poison concealed about her *distinguée* person, and which she had prepared years ago with her own bloodless hands, and no doubt scientifically tested its effect on others. The cobra capella is gone at last! "*Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle*," O Jasper Losely! But why Arabella Crane should thus continue to watch over him whom she no longer professed to love—how she should thus have acquired the gift of ubiquity and the power to save him—Jasper Losely could not conjecture. The whole thing seemed to him weird and supernatural. Most truly did he say that she had *cowed him*. He had often longed to strangle her; when absent from her, had often resolved upon that act of gratitude. The moment he came in sight of her stern, haggard face—her piercing lurid eyes—the moment he heard her slow, dry voice in some such sentences as these, "Again you come to me in your trouble, and ever shall. Am I not still as your mother, but with a wife's fidelity, till death us do part. There is the portrait of what you were—look at it, Jasper. Now turn to the glass—see what you are. Think of the fate of Gabrielle Desmarets! But for me what, long since, had been your own? But I will save you—I have sworn it. You shall be wax in these hands at last;" the moment that voice thus claimed and insisted on redeeming him, the ruffian felt a cold shudder—his courage oozed—he could no more have nerved his arm against her than a Thug would have lifted his against the dire goddess of his murderous superstition. Jasper could not resist a belief that the life of this dreadful protectress was, somehow or other, made essential to his—that, were she to die, he should perish in some ghastly and preternatural expiation. But for the last few months he had, at length, escaped from her—diving so low, so deep into the mud, that even her net could not mesh him. Hence, perhaps, the imminence of the perils from which he had so narrowly escaped—hence the utterness of his present destitution. But man, however vile, whatever his peril, whatever his destitution, was born free, and loves liberty. Liberty to go to Satan in his own way was to Jasper Losely a supreme blessing compared to that benignant compassionate *espionage*, with its relentless eye and restraining hand. Alas and alas! deem not this perversity unnatural in that headstrong self-destroyer! How many are there whom not a grim hard-featured Arabella Crane, but the long-suffering, divine, omniscient, gentle Providence itself, seeks to warn, to aid, to save—and is shunned, and loathed, and fled from, as if it were an evil genius! How many are there who fear nothing so much as the being made good in spite of themselves?—how many?—who can count them?

HOW TO CATCH DUCKS.

ON the Rhine, in Europe, the finest of the game birds abounds in such quantities that at times the waters are covered with them. Sportsmen have visions of flocks of fat ducks whenever the name of the river is mentioned. The greater the massacre of ducks, and the larger the consumption, it seems, the more prolific the tribe, and the more abundant the supply the following year.

As sportsmen will at once believe, the duck tribe on the Rhine are wild and wary. The least sound frightens them. At the sight of a man they fly, and will not alight for half a day. Fifty miles is the least interval which the King of the Ducks on the Rhine thinks it safe to interpose between his

subjects and the misshapen two-legged creature without wings or webbed feet who dared to threaten their peace and safety with a double-barreled fowling-piece. Even on our tranquil waters it is no easy matter to obtain a couple of shots at a family of ducks. To get one good shot the sportsman must stalk his game. On the rivers of Europe, which have been the resort of sportsmen for generations, necessary measures of precaution are transmitted from father to son among the ducks; and he must be an unusually skillful hunter who contrives to surprise the aquatic birds of that meridian. They see and hear him long before he suspects their vicinity. If he can get one long shot, he may consider himself repaid for several hours' watching in the swamps and the mud.

On the Rhine, however, a new plan has lately been adopted for the capture of ducks. At the mouth of a creek a funnel-shaped net is laid, with the mouth of the funnel open near the mouth of the creek. The net is contrived in compartments without divisions, each ring growing smaller and smaller as the net stretches inland. The trap is so managed that from the river only one compartment is visible. At the second ring the net turns a sharp corner, and natural or artificial brushwood conceals the rest of the apparatus.

When the net is laid some twenty tame ducks are let loose upon the river, near its mouth. The sportsman lies in concealment till a flock of wild ducks alight near the spot. Then the decoys begin to do their work. They flirt with the newcomers. They cajole them. They seem to tell them, in the duck tongue, of the delights of their existence. Their exertions are not in vain. The wild ducks, which at first seemed shy and sulky, soon fraternize and become affectionate with their new friends. They may be seen swimming in pairs—a wild male and a tame female, or *vice versa* —just as Anglo-Saxon sailors make friends with Sandwich Island girls, or as New York belles fall in love with Italian counts.

When the watchful sportsman perceives that his decoys have done their duty, he proceeds to bait the hook by throwing into the water, at the mouth of the first compartment of his treacherous net, a quantity of the most succulent food. Ducks are not gastronomers; wholesome food, and plenty of it, furinaceous if possible, is their choice. Accordingly our sportsman bestrews the still water at the mouth of his creek with the very comestibles which wild and tame ducks love best. This rouses a passion among the tame ducks which is even superior to flirtation. Their appetite is even stronger than their affections: the moment their experienced eyes detect the usual feast floating on the surface of the water they make for the spot.

We all know that when Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square, declared her intention to go to the Opera, young Alimelech Bushel, of Canandaigua, had no choice but to follow her thither, though he hates music, and always goes to sleep at the Opera. Ducks are like human creatures. When the wild ducks see their tame friends sailing toward the mouth of the snare they follow them. Each fascinating young tame duck has a couple of wild drakes in hot chase after her, and each imploring tame drake decoys a too confiding wild duck to the treacherous shade of the willows. Mankind may well learn a lesson from the scene.

Once inside the net, the practical superiority of civilization over barbarism is triumphantly asserted. With one accord the tame ducks fall to devouring the bait. They pay no attention to their lovers, but feed with conscientious activity. Not so the denizens of the forest and lake. Perhaps from the feeling which induces young Augustus De Vere to leap his horse over a stone wall, in presence of his lady love (he would be delighted to engage in single combat with a ten-foot ogre), the



MOUTH OF THE NET.



THE SPORTSMAN'S HAUL.

wild ducks, male and female, despise the scattered luxuries which they see on the water, and proceed to explore the locality. They seem to say that there is a very snug spot for love-making up yonder under the bushes in the shade; and, like young Alfred Spoonheart, they exhaust themselves in entreaties to decoy their tame sweet-hearts up yonder, promising themselves—the traitors—to desert them so soon as they have received their young heart's truth. They loiter so zealously, and lentir themselves so actively to find out the limits of this new love luxe in which they happen to be, that, after a time, twenty or thirty of them have passed through the ring dividing the first from the second compartment.

They are now out of sight of the river. The idea occurs to the most experienced of the group as he turns riverward. He gives the signal of escape. Horror of horrors! At the very mouth of the net stands one of those nefarious two-legged, unwinged monsters against whom every prudent drake warns his brood as soon as they are old enough to understand any thing. A man is watching them with calm, bloody-minded, relentless gaze. In an instant all thoughts of tender dalliance are dismissed by the ducks. Escape is now their sole consideration. And as the passage riverward is blocked by the monster aforesaid, they swim swiftly and tremulously in the opposite direction. They pass one, two, three, four rings, and, to their surprise, they find themselves crowded together in a very singular fashion. They begin to wish that they had a little more room. They have doubts whether they have pursued the right course. The leader turns round to look backward. There stands the two-legged monster, with his bloody-minded expression, looking at them as before; and now he actually shouts.

At this the hearts of the poor ducks fall them altogether. Reckless of comfort, they fly, they swim, they jump on each other's backs in their agony, and at last rush frantically all together into the *cul de sac*, the last compartment of the fatal net. They have no sooner reached the terminus of their journey than the mouth of the last compartment is drawn tight by a ruthless hand, it is unhooked from the ring, and one by one the ducks are drawn forth and strangled.

The most singular part of the story is that the ducks make no cry when they are caught and put to death. It is supposed that terror deprives them of their voice. Certain it is that they die, and make no sign; which is a great comfort to the sportsman, who renews his little stratagem three and four times a day.

We submit the plan to our American sportsmen. Canvas-backs and red-heads may be taken by this method just as easily as the common ducks of Europe. A hundred ducks a day—no uncommon haul for the owner of a net on the Rhine—would be something unusual even for the most experienced of our gunners.

A PACKET-SHIP'S COMPANY.

We had been a fortnight on board the mail packet on our way home from the West Coast of Africa, and had exhausted nearly every possible amusement it provided under these circumstances and within those limits. We had on board the usual complement of ship-building captains and traders from the River Bonny, and, after passing Acera, had watched the canoes come off through the surf at Cape Coast Castle, and landed and walked up to the Governor's house at Sierra Leone. We had played at whist and the game of the race at all unoccupied times, and had displayed our various vocal powers and musical acquirements —which, I must confess, were not of a nature to have enlivened any circle—and as we were homeward-bound we had no newspapers and very few books.

The passengers consisted mainly of officers going home on sick leave; one of whom—Whose father held a civil appointment of importance on the Gold Coast—was accompanied by his sister. Then there were five or six bronzed captains, and copper-colored merchants of gold dust and ivory, to that altogether our number amounted to fourteen. We were by no means a lively company, and as I have said before, at the expiration of a fortnight we seemed to have exhausted all our amusements,



THE TRAP.

and consequently to have annihilated every possible subject of mutual interest.

Under these circumstances we had, for two or three evenings running, sat on the quarter-deck, beneath an awning, looking listlessly from one to the other, watching young Wilson of the Gold Coast Corps, who was going home on sick leave; envying him his power of unlimited sleep; or lazily following with our eyes the one-armed captain, who paced the deck in an uneasy, restless manner from morning to night. He had not been home for fourteen years, and had now left his ship, a stationary merchant vessel, up the River Bonny, to "have a look at the old country."

A more uncomfortable, unsatisfactory companion it would be impossible to imagine; and young Wilson, who shared a double cabin with him, was loud in his complaints, and pathetic in his appeals for sympathy.

"Sleep!" said Wilson, "I can't sleep—that fellow won't let me sleep; and it's all very well to talk, but you can't get any sleep worth having in the day-time. You know his berth is fixed just over mine, and no sooner have I turned in and fallen into a doze than—rat-tat-tat-tat—goes the iron hook fastened to the stump of his arm.

"The first night I thought he wanted something, so I called out, 'What's the matter, skipper?' but he only growled at me in reply. And I declare that every hour of every night since then, or whenever he thinks I am asleep, rat-tat-tat-tat comes that hook on the frame of the berth just above my head. I don't bear it meekly, I assure you, and I have used more bad language to that man than I ever used before in my life. But, upon my honor, I believe he would rather hear me swear at him than say nothing at all; for he'll often give a kind of a sighing groan after it, as though some one had lifted a heavy weight from his chest."

"You may depend upon it he has got a bad conscience," said our one lady. By-the-by, she was treated with as much deference as if she had been Queen of England; and she was a queen in her own small way, and not a bad queen either—Queen of Beauty—Wilson said, and one or two more who were inclined to be spooney.

So, of course, when she suggested "conscience," we all echoed the "depend upon it," and every one offered, laughingly, a possible explanation of the cause. And thus we fell into a talk about this same conscience and its torments, and began to tell stories illustrative of it. Most of them were, I must confess, neither very amusing nor very instructive; and pretty Miss Graham began to yawn, and her brother, Captain Graham, had followed the example of young Wilson, and was fast asleep.

Then, after two old sea-captains had spun a long yarn, there was a pause, which Miss Graham broke by exclaiming,

"Oh, Mr. Barkum, you have been to all kinds of places, seen such queer things, do tell us a true story."

The Mr. Barkum thus addressed—a jolly old trader—replied with a grin,

"What shall I tell you, miss?"

"I don't know. As we are on the sea, tell us a story of shipwreck—but not a melancholy one."

"Never told one in my life, miss!"

"But you have been shipwrecked, have you not?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Barkum, "sure-ly yes, miss, sure-ly. Why I was shipwrecked here"—with a broad wave of the arm which included the whole Atlantic.

"You don't say so, Mr. Barkum. Do tell us all about it. What did you do?"

"Well," said that gentleman, "we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights, and then we took to the boats. And after we took to the boats we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights more; and wery cold and wery wet we were. Then the victuals fell short; and for three days and three nights we had nothin' to eat nor nothin' to drink, and wery hungry and wery thirsty we were."

Here Mr. Barkum made a long pause.

Miss Graham said,

"And was there no vessel to pick you up, Mr. Barkum? How did you manage?"

"Well, miss, we burned priming and made a fire in the dripping-pan that the black cook would not have believed. Then we cast lots, and the lot fell on the steward; so we stewed—"

"Good Heaven, Mr. Barkum!"

"Yes, miss, we did, indeed. We stewed his boots—Wellingtons. The tops was the tenderest. Then we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the black cook; so we stewed his pumps; but they was uneatable, though the soup kept us alive ten days. After that we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the captain, and we stewed his water-boots; but they was tremendous tough, sure-ly."

At this point Mr. Barkum was interrupted by a general shout of remonstrance.

"Well," says he, "when a lady tells a man she wants a story of a shipwreck, what's he to do? I told the wery best I could." And with another grin Mr. Barkum, who seemed not so much to have told his story as to have had it jerked out of him, leaned back and looked round him, apparently well satisfied with the effect he had produced.

"Humph!" was uttered in a hoarse growl behind him, at which we all started—for it came from no other than the "silent man"—an old sea-captain, who had been picked up nobody knew where or how, and who had not uttered a syllable since he had been on board. He would stand all day long looking over the stern of the vessel, gloomy and intent—giving no answer to whomsoever addressed him. But now he stooped over Miss Graham, and laying one rough hand on her shoulder while with the other he pointed out beyond the stern of the vessel:

"She'll do it," he said, in a hoarse whisper; "she'll do it—she's bound to do it."

And he walked rather unsteadily to his old position.

"He's been at our grog-bottles; that's what's opened his lips. He never has any of his own, and you saw him come up from the saloon," said Captain Graham, shaking himself out of a doze.

But his sister was all astonishment. "Who is she, and what is she bound to do? It can't be this ship, for he pointed out to sea."

"Never mind, miss," said Mr. Minchin—a lean, yellow-faced man, who looked like an American, though he called himself English. "Perhaps he's got somebody after him; who knows?" and he winked mysteriously, not so much at any one person as at the whole ship's crew. "Though when I'm after a man myself I take good care he sha'n't know much about it."

"You after a man, Mr. Minchin! why, what do you go after him for?"

"Well, ma'am, for various reasons; sometimes for one thing, and sometimes for another. Now, there was the captain of the *Golden Fleece*. I followed that man four years, and I'll tell you how it happened.

"The *Golden Fleece* was bound from California to Liverpool, and, besides a very valuable cargo of furs and such like, she had on board a quarter of a million in gold dust and nuggets. Pretty pickings among that, I can tell you, and so thought the captain—Jones, his name was. Now, I dare say, Captain Jones didn't like the risks of a voyage home; so after he had been at sea ten days he ran the *Golden Fleece* on a rock about a mile from the shore, and then he and the crew took to the boats. Well, of course he wrote home to the owners how the *Golden Fleece* was wrecked off the coast of California, and how he and the crew only just escaped with their lives. And, of course, the owners didn't like it; nor the underwriters didn't like it; for they were let in for a quarter of a million, besides the worth of the vessel and the fifty thousand pounds sterling that the cargo was valued at; and that's no joke.

"So after a few months they sends for me. 'Mr. Minchin,' says they, 'this is a very lame story!'

"'It is,' says I, 'very lame.'

"'Captain Jones don't come home,' says they.

"'No,' says I, 'nor I don't suppose he's very likely to come home.'

"'Mr. Minchin, will you go out and see after the *Golden Fleece*?'

"'I will,' says I.

"'And will you,' says they, 'learn something about Captain Jones? Never mind the time and never mind the expense, but don't come back to England without Captain Jones.'

"'If Captain Jones is to be found,' says I, 'I'll find him, dead or alive.'

"Well, ma'am, of course this was not the first time by many that I'd been on some such errand; and for one cause or another I've been sent out from Lloyd's to places all over the world, almost, where vessels have been wrecked.

"But not to weary you, ma'am, and the company, with an account of the voyage and adventures—and indeed we had none of the latter, except that in crossing the isthmus of Panama, which was not so quiet then as it is now, we wiped out a small party of Indians—'

"Wiped them out, Mr. Minchin?"

"Well, miss, if we hadn't wiped them out they'd have wiped us out: I'll tell you the whole story some day. But to go back to the *Golden Fleece*. I went along the coast—and I found her. There she was, just in as good condition as on the day when the crew deserted her. I went on board at low water, and found that Captain Jones had run her on a sharp-pointed rock, which fitted into her just like a wedge; the water couldn't get in, and she couldn't get off or be got off without considerable trouble. I went over her and found the cargo all right enough; nothing touched there, and very little damaged. But all the gold was gone, ma'am, which I had expected from the first. Well, I first of all got out the cargo, and sent that home, and then did the best I could about the ship.

"After that, thinks I to myself, 'Now, Captain Jones, it's your turn; and a pretty stiff turn it'll be for you, or my name ain't Minchin.' I wasn't in no manner of hurry, you must remember—for I knew he couldn't spend the money, and I knew he daren't invest it, or make much stir about it in any way. So my object was to find him, and to find him quietly, and make him give it up.

"Well! You'll maybe hardly believe it, but it was three years before I could come upon that man's track. I did come upon it at last though, and I was pretty sure I had found him in a Mr. Weeks, settled in Canada. Naturally, business took me to the place where Mr. Weeks lived, and I soon picked up acquaintance with him.

"He was Captain Jones. I found out that; and before long I was more sure than ever that he had neither spent the money nor invested it; but where he'd got it I couldn't tell.

"After a time Mr. Weeks and I got to be very great friends, and at the end of six months Mr. Weeks began to talk of how he should like to go into business—something in the commercial line—as he had a small capital to invest. 'Very small!' thinks I to myself. 'Only a quarter of a million!' However, I said that was just what I was looking out for too, and so, to make a long story short, we agreed to enter into partnership, and by my advice we were to go first to Liverpool, and make arrangements with different firms there.

"I must confess that voyage home did seem rather a long one; but it was over at last, and Mr. Weeks and I were walking along the streets of Liverpool. So I put one hand to my belt, where I had pistols—and he knew it, and carried pistols himself—and the other I laid on his shoulder.

"'Now Captain Jones, of the *Golden Fleece*,' says I, 'I've been after you this four years, and I've got you safe home at last.' Ma'am, if you'll believe it, that man never said a word, but just fixed his eyes on me and staggered against the wall. Now, I didn't want to give him into custody if I could help it; for I knew that those who employed me would a good deal rather let him go free and they have their gold, than see him transported and carry with him the secret of where it was hidden.

"So I told him that he might let me know next morning whether I should hand him over to a police-constable, or whether he'd tell me where he'd got the gold.

"He never spoke a word. So I led him to an inn, and locked myself in a room with him till the next morning."

"Were you not afraid he'd shoot you, Mr. Minchin?"

"No, I wasn't afraid he'd shoot me, but I was terribly afraid he'd shoot himself. However, I kept a sharp eye on him, and as he saw he'd no chance of getting off anyhow, he just made a clean breast of it. So the end was, that we got back nearly the whole of the gold dust, which he'd buried soon after landing from the wreck. I knew all along that he hadn't got it with him. And they that employed me made me a present of a thousand pounds over and above what had been agreed on for that job."

"Well," said young Wilson, who looked wide awake, "you're a queer fish. May I ask if you're after any body now?"

"Maybe I am, and maybe I am not. But, I suppose, you don't think I am after *you*?"

"Why, no. I am pretty sure of that, anyhow. But I wish you were after that one-armed fellow."

"Keep your mind easy, Mr. Wilson. He'll put his own head into the halter, if there's one made for him; and I do know that there's friends awaiting for him in England, who'll be very glad to see him home again."

"There, now, I knew there was something! Now, Minchin, do tell us what it is; there's a good fellow."

"Not I, Mr. Wilson. No, ma'am, nor I don't tell you neither: nor we don't have no secret about the matter."

And Mr. Minchin kept his word. So, who the one-armed captain was, or what he had done, we could not find out until we reached Plymouth. Every one avoided him instinctively, our own captain setting the example; and all the latter part of the voyage young Wilson slept on deck, rather than share the same cabin with him. But it was only when, in answer to our signals, two police officers came off to our vessel in the river and arrested this man that we heard the story of the slow, cruel torture, the barbarous murder, committed by him on board his ship in the River Bonny, twelve years before.

The "Silent Man," after he had once spoken, was no longer inaccessible. We used to join him in his watch at the stern of the vessel, and say:

"Well, Sir, will she do it?"

His invariable answer, pointing backward over the sea, was

"She'll do it; she's bound to do it, and she'll do it."

As we entered Plymouth harbor he once more sought Miss Graham, put his hand on her shoulder, and, pointing in the invariable direction, said,

"She's done it. She was bound to do it, and she's done it."

I have no clear idea to this day who "she" was, or what she was bound to do, or what she did, or how or when or why she did it, or what would have happened to her or to you or to me if she had not done it.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Definitions from a Popular Dictionary.—*Life*—A time to make money. *Money*—The end of life. *Man*—A machine to make money. *Woman*—A machine to spend it. *Children*—Machines to spend it on. *Economy*—Buying things because they are cheap, whether you want them or not.

Peter Macnally, a lame Dublin attorney, wanted to be enrolled in a volunteer corps. "You'd never do, Peter," said the officer to whom he applied for admission; "the more we told you to march the more you'd *halt*."

Certainly no beings ever yet lived the life nature intended them to live, nor had fair play for heart and mind, who contrived by hook or by crook to marry the wrong person.

During the Reign of Terror the mob got hold of the Abbé Maury, and resolved to sacrifice him. "To the lamp-post with him!" was the universal cry. The abbé was in a bad fix with a mob for his judges—the tender mercies of a mob! With the utmost coolness the abbé said to those who were dragging him along, "Well, if you hang me to the lamp-post, will you see any clearer for it?" This bright sally tickled his executioners and saved his life.

An Irish paper describing a late duel says that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh bone.

Fox had a great respect for the genius of his rival, Pitt. He used to say, "I never want *a* word, but he never wants *the* word."

A good action is never thrown away, and perhaps that is the reason why we find so few of them.

Mr. Trelawney, the author of "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," when Byron was lying dead at Missolonghi, sent his servant Fletcher out of the room by a stratagem, uncovers his friend's feet, examines them, and then publishes to the world that both Byron's feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr.

It happened once that the Kadi (a judge) of Sarry-Hissar (a village near Constantinople) got drunk and fell asleep in his vineyard; the Khojah, walking with a friend, passed by the place, and seeing the Kadi's condition, stole his gown and placed it upon his shoulders. When the Kadi awoke and missed his gown, he summoned his attendants, and sending them in different directions, commanded them to arrest the person with whom it should be discovered. One of the officers recognized the gown on the Khojah's back, and seizing him, dragged him to the Melikemeh (the public tribunal). When the Kadi saw him, he demanded: "Khojah Effendi, where didst thou find this gown?" The Khojah answered in a loud voice, so that all the spectators might hear: "As I was walking this morning with a friend, we saw a Kadi so reckless of the holy law he was appointed to administer that he lay in an open field, dead drunk and asleep. My companion, in indignation, spit upon and kicked him; I took his cloak and put it on me. If it be thy property, I am willing to resign it to thee." "No, no, Khojah!" cried the Kadi, alarmed for his reputation; "it is none of mine! it is none of mine!"

It is recorded that an eminent bug-catcher chased a butterfly nine miles before he could catch him. The chase for butterflies still continues, and some people expend all their lives in chase of them in some form or other.

Knowledge is Power.—While a worthy individual, of the march of intellect school, was "laying down the law," the other day, to a knot of acquaintances in one of the streets of Cupar, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of potatoes upon his cart, and who, on the instant, thus appealed to the man of knowledge—"Come awa, Mr. ——; knowledge is *power*, ye ken—*gi'e us a lift on wi' this poke o' taties!*"

A young man in "these parts," who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting for the Bar, was asked after his examination how he got along?

"Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right."

"Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with looks of paternal satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness. "And what was that?"

"They asked me what a *qui tum* action was."

"That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?"

"Yes. I told them I did not know."

Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at an advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body"—so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of life smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst the rocks and shoals which endanger its existence—to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

A patriotic Austrian (a rare species in Austria, where there is so very little to be patriotic about) was bragging to the editor of Murray's "Hand-book" about his country. It took the lead in civilization—it was the grandest, the purest, the freest, the best Fatherland. "In fact, Sir," he exclaimed, "I tell you that Austria is before all the world." "Yes, much the same way that chaos was," was the happy reply.

"Friend B——, a Quaker of this vicinity," writes a Western friend, "had a daughter who, for some time, had attracted the admiration of a neighboring swain, whose visits to the domicile of friend B—— were not altogether agreeable. The young man (whose name is T——) having made his appearance one *first* day afternoon at the home of his lady-love, after discoursing with that amiable personage at length upon the weather, crops, etc., was invited to one side by Friend B——, and addressed in the language of that worthy as follows: 'Thomas, if thee comes to my house as a friend and neighbor, it is all very well; but as for any thing farther, I just thought I would "nip it in the bud!"'"

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising young man.

We have at last discovered the reason gentlemen of the present day stoop so; it is on account of their being constantly *bent* upon pleasure. We hope they will not be straitened by circumstances.

Shuter, the comedian, thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

A tippler who had his load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly-painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

A paper giving an account of Toulouse in France, says: "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*"

Elizabeth Hamilton narrowly escaped being left behind when Grammont was suddenly called away to France. The lady's brother pursued him to the coast, and, entering his chamber, said, "Monsieur, have you forgot nothing?" "Pardon, gentleman," was his reply, "I forgot to marry your sister!" He returned immediately, and La Belle Hamilton became Comtesse de Grammont.

Money is like fire, a good servant but a bad master. It may be charged with injustice for mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false. We hate to be cheated, not so much for the value of the commodity, as because it makes others appear superior to ourselves. Being defrauded would be nothing, were it not so galling to be outwitted. A Greek philosopher left his money in the hands of a friend to be given to his children in case they should be fools; "for," said he, "if they are wise, they will not want it."

"You are a Yankee," said a fellow, tauntingly, to his neighbor. "Well, Sir, I am no more responsible for having been born a Yankee than you are for having been born a donkey."

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Peoria County, Illinois, held a short time since, a question arose as to paying the constable and sheriff's fees in the Circuit Court, amounting to about eight hundred dollars. The Board were somewhat divided on the subject, a portion considering the amount altogether unreasonable, while others advocated an appropriation for its payment, and quite an animated discussion arose. After several ineffectual attempts, one M'Ginnis, who opposed the motion, obtained the floor. Throwing himself back in the true Websterian style, he commenced: "Gentlemen, at the last meeting of this Board I desired a small appropriation, a very insignificant sum, to clean the *mice* out of this room, who have been eating up the county papers. You denied my request, and you now ask me to vote for a large appropriation for *rats*. Gentlemen, I will not do it." This was a quietus—and the Board immediately adjourned.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.

In the town of B——, in times gone by, lived good old Mother Brown, a contented, peaceful woman, but like all humans, subject to "the ills that flesh is heir to;" consequently she fell sick, and fearing her sudden demise, her friends informed her that she had not long to live. "Oh, well," cried she, "I am a poor sinful creature, and would as soon die now as any time *if I thought I could live through it!*"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax; "what will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man has six heads in his hat."

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States, to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by the dogs."

Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.

"If you only said one half the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might have said, we would be a wonder we should be!" Sure enough. Almost any body can be witty if you give him time. We have now in our memory a list of about twenty smart things that we might have said, if we had only thought of them on the proper occasion.

In old times it was often customary to add to marriage notices some compliments to the bride, such as "a very charming young lady," or "a lady possessed of every quality that is calculated to render the marriage state happy." But, since the degeneracy of the age, a gentleman in Massachusetts pays a marriage fee which great happiness is predicted, because the bride "has never met personally before, and has known each other only by correspondence, were fabulously rich, and the charms of the mind than by personal appearance."

He who tells all the truth he knows must lie in the minute.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, April 26, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the past for the six weeks ensuing dates as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 24, 1858	$5,643,398	$1,596,202
Corresponding week, 1857	4,838,734	1,349,488
Decrease	$1,194,951	
Increase		$30,671

The export of specie was nearly nominal, being less than twenty thousand dollars, and the import will be likely to show any change either way this afternoon, the steamer having a full probability either to import or export thirty-four millions. Money continues to decline in value: it is exceedingly difficult to lean any considerable amount, and if good, and there is but a shadow of prospect of such a revival of trade as would give employment to any considerable portion of the specie accumulated here. Sterling Exchange closed for the steamer at 109¾ @ 110.

Stocks have been very dull throughout the week, especially on Friday and Saturday. Prices have declined in price, but no activity of any kind. The speculators do not seem to see that the public funds afford, in the present condition of the money market, however, it is reasonable to expect a revival of speculation in stocks at any moment.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, April 26, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for the week, at improved prices. The demand is good for home use and fair for export. Wheat has been in moderate request at previous rates. Corn has been in good nightly, closing pretty briskly and firmly. Oats have been depressed and have tended downward. Rye continues to be in good demand, especially on Thursday, when as much as 10,000 bushels were bought. Barley was wanted at 65 @ 68 per pound, but they now less in favor of purchasers. Provisions have been in active request, including Pork, here and to arrive, and holders have obtained full prices for all that has been offered for sale, mention of which prices. Sugars have been steadily purchased, closing at rather under quotations. Molasses has been quiet. Coffee for Rio and Laguayra and Java has been more sought after for home use and for export, at unchanged prices. Tobacco has been in only moderately inquired for at former rates. Hemp and Grass Seeds have been slightly dull in sale, and have attracted considerable attention at steady quotations. Purchasers have operated more extensively in Wool at uniform prices. Dry Goods are generally in somewhat better request, and the sales for the week are considerable. Bad Weather, and the immediate prospect of a failure in the productive of any remarkable alternations. We append a revised list of the closing prices of articles of the first necessities:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl. $4 15 @ $4 80
Superfine to fancy Western do. 4 30 @ 4 55
Extra Western Flour, per barrel. 4 60 @ 4 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel. 4 35 @ 5 00
Superfine to Extra Canadian, per barrel. 4 30 @ 5 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel. 4 85 @ 8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. 3 50 @ 3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel. 3 50 @ 4 00
Red Wheat, per bushel. 1 11 @ 1 17
Red Wheat, per bushel. 1 79 @ 1 81
New Crop Corn, per bushel. 70 @ 72
Rye, per bushel. 87 @ 90
Barley, per bushel. 60 @ 68
Western Oats, per bushel. 37 @ 38
State Oats, per bushel. 40 @ 42
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel. 36 @ 38
Southern Oats, per bushel. 35 @ 41
Cotton, middling, per pound. 11¼ @ 12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel. 19 00 @ 19 50
Prime Pork, per barrel. 15 00 @ 15 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel. 10 25 @ 11 25
Country Prime Beef, per barrel. 8 00 @ 9 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel. 12 00 @ 13 00
Beef Hams, per barrel. 16 00 @ 18 00
Cut Meats, per pound. 7 @ 8
Lard, per pound. 11¢ @ 11¾
Butter, per pound. 16 @ 20
Western Butter, per pound. 12 @ 20
Cheese, per pound. 8 @ 11
Rice, per 100 pounds. 3 25 @ 4 25
Tea Coffee, per pound. 9¢ @ 11¢
Cuba Sugar, per pound. 5¢ @ 7¢
Cuba Molasses, per gallon. 24 @ 26
New Orleans Sugar, per pound. 5¢ @ 6¢
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon. 30 @ 34
Rio Coffee, per pound. 10¢ @ 11¢
Colong Teas, per pound. 23 @ 35
Domestic Whisky, per gallon. 23 @ 24
Hide Hay, per 100 pounds. 45 @ 70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound. 28 @ 30
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds. 2 75 @ 3
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon. 51
Common Resin, per 280 pounds. 1 50 @ 1 75
American Pitch per barrel. 2 25
Tarred Pitch Wool. 2 50 @ 3
Kentucky Leaf Tobacco. 5 @ 12
Seed Leaf, Tobacco. 5 @ 12

Freights continued depressed and languid. For Liverpool—Cotton, 1d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Corn, 4d. @ 4½d. per bushel; Pork, 30s. @ 35s. per barrel; Bacon, 30s. @ 35s. per ton. The rates for all classes, in port on Saturday were 3d. Steamers are quite scarce and in moderate request on the following terms:

	Cotton.	Measurement.
To Liverpool	per bushel 3/16	3/32
To Glasgow	3/16	3/32
To Hull	3/16	3/32
To North of Europe	3/16	3/32
To Mediterranean	3/16	3/32
To South America	3/16	3/32
To West Indies	3/16	3/32
To San Indies and California	3/16	3/32
To New Orleans	12 @ 3/16	12 @ 3/16
To Charleston	3/16	3/32

The supply of Beeves at the Live Stock Markets last week was sufficient for all requirements of buyers, and the prices declined a shade.... Milch Cows were more abundant and in better request, at uniform rates.... Veal Calves were dull and heavy, with increased receipts.... Sheep and Lambs were in moderate supply and demand, at somewhat easier prices.... Swine were pretty freely offered, and the market was generally unfavorable to sellers. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Apr. 19.	Week ending Apr. 26.
Beeves	3,168	3,150
Milch Cows	104	130
Veal Calves	1,240	1,180
Sheep and Lambs	5,766	5,330
Swine	7,740	7,740

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1,603	Michigan	64
Ohio	681	Pennsylvania	56
New York	393	Virginia	16
Indiana	119	Kentucky	11

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Fine to premium Beeves, per pound	8 @ 8	1c
Ordinary to good do. do.	7 @ 7	3c
Poor to fair do. do.	6 @ 6	3c
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 50 @ 12 00	
Calves, per pound	6 @ 7	
Live Swine, per pound	6 @ 7	
Dressed do. do.	8 @ 9	
Roasting Pigs, each	1 25 @ 2 00	

The Grocery Market is steadily and thoroughly supplied with early vegetables, chiefly from Bermuda and the South, and, as the demand is moderate, prices do not exhibit any remarkable alteration.... Fruit and Poultry are in fair supply and demand, at unchanged rates.... Eggs are quite plenty, the daily receipts being very heavy, and prices declining.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT OF PRODUCTS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 00 @ $5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	6 @ 7½
Peaches, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
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Peanuts, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 25
Potatoes, old, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 25
do. per bushel	40 @ 50
Potatoes, Sweet, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 25
do. sweet, per barrel	3 00 @ 3 50
Turnips, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 25
do. new, per 100 bunches	4 00 @ 5 00
Turnips, per barrel	2 00 @ 3 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25 @ —
Carrots, per barrel	1 25 @ —
Carrots, per bushel	1 75 @ 2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25 @ —
Cabbage, per 100 heads	3 00 @ 5 00
Cabbage, per barrel	4 00 @ 6 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	2 50 @ 3 00
Spinach, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 50
German Sprouts, per barrel	75 @ 90
Lettuce, per dozen	6 00 @ 8 00
Tomatoes, per box	1 00 @ —
Eggs, per dozen	11 @ 12
Chickens, per pair	75 @ 1 00
Fowls, per pair	75 @ 1 00
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NANCY BENN'S LOVERS.
AN EPISODAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
MY STORY: THE STORY OF FLORENCE FAY.
AUTHORS.
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FASHIONS FOR MAY.
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 71.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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XX. CONCILIATIES.

HON. JAMES S. GREEN, U. S. SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

THE Senator from Missouri is another instance of the fact we referred to in our sketch of the biography of Hon. Mr. Green, that many of the most distinguished men in our nation have worked their way up to high position from the humbler walks of life. Our gallery of portraits and these biographical sketches will be of great aid by young men who almost fear to attempt to climb the hill of difficulty, and will help many to discover how the crop of success follows the seed-time of labor and self-sacrifice.

The subject of this memoir is a fair example of what may be done by plodding, persevering application. He was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, on the 28th of February, 1817, and lived there until he was nineteen years of age, receiving an ordinary education in common English branches. In 1836 he determined to leave Virginia, to seek his education, fortune, and future home in some new community. He first went to Alabama, but remained there only about a year, when he ascended the Mississippi River, and settled permanently in Missouri, in the autumn of 1837. He has ever since been identified with the history of that flourishing State, and, like all her adopted sons, bears the greater love to her for the benefits she has conferred upon him. The first few years of his residence in Missouri were attended with those struggles which so many professional men endure in preparing themselves for their calling. Perhaps few young men have made greater sacrifices, or persevered under more discouragements for an entrance into the legal profession, than did Mr. Green. He was frequently compelled to suspend his studies in order to earn by other labors means to defray his necessary expenses. It required a very resolute will to persevere as he did; but, having set his mark before him, he manfully strove, until in 1840 he was admitted to the bar.

During his probation he had made many friends in Missouri, and he soon obtained a lucrative practice. He confined himself to the duties of his profession during the next four years, and was immersed in legal business, when in 1844 the Democratic party nominated Mr. Polk for the Presidency. As soon as the nomination was announced, Mr. Green, being a presidential elector for Missouri, devoted himself to canvassing that State, and performed a great amount of labor in securing the election of his candidate.

His next important public service was in his active labors in a convention, of which he was a member, for the revision of the Constitution of Missouri. This convention was held in 1845, and was composed of the ablest men of the State. Mr. Green's activity and usefulness won for him so much commendation, that at the next election, in 1846, he was chosen as member of Congress, and took his seat in the House of Representatives for the first time in December, 1847. His congressional career commenced at an important time, during the war with Mexico, and the young member soon became noted for his ardent defense of the President, and the policy of the Administration.

He was re-elected by a large majority in 1848, and served through two Congresses. In January, 1849, he was appointed by the Governor of Missouri to argue, in the Supreme Court, the boundary dispute with Iowa, and made an argument which attracted much notice at the time, and placed him among the leading lawyers of the country.

In 1850 the people of Missouri became very much excited upon political matters, and the Democratic party in that State were much divided. Hon. T. H. Benton, whose demise we recently chronicled, was a candidate for Governor; and Mr. Green's party friends feeling desirous that some one should engage Mr. Benton in debate, chose him as the most fitting person. It required a good deal of courage, as well as skill, to enable any man to contend with the impetuous and overwhelming Benton. But Mr. Green met him in debate, and published a letter reviewing the veteran Senator's political course, and condemning it. Mr. Benton was defeated, and at that time his active political history ceased, although he was afterward candidate for Governor. Owing to the dissensions in the Democratic party, Mr. Green was twice defeated as a candidate for Congress; and in 1853 President Pierce appointed him to be Chargé d'Affaires at Bogota, New Granada, his official grade being afterward raised to that of Minister Resident. The climate of Central America proving injurious to his health, he resigned his position, and returned to Missouri in 1854. Again, in 1856, he was elected to Congress by a large majority, but before the time arrived for him to take his seat he was chosen by the Legislature to represent the State in the Senate of the United States. He is now serving his first senatorial term, and has been very prominently before the country during the present session as the leader of the Administration party, and the champion of the measure for admitting Kansas into the Union as a State under the Lecompton Constitution. Hon. S. A. Douglas, who is chairman of the Senate committee on Territories, finding his views opposed by a majority of the committee, could not, in strict compliance with parliamentary etiquette, present (as it was otherwise his duty to do) the majority report, and that duty devolved upon Mr. Green. He has discharged what he conceived to be his duty with ability and firmness; he has been untiring in his efforts to accomplish his own purpose, and has displayed a great deal of parliamentary skill.

In personal appearance Mr. Green is tall, somewhat spare, but well formed, and apparently fitted to endure great bodily fatigue. When speaking, his voice is full and distinct, free from these defects which characterize so many of our orators; his words flow in a clear unimpassioned stream; every word is uttered so as to be understood; and though he rarely uses notes, his arguments have the logical symmetry that would seem to indicate very careful preparation; his gestures are few, but earnest and appropriate; and he receives the general attention of the Senate. When in repose, his countenance, from anxiety or some other cause, indicates a greater encroachment of age than his years justify. We regret that we can furnish only this bare record of his public life. His public career is comparatively recent, and the speeches from which we should quote to illustrate his gifts have been furnished to our readers in the newspapers of the present. His term of service will expire in 1861.



HON. JAMES S. GREEN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

DAILY WORK.

Wins logs from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A pauper lazzarone—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of time;
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free;
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
Let us be measured with the great—
No fund with rocks—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a mint's estate,
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily needs,
And can retain
For age and pain,
A fraction: we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or care,
We know our worth, and weigh our powers;
This more we work the more we win;
Success to trade!
Success to spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him who o'er his task
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a man!

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And labors when his work is done
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free:
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

CHARLES MACKAY.

TO THAT SWEET SINGER
OVER THE WAY.

At last I've seen thee! seen thee with these eyes!
Unthank'd, my soul has dared to look on thine!
Now, come what may, so much, at least, *is mine*,
Till earthly forms shall fade beyond the skies.
Music henceforth shall seem but Love's fair guise;
Air-drawn enchantment! Veil of the Divine!
Refrains have no refraining; and Love's shrine
Yields all its joy to true heart-harmonies.
Like the sweet May, "the daffodils-fond May,"
Ever with flowers and beauty crowned and led,
Even so thou cannest, music-heralded,
"A silken wonder," fresh from all the broadway!
Matchless thy voice, matchless thy bonnet's blue;
I can but hope *thy heart still matches, too!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH MURDERERS.

WITHIN the past few days the sessions of the Rue Lepelletier have been signally honored in the two principal cities of the United States. In New York a number of citizens have marched in procession by way of testifying their respect for their memory; in Boston a meeting large and respectable, has been held, and resolutions passed, enrolling Orsini, Pieri, and Rudio among the holy army of martyrs. There is this difference between the two celebrations: In this city no natives took part in the ceremony. One or two eccentric journals expressed sympathy with the assassins; but this was, probably, a shallow device to attract attention. The heat and burden of the performance fell on the shoulders of the naturalized foreigners of Germany, France, Italy, and Ireland, who have graciously condescended to make this country their home. In Boston, on the contrary, natives largely participated in the celebration. William Lloyd Garrison presided, and invoked other of the shining lights of New England philosophy imparted the color of their presence to the assemblage. The Boston representation can not be described as the work of mere foreigners.

It is not to be disguised that these transactions will have a weight far beyond the general anticipation. A few years since, when a number of Revolutionary exiles hired a room, showed and ran alongside a French frigate—then accidentally lying in the harbor of New York—singing the Marseillaise, and grunting, collectively at the name of "Monsieur Bonaparte," the French Government did not deem it beneath its dignity to make a demand for "explanation" of the facts to our Minister at France. We must not be surprised if the Orsini demonstrations at New York and Boston elicit still more significant marks of disapprobation from the Emperor of the French.

They will reach him at an untoward moment. The acquittal in London of the refugee Bernard, in the teeth of the most evident proofs, will have demonstrated to his understanding that the English people are not disposed to regard his life as very valuable; and the subscription for the children of Orsini, which amounts already, we are told, to a million of francs, and to which persons of the highest rank and responsibility in Germany, Italy, and Great Britain are subscribers, must have satisfied him that, in spite of the apparent deference paid to his authority, he is in reality, an unpopular man. Our little torchlight procession and the Boston meeting will not improve the proper sleep of supremacy by these discoveries.

In truth, however, the people of the United States are not anxious for the overthrow of Louis Napoleon. We are, as a nation, strong believers in the axiom that no people imbued with the sentiment of freedom can be successfully enslaved. In view, therefore, of the palpable slavery of the French, and of the grinding tyranny of the Imperial régime, the people of the United States have come to the conclusion that freedom is not particularly desired by the people of France, and that a despotic form of government suits them best. This conclusion flows naturally from a study of the indelicate theories of the republican politicians, and of the tranquil acquiescence of the French in the arbitrary measures of the Emperor. It may be an erroneous conclusion. The French may be suffering from a temporary paralysis. But we are apt to judge from our own experience, and that guide leads us to hold the subjects of the Emperor responsible for the monstrosities of the Imperial régime.

Our private concern with France is purely commercial. In a commercial point of view, the Imperial Government is neither more nor less advantageous to us than the governments of the Republic and the monarchy were. It is—for the time—a stable government. So long as it lasts, the French will consume and pay for so much cotton, and we shall be enabled to preserve so much silk and other manufactures at a fair price. If it were overthrown, the French demand for our cotton would probably cease, and the goods we need from France might cost us more. Commercially speaking, therefore, we are interested in the stability of the empire. And we are too practical a people for an opposite motive—such as the wish for the spread of democratic doctrines—to allow any possible influence over our actions or even our minds.

PROSPECTS OF CHEAP FOOD.

So far as returns have come in, the prospect of the crops throughout this country is favorable. The weather has been singularly propitious, and unless some untoward drought or deluge should intervene between this and harvest-time, we may look forward to even a more abundant crop than that of last year. The breadth of land sown is quite unprecedented.

Similar reports are to be found in the foreign journals in reference to the crops in Great Britain and France. It is too early for any firm and unerring like a reliable opinion; but there are the indications are favorable, and the dealers and farmers, both France and England, seem to have made up their minds to more than an average crop. Should these anticipations be realized, the world is about to eat cheaper bread than has been its portion for many years past. At present prices in this city, flour hardly pays the cost of growing it and sending it to market. Should the European crops prove bountiful, there will be but a slight demand for American breadstuffs in Europe. Our millers, too, by carelessness, dishonesty, and want of skill, allowed the French to obtain a decided preference for them in the English market. But the prospect is, that, besides the large quantity of last year's grain which must come forward in spring, we shall have the same advances, and an immense new crop which will have to be thrown on the market simultaneously with that. This is bad news for the farmer, but glorious prospects for the mechanic. Flour at three dollars a barrel was the usual standard after the discovery of California; but we may live to see it, and that without reaching a very surprising old age.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

NEW YORK with thirty-six millions of specie other United States centres with thirty more, London with ninety odd, Paris with seventy-five; such is the financial return which the bank reports present. It may well be said to be unprecedented. No such spectacle of masses of unemployed bullion has ever been witnessed before in our day.

The cause is obvious; so is the effect. When the revulsion of last fall set in, the commercial world, that world was rushing headlong in a race of enterprise and speculation. Taking this country as a type, we found that it was a period at which more speculative enterprises were on foot, or at which a larger number of enterprises were more adventurously prosecuted. It happened at the time that both our leading products—cotton and breadstuffs—gave a year in which they were richly repaid for their labor. As a natural consequence, our capacity to consume seemed to increase with our activity of production; the more we sold the more we bought; and whereas the extraordinary amount of our exports called the bills prior they commanded, ought to have thrown the balance of trade in our favor, our extravagant consumption of foreign goods left the balance to rank against us. It was in the midst of this fever of speculation and commerce that the ill-judged and premature call for bids for a vast revolution in railway securities brought about the crisis which checks the commercial movement of the last autumn. It is now distant enough to judge it clearly; we can see—as plain as noonday—that it was the cause of the panic, and that it might have been averted had the managers of our financial interests displayed sagacity and prudence.

The revulsion came. It broke two per cent. of the trading firms throughout the country, and overwhelmed thousands with failure. Ninety-eight per cent. of our commercial houses which did not suspend, a very large proportion, indeed, lay saved themselves by the sacrifice of all they had, and nothing more. All lost something; some only a year or two's profits, others their entire capital. Hence arose the panic, the general incapacity and unwillingness to enter into new commercial operations. Those old firms which came through the panic without failure were each other the means not the will to embark in new adventures. The others are fiercely tranquil, and patiently nurse their wrath to keep it warm. Hence the accumulation of specie at the financial centres. Men who were in the habit of carrying about with them and circulating in their business a hundred dollars in specie, now find that ten will amply satisfy their necessities; the balance they lodge in bank. New York, as the healthiest part of the country, commercially speaking, recovers the first; the exchanges turn in her favor, and specie accumulates in her vaults. Where we did, last year, a trade to the extent of a hundred dollars, we are now content with a trade of fifty; the other ninety lies for safety in some well-administered bank.

What is to be the consequence of this? Evidently a sudden, and, we fervently hope, a healthy recovery. The very existence and weekly announcement of the immense specie reserve in the banks are going to stimulate enterprise. Last week the offerings for discount at some of the banks hardly left margin enough for profit to pay expenses of mail and clerk-hire. What can be expected but that the banks will themselves take every means of stimulating wasteful trade, in order to earn dividends? Every calm precedes a storm; every action involves a consequent reaction. As certainly as the native speculation and excessive enterprise of the spring of 1857 involved the revulsion of the fall of that year, so the stagnation and quiet of the present time are certain to give birth, sooner or later, to a period of excitement and inflation corresponding to the material which the bank returns now exhibit.

THE RATIFICATION OF THE YRISSARI TREATY.

We have intelligence from Nicaragua that the Yrissari treaty has been ratified, and that the transit route which has come to seem less than definitely placed under the protection of the United States, that protection, in such an application as this, implies military occupation. The transit route from Greytown to San Juan del Sur—or rather from the Atlantic terminus of the route may be located—can only be efficiently protected by United States soldiers fully armed and operating in company. Nor can this protection be temporary or ephemeral. If the protection is to amount to any thing, the troops must be permanently stationed along the transit line, otherwise they are worse than useless. We feel, therefore, justified in translating the word "ratification" into that of military occupation. By the Yrissari treaty the United States have taken the State of Nicaragua under a military protectorate. If England and France did with regard to Greece, as France did with regard to Rome, as the two powers did with regard to Poland—

The act is, of course, in contravention of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That ill-advised convention, in the form of which poor Mr. Clayton was sadly overreached by the more astute English diplomatist with whom he had to deal, bilateral has been rendered a dead letter, and, consequently, in addition with the limits of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, Nicaragua gain on the part of England, as that power was very unlikely to need to acquire territory or to possess herself of the transit route; it was a piece of ridiculous folly on the part of the United States, as the control of a mere intercoceanic transit route was absolutely necessary to the safety of their Pacific possessions: such as it was, however, it was a convention duly ratified, and recognized formally by the national compact of the United States have now, as we see, practically broken the bargain by establishing a military protectorate over the only important portion of Nicaragua.

It remains to be seen whether any diplomatic troubles will grow out of the act. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that a change has come over the spirit of British policy in America within the past few years, and that England will not complain of our securing to the commerce of the world a safe, speedy, and available intercoceanic route. It is said by friends of this new project—the Honduras railway scheme—which we illustrated in No. 64 of this journal, that Great Britain and France will make arrangements with the independent republic of Honduras for the speedy reopening of the Honduras route of that route. If this be so, of course they would have no ground for complaint at our operations in Nicaragua; though it would remain to be seen whether the interests of the United States were compatible with the location of European troops in any Central American State.

The practical result of the ratification of the treaty is the probable reopening of the Transit Route through Nicaragua. This will be hailed as a boon by all who have business with the Pacific States. But the disgust which has been aroused by the trickeries and frauds which have marked the contest of the "steamboat interregnum" for the right of way across Central America, there exists a very strong desire among the public for the opening of a rival to the Nicaragua route. Should the Yrissari treaty leads to the establishment of such a rival route, it will not have been a diplomatic bubble.

ROGERS'S MARINE SIGNALS.

A BILL is pending before Congress to oblige ship-owners to provide their ships with a set of signals invented by a Mr. Rogers, of Baltimore, likewise with a book to be renewed annually, explanatory of these signals. The principle which underlies the bill is quite plain. It is very desirable that all vessels sailing out of United States ports should be able to recognize each other and to communicate by means of signals. This is not now possible for want of a code of uniform signals. Mr. Rogers proposes to supply the deficiency. He goes further, and contemplates the adoption of his system by the Governments of England, France, and other maritime nations. If his scheme could be adopted, and a signal designated for every ship afloat, and every ordinary communication from vessel to vessel, the interests of commerce and navigation would be clearly benefited.

But has Congress authority to vote the entire shipping interest for the benefit of Mr. Rogers? Who is Mr. Rogers that he should pretend to a monopoly of marine signals? Congress assembly should invent a new system of rigging, would Congress be authorized to make its adoption compulsory on shipowners? Or would it be a decided improvement on the old systems? The principle of our legislation—which is opposed to the principle of European legislation—does not contemplate the education, or, as the French call it, the tutorship of the people. Our government leaves the citizen to find out for himself what is best.

If Rogers's system is the best that can be devised—and it may be—Congress may recommend it for general adoption; but we very much question whether a law making its adoption compulsory on shipowners would be held to be constitutional. Mr. Rogers has gone the wrong way to work, and we are not surprised that the British shipowners have already protested against his pretensions.

THE COST OF ROYAL GOVERNMENTS.

WE are fond enough of grumbling at the cost of our Government; it is unbelieving, once in way, to glance at the sums which royal governments cost other neighbors across the water. We note, for instance, that the new budget, which the English Chancellor of the Exchequer has presented to the House of Commons, contemplates an expenditure for one year, of no less a sum than £35,000,000: and this, we are told, is a favorable one, as the estimated receipts for the funds rose as soon as it was announced.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to allude to the private expenses of monarchies, as they may be defrayed out of their private revenues; but as an illustration of the lavish expenditures of courts, we are not debarred from copying the following description of the *trousseau* of the lady who is about to marry the King of Portugal. We copy from the Paris correspondence of the *Times*:

"The bridal gifts offered by the young and gallant King Don Pedro to his future Queen will cost, independently of the jewels, 150,000 francs. Of the list of the articles, for the perusal of the ladies: Seven Cashmere shawls, one of them embroidered in gold, and the rest in gold and silver; one of them, the red, embroidered in gold, at 20,000 francs; twelve Indian shawls, in gold, red, and blue, at 10,000 francs each; three French, yellow, at 5,000 francs each; and fifteen of different colors. There are twelve pairs of lace flounces, as follows: One of Brussels, at 30,000 francs; one of old Venetian point, at 25,000; one of Alençon, at 15,000; and a black one of Chantilly, at 20,000 francs. There are twenty-four pocket-handkerchiefs from 200 to 2000 francs each—the former by duchess. There are a hundred dozen pairs of gloves, six dozen of them white, and the six remaining of different colors. There are four Amazon dresses. The riding-whip is a model of beauty. It has head is formed of a large pearl of a bizarre cut, which enters into the combination of a number of gold figures. Each handle is beautifully studded with the arms of the two families, form a part of the magnificent trousseau."

Wonder how much Mrs. Buchanan's *trousseau* would cost, if such a lady should ever exist.

PERIM, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ABOUT a year ago we published in this journal an article reflecting upon the annexation, or rather the seizure, of the island of Perim by the British in the Indian Ocean. That act, which was prompted by some ill-natured suggestions of the London press in reference to our operations in Central America, was taken by us, at that, so long as England continued to appropriate, recklessly, every spot of land which her interests required, it was quite useless for us to reprimand the United States for taking ordinary precautions for the protection of the route between their Atlantic and Pacific territories.

Quite recently the British occupation has acquired a new importance. The French and Austrian Governments are said to be much excited in the opinion that the seizure of that island was a menace to all the European powers having interests in Asia, and a positive infraction of the Treaty of Paris. Perim, which is a barren rock, lying in the mouth of the Bab-el-Mandeb Strait, and is only visited once a year by certain Arab fishermen for the sake of catching turtles, forms the key to the passage between Europe and India and China. The Governments of Russia and France, as it seems, complain that England has stolen a march upon them by seizing this important strategical point, and propose to refer the matter to the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris.

To all this Great Britain replies, through the *Times*, that no European Power has any interest either in Egypt or in Asia which can be compared to England's, and, therefore, that En-

gland can not be expected to share with any of them the incidental benefits of her commanding position in those regions. She adds that, as the occupation of Perim can, at best, only provoke representations either from the Sultan of Turkey or the Imaum of Muscat, neither France nor Russia can, for a moment, be suffered to discuss the question with England, as they are total strangers to the controversy.

Thus the quarrel stands, and thus it will stand until the new Embassador to England, the Duke of Malakoff, delivers the messages with which he is said to be freighted. So far as precedent is concerned, it would seem that the ground taken by England is untenable. France has quite as much right to interfere, in opposition to the monopoly by England of the overland route to India, as England had to oppose the acquisition by Russia of certain Danubian provinces of Turkey, or as the same Power has to interfere with our regulation of the Transit questions with the Central American Powers. If no nation is entitled to interfere in the private disputes of two of its neighbors, then the whole policy of Great Britain for the past century has been erroneous, and should be atoned for. If, on the contrary, Great Britain has been right in meddling with every acquisition of territory made by every first-class nation during the past century, then France and Russia are justified in demanding explanations about Perim.

Practically, Perim had far better be in the hands of the English than elsewhere. For half a century, at least—perhaps since the deluge—it has been an uninhabited, bleak, barren rock, with no inhabitants but turtles, serpents, and birds of prey. If England occupies it, it will become a useful and important coaling-station for the steam-commerce of the Red Sea. It will become a good stand-point for the cruisers, whose business it is to suppress the piracy which is carried on under shelter of the dominions of the Imaum of Muscat. It will be, in a word, as useful a spot to the commerce of the world as Panama or Aspinwall would become if they belonged to the United States. We shall see whether its destiny is of this character or not.

THE LOUNGER.

PICTURES AGAIN.

MR. GIFFORD is among those who exhibit better pictures in the Academy this year than usual. No. 460, *Lake Nemi*, is a lovely recollection of one of the loveliest landscapes in Italy. It is full of tenderness and tranquillity, and entirely Italian in its sentiment and impression. One would not soon tire of watching it; and its beauty would steal in unobtrusively upon every mood. There is always in a painting very much more than the mere subject, however skillfully treated. Incidents of life and views of places may be often so rendered as to command our admiration, but we presently exhaust them; we drink the sweet draught, and nothing remains. Hence it was said by a wise man that we can never see a picture but once. Yet there is a power of self-renewal in a really fine work of art. It has the perpetual freshness of Nature. We are never tired of a really beautiful landscape before the window; and no artist has truly painted a great work who has not so treated it that our interest constantly recurs in the contemplation of it. In Mr. Gifford's pictures this year there is a general similarity of color and tone. But his works are thoughtful and careful, and well worthy attention.

The same is true of Mr. Tait, whose sporting scenes are familiar and prized, but whose pictures are peculiarly interesting this season. No. 59, *At Home*, is a poem. It represents a buck and doe lying in the sweet security of grass, with one fawn near them, and another, exquisitely dappled, browsing at a little distance. It has been suggested that it is hardly true to the fact of natural history to represent the deer father and mother in such an attitude of family repose, for the does and bucks herd separately by themselves. But a painter whose speciality is animals, would surely commit no such impropriety without some good reason for it. Mr. Hays's *Scotch Terrier*, No. 39, is also capital.

In No. 13, *West Canada Creek, Trenton Falls*, Mr. Hicks has painted a portrait different from the ones he usually gives us. It is a wonderful piece of clear, daylight effect, with an admirable water perspective; entirely characteristic of the Trenton ravine. The bright, cheerful, American aspect is striking. Soft and beautiful, too, is Mr. Casilear's *Lake George*, No. 549—equally truthful and characteristic. But while Mr. Hicks's picture seems, so to say, too small for his style, Mr. Casilear's seems too large for his. Mr. Hicks's power is in portraiture of character; Mr. Casilear's in exquisitely delicate, vignette-like sketching. He is like a singer of rural songs, not such as bumpkins shout, but those that poets carol in Arcadia. A dreamy tranquillity of atmosphere, with delicate-hued hills, a thoughtful spire, a gleaming brook—beauty in repose and in detail—these are the subjects in whose delineation Mr. Casilear is so eminently successful.

Mr. W. S. Mount and Mr. F. W. Edmonds exhibit some of their character-pieces. Mr. Mount's "*Any Fish to-day?*" No. 536, is in his best vein, and Mr. Edmonds's *Wind-Mill*, No. 232, is as good as usual. In this kind of painting—humorous and characteristic incident—Mr. Blauvelt's *Warming up*, No. 219, is admirable. It represents a shanty interior—stage-office, groggery, and tavern—with the coachman taking his bitters and the half-frozen passengers warming themselves at a stove. It is thoughtfully elaborated, and has a great deal of humor. But this style requires very great care and talent. It easily degenerates into exaggeration and caricature, and Mr. Blauvelt's success is therefore the more commendable.

And in this style No. 590, "*Ars celare Artem*," by Mr. Ehninger, is unquestionably the best in the gallery. It is an old story capitally told. In the artist's quaintly-furnished room, while the dragon-papa is closely scrutinizing a picture, sitting comfortably with his back to the young people, the artist himself is gracefully bending over the hand of the fair young daughter. *Why* he is bending—what he is doing—the old gentleman may discover if he can. He admires greatly the art of the picture—perhaps the young woman does not frown upon the art of the painter.

Another week the Lounger will walk farther and talk more among the pictures.

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE ——.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I came to town with my husband on Wednesday evening to enjoy such a fifty cents' worth as was never given before in any country. Musard's orchestra was to play, under the masterly conduct of Anschütz, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, and the overtures to *King Stephen* and the *Namensfeyer*—never before heard in this country—while Thalberg was to play in a Beethoven concerto for the piano, and Vieuxtemps in another for the violin; and, finally, Musard was to direct polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, and the grand Slambang Galop.

"Now I am not going to complain that people don't like Beethoven's music, nor that such music, with the greatest pianist and the greatest violinist in the world, did not cram the Opera-house; but I *am* going to complain, as loud as you will let me, that people who *do* like such music, and who came far to hear it, were not allowed to hear it by those who do *not* like it, and who had lounged in from some neighboring street. We sat in the balcony; and such scuffling, talking, rustling, tapping, beating time inanely with the feet, and general indifference and indecorous riot, I have never before encountered under similar circumstances.

"Why will not Mr. Napoleon Ullman, as you call him, reserve a few seats in the lower part of the parquette especially for *those who want to hear the music?* You have had a good deal to say about the *Hog* family in cars, but do they never go to the Academy? Are you willing to believe that the person (of what *sex* I forbear, in self-respect, to say) who sat just behind me, and thumped, and banged, and battered through the whole performance, was not a ——? Do you not agree with me that to play *such* music for *such* people was to throw pearls before ——?

"*I* think so, at any rate, and so, you may be sure, does every real lover of music. Please to print this letter for their sakes, and for the love you ought to bear to such human benefactors as the great composers.

"Yours respectfully,
"URANIA RUS."

—The letter of the Lounger's correspondent commends itself to the good sense of every body. He leaves it with but one word: If you, kind reader, who go to concerts, and who care nothing about music, and therefore talk as if you were at a ball, would only reflect that your neighbor, who is very silent and attentively listening, is probably really anxious to hear the music, would you not willingly forego the pleasure of saying nothing to John or Jane, who sits at your elbow, in order that the listener may hear something? If you don't think of it, it is only carelessness, and you can easily correct it. If you do think of it, and don't care—why, to what branch of the Hog family do you belong?

THE ACADEMY OF DISCORD.

MR. NAPOLEON ULLMAN requires a great deal of attention from all the lounging penny-a-liners in town. We have to keep him in full view in order to apprise the public of his varying performances. He has been lately surprising us all by his daring act of management, by which to keep people out and get them in at the same time. As a director of public amusements, he is naturally very anxious that people should come to his theatre; consequently, whoever incites them not to come is an enemy, and must be vanquished.

The principle that "newspaper people" who write about amusements must praise them, or not be admitted, is a dangerous one; for when it is put into practice the public instantly suspects that there was an attempt to make it see or hear something that was not worth seeing or hearing. But it would also seem that a manager has the same rights as other merchants. If Mr. Stewart, who keeps open shop, may decline to sell Mr. Smith a cravat at any price—and who can question his right to refuse—why may not Mr. Napoleon Ullman decline to sell the hearing of a concert at any price to any customer? It may be poor policy, but he must be the judge of that.

Of course, when the reason for refusal is that a notice of the performance was written which displeased the manager, by excluding the writer the manager has harmed himself more than fifty adverse writers could harm him. But still, if he chooses to import Messrs. Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Formes, and Musard, and light up the Academy for them to play in for his own sole gratification, who has the right to take the law of him so long as he pays his bills? It may prove to be an expensive amusement. But may not managers be eccentric?

DR. MACKAY GOING HOME.

IN Toronto Dr. Mackay had success and a public dinner. Members of Parliament and others attended—the fact was telegraphed—and every body was satisfied. Nobody, certainly, was more satisfied than many a Lounger here and there, who did not know Dr. Mackay, who had never seen him, and who had watched with some regret his career in this country.

The truth is, that a great many foreign notabilities, seeing the success of other notabilities in this country, think they have only to come hither to reap the same harvest of applause. Especially if they have reason to believe themselves popular, they have natural hopes of which the disappointment must be very bitter.

There was the great Tupper—illustrious bard!—who measured off sentimental rhetoric by the yard, called it Proverbial Philosophy, and beheld the enthusiastic American public devour thirty or more editions in beautiful bindings, thinking it to be poetry—or something. Imitating the example of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Tupper naturally crossed the sea to receive the homage of his transatlantic subjects. He arrived in the lower bay, and threw up two sonnets like rockets toward the city. The moment he touched the land he planted his batteries and poured in a merciless broadside of verses and speeches, until his transatlantic subjects were willing to let him depart, and it is owing to his visit that Proverbial Philosophy is now Proverbial nonsense.

It is not surprising that Dr. Mackay should suppose that laurels were growing for him also in America. But he came at an unfortunate season; at a moment when every body was failing and apprehensive; at a season when every kind of public amusement had lost its usual prestige, and when the interest in ballad poetry was even less than usual. Besides this, his personal reputation was not imposing. The song "A good time coming" was well known, and the refrain was a proverb; but the name of the author was not familiar, and there were no particular associations with the name of Charles Mackay.

The consequence was that his visit was not very satisfactory. People did not throng to hear his really excellent lectures upon poetry and poets. The lectures themselves were too quiet for our lecture-taste. They were simple, sensible essays, but we understand by a lecture something different from that. He spoke in a simple, sensible English way, but the Reverend Spurgeon is the man for our money. If he had English good sense he understood the state of the case, and was not troubled. If he had not, there is reason to fear that he did not find Yankee land very lovely.

But in his foreign-native soil of Canada he found a hearty welcome, large audiences, a public dinner, and a serenade. Let us wish him, most sincerely, a prosperous homeward voyage, and hope that his last transatlantic days, and not his first, may color his remembrance of America.

SPRING FASHIONS.

MR. EDWARD COOPER, the new Street Commissioner, has introduced a new style, charming in itself and fascinating from its entire novelty. It will put altogether a new appearance upon our streets, and may make the city positively attractive. The captivating originality of the new fashion consists in the appointment to office of men who are capable of doing the duty of the offices! It is a thing without municipal precedent in the memories of men now living. To what it may lead, who will venture to predict? Who can say that it may not be the beginning of yet greater changes? Will the universal corruption of city politics be safe, in the event of the spreading of such a spirit? May not contracts be given out to the lowest bidders, if this sort of thing is to prevail? May not intelligence and decency gradually make their way into the City Hall? May not the civic government cease to be a by-word and jeer in the mouths of all decent men? Nay, if honesty and capability are to be considered indispensable requisites for municipal offices, have we any guarantee that the city tax will not be frightfully reduced? Is there not danger that, if the Mayor continues his career, it will turn out, as was prophesied, that Tiemann is Theman?

MONSIEUR L'AMBASSADEUR.

WHEN Rubens was Embassador in England some friends came one day into his studio while he was painting, and after complimenting him, said,

"Monsieur the Embassador plays the painter."

"No, gentlemen," replied Rubens, "Monsieur the painter plays the Embassador."

So might the tough old Duke of Malakoff say (whose portrait was in the *Weekly* of last week), although in another sense. He has crossed over to England as French Minister, surrounded by some of his trusty Crimean officers, and with a hundred thousand dollars a year to spend. But he and each one of his attendants bring with them, in addition, two eyes and one mind apiece, and they can do a great deal of quiet seeing and thinking as they go up and down the land, to the towns on the coast, etc., etc. A false friend is the most dangerous enemy, because you throw your arms wide open to embrace a friend, and the action entirely exposes your breast.

That last observation is a general truism. The Duke of Malakoff may be, in his heart of hearts, the most faithful friend of England. But how interesting, at a moment when the apparently amicable relations of France and England have been almost destroyed, and England is trying persons charged with attempting to murder the French Emperor—how interesting to behold the chief general in the Imperial army, attended by a staff of other generals, land in *perfide Albion!*

VERY HOT, INDEED!

IT seems difficult to say why a nobleman, because he owns a large telescope, should be supposed capable of seeing farther into a millstone than other people. But there is a great popular faith in telescopes, and a still greater faith in noblemen; so that all the papers in England and America published a statement that Earl Rosse, the proprietor of the famous heavenly spy-glass, had predicted a very hot summer, and advised people to prepare to stall-feed their cattle. Consequently, "many gentlemen" had made such arrangements before they had the satisfaction of reading a note from Lord Rosse, in which he says that, observing "his name is associated with some conjectures as to the approaching season, he begs to say that he has never expressed any opinion on the subject."

What, of course, even had he uttered them, could they be more than conjectures? It only shows that an E. M. is a necessity of modern society. And why do we not hear from that sage? Might not he and Lord Rosse together venture to exhort us to look out for green peas in May, accompanied—under favoring pecuniary circumstances—with salmon?

A WOMAN UPON WOMEN.

MISS MULOCK, the author of "John Halifax," one of the best and most popular of recent novels, has just written a little book, *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, which is sure to please almost as many readers as "John Halifax." It is not a "Woman's rights" book, in the sense of the general use of that term. It is a very different performance from Mary Wolstencraft's, on the one hand, and from such young-lady-pattern-mongers as Miss Austen and the earlier women-novelists, on the other. It is, in fact, a simple, healthful, sprightly, and very entertaining and intelligent discussion of the condition of women who are more or less well-to-do, with a careful chapter upon servants, which every sensible serving-woman would help herself by reading.

Miss Mulock's theory of the question is that women are to take care of the house; and if (as has been known sometimes to happen) they have no house to take care of, then they are to be kind, and patient, and full of good works. They are not to waste their time, nor be extravagant, nor frivolous, nor think it "lady-like" to be incompetent and imbecile, nor spoil their children, nor exasperate their husbands, nor wish to vote, or practice any profession, nor be thoughtless of their dependents, nor selfish in any way; in short, Miss Mulock accepts "the sphere of women" as it is generally understood, and wants them to make the best of it.

Her suggestions are no less valuable in this country than in England, although the book was written with especial reference to the state of English society. Any one who had thought very earnestly upon the subject, however, would hardly be satisfied either with her premises or conclusions. But every one must hail with hearty welcome a word spoken so clearly and strongly—if not very profoundly—for "Heaven's last best gift to man."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MR. BEN LOPER is a poet whose legs appear to sympathize, in an unpleasant manner, with the season. He declares that

"Though ten thousand poets rise
To praise the name of spring,
There's jaundice in my mind and legs,
And that's all I can sing."

And he incontinently *does* sing it in many stanzas such as these:

"'The flowers!' The first I set my eye on
Is the yellow dandelion,
But 'tis sweeter than sweet candies,
If 'twill cure the jaundice!

"Though birds get mated and get animated,
I shall not fall in love while thus I'm fated—
Such lifeless legs and body sickly,
Would fall into a ditch more likely!

"What cares man for melodious strains
Among the limbs, when he complains
Of strains in his own limbs abundant,
And, perhaps, somewhat redundant?

"As long as I am sick, I sha'n't
The same time be a sycophant.
Old Winter is more mild than Spring is—
He relieves me of the jaundice."

Mr. Ben Loper has one consolation—that his jaundice can not be better—or worse, than his poetry.

—THE SEAMSTRESS is a poem not so good, but of the same kind as Hood's Song of the Shirt. The Lounger believes that his readers would thank him more for reprinting that, than for giving them what must necessarily suggest it. Does not the author agree?

—TOMBSTONE wishes to know the name of the author of an article in an old number of *Harper's Magazine*. Does he not reflect that if the names of authors are not published, it is because they themselves wish them to remain unknown?

—ELEANOR T., being evidently a woman, has a woman's natural curiosity, and inquires:

"What is the reason, pray tell me, dear Lounger, that the newspapers which are so eloquent upon the subject of a woman's duty to her husband, never mention the possibility of deficiency on the part of the husband? Is it because the men have taken all the rights, and assigned to woman—'lovely *woman*'—all the duties? Reading these newspaper admonitions, one would suppose a woman to be an article kept for ornament and to enliven and adorn the leisure moments of man, instead of her being, as she nearly always is, the sharer of his burdens (besides bearing a great many of her own which he can not share). What right has a husband to expect always a smiling face, when his poverty requires of his wife the performance at once of the services of cook, washer and ironer, and housekeeper, 'of the peculiar duties of a mother,' the handicraft of tailor, dressmaker, and seamstress in general. Add to this her compliance 'with the requirements of social life,' and her *rôle* of actress—for must not a woman be somewhat of an actress when she is called upon suddenly to exchange her kitchen-attire and brow of care for company-dress and company-smiles?"

Eleanor T. also proposes that young men and women be set up in housekeeping before they are allowed to be engaged; that the young woman shall wash and mend and dust, and that a new-born infant be procured from the hospital, and that she have the charge of him in addition to the rest of her duties. She is of opinion that this process would "disenchant" the young couple! Cruel, cruel Eleanor T.! Suppose every young couple in the world were thus previously "disenchanted!"

THE FINAL CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

For the third time since the Indian war broke out Lucknow has become a centre of interest. In No. 54 of this journal we presented the reader with three views of conspicuous parts of the city, designed to illustrate the relief of the Residency by the famous Havelock. We now give four pictures, two of them representing general views of the city, another the Residency, which was defended at such cost by the gallant garrison under Inglis, and another, the Martinière College, which was one of the chief points of resistance in the late attack. We also subjoin a plan of the city, which will be of peculiar interest to the students of Sir Colin Campbell's attack; and in this connection we recommend our readers to study the news which is given on page 295.

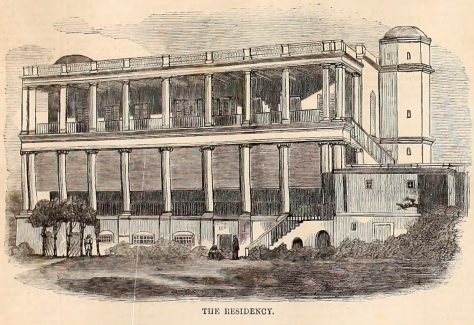
We may recapitulate here the principal facts in relation to Lucknow. It is a large city—one of the largest in Northern India—at the Goomtee, a considerable confluent of the Ganges. About a century since it became the capital of the kingdom of Oude, and continued to be the seat of Government until the East India Company annexed Oude to their dominions. Its population is variously estimated at from two to three hundred thousand souls. The city, which covers more ground than its population warrants, consists of equal parts of palaces and hovels. Some of the finest residences in India—with parks, ponds, summer and winter houses, and even menageries—are in the heart of the city of Lucknow. The palace of the Begum, the British Residency, and several other edifices, are cities in themselves. But beside these there are streets in Lucknow as narrow as any in Genoa or Florence, and built up on either side with the meanest and cheapest kind of buildings. Squalid poverty and luxurious ease repose side by side, as is usually the case in countries where democracy is unknown.

The heat of the summer is so intense at Lucknow that most of the houses have a large underground apartment, where the women, and not unfrequently the men, seek shelter from the noonday sun. Like Delhi, it is exposed to severe winds, like the breath of a furnace, and bearing with them clouds of heated dust. When these winds blow the only tolerable spot is the underground chamber. For several months of the year the gay ladies of the dissipated King's harem resided almost entirely in these luxurious retreats.

These peculiarities of the construction of the city will explain many features of the military operations of which Lucknow has been the theatre. For instance,



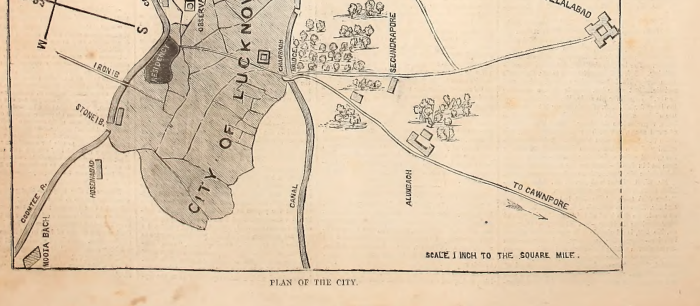
THE MARTINIÈRE.



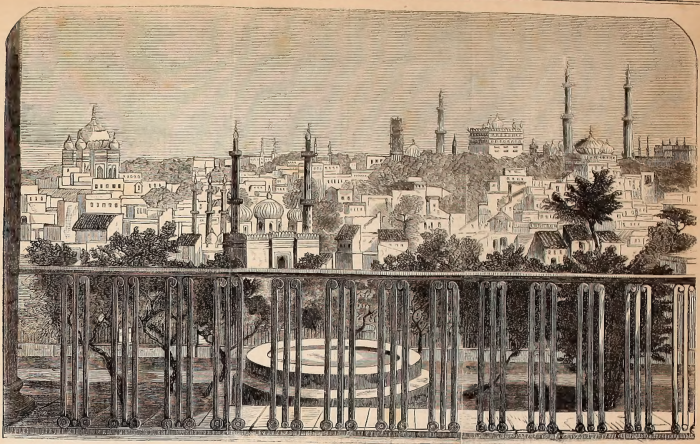
THE RESIDENCY.

the loss which Havelock's corps suffered on their terrible march through the city to relieve the Residency was due to the narrowness of the streets. Every house was a masked battery from which cowardly Sepoys poured showers of balls upon the assailants. Nothing but the imminent peril in which Inglis and his garrison stood could have justified Havelock in attempting to enter the city with so small a force as he led. Again, the chief trouble of the Residency garrison was the incessant alarm from mines. Not a week passed but they discovered some mine or other running under their walls. These mines were sure sallies starting from the underground chambers of rich men's dwellings. To a people accustomed to subterranean retreats the idea of mines would occur naturally; the character of the soil favored them. The Sepoys were so craven-hearted that they never could storm the Residency, though time and again they made breaches wide enough for a storming party; but under cover and under ground they were valorous enough.

Lucknow should be rendered peculiarly interesting to us by the fact that two of the soldiers whose names are inseparably connected with its defence are those of persons born on American soil. The heroic commander of the garrison, Colonel Inglis, is the grandson of a well-known rector of Trinity Church, New York, and was himself born in Nova Scotia. The people of that Province have lately done honor to themselves by voting him a sword in testimony of their sense of his gallant behavior. He, like Sir W. Williams of Kars, has shed lustre on the British North American Colonies, and the people of those colonies will do well to keep their history before the eyes of their young men. Another native American, who unfortunately lost his life in the terrible assault of Lucknow under Havelock, was Lieutenant Edmond Joly de Lotbinière, a Canadian, who belonged to the British 32d Regiment. He was a youth of extraordinary personal beauty and remarkable promise. Not many months before his death he was in New York. He had served throughout the campaign in the Crimea as a volunteer, and had marvelously escaped unharmed. In conversation with a friend here, on the subject of his approaching departure for India, he exclaimed, "You are wrong in supposing that I am going to lead an idle life. I have such luck that there is sure to be something to do wherever I go." The prediction was too true; the gallant young soldier, a volunteer under Havelock, was struck by a cannon-ball almost within sight



PLAN OF THE CITY.



LUCKNOW, FROM THE RESIDENCY.

of the Residency of Lucknow, and died in the arms of his comrades, in the hour of the relief of the garrison.

The history of the last operations at Lucknow may be given in a few words. Of all the rebels against British authority the men of Oude were the only ones who deserved serious consideration. They were physically superior to any other race of Northern India, and had proved a turbulent and ambitious democracy under their own sovereign. They had frequently expressed to Colonel Sleeman their desire to be rid of the control of the imbecile and dissipated monarch who ruled them; yet it was the opinion of that experienced and sagacious officer that they were not fully prepared to acquiesce in European domination. Events justified his views. When the East India Company resolved on the annexation of Oude, the natives submitted reluctantly, and under protest; and at the first news of the conspiracy against their foreign masters they sympathized with the conspirators, and availed themselves of the first opportunity to become leading actors in the drama. Their brethren, who composed the best part of the Bengal army, were glad to return home on their disbandonment, and became speedily enrolled in new regiments under native chiefs. These, reinforced by fugitives from the northwest provinces on the one side, and from the opposite border of the Ganges on the other, formed the chief body of insurgents, and, after the fall of Delhi, made Lucknow the real centre of the mutiny. They imprisoned the garrison in the Residency, and besieged them for nearly three months. Relief by Havelock merely added a few more probable victims to those whose fate seemed hopeless before. Sir Colin Campbell rescued them from the jaws of death. But it was not till February last that a substantial attack, in accordance with military rules, was made upon the garrison of Lucknow. The details of that attack will be given hereafter. For the present we must be content with the brief telegraphic dispatches, which are to the following effect:

"BOMBAY, *March* 24, 3 P.M.

"Lucknow fell on the 19th; 117 guns captured; about 2000 of the enemy were slain during the siege. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson rescued. Eight officers killed. The townspeople and the villagers being protected, are resuming their occupations. The submission of the principal landholders has been accepted. About 50,000 of the enemy have escaped, making for Bahraich and Bundelcund. The army is in pursuit of the rebels.

"The delay of Sir H. Rose's force for three weeks at Sangor prevented the line of troops, intended to intercept the enemy, from being closed up. Sir H. Rose, with a division of the Rajpootana field force, was within twenty-five miles of Jhansi on the 21st of March. Thirty thousand rebels are said to be in his front.

"General Roberts's force marched from Nusseerabad to Kotah on the 10th and 11th. The distance is 120 miles. The Calpee mutineers have



LUCKNOW, FROM THE RIVER.

taken the fort of Churh[illegible], and made the Rajah prisoner. Whitlock's force remains in charge of Saugor, the cavalry only having pushed on to Allahabad. Stewart's brigade captured Chunderee on the 17th."

The following telegram has been received at the India House:

"TO J. D. DICKINSON, ESQ., INDIA HOUSE.

"Lucknow was completely occupied on the 17th of March (? 19). On that date the sixth (the last) post of the enemy in the Moosabagh was captured. The enemy had retreated northward. The cavalry is in pursuit. 117 guns have been taken. Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Boole, of the Artillery, with a party of Ghoorkas, have rescued Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson. The ladies had been protected by Meer Valeed Alby Derejal, and had been well treated by him. The restoration of authority in the city has been commenced, and great efforts are in progress for reassuring the population, which had fled in great numbers to the neighboring villages."

A telegraphic dispatch from the Malta correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The news from Lucknow is to the 19th March. The whole of the town is in our possession. Major Hodson killed; Sir William Peel wounded. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson were brought into Jung Bahadoor's camp unharmed. The commander-in-chief remains at Lucknow, restoring quiet and organizing the garrison. Fugitives from Oude to the eastward are threatening Goruckpore; the 13th Regiment was moved thither from Azimghur. Sir Hugh Rose's first brigade stormed Chansaree (?) on the 17th. General Roberts hoped to be before Kotah shortly, and, if the enemy showed signs of resisting, to open trenches on the 24th. The disarmament of Ouzerat was proceeding most satisfactorily."

LITERARY.

MR. CURTIS'S *History of the Constitution* is now completed by the publication of the second volume. (Harper & Brothers.) The accomplished author has proved for once the error in the statement that contemporary history can not be impartial; for this may certainly be called contemporary, though the men who were actors in it are mostly gone to be part of the dust of the land they blessed. He has not only written the history, but he has written it calmly, dispassionately, as one might have written it a hundred years hence, looking back to the formation of the American Constitution from the position it will then occupy. There is a coolness, a deliberation of thought, which is admirable as well as surprising when we remember the conflicting opinions, the heat of debate, and political discussion with which the author has been surrounded for some years past. It is certainly a curiosity of literature, the production, in this day, during the Pierce and Buchanan Administration, of an impartial history of the Constitution.

Ardent politicians, on all sides, may find lacking here the material to sustain their own peculiar notions, and be disappointed that Mr. Curtis fails to show the Constitution founded in the design to perpetuate this or that principle, but the reasonable mind of every intelligent man will yield to the calm certainty of the reasoning before him, and we apprehend that none, of whatever party or clan, will find fault with his views after a deliberate examination of them.

The second volume, now issued, is devoted to the history of the formation and adoption of the Constitution. It is a chapter of most absorbing interest to Americans, nor can any one fully appreciate the magnificence of its structure until he shall have accompanied Mr. Curtis through his analysis of the component parts, and his account of the method of putting them together.

The convention which was gathered for its construction was such an assembly as the world had never seen. Up to that period a national Constitution had been a growth of years, lifetimes, centuries. The British Constitution—the boast, then, of civilized Europe—was the slow accumulation of long periods, the accretion of time. It was, as it now is, a great fabric, but parts of it were old and weak, parts heavy and unwieldy, parts stiff and inflexible. The executive arm was—what we have all seen it in the conduct of the Eastern war—a bundle of red tape for sinews, and a mass of old notions for nerves. The weight necessary for a heavy blow was there indeed, but the machinery to move the blow was next to useless. There was no model in England on which to found a Constitutional Government, nor was there a precedent in the world's history which could guide the founders of the American Confederation. Here was a noble work for noble men, and the history of their accomplishment of this work is therefore one of the grandest stories among the lives of nations.

Let it be read in every house in the land. Let children study it, that they may grow up to honor and love it. Let fathers read it to their households, that the day may be far distant, which disorganizers and fanatics so earnestly wish to hasten, when this glorious Constitution shall be numbered among the shattered relics of old times, a curiosity of the past, to be gazed at by idle boys, laughed at by radicalists, mourned over by the devout lovers of all that is good and holy. We commend the study of Mr. Curtis's work to all who love their country and desire its permanent prosperity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 26th April, in the Senate, after some business of minor importance, the question of the embassy to Paraguay was taken up, and speeches in defense of Lopez were made by Senators Mallory and Simmons, and against him by Senator Mason. On motion of Senator Green, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was then taken up, and a protracted discussion held thereon by Senators Stuart, Crittenden, Douglas, Toombs, Pugh, Seward, Bayard, Cameron, Green, Johnson, Clark, and others. The Senate adjourned without taking a vote.——In the House, Mr. Quitman unsuccessfully attempted to introduce a resolution concerning the admission of new States. The question before the House being on the postponement of the Kansas question till May, remarks were made by Messrs. Marshall, Stephens, Stanton, Grow, Harris, and others, after which the motion to postpone till May was disagreed to by 104 to 100. The Deficiency Bill was reported back to the House with the Senate amendments. Mr. Spinner then began to read extracts from a newspaper assailing Senator Bright in connection with the Council Bluffs purchase, but was stopped by the Chair. The conduct of Senator Bright was justified by Mr. Hughes. After some discussion the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 27th, in the Senate, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was taken up, and speeches thereon were made by Senators Crittenden, Hunter, Collamer, Hale, Wade, Green, and Seward; no vote was taken.——In the House, majority and minority Reports from the Fort Snelling Committee were presented. Mr. Hughes moved a vote of censure on Mr. Spinner for his attack on Senator Bright. Speeches on the question were made by Messrs. Hughes, Campbell, Giddings, English, and Spinner; after which the whole subject was tabled. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the subject of pensions to soldiers of 1812; speeches were made by Messrs. Curry, Clark, Anderson, Curtis, and Quitman, but no vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 28th, in the Senate, the Kansas Report was taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Stuart, Pugh, and Doolittle.——In the House, a resolution was adopted for printing one-third fewer copies of the Patent Report than formerly. A resolution was adopted from the Post-office Committee appointing the Postmaster-general, the Attorney-general, and the Secretary of the Treasury a committee to settle the Post-office in Philadelphia. The Senate Bill for the payment of the expenses of the Utah Courts was passed. The Kansas Report was then taken up, and speeches made by Messrs. Howard, Davis, Stephens, Bingham, Clingman, Marshall, Garnett, and others.

On Thursday, 29th, in the Senate, a Committee of Conference was appointed to settle the differences between the Senate and the House on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. The Kansas Conference Committee's Report being then taken up, speeches were made by Senators Douglas, Toombs, Brown, Green, Wilson, Bell, Seward, and others.——In the House, the Report of the Kansas Conference Committee was considered, and speeches were made by Messrs. Cox, Marshall, Lawrence, Sherman, Giddings, and others. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved to lay the report on the table; negatived by 113 to [illegible]. Further discussion as to the day on which the vote should be taken ensued between Messrs. Jones, Garnett, Seward, Harris, Wright, Bonham, Phillips, Millson, and Quitman; but the House adjourned without deciding the question.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Houston moved to take up his resolution in relation to a Mexican Protectorate, which, after speeches in opposition by Senators Wilson and Mason, was tabled. The Kansas Conference Committee's Report was then taken up, and speeches made by Senators Broderick and Seward; after which the Report was adopted by 30 to 22. On motion of Senator Hunter the Senate receded from its amendments on the Deficiency Bill.——In the House, the Kansas Report was taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Clark, Bryan, Shorter, Campbell, Haskin, Cox, and others, after which the question was put, and the Report of the Conference Committee was adopted by 112 to 103. Mr. English moved to reconsider the vote, and to lay that motion on the table; agreed to by 113 to 100. After some personal explanations the House adjourned till Monday.

THE REPORT OF THE FORT SNELLING COMMITTEE.

The report of the majority of the Select Committee on the facts and circumstances attending the sale of Fort Snelling says that the sale was effected with such privacy, that outside of the Secretary of War none but the combination immediately interested had any knowledge of it, and that the facts obtained publicity only after the confirmation of the sale by the Secretary of War; that no special authority was given him to sell, nor did existing laws confer the power to sell military posts or reservations until they had already become useless, and not merely contemplated to become useless; that this legal occasion for the sale of Fort Snelling had not occurred, and hence was without legal authority; and that the preliminaries for the sale were being made while there were actual and threatened hostilities. The Committee show the value of the Fort as a dépôt, and that the price paid for it was below its intrinsic value, and say that publicity for the sale ought to have been sought and the land subdivided in parcels to enable men of small means to buy, and that the sale on credit was not authorized by law. The report is signed by Messrs. Morrill of Vermont; Pettet of Indiana, and Morris of Illinois, and concludes with resolutions that the sale of the military post of Fort Snelling, and so much of the reservation attached to it as was necessary for military purposes, made on the 6th of June, 1857, under the authority of the Secretary of War, was without the authority of law, and that the sale was and is now void. The minority of the Committee justify the sale.

HOW NEW STATES SHOULD HEREAFTER BE ADMITTED.

The bill which Mr. Quitman endeavored to introduce in the House sets forth that it is unwise, impolitic, and unjust to existing States to prematurely or hastily admit new States, thereby unduly stimulating the occupation of distant vacant Territories by forced and unnatural migration for political, partisan, and sectional purposes, producing strife and discord between different portions of the Union, and leading to corrupt political combinations in Congress. In order to correct these evils and give timely notice of the line of policy which will hereafter be pursued, the bill provides that no new States shall be admitted into the Union until it is ascertained by a census taken by the authority of Congress that the Territory asking admission contains a population sufficient for a representative to Congress, nor until the people have been authorized by Congress to hold a convention to frame a constitution and present the same to Congress.

THE PROPOSED BANKRUPT LAW.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Mr. Toombs's Bankrupt law is being actively considered by the Judiciary Committee, and it will probably be presented to the Senate early next week. It is understood it will be a general bill, including individuals, corporations, chartered banks, and any association of persons authorized to issue notes, bills, etc. It will provide for voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy, and will be retroactive. The retroactive feature will be guarded so as to exclude all who, subsequent to January last, or any other time, have made assignments, in contemplation of the passage of a bankrupt law, which gave preference to one creditor over another, and the bankrupt in such cases shall not receive a discharge unless with the consent of a majority of his creditors who have not been so preferred. The involuntary bankruptcy applies to cases where the debts exceed two thousand dollars, and the person declared bankrupt is entitled to trial by jury—all transfers of property of any kind, for the purpose of giving any creditor, indorser, or other person any preference or priority over general creditors, to be null and void, and the parties obtaining them to be sued for such amount as assets of the bankruptcy. With regard to banks and other issuers of paper money, they are to come under the head of involuntary bankrupts; and, in addition to all the liabilities which attach to individuals, they may be declared bankrupt for the non-payment for ten days after demand of any bill, note, or other liability—all the expenses of proceedings to be paid by the parties interested, and under no pretense to be paid by the United States. These are the general features of the bill, we believe. It is to go into effect next November if now passed.

THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE UTAH ARMY.

The Leavenworth correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that the Peace Commissioners, Messrs. M'Cullough and Powell, left for Utah on the 25th, with an escort of six men.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from Fort Leavenworth as follows, under date of 21st April:

"The main body of reinforcements, composed of the First cavalry and Sixth and Seventh Regiments of infantry, will probably not take up the advance till about the 15th proximo—perhaps not so soon, unless Congress is more speedy in supplying the sinews of war. There is no doubt but the messenger dispatched in hot haste a few days ago, carries instructions to General Johnston to suspend his advance till the arrival of the aforesaid Commissioners; and there is scarce a doubt, also, but what he will reach him in time.

"Officers of all corps and arms are concentrating here, some of whom take advantage of affairs to pursue scientific objects, preparing for future generations some further information concerning the vast plains and uplands stretching far away toward the setting sun. For many years the army has been engaged in this work, as the public records will testify, though under such restrictions as to still leave the work far from complete."

He gives the following table of the reinforcements going out this spring:

	Officers.	Men.
Light batteries of artillery	12	256
Foot artillery	40	800
Cavalry	40	900
Infantry	60	1400
Sappers and ordnance men	5	100
Total reinforcement of regular troops	157	3456
Force already in Utah	15	1989
Total grand aggregate	252	5445

PERSONAL.

Robert J. Walker is said to be in favor of the English Compromise Kansas Act.

Miss Teresa Esmonde has delivered a remarkable lecture on Irish poetry before a large audience in Mozart Hall.

The court-martial on General Twiggs reassembled on 29th ult. at 11 o'clock, at Newport Barracks, Cincinnati, General Jesup presiding. General Twiggs objected to Colonel Fontleroy's sitting as a member of the Court, on account of former differences between them. The latter said the differences had been long since discarded, but asked permission to withdraw, which was granted. The balance of the day was occupied in the examination of testimony.

The Court closed its session on 30th, but the decision will not be known until it has been transmitted to the War Department.

The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes the terms of negotiation between Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, and the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union. They are, the payment of $200,000 for two hundred acres of land, in which are included Washington's residence and tomb, and the landing-place: $18,000 of this sum were paid on the closing of the contract, and the remainder of the contract price is to be paid in four yearly installments. Mr. Washington, however, will allow interest upon any sums, not less than $5000, that may be paid before the bonds are due; and he retains the title to and possession of the estate until principal and interest are paid, except that, in case the whole amount is paid by the 22d of February, 1859, he will forego interests on the first year's payment, due in January, 1859. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Everett and other friends, the "Southern Matron" has signed her baptismal name to the document announcing these facts. It is Ann Parmela Cunningham.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "Some weeks since the Rev. John Lyon, a clerical gentleman of ability and attainments, teacher in a high school at Kirkwood, Missouri, became extraordinarily absorbed in religious exercises. These he so imprudently protracted as, by excessive fasting and unintermitting vocal prayer, gradually to destroy both his health and his sanity. His friends found it requisite to subject him to salutary restraint and to medical treatment, and therefore placed him in the Sisters' Hospital in St. Louis. There he soon grew violent, smashed the glass windows of his cell, and had to be pinioned and bound down. On Tuesday last it was concluded to convey him to the asylum for the insane at Fulton. Partly by stratagem, and partly by persuasion, the removal was quietly effected. He is single—aged about thirty-three years. At present he appears to be chiefly apprehensive that during the interruption of his prayers Providence will not take proper care of the world."

A. B. Moore, Governor of Alabama, has appointed delegates from each county of that State to attend the Southern Convention, to be held at Montgomery on the second Monday in May. Among the delegates are ex-Governors John A. Winston, C. C. Clay, and R. Chapman, Senator Fitzpatrick, and ex-Senator Bagby.

A letter from Bay St. Louis, in Mississippi, to the New Orleans *Picayune*, mentions the death of the Hon. S. B. Pierce, of Mississippi, by an accident. He was at Augusta, Perry County, attending court, and had been induced to accompany a party of gentlemen on a deer-drive. While in the woods his horse took fright, ran, and stumbled, when Mr. Pierce's gun, being at half-cock, was discharged, the contents passing through his thigh. The femoral artery was torn away, and the wounded man bled to death.

The Evansville *Journal* narrates an instance of sad reverse of fortune. One of the Green River packets recently put off. on a wharf-boat at that city, a poor, afflicted man, over eighty years of age. He was blind from cancer in the eye, and one of his legs was paralyzed; and utterly destitute, helpless, and apparently friendless, he lay upon the wharf-boat from Saturday evening until Sunday afternoon of last week, when Dr. Hallock prevailed on an old negro nurse to take him into her hut and provide what necessaries were in her power for him. The old man died on Thursday, and was buried by one of the charitable associations of the city. Among his effects were papers showing his name to be Dr. John Pocock Holmes, a member of the London College of Surgeons, together with a great number of letters from very distinguished men of science in London and elsewhere, proving the deceased to have been one of the most eminent men of his profession. The sum of $250 was found on his person, which seems to be all the property he had. The *Journal* says he was evidently a man of correct habits and great intelligence.

The *Union* says: "We understand that Señor Doctor Mariano de Briceño, who, for a short time, has resided in this city in the character of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Venezuela, yesterday took leave of the President for the purpose of returning home.

The Abingdon *Virginian* says that Honorable Fayette M'Mullen, Governor of Washington Territory, has obtained a divorce from his wife in the courts there, and intends returning to Virginia the coming summer, and settling in the county of Scott or Smythe.

Several of the former parishioners of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, in Cincinnati, met at Christ Church last week, to express their sympathy with his bereaved family, and their sense of the loss to the Church. The Rev. Dr. Butler presided.

Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, and Prof. Read, of the Wisconsin State University, have been elected as the Western lecturers before the National Teachers' Association, which meets at Cincinnati in August.

Colonel William Bent, of Bent's Fort, in Kansas Territory, on the head-waters of the Arkansas, about sixty miles from the Rocky Mountains, is now in Washington. Colonel B. has been noted in connection with the affairs of the frontier for thirty years past.

The authorities of Washington having been informed that a duel was on the tapis between a brother of Peter G. Washington, formerly an auditor in the Treasury Department, and a nephew of Governor Wise, caused both of the parties to be arrested last evening, by which procedure the contemplated duel was frustrated.

The Albany *Evening Journal* says: The trial of Ira Stout and his sister for the murder of her husband, unfolds a sickening chapter in the history of human depravity. Nothing more revolting was ever disclosed or imagined in the annals of the oldest cities or among the vilest of their festering population.

Stout, Ira's father, and the head of this family, has been several times convicted of offenses which consigned him as often to the State prison. The younger members, male and female, prowled for years about the country, indulging in degrees of crime and all descriptions of vice, until the group drew together and settled themselves down at Rochester, where the murdered man, Charles W. Littles, married Sarah, who had then or has since, become Ira's paramour. Littles's character may be inferred from his associations. There were frequent and bitter quarrels between Littles and his wife. Ira inflamed him by charges implicating her with other men, and finally, as is supposed, he was decoyed to Falls Fields the night of the murder, under a pretext that his wife had an assignation at that place. When there Stout, armed with a club for the purpose, killed him; and when, aided by his sister, he was dragging the dead or dying man to the precipice, all three went over it together. They fell twenty feet, and then were precipitated nearly a hundred feet more down a steep bank, breaking each an arm in the fall. What an appalling scene of crime and punishment! And yet, thus maimed, the wife of the murdered man assisted her own brother to cast the body into the river, when they returned to their guilty and degraded home, bruised and bloody, to pass a night of inexpressible horror. Truly 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

Major Gaines and Major Sherman, U. S. A., arrived in St. Louis on the 26th ult.

Mayor Wood, of Trenton, N. J., has resigned his office, and F. S. Mills has been elected in his place.

Vice-President Breckinridge was at Lexington, Kentucky, on the 24th ult.

Hon. W. A. Richardson, Governor of Nebraska Territory, arrived at Omaha City on the 13th ult.

At a church meeting in one of the "fashionable orthodox churches" in Anderson County, Kentucky, last week, a clergyman asked for and obtained a letter of dismission for himself and some of the members of his family. He then said, that if any of the brethren had any thing to say about him, to "now declare it, or ever after hold their peace." Whereupon another preacher said something which was not heard by all the congregation, but the lie passed between them. The preacher who called for the letter drew back his fist and struck the other preacher a heavy blow and then commenced kicking him. He kicked him so hard that he demolished his boot. The defendant, being a "non-resistant," made no defense, but went before a magistrate and made complaint. The assailant was fined ten dollars and costs, and submitted, besides, to a long lecture from the Court. A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat*, in giving an account of the affair, says: "The pugnacious divine is a good-looking man, of fine talents, great pulpit orator, with prepossessing manners. The fight has raised his standing among his brethren. Some of the members of a neighboring church have sent him word, if he will go to their next church meeting and whip their preacher, they will pay the fine that is now against him, and any other one that may be imposed on him."

Captain Joshua Sands, lately in command of the United States frigate *Susquehanna*, reached his home at Stratford, Connecticut, on Saturday, the 24th instant, to the great delight of his relatives and numerous acquaintances. A salute of one hundred guns was fired in his honor during the evening, and the Captain assured the assembled people that it sounded more gratefully to his ear than any salute he had been ever previously honored with. He promised his friends a present in the shape of a large cannon taken in the Mexican war and now his property. After partaking of refreshments at his house, a large party wished him health and a long life and retired.

The Providence (Rhode Island) republicans have nominated ex-Governor Hoppin to fill a vacant seat in their State Senate.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, in speaking of Colonel Orr, relates the following incident which transpired when Governor Banks occupied the chair:

"This reminds me of an incident of Preston S. Brooks, which is little known. During Governor Banks's administration as Speaker, on one day when debate ran high, Mr. Brooks persisted in making a statement when out of order. The Speaker said, in a calm voice, 'The gentleman is out of order;' but he continued speaking. 'The gentleman from South Carolina is out of order,' said the Speaker, in a voice that rang through the hall like a clarion; but Mr. Brooks continued speaking. Now the Speaker sprang to his feet, his gavel fell with a resounding clash down upon the brazen rail of the desk, and the echoes of the old hall were awakened by the sound as he said, 'The Sergeant-at-Arms will arrest the member from South Carolina.' Mr. Brooks dropped instantly into his seat a dead-weight, leaving a word half uttered. There was a death-like stillness in the House for a second, when the ball was set in motion by the Speaker calmly saying, 'The gentleman from Ohio has the floor.'"

The Quindaro (Kansas) *Chindowan*, of the 16th, says: "On Tuesday, the redoubtable Colonel Titus made an unprovoked assault upon General S. C. Pomroy, of Atchison. The circumstances, as nearly as we can arrive at them, are these: General Pomeroy had gone to Kansas City to attend a suit at law, as agent of the Emigrant Aid Society, and was coming out of the court-room, in company with the officers of the Court and others, when Titus approached and struck him on the neck with a club. The General threw up his arm to ward off the blows, and received a severe wound on the arm."

The will of the late Commodore Perry was lately admitted to probate in the Surrogate's office. In accordance with the wish of the executors the will was not among those of which copies could be taken for publication. It is stated that the items are only interesting to the relatives.

The first school taught in Chicago was opened in the fall of 1816, by William L. Cox, a discharged soldier of the last war. The High School was established in 1856. Now there are in the city seventy-nine teachers employed in the Public Schools.

The Cleveland *Herald* announces the continued existence of the Free-Love Water Cure at Berlin Heights, Ohio. It has about forty inmates, men and women, who live in perfect defiance of all decency and religion, regardless of marriage ties, and in accordance with their detestable system of "Free Love." They publish a Free-Love organ.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

ON 19th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli made his financial statement. He estimated the ordinary expenditures of the war at £63,600,000; but as £2,000,000 of Exchequer bills were falling due, and £1,500,000 had to be paid as sinking fund toward the war debt, the total expenditure would amount to £67,100,000; being about £4,000,000 in excess of the estimated revenue.

On 20th, in the Commons, Mr. Roebuck said he intended to ask the Government if they meant to proceed with the conspiracy indictment against Dr. Bernard. A motion for leave to bring in a bill limiting Parliament to three years was defeated by 197 majority.

In reply to a question from Mr. Ewart whether advantage would be taken of the opportunities afforded by the negotiations with the Chinese Government at Pekin for opening up commerce with Thibet and other countries under the Chinese dominions beyond the Himalayas, Mr. Disraeli stated that no negotiations were going on with the Court of Pekin at present, but when communications did take place, England would act in conjunction with the other powers, and lose no opportunity of assisting the extension of commerce.

There has been a debate on the Passport System, in the course of which both the Earls of Malmesbury and Clarendon denounced the system as foolish and unnecessary, and the former announced measures to make it as light a burden to the English citizens as possible.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The Duke of Malakoff, the new Embassador from France to England, landed at Dover on the 15th, and met with a civic and military reception. Three guards of honor were on duty. In response to an address from the Corporation of Dover, he said that nothing could have afforded him greater pleasure than the appointment which had been conferred upon him, and it would be his earnest desire to preserve those cordial relations which have hitherto existed between France and England. The Duke traveled to London in a state railway carriage.

The Queen held a court on Thursday, the 16th instant, at Buckingham Palace. The Duke de Malakoff had his

first audience of the Queen, and delivered to her Majesty his credentials as Embassador fr m his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French.

TRIAL OF SIMON BERNARD.

The trial of Dr. Simon Bernard for complicity with Orsini and others, was terminated by a verdict of acquittal. The counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Edwin James, made a powerful speech on behalf of his client, appealing strongly to the anti-Napoleon prejudices of his auditors. He denounced the Emperor as a despot, and affirmed that the proceedings had been undertaken to serve a political object at the dictation of the abettors of foreign despotism who dared not appeal to the British House of Commons. He called for a fearless and independent verdict, let the consequences be what they might. The speech elicited tremendous cheering in the Court, as did also the verdict.

APPEARANCE OF THE COURT.

The Court has been daguerreotyped by a spectator, as follows: "On the extreme left of the bench sat Chief Baron Pollock, of course in his wig and robes; next him the Lord Chief Justice Campbell, bearing his load of years bravely; his eye still keen, and his hand still running over the page of the note-book with the swiftness which stenography imparted to it thirty years ago. In the centre, under the canopy adorned with the royal arms, and the sword of Justice hanging like that of Damocles (but with the hilt, not the point, downward), sat Mr. Justice Crowder, a jovial judge, with a sly look in the corner of his eye. Mr. Justice Erle made up the quartet. On either side were ranged various City Officials, distinguished by a good deal of furs and a great deal of gold chain. Conspicuous among them sat the Lord Mayor, hooked as to nose, frizzed and gray as to hair, and very wide awake as to look. His lordship, however, took his departure early, to play judge himself at the Mansion-house, ushered from the court by the well-known official in the muff. Opposite to the bench, a little to the left, is situated the dock, a large and roomy space, railed off from the body of the court. M. Bernard entered exactly at ten o'clock, accompanied by a gentleman, who presently sat himself down and read the newspaper. This was the governor of the prison. A man in a belt also followed the prisoner, and he was the jailer. M. Bernard was dressed in black, and wore black kid gloves. He was puzzled on reaching the front of the dock to find laid out on the ledge on either side of him a number of green sprigs the rue, which an old custom prescribes to be provided for the use of prisoners who may feel faint. On smelling one of the sprigs M. Bernard seemed satisfied as to what it was, but evidently continued at a loss to know for what purpose it was placed there.

THE ARRAIGNMENT AND OPENING SPEECH FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"On being asked to plead, M. Bernard denied the jurisdiction of the court, and therefore declined to say either guilty or not guilty. At one time of day—not very long ago, either—a prisoner who refused to plead was subject to be tortured until he did plead. The last person who underwent this barbarous punishment was Jack Sheppard's famous friend and accomplice, Blueskin. Blueskin resisted the torture to the last, and was pressed to death. No such fearful fate, however, awaited M. Bernard. The Chief Justice explained that, according to the more civilized law of these days of steam and gas, if a prisoner declined to plead, it became the duty of the court to enter a plea of not guilty for him. A plea of 'Not guilty' was entered accordingly. At eleven o'clock Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the Attorney-General, rose from the front row of the great crowd of bewigged and begowned gentlemen who occupied the centre of the court, and opened the case for the prosecution. Nothing could have been clearer than his statement. His gentlemanly tone was exceedingly winning; and every one must have been gratified by the entire absence of any thing like *animus*, or undue partisanship. Le Chevalier Estien, inspector of the French police, a fat-faced, red-haired, stumpy man (not without an expression of good-humor), created a great sensation by the production of a variety of weapons from a number of bags and boxes by which he was surrounded. First he produced Pierri's dagger-knife, which he opened, and shut up with a click *à la* Mr. N. T. Hicks. Next, a five-chamber revolver, which the Lord Chief Justice and the Chief Baron handled with a sort of distant curiosity. The Attorney-General looked a little afraid of it, but some young men on the jury handled the weapon with accustomed hands. A grenade, bristling horridly with nipples, also went the round, together with chips of the exploded shell, some portions of which had been taken from the body of one of the horses which drew the Emperor on the night of what the French inspector called the *attentat*."

THE SPEECH FOR THE DEFENSE—NAPOLEON'S CAREER.

Mr. Edwin James, for the defense, made a most remarkable speech, in the course of which he thus sketched the Emperor of the French:

"They could not appreciate the feelings of the men the rights and liberties of whose country had been trampled upon and destroyed. Every spark of freedom in Italy had been annihilated, the Pope was kept upon his throne by the French army, and although they might have the utmost horror of assassination, could they wonder at the Italian patriot resorting to some desperate scheme by which he might hope to throw off the yoke which enslaved his native land. His Majesty the Emperor of the French had been exiled to this country. He had lived on these shores, under the protection of those laws which he now sought to destroy. He changed places, however, with Louis Philippe, and in 1848 he was elected, by the unanimous vote of the French people, President of the French Republic. He had enunciated such sentiments of liberty as to induce the French people to confide their destinies in his hands, and the solemn oath he had taken to protect their rights and liberties was scarcely cold on his lips before he violated it. And what was the conduct of Napoleon in 1851? He caused Cavaignac and other distinguished patriots to be arrested; he turned his drunken soldiery into the streets, and upon the ruins of the institutions of that great nation he voted himself to the throne."

APPEAL TO THE JURY.

He closed as follows: "This country had been the home of the exiled monarch of to-day, but the object of this prosecution was to destroy the great principle of English liberty afforded to exiles, and he appealed to the jury not to allow the laws of England to be violated at the bidding of a neighboring despot. He trusted they would not. He had endeavored to do his duty on behalf of the unhappy gentleman at the bar. He had endeavored to do so, as an English advocate, fearlessly and honestly. That was allowed in an English court of justice, although it was not in France, where the Press was gagged, and where no person was allowed to express his opinions unless they coincided with the views expressed at the Tuileries. But it was the pride of England that liberty of speech was allowed, and, he repeated, he endeavored, knowing that freedom of speech was allowed, to do his duty to the best of his ability. He also urged the jury to do their duty fearlessly, honestly, and conscientiously, and he appealed to them to let their verdict be their own. Let it not be given in fear of French arms, French fleets, and French intimidation. Let not a foreign despot influence them in arriving at their verdict. Tell him that he may parade his armies, his bayonets, but he can not intimidate an English jury. Tell him that they had even arrested the influence of the Crown, supported by time-serving judges; and tell him, by their verdict, that the time-honored asylum should not be violated. Let him parade his 600,000 bayonets before them—let the French cannon be thundering in their ears—but let him see that an English jury even then was not to be intimidated. Tell him that nothing he could do or threaten could in the smallest possible degree influence their verdict. Tell him that the liberty of England was based upon eternal and immutable justice; and tell him that, whether the throne of a foreign despot was to be lasting or shattered forever, the institutions of England were built upon the liberty of a mighty people."

LORD CARDIGAN'S LAST SCRAPE.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* tells the following story: "You must know that our pet here—which in his case means the reverse of a great man or a great warrior—Lord Cardigan, has had a new escapade. The fascinating and aristocratic young lady, Miss Di H——y, although a virgin mother—that is, she has never entered the holy marital state—was desperately enamored of the olfactory lord—you know that he is remarkable for a proboscis—and expressed herself to her putative *pater* in language which means to convey, 'I can't live without him.' Now the *pater-familias*—at least the yachting world say so—was well aware that the lord occasionally visited the boudoir of his daughter, at which he did the usual, but dishonorable, winking business—that is, took no notice as long as the scandal was confined to his *chez sir*. When the public spoke of it the *pater*, '*disgustibus*,' did the surprised and the indignant, in the language of the 'stern parient' of 'Vilikins and Dinah' renown: 'You must either quit my roof, or give up the jumping Earl, the Inspector-General of Albion's cavalry.' 'Never!' exclaimed the female, as she set about packing her luggage. To be as brief as Polonius, know that the Earl has settled £700 a year on her, and that she is now his *cara sposa, à bras gaucherie*, for obvious reasons, because he has one '*à main droite*'—'*Bella femmina che ride vecol dir borsar che piange*,' as the Italian proverb has it. The veteran lord is supposed to have a long purse, so is certain of Miss Di H——y's smiles. She is now located at the Park Hotel, opposite the marble arch, with the usual *gaucherie* of the fallen—'*hichécing*' herself by her style of living."

A MILLION SUBSCRIBED FOR ORSINI'S FAMILY.

The same writer adds: "Apropos of Orsini. The time of reaction has arrived, and he who a fortnight ago was cursed for a parricide, is now venerated as a martyr. Having ranked with the Ravaillacs and the Fentons, he is now deified as a Scævola or a Brutus. What must the Emperor feel when he hears, as is the fact, that no less a sum than one million franks has been spontaneously subscribed for the family? The list comprises the names of men and families of repute in England, France, and Italy, and in this latter country the subscription is headed by the chief nobility of Tuscany."

A LADY WORRIED BY A BEAR.

On the 10th ult., at the Bristol assizes, an action was brought by a young Italian lady of the name of Besozzi against a hotel-keeper, named Harris, to recover damages sustained by being worried by a bear, the property of the defendant. Last September the plaintiff, who is said to be of high descent, but who, owing to misfortune, has lately practiced as a teacher at Bristol, went, with many others, on a pleasure excursion to the Steep Holmes, in the Bristol Channel, where the defendant kept a hotel. While walking in the grounds around the house, where there was no notice of danger, she was suddenly seized by the bear, which sprung from a kennel, where he was chained, and was not rescued from his grasp until she had sustained injuries so serious as to render necessary several surgical operations, and which would probably leave behind a permanent lameness. It was said for the defense that the bear had previously been harmless, was kept chained, and that the lady had gone where she had no lawful occasion to pass. A verdict was found for the plaintiff—Damages, £50.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN MR. SPURGEON'S CHURCH.

Accidents seem to follow Mr. Spurgeon. At Halifax, last week, while a congregation were dispersing from a large temporary building erected for his hearers, a wooden gallery gave way, and two persons had broken legs. Next day, after a fall of snow, which occurred to a considerable extent in the north, the whole structure came down with a crash. It was then, fortunately, empty.

FRANCE.

AN IMPERIAL TOUR IN BRETAGNE.

The Emperor and Empress intend to make a tour in Brittany this spring. The Mayor of Rennes having informed the municipal council sitting that the Emperor would visit that city, the council immediately voted the following address on the occasion: "Sire—Since the time of Henry IV., of glorious memory, no sovereign has entered our walls. Happy at learning that your Majesty and your august consort will deign to visit this city, we hasten to express to you our sincere gratitude for such a mark of favor. But soon our population, in thronging around your person, will express, better than our words can do, their gratitude to the prince whose paternal kindness protects our interests, and whose genius has restored to France order and glory, as well as her ancient predominance over the destinies of Europe."

EFFECT PRODUCED IN FRANCE BY THE ACQUITTAL OF BERNARD.

The acquittal of Bernard produced great sensation. The Paris *Moniteur* did not publish the result when first received. Several other journals confessed that they dare not publish the speech of the prisoner's counsel, while others gave garbled accounts.

The Paris correspondent says that the Emperor and his advisers do not regard with indifference the encouragement that the result will give the conspirators, but that no exciting language will be employed by the French press to create indignation.

It was rumored, but not credited, that Queen Victoria will meet the Emperor Napoleon at Cherbourg at the great railroad fête to take place there.

THE NEW REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE.

Signor Mazzini, in a letter to the London papers, gives a few samples from a stock of cases, in illustration of the working of Louis Napoleon's Law of Public Safety. M. Lebrun, a notary at Charot Bourges, was seized at his dinner-table without notice, thrust into a cellular prison van, and hurried off to prison. The shock seriously affected him. He implored leave to call in a medical man, but this was refused, and the unfortunate notary died. Jean Bartheix, an inn-keeper, seventy years of age, residing in the department of the Tarn, was transported to Cayenne in 1852, afterward removed to Algiers, and last February was allowed to return home on leave of absence for six months. Eight days after his arrival he was again arrested, and lodged in a prison at Marseilles, where he remains in a dying state, and he is not allowed to receive the visits of any medical attendant. An Italian named Custaldi, who was in trade at Marseilles, was ordered to remove his residence to Poictiers. He knew that the execution of this mandate would ruin him, and, having friends in Paris, he got it withdrawn, upon condition that an acceptable security could be found to guarantee a continuance of his peaceful behavior. A surety was found and approved. Custaldi returned home, and was shortly afterward rearrested. This time his enemies made sure of their victim. On the 2d ult., without any form of preliminary examination or interrogatory, he was sent to Lambessa. Doomed prisoners are continuing to reach Marseilles every night from all the *départements*. The names of the intended were chosen a few days before the promulgation of the Law of Public Safety from old and recent lists of names, merely marked with the word "republican." They are very numerous. The Governor of Algeria writes, urging that other places of confinement may be chosen. Algiers alone has already 700 prisoners. It is, in the midst of, at least, apparent tranquillity, a second and enlarged edition of the *coup d'état*.

NO SOCIAL INTIMACY BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

The four opposition deputies, M. Emile Ollivier, member for Paris, Darimon (Paris), Hénon (Lyons), and Curé (Bordeaux), have been placed in a state of great embarrassment by the receipt of an invitation to dine at the Tuileries on Monday, the 12th. M. Emile Ollivier declined the honor in the following note, addressed to the Emperor's principal chamberlain: "I beg you to thank the Emperor for the invitation to dinner which you have sent me by his order, and to inform him that I can not accept it. I have the honor, etc., Emile Ollivier." MM. Darimon and Hénon, without consulting either each other or M. E. Ollivier, also sent letters of refusal. M. Curé, after much hesitation, decided to accept the imperial hospitality. He dined at the Tuileries on the 12th. The Emperor, delighted at finding his mahogany possessed attractions too potent to be resisted by at least one of the systematic opponents of his government, treated M. Curé with marked courtesy, and talked with him for a long while.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE REIGNING BELLE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "We have recently had a marriage here that, from the notoriety of the young lady, has caused considerable sensation in the English *beau monde*. A young lady of the name of Sneyd has for the last four or five years held the palm of beauty against all competition, and wherever she went, whether to the Opera, to the ball, or—*proh pudor!*—to chapel, all eyes were fixed upon her. At one time it was even said that the Emperor himself was in danger of falling at her feet, and that the Empress insisted upon her name being struck out from the Imperial invitation list. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that she has continued to be up to the present time a subject of perpetual admiration on the part of the male sex, and of very considerable abuse on the part of her own. Three days ago, however, she consented to forego the fleeting honors of public admiration for what—it is to be hoped—will form the more enduring laurels of domestic life. After scorning the present embassador at Florence, Mr. Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle—flouting various other private secretaries to attachés and heirs of splendid rent rolls, she has thrown herself into the arms of George Peze, Esq., one of her Majesty's attachés to the British Embassy, only too happy, as some spiteful young ladies say, to find such a termination to a career that had already ceased to be brilliant.

"The fact is, Miss Sneyd is an instance among ten thousand others of the power of mind over other matters. She was undoubtedly beautiful, but her beauty would have never of itself preserved her superiority. She had a certain *esprit* that came in aid and sustained her pre-eminence long after her good personal attractions had departed. This was her secret, and it has enabled her without the advantages of great fortune, of aristocratic birth or any possession more than may be found any day in thousands of her sex, to hold a place in aristocratic circles here, such as is given to few. What the advantages of the man she has delighted to honor may be, I do not know, except that he has long been remarkable for his handsome person; but in refusing to unite her fate with Mr. Howard, the recently appointed Minister at Florence, in the room of the Marquis of Normanby, and formerly Chargé d'Affairs at Paris, she has certainly shown an example of the wit which has so powerfully come in aid of her beauty; for of all diplomatic fools, surely few so great as he."

LAMARTINE'S SUBSCRIPTION A FAILURE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "I am sorry to hear on all hands that the Lamartine subscription has proved a complete failure. It is a characteristic feature of the French nation that, however great and genuine their enthusiasm, it never stands the financial test—their feelings invariably subside when they have to put their hands into their pockets."

PRUSSIA.

WHAT LIFE THE NEW PRINCESS LEADS.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "I had an opportunity on Good Friday of seeing the Princess at the English chapel, where I was seated only a few yards from her Royal Highness, and must modify and flatly correct the description I gave you of her *extérieur* in one of my former reports. Her figure is certainly *petite*, and she has nothing *distingué* about her, but the expression of her countenance is remarkably attractive. She has sweet, dove-like eyes, a nice little mouth, and the finest teeth in the world. There is an air of innocence and frank ingenuousness diffused over her that is perfectly charming; simple in her dress and manner, she looks more like the wife or daughter of a plain American farmer than the scion of one of the oldest and proudest royal houses in Christendom. As to her having carroty hair, that is a most atrocious libel; it is light brown or chestnut, sleek and glossy, and quite in keeping with the whole contour of her face. Altogether she is really a 'winsome wee thing,' whom any man might be happy to call his own. I am told she feels very much annoyed at the strict etiquette she is obliged to observe here, and which is quite at variance with her tastes and inclinations. Her first lady of the bedchamber, the Countess Perporcher, a formal old duenna of the *ancien régime*, is continually lecturing her upon the duties of her rank, and as continually aghast at the indiscreet condescension and unsophisticated *naïveté* of the poor little Princess, who can not be made to understand that she ought to talk, think, walk, ride, stand, sit, in fact do every thing different to other people. The other day, jumping up to look out of the window, she found the glass covered with steam, and snatched up a handkerchief to wipe it off herself, at which the Lady of the Bedchamber almost went into fits. Madame de Perporcher has called in the Princess of Prussia to her assistance; and what between her mother-in-law and her first Lady of the Bedchamber, the poor young creature leads a sad life of it; fortunately her husband is sincerely attached to her, and this probably makes up for the little annoyances inseparable from the station she occupies. She is said to idolize her husband, who is certainly a very fine young man—in person a good deal like his uncle, the late Emperor Nicholas, whom he resembles, too, in the somewhat stern expression of his eye, though he is not quite so tall, and his form is slighter and less symmetrical."

INDIA.

HOW LUCKNOW WAS TAKEN.

The Bombay correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the attack on Lucknow, having dates from thence only to 15th: "Upon establishing himself on the further side of the river, Sir James Outram proceeded to force his way upward, thus completely enfilading the enemy's line of works along the canal. Then the Commander-in-Chief, with the second division, under Sir Edward Lugard, stormed and took the Martinière, after a heavy cannonade, and with slight loss. This done, he advanced over the canal and seized the line of works which Outram had turned and rendered untenable by his fire. This took place apparently on the 9th. On the 10th a house and inclosure, known by the name of its former occupant Major Banks, in rear of the line of works, was occupied with little loss. The next position of the enemy that the troops came upon was the Begum's Palace. This was stormed on the 11th by the 93d Highlanders, supported by the 42d, with the loss of Captain Macdonald killed, and about 100 other casualties. Simultaneously with this attack, Sir James Outram, on the farther side of the river, having forced his way upward through the low suburbs and over the King's garden and other inclosures, occupied the stone bridge above the town, destroying another 500 of the enemy who held it. In these operations he lost Captain Moosum, of the Staff, and an officer of the Rifle Brigade. On the same or the following day, the 12th, the Commander-in-Chief pursued his advantage by occupying the buildings in advance of the Begum's Palace. This movement brought him in front of the strongest of the enemy's positions, the Imaumbarrah. On the 13th, a sap was run up toward the wall of this inclosure, and a breach having been effected by the artillery, the place was assaulted at nine in the morning of the 14th. The Imaumbarrah was carried, and our troops, pressing close upon the flying enemy, entered the Kaiserbagh, or King's Palace which Outram had busily shelled, the last, I believe, of the formidable positions of the enemy, and, after a hard fight which lasted all the remainder of the day, obtained complete occupation of it, capturing twenty-two guns. Then the routed enemy began to fly from the city. Outram crossed the iron-bridge over the river and fell upon them in their rear, the thunder of the chief's artillery still crashing upon their front and flanks. One line of retreat lay open to them—that to the north-west, toward Rohilcund. On the 15th Sir Colin, finding that the enemy were availing themselves largely of this opening, dispatched after them at two o'clock in the morning a brigade of cavalry and artillery, under Brigadier Campbell, who moved to the left from his position in front of the Alumbagh. Sir Hope Grant, with one thousand sabres and two troops of horse artillery, was sent out in co-operation, but on the north side of the river, along the Seetapore road, which leads direct into Rohilcund, and a heavy battery, with a brigade of infantry, were to follow him on the 16th."

THE BAGGAGE OF THE ARMY.

Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, continues his admirable letters, from which we give the following extracts:

"I have already attempted to give some notion of the magnitude of the various *impedimenta*—necessary as they are, still they deserve the Cæsarean title—of an Indian army; but I feel that nothing but an actual ocular demonstration can give an idea on the subject to any one who has not seen troops in the field on Eastern warfare. Numbers fail to impress the mind, and the impression produced by a statement to the effect that we have many thousands of elephants, camels, horses, oxen, and camp-followers is most vague and unsatisfactory. Who can really bring before his mind's eye a train of baggage animals twenty-five miles long—a string of 16,000 camels—a siege train park covering a square of 400 by 400 yards, with 12,000 oxen attached to it, or a following of 60,000 non-combatants? But to the Commander-in-Chief each and all must be ever present—ever be an object of anxiety—a thing to be provided for and taken care of. It seems to me even now that no reduction could be made in these several items without impairing the efficiency of the troops, and some doubts I had on the subject of dooly, or litter carriage, have been dissipated by conversation with officers of experience. To each company of a regiment there are ten doolies attached, and to each dooly are attached six coolies, or porters, who receive eight rupees a month each for their services. You will thus have for each regiment on an average 80 doolies and 480 coolies, and yet you only provide for the carriage of 80 wounded men per regiment; but if horse ambulances were introduced matters would not be improved, inasmuch as to each *horse* of the ambulance you would have to attach a grass-cutter, and the loss of comfort to the wounded would be very great.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

"Most of the regiments are in an efficient state, but the Highlanders are conspicuous, not only for their costume, but for their steady and martial air on parade and in the field. As they marched off in the early gray of the morning, with the pipes playing (really this time) "The Campbells are Coming," one caught a vision of the interior of Lucknow through the dancing sheen of their arms. The Chief inspected them, and seemed highly pleased with what he saw. As for himself, he wears a serviceable air, which bespeaks confidence and resolution, and gives a notion of hard work and success. Every thing about him is for service, even down to the keen-edged sabre, in a coarse leather sheath, not dangling and clattering from his side, and hitting the flanks of his horse, from gaudy sling belts, but tucked up compactly by a stout shoulder-belt just over his hip. Not that Sir Colin wishes to be looked on as a *beau sabreur*—he would 'drop on' to any of his staff whom he saw riding about with his sword drawn—but that he thinks most likely if a man wears a weapon it ought to be as handy and as ready as may be; and so of his nether man, not clothed in regulation, with gold stripes, but in stout brown corduroy, warranted to wear in any climate. The chief of the staff and the officers of the staff, for the most part, follow the example of the Commander-in-Chief, who leads the fashion in camp. Soon after they marched dark clouds began to rise rapidly over the plain—the lightning flashed in the distance, the thunder rolled heavily. Soon there came sweeping fast down upon us a cavalry of sticks, straw, and blinding dust, behind which marched columns of rain. Our tent men (*kelassies*) were busy driving in the tent-pegs and closing the flaps when this enemy made its appearance, and before it reached us our defenses were completed. In a few minutes more there was a thunder-storm overhead and a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by wind, but it passed on rapidly, and seemed to pursue the columns which had marched from camp.

SIR COLIN AND THE LADIES.

"The Agra convoy came in to Cawnpore to-day (Feb. 23), and thus one great cause of anxiety has been removed from the mind of the chief. These ladies and their little ones have been a most embarrassing ingredient in his calculations. At Lucknow he was in a fever at the various small delays which they considered necessary, and, courteous as he is to women, he for once was obliged to be a 'little stern' when he found the dear creatures a little unreasonable. In order to make a proper effect, most of the ladies came out in their best gowns and bonnets. Whether 'Betty gave the cheek' a little touch of red or not, I can not say, but I am assured the array of fashion, though somewhat behind the season, owing to the difficulty of communicating with the Calcutta *modistes*, was very creditable. Sir Colin got fidgety when he found himself made a *maître d'etiquette* and an *arbiter morum* among piles of bandboxes, 'best bonnets,' and 'these few little clothes trunks;' but he sustained his position with unflinching fortitude, till at length, when he thought he had 'seen the last of them' out of the place, two young ladies came trippingly in, wisked about the residency for a short time, and then, with nods and smiles, departed, saying graciously, 'We'll be back again presently.' 'No, ladies, no; you'll be good enough to do nothing of the kind,' exclaimed he; 'you have been here quite long enough, I am sure, and I have had quite enough trouble in getting you out of it.' The Agra ladies ought to have been ready long ago. They were warned over and over again, but—. Well, it's the old story. It's rather a bad joke—too bad to be appreciated—to keep a husband waiting while 'one is putting on one's bonnet,' but when the cares of the toilet prove an obstacle which an army can not overcome, which frustrate strategic combinations, delay great sieges, and affect the fortunes of a whole campaign, it is sufficient to make generals, at all events, wish that good mother Eve's earlier style was now in fashion among her daughters.

AN INDIAN BOADICEA.

"The Begum certainly does not conceal her apprehensions of the result of our operations, and is vehement with prayers and tears to the chiefs to make one great onslaught upon us ere we complete our batteries. Overcoming her timidity, she appeared in the field on the attack of the 25th, mounted on an elephant, but, as that sagacious animal never remains within range, it is probable she was not a very near spectatress of the fight. On one occasion she astonished the Durbar, and almost shamed them out of their senses. In an indignant harangue, with all the fire of Rachel making a grand *coup de théâtre*, she suddenly tore her vail from her face (which is said to be a very handsome one), and denounced them for their inactivity, and for their indifference to the wrongs of their countrywomen. I am told one must be an Asiatic to understand the full force of this demonstration. What the poor lady will do when Sir Colin makes his appearance this morning at Dilkoosha I can not conjecture. If she could but have seen the troops march this morning she would have been any thing but comforted. Lugard's division consists of the Third Brigade, consisting of the 34th (part detached), 38th, and 52d Regiments, and of the Fourth Brigade, formed of the 42d Regiment, 93d Regiment, and 4th Punjab Rifles. Soon after they marched dark clouds began to rise rapidly over the plain; the lightning flashed in the distance, the thunder rolled heavily.

"We have just heard from Sir James Outram's camp that the enemy came out in great force this morning (March 2), and attacked the position at the Alumbagh very much in the same way as on the 21st. They advanced in great numbers on the right, but Sir James Outram moved out a force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry to intercept them, and a very brisk action took place, in which we utterly defeated them and captured two guns. The Begum and her officers came out on elephants to view the fight, and soon left the field. We had two or three men killed and ten wounded, among the latter of whom are Colonel Berkeley and Captain Moorsom."

YEH'S VOYAGE TO HIS PRISON.

A letter from Singapore, dated March 1, says: "The *Inflexible* arrived here this morning, on her way to Calcutta. Yeh has endured the discomfort of his sea-sickness much better than we expected. He eats a great deal, sleeps a great deal, and washes very little. He may be pronounced, therefore, to be in very good case, and we hope to deliver him over to the Governor-General safe and sound. It was said at Hong Kong that Lord Elgin has left it to the discretion of Lord Canning to detain him at Calcutta, or to send him to England. Should the Governor-General resolve upon the latter course, Yeh will make but an intractable London lion. You will never get him to shake his mane and roar. In my next letter from Calcutta I hope to be able to give the first full-length study of a first-class Mandarin that has ever been submitted to the Western world."

THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL DRAWING-ROOM.

Washington, 21st *April*, 1858.

Yes, it was the last. It seems a very formal, uninteresting performance—to dress in elaborate costume, to spend hours over one's toilet-table, to throw away six months' pin-money on a single *toilette*, and, after all, to be merely hustled through a crowd up to the President, who says, in his stereotyped way, that we are growing younger and rosier as time floats o'er us; to bow to Miss Lane, who is ever graceful and kind-looking; and to squeeze one's way out at ten, or half-past; but *que voulez-vous?* it is the fashion, and we take to it kindly.

When I received your letter, Mr. Editor, I will tell you frankly, I read it at breakfast. Papa said (I can't repeat exactly his words, he has fallen into such a shocking habit of using vulgar words since he went to Congress) that you were very impertinent, and that I ought to write you a sharp letter, setting you down. Mamma (who reads the *Weekly* from the Contents to the Advertisements, and thinks it the only family paper worth taking—an opinion, by-the-way, in which many of our friends concur) said, that as you had been so polite as to print my tale, entitled "Our Charley," and my poems, the least I could do was to comply with your request, and write you an account of the Reception. Between the two I should have been puzzled, but that Senator —— happened to come in at that moment. I would have you to know, Mr. Editor, that there is nothing at all between the Senator and me, whatever gossips may have told you on the subject. We happen to like each other's society—at least, he likes mine, and I don't hate him; but we are both of us too reasonable to think of being more than mere friends. So I referred the question to him, and he agreed to decide it.

He said that in his State every respectable family had *Harper's Weekly* on their drawing-room table; that you didn't find it in the taverns or bar-rooms; but that wherever refined women were, there you were sure to see the *Weekly*. Therefore he judged that I could do no harm in complying with your request. As to the question which papa—rather unfairly, I think—raised, whether it was proper to go to a man's house, and then write an account of what you saw there, as though it was a hotel or a theatre, Senator —— observed that no analogy existed between a Presidential mansion and a private house. "Presidential drawing-rooms," he said, "are public ceremonials; people don't go there as private friends of Mr. Buchanan, but as loyal citizens, desirous of paying respect to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. For the time that he is President," he added, "Mr. Buchanan ceases to exist as a private individual. He becomes an institution—the Executive—and has no more claim to privacy in the discharge of his public duties—one of which is the entertainment of the people—than Congress or the Supreme Court. Just so with his surroundings. The White House is not a private residence. It is a public building, in the fullest sense of the term; and every person therein, who officiates in any ostensible capacity, from the door-keeper to the honored lady who receives the guests, is a public functionary for the time being, and has no more claim to exemption from the inseparable inconveniences of publicity than Chief Justice Taney or Secretary Cass. Therefore, my dear Maria" (the Senator is an old friend, and takes the liberty of calling me by my Christian name), "my advice is, that you comply with the request of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and furnish him with the report he desires. I am bound to say that he writes very much like a gentleman."

I always follow the Senator's advice. Accordingly, last evening, as he happened to call just as we were going to the drawing-room, I agreed to accompany him in his carriage, while papa and mamma drove together in theirs. [To tell you the truth, I hope you won't print this sentence—since the hoop fashion came in we ladies absolutely require a whole carriage-seat to ourselves.] We arrived at the White House just as the first of the guests were coming in. The Senator—he knows every thing, and is so quiet and thoughtful—took me by some quiet passage to the door of the dressing-room; I had managed so well that I wasn't crumpled in the least.

Dear Mr. Editor, I wish you could have ensconced some of your famous artists—Mr. Hoppin, or Mr. Parsons—in a corner of that room while the dressing went on. I do believe that half an hour in that room—remember, no males are ever admitted—would enlarge even the greatest lady-killer's knowledge of the sex. The first person I met there was Mrs. ——, of New York (you know her, she is *gigantic*); she was in an agony. She wore—dare I mention it?—steel hoops, and an accident had happened to them, in consequence of her persisting in bringing her brother (as stout as she is) in the carriage with her. She wanted a doctor to be sent for, and—privately, to me—she confessed that she had fears of lock-jaw. Her sister, who married the member from Wisconsin, and who has become *un peu sauvage* in that wild region, interrupted her confidences with, "Bother, Mary Jane! stick a bit of court-plaster on the place!" I suggested that the lady should ascertain, by actual experiment, whether the accident had lamed her; and, on witnessing her performance, I was compelled to confess that her walk—which resembles that of a heavily-laden vessel in a ground-swell—was uncommonly natural.

Other ladies were vociferous about their attire. A new regulation of the White House obliges every guest to surrender their outer clothing (I mean, of course, their cloaks, etc.) to the keeping of a guardian, who delivers a receipt for them in the shape of a numbered ticket. Frantic were the struggles which accompanied this surrender. Cloaks, shawls, hoods, gaiters, hats, gloves—all the indescribable articles of female attire—were roughly made up into bundles by the female Cerberus, and phlegmatically deposited in appropriate receptacles. It seemed to be the prevailing impression among some of the Western ladies that the ticket arrangement was fraudulently intended, and that they had taken leave of their property forever.

Of course the Senator was waiting at the door when I sallied forth in proper costume. He himself, as he always is, was *sans reproche*. Old as his enemies say he is, dear Mr. Editor, you would agree with me in calling him *very* handsome, if you saw him when he takes pains with himself. And when he squeezed my hand (you know he is *so* intimate with us that he can do what he likes without meaning any thing), and said, "Dear Maria, I feel so proud at having you on my arm!" I assure you I felt as if—as if—well, as if I could have loved him if he had asked me.

We entered the procession toward the Scarlet Room. In front of us was the famous Mr. ——, of Massachusetts, whose family made so much money in the slave-trade that they are able to afford the finest diamonds in the country. Mrs. —— certainly wore, as the wicked Senator observed, a cargo of healthy negroes on her back. Before them was my father's barber—a fine, jovial-looking person—who is a great friend of Mr. Stoeckel's, the Russian Minister; they say that the Russian has offered to make him a Prince if he will only go to St. Petersburg, but the barberess objects to crossing the Atlantic, sea voyages agreeing so badly with her. Behind us followed the Minister Plenipotentiary of Timbuctoo, who was covered with gold and diamonds. He was a very fierce abolitionist when he came here, but now he goes for slavery to any lengths, and won't have a Northern man at his dinners (where, the Senator tells me, no man is allowed to leave his chair till he has emptied at least one bottle). I noticed, still further in the rear, the whilom belle from Virginia, Miss ——, who had the sad affair with the German Count two years since. She was on the arm of a clerk in one of the Departments. They say she is going to marry him. She is very unhappy about it now; he will be hereafter.

Mr. Priggery Snob, who stood near the President, delayed the procession some time by his civilities to Miss —— ——, the great heiress. Poor Snob is quite a personage in these days; he dispenses honors and civilities with the air of a Prince, and to listen to him, you would suppose that he had the disposal of the Executive patronage, and the control of the nation at large. It is generally supposed that he will marry Miss —— —— before long, and the little child seems quite solicitous to have a connection of some kind with the political world. I trust poor Priggery will not waste time. A couple of years will make many changes; let him make hay while he can.

Miss Lane looked charming in a plain white dress. I send you a sketch of her, which was made surreptitiously by a dear friend of mine, and which we all think uncommonly like. She is queenly in appearance, and though some people say she resembles what Queen Victoria was fifteen years ago, I think the remark must have been made originally by some loyal Englishman who wanted to compliment her Majesty.

Few ladies in this country have had so brilliant a career as Miss Lane. Born in the quiet County of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, she spent her childhood in that beautiful region. She had the misfortune to lose both her parents at an early age, and became an inmate of the home of her uncle, the present Chief Magistrate. She accompanied him to London, when he went out as United States Minister to the Court of St. James, and won many an English heart by her unaffected kindness and genial amiability. She looks so English that many of her friends across the water affected to disbelieve that she was an American. Having done the honors of the bachelor Minister's mansion at the most stately Court in the world, it was natural that she should be solicited to continue to grace her uncle's household when he entered upon the higher function of President of the United States. Her reign over the gayeties of Washington commenced, accordingly,



MISS LANE, THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

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PREPARING FOR THE RECEPTION—THE NECK-TIE.

with the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, and I assure you it is the unanimous opinion here that our ball-rooms never had such a Queen. Miss Lane, as you are probably aware, is a blonde, with handsome features and a commanding figure.

But I must bring this scrawl to a close.

The return home was uneventful. In the cloak-room there was the usual gossip about the toilet and looks of the reigning belles. Miss ——, of California, seemed to command the greatest number of suffrages for the title of Belle of the Drawing-room; though Miss ——, of New York, a fair lady from Tennessee, and a sweet creature from Massachusetts (I can not really give names, or even initials) prone to her close. But every body agreed that Miss —— (who, by-the-way, once gave herself airs as though she was going to marry my friend Senator ——) had terribly fallen off, and was positively a fright.

MARIA.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PUBLIC MAN SEEKS BUT ONE PATRON—VIZ., THE LUCKY MOMENT.

"At his house in Carlton Gardens, Guy Darrell, Esq., for the season."

Simple insertion in the pompous list of Fashionable Arrivals!—the name of a plain commoner imbedded in the amber which glitters with so many coronets and stars! Yet such is England, with all its veneration for titles, that the eyes of the public passed indifferently over the rest of that chronicle of illustrious "whereabouts," to rest with interest, curiosity, speculation, on the unembla zoned name which but a day before had seemed slipped out of date—obsolete as that of an actor who figures no more in play-bills. Unquestionably the sensation excited was due, in much, to the "ambiguous voices" which Colonel Morley had disseminated throughout the genial atmosphere of Club-rooms. "Arrived in London for the season!" he, the orator, once so famous, long so forgotten, who had been out of the London world for the space of more than half a generation. "Why now? why for the season?" quoth the Colonel. "He is still in the prime of life as a public man, and—a CRISIS is at hand!"

But that which gave weight and significance to Alban Morley's hints, was the report in the newspapers of Guy Darrell's visit to his old constituents, and of the short speech he had addressed to them, to which he had so slightly referred in his conversation with Alban. True, the speech was short: true, it touched but little on passing topics of political interest—rather alluding, with modesty and terseness, to the contests and victories of a former day. But still, in the few words there was the swell of the old clarion—the wind of the Paladin's horn which woke Fontarabian echoes.

It is astonishing how capricious, how sudden are the changes in value of a public man. All depends upon whether the public want, or believe they want, the man; and that is a question upon which the public do not know their own minds a week before; nor do they always keep in the same mind when made up, for a week together. If they do not want a man—if he do not hit the taste, nor respond to the exigency of the time—whatever his eloquence, his abilities, his virtues, they push him aside, or cry him down. Is he wanted?—does the mirror of the moment reflect his image?—that mirror is an intense magnifier; his proportions swell



HORROR OF STOUT SENATOR AT SIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS GARMENT LEFT IN PLACE OF HIS OWN SUBSTANTIAL GREAT-COAT.



THE GLOVES.

—they become gigantic. At that moment the public wanted some one; and the instant the hint was given, "Why not Guy Darrell?" Guy Darrell was seized upon as *the* man wanted. It was one of those times in our Parliamentary history when the public are out of temper with all parties—when recognized leaders have contrived to damage themselves—when a Cabinet is shaking, and the public neither care to destroy nor to keep it; a time, too, when the country seemed in some danger, and when, mere men of business held unequal to the emergency, whatever name suggested associations of vigor, eloquence, genius, rose to a premium above its market-price in times of tranquility and tape. Without effort of his own—by the mere force of the under-current—Guy Darrell was thrown up from oblivion into note. He could not form a cabinet—certainly not; but he might help to bring a cabinet together, reconcile jarring elements, adjust disputed questions, take in such government some high place, influence its councils, and delight a public weary of the oratory of the day with the eloquence of a former race. For the public is ever a *laudator temporis acti*, and whatever the authors or the orators immediately before it, were those authors and orators Homers and Ciceros, would still shake a disparaging head, and talk of these degenerate days, as Homer himself talked ages before Socrates stood in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or Miltiades routed Asian armaments at Marathon. Guy Darrell belonged to a former race. The fathers of those young Members rising now into fame, had quoted to their sons his pithy sentences, his vivid images; and added, as Fox added when quoting Burke, "but you should have heard and seen the man!"

Heard and seen the man! But there he was again!—come



THESE HIGHLY RESPECTABLE PARTIES WERE NOT ASKED TO THE RECEPTION.

up as from a grave—one up to the public just when such a man was wanted. Where was he wanted where? Oh, somehow and somewhere! There he is! make the most of him.

The house in Carlton Gardens is prepared, the establishment mounted. Thither flock all the Viponts—one they alone; all the chiefs of all parties—nor they alone: all the notabilities of our grand metropolis. Lord Lavell might be startled at his own position; but he transgenerationed its nature, and it did not discompose his nerves. He knew quite the value of power to be aware how much the popular favor is the creature of circumstance. By chance he had picked the time; had he then come to town the season before, he might have continued obscure; a man like Guy Darrell will be wanted then. Whether with or without design, his bearing confirmed and extended the effect produced by his reappearance. Gracious, but modestly reserved—he spoke little, listened beautifully. Many of the questions which agitated the world him had grown up into importance since his day of action, put to him by statesmen, had he traced their progressive development, with their change-ful effects upon men and parties. But a man who has passed a deep thought into practical principle might sleep in the caves of Trophonius for twenty years, and find, on waking, that the thought he had Darrell regained the level of the day, and seized upon all the strong points on which men were divided, with the rapidity of a mind accustomed to exclusive intellect—his judgment perhaps the clearer from the freedom of long years spent in the composure of dispassionate survey. When partisans wrangled as to what should have been done, Darrell was silent; when they asked what should be done, out came one of his trite sententiæ, and a knot was cut. It was curious to a true this man, round whom expectations grouped and rumor hung, was in the House of Commons Parliament; but that was rather a delay to his energies than a detriment to his consequence. Important consequences, nevertheless, were arising, were already on the look-out for him; a smaller contingency, in the interim, Carr Vipont undertook to procure him any day.

Always a Vipont ready to accept something—even the Chiltern Hundreds. Mr. Darrell, not without reason, demurred at re-entering the House of Commons at so late a period of his own years. He had left it with one of those rare reputations which no wise man likes rashly to imperil. The Vipont sighed. Ah, that was certainly the more useful in the Commons than the Lords, but still in the Lords it was a fine, a great use. They would want a debating hand, perhaps a lord acquainted with law in the contingencies of war if he preferred the army, and he pull downward still. The man's modesty was heartbreaking—its style of refusal showed not but that august assembly; and as to law—he could never now be a law lord—he should be a but a ci-devant advocate, wanting the air of a judicial amateur.

In short, without declining to re-enter public life, seeming, on the contrary, to resume all his interest in it, Darrell contrived with admirable dexterity to elude for the present every overpressed upon him, and even to convince his solicitors—but only of his wisdom—that the occasions more heeded, and his power in reconciling interest and jealousies was proportioned to what would have been the case if he had actually entered either House of Parliament, and thrown himself exclusively into the views of the party of one party, but of one section of a party. Nevertheless, such unpopularity as he had incurred he must decide at all events before the next session. Once he was seen in the arena of his old triumphs, on the benches devoted to statesmen distinguished by the Speaker's order. There, recognized by the other members, and greeted aplauses than the next day rang again through Ragland House and the Carlton Club, the very men with whom, in the old battle-days, he had been the most habitually pitted, in speaking now. His tones are remembered—his very attitude is found. Does he know who listens yonder? Old membership with—shoulder to shoulder, and glance significantly where Darrell sits.

Sits, as became him, tranquil, respectful, intent, seemingly, perhaps really, unconscious of the sensation he excites. Is he aware of it or otator? how like the eye in a portrait! it seems to fix on each other eye that seeks it—steadily fascinating. You distant members behind the Speaker's chair, at the far distance, feel the light of that steady inward beam. The weighty eyebrows massive among all those rows of human heads seems thrust forward, the eye slightly down, with the dark, strong line of the weighty eyebrow over it. But what is passing within that secret mind? Is there consciousness in the spectator? and there eagerness to renew the strife? Is that interest in the House's debate feigned or real? Impossible for him who gazed upon that face to say. And that eye would have seemed to the gazer to read himself through and through to the heart's core, long ere the gazer could have had a single guess as to the thoughts beneath that marble forehead, as to the emotions within the heart, over which, in old senatorial fashion, the arms were folded with no conventional ease.

CHAPTER VIII.

Darrell and Lionel.

DARRELL had received Lionel with some evident embarrassment, which soon yielded to affectionate warmth. He took to the young man whose fortunes he had so improved; he felt that with the improved fortunes the young man's whole being was improved;—assured position, early consummate with the best social circles; in which the quality of fashion smoothes away all disparities in rank, habit, and taste. Lionel struck of the wayward and morbid irritability of his boyish pride; he had the high spirit, the generous love of independence, the proper self-respecting calculation, were strong as ever; these were in the grain of his nature. Darrell was content all who in youth aspire to be one day noted from the mere mass of mankind, "Lionel had learned to himself a certain ideal standard, above the ordinary level of what the world is content to call honor, by which he had long since habituated into his estimate of life the heroic element, and undeniable one in the most practical social of view, for the world is so in the habit of decrying—of disbelieving high motives and pure emotions—of pigeonholing aloof such all its ugliest wrinkles, stripped of the true bloom that gives them a virginal charm, that sometimes those defects which it invites the sun to tinge, that we shall never judge human nature aright, if we do not set out in the first place with a fairest beauties, and our belief in its latent good. In a word, we should begin with the Ideal, if we would learn the Human. But though to himself Lionel thus secretly prescribed a certain superiority of type, in his watchful survey, to seem if never actually attained, he was wholly without pretension to superiority over his more contemporaries. From this he was saved not only by good-nature, animal spirits, frank hardihood, but by the very ardor of his ideal, which animated his tongue, colored his language, and whether to young or old, made him, by his conversation rary and original. He was a delightful companion; and if he had taken much instruction from those ideal views which he set himself, he so bathed that instruction in the light of a sunny and lively temperament, so warmed it at his own heating, impulsive heart, that he could make an old man's gleanings from his own young reaping, and yet not mislead him. truth. Faults he had, of course—chiefly the faults common at the failings of youth, perhaps, the most dangerous were—Firstly, carelessness in money matters; secondly, a distaste for study, in which predilection Darrell profoundest. His tastes were not in reality exclusive, but somewhat fitful; and with hands, leaving little to show for it; and when his quarterly allowance became due, ample though it was, always, perhaps owing to that very fertility, started up to some held of it. And debts, though not extravagant, were accumulated still with sufficient horror. Paid or put aside, as the case might be, they were merely linked upon to borne. Youth is in danger till it has found out them as furies. For advice, he took it with some little show of deference, but with no effect. In fact, with many talents, he had yet no adequate sense of common sense, and was not ever to get enough to steadily his bark through life's trying voyage, the moment's wind and wave skilful must be forcibly striken home less to his reason than his imagination or his heart. But if, some how or other, he got well into the business his vessel.

I know not if Lionel Haughton had genius; he never assumed that he had; but he had something more like genius than that prototype of mediocrity which is born on the mean. He had youth—real youth—youth of mind, youth of heart, youth of frame. He could aspire as he moved before you, with the eye to which light or dee sprang at once from a nature vibrating to every lofty, every generous impulse, he seemed more than young—the incarnation of youth.

Darrell took to him at once. Amidst all the engagements crowded on the important man, he contrived to see Lionel almost daily, had what may seem strange, Guy Darrell felt more at ease with that young man than with any one of his own contemporaries—than even with Alban Morley. To the last, indeed, he opened speech with less reserve to Lionel than to any one else, or of certain projects in the future. But still, even there, he adopted a tone of half-playful half-mournful satire, which might be in itself disguise. Alban Morley, with all his good qualities, was at times a little too quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it planted to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

In the summer of 1832 I was a young blockhead just turned twenty-one: to be sure, what an ass I was, half fop and ill-bred! I had served my time down in Suffolk (I shan't say where), and had learned my trade as a hair-dresser, by dint of several years' practice in the world. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, I came up to town with all my fortune—seven-and-a hundred pounds—in my pocket, intending to see the world and enjoy myself before I settled down in business.

Well, I did enjoy myself, notwithstanding. Every thing was a pleasure to me in these days—and then, as to Vauxhall, the theatres, the dancing-rooms, the free-and-easies, the shades—I thought them Paradise itself. I made friends with some young fellows as silly as myself, and together we fattened ourselves we "did the thing"—and many a preposterous and senseless thing we certainly did.

One day, having made an appointment to dine with one of these chance acquaintances, I was proceeding in full costume along Holborn toward the place of assignation, when a nop-headed, ragged urchin ran against me, and nearly tripped me up; and the next moment I discovered that I had lost my handkerchief from my pocket. I was too green to suspect the little vagabond of having taken it—besides, he had disappeared. The loss was nothing; it was only the thought of parading one other. I proceeded onward on the look-out for a shop, when I came suddenly upon the entrance to Field Lane, which disclosed to my view thousands of handkerchiefs dangling from walls, and lines, and open windows; and by a walked to make my selection. The queer aspect of the place tickled my fancy, and threatened to make me clattering, squabbling, and bawling—the coarse jokes I heard, the odd faces I peeped out on all sides—the myriads of silken spots that fluttered and shed and shed —all struck me with an agreeable sense of novelty; and, being in a humor for thinking I might as well see the whole of it, I wandered from end to end of the lane before troubling myself about the business in hand. The interest of the place, plump and unctuous, paid me market attention, and would fain have encouraged me into a bargain, but I was callous to their compliments, and held on my way. Having at length satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and entering a shop of the first I encountered to be shown some of the best of the wares. The shop was a sort of back-shop chamber, which was almost empty; the whole of the merchandise having been referred to the lines and poles without, where, as it hung thick in the air, it completely obscured the view of what was passing in the lane. The man who rose to wait behind the counter in answer to my challenge, seemed to my raw eyes a very old and grisly hair; but a pair of dark-black eyes twinkled under the bushy arch of brow that covered them both; and his bald-jaw combined with a grin to be asked: "Tulip, eh? your old Vienna pea, ma tear?"

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The fellow eyed me leisurely all over as I gave him to understand that much, and, as I spoke, he took my measure to a hair. "Den, vil de shentleman step into de varens, and look at some vat is best-a-vat?"

He opened a whitewashed door at the end of the shop, and motioned me to enter. I did so, and stood, and threading a dark, narrow passage, some few paces in length, I was shown into a chamber not more than ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof, and totally empty, with the exception of what seemed a large wooden chest of very short bench, and some tools and bullets of wood lying about. Against this a dozen or so of big, square paving-stones, which seemed to have been brought in from Holborn, which was then undergoing repair.

The Jew produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and selecting one, said, "It is, ma tear! I shall show yer de positival goods!" Saying which at the lock of the chest to open it. But somehow it would not open, and dashed all others, till the fellow began to curse the lock, and work himself into a passion. I grew impatient and bawled, and anathematized some absent artist in wood, who swore bitterly, had been meddling, and had tampered with the lock.

At first, the fellow's anxiety to please me, and all at once it occurred to me that he seemed unnatural and feigned; and now the queer reports I had heard of London traps and villainies rushed to my recollection; and the strange immobility of the chest that all was not as it should be. I turned toward the door, intending to depart, when a sudden thought, by flew open, and a figure in the guise of an old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, burred the way.

I say, in the guise of an old woman; for if that apparition were not the female sex I am the man in the moon. I had neven too many minutes beards during the last seven years to be mistaken on that point: the sensible chin covered with a sturdy rufflan of forty, not two hours shaved—I saw it at a glance—and the hard mouth and the blood in my veins bounding back to its source.

The Jew lacked a torrent of abuse at his confederate, and the latter, taking up the cheat, I was too much prepossessed to note his acts or to hear his words. I endeavored to maintain a careless air, but could not withdraw my gaze from the pretended old woman. I heard the box-lid thrown back, and the voice of the Jew reciting the wares within. I made a feint of turning to look at them as they were displayed, and saw the petticoated ruffian feeling with his left hand for what seemed a fragment of a broomstick, which round upon the box with his left hand. Some thing—perhaps my better angel—gave me courage. I struck it without a shudder, and seized fiendly in my grasp—*it was a painted bar of iron*. My worst suspicions were confirmed in an instant, and at the same moment the villain had his hand on their tools threw off the mask. The bigger ruffian lifted the cover of the chest, and seized a savage blow, which I luckily caught on the iron bar, and which shivered the crutch to fragments. Almost at the same moment the grisly wretch was by the throat. I dashed the heel of the bar into his face, and, as he fell back to the end of the room, carrying my lavender-silk neckt-ie and diamond pin in his hand. I expected the butcher assassin would have followed me out of that by a quick kick against the door—now firmly shut—and shielded himself with the counter, and the Jew, by this time was to be lost—the Jew would recover himself and return to the attack in an instant—heavy tools were lying about—I should be beaten down and slain. Madly I rushed toward the door, and was in the act of poising my weapon for a blow which should crush the skull of the burly ruffian, spite of his force, when suddenly the whole scene shot upward into the air; the last thing I saw was the fire-flushing eye and demoniac grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.

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THREE HOURS IN A LONDON DRAIN

FIELD LANE is now a thing of the past. That old-looking bower of dangling silk-banners, lettered with a colony of filthy Jew-fences with villainous faces, and with sleeves studded in skirt and tare of elbow, burrowed and sauttered in darkness and foul odors, has been long banished. London has lost something by the loss of Field Lane.

For more than five-and-twenty years I never have had occasion, or it without a shudder, and never passed, in all that time, its Holborn outlet without hurrying and quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it planted to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

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freaks of imagination and memory under certain circumstances. I don't understand that kind of psychological subject; but it's all true they say, nevertheless. In those most horrible moments I saw myself a child in arms—a boy at school—an apprentice, shaving my master's customers in the old shop—and, what is more, I saw myself dead and dashed to pieces at the bottom of a frightful chasm, and my mangled body stripped and plundered, then packed away in a hole, out of the world, forever.

But this terrible vision was not destined to be realized. Instead of dashing on the floor of the ravine, I fell among trees into a mass of filthy fluid, the color of which informed me at once that I had been hurled into the common sewer. The drain was deep and I had to exercise some skill as a swimmer before I found my feet. Then, by means of the projections in the vile liquid, the effluvia of which threatened to poison me with every breath I drew, I finally, I had almost said, with more bodily injury by my fall, the force of which had been neutralized by the water, I landed up just at the trap-door through which I had descended was in the act of closing—saw it raised to admit a load, but heard the villains slipping the bolt that secured it. What was to be done? I gave myself up for lost. If I relied on it, none were likely to be sure that the fiends who had compassed my destruction, which, by any alarm on my part would only expose them to the penalty of the law, would not abandon their place? A rough sort of buttress of rubble-work projected from the inside, and in the angle of that I crouched half in the water, and tried to collect my wandering faculties. I was hardly reassured in this position, when a dull gleam shimmered faintly on the surface of the filthy water. The reflection of it came from the trap-door overhead, and waited in horror for what it might portend—half-expecting to see the muzzle of a pistol protruded, held in hand, to make sure of his work. I held my breath, for I knew that the villains were listening, and that the slightest sound from me would seal my doom. Then I heard a lumbering noise above, and the next moment there came a shower of the monster paving-stones which would have crushed the life out of an ox had they fallen on my head. Then the trap closed once more, and again all was darkness.

How long I crouched there, devoured with terror and apprehension, I can not say: To me it appeared an age; it may have been only a few minutes. At last came to the conclusion that there I should die, and not piecemeal, and never be discovered; and then I should have died in my own opinion, if a new cause of apprehension had not roused me. While I was in the height of my fit of despondency a red gleam shot along the dark water, from the distance of some thirty feet up the stream. I looked, and there, through the arch of the overhanging arch, caused by knocking out a few bricks, appeared the face of what I still identified from the compliment I had administered, and with with mingled rage, pain, and anxiety. The wretch held a horn-gutted in one hand, and in the other a lantern furnished with a bull's eye, which threw its searching rays wherever spot it pleased to. I was now sure that my hour was come; but lo! when the flash was turned in my direction, its full force fell on the intervening barrier, and I, lying still as I was I could remain effectually concealed.

Through a small crevice I watched the face of the Jew as he turned his piercing eyes in every direction, and I thought I read in his look and the conviction that I had perished—a conclusion to which he may have been helped by the fact that my hat cast up in the shallows on one side. In that case, I asked myself, what would he do? Would he wait to descend with his partners in crime and plunder my body? I had not a doubt of it—and my only chance lay in the possibility of my life they could not spare. The light which had shown me the Jew's face had shown me also something of the beauties of my position. I was sure that I could not proceed down the stream without getting into deeper water, but that upward the depth was nothing—the flow rippling over stones and offal that lay in its course. Therefore, as soon as the Jew's back was turned, I rose cautiously from my position, and groped my way through the cryptless gloom against the current. I was sure that I still retained my weapon, and it stood me in good stead as I held it above my head, by warning me when to stoop and save my face from the low impending brickwork. When once fairly out of hearing and sight-range of my persecutors—the fear of which I was aware from the angular curves I followed, my spirits began to revive within me, and sounding the hope once more sprang through my mind.

To my great relief, I found as I proceeded that the horrible gloom grew less dense, partly, perhaps, because my sight was becoming habituated to it, but partly also because a few feeble openings in here and there through some of the side-gullies of the drain, the ends of which were separated but by a grating from the street, but which were all too narrow to admit the passage of my body. At first, all I cared for was to hasten on and on, creep and still further away from the blood-thirsty assassins. Once or twice the main channel, or what appeared to be such, had branched off into other channels as large or nearly so. This gave me some concern; as in the case of entering any of these I had hurried onward for some hours, and left the murderous den some miles behind before my limbs began to fail me, and I found myself compelled to stop to recruit my strength by rest. I sat down by a side-drain whence a few rays of light shone in, and resting my head upon my knees, allowed the current to flow under my legs. I could hear where my head the noise of the traffic that rolled along the streets, the rattle of wheels, and the pat, pat of innumerable feet—and the tears sore for the first time started in my eyes, as I wondered whether I should ever again be restored to the busy world above. These melancholy longer I held way, however, put to flight by the tenth of a huge rat, which had crossed my path in the dark gloom of a vice. I had to crush the fellow with my weapon before he would let go, and the next minute had to do battle with another and another brace, which swarmed upon me from all quarters, dashing at my face and hands, and the rats didn't eat him any bit like hounds. It's the truth I'm a-telling' yer. I helped the gals all round was left dead and wounded, and we had to put the bones in a basket; they was all picked clean in a single night. There! I can't bear to think on it. Poor Bill.

This sort of revelation did not tend to reanimate my courage, and I was glad when the main drain, and whistling to his dog, proposed to go.

"The tide will be low enough to let us out," he said, "by the time we gits to the Thames, so we may as well be trackin it."

"And which way do you go?" I inquired.

"The way you came," he said; "there is nothother way."

"Why, I can't attempt it," I cried—and I really could not; my flesh crept with horror at the bare.

The man lifted his lantern to my face, and muttering my evident terror, began to scratch his head and consider to himself.

"There is another way," I said; "they are repairing the sewer somewhere between everybody you can find the places."

"Them repairs is done, an' closed up last night. But you say you did. I was told a guinea, didn't yer?" he asked, in a decided way.

"Yes," I said. "But one above ground, and the money in yours."

"Come along, then," he rejoined. "Step out arter me. I'll make it all right."

He held up his lantern, and struck into a road of sufficient size. I kept close to his heels, and the dog ran yelping before. We soon came to the main drain—descended it some quarter of a mile, and then, turning to the right, to traverse which we had to step to a sitting posture. After a considerable distance we had to bear at the best we could make, my guide stopped at a low outlet not more than twenty inches in diameter, and, by means of a rope which his various burden, began to crawl up the orifice, telling me not to follow him, but to wait where I was for less than a minute. I bawled out: "It's all right;" and the moment after, to my indescribable satisfaction, I heard him, through the aperture, soon above ground. I waited with what patience I could, but thought the confinement would drive me mad. At last I heard a deliver came sliding back again, heels foremost. His reappearance was welcome to me as a ray of hope and the clang of a crowbar on the grating above. My guide now held out his hand for the promised reward.

"Will you not also escape this way?" I asked. "Why, no, sir; I couldn't get my trap through. Besides, the old woman 'd be lookin' out for me at the river-side, an' she'll be wonderin' where the devil I am. No, sir. You're all right now. Just crawl up the drain, an' there you are: there's enough on 'em, I reckon, not to fear bein'-over."

Having recompensed my deliverer beyond his expectations, I followed his directions, more in a dream than with the consciousness of what I was doing. I was hauled out, more dead than alive, at the corner of a narrow lane, among a crowd of people assembled to witness my resurrection. I had barely sense enough to make known my address and landlord, to whose house I was conveyed, I believe, in a cart, upon a bed of straw, after several hours of the most sickening convulsions and declined the honor of my custom.

It was night before I reached home; and from that hour until the twenty-seventh after the day and the night were all alike to me, for I was raging in the delirium of fever, and declaiming loudly on the crimes of murder, and darkness, and skeleton situations, and rats, and gravy-spoons. My poor old landlord had to send for Dr. Sutton from Suffolk to the session of me. But at last I got well again, in spite of the doctor and the old man's fears, and of all the nurse who crammed my mother with the notion that, because in my delirium I talked of rats, I was destined to be one.

The first thing I did when I recovered was to hunt up the person who had thought it worth while to [illegible] from Bow Street, and invaded Field Lane with the authority of the law. It was all to no purpose. The old rookery did not find the villains themselves, but I could not identify even the scene of their exploits. Not one house was in the place, I could only guess at its precise locality —of course could not swear to it. There was a whole inner quarter of it described in the—I mean no trap-door to be discovered in any of the floors; in fact, the whole scene which my terror had so definitely imprinted on my memory had all vanished together, and the search had to be given up.

I dwell upon this seeming mystery most be referred to the time I had lain on a sick-bed, having taken the report of my escape from the sewer reached my intending murderers; and it is likely enough that my deliverer may have talked of his adventure, and so put the assassins on their guard. Thus they had time, and so spare, to effect the metamorphosis of their premises, which deceived the officers of justice, and thus facilitated their escape from the gallows they so richly deserved.

Since then the desire has often crossed my mind whether the police of Bow Street really believed the strange story I told them. Be that as it may, the reader may rely upon its accuracy so far as my memory serves me at this distance of time, and we will hardly wonder that I do not regret the final erasure of Field Lane from the list of metropolitan items.

OLD LETTERS.

CAME they from sincer or from saint,
Cast them in, for the fire is faint;
The fire is faint, and the frost is strong,
And there will be no love less long.

How welcome once it matters not.
Their worth away with time has spot,
The love of the hero, the love is dead,
And the old friend has forgot.

Cast them in! they're hard to keep,
And will not let one's memory sleep;
For hints of age, and tales of change:
Oh, but the tarns of life are strange!

The world has altered like pretty place—
How bright they came, and how dim they part,
Their powder and their heart.

While life and we wear on.

Cast them in! why should they last,
When the light we read them by is past,
When their quite will gild our days?
Up like a sunset goes the blaze:

It is very paper, and burns away;
Some have been treasured up for years,
Some are blotted with heavy tears,
And some are creased and worn.

There are sprinkled with sunny a vow—
The love was never as warm as now;
There be a truster hand were penned:
Woe is me for that friendship's end.

There goes a page of boyish rhyme!
That was a sheet of maiden time,
We took our own way on the sea,
And danced upon the wind at all in time.

One closer curl of wavy gold
Was hid in this lurning letter's fold;
'Tis long since that golden head grew gray,
The dust grows where it once was gay.

Up in its might the brand flame flashes,
And there they lie, in what all our ashes,
Seekings, and strivings, hopes and schemes,
Must come to—dust and ashes!

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

"Ainsi va ce chosen sont passées
Comme l'ombre et comme le vent!"
Victor Hugo.

These things have passed upon their mournful way,
Like the wild wind, and like the shadow gone.

Years and years ago, ere yet my locks were barely
nineteen, when we first met. She was the daughter, the only child, of a poor French widow, who had fled from the horrors of the chief of oldest atrocities of the French Reformed Church.

Years and years ago I was about as wild a scape-grace as you would see in any place I could name at this moment. I had been expelled from Cambridge for a row, and was fighting against the proper authorities; I had got into endless scrapes in every position in which my father had tried to establish me; had finished when I was eighteen by throwing off all restraint, crossing the Channel, and, a knapsack on my back, starting on a pedestrian tour through some of the French provinces, not with any object in view sim or object, or intention of any settled plan, but to exercise my usurped liberty, and to get rid of some of the superfluous life my boy-world sent me to rest. Of adventures I had plenty; but the relation of these is little to the point now. At La Rochelle, where, as I called it then, threw Suzanne in my way. Whether she was beautiful or not I hardly know. She was at any rate unlike any one I ever saw before or since:—a little thing with a pair of eyes that prevented my seeing any one else when they were before you—a pair of eyes which, like those of the German fairy, were always in the act of growing larger as I think they were two barley-corns bigger) than any body else's eyes in the world; but which loved me, and impressed me with the fact somehow, and laughed with you, and cried for you, and made you wild with delight, and desperate with despair, every times a day.

From the first time I saw her, I proved her constant admirer. Her mother (guided by those accidents that occur when two people do their best to aid Fate in her arrangements) took lodgings of the most attractive was a garden full of roses, and lilies, and jasmines, and all sorts of beautiful old-fashioned flowers that grow any where; you may plant them, but that can no more get common or worthless for all that, than a nightingale, though if they be supposed to be watered with Champagne. Beyond the garden is what is called a chateau, that is to say, a wood, surrounded by a low turf, moss, and wildflowers, overshadowed with magnificent chestnut-trees, and with a little stream, or rivulet, at the bottom. Only a paling and a wicket landscape-painter. and the wood, and the lot separated the garden and the rivulet. Here, in the long, old-fashioned, one day a right to wander there at will—a privilege of which the peasants in the neighborhood, knowing what I was of employing their time, seldom availed themselves; and it was, except at the chestnut gathering, generally deserted.

So there I used to repair in the glowing July days, with a book, generally, but both unheeded, and, lying on the grass, or leaning against a tree, myself half-hidden, watch for Suzanne. How it is all before me now—before me now, and in me, and about me—Good Heaven, how clearly—after all these years!

The broad, rugged trunks of the trees; the sunlight streaming with a soft, green light through the leaves: the warm, ripe, still heat that quivered before my half-closed eyes; and there, then beyond, through a narrower vista, an opening, as it were, into heaven, in the guise of a little bit of the

pastor's garden, blazing in sunshine and flowers. On this my eyes would fix till the angel should come to give it a holier light. Sometimes I walked through the long hours in vain; sometimes I saw her pass and repass, coming and going like alternate sun and shadow, as the place seemed brightened or darkened with her presence and departure. Then, how my heart beat; how I watched, how I listened!—did the guess I was there?—did it add to its value?—was it thankful or indifference that prevented her turning her eyes this way?—Useless. She would not come to day and, cross and sick at heart, I left the house and wandered homeward to mine inn—the bare, hot chambers of which, with the old fumes of bad stale tobacco, were little calculated to soothe the nerves that had been stung and fretted and ruffled in the green, cool, perfumed chestnut-wood.

Next day all would be joy and hope again. Back once more to the sylvan temple, only to hoped to meet the shy goddess. An hour—two—would pass, and then she hosted to and fro across that bit of sunshine, gathering a flower here—tying one up there; watering, trimming, dipping for her own watering-pot, as her eye fell on one of the as I little grassed them, if I were there in the wood watching her. Presently, with a basket on her arm, she would turn into the shade of the arbor, and nearer come her footstep; fuller and fuller throbbed my heart; then, with her hand on the wicket, she would pause; had she changed her mind? would she go back? and at that thought my soul so yearned for her, that it seemed the influence must act to draw her toward me; and sometimes I almost thought it did so, for opening the gate, she stepped into the wood; and slowly, with downcast eyes, raved to and fro, in search, as I believed, of the yellow mushrooms that grow in the chestnut woods in France.

A few moments more, and we were together, she still pursuing her search, though many a mushroom was passed, many another trodden on; I, pacing by her side, speaking low, and at intervals, while she sometimes answered without looking up, sometimes gave me a glance from those marvelous eyes in lieu of other answer; till at last, loud words, and colds encouraging, the timid that at first dared not look in my face, opened all round her waist, the lips that trembled to pronounce her answers parted and whitened.

And now, shall I tell the truth?—a truth that many and many a time since has not only stung me with remorse, but with the thought, What if it hope—Well, will, that may or may not have been. But be my confession!

Young as I was, Suzanne was not the first woman I fancied I had loved; and though the feeling I had for her was widely different from that with which I had regarded others, still it was not then pure, and deep, and fervent as it ought to have been. At first, much as I loved her, much as I desired to obtain her love, I had no thought of indissolubly uniting my destiny to hers by the holy rites of marriage. I contented myself with letting things run their course, whatever they were likely to; with taking no thought, and making no engagement for the future.

At last our meetings in the chataigneraie became things of daily occurrence; and we needed no subterfuges of seclusion and mutual appointments to color them. Sweet, pure, darling Suzanne! Who, in her position, at her age, could have dreamed of the dangers of the situation as she did? She loved me with all the depth and warmth of a profound and passionate nature, yet in the midst of the delirium there was a purity, a starting, instinctive shyness—a turning of the head, a drooping of the eyes, at appearing unconscious of its vicinity—that at once captivated and repelled me. And days drew on to weeks, and still our relative positions remained unaltered.

One day we were in the chataigneraie together, strolling side by side, her hand in mine, when the unusual sound of footsteps rustling 'mid the last year's leaves startled us. We turned hastily, and at a little distance beheld her father.

He was not still in the grave of life. But indifferent health, and a ceaseless activity in the arduous duties of his calling, gave to his spare figure and fine face a worn and impressionable look. I shall never forget him, as, after a moment's pause, he advanced and confronted us. The veins in his bare temples swollen and throbbing with the exertion he sought to control, his face pale and rigid, and his lips compressed.

There was a dead silence for some seconds. Then his kindling eye flashed on his daughter's face, rising to the house, he said, in a low, stern voice, "Go in, Suzanne!" She went without a word.

"And then, young man," he said, "since she was out of hearing, "thus, for the gratification of a passing fancy, to kill the time you have on hand, to disgrace of you blot an honest and hitherto stainless name. You think a father's heart; you turn from her God—you destroy body and soul—you make motherless and unprotected. I will not tell you what Suzanne has been to me. I have labored for her, worked, hoped, prayed for her, loved and trusted her. All these things are, doubtless, tame and commonplace and contemptible to you. But if you had no fear of God or consideration for man before your eyes, could you not have had a little feeling, a little pity, an atom of respect for a father and daughter entrusted as you know us to be? Knowing, moreover, that it is my duty to be found in the hands of the Minister of God to avenge the wrong and shame done him by the vilest and other dishonored father adopt?"

Utterly absorbed and conscience-stricken, I strove to explain; but my emotion, and the sudden difficulty that came over me in expressing myself adequately in a foreign language—fluently as, under ordinary circumstances I spoke it—were little calculated to reassure him.

"No," he said, "I know all. Your daily meetings, your prolonged interviews, a certain embarrassment I have lately noticed in my child, hitherto so frank and fearless; her altered looks and manner—even note the demeanor of both when I surprised you—what can I conclude from such indications?"

"I swear to you," I at length found words to explain, "that your daughter is wholly and perfectly innocent. Think of me as you will, but at least believe me in this, and assure yourself that your child is stainless."

He looked at me inquiringly for some seconds; then his face and voice relaxed. "I believe you! I believe you! Judge you can now do, after my sincere in your wish to repair this evil. Promise me you will never see Suzanne again, and that you will never, by any means, quit this neighborhood."

I promised, and we parted.

How I passed that night it needs not now to tell, nor all the revolution the thoughts it brought worked in my mind. I should be able to recount a homelier result was, that next morning at dawn I rose from my sleepless bed, and, without a word, quitted my host's daughter's hand; not concealing the difficulties of my position, but adding that if he would overlook my present material disadvantages he might trust that no sin of omission or commission on my part should ever cause him to regret his having accorded his sanction to our marriage, and that I feared not but that with time, patience, and perseverance, I should be able to secure a means of existence. At nineteen it is so easy to dispose of these questions in the abstract—so easy to clear every thing and to dispense with every thing.

The answer came quickly, brought by the postman.

"You are an honest lad," he said. "I will not now enter into the question of your means to wed that of Suzanne. My child's reputation is at stake, and she is deeply attached to you. That of your progress is one we have yet to discuss. But the first neglect to be entered upon and fully explained is that of your not having communicated with me. In the first place, by the law of France, which is, I believe, different to that of England, no man or woman under the age of twenty-one requires anything proof of their parents' acquiescence. In the second, even were it otherwise, I should myself hold myself bound, for conscience' sake, not to take advantage of the most desirable proposal, if it were made against the will of those who have the watching of yours. Are you likely to obtain this?"

Here was a case that I had never anticipated nor provided for. I had thrown off all authority, deeming my own sufficient for my governance, and now, at the first encounter, I was to be put to proof its inefficiency to get me through my earliest difficulty. Knowing I must not, could not, would not admit my mistake, and ask my father's consent to my marriage, was it in the least likely that he would, under the circumstances, consent to it?

Never mind. I must make the attempt, and so, hesitating, I told him that I had not yet received for such a contingency, he left me to write to my father.

A week of agonizing suspense passed, during which I, in accordance with a promise made to Suzanne's father, kept away from the house, lest to avoid a shadow of suspicion, never even went to our chestnut-wood to get a peep of her in the garden.

At last the letter came, sad, sick with agitation, I tore it open. It was short, but not unsatisfactory, but yet not different to what I deserved, and what I expected.

My father said he had reflected much on my demand; that he saw many reasons why he should refuse it, yet was unwilling to withhold my wishes when they pointed to any course that was not likely to lead me into moral mischief, and that afforded me a chance of obtaining employment. Therefore, that if I could provide him proofs of my intended father's character and means, which should be presented then, he would not withhold his permission.

This was easily done. Proud and elate, I boldly presented myself at the presbytery, and within a month we received the answer to all our hopes and difficulties that the French laws, which seem especially framed to throw every possible obstacle, hindrance, and petty vexation in the way of the impatient lover, could find to circumvent us.

I look back to the days of old, through the spectacles — though a little dimmed, now and then—of years and years; and we Suzanne, the wife of my youth, as I saw her a hundred times in the old girl I remember to have known then. A hopeful, happy, foolish pair, we were, indeed, in the days of love; seeing all things, each other included, quite other than they were; yet so confident in themselves, in their experience, their knowledge, their precision; living from day to day, like the birds on the branch, as if all the world were their storehouse, and no to-morrow were before them; quarreling and making up our friends again; fretting about a look or a word; jesting and laughing; involving the most important material interests; received and returned marriage presents; and flower presented and lent; not a thought or a care or gold surpassing.

The place was to endeared to me and Suzanne, and her father felt so reluctant to part, that I resolved—and my father, with his usual kindness, made reasonable allowance, not objecting—to settle, for a time, at all events, in the neighborhood of La Rochelle.

So we took a little house in the midst of a garden, within five minutes' walk of the town, where, as there was set up our household, served by a plump Rochelaise cook, with her clear cotton gown, gold and gold ear-rings, heart and cross, were, on Sundays, the admiration of the place; and a lad emancipated from sabots to work in the garden and help Nannie in the rougher occupations of the house.

* The "carpet" is the hood-dress peculiar to La Rochelle and its neighborhood. It consists of a frame-work furred upright on the head, round which is loosely folded a dark satin dress three or four yards long, and about half a yard wide, of close muslin, bordered at each edge with lace, and terminating in a rounded end, pinned in front. Considerable skill and practice are necessary to attach the caped properly, as it is arranged on the head.

He fell in love with her, I remember, and he being some years her junior, and she being rather a belle and virtuous withal, she was moved by all these united considerations to box his ears on his attempting to demonstrate the state of his feelings by trying to kiss her when, attired as above recorded, her beauty shone forth too resplendent for him to succeed in controlling his youthful passion.

Baffle a year was out the two children had a doll to put in the baby-house, and to play with from morning till night. They were very constantly, and worshiped it, and had moments of jealousy about it, and quarrelled over it, and made it a miracle of genius and intellect, when to stranger eyes it was a thing of nothing but sleeping and sucking, and stretching its toes before the fire.

When it should walk! Oh, when it should walk, and run, and dance, and be a child of mischief! When it did, the child-mother lay in her grave in the Protestant cemetery at La Rochelle, and the boy-father took it then to his dwelling on his staff.

When I first awoke from the stunning effect of the blow I got from a ship that, going full fling, a tremendous breaker, stands for a moment paralyzed and grieving; then staggers blindly on, without rudder or compass—holds away in the general run.

The wild spirit within me, which the peaceful and innocent happiness of the last two years had soothed and stilled, broke forth again; and my first impulse was to rush from the scene of my lost felicity, and, in a fit of reckless adventure, seek to lose myself in the recollection of all I had won, all I had been bereft of, in that short space.

Think God, I had the child, and I had the doll.

And now, at twenty-one, when most men have hardly made their first start in life, I, a father and widower, was left to the first steps of my manhood's career, and was about to gather up the shattered fragments of my youth's hopes and affections, and try to patch them together to carry me through the rest of it.

I left my father, now all affection and sympathy since the change my marriage had brought, to regard my interests, and went to England.

But this a strange feeling, partaking perhaps more of jealousy than any thing else, made me decline doing. Sir Mabel. Wadeler was the person used to call her, half believing that that was really the translation of his name, I had now communicated all the love and interest of my life. Here she was all my own, I was all hers; nothing, nobody could lay claim to her affections, the time, or the attention of either, so as to distract it from the other. No one could be expected to take any part or share either to the excision or prejudice, in however slight a degree, of the other.

My child had no governess; no one else, therefore, however near or dear, should in any degree supply her place had no part. I would be all and every thing to her; and if she never missed her mother, it should be to me alone she should owe it. A foolish though, perhaps a selfish one, I may say; but who shall say, resting from what it doubtless saved me?

Happily the child was healthy, sweet-tempered, and really, all paternal illusions apart, singularly beautiful and intelligent. By the way, my little Queen Mab! I see her now, as in her black frock and straw hat she used to carry her dear doll in the still warm evenings, when the glow and the glare of the day had passed by, and the sea-breeze stirred the roses in the garden.

With her I did not feel quite so frightfully alone. Her signs, her utterances, her looks, her joys, her fulnesses, her caresses, her ceaseless claims on my aid and attention, withdrew me as nothing else could from overbrooding over my loss. Later, when I could bear it—I could not for a long time—I used to take her to the Protestant chapel, where was wont to watch for Suzanne; and sitting there as of old, leave her to play on the grass beside me, while, with half-closed eyes, I gazed on the glowing spot at the end of the green walk, dreaming, dreaming, with a yearning so vain, so hopeless, that what used to cross it, of the footstep that used to come along that shaded alley, of the peace with the hand on the wicket. Yes, I remembered that now not all the yearning and craving of my soul could, as I knocked it of old, bring Suzanne any nearer to me; and then my grief and desolation would find vent in passionate tears, and the child, who was too young to see me weep, and be shocked, as children mostly are, would climb up on my knees, and kiss my face, and put her arms round me, and kiss and soothe me with her sweet baby caresses.

It was a great though secret joy to me that, though gentle and tractable to all, she could be said to love no one but me. I think she excited pastor guessed the existence of this feeling; for, fond as he was of the child, and strong and natural was seem his claims to her affection, he never seemed to put them conspicuously forward, or to attempt in any way to interfere with her monopolizing.

For this, even more than for his many other proofs of regard and kindness, I was deeply grateful. I encouraged little to be familiar with him; but though she showed deference and duty, and even returned his caresses, I could see, with pain and sympath, that her heart was not in her acts, and that as soon as she thought she might without offense return to his, reaching the pearled drops that lay in its cup, then racing away suddenly, wild with strong young life, prancing and plunging in imitation of a high-mettled steed, or chasing the kitten that was not more graceful or lithe of limb than she.

And so on, till the opening of my latticn announced that I was astir. Oh, the sunshine of the radiant face! She had her mother's wondrous eyes, and with a fine fair English complexion and warm light-brown English hair. Then piled up the narrow stair-case came the quick step, the door was flung open, and in two bounds she was on my bed, hugging and kissing me, laughing, patting my cheeks, her fresh, sweet cool face against mine, and chattering the strange mixed dialect between French and English, that was the delight of my then purest happiness.

Then off again, like a butterfly, opening my beds, examining my boots, and my self looking solemnly curious at the sound; turning over my clothes, scribbling wild flourishes on my paper with pen or pencil, and quick as flight of bird, away again to announce to Nannie that "le grand Monsieur" was awake, and, true to rule, and so hungry, so hungry for his breakfast.

And so through the day, however I might be occupied, whether in my sawyer from me for an hour. Light and restless, like some winged thing, she was in and out of the room in the bright sun, and on all the live-long day; dancing, singing, talking to herself, when I was too occupied to attend to her, and then coming and to me to be raised upon than the sunshine that streamed in at my window, and the warm air that built and carried on the roses above it. Long walks we used to take together, she bounding by my side, now clinging to my hand, now dropping off at her wild desire to pull up and arms were full, all beaming and joyous with a happiness that, even in the bright hours, would lengthen, the step shorten, and the small money I always carried in my pocket to provide against such emergencies was brought home to me and given with willing hand and gentle words of pity and consolation, and for a time the pain for the little heart and brain were yet oppressed with the impression and the sight of suffering.

In the evenings, by the waning sunlight or the winter fire, we should climb to my knee, chinning a story; and I, whether I related remembered history, or improvised some original one, there she sat, with raptured face, gazing on mine, those eyes so full of wonderful interest, that, child as she was, showing the glistening teeth; putting in now and then some natural question, and, before long at the close of the narrative to muse over it and fully digest certain points that had made a deeper impression than the rest of the tale. Then, as the light fell and the stillness of evening deepened into night, her head drooped upon my knee, and, like a folded flower, the blossom that brightened and perfumed my lonely life, slept quietly, while I, sad and silent, wandered musingly through the past.

I look back now to that period of my life, and spite it is not from it when I see myself alone, it is one I knew, whose affections, cares, and troubles were as my own to me, but whose thoughts, interests, and occupations were not to what they then were hold, and on which I now act. The child sense of the word "home" had for me become every—the slightest—detail concerning her; she comes before me in my lonely hours like the remembrance of vivid scenes in a romance long ago; some vision sent to cheer and brighten my pathway, and which became long part of my existence that then seemed drawing on to its close.

We knew so little what we can live through and ever, till the moment is matured in the things that have been! till the pages on which are inscribed in black letter the events of our lives are turned, and those that contain pleasanter passages are laid over them!

Mabel had achieved her tenth year before I had reached my thirtieth birthday: and all that time we had never been a day separated. I had never lived any other life than the life I have been describing.

I had taught her to read and write, Nannie had taught her to sew; but other accomplishments I had none, and by that strange jealousy of other interference, partly a horror I could not control of subjecting my fairy to the drudgery of learning, stood like a lurking demon in the other aid to advance her education. It was better that it should be so. I was always glad now to think that I did as I had done.

My child had been, for me, not given. Her mother was dead and nothing in the marriage and help influence was granted to tame and save me. Perhaps it was well that she was taught to heal me through the first stages to heaven!

The task accomplished, He saw fit to recall the loan.

It is thirty years and upward now since Mabel died.

I have buried another wife since then, and two fair children; and four more yet remain to me.

They are good, dear children to me, most better and handsome boys and girls too. But they are those of them like my May, my little fairy queen—and I am not sorry; it is natural—the best loved.

PICTURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE two pictures on the following page are from exhibition now open at the Royal Academy. One of them is by Mr. J. J. Hill, and is contributed to the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. It represents The Ballad, and is a very sweet domestic scene. A pretty country girl, resting from her labors in the cool shade, is regaled by the declamation of a ballad which is spread out before her on a crockshead. Over her shoulder, a young lad, with much more of vehemence than of grace, and who is usually the case with form boys, gazes at "The Lover's Parting" with as much interest as if he expected, at no distant day, to realize the scene in his own experience.

The other picture represents a childish piece of coquetry, and is entitled "Hook my Frock!" Mr. W. Hemsley is the author, and the picture hangs in the British Institution, Pall Mall, London. The coquetry of the little girl, and the voluptuous amusement and roguishness of the boy are happily depicted.



THE BALLAD.



"HOOK MY FROCK!"

Miscellany.

—M. DE COLLEN, a French jurist, who came to England to digest British laws and British sinners, records, with an admiration of delicate disgust, that even at dooms balms he had often seen a

GOOSE!

He must have been seated opposite the nuisance, the reader will say, of course. But why this exhumation of foul should be a by-word for ridicule in our discourse, and an object of abomination at polite tables, is a riddle not easily explained.

Every one knows that the Roman State was saved by the cackling of geese—but which has not been lent upon misery of our digestion? Among the Romans the gander and his spoon were a favorite and fashionable dish; but learned commentators maintain that the particular breed to which the commonwealth was so much indebted was preserved, with its instinctive watchfulness—circumstance, doubtless, much deplored by the epicures of that day, since it became impossible to have a capital goose for dinner. Then, as now, the little giblets were thought a great delicacy, and good livers deemed the livers good; for does not Horace say—

"And a white goose's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver"?

Queen Elizabeth was cutting up a goose when she learned that the Spanish armada had been cut up by a Drake. The goose has even had its poet—as witness, in his *post-prandial apophthegm*:

"O bird most meet! although there are
Uncommon cannons on a common.
What man or woman
Can in one single term impugn
A proper name for flesh? An ancient Roman
Would answer, *Anser*. Sure I am that no man,
Knowing thy various affiliation, would
To call thee Goose!"

—DON'T commit murder or suicide, but

TAKE LIFE AS IT IS MADE.

Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to live your life, performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken fellow creature. The fact is, life is underrated by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? No one can set back the sands of time's restless feet, plans unchecked, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all as it should be for want of the necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Every man or woman stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and accomplishes in one success famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only idolizes success, and not the do it he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man bet up by set, and followed in the path marked out by reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret by him who life is to be had and determined in spirit.

—In considering upon the prominent characteristics of those men whom the world unites to call great, we feel invariably that it was their patient industry that was one final aim in life, and judicious resistance of difficulties in their way, which gave them their place upon the world's eroll of fame. Let

Perseverance

be the watchword now, as it has been in all time. With this, says an Italian proverb,

"Demosthenes, that poor, stuttering son of a collier, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, the most celebrated of Latin poets. Asop, the son of a slave, and also a slave himself, managed to acquire unperishable fame. Thomas Mudiey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal of the Church of Rome, and, next to the king, in the days when the powerful person in the English dominions. William Shakspeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be Protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin, who in his early days was a journeyman printer, subsequently became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review* in Albemarle-street, was born in a humble shoemaker's apprentice, and, for want of paper, obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, a plowman of Ayrshire, in Scotland, afterward the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook, for a long time, was but a common sailor, but afterward, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times round the world. Sir Henry Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterward D.D. Thomas Tolfrey, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Ralph Allen was once a journeyman carpenter, and then the chief architect of his age. Hulley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap-boiler. Haydn, the composer, the son of a poor wheelwright. Haley, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton was one of the most eminent engineers, were both of them, at one time, merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making those men great as any other quality which they possessed."

DON'T ye see?

Mr. De Forest, author of "European Acquaintance," not an Irish doctor who cherished the old English idea that fighting is an essential part of a boy's education.

"Why, I'll tell ye an anecdote," said he. "Just before I left Ireland the little son of one of my old friends came to me—a bright little fellow, that I take an much delight in as if he was me own. So I told me how another boy had been insulting him. 'Well,' says I, 'an' what did ye do to him?' Says he, 'I hit him so, right aside of his head.' 'Well, says I, 'ye did wrong; ye shouldn't have hit him that way; ye should have hit him so, straight forward from the shoulder, and right between the eyes.' That's the kind of advice that I think is good for boys. Don't you see?"

—KINSAN, in "The Happy Home," speaks pertinently of the

HOT-bed EDUCATION

which is so ruinous to the mental as well as physical constitutions of children in America.

"They are sent to school when they should be in the open air or in the fields; they are learning to read before they have well learned to talk; and instead of permitting the mind freely to drink in all the knowledge it can through the senses or by imitation, it is bowed down to study before it can comprehend what it is taught as a parrot, and before the body or mind has the requisite vigor to endure the evil influences of confinement. And all these evils are aggravated by sending them to dumpy and incompetent schools, where they are studied the laws of mind, and know nothing of the art of teaching that which is taught. Regulate the mind on the principle that the fruits of autumn should precede the buds of spring and the blossoms of May and June. Accustom it to think coolly and to breathe a confined air, and with the first of the two you will have a sickly mind; with the ways before them, their bodily powers are soon exhausted; they become diseased and nervous; their brain is liable to inflammation; any premature death often ensues! Indeed, many of our oldest physicians trace the insanity which is filling our asylums to the neglect of the physical training of children, and to the foolish, if not sinful, anxiety of parents to make their children learn."

—"SELF-MADE MEN" are said to be the most useful. If one young men who obtain expensive education in colleges or academies and begin professional life with that accumulation of facts which is called an education, they would soon discover the grossness of error which it is not to hoard away, but to use every day, that we should get truth and wisdom.

SELF-INSTRUCTION

"is the one great object of rational education, and mind as well as body we are indebted to it, only that we may afterward become sane; dependent upon others, in other than we must educate them. Such lessons as may tend eventually to our edification on an independent basis of our own. The knowledge of facts, or what is generally called learning, however much we may possess of it, is useful so far only as it forms the groundwork of a mental frame-work; but useless so long as we suffer it to lie in a heap, inert and without form. The interstices of ideas, compared with the information, is like the law compared with faith; a distinction of expression, though not always a knowledge master to lead us on to a state of greater worthiness, and there give up the charge of us."

In the name of the Prophet, Potatoes!

—The body-servant of Mahomet, whose name has been described in web-rusted strain as he here and he Allen, the "Prophet" of the "Green Mountain boys of "succotash" tout, the potato.

"Planted originally in the mountains of Peru the potato possesses the qualities which distinctly mark it as the destined food—in part, at least—of a large portion of mankind. Its cultivation is easy; every climate except the very warmest and the very coldest; more sensitive to frost than even the dahlia or geranium, it will be seen in perfection in every region of the globe except the tropics or the Arctic circle. During the whole period of summer it makes its way and arrives at maturity in every part of the temperate zone. It is not attacked by insects that are not much larger than a strawberry; under the festering hand of culture they swell to tremendous dimensions in the sun. Yet it is far more productive, when brought to perfection by cultivation, of food for the use of man than any cereal; it yields, on an equal space, three times as much for his sustenance as the best wheaten crop."

Potatoes follow a law of nature.

POTATO—not mad the Decay of Civilization.

Indeed, it is a fact of which there is no question, that, like the ancestor and prolific potato, the human race may be propagated by slips.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer, however, of which it is the attendant as I support, the potato involves in itself the seeds of its own decay. It is the food of the most advanced stages, which threaten exhaustion as great to the physical necessities of man as the depravity of the soil. Some nations, wealthy and luxurious society does to his moral. But the wisdom of Nature has provided against both these evils as well as for the other—*like the human race, the succulent and prolific plant can be propagated by seminal decay as well as by the propagation of slips*. Hence the new and untainted race be induced by the planting of fresh seeds in a fresh soil, and the potato, which has been degraded by a long course of artificial culture."

—MOTHERS can not commence too early the religious training of their children.

DEVOTIONAL FEELINGS

"should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind; and it is not too much to say that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he did not love Him. We should endeavor to impress his mind by commencing religion with a variety of amiable objects, such as flowers, birds, and all that gives delight to the young mind with wonder or delight; thus, by deep, strong, and permanent associations, we lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. He who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances around him, to feel His continual presence, and to lean upon His daily protection, though his religious ideas may be mixed up with many errors which his reason will ultimately refine away, his mode large advances toward that habitual piety, without which religion can rarely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart."

—HEAR what says a self-made man on

Inherited Wealth:

"The less you leave your children when you die the more they will have when they leave afterward. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, 'it is the titled-deed to sloth.' The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes in possession. Aimless, stimulated by hope and a half-filled purse, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's unsteadiness, and leaving off with the envious man's malice."

Happiness.

"A happy childhood," says Isaac Taylor, in his "World of Mind,"

"is a precious inheritance, with which, as a fund, is largely blended the practical wisdom and active usefulness. It is a great thing only to have known by experience that tranquil, tempered happiness which really attaches to our earth; and we should think so, if we knew how many have pursued a reckless career in search, or chiefly because, they early learned to think of happiness as a chimera, and believed momentary gratifications to be the most substantial good within the reach of man. Practical happiness is much oftener thrown away than sought after; but it is the most ready to be pursued, and overtaken, and husbanded by those who already possess the most essential elements of their lives, have been happy. To have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course."

—HERE are a few gems gathered by the wayside:

Children.

"The man who has never tried the compendiship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest luxuries of life, or wasted a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value."

Nonsense.

Sense that happens to differ from your own.

Precept

is instruction written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on rock.

True Politeness

is the last touch of a noble character. It is the gold on the spire, the weight on a well-built arch, the smile on the face of the noble knight lowering his sword-point to his lady-love.

Music

hath credible, and children will believe it; makes goodness lovely, and they will love it; make holiness cheerful, and they will be glad of it.

—THOSE poured at your own shoulder—generally find fifty great coat, above the fair worth—her loom offered as a definition of the word

Country.

We read that Minerva threw away the flute when she found that it puffed up her own cheeks, but if we, nowadays, cast away the flute, it is to use a more effective instrument of puffing by blowing our own trumpet. Empty minds are the most prone to rear above their proper sphere, like paper balloons, which the lighter they are the higher they go; while minds better stored are prone to humility, like heavily laden vessels, of which we see the less the more they are deeply laden. Shakspeare. The corn bends downward when its ears are well filled; it is the empty heads that wave highest in the field. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that a really great man is also a great self-admirer—as was the case with Nostradge, the artist, whose intellectual powers were equal to his professional talent, and who used to say, with a smile, that a man to be his superior than his equal. Being once asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent's taste, "Taste!" said he, contemptuously with him."

"Why, his Royal Highness says he knows you."

"I know me! Pooh! that's all his brag!"

—THE above was a genuine case of

Self-admiration.

Recollections says: "We always love those who admire us, but we do not always love those whom we admire." To which latter clause such a case as that of Northcote's may be put in as an exception, for *he loved* to the source of *self-admiration*. Moreover, this is the subject of all loves, for you and I, reader, may indulge in it without fear of a rival.

—HERE is a bundle of definitions by our own Solomon:

Coldness

A vow by which the priesthood in some countries contrive to contest themselves with the wives of other people.

Challenge:

Calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction by shooting you through the body.

Ceremony:

That which is considered necessary by many people in religion and friendship.

Charity:

The only thing we can give away without losing it.

Blushing:

A suffusion least seen in those who have most need to be excited.

Autobiography:

Drawing a portrait of yourself with pen and ink, knowing an accurate likeness by carefully omitting all the bad features you have, and putting in all the good ones that you have not. A species of moral and intellectual suicide, to which the act against needlessly taking life should be rigorously applied.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"A STRONG Norwegian" wishes to say, that the statement that the Prince Norwegians, on the first night of peace, dozed not beneath what they supposed were thundering off fire, is not true. He adds: "After one to inform you that wild roses are growing in latitude 64° Southern Norway, at Bergen and Drontheim, and that the abounds with all varieties of roses; oranges, grapes, etc., are cultivated there, and are plentiful. Norwegians from the south of Norway are only frozen when they have made acquaintance with the Arctic Circle."

THE REAM OF DEVOTION.

As sorrow is answered,
I never could find a good reason
Why sorrow is answered at all,
And all the bright joys of life's reason
Be driven entirely away.
Our cares would make no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned.
Then pebbles thrown into the ocean,
That love creates a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which visits the mind of the best—
And, while it discharges its duty,
Do Providence bless it at last;
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
Which lights the whole heart to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
Which vanished far from its rest.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the fraud would not be carried which ought to be driven upon another. The word lies, therefore, are three times as long as the truth—hands enough.

At Newburyport a pious wife entreated a dissipated husband to go to meeting with her. He replied that he would, if one would pay him for his time. Whereupon Mr. Kenrick, that he would have the rum whether she gave it to him or not, and that he would be warm, and went to the meeting. When they returned she procured the liquor for him, and he slowly drank it. Before he had finished something better, and he now gives evidence of being a changed man.

In Louisiana, in one of the Parish Courts, his Honor Judge Bullard was presiding. "Prisoner," said he, "they usually call him. Old Ky was passing sentence on a culprit at the bar, when the prisoner interrupted him.

"Prisoner, stand up!" Mr. Rettler, this Court is not for the purpose of passing sentence of the law upon you, Sir. This Court has no doubt Mr. Rettler, that you have been guilty of the crime of which you are convicted, but the Court has also no doubt of the fact that of that in any view this Court abhors, it is intemperance. What has been the cause of intemperance, Mr. Rettler, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of the Court have interfered in his behalf, and during the intervening time, and this Court had not stopped short of, and stopped the case of intoxicating liquors. But, Mr. Rettler, Sir, but what this Court, Sir, would have been in the Penitentiary or the prison."

"Why slave so," said Cousin, "your lifetime for gold? Contentment is better than wealth, I am told." "Content!" the poor wretch cried, "that is, to get, to get, "It ought to be in Heaven," the Parson said.

A sailor stopped out of the regicide of a ship of war, rouse fifteen or twenty feet, and fell groaning on the deck of the First Lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "what has the devil got to do with you?"

"Sir sure, I came from the North of Ireland, yer honor."

LOL Mosier says it is strange to see what pains men will venture to take to avoid labor, and how very little pains they take to hold on to them.

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in the pulpit and you must have had a fine time, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; I hated the light for the man who did preach."

"Ah, that's not uncommon among the laity." They suppose that the *discourse* come directly from you."

"No, Sir; I knew that it came from the Bible."

"Why are there so few convicts in the Michigan Penitentiary?" asked a friend of Governor Barry of new notoriety.

"Why," said Sam, "they send them by the Pontiac Railroad, and their time expires before they get there."

Admitting yourself out of Court" is a legal phrase which is frequently used in the Courts of Justice, and by which you are to understand that the plaintiff or cause of action was withdrawn by the Irishman who boasted that he had often admitted himself out of a scrape. "Sorry sirrah!" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance: it must have been a considerable effort to get so far off himself." "To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenious Hibernian.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Who is he? Why, he's a gentleman as ever count of himself." "Of course not; how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his senses?"

Why is a donkey like a venison steak? Because he's a hard to kill.

What is the best key for a Christmas box? A tur-key.

An old settler out West, who was elected Justice of the Peace, could not write, and was in a quandary how to endorse him in a bond to appear before a looking-glass and write his name.

Punch is merry over the threats of France, and jingles rhymes in Jonasy Chapman's fun after this fashion:

Louis, Louis, the night comes on,
The French Colonel's proposal for shooting or
Is heard in the air,
He cares not for Louis Napoleon's black boots,
And if he comes here he'll be sure to get his.
He lost sharps his shoulders, and "get it on his"?
"It upon it," the gentleman says I lose "it"?

Mr. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt one morning, and said, "Aunt Kate, little Sam has swallowed a button!" Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?" She said very seriously, "Not any good as I see, unless she sews it on before she dies."

"Messrs. Editors,—Permit me, through your columns, to call your attention to a valuable medicine. My great aunt has been striving to reach heaven for twenty years. Almost every Sunday she has had the hope of the 'retired clergyman' whose 'sands of life have nearly run out.' She gathered around her the 'Judges of Judea, from which she gained strength, judging from the violence of her prayers. But, alas! the violence and her strength so increased that she was able to stand up day and night without intermission, and has now absolutely locked her in heaven. Thus, in a few years of time, she has lost the hope of twenty years. Any person afflicted of a contrary are realized for the sum of seven dollars and twenty-five cents."

Real or landed property is either held in fee or for an estate of freehold, or for a term of years. A fee in its simple includes all the interest in the land. A fee tail or feudo has been transmitted to an heir of the granted, where a judge, who inducted himself to the land, and "I'd have to last glance, "I'd have you to see what you've had been afraid to see," asked a learned clergyman of the Presbyterian persuasion, in the presence. His course was that he had been turning the work of Cole upon John into verse. The judge called for a sample, when the clergyman thus gravely delivered:

"A tenant in fee-simple is he
That shall have forever and his heir;
For I'd have you to know and to say,
'Tis to him and his *heirs forever*!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, May* 3, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 1, 1858	$1,501,487....	$1,256,093
Corresponding week, 1857	4,790,774....	884,523
Decrease	$3,289,287	
Increase		$371,570

As will be perceived, the imports continue to fall off; private letters from Europe state that there never was a time when they had so few orders to fill from this side.

Money continues to abound; it is not likely that the Banks will show less than thirty-five millions this afternoon. Loans are freely made on good mercantile paper or stocks at 4 and 5 per cent. The specie movement of the week was as follows:

Received from California	$1,486,565
Received from Europe	165,000
	$1,651,565
Sent to Europe	136,873
Balance in favor of Banks	$1,514,792

Stocks, after a very dull week, brightened up on Saturday, and closed at an advance of about two per cent., with a very strong demand. The plethora of money seems to be driving the outside public into the stock market. The closing prices were, N. Y. Central, 90; Erie, 25¼; Reading, 48½; Illinois Central, 93; Panama, 107¼; Hudson, 31¼; Michigan Southern, 27½; Galena, 90; Rock Island, 79½; Michigan Central, 63½.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, May* 3, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been freely supplied throughout the week with most kinds of Flour, and though the demand has been good, mainly for home use, prices closed in favor of buyers....Grain of all descriptions was also more abundant at reduced rates, yet purchasers did not operate with much spirit....Navigation was generally resumed on the State Canals on the 28th ult....Cotton opened pretty briskly, but it closed tamely, at an advance of about ⅛ c. per pound....Pork has attracted less attention, and holders have been obliged to make some concessions....Lard was in good request at buoyant prices up to the close, when a reaction occurred leading to a decline....Beef was freely purchased at rising figures....Coffee, Teas, Sugars, and Rice were in fair request. Prices were firm for all save Sugars, which declined ⅛ @ ¼ c. per pound....Hay has been more inquired for at firmer rates....Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds ruled quiet....Hides and Leather attracted considerable attention at uniform quotations for desirable lots....Domestic Wool was in fair demand and was more firmly held....Domestic Tobacco was moderately dealt in at former prices....Desirable styles of Dry Goods continued to find ready buyers on satisfactory terms.

The Country Produce Markets continue rather quiet, with free receipts of new Vegetables, prices of which favor purchasers....Apples are quite scarce, and held higher....Eggs are coming in in very large quantities, and rule low, the demand being somewhat restricted.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel....................	$3 50	@	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound............	5½	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound.............	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel.............	1 00	@	3 25
" per bushel....................	65	@	80
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel .	6 50	@	—
" sweet, per barrel...............	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, old, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
" new, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	—
Turnips, per barrel..................	40	@	55
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	—
Carrots, per barrel..................	1 75	@	2 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches............	4 00	@	5 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches............	4 50	@	10 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 00
Spinach, per barrel..................	1 00	@	1 25
Green Peas, per barrel	4 00	@	5 50
Tomatoes, per box..................	1 75	@	—
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	10	@	11
Chickens, per pair..................	60	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound...................	13	@	15
Fowls, per pair......................	88	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound..................	15	@	18
Geese, per pound....................	11	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25

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A CRUEL DEPRIVATION.

MR. JESSE having experienced the bad effects of fashionable living, and also of the Parse, has secured a smaller house at cheaper rent, &c., &c. (*Verse — Taylor of Ulster, page 99, Vol. 34.*)

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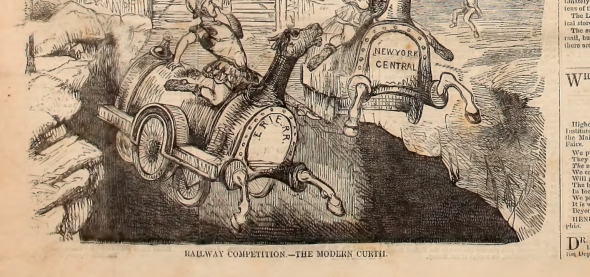


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DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUAL. "But my effects are not worth $10 all told!"
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—NO. 72.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HON. JACOB COLLAMER, OF VERMONT.

We present to our readers this week another portrait and biography of a distinguished gentleman, whose life has furnished the world with something more than a bare recital of official distinctions—one who has not only been honored with some of the highest gifts in the possession of his countrymen, but has won their confidence by his own unaided industry, energy, and talents.

Mr. Collamer was born in Troy, New York, in 1792; his father was a native of Scituate, Massachusetts, and his mother was of the nation who founded the Empire State.—While he was very young his father removed from Troy to Burlington, Vermont. The elder Collamer was a mechanic, and designed and built several of the churches and other edifices in Burlington. He seems to have been one of those sensible, industrious, plodding persons who possess the respect of their neighbors, maintain their families decently, furnish their children with a moderate education, and then pass away, apparently having lived very uneventful lives; when, in fact, they may have laid the foundation of important deeds, by the principles of sobriety and rectitude with which they have indoctrinated their offspring. The father of our subject could furnish him only with an ordinary education; and when that was accomplished he entered the University of Vermont, boarding at home, and defraying his expenses by laboring and teaching in his vacations. This carried him up to his eighteenth year, when he graduated at the university. Leaving college, he removed to Franklin County, in the same State, and began the study of law. While engaged in this preparation for his profession the war of 1812 broke out, and Mr. Collamer received a subaltern's commission. He served during the first campaign of the war, and was also present at the Battle of Bladensburg. In common with all who served in what has been styled the "second War of Independence," he was put to great straits for want of the pay due from the republic, whose coffers were empty. Badly fed, and in actual need of clothing, he remained in the service of his country till he was entitled to return to more peaceful avocations. He was admitted to the practice of the law in Franklin County in 1813. For some time he was employed in copying accounts for the army, and in collecting the war taxes. At this period he aspired to no higher professional position than that of "a collecting attorney;" but one of those apparently trifling events occurred to him, which often prove to be the turning-point in the history of a life. In the same village in which he had taken up his residence there was another young lawyer, who had the wisdom to perceive that the place was not large enough for the support of both, and the prudence to devise a plan by which each of the new beginners might be benefited. He proposed a partnership with Mr. Collamer, with the understanding that one of the parties should remove to Windsor County, where a lucrative practice was about to be abandoned by Mr. Chase, who had been elected to the United States Senate. As Mr. Collamer was to take the practice in Windsor County, his partner agreed to carry him over to his new field of operations, and on the way they were to begin their joint business by defending a schoolmaster who was to be tried before a magistrate for inflicting undue punishment upon a scholar. Up to this time so difficult was he, and so little conscious of the remarkable logical faculty which nature has bestowed upon him, that Mr. Collamer had never supposed it possible he could plead a case. Exhilarated by his winter ride, however, and really feeling strongly interested for his *half-client*, he made a speech—his first—which not only gained his case, but spread his fame all over the county. On that day, before a magistrate's court, he placed his foot upon the lowest round of a ladder which he has ever since been continually mounting. His practice gradually increased, and he was soon elected a member of the Legislature, in which capacity he served for several years. Mr. Collamer was remarkable for the industry with which he pursued his professional business at the period of which we are now writing; he has been known to argue every cause in Windsor and Franklin counties during the whole term of six weeks, passing rapidly from one court to another, and arranging his pleas while in transitu. Such untiring industry, united to a most strictly upright character, in a few years won for him a fame and popularity of which he seems to have been hardly conscious; for he was so utterly surprised by his appointment to the important position of Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, in 1833, that it was some days before he could make up his mind to accept it; at last his health, which was being undermined by his close application to a counsel's duties, turned the scale, and he became Judge Collamer.

He remained on the bench of the Supreme Court until 1841, when he resigned that position and returned to practice. He was first elected to Congress as a member of the House of Representatives in 1843. He was continued in this dignity, by re-elections, until 1849, when he declined any further occupancy of his seat, and again returned to private life; but not to remain long unoccupied with public affairs, for when General Taylor was elected to the Presidency, in forming his Cabinet he selected Mr. Collamer for the responsible position of Postmaster-General. He retained that post until July, 1850, when, owing to the death of President Taylor, and the consequent elevation of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, Judge Collamer and other members of the Cabinet resigned. He again returned to Vermont, and was immediately restored to his old seat on the Supreme bench, a position which he continued to fill with distinction until 1854, when he was appointed to the United States Senate for six years from the 4th of March, 1855, a dignity which he now fills with great honor to himself and credit to the State he represents.

Mr. Collamer has taken an active part in the Kansas debate in Congress; he was the reporter of the minority of the Committee on Territories, to which the Lecompton Constitution was referred.

In person, Judge Collamer is of medium height, with a slight, scholar-like stooping of the shoulders. His voice is as clear as a silver bell, and, when he is warmed with his theme, it rings throughout the Senate chamber with wonderful clearness and force. His talents, it is unnecessary to say, are of no mean order; and the best evidence of his scholarship is the fact that he has twice had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him—once by his *alma mater*, the University of Vermont, in 1849, and, more recently, by Dartmouth College. But his peculiar and distinguishing trait is the possession of a logical power which is absolutely mathematical in its operation; his logic is that of a steel-trap; tread ever so lightly on his postulates, and his sequences instantly spring upon you, and hold you in an unyielding grasp. Repeatedly declining office, he is one of the few public men upon whom distinctions are thrust. His official positions have been unsought by himself, and have been conferred by the people of the district composed of Windsor and Franklin counties.

A distinguished journalist, who has been connected with public life in Washington for over forty years, says that he has never seen in any man the same wonderful gift (for it amounts to that) of logic which Mr. Collamer possesses. Add to this a large fund of anecdote, a personal bearing which indicates a thoroughly-conscientious act of motives, an eye that at times sparkles with keen intellectual light, and a private character upon which there is no spot, nor the slightest approach toward any of those vices from which, we regret to say, even our legislators are not always free, and into which, with many, the labor, excitement, and temptation of a Congressional career prove the *facilis descensus Averni*, and the reader has at once the secret of his success and the portrait of HON. JACOB COLLAMER, OF VERMONT.



HON. JACOB COLLAMER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ROSE AND REST.

CHILD, do not fear;
We shall reach our home to-night.
For the sky is clear,
And the waters bright;
And the breezes have scarcely strength
To unfold that little cloud.
That lies a shroud
Upon all its fleecy length.

Then have no fear,
As we cleave our silver way
Through the waters clear.

Fear not, my child!
Though the waves are white and high,
And the storm blows wild
Through the gloomy sky.
On the edge of the western sea
See that line of golden light
In the heaven bright
Where Home is awaiting thee.
Where, this peril past,
We shall rest from our stormy voyage
In peace at last.

Be not afraid;
But give me thy hand, and see
How the waves have made
A cradle for thee.
Night is come, dear, and we shall rest;
So turn from the angry skies,
And close thine eyes,
Lay thy head upon my breast:
Child, do not weep,
In the calm, cold, purple depths
There we shall sleep!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

A BANKRUPT LAW.

TO THE mildest term, the President is unlucky. He tried to have Kansas admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, and failed. He tried to obtain an increase of the army, and did not succeed. He narrowly escaped having his Appropriation Bills rejected. Many of his appointments "hang fire" in the Senate. His first endeavor to obtain leave to make war on Paraguay failed. And now, at this late day, he can not persuade the Judiciary Committee of the Senate to report a Bankrupt Bill—though he expends much eloquence in his Message to establish the need of such a measure.

True, the minority of the committee, at least half of which consists of Senators from Georgia, have reported a Bankrupt Bill. There is nothing in the bill deserving of special remark. It is framed on the plan of the Bankrupt Law of England, and of the old Bankrupt Act which followed the revulsion of 1837. It is very long and elaborate, and would necessarily, if it became a law, give rise to interminable lawsuits.

The Senate heard the title of the bill read, but declined to hear any more. This course would have been more surprising had the Senator enjoyed a larger measure of general public confidence. Senator Toombs has the misfortune to be generally known as a loose fish in politics, and not particularly a sound authority on legal or social questions. His fame chiefly rests on his reported wish to call his slave-mill within sound of Bunker Hill, and on a vehement denunciation of the Puritans delivered in Faneuil Hall. In Congress his services have been slender. While some of his Southern colleagues have borne the heat and burden of the practical legislation of the country, Senator Toombs has served as a light skirmisher in harassing the flank of the enemy with occasional attacks. He has served the Democratic party in this humble capacity with the more zeal and bitterness as he was only admitted to their ranks as a deserter. His chiefs have never labored under any delusion as to his capacity; but they have been willing to use him, just as, in the war of 1812, the Irishman Henry was used by Mr. Madison.

It is necessary to bear these facts in mind in order to form a judgment upon the action of the Senate in refusing to hear his bill read. Had the bill been presented by Mr. Butler or Mr. Hammond, or Mr. Iverson or Mr. Slidell, or Mr. Mason or Mr. Brown, it would have been read and debated as a matter of course. But, in no uncommon thing for a legislative body to espouse the views of the minority of a committee. Only a few days ago, the House of Representatives took open ground in favor of the minority of the Kansas Committee. Had Senator Toombs possessed any substantial claim to the confidence of the Senate, his bill would have been duly read and debated.

But it is as well as it is. There can be no question but the last Bankrupt Act was an error. A new Bankrupt Act would be equally inexpedient. We require no Bankrupt Acts, and will have none.

The idea of legal bankruptcy grew out of the harsh and cruel laws against debt which were in force in Europe until late years. Under those laws, a creditor could imprison his debtor for the term of his natural life unless the debt were paid. The manifest injustice of this rule, when applied to the case of an honest but unfortunate trader, led to the invention of a safety-valve, which was called legal bankruptcy; by the aid of which an insolvent, who established his quality as a trader, could, on surrender of his effects and on proof of his good faith, obtain a legal discharge from his debts. That it was a valuable, humane, and politic system, no one who is conversant with the old common law of England can doubt.

But in this country the case is different. Here we know no imprisonment for debt. Here the creditor has no power to oppress his debtor. On the contrary, it is the creditor who is at the mercy of the debtor. A man may assign away his effects, run into debt, and laugh at his creditors. Certainly, no one who is acquainted with our civil code can doubt that the debtor requires fresh protection. On the other hand, it is obvious that no Bankrupt Law, however carefully framed, would avail in any case to the creditor the entirety of the effects of his dishonest debtor. We are too smart a people to run the risk of being forced to pay our debts. Those among us who propose to pay will do so without legal intervention; those who do not will take good care to contrive matters so that no legal compulsion shall be competent to strip them of their property. The effect of a Bankrupt Law would simply be that the honest insolvent would never take advantage of it, because neither he nor his creditors would be benefited by it; but the fraudulent insolvent would carefully assign over his property, and then would get a friend to put him in bankruptcy.

These principles are well understood by all persons versed in business. We are, then, to see that the majority of the Senate committee realize their justice. The fair dealing commanding need be under no apprehension of the Bankrupt Law; it will not pass. President Buchanan must eat humble pie once more.

ANOTHER MURDERER TO BE PARDONED?

MARION IRA STOUT, a common jail-bird, and a man of notoriously bad character, recently murdered a brother-in-law of Senator Broderick of Rochester, was tried, and convicted of the crime. The offense was characterized by circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Stout murdered man was the husband of the murderer's sister. Between the brother and sister such intimacy and affection existed as is very unusual, and in the absence of the murdered man, the same bad, and were associates in the deed of murder. Upon the circumstances which developed from the facts disclosed on the trial no decent person will even hint a doubt. Stout's guilt stood forth in the hideous depravity which clouds the social relations of the culprits.

The evidence which was found against Stout was conclusive, and the utmost fairness and care. The court was scrupulously solicitous that the privileges of the prisoner should be ample and unabridged. Nothing was left undone which could have been done by the counsel for the defense to establish his innocence. Any legal knowledge were wanting to secure an acquittal. They failed; and the convicted murderer now awaits his doom.

It is understood that he will escape the lawful sentence of death. He has published a letter in which he accuses his wife of maltreating the sister whose purity he (at all events) endangered, and boldly announces his opinion that the woman was naturally his wife, and killed by any friend of hers. He is not alone in his views. Rochester, which is famous as the birthplace of that most disastrous delusion called spirit-rapping, has also given birth to a number of women who have declared their entire disbelief of Littles, and vindicate the conduct of Stout. The shirtless Frenchmen who sing raving nonsense about the "sacred right" and independence of legal obligations than the ladies of Rochester and its vicinity. In their eyes the murderer Stout is a martyr, and they will make a section to the rights of women. Not content with celebrating the deed in ungrammatical prose, they have chanted it in unmelodious and halting verse.

There is no reason to doubt but they will succeed with their petition. It is hardly within peculiar privilege of that official to disgust his friends and to justify his enemies. Every prominent act of his predecessor has been a contribution to the load which his party in this State has to shoulder. His course in the Broderick matter is but would utterly extinguish the Republicans in New York. Especially has he been noted for his disregard of the public sentiment manifested it. Foolish men, in his position, have more than once exasperated the public by conspiring with criminals to defeat the ends of justice; but he is the only Governor who has ever stretched a protecting hand over a villain convicted of simultaneous rape and murder. We have no doubt, therefore, of the success of the appeal which is being made by the ladies of Rochester on behalf of IRA STOUT. Should they carry their point, we will venture to suggest that a neat and appropriate respect to the pardon would be the appointment of the pardoned convict to one of the many commissions which have been devised by the Governor and his friends for the maintenance of broken-down country politicians on the east of the City of New York.

THE "SICK MAN" IN ANOTHER AGONY.

THE famous "sick man" of Europe—the Sublime Porte—seems to be more ill than ever. This his antagonist is not Turkey, but England. In the first place, Great Britain has seized the Island of PERIM, over which Turkey pretends to exercise, if not rights of dominion, at least a sort of protectorate. Against this the Sultan is confidently expected to protest; and it is generally supposed in Europe that he will obtain the sympathy and support of all the Continental nations in the Straits of Turkey. And another grievance likely to give the "sick man" still more trouble.

For centuries Turkey has been the only slaveholding State of Europe. Ever since the Moslem first overran the Greek Empire slavery has been one of the most conspicuous institutions of Turkey. It is a different kind of slavery from that which obtains in the Southern States. Turkish slaves may be of any race, and of any color: English and French women have been frequently found as slaves in the harems of Constantinople. It is not a self-supplying system, but depends upon annual supplies from abroad; the facilities for the emancipation of slaves are unbounded, and, on the whole, the condition of slavery is not less favorable to advancement, in the case of meritorious men, than any agricultural or clerkship in Anglo-Saxon countries.

Ten or fifteen years ago, Russia, moved by considerations of policy as well as humanity, undertook to suppress the trade in Circassian and Georgian boys and girls. A treaty was signed with the Porte with a view of preventing their importation. It was, of course, violated by the Turks, and the Russians have had their hands full in the task of suppressing the traffic. Latterly it has been suggested to the English that the importation of boys and girls from Asia and Circassia was insignificant in comparison with the influx of African slaves. It has been shown that the direct export of negroes and other African States is negro slaves of both sexes. And it has been argued that Great Britain, as the self-constituted guardian of Europe and the especial ally of Turkey, owes it to herself to put a stop to a system which is, at least, contrary to the spirit of public policy.

It is understood that the present British Government has adopted these views, and that measures are about being taken to prevent the export of slaves from Morocco, Abyssinia, and other African States. Should the design be persevered in, before the end of the year the Turks will be reduced to great extremities for the want of labor.

Altogether the "sick man" is in a pretty bad way; if matters do not improve, the Sultan will soon be in a condition to appreciate the old fable of the generous lion, in order to escape the ravenous appetite of the fox, threw itself into the jaws of a hungry wolf.

WAR WITH PARAGUAY.

THERE seems to be a strong prospect that the new Session of Congress, unopposing the President to take what measures he may deem necessary for the settlement of accounts with Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, will pass the House of Representatives by a decided majority. It is urged that a demand for redress, such as the outrage committed on the *Water-Witch* unaccompanied by a threat, in case of non-compliance, would speedily provoke the derision of the Paraguayan chief.

In the second number of this journal we gave a full account of the State of Paraguay, of its institutions, and of the despot who succeeded Francia in the administration of its government. We have from time to time urged the probable argument in favor of a liberal use of the cannon in future negotiation with that State.

Paraguay is the Japan of America; with this difference, that it is the mistress of a river which is the only channel of communication between some of the richest parts of South America and the outer world. Lopez, the despotic ruler of the country, his like his predecessor, Dr. FRANCIA, has based his power upon a policy of excluding foreigners and preventing foreign trade. He considers that his people would be injured if they began to sell their surplus produce and to buy foreign commodities; and by the strictest precautions he has secured the monopoly of produce, he continues to keep the Paraguayans in a state of perpetual poverty. Like many of his Spanish-American fellows, he is a person of no integrity or honor. He has made a dozen treaties with this and other countries, but has always evaded complying with their provisions. He is ready, at any time, to promise anything; but it may be taken for granted that he will not perform his promises or depart from his settled policy until he is actually compelled to do so. He is, in fact, one of those sort of persons who can only be expected to act fairly when the stick is raised over his head.

We can hardly be suspected of any unfair designs with regard to Paraguay. All that the most ambitious citizens of this republic could ask would be the right of trading thither on fair and equal terms, and security against such outrages as that of which the *Water-Witch* was the victim. But we owe it to ourselves and to the commerce of the world to secure these small privileges; and the sooner Mr. Buchanan carries the Congressional suggestion into effect, the better will it be for his fame.

WHO MAY BE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES?

NOW that KANSAS is out of the way, Congress comes up in due course for admission. And the first point which attracts attention is the clause in the Constitution denying citizenship, under any circumstances or after any term of residence, to negroes and Chinese.

As to the former, the clause is as strict construction will yield. The Dred Scott decision, which settles the question that negroes can not be United States citizens—though in several Northern States they help to elect the President. But as to the Chinese, the case is different. There never has been any question heretofore of the right of a Chinaman to be naturalized in the same way as an Irishman or a German. Several native Chinese are at the present time citizens of the United States; it is fair to presume that they vote, and it is undeniable that they are useful members of the community in which they reside. In one point of view they remind one of the Jews of the Middle Ages—industrious, orderly, hard-working, money-getting—they are the natural traders of the Pacific shores. Yet it needs no great foresight to perceive that, if no check be put upon it, they will be partials through out our Pacific States.

No one can disguise the dangers which environ the blending of hostile races into one people. Almost every country in the world has been retarded in the great work of development and progress by the struggles of antagonistic races. It is, therefore, easy to understand the opposition of our countrymen on the Pacific to the domiciliation of Chinamen among them on equal terms. At the same time, the precedent established by the Oregon Constitution may hereafter prove every grave affair. We have several races among us as it is; and some of them are undoubtedly undesirable. If hereafter a new State should propose to deny citizenship to this or that European race, how could Congress—without giving sanction to the establishment of Chinamen in Oregon—presume to object? And how could Congress consent to such a principle?

POST-OFFICE DELINQUENCIES.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Mobile, Alabama, complaining of the non-receipt of certain copies of this Weekly, which were duly forwarded to the address in question by the publishers of this journal. The failure occured several times successively. We draw the attention of the Post-office Department to the fact. If the Postmasters desire copies of the *Weekly*, we shall be happy to supply them at the lowest rates; but we would rather they suffered our subscribers' copies to reach their destination safely.

☞ We have to thank the Hon. John Cochrane for Congressional Documents.

THE LOUNGER.

MAY.

MAY-DAY was chiefly enough to justify all the sharp things said of it in the days when it was the very prime of the month. It was a gray, chilly day, but the cherry and plum trees were clouds of blossom, the grass was green, the borders and gardens plots were bright with early flowers, and the teeming tenderness of the life of the woods announced that summer was just at hand.

Something ought to be said for the old poets who have sung so sweetly of May, and that something is, that temperatures may have changed. There is no reason why May should not be colder more than June. There was no reason why they should call May soft and sunny, if it were not so. They would have expressed themselves in that manner; and it is therefore only polite to believe that May has changed, not that the poets were untruthful. And why, having always been in such close neighborhood with April, should not May be cold?

Let this, however, be said for her, even if the suspicion be allowed, that whether she loves the greater is her repentance. If the sweet May is born infected with April, she dies healed by June. If she comes into the world with many cradle, June flings roses upon her grave. In fact she is to thoroughly educated, that when dead at last and brightest we are sure to feel this is just what May meant to be, but it had not learned how.

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

THE Public, which is the most sensible, intelligent, and virtuous of entities, has yet some very dull conceptions of things it ought to understand perfectly well. About once a week—say on Saturday mornings—the Public gets furious at finding the fifth page or the eighth page of one of the be-

lightful daily oasis newspapers covered with only one advertisement.

What the device is this? What's this for? What does this ——— paper mean?—et cetera, et cetera, bursts out the infuriated Public.

"This," then, is simply this.

The proprietor of a newspaper publishes it to make money for his private and particular benefit. He doesn't print it to please us—the public. In order to make it pay him something he needs a certain part of it for advertisements; and any body or bodies can have the benefit of as much of that part as they choose to pay for. If they want one line, they can have it. If they want all the lines, they can have them upon proper payment.

If Mr. Smith chooses to hire all the advertising space, and gives it an air of uniformity, why should we all lose our papers? If we are not customers, what particular difference does it make to us?

But if you are not content to read a column of advertisements, and therefore we shall buy some paper where we can find something else advertised besides Day & Martin's blacking—and if you say, we too are advertisers, and we will not send where we may be excluded or our advertisement partially paralyzed—why, you have a great deal of reason on your side. But why not suppose that the newspaper proprietor understands his business and knows all that as well as you? And so, if the proprietor allows the advertisement to encroach upon his reading matter, he will find that people drop his paper, and it will cease to be a desirable advertising medium.

All this is a matter for the proprietor to determine. It is strictly none of our business. If he never chooses to sell glaces at twenty shillings a pair, we shall probably buy elsewhere. But we may as well spare Mr. Stewart our wrath, for his business is only a commodity, and when we see men who are, and have been, making fortunes by advertising in newspapers, it is only modest to suppose that they understand their business.

MORE PICTURES.

THERE is something very touching in the country silence of a gallery of new pictures. They hang patiently and calm upon the walls, the idle spectators lounge and gossip and joke before them, the solicitor comes to sell, and ignorance to criticise, and partiality to praise, the weary artist to pace and thither, smiles, bows, chats, and is gone; leaving the pictures behind with their wonderful history unwritten and unread.

For, if you think of it a moment, how much hope, and care, and labor, and doubt, and fear, and honorable ambition, and crushing despair, have entered into those silent pictures, which reveal such secrets only indirectly, and to the artist's eye. For the little hand-scape which you pass with scarcely a glance, or of which you exclaim merely "how pretty!" or "too green!" or "who ever saw such water!" is, very likely, to the painter the spot of all the earth he loves best, consecrated by memories which shall keep his heart young forever; or it is a study made in his poorest days, when he had no success, thrown it to the public, as boys pitch copcorn into the air, hoping it might fall "heads" and win him the applause that would justify him in continuing his career; or that picture, as it progressed upon his easel, has been the solace and pride of his life change, his gained him the smile and the word which are dearer to him than his art; or so sin, it is the reverse to his every hope and aim, and he has not the skill without which no man is an artist, so that the picture is the sole monument of his own ambition, signed with his own hand. And so on with every picture, through all the varieties of human emotion.

Then, so few of the painters are successful. A few hundred men have reputation and commissions. But the great majority of those who make the walls so gay, since the amusement of the rich is artistic, do not drive in their own carriages, nor pin their shirts with Kohi-i-noor diamonds. And yet to guild is to deal with a more cheerful, more friendly, or more genial. Of course they have jealousies and hard feelings; of course Page is a Pharisee, his shoulders at Suggs, A.; and Cobbs, A., is really sorry that Dobbs, N.A., should make such a sad index of it; but then Page is a Pharisee, and Cobbs and Dobbs have their own opinion of their own works, and that produces a sense of power which is invaluable to success in art. What hints they wear, to be sure! And what beards they have! And how hard they look and how pre-occupied! And how they rail at the want of sympathy with artist and want of knowledge of pictures betrayed in this precious land!

—On the whole, what a vast superior set we Loungers and critics are, who look at pictures and talk about "nature," and "handling," and "treatment," and "tone" and "style," and this Exhibition is never any thing but "Portrait of a Gentleman" multiplied by three hundred!

Mr. Frost is one of the artists for whom we have only a gallery acquaintance. He lives at present in Lowell, and every year he sends us pictures which are always interesting from a genuine sentiment. His *Peach*, some years since, was the best we remember to have seen. Mr. Frost's pictures are always of the same general character. They represent sunshine, soft, quiet, and the influence of some romantic or intellectual emotion. Such are No. 28, *The Young Philosopher*, No. 29, *Music of the Reeds*, and No. 321, *The Third Sorrow*. The coloring is always the same; rather too chalky and cold, and the drawing is sometimes careless as in No. 362, *The Evening Meal*, in which the girl's face is curiously wrenched. But the sentiment carries you at once beyond the execution. *Music of the Reeds* is a little poem. A girl bobbing in her hand a reed upon which she has been playing, hears the wind singing among the reeds near her, and her face grows veiled as she listens, as if she understood the music. There are thought and feeling in this picture, and it is clearly the work of a man of imagination.

This is true, also, of Mr. May's sole picture in the gallery, No. 382, *A Lesson taking the Story of the*

taking of the Mahaloff, in the Garden of the Israelites. It is by far the best thing we have ever seen from Mr. May. Hitherto he seems to have been entirely overwhelmed by his admiration of Couture; but this work, although French in subject and school, is yet independent and individual. A Zouave, in his African costume, sits before an old Invalide, telling the story of the Crimea with all the French fire. By his side stands another Zouave, and by the side of the old soldier, who is sitting, kneels one of his companions leaning upon a cane and listening with all his soul. The special auditor reminds you by his attitude of the Venetian picture-sequence; *Venice Preserved* is the eloquent expression of his whole face, which is mingled pity and pure daughter. The other Zouave hears his younger friend with patronizing approbation, while the old Invalide, with his stentorian voice, seems merely the organ of his ecstatic counsels, and his whole face is speaking.

This picture, with Mr. Edmonds's, No. 232, *The Herdsman*, and Mr. Mount's, No. 326, "*I say Tuft, Stop!*" Mr. Blauvelt's, No. 339, *Saying his Prayers*, Mr. Beard's, No. 349, *Music of the Reeds*, Mr. Ehninger's, No. 350, *Fishing for Compliments*, Mr. Hicks's, No. 360, *John Gilpin*, and Dudley's, No. 367, *The Death of Seeing from the Battle-field Bower*, are among the few excellent pictures of landscape and figure-painting in the Exhibition.

No. 52, *Sleep*, by Mrs. L. M. Spencer, is one of the characteristic works of this careful and industrious artist, very much educated and still incongruous. Many of the details are capitally done, but grace, and harmony, and beauty never appear upon the canvas. Indeed, the general impression of the faces in this picture are remarkably ugly and dull. The proud defiance, the angry hate, the malignant insolence, are natural enough; but the child tumbling into the tub, the dog stealing the meat, Mr. Tuft's Stop! are equally and vulgarly unnatural, are all equally conspicuous and impertinent with the chief group.

A FRIENDLY WORD.

"RESPECTED SIR,—I wish you would exit a great git what the cas de when she wishes to get a good education, and to be instructed by the best masters, she seems to buy books necessary, or to go to school, and who is ever obliged by circumstances to remain at home, besides having to attend to the duties of a family in this busy degreed of gaining knowledge and self-confidence equals to make her to speak correctly and readily and surely, should out at some future day to thrown into the world. This is my situation, Sir, and I request to ask me what I can do, will you not? Many thanks if you will.

Yours, in earnest,

"CHARLOTTE ——."

CHARLOTTE asks a question most difficult to answer, because there is no one way in which she or his as a recipe is given for making cake. How to be a good—skilful is the word—artist is a question to are questions that were never yet answered, and never will be, satisfactorily to words. Goodness is the secret of Goodness, and Art is the art of Art.

"Be good!" in a vague answer to one who is really interested in Life. "Be good!" to the boy who will not buy books, nor afford to go to school, she is probably constantly engaged at home; and if she wants to get an education, she must get it while she is making the time and borrowing the means.

But the other question, how to train herself rightly and correctly—is a matter of character. Good conduct is a fruit of good character. Good manners flow from a good life. Good taste in compositions ripen upon wood trees. They are exterior signs of an inward growth. They proceed, as do from the ground—they suck light, and heat, and gas from the air—they breathe with the leaves, and sun, and drink with their roots below, the ground. And so it is with character. From every circumstance and influence of daily life, from the observance of every individual is absorbing something—assimilating, elaborating, and forming. "Be good," Charlotte says, steadily that purpose and self-sacrifice are the most excellent of qualities—that the secret to be happy is to make others so—and every one in some peculiar circumstance—to have this, or to be the other, and each one must find out for herself the real of real importance is to be the best person she possibly can be, in the way that her own heart and conscience, which is God in her soul, shall dictate all of the wise and good of all ages, indicate, she may go into the world wisely, and consequently as Charlotte sets Catherine of Alexandria.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

A LEGAL decision, in which all the gentler sex have the profoundest interest has been lately made in Germany. It is nothing less than the right of the married woman to the inviolability of the seal upon private admissive to her!

The case itself was very droll. A husband had married for money, and had obtained it, on the ground of infidelity, which he was confident he could get better from the lover. But the unlaunted wife immediately began a correspondence with her lover, not for opening a letter addressed to her! And the court decided in her favor, and fined the husband! This is a new kind of declaration of the rights of women which may have serious consequences. It is altogether that the husband was not the first one. But if it had been decided the other way—that a husband might open his wife's letters—then, of course, she might open his. We are glad, therefore, we may believe the Westphalian judges have taken a common sense view of marriage. If a wife's letters may lead to divorce, where would the opening of a husband's probably lead to?

A LITTLE LIGHT.

THERE is many an honest man who goes in the summer time to Saratoga or Newport, who quietly submits to pay enormous sums of money for a place to sleep in, in the fifth or sixth story; who has plenty of money and plenty of will to spend it freely, but who finds at the landlord's office that he cannot get any thing to eat. He eats himself at the dinner-table with a few hundred other people; he is lost in admiration at the military movements of the waiters; delightedly he watches them marching and counter-marching, turning and facing and trundling dishes, and is especially interested in that spare, fork, and plate procession which precedes the dessert. But he observes to his dismay, that although the fork, and the spare, and the plate, and all the choicest delicacies are planted directly before him, he no sooner reaches forth to appropriate some part of them than they are seized and borne to remote quarters of the house where they are—apparently—consumed by other guests.

This mystery often remains unsolved to the unsuspecting stranger, although it is perfectly familiar to every body else; and it is to the unsuspecting stranger that this paragraph is written.

You must understand, then, that when you have paid, as you generally have possible done, something to get a bill to be paid at the office, you will present it there, and, if you are lucky, you will get something to eat. If, in fact, the little fee to the waiters to bring you at dinner, something to eat. Every gentleman at table whom you observe to be diligently dining, tips pays the landlord for the dinner and the waiters. And the unfortunate fact that you never know how much your neighbor may have given, and whether, in fact, you have not been overcharged. Of course the unlucky stranger can that the gigantic who have not fed them until not feed themselves.

The Lounger does not advise any guest to martyrize himself by refusing to give to the waiters. The landlord pays them—it is the custom of the landlords. Whenever they absolutely forbid the custom you will probably get your dinner and the landlord, so that they shall not serve the same guests every day, the evil will be gradually corrected. But while the present arrangement holds, the honest man must summon the head-waiter at once, give him the "fee," and then, when he appears, tell the waiter who is to serve him at table. Present the individual with two dollars, and the promise of more for faithful attendance. In this way you may prevent absolute starvation even at Newport, and then in a week you will probably have found it necessary to call in at least two waiters, who, by constant fooling may contrive to carry you through, comfortably, to dinner.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT.

IT is rarely a year since Douglas Jerrold died, and the famous authors of England walked to his grave on a day of bitter cold. They were all in all lettersmen and difference, and acknowledged that they had lost one of their best comrades. His own friend, Jerrold has collected into a volume some of his father's witty, pathetic, and humorous sayings—and it is to be hoped he has published in Boston. It will be a good summer book, and we are quite sure many a reader, as he lounges upon shady lawns, or sits under the awning of a singular reminiscence between the forms of thought and expression of the two eminent men—Douglas Jerrold and Henry Ward Beecher.

For instance:

"The sweetest bell-flow is *convolvus*, according to Hal. It's a charming thing indeed but at our breakfast table it's a nuisance. Hal's a botanist."

"Snap is a darling little fib that sometimes lies like truth."

"The soul is at best as a trained hawk; let it fly as high as it will, there is its master, for the time, with his feet upon the cable; it is dangling like a dog-fox at the tail of his foot."

"Shall we die? A battle-field, with thousands blaspheming is agony about you! Your last moments sweetened, if not by, at the least by the presence even on the field by a bleeding piece of your handiwork—a poor wretch by the dying grass-blade. Truly, that is a lot of greater glory which is surrounded by loving hearts—by hands spilled in deep yet cheerful prayer. Let the battle-field die—let the battle-field rot sooner for than thoughts of recent staying, to help the struggling soul from the dark valley."

In almost all Jerrold's bonmot there is a little touch of tenderness. He wrote the *Candle Lectures*, and here is his theory:

"Every woman, no matter how divinely composed, has in her whole character one thing—a love of light—a woman's eye, of *Candle*. You herself may now and then have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring 'I belong among the rose-leaves.'"

"Some people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for his wit as for the extreme delicacy of his friendships.

"'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again.'"

"Jerrold said to a very thin man, 'Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point.'"

"Some friends were talking with Jerrold about an eminent litterateur, who was a devoted admirer, and consequent companion, of the Muse Clarice Elective.

"'In fact,' said one of the friends, 'he is to Dickens and Bulwer's sun as a satellite.'

"'With this difference,' Jerrold replied, 'that —— moves round the sun and shines.'"

"An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman, who was particularly remarkable on the occasions of the kind, and, as his dress showed his knife and fork, exclaimed, 'Ah, I have a head to-night, say I!'

"Jerrold: 'There's egotism!'"

"Well, Tattersall, said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent judge and author one day near Temple Bar, 'have you any news?'

"'There is no what to the epistle like early dew,' setting for the staunch like grass and wild flowers, taken with a canopy and dive in the morning. In his Master's own salad, and that is why he lived to nine hundred and thirty."

THE GREAT BARITONE.

THE greatest baritone upon the stage, Ronconi, is to sing a few times at Burton's. He is a capital operatic actor, and full of gentlemanly humor. The Lounger hopes that with Madame La Grange and Ronconi, Mr. Burton will re-hear *Don Pasquale*, if only Formes could be had for the *Don*. But would not Signor Ullman lend a piece from *Norma* to Monsieur Maretzek? Could May and December over agree? Could a rhinoceros be polite to an elephant?

Then we can not have Formes for the *Don*. And whoever goes to hear Ronconi must remember that his voice is not true. Baritones are apt to be flats, and Ronconi is the best of baritones!

A HUMBLE PETITION.

THE petition of omnibus horses, and of calves and sheep, humbly showeth to the readers of the Lounger that they very sad objections to the disputed the superiority of men, and have given their views and powers to sustain the human race now for many generations. That they are drunk animals, born to be beasts of burden and to furnish food, they will not undertake to deny, although fortunate by the philosopher Pythagoras, and recently the great Shelley, spoke most possible words for them, and obtained from listening three. They request, however, respectfully says that, if they must serve and support a race of repulsive animals, it would be a great comfort to them to be practically persuaded of their superiority to man in the matter of horses leaving across their throats and lashes upon their backs. And to this end, they would humbly ask whether, when your cattle and horses are loaded in wind and limb, and are dying daily, it is decent, or worthy of a superior race, to provide them a course to run upon so slippery that every day nearly one hundred and fifty of them fall upon the pavement, and meet the fortune of which they are not able to console, prolonging in agony a life of pain; or whether your sheep will not calves and sheep be better eaten by the thankful, when a blow will fit them for the service they are to render to mankind, it is not inhuman to let them be driven in flocks, panting, suffocating heaps, in a butcher's cart, and drive them over the cobble-stones, and to the shambles, where then a thousand-fold more suffering then mere death can cause to them. They submit that any reader to whom this petition is addressed, if he were about to suffer at Orient lately suffered, would prefer his own throat to be cut by any body than the butcher.

How imitating the spectacle of both kinds must be to the public mind, your petitioners will not argue. But being, each one of you, a horse and not any other, and side, with the co-operation of others, to make a stand against the present unsatisfactory slaves, and sufferers, commending themselves to your clemency, will ever pray.

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK."

IT is no longer a question whether Jenny Lind will ever sing again in public. She *has* done so. She has given a concert in Boston, and has gone to Russia to sing at St. Petersburg.

The next question naturally is, is she likely to sing regularly?

If she should come, and if she should sing as well as before, she would then be the greatest lion of residence here to another long and enthusiastic ovation? Cheerly not. She would be nearly ten years older than when she left us. Her audiences she could not bring with her that natural prestige of wonder that naturally which has filled her ears, and her voice, and experience, and all her friends, but clings, inadequate, to the scene haunted by the events of what was almost fabulous triumph, and, as was lately stated, was singing in *Julian's* concerts.

But Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is still in her prime. From her lullaby and buoyant spirit the years recoil. She is still as sure to us again, although the great popular excitement can never be renewed, that Jenny Lind, if she sings, will sing as a critic, not a lover, her welcome, in thousands of hearts, will be unchanged in love, her pure and profound spell of her presence and voice will be to them, in its return, like the return of this beautiful May morning, intensified with all the lovely because known before; and they will again declare, as they have declared and used to believe,

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-birds' voices
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, and made dells surpass."

THE CENTRAL PARK.

AH! could we only see our own great-grandchildren! Could we only know how we could, and what first and thanker in the great Central Park! What unborn dandies will carouse upon unfeuded greensward, and what unborn belles will stroll! What lovely ladies, clad in a fashion of which it exceeds the power of man to imagine the beauty, will smile and saunter and be happy along the velvet lawns and the shady groves!

The picture of all this possibility are to be seen in Broadway —the plans which were presented to the Commissioners and approved. There was very elaborate model, and several of the designs are beautifully drawn and colored, and illustrated with views of scenes in the Park, "as proposed."

Careful study of the plans will, undoubtedly, confirm the judgment of the Commission. The one selected for the first prize is admirable and masterly. It is impossible, however, not to regret that there are never to be an exhibition; and we hope sincerely that the impression of the model may be such that the unsuccessful designers will resume something for their labors.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXII.

The Route from Philadelphia to Laodicea.—A Hard Ride.—Camp at Hierapolis.—Petrifying Water.—A Gallop to Colosse.—Arrival at Laodicea.—The Ruins of the City.—A Rencontre and a Battle.—The Victory.

ENOUGH hours we plunged over the road. Riding it could not be called. We left Philadelphia at six in the morning, thinking to pitch our tents (metaphorically) in Laodicea the same evening. I say metaphorically, for we hoped for better shelter than canvas on our arrival at Eski Hissar, the modern village which represents Laodicea. I don't know how we came to be so deceived about the road and the place. The first was execrable, the last—but I will tell you of that after I have finished the route.

At two in the afternoon Selim broke down. Sir Charles had begun to grumble and mutter English expletives as early as twelve; John Stemmerger gave in at one; I stood it half an hour longer; and Selim still encouraged us to keep on, and we kept on. But at two his horse stumbled and threw him four yards into the brush at the way-side, and he arose in wrath unworthy a Bedouin, and I think I heard there cursed the paths of the faithful in these parts of the world.

Selim, you remember, is an Arab from the Deserts of Petra. He has been my constant companion, changing his costume sufficiently to avoid being recognized in places where there might be those who would injure him.

We paused around Selim. He did not mount again, but when he had finished his remarks in general he looked up for an opinion.

Far behind, winding across a plain that was visible below us, we saw the tents and baggage-camels. We had therefore but to sit down and wait their arrival, and our home was here.

There is something delicious in this idea of a traveling home. You get to looking at the tent-pole as one looks at his native rooftree, and once within the canvas, and the curtain drawn close, what matters it whether outside is Mount Taurus or Mount Taurus, Hermon or Sinai? What difference does it make whether your servant digs his water from Nile or Jordan, Oronteo or Meander?

"A little farther on and there are ruins," said the guide.

A little farther on we rode, and a little farther, and a little farther. Those fellows like mile-cab-drivers about distances. It was nearly evening when we descended into the valley of the Meander, and again crossed that classical stream whose name has become a word descriptive of its character.

The ruins that we were to find were now before us—the really splendid remains of Hierapolis. But the ruins possess no historical interest. The traveller is much more surprised at the strange and startling appearances of the rock which has almost overgrown them. The warm springs which abound here crystallize in white stone, and overflowing in all directions, cover ruin and road alike with snowy masses. The city is petrified. Every thing is turned to rock. In the night time, with the moonlight shining on it, the surrounding country looked like a vast grave-yard with white monuments, or like a quarry in which the Titans had worked.

We sat down among the ruins and waited the arrival of our luggage-train, which came in the twilight.



TURKISH PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

There were a dozen pilgrims of Brousa, on their way to Mecca, who had come down by way of Alaschar, and were thus far on their journey. They surrounded us, as we sat under a triumphal arch which records the glory of some forgotten victory. In the evening they found lodgings in a stone house that I was inclined to think an ancient relic, and sitting around a fire they read aloud from the Koran, and droned old songs and stories in mournfully cheerful tones.

The twilight came on, and still we sat by the arch of triumph. The moon rose full and glorious, and we walked around the theatre, and counted the columns of a superb colonnade, and endeavored to repeople the city.

In the morning I was awake and out early. Sir Charles and Miss Kate were still sleeping. John and myself had a plan in view which we had not communicated to them lest Miss Kate should insist on joining us in it, and we had both of us too much care for her to permit it. The horses were ready. Selim and a guide were waiting for us, and we were in the saddle and away before the dawn was visible over the eastern hills.

Two hours of sharp riding brought us to the spot we wished to see.

Far and wide, scattered over plain and hill, are the ruins of a city once magnificent, once the site of a noble Christian church, now utterly abandoned to wolf and owl, to jackal and wild beasts of the field.

Imagine, if you can, the emotion with which we sat down among the remains of temples and palaces once inhabited by the "saints and faithful brethren which were at Colosse." Imagine, if you can, the thoughts which crowded our brains and found poor utterance from our lips, as our horses sauntered along by fallen columns, and shattered walls, and all the common remains of a once gorgeous city, which had been honored by Paul for its faithful obedience to the ministry of Epaphras. I had had great desire to see the city of the Colossians, and having accomplished that desire I turned my horse's head to the westward and rode swiftly over to Laodicea.

When we came out on the plain we were astonished at finding no human habitations. The desolation of the scene was such that I was sensibly affected by it.

As we came among the ruins from the east, our friends, with the baggage train, arrived from the north, and Miss Grandison came down to meet us at a gallop, lifting her horse gallantly over the fallen stones of the old city.

"Peter, did you ever see a city so totally deserted as this seems? Upon my word I do not believe the wolves live here, and I have not seen so much as a stork's nest. Do you know that this was the church of which John wrote, 'Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth?'"

We sat in a little circle, on our horses, while I read aloud the passages from the third chapter of the Apocalypse. "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich [Alas, poor Laodicea!]: and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed [Alas, naked, desolate, and forsaken city!]. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him." How many of the Laodiceans have long ago sat down with Him, to rise up no more!

I can not attempt a description of the ruins. They are like all the other cities of old times in the East, but somewhat more extensive and magnificent than is common. There are two theatres and a grand amphitheatre, and many columns and stones of elegant workmanship; a vast building, which may have been once a City Hall, if they had such buildings; and numerous temples and perhaps Christian churches. The hill and valley are alike covered with remains, and inscriptions half mutilated or wholly illegible may be traced here and there.

We were riding slowly around the ruins of the walls, Steenburger and myself in the rear, Miss Grandison and her father in advance, when we were surprised by a party of natives who made their appearance over a slight eminence, and advanced rapidly toward us.

The leader, a powerful Turk, rode up with an air of authority, sprung from his horse and seized Miss Grandison's bridle, while one of his followers did the same for Sir Charles. The attack was sudden, and might have been alarming had we had the time to think of it in that light. But by a simultaneous impulse, John and myself touched our horses and sprang forward.

How I knocked my man down I can not well say; probably very much as John did, for we were armed alike, and each carried a heavy whip with loaded handle, with which we had practiced at hitting a mark. The two Turks went down like logs, and there were four more left to combat. At them we drew revolvers, and then paused. The two parties stood for a few moments facing each other, the dead lying between.

As yet no word had been spoken. All that I have described had passed in an instant of time.



LAODICEA.

Now, however, the foremost of the Turks spoke, but he might as well have talked Russian for my benefit. I could not understand a syllable, and so the dialogue was left to such interpreters as all nations recognize—the muzzles of pistols and a few signs.

John led my horse while I dismounted, motioning them back till I had examined the two who lay as motionless as Mohammed. The survivors were disposed to forbid my touching them, but a display of the interpreter had a wholesome effect. They shrank back and looked on, while I recalled my surgical knowledge and examined the skulls. Fortunately they were not broken. So I tied their hands together for security's sake, and then, remounting, we motioned to the enemy to precede us toward our tents.

By this time they had gathered courage enough to laugh at us, and one of them commenced to unsling his long flint-lock gun, a movement to which John Stonehurger put a judicious termination by a well-aimed ball that knocked the flint into a thousand pieces before the scoundrel had the weapon fairly in his hands.

"Sharp shot," growled John. "I was afraid of touching his skin; but he isn't harmed if he can raise a copper to buy a new flint."

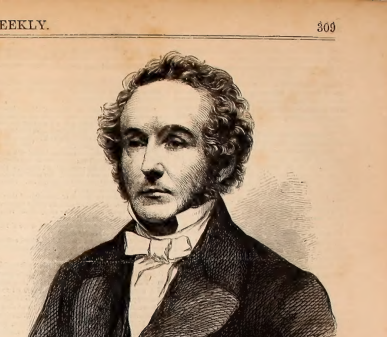
The scene was now growing serious, as may well be imagined. At the flash of the pistol the others drew their weapons—heavy-handled Mamluke pistols, inlaid with gold and silver.

Sir Charles had conveyed Miss Grundison to the rear as soon as we had released her horse's head from the grasp of the assailant. She protested against being left away, but the united entreaties of all of us, expressed as briefly and distinctly as the circumstances allowed, had overcome her opposition. Her father, therefore, placed her in charge of some of our people whom he met, and at this instant returned at a gallop to the scene, and we were now three to four.

"Hit the horses, John—not the men," I said, and we fired low and just in time. Their huge, mouthed weapons vomited out the lead and fire, but it went over our heads. Two of their horses fell under our fire, and that was the end of the battle. The other two fled without waiting to see the effect of our balls, or to know the fate of their companions.

REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D.

In the portrait-gallery of distinguished Americans with which the pages of our *Weekly* have been graced, there is no one who more finely illustrates the elastic energy of our national character than the learned and eloquent pastor of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of this city. The Rev. Dr. John M'Clintock is a native of Philadelphia, in which city he was born, in 1814, and where his early life was spent. From 1830 to 1832 he was book-keeper in the Methodist Book Concern of this city, then under the charge of the Rev. John Emory. Here he laid the foundation of that knowledge of business which, developed in subsequent life, has given him pre-eminently the character of a practical man. In 1832 he entered the Freshman Class of the University of Pennsylvania, and accomplished the entire curriculum of studies prescribed by the Faculty in three years, graduating, with distinguished honor, in the year 1835. Like most of the clergymen of the Methodist denomination, he began his ministerial life early, preaching his first sermon while yet a student, and serving as pastor of the Methodist Church of Jersey City during the last year of his college course. In 1836 he was appointed to the chair of Mathematics in Dickinson College, which he filled with distinguished ability for several years. Upon the retirement of the Rev. Robert Emory from the Professorship of Ancient Languages in that institution, in the year 1841, Dr. M'Clintock was chosen his successor. So eminent was he in both departments that it was difficult for those who had enjoyed the benefit of his instruction in each to determine in which he excelled. He hit the happy art of inspiring with enthusiasm the circle of students gathered around his professorial chair, and of imparting to them some of his own ardor in exploring and mastering the subjects of investigation. Quick of perception himself, and yet unerringly accurate, the stimulating power of his intellect was felt by every mind. While Professor of Ancient Languages he prepared, in conjunction with Professor Crooks, a series of Latin and Greek elementary works which have had a wide circulation. In these the method of combining theory and practice, which has been so successfully employed in teaching the modern languages, is applied to the Latin and Greek with great skill. In the year 1848 he was elected, by the General Conference of the Church, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, to which post he was also re-elected in 1852, upon the expiration of his first term of office. Under his editorial management the *Quarterly* attained a high reputation both in America and Europe. Dr. M'Clintock imparted to his *Review* some of the striking characteristics of his own mind, a profound interest in the metaphysical problems of his time, and a genial sympathy with every species of excellence in science and literature. The philosophical discussions which graced the pages of the *Review* called forth the encomiums of the profound minds of the age, while its literary notices were accepted as faultless critical judgments of authors and books. In 1851 he was elected to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University, vacated by the lamented death of Dr. Olin. He declined the call in view of the state of his health at the time. In 1855 he was chosen President of the Troy University, an institution which is soon to go into operation with great promise of success. His final decision with regard to this invitation has not yet transpired. In 1857 he was deputed, with Bishop Simpson, to bear the fraternal greetings of American Methodism to the British Wesleyan Conference. The great interest excited in England and Ireland by the presence of the deputation, and the gathering of crowds to hear their eloquent words, are fresh in the recollection of thousands, both in the Old World and in the New. Upon returning from England, Dr. M'Clintock assumed the pastoral charge of the St. Paul's Methodist Church (formerly worshiping in Mulberry Street), to which he had been appointed the previous spring. Here his earnest and eloquent ministry has attracted a crowded auditory.



REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

The subject of our rapid and necessarily brief sketch is a man of rare powers, of large acquisitions, and of great facility in their use. Gifted also with a melodious voice, a pleasing address, and the hearty sympathy with humanity which genuine piety inspires, his pulpit addresses are characterized by the highest order of excellence. In them thorough discussion of the theme chosen is combined with persuasive appeal to the hearer's conscience. He is equally at home upon that more difficult stage, the platform. Always happy in his line of remark, he is always able. But his highest inspirations seem to be called forth in advocating the claims of Christian missions, some of his appeals for which have been efforts of overwhelming power. Few men have so many sincerely attached friends, and no one is more worthy of them.

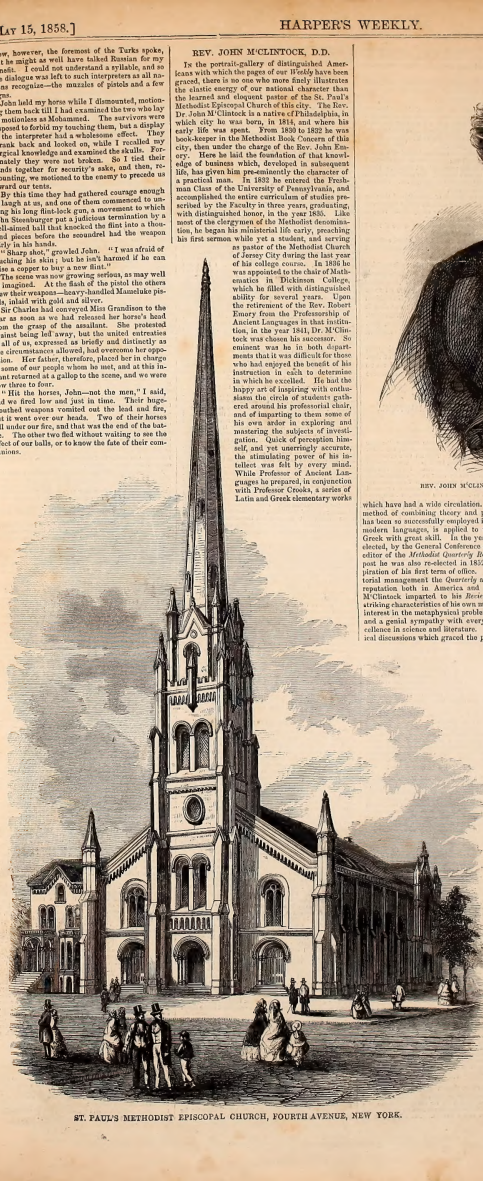
Dr. M'Clintock, in association with Dr. Strong of Flushing, has been for some years engaged in preparing a complete Biblical and Theological Dictionary, which will be a valuable addition to that department of literature, bringing up facts to the latest period of scientific research, and going over the whole field with a thoroughness not before attempted in similar scientific works. He is still in the prime of life, and though troubled with fluctuating health, we trust he will be spared for long years of usefulness to the Church and the world.

Dr. M'Clintock's new church—St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in Fourth Avenue, New York—was inaugurated last Sunday; and we here with present a fine illustration of it.

The site is an admirable one, fronting ninety-fifty feet on Fourth Avenue, and one hundred and fifty feet on Twenty-second Street.

The church is built of white marble, in what has been called the Romanesque style. The extreme length of the building, including both the church and the chapel, is one hundred and forty-six feet; the entire breadth is seventy-five feet. The top of the spire is two hundred and ten feet from the ground.

The auditorium of the church is sixty-six feet wide by eighty-eight long. It is finished with a clear-story and a groined ceiling. The height of the nave is forty-five feet. There are one hundred and forty-four pews on the ground-floor, and



ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

sixty in the side galleries. There are comfortable seats for thirteen hundred persons.

The stage is of two-and-twenty-second Street, and is thirty feet wide by sixty-nine deep in the clear. The audience-room is on the second floor, to which it has a fine high ceiling twenty-one feet from the floor. On the ground-floor are four class-rooms, and an infant-school room, capable of accommodating from one hundred and fifty totwo hundred children.

The general appearance of the building, within and without, is chaste and simple.

The dedicatory services on the occasion of the opening of the church—those prescribed by the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church—were witnessed by an immense congregation, every portion of the church being filled, and many standing in the aisles, while others were unable to obtain even this accommodation. Rev. Dr. Durbin preached an affecting sermon, in the morning, from the text, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Bishop Ames, of Indiana, and the venerable Rev. Dr. Bangs, also took part in the morning exercises. Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, the pastor of the church, preached a fine sermon in the afternoon, and Rev. Thomas Sewell, of Baltimore, in the evening. The church was crowded on each occasion.

LITERARY.

Few biographies possess the interest which we have found in that of Swedenborg, the railway projector; which is now reprinted by Lippincott & Brother. It has all the fascination of romance. The life of Swedenborg was, indeed, not a little like that of the old heroes, only that it was in modern England and in dingy workshops that he achieved his greatest triumphs. A poor boy, not knowing what to read or write, he rejoices at obtaining employment in a colliery which barely gives him bread. His first triumph is promotion to the post of assistant-assistant in the engine-room—a boy, that is to say, to a man; then he lashes the engine, and becomes engine-climber to the neighborhood; then he builds a locomotive engine; and, finally, he completes the Railway King, the friend of soldiers, the guest of the prime ministers. He fights a battle with all comforts in the fields near the mine where he is at work—a regular not-to-with another fireman; and a few years later is fighting with his hands for the parliament, the great battle of the new age against the heretics of old tyranny. We have no space for extracts from the book, which we commend to all classes of readers, and especially to working men.

Dr. Francis is one of the wonders of New York. Long may he remain among us! His historical discourses, original and extended, published in a 12mo volume, by Bar, and forms a most instructive and amusing sketch of this city. Few men are capable of giving us such reminiscences. Dr. Francis has been associated for years with all the great literary, and many of the great commercial projects which have made New York what it is. His memory is good; his style cheerful and animated; his wit constantly flowing. The volume abounds in anecdotes of men and things in the metropolis during the last fifty and some preceding years.

When Shelley and Byron went to Pisa, and thence, Shelley to the Bay of Spezzia and Byron to Leghorn, they were accompanied by their friend, E. J. Trelawney, a wealthy Englishman of a roving disposition. Mr. Trelawney's history, so far as we are interested in it, was begun and ended within a brief space of time. He met Shelley and Byron by chance, a few days later, in the same city. An intimacy ensued. He built them each a boat, he ramabled, rode, walked, talked, and drank with them. He hired a house for Shelley on the Bay shore, and he finally accompanied him in the boat, and watched his tiff out of sight, on that stormy afternoon when he and Williams were lost. Then he built the grate and pan to burn their bodies he kindled the funeral pile, poured the libations of oil and wine over the dead, gathered the ashes, and with his own hands Byron and Leigh Hunt stood. Up or strike a blow for the cause of liberty in Rome. Then he took Byron to Greece, fought there bravely for Greece, and for the last of the rebels; outlived Byron at Missolonghi, and fought on until till the war was over, and then went we know not where. This part of his life M. T. Trelawney reviews in PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BYRON AND SHELLEY (published by Ticknor and Fields).

Let no one who would retain any exalted idea of either of the poets read these accounts of their daily lives. Shelley, indeed—for we cannot make the favorite of Trelawney—does not sink very much in the social scale from what he has ever been to us; but, if Mr. Trelawney is to be believed (and he doubtless is), then Byron was the shabbiest of fellows, and even much more mean as a man and a friend than we had supposed him. No one has been in the habit of considering this poet as a great man, or even an ordinarily agreeable man; but the volume before us certainly reduces him to a very contemptible position. He is said to be the nonvolitance of the death of Shelley that he had parted from Byron with disgust and contempt on the afternoon when he was lost. Poor Leigh Hunt, wrecked by Williams and Byron's ungentlemanly. Perhaps this explains why Leigh Hunt said in his carriage, and did not walk or talk with Byron at the burning of Shelley.

The book contains a store of personal anecdote that will be exceedingly attractive to all literary readers. The discovery of Trelawney after Byron's death that the poet had two club feet, has already been published extensively. The fact that Byron had concealed it all his life long, even from his most intimate friends, is very suggestive. The deformity was his horror. He had thrashed his servant, Fletcher, to haunt him if he allowed any one to see his foot after he was dead. But Trelawney lifted the sheet while Fletcher was away. It is remarkable that Trelawney had been swimming often to Byron's boat, and had never made this discovery before.

A characteristic anecdote of Shelley is this, with which we close our notice. Trelawney had been bathing one day in the Arno:

"Shelley said mournfully, 'Why can't I swim, it seems so very easy?' I answered, 'Because you think you can't, and, consequently, you will; take a header off this boat, and when you rise form to your back—you will find the Arno will support you as easily as the sea.' Shelley did so. He rose head this wrong way."

Mr. Trelawney had said nothing about wrecked oil-cloths and socks, and plugged in; and there he lay stretched out in the water, quite unsupported, and apparently either as struggle to save himself. He would have been drowned if I had not instantly dived for him, and by main force saved his breath he said,

"I always had a dread of the well, and they say that with locations. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have had an empty shell. It is an awful getting rid of the body.

"What would Mrs. Shelley have said to me if I had given her an empty coffin?

"'Don't tell Mary—not a word!' he rejoined, and then continued, 'Life is a terrible temptation—sometimes one might have been in another planet.'"

Carlton & Porter send us a little book entitled SCRIPTURE LESSONS, designed for Sunday-Schools and Families, by CAROLINE R. BUDDE. It consists of a succession of questions and answers on the text of those parts of the Bible History in which children are usually instructed. The book is a valuable assistant to mothers and to Sunday-school teachers. It is highly recommended by Bishop Janes, Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, Dr. Strickland and other eminent clergymen.

The same publishers issue a small but eloquent appeal to the unconverted, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Jesse T. Peck, entitled WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED? It is a tract of handy book, whose cheapness in circulation will do great good.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 24 May, in the Senate, Senator Chandler introduced the subject of the improvement of the river St. Clair Flats. Referred. Mr. Bell, from the committee to which the subject was referred, reported a resolution directing the Committee of Commerce to inquire into the expediency of the present and future improvement of the river and to report. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and after debate, in which Messrs. Bell and Crittenden participated, the bill was passed by 39 to 9.——In the House, Mr. Stephens reported a bill for the admission of Minnesota.——Also on the Senate Bill for the admission of Minnesota.

On Tuesday, 25 May, in the Senate, Mr. Bell, from the committee to introduce a resolution prohibiting sales of the public lands to settlers before they are surveyed. The bill was then debated, but no action leave to refer it to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Bell moved to postpone the bill, and the motion to postpone was lost. The bill was then referred to the Committee: ordered by 31 to 16. The Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and debated by Messrs. Bell and Identical Messages, with accompanying documents, on our Indian Relations with Texas.——In the House.

On 4th, in the Senate, a Presidential Message, giving the views of the Mexican relations and asking for war, was received and printed. A bill introduced by Mr. Bates, to prevent the importation of slaves into Kansas for its present State boundaries, was passed. The bill for the relief of Mrs. Madison Washington was taken up and debated by Messrs. Clayton, Senator Johnson's private bill, and Mr. Bell's bill for the relief of Mrs. Washington, and the latter was passed by 31 to 16.——In the House, Mr. Greenwood reported a bill for the admission of Minnesota. Referred. Mr. Bocock moved a bill amending the law granting land to saline and swamp lands. Mr. Bocock, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution directing the President to send to the House copies of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Resolutions were reported from the same Committee concerning the Mosquito Coast, Central America, Nicaragua, and authorizing the President to take all necessary measures to protect the transit route through Nicaragua. The Army Appropriation Bill, the House of Messrs. was then taken up, and debated by Messrs. Lovejoy, Leiter, Stephens, Marshall, Washburn, and others.

On 5th, in the Senate, Senator Seward moved a joint resolution granting to Mrs. Herndon, widow of Lieutenant Herndon, the command of the steamer Wyandotte. The West Point Academy Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and passed by 31 to 15. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and, after an adverse vote on Mr. Collamer's amendment, the committee rose, reported and was put and carried.——In the House.

On 6th, in the Senate, the Senate and House of Representatives of Kansas, in Legislative Session at Lecompton, assembled, That for the purpose of adjusting the difficulties now existing in the Territory of Kansas, and restoring peace and harmony, in connection with the attack on the United States Troops at Wakarusa, and also the expenses incurred in the removal of the Legislature, and the Governor, and such forces as in his judgment may be necessary and proper for the protection of the Territory, and subject to the government of Paraguay."

On 7th, in the Senate, Senator of Oregon was then taken up, on motion of Senator Douglas, and debated by Messrs. Douglas, Crittenden, Bell, Green, Broderick, and others. Mr. Bell, Mr. Green, Green, Broderick, and others participated. That for the purpose of adjusting the difficulties now existing in the Territory of Kansas, and restoring peace and harmony, in connection with the attack on the United States Troops at Wakarusa, and also the expenses incurred in the removal of the Legislature, and the Governor, and such forces as in his judgment may be necessary and proper for the protection of the Territory, and subject to the government of Paraguay."——In the House, Mr. Clingman reported a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union. The Senate bill for the relief of Lemuel Walker's arrest was then taken up, and debated by Messrs. Gilmer, Washburn, and Davis. The Minnesota Bill was then considered, and passed.

On 8th, in the Senate, the Judiciary committee reported a bill for the relief of the widow and children of Senator Tarwin, from the minority of the Committee, which was read. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and, on the question of the Visiting Board, was debated by Messrs. Bell, Hunter, Crittenden, Green, Broderick, and others. The Army Appropriation Bill and Executive Appropriation Bill was passed. Mr. Clingman, from the committee on the Census Report, on the 9th, then discussed by Messrs. Bilchie, Clingman, Kelley, and others. The Senate took up and debated Mr. Bell's bill. The Sergeant-at-arms was ordered to arrest one Robert M'Lellan, a contumacious witness. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then debated by Messrs. Smith, Mallory, and others.

On 7th, in the Senate, Senator Mason presented the credentials of Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, elected Senator in the place of Hon. James M. Mason, deceased. Death of Senator Evans, of South Carolina, having been announced by Senator Hammond.——In the House, the Senate resolutions done was the valedictory speech of Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina.

On 8th, both Houses were occupied with the customary eulogies on Senator Evans. In the Senate, they were delivered by Senators Hammond, Benjamin, Hale, and Wilson; in the House, by Messrs. M'Queen, Bocock, and Colfax.

ANOTHER NEW TERRITORY.

The House Committee on Territories have authorized their chairman to report a bill for the organization of a Territorial government out of territory west of Utah, Carson Valley, to be called Nevada. The bill will be reported next week, and strenuously urged. The other appointments by the Committee for Territorial governments will not be acted on this session.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION SCHEME.

A bill introduced into the Senate by Senator Kennedy, and referred to the Committee on Post-Offices proposed to establish a line of mail steamers between the ports of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Liverpool, touching at Norfolk and Savannah. The Postmaster-General is authorized to contract with Andrew W. Thompson to establish the line, which is to consist of six iron steamers of not less than two thousand tons each. The duties of the Treasury are to be paid to the Collector of the United States at the port of departure, payable semi-annually, and the contract is to run for ten years, to be annulled at thirds the cost.

The rate of the ships is to be paid for from time to time as the work progresses, and time amount is to be deducted from the last payment. An annual payment is to cent, commencing at the end of the second year, and continuing for eight years. The annual payment is to be $25,000 each for a complete voyage out and back. The vessels are to be built in the United States, and of such steamers. The contract is to be for ten years' regular service. The bill was referred to the Committee on Post-Offices.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.

On the passage of Mr. English's Kansas Compromise Bill, the President left Washington for the country at Washington. He thanked them for the civility, and in reply to their congratulations on the passage of the bill, said that he considered it a triumph of justice and right. The last issues of the country were involved. I hope and believe the result will tend to promote the peace and harmony of the country. I congratulate you and myself upon the fate of the earth the people of Washington are entitled to the credit of the passage of the bill, upon which has rendered us glorious abroad and successful and prosperous at home. I do not think it will be long becoming in war to enter into any discussion of the great question which has been settled by Congress. I cannot conclude these brief remarks with again repeating my thanks for your kind reception of me, and my wish that you should ever remember it to the last period of my life.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Municipal elections have taken place in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Indianapolis. At both the democrats have been successful. The vote in the city of Philadelphia is as follows: the republican ticket at Indianapolis.

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO UTAH.

Major-General Smith has issued elaborate orders relative to the movements of the troops destined for Utah forces. The trainmen are to be divided into divisions of two hundred and twenty-five wagons each, and the trains will be organized into columns, each column constituting the first division. The first column will march on the 10th, the first regiment, and the second on the 20th. The remaining drivers are already organized, and ordered to march. The commissary-general, Quartermaster-General, and Surgeon-General are superintending the escort of the first drove of supplies, which will leave Fort Leavenworth on the 15th. The third column, under Colonel May, marches on the 20th. The fourth column, under Colonel Cooke, marches on the 30th. The fifth column, under Colonel Sumner, marches on the 10th of June. The sixth column, under Colonel Alexander, on the 4th of June. These columns for the present constitute the whole force of the army, under command of General Harney. Each column is to be supplied with a battery of artillery, and the whole force is to be accompanied by a large body of cavalry.

General Smith is now in St. Louis, and it is stated that he will proceed to the region that is known into a short period.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION COMMISSIONERS.

Commissioners M'Culloch and Powell left Fort Leavenworth, on the 4th, well prepared for every emergency. A train across the Plains, and, nothing occurring out of the ordinary course, they will reach Salt Lake City by the 20th Bridger, or the camp of the expedition, between the 20th and 25th of June.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The Commissioners will be well received and treated with kindness by the inhabitants of Utah, influencing them of the regards and friendship which the States entertain for their fellow-citizens, and his appointment of new Federal officers to administer the laws of the Territory. It is expected, however, in order that the guilty, if such be among them, may be brought to punishment, that the Commissioners will be empowered to receive the confessions of individuals implicated against the General Government that they be vindicated.

If Brigham consents to the preceding arrangement the Commissioners will proceed to Salt Lake unattended by a form from the mountains to their friendes to await the issue of events, and to be ready to act in any emergency that their various departments. An armistice is to be entered into by the Mormons and the United States, and this would be the only Governor they know; but whether it be expected by the leaders will be determined by circumstances.

PERSONAL.

The correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following gossip about the Secretary of the Treasury: "Cobb is in good society at Washington; "Fashionables society has a great attraction to an ex-cotton Speculator, and there is a very strong flirtation between an attache of the Spanish legation and the wife of one of the wealthiest and oldest of the richest bankers in the Union—a good-man of the name of Corcoran. Corcoran is a banker, and has been for many years. He is a millionaire, and, as a matter of course, will come into a matter of five millions, and is consequently, a desirable match for a young Spaniard, desirable young fellows about town. More particularly was this the case when the lady was a widow. Corcoran's wife, which youth, like snowstorm after blue bird holidays, is a thing of the past, and Corcoran is a widower, and is evidently called "Bill."

It seems Kimball favored the youth, and made an appointment to meet him one afternoon in the Post-Office. Corcoran got wind of the affair, and by a ruse from the banker's mansion, naturally supposed her to be there, and, in fact, she was there, and was waiting for Kimball. Corcoran, however, and being of a suspicious mind she informed Old Money Bags how this son of a Spaniard was to be found at the Post-Office. Corcoran, whereupon Old Flowers waxed wroth, and straightway called his daughter to account. She, in reply, gave him the unpleasant expression 'fun.'

Corcoran was not in a good temperament: and the result by the case, forcing a duel, wrote a note to Kimball, requesting him to meet him at Bladensburg, "with bad garden gate." Whereby he went, and it was locked, and he went to the tavern, and it was locked, and then he came back to the garden gate, by the lawyer, was admitted. Whether the duel came off, or whether the parties met, we have not heard, but the lawyer was pretty, guarded by two members, and found the gentleman in the garden gate. Corcoran was not there, and young Young Italy wanted to explain—papa wouldn't hear it; but papa would, and was more unanswerably agreed in his explanations, which might be compared to the shock of battle.

Young Italy was not to be put off, and was unanswerably declined the house. All the young men about town are laughing at the affair, and so is the public at it. He Howard to Bill, Junior, of the British staff, says "pon his soul he really never did, you know, and what can a fellow expect, for instance, you see, if this sort of thing was, you know, to going on, you see. All the fellows must stand by each other, you see, and call the old cock out, one by one, you know." Mr. de Bark's opinion is shared generally by the leading diplomats, and I am told that Kimball has been unanimously agreed in his course any more money from the banker, nor to eat his dinners unless he does the square thing about the girl and Young Spain."

The Turkish Pasha and suite have left Washington for New York. They took leave of the President and Secretary of the Navy, and joined shortly to return to the city. Previous to their departure the government bestowed any thing it done in reference to building the steamboat.

Mr. Buchanan, a brother of Hon. James Buchanan, a private secretary, have joined Washington for Arizona on the steamer of the 15th. Mr. Sayles is charged with important duties connected with the Postoffice, Interior and Treasury Departments. Mr. Buchanan, it is said that he has established many communications with reference to Sonora.

Recalling the Peruvian forget minister has been negotiated with his discharge from custody, for the Minister of Peru has instructed the Attorney-General, Attorney for the State of Kentucky to take legal steps to obtain the discharge of Mr. Crittenden, from Peruta. It some singular that a man who stands charged with criminal communication with the enemy of only a few thousand dollars, of which charges he seems to have been fully exculpated, should be so persecuted, and at such an enormous expense. The circumstances attending the arrest of Mr. Crittenden are familiar to the public, and we need not here recall them.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*, writing from Washington, May 5th, says: "Mr. Corwin's trial has just sailed from this port for Greytown, with a large supply of ordnance, ammunition, and stores, and the proclamations she miserable, self-constituted English Government of Nicaragua. He has many friends here, and expect to support his pretensions, and he will soon be restored to his place. The former appointee, Mr. Lawrence, or San José del Norte. The Colonel has, doubtless, by his long experience in the presidential chair, one's voice has already confirmed his government."

The Washington *Union* says: "The President will Why gentlemen are rapidly arriving here on their way to the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati. Governor Hunter, the former General Harney, Colonel J. E. Johnston, Mr. Slidell, Senator Bright, Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, and Governor Walker, of Mississippi, all of whom arrived last evening. Colonel D. Morrison, Colonel Forney, and Mr. Bocock, arrived this day."

Rev. Dr. T. S. King, of Boston, was unexpectedly introduced to a jury at Bradford, Illinois, the other day. He was called upon to testify to the character of a witness, who was making an argument, furnished him a chair, and began: "Gentlemen of the jury, I suppose you know that, like God-fearing men, we all went to the camp-meeting, and there we got acquainted, and I can state certain propositions. Let us now look at the evidence, and see what it proves."

The Rev. Edward Everett will address the Alumni, and the Rev. Dr. Stone will preach the sermon before the Harvard University.

It is rumored at Washington that General Sam Houston is to be appointed Governor of the Territory of Nebraska.

The Hon. Joseph Dane, who represented the York District of Maine in Congress from 1830 to 1833, died at Alfred, on Saturday, 8th inst., in the 78th year of his age. The Hon. Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Massachusetts, whose name is associated with the Ordinance for the prohibition of free-soil, the "Ordinance of 1787," he graduated at Harvard College in 1800, and was a lawyer of distinguished ability in the present century.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out and paying his master a certain sum. The negro has now got easier home to his master to tell him that the man who hired him has run away, owing him a large sum of money.

"Well," said his master, "what of that? I don't wish to be paid."

"But, you see, massa," said Sam, "I've had a rough time myself. I've been sick, and I've been unlucky, and don't 'spect I shall. Last more's two or three years, and I'd rather you'd wait."

General Scott has been telegraphed to by the President to proceed to Washington, and will arrive there to-day. He was connected with Utah. The General accordingly left Washington on Saturday last and proceeded to St. Louis, for that city.

The Rochester *Union* publishes the following letter from Mr. M. J. Stout, convicted recently of the Libbie Myers murder:

"I take pleasure in this public contradiction to a brief article, which appeared a short time since, in the columns of the Rochester *Democrat*, to the effect that, as religious reformers, Mr. Beardman, Professor Cutting, and myself, were engaged in the publication of some pamphlet, and that no definite selections have yet been made. If it is to be considered a matter of any importance to the religious gentlemen will be selected, I am pleased to say I will not be one of the number, as I have not the slightest intention to my own mind. The information or report of Mr. Beardman, Professor Cutting, and myself, was simply a conversation with a friend in Cattaraugus County, Mississippi, recently fallen heir to a fortune of some $50,000, and who desired to do some good with his money. Mr. Beardman, and it is added, as a piece of correct information to the public, that Mr. Beardman has his only two children, charming daughters.

Mr. Jas. Beardman has published a letter to Senator Stidell, in which he says that justice to the cause I represent requires me to say that I never was in favor of, nor believe in say acts, in a fiance of misstatements, and that I never contemplated the publication of a pamphlet.

David Davidson, of Israelite, drew out his brains with a pistol-shot on the 4th inst. He was 72 years old. Mrs. Davidson, a lawyer, attempted to cut his throat, but failed, and then shot herself through the heart.

Mr. Wm. Lee, of Ohio, the first voyage of Mr. Seward, who, being rallied upon his knighthood, replied that he was not knighted, but that he had been knighted, and knew how there; but she has not paid a President, and will not be paid, and will not be paid. Mr. Lee, the brother of Mr. Cameron, when charged by the Buchanan journals with having bought up the Pennsylvania voters for his election. He said, "The only difference between me and the Democratic party is that I paid in cash to the President is, that he bribed with trust funds, while I bribed with my own money. I am glad to say that both of them were promised, on the faith of Mr. Buchanan's letter, that they would be paid out of the Treasury of the United States.

It is said by the stage, who love mischief, that Judge Douglas and Mr. Yancey, who met at dinner at the banquet, informed him that it was a medical cause that they were not on speaking terms. "Douglas may be a good one," said Mr. Lemay; "but, Judge, I don't like your principles, and I'll be d——d if I do."

Apropos of Mr. Van Zandt, who has just died at Albany, the Albany *Argus* publishes the following anecdote of the following reminiscences:

"Mr. Van Zandt was a witness of the most memorable scene in the history of the Senate—the burst of Calhoun. He was a boy, engaged at play on the floor of the Senate, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of the then present State Street. The boy were told that a company of Indians were coming down Market Street, and that one of them was General Schuyler. He ran up to the window in time to see the Indians pass by, and to witness an event was made out of less material than is now required. The Indians, in fact, were a party of gentlemen on horseback, in an easy, familiar, and unpretending way, and the boy was told that Schuyler was another John Burgoyne. The battle over, Saratoga was remembered, and the boy was told that he was a boy of the Revolution. Schuyler was just such a person as might be expected from General Schuyler's reputation as a man whose life had been passed in the associations of high courtesy.

"Mr. Van Zandt saw Washington when in all the array of official dignity, a phase of life which our First President adorned, and which, it must be confessed, he rather enjoyed. It was at New York. Washington was seated in a coach, drawn by six horses. He was dressed in a dark suit, and looked very erect and rather stern, and the boy was told that he was a monarch. He was told that people on each side as the carriage advanced. Being this latter incident would seem not quite in consistency with the President's professing of courtesy.

"Mr. Van Zandt was walking on the ramparts of Fort Frederick (which reared its defenses in State Street, just south of St. Peter's Church) at the very time of the battle of Saratoga, and heard the noise of the cannonade. He asked a soldier, who was with him, if this could be so? and the soldier confirmed it, as they were at a height where the strong northeast wind, then blowing, could bear the sound uninterrupted. History has many verified records of the noise of battle borne to distances greater than was this. He saw the Indians gathered in State Street, above the Old Dutch Church, to receive their annuity, and exhibiting their dances, and meeting in a desultory council, to the edification of the Albanians, who had suffered enough of the reality of Indian association to induce in them a willingness that the visits of their red brethren should be as short as possible. They were seated for the purpose of enumeration on the sidewalk, and the line extended from the Church to the present locality of Pearl Street, and it was a policy greatly wondered at by the multitude that the distribution was made *per capita*, the little strapped-up papoose receiving as much as the old war-chief who, probably, could have entertained the Albanians with curious statistics concerning the scalps of many of their ancestors."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THERE has been but little done of importance in Parliament. On the 22d, the Oaths Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, but Lord Derby announced that he should continue to oppose that portion of the measure which removes the Jewish disabilities. In the House of Commons, the Attorney-General had announced, in response to an inquiry from Mr. Roebuck, that the Government would not take further proceedings against Dr. Bernard in regard to the French conspiracy. Lord Stanley had stated that, until the Government received the opinion of the Government and Legislature of Canada, he would abstain from stating their intentions with reference to the privilege of the Hudson Bay Company. A bill was introduced, and read the first time, abolishing the property qualifications of Members of Parliament. Sir E. Perry asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether instructions had been sent to India that terms of amnesty, including protection in matters of religion, should be held out to the inhabitants of Oude, except in cases of heinous crime; and, if no such instructions had been sent, whether, in the opinion of the Government, it was not expedient to do so. Mr. Disraeli replied that instructions had been sent to India that there should be full toleration and protection to property, so far as was consistent with justice. On motion of Mr. Disraeli, a resolution imposing a stamp of one penny on all bankers' checks was carried amidst loud cheers.

On the 26th April the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the House will, upon Friday next, resolve itself into a Committee to consider the act of the 16th and 17th Victoria, c. 95, to provide for the Government of India. After referring to the overwhelming majority against Mr. Baring's motion, that it is not expedient at present to legislate upon the Government of India, he said that the majority had only given to the noble Lord then at the head of the Government permission to bring in his bill, but by no means pledged the House to any of its details. This led to a long debate, in which Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and others took part; but no vote was taken.

THE ACQUITTAL OF DR. BERNARD.—HIS SPEECH TO THE JURY.

We had last week, by telegraph, the fact that Bernard was acquitted. We have now the details in the London *Times*: "Immediately at the conclusion of the summing up by the Judge, and before the jury had retired, the prisoner, with much warmth of tone, vehemence of gesture, and rapidity of utterance, exclaimed:

"'I declare that the words which have been spoken, or quoted, by the Judge, with reference to the balls, are not correct, and that the balls which were taken by Giorgi to Brussels were not those which were used in Paris. I have brought no evidence here, because I am not accustomed to compromise any person. I declare that I am not a hirer of assassins, and that Rudio, as he stated on his trial in Paris, himself asked to be sent to Orsini. I declare that I have not hired assassins, and that of the blood of the victims of the 14th of January there was nothing on my heart more than in that of any one here. My only wish is to crush despotism and tyranny every where. To effect that I have conspired, and I will conspire ever, because it is my duty, my sacred duty, and the duty of every lover of liberty, to do so. But never, never, will I be a murderer.'

"At the close of this address the jury retired to consider their verdict.

THE VERDICT.

"The spectacle which the court then presented was of the most animated and exciting description. The small gallery immediately over the dock, and accessible to the general public, was densely packed. In front of it sat several well-dressed ladies, who had been unable to obtain more agreeable accommodation in other parts of the building. All the more-favored seats on the bench, and in its immediate vicinity, had been occupied from an early hour in the morning by persons of rank and station, many of them ladies. Others, as the crisis approached, made incessant applications for even standing-room within the precincts of the court, and the complaisance of the ever-obliging under-sheriffs was taxed to the utmost to comply with their wishes. The members of the bar stood in groups discussing the incidents of the trial, and speculating on its probable result, as did also the greater part of the audience. On the floor of the court was seen, in conversation with another, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and manners, an *avocat* of the French bar, who had defended Pierri on his trial in Paris. Precisely as the clock struck four an intimation was given that the jury were returning, and in an instant the loud hum of conversation which had prevailed for upward of an hour subsided into profound silence. The prisoner reappeared in the dock. The judges entered and resumed their accustomed places on the bench, and the jury, who had been absent for an hour and twenty minutes, answered to their names as they were called over in the usual way, the prisoner, whose face was flushed with emotion, looking wistfully in the direction of the jury-box, as if to discover by anticipation some faint omen of his fate.

"Mr. Clark, the Clerk of Arraigns, addressing the jury, said, 'Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?'

"The Foreman. 'We are.'

"Mr. Clark. 'How say you? Is Simon Bernard guilty or not guilty?'

"The Foreman. 'Not guilty.'

THE EFFECT.

"On the announcement of this decision a scene occurred unexampled, perhaps, in an English tribunal. From the gallery first, and then in an instant afterward from the floor of the court, proceeded a loud shout of exultation. The cheering was again and again repeated—the excitement was contagious—and many ladies of quality present waved their handkerchiefs in token of their delight. Vainly did the Lord Chief Justice endeavor by voice and gesture to still the tumult, and as powerless were the stentorian lungs of Mr. Harker, though exerted to the utmost, to restore silence. The prisoner, who was extremely excited, flourished his white pocket handkerchief over his head, and several times attempted to speak. By this time the verdict had reached the ears of the crowd assembled outside the Old Bailey, and the rapturous cheer which they raised, and after repeated, could be distinctly heard within the court. The Judges, unable, and perhaps unwilling to check this spontaneous ebullition of popular feeling, but yet not liking to sanction it by their presence, rose to depart.

"Bernard at length made a successful attempt to be heard, and, addressing the jury, said, with much vehemence of manner:

"'Gentlemen, that verdict is an expression of the truth. I am not guilty; and it proves that in England there is and always will be liberty, which will crush tyranny, whatever and wherever it may be. All honor to an English jury. [Renewed cheers.]

"The prisoner was then removed from the bar, the Judges left the bench, and the audience gradually dispersed. The jury, as they left the court escorted by the under-sheriffs and proceeded to their hotel on Ludgate-hill, received an enthusiastic ovation from the crowd assembled in the Old Bailey."

PROGRESS OF THE "LEVIATHAN."

The report of the Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company states that the total cost of the ship would be £804,522, or at the rate of £34 per ton, taking the ship at builders' measurement, 24,000 tons. The directors regret that they will be unable to complete her equipments before the ensuing autumn, when it is intended to made several preliminary voyages to America, for the purpose of testing the ship's capabilities, and in the spring to commence her voyages to India or Australia.

LADY INGLIS AT COURT.

The Hon. Lady Inglis has had the honor of personally relating to her Majesty the details of the siege of Lucknow. Her ladyship attended by command at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen listened with the most intense interest to the story of the sufferings and heroism of that gallant band who so nobly sustained their country's honor and renown during a period of almost unexampled danger and distress.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH FILIBUSTERISM.

Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, has been receiving, in Manchester, the compliment of a public dinner, and for this courtesy he made a long speech, which certainly possesses more than usual interest at the present moment, when we are at war with China, and, what is still worse, when we are almost dying of a cotton famine. The Rajah is a clever man, and of intense energy. He made out a strong case for the country with which his name and his fortunes for so many years have been mixed up; and he maintained, with a simple eloquence which told upon his hearers, that England should stand for the future to Sarawak in the character of a *protector*, which, as he described it, would give to this country "all the advantages of protection without any of its liabilities." The *Times* has devoted an article to the advocacy of Sir James Brooke's policy.

FRANCE.

RESULT OF THE CITY ELECTIONS.

The *Globe* contains the result of the elections. In the Third District, General Perrot, the Government candidate, has obtained the majority; in the Fifth District M. Esk, Government candidate, has also been returned by a majority; and in the Sixth District M. Jules Favre, the Opposition candidate, has been successful.

THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES TO BE RESERVED.

The intention to confiscate the best part of the garden of the Tuileries for the private use of the Emperor and Empress is now confessed by the *Moniteur* in the following artfully-worded paragraph: "The garden of the Tuileries is about to undergo a double modification. A new entrance will be made for the public on the terrace which runs parallel with the river, opposite the Rue Castiglione gate, which new entrance will face a bridge about to be made to connect the quay of the Tuileries with the Quai d'Orsay at the terminus of the Rue Bellechasse. At the same time that part of the garden which is reserved for their Majesties' promenades will be prolonged as far as the great basin of the parterres, and the public entrance by the quay will be removed to a point corresponding with that line. The existing gate opposite the Rue des Pyramides will remain open, as also will the public promenade on the Terrace des Feuillants and the adjoining avenue. These changes will facilitate communication between the quarter of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Germain, while giving the necessary extension to the reserved gardens."

THE NEXT ROYAL VISIT.

A Paris correspondence in the *Independance Belge* asserts very positively that the Queen of England is going to visit the Emperor at Cherbourg this summer on the occasion of the opening of the railway there. The Duke of Malakhoff, it is said, is charged to present the invitation, and Lord Cowley's *congé* has been taken in order that he may be in England to make the necessary suggestions and arrangements. The same correspondence says that the project of assembling the Toulon and Brest fleets at Cherbourg has been abandoned by the Emperor, in order to avoid giving any shadow of offense to England by a display of force so near her coasts. The two fleets will meet for their customary evolutions off the Isle of Hyeres.

A QUEER REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO DINE.

The letter of M. Hénon, one of the members for Paris, declining an invitation to dine at the Tuileries, was as follows: "Monsieur le Grand Chambellan,—I have received the letter by which you invite me, in the name of the Emperor, to dine at the Tuileries. I should be greatly surprised, M. le Chambellan, to find myself at such a meeting, and my constituents would not be less so, at the moment when my friends are on the road to exile and transportation."

IMPERIAL NERVOUSNESS ABOUT ENGLAND.

The Paris Correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 22d of April, says: "When noticing the very offensive article in the *Constitutionnel* of Tuesday on the acquittal of Simon Bernard—an article which, by-the-way, was regarded as a sort of pendant to the famous military addresses of the *Moniteur*—I declared my belief that M. Renee, whose name was signed to it, had not the authority either of the Emperor or of the Cabinet collectively for what he did. That I was correct in this seems proved from the fact that M. Renee has been dismissed from the post of political director of the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays*, both of which belong to the same proprietor; and I am assured that the cause of dismissal is the article in question. The fall of M. Renee is broken by an indemnity of 50,000 francs, which it appears every political director of the paper has a right to in case of a removal so sudden as the present."

We learn, however, by later intelligence, that M. Renee had been restored to his post.

THE HUMORS OF LONGCHAMPS.

A Paris letter says: "Longchamps this year has not been worth a paragraph. It has long fallen off from its ancient splendor. In the course of a long walk, we only observed among the very few fancy equipages that were to be seen, one possessing a claim to originality. In a well-appointed barouche and pair were to be seen a gentleman, having on either side of him a lady in a ball dress, and without a bonnet. One of these ladies had a profusion of gold locks, exquisitely arranged; the other was a brunette, with hair equally fine. Both turned their heads toward the apparently favored gentleman sitting between them, whom they seemed to be addressing with great animation. The first impression on the spectator, after admiring the beautiful hair of these ladies, was one of wonderment that they should venture abroad in a cold wind so lightly clad. On closer inspection it appeared that they were wax figures, and that the carriage was the ambulatory advertisement of a hair-dresser."

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

A Paris letter tells the following story: "In a respectable street in Paris lives a bronze manufacturer, a certain Monsieur X., who has a daughter. This girl is truly a 'fair one of the golden locks.' Her hair is the finest ever seen on a woman's head, silky, flowing, and abundant. Lord S. saw Mademoiselle X., and was magnetized by the beauty of her capillary attraction. He then rented an apartment directly opposite the house of Monsieur X., and passed every day in admiring the head of hair referred to. Soon this delight of his eyes was not great enough for his heart, and he called upon X., and asked for a private interview, which was granted. 'Sir,' said he, 'I come to make you a proposition which concerns your daughter. I hope that you will accept it, for it has nothing in it not perfectly honorable.' 'Speak, Sir.' 'Sir, my name is Lord S. You have, without doubt, heard of my name, of my rank, of my fortune. I come to beg you to accept me as the hair-dresser of your daughter.' X. showed signs of anger. 'Permit me, Sir,' added Lord S., 'to repeat to you that my proposition is completely pure and honorable. I will not address a word to Mademoiselle X. I will dress her hair every day, and every day I will give her a guinea. You shall be there, you, or any other person you may wish.' 'But, my lord—' 'Do not answer me. Consult your daughter if you wish. Here is my address. I give you two days to reflect. This is Monday; if by Wednesday evening I do not receive an answer I will blow out my brains.' And Lord S. went out. He had spoken in so decided a tone, that X. believed him capable of executing his menace. He spoke of the matter to his daughter, who was in favor of accepting this singular proposition. On Tuesday Lord S. was informed that it was not desired that he should blow out his brains. From that time he has been every noon at the lady's house. He was introduced to her, and since then he has every day dressed her magnificent hair, into which he plunges his aristocratic hands with ecstasy. As to Mademoiselle X., she appears fascinated with her lordly hair-dresser. He performs his duty with dexterity, taste, and skill. He never addresses to her a word nor a compliment. As soon as the task is over, he places a guinea upon the marble table, makes a respectful bow to the lady, and takes his leave. His guinea is every day given to a poor family, and thus his eccentricity is made the cause of a good action. Of course it is believed that this vaudeville of real life will finish with a marriage."

SWEDEN.

PALPITATIONS OF THE HEART SET TO MUSIC.]

Dr. Rhuders, physician, has set to music the palpitations and irregular beatings of the heart of a female who is a patient in the hospital at Upsal, in Sweden. "This disease, written in musical notes, with quavers and semiquavers, forms a kind of waltz, and is one of the greatest curiosities of pathological anatomy."

GERMANY.

A TALE OF TERROR.

The following rather marvelous story is told by one of the Vienna journals: "As a farmer of Orsinovi, near that city, was a few nights ago returning from market, he stopped at a roadside public house and imprudently showed the innkeeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the innkeeper, armed with a poniard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him; but the farmer, who, from the man's manner at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself, fully dressed, on the bed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man he wrested the poniard from the other, and using it against him laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice which he recognized as that of the innkeeper's son, said, "The grave is ready!" This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection had intended burying the dead body at once. He thereupon wrapped the body in a sheet and let it down from the window; he then ran to the gendarmerie and stated what had occurred. Three gendarmes immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shoveling earth into a grave. 'What are you burying?' said they. 'Only a horse, which has just died.' 'You are mistaken,' answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. 'Look!' and he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. 'Good God!' cried the young man, thunderstruck, 'it is my father.' He was then arrested, and at once confessed all."

ITALY.

THE PRISONS AT NAPLES.

Mr. Parke, the engineer of the steamer *Cagliari*, has communicated to an English paper an account of his sufferings while in prison at Naples, in which he says: "The first proceeding upon arrival at the prison was to unclothe us entirely, and search our clothes and persons, even to the hair in our heads. We were then conducted by a dark passage through a number of massive doors, each of which was unlocked and locked again as we passed, until we arrived at a cell into which eight of us were put. This cell was so small that our mattresses placed round the walls were touching each other; we had no chairs, but sat on the beds; and the only light was furnished by a window strongly grated, and which we were prevented looking out of, as a sentry who paced the court-yard had orders to shoot any prisoner who might stand at the window. Besides, our cell was horribly damp, so that we nearly all suffered from its effects in pains in the legs; and it was so infested by rats that in one night, shortly after our arrival, I caught seven large ones, having made a trap of one of my boots. But the worst evils were the bad air and bad water. There was no ventilation, and a large wooden tub, which served us for the most necessary wants, emitted such effluvia that we lived in a constant state of nausea. This was heightened by the turnkeys neglecting sometimes to empty it, in order to force a bribe from us, and in which they were generally successful. The water, too, was served to us in a wooden pail, which was so dirty that it gave a taste to the water, which made it unfit to drink. This was also made a source of emolument to the jailers, for they served us with drinkable water for one half-penny a glass. Upon our entrance into the jail the first question we were asked by the attendants was if we wanted beds, as we could have them by paying 4d. per night. Of course, we asked for beds, and received each a low bedstead and mattress, which latter, however, was extremely uncomfortable, owing to its being made of unpicked oakum. Still, the greatest evil of the 'beds' was one which discovered itself afterward—namely, their being full of vermin, with which we found ourselves soon covered. I must not forget to mention another sort of companions which were sufficiently numerous—namely, flat lizards, which ran up and down the walls, and added not a little to the repulsiveness of the place."

ANOTHER MADONNA STOLEN.

A letter from Rome in the *Univers* contains the following extraordinary tale: "In the cathedral of Velletri, near Rome, was an image of the Virgin, nearly covered with gold, and decked out with necklaces, rings, and jewelry, and it was held in great veneration by the people. In the Holy Week it was, according to custom, screened from view by a curtain, and on Holy Thursday some person contrived to steal it. On Good Friday the archpriest of the cathedral received a note thus conceived: 'I the undersigned know the thief, and the spot in which is deposited the image of the Madonna, and I will make revelations on three conditions—impunity for myself, the release of my brother who is condemned to death, and a pension of ten crowns a month. Vendetta.' The archpriest having ascertained that the image really had been abstracted, communicated the strange epistle to the delegate, Monseigneur Giordani. Instead of seeking at once for the writer of the letter, this dignitary applied to Rome for orders, and the Pope, fearing the total loss of the image, and the effect that would be produced among the people, directed that the first condition of the bandit should be accepted, but that the other two should be rejected. Vendetta having learned this resolution, spread among the people of Velletri the news of the robbery of the image, which the clergy of the cathedral had kept secret, and he wrote to the clergy that he would be content with impunity for himself and with five hundred crowns paid down. On Sunday the people went to the church, but as the image was not displayed, they became excited, and murmured; and at length some of them got on the altar, and tore down the curtain. The rumor was then spread by friends of Vendetta, that it was the Jesuits who had stolen the Madonna: and the excited people believing the falsehood, broke into the convent occupied by the Jesuits, which is adjacent to the cathedral, and with cries of 'La Madonna nostra!' completely sacked it, and ill-treated the reverend fathers. When the bishop descended from the pulpit a scarcely credible scene occurred; the brigand Vendetta, armed with a poniard, ascended it, and thus addressed the people: 'Be patient! The good fathers are innocent! It is I who stole the Madonna! But I will only restore it when the Government, to whom I grant a delay till Monday evening, shall have consented to the compact I have proposed to it. Be calm, therefore, and shout no more! I warn you, in conclusion, that my companions are armed as well as I!' What followed that harangue we have not yet heard."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

There is intelligence from Lucknow to the 22d of March. On the 20th, Brigadier Campbell's force returned from the pursuit of the enemy. On the 21st the Mobries, the retreat of Nena Sahib, was stormed; he escaped, and a reward of 50,000 rupees was offered for his head. General Outram's force had discovered and destroyed a retreat of the rebels in Lucknow, and the Prime Minister is among those reported as killed. The fanatics continued to fire on the British. The Governor-General's proclamation calling on the Zemindars to submit had produced no effect. Peace prevailed at Oude, and the enemy were flying toward Secandra. Jung Bahadoor was to go to Allahabad. No civil officer had yet been sent to Lucknow by the government. Some of the inhabitants were returning to the city. The heat was increasing daily.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

We gave in our last an account of the capture of Lucknow. We now extract a few passages from Mr. Russell's letter describing that event. The first recounts a skirmish on the way to the Martinière.

THE BAYS' FIRST BLOOD.

"But look! See, on the line of road there suddenly rushes from behind the trees a confused crowd of horse and foot in headlong flight. They are clad in white, and through the dust we see they are the enemy. As the infantry run they turn and fire back, and break across the rough and broken ground which lies between the river and the road; their horsemen still press on across the bridge over the nullah straight to the city. And now with sabres flashing in the sun, and arms raised high, the Bays, drawing their first blood, come sweeping after the crowd, through which riderless horses are rushing wild with fright. But the enemy's foot are already safe in the ravines, and are running like monkeys across the nullahs; and, as our horse dash on after the enemy's horse, spirt after spirt of white smoke dots the green groves, and the enemy open their heavy guns on our scattered horse. The pursuit is over—our men gather up and form into troops, and the horse artillery, rattling along after them, and unlimbering, quickly open with grape and canister on the Sepoys and matchlockmen in the ravines, and clear the woods with their fire.

CAPTAIN PEEL WOUNDED.

"On returning to the Dilkoosha, about twelve o'clock, I saw an anxious group of sailors at the entrance to one of the rooms. 'Captain Peel's wounded, Sir; there's a sad business,' said one of the men, in reply to my question. It was indeed so. He had walked out of the battery to look out for a good spot for another gun, and a matchlockman shot him through the thigh. The ball had passed by the bone, and could just be felt under the skin at the other side. Soon the surgeon came with chloroform, and the ball was cut out; but nothing could keep the gallant sailor quiet, and his anxiety to take part in the operations was so lively as to render the consequences of the wound more severe than they legitimately ought to be. Every one heard of the accident with grief—'What! Peel wounded? what a loss to us to-day!' Such was the universal exclamation.

HOW THE MARTINIERE WAS TAKEN.

"Our guns were now thundering away—mortars, howitzers, and 24-pounders—at the pits, huts, and Martinière, from which the enemy kept up an incessant fusillade of the weakest sort—the only thing remarkable about it being its pertinacity. The time wore on, and at last the Highlanders and Sikhs came marching from their camp, and drew up behind the Dilkoosha. The Chief, General Mansfield, and staff were on the roof, but, as the moment approached, Sir Colin went down and on foot among the men gave his last orders to the officers. And now just observe this fact: the enemy had remained steady in their trenches under the fire of six mortars and ten heavy guns and howitzers. But the instant they caught sight of our bayonets, and that the lines of the Sikhs and Highlanders came in view, we observed them, by twos and threes, and groups, and at last in masses, running and marching at the double as fast as they could clear out of the works, and moving to the rear or stealing off under cover of their parapets. The Commander-in-Chief came up to the roof again just in time to see the complete success of his plan. The orders were obeyed beautifully. We saw the Highlanders, with skirmishers thrown out in front, advancing rapidly, without a sound in their ranks, toward the Martinière, while the Sikhs on their flank, agile as panthers, ran at full speed toward the trenches, from which the enemy, firing a few hurried shots from their muskets, were flying so fast that not a man was left inside by the time our troops were within two hundred yards of the Martinière. But their gunners on the right of the Martinière, along the canal works, had seen the attack, and they began to pitch round shot up to us, and to plump them among the dhooly-bearers and light baggage advancing in rear of our column. In less than ten minutes we saw Highland bonnets among the trees in the park, and the Sikhs rushing through the ruins in the rear, looking in vain for an enemy.

PULWAN SINGH AND SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

"While we were watching and waiting to get a glimpse of Outram, whose guns, mingled with incessant musketry, had kept up their thunder since daybreak, a diversion was effected on the roof of the Dilkoosha in the advent of Pulwan Singh, Brigadier of the Ghoorkas of Franks's division—a very gallant gentleman indeed. In white kid gloves, a bright olive tunic trimmed with gold lace, and fastened across the breast with a clasp of diamonds; tight olive pantaloons, with gold stripe; a gay little olive skull-cap, with a gold lace rim, in front of which—mines of Golconda!—there glittered, broad and large as one's hand, an aigretto of great diamonds, into which was fixed jantily, a light, graceful plume of bird of paradise feathers, the ends of which were curved in a gentle waving bend by the weight of pearls and emeralds attached to them—a cimeter with jeweled hilt and sheath, and jeweled pistols by his side—what a contrast did our friend present to plain Sir Colin in his pith helmet, a plain blue frock coat with buttons, and corduroy trowsers, whose only mark of command was his air and his trusty old sabre tucked under his arm! Pulwan Singh, however, soon retired, and after a time, when we had watched shot and rocket for some time, not without some admiration for the Sepoys, who kept steadily inside their works in spite of our shells and the balls, which covered them with pillars of dust, most of us followed his example.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

"In this war, for the first time, a telegraphic wire has been carried along under fire and through the midst of a hostile country. *Pari passu*, from post to post it has moved on with our artillery, and scarcely has the Commander-in-Chief established his head-quarters at any spot where he intended to stay for a few days, when the post and the wire were established also. At one time the men are chased for miles by the enemy's cavalry—at another time they are attacked by the Sowars, and they and the wires are cut into pieces—again, their electric batteries are badly smashed by the fire of a gun, or their cart knocked to pieces by a round shot, but still they work on—creep over arid plains, across water-courses, span rivers, and pierce jungles, till, one after another, the rude poles raise aloft their slender burden, and the quick needle vibrates with its silent tongue amidst the thunder of the artillery. As Sir Colin advanced toward Lucknow the line was carried with or soon after him; a tent was pitched near his, a hole was dug in the ground and filled with water, and down dropped the wire from the pole stuck up in haste, dived into the water otter-like, the simple magnet was arranged, the battery set in play, and at once the steel moved responsive to every touch. The wire is thick, and is not protected by non-conducting coatings of any kind; it is twisted round the top of a rude pole fifteen or sixteen feet high, and, under ordinary states of the atmosphere, it is found to answer perfectly. We had not been very long in the Dilkoosha ere we saw, in dim perspective, the line of posts advancing toward us, and soon the wire was slipped into one of the drawing-room windows, and now it is at full work, surrounded by all the shattered splendor of the palace, inquiring after the Ghoorkas, asking for more of something or other, exchanging ideas between Sir Colin and Lord Canning, or flurrying along a newspaper message to yourself, amidst the whistle of the bullet, the roar of the round shot, and all the feverish scenes of war."



HOT SPRINGS NEAR SALT LAKE CITY.

SALT LAKE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE illustration given below of Salt Lake City is probably the most accurate and effective that has ever appeared. The scene is of peculiar interest at the present time, as we may expect at any moment to hear of the occupation of the city by the United States troops.

This may not be an inappropriate time to place on record, for future reference, a few memoranda of the various people whose final extinction the Mormon expedition is likely to achieve. In the year 1830, one Joseph Smith, an idle person who had lived upon the credulity of his acquaintance, associated himself with other knaves, and pretended to have discovered, through the aid of divine revelation, the "Book of Mormon," which was a sort of supplement to the Bible. Joseph Smith, like other impostors, found dupes, and planted his new sect at Kirtland, Ohio. From thence they removed to Jackson County, Missouri, where they proposed to remain. Meanwhile, however, their religious tenets had gained wind, and aroused fanatic opposition on the part of the religious people residing in that part of the country. The most offensive of the Mormon principles was that which tolerated, if it did not enjoin, polygamy. It would appear from very fair evidence that this doctrine was ingrafted upon the Mormon theology in subservience to the licentiousness of its founder. Mistress Joseph Smith was guardian of a family of girls, orphans, who lived in her house. Two of these fell victims to the unprincipled passions of Smith, who, smarting under the just indignation of his wife, adopted the polygamic doctrine in order to gratify his propensities without risk of domestic broils. The bulk of his followers accepted the novelty without demur.

Not so the people of Missouri who were neighbors of the Mormons. They rebelled against Joe Smith's profanity and licentiousness, and after a brief struggle he resolved to remove further West. Nauvoo, in Illinois, was their chosen home. Here the Mormon community lived in prosperity for many years. They built themselves a magnificent temple, and laid out a fair city. Joe Smith was Mayor, and, in fact, irresponsible despot. He exercised a power which was inconsistent with the State authority, and carried out doctrines which were abhorrent to the Christians of his neighborhood. A feud sprung up between the Mormons and the people of the adjacent counties. It culminated in 1844, when both parties came to open warfare, and the chief of the Mormons, Joe Smith, was shot dead by an enraged mob, while in the jail of Carthage.



PARLEY'S CANON.

The sect continued for a brief period to inhabit their home at Nauvoo. But the animosity of the Mormon community left no means quenched, but rather gaining ground each successive month, the Mormons at last resolved, under the guidance of Brigham Young, Smith's successor, to seek a new home beyond the authority of the States. In the early part of 1846 the bulk of Nauvoo. Their first stopping-place was just without the western boundary of the United States, on the borders of the Missouri. Here they inclosed land, planted crops, and spent twelve months in no enviable condition.

In the spring of 1847 Brigham Young dispatched a party to discover a new home far from the Gentiles, and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. In July of that year President Young, with the remainder of the sect, set foot in the Valley of Salt Lake. The site was singularly favorable. It was landlocked on all sides. In winter it was perfectly inaccessible, the cañons, or passes in the mountain ranges, being completely blocked with snow. Though the land was not very fertile, nor the climate as genial as might have been wished, the site was not unfavorable for agricultural operations or permanent settlement. It possessed the singular advantage of being one thousand miles distant—by a hard and dangerous route—from any civilized establishments.



DEVIL'S GATE (SOUTH PASS).

At a glance Brigham Young detected the advantages of the locality. He had a vision straightway, directing him to build a temple of the Latter-Day Saints to the Lord, in a favorable position on the border of the Wahsatch range; his people, with admirable faith, accepted the revelation, and fell to work at once.

That fall the ground adjacent to the temple was laid out and surveyed. Streets and squares were traced for a large city. Six thousand acres were fenced in, plowed, and sown. Still, during the winter of that year, the Mormons so narrowly escaped starvation that they were obliged to tear from the roofs of their huts the skins of wild beasts with which they had been covered, and to eat them. In the spring, Brigham Young brought reinforcements and supplies of cattle and provisions; and by dint of great exertions the little colony found itself, at the end of a few months, in a self-supporting condition. Grist and saw-mills had been erected; and considerable quantities of grain, melons, potatoes, and corn had been raised. Other settlements had been made at some little distance from the main city, with every prospect of prosperity. A Council House had been erected, and the temple was in a fair way of completion.

Finding himself at length undisputed sovereign of a fine territory, Brigham Young now resolved to inaugurate his political *régime*. He erected the settlement over which he presided, together with



GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LAK



A MORMON HAREM.



TITHING OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY.



A MORMON HAREM.

the adjacent territory, into an independent commonwealth, by the name of the State of Deseret. He applied to the Congress of the United States for admission to the Union on an equal footing with the other States. And at the same time he dispatched trusty emissaries to almost every populous country in the world, to enlist recruits for the cause of Mormonism. He was more successful in the latter than in the former design. He obtained immense accessions of numerical strength for his sect. Hundreds and thousands of dissatisfied persons of both sexes, in the United States and in almost every country of Europe, professed Mormonism, and sent delegations to Salt Lake City. The stream of emigration was incessant. Men, women, cattle, machinery, stores of every kind, flowed freely into Salt Lake City, and the settlement threve accordingly. To do Brigham Young justice, the government of the settlement was administered in such a manner as to develop its resources and increase its wealth.

But the State of Deseret was not admitted into the Union. Instead, the Mormon settlement was duly erected into a Territory, and a territorial government established. Collisions had already taken place between United States officers and the local authorities; to avoid the recurrence of such accidents, the President appointed the Mormon magistrates United States officers. Brigham Young was commissioned as United States Territorial Governor and Indian Agent. It was a timid avoidance of an ultimately unavoidable collision.

That collision has now come. The Mormons are resolutely determined not to submit to any authorities save those elected by themselves. They have rebelled against the magistrates set over them by the United States. They have expelled our judges, and destroyed the records of their courts. It is said that they have been accessory to the murder of United States citizens. Certain it is that neither life nor property are secure in the Territory which they inhabit, and that no redress for injuries perpetrated upon United States citizens can be obtained from the Mormon courts. It is equally certain that, at the present time, the followers of Brigham Young are in open rebellion against the United States, and that by this time they have either surrendered as prisoners of war, or a terrible conflict has ensued between them and the force of United States troops under the orders of General Johnston.

The Salt Lake City, represented in the picture given below, covers twelve square miles of ground, being four miles in length by three in breadth. The streets are all at right angles to each other; they are 122 feet wide, with sidewalks of 20 feet on each side. Each block is forty rods square, and is divided into eight lots of an acre and a quarter each. A city ordinance requires each house to be planted at a distance of twenty feet from the street, and the intervening space to be shaded with trees. These explanations will clear up a doubt which the picture below will at first suggest. At first sight it will seem to represent a city at least as large as New York, with a million or so of inhabitants; the size of the lots and the diffusion of the buildings will at once account for the extent of ground covered by the city.

Travelers who have crossed the plains describe the site and distribution of the city as singularly prepossessing. The traveler comes upon it after a long and weary march over arid plains almost destitute of vegetation, and wholly devoid of every pleasing object. On descending the slope of the Wahsatch range his eye suddenly embraces the valley in which the city rests. On the west flows the Jordan, which unites Great Salt and Utah lakes. On the south, for a distance of twenty-five miles, stretches an unbroken plain, intersected by several little streams. On the east and north the mountain-range slopes downward in a series of steps. One of these gives birth to a miniature torrent, which comes gushing out of the rock. Another is the source of a hot spring, which the Mormons have ingeniously turned to excellent account for the construction of warm baths.

The houses are mostly constructed of adobé, or burned bricks; and, with few exceptions, are, like the dwellings in Central America and Mexico, long, low, straggling edifices. They are well thatched, and generally comfortable. A few of the public buildings possess higher claims to architectural eminence, but lumber is so dear that they must remain few and far between. The most striking feature in Salt Lake City is the admirable system of internal water-works. It is a miniature Venice. A stream, which originally flowed through the site covered by the city, has been diverted into a number of channels running through each street. Every resident thus has a never-failing supply of good water at his own door, and is enabled to raise trees and flowers, which, in that climate, never could be grown without this artificial irrigation.

Such is the city which may by this time be in the possession of the United States troops. It is understood that, if there be any fighting, it will take place in the cañons and mountain-passes behind which the city nestles. The city itself is indefensible against an enemy who has crossed the mountains. A few days more will enable us to judge with more accuracy of the intentions of the Mormons.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

I.

SAY Grace: it is not time misspent:
Worst fool this betters, and the best,
Wanting this natural condiment,
Breeds crudeness, and will not digest.

II.

God loves no heart to others iced,
Nor sering flatteries, which bedim
Our glorious membership of Christ,
Wherein all loving His love Him.

III.

All blessings ask a blessed mood:
The sauce is here much more than meat:
Happy who chooses gratitude!
That wanting, God will try regret.



CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

How did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By rights, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and dishes of living death at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as cautious spies, to my glimpses of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their bricklwalled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or on my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me for ever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that all her faculties were developed, and she generally given only to the grey-haired, and had had burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had lost her own beloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on my own resolutions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were dearer, and as happy homes, even at this time when she accepted the world in lieu of herself and myself, as any of the great world to fulfill it. Of this part of her life she never spoke; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large establishment, she was thrown headlong into the bustle of a great selfish city; and the trust came to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who had met her many bitter difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a mark, a problem, and a puzzle. She was a writer—at first a dradge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the world moved from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and courted as well. Even then she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and broken every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a hasty smile. "I can't help it, so me about my folly. Let me go on with my love; and, if they break in my hand, you can not help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gayety of her manner—bewildered people, and spoke for her like her. She did the maddest things imaginable for her sake: and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the ringing of her laugh, fell at her feet and irons them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for a while, till some nearer object came, and then she dismissed them, and was gone.

It was in this country that I met her first; and here she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend the summer vacation with by mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was almost idolized. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I am afraid of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and used to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fun lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here:" with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles with quite wonder at me, and a slight stretch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Wicked, and heathen, they may, or whoever would think it was one Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'm no more surprised at it. You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your visit quite ready, tho one you need to like."

I took my cue, and strolled away to have a look at the fun. I walked slowly through the woods, with the intention of killing through the green leaves of the young beeches in pencilled sketches on my path. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I looked for the gravel.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying, in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was getting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked, coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton ?"

"Cousin Frank!" We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now.

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in light, soft folds. Her brown hair was soft and wavy, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead: not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank, and sensitive, her eyes more arched as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark gray, fringed with long lashes. Her figure, sitting too, as I found afterward to my cost. Those eyes were the most changeful, the most expressive I ever saw.

I thought I had known her only five minutes, if so long, when she took up the dog's head in a serious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her head aloft, and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an earnest look in hers that I did not like. The color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a sharper ear to me than heard it might have congrons for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had set it there.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to speak to me. "It is time for me to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, Cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed constantly, and took me from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"I love food you are of that great dog!" I said, as we rose from our seat beside him.

"Fond of him! I should think so," she cried, with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the benevolent face. "Fond of him, Cousin Frank! Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is not afraid to be natural for fear of being laughed at. She stopped short, and colored.

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She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail, and looking first at her, with eyes that were, as she had said, beautiful, and what was better far, leinsful of love and honesty.

"I should if you had a master to love," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is keeping me in mind of it. I have him on through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I knew her that night no more.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I WAS, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging toward a respectable middle age, and with a decided taste for wearing many dry black books. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my share of disappointments, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed in my life, and that was the love of a woman's love.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every dust and window open as she went, I used often to look down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her light step.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking grew into something softer and I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I had been absent a week, and she had been ill. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking so pale and sad that a thankful thrill of fear seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; she gave me her hand with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way toward home. Seeing that fact of my being there, I turned back, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew that I loved her better than all.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which stood open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I sauntered the gate and went in; and there, in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. She gazed from me as I approached me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not speak. The full moon shone on you."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away directly."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well! What ails you, Cousin Frank? Did you never hear of my uncle who went to London before?"

"Yes, but—but—you will not go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for a fortnight, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and, thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon it is you, Frank). They vow they can not do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And, by-and-by, I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the door-way of a silent farm-house, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said, softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life. I may have even charmed a woman's heart, and had a thousand fancies. If you have what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself think you, I should say we pretty well thin—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I love you, Alice, if you will not cast me from you if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me what I say. You have won my whole heart, and I can not be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you love me, and do you love me?"

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can state my feelings so calmly? Because I can. I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not know me as I know myself and myself as I could love me. I am wayward and exacting, and I should weary your life out by my constant craving for fresh love. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would look on me as the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and because you could not get me there, you would get tired and break my heart, in very of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—I never will."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and the long tenderness and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment, and I felt that I could sacrifice something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead inside its fervent glow. I had her now within the instance—close—close to my heart.

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"But will it last? Oh, Frank! will it last?" I bent down, and my lips met in a long, fond kiss.

"I'm will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you love me?" was her answer. Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other afterward. I was to love me; and it sounded sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

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We were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think that but for me it might have lasted for a week, and not years, I fall that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains, though I have broken them.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I loved her most; and when I could see no angles in a passionate, high-bred creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she had promised to obey. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and her head erect, and her step free, pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said, "Alice, my love, my dear, and she turned. Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been jealous in my life, could I do but tremble and grow pale when a creature so noble as this least down before me!

She loved me. Every cord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweet music; and I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key. Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. I can see it now. Some vein of my own nature, that I had not known, whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgence, and that by-and-by she would never develop its strength in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had already been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction; and quite unconscious that while she was getting back all the innocent gayety of her childish years, the deep lessons of her womanhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

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"Fred is dying, and he has been my friend in the world."

"Then ask me for it."

"I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said, timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by-the-way—St. Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say that one should never ask or refuse any thing."

"Well! But I'm not talking to *Saint* Francis! I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little bronze statuette, much like a Cupid, with his quiver full of pins) at my feet, and walked away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up the figure: it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little god of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

She placed the fragment one upon the other, and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh! Francis," continued she, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting my hand to her lips, "why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale.

"I will, sir," she said. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me?

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But—"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on!"

"I do not love you—not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white, and gave me such a look through the window I can never meet it with her sorrow, that to this day I can never see the golden autumn roses and the green myrtle without the same sharp, knife-like pang that I felt then, as the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ALICE became weaker and grew really ill. A tour on the Continent was strongly recommended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours—the Mr. and Mrs. Wrenmore, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad nine months, instead of six.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would cross to Dover on the morrow. I went down to Dover to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me still.

I was worn, haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet before my hurried journey, and in taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me the boat arrived.

I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life. Warmer grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs. Warrener—blesss her kind heart!—burst out crying.

"Oh! my dear Frank, I was so glad to see you. And how well you look! Alice looks very, very well!"

Next moment she entered, a little King Charles's spaniel frisking about her feet. I had her in my arms at once, but it was not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her face.

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone.

"Not in the least ill, Frank," she said, quietly. "But you must remember I have not seen you for nine months, and you startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice this. I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could resuscitate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day. One morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast—for Alice took that meal in her room now—the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around.

"Not too busy to talk to you," she said.

"Alice, how long are we to live this life?"

She changed color.

"What life, Frank?"

"The one we are living now. It is not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were."

"I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why can not the old days come back again? If I made a terrible mistake, can you never forgive it? I shall think I was foolish for us to love each other as we did—at least, to show it as we did—but I have found now that love is earth's only true wisdom."

She smiled, sadly.

"Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh! give me back the love that satisfied!"

I rose from my seat and stood beside her; but I drew back and dropped my head.

"Frank, don't ask me for that."

"I shall force you to value it more, Alice."

"That may be; but I have it not to give you, my poor Frank."

I clasped her to my heart. The passion in that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but, with this all not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and I looked at me and gasped.

"Too late! Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?"

"Why do you say that? I have one unkind thought or feeling toward you, Frank? Ah, no! But I can chilled through and through. My love is dead and buried. Stand over that dear grave, and let us meet the world as we best may."

I loosened my hold upon my hands, and my tears fell, and I was not ashamed of them. But they seemed to rouse her into a kind of frenzy.

"You *do* love me, Frank!" she cried. "Yes, who a year ago moved the seed which has borne this fruit, can no more say that unkindness now? Don't, Frank! Take what I can give you—love, my earnest friendship—and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven."

"Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there—you will love me again."

She quoted those sad words which poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying bed:

"Que Seul un sans loute Seul un sans loute dans le ciel même?"

(What could I want in heaven if even in heaven itself

and laid her hand gently on mine.

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we married, I loved you on that unhappy day, and love you still!"

I am glad to hear it," she said, hurriedly. "Heaven only knows what we may see and sigh to have mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to contemplate them. I thought at first that I could not live; I suppose every one thinks so when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and I learned to pause. We soon like two gray shadows, Frank, in the world, and we must not nearly say Lucily time; and hope that, on the other side of the grave, at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, Frank, I am happier now than I was then—happy in thinking that the same roof shelters us, though we are still part and parcel of the world."

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more; her arms were around my neck, and I knew that she was weeping. It was a bitter meeting mine. Not as they used to be, yet tenderer than before.

"We are older and wiser than we were, and sadder, too, dear Frank," she said, with a smile. "Yet who knows? It may be that all this grief has but left us yet."

I felt that that chapter of our life ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have watched closely for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the gray eyes, the same deep, sad tones thrill my heart when I hear her voice, the same great work; and she grows nothing be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was surrounded and exciting and ardent and impassioned in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the defensive; but gentleness is not, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

Our lives have been different but for me. Oh you, who read this little history, believe me, that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do great work; and that there can be no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

SAID a very homely proverb (pardon its vulgarity): "You can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." But a sow's ear is a small figure to work of ten than a silk purse. And grand, indeed, the fairy who could make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, or conjure into creatures of flesh and blood the ancestral relic of a London sheep-dog.

"MAMMA," asked Honoria Carr Vipont, "what sort of a person was Mrs. Darrell?"

She was not in our set, my dear," answered Lady Selina. "The Vipont Crookes are just one of those connections in which, though, of course, one is civil to all connections, one is more or less intimate, according as they take after the Vipont or after the Crookes. Mrs. Darrell was a Miss Crookes, and, I believe, a very pretty woman; she died just before Mr. Darrell entered Parliament, and appeared in society. But I should say she was not an agreeable person. Not nice," added Lady Selina, after a pause, and conveying a shrewd meaning in that conventional monosyllable.

"I suppose she was very accomplished—very clever?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear. Mr. Darrell was exceedingly young when he married—scarcely of age. She was not the sort of woman to suit him."

"But at least she must have been very much attached to him—very proud of him?"

Lady Selina glanced aside from her work, and observed her daughter's face, which evinced an animation not usual to a young lady of a breeding so lofty, and a mind so well disciplined.

"I don't think," said Lady Selina, "that she was proud of him. She would have been proud of his station, or rather of that to which his fame and fortune would have raised her, had she lived to enjoy it. But for a few years after her marriage they were very poor; and though his rise at the bar was sudden and brilliant, he was long wholly absorbed in his profession, and lived in Bloomsbury. Mrs. Darrell was not proud of Mr. Darrell. She and her husband live—give themselves airs—marry into great houses if they can—but you may be familiar like those you always remain Crookes—useful connections, very! Can you see how not a more useful—but third-rate, my dear, the Vipont Crookes are like the Jews, because they are never satisfied with any thing, and are always trying to get into other people's houses. Not very long before she died, Mrs. Darrell took her friend and relation, Mrs. Lyndsay, to stay with her. Lyndsay's post was from affection, or my great consideration for Mrs. Lyndsay's remonstrances (which were indeed those of actual destitution, till—thanks to Mr. Darrell—she won her lawsuit), but simply because she was her lawsuit, but simply because she was her own property, and could be given or taken into our set. Mrs. Lyndsay was a great favorite with all of us—very pretty, very unaffectedly correct, too—thorough Vipont—thorough gentlewoman—but still! Oh, so artful! She borrowed poor Mrs. Darrell's husband's purse! but she took care not to injure herself. Of course, Darrell's wife was a Vipont—through and by Vipont Crooke—had free passport into the outskirts of good society, the great parties, and so forth. But these things crept; even Darrell had been compromised if I had admitted into our set a woman who was thought objectionable by myself. Handsome—in a bad style—not the Vipont features—but not only silly and flirting, but—(we are alone, keep the secret)—decidedly not by virtue, my dear!"

"You amaze me! How such a man—" Honoria stopped, coloring up to the temples.

"Never mind, my child," Lady Selina, "as a general rule, do choose the oddest sort of husbands ever a man is, the more easily. I do believe, a woman can take her self-reverence, to do Mr. Darrell justice, he has been taken in only once. Mrs. Lyndsay was obliged to retire to a cottage at Fulham. But as she professed to be a second mother to poor Darrell, she contrived to remain on to very much at Curzon Gardens; her daughter Caroline was a great deal at Eldon Lodge, calling on Matilda's masters; and I did think that Mrs. Lyndsay would have caught Darrell—but your papa was not to be had, I can see that very plainly. Nevertheless, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been a very useful friend to my public nuisance—always knew the world so well—never made enemies—and she made an enemy of poor dear Montfort; but that was not her fault. By-the-by I must write to Caroline. Sweet creature! but how absurd, putting herself up for the county against Lord Montfort! That's no life for mother—fearful—fearful! Out of propriety."

Here Carr Vipont colonel Morley entered the room. "We have just left Darrell," said Lady Selina, as she drew her cheek to her accustomed Allun. I have asked *his* cousin, young Hoxton, and * * * and * * * and * * * your cousins, Morley—a small party of consin—very lucky to find Darrell disengaged."

"I suppose so," said the Colonel, addressing Honoria in an undue voice, "that Darrell has been quite plain Beethoven."

HONORIA. "Is Mr. Darrell so fond of music, then?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "One would not have thought it. He keeps a secretary at Fawley who plays the flute. There's something very interesting about Darrell. I wish you could hear his ideas on marriage and domestic life—more Spartan-like at least than in the days when he was more wondrous. It may be prejudice; but it seems to me that the young fellows of the present race, if more sober and staid than we were, are sadly wanting in character and spirit—no fault of theirs, their very own. But I don't like to talk thus to a democratic who has all those young fellows on his side."

"Oh," said Lady Selina, overhearing, and with a half-laugh, "Honoria thinks much as you do, Morley, and the men are always finding out one another—the same set phrases."

"Not the stereotyped ideas," added Honoria, moving away with a gesture of calm disdain.

"A very superior mind here," whispered the Colonel to Lady Selina. "She'll never make such a fool."

Guy Darrell was very pleasant at "the small family dinner-party." Carr was always popular in his manners—the true old House of Commoners manner—and very few like that of a gentlemanlike public school. Lady Selina, as has been said before, in her own family circle was natural and genial. Young Carr, there, without his wife, more pretentious than his father—hanging out of the Admiralty—with a certain awe of Darrell, and spoke little, which was much to his own credit, and to the general conviviality. The other members of the symposium, besides Lady Selina, Honoria, and a younger sister, were but Darrell, Lionel, and Lady Selina's two cousins; elderly peers—one with the garter, the other in the colonet—a jovial men, who had been well fellows once in the same mess-room, and still joked at each other whenever they met as they met now. Lionel, who remembered Vance's description of Lady Selina, and who had since heard her spoken of in society as a female dragon to be courted in preference the arts by which despots flourish, with Asmargnolle to impose, and caresses to deceive—as Asmargnolle in petticoats—was sadly at a loss to reconcile such portraiture with the good-humored, motherly woman who talked to him of her home, her husband, her children, with open confidence and becoming pride, and who, far from being so formidably clever as the world generally gave out, seemed to Lionel rather below par in the understanding; rather, from her very kindliness, and the wonder was very like tenderness. After dinner, various members of the Vipont family and others trickle in—Honoria to Carr or to Lady Selina, in hasty three-cornered notes, to take them to music-meetings—making acquaintance with their distinguished connection. Lionel, left alone, among those invited there were but few young men, was joined by Honoria herself, who, as the only child and the eldest daughter, was unquestionably the belle of the room. It could not but be observed that Darrell seemed more at his ease with Lionel than more than with any other lady—and when she went to the piano, and played that great air of Beethoven's in which music seems to have got into a knot that only fingers the most artful can unravel, Darrell remained at the sofa, seated alone, listening, no doubt, with ravished attention, but not as the sole one, and Honoria turned round to look if he had left it.

Lionel did not linger long after him. The next young man who left the room was the one next crowds which soon convened for a presentation of Mr. Bentham's famous proposition—carrying the national happiness to the greatest number.

It was a very great home, belonging to a very great person. Colonel Morley had proffered at Bentham the hand, and said, "Go; you should be seen there." Colonel Morley had passed the age of growing into society—as such cares for the mature—and had a right to be present as statues. One among a group of other young men by the door-way, Lionel beheld Darrell, who had arrived before him, surrounded by a very handsome young lady, with an attention quite the earnest—as that which the gentleman's superior mind of the well-educated Honoria. A very handsome young lady, indeed, and one with a superior mind, nor supposed hitherto to have found young gentlemen "insipid." Doubtless she would have been glad to see Lionel there, after, Darrell was listening again—this time to a very handsome lady, young and full of fun. If his attentions to her were not marked, hers to him were. She rattled on to him volubly, laughed, looked archly, put her head on one side, and seemed at last so to fascinate him by her gay spirits that she was forced to lay her hand on playful smile on his lips—lips that had learned but to say gravely few—showed that he could enter still more into the spirit of the joke.

Lionel, left by the time-worn man the few young lady must have seemed but a giddy girl, looked and was amused. Could that be the austere recluse whom he had left in the shades of Fawley? Guy Darrell, at his ease, with the dignified repute, the object of so many nods, and looks, and whispered salutations—Guy Darrell, in all that most frivolous of characters, a male coquette! Guy Darrell, in earnest—was his vanity duped? Looking again, Lionel saw that the young man's face a sudden return of the sad despondency of expression which had warned him of sympathy in the solitudes of Fawley. But in a moment that expression passed away, and expression was gone. Had the girl's merry, mocking genius cleared it away? But Lionel's attention was withdrawn from Darrell to the door as fresh arrivations announced round him, of which Dr. Nicholas was one.

"Yes, he is bent on marrying again! I have it from Alton Morley—immense fortune—and so young, so pretty, my girl should be the first with such eyes and freckled; besides what a connection—the Duke of Ayr's niece. Poor little girl, Flora Vyvyan, trying to make a fool of him. She can't appreciate that kind of man, and no wonder. Ah! you here, Lord Hoxton—does not want it. * * * I wonder she is not here to-night. He is certainly making her * * * The men think her pretty—I don't. * * * They say he is to return to Parliament, and have a place. Ah! Darrell, how are * * * No! he has no children living—very natural he should marry again. * * * Alice! poor Alice! you are quite mistaken. Young Haughton is no nephew to any distant connection—could not expect to be the first with * * * Ah! Haughton, indeed, at Paris. The Duchess thought so, and so did Lady Jane. They'll be glad to get a young Haughton now. * * * Hush!—"

Lionel, looking to her eyes, glided by, and penetrated farther into the throng. And then, as he proceeded, with those last words on his ear, the consciousness stole upon him that his position had undergone a change. Difficult to define it; to an ordinary by-stander, people would have seemed to welcome him cordially as ever. The gradations of respect in polite society are not always easily detected. He seems only by a sort of magnetism that one knows from one day to another how far backs or smiles are gracious, their hands as flutteringly extended. But that man would be dull as a chiroscores if he did not feel as every one who attests him feels—that he has descended in the ladder. So with all else. Love even your fortune, it is not the next day in a London drawing-room that your friends look as if you were going to ask them for five pounds. Wait a year or so for that. But if they have just heard you are ruined, you will *feel* that they have heard it, let them bow ever so courteously, smile ever

so kindly. Lionel at Paris, in the last year or so, had been more than fashionable; he had been the fashion—courted, run after, petted, spoiled, imitated. That evening he felt as an author may feel who has been the rage, and, suddenly, is left much alone to sit and muse. The men that had gilt him had gone back to the ore that lined. And they who were most genial with the Lionel Darrell who were those who still most respected thirty-five thousand pounds a year—to Guy Darrell's heir.

Lionel was angry with himself that he felt galled. But in his wounded pride he could not help remembering—only that sort of sickness which comes to youth when the hollowness of worldly life is first made clear to it. From the forces found him there fell that glamour by which the *ennui proper* is held captive in large assemblies, where the *ennui proper* is flattered, "Magnificent, intelligent audience," thinks the applauded orator. "Delightful!" sighs the woman the worshiped beauty. Glamour! glamour! Let the audience yawn while the orator prates, and the party neglect the beauty to adore another, and straightway the "magnificent audience" is an "ignorant crowd," and "the delightful party" a "heartless world."

CHAPTER X.

Escaped from a London Drawing-Room, fresh over Channel, Lionel found—Guy Darrell in his favorite chair. Daughters shy or he holds it a duty to be—an old friend.

LIONEL Darrell glided down the stairs of the enchanted rooms, and breathed a long breath of relief when he found himself in the friendless streets.

As he walked slow and thoughtful on, he suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, saw Darrell.

"Give me your arm, my dear Lionel; I am tired out. What a lovely night! What sweet scorn in the eyes of those stars that we have neglected for our flaring lights!"

Lionel. "Is it scorn—is it pity? Is it but serene indifference?"

Darrell. "As we ourselves interpret; it seems to present in our own hearts, it will be seen in the star of Jupiter. Our thoughts should be, exacts sympathy from all the universe. Joyous, he says to the sun, 'Let us rejoice together.' Envious, he says to the moon, 'Perish with me.' Unsocial, he says to the star, 'Preserve one, thou shrunk my sorrow.' Hope for Rome; a star is its promise. Mourn for the dead; a star is the land of reunion! Say to Darrell, 'I have done with love!' and the star hath naught to bestow; and all Space cries aloud, 'The earth is a speck, thine inheritance infinite.' Time seems while thou sighest, Eternity becomes of a moment is the instinct that proves thee immortal." Darrell paused, and, changing his companion, our consoler. Benign as the playmate, she lends herself to our shifting humors. Serious as the teacher, she responds to the slumber inquiries of evasion. Mystic and hallowed as the priestess, she interprets to us the oracles that spiritual yearning within us, in which, from savage to sage—through all dreams, through all creeds—like the verse of a book with Divinity. Never, therefore, while conversing with Darrell, is Man without a friend, or the single companion with uniform shape. Ever new, ever various, she can point every guy to scorn—from the sneer so serious—quick as thought—tosses from the dance of a leaf, from the tic of a rainbow, to the theory of motion and the laws of light. But lose Nature—forget or dismiss her—make companions, by hundreds, of men who ignore her, and I will not say with the poet, "This is solitude. But is the commune, what stale nonsense, what weary commonplace!"

Thus Darrell continued to weave together sentence with sentence, the interconnected attention of minutes into hours, unable, that when put down on paper it requires effort to discern it. But it was his peculiar gift to make what he said spoken, what in writing would seem obscure. Look, manner, each delicate accent of voice wonderfully distinct in its unrivaled melody, all to aided the sense of mere words, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he could read an unknown language, and a listener would have understood. But, understood or not, there was the intonation it was deadly delight to hear, that any one with nerves alive to music would have murmured, "Talk on forever." And, in fact, to any one main secret of the man's strange influence over all who came familiarly into his presence was to shut if Darrell had ever bestowed confidential intimacy on any one not by some antagonistic idiosyncrasy placed against the claim, that that intimacy had been withdrawn, a void never to be refilled must have been left in the life thus robbed.

Stopping at his door, as Lionel, rapt in the music, had forgotten the pain of the reverse so bewitchingly broken, Darrell detained the hand held out to him, and said, "No, not yet; I have something to say to you; come in; let me say it now."

Lionel bowed his head, and in surprised conjecture followed his kinsman up the lofty stairs into the same comfortless study-room to which he soon already described. When the servant closed the door, Darrell motioned to a chair. Fixing his eyes upon Lionel with more than customary keenness, and motioning his young cousin to sit by his side, elum, he thus began:

"Lionel, before I was your age I was married —I was a father. I am so both now and childless now. My life has been moulded by a solemn obligation which so few could comprehend, that I scarce know a man living beside yourself to whom I would frankly confide it. Pride of family is a common infirmity—often getsalum with the poor, often insolent with the rich; but rarely, perhaps, out of that pride do men construct a positive binding duty, which at all self-sacrifice should influence the practical choice of life. As a child, before my judgment could discern how much of vain superstition may lurk in our reverence for the dead, my whole heart was engaged in a passionate dream, which my waking existence became vowed to realize. My father! —my lip quivers, my eyes moisten as I recall him, even now—my father!—I loved him so intensely!—he love of childhood has fresh subjects strong it is! All in that name so gentle, yet so sensitive—chivalry without its armor. He was his constant companion; he spoke to me unreservedly, as a poet to his muse. I wept at his sorrows—I chafed at his humiliations. He talked of ancestors, as he thought of them; to him they were beings like the old Lares—not dead in graves, but living in memories, as household hearths. Doubtless he exaggerated their worth—as their old manors, their broad lands, their halls of empire, their deeds and their pow; their decline and fall. Not so much for the sake of the past, as for the more track in the ocean of history—light on the waves over which they had glided proudly, and whose sorrow they had shared.

With him thought I; as my father spoke, his child believed. But to the eye of the world, what was this inherited devoutest name?—a threadbare, slighted, rustic pedant—no station in the county but a village parsonage—and away the last lowly dwelling-place of his line. By lineage high above most nobles, by connection most powerful in the land he sprang, he had genius; but the studies to which they were devoted made it a genius of use to no purpose but to scanty means, and led rather to ridicule than to honor. Not a day but what I saw on his sad features the mark of the sting, the gnawing of a new care. Thus, as a boy, feeling in my heart a strength which I knew not, I came to him, one day as he sate grieving, and kneeling to him, said, 'Father, courage! all will be well.' I shall soon be man, and I swear to devote myself as man to revive the old family! I have no sire to be proud of, save He whose name, by you so loved, is loftier in my eyes than all the heraldry of kings.' And my father's face brightened, and he blessed and kissed me; and I rose no ambitious!" Darrell paused, heaved a short, quick sigh, and then rapidly continued:

"I was fortunate at the university. That was a day when the College looked for recruits among young men who had given the proofs, and won the fruits of, high intellectual capability. For statesmanship then was deemed an art which, like that of war, needed early devotion. I had carried off prizes when I was offered a seat in Parliament by the head of the College, who was a Minister. I hesitated but for one moment—I declined the next. The fellow House of Darrell needed wealth, and the ambitious sought not higher honors, often requires wealth—never gives it. I was destined by my father to a profession with a young man named Vipont Crooke. His grandfather, one of the numberless Viponts, had married a sister of my father's mother. Crooke had to his own ow succeeding to the property of some rich uncle, who was not of the connection. Crookes. I went with this college acquaintance to visit the old Lord Mountjoy, at his villa on the Thames, and there met the country-house of the Vipont Crookes. I said at the bot two or three days, that I loved Mary Crooke. She was then the elder Fairthorne, my father's bailiff, entreating me to come immediately to Darrell Court, and to say nothing of my love. In taking leave of my friend and his family, something in the manner of his sister struck me, and I fancied I detected confusion, a burst of tears—I know not what. I had never sought to win her affections, but in the ideal of her image I could love. It did not resemble her. On reaching Fawley, conceive the joy that I found that my father had not met with a heart-stricken. The principal mortgagee was about to foreclose—I was to be ruined—I could not pay the rent of the Darrells. I saw that the day my father was driven from the old house would be his last on earth. I flew to London to save him?—how raise the pitiful sum—but a few thousands—I knew not how. I went to my college friend's; he was of age—I knew it. My father's pride those barren acres which all the hands of the Seymour or the Gower could never wrench from the grasp of a Darrell. To me the name was a college fellowship, adequate to all my wants, but sterile as a rock to him. I went at the height in vain consultation with Fairthorn. There seemed not a hope. Next morning came a letter from Vipont Crooke. He was a manly and frank, though somewhat coarse. With the warmest terms he proffered his love to his sister's hand, and a dowry of £10,000. He hinted, in excuse for his bluntness, that, perhaps, my affections were already fixed; but if a preference for his sister, I might not deem myself rich enough to propose, but if matters not, to state what he said. You foresee the rest. My father's life could be saved from despair—his beloved home, the old trees, the old halls. That dowry would more than cover the paltry debt upon the land. I gave myself no time to bow to it. I hastened back to the house to which fate had led me. But," said Darrell, proudly, "do not think I was betrayed into a perfidy such excuses, to deceive the young lady. I told to her my love, my hopes, my ambitions, and her the love painted by romance-writers and poets; but that I loved no other—that I was free to be delighted to give her hand, I should studiously consult her happiness, and gratefully consider it to be mine. I said all this—was true, that, if she married me, ours must be for some years a life of privation and struggle; that even the interest of her fortune must be devoted to my father while he lived, though very shilling of its capital would be settled on herself and her children. How I blessed her when she accepted me, despite my candor!—how earnestly I prayed that I might love, cherish, and requite her!" Darrell paused, in evident suffering. "And, thank Heaven! I have nothing on that score wherewith to reproach myself. And the strength of that memory enabled me to bear and forbear more than otherwise would have been possible to my quick spirit, and my man's heart. My dear father! his death was happy—his home was saved—he never knew at what sacrifice to his son! He was gladdened by the first honors my youth achieved. He was reassigned to my choice of a profession, which, though contrary to his antique prejudices, thus allowed to the representative of the Darrells no profession but the legislature. I married the wealth which would secure his name from perishing. He was conscious of my future, as if it had entered, not a vow, but a prediction. He had blessed my union, without foreseeing its sorrows. He had embraced my first-born—true, it was a girl, but it was one link onward from ancestor to ancestor. He had died with his last words were these: 'You will restore the race—you will revive the name! and my son's children will visit the old manor-house, and learn gratitude to him for all that his idle lessons taught of the responsibilities of life.' And I answered: 'I father, your line shall not perish from the land; and when I am rich and great, and holdings spread far round the lonely hall that your life ennobled, I will say to your grandchildren, 'Honor your grandfather!' and then a Darrell yet treads the earth—honor him to whom I owe every thought which nerved me to toil for what I have won, and which may enjoy.'"

And so the old man, whose life had been so sinless, died.

By this time Lionel had stolen Darrell's hand into his own—his heart swelling with silent sympathy, and the tears rolling down his cheeks.

Darrell gently kissed his young kinsman's forehead, and, extricating himself from Lionel's clasp, paced the room, and spoke on while pacing.

"I made, then, a promise; it is not kept. No child of mine was ever to be taught reverence to my father's grave. My wedded life was not happy; its record needs no words. The two beings for whom I lived, both are gone. My son went first. I had thrown my life's-life into him —he was of my blood, my name, my hope. For him I began to build that baffled fabric—*Sic pueblos inmemor!* For him I bought, year by year, the lands in the reach of Fawley—lands twelve miles distant. I had meant to fill up the intervening space, and to buy out a miserable, whose woods and corn-fields lie between. I was scheming the purchase—surveying the ground, when a letter was brought me news that the boy I had just taken back to school was dead—'a low fever'—the fever of summer ev!' No, Lionel. I must go on. *That* grief I have resisted with—conquered. I was widowed then, but I had a child—the first-born, whom my father had blessed on his death-bed. I transferred to him all my hopes, to her, I had no vain preference for male heirs. In a race torn that runs on through the female line, the best heir was the most cherished. Was it cruel to—? Again Darrell stopped—again hurried on: "Would you believe it, Lionel, that I was then still in the noon of man's life, free to form new ties. Another grief that I can not resist—that I have not experienced yet. And by that grief the last overdue existence was so blighted, so blasted—that, in short, I had no heart for social altars—for the social world. Years went by. Each year I said, 'Next year I will return to the world.' Each year I said, 'Next year I will marry.' Now age is near, the grave not far; now, if ever, I must fulfill the promise that I made to my father. Lionel, Nor does that duty comprise all my motives. If I would regain health and thought, manly activity of my breaking years, I must feel that one haunting memory is exercised, and forever laid to rest. To be so only—whatever my future—whatever the folly of the hazard of my age—be so only for my father's sake. Lionel, I have resolved his eyes steadily on Lionel, and, opening his arms, cried out, "Forgive me, my noble Lionel! I am not contented with an heir like you; and do not you mock at the old man who dreams that woman may love him for his, and links your own children may inherit his father's home."

Lionel sprang to the breast that opened to him; and if Darrell had planned how best to remove from the young man's mind forever the possibility of any selfish pang, no craft could have attained his object like that touching confidence before which all disparities between youth and age literally vanished. And, both made equal, both elevated alike, vanity I know not which at the moment felt the elder or the younger! Two noble hearts, intermingled in one emotion, were set free from all time save the present; par each with each, they meet as brothers twin-born.

THE "SUSQUEHANNA" AND HER LAST CRUISE.

THE United States steam frigate *Susquehanna*, of which we present a fine engraving on the opposite page, has just arrived at New York, after an eventful cruise of some two years.

She went into commission, Captain Joshua R. Sands commanding, on 5th May, 1856, and on 17th of the same month stood to sea for Havana. A Spanish fleet was then on the Cuban station, lookfor between the island of Cuba and the port of Aspinwall; after which the *Susquehanna* was ordered to the Mediterranean squadron. She made Fayal on 12th and Gibraltar on 23d July. The cruising fortnights were spent pleasantly enough in the Mediterranean.

The *Susquehanna* visited most of the Mediterranean ports. She lay some time at Naples, and was also familiar at Gibraltar, Port Mahon, Malaga, Teulon, Genoa, Spezzia, Civita Vecchia, and Palermo. The chief business of the officers and men was to keep themselves well supplied with provisions. A little practice at target-shooting and reefing rapidly prevented the men from running to the conclusion—which otherwise would have been obvious—that they were on a pleasure trip; but the duties of the officers were not so arduous but that they had ample time to enjoy the delights of the Mediterranean and the many enjoyments which are offered to travelers on its shores. We read recently, in a lady's book, that been submitted to us, of "the ship' being "again enlivened by sweet music and the delighting" of her officers and guests; these seamen, who gallantly invited some of the opera-singers to a ball, and discovered, to their dismay, that the steward was unclasts expected to be paid for their attendance, nevertheless, to our best knowledge, the *Susquehanna* was not pretend to much commiseration for people who spent nearly a year in the Mediterranean on board a fine ship, with a steward who ungratified, and nothing to do.

This time last year the *Susquehanna* was ordered to England to assist the *Niagara* in laying the Telegraphic cable. She arrived at the Isle of Wight toward the close of May, and her officers participated in the civilities which the English lavished on all who were concerned in the Telegraph enterprise. She took part in the expedition, as is known, and her officers were among the number of those who felt the failure of the first attempt to lay the cable was a personal disappointment and severe trial.

She her return to England the *Susquehanna* was again ordered to the Mediterranean. Captain Sands received information that the American vessel had been seized by the Barbary pirates; he made all preparations to rescue the supposed captives; but nothing seems to have come of it. After a brief visit to Algiers and Genoa, he received orders to return to the home station. She accordingly weighed anchor and made said westward in October last.

His first destination in America was Nicaragua, where his business was to assist in intercepting the vessels of the adventurers in Nicaragua. The heat and burden of this business devolved, as it happened, upon the *Susquehanna*. Her first port happened, for the *Susquehanna* was that of a mere spectator. The visit to Central America was, however to be followed by a memorable event in her history.

The *Susquehanna* was lying in the harbor of Greytown, which at that time was singularly unhealthy. Apprehensions of the consequences had at the same time been entertained by Captain Sands, but nothing appeared to justify them till about the middle of May, when the crew of the ship's company were seized with fits of vomiting. On 23d March a sailor died of a disease which was pronounced to be Congestive fever. Other cases followed. The ship was ordered to sea. At first the change of air appeared to have been attended with excellent results. The disease almost disappeared from the ship, and she came to anchor afresh in the harbor of Greytown. But the sick list slight increased on board.

But on 30th March the epidemic reappeared with increased virulence. On the night of the 1st April and four officers and some forty men were attacked, and the number became imminent. A council of officers was at once held by Captain Sands, and all present concurred in the opinion that the ship should be run to the nearest United States port, which was Pensacola. Steam was immediately got up, and she was headed for that place. But twenty-eight hours had elapsed it was discovered that the vessel was short of fuel, coals and medicines. Of the former she had not enough to reach Pensacola under steam. It was, therefore, decided to run for the island of Cuba, a United States port, but to run for the nearest place, which was Jamaica, when some four hundred miles distant. All possible steam was made, and the vessel was put to the test to reach Port Royal as soon as possible.

She made Port Royal on the night of the 5th, and a communication was instantly sent to the British Admiral, Sir Fleming Norman, offering her unhappy condition. The English officer behaved in the most handsome and generous manner. He at once ordered, to borrow the language of one of our countrymen on board the *Susquehanna*, "at once that the vessel should be supplied with all she got in order for the reception of our sick. These orders were most faithfully carried out by the surgeons, who worked day and night, so that by eight o'clock in the morning six officers and fifty-seven men were transported to the hospital on shore, making room for all the rest." It is only one act of humanity, has won for himself a reputation that will contribute much to the love in which he is held, and has been engaged in, converse a long and brilliant career.

Commodore Kellett also comes in for the share of our thanks and gratitude. All had to these noble-hearted Englishmen, who generously risked their lives in saving the crew of a vessel, for they did not hesitate to place themselves in contact with the sick when occasion demanded it.

The *Susquehanna* left as soon as possible for New York, having on board Dr. Rhodes, a medical officer of the British Navy, who generously volunteered to assist her surgeons at the risk of his life. We are glad to notice that the Senate of the United States has testified its appreciation of his noble behavior by admitting him to a seat on the floor.

The *Susquehanna* was placed in quarantine on arrival here. She still lies in the lower bay. She is a noble ship; as will find to perform her part in war—as her heavy guns will warrant—as she is calculated to do credit to our navy by her admirable model, and the perfect discipline established by Captain Sands.



THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA."

Miscellany.

Wags and Wits,
where they make a business of that which was intended to be merely a relaxation, may be likened to lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others.

The *fêtes* to which a professional wit is invited only afford an excuse to the Fates for shortening his thread. He finds it no joke to be always joking; his stomach and his convivial reputation are apt to fail him at the same time; his jests die because he can not digest; so many good things have gone into his mouth that none can come out of it; and at last, like poor Yorick, also

"A fellow of infinite jest,"

he is forced to try solitary conclusions with grim Death, who has but a dull ear for a joke.

Wit is a phenomenon the explanation of which has puzzled many wits, and dullards too. To answering the question,

What is Wit?

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books—and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me." But he was certainly funny.

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied,

"You have only to open your mouth, Madame."

This, if witty, was also ill-natured.

Wit and Sarcasm

were united when Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "'Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?'" Chatham rose, and said, "Why did not the noble Lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

It was coarse wit when Lord Byron, who was groaning with agony from a severe attack of colic, and exclaiming, "Lord help me! I am dying," was told by Trelawney, "not to make such an infernal fuss about dying."

Luttrell tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase "on the contrary" to every thing he said; a gentleman saying to him, "So I hear, Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No," replied Sir Francis, "you are mistaken; on the contrary—" "What the devil," said Luttrell, "does the *contrary of eating* three eggs mean?" "*Laying* them, of course!" said Sheridan. This was ready wit.

The Philanthropist,
says a recent reviewer of the life of John Howard,

is necessarily an abnormal personage. If there were no loose screws in the order of things we should not want him, and he would not exist. But screws *are* loose—he *is* wanted—he *does* exist. The proof of the reality of his vocation is made when he does his work well. Let him have credit for that, and let his shortcomings in what is simply affectional be tenderly dealt with. *But let them be recognized.* For the sake of all that is dearest to human nature—for the sake of that Eternal Love which is the eldest-born of things, to which Chance and Change are subject, and to which Philanthropy herself must bow—let it be understood, and never smothered up out of respect for any man, that the pumping of human tenderness into artificially-cut reservoirs and channels—the systematization of its goings, the tabulation of its doings—is full of peril. The love that is divine is like the wind; you "hear the sound thereof, but can not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." There have been "philanthropists," doubtless, whose private selfishness has not been flagrant. I can conceive some reader saying to me, "My dear Sir, I know a philanthropist, and I am sure he has a happy home. Go and cross-examine his wife! Ask, 'Is your husband attentive, kind, punctual, chaste, good-tempered, pious, watchful over your welfare, and the children's?' and she will answer, 'Yes.' Well, what more do you want?" My very gentle reader, what I want more is precisely what can not be formularized, and yet is the very staff, and stay, and human bread of life of these stupid, obstinate women's hearts. I will dispense with that clever catechism of yours. I will ask the little wife one single question: "Dear madam, is your heart utterly *satisfied* with your husband's love, so that it rings through every chamber of it like the vibrations of a bell, without your being able to give any account of the matter?" If the little woman will kiss the book, and say "Yes," I will let her philanthropic husband off, and say he's—a phœnix.

—Let your wife be your

Help-mate.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

—There are two kinds of

Envy.

In the base mind it degenerates into downright hatred of a superior, with a desire to deprive him of what the envious one can not possess; while in a noble soul it goes no farther than emulation, or a desire to equal or surpass the person in question. Oh, how subtle and almost imperceptible the difference between the seed of one's virtues and vices!

—Is not this, from Sir Thomas Overbury, a fresh and fair description of

"A Fair and Happy Milkmaid?"

She is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physics out of countenance. She knows a *fair look* is but a *dumb orator to commend virtue*, therefore minds it not. All her *excellences stand in her so silently*, as if they had *stolen upon her without her knowledge*. Though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, by long-lying in bed, spoil both her complexion and condition; she rises with chanticleer, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry spinning-wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, fearing no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Thus lives she—and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time and have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

—Lord Monboddo asserted that man was but a tailless monkey—that is to say, an animal. Some men may be animals; but *mankind* are of a different sort. There is—as Sydney Smith shows—a wide difference between

Instinct and Talent.

All the wonderful instincts of animals, which, in my humble opinion, are proved beyond a doubt, and the belief in which has not decreased with the increase of science and investigation—all these instincts are given them only for the combination or preservation of their species. If they had not these instincts they would be swept off the earth in an instant. The bee, that understands architecture so well, is as stupid as a pebble-stone out of his own particular business of making honey; and with all his talents, he only exists that boys may eat his labors and poets sing about them—"ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias." A peasant girl of ten years old puts the whole republic to death with a little smoke, their palaces are turned into candles, and every clergyman's wife makes mead wine of the honey; and there is an end of the glory and wisdom of the bees! Whereas, man has talents that have no sort of reference to his existence, and without which his species might remain upon earth in the same safety as if they had them not. The bee works at that particular angle which saves most time and labor, and the boasted edifice he is constructing is only for his egg; but Somerset House, and Blenheim, and the Louvre, have nothing to do with breeding. Epic poems, and Apollo Belvideres, and Venus de Medicis, have nothing to do with living and eating. We might have discovered pignuts without the Royal Society, and gathered acorns without reasoning about curves of the ninth order. The immense superfluity of talent given to man, which has no bearing upon animal life, which has nothing to do with the mere preservation of existence, is one very distinguishing circumstance in this comparison. There is no other animal but man to whom mind appears to be given for any *other* purpose than the preservation of the body.

—Your good conversationalist is doubtless a most agreeable man; and beyond peradventure, a man who can't talk at all has no business in society. But whether it is best to study

Conversation, as an Art,
is a questionable matter. Henry Taylor says, in his *Notes from Life*:

Conversation is, in truth, an exercise very dangerous to the understanding when practiced in any large measure as an art or an amusement. To be ready to speak before he has time to think, to say something apt and specious—something which he may very well be *supposed* to think, when he has nothing to say that he really does think—to say what is consistent with what he has said before, to touch topics lightly and let them go—these are the arts of a conversationalist; of which, perhaps, the last is the worst, because it panders to all the others. Nothing is searched out by conversation of this kind; nothing is heartily believed, whether by those who say it or by those who hear it. It may be easy, graceful, clever, and sparkling, and bits of knowledge may be plentifully tossed to and fro in it; but it will be vain and unprofitable; it may cultivate a certain micacious, sandy surface of the mind, but all that lies below will be unmoved and unsunned. To say that it is vain and unprofitable is, indeed, to say too little; for the habit of thinking with a view to conversational effects, will inevitably corrupt the understanding, which will never again be sound or sincere.

—There have been some heavy settling days lately—and some which were no settling days at all. Few debtors, we will wager, have put off their load so easily and gracefully as did

Mr. Wilkins Micawber,
when on the eve of his departure for the new world of the antipodes, the land of vast sheep farms and unreclaimed convicts—in short, for Australia.

"One thing more I have to do before this separation is complete, and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend Mr. Thomas Traddles has, on two several occasions, 'put his name,' if I may use a common expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left—let me say, in short, in the lurch. The fulfillment of the second has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation"—here Mr. Micawber carefully referred to papers—"was, I believe, twenty-three, four, nine and a half: of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, eighteen, six, two. These sums, united, make a total, if my calculation is correct, amounting to forty-one, ten, eleven and a half. My friend Copperfield will perhaps do me the favor to check that total?" I did so, and found it correct. "To leave this metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have, therefore, prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I now hold in my hand, a document, which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand to my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles my I O U for forty-one, ten, eleven and a half; and I am happy to recover my moral dignity, and to know that I once more walk erect before my fellow-man!" With this introduction (which greatly affected him) Mr. Micawber placed his I O U in the hands of Traddles, and said he wished him well in every relation of life. I am persuaded, not only that this was quite the same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money, but that Traddles himself hardly knew the difference until he had time to think about it.

Congregation:

A public assemblage where all the performers are professors, but where very few of the professors are performers.

Coquette:

A female general who builds her fame on her advances. She may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.

—Walter Savage Landor has recently given to the world what he calls

A Fagot of Dry Sticks,
of which there are some individual sticks which we think it not amiss to stick up here:

THE SHORTEST DAY.

The day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown!)
Is that when we have met and you have gone.

FEAR.

I fear a little girl I know;
Were I but younger I were bolder
Diana! I would break thy bow
In twain across her ivory shoulder.

HEARTS-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you .
Hearts-ease . . of all Earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

OLIM.

Do and permit whate'er you will
With others, I shall love you still.
Heaven grant we may not love the most
When to each other we are lost!

WITH FLOWERS.

The Goddess of Beauty, who loves early hours,
Awakened the Graces to gather yon flowers:
The Goddess of Wisdom comes later, and says,
"Those wither; take mine; they shall last all your days."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Kirwan says that a pious Scotchman used to pray—"O Lord, keep me right; for thou knowest if I go wrong *it is very hard to turn me.*"

"Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another!"

No truth is more obvious than that mere intellectual culture does not secure a noble character; and does not prevent the commission of crime.

"I see," said a young lady, "that some printers advertise blank declarations for sale; I wish I could get one." "Why?" asked the mother. "Because, ma, Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him; and, perhaps, if I could fill a blank declaration, he would sign it."

THE PAINTER'S CALENDAR.

Artistic Operations for the Month of April.

Now look after purchasers, and "stick" them, if possible, with a picture. Pot your patrons; the greenest are the most profitable for cultivation. Set your new works on walls with a good aspect, sow your invitation-cards broadcast, and clear your rooms for visitors. Earwig critics, and plant puffs judiciously in shady corners, avoiding exposure.

POLITICAL NATURAL HISTORY.

Clever Child. "What's the difference, Pa, between a Tory and a Conservative?"

Savage Father. "Precisely the same difference, my dear, that there is between a Crocodile and an Alligator—that's all!"

A CHANSON FOR CANTON.

John Chinaman a rogue is born,
The laws of truth he holds in scorn;
About as great a brute as can
Encumber the earth is John Chinaman.
Sing Yeh, my cruel John Chinaman,
Sing Yeo, my stubborn John Chinaman;
Not Cobden himself can take off the ban
By humanity laid on John Chinaman.

With their little pig-eyes and their large pig-tails,
And their diet of rats, dogs, slugs, and snails,
All seems to be game in the frying-pan
Of that nasty feeder, John Chinaman.
Sing lie-tea, my sly John Chinaman,
No fightee, my coward John Chinaman;
John Bull has a chance—let him, if he can,
Somewhat open the eyes of John Chinaman.

A Pennsylvania dentist offers a prize of a silver cup to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted by him. "Teeth extracted for one dollar per dozen."

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"My birth-day!"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ear!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old!
And as youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING EXPENSES.

Hard was I driven, through many a stony way,
To bring my daughter to a wedding day;
But thought not, till I gave away my idol,
I ever should be saddled with the *bridal*.

The following illustration is given of the wit of Mirza Mohammed Ibrahim, the Oriental scholar who filled for fifteen years the chair of Persian at Haileybury: "Dining, one day, with a gentleman well known for his conviviality, the decanters halted so long before the Mirza, that the host exclaimed, with a little impatience, 'Pass the bottle, Mirza; what do you call, in Persian, the man who stops the wine?' 'We call him Mohammed,' said the Mirza, with a quiet smile."

It is said that Napoleon, when he was asked by Dr. O'Meara if he really thought he could have invaded England at the time he threatened to do so, answered in the following anagram—"Able was I ere I saw Elba." Whether this is true or not, we should like to see a more ingenious and extended anagram.

A new name has been invented for those people who used to be briefly denominated sots, or, with greater verbosity, habitual drunkards. They are now called, by medical writers, "dipsomaniacs;" that is to say, maniacs who are thirsty-mad. Now the fact is, that such persons are so far from being thirsty-mad, that, as the nigger phrase is, they "drinkee for drunkee," and do not, at all, in any measure, "drinkee for dry." With real accuracy in view, and etymological propriety out of the question, they might more scientifically be styled tipsymaniacs.

"This tenement to let. Inquire next door." The place was in a dilapidated, wretched condition. Bannister, however, inquired the rent, etc. These particulars gained, he asked,

"Do you let any thing with it?"

"No," was the reply: "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the wit, "if you let it alone, it will tumble down!"

Found dead—dead and alone:
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear.
Found dead—dead and alone—
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone!

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one, replying, asked, very earnestly, "How big is your lot?"

One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or any where else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Maine. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread!"

"I say, Jim," said a plowman, the other day, to his companion, "I know of a new-fashioned Mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What is that?" "Why, if you eat a red herring in the morning, for breakfast, you'll be dry all the day."

If John Smith should, while crossing Brown's vacant lot, happen to fall and tear his pantaloons, who is responsible for the ground rent thus created—he or Brown? and could Brown compel Smith to settle the rent with a potato patch?

A few days since, an Irishman brought some trivial charge against a fellow-emigrant from the Green Isle, and obtained a warrant from Justice Osborne for his arrest. Next morning he called upon the Judge and said, "Yer honor, has the warrant against Mr. Flanaghan been served yit?" The Judge replied that he believed not. "Then, yer honor," replied Pat, "mind yer eye, I niver want it served." "Why not?" asked the magistrate. "Because, ye see, *the man is dead and buried, sure*, for he died last Tuesday, yer honor."

The reply of a prominent temperance prohibition law advocate to a question put to him the other day as to "how the controversy stood between the rum-sellers and temperance men," was quite to the point. He said that "temperance never had more law nor the rum-sellers more liquor than at present."

Bob Sawyer was asked the other day, while preparing a dose of "wolatilly" for a "wictim" in the neighborhood, whether he danced the Lancers. "No," replied that gentleman, pausing for an instant in his pleasing occupation, "I lance the dancers."

"Why can one not eat half a cake?"—"Because you can't eat your cake and have (halve) it."

"One word more, and I have done." How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker at public meetings! It is always a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start.

"There is a malady common to savages in certain parts of the world, which is termed 'earth-hunger.' It provokes an incessant craving for clay—a species of food which fails to satisfy the appetite, and impairs the digestion." So says a London periodical, relative to the constant craving for more food of the East India Company. We would suggest that the same malady is not altogether unknown in this country.

A theological professor, speaking of Balaam's ass, says it is wrong to doubt that the ass spoke like a man, when we daily hear so many men speak like asses.

How many young men are carried away by a fine, musical, charming voice—a pretty, light-footed, reeling ball-room dancer—a lazy, lounging, street-yarning flirt—an oily-tongued, hollow-hearted, deceptive piano-pounder, and regret their folly when, alas, too late!

A late traveler, in speaking of Austria, says that one-half of the people are under arms to keep the other half in jail.

"A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But since he can't, does all he can,
To let you know he's not a man."

A very charming daughter of one of the "solid men of Boston," being at a ball a few evenings since, was solicited by a combination of mustache, starch, and broadcloth for the honor of her hand in a dance, to which solicitation she returned an affirmative answer. In a subsequent conversation the aforesaid combination inquired her father's business. "He is a wood-sawyer," she replied. The fellow sloped, feeling that he had let himself down a foot or two by the association. The lady's father was a wealthy dealer in mahogany, which occasionally has to be sawed.

Roger Gale, in a letter dated August, 1739, says that he saw the following satire on Scotland in a window at Belford, England:

Cain, in disgrace with heaven, retired to Nod,
A place, undoubtedly, as far from God
As Cain could wish; which makes some think he went
As far as Scotland ere he pitched his tent;
And there a city built, of ancient fame,
Which he from Eden, Edinburgh did name.

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together can not pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

Foote once asked a man without a sense of tune in him, "Why are you forever humming that tune?"

"Because it haunts me," was the reply.

"No wonder," answered Foote, "you are forever murdering it."

THE TREE OF YESADDITY.—The man who would ex pose a fraud is fully capable of sending up his plain twice for soup.—*Boston.*

BRANDY IN A BAD WAY.—Commercial intelligence from Paris states that "Brandies give no sign of life." If that is the case, Brandy appears to be in danger of losing its title of *Eau de Vie.*

EARLY RISING.—Tell that it is not natural. With men, as with pens, early rising is all a matter of forcing.—*Quills.*

DIVORCE.—Cutting for fresh partners.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, May 10, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets were quite busy during the week for Flour and Wheat, which were more freely offered than they were required to be purchased. Prices closed decidedly lower, with a downward tendency. Corn was in moderate demand and steady. There was not much inquiry for Pork, the advanced rates of which checked shipments. Corn was in moderate supply and fair request, without any remarkable change in prices. Rye, Barley, and Oats favor buyers, yet they are not pressed for sale. Coffee opened with considerable vigor, but closed tamely and languidly. In a live, lire business has been transacted in Groceries, and prices were obtained for Coffee, Teas, and Sugars. Provisions were in moderate request, and prices were without material change. Petroleum and Linseed Oil, Hay and Hops were moderately dealt in, as were also Tobacco and Wool, at steadily maintained prices. The movements in Dry Goods were moderate. Duties for fabrics continued rather active, with steady prices in prices. Old goods and unattractive styles were very dull and irregular in value. . . . The receipts of Dry Goods amounted to $757,843 against $200,915 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $17,137,669 against $26,351,997 same time in 1857. The shipments to all countries this week moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable transactions. The following are the latest wholesale quotations for the leading articles of trade:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@ $4 25
Superfine to fancy Western do.	4 30	@ 4 75
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 30	@ 4 75
Fancy to extra round hoop, per barrel	4 80	@ 5 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 90	@ 3 90
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 05	@ 1 30
Red Wheat, per bushel	97	@ 1 15
New Crop Corn, per bushel	71	@ 74
Rye, per bushel	80	@ 80
Barley, per bushel	56	@ 61
White Oats, per bushel	36	@ 40
State Oats, per bushel	36	@ 40
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	37	@ 37
Southern Oats, per bushel	36	@ 40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12½	@ 12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 50	@ 15 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 75	@ —
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	13 50	@ 14 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	9 00	@ 9 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	19 00	@ 19 50
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@ 18 00
Cut Meats, pickled, per pound	5½	@ 6
Tallow, per pound	11½	@ 11½
State Butter, per pound	14	@ 16
Western Butter, per pound	11	@ 13
Cheese, per pound	6½	@ 9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@ 4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@ 6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@ 24
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5½	@ 6
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	25	@ 30½
Crushed Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 6½
Refined Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 6½
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	30½	@ 35
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	80	@ 90
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	5	@ 8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	4 37	@ 4 37
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47	@ 47½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@ 1 50
Anerican Fleece Wool	29	@ 45
Pulled Wool	25	@ 40
Kentucky Tobacco	6½	@ 16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6½	@ 16

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were quite heavy for Beeves, which weighed rather large, and closed at, yet purchased reservedly. . . . Milch Cows were in very limited demand, and without improvement in prices. . . . Veal Calves were abundant and in limited request at irregular prices. . . . Sheep and Lambs were in large supply and offering, yet they were not more plentiful, and prices loaded downward. . . . Swine were less inquired for, and they declined a shade. . . . The receipts and sales of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending	
	April 26.	*May 3.*
Beeves	3,757	3,661
Cows and Calves	141	101
Veal Calves	1,800	1,700
Sheep and Lambs	6,000	6,000
Swine	6,741	6,164

The Dry Goods Market Special Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were at market:

Illinois	332	Iowa	128
Ohio	221	Michigan	40
Indiana	162	Wisconsin	60
New York	205	Virginia	54
Kentucky	439		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the Avenue Sixty Fourth Street Yards was as follows:

Prime to first-class Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@ $ 8
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	55 00	@ 65 00
Veal Calves	5	@ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@ 11 00
Swine, per pound	5½	@ 6
Live Turkeys, per pound	8	@ 9
Dressed "	9	@ 11
Spring Chickens	1 25	@ 2 50

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AND DEALERS.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@ $5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	3½	@ 4½
Peaches, dried, per pound	50	@ 61
Prunes, dried, per pound	6	@ 7
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@ 1 00
Beans, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 00	@ 2 25
" per bushel	50	@ 75
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel	—	@ 5 00
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
" old, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00
Turnips, per 100 bunches	2 00	@ 3 00
Carrots, per 100	50	@ 75
Cabbages, per 100 heads	4 00	@ 6 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 6 00
Parsnips, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 6 00
Celery, per bunch	4 00	@ 6 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	9	@ 11
Chickens, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Fowls, per pound	60	@ 1 25
Fowls, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per pound	10	@ 12
Turkeys, per pound	15	@ 18
Geese, per pound	10	@ 12
Geese, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Plover, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Sage, per pair	37½	@ 40
	45	@ 50

THE TIME OF VISIBILITY.—The man who would ex pose a fraud is fully capable of sending up his plate twice for soup.—*Boston.*

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, May 10, 1858.*

The Specie trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 8, 1858	$1,150,472	$1,611,079
Corresponding week, 1857	3,305,577	1,610,961
Decrease	$2,155,105	$30,181

The export of specie was only $146,098 greater than the port last year for the week's business, which check opened over thirty-five millions last Monday, and which is now at two by the evening's sitting. Another and another California arrival will be due. It is possible that there may be as few millions may be remitted from the banks to the Sub-Treasury when the new loan (for which the bonds are to be opened on July) is ready. Money grows easier each successive week; many persons are now asking of their per cent. as a likely rate for money in June and July. Exchange on England, though it has declined, is not yet a shipping rate.

It is stated that the New York tolls for the new Treasury bills ($5,000,000 in all) amount to the large sum of $100,000.

Stocks have been very quiet during the week, but closed on Saturday with rather a firmer tendency.

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MAY, JUNE, AND JULY

FASHIONS

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LE ARTICULO MORTIS.
A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
Illustrations: The Dictionary-Maker.—The Rolling Pumkin.—The Duel in Hyde Park.
CHAPTER XXVI. New Acquaintances.
CHAPTER XXVII. In which we are at a very great distance from Quebec.
CHAPTER XXVIII. The Way of the World.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES. Books of the Month.
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
H. PLAIN-PAGE'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
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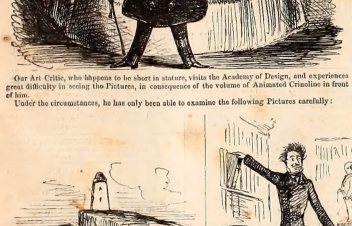
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Under the circumstances, he has only been able to examine the following Pictures carefully:



No. 192. An American Flag and Light-house, by HEINE. Very good indeed. The Painting displayed in the Flag can not be excelled.



No. 608. ELLIOTT and his Friends, by SPRAGUE. This Picture is wonderful in the libellous display of drawing and expression. We think if the Artist had introduced the Fish that is evidently hooked into the scene, it would have given more animation to the lower portion of the Picture.



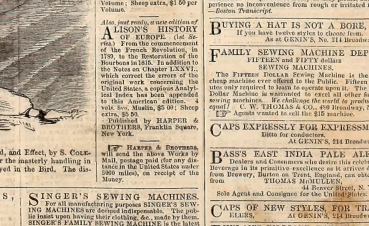
No. 64. A splendid study of the Fork-tree in Mexico. The warm tone of this Picture is enchanting.



No. 182. An Old "Boy" narrating his Adventures to an interested Hunter.—[LAIT.



No. 539. Portrait, by ELLIOTT, of an eminent Pork and Provision Dealer, in the peculiarly characteristic attitude of handing a friend a book from a Library Shelf.



No. 557. Portrait of a well-known Beggar. Good in Color.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA.

THE subject of this sketch, the Hon. William H. English, was born in Scott County, in the State of Indiana, on the 27th day of August, 1822. The Great Valley of the Mississippi, which is now an empire within itself in wealth and population, was at that time, comparatively speaking, a wilderness, the home of wild and savage beasts, and roving bands of scarcely less savage men. Indiana, one of the galaxy of States, near the centre of this great valley, which has sprung into existence almost as if by enchantment—now the home of more than a million and a quarter of inhabitants, teeming with every luxury and blessing—then had just been born into the sisterhood of States, and the stealthy tread of the Red man had scarcely ceased to be heard, as he prowled around the cabin of the adventurous and hardy pioneer on his errand of savage cruelty and death. Surrounded by such scenes of hardy adventure and of reckless daring, so familiar to the pioneers of the West, Mr. English received his early training and education. His native State being but a few years his senior, "he has grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength," until he has become thoroughly identified with her interests and prosperity.

He is the only son of the Hon. Elisha G. English, one of the early pioneers of the State, who served many years in both branches of the Legislature, and is widely known as a devoted friend, a sound practical statesman, of the Democratic school, consistent and reliable under all circumstances. But few men have been more active in the support of Democratic men and measures, and his name is intimately associated with the early legislative and political history of his State. Under such parental influence it is not surprising that the son should early have imbibed the father's principles and zeal. He identified himself with the Democratic party, and took a prominent part in the political contests of his county long before he arrived at his majority.

His education was such as could be acquired at the common schools of his neighborhood, and a course of three years' study at the South Hanover University. He studied law with Jesse D. and Michael G. Bright, of Madison, Indiana, and was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court at the early age of eighteen years. He was subsequently admitted to the Supreme Court of his State; and in 1845, in the twenty-third year of his age, to the highest judicial tribunal in the country, the Supreme Court of the United States. He studied law more as a matter of general information than with a view of practicing it as a profession, and now resides upon his farm adjoining the village of Lexington, the county seat of his native county, devoting the time not occupied by the discharge of his official duties in agricultural pursuits, attending to no legal business, except gratuitously for his friends and neighbors, who occasionally solicit his kindly offices in their behalf.

In 1843 he was chosen principal clerk of the House of Representatives of his State over several distinguished and worthy competitors. It was at this session that the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, the then Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate, by his casting vote, postponed the regular election of a United States Senator until the next session, which resulted in his own election.

After the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, to which Mr. English largely contributed, as an active and efficient politician in his section of the country, he was tendered an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, which he accepted, and continued to discharge its duties during that administration. Mr. English confined himself strictly to business, kept himself aloof from the fashionable dissipations of the city, invested his means judiciously, and surrendered his office cheerfully at the close of Mr. Polk's administration.

He was a clerk of the Claims Committee, in the United States Senate, during the memorable session of the Compromise of 1850, but at the close of the session he resigned his position and returned to his native home.

He was elected principal secretary to the State Constitutional Convention which assembled at Indianapolis in October, 1850, to revise the Constitution of his State, and at the adjournment the Convention assigned to him the important trust of supervising the publication of the Constitution, the journal, address, etc. In 1851 he was elected to represent his native county in the State Legislature against an opposition majority, and over a competitor considered the strongest and most popular Whig in the county. This was the first meeting of the Legislature under the provisions of the new Constitution, and judgment and discretion were required of the Legislature to put the new State machinery into harmonious and successful operation. It was, therefore, no small compliment for so young a man as Mr. English to have been chosen over so many older and more experienced of its citizens. When the Legislature met, his name was presented by many friends as a suitable person to fill the important position of Speaker. Hon. John W. Davis was at first elected to the post. On his resignation, Mr. English was elected in his place without serious opposition, and presided with dignity and ability over that body.

In October, 1852, Mr. English was elected to the United States House of Representatives. He entered Congress at the commencement of Mr. Pierce's administration, and gave its political measures a warm and hearty support. It was at the opening of this Congress that Mr. Douglas introduced his famous Kansas-Nebraska bill. Mr. English was a member of the House Committee on Territories, which was charged with the consideration and report of the bill; and, although not concurring with the majority of the Committee in the propriety and expediency of bringing forward the measure at that time, yet, when the issue was made before the country, he—believing the principle it contained to be right—gave it his most hearty and cordial support, not only by his votes and his voice upon the floor of the House, but by his judicious and skilful action upon an Advisory Committee, whose immediate duty it was to look after the interests of the measure to insure its success.

In 1854 the National Democracy of his district nominated him for re-election to Congress, and, after passing through one of the fiercest and most bitter partisan canvasses ever before known in his State, he was elected; and was again chosen at the close of this second term.

On his first entrance into Congress he was appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution—a rare compliment to a new member and to so young a man as Mr. English—to which place he has been continued by each subsequent Speaker of the House, and has filled the responsible position in a manner highly honorable to himself and practically beneficial to the institution. He is now chairman of one of the most important committees of the House—that of Post-offices and Post-roads.

At the opening of the present session of Congress the Kansas question, under a new phase, again arose. Hitherto he had acted and voted upon this question in harmony with his political colleagues and the Democratic administration; but he now found it impossible to persevere in that course. In the closing paragraph of a speech delivered by him in the House of Representatives, on the 9th March last, in exposition of his views upon that question he clearly defined his position and his ultimatum. He said:

"In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, I repeat that I think, before Kansas is admitted, her people ought to ratify, or at least have a fair opportunity to vote upon, the Constitution under which it is proposed to admit her; at the same time, I am not so wedded to any particular plan that I may not, for the sake of harmony and as a choice of evils, make reasonable concessions, *provided the substance could be secured*; which is the making of the Constitution, at an early



HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

day, conform to the public will, or at least that the privileges and opportunity of so making it shall be secured to the people beyond all question. Less than this would not satisfy the expectations of my constituents, and I would not betray their wishes for any earthly considerations. If, on the other hand, all reasonable compromises are voted down, and I am brought to vote upon the naked and unqualified admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, I distinctly declare that I can not, in conscience, vote for it."

He said he was willing to accede to the request of the Senate, made under unusual circumstances, for a Committee of Conference upon the disagreeing votes between the two Houses, under a strong sense of duty, as a necessary step before we can break off the legislative department to the other, and with some hope that some intermediate or middle ground might be found upon which the two Houses could stand, and their disagreements be healed. As he expressed it at the time that he made the motion, he grant the conference, no harm could possibly grow out of it, and good might result. The conference was granted, and he was appointed chairman of the Committee on the part of the House. As the Senate had acted for the conferees, the managers on behalf of that branch of Congress were informed by Mr. E. that propositions for a compromise had first come from them. He could not hope to offer the managers on the part of the House hard terms, and the conference would immediately terminate. The managers on the part of the Senate made several propositions, none of which, however, were acceptable to the members on behalf of the House. The Senate Committee then asked the managers from the House if they had any compromise to offer, to which Mr. E. replied that he had none prepared, but he had a plan in his mind, however, upon the basis principle of a submission of the question of admission under the Lecompton Constitution to the people contended on distance to a fair vote of the people of Kansas, and if the Committee thought it worth while he would prepare it, and submit it to them at their next meeting. They told him to do so. This is the hasty history of the origin of the English Kansas Compromise Measure which has just been communicated in the Congress of the United States. The honour of it is not enough in a great measure belongs to Mr. English.

Mr. English is a man of action rather than of words. His efforts as a debater are more remarkable for practical common sense than for the graces of oratory or the flowers of rhetoric; his mind is strictly practical in all its scope and bearings, is eminently utilitarian. Energy of character, firmness of purpose, and an unswerving integrity are his chief characteristics. In personal intercourse he is inclined to be retiring and reserved, which might be attributed to haughtiness or pride by a stranger, but to an acquaintance and friend he is open, candid, and affable. In the private and social relations of life he stands "without blemish and above reproach."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

WHATEVER preference our modern Diogenes, Thomas Carlyle, may cherish for heroic souls working out, in solitary grandeur, schemes of their achievement, we are not less heartedly the value of associated action. These cheerful, open, daylight activities extend best with the spirit of our Christian faith, and as the anniversary Week comes in with spring-time and May as a festive occasion. The reunions of the past week have excited more than their ordinary interest; partly from the fact that all the great Societies have had to weather an unprecedented financial storm, and partly because one and the most important of them have been agitated with internal controversy.

The Anniversary of the Ladies' Home Mission, on Monday evening, was made also the occasion of opening the spacious new hall of the Cooper Institute—thus uniting, at the outset of its career, the interests of science with the charities of religion. Mr. Cooper, who occupied the chair, was cordially greeted by the audience, and read an address, setting forth the objects of this his munificent benefaction for the people of New York. The Five Points Mission, under the care of this Society, has had a prosperous year; a new school building has been completed and paid for; eight hundred children have been taught, and thousands fed and supplied with clothing. Two hundred and fifty of the children under the care of the Mission were present, and added to the interest of the occasion by their singing and substituting the Bible recitations.

On the same evening was held the thirtieth Anniversary of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Jack Tar is proverbially incapable of taking care of himself, and this truly Christian association has gone before him into foreign lands, setting up for him, in distant sea-ports, home and church, ministering to him in sickness, and watching over him with quiet but helpful care. There are fifteen foreign stations under its care in North and South America, Europe, and Asia, and it is gratifying to learn that the receipts of the Society have not fallen off during the past disastrous year.

At the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday and Wednesday, resolutions were passed condemning the revival, and counseling the Northern States to combine in resisting the General Government.

But the interest of the Anniversary Week culminated in the annual meeting of the American Tract Society, held Wednesday morning, May 12th, in the Mercer Street Church, Lafayette Place. Preliminary exercises were held on Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday the church was crowded to repletion, with a dense throng of members and spectators. The question at issue was the refusal of the Executive Committee to publish any work that denies the existence of Slavery, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known have grown out, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by Evangelical Christians, undoubtedly do fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit."

The Executive Committee proceeded to justify their action, at great length, on the following grounds: 1. A new state of feeling, not apparent when the Constitution was framed, had been developed, and which rendered the publication of such tracts highly inexpedient. 2. At the time of the organization of the Society a discretion had been lodged with the Committee to shape their action in such a manner as would best secure the general and best satisfaction of the Society throughout the country. 3. In the passing the resolutions the Society did not intend to alter the constitution, which the Committee were assured would follow upon their execution. 4. By the terms of the incorporation of the Society the Committee felt themselves bound by the rule that the "action of subordinate agencies be left as possible, undirected interference," and they, therefore, determined to leave the question unembarrassed, for the future consideration of the Society. 5. That they decided if the constitution of the Society did not forbid the publications required.

Bishop M'Ilvaine, who was one of the original members of the Society, and its oldest Vice-President—earnestly advocated the adoption of the Report. He "deeply deplored" the views of the Report in an elaborate speech. Dr. Tyng moved, as a substitute, that the resolutions be reaffirmed, and that the Executive Committee be directed to carry them into effect, which was lost. Drs. Krebs, Bacon, Thompson, Mr. Sanford, and others, participated actively in the debate, which was exceedingly spirited, though moderate, on the whole, in point of temper. The Report of the Executive Committee was finally adopted by a decided majority.

The American Bible Society held its forty-second Anniversary on Thursday morning, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen presiding. In the course of the Society during the past year has been $200,739 49. 250,000 Bibles and 381,000 Testaments have been printed, making, first and 500 volumes in raised letters for the blind; the total number of volumes issued since the formation of the Society is 12,808,417. The Society is to be a general acquiescence in the recent action of the Board of Managers upon the questions pending in relation to the translation of the Bible; there was no controversy at the annual meeting upon this subject.

The Annual Report of Commissioners for Foreign Missions celebrated their Anniversary on Friday, the 14th instant, at Dr. Cleeves's Church, in Orange, New Jersey. Able addresses were delivered by several missionaries from foreign fields.

Besides these, the American and Foreign Christian Union, the Female Guardian Society, the New York City Mission Society, the American Temperance Union, the Five Points House of Industry, and others not specially noticed in the publication of the Anniversary Week, it is gratifying to learn that the receipts of the past year are about equal to those of the year preceding.

GOVERNOR KING'S APOLOGY FOR HIS SYMPATHY.

GOVERNOR KING'S private Secretary, in a card published by the Albany *Atlas and Argus*, denies the communication of Maurice O'Connell's sentence, letters from the twelve jurymen, from Judge Ingraham, who presided at the trial, and from the actual as well as acting Sheriff, in which the writers declare that at great length to show that the action of the Governor was *requested* by the writers. In our judgment this application was an act of supererogacy. The convict was adjudged guilty of the double felony of rape and murder. It is true he was young in years, but youth has long ceased to be an arbitrary measure of life. The boys of this country are not by any means like the boys of 1758; and it was among the youth of the country that the example of rigid law was required.

The Governor has the prerogative of clemency reposed in *him* to be used at *his* discretion. He is to resist persuasion, on the one hand, and to withstand mistaken sympathy upon the other. If the apology of the private Secretary is to be regarded, then it was not Governor King who acted, but the jurors, the judge, and the prosecutor; for the card admits, that upon all the other circumstances of the case the Governor felt that it was the law to have its course—to the interposition of the functionaries he yielded. Would the District Attorney enter *nolle prosequi* on an indictment which the Governor regarded is? Would Judge Ingraham excuse a witness on the Executive asking it? When the functions of government are distributive, no one branch should interfere with the action of another beyond grand and manifest facts.

But the "card" suggests another consideration, arising from the manifold sympathy for criminals that is shown by this case to operate for all the branches of justice. We have only space to quote from ex-Judge and acting District-Attorney Whiting's letter to the Executive:

"On looking into the case from the papers presented to me preparatory to the trial, I came to the conclusion that the circumstances were, that there was no malice in the cellar where the deceased was, under the impression that it was a house of ill-fame. That the woman was held by the throat, with no intention to take life, and, perhaps, [accidentally] the deceased was shoved off the gutter, and that a slight pressure upon the throat might have caused death, without premeditation. Without in the least intending to extenuate the crime, it presented itself to my mind as I think still sustained, [appears] as a proper case to take a plea of manslaughter in the first degree, and I so advised the District Attorney to treat the prisoner. The next day the friends of O'Connell strongly urged the same necessity, that the Assistant District Attorney and myself determined to make no opposition to the plea of guilty of manslaughter, as without the gists. The Court granted the motion, and the prisoner and his friends repent of their folly, and appear to be of opinion that I was unfaithful to their interests. I confess I am sine there with them."

So, by common consent of the prisoner has denied me to write what in substance I intended to have written. *I have yielded to his wishes, but to what I thinks duty.*

"The convict is a youth, as near as I could judge, about sixteen; his life is forfeit of the law; a victim of bad habits and a want of moral principle. *Many of our sin inmate of one of our Common Schools, one from which the John, Mary, and Susan of this city gained in the Annals of Crime, was probably ruthlessly ejected.*

"On the 15th instant, I shall execute the brain, and to neglect the heart, is the duty of the State, is to my mind the most solemn duty I have to do. The Bible is the text-book which points out the path, the straight and narrow way which leads to the Christian's home, and all religionists following after our Saviour. Why should it be neglected in the solemn hour of execution? Excuse me, my dear sir, this digression does not belong to this letter, and I trust you will believe me when I say, *My heart bleeds, and my eyes are this poor last, but for hundreds I see around me every day, following in in a footsteps, which the position of an officer of justice, I am forced to the sacred training of the State or of the home, restrained.*"

The "Dr. Cheever" into a cellar under an impression it was a house of ill-fame"—one of them ravished an old woman, "held by the throat, [accidentally] shoved off the gutter, and produced the fatal result"—and, "without in the least intending to extenuate the crime," Mr. Whiting "thinks it needless for not only the pardon, but for hundreds I see around me every day following in his footsteps!"

This whole affair, if shared in by *all* prosecutors and Governors, make New York city worse than a Coffee settlement; and it is against such sympathy we have constantly protested in these columns.

ASSASSINATION AS A POLITICAL METHOD.

THE New York *Tribune* has published a manifesto, signed by certain French exiles, in justification of the attempt recently made by Orsini and others to assassinate the Emperor of the French, and in palliation—to use the mildest term—of the abstract principle of assassination as a political method.

The fact revives the old question which all our collegiate readers have at some time or other been called upon to discuss at some college debating society—*Is Brutus less and such Cæsar a murderer?* Some of the best arguments in favor of the regicide Brutus and against him will at once occur to the disciples of our own school of Democracy.

The world, happily, is not a debating society. Theories are of consequence, in everyday life, only in so far as they can be reduced to practice. There is, therefore, no necessity to investigate the abstract right of tyrannicide as a preliminary to the case of the authors of the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier. We, at least, make no pretension to lay down abstract rules for the guidance of humanity. Our part in this world will be performed to our own satisfaction if, in accepting facts as they are, we succeed in reducing their evil consequences to the best practicable of human nature, and acting forth in as strong a light as we can the mischievousness and folly of the wild speculations.

Practically, then, assassination is wrong, because it devolves upon the assassin the private right of punishing the deserving death. If, practically, it was admitted that any one who had the courage was justified in assassinating those whose existence appeared to him antagonistic to the public weal, society would be at an end. The needy borrower would assassinate the lender of money at usurious rates. The hopeless debtor would assassinate his cruel creditor. The gay Lothario would assassinate some curmudgeon of a husband. The injured husband would assassinate some fancied destroyer of his peace. There would, in fact, be no end to the homicides. There are, probably, but few readers of these lines who can not call to mind some individual whose death would premise positive good to the world at large. If Pierri and Orsini were justified in assassinating Louis Napoleon, all of these persons would be directly entitled to perpetrate the particular murders which seem in their sphere to be necessary. Necessary it is easy to realize the state of things to which this would lead.

Society involves the certain abandonment of the right of private judgment. When a man becomes a member of society, he relinquishes to the social body certain of his natural rights, among which is that of ridding the world of obnoxious individuals. Having done so, he has to look to society for the protection of his life. Society has adopted certain fixed laws by which such individuals may be disposed of; no member of society can undo the work.

It may be that Napoleon the Third deserves death. But into that question we do not now propose to enter. But if Signor Orsini or any other individual be morally justifiable in trying him before the tribunal of his own mind, sentencing him, and executing him, there is no reason why the same latitude should not be granted to other persons in other meridians. Thus, we have the strange spectacle of several Anti-slavery orators and presses that the crimes of Southern slaveholders are of a nature to justify, and that the world would be greatly benefited by their removal from the political arena. Such persons have the responsibility, which other persons might be justifiably assassinated. Just so, certain Southern Journals describe the Editors of the New York *Tribune* as monsters unfit to live. According to Monsieur Felix Pyat, these Southrons would but exercise a natural right in assassinating the *Tribune* Editors.

We leave to the American sympathizers with the European assassins the agreeable task of justifying these legitimate deductions from their principles.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

"OH! that I had the thrust of a crane, that I might taste it all the long way down!" sighed the Irishman's friend, who was describing to him a dose of apoplexy. And, oh! that I were all ear and eye and ubiquitous, sighs good Dr. Primrose in his turn, as he glances over the programme of this famous week. At the doors of restaurants he sees the lickerous gluttons of Anniversary Week come to six!" and as in the papers he reads the alluring advertisements of meetings and speeches without number, he only sighingly ejaculates, "Poor Lounger! —and but enough at that!

The Anniversary Week is the great safety-valve of our social, political, and moral system. The extra steam is let off in one huge shriek, which, for the rest of the year, is puffed and broken away through the columns of newspapers. If any body has a wrong to right, he righted. Poor Jack waits all May, and then bring it on. The compassionate heavens know what is coming, and store their cooling moisture against the time. And the people may fearlessly rage together, and the whole city behaves and acts like the scalding eloquent, but the elevated watering-pot judiciously sprinkles all, and every body and every thing are the more refreshed.

This year there has been an unusual variety and interest in the meetings, and a corresponding explosiveness of steam. The Cooper Institute has had a dreadful time of it, stopping about from one church to another, from one hall to another, with Mr. Cooper's name in front and his trustees at his train. To continue the Tract Society and Stewart's—I mean Appearance Lecture, and a bunch of Taylor's—has perplexed all the sagacity of the worthy clergyman. To prevent the large family uninvited from overflowing the tables of the Bible Society, or to carry their sour looks and sharp remarks when the Home Missionary meeting was holding forth on the resources and the Christian honour of the Doctor. The crowd was sadly pumped on Wednesday, and Mrs. P. took room for only two in her large pew, so that the good man was a limp and undecided spectacle for the time the meetings arrived when Mrs. P. allows the fresh neck-tie.

But he was on all the platforms, preaching down all the sins, including spectacles and kid gloves, and his beaming face dilating with the humor of Beecher, scowling with the fire of Secchey, sparkling with the clear touch of M'Clintock, wondering under the sting of Tyng, lighted with the brilliance of Gallaher, and—in short, he was everywhere, and heard, and applauded all.

"Ah!" said Jack Tar. "All? Yes—far of course he could not applaud, but only pity, as he hurried by Mission Hall, where other persons engaged in discussing the rights (as they are called) of persons, whose case was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and where other people were insisting that delicate woman ought to be allowed to vote!

"Forward creatures!" cried Mrs. P., as she towed her husband rapidly by the door, "what do you suppose they work for?"

"What for, indeed!" echoed the benign Doctor, inquiringly, remembering how wonderfully Mrs. P. carried all her points without taking any vote.

"Ah!" said this really good man, and tender Christian pastor, "why don't these people agitate, and spend their work profitably in listening to the learned Dr. ——, and his judicious Dr. ——? What is the use of these useless agitations?"

And so every body had his way and his say in the glorious Anniversary of meeting. There was sharp shooting in many parts of the field, but every in-

ecclesiastical tattle was opened with prayer, and was mainly fought in the church. So there were no hard feeling, no bitter recrimination, no unchristian want of courtesy. Reverend brother deferred to reverend brother. Even the laity were kindled with the clerical spirit; and Dr. Primrose left town with refreshed Christian zeal, and a profounder respect for his fellow-beings.

ANOTHER!

THERE is something sickening in the first sight of a telegraphic bulletin in the first edition of an evening paper.—"Terrible Railroad Accident. Particulars later." Busy bodies are running to and fro, traveling every where! Whose death-doom have we heard now? It is like the full roar of distant cannon to those who know their best and dearest are in the battle.

The present case is simple enough. A bridge was left uncared for to that degree that a traveler, seeing it a week before, had declared it was "not safe"—mere cotton wood; and the weight of two trains crossing at the same time broke it down and whirled passengers and cars in fearful confusion.

Now, is it cruel to say that, if it can be proved to have been the business of any officer to attend to the condition of that bridge—if it can be satisfactorily shown that the bridge was a public, and that the officer had not known nor reported it—it is cruel to say that he ought to suffer a punishment as capital as he who fires a pistol into a crowd and kills a man? In this country, where our railroads are not fenced and where the risk of accident is so obvious, accidents are so much more possible than elsewhere—shall we have a man set up for life as a target, until somebody suffers for these dreadful slaughters?

Some catastrophes are inevitable. The consequences of the breaking of axles, the splitting of rails by frost, and many others can hardly be avoided. But the loss of life by such chances is inconsiderable every year; while the massacre by avoidable accidents is a great blot on the whole system itself, or parts with a friend at the ears, without a vague feeling—which he may even laugh—that it is a solemn parting. So is all parting, indeed; but that of a criminal on the scaffold and the sheriff is more solemn than that of a friend bidding good night after the Opera.

How much jugging and lobbying must there be before some man in the Legislature will propose a bill of the most stringent character in relation to railroad disasters—and what, after all, is the life of wife or child, will induce all other men in the Legislature to vote for it?

THE QUEEN!

A STORY is very apt to blossom out with the trees, that the Queen of England is coming over to see her Canadian possessions. It is in full flower this season, and we wish it might not wither fruit. Because, if she came to Canada, she could hardly decline a visit across the line. And if she visits little German allies upon the Rhine, she could not refuse a great American ally upon the Mississippi.

How curious and interesting the spectacle would be! If she were in York, would Mr. President Buchanan invite her to stay at the White House, or would she take rooms at the National Hotel? If she came to New York, would the Corporation present the freedom of the city in a snuff-box, and take her in a carriage to the Crystal Palace in a small steamer to Blackwell's Island? Would she receive us all in the Governor's room? Would the Mayor give her a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, or would Dr. Bethune make one of his capital after-dinner speeches? How about shopping? More than all, about calling? Who might call? Who might not? Of course Mrs Van Hoop might, for her husband belongs to one of the Princely Houses. He goes distinctly back to sixteen hundred and seventy, when old Daniel Van Hoop left Holland in a cooper as was found on the continent. Nor how about Mrs. McMaster, whose husband's fortune was a mason? Or how is the year of sixteen hundred and seventy old Sawney M'Masters was one of the council, and perhaps that doesn't count.

We should all like to see the Queen. The gallantry of the American people is prodigious. She would have a tremendous ovation. She is the sister, the laughter of Washington, the friend of mankind, and the Cause of Americans is dear to no one her in most polished and graceful manner. We should all cry, "Amen." It would be quite unprecedented in history. And what impressions and reflections would not the Queen and mother bear back with her to England!

COTTON RISING.

THE chief resistance to the Austrian rule in Italy is the silent, social protest of the aristocracy of Milan against the Viceroys. The old Austrian St. Germain, in Paris, "cut" Louis Philippe when he became King, and reserved the homage of their loyalty for Henry the Fifth, as the rightful heir in exile, and will never be King of France; but the haughtiest of the French nobility was less absolute and rigid than that of Lombardy.

Lately the Viceroy gave a ball at his palace, to which the Milanese gentry would not go in their very Tory-y, of course. It is not of the slightest consequence whether they do or not; but the anecdotes is that the Archduke Maximilian, instead of being sulky and shutting up his ball-rooms, invited "leaders and other philosophers," to Wall Street, and South Street, and Broad Street, and Front Street—merchants and other plebeians! But not content with this single flagrant enormity, he actually danced with—*the daughter of a cotton merchant!* Of course the few noble persons who were present were properly angry. They were logical. Upon. If plebeian traders, bankers, and such rubbish, are to be asked to the Vice-Imperial palace—if the representative of the sovereign is to dance with young cotton girls—they did quite right to ask themselves, "What is the use of being descended from bandits and murderers, from Viscontis and Sforzas? If people who have done nothing but secure fortunes hundred times as large as ours by an intelligent use of honest talents, and haven't a solitary town captured and sacked, or a wholesale massacre committed, by their ancestors, two or three, or even four, hundred years ago, to show for it—if such as these are to have rank and place, and dance with Austrian Archdukes, where are we?"

Exactly so: where are we? Where are we going to?

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From you blood it does not run.
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile when a lady's genesis is traced.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Free hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

WHO NEXT!

IT is a curious and interesting inquiry which possesses the minds of every human being studied through Wall Street—" Which of these well-dressed, respectable men, with their pleasant faces, to whom every body salutes, and walks with, unsuspiciously — which of all these is going to turn out to be the great scoundrel of the day?

It is a dirty question, but it is unavoidable. Fraud has become so common that we may well believe the public sense of morality has been dulled. The sophistication of trade is probably more than the most cynical satirist that ever lived could men had suspected. Men's characters, their honesty, and even their simplicity, have become things like great looking-houses, with an immense grand ice expression of strength, and without the slightest power to resist the smallest pressure. Now and great guardian beams falls occasionally, it is a matter of no attention whatever and nobody cares, and is convulsed with excitement. But when they tumble down all the time—when, in fact, there seems to be a total disintegration of the whole larger build high and strong houses, but run up little new huts that seem to be tumbling down—

That is the kind of commercial character which the City of New York is rapidly running up for itself. When a man of large dimensions and capacity betrays his trust and steals the money, nobody is aghast any more—nobody stops and sighs over the pain—for nobody expected any thing else. Yet beauty, grace, strength, purity, permanence, splendor—every thing that is noble in character and building — are, for all that, laid upon eternal foundations. Almost any man can tell you where there were great men to that in which the living men are mean; as the traveler would live futures. Yet we have in all our large commercial cities, and not care to be King in the most palaces of Caesar.

SHELLEY AND BYRON.

IN our last *Weekly* there was a notice of Trelawney's book upon the last days of Byron and Shelley, [see page 307] which, indeed, is a very interesting book, for three reasons: first, it speaks of Shelley; second, it speaks of Byron; and lastly, it treats of Trelawney, who married a Greek girl during the Greek revolution, thirty years ago, and had some adventures. Upon the two which Byron did not live to fight.

The book is pretty, and John Bullish, and flippant enough. It is the work of an Englishman without imagination, whose solid sense was profoundly affected by the splendid genius of Shelley's genius; but could naturally see in Byron only the reckless and dissolute dissenter from society. In fact, no book ever published about Byron shows him in a more contemptible light. His vanity, his egotism, his affectation, and his weakness are amply displayed by Mr. Trelawney; and it is amusing to know an humorist's idea of what we are reading of a poet who fascinated his own contemporaries more than any poet who ever lived. But Trelawney's account of Byron is to be according that, in the emotion it excites, you feel quite willing to forgive every thing except the author. That solitary death, in a desolate Greek village, upon the margin of a deadly marsh, is one of the solemn scenes of all literature. When Dr. Arnott the servant shoved Trelawney into the room in which lay Byron's deadened body a few days after, there any sent him out for a glass of water, and then, lifting the shroud, saw that both Byron's feet were doubled—with the left foot lying over the right—a man of bonne could not have done it. He would have expected it. Mr. Trelawney says that he was of no use to any one to know more fully, might be left sacred in the secrecy in which he had always hidden it.

But the chief interest of the book is the detail of Shelley's life in his last days. It is slightelderly; but, like every thing which is added to our knowledge of him, it shows the sweet and rare quality of the poet, and leaves a more vivid impression of the man of him he memory. The life of Shelley has never been adequately written. The best account is the egraphy of him, by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, which is to be completed in four volumes, have just been published in London. Mr. Hogg was a contemporary of Shelley, and was exiled with him from Oxford; and his name means a memory of the boy is the son of some English republican of the beginning of the century, who believed in Liberty, and named his son Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Trelawney's book would appear to be only a collection of materials; and, beyond that, rather an unsatisfactory work.

TAKE CARE!

THE city Government is really in danger of losing its reputation! If it does not take great care it will come to be considered tolerably honest! Municipality and swindling will not be thought synonymous terms! The nominations of Commissioners for the new City Hall are so threatening in their promise of good management and accomplishment that they almost remind us the appointments of Mr. Cooper as Street Inspector. But then are fairy tales which the nurse tells us are too good to be true; and a good city government had long been relegated to the realms of fancy. How delightful to think of Mayor Tieman or the engineering young Prince who was to arrive and break all the spells of the wicked enchanter! And what charming fairies the aldermen will make!

HONORS TO THE HONORABLE.

IT is always difficult to say to whom the credit of an original invention belongs. In the gormandism of a joint to be eaten in the earth, the noisiest, the best, or the ir? They have all part in it. Whilst, in fact, no one is more upset. So in politics it is the result of coincident thought. Many minds furnish something toward it. Finally it springs fully formed from one of them, which has the chief credit of it, as the earth on which the plants appear is called their mother.

Thus it is with the electric telegraph. The laws which ultimately led to this result were known by many persons, the various qualities of materials were no private knowledge; attempts, experiments, suggestions, were many and valuable, but at last Mr. S. F. B. Morse combined them in a striking success, and his name is forever justly associated with the great invention.

Now, just associations are this did even for a discoverer. It is more than the case of them ever get, to be sure, but it is not all they deserve. If great and successful generals are to be presented with estates—what was Lord Lonsdale did deny it, seeing that he may some day be himself a great and successful general?—why should not the great discoverers be honored with every sign of honor?

They order this matter better in France," said Mr. Yorick; "a child can tell you the name of the greatest of inventors, let us hasten to say it.

The Emperor has presented, this month, to concert with Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, Piedmont, Russia, the Roman States, Sweden, Tuscany, and Turkey—which states use Morse's telegraphic system—to give Mr. Morse a "bonus" (plum in England) of a hundred thousand dollars.

"Faith, might Mr. Yorick say, it will send some of them to the poor-house."

But for those unfortunate frances is a sum to be profoundly respected. What benefactor of his kind would not willingly give up a fortune to get it? And the interesting question instantly arises, What percentage ought to be allowed in advance to those who hope to be benefactors?

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

WE have no suggestions to make but we forget that May is also the anniversary of Art—that in Tenth Street there may or may not be pictures hung on the walls, and what is the promise of Art for us in future.

Yes this year, as we have previously hinted, they will not be. Some more last year's pictures will, perhaps, are, generally, less favorably represented.

But in nineteen days there is much to be done. Hanging Iliads and Odysseys. Huntington can not always be painting Mercy's Dreams. This year, indeed, Mr. Huntington's studio was so crowded as to be much engaged upon his great picture for Mr. Wright—that which scientific gentlemen that he has merely sent a few works to secure his name a place in the catalogue. President Durand, too, paints his usual pictures. They are pastoral and pleasing—he sane quiet cattle under the same quiet trees as usual—he is an English poet—he sees the same quiet blue mountains, and quiet green meadows, and quiet little spire, and quiet summer sky, and he is as English poets always are. The beauty that Mr. Durand produces, sweet, soothing, peaceful.

Mr. Gray carries us beyond England to Italy, and asks us how we like Tintoretto and Titian. If we do not know, he seems to say, "I think you point good pictures now, or that somebody—Cousin, Turner, or somebody—is a great painter. But I know that the old fellows painted good things, and that they are still our masters. Then can let the new way of painting a fine picture. You have pigments and canvas, and you must combine them somehow. The principles of success in painting must be immutable, and I think the Venetians knew more distinctly what they were than any modern artists. So, by your leave, I will try to find out what they were, and if I can paint as Tintoretto painted, you may judge as you please."

This is undoubtedly the artistic speech made by Mr. Gray's pictures. The critics and artists "fire away" at them, and if it call paintings "old pictures" it is quite likely that Mr. Gray's pictures are abused. But if, sitting before them, any Longer shall find himself returning to the land of old pictures, finding and admiring gleaming canals, and resting in the airy and air and water of Venice the many which in fact they are, he will think the moments lost that he has passed with the works of their lover.

In Mr. Shields's portraits of this year, the chief difference from other years is in the frames. The works themselves appear to be of the usual variability. But if the gentleman at full length taking down the book from the shelves is really in a frame of old-fashioned pollium, why might we not have had another view of it in which it might appear to be using a mirror? Does a gentleman ever take down a book in that manner?

But whether Mr. Elliott puts a subject in one position or another, his own position as a portraitpainter is assured and conceded.

So is Mr. Huntington's. He exhibits this year fewer large pictures than in some previous years, but the same qualities of firmness, delicacy, and truth. Though each more shall, whether they are portraits or cabinet pictures, or studies of certain effects of light and color, or landscape.

HOMER REDIVIVUS

IT has long been known that Mr. Charles Dickens is one of the best actors in England, and his public speaking shows general political and moral and industrial questions is not surpassed in wit and brilliancy and effect by any English orator. He has, also, at various times during the last few years, read some of his smaller Christmas stories in public for the benefit of different charities. In these readings the same overflowing geniality which is the charm of his writing and speaking, entirely captivates his audience, so that there is nothing more delightful than an evening of these readings.

It is Homer rediviveus. It is another last minister. It is the return of the Troubadours—with the great literal difference in favor of—never the Wartburg, that since Homer sang his tale of Troy divine to listening and applauding Greeks, there has probably been nothing so delightful as Dickens reading his Carol and his Chimes.

He has hitherto read exclusively for charity to others, but he is now claiming that charity begins at home, by reading for himself. The brother of Albert Smith, who managed the lecture exhibition of the "Mont Blanc" by which Smith has made a fortune, is to manage the details of the readings; and there can be little doubt of an equally good result for the author.

And what preaching it will be all over England! The little stories of Dickens are quick with the highest human sense. No man has a keener insight into human character, no one has a more various experience of life, no one has a profounder and more generous sympathy with suffering and effort than he, and all these advantages, invaluable to a public teacher, are made available in his readings, which are already a part of the best literature of the world, as no other living man can hope to make them available.

What a preacher, then, is here! How can we well compute the amount of good that such an influence as this? It is not often that a man who can write well can either speak well, but when the best writer is also one of the best speakers and readers, his contemporaries enjoy something which those who come after him can always long for and regret. We do not know very much of Shakespeare's reading, for instance, to believe that it was not very remarkable. But had he possessed the genius of the actor corresponding to his power as a dramatist, what would not the men who sat in the little Globe theatre and saw Shakespeare play Hamlet and Macbeth give!

If any Lounger knows not what to do with his time and money this summer, let him imitate Lord Ashburton, "cross the Atlantic," as Punch says, and cross the ocean to hear Dickens read Dickens.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I see what you said of Troye's picture of Washington. I have studied it, and I see it is not the picture. I wish I had not more people than; I wish you could see it. I wish to show a collection of the cancelled pictures is exhibited, and a collection as small that it would take little room. I wish the public picture large enough and accurate enough to leave a memorable impression of the man. It should be spacious enough to see mentorious exhibitors surround. The pictures are to be hung upon the walls, and not upon the floor. I write to tell you that what you said of them was correct.

"Yours, A PICTURE."

"DEAR PICTURE,—I see what you said of Troye's picture of Washington. I have studied it, and I see it is not the picture. I wish I had not more people than; I wish you could see it. I wish to show a collection of the cancelled pictures is exhibited, and a collection as small that it would take little room. I wish the public picture large enough and accurate enough to leave a memorable impression of the man. It should be spacious enough to see mentorious exhibitors surround. The pictures are to be hung upon the walls, and not upon the floor. I write to tell you that what you said of them was correct.

"Yours, A PICTURE."

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I am what you call a Tory-y of the old-fashioned sort. I believe in the divine right of kings, and in the divine right of the aristocracy, and in the divine right of the clergy, and in the divine right of the Church. I believe that it is the duty of every body to surprised by the failure of any body in any direction. The Lounger hopes, with all his heart, that those who are interested—and who is not?—in the success of the Holy Land will use the little time that remains to see the pictures.

"Yours, A TORY-Y."

"MR. BEN LOUNGER, who recently put his jaunting-car into rhyme, has made a proposal to change of health and sentiment by taking a gentleman traveling for his fresh air and country lungs. His letter, describing his delight, is too long to be entirely printed. He says, modestly:

"Politicians, and those in public employment generally write a lengthy letter to the papers, giving their reasons, and different views of Ease's promises to hurt them to any comparison between them and myself, seeing that they are in the habit of writing what they depend upon them, still I humbly follow their example.

"Yours, BEN LOUNGER."

Mr. Ben Louger, it seems, went out to walk in the woods and fields:

"The birds were every where. In the blooming cherry-tree, or the brawny-armed elm, they lisped out their notes; they were yellow-bird, and robin, and wren, in the glossy blackbird.

"Especially as would tree I saw the lower branches filled with little birds, and they were laughing all together, as children in a company among their mothers—(I so merrily!—the more they laughed the harder it was to see. If I were a boy, or a girl, I thought, he will of those would chirp out something so funny that even before they had got their laughing fully out they would be again, and after a while a Mrs. Robin Redbreast, sitting higher up, couldn't help it, but must add something, when each grew more and more so after they were merried.

"I found out what the birds were about as much my gruil ha! ha! but you can not imagine how happy I felt.

"Yours, BEN LOUNGER."

"As I rode back upon my home I felt that I had been a new man. Now the birds, the grass, the leaves, the flowers, had all a charm for me. But I, and out the grass, was changed.

"Your of your readers experience the languor of which I have complained. I commend to them to follow willingly my reference example, and see if they do not receive the same satisfaction?"

—ROSE BRIARS, with "limited respect," writes from Alabama:

"I have been reading *Harper's Weekly* since the first issue, and, with but few exceptions, every number contains some article prejudicial to womankind."

The Lounger grints the entire charge, because its enormity conflicts itself in the minds and memories of all other readers of the *Weekly*. What can Miss Rosa mean? It is, probably, a sly sarcasm upon our uniform courtesy to the sex. But would she have us depart from the courtesy we feel?



COMING THROUGH THE RYE.



THE ISLAND OF PERIM, RED SEA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)





ACCIDENT ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR UTICA, ON 11TH MAY, 1858.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE ISLAND OF PERIM.

The reader will find on the preceding page a sketch of the Island of Perim, which has lately become famous, and a map of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, of which it is the key.

The Island of Perim, a volcanic rock, six miles wide by nearly three broad, situate in 12° 38′ N. lat. and 41° 8′ E. long., is utterly destitute of vegetation and water. From the hour when some volcanic eruption forced it above the surface of the Red Sea to the present time it has never been the home of man, beast, bird, or plant. Once, in 1799, during the war which was waged in Egypt between the French and English, the latter sent a garrison to Perim as a measure of precaution, and threw up some works of fortification; but as soon as the seat of war was removed from that part of the world the British Government was glad to abandon Perim to the solitude to which its character destined it. Latterly, the French scheme for a Suez canal, and the danger which the British Empire in the East runs in consequence of the disaffection of the natives, have suggested the reoccupation of Perim, and, accordingly, on 14th February, of last year, the East India Company sent a detachment of sappers and miners to construct fortifications thereon. They have been hard at work ever since, and by this time it is to be presumed that the island is in a fair way of defense.

The value of the post is best understood by a glance at the map. There are two channels into the Red Sea—one on either side of the island. But the western channel, which is over ten miles broad, has the double inconvenience of being filled with rocky islets, and of being unfathomable by ordinary anchor-chains. A vessel in that channel can not anchor, whatever the weather may be. Accordingly ship-masters prefer the eastern strait, which is only about a mile wide. It is evident that guns mounted here would command the strait; no fleet could pass them. An efficient modern battery on Perim would completely seal the mouth of the Red Sea.

It does not seem to be certain in whom the dominion of Perim rests. Some say that it belongs to the Sultan; others to the Imaum of Muscat; others to the Sultan of Barbera; others to that tribe of marauders who are such a nuisance in Northeastern Africa—the Somal, or Samanlis. Practically, Perim now belongs to the British, and there seems little doubt but it will remain in their hands for the present.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

On the preceding page our artist has sketched the scene of the late accident on the Central Railroad, on the morning of the 11th inst. The broken bridge crossed the Sauqoit Creek, directly opposite the village of Yorkville, and about three and a half miles west of Utica. It was of wood, had a span of forty feet—engineers' measurement—resting on stone abutments; from the bridge to the surface of the water being a distance of eight feet, and the water beneath having a depth of four feet.

The Cincinnati express train, going East, at the not unusual rate of thirty-two miles per hour, and a way train, going West, at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour—we quote the statements of the engineers before the Coroner—passed each other on the bridge. The engines, with their tenders, got off on each side, but as the baggage cars of the express, and the first freight car of the way train touched the bridge, the north side of the structure gave way. The express train, consisting of four passenger cars, was in an instant overwhelmed with destruction. The first car crossed the bridge but was completely wrecked; the second struck against the abutment in its front, and was upreared in such manner that the third shot under it, and the fourth under the third—thus dovetailing, so to speak, one into the other, and effectually destroying all. The great matter for wonder is, that a single passenger in these cars escaped with life. The freight cars of the way train also fell into the creek, one diagonally over the other; two others were drawn off the track and down the embankment at the side of the bridge, and the balance were thrown off the track. The only passenger car attached to this train was badly jarred, but, singularly enough, none of the passengers inside were injured.

The names of the killed are: A. Moore, of Rising Sun, Indiana; Daniel A. Brayton, of Phelps, Ontario County, New York; William H. Perkins, of Rochester; two young children of Abram Mack, of Cincinnati; an aged Irishman, name unknown, but supposed to be Fitzgerald; and a colored preacher, name uncertain. Among the wounded S. S. Horton, of Binghamton, had his throat cut from ear to ear, as completely as though it had been done with a knife. It is said he will recover. A Mrs. Broderick was completely scalped, her head being quite circled, as an Indian would do it with a knife. Several of the wounded had portions of the scalp torn off. Fifty-five persons in all were wounded more or less severely; several, it is feared, will not survive.

There are two theories of the accident: one, that a breaking of the axle of one of the now shattered cars threw the truck cross-wise, and the cars off the track—thus, of course, producing a shock which no bridge could resist; the other, that the weight of two trains was too much for the bridge. This, it is stated, was rebuilt about three years ago, and it is given in evidence that some of the principal timbers were rotten. These were of bastard elm—a species of wood very difficult to distinguish from common elm, but much inferior to that for bridging purposes. The engineers and conductors do not seem to be to blame, as they had no orders against two trains passing the bridge at once. Several residents of the neighborhood have deposed that they knew the bridge to be rotten—a knowledge which comes, unhappily, too late to be of use.

The verdict of the jury is to the effect that the accident occurred from the insecurity of the bridge. The jury "find that the deaths were caused by culpable neglect on the part of the Central Railroad Company in not causing the bridge to be properly examined."

LITERARY.

The history of Wyoming has been so frequently written, in one or another form, that we take up a new volume of it with hesitation. But no one will fail to be gratified with Dr. Peck's Wyoming, now published by Harper & Brothers. We indeed opened the volume with the idea that it could not contain any fresh or interesting material, and we have laid it down after very nearly finishing the entire work. The romance of the history of that delightful Valley is inexhaustible. Should we not rather say the history of its romance? for here is nothing but truth, soberly told, yet most thrilling in its interest.

Dr. Peck deserves, and will receive, the thanks of all lovers of American history for his well-accomplished work, and we have no doubt there are many hundred families in America—in New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the far West—who will find the book peculiarly valuable for its sketches of their own family history.

Giving first a general history of the Valley, the author proceeds with personal sketches of the early dwellers on the banks of the Susquehanna. It would be difficult to find in any veritable history a story so wild and so touching as that of Frances Slocum, which is here admirably related. She was stolen by Indians, when a mere child, and for sixty years her family mourned over her loss. Then she was found, an Indian Queen among the Miamis, and her old brothers and sisters went a long pilgrimage to visit her in her cabin, which she would never be persuaded to leave till they buried her by her Indian chief. They were made of stouter stuff than we, those gallant defenders of the most beautiful of valleys. To read their lives is like reading Tasso, only that the splendor with which the poet has invested the brave men of his imagination here surrounds the memory and overhangs the graves of white-headed farmers and stout country boys. The poetry of Wyoming remains to be written. Campbell's "Gertrude" is trash. The poet knew nothing of the Valley, nothing of its romance, or its reality surpassing romance. Such books as this—full of stirring tales, brilliant with the story of the bravest and best of men—such books will be read with devout interest; and hereafter the history of Forty Fort will be the material of a glorious epic.

Alison's History of Europe, from the fall of the first and great, to the accession of the present, Napoleon, Volume III., is published by Harper & Brothers. Its announcement is sufficient. Mr. Alison's indefatigable labors in condensing the history of our own times make it a pleasure to read his account of events within our recollection. The political history of a few years seems to be passing in review before us. Nothing escapes this diligent collector. The minutest incidents which have gone to form any, even the humblest, parts of public history are faithfully chronicled. In his descriptions of the revolutions, revolts, and insurrections in France it seems almost as if he had been an actor in them all—even as if he had fired every gun—so accurately does he relate their occurrences.

Many of the finest efforts of pulpit eloquence have resulted from the recent religious revival. The hearts of pastors have been warmed, and their lips have uttered God's truths with a greater force, more devotion, and more fervor than, perhaps, ever before. It was an excellent idea, therefore, to collect a volume of Revival Sermons, in the New York *Pulpit*, such as Sheldon & Blakeman have published. The book contains treasures. Here is one of Dr. M'Clintock's noble appeals to sinners to enter in at "the strait gate;" Dr. Williams's "War which knows no exempts, and gives no quarter;" Dr. Bethune, in his own winning style, telling of "Christ at the door;" and Dr. Alexander's grand description of "The Holy Flock." We heard the last sermon delivered to a crowded house, who listened as we have seldom seen people listen to a sermon; and after it was over the wish was generally expressed to print the sermon for preservation. Doubtless many others in this volume were received in the same manner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday, Mr. Seward presented a petition from the Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, relative to wharves along the water lots, with a view to the more perfect drainage of these cities. A resolution of the Wisconsin Legislature, favoring the project of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, was presented by Mr. Doolittle. The Senate voted to pay the funeral expenses of Mr. Evans out of the contingent fund. The bill to repeal the fishing bounties then came up and was discussed at length, Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, making an elaborate argument against it. A number of gentlemen spoke, and without coming to a vote the subject was postponed till the next day.——In the House a variety of business was dispatched. The bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out of the fund heretofore received from Great Britain under the treaty of Ghent various sums to citizens of Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina for the loss of slaves carried away in the war of 1812 coming up, it was opposed by Mr. Bliss, of Ohio, in some remarks which elicited a reply from Mr. Garnett, of Virginia. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On Tuesday the Congressional proceedings were of unusual interest, embracing the final vote on the Minnesota Bill in the House of Representatives, and a lively debate on Mr. Clingman's resolution to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The Senate passed a bill for the adjustment of land claims in the States of Florida, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and further debated the bill to repeal the fishery bounties, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, speaking against it.——In the House, Mr. Burroughs, of New York, made a report in favor of granting lands in aid of constructing a ship canal around Niagara Falls. The House then took up the Minnesota Admission Bill, and, after some debate, passed it in the form in which it came from the Senate by a vote of 157 to 38. So Minnesota constitutes the thirty-second State of the Union. A highly interesting debate arose upon the resolution to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Mr. Sickles, of New York, speaking in behalf of the Executive, reproved the House for its disposition to meddle with this matter, which he said it did not understand, as calculated to embarrass a negotiation now in progress with the English Government.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department on the subject of purchasing a site for a fort at the Golden Gate, near San Francisco. It has a ranch, or farm, and the proposed price is $200,000. Mr. Broderick said it was not worth over $7000. The subject was referred to the Military Committee. The fishing bounties were further discussed, and incidentally an alteration of the tariff. The event of the day was the swearing in of the Senators from the new State of Minnesota. Mr. Toombs presented the credentials of the Hon. H. H. Rice, and Mr. Crittenden those of General James Shields. Mr. Rice was the delegate from Minnesota when a Territory, and General Shields was a Senator from Illinois a few years ago. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, presented charges of corruption against Mr. Rice from parties in Iowa, and opposed his being admitted to a seat in the Senate. The charges related to transactions in the sale of Government lands. After Mr. Rice was sworn in, he asked for a Committee of investigation, and Mr. Harlan moved that one be appointed. Mr. Rice said he would resign his seat if any thing inculpating him should be brought to light.——In the House very little was done. Mr. Smith, of Virginia, introduced a bill for the new Territory of Nevada. Land claims in New Mexico occupied the House for a time, when an adjournment took place for want of a quorum.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill was taken up and read. It contains thirty-seven pages. The Senate, after a session of seven hours, adjourned without having effected any thing practical.——In the House, a motion by Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, to admit two members from Minnesota, Messrs. Kavanaugh and Phelps, excited a warm discussion. Objection was made to their being sworn by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio. After considerable debate, a proposition by Mr. Millson, of Virginia, to refer the case to the Committee on Elections, was adopted. Mr. Kunkel, of Maryland, made a report accusing R. B. Hackney, door-keeper of the House, of many gross offenses, and recommending his dismissal from office. The subject was postponed till Monday. A report was made from the Committee on Elections by Mr. Harris respecting the Ohio contested seat. Four members of the Committee are in favor of the sitting member Campbell, four for Vallandigham the contestant, and one in favor of declaring the seat vacant. The report was ordered to be printed. Mr. Clarke, of Missouri, reported against the request of Utah to be admitted as a State. Territorial business was discussed, but no bill passed, and the House adjourned.

Friday, being a private bill day, there was little business of importance transacted. In the Senate, a resolution was unanimously adopted asking information concerning the search or seizure of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, or adjacent seas, by foreign cruisers. Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, offered a resolution, which was adopted, for a Committee to investigate the charges against him presented by Mr. Harlan. The Vice-President filled vacancies in several Committees. The private calendar was resumed, and several bills were passed.——In the House, Territorial business was considered, after which several private bills were passed, and others laid aside for future action. The House then found itself without a quorum.

On Saturday, in the Senate, a memorial from the California Legislature, calling for Government interference in the case of one Juan Ensey, who was seized in Arizona by a band of armed Mexicans, and who is now held in Sonora, was presented and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A joint resolution, having for effect the abolition of the so-called Stade dues levied by the government of Hanover on vessels navigating the River Elbe, was introduced. There appears to be a general movement among the maritime nations in favor of abolishing this restriction imposed upon commerce, and it must be successful. The remainder of the session was occupied with affairs of the District of Columbia.——In the House, Mr. Latham, who was arrested for non-appearance before the Willett's Point Investigation Committee, was brought to the bar; but his explanations regarding his absence proved satisfactory, and his discharge, after testifying before the Committee, was ordered. A bill to apportion the patronage of the Departments among the States, Territories, and the District of Columbia, was reported by the Select Committee having the subject in charge.

BRITISH CRUISERS AND AMERICAN SHIPS.

We are called upon again to protect our merchantmen from marauding cruisers which have revived the pretended right of search. Great Britain is the only nation which continues a practice as unworthy of her position and power as it is insulting to our national self-respect. Several vessels have recently been boarded and overhauled in Sagua la Grand, Cuba, by British naval officers. Of these the bark *W. H. Chandler* and brig *Martha Gilchrist* have arrived here, and their masters have made circumstantial reports of the cases.

The most flagrant case is that of the schooner *Mobile*, overhauled, only twenty-five miles from Key West, by her Britannic Majesty's war steamer *Styx*. Captain Howe, of the *Mobile*, was unable to understand the proceeding, and at first very naturally mistook the British steamer for a pirate. The hostile intentions of the aggressors were made known by a couple of rifle bullets, fired within hailing distance, and these were quickly followed by two others, which penetrated the rigging, but, fortunately, caused no further damage. A boat was then lowered from the steamer, and an officer, accompanied by six seamen, boarded the *Mobile*, and compelled Captain Howe to exhibit his papers. Even when he had discovered his error—for we charitably suppose that the English lieutenant mistook the *Mobile* for a slaver—he offered no apology for his conduct, but stated that he was acting under the orders of his Government. The fact that the British West India squadron has been largely augmented, confirms the supposition that the offending gun-boats have been putting in execution a preconcerted programme.

Congress has already noticed the matter, and our Government will, of course, demand explanation and reparation. In the mean time, the first measure will be to strengthen our fleet in the Gulf of Mexico, and instruct the officers in command to protect our merchantmen—be the consequences what they may—from the heavy hands of foreign men-of-war.

THE SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

This Convention met in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 10th inst. A. P. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was elected President. Five hundred delegates were present. The Convention has devoted itself almost exclusively to the discussion of L. W. Spratt's report in favor of reopening the Slave-trade. Messrs. Pryor and Preston, of Virginia, Messrs. Hilliard, Harper, and Hubbard, of Alabama, and Mr. Hunter, of Georgia, spoke against the report, and numerous gentlemen, including Mr. Yancy, of Alabama, and Mr. Spratt, the mover, spoke in its favor.

DIRECT FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Three men, direct from Camp Scott, arrived at Independence on the 8th inst. They report that the troops were in good health, but that provisions were scarce, with the exception of poor beef. General Johnston would not be able to move forward until a fresh supply of animals was received. The party met the Express Messenger from New Mexico at Green River, with the news that Captain Marcy would not be able to reach Camp Scott before June, in consequence of the great quantity of snow on the mountains. A man arrived at the Camp a few days before the party left, who reported that the Mormons were equipping companies to stop supplies and harass the troops. The party also met Colonel Hoffman, with two companies of cavalry and 150 wagons with supplies, 120 miles east of Laramie. On the 16th of April about 100 wagons were ready to leave Laramie as soon as Colonel Hoffman arrived. These trains would reach General Johnston early in May. The first ox-trains started this spring were met just beyond Big Blue, but, in consequence of the weather, were making slow progress. Some of the trains were waiting for better roads.

MOVEMENTS OF TRAINS AND TROOPS FOR UTAH.

Major-General Smith has issued elaborate orders relative to the movement of the trains and troops of the Utah forces. The trains are to be divided into divisions of 226 wagons each, and the troops will be organized into columns, each column constituting the escort of a division. A general supply train, and the first column, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, are already organized, and ordered to march. The second column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Munroe, composing the escort of the first division of supplies, will march from Leavenworth on the 15th inst. The third column, under Colonel May, will march on the 20th. The fourth column, under Colonel Morrison, will march on the 25th. The fifth column, under Colonel Sumner, will march on the 30th. The sixth column, under Major Emory, will march on the 4th of June. These columns for the present constitute the first brigade of the Utah forces, under command of General Harney. Each column will be supplied with four months' provisions, which are to be replenished when passing Forts Kearney and Laramie.

THE LATEST FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

By way of California we have received news from Utah to the 6th of March. The course of Brigham Young is fully indorsed by the Mormons, who have held meetings in different parts of the Territory to denounce the General Government, and to declare their determination to resist. The Deseret *News* of March 3 announces the arrival of Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who reached Salt Lake City on the 25th of February, from New York *via* California. The *News* says, "The Colonel was as little fatigued as could have been expected from so rapidly passing in the winter over so long and toilsome a route."

MORMON DESIGNS.

The *Alta California* publishes a private letter, received in San Francisco from a priest high in authority at Salt Lake, who says: "Our plans are all matured and laid. If they enter these valleys, which will be most difficult, we purpose *cacheing*, i. e., burying our grain, for we have abundance of it, and then we'll make a Moscow of every thing that will burn. Burn up the grass, and every mortal thing that will burn, and leave behind us nothing but desolation, upon which it will be impossible for our enemies to subsist. We shall retreat to the dense cañons and places in the mountains, surrounded by natural barriers which render the interior impervious to all ingress, and which are alone accessible through narrow and almost impassable defiles, that can be successfully guarded by a few, to the exclusion of thousands. It is impossible to introduce a large army into this Territory. They can not bring sufficient food to last them more than one year, and if the grass is destroyed, how will their cattle subsist? We will also destroy all the timber, and every thing suitable for fuel, and when they come to the mountains and cañons for something to cook their scanty meals with, they will find Mormon mountaineers there, and perhaps a thousand and one red men to pick them off on the right hand and on the left. Enough on this subject."

WHIPPING THE DEVIL FROM THE EARTH.

Brigham Young, in a characteristic discourse delivered on the 7th of February, said: "Who cares for all the horses in the world? The devil says that he has claim on them, and he means to devote them to his use. I will see that all the horses, mules, gold, silver, clothing, and people belonging to this Church are devoted to the kingdom of Christ, God being my helper, and I will out-general the devil and baffle him in every turn and head him in every nook and corner, and he shall be turned hither and thither as the Lord wills. *I am determined, in the name of Israel's God, to see the devil whipped from the earth*, and out-generaled and fooled in all his schemes, and whirled about by this Church until he is glad to leave the earth and go to his own place, and then we will see whether or no the Lord God has all things that belong to him."

PERSONAL.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* is informed that the President contemplates making a tour of the West during the recess of Congress.

Mr. Oscanyan, a Turk by birth, but an adopted citizen of the United States of more than twenty-one years' standing, has been appointed dragoman at Constantinople.

Senator Douglas visited this city last week and appeared at the Exchange, when he was introduced by Mr. Richard Schell to several of our prominent merchants.

His Excellency, General Augustus C. Dodge, United States Minister for Spain, with his lady and two children, arrived at Gibraltar in the afternoon of the 18th of April, in the French steamer *Ville de Cadix*, from Cadiz, and departed for Malaga in the same vessel on the following morning.

Sir Phillip Crampton, Surgeon-General of Ireland, and father of the late British Minister to Washington, was reported by last advices to be in a dying condition.

Duncan K. M'Rae, Esq., announces himself, at the earnest solicitation of many personal friends, an independent candidate for the Governorship of North Carolina. He has heretofore been a Democrat, but asserts his determination to be bound by no party ties.

Messrs. William Carey Jones and Richard T. Jacob, sons-in-law of Colonel Benton, have sent a card of thanks to the citizens of St. Louis, in acknowledgment of the honors paid to the remains of the deceased statesman on their arrival in St. Louis.

Señor de Briceno, Special Minister from Venezuela, having received his letter of recall, has taken leave of the President to return home the first opportunity. He is in Philadelphia, the guest of the Venezuelan Consul.

Among the new members of the American Association, elected at Baltimore, is the Austrian Consul-General, M. Loosey—a gentleman who has been instrumental in the introduction of many American inventions into Austria.

Governor Wise, on behalf of the Virginia Legislature, has presented a handsome sword to Lieutenant Robert B. Pegram, U.S.N., in compliment to his courageous conduct in repulsing attacks of pirates in the China Seas. Lieutenant P. is a native Virginian.

Lieutenant Maury has received the great gold medal of the Arts and Sciences, from the Archduke of Austria, bestowed by the Emperor in acknowledgment of his services to science.

It is reported in the London papers that an intimation has been sent to Sir Colin Campbell that a peerage is at his service, but he does not care to accept it. His desire is to be advanced to the highest grade in his profession—that of Field-Marshal—and this advancement he will shortly obtain. The pay and allowance of a Field-Marshal in India would be about £30,000 sterling a year.

Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, in a letter to the London *Times*, denies that any one except his pupils knows his method of educating horses. He has authorized the Messrs. Tattersalls to pay any man a thousand guineas, if he will prove to them that he understands and can teach the Rarey system.

On Wednesday night last there was a large gathering, principally of Methodists, at Niblo's Saloon, to compliment the Rev. Robinson Scott with a dinner, previous to his return to Ireland with the $70,000 he has collected from our Northern States for the spread of Protestantism in his native land. Addresses were made by Dr. M'Clintock, "Kirwan," the Rev. H. W. Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, and others. Mr. Scott's own farewell speech was warmly received.

Among the deaths recently reported in the English papers we find that of Admiral Carden, who commanded the *Macedonia* in 1812, when, after a stubborn resistance, which brought the ship to a hopeless wreck, she was compelled to surrender to the *United States*. Captain Carden, when he reached England, was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship; but he was honorably acquitted, and his conduct was extolled "for his firm and most determined courage, coolness, and resolution in every instance throughout the action." The gallant defense he made of his ship was much praised in Parliament, and after his return the freedom of Gloucester, Worcester, and other cities was conferred on him. It is rather a singular circumstance, that Admiral Carden's father, Major Carden, of Templemore, died of wounds received in the first American war.

The Richmond *Dispatch* of the 5th says: "There was a 'marriage in high life,' in Warren County, N. C., yesterday—Mr. —— Green, son of General T. J. Green, late of Texas, to Miss —— Ellery, daughter of General G.'s lady by a former husband. The bride is an heiress, and

her wealth is computed at eighteen hundred thousand dollars. They went as far as Petersburg, on their way to Europe, where they will probably spend the balance of the year."

EXTENSIVE RAILROAD FRAUD.

Mr. Henry Dwight, broker of Wall Street, and late in the employ of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad Company, has been arrested in this city on the charge of defrauding the Company, and also on the further charges of perjury and embezzlement. There are six charges against Mr. Dwight, on each of which warrants have been issued. The case is very complicated, and will probably undergo a long examination before the whole extent of the fraud is discovered. At present it promises to be another Schuyler case.

AN OLD WIFE IN SEARCH OF A YOUNG HUSBAND.

About six months since an elderly lady of property, living in Brooklyn, New York, who bought her fashionable wares at a celebrated dry-goods house in Broadway, New York, became enamored of a handsome young man who attends there. After many visits she decided to invite the young man to her magnificent house in the city of churches. She told him she wanted to see him on matters of the gravest importance. He blushed, and more out of curiosity than admiration he consented to visit her. The young man was dazzled at the magnificence of the house to which he had been invited, and was entirely lost in conjecturing for what purpose he had been brought thither. The lady, after giving her guest some vinous refreshments, proceeded to narrate the fact of her long observation of his respectable conduct, adding that she had inquired of his employers and found him to be a highly moral and worthy young man—worthy of a better situation in society. She confessed that she had become enamored of him, not, of course, for his physical beauty, but for his moral worth, and finally wound up by offering him her hand in marriage. The lady was on the shady side of five-and-forty, while the lover was not twenty-two summers old. The latter was in love, too, with a handsome young lady in the millinery department of the same establishment where he was employed. He flatly refused, notwithstanding that she had some $30,000 which she could place in his hands. After several interviews, the widow gradually won the young man to her views, and finally he consented to and did marry her. After the marriage she refused to make over her real estate to her husband, and this displeased him. About a week ago the "Benedict" thought he would take a trip to the country to see a few friends. His wife consented, but in a few days, he not returning, she concluded her bird had flown. She started in pursuit of him, and learned that the young lady had accompanied him in his flight. The old lady followed him to Chicago, and there consulted with an experienced detective, who put her, after some inquiries, on the track of the guilty pair, who had gone further West. The wife says she is now prepared to give him full control of all her property, if he will but return alone to his home.

PLEASANT FOR PASSENGERS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We published, some time ago, an account of the explosion of the boiler of the steamer *Ocean Spray*, on the Mississippi, by which many lives were lost. The United States Commissioner at St. Louis has been engaged in investigating the case, and some curious evidence has been elicited. One Mississippi captain, on his cross-examination, said, "We never used turpentine as a common article of fuel; it was only when there was some boat that started at the same hour, and ran in opposition to us, that we used it; the opposition was so warm at one time that we carried passengers for ten cents apiece, and afterward for nothing; I occasionally used to knock the head of the barrel out, dip the stick into it, carry it to the furnace and throw it into the fire, when we had no dipper convenient."

MISSING A CHICKEN AND KILLING A WOMAN.

At the last term of the Oyer and Terminer, in Steuben County, Lewis Peterson, of Hornellsville, was tried upon an indictment for manslaughter, in causing the death of Mrs. Burdick, of the same place, in September last. The facts of the case were these. Peterson, who lived with his father in the house next to Mrs. Burdick's, went out in the morning to shoot a chicken which had escaped from the coop and into Mrs. Burdick's lot. Mrs. Burdick was in the garden digging potatoes for breakfast, and when Peterson fired, his piece "kicked," when the muzzle was raised so that the ball was carried as high as the third rail of the fence, and struck Mrs. Burdick, who died from the effects of the wound. Testimony was produced on the point whether Peterson could have seen Mrs. Burdick from the point where he fired, and also evidence of previous ill feelings between the parties. Judge Smith of Rochester charged the jury that there must be a conviction for manslaughter in the fourth degree, even if they were satisfied the prisoner intended no harm, for the reason that the act of shooting at the chicken on the land of Mrs. Burdick was an unlawful act, and therefore under the statute the killing could not be regarded as excusable homicide. The jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and Peterson was sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail *thirty days*.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A German woman, supposed to be dead, was laid out at Baltimore on Thursday night. About six o'clock the following morning her husband heard some one calling from the room where her body lay, and on opening the door she called and asked why her child, which was crying in another room, was not quieted. He was greatly alarmed, and called for the inmates to assist him in removing all traces of the preparations made after the supposed death. She talked to those around her, and drank some wine, a cup of tea, and a glass of water. She had a vague idea of what was going on while they were laying her out, but had not the power to move or speak, and after returning to consciousness asked her husband what they had been doing with her after she fell asleep. She seemed much better than she had been for some days, but about eight o'clock she died. There were many, however, who would not believe that she had really expired, and the superstitious were in a high state of excitement. The affection was doubtless a kind of catalepsy, but the comatose condition was strange indeed, especially as the body presented all the indications peculiar to death.

CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE.

A novel divorce case was last week tried before the Supreme Court sitting at Salem, Massachusetts, of which the *Observer* gives the following account: "William Little, libelant, *vs.* Sarah M. Little. This was a libel for a decree of nullity of a supposed marriage between the parties. The allegations of the libel were that the parties were married in October, 1853, and have resided together but a very short time since. That the wife became furiously insane within three months after the marriage, and was removed to the hospital. She returned to her husband in the fall of 1854, and remained but a few days; and since October, 1854, she has not lived with him. It was also alleged that she had been in the hospital previous to the marriage, and that, in fact, she was *insane* at the time of the ceremony. This allegation was denied by the respondent, and was the great question in the case. The case was tried before the jury, and was probably the first case of the kind ever tried by a jury in the Commonwealth. It was closely contested, and excited considerable interest. The verdict was for the libelant, viz.: that the libelee was insane when the ceremony of marriage was performed."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

TRANSFER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TO THE CROWN.

The House of Commons, on the 30th ult., were engaged in discussing the resolutions for altering the Government of India. A proposition to postpone the subject altogether for the present year was rejected by a large majority—447 to 57. The House then went into committee on the resolutions, and the first, which affirms the expediency of transferring the Government of India to the Crown, was carried without a division, amidst loud cheering. The chairman of the committee then reported progress, and the debate was adjourned to the 3d of May.

ADMISSION OF THE JEWS TO PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords, in spite of the sentiment of the country and of the whole press of the United Kingdom, has again rejected the bill for the admission of the Jews to Parliament. It is believed that the Commons will now proceed in the matter by resolution, and, acting in defiance of the Lords, will admit the Jews at once. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, late British Embassador at Constantinople, had made a very significant speech on the subject, declaring that his hands would have been greatly strengthened in the East if he could have pointed triumphantly to England, and shown that from her statute book the last rag of intolerance had been torn.

A NEW MINISTRY.

There are already rumors of the construction of a new British Cabinet, in which the names of Lord J. Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. M. Gibson appear. The rumor, though it is said to be one that may be relied on, comes from opposition papers, and is only indorsed by them.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The new machine for paying out the Atlantic telegraph has been completed, and experiments have demonstrated the perfect success of the enterprise. About the 20th of May final experiments will be made during a preliminary trip of the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* to the deep waters of the Atlantic. On the 30th of April 1260 miles of cable were coiled on the *Agamemnon*, and 990 on the *Niagara*. The Directors have decided to order 100 miles more cable, so that there shall be on each ship a surplus of more than 500 miles, making altogether one thousand miles above the actual distance.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN KILLARNEY.

A correspondent writing from Killarney on the 29th ult., says: "Alighting from his vehicle, the Prince of Wales, who seems passionately fond of walking, proceeded on foot for a mile or two, with gun in hand, firing from time to time at bird, leaf, or fissure in the rocks, in the exuberance of those animal spirits which belong to his time of life, and which, in his person, seem to be the accompaniment of a healthy, though not a robust physique. While thus engaged, a very fine young man was seen passing with the firm step and erect bearing of a soldier, but minus an arm. The Prince, struck with the appearance of the soldier—for such he was—hailed him, and, preserving his incognito, entered into conversation with him. 'How did you lose your arm?' inquired his Royal Highness. 'Fighting for my Queen and country,' proudly replied the gallant fellow, still in ignorance that it was the eldest son of that Queen who was addressing him. 'Well, now,' said the Prince, much moved by the answer, 'if you had the use of your arm, would you fight for the Queen again?' 'Be Gor, I would in the morning,' enthusiastically exclaimed our soldier, 'as many a man of my name did before.' 'You're a fine fellow,' replied his Royal Highness. 'What is your name?' 'My name is O'Sullivan, Sir.' 'A little refreshment will do you no harm,' replied the boy prince, handing him some silver."

RESTORATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

The "Birth-place" Committee are putting the munificent gift of £2500 from Mr. John Shakspeare to good use, by proceeding with the proposed renovation and isolation of the house in which the immortal poet was born. The committee have entered into contracts for the restoration of a certain portion of the house to the state in which it was supposed to be when Shakspeare drew his first breath in it; and so far is the matter advanced that a portion of the work may be said now to be satisfactorily completed.

LORD MACAULAY AS A BEAU.

A correspondent writes: "You will scarcely credit the announcement, but I assure you, solemnly, it is the fact, that the noble author of the 'History of England'—the Lord Macaulay—has become a perfect Beau Brummel of late! What change has come over the spirit of his dream I can not tell, but his appearance has undergone a wonderful alteration for the better. It may be that he meditates matrimony, or some other stupendous change in his social position; or perhaps he has resolved, though rather late in life, to embark upon what novelists call the 'sea of pleasure,' and plunge into the vortex of fashion. The noble lord used to wear a very seedy, snuff-colored frock coat, a large greasy hat at the back of his head, and a faded black neckcloth a world too high for his short neck. He also made it an invariable practice to carry, or rather trail along the ground, a huge brown cotton umbrella, of a very gampish appearance. The noble lord is now 'got up' regardless of expense. He sports a smart frock-coat of light olive color, a blue cassimere waistcoat, with a long gold chain peeping over the collar; shiny boots, and a fancy cane, in lieu of the old cotton umbrella! Macaulay in shiny boots is almost incredible, but to see him strutting along Parliament Street, swinging his Malacca right and left, and looking as jolly as a two-year-old in a clover field, is something to talk of for a month. If to those substantial and ornamental improvements be added the usual attraction of clean face and hands, you will be able to realize the appearance of the great historian on his way to the House of Lords."

FRANCE.

REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES OF THE EMPIRE.

The French Budget has been made public. The revenue of the empire is derived from direct taxes amounting to £18,344,499, and indirect taxes to £43,270,320, besides other sources, not necessary to specify, £5,941,160; giving a total of £67,555,979, as the ordinary income of the State. If to this total we add the £3,320,000 due to the Sinking Fund, the result will be £70,875,979, by taking in the portions previously neglected. But to this must be made a further addition of £53,334 for extraordinary receipts, and we shall then have the grand total of revenue at £70,929,313. The expenditures give a total of £69,453,357; to which must be added £1,214,933 for extraordinary works, making the total expenditure £70,668,290. It has been stated that the total income was estimated at £70,929,313—consequently there will be a presumed balance on the right side, or a surplus of £261,023.

ANNUAL INCREASE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The increase of the national liabilities since the revolution of 1848 is represented by an increase in the amount of dividends paid equal to £5,520,000 yearly, of which £2,640,000 has arisen from debts contracted by the Revolutionary Government, and £2,880,000 by the Empire. The total amount of increased dividends has, however, been reduced by a sum of £720,000, through the conversion of the 5 per cents. into 4½. If we suppose the whole of this money to have been borrowed at 5 per cent., the successive governments of France will have received in the course of the last ten years £112,400,000 by way of loans over and above the annual revenue. It would consequently appear that France is adding to her National Debt at the average rate of £11,250,000 sterling every year.

THE CONFERENCE.

The Plenipotentiaries have had two meetings at the French Foreign office. The *Moniteur* thus officially describes their proceedings: "The Plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in conference the day before yesterday at the Hotel of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in order to take cognizance of the final treaty signed at Constantinople on the 5th of December last, and to ratify the result of the labors of the commission appointed by Art. 30, of the Treaty of Paris for settling the frontiers of Russia and Turkey in Asia. The conference formerly acknowledged the receipt of the communication from the plenipotentiaries of the two powers."

REMUNERATION TO PROFESSOR MORSE.

The representatives of Austria, Belgium, Holland, Piedmont, Russia, the Papal States, Sweden, Tuscany, and Turkey have had a conference at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in Paris, to take into consideration an application which had been made to the French Government by Professor Morse, of the United States, for an indemnity to be awarded him for the use of his invention relative to the transmission of dispatches by electric telegraph. The application having been favorably received by the French Government, the different powers above mentioned, who have all adopted the invention, were applied to, and readily agreed in the view taken by the French Government. The meeting was held in order to consider the matter, and fix on the manner in which Dr. Morse should be remunerated for an invention which has rendered such important services. From the result of the first conference, there is every reason to expect that an understanding favorable to the application will be come to.

DISOWNING AN INDIAN MAIDEN FOR AN HEIRESS.

The Paris correspondence of the London *Globe* sends the following piece of gossip: "I gave you the particulars some days ago of an attempt on the part of M. Alphonso M. to disown his former marriage in the Pacific Ocean with a young maiden of Wallis Island, to wed an heiress at Havre. The Ariadne of the distant isle has been summoned to show cause before the Paris Tribunal, why she had not put up banns at the mayor's office at Havre ere she took the rash step of a solemn and sacramental union with this volatile Alphonso, who now reverses the sad and tragic ballad of Monk Lewis, and avenges the infidelity of 'the fair Imogene.' A letter has been published from Monsignor C., Bishop of Enos, 'Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceania,' alleging the notorious fact of the marriage, blessed by Abbé Meriais, missionary at Wallis Island, and the Christian character of the fair Indian, who can read and write, and ranks higher in the civilized scale than thousands of European women. Ten to one French bureaucracy will ignore the contract as civilly informal, though religiously obligatory. The case of the late Paris banker, Pescatore, who got married at Seville, *coram ecclesia*, was so decided two years ago."

SPAIN.

BOMBAST AGAINST THE UNITED STATES.

Some time ago the official *Gazette* of Madrid published a telegraphic dispatch from the Duke de Rivas, Spanish Embassador in Paris, to the effect that the President of the United States was about to send a Message to Congress for the purpose of declaring war against Spain. A question was asked on the subject in the Cortes, and from the answer of the Minister of War it appears that the only foundation for M. de Rivas's telegram was a letter from New York in a Paris paper. Nevertheless the news, such as it was, caused great excitement in the Spanish capital, and the *España*, notwithstanding the explanation which has taken place, indulges in the following piece of bombast against the United States: "It would be forming a very erroneous idea of the condition of the American people, and ascribing to it a strength which it is far from possessing, to admit the possibility of so gigantic a struggle as that the United States would undertake on the day they would discharge a shotted gun against an European vessel. The social organization of the United States makes them an asylum for adventurers—not the fatherland of citizens; they have not that strength which results from unity. It would be impossible for them to launch into a maritime or continental war (!). The United States are more of a phantom than a giant; they will make a great noise, but not come to blows. If a rupture were to take place we should see how many good admirals and sailors they can count upon; and we should be edified as to the number, the valor, and skill of their sailors and soldiers. It is perfectly easy to understand the wishes and the impatience of a few hundred fillibusters, eager to rush upon Cuba, as a rich prey. But, apart from the fact that there is no reason to apprehend a landing on our coast, we are convinced that the United States government will think twice about it before involving itself in a war with Spain."

ITALY.

PASSAGE OF THE CONSPIRACY TO MURDER BILL IN THE TURIN LEGISLATURE.

The Conspiracy to Murder Bill has passed the Sardinian Chambers. The principal clause states that "Conspiracy against the lives of sovereigns and chiefs of foreign states is punished with imprisonment, which may be extended to ten years' hard labor when there have been preparatory acts; except in those cases in which the penal code fixes a heavier punishment, in consequence of there having been acts of execution constituting an attempt, the crime being then considered perpetrated."

INDIA.

CAPTURE OF JHANSI AND KOTAH.

Telegrams from Suez, bringing Bombay advices down to the 9th of April, have been received. The two brigades forming Sir H. Rose's force combined before Jhansi on the 27th of March. The rebels, about 12,000 strong, including 1500 Sepoys, retired to the fort, and an investment was made, and the siege commenced on March 28. On the 1st of April a very strong force, under Tantia Togee, a relation of the Nena, attempted to relieve Jhansi. Without abandoning the investment, Sir H. Rose attacked the relieving army, and gained a decided victory, taking 18 guns, several elephants, and all the camp equipages. On the 4th of April, after a struggle in which the British loss was severe, the town was stormed and taken; and, on the 6th April, the fort was occupied. The Ranee fled with a few attendants, but was hotly pursued by the cavalry. The enemy lost 3000 men in the battle of the 1st and in the assault of the fort.

News has also been received of the capture of the town and fortress of Kotah in Rajpootana. The rebels made a desperate attempt to take the palace of the Rajah of Kotah on March 25, by escalade, but were repulsed with great loss. On the 30th, General Roberts carried the position of the rebels by assault, and occupied the town of Kotah. The rebels fled, and a great slaughter occurred in the pursuit. All their guns, with the exception of two, have been taken.

MEETING BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND GHOORKA CHIEFS.

Correspondence, giving full particulars of Sir Colin Campbell's grand attack on Lucknow, has come to hand. The letters of Mr. Russell, special correspondent of the London *Times*, are by far the most graphic and spirited. The following extract from a letter dated "Camp of the Martinière, March 17," gives a picturesque description of a state meeting between Sir Colin Campbell and the famous Jung Bahadoor. Mr. Russell says: "A canopy was prepared in front of the Commander-in-Chief's mess tent. A guard of honor of Highlanders, their band and pipers, were drawn up near it, an escort of the 9th Lancers and a battery of field guns were in front and on the flanks, and all the ceremonials which could be devised under the circumstances were executed admirably well. Sir Colin, in full uniform, was punctual to the minute, and all his staff not on duty were also present *en grande tenue*. The chief, it was plain enough, would rather have been close to the Begum's Palace. His eye and his ear were by turns directed toward that place, whence, as the time wore on, could be heard the increasing rattle of musketry. Still the Jung came not. Minute after minute passed by very slowly. It was plain that his Highness the Maharajah, if he knew of the Commander-in-Chief's arrangements, did not possess the 'politeness of princes.' It was five o'clock, and the musketry was rolling out in great volleys. Sir Colin was walking up and down, like a man who had waited quite long enough for his wife to get on her bonnet, and was about 'to stand it no longer,' when a great buzz amidst the soldiers announced the arrival of Jung Bahadoor, 'the Lord of Battle,' and the band of the Highlanders and the thunder of the guns gave him a welcome. Inside the canopy were Sir Archdale Wilson, Colonel Hogg, Colonel Young, Colonel Sterling, Sir Hope Grant, Major Bruce, Major Norman, Dr. Tice, etc. As the Maharajah approached the Commander-in-Chief and his aids-de-camp on duty stepped out to meet him.

SPLENDOR OF THE MAHARAJAH'S ATTIRE.

"Who in London does not remember the Maharajah's diamonds and jeweled head-dress? In the light of the setting sun they even looked more brilliant than under the Opera chandelier. Indeed, he was so very brilliant, that for a time one only looked at the casque and at the scarlet coat, crisp with jewels and gold, and not at the man who wore them. With white-kid-gloved hand raised to his glittering crest, above which nodded a plume of bird of Paradise feathers, delicately loaded with emeralds and diamonds, Jung Bahadoor advanced toward Sir Colin Campbell, took the outstretched hand of our chief, and presented his two brothers, who, almost equally gaudy in attire and rich in decoration, accompanied him. Colonel M'Gregor, in his full uniform and orders, was on the right of the Maharajah, and after him came a long following of Generals in rich dresses, most of them with faces of the Calmuck type, broad in the shoulders, short-necked, and thin-legged. They seated themselves on chairs, any thing but easy for them, on the right of Sir Colin, whose Staff sat on his left, and then there was a long interchange of courteous speeches, but Sir Colin's mind seemed intent on the Begum's Palace, and his ears fixed on the rapid roll of the musketry. Still the speeches and conversation went on, the Maharajah's quick eye glancing furtively from Staff to Highlander, and back again.

A COUP DE THEATRE.

"In the midst of all this courtly ceremony a tall figure, covered with dust, broke through the crowd of spectators at the end of the line of Highlanders, and strode up toward the chief, who rose from his seat and advanced to meet him. It was strange enough, amidst all this glitter of gold lace and fine clothes, to see this apparition in hodden gray tunic, turbaned cap, and trunk boots, with long sword clanking on the ground, and head and face and garments covered with dust, walking stiffly up the aisle of men. 'I am desired by the Chief of the Staff, Sir, to tell you that we have taken the Begum's Palace, with little loss, and are now in possession of it and the adjoining buildings.' And with a few pleased words from Sir Colin, the Deputy Adjutant-General to the Chief of the Staff, Hope Johnstone, marched out of the crowd again and vanished. Jung Bahadoor perhaps imagined it was a well-executed *coup de théâtre*; but it was a hard reality—as hard almost as the skirl of the bagpipes, which were played by six as fine Highlanders as ever trod on heather, who walked twice in front of us to a heart-stirring pibroch, and then played a few *morceaux*, to the great delight of the Bahadoor. His Excellency finally mounted, with his brothers, on two elephants with gorgeous howdah cloths, and returned to his camp. It is said that when Maun Singh came in to Jung Bahadoor, and made some explanations respecting his Laodicean conduct, the latter said, 'Oh, don't make excuses. Had I not visited London, it is likely enough I should have been on the other side myself.' The Maharajah not only stipulated for the salute of guns, but asked for his six Ghoorka regiments attached to Franks's Division, for some English cavalry, and heavy guns to be attached to his forces."

STORMING OF THE BEGUM'S PALACE.

In another portion of his letter, Mr. Russell writes: "As we crossed the narrow ramp of earth leading to the gateway we could not but feel astonishment at the small loss by which we had gained such a position. Along the front of this wall, in addition to the guns, there were loopholes for at least 2000 muskets, and it seemed scarcely possible to effect an entrance at the point where one portion of the 93d and of the Sikhs had rushed through, with bayonets at the charge, on the astounded foe. The gateway to which the ramp led was protected by loopholed turrets at the sides, and by a considerable fire from the walls of the place. The breach made by our guns was on our left of the gateway, but when our troops entered it was only to find themselves in front of a similar wall, directly under the fire of the enemy, who were concealed from them at half-pistol shot. The only way of getting at the enemy was by a hole, miscalled a breach, and so narrow and low that not more than one man could enter at a time, and then only by bending his head. But to avail themselves even of this mode of entrance our men had to struggle through the outer breach or to clamber up the steep bank of the ditch, where, impeded by their numbers in the narrow space, they made for the inner breach; they were held in check under the enemy's fire till some of them forced their way in through the bricked-up windows, which led them into small dark rooms filled with Sepoys. Held by such troops as those who assaulted the place, the Begum's Palace would have been impregnable to infantry. Entering with difficulty through the suffocating breach rank with hot air, gunpowder, and dead bodies, I passed into the first of the court-yards in which the fight took place. It was filled with exulting Highlanders, still flushed with the heat of victory, and Sikhs burning gold and silver tissue and lace for the sake of the metals. General Lugard, seated in the midst of them, was busy giving orders to a group of officers, and first among those I came across was Leith Hay, leaning on the javelin of one of the Begum's state servants, and full of the incidents of the charge, in which he bore no small part; for he was, I believe, the second or third man who entered through the breach in the gateway. Brigadier Adrian Hope, an excellent and gallant officer, was also there, and he pointed out to me the narrow window through which he had leaped in upon the enemy. How a man could have escaped who entered in such a fashion is beyond my comprehension. But there were few slain outright, for the apparition of these brawny soldiers alone unnerved the hands of their enemies. Many fled at once, and were pursued and shot down in the court-yards without offering a resistance; others fired their muskets or matchlocks once, made a wild thrust with the bayonet, and ran also; others, surprised in holes and corners, fought with the ferocity of wild beasts. One officer of the 93d killed with his own hand eleven Sepoys, whom he shot with his revolver or sabred in the court-yard."

SIR COLIN'S PLAISANTERIE.

A correspondent of the Bengal *Hurkaru*, to disprove a rumor that the Commander-in-Chief is in a low and desponding state of mind, relates the following anecdotes of his excellency: "The other morning, on Sir Colin Campbell returning rather earlier than usual from his matutinal walk, he entered his tent, and to his surprise discovered the chief of the staff trying on a very handsome pair of slippers that had been worked for him (Sir Colin) by one of Scotland's bonnie lassies. His excellency did not exhibit the least annoyance, but merely observed, in his dry way, 'Sae ye think ye'll be stepping into my shoes, do ye; and are practicing a wee bit to see how they'll do, eh, Mansfield?' On the day Secunderabad was stormed Sir Colin, now foremost in the fight, and where the fire was hottest, came suddenly upon his favorite 93d, who were lying now under a long low wall, waiting for orders. The old veteran exclaimed aloud, at the top of his voice, 'Up Hielanders, and at 'em—Scotland expects that every man this day will do his duty!' When the Kaisarbagh was reported to have been taken, turning to General Mansfield, the gallant Scot cried out with honest pride, 'By ——, like Cæsar, I can now describe my victory in three words, *Nunc fortunatus sum*.' (The Chief of the Staff did not understand his excellency's joke.) 'Why, mon, dinna ye twig? *Nunc fortunatus sum*—I'm in Luck-now.'"

CHINA.

THE WESTERN POWERS IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE EMPEROR.

The intelligence from China is interesting and important. From the dispatches of the French Envoy, published in the Paris *Moniteur*, we learn that the four commissioners have succeeded in delivering their credentials to the provincial governor, Soutchou-Fou, who is in direct and easy relations with the Imperial Court at Pekin. The result is, that the real state of the case is brought under the notice of the Emperor. Mr. Oliphant and M. de Contades, who conveyed the notes of the four powers to Soutchou-Fou, although unguarded, experienced no incivility or violence. They passed along canals for two days, and at last reached the great city of Soutchou-Fou, which they describe as being about as large as London. The Governor's palace stands in the centre of the city, and to this spot they were conducted along streets crowded with spectators for a length of two miles. Much interest, and something of wonder, might be discerned on the faces of this mighty crowd, but there was perfect silence and orderly behavior. The Governor received the emissaries with salutes, placed them in seats of honor, and feasted them with Chinese delicacies. The next day he returned their visit. In due course they took their leave, and departed on their return to Shanghai, having been completely successful as to the object of their mission.

LIFE IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, MASS., }
May, 1858. }

[It has been suggested to me, Dear Editor, that the mere addition to the above of the name of the hotel at which I am stopping would operate as a receipt in full of my bill; but out of consideration for you, I suppress it. It is a very fair hotel; but, as I pay for my board, I will take the liberty of saying that my chamber-maid is dirty, and the ice-creams vapid.]

When we arrived here, some days since, the Captain, who commands our party in chief, called on our Uncle Uriah, and apprised him of our advent. Uriah is in the China trade. Years ago, Uncle Uriah presented mother with a real China shawl. When my youngest sister was born, we wanted to call her after our good uncle; father said that, as my second sister was called Willelmina after Uncle Willium, and my third Georgina after Uncle George, we ought to call this one after Uncle Uriah; but it was found impossible, and she was baptized Dorothy. Whether this annoyed Uncle Uriah or no I can not say; but he didn't even ask us to dinner. The Captain asked him what there was to see in Boston?

"To see?" said Uncle; "why, there's the Common, and Bunker Hill Monument, and State Street. Lord bless me, there isn't a city in the United States to well worth seeing as Boston!"

"No doubt," growled the Captain, who, being a Southerner, is not overwhelmed by affection for the Bostonians; "and pray, Sir, is there any thing else?"

"Any thing else? Why, what more would you have? Isn't there State Street? Where would you ask for any thing finer?"

"True, true."

"Then there's Bunker Hill Monument. A splendid work of art, Sir; nothing like it in Europe."

"Certainly not."

"And there's the Common. Take the Common as it stands, with the fountain, and the elm, and the historical associations—and I defy the world to produce its equal."

The Captain declares that as Uncle Uriah said this he rose from his desk, waved his handkerchief as though it had been the national flag, and looked as though he would challenge any body who differed from him.

"Well, now," said the Captain, "as to theatres?"

"The Boston Theatre, Sir, under the management of Monsieur Barry, a French *emigré* of the highest family, has no parallel in the world. And the Museum! Have you seen the Museum?"

The Captain confessed that having been but a few hours in the city, he had not yet had that satisfaction.

"Ah! I thought not. You'd better go," replied my Uncle, as much as to say that, whatever the Captain's experiences in his had been, there was a shock in preparation for him such as his wildest dreams had never anticipated.

"And public buildings?" urged the relentless Captain.

"Well, Sir, all I can say is, that the man who can gaze on the State House, and the Court House, not to speak of the Tremont and Revere, without feelings of the liveliest emotion, must be a creature of such organization—such organization, Sir, that Uriah Pet don't want to make his acquaintance." And Uncle Uriah bowed the Captain out of his office.

I thought we would follow the example of the prudent boy who lays aside the plums in his pudding and applies himself severely to the dough while the edge of his appetite lasts. We undertook Washington Street and the Common as our first day's work.

Washington Street is the Broadway of Boston. At the proper hour it is filled with showy people all the way from State Street to the Common. The hats are very bright, and the hoops, I think, are larger than those in use in New York. The Captain (he is a shocking creature, with the most promiscuous taste) declares, in his coarse way, that "the Boston ankle is a better article than you find in New York." For the gaiters I can answer; they are faultless. We met three pretty girls between State Street and the Common; but Erastus declares that one was a New Yorker and another a freshly-imported English girl. But this as it may, the belles we met were generally ladylike, gentle-looking little things; they did not look you out of countenance as your Broadway belles do, and they walked as though the set of their hoops was not the only thing they were thinking of. With the men, I am bound to say, we did not fall in love. They looked very mild indeed. The Captain says that young Bostonians are not allowed a latch-key till they are twenty-five; what he means by this I don't know, but I'm sure, if it be any thing illnatured, that it should not be relied on. The only really handsome and well-dressed man we met labished dreadfully when Maria looked at him, and felt so sucking his cane by way of relief.

The Common is a wild expanse of ground—much larger and more airy than any place you have in New York. They say that once upon a time it was a famous place of meeting for lovers: now, I would as soon think of meeting my lover on a church-steeple as there. For children, however, it is a delightful place; and when I think of the agonies the poor little things endure, pent up in your wretched steaming city, during the hot months of summer, and of the dangers of your parks and squares, infested as they are by the vicious class of people, I confess I envied the Bostonian mothers their advantages. Well, we saw the fountain, and we saw the elm—of the latter we had a front and a back view, which I hope you will appreciate as much as we did; we saw the people likewise.

Governor ——, whom we knew at Washington, made us acquainted with several great people. I noticed that the greater they were—some of them alluded to the President as a paltry official—the more exclusively-local were their instincts. They seemed to consider New York and Philadelphia a kind of suburbs of Boston. This last was the centre of the earth.

"Have you met the poet ——?" inquired a very great man indeed.

"No," said I; "but I should much like to meet him."

He asked us very kindly to accompany him to a house that evening where the great poet had promised to call.

We gladly accepted the invitation. The poet was there, in the flesh. People hung round him breathless. He was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, dressed inoffensively, with a thoughtful eye, and generally a placid expression. The conversation was general when we entered.

"Hush!" said my Boston friend, after a few moments' conversation, "he is going to speak."

"For my part," said the poet, and we fairly hung on his lips in the ardor of expectation, "I think boiled mutton with caper sauce a dish for a king."

A buzz of applause followed the sentence. "What a practical man for a poet!" "How tersely he expresses himself!" "What excellent taste he has!" "Boiled mutton forever!" And a dozen wealthy men pressed round the poet with offers of mutton and caper sauce.

"Have you ever written any thing on mutton, Mr. ——?" inquired a young lady who I am told is the reigning belle of Boston.

"What nonsense, Stella," interposed her mother.

"Why, mamma, hasn't Dr. Watts written lovely poetry about lamb, and as Mr. —— prefers mutton—"

"Miss ——," interrupted our entertainer, addressing himself loudly and sternly to me, so as to attract the general attention of the company, "have you noticed the clipper?"

I was obliged to confess—in my ignorance—that I didn't understand him.

"The clipper," said my Boston friend, with kind him firm emphasis; "the clipper: but perhaps, as you have been but a few hours in Boston, you have not had time to go down to the docks."

A dead silence had fallen on the company when I confessed my inability to comprehend my entertainer's question; from the looks of the company, I began to fancy that the clipper must be a sort of Boston Palladium. People breathed more freely when my friend volunteered the above excuse, which I gladly accepted.

"The clipper," said our host, with marked severity, "is 1458 tons burden, length 228 feet, breadth of beam 42; constructed with a view to Australia and China; has beaten every ship out of New York, and is now going to run against an Aberdeen clipper for ten thousand dollars. You had best see her."

I said I would without delay. My docility pleased my entertainer, and the entire company began to regard me as a person not willfully malevolent, but accidentally ignorant and capable of instruction.

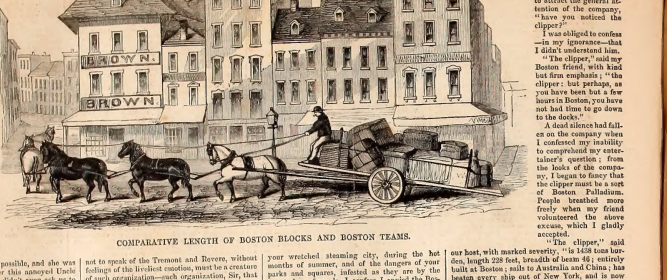
"Steam," observed the poet, and there was a catching of breaths when his really fine voice was heard, "is one of the greatest inventions of the present age."

Again the room was filled with a murmur of applause, and more than one person turned to me and asked me if we had any conversationalists in our part of the country who could compare with Mr. ——?

When we returned to the hotel I found Erastus in a bad temper. He was furious, he said, because "the liquor was so bad; New York poison was vile enough; but since the original enactment of the liquor law in Massachusetts, good liquor was not to be had at Boston at any price." His sister and I congratulated him on his misfortune, and recommended toast and water.

"June," said he, fiercely, "I have been collecting statistics on the subject. I find that during the period when the sale of liquor was contraband in Boston, the number of deaths traceable, more or less directly, to drunkenness was less than it ever was before or since; and even now, since they have fallen into the habit of adulterating their liquors, the mortality must be tremendous. Why can not they do as they do in France, and have all liquid regularly tested? In New York," he added, "people expect to be poisoned if they drink in barrooms; but why should it be so here? I wish they would make me mayor for a short while?"

We have seen all that remained to be seen in this city. We visited Bunker Hill Monument, a very creditable affair; also the State House, a curious old place—which, by-the-way, had the British flag flying when we saw it. The Captain, whose father fought in '12, was furious at seeing



COMPARATIVE LENGTH OF BOSTON BLOCKS AND BOSTON TEAMS.



FRONT VIEW OF THE GREAT ELM.



REAR VIEW OF THE GREAT ELM.



THE BOSTON COMMON.

the hostile fog afloat in the centre of an American city: but it seems that the Bostonians always fly the Union-Jack when they discover a countryman coming up the Bay. They make the most of their advantages.

We have also seen the inside of several private homes. On the whole, I think the Bostonians are more hospitable than the New Yorkers, or any other Northern people. They give excellent dinners, and have good cooks; and, to a certain set, the ladies are all well-bred, and can talk on something else besides fashions and servants. Some of the old families preserve a dignified stiffness, which reminds one of the manners of the people of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Boston, moreover, is, in the Captain's opinion, the best governed city in the United States. They have a great old-fashioned way, he says, of carrying out their laws and punishing criminals rigorously. He knows a deal to people who have come to other cities in the United States; but it has its advantages. You seldom hear of murders, or street fears, or even burglaries. Then, the police do their duty, and the firemen do not set fire to buildings for the purpose of robbery. In short, the Captain assures me, such enormities as occur daily in New York would lead at once to the organization of a Vigilance Committee. If they would only get rid of their prejudice against the Smith, says the Captain, who never forgets his profession, he would as soon strike hands with the Bostonians as with any people he has seen in the country.

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JERROLDIANA.

"Wit," said Douglas Jerrold, "bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay unwisely who require credit." It is probable that he never had to "pay money" for his brightest and keenest flashes were also the suddenest—so rain is superficial for the moment.

Thus, at a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a question of taste was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it."

Jerrold—Looking eagerly round the table.) Can any lady whistle it?

In No. 29 of the first volume of *Harper's Weekly*, we gave a portrait and biographical sketch of Douglas Jerrold. Here are gathered some of those sayings which in times past on the London dinner-table on a tray, and made the name of Jerrold a terror to stupidity, and a synonym for Wit.

He had a peculiar style of delivering. What a lesson is in this paraphrase of our Lord's command, "*He go after a serpent,* and he unmakes a devil."

"Mostly without dinners in this world. She is saved without edge or point—very well for shoe, but of no real use to be carved."

"Speaking your mind," he says, "is an extravagance that has ruined many a man."

"Reputation is he tendency what real truths is to music."

"The bottle is the devil's crucible, and melts all."

"Character flirt. Yes, it has wings; and, of course, the lighter it is, the quicker it goes."

"Interest is a mortgage dodged. Just come up, and the sooner it goes out the better."

Jerrold said, speaking of a young gentleman who had shared the danger of peril before he could hold a razor—

"Nowadays men think they're frogs before they're tadpoles."

He said of New Zealanders—

"Very convenient people: we only kill our enemies—they eat 'em. You must come to the bay." Jerrold made no learning in the end how Zealanders are brought to relish 'em.

It must have been a liberal descendant of Dives into whose mouth he put this speech about a name:

"I don't like the name of Lazarus for a servant's parrot, discussing the usual topic preliminary to a christening. 'If I say, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all appropriate."

Describing the sordid avarice of a certain Hebrew old-clothesman, he said—

"The only difference between Moses — and Judas Iscariot is, that Moses would have sold our saviour for more money."

Of outward signs:

"The names of houses are for the world outside. When folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lives that such roses include."

And of a choice of ruin:

"To be ruined your own way is some comfort. Where we are ruined in our own way, so it is a triumph over the villainy of the world to be ruined after one's own pattern, however."

He did not spare the ladies; thinking that there was yet a little balance due in man's account with woman:

"Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as soon as in her list, to make this world quite a paradise, finding that she had as the original author. You talk to philosophers, and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we are the everlasting balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for."

His theory of the Fall was, that "Eve ate the apple, that she might dress." He said, "In marriage, as in battle, it is permitted to the weaker to advantage of the enemy;" and as a pendant to the proverb, "Every man has his thorn," said, "Yes: never find a woman without pins and needles." Of a celebrated actress, who, in her declining days, bought charms of carraine and pearl-powder, he said, "Egad! she should have a loop about her, with a notice upon it, 'Beware of the paint.'"

Here follow some more of his ideas of women:

"Virtue's a beautiful thing in women, when they don't go about, like a child with a dress, making all sorts of noises with it. There are some women who think virtue wrongous them as elaws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with."

"What woman would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. They get round lady enough as it is, but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor, defenceless creatures they would be!"

"Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the riskiness there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it."

"Out of which follows this advice to married ladies:

"Cultivate your nerves. You can't put them too much. Something will always be happening in the house, and, unless your husband be worse than a stone, every new trifle will be a new pain to you, and a new claim upon you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the powder."

"Never own a woman is right: do it once, and on the next occasion of it, she'll be always wrong for the rest of her life."

"When some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together; just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set."

"Is it not wonderful that, down to the present time, women have had no champion? Where is their Goliath's iron strength? They have only to be of one accord, and no name banded, poor as the greatest rogues have been unfortunate from the earth—safe like an old multiplication sum from a whipping-boy. And this truth is allowed to be profound, that, like a well sunk to the antipodes, we learn to afford a look into Eve—but then what would turn so giddy at the very brink—or, by some accident, it is one of the very first truth-look she has many that Hebrew has not yet discovered."

He says of an honest Benedict:

"He lived in a glass house, straightforward fashion: and as he was never lucidity tender to her before company, found the greater reason to believe that he was neither savage nor silent to her when alone. For some married folk keep their love for home for the world, for the eyes of the world; thinking it too fine and too precious to wear every day at their fireside."

Of homely beauty:

"Pity would never have been beautiful; born in sorrow, and the child of the sad sister—they should not have passed for nothing handsome; but she had in her countenance that sign of plainness by the which more than any beauty Heaven has yet fashioned. Her sweet, meek, little face was the sunshine reflected from the kitchen to her eyes, glittering for a moment there beyond all words of discretion. And from cottage-windows it is made to meet the hardest winds—rent, poverty—in the iron book of daily life; and the early touching had given to her face its best expression—that which the Holy Family mirror had anticipated time."

What a fine thought is this, on the mind of childhood:

"I met the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side paradise. It is the one unselfishness of the gentleness, with love—yes, with a heart-worship of the first pure object—the mother. Is anything more to be preached? A creature unlocked by the talent of the world—innocent as the day it was born—and all for love pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of the reflection upon it. Oh, if the book be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its created form, it shall not be soiled! Let the world be outside at the temple, but only uncertain thing should enter it."

And this, on a command reversed:

"And God said, Let there be darkness in our image."

"What a fine creature is man, so long as he always has his eyes open! Shut his eyes, and he is the first thing but what shall be some way worthy of his Maker. To do is to make the world a pleasant place, and to have every body happy about us. 'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' but it is sad—it is melancholy work, when man says, 'Let us make Man in our images.'"

What a trenchant sarcasm it was, when he said of a fawning fellow, whom he calls a posture-master, "He has proved what was the ancient saying, *never his other truckle'd, he began to creep*—and once was our curtain."

Sadly of a thin paragraph on the slippery path of life:

"How few there are who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to be hastening to a second fall!" What sage-purposes did they wear—and what happened? Why, a party of five gentlemen in which have they thought to serve for—and what leaks into the morning-room!"

And what a world of cynic wisdom is in this little fancy:

"There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than when they were young. Like certain pears, which as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them."

Speaking of an Anglo-French alliance, he said, "The best thing I know between France and England is—the Channel." Of Australia, he said, "Here we kind, that just tickle her with a box and the laughs out of the Land of the Lie." Of a pretty bird, and his charming wings: 'would be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill." Of a fat, wealthy gentleman, "The gold would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it." Of a scoundrel, "He would pocket a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother."

Jerrold had a favorite dog that followed him every where. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing turned round, and, waiting, said, "Come, you little beast!" whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied, "Oh, madam! I wonder what he thinks when we call mankind!"

"Whatever duty-abstract philosophers may say to the contrary, Jerrold said, the first duty is the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and odoriferous herbs on the path of those who, crushed and bleeding, carry up their mean as they snuff the odor, and walk half an inch lighter for the weight of a sweetness."

"Work for ready money. Take to bilk upon posterity: in the first place, you are sure of your commodity's being paid; and in the next, if it be duly lessened, the next may be laid out on some piece of remote or marble of all the slightest value in the slightest."

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries.

Jemmies. "What, doctor, I see your livery is meates turned up with scarlet fever?"

Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, biting the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on, and washed all the Greece out of Blanchard."

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, "Have you heard about poor B——? His business is going to the devil."

Jerrold—"Well, it is right; then he's sure to get it back again."

"Call her a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is sorry from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

* * * * * * *

THE FOUR-FOLD DREAM.

If there be no city called Hippesford among the northwestern towns of England, let it be there, whither I went years ago to see a friend who was hung. The name under which he suffered was supposed to be a feigned one; the crime which he expiated was that of murder; the victim of his master and his benefactor as he slept, for the taking of a sum of money which, in all probability, he might have had for the asking. One of those atrocities to give a reason for which baffles the ordinest of human minds. The fact remains that Mavarani was that of insanity: there being no doubt whatever that he was having committed the deed; but this plea was, in my opinion, very properly set aside. His advocate happened to be an intimate friend of mine; and it was through the interest—morbid and reprehensible I am well aware—which he had inspired me in the most unhappy criminal that I found myself among that crowd in front of Hippesford jail. I heard somebody going on to say that a little more fuss for the occasion.

"Your cruel-hearted ruffian, if you dare to mock the poor wretch like that again," cried a drop, low voice, "I'll save Mr. Calcraft some trouble in your case."

The speaker was a fire, powerfully-built sailor, wearing by his head a knot above the throat, and under his flashing eyes and threatening town, the fellow who had provoked his wrath subsided at once into submission, and presently sank into silence. Having achieved this end, he made no further observation to me, but he looks intently fixed upon the ghastly preparations above us. He alone, amidst the hum and noise of the crowd, maintained an absolute silence, and never took his eyes upon the scaffold above, as though he would thoroughly comprehend all in it: the extreme severity of his face was remarkable even among those thousand eager and expectant countenances. Not caring to know the dreadful sight myself, I watched that face when the death-bell began to toll. Then I saw every muscle in it quiver, as if I should see reflected in it whatever was happening. It was burning and quivering with excitement when the bell ceased, and remained so until by three or four persons into view. Immediately after he had caught this fixed expression, and established as completely as though a certain hid been drawn over some picture; and, as the sailor cast his looks upon the ground, I heard him mutter in a solemn whisper, his thanks to Heaven.

As for me, I was glad to escape from hanging together by the reinless human tide, I said to him, secure of sympathy, "This is a sad night, my friend, is it not?"

"Yes, Sir," said he, "a terrible night, indeed; but I might have been worse."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, it's a long story," he replied, "but if you like to come in to it, and to take a cup of tea with me (of which I feel the need) at my lodgings, I'll tell you something about it. It will be a relief to me, I feel, to tell it even to a stranger."

So we two went up into a little room overlooking the main street, which had been let (as had been agreed upon when he took the apartment) throughout that session to a party of five gentlemen, and a lady (!), who had only just evacuated it. And there he told me this story:

"You must know, Sir, that I am a little shoe, at first, for you throng his fairly dazzled and dumbfounded. I am quite a stranger to parts of this sort, thank God; nor have I ever seen so great a crowd before. I live upon the northeast coast, where the fish are not so many as in these parts, and my own employment is a particularly solitary one: I am a light-house keeper. I sometimes spend a fortnight without seeing any other face than that of my mate—either throughout my own watch above deck, and on that of the seagull, and of the baffled vessels which beats forever against our rock. Even my holiday time is passed among people who seem almost as lonely in sea as I do. My friends dwell at a considerable distance from my town, and when I attend from me, only they can see every night our lantern burning steadily out to sea, which my mother and sister say is a good comfort to them when I am far from home. It is lonesome, you see, for them to know that there is a solitary human being save themselves within miles of them, the next post being a long distance beyond the headland, whither often, on the darkest nights, I have to walk to get my letters, for the while chalk heaps that are laid down to mark the perilous reef of rock, the direction of which, at all times, they say, the smugglers used to alter, so that the poor revenues men were guided over the precipice into the jaws of death below.

"Years ago, a vessel was cast ashore, and went to pieces upon the reef one night at—[Here follows the name of the place, which I omit.] All the crew, save one, were thrown by the scornful sea upon the shore, dead men; save one, the sailor given an invidious, fairly look toward the thing that hung upon the high jail-wall there, motionless, with its ghastly cowl drawn over it—" and that man was an Italian foreigner. My people took him in, and acted toward him as Christian people should do, and he was grateful, and staid with us, making himself as useful as he could, for weeks, for months. When he had been our guest for near upon a year, the man who was then my mate in the light-house died; and, mainly through my father's recommendation, the Italian was appointed to be my companion in his place. I was pleased that the poor fellow was thus provided for; but yet I had rather that he had been given any other post than that; not from any assignable cause, or of course, this could have been prevented, but from a vague, uncomfortable feeling that I had always had in connection with him, such as I should not have dreamed of mentioning to his prejudice, if, indeed, I am perfectly certain even to my mother.

"When I found myself in the narrow light-house, alone with this man upon the waste of water, this satisfied feeling of mine was turned upon him on the winding stairs without a shadow; I loathed his company in that little sitting-room upon the level of the story, which, when my old mate was with me, had seemed as comfortable a parlor as need be to a girl when I went down for the first time, and, after thinking, what is he doing below there, and whereabouts shall I find him when I descend? I did not think that I was afraid of him then. Time was when I had not qualified from a mother-sister, and, when I first encountered this man he, and had come off victor; but still I did not fancy taking my rest in the snug little bedroom, with a fire all, knowing that this man was awake, and watching, watching, all the night long.

"Still, you will say, I am a coward, and, having this something repellent about him which I can not explain, there was nothing evil in the said against him. Poor Italian! I feel as I was ashamed of myself, whenever I reassured about the matter, for I had no fear.

"On the night of this day, twelve years ago, the stormiest of August, eighteen hundred and——, to be exact, I was alone with this man, and while he lay in his bed, combating with a certain fever which followed his ague like a nightmare, my mother shook him in piteous terror.

"'Husband,' cried she. "Husband, I have had a fearsome dream, and it seems to me as to teach that I am miserable. Wake, wake! I do believe that George [that was myself] is in danger through me!'

"'Great Heavens!' cried her father. 'Why! was awake, just now, by that very dream, and am not asleep yet! Get my pistols, and I will. But it must be only fancy; consider how full the poor fellow has always shown himself to be of gratitude to us all, and what could he get by the murder of our George?'

"'George has all his savings in his room at the light-house,' returned my mother, sobbing. 'I am not fancy—I am sure that he means to murder him.'

"Two or three shrieks ran through the house as she spoke; and my sister Mary, with her hair all dishevelled, and in her night-dress, stood in the room.

"'Oh, mother! father!' cried she. "I can not stay any longer by myself; I have dreamed a dream that haunts me whenever I shut my eyes. When I left my room, I thought that I saw Philip, I thought the Italian was at my very heels, who seemed leaping in my path with a horrible laughter. He has murdered brother George, I do believe.'

"'You dreamed that?' exclaimed her parents.

"'Yes,' said she. 'I dreamed that I saw my brother's throat in the light-house.'

"My father rose in haste, dressed himself, and started at once, in the moonlight, for the lifting village over against the rock, which was my lonely dwelling-place. It was a good ten miles off, and when he had been about two hours upon his way, and it was in the middle of the most dangerous road, with a distressed and unwonted look. Little did I understand why he wrung my hand, and bestowed me so cheerily, with even extra hug; how it was that I came to be upon the chalk-downlands, there, at such an hour, instead of at my post, I had a tale to tell to him, which I was, by that time, ashamed to relate: although I had started on the errand with a will to do so.

"'Father,' said I, 'I have done a foolish, cruel, cowardly thing.'

"'George,' replied he, 'I forgive you before you tell it to me. I am too glad to find you alive and well to be angry with you.'

"'I have quarreled, father, with the poor Italian foreigner, although he is the best friend I. I have given him fair warning that I will not be his mate in the light-house any longer.'

"'Thank God!' said my father.

"'Nay,' said I, surprised enough, 'but it was a very foolish thing to do, since I had nothing wherewith to justify it, except a dream.'

"'A dream!' exclaimed my father, with a look of terror. 'What, another dream? Did you dream he was going to murder you, lad?'

"'Yes, father,' said I, 'I dreamed that seven two hours ago; and even now, in the broad daylight, I feel that I could not venture to sleep another night upon the rock with that man only in my company.'

"'Heaven forbid you should!' responded my father, solemnly.

"'I saw him,' continued I, 'as though with my eyes open, at I lay in my bed, with his hand kept close to his throat, as though he were keeping some weapon out of sight, and with Murder set upon his face, as plain as though the sun were at my eyes when there in blood. I was on my feet in a second, and yet, not until I was down that my dream was true. I thought I heard a groan from upon the iron stair. I thought I saw a shadow fit for an instant across the door of the lantern; but when I got up there he was trimming the lamps as naturally, and with all my agony upon me, as any such sick astonishment and coolness, that I am, upon reflection, fairly staggered, and don't know what to think. I am sure that there was I at that moment, of the warning which my dream seemed to convey: that I had him sick some other employment elsewhere, for I would have him for my mate no longer. Then I signaled for a boat, and came on shore, intending to tell you all, and to consult you what is best to be done in this strange business. But I am afraid you think me a fool.'

"He may father, upon his part, told me of those dreams at home, and of the reason of his being upon the way whereon I had met him. It seemed to me

both that the neglect of four such wonderful coincidences—to say no more—would be far from right, but that at the same time we should not be justified in punishing upon such evidence one who might be, after all, as innocent of any evil as either of us. So I turned back to the village with my father, with the intention of putting off to the rich, and coming to some arrangement with the Italian that should not drain him of his bread.

"A little after my departure, however, it appeared that he had himself slipped into a boat, and that, taking with him what little property he possessed, he had landed, and been seen to walk away northward, out of the town. None of us have ever set eyes upon this man from that eventful night, whether innocent, or whether he is guilty; it is not in human power to tell. So certain, however, in my arrogance, did I feel of his evil, that when I was fixed in the paper of their being about to hang an Italian foreigner at this place, for the murder of a man in his sleep, I came here at once to satisfy myself—in hope rather than in fear, I am ashamed to say, but this forceful dream was not to be found to have had foundation. Pity for the soul of you poor wretch, however, and sorrow for your heart, even before I saw him; and when I looked upon those awful lineaments, as he was lifted up on the scaffold, I thanked Heaven, for the sake even of my heart, that the man was a stranger, and that our dreams, wonderful as they were and are, still need surveying."

Here the story of the sailor ended; and presently he broke away to the railway station, and to the line which was to take him home. I have never seen him since, or heard any other reference to his tale; but the circumstances under which I heard it, with all their terrible realities of Vice and Death, are not more finely fixed upon my memory than are the occurrences which he related as above: neither do they lose any distinctly, in my own mind, the impression of truth.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER I.

Vignettes for the next Book of Beauty.

"I QUITE agree with you, Alban; Honoria Vipont is a very superior young lady."

"I knew you would think so!" cried the Colonel, with more warmth than usual in his tone.

"Many years since," resumed Darrell, with reflective air, "I read Miss Edgeworth's novels; and in accordance with Miss Honoria Vipont methinks I confer with one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines—a prude, of course, perfection—who has based—so free from silly romantic notions—to reform with solid information, moral philosophy, and natural history—the man of her choice. Her watch and her heart to the precise moment, for the one as for the other, and the man selected and to marry at last a respectable steady husband, whom she will win with dignity, and would lose with—decorum! A very estimable young lady!"

"Though your description of Miss Vipont is satirical," said Alban Morley, smiling, in spite of some irritation, "yet I will accept it as praise; for in every one, nevertheless, of the just features of the qualities that make an intelligent companion and wife. And you must allow that the qualities we must look to, if we marry at our age. We are no longer boys," added the Colonel, sentimentally.

DARRELL. "Alas, no! I wish we were. But the truth of your remark is indisputable. Let me look! Is not that a face which might make an octogenarian forget that he is not a boy?—what regular features! and what a figure!"

The friends were riding in the park; and as Darrell spoke, he bowed to a young lady, who, with one or two others, passed rapidly by in a barouche. It was that very handsome young lady to whom we should have seen Alban Morley attentively in the great crowd, for which Cave Vipont's family party had been the nucleus.

"Yes; Lady Adela is one of the loveliest girls in London," said the Colonel, who had also lifted his hat to the brunette whom Darrell had saluted too! I have known her ever since she was born, and my father and I are very intimate with an excellent man, but stingy. I had much difficulty in arranging the eldest girl's marriage with Lord Hector, and on a trustee in bankruptcy. If you feel a preference for Lady Adela, though I think that she would suit you rather than a Miss Vipont, I will answer for her father's consent, apparent and her consent. 'Tis no drawback to you, though it is to most of her admirers, when I add, 'There's nothing with her!'"

"Nothing in her! which is worse," said Darrell. "Still, it is pleasant to gaze on a beautiful landscape, even though the soil be barren."

COUSIN MORLEY. "That depends upon whether you are merely the worshipper or admirer of the landscape, or the disappointed proprietor of the soil."

"Admirable!" said Darrell; "you have disposed of Lady Adela. So ho! so ho!" Darrell's tone (his old high-mettled humour) fiercely sent to him from Faulkner, and in spite of the five years that had added to the age, of spirit made trisker by long repose) here put down its ears—lashed out—and indulged in a bound which would have unseated any but a London rider. A young Amazon, followed hard by some two or three young gentlemen and their grooms, shot by, swift and reckless as a hero at Balaklava.

But with equal suddenness, as she caught sight of Darrell—whose hand and voice had already soothed the excited nerves of his steed—the Amazon wheeled round and gained his side. Throwing up her veil, she revealed a face so prettily arch—so perversely gay—with eye of jocund laugh, and hair facile half loosened from their formal bond—that it would have beguiled resentment from the most insensible—reconciled to danger the most timid. And yet there was really a grace of humility in the apologies she tendered for her discourtesy and thoughtlessness. As the girl reined her light palfrey by Darrell's side—turning from the young companions who had followed her—the latter looked on a-foam—and devoting to his ear all her lively overflow of happy spirits, and softened awed by a certain deference, but still apparently free from dissimulation—Darrell, with the high-bred ease of one who has mingled, unestranged, though low, echoed her sportive tones; her youth, her fearlessness were irresistibly contagious. Alban Morley watched observant, while interchanging talk with his companion, the sweet face—so full of high fun, but who belonged to that *joyeuse race*, with which the surface of life patricians is divided—never sowing into the deeper, fiercer duties—but with plenty of leisure—plenty of health—plenty of quarter of an hour's wit, and plenty of debt to their tradesmen—basing at Melton—scheming at Tattersall's—pride to maiden aunts—attention to thrifty fathers—flirtation but solid matches—in brief, fast livers, who got through their youth heirless, and left to the next not, middle-aged before they are thirty—tormented by wedlock—solaced by the responsibilities that overwhelm the cares of property and the dignities of rank—undergo abrupt metamorphosis into persons of quarter sessions importance, lay members, or decorous peers—their ideas encircled as their duties grew—their opinions, once keen as rebellion to the world, hemmed into the palisades of fenced property—valuable, busy men, elegant as Henry V. in the intervals of the cares of state, he said to the Chief Justice, "There is my hand; and to Sir John Falstaff, "I know thee not, old man."

Said to thy prayers."

But, meanwhile, the effect of this *jeunesse doree* glittered round Flora Vyvyan; not a regular beauty like Lady Adela—not a fine girl like Miss Vipont, such as Lely and Kneller portray—such a pretty, radiant face—more womanly for affecting to be mannish—more feminine for affecting to be heroic—more delicate for affecting to be a heroine—an only child—spoiled, willful—not at all accomplished (my belief in true accomplishments are learned and few here by the *jeunesse doree*)—no accomplishment except horsemanship—and that, indeed, perfect in its kind, and the capacity to take three whiffs from a Spanish *cigarette*. That last was unbecoming—very unbecoming—and Alban had on that merit alone. (N.B. Young ladies do themselves no good by smoking cigarettes. Men, generally, in a lover that rather smokes than "sighs like furnace," by advertising their heroic self-denial. You would prefer, Miss Vyvyan must be course—vulgar perhaps; not at all; but a man prefers a woman to do all those things with the air and look of the highest breeding. Fairies can not be vulgar, no matter what they do; they take the most unfairylike liberties —pinch the maids, turn the house topsy-turvy, and fly away over the heads of the grave and pretty. Flora Vyvyan was a fairy. Not peculiarly intellectual herself, she had a veneration for intellect; found out young men among the best persons likely to fascinate that fast young lady, Lord Hector, and encouraged his addresses, as every people you would least suspect—the architects to themselves. Yet is it possible that Flora Vyvyan can have exercised the coquette to so extravagant a degree as to have designed the conquest of Alban Morley—a man older than her own father? She, too, an heiress—certainly not mercenary; she who had already refused better worldly matches than Lord Hector—she was —young men, handsome men, with coronets on their trappings—who had been among the suitors of their lovely hours? The idea seemed preposterous; nevertheless, Alban Morley, a shrewd observer, perceived this idea, and encouraged by his friend.

Lord Hector, the young lady and her satellites shot off, and the Colonel said, cautiously, "Miss Vyvyan is charming."

DARRELL. "Admiring! the epithet requires construing."

COUSIN MORLEY. "The sort of girl who might make a man of our years really and literally—an old fool!"

DARRELL. "All fool such a man must be if girls of my sort are permitted to make him a present of their hearts. Yet, on the whole, I think that, with those pretty hands resting on one's arm-chair, or that sunny face shining into one's study window, one might be a very happy old fool—and that is the most one can expect."

COUSIN MORLEY (with a little nervous groan). "I am afraid, my poor friend, you are for gone already. No wonder Honoria Vipont fails to be admired. But Lady Vyvyan has a maxim—she truth of which my experience as yet denies me the moment it comes to marriage—the most sensible men are the—"

"Oldest fools!" put in Darrell. "If Mark Antony must sink a-gaze of himself for that painted harridan Cleopatra, what would he have done for a blooming Hebe? Alban, you have spirits! Alas! why are these to be unsuitable companions for us, as we reach that climax in time and sorrow—when to the one we are grown the most indolent, and of the other have the most need? Alban, that girl, if her heart were really won—her wild nature wisely mastered—gently guided—would make a true, prudent, loving, admirable wife—"

"Heaven!" cried Alban Morley.

"Such a husband," pursued Darrell, unheeding the ejaculation, "as—Lionel Haughton. What say you?"

"Lionel—oh, I have no objection at all to that; but he's too young yet to think of marriage —a mere boy. Besides, if you yourself marry, Lionel could scarcely aspire to a girl of Miss Vyvyan's birth and fortune."

"Ho, not aspire! That boy, at least, shall have his own in vain from the want of those two. I settle on Lionel Haughton and his heirs five thousand a year; and if, with gentle blood, youth, good looks, and a heart of gold, that fortune does not allow him to aspire to any girl in England under the rank of a duke, and still be rich enough to buy a superior companion in Miss Vyvyan, I am—"

MORLEY. "Don't say hug—"

DARRELL. "No, and still be young enough to catch a butterfly in Lady Adela—still be bold enough to chain a panther in Flora Vyvyan. Ah! that young woman would be a noble work of its gaudy auction mart—that Lionel Haughton is my property—that I have created a treasure-hunter. I wish that world to be kind to him while he is yet young, and can enjoy it. Ah, Morley! Morley, like Punishment, hobbles on—*et ses pieds etaults*. What would have delighted us yesterday is now an ostrich as to digestion—and yesterday's pleasure is not the morrow's. A pennyworth of sugar-plums would have made her eyes sparkle when we were crowned pupil-nobles at a preparatory school, but no one gave us sugar-plums in after life. Even the old dessert France keeps before us her daintiest sugar-plum in gilt *bonbonniere*. Do you ever covet them? I never do. I have passed have the sugar-plums in time. And as we talk, there he comes. Lionel, how are you?"

"I resign you to Lionel's charge now," said the Colonel, glancing at his watch. "I have an appointment in Westminster. Two friends of mine have been quarreling—high words—in an inn where my son and I dine on quarters. I have promised to meet another man, and draw up the form for a mutual apology. High words are to stand—no apology. Not an opinion but to swallow them up again if they were as high as steeples. Adieu for the present. We meet to-night at Lady Dulcett's concert?"

"Yes," said Darrell; "I promised Miss Vyvyan to be there, and hope for from disturbing the congregation. You, Lionel, will come with me."

LIONEL (embarrassed). "No; you must excuse me. I have long been engaged elsewhere."

"That's bad; but I'll excuse you. Lady Dulcett's concert is just one of the places to have a young man shown—to—you. Colonel Morley waved his hand with his usual languid elegance, and his hack cantered off with him, leaving the two friends—age to youth—together.

"Unalterable man," said Darrell, as his eye followed the Colonel's receding figure. "Through all the mutations on Time's dusty high road—stable as a milestone. Just what Alban Morley was as a schoolboy, he is now and if mortal span were extended to the age of the patriarchs, just what Alban Morley is now. Alban Morley would be a thousand years hence. I don't mean externally, of course; wrinkles will come—gout—rheumatism—but the same mind, the same man's body is a garment, as Socrates said before me, and survives the changes incidental to the physiologists, man has a new suit, flies and cockfight, from top to toe. The interior being that which is called the same in an Alban Morley. He has loved, hated, rejoiced, suffered? Where is the sign? Not one. At school, at college, in doing nothing, but decidedly somebody—respected by small boys, petted by big boys—an authority in fags, a leader in fighting bouts—even at war with those who did; never in scrapes—advising others to keep out of them—a favorite with masters, calm above mortal cares as an Epicurean deity. What can wealth give that he has not got? Is there any thing that I can collect to please him? Talk of ambition, talk of power—he has their respect already—and more. Alban Morley—the ancient of all the realm he cares for; Good Society has not a vote against him—he transacts its affairs, and has no need to be—he wields its power. Ever requested to do a favor—no man great enough to do him one; ever asked, and not vexed to a fraction in each man's price; impeccable, yet confident in each man's foibles; amoeb as to pain, but sympathetic; insensible to wounds, among him—but not insensible; thorough-bred. Lionel, I envy that man! I have never refused a finer gentleman out of five thousand a year of mine."

"Thank you, thank you! you will make her so proud and happy; but may I ride on and prepare her for your visit?"

"Certainly; her address is—"

"Gloucester Place, No. —."

"I will meet you there in half an hour."

CHAPTER II.

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."
—JOHNSON.

"And Gloucester Place will every where find, indispensable
—and Gloucester will every where find, indispensable
to the happiness of women."—VISITING ACQUAINTANCE.

LIONEL knew that Mrs. Haughton would that day spend more than usual forewarning of avoidance from Mr. Darrell. For the evening of that day Mrs. Haughton prepared "to give a party." When Mrs. Haughton gave a party, it was a serious affair. A notable and bustling housewife, she attended herself to each preparatory detail. It was to assist at this party that Lionel had resigned Lady Dulcett's concert. The young man, reluctantly acquiescing in the arrangements by which Alban Morley had engaged him a lodging of his own, seldom or never let a day pass without gratifying his mother's proud heart by an hour or two spent in Gloucester Place, often to the forfeiture of a dinner-party, or short evening excursion, with gay comrades. Difficult in London life, and at the full of its season, to devote an hour or two to visits, apart from the track studied out for us by every mode of existence—difficult to cut off an hour or two from pleasure. And Mrs. Haughton was exacting—also in her choice as to the court she chose to pay. She took the prince of the joint. She liked her neighbors to be fashionable, elegant, young man dismount from his charger, or descend from his cabriolet, just at the striking hour when Gloucester Place becomes illuminated. Like a queen, he must be sure to come to her before he changed his dress, that she and Gloucester Place might admire him in uniform. Was he going to dine at some very great house, he must take her in the way (though no street could be more out of his way), that she might be enabled to say in the parlors to which she herself repaired, "There is a great dinner at Lord So-and-so's to-day my son called on me before he went there. If I had not been disengaged, I should have asked permission to bring him here."

Not that Mrs. Haughton honestly designed, nor even wished, to draw the young man from the dazzling vortex of high life into her own little circumscribed sphere. Quite the reverse. So proud of Lionel to think that her friends were to understand that he was in honor paid to her presence. She had in this, too, a lively recollection of her lost Captain's doctrinal views of the world—views loved. He had early established in the time when Impertinence, installed in society's vestibule, though last dressed waving, still schooled her cigarette, and maintained the etiquette of her court; and even when his son was grown to manhood, he had cast out of his native sphere, he lost not all the original brightness of his mind. He had constantly cherished confidence, when owning his past errors, and tracing to its sympathy with Jessie the cause of his decline, "I should say," he has a man's birth, nor his fortune, that gives him his place in society—it is his wife." Jessie rejoiced. She must not be soon tawning to snobs, nor should his enemies treat her as one. Mrs. Haughton regretted, as she my fall in life to dining with a lord man who beat me £100, and lived in Upper Baker Street, but was not to be cut from a place they called a drawing-room (the Captain was spoken on a fourth floor), and from rooms as spoke over a cook-shop, and from a world which they called a dinner (the Captain at that moment would have welcomed a penny). Mrs. Haughton would not forget—the thing gat wind—for the first time my character record of a man's life, his moral character and character and character once called, Jessie, a man becomes reckless. Teach my boy to beware of the world's worst enemies—no-account parents. Don't cry, Jessie—I don't mean that he is to cut all persons who are not rich, or that any other people—nothing so low as cutting relations. I continued, for instance, to visit Guy Darrell, though he was of the table of the Lords, and I actually saw him once in brown beaver gloves. But I mean that he is to go to those and to those, and not add people there—people who lived also at the back of Holborn. But he is not to be asked to go to their houses, that he had, I must have cut him."

The experience of this kind of talk Lionel was saved from any design of Mrs. Haughton's to attract his orbit into the circle within which she herself revolved. Not that the limits of his practice she gave—illumine or axe odd people *there*. That was a matter of no sort of personal pride. But had they asked him to their parties, she would have been the first to resent such a liberty.

Lionel found Mrs. Haughton in great bustle. The gardener and his men were below in the area. Men were bringing in a grove of evergreens, intended to border the stair-case, and under the direction of the gardener, more skilled, the recipients were already laid out in the dining-room. The drawing-room was already in full glare, waiting flowers to fill the *epergne*, but darting to and fro, like a dragon-fly, from the epergne-room to the hall, from the flowers to the epergnes.

"Dear me, Lionel, is that you? Just tell me, that who put those flowers in the epergne! the rataffa-cakes should be opposite to the sponge-cakes, or whether they would not go better—"

"My dear mother, I never observed—I don't think you have made a bad choice. But epergnes have those doors slant—come up stairs. Mr. Darrell will be here very shortly. I have called on to prepare you."

"Mr. Darrell—so-so—how should you let me know? Come, Lionel, how thoughtless you are! You should have some respect for your mother—you do, I know, but—"

"Never mind now, mother—don't scold—I could not help it. He is to engaged, so sought after; if I had not seen him in the night never have come, and—"

"Never mind now! Who is Mr. Darrell, to give himself such airs?—Only a lawyer, after all," said Mrs. Haughton, with majesty.

"Oh, mother, mother, you do not like you. He is one benefactor—one—"

"Don't, don't say more—I was very wrong—quite wicked—only my temper, Lionel dear. Good Mr. Darrell! I shall be so happy to see him—see him, too, in this house that I owe to him—see him by your side! I think I shall fall down on my knees to him."

And her eyes began to stream.

Lionel kissed the tears away fondly. "That's my own mother now indeed—now I am proud

ef you, mother; and how well you look!—I am proud of that too."

"Look well!—I am not fit to be seen, this figure—though perhaps an elderly quiet gentleman like good Mr. Darrell does not notice ladies much. John, John, make haste with those plaids. Gracious me! you've got your coat off! —put it on—I expect a gentleman—I'm at home, in the front drawing-room—no—that's all set out—the back drawing-room. Lionel, send Susan to me. Lionel, do just look at the supper-table; and what is to be done with the flowers, and—"

The rest of Mr. Haughton's voice, owing to the rapidity of her accent, which defied the distinctness of her utterance, was lost in air. She vanished at culminating point—within her chamber.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Haughton at home to *Guy* Darrell.

THANKS to Lionel's activity, the hall was disencumbered—the plaints hastily stowed away—the native chapeau on the fretty perquisitions—and the footman in his livery waiting at the door —when Mr. Darrell arrived. Lionel himself came out and welcomed his benefactor's footstep across the threshold of the home which the generous man had provided for the son.

If Lionel had some secret misgivings as to the result of his interview, they were not and must happily dispelled. For, at the sight of Guy Darrell leaning so affectionately on her son's arm, Mrs. Haughton instantly forgot everything up to the impulse of her own warm, grateful, true woman's heart. And her hand went forward —her seizure of Darrell's hand—her first fervent blessing—her dire words, simple and eloquent with feeling—made that heart so transparent, that Darrell looked it through with respectful eyes.

Mrs. Haughton was still a pretty woman, and with much of the delicacy of form and manner which constitutes the gentility of person. She had a sweet voice too, except when angry. Her defects of education, of temper, of conventional polish, were not discernible in the over flow of natural emotion. Darrell thought her resolved to be pleased, if possible. Pleased he was, much more than he had expected. He even felt accepted for the decorated Lares Excavis which he had never before admitted to himself. The house-keeper's daughter was of coarse presuming dowdy, and in her candid rush of gratitude there was not that unbothered sensibility which Darrell had thought requisite in her epistolary compositions. There was elegance too, void both of pretension and constraint, in her own thrift, in the furniture and arrangements of the room. The income he gave to her was not spent with shutterly waste on any one's gewgaws. To ladies in general, Darrell's manner was extremely attractive—not the less attractive because of a certain gentle shyness which, implying respect for those he addressed, and a modest misdoubting of his own powers to excite a compliment and bestowed self-love. And to that lady in especial such graces appeared to the hapsiest good-breeding.

He was well set off without a hitch, till, as Darrell was taking leave, Mrs. Haughton was reminded by some evil genius of her evening party, and her gratitude, hoping for some opportunity to require obligation, prompted her to invite the kind man to whom the facility of giving parties was justly due. She had never ventured to herself, despite all that Lionel could say, the idea of Darrell's station in the world —a lawyer who had spent his youth at the back of Holborn, when the stylish Captain had deemed it a condescension not to cut, might indeed become very rich; but he could never be in the fashion. "For man," she argued, "he must be very lonely. He is not, like Lionel, a young dancing man. A quiet little party, a few people of his own early rank and habits, would be more in his way than those grand places at which Lionel goes. I can but ask him, I ought to ask him. What would he say if I did not ask him? Mrs. Haughton's mother in law says she asked!" All these ideas rushed through her mind in a breath, and as she clasped Darrell's extended hand in both her own, she said, "I have a little party to-night!" And paused—heard remaining words, and answered the interpreting what was to cause, she continued: "There will be some good music—young friends of mine—playing charmingly. I hope Darrell bowed. Lionel began to shudder.

"And if I might presume to think it would amuse you, Mr. Darrell, oh, I should be so happy to see you—so happy!"

"Would you?" said Darrell, briefly. "Then I should be a chud if I did not come. Lionel will escort me. Of course you expect him too."

"Yes, indeed. Though he has so many fine places to go to—and it can't be much that he is used to—yet he is such a dear good boy that he gives up at once to gratify his mother."

Lionel, in agonies, turned an unfilial back, and looked steadily out of the window; but Darrell, far too august to take offense where none was meant, only smiled at the implied reference to Lionel's general want of taste in fashionable world, and replied, without even a touch of his accustomed irony—"And to gratify his mother is a pleasure I thank you for being stir to share with him."

More and more at her ease, and charmed, with having obeyed her hospitable impulse, Mrs. Haughton, following Darrell to the landing-place, added—

"And if you like to play a quiet rubber—"

"I never touch cards. I abhor the very name of them, ma'am," interrupted Darrell, somewhat less generously in his tones.

He mounted his horse; and Lionel, breaking from Mrs. Haughton, who was assuring him that Mr. Darrell was not at all what he expected, but really quite the gentleman—nay, a much grander gentleman than even Colonel Morley—regained his kinsman's side, looking abashed and discomfited. Darrell, with the kindness which his fine spirit could not withhold him so divinely to apply, hastened to relieve the young guardsman's mind.

"I like your mother much—very much," said he, in his most melodious accents. "Good boy! I see now why you gave up Lucy Babcott. Oh and who is a canier by yourself, or with younger friends, and be sure that you call on me, or that we say to Mrs. Haughton's party by ten o'clock. I can go later to the concert if I feel inclined."

He waved his hand, wheeled his horse, and trotted off toward the fair suburban lanes that still pacify the sentience of London glimpses of rural fields, and shadows from spiral hedgerows. He seemed to be alone with his soul. Mrs. Haughton had revived recollections of bygone days—memory linking memory in painful succession. And with his youngest relative elsewhere—that wild Charlie now in his grave—his own laborious youth, resolute manhood, solitary room—and the strong man felt the want of that solitary self-commune, without which self-concupset is unattainable.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Haughton at home miscellaneously. Little parties are useful in bringing people together. One never knows whom one may meet.

GREAT kingdoms grow out of small beginnings. So, from a special cause, was the decoration from a humble centre. On coming into possession of her own property, Mrs. Jones, in Gloucester Place, she was naturally seized with the desire of an appropriate "visiting acquaintance." The accomplishment of this desire had been deferred a while by the excitement of Lionel's departure for India, and the natural reluctance to which the attentions of the spacious Mr. Courtenay Smith had exposed her widowed sensibilities; but on quitting what she recovered from the shame and anger with which she had detected that abject impostor, Society in time, then the desire became the more keen because the good lady felt that, with a mind so active and restless as hers, an object of occupance might be her best preservative from that mania of loneliness which frequently overhead the incautious ear to adventurers wooers. After her experience of her own weakness in connection with a harper, and in a manner to her escape, Mrs. Haughton made a firm resolve never to give that shock once to her heart. No, she would distract her thoughts—she would have a VISITING ACQUAINTANCE. She commenced by singling out such females as the various times had been her gentecleel lodger—new lodging—old lodging. She interchanged polite notes of her accession of consequence and fortune, which she was sure they would be happy to hear; and these notes, in the first flush of her "Mrs. Haughton, Gloucester Place," necessarily produced answers from persons of correspondent cards. Gloucester Place then practized itself for a party. The *ci-devant* lodgers pleasantly entertained the hostess in that turn they gave parties. Mrs. Haughton was invited to several parties; and here, with a new and bright dash of her "social circle." Thus, long before the end of five years, Mrs. Haughton had attained her object. She had a VISITING ACQUAINTANCE. If it is true that she was not particular when on her first visit she knocked up whose house a card could be left, or a morning call achieved—who could help to fill her room, or whose room could contribute to fill hers, still in time, was contented. She was so tuft-hunting, that, in addition to this, she had no vision of a column in the *Morning Post*. She wanted, kind lady, only a vent for the exuberance of her social humanity; and here, when she has rather liked acquaintances who looked up to, instead of condescended on her. The Courtenay Smiths have invaded by tribes not congenial to its natural evil civilized atmosphere. Hengists and Horsas, from remote Anglo-Saxon regions, devoured the intervening channel, and insulted the British commonalty in the very streets of town. Some of such immigrators Mrs. Haughton, of Gloucester Place, was the personage of the highest distinction. A few others of grandeur ranks in the world, though they owned to themselves that they were not all as aristocratic as Mrs. Haughton's house, still, once seduced there, came again—being persons who, however independent in fortune, or gentle by blood, had but a small "visiting acquaintance" in town; fresh from economical retirement in the country, or from distant provinces in these hing kingdoms. Mrs. Haughton's rooms were well lighted. There was music for some, whist for others; tea, ices, cakes, and a crowd for all.

By ten o'clock all the rooms already nearly filled, and Mrs. Haughton, as the stood at the door, receiving company, felt that, even on the stair-case would become inaccessible—the head attendant, sent with the ices from the neighbouring confectioner announced, in a loud voice,

"Mr. Haughton—Mr. Darrell."

At that latter name a sensation thrilled the assembly—the name so much in every one's mouth at that period, not least in the mouths of the guests invited, that it was impossible the hostess may call them "a sad mixture," calmists depend—could not fail to be familiar to the ears of Mrs. Haughton's "visiting acquaintance." The interval between his announcement and his ascent from the hall to the drawing-room was busily filled up by murmured questions to the smiling hostess. "Darrell! what? *the* Darrell! Guy Darrell! greatest man of the day! A connection of yours? Bless me, you don't say so?" Mrs. Haughton began to feel nervous. Was Lionel right? Could the man who had only been a lawyer's clerk at Holborn really be, now such a very, very great man—greatest man of the day? Nonsense!

"Ma'am"—said one pale, puff-checked, flatnosed gentleman, in a very large white waistcoat, who was standing by her side till a vacancy in one of the two whist-tables should occur—"Ma'am, I'm an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Darrell. You say he is a connection of yours? Present me to him."

Mrs. Haughton nodded flutteringly, for, as the gentleman closed his request, and tapped a large gold snuff-box, Darrell stood before them—Lionel close at his side, looking positively sheepish. The great man said a few civil words, and was then placing a chair to make way for the press behind him, when he of the white waistcoat touching Mrs. Haughton's arm, and staring fixedly at Mr. Darrell, cried, very loud: "In these anxious times public men dispense with ceremony. I cannot help asking—Mr. Darrell? Mr. Darrell? Thus pressed, poor Mrs. Haughton, without looking, muttered, not," Mr. Addington Pole," but "Mr. Darrell," and turned to welcome fresh comers.

"Mr. Darrell," said Mr. Poole, bowing to the ground, "this is an honor.

Darrell gave the speaker one glance of his keen eye, and thought to himself—"If I were still at the bar, I should be sorry to hold a brief for this fellow. However, he returned the bow formally, and, bowing again at the close of a highly complimentary address with the words, "Pole fetched up his opening sentence, expressed himself "much flattered," and thought he might venture to say he never be welcomed in the crowd, Mr. Poole contrived to follow him, and claim his acquaintance at the house of the other day—the weather—the funds—the crops, length Darrell perceived, sitting aloof in a corner on the sofa, to whom indeed it surprised him to see in a London drawing-room, but who, from some motive, Darrell was not unwilling the enlightened constituency of Ouzelford, had been on a visit to the chairman of his committee in his inflexible manner—and having connections in the town—and, being a very high character, had done him good service. Darrell nodded, but did not rarely forget a face, and never a service. At any time he would have been glad to see the man who had served him, but at this moment he was grateful indeed,

"Excuse me," he said, bluntly, to Mr. Poole "but I see an old friend." He moved on, and thick as the crowd had become, it made way with respect to the lawyer, for the distinguished orator. The buzz of admiration as he passed—louder than it had greeted the statesman—would have had sweeter music than Grisi's most artful queer to a vainer man—nay, once on a time, Guy Darrell himself had the credit to know. He gained the corner, and roused the solitary sitter.

"My dear Mr. Hartopp, do you not remember me—Guy Darrell?"

"Guy Darrell!" cried the ex-mayor of Gateboro' rising," who could think that you would remember *us*?"

"What? not remember those ten stubborn voters, on whom, all and singly, I had lavished the most persuasive oratory in vain? You cause, and with the brief words, "John—Ned—Dick—pledge me—Guy Darrell" the man was so convinced—the votes won. That's what I call eloquence"—*Ionto rem*—Confound that fellow Pole—where is he?—Ah!—Hartopp, why! may I ask who is that Mr.—what's his name—then you're with the wrong party?"

"Pooh," answered Hartopp. "Who is he Sir? A speculative man. He is connected with the Addington Poles in a copper mine. Willians (that's my foreman—a very long head he has too) have put money in the thing for good, and wanted me to do the same, but 'tis not in my way. And Mr. Poole may be a very honest man, but I'm not sure we would like him here. I have grown crickey; I know I am liable to be taken in—and I'm not sure that the retired Companies' upon principle—especially when they promise thirty per cent, and work copper mines. Mr. Poole has a copper mine?"

"And deals in brass—you may see it in his face! But never mind us now, my good, old Hartopp? If I remember right, you were settled at Gateboro' when we last met."

"Yes, Sir, and am now a rather in the neighborhood. I am gradually retiring from business, and can't stand an active life, and I've children, and I have a family, and we live in enlightened times, when children require a finer education than their parents had. Mrs. Hartopp is anxious that daughter Anna Maria was in need of some finishing knowledge to be obtained in the city, and Maria—and so we have taken a house in London for six weeks. That's Mrs. Hartopp yonder, Sir, talking to the lady in black—my wife, I believe—Williams says that bleds of that sort are best, and I think so in exergise—if he has rested on Mrs. Hartopp's head for hours together, every evening since we have been in town."

"Significant of your connubial felicity, Mr. Hartopp."

"May it be so of Anna Maria's. She is to be married when her education is finished—married to Williams, a son of your friend Jessop, of Ouzelford—and between you and me, Darrell, that is the reason why I consented to come to town. Do not suppose that I would have a daughter finished unless there was a husband at hand who undertook to be responsible for the results."

"You retain your wisdom, Mr. Hartopp; and I feel sure that not even your fair partner could have brought you up to London unless you had decided on the expediency of coming. Do you remember that I told you the day you so admirably settled a dispute at our committee-room,

"It was well you were not born a king, for you would have made an irresistible tyrant."

"Hush! hush!" whispered Hartopp in great alarm. "If Mrs. Hartopp should hear you! What an observer you are, Sir! I thought *I* was a judge of character—but I was once deceived. I dare say you never were."

"You mistake," answered Darrell, wincing, "*you* deceived! How?"

"Oh, a long story, Sir. It was an elderly man—the most agreeable, interesting companion—he taught me nothing nevertheless—and in a preybewitching little girl with him, his grandchild. I thought him a retired officer of the harum-scarum chap in his day, but that he had a true sense of honor"—(Darrell, wholly unmoved in this narrative, expressed a yawn, and wondered when it would end); "Only think, Sir, just as he was saying in myself, I know the actor—I never was taken in,' down comes a smart fellow—the man's own son—and tells me —or rather tells the old gentleman—that he came to tell me—that this charming old gentleman of high birth and fortune was a returned convict—been transported for robbing his employer."

Pale, breathless, Darrell listened, not unheeding—but with the deepest heed of—Joy.

"The convict? He called himself Chapman, but the son's name was Lionel—Haughton."

"Ah!" fattered Darrell, recoiling, "and you spoke of a little girl?"

"His daughter's daughter; he came after her with a magistrate's warrant. The old miscreant had carried off with him much that was valuable in old wing, I suppose. Luckily she was then in my charge. I gave her back to her father, and I have reason to suppose that he is making up by through with him. Some relation, I presume?"

"What was her name, do you remember?"

"Crane."

"Crane? Crane?" muttered Darrell, as if trying in vain to fix his memory with that name. "So he said the child was his daughter—are you sure?"

"Oh, of course he said so, and the lady too. But can you be acquainted with them, Sir?"

"No," said Darrell, hungrier to see Lionel. Liars—infamous liars! But have the deceptive pieces proved? I must be sure of that! Better that the father should be exposed and denounced by the son?"

"I conclude so. I never saw them again. But you believe the father really was, then, a felon, a convict—you exercise your own discerning circumstances? There was something in that man, Mr. Darrell, that made one love him —positively love him. I was glad to be able to him that I had given up the child he trusted to my charge, and saw his grief, I felt a criminal myself."

Darrell said nothing, but the character of his face was absolutely alternately—pitiless—tenderless—the face of an inexorable judge. Hartopp, thinking his eyes suddenly to that countenance, recoiled in awe.

"You think I was a criminal?" he said, pitcously.

"I think we are both talking too much, Mr. Hartopp, of a thing of minimum importance, and I advise you to dismiss the whole remembrance of intercourse with any of them from your honorable mind. I can never be grateful to you for the tale you have poured into mine. Men of honor should avoid—that is the very thought that approaches them to knaves!"

Thus saying, Darrell moved back without redeem, and again was lost in the crowd. Hartopp, the crowd, scarcely noticed Mr. Haughton by a retreating step, and bent beside Lionel as if he had buried down the stairs. He was impatiently searching for his cloak in the back parlor, when a voice behind him, in a low, hissing tone, said, "Sir!" and turning round with petulant quickness, he beheld Addington Pole. Mr. Pole—it requires an habitual intercourse with equals to give perfect and invariable control of temper to a man of irritable nerves and of a quick temper—Mr. Pole, whom Darrell really liked, he had much sweet in his character, and where he was offended, he was contented, he was offended, he could be extremely uncivil. "Sir," he cried, almost shaking his foot, "your impertinence annoy me; I request you to cease them."

"Why will you be angry with me?" said Poole, with an angry growl. "I have no need to force myself on any man. But I beg you to believe that if I presumed to address a remonstrance, it was to do you a service, Sir—yes, a private service, Sir." He lowered his voice to the whisper, and laid his finger on his nose—"There's one Jasper Lessly, Sir—eh? Oh, Sir, I'm not the man to betray a secret. I respect family secrets. Perhaps I might be of use, perhaps not."

Certainly not, Sir," said Darrell, flinging the cloak he had now found across his shoulders, and striding from the house. "Men of honor should avoid—that is the very thought that approaches them to knaves!" Such was his stirring to the utmost in his power—what?—to make himself agreeable to Flora Vyvyan? No; to make Flora Vyvyan agreeable to himself. The man did not presume that a fair young lady could be in love with him; perhaps he believed *that*, at his years, to be impossible. But he asked what seemed much easier, and was much harder—he asked to be himself in love.

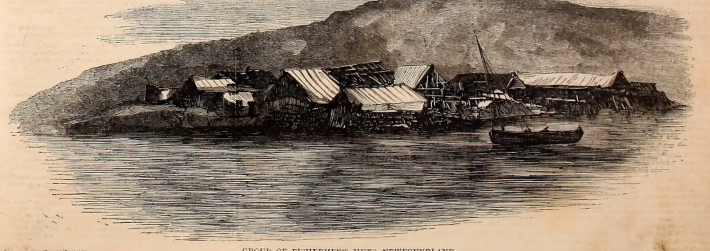


INTERIOR OF A FISH-HOUSE.

COD-FISHING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND SHORES.

We give herewith two illustrations depicting a fishing-station on the coast of Newfoundland and a fish-house. That large fishing fleet which every year sails from our Eastern ports for the Newfoundland fishing-banks has nothing to do with these villages. Our Yankee fishermen dress their fish on their own decks, and pack them in the holds of their vessels, returning home when they have "a fair of fish," that is to say, when they have exhausted the quantity of salt taken on board on leaving house.

The English and French settlers on the bleak shores of Newfoundland, however, follow their trade of cod-fishing in smaller craft, which start out to sea each morning, and return to the stations at night. A fishing-station is a collection of rude huts, put up for the temporary accommodation of the hardy fishermen and their wives. The location of the station is close by the water, in some sheltered nook, where the boat may be safe from the summer gales which keep their owners on land, and, moreover, near as may be to the many spots of water, or rather bottom, which experience has shown to be the favorite strong-holds of the deliberated cod. Hither migrates, in early summer, a jolly company of rough but kindly villagers: the men fitted for their arduous but pleasant labors, and eager for the sport—the women ready to do their share, in preparing meals, mending clothes, repairing fishing-tackle, and lastly, but most important of all, salting and drying, or "curing," the finny products of their husbands' skill. Latterly, the "saving" of cod-liver oil has become an additional and important labor intrusted to these dames and their children.



GROUP OF FISHERMEN'S HUTS, NEWFOUNDLAND

The boats start out to the fishing-grounds every fine morning before daylight. They "try for fish," which means heaving the boat to, and letting one or two lines to the bottom to see if there are cod there—until they "strike a school," when the anchor is let go, the sails are furled, and all hands let down their hooks. Each man is provided with two or three lines, the lines holding two hooks each. In "good fishing" the fish take hold as fast as the hooks appear at the bottom, and the fisherman at the other end of the line hauls away as fast as he can, letting one line run down while he is pulling in the other. At such times great powers of endurance and considerable skill in economizing strength are needed. To haul up from a depth of from thirty to ninety fathoms (from 180 to 540 feet) a five-pound lead, two thirty-pound cod, and the additional weight of line, is no child's play in the first instance. To continue the operation for hours without rest or cessation brings out a development of muscle and a breadth of chest which would delight a painter, and creates an appetite which would frighten a tavern-keeper.

When the boat is filled, or, in any event, two hours before sunset, the little fleet returns landward. Being moored, all hands busy themselves in gutting and washing the fish. They are thinly salted and laid in heaps or "fakes" for the night, and then come under the hands of the women exclusively. These resalt them on the morrow, and then stack them up in great piles in the fish-house. Here they are left for some days till the salt has thoroughly penetrated them, and the pickle has soaked through. They are then taken down, carefully washed in enormous tubs of brine, and wheeled out to long tables of brushwood, where women and children assiduously spread and turn them till they are completely dry. The operation of drying extends over several days, and on the care with which it is performed depends in great measure the eventual marketable value of the fish; a crisp, white codfish bringing a far higher price than a damp, clammy, ash-colored one. The fish which are spread out during the day are carefully taken into the fish-house every evening, and respread the next morning, until in course of days they are sufficiently crisp, when they are stacked up in a dry corner of the house, there to remain until the dealer comes around to make his purchases.

Thus, it will be seen, no slight care and labor are needed ere the codfish are ready for shipment. The fisherman deprecates rain during his season quite as earnestly as the farmer during his; and, slightly changing the old proverb, holds it good policy to "make *fish* while the sun shines."

The fishing-hamlets of Newfoundland are inhabited by a primitive, simple-minded, and cheery people, who know little of the vanities of the great world, and care less, being quite sufficient to themselves. When the season is over, there ensue great rejoicings and merry-makings; especially if there has been a profitable return for labor. And then, presently, comes on grim winter, locking the country up with bars of ice and storm; the simple winter's store of provision and fuel has been laid in, the house has been made secure against wind, rain, and cold, and the cheerful housewives sit before bright fires, knitting stockings, mittens, and Guernsey frocks of surprising thickness, while their lords lounge about the chimney-corner arranging "fish-crafts" and sharpening hooks for next season's operations, spinning tough yarns, meantime, of past gales and shipwrecks, or chanting some doleful ditty of the famous "October gale," when Newfoundland's shores were lined with wrecked boats, and so many widows were made by one storm.

Miscellany.

—AT a social gathering of literary men, about fifty years ago, one of the company put a question, which puzzled for the moment all the rest. It was this: Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the first three centuries? This question of

Recovering a lost Book

was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer. Lord Hailes, a Scotch Judge, who was present, resolved to devote his next vacation to its solution.

"On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible." Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, "There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any persons may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which), which satisfies me that I could discover them also. Now," said he, "here was a way in which God concealed or hid the treasure of his word, that Julian, the apostate emperor, and other enemies of Christ who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction."

The labor in effecting this feat must have been immense; for the Gospels and Epistles would not be divided into chapters and verses as they are now. Much must have been effected by the help of a concordance. And having been a judge for many years, a habit of minute investigation must have been formed in his mind.

—IN 1774 came to Paris a handsome young fellow of twenty, to seek his fortune in the great capital. He had little money, no profession, and few friends; but he was tall, had fine eyes, and rich brown hair, and was a wonderful talker. Accordingly, by the time he was thirty he had made himself a place and a name in Parisian Society—the name being that of

Count de Rivarol.

Besides being a man of society, he translated Dante's Inferno ("I translated it," said he, "because I found my ancestors there"), wrote a prize essay on the superiority of the French language, and stood so high in the literary world that Voltaire called him "*the* Frenchman *par excellence.*" Naturally enough he had become the "pet of the circles;" naturally enough also, he had led a loose, careless life. And with what result? With this: that at one-and-thirty he wrote, "As for my life, it is a drama so wearisome that I am tempted to think Mercier must be the author of it. Formerly, I could make up in one hour for eight days of folly; and *now*, it takes me eight long days of wisdom to make up for the folly of an hour." He was famous for his

Epigrams,

a few of which have come down to us. On the eve of the Revolution, he said to the old noblesse, "You mistake your memories for your rights." Very wisely he said, "The *philosophes* resemble those worms which pierce through the dikes of Holland—they prove that institutions are perishable, but they do not prove that they are not also necessary;" but he added, very falsely, "The people is a sovereign which only requires to eat. His majesty is tranquil while he digests." He was never quite owned by the noblesse, whom he defended; and they occasionally reminded him that *his* nobility was counterfeit. Lamenting one day, to the Duc de Créqui, the popular attacks, he said, "Alas, we have lost all our privileges!" The Duke slowly repeated, "*We* have?" "Well," replied Rivarol, "is there any thing singular in what I say?" "The singular thing about it, my dear fellow," said the Duke, "is your *plural.*" Nevertheless, he continued to despise the people, who presently made him run away from France. Said he, "The people is always and every where the same: invariably it is a cannibal; and when it takes revenge upon its rulers, it punishes crimes which are sometimes doubtful by other crimes which are always certain." Again: "It is with liberty as with strong drink, the people can not taste it without becoming intoxicated." But he said, shrewdly, "In France the man who cries *Fire!* is persecuted; the incendiary is undisturbed." Then he hated Mirabeau, of whom he said: "Mirabeau is capable of any thing for money, capable even of a good action!" And again: "His brain is an immense sponge, swollen with ideas which are not his own. His reputation is due entirely to this, that he has invariably written upon matters of the day while the interest attached to them was still palpitating and fresh. His pamphlets are like fire-ships sent forth to destroy an enemy's fleet; they may indeed burn it, but they likewise destroy *themselves.* For the rest, he is simply a barbarian as to style: he is the Attila of eloquence; and if, in all his wordy volumes, there are any phrases neatly turned, they are by Chamfort, by Cerutti, or by myself."

Rivarol once kept a secretary, who by the evening had always forgotten what he wrote in the morning: "You would be a capital secretary to a conspiracy," said he. Of Buffon's son he said: "'Tis the poorest chapter in the *Histoire Naturelle* of his father." Of the Duc de Créqui: "He fears God without believing in Him." Of the Duke of Orleans: "He has every vice, but is incapable of a crime." To the tedious and twaddling Florian, whom he saw with a manuscript sticking out of his pocket: "Monsieur Florian, if you were not so universally known, you would certainly get robbed." To a friend, who asked him his opinion of a verse he had written: "It is good, but rather prolix!" Of a madrigal and an epigram, which were both rather poor: "There is too much of the madrigal in the epigram, and too much of the epigram in the madrigal." He died, worn out, at forty-six—brilliant to the last, but sorrowful and longing. In one of his last conversations, he said, "To me, as to the universe, a God is needful, to save me from the chaos and the anarchy of my soul. The idea of God can alone deliver our spirit from its prolonged torture, and our mind from its vast and weary solitude." On his death-bed, there were roses before his window, and his room was strewed with the young flowers of spring. But he sank daily. At last he said, "My friends, the mighty shadows are closing round me; the roses are changing into poppies. It is time to think of eternity." Time indeed!

—"To be liberal we must economize," pithily said Béranger. William Penn has another thought on

Economy.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness; the last without the first begins prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found.

—SOME wretched bachelor has made it his business to ascertain

The cost of a Modern Belle.

I saw her dancing in the ball, he says. Around her snowy brow were set twenty-five hundred dollars; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question, "What are those diamonds?" With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly one hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty cents. The sum bore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in fifty dollars, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by one hundred and fifty dollars more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six dollars and fifty cents, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar skirts were edged with fifty-five additional dollars, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by one hundred and fifty dollars. Her delicately-rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with one hundred and eleven dollars and thirty-eight cents, and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore four dollars and eighteen and three-quarters cents on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in three thousand two hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty-seven cents.

—IN last week's *Miscellany* was a quaintly beautiful description of a milkmaid of the olden time, by Sir Thomas Overbury. Here is his idea of

A Courtier.

A courtier, to all men's thinking, is a man, and, to most men, the finest; all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest mark is that he is found only about princes. He putteth away much of his judgment about the situation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sun; and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. *He puts more confidence in his words* than *meaning*, and *more* in his *pronunciation* than his *words.* He follows nothing but inconstancy; admires nothing but beauty; honors nothing but fortune; loves nothing. He is not (*i. e.* ceases to exist) if he be out of court, but, fish-like, breathes destruction if out of his own element. Neither his motion nor aspect are regular; but he moves by the upper spheres, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in Paul's, with a tooth-pick in his hat, a cape-cloak, and a long stocking.

—IF you remove the "tooth-pick in his hat," substitute a fashionable frock coat for the "cape-cloak," and peg top trowsers for the "long stocking," may you not pick out many a courtier in this our day, as well as some whom our author describes as

"Timeists?"

A Timeist is a noun adjective of the present tense; he hath no more of conscience than fear; and his religion is not his but his Prince's. When he gives, he curses; when he sells, he worships. . . . . In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to—keep time.

—TALENTS, says Kirwan, in his *Happy Home*, are

No Protection against Temptation.

Were they so, Bacon would never have taken a bribe, nor would Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter, and Edwards, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the lock of its strength. And, alas! like Samson, how often is it found blind and grinding in the prison-house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations!

—TALENTS are God-given—and they are to be used in a God-fearing manner. Only in such way will their possessor be happy and useful. Unite to Talent or Genius, therefore,

A Firm Religious Belief.

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, said Sir Humphry Davy, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

—WHAT is a Bohemian, in the conventional sense of that word? many of the readers of this Miscellany have doubtless asked themselves—without getting a satisfactory answer—as indeed one but seldom obtains much information by "inquiring within." We do not propose to enlighten the existing ignorance on the subject any farther than may be effected by this specimen of

Parisian Bohemianism:

The Bohemians have a club at a certain *restaurant*, where their conversation drives the *garçon* into idiotcy in the flower of his youth. After some weeks the *maître* presents a formal remonstrance of several articles against their proceedings, and demands redress. They have forced him to take in a paper which nobody reads, by always hallooing, "Le Castor, le Castor!" There is only one backgammon board, and when any one wants it they cry, "The board is in use!" M. Marcel has brought his easel, and M. Schaumard his piano, into the *salon*, and placarded the window with "*Cours gratuit de Musique vocale et instrumentale, à l'usage des deux sexes.*" ("Free lessons in vocal and instrumental music, for both sexes.") They bring a machine and make their own coffee, on the rediculous pretext that they can not countenance an immoral connection between mocha and chicory, and thus they discredit the establishment. Not content with having destroyed the intellect of the *garçon*, they have corrupted the unhappy boy to the extent that he has addressed some passionate verses to the impeccable matron who presides at the *comptoir;* and for these and other reasons the Society is requested to transfer its revolutionary manners to another locality. Apologies and promises heal the breach; and on Christmas Eve, being accidentally without any money whatever, they propose to have a banquet that shall cost a hundred thousand francs, and have just entered on that speculation when they meet a young man of property, whose sole object in life is to become a citizen of Bohemia, and who begs humbly to be permitted to pay their bill.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE humors of the Telegraph are very amusing. A year or so since the agent of the Delaware and Hudson Freighting Line at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, sent the following dispatch to the agent at New York:

D. HORTON. DEAR SIR,—"Please send me shipping-book for eighteen forty-nine."

The dispatch as received read as follows:

D. Horton. "Please send me a shipping *box eighteen feet by nine.*"

This other might have been more disastrous in its results; the same parties were concerned. Mr. Horton wrote the proprietor of the line here that he had been subpenaed on a trial to be held in the Supreme Court of New York, and that as navigation was about to open it would be necessary to send a man to perform his office duties. The following reply was intrusted to the tender care of the telegraphic wires:

"See the Judge at once, and get excused; I can not send a man to fill your place."

The dispatch as received read as follows:

"See the Judge at once and get *executed;* I can send a man to fill your place."

Mr. H. claims on the margin of the dispatch—a stay of execution.

Notice was recently served upon Thomas Clark, of London, that the walls of a building owned by him had been condemned and would be pulled down. It was found that Mr. Clark had been in prison for *more than forty years* for contempt of Court! Dickens's Circumlocution office was no creature of the fancy.

Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log, with an axe and augur, and Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid mother in a second-hand sugar trough.

It is rumored that Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, uses a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animals put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour the quadruped gives in, promises an entire amendment of morals and manners if he will only stop.

There is a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be to find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us.

Colonel D—— of the British army, well known for his gigantic size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed—

"If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs."

"Little reptile!" remonstrated the dun, "and what if I am? Recollect, Colonel, we can't all be great brutes!"

"Well, Doctor," said a chap suffering with the tooth-ache, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for half a minit's work! One dollar—thunder! Why, a doctor down t'our place drawed a tooth for me, two year ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minit's work! you must be jokin.'"

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

A novelty was lately introduced at a fashionable shop, not, however, by the shop-keeper, but by his customer. A lady, with great exquisiteness of manner, asked for dress silks—"not a gray, nor a lead color, but a *subdued mouse!*" The smart young man behind the counter expressed his regret that "*that* shade of color had not yet been introduced in the French studios; but he informed the lady that he could show her the next best thing, which was *enraged rat!*"

A Southern Methodist minister, detailing his experience on a "certain" circuit, counted *twenty-six* children that were named after him, and added that during the year he received as compensation for his labor *thirteen* dollars.

A correspondent in Vermont asserts that some time ago, a man died in the northern part of the State, after eating too many par-boiled beans. He was buried, and not long afterward his grave was covered with a crop of growing beans. The superstitious thought they had sprung from the dead man; but the boys laughed, and probably knew who planted them.

A physician of some note, in Chicago, called at one of the leading drug stores in the city for a scab of *vaccine virus.* The apothecary sold him the desired article encased, as usual, in a thick coating of white wax to guard it from the injurious effects of the air, and wrapped in tin foil as a still further protection, the whole forming a lump the size of a walnut. In about ten days the M.D. re-entered the emporium of emetics and purges. "It isn't worth a straw!" says the doctor, pettishly tossing upon the prescription-counter the virus which he had recently purchased. "But," urged the druggist, "there must be some mistake; it has been tried repeatedly, and with invariable success." "I have used it in a dozen cases, and not one of them has 'taken;' there is your stuff, Sir, call it what you please—*I* call it a *humbug* and a *swindle*, Sir!" quoth the doctor, waxing wroth. The scab was examined. Part of the foil had been removed and some small encroachment made upon the wax, but the virus itself remained imbedded in its tenacious sheath entire. The truth flashed upon the pill-maker, and an unwonted smile radiated in wrinkles over every feature. The learned professor *had inoculated a dozen patients with white wax!*

An old lady of my acquaintance has four daughters with the following names: Clementina, Wilhelmina, Martina, and Mazin Ann. I remarked to her, on hearing them, that the last was a very singular name, and asked her how she came to think of it. "Why, you see," she said, "I got tired o' fancy names, and concluded to give her a good Scripter one." "Ah!" I said, thoughtfully, vainly taxing memory to recall the portion of Holy Writ in which it appeared, "I can not remember ever seeing it there." "Well," she replied, convincingly, "you don't read your Bible then. Didn't you never hear of 'Mazin' Grace, how sweet the sound?'" Of course I remembered it, and acknowledged my unheard-of forgetfulness.

A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barristers hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo' to sell?" "No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counselor, "they are all *new suits.*"

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware store, the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "We keep all kinds of nails; what kind will you have, Sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and half of toe nails."

"Pathrick dear, come in and go to bed jist," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair, in a decidedly "how come you so" state. "You must be dreadful tired, shure, wid your long walk."

"Arrah! git away wid your nonsense," said Pat. "It wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me; 'twas the breadth of it!"

"One of the best editors the *Westminster Review* could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London *Daily Journal* was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London *Times* was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the *Witness* was a stone-mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; and another was a watch-maker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhyne. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong, was a saddler in Huntley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railroad, with seven hundred pounds a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose. Mr. M'Gregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a plowman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule."

Said a philosophical old gentleman to his "hopeful," "My son, when cabmen take the pledge, and the police will not take supper when on culinary duty; when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one; when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and a case of confiscation may be dealt with as a theft; when your laundress gives up taking snuff, and abstains for four-and-twenty hours from touching any body's gin-bottle; *when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off*, and has his shaving-water brought without ringing more than five times for it; when the beef-eaters are all of them confirmed vegetarians, and no alderman will take a second plate of turtle—then, O my son! thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thy offer of a dress because she finds and confesses that she doesn't want it."

In a recent trial before the Fire Commissioners, the following change of puns took place: witness was asked by the First Commissioner—"How long was it before the engines began to *play?*"—*Witness:* "I should say we were at *work*, Sir, within five minutes of being called. We do not call it *play*."—Second Commissioner: "I thought the *playing* of an engine was an expression well understood."—Third Commissioner: "I thought so too. I thought the engines *played* while the fire was at *work*."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, May* 17, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Breadstuffs, yet, with free receipts of the leading kinds, prices closed in favor of buyers. Flour and Corn were mainly sought after by home dealers. The demand for Wheat was principally for shipment. Sound lots of Wheat were least plenty, and for such holders were asking somewhat firmer prices toward the close. The high claims of shipowners tended to check the export trade. Rye and Barley improved a little during the week, yet they closed languidly. Oats ruled dull and heavy.... Cotton has been less sought after, and it has declined a shade....The movements in Groceries have been less extensive, but prices have not varied much....Provisions have attracted less attention, and holders have not been able to sustain prices....Hay has been freely offered and purchased at previous rates....Hops and Grass Seeds ruled quiet and languid....Naval Stores were depressed and drooping....Tobacco was in fair demand, and was very firm....A moderate inquiry prevailed for Wool at unaltered quotations. The new clip will soon begin to arrive, and buyers are moving with reserve in anticipation of lower prices....The Spring Trade in Dry Goods is drawing to a close. It has been much lighter, yet far safer, than usual. Desirable goods continue to find ready buyers, and prices favored sellers....The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $599,063 against $755,906 the correspoding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $17,956,732 against $39,711,113 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 35
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 00	@	4 30
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 20	@	6 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 25	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 45	@	7 35
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@	3 87½
White Wheat, per bushel	1 03	@	1 30
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 10
New Crop Corn, per bushel	70	@	74
Rye, per bushel	68	@	69
Barley, per bushel	56	@	64
Western Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
State Oats, per bushel	41	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	36	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel	28	@	36
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¾	@	12⅞
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@	17 60
Prime Pork, per barrel	—	@	14 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 50	@	11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	8 00	@	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9¼
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11¼
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	16	@	21
Cheese, per pound	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35½	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	20½	@	21
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	4½	@	7
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47	@	47½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 42½	@	1 45
American Fleece Wool	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	20	@	33
Kentucky Tobacco	6½	@	16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about May 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	690	1,435
Coffee, packages	97,724	45,673
Cotton, bales	87,385	62,815
Dyewoods, tons	530	3,143
Hemp, tons	140	525
Hemp, bales	11,853	24,712
Hides, number	90,542	148,703
Leather, Sole, sides	113,300	117,400
Molasses, hogsheads	7,081	4,517
Molasses, barrels	1,150	3,960
Pork, barrels	40,963	41,730
Beef, tierces and barrels	23,930	22,672
Rice, tierces	6,927	8,470
Rice, bags	1,364	—
Sugars, hogsheads	37,551	25,904
Sugars, bags	21,490	15,326
Sugars, boxes	21,076	16,173
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	4,023	4,403
Tobacco, Crude, bales	8,905	651
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	37,366	26,938

Freights were quite active, especially for Liverpool, during a portion of the week, but they closed tamely. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 9d. @ 9½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 4s. 6d. @ 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 775.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were unusually heavy for Beeves, the supply of which was largely in excess of the requirements of buyers....Milch Cows were quiet, at unchanged prices, notwithstanding the diminishing receipts.—The war on Swill-Milk venders intimidates City buyers....Veal Calves were less abundant, but were also in limited request, and prices were feebly supported....Sheep and Lambs were plentier, and 25 to 50 c. per head cheaper, yet not active....Swine were more freely offered than they were needed, and prices declined a shade....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *May* 5.	Week ending *May* 12.
Beeves	3,463	3,589
Milch Cows	243	227
Veal Calves	1,238	907
Sheep and Lambs	6,115	5,846
Swine	8,164	12,463

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1416	Virginia	103
Ohio	760	Kentucky	93
New York	375	Pennsylvania	70
Indiana	245	Canada	16
Iowa	139		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6¼	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	24 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	6 00
" " per pound	8	@	12
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	5¾
Dressed " "	5½	@	6¼
Roasting Pigs, each	1 25	@	2 50

The Country Produce Markets have generally favored buyers, yet the demand has not been brisk. New Vegetables are rapidly supplanting old. Eggs continue quite plenty. The supply of Poultry is heavier.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound	5½	@	6½
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound	20	@	22
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Beans, per barrel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
" per bushel	65	@	75
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel	4 50	@	—
" sweet, per barrel	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, old, per barrel	1 25	@	3 50
Turnips, per barrel	60	@	75
Parsnips, per barrel	87½	@	1 00
Carrots, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Asparagus, per bunch	15	@	25
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	6 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	2 75	@	3 75
Lettuce, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	2 25
Radishes, per 100 bunches	1 12½	@	1 25
Spinach, per barrel	87½	@	1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	4 00	@	8 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	10	@	10½
Chickens, per pair	55	@	1 00
Fowls, per pound	14	@	16
Fowls, per pair	88	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	18
Geese, per pound	11	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25

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HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN, OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Golden State is represented in the Senate of the United States by a gentleman of wide experience, thorough culture, and great perseverance. William M. Gwin was born on the 9th of September, 1805, in Sumner County, Tennessee. He is the son of a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. James Gwin, who enjoyed a wide celebrity in the Southwestern States, and whose calling and experience led him to desire that his son should be furnished with a thorough education. His father placed him under competent instructors, and himself superintended his mental training. He was severely drilled in mathematics, and early displayed a great aptitude for geometrical discussions. Indeed, he evinced a remarkable fondness for all branches of study, and thoroughly investigated the natural sciences and the classics. He finally graduated in the Medical School of Transylvania University. For some time he pursued his profession in Nashville, Tennessee, but his attention was much taken up with the study of the law, which he engaged in with great avidity, reading thoroughly the American and English commentators, and comparing the institutions of England and America. He was subsequently admitted to the bar; but he never, as his term erroneously stated, practiced in the legal profession.

Early in life Mr. Gwin was favored with the friendship of General Jackson, who knew him from his infancy, and had observed with pleasure the development of his mind. His industrious habits and strict reliability suited the old hero, who, during his Presidency, in 1833, appointed Mr. Gwin to the responsible position of United States Marshal for the State of Mississippi. Unfortunately this office afterward proved almost ruinous to his private fortune. He was continued in this position during the Presidency of General Jackson and under Mr. Van Buren. In discharging his duties he was often pained by the distress he witnessed; and in a number of instances he became security for his friends, and took from others worthless paper currency in satisfaction for executions. At a subsequent period he was obliged to sacrifice much of his own property to redeem those pledges which his unwillingness to cause distress, even in his official capacity, had prompted him to receive.

When President Harrison came into office Mr. Gwin resigned his Marshalship, and became a candidate for Congress. The district in which he resided had just given a majority of twenty-five hundred votes for General Harrison; but, in the contest for Congress, Mr. Gwin's personal popularity was great enough to secure his election, on the Democratic ticket, by a similar majority of twenty-five hundred votes, and he was duly returned to serve as a representative in the Twenty-seventh Congress. During his term of service in the House he gained a prominent position by his restless devotion to the interests of his constituents and his sagacity as a politician. At the close of his term he was re-nominated unanimously; but the consequences of his liberality and kindness while Marshal had so involved his private affairs that it became necessary for him to decline a re-election.

While pursuing his private business Dr. Gwin was appointed, in 1847, by President Polk, to superintend the erection of the Custom-houses at New Orleans, which post he filled during Mr. Polk's term, and resigned on the change of Administration consequent on the election of General Taylor to the Presidency.

Upon resigning the superintendency of the New Orleans Custom-house he removed to California, toward which the eyes of the American people had been turned by the marvelous tales of gold-finding which were just then exciting the world. He was among the earliest settlers of that wonderful country, and from the first has taken a genuine interest in its welfare. Unlike many who sought the El Dorado merely for its precious dust, and who, as soon as their "pile" was gathered, deserted their benefactress, Mr. Gwin gave all his energies and talents to the work of moulding out of the chaotic mass, which the society of California resembled from 1847 to 1850, a strong, permanent, law-abiding, and prosperous State. Perhaps the world has never witnessed a more anomalous and apparently hopeless state of things than was presented in California in 1848–49, when a large population, feverish with the thirst for gold, or intoxicated with the excess of supply spread around them, grew reckless, counting no scheme too wild and no law worthy of reverence. The whole country seemed mad, and the frenzy diffused itself into politics and government. In the midst of this excitement a few wise, far-sighted men were laboring daily by the foundations for a State that should outlast its crop of gold, and which should at once plant the North American race firmly on the shores of the Pacific, and secure to themselves and their children the blessings of liberty, education, and peace.



HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Foremost among those who were bravely toiling for these richest nuggets was the subject of this memoir; and to his guiding hand California is largely indebted for the admirable Constitution she possesses, and for the gradual settling down of her wild hordes into the present high condition of refinement and solidity of which our young sister State is so justly proud. In the winter of 1848 it became evident that some steps must be taken by the people of California to save themselves from utter anarchy. Society was disorganized; there was no State government nor any municipal authority; the treasury of San Francisco was empty; rogues and gamblers were apparently masters of the entire country; and the only image of authority was a military governor, who had no sufficient force to carry out his mandates. In this condition of things, General Riley issued a proclamation to the people of California, directing them, among other things, to choose thirty-seven delegates to form a State Constitution. Although there was a strong opposition to this course—and, at one time, a disposition to resist it—yet, with great efforts, the people were brought to see the necessity for arriving at a State Government through some mode; and Dr. Gwin, who had been untiring in his efforts to promote the best interests of the Territory, was rewarded by receiving 1075 votes (with two exceptions the largest number cast) for delegate to the Convention to form the State Constitution.

The election for delegates was held on the 1st of August, 1849; the Convention met at Monterey on the 1st of September, the Constitution was finished and signed on the 13th of October, and on the 13th of November it was adopted by the people, and John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin were chosen United States Senators, to accompany the instrument to Congress. Thus, in less than four months, the community passed from a condition of perfect lawlessness into the order of a State, with a Constitution afterward (on the 9th of September, 1850) ratified by Congress, and the machinery of a government which soon reduced society to tolerable system. Too much praise can not be given to the few men among the pioneers who produced this happy change, and Dr. Gwin is justly entitled to a considerable share of it.

He has retained his seat in the Senate ever since, and is now serving his second term. Devoting himself steadily to the interests of his own State, he is distinguished for sagacity, business tact, and unremitting devotion to his constituents. His voice is seldom heard in debate, except to press or defend measures of importance to California; his speeches are few, but statesmanlike and logical; his demeanor is grave and impressive; his tall, magisterial form, Roman features, and gray hair, always a picture to us a senator of Nature's selection. Ordinarily an attentive observer of the public business, he is always in his place, but rarely indulges in a set speech, except allusion to California is made, when he is immediately on his feet, and sometimes fairly overwhelms his opponents with arguments in asserting the claims of his constituents.

His great desire now is to secure

the building of the great railroad to the Pacific, which he feels is not only a military necessity, and justly due to the people of California, but a matter of policy for the benefit of the Atlantic States, as it will open up more advantageously the trade of the Pacific, and forever bind California to the Union—a matter which he has more than once intimated is not so certain if that great iron fetter is not forged. He has urged this matter upon the Senate this session; and as it is likely to become one of the important questions of legislation, he will long be a person of prominent interest both to the Atlantic and Pacific States. Like many of these senators, he keeps up an establishment in Washington, and the hospitalities of his mansion, presided over by his accomplished wife, form the theme of much complimentary comment in that gay city.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

BY MARK LEMON.

THE solemn words are said,
"Let the sea receive the dead!
In its vast unfathom'd bed,
Until Time shall be no more!"
The frothing of a wave!
And the good, the kind, the brave,
Is in his ocean grave—
All his storms of life are o'er.

His mesmates stare with eyes
Of dull and long surprise,
That where their comrade lies
Not a trace should now be seen;
The waves still roll and leap
O'er the chamber of his sleep,
Down, down in the great deep,
As though he had never been.

His mesmates walk away,
And in hoarse whispers say,
"God rest him!" So they pray.
"Who doubts their prayer is heard?
When seated at their mess
They find one face the less;
Each shares his fellow duties,
Though he does not speak a word.

Some think that when again
They cross that restless main,
They'll look at him in vain
For their mesmate's place of rest,
And some will sadly sigh,
And wish that when they die
In church-yard they may lie
With those they have lov'd the best.

Death will no more end go
Without his fitting woe—
Methinks 'tis dowdy so
When he is seen in on the seas:
The World is then so small,
A Ship contains it all—
The dead man touch the pall,
How large a part was he!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR FLAG.

IT is fortunate that, at the moment when the attention of the country is drawn to a series of insults to the national flag, and one of the gravest international questions is thereby raised, the Secretary of State is a statesman who is master of the subject, and who in 1842, while United States Minister in France, wrote a comprehensive and conclusive paper upon the whole question.

The present difficulty arises from the wave of explicit terms in the existing treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade. England has been driven from the old ground of asserting a sovereign police upon the seas, so tractively claimed by Lord Palmerston in 1841. But notwithstanding the vital interest of the subject, notwithstanding the elaborate correspondence of eminent statesmen in which the question has been exhausted, treaty and world-understanding the Ashburton treaty and the letters of Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, the point is not yet in terms decided, whether the national flag is an absolute protection for the ship that carries it.

Two things, however, are very clear. One is, that the flag of the United States can not be subject to the whimsical contempt of inferior British officers; and the other is, that the recent events which have aroused such general public attention will lead to a final solution of the question. There can be little doubt how it will be ultimately decided. The flag of the nation must be sacred, as its soil is. If joint treaties are made, the opposing parties must attend to their own flags. It is better even that a sheer should pass, under the protection of the stars and stripes, than that every American vessel should be delayed, overhauled, and mistreated, whenever a foreign naval officer may see fit to sail or to fire a gun. Because, as Lord Stowell has justly decided, it is impossible to concede that a nation may "press forward to a great principle by breaking through other great principles that are in the way."

It is unquestionably true that nations may enter into treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade or of piracy; but the practical operation of those treaties must be made consonant with all other national rights, and with national honor. The tone of General Cass's letter to Mr. Dallas justifies us, by its calmness and moderation, that this will be the result of the action now pending. That very calmness is also the earnest of conscious power; and we are very confident that the veteran Secretary of State will win his greenest laurels in his triumphant vindication of the rights of our national flag.

THE MORMON HEGIRA.

By the time this paper is in the hands of the reader we shall probably know something definitely as to the accuracy of the rumors from Utah. That Colonel Kane went thither in an official capacity is hardly probable; but that his journey was undertaken with the countenance of the Government at Washington is doubtless true. And whether Governor Cumming has certified to Great Salt Lake City, and the Saints have moved away or not, there can be little question that the rumor foreshadows the fact, and that the Mormon war is virtually at an end.

It is ended, also, before it was begun. The United States troops have been in camp since their arrival last summer in the Territory. The newspapers in the States have been flooded with various correspondence from the scene of hostilities. The Mormon tabernacle echoed with the country little sparkles of unimportant rumor. We have had Brigham Young's diatribes and the experienced reader knows that the thunders of the belligerents have remained each in his own place, awaiting the spring. The spring has now opened, and with it comes the end of the theatrical dedication by the Mormons of their hostile position.

What else could they do, sooner or later? If the United States army had once engaged them in the field, the issue could not be fought out; and who could suppose that even Brigham Young would have any doubt of its issue? For him and his people the alternative was extinction by dispersion and destruction. The probabilities are, therefore, all in favor of the truth of the reported retreat of the United States Governor into the Mormon city.

If the difficulty be thus practically ended, the country will have paid dearly, but for a valuable lesson. It will not again be likely to allow a community of miscellaneous and ignorant fanatics, based upon the principle of polygamy, to encamp in a position favorable, by its remoteness and natural character, to be a fortress against the Government. It will not again commit the grave mistake of appointing the chief of the band its own Governor in that region, and will not, therefore, vote to the Administration the supreme enormous sum to undo the consequences of the error of another.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THERE has been one grave question in connection with this enterprise, which seems now to be happily answered. Granting that the wire were safely laid along the great ocean bed to the bottom of the sea, could messages be accurately transmitted? could the electrical current be maintained? In the experiments made upon the coil at Plymouth, England, during the winter, this has been by no means clear. But since the arrival of Mr. Field in the United States the question seems to have been conclusively answered. All the experiments also, in regard to the machinery for paying out the wire, are so favorable that every thing now promises most fairly for the successful success of this great inter-continental enterprise.

SUCCESSFUL SWINDLERS.

NOT a day passes but some unsophisticated stranger acquires experience in this city at the expense of some of the numerous "establishments of punchbeck watches; the patent-safe swindles; the counterfeiting and for robbing verdant countrymen which have so frightfully made sad subjects for newspaper paragraphs, still continue, and, for aught that we know, multiply as ever. All the precautions, all the warnings in the world seem to have failed either to repress the roguery of one step further, or to inspire our rural friends with common prudence. Over the darkened letters, addressed to gull-seeking and other wishful men, the mysterious seals and coffins by the agents of the mayor within the past sixty days; most of them contained money. Very many of the letters in the Post-office previous to publication should have been a guarantee of their common sense.

As to the lotteries, they seem almost beyond the power of the law. It is well known that, in spite of all the precautionary measures which have been adopted, the business of these vile lottery tickets was never so active as it is at present. Those who have never looked into the subject would hardly believe their eyes if they saw a list of the persons, in this and other Northern cities, who are regular subscribers to the Southern lotteries. Considerably more than half the support of these pernicious institutions comes from the North. Persons of every class, ladies of wealth, clergymen, lawyers, editors, clerks in mercantile establishments, sewing-girls, and servants in abundance, regularly throw away their money in the purchase of lottery tickets. Little as we hear about it, the system is enormously universal.

These facts are not very flattering to our common sense. Neither in France nor in England do the people patronize so gross swindles as these which thrive here. The French and English have their delusions and their rogueries; but the sale of punchbeck watches is not carried on in their public thoroughfares, and illegal lotteries are not pressed upon public notice by advertisements in the papers. There is a sense of decency and propriety which drives these shameful kinds from their social page into the shade. Here, on the contrary, our rogueries and humbugs court publicity. Peter Funk's gold flag float in Broadway; the Georgia lotteries are daily advertised in the papers; Barnum writes his life to show the folly of honesty and the practical excellence of an easy conscience.

Our new mayor, Mr. Tiemann, is exerting himself very creditably to suppress some of the more glaring swindles with which the city teems. But the necessary reform can not be achieved until the healthier tone in public sentiment is established, and that which is really dishonest and dishonorable be frowned upon by the community at large.

DEAD WALLS.

THE dead wall is a literary common. Every body has a right to graze upon it, and first come the first served. The Great Singer (not he of needle-and-thread notoriety), but the *contatrice*, who is equally given to humming—and having it overcome herself of at least once—full, and turns out upon her portion a herd of great black capital letters, informing the public that she is ready to be paid at the rate of twenty-five cents a second. The quack doctor occupies a moderate corner, where, however, there is plenty of room for expansion. The Life of Nervous Anxiety, or "Purple Invigorator." A comic periodical—rather less in the ribs, after the manner of such cattle—will flourish in the centre, and nearly runs over a police reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of a man wearing a silk hat with a light complexion and whiskers inclined to red." Professor Bilks acquaints the public generally, at an angle of forty-five degrees, that his Grand Panoramic Physiological Concert will take place on Friday next, when four-and-twenty performers, all of whom have been in training for weeks, will be chosen at hazard from the audience, and made to exhibit in their own persons the most wonderful biological phenomena. Hard by the professor's announcement crawls a long, gaudy, slender invitation to go and see Blankwell's "Grand Panorama of the Celebrities of the Moon, from drawings taken on the spot," which spot means the large attic studio at No. — Bowery, where the whole affair has been gotten up by two gentlemen who have never been out of America. An infant phenomenon, who plays the Carnival of Venice on a double-bass, and sings a cavatina in words of one syllable, has established herself in one corner; while in the other, a youthful giant, who is so tall that it takes him an hour and a half to drive on his trousers, displays his wonderful proportions to a very small woodcut and very large letters. Numberless little bills have established themselves here and there, wherever there was a spare corner left by the larger placards; and a poem in praise of "Cough Candy" peeps out from behind the Great Singer. The spot-and-dotter imperfectly conceals an advertisement of a patent metallic coffin. Side by side with the police reward is a summons to the inhabitants of the — Ward, calling a meeting to consider the propriety of establishing a Vigilance Committee. The Professor of Biology is justified by an exhibition of "Laughing Gas." The comic periodical is nearly obscured by an announcement of the first number of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. Baubooble's Grand Panorama conducts the eye to an advertisement of a new edition of Tom Thumb's Life. The Infant Phenomenon occupies a space close to the announcement of a sermon by the Reverend Doctor Bellows; and we are side by side with a reward offered for "the recovery of papers of value that have been lost or stolen," a near passage to the information to "Nothing to Wear."

It would seem as if such arrangements had something more in them than chance. This dead wall is a type of a host of humanities or philosophers, or perhaps a little of both, and had, by aid of their paste-pot and brush, given to the public their own ideal.

To those fond of such species of observation, there is something very interesting in the mutations of a dead wall. It is the barometer of the time, and records faithfully the various changes and progress of public taste. Ten years ago the dead wall was a different character from that which distinguishes it to-day.

There were not so many Italian singers, or panoramas, or old paintings. But there were more notices of building-lots for sale, property to let, and the establishment of banks. The spaces now covered with announcements of Reynolds's loathsome novels, and Sue's highly-seasoned romances, would then have been devoted to good, solid reading-matter, such as the "Young Man's Road to Wealth," the Waverley Novels, with probably a harmless piece of trash like the "Children of the Abbey."

Then what an index of trade is our dead wall! Contrast the number of vessels advertised to sail fifteen years ago with the innumerable *Flying Clouds, White Spunks, Stormy Petrels*, etc., etc., of the present day. When the sailing of the first ocean steamer was announced on some dead wall in this city was a sensation it doubtless created! What groups gathered round the little placard—what solemn progressions of idlers there—what eminent shakes of the head—what dismal curiosity! Now scarce a day passes without the appearance of a host of such announcements, and we read them carelessly by, unless some one of them has a *Speed es ters*, and stops to read the date of the departure.

Naturalists tell us that certain animals change their coats periodically. The dead wall is diurnal in its transformations. Fashions never changed more rapidly. Observe your dead wall this morning. It is decidedly theatrical in its aspect. The imaginative management Flamboyus announces "a series of grand conciliar performances during the summer season, when the establishment known as the Flamboyant Theatre will be converted into a VAST TROPICAL GARDEN, combining Eastern splendor with Oriental magnificence, where the vernal coolness of a SYLVAN SHADE will be wedded to the histrionic delights of a Thespian temple!" So Flamboyus, with comedies and concerts, usurps the entire area. If, however, you pass that way in the fall, you will observe that the luxurious, shadowy person moving to and fro before the place—you wonder what the man can be about, and determine home to bed. Next day you call at your dead wall, and lo! it is the very odor of sanctity. Sermons, charities, donations, conversions, and the moral paraphrase of entirely obliterated yesterday's vanities; and that pious bill-sticker, whose ghostly form alarmed you the night before, has, with the addition of his paste-brush, converted the heathen surface into one great advertisement of Virtue.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no union, solemn, solemn,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding,
TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULL.

THAT Mr. Bull is the wisest, most Christian, and most enlightened of the great citizens of the world there is not the slightest doubt—in his own mind. That he is a great bully and brag, and never tries to whip a very lofty tone, and makes a most unscrupulous estimation of superior wisdom by so doing, is the decided opinion of his cousin, Mr. Jonathan. That Mr. Bull shall cruise in his frigates along Mr. Jonathan's very wharves, and fire at him, and stop him, and insult him, is Jonathan's belief. But Jonathan will blow all the treaties to thunder before he will submit.

They have made a contract together to look out for slavers. But slavers may run up any national flag they choose. If the flag is to be taken as an evidence of nationality, what is to prevent the perfect unanimity of a ship's flag? Clearly, when there is reason to suspect a vessel to be a slaver, she may, in the interest of humanity, be overhauled and examined unmolested, whether an English flag, or a French flag, or an American flag. But the extremeness of proof must be conclusive. Mere suspicion might be wrong. The suspected vessel is not to be assumed to be a slaver, and fired into, and her crew killed. If this is done, it is done at the risk of the officer and of his Government. When a treaty is made to prevent the dishonor of a flag, it is done because that flag is respected, and because the people who bear it are resolved to defend its honor. If it is not to be counterfeited by a common enemy, it is certainly not to be insulted by a friend. If it shall not protect a pirate, it surely shall not be subject to the spite and jealousy of an ally, and every country must look out for its own flag.

This question has been pretty thoroughly argued

between Mr. John and Mr. Jonathan. They have even passed from words to blows; and there is no reasonable doubt that Mr. Jonathan has finally made up his mind on the subject. He will not allow tuppenny officers of Mr. John to stop his ships in an insulting and vexatious way to gratify their national or individual antipathy. He would like to know what John would say if he should cruise about the Irish and English channels, or the Bay of Biscay, and fire, at his own sweet will, into passing vessels. Mr. John may say that there are no slaves brought to the neighborhood of England or France. That is very true; but under my treaty of "rights for the weak" tuppeny officers can expect where they please. And while humanity rejoices at the prospect of the slave-trade, yet, like the captain to whom its execution is intrusted can not execute it properly, the treaty itself must be abrogated.

As for the present difficulty, it is mainly interesting as showing the state of the public mind. There is, undoubtedly, a disposition to repel the first insolence of Mr. John, because, when his first blow is delivered, he hits harder. Therefore it is also a just feeling in regard to the treaty, as was shown by the miserable farce of a meeting at the Exchange to condemn the spirit of some resolutions practically annulling the treaty passed at an informal meeting.

Mr. John and Mr. Jonathan ought to dwell together in unity, for their own interest and for that of the world. As the other gentleman says, "It is he in no hurry to pick a quarrel—for two reasons: first, Monsieur Johnny Crapeaud is engaged with Mossoey here. If he should try to flog Mr. Jonathan, Mr. Crapeaud would come dancing over the channel, and the Massoey boy would set up Yo-ho, and lay his fore-paws in the Mediterranean. With the bear's paws and Crapeaud's legs on that sea, Mr. Bull's little trips to and from India would be very awkward. In fact, there are many reasons why Mr. John will probably submit to silly little officers, and inform Jonathan, with an air of loftiness, that he need not lose his temper for nothing.

INFELICISSIMUS!

To all literary men in the city of New York Henry William Herbert was more or less known. With uncertain antecedents in his own country, with a furious and unpardonable temper and habits of intoxication, a long and happy life was not to be expected. Yet when, a few weeks since, his accidental death was announced, it moved us to a hope of something brighter and more peaceful—a hope that has disappointed us.

That he was very wretched, and that he had reason to be so, no man can doubt. He was born a gentleman; his liberal associations and taste led to appeal to every honorable aspiration; he was literally and thoroughly educated; he was endowed a cloud to a foreign country to live by his wits; he brought with him his terrible temper; he fell into wretched habits; and, last, was subjected to a mortified pain; the avenging Nemesis came in the form of a history of his faults and infirmities, and, as a gossip to his wife; she left him, refused to see him, and he died himself. You will find us in the cemetery, just outside of the gate, where he is interred, for the last time, to look at her beloved face." "I forgive all men who have wronged me," and ask forgiveness of all whom I have wronged." "Think of me, sometimes, as a most miserable man." "I leave my small, very small, property to——, with this inscription: 'Henry William Herbert, of England, aged fifty-one years. *Infelicissimus!*"

There is nothing so odd but "pray for him" and that every kind soul will do. However intemperate, irascible, reckless, he may have been, there is something piteous in his death. He might have been cowardice—it might have been crime. For no man has a right to shrink from whatever is laid upon him. But over the grave the pall of pity is made. Think how we all love life—how we cling to it when it seems only misery—how we shrink at the thought of its close. Shall we not, then, believe that even a man quietly arranges his worldly affairs—says farewell to his friends, and ends it—trusting that though the human instinct forbids suicide, God can judge how guilty it is—and shall we not believe that he was very wretched, and write in silence upon his head-stone *Infelicissimus!*

THE BROOKLYN MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

NEW YORKERS do not often remember that just across the river is the third city in the country. It is just across the river, but it seems across an ocean. People travel to Boston and Philadelphia, and see all the intermediate cities; they never go to Brooklyn on their way to anywhere. We cannot enumerate our cities, we name all these with Savannah, Charleston, and New Orleans, but Brooklyn gets rarely a mention. The citizens of New York mention it as a dependency of "the metropolis"—the citizens of other parts of the country suppose it to be a suburban town.

It is not worth a visit for its entirely unique character. When the stranger comes to the Battery, the Astor Library, and the Crystal Palace, let him go to Brooklyn. He will find a fine harbor and splendid city, with broad and stately avenues stretching off into the island, and, from its position, commanding as a prospect the whole of New York.

He will find noble and beautiful residences, and clusters of churches. With the same characteristic pastors. But, although he stands in the third city of the country, and situated upon the finest commercial shipping-bosom, he will look in vain for a great shipping-house, for a busy Exchange, for a cloud of industrial pippers, for the dust and roar of traffic. He will find well-furnished and quiet shops in the principal streets; but at the hour of high Change, when the American genius of trade is most active, he will see a city strangely silent—children playing and soldiers exercising, but nobody in an inland town. It has no theatre, no opera, no epera-manager, no actress, no singer. It has plenty of sermons and lectures, and is full of flourishing public institutions of charity and education. It has also its full share of young men.

These young men have lately formed an association like the Mercantile Library in New York, and they now propose to establish a Library. The city has just introduced pure water, and now it aims at good books. They belong to Brooklyn, and are the body—pure literature for the mind. A city is really the citizens—not the houses or the ships. If you want a fine city, a great and noble and beautiful city, you must have great-hearted, rich, generous citizens. Then all else will follow—will wish will follow—in science, in letters, in charity, and in art. You will have beautiful buildings for every noble purpose. You will have galleries of pictures, of statues, and casts. You will have lecture-rooms and museums, and every good thing known. You will have the best orators and singers and actors. You will heal the sick, and feed the hungry, and help the unfortunate; and you will have the most unflinching and searching preaching in the churches; and rows of books, so that the scholar can pursue any study with profound thoroughness without crossing an ocean or a river.

Whoever reads good books frequents the best society of all times and countries. Whoever, in fact, never founds a library throws open the doors to a company whose presence is sweet and inspiring. Whoever goes in when the doors are closed, pays and stronger and better. If all the citizens of a town were alive to the great influence of good books, the ministers would wonder what secret power it was in them.

If the young men of Brooklyn will use the Library they are so gallantly establishing—if they will give to the managers no peace until they have commands as they have to put money in their purses—and when they have bought Shakespeare and Milton, will read Shakespeare and Milton—they will leave them upon the shelf as a monument of a large sense of mental and intellectual duty to a city. I should they not read the works they buy?—then the Library will be beautiful both inside and out. And how could the Library of a Mercantile Association be better inaugurated than by recalling that memory of one of the most illustrious men to expend merchant and an English scholar, whose books had been of such service to him, that when commercial disaster overtook him, and he, like so many man, those books, which were his dearest possession, had been sold, with how to part with them, and he wrote in farewell:

"TO MY BOOKS.

"As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share those pleasures and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affection's dart;
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, counsellors of my toil,
My serious hours, and lighten every toil.
I now resign you, but with fervent prayer
For pure a few short years, or days, or hours,
And hopeful trust that we shall meet again."

And all your sacred fellowship restores,
When, freed from worldly shackles and its power,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits greet in peace no more."

WHO SHALL BE PUNISHED?

SOME dozen persons have been killed by the falling of a bridge upon the Central Railroad, of which the end was a mass of ruins. It is natural, and a just thought, by intelligent observers, to be mere punishment of the contractor, before the accident. A jury, called to sit upon the dead, have rendered a unanimous verdict that the catastrophe was caused by gross and culpable neglect of management of the road.

Who is to suffer? Of course the Company must pay whatever damages can be proved against them. But who is to suffer in such a way that these accidents will be prevented? It is a murder without malice, improvidence without crime, or should wholesale murders without malice? It is, in a certain sense, the same kind of crime; because, although the guardians of such a road may not always be careless, yet the peculiar method of traveling upon a railroad requires the management of the most careless insensitive, which in ordinary roads and ways might be endurable.

Now it is the duty of the supreme direction to appoint suitable officers for all the varieties of service; and when the public safety is put in jeopardy and carelessly treated, in consequence of the incompetency of any officer, such results as this of the Sunpoint Bridge occur, it is clear that no general charge of neglect is sufficient to satisfy the public conscience. Who is responsible? verdict against individuals? It was somebody's business to see that the Sunpoint Bridge was in order; and there is no question that it was entirely unfit for its purpose—that somebody is guilty of the most wholesale neglect. The contractor or bridge keeper leaves the draw of a bridge open on a dark night, and a train runs into the chasm. Nobody is to be arrested except that the Turnpike Company is careless? But here is not an act of forgetfulness that any man may commit—it is an act for which the wood has become punk—which, if the inspector understood his business, he either knew to be unfit for service, or which he had neglected to examine; two trains meet upon it; the bridge falls; there is the inevitable result.

If that inspector does not deserve the extremest punishment inflicted by the law for manslaughter what offender can? And if he did not understand his business, then the same indictment should lie against the man who appointed him unfit. There is no excuse that he came well recommended, or that they supposed him fit for the place. In appointments involving such risks as those of railroads personality must there must be the most absolute certainty.

Why not, then, circulate and sign petitions to the Legislature that there shall be a more stringent criminal legislation in cases of railroad accidents? Think of the sickening railway disasters during the last dozen years to the destruction, by neglect, of time, the collisions, the breaking and opening of bridges—for all of which some engineer, or conductor, or overseer was directly and personally liable—and how many, when they have escaped, have been criminally punished? Think of all the catastrophes of the same kind in store for us—and then let us ask whether we will do something or nothing; and, when the nearest and dearest are brought to us mangled and dead—or we are brought to them—whether will be the better feeling to know that "somebody" was culpably careless? Let "somebody" be sent to the State Prison.

CHARLES READE.

AMONG the recent young English authors, Charles Reade has made his mark decided and extended reputation. His first stories, *Christie Johnstone* and *It is Never too Late to Mend*, published one or six years since, and a peculiarly fresh, sparkling, pungent talent was immediately recognized. There was some delay in their republication in this country; but when they were republished, there was something so sympathetic with the American genius in their pithy, pointed, rollicking, and racy style, that they have re-echoed in our applause back to England, until he is one of the most prolific and popular English writers. In a recent London and Westminster was observed one of the issue of the *fifty-fourth thousandth* of his Novel, *It is Never too Late to Mend*, and the *twenty-first thousandth* of his *Christie Johnstone*, known to us as *White Lies*. The first of these books has been published in this country within a year, and the last but a few months.

For England this is extraordinary popularity even in the days of *Uncle Tom*, of Dickens, and of Macaulay. It is not so great as that of the *Spectator*, but then considering the difference in cost, unparalleled in literature. There were not a sixth of the readers then in England that there now are. There was no cheap literature for the masses of consequence. But of some numbers of the *Spectator*—a daily journal—twenty thousand copies were sold by Mr. Macaulay tells us, and the volumes went off by the two thousand. But in this day, when there are such swarms of penny and sixpenny books, that a work should get to its fifty-fourth thousandth in less than two years, is evidence either that its author is a man worth listening to, or that, at least, people think he is.

A NEW SINGER.

THERE is a peculiar theory among illiterate persons that newspapers are wickedest of men; that if you wish to know what is happening in the world, and intercourse with inhabitants of other lands, look into the newspaper. Now the Lounger defies any intelligent being to determine from the reports in the newspapers of the singing of Mademoiselle Titiens, in London, whether she is a great singer, or only a fashionable singer. One paper says that her voice is unsurpassed for richness of tone and quality by any voice of our time." Another says, it is not; that it is about a equal to any Teddy Treffle's. One paper says that she has acquired a most unique method of the delivery of her art. Another says, she has not. One declares that in the part of any great singer—and another that she is not.

Now it would be a dreadful thing to suspect either that things are, that the critics do not know whether she were a really fine singer or not; for then, of course, they could be influenced in the expression of their opinions by any private considerations.

The truth is that critics—the Lounger speaks of theatrical, not of literary, critics—are just the rollicking set that would be, if they can not bear to say an ill word of any body. A manager sends them a ticket to a secured seat. They go and hear horrible screeching, and behold execrable acting. But they say in their hearts:

"Here's a poor man or woman doing the best they can. They have a very sorry profession which compels them to stand before the public, and if we say what we think we shall be hissed as it pleases. They have families, too, dependent upon them.

The children at home may be sick or weary, but the author-mother must be present upon the stage, and feign a sorrow in one way when her heart is in another. Moreover, if we say they get a miserable pittance, and the popularity of most of them is sadly brief. See how they try—see how they exert their energy! Why should we serve up our acrimony upon them to-morrow in print, as if they were our enemies? We do not care for them, and who would do no better in their place? Let let people come and pay their money. These wretched actors deserve it for their dreary toil through the evening. If they fail to please, they have another engagement shortly, or to help them make hay while the sun shines. And then when the dismal truth leaks out—when it is known that they are not worth paying money to see (although by honest work they earn their wages)—when their engagements are not renewed, step by step, the step ladder of poverty, that touches bottom between knees where—when they grow old and withered and powerless, pitched with want and hunger, die forsaken and forgotten in a garret—we shall not have it to say that we hastened their end destiny by a single word."

That is what they say in their hearts, these critics who daily toil at all the theatres last evening. But they are mortal, too, and when the critic favors Medea with his opinion of her acting, he does not look for enthusiastic praises of her performance; and when Judith is called the tragic muse, she must not less our breath, but remember the private possibilities.

It remains a question still, therefore, whether the new singer, Teresa Titiens, is to be ranked with Malibran and Jenny Lind, or with the lesser goddesses.

THAT CHRISTIAN.

SOME weeks since the Lounger spoke of the presence of a Christian in the city of New York—a man of an unusual and primitive kind of Christianity, who was calling in the poor and feeding them, not because they were good or industrious or went to school or were regular at church, but because they were his fellow-creatures and hungry. He has now published a report of last winter's work in this way, from which it appears that he furnished 220,031 "meals," including those sent out to the sick at home. The provisions were of the best quality, beef, pork, fish, beans, soup, with bread and potatoes, and coffee for breakfast and supper. The average cost was seven cents and a fraction per meal. Now did he feed their mouths only with food, but their hands with work, for every kind of employer thronged to his saloon, and 1171 persons thus obtained employment.

Mr. Farmer declares that he is abundantly paid for all he has done in the way of relief for the needy the wants of so many worthy people, who without his aid would have come to him as they were in the one usually adopted, and thus he wishes in every ward during the winter would be of the utmost use, and would be sure to meet with no less a man who would, because his gifts are, in some measure, misapplied, make the greatest error of his whole life by refusing those who need help.

The only practical difficulty seems to us that if eating-houses should be opened in all the wards for all who chose to come, there would be a great deal of waste of time upon the hands of the guests which might not be so needfully and industriously employed as it would be if they depended upon their work for their dinner. Perhaps there are a great many deserving people who are not able to get work, who are really starving, and who are most worthy recipients of such relief. But the very problem of charitable action is how to discover this class. In the case of that class if they fed all who came for food, the city would soon be bankrupt.

Notwithstanding which, we must all be very glad that Mr. Farmer has shown us the happy results of conformity to the simple rule of the gospel. And whatever may be the problems of society, one thing is very certain, that if we were all of the mind of the good Samaritan of No. 47 Ludlow Street, the Millennium would not be very far off.

BROWNING UPON SHELLEY.

"MR. LOWDOWN.—Last week you spoke of Trelawny's book of reminiscences of Shelley and Byron. Can you recall Browning's poem upon Shelley, which seems to me to be one of the best his own admirers did for Keats? I am sure many of your readers would be glad to see it.

"Yours truly, LOVERS OF VERSE."

Here is the poem. It is intensely dramatic, like every thing of Browning's.

MEMORABILIA.

I.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

II.

But you were living before that,
And you are living after,
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter.

III.

I crossed a moor with a name of its own,
And a use in the world no doubt,
Yet a beauty strange as it abhors alone,
Mid the blank waste counterpane.

IV.

For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather—
Well, I forget the rest.

WHERE ARE YOU?

THE famous question of Mr. Spenlow may well be asked of the Lounger's head of a Book-case. Last week the Lounger spoke of the Viceroy of Lombardy-Venetia declaring that he would not allow the Congress of Paris to discuss the Italian question inevitably advanced. And in France, within a few weeks, young Mr. Hutchinson, of the American Legation, Count Sheer Khan of Persia, Mr. Layard has married the daughter of the Duchess of Montmorenci and the granddaughter of the flower of flowers in the names of the old French noblesse.

Of course there were people to hold up their hands. Even the morning nothing of Archbishop Cheshunt (whose marriage is a matter of public comment), which accepted the invitation to be a true young fellow and very rich, the Lounger reads in his wedding announcement, and in the times. It naturally belongs to a country like this to prove to other countries that nobility is an affair of one's own manhood and womanhood, not of one's great-grandfather. There is a sense of weakness inexpressible from the impression made by every man whose manner seems to refer you to his ancestors for his credentials. "Ah!" you instinctively say, "if you are such a little matter, I will go and look." Let every man stand upon his own feet. If any body has illustrious ancestors, they are only the reverent standards of his own character and conduct. Instead of honoring a timid man because his grandfather was brave, we despise him the more for that very reason.

The only danger in the missionary enterprise implied in an American's marrying a foreigner of rank is, that the missionary himself may be converted! Many Americans think fear is the seat of any cordial, sincere American. Wherever such a man goes, and in whatever position he is placed, he represents, ideally, free institutions and human equality.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXIII.

The Fight at Laodicea concluded.—The Robbers captured.—A Treaty.—Our Sudden Flight.—Return to Philadelphia.—Route to Sardis, and Arrival there.—The Golden Pactolus.—House of Croesus.—Temple of Cybele.—A Memory of the White-robed.

My last closed abruptly in the midst of the battle of Laodicea, for as we call it when we recur to it. I am compelled to begin and end there sketches abruptly; and I can only beg pardon for their extreme rudeness. One whose best writing is done on the smooth side of his saddle when he lies down to it in the evening in his tent, must be content to write crabbed sentences, if he will persist in writing at all.

The field was ours, for the enemy had fled.

We now took a little breath, and looked at each other.

"A pleasant reception in Laodicea, Peter!"

"Rather, John."

"Are any of them dead?"

"Not unless that tall fellow yonder broke his neck. How his horse kicks! Put the poor beast out of misery, John."

Steenburger emptied his revolver into the heart of the animal. At his first shot the two Turks looked up; at the second they stared; at the third they seized each man his turban; and at the fifth they buried their faces in the dust. "Fools to have fought with men who carried the weapons of Satan himself!" doubtless they both said; but again I could not understand them.

By this time our people arrived. They had heard the first shot, and hastened toward us.

Demetri, our interpreter, from Smyrna, soon learned who our friends were; and we were not a little annoyed to know that they were not robbers —at least, not professional gentlemen of the road. They were messengers from the Aga of a neighboring village, sent to demand backsheesh; and they had demanded and got it. Unfortunately for them, they did not ask in the right way.

"Shall we run, or shall we stay and brass it out?" This was the question.

We concluded for the present to stay, and to stay in grand style. To be foremost, we adopted a novel style of Eastern diplomacy. We sent Demetri to the Aga to say that we had captured four of his people; that they were alive and well (barring two headaches); that they had attacked three of the lords of the West, governors of nations toward the sun's setting, who were strong, and powerful, and bold—and a great deal more of the same sort, the gist of which was that, if he didn't come and apologize before sunset, we would, at that time, broil them alive, and eat them without salt.

It was a cool message in such circumstances, but it was worth trying, since the chances seemed very poor in any other way.

Miss Grandison behaved like a soldier's daughter. On my honor I do not think she had a particle of fear about her. She laughed, joked, and even showed a little pistol that she always carried, and I doubt not would have used it.

The Aga came half an hour before the time set. An extra large campdire blazed against a rock; and for a warm evening this looked suspicious. Our negotiation was long, but it was satisfactory. We squared accounts just where we stood, only agreeing that we should keep one of our captives as a hostage, and that we might remain two days at Laodicea. All this completed, we parted, and the Aga retired to his village, an hour distant.

"Miss Grandison, are you inclined for a night ride?"

"I am ready for any thing you think proper."

"Then pleas to gather your strength; for when the moon rises to-night we must be off, bag and baggage. Three hounds will be on us in droves before morning; and I shall try to sleep in Philadelphia to-morrow morning, instead of Laodicea to-night."

It was a fearful ride, especially the crossing of the Meander. But we did it; and at eight o'clock next morning we were descending the slops of Tmolus and re-entering Philadelphia. We had done in twelve hours by night what is usually full sixteen hours' work by day. We amused ourselves by wondering what effect the first volley had on an empty tent which we left standing at Laodicea, and whether the scoundrel we left on the ground outside got the gag out of his mouth in time to save his throat from the fingers of his own kindred. Chatting of this, and in fine spirits at our safe arrival, notwithstanding our fatigue, we rode into the streets of the city, and put up at a khan which we found better than our former quarters. We remained two days in Philadelphia to rest ourselves, and then set out for Smyrna, by way of Sardis.

The latter city is too hours from the place of brotherly love, but the sands of Pactolus are no longer golden.

The evening was sadly beautiful when we came down into the valley and approached the ruins of the city of Croesus.

The dark, muddy stream of the river was for a little while like the metal for which it was once renowned, and flowed slowly along, as if the weight of its wealth was great.

Our tents were pitched near two columns that stood in lonely majesty on the plain, not far from the Pactolus, though at a distance of nearly a mile from the more extensive relics of the city.

Of the remains of Sardis the most stately and imposing are those two Ionic columns, which are the last upright portions of the great temple of Cybele. The temple itself was commenced in the sixth century before Christ. Whether these pillars are of that date may be doubted, but that the temple was founded as early as that the Grecian historians leave us no room to doubt. It stood in the time of Croesus, who, you will remember, was defeated by Cyrus. The Gerrasis, or House of Croesus, as it has been called, is in fair condition for a building of two thousand years old. It is, in fact, one of the best preserved relics of antiquity north of Egypt.

Never was moonlight more beautiful, never were stars more clear, than that night over the Acropolis of Sardis.

As I sat in the tent-door smoking and quietly talking there came over me a vision, or a memory, of exceeding beauty and power. In the solemn atmosphere that seemed to be like the escaped light of heaven, I began to believe I could see around me those who kept their robes unspotted in Sardis.

I had always from boyhood a very strong desire to see Sardis. There was something in that promise of white raiment to those who should be faithful—something in that undique reward, "They shall walk with me in white"—which produced a lasting impression on my mind.

Some time when you go down the Ohio you will perhaps stop at a little town on the bank where there is a church and a belfry near it, and an old parsonage not far off, and a grave-yard also close at hand. Many such villages are there on the Ohio, but to me none such as that. It seemed so strange to sit on a fallen column at Sardis and talk to John Steenburger of the old church and the minister who, twenty years ago, preached one Sunday morning from the text, "And they shall walk with me in white." It seemed so strange to recall that sermon in the moonlight of Sardis. Its words rang in my ears; not rang—that is not the expression —they sounded in my ears like distant music, like the deeper notes of an Æolian.

Long ago the old clergyman put on his white robes forever and forever.

Long ago I saw him laid in the church-yard. And there was one—I may name her here, dear Ellen Layton, fairest and best of women, the pastor's daughter—whose memory is not out of keeping with moonlight on Sardis; who now is one of those that walk in white with brow of radiant purity.

Who knew that did not love her? Who remembers that does not weep to think of her? She was a slight, fair, fairy child, with light blue eyes and golden hair, and a voice full of the very melody of heaven.

Lo I, a wanderer on the plain of Sardis, sitting in my tent-door, low down my head and honor her pure and perfect loveliness with the tears of a strong man.

Ten years ago, the very evening that I was at Sardis, she left us on the banks of the Ohio. Ten years ago she went from this world of ruined cities and a ruined race to the company of the White-robed of Sardis.

"And she shall walk in pure white light
With Jesus and princes abroad;
And she shall summer high in bliss
Upon the hills of God!"

"Hey, Peter—what's that? Poetry? Are you muttering rhyme to yourself, and giving us none of it?"

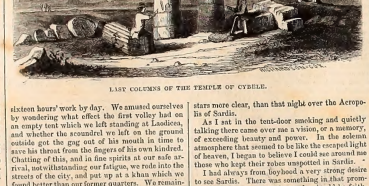
"Ah! John, I was thinking of Ellen Layton."

"Who is Ellen Layton, Peter? One of John's friends? It is time I learned more of his former attachments since he professes so much devotion to me. Who is the lady?"

"Lady no longer, dear Miss Kate. She once was a lady, but she is now a saint."

Perhaps my voice impressed her. She, too, was silent, and leaned her head on her father's shoulder. John lay on the pile of carpets just outside the tent. The light of the rising moon poured in on us all as we sat together silent, thoughtful, and sad.

Thus passed the evening at Sardis, and the Pactolus rolled its yellow sands seaward, nor staid to look on the wandering Americans.



LAST COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE.

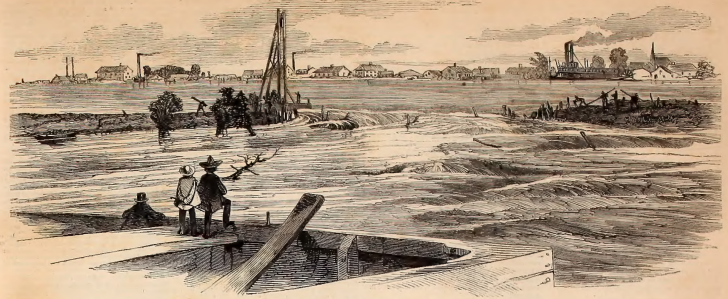


PLAIN AND RUINS OF SARDIS.

THE GREAT BELL CREVASSE.

OUR NEW ORLEANS correspondent furnishes us three interesting illustrations, on the opposite page, of the great crevasse on the plantation of J. M. Bell, Esq., one mile above the city of New Orleans, and on the opposite side of the river.

The surface of the valley through which flows the Lower Mississippi is in many places several feet lower than the usual surface of the river. This is kept in its proper bed by means of an immense embankment of earth, strengthened in places by piles and planks, and called a *levee*; which levee extends along what is called the Acadian coast, for many miles above New Orleans. That city and the many fair villages and rich cotton and sugar estates along the river bank, have only this levee between them and destruction; and the annual rising of the waters is, therefore, to many thousands a reasonable cause of anxiety. The State keeps



THE CREVASSE, WITH THE MISSISSIPPI BEYOND.

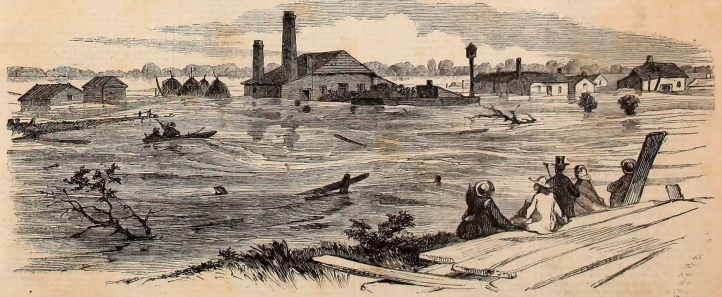
the levees in proper repair; a State engineer is appointed, who has this department of the public works under his charge; and we believe the State Government is held to a certain degree responsible for damage done to private property by the destroying with it, whatever of loose timber, trees, and common drift-wood it meets or washes from the shelving banks. If the river were straight but little harm would be done. It is in the short curves, which so abound on the lower river, that the mass of water and drift-wood is dashed with tremendous force against that part of the levee which protects the lower part of the curve. This is the especial point of resistance. Here, when news is brought from above of a freshet, the engineer gathers his forces, and endeavors to strengthen the embankment with buckings of rows of piles, heaps of sand-bags, and whatever is calculated to aid in keeping back the roaring flood.

Our correspondent writes: "This crevasse occurred a few feet below the house of J. M. Bell, Esq., on his plantation. The breach is over two hundred feet wide, and fifteen feet deep, while the water pours through the opening at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and the surrounding country, for fifteen miles back, is navigable for boats. They began to repair the break by driving three rows of piles across; but had got only about half the distance from each side when the mighty waters swept away piles, pile-driver, flat-boats, and every thing connected with the works. The strongest piles were bent back from their erect position to an angle of forty-five degrees, and the raging flood swept over and submerged them, thus rendering the repairs utterly useless." Our first illustration of the levee, and consequent overflow of the adjoining lands.



THE CREVASSE, VIEWED FROM THE LEVEE.

When the snows melt on the mountains which feed the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries, the flood comes down, gathering on its way, and bear-



THE INUNDATED TERRITORY.

tration shows the break or crevasse, as viewed from a flat-boat in front of Mr. Bell's sugar-house. Beyond the break is the river, whose raging flood is pouring in upon the submerged land. On the point to the left is seen a pile-driving machine in a flat-boat. In the second illustration the crevasse is seen from the side, Mr. Bell's residence being in the back-ground. The third is a sketch of the submerged tract, viewed from the levee. The three will give our readers a proper idea of the manner and force of a crevasse.

One who visited the crevasse says: "We took passage from Algiers (opposite New Orleans) on one of a regular line of skiffs—proceeded along the track of the Opelousas Railroad, which is submerged, to Gretna, and then dodged about for openings in the fences through which our boats could pass, until we reached the break in the levee."

The great and long-continued rise in the Mississippi has endangered the levee at various points. The waters had, at latest accounts, risen to within about nine inches of the high-water mark of 1850—which year saw one of the most destructive floods known to the inhabitants of Louisiana. The crevasse which occurred in that year a few miles from New Orleans fairly submerged the city, to within two or three blocks of the levee. For several weeks all business was carried on in boats. Fears have been entertained that a similar disaster would be the consequence of the recent rise in the river; but so far the levee works on the New Orleans side of the river remain intact, and it is to be hoped that they will be kept so until the subsidence of the waters, which must happen shortly.

LITERARY.

Fred Markham in Russia (Harper & Brothers) is the title of a capital book for the young, by W. H. G. Kingston, who is already well known to them. In this he takes them with him to the land of the Czar, tells them all sorts of stories about the men and the curiosities there to be met with, gives them an occasional ride in a drosky or a sledge, or down an artificial ice-hill on a sled, shows them the serfs and the lords, takes them out hunting, and visits imperial palaces; in short, makes Russia familiar to his young readers by the pleasantest incidents and anecdotes, and by fine illustrations which ornament the pages. We can promise the young one who gets this book a delightful companion in Fred Markham.

Douglas Jerrold's Wit is not so fresh and sparkling on paper as it was from his lips. Still this book, which Ticknor & Fields reprint, is a most amusing companion, and will be hereafter the standard jest-book. Higher position can not be hoped for it. Wit, so called, is not wit technically. Sharp repartee, sarcasm, irony, satire, all these may exist in great perfection where there is little or no true wit; and this volume reduces the estimate we have been accustomed to place on Jerrold's wit in conversation. Many of his reported sayings are flat, many are rude, many were old and threadbare before Jerrold was born. On the other hand, some are choice and delicious, and there are enough of these to make the volume a desirable book for a reader, though it must be regretted, for Jerrold's reputation, that it has been collected.

Sheldon & Blakeman publish an excellent translation of Dr. Adolphe Monod's treatise on Woman, her Mission and Life, with a biographical sketch of the author, whose name is now so well known in this country.

The Course of True Love never did run Smooth (Rudd & Carlton), is a dainty little volume of verse, by T. B. Aldrich, the execution of which reflects great credit on all concerned. Mr. Aldrich has done his part toward making it a charming poem, and the publishers have done theirs by clothing it in a suitable garb. It is printed in antique type, on heavy yellow paper, and adorned with many quaint devices in the shape of head and tail pieces in Arabic. The subject of the poem—the Marriage of Giaffar the Barmecide with the sister of Haroun al Raschid—is peculiarly fitted to the caste of Mr. Aldrich's mind, and he has steeped it through and through with the rich light of poetry. It has faults, of course (for what young poet is without faults; nay, what old one either? if you come to that); but its spirit and tone are excellent. Mr. Aldrich's descriptions of Eastern life, manners, and scenery are remarkable for their depth and brilliancy of coloring, and, what is better still, they are perfectly in keeping with his theme. The wedding fête of Giaffar will bear reading after the Arabian Nights, which is the highest praise we can give it.

A fourth volume of the strong Sermons of Mr. Spurgeon appears from the press of Sheldon & Blakeman. The young Englishman grows more serious, and, if possible, more powerful, in these. We note a greater sense of responsibility, and perhaps more of consequent humility; while there is none the less of frank, bold, hearty, outspoken truth. The same publishers issue a little book, by W. P. Balfern, Glimpses of Jesus, which is popular in England. It consists of lessons derived from the example of Christ in various circumstances of His life given us by His biographers.

The Rambles of a Rat is an amusing little book, published by Carter & Brothers, in which there is much quiet humor and satire on men, brought out by the adventures of some of the family of Mus.

Another book for the younger folks, published by Carter & Brothers, is Flora, or Self-Deception, by A. L. O. E., who is popular with children as the author of "The Giant Killer," and some other safe and good books.

The Quaker Soldier is the title of a new American novel, published by Peterson—author unknown. It is much above the ordinary run of novels. Portions of the book are not excelled by Cooper; and many chapters remind us so forcibly of Simms's best works, that we should attribute the book to him but for some other portions which we do not think so practiced a novelist as Mr. Simms would have written. There is too much of the book, and history is too willingly sacrificed for the story; but the book is readable, and will make a mark. Peterson also publishes The Belle of Washington, a novel, wherein men, women, and things at the Capital are made to reappear on paper. Some of the actors are said to be sketched from life.

Ticknor & Fields publish another of Mayne Reid's stories, Ran Away to Sea, which is the history (told by himself) of a boy who ran away from home and shipped on a vessel which turned out to be a slaver. After numerous adventures on the coast of Africa, she ships a load of slaves and, escaping a cruiser, puts to sea, but takes fire and is destroyed, the hero being rescued on a raft, where he comes within an ace of being devoured by his hungry companions, and is finally glad enough to get back to the home he ran from.

Some time since we noticed the publication, by Ticknor & Fields, of a volume of the Sermons of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, the eloquent rector at Brighton, whose death was so mourned that strangers in the place imagined one of the royal family dead. They now publish a second series of his sermons, characterized by the same boldness of speech and compactness of thought. One of the sermons, on the doctrine of Baptism, is a remarkable effort, worth the price of the volume to read.

Rudd & Carleton have republished Miss Mulock's new book, A Woman's Thoughts about Women. Although it is essentially English in its chief characteristics, it is, nevertheless, worth every woman's reading, and we are glad to see it printed in America.

Dick & Fitzgerald have done the boys a service by issuing The Magician's own Book, with the assistance of which, it can not be doubted that ingenious youngsters will be able to astonish one another, scare their sisters and mothers, and with a reasonable amount of application, outdo Adrian and Blitz themselves. The book is abundantly illustrated, and promises stores of fun for evenings at home.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday, a resolution for the protection of American vessels against British aggression was introduced by Senator Seward, and passed. After some unimportant business, the various appropriation bills were taken up and passed as reported.——In the House, the case of the door-keeper, Hackney, occupied no little attention. He was dismissed by a vote of 141 against 34. The House refused to suspend the rules in order that General Quitman might introduce his resolution regulating the admission of future States. Mr. Chappel tried, unsuccessfully, to bring the House to agree to hold evening sessions. The House refused to consider a resolution by Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, for a revision of the tariff so as to produce more revenue. Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, offered a resolution, which was adopted, in reference to outrages upon our vessels in the West Indies by British ships-of-war.

The proceedings in the Senate on Tuesday were important. On motion of Mr. Douglas, the Oregon bill was taken up by the casting vote of the Vice-President. A long and interesting debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Gwin and Mr. Douglas insisted upon the right of Oregon to exclude Chinamen and free negroes. A vote being reached, upon Mr. Trumbull's motion to postpone till December, it was lost; ayes, 16; nays, 38. The bill then passed; ayes, 37; nays, 17. So Oregon is admitted as far as the action of the Senate is concerned. A bill was passed for surveying the Texan boundary. Mr. Green introduced a resolution to settle our difficulties with New Granada, Nicaragua, and Mexico. It was referred.——In the House, Joseph L. Wright, of New Jersey, the Democratic candidate, was elected door-keeper, in the place of Hackney, dismissed. The Civil Appropriation Bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole. The amounts in the bill foot up $3,819,000. Some amendments were effected, among which were appropriations to the amount of $10,000 for life-boats on the coast of New Jersey and light-boats on Long Island Sound. The House refused to hold an evening session, and adjourned.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, on motion of Mr. Seward, a vote was taken on the bill to improve the harbor of Chicago. It was lost, 22 to 34. This vote was understood to be a test on harbor bills generally. A resolution was offered by Mr. Pugh in relation to the Tehuantepec route. The bill to repeal the Fishery Bounties came up, and the amendments being rejected, the bill passed by a final vote of 30 to 25—the repeal to take effect a year from the 31st of December next. The Homestead Bill was next taken up, but the Senate adjourned without a vote thereon.——In the House, the case of Brooks, who contested the seat of Davis, of Maryland, was dismissed. Mr. Davis, therefore, keeps his seat. The Civil Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and was subsequently reported to the House from the Committee of the Whole.

In the Senate, on Thursday, Mr. Hayne, the new Senator from South Carolina, appeared and took his seat. Private bills and propositions for pensions occupied the morning, and the rest of the day was devoted to hearing a lengthened speech from Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, in favor of his Homestead Bill. There was an Executive Session, and after that the adjournment.——In the House Mr. Fenton, of New York, made an unsuccessful effort to introduce a resolution looking to the payment of claims to the amount of ten millions, and to a modification of the Tariff. Mr. Harris, of Illinois, reported in favor of Messrs. Phelps and Kavanagh, the members from Minnesota; whereupon a discussion arose, which lasted two hours—the Democrats striving to come to a vote, and the Opposition interposing parliamentary delays. Without any decisive action the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on Friday, an unusually large number of private bills were disposed of, and the private calendar was nearly cleared—a thing which seldom happens in Congress. Little business of public interest, and none of special note, was performed.——In the House almost the whole day was occupied in discussing whether the two members from Minnesota should be sworn in. The subject was postponed to Saturday.

No important business was transacted by Congress on Saturday. In the Senate Mr. Mason offered a resolution calling for information about Mexican and British outrages on our commerce. Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was agreed to, looking to retrenchments in the public expenditures. A discussion then ensued on the Homestead Bill.——In the House the topic of the day was the Minnesota election case; and Messrs. Phelps and Kavanagh, the members from the new State, were admitted to their seats by a vote of 135 to 63.

THE BRITISH AGGRESSIONS UPON AMERICAN COMMERCE.

On the 19th inst. the President sent a brief Message to the Senate transmitting divers documents in reply to the resolution on the late British outrages. Among these documents is a letter, dated May 4, to Lord Napier, from Secretary Cass, in which the latter refers to the act of the British war steamer *Styx* in overhauling and firing into the American merchant vessel *N. B. Borden*, off the coast of Cuba. The Secretary transmits to his Lordship a copy of a letter from the Collector of the Customs at Savannah, inclosing a statement of the captain of the *N. B. Borden*, by which it appears that an unjustifiable act of violence has been committed against a merchant vessel of the United States, to which the attention of her Britannic Majesty's Government is requested, in the confident expectation that the act will be disavowed, and such measures adopted as are called for by the circumstances, and as will tend to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings hereafter.

Lord Napier replies, May 16, that he had the honor to receive Secretary Cass's letter, conveying an account of the circumstances which are alleged to have attended the boarding of the American vessel, *N. B. Borden*, by Her Majesty's steamer *Styx*. He says he has transmitted copies of General Cass's communication to Her Majesty's Government and to the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces on the West India station.

THE INSTRUCTIONS TO MR. DALLAS.

In a letter dated the 12th inst. General Cass informs Mr. Dallas of the outrage committed by the British war steamer *Styx*. The Secretary says: "I beg you would communicate to Lord Malmesbury the earnest desire of the President that this practice, which seems to become more prevalent, of detaining and searching American vessels, should be discontinued, and that the most peremptory order for that purpose should be given and enforced. Such a measure is called for by important considerations, which will readily occur to you. While the Government is determined to use all proper exertions for the suppression of the slave-trade, it is not less desirous that the just immunities of vessels of the United States upon the ocean should be preserved, whatever may have been the true object of it."

In another letter to Mr. Dallas, dated the 18th, Secretary Cass mentions other cases of forcible detentions and searches of American vessels by British armed ships-of-war in the Gulf of Mexico and adjoining seas. After stating that every particular case will be made the subject of reclamation upon the British Government, the Secretary goes on to say: "In addition to these aggressions on the high seas, an indefensible act of violence against several of our merchant vessels, said to be eleven in number, a forcible entry and examination has been committed by a British armed steamer in the harbor of Sagua la Grande in the Island of Cuba. No authentic report has reached the Department with the exception of a letter from our Consul-General at Havana, and of which a copy is transmitted. Proper measures have been taken to procure all the necessary information, which will be forwarded you. When all the facts have been ascertained, proper representations will be made without delay to the Government of Her Catholic Majesty, against this search of American vessels by the naval force of another power, within the territorial jurisdiction of Spain. The Government of the United States is satisfied that the Government of that country will adopt the most efficient measures to protect their vessels resorting to Spanish ports from lawless violence. Such protection they are entitled to; and if it is not secured elsewhere it must be found in the power of our own country."

The Secretary adds: "These flagrant violations of the rights of the United States have excited deep feeling through the country, and have attracted the attention of both Houses of Congress. Their continuance can not fail to produce the most serious effect upon the relations of the countries. The President confidently believes that the British naval officers, in the adoption of these high-handed measures, have acted without the authority, and have mistaken the views of their Government. But it is not less due to the United States that their conduct shall be disavowed, and peremptory orders issued to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings."

NAVAL INSTRUCTIONS.

In a letter to Secretary Toucey, dated May 13, General Cass says, that in view of the outrages committed on our commerce, it is proper that a war-vessel should be dispatched to the Gulf, with instructions to give protection to all American vessels that need it.

The Secretary of the Navy, in a letter to the President dated the 19th of May, says that the United States steamer *Fulton*, Captain Almy, had been ordered to cruise actively on the northern coast of Cuba, and take such measures as may be deemed necessary to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention from vessels of war of any other nation. Orders have been also given for the preparation of the razee *Savannah* and brig *Dolphin* to join the home squadron for the purpose of cruising in the neighborhood of Cuba, and that the steam-frigate *Wabash*, now fitting out in New York as the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, has been directed to show her flag in those waters, and protect at all times the persons and property of American citizens.

THE REPORTED MORMON SUBMISSION.

Various reports have reached us affirming that the Mormons have submitted to Federal authority. The reports certainly need confirmation before they can be received as true, and we give them without indorsement. The first news of the kind, representing that Brigham Young himself was anxious for peace and had invited Governor Cumming to assume his official duties, was undoubtedly an exaggeration. It is mentioned, however, as a fact, of which there can be no doubt, that Governor Cumming had received assurances of protection if he would visit the Salt Lake City, and that he had consented to do so. This information was communicated to the St. Louis *Republican* by a gentleman who left Camp Scott on the 10th of April. The *Republican* says on the subject: "In order to account for this change in the aspect of affairs, it may be well to premise that Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who was sent out as a Peace Commissioner, by way of California, arrived in Great Salt Lake City on the 25th of February; that he remained there eight days; that after that time he proceeded to Camp Scott; that, while there, he frequently passed from the camp to a place of conference with the leading Mormons, outside of the city; that in pursuance of negotiations then entered into, Governor Cumming left Camp Scott for Great Salt Lake City on the 5th, and was met by a gentleman on the 9th, on Weber River, two days' travel from the city. He was accompanied by Colonel Kane, and escorted by Porter Rockwell, H. Egan, and other Mormons. His arrival was anticipated on the 11th, and handsome apartments were provided and preparations made to receive him in good style. A gentleman who knows all about the Mormon people, and was just from Salt Lake City, told our informant that the general feeling was in favor of peace, only a portion of the leaders, perhaps those who had offended against the laws, advocating resistance."

Later intelligence announces the arrival of Colonel Kane at Leavenworth. Colonel Kane is reported to have stated that Brigham Young had abdicated, and that Governor Cumming, at last dates, was thirty miles from Salt Lake City, accompanied by a deputation of fifty Mormons sent to meet him.

OFFICIAL DOUBTS ABOUT THE UTAH NEWS.

The Washington *Union* says: "It is hardly necessary to say that we distrust the telegraphic news which announces the capitulation of the Mormons and the establishment of peace in Utah. It is not improbable that Mr. Kane, who is but a private person, having no commission of any sort from the Government, has succeeded, through his mysterious personal relations with the Mormons, in inducing that people to invite Governor Cumming to Salt Lake City, and to recognize his official authority. If this be so, and Governor Cumming has actually proceeded to the Mormon city, some armistice or truce may hereafter result from his presence in the city; but it is altogether improbable that the war has come to the sudden and abrupt termination announced by the telegraph. These advices, through private channels, it must be remembered, are unaccompanied, as usual, by concurrent advices through official channels; for no confirmation has been received of them by the Government."

MORMON DUPLICITY.

A writer in the Washington *Union*, who has lived among the Mormons for a year, and knows the habits of the people, assures us that they will never submit to the Federal Government. He says: "The recent news from Utah is precisely what might have been expected. It all originates from Mormon sources. Colonel Rich, through whom the intelligence comes to the St. Louis *Republican*, is one of the Twelve Apostles of the so-called Mormon Church, and was, till called home last fall by Brigham Young, the apostolic head of the Mormon settlement at San Bernardino, California. Deception is the great lever by which they hope to overthrow the republic. They deceived Mr. Fillmore and his Cabinet, who appointed Brigham Young Governor of Utah. They deceived Mr. Pierce and his Cabinet, and led them into the same inactive policy that so unfortunately characterized Mr. Fillmore's Administration. They hoped and relied on their agents, 'not known as Mormons,' to deceive and mislead Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet; hence the prophecies of Brigham to his followers, that there would be 'no fighting'—'the Lord would fight their battles for them'—'they would live in Utah to make and gather many crops unmolested,' etc., etc.; on these prophecies the people relied with religious faith, as did Brigham and his coadjutors, till it was discovered that Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet could not be deceived and misled by them. Now we are assured that Mr. Kane has succeeded in his mission, that the Mormons have laid down their arms and invited Governor Cumming into Great Salt Lake City."

THE SUPPOSED MORMON RETREAT.

The White River Mountains, to which it has been said the Mormons propose to retreat when they leave the Salt Lake, are thus described by the same writer: "This district of country is situated in the southwestern portion of the Territory of Utah, bounded on the west by the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the north by the Humboldt River Mountains, on the east by the Desert and the southern spurs of the Goose Creek Mountains, on the south by the Sierra Nevada and the intervening spurs of the great Sierra Madre Mountains. This throws them about six hundred miles further into the mountain fastenings of the continent, in the midst of the richest gold district on the Pacific coast. By this movement they hope to allay the apprehensions of the Government and the public at large, while they will push forward with redoubled force and energy their schemes of immigration, colonization, and accumulation of native wealth and munitions of war."

SUICIDE OF "FRANK FORRESTER."

Henry William Herbert, familiarly known by his *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," committed suicide at the Stephens House in this city at about two o'clock A.M. on the 17th inst. During Sunday the 16th he was in the company of his friend, Mr. Phillip Hone Anthon, and was very much depressed in spirits. He had frequently threatened that he would put an end to his life. Mr. Anthon sat up with him on the night of the suicide, with the view of preventing the unfortunate man from laying violent hands on himself, and of bringing him, if possible, back to reason. The two were conversing together when Mr. Herbert retired, apparently for a moment, to the bedroom adjoining. A few seconds after he disappeared Mr. Anthon heard the report of a pistol, and Herbert came staggering back, exclaiming, "I told you I would do it." The blood was pouring from a wound in his chest, which he himself had inflicted. He must have torn his shirt aside and presented the muzzle of the weapon against his bare body. The servants of the house were quickly summoned, but Henry William Herbert was beyond the reach of medical aid. He lay on the floor, groaned a few times, and then died.

THE LAST WISHES OF THE DECEASED.

Mr. Herbert left two extraordinary letters, one directed "To the Coroner," and the other "To the Press of the United States." In the former he says: "To avoid all trouble, and simplify your duty, I have to state that I have taken my own life by a pistol-shot, no one being privy to my doing it, or to my design. My reason for this act consists in no remorse for what I have done, or left undone; from no pecuniary pressure, from no inability, or fear of inability to support myself, from no weak fear of public opinion, least of all of the public opinion of Newark, which I do now, as I always have done, utterly disregard and despise, from no embarrassment arising from any indebtedness. The reason for this act, then, is simple. My life, long, sad, solitary, and weary, and without an object, has become utterly hopeless, hateful, and unendurable. A hope had been kindled in my heart again; my home had got a light in it brighter than sunshine; my life had a purpose; I loved her unutterably. I was immeasurably happy—all this has been dashed down—all is lost forever. Home—hope—sunshine, *she*—let life go likewise, since, henceforth, it is only another word for torture."

In his letter to the Press Mr. Herbert said: "Of my private history few men know any thing—fewer, still, know much—no one knows the whole; it can not concern the public to know any thing. As a writer, let me be judged—as a man, let my God judge me.

"I implore not praise, not a favorable construction—I implore silence. For what I have to account with God let me account with God, and not with man, who may uncertainly perceive and distinguish facts, but certainly can not perceive causes, and divine motives and intentions.

"I do not even ask charity; I only implore silence. Let the good that I have done, if any, be interred with my bones; let the evil also. For the evil, I can say positively, is such as can do no evil after me. I have taught, I have inculcated, I have put forth nothing which I did not believe to be good and true. In all my life I have written no line of which I am ashamed—no word which I desire to blot.

"I have done many things wrongly, many things of which I am ashamed, many things of which I have sincerely repented, many things under the pressure of poverty and necessity, to which I am not accustomed by my education, which, I hope, I should not do again under any temptation.

"I am very sorry. I have been weak at times, and have fallen—who has not done so?

"For justice' sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, let me rest. I bear an honorable name; I have striven hard, in great trial, in great temptation, in a foreign country, in a false position, among men who did not, perhaps could not, sympathize with me, to keep it honorable. As you would have your own name honored, and your sons preserve them to you, I charge you, do not dishonor mine.

"I leave the means, I believe, if they be carefully managed, to pay every thing that I owe, and perhaps to leave a small surplus. I never shrank, while I was alive, from meeting the consequences of my deeds face to face. I never said a word to a man's back which I would not or did not say to his face.

"Remember now, all you that would assail me, *that my back is turned* forever—that henceforth, forever, I can disprove no slander that is spoken of me: that with me no witness can be ever more confronted; that from no accusation, how false soever, can I prove myself not guilty. Of all cowardice, the most base and cruel is to strike the dead, who can make no defense or answer.

"Remember, also, when you judge me, that of all lives mine has been, almost, the most unhappy. No counselor, no friend, no country, have been mine, for six-and-twenty years. Every hope has broken down under my foot, as soon as it has touched it. Every spark of happiness has been quenched as soon as it had been kindled. If I have sinned much, and sorrowed much, I have also *loved* much—more, perhaps, than I have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last tension that breaks the silver cord. My hope is gone—my last love and my life go together, and so good-night to Henry Herbert.

"*May* 17, 1858."

MR. HERBERT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Mr. Herbert, who was in his 52d year, belonged to a noble English family. He was the son of the Reverend William Herbert—formerly Dean of Manchester, and eminent for his poetical and scientific writings—and grandson of the Earl of Pembroke. Henry Herbert was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and took his degree in 1829. Reverse of fortune brought him to this country in 1831. For some years afterward he was engaged as teacher of Greek in the school of the Rev. Mr. Huddart, and at the same time he edited the *American Monthly Magazine*. In 1835 he published a historical romance entitled "The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde;" in 1837, a novel entitled "Cromwell;" and in 1839 another historical tale, entitled "Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge." In 1846 appeared the "Roman Traitor," a

romance founded on the conspiracy of Cataline. In 1848 he published a metrical translation of the Prometheus and the Agamemna of Æschylus. In 1851 he published "The Captains of the Old World;" and since then the "Cavaliers of England," the "Knights of England, Scotland and France," and the "Chevaliers of France." But the works by which he is best known, and will be longest remembered, are those on the game of America. His first works of this class were his "Field Sports" and "Fish and Fishing" of North America. His last published volume was on the "American Horse." Mr. Herbert was twice married. He was only wedded to his second wife in February of this year, and the manner in which he was introduced to her was, of itself, quite a romantic incident. Last November, as the story goes, he stood talking with a friend in Fifth Avenue, and saw a lady pass, who attracted his attention. The "Bread or Work" excitement was at this time at its height; suddenly two cadaverous ruffians rushed by, and one of them struck the lady in the face, saying, "What right have you got to wear fine clothes?" She screamed—Herbert rushed to the rescue, demolished the ruffians, accompanied the lady to the Brevoort House, where she resided, gave her his card, received her thanks, and learned that her name was Miss Adele R. Budlong, and that she lived in Rhode Island. This adventure led to a correspondence and a courtship, and on the 16th of February following Herbert married Miss Budlong. The bridegroom was 51 years of age, and the bride had not seen twenty summers. Herbert was of an extremely passionate disposition, and of irregular and eccentric habits. His young wife, probably, did not understand the strange character to which she was mated; and being unable to agree, the bride and bridegroom of six weeks' standing parted forever. Grief at this event, and at the refusal of his wife to see him again, were declared by Herbert himself to be the cause which prompted him to commit suicide. Mr. Herbert had lived for several years past at his residence called "The Cedars," near Newark, New Jersey. Thence he was carried to the Cemetery and buried; but no sacred words were said over his grave, for it was the grave of a suicide. It was his own wish that the word *infelicissimus* should only be engraved on his tomb, and, perhaps, it would be his most appropriate epitaph.

PERSONAL.

General Persifer F. Smith, Commander of the Utah forces, died at Fort Leavenworth at half past twelve o'clock on Monday morning the 17th instant. The General had been for a long time seriously ill with chronic diarrhea. His remains left Fort Leavenworth for the East on the 19th. General Smith was born in Philadelphia in November 1798. He followed the profession of the law in New Orleans until the breaking out of the Florida war in 1836, in which he commanded the Louisiana volunteers. He did not enter the regular army until 1846. He served with great distinction during the Mexican war, and in 1847 was promoted to the rank of Major-General for his gallant conduct and valuable services at Contreras. At the conclusion of the war General Smith was ordered to California, where he held command of the Military Department. He afterward held a similar command in Texas, and lastly at St. Louis.

On the night of the 18th instant Anson G. Phelps, Esq., died very suddenly at his residence in this city. Mr. Phelps was distinguished among New York merchants for his philanthropy, public spirit, and wealth.

The celebrated Dr. Robert Hare died in Philadelphia on the 15th instant at the advanced age of 77. For many years Dr. Hare has been regarded as an unimpeachable authority in chemical science. His discoveries have been valuable and numerous; and, for this reason, his fallacies, of late years, should be charitably passed over. During a considerable period previous to his death Dr. Hare was a practical believer in the absurdities of "Spiritualism," and much of his time was taken up with the fantastic delusion that he could convert baser metals into gold.

Mr. Robert Purviance, Sen., died, recently, in Baltimore, of which city he was an old and prominent resident. He saw service at the battle of North Point.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* revives the story of the "last Bourbon." A lot of old cash books belonging to the Albany firm of B. & J. R. Bleecker, extending from the years 1799 to 1802, have recently been examined, from which it appears that firm were the bankers of a French gentleman, named De Jourdin, who arrived in Albany in 1799. De Jourdin was an *attaché* of the French Court, and arrived here with a lad whom he announced as the son of the King of France. The venerable Mrs. Blandina Dudley, founder of the Albany Observatory, is the principal witness to prove the identity of this youth. She claims to have a perfect recollection of the arrival of the parties in Albany. The Rev. Eleazer Williams, professes to be able to prove that he is the boy who was with De Jourdin, first at Albany, then at Whitehall and Fort Edward.

Governor Trousdale, American Minister in Brazil for five years past, has returned to his home in Tennessee.

The Turkish Admiral and suite visited the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 19th, where they were received by a salute. They partook of a collation at the house of the commandant, and afterward dined at Rockingham House, the Mayor presiding. The Turks expressed themselves greatly pleased with the yard, especially with the three-decker *Franklin*, which they examined throughout. The Admiral was to remain a few days at Boston, whence he would proceed to Niagara Falls and to other places of interest in the country.

Inkpadata, the terrible Indian chief, whose band committed so many murders in southern Minnesota, last summer, has been captured.

Captain Phillips, the leader of the New Orleans "Thugs," was brutally murdered in that city on the night of the 20th.

Sir Henry Bulwer, formerly British Minister to the United States and one of the negotiators of the famous Clayton-Bulwer treaty, has been appointed British Embassador at Constantinople.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliamentary proceedings for the week ending the 12th inst. have been interesting. In the House of Commons the bill abolishing property qualification for members of Parliament had been debated, and was passed to a second reading amidst some cheering. The question is regarded as a significant test on the subject of Parliamentary reform, and meets with Government support.

On the 10th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Shaftesbury gave notice that on the 14th he should move a resolution condemning the conduct of the Government in publishing their dispatch to the Governor-General of India.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Cardwell gave notice that, on the 13th inst., he should move the following resolution: "That this House, while it abstains from expressing any opinion upon the policy of any proclamation issued by the Governor-General of India in relation to Oude, has seen with regret and serious apprehension that her Majesty's Government has addressed to the Governor-General of India, through the Secret Committee of the India House, a dispatch condemning in strong terms the conduct of the Governor-General of India; and that they are of opinion such a course on the part of Government must tend, under the present circumstances of India, to produce a most prejudicial effect, by weakening the authority of the Governor-General, and by encouraging further resistance on the part of those who are still in arms against us."

THE BRITISH PRESS ADVOCATING AMERICAN EXPANSION.

The London *Times*, in a late number, published an article, which has attracted attention, on American expansion southward. The *Times* says, in effect, that absorption of the weaker republics of Central and South America by the United States can not be long delayed should America now pursue the course that seems imminent. The change as regards the English interest, assuming that the Americans will honestly provide for the existing debts of the various States in question, can not but be a great improvement upon their present position. The writer thinks that far more opposition will be shown to the extension at home than abroad.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

All the wire of the Atlantic Telegraph has been removed from the tanks at Keyham, excepting about 200 miles, which are in the course of removal, at the rate of about two miles per hour, to the *Niagara*. Up to 9 o'clock of the 1st of May she had received 1070 miles, viz.: ward-room coil, 312; hold, 338; lower deck, 170; and main-deck, 250. The last-named will receive from thirty to forty more; the after-tank, on deck, 200 miles; and a second deck forward 150 miles. The balance of the wire is daily expected from the manufactory by the *Adonis* and another steamship. The total length shipped last year was 1255 miles; this year the *Niagara* will take 1468. Across the after-tank there is a stage, on which is fitted, right over the cone in the centre, a horizontal flanged wheel, with the spindle fore-and-aft; from this wheel the wire runs once round a vertical revolving barrel, and is then guided by a horizontal roller to the paying machine over the stern. This coil will be discharged first, and will be followed by the main-deck coil, then the lower deck and hold, and finally the ward-room. The *Agamemnon* has received all her portion of the wire from Keyham, and, like the *Niagara*, is expecting some from the *Adonis*. She has in her upper deck 233 miles; orlop, 95; and main-hold 932. Here, then, is space for 210 additional miles, which will complete her lading to 1470 miles, about the same quantity as that on board the frigate, and, like her, 200 miles more than last year. The measurement is by statute miles.

PORTRAIT OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

A writer in the London *News* thus describes Sir Colin Campbell, who, by-the-way, will be immediately raised to the peerage for his eminent services in India. He says: "Sir Colin's is a most remarkable countenance. Beneath a solid brow expressive of comprehensive combination, and above a mouth bespeaking immovable firmness, his eyes look out with what at first appears a dreamy heaviness, but which impresses us, when longer looked into, with the conviction that they see every thing. The turbulent close-curling hair is in keeping with the features, and adds to the *unique* expression. The whole bespeaks a man who can bide his time, but who, as soon as the moment for action comes, strikes home with the resistless rapidity of the lightning."

ALLSOP'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

A correspondent of the Yorkshire *Gazette* writes: "I ascertained yesterday that some friends of mine, a gentleman and his wife, who have recently gone to New York, made the voyage in the same packet with Allsop. He was particularly attentive, rendering them many little services, such as an old voyager can perform for young travelers. He became a general favorite on board, and great surprise, as well as regret, was experienced when it was found that a reward was offered for his apprehension as an accomplice in the horrible attempt of Orsini and Pierri, in the Rue Lepellitier."

CHARLES DICKENS ON LITERATURE.

A grand dinner was recently given in London in honor of the inauguration of the new exhibition of pictures and sculpture at the Royal Academy. Sir Charles Eastlake occupied the Chair, and a brilliant assemblage of guests sat down to table, including some of the first nobility and first statesmen of the land. In answer to a toast to literature, coupled with the names of Dickens and Thackeray, the former said: "Following the order of your toast, I have to take first part in the duet to be performed in acknowledgment of the compliment you have paid to literature. In this home of art I feel it to be too much an interchange of compliments, as it were between near relations, to enter into any lengthened expression of our thanks for the honor you have done us. I feel that it would be changing this splendid assembly into a sort of family party.—[A laugh.] I may, however, take leave to say that your sister, whom I represent, is strong and healthy—[A laugh]—she has a very great affection for, and an undying interest in you; and it is always a very great gratification to her to see herself so well remembered within these walls, and to know that she is an honored guest at your hospitable board."—[Cheers and laughter.]

THACKERAY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Thackeray then said: "My Lords, Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen,—Permit me to say that had it not been for the direct act of my friend who has just sat down, I should most likely never have been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be not a writer but a painter, or designer of pictures. That was the object of my early ambition, and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works of which I can not mention the name—[Laughter]—but which were colored light green, and came out once a month.—[A laugh.] This young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings, and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable.—[Laughter.] But for that unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavored one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances. This disappointment caused me to direct my attention to a different walk of art, and now I can only hope to be 'translated' on these walls, as I have been, thanks to my talented friend Mr. Egg—[Hear, hear.] I shall, however, ever think with pride and pleasure of my name having been mentioned from that chair, always connecting it with the person who first sat in it. You, Sir, know whence he came, and we, gentlemen, are all aware that the knight of Plymouth has not left the knight of Plympton behind him.—[Cheers.] Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most delightful of men, and to have been well spoken of from his chair is one of the greatest gratifications I could experience.—[Hear, hear.] The men of my profession have long been connected with painters. I myself have had the happiness to number several among the dearest friends of my life. You yourself, Sir, have mentioned that Goldsmith always attended these anniversaries; and I understand that Johnson too was present in the very last year of his life. Despite the shortness of his breath, he delighted to walk up the stairs of the Royal Academy, and sit at the feast of the good Sir Joshua. And we who have no asthma, nor any long steps to get up—[A laugh]—shall always be happy to receive your welcome and partake of your hospitality." [Cheers.]

FRANCE.

SUING FOR AN IDEA.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* writes: "Talking of *les braves Belges*, we were treated to a most laughable trial before the civil tribunal, between a celebrated Belgian painter, Mr. Stevens, and a Mr. Vandenhall, his compatriot, keeper of a beer-shop and Belgian cookery, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Finding few customers, the cook applied to the artist, who suggested a bold plan to placard the neighborhood with 'Splendid sausages served at three sous, all hot! two gold Napoleons inserted in each hundred!' Crowds came, there was luck about the house, till it was remarked that the nuggets were generally found on the plates of a select set of customers. Fair play is a jewel, a general row was the result, the kitchen was gutted, and the splendid sign-board, '*Saucisson d'or!*' dragged down ignominiously. Stevens sued for 15,000 francs, the value of his 'idea:' Vandenhall held a bill of Stevens; both were laughed out of Court, lotteries being illegal in France, except for clerical purposes."

RACHEL'S GUITAR AND LABLACHE'S SNUFF-BOXES.

The sale of Rachel's effects has been going on for some days in Paris. The famous guitar was put up, but the auctioneer was fairly shamed into the admission that it was equally authentic with the various apocryphal articles brought from Palestine at the time of the Crusades, and the fall of the Byzantine Empire, now scattered through Spanish, Italian, French, and German churches. In point of fact, it never was played on in coffee-houses by young Eliza Felix at all; and accordingly it fetched its intrinsic value, six francs. It is said that Sarah Felix has caused a sheriff's officer to seize the copy a French lady artist made of her sister Rachel's photograph, she claiming copyright in that painful effigy. It was taken after death, which occurred, as often described in the Old Testament, with her "face to the wall;" that wall had to be broken through for the purpose.

Lablache's snuff-boxes are going for enormous prices; 6000 francs is not an uncommon bid for some. The Garrick enamel miniature was thought cheap at 3000 francs.

RUSSIAN GALLANTRY.

A celebrated cantatrice, now "starring" it in Paris, lately received from a Muscovite prince a handsome brooch in diamonds, in acknowledgment of admiration; but not wishing to accept a gift, the motive of which might be misconstrued, she returned it with warm thanks. Next day she received a letter from the prince, approving highly of her decision, but the writing in this letter had a singularly glistening appearance, and it was afterward found that the magnate, not to be outdone in generosity, had reduced the returned diamonds to fine powder, with which he had besprinkled the wet ink, and had thus insured the acceptance of his homage!

INDIA.

INTERIOR OF THE KAISERBAGH.

The special correspondence of the *Times*, from the seat of war in India, received here by the last mail, completes the series of graphic accounts given by Mr. Russell of the Fall of Lucknow. We quote from his last letter, dated March 20: "The Kaiserbagh can not be described. The place is a series of palaces, kiosks, mosques, all of fanciful Oriental architecture—some light and graceful, others merely fantastic and curious, connected generally by long corridors arched and open in the front, or by extensive wings, which inclose the courts and gardens contained within the outer walls. In every room throughout the endless series there was a profusion of mirrors in ponderous gilt frames. A universal gilding of cornices, furniture, and every thing that would bear the process, seemed the prevailing taste in the Royal Court. From every ceiling hung glass chandeliers of every age, form, color, and design. As to the furniture, in many instances it looked like collections from the lumber-rooms of all the old palaces in Europe—Louis Quatorze clocks and cabinets, renaissance mirrors and chairs, buhl-worked ebony chests, marqueterie tables, solid lumpy old German state-chairs, gilt all over; but these were relieved by the richest carpets, by sumptuous divans, by cushions covered with golden embroidery, by rich screens of Cashmere shawls, and by table-covers ponderous with pearls and gold. In some of the rooms there were a few good pictures, said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence, Zoffany, and Beechey, but I did not see any traces of Sir Joshua on the walls when I entered, and there was only one picture which looked at all like a Lawrence. There were numerous portraits of the present and former kings of Oude, and oil copies of the portraits of Governors-General, of Wellington, Nelson, George IV., and Bonaparte, many Chinese drawings, French crayons, and English engravings of all sorts—even those from 'Williamson's Wild Sports of the East,' an old, and almost forgotten book on tiger-hunting—in gorgeous frames; but the hand of the spoiler was heavy among them all. Those hung out of the reach of the musket-stock or bayonet were scarcely safe from a bullet or the leg of a table. Down came chandeliers in a tinkling, clattering rain of glass—crash! crash! crash! door and window, and mirror and pendule! Sikh and soldier were reveling in destruction, and delirious with plunder and mischief. Those who could not get in at once to carry on the work searched the corridors, battered off the noses, legs, and arms of the statues in the gardens, or, diving into cellars, either made their fortunes by the discovery of unsuspected treasure, or lost their lives at the hands of concealed fanatics. There was no time to guard against indiscriminate plunder, inasmuch as it never was expected that the Kaiserbagh and all its treasures would have fallen that day into our hands. It was stormed at once, but it could scarcely be said that any great resistance was offered by the enemy.

PILLAGE OF THE KAISERBAGH.

"Our men were in high delight with the gay dresses of the eunuchs which they found in some of the rooms, and it was with difficulty they were induced to take off the crowns of lace and peacock's plumes, and bird of paradise feathers, and the sword-belts they stuck over their heads and shoulders. In the next court, which was sheltered from fire by the walls around it, our men had made a great seizure of rich plunder. They had burst into some of the state apartments, and they were engaged in dividing the spoil of shawls and lace and embroidery of gold and silver and pearls. In a nook of this court where there was a little shade, we retired to rest ourselves, as there were no means of approaching the front, part of the buildings being on fire, and explosions of mines feared every moment. Two men of the 90th were in before us, and, assisted later by some of the 38th, we saw them appropriate money's worth enough to make them independent for life. The rooms off this nook had been used as stores by the King or some wealthy member of his household, and each moment these men went in only to emerge with a richer trophy. In one box they found diamond bracelets, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and opals, all so large and bright and badly set, that we believed at the time they were glass. In another was a pair of gold-mounted and jeweled dueling pistols, of English make, and the bill, stating that his Majesty the King of Oude owed the maker £280; then out they came with bundles of swords, gold-mounted and jeweled, which they at once knocked to pieces for the sake of the mountings, leaving the blades behind them. Next came out a huge chemical laboratory, then a gold saddlecloth, studded with pearls; then gold-handled riding canes; then cups of agate and jade, gold-mounted and jeweled; then—but I must really stop this broker's inventory. The happy possessors of these riches were quite mad with excitement. 'Is this gold, Sir?' 'Is that a diamond?' 'Is your honor shure that's raal goold?' 'Is this string of little white stones (pearls) worth any thing, gintlemen?' It was a great drawback to have a conscience under such circumstances—a greater not to have a penny in one's pockets, for in this country no one except an old stager on the look-out for loot carries a farthing about him, and, as one of the soldiers observed, 'These here concerns only carries on ready-money transactions?' He was an experienced operator, that gentleman. If a native soldier came in and walked off with any thing which he found in a dark corner, out pounced our friend upon him, rifle in hand, 'Leave that there, I tell you. I put that there myself!' and there was something in his eye which explained his meaning so clearly that the article was at once abandoned, and if found to be valuable was retained; if not, was 'made a present of.'

THE ZENANA.

"It may be imagined what a state of terror the Begums and their attendants were in when our men entered. They expected death every instant, and their agonies of fear were increased by the knowledge of the fact that some armed Sepoys were shut up in a room close at hand, and one shot might seal their fate. Huddled together amidst the smoke, they could scarcely be calmed by the assurances of the officers, who at once took measures to remove them to a place of safety. As they were going out, one of the ladies pointed out to Captain Hope Johnstone a box which he had just taken from the floor and laid upon the table. She told him it contained jewels to the value of ten lacs of rupees, or £100,000. He at once placed sentries at the doors, and gave orders that no one should enter. Having, with the aid of his brother officers, taken the ladies out of danger, he retired to the Zenana. It was blazing from end to end. The sentries only escaped by clambering up to the roof, from which they were with difficulty saved. The jewels were gone. Had Captain Johnstone taken them they would have been his, for the Kaiserbagh on this day was given up to plunder, and what each man could get became his property.

RESCUE OF THE ENGLISH LADIES.

"Almost immediately afterward, another native appeared and presented two notes—one from Mrs. Orr, the other from Miss Jackson, imploring immediate succor, as their enemies were making search for them. The officers returned to the nearest Ghoorka post, and called for volunteers; forty or fifty of these hardy, dirty, and loot-loving Calmucks stepped forth, and, with the native at their head as a guide, the party at a rapid rate started off on their errand of deliverance. They proceeded for more than half a mile through the silent, tortuous streets, expecting to receive a volley at every turn, when they came to a house, apparently shut up and abandoned. 'This is the house,' said the guide. At the noise of their footsteps the owner (Meer Wajeed Ali, Daroga of the Court) made his appearance, and began to stipulate for his property, but Captain M'Neil demanded the immediate production of the ladies, and, finding that he was resolute, the Daroga led him to an obscure apartment, where were two ladies in Oriental costume in a dark corner. At the sound of the voice, 'Are you the English ladies, and do you wish to leave this place?' those whom he addressed were not able to reply to the officer from excessive joy, and for a moment or two they were overwhelmed with thankfulness and emotion. But there was no time to be lost. The Moulvie and his followers were known to be searching for them. The ladies, clad as they were, descended to the street, and were about to be placed on the officers' horses, when a palanquin caught the eye of Captain M'Neil in the court of the house. Just as the ladies were getting into it, a few budmashes, with drawn swords, sallied out from an adjoining house to attack them, but a shot from a revolver and the bayonets of the Ghoorkas soon disposed of their resistance; and six of the Daroga's retainers being impressed as palanquin bearers, the party and a portion of the escort moved back as rapidly as possible to the Ghoorka post, and the poor ladies were placed in safety."

CHINA.

BARBAROUS EXECUTIONS.

The *Overland Friend of China*, in an account of the executions committed in Canton since the Anglo-French occupation, says: "One of the recent victims was a woman from the rebel districts, who actually killed a mandarin as he was riding on horseback. For this she was doomed to be cut in pieces. The horrid process of cutting in pieces has already been described in these columns, and there is no necessity for full details; but we are told by a gentleman who was present that before they tied her arms to the cross she made those signs which Roman Catholic converts are in the habit of employing when appealing to the foreigner for protection. Her cries, however, were in vain, and her breasts, the fleshy parts of her arms, the calves of her legs, and thighs, were cut off (the woman still living) before the knife was thrust into the abdomen, and twisted up and round the integuments of the heart. Thirteen men were beheaded at the same time. It is greatly to be regretted, we think, that these barbarities can not be made to cease while we are in Canton. Among the people the opinion has grown, no doubt, that Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon sanction atrocities of this kind. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that the panic of goods' moving increased after this display of 'blood' in a three-fold ratio to its previous existence. We have been told, though the source of our information is not of the best, that the deed having reached the ears of the 'Dictator' (Colonel Holloway and Captain Du Chenez are nonentities in the commissionership), he remonstrated with Peh, who assured him that the woman was executed by the express commands of the Emperor for the murder of her husband and his second wife. Her real crime was either as herein given, however, or the greater crime of being a Christian. The fact of the woman having crossed herself to the English witness may not be disputed. 'So exasperated was I at the sight,' said our informant, 'that with difficulty I restrained myself from using my revolver on the infernal blood-craving fiends.'"

A CANTON PRIEST'S HIDDEN TREASURE.

The correspondent of the London *Times* tells the following story: "Some days since a poor priest presented himself at head-quarters in abject garb and squalid plight, and told a piteous tale to the General how his little personal property, and his only change of raiment, lay in the Monastery of Celestial Bliss, now occupied by Colonel Hocker and his battalion. The General at once gave him an order to remove all his property from the place, and the priest prudently waited till the Colonel and the major part of his officers and men were absent on a *reconnaissance*. He then presented his order, and was led about by the officers of the day to recognize his property. The poor priest was accompanied by some servitors of his order. With their assistance he opened the pedestal of an untouched idol, and lo! a bar of solid gold and several bars of silver were exposed to the view of the astonished soldiery. Proceeding to another image, he abstracted some stones of great magnitude and price. Then he borrowed a ladder, and, mounting to the roof, removed a sheathing, and behold! a magazine of richly embroidered silks and costly furs, all which were duly piled upon the shoulders of the poor brethren. The guard were almost frantic, but the order was imperative. The poor priest was a true Chinaman. Having succeeded so far, he pushed his rights to the utmost. Lying about were some trophies and small matters which the absent soldiers had gathered together in other places and brought to these quarters. These also were put together. All was carried off; and when the reconnoitering party returned to their quarters they found them swept, but not garnished. Nothing was left but the hole in the roof and the disemboweled joss."

AMERICAN BOOKS IN CHINA.

An American missionary in China, writing from Macao to a friend in Brooklyn, says: "Soon after my arrival in China I saw a copy of the 'American Antartic Exploring Expedition,' which was presented by the United States Government to the Emperor of China, or at least sent to him. It was found by a merchant in a bookstall in Canton. A Chinaman offered to sell one of our missionaries a copy of 'Audubon's Birds of America,' which proved to be the identical volume that Mr. Cushing had presented to the Emperor when he made the treaty of Wanghia. The Canton officials probably sold these books and put the money into their own pockets, or sent word to the Emperor that the Americans had brought a small amount of tribute which would be credited to the Imperial Treasury."

AFRICA.

EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT DESERT.

A very interesting account is given in the *Moniteur* of the success of a mercantile expedition into the interior of the Great African Desert. A few months since (states the official journal) a caravan, composed of Algerian merchants, left Laghouat for Ghat, a town in the Great Desert, and the seat of a considerable market, standing about forty days' journey to the south of Tripoli and to the southeast of Laghouat. This caravan has just returned. Although they did not reach Ghat until after the period of the annual market, the merchants were able to make some purchases on which they have realized rather considerable profits. The inhabitants of Ghat received the Algerian caravan with all the liberality of Arab hospitality. For three consecutive days they furnished the diffa, or morning and evening meal, to all the persons of whom it was composed. The merchants of Ghat have been induced by this visit to come into Algeria, to carry on commercial operations, and lately a party of them, accompanied by a Foureg chief, Sid Othman, and three individuals belonging to the same tribe, arrived at Laghouat, bringing various kinds of merchandise, such as gold dust, ivory, buffalo hides, panther skins, ostrich feathers, etc. This first journey was merely as a trial, but the hearty welcome which the merchants of Ghat have met with in Algeria, and the profits they have obtained, lead to a belief that they will be induced to return, and that advantageous commercial relations will be established between Ghat and the southern towns of Algeria. From Ghat to Laghouat the road is not much longer than from Ghat to Tripoli, and is much better and safer. Without exaggerating the importance of the exchanges which it is possible to make with the interior of Africa, there is reason to hope that continued relations may be established between Algeria and Ghat, that the ascendency of France over the Saharian populations will increase, and that French manufactures will derive much advantage from this trade.



THE BATTLE OF THE WAXHAWS, MAY 29TH, 1780.



THE STORMING OF FORT GEORGE, MAY 27TH, 1813.

BATTLE OF THE WAXHAWS

THE week just ending contains anniversaries of two battles, one fought during the Revolutionary war, the other during the war of 1812; both of which were important in their results. To perpetuate their memory our artist has made the two spirited and fai[illegible] sketches presented upon the two preceding p[illegible].

The battle, or m-assacre, of the Waxhaws was fought on the 29th of May, 1780, on the Waxhaw Creek, about nine miles from the present Lancaster Court House, South Carolina. Sir Henry Clinton took possession of Charleston on the twelfth of May; and, having sufficient force at his command, immediately determined to subjugate the whole State. He sent out three detachments in different directions. Cornwallis, who remained in charge of these, learned that Colonel Abraham Buford, with a force of 400 Continental infantry, a small detachment of Washington's cavalry, and two field-pieces, was leisurely retreating out of the State, finding himself too late to assist Lincoln at Charleston. This fact Cornwallis determined to annihilate. He dispatched against Buford Tarleton, with seven hundred men, all mounted. They marched 105 miles in fifty-four hours, and came up with Buford at Waxhaw, surrounded by the whole American ranks. Having received no orders, and supposing that negotiations were yet pending, the surprised Continentals were thrown into confusion. Some fired, others threw down their arms and begged for quarter. None was given, and the barbarous arms were known in pieces by Tarleton's troopers. One hundred and thirteen were slain, one hundred and fifty maimed to be left to recover or to travel, and fifty-three were made prisoners. To show how utter was the surprise of the Americans, Buford's field-pieces were not even discharged, and only five of the British were killed, and fifteen wounded. Colonel Buford himself fled from the cold-blooded massacre; but on his return to England he was tried by his countrymen, by a German, a British historian of the war, writes: "On this occasion the virtues of humanity was entirely forgot."

This blow spread consternation among all the residents of the region, who fled instantly from the enemy who had no mercy in his nature. Among the fugitives was the widowed mother of Andrew Jackson, and this, the first personal wrong he hatred to tyranny which young Jackson received, had doubtless an important bearing upon the character of the youth who was one day to be President of the United States.

THE STORMING OF FORT GEORGE.

THE Battle of Fort George was fought on the 27th of May, 1813, and the gallant Winfield Scott was the hero of the day. The plan for the opening of the campaign of 1813 was to take possession of York, Fort George, and Kingston. This was killed at the assault on York. Sackett's Harbor, April 27th. After various delays General Dearborn, with some five thousand men, sailed for Fort George. The fort was situated on a peninsula, by which it commanded. Mr. Headley, from whose animated account of the assault and capture we have taken most of Dearborn resolved to make the landing in six divisions of boats, under cover of the fire of the armed schooners. The division, consisting of five hundred men, was commanded by Winfield Scott, who volunteered for the occasion, and by Colonel Porter with the field train. The 27th of May, early in the morning, the division began to row, and soon the boats were moving toward the shore. Fifteen hundred British lined the bank, which rose eight to ten feet from the water. Their position forming his men under the plunging fire of these, shouted "Forward!" and leaped ashore to the assault. But, pressed by greatly superior numbers, they were at length borne struggling back. Dearborn, who was stationed on the deck of Commodore Chauncey, watching the conflict through the glass, suddenly saw these broken waves; his men were fall heavily back down the steep. Dropping his glass, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "He is lost! he is lost!" The next moment, however, he was cheered to his feet again, and, shouting to his men, he, with a rapid and determined step, descended the bank, and, unscathed by the volley that met him, marched up with his sword the bayonets leveled at his breast, and stepped on the top. The decisive moment of the action—our artist has depicted.

Crowding furiously after their commander his little band sent up their shout, and Scott immediately gave the signal to charge. The enemy was fierce, but short. The British line was broken; they fled; and Scott, mounting a captured horse, led the pursuit. The garrison of the fort followed, abandoning the walls. They set fire, however, to the magazines, and burst with a crash. Scott returned with two companies to save them. "One magazine exploded, and a portion of stone struck Scott on the breast, hurling him from his horse. Springing to his feet, he shouted, 'To the gate!' Rushing on, they tore it from its hinges, and poured in. Scott was the first to enter, and ran forward and pulled down the flag." The loss of the British was 250 killed and wounded, and 100 prisoners; while that of the Americans was but 72.

The fall of Fort George caused the evacuation of all the British forts on the Niagara River. Fort Erie among the rest. The action was, therefore, an important in its results as the conduct of the Americans was spirited and gallant.

A SKETCH.

I.

I SENT my Love a song one day,
And sought in vain t' express
My sense of her unmatched descent,
And, more, of my unworthiness;
But ah! no measly of breathed words,
Though not of me, the maiden thought,
She saw no fitness in my lay,
And wonder'd why to her I was brought.

II.

She praised the beauty of the verse,
Declared I was a poet born,
Extoll'd, with artless art my skill,
The picture I had sweetly drawn;
But then she bade me look on her,
Whose artist was the God of youth,
And asked me, with rebuking smile,
How dared I thus outrage the truth?

III.

Yet, knowing well her modesty
I so had toned the picture down,
So shaded her angelic face,
Which ne'er was dirkened by a frown,
That I had feared to wrong her eye,
When once the song to her was sent;
And when I sought her second gaze,
Lest shrunk, all pale and penitent.

IV.

Sweet girl! so full was she of light—
The light of genius and of youth,
Her very atmosphere was bright—
All things with her own grace and truth;
Were evil by, she saw it not;
Or take of ill she knew not her,
Since all to her seemed good and pure,
Save one, of whom she would not hear.

V.

And now no longer dare I sing
Of her, my Love, my dearest dream,
And robbed forever is my Muse,
Of this her sweetest theme, I ween,
For better 'twere that all unsung
Her praises should for aye remain,
Than that a heart so pure should be
In shocked by one unworthy strain.

VI.

But yet while beauty still is sung,
And virtue has her meed of refrain,
And love-songs warble from the tongue
Of sighing lass or stricken swain—
So long let hymns be heard
Though nagels only lisp her name,
For none can sing or grace or worth,
Who sings not my dear maiden's name.

DORA.

CHAPTER I.

My diploma—precious document!—was in my hand. I looked at it and thought it a mockery. Was it amounted almost to a blessing, still lingered in my ear—above all, sweeter and deeper than all, the words of praise which had been spoken to me, so full of gentle triumph, so serenely tender, from the one grateful lips my soul most ever looked upon. In all that assembly I saw only those eyes, felt only the soft smile that beamed upon me from those features. Yes, I knew beautiful she was! so fair, so fresh—like an apple-blossom with the May-day sun upon it. Yet was she not given me so earnestly before; and now, when I gave back her glance with a timidity which true feeling alone can inspire, I felt that a color in a girl's cheek is her cheek and temples. How I reproached myself for the admiration which had clouded that pale face with crimson! How could I dare recognize the glances of her sympathy as boldly! A look of this kind, which I had enjoyed over and over, a cheek, lovely as they made her, stung me as a reproach. Never was I more ashamed than when my diploma, then upon my companions, wondering if they had remarked me. Next me, with his hand upon my shoulder, as if claiming protection, stood young Wheitle, the most brilliant and daring student of our class; for the world I would not have had his hard look upon my face, searching for the blissful secret which flushed it so warmly; but the distinction which he held over a fellow with sensations more embarrassing than his own gave me courage. I turned away with an air of earnestly at Dora; a haughty smile was on his lip, and in his eyes. I could have struck him down for his very expression. All my feelings seemed to heighten over her downcast looks, and feed upon the blushes that came to her face, ebbing to and fro like a tide, as he addressed her. She seemed restless and embarrassed. No wonder, poor girl! she knew that I was watching him; guessed, perhaps, at the condemnation and contempt with which I regarded his character—for of all our class he was the only man whose approach to the woman I loved would have given me pain. An equable and an unfilled, what had he to do with a creature like Dora?

The ceremonies had broken up; the crowd closed in between us, and they seemed swept away from my sight—this man and Dora Sandford. I would have given worlds to know if they went together—if the audacity of that man had reached so bold a point; but when I went swiftly forth into the street there was no one, and though I walked up and down for a full half hour before Dora's dwelling, they neither passed in nor out. So I went home to my solitary chamber, in a students' boarding-house, and sat down to think. The wide, wide world lay before me. What should I do? Or where should I go? The past had given me knowledge and strength, the present was a single spot of ground, and I thought it my purpose to brave before entering the great battle of life. The future—I had no future but Dora, my bright, beautiful Dora, whose shadows had that night convinced me that my wild love was not entirely without its reward.

My profession, with a small sum of money, was all I had to begin with. A cold roll of vellum on the table was my little-deed to vague greatness, which should in the end be laid at Dora's feet. I had no professional connection that did not spring around this fair vision. The first grand passion of my youth left room for no other; ambition, or anything thing, was merged in my hopes of attaining Dora. While a student I had studied hard, with an ardent love of my profession; my youth had been filled with a burning thirst for knowledge; I longed to aid suffering humanity, to be known as grand and so benevolent as that of medicine. Nay, in my studies I had early felt a peculiar interest in certain discoveries. While the general science of medicine occupied my attention equally with that of my fellow-students, there was an undefined desire to make myself the master of some disease which science had as yet failed to control.

This terrible evil—the nobility—for I must call it so—grew and strengthened as I gathered knowledge. I believed there were diseases, many, many, of absolutely incurable diseases exist, and that science has a power as yet but partially developed over the human system. My ambition was not merely that of securing fame or wealth to myself. I hurried to become a benefactor to mankind, and to this end my studies had been incessant.

But even this great ambition bent before my growing love for Dora. Her presence was like the consuming love, which, up to the night that gave me an undefined hope, had been the fire at the dearest secret of my existence. Now it was a secret no longer. Dora's blushes had revealed her consciousness of my passion, and her sympathy in my aspirations! But While, what had he in common with this gentle girl—or did he in reality address her? He might have recognized some person in the group of ladies that surrounded her. Still, it seemed to me somewhat that Dora and he had disappeared at the same moment.

I sat up late that night, thinking over these things, with vague feelings of impatience that the good fortune which is the natural growth of exertion must be long coming. I wanted to be up and doing for my own sake, and for the good of humanity. The luxuries that had floated through my brain and fastened upon my convictions required the confirmation of practice: but where was to be my field of action, with a thousand cases of suffering humanity within half an hour's walk? Nor was I to commence the experimental study of poor man's home, in order to test my knowledge, without years of patient waiting?

These were unsatisfactory questions, that drove my hopes of Dora into a remote vision and dampened the triumphs attending my by the culmination of my medical studies. As the night wore on I grew feverish and restless; like a young race-horse panting for the start and yet held back with a powerful curb. My thought made me more and more wakeful, till I was wide awake indeed, and my brain was in a severe physical exertion, that led to nothing, could aid me to plunge at once into a full course of action.

My room was a small chamber in the rear of a boarding-house, and overlooked the back yards of other buildings on the same square. In one of these buildings, a wing of which projected into the garden, I knew that I was at a window in this wing of the house that I had first seen her, twelve months before, engaged in the task as I supposing manuscript or coloring maps. The delicate profile of her features—the golden amber of that hair—the graceful outline of her figure—all came back to my memory as I walked the room that night, and, notwithstanding the laziness of the hour, I looked out half expecting to see her.

There was a light in her room that shone palely through the folds of a muslin curtain, leaving a glow upon them like that which summer moonbeams shed over a landscape. While I looked earnestly at Dora; a naughty smile was on his lip, and in his eyes. I could have struck him down for his very expression. All my feelings seemed to heighten over her downcast looks, and feed upon the blushes that came to her face, ebbing to and fro like a tide, as he addressed her. She seemed restless and embarrassed. No wonder, poor girl! she knew that I was watching him; guessed, perhaps, at the condemnation and contempt with which I regarded his character—for of all our class he was the only man whose approach to the woman I loved would have given me pain. An equable and an unfilled, what had he to do with a creature like Dora?

"Not yet, it is scarcely midnight—and it will be all night, so very long, before we meet again!"

The voice chilled me from head to foot—it was Dora's! I sunk upon my knees by the window, for all strength left me; my forehead fell upon my locked hands, my breath was suspended. Dora there, after midnight, pleading in that pitiful tone! and with whom?—who but myself had a right to her presence?

"It will not do. I must be gone now, my girl, or the fellows will miss me and ask awkward questions. Good-night, dearest, was the rather indistinct reply.

Were the blood rushed in a torrent through my heart. I sprang to my feet, clenching my hands hard, and a groan broke through my clenched teeth.

The man who spoke was William Wheitle.

Then Dora pleaded—my angel Dora pleaded with this man White; pleaded piteously, only for a few moments more with him.

"No, no—not yet; only a few minutes more. I—I—I shall be ill. I shall die if you leave me so suddenly!"

"Nonsense, girl; I shall write to you!"

"Write—not often!" she said, with anxiety.

"There will not be time for many letters before we meet again. Nonsense!"

"Why, how impatient you are! Of course I shall cease the moment I am settled."

"Oh, then only be a long three weeks, perhaps months. Indeed, Wilson, it would kill me to wait months. You will seem like you were dead."

"Oh, you will soon get over this. The sex always recovers from these attacks."

"But I love you; how can I live, then, without your presence?"

"How do others managed it?" answered the man, absently, as if not quite conscious of the force of his words.

"Others—others! what is this—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—it was one of my infernal random shots. Don't turn so pale. It means nothing; upon my honor, it means nothing!"

The voice of Dora spoke again a gate which connected the back inclosures, for the inhabitants of the two houses—the old neighboring and had arranged this means of communication between their dwellings. He leaned upon the open gate while Dora stood within, and I could see that he held out his hand as if anxious to leave the poor girl without more words.

But Dora waved aside his hand, passing through the gate, and walked by his side till they passed beyond the range of my window—then I saw. The face was pale in the dim light, and her eyes sparkling a little, partly with pride and feeling was aroused in her gentle nature. She was startled and earnest.

"Wilson, why not have this marriage ceremony before we part? Why can I not accompany you? Science and not your wife? Think what I may be obliged to endure."

Her voice quivered as she spoke, and she seemed trembling all over with excitement.

"Why, indeed!" repeated a low, satanic laugh, and seemed to offer her some careless curse, for she drew back a little, partly, angrily.

"It is but a minute. Any hour will do. At daybreak, before you start."

"Nonsense! I could not get a clergyman. What a little goose the child is!"

"I think any clergyman, if you can marry us. Indeed we can do it ourselves in this State. To-night, then, if there will be no time in the morning."

"Dora, my love, call some of your servants out; it will be informal, but enough. Will you consent this night, Wilson?"

"And whom shall I call out for this delectable ceremony?" said the young man, almost with a sneer. "Perhaps you would like your—"

"Here the wretch uttered my name." "The fellow is in love with you, my dear, and I shouldn't mind telling him. I saw him gazing and you blushing, this evening."

"It was only because I thought you had made him a friend, and he looked as one would expect," replied Dora. "*Him* my confidant, and about our affairs! Think of such a ridiculous proposition!"

"Then I will call Dora Sandford myself," said the fellow in a love himself, and you rather encourage him, I think!"

"Oh, Wilson!"

"Nonsense; don't clasp your hands and look so pathetic. You are not offended? Fie upon it! He's what we call a hard-working student, and such fellows always get on. If you have a caprice for the fellow, why, I am not at all absurd love—I assure you!"

"Wilson White, this is cruel—it is unmanly!" exclaimed Dora, in a voice sharp with agonizing shame.

"Then why talk to me about bringing a raft of these student lovers to me? I would like your—I mean, if it you and I were not witnesses enough for my caprice that happens ourselves?"

"But that ceremony such as lies between the creature and his God, even that is wanting between us! I do not like the name of my widow is dead. I demand that before we part some ceremony which shall make me your wife before God shall be completed."

The poor girl spoke earnestly and with dignity. White at last seemed impressed, then angered; at last he said, recklessly,

"Why, if you will give me your hand—both hands, if it will make the thing stronger. Now, I call your God to witness that from this hour I, Wilson White, take you, Dora Sandford, to be my wedded wife! Will this satisfy you?"

Dora drew her hands away, and, covering her face with them, burst into tears. "Oh yes, I am your wife—I will be your true wife to the end of my day!"

"Hush, hush, we shall be heard!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Now do be a good girl and go home, Dora!"

"Wife—oh, call me your wife before we part!" she exclaimed, grasping tinsilly into his arms and looking upon him with her tearful eyes and pale beautiful face.

"Wife—yes, yes, you are my wife—I call God to witness it!" Is that enough?" he said, kissing

her impatiently, and half forcing her from his arms. "Good-night! good-by! take care of yourself."

She moved away a few paces, very dejectedly, and returned again.

"Call me your wife once again."

"A thousand times if you wish it; but do go in—the night is damp, and I am chilled to the soul!"

"And I too!" said poor Dora, and she glided away like a ghost, disappearing into the darkness of her home.

I witnessed all this—it had passed before me like a maniac's dream, burning itself upon my memory as I grew cold at heart. The first evil romance of life was torn up, root and branch, but I grew strong under the very fire that hardened me. My love for Dora had not changed—could not change—but it was no longer a passion. I did not dare to think of it but falling—for was not love holy than in my worship I had imagined her. She was wronged and misjudged—this thought was enough.

I arose and passed the room, revolving over what had passed before me, thinking of the fate of the helplessness. She was an orphan, dependent upon her own pretty accomplishments for support. White, I felt sure, was about to abandon her forever. The vow that he had taken, solemn and nearly binding as it was, I knew well he was ready to mock at should she ever attempt to hold it as binding. What did he care for a vow before God who openly exposed a disbelief of the whole ceremonial? Alas, poor Dora! how could I help her? A thought struck me. Before to-morrow night I was a legal marriage. Was not I the witness? had I not heard this solemn marriage vow uttered in the pure starlight, before the moon and God? The law required no more. If Dora was lost to me forever she was as a wife, and I had no claim on her union. All night I walked my room in the darkness—twice I looked out toward Dora's chamber. But the moon she wasted by was now white, with the maiden curtains brooding, like a hallowminous cloud, over her; pale and motionless, looking wistfully in the direction of a room over mine.

In this room the young graduates were making a night of it before their separation.

Loudest among those revelers I heard the voice of White. My blood boiled with indignation as I listened. He was singing snatches of a bacchanalian song, which rang out upon the night with a clash of glasses and a burden chorus that must have penetrated that poor watcher to the heart.

As the gray of morning came on, these sounds ceased like a mist from the window. Thus ended my first love-dream with the first night of my professional life.

CHAPTER II.

THE second year after this found me in a small country town in the northwestern portion of New York. An advancement in one of the city papers had sent me there. A physician who had built up a practice in the town wished to retire, and from his account, the position promised to be a good one. Twelve hours after reading this advertisement I was on my way to the interior, eager for seize on any thing that promised a fair start in my profession. A small, unpretending house among the hotel, was to seek out the doctor's office and commences negotiations. It was a small white building with green blinds, surrounded by a picket fence, and with a tin sign on one side the door. I glanced at the sign. "Doctor Hiram Hopkins, and Surgeon." Doctor White! the name startled me a little. I remembered the man who had so recklessly abandoned poor Dora, and the moment shrank from entering the office. But the name was a common one enough—there was scarcely a probability that this would be the man; and, if it were, what had I to fear? I had never wronged him, or any one, in my life. What reason had he to meet him?

It was an easy question; but when a young, honest heart has been wounded the owner may well shrink from looking at the instrument of his torture. I felt mine shrinking from the door-way whole frame quiver at the mere possibility of meeting my fellow-student again.

I opened the door and went in. A young man sat in front of an open window with his feet resting on the sill and leaning back in his professional office-chair smoking a cigar. He heard the door open, wheeled round, dashed out all, looked me full in the face, a cloud of smoke which he slowly emitted from between his lips before attempting to speak. It was White himself.

"Hallos, my fine fellow!" he said, reaching out his hand. "A most pleasant visit! Come you this way?"

His insolent composure swept away all my nervousness. I told him my business in a few words, standing all the time while he sat still.

"Oh, that's it! thought as if your tastes were always rural—now mine are not. Paved streets and two-pair of lowers for me! But sit down. Here is a chair, and you will find a cigar in that case. Let us talk the matter over comfortably."

I sat down and rejected the cigar.

"Ah, temperate as ever!" he observed, knocking the ashes from his cigar with a style of his vigor. "The same old fellow. Well, the ride in a pretty good one for this part of the country, and the prospects encouraging—have you a person properly recommended and circumstanced; but the old ladies have a prejudice in favor of married men. All right there, no doubt—needed by this time, I suppose?"

"No," I answered, briefly.

"No? that surprises me. I thought you had a fancy for that—that sunny-haired girl who used to color maps in the window opposite our boarding-house. Not married to her yet?"

I did not answer. The blood rushed to my face, and I grasped my cane hard, so tempted to knock him down that my whole frame shook with the suppressed desire.

He cast a sidelong glance on my face, and I saw the slow blood mount to his temples. He turned the subject instantly, and began to converse upon the business in hand. I saw at once that he was disposed to join me to a hard bargain, resisted him resolutely, and at length we came to terms. Before I left his office furniture and ride were mine.

I went back to my hotel; a train had arrived during my absence, and coming early up from the depôt I saw a young woman carrying a small leathern satchel in her hand. She wore a linen traveling dress, and a brown vail fell from the little straw bonnet concealing her face. As she passed me I caught a glimpse of her features: it was Dora—not the beautiful girl I had loved, but a frail, fair creature whom sorrow seemed faded with snow, and whose large, mournful eyes grew wild at the sound of laughter from a little boy who passed her, playing with a dog as if the latter were to think mirth out of place in the world.

My heart sickened at the sight of the common receiving room which opened upon the long veranda where I stood. The sight of Dora took away my appetite for three days, and when I could endow, unconscious that she had seated herself just within.

A light baggy-wagon came up to the door in which was a young lady, with a lad who drove the horse. The lad sprang out, and, with a single bound throwing back her vail as she went. She was very like, except that her hair was a shade deeper brown and her eyes hazel instead of blue.

I heard a rush, an exclamation, and then the sound of one or three quick kisses, which seemed, however, all on one side.

"Dora, my dear, dear sister Dora!"

There was no answer, only a succession of low sobs.

"What, crying; dear, dear child, crying! But it is for joy. Oh, tell me it is only for joy! I would not have you unhappy—you had shed a tear of grief to day for the whole world."

There were a few murmured words that I did not hear, then the voice of the young lady rose clearly.

"Yes, Dora, it is my wedding-day. Why did I not tell you of it before? Because I wished to be able to give you a little surprise, and him too. I do not think he knows that I have a sister—a half-sister you say. Well, you had a mother, we had the same mother; and let grandfather think as he will, you are sure and dear to me. Come, dry your eyes and one names had been one. There is no difference."

"Except that your father was the son of a rich man; mine, grandfather's poor. I am the child of sin, and I—"

"But it is not my fault. I am not of age. The property belongs to my grandfather, not to me, or I would have given you half with my whole heart. But we must remember that I shall be a married woman, with a handsome portion and a husband. Him, sister, when you see him, who has money in the world will seem nothing to the happiness of bearing his name."

"I pray you, pray very much," said the low voice of Dora, "and he loves you?"

"I love him! Oh, Dora, I am ashamed to say even to think how much; and his affections make me so proud, so rich! The very thought of giving him up would kill me. But you shall see him; he will invite you to live with us, for we are going to the city. You shall never see a cloud on or color a map again in your life. Then kiss me, darling sister, and let us go."

"But shall you not tell me who it is that you are to marry, Charlotte?" said Dora; and I was sure from her voice that she was trying to smile and could not.

"Indeed I haven't! It seems as if every body must know and have could you? Well, he is a physician."

"A physician?"

"Yes, and his name is White, Wilson White!"

There was no answer, but that instant I saw a hand clutch the side of the window near by me with a sudden spasm, as if it would sink into the wood, and then full away again cold and stiff.

I sprang to my feet. That name went through me like a poniard; it seemed to have killed her.

Without pausing for a thought I rushed into the room, and, lifting Dora from the floor where she had fallen, I laid her upon a sofa, and her half-sister looked on silent from terror. At last she was about to run for help.

"Stay, madam," I said, "I am a physician; you require no one else; the will come to herself presently."

"Oh, Sir," cried the ardent girl, "what is it—what can have done this? She looked ill from the first; but the same sight of her seemed to give her a shock of lightning."

"She is naturally delicate; the fatigue was enough. See, her lips are less blue. That is right; rub her poor hands. There, there!"

She opened her eyes while I was speaking, saw who held her hand, and drew it away shuddering. Still we could see her frame tremble from head to foot.

"Sister," said the bride, while the tears ran down her cheek, "sister!"

The shuddering increased. Dora drew herself together, and shook till the teeth chattered in her head.

"Dear, dear, what can I do?" cried the young girl, appealing to me.

"Let her rest," said I; "call for a room. I will prepare something that will do her good. Dora, come home for a few hours and send again. She will be better then."

Dora opened her eyes and gave me a look of thankfulness that went to my heart.

"Yes," said the sister, "I can not leave her; I will not."

"You must," I answered, firmly. "Physicians have a right to be tyrannical. My patient requires rest: I will see that she obtains it."

"But this is cruel, Sir."

"It is kindness to her," I answered. "You can do no good, but much harm here. Return later in the day—or, better, I will bring her myself to your house the moment she is well enough."

I led the young lady toward the door as I spoke. She resisted a little, and began to converse upon

ran back with eager affection and bent over her. Dora made an effort to speak, but her lips only trembled; at last she said, in a hoarse whisper,

"When is it?"

"In the evening, dear, at nine."

"I shall be better—quite well before that hour," she said, and lifting her arms drew the young girl down and pressed her lips, around which the blue coldness still lay, to that rosy mouth, over and over times.

Then the young lady went away, and I assisted Dora up stairs, to a room that had been prepared for her.

She looked at me very earnestly as I laid her upon the bed, like a poor little fawn, shot through the heart, that looks back reproachfully to death.

"Be quiet," I said, gently, "and all will be well."

She looked at me with a strange, wild gaze, questioning me with her eyes, but not once with her lips.

"Yes," I repeated, "all shall be well. Listen, my poor girl. I know every thing."

She started up. Her pale hands flew up and covered her face.

"You are afraid: do not tremble so, my poor child," I said, speaking as if I had been her father. "He did not tell me; I heard it by accident."

She let her hands drop; her eyes were fixed and full apart. Her lips trembled, evidently with fluttered thoughts. I saw that the half-sister already was not altogether base as my words had suggested.

"No, he did not tell me," I said; "but on the night when you parted in the garden I heard all that passed."

She started up. "Then—then—you heard him say before Almighty God that I was his wife? You heard that? Oh! say you heard that!"

"Yes, yes, I heard it; and a very important addition was made to it by the laws of our State those words made you his wife."

She fell back as if I had shot her through the brain.

"His wife—his wife! God help me! God help me!" she said, almost wildly, struggling to get up. "God help my poor sister most of all! It is her turn now—her turn. Oh! what can I do? What will become of her?"

She sat on the bed, rocking to and fro like a demented creature.

"Yes," I said, "it is a legal marriage; no vows could be more solemnly taken. I was a witness. rest assured that your sister is his wife."

"But he will!" she said, grasping my arm with both hands and pressing me with her wild looks. "At nine, she said; at nine."

I was frightened by the glitter of her eyes. "Lie down," I said, gently, forcing her back to the pillow. "Promise me to try and rest while I go in search of food. Have no fear; the marriage shall not take place."

"No, no; if I am his true wife it is impossible. I mean he can have no claim over me that is the law, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, by the law. Now try and rest; she can not be his wife."

She turned away her head, and I left the room, ordering a chamber-maid to go up and sit by her as I went down stairs, for there was something in her look that made me anxious.

Doctor White was not in his office. A lad who loitered near the door told me that he had gone over to old Mr. Larson's, two miles away up the valley, and might not be at his office again for days, as he was going to marry the old gentleman's grand-daughter, Miss Charlotte Lincoln, that very evening.

Two miles away, and the sun almost at its setting! I asked the boy to point out the direction of old Mr. Larson's house.

I could keep the road, he told me, or take a short cut across lots and along the river, which was pleasanter by far.

It was the shortest route, and therefore I selected it. Before I reached the second division of a meadow, I soon found myself on the banks of the river, a small stream that broke up through the greenness of the valley with a vein of whiteness. You could see that it was very deep in places, forming dark eddies, overhanging rocks and caves in the shore. One of these caves was scattered thickly with wild-flies, now blossoming in great stars of snowy white, and beginning to droop their leaves up for the night as I passed; for the sun was near its setting, and the cool breath of gold still broke upon the water, those shadows which always mark the American lakes to sleep were slowly gathering there.

In all my excitement I remember feeling admired by the scenery of the place. These clusters of blossoms seemed like pure human hearts from which all hope was withdrawn. Still nothing could interest tranquil Nature, but a flock of birds that encamped on the bank; some were drinking of the waters below me, others were busy among the perfected places of rest in the ferns. Nothing in life could be more innocent, no repose could be more perfect. I was my heart, and I felt my breath while passing this little cove.

A stone bridge composed of a single arch, gave my first view of the spacious old farm-house in which the wedding of that night was to take place. I knocked at the door and inquired for Doctor White. He had not yet arrived, but they expected him every moment.

Which way would he come?

By the river, no doubt; he always walked, and was sure to come that way as the road was dusty and his horse at the farm.

I looked at my watch—it was near eight. I turned from the house with a sense of relief. It was far better to meet this man in the open air, away from the household to which I brought so much cause of sorrow. We should encounter each other probably on the river's brink, where I would tell him all that I knew, and forbid the unholy marriage he was about to make.

As I closed the door-yard gate the curtain was hastily withdrawn from an upper window, and I was the bewildered face of Dora's half-sister looking eagerly out. She was crowned with white roses, and her bridal garments gleamed before me like a wave of snow. The very sight chilled me to the heart. It was a terrible duty I was performing.

The twilight had deepened before I entered the stone bridge and reached the little cove where the wanderers were sleeping. This spot was about half-way between the old mansion-house and the river. I had seen no human creature yet, and began to fear that Doctor White had taken a road. But as I came near the cove a sound as if of something struggling in the water made me halt to listen. For a moment I could hear the splashing of a dog down against their banks; then came a rush of tiny hoofs, and a whole flock of sheep appeared over a piece of rising ground at my left, evidently frightened from the lands by the noise in the water.

I never could tell why, but the sound, the sight, the sun I was searching for and thought only of. Down I ran, hurried forward to the most matured concealed from me by a swell of ground and a thicket of wild-flies. It was almost dark, the shadows on the water were rendered blacker by the tread which the animals had been lately disturbed, for I could see them ripple and surge as the tide fell deep as if some heavy weight had dragged them to the bottom—a weight which they had just passed.

All at once a dark mass rose up from its depths out of the stream, wallered a moment among the leaves, and sank again. It was a human head, a heap of blackness—head nothing but the rough hair that covered it. I knew it at once, but I am not certain then as I am now that it was the body of Wilson Bandford.

I plunged into the river—I struggled with the tangled roots of the water-lilies—soon, caught my breath, and struggled on. Again I felt the tough roots I dragged her. The ferns gave way in my hands, the water-lilies broke beneath our weight, but still I girded her form with my arm and felt that marble weight up the bank. The twilight still lingered faintly in the west. I saw the long hair, face, her marble hands—the golden hair black with the water. I took her in my arms, and strove to breathe some of my own life into her body. I took off my coat and wrapped it about her—all that my bosom had left—and struggled to accomplish I did in the wild hope of bringing her to life.

They—we—for I was blind in my arms, oh! so tenderly I clasped her—found the cove close to my heart that it grew cold as a stone in my bosom. I dragged her up the bank, and laid her on—on along the bank, through the trees, across the road-side to the old farm-house.

It was one blaze of lights. Lamps were ruddy amidst the hum of voices, the rustle of wedding garments, and the sound of the piano-forte. My head glowed and rustled around me.

They were in the hand in hand, before the minister of God—that bad man and the pure girl. The bridegroom looked triumphant, the bride timid and happy. A cloud of innocence love shed its roses on her cheek. I entered the inner room where they stood. The minister was already away right and left, as I hurried through them and laid the dead wife at her husband's feet. He looked down on that cold white face, from which the water was still dripping, and the folds was from upon her bosom. Then he looked up, with noted upon her. the hour-yard gate closing with a heavy jar made me start. She looked around at the empty place by her side, and, at last, on the pale form at her feet. Then her limbs gave way and she fell down in her misery, crying out with a burst of sudden anguish, "My sister! oh, my sister!"

In the next moment even answered that cry. Dora was dead.

We found a seat in the chamber at the hotel; it contained only a single bed.

"I will not crush my sister as I have been crushed. It shall not extend to her," Wilson love, what is the name of wife? I may be mad, but she shall never suffer the pain which has driven me to this. I do not expect her to know, I charge you with the breath of a dying woman; I charge you by the memory of your own sister. Let the wedding go on! Before nine he will be a doctor; and I, oh my God, have mercy! where shall I be?

It was impossible to keep Dora's secret. The rehind rest day, one, every room in the house upon its two or human being ever learned the reason of that sudden marriage.

I do not think that any one ever dies of disappointed love; but a great shock often develops latent disease, and therefore I predict some of a consumptive family. She faded rapidly after the tragic death of her sister, and, spite of my care (for she became my patient in less than three months), dropped quietly out of the world. We laid her in the quiet churchyard, where her sister had already sided with Dora. The forest trees on the outskirts of the ground threw their shadows over the double quite over these two graves, and though you can see the steeple of our meeting-house from the distance, the town itself can not be seen. Only a few persons ever break the solitude of that holy place.

BEAUTY

BY Heaven's law, the Jew might take
A slave to wife, if she was fair;
So strong a plea does beauty make
That, where 'tis seen, discretion there
Inhabits also. If we learn
That this illustrious vaunt's a lie,
The soul which can indeed discern
Sees ugly contrariety.
And laughs at Nature's wanton mood,
Which, thus the swinish thing to flout,
Enough hoplo in its gross way good,
Hangs such a jewel in its snout.

ELEPHANT-WASHING IN INDIA.

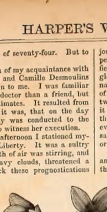
THE illustration we give below represents one of the most striking scenes of Indian life.

It is well known that the elephant stands even in more need of water than his master—man. Without a copious and constantly renewed bath the elephant loses his spirit and contracts numerous cutaneous diseases. In the wild state the elephant never wanders far from some deep pool or flowing river. He spends much of his time in wallowing in the cool liquid. Provided two inches of his trunk can remain above the surface, the rest of his huge bulk is most comfortable under water.

Accordingly, in India, wherever tame elephants are used, care is taken to bathe them regularly. They are taken to their water by the mahout, and allowed to disport themselves for several hours at a time in the miry pools. It is said that they will play in the water just like so many boys; that they take the greatest delight in squirting water over each other, and occasionally regaling their driver with a shower-bath. He, meanwhile, is sedulously occupied in scrubbing the sides of the animal with hand and broom, nor does he consider his task complete till he has thoroughly scoured every part of the hide. The elephants enjoy the process as much as human creatures. The sight is very striking and novel; our illustration conveys a very fair idea of the scene.

THE NAPOLEON PLANT.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the subjoined representation of a plant, in the various disposition of whose stems and leaves the accurate searcher may discover three faces, which will be readily recognized as those of Napoleon III., his Empress, and Child. It is a riddle which each reader must rede for himself.



THE NAPOLEON PLANT.

THE FRENCH DOCTOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

I AM a son of the celebrated Cousin, physician to the king and queen. My father, whose burlesque surname caused him to be ranked among the charlatans and mountebanks of the period, was a distinguished *aimant* of the school of Volta, Galvani, and Mesmer. He was the first in France who directed his attention to plantomagnetism and electricity, and gave lectures to the court on natural philosophy. He was a great favorite with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and Joseph II. declared that during his brief visit to Paris he saw nothing more interesting than Cousin.

In the midst of all his court popularity my father occupied himself with the education of my brother and myself, initiating us into the mysteries of the occult sciences, and imparting to us many curious secrets in galvanism, magnetism, and natural philosophy, which, though now common studies, were then confined to a privileged few.

His title of royal physician caused him, in 1793, to suffer imprisonment, but, thanks to an acquaintance existing between myself and Montagne, I was enabled to obtain his release. He then retired to the house in which I now reside, where he died, in 1807, at the age of seventy-four. But to return to myself.

I have already spoken of my acquaintance with Montaigne, but Danton and Camille Desmoulins were equally well known to me. I was familiar with Marat rather as a doctor than a friend, but still I was one of his intimates. It resulted from this intimacy, brief as it was, that on the day Mademoiselle de Corday was conducted to the scaffold, I determined to witness her execution.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I stationed myself near the Statue of Liberty. It was a sultry day in July; not a breath of air was stirring, and the sky, dark with heavy clouds, threatened a storm. At four o'clock three prognostications were fulfilled, and



it is said that it was at the very moment Charlotte ascended the fatal car that the tempest burst forth in all its fury.

A young artist was engaged in taking her portrait when they came to fetch her from prison, but it seemed as though envious Death would not allow her pictured image to survive her, for the head was as yet scarcely sketched on the canvas; and, very strange to say, at the moment of the executioner's entrance, the artist was employed on the very part of the neck that was to seem to feel the sharp steel of the guillotine.

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, but without dispersing the curious populace; the quays, the bridges, the squares, were crowded, and the tumult on earth almost drowned that of the heavens.

The women loaded the expected victim with execration, and their murmurs fell on my ear like the sound of some distant cataract.

Long before any thing was to be seen, the eager crowd made way; at last I saw the fatal car breasting, like some doomed vessel, this surging human sea, and could distinguish the condemned woman, who was a total stranger to me even by sight.

She was a lovely creature, of about seven-and-twenty, with magnificent eyes, finely-chiseled nose, and superbly-moulded lips; she stood upright, with her head slightly thrown back—a position which, her hands tightly bound behind her back, obliged her to maintain.

The heavy rain had ceased, but as she had been exposed to its violence during three-quarters of the journey, her woolen robe clung as closely to her fine person as if she had just stepped from a bath, its fiery red color giving an aspect of strange and gloomy splendor to her proud and spirited countenance. At the moment of her arrival at the place of execution a ray of sunshine broke from between two clouds, and, playing on her hair, surrounded it with a sort of halo; indeed, though the crime of this young woman was murder—that terrible act of execution a ray of sunshine broke from between two clouds, and, playing on her hair, surrounded it with a sort of halo; indeed, though the crime of this young woman was murder—that terrible act even when it avenges humanity—it seemed hard to say whether I was about to witness a punishment or a martyrdom.

On catching sight of the scaffold she turned pale, and her sudden pallor was the more visible from the contrast of the red robe, which reached to her throat; but, almost immediately recovering herself, she regarded the frightful object with a smile.

The car stopped; Charlotte leaped to the ground, and ascended the slippery steps as rapidly as her long trailing robe and manacled hands would permit.

As the executioner removed the handkerchief from her neck she again turned pale, but with a smile that belied the momentary pallor, and an almost joyous bound, she offered herself came forward, and, without allowing herself to be secured by the infamous machine, passed her head through the yawning opening. The knife descended, and the head, severed from the body, fell, and rebounded on the platform. One of the executioner's assistants, named Legros, then seized it by the long hair, and, in vile adulation to the multitude, struck it on the cheek. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses when I beheld a vivid blush overspread not only the profanest cheek, but the whole of the countenance, as though enough of vitality remained in the head to render it sensible of the indignity it had sustained. The crowd also beheld this blush, and took the part of the dead against the living—the victim against the executioner. They demanded immediate vengeance, and the miserable wretch was at once seized by the *gens d'armes*, and conveyed to prison.

As I was curious to know what possible reason this man could have had for committing so brutal and infamous an act, I required his place of confinement; and, learning that it was the Abbey, asked and obtained permission to visit him.

A decree of the revolutionary tribunal had just condemned him to three months' imprisonment; but he could not understand being punished for what he called so natural an act.

I inquired what reason he had for committing it?

"What a question!" he said, disdainfully. "Why I am a Maratist; I had just executed the sentence of the law, and wished to inflict a little punishment on my own account."

"But you do not understand," I said, "that this violation of the respect due to the dead is in itself a crime."

"What, then," said Legros, looking fixedly at me, "you think they are dead because they are guillotined?"

"Without doubt!"

"Ah! that shows you have never looked into the basket where they are all thrown together, or heard how the teeth gnash them and their eyes and grind their teeth for sometimes five minutes after execution. We are obliged to change the basket every three months, they destroy the bottom so with their teeth. You see it is a heap of heads of aristocrats, who can not make up their minds to die quietly, and I should not be surprised if, some day, one of them began to cry, '*Vive le Roi!*'"

Having now learned all I wished, I left the prison—haunted by one idea: that of these still living heads—and I determined to satisfy myself on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

ABEL.

I LEFT the Abbey, and was crossing the Place Taranne, in order to gain the Rue de Tournon, where I resided, when I heard a woman's voice calling for help. I hastened toward the spot from whence the cries proceeded, and perceived by the feeble light of the moon, which left at the moment passed from behind a cloud, a woman struggling in the midst of a patrol of *sans culottes*. The woman, on her part, as quickly perceived me, and, judging from my dress that I was not altogether a man of the people, she broke from the hands of her captors, exclaiming, "See, here is Monsieur Albert, who knows me! he will tell you that I am really the daughter of Mère Ledieu, the washer-woman!" and, at the same time, the poor, pale, trembling creature seized my arm, and clung to me as a drowning man does to the saving plank.

"The daughter of Mère Ledieu as much as you like, but you have not a civic card; and so, my pretty girl, you must accompany us to the guard-room," said the sergeant.

The young woman pressed my arm, and I was as sure as less to understand her mute appeal. As she had addressed me by the first name that came into her head, I followed her example.

"What is it, my poor Adèle?" I said. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"There! do you hear, gentlemen?" she exclaimed.

"It strikes me that you could as easily say citizens!" grumbled the sergeant.

"But listen, Monsieur!" said the young girl. "You must not blame me for speaking this, for my mother's business lay all in the great world; she accustomed me to be polite, so I acquired this habit—I had one, I know, but I can not help it!"

There was in this reply, notwithstanding the trembling voice in which it was uttered, an imperceptible raillery which I also understood.



ELEPHANT-WASHING IN INDIA.

I asked myself who this woman could be, but found the problem impossible to solve; though of one thing I was certain, that she was not the daughter of a weather-woman.

"You ask what has happened, citizen Albert?" she continued. "Fancy! I went to carry home some linen, and as the mistress of the house was absent, I waited her return, for I had need of my money. Dame! every body had need of their money nowadays. I had intended to return home before dusk, but night came on before I was aware, and, having forgotten my cloak, I was afraid of catching cold. Those gentlemen—pardon, I mean citizens—who would not listen to my explanations, but insisted on taking me to the guard-room. I cried out; you came to my assistance; I recognized you, and no longer felt alarmed; for, I said to myself, since Monsieur Albert knows that I am the daughter of Mère Lolive, and am called Rose, he will secure for me. Is it not so, Monsieur Albert?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I do, and will answer for you."

"Very good!" said the chief of the patriots. "But who will for me, my fine gentleman?"

"Danton; will he satisfy you?—is he a good patriot?"

"Ah! if Danton will answer for you, there is nothing more to be said!"

"Well, to-day he holds a meeting at the Cordeliers—let us go there."

"With all my heart," said the sergeant. "Citizens *sans culottes*, forward—march!"

The club of the Cordeliers was held in the ancient convent of the same name, Rue de l'Observance. On arriving at the door I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and writing a few words in pencil, requested the sergeant to carry it to Danton, while I and my companion remained in the custody of the corporal and the patriot. He complied with my request, and in a few moments returned, accompanied by Danton.

"What! have they arrested you, my friend?" he exclaimed. "You, one of our best republicans!" Then, turning to the sergeant, he said, "Be easy, citizen! I will answer for him."

"But will you also answer for her?" persisted the obstinate patriot.

"For her? of whom do you speak?"

"Of this young woman, parbleu!"

"For him—for her—for all belonging to him! Are you now satisfied?"

"Yes; but my greatest satisfaction has been seeing you," said the sergeant.

"Ah, *parbleu!*" said Danton, laughing, "you may have that pleasure gratis; pray regard me at your ease, while you have the opportunity."

"Thanks. Continue to sustain, as you have done, the interests of the people, and rest assured they will not prove ungrateful. Will you let me shake you by the hand?"

"Why not?" said Danton; and he gave him his hand.

"Vive Danton!" cried the sergeant, and "Vive Danton!" echoed the patriots, as they departed with their leader, who, when he had proceeded a dozen paces, turned and waved his hat to us in the same cry, which was duly echoed by his men.

I was about to thank Danton, when his name, many times repeated, reached us from the interior of the club.

"Danton! Danton!" cried several voices, "to the tribunal!"

"Pardon, my dear fellow!" he said; "your hear I am summoned. One shake of the hand, and then I must return. I gave the right to the sergeant, so I will give you the left; for, who knows? that worthy patriot may perhaps have the itch!"

So saying he laughed and re-entered his club. I was left alone with the fair unknown.

"Now, madame," said I, "whom may I conduct you? for I am entirely at your service."

"Dame! of course, to Mère Lolieu; you know she is my mother," was her laughing reply.

"But where does that Mère Lolieu reside?"

"Rue Feron, No. 34."

The journey was performed in perfect silence, but I took advantage of the rays of the moon, now shining in unclouded splendor, to examine my companion more attentively.

She was a charming brunette, from twenty to two-and-twenty years of age; with large laughing eyes, a straight nose, rosy lips, and teeth like rows of pearl, which, added to her pretty feet and hands, might have envied, save her whole appearance—in spite of the mean attire of Mère Lolieu's daughter—an air which might well have awakened the suspicions of the brave sergeant and his warlike troop.

On arriving at our destination we paused and silently regarded each other.

"Well, my dear Monsieur Albert, what is it?" asked the unknown, smiling.

I wished to say, my dear Mademoiselle Adèle, that it was scarcely worth while to meet if our acquaintance is to be so brief."

A thousand pardons! the meeting has been worth every thing to me; for if I had not met you they would have carried me to the guard-room, discovered that I was not the daughter of Mère Lolieu, but an aristocrat, and would then, probably, have cut off my head!"

"Then you acknowledge you are an aristocrat?"

I acknowledge nothing."

"At least tell me your name."

"You know it already—Adèle."

"Nay, the name I called you at hazard can not be your true one?"

"Never mind! I like it, and shall retain it—at least for you."

"Why need you retain it for me, since I am never again to see you?"

"Nay, I do not say that. I only say that in case of our meeting again there is no need of your being acquainted with my real name, nor I with yours. I called you 'Albert;' keep that name, as I will that of 'Adèle.'"

"Be it so," said I. "But now listen, Adèle; confess that you are an aristocrat."

"Which, if I do not acknowledge, you will guess, and so rob my avowal of all its merit."

"And as an aristocrat you are pursued, and obliged to conceal yourself?"

"With Mère Lolieu, Rue Feron, whose husband was my father's coachman. You see I keep nothing from you."

"And your father?"

"Pardon, Monsieur Albert; though I keep none of my own secrets from you, those of my father must be held sacred. I can only tell you that he is obliged to conceal himself, and that he is watching an opportunity to emigrate."

"And what is to become of you?"

"I shall, if possible, escape with him; if not, let him depart alone, and wait until I am able to rejoin him."

"And you were returning from a visit to your father when you were arrested this evening?"

"Yes."

"You saw what took place?"

"I saw you interpose in account of your credit."

"Oh, my credit is not very great; but I have a few friends; and the one you saw to-night is not the least powerful among the patriots."

"And you will use his influence to aid my father's escape?"

"No; I shall reserve it entirely for you. I have other plans for your father."

Other plans!" said Adèle, seizing my hand, and anxiously regarding me.

"If I serve your father, will you keep me in your remembrance?" said I.

"I will be grateful to you all my life," said she, with an ardor which betrayed my anticipated gratitude. Then she added, in a supplicant tone—"But will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I was not mistaken," she exclaimed, joyfully; "I knew you had a noble heart, I thank you, in the name of both my father and myself; and, even if you do not succeed, we shall not be the less grateful for your generous efforts in our behalf."

"When shall we meet again, Adèle?"

"When will you require to see me?"

"To-morrow; as I hope to have something good to communicate."

"Then I will meet you to-morrow."

"But where?"

"Here."

"What, in the street?"

"Good heavens! what can be more safe? During the half hour we have been chatting here, not a soul has passed us."

"But why will you not either admit me here, or else come to my apartments."

"Because, by receiving me here, I should compromise the honest people who have given me an asylum; and by visiting your apartments, I should compromise you."

"Do as you think best; but I will procure, if you can find it one of my female relatives."

"So that your relative may be guillotined, in case of my being discovered!"

"You are right; then I will bring you one by the name of Adèle."

"Excellent! You will see this will end by being my real and only name."

"But how shall we meet, and at what hour?"

"Very easily: at five minutes to ten be at this door, and at ten I will open it."

"Then adieu till to-morrow, dear Adèle!"

"Adieu till to-morrow, dear Albert!"

I took her hand, and would have pressed it to my lips, but she innocently presented her cheek.

That evening at half past nine I was at the appointed spot, and at a quarter past Adèle opened the door—thus we were both before the time.

Instead of waiting—

"Ah! I see you have good news," said she, smiling.

"Excellent, but, in the first place, here is your cloak."

"Nay; first about my father," said she, gently repulsing my hand.

"If your father chooses, he is saved."

"He does choose! he says so!"

"He must just confidence in me."

"He does so already."

"You have seen him then?—you have again exposed yourself to danger!"

"Yes; but what would you have, my friend? I was obliged to do it, and God watched over me."

"And you saw him alone?"

"I told him that you saved my life yesterday, and would perhaps save his to-morrow."

"Friendly!—to-morrow your father will be in safety."

"But how? for pity's sake speak! Oh! if you are successful, what a fortunate meeting it will have been for me!"

"Only," said I, hesitating, "you will not be able to accompany him."

"Ah to this I had not yet told you that my resolution was already taken?"

"Besides, in a short time I am sure to be able to procure you a passport."

"Let us now speak of my father. You can think calmly on such a subject?"

"I told you I had a few powerful friends; I have seen two of them to-day—a man whose name is a guarantee for courage, honor, and loyalty."

"And this name is?"

"Mirecourt."

"General Mirecourt! Ah! you are right—what he promises he will perform."

"And he has promised to serve us!"

"Heavens! how happy you make me! but how?"

"In a very simple manner. Kleber has just been named commander-in-chief of the army in the west, and your father will accompany him as his secretary. Arrived in La Vendée, he will give Mirecourt his word not to bear arms against France, then some night he will gain the Vendéan camp, from whence he can pass to Brittany—to England.

When he is settled in London, he can write to you. I will procure you a passport, and you can rejoin him."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Adèle. "Then there is no time to be lost, for my father must be informed of your plans. But how?"

"Have you not your card, and my arm?"

"Ah, I forgot! give me my card!"

I gave it to her, and she placed it in her bosom; then, taking my arm, we set out, and proceeded as far as the Rue Turanne—that is to say, the spot where I met her on the preceding evening.

"Wait for me here," said she, and disappeared at the corner of the ancient Hotel Montgomery.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she reappeared.

"Come!" said she.

"Whither?"

She led me into the Rue Guillaume, opposite the Hotel Mortemart, where, drawing a key from her pocket, she opened a little private door, and, taking me by the hand, guided me to a door on the second floor, where she rapped in a peculiar manner.

It was opened by an elderly man in a workman's garb, who appeared from the kitchen to a bookbinder; but the first words he uttered, the first sentence of thanks he addressed to me, declared the attire a mere disguise.

"Monsieur," said he, "it was Providence sent you to our assistance; it is true that you are not only able, but willing to save me."

I told him all. I related how Marceau had engaged to take him as his private secretary, and to require nothing but the promise that he would not take up arms against France.

I will take that promise with all my heart, both to you and the General," said the old man; "but when shall we set out?"

"To-morrow."

"Had I better join him to-night?"

"When you please, monsieur; he will be prepared to receive you."

A low faint cry of laughter gazed at each other; at last Adèle said—

"I think, father, it would be more prudent to place yourself at once under the General's protection."

"Then I will do so; but what if I am stopped, for I have no card?"

"Take mine," said I.

"But you—"

"Oh! I can well known."

"But what will the Marceau reside?"

"Rue de l'Université, No. 40."

"You will accompany us thither?"

"No; I will remain for a little distance, so as to be able to conduct mademoiselle home after you have passed the gate."

"But how will Marceau know that I am the man of whom you spoke?"

"You must show him this tricolored cockade—that was the sign agreed upon."

"Ah! how can I ever gratitude to my preserver?"

"By trusting him with the safety of your daughter, as she has yours."

The old man wrung my hand.

"Let us go," said he, after putting on his hat he extinguished the lamp, leaving us to grope our way to the street door by the feeble rays of moonlight straggling through the small panes of the stair-case window.

They stood at the Rue de l'Université without having encountered a single person.

"This is a good omen!" said I, approaching them, as they passed at No. 40. "Now, shall I await your return, or shall I enter with you?"

"No, dear monsieur, reassume yourself—wait here for my daughter."

I bowed.

One more, adieu, and thanks," said he, grasping my hand. "My tongue has not the power to express the sentiments I feel toward you. I can only trust that God will one day enable me to show all my gratitude."

My only reply was a silent pressure of the hand. He entered the house followed by his daughter, but before she left me I saw a tear drop from her eyes.

Ten minutes afterward the door opened, and she reappeared.

"My dear Albert," said she, "General Marceau is indeed worthy of being your friend! listen to his delicate kindness. Knowing that I should be glad to remain with my father, he has given orders to the sentinel at my passing the night here, and sharing his sister's chamber. By three o'clock tomorrow afternoon all will be over—at four o'clock. To-morrow night at ten, if you value the thanks of a daughter who owes a father's life to you, come and receive them at Rue Feron."

I will not fail to come; but has your father given you an engraving for me?"

"He thanks you for the use of your card, which he returns, and says you will send me in place, him at soon as possible."

"You shall go whenever you wish it, Adèle," said I, with a determination which I felt in my throat.

"But I must first know where to find my father," said she. "Oh! you are not yet rid of me!"

I took her hand and pressed it to my heart, but she again presented her cheek, saying, gaily, "Adieu until to-morrow!"

I returned home with a lighter feeling about my heart than I had ever before experienced. Was it produced by the consciousness of the good action I had just performed? or did I already love the adorable creature? I know not whether this night I was sleeping or waking; I only know that all the harmonies in the universe united in my soul —that the night appeared endless, the day interminable—that even in defying time, I sought to arrest his flight, so as not to lose a moment of the days I had yet to live.

The next evening, by nine o'clock, I was in the Rue Feron, and at half past Adèle made her appearance. She hastened to me, and flung her arms around my neck.

"My father is saved!" cried she, "and by your means. Oh, how I love you!"

At the end of a fortnight Adèle received a letter announcing her father's safe arrival in England. The next day I brought her a passport, but at the sight of it she burst into tears.

"Ah, you do not love me!" she murmured.

"I love you more than life," I answered. "But I pledged my word to your father, and, at whatever sacrifice, I must keep it."

"Then," said she, "I must break mine; for if you, Albert, can let me depart, I have not the courage to tear myself from you!"

Alas! she remained.

CHAPTER III.

THE CREATION OF CLAMART.

THREE months had elapsed since the evening on which I spoke to Adèle of her departure, and the circumstance subject had not been again mentioned. In compliance with her wishes I engaged for her a little apartment in the Rue Turanne, by the name of Adèle, the only one by which I knew her, while for her I possessed no other cognomen than that of Albert.

I had also procured for her the situation of under-teacher at a female seminary, as a still greater protection against the researches of the Revolutionary police, now become more active than ever.

The Sundays and Wednesdays we passed together in our little apartment in the Rue Turanne, from whence we could behold the very spot on which our first meeting took place. Every day we exchanged letters, here being addressed to "Albert," and mine to "Adèle."

These three months were the happiest of my life, nevertheless I had not renounced the design formed at the close of the insurrection under the executioner's assistant. I had already asked and obtained permission to make experiments on the duration of life after execution; and these experiments convinced me that the cessation of pain ourselves the moment of the fall of the head must be most agonizing; for the slow, falling on the most sensitive part of the body, where all the nerves governing the superior members are united, the sudden severing of the spinal column, in which many of these nerves originate, would produce the most exquisite agony that it was possible for a human being to experience; and even if it only endured for a few seconds, during those seconds the consciousness, the individuality, would remain. The head will say, how, the whole bundle of its reparation from the body; and when can say that this brief duration of the agony would be any compensation for its intensity.

Unhappily, subjects for my experiments were not wanting, for the Terror was now at its height. Every day thirty or forty persons suffered death; and as great was the quantity of blood shed on the Place de la Revolution that a ditch three feet in depth was objected to be dug round the scaffold. This ditch was filled with lime, but one of them turning under the foot of a child of eight or ten years of age, he precipitated into this hideous gulf, and there drowned.

It is needless to say I carefully concealed from Adèle the nature of the studies in which I was also was absent from me; besides, I must confess that the first impressions produced by the feeling of repugnance toward these poor mangled human remains that I shuddered to think of the increase of suffering my experiments would occasion. But I reflected that I was studying for the benefit of society at large, and that the knowledge I was ourselves to be shared by the members of the Legislature I might eventually succeed in abolishing the penalty of death.

Accordingly, as my experiments progressed, I kept a sort of journal of their results, and at the end of two months had made every possible trial of the persistence of life after execution. Still I was not wholly satisfied, but hoped to discover another to push my researches yet further by the aid of galvanism and electricity.

The cemetery of Clamart had been given up to me, and all the heads and bodies of the guillotined passed at once through it. Behind, built in one corner of the cemetery, but also been converted into a laboratory for me; for after changing the keys from their palaces, the next act of the enlightened people was to tenant the deserted dwellings. Here, and here as electrical machine, and two or three of the machines called "exciters." Toward five o'clock in the morning the bodies were received. I took, at hazard, one or two bodies, and the same number of heads, the rest were thrown into the common grave; the next day the heads and bodies on which I had experimented were added to the fourth convoy. In these labors I was constantly assisted by my brother.

In the midst of this hourly contact with death my love for Adèle augmented every day; while, on her part, the poor child loved me with her whole heart. I did not, however, dare to speak my love, and pictured to myself the happiness of such a union; but, alas! that was impossible at present; for by the laws of France Adèle, in marrying me, would have been obliged to reveal her real name, which, being that of an aristocrat, would infallibly consign her to the fatal knife.

I therefore resolved to defer my happiness to a more favorable period, which it would have proved her own to me.

The same morning I received a letter from Adèle, saying she would spend the day with her aunt with me. I therefore repaired to our little apartment on the Rue Turanne, and I found professional duties would prevent my spending the evening with her. I therefore repaired to our little apartment on the Rue Turanne, and I found professional duties would prevent my spending the evening with her. I was myself deeply affected by this evasion.

tion, for during my boyhood the poor queen had shown me so much kindness that I always retained a grateful recollection of her. I was haunted, too, by a vague presentiment of coming evil; and, though I endeavored to cheer and comfort Adèle, my words belied the feelings of my heart.

The night was even more melancholy than the day. I remember that a dog howled without ceasing in the apartment underneath. Next day we learned that his master had gone out, taking the key with him; he was arrested in the street, conducted before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned at three o'clock, and executed at four.

It was now necessary for us to separate, as Adèle's classes met at nine o'clock. The school was situated near the Jardin des Plantes. I hesitated whether to let her go, and she herself, poor girl, was very unwilling to leave me, but to absent herself for two days would give rise to investigations which might prove dangerous in the extreme. I called a fiacre and accompanied her to the corner of the Rue Fosses St. Bernard, where I left her to continue her journey alone; but, instead of myself returning, I remained rooted to the spot where we parted, gazing after the receding vehicle. It had scarcely proceeded twenty paces when it stopped, and Adèle put her head out of the window, as if she instinctively guessed that I was still there. I ran to her again, pressed her in my arms, and, imprinting a long kiss on her lips, hurried away. I fancied she called me again to her, but, fearing our movements might attract observation, I had the fatal courage to resist my inclination to look back.

I returned home in a state of despair, and spent the whole day in writing to Adèle; in the evening I sent her a volume.

I had just posted my letter when I received one from her, telling me that she had been severely reprimanded, and threatened with being deprived of her next holiday. This would be on the following Sunday; but she vowed that, even at the risk of being dismissed from her situation, she would be with me on that day.

I echoed her vow, for I felt that if a week were to elapse without my seeing her, which would be the case if the threat were carried out, I should lose my senses; the more so, as she had expressed some uneasiness concerning a letter from her father, which she found awaiting her, and which had evidently been opened.

I passed a bad night, and a still worse day. I wrote as usual to Adèle, and then, as it was one of my days for making experiments, I called at my brother's apartments, and, finding him from home, proceeded alone to Clamart.

It was a stormy afternoon, and the rain fell in torrents. As I hastened along the plashy streets I heard the public criers repeating, in a loud voice, a list of the day's victims.

It was a long one, and bore on its fearful columns the names of men, women, and children; the bloody harvest was abundant, and there was no fear of my wanting subjects for my evening's employment.

The days were becoming short; I arrived at Clamart at four o'clock, and it was already almost dark. The aspect of this cemetery, with its vast and newly-made graves, and its few and thinly-scattered trees, waving their leafless and skeleton branches in the air, was gloomy in the extreme.

In its midst the gaping pit awaited the arrival of its ghastly contents, and in preparation for the increased supply it was larger and deeper than usual. I mechanically approached the brink, and shuddered at perceiving that it was half-full of water. I could not help thinking of the cold and naked bodies so soon to find a bed as icy as themselves. As I turned away my foot slipped, and I narrowly escaped falling into the hideous depth; my hair stood on end, and, shivering with cold and wet, I hastened to my laboratory.

As I have before said, it was an ancient chapel, but I vainly cast my eyes around me to discover any signs of worship. The walls were naked, the altar shorn of its decorations, and where formerly rested the tabernacle emblems of God and eternity, now reposed a fleshless skull, symbol of death and nothingness.

I lighted a candle, and, placing it on my table, covered with strangely-formed tools of my own invention, seated myself beside it; and, resting my head upon my hand, fell into a reverie. I thought of poor Marie Antoinette, who I remembered so beautiful, happy, and beloved, and who, only yesterday conducted to the scaffold, now lay, her head separated from her body, in the common grave—she who had formerly reposed beneath the gilded hangings of Versailles, the Tuileries, and St. Cloud.

While I was indulging in these gloomy reflections, the storm redoubled its violence. The wind came in heavy gusts, making the trees bend beneath its fury, like fragile blades of grass.

To the noise of the elements was now added a sound like distant thunder; it was the red tumbril returning from the Place de la Revolution to Clamart.

The door of the little chapel opened, and two men entered, streaming with water, and bearing between them a huge sack.

One of them was the same Legros whom I had visited in prison; the other was a grave-digger.

"Here, Monsieur Ledru," said the executioner's assistant; "here are your affairs. You need not hurry yourself to-night, for we will leave you the whole batch: we will bury them to-morrow when it will be daylight, for there is no fear of their taking cold from passing a night in the open air!" And, with a hideous laugh, these stipendiaries of death placed their burden in the angle near the ancient altar, and quitted the chapel without closing the door after them, which began to swing backward and forward on its hinges, admitting gusts of cold air, which made my candle flicker, and almost extinguished the flame already burning pale and dim around the blackened and neglected wick.

I heard them unharness the horse, fasten the gate of the cemetery, and depart, leaving the tumbril laden with headless bodies behind them.

I felt almost tempted to follow their example, but something—I knew not what—kept me shuddering in my seat.

I was certainly not afraid, but yet the noise of the wind, the beating of the rain, the rustling of the trees, swayed to and fro by the blast, which made my light flicker and tremble as it whistled through the crevice of the half open door, thrilled my every nerve with a sensation of vague and nameless terror, that I vainly tried to subdue.

All at once I fancied I heard a sweet and melancholy voice, which seemed to proceed from some part of the little chapel, pronounce the name of Albert. For a moment I trembled. "Albert"—there was but one person on earth who called me thus.

My eyes wandered slowly over the little building which, small as it was, my feeble candle did not wholly illumine, and rested on the sack placed in the angle by the altar, the bloody stains on which told too plainly what were its ghastly contents. At the same moment I heard the name of "Albert," repeated in the same soft, melancholy tones, but fainter than before. I sprang from my seat, cold with horror, for the voice seemed to proceed from the interior of the sack.

I passed my hand over my eyes—was I asleep or dreaming?

At last, rigid with terror, I approached the sack and opened it. As I did so I plainly felt the pressure of yet warm lips upon my hand!

My terror was such that its very excess gave me courage. I seized the head, and, returning to my *fauteuil*, in which I sank more dead than alive, I placed it on the table beside me.

Then I uttered a piercing cry, for this head—the lips of which were yet warm, and the lovely eyes but half closed—was that of Adèle!

I cried three times—"Adèle! Adèle! Adèle!" and the third time the eyes opened, gazed at me, two tears fell from them, and then, a momentary gleam lighting them up, as if at that moment the spirit took wing, they closed forever.

I rose from my chair, mad with grief and rage, and half believing myself the victim of some horrible delusion.

I was rushing from the chapel, when the lappet of my coat caught the corner of the table, and it fell to the ground, dragging me with it. In the fall the light was extinguished; but, as I lay extended on the pavement, I fancied I saw the head roll near to mine, and felt the pressure of its icy lips upon my own. A shudder passed through my veins. I uttered a deep groan, and fainted. The next morning I was discovered by the two grave-diggers, extended on the pavement of the chapel, as cold, and almost as lifeless, as the stones on which I lay.

Adèle, recognized through her father's letter, had been arrested, condemned, and executed the same day. Thus the head that had spoken, the eyes that had gazed on me, the lips that had pressed mine, were the eyes, the lips, the head of Adèle!

Miscellany.

—Thus speaks Sir Thomas Overbury of

A Good Wife:

"She is a world of happiness, that brings with it a kingdom in conceit, and makes a perfect adjunct in societie; shee's such a comfort as exceeds content, and proues so precious as canot be paralleld, yea more inestimable than may be valued. Shee's any good man's better second selfe, the very mirror of true constant modesty, the carefull huswife of frugalitie, and dearest object of man's heart's felicitie. She commands with mildnesse, rules with discretion, lives in repute, and ordereth all things that are good or necessarie. Shee's her husband's solace, her house's ornament, her children's succor, and her servant's comfort. Shee's (to be briefe) the eye of warinesse, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of loue. Her voice is musicke, her countenance meeknesse; her mind vertuous, and her soule gratious. Shee's a blessing giuen from God to man, a sweet companion in his affliction, and ioynt co-partner upon all occasions. Shee's (to conclude) earth's chiefest paragon, and will bee, when she dyes, heaven's dearest creature."

—French homes are not famous—although those who know them best speak most highly of the home arrangements of the French. But here is a description of

A French Woman at Home:

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal fires have no conception of—she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest and the ripest in season. But there is very little of each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little in eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere idleness. No French woman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine-ladyism with crumpled gauze or bare hands.

—The mind needs exercise as well as the body; and intellectual idleness needs to be as much striven against as physical listlessness. Dr. Combe speaks thus of the importance of

Regular Mental Exercise:

The nervous system, like all other parts, is most directly strengthened by exercise of its own functions. It is, therefore, of much consequence to keep the mind and feelings as fully employed, and as regularly exercised, as possible, and never to yield to the dislike for mental exertion which nervous debility generally brings along with it. And in that state, the best thing we can do is to invite and encourage others to stir us up even against our will at the time, particularly as the *feeling* of inability is always much greater than the *reality*; and if we act upon the feeling, we are apt to allow our whole faculties of mind and body to become weakened from a mistaken belief of their unfitness for exercise. So sensible of this am I in my own experience, that scarcely a day passes in which I do not feel positively grateful for *being obliged* to exert myself, and to do many things, and to see many people, that, were I left to inclination, I fear I should often neglect; and the consequence is, that the more I have to do, and the greater exertion I am making, the more I am able to do, and the happier I become. Your system obeys the same laws; and therefore the more you force yourself to active communication with others, and the more you exercise your mind and encourage your friends to rouse you up, the more certainly and speedily will you acquire strength of mind and health of body.

—Move on is the motto of this age. He who stands still will be run over, trampled down, and buried beneath the feet of those who obey the age's law of Progress. Call it brass, audacity, recklessness, or what else you please, the one quality which most strongly tends to success, to progress, as to action, is

Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world, says Sydney Smith, for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of judging of any thing: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we can conceive *may* be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary excellence can hardly be a just criterion, because it may be in fact impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore, the fair, practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated the standard of excellence in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard; and, as the rest of the understanding can not fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper in the estimation of which every thing is charming and delightful.

—What an injured race are the

Cabmen!

They are the sailors of great cities; sailors in the uniformity of their reckless attire, and their countenances reddened and hardened by weather exposure, and in the peculiar slang with which, using professional terms, they speak of all mundane affairs. They are sailors in republican contempt for worldly dignities and dignitaries. As sailors have deep contempt for all who do not understand ships, cabmen depise every intellect unconcerned with horses. They are sailors in their intense acuteness and decided inclination to swindle. Yet sailors—dirty, improvident, dishonest—have a poetical position among men, and, except among ship-owners and captains, Jack has the merit of a jolly dog, innocent as a puppy, prettily playful. Jarvy has no novelists and no defenders; for the street is not the sea, and we miss the sixpences extracted from ourselves. When we sit in the cab and look at the statue-like heap of old clothes on the box, steering us through the traffic of the city, we feel toward him as if he were the inevitable foe—as Cape soldiers regard a Caffre—as Christians once regarded the Jews. His affecting devotion to his horse, whom he drives slowly in conviction of the risks of a rapider pace, meets with no sympathy from us: we consider the quadruped as in league with the driver.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

At the Jefferson County circuit, held at Watertown last month, a fair young lady had impleaded a faithless swain for breaking his promise to make her his bride. The action was being tried, the court-room was crowded, and some damaging proof against the plaintiff had been given. "Crier, call Mr. Gunn," said the counsel for the defense—his attention just then being withdrawn for a moment by his client whispering in his ear. "What's his Christian name?" asked the crier, a simple-minded pensioner of the court. "*Shot* Gunn," answered the counsel, *soto voce*. "Shot Gunn!" shouted the crier in perfect simplicity at the top of his voice. The laughter of the audience was not allayed by a stentorian response of "Here!" from the midst of the crowd. The witness was sworn. His evidence elicited nothing in favor of the defendant, but it supplied an important link that was wanting in the plaintiff's case. "Mr. Gunn," said Sam, at the close of his examination, "you are *discharged*; you can *go off*. Brother C.," he continued, turning to the opposing counsel, "your Gun *kicked!*"

Along the line of the Illinois Central Railroad are mile-stones painted white, denoting the distance from Detroit or Chicago. In the cars one day a young lady, seeing the white stones, wanted to know "why there were so many grave-stones along the line of the railroad?" She shuddered when told they were by the graves of people that had been killed on the road!

Albert Smith once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth!"

Prosy was boring Jerrold with a long story, and wound up with, "I thought I should have died with laughter." "I wish to Heaven you had," said Jerrold.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

Some years ago, as Captain B——, of steamer *Water-Witch*, was passing down the Arkansas River, they had pressing need of an axe, and not having one on board, at the first landing the boat rounded to Captain B—— dispatched an Irishman to the nearest cabin in quest of one. Pretty soon Patrick returned with an axe; but when, after having used it, the Captain ordered him to return it, he refused point-blank. "Shure and I'd spake to the baste no more." "But what is the reason?" urged Captain B——. "Shure then an' I'll till ye. Whin I wint up to the cabin I saw a white woman fornenst, an' I axed her perlitely for the loan of an axe, and she telled me to ax her husband in the corn-field. So, yer honor, I wint up to the corn-field, and I saw a big black nager a standing there, and I ses to him, ses I, 'an' where's yer masther?' Ses he, 'I'm the masther;' an' ses I, 'I'm afther having the loan of an axe for a few minutes.' Ses he, 'Go down to the house and get it.' Well, I got the axe, Capting, an' as I wint by the door ses I to mesilf, 'Be jabers but I'll give her a shmall bit of my mind.' So I poked me head in the door, and ses I, 'Ain't ye ashamed of yersilf to be having a black nager for a husband?' An' ses she, 'Law, no! I had a sisther done worse than that;' an' ses I, 'What was that shure?' an' ses she, 'She married an Irishman.' An' bedad, I'll be afther spaking no more to the baste, Capting, biggin' yer honor's pardon." The "Capting" laughingly excused him from so unpleasant a duty.

"I was employed in my present occupation," writes a correspondent, "several years ago in a house of this city as book-keeper, and not an uncommon occasion is it to bring suit upon sundry individuals in these parts for a failure of a 'promise to pay.' It so chanced that a certain constable, who rejoiced in the plain cognomen of 'Walker,' and a curious old genius was he—peace to his ashes!—managed to get in debt to our house several dollars. After 'letting it run' some time after due, I proposed putting it in suit, when the proprietor said it would hardly be of use, for the man made it a part of his conscience *not to pay*. However I ruled, and, having got out 'the papers,' I handed them to the identical constable himself, thinking it might induce him to pay without further trouble. He read over the summons, etc., and put it in his pocket, and, after keeping the same about a week, returned the execution, plainly indorsed upon the same, 'No property found; and,' added he, 'I never tried *harder* to make a small debt in all my constableship—*or, if I did, I have forgot the day and generation!*' Honest, don't you think?"

A critic one day talked to Jerrold about the humor of a certain novelist, who was certainly no humorist. "Humor!" exclaimed Jerrold, "why, he sweats at a joke like a Titan at a thunder-bolt!"

It seems to be so easy to be good-natured, I wonder any body takes the trouble to be any thing else.

In olden times there were "*five foolish virgins.*" We are afraid that there are fully as many as that number at this present day. Some of them were born foolish; some of them were made foolish by the examples of their weak-minded mothers; and some of them have made themselves foolish.

An editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy forty-eight years old; and says, "This brandy is so old that we very much fear it can not live much longer."

What gentleman can, with any propriety, ask a *fat* woman to *lean* on his arm?

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In a small town on the Susquehanna River there is a church in which the singing had "run completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical power had been gradually failing.

One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measure rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and said:

"Brother B—— will please repeat the hymn, as I can not conscientiously pray after such singing!"

The deacon very composedly pitched it to another tune, with a manifest improvement upon the first effort, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up a book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

"Will Mr. —— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

There was recently a concert on the skirts of Newcastle, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play "a solo on the violin." His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival," through which he struggled with exemplary courage, and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side, right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astounded by an exclamation from the back seats: "Aw say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be all neet tunin' that fiddle o' yourn, or are ye gaun to give us a tune?"

A gentleman, on taking an edition of Gibbon's Rome to a book-store in Boston to be bound, was asked whether he would have it bound in Russia? "Oh no," he replied, "Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

Let no repugnance to the single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate.
Although 'tis true you'll find full many a fool
Who'd make old maids the butt of ridicule,
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

Whoever *felt* the pain of a pun so poor as this:
"The youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd."

During the two rival Democratic State Conventions that have recently been held in Illinois, a little weasel-faced man came up to Jake Newsome, a comparative giant in weight and height, and inquired of Jake, "Sir, which wing do you belong to?"

"Wing!" replied Jake, in a voice of thunder.

"Yes, Sir, which wing of the Democracy?" asked the little fellow.

"Wing! We belong to no wing. We're the whole bird, Sir!"

The art of phonographic reporting is the best ever invented, but nevertheless sometimes leads to mistakes. Not long since a member of Congress made a speech, quoting Latin, "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend). This appeared next day in the report as follows; "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas!"

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, May* 24, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been well supplied with the leading kinds of Flour, at generally reduced prices, yet the demand has not improved, either for home use or for shipment. Wheat was received and sold freely, buyers having had any existing advantage. Corn was scarce and in request. It closed higher. A livelier inquiry prevailed for Rye and Barley, while Oats continued depressed....Cotton has been in moderate demand, at, however, easier prices....Teas and Sugars have attracted more attention, and have improved a shade, while other kinds of Groceries have been in rather limited request at drooping rates....Provisions have been moderately sought after, and Hog products have advanced slightly....Hay has been in good supply and fair demand at uniform prices....More activity was discernible in Tobacco and Wool....Naval Stores declined considerably, and closed heavily....The Spring trade in Dry Goods has nearly terminated. Some small orders for desirable goods, however, continue to reach jobbers. Prices of Cottons and Silks are generally well supported, while Woolens and Linens, in the main, tend in favor of purchasers. The auction sales are diminishing in number, and are unimportant. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $762,144 against $657,732 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $18,718,876 against $40,368,845 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@	$4 15
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 80	@	4 20
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 20	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 20	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel...	4 20	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 40	@	7 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel............	3 50	@	3 87½
White Wheat, per bushel..........	1 03	@	1 25
Red Wheat, per bushel............	82	@	1 10
New Crop Corn, per bushel.........	72	@	77
Rye, per bushel..................	68	@	69
Barley, per bushel................	56	@	63
Western Oats, per bushel..........	41	@	42½
State Oats, per bushel............	39	@	41
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	34	@	38
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	26	@	32
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12½	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel.............	17 85	@	18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel............	14 25	@	14 37½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 50	@	11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	8 00	@	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.........	18 00	@	21 00
Beef Hams, per barrel.............	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound..............	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound..................	11½	@	11½
State Butter, per pound............	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound..........	12	@	20
Cheese, per pound................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	3 25	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound.............	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	22	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound.......	4½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon....	35½	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound.............	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound............	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon........	21½	@	—
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds..........	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound.......	4½	@	7
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 50	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon.......	45	@	46
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds......	1 42½	@	1 45
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool..............	20	@	33
Kentucky Tobacco................	6½	@	17
Seed Leaf Tobacco...............	9	@	35
Live Geese Feathers, per pound......	40	@	50
Tallow, per pound................	10	@	10½

Freights were inactive, yet rates were maintained. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. 3d. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 9d. to 9½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. @ 5s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 752.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which were in fair demand, and closed a shade lighter....Milch Cows were sparingly sought after, though much better animals were obtainable than could be had the previous week at our quotations. Dealers say that the excitement raised against Swill Milk has cheapened the price of Cows $5 @ $10 per head. With the clearing out of the Distillery Stables, the Cows' lives will be lengthened, consequently fewer animals will be required to meet the demand ....Receipts and sales of Veal Calves were very moderate....Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and were in request at improved prices....Swine continued plenty and heavy....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *May* 12.	Week ending *May* 19.
Beeves..................	3,589	3,159
Milch Cows..............	227	187
Veal Calves.............	907	942
Sheep and Lambs.........	5,845	4,557
Swine..................	12,463	8,712

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois.............	1700	Pennsylvania.......	81
Ohio.............	343	Kentucky..........	50
Indiana...........	197	New York..........	22
Iowa..............	93	Canada............	15

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound..	$ 8	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound.............	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head.........	3 00	@	6 00
" " per pound.........	10	@	12
Live Swine, per pound.............	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each...............	1 25	@	2 50

The Country Produce Markets have been very tame. New Potatoes from Bermuda, with New Potatoes, New Turnips, Green Peas, and some Strawberries from the South, were the chief novelties. The demand was restricted. Long Island and New Jersey furnished large supplies of Radishes, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Lettuce, Parsley, Spinach, &c., for which a moderate inquiry prevailed. Butter and Cheese were inactive. Eggs were less abundant, and were a trifle dearer. Poultry (with the exception of Geese) was in fair supply. Game was quite scarce.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel...................	$4 00	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	5	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound...........	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound.............	20	@	21
Peanuts, per bushel.................	60	@	1 25
Strawberries, new, per quart box.....	31	@	62
Beans, per barrel...................	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel............	1 25	@	3 00
" per bushel....................	80	@	85
" new, per barrel...............	4 00	@	5 00
Onions, old, per barrel..............	1 25	@	1 50
Turnips, per barrel..................	75	@	1 00
" new, per 100 bunches........	2 00	@	2 50
Parsnips, per barrel................	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per barrel..................	3 00	@	3 25
Asparagus, per bunch...............	12	@	18
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches...........	3 00	@	4 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches.............	3 00	@	3 50
Garlic, per 100.....................	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches............	3 00	@	—
Lettuce, per 100 bunches............	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	75	@	1 00
Spinach, per barrel.................	1 25	@	1 50
Green Peas, per barrel..............	3 00	@	5 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen.............	11	@	11½
Chickens, per pair..................	75	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound...................	10	@	14
Fowls, per pair.....................	62	@	87
Ducks, per pair....................	88	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound...................	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound.................	10	@	14
Pigeons, per dozen.................	1 00	@	2 25

Retail Prices of Flowers.

The season for selling plants will terminate in another week or two. It usually extends from the 1st of April to the 1st of June. This season has been a very poor one. The chilly, rainy weather has curtailed the demand.

Roses—Hybrid perpetual, each..........	$ 75	@	$1 00
Roses—Monthly, each................	37	@	50
Roses—Running, each................	75	@	—
Verbenas, per dozen.................	62	@	—
Verbenas—Lemon, per dozen..........	1 50	@	—
Verbenas—Lemon, each...............	15	@	—
Fuschias, each......................	25	@	1 00
Dahlias, per dozen..................	1 50	@	—
Climbing Vines—several varieties, per doz.	2 25	@	—

And each of the following roots at 75 c. per dozen: Moss Pink, Double Pink, Mullen Pink, Sweet William, Columbine, Rose Companion, Blue Victoria, Ragged Sailor, and Ribbon Grass.

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SCENE IN THE BRANDRETH HOUSE, May 14.—(Six gentlemen seated around a table.)

First Gentleman—This house is owned by the maker of the celebrated Brandreth's Pills, which have great merit. I have a brother who lives in New Hampshire, and who was for a long time sick. The doctors around did not seem to help him; his courage and energy failed; his step was feeble, and his countenance and eyes indicated constant physical debility. Finally he was prevailed upon to take Brandreth's Pills, and, strange as it may appear to you, the first box put him right on his feet, and their use for a few months restored him entirely to perfect health. He thinks that Dr. Brandreth is superior to all living men.

Second Gentleman—I am from Buenos Ayres. The brother of Rosas was for many years a bed-ridden paralytic. No idea was entertained that he would ever recover the use of his limbs. His case was supposed hopeless; but an enlightened Jesuit said "Try a few doses of Brandreth's Pills; they may possibly benefit you." He used a few doses, and was helped. He continued them daily; he increased to ten pills, night and morning; he began to feel the circulation in the remote extremities. The use of the pills was further judiciously persevered in; suffice it to say, that in less than six months he was perfectly cured, having recovered the use of his limbs completely. He immediately had a picture of Dr. Brandreth painted, as his tutelary saint, and to this day he has burning before it two large candles, which he designs to continue, in proof of his veneration for the man whose Pills restored him to health. Mr. Graham, United States Consul at Buenos Ayres, narrated to me the above facts, and I know them to be true.

Third Gentleman—Brandreth's Pills have made some cures here. A friend of mine, of large fortune and high social position, was afflicted with a dropsy. His physicians gave him no hope, advised him to settle his worldly affairs, for his time on earth was to be of brief duration. He was directed by a special Providence to Brandreth's Pills; he read over a pamphlet relating to them; he took a first dose; he followed the plan of purgation right onward; his largest dose was fifteen pills in a single day. The absorbents were aroused to action—the excess of watery deposits were removed, and in the very prime of his manhood and usefulness, he was restored to vigorous health. Dr. Brandreth's Pills have not begun to be half known yet.

Fourth Gentleman—I know Brandreth's Pills are a wonderful remedy. In Jagrao, Rio Grande, Brazil, they were administered to a man who had been sick for five years, confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism. His limbs were contracted and drawn up, his hands closed and stiffened. He took the pills—four in the morning and four in the evening—and drank freely of beef soup, which was his only diet. In six weeks he was entirely cured, and rode six miles to see me on horseback. This cure, effected by Brandreth's Pills, after many medicines and physicians had failed, caused the son of Dr. Brandreth to sell, at retail, $1700 worth of his pills in that little town in two weeks.

Fifth Gentleman—A Mr. Underhill, of Westchester County, who fought in the War of 1812, is a great admirer of Dr. Brandreth, because, he said, his pills saved his life. He was suffering from a cancerous affection in his left breast, and had been under treatment three years without any benefit. He finally commenced to try the different patent medicines, but got no better until he began with Brandreth's Pills. These taken every night, in doses varying from five to ten, cured him entirely in two months. Some time after he was badly hurt by a tree falling upon his back, but still he took Brandreth's Pills every day. His surgeon told him they could do no good for a local injury, and that it would be at least a year before he could walk. In three weeks he was restored to health, and ascribes his recovery to them. He swears he will vote for Brandreth as long as he lives.

Sixth Gentleman—And these Pills are sold at No. 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building.

First Gentleman—They are, at 25 cents a box.

CAUTION.

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HON. WILLIAM BIGLER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. William Bigler, was born at Shermansburg, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in December, 1814. His parents were of German descent, and were educated, like most of that class known as "Pennsylvania-Germans," in the German language. While the subject of this memoir was very young his parents removed to Mercer County, in what proved to be a disastrous attempt to build up their fortunes; for the elder Bigler had been induced to purchase a large tract of wild land, the title to which was defective, and in a short time he found himself bereft of every thing but a small farm.

The sustenance of his large family depending upon the products of a new farm in a wilderness country, the father, aided as he was by the labors of his children, was obliged to exert himself too severely; and before he had succeeded in placing his family upon a fair footing in the world his frame succumbed to disease, and he passed away, leaving his widow and children to wrestle with the difficulties of a backwoods life. If his dying vision could have looked forward a very few years, he would have beheld two of the children, about whom he must have had great concern, filling the gubernatorial chairs of two of the most important States in the Union—John Bigler, the eldest brother, Governor of California, and William Bigler Governor of Pennsylvania; and, very shortly afterward, one representing his country in an important foreign mission, and the other occupying the highly honorable position of the confidential friend and adviser of the President in the United States Senate.

Busily occupied with the labors necessary for the support of the family, William Bigler received but a moderate school education, but he graduated in what we believe to be the best college for the practical development of the talents of a bright boy—the printing-office. From 1829 to 1833 he was employed by his brother John (since Governor of California) in the printing-office of the *Centre Democrat*, published at Bellefonte.

In August, 1833, just twenty-five years ago, he felt that the time had arrived when he ought to commence the edifice of his own fortune; and, his preparations being made, he started for Clearfield (his present residence) with an old hand-press, a set of sheepskin balls, a font of second-hand long primer and bewier type, and *twenty dollars of borrowed money*, intending to publish a newspaper in Clarion. With all deference to the present dignity of the amiable Senator from Pennsylvania, we can not help running a mental parallel between his venture and that of another distinguished gentleman, whose faith in the prophecy of Bow-bells was originally not properly rewarded by the thrice-conferred dignity of "Lord Mayor of London." Indeed, so perilous was the enterprise that one of his friends, a prominent Judge residing in Bellefonte, felt it to be his duty to utter the "well-meant warning, "Young man, don't go there; you'll starve!" But Mr. Bigler did not think so, and he started with a brave heart, which, however, lost some of its confidence as he neared his destination; for it is related, as one of the most painful of his experiences, that as he approached his journey's end, and reflected upon his utter friendlessness—knowing only two individuals in the whole county of Clearfield—his soul was overcome by the blank, cheerless prospect, and he sought to bribe his teamster with his borrowed twenty dollars into concealing the object of his journey, and to return the goods to their owners in Bellefonte, while he would push on, penniless and afoot, to the far West. Fortunately for him, his design was frustrated; for he was received by the people of Clearfield with such a frank and generous hospitality, that now, a quarter of a century after the event, when surrounded by dignity and wealth, any reference to their kindness to him in that trying time kindles in him the strongest emotion. His press was soon set up and his type distributed; and in a few days he issued the first number of the *Clearfield Democrat*, which he continued to publish until 1836, performing the various functions of compositer, pressman, editor, proof-reader, and publisher; managing his affairs with so much sagacity and prudence that he was speedily enabled to pay for his printing material. He was soon immersed in politics, and very rapidly gained a reputation for energy and shrewdness; nor was his editorial and political fame lessened by his great skill as a marksman, for he hunting friends asserted very confidently that he "never missed a buck, even if it were on the full jump when he fired!"—an accomplishment of considerable weight with the early settlers of Pennsylvania.

In 1836 he disposed of the *Clearfield Democrat*, and entered into a mercantile partnership with Mr. A. B. Reed, with whom daughter he had formed another and more sacred partnership in the previous March. His editorial career, however, had brought his abilities so prominently before the notice of the people, that he was repeatedly urged to accept a nomination as candidate for the Legislature. About the period of his marriage and retirement from editorial life, the question of a reform of the State Constitution was agitated with great excitement. On one side it was asserted that, under the old Constitution, the prerogatives of the Governor were almost regal; while, on the opposite side, opposed to every change, were large numbers of office-holders, and many of the wealthiest citizens. Into this contest Mr. Bigler threw his whole energies, and did much toward gaining the victory by which a Convention was obtained for changing the Constitution. As an acknowledgment of his services, he was urged by his friends to serve in the important Convention, but again refused an election.

In 1841, however, his admirers, availing themselves of his absence from the State, nominated him as a candidate for the State Convention; and the best evidence of his personal popularity is afforded by the fact that, with an opposition candidate in the field, only one vote was cast against him in the county of Clearfield, in which he resided. He was twice elected Speaker of the State Senate, and was continued in the Senate up to 1847. During his terms of service some of the most important events in the history of Pennsylvania transpired, and the activity and ability manifested in the leading part which he took in measures which most vitally affected the interests of that great commonwealth laid the foundation for his subsequent honors. It was during his first term of service that the credit of Pennsylvania was injured by her failure to pay the interest on her debt. While the United States Bank was failing, commerce was paralyzed, and consternation and dismay were prompting dishonest measures of relief, an attempt was made to induce the State Legislature to repudiate the public debt. To this Mr. Bigler, as Chairman of the Committee of Finance, opposed a most determined resistance, insisting upon maintaining inviolate the honor of Pennsylvania, and laboring day and night for the passage of a law for taxation to meet the public indebtedness. A friend who was present says: "I well remember the first time he addressed the Senate upon these important financial questions. Without the artificial graces of oratory, his speech was the embodiment of plain common sense and conclusive reasoning. He seized the strong points of the argument, and discussed them in a masterly and convincing manner. His friends were gratified, and his enemies—if, indeed, he had any—were silenced." He was also mainly instrumental in securing the passage of a law for abolishing imprisonment for debt.

In his second term of service the State was agitated by questions of internal improvement. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was seeking the right of way through Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, a project which was regarded by the people of Philadelphia as prejudicial to their interests; and was successfully op-



HON. WILLIAM BIGLER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

posed by Mr. Bigler, who substituted what is regarded as a more favorable road for the State in connection with Pennsylvania Central Railroad, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, to which the former city is largely indebted for its present commercial prosperity.

In 1838 Mr. Bigler's name was presented to the Democratic Convention for nomination as a candidate for Governor; but, though he received a large vote, the choice fell upon Joseph Ingersoll, by whom election Mr. Bigler labored assiduously, but this time without success. In 1851, however, he was nominated by acclamation, and, upon the contest of unusual severity, he was elected by eight thousand majority. Mr. Bigler made a large number of speeches during that campaign, the leading issue of which was the administration of the Fugitive Slave Law, against which much hard feeling was provoked by the Christiana tragedy. In his various addresses he sustained the doctrine that a faithful execution of that law is a constitutional obligation of the States, and citizens of the States; and also advocated the non-intervention of Congress in the affairs of the Territories. By a singular coincidence his own election as Governor of Pennsylvania was simultaneous with the election of his elder brother to the same dignity in the new State of Minnesota.

The machinery of government did not work very smoothly during Mr. Bigler's gubernatorial term. For a great difference of opinion existed between the Legislature and the Executive upon questions of banks and corporate privileges. During the session of the Legislature after his inauguration he sent in thirty veto messages, not all of which received his assent to eleven charters for as many new banks.

In 1854 the State Democratic Convention again unanimously nominated him for Governor, and he entered upon another laborious canvass. This was to contend against the "American" party, in addition to its former opponents, and which had defeated the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, to which he gave his infirmament, although it is known that he preferred the first bill, prepared by Mr. Douglas, to the one which ultimately became a law. Defeated in the contest for the Governorship of Pennsylvania, he became President of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad; but was again called into political life by his election to the United States Senate, in January, 1855.

Entering the Senate with the last Congress, he has had little opportunity to distinguish himself in debate. His contest with Senator Douglas, at the commencement of the present session, has brought him most prominently before the country; but it is in the committee-room, and in the visiting interviews with fellow-counsel in those unrecorded conferences which mould the destinies of nations, that he most distinguishes himself. He is a less keen and more felt than almost any gentleman on the Administration side of the Senate. He is continually heard by persons who wish to avail themselves of his known intimate relations with the President and Cabinet, in his most truly position of personal friend, adviser, and confidant of the Chief Executive, in a mode of certainty and extreme courtesy of demeanor toward those who approach him even for favors. He is one of the rare men whom dignity and fortune do not spoil. His fine appearance and genial countenance are the indices of his character. He is not believed to has an enemy even among his political opponents.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

THE BRITISH AGGRESSIONS ON AMERICAN COMMERCE.

THE render will find elsewhere accounts of a couple of fresh outrages by the British cruisers off the coast of Cuba. The limits of this sheet forbid our giving a detailed narrative of all the outrages which have been perpetrated by that same cruiser upon our vessels within the past month. Suffice it to say that nearly thirty American vessels, engaged in lawful commerce, and bearing the United States flag, have been compelled to bring to, boarded and visited by British vessels of war. The word hardly add—for who is ignorant of the fact?—that the men has aroused the national temper almost to the war point, and that the Senate has felt it necessary to adopt resolutions of the most decided and almost belligerent character. Senator Mason, who was at first disposed to pooh, pooh! the whole affair as a mere newspaper tale, now sees the propriety of joining issue squarely with the British Government on the long-disputed question of the right of visitation; Senator Douglas is willing to assign the liberties of his nation to a Providential keeping for the sake of punishing the English; and that paragon of national wisdom, Senator Sam Houston joins hands for once with Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and, in the language of a pugilist, lays his "coat around it" the fight which his patriotic emotions demand.

One can perhaps understand and make allowance for the warmth and vehemence displayed by the Senate. That body is well known to be composed of almost heedless youths, whose tempers have not yet been toned down to moderation. It would perhaps be unreasonable to expect them to display the mature gravity and sober caution which are the characteristics of age.

But there is no reason why the public at large should follow the example of these hot-headed youths, and debate this serious question with the fury of new recruits. It is possible, perhaps, to be cool and deliberate even in considering a British outrage upon the national flag. Anger is no doubt wholesome on some occasions; but this is one on which cool reason may serve our purpose better.

At the time this country began to have a national navy, Great Britain exercised, by right of usurpation, the privilege of stopping and searching foreign merchant vessels on the high seas. There was no warrant for the practice in the books of international or maritime law. She exercised it because she could do so, and for no end because she had the power. For a series of years American merchant vessels were subject to be stopped on the high seas by British cruisers, and searched for British sailors—who then, as now, manned the bulk of our ships. Repeated remonstrance and protest against this unjustifiable and insolent practice failing to produce Great Britain to relinquish it, war was at length declared by the United States. It was carried on with various fortune for a couple of years. Both countries were weary of the strife, peace was declared. But in the treaty of peace not a word was said of the issue on which the war had been waged. On the contrary the privilege was effected. So far as the right of search was concerned the war left both nations in statu quo—for though the practice was suspended right, the United States denying it as before.

Practically, however, the United States partially carried their point. While the Government of England refrained from any official declaration of its abandonment of the right, it tacitly abandoned all claim to search American vessels for British seamen. The United States remained content with this practical victory.

In 1842, treaty stipulations were concluded between the two countries which were supposed to maintain a certain squadron on the coast of Africa for the purpose of suppressing the slave-trade. It was agreed by the British diplomatist who concluded that treaty to interpolate therein a clause binding the contracting parties to submit the right of search claimed by the cruisers of either; to this the American Government refused to consent. The American Government stood to the main principle of the Treaty, namely, the suppression of the slave-trade by the employment of a certain squadron on the coast of Africa, the British plenipotentiary could well afford to yield the point. Without the right of search, the treaty became a nullity, and the omission of a clause sanctioning that right in so many words could not be held by any impartial person to imply the renunciation on the part of either contracting party of the only feasible method by which the purpose of the treaty could be carried out. In fact, from the first, the English vessels on the coast of Africa have systematically searched all suspected vessels, without regard to whether the United States flag or any other; and latterly, since higher exigencies have compelled the United States to withdraw the flag of that force from that station, the work of search has been almost altogether relinquished to the British.

The treaty proved a failure. It did not meet the ends sought. Under the British protection the slave trade of Brazil exchaling slavers from that country, and Cuba remaining the only market for the new importations—the British Government, lately resolved to alter their tactics, and to assail the traffic not on the coast of Africa, but on the shores of Cuba—not at the point of production, but at the market where alone the product is available. This resolution—which was formed at the time when Lord Palmerston's overthrow—was strongly fortified by a recent dispatch from General Cass to Lord Napier, in which the former avows the intention at the British exploits on the African coast, and inquired why, if the English had the suppression of the slave-trade so much at heart, they did not assail it in Cuba? We now perceive that they have assailed it in Cuba—assailed it, in fact, by subjecting to search all vessels in the of the Island—whether with or without the consent of the Spanish authorities we can not tell, and matters not.

To carry out this blockade, they have searched every vessel, Americans as well as others, on the route to the waters where the slaver lurks.

They have done so on the plea that the mere hoisting of the American flag is no protection from search, when the treaty of waste paper, as, of course, every slaver will always claim American flag, and that the only of ascertaining by actual observation whether or no the American flag is rightly hoisted, and whether the vessel is not really a disguised slaver. This they do not call a right of search, but a right of visitation—though it would puzzle a lexicographer to find out any substantial difference between the terms.

It is evident that the English plea is sound. If armed cruisers are to be allowed to check the trade by the science of slavers, they must have the right of stopping and examining all vessels which seem likely to contain slavers. Without such a right, the operations of the squadrons would be ridiculously futile. They would be in the position of a watchman set to guard property but scrupulously forbidden to look at any intruder upon the premises. And the unwilling opening of the United States Senate—when we have on the Statute Book an Act in which we bargain conjointly with England to put down the slave-trade, by the employment of armed squadrons—at the commission of acts without which that bargain would become a mere nullity, certainly redounds but slightly to the credit of that august body's common sense.

On the other hand, it is quite plain that the right of search or visitation claimed by Great Britain, is a palpable invasion of the sovereignty of the United States. The principle that the flag covers the ship and cargo is too obvious and too generally admitted to need comment at the present day. No nation can submit to allow its vessels to be searched by the cruisers of another nation without abdicating some portion of its sovereignty; and the nation which claims any such right of visitation, arrogates to itself an authority which no power can possess with regard to whose ships that right is exercised. Were the United States to submit to the practice now asserted by Great Britain, they would tacitly admit the legal supremacy and general police authority of the latter on the high seas.

It is evident that this can not be done. It is clear that we must put an end to this right of search or visitation. But it is unnecessary and absolutely silly to get into a rage about the matter; for it is clear as noonday that we brought these outrages on ourselves by making the treaty of 1842. That treaty never could have been carried into effect without the visitation of American ships; and as we made and ratified it, it is of no consume now to clamor at a consequence which must have been foreseen at the time it was executed.

We anticipate no trouble with Great Britain. The people of England will not go to war with us. Nor would we with them. Engaged in the enormous Asiatic struggle, will give way, and either new arrangements will be made for the police of the ocean, or the matter will be left to take care of itself. The foolish treaty of 1842 will be abrogated. For the rest, the affair of hostilities is preposterous, and only worthy of the petty politicians who trade in national comities. It is not a little significant that the waters where this last dispute arose were also the scene of the gallant devotion of the British sailors and doctors who, a few weeks since, saved the survivors of the *Georgiennaud* from the most terrible of deaths; and that the first American officer who has been dispatched to the scene of action is he who presented the *Resolute* to the Queen of England, and assured her of the personal attachment and respect which his countrymen bear her. Such men are very unlikely to strike the first blow in an Anglo-American war.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

WE alluded, in a recent number, to the probable difficulties which the British Government would have to encounter in framing a new system of Government for the reconquered Indian territory. We are now placed in possession of further information on the subject. Votes of the House of Commons prove that Parliament is resolved at all events to oust the control of the British Possessions in India out of the hands of the East India Company, and to vest that control elsewhere. The question to be decided is whether to transfer the Company in administering the Government of the hundred and fifty millions of souls who are, directly or indirectly, subject to British authority in India.

Two plans have been proposed, one by Lord Palmerston, the other by Mr. Disraeli. The former proposes that the establishment of a board of control for India, without constitutional restrictions; the members of said board to be appointed by the Crown, and to be responsible only to her. The plan of which Mr. Disraeli claims the paternity is identical in detail with that of Lord Palmerston; but it proposes to vest the supreme authority over Indian affairs in a board composed partly of officials appointed by the Queen, partly of old East India Directors, and partly of persons elected by the chief seaports of England. The numerical proportions of the three different classes of members are so contrived that the Crown members shall be in a minority. Mr. Disraeli therefore claims that his scheme is more democratic of the two.

It is much easier to find faults than merits in both schemes. It is positively astounding that the people at home, who govern India by the agency of an irresponsible board of foreign despots, never have had any power to set a foot in India. But it is equally ridiculous to contemplate the creation of sea-port constituencies with authority over Indian interests. We shall best realize the absurdity of Mr. Disraeli's plan by supposing that Congress had passed a law granting the governments of Mexico in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. How would Ohio and Illinois relish such an embarrassment? And yet these constituencies of Great Britain have as large an interest in her colonial dependencies as the seaport towns; they surely will not consent to be thrust into the background in the unceremonious manner contemplated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The American idea, in the case of newly acquired possessions in a state of outrage, is to direct them to assume the forms and even the semblance of sovereignty; the parent authority reserving sufficient control to prevent mischief. This very simple and just system does not seem to have occurred to the English. Yet it does not clearly appear that any serious evil would flow from at least a trial of the plan in India. If the Residencies happened to form part of our dominion, we should erect them into Territories, and expect them to elect Territorial legislatures. We should appoint governors, intrust them with the veto power, and should sustain them, in case of need, with an ample military force. If the Territories elected men who showed themselves competent to the task of self-government, we should, after a time, submit them into the Union, as equal and coördinate commonwealths; if they did not, we should keep them in a state of pupilage till they did.

It is very singular that this simple idea—the education of peoples for the trade of self-government—should not have occurred to the British mind, the experiments now in progress must end with this.

MESSRS. BANGS, BROTHER, & CO., auctioneers, will sell on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June, about five hundred paintings, which deserve the attention of lovers of art. They are a collection made by a dealer at the time when the French entered the city. Many of them are undoubtedly originals of value, although no great pretense is made by the gentlemen who sell them. They are put up in very rough condition, but artists and amateurs will thank us for calling their attention to the sale, which differs so much from ordinary picture auctions in New York that we have departed from our usual custom in this case. Every one who pretends to be a lover of art should make a point of seeing the collection.

MY FAIR LOVE.

LETTICE, my fair-haired love,
Hadst thou ever heard
How sweetest thou sweet berries,
How riper than the ripest,
Are the lips of my fair love,
Than rain-gift of the year,
And drops where, nursing free,
She dreams—but not of nest—beneath the fruited tree.

O boy bee! comest thou
How than each honeyed bell,
Spiced pink, or dewy rose
That in the sunset grows,
Is sweeter my love's kiss,
Than all that read, than sun-new lilies.
Thy glancing wings, and light—
But lightly light!—to detain from her red lips so bright.

I speak, O bird! to bee!
My love—so coy to see—
Should let go still and bright
Her lips, that ye might die,
Lost in a boundless gain
Of sharp delicious pain!
I'd creep, to breathe her breath,
Into your shells, content to die your blissful death!

THE LOUNGER.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

IT is certainly one good result of the commercial crisis that the weekly publications of the weekest novels has been interrupted, and that we may have some chance of really enjoying a good new book. Yet we who is familiar with the unnatural history of publishing but must sigh over the goodly lists of "just published"—knowing, as he does, how few of the books that come fluttering before the public eye will ever be heard of after that announcement—and while in the announcement itself Tupper is as important as Shakespeare. As the Lounger, moreover, is about to mention a few more new books, he begs the authors, if by chance they should honor him with a glance, not to consider this little preface as a puff of their productions. On the contrary, the Lounger begs to assure them that he has no favors to confer, and is quite free, and all discriminating judges will allow that to be.

In fact, there can not be two opinions in either of the cases supposed.

Dr. Peck's "Wyoming," historical and romantic, tracks the region which is not only among the most picturesquely and poetically famous of American scenes, but which is becoming every year more visited by artists, tourists, and sketchers. A lovely landscape in the Academy, this year, reveals the character of the Wyoming valley, which is confirmed by the enthusiasm of all who have seen it. Dr. Peck's work is a historical monograph, the result of much investigation, and we are very glad to remind the citizen who is sketching his summer campaign that, as for every, in the corner of Pennsylvania, and accessible by rail through delightful scenery, is a region is familiar to the imagination as it is near to the eye.

In the "Life of George Stephenson" we have one of the most interesting and valuable of modern biographies. It is not the story of a man merely, but of a system. It is the history of railroads, and of the man whose peculiar genius has been of more influence in their development than that of any other individual. Born the son of a collier—learning to read when he was eighteen—mending watches and locks in his leisure hours—with hardwood mechanical genius, he improved the machinery he found about him—he invented a safety lamp on the same principles as Davy's, and just before him—he constructed and worked locomotive engines—and, at last, in the face of the most stupid opposition, and the sneering skepticism of En-

glish science and common sense, he surveyed the Liverpool and Manchester Railway — built the locomotive to run upon it—organized one of the most powerful institutions of civilization, and so conquered the respect of England and the honor of the world.

The history of the railway enterprise in Great Britain, as it is here related, is one of the most strange upon record. It is the most humiliating chapter for "science" and "common sense." The so-called practical men and professional sought to hide their heads for a year after reading this book, and never again phase themselves upon their superiority. The English Parliament, the most eminent lawyers, including Alderson and Baron Parke—namely, every man, with that unerring instinct Dr. Lardner, at the head—pished and poohed at the idea of traveling twelve miles an hour. Dr. Lardner, in particular, was conspicuously wrongheaded and absurd; and we notice in the more particularly because a recent effort of his seeks to show that he did not complete his proof that steamers could not cross the Atlantic at the very moment they did so! However that may be—not the Doctor certainly seems to have been maligned by some false report—there is no question that he insisted that if you could persuade the wheels of locomotives to turn as rapidly as Stephenson claimed they would merely revolve upon their axes and the car stand still! He also proved, by incontestible figures, that the air in tunnels would be so poisoned by coal combustion that people must be suffocated; and, in fact, made so many laughable mistakes as it was possible to make under the circumstances. Dr. Lardner's demonstrations were like the pompous assertion of a man who feared was sitting in the stocks. "What are you sitting there for?" "Why," replied the victim, "I've been robbing hen-roosts." "Pooh, pooh! they can't put you in the stocks for robbing hen-roosts." "Can't they, indeed?" said the unhappy wight. "*Just how I am?*" So Dr. Lardner proved that steam could be used, but couldn't do this—and steam was busily doing it all the time. Afterward the good Doctor flew over to the other extreme, and proved, with equal ease, that people could not be long exhausted receivers hundred miles an hour.

Perhaps they may. For the moment it is the most delightful and instructive biography is, that there is no limit to mechanical progress. The most improbable faith is the deepest wisdom.

But how shall we turn from coal-smoke and locomotives to Arabian fire?—and—Alderson—Baron Lardner (Dr. Ignatius Lovels, Yellowplush called him) to Hosmus al Rochid—from stokers and pokers to viziers, emirs, interpreters, and the Princess Alibama? Certainly there was never a more dainty dip of a pen than that which wrote new poem, "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth." But the course of the verse does so. It slips along like "Incent Lake" when it's still cinnamon." The little poem recites the loves and fate of the Vizier Hassan and the Princess Alibassa. But what the story is we shall not say, for you can read it for yourself in half an hour. To see Mr. Aldrich at work, it is really fun—that easy rotes, moonlight, guns, and fountains, there is also the black-cloud horror. Occasionally a line is the smooth ropes of a tiger. It is death in abyssance.

The poem pleases us more than Mr. Aldrich's "Bable Ball," which is very popular; and we are glad to see a volume of his collected poems announced. When they appear we shall return to him.

One more new book is Mr. Viele's "Following the Drum." It has all the typographical neatness which marks the publications of Rudd & Carleton—but what more can a candid Lounger say? The author is evidently the wife of a military officer, and accompanied him to Fort Snelling.—A before remarked, the typography is very neat!

CAGLIOSTRO, JUN.

AT there be truth in the theory that disembodied spirits communicate with those that are left through tipping tables and cracking toe-joints, or through individuals still living, there can be little doubt that the late lamented Count Alexandre Dumas, père, ad Joseph Balsamo, is revisiting the glimpses of the moon in the personality of Mr. Hume. This gentleman was born a little more than a century since, and has for a career—especially at the Court of Versailles, in connection with the famous "affair of the necklace"—as one of the remarkable episodes of French history at the close of the last century. Mr. Home likewise has been the most conspicuously mysterious of personages in Paris during the last two years, and has lately married a young Russian lady of good family and good fortune; and, according to the *Times*' correspondence from Paris, has been luxuriously feasted by the *élite* of "the aristocracy" of Paris. And, as we write, his eminence the Count Cagliostro, who had no warmer friend than the Cardinal de Rohan. Whether as Hume or Cagliostro, Signor Count Dumas perverts himself with superb mystery. Like master, like man; it is not surprising to Paris that the *ward of the idle* which believed in Cagliostro should believe in Mr. Home.

THE GERMANS A-MAYING.

WE owe two great debts to our German fellow-citizens—music and lager-beer. The professional musicians of that nation, who live and teach and play among us, have probably exercised more or less whole number in the country; and wherever there is a German, he is not only a drinker of lager, but the cause of lager's being drunk—notwithstanding Dr. Dowman declares it has less intoxicating element than cider.

And there is still one more obligation under which they have placed us, and that is, the annual proof that human pleasures are much alike, and that in the boldness without undue risk and drunkenness. "Any body or any person who has visited the American how to enjoy himself, would discern the most lasting memorials of national gratitude.

The present national idea of enjoyment is, driving five miles in fifteen minutes, and getting drunk at the end of it. The Fourth of July is consequently the dismalest day in our calendar. It is neither simple, picturesque, nor pleasant, as you see it in the streets and country. The Yankee thinks it is spoony to dance, and play games, and sing, but manly to fight and get drunk. The German scorns neither music nor dancing nor singing, drinks his lager and adores his *Liederlein*. The result is, that while Wednesday is a much more agreeable affair than our Fourth of July.

But we shall learn, as we have learned. Rum and lager-beer will not long be put together—and it may be a sob prophecy that, when we are a hundred millions, instead of a rum and brandy drinking, our festivals will be much more festive and picturesque.

THE REGATTA.

THE prettiest aquatic festival of the year is the Yacht Regatta in June. The course from the Yacht-house in Hoboken down through the Narrows, and back again to the Yacht-house, is the strait between Staten Island and Fort Hamilton, and the view stretches down the bay and Sandy Hook, white sails, toward the southwest spit, the usually solitary expanse of the lower bay sparkles with eager life.

Such a sport is in advance of the old German games, if not of the Americans. It is better than the Roman hunt of gladiatorial combats. It is more manly than Spanish bull-fight or English bruising. Running afoot serves all the purposes of manly sports, without fostering the brutality which has been inherited from barbarous times. And the fact that it does this for the yachters and their friends, it does what none of the others did; it provides a delightful spectacle for every one who chooses to look. In other days, Festivals were of another kind. Then the ruler and the court were umpires between our pleasures and those of another age, the Lounger quotes an admirable description of a Roman sporting spectacle. He has culled from Suetonius and Tacitus by a recent Quarterly Review:

"In the reign of the Emperor Claudius, on a brilliant summer morning, the glassy lake of Fucinus exhibited a scene of unusual festivity. The surrounding heights were crowded with countless spectators of every age and rank, assembled as in some vast natural amphitheatre. On a promontory overhanging the lake, the Emperor, in military array, and the Empress in purple robes of state, with their children, were seated in state. One of the terrible naval combats for which the Romans were famous was about to commence. A tunnel of great length had been bored through the mountain which separates the lake from the valley of the Liris, to convey its waters. Its waters to a lower and more convenient level (a purpose which it answers to the present moment), and the sluices were now to be opened for the first time. It was a sight well worth seeing: but it was not for this that the vast crowd had met, and so many of his slaves were assembled.

"The galleys were of immense and quadrireremes, supplied with all the munitions of war and manned by thousands, divided proudly on the surface of the lake. The gallery round the bulwarks, shelves, platforms, and sailed-stern, the number of 21,000, thronged to mutual slaughter for the entertainment of the people. At a signal given from the tower of the Emperor, the armaments began to move, and the multitudes in the banks were hushed in breathless expectation. Presently as the noble vessels passed in review before the imperial pavilion, and as they majestically swept by, the crews saluted the monarch in the audience, 'Ave Imperator, moriturí te salutant!' (Hail! Emperor, the doomed to die salute thee.) Perhaps the chilling recollection of this moment may have unnerving the nerves of the sufferer men, and the gayest bulliness of the scene was soon supplanted them to a sudden revulsion of feeling; but the commonplace return of their salutation by the Emperor, 'Avete vos' (you may have), gave hope and desire of life. They could not—they would not believe that even he, the very author of their misery, could mean the confirmation of a sentence of death. 'They were pardoned,' they said; 'they expected to live.'

"Claudius was transported with rage. In his words, 'what was the use of the execution of a carriage ('fœda vacillatione') he seems to have reconsidered Janet I. of England). He rushed down to the beach, where the vessels were now being towed, called with stakes to prevent the escape of the condemned crews, and by another signal hastened the termination and promises of pardon to the victors he induced them to begin the battle; but though the combat was short, the carnage was not the less without interest. The dry from which so much had been anticipated was a failure. When the waters were let off, the sluices were opened without due precaution, and many accidents occurred, nor was the expected combat enjoyed. The battle could not been correctly taken, and the work was still incomplete. The scum enjoyed the spectacle with humor, and the day ended in a scolding-match between the favorite Narcissus and the Empress Agrippina: each was proud to support their side, and neither as yet powerful enough to subvert the other."

OTHER SPORT.

THE meanest and most brutal thing true men can do together is to pommel each other to pelties. It is the sport which has become the national sport in England; which has its peculiar nomenclature and technology; and which furnishes curious material for a species of newspaper called, by some ghastly conceit, "sporting" papers. Last year about this time, there was an elaborate account of a fighting-match between two English bullies, which was written with such gusto that it was copied into several of our daily journals, as an illustration of a particular tendency of national character. "The combat" which two men in full health and vigor, either, or an elephant and a rhinoceros, are the most eminent "professors"—was illustrated by a party of people, within a few days, upon Long Island. Now that in a community like that of the city of New York there should be brokers, as there are drunkards, gamblers, thieves, forgers, and murderers, is not surprising. But that a procession of them from a barroom to the neighboring fields, skillfully dodging the police upon the way, should be considered a matter so noteworthy that respectable papers should give a leading place to a prolonged and detailed account, is an unpleasant fact.

Upon the ground of "news," whether of little detail may not be permissible? If it be the duty of the daily press (for whose publication and position in civilized society, are the public press) to inform the people of every thing that happens, why is not the public intoxication of a legislator a matter of quite as much interest to the general mind as the fight of a couple of fat-necess bullies? What disgusting incident of any kind is it not, by this rule, the duty of the journals to publish? Last year the papers were crammed with all the prurient details of a criminal trial in Boston, in which the accused person was a clergyman. Turn any many books and stealthily in the corridors of hotels? Is it not dangerous to publish every detail of the newspapers which contained the story of that case.

Because liberty is good, is there no such thing as license? Because a State censorship of the press is one of the greatest evils, and most dignified men who edit newspapers to exercise no discretion? Would they describe hundreds of things which they now do not describe, simply because they are done, and might make the paper sold? Because it is good that courts should be open to the public, and it never wrong to print every detail of every case, is the Boston court was open to the public. Would that the editor like to have seen his wife or children pressing in to the trial? If he would not, why should he force the sight of such disgusting horrors upon the eyes of other people's wives and children?

If the incessant claim of the press (which we are far from denying) be well founded, that it is the great popular power and influence, is not its responsibility commensurate? That the newspaper should absolutely reflect the times, or contain a notice of every thing that happens, is impossible. That it should be open to every fact of fact and fact, of is a principle upon which no paper practically proceeds; because, however it may be desired to be cited, the sale that would be promoted, by the publication of every report would be ruinous and we see in a single night of city life, would in a hundred-fold greater than any interest in news from Nicaragua or the Irish Tune-loop or Constantinople, and yet as newspaper ventures to do it. If, then, there be no clear and definite rule as to the time that decent men who are responsible for newspapers, excluded peculiar accounts of prize-fights and all the incidents of such affairs?

"GO, AND SIN NO MORE!"

THERE is presently to be a Shakespearian reading for the Magdalen Female Benevolent Society. The Lounger does not see nothing of the benefit, but is concerned with one of the noblest of social questions. Science and religion have shrunk from consideration of it. Yet that is only because the sun has not come who will boldly and firmly deal with it.

Oh, the unfortunates that walk gayly clad in the gaslight! Are they the hopeless unknowing of the under painted smiles, like dead men's bones in polished parquet? Are they the every-day sin of the children in a cellar or a garret is a night so sad as the woman in silk and spangles who walks alone by night? Has she no willing to that corner, but when she reaches it, desolation without and despair within shall make the cup yet more bitter?

At least we can pity them, if we can not help them. We can expose our hearts, if not our hands. We can remember that they are human beings, however fallen—that all the promises and hopes are theirs as well as ours—that in every way we can give our sympathy to the efforts making to provide some retreat, some asylum, something, where they can lie down, and shut it in—in decency.

RACHEL.

THE world certainly contrives to get the most out of its celebrities. While Rachel lived, every incident of her life was annually reproduced, and in every style of art the great actress was represented. Now that she is dead, her relics are to be seen sold—her jewelry, her books, her dresses, her furniture, and—by itself—her tied and canopy. Indeed the engravings have flown upon every wind. The heart of Parisian gossip has been satisfied. Her devotion to her family quieted. And it is the career of this hapless woman, whose life seems all the more a tragedy from the brief splendor of its triumph, would indeed be sacred or profane history if to prove finally to the world how truly is a thousand scenes that are not always seen in the glare of the struggle—a photograph of Rachel in the last agony of life was taken, and, with some changes, is sent to the publishers, to be used by her children. A Paris correspondent of a city paper says: "What new objects can this genius which has left no poor behind, mourning in the incessant intelligence of a highest sphere.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Oh, that the world which has left the great actress should relish a wail to expel the winter's flaw!

A POEM BY THE LATE H. W. HERBERT.

AN correspondent of the *Literary World*, for April 10, 1847, contained a copy of verses by the unhappy man who recently killed himself and asked to have *Infidelissimus* carved upon his headstone. They have been recalled by one who knew him well, and are a memorial of a mind and heart whose selfishness and warmth were not enough to save him from a tragical fate.

MY HOME.

"A home! a home! yes! your thought still and small,
I have a home where soft the sinless fall.
From the dim pinions of the dove, that sings
Its notes of the soul, with every wave sings;
Her hearth is there, and her bell, not festive pleas,
Her welcome smile of that beaming face,
But the low whisper, and the kiss of love,
That made pain pleasant—yet it is my own—
Mine, and I love it, and I love my God my friend,
Oh, for my narrow home and lowly bed!

"Earth has no home that can with mine compare,
For there, my own best one, for thee are there.
It matters not that they are sealed in death,
These tombs of light, and still the balmy breath,
That was the radiant light of those brave—
It matters not—for it always there!
Thou hast been there, love, for I feel it so,
On that true heart of mine, when all is past,
Will love once again and lonely bed!

"Oh, for my narrow home and lowly bed!

"Oh, weary-waste and weary is the day,
And weary is the night—and weary
But anguish wakens with the rising morn,
And sleep is sorrow with the night to me,
And years went past, long years, ere I shall rest
Upon the quiet spot which God to me has given.
The only home which now my soul doth crave,
Try love—and love—and love—and love—
Oh, that for me the brief shores were spread
Now, in my narrow home and lonely bed!

—*Tomahawk, April 10, 1847.*

THE LOUNGER'S LITTER-BOX.

—ENNUI is naturally displeased with Trelawny's treatment of the dead Byron. Perhaps, also, *Lady Annie* feels angry by the poem of Tennyson. If he is from the Lounger to insinuate that his correspondent is not a lady because she does not like it should, he may remember that the London Philharmonic Society would not play that symphony of Beethoven's if it were a lady.

—MR. LOUNGER.—*Rowsome Sir*: We are hearing something nowadays about Byron, Shelley, and Tolstoy—Shelley, Byron, and Tolstoy. Now, as you are considered to be a friend of the family, and as you have the great distinction of letting the world know that Byron's legs were crooked, I think you ought to let the feet were club feet. Wonderful disclosure! How important he sanitized!

I must say that I prefer to hear of Byron's servant, than whom we have no better authority on that subject. I should like to know if he was a man of such honor that he did not reveal the misfortune of his master even after his death.

Yours respect bim!

—As a quite irrelevant subject, let me submit the following verses, which I found in a country paper. They will be a refreshing hour of night by a friend of mine, and there is a certain sweetness in the lines that has always given me a certain expression of countenance when I thought of them. Here they are:

"'Twas midnight, and the setting sun was rising in the west;
The world river slowly ran; the peacock's in her nest;
The pretty goose and playful cow
Gayly leap from heath to heath."

"ENNUI."

—MR. LOUNGER.—Did you ever read the following:

"Who the dickens Bee could be,
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till three centuries ago
And Bee appeared as Dickens' self?"

—A dull reader of the Rio Hudo Community asks himself laboring under a similar perplexity as to whether the Lounger, when he has written himself into the sixties, or not; and, while waiting for a solution, he wishes to present the following to the world as the result of a conference of the Weekly, contained in a letter written by a young gentleman of the Rio Hudo Community called "Philadelphia Central High School:"

"Mr. Harper's Weekly, as usual, contains articles rich in amusement, valuable in instruction, excellent in wood-cut illustrations, and in the literary part suited to the sixties, or of any great and mighty intellects. Its pages are fragmentous it stands unrivaled as a paper paper. Its publishers confine it to Rudolph, and vary its previous offers for editors must be generous, and are not all good editors supposing that we can buy an editor, and that editors has in which their efforts to please and offer are held by the art makers! Why hold their distinguished editors in the reading world?

KNOWNOTHING."

—MRS. MARY WIGGIN is determined to have a new sensation. She has written a novel for it in the fashion. Let Mr. Wiggin consider this:

"Yes, I went here a crazed. And who ever knew a woman who had written a novel who was sane? Pish up stimulate Alys high, and they cry strengthen her nerves. Mrs. Wiggin has her family of children to consider, I am quite sure if nautical science had pronounced the Mississippi navigable, she would have written 'Impossible!' some woman would have proved to the contrary, and she would say it such *her childe to do so?* Then teaches her aims to bring fore as a butterfly, frail as a fairy, or nervous and of 'no account,' and can she not succeed? Think, then! Will I not have a 'Calcutta'? To-be-sure! And though I believe in Longfellow's doctrine, 'suffer and to strong' as a good tonic for *nonentiods*, how to bring it about without making my beloved' too mighty upon a restless pillow?"

That is the question; and Mrs. Wiggin would like to know if any lady has discovered any other way of conquering a crape than by tearing the sunbeam Wiggin.



SMILING MORN.



THE TEMPTATION.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the many remarkable natural curiosities of the land of gold, not the least is that solitary group of gigantic pines known as the "Big Trees of Calaveras County." Many of our readers will remember the sections of bark taken from one of the group, which were exhibited some years ago in our principal cities, and which excited the wonder of all beholders, and the doubts of many, who could not persuade themselves that so monstrous a mass could ever have grown upon a single tree.

The group in Calaveras County are solitary specimens of their race. There are no others of their kind or size on the known globe. It is a singular fact that the group, consisting of ninety-two trees, is contained in a valley only one hundred and sixty acres in extent. Beyond the limits of this little amphitheatre the pines and cedars of the country shrink into the Lilliputian dimensions of the common New England pine—say a hundred and fifty feet, or thereabout. They are situated in Calaveras County, about two hundred and forty miles from San Francisco, but may be reached with a couple of days of railroad and stage-coach traveling.

A few hunters, in 1850, were pushing their way into the then unexplored forest, when one of them, who was in advance, broke into this space, and the giants were then first seen by white men. Their colossal proportions, and the impressive silence of the surrounding woods, created a feeling of awe among the hunters; and after walking around the great trunks, and gazing reverentially up at their grand proportions, they returned to the nearest settlements and gave an account of what they had seen. Their statements, however, were considered fabulous until confirmed by actual measurement. The trees have been appropriately named the *Washingtonia Gigantea*, though some of the ingiant savans of San Francisco have endeavored to have the *Washingtonia* changed to *Wellingtonia*, because some English botanist, availing himself of the discovery by American frontiersmen, hastened to appropriate the name for his countryman. The basin or valley in which they stand is very damp, and retains here and there pools of water. Some of the largest trees extend their roots directly into the stagnant water, or into the brooks. Arriving at "Murphy's Diggings" by one of the daily lines of stages, either from Sacramento or Stockton, or by the Sonora coach, you are within fifteen miles of the celebrated grove; and from here it is a pretty horseback ride to the "Mammoth Tree Hotel." This has been erected within a year or two, to accommodate the many visitors; for the "big trees" have now become objects of general interest.

Adjoining the hotel, with which it is connected by a floor, stands the stump of the "Big Tree," which was cut down three years since. It measures ninety-six feet in circumference. Its surface is smooth, and offers ample space for thirty-two persons to dance, showing seventy-five feet of circumference of solid timber. Theatrical performances were given upon it by the Chapman family and Robinson family in May, 1853. This monster was cut down by boring with long and powerful augers, and working the augers between—an achievement of Vandalism as ingenious as the Chinese refinement in cruelty of pulling out the nails of criminals with pincers. It required the labor of five men twenty-five days to effect its fall, the tree standing so near perpendicular that the aid of wedges and a battering-ram was necessary to complete the destruction. But even then the immense mass resisted all efforts to overthrow it, until in the dead of a tempestuous night it began to groan and sway in the storm like an expiring giant, and it succumbed at last to the elements, which alone could complete from above what the human axes had commenced below. Its fall was like the shock of an earthquake, and was heard fifteen miles away—at "Murphy's Diggings." There fell in this great trunk some thousands of cords of wood, and it buried itself twelve feet deep in the mire that bordered the little creek near by. Not far from where it struck stand two colossal members of this family, called the "Guardians;" the mud splashed nearly a hundred feet high upon their trunks. As it lay on the ground, it measured three hundred and two feet clear of the stump and broken top-work. Large trees had been snapped asunder like pipe-stems, and the woods around were splintered and crushed to the earth. On its leveled surface are now situated the bar-room and two bowling-alleys of the hotel, the latter running parallel a distance of eighty-one feet.

One of the most interesting of the group is that called the "Mother of the Forest," of which the engraving we here present is an accurate representation, drawn from nature. It is now the loftiest of the grove, rising to the height of three hundred and twenty-seven feet, straight and beautifully proportioned, and at this moment the largest living tree in the world. It is ninety feet in circumference. Into this trunk could be cut an apartment as large as a common-sized parlor, and as high as the architect chose to make it, without endangering the tree or injuring its outward appearance.

The engraving represents the scaffolding built around the tree for the purpose of stripping off its bark, for exhibition abroad. This was accomplished in the year 1854, for a distance of something over one hundred feet from the ground, and was effected with as much neatness and industry as a troop of jackals would display in cleaning the bones of a dead lion. Such was its vitality, that, although completely girdled and deprived of its means of sustenance, it annually put forth green leaves until the past year, when its blanched and withered limbs showed that nature was exhausted.

But the dimensions of the whole group pale before those of the pros-



THE "BIG TREE" IN CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

trate giant known as the FATHER OF THE FOREST. This monster has long since bowed his head in the dust; but how stupendous in his ruin! The tree measures *one hundred and twelve feet in circumference* at the base, and *forty-two feet in circumference* at a distance of three hundred feet from the roots, at which point it was broken short off in its fall. The upper portion, beyond this break, is greatly decayed; but, judging from the average taper of the others, this tree must have towered to the prodigious height of at least *four hundred and fifty feet!* A chamber or burned cavity extends through the trunk two hundred feet, broad and high enough for a person to ride on horseback through; and a pond deep enough to float a common river steamboat stands in this great excavation during the rainy reason. Walking on the trunk, and looking from its uprooted base, the mind can scarce conceive its astonishing dimensions. Language fails to give an adequate idea of it. It was, when standing, a pillar of timber that overtopped all other trees on the globe. "To read simply of a tree four hundred and fifty feet high," observes the *Country Gentleman*, "we are struck with large figures; but we can hardly appreciate the height without some comparison. Such an one as this would stretch across a field of twenty-seven rods wide. If standing in the Niagara chasm at Suspension Bridge, it would tower two hundred feet above the top of the bridge; if placed in Broadway, New York, at the head of Wall Street, it would overtop Trinity steeple one hundred and sixty feet; and would be two hundred and thirty feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown; or two hundred and seventy feet above Washington Monument, Baltimore. If cut up for fuel, it would make at least *three thousand cords*, or as much as would be yielded by sixty acres of good wood-land. If sawed into two-inch boards, it would yield about three million feet, and furnish enough three-inch plank for thirty miles of plank road. This will do for the product of one little seed, less in size than a grain of wheat."

These trees are not the California red-wood, as has been affirmed of them. They are a species of cedar peculiar to the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. The growth, bark, and leaf are different from those of any other tree. Botanists class them, and probably correctly, among the *Taxodiums*. Foreigners will doubtless continue to rechristen them after this or that European celebrity. All who write or speak of them should avoid being thus led, and perpetuate the glorious name given them shortly after their discovery—the WASHINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

LITERARY.

RUDD & CARLETON publish a very pleasant volume by Mrs. Viele, entitled FOLLOWING THE DRUM. It consists of gossipy sketches of the incidents in the life of an American officer's wife, who lived in the camp. The country through which her journal extends is bounded by Montreal on the north and Mexico on the south; but the familiarity of all the scenery, and the commonplace nature of many of the experiences, are relieved by the freshness and *naïveté* with which the writer gives them. We imagine that the book will be especially attractive to ladies.

Hugh Miller was a great and a good man. Dr. Brown's biography, published also by Rudd & Carleton, is a very able and interesting work. Condensed as a biography should be, containing very few digressions, giving us the man as he was, and leaving him in our minds as he would himself have chosen to be left, to be judged by what he himself has done in the age in which he lived and among the men by whom he was surrounded. The book is not a simple biography, but is, as it is called, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER. He was one of the men of the day, and especially one of the men of Scotland in this century. His history is to a great extent a history of progress in science and religion in Scotland.

Sermon readers and others will place high value on a volume of SELECT DISCOURSES FROM THE FRENCH AND GERMAN, published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. These are selections from the pulpit efforts of such men as Adolphe Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Müller, whose names are well known in the religious world, and whose writings are always eloquent.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish THE YELLOW FRIGATE, a novel by Captain Grant, in cheap form.

From Randolph we have a new collection of CHURCH MELODIES FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS, by Thomas Hastings, whose name is sufficient guaranty for a judicious and tasteful selection. Among numerous books of this class, we know of none more worthy. It will answer as well, too, for family use.

A. L. O. E. is a row of initials which has become familiar to children by reason of the number of capital books by A. L. O. E. which Carter & Brothers have published. We have now THE STORY OF A NEEDLE, and of the little children through whose fingers the needle passed, pleasantly and instructively told. Another good book of the same class, from the same house, is TRUTH IS ALWAYS BEST.

Dr. Livingstone has arrived out at Sierra Leone on the way to his old home in Africa. The accounts from his expedition are very satisfactory thus far.

Rev. Paul C. Sinding, late of Copenhagen, is about to publish a work on the Scandinavian countries and the northern mythology.

Rev. Dr. Russell, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, has written an interesting life of Cardinal Mezzafanti, the greatest of modern linguists. The Life is prefaced by a most erudite Essay on Linguists, ancient and modern, which adds much to the interest of the volume, and contains also a portrait of the cardinal, and a fac-simile of sentences in his handwriting, in no less than sixteen languages. The Cardinal spoke fluently over forty tongues.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, May 24, in the Senate, Senator Clay introduced a bill for the improvement of the Dismal Swamp Canal. Senator Douglas introduced a bill for an inter-oceanic telegraph. The same senator likewise introduced the following bill:

"*Bill to restrain and redress outrages upon the flag and citizens of the United States.*

"*Be it enacted, etc.*,—That in case of flagrant violation of the Law of Nations, by outrages upon the flag, soil, or citizens of the United States, or upon their property, under circumstances requiring prompt redress, and when, in the opinion of the President, delay would be incompatible with the honor and dignity of the Republic, the President is hereby authorized to employ such force as he may deem necessary to prevent the perpetration of such outrages, and to obtain just redress and satisfaction for the same when perpetrated; and it shall be his duty to lay the facts of each case, together with the reasons for his actions in the premises, before Congress, at the earliest practicable moment, for such further action thereon as Congress may direct."

The Judiciary Committee reported that Senators Fitch and Bright, of Indiana, were entitled to their seats. The Fifteen Million Loan Bill was then taken up and debated, without action being taken, by Senators Hunter, Wilson, Collamer, Stuart, Bigler, Cameron, Simmons, and Pugh.——In the House, the Bill to regulate municipal elections in the District of Columbia was taken up, and led to a desultory debate on Native Americanism, in which Messrs. Davis, Burnett, Marshall, and Kelly took part. The House then went into Committee on general debate, and speeches on Slavery and other topics were made by Messrs. Keitt, Cragin, Bliss, and Gilmer.

On Tuesday, 25th, in the Senate, after discussion of the Chicago Harbor Improvement Bill, the Fifteen Million Loan Bill was taken up, and Senators Hunter, Simmons, Toombs, Seward, Crittenden, and others, spoke thereon, generally in deprecation of British outrages.——In the House, bills were passed regulating municipal elections in the District of Columbia, and establishing a paid fire department therein. The Ohio contested election case being taken up, Mr. Vallandigham was declared entitled to the seat by four majority. The House, on motion of Glancy Jones, acted on the Senate amendments to the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation Bill. The Fortification Bill then came up, and was discussed by Messrs. Glancy Jones, Quitman, Whiteley, Dowdell, and Letcher; no vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 26th, in the Senate, the Chicago Harbor Improvement Bill was passed by 26 to 17. Also a bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Milwaukie River. The Fifteen Million Loan Bill was taken up and passed, after debate, by 28 to 14.——In the House, the enacting clause of the Fortification Bill was struck out. A motion to postpone consideration of the Fort Snelling case till November next was rejected by 167 to 26. The House went into Committee on the Naval Appropriation Bill, which, after debate by Messrs. Glancy Jones, Bocock, Grow, Covode, Winslow, Phillips, Taylor, Washburn, and Florence, was laid aside to be reported to the House. The House then took up the Appropriation Bill for Volunteer Regiments, and speeches were made thereon. Further debate on the Customs and Post-Office Appropriation bills followed, but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, 27th, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill was taken up and postponed till January next by 30 to 21. Several Harbor Improvement bills were taken up and discussed, but no vote was taken.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation Bill was passed by 110 to 75. The Investigating Committee on the Tariff Corruption case presented a majority and two minority reports, which were received. The Army Appropriation Bill was taken up, and speeches were made thereon by Messrs. Sherman, Letcher, Leiter, Seward, and Grow; also the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, which elicited speeches from Messrs. Davis, Jones, and Sandridge; after which both bills were reported to the House for action.

On Friday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Seward's resolution to prolong the session till 21st June was laid over. Senator Mason presented a report from the Committee on Foreign Relations on the British aggressions, closing with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That American ships at sea, under the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore that any visitation or molestation is an infraction of the sovereignty of the United States.

Resolved, That these aggressions demand such an unequivocal explanation from Great Britain as shall prevent their recurrence forever in future.

Resolved, That the Committee approves of the action of the Executive, and are prepared to recommend such future legislation as circumstances may require.

The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was taken up which led to a discussion on various topics by Senators Iverson, Bigby, Houston, Hale, Green, Davis, and Seward.——In the House, the Post-Office, Army, and Ocean Mail steamer Appropriation, 72 House, and 17 Senate Bills were passed.

On Saturday, 29th, after the receipt of some petitions the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations on the British aggressions was debated by Senators Mason, Mallory, Hale, Toombs, Seward, Douglas, Hayne, and Wilson, the tenor of the debate being in favor of the resolutions. The Miscellaneous Appropriations were then briefly discussed.——In the House, the bill establishing post roads and several private bills were passed. The British aggressions were discussed by Messrs. Clay and Garnett.

THE LAST BRITISH AGGRESSIONS—CASE OF THE SCHOONER MOBILE.

The master of the American schooner *Mobile* has published the following statement:

"NEW YORK, *May*, 15, 1858.

"I first saw the steamer about noon, April 29—a mere speck on the horizon—to the eastward; could not make out what she was. At noon our latitude was 23° 42' longitude 81° 52'. At one o'clock took the glass and looked at the stranger; saw she was a steamer, bark-rigged, and appeared to be running across our bows. I said to the mate, 'I think she is an American man-of-war going to Key West.' Wind at the time east by north, vessel heading north by east to north-northeast; several sail in sight. I then went below and laid down.

"About half past three my eldest daughter (my family were on board) came to my room and said—'Father, what is that vessel doing?' I looked out of my window and saw that she was running down for us. Thinking she was going to speak us, I went on deck to answer her hail. As I came on deck the mate said to me—'That is an English war steamer.' I told him to set our ensign, which he did in the main rigging, the steamer then about two miles off. The steamer kept on until within hailing distance; he then rounded to on my weather quarter. As he came to, I saw the English flag at his mizen peak, which was the first I had seen of it. Soon I heard, twice in succession, something like the crack of a rifle; but I could hardly believe he was firing at me and lying within hail. I soon heard another report, and likewise the whistle of the ball. The mate came to me and said—'They are firing at us, and with ball, too.' I then ordered the vessel hove to—the same as I would heave to for a pilot. After that there were two shots fired into us, one ball striking the vessel about eight feet abaft the forechannels (where the mark can now be seen), the other going over the heads of the men working amidships, striking the water to the leeward. My men being in danger, I ordered the jibs to be hauled down, thinking that might stop his firing.

HOW THE MOBILE WAS BOARDED.

"About four o'clock his boat came alongside, with, as near as I can recollect, six men and an officer, all apparently unarmed, with the exception of the officer, who wore his side-arms. The officer, dressed in the British naval uniform, came aboard; came aft and, without asking for the captain, began to ask questions: Where the vessel was from, where bound, where owned, her name, and number of men and passengers, etc. To which I gave the usual answers. I then asked him what they meant by firing into my vessel and frightening my wife and children? He said, 'Why did you not heave to when you saw a man-of-war to windward with her ensign flying?' I told him it was common to see American and Spanish men-of-war in the Gulf with their colors flying, and they had never stopped or interfered with me, and it would not do for me to heave to and wait the motions of every man-of-war I saw with colors flying. He then asked for my papers. I started to go to the cabin to get them, when he, knowing that my family were there, and without an invitation, immediately followed me.

"I showed him my enrollment and license. After looking at them a moment, he said: 'You should have a register.' I told him our coasters did not have registers, but sailed under a license, and if he was not satisfied, here was my clearance from Mobile, in regular form.

"After looking at them a while he laid them on the table. I asked him if he took me for a slaver. He said, No. I told him that, knowing that I was not a slaver, it was very strange they should want to board my vessel and insult my flag in such a manner; that they had no right to do it. He said they had, and that they had orders to board every vessel going up or down the Gulf, and that it was very lucky for me that I hove to.

"I then told him if he had got through I should like to pursue my voyage. He then left my vessel without so much as saying, 'good-day.'

"In the course of his visit, I asked him how I should have known he was a man-of-war? He said I could have seen their pennant. I told him I had a long one which I very often set. He said if he saw me with one set he would haul it down for me.

"Our latitude when boarded was 24° 4'; longitude, 81° 42'. Three hours afterward I saw Sand Key light, bearing west-northwest by compass, and distant fifteen miles.

"ALLEN HOWES."

THE CASE OF THE N. B. BORDEN.

The following statement has been made officially by the master of the schooner *N. B. Borden*:

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, *April* 22, 1858.

"Schooner *N. B. Borden*, of Fall River, Massachusetts, James M. Brightman, master, sailed from the port of Matanzas, Cuba, on Sunday, March 21, 1858, at ten o'clock A.M., bound for Savannah, with a cargo of molasses and fruit, consigned to Messrs. Padelford, Fay, & Co. When six hours out of the port of Matanzas, being about four o'clock P.M., the island of Cuba being still in sight, and while I was on the starboard tack, saw a sail running down, which proved to be the British sloop-of-war *Styx*, she being three miles on our larboard quarter. She fired a blank cartridge, and I, not knowing her business, ordered the American ensign to be hoisted, as customary, and kept my course. She then fired a shot, which fell at our stern. I then thought the matter more serious, tacked the schooner, and stood for the sloop-of-war until I was within half a mile of her, when I lay by until I was boarded by the first lieutenant, or I suppose it was that officer from his appearance. As he came alongside I hailed him, and asked what he wanted with a molasses droger. He replied that he would let me know, and came on board. He demanded of me where I was from, and where bound, and what was my cargo, and saying they were in search of slavers and took me to be one. I told him that slavers seldom took molasses to the coast of Africa, and, moreover, they never went loaded so deep—the schooner *N. B. Borden* being at that time nearly to her decks in water. The lieutenant then said I had a fine vessel, and he would like to take her to Jamaica. I told him he had no occasion to do so, as my vessel was built in Massachusetts and calculated for the West India trade, and never would be ashamed to wear the stripes and stars at her mast-head; and that her commander had always sailed under that flag, and had been master of a vessel for the last eighteen years; had always done a lawful business, and was ready to nail the American ensign to the mast-head, as our forefathers did, against any nation, and that I did not deserve to be insulted so by the British nation. The lieutenant then got into his boat and went on board of his vessel. I filled away and proceeded on my course, as usual. The schooner *N. B. Borden* was built at Somerset, Massachusetts, in 1855; is 123 tons, and owned by Messrs. N. B. Borden and others, merchants, at Fall River, and her owners and commander deserve the protection of the American flag. Yours, respectfully, JAMES M. BRIGHTMAN,

Master of schooner *N. B. Borden*.

A NEW PLAN OF RETALIATION.

It is rumored that Judge Douglas will move to empower the President, in cases of violation of the laws of nations and outrage by a foreign government on our citizens, to issue special letters of reprisal, to be placed in the hands of an officer of the United States Navy, who will proceed in a vessel of war and seize upon the property of the government so offending, and bring it to the United States, where, by a decree of a court having admiralty jurisdiction, it shall be sold and the proceeds applied to liquidate the claim of the American citizens upon whom the outrage has been committed, the measure of damages to be ascertained by the Court of Claims.

RUMORED SUBMISSION OF THE MORMONS.

Advices received during the week confirm the rumor of Governor Cummings having gone to Salt Lake City. He left Fort Bridger on Monday, 5th April, for Great Salt Lake City, with the expectation of returning on the 15th. He was accompanied only by Colonel Kane, two servants and two teamsters, depending on his escort from the Mormons when he had passed the advanced pickets of the expedition. It was rumored in the camp that the Governor was to have the opportunity afforded him of addressing the Mormons, on the Sunday following, from all parts of the Territory, as they were to be congregated on that occasion to hear him, and decide whether they would continue their course of opposition to the officers of the Government, under the Governorship of Brigham Young, or accept him, without bloodshed, for their Governor, under certain conditions. Nothing definite was known of what those conditions were.

General Johnston purposes carrying out his own plans, and intends to march for Salt Lake City about the beginning of June. By that time he will be reinforced by Colonel Hoffman and Captain Marcy. The Colonel would add to General Johnston's command twenty officers, five hundred and fourteen men, one hundred and sixty-six horses, with one hundred and seventy-six mule teams, one hundred ox teams, with between two and three months' supplies for Colonel Johnston's whole command.

Captain Marcy would arrive there, accompanied by Colonel Loring—who was at last advices following the Captain to provide him an escort—with five officers, one hundred and ninety-four men.

With that portion of the reinforcements, it is certain that General Johnston will march at the time stated into Salt Lake City, as he is determined that not words but acts of submission only can be accepted from the Mormons.

HOW GOVERNOR CUMMING WAS RECEIVED.

A letter from Fort Bridger to a Boston paper says: "A United States Commissioner, Mr. Kane, arrived here about the 25th of March from Salt Lake City, with dispatches. He afterward returned to the city, where he remained a few days, and on the 5th of April returned to this fort, and after a short interview with Governor Cumming the latter agreed to accompany him to the capital on the morrow. Accordingly, on the 6th, Governor Cumming, attended only by Mr. Kane and his carriage driver, took his departure for the Holy City, intending to go through in two days. He did so, and entering the city on the 8th, found a large hall ready and beautifully fitted up for his reception. Brigham Young received him with an appropriate speech, which was responded to by the Governor in a true democratic and feeling manner. I am sorry I can not furnish you a copy, but will do so by next express. We look daily for his return. He was treated with the utmost civility and respect. We look daily for Colonel Johnston to issue orders for entering the city, as the road is now passable."

MOVEMENTS OF THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

"General Harney pays no attention to the reported surrender of Young, but is pushing forward the reinforcements and the supply trains. It is not believed at the head-quarters of the expedition that Kane accomplished any permanent good.

"Large Mormon trains are leaving various points in Nebraska for Salt Lake, carrying great quantities of arms, ammunition, and clothing, and manifesting a very hostile spirit. Many Mormons are also hanging about the fort, and following the trains in various capacities. All sorts of rumors are constantly coming in from the army. There are reports that buffalo were extraordinarily plenty on the plains—more so than for years—and the grass fine."

REPORT OF THE TARIFF INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Report of this committee has been published. It shows that Mr. John W. Wolcott was sent to Washington authorized to pledge any amount of money, and to use any means, however corrupt, to insure a change in the tariff. Soon after the adjournment of the last Session of Congress he received from Lawrence, Stone, & Co. $74,000.

Of this sum $13,645 79 was in commercial paper indorsed in blank and negotiable by delivery. Mr. Wolcott paid the Hon. George Ashmun $4000 for aiding the passage of the tariff, according to Mr. Ashmun's evidence, though Mr. Wolcott swears that he paid no money for such purpose. Thurlow Weed was paid $5000 through Ezra Lincoln of Boston, and $8117 06 was paid by the New York house to various persons, making the sum of $87,117 06 which appeared on the books of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., charged to the tariff of 1857.

Of the eight thousand and odd dollars disbursed by the New York house, Mr. D. M. Stone of *The Journal of Commerce* received $2500, J. N. Reynolds, President of the American Councils, who carried the resolution favorable to the woolen interests, $5070, and A. R. Corbin, formerly Clerk of the Committee of Claims, $1000. The balance was expended for traveling expenses, pamphlets, and the like.

It appears from the testimony of Mr. Slade, that Lawrence, Stone, & Co. received $12,000 or $13,000 more, which was also disbursed; but it is not ascertained how, as this witness was examined in Philadelphia, and the books and papers were in Boston.

The Committee express the strongest censure on Messrs. Wolcott and Corbin, and impeach their testimony seriously. It is believed that Mr. Wolcott appropriated about $70,000, which was put in to the banking business of Gardner, Wolcott, & Co. Mr. Corbin resigned his clerkship of the Claims Committee to avoid expulsion.

THE OCEAN MAIL SERVICE.

The House Committee on Post-offices have decided to report a bill for the ocean mail service. It will embrace the following schedule:

1. Collins line to be authorized to run to Southampton instead of Liverpool.

2. The Havre line to be contracted with for ten years, at two dollars per mile.

3. A line to Gluckstadt, via Plymouth and Rotterdam, for ten years, at two dollars per mile.

4. A line from New Orleans via Havana, Bermuda, Fayal, and Santander (Spain), for ten years, at two dollars per mile.

The expense of these lines is not to exceed seven hundred thousand dollars per annum. This sum is stated to agree with the amount reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, on the 10th of May, for this service for the fiscal year. The estimated receipts of postages by European mails for the year is just this amount. All letters by private ships are to be charged the same as by mail ships, and no letters are to be sent out of the United States but through the Post-office.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

Incomplete returns from the election in Kansas indicate a majority of 750 in favor of the Leavenworth constitution. The utmost apathy was manifested in regard to the result, and the Pro-slavery vote was very small.

The board of Commissioners, appointed under the act of Congress of May 4, convened at Lecompton on the 24th. Present, J. W. Denver, Governor; Hugh S. Walsh, Secretary; C. W. Babcock, President of the Council; George W. Deitzler, Speaker of the House, and William Weir, District Attorney. The members of the board were sworn in by Judge Cato, and the Commission organized by electing Governor Denver president, and Mr. Walsh secretary. A committee of three was appointed by the chair to prepare a programme for conducting the election and report at the next meeting of the board, which takes place on the 31st of May. On motion of Mr. Babcock it was unanimously agreed that the election ordered by Congress be fixed for the first Monday in August next. The commission then adjourned.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lewis Cass, Jun., has resigned his mission at Rome, the resignation to take effect when his successor shall be appointed. It is said that he found the place rather too hot for him after an occurrence which has excited much comment.

The Hon. H. B. Anthony, ex-Governor of the State of Rhode Island, and editor of the Providence *Journal*, has been elected by the General Assembly United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next—receiving 92 out of 100 votes cast.

There was a general fraternization of the Republicans, Douglas men, and Americans, at Senator Seward's on Thursday night, at a party given by him. All the leading Opposition Senators and members were present.

A movement has been made in Mississippi to request the resignation of Governor M'Willie. The people of the State are very indignant at the last exercise of Executive clemency, which has turned loose the notorious assassin, James Dyson.

The *Times* correspondent says: "While in the agony of death the relatives of Mademoiselle Rachel caused to be taken her photograph by the photographer of the King of Sardinia. What their object was in thus disturbing the last moments of the dying *tragédienne* it is not proper to judge. But the sensitive paper produced her dying agony so faithfully, the clenched hands, the contracted muscles, and the frowning brow are so fearful to look at, that the friends dare not put the work on sale as it appears on the original. But they have softened it by a reproduction on stone, and this picture is now on sale at the print-shops. While living, she was the resource of her Hebrew family; now that she is dead they continue the exploitation of her body and her memory."

The Hon. Thomas Morris Erskine, recently appointed Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, is half American. His grandfather was the great Lord Chancellor Erskine, son of the Earl of Buchan, and his father, the second Lord Erskine, married a daughter of General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia. The present Lord Erskine, brother of the new Secretary, is named Americus, probably to denote his maternal descent. The removal of Mr. Erskine from Turin, where he was Secretary to the Embassy, has been the cause of a good deal of comment in the English journals, and is not particularly creditable to his talents as a diplomatist.

The *Evening Post* says: "Rear-Admiral Pacha expressed, in a recent conversation, astonishment at the money-making turn of the shipbuilders and Aldermen who surrounded him on his arrival. He says it surpasses any thing he ever saw in Europe or Asia. The recent caricatures in *Harper's Weekly*, burlesquing his progress in New York, at first excited his indignation, but, on hearing an explanation, he burst into a regular haw-haw of the most Turkish kind. The picture which most moved his risibles was the one which represents the Rear-Admiral, while preparing to draw on his pantaloons, surprised by the apparition of a daguerreotypist, who is taking his picture."

A Paris correspondent of a late London paper says: "Mr. Bonaparte, the eldest son of Marshal Prince Jerome by his marriage with Miss Paterson, has been staying in Paris for some time, almost *incog.* He dined almost daily at Hill's English tavern, in the Boulevard des Capucines, where he was generally accompanied by two or three American gentlemen. He is a plain, unpretending-looking man, much younger in appearance than he really is, for his mother's marriage, which the Pope always refused to disavow, was arbitrarily declared void by the Emperor so long ago as 1805; he must, therefore, be between fifty and sixty years of age, and yet he is neither bald nor gray. He speaks English with a strong American accent, and is by no means a perfect master of French. His likeness to Prince Jerome is most striking. He stands just as near an heir to Napoleon I. as the present occupier of the throne of France."

The tavern referred to is a small eating-house, where

perhaps a dozen persons may dine at once. It is much like many restaurants here, where one may get a plain meal for about twenty-five cents, and is much frequented by those English and Americans in Paris who do not speak French. The son referred to was educated at West Point, and is now on the Emperor's staff. Mr. Bonaparte arrived here in the *Fulton* last week.

The Baptist papers are quite indignant at the latitudinarianism of Henry Ward Beecher on Baptism—especially at the remark that he would baptize his people every Sunday, if they wished. They state that he would make baptism a common plunge-bath.

Judge Welles has granted a writ of error and stay of proceedings, in the case of Ira Stout, convicted of the murder of C. W. Littles. The trial will probably take place in September.

Archbishop Hughes denies explicitly the charge made by an Albany paper, that he was concerned in a secret society called the "Circle of Jesus."

Lord Napier and family spent several days of last week at Castle Hill, the residence of the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, in Albemarle county, Virginia.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "M. de Sartiges, the French Minister at Washington, is about to come to France on leave of absence. The French Consul-General at New York will act as Chargé d'Affaires."

Governor Willard, of Indiana, is lying very low at Indianapolis, with a severe attack of pneumonia, or congestion of the lungs. His recovery is very doubtful.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has gone South on a visit of a few weeks.

The wedding of a daughter of Robert J. Walker, ex-Governor of Kansas, took place on Tuesday night at Washington.

The wedding of a daughter of Andrew H. Reeder, ex-Governor of Kansas, took place at Easton, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday.

Among the passengers by the *Vanderbilt* on her last trip for Southampton and Havre, were Senator Sumner, Lieutenant Henry A. Wise and Mrs. Wise, daughter of Edward Everett.

A PAIR OF OLD LOVERS.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "Justice Purdy married a couple yesterday who fully merit the felicity which they will doubtless enjoy in connubial union. The bridegroom was an old bachelor whose years numbered threescore and ten, and looks betoken him innocent of womanhood. His bride was a widow, who asserted that she was fifty-seven, but the by-standers set her down at eighty. It appeared that the widow, in the exercise of those winsome ways which widows do affect, inveigled the bachelor into an attachment, which both parties proposed to consummate in matrimony. An objection arose, however, in the shape of several infants twenty or thirty years old, belonging to the widow, who most decidedly objected to her marrying. In this dilemma they resorted to the usual dodge peculiar to young people, and eloped. As they lived in Canada, the only place to elope to was America, and they accordingly came to Detroit, the bridegroom coming first, and the widow joining him afterward. The delight at the successful termination of their romantic adventure was unbounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons, on the 13th ult., Mr. Baillie, in response to an inquiry, denied the reports that Sir Colin Campbell had lately asked urgently for reinforcements, and that the East India Company had declined for the present to find transports for the troops ready for embarkation.

Mr. Disraeli, in reply to a question, said that Lord Ellenborough laid his resignation before the Queen, without the knowledge of even the Prime Minister, and that had he consulted his colleagues, they would have unanimously requested him to withdraw his resignation.

On the 14th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Shaftesbury moved his vote of censure upon the Government for their dispatch to the Governor-General of India, touching his proclamation to the people of Oude, and urged its adoption at considerable length. An animated debate ensued; after which, the House divided, the vote being 158 for the resolution and 167 against it; majority in favor of Government 9. The announcement was received with cheers.

In the House of Commons on the same day, Mr. Cardwell brought forward his motion of censure upon the Government for the Indian dispatch, and advocated his views at length. Divers other speeches were made *pro* and *con*, and at a late hour the debate was postponed to the Monday following.

In the House of Commons on the same day, Lord Stanley stated that no change had taken place in the position of Britain relative to France or the United States, with regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, nor had the British squadron been increased on that station.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The experiments which have been made with the new telegraph machines of Professor Hughes upon the Atlantic cable have been quite successful. The instruments transmitted messages through the whole length of cable, and clearly demonstrated that they could be worked with more rapidity and with greater reliability than any other method. Mr. Cyrus W. Field called on the 13th ult., upon Sir John Packington, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and explained to him the situation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, in regard to a paddle-wheel steamer to act as a tender upon the *Niagara* in place of the *Susquehanna*, which the United States Government were prevented from sending on account of the yellow fever having broken out on board of her. The Admiralty at once granted the request to furnish a steamer in place of the *Susquehanna*. The liberality of the British Government in placing four of their best steamers at the disposal of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to assist in laying the cable this year, and at a time when they are chartering merchant steamers for their own service, shows the deep interest they feel in the success of this great international enterprise.

THE QUEEN'S STATE BALL.

A London paper has the following description of her Majesty's state ball, given at Buckingham Palace on the 10th of May, and to which about 1900 were invited. "The ball was far more numerously attended than the ball given in honor of the nuptials of the Princess Royal, and much more brilliant. The noble apartments are fully equal to accommodate 2000 guests with ease; but at a state ball all the visitors crowd round where her Majesty sits or dances, and, consequently, the spacious and magnificent new ball-room was not large enough of itself to accommodate the numbers that thronged into it. Her Majesty sat on the *haut-pas*, with the youthful, pretty, and charming young Queen of Portugal by her side. Seats were also placed for all the members of the Royal Family, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Princess Anna of Saxe-Weimar. The seats of the Queens were marked on the *haut-pas* by a footstool, a distinction which was omitted with the other members of the royal family. The royal bride danced frequently during the evening in quadrilles with the Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. In noticing the arrival of the Duc de Malakhoff, we remarked upon his 'agile step,' and it is a great confirmation of the fact that not only did the Queen of Portugal but our own gracious sovereign select the Duke as a partner for a quadrille. The gallant marshal was a little taken aback when the honor intended by our Queen was first intimated to him; but he nevertheless acquitted himself with grace, and after each dance conducted his royal partner to her seat with true French gallantry. The Duke wore the full uniform of a Marshal of France, but paid us the compliment of displaying the Ribbon of a Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath without any other decoration. The places of our Queen and the Queen of Portugal at the supper were opposite to that famous work of art in the precious metals, 'Horses at the Fountain,' and immediately on their Majesties' approach, the fountain commenced playing and throwing off the grateful odors of Eau-de-Cologne. The shield presented by the King of Prussia to the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Wales's epergne, and the South American salver were also displayed on a buffet, placed opposite to the seats of the two Queens. Although the Queen of Portugal had a long day's travel before her on Tuesday, she remained with the Queen in the ball-room till two o'clock, dancing with the Duc de Malakhoff immediately after supper. The dancing continued with unabated vigor until the Queen left the ball, and by ten minutes past three o'clock the last of the guests had departed from the palace."

INAUGURATION OF LORD MACAULAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

The inauguration of Lord Macaulay as High Steward of the borough took place on Tuesday, May 11, in the Town Hall, Cambridge. Among the eminent persons who have held this office are Lord Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Clarendon. The Town Hall was crowded on the occasion. At a banquet given by the Mayor, after the formal proceedings, a great number of the members of the University were present. In reply to the toast of his health, Lord Macaulay, who was loudly cheered, said: "It is now five years since I last raised my voice in public, and it is not likely that, except upon some serious and important call of public duty, I shall ever so raise it again; but I trust that if these should be the last words I so express, you will accept them as intended to convey my most grateful sense of your kindness, and my earnest wish that the town of Cambridge may ever flourish in peace and prosperity—and, may I be allowed to add, may ever cherish a feeling of unanimity with the noble and distinguished University, which I must ever regard with the most filial gratitude."

POSTHUMOUS WORK OF BLACKSTONE.

Judge Blackstone—he of the "Commentaries," the most popular law book ever written—left behind him in manuscript a work on architecture. It was written when the Judge was young; but has been described by those who have seen it as worthy of his maturer years. A wish having been expressed by leading jurists to see the work in print, a London house has undertaken to publish it.

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

An English architect, whose name is published below, has been arrested for writing and sending the following letter to the Queen:

"HEREFORD, 27*th April*, 1858.

"To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, and their colonies.

"Your Majestie's humble and loyal subject sheweth that through the mercy and grace of Almighty God he has, during a period of 36 years, been an obedient and useful subject of this realm, and moreover, for more than 20 years now past he has been an humble servant of the Most High God, and a partaker of His grace, manifested in His only begotten Son. Your Majesty's *security* also sheweth that the All-Wise and Gracious God has in an especial manner manifested Himself to him [the writer]; and in such a marked and continuous way as leaves him no alternative but to apply to your Majesty to render up to him your Majesty's office as head of the Church. And in doing so it is from a solemn conviction of duty. Your Majesty will please to remember that this application is registered in Heaven, and will have to be accounted for at the judgment-seat of our Lord. I shall be happy to produce to your Majesty my credentials as Christ's vicegerent on earth, and challenge the creation to produce any other claim except my own to the office. In preferring my claim, your Majesty will please to observe that it is from *no sordid motive*, but on the contrary, merely for the glory of God, the welfare of your Majesty's people, and the stability of your throne! Wishing your Majesty every happiness, both domestic and public, I am, by the grace of God, in your Majesty's service,

"AUSTIN MAGGS."

A RETORT AT THE ALTAR.

"Recently," says the Essex *Herald*, "in a rural district of Essex, tending toward the coast, certainly not more than 53½ miles from Latchington—we do not like to speak very positively as to measurements—a worthy thatcher had been employed by the curate of the parish in clothing his roofs and making matters secure and water-tight about the homestead. As thatchers are but men, and are, moreover, in the habit of damping themselves as well as their straw, the purse of the pastor had been repeatedly drawn upon in the course of the work, till at length, drawing the strings thereof tightly together with stern fingers, he tied them in a double knot; and when the man applied for a further advance of the current coin, he responded to the appeal—'No, when you have done your job you shall have your money.' Now the thatcher, either on the stack top or other exposed situation, had been struck by a pair of bright eyes. The lady's circumstances were pressing, and after due preliminaries, the pair presented themselves to the curate at the altar. Steadily the ceremony proceeded up to the production of the hoop of gold, when the minister, strictly following the directions of the rubric, as it seems is the custom thereabout, required him to 'lay it upon the book, with the accustomed duty to the priest and clerk;' in other words, demanded the marriage fees, when the bridegroom, thinking a like principle should apply to thatcher and curate, replied, 'No, when you have done your job you shall have your money.' The irreverent retort, and the refusal to let the curate draw on account, cut short the marriage ceremony. The book was closed; and the willing pair, though their dwelling-places are not far asunder, still remain only half married."

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL IN ENGLAND.

On Sunday morning, the 9th, the Queen of Portugal, attended by the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, left Buckingham Palace for the residence of the Portuguese Legation, in Gloucester Place, Portman Square, to attend mass, which was said by Cardinal Wiseman. After mass, her Majesty held a reception, at which the principal Portuguese residents in London were present. On Monday morning her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, accompanied the Queen Stephanie of Portugal, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Prince Royal of Hohenzollern, to view the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. The royal *cortége* consisted of five carriages. Her Majesty and the Queen of Portugal inspected both the National Gallery and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. On Tuesday the Queen of Portugal left Buckingham Palace, and, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, traveled to Plymouth, where she embarked on board the *Bartolomeo Dias*, for Lisbon. The Queen of Portugal looks about eighteen years of age, and has remarkably agreeable features. She is rather above the middle height, and has none of the more striking peculiarities of the foreigner about her. Her hair is dark and her complexion very clear, and she has a frank, unaffected manner. In a letter dated Madrid, May 2, we find the following extraordinary and improbable statement: "We have just heard that the young King of Portugal has narrowly escaped being poisoned. The deadly drug was administered to him by a prelate attached to the Court, but the design was discovered and happily frustrated."

FRANCE.

AN ANECDOTE OF JULES FAVRE.

The French "*commis voyageur*" is a favorite character in farce. Two weeks ago one of the fraternity fell in with an intelligent passenger in the train to Bordeaux, and was so charmed with his anecdotes that he insisted on feasting him at the *Chapeau Rouge;* and after sundry bottles, became talkative about shawls and merinos, boasting of his commission being worth 4000 francs a year. "I, too, am a traveler," said his guest; "but can I count on your discretion?" On which he dropped a hint that *his* line was robbery, forged bills, and sometimes assassination, at which he earned 80,000 francs one year with another. Dumbfoundered, the bagman managed to shorten the interview, and made his way to the nearest *bureau de police*, from which a *posse* hastened to the capture of the itinerant criminal, whom they found to be Jules Favre, brought down special for a very bad case before the Bordeaux tribunal.

HOW MARRIAGES CAN BE DISSOLVED.

The jurisdiction of French Courts in marriage matters is getting perfectly scandalous. On the 12th of May a Peruvian lady appealed for protection under very aggravated circumstances, and was dismissed without redress. Monsieur Eugene Ruttinger, a Parisian fast man about town, was sent by his father to Lima as a commercial agent; here he gets himself introduced to the opera-box of a young widow of twenty-one, Signora Torribia Guido, of high connections, and, after a considerable courtship, was married by the proper authorities at church, and his union was registered at the French consulate. Some time after he levanted. She follows him to Paris, and he now claims to be exonerated from the solemn contract by showing that he was only twenty-four years old at his marriage (twenty-five is the age required when parents are not consulted), and that old Ruttinger had only heard of it six months after it had taken place. On this silly and palpable sham the Court sets the *villain* free for fresh matrimonial *razzias*.

ANNEXATION OF ENGLAND TO THE FRENCH CROWN.

The *Court Journal* has the following queer story; of course "Girardin" is the name so transparently vailed: "Emile G——n has had several interviews with the Emperor of late; and as a pamphlet, written by him upon the subject of the facility with which a descent might be made in England, and the ease with which that country might be annexed to the French crown, is going the round of the political *salons*, it has been supposed that these interviews had been sought by G——n to expose his ideas on the same subject. The tenor of the pamphlet, which is kept a strict secret from the public, and is printed for private distribution only, may be judged when, addressed to the Emperor, it opens thus: 'Let your Majesty remember that *the event* of your Imperial Majesty's reign is yet to come—no Austerlitz, no Leipsic, no Marengo has marked its annals—with an unrivaled army, and a navy which now stands first in Europe, your Majesty might accomplish far more brilliant feats than these. Even the pallid reign of Charles the Tenth has left Algeria as a legacy of glory to the nation—even the short-lived republic has left us the occupation of Rome by our victorious troops. Let, then, the conquest of England be the one immortal feat of arms which shall render your Majesty's reign even more glorious than that of Napoleon the First, whose fate it would so nobly avenge.'"

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

The Court of Assizes of the Cotes du-Nord has just tried a woman of Legue for the manslaughter of her husband. For nearly forty years they lived most unhappily together, owing to her drunken and brutal character, and she was in the constant habit of beating him, keeping a thick stick for the purpose, and even sometimes taking it into bed with her to belabor him in the night. In the evening of the 28th of March last he returned from his work, and sat quietly down to supper; when all at once his wife, who was lying on the bed in a state of intoxication, jumped up and snatched his food from him. This led to a quarrel, and after a while the man was heard to exclaim, "Ah! you have got the stick!" "Yes," said she, "I have," and at the same moment she struck him a tremendous blow on the head, which felled him to the ground. After a while he got up, and managed to get to a neighbor's, but two days after he had to take to his bed and died. The jury declared the woman guilty, and the Court sentenced her to twelve years' hard labor.

APPROACHING MESALLIANCE.

The London *Court Journal* says: "The approaching marriage of an English lady, of large income and portly person, with her stalwart Italian courier, is much talked of by the English in Paris. The lady has just returned from a tour in Switzerland, where the unceasing attentions of the courier, his vigilance over the lady's safety, his bad English, and his singing to the guitar, completely took the grateful heart of the lady by surprise. The lady's eldest son, an officer in the Guards, is said to have arrived in Paris for the express purpose of preventing the match if possible; but, upon acquaintance with the object of his mother's attachment, became reconciled to the step, with the consolatory remark to his friends, "The fellow seems quite good enough for a step-father, at any rate, and it's well it's no worse."

WHOLESALE EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

The *Memorial de la Loire* tells a strange story. A dentist, who said that he came from Caen, went to the school of the Brethren of Christian Doctrine, in St. Etienne, and asserting that he was authorized by the municipality to examine the teeth of the children, and to extract those which were not good, made the boys parade before him, and he drew from them not fewer than two hundred teeth, most of which were good ones. When the parents of the children heard what had taken place they were naturally indignant; and the report being spread that it was not two hundred, but six thousand, teeth that had been extracted, a large portion of the lower classes shared in their anger. Before long a crowd assembled and raised a loud clamor against both the brethren and the dentist. The former expressed their regret at having allowed the man to draw the teeth, while the dentist had deemed it prudent to decamp.

SOULOUQUE AND HIS TROOPS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* relates the following transaction, which, he says, will occupy the tribunals and amuse the public: "Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti, gave, in March, an order, not to Leeds, but to Elbœuf (Normandy), for three thousand suits of regimentals. The contract was duly attended to, and the manufacturers were up to time, but, unfortunately, the goods were sent by the Havre broker in two distinct shipments for St. Domingo, and three thousand pantaloons arrived three weeks before the supplementary portion of the outfit. Soulouque, who had fixed on a grand review, had his troops drawn up in coatless array, haranguing his brave army with a promise of jackets by the next packet. Had the jackets come first, he would, no doubt, have turned out his men in the costume of sans-culottes; but the broker will have to answer for breach of covenant with this nigger majesty."

SOMNAMBULISM DISPROVED.

M. Burdin, a physician, who recently died in Paris, at the age of eighty-one, was a decided unbeliever in somnambulism, and many years since resolved to prove that his incredulity was well founded by depositing a sum of 3000 francs in the hands of a notary, which was to be paid to any person who should read what was written on a paper placed in an opaque box, the trial taking place in presence of a commission named by the Academy. This competition was open for three years, and a number of persons came forward, but the money eventually returned to M. Burdin's pocket, no somnambulist having been able to solve the difficulty."

INDIA.

MR. LAYARD ON THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Mr. Layard, who has just returned from India, has delivered an important address in London on the rebellion. He argues, first, that the insurrection was not merely a military mutiny, but a real national or popular rebellion; and secondly, that this rebellion did not originate in a religious panic, but was caused by English misrule, especially and notably by their policy of annexation, their dealings with the land titles of great chiefs, their maladministration of justice, and general treatment of the natives. Mr. Layard quoted the following extract from Lord Ellenborough's dispatch: "We desire to see British authority in India rest upon the willing obedience of a contented people; and there can not be contentment where there is general confiscation;" and, commenting upon it, said: "These words should be written in characters of gold, and exhibited in every public place in India; and if they were acted upon, there would probably be no other rebellion. India must, of course, be governed in India; and as to the council in this country, it should, he thought, consist partly of old civil servants, partly of military men, and partly of natives. In Ceylon there was a council founded on liberal and civilized principles, the buddhist and native half-caste race being represented. Let them try the experiment of governing India on the same principles, and then, even if they should lose India, that would be no disgrace to them, provided they left the country civilized, prosperous, and happy, and, if they could effect that by their example, he would add Christian."

CHINA.

PERSONNEL OF YEH.

The special correspondent of the London *Times*, who seized the opportunity of taking passage in the *Inflexible* from Hong-Kong to Calcutta for the purpose of studying the notorious Yeh, says of him: "Such a man must be a great problem. If I fail to solve it, I may, at any rate, supply to others the materials for a solution.

"In his personal appearance Yeh is a very stout and rather tall man, about five feet eleven, with the long thin Chinese mustache and beard, a remarkably receding forehead, a skull in which what the phrenologists call 'veneration' is much developed; a certain degree of rotundity behind the ear, and a moderate development of the back head. Shorn nearly to the crown, and very thinly covered with hair in that part where the Chinese mostly cultivate their hair, our Mandarin offers every facility for craniological examination. His tail is very paltry, very short, and very thin. The smallest porker in China has a better tail than her highest Mandarin.

"His face is heavy. There is more chin than you usually see in a Chinaman—more jowl and jaw, indicative of will and obstinacy. The nose is long and flat, the nostrils forming one side of a very obtuse angle. Seen in profile the nose is very remarkable and very ugly; in the front face this, the most simial expression of the man's countenance, is mitigated. The eye—that round slit Mongolian eye—is the most expressive feature of the man who is sitting opposite to me, and looking rather suspiciously at me as I am now writing. In his ordinary mood there is only a look of shrewdness and quick cunning in this, the only mobile feature of his face; but I have seen him in the turning moments of his life, when those eyeballs glared with terror and with fury. He has a large protruding mouth, thick lips, and very black teeth, for, as he remarks, 'it never has been the custom of his family to use a tooth-brush.' It is, however, a very common custom in some Chinese families, as any one may see who walks the streets of Canton and notices the Coolies and small traders at their ablutions.

"He does not wear long nails. He says he has been too busy all his life to do so. His hands, as is almost universally the case in China, are small and well shaped. The same occupations which have prevented him from growing his nails seem to have kept him from washing his hands. I think I can remember, however, that when first taken his nails were of Chinese growth.

YEH'S TOILET HABITS.

"In the practice of that virtue which we Westerns are glad to rank next to godliness Yeh is certainly not conspicuous. A more undesirable messmate for the commander of a man of war can scarcely be imagined. He spits, he smokes, he eructates, and he blows his nose with his fingers. Captain Brooker has taught him the comfort of a pocket handkerchief, but not to use it for this purpose. His daily ablutions consist of a slight rubbing of the face with a towel moistened in hot water. He has a horror of fresh air, and while in Chinese waters never willingly went on deck. He loved to have the ports closed and the skylights down.

"He wears thickly padded stockings, the long, blue-sleeved, quilted cape, and blue pantaloons tied at the ankle, common to all Chinamen. He boasts that he has worn his outer coat for ten years, and its appearance justifies his assertion; it is stiff with grease. When we drew near to Singapore, within one degree of the line, the heat became frightful. His practice then was, while steaming from libations of hot tea, to strip off his coat and sit in his long yellow grass-cloth shirt, wet and discolored—a most disgusting object.

"Once, after six weeks' confinement, he gravely intimated his intention of taking a bath; and he was eagerly reminded of what he had been more than once informed, that there was a most comfortable bath-room on deck, quite at his daily service. That was not at all Yeh's idea of a bath. The cabin was given up to him and his domestics, and a small pan of boiling water. We all hoped that he had cleansed himself, but when we saw him again he was wearing his old greasy, unwashed jacket.

HOW YEH SLEEPS.

"Yeh sleeps in a recess in the captain's cabin, which he prefers to a separate sleeping berth. He goes to bed about eight o'clock, and while we are reading, or writing, or playing chess, he sleeps the sleep of infancy—an unbroken slumber, apparently undisturbed by visions of widowed women or wailing orphans. This man-killer, after slaying his hundred thousand human beings, enjoys sweeter sleep than an innocent London alderman after a turtle dinner. So false are traditions; so false are the remorseful scenes of Greek and Roman and English tragedies.

YEH'S MORALITY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

"Yeh is in his private life a very respectable Chinaman. He is entirely free from all suspicion of those detestable habits common to his countrymen, and for which even the virtuous Keying was but too notorious. He smokes no opium; his ordinary drink is only warm tea; he uses samshu only as a medicine. He has sent his only wife, under the protection of his father, to his native village. He spoke of his concubines; but as I could not tell how far it might be wrong in his eyes to show curiosity on this topic, I did not learn their number or destination. He has no son, but has adopted a nephew, who is now twenty-four years old, and is pursuing his studies at Pekin.

"He eats twice a-day of four or five succulent dishes, and he has the good sense to eat rice with each dish, not reserving it for the end of the dinner, as the Chinese do at their feasts. He drinks nothing while eating.

YEH'S RELIGION.

"His devotions consist of sitting in the posture of a Chinese idol, his legs crossed, and his face to the east. He remains in an abstracted state for about ten minutes, and the act of devotion is accomplished. When he first came on board he retired into this contemplative state several times a day. He afterward became much more remiss, and once a day appeared to suffice him. He uses no idol, and when asked whether he wished for any facilities for performing his devotions privately, replied that he wanted nothing of the sort. I imagined that this was an act of devotion according to the custom of the higher sect of the Buddhists; but one day, when he was in special good humor, he condescended to explain why he turned himself to the east, instead of to the west, which is the birth-place of Buddha. He said if he were praying he should turn to the west; but he is not praying. He turns to the east because the east is the 'sǎng chi'—the principle of life, as the west is the principle of death. He says the four cardinal points agree with the four seasons—the north is the winter, the south is the summer, the east is the spring, and the west is the autumn. We asked him what Taoli this was, 'Confucian?' 'Yes.' 'Buddhist?' 'Yes.' 'Taouist?' 'Yes. It is more ancient even than Confucius. It is the ancient ceremonial of China.' 'Are the Taoli of Confucius and Buddha and Laotzu all subordinate to the ancient Taoli of China?' 'Yes; they are all included in it. From the time there was an east there was this Taoli.'

YEH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"We traversed the Bay of Bengal upon an unruffled sea, and Yeh was comfortable in his stomach, and during some portion of each day ready for conversation. One subject upon which it was never difficult to draw him out was that of his own career.

"He tells us that he is fifty-two years old, that he is the son of a public officer now eighty years old, who was Secretary of the Board of War (of which Yeh is now President) for fourteen years, and who has now for some years retired.

"He recounted the different high offices he has held. The list is too numerous for insertion, but it includes every kind of judicial and political duty. He declares that he owed his first appointment as Prefect entirely to his success in the public examinations. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the nature of these examinations, about which so much has been written and so little is known.

"Yeh has taken four degrees. He has passed seven examinations. In three he was unsuccessful: in the other four he was successful. In the last his distinction was so great that he was named the second wrangler of the Empire—he was No. 2 on the list of all the candidates who passed at that Imperial examination."



A PICNIC BY LAND.



A PICNIC BY WATER.

PICNICKING BY LAND AND WATER.

THE Picnic season is at hand, and our artists present, on the preceding page, their ideas of a party by land and one by water. We trust the designs, which are as cool and shady as the heart of picnicker can desire, will stir up them who,

"Sick of home and luxuries,

Do want a new sensation,"

and cause them to realize that this spring rains have enabled the woods to come out in their freshest and densest green; while, in the mild sunshine, every flower and leaf is as bright and sweet and fragrant as only the sun of early June can make them.

What memories will be brought up in the reader's mind by the hues now electrified. What memories of scaling precipices, climbing mountain sides, exploring unknown caves, and talking nonsense to Echo in gipsy-land! What visions of unbridled breaks to be crossed, and whose crossing afforded to tender natures an excuse for taking the fainting of the Po did to Hamilton—nay, was, perhaps, as fraught with important consequences! to him as was the crossing of the Rubicon to Cæsar! And then—to come to more material things—what a singular charm your appetite took for ham sandwiches and other pâtés de foie!

Yet there are sundry drawbacks to your enjoyment. Probably it rained the night before your picnic: it generally does. You sit down, and

"Sink to what stool's nearest,
For chairs would you abide?
Why settle thrones legs and feet,
If shifted from a pedal?"

Then, as to the eatables, of course there has been a search:

"Over a pie—a sudden sup—
The grasshoppers are skipping!
Just look at the wasps, each like a mop,
And all the meat is dripping.

"Floating with broken grog, you find
Some cakes among the bottles,
Which then may eat who do not mind
Excoriated throttles.
The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
With lemon and orange voices mixt
'Look! look! a toad has got astride
Our only pat of butter!'"

Then,

"Your solids in a liquid state,
Your cooling liquids heated,
And every proposal put by Fate
Most cruelly defeated,"

you inwardly vow that this shall be your last picnic. So finds, in the words of that old humorist whom we have quoted (not Wordsworth):

"While thus you smile, but storm within,
A storm without soon ensues,
And down descends in deaf'ning din
A deluge of disaster.
'Tis some pic-nic!—the fruit dessert
Is fruitlessly deserted,
And homeward now you all revert,
Jaded, moody, and dirtied!
Each gently grumbling, as he goes
His sorked and soiled clothes,
'If these are picnic pleasuries,
Preserve us from another!'"

THE MADISON MYSTERY.

I.

PEOPLE meet at New Jersey. It is looked upon by the people of American civilization as a sort of Purgatorial State. Jersey and Jericho seem to hold the same relative positions as places to which evil-doers are traditionally banished. If you live a place in New Jersey, your friends regard you with a species of wondering pity. But if you have a villa by the banks of Acheron, you could not be more commiserated. According to the popular mind, mosquitoes and ague are the two great objects of this calumniated State. It is a land of apples and cold drafts.

I don't care a snap of my fingers for the morals of the Jerseyites, but I can not withhold my admiration for their State. I have been much struck, more of quiet orchards that, in the month of May, bear upon gnarled branches the delight of their pink and white blossom, and in September are fragrant with the perfume of "quintessence ripened and quintillionen green." I love the calm Passaic, and the broad inlets having been twaddled over through a volume of turnpike-road verses, by a Mr. Macdonald, who known as "Bloom." I love its green banks; its thick and slippery mud-flats; its darting leaps through the channels and over the rippling shoals; its green; its quiet ponds mantled with hazy waterlilies, unfortunately which the pike-perch and pickerel-fish in wait for the dragon-fly, who flashes overhead, here and there its sail-like wings. There is something soothing and civilized in the land of Nature in New Jersey. The very factories and mills there, although as industrious as a swarm of bees to bush their clacking into well-bred, subdued murmurs.

The sweetest spot, to my mind, in this State is Madison. It is a quiet country village, with but few stores and many churches, and through the traveler the reflection that the place is more pious than surrounding. The roads are very good, and the large trust, that drop lovingly over the polestrain, and protect him from the fierce sun with their green shades. The land on all sides is rolling into knolls and sinks into valleys, the one crowned and the other lined with bushy oaks, and dotted with old and transparent maples. Along the old fences, ragged and quaint, the chipmunk runs in and out of holes as if he were first cousin. On the hills there are many pools scattered through the fields here; some bordered with thick sedge, to which a sportsman's imagination might conceive hosts of wildfowl lurking; others dotted deep at the bottom of funnel-shaped depressions of the soil, and surrounded by sad circles of trees that shroud the still waters in an everlasting gloom.

There is a calm and self-possessed-looking hotel in Madison. Even in the hottest day it seems as cool as Sir Charles Coldstream. So unwisely are all bustle pervades it. Its piazzas are tranquil as the cloisters of a monastery; and if we looked at vesper-time stealthy-footed files of monks moving along them, it would scarce seem out of character with the building.

The servants at the Katydid House are noiseless and orderly. They perform their duties as quietly as if they were religious exercises. There is a lumdrey always at work in the back garden, who, as it were, washes to herself. None of the usual noises attendant on such lavatory exercises are to be heard, and the presence of the lumdrey is one she could not create less disturbance. Every body in the establishment seems to move in velvet slippers. Sometimes you see one suddenly, as if he were slid along a groove like the ghost in the "Castle Spectre," without having made any audible tyvate, answering to the name of "Chloe," who invariably enters your room through the key-hole. Chloe is the only black in the village, for the first intimation you receive of his presence is a distant voice (which is the property of his lungs) in the back hall behind him, and which has never since been able to catch him up descending. "Did you call, sir?" Chloe is the most clear ghastly sounds, for he is constantly gliding in upon the guests at all hours, demurely, and with noiseless feet.

The large parlor of the Katydid House is inhabited chiefly by the mother of the proprietor of the house, who remembers Washington—and a large brass stove, which, being at one end of the room, looks like an old-fashioned fireplace—never occasionally seen in the old Jungle's provincial churches. I have not the remotest idea what the old lady's name is. Nor has any one I know only as the proprietor of the Katydid House, and herself only as the mother of his son. Indeed, she goes but in the name of "The Mother," and has a strange eccentricity of speaking of herself as "I" still, as if she were merely an observer making allusion to some one with whom she was entirely disconnected. But the old lady is a favorite with the Mother seems to have devoted herself is to induce people to play on the piano, a strange and unique instrument that stands behind the door, and looks as if it could crawl up the wall at any given moment. She is a good old lady, and has been lulled into awaking the melody that slumbers in this ingenious piece of furniture. She has certainly accelerated her remaining days. I don't believe that she has ever succeeded, but her perseverance is wonderful. The proprietor of the Katydid House is Mr. Betty, sister of the proprietor or the mother of the proprietor, who presides at the table, and to whom the superintendence of the culinary department is confided. She resembles somewhat in texture an aged fowl that has been boiled for soup, and is fond of continually smoothing down her black silk dress with her hands, as if she were endeavoring to perform some electrical experiment and was gathering the fluid. Miss Betty stands behind the chair of the guest (at the head of the dining-room), watching the effect of her cookery on the guests, and has the most extraordinary contingency if the beef-steak pudding or the fresh stew is not entirely appreciated.

There are but two guests at the Katydid House last summer. They came late one night in July, by the last train from New York, and found the institute rooms in the house. A tall, handsome lady, and a middle-aged gentleman. The lady, who seemed about twenty-eight, had a fine, open brow, bright, blonde complexion, and graceful, flexible figure. She was pale, and had the appearance of one who seemed bending under the weight of some secret sorrow. Her companion was a singular-looking person. He looked more like the dark-complexioned of some blasted tree than like a human being. His head was long and narrow, and bald, except on the sides, when he moved them about, they seemed more as if tossed by the wind than stirred by any spontaneous motion. He was rather a tall man, but from his unnaturally long legs, that seemed, in the act of walking, to perform more than one step at a time, he resembled the flexible rests on which this strange, unearthly trunk was supported. His head was large, and draped with a profusion of coarse, black hair, that fell over his humped shoulders like the mossy weeds that cover the trunk of old decayed stumps. His eyes were of a strange, colorless character, like faded opals, and occasionally an expression that would shock you, giving them a wild, pride ferocity.

The night these travelers arrived at the Katydid they committed the crime of *last night* against the Mother, by declining to take supper at the public table. Chloe, who, by-the-way, has a peculiar habit, said, all their needs in their private apartments.

"I wonder if such a thing, Betty, ever was?" said the Mother, indignantly, when Miss Betty communicated this intelligence. "I can only call it the terrible hurt to please. Now this child thought that they would be kind of sociable when they came, and to have a regular time of it, and sit on the piazza; but if they're as quiet to shut themselves up in their own rooms, I'm sure I don't see the use of persons this child would knot stockings for. Cock 'em up, indeed!"

The Mother had not been long inhabiting the Katydid before they became mysteries. Madison is a very small village, and even in a metropolitan village; but even the most respectable and reserved of families could not stand with impunity the lovely and unending notice them that a guest of a dwarf of fashion ugliness taking up their abode at the principal hotel, and remaining secluded in their own apartments by day and night, and never having as much as a doctor or even a clergyman to see them. But these strangers kept pale in a very short time, and its wings grew considerably owing the judicious treatment of the Mother. According to that venerable authority, sounds of quarrel were heard to issue frequently from the apartments occupied by the mysterious pair; and Chloe reported that, on one occasion, when he had made one of his usual entrances through some chink or key-hole into the parlor, he beheld the pale and beautiful lady pinning the dwarf to the floor by the throat, while the latter was struggling violently, and gurgling out the most awful imprecations. The most extraordinary part of this scene was that the dwarf—whom one would have supposed grateful for the intervention—was as exasperated as the lady at the interference, and with his spallen eyes glowing at a white heat ordered them instantly out of the room. This dish of gossip, after being properly served up by the Mother, served as a wonderful appetizer to the good people of Madison.

II.

"Again I ask you, what have you done with him?"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" ejaculated the dwarf, waving his long, branch-like arms, and casting a strange glance, intended for sentiment, at the ceiling, "what could I have done with him, with arms folded, and an expression of the most furious rage burning in the eyes.

"I say, what have you done with him, Adam Drake? Answer me, you fiend!"

"Fiend, indeed! Fiend, I fear," murmured the dwarf, piteously, to himself. "Never. She's getting worse every day."

The woman ground her teeth, and stamped upon the floor.

"You devil incarnate!" she cried, "I'll tear the secret out of your black, bitter heart before I have done with you!"

"It's terrible to behold a noble intellect in ruins," continued the dwarf, musingly, in the same tone as if he were contemplating a Colosseum or a Temple of Minerva. "Hadn't you better leave me, nothing dreadful to you, my love? You are getting excited." And as he spoke he rose, and in a tender manner endeavored to lead the lady from the room, but she had drawn from his pocket.

"If you come nearer I will tear your flesh with my teeth!" said the woman whom he called Agnes, hissing out the words with exquisite distinctness. "If you dare to make me as mad as reality as you affect to believe me. But you shall tell me, or by my senses until I have torn the secret from you, then let my poor heart break if it will. I will never leave you, Adam Drake! I will be your fate as long as you live, until I discover what you have done with the child!"

"That child is gone!" replied the dwarf, rocking to and fro on his chair, and watching her every motion with his blue—blue—eyes.

"I have come nearer I will tear your flesh with my teeth!" said the woman whom he called Agnes, hissing out the words with exquisite distinctness. "If you dare to make me as mad as reality as you affect to believe me. But you shall tell me, or by my senses until I have torn the secret from you, then let my poor heart break if it will. I will never leave you, Adam Drake! I will be your fate as long as you live, until I discover what you have done with the child!"

"That child is gone!" replied the dwarf, rocking to and fro on his chair, and watching her every motion with his blue—blue—eyes.

"Gone, indeed! Gone! I'll see you in the matter," she continued, "by instinct, when I've prostrated by the most unaccountable of my humanities, and the pains of labor came upon me; and when on my bed of agony I was lowering so terribly that the whole house was running around me was dim and dull, you spirited away my child—the child that was born with the pain of a heart broken, and when I came forth from my trance you stood with your cold, colorless eyes by my bedside, and you said that the child was gone! I knew that you lied, my brother-in-law's, and Lint, and dull as the fiend whom the feeble know you are! I infant in the air that surrounded me. I felt the pulses of a life derived from mine throbbing within me, and I knew that you were waiting in unison with the beating of my own heart! Oh! I felt it! Because you knew how I and child were strung by a chain that no one saw, but which no force can break, no distance can sunder!"

"I have no curiosity to see her thus," said the dwarf, still speaking as if to himself.

"You have no curiosity, Adam Drake," she continued. "He lives—I feel it. You were too great a coward for murder; but you have concealed him. Where is he?"

A long pause. The dwarf did not reply, but rocked to and fro.

"For eight years I have incessantly asked you that question. You think because, through the long, dreary years, I have not pressed, that your mystery is safe. You are wrong, Adam Drake. I have but waited my time."

And as she spoke she slowly drew from her bosom a slip of paper, torn, apparently, from a book, for it was full of print and narrow. The dwarf started and turned white.

"Remember this," to pay Mrs. Bendon for the—"

"Where did you get that?" shrieked the dwarf, leaping from his chair, and advancing upon her with his long arms clutchingly extended. "You robbed me, you fury!"

"Robbed you! Because you, does it? I thought so. What fills up the blank after what I have read?" said the woman, retreating before him, and waving the slip of paper over you thought yourself, did you not? But even dessous sleep, and when you found I came to you in my night-dress, and with a pin and that pocket-book was the clew I wanted. If I did not believe through those long years that I would find out the clew, Adam Drake, I would have murdered you a long time since!"

"Look you, myself," cried the dwarf, making a bound at her like a wild cat.

She evaded him, drawing a small stiletto, and lifting it above her head. "Come closer, and I will kill you!"

At this moment a voice, that seemed to come from some spot about four miles off, said, hollowly, "Did you call, Sir?"

The antagonists turned and beheld Cleb—Cleb, who, as usual, had entered through the key-hole, and was now standing before them like a ghost that had suddenly been summoned to appear.

"No, Scoundrel!" said the dwarf, savagely.

"Yes, Sir!" said the lady, decisively. "Is the lady of the house below?"

"Do you mean Miss Bother?" asked Cleb, vocally going a few miles farther back into the interior of the States.

"The old lady, I mean."

"She's in the parlor," said Cleb, from a great distance.

"Very good; I will go and see her. I am not afraid of you," said the lady, turning to the dwarf. "but I must live until I find him." And before he could utter a syllable in reply, she had passed through the door, and was gone.

III.

"Lor' a mussy!" ejaculated the Mother, lifting her hands in astonishment, "this child never heard any thing like it since she was born! And to take the darling little bubby away too. Oh, the inhuman serpent! But don't you be afeard, darling. The loss is around, this child tells you. He'll take care you don't come to no harm. Mayhap you'll play on the pianny, my dear. There's a beautiful one over there, if you do."

"I'm not afraid of any thing he can do," said the lady called Agnes, who, as you may conjecture, had been confiding her sorrows to the Mother. "Nothing could kill me if he could not. I will be alone, and I must not die until I find my darling child. Ah! where is she?"

It was a play-bill—a splendid and enormous play-bill—announcing that at the Madison Theatre, on the next evening, would be exhibited the celebrated drama of "Rolla and Pizarro;" the part of Rolla by Mr. Bloody, and the part of Cora by the renowned *actrice*, Mrs. Seraphina Bindon; the Child, by Master Bindon.

"Oh, that painting right dead away!" exclaimed the Mother, on beholding her guest scrutinizing the play-bill which she had picked up off the table. "Oh, la, Betty! here, Betty!"

And Betty came from the kitchen, rapidly clearing her hands with her apron, and there was a great bustle and fuss, and restoratives were applied to the fainting lady.

"Why, what's the matter, deary?" asked the Mother, as soon as Agnes recovered her senses. "Has any one been a-taking on to you?"

"Why, don't you see?" cried Agnes, clutching the play-bill with a convulsive grasp. "Master Mrs. Bindon—that is the woman that has my child! Where is the theatre?—I must go there. Oh, God bless you, my child! and his mother! I will find him at last!"

This child thinks that it must be Farmer Bowyer's born that them players have teek. Clich! where's the thyrater? You're up to all mischief, you naughty child!

Cleb, answering from the vicinity of the White Mountains, immediately continued the Mother's surmise. The theatre was Farmer Bowyer's barn.

"Come with me," cried Agnes, seizing Cleb by the arm and dragging him toward the door; "you could communicate with his voice to reconstruct. "Come with me, child, and I will reward you. And you, dear old lady, you are too kind."

The Madison Theatre was in a state of immense preparation for the coming performance. The floor that had so often been bedstrewn by fluits in threshing time, was now covered with a green baize, planted scenery stood here and there against the walls. A flat scan, who looked like the manager, was busily engaged in painting a pretty child on a pole, unlikeably woman, with fluffy cheeks and a pink complexion, was painting a pretty child on a pole, unlikeably woman, with fluffy cheeks and a pink complexion, was painting a pretty child on a woman would play Cora.

Agnes gave a shriek at the child the moment she entered, and covered it with kisses.

"Hillo!" cried Cora, in a voice like a man's, "what's all this?"

"My child! my dear, dear child!"

"Your child! What do you mean, ma'am? he's my child!"

"Woman!" cried Agnes, starting to her feet, "I swear all; you were employed by Mr. Drake to take care of this child—to pass it off as your own! Speak, woman!"

"If I was," answered Cora, rather flatly, "he told me the mother was dead, and that it was a child he was to take care of."

"He lied. The child was mine. He stole it from me, and I have come to reclaim it. Nothing under heaven shall part us."

"But I can't give him up without authority. Besides, what will they say to-day? Rolla can't play without a child you know."

"Listen, Cora," said Cleb, "I will pay you and your troupe double your expected receipts for to-night. You shall have any sum you please, but I must have the child."

This proposition seemed to be received with the greatest favor by the whole theatrical company, and Agnes, pressing the little one to her heart, set off for the Katydid House.

"Where is Mr. Drake?" were the first words she uttered as soon as she entered.

"He's gone to New York," said the Mother.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Agnes. "I will never see him again."

THE FIRST GRAY HAIRS.

A silver tress is 'mid thy hair
I never saw before—
The first that ever has woven there,
To warn thee youth is o'er!
But think not I can love thee less
Because my fingers rest
Ah, no! that little silver tress
More closely binds our hearts!

It is decreed that youth must pass,
Why should it be deplored?
For in our child (as in a glass)
We may live renewed!
Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face,
And sun-brown is her hair;
Oh dear, dearest love! ere I could trace
One tress of silver there.

ANCHORED.

As, after sailing over stormy seas,
  A ship, full-freighted from a foreign shore,
Comes pressing landward in the freshened breeze,
  Where swarthy headlands breast the billows' roar;

And in its sea-sought anchorage calmly swings,
  When graybeard Twilight glooms the murmuring bay,
Folding to rest its long-exerted wings,
  Kissed by the cool lips of the ocean spray—

So has my soul at length its anchorage found
  In the still harbor of a sweet content,
Land-locked from fears that beat with ceaseless sound
  On coasts foam-flecked with surges chill and spent.

No fretting cares disturb its sheltered calm,
  Or break the silence of its full repose;
The breeze blows sweetly over beds of balm,
  And soothes forever old memorial woes.

And as the sailor in the harbor dreams,
  In silent watches, of his venturous life,
And in the swells of far-off music seems
  To hear the songs once wooing him to strife—

So, floating safely on the sheltered sea,
  Rocked by the lazy ebbing of the tide,
I dream of all my life had longed to be,
  In vain ambitions of its restless pride.

I dream of all the bright alluring aims
  That gleamed from far upon its hither way,
Yet ever faded, as the star whose flames
  Pale in the brilliance of the coming day;

The hopes that flashed athwart the western sky,
  When life and love walked proudly hand in hand,
Yet ever sank before the eager eye,
  Like looming castles in a mirage land.

I drink again the melody that floats,
  I seem to feel the odorous breezes blow,
I hear the welcome of a thousand throats—
  But in fruition do not long to go.

The calm of manhood lulls the wild desires
  That stirred me once, a tender-hearted boy;
But can not still the trembling of the lyres
  That flood the soul with memories of joy.

In wayside harbors of life's quietude
  Each idle wave that plashes on the shore
Thrills with old songs the tranquil thoughts that brood
  On buried fancies soul endued once more.

The past is past, yet to our life belongs
  The fairest hues that made its past divine,
The full-toned music of its sweetest songs,
  The warm, rich splendor of its summer shine.

A SAD STORY.

IT was just three years ago, on such a night as this, and the snow was enough to take away one's breath; I could hardly find my way through the well-lighted streets. I was summoned to the house of Mr. F——, the rich wine-merchant. He was very comfortably off, to use the common phrase. He had made one of those marriages of convenience which are so common, and which once caused a woman to say, "If you were not my husband, I should not feel the slightest interest in you." In short, the man was happy, and now doubly so, for his wife bore a joyful hope beneath her heart. When I entered the drawing-room the tea was being served. All the front rooms in the house were brilliantly lighted and thrown into one. The young wife was ordered to take exercise, and she was now walking up and down the rooms. Not a sound was to be heard on the velvet carpets. I seated myself with the company, consisting of the wife's parents and her married sister. The mother was working at a baby-cap, the sister was crocheting a dainty coverlet; in a corner stood the cradle, covered with a green silk curtain. Whenever Mrs. F—— was absent in the next room, they began speaking of the hour of travail, which all were awaiting with mingled feelings of apprehension and delight. I was especially requested to look out for a healthy and respectable nurse. The sister, a clever young woman, who seemed very delicate, said: "I could never make up my mind to hire a wet-nurse, and I much wished that Fanny were of the same opinion. I am always grieved to see the way in which these nurses are pampered and petted; they are treated like queens, and enjoy the best of every thing, and what is to become of them afterward? Besides, it must have a pernicious influence on the other female servants. They who have kept pure from sin are forced to wait on the fallen sister, and endure all her caprices and whims." Her husband somewhat harshly expressed his opinion about it being all stuff, while I was engaged in combating the prejudices of Mr. F——, who fancied that a wife retained her beauty longer if she did not suckle her children. I proved to him how utterly false and unnatural this view was. The young wife had now found us, and, for fear of exciting her, the conversation was turned to other matters. The sister sang, the father retailed some of his stock jokes to keep her in good spirits. The fair young wife, as she sat there self-forgetting, and only thinking of the future, resembled a saint. For a woman who bears a second life beneath her heart is a saint; even the roughest and wildest beings treat her with reverence.

I left the house at a late hour. As I descended the stairs I thought to myself how happy the new arrival would be—how many loving arms, how many sparkling eyes would welcome it. As I went along the street, the snow and wind almost knocked me backward. At last I reached my residence in the Lying-in Hospital. As I walked up the steps I felt something moving at my feet. I started back, and shouted, "Who is that?"

"Oh, God!" was the reply, "have mercy upon me!"

"Who are you?"

"Misery, misery! I must die—I and my child!"

I now saw by the glimmer of the lamp a girl, whose head was wrapped up in a coarse shawl: she was wiping the snow out of her eyes. I rang violently, and the poor girl embraced my knees and sobbed out:

"Oh! we must not be left to die. I have come twenty miles to-day from G——. I could hardly drag my limbs along. I could not stay there any longer: the villagers were pointing the finger of scorn at me. I went into a public-house and implored them to give me shelter, but they only laughed at me; one coarse fellow tried to insult me, and I ran away. At last I resolved to remain here till some kind person came to my assistance."

Thus the girl spoke through her tears, and shuddering with the cold, until the porter at last opened the door. I ordered a nurse to be roused, and the stranger put to bed, and within an hour she was in a deep sleep, though every now and then she made a convulsive movement. For a long time I lay awake: do what I would I could not but speculate on the fate of the two children I was about to bring into the world almost at the same time. Little did I think what a fearful tragedy I was preparing.

The next morning I found the stranger refreshed, and almost quite restored. I, too, had got over that softness of heart which had so strangely unmanned me on the previous night. I went up to her bedside. I knew beforehand what lamentable story, intermingled with sobs, I was about to hear. I have been too often deceived not to be always strictly on my guard. Fortunately we are at times not so wise as we should like to be, and the uncorrupted heart will not listen to all the wise warnings of the head. Well, I found the girl in better spirits, and she thanked me heartily for my kindness. According to her statement she was the daughter of a once rich farmer, who had been brought down in the world by intoxication and bad housekeeping. She had seen better days in her father's house. Father and mother were now dead, and Jane Hardy (that was her name) had been for three years servant at the Plow, in G——. Here she fell away from virtue with the hostler. She wept bitterly as she said this, but then she wiped her tears and her eye sparkled as she spoke of her husband, as she persisted in calling him. She represented him to be a thoroughly honest and industrious man, and was incessant in her praises. He wanted to marry her, but they had not a shilling to begin housekeeping. She spoke of the nights she had passed in solitary sorrow, and how her mother could find no rest in the grave, because her daughter had quitted the path of rectitude. She told me how her husband was going to do himself a hurt, through sorrow for his great fault. Then she added, "God will punish me for my sin, but I will endure all patiently, so long as the poor innocent creature is spared to us. I will willingly work my finger-ends off, and I and my husband will be able to save enough in the course of a few years to emigrate to Australia."

I must confess that the story affected me but slightly; but I had heard so many of them, part true, part invention. But when, in the course of a few days, the husband made his appearance, a good-looking young fellow, but now as hang-dog as a criminal, and with a trembling hand offered me a few shillings, then adding, through fear of insulting me, that I could lay them out in getting some dainties for Jenny, I began to form a better opinion of the couple. The young fellow pleased me remarkably: he was one of those men who are not in the habit of expressing their thanks, and who find difficulty in uttering words of humiliation, for they prefer to receive only that which they have a right to demand.

On the tenth day after her arrival Jane gave birth to a healthy boy. The joy she evinced at the sight of the infant is indescribable. At this moment she put off all her grief, all thoughts of her misfortune: she was a happy mother. And when she said that the boy was the very image of his father, her whole face shone with delight.

A week later Mrs. F—— also gave birth to a son. I now proposed to Jane to go there as wet-nurse, as she could earn a decent sum of money. She regarded me with widely-opened eyes, pressed her child closer to her heart, and large drops stood in her eyes. She drew breath hurriedly, and could not speak, but at last she said, "I can say nothing about it: my husband is coming to the christening to-day." The child was christened, and I was asked to be godfather, but I had no time, and, to tell you the truth, no great inclination. I might have been godfather to half the world if I had accepted all the offers. Still, in gratitude to me, the boy received my name—Anthony. The husband wanted to take the child in the country with him, and have it taken care of there, and I advised the same; but Jane made it a condition that if she accepted the situation her boy must remain near her. It was handed over to one of these old nurses I was abusing just now.

The same evening I took Jane to Mr. F——'s house. She shrank back involuntarily as she laid the strange child to her breast. But she got over this feeling; and Jane lived like a princess in a room where the temperature was regulated with the greatest care. She had every sort of dainty to eat and drink, the whole house was at her disposal, and Mrs. F——'s child (he was christened Augustus) grew stronger hourly. Jane grew handsomer every day too; she sang and sported with the child, and could hardly invent sufficient terms of endearment. Many times did I laugh at her inventive genius. But you must not imagine that Jane was trying to stifle the cry of pain in her own heart; it is a secret impulse of nature that a nurse learns to love her foster-child. I was heartily praised for having procured the F——s such an excellent and respectable wet-nurse. I received most hearty but unmerited thanks.

The winter rapidly made way for spring, and Jane was permitted to take Augustus out for an airing in St. James's Park. She carried the child warmly wrapped up, and held a parasol over his face to keep off any impertinent sunbeams. Mrs. F—— was seated at the window, and I met Jane just as she got into the street. She looked round timidly, and said to me she felt nervous: she was to surprise Mr. F—— as he came home from the City, by showing him the child enjoying the air for the first time.

In the Park were several wet-nurses, mostly reckless creatures, who paid more attention to the soldiers than to the children in their arms. One of them, who had known Jane in the institution, asked her, casually, whether she had got rid of her trouble. She turned icy cold, for she had seen her child but once since she had deserted it. On the day when Augustus was christened, the old nurse had brought Master Tony, and had been regaled with the best of meat and drink. Jane had then felt that she was almost a stranger to her child, and now the thought of her neglect almost maddened her. She rushed down the dirty back streets of Westminster to her child. She found it crying, alone in the room; a half-peeled boiled potato lay upon the cradle. The child was wretchedly thin, and looked like death. When her eye then fell on the little Augustus (so the old nurse said), she looked as if she would have killed him with a glance. It seemed to say, "See, that is the robber who steals from you your mother, your food, your very life!" She sank down by the side of the cradle, and sobbed loudly; the two children cried with her. Then she rose again, took up her own child, kissed it and hugged it: she offered it the breast, but it would not suck: she raised it sportively above her head, and the boy merrily struck her in the face. Then she quarreled with the old nurse; but all at once the idea occurred to her she must go home, and she hurried away with Augustus. When she reached Mr. F——'s house she received a severe scolding, as far as they dared to go for fear of injuring her nursling. Every body was suffering from the greatest alarm. The father had come home from the City, and the child was nowhere to be seen. Jane did not like to say where she had really been; so she pretended that she had lost her way. Strict orders were given that she must never go out again alone. The little Augustus cried and whined all the day. Against my will I was obliged to betray where Jane had been. Mr. F—— was half inclined to turn her out of the house at once; but I interposed, and promised to keep a careful watch over Jane's child. I had done so all along; but what avail is that under such circumstances?

Jane gradually became quite cheerful as she had heretofore been. On the third evening after this occurrence, Mr. and Mrs. F—— went to spend the evening at her mother's. The house was quite quiet. Jane was singing a melancholy old English song, while the under-nurse was at work in the adjoining room. Suddenly Jane rushed to the window and threw it up. The under-nurse asked her what she was about; she was letting in a draught and must close the window instantly. Jane asked her if she had not heard something; it seemed to her as if some one in the street kept on calling her by name. The under-nurse said she heard nothing, and it must be all fancy. But Jane could not be pacified; and she rushed about the room like a tiger in its cage. She stopped and listened at the window; all was silent, and yet she heard something again. She opened the nursery door and went out. She slipped off her shoes and gently glided down stairs. The house door was locked, and in a second Jane was down the kitchen stairs and entered the larder, the window of which opened on the area. It was, luckily, unbolted, and she leaped out, and was up the steps in a moment. So soon as she reached the street, she hurried on along. The policeman started back involuntarily as she passed him: she was come and gone without a sound. On she hurried, and at length reached the house where her child was. The door was on the latch, for the old nurse had gone to visit her next-door neighbor. Jane found her child quiet in bed; it no longer cried, it only groaned. The moon shone brightly in the heavens and poured down on the mother, as she bent tearless over her child. The nurse came in with a light, and Jane uttered a cry that pierced the very marrow as she saw her child; she tore her hair, but then suddenly turned calm, and laid her child to her breast. Oh! blessings on it! her boy opened his eyes, laid his wasted hands on her bosom, and drank eagerly. Cautiously she laid him down, and kissed the blanket under which he slept, or at least had closed his eyes.

I had just arrived at the house on my round of visits, and hearing an unusual disturbance, I walked in. Jane hurried to meet me, and said, joyfully, "My child is alive—my child is alive!" but I saw death, which might close its eyes at any moment. I tried to induce Jane to go home, but she was proud or lost in thought, and scarcely listened to me. She sang a nursery song, and rocked her child the while. I felt its pulse—it was quite silent—she was rocking a dead child. I now tried to force Jane home, for I hoped to hide the awful truth from her: but she seized the child once again, and I saw that the awful truth had struck her. At first, I thought she was about to faint, for she sank over the cradle; but she soon recovered, and said, "Yes, he has gone from me, my Tony, but he drank at my breast for all that, yes—yes." She turned backward and forward and shook her head, as if saluting a party of friends. I had several visits still to pay, and ordered that Jane should be kept there till I came to fetch her. She could not return to Mr. F——'s house in her present condition. Jane allowed me to depart quietly, but so soon as I was gone, she over-persuaded the old nurse to accompany her home. She walked along the street as quiet as a lamb.

When they arrived at Mr. F——'s house the carriage was just drawing up to the door. Jane said, "Let me in now," and she stepped in without observation. She crept up to the nursery, roused the little Augustus from his sleep, kissed and cuddled him, and sang:

"Sleep, my darling, sleep,
Your father minds the sheep,
Your mother—"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. F—— walked in.

"How is my child?" she said.

"Your child?" Jane shrieked in her madness. "Away, away! Your child!—my child! Yes, your child, the murderer of *my* child." She glanced wildly around her. "Murderer! murderer!" she yelled, and hurled the child on the ground. It uttered but one groan—it was dead!

At this fearful moment I entered the room. The child was lying on the ground, the mother in a fainting condition by its side. Jane was dancing round the room, and singing merry snatches. I was petrefied.

That night Jane was conveyed to Hanwell: it was said that she was attacked by a milk fever. After many weeks of fearful agony, death spared her further suffering.

A LITTLE HYMN TO SLEEP

SLEEP, thou boon,
  What sweet tune
Shall I sing to bring thee near?
  What rare fall,
  Or madrigal,
Will delight thy dainty ear?
Shall a little honey-bee
Bring a summer song to thee?
  Or the wind among the leaves?
Or the silver-singing rain—
  Wouldst thou hear it on the eaves?
Hear its feet, but not too plain?
Name the strain, it shall be thine,
Only come to me, and mine,
  Sleep, fairy Sleep!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

It is asserted by those learned men who have devoted their lives to the study of the manners and habits of insect society, that when a spider has lost its last web, having exhausted all the glutinous matter wherewith to spin another, it still protracts its innocent existence by obtruding its nippers on some less warlike but more respectable spider, possessed of a convenient home and an airy larder. Observant moralists have noticed the same peculiarity in the Man-Eater, or Pocket-Cannibal.

ELEVEN o'clock A.M. Samuel Adolphus Poole, Esq., is in his parlor—the house one of those new dwellings which yearly spring up north of the Regent's Park—dwellings that, attesting the eccentricity of the national character, task the fancy of the architect and the gravity of the beholder—each tenement so tortured into contrast with the other, that, on one little rood of ground, all ages seem blended, and all races encamped. No. 1 is an Egyptian tomb!—Pharaohs may repose there! No. 2 is a Swiss *chalet*—William Tell may be shooting in its garden! Lo! the severity of Doric columns—Sparta is before you! Behold that Gothic porch—you are rapt to the Norman days! Ha! those Elizabethan mullions Sidney and Raleigh, rise again! Ho! the trellises of China—come forth, Confucius and Commissioner Yeh! Passing a few paces, we are in the land of the Zegri and Abencerage—

"Land of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor."

Mr. Poole's house is called Alhambra Villa! Moorish verandas—plate-glass windows, with cusped heads and mahogany sashes—a garden behind, a smaller one in front—stairs ascending to the door-way under a Saracenic portico, between two pedestaled lions that resemble poodles—the whole new and lustrous—in semblance stone, in substance stucco—cracks in the stucco denoting "settlements." But the house being let for ninety-nine years—relet again on a running lease of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one—the builder is not answerable for duration, nor the original lessee for repairs. Take it altogether, than Alhambra Villa masonry could devise no better type of modern taste and metropolitan speculation.

Mr. Poole, since we saw him, between four and five years ago, has entered the matrimonial state. He has married a lady of some money, and become a reformed man. He has eschewed the turf, relinquished belcher neckcloths and Newmarket coats—dropped his old bachelor acquaintances. When a man marries and reforms—especially when marriage and reform are accompanied with increased income, and settled respectably in Alhambra Villa—relations, before estranged, tender kindly overtures; the world, before austere, becomes indulgent. It was so with Poole—no longer Dolly. Grant that in earlier life he had fallen into bad ways, and, among equivocal associates, he had been led on by that taste for sporting which is a manly though a perilous characteristic of the true-born Englishman. He who loves horses is liable to come in contact with blacklegs. The racer is a noble animal; but it is his misfortune that the better his breeding the worse his company. Grant that in the stables Adolphus Samuel Poole had picked up some wild oats—he had sown them now. By-gones were by-gones. He had made a very prudent marriage. Mrs. Poole was a sensible woman—had rendered him domestic, and would keep him straight! His uncle Samuel, a most worthy man, had found him that sensible woman, and, having found her, had paid his nephew's debts, and adding a round sum to the lady's fortune, had seen that the whole was so tightly settled on wife and children that Poole had the tender satisfaction of knowing that, happen what might to himself, those dear ones were safe; nay, that if, in the reverses of fortune, he should be compelled by persecuting creditors to fly his native shores, law could not impair the competence it had settled upon Mrs. Poole, nor destroy her blessed privilege to share that competence with a beloved spouse. Insolvency itself, thus protected by a marriage-settlement, realizes the sublime security of VIRTUE immortalized by the Roman Muse:

——"Repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ."

Mr. Poole was an active man in the parish vestry—he was a sound politician—he subscribed to public charities—he attended public dinners

—he had votes in half a dozen public institutions—he talked of the public interests, and called himself a public man. He chose his associates among gentlemen in business—speculative, it is true, but steady. A joint-stock company was set up; he obtained an official station at its board, coupled with a salary—not large, indeed, but still a salary.

"The money," said Adolphus Samuel Poole, "is not my object; but I like to have something to do." I can not say how he did something, but no doubt somebody was done.

Mr. Poole was in his parlor, reading letters and sorting papers, before he departed to his office in the West End. Mrs. Poole entered, leading an infant who had not yet learned to walk alone, and denoting, by an interesting enlargement of shape, a kindly design to bless that infant, at no distant period, with a brother or sister, as the case might be.

"Come and kiss Pa, Johnny," said she to the infant.

"Mrs. Poole, I am busy," growled Pa.

"Pa's busy—working hard for little Johnny. Johnny will be the better for it some day," said Mrs. Poole, tossing the infant half up to the ceiling, in compensation for the loss of the paternal kiss.

"Mrs. Poole, what do you want?"

"May I hire Jones's brougham for two hours to-day to pay visits? There are a great many cards we ought to leave; is there any place where I should leave a card for you, lovey—any person of consequence you were introduced to at Mrs. Haughton's last night? That great man they were all talking about, to whom you seemed to take such a fancy, Samuel, duck—"

"Do get out! that man insulted me, I tell you."

"Insulted you! No; you never told me."

"I did tell you last night coming home."

"Dear me, I thought you meant that Mr. Hartopp."

"Well, *he* almost insulted me, too. Mrs. Poole, you are stupid and disagreeable. Is that all you have to say?"

"Pa's cross, Johnny dear! poor Pa!—people have vexed Pa, Johnny—naughty people. We must go, or we shall vex him too."

Such heavenly sweetness on the part of a forbearing wife would have softened Tamburlane. Poole's sullen brow relaxed. If women knew how to treat men, not a husband, unhenpecked, would be found from Indos to the Pole! And Poole, for all his surly demeanor, was as completely governed by that angel as a bear by his keeper.

"Well, Mrs. Poole, excuse me. I own I am out of sorts to-day—give me little Johnny—there (kissing the infant, who in return makes a dig at Pa's left eye, and begins to cry on finding that he has not succeeded in digging it out)—take the brougham. Hush, Johnny—hush—and you may leave a card for me at Mr. Peckham's, Harley Street. My eye smarts horribly; that baby will gouge me one of these days."

Mrs. Poole has succeeded in stilling the infant, and confessing that Johnny's fingers are extremely strong for his age—but, adding, that babies will catch at whatever is very bright and beautiful, such as gold and jewels, and Mr. Poole's eyes, administers to the wounded orb so soothing a lotion of pity and admiration that Poole growls out quite mildly—"Nonsense, blarney—by-the-by, I did not say this morning that you should not have the rosewood chiffoniere."

"No, you said you could not afford it, duck; and when Pa says he can't afford it, Pa must be the judge—must not he, Johnny dear?"

"But, perhaps, I can afford it. Yes, you may have it—yes, I say, you *shall* have it. Don't forget to leave that card on Peckham—he's a moneyed man. There's a ring at the bell, who is it? Run and see."

Mrs. Poole obeyed with great activity, considering her interesting condition. She came back in half a minute.

"Oh, my Adolphus! oh, my Samuel! it is that dreadful-looking man who was here the other evening—staid with you so long. I don't like his looks at all. Pray, don't be at home."

"I must," said Poole, turning a shade paler, if that were possible. "Stop—don't let that girl go to the door, and you leave me." He snatched his hat and gloves, and putting aside the parlor maid, who had emerged from the shades below in order to answer the 'ring,' walked hastily down the small garden.

Jasper Losely was stationed at the little gate. Jasper was no longer in rags, but he was coarsely clad—clad as if he had resigned all pretense to please a lady's eye, or to impose upon a West-End tradesman—a check shirt—a rough pea-jacket, his hands buried in its pockets.

Poole started with well-simulated surprise. "What, you! I am just going to my office—in a great hurry at present."

"Hurry or not, I must and will speak to you," said Jasper, doggedly.

"What now? then, step in;—only remember I can't give you more than five minutes."

The rude visitor followed Poole into the back parlor, and closed the door after him.

Leaning his arms over a chair, his hat still on his head, Losely fixed his fierce eyes on his old friend, and said in a low, set, determined voice —"Now, mark me, Dolly Poole, if you think to shirk my business, or throw me over, you'll find yourself in Queer Street. Have you called on Guy Darrell, and put my case to him, or have you not?"

"I met Mr. Darrell only last night, at a very genteel party. (Poole deemed it prudent not to say by whom that genteel party was given, for it will be remembered that Poole had been Jasper's confidant in that adventurer's former designs upon Mrs. Haughton; and if Jasper knew that Poole had made her acquaintance, might he not insist upon Poole's reintroducing him as a visiting acquaintance?) "A very genteel party," repeated Poole. "I made a point of being presented to Mr. Darrell, and very polite he was at first."

"Curse his politeness—get to the point."

"I sounded my way very carefully, as you may suppose; and when I had got him into friendly chat, you understand, I began: Ah! my poor Losely, nothing to be done *there*—he flew off in a tangent—as much as desired me to mind my own business, and hold my tongue; and upon my life, I don't think there is a chance for you in that quarter."

"Very well—we shall see. Next, have you taken any steps to find out the girl, my daughter?"

"I have, I assure you. But you give me so slight a clew. Are you quite sure she is not in America after all?"

"I have told you before that that story about America was all bosh! a stratagem of the old gentleman's to deceive me. Poor old man," continued Jasper, in a tone that positively betrayed feeling—"I don't wonder that he dreads and flies me; yet I would not hurt him more than I have done, even to be as well off as you are—blinking at me from your mahogany perch like a pet owl with its crop full of mice. And if I would take the girl from him, it is for her own good. For if Darrell could be got to make a provision on her, and, through her, on myself, why, of course, the old man should share the benefit of it. And now that these infernal pains often keep me awake half the night, I can't always shut out the idea of that old man wandering about the world, and dying in a ditch. And that runaway girl—to whom, I dare swear, he would give away his last crumb of bread—ought to be an annuity to us both: Basta, basta! As to the American story—I had a friend at Paris, who went to America on a speculation; I asked him to inquire about this William Waife and his grand-daughter Sophy, who were said to have sailed for New York nearly five years ago, and he saw the very persons—settled in New York—no longer under the name of Waife, but their true name of Simpson, and got out from the man that they had been induced to take their passage from England in the name of Waife, at the request of a person whom the man would not give up, but to whom he said he was under obligations. Perhaps the old gentleman had done the fellow a kind turn in early life. The description of this *soi disant* Waife and his grandchild settles the matter;—wholly unlike those I seek; so that there is every reason to suppose they must still be in England, and it is your business to find them. Continue your search—quicken your wits—let me be better pleased with your success when I call again this day week—and meanwhile four pounds, if you please—as much more as you like."

"Why, I gave you four pounds the other day, besides six pounds for clothes; it can't be gone."

"Every penny."

"Dear, dear! can't you maintain yourself anyhow? Can't you get any one to play at cards? Four pounds! Why, with your talent for whist, four pounds are a capital?"

"Whom can I play with? Whom can I herd with?—Cracksmen and pickpockets. Fit me out; ask me to your own house; invite your own friends; make up a rubber, and you will then see what I can do with four pounds; and may go shares if you like, as we used to do."

"Don't talk so loud. Losely, you know very well that what you ask is impossible. I've turned over a new leaf."

"But I've still got your handwriting on the old leaf."

"What's the good of these stupid threats? If you really wanted to do me a mischief, where could you go to, and who'd believe you?"

"I fancy your wife would, I'll try. Hillo—"

"Stop—stop—stop. No row here, Sir. No scandal. Hold your tongue, or I'll send for the police."

"Do! Nothing I should like better. I'm tired out. I want to tell my own story at the Old Bailey, and have my revenge upon you, upon Darrell, upon all. Send for the police."

Losely threw himself at length on the sofa—(new morocco, with spring cushions)—and folded his arms.

"You could only give me five minutes—they are gone, I fear. I am more liberal. I give you your own time to consider. I don't care if I stay to dine; I dare say Mrs. Poole will excuse my dress."

"Losely, you are such a—fellow! If I do give you the four pounds you ask, will you promise to shift for yourself somehow, and molest me no more?"

"Certainly not. I shall come once every week for the same sum. I can't live upon less—until—"

"Until what?"

"Until either you get Mr. Darrell to settle on me a suitable provision; or until you place me in possession of my daughter, and I can then be in a better condition to treat with him myself; for if I would make a claim on account of the girl, I must produce the girl, or he may say she is dead. Besides, if she be as pretty as she was when a child, the very sight of her might move him more than all my talk."

"And if I succeed in doing any thing with Mr. Darrell, or discovering your daughter, you will give up all such letters and documents of mine as you say you possess?"

"'Say—I possess!' I have shown them to you in this pocket-book. Dolly Poole—your own proposition to rob old Latham's safe."

Poole eyed the book, which the ruffian took out and tapped. Had the ruffian been a slighter man, Poole would have been a braver one. As it was—he eyed and groaned. "Turn against one's old crony! So unhandsome, so unlike what I thought you were!"

"It is you who would turn against me. But stick to Darrell, or find me my daughter, and help her and me to get justice out of him; and you shall not only have back these letters, but I'll pay you handsomely—handsomely, Dolly Poole. Zooks, Sir—I am fallen—but I am always a gentleman."

Therewith Losely gave a vehement slap to his hat, which, crushed by the stroke, improved his general appearance into an aspect so outrageously raffish, that but for the expression of his countenance the contrast between the boast and the man would have been ludicrous even to Mr. Poole. The countenance was too dark to permit laughter. In the dress, but the ruin of fortune—in the face, the ruin of man.

Poole heaved a deep sigh, and extended four sovereigns. Losely rose and took them carelessly. "This day week," he said—shook himself—and went his way.

CHAPTER VI.

French touches to the Three Vignettes for the Book of Beauty.

Weeks passed—the London season was beginning—Darrell had decided nothing—the prestige of his position was undiminished—in politics, perhaps, higher. He had succeeded in reconciling some great men; he had strengthened, it might be saved, a jarring cabinet. In all this he had shown admirable knowledge of mankind, and proved that time and disuse had not lessened his powers of perception. In his matrimonial designs Darrell seemed more bent than ever upon the hazard—irresolute as ever on the choice of a partner. Still the choice appeared to be circumscribed to the fair three who had been subjected to Colonel Morley's speculative criticism—Lady Adela, Miss Vipont, Flora Vyvyan. Much *pro* and *con* might be said in respect to each. Lady Adela was so handsome that it was a pleasure to look at her; and that is much when one sees the handsome face every day—provided the pleasure does not wear off. She had the reputation of a very good temper; and the expression of her countenance confirmed it. There, panegyric stopped; but detraction did not commence. What remained was inoffensive commonplace. She had no salient attribute, and no ruling passion. Certainly she would never have wasted a thought on Mr. Darrell, nor have discovered a single merit in him, if he had not been quoted as a very rich man of high character in search of a wife; and if her father had not said to her—"Adela, Mr. Darrell has been greatly struck with your appearance—he told me so. He is not young, but he is still a very fine-looking man, and you are twenty-seven. 'Tis a greater distinction to be noticed by a person of his years and position than by a pack of silly young fellows, who think more of their own pretty faces than they would ever do of yours. If you did not mind a little disparity of years, he would make you a happy wife; and, in the course of nature, a widow, not too old to enjoy liberty, and with a jointure that might entitle you to a still better match."

Darrell, thus put into Lady Adela's head, he remained there, and became an *idèe fixe*. Viewed in the light of a probable husband, he was elevated into an "interesting man." She would have received his addresses with gentle complacency; and, being more the creature of habit than impulse, would, no doubt, in the intimacy of connubial life, have blessed him, or any other admiring husband, with a reasonable modicum of languid affection. Nevertheless, Lady Adela was an unconscious impostor; for, owing to a mild softness of eye and a susceptibility to blushes, a victim ensnared by her beauty would be apt to give her credit for a nature far more accessible to the romance of the tender passions, than, happily perhaps for her own peace of mind, she possessed; and might flatter himself that he had produced a sensation which gave that softness to the eye, and that damask to the blush.

Honoria Vipont would have been a choice far more creditable to the good sense of so mature a wooer. Few better specimens of a young lady brought up to become an accomplished woman of the world. She had sufficient instruction to be the companion of an ambitious man—solid judgment to fit her for his occasional adviser. She could preside with dignity over a stately household—receive with grace distinguished guests. Fitted to administer an ample fortune, ample fortune was necessary to the development of her excellent qualities. If a man of Darrell's age were bold enough to marry a young wife, a safer wife among the young ladies of London he could scarcely find; for though Honoria was only three-and-twenty, she was as staid, as sensible, and as remote from all girlish frivolities as if she had been eight-and-thirty. Certainly, had Guy Darrell been of her own years, his fortune unmade, his fame to win, a lawyer residing at the back of Holborn, or a petty squire in the petty demesnes of Fawley, he would have had no charm in the eyes of Honoria Vipont. Disparity of years was in this case not his drawback but his advantage, since to that disparity Darrell owed the established name and the eminent station which made Honoria think she elevated her own self in preferring him. It is but justice to her to distinguish here between a woman's veneration for the attributes of respect which a man gathers round him, and the more vulgar sentiment which sinks the man altogether, except as the necessary fixture to be taken in with the general valuation. It is not fair to ask if a girl who entertains a preference for one of our toiling, stirring, ambitious sex, who may be double her age, or have a snub nose, but who looks dignified and imposing on a pedestal of state, whether she would like him as much if stripped of all his accessories, and left unredeemed to his baptismal register or unbecoming nose. Just as well ask a girl in love with a young Lotharia if she would like him as much if he had been ugly and crooked. The high name of the one man is as much a part of him as good looks are to the other. Thus, though it was said of Madame de la Vallière that she loved Louis XIV. for himself and not for his regal grandeur, is there a woman in the world, however disinterested, who believes that Madame de la Villière would have liked Louis XIV. as much if Louis XIV. had been Mr. John Jones! Honoria would not have bestowed her hand on a brainless, worthless nobleman, whatever his rank or wealth. She was above that sort of ambition; but neither would she have married the best-looking and worthiest John Jones who ever bore that British appellation, if he had not occupied the social position which brought the merits of a Jones within range of the eye-glass of a Vipont.

Many girls in the nursery say to their juvenile confidants, "I will only marry the man I love." Honoria had ever said, "I will only marry the man I respect." Thus it was her respect for Guy Darrell that made her honor him by her preference. She appreciated his intellect—she fell in love with the reputation which the intellect had acquired. And Darrell might certainly choose worse. His cool reason inclined him much to Honoria. When Alban Morley argued in her favor he had no escape from acquiescence, except in the turns and doubles of his ironical humor. But his heart was a rebel to his reason; and between you and me, Honoria was exactly one of those young women by whom a man of grave years ought to be attracted, and by whom, somehow or other, he never is; I suspect, because the older we grow the more we love youthfulness of character. When Alcides, having gone through all the fatigues of life, took a bride in Olympus, he ought to have selected Minerva, but he chose Hebe.

Will Darrell find his Hebe in Flora Vyvyan? Alban Morley became more and more alarmed by that apprehension. He was shrewd enough to recognize in her the girl of all others formed to glad the eye and plague the heart of a grave and reverend seigneur. And it might well not only flatter the vanity, but beguile the judgment, of a man who feared his hand would be accepted only for the sake of his money, that Flora, just at this moment, refused the greatest match in the kingdom—young Lord Vipont, son of the new Earl of Montfort—a young man of good sense, high character, well-looking as men go, heir to estates almost royal—a young man whom no girl on earth is justified in refusing. But would the whimsical creature accept Darrell? Was she not merely making sport of him, and if, caught by her arts, he, sage and elder, solemnly offered homage and hand to that *belle dedaigneuse* who had just doomed to despair a comely young magnate with five times his fortune, would she not hasten to make him the ridicule of London?

Darrell had, perhaps, his secret reasons for thinking otherwise, but he did not confide them even to Alban Morley. This much only will the narrator, more candid, say to the reader—if out of the three whom his thoughts fluttered round, Guy Darrell wished to select the one who would love him best—love him with the whole, fresh, unreasoning heart of a girl whose childish frowardness sprung from childlike innocence—let him dare the hazard of refusal and of ridicule; let him say to Flora Vyvyan, in the pathos of his sweet, deep voice, "Come, and be the spoiled darling of my gladdened age; let my life, ere it sink into night, be rejoiced by the bloom and fresh breeze of the morning!"

But to say it he must wish it; he himself must love—love with all the lavish indulgence, all the knightly tenderness, all the grateful sympathizing joy in the youth of the beloved, when youth for the lover is no more, which alone can realize what we sometimes see, though loth to own it—congenial unions with unequal years. If Darrell feel not that love, woe to him; woe and thrice shame if he allure to his hearth one who might indeed be a Hebe to the spouse who gave up to her his whole heart in return for hers; but to the spouse who had no heart to give, or gave but the chips of it, the Hebe, indignant, would be worse than Erinnys!

All things considered, then, they who wish well to Guy Darrell must range with Alban Morley in favor of Miss Honoria Vipont. She proffering affectionate respect, Darrell responding by rational esteem. So, perhaps, Darrell himself thought; for whenever Miss Vipont was named he became more taciturn, more absorbed in reflection, and sighed heavily, like a man who slowly makes up his mind to a decision, wise but not tempting.

THE KALEE-POOJAH OF THE THUGS.

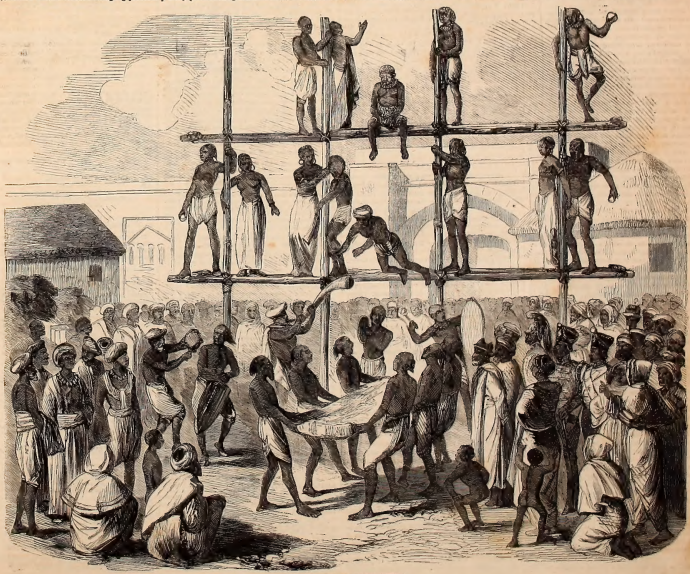
In No. 50 of the first volume of *Harper's Weekly* we gave an illustration showing the manner of camping out among the Thugs in India. The engraving upon the following page represents one of the religious festivals of the horrid band. It is well known that, although they rob those they murder, yet the killing itself is with the Thugs a matter of religious observance. They are devotees of the goddess Kalee, and every murder committed, under favorable omens, and without spilling blood—which is abhorred by the goddess—is a direct act of homage to her.

One of the most curious of the Thug superstitions is connected with the tool they employ to excavate the graves of their victims. As the service is holy, the pickaxe is fabricated with the greatest care, dedicated with many formalities, and held by the whole gang in the greatest veneration. The process of its manufacture and consecration is thus described by a reformed Thug. A lucky day is



THE KALEE-POOJAH [FEAST] OF THE THUGS.

fixed upon (the Thug does every thing on lucky days), and on this the leader of the gang proceeds to the smith's forge, where, with closed doors, and every precaution against intrusion, the implement is made. After this, it must be consecrated to the service of the goddess Kalee. One well versed in the Thug traditions receives it in a brazen dish, and washes it first in water, next in sugar and wa-



YOGEE PENANCES IN INDIA.

ter, then in sour milk, and lastly in arrack rum. It is then marked with seven spots of red lead, and replaced in the dish with a cocoa-nut, cloves, sandal-wood, and sugar: these articles, except the cocoa-nut, are then burned, and the pickaxe passed seven times through the flame, after which the leader takes the cocoa-nut and endeavors to divide it with one blow of the pickaxe. Upon the success or failure of this blow the whole matter depends. Failure renders of no avail all the preceding ceremonies, and the tool is at once destroyed. Success completes the consecration, and causes a general jubilee in the gang, who augur well of the expedition which begins so favorably. Prostrating themselves on the ground before the fortunate pick, this is handed over to the leader, who must be a tried Thug. He places it in a well, or buries it in a retired spot till it is wanted for use. Thereupon the whole gang betake themselves, at dead of night, to the hidden retreat of their goddess, convey the image into some retired nook in the forest, and there hold the celebration which our engraving represents.

The image of the goddess is fearfully hideous. It has three eyes—one being, Polyphemus like, in the centre of the forehead; four arms, two on each side, the two lower ones holding the gifts of her devotees, and the upper ones the fatal handkerchief. The head-quarters of the goddess, curiously enough, are in Calcutta, where, however, she has for her devotees all manner of men and women, but not the initiated of her favored fraternity, who worship her image in private.

It is a curious fact, which came out in the examinations, that the Thugs believed seriously that the buried pickaxe would come out of the well, of itself, at the bidding of the man who placed it there. This was firmly believed by even the most intelligent of the bands. When employed to dig the grave of a murdered man, should the pickaxe fall from the hands of the sexton Thug, the whole gang is panic-stricken; regarding this as the worst of all evil omens, betokening the death of the man who dropped it within the year, and disasters to the whole gang, who are henceforth regarded as doomed men, and shunned by all true Thugs. Farther, the pickaxe is used to give solemnity to an oath. The Thugs believe that the most horrible of deaths will, in a few days, overtake any one who violates an oath taken on a sanctified pick. They believe that *goor*, or sugar, distributed to the band amidst the ceremonies of the goddess, which are represented in our illustration, hardens their hearts, and so entirely changes their natures that, no matter how merciful or disinclined to murder the person was before taking it, he will never be else than a zealous Thug after it.

THE YOGEES OF INDIA.

In the second illustration on the preceding page is depicted one of the many modes of self-torture practiced by the Yogees, a set of mendicant philosophers of Hindostan. These men form a distinct caste, and devote themselves to a mixed life of begging, stealing, cheating, and voluntary self-torment. In times past these men moved in vast bands from place to place, visiting various holy shrines under pretense of worship, but taking care to lay towns and cities, and even whole provinces, under contribution by the way. Sometimes, indeed, the tribute was exacted by force of arms, and the pious Yogee turned marauder. In the time of Warren Hastings such a swarm fell upon Bengal, like a flight of locusts, and marched through the country at full speed, burning and destroying every thing in their way. A body of Sepoy troops was sent after them; but they moved at a speed which defied regular infantry, and regained their native mountains in safety.

Many of the Yogees are devotees of the strictest order; and live only for the fulfillment of the various vows which they make in early life. Such a band is represented in our illustration. They have sworn to torment themselves in company, and so go about from town to town, exhibiting themselves to the public, suspended in various positions from a bamboo frame-work, thus obtaining contributions from the piously inclined. Some are fastened to the frame-work with nails through their hands or ears; some balance themselves on the poles, holding hot irons in their hands; and others throw themselves violently to the ground, from various heights of the bamboo staging. "Hook swinging" is one mode of torture, or penance, in use among the Yogees at the present day; and practiced chiefly at Benares, at a yearly feast of one of the many thousand gods of that monkey-ridden city. The British authorities have endeavored to put a stop to this exhibition, but the superstitious prejudices of the natives have triumphed, and last year the festival was more brilliant than ever, and an unusual number of holy beggars dangled from their appropriate poles by iron hooks thrust into their sides.

But these are not the only forms of this penance. Some of the Yogees make a solemn vow to continue for life in one unvaried position; others traverse vast provinces, dragging a heavy chain; some crawl on their hands and knees, for years, around the entire Indian Empire; and yet others travel from the most remote places to the sacred banks of the Ganges, by rolling their bodies over and over in the mud and dust of the common road, relying upon the kindness of passers-by for food and drink. Some swing, during their miserable lives, before a hot fire; others suspend themselves, with their heads downward, for a certain time, over the fiercest flames, some eat nothing but the grain which has passed through a cow; and indeed this, after being washed clean from its accompaniments, is considered by the most pious Brahmins the purest of all food—so great is their veneration for the cow, the incarnation of Vishnu. A traveler relates the case of a devotee of Siva, who had made a vow to fix every year a large iron ring into the most tender part of his body, to which was fixed a long and heavy chain, which was thus dragged over the ground by him. This extraordinary saint had just put in the seventh ring, and was carrying the seventh chain about his shoulders, until the newly-made orifice should become callous. And again another, who had for so many years held his arms motionless above his head that the muscles had withered, the nails, of twenty years' growth, were like extraordinary horns, and the limbs were fixed motionless in their unnatural posture. Unable to feed himself, this fellow, who had the appearance of a wild beast, was waited on by numbers of wealthy and pious Hindoo ladies, who vied with each other in feeding and attending upon so great a saint.

Such are some of the dark superstitions which meet the Christian missionary on every hand in India. Many of these practices have been, for years, not only countenanced, but pecuniarily supported, by the British East India Company, which, regardless of morality, and intent only upon the amassing of rupees, supported the temples and devotees, for the sake of a pilgrim-tax which was levied on all who approached the protected shrines.

Miscellany.

—We never tire of reading of

Harem Life.

Madame La Princess Belgiojoso, who, during the Russian War, wandered about Asia Minor and Syria, has, in a volume lately published in Paris, made a deliberate attempt to destroy what little of romance is still connected with the subject. As a lady she had, of course, advantages for seeing the inner life of the Orientals which are refused to male travelers—and she saw sufficient to prove that not even the last charm, beauty, belongs to the wretched inmates of the Turkish Harem. Here is a sketch of

Turkish Fashions:

Imagine walls blackened and cracked, ceilings with the beams gaping and covered with dust and spiders' webs, sofas torn and greasy, *portières* in tatters, traces of tallow and oil every where. When I entered for the first time one of these charming places I was disgusted, but the mistresses of the house did not perceive it. Mirrors being very scarce in these countries, the ladies bedizen themselves in the strangest possible guise. They thrust a number of bejeweled pins into printed cotton handkerchiefs and then roll them round their heads. They pay not the slightest attention to their hair, and only the very great ladies who have visited the capital possess combs. As for the many-colored paints, of which they make an immoderate use, they can only regulate their distribution by mutual assistance, and as the women living in the same house are so many rivals, the great object is to render them ridiculous. They put vermilion on their lips, rouge on their cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, white wherever there is a vacancy, and blue round their eyes and under their nose. Stranger still is the manner in which they paint their eyebrows. They are doubtlessly told that, to be beautiful, the eyebrow should form a large arch, and they have thence concluded that the larger the arch the more beautiful is the eyebrow, without inquiring whether its position is not irrevocably fixed by nature. This being the case, they allow their eyebrows all the space between the temples, and paint on their foreheads two immense arches, which, starting from the top of the nose, run across the forehead. Some young eccentric beauties prefer a straight line to a curve, and trace a broad black band across the forehead; but these are exceptions.

—Having gone through the women's apartments, the Princess had an interview with the aged *paterfamilias*, whom she interrogated on some domestic customs which are brought out in this picture of a

Lively old Patriarch.

"But," I asked again, "as his excellency is no longer young, and has had, as it seems, several young wives always, and only regards them as such to the age of thirty, I calculate that during the course of his long life he must have received a very considerable number into his harem."

"Probably," said the holy man, without any emotion.

"And your excellency has, doubtless, many children?"

The patriarch and his servant looked at each other and burst into a loud laugh.

"Many children?" replied the master, when the fit of mirth had passed off, "I really believe I have; but I could not tell you the number. Say, Hassan," he added, addressing his servant, "could you tell me how many children I have, or where they are?"

"Indeed not. His excellency has them in all the provinces of the empire, and in all the districts of each province; but that is all I know, and I would bet that my master is not wiser than I am on that point."

"And how should I be?" said the old gentleman.

I insisted, for my patriarch was losing my esteem rapidly, and I wished to open his whole heart. "These children," I continued, "how are they brought up? who takes care of them? at what age are they separated from their father? where are they sent? what profession do they follow? what are their means of existence? and by what sign can you recognize them?"

"Oh! I may be mistaken, like any one else; but that is of slight importance. They are all brought up by me, as you see. I am educating these two, until the age when they can take care of themselves. The girls are married, or betrothed, as soon as they have reached their tenth or twelfth year, and I never hear any more about them. The boys are not so precocious, they can not walk alone until they are fourteen; but then I give them a letter of recommendation to some friend in business; he employs them himself or finds them a place, and, after that, I wash my hands of them."

"And you do not see them again?" I went on.

"How do I know? I receive very often visits from people who call themselves my sons, and who may be so. I give them a kind greeting, and keep them for some days without asking any questions; but, at the end of that time, they see there is no room for them here, and nothing for them to do. Their mothers being dead, they are strangers to me. Thus they go away, and never come back any more. Others arrive in their place, and behave in the same way. Nothing could be better."

I was not yet satisfied. "But," I went on, "are these pretty children you are now caressing destined to undergo the same treatment?"

"Certainly.'

"You will separate from them when they are ten or fourteen years of age? You will not be anxious as to what becomes of them? You will never see them again, perhaps? And if they do come back, you will treat them as strangers, and see them go away forever, without giving them one of those kisses of which you are so prodigal to-day? What will become of you presently in your desolate house, when the voice of your children no longer resounds through it?"

I was beginning to grow animated, and my friend did not understand me. The servant, however, seizing the sense of my last words, hastened to reassure me as to the future isolation of his revered master.

"Oh no," he said, "when these children are grown up his excellency will have others quite small. You may safely trust to him in that matter: he will not allow any failure."

Hereupon master and servant burst out laughing once more.

—This is said to be a Utilitarian age. Every body wants to be useful; but with the majority this desire is little more than discontent with that position in which Providence has placed them—a longing, so to speak, to exchange from a small tread-mill to a large one. Bishop Jebb has some sensible words on this subject of

Usefulness.

The most efficacious manner in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues; to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies in our power; it afterward belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time!" said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willy, I suppose I must, this once; but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

As two of our children were playing together, little Jane got angry and *pouted*. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

During a recent slander case there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the judge mildly said: "Mr. Usher, don't you know better than to call *silence* when *ladies* are in court!"

A gentleman having occasion to call upon an author, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it "was as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the writer, "for it is here where I *make my bread!*"

Little Nellie, not quite four years an inhabitant of earth, had been so unfortunate as to have no playmate but an older brother, and he was her instructor in diction. She had been quite refractory, and her mother, after much good counsel and reproof and very kind remonstrances with her, told her she must now whip her, and looked very melancholy. When Nellie says, "Well, mamma, if you must" (with her little arms akimbo), "*why, let her rip!*"

Joy, Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

A Word to the weaker Vessel.—A lady who obstinately persists in wearing hoops ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a barrel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a butt.

Ladies have the Pull of Gentlemen.—Ladies are following the profession of dentistry in New York. Smellfungus, in his cynical manner, approves of this, and the reason of his approval is, because "Women (he says) are universally acknowledged to be the most practiced hands at stopping men's mouths!"

Happy is the husband who can take his wife down Broadway without stopping at a shawl shop.

Habits of Healthy Exercise.—If a young lady is unable to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.

The Hebrew Mind.—"Penny wise, and Pound foolish," as *Shylock* was.

A perilous Position.—A lady swooned the other day before one of the horrible pictures in the Academy. Owing to the preposterous circumference of her dress, it was found impossible to approach within several yards of her. It was apprehended at one time that she would perish within sight of several hundred sympathizing by-standers, owing to the difficulty of conveying assistance to her; and it was not before the greater part of her skirt (more than sufficient, we are informed, to fill, with the flounces and trimmings, three good-sized wheel-barrows) had been ruthlessly cut away, that restoratives could be administered to her. One minute more delay, and the case might have been fatal!

Mr. S—— has a smart little boy, who frequently gets off a good thing. A few evenings since, as the old man was preparing to ask a blessing on a scanty meal, he was interrupted by this little son, who, leaning reverently forward and folding his hands, thus began:

"Four slices of bread for four of us.
We bless thee, Lord, there *ain't* no more of us."

The Providence *Telegraph* says: "Marshal Hudson handed us the following document, which we publish as indicative of the zeal which animates some of the good people, though it may, perhaps, be a question whether it is a zeal according to knowledge. We publish it *verbatim et literatim:*

"'Mr. William H. Hutson, Esq.,—Sir: I beg to inform That if you do not Send your police to have Josiph Charnley Arrested for continueing in the niuance act, Sum one will have to do So in your Stead, So as A friend I tell you plainly to have it done to-morrow without any heslitateing one hour if you regard your office.'"

The following advertisement appears in an Illinois paper, from a man in the pursuit of business under difficulties:

"take Notice.

"I have moved my residence, my shop is in the fore room of the Jail. all persons wishing to see me will please call, as my business is so, that i can't leave.

"Yours most truly, Charles R. Johnson."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, May* 31, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been decidedly brisker for Flour and Wheat, each of which has arrived quite freely, and as receivers have generally been eager sellers, prices have tended downward. Corn continued scarce at advancing prices up to Thursday. Since that day the receipts of Mixed Western have increased, and prices have fallen off. The demand has been fair throughout the week. Rye, Barley, and Oats have declined, with more sellers than buyers ....Cotton has been in limited request at drooping rates ....Groceries have been less sought after, though buyers have had any existing advantage....Provisions have been in fair demand, at, however, irregular prices.... Hay has been moderately dealt in at steady figures.... A limited inquiry has prevailed for Hops, which have slightly declined....Naval Stores have been in request, and they close steadily....Less activity was discernible in Tobacco... Domestic Wool attracted considerable attention at somewhat better prices.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound	$ 8	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	10 50
" " per pound	11	@	12½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 25	@	2 50

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel	$3 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	5	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Strawberries, new, per quart box	25	@	62
Cherries, new, per pound	10	@	15
Watermelons, per 100	25 00	@	40 00
Squashes, per 100	3 00	@	4 00
String Beans, per barrel	6 00	@	9 00
Beans, per barrel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
" per bushel	80	@	85
" new, per barrel	3 50	@	5 50
Onions, new, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Cucumbers, per dozen	1 25	@	—
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	4 75
Cabbage, new, per dozen	1 00	@	1 25
Asparagus, per bunch	8	@	25
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	3 50
Lettuce, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@	75
Spinach, per barrel	1 50	@	2 00
Green Peas, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	11½	@	12
Chickens, per pair	50	@	1 00
Fowls, per pound	10	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	1 75
Snipe, per pair	37	@	50
Plover, per pair	37	@	50
Teal, per pair	37	@	50

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED!!
VERY HANDSOME FRENCH LACE MANTILLAS, NEW IN STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.
To our usual good assortment of Silk, Silk and Lace Mantillas, and Cloth Raglans, we call the attention of Ladies wishing to combine STYLE and ECONOMY.
BROADWAY MANTILLA STORE,
479 BROADWAY.
See revolving figures in the windows.

20,000 ACTIVE and HONORABLE YOUNG MEN are wanted in every State in the Union, to engage in a good and permanent business, which will yield a clear profit of $5000 yearly. No Lottery Scheme, Book Agency, or Patent Medicine speculation. No Capital required: and business such that every Farmer and Mechanic may engage in it without interfering with their regular business. For particulars, address,
J. C. HART & CO.,
Box 1042, Baltimore, Md.

AN IMPORTER'S SALE
OF
PARIS MANTILLAS,
Manufactured by the celebrated artist,
JEAN DE LA MAIR,
OF THE
VILLA LA FRANCE,
At 599 BROADWAY, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel,
For the New York city trade.
In consequence of the still uncertain state of the wholesale trade, the subscriber has determined to close out at retail, for cash, the whole of his spring and summer importations for the popular trade, and now offers to the
LADIES OF NEW YORK
And vicinity, at the cost of importation,
The following articles:
Guipure lace mantillas.
Pusher lace mantillas.
Cambria lace mantillas.
Chantilly lace mantillas.
Pusher lace points.
Pusher lace centres.
Black silk and net mantillas.
Black silk and lace mantillas.
Black silk and guipure mantillas.
As the sale will continue for the limited space of sixty days, during which time he must close out the entire valuable stock of
LADIES' OUTER GARMENTS,
to enable him to return to Europe.
599 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

EMPLOYMENT.—Pleasant and Profitable.—Young men in every neighborhood may have healthful, pleasant, and profitable employment by engaging in the sale of our new and valuable books, and canvassing for our popular family journals. Our new and useful books *should* be placed within the reach of *every family in the land*. Thousands of copies *might* be sold where they have never yet been introduced. A few dollars—say $15 or $25—is enough to commence with. Young men, teachers, clergymen, traveling agents, *all* may engage in this good enterprise, with profit to themselves and great good to others. Our first class journals are every where popular, and canvassers will find them well adapted to the wants of the people in every neighborhood. For terms and particulars, address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

ILLUSTRATED OUR FAMILY JOURNALS.
"Life Illustrated" (Weekly), at $2 a year.
"The Phrenological Journal," at $1 a year.
"The Water-Cure Journal," at $1 a year.
For Three Dollars, a copy of each is sent a year.
Please address FOWLER & WELLS, New York.
Specimens sent when desired.
These journals are among the most valuable periodicals published in this country.—*Albany Journal.*

Hot Springs, Virginia.

Great Thermal Watering Place of the American Continent!!

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR CHRONIC DISEASES!

The hotel at this place will be open for the reception of visitors on the first of June next. In the number of its Mineral Springs, the variety of their temperatures, and their extraordinary remedial powers in many of the most serious, painful, and dangerous Chronic Diseases that afflict the human race, this Watering Place offers to INVALIDS suffering from the maladies in which THERMAL WATERS are indicated, advantages and facilities for the recovery of health which can be found at no other in the United States.

The supply of mineral water is most abundant, and the bathing establishment for the next season will consist of NINE BATHS, constantly supplied with fresh water from different springs of various temperatures, from 78° to 106° Fahrenheit.

In all cases of acute disease, the *hot baths* are contra-indicated, but in the chronic forms of

Gout,
Rheumatism,
Diseases of the Liver, with its complications,
Paralysis, free from inflammatory action,
Neuralgia,
Old injuries to the Muscles and Joints,
Enlarged Glands,
Visceral engorgements and obstructions,
Spinal irritation,
Chronic Diarrhœa, and some
Diseases peculiar to Females,

the remedial properties of the waters of the VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS are unrivaled. Many cases of the diseases enumerated above, which had resisted not only the most skillful medical treatment, but in which other mineral waters of high repute had been used in vain, have been entirely cured by their use.

Of the vast number now suffering with these maladies, there are comparatively few, indeed, who would not be either perfectly restored or greatly relieved by these waters. When drank they are anti-acid, mildly aperient, and freely diuretic and diaphoretic. Used as a general bath, they equalize an unbalanced circulation, and *restore to the different important organs of the system, when torpid, that natural and healthy sensibility without which they can not perform their respective functions, and the beneficial action of all remedies will be diminished or destroyed.* They act powerfully upon the Liver, Kidneys, and Skin; relax contracted tendons; promote glandular secretion; exert a salutary influence over the uterine system, and often relieve in a short time excruciating pain caused by disease in some vital organ.

Diseases Peculiar to Females, &c.

The suppression or painful performance of periodical functions peculiar to females, is frequently relieved in a short time by the use of the waters here.

Enlargement of the Prostate Gland.

Many cases of this dreadful and unmanageable disease, which had resisted the most skillful surgical treatment, have been thoroughly cured at the Hot Springs.

Diseases of the South.

In no class of human maladies have these waters been more eminently successful than in those which prevail in the Southern and Southwestern States.

"In that state of the body termed *cachectic*, the consequence of derangement of the stomach, liver, and spleen, among the residents of marshy countries, and distinguished by a pale or sallow complexion, puffy skin, swelled extremeties, languor, and disinclination to motion of any kind," the baths here often act like a charm. In *chronic diarrhœa*, they are powerfully and rapidly curative.

In obstinate TORPOR OF THE LIVER and in the *enlarged condition of the Liver and Spleen*, which so frequently follows the bilious fevers of the South, their alterative and remedial powers are, it is confidently believed, unsurpassed by those of any other remedy known to the human race.

In many cases *where the healthy secretion of the liver had been partially suppressed* for years, a course of these waters has brought back the secretion of healthy bile; and in others, where the *liver had been engorged and enlarged*, the sufferers have been relieved and restored to perfect health by the use of the baths at this place.

The attention of persons suffering with these maladies is particularly called to the cases of Mr. F. B. Clark, of Mobile, Ala.; of the Hon. John L. Manning, of South Carolina; and also to the highly important and interesting letter of Dr. Landon Rives, of Roanoke County, Va., one of the most accomplished medical men in the State.

Pleasure Baths.

Besides the hot baths for invalids, there are at this place two of the most delightful and exhilarating pleasure baths in the world.

The Ladies' Pleasure Bath is octagon in its shape, and 18 feet in diameter. It is of the temperature of 86° Fahrenheit. The water is soft and alkaline in its character, and contains all the ingredients of the Schlangenbad Spa of Germany, which is renowned over all Europe for its *cosmetic properties*. An analysis of the Virginia Spring shows that it holds in solution sulphuric acid, carbonic acid, chlorine, soda, lime, and magnesia.

The large swimming or pleasure bath for gentlemen is 78° Fahrenheit in temperature, and is supplied with water from the ERWIN SPRING, so called in compliment to a distinguished gentleman of the State of Alabama, whose statement of his own remarkable cure of paralysis by the use of the *Hot Springs' baths* will be found below. In its chemical composition, the Erwin Spring is almost identical with the *New Schlangenbad*, as the spring which rises in the Ladies Pleasure Bath is called. These waters impart softness to the skin, and, when used as a bath, their remedial and tonic powers in cases of NERVOUS and MUSCULAR *debility and irritation* can not be excelled.

Location, Climate, &c., of the Hot Springs.

This place is distant only twenty miles from the Milboro' Depot of the Virginia Central Railroad, and, except those 20 miles, has an unbroken railroad connection with the principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

The Springs are situated in one of the narrow valleys with which the mountains abound. The scenery around is wild, romantic, and beautiful; and the climate in summer delightful, salubrious, and invigorative. The thermometer seldom rises higher than 85 degrees, and there is rarely a foggy morning.

The Hotel accommodations are of the first class, and good music will be in attendance.

A large brick building, containing a fine ball room and many excellent lodging rooms, is now in process of construction, and will be completed early in the summer.

Route.—From all the principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard, by railroad, to the Millboro' depot of the Virginia Central Road; thence by stage-coaches twenty miles over a well graded turnpike to the springs. Passengers leaving Richmond, Virginia, or Baltimore, Maryland, in the morning, can come through to this place same day to supper.

Certificates of Cure, &c.

A few certificates of remarkable cures, performed by these waters, will be found below. The attention of invalids is respectfully invited to them; also to the letter of Dr. Rives, and to the opinion of Dr. Wood, as expressed in his work on the Practice of Medicine, in regard to the value of these waters in Chronic Gout, Hepatitis, and Rheumatism.

Opinion of Dr. George B. Wood, of Philadelphia.

This distinguished physician, the Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the most eminent medical men of the age, in the second edition of his work on the Practice of Medicine—the most valuable treatise on that subject in the English language—says, at page 464, vol. 1, under the head of GOUT, "The *Hot Springs* of Virginia are sometimes very beneficial."

Under the head of Chronic Rheumatism, page 443, vol. 1, Dr. Wood remarks: "The *hot bath*, taken daily, and persevered in for a considerable time, often does much good; and obstinate local affections sometimes give way to a stream of hot water, directed upon them, or the hot douche. A visit to the Hot Springs, in Virginia, may be recommended." At page 461, vol. 2, of the same work, under the head of Chronic Hepatitis: "The Hot Springs of Virginia have also been found very useful, employed in the form of bath."

Letter of Dr. Rives—his opinion of the Hot Springs' baths in Gout, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Menstrual Derangements, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, &c., &c.

Roanoke, *April* 2, 1858.

Dear Sir.—After suffering for two years excruciating pain, from Chronic Rheumatism, I determined to try the effects of the Hot Springs' baths, for this disease. In accordance with this determination, I spent about two weeks, last September, at your Springs (my occupations not giving me more leisure at that season), and I was, for a time, somewhat disappointed at the result, as my pains were rather increased for a month after my return home. But, during the whole of the past winter, I have been entirely free from this painful malady, notwithstanding constant exposure to the inclemencies of the weather in the practice of my profession. I attribute the cessation of these rheumatic pains entirely to the effect of the Hot Springs' baths.

I observed that the primary effect of the baths upon the circulation of the blood was excitant, and the secondary effect sedative; which accounts in part for the curative properties of your baths in chronic diseases, especially where depositions or morbid alterations have occurred in the tissues. Along with this excitement of the circulation of the blood, is a corresponding excitation of the absorbent vessels, which, in chronic diseases, generally are inactive. These vessels are stimulated to the performance of their natural functions, and the result is, that the deposits which have been left in the tissues by previous disease are reabsorbed, and these tissues restored to their normal structure and function. The secondary sedative effect insures the patient against the danger of an inflammatory action. Thus stimulated, from day to day, the absorbent vessels regain their wonted office, and disease gradually disappears. This is, without doubt, the *rationale* of the way in which the Hot Springs' baths cure the chronic forms of Rheumatism, Gout, Menstrual Derangements dependent on ulceration of the womb, Syphilis, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, deformities from old injuries, &c., &c.

What assistance is derived from the chemical constituents of the waters I am unable to determine; but I should think their influence must be potent, or such results would hardly have obtained as I witnessed in the above-named diseases, and in Paralysis, Torpidity, and Enlargement of the Liver, Enlargement of the Spleen, Jaundice, and in some forms of Chronic Diarrhœa. The spout baths proved in my own, and in many other cases, as active a stimulant to the liver as calomel itself. From personal observation, and upon the representation of many intelligent visitors, I have no hesitation in recommending persons afflicted with any of the diseases I have enumerated, to resort to the Hot Springs as the most pleasant mode of obtaining relief. I certainly expect to avail myself of the advantage of these baths for a short time every summer.

With sentiments of the highest regard, I remain your friend and obedient servant,

LANDON RIVES, *M. D.*

Mr. Samuel Goode, *Hot Springs.*

Liver Disease, with Diarrhœa, &c.

Case of Francis B. Clark, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.—"One of the most extraordinary cures ever effected by any Mineral Waters."

Hot Springs, Va., *Sept.* 23, 1856.

Dear Sir,—I most cheerfully comply with your request that I should furnish you with some particulars of my case, which has been so happily relieved by the use of the Hot Baths.

From April, 1849, until June, 1854, I was a constant sufferer from Chronic Diarrhœa, which, supervening upon an attack of something like Cholera, was so obstinate as to evade the best medical skill, North and South. I would sometimes, from the use of medicines, obtain partial relief, and gain sufficient strength to engage in active pursuits—but only for a brief period—to be again prostrated under an acute attack upon the slightest exposure, from which new remedies were required to raise me—those which had previously proved efficacious failing to make any favorable impression when taken the second time. The liver was undoubtedly the seat of my disease, and was so torpid that it could only be goaded into feeble action under the use of mercurials—subsiding again into its former condition when their use was suspended. In fact, my system did not seem to furnish the elements of the biliary secretion. At times I became so feeble and emaciated, from the effects of this distressing disease, that it seemed impossible for me to rally again. The various watering places, which were recommended by sympathizing friends, were tried, but without avail. Cooper's Well and Bladon Springs afforded temporary relief, but the disease returned upon me, shortly after leaving them, with as great severity as before. The Cold Water Cure was tried for a few days, from which I barely escaped with life. I had nearly despaired of ever obtaining relief, and came to the mountains of Virginia to visit the Rockbridge Alum, in June, 1854, as a dernier resort. For two weeks I improved there slightly, but afterwards lost ground rapidly, and at the end of three weeks was confined to my bed. These waters, evidently, did not suit my case; and after a week's confinement, being sufficiently strengthened by the use of medicine to bear a short journey, I came over to the Warm Springs. At that place I learned from some of the visitors, incidentally, of the value of the Hot Springs in cases of Diarrhœa. I came over and gave them a trial—commencing at the temperate bath for a day or two, and afterward alternating between the "Hot Douche" and the "Boiler bath." I soon became conscious of a sensible amendment of my symptoms, and began to improve in flesh and strength. I continued bathing for a fortnight, and left for the Red Sweet Springs, where I remained a week, and again returned to the Hot Springs, bathing as before for another fortnight. My improvement was steady and progressive; and when I left the mountains in October, 1854, I was restored to comparative health, and had gained in weight from 109 lbs. to 132 lbs. I could walk several miles without fatigue, and altogether felt myself to be a new man. I returned home (to Mobile) in November, and during the succeeding winter had again a return of my complaint, but milder in form, and much more manageable than before. In June, 1855, I returned to the Hot Springs, and the use of the baths was attended with the same happy effects as in 1854. Alternating between the Hot and the Red Sweet Springs, I became entirely restored, and returned home well, and have remained well.

I am again a visitor at the Hot Springs the present season, for the purpose of fortifying my system against any lingering predisposition that may remain, and shall, if life is spared, probably return here for several seasons to come, in order to confirm what I really consider to have been one of the most extraordinary cures ever effected by any mineral waters.

If this hastily written statement shall induce any person who may be suffering under like afflictions, to obtain relief by following the course which I have pursued with such happy results, I shall be much gratified.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS B. CLARK,

Dr. Thomas Goode. Of Mobile, Ala.

Case of the Hon. John L. Manning, of S. C.

Dr. Goode: *Dear Sir:* A long indisposition from the effects of a deranged state of my liver, led me to try the Hot Spout Bath at your Springs. I had previously remained four or five weeks at the White Sulphur, from which I had derived much advantage, but not so much as to make me believe that I could not be further benefitted by the use of the Hot Baths.

Its effect upon me was immediate, and as powerful as I had been led to suppose, producing a free action of the liver. I continued to use them eight or nine days with equally happy effects. Entertaining, as I do, the highest opinion of the efficacy of the Hot Springs in all cases of a diseased liver, I am led to give you this simple statement for the benefit of others who may stand as much in need of them as myself.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN L. MANNING,

Of South Carolina.

Hot Springs in Paralysis.

Case of Col. Jno. Erwin, of Greensboro, Ala. His opinion of the waters in Paralysis, Neuralgia, Liver Disease, and Chronic Diarrhœa.

Hot Springs, Va., *Sept.* 2, 1855.

Dear Sir: Having spent portions of four summers at this place, and used the waters freely, it affords me great satisfaction to give you the result of my experience of their beneficial effects on myself, as also of what I know of them on others.

In the winter of 1853—54, I had an attack of paralysis of my right side—*Hemiplegia*—which prostrated me to such a degree that I was, for some time, unable to walk; nor could I hold a pen in my fingers so as to write my name or make a letter of the alphabet. By the use of ordinary remedies and very strict regimen in my diet, I recovered so far as to be able to go about, though with difficulty. Having, from what information I could obtain, become impressed with the great value of thermal waters in the treatment of this most shocking disease, and having previously visited this place and acquired some knowledge of the medicinal character of its waters, I determined to come here to see what they would do for me in my afflicted condition. So soon as my situation and the season permitted, I accordingly did so, and arrived early in July, 1854. I remained three weeks, bathing regularly every day, first in the Temperate Bath and then in the Hot Spout. On leaving here I made a short visit to the Salt Sulphur Springs, in Monroe County, whence I returned here and remained a week more, and bathed every day in the Hot Spout Bath. The result was, I felt signally benefitted, and returned home greatly improved—so much so, that to a casual observer nothing appeared to be the matter with me.

I have now, this summer ('56), been here altogether three weeks and a half, and have, during that time, bathed regularly once a day in the Temperate Bath; and am now prepared to return home, with the gratifying conviction that I am entirely and permanently relieved, and feel that this happy result has mainly been owing to the use of the thermal waters at this place. So much for my own personal experience.

I know of several other cases in which the subjects of them received great benefit from the use of the waters here, and such is my confidence in their virtue, that I am thoroughly persuaded they will, if their use be persisted in, and prudence in diet be observed, with moderate but regular exercise, either on foot or otherwise, cure any ordinary case of paralysis, either general or local. The boy John, who attends the Hot Spout Bath, furnishes a striking case to show the correctness of this opinion. After being very badly afflicted, he assures me that he does not feel the slightest vestige of the disease remaining—the truth of which is apparent to every one who sees him; and he was cured here by the use of the Temparate Bath only.

While here in 1854, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who resided near Winchester, who informed me that he had been paralyzed so badly as to be unable to walk or speak. When I met with him he had the appearance of enjoying robust health; and he told me that his restoration to health was owing to the use of the Hot Springs' Baths. I could mention other cases, where persons had been signally benefitted by the use of the baths here, but as they must be well known to you, and the subjects of them are accessible, I prefer to let them speak for themselves.

I know of a few cases where the use of these waters have had very happy effects in Neuralgia and Rheumatism; of the former, a lady of my acquaintance in Alabama furnishes an instance; and Richard Norris, jr., of Baltimore, one of the latter.

I am satisfied, from actual experience, that the use of the hot water at this place often has an excellent effect on the liver; and in chronic diarrhœa I have greater confidence in its efficacy than any thing with which I am conversant.

Mr. F. B. Clarke, of Mobile, Ala., is mainly indebted to it for his restoration to health, from the worst condition, and after all other remedies had failed. Hoping my experience and observation may be the means of extending a knowledge of the waters of the Hot Springs to others who may be afflicted, and of giving a wider scope to their already high fame,

I remain, Sir, with high respect, your ob't serv't,

JNO. ERWIN,

Dr. Thos. Goode. Of Greensboro', Ala.

Rheumatism.

Case of thirty-two years' duration cured in two weeks!

Alexandria, Va., *August* 14, 1856.

Dear Sir: Having been induced by my family and friends to visit the Hot Springs in the year 1852, for the cure of Rheumatism, which I had contracted by having taken a severe cold as early as the year 1819 (and when first taken I was confined to my bed for the space of one year). I arrived at the Spring on the 22d July, 1852. At that time I was completely prostrated, having lost my appetite and spirits, and my general health very much impaired. The morning I arrived I was unable to ascend the steps of the hotel without assistance. After having taken the third temperate bath, I was able to walk, and even run without pain. My stay at the Springs was two weeks, during which time I took nine Temperate and Hot Spouts and one Boiler Bath, and felt myself entirely cured of Rheumatism, and had not, for a year after leaving the Springs, as much pain in my limbs as I had previously in any one day for 32 years—being the space of time I had been afflicted with the disease. My general health was thoroughly restored by the free use of the waters—having drank much of them while in the bath and during the day in my room. I consider my cure as a great triumph of the medicinal and curative properties of the water of the Hot Springs, and feel grateful that my steps were turned in that direction. I have been a visitor at the Hot Springs every year since 1852. Not having used the water of any other of the Springs of Virginia, I attribute my cure to the Hot Springs, and none other.

In this connection permit me to state, that by the advice of one of my friends, a patient of Dr. D. M. French, of Pearisburg, Giles County, Va., by the name of Farley (I think) was recommended to visit the Hot Springs in August, 1854. He was severely afflicted with Chronic Rheumatism, and was scarcely able to move about, his limbs very much swollen and joints enlarged. He remained during the time I staid, being about two weeks, then left for his home a well man. I heard from him but a few days ago; he was in good health, and entirely free from Rheumatism.

I give you the above statement that others who are afflicted with disease may come to the healing well of water, and, like me, return to their families and friends in high health and renewed strength. A similar statement to the above of my own case I addressed to you by lettter in the year of 1853, and learned to-day, for the first time, with regret, that the communication never reached you.

The foregoing you are at liberty to use as you may deem best for afflicted humanity.

Very respectfully, your friend,

Dr. Thos. Goode. P. G. UHLER.

Residence: No. 15 North Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.

Case of Muscoe Garnett, of Essex Co., Va.

Hot Springs, Va., *August* 18, 1856.

Dear Sir: At your request I very cheerfully give you a history of my cure of a most violent and distressing case of Rheumatism. In the month of June, 1833, from great exposure in the past winter and the too sudden checking of a diarrhœa, I was attacked with Acute Rheumatism, which ultimately spread itself from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. My sufferings were sometimes so great that my screams might be heard at a distance; and the hottest steam that could be brought to bear upon my feet and knees was a relief from the agony of the pain with which I suffered. To such an extent was the steam used that the soles of my feet were literally crisped, and yet the pain of the burning was nothing when compared with the pain of Rheumatism. This continued until the muscles of my legs and knees became so contracted that they might be truly said to be doubled up, and my arms and jaws almost useless. I could use but one arm, and that only enough, by resting on my heart, to bring such food as I could take to my mouth. I could only open my mouth wide enough to get in a little soaked cracker, or something equally soft. In this condition, being as helpless as a new-born babe, I was placed in my carriage on pillows, in the month of August, and started for the Warm and Hot Springs. I staid and bathed a few days at the Warm, and came on to the Hot, at which latter place I remained some three or four weeks, taking the Boiler and the Hot Spout each day alternately. I had to be carried to and from the bath on a litter, and had to be put in and taken out. I went to no other Springs, took no medicine, except to drink the hot water freely. Before leaving I walked about with my cane, rode on horseback, and went home rejoicing in renewed health and strength; and from that day to this I have never met with one afflicted with Rheumatism that I have not advised them at once to go to the Hot Springs. It is Nature's own remedy.

I might add to this case of my own some cases which I witnessed while at the Springs, if any thing more remarkable than my own. One I will mention, that of an old sea captain, who, being wholly unable to walk, brought with him a most athletic Irishman, who carried him about upon his brawny shoulders. This old man, from great exposure or some other cause, had lost the use of one leg, and so insensible was his foot, that, by some accident on his journey, one of his toes was nearly cut off, and he was unaware of the injury until some time after. Before I left the Springs, this old man was walking about, merely resting his hand upon the shoulder of his attendant.

Very respectfully yours,

MUSCOE GARNETT, *of Essex, Va.*

Dr. Goode.

Injuries to the Muscles, Joints, and Tendons.

Case of the Hon. John Y. Mason, since Attorney-General of the United States, Minister to France, &c. He "regarded himself as indebted to the Hot Springs for his leg."

Southampton, 15*th February*, 1843.

Dear Sir: Having derived the most important benefit from the use of the Spout Bath at the Hot Springs, it gives me pleasure to comply with your request, and bear testimony to its virtues.

In the month of August, 1829, a horse ran away with me in a gig—I leaped out, fractured the small bone in my leg, and injured the patilla or knee-pan most severely. A tedious confinement was the consequence. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, I found the leg so contracted that I could not walk without the aid of crutches. Indeed, when standing erect, my foot did not reach the ground by four inches. The limb shrunk from inaction, and, fearing I should be a cripple for life, I visited Philadelphia, and consulted Dr. Physic. He told me my case was hopeless, and surgical aid would be of no avail. I returned home and went to the Hot Springs. I had then been on crutches more than twelve months; my left leg was not half the size of the right, and so contracted that I could not get the foot to the ground. The very first bath relaxed the contraction, my leg became straight, and I walked back to my cabin without crutches. I used the bath once a day for about three weeks. The limb was gradually restored, and I have never used crutches since. I regard myself as indebted to the Hot Springs for my leg.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant and friend,

Dr. Thomas Goode. J. Y. MASON.

Gout.

Case of T. Fleming.

Mannsville, Goochland County, Virginia, *August* 25, 1856.

Dear Sir: Agreeably to your request, I send you the following certificate:

Ten years ago I was taken with a violent inflammatory rheumatic gout; and I suffered the tortures of an inquisition for four years. In 1850 I went to the Hot Springs, and after taking three or four baths, I was enabled to walk without the aid of stick or crutch. I remained at the Hot Springs fourteen days, and went home apparently well; so much so, I thought it useless for me to return the following summer, and therefore did not go. But, unfortunately, the next spring I was taken with the most violent attack I ever had, which lasted me for four months; the greater part of my time confined to my bed and on crutches. I then determined I would visit the Hot Springs every year, which I have done regularly, and, am happy to say, have never had an attack since.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

Dr. Thomas Goode. T. FLEMING.

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Hot Springs, Va., *May* 15, 1858.

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A VISIT TO CAPTAIN HOWES, OF THE SCHOONER "MOBILE."

For the purpose of gaining full particulars of the outrage committed upon the American schooner *Mobile*, by the British war-ship *Styx*, we visited the *Mobile* while in New York harbor, and were fortunate in finding Captain Howes and his family on board. From him we learned the following facts: The schooner *Mobile*, of four hundred tons burden, was built at Saybrook, on the Connecticut River, is owned by Terry & Dillstore, merchants of New York city, and has been, with few exceptions, always employed in the coasting trade. Captain Allen Howes, her Commander, is a fine specimen of the American sailor, of unimpeachable character, and wherever he is known is regarded as a plain, straightforward, truth-telling man. He was born in one of Neptune's most favorite cradles, Cape Cod, in the locality known as the thriving town of Dennis, and is now thirty-eight years old; for twenty-two years he has lived, when on shore, at Barnstable, Massachusetts. When quite a lad he instinctively "took to the water," and having served his apprenticeship in "the East India trade," at the age of eighteen was a mate on board of one of our "coasters," and has remained in them ever since, excepting when making an occasional voyage to Europe.

Captain Howes left Mobile with his vessel deeply loaded with cotton, which was piled on her decks two tier high, and consequently perfectly visible by every passing ship. Her appearance in every respect was as unlike a slaver as possible, as she was low in the water, was evidently carrying a bulky cargo, and at the time she was overhauled was running away from Cuba and the slave mart, on her way to New York. About noon of the 20th of April Captain Howes was on deck and saw what afterward proved to be the war-steamer, then a mere speck on the horizon; his own vessel at the time was running into shore. An hour afterward Captain Howes made out the stranger to be bark-rigged, and as she ran across the bows of the *Mobile* took her to be a New York packet bound for Key West. The Captain then left the deck and went into his cabin, and lay down to take his usual nap, preparatory for the night-watch demanded by the difficult navigation of the Gulf. For the entire understanding of the reader, it is well to know that the cabin is built on the deck of the *Mobile*, and the entrance to it is from the stern, the door being directly opposite where the man stands at the wheel.

When Captain Howes retired to his state-room, he left on deck not only the crew, but his eldest daughter, an interesting girl of fourteen, and also Mr. Amisa F. Thomas, of Newark, New Jersey, a passenger from *Mobile*. In the cabin was Mrs. Howes, a very intelligent lady, and her youngest child Edith, some six or seven years of age, the Captain generally taking his family with him on his voyages to the South. Captain Howes had hardly composed himself for sleep before his daughter, much excited, came from the deck into the cabin and said: "Father, what is the vessel doing?" alluding to the steamship. Captain Howes looked out of the window of his state-room and saw the vessel within some two miles off, running square across his bows. Supposing that the vessel wished to speak to him, he came on deck to answer the hail, when the mate met him and said: "That is an English war-steamer." Captain Howes then ordered his ensign (the stars and stripes) to be set in the rigging so as to be most plainly seen. The steamer kept on until within hailing distance, and then rounded to on the *Mobile*'s weather-quarter; the English flag was now, for the first time, noticed flying at the mizen-peak. On the wheel-house of the steamer, perfectly visible to every one on the



SIDE OF THE "MOBILE," SHOWING THE MARK OF THE RIFLE-BALL.

THE BRITISH OFFICER BOARDING THE "MOBILE."

Mobile, were two men wearing linen jackets, one holding a spy-glass, which he occasionally used, and the other armed with a musket. Presently Captain Howes heard twice in succession what appeared to be the report of a rifle, but he could not realize or believe that the Englishman would fire into his vessel and endanger the lives under his charge when lying within hail. The mate now came up to Captain Howes and said, "They are firing at us, and with ball too." Captain Howes then ordered his vessel to be hove to, the same as if he were to receive a pilot. After this there were two shots fired, one ball going over the heads of the men working amidships and striking the water to the leeward, the other hitting the side of the vessel about eight feet abaft the forechannels (where the mark can now be seen). This third shot alarmed Mr. Thomas, the passenger; and Captain Howes, perceiving that his men were in danger, ordered the jibs to be hauled down, thinking that that might stop the firing. This wanton attack greatly incensed Captain Howes, whose first impulse was to disregard the steamer and proceed on his voyage, to force the assailing party to a more positive display of its intentions; but the recollection that he had his family on board, and the fact that his eldest daughter in terror had fled to her state-room, and that Mrs. Howes, greatly excited, was begging her husband to come into the cabin out of danger, he concluded to quietly submit, though with difficulty, to a course of events which he could not control.

Near four o'clock a boat was lowered from the English vessel and came alongside of the *Mobile*. There were some six or ten men in the boat, all apparently unarmed, with the exception of the officer, who wore a heavy sword. Coming alongside the *Mobile*, the man in the bow caught the brace of the square-sail yard, which enabled the officer to step on the channels, and then on the deck of the *Mobile*. Captain Howes meantime stood aft, having no desire, as he says himself, to welcome the gentleman on board. The officer wore the naval uniform of a British lieutenant, and upon reaching the deck asked the mate where the Captain was? On being told, he walked aft, and without any ceremony sat down on the tiller and took out of a black satchel he carried in his hand a book, which he put on the rudder head—Captain Howes the mean while standing, and up to the moment apparently unrecognized by the officer. The mate and Mr. Thomas also came aft, and heard the conversation which ensued.

The Englishman, having thus disposed of himself, and being the only gentleman *seated*, commenced his inquisition, as Captain Howes observes, "more searchingly than he ever witnessed in a revenue or quarantine officer." His first inquiry was,

"Where is this vessel from?"

"Mobile."

"Where bound?"

"New York."

"How many men do you carry?"

"Ten, all told."

"Number of passengers?"

"Five persons, including one gentleman and my family."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Cotton."

Captain Howes now concluded he would ask a few questions himself, and said, "What did you mean by firing into my vessel and frightening my wife and children?"

To which the Englishman replied, "Why did you not heave to when you saw a man-of-war to the windward with her ensign flying? You might have known that those on board wished to communicate with you."

Captain Howes, very much annoyed, replied, "Why the —— did you not run down on my stern and communicate, and do this without firing bullets into me?" and continued, stating "that it was quite common to see American and Spanish men-of-war in the Gulf with their colors flying, and that they had never stopped or interfered with him, and that it would not do for him to heave to and wait the motions of every man-of-war he saw with colors flying; and, besides, a pennant was not a necessary evidence of a man-of-war, for he" (Captain Howes) "had a long one on board which he often set."

To which the officer rejoined, with considerable asperity, "If I saw you with one set I would come on board your ship and have it down."

To which Captain Howes responded, "I'll be —— if you would."

The officer, now much irritated, got up from his seat and demanded to see the ship's papers, which Captain Howes started for the cabin to get, when the Englishman although he knew Captain Howes's family was in the cabin, pushed on, and, *uninvited*, entered. Mr. Thomas followed, and the mate remained at the door. Captain Howes then displayed his enrollment and license. The officer, after looking at them suspiciously for a moment, said, "You should have a register."

Captain Howes replied, that "vessels engaged in his trade did not have registers, but sailed under a license, and, if he was not satisfied, he could look at his clearance from Mobile, which was in regular form."

The Englishman seemed, or affected to be, satisfied, and laid the papers upon the table, when Captain Howes asked, "Did you take me for a slaver?"

"*No!*" distinctly and emphatically responded the officer, which denial was heard and noticed by Mr. Thomas and the mate.

"Then," continued Captain Howes, "why did you fire into my vessel after it was hove to?"

This act the Englishman promptly *denied*, when Mr. Thomas and the mate said, "You did fire into the vessel after it was hove to."

Captain Howes, in spite of himself, now unable to entirely repress the indignation he felt, said, "Knowing that my ship was not a slaver, it is very strange that you should want to board my vessel and insult my flag;" and added, "you had no right to do it."

The Englishman replied, "*That he had orders to board every vessel going up and down the Gulf*, and that it was very lucky for him" (Captain Howes) "that he hove to." This remark Mr. Thomas and the mate heard. The Englishman then went on to say that there was a treaty which gave him the right. This Captain Howes denied, when the Englishman, in a sarcastic way, remarked, "Well, likely *you* know better than I do!"

The Englishman, having apparently ended his search, Captain Howes suggested that if such was the case he would like to proceed on his voyage. The officer on this hint gathered up his book and put it in the satchel and left the cabin. When on deck, he turned to Captain Howes and said,

"This will not be the last of this!"

"I don't mean it shall be," retorted Captain Howes. The Englishman then, as if recollecting something, said that he wished very much to write in his log, for if Howes was going to make a statement he wished to make one too. Captain Howes denied him this privilege, and then left him, ordering the sailors to "draw away the fore-stay sail-sheet and hoist the jibs," taking no further notice of the Englishman, who went forward and got into his gig as best he could.

The man-of-war by this time was on the *Mobile's* lee-quarter, about two hundred yards distant, with the main top-sail to the mast, and when last seen by Captain Howes was still in this trim, as if the very sails and rigging were suffering for being engaged in such a dirty, cowardly business.

The English officer was about forty years of age, and, besides the usual blue coat, wore his epaulets. His manner was supercilious in the last degree, and he strode the deck of the American ship as if he were its master, and gave orders to see the papers and asked all his questions in an insulting tone. Illustrative of this manner, when Captain Howes remonstratingly said,

"I have been running in the Gulf twenty years, and was never before boarded or troubled in any way;" the officer replied, with a great deal of sarcasm in his manner, "That is no reason you should not be overhauled now."

In conclusion, it may be well to notice that the papers sympathizing with the enemy, and in their haste to give "aid and comfort," deny that any shots were ever fired in these recent outrages on the American flag. In reply to this, it is only necessary to observe that the crew of the *Mobile*. the Captain, Mr. Thomas, the passenger, all testify to the whistling of the balls, and the mark of one is still on the side of the ship. It is notorious that Captain Howes's eldest daughter was very seriously alarmed, and that Mrs. Howes conceived her husband's life in danger while on the deck of his own ship. Edith, the youngest girl, who was in the cabin, and too innocent to comprehend the danger, but witnessing the alarm, suggested that "her father should get Mr. Hawkins's (the mate's) awful gun, and shoot the men who were trying to kill her father."

Captain Howes gave us the above statement, which we transferred to paper as related from his own lips. Although naturally a rather silent and taciturn man, he can not refer to the scenes enacted on his vessel without feeling the uprising of intense indignation. At the time the Englishman came up with the *Mobile* the vessel was where *a slaver was never seen*, as they would have no reason for visiting the vicinity. She was fifty-four miles from the nearest point of Cuba, sixty miles from the Bay of Matanzas, and nearly seventy from Havana.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 12, 1858.

COST OF A WAR WITH ENGLAND.

NOW that the United States Senate and the press have decided that we are going to war with England, we may as well look the prospect in the face, and count the cost. If our ruling authorities are to be believed, war may burst upon us any day. That valuable newspaper, the Washington *Union*—which is compiled, written, and sustained exclusively by the intimate friends of the Administration—sounds an ominous war-whoop. Let us make haste, ere it be too late, to figure up the probable profit and loss of the enterprise in which we are about to embark.

And we may as well at once dismiss from consideration all old estimates. War, in the age of Achilles and Cæsar, cost nothing beyond a beggarly stipend and a beggarly commissariat for troops. Even in the time of Wellington and Napoleon the cost was comparatively moderate; the pay of the men employed was the leading, and almost the only important item. England incurred a debt of four thousand millions of dollars for the pay, feed, and transportation of the raw material of war, rank and file. In the day in which we live all this is altered. War costs at least four times as much as it did in the days of Napoleon, and fifty times as much as it did in the days of Cæsar. The pay of soldiers has doubled within the past twenty-five years; the United States could not hope to obtain available recruits at less wages than farmers and manufacturers are in the habit of paying for unskilled labor. Provisions have quintupled in value within the past century. Time was when twopence a day supported a soldier. A quarter of a dollar will not now place him in a condition to fight effectively. And transportation is far higher than it ever was. We read of times when £300 (say $1500) was a fair remuneration to a ship for an eight months' voyage from England to South America and back. Our vessels would think themselves very unfortunate if they obtained only ten times as much.

But science has revolutionized war, like every thing else; and now the cost of labor, commissariat, and transportation would be only a small part of the expense of a war. Improved shells, Congreve rockets, Minié rifles, Lancaster and Dahlgreen guns, telegraphs, electric wires, and the thousand-and-one scientific methods of destroying life comprehensively, each and all cost enormous sums of money. War, like other enterprises, has received a vast development of late years; we fight on a grander scale than our ancestors. The mere cost of the cannon-balls fired at Sebastopol exceeded the total expense of the whole Peninsular campaigns and our Revolutionary war. A single regiment armed with the Minié rifle costs more than a brigade used to do. A modern division—with cavalry, artillery, and infantry—is more expensive than a great army was in olden time. It must always be remembered that the progress which science has made renders military methods more effective, but not more economical.

Let us take the Crimean war as a test. It has been calculated that, independently of the pecuniary value of the quarter of a million of adult males who perished in that conflict, from first to last, the actual cost of the war was, in round numbers, two thousand millions of dollars, divided between Russia, England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey. This was a war of less than two years, fought at a single point. Each side enjoyed peculiar advantages. Each was enabled to communicate with its home reservoir without molestation. The Russians sent troops into Sebastopol, the Allies sent troops into Balaclava and Chersonese without opposition. Both belligerents thus saved the cost of contests by the way. All parties engaged had large standing armies, and were not compelled to make any considerable sacrifices for recruits.

Now, if—as the Senate and the press say—we are going to fight with Great Britain, the war could hardly last less than two years. It would, therefore, cost us at least a thousand millions, judging from the estimate of the Russian war. But it would cost more; for none of the nations engaged in the Russian war paid a quarter what we should be compelled to pay for troops. Russia, France, Sardinia, and Turkey obtain men by conscription—in various forms—and pay them a nominal hire. We should be compelled to pay full wages. At first volunteers might offer their services at low rates; but the experience of the Mexican war proves that if we wanted reliable troops we should have to pay them as good wages as they could obtain in a pacific calling. Labor, as a general rule, is worth in the United States at least twice as much as it is in Europe; we may therefore say that, so far as this item is concerned, our expenses would be double those of the nations engaged in the Russian war.

This, however, would be but a small part of the expense of a war. Judging from the latest commerce and navigation reports, we shall be within the mark if we say that we have 3,000,000 tons of shipping afloat, representing a capital of at least $165,000,000, which ought to yield an annual revenue of at least $22,000,000 a year. This would necessarily be totally lost in the event of a war with Great Britain. As was shown during the last war, the captures on the one side would balance those on the other; and as our trade would necessarily be destroyed, the revenue now derived from the carrying business would disappear.

Then we have $1,200,000,000 invested in railways. These roads derive their income from the carriage of immigrants and goods from the sea-board to the vacant lands of the interior, and again from the transportation of grain and other produce from the interior to the sea-board. To earn the ordinary interest these roads must do a business of $84,000,000 a year. This would, of course, cease when immigrants and merchandise ceased to arrive, and produce and grain ceased to be forwarded to the sea-board.

Again. We sent abroad, last year, over $360,000,000 worth of produce, chiefly cotton, breadstuffs, and specie. It is doubtful, considering the preponderating naval force of Great Britain, whether we should receive any specie to export. At any rate, we should not have any foreign market for surplus breadstuffs and cotton. And while our wealthy classes would be deprived by the war of their silks, laces, watches, jewelry, wines, and other luxuries, the rank and file of the nation would suffer from the absence of a demand for our great staples. Cotton would sell at three or four cents a pound; wheat at twenty-five cents a bushel; flour at two to three dollars a barrel. Instead of producing five hundred millions' worth of cotton, corn, and other produce per annum, we should not produce over a hundred and fifty millions' worth.

There has been some talk of the enhanced rate of interest which the war would cause. No doubt a war would enhance the rate of interest. Every body who wanted to borrow would pay more for money than he would have to do in time of peace. A farmer who needed a loan of $5000 would have to grant a mortgage for $6000 or $7000 instead of $5000, as he can do at present. And it is very doubtful whether Government securities would be salable at all. United States bonds could hardly be sold at any price during the two wars which we have had; it is brave to suppose that they would be more negotiable in the event of a new war. They sell high now, because we have Europe as a customer; if we were shut out from the European market they would not find purchasers very easily.

In a word, a war with England would cost us, in actual outlay, over a thousand millions a year, which there is no reason to believe we could borrow at less than the ruinous rates current during the late two wars. We shall be within safe limits if we assume that the thousand millions would cost us $1,250,000,000. We should, moreover, lose annually at least half a million in loss of interest on ships, steamers, and railways, and loss of trade to commercial houses and the enterprises which depend on them. Independently, therefore, of any loss to be caused by the bombardment of our sea-port towns, or by the landing of negro regiments in the South, charged with the duty of exciting servile insurrections, a war with Great Britain would cost us at least $1,750,000,000 per annum—in other words, $70 per annum for each white person, man, woman, and child. Assuming that each family consists of four persons—a low estimate for this country—the war would cost every adult male $280 a year as long as it lasted. How this could be borne every citizen can judge.

The writer enjoys the acquaintance of a Liverpool merchant whose experience illustrates the immense advantage of foreign wars. In conversation a few months since, the Liverpool gentleman observed that the taxes which he paid to Government for the liquidation of the interest on the war debt amounted to just as much as all the rest of his expenses. His expenditure was divided into two equal parts—one for the Government to pay the cost of England's foreign wars, the other to support himself. Every citizen of the United States can thus realize the effect of a foreign war.

Now let us see how soon we can go to war with Great Britain.

THE RIOTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

From the meagre and obviously partial accounts which we have received by telegraph from New Orleans, it is not easy to form a reliable judgment on the transactions which occurred in that city on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. We are told that "the murders and acts of violence" which have disgraced the city of late years required an abnormal remedy, and that, in presence of an imbecile and corrupt magistracy and police, nothing was left for the people but to take the law into their own hands. Acting on this principle, a number of persons seem to have assembled together, seized a quantity of arms, erected barricades, set the laws and magistrates at defiance, and raised the flag of insurrection; and, after a few hours' debate, the Mayor is said to have compromised the matter, by relinquishing to the insurgents all police authority within the city.

If all this be so, we can only say that New Orleans must be a curious place, and the people and magistrates equally droll fellows. It has usually been considered that Democracy and universal suffrage rendered the people of every constituency responsible for their government and laws, as they had the power to change them at will. No man is well founded in complaining of a grievance which it rests with him to cure; and the idea that in a Democratic community, where the power of the people is unfettered, any amount of disorder can justify a rebellion against the lawful decisions of the majority is preposterous.

Violence, disorder, and crime are common in many American cities. That they might be more vigorously repressed than they are by the city magistracies is quite true; but the fact that they are not does not justify people in rebelling against the officers of their own creation. The remedy lies elsewhere—at the ballot-box, on election-day. It is the business of the people to elect men who will repress disorder; if they do not, they must take the consequences.

We hear much, not only at New Orleans, but elsewhere as well, of the defeat of the system of universal suffrage by violence at the polls. The Mayor of New Orleans is said to have been elected, with the aid of violence, by a minority of the electors. This may be so, but whose fault is it? If the majority lets itself be thrashed by the minority, with what grace can it complain afterward, and resort, in its turn, to lawless violence? The theory of Anglo-Saxon representative institutions presumes that every individual has manhood enough to defend and assert his rights. There are turbulent and riotous individuals in every community; but can it be seriously pretended that the true mode of dealing with them is to let them have their own way on election-day, and then afterward to rise in rebellion against the constituted authorities, and set up barricades?

There are several places in the United States where people seem ignorant of the most essential political duties. If it were universally understood that the suffrage involves a duty as well as confers a privilege, and that the man who allows himself by violence or threats to be driven from the ballot-box is a coward unworthy of citizenship, there would be less misgovernment and less talk about Vigilance Committees.

These latter phenomena, it is to be feared, are

generally the work either of infringing and disappointed demagogues, who hope, by the exercise of lawless violence, to obtain what they could never get by fair means, or of faint-hearted religious who, in a moment of passionate impulse, seek to repair the consequences of a long career of fatal inhumanity. Another case are they entitled to the least sympathy.

A LITERARY FRAUD.

A POSTMASTER in Alabama sends us the circular of a Philadelphia publishing house, which is now purporting to contain an account of "*Dr. Livingstone's Seventeen Years' Explorations and Adventures in the Wilds of Africa.*" Among other things, the book is said to narrate how "Dr. Livingstone was imprisoned three years in a subterranean cave 300 miles long," in which he "discovers diamonds and gold of immense value," escaping from which "he commences his journey of 3000 miles through a country full of wild beasts, where he is attacked by four lions—two are killed, and on the spot, and the Doctor is crippled for life," etc., etc. Ten thousand agents are wanted to circulate the work, almost any of whom, the circular says, "can make ten dollars a day."

This circular appears to have been largely distributed throughout the South and West, and our friend writes to inquire if the book which it describes is a genuine edition. We reply, that it is a gross forgery and imposition. It does not contain a single line written or furnished by Dr. Livingstone, and the incidents described do not bear the slightest resemblance to those narrated in the genuine work. The book is, and is intended to be, a fraud and an imposition upon the public, why it is not safe to be on their guard against this as well as several other spurious or mutilated books bearing the same general title.

THE LOUNGER.

A LETTER FROM MRS. DORLEY.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I wish to call your attention to a very serious matter; serious, I mean, to ladies who must go shopping, and who, we may trust not —or would not, even if she could not? Mrs. Hunt Mr. Stewart is about enlarging his vast store, establishment, or shop, and I was told as I went through you to ask him, why he will not employ women in some of the departments. I do not think to be unreasonable. I am perfectly willing that the young ladies should still have the satisfaction of being served by gallant young gentlemen in the rooms where they now are—nor am I so heartless (or pos sible) *so far* as to wish to deprive the handsome gentlemen of the sweet society of shoppers. (You may put the *sweet* where you choose.) Certainly not. But as I am a married lady myself (not old, you know, but still not *elderly*), I feel that it is sometimes very awkward to obtain such attendance as I wish. Some of the young gentlemen, in truth, are not so very deferential. Some of them are very *pronounced* in their *ellans*, and unsatisfactory. I say some of them, and I offer here compliments of the season, *memory*. Perhaps we who are not so very young are a little more exacting; but I do not like to be treated as if I were having a favor conferred upon me by a young man in a shop when he shows me goods.

"And there is *one other thing*. When my daughter Henrietta Helen is a little older, I don't want her to buy *certain articles of feminine attire* of young men. I forbear to mention them. Sir, if you are a married man (*or if only hope for your own happiness you are*), you will readily understand that there may be several things for which women can more agreeably negotiate with women. I am told that in Paris it is altogether the custom for women to tend the shop. My cousin Pimpernel tells me that in that city he and his friends only have his gloves tried on and his cravats tied and fitted about his neck by women, *among women*, and in fact, which reason to see desirable. I should, recommend *judicious elderly ladies* for that business. Cousin Pimpernel says it is sometimes very difficult as it for a man to be fitted with a cravat to his mind, in Paris. It used to take him *half an hour* or more to find one to suit him, in Paris. Helen wants to know how it would do for the young gentlemen at Stewart's *to go on the cellar and eaps* of the young ladies who go there. She says she thinks it might present the air of such things. But she is a giddy girl—only fifteen! so I am very well excuse her.

"Don't you think that Mr. Stewart might think seriously of this proposition? He may leave every thing *just as it is, or present, only* to employ women in the new rooms. Please suggest it to him. Perhaps he does not read your paper. But could you not send him a copy? I suppose you publish it for the sake of having it read.

"Respectfully yours,

"MRS. NANCY J. DORLEY."

—The Lounger knows Mrs. Dobley's confidence that Mr. Stewart will seriously consider and favorably a proposition. It would be a great satisfaction to many ladies if they could be sent to female clerks upon by women; and long experience has proved their capability of even rivaling some men in shopkeeping.

THE STEAMERS.

ON Monday June came out in full force. On Tuesday she sulked and reported a little. On Wednesday the most summer air, with a spice of the East. But on Thursday dawned a perfect day, calm and warm, breathing softly from the south. It breathed too softly—for what are yachts in a calm? It breathed up the bay, too, when yachts

wanted to go down. But man is master of the south wind, and at the appointed hour the starting signal-gun pealed along the water, and the regatta of '58 commenced.

The finest harbor and bay in the world were flecked with white sails. Steering and drifting and idly floating, the great craft and the little craft stood off and on, while shoals of steamers swarming with eager people darted among them, raced down the Narrows, turned and returned with streaming flags and ringing bells and bottles of music here and there. The tufted shores of Staten Island and Hudson Island were alive, upon convenient points, with gay throngs. Pleasure-parties, vehicles, carriages and horses—shawls spread upon the grass and chairs set in the grass. The day itself was a festival. The distances muffled in tender haze, and all the Loungers upon the yachts or upon the shore,

"Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the sap is up in the trees and the sun is in love with the land,"

Half lost in the liquid azure bloom of a creature of spring,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land."

Seen from below, the haze hanging across the river suddenly blossomed with the white wings of the Squadron, which slowly opened into the full spectacle of the race. The low yacht, all wet with painted canvas, and after long silent delays, the saucy little sailer Gitana, and the long-lined Wind—logua to slip lithely through the rippling water, and slowly, slowly coming far across, with every dazzling inch spread, the Sylvie Nokomis—a cause straining on and passed below the spectators upon Staten Island. But all had passed the stake-boat, the *Josephine* steamer, with the judges on board, moved slowly down to meet the fleet toward the lower stake in the Southwest Spit. Meanwhile, gaping pageant passed, and the wide solitary lower bay was as lively as a fashionable street in a fair. Steamboats of all sizes, pilot-boats, sloops, schooners, brigs, and barks, and ships, standing in under full sail, or following tow-lines more artificially in the scene. A huge barge, crowded with spectators and drawn by a mere tadpole of a steamer, moved gravely along, giving its passengers ample opportunity of studying the scene—of seeing, were they so inclined; and on one active steamer, where people were packed with people like honey-pots with flies, the unforgiving activity of the fussy little steamboat, the walking-beam of the engine and so rose and fell with every motion of the waves, ingeniously combining the excitement of a rocking-horse with the exhilaration of a regatta in a calm.

But the calm was unsatisfactory, and with pulsing airs the light yachts slid the sea. Far away they were scarcely more than specks, almost, in "the liquid azure bloom." Once more gleaming sails met it, and so before the flowering gale flying homeward in the afternoon, with every possible variety of wrath—what miscalculation and chagrin—what unforgiving indignation—what fierce determination to discover under those snowy canopies upon that shining surface! To-day was the magician, and the puppets danced nimbly to his music. To-day was beauty upon the bay, like heavy-dew upon leaves, like the bloom upon the cheek of youthful maidens. And though the Yacht Club should last a thousand years, even in each of the thousand summers spread all its canvas to the sun, and all its flags to the sun shine, nor greener leaves glisten, nor sweeter flowers bloom, than those which adorned the regatta of fifty-eight.

RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!

AND who is not glad of it? Who is not pleased to see that the manager who brought us Jenny Lind proposes to do something else than fill his pockets? How he has labored for that end! Have we not all cursed him? Have we not been disgusted two shillings—the nurse of Washington—offered impudently, in a somewhat India-rubber condition? (Why does not Barnum immediately purchase of Thackeray's "Virginians" suggest, with an effective humor, that "the Washington" shall introduce Jose Herb into his story?) Have we not all grated in wonder upon the woolly horse, and upon that rare and extraordinary animal, the lion head that was where his tail ought to be? The mermaid, the bearded lady, the glass-eyed woman, and the fish? Are we to forget these things? It may be true that "the one person in ten knows what an aquaria is" not at all unlikely; nevertheless, after that—let us say two in eleven—ought to know what a good manager is.

Now heroes of various kinds, enculcate old wisdom, and point a moral to their tales, ought to be regarded as the fresh of genius—as the fruit of a shrewd, good-humored director—whereby money was easily extracted. Such is the principle of bringing the greatest singer since Malibran to the United States.

Mr. Barnum did that, and it was well done. There was never such a remarkable and deserved success; and it was owing to nothing else but the success always is, to sagacious management. The public was not deceived, and therefore it was not right at a talent for puffing.

And it was a good thing to bring over Jenny Lind, advertise wherever it could be advertised, and sell. Of course he could. Why, then, did not "any body" do it? Why did not he make three hundred dollars? It was a happy hit, at least, and the managers of the other experiments of Mr. Barnum, of course he made his fortune. Mr. Crystal Palaces—alas the day! Then he had to go instead of his clocks. But no man is always successful, and Mr. Barnum has done enough to show that he has the talent of success.

The new Opera enterprise is certainly promising. He proposes to bring over the entire company of the Opera Comique, Paris, under the direction of Mr. Monager Lumley, who will come to superview the performances. The troupe includes Piccolomini, Tiriens, Ortolani, and Ginglini the tenor. Among the dancers is Rosati. Before concluding the arrangement Mr. Barnum wishes to make sure of getting for a fortnight a theatre of eight hundred persons at five dollars a night for twenty nights.

The difficulty is the price. If the eight hundred who first come forward are to pay five dollars a night, for twenty nights; the rest of the public must pay the same; and it is simply impossible to succeed at that rate. Even a slight reduction will not help it. We have had for several months a better Opera than the average European visits, and we have not paid more than a dollar and a half. The reason is plain. It is because the singers, the singers, the only one known here at all is Steffanone, Mr. Gretalon's reputation, although she sang last season in London, has not yet reached us; and Tiriens is entirely new—for, doubtless, but unknown here. Now we cannot go with a premium. Colonial, too, is not a sure success. She is charming in small parts, as we gather from those who have heard her; and her London success was due partly upon the romance of her career, is not quite permanent. Ortolani is known to them who are familiar with the Opera world, but she is not a great favorite as Maria hair; and as is a fair question whether Piccolomini might not suit us more.

We say these things in the kindest spirit. The enterprise is so serious that it should be well considered. It would be a grave misfortune for Mr. Barnum to fail in his first fresh step. We wish him the best luck. But the undertaking is so well as any man that we are not to be put off with rumors of what singers "are to be" engaged, and offers. It did with Patti—it did with Frezzolini—it did with Piccolomini's pitch! with Grisi. But with Jenny Lind, with Ristori, with Rachel, with splendid voices in their prime—how great and deserved the success!

So may it be with "Her Majesty's" in Irving Place!

THE TIMES.

IN LOUNGER, with the best possible intentions of laziness, can hardly escape some kind of interest in the public questions of the moment. The British question—the Utah question—the Kansas question—the American question—and the question of Vigilance Committees, are on the side of the table lands.

Perhaps the most startling form of the democratic inquiry is that of the Vigilance Committee. It is a practical confession that the ordinary forms have failed, and that it is necessary to rub out and begin again. In San Francisco the experiment was tried, not without success; and, as we write, it is being tried in New York.

It is always hard to decide when the revolutionary point has been reached; and that may be a cruel task which will be a crime to the conscience. The end of government is the protection of individual liberty. That is the eloquent free development of individual life. When the machinery to protect, a revolution is initiated, which will, consciously or blindly, destroy it—generally blindly, perhaps violently. In New York there was a very general conviction that the machinery of the government, and it was not aside. It was a change which, in other countries, could have been effected only at the cannon's mouth.

In this country a Vigilance Committee ought never to be necessary. If good men, wise men, and educated men, did their duty at the polls, it would be useless. But if the intelligence and moral power abdicate for government, ignorance and violence will certainly usurp it.

The Times is the ablest London paper with a thousand texts that preach themselves.

A LOVE-SONG.

THE rippling melody of pathos in George Darley's love-song belongs to the early, varied, luscious lyrical poetry of England. How charming to you choose to give its melancholy strain:

"Sweet be her green dell the flower of beauty slow lies,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through ivy and roses.
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
That her true love's harp lute shall be ready to?

"Down from the high chills the rivulet is tossing,
To wind round the willow banks that love him from above.
Oh, that is tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
Which could gild to be bower of my love!

"Ah! where the woodbines, with sleepy arm, kissed
Open she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Saluting, like the dove, while the fountains color
To her flit maiden eat in the forest far away.

"Come, Night, and lay me for the poem thou ever bearest,
Still Heaven's messenger of peace, and Love's friend!
Come—but bring not with thee any faithless, my fairest,
Birds with its death-wounded deeper yet in their wing."

THE DERBY DAY.

LORD DERBY is having his day. Not only as Prime Minister of England did he conquer in the recent debates upon the India instructions, but as an English gentleman he has come very near to victory at Epsom races, making the day literally his own. Lord Derby Troublefield was not unlucky. His colt Lord Derby Babylon came out last. The question forces itself, whether the gentleman and lord who owns horses are to continue to enter the reputation of his country in the successive races, and to continue to be defeated? He ought to consider that as a private gentleman he only loses his money, but as an American he loses a certain kind of prestige to his country.

It is an interesting fact to our non-racing readers, that the owner of the successful horse at the "Derby" this year won two hundred thousand dollars by the success. Mr. Merry, the owner of the horse that came in second, had the same day to procure for the rest of his life to that triumphant stranger! What a goddess it has probably secured to the lucky owner!

POOR RICHARD.

A LATE letter from Paris mentions a portrait of Benjamin Franklin now for sale there. It was painted by Duplessis in 1779, and belongs to a gentleman, who, greatly reverencing Poor Richard, and now growing very old, wishes it should come into the possession of some American institution. We wish that all our venerable friends of the New York Historical Society turn their attention to the matter. An original, authentic portrait of him who stole the fire and the sceptre, and if tradition be true—the lightning rod—of the Father of Electricity, who would be a century old had they lived—does not hang upon every wall. Benign old man! How like in temperament to the late great French philosopher, Mr. Lincoln seems in Franklin was song in Krueger. There is a portrait of each of them, sensible, clear, and reading, and it is pleasant to notice the resemblance of mind in the expression they produce. Franklin was typical of the whole of the old characteristic of the Yankee, but he had a profound liking for France, and France had a profound liking for American letters.

Why will not the Historical Society, the Historical Society, secure the portrait?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

A READER writes:

"DEAR LOUNGER—What has Mr. Lewis Cass, Jun., been doing at Rome? He is reported to have resigned because, in consequence of the Mortara affair, he could not support Antonelli. How delicious! Do tell us what it can be! Were it not for the Mortara affair, Mr. Cass would—Stuck. Oh my! if he knew we had written you this note. Now Mr. Cass, Jun., tell us what."

—Little dears,—in the city of Rome lives the Pope. Mr. Lewis Cass, Jun., is from the United States Minister at the Papal Court; and the diplomatic duties consist in introducing the American nobility and gentry to the Pope's toe. Now, as the Pope is a pneumatist, it is improper to turn your back upon his Holiness in retiring. You must, in fact, back out of his presence. Now, probably, after having introduced Mr. Smith to the Father of the Faithful, our Minister retires backwardly upon the gouty feet of some cardinal, who, to repress the impulse to kick, prefers to stir up the fires of the Inquisition, and so Rome forgives the hot for the retiring Mr. Cass, Jun. The moral is—when you are introduced to the Pope, be like Mr. Cass, Jun., whoever in any to at the time, not to tread upon any body's toes—that is to say, when he walks backward to look out for the cardinals.

—Mr. JOHN BEE replies, in a mild and persuasive strain, to some strictures of the Lounger upon the Church of Popish Corruptions in the Gulf, in which allusion was made to the pecuniary habit of Mr. Bull by himself and his cousin Jonathan. Mr. Bull remarks that he is not the subject of the correspondent, that the Lounger is "an ungrateful fellow," and that he is very much afraid he has misstated the scope of these opinions; and he begs to assure that he has justly prognosticated the issue of the present debate. Mr. Bull in England will declare that she did not mean war. The case is clear that he has misunderstood. Mr. Bull "only little officers" must be rebuked. Mr. Bull in England will declare that he did not intend to offend Jonathan, was not altogether lovely, and that the Crimea is not a very glorious page of English history!

—The remarks, friend Lounger, made in regard to the mechanical tendency of academies, and, indeed, of every part of the well exemplified in various productions which we receive from time to time, where intelligent, that this gentleman is not a man who has not also had an even sufficient attention to the subject of art to be able to distinguish between a piece of mechanism and a real work "art that can awaken soft kind of sentiment, some tenderness, some feeling, some regret, some hope," even though it should be turned out by the thousand from the mint of Parisian art. That is how received this impression to a great extent by even the best of the French schools. The appearance of pictures of this character which are being continually sent over to this country from the French artists of the true merit and the discouragement of rising art. We have, however, every confidence that the public will soon become sufficiently educated to appreciate at their true value the productions of the French academies, and thereby encourage the production of a higher class of art. We shall look eagerly for the report of the Academy exhibition.

—T. S. M. writes from St. John's, New Brunswick:

"Cause this letter being sealed with shoemakers' wax, I take the liberty of writing to you, and should you want to know what I am doing here, I will tell you I am the unworthy editor of a weekly paper, and having the manner of going more substantially to work. They laugh at us here, and say time and we shall see."

MR. T. S. M. was pained by the absence of poetry in a certain number of the *Weekly*, and, anxious to keep the fire burning upon the altar, begs he invokes the aid of the Lounger to fashion his offering. He sends it to the vast material, with perfect good manners, concludes:

"I do now faithfully yours remain
And hope to receive a sweet apple
Such a horned fearful name
Among Christian men."

PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE, LIEUT.-COLONEL SECOND DRAGOONS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, of whom we present an accurate likeness, is among the officers commanding in the expedition to Utah. He is one of the most meritorious soldiers in the United States army, and his perils and sufferings lately, on the stormy route to Salt Lake City, have excited widely-extended interest and attention.

He was born in Berkeley County, Virginia, in 1809—the youngest of many brothers who have been eminent in the South and West. Among these we may mention John R. Cooke, a gentleman of much distinction at the Virginia bar; and Dr. John Esten Cooke, formerly President of Transylvania University. Colonel Cooke from early boyhood longed to lead the life of a soldier, but was opposed by his parents. At fourteen, attempting to fight a duel with one of his companions, his parents yielded to his proclivities, and he soon entered West Point. He graduated in 1827, at the age of eighteen, and entered the army with the rank of third or fourth lieutenant. Soon afterward, as lieutenant of infantry—though scarcely more than a boy—he conducted, under circumstances of extraordinary hardship and trial, a body of two hundred men some six hundred miles up the Missouri; and also took part in an expedition to Santa Fé, meeting and overcoming a band of hostile Indians. He was afterward engaged in the "Black Hawk War," and was at the battle of Broad Axe.

As Major of Second Dragoons he served in California and in the Mexican War, and conducted the "Mormon Brigade" across the continent to San Francisco. His reports of the route which he followed in these marches were published by the War Department, and will be found full of interest. Many persons believe that the only practicable line for the Pacific railroad is that laid down on the maps as "Colonel Cooke's route." In 1854 he was commandant of one of the great departments of New Mexico. At this time he fought the battle of Cineguilas, defeating the Camanches and other savages with considerable bloodshed. From this distant post he soon afterward passed to Kansas, which was then convulsed. He was deputed to carry into effect the orders of Government; and this critical task was fulfilled with great prudence, firmness, and discretion. His coolness and decision upon this trying occasion undoubtedly prevented the occurrence of terrible scenes, and both parties fully recognized the propriety of his course.

When the Utah expedition was determined upon, Colonel Cooke was at once fixed upon to lead a portion of the troops. To his detachment was intrusted the safe-conduct of Governor Cumming and other civil dignitaries. Of the wild and strange incidents of the march of the army to Utah we need not speak. The journals of the day have chronicled the details, and they have been universally read. We doubt if the country at large, however, has realized, in any adequate degree, the perils and hardships of the onward advance of our brave troops, through blinding snow-storms, over the bleak and bare wastes of the great plains. Colonel Cooke's horses and mules perished by the hundred for want of fodder; the stores for the men were necessarily abandoned; still, in spite of every thing, they pushed on, and overcame all the terrors of the storm and the desert.

We have but little to add in relation to Colonel Cooke. His fortune has been to take part in few of those decisive encounters upon a conspicuous theatre of action which alone attract strongly the public attention. He has borne the "heat of the day," instead of catching by chance those "bright rewards" which ever and anon fall to the lot of holiday soldiers. For thirty years he has been in harness, guarding the frontier against a wily and untiring foe; and as he has performed faithfully his duty, he has not missed his reward. He is at this moment one of the best known and most popular officers in the army throughout all the great Western tier of States. The citizens of these States are fully aware of his services, and justly hold him in high favor and esteem. He has won this honorable distinction by never nodding at his post, but watching with sleepless vigilance over the regions he has been posted to defend. Colonel Cooke is a thoroughly-trained soldier—a man to be relied on; that is the origin of his popularity and distinction.



PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SECOND DRAGOONS, SERVING WITH THE ARMY IN UTAH.

LUNCAN'S LIGHT.

I was born in a small frame-house situated upon a gray sandy ridge, on what is called the "Highlands" of Cape Cod, in the good old State of Massachusetts. My grandfather had a family of fourteen children—eleven sons and three daughters—all of whom lived to become fathers and mothers excepting one son, who was cut off in the vigor of manhood in the following manner: My grandfather was about the first individual in New England who attempted the hazardous business of pursuing the humpback and other species of the whale tribe, which, in the days of our colonial history, were often seen by fishermen, showing their black sides in the turbulent waters about George's or other shoals near the island of Nantucket. My grandfather owned a small schooner called the *Harmony*, and, with five or more of his sons, was in the habit of cruising for whale in the summer months, and in the winter would occasionally take an adventurous trip to the nearest West India Islands with fish to be exchanged for sugar, molasses, and coffee. On one of his summer voyages he fell in with a whale of large size, and preparations were immediately made for its capture. The second son, a man of extraordinary strength and quickness of action, was usually selected by his father for harpoon-man, whose office was, as it is now, to stand at the bow of the boat ready to cast the iron into the body of the monster as he rose to the surface for air. The whale rose, indeed, but with fatal force, and, with its mouth open, struck the bow of the boat, and my uncle, standing erect with his harpoon poised, pitched into the ponderous jaws of the monster, and one piercing shriek was all that was ever heard of the beloved and brave man. My grandmother, the same evening, while standing at her window, and a flash of lightning came illuminating the room, saw distinctly the image of her son standing at a short distance from the house, and she immediately passed out, and called many times, at the top of her voice, "Tully! Tully!"—the name of her son—in agonizing tones, but which were never to reach the beloved one's ear. I did not myself see this, but I believe it as religiously as if I had, as it is well authenticated by all the family then at home that my grandmother then predicted the death of her son. I account for it by supposing that great anxiety for the return of the precious crew operated upon her imagination, rather than, as was at that time believed, that the spirit had assumed its former shape, "to walk the earth for a time."

Around the weather-beaten and sandy shores of Cape Cod, now inhabited by an intelligent and wealthy population, there are but one or two good harbors: sand-reefs and bars, in most places, extend far off into the sea, making it a dangerous place in heavy storms.

Near one of these dangerous points, and from time immemorial, there has been seen, or said to have been seen, even down to the present day, during every night in the month of September, a round and brilliant ball of light, which is called "Luncan's Light;" and when it has sometimes approached near to the shore, boats have endeavored to get outside of it, but never succeeded. "Like a guilty thing," it eluded all attempts to get near to offer it speech.

The ancient legend respecting the cause of the appearance of this mysterious and much-dreaded light is embodied in the following narrative, which, I doubt not, has been in substance related to many persons now alive, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of this renowned and stormy cape.

At the far-back date when buccaneers were allowed, almost with impunity, to sweep the seas and scour the coasts for plunder, a renowned freebooter, commanding a famous piratical craft called the *Scourge*, was driven by stress of weather near the reefs in front of where my father's house afterward stood; but the weather having become moderate, most of the crew were sent aloft to attend to necessary jobs to the rigging and sails. A quarrel ensued, when one of the men killed another by driving a sail-needle into his brain, and stowed the body in a sail in the top. Night coming on, and the man being missed, he was supposed to have accidentally fallen overboard, the sailors all denying any knowledge of what had become of the missing man. In the middle-watch, when every noise was hushed on board, and in a dead calm, there came from aloft a voice, loud and sepulchral, reaching every ear on board, saying "Let go! let go! let go!" and down came heavily upon the deck the corpse of a man, with a sail-needle sticking in the head. All hands were immediately called, and the captain held a formal examination of each one on board, and they all at once denied all knowledge of the occurrence. After every inducement was tendered and every threat exhausted in order to elicit the truth, without success, the captain finally resorted to the following method to unravel the difficulty. He ordered the body to be placed in the centre of the deck, and each sailor to pass in a circle around it, and touch the needle, saying that the guilty man's touch would cause the blood to flow from the wound. The last man approached, with whitened lips and faltering steps, and, lo! the blood rushed from the wound, and the murderer stood convicted.

From that time "Luncan's Light" has, in each night during the stormy month of September, cast its dread rays over the shoals of Cape Cod.

FUNERAL HONORS PAID TO GEN. PERSIFER F. SMITH AT CINCINNATI.

We alluded, a few days since, to the death of the veteran soldier, General Persifer F. Smith, who had just been placed in command of the Utah army. We are now enabled to engrave two of the scenes which marked the transmission of his remains through Cincinnati, on their way to their final resting-place at Philadelphia.

The demonstration was characteristic of the public spirit that has always animated the citizens of the Great West's "Queen City."

As soon as an intimation had been received that the remains would pass through the city, Colonel Buchanan, of the United States Newport barracks, located on the Ohio River, directly opposite Cincinnati, consulted with the military gentlemen of the city, and intrusted to them the general arrangements for the reception and escort. The remains arrived on Wednesday (26th), at about three o'clock P.M., in charge of Adams & Co.'s Express, and accompanied by Lieutenants Wheaton and Drum, of General Smith's staff. They were immediately taken in charge by detachments of the United States troops commanded by Lieutenant Whistler, and the Cincinnati Rover Guards, under Lieutenant H. G. Kennett, and escorted to the Melodeon Hall upon a field-piece, which had been arranged as a funeral-car, appropriately draped in mourning for that purpose.

In the Hall an officers' marquee had been pitched in military style, the American flag flying in front at half-mast, the roof of the tent covered with the stars and stripes, and the poles, curtains, and walls festooned with black cloth. Beneath the canopy was erected a temporary mausoleum, to receive the corpse; and the entire surroundings were deeply solemn, significant, and appropriate. Here the remains of the gallant chief, who had so often periled his life for his country's honor, were laid in state, covered by the flag he had for many years so bravely defended. They remained here in charge of the "Rovers" as a guard of honor during the remainder of the day and night, and until five o'clock on Thursday morning. During the entire time sentinels paced around the couch of death in solemn silence, only interrupted by an occasional low but sharp "*qui vive*," or by the necessary guard mounting at regular intervals.

Several thousand citizens, ladies and gentlemen, visited the scene up to a late hour, but a profound stillness prevailed, and the impressiveness of the occasion suffered no rude disturbance. Besides the guards, a staff of officers kept quiet vigil within the marquee.

At daybreak the low roll of the muffled drum summoned the troops to "fall in," and the remains were conveyed to the Little Miami dépôt, escorted by the Rover Guards and a delegation of officers, including Generals W. H. Lytle and staff, and C. H. Sargent and staff. In the original programme it had been arranged that the entire third brigade (General Sargent's) should form the departing escort. The troops were under arms several hours on Wednesday afternoon; but the uncertainty of the time and mode of departure, until a late hour in the day, compelled the abandonment of this design.

In our first engraving the artist has depicted the approach of the escort to the Melodeon, the column extending from the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets eastward on Fourth. St. Paul's Episcopal Church is brought into the view on the right. The company in front are the United States troops from Newport barracks; that in the rear the Rover Guards, in their magnificent uniform of scarlet, blue, and buff, and bear-skin hats. This company had sixty men on duty for twenty-four hours.

The second picture represents the interior of the



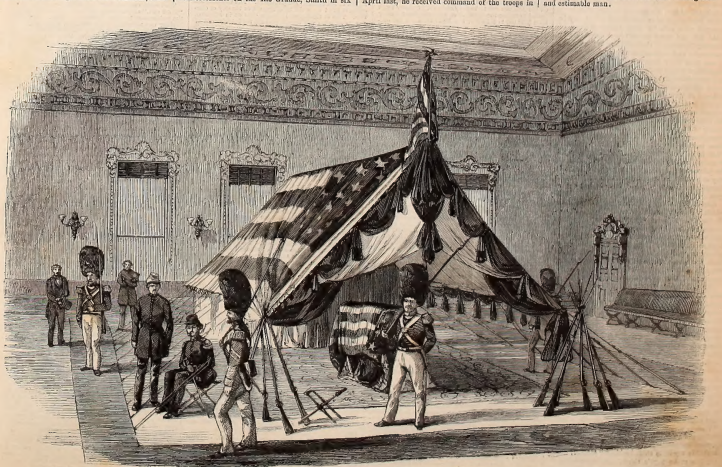
FUNERAL HONORS TO GENERAL SMITH AT CINCINNATI.—THE APPROACH OF THE ESCORT TO THE MELODEON.

hall and the marquee beneath which the remains reposed, with the sentinels and officers on duty. These views were photographed by Faris, of Cincinnati.

The particulars of General Smith's life are already well known to our readers through the newspapers. We will only state here that he was born in Philadelphia, in November, 1798; his father, Jonathan Smith, was cashier first of the Bank of Pennsylvania, then of the United States Bank. His maternal grandfather, Persifer Frazer, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Revolutionary army. The future General graduated at Princeton, studied law in Philadelphia, and practiced in New Orleans, where he resided for many years of his life, and filled various civil and judicial offices. He had always a passion for arms; but his first service was in the Seminole war, to the scene of which he repaired at the head of a regiment of volunteers. His services there gained him the respect and attention of his chiefs, Generals Scott, Gaines, and Taylor.

On the conclusion of this service he returned to his judicial duties in New Orleans, where he remained until 1846, when General Taylor needing reinforcements on the Rio Grande, Smith in six weeks raised, equipped, and organized five regiments of volunteers, and at once marched to Taylor's assistance. For his services at Monterey he was brevetted Brigadier-General; distinguished himself further at Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, before the city of Mexico, and was one of the officers who negotiated the armistice. For his services at Contreras he was brevetted Major-General.

Since the conclusion of the war he has held command successively in California, Texas, the Department of the West, and, finally, on the 15th of April last, he received command of the troops in the Department of Utah. He had suffered for some time from chronic diarrhœa, to which disease he finally succumbed. The prominent features of the deceased General character were great tact, excellent judgment, the most agreeable and ingressive manners, and an intense military enthusiasm. He was in every sense fitted for military command, and is a brilliant instance of the natural American talent for warlike operations, by which, in times of need, our country has often obtained her best servants from the ranks of her citizen soldiery. In private life he was a most genial and estimable man.



THE MARQUEE.

LITERARY.

Books of travel continue to increase. We have none to speak highly of. A gentleman who has traveled and written a book, publishes it under the curious title of The Para Papers on France, Egypt, and Ethiopia, and in the curious style in which they get up books in Paris. The book is printed and bound in France, with the name of Mason Brothers, New York, publishers, on the title-page, under the name of the French publisher; and the volume is, therefore, almost as far-fetched as its title, which travelers in the East will recognize as an equivalent to The Farthing Papers, or a little less: for a para is about the fifth part of an American cent. The author does not under-estimate the value of his papers. Such books are poor substitutes for the guide-books out of which they are made up, and as assistants to those who stay at home they are not as interesting as old Murrays.

In this volume we have the account of the author's observations in Paris, his travels to Egypt, and the Nile voyage. The book is a somewhat odd mixture, as the countries described would indicate. His impressions of the French and France are very commonplace. It would be impossible to write as many pages on Paris and say as little that is new.

The result of his studies in Egypt is illustrated by this very remarkable exclamation:

"How glaring have become here the misconceptions of man! How fallacious his attempts to consecrate to Divinity the meagre works of his own feeble hands! Did the God of Egypt require the temple of Karnak? Did the God of Israel require the temple of Solomon? If so, would he have allowed a Mohammedan mosque to rise over the ruins of the one, and the bat alone to abide in the other?"

The logic of the argument is not quite intelligible. Mr. Ditson has published heretofore a volume on Circassia, which we have not seen. The poor paper and miserable typography which characterize this book should warn him against placing an English book in the hands of French publishers.

We have received a very excellent little book from England, which teaches How to work the Microscope, in a course of lectures on the manipulation of the instrument, by Mr. Beale, who rejoices in a series of honorary titles which fill three lines of fine print on the title-page of his book, but of whom it was never our fortune before to hear.

The use of the microscope is becoming one of the common sources of amusement and instruction for ladies and gentlemen who have some leisure-time for such disposal. Within the past few years a great change has taken place in this respect in America. Private investigations in science are now quite common. Astronomical, chemical, and general philosophical instruments are found in libraries and private laboratories throughout the country. One can hardly pass Pike's elegant store on Broadway and contrast it with the little shop in which that name became famous in former years, without wondering at the elegance of the instruments which fill his cases, and wondering as well who can be the purchasers of such wares. But a visit to almost any well-furnished library in the city reveals the answer to such a query, and the observatories of the Rutherfords and Van Arsdales show the extent to which American gentlemen are carrying their love of scientific investigation.

The microscope is an instrument which may be managed with ease by quite young children of either sex, and many parents have found that by directing the minds of their children to the infinite amusement and instruction to be derived from its use, they have diverted their minds from the temptations which surround them in city life, and have established in them an inquiring and investigating spirit which will result in a most excellent influence on their characters. If any parent has a boy whose mind is active, and who seeks constantly some new source of pleasure, let him apply to Mr. Pike for a microscope, which will cost from twenty to fifty dollars, and give the boy one drop of stagnant water in which to find strange things. Then furnish him with such a book as Gosse's "Life in its lower forms" (published by Carter & Brothers), or Lippincott's edition of "Carpenter on the Microscope," and we answer for it the boy will stay at home in the evenings, and the only trouble thereafter will be to keep him from destroying his eyes.

Carter & Brothers publish a remarkable book, which is The Autobiography of Mrs. Harriet B. Cooke. This lady is well known in private circles as a teacher whose success has been great, and whose personal worth has given her a very high social position. Her life has not been one of adventure, nor of startling incident. But it has been one whose effects will be felt hereafter, and the rolls of eternity will doubtless show it to have been not without its importance in this world.

We call the book remarkable, because it is of a new class. It consists chiefly of sketches of personal intercourse with her fellow men and women—people whose lives were unknown, but whose religious affections and emotions she became acquainted with and describes. The conversion of many of her friends and pupils and their religious history forms the basis of many chapters. Any one who will imagine what have been the chief events in the life of a lady who has devoted herself to the education of the young, whose Christian feelings are very strong and form the governing principle of her life and action, can judge what this book is. The lady's style is excellent. She writes boldly, freely, and well. She quotes aptly, and her book is, therefore, one of decided literary merit. These first sentences are characteristic of the whole book: "I never was *a child*. Trained by an ambitious father and an industrious and intellectual mother, my earliest recollections find me at the age of four seated in my little chair beside my mother, learning 'to make papa's shirts,' and committing to memory from her lips passages from Thomson's 'Seasons' and other favorite authors."

Dr. Duff's letters from Calcutta have been among the most valuable accounts of the war in India. He has been on the ground, has written in his fearless way, has condemned the Government and exposed the iniquities of past misrule in India, and his articles have made a sensation in England which few have equaled, none, not even Mr. Russell's, have surpassed. These letters are now collected in a small volume and published by Carter & Brothers. The collection forms a succinct and excellent history of the rebellion, with abundance of anecdote and personal incident. Dr. Duff is well known in America, and no indorsement is needed of his high character for veracity as well as good judgment. We apprehend that no man can read these letters and not be satisfied that the rebellion was brought on by gross wrong and oppression—that the course of Government has been to degrade Christianity in the eyes of the Hindoos—and that the future must be very different from the past if England would retain her possessions or restore their quiet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 31st May, in the Senate, the question of the British aggressions was taken up, and speeches thereon made by Senators Toombs, Hammond, Crittenden, Wilson, and Mallory. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was also discussed, but no vote was taken.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Marshall, the artists' memorial for the establishment of an art commission, was referred to a committee. The Paraguay Senate resolution was taken up, and, after speeches by Messrs. Ritchie, Letcher, Crawford, and Davis, passed by 115 to 79. The supplemental Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up, and laid aside to be reported, as also was the Volunteer Appropriation Bill, speeches being made meantime on the Kansas question, and on various incidental topics, by Messrs. Smith of Virginia, Marshall, Morris, Jones, Shaw, Stephens, Andrews, Hatch, and Goodwin.

On Tuesday, 1st June, in the Senate, Senator Mason introduced a bill empowering the President to issue letters of special reprisal against citizens of any Central or South American Government, in the cases specified in the bill, and regulating the manner in which such reprisals shall be had. The first section of the bill (which alone apparently is not restricted in its application) reads as follows:

"*A Bill to Restrain and Redress Outrages upon the Flag and Citizen of the United States.*

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in cases of flagrant violation of the laws of nations, by outrage upon the flag, soil, or citizens of the United States, or upon their property, under circumstances requiring prompt redress, and when, in the opinion of the President, delay would be incompatible with the honor and dignity of the republic, the President is hereby authorized to employ such force as he may deem necessary to prevent the perpetration of such outrages, and to obtain just redress and satisfaction for the same when perpetrated; and it shall be his duty to lay the facts of each case, together with the reasons of his action in the premises, before Congress, at the earliest practicable moment, for such further action thereon as Congress may direct."

Senators Mason, Gwin, and Houston spoke in favor and Senator Seward against the bill. An attempt to make it the special order for Wednesday was voted down by 27 majority. Senator Seward moved an amendment to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, that the public lands in Kansas shall not be offered for sale till 1st November, 1859; lost, by 17 to 33. Senator Seward also moved an amendment providing $54,000 for the improvement of the St. Clair Flats; lost, by 20 to 20. Senator Pugh moved an amendment granting $450,000 for the improvement of various Western harbors and rivers; lost, by 23 to 26. Senator Pugh then moved to strike out appropriations for life-boats and life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast; lost, by 17 to 31. Senator Pugh moved to reduce the appropriation for the Coast Survey from $250,000 to $150,000; lost, by 11 to 34. A few other amendments were likewise lost, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Speaker announced as the Art Committee Messrs. Marshall, Keitt, Taylor, Morris, and Pendleton. The Indian, Deficiency, and Volunteer Appropriation Bills were passed. The Fort Snelling Report was then taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Morrill, Faulkner, Morris, Florence, Dawes, Bishop, Grow, Phelps, Cavanaugh, Stanton, Burnett, Bingham, Letcher, Marshall, and Hughes.

On Wednesday, June 2, in the Senate, Senator Houston's Protectorate of Mexico was taken up, and his resolutions negatived by 30 to 16. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and several amendments proposed and lost.——In the House, the Fort Snelling Report was again under consideration, and elicited speeches from Messrs. Clark, of New York, Smith, of Illinois, Barksdale, Pettit, and Russell. Resolutions offered by Mr. Clark, of New York, were proposed to be substituted for those of the Committee, but were rejected by 88 to 108. The Committee resolutions were then tabled by 83 to 76. Some further discussion took place with regard to the right of Mr. Fuller, of Dacotah, and Mr. Kingsbury, of Minnesota, to occupy a seat in the House. No vote was taken.

On Thursday, 3d, in the Senate, it was resolved, on motion of Senator Hamlin, to adjourn on 14th inst. Senator Douglas introduced a bill to revive and put in force the act of March 3, 1839, in relation to the north-eastern boundary, with such modifications as will make it applicable to the present controversy in regard to the right of search and visitation. The bill thus revived puts at the disposal of the President, to be used when necessary to resist the claims of Great Britain, the naval and military forces and the militia of the United States, and authorizes him to call into service fifty thousand volunteers; also puts at his disposal ten millions of dollars, with the right to borrow the same; also, if he deems necessary, to send a special embassador to Great Britain. The act is to continue in force for sixty days after the next meeting of Congress. The bill confers these powers in the precise language of the act of 1839, except that it strikes out the word "boundary" and inserts "visitation and right of search," with a few other verbal alterations—conferring, in fact, the same power on Mr. Buchanan as was conferred on Mr. Van Buren. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was passed by 35 to 13.——In the House, it was decided that the admission of Minnesota as a State dissolved her Territorial organization, and that no Territorial delegate could occupy a seat in the House. A resolution of Mr. Davis calling on the President to capture the British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico was, after some debate, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The House adopted the Senate resolution for extending the session, but substituted Thursday next as the day for adjournment.

On Friday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Douglas reported against the Territorial organization of Dacotah. On motion of Senator Seward, the House amendment to the Senate resolution regarding adjournment was adopted. Several private bills were then passed.——In the House, several private bills were discussed. Mr. Bocock introduced a bill for the construction of ten war steamships. Mr. John Cochrane gave notice of an amendment providing for twenty instead of ten. Objected to.

On Saturday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Houston announced the death of his colleague, Senator Henderson. Eulogies were pronounced by Senators Davis, Crittenden, Reid, Hayne, and Seward.——In the House, the decease was announced, and the customary eulogies pronounced by Messrs. Bryan and Quitman.

THE BRITISH OUTRAGES IN CONGRESS.

Senator Douglas's bill, which is nearly a *fac-simile* of that passed in 1839, he says is a peace measure. It is evidently designed to place the responsibility of preserving the national honor on the President, and forcing him to redeem his pledges.

Lord Napier has desired his dispatches to Admiral Stewart, sent from Washington last week, to be forwarded from Halifax by special steamer to Bermuda. It is understood that he has advised the Admiral to order a discontinuance of the visitation of American vessels pending the instructions of her Majesty's government. The dispatches have left Halifax.

The report of a British vessel having fired into an American vessel off Pensacola and killed a man, created a profound sensation here, and has been the subject of strong and excited remark in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. The report lacks confirmation and is generally disbelieved.

THE CASE OF THE "ADRIATIC."

Mr. Burlingame's report, unanimously concurred in by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, is accompanied by a resolution requesting the President to obtain redress on account of the conduct of the French Government relative to the American bark *Adriatic*. The report also recommends a revision of the laws in reference to collisions at sea, and an arrangement by which the damages may be determined in such cases.

THE COLLINS STEAMERS.

The Senate Committee on Finance have resolved to change the terminus of the Collins line of steamers from Liverpool to Southampton, agreeably to the application of Mr. Collins. The prospect is, then, that this line will commence its transatlantic service again immediately.

THE "PEOPLE'S PARTY."

Some of the papers have announced the formation of a new political party called the People's Party. A well-informed Washington correspondent says: "The professed programme of the 'People's Party' of the Union, sent from here, was concocted by a few irresponsible individuals, having no authority to use any of the names which have been published in connection with the movement. The whole affair is disclaimed by men such as Messrs. Crittenden, Bell, Marshall, and the like, whose influence has been impertinently assumed to prop up the scheme.

GOVERNOR CUMMING EXPELLED FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

A dispatch from Leavenworth, the 1st, says that intelligence from Camp Scott to the 6th of May had been received at the Fort. On that day two Mormons came into the Camp from Salt Lake City, having dispatches from Governor Cumming for Secretary Cass. The troops were expected to move toward the Valley by the end of May. Nothing was known at the camp, at the date mentioned, of any proceedings within the city. The foregoing came by mail to the fort. The expressman who brought it supplies the following additional particulars.

He left Fort Laramie on the 18th of May. At Fort Kearney, the commanding officer directed him to inform Colonel Monroe that he had information that Governor Cumming had been expelled from Salt Lake City, and that the Mormons were in arms, determined to resist the army to the last, and requesting Colonel Monroe to push on as speedily as possible. This communication, it is understood, was received at Fort Kearney through the mail brought by this messenger, to whom it was committed probably for lack of time. Colonel Hoffman's command was met seventy-five miles beyond Fort Laramie. They had encountered snow two or three feet deep and had lost many animals. All the streams were very high. The Peace Commissioners had passed Fort Laramie; they were obliged to swim the Platte at that post. It is reported that the troops at Camp Scott were living on mule meat. No official information had been received at the Fort, but the authority furnishing this intelligence is regarded as unquestionable.

The last news is to the effect that the rumored expulsion of Governor Cumming from Salt Lake is unfounded, but that Captain Marcy's troop has been intercepted by the Mormons. All these stories must be received with great caution.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

We have more news of outrages and murders in Kansas, committed by the political ruffians. Montgomery, who seems to have been the leader on one side, has been ordered to disband his men and surrender his commission in the Territorial militia. Governor Denver has sent to the scene of the disturbances for information, and promises to take effectual measures to put a stop to them.

The instructions of General Cass to the Governor, in regard to the election, are published. The Commissioners have fixed upon the 2d of August as the day of election. This is the day of the state election in Missouri, and its selection will tend to prevent the introduction of voters from that State.

SUCCESSFUL EMEUTE AT NEW ORLEANS.

On the night of 2d inst. an emeute broke out at New Orleans. A body calling itself the Vigilance Committee, in large numbers, took possession of the Arsenal, Jackson Square, and the armories. On the morning of 3d, the Executive Committee called for all law and order people to join them, and announced a determination to carry their measures out. Cannon were posted about the Arsenal, and about two hundred armed men were on guard. In the course of the day the Vigilance Committee rallied a large force of men, and tore up the streets and erected barricades with cotton-bales. The Mayor seems to have done nothing. On 4th, he resigned the police authority into the hands of the Vigilance Committee, who appointed a police of 1000 men. The Vigilance party were commanded by Major Duncan, late of United States Army. At latest accounts, however, a collision was still apprehended between the Vigilance Committee and the people. One man had already been shot.

PROCLAMATION OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The following was the proclamation of the Vigilance Committee:

"Citizens of New Orleans!—After years of disorder, outrage, and unchecked assassination, the people, unable and unwilling either to bow down in unresisting submission to a set of ruffians, or to abandon the city in which their business, their social sympathies, and their affections cluster, have at length risen in their might, have quietly taken possession of the arsenal and the buildings in Jackson Square, and have established there the head-quarters of a Vigilance Committee, pledging each to the other to maintain the rights inviolable of every peaceful and law-abiding citizen; restore public order, abate crime, and expel or punish, as they may determine, such notorious robbers and assassins as the arm of the law, either from the infidelity of its public servants or the inefficiency of the laws themselves, has left unwhipped of justice.

"In the present the ordinary machinery of police justice is superseded—the Mayor and the Recorders, as we understand, yielding up the power which they confess their inability to exercise for the preservation of the public peace and the security of property; and the Vigilance Committee will, therefore, provisionally act in their stead, administering to each and every malefactor the punishment due to his crimes, without heat, prejudice, or political bias.

"All citizens who have sympathies with this movement, and who think the time has come when New Orleans shall be governed like all other well-ordered and civilized communities, will report themselves, without delay, at the principal office, where the character of this movement will be explained and the determination of the people more fully made known.

"All has been done noiselessly thus far. All will continue noiselessly, dispassionately, and justly. But the ruffians who have dyed our streets with the gore of unoffending citizens, and spread terror among the peaceable, orderly, and well disposed, *must leave or perish*.

"So the people have determined. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

THE LATEST BRITISH OUTRAGE.—CASE OF THE "MIRIANUS."

Captain Parkes of the *Mirianus* reports the following British outrage: We sailed from Black River Harbor, Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of logwood for New York. On the 20th of May last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in longitude 83 degrees 10 minutes, and latitude 24 degrees 19 minutes, we discovered a steamer on the lee bow of the brig, at the distance of seven or eight miles from where we were. We kept on the way we were sailing, and so did the steamer and the other vessels for about half an hour. The steamer was then within the distance of about 300 or 400 yards of the brig. When thus far from us she steered up across our bow and hoisted the English ensign. We sailed on, not taking much notice of this, imagining the ship to be a merchant, or perhaps a mail steamer. She then backed her sails, lay before us and fired a gun. I now thought that it was a vessel wanting to send a letter to some port to which we might be bound, but not caring to lose time in bringing the vessel to when we had such a favorable wind, I still kept on my course. The steamer was now within about 200 yards of us, and she fired a revolver or rifle-shot. I now ordered the vessel to be hove to, in the mean time a boat was lowered from the quarter of the steamer into the water. The American flag was now flying from the peak of the brig, and she was lying to, waiting for the arrival of the boat which it was evident was coming alongside. On the boat coming close I saw that there were eight men in her, and one officer, who was in uniform. On drawing the boat alongside our vessel the officer jumped on board the brig and walked aft to where I was, without ceremony.

THE ORDERS TO BRITISH GUN-BOATS.

The following conversation then took place near the cabin of my vessel, and it was commenced by the officer addressing me thus:

Officer. Are you the captain of this vessel?
Captain Parkes. Yes, I am the captain.
Officer. What are you loaded with on this voyage?
Captain. I have a cargo of logwood, from Jamaica.
Officer. What port are you from?
Captain. Kingston, Jamaica.
Officer. Where are you bound?
Captain. To New York.
Officer. Who is the owner of your vessel, and where does he live?
Captain. R. Lane, of New York, is the owner of the vessel.

After this he did not ask any more questions; but I resumed the conversation by asking the officer where he was from. He answered; "We have been out from England about four months."

Then, said I to him, "What are you doing out here?"

"I am cruising on the coast of Florida, looking out for slavers," he replied. I then remarked, in an inquiring way, "You would not certainly take my vessel for a slaver?" And he said, "No; but my orders are to board every one of you." I then thought of the circumstance of his passing the vessels that were ahead of us, and steering on for our vessel; so I observed, "You did not stop those vessels ahead of us as you did this one?" and he remarked, "No, we did not, for those are British vessels." I did not say any more on that subject, but concluded that vessels showing British colors are allowed to pass by British men-of-war, when those that display the American flag are unnecessarily detained.

THE STYX AT KEY WEST.

A letter from Key West says: "The British steamer *Styx*, Commander Vesey, has been in port since the 22d, recruiting, overhauling boilers, repairing the ship, watering, etc. Captain Vesey denies the statement of Captain Howes, of the schooner *Mobile*. He says he fired into her because she refused to hoist her colors. Captain Vesey has acted under instructions. He says he is commander of all the British vessels in the Gulf, is responsible for the acts of the commanders of the gun-boats *Buzzard*, *Jasper*, and others. The *Styx* has sailed."

PERSONAL.

The correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of the ball at the British Embassy on the Queen's birthday: "Apart from the war-cloud, the entertainment was a brilliant one. Lord Napier opened the first dance with Miss Lane, and had General Robles, with Mrs. Senator Douglas as a *vis-à-vis*. All the *Corps Diplomatique*, the officers of the army, the navy, and the marine corps appeared in full uniform. Vice-President Breckinridge and Mr. Speaker Orr each headed a large delegation of the bodies over which they preside, and the Departments were well represented. Prominent among the ladies were Mesdames Crittenden, Jeff Davis, Montgomery, Blair, Appleton, Ledyard, Craig and Clayton, with Mademoiselles Cass, Saunders, King, and others. Arabella regretted the absence of Madame de Stoeckl, who has been quite indisposed of late, and was told that M. Van Limburg, Minister-Resident of the Netherlands, intends to follow a good example, and wed an American wife.

That same evening there was another wedding at the "West end," at the corner of I and Twentieth streets, the residence of the Hon. Robert J. Walker. Miss Mary Walker was married (by the Rev. Dr. Pyne) to Adrian Deshone, Esq., a brother of Mrs. Senator Slidell, and although there was no great display, there was a most select and distinguished company. Arabella went into raptures over a set of pearls which were prominent among the bridal presents, and all agreed that the lovely and accomplished Miss Saunders, who was the first bridesmaid, never appeared to greater advantage. The happy pair receive their friends to-day, and many who have not shaken hands since the Lecompton question was started, will, doubtless, cordially join in pledging the bride.

The trial of General Walker for violation of the neutrality laws concluded in a disagreement by the jury, ten of that body being for acquittal, and two for conviction. Judge Campbell's charge was extremely partial and stringent. A new trial was urged immediately by Walker. The District Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*.

F. N. W. Burton, Secretary of State of Tennessee, in consequence of being charged with having defrauded the State of a large amount of money, has resigned his office.

John P. Stockton, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Switzerland. Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, will probably go to Rome. J. P. O'Sullivan, of California, has been appointed Consul at Singapore, and J. N. Heine, of Georgia, Consul to Turks Island,

The applicants for the mission to Paraguay are already very numerous. The names of Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Florida, Mr. Harris, late of the *Union*, Mr. Cheson, and General Burgess, of Rhode Island, are strongly pressed.

Ex-President Van Buren has arrived at the New York Hotel from Kinderhook, on a visit to the city for a few days. Mr. Van Buren looks remarkably well, and is in the enjoyment of most excellent health for a man over threescore-and-ten years.

Since the Senate have evening sessions, Vice-President Breckinridge has ordered the private drinking-room of the Senate to be closed.

The Hon. S. A. Eliot, Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and Professor Felton, are named as candidates for the Presidency of Harvard College, shortly to be vacated by Rev. Dr. Walker.

The Judiciary Committee on Judge Watrous's case, after a most searching, expensive, and prolonged investigation, are equally divided as to their report.

Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, of the United States Navy, died last week at his residence in Georgetown, District of Columbia. Commodore Jones was of Welsh descent. He was a native of Virginia, and was born in the year 1789. He entered the navy as a midshipman in the year 1805, and received his commission as a captain in 1829. He was first brought prominently into public notice in the year 1814, at the time when the British naval expedition against New Orleans entered Lake Borgne. Commodore Jones, then a lieutenant, had command of a division of five gun-boats, carrying 23 guns and 183 men. The British force that he was appointed to intercept consisted of forty or fifty barges or boats built for this special duty, carrying 42 guns, and six or eight hundred men. After a gallant resistance the little American flotilla was compelled to surrender, Lieutenant Jones having been early disabled by a shot. His conduct in the affair was universally commended. That the victory was dearly bought by the British is proved by the fact that their loss, as officially reported, was 94—more than half the number of Americans engaged, and, by American witnesses of the affair, the loss is even said to have been three or four hundred.

In 1842, when he had command of the Pacific squadron, while lying at Callao, he received, unofficially, information which led him to believe that a war between the United States and Mexico was inevitable. He was also led to believe that through intrigues at Mexico a cession of Mexican territory to Great Britain was contemplated. He suddenly set sail with a squadron of four vessels, in order to forestall the supposed designs of the British Admiral. On arriving before Monterey, some circumstances confirmed his suspicions; he summoned the Governor to surrender the place, which was done, and on the 20th of October, 1842, the American flag rose over the old fort, and a proclamation was issued, explaining to the people the strange movement.

For this indiscreet but well-meant seizure of Monterey, in a time of peace, Commodore Jones was suspended from service for a time, and in 1855 was placed upon the Reserved List by the Naval Board.

A young lady in Cincinnati, Miss Fanny Hall, has received damages of $3500 against one Vandergriff, and other parties, for false imprisonment. She was confined for six months in the Lunatic Asylum, through the instrumentality of the officers of the church to which she belonged, but was proved to be sane, and was then discharged. The suit has been tried three times. The first jury gave her a verdict of $10,000. A new trial was had, and the jury failed to agree. The third time she was again successful, and this ends the case.

By a vote of the Baltimore Common Council, the remains of John M'Donogh (of contested-will fame) are to be removed from New Orleans to Baltimore. Two thousand dollars are appropriated for the purpose.

Letters from ex-President Pierce, at Madeira, announce his intention to leave for Lisbon on the 1st of June. Mrs. Pierce is still an invalid, but her health has been improved by her voyage.

The *Evening Post* understands that General Houston, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, contemplates an expedition into Mexico with a company of four or five thousand men, who are anxious to follow the hero of the Alamo to new conquests. Walker and Henningsen do not inspire the adventurous youth of the South with confidence, and it has been signified to General Houston that, if he would lead them, there were thousands ready to follow him to any part of Mexico. The understanding is that they are to Texasize another slice of Mexico, and bring it into the Union, and, with it, Houston into the Senate.

Mr. Everett, since November last, has delivered his Oration on Washington twenty-three times, with aggregate net receipts (for the Mount Vernon Fund) of $14,645, and has spoken on "Charity" fourteen times. The aggregate receipts from the delivery of these two orations, in six months, is stated at $27,073.

Henry W. Pratt, the Teller of the Grafton (Massachusetts) Bank, who robbed that institution of $12,000, has been sentenced by the Court at Worcester to a year and a half in the House of Correction. "In view of the fact," says the Boston *Traveller*, "that he attempted to fasten the crime upon an honest man—the Cashier of the Bank—by slipping a roll of the stolen bills into his pocket, we must say that he has been dealt with in a remarkably lenient manner."

The Rev. Dr. Bowman, the new Assistant-Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, is a native of that State, and fifty-eight years of age. He has been for thirty years rector of St. James's, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Bernard, lately acquitted of the attempt to murder the Emperor of the French, announces his intention to deliver an oration in Greenwich, England, on the "Present state of France, Politically considered."

Mr. George W. Curtis is to deliver the annual address at the Rensselaer County Fair, to be held in Troy next September.

M'Henry, *alias* Townsend, who had so much trouble in Canada, has taken to lecturing since his release. He visited Parliament last week, and was conspicuous.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The British Ministry have not been defeated. On Friday, 21st, in the House of Commons, the vote of censure was taken up, and after numerous and repeated calls upon Mr. Cardwell by the Liberal members to withdraw his resolution, that gentleman, with the concurrence of Lords Palmerston and John Russell, and with the authority of the House generally, consented, and the resolution and amendments were finally withdrawn, thus virtually giving the Ministers a triumph.

Mr. Disraeli, in giving his consent to the withdrawal, said the resolution was avowedly brought forward as a censure upon the conduct of the Government. If he consented to its withdrawal, it must be clearly understood that he did so, not because the Government shrunk from the consequences that would follow if it were adopted. Whatever the result might be, they looked forward to it without apprehension, and even now were ready to encounter the consequences of a division. So far as the debate was concerned, he thought he might say that no Ministry on their trial could look back upon a discussion with greater satisfaction. The opposition to the motion had been maintained, not by the Administration, for they had wisely and properly withdrawn as much as possible from the debate, but by members not connected with the Government in politics, and by men inferior to none in intellectual character and authority. He consented to the withdrawal of the motion not for the sake of the Government, but for the sake of India and the best interests of the empire. In so doing he appealed to the language of all their dispatches to show that the Government had given to Lord Canning a most cordial and complete support, and he would mention that since Lord Ellenborough's dispatch had been sent out, the Government had communicated with Lord Canning, informing him that he might rely upon their continued confidence and support.—[Cheers.]

The House of Commons then adjourned to the 28th.

PROSPECT OF TROUBLE WITH NAPLES.

On Friday, the 21st, in the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury stated he had received a reply from the Government of Naples in answer to the claim of indemnity, which he understood to be a refusal, and which he had treated as such. Within the last two hours, however, he had received a dispatch informing him that it was not a positive refusal, but simply an argumentative reply.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

The Duchess of Orleans expired on 18th ult. at her residence at Richmond, to the inexpressible grief of her sons, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, and the other members of the exiled Royal family of France.

The demise of her Royal Highness is a deep affliction to the Ex-Queen Amelie, whose only consolation under the mournful circumstances is the presence of the Duke of Nemours, the Duke and Duchess of Aumale, and Prince and Princess Joinville, who, with their families, are living at Twickenham and Claremont. The lamentable event was quite unexpected. The Duchess only a fortnight since dined at the Marquis of Landsdowne's, and was apparently in excellent health and spirits.

"About half past four in the morning the Duchess expressed some surprise at seeing her physician still at her bedside, and, in reply to a question, said, 'Oh! I do not feel very ill.' He left the room to give some orders, returned in ten minutes, and found she had ceased to breathe. Life had departed without any premonitory signs."

HORRORS OF CHURCH VAULTS.

Dr. Letheby has presented a report on the state of the vaults in the city churches, in which he says:

"In the vaults of twenty-five of the city churches there are not less than 5700 dead bodies, and this number does not include the burials that have taken place under the aisles of the churches. If the same proportion holds in respect of all the city churches, there are about 16,000 corpses beneath the pews occupied by Sunday congregations. In some cases the effluvium from the vaults was most offensive; for although it is the general practice to confine the body in a lead coffin, yet the metal gives way after a longer or a shorter time, and there oozes out a dark, treacle-like liquid, which stinks abominably, and which is, I believe, a most deadly poison. I have seen this escaping from a lead coffin that had been deposited in the vault for more than a hundred years—so that there is no saying for how long a time the mischief of decay and slow corruption may be carried on. Again, the way in which the coffins are piled upon each other, leads to the crushing in of the lowermost of the series, when the wood decays, and then the putrid matter is squashed out through the fissures of the broken coffins. In many cases the vaults are entered by imperfectly-closed traps or doors from the general area of the church, and the vaults are either not ventilated at all, or they are ventilated into the public way, so that there steams out incessantly a poisonous vapor that may be the cause of much mischief."

THE TELEGRAPHIC FLEET.

The telegraphic fleet had all assembled at Plymouth, and would sail on an experimental trip in a few days. It consists of the United States frigate *Niagara*, and the British steamers *Agamemnon*, *Valorous*, *Gorgon*, and *Porcupine*.

THIRTY YEARS OF TRADE.

The Glasgow *Daily Mail* says: "Curious disclosures do take place in the Bankruptcy Court, and much light is thrown by the examinations of bankrupts on the hidden springs of commercial action. The disclosures made by Mr. James Grey, engineer and iron-founder, of this city, in his examination before the sheriff on Wednesday, the 12th instant, stand out in striking relief to the general run of insolvencies. It is simply a case of inexplicable fatuity, under which spell a man could persevere against hope in carrying on a business of which he knew nothing practically, and if possible, less commercially, for upward of thirty years, without having probably in any one transaction ever made a profit. It was nothing but loss from the commencement, and loss continued to the end. The large fortune of a confiding brother was gradually swallowed up in the loam and sand of a ruinous foundry. The handsome competency of trusting sisters was sacrificed to the criminal vanity which would bring ruin upon the nearest and dearest relations rather than confess to misfortune. Mr. Grey never speculated. His private expenses were only £150 a year; and yet, after thirty-two years' trading, he stops payment with a deficit of twenty-six thousand pounds!"

PELISSIER AND AUMALE.

The *Nord* publishes the following anecdote: "The salons of Paris are much occupied with an interview said to have taken place between the Duke d'Aumale and Marshal Pelissier. As so many erroneous statements have been made, I will tell you exactly what happened. Marshal Pelissier was taking a drive in Hyde Park. A carriage passed his. The Marshal was not aware who was in the carriage, but one of his aides-de-camp who was sitting in front told him it was the carriage of the Duke d'Aumale. The Marshal immediately ordered his coachman to drive alongside the carriage which had passed him. When he came up with the Duke's carriage, the Marshal rose and bowed to him. The Prince ordered his carriage to stop and returned the salute. The Marshal then addressed the Prince as follows: 'Monseigneur, I am happy to have this opportunity of presenting my respects to you and asking after your health.' 'And I,' said the Prince, 'am happy to see you and to shake hands with you.' A shaking of hands immediately followed. A few complimentary words were exchanged and the carriages separated. This is all that took place. It must be remembered that Marshal Pelissier served for some time in Algeria under the orders of the Duke d'Aumale."

The *London Times* adds that the "Duke d'Aumale and the Marshal met at a small dinner-party a few days afterward."

FRANCE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

A very shocking duel was fought, on the 14th of May, in the Bois de Vesinay, near St. Germain. M. Henri de Pène, a well-known literary man, who for some time wrote the *feuilleton* in the *Nord* of Brussels, which was signed "Nemo," and who has lately written in the *Figaro* under the same signature, made some playful remarks, in a recent article, about the sub-lieutenants of the army, and said, among other things, that, owing to some new orders concerning their uniform, they would no longer tear ladies' dresses with their spurs. This article gave offense in a mess-room at St. Germain, and in his weekly article of last Sunday "Nemo" observed that he had received a very coarse letter from a person who signed himself "A Sub-Lieutenant," and who talked a great deal more about fighting than a gentleman who means to fight usually does. This article produced a challenge from the sub-lieutenant. When M. de Pène and his seconds got upon the ground they found some twenty officers there, belonging to the garrison of St. Germain. The duel was fought with swords. M. de Pène wounded his antagonist in the wrist, and disabled him.

THE EDITOR ASSASSINATED.

M. de Courtiel advanced politely to M. de Pène, expressed himself gratified that he had met with a man of courage, and that he regretted the occurrence which had led to the meeting. The combatants then shook hands, and according to all the usages of society the matter should have ended, as M. de Pène had given satisfaction to the first sub-lieutenant who had challenged him for an insult to the class.

Hardly, however, had the two separated than one of M. de Courtiel's seconds, M. Hyène, sub-lieutenant in the same regiment, rushed up to M. de Pène, and addressing him rudely, said that he also required an answer to the challenge he had sent. M. de Pène replied that he had no answer to give, and that he placed himself entirely in the hands of his seconds. These declared that M. de Pène was not bound to answer a second individual on the same matter, and that they opposed themselves entirely to another duel. Even M. de Courtiel remonstrated, and declared that he could not be, in turn, second to M. Hyène, as he had just shaken hands with his late antagonist. It was, however, in vain. M. Hyène paid no attention to M. de Courtiel, who was an officer junior to himself. But it must not be thought that either of the two was in extreme youth. M. Hyène had been a sub-lieutenant since 1842, and M. de Courtiel since 1845. The plea of inexperience can hardly be urged in favor of a man who has been at least sixteen years in the service. The seconds, it appears, on both sides declared positively against a second duel, and had taken up the swords, when M. Hyène sprang on M. de Pène, and struck him in the face. M. de Pène then accepted another duel. They fought, and M. Hyène, "*d'une main sûr*," pierced M. de Pène through the lungs. The wounded man tottered, and, as he fell, M. Hyène delivered a second blow, which, it is said, pierced the liver.

AN APPEAL TO THE EMPEROR.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "M. de Villemessant," the editor of *Figaro*, "who was at his country-house at Blois, gave his consent to the duel with Lieutenant Courtiel; but when he heard of the outrageous conduct of M. Courtiel's second, he immediately hurried to town, went to the Palace, and demanded an interview of the Emperor. Napoleon could not just then see M. de Villemessant, but he sent word to him by his Secretary that he must go immediately to the Minister of Justice who would take the affair in hand. M. de V. did so, and I learn that by order of the Minister of War, M. Hyène has been put under formal arrest, and an investigation has been commenced that will, no doubt, terminate in a Council of War. Lieutenants Grangier and Comminges, on hearing of the result of the double duel, wrote to the Duke de Rovigo—one of M. de Pène's seconds—to declare that they withdrew their challenges, and that they felt deep sympathy in M. de Pène's unfortunate situation. Lieutenant Courtiel, each day, sends from Amiens a telegraphic dispatch inquiring after the condition of the wounded man." The *Times* adds: "Whether justice will be done on the offender in this case it is impossible to say. The unhappy M. de Pène has evidently fallen a victim to that hatred and contempt of civilians, and particularly of all who represent the old political parties, which is prevalent in the French army; and it may be that the army, as the ruling power in France, is too strong to permit M. Hyène to be punished for asserting, as it thinks, the dignity of the service."

POLICE AMENITIES.

In the interior of France the police are still uneasy with respect to those fulminating shells of which the effect was so terrible on the 14th of January. They have received information relative to an Englishman who is the bearer of a certain number of these shells, and who is said to have disembarked already on the French coast. After having during some time searched in vain in the maritime towns, they thought from the description of the individual which had been sent to them that they had discovered, in the person of an Englishman who was about to embark on board a vessel at Havre, the person who had given them so much trouble; but the person in question very soon proved his innocence, and as he had the happiness (and in the circumstances it was a real piece of good fortune) not to be a Frenchman, he has not been deposited in Algeria while the authorities were inquiring into the truth or falsehood of the charges brought against him, as has been the case with many others. In fact, after a detention of a few hours he was set at liberty. At the present day a foreigner who falls into the hands of the police has a hundred times as good a chance of escaping as a Frenchman. If a foreigner is arrested he can appeal for protection to his embassador or consul, who will see that justice is done him; but the poor Frenchman having no such powerful protection is imprisoned, *mis au secret*, exiled, or banished, without having the power or apparently the right to defend himself, and without finding any power, even judiciary, whose protection he can invoke. In all political affairs the police pronounce their decisions finally and without appeal. They are at the same time accusers, judges, and executioners.

THE MARRIAGE LAW IN FRANCE—A CAUTION TO YOUNG WOMEN.

"Another marriage case was lately submitted to the Civil Tribunal. A young man named Ruttinger, having led a very dissipated life at Paris, was sent by his father in 1855 to Lima, in Peru, and there he fell in love with a young woman whose maiden name was Mendoza, and who was widow of General Guido, who at one time was Minister of War of Peru. He proposed marriage to her, but as he had no other position than that of assistant to his brother, a trader at Lima, she did not think fit to accept him. He, however, pressed his suit, and she married him. Her first husband's family were greatly displeased at the marriage, and stopped an allowance of 250 francs a month which they had made her. In two months Ruttinger cruelly abandoned her, though she was *enceinte* at the time. He told her that he was going to North America to seek his fortune, but she afterward learned that he had come to Paris, and in February, 1857, she followed him there. He went to live with her in an apartment in the Rue Coquenard, but in a week he again abandoned her, gave notice to leave the apartment, sold off the furniture, and wrote an insolent letter to the concierge of the house, directing him not to supply her with any thing, and to tell her that 'he (Ruttinger) was tired of her, and that the best thing she could do was to take a lover, if she could find one.' She fell into such distress that some charitable Peruvians here had to raise a subscription to enable her to return to her own country. Yesterday Ruttinger's father and mother applied to the Civil Tribunal to declare the marriage null and void, on the ground that they had not given their consent, and that he being only 23 years, and therefore as regards marriage a minor, such consent was, by Article 182 of the *Code Napoleon*, indispensably necessary; they also urged that it ought to be declared void, because it had not been published and duly registered in France. In the course of the pleadings on their behalf it was stated that the marriage had been a most deplorable one for the young man. The counsel of Madame Guido insisted that the marriage was good, inasmuch as the father and mother of the young man had known of it at the time it was accomplished, or at all events had not protested against it within a year after it came to their knowledge, as the *Code Napoleon* required them to do. The first of these assertions was, however, contradicted by the plaintiffs: and, as to the second, they showed that it was in October last that they had been informed of the marriage, and that in January they had commenced proceedings for having it declared null. The tribunal decided that the want of the parents' consent made the marriage void, but, considering that in contracting it Madame Guido had been ignorant of the French law, it laid down that she should enjoy the civil advantages to which it entitled her. As to the two other points raised by the parents, the tribunal said that the first one being sufficient, it was not necessary to pronounce on them."

LIFE IN PARIS.

A German gentleman was in the pit stalls of the Odeon Theatre the other night, with his son, a handsome lad of fifteen. Between the acts a *sergent-de-ville* bustled up to them, and in a sneering tone of voice, audible throughout the pit, said, "The Commissary of Police desires to speak to you and the lady in his private room." The gentleman astonished, and not a little indignant, rose from his seat, and, followed by his son, was ushered into the presence of the commissary. This functionary addressed him as follows: "Sir, in France a woman is not allowed to appear in public in male attire without authorization. Have you an authorization?" The answer was, "Sir, I do not know what you mean by talking of women: this is a boy." The commissary then surveyed the youth from head to foot, and observing, "Well, I see he has incipient mustaches—that is enough," allowed the parties thus strangely disturbed to depart, but he did not vouchsafe to offer a word of apology.

PARISIAN SPORTS.

The following feats are narrated by the Paris *Sport*: "A member of the Jockey Club a few nights ago wagered that he would walk blindfolded from the club-house, Rue de Grammont, to the Cirque de l'Imperatrice in the Champs Elysées. He accomplished the exploit without difficulty, and on arriving at the Cirque opened the door of the stable and walked in. He went along the Boulevards, the Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, and passed through the trees in the Champs Elysées. Another member of the club, the night after, went, for a wager, blindfolded from the club-house to the Cirque, then passed by the Exhibition Palace to the Quai, and then by the Place de la Concorde back to the Rue Royale. He appeared to have studied his route most carefully beforehand, as he counted his steps, and was able to say when he ought to pass before a lamp-post and other objects."

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.

A young hippopotamus has been born in the Garden of Plants at Paris. The little creature made its appearance at the top of the water of the tank occupied by its mother about six A.M., on Monday, May 10. After swimming about a while the little thing attempted to get on dry ground, but the descent from the sleeping apartment of the parent hippopotami into their bath not being sloped, it had some difficulty in raising its weight out of the water. The mother then came to the rescue, but in her endeavors to assist her little one up the step managed so to bruise and injure its tender body that it died the same evening.

A MALE ABBESS.

For the last forty years, in the quiet, old, tumble-down city of Versailles, inhabited by decayed Legitimist families, a lady, dressed in the garb of a semi-monastic style, was known to pursue the even tenor of her way, received into the local circles of aristocracy, and in receipt from a noble family of 6000 francs annuity, as ex-abbess of a suppressed monastery. At her death she turns out to be a man. The real abbess must have died in emigration, and a swindler of the rougher sex getting her papers has personated her for nearly half a century. The name of the deceased androgyne was Countess de Solege de Lange. The matter makes no noise; people only shrug up their shoulders.

A GOVERNMENT DEFEAT.

In reference to the Government defeat in the Haut Rhin, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "The success of M. Migeon, who never dreamed that he was a man of so much importance, is felt in every official quarter as extremely vexatious and humiliating. No Paris paper has ventured to allude to it; and the *Moniteur* itself passes it over in complete silence. The thing is unprecedented since the establishment of the empire. I look upon this result as more serious than if the whole of the deputies elected for Paris belonged to the Mountain."

GERMANY.

GOVERNOR WRIGHT'S COLD-WATER FESTIVAL.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"I take pleasure in contradicting, from the word of Mr. Wright himself, the report that was put in circulation some time ago about our Minister's diplomatic dinner at Berlin. It appears that it was not true that the dinner was served with cold water only as a drink. Mr. Wright, although adhering himself to his temperance principles, respects the habits of the country and the position which he occupies, and sets wines before his guests for whoever may wish to use them. He did place corn bread on his table; but it was in order to show to M. de Humboldt, who was one of his guests, as well as the others, that when properly cooked, it was a good and proper article of diet. He had already had a discussion with M. de Humboldt on this subject, in which Mr. Wright had contended that maize was thought impossible food in Prussia simply because it had been indifferently cooked. So, to prove that this was the fact, he had prepared on this occasion six different specimens of corn bread, which he distributed over his table for the tasting of his distinguished guests; and he says that he had the pleasure of hearing them declare, M. de Humboldt with the rest, that he had gained a victory over their prejudices."

ITALY.

HOW THE SARDINIAN PRISONERS ARE TREATED AT NAPLES.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: The intelligence from Salerno is of a most painful and revolting character, and in the interest of humanity I send it to you, even though you may consider me tedious. Since the appointment of the new keepers, not merely rigor, but even a species of ferocity, seems to have been used. I have already told you how the chief keeper inaugurated his arrival by beating six or seven prisoners in the most violent manner. They are still in hospital under the effects of the blows, and the head of one was much cut. It is impossible to mark how the Sardinian prisoners are treated, for they are in the same category with Watt and Park—nay, more, are entitled to more consideration; for whereas the British Government acknowledged the jurisdiction of this Government, the Sardinian Government has always disputed it, and yet the following facts occur. The mother of Poggi, who hitherto has had permission to see her son freely, is now limited to seeing him through a hole in the door. A brother-in-law of Danell, who, like the former, had come from Genoa to see him, can not get further than Naples. Fromento, for whom Count Gropilio and Signor Fazerotti have been laboring for three months to get him removed from prison, as he is suffering from a severe chest attack, is now spitting blood, and is in considerable danger. Nothing will melt hearts of stone. When our men were ill much was said at the last moment of "deference for British subjects," and they were sent home hastily to be cured. Sardinian subjects are in another category. Naples can treat them as she likes, because Austria supports her; but that England should abandon Sardinia in this position is a burning disgrace, and most bitterly is it resented by Italians. As regards Neopolitans, they are treated as dogs. Five of those who had received 100 stripes have not been able again to appear in court, and are still in hospital. Nimartoro, who made the protest which I sent you, is now very unwell, and, judging from his appearance, was not equal to receiving twenty blows. It will not probably lead to any change in the condition of these men to make the facts known—still there is a satisfaction in the publication of them, and perhaps in their own time they will bear fruit. A person called Esporito has confessed that he committed the murder which I reported; his motives were that the man did not belong to their cause, was put in among them, and continually made false revelations to their injury. The instrument was a wooden dagger, manufactured in prison. I am told that they rub them over with oil, burn them with a candle, and thus murder them.

MARTIAL LAW AT MODENA.

A letter from Modena describes the reign of terror existing there: At Massa Carrara, where the people are naturally violent, where the vicinity of Sardinia serves still further to inflame their passions and inspire them with a love of liberty, the Government has introduced martial law in a manner unprecedented in the annals of modern oppression. They hunt the liberals as you would foxes; soldiers and policemen enter all houses by day and night; they beat men, women, and children; they fill the prisons and kill their prisoners by starvation and blows. Tribunals and forms of procedure are done away with. A *sbirro* arrests you, a soldier condemns you, and an executioner kills you. Many are a prey to despair; despair counsels the use of the knife, and the legal assassin falls a prey to *vendetta*. Such events—and they are not rare—serve only to increase the cruelty of the Government and the ferocity of its servants; and the people take to flight, and seek and find protection on Sardinian soil. What would be our condition but for this haven of refuge? But even the fugitives are pursued by the implacable wrath of the Government; reclamations are sent from Modena to Turin, to demand their extradition. Up to the present the Sardinian Cabinet has refused compliance with these demands, on the very reasonable ground that the extradition treaties provide only for fugitives from justice, not for those who fly from the mad violence of a military police. But at present the Sardinian Government is placed in a very embarrassing position, for the majority of the fugitives have no means of subsistence.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MALTA.

On the 7th of May an individual in plain clothes was entering the Governor's Palace, Malta, with a lighted cigar, when he was stopped by the sentry, with an intimation that his orders were not to allow smoking. The individual referred to signified that he was the Governor, Sir John Gaspard le Marchant. This, however, had no other effect than to make the sentry more firm in the execution of his duty, and his Excellency was under the necessity of casting away his much cherished "Havana." During the day the order-board was withdrawn, and a new one issued from the Town Major's office, with the omission of the objectionable prohibition.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The news from India is interesting. Sir H. Rose's advance on Calpee has been delayed by the fear that the Kotah rebels will fall on Jhansi. Orders have been issued by General Roberts to advance to Kotah to co-operate with Sir H. Rose. This military movement is reported since the capture of Kotah. The Sikh force, under Major Evans, after an obstinate battle of some hours, inflicted a severe defeat on a large body of Bheels—sixty men and four hundred women were captured. British loss, 71 killed and wounded.

Azimghur was relieved by Sir E. Lingard on the 15th of April. The enemy retreated with regularity, but lost three guns and a great number of men. It is said the enemy will make a stand at Calpee.

DEATH OF ANOTHER HAVELOCK.

The *Delhi Gazette* says: "We regret much to record the death of Lieutenant C. W. Havelock, of the Ghoorka Regiment, nephew of the late Major-General Havelock. He belonged to Sir E. Lingard's column, which marched to the support of Azimghur some short time ago. It appears that on marching out of Jaunpore, a large body of rebels were on the *qui vive* to attack Sir Edward in the rear on his approach to Azimghur. This caused the Colonel to alter his plans, and compelled him, before proceeding further, to disperse this body, and while hunting up these fellows poor Lieutenant Havelock was shot from a hut in an obscure village. Havelock was at Goruckpore and Azimghur at the time of the mutiny of the 12th Irregulars, of which he was adjutant. Subsequently he went up as a volunteer with his uncle, and has been before Lucknow ever since. His fate is deplored by all who knew him. His remains were brought into Jaunpore and buried there."

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BILLY BOWLEGS IN NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, May, 1858.

BILLY BOWLEGS, the King of the Everglades, has been with us. For a week he was our Lion-in-Chief. He has left us, and we now have leisure to think and talk of the crevasse, the British outrages, the cotton crop, filibustering, and other matters of secondary interest. When the news reached us, a fortnight ago, that Billy was actually taken, and, on the way to his new home in Arkansas, would honor our city with a brief visit, I felt that it was my duty to "take" him in another way, so that his royal features might be handed down to posterity in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*. I little knew the difficulty of the task I had undertaken; but having attempted it, I resolved to succeed, cost what it might.

Our admirable photographer, CLARK, placed the whole of his apparatus, together with the capital operator, CAUDEN, at my disposal for this purpose. The bottle was prepared, and the fire kindled, I set myself at work to catch my fish. In due time King Billy made his appearance. I took possession of him the moment he arrived, and never left him till I saw him on board the steamer *Quapaw*, en route for the Arkansas reservation. Brother never stuck to brother, creditor to debtor, limpet to rock, or office-seeker to a new President, as I did to Billy. It was a hard week's work; but perseverance conquers all things, and I send you—with my little bill annexed—the result of my efforts, in the shape of the portraits of his Majesty of the Everglades, his two brothers-in-law, his young wife, and last, but not least, his "guide, philosopher, and friend," the negro slave Ben Bruno.

BILLY BOWLEGS — his Indian name is HALPATTEN-MICCO — is a rather good-looking Indian of about fifty years. He has a fine forehead, a keen, black eye; is somewhat above the medium height, and weighs about 160 pounds. His name of "Bowlegs" is a family appellation, and does not imply any parenthetical curvature of his lower limbs. When he is sober, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means his normal state, his legs are as straight as yours or mine. He has two wives, one son, five daughters, fifty slaves, and a hundred thousand dollars in hard cash. He wears his native costume, the two medals upon his breast, of which he is not a little proud, bear the likenesses of Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore.

NO-KUSH-ADJO, his Inspector-General, and the brother of his "old wife," is as fine a young fellow as you would care to see. He wears his picturesque Indian garb with the grace of the draperY of a Greek statue, and, with his silver circlet around his head, stalked along our streets with an air that seemed to imply that he honored the pale-faces by condescending to walk through their brick-and-mortar city.

LONG JACK, Billy's Lieutenant, and the brother of his young wife, is much less prepossessing. The insinuating photograph gives a perfect representation of his figure, features, and dress, even to the night-gown of gaudy calico, in which he evidently flattered himself that he was making a decided sensation. He is a perfect representative of those lazy, lounging savages who are sometimes seen in our villages, ready to shoot at a mark for the sake of a drink.

Billy's young wife, who has no name, as far as I could learn, is a quiet, modest squaw, though her features bear a striking resemblance to those of her rakish brother, Long Jack. I was very desirous to add to my collection the portraits of Billy's "old wife" and her daughters, especially that of the eldest, the "Lady Elizabeth Bowlegs," a good-looking lass of eighteen. But they "kept themselves to themselves," and very stoutly refused to have any thing to do with me or any body else.

BEN BRUNO, the interpreter, adviser, confidant, and special favorite of King Billy, is a fine, intelligent-looking negro. Unlike his master, he shows a decided predilection for civilized life, and an early visit to a ready-made clothing establishment speedily transformed him into a very creditable imitation of a "white man's nigger." He has more brains than Billy and all his tribe, and seems almost unbounded influence over his master. The negro always are, in fact, the masters of their red sovereigns, who seem fully conscious of their own mental inferiority. If a Seminole wishes to convey a high idea of his own cunning, he will say, "Ah, you no cheat me. I got real nigger wit." The negroes were the master spirits, as well as the immediate occasion, of the Florida war. They openly refused to follow their masters if they removed to Arkansas; and it was not till they explained that the Seminoles thought of emigrating. The friendship of a man who has a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and two marriageable daughters, is worth cultivating. I would advise any one who wishes to get into the good graces of Billy Bowlegs to pay special attention to Ben Bruno.

Billy Bowlegs is a direct descendant of the founder of the Seminole nation. A little more than a century ago, a noted Creek chief, named Secoffee, broke away from his tribe, and, with many followers, settled in the central part of the peninsula of Florida. They were followed by other bands, and all received the name of Seminoles, or "Runaways." The Mickasukies, the legitimate owners of the country, at first opposed these emigrations, but they were too feeble to make any effectual resistance. In a short time all the Indians amalgamated, and joined in efforts to resist the white men—the common foe of all.

Secoffee was a bitter enemy of the Spaniards, and a firm ally of the English. When Florida was receded to the Spaniards, in 1784, he took the field against them. He died the next year, at the age of seventy, and was buried near the site of the present Fort King. When he felt that his end was near, he called his two sons, Payne and Boleggy, and exhorted them to carry out his plans. The Great Spirit, he said, had revealed to him that, if he would be happy in a future state, he must cause the death of a hundred Spaniards. Fourteen of this number were still wanting; and he adjured his son to make up the deficiency.

In 1821 Florida was ceded to the United States. Emigrants began to pour in who demanded possession of the lands. The Indians were estimated at about four thousand, men, women, and children, with eight hundred negro slaves. Their villages were scattered from St. Augustine to the Appalachicola River. They consisted of log-huts, surrounded by cleared fields. It was vain for them to urge their claim to the country. Our Government recognizes no such title in the Indians. In 1823 they were compelled to enter into a treaty making over to the whites the greater part of their lands, and restricting themselves within narrow bounds formally laid down.



BILLY BOWLEGS, CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARK, OF NEW ORLEANS.]

Still the whites settlers pressed upon the Indians. A thousand protests for quarels arose. Slaves ran away and joined the Indians, who refused to surrender them. The property of the whites was plundered, reprisals were made, and a border war seemed imminent, which must involve the extermination of the Indians. In 1832 Mr. Cass, then Secretary of War, directed Colonel Gadsden to negotiate with the Florida Indians for a total relinquishment of their lands in exchange for others west of the Mississippi River. With much difficulty Mr. Gadsden succeeded in inducing some of the Seminole chiefs to sign a treaty empowering a delegation to visit the country proposed to be allotted to them, and in case they were satisfied with it, the nation should cede all their Florida lands, and remove west of the Mississippi. This was the famous "Treaty of Payne's Landing," made on the 9th of May, 1832. The delegation visited the country, made their marks to a paper expressing themselves satisfied with it, and agreed that their nation should commence their removal as soon as satisfactory arrangements could be made. In this treaty the name of Halpatten-Micco appears for the first time in history. He was then a young man, a sub-chief of the band of Arpaikie, or "Sam Jones." It is noticeable that the names of the leading Seminole chiefs, especially that of Micanopy, the reputed head of the nation, were wanting in this treaty.

The Seminoles refused to sanction this proceeding of a few of their chiefs. The delegation themselves denied their own act, and declared that they had not signed any paper which required them to relinquish their lands or remove from Florida. They were assured that they would nevertheless be forced to carry out the treaty. Micanopy, old and infirm, was little more than a tool in the hands of the bold and crafty halfbreed, Osceola, who, though not a chief himself, exerted a controlling influence. The Indians resolved to negotiate, gain time to place their wives and children in safety, secure their crops, and lay in ammunition, but in no case to leave the country. They showed themselves adepts in the arts of diplomacy, and succeeded in putting off any decided action till the spring of 1835. A council was then held, Osceola and eight others agreed to abide by the treaty, and the opening of the next year was fixed upon as the time when the removal should commence. Micanopy, Sam Jones, and three other leading chiefs, refused to agree to this. General Thompson, the Indian agent, therefore struck their names off from the roll of chiefs, declaring them to be no longer counselors of the nation.

Nothing was farther from the intention of Osceola than to fulfill his agreement to emigrate. He wished to gain time, and above all things, by a display of friendship, to procure arms, powder, and lead. Thompson refused to sell them. Osceola, for a moment forgetting himself, broke out into fierce passion. "Am I a negro," he said; "a slave? I am an Indian. The white man shall not make me black. I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell his bones and the vulture live upon his flesh." He shouted the agent, defied the power of the Government, and was put into irons. A week's confinement gave him time to recollect himself. He professed penitence, and promised to comply with the treaty. All difficulties were now supposed to be ended; the opening of the year 1836 was looked upon as the time when Florida was to be freed from the Indians, and crowds of emigrants stood ready to rush in upon the vacant lands.

But as summer and autumn wore on abundant proofs appeared that the Indians had no intention of leaving. It afterward appeared that they had solemnly resolved that any one who prepared to remove should die. Charley-e-Mathla, a leading chief, had begun to dispose of his cattle. He was waylaid and shot down. In his handkerchief was a sum of money, which he had received for his cattle. Osceola would not suffer it to be touched. "It is the blood of the red men," he said, as he flung it to the wind.

Late in December the Indians were ready for action; yet so cunningly were their plans laid that no one suspected an immediate outbreak. Two companies, under Major Dade, had been dispatched from Fort Brooke to reinforce the garrison at Fort King. The Indians resolved to capture Fort King before their arrival, and then turn upon these reinforcements. Osceola had not forgotten his imprisonment by General Thompson. "He is my friend," said he, significantly; "I'll take care of him." For two days he lay, with sixty warriors, hidden among the palmettos, in full view of the fort, yet no one suspected their presence. On the afternoon of the 28th of December, General Thompson and Lieutenant Smith walked out from the fort, quietly smoking their cigars. They approached a clump of bushes, and upon Thompson fell dead, pierced with four-and-twenty bullets; Smith received thirteen. The scalps were stripped off and divided into minute pieces that each warrior might have a part. Osceola had taken vengeance for the indignity which he had suffered. Meanwhile the main body of the savages had been digging Dade, who was on his march to the fort. Twice had they postponed their attack to await the return of Osceola, who was watching for his "friend" Thompson. At last they determined to act without him. Before daybreak on the morning of the 28th, 180 warriors were posted on the road by which the troops would soon advance. Every Indian was concealed behind a tree, and



XO-HUSH-ADJO, INSPECTOR-GENERAL.

nothing indicated their presence. At nine o'clock the soldiers approached; every man was suffered to pass the extremity of the ambush before the signal was given to fire. Half of the men fell at the first discharge. The soldiers, utterly surprised, fired at random, and at execution, while the Indians from their coverts picked them off man by man. Of the eight officers and one hundred and two men composing the detachment, every officer and ninety-eight men fell upon the spot; another was killed the next day. Only three, all sorely wounded, made their escape. The Indians lost only four or five.

Great rejoicings were held that night by the Indians. The scalps of the victims were suspended upon a high pole, around which the drunken savages danced until daylight. Oseola had joined his comrades, bringing the trophies of his exploit. Soogs were sung ridiculing the whites, and the Indians made themselves merry over laughable imitations of the somewhat peculiar manner and gestures of Thompson.

Such was the opening scene of the Florida war, which was to cost so much blood and treasure, and to task so severely the skill and energy of our ablest officers. Generals Gaines, Clinch, Scott, Call, Jesup, Macomb, Taylor, Armistead, and Worth, were successively placed in command. For a time it seemed as though a few hundred savages would successfully defy the whole power of the United States. The Indians, indeed, soon found that in open fight they were wholly unable to cope with the whites. They adopted the true policy of scattering themselves in small detachments, striking a sudden blow upon some exposed point, and then taking refuge in the almost inaccessible swamps.

Against such a foe regular military operations were of no avail. The only course was to track them to their fastnesses, burn their villages, destroy their crops, and reduce them by starvation. Again and again it seemed as though this end was attained. The Indians would then beg for peace, promise to surrender, gather at the appointed posts, and receive the promised presents. It would be announced that the "Florida war was ended;" the volunteers would be disbanded, and the regulars sent away from the unhealthy swamps. Then all at once the Indians would decamp, and the work of hunting them out was to be done over again.

Still, year by year something was gained. One chief after another was killed or captured, and their bands surrendered, and were sent to Arkansas. Oseola, coming into the camp of General Hernandez, on pretense of treating, was made prisoner, sent to Fort Moultrie, where he died of a broken heart. He had broken truce more than once, and had no right to complain of any want of faith. Cascochee, or Wild Cat, next after Oseola the most formidable warrior, surrendered. "I am leaving Florida," he said; "it was my home; I loved it; to leave it is like burying my wife and child. But I have thrown away my rifle and taken the hand of the white man, and said to him, 'Take care of me.'" So band after band had been broken up and sent to Arkansas. The remaining Indians were slowly forced southward toward the impassable Everglades, where they were sorely pressed upon by the enemy.

The name of Billy Bowlegs appears only rarely during the first three years of the war, and then only incidentally as a sub-chief under Sam Jones.

His first notable exploit took place in May, 1841. General Macomb, then the commander in Florida, had made an arrangement with Sam Jones, who was by this time considered a leading chief, in virtue of which certain limits were temporarily assigned beyond which the Indians should not pass, and within which they should be protected. The spot selected was a trading-post for their convenience. His company, of thirty men, was encamped in an open barren near the Cooloosahatchee River. The Indians were all gone up in the north country mostly unarmed. All suspicion was disarmed, and not even a sentinel was posted to guard against treachery. At daybreak on the morning of the 2d of July two hundred Indians, headed by Bowlegs, attacked the camp. The surprise was complete. The men, suddenly aroused from their deep slumbers, were shot down, tomahawked, murdered in their beds fled to the river, and were shot down in the water. Harney himself escaped by swimming off to a fishing-smack anchored some distance down the river. Of his thirty men twenty-four were slain.

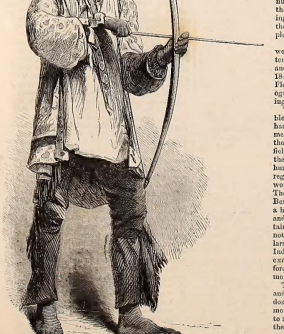
From this time the influence of Bowlegs began to increase. Sam Jones, who was said to be ninety years old, was feeble and infirm. He was therefore relieved from the chief responsibility, and Bowlegs was put in his place. The dignity was hardly worth the having. The band now numbered scarcely two hundred and fifty souls, of which eighty were warriors. The new chief saw that further resistance was useless, and, after sending an emissary to ascertain that proposals for peace would be favorably received, he made his appearance at headquarters, fully authorized to treat.

Our Government had in the mean while grown weary of employing an army to hunt down a few scattered savages. President Tyler, in his Message of May 10, 1842, had said that "the further pursuit of these miserable beings by a large military force seems to be as injudicious as it is unavailing. Notwithstanding the vigorous exertions of our troops, the Indian mode of warfare, their dispersed condition, and the very smallness of their number, which increases the difficulty of finding them in the abundant and almost inaccessible hiding-places, render any further attempts to secure them by force impracticable, except by the employment of the most expensive means."

Both parties being weary of the contest, terms were soon agreed upon. A narrow district was temporarily assigned to the Indians as a planting and hunting ground, and on the 14th of August, 1842, it was formally announced that the war in Florida was at an end, and Billy Bowlegs was recognized as the head chief of the Seminoles remaining in Florida.

This seven years' inglorious war had cost much blood and treasure. The regular troops engaged had averaged something more than three thousand men during the whole period. More than twenty thousand volunteers had been brought into the field from the different States. The records of the War Department contain the names of fifteen hundred and fifty-eight officers and soldiers of the regular army who were killed in action or died of wounds received or diseases contracted in Florida. The losses of the volunteers can not be known. Besides the cost of the regular army, nineteen and a half millions of dollars were paid to the militia and volunteers, and an indemnity for losses sustained by citizens. The whole cost of the war can not be estimated at less than forty millions of dollars, and three thousand lives. The number of Indian warriors killed and sent to Arkansas hardly exceeded fifteen hundred. Each of these, therefore, must have cost the country two lives, and more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

The peace thus concluded between King Billy and the United States continued unbroken for a dozen years and more. At length, something more than eighteen months ago, paragraphs began to make their appearance in the papers announcing the re-opening of the Florida war. Hostilities had again broken out between the King of the Everglades and the Model Republic. Then General Harney was sent to meet his old opponent; but before any thing serious had taken place, we find him transferred to more important duties in the Northwest. Then came news of obscure skirmishes and loss of life. Then it was reported that our new President, Buchanan, reversing the policy of the former who "found a rude bay in his apple-tree," after exhausting the force of grass, tried what virtue there was in stones, had resolved to try what effect fair words, money, and whisky would have in inducing the indomitable Billy to leave his Florida home. At last, under date of May 8, 1858, came "General Orders, No. 4," from the "Head-quarters of the Department of Florida," announcing that the war was closed. "You have," says Colonel Loomis, in mustering the volunteers out of the service of the United States, "with un-



LONG JACK, BILLY BOWLEGS'S LIEUTENANT.



YOUNG WIFE OF BILLY BOWLEGS.



BEN BRUNO, NEGRO SLAVE AND FAVORITE.

tiring zeal and energy, penetrated in every direction the swamps and everglades of the country, driving the enemy from their strong-holds and hiding-places; you have engaged them in several skirmishes and actions, killing more than forty of their warriors, as acknowledged by the chief, Billy Bowlegs; you have destroyed their magazines of stores and provisions; you have captured more than forty of their men, women, and children; you have rendered them hopeless of remaining any longer with safety in the country, thereby preparing them for, and greatly facilitating, their peaceful emigration, by the delegation under Colonel Elias Rector, Superintendent of Indian Affairs."

Then came the intelligence that Billy Bowlegs, with 33 warriors and 80 women and children, had actually embarked for New Orleans, on their way to Arkansas; but that the old chief, Sam Jones, with 38 warriors and their women and children, still refused to come in at any price; that he declared he would not emigrate for two wagon-loads of money; that his women followed King Billy's men, jeering them for selling themselves to the pale-faces; and that King Billy said Sam was a fool, and he did not care what became of him. At last, on the 14th of May, we learned that Billy Bowlegs had reached the Crescent City.

Alas for our lion! It soon appeared that the King of the Everglades was bent upon having a "big drunk" in New Orleans. How he succeeded no one knows better than your correspondent, who had special reasons for keeping his company, which turned out to be far from creditable. In his cups he was sometimes boisterous and sometimes maudlin. Now he boasted that he had killed a hundred white men in a day; then he thanked his white brothers for their "much friendship," and swore that he would never leave them as long as they gave him as much punch as he wanted. The enterprising proprietor of our Museum invited him to visit his establishment, announced his acceptance, and reaped a golden harvest in consequence. Billy drank the punch provided for him, perambulated the rooms, closely attended by three faithful braves, who fanned him when heated, and kept themselves sober that they might watch over him. The wax-figures seemed to possess the chief attraction for him. Scott and Taylor, he said, were "great men, and fought him mighty hard;" as for Harney, he had made him "run like hell."

But why go on to narrate his drunken speeches? He was a sorry lion at the best. At last your correspondent succeeded in bringing him to Clark's Photographic Gallery. A janitor kept the crowd at the foot of the stairs, and finally induced them to disperse, by the assurance that King Billy would not come down for three hours. Thanks to Carden and the camera, his royal features were transferred to the sensitive plate, and here you have them.

My object was attained; but in the mean while my zealous devotion to his Majesty of the Everglades had exposed me to no little misapprehension on the part of my friends. This is a censorious world, very loth to believe in disinterested attachments of any sort. A plausible motive for my proceedings was easily suggested.

Billy, as I have said, is no beggarly German prince, without money to support his hereditary dignity. He has, moreover, a marriageable daughter, whom, it was currently reported, he was anxious to bestow upon some "white brother," with a comfortable dowry of ten thousand dollars in hard cash, besides "expectations" for the future. It was reported that I was to be the happy man. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, pronounced a lucky fellow, and forced to "stand" cocktails and juleps without number.

It is due to all parties that the matter should be properly represented. It is true, then, that King Billy did me the honor to propose an alliance between myself and his eldest daughter. "Betsey," he said, "good squaw—never married—you have her—come with me—I make you great chief—next after me." I was forced to decline this flattering offer for private reasons, which I am not at liberty to explain at present. Suffice it to say that they were perfectly satisfactory to His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to present me, in token of his perfect consideration, with his own royal autograph, a *fac-simile* of which I send you. The original, of course, I shall carefully preserve, to be handed down to my posterity. I only wish it was appended to an I O U for a few thousands. It would be considered "first-class paper," and I do not doubt that I could have got it "done" at a very moderate shave.

I am ever,
YOUR NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENT.

THE DEVIL'S MARK.

I.

ON the morning of August the first, sixteen hundred and fourteen, the village of Hambledon was the scene of much lively bustle, which rallied chiefly round the dwelling of Master Simon, farrier, blacksmith, and wheel-wright for the township. Master Simon's only daughter, Rose—the White Rose of Hambledon, the folks called her—was going to be married that day to her cousin, Richard Nicholl. They were a very well-matched couple of young people, for if she was as blooming and sweet as her name, Richard was the goodliest man in that parish, and many another. She was nineteen, and he was twenty-six—both of them in the full glow and excellence of youth.

In Master Simon's cottage were collected half the women of the place, but Rose's chamber was the favorite point, for there the young maiden's toilet was being accomplished by half a dozen of her particular friends. The costume of those days was not remarkable either for its picturesqueness or its grace; but Rose's pretty shape and sweet face were proof against its disfigurements. She stood in the centre of the room, fair and blushing, in a petticoat of remarkable stiffness and a bodice of preternatural length, her gold-colored hair rolled up elaborately, and a highly-starched ruff lying close at hand to imprison her round white throat.

There was not one of the half-dozen friends so beautiful as Rose; but one of them—the chief, it seemed—from her being the putter-on of the bows and decorative paraphernalia of the dress, had a singular countenance—cold, repellant, and stone-gray. The blackness of her eyebrows, which met and were depressed over her eyes, gave her a furtive, stealthy expression, and her narrow, scarlet lips, while they indicated a sensual disposition, showed also one of cruelty and vindictiveness. Every body, however, Rose included, treated her with a certain respect, for she was waiting-woman to my lady the wife of Sir Roger Bedinfield, at Hambledon Hall. Her name was Mistress Gilbert, and she was reputed to possess philters and love-charms, which, in those good old times, were held in high repute, not only among silly maidens, but even among wise and discreet matrons. One charm, however, Mistress Gilbert did not possess —that charm which would have charmed Richard Nicholl's heart out of his bosom. Her disappointed hopes had been a sly theme of talk many a time in the village, and even Rose herself had shared in it. Possibly that was the reason why, when Mistress Gilbert's chilly hands glided so stealthily about her person, a slight shiver kept running over her flesh.

"You are cold, Rose," said the waiting-woman; "shut the window, some of you. You shudder all over when you are touched."

"It can't be that her enemy is walking over the place where her grave is to be," remarked a careless young body, who looked straight at Mistress Gilbert, and then turned red under the cold scrutiny that she received from her cruel eyes.

"Rose is too good to have an enemy. Every one loves her," said the waiting-woman, slowly: directly she had spoken she approached her lips to the white, polished shoulder, and blew softly at a tiny brown mark, and then brushed it with her hand, carelessly.

"You will have to blow a long time before you blow away that little mole, Mistress Gilbert," laughed Rose: "I was born with it."

"I am short-sighted this morning—I mistook it for a fly;" and the waiting-woman began to arrange the starched ruff.

My Lady Bedinfield and two of her daughters had thought right to honor the ceremony by coming to look on from the elevation of the family pew, and afterward to praise the rustic grace of the White Rose of Hambledon. Mistress Lucy Bedinfield and her sister Elizabeth would have given half their rich clothing for a tint out of her cheeks; they were but sickly young gentlewomen, on whose complexions Mistress Gilbert's various washes had no effect at all, unless it were to make them deader and duller than even Nature—who colored them in one of her penurious, pallid moods —had ever intended.

When Rose walked out of church, her pretty blue eyes downcast, and holding Richard's arm, the folks inside blessed her softly as became the place, and those outside gave them a cheer, after which the bells rang out a famous wedding peal. Mistress Gilbert's clayey visage looked colder and more clayey than ever as they disappeared. Nobody heeded her, and she did not choose to follow the returning party to Master Simon's house; but when my Lady Bedinfield, the rabble being dispersed, issued stately from the family pew with her daughters behind her, she was graciously told that she might walk with them to the Hall.

"They are a pretty pair of lovers, I'm sure, and Rose's dress was uncommon gay;" said Lady Bedinfield, who had a mother's heart.

"Her cheek could not have looked fresher if it had been painted. Gilbert, your new wash for the face is quite useless;" querulously observed Mistress Elizabeth; "I am sure it dries the skin."

"Natural roses have the finest bloom," replied Lady Bedinfield, who had been a beauty herself, and was still a handsome woman. She sometimes had a little spite against her daughters for being so unmanageably plain.

"Rose Nicholl's bloom looks natural," said Mistress Gilbert, with an air of sarcastic respect; "it looks even brighter than nature."

"You are jealous, Gilbert; we know all about the young suitor's indifference to black eyes when blue ones are willing to shine on him," returned Lady Bedinfield, with a jolly laugh.

Mistress Gilbert's face blushed lividly. That taunt was not needed to increase the deadly hatred she had conceived for Richard and his young wife. She dropped behind, and would not answer when spoken to. Lady Bedinfield called to her just as they were entering the house, and said, in the same tone of mockery, "If Rose's beauty is all paint, why don't you put it on too, Gilbert?"

"I did not say it was all paint, my lady. I wish it were. It would be the less harm," replied the waiting-woman.

"If it is neither nature nor paint, what is it?" asked Lady Bedinfield.

"It is devil's beauty. I saw his mark on her neck to-day," said Mistress Gilbert.

Lady Bedinfield laughed again, but this time in a less loud and assured manner. Scarcely any one in these very good old times was altogether free from the black plague-spot of superstition, and she was neither better nor wiser than her age. She entered her house in silence, and Mrs. Gilbert, pacing her room that night vehemently, as a caged wild beast newly caught, rejoiced to think that she had dropped on her rival's fair fame the first deadly drop of that corrosive poison which she hoped ere long to see blacken and blast it utterly.

II.

The apartments of the two sisters at Bedinfield Hall adjoined, and Mistress Gilbert passed from one to the other attending on the young ladies. There was company that day; especially, there was one young gallant named Sir Henry Cavendish, whom either of the girls would have been proud to captivate. Mistress Lucy stood before her mirror, fully dressed; but there was dissatisfaction on her countenance—she had small, delicate features, but her skin was cloudy, her eyes were lacking in brilliance. Mistress Elizabeth was even worse favored, for her visage was long and lean as well as colorless, and her eyes were not so perfectly set as they might have been.

"You will soon be of no more use to us than a mole, Gilbert. Can you not see how thick my complexion is to-day?" said Mistress Lucy, pointing at her own reflection in the glass; she always laid the blame of Nature's defects on her abigail.

"Yes, Mistress Lucy, I see—" She hesitated a minute, opened the door to look into the passage, and then whispered, hurriedly, "I have a powder that I got from Mistress Turner in London; but if I let you have some, my lady must never know."

"Ah! good Gilbert, I will not tell her; speak low, that Elizabeth may not hear. How does this powder affect one?"

"It preserves youth, makes the skin smooth, and gives it a bloom like a little child's; but it is highly dangerous."

"How dangerous? Is it a poison?"

Mistress Elizabeth, overhearing the mysterious whispering, crept stealthily behind her door, watched through a chink, and listened. The arrival of Sir Henry Cavendish had sown jealousy between the sisters.

"It is a mineral poison; but with care, and in very small quantities, it is safe. In a week you would be as fair as Rose Nicholl. Will you try it? or do you fear the risk?"

"Oh! I will try it. I would try any thing to have a face like the young smith's wife; but promise me not to let Elizabeth have any."

Mistress Gilbert gave the required pledge, and then stole away to her own chamber to fetch the powder. The watcher waited for her return impatiently. When Gilbert re-entered the room, she brought in her hand a small box of ebony, which she opened with a key attached to a chain hidden under her ruff. Elizabeth listened breathlessly, but she could not quite catch all that was said. But she saw a small packet given to her sister, and by her, after a portion of its contents had been extracted for immediate use, deposited in her jewel-box. How that taken out was used, she could not see; for Mistress Gilbert carried it to where stood the ewer and basin, and thither Mistress Lucy went to apply it; but she heard the waiting-woman say, "It will sink—mingle it well with the water;" so she conjectured that it was something to be swallowed, and determined that she herself would soon have a face as fair as Rose, the smith's wife, if it only depended on taking the powder hidden in the jewel-box.

The application of the powder made no perceptible improvement in Mistress Lucy's face that day, and Sir Henry Cavendish was by no means charmed out of his senses; but in the course of the week there was certainly a change for the better, and Mistress Elizabeth—who had not yet found an opportunity to lay her hands upon any of the powder—became more and more eager to profit by its beautifying effects. One evening Mistress Lucy left her chain with the jewel-box key fastened to it on her table, and her sister, who had never ceased to watch, availed herself of this chance to possess herself of a good portion of what remained of the powder. She immediately mixed a little of it with water, and drank it.

Very soon she was seized with pain, nausea, and sickness; but not so severely as to enforce greater caution in using the powder, for she repeated the dose daily. She suffered, but her skin acquired a clearness which it had never worn before, and this would have reconciled her to any thing short of martyrdom. Her store being exhausted, and the key falling no more into her possession, she was obliged for a time to desist from her beguiling experiments. Mistress Lucy, however, still steadily continued her applications. At last Mistress Gilbert's ebony box was empty, and no more of the powder could be obtained until Sir Roger Bedinfield went up to London with his family. Mistress Lucy was very impatient of this delay; but at length a supply was obtained, and the beautifying discipline was recommenced by the elder sister at once. Whether some more deadly ingredient was now mingled with it, or it was unskillfully prepared, or—what is still more probable—Mistress Lucy used it incautiously and too often, it now began to work on the muscles of the face, and the miserable girl awoke one morning with her mouth drawn on one side, and frightfully disfigured. Mistress Gilbert, terrified at her appearance, and rightly attributing it to the cosmetic, to shield herself from all suspicion, immediately exclaimed that her young lady was bewitched—and, as all new or ill-understood disease was, in these good old times, laid to supernatural influences, this was readily believed. But, bewitched or poisoned, poor young Mistress Lucy's days of vanity were past, and she would never charm Sir Henry Cavendish, or any gay gallant, with her face again.

III.

Lady Bedinfield devoted herself like a good mother to her afflicted daughter; and, when they retired to their country-house—where the only amusements were such as her health and spirits were far too broken to enjoy—they might be seen almost daily wandering through the shrubberies together, or sitting under the trees. Poor Mistress Lucy could not bear to be seen by the most intimate friends, or even by the villagers; and the idea that she had been bewitched gained ground fast.

Mistress Gilbert was one of those patient haters who never balk themselves of their revenge by rushing upon it prematurely. To screen her own malpractices, she had said at first that Mistress Lucy was bewitched; but it did not occur to her then to turn this to the furtherance of her schemes against Rose Nicholl. One lovely June evening, however, in passing by the smith's cottage, she saw a gathering of the village goodies, who told her that the White Rose, her detested rival, had just got a little son; and a week or two later she saw the young mother herself standing at her open window with the child in her arms, and the stalwart smith leaning in, making gentle, paternal advances, to her great and laughing delight. Mistress Gilbert's heart felt like a lump of molten lead in her bosom at this picture. She stopped and looked at it wickedly over the hedge for several minutes, and then rushed rapidly homeward. Her plan was maturing.

A dreadful scene greeted her when she arrived. The house was in an uproar; every body running hither and thither, calling for this thing and that, in frantic haste. Mistress Elizabeth was ill—she was dying—dying in agonies; her shrieks could be heard half over the house.

"She is poisoned!" said Lady Bedinfield, who was shuddering and weeping by her daughter's writhing form; but Mistress Gilbert, bending over the bed her ash-gray face, said, "No, I have seen these convulsions before; she is bewitched, like Mistress Lucy."

Every one in the room paused aghast with their remedies; but Lady Bedinfield said, "Who can pursue our family with such a relentless hatred? Whom have we any of us injured? There is worthy Parson Phillips coming to our aid; let him be admitted."

While the minister recited his prayers Mistress Elizabeth died. "She has been poisoned," he also observed; but the doctor, not being able to name the drug that had killed her, solemnly countenanced Mistress Gilbert's idea that she had been bewitched. The waiting-woman was not long in discovering where Mistress Elizabeth had found her fatal draught. Advantage had been taken of her absence to break open the ebony box and abstract the cosmetic powder. Too large an internal dose had done its work forever.

From the time of her sister's death poor Mistress Lucy's health also began fast to decline. She became subject to long fits of melancholy depression, and more than ever evaded seeing strangers. Still she would go out of doors, and her favorite haunt was a sunny knoll in the plantations, where she would sit for hours with either her mother or Mistress Gilbert. Any sudden noise—even the flight of a bird from one branch to another—would cause her to tremble convulsively, as if with overwhelming dread; for the poor girl had heard it said that she was bewitched, and the idea worked in her imagination until she believed it. It happened one morning, while in the wood, as usual, that Rose Nicholl passed within sight of Mistress Lucy and the waiting-woman. Mistress Lucy began to shudder and cry out.

"Is it Rose Nicholl that has bewitched you, Mistress Lucy?" asked Mistress Gilbert, earnestly.

"Yes, yes," replied the nervous creature, following the retreating figure with wild eyes.

"I always thought so! I saw the devil's mark upon her neck the day she was married," cried the waiting-woman, triumphantly.

When they returned home, Mistress Lucy told her mother that all her deformity and all her present illness had been inflicted upon her by the malice of Rose Nicholl, the smith's wife, and that the sight of her threw her into convulsions such as those in which her sister died. Lady Bedinfield was troubled, but suspicious. She consulted her husband, who was remarkable for any thing rather than sagacity, and proposed to have Rose tried by one of the common prickers who made it their business to go from place to place discovering witches and bringing them to punishment. Sir Roger consented, and Mistress Gilbert having undertaken to produce a witch-finder, innocent, unconscious Rose was indicated to him as a suspected person; and, full of the importance of his terrible office, the pricker went to the smith's house when he was at his forge. Master Simon also was away from home, and Rose, with her baby asleep in her lap, sat sewing diligently, like the good housewife and housemother that she was. The pricker obtained an entrance into the cottage by pleading that he had walked far and was tired; so the unsuspicious Rose bade him rest himself, and gave him some refreshment. Presently two of the village women sauntered in, ostensibly to see the baby, but in reality, by pre-concert with the pricker, to help in the examination. They all began to talk, and presently led the conversation round to the subject of witches and warlocks. There had been many hundreds of wicked and cruel executions in England during recent years for the crime of witchcraft, and Rose had heard of them, like others: indeed, a witch had been swum and drowned in Hambledon mill-pond within her own memory. She expressed great commiseration for this old woman, and said that she believed many unfortunates were the victims of the malice of their enemies, rather than real criminals, as was pretended. The pricker took umbrage at this remark, perhaps because Mistress Gilbert's bribe lay heavy on his conscience at the moment; and, thinking to daunt Rose, he exclaimed, that she herself was a notorious witch and evil-liver, and he was there to prove it.

Rose started up; and when the two women approached to lay hold on her, she broke from them, and rushed out at the door shrieking, "Richard, Richard, help me!"

The hammer was not going in the forge just then, and the smith heard her. Clutching a stout cudgel, he ran to the spot; and, while the two assistants decamped, he seized the pricker in a grasp like a vice, and, without waiting for explanation, proceeded to belabor him so soundly that the miserable official was likely to have a skin full of sorely-aching bones for a month to come.

When her husband paused, Rose said, bitterly weeping: "He is a witch-finder, Richard, and declares that I am a witch. He came here to prove it. Oh where, where shall we fly? You know, dear husband, that I am your own true wife, and no wicked witch. Don't you, love?" She clung to him beseechingly. In those good old times there were few ties of blood or of affection that did not break under this terrible accusation; but the smith loved his Rose dearly; and, having an intense antipathy to the manipulations of such odious

gentry as the pricker, his wrath was so far increased by the idea that they might have been excised on his young wife, as to find it indispensable to beat him again, and then to throttle him until he confessed that he had received a letter from Mistress Gilbert to arouse Rose. A second shaking made him give up the instrument with which he proposed to prick for the devil's mark, which all witches bore on their persons. This instrument was a steel needle with a hollow handle, into which it retired under very slight pressure, coming out again when that pressure was withdrawn, as the finger thought proper to run into the flesh; it in reality did not even break the skin: as the devil's mark could be pricked, as was usual, without the witch feeling any pain, and without blood following the withdrawal of the needle, this instrument proved a most unanswerable and very malicious purpose; and, with its lying witness, did to death many a poor innocent creature. It was, after conviction, was tortured into confessing every enormity that the diseased imaginations of their self-constituted examiners could devise. The smith was something of a mechanician himself, and immediately discovered the secret of the instrument, which he determined to carry to Parson Phillips. As long as it remained in the minister's possession in the grave at the moment, he hailed him to come in, and rebuted what had been threatened against Rose.

"These accursed witch-pricker can make knaves; I hope you have." The parson glanced significantly at the cudgel, as much as to say, "I will." The smith nodded affirmatively.

The pricker was trying to snuff out, but Richard stopped him, and said nothing until he had been before Sir Richard Bedingfield and had a political chat with a church, and then a chapter by the village folk. A good number of the rustics had gathered at a respectful distance from the cottage, and when they saw the official dragged out by the smith, Parson Phillips following, and Rose looking out from the door-way, they began to think glad that the pretty White Rose of their village had escaped the dangerous trial: but when the smith came among them, and exhibited the tools of the witch-finder's needle, nothing would satisfy these excited people but immediate justice upon them and then; so the bruised wretch was hauled off to the mill-pond, docked until he was half-dead, and then driven out of the village with howls and execrations.

Mistress Gilbert was foiled of her revenge for the present; but, she said with a deadly tenacity, "Though he was not a true witch-finder, that does not make him less than a witch."

And the village began to look coldly on the smith's wife, and to regard gossip with her decidest she should slight them and theirs with her evil eye.

IV.

The very name of witch was fatal in those good old times. Nothing could long exist in such company; and this poor Rose well knew. To see herself hated and persecuted around her life with a dread that the general feeling might extend itself to her husband, her father, and her child.

Six months after the visit of the pricker Mistress Lucy Bedingfield died; and the old report that she had been bewitched was revived, with the addition that it was Rose Nicholl, and Rose Nicholl only, who had laid upon her the spells that had destroyed her.

Every calamity that happened in the village was now laid to the charge of the smith's wife. If an old person died from age, Rose had bewitched him or her; if a baby perished from weakness, Rose had bewitched it; if a cow failed, Rose had bewitched the nest; if the corn, when heavy in the ear, was laid by violent rain, Rose had raised the storm; if a horse cast a shoe, Rose had bewitched the nails, or the hammer, or the anvil. Rose might look as innocent and pretty as she would, but popular superstition declared her to be a witch, and popular persecution would have an end.

Mistress Gilbert scarcely found her schemes match so quickly as she desired; but an unexpected event came to her assistance and revenge. A poor old woman at Whistleknowle was tried for witchcraft, and under her tortures she gave a full account of persons whom she said she had herself seen at the Sabbath, or general meeting of witches and warlocks. She did not at first mention Rose Nicholl, but the name being suggested to her, she also mentioned her as present on her, and many more than the previous Friday night. All the accused were immediately arrested, and carried before Sir Roger Bedingfield, and two other magistrates to expose as bismeak. In vain did Richard Nicholl swear that at the time he was said to have been present at the horrible mysteries of the witches' Sabbath she was sleeping comfortably at his side; he was told that the devil deluded him by putting a semblance of her in her place, that he might not discover her innocent slumbers. The poor smith was nearly maddened; but the prisoners were all confined until the day when they were to be tried.

Two days after poor Rose was thrown into prison Parson Phillips brought these tidings to the smith, and said that he had leave to help her lovely home and give her Christian burial. Terrified at the accusation, brought against her, deprived of her child and her husband, the poor young woman was seized with fever, and died in her prison—by God's mercy, both Parson and Richard thought, for she thereby escaped the doom of her companions in misfortune, against whose names stand in the criminal records of the time the fatal words, "Convict and burnt."

The smith brought his poor White Rose home on the third anniversary of their marriage; and the next day she was interred, with all the rites of the Church, amid the tears and lamentations of her parishioners. Master Simon and Richard stood by the grave in mighty sorrow, and shrewdly suspected that, with her wicked eyes fixed on the smith's face, was Mistress Gilbert. She was moving away, at last their glances met; the waiting-woman of Lucy Bedingfield, and pointed downward as the child was a significant air. Richard looked at her steadily for a moment, and then said in a deep, concentrated tone, which he heaven recalled afterward as a tone of prophecy. "Ay, Mistress Gilbert, there lies the body of my poor Rose that you hated, and her spirit is safe in heaven. Yes may laugh now, but you shall not laugh long. The day is near when your body shall rot in the earth that shall be seen from Whistleknowle to Carrsford, and your spirit shall start to be heard from Hockley-stone for three miles round." Mistress Gilbert only laughed the louder as she marched away.

MY WESTERN LAND SPECULATION.

Six years' toil at the desk in the office of one of Gotham's merchant princes (*vide* Life in the Golden Keys), and I have saved out of my scanty income four hundred dollars. Twenty-five years old. Prospect of being able to support a wife (*Chief end of man*). Ergo, I must do something with it. Stocks—bull or bear? Pshaw! pick' sin dominoes. Californ'a or Australia? Alas! the utter wicked condition of my health forbids the golden dream. Mistake my employer's funds for my own, and on the strength of the information travel for my health in Europe? Too risky! None but bank and railroad officers, national, State, and municipal officials, do that sort of thing. I have it! The newspapers say there is no place like the West for a young man to make a fortune in a short number purse. I hear every day of men who crossed the Mississippi with ten dollars in their pocket returning, in a few years, with a hundred thousand. And do not Eastern brokers-down politicians go West, and return Governors, Senators, Ambassadors or Representatives, or become Governors, Indian Agents, or something of that sort? I'm going West!

And I did go.

Cold, dismal, and rainy was the afternoon of a November day when I for the first time beheld the Father of Rivers, as we steamed over in the ferry-boat from Jersey City. Nothing to cheer my arrival in Chicago (the terrestrial residence of his Satanic Majesty, as I was informed), and I was pertinatically fleeced. I was not at all surprised to learn that, upon the site of the present city, with its huge hotels, and the great influx of strangers, it was compelled to pay full price for the privilege of sleeping and boarding in a house with a high-sounding name, extraordinary pretensions in the—back of the city, and—*à la carte*—prices—*à la fortarthy* settled as above, I repaired to the wash-room. After a spirited controversy with the porter as to the propriety of a clean towel—he one offered me being "clare as coarse, as only a hundred cent or dozen could be"—I was at last able to. I fought my way in to the supper-table, coming out of the struggle with the loss only of my temper, and half of my coat-tails. Disgusted, I seated myself upon the sharp corner of a trunk in the office, but—now, sir (sinning in trinities now in one), and entreasured to realize that, at last, I to was an inhabitant of the Great West. Scattered around me, other visiting strangers, like myself, was a crowd of rough-looking, keen-eyed, smoking, drinking, conversing gentlemen. Many representatives were present from every State in the Union and New Jersey, and for a moment I fancied myself in Congress. I was soon undeceived in this idea. The assembly was too respectable and orderly; and not one word in twelve was in slang. A suspicious-looking man, with a funny hat, hair long and combed behind his ears, and with a heavy gold watch-chain, and a large drab three "horse" of brandy since supper, pulled a copy of the New York *Herald* from his pocket, and quietly deavored to get up an argument. He was quickly silenced, however, by a burly individual, who immediately took the floor, and called for the stranger to keep his clam-shell shut. "Spect a Yankee's a-comin' round to this town to buy up all the terrible snap—pulled out a note-book and scribbled furiously. Glancing over his shoulder, I read, "Jones, Hogtown, 2 cents; Smith, 3 cents." Outraging on freedom of speech," "Gag-law," and other original and forcible ideas of the kind. Upon reflection, as I thought of the unfortunate readers of that piece about.

I am as promiscuous an assemblage one would naturally suppose there would be as many topics of conversation as there were different individuals. Here, however, was an exception. Every gentleman present seemed firmly impressed with the idea that he was there to purchase land, and talking about but land—forty's, eighty's, township, sections, ranges, timber, prairie, water-power, swamp and prairie. Upon inquiry I ascertained that the gentlemen were laboring under a severe attack of "land fever." The land-offices of most of the counties of the Union to attend the sale of public lands at the time of my visit to Chicago. Also, in the northern part of the State, confident of making a speedy fortune from the purchase and sale of Uncle Sam's acres. The glowing descriptions of fortunes made, and to be made, as it were, simply by the lifting of a finger, were enough to make a fool of a tide," etc. Here was the club. I resolved to plunge in; and at once engaged passage to the land of promise—Iowa.

At four o'the clock next morning nine dleepy, miserable-looking beings were packed inside of the stage-coach—I, *e.*, a lumber-wagon, covered with canvas stretched on hoops—and after fifteen minutes' application of the whip, we moved off at a small's pace. The shiverings of the supper regions were open, and the rain *poured*, as the gentleman from Illinois remarked, "slightually." If the spirit of the land of Nod had any business to transact in our vicinity that day, I am confident that, in the exuberance of his joy, he at once commenced building a spiritual ark. The mud—to lift it not in error—was bottomless.

I was wedged up on the back seat between two bulky individuals, one of whom breathed forth an aroma of vile whisky, while the other emitted like a volcano in full eruption. This, combined with the tossing and pitching of the vehicle, and a decidedly nauseous effect upon my hyper-delicate stomach; and after I had deposited the remnant of my last night's meal in the over-coat pocket of the individual on my right, that society individual consented to change seats with me.

Dreyling the next few disagreeableness of my companions in misery. Each eyed his neighbor suspiciously, and as it was now certain that all were bound for Iowa, the same errand, I was amused to see how cautiously the all-absorbing topic was handled in their conversation. Not one would admit he had the remotest idea of speculating in land. He was merely traveling to view the country, etc. Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, Vermont (of course), Massachusetts, and New York, had representatives in our company.

"What mout you hail from, stranger?" queried Missouri.

"New York," I replied.

"Ever lin in them y'ere parts afore?" said Illinois.

"No."

"Nor never'll want to begin, I reckon!" growled Kentucky, as a sudden lurch of the coach sent Vermont flying head first into the stomach of Virginia.

Here our conversation terminated. The road had been rapidly changing from worse to still worse, and, practically, the latter, until now it was literally a quagmire. We were continually bowing, whistling, "Yankee Doodle," over clover into ruts, ruts into gullies, gullies into sloughs, now against the top, now against the side of the coach, and then, by way of variety, the bottom floor of our mudgon. We were so beaten, bruised, and shaken up that positively I was in a state of stupefaction. Still in our mute bodies to articulate even—A feeble, "I'll be doggoned!" from Missouri, and Manuchee Indian's "Ugh!" from me, by-the-way, plowed into his left eye, made our inability to give audible vent to our feelings the more aggravating.

Late in the afternoon, as we were descending a steep and slippery hill, a terrific jolt was followed by a loud crash—over we went. Fortunately my side was uppermost, or I should certainly have been killed by the bolt that through the canvas covering, I slowly extricated myself from the struggling mass. The horses were gloriously off as fast as their jaded condition would permit, the driver sat in a hole, digging the mud out of his ears, and the fellow-passengers, having recovered their breath, were going on at a furious rate under the canvas.

"Dod rot it!" groaned Missouri; "my leg's broke, sure pop!"

"Ugh!" said a fellar, can't you?" queried Vermont. "I'm smashed as flat as a pancake!"

"I know I am!" roared Virginia. "I'm any thar or thar'll be a dead nigger here in less than a minute!"

One by one they crawled slowly out. No one hurt. The driver went after the horses, and the passengers in a group of the wreck. After walking some four miles through the rain and mud we came to a big shanty, whose dimensions and appearance at once stamped a respectable specimen of the log-cabin, where permission was given us to remain over night. Having found accommodation in a fried pork, swimming in grease, bread, and molasses (Iowa butter), we rolled ourselves in our blankets and commenced our first night's rest (there were no none), and were lulled to sleep by the whistling of the wind through the crevices, and the pattering of the rain upon our garments.

Three weary, miserable days were we tortured in this delightful vehicle. Late in the evening of the fourth day we arrived at the town of Dubuque. The rain had ceased to snow; and the firmament was coqueting with zero. Starved, and frozen nearly stiff, I alighted at one of the hotels—"All full, sir," said the clerk; "said Kentucky," showed the bar-room, and elevating my way through a crowd of spittoon-like objects, I was received by the landlord, who was dispensing the hospitalities of the house by the dim light of a tallow-candle, with a bottle and glass in his hand. I was informed that the hotel was crowned to overflowing; that the sleigh-ing was splendid and unobtainable; that the floors of the halls, parlor, and bar-room were covered with ledgers; and that I had my choice of the settled plank, hard floor, or nothing. I could find myself. As to supper—couldn't have any that night. A table-d'hote dinner would be ready at one-bone. Finding that the other hotel was in the same predicament I chose a plank in the sitting-room. The apartment was the last, for the only evidence of the, occupied it at once. The furniture consisted of seventeen pairs of wooden chairs and a pine table. The ceiling low; walls dirty, and blackened with smoke. The cooking stove was red-hot, and perfectly overpowering. Musty buffalo robes, old harnesses, tobacco smoke, a disgusting odor of wet boots, and the atmosphere from some thirty very dirty human bodies, made me sigh for a couch in the pig-sty of more well-to-do Eastern farmer. A profane individual near me said, "that you might search the infernal regions and not find a worse place than such as this." My acquaintances with those regions is limited, but I fervently believe the profane was right.

Next morning the cold was terrible—thermometer twenty degrees *below* zero. Owing to the tremendous crowd I despair of ever getting breakfast at the hotel; so I lunched upon a herring and two crackers, procured at a neighboring grocery. The town consisted of some thirty wood buildings, evidently erected in a great hurry, at a time when lumber was very scarce. About one-half of these buildings were occupied, as fluring signs informed me, by bankers, land agents, etc., whose principal business appeared to be the buying and selling of land warrants, and entering land upon them; but it was chiefly, as I afterward learned (this is private), the freezing of greenhorns. Two were occupied as hotels; four or five as general variety stores, and the balance as groceries.

The great centre of attraction—the United States Land Office—was situated in the upper story of a frame building. To reach the office you were obliged to ascend a rude flight of stairs built up on the outside of the building. As I ascended with the dense crowd filling the street in front of the office, my attention was called to a number of men stationed upon the stairs, who coolly ordered customers to "keep off, if they didn't want their heads punched." These men, I was afterward informed, had, notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, received the right to retain their places for a check of the afternoon previous. To prevent freezing to death they kept a large fire burning in a stove below during the night, which, with frequent and copious draughts of hot drinks, sustained life during this terrible ordeal. I had their objects in view being well, if not life itself, was to enable them to be first at the counter when the land-office opened for sale in the morning, thereby insuring a probability of their being able to get through a batch of warrants, and also subsequent land that privileges entitled them.

The stairs, during some twelve or fourteen hours, in an atmosphere ranging from North Dakota intensity, was so highly priced that it was determined by the sons that the drawers of certain numbers (as agreed upon by the land-speculating band) alloted this favor.

At ten o'clock the door opened, and with a whoop and a yell the crowd rushed up the stairs and into the office. The foremost ones sprang upon the counter, and the scene was only to be likened to that while the rest struggled, and pushed, and pushed each other, endeavoring to get over counter—each one over and one holding his package of warrants above his head, and thrusting them into the face of the clerk, and shouting their names in order that the latter might enter them in the terrible change with the utmost *sang froid*, and coolly proceed to hand out the amount of warrants any customer had occurred.

Finding myself during the forenoon blowing my fingers, kicking my toes, and watching this crowd of greedy land-worshipers, or shirks as they are called here, I went down to the hotel to dinner. A dense mass of the most ravenous and savage-looking individuals it was ever been my fortune to encounter in a civilized community were jammed together around the door of the dining-room during the hour of dinner. They glared on each other like tigers, and stood with every muscle strained, and every nerve in readiness when he is preparing for a deadly spring upon his dinner. The bell rung—the door opened—the crowd sprang in over the heads of the table, and on the table—each as he fell grasping some article of food that he could lay his hands on. Three times was this disgusting scene enacted ere I managed to get in. I secured a frozen potato, warmed through, and a bit of fried pork, and considered myself peculiarly fortunate in so doing, as I saw many around me eating the potato but a crust of bread. I remonstrated with the landlord, and was told "that 'twas so was table'. He couldn't help it. The crowd were to be fed in the rest. Button my over coat, keep a stiff upper lip, and go in with the crowd." Very reasonably I said then, for this bit of fried pork, and this frozen potato, warmed through, gotten at the risk of my life, I paid the modest sum of twenty-five dollars. Upon complaining with some fifty very dirty individuals, I paid twenty-five cents for a raw dollar and fifty cents *per diem*. I was told that this was the daily order of proceeding. Was not this a free country?

An old man, with whom I conversed during the afternoon, informed me that he had received a warrant from the United States Government for one hundred and sixty acres of land for his services in the war of 1812. He had been here over three weeks. Had stood night after night on the stairs in the bitter cold, but all for nothing. He believe would not notice him. His money was gone, and the week were now drawing to a close in fact of his warrant. I thought of the gratitude of Republics; but as I was not a candidate for Congress, I prudently commanded not to trouble myself by a stump speech. I learned that the above was but one of many similar cases, and that the class of old soldiers or their relatives receiving any benefit from land-warrants is sheer nonsense. They have to sell immediately, at their ge-. "stripping" are not por soldiers.

Land-warrants with slight acre warrant, and resolved to do my best to secure an entry. But all to no purpose. For ten days did I go in with the crowd, and for ten did I come out with my terrible squeezing, and nothing more. The majority were in a perfect state of despair. Disappointed, prostrated, and heart-sick, they would leave by twos and threes, and, starting the back-load, commenced as follows:

"Excuse me, my dear Sir, but as you don't appear posted in our manner of doing business, and as it

the way you are now going on you will never accomplish that which you are after, I thought, as a friend, I would offer you my assistance, I agreeable."

I expressed my gratitude for the offer, and requested the gentleman to proceed.

"In the first place, then, let me take your warrant, give me twenty dollars, and the warrant shall be entered before to-morrow morning, or I'll forfeit twice twenty dollars." You look surprised at this, but it's just as I tell you. You have been here nearly two weeks, at an expense of two dollars a day, and your warrant is not yet entered. You must have to wait two weeks longer, and then not succeed. I offer for twenty dollars to get it entered immediately."

I ventured a remark, that it seemed somewhat singular he should be able to enter warrants where even he pleased, while so many worthy gentlemen were wasting time and money in a fruitless effort to get one through.

"Ah!" replied the Banker, with a knowing wink, "they don't know the ropes. You see, my friend, we make a business of this thing, and it's not at all singular that our head clerk cannot take side up every time. But come now, let's talk business. Here is a choice eighty (pointing to a map of the land district), about a hundred miles west of here, well timbered and watered, and only twelve from Danville City. I don't care if you refused to a highly-colored and well-executed lithographic map of said city, wherein wide streets and squares, magnificent churches and public buildings, and palatial residences, were delineated with great accuracy.] Say the word, and I'll take the warrant on it for you. You'll never get another such chance. The moment this land is patented 'twill bring at least ten dollars per acre. You may believe me or not, just as you please. You are a young man—about my son's standing—I assumed to take advantage of you—wouldn't for a thirty eighty anyhow. And assuredly this same land is all chosen from personal inspection; and I know that this eighty is as I represent it. Do you smoke?"

What could I do? I took a cigar, gave my warrant, and a fifteen-dollar gold piece, and left banking friend; and, sure enough, next morning he placed in my hands the Register's receipt, certifying that I had entered the S. ½ of S. W. ¼ of Sec. 19, Township —, N. of Range —, W. of 5th P. M., and that I was entitled to a patent therefor as soon as Government saw fit to give me one. The banker congratulated me upon having secured the choicest eighty in the district—said it was worth, at the least calculation, eight hundred dollars; but advised me to sell not, and I might probably get a thousand or twelve hundred for it.

A cool thousand clear profit in less than a week! Rather better than grubbing away at six hundred per annum. What a lucky fellow I was to come West!

I resolved to visit Paradise City and view my property. I packed a trunk at ten and a half per five dollars per diem, and started bright and early next morning. The shingling was excellent. The wind blew rather more than was necessary for comfort, but the guide assured me that it was an unusually mild breeze.

We drove forty miles, and put up at a wretched hovel (the third one met with in our day's journey). While we were eating our supper, of fried pork and molasses (no bread), a little girl came up to me, and said, "Aunt thee sent word [Quaker] *thee dead boy* out on the prairie t'other day, and mammy keeps it up stairs *for twelve!*"

I asked *whom*, and, as I leaned against the corner of the shanty, resolved never again to touch, taste, or handle pork.

About noon of the third day the guide suddenly checked the horses, and, turning to me, inquired, "What town lying and rotten is your eighty in?"

I gave him the numbers.

"This is it. We're on it now!"

For miles the prairie swept away to the horizon. Nothing to break the monotony of the dreary waste but two trees and a house.

"Nonsuch! You are humbugging me!"

"Not a bit of it, Sir. That's Potolois City over there!"

"Where?"

"That big-but! To be sure it looks a little different on the map; but then, you must have heard of paper cities?"

"And this is the land, well watered and timbered, worth at least ten dollars per acre, which that infernal scoundrel swindled me out of, selected from personal inspection?"

"It is well timbered, for this country! There are scrub oaks are the only trees within twenty miles of here. As to water, it is covered with that at least six months in the year. As to the land being per acre, you will be lucky—unless you find a rich-mine—if you find anyone for the whole eighty."

"Turn the horses around, driver!"

"Now, my friend," continued the guide, "I don't think this Western climate agrees with you. You land speculation is a confidence game, and a few win, and they will get their fingers burned before they do much with it, I reckon. If you have money, my advice is, buy land, sell, and then—never buy an inch of Western land, nor invest in Western railroad stocks, unless you are personally seen the property. No matter how respectable or honorable the appearance of parties may be do not take his word; for I tell you that, out West, there is no honor even among thieves. And, again; whenever a Western greenhorn visits New York, he is sure to be fleeced by your sharpers. Consequently, Eastern green-horns should not complain if we return the compliment."

I looked the guide full in the eye, and confident the villain was chuckling at my discomfiture.

I arrived at New York with two dollars in my pocket; and once more rolling at my ease, happy and contented, at peace with the whole world—always excepting my friend, the [illegible].

By-the-way, I have a [illegible] well watered and timbered—situated within two miles of Paradise City, Iowa. Price, one thousand cash; terms, cash.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing much of that information which the wisest men in the world are continually receiving from the latter end.

"I DARESAY," said Colonel Morley, "you remember my nephew George as a boy? He is now the rector of Hunnicston; married—a very nice sort of woman—with him. Hunnicston is a fine living; but his talents are wasted there. He preached for the first time in London last year, and made a considerable sensation. This year he has been much out of town. He has church here to-day. I hope to get him one. Carr is determined that he shall be a bishop. Meanwhile he preaches as one Chapel to-morrow. Come and hear him with us, and then tell me frankly—is he clergyman or not?"

Darrell had a prejudice against fashionable preachers, but to please Colonel Morley agreed to hear George. He was agreeably surprised by the pulpit oratory of the young divine. It had that rare combination of impassioned earnestness, with subdued tones, and decorous gesture, which more ideal of ecclesiastical eloquence conceived by an educated English Churchman—

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Occasionally the old defect in utterance was discernible; there was a gasp for breath, or a prolonged sound upon certain syllables, which, occurring in the most animated passages, did not interfere with the original intelligibility, with emotion, rather served to heighten the sympathy of the audience. But for this most part the original stammer was replaced by a felicitous pause—the pause as of a thoughtful reasoner, or a nature overpowered by emotion. He came too quick, into method, or chastening impulse into disciplined zeal. The text of the preacher, thus not only freed from trammel, but armed for victory, came forth with that power which is peculiar to original intellect, and the power which suggests more than it demonstrates. He did not so much appeal to his audience as wind himself through unexpected ways into the hearts of the audience; and they found themselves carried away by a current seeming to themselves. He took for his text, "Cast down, but not destroyed." And out of this text he framed a discourse full of true Christian tenderness, which seemed to raise up comfort as this saving, glorious truth rises upon the midnight of mortal life. The congregation was what is called "fashionable," consisting chiefly of great authors, and fine ladies—people whom the inconsiderate believe to stand little in need of comfort, and never to be subjected to grief. In many an intent or drooping face in that brilliant congregation might be read a sorrow different tale. But of all present there was no one whom the discourse so moved as a woman, who, chancing to enter late, had taken her place the throng into the Chapel, and with difficulty obtained a seat in the far end; a woman who had not been within the walls of chapel or church for long years — a grim woman, in iron gray. Before she took her departure from the sanctuary; and before the preacher had done, her face was hidden from her clasped hands, and she was weeping such tears as she had not wept since childhood.

On leaving church Darrell said little more to the Colonel than this: "Your nephew takes me quite by surprise. Unless I greatly err, he will have a grand career, if life be spared to him." Then he sank into a reverie, from which he broke suddenly. "Colonel, I must speak to you with my boy. Had my son lived, what had been my career?"

The Colonel, never encouraging painful subjects, made no rejoinder.

"Bring Frank to me to-morrow. I shrank from asking it before: I thought the pain of the interview too much even for myself; but I feel I should ascertain myself to face every memory. Bring him."

The next day the Colonel took George to Darrell's; but George had been pre-engaged till late at night to dine with Lord Carr, his home, and at his street-door, when the uncle and nephew came. They respected his time too much to keep his chariot, and as they walked beside him for a few minutes, as he bespoken upon the subject of ecclesiastical duties are sweet to the ear of rising men from the lips of those who have risen.

"I remember you, George, as a boy," said Darrell, "and thanked you then for good advice in a schoolboy letter. Do you have counsel now." He faltered an instant, but went on firmly: "You have been a slight defect in utterance, which, I understand from your uncle, you overcome as you grow older; so that I never anticipated for you the least difficulty in addressing a public—for you must have been admirably taught. In the most important branch of study—the science of your delivery, I see that you are one of those who deem that the Divine Word should not be unrecording. I am sure, therefore, that my bills may be excused from studying the orator's effects; but all that enforce, dignify, adorn, make the becoming studies of him who strives by eloquence to people heaven; whose task it is to adjure the thoughtless, animate the languid, soften the callous, humble the proud, alarm the guilty, comfort the sorrowful, support the weak, and fold the lost. Is the culture to be slovenly where the globe is so fertile? The only field left in modern times for the ancient orator's sublime conceptions, but laborious training, is in the Preacher's. And I owe, George, that I envy the masters who skilled to the Preacher's art an intellect like yours."

"Masters," said the Colonel, "I thought all those elocution masters failed with you, George. You never could be taught yourself. Did not you? No! Why, then, who was your teacher?"

George looked very much embarrassed, and, attempting to answer, began horribly to stutter.

Darrell, conceiving that a preacher whom fame was not sufficient to make unreasonably dislike to confess those obligations to elaborate study, which, if known, might detract from his effects, or seem to his ridicule, hastened to change the subject. "You have been to the Continent, I hear, George; at your living, I suppose?"

"No. I have not been there very lately—living abroad."

"Have you seen Lady Monfort since your return?" said the Colonel, slyly.

"I only returned on Saturday night. I go to Lady Monfort's, at Twickenham, this evening."

"She has a daughter, I think?" said the Colonel. "But if she wish to avoid admiration, she would not make the hands of the river her favorite haunt. I know some romantic admirers who, when she reappears in the world, may be rival aspirants. Have you been taken to the rowing since Lady Monfort has retired to Twickenham, George? Is the river gay?" and return to boast of it. But they report that there is a young lady seen walking with between the extremities—who is she? Do you know? ask me—as if I knew every thing."

"Certainly, I suppose," said George, more and more confused. "But, pardon me, I must leave you now. Good-by, uncle. Good-day, Mr. Darrell."

Darrell did not seem to observe George take his arm, but remained at rest over the fire-place, lost in one of his frequent fits of abstracted gloom.

"If my nephew were not married," said the Colonel, "I should suspect his unreasonable with much suspicion—embarrassed at every question. But I think about the country is the question of a young lady at Twickenham. wonder who that young lady can be—not one of the Yorkshire set, I should have heard. Are there any young ladies on the Lyndsay side?—Darrell, Darrell!"

"What do I care—your head runs on young ladies," answered Darrell, with peevish vivacity, "as he slipped a Carr's pencil into his pocket.

"And your foot do not seem to run from them," said the Colonel, with a look of comic rebuke, walked away, while the expanding portals engulfed his friend.

As he sauntered by St. James's Street, nodding toward the thronged windows of its various clubs, the Colonel encountered Lumley Ferrers, and, taking the young gentleman's arm, said, "If you are not very much occupied, will you come half an hour in me?—I am going homeward.

Lionel readily assented, and the Colonel continued: "Are you in want of your cabriolet today, or can you lend it to me? I have asked a Frenchman, who keeps me a letter of introduction, to dine at the nearest *restaurant* to which you can ask a hackney-coach. He is a great man in Greenwich; and if I took him in a cabriolet, he would not suspect that he was taken five miles out of town."

"Alas! my dear Colonel, I have just sold my cabriolet."

"What! old-fashioned already? True, it has been built three months. Perhaps the horse, too, has become as ungenteel in some other coxcomb—slieut—um!—cabriolet and horse both sold?"

"Both, Sir, for more than I gave."

"Nothing surprises me that man can do," said the Colonel, "or I should be surprised. When, sitting on Darrell's general magistrate's for your outfit, I bought that horse, I flattered myself that I had chosen well. You have had good horses—rarer still a good judge of them; I suppose I was cheated, and the brute proved a jade."

"The finest cab-horse in London, my dear Colonel, and I would have known it among a score of him. But I wanted money, and had nothing with that would bring the sum I required. Oh, Colonel Morley, be warned by me!"

"Certainly, I am not deaf, nor is St. James's Street. But why, Lionel, says I, have you sold my horse because I wanted money,' I advise you to do no such thing."

"I have been imprudent, at least unlucky, and I must pay the penalty. A friend of mine is that is, not a friend, but an acquaintance—whom I see every day—one of my own set—called me to sign my name at Brix's to a bill at three months' date, as his security. He gave me his honor that I should bear no more of it—he would be sure to take up the bill when due—a man whom I supposed to be as well off as myself. I was silly enough to sign, and when the bill calls on me. He was very civil—offered to cover my acceptance and to take my time, etc.; but I did not like his manner, and, as my friend, I had that, instead of being well off, I'd a supposed, he had not, and that I was not the first he has got into the same scrape—not the last, I'm sure. He's really a very good fellow, and, if I wanted security, would be to-morrow, to any amount."

"I've no doubt of it—to any amount!" said the Colonel.

So I thought it best to conclude the matter at once. I had saved nothing from my allowance, nonsinecure as it is. I could not have the face to ask Mr. Darrell to recommence the old one imprudence. I should not like to borrow from my mother—I know it would be inconvenient to her. I said both horse and cabriolet this morning. I had just been getting the check cashed when I met you. I intended to take the money myself to the bill-holder. I have just the sum—£200."

"The horse alone was worth that," said the Colonel, with a faint sigh—"not to be replaced. France and Russia have the pick of our studies. However, if it is sold, it is sold—talk no more of it. I hate painful subjects. You did right not to renew the bill—it is opening an account with Ruin; and though I avoid purchasing on moneymakers, or, indeed, any other (present) heir to nephew's vocation, not mine), yet allow me to extract from you a solemn promise never again to sign bills, nor to draw them. Be to your friend what you please except surety for him. Orestes never asked Pylades to help him to borrow at fifty per cent. Promise me—your word of honor as a gentleman! Be you Sir Lionel."

"My dear Colonel," said Lionel, frankly, "I do hesitate. I might promise not to sign my money-lender's bill on my own account, though really I think you take rather an exaggerated view of the matter. But, as a counsel, I promise."

"Do I?" said the Colonel, meekly. "On entry to Inner Temple, I detect exaggeration. Or, You might promise not to ruin yourself—but you object to promise not to help in the ruin of your friend."

"That is exquisite irony, Colonel," said Lionel, piqued. "But I see that it does not suit the difficulty, which is simply this: When a man whom you call friend—whom you walk with, ride with, dine with almost every day—says to you, 'I am in immediate want of a few hundreds—I don't like to lend them to me, perhaps you can't—but assist me to borrow—trust to my honor that the debt shall not fall on you,' why, then, in the name as if it were the Jews we to tell the man you call friend that you doubt his honor; and though I have not yet reaped cause in that way, I feel that I must be caught very often before I should have the moral courage to say 'No' to such a request. I ask you, then, to be satisfied with my assurance that in future, as friend, I will be more cautious, and, as the less fall on me, why, the worst that can happen is to do again what I do now."

"Nay, you have said and perhaps have another horse and cab to sell. In that case, you would do the tyrannous thing to your friend—you would renew the bill—the debt would run on like a snow-ball—in a year or two you would owe, not hundreds, but thousands. Lionel, Lionel, here we are at my door."

The Colonel entered his drawing-room. A miracle of exquisite neatness the room was—rather effeminate, perhaps, in its attributes; but that was no fault of the Colonel's taste, but of his popularity with the ladies. All these pretty things were their gifts. Those screens by the chairs their work—the *score* on the consoles—the clock on the mantle-shelf—the inkstand, paper-cutter, and pen-stand on the writing-table—their birth-day presents. Even the white woolen Maltese dog that sprang to his master to welcome him—even the flowers in the *parterre*—even the tasteful cottage-piano, and the very music-stool beside it—had the same history, prized high with invitations—were contributions from the forgiving sex to the unmarried bachelor.

Surveying his apartment with a complacent air, the Colonel sank into his easy *fauteuil*, and drawing off his gloves leisurely, said,—

"No man has more friends than I have—never did I feel more secure that I am a bill. Your father pursued a different policy—he signed many bills—and lost many friends."

Lionel, meanwhile, reclining down, and evidently desired to have done with the subject. Not so the Colonel. That dismal topic, though he did not preach, had a way all his own, which was perhaps quite as effective as any sermon by a fashionable clergyman can be to an inexperienced youth.

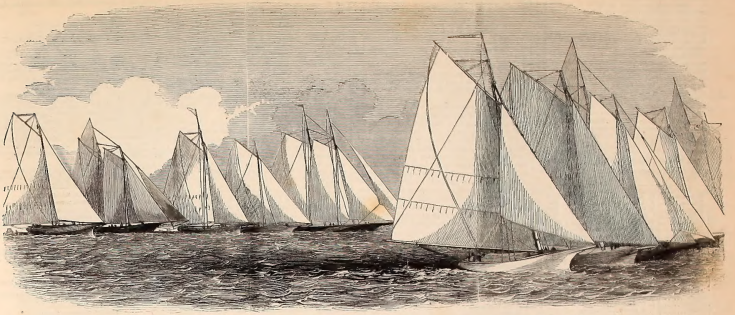
"Yes," resumed the Colonel, "it is the old story. One always begins by being security to a friend. The discredit of the thing is familiarized to the mind by the show of generous confidence in another. Then what you have done for a friend, a friend does for you. Ere you—a hundred or two would be useful now—you are more to repay it in three months. To Youth the future seems as long as the Past—Youth, and distant as the Peaks of Himalaya. You pledge your honor that you will redeem what you release your friend. The three months expire. To release the one friend, you catch hold of another—the bill is renewed—the accumulated interest thrown into the next pay-day—soon the accounts multiply, and with it the liabilities—Lionel—your NAME circulates from hand to hand on the back of doubtful paper—your name, which, in all means of transactions, should grow higher and higher each year you live, falling down every month like the mercury in a thermometer exposition. You begin by what you call trusting a friend, that is, aiding him to self-destruction—proving his weakness to close his companion! you end by dragging all near you into your own abyss, as a drowning man would clutch at his own brother. Lionel Haughton, the saddest expression I ever saw in your father's face was when—this was before I could bear the sight—

"No, Sir; spare me. Since you so insist on it, I will give you my word of honor," said my father—

"What a honorable as you when he first signed his name to a friend's bill; and perhaps promised to do so no more no reluctantly as you do. You had better let me say on; if I stop now, you will forget all about it by this day fortnight—and I give you my word you will forget. There are other examples besides your father. I am about to name one."

Lionel leaned himself to the operation, throwing his handkerchief over his face as if he had taken chloroform.

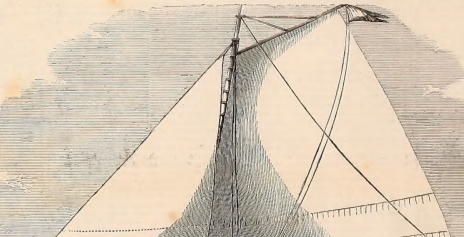
THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.



FIRST CLASS. THE START. SECOND CLASS.

Never did a regatta attract more attention than the one which took place in the Bay of New York on Thursday, the 3d instant. Late years have done much to efface the exclusiveness which at first drew a broad line between the yachters and the public; every one now knows all about the yachts, and every one may be, if he choose, a member of a yacht club. The long-existing feud between the great New York Club and the Press seems to have gone the way of other great feuds; on Thursday both parties met on terms of perfect good-will and amity. Tickets were provided for the various journals, entitling a representative of each to a passage on board one of the steamers provided by the Club for their members.

The day was fine—at least there were no signs of rain as the hour approached for the start. The river was crowded with pleasure-boats of all kinds. It is believed that no less than twelve steamers accompanied the race, all crowded with eager pleasure-seekers, among whom lovely faces and bright toilets were conspicuous. Several yachts and sail-boats which were not entered for the race took up positions which would enable them to see the squadron as it sailed down the Bay.



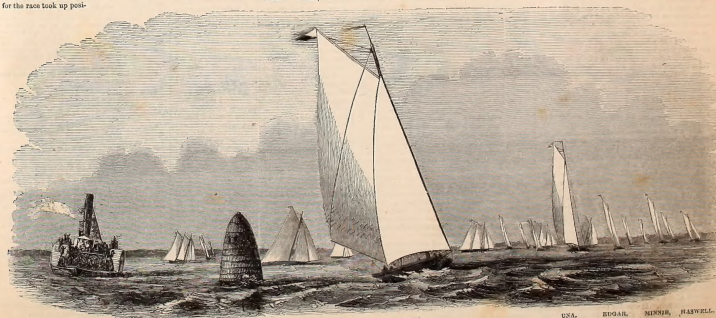
THE "JULIA," THE WINNER OF THE REGATTA.

In order that our readers may understand the race, we subjoin the sailing orders:

"The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club will come off on Thursday morning, the 3d of June, at 11 o'clock, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements appointed therefor. There will be a prize valued at $200 for each class of yachts. The classes will be allowed time for sails as follows:

"The first class one second per square foot. The second class one and one-quarter second per square foot. The third class one and one-half second per square foot. This allowance shall be based upon the mainsail and jib of sloops, and the mainsail, foresail, and jib of schooners, and upon any other duly measured sails actually set at any time during a race. As between sloops and schooners, this allowance shall be based upon nine-tenths of the area of the schooner's sails. The courses marked out for the sailing are as follows:

"A flag-boat will be moored, bow and stern, about of the Club-house at Hoboken, on the east side of which the yachts will anchor, head to wind, in the following order of position, commencing from the stakeboat with the yachts of the least area of sails; the third class abreast of said stake-boat, eighty yards apart, on a line due east; the second class, ninety yards apart, on



JULIA. USA. EDGAR. MINNIE. HASWELL.

ROUNDING THE SOUTHWEST SPIT.

a line parallel with the mast, two hundred yards to the north; and the first class one hundred yards apart, on a similar line, two hundred yards to the north of the latter. They may have their mainsails, or foresails and mainsails, according to their rig, bolted, and gaff topsails set; the Committee reserving the discretionary power, however, of ordering all sails to be lowered before starting, or of adopting any other preparation for starting they may deem proper, should the weather or circumstances render a change necessary.

"The yachts will pass to the north and west of the light-ship moored off Staten Island, Romer Shoal, Prince Ground; thence easterly to a flag-boat stationed off Long Island, above Fort Hamilton, leaving it to the north and east; thence around the buoy of the South-west Spit, leaving it to the north and east.

"Returning, they will first pass the flag-boat anchored off the Long Island shore, passing it to the north and east; thence to the flag-boat off the Staten Island shore, passing it to the north and west; thence to the flag-boat abreast of the Club-house, Hoboken, passing it to westward. In passing and returning, all vessels must leave Bank, viz., Nos. 11, 13, and 15, are to be passed to the eastward."

The following vessels were entered for the race:

FIRST CLASS—CARRYING 3200 SQUARE FEET AND UPWARDS.

Name.	Entered by	Rig	Tons
Widgeon.....	D. M. Edgar.....	schr.	191 9
Rebecca.....	J. G. Bennett, Jun....	schr.	211
Madgie.....	R. F. Loper.....	schr.	210 6
Julia.....	J. M. Wetherbee.....	schr.	184 6
Haze.....	W. H. M'Vickar.....	schr.	97 2
Phantom.....	T. T. Flynn.....	schr.	87 6
Caroline.....	C. Stebbins.....	schr.	182 4
Fanita.....	A. C. Kingsland.....	schr.	184
Gipsey.....	A. Cozzens.....	schr.	182 4

SECOND CLASS—CARRYING 2200 AND UNDER 3200 SQUARE FEET AND UPWARDS.

Name.	Entered by	Rig	Tons
Haswell.....	C. H. Haslop.....	Sloop	69 63
America.....	R. L. Stevens.....	Schr.	60 6
Stella.....	G. W. Tappan.....	Schr.	63
Undine.....	G. M. Allen.....	Schr.	63
Irene.....	L. G. Brown.....	Sloop	64 4
Sybil.....	J. S. Holbrook.....	Sloop	67
Scud.....	W. Stevenson.....	Sloop	67
Vesta.....	W. B. Duncan.....	Sloop	67
Minnie.....	W. W. Thomas.....	Sloop	67

THIRD CLASS—YACHTS CARRYING LESS THAN 2200 SQUARE FEET OF CANVAS.

Name.	Entered by	Rig	Tons
Lancet.....	J. Morton.....	Schr.	47
Margaret.....	J. Simonson.....	Sloop	17
Jewel Fawn.....	T. T. Caswell.....	Sloop	17
Edgar.....	H. A. Denton.....	Sloop	17
Fanny.....	H. White.....	Sloop	17

To the crowd which was assembled at and around Hoboken at eleven o'clock the greatest sorrow was the want of wind. Barely enough air was stirring to make the signals and flags tremble and flutter, and it was evident that unless Æolus changed his mind there would be no regatta. Eleven o'clock passed—the hour for starting—but the yachts lay still, moored according to the orders: the third class abreast of the steamboat, 80 yards apart, the second class one hundred, 90 yards apart, and the first class, 100 yards apart, on a similar line, 100 yards to the north of the third.

People were beginning to say that the regatta would be postponed for want of wind, when, at 11 h. 32 m., the origin of the glorious breeze appeared, and the third-class yachts floated from their station. Twelve minutes afterward the second-class yachts followed suit; and at 11 h. 48 m. the large first-class vessels hoisted their jibs and swung to the wind. But it was dead calm, and little wind there was died out before noon, and the whole fleet drifted further than ever from the New-York Island. At half past one there was a little puff, which enabled the *Gem* to take the lead; but on a survey of an hour elapsed she was passed by her. The Staten Island shake-boat was passed by the *Edgar* at 1 h. 37 m., the other yachts following in this order: *Una, Minnie, Julia, Haswell, Margaret, Edward Fawn, Madgie, Gipsey, Lancet, Haze, Scud, Undine, Sybil, Rebecca, Irene, Widgeon, Fanny, Vesta, Phantom, Stella, America, Sea Drift, Widgeon.*

The race was for the South-west Spit, and the breeze freshening, there appeared a prospect of some sport. The *Julia*, which had shot ahead of the first during the calm which preceded the start, showed to equal advantage as the breeze freshened, and came down in grand style to meet the squadron by several minutes. The steamers were ranged in a crescent-shape so close to the buoy that it tested the seamanship of the yachtsmen to round it without fouling. Loud cheers hailed her as she performed the manœuvre with great dexterity; the steamers blew their whistles, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

The other yachts followed in this order: *Una, Edgar, Minnie, Haswell, Madgie, Island Fawn, Rebecca, Haze, Scud, Gipsey, Sybil, Irene, Margaret, Undine, Irene, Lancet, Fanny, Vesta, Phantom, Stella, America, Widgeon, Sea Drift, Widgeon.*

Great things had been expected of the *Julia*, which had been provided with an enlarged suit of sails and presented to the first class; but some accident, which occurred between Staten Island and the Southwest Spit, threw her into the background.

For a short distance on the voyage home the wind continued to blow; but as soon as it failed the most yachts crept from the bay of Staten Island it died out. There lay the Hoboken shore, and there was, like the start, a drift-race. The *Julia* and *Una*, however, had placed a great distance between them and their competitors to less their advantage.

Night was fast approaching when the *Julia*—some nine minutes ahead of the *Una*—passed the stake-boat at Hoboken, and was the first to hear the cheers of thousands on the shore and in the steamers. She was followed, then the *Minnie*, then the *Edgar*, then the *Haswell*. The *Rebecca* anchored 100 yards from the stake-boat, without passing. The *Madgie*, *Haze*, and *Island Fawn* brought up the rear. So ended one of the most regular regattas we have ever had.

Our artist has given two beautiful pictures of the race, one representing the start, the other the arrival of the yachts in the Hoboken bay at the Southwest Spit. It was due to the *Julia* that she should have a more elaborate illustration; the third picture will convey to our country readers a correct idea of the beauty and the proportions of this new famous yacht.

Miscellany.

THE Prince Consort—Napoleon, in her Eastern travels, visited

Mostuk Beg,

Prince of the Mountains of the Giaour, who held a levee in his house in the room of his first wife (a dais, that is, and one or two privileges of that important personage.

The room had a curious object, and bore a striking resemblance to a retired tight-rope dancer. This sultana had been very beautiful, and the beauty had not entirely disappeared; her complexion offered a curious mixture of sunburn and a series of layers of paint, beneath which the original color was not visible. Her large sea-green eyes looked like reservoirs placed below the lachrymal gland to receive the tears flowing from the corners from. Her mouth, large and well modeled, displayed teeth still admirably white, but too far apart, and her gums were unhealthily red. She apparently doubled the goat-skin covering for the head, and wore her arms bare, dyed of an orange red. Her dress was carefully arranged, and formed a striking contrast with that of her children, who were dressed like little beggars. As long as her husband was present she seemed as timid as a newlymarried bride, covering her face with the back of her hand, or any thing within reach, and only replying in monosyllables. She remained close to the wall, and suppressed little nervous bursts of laughter: she seemed ready to cry at any moment; in short, presented exactly the opposite to which Eastern husbands are so flattered. The boy soon realized the notion that the Prince had formed of a coarse, and began making pertinent inquiries about Frankish manners and customs, which caused the princess to approach her lord, and whisper to her husband made her out to be. The conversation was interrupted, however, by the entrance of the boy's three other wives: two of them appeared to be sisters, and a swarm of children at their heels; the third was

A genuine Beauty.

Behind these ladies came a face rounded hourly in the shade, on which my eyes were at once fixed, and remained so, in spite of the manœuvres executed by the other ruffians to attract my attention. I never remember to have seen so beautiful a face. This woman wore a long trailing robe of red satin, open at the sleeves, and tightly veiled by a chemise of silk gauze, with wide sleeves hanging below the elbow. Her head-dress was that of the Turcomans, and, to form an idea of it, you must imagine a complication, an infinite multiplicity of turbans placed one above the other, and rising to an inconceivable height. There were in it real and artificial hair, with ornaments of gold, and forming a tower after the fashion of the goddess Cybele's handkerchief. A gold coin covered the scarfs, rising or descending without any settled purpose, and forming quaint arabesques; a series of fine medallions, with the Sultan's current whitenesses a part of the scaffolding, carefully leaning to the front, and falling in the form of shells along the cheeks, round the neck, and on the chest. Chains of gold, or small sequins run on a string, or agates, or pearls, were mingled with the woven the folds, and gave them a certain stability which would have been unattainable without support of such slight stuff. Little feet that seemed clothed out of marble appeared and disappeared under the long robe, and were shod with yellow boots, such as I had never seen before, shoe an infinite number of buckles and rings, whose great use appeared to be trifling. All this formed an ensemble at once strange and graceful, but all disappeared suddenly after noticing the face of the Circassian. It was singularly beautiful that I despair of being able to describe it, for how could I give an idea of a beauty not contemplated it an idea of such a charming style of perfect nature, such a ravishing mixture of grace and timidity?

—True your child was unhappy—she was the sport of her brothers and sisters. Poor child! she dwelt alone with tears in her eyes, and said the giggles of the others. Sometimes, shocked at violence, she tried to stop interference which on behalf a Turkish woman. We see nothing comparable to it, except the beauty of the [illegible] and Circassian Girls.

but the Princess has something to say on that head too.

A word here about the two races that represent, to our keenest imagination, the prototype of feminine beauty. Tall, strong, of good health, with a brilliant complexion, masses of black and glistening hair, large and massive features, great expression, innocence, widely-opened black eyes, veraciousness, and frankness, are the characteristics of the best age, pearly teeth, a rounded neck, and a perfect facial color—such is the Georgian woman. Her Circassian sister possesses all these charms, when I have admired them sufficiently, I turn my head to look at those women, for I am certain to find them, whenever I please, exactly as I left them, without a smile more or less, without the slightest variation of feature. If a child cries, no one sees to die, whether their bodi adore or detest them, which is the case, whether or is tenderness, they know it not; the Georgian women never give a sign. Only years can produce an alteration in this face of marble. The Circassian women possess the same advantages nor the same defects. She is a northern beauty, reminding me of the blonde and sentimental girls of Germany; but the resemblance does not extend beyond the exterior. The Circassians are generally blondes; their complexion is deliciously fresh, their eyes are blue, gray, or green, and their features, though delicate and regular, are irregular. While the Georgian is stupid and sensual, the Circassian is false and crafty. The one is capable of receiving her lord, the other of causing him to die of ennui.

—With all the brutal sensuality of the wealthier classes, there is at the bottom of their nature among the Turcomans a sentiment of honor unknown in Europe. The Princess relates a very touching instance of it.

True Fidelity and Affection.

"You must love your husband dearly?" I said one day to an old woman, blind and paralytic, whom her husband, a noble old man, brought to me in the hope that I could restore her sight and activity. She had come seated astride on a donkey, while her husband led. He had then taken her in his arms, and laid her in a corner of my door with all the care of a mother for her child.

"I love my husband as much as I can love," she said. "I should like to have my sight," she replied. I looked at her husband, he smiled sorrowfully but without a shadow of ill-will.

"Poor woman!" he said, passing the back of his hand over his eyes, "her husband would love very wretched. She can not grow used to it. But I am old myself, and I can wait."

When I shook my head, and prepared to protest my impotence, he plucked at my dress, as a sign to be silent. "How can you say children?" I then asked.

"I had one, but it died a long time ago."

"And how is it you did not take another wife, healthier and stronger, to bear you children?"

"Ah! that is a thing said; but the poor creature would have been grieved, and that would have prevented me from being happy with another, even if I had children. You see, Bezjaleh, we can not have every thing in this world. I have a wife I have loved for nearly forty years, and shall not make another choice."

—"Lasciate," said Talleyrand, "ogni gioia un to matrimonio." This was the promise of Dey-Goods Dealer,

who had made upon every other pane of glass, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." He once offered himself as such, or seemed to, some years which we shall not before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he took her for his wedded wife. "Yes, sir," he said, "but you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shopkeeper does sell off." "Yes, sir," "A reasonable offer refused." "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say," 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

—Mr. Dodsworth, some years since a missionary in Texas, was once overcome to tell of the wild life in Texas prairies and backwoods. How once

Catching and Eating a Rattlesnake:

"Our fire-wood was missing, and I went out to look for it. Just about nightfall I was startled by a rattlesnake, which I did not perceive, coiled at my feet. I was about to run away, but I reflected that this snake, if captured alive, would inform my family with plenty of flesh, and I could not afford hair of slippers for my mother. I turned and looked for a stick of earth at his head, which stunned it; and then I twisted a cord round its tail. The horse was now recovered, and we returned to the house. Adam hastily kindled a fire, and I dragging the snake, which began to display fight. I cut off the head, and then the rattles, which almost pulling my arms out. I could not let go. He would have torn me up, while the violence of the effort I made to get free, and as I was in the act of biting him, threw me into a profuse perspiration. I then skinned the snake, and attached the body to a wooden bench, placing my foot on its head to prevent its contraction. The next day there were three at dinner, and had only two eaten of the snake; so the young adult boldly suggested feeding on the rattlesnake. His misgivings were removed the idea, for, as he said, if the experiment proved unsuccessful, he would never want fresh meat in future. Well, the reptile was cooked somewhat fried and spiced, but somehow or other, though the meat was very delicate, having a resemblance to chicken-fowl and turtle, the idea of eating a snake was revolting.

—There are some

Ludicrous Incidents.

I had gone to Dhania to christen the child of a German. Being the only priest, I could not speak the language, I had written on a piece of paper the words *Ich taufe dich* (I baptize thee), and those of *Im Namen* (in the name), and *Amen* (so be it). Unfortunately I dropped my paper, and was forced to trust to my good fortune. It was a boy that was brought. I asked him if he had not some children to—*taufen?* I was saying the word deeply! I saw the worthy Abraham's face, I guessed that I had made a mistake, and hastened to the charge gallantly. Well, then, have you not two children to baptize? This exhausted his patience, and he began a furious attack upon me and master Adam, which I could not understand. As I had only one word left, and that I had already used without another mistake, I said, "If they are not to sell or buy, they are to be *taufen*." My friend looked at me attentively, and then exclaimed, "Ah! you have deceived us, you are a hearty laugh, in which I could not refrain from joining.

—There appear to be, in that region,

Fine Chances to Marry.

Among the Circassians, in every good circumstances, had three daughters who had long reached a suitable age. The minister perceiving that no one made his addresses to them, and that they were not in danger, so he put in exercise a thoroughly Asiatic device. One Sunday he preached on marriage; he developed the text, "Increase and multiply," declaring to his congregation that it was a command, and not merely a counsel. He dilated with eloquence and warmth on the choice pleasures of wedlock, and ended his sermon by ordering his three daughters, with three thousand dollars apiece. He added that they were willing to marry them. He added that, on the following day he would receive the names of the officers, and that his choice would fall upon those who presented the most valuable offerings. A facetious freshman, who was present (and where are they not?), did not await the following day, but repaired to the priest to raise his voice: he requested that his name should be placed on the list for two.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A Prize in Private Finance.—Marriages are preferable to a shilling. A salmon never has any change; and the dignity which a bargain of the sea-coin would maintain, would be incompatible with a demand to be returned of that amount. Fishing is giving bits as much, and receiving half of it back again.

A New Order of Knighthood.—We are sorry to see by a statement in the Paris papers that the Emperor has conferred the "anger order" upon Mr. Ingersoll, as the post has been discovered in the Royal parks of Windsor and Hampton Court. We suppose that the angry worm is another and a bigger insect than the *terebrans*, for, to and a cold shoulder, "anger" is the order he conferred the relation of an anger to a gimlet, and thus reminds a person of the "Worm of Conscience." We refer to the notice at large, may be a subject of interest to the Entomological Society.

Petting Among Birds.—A considerable number of hens this year laid eggs on Derby day. Not a few Chickens also came in for the Plate.

A RETORT IN A BALL-ROOM.

BY A CLOSE OBSERVER, WHO KNOWS THE PERSONS CONCERNED.

"The Extract of Elder-Blossom."—"Nothing to the elderly specimens, *symmetrically arranged* in a long dowerial row against the walls."

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

Quoth a gallivanter to Derby, "How comes it, I wonder, That the plunge of wives should be so much under? No sooner wive offers than in! tuck or blunder The first leap he comes brings your fall to the ground."

"My good fellow," said Derby, "'tis no use to buy Your wives from me, for I've more rooms than one; When we've climbed to the top of the tree, we get Derby. And, of course, we come down to the run."

WHAT JENNER SAID.

ON HEARING, IN ITALY, THAT COMPLAINTS HAD BEEN MADE OF HIS NOT HAVING BEEN BURIED IN A SQUARE.

England, ingratitude still lists

The orchards of her sons, and frees,

I saved you many a million acres,

Now you grudge me a bed!

A Stage Proper Poster.—Cleanliness is next to Godliness. We applaud the truth with both hands, and are happy to see that the Bowery Theatre has adopted the principle, not only in practice, but for there the cleanliness, as had on with the announcement of engagements, is conspicuous.

Life Fat.—The Chinese proverb says a fat hen no logs, and can not stand; but it has wings, and can fly out of the pot.

Mrs. Speckles says the best vegetable pill yet invented is a spade-ful of exercise, for destroying a gnawing at the stomach, it is a pill that will always fetch a relish.

Third Folio.—Take a chair opposite a blazing fire, place your feet on the top bar of the grate, your uncle mother is to place them across all the bars together; in this position you will sleep with them thoroughly. N. B. Illness may be corked in like manner.

HOMŒOPATHY.—A lady's will.

Difference Between Two Sexes.—Which's officer is a man who never leaves another in distress.

Fact.—One of the nine men of "Greece" recently deceased in Athens, left behind him a will which manages not set as important as the sederial of which they were made.

"Well, Charley," said a gentleman to one of our Baggage-smashers, "how do you get along these hard times?" "Why, I rub and go."

A shoemaker, for the purpose of eclipsing an opposite wag who boasted to him, in the hearing of his last thirteenth motto of "*Mens conscii recti*," a mind conscious of rectitude, had it advertised, in gilt letters, on a board in his window with them words: "*Men's and Women's conscii recti*."

A Novel Fact.—A wharf, unlike a horse, runs the better for being tired.

Cause for Divorce.—A North country editor, who confesses by inquisition to lodge with a gentleman of a very respectable family, has the present fashion of ladies' bonnets often tempting fancy to the extent of a wife's wearing one, and rushing, in a moment of joy to female kin abide. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it as in the bent of the bonnet of the sex. Some delicate little creatures merely give a slight brush of the hand, as if to say "I am a real woman." We were about to "have a good time," but actually got nothing. Others, more bold, give a downright hug-look, and seem to close up our countenances. This drives away the bonnet, and we have a glimpse of the lovely features we have been wooing. Why dirt, the kiss is seen by great courtiers, and is not to be had for love or money. Others, more bold, give us first a kiss, and vigorous when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be carried to the extent of a bite. We have had a lady who made a practice to bite us a humming-bird nuts his bill into a honeysuckle, and we believe that she was in the habit of giving a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of once we bestowed on a lady, which has lasted forty years!

There is only one love, but there are a hundred imitations.—De La Rochefoucauld.

When her young lover went away,
She knit the half of a purse for him;
In one short night her hair turned gray—
Alas! for the other half!

—Grisliebden *from a Russian comedy.*

Love without confidence is like compared to a pair of shiny-leather boots without soles.

Poetry is said to be a gift, but it very often turns out to be a theft.

VICAR AND CURATE.

A vicar, long ill, who treasured up wealth,
Told his curate such things as he pray for his health.
Which oft having done, a parsjoiner said,
"Why, sir, you pray for your curate, as he were dead."
"For my truth," said the curate, "let credit be given,
He hath more need to die than I, by the help of Heaven."

An Untimed Remark.—With many women, going to church is still looked upon as a matter of bonnet-shop.

A Phenomenon.—A generous advertising for a situation says she is perfect mistress of her own tongue!

Misfortune.—Punch says that the characteristic of a time-piece is no-duty rather than rudeness, for "it always keeps it hands before its face."

A LADY'S MAN.

How much at home was Charles in all
The tasks and duties of a husband "would-be!"
Seldom endangered, never slow,
His maxim was, "Rub on, rub and go"—
From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, *Monday, June 7, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 5, 1858	$2,205,958	$1,504,115
Corresponding week, 1857	4,354,197	1,139,714
Decrease	$1,995,239	
Increase		$364,401

The decrease of imports at this port since Jan. 1, as compared with the same period of last year, is now $10 per cent.

The movement of Specie during the week was in favor of the banks, which are likely to show over thirty-two millions this evening, with a corresponding increase in the loan. The Sub-Treasury in this city holds about five and a quarter millions. Exchange on London 11 rules at 109½ @ 109¾. The rates for money are 5 per cent on call on undoubted security, to 5 and 6, which is the top rate for negotiable paper.

The remaining four millions of Treasury Notes will be put up to the highest bidders, at Washington, on Thursday next. It is probable that they will be disposed of in the neighborhood of four per cent.

The course of the Stock Market during the week has been erratic. At first there was an improvement of from 2 @ 4 per cent in the speculative securities; this, however, was met on Friday and Saturday by a very pronounced activity in the unfavorable construction placed upon the Erie Report, and partly in the effects of operations for a fall. The following table shows the fluctuations for the week:

	Highest.	Lowest.
New York Central	84@84½	83@83½
New York and Erie	30@31	28@28½
Reading	51@53½	48@48½
Rock Island	57@58	55@55½
Michigan Southern	51½@52½	48½@49
Preferred	80@80½	78@78½
Illinois Central	87½@89	83@83½
Cumberland	13@13½	12@12½
Pacific Mail	109½@110	107½@108
Hudson	49@49½	47½@48
Galena	80@85	78@78½
Chicago	75@76	73@73½
Virginia	104@104½	103@103½
Missouri 6s	90@90½	89@89½
Tennessee and Mississippi	68@68½	66@66½
La Crosse	59@60	57@57½
Delaware and Hudson	103@103½	101@101½

Freights were moderately active at, however, reduced rates. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d.@9-32d.; wheat, 6d.; flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Corn, 5d. @ 7d. per bushel; Beef, 5s. 6d. @ 6s. per tierce; Pork, 5s. @ 5s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 30s. @ 35s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 710.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more freely supplied with Beeves, which declined a shade, though the demand was fair. Light receipts, and still lighter sales were reported of Milch Cows. Veal Calves were in fair supply, and sold at unchanged rates. Sheep and Lambs were plentiful and cheaper. Swine were dull and heavy. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending May 26.	Week ending June 2.
Beeves	2,850	3,764
Milch Cows	177	114
Veal Calves	1,051	1,107
Sheep and Lambs	9,007	8,469
Swine	4,500	3,200

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply at Beeves last Wednesday their reported sales were:

Illinois	1092	Kentucky	191
Ohio	647	Pennsylvania	97
New York	562	Virginia	91
Indiana	195		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

	Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	3 @ 7½	$ 10
	Common to Extra Cows and Calves, per head	25 @ 60	64
	Veal Calves, per pound	4 @ 6	64
	Fat Cattle, per pound	2 @ 4	10 @ 16
	Lean Cattle, per pound	6 @ 8	11
	Live Swine, per pound	5½ @ 6	64
	Sheep and Lambs	1 @ 6	64
	Sealing Pigs, each	1 00 @ 2 00	

The Country Produce Markets are nearly bare of Apples. Cranberries have been in demand, and from Jersey, beginning to arrive. Gooseberries are coming in, and Peaches are abundant. Old Vegetables are freely offered. New Potatoes and Turnips are arriving. Beans have been in good supply and demand. Peas are now plenty. Cabbages and Cucumbers are in very ample supply. Green Peas, from Jersey, are of good kind in market. Eggs are in good supply and in moderate demand. Poultry is in fair supply, and sells readily at former rates. Pigeons continue abundant.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT AT PRODUCERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS' MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50 @	$3 00
Apples, dried, per pound	5 @	6
Peaches, per pound	15 @	20
Prunes, dried, per pound	8 @	9
Pumpkin, per bushel	50 @	75
Strawberries, new, per quart box	10 @	40
Cranberries, per bushel	2 00 @	2 50
Onions, per bushel	1 00 @	1 25
Onions, new, per bunch	4 @	5
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00 @	1 25
new, per 100 bunches	2 00 @	3 00
Beets, new, per dozen bunches	75 @	1 00
Carrots, per bushel	1 75 @	2 00
Turnips, per bushel	75 @	1 00
Watermelons, each	75 @	1 50
Cabbages, per dozen heads	75 @	1 00
Hitchock, per 100 heads	3 00 @	4 00
Cucumbers, per 100	50 @	1 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches	1 00 @	1 50
Cauliflower, per dozen heads	1 00 @	1 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37 @	50
Spinach, per barrel	1 00 @	1 75
Peas, per bushel	1 00 @	1 50
Eggs, per dozen	11 @	13
Butter, per pound	13 @	15
Fowls, per pound	11 @	13
Ducks, per pair	75 @	1 00
Turkeys, per pound	15 @	18
Pigeons, per dozen	62 @	1 00

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When the natures' outlets for the waste matters of the blood and or obstructed, disease and death ensue by its appearance. It may be headache, or dyspepsia, or diarrhœa, or dysentery, or consumption, or scrofula, or fever sore, or, in short, any other cancer consumption, or worms are generated, or epilepsy or spasms, or rheumatism, dysentery, or colic rack his body. Now,

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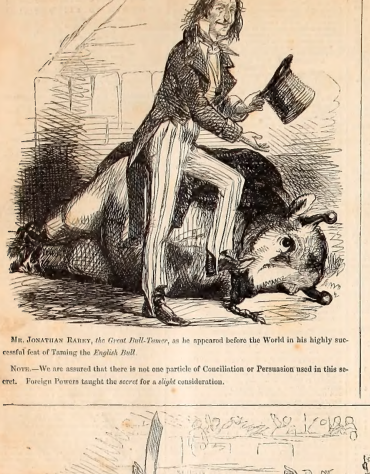
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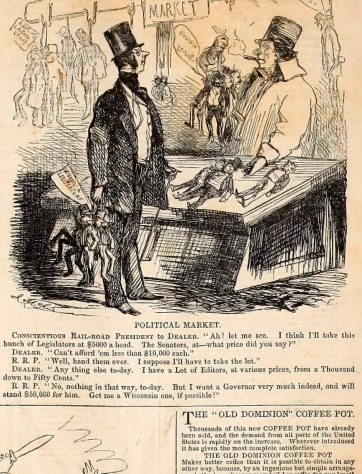
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

On the 14th of this month of June the Scott Life-Guard—volunteer company of this city—celebrate, with appropriate ceremonies, the fiftieth anniversary of General Scott's entrance upon the profession which has made him famous. A set of orders is to be on that day presented to the company; and the members and General Scott's friends will doubtless improve the occasion by recounting the exploits and the deeds of the noble old soldier, whose fame was world-wide before most of us who read about him were born.

Fifty years ago, this month, Winfield Scott, then a young lawyer of twenty-two, had returned from South Carolina, where he had proposed to practice law, to his native State, Virginia, and had obtained what had long been the chief object of his ambition—a commission in the army as captain of light-artillery. There were military antecedents in his family. His grandfather had fought at Culloden, and had left his brother dead on that bloody field. The grandson inherited the spirit of the Scottish soldier. He gladly deserted books and briefs, and devoted himself assiduously to the study of his new profession.

In 1809 he served at New Orleans. It was here that the use of just, but indiscreet, expressions with regard to the conduct of General Wilkinson, led to his trial by court-martial, and his sentence of suspension from pay and service for twelve months. It proved a happy accident for him. During the year of his suspension he employed his time in active study of the science of war. And when, in 1812, hostilities broke out with Great Britain, he was probably better qualified to discharge the duties of lieutenant-colonel of artillery—to which rank he was promoted at the outbreak of the war—than very many of the officers who were intrusted with important commands.

His first service was at the Battle of Queenstown Heights. The general features of that operation are familiar to all our readers. Suffice it here to say, that had not the New York militia—consisting chiefly of foreigners, who alleged that they were afraid of being apprehended as traitors if they ventured upon British soil—refused, at the most critical moment, to cross over into Canada, the victory would in all probability have rested with the Americans. Fate had willed it otherwise; nothing that General Van Rensselaer could do or say could induce the militia to cross the line; and after a very severe conflict, Scott and his men were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. It was a sad beginning for a soldier's career. Of personal danger Scott had borne more than his share. His uniform and his height had attracted unusual attention from the Indian sharp-shooters, two of whom, after exhausting their ammunition in vain attempts to bring down the tall officer, at length tried to assassinate him in his prison, and were barely foiled by the timely interposition of Captain Coffin, of the British army. The scene between Scott and the Indian assassin is familiar to the public.

As soon as he was exchanged Scott was appointed Adjutant-General and Chief of the Staff on the Northern frontier, under General Dearborn. He soon distinguished himself by the capture of Fort George, an important post, which was taken after a severe fight, during which Scott was badly hurt by a splinter. During the subsequent disgreefully-important operations against Kingston and Montreal, Scott commanded the advanced guard; there was not a man in the army who felt more hearty contempt and indignation for the imbecility which rendered the campaign a failure.

Next year he was more fortunate. He took a leading part in the battles of Chippewa and Niagara. The glory of the former victory was, as the commanding officer generously confessed, mainly due to the skill and vigor of General Scott's movements. At the Battle of Niagara, where he had fought with even more than his usual coldness and vigor, he was twice wounded—first, by a spent ball, which bruised him; secondly, by a musket-ball, which passed through his shoulder. It is touching to read the dry, official report, in which General Brown states that, being himself badly wounded and weakened by loss of blood, he had resolved to relinquish the command to General Scott; but finding that he also was disabled, he had stood where he was. Both were carried from the field at the close of the battle. Neither had relinquished his post.

For many years thenceforward General Scott's duties were of the practical kind which does not dazzle the public eye. Peace was declared; and the only function which a General could usefully perform was the training of soldiers for future contests. He spent, accordingly, some time in Europe in acquiring information on military matters; being every where received with honors and civilities. On his return he gave the country the benefit of his observations, and proceeded, in conjunction with the War Department, to devise measures for the reorganization of the United States army. He wrote his "Military Institutes," which are the text-book of all soldiers in this country, and laid the foundation of that system of military education which now supplies this country with a staff of properly-educated officers, ready at any moment to take the command of troops. His war of service during several brief Indian contests in the Northwest; and during the prevalence of cholera in the country, he set his officers a noble example of calm courage and devotion to duty by exposing himself constantly to the contagion in attending his dying troops.

But General Scott's greatest services during the period of fortunate tranquillity which intervened between the close of the last British and the outbreak of the Mexican war, were as peacemaker. It was he who, when the unfortunate Nullification controversy threatened to cause a civil war between South Carolina and her sister States, was dispatched to Charleston to prepare for the worst, but to try to avert the greatest of all calamities—a disruption of the Union. It is not too much to say, that to his firmness and skill in providing for every contingency, and to the conciliatory demeanor and exquisite tact which he displayed in his dealings with the nullifiers, the happy settlement of the controversy is in great measure due.

It was he, again who, when the Canadian rebellion so sorely tempted the ardent youth of our Northern States to invade the neighboring British provinces, and assist in the overthrow of the colonial despotism, was intrusted with the difficult duty of keeping the peace and enforcing the neutrality laws. How admirably he fulfilled this duty—how he planted himself alone and unarmed in the midst of the "sympathizers," and told them that they could only cross the line over his body—how largely his exertions availed to avert the probable war with Great Britain, every school-boy knows.

It was he again who was ordered to the frontier when the Boundary dispute between Maine and the British colonies again threatened a rupture of the peace. He conferred with both sides; and, in the large spirit of a statesman and a philosopher, succeeded in persuading individuals who had been ready to draw the sword on each other before he came, to agree to a compromise which ultimately led to a settlement of the dispute.

It seemed now that Scott could add nothing to his fame. He had proved himself a skilful general, a gallant soldier, a sound statesman, a judicious negotiator; he stood already on a par with the greatest men of whom the nation can boast. What could he achieve more? He might safely have retired to the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, and left the care of his fame to the future historian of his country.

Fortune did not grant him so idle a close to his eventful career. War broke out with Mexico, and it being obvious that the Mexicans would not yield till they had been thoroughly



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

beaten. General Scott was deputed to perform the painful but necessary task. He took a small army, a large portion of which consisted of raw levies, and at their head, marched unhesitatingly from the principal en-port to the capital of Mexico. He was opposed with vigor, resolution, and occasionally with courage. He fought successively its battles, won them all, and achieved the purpose for which he had left his country in less time than the most sanguine of his friends had anticipated. On his return, he was hailed with overwhelming glory of a victorious general—the conclusion of a peace honorable alike to victor and vanquished—a peace by which the United States for ever put an end to the prospect of further wars on this continent, and which—should it be observed—will MAKE neither honor nor money.

From the hour of General Scott's return home to the present time, he has been unremittingly engaged in the prosecution of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the army. The performance of these is, in the performance of his official duties with the strict maintenance which he expected of all subordinates; by him nothing is ever left undone, nothing postponed to the morrow. Kind and forgiving by disposition, he is officially a rigid disciplinarian, never willing to forgive neglect of duty, or to overlook the rules of the service.

In the year 1852, the late Whig party found no man so suitable for their purpose of running a Presidential candidate as General Scott. The selection did honor to their judgment. It may be regretted that the General did not above as much as anybody; but he done so, he would have declined the nomination, and would have spared himself the only great defeat he ever suffered. The contest, however, developed the feeling entertained by the people for General Scott. The very name was, fearing the machinations of the persons who were supposed to stand behind General Scott, opposed his election most strenuously, were also the most energetic in their laudations of his military and public qualities and his private virtues, as soon as the contest was over. It is not likely, at this time, that he ever will be nominated competent for the office. General Scott lately received from Congress an honor which has been paid to no man save himself since Washington's time. He was created Lieutenant-General of the United States army.

General Scott married, forty-seven years ago, Miss Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia. By her he has had several daughters, but no son. When he dies, his great name will die with him.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

THE war-makers are entitled to public sympathy. The British Admiral in the West Indian Station—the same official, by-the-way, who took our suffering seamen into his hospitals and risked the love of his men in order to relieve our *Susquehanna*—has, without waiting to communicate with the home authorities, promptly discovered the action of the gale-winds on the coast of Cuba, and given assurances of prompt redress from his Government for the outrages which have been so much feeling on the side of the ocean. No sensible person doubts that the Admiral will be sustained by his Government. It appears that no order has been given to the British cruisers since 1849, and therefore the action of the gun-boats must have been spontaneous on the part of their officers, who, perhaps, wanted to earn a little notoriety by a signature from nature.

This ends the talk about war. Not even the most belligerent of our politicians can persist in demanding now if the conduct of the gun-boats be disavowed. From the moment that Great Britain offers apologies and reparation their vocation is gone. Soon the British subjects, who kindly consent to guide public opinion in this country, must resign themselves to a temporary postponement of their long-cast wealth upon their native land. The trial is severe; let us hope they may find fortitude to bear it.

Now that the immediate peril is past, it is well that measures should be taken to prevent the recurrence. And the best measure that will naturally suggest itself is the strengthening of the Treaty of 1842. That convention was based on error, and the means provided for its execution were impracticable. Daniel Webster, who was the negotiator on behalf of the United States, wrote grand letters relating to Great Britain and right to visit American vessels, while, at the same time, he signed a treaty which could not possibly be executed unless Great Britain did visit American vessels. Furthermore, the aim sought to be attained by the treaty has never been reached. It was to suppress the slave-trade that the treaty was made; it has never contributed in any appreciable degree to the attainment of that result. The only slave-trade that has been dealt to the African slave-trade, since the treaty was made, has been the refusal of Brazil to receive African slaves except as bona fides; so far as the trade to Cuba is concerned, it has flourished under the treaty as actively as before. If it be the real purpose of the parties to that treaty to suppress the traffic in African slaves, the method is plain—they must operate on the colonial government of Cuba. There exists in that island a police ample and vigilant enough to put down the importation of new Africans, if the Governor desires to do so. All that is necessary is, that he should be weaned from his present habit of taking bribes to allow slaves to be landed. It is in the power of Great Britain to correct this vicious practice, by enforcing payment of the bonds given for which Cuba is pledged; it is now time for this method to be tried.

The breeze, which is now happily over, has taught another and a painful lesson. It has woefully impaired public confidence in the United States Steamer. It was generally believed that that body, which is composed of the *élite* of our political men, the men above all others who are entrusted with the defence of America's can statesmen, could be safely relied upon to act with wisdom, discretion, and prudence, on occasions of great moment. But that belief has been scattered to the winds by the crazy debates which took place on the British outrages. Senators—not of small note, but all—indiscussed the question with the temper of bullies and the logic of school-boys. It is not only gentlemen that a body of which they are unfortunately the leaders, but they brought upon the country a humiliation which the thoughtful consider as well nigh untold reality. It would be well for the country if the war-debates in the Senate during the past few days could be expunged from the Congressional Reports.

THE END OF THE MORMON WAR.

DISPATCHES from Colonel Cumming to the Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior announce the termination of the Mormon controversy by the submission of the Mormons to the authority of the United States Government. Whether this was the fruit of wholesome reflection on the principles of the case, or the consequence of General Johnston's movements, is hardly worth inquiring. Politicians who desire to make out a case against the Administration will doubtless argue that the Mormons would not have been so long in surrender to the United States without fighting, while the friends of the President are likely to contend that but for the measures of policy now now stationed at Fort Bridger, we should at this moment have been plunged in an expensive and bloody civil war. The probability is that we are likely to be nice in looking into the causes of an event which, on every account, must be regarded as a matter for congratulation.

At the same time, it will be well for the Government and the people to beware of precipitation in deciding that the Mormon difficulty is over. Mere submission to the authority of Governor Cumming and the military establishment of the territory around Salt Lake do not necessarily settle all the pending questions between the Mormons and the United States. It is, as asserted, it be the design of Brigham Young to conduct his followers to an uninhabited portion of Sonora, with the territory of the United States, there is no reason to suppose that they would agree better there with the Government than they have done in Utah—or even than the Territory of Utah and the Territory of Sonora there seems nothing to choose. Rebellion and insubordination would be as likely to arise in the one as in the other; nor would the President be less bound to quell them as the borders of Mexico than in the heart of a distant Territory. If the Mormon people, adhering to their faith and their hierarchy, were to re-enslave upon the American soil within the jurisdiction of the United States, it may be boldly asserted that the quarrel is postponed, not adjusted.

And, be it further remarked, wherever the Mormons go, so long as they remove peaceably, the great question of their relations with the United States Government to polygamy remains unsettled. It was hoped by many who were glad to avoid a direct issue on the subject, that the open rebellion of the Mormons would afford the Government an opportunity to settle the matter practically, without the necessity of legislation. But or no the United States could interfere with the local institutions of a Territory. Should the Government bring new Mormon settlers into Sonora or elsewhere, this opportunity will be lost, and the question will remain open to a distinct future Congress.

A singular and almost unaccountable indifference to the constitutional and legal bearings of the Mormon question has been generally evinced by a school of politicians which might have been expected to regard it with earnest attention. Hardly any subject seems to have been taken of the inevitable bearing which any legislation on the subject of polygamy would have on the graver topics of slavery and popular sovereignty. One is at a loss to explain an inattention seemingly unwarranted and unfounded.

Should the Mormons remove, as it is said they propose to do, to the Territory of Sonora, issues will probably be raised which may attain sufficient numbers and consequence to attract fresh attention from this part of the world. Meanwhile they will undoubtedly be the prey of revolutionary accidents and to casualties from the filibustering population of our Pacific shores. But, if they safely survive those contingencies, it must be expected that the issue now evaded will, sooner or later, return upon our hands in a more embarrassing shape than ever. Each successive expulsion of the Mormons has been more troublesome than the last. If, in or about the year 1859, the Government of the United States be driven to assail them in Sonora, as it has assailed them in Utah, it must be taken for granted that the operation will be very difficult, expensive, and perhaps bloody. And as no one can tell what the issue of the civil and prayer difficulties of our internal politics may have assumed by that time, it may prove a subject of sincere regret that the polygamy trouble had not been settled by the sword, when it was entangled by no analogies or complications, under the presidency of Mr. Buchanan.

THE COMMERCIAL PROSPECT.

THE month of June is now far enough advanced to enable us to decide upon two matters of the first importance to the commercial world —the crops of the year, and the fall trade prospects.

With regard to the former, the accounts are uniformly good. In this country a larger breadth of land than ever has been sown, and the prospect of a corresponding yield is very promising. Nothing but a two months' drought could prevent our harvesting more bushels than ever before. Abroad, equally favorable reports are current. The season of danger for the harvests in England and France has passed, and nothing has occurred to disappoint the farmers. It is now beyond a doubt that the whole harvest land of Great Britain and France will yield a handsome return to its owners this year. Similar accounts have been received from other producing countries of the Old World. On the whole, the news justifies the expectation of even a larger product of food than was yielded in the bountiful year 1857.

There are those who suppose that intelligence of a full crop in Europe is bad news for the United States, as they say that flour and grain rise in price in this country when the crops fail abroad, and they therefore deplore the occurrence of good crops among our European customers. This is a short-sighted view of the case. Among commercial nations prosperity is uniform. What is gain to one is gain to all, and joint sharers in the profits of each nation engaged in trade. No leading nation can suffer severely from disastrous damage to any nations with which it does business. Practically all are partners. If Great Britain has a short crop, she will buy the less cotton from home, and will make the less progress in the general development of trade by which the United States as well as herself. American breadstuffs may command higher prices; but the general prosperity which this country and England will be less active and less gainful for all parties. A few farmers may make money; but the country as a whole will lose. All we take a large and comprehensive view of trade must perceive that the better the crops of Europe, the better will our trade be with that section of the world.

As to the fall trade, a few statistics afford a definite basis for calculation. Since the 1st of January last our imports at the port of New York have declined, as compared with last year, from $150,000,000 to $100,000,000. Assuming that a corresponding reduction has taken place elsewhere, the country has, from January to January, had, from the single article of foreign fabrics, $75,000,000 less of foreign merchandise than it did during the like period of last year. By so much is the country poorer of goods. Yet it has rather increased than diminished in population, and as the yield of produce has increased in quantity, the demand for consumption can not have fallen off. Indeed, as, after all, the revulsion of last year sprang from no general disaster, and affected the pecuniary resources of but a few, the supposition that the demand for consumption has increased.

When we look at the machinery by which this demand is to be supplied, we find that our banks hold sixty millions of specie, where, this time last year, they held but twenty-five. And their accumulation is on the increase. In New York alone, the chances are that the banks will soon hold forty millions of dollars. At present this enormous accumulation of capital lies idle for the want of commercial activity. Those banks are fortunate which can use their means at an average of five per cent. per annum. Should an active demand arise, employment could readily be found for our capital at not less than the legal rate of discount.

These facts should teach every dealer to form his own judgment as to the activity of the fall trade. If with a bank country teeming with population and produce, people can be content with half as much foreign merchandise as was taken last year; and if, with the superabundant capital in the banks, and the immense recuperative energy of the mercantile community, the present period of stagnation can continue; then, of course, the fall trade will be no greater than that of the spring. If these things can not be, the result will restore to business circles their wonted activity.

THE ELECTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE vote of the people of New Orleans confirms, in the most emphatic manner, the view expressed in these columns last week of the Vigilance Committee. Gerard Stith, the candidate of the June 1858 party, which the Vigilance Committee was organized, has been elected over the head of the independent or Vigilance candidate—Major Beauregard. The city has relapsed into peace and quietness—the Vigilance Committee has been subdued, a decisive blow of its leaders to the tender mercies of the law.

It is urged that many of the Vigilance Committee men voted for Gerard Stith. If this be so, they must have had singularly little faith in their own movement. But Beauregard was notoriously the Vigilance candidate, on no-party grounds. Why should any Vigilance man oppose him, and vote for the candidate of a very party against which he was in arms? The idea lacks plausibility. Again, it is said that the Vigilance Committee would have been successful but for the popular suspicion that they were working in the interests of a gentleman who seems to be popularly supposed in New Orleans at the present time—Senator John Slidell. It is conceding no slight consequence to the Senator to say that the mere fact of the suspicion of his sympathy suffices to defeat a movement so serious that responsible men rose in arms to put it down. But, even supposing this—which, by-the-way, was strenuously denied—that Senator Slidell was with the Vigilance Committee, it does not defeat the object of that body, what must be the fate of any party with which he is openly affiliated?

It may be safely assumed by disinterested spectators of the affair, that these explanations of the defeat of the movement are more ingenious than just. Victory, even without this, one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that the people of New Orleans have voted against the Vigilance Committee's candidate because he was the candidate of disorder and riot, and sustained Mr. Stith, not because he was a Know Nothing, but because he was the champion of law and order. In this view, the result is comforting to the friends of popular institutions.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

BOTH Houses of Congress have passed the bill for another twenty million loan to supply the deficiency in the public revenue, and it now only waits for the President's signature to become a law. It is not certain that even this addition to the twenty millions already borrowed will supply the wants of the Government. Until the Appropriation Bills pass, it is impossible to say how much or how little will be wanted.

The sentiment we are making up against the borrowing of so much money in time of peace, and at a moment above all others when the settlement of the difficulties with Mormon, Kansas, and Central America, might seem to justify an expectation of reduced national expenditure. But the Government reply is conclusive—the money must be had, or the country will become bankrupt, for the income from customs has fallen away to a fabulous figure, and, under the present system, this is the only reliable source of revenue. It is for the people to consider more seriously the financial policy of the Government in raising almost its entire income by customs duties. The inequality of such indirect taxation was long since demonstrated. We are now perceiving its unreliability.

TAMPERING WITH JURIES.

ON the third trial of Cancemi for the murder of policeman Anderson, which is now pending in this city, it is a matus testified that he had been offered three thousand dollars, by one of the counsel for the defence, to abscond, so as to deprive the prosecution of the benefit of his evidence. He further swore that the solicitations of the lawyer were likewise pressed on his acceptance by a Mrs. Samuel Mulley, who, at the time these revelations were made, was actually sitting in the jury-box as a juror on the trial of the culprit.

The fact speaks volumes for the degradation of criminal practice in this city. It is a flood of light on the repeated failures which have occurred in the prosecution of notorious criminals by means of the jury-box machinery of courts. It is made plain by this late experience, and by the similar scandal on the trial of Graham for the murder of Burdell, that a prisoner may somehow contrive to get a friend on the jury when they choose. And that juries will disagree in certain circumstances, can be no matter of surprise to any one.

The remedy for such disgraceful occurrences is clear. The law is powerless to punish a gentleman for such offenses as those which are imputed to Cancemi's counsel and the juryman, Mrs. Mulley. It is the duty of the public officer to enforce its application. If Muller contrived to get on the panel in an irregular manner, the officer of the court who let the irregularity of the panel devolves likewise deserves punishment.

For the rest, the surest plan of defeating the mischievous devices in future, is to alter the jury system so as to assimilate the practice to that of the French, and to give to a majority of the twelve the power of convicting. Experience has amply demonstrated the fallacy of the humane rule of the English and American law, which requires unanimity on the part of the twelve jurors to convict. Whether the public mind is prepared for a change in this direction. But it is made surer every day that we shall come to that at last.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WARS.

The country breathes again. Even the laziest lounger enjoys the reprieve. The wars are over. We have exterminated the Mormons, and swept the British from the sea.

At least, that is what we should have done. But ours were most summer wars. The Mormons invited our Governor into their city; the English naval authorities disclaimed the acts over which the public mind grew hot and our excellent Senators belligerent. In fact, these rumors of aggression are very heady stuff. So far as now appears, there had been no fresh orders from England, and the fiery little *Styx* was plunging about upon her own responsibility. But the difficulty remains, and might as well be settled now as at some other time. In fact, dangerous differences should rather be arranged between nations in moments of the greatest amity: and this chief quarrel with England might be finally disposed of simultaneously with the laying of the Atlantic telegraph.

War, in any case, is a dismal misfortune to befall a country. It must sometimes be, to avoid direr calamity. But it is the resource of blowing up a building to prevent the spread of a fire. It is the burning of the prairie to limit burning. The present generation in this country knows war only by name. Even those who remember distinctly the last war remember it as a sea-fight. The horrors were not forced upon private homes, except where a friend fell upon his ship. The country was not devastated; every possible pursuit was not interrupted; constant massacres did not occur; all the dreadful detail of war was unknown. So the Mexican war was not of a character or extent to emphasize the real tragedy. It was a kind of belligerent picnic. Sharp and desperate battles were fought, and brave men fell; and the black cloud hangs to-day over many a home—but its woes were single and external. The whole country did not actively share and suffer.

But it must do so in case of any war with a great Power. And while every man knows that the occasion may arise, and that no infringement of the great principle of absolute national independence by any other nation can be allowed—let us, while we are ready for a war, only keep ourselves in condition to defend all the rights we justly claim, and defend them, leaving to other Powers the ugly declaration of war.

HISTRIONIC.

On a stormy evening of two winters ago, two persons might have been seen (not on horseback) hurrying along Broadway to Wallack's theatre. It was Saturday evening, and a first appearance—but the house was not full. The two friends had seen in Western and Californian newspapers some account of the *débutante*, and were curious to see, not only the player, but the play. The play itself was famous in Paris, and had made a reputation for the actress who personated the heroine. It was founded upon a novel describing a very melancholy career—a novel which no young woman who is not judicious should ever read, but which had also made a reputation for the author, and had been the most popular story of recent times in Paris.

The *débutante* at Wallack's produced what is called an immense sensation. Her acting was in many points new in character to a New York audience, for it was an exaggeration of the realism of the modern French school. On the other hand, it had the traditional declamation and exaggerated unreality of the stilted English style. In points of manner and in the representation of physical emotion, especially extreme suffering, there was the closest imitation of Nature. In the expression of high passion and strong feeling of the finer kind, there was not Nature, but the substitute provided by theatrical tradition. Part of the unusual interest, also, was due to the peculiar character of the play. Most of the audience probably did not understand the character of the heroine—for we have not exactly that class of heroines in this country—and there was a fascinating audacity in the representation of such people and the incidents of their daily life. The character of the piece and the quality of the player were evident when it was found that the culminating point of interest and action was the death of the heroine by consumption.

The salvo of praise that saluted the *débutante* on Monday morning was sweet enough, there is no question. Have we a Rachel among us? people asked, in delighted doubt. Shall we say Rachel, Heron, and Ristori? demanded enthusiasts and poets. The town was fairly charmed. Places were taken for weeks in advance. The endless repetition of the piece was placarded. The new actress was discussed in clubs, dining-rooms, and offices. Every night the theatre was crowded. Flowers and tears reigned* in the house. Since Jenny Lind—since Fanny Ellsler—since Fanny Kemble—there had been no such sudden and great success. It was touching to think of it. It was curious to speculate whether the actress herself could understand it; whether she had lived in the public breath and eye long enough to know that it is always April weather in the public mind—that only the great evergreens, whom neither Sirius can scorch nor Boreas freeze, stand unaffected in its presence?

After some weeks she tried a new character. The success was only partial. The public clamored for the first; and, unhappily, the favorite herself had apprised them she was mortal, by not triumphing wherever she stood. After many weeks—months, even—her engagement closed. Excitement had waned a little toward the end, but still the houses were large and enthusiastic. She went away; but she had not justified the expectation of her first impressions. She had not advanced from part to part—like a victorious general from point to point—making every thing her own. She had done the best thing first. After a little time she came again. Not much was said. She went; and again returned, with a new part in the old manner—and after two evenings the doors were closed!

* *Rained?*—Ed.

The great fault of Miss Heron's acting is the want of intellectual consistency. She takes off her bonnet, and says good-morning, and tosses her head before the glass, exactly as people do in life. But she forgets that the same woman who does all those things does not talk in an artificial tone, and put her tongue upon ponderous stilts, when she is desperately in love or tragically unhappy. Sometimes—but not often, except in the sudden presence of immediate danger—women shriek; and, whatever the mental agony may be, it is seldom manifested by bodily contortions either of frame or voice. If Miss Heron should say to the Lounger that there is no other way of representing violent passion but by violent action, the Lounger would say to Miss Heron that he does not deny it; only she must bring the whole conception into the same key. If she is going to shriek and tear when she is under the influence of strong emotion, then she must make her "good-mornings" and bonnet-tyings conform to the same principle. It may be very true that a painter can not depict sunlight upon his canvas so as to dazzle our eyes as the real light does; but, if he can not, he would certainly produce a poor picture if he painted the grass greener than actual grass.

Miss Heron has adopted the Pre-Raphaelite style of dramatic art. Let her, then, be consistent; and, whether the principles of that art be sound or not, her acting, with her talents, will be a symmetrical specimen of the manner.

MUSIC!

A company of musicians, with the admirable conductor, Carl Anschütz, as President, are arranging a great musical festival for the end of the month. It is to be in the open air; and there will be plenty of lager, doubtless, pleasant people, and sweet music; and if any body can not suspend the search for happiness under such circumstances, he must be very resolute indeed. What a pity that the Central Park is not yet completed, with all its casinos, its music-halls, and fountains! But we must console ourselves with remembering that all the concerts now given are helping the necessity and the enjoyment of that great work. Every musical note scattered by the orchestra is a seed sown in the popular taste; and when it comes to harvest in a national fondness for music, and all kindred and beautiful arts, the charms of the park itself, and all the esthetic opportunities it will afford, will be a thousand-fold more appreciated.

THE HON. SAM. PICKWICK, M. C.

Elsewhere the Lounger has spoken of the recent French duel. But we need not cross the sea to find the field of honor.

When the present Congress opened, there were some signs of some kind of tragedy; but every thing has passed for the present, and it closes, like other heavy dramatic performances, with a farce. It is a farce in two acts. Two Representatives played the first; two Senators the second. Hughes and Harris bluster in the House—challenge—and fizzle. Davis and Benjamin bluster in the Senate—challenge, or don't challenge—and fizzle. Mr. Hughes's friends and Mr. Harris's friends think that Mr. Hughes didn't mean, and that Mr. Harris didn't mean, and are consequently of opinion that they are really very good friends. Mr. Davis acknowledges that he is perhaps dogmatical. Mr. Benjamin has—in fact, without flattery—an admiration for Mr. Davis. So the farce ends, and the actors retire, ready to take part in any new one that may offer.

No one can regret the termination of the play. But are not such plays expensive luxuries to the country? Companies of strolling actors may call themselves "His Majesty's servants," and fatten upon the drippings of the Palace kitchen. But is it a wise economy to convert Congress into a troop of comedians? We might have them elsewhere. Mr. Stuart, for instance, or Mr. Burton, might engage those eminent performers, Davis and Benjamin. But then we should all have the choice of going. We should not be obliged to pay for the sport if we did not share in it. Then Mr. Barnum, who is re-commencing his career, might turn a penny by exhibiting the pistols which were not used by Messrs. Hughes and Harris, in their celebrated affair—the identical ball which did not bereave the country of its Benjamin—a piece of the skin of the knuckle against which Mr. Keitt did stub his eye.

Even as we write there is another act added to the play, in which Mr. Gwin and Mr. Wilson figure. It is not yet determined whether it shall be tragedy or farce.

These are all clever gentlemen, of various sides in politics, and with hosts of political friends. But they have also political opponents. Why should they furnish those opponents with sharp weapons of ridicule?

LANDSEER'S NICK BOTTOM.

There is a pretty water-color copy of Landseer's picture of Bottom and Titania now to be seen at Williams & Stephens's. It is a dangerous subject for the pencil. Shakespeare painted the picture for the mind only. The contrast of the lovely fairy Queen and the donkey-headed weaver, steeped in the rare, sweet humor of the play, is not too sharp, is not in the slightest degree repulsive—because so little stress is laid by the imagination upon the actual ass's head. But to paint a man with a donkey's head, and a pretty woman caressing him—*hic labor*, etc. The scene in Shakespeare requires subtle delicacy in treatment, to avoid utterly ruining the exquisite humor of the conceit. Landseer has treated it in a good, honest, Saxon way. His fairies are little human creatures, with gauzy wings. Puck is a pudgy pigmy of a blacksmith. Titania is a London belle. In the copy the half-human, maudlin look of the asinine Bottom is admirably humorous. In fact, the peculiarity of Landseer, in all his pictures of animals, is the human look he gives them—that is to say, the look of their sympathy with humanity. There is a great deal of beauty and interest in the picture; and if you are one of the many thousand who are sure to like it extremely, you can put your name down for a capital engraving of it.

THE FRENCH DUEL.

That the army has been supreme in France since the days of the great Napoleon is no news to any student of history. That the great Napoleon commanded the army, and that the army commands the little Napoleon, are equally evident. That French society consists of the army and the people of France is also perfectly apparent. The army serves any government that may happen to exist by adroit fraud, so long as it is itself untouched and paid. It is loyal only to a vague something called the glory of France, of which glory it is itself the only visible manifestation. Its discipline is rigid; its system admirable; its chief officers are brave soldiers and daring leaders, who have risen regularly through the ranks. They are, many of them, rude, ferocious, and uncultivated. Marshal Pelissier is to-day the most conspicuous and the most genuine representative of the glory of France. He could appear in Paris to-morrow and proclaim himself Emperor, and the army, full of *esprit du corps* and French glory, would immediately install him in the Tuileries.

Of course, where an army is supreme, civilization is properly at an end; because military rule is simply a more gorgeous form of original savage force. It is the reign of muscle, not of reason. Nothing can be tolerated except what pleases the whim of the despot. If a man cracks a joke, he does it at the expense of his head. When, therefore, M. de Pène lately made fun of the ideal lieutenant as he appears in society, he was called to account by some small officers. He explained that he meant only to draw a picture suggested by some ridiculous points of some lieutenants. The explanation was not satisfactory. A club of officers conspired to challenge him, one after the other. It is a rule of *Figaro*, the comic journal for which he wrote, that the pen must be promptly supported by the sword of the author, and he accepted the challenge. A little series of duels was arranged. They don't fight Pickwickian duels in France, and the combatants of duel No. 1 met. Pène's adversary was wounded; but as they were leaving the field, satisfied, the second of his adversary said the matter must not end so—could not even wait the arbitrament of duel No. 2, which was already arranged for the next day—and slapped Pène's face. They fought instantly, and Pène fell, dangerously mangled by the sword of his fresh foe.

The whole thing was a conspiracy to murder the author by the army, under the forms of what is ludicrously called the code of honor. And this being fully understood, the civilians in Paris have opened a register of names of people willing to enter into a counter-combination against the army. The whole matter—with all its tragedy—has one good point: it forces upon the cool murder of the dueling system the *reductio ad absurdum*. If every man who is challenged, or who challenges, knows that he is to be fought until he falls by the hand of somebody, the system will, in its most generous application, act upon the friends of the dueler as the Kilkenny cats acted upon each other. There will be only a tale of dueling left.

Its most serious aspect, however, is its revelation of the condition of French society. The arms and the *prestige* are in the hands of the soldiers. Every citizen knows that, upon all subjects which concern the honor of his country or the national life, he speaks at his peril. Yet there are otherwise sensible Americans who speak of Louis Napoleon as the only man for France in this crisis. What do they mean? Suppose he succeeds by this remorseless, bloody suppression of sentiment in preserving an appearance of peace for some years, do they think he will *secure* peace to France? Do we not all know that the next French revolution is a question of time? And can any judicious man call him a skillful or desirable engineer who merely sits on the safety-valve?

MR. WRIGHT RIGHTED.

As the Lounger, some months since, defended our Minister in Prussia for giving a diplomatic dinner, and offering no wine to his guests, upon the ground that, as a temperance man, he could do nothing else, he owes it to his readers, who may have thought Mr. Wright in the wrong, to state that it now appears he did no such thing. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* contradicts, "from the word of Mr. Wright himself," the report that he had no wine upon his table on that occasion.

The Lounger's explanation proceeded upon the ground that the Minister probably believed spirituous drinks to be deleterious, and that he could not offer guests what he thought would harm them, whether they thought so or not. The result would seem to show that the Minister's views are less positive upon the point—that he regards it as an open question still; and although he has decided for himself, he will not undertake to decide for other people. The editors who so promptly reviled him might wisely meditate his moderation.

SPORT.

Two or three weeks ago the Lounger was speaking of boxing matches, as unworthy subjects of elaborate reports in decent newspapers. That men will long be found who are willing to pommel each other into jelly is not a matter of doubt: and when men deliberately enter the lists against each other, although it is a disgusting and brutalizing performance and spectacle, yet there are choice and discretion in it, and the cruelty is voluntarily sought and inflicted.

But the case is very different when animals are compelled by men to contend in mortal matches. An ordinary horse-race is not, in itself, a disgusting sight—although its antecedents and incidents are usually mortifying to decent people. But the distances trotted and run are not beyond the probable scope of the strength and training of the animal. No man would hail with delight a tendency in his son to frequent race-courses, but many a man goes often to such places and sees no suffering.

Recently, however, there was a race between two horses in Michigan, which was as inhuman and mean as any bull-baiting in Spain or lion-spearing in old Rome. Two horses were put upon a course to trot twenty miles. One of them came in on the twentieth mile "alone, at a tearing pace." The other broke down on the last mile—dropped into a slow trot—was savagely beaten—dropped into a walk—was still ceaselessly tortured—finally sank upon his knees, and the good Providence which created horses and cares for them as well as jockeys, took care that the poor animal died the next morning.

It was an inhuman outrage, and the decent citizens of Michigan are doubtless ashamed that the name of their State should be associated with any thing so dastardly. There is certainly something dismal in the performances which are called "sport" by people who use the noblest animals as they use dice and cards to win other people's money.

PEACE ON EARTH!

We believe there has been one capital sermon in pickle for a year: and the chances now are that it will be soon taken out and consumed. That it has been injured in the slightest degree by keeping, we do not believe. For surely the occasion that inspired it is not less majestic this year than it was the last.

It is clear that the enterprise of laying the Atlantic cable will be pursued from year to year until it is accomplished, like the search for the North-west Passage, or the removal of Quarantine from Staten Island. During all this year experiments have been making, and the great trial is about to take place. May the fairest fortune befall! And while upon the surface of the ocean there are gusts of suspicion and jealousy, far below in the calm depths may the hands of the two countries clasp in eternal amity!

A BUTTERFLY VIVARIUM.

The sticklebacks and sea-anemones are not to have it all their own way, and monopolize the attention of curious observers. A charming little book has just been published in London treating of the Insect Vivarium, or the glass world in which the varieties of insect life may be studied. The frontispiece represents a delightful bower swarming with wingéd splendors. How soon shall we have the novelty here? How many "in ten know what an" Insect "vivaria is?"

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"Cincinnati, *June*, 1858.

"Mr. Lounger,—A friend of mine, who has been gifted with a taste for poetry, has come to the conclusion that he is a poet; to prove which, he recited a few lines of his composition which was intended for some lovely lass. Here they are:

"'Oft when the evening star proclaims that day
Has left our clime, and passed another way,
My memory turns to thee, O! lovely Kate!
And shudders at the thought of destined fate.'

"What the 'destined fate' is I can not tell; but I have given him my opinion flatly, and bet five dollars on the head of it, that there is no poetry in these lines. We await your decision, and have solemnly promised, whatever it may be, to acquiesce in it. Yours,

"Jemmy Blake."

—A wise man once said that he did not require sense in the verses of a young poet, only music. If you have the ring, you can get the sense; but though you may have the sense, it will not always jingle. In the case of the present poem, there is this to be said: that it sounds as if it *might* mean something. But there is evidently only one person who can know that, and the Lounger must refer his friend Jemmy to "lovely Kate." Meanwhile, he would venture the remark that philological people would doubtless say, that to speak of "destined fate" is like talking of a slanting slope.

"Can the Lounger inform a young gentleman for whom the moon of this splended June will be the honeymoon, who wrote the amusing papers in *Punch* some three or four years ago, called, 'Our Honeymoon?'"

—The Lounger begs to wish "a young gentleman" the utmost felicity, and to hope that all his married years may be a long succession of honeymoons. He regrets extremely that he can not answer his question. It was generally supposed that Douglas Jerrold was the author of the papers in question. But since his death they are not acknowledged as his. The Lounger appeals to some reader, wiser than he, to answer "a young gentleman."

—"Will the Lounger be so good as explain what he means, when he says, regarding the melancholy demise of Henry William Herbert: 'There is nothing to add but "pray for him"—and that every kind soul will do.' An unsophisticated, uninitiated individual like myself is astonished at hearing such an utterance by the Lounger, and begs respectfully to inquire *cui bono?* And whether it does not savor a little too much of the Vatican to sound orthodox to the ears of a

"Protestant?"

—The Lounger can not, of course, entertain a theological discussion; but a Protestant may be sure that men often scent a doctrine when only a feeling was expressed. The words used by the Lounger were simply expressive of kindly feeling in reference rather to those who remain than to the unfortunate suicide—that they should think of him as tenderly as they could. The sectarian dogma of prayers for the dead was not at all in the intention of the Lounger, who is quite as good a Protestant, doubtless, as his correspondent. Therefore he ventures the more plainly to suggest to him whether it is not much wiser for every man to consider whether a doctrine savors of truth rather than be troubled about the Vatican? And whether an old question was not asked, in precisely the same spirit, about good out of Nazareth?



FASHIONABLE PROMENADES OF EUROPE.—ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON.



FASHIONABLE PROMENADES OF EUROPE.—LONGCHAMPS, CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADES OF LONDON AND PARIS.

THE chief end of the Central Park, which is about to be laid out at a cost of several millions to the people of New York, is the establishment of a fashionable and healthy promenade ground for the people of New York. At present we have none. Broadway is the only public place where people take the fresh air publicly and the ladies consent to submit their new toilets to public inspection. The necessity of a public park where the fresh air can be breathed, and the eye feasted on green leaves and grassy plots, suggested the opening of the Central Park; it now rests with the Albany-appointed commissioners to fulfill the public desire.

It is well known that the Central Park Commissioners are men of eminent judgment, refined taste, and large experience. It is believed that several of them have walked in foreign parks at least two or three times. It is not therefore for their benefit—for what more can they need?—but for that of the public that we submit herewith two pictures, the one illustrating Rotten Row in Hyde Park, London, the other the grand promenade at Longchamps in the Champs Elysées, Paris.

Our neighbors over the water appreciated the necessity of public promenade grounds at a very early day. We read that the Greeks, in their colonizing age, laid out a promenade ground and a temple before they began to build private dwellings. With equal judgment our ancestors, the English, and their neighbors of France, invariably allotted a large segment of the land inclosed within their city bounds to healthful exercise and cheerful pastime in the open air. In course of time the old parks of both London and Paris made way for dwellings. But the original intent was not forgotten. As fast as one "common" was built upon, another was opened; the progress of building was never suffered to encroach upon the "lungs" of the city. So it happens that in our day these immense cities—London and Paris—have more acres proportionately laid out in gardens and public grounds than any of the small towns of the United States.

Rotten Row, a corruption from an old name which is almost forgotten, is properly that portion of Hyde Park which is allotted to horseback exercise. It is divided by a low railing from the rest of the park. The soil is soft enough to give the horse a pleasant footing, and the trees yield a grateful shade. It is here that the aristocratic flirtations of the British fashionables are carried on. It is here that Pelham shows his new horse, and that the reigning belle of the season tantalizes her crowd of admirers. On fine days, during the season, every person of note may be seen here. Many a match has been contrived in this alley; many a timorous lover has dared to say the momentous word; many a blushing girl has whispered "Yes" under the broad shadow of the trees which shelter this path from the noonday sun. Rotten Row has been the scene of many a strange adventure.

It was here that the fashionable Lord —— lost his lady-love, the heiress of the great Banker ——, a few months since. The lady, as every one knows, was not fascinated by his lordship. Her family insisted, and positively forbade Mr. S——, a young barrister, who had been a faithful admirer of the Banker's daughter for years, to darken their doors. The lawyer, confident of the attachment of the lady, and satisfied that the only thing needed was to get rid of his lordship, chose an opportunity to meet the pair in Rotten Row on a fashionable afternoon, and, mounted on a fiery and powerful animal, fairly charged his rival. Lord —— was no rider; his horse was handsome, but a light animal; the furious lawyer actually rode over him, throwing both him and his horse into the dirt under the shadow of the fence. The insult might have been forgiven but for the air with which the victorious rider dismounted and offered his rival his arm to enable him to rise. This his lordship could not brook; and a sarcastic smile from the lady testifying her appreciation of his sorry plight, he rose, shook the dust from his clothes, and with an oath resigned the course and his lady to his brutal but practical antagonist.

At Longchamps it is not usual for people to ride each other down. When the Prince Bonaparte inadvertently rode over Mr. Scott, the great London tea-merchant, he declared—with perfect truth—that it was entirely a mistake, and with true French tact offered as the most congenial expiation to box a round with poor Mr. Scott on the scene of their encounter. It is not known what Mr. Scott's feelings were on the occasion. Generally speaking, the riding in the Champs Elysées is moderate and rather slow. The New York Rowdy is an institution which has not yet been introduced into Paris; no doubt, as civilization extends, the species will be found on the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées. At present, any lady who desires to ride out, either alone with a servant, or with a gentleman, need apprehend no rude behavior on the part of those who will surround her. There is an innate delicacy in Frenchmen which impels them to do the right things in the right place; among others, not to play the rowdy at Longchamps.

On a fine afternoon in the season, Longchamps, and the whole of the Champs Elysées, will be found crowded with the fashionable world of Paris. For hours together the ladies exhibit their rainbow colors and the men their horses and horsemanship, mingling in a throng which looks like a state procession, and forms one of the most striking spectacles that meet the eye of strangers. Not a word is said or an act committed which could offend the most fastidious. Good breeding pervades the entire assemblage. People will laugh and enjoy themselves; they will say severely satirical things of each other, and will tell the most cruel stories even of their friends; but outwardly, neither by word nor deed, will any one's feelings be wounded or the most prudish sensitiveness be made to shrink. With all their faults, Frenchmen are essentially gentle; would that we could say as much for the crowds which are likely to throng the avenues of our Central Park!

LITERARY.

MR. LONGFELLOW has a heavy weight on his shoulders. How will he answer to the public and to himself for having set the example to an Englishman who has published a poem on insects, of which here is a specimen? This man, be it understood, is not joking. His book is a serious poem, intended to be "instructive!"

> "Next in order the cockroaches,
> Swarming in our cockney kitchens,
> In the cupboard, in the pantry,
> In the bread-pan, in the meat-safe,
> Every kind of food devouring,
> Every kind of food defiling,
> And most disagreeably smelling,
> Greedy gluttons, eating all things,
> Hiding always in the daytime,
> Hating daylight, hating sunshine,
> Up and eating in the night-time.
> Their antennæ long and tapering,
> Long and thin, and very thread-like,
> Very, very many-jointed,
> Head bent down beneath the thorax,
> Fore wings large, and tough, and leathery,
> Folding over one another,
> Folding over both the hind wings;
> These are folded, too, beneath them,
> And all lying on the body:
> Their legs all alike and simple,
> Formed for running, not for leaping;
> And their feet are all five-jointed—
> Such are cockroaches *Blattina*."

The attention of the public is now called daily to new beauties of the stereoscopic process. This is the latest, as it is the greatest, discovery of art, and we notice with pleasure the prospectus of a stereoscopic magazine, to be issued in London by Mr. Reeve, every number of which will contain three stereographs.

It is not very often that we have to thank the French press for a pleasant addition to our library tables. Gossipy, readable books are not common in France. Long and stupid novels, or ponderous volumes of twaddle, with an occasional valuable addition to the scientific departments, are the usual products of the press of Paris. We find, therefore, more than common pleasure in examining such a book as M. Oscar de Vallée's work, LES MANIEURS D'ARGENT.

The book would be read with interest in America, and we hope to see it translated. The subject is stock-jobbing—a comparison of our own times with the days of Law and the Mississippi bubble, a little more than a hundred years ago. Of course there is much that is flat, and much that is French, in the volume, but there is also much that is world-wide in its value and its interest.

He tells us of the immense fortunes that were made in a few hours by speculators, many of whom were of the poorest classes. One footman, after a happy venture, bought the carriage and establishment of his own master, and driving it to 'Change, left it standing while he went in to buy and sell. On coming out he sprang to the board behind the coach, so accustomed was he to his place, and when the coachman looked back and reminded him that he belonged inside, he muttered an amusing apology that he was only seeing how much room there was, and how many footmen could stand there.

One humpbacked man made 50,000 francs, in the Rue Quincampoix, by hiring out his back for men in the crowd to write and sign papers on! It was said of him by the Abbé Terrasson—

> "Supra dorsum meum fabricaverunt peccatores."

Law was, of course, the King of the Exchange. He was the man of France. *Vive le Roi et M. Law!* was a common cry in the street as he went by. Women, in particular, worshiped him. The passion of French women for stock-gambling is well known, even at this day, to any visitor of the Parisian Bourse. But it then surpassed belief. Noble ladies did not hesitate to ride in the carriage of Law's mistress, by her side. One lady, desirous of a personal interview with the great financier, caused her carriage to be overturned before his door that he might come out to her rescue. Another stopped her equipage before the house where he was at dinner, and cried Fire! till he came out. The book before us abounds in such stories, which are historical. We commend it to French readers.

Among late sales of paintings in London we observe that some pictures brought high prices. The most valuable appear to have been in the collection of the late Mr. Hope. A Claude brought £770; a Holbeina, £1720; a Paul Potter, £804; and, oddest of all, a picture by Teniers, catalogued as "A Man putting on a Shirt," brought £860!

From Ticknor & Fields we have two volumes of QUENTIN DURWARD, in continuation of their elegant household Waverley, of which we have so often spoken. The illustrations are even better than usual, especially the vignette of Quentin saving the life of the King at the boar hunt.

Mr. Duyckinck has written, and the Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school Union have published, a very delightful little book, which we should like to see in every Sunday-school library in the land. It is the LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT—quaint, glorious old Herbert—who was a blessing to all ages that follow after him. Mr. Duyckinck has executed his work with pure and excellent taste. The book is of a much higher literary class than we are accustomed to find on Sunday-school shelves, and parents will find it instructive and readable. It is especially fit for a summer Sunday morning, when one can be happier and holier for a quiet contemplation of the life of one to whom life was a long Sabbath of calm and purity.

It is not generally known that the name of *Meyerbeer*, the distinguished Jewish composer, is, in fact, Meyer Beer: he has two brothers, one Michael Beer, a dramatist, of Berlin; the other, William Beer, an astronomer of some note. The Rabbi, Moses Beer, some time connected with the Israelite University of Rome, and a noted Hebraist, was, probably, of the same family; the name Beer being an eminent one among German Jews.

We see the name of Dr. Livingstone in a list of proposed new Fellows of the Royal Society. As a proposition by the council is equivalent to an election, and the election was to take place June 3, we presume it is safe to write him down F.R.S.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 7th June, in the Senate, Senator Hunter introduced a resolution directing the Executive to confine the expenses during the next fiscal year to $64,000,000. Bills were passed (Senator Toombs objecting) granting pensions to Mrs. General Gaines and Mrs. General Jones. The Naval Appropriation Bill was passed after the adoption of certain amendments.——In the House, Mr. Savage explained that the difficulty between Messrs. Harris and Hughes had been settled. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill; after speeches by Messrs. Taylor, Quitman, Sickles, Maynard, Crawford, Branch, Garnett, and Marshall, the Senate amendment respecting the $750,000 for the completion of the Capitol was agreed to, with the proviso that no portion of the money was to be expended for embellishment. Some other Senate amendments were also agreed to.

On Tuesday, 8th, in the Senate, it was resolved to extend the session to June 14. The credentials of Senators Hunter, Clay, and Brown, for another term of six years, were presented. Senator Bigler introduced a bill to repeal the Telegraph Act of 1857. The Army Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and after various amendments was passed; the sum appropriated being but little short of $17,000,000.——In the House, the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was taken up, and after debate by Messrs. Letcher, Pettit, Clemens, Phillips, Mason, Stephens, Smith of Virginia, Taylor, and Reagan, the arrangement with Gales and Seaton for printing the American State papers was agreed to. The House rejected Senate appropriations for Custom-Houses at New Orleans and Charleston. The Willett's Point Investigating Committee then declared that they were unable to agree on a majority report. Four reports have been made—one exculpating the Secretary of War, the other three censuring him more or less directly.

On Wednesday, 9th, in the Senate, explanations were made by Senators Davis and Benjamin in reference to a difficulty which had occurred between them. The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. So was the Ocean Mail Steamship Appropriation Bill, after debate by Senators Hunter, Yulee, Clingman, Pugh, Seward, King, Toombs, and others; the amount appropriated being about $1,500,000.——In the House, Monday, 14th, was fixed for the adjournment. Ten thousand dollars and a salary of $7500 were appropriated for the Commissioner to Paraguay. On motion of Mr. Bocock, it was decided to build ten steam screw sloops of war. On motion of Mr. Ketch, it was agreed to build four war steamers for the lakes. On motion of Mr. John Cochrane it was agreed to build ten iron screw gun-boats. On motion of Mr. Letcher, the President was authorized to borrow, at not over 6 per cent., $1,990,000 for the construction of these vessels. These motions led to much debate, in which Messrs. Hatch, Keitt, Lovejoy, Garnett, John Cochrane, Grow, Savage, Blair, Clay, Covode, and others took part. The House was discussing the Senate's amendments to the Army Bill when the hour came for adjournment.

On Thursday, 10th, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. On motion of Senator Jones, the rate of postage was increased to five cents for letters under 3000 miles, and ten cents over that distance; the vote was 19 to 15. On motion of Senator Pugh, the franking privilege of Members of Congress was abolished by 38 to 4. Some other amendments to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill were carried; after which the Senate discussed the Revenue Appropriation Bill, and adjourned after debate by Senators Wilson, Hunter, Gwin, and others.——In the House, various Senate amendments to the several Appropriation Bills were considered. A presidential Message, covering a dispatch from Governor Cumming, was received.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, Committees of Conference were appointed to confer with the Senate on the appropriation bills. The Indiana Senators were confirmed in their seats.——In the House, the Maryland Contested Election case was discussed by Messrs. Harris, Stewart, Quitman, Keitt, Davis, and Burnett. The various appropriation bills and the Senate amendments thereto were discussed at length, and Committees of Conference appointed.

On Saturday, 12th, in the Senate, the Conference Committee's Ocean Mail Steamer Bill was passed. The Conference Committee on the Post-Office Appropriation bill reported that they could not agree. The Fifteen Million Loan Bill, with the House amendment, making it $20,000,000, was agreed to. Senator Bigler vainly endeavored to introduce a resolution to prolong the session. ——In the House, a Message was received from the President, requesting the House not to adjourn till the difficulties of the Treasury were adjusted. The subject of the British aggressions was discussed by Messrs. Burlingame, Kunkel, Jones, Sickles, and Blair. The $20,000,000 Loan Bill was agreed to. So were several bills from the Conference Committees.

THE DAVIS AND BENJAMIN AFFAIR.

On 8th inst., the following dialogue took place in the Senate between Senators Davis and Benjamin:

Mr. Benjamin was speaking on the Army Bill, when Mr. Davis said, "I will correct the Senator, as that seems to be the point of his argument. The Secretary of War does ask money for breech-loading arms, costing from $30,000 to $40,000, and part of this $100,000 is to go in this way, according to his application."

MR. BENJAMIN replied, "I do not understand that the Secretary has asked for any part of this $100,000 to purchase breech-loading fire-arms. If he has, I am very much mistaken."

MR. DAVIS. "Oh, I will state the very simple fact that he asks money to buy breech-loading arms. Whether the $100,000 is to be paid out of the Treasury, I do not know."

To this MR. BENJAMIN replied, "It is very easy for the Senator to give a sneering reply as to what was certainly a very respectful inquiry."

MR. DAVIS. "I consider it as an attempt to misrepresent a very plain remark."

MR. BENJAMIN. "The Senator is mistaken, and has no right to state any such thing. His manner is not agreeable at all."

MR. DAVIS. "If the Senator happens to find it disagreeable, I hope he will keep it to himself."

MR. BENJAMIN. "It was directed to me, and I will not keep it to myself. I will reply to it instanter."

MR. DAVIS. "You have got it, Sir."

MR. BENJAMIN. "That is enough, Sir. I shall not again be diverted from my public duties."

Both Senators have since made explanations.

THE WILSON AND GWIN AFFAIR.

Two days afterward, Mr. Wilson had made a speech in reference to the expenditures of the Government of California. Mr. Gwin, in reply, said that he had heard a great deal of demagogism in connection with the expenditures in California. Mr. Wilson asked if he intended to apply the word demagogism to him. Mr. Gwin declined to explain or reply.

Mr. Wilson said: "The Senator declines to answer. Very well. I say to him that demagogism is better than thieving. I had rather be a demagogue than a thief."

Mr. Gwin inquired if the Senator meant to apply his language to him, or to the officers of the revenue in California.

Mr. Wilson said that he had no explanations to give to the Senator from California.

Mr. Gwin then said: "If the Senator means to apply that term to me, he is a calumniator and a coward."

The President called both gentlemen to order, when Mr. Wilson remarked that what the Senator from California said did not change the record.

Senator Gwin has challenged Senator Wilson. He sent him a note by Mr. Fitch of Indiana, merely asking for a meeting outside the District. Mr. Wilson replied by citing to him his reply to Mr. Brooks, to the effect that dueling was forbidden by the laws and by the matured convictions of his whole life. Mr. Seward and other Senators are striving to arrange the difficulty, and will doubtless succeed.

THE LATEST ABOUT THE BRITISH OUTRAGES.

The Navy Department has received the following letter from Commander Rodgers:

"UNITED STATES STEAMER WATER-WITCH,
KEY WEST, *June* 3, 1858.

"SIR,—I arrived here safely to-day for coal—all well on board. I leave to-morrow for Havana, where I shall find her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Devastation*, which has brought instructions from Admiral Seymour to the cruisers upon the coast of Cuba.

"H. B. M. steam gun-boat *Jasper*, commanded by Lieutenant William H. Pym, came into this harbor this morning in search of the *Styx*, to deliver dispatches from the Admiral. Lieutenant Pym stated to me that his instructions were printed, and were dated, he believed, 1849; that they were, at all events, the instructions he had acted upon on the coast of Africa nine years ago. He said he believed, or rather was sure, no new instructions had been received from the British Government for the guidance of the vessels on the coast of Cuba. He said that the *Creole* was a slaver, and that soon after her capture colors and papers both disappeared, the captain declaring that he was not entitled to American papers or colors. He said that in another case, where he had sent his quartermaster with a spy-glass to ask permission to ascend the mast of the outermost vessel in the harbor of Matanzas, in order to see whether the *Styx* was in sight, the captain said, laughingly, afterward, that he had hoaxed a newspaper writer into the belief that he had been boarded by British filibusters. He asserted that he was sure, upon examination, he would be found to have done no wrong to the American flag. He admitted that, in certain cases, he had fired near vessels to make them show their colors, and asked me if he had been guilty of any wrong in so doing? To this I said that I had no official opinion, but that I thought not. However the law may be in this case, it is held, as far as I know, the usage of the service—itself a law—for men-of-war to show their flags to one another; and it is the general opinion of naval men that merchant vessels, upon neglect or refusal, may be compelled to do it without trenching upon their rights. Lieutenant Pym seemed surprised at the light in which the acts of the British cruisers are regarded by the Government of the United States.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
"JOHN RODGERS, Commander, U.S.N.
"HON. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy."

GOVERNOR CUMMING AT SALT LAKE CITY.

Dispatches have been received from Governor Cumming at Salt Lake City. He says, after describing his journey to the city: "Ex-Governor Brigham Young paid me a call of ceremony as soon as I was sufficiently relieved from the fatigue of my mountain journey to receive company. In subsequent interviews with the ex-Governor he has evinced a willingness to afford me every facility which I may require for the efficient performance of my administrative duties. His course in this respect meets, I fancy, with the approval of a majority of this community. The Territorial seal, with other public property, has been tendered me by William H. Hooper, Esq., late Acting Secretary *pro tem.*"

HIS SPEECH AT THE TABERNACLE

"My presence at the meeting in the Tabernacle will be remembered by me as an occasion of intense interest. Between three and four thousand persons were assembled for the purpose of public worship; the hall was crowded to overflowing; but the most profound quiet was observed when I appeared. President Brigham Young introduced me by name as the Governor of Utah, and I addressed the audience from 'the stand.' I informed them that I had come among them to vindicate the national sovereignty; that it was my duty to secure the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws; that I had taken my oath of office to exact an unconditional submission on their part to the dictates of the law. I was not interrupted. In a discourse of about thirty minutes' duration I touched (as I thought best) boldly upon all the leading questions at issue between them and the General Government.

"Thus the meeting might have ended. But after closing my remarks, I rose and stated that I would be glad to hear from any who might be inclined to address me upon topics of interest to the community. This invitation brought forth in succession several powerful speakers, who evidently exercised great influence over the masses of the people. They harangued on the subject of the assassination of Joseph Smith, Jun., and his friends; the services rendered by the Mormon battalion to an ungrateful country; their sufferings on the Plains during their dreary pilgrimage to their mountain home, etc. The congregation became greatly excited, and joined the speakers in their intemperate remarks, exhibited more frenzy than I had expected to witness among a people who habitually exercise great self-control. I found the greatest difficulty in explaining matters, so great was the excitement. Eventually, however, the efforts of Brigham Young were successful in calming the tumult and restoring order before the adjournment of the meeting. It is proper that I should add, that more than one speaker has since expressed his regret at having been betrayed into intemperance of language in my presence.

THE COMING EXODUS.

"The people, including the inhabitants of this city, are moving from every settlement in the northern part of the Territory. The roads are every where filled with wagons loaded with provisions and household furniture, the women and children, often without shoes or hats, driving their flocks they know not where. They seem not only resigned, but cheerful. 'It is the will of the Lord,' and they rejoice to exchange the comforts of home for the trials of the wilderness. Their ultimate destination is not, I apprehend, definitely fixed upon. 'Going south' seems sufficiently definite for most of them; but many believe that their ultimate destination is Sonora.

"On the afternoon of Sunday last President Brigham Young is reported to have spoken in the Tabernacle as follows: 'I have a good mind to tell a secret right here; I believe I will tell it anyhow. They say there is a fine country down south there—Sonora is it? Is that your name for it? Do not speak of this out of doors, if you please.'

"Young, Kimball, and most of the influential men, have left their commodious mansions, without apparent regret, to lengthen the long train of wanderers. The masses every where announce to me that the torch will be applied to every house, indiscriminately, throughout the country, so soon as the troops attempt to cross the mountains. I shall follow these people, and endeavor to rally them."

ELECTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

The election at New Orleans went off almost quietly. The American candidate, Gerard Stith, was elected Mayor by some 200 majority. All has been quiet ever since. It is understood that several of the leaders of the Vigilance Committee have been held for trial.

PERSONAL.

General Scott left here on Friday for Washington, having been telegraphed by the President to repair thither with as little delay as possible, business of the most vital importance waiting his presence. The General looks remarkably well. He intended to travel all night.

A famous pair of pistols which belonged to General Putnam, and previously to General Pitcairn, of the British army, are now in possession of Mr. John P. Putnam, of White Creek, Washington County, in this State.

The newly-elected Mayor of New Orleans worked as a journeyman on the *Picayune* when he first went to that city. He learned his trade in Washington, and is connected with some of the "F.F.'s" of Virginia. We hope he will be able to compose the city without the aid of shooting-sticks.

The London *Illustrated Times* says that Lord Edward Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, son of the Marquis of Westminster, were to leave for the United States during the present month, to spend six months in America.

The New Orleans *True Delta* says that matrimonial negotiations are now in progress which will result in the

union of the Princess Elizabeth Bowlegs, daughter of the Seminole Chief, Billy Bowlegs, with a young New Yorker.

The miserable death of Dr. J. P. Holmes, the distinguished English physician, who breathed his last in abject poverty at Evansville, Indiana, a few weeks ago, has brought out some interesting statements concerning his previous life. His wife is living in England, and it appears that he attempted to poison her because she refused him money to pay debts contracted by his extravagant habits. She gave him £2000, but he demanded £4000 more, which she refused to pay. She left him, and fled to her mother for protection, but on recovering from a long fit of illness, discovered that the Doctor had gone to the bank with another woman who personated the wife, and had drawn the whole amount standing in her name. With this money he came to this country, but could not be traced further than this city. The next tidings received from him brought intelligence of his death in Evansville, after he had run a short career of headlong dissipation.

A young mechanic in Baltimore has constructed a complete model of Mount Vernon, house, estate, tomb, and all, in wood. It is said to be a curious specimen of the art of carving. It occupies a space of twenty square feet.

The sculptor Barbee has in progress, at his studio in Baltimore, several new marbles, among which are the "Young Republican," "Coquette," "Gratitude," and some busts of prominent men. His "Fisher Girl," commenced in Italy, is nearly finished.

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer* says that Mrs. Cunningham Burdell has purchased a farm in Carroll County, about four miles from Carrollton, and about seventy miles from that city. She bought the farm from the heirs of the late Dr. Samuel Sears, paying $5000 down for it, and we understand that she will take immediate possession.

R. H. Hamilton, Esq., who has been United States Consul at Montevideo for a quarter of a century, arrived from Buenos Ayres in the ship *Parana* on Sunday, and has taken rooms at the United States Hotel. Mr. Hamilton is in very feeble health.

The Rev. G. D. Carrow, Methodist Missionary to Buenos Ayres, and family, arrived in the city by ship *Parana* on Sunday. They are at the Prescott House.

The Rev. P. M. Sinding, recently from Denmark, has been appointed Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature in the University of New York. We believe this is the first Scandinavian Professorship ever established in this country.

SALE OF MRS. FILLMORE'S CARRIAGE.

When Mr. Fillmore became President, his friends in New York presented to Mrs. Fillmore a splendid carriage and horses, which were used by him and his family until the expiration of his term, when it became a question what should be done with this elegant establishment. Mr. Fillmore's fortune did not justify him in living in a style suitable to such an establishment, nor was it comfortable to his tastes and simple habits, as a private citizen, that he should do so. The articles, too, were of a perishable nature, and must soon disappear; and as he desired to perpetuate the remembrance of so munificent a benefaction, it was concluded to sell the whole and expend the proceeds in the purchase of a set of plate. This was done, and the set, consisting of twelve pieces, was manufactured to order in New York, and numbered from one to twelve, inclusive. The principal article, a server, has the following inscription, and is intended to descend as an heir-loom in his family, as an imperishable record of his gratitude:

The
Carriage and Horses generously presented to
Mrs. Millard Fillmore,
by the
Citizens of New York,
in 1850,
Having been sold in 1858, the proceeds are
Invested in this Set of Plate,
As a Perpetual Memento of Gratitude
To the Donors.

The carriage was sold in this city for $301.

A LONG SWIM.

The *Pennsylvanian* says: "Captain Smith, of the schooner *Sheppard A. Mount*, of Brookhaven, Long Island, which arrived at this port a few days since from St. Barts, with a cargo of pine-apples, reports that on the 20th of May, when one day out from that port, he came on deck at half past eight o'clock A.M., and found that his son, Warren Smith, a lad fourteen years of age, was missing. He immediately ordered that the vessel be searched, but he was not to be found. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and it was blowing a nine-knot breeze. The captain naturally inferred that the boy was overboard. He immediately hauled his vessel on the wind, and beat back on the same track over which he had sailed. Nothing could be seen of him for some time, but at twelve o'clock he was discovered swimming manfully against the billows. At ten minutes past twelve o'clock he was picked up, and the vessel resumed her course for this port. The lad had divested himself of most of his clothing, and alleged that he could have kept himself up for two or three hours longer."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The English Parliament has reassembled.

In the House of Commons, on the 28th of May, the editor of the Carlisle *Examiner*, Mr. Washington Wilkes, was placed at the bar, charged with a breach of the privileges of the House in publishing a libel upon the chairman of one of the Railway Committees. The editor confessed that he was the author of the offensive paragraph, refused to retract it, and was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

In the House of Commons, on the 1st inst., Mr. Lyndsay asked the Government if it was true that the United States vessels in the Havana or Western coast of Africa trade had been fired into, boarded, searched, or detained by British cruisers; and if so, by what authority, or under whose instructions, did the commanders of those ships so act?

Mr. Fitzgerald said the Government had no official information on the subject, but he had reason to believe the reports had been exaggerated. They were as anxious as the American Government to avoid all cause of complaint, and strict orders had been issued to the officers and the stations to be especially cautious.

INCREASE OF ROYAL FAMILIES.

The London *Court Circular* says that Queen Victoria is in a fair way of making another addition to the royal family before the close of the year.

Her daughter, the Prussian Princess, is expected to present her lord and master with an heir within a few weeks.

IS THE LONDON "TIMES" CORRUPT?

Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has made a speech to his constituents, in which he says: "The Opposition have succeeded in doing that which no cabal in modern times, I am proud to say, has yet succeeded in accomplishing; they have, in a great degree, corrupted the once pure and independent press of England. Innocent people in the country, who look to the leading articles in the newspapers for advice and direction—who look to what are called leading organs to be the guardians of their privileges and the directors of their political consciences—are not the least aware that because this sort of knowledge travels slowly, that leading organs now are place-hunters of the cabal, and that the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons. Yes, gentlemen, it is too true that the shepherds who were once the guardians of the flock are now in league with the wolves."

It is understood that the paper alluded to is the *Times*, whose chief owner, Mr. Walter, is said to have been promised a baronetcy by Lord Palmerston, should he again succeed to power.

THE TELEGRAPH FLEET.

The telegraph fleet sailed from Plymouth on the 29th of May, for the coast of Ireland. It is proposed immediately on the completion of laying the present cable, to lay another cable from the head of Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, direct to Portland, Maine, so as to have the advantage of two lines from Newfoundland to the United States, and thereby, in the event of accident to one, prevent any detention of European messages at Newfoundland.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE EDITOR OF "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

The *Herald* correspondent says: "More scandal, not about Queen Elizabeth, but about one of our modern reformers. With 'Don Basilio,' we are off at a tangent into '*La Callumnia*' and '*la verité en même temps*.' Though the 'Household Words' still continues its weekly course, the household of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens is at sixes and sevens. There's division 'between my Lord and my Lady,' and '*a mensâ et toro*' is to be the order of the separation. The daughters side with *Pater*, the son with *Mater*. The wife of a certain M.P., who upset Lord Pam and his ministerial crew, the infatuated correspondent of Orsini, is said to be mixed up in the affair. 'Do as I write, and not as I do,' is evidently the motto of the author of those pretty little and highly moral Christmas books."

HOW TO TAME A ZEBRA.

The *Daily News*, in noticing a lecture delivered by Mr. Rarey, on Monday, the 24th, and the feats in illustration, says: "But the great novelty of the day was the introduction of the zebra of the African desert, the latest pupil in Mr. Rarey's school, and one with which, although he ultimately expects to drive him through Hyde Park, he yet makes his account to have a great deal of trouble. The specimen introduced was the most beautiful four-footed beast we have ever seen, with his perfect symmetry of form, bright glossy coat of the richest cinnamon and deepest black, and a pair of eyes that flashed lurid fire as he made his appearance in the lists. This pupil is still only in the rudiments, and yells out his "Propria quæ maribus" in a most uncivilized manner when politely requested to go through his task. But he does it nevertheless, lies down when he is told—though not with the grace and readiness of his more civilized school-fellows—turns over with a helpless whine of despair and sense of subjugation, and finally admits that even he, the hitherto untamable steed of the desert, has at length found a firm although gentle master. Now, we must confess that when at first we heard that Mr. Rarey was going to introduce a zebra to his pupils, we had a shrewd suspicion that something like a theatrical *coup* was contemplated, and that some venerable 'woolly horse' who had perhaps graduated in a circus, was about to be introduced for the sake of novelty and attraction. But all suspicion of that sort was dispelled when we saw this wild ferocious animal, so beautiful and yet so terrible in its beauty, follow the great horse-tamer reluctantly into the ring. There was positively something unearthly in the scream with which he saluted the company, and the fact of the barricade being only breast high set at least one person who was present about making nervous calculations as to his probable stock of agility. As he lay upon the ground he kept up a low whining soliloquy, which a person acquainted with the Houyhnhnm language might, no doubt, have translated—'It would give me intense gratification to devour this fellow where he stands, and to kick out the brains of these impertinent lookers-on immediately afterward; but, unfortunately, there is no "justice for zebras" now-a-days, so I have nothing for it but to lie quiet, and to behave myself henceforth and forever like a civilized quadruped and a gentleman.' A strong color of probability was given to this translation by the subsequent conduct of this beautiful and now subdued demon. He retired slowly and with dignity, rather sad than sulky in his deportment, gave only one flying scream as he passed through his stable door, had one gentle nip at the groom who held it open for him, and subsequently permitted a lady of distinction, who was present, to stroke him down as he lay in his stable exhausted after his recent exertions, or, possibly, conning over his lesson against the next instruction day."

PROFESSOR BACHE'S MEDAL.

Sir R. J. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, corrects an error into which the newspapers fell in regard to the presentation of the Victoria gold medal of the Geographical Society to an American citizen. He says:

"The recipient of the medal is not Professor Packe, but the celebrated American geographer, Alexander Dallas Bache, the author of the great Coast Survey of the United States, nephew of the American Minister to England, and a descendant of Benjamin Franklin."

FRANCE.

THE NEW PARIS CONFERENCES.

The Paris conferences, after a multitude of rumors on the subject, have at length been reopened. Plenipotentiaries of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey met on the 22d, at the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to enter upon the subject of the organization of the Danubian Principalities. The *Indépendance Belge* says that the new conferences will only meet twice a week, and that at the second sitting the members will adjourn to Saturday, to allow Count Walewski and Lord Cowley to accept the Emperor's invitation to pass a few days at Fontainebleau. On Wednesday, the 26th, the plenipotentiaries held their second meeting. *Le Nord* asserts that at the opening of the conference each power maintained its individual views. The first meeting will simply be for the purpose of conferring, in order to establish an account.

THE HOSPITALS TO BE DESPOILED.

The *Moniteur* contains a very important circular from General Espinasse, Minister of the Interior and Public Safety, to the prefects of France, recommending them, in terms which amount to a command, to use "their influence and, if necessary, their authority" to compel the trustees of all the hospitals and charitable foundations in France to sell their real property and invest the proceeds in the public funds. It is expected that the Emperor would thus gain 500,000,000 francs.

THE MURDER OF M. DE PENE.

The Paris *Figaro* has been ordered to discontinue publishing any statements as to the health of M. de Pène; and the list of civilians who avow their anxiety to avenge his savage treatment has been closed. It does not yet appear that Government have taken any steps to punish the murderous lieutenants. The Minister of War, wishing to stop the consequences of the duel between M. de Pène and Lieutenant Hyenne, has addressed a letter to the colonels commanding regiments to forbid the writing of letters by officers to the directors of newspapers, adding that the "honor" of the army stands too high in the estimation of the French people and of the whole world to be affected by the ill-timed pleasantry of an obscure journal.

THE NEW ARMY CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

The London *Times* says: "Henceforth there will be another check on the press, which may save the necessity of warnings, and deliver the Government from any unpopularity which frequent interferences might bring upon it. The army as a body is the support of the Empire, and it would be a brilliant idea to make its officers, as individuals, a terror to opposition journalists, who may be called to account for a chance expression, and fought by a regiment volunteering for the purpose. The army seems quite disposed to enter into such an arrangement, and an event which has happened within the last few days is a proof of their good-will in the cause. On Saturday last the town of St. Germain was surprised by the sight of a large body of officers, in full uniform, marching to the office of the *Industriel*, a paper of the locality. Forty-two of these gentlemen, in fact, thought fit to deliver in person a summons to the Director and *Rédacteur en Chef*, demanding the insertion of a letter received by them from "their comrade, M. Rogé, officer of the 9th Chasseurs." The officers of the garrison of St. Germain "request, and in case of need require," the *Industriel* to insert an account of the duel of M. de Pène which they think is favorable to the character of M. Hyenne. Thus, it would seem that in France a journalist is not only liable to be called to account for what he inserts, but for what he refuses to insert. M. de Pène received thirty-one challenges for his unfortunate pleasantry, but the Director of the *Industriel* might have expected forty-two had he hesitated to print what the garrison of St. Germain had determined he should make public."

HOW MEN OF LETTERS FEEL ON THE QUESTION.

The London *Court Journal* of May 22 says: "A demonstration on the part of civilians in general, and artists and literary men in particular, has been got up in the bureaux of a celebrated journal. This demonstration is nothing less than a polite defiance to mortal combat from the *literati* of Paris to the sub-lieutenants of the army, to be taken as answer to their challenge to M. de Pène. Each man puts down his name and the address, calls upon each sub-lieutenant to choose his adversary, by placing his own name and address against that of his chosen enemy. The police, ever on the watch to prevent any collision between the civilians and the army, have found it impossible to prevent the list from growing to a considerable length, and the announcement of its existence has caused great alarm among the clubs of Paris, as it is considered the outburst of that feeling of antipathy which is known to exist between the two great representatives of power in France, and which has increased to an alarming pitch during the last year."

THE FRENCH PRÆTORIAN GUARDS.

The *Herald* Paris correspondent makes the following remarks in reference to the recent duels: "M. Villemessant, the editor of the *Figaro*, has been made to understand that if he would save his journal from 'suppression,' he must put up with the murder of his colleague as best he may. M. de Pène has troops of friends, is of an ancient family, and his cause is espoused by all who think the amenities of literary life preferable to the brutal manners of an overgorged military. The observations of the pasquinade were true to the letter, only that they fell short of the truth. The lofty chivalry of the French army has disappeared entirely. The manners of the officers are brusque and vulgar. There is the air of the 'unwashed' about them, meet them where you will; and when any thing like feasting is going on they may be said also to have the air of the 'unfed,' for their eager voracity is so unbridled that ladies are rudely hustled, even in the Palace of the Tuileries, and their shoulders lacerated by the epauleted military, anxious to attack the prey. It is well known that the splendid receptions at the Palace, in the way of supper, have been forced on the Emperor by the savage conduct of the military."

PROMOTION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says it is now decided that the government of Algeria shall be given to Prince Napoleon, and that he shall have full powers to administer it without being under the control of a minister in Paris. The Prince will depart early in July.

Letters from Algiers announce that, in consequence of the adoption of the project appointing Prince Napoleon Governor-General of the colony, the entire body of the elevated military administrators propose to return to France with Marshal Randon.

THE IMPERIAL PEARLS OMINOUSLY DISEASED.

An alarm of a most serious nature was spread throughout the Tuileries a few days ago. The Empress having expressed her intention of wearing the beautiful parure of pearls at the ball given in honor of the Queen of Holland, it was discovered, on opening the écrin which contains the necklace, that two of the precious gems were discolored, and sickening of that disease, the terror of jewelers and guardians of crown-jewels, the cure for or preventive of which has yet to be discovered. By this disease the pearls change color, then become scaly, and finally change to powder. The malady is contagious, and if the first pearl attacked be not removed, every one confined in the same écrin will soon be lost. In the present case, the separation of four of the diseased pearls from the necklace was speedily resolved on by Kramer, the court jeweler, as the only means of saving the rest.

TRIAL OF THE CHALONS PRISONERS.

The Chalons trials are concluded. The leader of the *émeute* of March last was absent. The public prosecutor contended that the accused were enemies of society, members of the Marianne, and bent upon pillage. Their counsel struggled against the imputations, denied that there was any legal definition of a "secret society," and insisted that their clients were simple-minded people, who had been led astray by leaders who had escaped. The court condemned Sercy to four years' imprisonment and 4000 francs fine; Trevez, Douard, and Pouget, to two years and 100 francs; and Blanc, Catherine, and Berthau, to one year and 100 francs. Three others were condemned to three months' and three to a fortnight's imprisonment. The thirteen others were acquitted.

WHAT THE POLICE DOES IN PARIS.

The prefect of police of Paris has daily to provide for the paving, Macadamizing, sweeping, watering, and lighting of 1474 streets, avenues, quays, and boulevards. There are in the streets 13,000 gas-burners, which are lighted in the course of about twenty minutes. The city contains between 32,000 and 33,000 houses, of which 6803 are lodging-houses, that is, inhabited by a population requiring a special surveillance. About 137,000 persons travel daily in carriages—the omnibuses alone transport 25,000,000 of persons per annum—and yet there only occurred last year 380 accidents, of which 24 only proved fatal. The police have to verify the good quality of all the provisions, and keep their eye upon 10,000 dealers in those articles.

CAUGHT BY A BUTTON.

A French lady, of great personal attractions, living with her family, in the neighborhood of Paris, was awakened by hearing some one in the bedroom; and presently a person, in man's attire, approached the bed, and attempted to stifle her cries by placing his hand on her mouth. She offered a stout resistance, and alarmed friends, on the approach of whom the intruder escaped through the window. In the struggle the young lady had torn a button off the coat of her assailant, and it was found to be one of the family livery buttons. On a search being made in the outer premises the coachman was discovered in the stable, pretending to be asleep, but, on being made to get up, a button was found to be missing from his coat. On being taken before the Commissary of Police he confessed that he was the person who had entered the room, and in defense of his conduct said that he had fallen so desperately in love with his young mistress that, in a moment of frenzy, he had made an assault on her. He was committed for trial.

PRUSSIA.

IMBECILITY OF THE KING.

A correspondent of the *Times*, in the course of an elaborate article on Prussian politics, writes: "The apoplectic fit which attacked the King of Prussia at the commencement of last October, and which had been already preceded by several slighter shocks, did not quite deprive him of his intellectual powers, but left him without the means of expressing himself clearly; his faculties were weakened, but not destroyed. While his Majesty, indeed, understood what was laid before him, he could not, and to this day can not, remember names or events, or find words; his memory fails him constantly on the most trivial occasions, and he continually forgets the very names of his attendants and near relatives, although when their names are spelled, or they come before him, he is generally accurate in remembering them. He is perfectly aware of his own deficient state of mind and deplores it deeply, and sometimes, when he can not recall the word by which he wishes to express himself, falls into a state of rage and agitation which is highly alarming. After such an explosion he remains sometimes in a stupor for hours, but his general state is one of deep depression and disgust; as he has been from the beginning, and still is, forbidden to occupy himself in any serious way, or to receive any society beyond his own immediate court, his main occupation being that of walking, which he does for a length of time when well enough. It is natural to suppose that this life is insupportable to a man of the King's varied and remarkably intellectual resources, and who has been always accustomed to much mental occupation, and that it adds to his general irritability of temperament. But he is still averse to believe that there is little or no hope of his recovering his mental faculties sufficiently to undertake the management of affairs once more, and still more determined never to deprive himself, by any sort of abdication, of the divine right which he imagines it to be his duty to exercise to his latest hour."

RUSSIA.

A NEW CALIF HAROUN ALRASCHID.

An admirable example of justice was lately set by the new governor, Kaminski. He walked in the dusk of the evening, incognito, through the streets of the city, being quite wrapped up in the ample folds of his cloak. Suddenly the carriage of a prince came rattling along with the speed of lightning, being drawn by fiery steeds. Through the same street, a poor jaded Jew, covered with perspiration, was driving a heavily laden wagon. "Out of the way," cried, with a thundering voice, the prince's coachman. But the warning came too late: the wheels of the nobleman's carriage struck against those of the humble wagon. The prince, who sat at ease in his carriage, was somewhat roughly shaken. Wrathful, he jumped out, overwhelmed the cowed Jew with invectives, while giving him a sound thrashing with the whip. At last he left him, bleeding and bruised, threatening him with imprisonment in the morning. The governor, who had witnessed this painful scene, and who could scarcely restrain himself, when the prince had driven off asked the Jew his name. "What do you want of me, and what good is my name to you?" "But will you not claim damages for the hardships sustained?" "I claim damages! do you not know I am a poor Hebrew?" "What of that? Go to-morrow to the governor; they say he is a just man." "God forbid that I should do such a thing! What chance have I against so powerful a man? Let me alone, for God's sake." But the governor having persevered, at last learned his name. In the morning, the very same prince waited upon the governor, in order to give an account of his administration. "All right," he said, "nothing untoward happened yesterday; no grievances to be redressed." "No grievances," replied the governor, "and this poor fellow?" Here he called in the Jew, for whom he had sent previously. The prince, at the sight, grew pale, and confessed his wrong. The governor, in consideration of this candid confession, contented himself with condemning him to pay reasonable damages to the sufferer.

ITALY.

FOREIGNERS AT NAPLES.

A letter from Naples, of the 21st instant, says: "Naples is full of English at this moment, seeking for dwellings in the surrounding country places. Sorrento is nearly full; all the prettiest villas are taken at high prices, and the hotels are making a real harvest this year. Castellamare is a more fashionable residence for foreigners, and is already half filled with Russian, French, and English families. Ischia, for the bathing season, is sure to be much frequented, as the numerous mineral sources are known to be above any for their efficacious virtue. Vesuvius has for some days been in a state of great agitation, and issues flames toward Ottajano. Volumes of smoke cover its huge sides, as a token of a greater eruption."

SPAIN.

HOW THE GRANDEES TREAT EACH OTHER.

Marshal O'Donnell happened to be walking with some of his friends in the beautiful gardens of Aranjuez. He had just paid his respects to the Queen, and was in full uniform. At the same moment another group was coming in an opposite direction. On meeting all saluted O'Donnell, except General Sanz, the military chief of the King's household, who is a warm partisan of Narvaez, and consequently a deadly foe of O'Donnell, under whose orders Sanz served frequently during the civil war. On seeing Sanz pass without saluting, O'Donnell halted, and said, in a loud voice, "General, why have you not saluted me? It was your duty to do so, not by reason of any social consideration, but for respect to my military rank." Sanz muttered some excuse, and pretended he had not seen him. "It is untrue!" cried the fiery Spaniard, who, moreover, is remarkable for his lofty stature; "but now that you do see me, salute me as you ought." Sanz, without uttering a word, lifted his hat and passed on. The incident had no further consequence.

AFRICA.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The Cape Town (C. G. H.) *Mail*, of 19th of April, says: "On Friday evening, last week, a cask was washed ashore near the light-house, which, on being opened, was found to contain two dead bodies. On examination it appeared that they were adult males, Chinese; one of them very decently dressed, and both free from any marks of injury or violence. The cask in which they were inclosed was seemingly of foreign make—it is thought American; and it seems probable that the deceased were among the coolies on board a Yankee vessel which was in Table Bay some short while ago, that they had died at sea, that the captain had thrown them overboard in this way to save the expense of burying them on land, according to the port regulations, and that they had been washed ashore by the late northerly gales. A considerable quantity of salt was found in the cask. It is thought, from the manner in which one was dressed, that he was a person of some consequence. Both the bodies were inclosed in matting, and were nearly fresh."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The Commander-in-Chief and General Walpole entered Shahjehanpore without opposition, on the 30th of April, and marched for Barclay on the 2d of May. The Maunbie and his followers were flying back to Maqueldee, in Oude. Nena Sahib was in Barclay. The Hindoos were friendly, but the Mussulmans were escaping. The reverses sustained by General Walpole in Oude have been confirmed. General Adrian Hope had been killed. A Goorkha column, under Colonel Jones, had occupied Mogadabad after defeating the enemy at Dugeehabad and Mujeenah. General Penny arrived at Punallee on the 26th of April, and marched the same day to join the Commander-in-Chief. A dispatch from Futteghur, May 2d, states that he followed the rebels into an ambuscade and was killed, but the enemy was defeated by his troops.

WERE THE ENGLISH LADIES OUTRAGED AND MUTILATED?

The Bengal *Hurkaru* says, "The question so much discussed in England, of the reality of the horrors of torture and mutilation said to have been perpetrated by the mutineers and rebels, has been the subject of much discussion in India also. It is true that, though but few living examples of ladies or children who have suffered these cruelties have been seen by many in Calcutta, instances of the kind have not been wanting. But too much weight has been attached to the existence of living instances of cruel atrocity. The proof of the crime does not rest on that fact. Those unfortunate ladies who survived the horrors to which they had been subjected would be the last to come forward and bear unnecessary testimony against the mutineers, while the reason that so few are comparatively to be seen lies in the fact that in nearly all cases of personal violence to English women, torture, mutilation, and other outrages were the more cruel preludes to murder. Very few, once in their power, escaped with life to show in their own persons the proofs of the cruel sufferings which they had undergone."

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SEPOYS.

A correspondent at Allahabad, who writes on the 8th April, states that a lady, whose name we do not give, of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, arrived at that station on the 7th. Her adventures have been great, and are as follows: "She was at Cawnpore, and went to the boats with the party. She was taken out of them by a sowar of the 3d Cavalry, who took her with him to Lucknow, then to Furruckabad, then to Delhi, and after the taking of that city back again to Lucknow. When Lucknow was taken, he brought her to Synee or Sainee, a chokee on the Grand Trunk Road near Allahabad, and left her to make her way into this station. She is in great distress of mind, often in tears, has forgotten much of the English language, and looks prematurely aged."

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

EIGHTY-THREE years have elapsed since the scene now illustrated was made famous by the dear-won victory of the English over the Provincials. On 17th June, 1775, the battle of Bunker Hill established the crowning fact that the "Americans" were prepared to fight for their liberties. It was the Alpha and Omega of the Revolution. For it was the first great battle between the people and their armed masters; and, from the hour that the readiness of the former to fight for freedom was made certain, the result—their success—was a mere question of time.

It was on the 16th of June, in the afternoon, that the Committee of Safety was made aware of the design of the English to seize the Heights between the Mystic and Charles River. Boston was besieged. In a strategical point of view, it was an error on the part of both belligerents not to have seized those heights before. The omission the British proposed to repair on the 18th; the patriots determined to forestall them. On the night of 16th-17th, a portion of the regiments of Prescott, Frye, and Bridge, Gridley's Artillery, and 200 Connecticut men under Knowlton, heard prayer from the lips of the President of Harvard, and marched silently toward the peninsula. Their orders were to fortify Bunker's Hill. But the commanders, wisely considering Breed's Hill as the more important point, made it the centre of their operations, and only fortified Bunker's Hill as a subordinate work. The night was fair; the stars shone brightly; the work was done at midnight. Had the sare of the Englishmen been sharper, they might have heard the sound of the pick; as it was, we are told that the American forces were cheered by the monotonous repetition of the "All's well!" at regular intervals from the unconscious British pickets. The intrenchments were six feet high when the sentinels of the British vessel *Lively* discovered them at early dawn, and awakened his chief and the people of Boston by opening fire on the phenomenon.

All that morning from four, when day broke, to twelve, the Americans labored faithfully to height-



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

en and strengthen their breast-works, while the English spent the time in mustering their forces for the attack which was indispensable. Shortly after noon, on 17th, the British had landed 4000 men on the peninsula; the Americans had hoisted the New England flag, quartered with the pine-tree, at the uppermost corner, near the staff. All was ready on both sides.

There was some misgiving among the defenders of the new forts. Such is usually the case with militia. There was a rumor that the British force was to be sacrificed for the benefit of those who were snugly ensconced within Boston: there was a general cry for Warren, the President of the Provincial Congress. Happily, shortly after two o'clock,


GENERAL WARREN.

Warren arrived; and amid the quashing the command to his inferior officers, Prescott, he announced his intention of fighting as a volunteer.

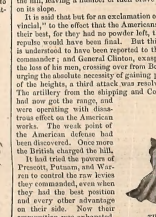
From that time forth all was harmony and union among the patriots.

It was 3 o'clock when the British column moved upward from the water-line with every air of a heavy fire from the shipping and Copp's Hill. Howe and Pigot commanded in person. It was then that Prescott uttered the well remembered command: "Men, do not fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" How well that command was obeyed, and how fearfully the assailing column suffered, every school-boy knows. The British troops saw their first rank fall like wheat before the sickle, and rushed tumultuously down the hill.

The second attack followed as soon as reinforcements—some four hundred marines—had been received from Boston. It shared the fate of the first. General Howe, who commanded in person, was at one time left alone, all his aids and orderlies having fallen under the deadly fire from the American breast-work. Once more the British ran down the hill, leaving a number of their brave comrades on its slope.

It is said that but for an exclamation of "a Provincial," to the effect that the Americans must do their best, for they had no powder left, the second repulse would have been final. But this remark is understood to have been reported to the British commander; and General Clinton, exasperated at the loss of his men, crossing over from Boston, and urging the absolute necessity of gaining possession of the heights, a third attack was resolved upon. The artillery from the shipping and Copp's Hill had now got the range, and were opening with disastrous effect on the American works. The weak point of the American defence had been discovered. Once more the British charged the hill.

It had tried the powers of Prescott, Putnam, and Warren to control the raw levies they commanded, even when they had the best position and every other advantage on their side. Now their ammunition was exhausted, their bodies weary, their hope


THE NEW ENGLAND FLAG.

holding so many of his old comrades. It took eighteen years to complete the monument, the work having been repeatedly interrupted by a want of funds. At length, on 17th June, 1843, the monument was dedicated, Daniel Webster being the orator of the day. It is a plain column, two hundred and twenty-one feet in height. On the top are two of the cannons of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—the "Hancock" and the "Adams."

This is but one of the monuments which a grateful people in New England have erected in honor of their Revolutionary ancestry. This time last year we engraved an illustration of the Putnam statue, which was inaugurated on the Bunker Hill anniversary. A few years hence we hope to have the pleasure of giving the colossal monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, which is destined to be the most remarkable work of art in the country.

The New England Flag, which is given above, is considered by Mr. Lossing to have been the one which was raised over the redoubt at Breed's Hill. In the corner was the pine-tree; the flag was quartered; it bore the motto "*Qui transtulit sustinet.*" Some works have described the New England flag as having a sphere in the upper corner near the staff; this was an older flag, and was disused at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill.

We can not better close this brief account than by inviting the reader to peruse the following verses:

BUNKER HILL.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

It moonlight, sweet and still,
Slept Boucher's peaceful hill:
The roofs and spires of Boston were enameled in the glow;
Shone forest, field, and stream
Beneath the mellow beam;
How lovely was the evening to that storm of blood and woe!

On the hill's illumined brow
Dim forms are moving now,
Hearing ramparts, and they labor as if life is in their toil;
Here a musket glitters, there
Gleams a sword upon the air,
The ramparts every moment growing higher from the soil.

At morn, grand sounds, like thunder,
When skies are cleft asunder,

From the hill-top rolled, and a smoky fold was wrapped o'er all the scene;
Long nuske was softly pealing,
Shrill shrieks are madly pealing,
Shots are flashing, blood is dashing, Battle frowns in furious mien.

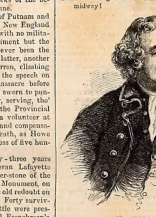
Proud and dauntless at their station
Are the sons of our young nation,
Proud and dauntless where their ramparts are extending rude for strength;
While in rapid columns streaming,
Through the smoke their scarlet gleamings
Up, up, swift toward those ramparts the British soldiers throng:

"Steady, steady, boys; sit steady
Until every aim is ready,
Then pour in true your fire!" cries old Putnam.
All obey!
"Crush the reptiles at their station,
Sweep the rebels from creation!"
Shouts the leader stern of England's hosts. More furious is the fray.

From the earthen ramparts came
Quick darts of deadly flame!
Balls whistled like December's blasts, blood flowed like April streams;
"Fight, fight for freedom's nation!"
"Sweep the rebels from creation!"
Then sound the wurlast battle-cries; War's visage wildest gleams.

Up to those ramparts flashing,
Twice came old England dashing,
And twice the sons of freedom had hurled him, bleeding, back;
Again, for one more blow,
Rallies the frenzied foe;
He comes! he comes! crowds, bayonets, flags, all glittering in his track.

He comes! he comes! O Heavens,
Let Freedom's cause be given
To death, but not to slavery! Rind Heaven be Thee their stay!
Yes, yes, kind Heaven doth heed them;
And, with Freedom's self to lead them,
Swift bounding o'er the ramparts they meet the foe midway!

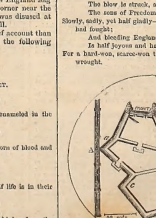

GENERAL PUTNAM.

Through the gleaming, flaming smoke,
In closest contact broke
The shouted hail of the minute-men, the cap of the grenadier,
The rattle's garb of brown,
The red coat of the Crown,
The long black rifle wanting the thrust bayonet flashing clear.

A cry—a cry of wail!
Flushed brows are quickly pale;
Ah! who has fall'n—ah! who has fall'n, to cause such bitter woe?
There, stretched upon the ground,
With mourners hurrying round,
Is Warren, pouring from his heart his life in latest flow!

But Battle's tumult still
Whirls wildly on the hill—
Still up the ranks of England crowd; meet, meet them as you may.
Sons of Freedom, at your station!
For your God, and for your nation,
Strike, strike one blow, one true blow more, as you slowly leave the fray!

The blow is struck, and slow
The sons of Freedom go—
Slowly, sadly, yet bold gladly—from the hill where they had fought;
And bleeding England's chasing
Is half joyous and half fearing,
For a hard-won, scarce-won trophy, to his Lion-fag is wrought.


REDOUBT ON BREED'S HILL.


BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, BOSTON.



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.

EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

So much has been said of the great earthquake which occurred in the kingdom of Naples in the month of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, that the subject may appear almost to have been exhausted. An unexpected freshness, however, has been communicated to it by the narrative of an English gentleman, who, impelled solely by motives of benevolence, visited the afflicted districts, and lived and labored among the poor inhabitants for more than ten weeks. The details which he gives are of such an interesting and extraordinary character, afford so much insight into the actual civilization of localities he visited, as well as into the system of government pursued here, that I shall not make any apology for giving them as I heard them from his own mouth.

On Mr. Major's applying to Monsieur Bianchini, the Minister of the Interior, he found him rather put out by the indisposition which the English had manifested to intrust their contributions to the government for distribution. Without, however, prohibiting him from visiting the scene of the disaster, the minister would do nothing more than promise that no obstacle should be thrown in his way. General Winspear, who is at the head of gendarmery, gave him an especial order to be accompanied by gens d'armes wherever he went; and, with such guarantees, he left Naples on the thirtieth of January, about six weeks after the earthquake occurred.

From this time I shall conduct the narrative as though Mr. Major were speaking, and as nearly as possible in his own words:

My first resting-place was Salerno, where I visited the Intendente, Mr. Ajossa, who received me with great kindness and attention, giving me letters of recommendation to the Sottintendente, and a circular letter to all the gens d'armes, which enjoined them to assist me; and, moreover, sending one officer to accompany me during the whole time of my journey.

A lovely and a well-constructed road leads to Auletta, where the ruin occasioned by the earthquake is first apparent. A great quantity of planks had been put together for churches, barracks, and public offices. So also was it in Polla; where a handsome barrack had been erected for the Sottintendente, of expensive deals, and had been lined with blankets. It consisted of a saloon, antechamber, sleeping apartments, and all the other conveniences belonging to tranquil life. At Sala, too, he had another temporary house built of Petersburg timber. The judge and all the principal people were similarly accommodated; but, for the poor, only a few barracks had been put up. Indeed, wherever I went the same feature was perceptible; the authorities took good care of themselves; and it was obvious that they endeavored to prevent the people from having access to me. I had means of making the inquiry, however; and ascertained that scarcely any thing had been done for them. The government had sent a few blankets, articles of clothing, and deals, but they were insufficient, and had been used principally for the churches and authorities.

On my return in the month of March I found that the temporary church in Polla had been covered with zinc. Convinced that I could do but little for humanity in the province of Salerno, where, what had been done was by the roadside for the sake of show, in case any of the princes came down, I hurried on to Basilicata, where I arrived on the thirty-first of January in Padula. The earthquake had not committed so much injury here as in other places, but little had been done to repair it, for it was not on the high road. There was a fine old monastery here, which had been broken all to pieces. The Syndic of Padula received me well, and, leaving with him sixty ducats for the relief of poor, I went on the next morning to Saponara.

There was no road to this place, and my route lay over the mountains, a heavy snow falling all the time. In some parts the earth was cracked with deep fissures. Saponara I found had been nearly destroyed. On the side of the hill had stood a nunnery, which was now in ruins; the very foundations had been thrown up; of a large church not an atom was left; beds for apartments below in another story, with men and children in them, had been thrown into the rooms of nuns; two such instances I observed in Saponara. Dr. Mallet explained the phenomenon by saying, that it must have happened in consequence of a change in the position of the upper and lower beams of the two stories; but I still hold that it was produced by the immediate and violent action of the earthquake, and Humboldt records similar facts as having taken place in Quito. What was to be done? I asked. Barracks for the poor people were wanted, I was told, and that evening I set to work. The population had fled to a monastery, the walls of which had been thrown down. Some portions, however, remained; and, inside, some huts had been thrown up of board and straw and covered over with clothes, but the wind and the rain beat fearfully into them. The authorities had had some made expressly for themselves. The government officials, too, had erected some of sticks, lightly covered over with linen; they looked just like umbrellas, but no one would go into them. My first dispute here was with the monks, who would not allow me to erect barracks within the precincts of the ruined monastery, as females, misled, might possibly take refuge there. The vicar-general and the priests, too, urged that it would amount to a violation of the cloister, and would be a mortal sin. "It has already been broken," I insisted, "for some huts have already been erected here." "Absolution must be obtained for those who have already got in," was the answer; "but, were others now to obtain admission, absolution could not be procured for them." I then asked, ironically: "if it were really true that it would be a mortal sin to break the cloister thus?" On which a young priest undertook to prove that it would be a tremendous sin; and I simply observed, that the earthquake had first broken the cloister, and had occasioned all the ruin. It was of no use, however, to argue. I built my barracks outside the monastery, and the wind swept away the government umbrellas.

I remained in this place ten or twelve days, feeding all who came daily, with kettles of macaroni or beans; and, on one occasion, I purchased and cooked a pig, and distributed it. No one who applied was sent away without food, and the cost of all this did not exceed thirty-six ducats. Besides this I housed twenty-two families in temporary barracks, so built as to admit of their taking their looms with them. The cost of this amounted to two hundred and fifty-six ducats, seventy grains.

This will be the proper place to speak of a misunderstanding which I had with the bishop on pecuniary matters. At Salerno I had been cautioned not to place money in the hands of the priests. "They will put it in their pockets," I was told. The administrators of charity collected among the great body of the English had, however, placed fourteen hundred and fifty ducats in the hands of the bishop, who, on the twenty-fifth of January, had assured them that a thousand ducats had already been distributed, and that the remaining four hundred and fifty ducats would be so directly. On the first of February I arrived at Saponara, and found the bishop's vicar-general distributing the money in the name of the bishop. From him I ascertained that it was a portion of the thousand ducats which it had been asserted on the twenty-fifth of January had already been distributed; and his orders were to give a hundred ducats to a hundred families. As soon as the people learned that the money had been given by the English, and not by the bishop, they flocked round us, showing their paper packets, containing, not ten, but eight, or even six carlini; his reverence having mulcted the people to the tune of ten or twenty per cent. The vicar-general then ordered the people to be driven away; but as several gens d'armes were under my control, I could prevent this. My next step was to write to the bishop, and ask for the second sum of one hundred ducats which had been intended for Saponara. His excellency sent it with much confusion, and added, in a postscript, that his vicar might distribute a hundred ducats in Viggiano, and two hundred ducats more in another place. Accordingly, I sent a trusty messenger, but he returned empty-handed—in fact, the bishop endeavored to keep back three hundred ducats, and it took me two months to get it out of his hands; but I informed him that until I had done so I should not leave the province. The bishop then wrote to the arciprete, to get an assurance that ten carlini had been given to each person, and many signed it; but the archpriest himself told me that only eight carlini had been distributed to each person. At the same time I had a paper drawn up by the notary, declaring that the people had been robbed, and this paper was signed by many respectable persons.

During my stay at Saponara, I went one day to a small town called Sarcone, the history of which possesses great classical interest, and I shall speak of it when I have given a report of my visit. My object was to distribute money; but so offended were the authorities at my undertaking to do it myself, that, after the Syndic had given me a list of names, they left me unprotected, and told me that I might go into the church and give the charity there. Of course the whole population followed me, and I found myself in the midst of them without gens d'armes, and abandoned by the leading people; indeed, I may tell you that, with one or two exceptions, I was very ill received and much neglected by all the civil local authorities. A huge fat priest met me in the church, and attempted to dissuade me from taking the list which the Syndic gave me; but on running it over, I found that the names were principally those of women, and one of his flock shouted out, "Don't take his list; he will give you fifty such," winding up with observations *à propos* to such insinuations.

I had distributed fifty ducats, according to the best of my judgment, and had placed twenty piastres on the ground by my side, when, all of a sudden, my fat clerical friend had got on my shoulders, and was making a long arm to get at my money. The people, too, like hungry dogs, were all crowding upon me, had pulled off my cravat in their greedy anxiety to get something, and had torn the buttons out of my shirt. A man in the crowd called out, "You are in danger!" I directly made a snatch at my money, jerked the priest off my shoulders—for you see I am a strong man—and made a rush for it, knocking down forty or fifty people in my way. On getting out of the church I drew a six-barrel revolver, and called out, "Keep off, or I will fire!" and in this way made myself master of the position.

Hearing of some noble ladies who were reduced to great distress by the earthquake, I got a man to accompany me to their ruined dwelling, a vast crowd of poor, of all grades, following. On arriving, I found an elderly and a younger lady almost without clothes. The latter was one of the most beautiful persons I ever met with, and it went to my heart to see two well-born and well-educated ladies thus seated almost amidst the falling walls of their house, and willing to accept the relief which I offered them. I could not help reflecting, as I left Sarcone, what the Roman Catholic religion had done for its inhabitants during fifteen centuries, and I told them, "You are fierce animals; you are not Christians."

I alluded above to the classical interest which surrounds Sarcone, for two thousand years ago it belonged to the old city of Grumentum, of which various authors, as Pliny and Livy, speak. The latter, in book twenty-seven, chapter forty-seven: "Not to meet the Romans in the Bruzz, Hannibal passed into Lucania, and particularly to Grumentum, hoping to recover some cities which had passed to the Romans. The Consul Claudius Nero following him, besieged him. Hannibal had encamped under the walls of Grumentum; the army of the Romans, about five hundred passi distant from the Carthaginians. . . . . . The Carthaginians began to fly, and being followed, left eight thousand dead on the field, seven hundred prisoners, nine standards, four elephants killed and two taken!" A great variety of articles belonging to both armies had been found in this neighborhood, and the Notary of Saponara speaks, among other things, of an elephant's tooth having been turned up. Whether the people have made any advance since the day when they routed Hannibal may well be doubted, for they are in a half savage state, despite the light of what is by courtesy called Christianity, and of the exertions of an all-powerful priesthood. A specimen of that body I have given you, and I might repeat his likeness over and over again.

From Sarcone I returned to Saponara; and before leaving this place, I must mention two or three of the distressing cases. The judge had been buried under the stones of his house, with his wife and child, but he managed to make his voice heard, and one of his people procured assistance, and endeavored to dig him out. His body had been cleared as far as his middle, when his young wife was found lying across his knees. As soon as the rubbish had been cleared, the poor judge took her in his arms, but she was already dead. Unlike an Italian, his manner was utterly undemonstrative—he seemed to be crushed; looking at her, he only said, "Eleonora, cara, tu sei morta!" and a groan escaped him. His child, too, was killed. When I saw him, perhaps about a month after, he had never spoken of the event to any one, nor had he ever smiled. He did all the duties of his office, however, punctually, and took my part manfully against the monks. I took his hand and expressed my deep sympathy with him, but he answered not a word—he only returned my pressure. The Notary of the same place took me into a corner of his hut and related his own story. It was as follows: He had been a man of considerable property, living in a good house, one part of which was occupied by himself and his second wife, and another part by two daughters by the first wife, who were much attached to him. When the first shock of earthquake came he was asleep in bed, and waking up, he called to his wife. They had heard no previous sound. Then came a second shock, and all came down. "We fell close to a door which opened into the street," he said, "and it happened to be open. I could have got out, but my wife held me back, and thus both were saved under the arch of the door. The noise of the falling of the house was that of a tremendous crash, like the rushing of a cataract, and this was followed by the stillness of death. The street itself was obscured by a cloud of dust. I called for my daughters," he continued, "but there was no answer. I scrambled toward their part of the house, but every thing was buried, and when they were found they were seated in their chairs, for they had not yet gone to bed. I thought the day of judgment had come. In a half dreaming, half waking state, but utterly confused, I called again and again for my children, and then I listened for the crowing of a cock, as if to mark the time, but during that night no cock crowed!"

In Saponara alone two thousand persons had been buried.

Thence, resumes Mr. Major, I went on to Montemurro, where six thousand persons had been buried, and a melancholy sight it presented, indeed. There was nothing left. The stench from the dead bodies was almost insufferable, for they had been but slightly covered, so that the pigs dug them out and ate them. I saw one devouring the leg of a man.

Some soldiers had been sent down by the Government; but they gave themselves up to plunder and drinking. They broke into the cellars of Montemurro, drank the wine, and then they and the poor plundered right and left. One man, who happened to be walking with me, was arrested for stealing four thousand ducats. One of the great sufferers in Montemurro was Baron ——. His house had fallen, and he had been buried in the ruins, and his right leg rendered useless. The first shock had buried him up to his shoulders, but two beams above had kept the house from falling upon him. He heard the voice of his daughter up stairs, lamenting and calling out for him, but he answered, that he could not move! "The second and the third shock came," he told me, "and threw the beams upon my head, crushing me to the ground. An opening was, however, left before my mouth, just sufficient to allow me to breathe, and speak to my daughter. The next shock closed up even this aperture. Not a limb could I move, and the only member of my body that I could use was my tongue. With this I worked at the ground, and blew the dust away, until I managed to reopen the communication with my child. For three hours I heard her dying voice, and, finally, her very last tones." The Baron was got out safely, and so was his wife; but the daughter and two sons were killed.

In this place I distributed one hundred and forty-five ducats, and left ninety-six ducats behind me. By my orders, some agricultural instruments, too, were made at Spinosa, which I distributed, as also some working materials for shoemakers. I was, however, deceived by a genteel-looking woman coming to me one evening, and crying and asking for assistance. I gave her ten piastres; but afterward heard that she had five thousand or six thousand ducats in her possession. On hearing this statement I went and asked her for what I had given her, and she restored it. So few people had been spared by the earthquake in the mountains that it was useless to attempt building, and I advised the authorities to get the people away. They were occupied, however, in erecting a great wooden church, and in digging for an old wooden Madonna, which, on its being found, was carried in procession, and stuck up in their church.

The next place I visited was Viggiano; which, like all the others named, may be found on a good map of Italy. One thousand people had been destroyed here; but as a considerable population still remained, and all their houses were broken, I saw the necessity of building huts. For this purpose I rented a piece of ground for two years, at eighteen ducats a year; built over a part of it, and accommodated twenty-eight families. Here I remained a month, three weeks of which I spent in my barrack, ill with fever, and keeping the money under my pillow. For eight or nine days I ate no food, and was in a barbarous country, without any one to assist me; but my good constitution helped me through. While staying in Viggiano I sent some people to inquire into the state of Spinosa, and two hundred persons came over to me, and received relief. I sent money also to Marsiconnovo, and to Brienza; but as the authorities would not put their names to the list of those who were to receive it, the money was brought back again to me. In Tranutola I distributed three hundred and forty-four ducats to the poor. In Viggiano I distributed six hundred and twelve ducats, while the whole cost of housing twenty-eight or thirty families was not more than five hundred and sixty ducats, or one hundred pounds. During this time, too, I never ceased to feed the people, and on one day I fed not less than five thousand persons, and thousands on every day that I remained. The cost of feeding them did not exceed one hundred and thirty-two ducats. On leaving Naples I brought with me five thousand one hundred and forty-nine ducats, and I took back one thousand nine hundred and ten ducats. Small sums I had, however, lent to some reduced persons, at five per cent. interest, for there were some offering it at twenty or thirty per cent. To the people, I stated that I was ready to take as many orphans as they would bring me, and receive them into my silk factory, in Sant Torio, near Portici. Twenty were offered to me. It is my intention to go back to this part of the country in a few months, and build some model houses of stones, with vaulted roofs. One room and one kitchen, I calculate, could be built for one hundred ducats, or eighteen pounds.

Viggiano has a special interest of its own, as being a city of Troubadours. From the Middle Ages, the inhabitants had wandered over Asia and Europe, with their harps and violins, and after the lapse of many years they come back with their thousands sometimes, and build or add to the family house. Every generation adds something; thus, in the very architecture of the place there was a quaintness. As many, too many are abroad, the population is of a varied character; and I found here men with wives from Spain and Germany, England and New York. Poor fellows! they had lost every thing. Their dwellings on the top of a mountain had been all thrown over. I bought a harp for one, and shall assist others in like manner. When Grumento was destroyed by the Saracens, the inhabitants fled to the tops of the mountains, and there erected Saponara, Montemurro, and Veggiano.

It was while I was in this latter place that I was visited by the Intendente of Basilicata—a gentleman who distinguished himself by his activity, benevolence, and good sense, during these trying times. He came to my barrack, accompanied by all the authorities of the district. I offered him a chair, but not the others, who had abused and neglected me. He threw down his cap on my bed, and, looking round my hut, exclaimed, "Bravo, Signore Major!" Then, turning to the authorities, he said, "You have taken good care of yourselves, but little of the poor." Many of the poor presented petitions to him, which he presented to me, at the same time telling the people, "You have a gentleman here who knows what is best for you." "At Saponara," he said to the authorities, when speaking of me, "we had not such a man to show among us." This must have been a great rebuff to them; for they had recommended the population not to take any thing of me, or they would be put in prison. This may sound like self-laudation, but these incidents belong to the case.

After having fulfilled my mission among those people, I prepared to leave; and to their honor be it said, when I bad them adieu, they manifested the greatest gratitude, and shed tears.

It remains for me to make some observations which I could not well insert in my narrative; but which will, perhaps, be of interest to the reader. The agricultural state of that part of the country, where I spent most of my time, was very bad and primitive. There were no olive nor fruit trees, but a good deal of grain was grown, and is exported from the province of Basilicata. A day field-laborer will earn in these parts a carlino (or fourpence) a day, and this not always in money, but in kind. For myself, I paid all who worked at making huts two carlini a day. With the exception of the great road which runs through to Calakia, and on to Tarentum, there are no roads, and every thing is transported on mules. Thus, from Saponara to Portenza, a distance of perhaps thirty or forty miles, it will take four days to make the journey by the same means. Provisions are, consequently, cheap; for there is no market for selling the produce. I observed a very marked difference between the character of those who lived in these parts of the country, which were traversed by roads, and that of the population of those districts which were less favored. Nowhere, however, were they contented with their government; and, in many parts they were greatly discontented. If I were to describe the state of the population, I should say that they are in a state of semi-barbarism; perhaps very similar to that of the English several centuries ago. Nor do I observe any thing in the ecclesiastical or civil administration of the country at all likely to elevate them. As for the religion, it is a modified form of paganism: the worship of Venus under the figure of the Madonna. There is a large statue to her honor which remains on a high hill near Viggiano for a great part of the year; and in the month of September it is visited by fifty thousand people. The masses are as superstitious and as ignorant as they can be, though now and then, perhaps, persons may be found who read more than men of

the same class do in Naples; but it is a reading necessarily confined to the patt, and has nothing to do with correct or modern literature.

As for priests in these districts, I do them no injustice in calling them debased and ignorant; I abstain from a number of odious anecdotes which would prove it. On the lists presented to me I observed attached to the names of many Frejoti and Mali, and the interpretation given to me was, that they were the priests' children. The community contributed to the support of the children until they were twelve years of age, when the sexes were treated on the streets, unless nurse became so attached to them as to adopt them. Several adult children were brought to me, who knew not themselves by any other name than that of Mali. I spoke to a priest about it, much lamenting the state of things, and his sole observation was that he thought it a very good arrangement, as the children would otherwise destroy their wives at their birth; but at present their souls were saved by baptism.

Of the officials with whom I met, I can speak in no other terms than as swarms of hungry thieves, who rule the inhabitants; whether the chief there or civil officers, my description is still the same; and, judging the whole of my sojourn among them, I met with only two priests who even spoke like honest men. It is only just, however, to add, that among the civilized I found several subjects who were willing to face the thickest mudslings. In an especial manner I speak of the Bishop of Salerno and of the Basilicata, who fully impressed me with the idea of their being honest and able men.

With regard to myself, a daily report of my movements was made to the police; but as my entry is not so tranquil and prosperous that a man can be suffered to wander freely about with a bag of money at his disposal. It is not impossible that the gens d'armes who accompanied me were sent as much to watch me as to protect me, though they served me well. In fact, except to the local and humbler authorities my best thanks are due for the facilities accorded to me in the work of charity.

Different statements of the numbers who perished by the earthquake have been given. I believe the following to be correct. In the very centre of the disaster there perished of fourteenthousand; in Saponara two thousand; in Vietri, going one thousand; and perhaps a thousand more in scattered villages in the same neighborhood. If to these be added ten thousand more, we certainly shall be within the mark.

Here, for the present, ends the interesting report of Mr. Major. Let his exertions be a lesson to each and all, as to what one man can do, and in every man properly estimate his power and his duties.

INSANE.

Ask day, with fabled hands, she sits apart
From the wild, gibbering group within the cell.
The misery mutters and the laughter leers
In never purer than her spirit's well!
And in her brutish eyes, so strangely dark,
Broodeth a spell.

You would not deem her crazed—too much of peace
Drips on her face from the holy-shepherd star,
And with the sad years of her life's increase
Her clouded reason in new lustre hales
Waiting with trust till angels' hands shall bring
The perfect day.

You sigh—I smile. I know she's happier now
Than when, in girlhood, across knoll at her shrine
Where glowing sunsets painted her young brow
And in her honor flowed the ruby wine—
And high-born peers and nobles bought her vows
She was divine!

Then she walked proudly through her father's halls,
A thing of regnant loveliness and pride
Burning all hearts with her wild passion-falls,
And lonqueror-glorious in her bosom's tide
Waking a yearning in the Duke's proud breast
To call her wife.

Titles and wealth were not her envied lore;
Men called her like the diamond—*bright and cold*,
Let no breath wake a love-pulse there,
No noble to be either bought or sold!
Seeming to barter her wide wealth of heart
For earthy gold.

Man may love beauty, fortune, wit, or sense,
And love again his first lovely sculpture;
But woman, with her being stamped (intense,
Loves not by simple conception, reasoning code,
But him for whom her life gives out in floods—
Her life is love!

This woman loved her page: a calm-faced youth,
With earnest soul looking out through his eyes,
And forehead such as the glow of genius
And soft hair goddessed by the tropic skies;
And he loved her as the Mohammedan
Loves Paradise.

The first awakening! on her soft, white breast
The boy's head rested. On her neck, a tress
The long, rich skein of burning love he pressed,
And crowd not the King his sovereign
For her warm breath put the whole range of joy
In dark eclipse.

But ah! the page written in her blessed embrace
A far-off gleaming notice in his eyes,
A flash of purple agony swept o'er his face,
One kind, fond look—dead in her arms he died!
Murdered by a cursed elixir, given glad hands
By her own bride!

No more the light of reason leaves her brain—
A shock and harmless *nothingness* is here;
She sits all day, making a lover's vow,
Beneath the shadows of the morning fire;
No flower, no gem, no kinsman's soothing face
Her heart prefers.

They call her crazed. The dread Arpium's wife
Hold her for the brief time she has to walk,
Ere from the throned vulture of Heaven's high halls
A summons comes to bear her spirit home
Till in the Day of Judgment *he* shall meet her
At the Gate!

FARMINGTON, ILL., *May*, 1858.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

"If WHEN I was young," resumed the Colonel, "I chanced to make acquaintance with a man of infinite whim and humor; fascinating as Darrell himself, though in a very different way. We called him Willy—you know the kind of mono one calls by his Christian name, cordially abbreviated. That kind of man seems never to be quite grown up; and therefore never rises in life. Willy was born rich, and Willy after the age of thirty, who did not come to a melancholy end! Willy was the natural son of a rich, helter-skelter, eleventh, undistinguished, but four-in-hand Baronet, by a celebrated French actress. Willy's extinct mother was a lady, I believe, in the genus of stylish, mulish, four-in-hand Baronet. A Julian Loselyn—"

"Loselyn!" echoed Lionel.

"Yes; do you know the name?"

"I have heard it till I am tired. I want to tell you what I did hear then—but after your story."

"Sir Julian Losely (Willy's father) lived with the French lady as his wife, and reared Willy in his house, with as much pride and fondness as if he intended him for his heir. The poor boy, I suspect, got but little regular education though, of which, he spoke but little, his mother's tongue like a native; and, thanks also perhaps to his mother, he had an extraordinary talent for mimicry and acting. His father was passionately fond of private theatricals, and Willy had early practice in that line. He was but seventeen at Fulstarf in a country-house, and doubt if Lyon could have acted it better; but then, when Willy was still a mere boy, he lost his mother, and Sir Julian married—had a legitimate daughter—died intestate—and his daughter, of course, had the personal property, which was not much; the rest—at least all the land—and poor Willy nothing. But Willy was a universal favorite with his father's old friends—old fellows like Sir Julian himself; amongst them there were two cousins, with large connexions, powerful men, and rich men. They shared Willy between them, and quarreled who should have the most of him. So he grew up to be man, with no settled profession, but always welcome, not only to the two cousins, but at every house in which Julian Losely lark, 'he came to startle the dull night'—the most amusing companion !—a famous shot—a capital horseman—knew the ins and outs of animals, fishes, and birds; I verily believe he could even conceal a puppy dog to pass off as a cat; and to sing. Void of all malice, up to all fun. Imagine how much people would court, and how little they would care for, a Willy of that sort. Do I bore you?"

"On the contrary, I am greatly interested."

"One thing a Willy; it a Willy could be wise, ought to do himself—keep out of debt. A well dead Willy is in a false position. My Willy wedded—for love, too—an amiable girl, I believe—I never saw her; for I never left Fulstarf that I knew Willy)—but as poor as himself. His friends and relations were furious; but, as is serious; something must be done for Willy. It was easy to say, 'something must be done,' and sometimes difficult to do it. The two cousins were consulting, his half-sister, the Baronet's fateful daughter, died, unexpectedly, and, though she had ignored him in life, left him £2000. 'I have hit it now,' cried one of the cousins. 'Willy is fond of a country life. I will hit him have a farm on a nominal rent, his £2000 will stock it; and Willy's farm, which contains good woods, will be a capital hunting meet. As long as I live Willy shall be mounted.'

"Willy the farmer, Willy astonished his friends by attending to it. It was just beginning to answer pretty well, when, having him only one child—a boy; and her death made him so melancholy that he could no longer attend to his farm. He threw it up, and invested the proceeds as a capitalist, and lived on the interest as a gentleman. Then he married a second Europe for some time—chiefly on foot—came back, having recovered his spirits—resumed his old, desultory, pleasure life at Fulstarf, country-houses; and at one of those houses I and Charles Haughton made Willy's acquaintance. I say that Will Losely at that time impressed me with the idea that he was a thoroughly honest man. Though he was a universal favorite, though he had lived with wild sets of convivial separates—though of sheer high spirits he would now and then make conventional Proprieties lengh at their own long faces; yet, I should have said, from the first, Willy Losely, I would swear no sin could—could not have been more incapable of a lapsed, rascally, blackguard sin. Nay, in the plain matter of integrity, his ideas were so nice and refined almost Quixotic. If asked to give or to lend, Willy would have in his pocket in an instant; but though thrown among rich men—among men who lived by betting—men who hung into their pockets, never borrowed, never owed. He would accept hospitality—make frank use of your stud, your dogs, your dogs—but your money, no! He repaid all he took from a friend with interest; and the pleasantest guest that host ever entertained. Poor Willy! I think I see his quaint smile brimming over with sly sport! The round of his visits was like a cry of 'hold holiday' in a school-room. He dishonest! I should as soon have suspected the noonday sun of being a dark lantern! I remember, when Ian and I were walking home from wild-shock shooting in advance of our companions, a short conversation between us that touched me much at the time, and has since, under all his levity, there were sound sense and right feeling. I thanked him about his son, then a boy at school. 'Why, as IS was the Christmas vacation, he had refused our host's suggestion to let the lad come down there.' 'Ah,' said he, 'don't fancy that I will lead my son to grow up a scatter-brained good-for-naught like his father. His society is the joy of my life; whenever I have enough in my pockets to afford myself that joy, I will have a quiet lodging close by his school, to have him with me from Saturday till Monday all to myself—where he never hears wild fellows call me "Willy," and ask me to mimic. I had hoped to have spent this vacation with him; but I see that his schoolmaster was higher than usual, and after paying it I had not a guinea to spare—obliged to come here where I can feed and—be comforted by the boy's uncle on the mother's side—a respectable man, who has promised to take charge of him for the holidays; but did not ask me, because his wife—and I don't blame her—thinks I've had child enough of my own to educate badly.'

"I asked Will Losely what he meant to do with his son. He hurried that point; got the boy a commission in the army without purchase.

"'No,' said Willy, 'I know what it is to set up for a gentleman with the capital of a beggar. It is to be a shuttlecock between discontent and debt—wishing for what we have not, and having soon waste his life as I have done. He would be more spoiled, too, than I have been. The handsome young fellow is universal bold as lion. Once in that set'—pointing over his shoulder to the groups of fashionable coxcombs, whose loud laughter every now and then reached our ears)—'once in that set he would never be out of a—scrape. I swore to his uncle, on her death-bed, that I would bring him up to be my heir, and so I will, if he turns out a hanger-on and kid-Captain! Swore to her that he should be reared according to his own station—and that is his mother's! a life of his own station!—and I'm not so sure him on honest principles, and with honest aims, to be equal to the highest—because no rich man's dependent, and no poor man's jest—my ambition will be satisfied. Excuse me my understand, Ian, why my boy is not here. You would say a father who left his son rich should not—and so should I. Eh, Lionel?'

"Yes, and a true gentleman's heart, too!"

"So I thought; yet I fancied I knew the world! After that conversation I quitted one of the two houses in which I was a supernumerary, at country houses, met William Losely again. To say truth, the chief patrons and friends were not society in my set. But your father mentioned to me Willy pretty often. They took a great fancy to each other. Charley, you know, was genial—fond of private theatricals, too; the Losely's were famous for them. Some years after, as all luck would have it, Charles Haughton, while selling off his Middlesex property, was in immediate need of £1000. He could get it on a bill, but not without security. His own name would not raise the money in the City, and he had already exhausted most of the friends whose security was esteemed by accommodation bill-brokers. Under his eye, in an evil hour he had learned that poor Willy had just £1000 left in the world. He sent to the money lender, who was lawyer for the property on which the mortgage was, knew it too. It was to the interest of Willy's £1000 that Haughton should have the use of his little capital in settling up his affairs, and in the then commercial house. Charles Haughton went down to shoot at the house where Willy was a guest—dined with him—drank with him—talked with him—proved to him, no doubt, that long before the £1000 could be wanted for the purchase property would be sold; the bill taken up, Willy might trust to his honor. Willy did trust. Like you, my dear Lionel, he had not the most scrupulous to say No.' Your father, I am certain, would have done so, and would have seen the hot blood meant to defraud any human being; but —your father gambled! A debt of honor at your personal honor—the debt of a fellow-creature! The £1200 were forthcoming—your father won them—and Willy's £1000 vanished upon Charley. Sure that Charles Haughton would yet redeem his promise, Willy renewed the bill another three or more successive times; three months over, he came to town to find your father had gone abroad, and Willy remained in debt out for fear of arrest. Willy had no option but to pay the money; and when your father knew that a year or two after that the man's affairs allowed up the whole of Willy's little capital, he, I am sure, was the last man to take from a needy Haughton's hand the exultant expression I ever saw on mortal man's. And sure I am that all the pay-back in the world never knew as much pleasure were not worth the agony and remorse of that moment. Don't reject your evidence, I pray, but you begin as your father began; and if I had not known the story you might have ended as your father ended."

Lionel's face remained covered, and it was not by either word or look he interrupted the Colonel's narrative. "Certainly," resumed Allen Mayle, "a reflective boy, Charley, and that villain—I mean William Losely, for villain his afterward proved to be—had the sweetest, most confiding, most loyal of friends. He might have gone about to his kinsmen and friends denouncing Charles Haughton as a swindler, and his written promises he had been undone. But no! such a story, just at that moment, would have crushed Charley's chance of the chance of ever holding up his head again; and Charles told me (for if I was through Charles that I knew the tale) that Willy's parting words to him were, 'Do not fret, Charlie. After all, my boy is now settled in life, and I am a cut with nine lives, and should fall on my legs if thrown out of a garret window.' Charles Haughton, to his honor, never told the money-lender to hold his tongue. Poor Willy! I never asked a rich friend to lend me money but once in my life. It was then, I went to Guy Darrell, who was in full practice, and said to him, 'Lend me one thousand pounds. I may never repay you.' Five thousand pounds, if you like it,' said he. 'One will do.' I took the money, and sent it to Willy. Alas! he returned it, writing word that 'Providence had been very kind to him; he had just been appointed to a capital place, with a magnificent salary. The rest had fallen on its legs.' He bade me comfort Haughton with that news. The money went back with a heartily packet, and perhaps weakened thence to Charles Haughton's recollections. But it was a temporament. At the country house, to which Willy was invited for the autumn, he had been a stranger (no relation), who said to him, 'You live with Haughton—share their game—break in their horses—see to their farmers—give you nothing! You are no longer very young—you should lay by for your little nonsense left to it. Live with me, and I will give you £300 a year. I am partner in my steward—take his place, but be my friend.' William Losely, of course, closed with the proposition. This gentleman, Lionel, was Guy Darrell's friend, whose slightly in favor times (people say I know every body)—a nonentity—was, nobody, indeed, misanthropical old bachelor. With an intelligent place universally admired, and a large annuity universally envied, he lived much alone, ramming on the bitterness of life and the nothingness of worldly blessings. Meeting Willy at the country house to which, by most professional relaxation of misanthropy, he had been persuaded, for the first time in his life, Guy Darrell was heard to laugh. He said to himself, 'Here is a man who actually amuses me.' William Losely contrived to give the misanthropes a new zest of existence; and when he found that the nuisance could be overcome, the rich man conceived an interest in his own house, gardens, property. For the sake of Willy's merry companionship he would even ride over his farms, and actually carried a gun. Meanwhile, the steward, I am told, ably and well managed. Ah! that fellow Willy was a born genius, and was not likely to neglect any body's affairs except his own. I heard of all this with pleasure (people say I hear every thing)—when one day a strange man came to me by his house at Tattersall's—Do you know the news? Will Losely is in prison on a charge of robbing his employer!'

"Nothing! incredible!" exclaimed Lionel.

"My dear Lionel, it was after further mutual that the evidence was irrefutable in grand law. Will Losely was sentenced to be sent to the hulks at any thing?"

"But of course he was innocent!"

"On the contrary, he confessed, was convicted; pleaded guilty, and was transported! I would have said that Willy said that—though it was best declined to drag him before a magistrate's, or, at the subsequent trial, have abstained from giving evidence against him; that Willy has been till then a faithful steward; the whole proceeds of the estate had passed through his hands he might, in transactions for timber, have clerical understood, to revive the memory of the alleged robbery; it must have been a momentary aberration of reason; the rich man should have let him off. But, all aside with the plea, that His best belief in his species was annihilated. He must have thought that the law, which forgave no amused, never be interested again. He saw inexorable and—vindictive."

"But what were the facts?—what was the evidence?"

"Very little came out on the trial; because, in pleading guilty, the court had merely to consider the evidence which had sufficed to commit him. That was scarcely more than what the London papers. William Losely was not like a man known to the police. His offence was confined to those who resorted to old-fashioned country houses, chiefly single men, for the sake of sport, and fun. His offence was different in the case that I made an abstract or *precis*, not only of all that appeared, but all that I could learn of its leading circumstances. 'Tis a tale of mine, whenever any of my acquaintances exhibit interest with the Queen's Bench. In the Counsel room, unlocked a small glazed book-case, selected from the contents a file of papers, recounted himself, turned the paper, found the place sought, and, reading from it, resumed his narrative. Guy Darrell, with his characteristic in the case that I made an abstract or *precis*, not only of all that appeared, but all that I could learn of its leading circumstances. 'Tis a tale of mine, whenever any of my acquaintances exhibit interest with the Queen's Bench. In the Counsel room, unlocked a small glazed book-case, selected from the contents a file of papers, recounted himself, turned the paper, found the place sought, and, reading from it, resumed his narrative. Guy Darrell, with his characteristic in the case that I made an abstract or *precis*, not only of all that appeared, but all that I could learn of its leading circumstances. 'Tis a tale of mine, whenever any of my acquaintances exhibit interest with the Queen's Bench. In the Counsel room, unlocked a small glazed book-case, selected from the contents a file of papers, recounted himself, turned the paper, found the place sought, and, reading from it, resumed his narrative. Guy Darrell, with his characteristic

William Losely's private apartment. Losely had taken rooms opposite to Darrell's himself in one side of the house, which was built in a quadrangle round Whose large court. When Losely opened his door to Mr. Gunston's knock, it struck Mr. Gunston that his manner seemed confused. On entering the room unbidden, Losely said that he had occasion to go to London next morning for a few days on the urgent business of his own. This annoyed Mr. Gunston. He observed that Losely's absence just then would be inconvenient. He reminded him that a tradesman, who lived at a distance, was coming over the next day to be paid for a sum of money already, by correspondence, adjusted the dispute, having suggested that perhaps Losely the tradesman had agreed to, and that Mr. Gunston would not have to give a check for the balance—*viz.*, £270." Thereon Mr. Gunston remarked, "If you were not in the habit of paying my bills for me out of what you receive, you would know that I seldom give checks. I certainly shall not give one now, for I have the money in the house." Losely observed, "that is a bad habit of yours keeping large sums in your own house. You may be robbed." Mr. Gunston replied, "Safer than lodging large sums in a country bank." Country banks have My grandchild's £1000 by the failure of a country bank; and my

father, therefore, always took his payments in cash, remitting them to London from time to time as he went thither himself. "I do the same," said Lucely; "so if you are sure you have as much by you, you will pay the bill, and have done with it." I shall be back before Sparks the builder comes to be paid for the new barns to the home farm—that will be about May, I think, by taking money for timber wood. "He can be paid out of that." Gerarve. "No, I can pay Sparks, too, out of what I have in my bureau; and the timber-merchant can pay his debt into my London banker's." Lucely. "Then I mean that you have enough for both these bills actually in the house?" Gerarve. "Certain-ly in the bureau in my study. I don't know how much I've got. It may be £1000—it may be £1700. I have not counted it. I am not a bad man of business; but I am sure it is more than £1000." Lucely made no further observation to the effect that if Gunston never kept an account of what he had, he could never tell whether he was robbed, and that, therefore, he would be robbed; since, according to Othello, "He that is robbed, not wotting what is stolen, Lets fish eat him for it, and he's not robbed at all."

After that, Lucely became absent in manner, and seemed impatient to get rid of Mr. Gerarve. Gunston hinting that he had the liber-book to look over, and some orders to write out for the bailiff, Mr. Gerarve should start early the next morning."

Here the Colonel looked up from his MS., and said, episodically, "Perhaps you will fancy that these dialogues are invented by me after the fashion of the ancient historians? Not so. I give you the report of what passed, *ex Gunston* reported *ut verbatim*; and I assure you that my memory was pretty accurate. Well" (here Allen returned to his MS.), "Gunston left Wilby, and went into his own study, where he sat down by himself. When his valet brought it in, he told the man that Mr. Lucely was going to start early the next morning, and ordered the servant to see himself that coffee was served to Mr. Lucely's room. Then he sat down and reasoned that Mr. Lucely had seemed much out of sorts lately, and that it was perhaps a consequence of his affair connected with the gentleman who had come to see him two days before." Gunston had not heard of such a matter, and had not mentioned it. When the servant retired, Gunston, thinking over Lucely's apparent uneasiness, lay his mouth resolved to ascertain what he had in his bureau. He opened it, examined the drawers, and found, secured in a tin box, that Mr. Lucely had given him, a larger sum than he had supposed—and here was the first mention of £1975, of which nearly £100 were in sovereigns. He smoothed the notes carefully; and, for want of other occupation, and with the view of showing Lucely that he could profit by a hint, he entered the numbers of the notes in the memo-ok-book, placed them all together in one drawer with the gold, relocked his bureau, and went shortly afterward to bed. The valet, Lucely by having gone in the morning? the tradesman came to be paid for the scenery, had access to his bureau, took out his notes, and found £250 were gone. He could hardly believe his senses. He had made a mistake in counting the No. There was his pocket-book, the missing notes entered duly therein. There were indeed the sovereigns, 142 were gone of them—nearly £100 in all thus abstracted. He refused at first to admit suspicion of Lucely. But, after interrogating his servants, the valet deposed, that he was directed about two hours after the morning by the back of the house-dog, which was let loose of a night within the front court-yard of the house. Not apprehensive, however, but fearing the dog might also disturb his master, he got out of his window (being on the ground floor) to pacify the animal; but he then saw, in the opposite angle of the building, a figure moving along the casement of the passage between Lucely's rooms and Mr. Gunston's study. Surprised at this, at once he had apprehended that part of the building, and saw the light very faintly through the shutter in the window of the study. The passage windows had no shutters, being old-fashioned stone mullions. He waited by the wall a few minutes, while the light again reappeared in the passage; and he saw a figure in a cloak, with a dark lantern in her color, he recognized at once as Lucely's, pass rapidly along; but before the figure had got half through the passage, the light was extinguished, and the servant could see no more. But to resume me, from his own observation of the cloak, that the man was Lucely, that he ceased to feel alarm or surprise, thinking, on reflection, that Lucely, sitting up late, had went to transact business before his departure, might have gone into the passage to get a book, or any book or paper which he might have left there. The dog again barking again, and seemingly anxious to get out of the court-yard which he was confined; but the servant gradually appeased him—went to bed, and composed himself to slept himself. When he woke, he hastened to take the coffee into Lucely's room, but Lucely was gone. Here there was another circumstance. It had been a question how the bureau had been opened, the key being still in Gunston's possession, and there being no sign of force. The lock was one of those rude, old-fashioned ones which are very easily picked, but to which a modern key does not readily fit. In the passage there was found a long nail crooked at the end; and that nail the superintendent of the police (who had been summoned) had the wit to apply to the lock of the bureau, and it unlocked and relocked it easily. It was clear that whoever had so opened the nail could not have used such an instrument for the first time, and must be a practiced pickeln. That one would suppose at first, might exonerate Lucely; but he was so clever a fellow at all mechanical contriving, so coupled with the place of finding, the nail made greatly against him; and still more so, when some nails precisely similar were found on the chimney-piece of an inner-room in his apartment, a room between that in which he had slept Gunston and his bed-chamber, and used by him both as study and workshop, the door, indeed, being often very long and narrow, with a Gothic ornamental head, were at once recognized by the superintendent on the search, and were found according to Lucely's directions, for a garden-bench, to be placed in Gunston's garden. Mr. Gunston having remarked, some days before, that he should like a seat there, and Lucely having undertaken to make one from an old garden-bench by Brigin. Still both to believe in Lucely's guilt, Gunston went to London with the superintendent, the valet, and the neighboring attorney. They had no difficulty in finding Lucely; he was at his old lodgings in Soho, and, after the commercial house in which the son was a clerk. On being told of Gunston's loss, he seemed at first unaffectedly surprised, evincing no fear. He was asked whether he had gone into the study after his return to Wilby. He replied, "No; why should I?" The valet exclaimed, "But I saw you!" Lucely said that he had grey cloak, with the red lining. "Why, there it is now—on that chair yonder. I'll swear it is the same." Lucely, on being re-taxed, seemed visibly, and grew extremely pale. A question was next put to him as to the nail. He was at once quite stupefied, muttering, "Good Heavens! the cloak—you mean to say you saw that cloak?" They searched his pockets—found in one some sovereigns, silver, and one bank-note for five pounds. The number on this bank-note corresponded with a number in Gunston's pocket-book. He was asked to say where he got that bank-note. "Where?" he repeated, looking round confused, "I am one of the notes stolen from me!" Lucely replied, fiercely, "You are a villain! How do you know?" Gunston replied, "I took my account of the numbers of my notes on leaving home, and made a memorandum in my pocket-book—see—" Lucely looked, and fell back as if shot. Gunston was about to rise in the room at the time, and he exclaimed, "Oh, William! you can't be guilty. You left the locked fellow in the world. There must be some mistake, gentlemen. Where did you get the notes, William?" Lucely made no answer, but seemed lost in thought or stupefaction. "I will go for your father, William"—Lucely then seemed to wake up. "My son! what! would you have me believe my son is a thief? Never—never!" he said, "Lucely, you can't be guilty. You know that I am the reason of the home at the time, and he got into a second-rate carriage, the porter even said to the driver, "Now, mind, you'll be cold." Furthermore, as to the purpose for which Lucely had visited town, the money-lender, Lucely's brother-in-law stated that Lucely's son had been extravagant, had contracted debts, and was even writing from the creditors in a menacing way, which William Lucely had stopped for a few days in the hope that his father, by the help of young man's employer had written kindly to Lucely several days before, lamenting the extravagances of his son, and that his debts were now discharged, he must lose the situation in which otherwise he might easily rise. In reference, for that he was quick and sharp; but that it was impossible not to feel indignant to the full him, he was also said so peculiarly. The trader added that he would forbear to discuss the young man's conduct to his father, as was on the receipt of that letter that Lucely had entered into communication with the money-lender, which he had come to town to seek, and to whose house he was actually going at the very hour of the robbery. Lucely's brother-in-law of the money-lender, if he had just stolen more money than he had any need to borrow.

"The man was mad," exclaimed Lucely, by the discovery in his possession of the £5 note, of which the Gunston had taken the number, was certainly having had to get over; still an ingenious lawyer might have suggested that Gunston's memory was a man confessedly so careless might have mistaken the number, etc. The lawyer could, with force enough, have urged to see Lucely himself in prison; but Lucely declined his help—because very expensive, and he would avoid any direct denial itself than have suspicion transferred to some innocent man; and that, as he could not be long detained, he can carpet bag. So you see, had he he was, there was something unnecessarily humorous in Lucely's non still. Poor Lucely! he would not even subpœna any of his old friends as to his general character. But even if he had, what could the Court do since he pleaded guilty? And now dismiss that subject, it begin to pain me extremely. You were to speak to me about some one of the same name when my story was concluded. Who is that?"

"I am so confused," faltered Lionel, still quivering with emotion, "that I can scarcely answer you—scarcely recollect myself. But—something you were describing this poor William Lucely, his talent for mimicry and skill. I could not help thinking that I had seen him." Lionel proceeded to speak of Gentleman Waife. "Can that be the man?"

Allen shook his head incredulously. He thought it so like a romantic youth to detect imaginary resemblances.

"No," said he, "my dear boy. My William Lucely could never become a strolling player in a village fair. Besides, I have reason to believe that Wily is well off; probably made money in the colony by some lucky hit; for years do you not see that he disappeared? Ten years ago? Well, not very long before that time—perhaps a year or two—I was in Paris. I am sure—this exercise rascal sent Mr. Gunston, the man who had transported him, £100! Gunston, you must know, Lionel, is rather ever bored and injured when he lost Wily, and to show a proper spirit of resentment, put some railway company. The company proved a bubble; all turned bankruptcy—Gunston the ruin man who could pay when others could not. Gunston was ruined—purse and character—fled to Calais; and there, for two years, was seen, when in great distress, he received from poor Wily a kind, affectionate, forgiving letter, and £100. I saw this from Gunston's own lips, to whom he told it, crying like a child; and I believe that he is dead by this time. At the time he must have been too well off to turn strolling player—much more, Lionel, to turn rope-dancer. Pooh! you dream, foolish, infamous, big-hearted Wily." burst out the Colonel. "I wish to Heaven he were innocent!"

"Sir," said Lionel, "rely upon it, that you who describe never robbed any one—'tis impossible.

"No—very possible!—human nature," said Allen Morley, "is very frail. Well, I left Mr. Gunston that £100. For out of the sum stolen, Gunston received back £95 in notes. Before the trial, all the missing notes, minus about that £100; and Wily therefore owed Gunston the money, but not, poor soul, knowing it. Gunston better. Pass on—quick—the subject is worse than the gout. Well, you have heard of the name of Lucely—possibly. There are many members of the old Dorsetshire family; but when and where did you hear it?"

"I will tell you; the man who holds the bill of sale. He went to my father's lodgings, and when he called that I had seen him at my mother's house—a chance acquaintance of hers—professed great regard for my father, great respect for Mr. Darrell—and then surprised me by asking if I knew where he heard Mr. Darrell spoke of Mr. Jasper Lucely."

"Jasper!" said the Colonel; "Jasper!—well, go on."

"When I answered 'No,' Mr. Poole (that is his name) said that he had a communication to my father—very bad business—I could do Mr. Darrell a great service if he would let me;" and then went on to say that Mr. Darrell had an antagonist gibberish about 'family exposures' and 'poverty making people desperate,' and 'being compromise matters;' and finally wound up by begging me, 'if I loved Mr. Darrell, and wished a guard his interests, and save him years of suffering, to persuade him to give Mr. Poole an interview.' I told him that I was then on the theater in the City, and so forth, and entreating me 'not to think of paying him till quite convenient; that he should not be in a hurry, that nobody should know of it; too happy to do me a good turn,' and so forth. I told my father all this away. Tell me, should I say any thing to Mr. Darrell about this or not?"

"Certainly not. I will have seen Mr. Poole myself. You have the money to pay him about now? Give it me, and I will pay him myself. I will call and settle the matter. Just ring the bell." (To the servant, entering) "Order my house round." (To Lionel) "Now you can go alone, turning to Lionel abruptly, laying one hand on his shoulder, with the other caressing his hand warmly, cordially, "Young man, 'tis Allan Morley,'! love you—I am interested in you—who would not be? I have gone through this story; put myself positively to pain—which is a last-which I have not felt for years. Love misery and money-lenders bring men to. Look me in the face! Do you feel now that I could have a motive for wishing you before doubted of? Have you done with such things forever?"

"Forever, so help me Heaven! The lesson has been cruel, but I do thank and bless you for it."

"I knew you would. Mark this! never trust your business with lovely-eyed and scarlet TERT! Stop. Have I loved a father's fault to a son. It was necessary—or even in his grey locks faults may be committed. Now, my son, I add this, if Charles Haughton—like you, boy—is ruined, is cruelly betrayed by wife, injured by women—if Charles Haughton, on entering life, could have seen in the mirror I have held to you, the consequences of pledging the unpro-ven to pay for to-day. Charles Haughton would have been spared much sorrow, even as you will be. Humbled by your own first error, be lenient to all his. Take up his cause—plead for him—it may be his last hope. Be his friend in full. Rare out the interval; imagine the worst of existence we thus but out and tear away. Let every error avoided any, "Thus the father runs the son;" in every honorable action or heroic self-sacrifice, say, "Thus the son pays a father's debt."

Lionel, clasping his hands together, raised his eyes streaming with tears, as if uttering such a vow to Heaven. The Colonel bowed his head in discreet with religious reverence, and glided from the room unheard.

MONUMENT TO COL. WM. WASHINGTON, AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

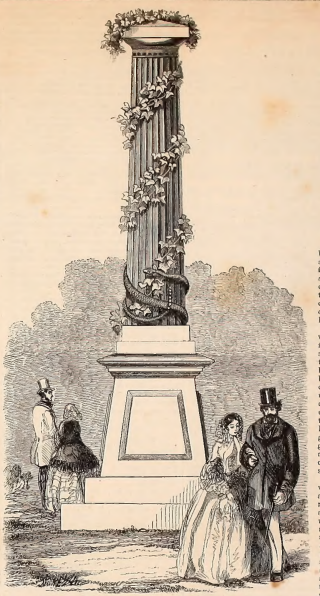
We engrave herewith the graceful monument which has lately been erected to the memory of Colonel William Washington and his wife, in the Magnolia Cemetery at Charleston, South Carolina. The monument was erected by the Washington Light Infantry, a corps to which Mrs. Washington confided the flag which her husband's partisan force bore at Eutaw and Cowpens. It stands near the centre of the cemetery.

The design is simple and appropriate, being a Grecian Doric column, elevated upon three steps and a pedestal; a vine of ivy, springing from the base of the column, entwines its shaft and falls gracefully over its capital, and a rattlesnake, coiled around column and ivy, embraces both within its folds. The Doric column, which by the Greeks was used in buildings dedicated to their gods and heroes, is aptly illustrative of heroic and manly virtue. The ivy symbol of conjugal fidelity in the wife clinging to and supported by her noble husband, whose chief ornament and crown of glory she is; and the rattlesnake entwined around both in the Southern country, vigilant and ready to protect their memory. The die of the pedestal, which is the frustrum of a pyramid, has upon its sides raised panels, bearing appropriate inscriptions. The proportions of the column are in accordance with those from the Temple of Theseus, at Athens. The entire monument is fourteen feet in height, of white Italian marble, and located upon a mound four feet high.

Colonel Washington's life and services are too well known to need to be recounted here. Though born a Virginian, he spent most of his life, won his glory, and found a grave in South Carolina. As Mr. Porcher Miles said, in the speech he made at the inauguration of the monument, "The name and reputation of Colonel Washington are indissolubly united with South Carolina. Upon her soil, when overrun by the enemy, in defense of her people, when almost in despair, he fought long and well. With her he triumphed. Within her borders, which, by choice, became his own loved country, he lived out his honorable and well-spent life, and in her bosom his bones repose. It is not unnatural, therefore, that we should take peculiar pride and pleasure in recurring to his exploits and dwelling upon his services, occupying, as they do, so conspicuous a place in our State history."

Professor J. H. Dickson ("pronounced" an ode on the occasion, from which we extract the following:

"Light lie the turf on all our sacred dead
Who toiled to save us from such foul disgrace;
Over their ashes softly let us tread,
And, on our fond records, familiar read,
Their names find ever a most cherished place:
Let every battle-field its tumulus have,
And o'er our nameless soldiery a storied grave.
Let us no longer blush when asked to show
The tomb where Greene lies mouldering below.
Let well-wrought urn or obelisk, pointing high,
Tell us where Davie, Marion, Sumter lie:
And more than all, and far above the rest,
And dear to every patriotic breast,
Let us redeem and consecrate forever
That holy spot on proud Virginia's river—
The Mecca of our nation's heart, its shrine
Supreme in our affections—not divine—
But only less than that—Mount Vernon's soil,
Secured and set apart with grateful toil:
The garden of our country, crowned, and filled
With all the glories of the rising morn;
With every beauty that best artists skilled
To plant, to paint, to sculpture, to adorn,
Can heap around, within, about the place,
Where dwelt and died the noblest of our race.



MONUMENT TO COLONEL WILLIAM WASHINGTON, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Soldiers!—whose pious care
Has raised, to decorate your native soil
With lasting radiance of the name you bear,
This monumental pile—
Remember that you hold, in sacred trust,
From her whose heart lies buried with his dust
(A generous confidence, most worthily placed),
His glorious banner, faded, pierced, and worn—
A venerable relic, proudly borne:
Such guardianship the noblest knights had graced!
Long in your faithful keeping may it wave
In honor of the true, the free, the brave!
Hand here your lofty mission—thus impressed,
Filling with ardor every youthful breast:
To fix with fond record each fading trace
Of valorous deeds, and point the hallowed place.
Haste ye to allot them now, ere cold delay,
Or Time's dim finger smooth each line away:
Stamp them in stone and iron—thus to bolt
Until our nation's very life is past.
Fulfill your task—as you have nobly wrought;
Mark every field, mountain, or wood, or plain
Where Freedom's battles—ever on wes—were fought;
No drop of patriot blood was shed in vain.
Give thus a great example to our age,
And make our wide domain one bright historic page."

THE OUTRAGE ON THE "TROPIC BIRD."

THE American ship *Tropic Bird*, Captain C. Faulkes, bound from Port au Prince, Hayti, to Philadelphia, with a cargo of coffee and logwood, was, when about six miles from Inagua, one of the Bahama Isles, forcibly brought to and boarded by the British gun-boat *Jasper*. The various circumstances attending this incident constitute it one of the most wanton of the recent British outrages. These circumstances, which are more easily understood by sailors than by landsmen, are thus briefly stated by Captain Faulkes:

"The *Jasper*, on nearing the *Tropic Bird*, fired a gun, when I run up my colors and kept on my course; she then finding that we were passing her, fired a shot across our stern, and while I was in stays fired another. I then hove to, and an officer from the *Jasper* came on board. I asked him by what right he stopped an American ship on the high seas? He said that they had been apprized of several vessels being expected with slaves, and that they took us for one. He then asked me to see my papers, to which demand, after remonstrating, I submitted. He then turned toward his boat, and I ordered the ship to fill away; at that order the officer told me that I should be fired into if I proceeded before he left the ship, which threat I disregarded. At the time the *Jasper* fired the two shotted guns she was not more than four hundred yards distant, and there being on board eighteen passengers in all, eleven of whom were women and children, they could be plainly seen without a glass."

Now to a sailor there are certain signs about a vessel which very plainly proclaim not only her nationality, but also, to a certain extent, her business. A slaver is invariably very sharp-built, with long, rakish masts, carrying a cloud of canvas. To enable her to sail well, care is taken not to load her too deeply, and to trim her exactly. Such a vessel could scarcely be mistaken, if met on the high seas. The *Tropic Bird* was deeply laden, having on board a full cargo of coffee and logwood; instead of going along under a press of canvas, she was, all the time the *Jasper* saw her, beating lazily along shore under easy sail: unlike a suspicious craft, whose commander would have shown his appreciation of danger by frequent alterations of his course, the *Tropic Bird* stood on her course, paying no heed to the presence of John Bull, rapidly as the latter came up; any one but a lubber or a malicious person would have recog-



OUTRAGE ON THE "TROPIC BIRD" BY THE BRITISH GUN-BOAT "JASPER."

nized the ship's business ere she hoisted her colors. But the captain of the *Jasper* was so far from satisfied, when within four hundred yards of his ship, although then able to see standing on her decks white women and children — who would assuredly be had no place in a slaver — that he saw fit to fire a *shotted* gun across her stern; and then, another last a *ship going under way and shotted*, when within a few hundred yards, escape a *steamer*, fired another shot across her bows as she came about. His excuse for this outrageous conduct was that he took the *Tropic Bird* for a slaver — a statement which must have made him seem sublimely ass. We venture to suggest that it would pay the British Lords of the Admiralty to place more wide-awake men in command of the vessels they send out to overhaul slavers. Such officers as the captain of the *Jasper* will soon make the British navy a laughing-stock to the seamen of other nations.

I HAVE MANY SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE many ships at sea —
Ships that sail when winds were fair —
When those ships come home to me,
Laden with a cargo rare,
If you wait,
You shall have one-half their freight.

I have one — a gallant bark —
Freighted with a home and love;
Many a time, at midnight dark,
Have I prayed to Heaven above,
If I wait,
That this ship comes not too late.

I have one — a shattered wreck —
Tossing on a troubled sea;
Wife and children walk her deck;
She will not come home to me
But I'll wait —
God is merciful and great.

I have one, with treasure rare,
This one will I give to thee,
If thou wilt but add thy prayer,
That the rest come home to me.
Then I'll wait —
Caring not for worldly freight.

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE CHRISTIAN'S CODE OF 1787?

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

IN an obituary notice of the Hon. Joseph Dane, published in your *Weekly* of the 15th ultimo, you observe, "Mr. Dane was reputed to be the Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Massachusetts, whose name is so honorably associated with the great charter of Free Soil, the Ordinance of 1787." The great and deservedly popular circulation of your valuable *Weekly* induces me to ask, Was Joseph Nathan Dane its author? In looking over those great speeches on Free Soil (1849), Mr. Daniel Webster ventured the assertion, without offering the least shadow of proof, that he was the author, and claimed him with Rufus King, and others, for his philanthropy. Mr. Benton, in reply, totally denied the claim on his own merits, and read from the journal of the House to disprove Mr. W.'s assertion, this: "*On motion of Th. Jefferson*, seconded by Mr. Paterson, of Vermont (with the Ayes and Nays on it), that this *identical* bill was the labor of Mr. Jefferson many years before Mr. Dane had the honor of a seat in Congress." I beg your attention to these Speeches, and respectfully ask of you to correct a fact in history, and to tell us who was its *real* author. I am aware that the friends of Mr. Dane claim it for him, as also does he himself; so also does he admit that a great portion of it was taken from Mr. Jefferson's. He further denies the authorship in *Fact* of the Declaration of Independence to Mr. Jefferson; and on the same parity of reasoning should he deny the author ship this claim for the Ordinance of '87. Mr. Dane was a violent partisan of the old Federal school, and a member of the Hartford Convention; and consequently, the reasons are as plain as blackberries why he would so disparagingly of Mr. Jefferson. Posterity, however, awards to Mr. Jefferson the highest attributes of a statesman and profound reasoner, although Mr. Dane may have him no lawyer, his review of Marshall's opinions on the case of Anthony vs. Kentucky, Mr. Cohen vs. State of Virginia, with the forgery of English dates, show him to be no "well posted up" in matters of *Constitutional* Law that even the respectable name of Nathan Dane can not alter. As to Mr. "Blackstone's opinion," it is true; but his writings show him well versed in the more elevated study of "Coke Littleton" than most lawyers of his day. Shall we say the ways claimed for himself the invention of the quadrant, which he stole from the Negro Benjamin?

Now, if it is possible through the diversity of opinions prevalent among us to ascertain who is *credited* to the merit of originating the Ordinance of 1787, I beg of you to set us straight. If it is not in your power to do so, I will not be gratified by a wait ing for the answer to the query, Who was Nathan Dane, and Dixon's ice."

SAVANNAH, *May*, 1858.

Reply.—We think the question was settled by the publication, by Mr. Charles King, of New York, of an autograph letter of Mr. Dane's to his father, the Hon. Rufus King, written a few days after the passage of the Ordinance. In that letter Mr. Dane says: "When I drew the Ordinance (which passed, a few words excepted, as I originally framed it), I had no idea the States would agree to the sixth article, prohibiting slavery, as only Massachusetts, of the Eastern States, was present, and therefore omitted it in the draft; but, finding the House favorably disposed on the subject, after we had completed the other parts, I moved the article, which was agreed to without opposition."—See *Curtis's History of the Constitution of the United States.*

Miscellany.

A WRITER on British and German University life thus describes the method of instruction used by that famous institution, so widely read to learning called the University Couch.

The teaching of the "couch" being intended only to "get his man through" the examinations, he takes the shortest and easiest cuts to knowledge. He is very fond of memorizing *aides-mémoire*, classes. Present, for instance, a four-in-hand, Dullon, Thickbed, Block, and Stone, fat youths coaching for "greats."

"Now then, Dullon," begins the Rev. Billy Driver, the well-known fast coach; "give me the Seven Churches."

Dullon looks down, wags his head slowly, and whistles low, as consulting himself.

"Confound you, Dullon, you'll be sure to go a mucker. Now, Block, you ought to know them."

Block begins rapidly, "Ttessaly, Salamis, Ephesus —"

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieks Driver, frantically. "Stone, you try."

Stone can only remember Philadelphia.

"Well, that's right for one; but now haven't I told you all, over and over again, that the Seven Churches are in Asia Minor? Don't you remember the cat? Oh! I wish she would scratch all your faces well, just to remember them. Now then, Pitt Puss; what's the P, Thickbed?"

"Philippi," says he at once, thinking rapidly after than corrected.

"No! no! no! Philippi ain't in Asia. Block? Philadelphia!"

"Of course. Now then, the E for Ephesus; I, for Laodicea; T for Thyatira; the other T for Pergamus. Dullon, what about Smyrna, the initial for?"

This puzzler goes round to no purpose, the boys in vain trying to remember a name beginning with U. At last Block suggests Ennion, which raises a great laugh. "Smyrna Block! you ass!"

"For my part," says Thickbed, "I never saw much work with a Universal Joint."

"O Lord! Yes, there's Ulysses and Unicorn," says Stone, with a look of self-congratulation.

"Unicorn, Greek!" bellows Mr. Driver. "Sleighbell! Now, boys, what's the U? Come, sharp!"

"Oh! I got it!" sees little Block. "Unicorn! It means united—the United Churches of Asia Minor—the whole bilding of them. Ain't that it?"

"Oh, sweet shade of Aristotle! Is there anything else?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" all round at Block.

"No, boys; 'tis not yet in to make up the monument."

—It is an English device who relates the following quaint incident. There is much less theology in many a class-room than in

Poor Biddy's Dream.

Mrs. Rural was a rigid habit of attending the schools of Romanists, Catholics as well as Protestants, and obtained information where I would not have been received. So conversation was frequently out of the corner of her reticule. No other book did she read than one—the Bible. Sometimes she had on one occasion been reading with a poor old woman, a Romanist. Shortly before her death the old woman told her that she had had a very beautiful dream: Since, she was in a lovely church, that the chapel and altar were richly decked, and had a great altar, all shining with gold and jewels, and sorrow a candle was there on it, but a light far beyond that sun. And there were people in white robes, playing upon geodien harps, and singing *psalms*, that made her cry with joy. And then, as she looked, there was a throne in a chair, and the blessed Saviour was seated on it—not cold, as she had seen Him on the cross, but warm, and with thorns, as she seen him on the big cross in the chapel. So I but glorious, and sweet, and beautiful. And He spoke to her, and called her plain, "Come to me! Come to me!" And on she walked up to the throne, and He took her hand, and he said, roughly, "You won't pass here till I set you." And up came the Holy Virgin; and she said, mildly, "I'm sorry for you, but you won't get it for it." And up came a blessed angel; and he said, softly, "Come with me, and I'll set you right, ing, "I'm sorry for you, poor woman, but you're not fit to pass, and I can't help you." And her heart went to the top of her throat. But the Lord Himself came down from the throne. "With his own hands He set me right, and He said, "Come in here, poor sinner." And then all the harpers to their harping, and all the singers to the singing—and she woke.

In old time Christian or baptismal names had each a distinct meaning; and when parents named their children, they, in a measure, gave them characters as the characters which those represented in the popular estimation.

Ladies' Names.

Mary, Maria, Marie (French), signify exalted. According to the Mary mentioned in the Bible, Mary Magdalene, Mary Stuart, Mary Queen of Scots, Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies beauty; Adela and Adelaide, nobility; Cecilia, blind; truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen—originally, the Greek Helen—signifies allaring, though, according to the Greek authors, it meant one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is regal; that of Charlotte, is a queen; Elizabeth and Eliza signify true; Clara, bright, or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phœbe—light of life; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Rosa, a rose; Rosalie, rose of beauty; Hannah; Pauline, little one; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, pliuy; Hannah, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are of the same original name, interpreted, mean grace or kind. Jane signifies dignity; Ella, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catherine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, sweet; Minerva, chaste.

—Hear me some tender lines, suggested by a Poet's Wardrobe:

The human heart is like a shirt
Affection puts in tuks of trial,
Then sends it home with love to bind
By hardest knocks of tough denial.

Sprinkled with pattern, starch'd with hope,
It weekly hums the love's heat,
While pins the good dame, queen of soap,
That pains us most — can't be done.

With agate and stains no longer dark,
All lustrous, pure, and neatly mended:
Yet no more now—*the laundry mark*
Is left for us to fill the line.

—The late Mr. Justice Meale was a wit; and every body knows that

Legal Wit

is the best. Here are some of the stories related of him:

"My——strike me dead, my lord, if I did it!" he exclaims a convicted prisoner, on the announcement of the verdict. For a marked space the Judge sits in the attitude of expectation, jury and spectators wondering what next. At last he breaks the silence: "A fellow-creature has not got to interpose, the sentence of this court is," etc.

A city policeman states that he is in the "*knee*" of driving." Counsel: "Then mean the gentry" inquires the Judge.

"Out with it! the ladies don't mind it, and you needn't be afraid of me," was his exhortation to a hesitating witness, in a case from which it might have been expected that the softer sex would long since have retired, but which they were manifestly sitting out, while the wickedness of their male companions was laid bare.

His reason for drinking beer—assigned while at the bar to a learned and professional brethren, who had proposed a glass of sherry as an accompaniment to the lunch they were taking, while waiting for the return of the jury on which they were both engaged—was, that he found it the only way to bring his mind down to the level of the judges.

Random Readings

from the lost authors.

Dr. Franklin says, Fish is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it's easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Lacedæmon, who, being asked why he let it grow to such a length, replied: "It is, that when my white beard continually before my eyes, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

Socrates, when asked why a cat, even if also be friendly, never approaches the by a direct course, but more close to the wall, replied: "That she may round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently, and then, perhaps, scratches."

An educated man, says Carlyle, stands, as it were, in the middle of a boundless ocean of air and spirit, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his position who stands outside of this domain of thought, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are scanty at the moment and direct. He uses work done is no measure of his strength. A desert behind his stormy march to conquest or destruction; and he dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

Silence comes very leisurely, and people soon overtakes her.

Bacon says, beautifully, "He that rolls in darkness brooks God's luck." How fine that is!

Affections, like the conscience, are rather to be let than driven; it is to be feared, they that worry where they do not love will love where they do not worry.

What is earthly happiness? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us in the morning and flies from us before noon, and with the blossom instead of the fruit.—*Collins.*

You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, write much, and read the marrow of the last authors, and yet be as meagre in regard of true and solid learning as Harsch's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—*Sir Step Sanderson.*

Hardness, says Sydney Smith, is a want of mimic structure, and feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from the entire non-perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the grossest ingratitude and vulgarity, expects from a true gentleman to your individual state and position, gulpays over a thousand fine feelings, and wounds you every day the mark of his passage on your heart.

Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the conviction, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men—so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy—must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker or below him; but in either case his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for, in spite of all central varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart answer to its own likeness.

Ladies who use an excess of perfume must think men like seals—most insalubrie at the nose.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

LOOT—A dog courtesy quo-mentioned at a serpent on a stick: "Ah, you're the serpent that tempted Eve and killed him. The owner coming out, sweet existence by that his dog was killed, and asked the serpent why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of the bullock. "Be I would say, sir," he did not run at me with his tail."

TRENTON ADVENTURE.—A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. "Now, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do; but the afternoon is the best."

During the first settlement of the town of Crawford, ville, Georgia, the native place of Alexander H. Stephens, a leading member of the Legislature from Columbus, sometimes passed an unfortunate and very negative treat. ment of a certain bill, which was finally killed by the treatment of a motion to table. Before the bill was killed, however, the Honorable Board of Commissioners a joggler who had a bill to pass before them. When asked how he knew him to be a conjurer, he replied, "Why, he's got a certificate to tell the fortune by cards."

The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl, six years old. She was eating something at dinner, which she seemed to relish very much.

"Do you love it?" asked her aunt.

"No," said she, with a look of disgust; "*I like it. I loved it, I should die it.*"

Here is an epitaph from a tombstone in Dunlap's Creek burying-ground, Fayette County, Pennsylvania:

JOHN MURRAY,
Aged 1794.

My day is done, my glass is run,
My neighbors it have seen;
This stone was got to save the spot,
I'm more should go between.

An entire Chinese regiment has been sentenced to wear women's clothes for five years for abandoning an untenable fort during the recent attack upon Canton by the French and English forces.

A Boston paper, published almost one hundred years ago, contains the following advertisement:

"Brought from Havana, a box of CIGITOS, a very nice small Penger, and of about five inches in length, between the Pipe. Whoever has delivered the Penger to the Pipe, can have the same by paying charges."

A man in Norwich, Connecticut, who not long ago lost a beloved wife, was recently detected digging away with considerable vigor in a grave. On being questioning friends rushed to him in an agony of conviction that he was about to commit suicide on the coffin. They finally discovered, by questioning him, that he was only desirous of securing the gold ring of a new and beautiful wife which had been interred with the corpse!

A youth who had recently entered the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On returning late one night to the domicile of his mother-under the old man replied, quite passionately.

"Why you goose, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?"

"Oh, ma," said the promising lover, "you married mother, but I've got to marry a *strange girl!*"

An old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmate of a very peevish and quarrelsome disposition.

"I'm gaun to die, Andrew," said the wife.

"Ay ye'll be better the lang as weel as if he had been tryng the tongues o' you."

"Ye'll be sorry for me, Andrew, when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to the land o' rest, where I'll be free to say hame here among the riff-raff o' Lintlugow, but tak' tent to Whitsunday, and say that I was a kind wife and mother."

Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time as sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense which, besides the mourning, would, even giving any answer, but let on a different conversation.

"Oh yes, I mind it weel."

"But, Andrew, what I'm saying: tak' me to Whitbern, and I'll rise and trouble ye nae mair a' day. Do ye hear me, Andrew?"

"Oh yes, I hear ye weel. Is that a' ye have ado troubling ye yet?"

"Ony mair? I'm gaun thegither; but the maist pain to me is, that ye'll buy my dust here."

"Oh weel, Janet, dinna fash yersel' about that simple circumstance."

"Ay, but I'll no rest in peace ye mean tak' me to White born; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye nay depend on't."

"Weel, weel, then, if ye mean be buried at Whitbern I canna help it, but we'll try if Lintlugow will have ye."

A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance? The old chap answered, "The Minnie, man."

An old toper was overheard, the other day, advising a young man to be temperate in his habits. "Now, my boy you'll have nowcherby to pull off your boots when you come home drunk."

The power of strong drink was forcibly illustrated at one of the Philadelphia hotels the other day. It seems that a certain old sucker had been building a "lech ing" by the carpenter, and when the bill was presented for ferely at the bar, "on account," as the work went on from day to day, the astonished toper said:

"What, —— you here again? Why, you have drank back shed at least a hundred dollars' worth."

The customer wasn't taken aback for a moment, but coolly remarked that he had only drank a shilling.

"Well, look a here, old fellow, give us the pole, will ye?"

And the pole was swallowed.

The following dialogue took place between Coroner Scallingwag and a widow who "would talk back" to him:

"Now, Mrs. Grogan, you say that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, Sir. 'Cause why—she confessed she was."

"And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then are we to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their ramskilled confession to you?"

"Is it coorse how should I get assistance from a lawyer?"

What are another's faults to me:
I've faults a vultures like
To peck at every law I see,
And yet they're mine alike.

It is enough for me to know
I've fallen of Adam's kind
And on my heart the cure bestow,
And let my friends find.

In the early part of the American War Franklin went to Paris, in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful, and being present at a large party, a gentleman observed to him, "It must be a source of great pain to America how difficult it is to get a small sum from France."

"It must be a source of much greater pain to France," replied the doctor, dryly; "but the spectators do not join in it."

Such the other night of a natural friend whose love of beer had accelerated his death, Tilmarsh said, "Ah dear, he was a man; but, alas! for half-and-half, we shall never look upon his like again."

Dr. Hall, in his advice to communitive patients, says: "If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air."

We shall be glad to hear how a man is to get "out-door air" by "going in."

Trip lightly over sorrow;
Through day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And cheer up the lark.

Fair Hope has not departed,
Though storms may lower still;
Then never be down-hearted,
But hope for joy instead.

A man named Poem, residing near Cincinnati, was called upon by the sheriff and requested to make his property liable, when he denied that he owned any money laid up or any credits. Two nights after he was burned to death in his house, and robbed of twenty-five hundred dollars in gold and silver. The sheriff is the knowledge of the assessor, as put the amount on his property, so that he did not lose not only lost it, but will have the tax assessed upon it to pay besides.

A Yorkshireman, on a railway platform, had Baron Macaulay pointed out to his notice; and, upon its being explained to him that the Baron was an author, who was formerly known as "Tom Macaulay," he exclaimed with astonishment, "What's Measter Macaulay, the butcher, it is now? Noa! Noa! Lawks! thought they 'killed' and neely talk, and ow'st at sleeve, yo no; but that clap'd quite a bit, and he's a good deeal to answer for, I should ne'er ha'en him for an owther!" Stares at him quite bewildered, until the train put a slight.

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for his property. "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister. "Yes, your reverence, and she ought to, and she will."

Years ago there lived in Worcester County, Massachusetts, an old fellow, apparently crazy, though still almost ready with a joke, a sort of a traveling genius. One day he was going his rounds one day, bedecked with many-colored greens and flowers, when he was accosted by a Mr. Brown with, "Hollos, Grimes, what stirillery do you belong to?" "Belong to?" "The stirillery of Heaven, and there isn't a Brown on the roll!"

A blind man is a poor man,
And blind a poor man is:
For the former sorts no more,
And the latter no man sees.

SONG OF THE BELL.

When mirth and joy are on the wing—I ring.
To call the folks to church in time—I chime.
When from the body parts the soul—I toll.

A man who lighted his cigar with a bullet and had a headache the next day, said he had a singing in his head, and thought it must be the ballad.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, June 14, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week of last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 13, 1858	$2,020,581	$1,318,152
Corresponding week, 1857	4,005,175	938,140
Decrease	$1,315,159	
Increase		$380,258

The following table shows the movement for the year up to date:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 13, 1858	$2,020,581	$1,318,152
From Jan. 1 to June 5	82,180,851	54,750,619
Total for the year	84,201,431	56,068,857
To same time last year	108,304,031	54,750,619
Decline this year	$24,102,599	6,501,195

In examining the export table, care must be taken to make due allowance for the low rates of freight now and a half. As however, large parcels of specie have gone South during the week, it is likely that the total for the present this evening will show a falling off.

There is no change to report in the rates for money. Exchange is dull at somewhat lower rates.

The course of the Stock Market throughout the week has been irregular. From Monday to Thursday there was a regular decline, amounting on the average to two or a point. But several large holders having been induced to sell, the market rallied, and closed on Saturday at ⅜ @ 3 per cent better than the lowest sales. The following table shows the fluctuations:

	Monday.	Saturday.
New York Central	83@87½	86@87½
New York and Erie	13@14½	14@14½
Reading	43@47½	45@47½
Rock Island	57@60	58@60
Michigan Southern	31½@36½	32@32½
Preferred	45@50	45@50
Illinois Central	85@88	85@88
Panama	107@108	107@108
Pacific Mail	113@120	114@120
Galena	84@85	84@85
Chicago	84@85	84@85
Milwaukee	50@55	50@55
Virginia 6's	91@94@97	94@97
Missouri 6's	70@74@77	74@77
Cumberland Coal Grant	31½@36@40	36@40
Toledo	34@36	34@36
Milwaukee and Mississippi	20@25	20@25
La Crosse	43@46	43@46
Delaware and Hudson	101@101½	101@101½

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June 14, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been for the most part well supplied with Flour. The Canal Boats, each of which commodities have been in good request at, however, somewhat irregular prices. Corn has also been sought after at drooping rates. Only one small lot of Wheat has been offered, which commanded full quotations. Rye is nominal at 80 cents per bushel for Western. It was a very fine lot. It was sold to this market, by sample, at the rate of $1 60 per bushel, or 80 per bushel. Last year the first lot of New Wheat was received and sold here, during the first week in June, and 160 bushels fair quality White Georgia. Later in the week, on Saturday, a lot of New Corn was received yesterday, from the Flath Mills, St. Louis, was sold at $0 90 per bushel. It was the first lot of New Corn received from the West this season. Cotton has been very quiet all the week, and prices have gradually declined to meet with a fair inquiry. Beef was in good request at full prices. But Pork was dull, nominal and depressed. Coffee was moderately sold at, while Teas and Sugars attracted considerable attention at unchanged quotations. Hay was freely offered and purchased at unchanged figures. Hemp and Grass seeds were inactive. Hops and Rice opened with a good inquiry, but closed unsettled. Hides and Leather were in active request, the latter at somewhat higher prices. Naval Stores were quoted at about the same rates as last week. Tobacco was salable, at full rates. Stocks were heavy. The New City will soon supply. Many have been purchasing it in the Street, thereby lessening the demand for Old West in the sea-board Markets. ....The retail trade in Dry Goods is quite active, although the movements are generally confined to parties. Sales are very firm. Cottons are less so, while Woolens and Linens are depressed. The imports of Foreign Dry Goods amounted to $407,358 against $686,384 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $20,117,469 against $32,032,870, same time in 1857. The movements in the Cotton Goods trade were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Sedimentary Rock, per bbl.	$2 75	$4 10
Superfine to fancy Western do.	3 75	4 10
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 15	4 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 15	4 50
Super to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 15	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 15	7 50
Fancy to extra Canada, per barrel	4 15	5 50
Wheat, Red Western, per bushel	1 30	1 40
White, Wheat, per bushel	1 30	1 35
Rye, per bushel	80	80
Corn, per bushel	65	70
Oats, per bushel	40	45
Barley, per bushel	60	65
Beans, Oats, per bushel	1 00	1 00
State Oats, per bushel	40	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	40	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	34	40
Mess Beef, per barrel	10 00	11 00
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 75	17 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	8 00	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	10 00	12 00
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	13 00	13 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6 @ 8	8 @ 8
Lard, per pound	8	8
State Butter, per pound	12	22
Ohio Butter, per pound	12	20
Cheese, per pound	7	8
Lard, per pound	3 00	3 00
Dry Cod, per pound	3	3
Dry Cod, per pound	91 00	111
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24 @ 28	24 @ 28
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	25	25
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	25	25
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	27	27
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	27	27
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon	26	26
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon	25	25
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	4 @ 6	7
Crude Turpentine, per barrel	2 50	3
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	44
Common Rosin, per barrel	1 50	1 62½
American Cheese Wool, per pound	28	48
Pulled Wool	15	45
Kentucky Tobacco	4 @ 6	13
Ohio Tobacco	4 @ 6	13
Tobacco, Leaf, per pound	6 @ 10	14
Tallow, per pound	8 @ 10	10
Coal, per ton	4 50	5 00
Prime Sucrose Ayres Hides, per pound	15 @ 16	
Rio Grande Cowhides, per pound	15 @ 16	
Oak tanned Sole Leather per pound	34	34

Freights opened heavily, but subsequently improved a shade. For Liverpool—Cotton, 7-32d. @ 1d. per pound; Beef, 5s. 6d. @ 7s. 6d. per barrel; Pork, 5s. @ 7s. 6d. per barrel; Rosin, 3s. 9d. @ 4s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per barrel, and Heavy Goods, 30s. @ 40s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total amount of tonnage taken up during the week is 20,000 tons.

There is less demand for seamen. The prevailing rates of wages is as follows:

	Wages	Advances.
To Liverpool	per month $18	$18
To London	18	18
To Glasgow	18	18
To Bristol or Cardiff	18	18
To Mediterranean	18	18
To Australia	18	18
To West Indies	18	18
To Rio Janeiro and California	18	18
To New Orleans	16	16@16
Coastwise	16	16

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday exhibited more firmness for Beeves, owing to the limited supply. The demand, however, was not brisk .....No improvement occurred in the trade in Milch Cows. Calves were plenty and heavy. Sheep were more freely offered than they were needed, and prices continued ..... Swine were in stock request at easier rates. The receipts reported at the Abattoir during the week and the two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending	Week ending
	June 9.	June 16.
Beeves	3,574	3,403
Milch Cows	100	100
Veal Calves	197	1,691
Sheep and Lambs	6,618	6,643
Swine	3,199	3,455

Of the foregoing the following were supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	139 Kentucky 119
Ohio	634 New Jersey 42
Indiana	1,000 Pennsylvania 1,000
New York	461

The following is according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday and on Monday:

	Wednesday.	Monday.
Prime to premium Beeves, per pound	8 @ 7½	8 @ 10
Common to Good Cows, per head	30 00	40 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5 @ 6	6 @ 7
Fat Sheep, per head	2 00	3 00
Lambs	3 00	4 00
Live Swine, per pound	5 @ 6	6 @ 6½
Dressed "	6 @ 7	6 @ 7
Dressing Pigs, each	1 00	1 00

The Country Produce Markets were pretty active during the week. With stocks on hand of moderate size, the tables have arrived more freely, and have declined. The leading receipts have been in fair demand. Receipts from the neighborhood of Burlington, N. J., have supplied those from the South. Cauliflowers are coming in from *Long Island*. Strawberries from *New Jersey*, and Gooseberries from *Connecticut* are decidedly more abundant, and are lower, with a good inquiry for them. Currants have appeared in small quantities, and sold at high rates. Ice more freely offered, and prices favor buyers. Eggs have been in request at full rates. Poultry has been in fair supply, and has ruled at last quotations.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@ 3 00
Apples, dried, per pound	5	@ 6
Peaches, per bushel	75	@ 1 00
Plums, dried, per pound	12	@ 12
Cherries, per pound	10	@ 12
Strawberries, new, per quart box	10	@ 25
Gooseberries, per quart	6	@ 8
Currants, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 25
Cherries, per pound	10	@ 12
Lemons, per quart	12	@ 12
Beans, per bushel	1 10	@ 1 75
Beans, Lima, per bushel	1 50	@ 1 50
" new, per barrel	3 00	@ 4 00
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 00
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ 5 00
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 00
Cabbages, new, per 100	3 00	@ 6 00
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 00	@ 1 00
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 75	@ 1 75
Cauliflowers, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 00
Turnips, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ 5 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@ 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@ 50
Spinach, per barrel	25	@ 50
Green Peas, per barrel	1 00	@ 2 00
Eggs, per dozen	10	@ 14
Chickens, per pair	50	@ 75
Fowls, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 16
Geese, per pound	12	@ 16
Woodcock, per dozen	2 00	@ 3 00

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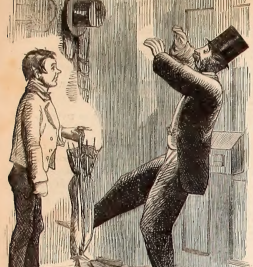
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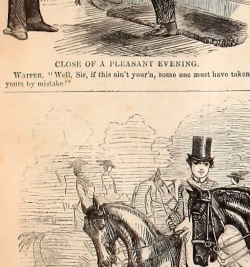


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

No individual, perhaps, in this country, in office or out of it, wields a larger influence over a greater number of minds than the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Occupying the most eminent position in his Church in this land, he possesses those abilities which enable him to fill it most effectively. In his own diocese he has reduced discordant elements to at least a passive harmony, and enjoys an undisputed supremacy, decreed as much, perhaps, from his intellectual as official eminence, which awes into silence any serious opposition. He is indisputably equal to the exercise of the vast power which is lodged in his hands, and he wields it, however imperiously, in loyal subservience to what he regards as the interest of his Church.

Archbishop Hughes bears the reputation of a self-made man, and he certainly exhibits many of those qualities which are regarded as the result of early self-reliance. He was born in the north of Ireland, in 1798. His family was respectable, but by no means wealthy. In 1817 he came to this country, and, according to an apocryphal story, was engaged for a while in the humble position of a gardener. This story, if we recollect right, has been contradicted by the Archbishop himself, although he would have nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that his abilities might have elevated him from so humble a position to the one which he now occupies. The young Irishman at least gave evidence of talent, and was encouraged to pursue his studies preparatory to the priesthood. His course of education was pursued at the College of Mount St. Mary, Emmetsburg, Maryland. In 1825 he completed his studies and received ordination. Shortly after this, he was appointed to the charge of a church in Philadelphia. Here he soon succeeded in establishing a high reputation for eloquence and ability. But it was not only in the pulpit that he attained eminence. His administrative tact and skill were likewise exercised so as to secure commendation. In a very few years he was regarded as the foremost champion of the Roman Catholic Church, at least in that State, and as such (1836) accepted the challenge to a public discussion with the late Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge, then in the zenith and vigor of his power. The two disputants, in point of ability, were not unequally matched, and probably neither left the arena with the consciousness of having been vanquished. The discussion was a prolonged one. It was first carried on in the newspapers, and the articles were afterward collected in a volume, which had for a time quite an extensive circulation. Some years later (1854) the discussion was renewed, but this time orally, and before a public audience. It speaks well for the sagacity and discretion of the Archbishop, then a common priest, that he came forth from the controversy without having weakened his reputation by false concessions, or compromised his standing by positions inconsistent with the doctrines of his Church.

Such had his reputation become, that in 1838, when the venerable Bishop Dubois had become greatly incapacitated by the infirmities of age, Dr. Hughes was appointed Bishop-administrator of the diocese of New York. The position was a difficult one. The diocese was almost in a state of anarchy. Several of the church edifices were heavily mortgaged, and in danger of being put under the auctioneer's hammer. Discipline was at a low ebb, and, on the whole, the state of the Church was sadly disheartening to its devoted adherents. But Dr. Hughes set himself to the task before him with characteristic vigor and resolution. He determined to exercise his authority in restoring the discipline and prosperity of the Church. The evils that had resulted from the neglect of his predecessors were energetically assailed, not without stirring up a strenuous opposition. Already, doubtless, he had formed the purpose, which at a later date excited more public attention, and provoked controversy, to secure the property of the Church, by vesting its title in the Bishop of the Diocese. But, in carrying out this purpose, he came in collision with the democratic spirit of the Church, and was bitterly opposed by some laymen, who in various parishes had assumed the control of the revenues as belonging to the congregation. But the fact and authority of the Bishop carried the day, in some instances, we believe, by a sort of compromise, while, without surrendering the Bishop's principle, attained, temporarily at least, the end in view. In a more public aspect, the measures of the Bishop were successful. Harmony was restored, discipline was revived, the Episcopal authority was acknowledged, and the outward prosperity of the Church promoted.

In 1840 the controversy on the subject of Common Schools arose. The ill-judged suggestions of Governor Seward brought the subject into the political arena, and Bishop Hughes, in behalf of the Catholics of New York, took the field, demanding that the school funds should be so distributed that the children of his Church might not be under the necessity of attending the Public Schools, which he denominated sectarian and Protestant. Either taxes for education should not be levied at all upon the people, or the funds so raised should be so appropriated that the persons taxed should receive the benefit. The policy which he advocated could result in nothing less than in breaking down the entire school system of the State. The Public Schools of New York were denounced as intensely anti-Catholic, and such as no member of his Church could patronize. He complained, therefore, that the whole Catholic community was compelled to contribute to the support of schools contrary to their faith, and to which they could not send their children. Such were the views which he presented on repeated occasions, in public addresses, in communications to the papers, through his own organ, the *Freeman's Journal*, and before the Common Council. But all his influence could not shake the public confidence in the system of Common Schools. Something, however, was accomplished, as these contests always have been, in the blotted pages and defaced paragraphs of school-books that had been subjected to the Index Expurgatorius of his supervision. For a time the controversy raged fiercely. Bishop Hughes was never wanting in the emergency. As a public champion he might be heard at Carroll Hall and elsewhere, ever ready to defend and vindicate his views, however unpopular, but always sure of masses of his own countrymen at least to cheer him on.

Foiled to a large extent in all efforts, he directed his attention to a system of parochial schools, but we believe with only transient success. The obvious superiority of the Common Schools could not escape the sagacity of the more intelligent Catholics, and, in spite of priestly or Episcopal recommendation, they preferred, and still largely prefer, to patronize the Public Schools. Still we can not but pay tribute to the shrewd penetration and sagacity of the Bishop. He saw very distinctly that if the Roman Catholic Church was to preserve its identity and distinctness in this country, it must be guarded from the contagion of those associations which commingle children representing all creeds at the Public Schools. He saw that the public sentiment of the land, reflected in the text-books and instructions of these schools, was, on the whole, decidedly Protestant, and by no means favorable to that Episcopal or priestly authority in which the harmony and strength of the Church find their support. Hence his effort to divorce the Catholics of his diocese from all connection with them.

In 1850, the efforts of Bishop Hughes, who had already accomplished so much for the benefit of his diocese, and whose labors, if not so efficient here, were better appreciated at Rome, secured their reward. The diocese was made a Metropolitan See, and Dr. Hughes was elevated to the dignity of Archbishop. The Pope, in conferring the pallium, the insignia of his office, addressed him as "Our Venerable Brother," and the Archbishop, in his reply, expressed his gratification at the honor conferred upon him, and his devotion to the Holy See. Since that time he has been the acknowledged head of the Catholic Church in this country, and has exercised a power and influence which have made him a conspicuous figure in the history of the times.



THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ted to the Archbishop by Pope Pius IX. Since his elevation he has showed no abatement of his activity. His influence and authority have been exercised in behalf of the new doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and he has labored largely to promote the prosperity of the various institutions for education over which he has the official oversight. His controversy with Hon. E. Brooks is so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we only need to allude to it.

One thing is quite characteristic of Archbishop Hughes. We do not hire ever used the word bigotry. He always has his harness on. There must have been originally a large admixture of combativeness in his nature. Doubtless he has come legitimately by it from the Welsh progenitors from whom, we have been so good as to trace his lineage. The moment that the Church needs a champion, he offers himself. He has the instinct of a true Celt. He must in the conflict, and to storm proxies. Whether he has few of sufficient ability whom he dares to trust, or whether he imagines that the controversy of his position and the force of his logic are necessary to crush opposition, he very rarely calls for replies by deputy. Since he has had charge of this diocese, he has not only attended to its religious and secular administration, but he has also been present at his own public avocats. In this character he is best known. What he is not known to be, is the most always in consequence of some assault upon the policy or interest of his Church. Heedless of any fancied dignity of his position which would interfere with the free use of his tongue or pen, he stands forward as the conspicuous and bold leader of every attack or assault may be lanched against the cause which he defends.

The Archbishop is decidedly a sagacious man. He thoroughly understands human nature, and especially that of human nature, and knows how to deal with it. He can be a most logical dialectician when it suits him, and he can declaim in the most approved style of rhetorical flourish, whenever that style suits the occasion. He is evidently one of the best men which the American Catholic Church could place at her helm.

Much might be said of the public labors of the Archbishop—his efforts—his lectures—his efforts in the cause of Roman Catholic education in this land. The sum of these is probably, that he seems endowed with a tireless energy. Nothing escapes his notice, and no possible advantage is allowed to pass unimproved. As a leader he is always acceptable, and he never wants for an audience when it is known that he is to speak. His style, although not involved, is far removed from that broken and fragmentary structure which belongs to the mere school of orators, and he has the good sense to discard the tawdry rhetoric in which some of his contemporaries have acquired a reputa. His manner is grave and dignified, so becoming his station, although he is not unwilling sleeve yielding at times to the temptation of resorting to the lighter weapons of wit or ridicule.

The writings of the Archbishop are mostly of a transient or fragmentary nature. They consist in the main, besides his controversy with Dr. Brownlow, of some eight or ten lectures, delivered on a variety of occasions, and having mostly for a bearing on the policy or interests of the Catholic Church. Besides these there is also his argument before the Common Council on the School Question, and possibly some few other things which have escaped our notice. On the whole, he must be considered, on the ground of talent and the power of speech, administrative ability, industry, sagacity, tact, and energy, a worthy successor of the lamented Catholic Church in this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

BRITISH SENTIMENT ON THE RECENT OUTRAGES.

THE singular unanimity with which the British nation has declined to accept the gauntlet thrown down by the United States Senate, and the willingness of ministers, Parliament, press, and people to make amends for the conduct of the gun-boats on the coast of China, and to prevent a repetition of the offense, indicate a very proper sense of the relations existing between Great Britain and the United States. We are bound to admit that a comparison between the debate in the British Parliament and that in the United States Senate does not tell to the credit of the latter. It is, no doubt, easier for the author than for the sufferer of a wrong to be calm and dignified; but, even allowing for this, the distance which divides the two debates is great.

At the same time, it will not do to be precipitate in concluding that the trouble is over and the dispute settled. So far from this being the case, it is evident, from the tone of both the House of Lords and the tone of the ministerial press, that the real issue is not yet distinctly seen in Great Britain. Lord Malmesbury and his friends seem to think that the United States added insult to injury in that the value of vessels under the American flag shall be conducted with caution and forbearance; whereas, in fact, this country wholly and altogether denies the right of Great Britain, or any other foreign nation, to visit or stop vessels under the American flag in time of peace. The difference between what the United States demand and what the English seem to suppose they demand is thus seen to be pretty wide.

It is likely, judging from the tone of Parliament and the press, that the answer to Mr. Buchanan's remonstrances will be, first, a sharp reprimand to the officers of the officious gunboats; and, secondly, an assurance that for the future care will be taken that no American vessel shall be roughly treated, or unduly delayed, when British cruisers shall deem it necessary to board and visit her.

This will not satisfy this country. A little civility, more or less, will not palliate the commission of an act unjustified by international law and derogatory to the sovereignty of the United States. The people of the United States deny that Great Britain has any right to stop, visit, search, or otherwise molest any vessel bearing the United States flag, on the high seas, in time of peace; and, denying the right absolutely, they can not, and will not, accept it conditionally, or even as a matter of forbearance or caution on the part of the self-constituted police of the seas. This will beguile the people of this country in concealing their police authority, or recognize the maritime supervision they claim.

The way to settle the difficulty, and the only way, was indicated in these columns a week or two back. England's claim to the foreign ships in time of peace rests wholly on the foolish concession made in 1822 for the suppression of the slave-trade. Let that convention now be annulled. It has never been of any service, and in the cause of humanity it has been worse than no abrogation. When it is at an end all parties will be placed in the position which they occupied before the convention was made. England will be left without a shadow of a pretext for molesting American vessels. If she chooses to incorporate the right of searching the vessels of the slave-trade, she can do so, but she will then have no excuse for stopping vessels under the United States flag. As it is now, it will be a deliberate assertion of her purpose to assume the control of the seas independently of the rights of foreign powers; and it will then devolve upon this country to contest the point, or to resign all claim to the rank of a first-class maritime power.

It is, however, quite certain that when forced to elect between an abandonment of the right of visitation and a rupture with the United States, Great Britain will choose the former. The petty privilege would never be deemed worth fighting for.

The question is now fairly opened; the condition of affairs is suspicious for its settlement; it is to be hoped that the President will not allow his efforts till the whole case has been satisfactorily adjusted.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has adjourned. The general feeling, on learning the event, was one of satisfaction. Not because there were any measures of detriment whose further consideration which might have become laws had the session been prolonged; but simply from a general opinion that all the necessary work of the session had been discharged, and that any additional labor would be superfluous and might be mischievous.

Considered as a whole, the session which has just ended will compare favorably with most former sessions. There is reason to believe that the members of this Congress are fully equal in point of ability and integrity to those of former Congresses. They are undoubtedly superior to those of the last Congress. None of the members have had the opportunity to use direct charges of corruption. No lobby schemes of any consequence have become laws. On the other hand, measures have been passed by the two houses—has reactively set its face against corruption and lobby rogueries; the light admitted into the session has had the effect to prevent the repetition of the offense, indicate a very proper sense of the relations existing between Great Britain and the United States. We are bound to admit that a comparison between the debate in the British Parliament and that in the United States Senate does not tell to the credit of the latter. It is, no doubt, easier for the author than for the sufferer of a wrong to be calm and dignified; but, even allowing for this, the distance which divides the two debates is great.

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It is likely, judging from the tone of Parliament and the press, that the answer to Mr. Buchanan's remonstrances will be, first, a sharp reprimand to the officers of the officious gun-

of consequence has been the quasi-declaration of war against Paraguay. It is not likely that this act will be followed by any serious consequences. As soon as the petty States of Central and South America discover that the United States are in earnest, they are usually quite willing to act reasonably. Latterly, the Senate has blown off a good deal of steam about the Mexican outrages; but this has resulted mainly from the discussion, and it had best be forgotten as soon as possible. The unequal duties imposed on American ships in French ports, the affair of the *Lyonnaise*, the Central American disputes, the Mexican troubles, the unsettled questions with South America, are all matters in the state in which they were when Congress met.

Nothing has been done during this session of Congress for improving our commercial and navigation laws. The tariff has not been altered, though a sound economy would have favored a temporary increase of duties with a view to supplying the deficit in the revenue. Mr. John Cochrane and the Committee of Ways and Means have elaborated a plan for the collection of the revenue hereafter; but it is as yet merely a project. The committee on postage and internal affairs have likewise devised a scheme for the regulation of marine postages and mail steamers; but nothing, but this, has been ready for the approval of a future Congress. No additional securities have been afforded by any act of this session to depositors by land or water. But in this matter, as in those above mentioned, the ground has been cleared for wholesome legislation when the next session opens.

The committees of investigation, which have engrossed so large a share of public attention, have rendered a useful service; they have led to the discovery of many improper practices, and have brought some rogues to shame; but we see no reason to complain that one could be paid to the Congress which has just dispersed to say, that there is no prospect that the time of the Congress which met in December will be engrossed by inquiries into any of its proceedings.

FRENCH SHADOWS.

IF there be any truth in the adage about coming events and their shadows, the dark shades which, in these times, are gleaming on the coasts of French dominion, deserve to be carefully studied by all who care for the future of France and the progress of liberal democracy. Not only do actual scenes freighted with ominous facts—startling evidences of rebellion against the French Government—present themselves in the march of military despotism, terrible signs of weakness in the loins of the Imperial regime—the financial embarrassment, the expense of the colossal war, and the great diminution of the receipts of the Empire tell a story of declining confidence and proximate collapse. The robbery of the hospitals to furnish more money for the expedition by the Credit Mobilier of the right of way across Central America. Both indicate the same great, staring, frightful fact—the approach of public, general, sweeping bankruptcy.

It was esteemed by the French journals a triumphant finale for France to have escaped the storm which swept over America and Europe in the latest months of last year. Every financial department of the Empire, is the only country whose finances and trade are in such a condition that she can meet a monetary crisis without serious convulsions. They forget two things: first, that France is no commercial country, that she has no manufactures dependent for their sale on domestic trade, no shipping to speak of, no extensive ramifications in the commercial centers of Europe; and, secondly, that France is one of the conveniences of despotism to be able, for a time, to arrest the operation of natural economic laws. France, like Austria, whose foreign commerce is mostly in the hands of foreigners, and whose internal trade is paralyzed by restrictions, can actually experience profit from embarrassments which involved the commercial world only. And it was in the power of the Government to adopt the shrewd policy of the Republicans of 1848, and for a time to arrest disaster and discontent among the manufacturing classes by hiring employees to bire them, and paying the cost of the operation. No such suicidal scheme could ever be put in operation by the monarchy or in England; nor, if it could, would it have been seriously proposed in any nation where public opinion had influence in government; for the simple reason that such rebellions against inexorable laws only retard and aggravate the final crash when it comes. But the French Government had neither the knowledge nor the fortitude to meet the crisis bravely. It shrieked, and, as we said, took money which happened to be in one pocket and disbursed it with the other. It averted a revolution at the cost of a general fall in the funds.

The embarrassment which now throws the Emperor of the French so completely into the hands of the military and the clergy, has its purpose to despoil the hospitals—which compels the financial department of the Empire to publish statements as absurdly fallacious as any that ever emanated from an American Railway Company—to be traced in a great degree to the influence of the late revulsion. As the innocent stockholder in our great corporate enterprises is unable to discover how much his company spends, how much it receives, and what its net balance is at the end of the year; so the French citizen seeks in vain, at the present time, to find out from the published statements how much the Treasury has—how much France owes, how much she has spent, what her income is, and what her expenditures. All these are State secrets: the reports which purport to reveal them are intended to conceal the facts, and succeed admirably in their object. It is said in Congress to-day that it cost to avert the revulsion. No one but the Emperor and a few of his confidential friends know what the financial condition of France is at the present time: though every one knows that it must be desperate.

Financial embarrassments are the key to political revolutions in every country. In such countries as the United States and Great Britain they may be overcome by a government which has the nerve to tell the truth, and to tax the people freely. In France, autocrats have no such resource. Extra taxation there is impracticable, for the reason that the people are too poor to pay great taxes. Any addition to the annual levy which would not be noticed here, could not be gathered in France at all. The trash and fine of the people have not the means to pay more than they do. They might be used, sold out, or imprisoned; but no matter what was done, they could not pay an additional centime, and could not be made to pay. That is the reason why every successful conspiracy against their will succeeds in France way when the finances came to a dead lock; that is the secret of the peril which now menaces the Empire.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

IT is said that Mr. Commissioner Reed, who represents the United States in China, has resigned his office, and is about to return home. It is not stated that Mr. Reed is dissatisfied with what he has seen in the great drama which is now being performed in China; but as much may be suspected. Could Mr. Reed have remained, the United States might co-operate with the European powers in urging their protest demands on the Celestial Government without compromising their neutral attitude.

KILLING NO MURDER IN NEW YORK.

WHEN, some years ago, an unhappy gentleman, the victim of acute and excruciating disease, killed, in the State of New York, a fraudulent schoolmaster who had chastised his brother, and was acquitted therefor by a Kentucky jury, the fact of the acquittal was a cause of indignation, and proclaimed that killing was no murder in Kentucky. The criminal records of this State will show that it is quite as easy to prove that whatever may be the practice in Kentucky, under no circumstances can homicide be called legal murder in the State of New York.

The legal distinction between murder and manslaughter is so clear that it can be grasped by the meanest intellect. Manslaughter is homicide committed under circumstances which, without actually justifying the act, go far to palliate it. If a man runs a gentleman foolishly out of window, without designing harm to any one, and kills his neighbor, it is manslaughter. If, when a man is assaulted by another, and, without having been menaced so seriously that his life is in danger, kills his assailant, it is manslaughter. And again, when a man has received a grievous injury at the hands of another, and kills him to revenge it, he can not plead under the nature of the injury, and where it is really very grave, to find a verdict of manslaughter. But when a man, under the most imperious provocation, and in wait for an unoffending person and kills him, or, in a burst of passion, kills a person who has inflicted a very severe injury, and injures him mortally, the act is murder, not manslaughter.

These principles shed a reliable light on the case of Patrick Lilly, the man who killed Mr. Simonson at Brooklyn, and who has just been found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. The offense of the victim in this case was a remonstrance against the use of profane language. For this he was first knocked down, and that the language used by Simonson justified his murder. It seems, indeed, to have been actually made a justification rather to benefit than to injure Patrick Lilly. Yet the latter followed it up by deliberately and premeditatedly expelling the death. Upon this, the Brooklyn jury found Patrick Lilly guilty, not of murder, but of manslaughter in the second degree!

The same general practice, in a different form, is exemplified in other recent cases. Cannan has been three times tried for a very clear case of murder, and hardly convicted at last. Mrs. Cunningham lives in some disguised retirement, and is not known to have been the resentment against the wiles and devices of the New York bar: a feeling which, it is said, excedes Dean shares. In Stowe, the convicted

murderer of his brother-in-law Littles, has been granted a new trial; let us give the country bar credit for shrewdness enough to equal their city confrères in the art of squeezing a sympathizer or accomplice into the jury-box. His sister and coadjutor in crime has not yet been brought to trial. One of the murderers of Teresa Spitzlein has escaped from the prison to which he was sentenced; another, the principal in the affair, after being rescued from the gallows by the ill-judged lenity of a weak Governor, now patiently awaits the pardon which can not fail to be shortly granted. In a word, no form of murder in this State insures its author the only penalty which experience proves to be efficacious for the repression of such crimes. You may kill a man in a fit of passion, or kill him from revenge; kill him in a house, or kill him in the street; kill a friend, or kill a stranger; batter his brains out with a paving-stone, throw him in the river with a chain-shot round his neck, or run him through with a knife: it is all one to Courts of law in New York—they will not find you guilty of murder.

Lord Mansfield, whose decisions form a large part of our common law, used to say that it mattered but little what the law was, so long as it was uniform, and every one could ascertain what it was. In accordance with this sensible opinion, it now devolves upon the people of this State—not to complain of the innovation which judges, governors, juries, and prosecutors have tacitly effected in the law, but to accept it, such as it is, and govern themselves accordingly. Many excellent remedies have been proposed. It is suggested that the judges should be appointed by the Governor, to hold office during good behavior, instead of being elected as they now are. It is argued that we ought to adopt the French plan of allowing a majority of jurors to convict. It is urged that the pardoning power should be taken away from the Governor and vested in a board of officers—as is the case in New Jersey.

All these suggestions appear to be well founded and well meant. But, in the absence of any probability of their being soon acted upon, it will be well for the people of this State to take for granted that in the present condition of the law, and as it is at present administered, killing is no murder in the State of New York; and that it is far better to kill than to run any risk of being killed.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULLKIN.

On the 29th May the Lounger, in some few and innocent observations which stirred up his Chicago friend, suggested the probable course of England in respect of the troubles. He willingly grants that it evinced no very profound perspicacity, but who does not like to be proved a prophet? After stating why England would not care to proceed to war with America, and allowing that the two countries ought always to dwell together in amity, the Lounger concluded: "In fact, there are many reasons why Mr. John will probably reprove his silly little officers, and inform Jonathan, with an air of loftiness, that he need not lose his temper for nothing."

So it proves. John is even more upon Jonathan's side than Jonathan himself; and certainly the mere tone of the remarks in Parliament upon the subject contrasts favorably with the high cock-a-lorum flavor of our Congressional effusions. There are instances, undoubtedly, little creditable to the demeanor of the British House of Commons; but, upon the whole, its demeanor is infinitely more dignified than that of our Congress. Let all honor be paid to good manners! A polite scoundrel, even, is certainly preferable to a boorish one. But the blandishment of manner should never blind us to facts. Because we are heady and hot, it does not follow that we are wrong; nor must the cool tranquillity of John mean more than it really does. It may be a surprising truth to many minds, but England is not less selfish than other nations.

While, therefore, we grant her all credit for the prompt and gentlemanly manner in which she treats the present matter, it is well to remember that there may be many reasons for her so doing; and, as it is very near the Fourth of July, an impetuous patriot may even whisper to himself—with a view only of keeping himself on guard, and not with any intention of offense—"Would Master John Bull be such a mannerly Bullkin if Jonathan were only half his height?"

PRACTICAL MEN.

Kossuth's Hungarian stock was held to be a pretty poor investment, and there was a loud laugh when a noted merchant bought a few thousand old muskets, if not saddles. Practical men wanted to know how any body could throw his money away so foolishly—particularly the practical men whose funds were invested in New England factory stock and Erie Railroad. Practical men are perpetually wondering why people make fools of themselves; and so practical men quiz an engineer who suggests that railroad-carriages can be drawn at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. Practical men put their thumbs in their waistcoats, and lean back in parliamentary easy chairs, shaking their feet and sucking tooth-picks, and request the engineer to understand that practical scientific men have reduced it to figures that it can not be done. Presently it *is* done. Then practical men want to know why people may not be shot along a tunnel like beans through a tin tube? Practical men rush to invest all their money in railroads—rush to prostrate themselves before the great railway king—and when practical men have put all their eggs into one basket, down goes the basket, and smash go the eggs. Practical men "went in" for Mr. George Law, and the Mississippi scheme, and the South Sea bubble—and sneered at George Stephenson. Practical men built the Thames tunnel; and, about a dozen years ago, the steamship *Great Britain*; and practical men have just launched the *Leviathan*, which needs only a million of dollars to be put into sailing order, after which she will make eight voyages in the year, and clear, as net profit for the subscribers, seven hundred thousand dollars annually. Practical men will probably laugh at the Kossuth subscribers over the wine they buy with their *Leviathan* dividends.

A COURT OF HONOR.

In consideration of the recent personal difficulties in Congress, and the impossibility of making laws for the country without the exchange of insults among honorable gentlemen of all parties, proposals are hereby issued for the appointment of a Grand Central National Tribunal of Honor:

I. Said Court shall consist of two representatives of each of the great parties—one taken from the Senate, and the other from the House.

II. It shall be in permanent session.

III. Whenever honorable gentlemen exchange the lie, or a pull of the nose, they shall resume their seats.

IV. A Committee of friends shall instantly bring the case before the Tribunal.

V. The Tribunal shall adjudge that if Mr. A called Mr B a sniveler, he reflected upon his manliness; but if Mr. B retorted with the lie, he aspersed Mr. A's honor. Consequently both were naturally excited, but used expressions which they did not exactly mean. Each, therefore, is to blame; each regrets, and each apologizes.

VI. In consideration that all valor should have a public and permanent recognition, it is decreed that every honorable gentleman whose honor has been pacified by the Court shall be invested with the dignity of the order of Touchstone. The insignia of the order to consist of a leather medal, on which shall be painted a bubble on glass, with an *if* rampant on the bubble.

VII. When Senators and Representatives cease to bandy the lie upon the floor the Court of Honor shall cease to exist, and each house of Congress shall be considered an honorable body.

A PAIR OF LORDS.

It is announced that the son of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Edward Cavendish, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, son of the Marquis of Westminster, are coming over to see us. How the English young ladies must sigh! How deserted the ball-room without Lord Edward and Lord Richard! Those young gentlemen will doubtless miss their accustomed homage. They are coming now among simple republican girls, and must not expect to have profound cheeses made before them by the freshest and stiffest crinoline. If there is one thing pleasanter to know than another, it is that the American young lady is never imposed upon by titles. She receives the son of a London tradesman with the same affability as the heir of a duke. She is a practical democrat, and prefers him, of all her admirers, who is most devoted to liberal ideas and generous sympathies. The heart of the American young lady never flutters in the presence of young English lords. It prefers worth to wealth, candor to a carriage, and devotion to diamonds. It makes no calculation of available matches; gilded gout it passes by, to bestow itself upon industrious youth, health, and affection; and even where youth, health, and affection are rich, the heart of the American young lady wishes they were poor, that it might show its disinterested preference.

A RAREE SHOW.

England and France have been enjoying this exhibition for several months. Every steamer has brought us conspicuous notices of the marvels wrought by Mr. Rarey upon wild horses. In all the empires there is no animal so vicious but Mr. Rarey will accomplish him for the boudoir in half an hour. It is as wonderful as the guano which was to grow the salad while you were eating your dinner. Mr. Rarey's favorite pillow is the heels of a kicking horse. He makes the animal defer respectfully to the bridle and solicit the whip. He performs as many wonders upon him as Vieuxtemps on the violin or Thalberg on the piano. He is the great equinist of the age.

There have been many secrets for taming horses, but Mr. Rarey's seems to be the best of all. Unfortunately he is not wealthy enough to treat the world to a knowledge of his spell; but all who see its operation, or who have paid the fee for knowing it, seem to be perfectly satisfied. Chloroform has been suggested; but it is evidently not that, for there is no kind of stupor, and the docility of the animal is perfectly intelligent. Tying up one of the front legs and urging the horse upon three legs is a theory which has its probabilities and very serious supporters; but that process requires more time and practice than is asked by Mr. Rarey. In fact, nobody has yet satisfactorily suggested the Rarey method.

Nor is his skill confined to horses. He has recently been taming a zebra; and there may be no limit to the range of his power. Perhaps there is some common secret of subjection, which, once discovered, will bring all animals under our reasonable control, even to offering themselves willing sacrifices to our sustentation. Fish will lay themselves up on the bank, convenient for the cook; deer will come trotting in, and pass into venison without a pang; cows and oxen will moo their innocuous lives away, and pigs lay them down an' dee.

These, of course, will be the ultimate results. We must not be greedy, and hope for every thing at once.

At a recent exhibition of Mr. Rarey's skill in Manchester, he was put to a very rough trial. He had agreed to meet any horse that might be brought to the arena; and a bleacher who owned a mare, the most powerful and most vicious animal in the county, sent her by his groom with orders to take off the halter and turn her in. He did so—although to remove the halter was hardly fair—and the mare immediately kicked, and plunged, and rushed at Mr. Rarey so furiously that the ladies of the audience, fearful of seeing his brains dashed out, withdrew, and most of the company with them. Within five minutes of their departure they returned to find that Mr. Rarey had bridled the mare, and presently laid his head upon those late so restive heels!

Our own private theory is that Mr. Rarey is a medium, and that the spirits hold the horses for him. The only objection to this view is that in the case of tables the spirits make them kick up, instead of causing them to remain quiet. But then horses are not tables. Tables are made of wood, and when Mr. Rarey tries upon clothes-horses who knows but they may turn the tables upon him, and begin to kick up?

We can not, therefore, be too careful where we hang our clean linen.

SUMMER SPORTS.

The season of college anniversaries is at hand: days of perspiring crowds in hot churches listening to long orations and poems occasionally crackling with puns; days of valedictory ambition and the eloquence of twenty; days of galleries of crinoline quivering with fans, of handsome orators in black gowns, and of bounteous piles of bouquets; of alumni dinners, réunion, and reminiscence; of Presidential levees and flirtations in the garden; of Champagne, punch, and auld lang syne; days longed for, regretted, and forever remembered—nights of moonlight, serenades, and tears.

But the Commencement season is ceasing to be all sentiment, eloquence, Champagne, and music. The old Greeks, at their games, remembered the claims of the body—not of its enjoyment only, but of its health—and consequently, while Plato listened to Herodotus, and the echo of Pindar still lingered, they leaped and wrestled, raced in chariots and on foot, knowing that the State must have able-bodied as well as strong-minded citizens. The nearer we can come to the Greeks in these points the better it will be for us; and it is a good sign of the times that this year a regatta of college boats is to take place, probably upon the Connecticut River, in which Harvard and Yale will contend for the palm. At Harvard there are more than two hundred students upon the roll of the boat-clubs; of which there are eleven, owning boats with six or eight oars each. Will some Yale boatman send the Lounger the details of his college?

How soon shall we have the college cricket-matches, foot-ball, and the rest? It is high time that we exploded the old theory of the scholar—that he is a weak and puny, round-shouldered, pale-cheeked, hollow-eyed, tottering, nervous, and shy schoolmaster. Let us prove that he can row and wrestle with men as well as dictionaries and grammars.

DELICATE GROUND.

Marshal Pelissier, the present French Embassador in London, lately exchanged compliments with the Duke d'Aumale, one of the sons of Louis Philippe, and it was rumored, in consequence, that he would be recalled. But the *Times* says he will hardly be more than censured. If Louis Napoleon has not utterly lost his head—which really seems to have been blown off, or up, by the affair of the 14th January—he will not alienate the most conspicuous general in his army. In fact, there are certain things he is pretty sure not to do, of which the most comprehensive class is that which concerns the reproof of any thing or any body military. In the present conflict between the army and the press the Emperor is compelled to favor the army, and there is very little doubt that Louis Napoleon will occupy his throne long enough to disabuse the mind of Europe and America of the idea that he is a great man in any just sense of the word.

Perhaps there was never a more fortunate conjuncture of circumstances than in his case. He inherited the name of Napoleon, which, no less by its misfortunes than its glory, was a charm in France. He had a fair natural capacity, and the talent—which, in a public player, is genius—of profound reticence. He was personally brave, and had every thing to gain, with nothing to lose. France was heaving and uncertain in the hands of a revolution which frightened itself. He came to it when it lay under strong military rule—when the people were wanting repose—when there was no sense of security. He was elected President, certainly upon no ground of the ability he had ever shown, for his public career in France began at Strasbourg and ended at Boulogne. As President he was brought in official contact with the army, and the rest was a foregone conclusion.

The capital of the country and the conservative feeling were naturally in favor of a strong, peaceable Government; the popular sentiment, fostered by the Church, was charmed with the "Napoleon idea" and name, and his accession to absolute power required only a stern resolution and an unshrinking hand. So he seized the power; but to maintain and confirm it is a different thing.

That is what he is engaged in doing, and every month exposes the poverty of his real ability. He is less securely seated to-day, after six years of opportunity, than he was on the week after his *coup*. Poor little Prince Imperial! how earnestly his mother Eugénie must wish he were only a peasant boy, playing on the banks of the Guadalquiver, or the Thames, or the Hudson, or any river that did not water France.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"Dear Lounger,—If you know the address of any of the Hog family, of whom you have often spoken, and whom I constantly meet, I wish you would send the inclosed. It comes, I think, from the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and has a sub-acid flavor which is very agreeable in the warm weather. Yours, Traveler.

"'1. Do not puddle a car, where there are ladies, with tobacco-juice—it dirties their dresses.

"'2. A young and healthy man should not occupy more than two seats. Twice as much room as an old lady or gentleman requires is enough for the cloak, bandbox, carpet-bag, and books of a merchant's clerk on a collecting tour.

"'3. Courting should be done at home. The world does not make a sufficient allowance for amours in the cars. When people are seen to be uncommonly affectionate in the cars, the by-standers are apt to make remarks.

"'4. Ladies who must wear hoops in traveling should not make them two yards in diameter, as that is the greatest width with which they can be conveniently seated.

"'5. Men should not talk in the cars more than doubly as loud as they do in any other place, lest they should injure their voice.

"'6. Children who are three or four years old, and in habit of crying for every thing they see without being punished, should be kept at home till their parents learn how to govern them.

"'7. If the first and last of these rules can not be observed, then the tobacco-puddlers and the parents who never punish should be put in the same car together, to enjoy each other's company.'"

Dear Hog,—I have been requested to send you the above extract, and beg leave to recommend that you should cut it out, carry it in your pocket-book, and read it every night and morning. Yours truly, The Lounger.

—A Reader, *Hackensville, Georgia*, should remember that the superlative of the Latin *felix* has but one *l*; and so with *infelix*. Let him ask the schoolmasters about that. Herbert was certainly *most unhappy!*

"*June*, '58.

"Ever-needful Lounger,—Your wide-spread amiability and India-rubberness of temper, tell me that, with safety, I may to you make my complaints. Then, to begin, I must say I am so tired of this dull monotony every where pervading.

"If I were a man I'd collect an army, go off to Utah, and scatter the Mormons to the 'ends of the earth'—that place where all loving maidens persist in accompanying their lovers.

"Oh, if there only could be a war between England and America it would be comfortable! I could then find something to do. No doubt but that I should be a second 'Joan of Arc'—all but the burning, which part of the career I should most religiously avoid.

"Do propose something which shall dispel the tedium; then imagine every rain-drop (and, goodness knows! we have plenty of them) to be the essence of a bundle of thanks from your correspondent. More sorrows anon.

"Yours in *ennui*, S. D."

—The Lounger is clearly not the person for S. D. to apply to. Let her seek consolation of the belligerent Senators and Representatives who sympathize fully with her war views.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I was very glad indeed to see our worthy postmaster listening attentively to the lectures delivered at Mozart Hall for the relief of the Shirt-sewers' Union, in which, you remember, the whole question of women's capabilities was discussed from every point of view. Those lectures have not been without effect, for I notice that a woman has been appointed to deliver letters at the ladies' window in our city post-office. Isn't this the first instance of the kind?

"Yours, respectfully, Anna Maria."

—Anna Maria is surely aware that in many country towns, both in this country and in England, there is such a phenomenon as a *postmistress*. Mr. Postmaster Fowler has merely, in this instance, reversed the Mormon rule, and ordained that a female shall distribute the mails.

"Respected Sir,—You spoke last week of an original portrait of Dr. Franklin, now for sale in Paris. Have you noticed that it has been purchased by a gentleman in Boston, the city in which Franklin was born?

"Your obedient servant, Optics."

—Here is a tempting invitation to all Loungers:

"Near 'Brown's Tract,' *June*, 1858.

"Lounger,—When I consulted my doctor this spring, he prescribed Labrador! I shook my head. 'Are there no other waters?' 'The Northwoods for the season,' he replied; by which, I *took* it, he meant trout-fishing. So here I am, on the banks of the Black River, whose waters—of an amber color, on a near view—seem black, a river of ink, a contrast to other streams. Think of it! a river of ink, with the foliage of the Northwoods over it, in June! Unless you have seen the sight itself—this particular only mirror of the kind—you can not possibly come up to the conception of what is here seen every day, unconcernedly, by the lumbermen.

"A great black serpent winding through the wilderness (come and see its coils). Oh Heaven, what coves! quiet retreats, where the fair heaven is held in a fringe of beauty, and the balsam, the spruce, and the larch rear their saplings. You see only their shape and foliage—cones, as if Art had been there. 'Lovely' is the word I apply to these cone-pictures by the First Artist. But these mirrors are sometimes disturbed, in their greatest placidity, when sunset colors them. The trout then breaks the surface, dallying with golden insects and snowy moths. It is but a flash of the fierce inhabitant, and then the circles run for the shore. The 'Compleat Angler'—I say it upon the authority of a fisherman—has nothing like this. Its trout are great ebon fellows, with saffron-colored bellies, and spots of crimson on their broad, dark sides—flesh, a rich orange.

"It is here, my dear Idler, that I play the fly, of a sunset, when all the odors of *pinus* are out on the moist air—the Northwoods' 'sheets that smell of lavender.' My seat is of moss, and the ground-ivy is constantly disputing it with me. At every change of seat, or turn, a stream of fragrance goes up, telling the harm I am doing. I have lost several trout in answering this complaint of the herb. There is another complainer at this hour—the whip-poor-will. Soon July will deepen the colors of my picture; the trout will be less venturesome, but more fierce; the moth more tempting; the fish more toothsome. Meanwhile the 'Tract' is overrun with 'pot-hunters'—to use a phrase of the unhappy Herbert's—whom the fly and the mosquito are fast clearing out. Then—if the Lounger has a taste for the thing, and the *courage*—'the more flies the more trout,' is the adage here. F. G."



DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

EMIGRANTS, AND EMIGRANT LIFE.

THATE AGE, a Canadian governor—not by any means a quick-witted personage, or gifted with deep sensibility—wrote an intensely interesting book, entitled "The Emigrant." Therein he depicted the trials of the exile, from the hour of his departure from his native soil to his final settlement in the land of promise; the naked recital of facts was so touching that thousands read the book eagerly, and the author began to be mistaken for a man of literary talent.

The trials, privations, disappointments, and ultimate rewards of the European emigrant to America, yet await their Homer. No writer has done justice to the domestic romance of the emigrant's fortunes. They are an unexplored mine of pathos, suffering, and hope; rich in yield to him who shall delve therein in the proper spirit, and with the proper tools.

From the hour of his departure to the hour of his settlement on his final resting-place, the emigrant is a prey to human vultures. At the great ports where emigrants embark in the Old World—Liverpool, Limerick, Glasgow, Belfast, Bremen, Amsterdam, Havre—a brood of hungry rascals earn a fat livelihood by cheating them. Some are tricked into purchasing spurious tickets; others are duped into the acquisition of worthless stores; many are robbed outright. The most fortunate are they who simply pay a bonus to the sharks for tickets which are good, certainly, but which are sold at an advance over their proper cost. The business is most profitable at Liverpool—which is the largest emigrant depôt of the Old World—and the chief dupes are the Irish. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, possess a native shrewdness which often protects them against sharpers. The expatriated Irish cotter falls an easy prey to the first swindler he meets. There is a firm in Liverpool—they are rich merchants now—which has carried on the business of swindling Irish emigrants systematically for years. They have had a house in New York and New Orleans; boarding-houses in both those places and in Liverpool; runners not only in the United States and in the port of embarkation in England, but in every emigration district in Ireland. For years this firm has pursued the policy of deliberately fleecing emigrants. It rarely wastes time on the poorer classes, such as those which are shipped to Quebec or Baltimore; but it hardly ever lets an emigrant of the latter class out of its clutches till he has parted with his last dollar.

Once on board ship, and the cruel parting with friends over, the emigrant falls a prey to a new class of masters, the sailors. Enough has been printed about the trials to which young emigrant girls are subject. Both sexes, and all ages, are the victims of a tyranny which is none the less grinding because nautical discipline may justify or excuse it. At sailing, the steerage passengers are mustered, and the emigrant learns—from the blows and jeers of the mate and crew—that he is "under authority." The whole passage confirms this first impression. Sailors interfere with his feeding, his sleeping, and his exercise. If he be ill—as is most easy to be—his sufferings provoke jibes, where they do not lead to violent correction, from the officer of the watch. He may die if he chooses, but he must not soil the purity of the deck or the steerage. To cook his food properly, he must fight man-



EMIGRANT WOMEN.

fully. To protect his wife and daughters, he must unite imposing strength with unusual courage. To resist the brutality of the crew, he must share their pugnacity, and surpass them in shrewdness.

At last the voyage is over, and the emigrant lands on American soil. In odious time his condition at this stage in his progress was truly pitiable. Federal, State, and municipal authorities regarded him with as much indifference as if he had been a bale of cheap goods. Scoundrels of the very lowest calibre—emigrant runners—mixed him, and made him their own. If he had any money, they robbed him of it. If he had a pretty wife or daughters, they stole them too, if they could. If he had neither money nor daughters, they merely took his luggage. It was well for him if, after having been robbed of all he had, he was not beaten to death, or entrapped into committing crimes which transferred him almost directly from the emigrant vessel to Blackwell's Island or the State Prison. His temptations were of his own kith and kin. The rascal emigrants to rob were the Irish; and the majority of emigrant runners belonged to the same race. The brogue was part of their capital in trade.

This is ancient history now. A few years ago, the railways of this State grew jealous of emigrant runners, and proposed to monopolize the business. With the aid of certain politicians, they established an emigrant depôt at Castle Garden, in the city of New York, where immigrants are now landed, and whence they are forwarded to their destination. Into this depôt the old class of robbers known as runners are not openly permitted to enter. It is a vast improvement on the old system; though whether it be itself tainted with corruption appears to be matter of debate.

There seems to be some doubt whether European emigration to the United States will continue. Of late years it has greatly fallen off. This year it will not, most probably, amount to one-third what it was a few years since. Germany has thrown off its surplus. Ireland has got rid of its starving thousands, and there is more elbow-room for those who remain behind. Until some convulsion disturb peaceful trade and industry in Europe, there is no reason to suppose that immigrants will flow into the United States at the same rate as formerly; though, so long as we have vacant lands and political privileges to offer, we can hardly fail to levy a large percentage upon the increase of the European people.

LITERARY.

ABOUT a year ago, in noticing a little volume published by Carter & Brothers, entitled THE WAY HOME, a pleasant and touching family story, we remarked upon the fact that an incident was related of a certain Lord N——, whose mother was the author of the well-known lyric, "The Land of the Leal," and we then suggested that an inquiry in the church-yard at Bruseels for the grave of Lord N—— would inform us who was the lady referred to, and enable us to ascertain the name of the author of one of the most delightful poems in the language. This casual remark created an amusing excitement among a class of small critics, and a dingy New York street made itself merry over our supposed ignorance. Among the numerous issues which were brought out by our remark, none was more amusing than a letter from a very indignant Scotchman to a Canada paper, which he probably marked and sent to us. He boiled over with indignation, and said, "How very ignorant some would-be literary critics are of their own business, especially among the Americans!"

All these gentlemen were oppressed with the idea that "The Land of the Leal" was by Burns.

No one acquainted with the poetry of Burns had ever attributed it to him. It has not in thought or construction any resemblance to Burns; and although some such persons as we have mentioned might have considered it his, the authorship of this delicious little poem has long been a subject of discussion among literary men.

The matter escaped our attention at the time, but has since been revived, and we are glad to be able to settle the question by authority of private letters from itself merry over our supposed ignorance. Among the numerous issues which were brought out by our remark, none was more amusing than a letter from a very indignant Scotchman to a Canada paper, which he probably marked and sent to us. He boiled over with indignation, and said, "How very ignorant some would-be literary critics are of their own business, especially among the Americans!"

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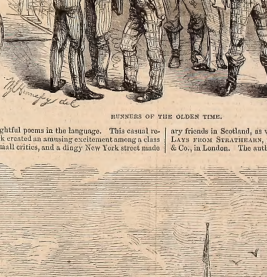


EMIGRANTS.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favor of 20th ult. I beg to state, that there is no doubt whatever that the late Countess of Nairne was the author of the beautiful lyric referred to. In 'The Wee House,' at page 29, you will find it so stated for a fact, and in a work published by Addison & Co., of London, entitled 'Lays from Strathearn,' which contains all the poetical pieces of the gifted Countess, 'The Land of the Leal' appears among these. I will have the pleasure of sending you a copy of this work; and turn to pages 14 and 15, and you will there find it. There is a short biography prefixed to the volume, from which I extract the following sentences:

"'Passing one afternoon through a village where the yearly market was being held, the elder Countess, heard young voices singing in a favorite air words which she disliked. Returning homeward through Strathearn to the old Mansion House of Gask where her childhood and youth were passed, and which is described so touchingly in "The Auld House," the desire arose to remodel some of those old songs and to write new ones. "The occasion of an agricultural dinner," says Dr. Rogers, in his sketch of Lady Nairne, in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," afforded her a fitting opportunity of making trial of her success in the good work she had begun. To the President of the meeting were sent some sweetly humorous stanzas, entitled, "The Jacobites," and the production being publicly read, was received with much approbation. She was then encouraged to proceed in her self-imposed task, and to this early period of her life may be ascribed some of her best lyrics. "The Land o' the Leal," at the close of the century, was sung in every district of the kingdom. This song was written for a bereaved friend, and became widely known long before its name was whispered in connection with it. Some years later she added the verse,

"'Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,
Sae fine the battle fought, John,
That nane's mair e'er brought
To the Land o' the Leal.'



BUSINESS OF THE OLDEN TIME.



EMIGRANT-LANDING IN NEW YORK.

Nor was it easy for her to preserve her *incognita*, as she frequently found herself in companies who disputed about the origin of "The Land o' the Leal," and was appealed to for her opinion regarding it.'"

"So much about the poem in question. Of her latter days it is said,

"'For some years previous, and subsequent to the death of her only child, Lord Nairne, at Brussels, in 1837, she resided at different places on the Continent; yet even when these days came which left her no longer any ties to earth, and when to sing songs in her presence would have been as mockery, the old melodies were not banished. Still, she would ask for "Triumphal arch which fill'st the sky," etc., to the air of "Jock o' Hazeldean" or the tune of "Drink to me only," to such words as these:

"The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven," etc.

She returned to Scotland at the request of her nephew, Mr. Oliphant, of Gask, at whose residence she died in 1845.'"

We trust that the indignant Scotchman at Kingston will not revile the memory of his favorite poet because he did not write what the Countess of Nairne did write, but will make a decent apology for his stupidity, and buy a copy of The Way Home and another of the Lays from Strathearn.

Mr. Sotheby has sold at auction the entire impression of his work on Block Books, which, our readers probably know, were books printed before the invention of movable type. The work is very elegant, containing fac-similes. Copies were purchased for the Astor and other American libraries. The first copy brought £10 10*s*., and the entire number, 215, were sold at that rate.

The *Literary Gazette* (London) is publishing a very interesting series of letters from Vice-consul Newton, on his explorations at Buddrum, the site of the Mausoleum. Mr. Newton's labors have been great, and crowned with abundant success.

Sixty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty florins have been collected for a monument of Luther at Worms. It is to be erected in the Cathedral.

The name of Calypso has been given to the fifty-third asteroid discovered on the 4th April. We notice less the discovery of a planet than of a new rock in an ocean.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 14th instant, in the Senate, it was agreed that 6 P.M. that day should be the hour for adjournment. Many private matters were discussed. The Senate, on suggestion of the Conference Committee, receded from its amendments to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, and it was passed by 33 to 17. Senator Seward moved a vote of thanks to Vice-President Breckinridge, which was agreed to unanimously. Most of the day was devoted to executive business.——In the House, miscellaneous business of an unimportant character was transacted. All unfinished business was handed over to the next session. It being agreed that six was to be the hour for an adjournment, the Committee appointed for the purpose reported before that hour that they had waited on the President, who had no communication to make, and thereupon both Houses of Congress adjourned.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

Immediately on the adjournment of Congress, the President issued a proclamation convening the Senate in special session. That body met accordingly on 15th June, and a committee waited upon the President to inform him that the Senate was ready to receive any communication. Senator Green presented a memorial from Benjamin W. Perkins, for relief against alleged oppression by the Russian Government. Senator Mason introduced the resolutions of the Committee on Foreign Relations on the British outrages, and speeches thereon were made by Senators Mason, Wade, Benjamin, Doolittle, Clingman, Bayard, and others. Senator Douglas made a personal explanation in connection with State politics in Illinois, and was answered by Senators Bigler and Trumbull. The Senate then went into executive session.

On 16th June the Senate went into executive session, and confirmed a number of appointments. The resolutions on the outrages were then passed unanimously. They are as follows:

Resolved (as the judgment of the Senate), that American vessels on the high seas, in time of peace, bearing the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore any visitation, molestation, or detention of such vessel by force, or by the exhibition of force, on the part of a foreign power, is in derogation of the sovereignty of the United States.

Resolved, That the recent and repeated violations of this immunity, committed by vessels of war belonging to the navy of Great Britain in the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent seas, by firing into, interrupting, and otherwise forcibly detaining them on their voyage, requires, in the judgment of the Senate, such unequivocal and final disposition of the subject by the Government of Great Britain and the United States, touching the rights involved, as shall satisfy the just demands of this Government, and preclude hereafter the occurrence of like aggressions.

Resolved, That the Senate fully approves the action of the Executive in sending a naval force into the infested seas with orders "to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention by the vessels of war of any other nation." And it is the opinion of the Senate that, if it become necessary, such additional legislation should be supplied in aid of the Executive power as will make such protection effectual.

The President having no further communication to make, the extraordinary session was adjourned.

THE OCEAN POSTAGE BILL.

The Ocean Postage Bill, one of the last appropriation bills passed, appropriates $346,500 for the transportation of the mails from New York to Liverpool, with a proviso that there be paid therefrom so much as may be required to procure the transportation of the mails on such days as the Collins steamers may fail to take them from New York. Out of this same appropriation is to be paid $16,757 for outward trips from New York to Liverpool in February and April, 1857, and February, March, and April, 1858, when the Collins line failed to perform the service, and a further sum of $35,000, or so much as may be necessary to enable the Postmaster General to procure the transportation of the mails from New York to Liverpool and back on the 24th of April, 8th and 22d of May, and 5th and 19th of June, 1858, if the Collins line fail to perform the service on those days. Two hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars is appropriated for the mails from New York to New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, Havre, Chagres, and back; $328,350 for the mails from Panama to California, Oregon, and back; $122,000 for the mails between San Francisco and Olympia; $32,400 for the mails on Puget Sound; $230,000 for the mails from New York via Southampton or Cowes to Havre; $50,000 for the mails between Charleston and Havana, and $100,000 for the mails across the Isthmus. It is not lawful for the Postmaster to make any steamship or other new contract for conveying the mails on sea for a longer period than two years, nor for any other compensation than sea and inland postages. He is authorized to cause the mails to be transported between the United States and by any lines for port or ports by steamships, paying therefor, if by an American vessel, sea and inland postage, and if by a foreign vessel sea postage only. Preference is always to be given to an American over a foreign steamship, when departing from the same port for the same destination within three days of each other.

EXPENSE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The following table, from the *Union*, shows how much the United States Government costs:

Regular Appropriations for the Service of the Year 1859.

Pension	$769,500 00
Indian, Regular	1,338,104 49
Indian, Supplemental	959,157 36
Indian, Deficiency	539,5 5 00
Consular and Diplomatic	912,120 00
Military Academy	182,804 00
Naval	14,508,354 23
Sundry civil	5,557,148 07
Legislative, Executive, and Judicial	6,134,063 61
Army	17,145,896 46
Mail Steamer	950,150 00
Post-office	3,500,000 00
Collecting revenue from imports, *permanent*, additional	1,150,000 00
Total	$53,458,233 22

To which add:

Treasury notes, 1858	$20,000 00	
Manufacture of arms, 1858	360,000 00	
Expenses of Investigating Committee, 1858	35,000 00	
Treaty with Denmark, 1858	408,731 44	
Deficiency in printing, etc., 1858	341,189 58	
Deficiency for the year 1858	9,704,209 89	
Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, Dis. of Columbia, 1858	3,000 00	
Expenses of Investigating Committee, 1858	12,000 00	
Clerks in Oregon to Register and Receiver, 1858	7,000 00	
Running Texas boundary line, 1858	80,000 00	
Incident to the loan of $20,000,000	5,000 00	—$10,976,130 91
		$64,434,364 13

Estimate:

Other appropriation bills not printed and *indefinite*, including all private bills	3,565,635 87
	$68,000,000 00

THE BRITISH OUTRAGES.

A messenger, bearing special dispatches from the British Admiral in the American seas to Lord Napier, arrived at Washington last week. The Admiral had given orders to the cruisers to desist from all interference with vessels bearing the American flag, and had promptly dispatched a fast vessel to cruisers on the coast of Cuba with these orders. As far as the Admiral and the vessels under his command are concerned, there will be no further trouble, at least until instructions arrive from England. Lord Napier reiterates the statement, now received from the Admiral, that no new orders had been given by the British government to the cruisers, and that they had acted with imprudent zeal upon orders given many years ago.

The resolutions of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations were passed, not because they would achieve any thing, but in order to produce a moral effect in England.

LATEST FROM UTAH.

Colonel Thomas L. Kane has arrived, having left Camp Scott on May 16th. He reports Governor Cumming having returned to Salt Lake City after making an ineffectual attempt to stop the Mormon hegira to the South. Salt Lake City and the northern settlements were nearly deserted, a few persons only remaining to guard the buildings. Forty thousand persons are said to be in motion—their trains extending for miles down the valley. The advanced trains were already three hundred miles distant. To evade answering where they are bound, they say they are going South; but their supposed destination is Cedar City, or some part of Sonora. There were no mules at Camp Scott. Colonel Hoffman's train was met twenty miles from the Platte bridge. Colonel Johnston would wait the arrival of the Peace Commissioners. The Indians were annoying the Mormons, call them squaws, and say they won't fight. Brigham Young had delivered the great seal, records, etc., which it was supposed had been destroyed, to Governor Cumming. The recent heavy rains extended far to the west, and all the streams are full.

GENERAL WALKER STIRRING AGAIN.

The New Orleans correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "You have heard and published the result of General Walker's trial. The termination was highly satisfactory to the little 'gray-eyed' man. He is still in this city, and is surrounded by followers as devoted as ever. His office is at 181 Custom-House Street, where, in company with General Henningsen, he can be seen every day, deeply engaged in writing, and directing singularly good-looking men as they come and go. Colonel Anderson will visit New York immediately.

"You may rest assured General Walker will proceed to Nicaragua immediately. He lives for no other purpose, and believes in no other destiny. His resources are greater now than ever, and his support in the United States more personal and powerful. When he goes your correspondent will take a trip to the tropics."

PERSONAL

Among the number of diplomatic and consular appointments sent in last week to the Senate were Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, Minister to Naples; E. T. Fair, of Alabama, Minister Resident to Belgium; and B. C. Yancy, of Georgia, Minister Resident to the Argentine Republic.

The President has tendered to Governor Winslow, of North Carolina, the Sardinian Mission, which the latter accepts. The delegation from North Carolina expresses great dissatisfaction, as they claimed a first-class mission.

The British Minister, Lord Napier, the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, and lady, accompanied by the Hon. Wm. H. Seward and others, arrived in Baltimore on the 16th inst., and left in the cars of the Northern Central Railroad Company on a trip of pleasure, to visit the mineral regions of Pennsylvania, and the works of internal improvement connected therewith. At Harrisburg they were to be joined by the Hon. Simon Cameron, and after visiting the great southern coal-field, on the line of the Northern Central Railroad, they will pass into the valley of the Schuylkill, where they will be received by Mr. Cullin, the President of the Reading Railroad Company, and conducted through the coal-fields tributary to that road.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says: "It has been remarked often that the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means is the leader of the House. The gentleman who now occupies this position, Mr. J. Glancy Jones, fully believes this doctrine, and acts upon the belief, as you will see from two incidents, which are characteristic of the man. Yesterday, when one of the Appropriation bills was up, and the House having heard a Senate amendment read, and being willing to adopt it without discussion, cried out, 'Question! question!' when Mr. Jones coolly remarked: '*If I hear that cry again, I will speak half an hour!*'

"To-day, when the Loan bill was under consideration, after Mr. Burlingame's speech, Mr. Jones arose to close the argument, and when through with the movements that usually precede his speeches, the House feared that he was about to ventilate his ideas in reply, and some of his friends, *sotto voce*, intimated the hope that he would be short, as time was precious, when Mr. Jones drew himself up and declared that, 'I shall take what time I please, and when I please, and gentlemen will do well to remember that such is my practice.'"

Another Washington letter writer says: "There is a capital story in circulation here about that Indiana Congressman, Foley, upon whom so strong a *spell* was laid by his famous letter. One of the New York members said to him, 'Well, Foley, they rather had you in that letter, didn't they?' 'Yes,' said Foley, 'rather so. Well, I *writ* it, that's a fact; but they *mutilated* it most d——bly in publishing it!' It is thought here that it will require a good deal of mucilage to work Foley again down the throats of his constituents."

Archbishop Hughes attended at Albany last week before the Grand Jury, as an applicant for an indictment against the Albany *Statesman*, for a libel contained in certain letters exposing a society which it claims exists under the title of the "Circle of Jesus." After hearing the Archbishop's testimony, the Grand Jury refused to indict, on the ground that if the matter is libelous against the Archbishop it should be prosecuted in New York, where he lives, and not at the expense of Albany county. The Archbishop then offered to bear the expenses of the prosecution; but the bill was refused by the Grand Jury.

Mr. Wm. C. Bryant, in a letter from Rome to *The Evening Post*, says:

"You have heard of the death of poor Bartholomew, the sculptor. He came to the hotel at Naples, where I was, the evening before I went with my family to Castellamare. I was absent a week; and when I came back he was dead and in his grave. He had fought a hard battle with poverty, and had just won it; orders were beginning to come in upon him from all quarters, and his great grief, when he breathed his last, was, that he could not place his mother in that state of comfort which he would easily have secured to her if a brief respite from death had been allowed him. I have been to his studio since my arrival in Rome, and there I saw the last work of his hand—a fine statue, justifying the reputation he has lately acquired—Eve, after the Fall, in an attitude of dejection, and wearing an expression of profound sorrow. I could scarcely help fancying that the marble figure mourned the death of the artist to whom it owed its being."

It is a pleasant thing to be a clergyman in Connecticut. The Rev. Mr. Spring, of East Hartford, lost all his property lately by the burning of his dwelling; but his friends got together and made up a purse of $1300 for him, replaced his wardrobe and that of his family, sent him new furniture, and are arranging to build him a new house.

Mr. Walter, who is superintending the work of the Capitol extension, under Captain Meigs, sent his resignation to the President on 16th, to take effect in six days unless Captain Meigs be removed. These two officers have disagreed for some time past. The presence of the architect who designed the Capitol extension, and who is at Washington looking into the defects and showing how his plan has been mutilated, has probably brought the rupture to a head.

The friends of the culprit Powers, who was to have been hanged on the 18th, besieged the President until he granted a respite for a week. The mother of the miserable man threw herself on her knees before Mr. Buchanan, and implored him for mercy in the most heart-rending manner.

Captain H. A. de Reviere, well known as the distinguished French Zouave, and lecturer upon the campaign in the Crimea, has been arrested at New Orleans on a charge of bigamy, and committed for trial.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN MICHIGAN.

The Detroit *Free Press* has the following: "A horrible murder was committed on Tuesday in the town of Mill River Point, Macomb County, near the line of this county. It appears that two brothers and a sister were living in that town. They were French. The sister was the housekeeper of the brothers. The two brothers appeared at the house of a neighbor living some three or four miles distant, at about twelve o'clock night before last, and awakened them. Upon arising, he found the two men in a strange condition. They were both naked, and had bands made of straw tied around their waists. With this exception, there was nothing upon their bodies. They said they wanted shelter and assistance, as people were after them, and were about to take them. Being asked why, they said that they had killed their sister. The story was not credited, and they were taken in and placed in an upper room, which was well guarded, as their actions excited suspicions of insanity.

"Yesterday morning the farmers in the neighborhood gathered together and went to the house of the brothers, and there met a most horrible sight. They found the mangled body of the young girl, stripped naked and lying in a wagon which stood in the road near the house. In the house was found a man who had nearly lost his life in defense of the girl. His name is Defair, which is all that we have respecting his case. The house presented all the traces of a desperate struggle, in which the young girl had been murdered, and then dragged out of doors. Her hair was then cut off close to her head by these mad fiends, and she was thrown into a wagon in the barn-yard, which was then drawn around to where it was found. Her breast was full of gun-shot wounds, and her face was cut up in an undistinguishable mass of gashes. She was then left in her blood, while the murderers sought the neighbors.

"The murderers act like insane men, but have not been previously known as such; and how two persons could thus become insane at a moment's notice, and commit so horrible a deed, is a mystery. They said that they were prompted by God to kill her because she persisted in going to church every Sunday, and asserted that they made three attempts before they accomplished it."

A WHOLE FAMILY DESTROYED BY THE FLOOD.

The following is the statement of the Rev. Horatio Ilsley, whose family, consisting of his wife and eight children, were drowned in the flood at Roscoe, Illinois, on the 3d inst.:

"About eleven or half past eleven o'clock, just after the three children had gone to bed, there was a great rush of water passed the house, and Mrs. I. went to the hall-door with a lantern and looked out. She found the water rushing by with tremendous force on all sides of her, and coming in at the door. She called loudly for help several times, but the water was too deep, and rushing with such tremendous force that no one could then get near the ill-fated house. Mrs. Ilsley called to Horatio, the eldest son, and ran up stairs immediately. She then called to her husband to come up, which he did, and opening one of the windows, again screamed for help, but in vain. At this time he was just coming out of his study, and was standing in the entry, when he heard the children cry out, 'Father, father!' and at the same moment he saw one end of the house fall out with a crash. He then felt the whole house swaying up and down like a boat on a wave, and then it fell into ruins. Just as it fell he heard his wife scream, and that was the last he heard of his family. He immediately found himself in the water, not knowing how he got there; and with no power to help himself, he was tossed about, and hurried along with great velocity to the river. He took in some water then, but had presence of mind enough to guard against taking in any more, and try to keep his head above water. His own simple and touching words best describe his feelings at this awful moment, and shows his faith in that God he so long has served. He says: 'I then commended my soul and my family to God, expecting to meet Him and them in eternity in a moment; and I almost wish I had.' He was carried on until he struck against some flood-wood, and soon after was thrown against a tree, into which he climbed, and managed to maintain himself for some two hours, during which time the people had discovered him, and were making a raft to rescue him, when Mr. Richardson swam out to him, and got hold of him just as his strength failed him, and he was dropping off the limb. When it is remembered that Mr. I. has but one leg, and was in delicate health, his escape from death is almost miraculous."

LIEUTENANT PYM'S VIEW OF THE OUTRAGES.

The Key West correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following account of Lieutenant Pym's views on the outrages as communicated to an American naval officer:

"Lieutenant Pym assured the officer that no new instructions had been given him by his Government, but that he and all his consorts were acting under orders issued in 1849. The activity of the fleet, as manifested by their boarding and firing into some fifty different vessels during the past two months, probably had its origin in this wise: 'A few weeks ago,' said Lieutenant Pym, 'when cruizing off the Moro, I boarded an American vessel that had just left port, and, in answer to inquiries for news, was told that a splendid clipper ship was fitting out for the slave-trade, and would be ready to sail the following day. I accordingly watched for her, and had the satisfaction of taking a valuable prize. She had a complete outfit. A bag containing 2300 doubloons was given up. There were provisions and accommodation for 1500 slaves. The vessel was legally condemned, and sold, with her cargo, for $100,000. The steamer *Styx* being in sight was entitled to one-half of the prize-money, or my share would have been $10,000. As it was, I received $5000 for a couple of hours' work.' We should have said that seventeen shots were fired at the ship before she gave up, all of which were fired by Lieutenant Pym. It is reasonable to suppose that this success has prompted the British fleet to increased zeal in making our ships show their colors. The seizure and condemnation of this clipper ship would prove that respectability, size, and beauty of model in a vessel passing a cruiser at sea was no proof that her mission was a commercial one. Lieutenant Pym asserts that the American newspaper accounts are much exaggerated, and in a great measure false. The seizure of the *Creole*—an account of which has gone all over our land—is an instance of the grossest exaggeration. The captain of that vessel, when overhauled by the gun-boat, threw his flag and his papers into the sea, and declared himself to be a Spaniard. Contraband articles were found on board, and he was clearly proved to be a slaver, and justly condemned and sold."

PERSONAL.

Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Minister to Naples. Mr. Chandler was formerly the editor of the *United States Gazette*, which, under his control, long stood in the front rank of journalism. It was a conservative, high-toned paper, of the old-fashioned Whig stamp, always decorous and dignified, yet enlivened by wit and remarkable for its sprightly paragraphs. The *Gazette* gave more attention than is usual in a daily paper to literary style and grammatical construction. It once abused its authority by introducing the expression "being built," and hammered it down the throats of the rest of us as good English; and we suppose it is accepted as such, but it is very unpleasant to the ear. Mr. Chandler disposed of the *Gazette* to the publishers of the Philadelphia *North American*, who have continued it with steadily increasing reputation. In 1849 he took his seat in Congress, and continued there till 1855, when he was displaced by the Know-Nothing movement. Mr. Chandler, although of Puritan ancestry, is a Roman Catholic. In the last Presidential election he supported Mr. Buchanan.

Ex-Mayor Wood is not to have his name upon the Worth Monument. It was originally designed to inscribe the words "Fernando Wood, Mayor," on one side of the pedestal; but the Committee of the Board of Aldermen having the matter in charge have reported in favor of omitting them, and inscribing instead—"Honor the brave;" and the Board has adopted the recommendation of the Committee.

A Paris correspondent says: "Mario has refused to sign an engagement with the Italian Opera for the next season. His reason, as given in a letter to one of his friends in Paris, is, that here his expenses are enormous. He says that his salary for the seven months of last season was one hundred and five thousand francs, and that he spent *one hundred and thirty-five thousand!* If the Duke of Candia spends as much for other articles of the toilet as he does for kid gloves—of which it is said he puts on several new pairs every day, never wearing one pair twice—there is no doubt his expenses are what he states. He is now in his villa of Florence, where he has collected treasures of art that do honor to his taste."

The Senate bestowed a worthy compliment upon the Vice-President, at the adjournment, in recording their unanimous appreciation of the urbane and acceptable manner in which he had discharged the difficult and delicate duties of its presiding officer. The resolution was moved by Mr. Seward, the leader of the party opposed to Mr. Breckinridge in sentiment, and was concurred in by every member of every political opinion and prejudice belonging to the body.

A man who was recently sent up to Sing Sing for ten years for burglary, learning that his portrait and life were to appear in one of the papers of this city, ordered five hundred extra copies, which he circulated among his friends.

William Hunt, the distinguished painter, has returned from Fayal, where he has passed the winter and spring. His studio is in Newport.

Miss Mitchell, the astronomer, recently met, in Florence, the distinguished Miss Somerville, who, though nearly eighty years of age, preserves, apparently, all the natural vigor of her faculties.

Mr. William B. Astor, now in Paris, has bought Powers's statue, called "California," for the sum of $7500, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish has bought a third duplicate of the same artist's "Fisher-Boy" for the sum of $1000.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, as a mark of her appreciation of the distinguished scientific acquirements of Professor Faraday, has presented him with a residence at Hampton Court, and has given directions to have it furnished at Her Majesty's expense. This is the second tribute of royal respect to the sciences allied to the profession of medicine; the first being that of Professor Owen, the Cuvier of England.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "BRITISH OUTRAGES" IN PARLIAMENT.

On 4th instant, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald stated that "the American Government had made grave charges against certain British officers, but no official account had been received from those officers. He could only say that, if occurrences such as those complained of had occurred, they would be viewed with the deepest regret by the Government, and immediate explanations given. The fullest information should be laid before Parliament as early as possible. Meanwhile he had only to add that orders had been sent out to the officer in command of the squadron in the Cuban waters to make every inquiry into the subject, and that the greatest caution and forbearance should be exercised toward vessels bearing the American flag."

The general tone of the London press is highly conciliatory to this country; many journals loudly blame the officers of the gun-boats.

THE OFFENDING EDITOR DISCHARGED.

On the 2d instant, in the House of Commons, Washington Wilkes, the editor who was imprisoned for a breach of the privileges of the House, was discharged, having withdrawn the libelous charges made in his journal.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CHINA.

On 3d instant, Mr. Disraeli, in reply to a question, said there had been no rupture of the negotiations which had been opened with the Emperor of China; on the contrary, what the Emperor had done was this—he had not sent to Lord Elgin, at Shanghai, but had sent a message requesting Lord Elgin to meet his messenger at Canton; Lord Elgin, however, had then gone north. He could not lay Lord Elgin's instructions on the table, because, as we were acting with allies, it would be inconvenient to the public service.

And again, in response to inquiries by Lord John Russell as to the affairs in China, he said it was impossible for him to afford any fresh information upon the subject. The present Government had extended to Lord Elgin the same wide discretion given him by the former Government, but they were not aware of his motive in proceeding to the northward after he had been invited by the Chinese Government to repair to Canton; and what demands he had required from the Chinese Government they could not say.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENT.

The Atlantic Telegraph Fleet returned to Plymouth from their experimental trip on the 3d instant. The experiment of paying out the cable in water nearly three miles deep, and much deeper than it is any where between Ireland and Newfoundland, was entirely successful, and the new machinery is pronounced perfect. The operation of splicing was performed four times, and the cable was paid out at the rate of seven to eight knots per hour. The expedition finally starts from Plymouth on the 9th or 10th of June.

THE NATURE OF THE EXPERIMENT.

The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the nature of the experiment: "A consultation was had between the captains and the engineers of the Company in regard to the point at which the vessels should commence their experiments, and after due deliberation it was decided that lat. 47°, long. 10°, would be quite far enough. This is just on the verge of the Bay of Biscay, which bears such a terrible reputation for boisterous weather, and which it was supposed would afford every opportunity for testing the practicability of splicing and laying the cable in a rough sea and under the most unfavorable circumstances. So lat. 47°, long. 10°, was selected as the precise locality for the experiments.

* * * * * * *

"We were now in lat. 47° 12′ N., long. 9° 32′ W., or about thirty miles distant from the point decided upon before starting from Plymouth, and, as it was subsequently shown by the soundings of the *Gorgon*, in 2530 fathoms water. This, then, it was evident, was the place we were in search of, and it was determined that we should proceed to make our experiments at once. According to the memoranda drawn up by the engineers, the *Niagara* approached the *Agamemnon* within a convenient distance, when a line was passed in a boat to the *Agamemnon*, by which a hawser was hauled on board the latter, and by which also the two ships were fastened stern to stern. It must not be supposed from this, however, that they were actually in contact, for they were some seven or eight hundred feet apart, and, as each vessel had steam up, there was no danger, with proper management, of their coming in collision. The two vessels now being firmly secured, the end of the telegraph cable was passed from the *Niagara* to the *Agamemnon*, where it was agreed the splice should be effected. The object of this experiment was to prove the practicability of accomplishing what is, or was considered, one of the most difficult operations of the whole expedition—the splicing and submerging of the cable in mid-ocean. The greatest interest was manifested on board our ship while the splicing was being performed on the *Agamemnon*, and every one was impatient to see the cable lowered from her stern.

THE CABLE OVERBOARD.

"Although the work was performed with praiseworthy celerity, it was about half-past five when the signal was displayed from that ship announcing that they were ready, and a few minutes after we could see the spliced portion hanging over the stern. Down it went until it disappeared below the surface, and the revolving cable wheel on the stern proved that it was on its way to the bottom, which lay at a depth of some twenty-five hundred fathoms beneath the ship. 'A length of cable' having been 'payed out' from the *Agamemnon* equal to the quantity used in passing the cable from ship to ship, so that the splice might be in the centre of the line formed by the cable between the ships, a flag was hoisted from the *Agamemnon* conveying intelligence of the fact to the *Niagara*. This was answered by a similar signal on the *Niagara*, when the two commenced paying out a quarter of a mile of cable each, at the rate of a mile an hour.

"The cable used in this trial was a portion of that which had been laid last year, and which was much weakened by exposure. In some parts the outer wires or protecting armor was so oxydized that the rust had rotted the hemp which covered the gutta percha. For this reason it parted several times during the experiments, but at the same time without interfering with their successful accomplishment.

"A quarter of a mile, as has been stated, was paid out, and, in conformity with the 'memoranda,' the signals on both ships were hauled down, indicating that no more paying out should be done until they were again displayed. About ten minutes elapsed, when the flags were hoisted, and another quarter of a mile was let down into the sea at the same speed—a mile an hour. This process was repeated until a whole mile had been run out from the coil and over the machinery of each ship, making a total expenditure of two miles from both vessels. The experiments were continued for two days, with very satisfactory results, as stated above."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S TROUBLES.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Certain vague and painful rumors have been going the rounds of London society for the last week or two, and now they assume definite form. The great novelist, and delineator of the character of the inimitable Mr. Pecksniff, has separated from his wife. There are various rumors on the subject, but I am assured of the truth of the following: It is given out that the cause of their separation is incompatibility of temper. That is all fudge. A married life of twenty-two years, nearly a dozen children, a spotless life on the part of the wife and mother, and now to have uncongenial temper cause a separation, is simply preposterous. You know how exceedingly philanthropic Mr. Dickens, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Mark Lemon, and Mr. Bulwer Lytton have been of late years; the honorable baronet, the M. P. for Hertfordshire, writing a play to prove that we are not so bad as we seem, and the more youthful *litterateurs* putting on the sock or buskin—I really do not know which—and acting the tame nonsense to a very select company of very amiable persons—'old maids of both sexes,' as Christopher North would say—all for the ostensible purpose of assisting some charity. At these amateur theatricals it was necessary to get some histrionic talent beyond the benevolent projectors, and a Miss Ternan, well known in Manchester, and latterly on the London boards, was one of the *artistes* selected to bear a part. A very pure and very platonic affection sprang up between this young lady and the author of Pickwick. I am told she has been on very friendly and familiar visiting terms with Mr. Dickens's family. She is now charged with being the cause of the separation that has just taken place between the eminent author and his wife. The affair has not been out quite long enough yet, I believe, to get in the journals, but very soon the whole world and his wife will be gossiping, and laying their heads together, and rolling the sweet morsels under their tongues as something terrible to contemplate. Dickens does not get much sympathy, the public generally deciding, as it does usually in such cases, in favor of the lady. It is the demon in the household, the shadow on the wall, that has been at his elbow for years, and will form the staple for many a narrative. Mr. Dickens's daughters reside with the father, but his son Charles sticks to his mother."

THE HOUSEHOLD OF MR. DICKENS.

We take much pleasure in giving circulation to the following card from Mr. Dickens:

"Three-and-twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the public. They began when I was so young that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century.

"Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them or to deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do any thing with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavored to discharge that duty.

"My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

"For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling) to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

"Some domestic trouble of mine of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

"By some means arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed like an unwholesome air.

"Those who know me and my nature need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I can not bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the usual means to which I now resort of circulating the truth.

"I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do, both in my own name and in my wife's—that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced are abominably false, and that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial will lie as willfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie before Heaven and earth. CHARLES DICKENS."

ANOTHER LIVERPOOL MERCHANT PRINCE.

Mr. Charles Melly, a Liverpool merchant, to whom the public of that town are indebted for its numerous beautiful drinking fountains, has just established, at his own cost, a free public gymnasium for the working classes of Liverpool, to whom he has issued the following address: "Friends—This play-ground is intended for your enjoyment, and is placed under your care. The poles, ropes, ladders, and chains will bear any fair usage; it will be for you to protect them from willful damage. The trees will adorn your play-ground if they are allowed to grow up, and you will, I am sure, prevent them from being destroyed. This play-ground is hereby placed in your hands; let it be used for the purposes for which it is obviously intended. Let good humor and good temper prevail. Let there be no quarreling among yourselves; and allow no stone-throwing or fighting among your younger members. It rests with you whether the first attempt at free out-door amusement in our town be a success or a failure.—CHARLES P. MELLY.—Liverpool, June 1, 1858."

FRANCE.

CONCESSIONS BY THE EMPEROR.

The Minister of the Interior has addressed further instructions to the prefects on the subject of the sale of the landed property of the charitable establishments in France, which materially modify the effect of his circular on the same subject. Public opinion, it would seem, has still some power in France; and there are limits beyond which it is not deemed quite prudent to venture.

In another matter also, the Emperor has thought it best to make a little concession. The works which are being executed in the Tuileries for the formation of a reserved garden will not interfere with the grand avenue, which is to remain open to the public. The present arrangement of the statues and vases will be changed. The sunk fence near the palace will disappear altogether. The reserved garden will be closed when the Emperor and Empress occupy the Tuileries—that is, in December, January, February, March, and April—but it will be open to the public during the rest of the year.

THE DE PÈNE AFFAIR.

The lieutenants who so well encompassed the death of M. de Pène were examined by the Judge of Instruction at Versailles; and, at the conclusion of the proceedings, they were invited to a splendid banquet by the officers of the garrison of the latter town. It is said that the colonel commandant actually met them as they came out of the judge's office, and escorted them to the festive board. The colonel presided, and the loudest demonstrations of sympathy with these young criminals were made by their military brethren.

A serious degree of alarm is felt in Paris at the proportions now assumed by the quarrel between the military and civilians. At the military entertainments of Hyène and his second, the toast "To the total annihilation of journalism and journalists throughout Europe" was drunk. De Pène was completely exhausted by an attempt to take his deposition on Saturday, the 29th.

Henri de Pène is so far better that his removal from the wretched hovel at St. Germains to Paris is now in contemplation.

The French Government has aimed another blow at the press by depriving *Figaro* and other small unstamped journals of the privilege of publishing advertisements. The *Figaro* has been sold for $40,000.

THE AMERICAN CHAPEL.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The American chapel in the Rue de Berri, in Paris, is becoming quite a place of fashionable resort. The chapel is of singularly chaste design. There has been no covetousness in regard to space, and the most liberal allowance is made to every seat. The passages between the seats are large and ample, and the seats themselves every way commodious. What is better than all, the minister appointed (the Rev. Mr. Seeley) is a gentleman of learning and scholarship. His discourses are worthy of an audience of the highest caste, and his delivery—notwithstanding he labors under the defect of a weak voice—is deeply impressive and convincing. In every way the American chapel has been a happy thought. Useful as a place of worship, and highly creditable as representing the United States in the most beautiful city in Europe. The long array of superb equipages which throng the door is sufficient evidence of the wealthy class of hearers Mr. Seeley has attracted to his fold. The singing is excellent, and the tone of the organs every thing that could be desired. The Episcopal service is performed in the morning. In the evening the lessons only are read, and a short extempore prayer delivered by the minister before the sermon, which last is generally about three quarters of an hour in length. The greatest courtesy is shown to all strangers."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN FRANCE.

A commission, some time ago, charged to make investigations respecting railway accidents, has terminated its labors. It has ascertained that since the 7th of September, 1835, when the first railway with locomotives was worked in France, up to the 31st of December, 1855, there were 513 accidents—274 consisting of runnings off rails, and 239 of collisions. Of the 513, 252 were caused by railway officials. The number of victims of these accidents was 2374, of whom 1553 were injured, and 821 killed. Of the total, 472 of the injured and 151 of the killed were travelers; the rest were persons in the employment of the companies. Six accidents caused 97 deaths—Versailles, Left Bank, in 1842, 52; Fampoux, in 1846, 12; Orsay, in 1854, 3; Vaugirard, in 1855, 9; Moret, in 1855, 16; and Peltre, in 1855, 5. In order to compare the accidents on the railways with those caused by diligences, the commission states that the two principal diligence companies had, from 1846 to 1855, accidents which caused the deaths of 20 persons, and injured 238 others, the number of passengers conveyed being 7,109,276. Supposing travelers alone to have been the victims, the proportion is 1 death for every 355,463. On railways the proportion is 1 death for every 357,092, which is nearly the same proportion. It appears, also, from the inquiries of the commission, that railway accident are more frequent in England that in France, and more frequent in France than in Prussia or Belgium.

PRUSSIA.

THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM AN INVALID.

A Berlin letter says: "Our charming little Princess (often called here 'Madame la Princess Royale') has been confined to her sofa these last three weeks, in consequence of having sprained her ankle while descending the palace stair-case. She is, however, recovered sufficiently to be removed to Babelsburg—a beautiful chateau near Potsdam, where she enjoys the fresh air and the beauties of the country, and is wheeled about in a very pretty Merlin chair, sent over from London by the Queen of England. Rumors are afloat here that an event of much interest to the royal family will take place before the end of the year. However this may be, the Princess looks delicate. The attention of her royal consort has been unremitting and he often carries her in his arms to and from the sofa. The journey of the royal pair to Dantzic and Königsberg is fixed for the 12th of June, and loyal demonstrations are preparing to receive them. The Princess, with characteristic courage, refused to allow this journey to be postponed. The inquiries of the Court circle, as well as of the citizens, as to the health of their much-loved Crown Princess, have been numerous and unremitting, but no official bulletins have been or will be published."

SWEDEN.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

The expulsion from Sweden of five women on account of their conversion from the Lutheran creed to Roman Catholicism has excited great indignation. The energetic protests of the *Union* and *Univers* have met with the ready approval of the *Siècle*, which has hastened to offer its contribution to a fund opened by one of the Catholic journals in favor of these women. A Protestant paper, the *Lien*, published in Paris, pronounces a severe censure on the verdict of the court of Stockholm, and two Protestant clergymen have inscribed their names in the subscription formed by Catholics. The *Patrie* notices that the Swedish Government can not in equity be held responsible for a measure based on the extravagant interpretation of an ancient law. In fact, the Government did all they could to prevent this scandal to the principles of religious toleration by protracting the trial, so as to have the principle once more discussed by the Diet, where, unhappily, the majority was bigoted in its Protestantism. The *Aftonblad*, of Stockholm, advises the women not to appeal to the Supreme Court, as, under existing circumstances, there is not the slightest chance of the judgment of the Royal Court being modified. Such an appeal would only serve, it declares, to delay their departure until the winter.

It is rumored that France and England have both made representations to Sweden touching the frightful examples of religious intolerance lately exhibited in that country.

ITALY.

EFFECT OF THEATRE-GOING.

A Naples letter says: "An extraordinary catastrophe occurred here lately in one of the principal families of the city. The Marchesa Castelluccio took her three children, of whom the eldest is scarcely eight, to the Florentini theatre to see Alfieri's tragedy of *Orestes*, and the performance made a great impression on them. The next day, to amuse themselves, the children imitated the last scene; the eldest boy, taking a kitchen knife as a poniard, plunged it into his sister's throat, and inflicted so serious a wound that she died in a few minutes. He then wounded his younger brother dangerously, and afterward plunged the knife into his own breast near the heart, inflicting a very serious wound. At this moment the mother entered, and her despair at finding one child dead and the other two dangerously wounded may be imagined."

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS—PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.

A gentleman who visited Vesuvius just before the eruption, gives the following account of what he saw: "As we were about to start, a French party came in from the top of the mountain, and told us they had seen a grand sight of lava; we therefore pushed along briskly, the strange cloud hanging more heavily over the 'Atrio del Cavallo,' and which I now resolved in my own mind was clearly smoke.

"The Resina guide now informed us, for the first time, that lava was flowing through the valley of the 'Atrio del Cavallo,' and that the ordinary path to ascend the cone to the crater was cut off, and he brought us forward over a path seldom traveled, and of a most difficult nature; we, however, proceeded, the cloud of smoke increasing as we went, on all sides; we had to part with our horses and proceed on foot, and had not gone over 300 or 400 yards from where we left the horses, when we came up to an enormous mass of hot lava rolling onward toward the Somma, and we now became aware we were in the immediate neighborhood of a considerable eruption; our anxiety now became great indeed, and we pressed forward, and presently arrived at a wonderful scene. The entire of the lower part of the great cone of Vesuvius appeared on fire, and thick masses of smoke were thrown up, mixed with red-hot stones and flakes of lava; traveling over a most rugged way of old lava, we made our way up to the point whence the stones, lava, and smoke seemed to rise in greatest quantities, and we arrived on a rise just over the greatest fissure.

"It is difficult to explain our feelings on beholding this wonderful and unexpected sight. We here found several guides, and from them we learned that at about nine o'clock A.M. that morning a number of small craters and fissures had suddenly opened, and lava had commenced pouring out.

"It was now nearly five o'clock, and we went quite close up to the largest crater, which we were enabled to do, as the wind blew steady and strong down the valley, and thus we got within eight or ten yards of the next open. From this we counted five or six distinct fountains of fire, the largest putting forth volumes of smoke, stones, and lava; from another a literal fountain of burning matter was ejected; and from all lava and smoke poured forth in greater or less quantities, the whole torrent of lava uniting into a regular stream of red burning liquid, pouring down the incline side of the valley.

THE DESCENT BY NIGHT.

"Our guide now urged us to descend. The lava was running exactly toward the path close to Monte Somma on which we had traveled, and it was quite evident that the smoke, which was blown down the valley toward the sea, would, in the event of a change of wind, leave our only path of return in a most impassable condition.

"We therefore hastened to descend the cove as well as we could, the conflagration lending us a partial glary light. The descent was difficult and dangerous, sand up to our ankles, intermixed with large lumps of old lava. Every moment we were in fear of tumbling head foremost down the precipitate descent. We, however, got safe to the bottom of the cone, and had now to pass the narrow space between the burning lava and Monte Somma, which here presents a face of perpendicular rock, perfectly inaccessible, and we became quite aware the torrent of lava might intercept our passage totally; we could not possibly get up the side of Monte Somma.

"I must confess I felt here considerably nervous, and I saw the double danger of the lava stopping our path and that of a change of wind, which would certainly have smothered us in an instant; and as we pressed on over the rugged road we saw the eruption increasing momentarily. In one place the lava was rolling down the valley in an enormous burning wave, perfectly red-hot and only a few yards from us, and at our point of exit we could see little or no room to pass; and although the sight was one of wonder I never expected to witness, yet we were obliged to press along smartly for our departure through the fiery gate, and when we did arrive at the point of exit, not ten feet remained between the side of the rock and the burning mass of lava. Our guide, however, pressed on briskly, and we passed the ordeal, not without feeling, I must say, excessively uncomfortable from the great heat and the near approach of this fearful burning mass, and, having passed, we rested to see the wonderful sight, now rapidly increasing."

PROSPECT OF GREAT INJURY.

The correspondent of the *Times* adds:

"NAPLES, *May* 31, 1858.

"Since Saturday the eruption has proceeded with constantly increasing violence, and has presented at night a more and more magnificent spectacle. In my last letter I mentioned that there issued from the great basin of fire in the Atrio a single stream of lava, which, after a tortuous course, was descending the declivity of the mountain. This stream has continued its course, varying in breadth according to the accidents of the ground, and seems now to direct itself to a point between Portici and Torre del Greco, but much nearer the latter than the former. It approaches close to the scattered farm-houses which lie above the towns at the foot of the mountain, many of which it can scarcely fail to destroy.

"In the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, two other streams of lava broke out of the great basin, and are descending the mountains toward the neighborhood of Portici. These streams seem to follow the direction of ravines, which run nearly parallel to the ridge on which the observatory and the hermitage stand. These buildings have been hitherto saved from submersion by the lava, by their great elevation, the fluid naturally following the direction of the lower ground at either side of them.

"Last night the spectacle was peculiarly grand and imposing. The lava was poured in increased quantity along each of the streams already established, and being in a high state of incandescence, presented a peculiarly splendid appearance.

"About eight o'clock an immense torrent of lava broke over the ridge which confines the basin of craters in the direction of the Somma. It flowed down the declivity of the Somma as an immense torrent of liquid fire, and with such extraordinary rapidity that in less than an hour it had descended through a considerable portion of the mountain. Its progress was then retarded, partly by the diminished steepness of the ground and partly by transverse ravines, which must be filled before the fluid can advance. Nothing could exceed the splendor of this torrent of liquid fire, forming the fourth principal stream of lava; but the most extraordinary burst of splendor which has been presented since the commencement of the eruption took place soon after nine o'clock, when all the mouths seemed to be simultaneously called into violent action, and to vomit forth such torrents of lava that the entire mountain seemed one blaze of fire; the varied colors produced in different parts, owing probably in part to reflection, presented a beautiful and striking appearance. The lurid light diffused from this enormous burning mass rendered visible the subjacent country, the towns, the coast, and the bay.

"On each night several thousands of persons of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant, urged by curiosity, repair to the scene of this extraordinary spectacle. The darkness being complete, and the route in many parts difficult, each party is furnished with a torch, and the view of these hundreds of torches flitting about between the streams of lava is most curious, presenting the appearance of multitudes of fire-flies.

"The hermitage, which is close to the great basin of craters and rivers of lava, is approached by a tolerably good carriage-road, and, as may be supposed, hundreds of vehicles of every description, from the calêche of the millionaire to the humble corricolo, are collected there toward midnight. Donkey parties abound, of which ladies do not fear to form a part."

ST. HELENA.

LONGWOOD GRANTED TO THE FRENCH.

The St. Helena *Herald* of the 4th of March contains an ordinance of the Governor, granting to the Emperor of the French, and his heirs in perpetuity, the lands forming the sites of Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon I. The lands in Napoleon's Vale, where the tomb is situated, comprise about twenty-three acres, while those of Longwood comprise about three acres. They recently belonged to private owners, and have been purchased by the Crown for the purpose of the present transfer at a cost of £1600 for the tomb, and £3500 for the house.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

A week's later news from India has been received in England, *via* Alexandria and the telegraph from Malta.

Sir Hugh Rose met the rebels and defeated them with great slaughter, no less than four hundred having been left dead on the field. The rebels are collecting rapidly at Calpee, where they are making another stand against the British forces. Nena Sahib seems to have become somewhat alarmed for his own safety, and attempted to escape to Central India. His retreat is, however, cut off. A detachment of Europeans and Ghoorkas have been repulsed by the rebels in the mountains.

THE HEAT.

Mr. Russell writes: "The thermometer at 108° in the shade, and inside the tent at noon three days ago, was a warning of unmistakable cogency that 'summer was coming.' Since that time the heat has not been quite so great, but the hot winds, which set in about ten o'clock daily and last until sunset, are all but intolerable, charged as they are with dust of a revolting nature, which fills every pore and fires the blood—which seems to penetrate the internal mechanism of the body, as it does in reality force its way into the works of a watch—which renders all out-of-door exercise a sort of severe penitential infliction, and makes dwelling in tents utterly miserable and hopeless. By the time this letter reaches you—and when that may be I have not the slightest notion—you will be enjoying the rigors of the merry month of May, and, in common with the rest of the English army, I shall be experiencing the pleasures of an Indian summer; but already has the premonitory symptom of the latter satisfied me that campaigning can only be conducted at an enormous cost. The hottest day that comes, let some one, who is sincerely desirous of understanding what the dry winds are like, repair to any iron-foundry in full activity, and stand in front of the fire when the furnace-door is opened; but unless he can add to it the odors procurable by standing over the grating of a Strand cook-shop in the dog-days, he will have but a poor idea of the nastiness of the blast, which, sweeping over burning, sandy plains covered with putrefying remains, whisks clouds of pulverized animal matter along with it, and rushes in dense yellow all over the city and the plains around it. To the increasing heat there is added length of days, greater power to the wind, and, if possible, more dust. Of the latter it is quite beyond the powers of writing to give a description. It is so fine and subtle, that long after the causes which raised it have ceased to exert their influence, you may see it like a vail of gauze between your eyes and every object. The sun, while yet six or seven degrees above the horizon, is hid from sight by it as though the luminary were enveloped in a thick fog, and at early morning and evening this vapor of dust, suspended high in air, seems like a rain cloud clinging to a hill-side. When this dust is set rapidly in motion by a hot wind, and when the grosser sand, composed of minute fragments of talc, scales of mica, and earth, is impelled in quick, successive waves through the heated atmosphere, the effect is quite sufficient to make one detest India forever. Every article in your tent, your hair, eyes, and nose are filled and covered with this dust, which deposits a coating half an inch thick all over the tent."

CHINA.

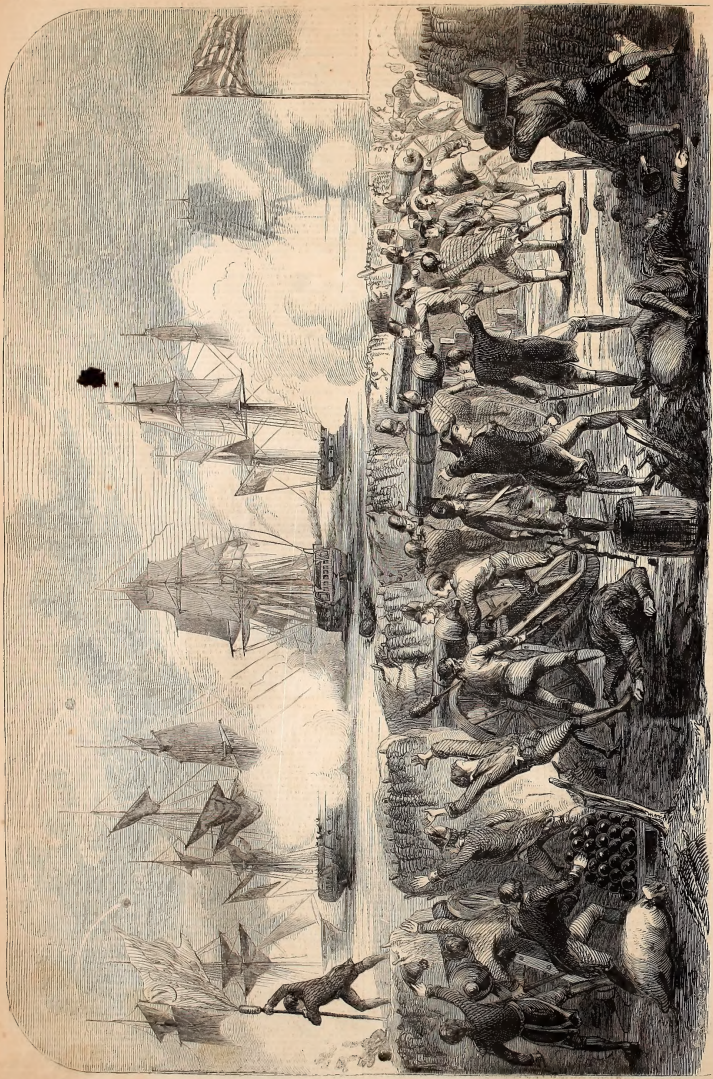
WHAT THE BELLIGERENTS WANT.

The *Evening Post* states, on the authority of a private letter, that the Plenipotentiaries have agreed to make the following demands of the Chinese Government:

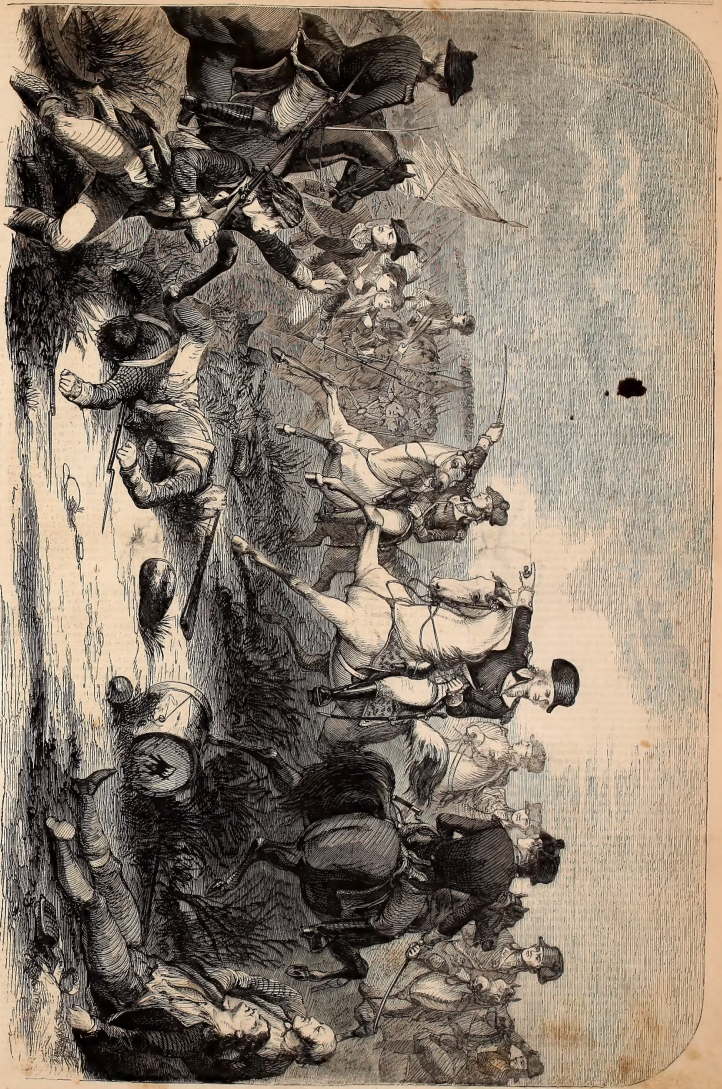
1. The opening of the coast and great rivers of China to foreign commerce;
2. The access of foreigners to the interior, under the restrictions of passports;
3. A reduction of duties on certain articles of commerce;
4. Residence of an embassy at Pekin;
5. Indemnity—but no territory.

MORE TORTURES.

The *Morning Post* correspondent thus writes: "It is now about a week since that two maimed and mutilated wretches crawled into our lines. They were coolies in our pay, but having wandered away from our camp had been seized by the mandarins in the very city of Canton, within sight of our sentries, and almost within call of the yamun where our commissioners were sitting adjudicating laws. They were conveyed away to the city jail, and there cruelly tortured, wedges having been driven into the bones of both legs, crushing the ankles. By some means or other these poor wretches were permitted to escape, when they crawled, as well as they were able, to those they knew would protect them, and through the medium of an interpreter made known the atrocities that had been committed. From statements thus made, the city jail and another jail in the distant western suburb were visited, where several more of these, our own coolies, were discovered, all more or less subjected to torture. The gun-boat that came down last evening brought word that six more of these coolies had presented themselves within our lines on the previous evening, with their legs frightfully mutilated."



THE ATTACK ON FORT MOULTRIE, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON JUNE 28, 1776.



THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, NEW JERSEY, ON JUNE 28, 1778.

THE BATTLES OF MONMOUTH AND SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

On the 28th of June, two of the most important battles in the Revolutionary struggle were fought. These were the battle of Monmouth and the attack on Sullivan's Island in the harbor of Charleston.

To understand the former, the reader must be aware that the British had, almost throughout the Revolutionary struggle, maintained the control of the Jerseys. In the spring of 1778 the British commander felt the necessity of concentrating his forces and occupying a shorter line of coast. Accordingly, in the month of May of that year, it was resolved to evacuate Philadelphia, and measures were taken for the conveyance of all the military stores from thence to New York. Washington was at the time encamped at Valley Forge; his army was suffering acutely from want of provisions and from inadequate supplies of all kinds. The chief eagerly seized the opportunity for active motion.

The Delaware was instantly crossed, and the entire American army under Washington was in pursuit of the enemy. The chief, as it seems, was in favor of an immediate attack with the whole army. Some of his officers were in favor of merely harassing the enemy's retreat. Lee and others, again, were opposed to any interference with the retreating column. Contrary to his usual practice, Washington allowed himself to be somewhat swayed by the counsels of his officers, and merely ordered out a few detachments, under Lafayette and Lee, to harass the enemy in their march eastward. This policy was but temporary.

By 27th June it was obvious that a general action was inevitable, and General Lee was ordered to prepare for battle. Sunday, 28th, was the hottest day of the season. As day broke, the British showed that they were ready for the conflict. General Knyphausen set his troops in motion at early dawn. After breakfast, Sir Henry Clinton followed his example. Dispatches were forwarded to General Washington, who was in the rear, and orders from him directed Lee to commence the attack at once. Lee obeyed. The entire advance column of the American army was set in motion, and both the flanks of the British army were simultaneously attacked. Clinton, who commanded the English, perceived the danger, and instantly concentrating his forces, made a furious attack on Wayne's corps. Lafayette desired earnestly to be allowed to operate a diversion by attacking the enemy in the rear; but Lee, for some reason or other, would not allow it.

"You do not know English troops," he said; "we must take care, for at the first shock our men will give way."

A few minutes afterward, before the action had become general, indeed before any musketry had been used, Lee gave the word to retreat. No one has ever satisfactorily accounted for this movement. Lee is known to have been a man of undoubted courage, and a general of more than average skill. It has been asserted that he fell back purposely, in order to disgrace his chief; but this is hardly credible. On the other hand, it is said that Lee's force was quite inadequate, in the position it occupied, to sustain a conflict with the entire army of the enemy, and that to maintain himself would have involved an unjustifiable sacrifice of men. Whatever his motives were, it is certain that he ordered a retreat, and while he was leading his men from the field, he was met by Washington, who expressed, in indignant terms, his dissatisfaction at the retreat of the advanced body without a general action. Our artist has selected this moment as the most dramatic point of the battle, to be the subject of his picture. What precise words Washington used it is now difficult to tell. They were, no doubt, homely, energetic, and precise. They were followed instantly by action.

Washington ordered up his reserves, and a general action began. It is not necessary for our purpose to delineate the features of the battle of Monmouth. It will be enough to say that, beginning with the retreat of the Americans, it ended in their victory. Washington had planted his cannon in commanding positions; with his two other arms he commenced a contest which was only terminated by night. Both parties fought with determined resolution: when night came, the soldiers on either side lay down where they were and slept. Such was the heat that many have wondered at the small number of deaths from sunstroke.

When the sun went down, English and Americans occupied their respective positions. But Sir Henry Clinton was too experienced a soldier to continue the contest. At midnight orders were given throughout the British camp to strike the tents, and long before daybreak the field of battle and its vicinity were in possession of the Americans. The loss was comparatively moderate on both sides; but the practical victory remained with the Americans. By the time the Americans were astir, the British were in full retreat toward Sandy Hook.

The other battle portrayed by our artist, is the famous attack on Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, by the British fleet under Sir Peter Parker, on 28th June, 1776. Charleston was one of the points which the enemy deemed it peculiarly necessary to occupy. Accordingly, in June, 1776, a powerful fleet, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, sailed over the bar at the mouth of the harbor, and prepared for the attack. Some five or six hundred men were landed on Long Island, under Sir Henry Clinton, in order to attack the fort on Sullivan's Island in the rear. Early in the morning of the 28th, the assault commenced by the firing of a broadside from Sir Peter Parker's flag-ship, the *Bristol*. It was promptly returned from the fort, and the action soon became general. All the vessels of the British squadron sailed into the channel between Sullivan's Island and the opposite shallows, and opened fire. On the other side, General Clinton commenced offensive operations in the rear from Long Island.

The fighting lasted all day. The advantage of metal was on the side of the enemy; that of position, coolness, and skill on that of the Americans. So well was the fire of the fort managed, that hardly a shot was fired which did not tell; while the British shells fell into a large tank which had been prepared for their reception inside the fort, and the round shot buried themselves harmlessly in the palmetto logs. So destructive was the American fire, that toward the close of the day there was but one man—the Admiral—standing unhurt on the decks of the *Bristol*: this is the scene which our artist has portrayed.

The land force, under Sir Henry Clinton, fought bravely enough all day, but made no progress. They could not gain a foothold on Sullivan's Island; and, witnessing the defeat of the fleet, they were glad to relinquish the attempt and to seek shelter on board the ships. At nightfall, the vessels slipped their cables, and having received on board the men they had landed on Long Island, stood out to sea. So ended the Battle of Charleston harbor—a conflict which has immortalized Colonel Moultrie, whose name the fort now bears, and Serjeant Jasper, the hero of the flag-staff, who is commemorated by one of the principal streets of Charleston. It is well that these stirring scenes should not be forgotten.

"ENTER FIRST CITIZEN."

The first time I saw him he wore a brown tunic, of the value of ten cents a yard; he had orange-colored legs; his naked arm was branded with a rude device, indicating that he had been carelessly leaning against a fresh-painted wing; and in his hand he bore a staff, as Roman citizens are wont to do on the stage. His name was not in the bills; he was an "auxiliary"—one of that stalwart band which fills the eye of an audience when the stage-directions say, "Enter citizens" or "soldiers." On this particular evening he appeared to be a fellow of turbulent disposition; and though he spoke but seldom, his actions and bearing were so rebellious, that, in the course of the evening, he and his disorderly comrades were thrice driven from the scene by a small but determined body of lictors, consisting of two men and a youth—an illustration of the natural triumph of discipline over revolutionary anarchy. I next saw him as the "servant, with a torch," in "Macbeth." He was that Scottish menial who receives directions relative to the Thane's drink, and is then summarily sent to bed by his agitated master. He had the same legs and tunic, but the tunic was this time adorned with plaid by the liberal management. Since then I have seen him fighting in the wars of York and Lancaster, enlisting, with careless bravery, sometimes under the White, and sometimes under the Red, Rose. His modest merit has been rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, given by the Emperor himself, in the spectacle of "Napoleon;" and with undaunted patriotism, he has battled for liberty under the immortal Washington, for no reward save the consciousness of duty fulfilled, and the small nightly stipend received, not regularly, from the theatre. After a grand personation of a loyal Sepoy in the "Cataract of the Ganges," he has, a few nights after, assumed the character of that traitorous rascal who receives his death-blow from Mr. Forrest, in the council-chamber scene of "Metamora."

He was a man of genial presence; a mild blue eye gave a guilelessness to a face whose general expression was not unpleasing, and although he appeared on the stage so often in connection with the famous legend, "S. P. Q. R.," that he might have been considered a type of the senate and people of Rome, his amiable features seemed out of place in the mobs and legions of that great empire. However, he was soiled by no histrionic conceit; and even sometimes came on to remove tables, chairs, and loose properties, preparatory to a change of scene, receiving the customary hoots of the "gods" with the equanimity of a well-balanced mind.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of his duties, I became interested in the man; and one night, pointing him out to a person attached to the theatre, asked his name. It was, as I had supposed, Jones. There was, indeed, a chance of its being Smith; but having a presentiment in favor of Jones, I had already rejected that remote possibility. His Christian name was unknown, but, owing to the Roman circumstances in which I had so often seen him placed, he was, by an unconscious movement of the mind, imbedded in my memory as S. P. Q. R. Jones.

One day, fractures suddenly appearing in some window-panes at my house—nobody knew when or how the damage was done, and, as we had neither cat nor children, I, of course, believed the glass had fallen to pieces from old age, especially as I had never known a servant of alien birth to state any thing but artless truth—I sent to a neighboring glazier for aid, who dispatched to me one of his journeymen. It was S. P. Q. R. Jones—a painter and glazier by day; at night, a Roman senator, or some gallant, though generally speechless, knight, near the loved person of his liege and honored king.

I spoke to him, commencing with a little of that flattery not utterly despised by any profession, but which strikes the not unexpectant ear of an actor or musician with singular pleasure. Supposing, in my ignorance, it impossible to be a glazier and professional gentleman at the same time, I asked him how he contrived it?

"The manager and I have long been professionally connected," said he. "He finds me trustworthy, and willing to do many little jobs about the theatre, so he excuses me from rehearsals. In this way I have all the daytime for my trade. I very seldom have any thing to say on the stage; and when there are one or two lines in the part, I can commit them in a few minutes; and in all the stock pieces I know my exits and entrances by heart. You must know I always had a liking for the stage; my wife, too, was one of the profession; she played chamber-maids, and such like; but her voice was not very strong; so, since her marriage, she hasn't been on in speaking parts. She is a villager sometimes, or a virgin of the sun, when an extra force is wanted; but never appears except on extraordinary occasions, as we have a little girl at home, too young to be left alone; and the manager don't like to see children about the theatre, which is very proper."

With this explanation he set the panes of glass in the places of those which nobody had broken, and went away whistling some familiar music from the "Forty Thieves."

After this interview I saw him frequently, both on and off the stage, and finding that Mrs. S. P. Q. R. Jones had cultivated a natural taste for dress-making, my wife occasionally employed her. Thus was drawn closer the bond of acquaintance between her husband and myself. The lady was about twenty-five years of age, very pretty, and charmingly conscious of the fact. Not disinclined to admiration, and possessing a large share of vivacity, it was to be feared that, with the opportunities found in the dissipated atmosphere of a theatre, she might sometimes be placed in an equivocal position; but, as yet, slander had never soiled her name; while the affection she honestly evinced for her husband and child seemed to be an effectual barrier between her and evil.

There came a period when the legitimate drama, never, perhaps, adequately supported by a fickle people (who, as time moves on, seem more and more inclined to reserve the legitimate article for their closets), was withdrawn, and the equine had usurped its place. Mr. Blank and his splendid stud of horses, consisting of a dozen white and parti-colored ponies, combining their talents with those of the stock-company, were drawing enthusiastic audiences in "Mazeppa," and the like. I attended a representation of this drama. The beautiful Arabian mare, Bloody Mary—so styled, probably, because she was cream-like in color and remarkably kind in temper—portrayed, with her accustomed docility, the Ukraine steed. On her first entrance she threw about, with well-simulated rage, her delicate limbs; but stood commendably quiet when Mr. Blank, as Mazeppa, was bound upon her back; and then, like an arrow from a bow slackly pulled, started off at a moderate amble up the canvas precipice which concealed the rear of the stage. Instead of completing her route, the unfortunate animal, when half-way up the ascent, stumbled and fell upon the stage, a distance of ten feet. The injuries received by Bloody Mary and Mazeppa were but slight; but, in falling, she struck with her hoof S. P. Q. R. Jones, who was standing beneath, and broke his collar-bone. This occurred out of sight of the audience, who, with hisses, demanded another flight; so, while Bloody Mary was again prancing upon the stage, poor Jones was tenderly lifted up and carried home senseless.

A few hundreds in the Savings' Bank, the fruits of former economy, furnished the means for proper attendance, medicines, and the little comforts expected in convalescence, while his wife was one of the most careful and affectionate of nurses. For a week every thing went on well, and poor Jones seemed to have all a damaged mortal should expect under such circumstances. What was it that changed all this? Why did the wife, still devoted and kind, lose the loving earnestness which had characterized her manner? Where was the old home-light in her eyes—those beautiful eyes whose sparkling glances the downcast lashes now concealed? Why, at the sound of some unexpected knock at the door, or footfall on the stairs, did she start almost wildly, as if ill fortune were near? And, bending over the little girl, she would smother deep sighs and gaze wistfully toward her husband, with the anxious face of one seeking the confessional; and he, dozing, his brain clouded by opiates and confinement, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, blind and deaf, when each mortal sense should have been soundest. Deaf to the low, musical tones of a manly voice, trained to love-speeches and husky with the importunity of passion, which sometimes came unheeded upon his drowsy ear, from adjoining rooms, in the watches of the night. Deaf to the click of closing bolts and the stealthy sound of retreating footsteps! Blind, when a dark mustache and evil eyes appeared at the open door, and she, whom he loved with all the power of an honest and noble heart, left him to follow the beckoning finger from his presence.

It was the old, sad story. Before the invalid had left his room, and while he was recovering his former health, his wife went away. Noon came, but she came not; and when the shadows deepened, and the little girl raised her melancholy wail for the absent mother, the poor father, anxious and fearful, sent messengers to seek for her; then news came from the theatre which made his limbs tremble, and the muscles of his face twitch, and heavy groans come from him, as from one in convulsions. At last the manager arrived; and then he knew that the woman he had cherished had stolen his honor and fled, leaving a legacy of shame to her child. A handsome actor attached to the company—a man famed for excellence in light comedy and juvenile tragedy—had fascinated the poor woman, and the opportunity afforded by Jones's sickness completed her ruin. They went to another city, where the seducer, being very popular with the younger part of the female portion of the theatre-going public, readily obtained an engagement.

After the first explosion caused by the intelligence, Jones, to every one's surprise, rapidly regained his strength, and in a few days was able to attend to some portion of his usual avocations. He did not, like a proper hero of romance, arm himself to the teeth with the deadly weapons of American civilization, follow the fugitives, and commit what a jury might have called justifiable homicide. But he felt more than the pangs of the hero of romance, and deeper was the agony from his efforts to conceal the wound. It needs not Othello's visage, nor station, nor the sombre scenery belonging to medieval tragedy, to awaken in our time the same passions which drove the noble Moor to murder, despair, and death.

Only four short weeks passed and the lost woman, bearing on her face the aged, weary look with which guilt and remorse brand their victims, opened the door of the room which once enshrined a happy fireside, and knelt sobbing at his feet—a discarded mistress! He did not spurn her; his eyes, from which the light of happiness was gone forever, did not blaze with fury on the unhappy wretch before him; but he took her up, drew her tenderly to his breast, and kissed her; then leading her to the bed where the little girl lay asleep, he said,

"Kiss her, Mary dear; she has been waiting long for you!"

No upbraidings, no noisy ebullition of rage—nothing but the loud sobbings of the false wife and the clamorous joy of the awakened child.

She lived with him but a little while. There was no longer any hope or object in life for her. Broken-hearted and abased, she never left the house again. Hour by hour she faded, and when the cold time of autumn came he took her from the cheerless, noisy city, and laid her to sleep in the sun, near the trees of the country church-yard in the sight of whose spire she was born.

He toiled on for the sake of his child, faithful to all his duties; never misanthropic nor moody, although silent, and sometimes, when alone, tearful; and time passed on until it was two years from the death of his wife. The actor with the black mustache and winning voice came back; two years had wrought some change in him, too. The black mustache was there still, but the voice was hoarse from constant drams, and the speaking eye was yellow and sunken. Whether this loss of personal beauty struck the audience unfavorably, or whether the disreputable circumstances under which he closed his last visit, excited against him the strong moral feeling which is always supposed to pervade an American audience, it would be impossible to decide; but no sooner did he spring, with the old, elastic, light-comedy step, upon the stage, sideling toward the boxes with the professional smirk which begs applause, than a hiss oozed from one corner of the house and spread with fearful rapidity from pit to gallery—a hiss which seemed to remind all that this man had violated the decencies of society, and was now insulting the proprieties of life by his very presence. It may be remarked that the juvenile moral sense of the young gentlemen in the gallery appeared to be so severely outraged that from that quarter proceeded by far the fiercest and loudest expressions of disapprobation; to such an extent did the enthusiasm of these young supporters of a pure life carry their opposition, that many half-consumed apples and other seasonable fruit were discharged with considerable velocity and tolerable aim at the stage. Pale through his paint, the actor cast a deprecating look at the more respectable part of the audience, and his knees involuntarily trembled when his practiced eye saw the excitement against him was too strong for him to calm. Cries of "Off! off!" forced him from the foot-lights, and bending to the storm, he ran from the stage. The tempest immediately ceased; and he, panting with agitation, beheld before him the pale countenance of S. P. Q. R. Jones, who chanced, at that moment, to step to the prompter's table. Jones started, for until then he had not seen the man since his return.

"Ah! it is you, then!" exclaimed the disgraced actor; "you, you cowardly villain! This is the way you take to revenge yourself. You pack the house, curse you! with a gang of hissing, dirty, sweaty mechanics, to drive me from the stage—to ruin me—and all because your wife—"

He said no more, for Jones's hand was on his throat, and the insult trembling on his tongue died away in an unmeaning gurgle. The blows fell fast, and the pent-up misery of many a month added weight to the arm; no one—not even the mighty manager, who was attracted to the scene by the tumult—attempted to restrain the supernumerary; and when, after a last effort, he cast his enemy on the ground, the remains of manly beauty which dissipation had spared to the actor were destroyed forever.

After this unfortunate affair the theatre became more and more distasteful to Jones—more so, perhaps, from its being stained with the memory of revenge desperately taken. It is indeed certain that he felt more remorse for this than the actor ever did for the great wrong *he* had inflicted. A few months after, I accompanied him to the cars, for we had been good friends from the first, to see him off to the West, where, with his little girl, he had determined to settle.

"I shall never come back again," said he, as he shook my hand at parting. "Every thing here makes me shudder and think too much of things which must be forgotten."

I stooped and kissed the little girl; the bell rang, the train started, and the "first citizen" made his final exit.

THE GALLEYS.

Vidocq, in his most impudent, but most amusing Autobiography, in which he is as demonstrative of his vices as other men are of their virtues, describes with great unction the sensation that a long chain of prisoners bound for the galleys of Marseilles creates in the streets of a French town. "Come, Jeanette! come, Fanchette! here is the longest chain we have seen for many a month," is the cry from door and window, as the red-capped men tramp along, grinning, singing, and thinking of the file hidden in a snug box in the belt of their *rois-rasi*, at night to "fiddle" off their chain.

But, terrible as the galleys even now are, I would invite my reader's attention to a few facts about those galleys of Louis the Fourteenth, in which he shut up the unhappy Protestants of the Cevennes.

The galleys were long, shallow, flat, decked vessels, with two masts, seldom able to use their broad fan-sails except in gentle, blue summer weather; trusting rather to their broad wings of oars, except when out of sight of land, and fearful of being sur-

prised by sudden gusts that lash the Mediterranean to madness. They were fair-weather birds, were those galleys, and, in a storm, were like so many butterflies caught in a gusty April shower. There were five slaves to every oar, and in all three hundred slaves. The top-sawyers, or upper-end rowers, were generally shaven Turks, who were willingly granted the honor, since the place was the most laborious in the vessel. Honor would not be so much envied, if it were known with what labor it was burdened. To keep down these three hundred chained demons, each galley had a crew of one hundred and fifty men, including officers, soldiers, seamen, and servants. Men who shouted orders, who reefed and clomb, who dragged out guns and fired from the rigging, and boys and varlets, who ran here and there with dishes and salvers, were unchained slaves. At the stern of each galley there was a covered chamber, rounded like a cradle, in which the captain lurked at night or in foul weather; but in the daytime it was frequented by the officers and chaplain, who repaired here to swear and quote their texts, while the subaltern officers had also their several lairs and haunts; while all the rest of the crew sweltered by day in the full glare and blaze of Neapolitan and Genoese suns, or the damp and moon hours of Corsican or Marseillese nights. There was, indeed, a sort of tent or awning suspended by a long cable slung from head to stern, that afforded some thin shelter, but only in bright, fair weather; for in the least capful of wind or puff of storm it was taken down, being dangerous overweight for a boat like a bark; so that, after blood-sweats of passionate rowing, whether pursuing the English or flying from the Turk, the wretched slaves, off Morocco, often found their broad backs coated with snow till they could reach the open arms of a friendly port.

The slave's yearly allowance for clothes was two coarse canvas shirts and a little red serge jerkin, slit up on each side to the arm-holes to give their brawny arms full play. The short, loose sleeves did not reach to the elbow. Every three years they received a coarse frock, and for their shaved bullet-heads a little red Phrygian cap that the Revolution afterward rendered so terrible. Sick or well, their only bed was a board a foot and a half broad; the sleeping-places most dreaded were those nearest the officers of the galley, for if the vermin roused the slave, so that his chains rattled and awoke his neighbor, he was torn to pieces with the gashes of rope scourges.

The fatigue of lifting the great oars of a galley, though pleasant to read of in the Odyssey, was extreme. In all seasons the perspiration trickled down their limbs; and when they began to grow faint and flag, one of the three comites (the comites were boatswains) ran down the gangboard which intersected the ship to find out the rascal who did not keep touch and time with the rest. Weak or lazy, dying or worn-out, they did not care; he might be a sapless boy, he might be a decrepit old man—down came on his bare shoulders the large centurion's rod, which was so long, generally, that the two or three nearest rowers also felt the blow, which left triple scars and red letters on every back on which it fell. To scowl, or swear, or groan, was only to draw down fresh sorrows and fresh blasphemies and threats. Renewed toil was the only received mark of submission.

Reaching port brought no end to the slave's labors, for rowing ceased only to bring fresh toil and grief. The comites prided themselves on dexterously casting anchor, and while the cable ran out their lash went faster as the prisoners' arms moved quicker.

To support these hardships, the slaves received every morning at eight o'clock a portion of good biscuit, and at ten a porridge of hot-water soup, with some rancid oil, musty peas and beans floating at the top. When on duty they had handed round a pischione (two-thirds of a pint) of wine morning and evening. When quiet at anchor in any Mediterranean port, all the slaves who had any money were allowed to have a jubilee, and to buy meat; and the Turk who commanded the oars, that is, who pulled at the end and was not chained, was the agent to the meat market, and was also employed to watch it dressing in the cook's room. When the cook was a sullen villain—villains not being rare cattle in the galleys—he would sometimes, in a brutal passion at the trouble or hindrance, break the poor men's earthen stew-pot, and throw it overboard to the fishes; while the poor fellows, chained by their ankles, fainting for want of food, were unable to murmur or complain.

The officer's table, however, was all this time well furnished both for plenty and delicacy, the smell of the dainties giving the slaves a more exquisite sense of their misery by seeming to scoff and deride their poverty and hunger. Sometimes the galleys were lying in the ports of Morocco or Nice during the full swing and hubbub of the carnival. Then the prince or doge, with all his retinue, armed, comes on board, as Don Quixote boarded the galleys floating on a stream of music, with a rustle of perfumed feathers, and a fluttering of long flags; there was mirth, and song, and revel, while the slaves sat doubled up upon their benches, ready to burst their chains, and cut every honorable throat, if they could or dared. They were hungry, wretched, hopeless. They had, indeed, come to help in the ceremony, for, when the great man's gilded feet touched the deck of their flying ship, the comites would give two shrill whistles: the first was for attention; on hearing the second, they gave a lamentable, piteous howl of welcome, which must have been most dolorous and terrible to hear.

When the waves were rolling up in green alps, snow-capped, and threatening, the galleys could not put to sea, and such slaves as had trades took to working, planing, shoemaking, weaving, and painting; such poor serfs as had none were taught to knit coarse stockings, the comites supplying them with yarn, and paying them for all they did half the usual price—and that not in money, but in broken meat and watered wine. To be caught sending for wine from the shore, was to be turned up and bastinadoed incontinently. The most touching sight of all in these wet, stormy, dark days, was to see the poor, low-browed boors, who knew no trade, and could not even read or knit, busying themselves, and trying to make themselves useful and acceptable, by cleaning their comrades' clothes, or freeing them from the torments of parasitical life; for even the beggar has his courtiers.

Such perpetual toil, imprisonment, and bad diet, was already breaking out in fever and sickness. For the sufferers there was a snug hospital in a close, noisome, dark corner of the galley's hold, to which light and air came only in a Rembrandt sort of way, through a miserable scuttle two feet square. At each end of this room was a fanlar, or scaffold, on which the sick were thrown without beds or pallets. When the scaffold grew full, the slaves were laid out on the cables, sometimes as many as eighty at once, stench and pestilence ruling supreme, and tormenting them in various ways. The chaplains, who came into this den of death to confess the dying, wore a night-gown to protect their clothes from the vermin. In this dreadful hole there was only three feet space between the scaffold and the ceiling. The confessor had to throw himself down on his stomach at the dying men's sides, so as to listen to the groans of their confessions. The place was so horrible that the sick preferred to die straining at the oar rather than sink into the stinking darkness.

There was a surgeon kept to attend to these lazars of humanity; but how could he fight against such invitations and bribes to pestilence and death? There was also a supply of the best drugs furnished by the French Government; but the surgeon generally considered these as mere perquisites.

Every one preyed on these poor wretches. For instance: during sickness, the king ordered every man in the dark hold to have a pound of fresh bread, a pound of fresh meat, and two ounces of rice, every day; but the steward stole the allowances, and let the slaves die unheeded, generally contriving to make a fortune in about six campaigns. Seventy sick men would be fed on twenty pounds of bad, cheap meat, soaked in hot water. At these frauds the surgeon and steward connived. Sometimes a simple-minded, warm-hearted chaplain would astonish the silk-coated minister of marine at Versailles by the narrative of these horrors, and obtain a promise of redress, forgotten as soon as made.

There were in the galleys five sorts of persons—seamen, Turks, deserters, criminals, and Protestants. The Turks were brought as stout-limbed gladiator-men to manage the stroke-oars, and were called Vogueavants. They had the same allowance as the soldiers, and were ranked with the upper slaves, who pulled in the Banc du quarta, or the Camille and les Espaliers. They were generally very stout men, who wore no chains, but had a ring round the ankles. They were servants to the officers, and were eminently honest and trusty. When they arrived at any port they had liberty to trade, so that some of them were worth three or four hundred pounds, which, to the shame of Christians, they generally sent home to their wives and families. They were very kind and charitable to each other, and very strict in their religious observances: natural enough; for exiles keep religious by the pressure around them of a repugnant faith. These Turkish rowers, especially at the Ramadan fast, the first moon of the year, never ate or drank from sunrise to sundown, in spite of all the toil and labor at the oars which they pulled, looking faint and hollow-eyed as ghosts. If a Turk were imprisoned, his companions always interceded, in a turbaned mob, with the captain for him. If one was sick, the rest clubbed to buy him meat, or purchase him drugs or tonics. In short, as an eye-witness says, the Christians in the galleys seemed to turn Turks, and the Turks to turn Christians. They were very obdurate against any chaplain who tried to convert them, declaring they would rather turn dogs than be of a religion that was so cruel as to suffer so many crimes.

These Turks, during mass, were put into the caïque or long boat, where they smoked, talked, and scoffed; safe from the last of the comites. In spite, however, of their being so well treated they sighed for liberty—the very name of a galley being terrible to them. They generally remained slaves for life, unless, when they grew very old and unserviceable, they met with friends who would buy them off.

Fops in the Palais Royal used to tell stories of men who, when released, would not quit the galleys: we now may judge how far these stories were probable.

The fançoniers, or deserters, were generally poor peasants who had committed the unpardonable offense of buying salt in some illegal district, such as Burgundy or Doubs, where it is cheap. At this time (Louis Fourteenth's) four pounds of salt cost three shillings and sixpence; so that some poor families could not often eat their soup for a whole week together for want of this precious condiment. If discovered buying it in a cheap district, they were instantly sent to the galleys. It was a cruel sight to see a wife and children watching a poor rustic being bound with chains for the humble offense of buying salt in a distant country contrary to some miserable custom law. The fançonier's term of imprisonment was generally only for five, six, or eight years; but the misfortune was, that if strong or robust at the oar, and a useful workman, he was never released.

The mere deserters, though generally brave young countrymen, driven to despair by a cruel conscription for unrighteous and foolish wars, were a lower class than even the fançoniers. At one time they used to cut off their ears and noses; but, because this led to noisome diseases that made them the dread of the crew, they continued the practice of merely slitting them. Many of these patriots were men of education and birth. A still more degraded class were the criminals, felons, sharpers, or highwaymen. These wretches soon took courage, striking up friendship with old friends in chains, telling over their rogueries and boasting of their crimes. They generally grew more desperate, hopeless, and wicked, the greatest villain passing among them for the greatest hero. If a stranger came on board, gaping and timid, hey presto! away went his handkerchief and snuff-box—pinch from hand to hand, all down the benches. The rogues forged titles, engraved false seals, counterfeited handwriting, which they sold to knavish friends who came to see them.

When they were released, they returned to the world twenty times worse than they went in. When they were attending the minister, they poured out oaths and blasphemies that set the chaplain's hair on end. Sometimes they would show the blue stain that the ropes had left round their thievish necks, boasting that still they were no cowards; but that on their reprieve, had robbed the first person they met, and that now, not being known to the judge, they had only been sent to the galleys, where they rejoiced they had bread and good company. Even in the galleys they committed the most horrible of crimes.

The slaves were sometimes, when old, quiet, and highly favored, allowed to keep shops about the port, and work, sell, and even walk in the town upon giving a penny to the Turk with whom each of them was coupled, and eightpence to the pertuisane or partisan leader who guarded them. They were also allowed to receive letters and money from their friends—only if they were criminals, but not if they were Protestants.

The galleys were much used in Mediterranean sea-fights, to guard the level line of coasts, rock, or sandbank; to convoy merchant-ships when they were in danger of being set on by the Duke of Savoy's brigantines. They were used with their long stern-chasers, or howitzer guns, to sink the flaming fire-ships, and to tow along disabled men-of-war. They would also attack a becalmed ship, working at her fore and aft, to avoid her sweeping broadside, and occasionally overpowering her with a howitzer shot between wind and water. A ship, however, needed but a little breeze to crush five or six galleys.

When a Protestant slave refused to kneel at the elevation of the mass, he was sentenced to be bastinadoed on the coursier gun. The chains were first taken off, he was then stripped naked by four Turks, and stretched on the gun. A Moor then beat the wretch with a tough cudgel or a knotty rope's end dipped in brine. Vinegar and salt were then thrown on his wounds, and he was dragged into the hospital, seldom reviling, but piously calling on God for help.

When a prisoner was a saint, or obnoxious in any way to the comites or officers, either because he did or did not complain, they placed him next some ribald thief, who would annoy and taunt him, or chained him near the pump, or invented work for him. Then they would make him serve round water to all the benches, or beat him for concealing letters, or lashed him for leaving open, unchained, or for breaking a water-barrel. Then they would set him to carry cordage, or clean iron balustrades; or would keep him without food till noon, and cut it small, to prevent his selling it. Monsieur le Fevre, a French advocate, eighteen years in the galleys for being a Protestant, says, "There were some who, to make themselves sport, beat me continually; but chiefly our captain's steward, who called it painting of Calvin's back with cudgels, and then asked, scoffingly, whether Calvin gave strength to work after having been laden with so many blows; and when he had a mind to begin again, he asked if they would not give Calvin his commons, and it was his delight to see me cast down daily with blows and fatigue. The wheedling officers that would please him, made use of that means, as if they tickled him, to make him laugh. When they saw me lift up my eyes to heaven, he said, God does not hear the Calvinists; they must suffer their due until they either die or change."

This is what the Jesuit Revocation of the Edict of Nantes led to. This is what the Grand Monseigneur tolerated.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

In one of Connecticut's most charming valleys, on a balmy, quiet evening, Harry Grey and his Jenny Ellis walked homeward with reluctant steps. They had been enjoying one of those hours known only to lovers. Harry's right arm encircled the round and delicate waist of Jenny, and her golden ringlets were wafted by the evening breeze across his breast. They had been earnestly conversing—he in entreating the beautiful girl to delay no more their now long-retarded union; she in endeavoring to prove to Harry the propriety of waiting until he was more settled in life, and of a more serious way of thinking; or, as she termed it, had "sown his wild oats."

Harry Grey, affectionate, yielding, and convinced that his wise and lovely Jenny knew best about all the realities of life, had ceased to urge, with the few momentous words that, had he but Jenny, he would find no occasion to sow his wild oats—they would all be blown away like chaff before the breath of heaven. But she was resolute; and, dearly as the effort cost her, she had done what she believed her duty to Harry, and even added her arguments to those of her family, that a voyage to a distant land, on his uncle's trading ship, would do him the service required, and that at the close of another year he should return a responsible, sober-minded person, quite fitted to call Jenny his wife.

"You know, Harry, I am young to leave my home yet; seventeen is hardly more than a little girl."

Harry looked down upon her with the tenderest sentiment. "Then Heaven protect us both," said he, "until the right day comes! In one week I shall leave the country, to be gone a year. No letters or communication of any kind can pass between us. If you can not yet trust me for your husband, can you put faith in my absence from you, my guardian angel?"

"There are invisible angels, Harry, watching over you and me," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes; "and, if you continue to love me, they will bring you back as you should come."

Whether Jenny was wise in her decision I leave my readers to judge at the close of my narrative. For myself, I believe in gathering roses when the buds are opening.

Silently they walked until they reached Mr. Ellis's garden-gate. Harry opened it, and Jenny passed in before him. The blue-bells and lilies nodded their heads as the two went by, but neither cast a glance upon the flowers.

It was with no small satisfaction that the parents of Jenny heard Harry's decision; for much as they were charmed by his manly, generous disposition, they could not but think with anxiety upon trusting their child to one whose reckless manner of life, and lightness of thought and action, led them to fear that, however devoted as a lover, Harry, as a husband, might be less so, and their daughter might suffer a premature sorrow.

They all sat about the tea-table, the elder members being the talkative ones. Harry scarce took his eyes from Jenny, and she was so magnetized by his ill-concealed sadness, that it was with difficulty she could withhold the gathering tears from rolling down her cheeks, now becoming paler as the night came on, and she knew she must part from what her heart held most dear. When the meal was finished, Mr. Ellis, passing his arm through Harry's, led him out into the garden.

"Don't be dispirited, my dear fellow! This is a wise decision of yours; and I promise that, on your return, you shall have as fine and merry a wedding as ever was seen in B——."

"Yes, Sir, you are very kind; but I have a strange foreboding that something will occur to separate Jenny from me."

"What folly! It is unworthy so brave-hearted a boy! You should believe Jenny as true as steel. I never knew her to break her faith to any living soul."

"Do not think me a fool, Mr. Ellis; I have no doubts of her—she is an angel."

"Certainly—a nice, good girl. You are both so young, that you could as easily wait five years as one."

Harry shuddered. "Let us speak of other things, Sir. I have the opportunity of making some good speculations in this trip. My uncle will favor me in every way."

"That is well; make money when you can—I need not say *honestly*—and I will do my part to the full with my daughter's marriage-purse. But I'll not detain you. If you leave for New York to-morrow morning, I doubt not you have some words to say to poor Jenny. Stay here; I will send her to you."

Harry seated himself upon a garden-bench, and fell into deep thought, quite unusual to his vivacious temperament. At any other time a trip to some foreign country would have been a pleasant anticipation, fond as he was of change and excitement, but now a heavy cloud hung over his spirit; and not until Jenny's quick step struck his ear did he rouse from his melancholy reverie. Her presence gave him new courage, and when she sat by his side, begging him to look ever forward to a happy réunion, he felt stirred to do something worthy a man who might claim so lovely a creature for his wife.

Long and late they tarried together, and when the heavy damps of night warned them to seek shelter, Harry folded Jenny to his heart, bidding her his last adieu. He kissed away her fast-flowing tears, himself growing strong as he perceived her weakness. In his turn he now entreated her to look forward to happiness, and assured her over and over of his faithful attachment.

The next morning found Harry Grey *en route* to New York, where he would take sail in the *Pelican* for South America. Falling in with his old friends, from whom he had for several weeks been separated, he soon found a balm for his wounded spirit in their lively company. His week in New York was spent in merry-making and jollity—the favorite of all, the last to leave a frolic, and the first to pay for it. Jenny's image remained sacred in his heart, however; and he believed himself a most happy man, notwithstanding his separation, never doubting his own strength nor her faithfulness.

It was a fresh and glorious morning when our friend set sail. A strong breeze sent him rapidly out of the bay, and the church spires of his native city soon faded from his sight. The vessel was in excellent trim, and every one on board in good-humor with each other; consequently the voyage, though long, was scarcely tedious.

In the frequent hours of idleness Harry's thoughts dwelt in that pleasant valley where he had bid adieu to Jenny Ellis; and now, left to his own reasonings, his soul was sometimes shaded with slight doubtings, when he considered that this parting was altogether of her causing. He tried in vain to find no wrong in a case where Jenny was concerned, but his clear perceptions still showed him a folly somewhere, loth as he was to realize it. Leaning, one calm evening, over the bows of the vessel, much troubled in spirit, and nervously passing his fingers through his heavy hair, he reasoned with himself in this manner:

"I was perfectly able to support a wife without this adventure to precede my marriage. Can it be that I have been made a fool of? I do not recollect hearing of an instance quite like this. A young woman acknowledges she loves, at the same time proposes to defer her marriage with the object of her affection until he shall have braved the perils of the sea, and encountered the chances of sickness in a dangerous climate. Her reasons are simply that she wishes him, in this manner, to 'sow his wild oats.' Am I such a hair-brained fellow, after all? I know I profess no form or sect of religion, nor am I horrified at being in the company of jolly boys; but I believe I am, notwithstanding, an honest man—and, I may add, a stupid, that I did not

bring this reasoning to bear when I was in the position to make it forcible. But now I must do my best with what lies before me, and regret nothing."

With this conclusion he descended to the cabin, where, to drown unpleasant thought, he joined a party of merry-makers, and laughed and sang away half the night.

When left to his own reflections, Harry's thoughts invariably returned to Jenny. Sometimes he was lost in a dream of her loveliness, when, so great was his desire to be in her presence, that he could only cover his face with his hands and groan at his inevitable separation from her. Alternating with these passionate moods were those of doubt and displeasure, when he seemed to realize in her image only a selfish, conventional girl, who would always cultivate the mere proprieties of life to the exclusion of generous impulses.

It was during one of these doubting phases that the vessel, having received some damage in a spell of rough weather, touched at the Island of Guadaloupe for repairs. Glad to escape from his own thoughts, Harry rejoiced in the event. His ardent temperament could in no way withstand the beauties of nature and the novel scenes that here presented themselves. All he beheld seemed luxurious and attractive. He again became cheerful and light-hearted, finding pleasure at every turn; and before a week had passed he was the favorite and friend of old and young. More especially was he attractive to the young Zara, whose gazelle eyes, dark as night, were often turned in timid affection upon him, as, reclining in the low hammock swung between two cocoa-nut trees, he sang to her his pleasant Northern songs. Her long and glossy braids had more than once been allowed to slip through his thrilling hand without rebuke; nor was he repulsed when, one starlight evening, under a bower of thick matted vines, his lips had pressed her olive cheek. Zara ran from him then, however, nor was he able again to catch a glimpse of her for several days, and each day, as it passed, was more weary than the last, until he seemed to have but one wish left, and that, to tell Zara that her cheek was soft and rich as the ripe peach, her eyes more beautiful than stars, and that he loved her with the fullest passion man ever knew.

Waiting thus, his ardor growing more intense at each hour of delay, the vessel was announced as ready for departure. With a troubled spirit he once more vainly sought for Zara, when, leaving her habitation in despair of ever again beholding her, he heard his name gently called in a voice of sad and yearning expression. He turned, and saw Zara standing in the bower of vines. He ran to her, and, seizing her hands, kissed them many times; then drawing from his little finger a ring, slipped it upon hers.

"Adieu, lovely one!" said he; "it breaks my heart to leave you."

"Must you go?" murmured Zara, the large tears brimming her eyes.

"Not if Zara loves me! Tell me, shall I stay and be her lover—her husband? She shall have all that a woman desires, and we will be happy—oh, Zara, happy as angels! Shall it be so? Speak quickly."

Zara's eyes glowed like burning coals, and her red lips parted as if in a dream of ecstasy. "You will come with me to the Padre!" she exclaimed; "he will bless us—make us one!"

"To the Padre? Yes, to the farthest end of the earth will I go with Zara if she calls me, my beautiful star!" and clasping her in his arms, Harry strained her to his heart while she lay upon his breast with swimming eyes.

"Ah, Jenny, Jenny!" muttered Harry, *sotto voce*; "had *you* so trusted, so loved, you were not now deserted!"

Zara and Harry went to the little church and were there united. It did not take long, nor were any words wasted; but as they emerged from the shadowy walls, blind with joy and love, they saw neither the past nor the future.

"Tell my uncle," said Harry, going to the master of the vessel, "that I have a desire to remain at Guadaloupe, and not continue on the voyage; say that the climate suits me, and I see much to be gained. I will remain a year, and then take the first opportunity to return."

The vessel sailed, and Harry sped on the wings of love to his own, his beautiful Zara. Each day, each month, she became more lovely. He taught her many things, and sought to cultivate her mind in the most careful manner. She was a bright and charming pupil as, seated upon the grass in the shade of the orange-trees and trailing vines of scarlet cactus, she listened to his words, sometimes twisting his fingers about her own, or with her cheek against his breast, drinking in the pleasant tones of his voice.

Harry's conscience was not dulled during this delicious season. He remembered Jenny full well and often; but he allowed only the critical side of his reasoning to take effect. Indeed, his love for the passionate, generous Zara quite obliterated that sweet and tender affection he had known for Jenny, and he felt assured that she would soon meet with one more staid and prudent than himself among the many suitors who visited at Mr. Ellis's house, far better mated to her quiet heart and fastidious tastes; and so, folding the past in a mantle of oblivion, he gave himself up to the sweet enjoyment of present happiness.

Harry's heart bounded within him one morning when Zara brought him a son. All that was good and great rose up in his breast. With his boy in his arms, he knelt by his young wife and thanked God for such precious blessings. The child grew in beauty and grace. The father looked upon him with swelling pride—his cup of joy seemed to overflow.

"I must take my treasures with me to my native land. I will show my friends what priceless jewels I wear upon my breast."

About this time a vessel arrived at the island bringing letters for Harry. Nervously he opened them, dreading some unexpected terror; but no, all was smooth and placid as the surface of the ocean that lay before him. His uncle had just learned his determination of staying at Guadaloupe and was satisfied, provided it was agreeable to his nephew. The envelope contained another letter. It was from Jenny Ellis. Harry well knew the delicate deciphering of his name. At the sight he caught his breath. He crushed the small, enveloped note in his hand and went out among the trees to read it alone. The contact of his palm with her letter burned him with magnetic fire. He tore it open:

"MY BEST BELOVED,—Patiently I have waited, and faithfully have I prayed for you. The year has expired, and now my soul rises and blossoms with fresh hope, for I know my Harry is coming. I have given my dear parents all they required of me, another year at home, and your mind has been agreeably occupied with a foreign land and engrossing business, instead of leading the life and keeping the society I always so dreaded for you in New York. Come to me as soon as possible, dearest, for our best hopes will soon be realized. . . . . ."

Harry leaned against a tree gazing at the letter. Not until he re-read it did he fully realise the fearful position of all. She had *not* forgotten him as he had foolishly hoped. Mistaken she might have been in her decision, but nevertheless faithful, expectant, hopeful, loving. He let fall the little letter as if it had been a stinging wasp, and ran forward blindly, purposeless, toward the hills; he fled like a madman, never stopping for rocks or dangers of any sort, until he reached the edge of a stream whose soft murmurs seemed to sound in his ears like the wailings and tear-droppings of a hopeless, love-lorn maiden. He panted, and great tears rolled out of his burning eyes.

"Miserable man that I am!" cried he; "why do I live! For what purpose do I stand in this garden of the earth, a blot upon its pure surface? Would I had never seen the face of a woman! Oh, Jenny, Jenny! I have wronged you cruelly—irretrievably! What atonement can I make to one so patient, so excellent?" He paced the river's edge with long and heavy strides, the veins swelling upon his forehead from his intense suffering. "Shall I dishonor her by offering myself now, a faithless lover? Love! I will not stain the word by coupling it with *pity*—I am lover to none but Zara, and she too—she must suffer for my folly! O God! if thou hast not already placed thy curse upon my soul, help me, wretch that I am, to act so that I may not destroy either the one or the other of those who live but upon my constancy!"

In an excess of misery he threw himself upon the ground and groaned in anguish of spirit. Nightfall brought Harry to some fixed purpose. Bathing his face in the cool water of the stream, he retraced his steps to Zara.

"My duty," he said, "if I am able to see it through so terrible an entanglement of circumstances, is to begin again and do as I first promised. I will therefore leave Zara and the child, and return to Jenny, whose poor heart I must satisfy. Why needlessly grieve her, perhaps destroy her reason by saying what I have done? Once every year I will leave her a few months, on pretense of business, when I will console Zara for my absence and rejoice again in the sight of my son." Harry recoiled within himself at so base a deception, and yet he was determined. "I must, I must!" he said, shuddering; "I have but to think of the happiness of those dependent on me."

Resolving thus he reached home. Zara came out to meet him with her usual embrace, but she started and paled when she saw the misery revealed upon his face.

"What sorrows my husband?" said she, clasping her arms around him and kissing his eyelids as he bent toward her.

"Alas! dearest," he said, "I must leave you and my son for a while—my letters call me home."

"We will go also, and then you will not suffer," said Zara.

"Not this time," said he, averting his eyes; "you can not go this time: I must tell them of my marriage first, you know, and they will make preparations to receive you."

"If that best pleases you, then I will wait; but be happy, Harry; be happy, or Zara will die."

"Yes, love, yes, I am happy; bring me my boy!"

At the sight of the child Harry revived. He felt that there is some sweetness in the bitterest cup, do we but seek it. That night he entered into arrangements with the master of the vessel to sail with him next day.

Meanwhile Zara walked among the trees; she saw a letter lying at the foot of one, which she picked up. Alas that her husband had ever taught her to read manuscript! and yet, but for this circumstance, she might have lived a dishonored wife. But her great nature was incapable of suspecting wrong of Harry, and it was his relief only that she sought, when, with a woman's keen perception, she understood his position, and in her passionate devotion resolved to tear him from his terrible difficulty. With a calmness almost sublime, placing the letter in her bosom, she returned to her home. She saw now why Harry must go; she also saw why she must stay, but nothing of her knowledge did she reveal to him—she would not add a feather's weight to his grief. It was sufficient for her soul that she knew Harry loved her.

Neither slept that night, but no moment were they parted. Their feelings were too intense for words, and one concealed from the other the great and terrible determination each had in secret.

At the breaking of the morning Harry prepared for his departure, ever ceasing from his work to embrace Zara, or, upon his knees, to bury his head in her lap to crush the rising sobs. Zara, on the contrary, seemed possessed with a superhuman calmness, and she consoled and caressed him with angelic tenderness. From her he would turn to his sleeping child, imprint soft kisses on its parted lips, and gather courage as he contemplated its innocent beauty.

The hour came. "I will stand upon this cliff, my husband," said Zara, now as pale as marble, "and I will uphold the boy, that you may see us as long as your eye can reach the shore."

"God bless you!" cried Harry, with agonizing tears. "I will come back! Farewell!"

He entered the boat that carried him to the distant ship, and Zara climbed the cliff. Harry turned his face toward that point and gazed as the vessel gradually distanced the land, when, suddenly, he uttered a loud and fearful cry, and, clasping his hands above his head, was about to throw himself into the sea; but he was strongly withheld and carried down into the cabin, where, almost raving, he told how his wife, his Zara, had waited until all help was gone, and then, clasping her babe upon her breast, had leaped from off the cliff into the water beneath.

Fiercely did he war with his own soul, poor Harry Grey, as he lay in a brain fever for many days and nights, and, when he began to recover, he sat upon the deck the shadow only of a man. Reflecting upon the strange and terrible experience of the past year, "It is gone," he said, "gone like a dream! The miserable remainder of my life I will give to Jenny, if she can now accept it. Perhaps she may find some comfort still in her poor Harry Grey; but it is a matter of doubt whether she likes me as well with my *wild oats sown*."

One night, during his weak and sorrowful condition, broken in spirit and weak in body, they were overtaken by one of those storms too often met with off the coast of Carolina, and, unable to withstand such angry elements, the ship bowed her head before the terrible power and gave up her precious cargo to the fathomless depths of ocean. When the blackening storm hurled destruction upon the struggling ship, and Harry Grey sank beneath the raging water, he seemed to feel invisible arms raising and sustaining him, until he grasped a fragment of the wreck. Exhausted and careless of life, he was strangely borne upon this frail support, and swayed and floated upon its surface over the rolling waves as if he were but a leaf, or a weed of the sea.

With the coming of morning came a calm upon the ocean. It was not without a sensation of relief that Harry perceived floating toward him a small boat, as if sent by some kind water-spirit for his safety. Had he but felt the strength of a child he would have thrown himself into the sea, the quicker to reach his approaching succor; but illness and grief had robbed him of all save life. He grasped the side, however, as the little boat floated by, and detained its aimless voyaging, while he dragged himself into its friendly lap. He then curled himself into the stern and lay quietly, to be carried whither God willed.

Looking dreamily forward, he seemed to see Zara seated near him with her babe upon her breast. Her long glossy hair hung heavy about her polished shoulders, and she was draped in festoons of shining sea-weed. He stretched forth his weary arms, and she seemed to bend forward to him; he felt the cold sweep of her hair, and the waft of her breath across his lips. From that moment he knew of nothing save Zara and the child, with whom he seemed to walk among leafy shades and balmy zephyrs on an island far away, where the very atmosphere was life and love, and the ground elastic under the touch of their light feet.

From these delights our poor friend was brought back to a knowledge of his whereabout when, one morning, he found himself lying in a comfortable berth. He endeavored to bring his faculties to a clearer point as he lay quiet and alone. He heard much bustle and confusion overhead, and, after a while, his cabin door was opened and the visage of a negress appeared within the space. At the sight of his reasonable eyes and calm face she showed a double row of large white teeth, and gave a chuckle peculiar to throats of her color. She closed the door quickly, and Harry was left alone once more; but for a moment only. His next visitor was a hale, sunburned man, with so sympathetic and generous a face that Harry put forth his trembling, emaciated hand to greet him.

"All right with you now, shipmate?" said the captain.

Harry passed his hand over his eyes. "I believe so, my friend; but I feel strangely."

"I suppose you're starved, lad. You've laid here this past week without giving a signal; but the brandy Aunt Sal kep' leaking down your throat has hove you to again. I'll send you some breakfast."

Left to his reflections, Harry drew the most natural conclusion to be drawn under such circumstances: that he was rescued soon after losing consciousness, by a friendly vessel, and his especial desire was now to know whither they were bound. Raising himself upon his elbow, he endeavored to reach the port-hole that he might look out. After one or two trials he succeeded. It needed but one long look to perceive they were entering the harbor of New York. He sank back again, and closed his eyes.

"I have lived, then, it seems," thought he, "for some marked purpose. My work is only begun. This weakness of body will not serve me. I must be up and in action."

The captain entered with a bowl of hot tea and a dish of simple food. "Eat this, lad, and I will find you some clothes." These were soon brought, and when enrobed in them Harry was shocked to find his body so emaciated. The captain laughed at what he called "a bean-pole in breeches." Harry affected a laugh, but he knew too well the cause of his broken frame to find much merriment therein.

I will pass over the details that lay between Harry's leaving the ship and reaching, by easy journeys, his mother's house in the village of B——, near where we first met him with Jenny Ellis.

Still weak, broken much in constitution, he was once more ensconced in his own room, upon the bed where his dreams had always been of Jenny. The little table and writing-desk stood near upon which he had so often written his love thoughts to her; above his looking-glass, even, hung the well-dried bunch of June roses once given him by Jenny. All, all was as of old, except the heart that throbbed dull and slow in the breast he had given to another; and that other, look where he would, the beloved face seemed ever present. Harry sent immediately for Jenny. He was dressed, and lay half-reclining upon the bed.

She came with speed. She had just heard of his illness and wreck, and was prepared to find him feeble and suffering. He listened to her tremulous step upon the stair, and a quiet determination took possession of his soul.

The door opened—she stepped in, as fair, as fresh as when they parted. There were the bright, golden curls, the sweet, drooping lids, the misty, blue eyes; but where was the spell? Where? Harry knew too well. He turned his pale face toward her, and his steady eyes fixed their gaze upon hers. She was about to rush forward with rapturous greeting, but his look transfixed her.

Clasping her hands, she cried, "Oh, Heaven, how altered!"

"Yes, Jenny: is it not as you wished?"

Her eyes dilated, and her slight form swayed as he spoke so quietly—so calmly. "Are you dying? You look so strangely—oh, Harry! what is this?" She sprang forward, and clasped his neck: covering his face with kisses, she did not at first perceive that his arm lay listless at his side, not returning her pressure. She stood up wondering and grief-stricken.

He put his hand to his heart a moment, as if in pain, and said, "I am a broken reed, dear Jenny, not very fit for a bridegroom; but it is the best I could do for you. My wild oats are quite sown, now. Sit down by me; or wait—let us go over to the sofa. Will you help me?"

She passed her arm about his waist, and he leaned his slightly upon her shoulders. In this manner they went slowly across the floor. "Yes, dear," said he, nearing the sofa, "they are all sown. Sit here by my side, and I will tell you how. Don't tremble, Jenny. I am yours, you know, if I am worth your taking; but listen to me— Are you ill?"

"No," she gasped; "talk—talk!"

"Well, then, you sent me from your presence, where I was purely happy, as you know; where one word of yours was sufficient to make me do your smallest wish. You sent me away to meet temptation in foreign lands, there to 'sow my wild oats.' You were all-powerful to influence me, but your power did not reach over the wide ocean, Jenny; and when at last a maiden looked into my heart, and saw there the loving nature, she entered therein and became one of those very sinful grains you had so coldly banished." He took Jenny's hand—it was cold as stone. "Let me cover your neck and shoulders, you are chilly; or shall I hold my arms about you, so—" and he put his arms around her almost fainting form. She burst into tears as she recollected the last, loving, powerful pressure, with which they had held her. "Shall I go on, Jenny?"

"Have you not told all, Harry? The maiden loved you, and you forgot your Jenny for a little while, but now—now you have come back a serious, calm-minded man, with all the old affection renewed, and even more durable from its very quietude?" She spoke excitedly, caressing his cheeks with her little hands.

"Mistake me not!" exclaimed Harry. "This is not so. I intend telling the whole. I married this maiden—married her, because I loved her generous nature that would die for my sake, never fearing my evils, whatever they were."

Jenny sprang forward and turned upon him wildly. "Faithless! faithless! Why are you here? Why do you not go back to her? What have you to do with me; miserable, miserable as I am!" She swept her hair from off her face with her quivering hands, and the tears rushed in torrents down her pallid cheeks.

Harry, too, rose up with unnatural strength. "Because," cried he, despairingly, "she lies in the bottom of the ocean with her child—*my* child in her arms; and she took with her—" He stepped forward and seized Jenny's hands with a sudden and terrible calmness—"she took with her, *all my wild oats*. Is not that what you sent me away for, Jenny Ellis? Are you not satisfied?"

Long they looked at each other, these two unfortunate children, until each saw the heart of the other. Gradually their expression softened. Harry let go his close grasp of her hands, and she again supported him to the sofa.

"It is early for us to suffer so much, Harry," said Jenny, in a low, changed voice; "but the fault is my own, and only mine. I see it now when it is too late. Would that I could find happiness for you, but I fear that is not my mission! Farewell, Harry—dearest—dearest—God keep you!" She leaned forward to kiss his forehead. He detained her.

"Jenny, Jenny, you are an angel! I always said it. You deserve something better than the mere fragment of a man; but it is your happiness I wish to live for always; can you find it now in me?"

"My poor Harry, you misjudge me. My happiness, indeed, depends on yours; but the first light that ever sheds its rays over my dark and desolate soul will be when I know you have gone again to that maiden who lives in your heart."

Harry shuddered and concealed his face upon Jenny's shoulder. "To console you, sweet angel, I would have committed a crime—a base deception; but God has saved me."

"And He has saved me also from being the cause, for at my threshold would have been laid your sin, as is now your sorrow and blight."

Ten years have passed since the events related above. Jenny Ellis has never married. She is the staff and consolation of her father's declining years. There is a seat at the foot of the garden where she loves to sit of a quiet evening, alone. She seems then to be watching the stars; some say she communes with departed spirits.

Harry never recovered his natural health and vigor. He went many years ago to join Zara and the child.



SCENE DURING THE INUNDATION AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

On 12th June one of the most furious storms ever known in this country swept over the Northern and Western States. It can be traced by its disastrous effects from Maine to Kansas. Many of the "oldest inhabitants" declare that they never knew so much rain fall in so short a space of time.

The Connecticut River rose four feet. At Worcester, 4½ inches of rain fell—more than the total fall of any month of June for the past sixteen years. At Baltimore the fall of rain was greater than any that has occurred there since 14th June, 1837. Both the Delaware and the Schuylkill overflowed their banks at and near Philadelphia, causing great loss of property. But it was in the West that the storm was most severely felt. At St. Louis the whole levee was covered with water, and quite a number of villages and towns on the Upper Mississippi were surrounded by the flood and partly submerged. The amount of property and crops destroyed will prove to be immense.

Cairo, Illinois, has narrowly escaped total destruction. On Saturday, 12th, in the afternoon, a crevasse opened on the Mississippi side of the town, through which the water poured at a fearful rate, filling up the whole space between the levees, and running over the embankment on the Ohio side about a thousand feet. The Illinois Central Railroad was washed away on the south wing. A part of the new hotel fell in on Sunday. Nearly all the houses tumbled down and drifted away. In the second story of the Taylor House the water stood 2½ feet high on Monday, 14th. At latest accounts, the Engineer of the Illinois Central gave it as his opinion, that if the waters rose one foot higher every trace of Cairo would disappear. Our artist has depicted the scene of desolation after the waters had broken over the levee.

In connection with this scene we subjoin an illustration of a very remarkable spectacle which is thus described by the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, on board the cars of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad:

"On crossing the bridge of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at Vincennes, the traveler westward witnesses a novel sight in railroading. Before him is a lake (the Wabash valley overflowed) over six miles wide, and longer than the eye can reach. Across this sea the train runs on a trestle-work that sticks out just four inches above the top of the water. Nothing is seen on its broad surface save these two iron rails, around which the waters eddy and whirl, and dash madly against the slender frame which seems to tremble under their force. All over the lake are whirling eddies, carrying big trees and drift round and round. These soon make your head swim, and you feel that the trestle-work is certainly moving; the bottom seems to be undermined and is moving; while the top is tipping



RAILROAD CARS TRAVERSING THE SUBMERGED WABASH VALLEY

over against the current, and you expect every moment to hear the splash of the train going down into the sea. But it don't go, and there is no danger, frightful as it looks.

"But now we come to a place that really seems fearful. We are in the middle of the lake. It is just twilight. Almost out of sight of land—nothing but a waste of waters on every side of that long, solitary railway train—we leave the straight line, and go curving southward like a snake's track. Why? Simply because the flood has carried the trestle-work away from its straight course, and left it in a zigzag line (and half upset at that) some distance below where it originally stood.

"So badly upset was this trestle-work that in some places the rail on one side was two feet lower than on the other, and it seemed as though it wanted only the weight of the train to throw it entirely down. The lower rail had, however, been taken up, and timbers placed on that side to bring it up as high, and in some cases a little higher than on the other, so as to throw most of the weight on the upper side. It was also braced up and stayed as well as could be done in the present state of the flood.

"On this half-overturned, racked, and tottlish-looking trestle-work our train crept cautiously along. A railroad train out at sea, with iron enough about it to anchor it safely at the bottom, and creeping along on a shaky trestle-work that the engineer is afraid to jar for fear he may jar it down."

POOR PURSE.

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,
I'd just build a sweet cottage—no more;
In a deep-valleyed glen, far away from rude men:
But when will that time be—ah! when?
And when the sunrise came to open my eyes,
I'd forth with the bees, and the bright butterflies,
And my children all fresh from their sleep:
And we'd cull brightest posies,
Sweetest wall-flowers and roses,
And our hearts in blest gratitude steep.
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,
But, what's worse,
My heart is too big for my purse,
Poor purse!

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,
I'd open the lattice, and widen the door
Of my heart and my mind, and all human kind
I'd invite to come in, and a true welcome find.
From sunset to dawn I'd seek out the forlorn—
Lean poets, wan artists, frail daughters of scorn—
Oh! I'd hurry all in to the feast;
And we'd hail one another,
As sister and brother,
Till the bright sun of hope came to gladden their East.
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,
But, what's worse,
My heart is too big for my purse,
Poor purse!

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,
That cottage should ring, from the roof to the floor,
With glad voices of joy from old man and boy—
From age, with her crutch, to the child with his toy.
And the warmth of the heart should melt out the cold
Which they say is the soul and the spirit of gold:
That is—to the mean and cold-hearted.
And our hearts should arise,
To our God in the skies,
Each night when my guests and I parted.
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,
But, what's worse—
Far worse,
My heart is too big for my purse,
Poor purse!

Miscellany.

—In a lecture recently delivered at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the Reverend lecturer gave, under the head of

Manliness of Speech,

this amusing vocabulary of slang:

There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that, to be a man, he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does any thing on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees any thing remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "stand Sam?" If he meets a savage-looking dog, he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is a "cake"—a "flat"—a "spoon"—a "stick"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up;" never pays, but "stumps up;" never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up;" never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky!" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and the "ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts;" when he holds his peace, he "shuts up;" when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummaxed;" to be disappointed, is to be "dished;" to be cheated, is to be "sold;" to be cheated clearly, is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby;" whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy;" whatsoever is pleasant, is "jolly." He says, "blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged" if he does the other thing; or he exclaims, "My eye!" "my stars!" If you asked him which were his stars, he would be "flummaxed." Then he swears, "By George!" "by the piper!" on select occasions he selects "the piper that played before Moses!"

—Mr. MacCarthy, an Irish poet, in his "Voyage of St. Brendan," describes, as follows, the

Paradise of Birds:

"Oft in the sunny mornings have I seen
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,
And sweetly singing all the morning through;
And others, with their heads grayish and dark,
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old trees,
And striking on the hard, rough, shriveled bark—
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.
* * * * * *
And other larger birds with orange cheeks,
A many-colored, painted, chattering crowd,
Prattling forever with their curvèd beaks,
And through the silent woods screaming aloud."

which a wicked reviewer thus

Parodies:

"My grand-aunt had an aviary in Dalkey,
In a back yard behind her mansion set—
There the white cockatoo went talkey, talkey,
To the bright-green and orange parroquet;

And pert cock robins, with breasts red as bricks,
And other warblers yellow as a custard,
Came and sang songs, upon a pile of sticks,
To birds all streaked with feathery lines of mustard."

—This little rhyme is of

Consolation.

There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief or sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

—The names of the principal editors, and managers of, and contributors to, the chief London journals are not generally known, even in London. An English "gossip," however, has found himself unable to keep the secret, which he therefore communicates to the reading world, in the hope that it will be there in better keeping. Of the

London Times,

the actual editor is Mr. John Delane; but the person intrusted with the greatest responsibility is the "manager," as he is called, Mr. Mowbray Morris. There are several leader-writers, among whom are Mr. Delane himself; Mr. Dallas, husband of that admirable actress Miss Glyn; Mr. Chenery, who was the correspondent of the journal at Constantinople during the Russian war; Mr. Moseley, etc. The literary reviewer is Mr. Samuel Lucas, the theatrical critic Mr. John Oxenford, the musical critic Mr. J. W. Davison; fine art subjects are treated by Mr. Tom Taylor, a playwright, who edited the autobiography of Haydn, the unfortunate painter; and the city article is written by Mr. Sampson. The heads of the reporting staff are Mr. Woods, who was the Crimean correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, and Mr. J. Macdonald, who will be recollected as the administrator of the *Times* fund at Scutari.

The Daily News

is edited by Mr. W. Weir, a gentleman well known in journalism, and a favorite pupil of the late Mr. Rintoul, of the *Spectator*. The leader-writers are principally barristers of the liberal party, and Miss Harriet Martineau is a constant and esteemed contributor. The literary reviewer is Mr. Arnold; the theatrical critic Mr. Edmund Yates; the musical critic Mr. George Hogarth, the father of Mrs. Dickens.

The principal writers on the *Morning Post* are Mr. Algernon Borthwick, Mr. Dumfy, and Mr. Howard Glover. The author of those wonderful paragraphs descriptive of balls and *fêtes* is Mr. H. Rumsey Foster, the original "Jenkins" of *Punch*.

The political editor of the *Morning Herald* is Mr. G. A. Hamilton, M.P., now Secretary to the Treasury; the general manager is Mr. Morier Evans, formerly second City correspondent of the *Times*.

Punch

is edited by Mr. Mark Lemon, originally keeper of a public house, where the idea of an illustrated comic paper, to be made up by a coterie of jolly spirits who gathered there, was originated. He has since written successfully for the stage, and for various magazines. He now writes nothing for *Punch*, confining himself entirely to his editorial duties. The staff consists of Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Percival Leigh, and Mr. Horace Mayhew. The illustrations are by Mr. Leech and Mr. Tenniel; those signed with a trident are the productions of a Mr. Howard, a pupil of Mr. Leech's. They dine together every Wednesday, and their old comrade, Mr. Thackeray, is frequently one of the party.

Of the Literary Weeklies.

The *Athenæum* is edited by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and numbers among its contributors Messrs. Chorley, Moy Thomas, Thornbury, Hannay, Doran, and Heraud.

The editor of the *Literary Gazette* is Mr. Lovell Reeve; its most efficient writer Mr. Theodore Martin.

The responsible editor of the *Saturday Review* is Mr. Cooke, who edited the *Morning Chronicle* in its palmy days; and the principal writers are Messrs. Venables, Vernon Harcourt, Merivale, Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," Scott, and Robert Bell.

The *Examiner* is under the joint editorship of Mr. Savage, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," and Mr. Morley, author of "Palissy, the Potter."

The *Leader* is edited by Mr. E. S. Pigott; its principal contributors are Messrs. Thornton, Hunt, and Horace St. John.

Messrs. James Hannay, author of "Singleton Fontenoy," G. A. Sala, author of "A Journey Due North," A. Mayhew, H. S. Edwards, Edmund Yates, and Draper, are the principal members of the staff of the *Illustrated Times*.

Mr. Thackeray is said to receive $1000 a month from Messrs. Bradbury and Evans for the "Virginians."

—The same writer thus describes the person of

Charles Dickens,

who is now reading his Christmas Carol to crowded audiences in London. He is about forty-five years old, rather above the middle height, and of a slight lithe figure: if you did not know who he was, you would take him, at first glance, for some remarkable man; his is a decidedly striking face, rather long and thin, with shaved cheeks, a mustache, and pointed beard. His hair is light brown, long and silky; his forehead broad and high, but his eyes are his most remarkable feature, dark brown in color, and flashing, when he is animated, with extraordinary brilliancy. His voice is deep and sonorous, capable of exquisite modulation, and of expressing the deepest feeling. The pathos which he throws into one short line in the "Carol," where the Cratchit family are mourning their lost child—"The color! Ah! poor Tiny Tim!" can not be described. One slight peculiarity may be noticed, a hissing manner of pronouncing the letter "*s*."

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

A FASHIONABLE BALLAD.

Me go to ball de oder night,
De room wid gas was blazing bright,
De gals were dress'd in de fashion's height
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

Dere air-tubes dey were so blown out,
Each Miss was as good as a mile about,
De leanest figure she look stout
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

But dere was one dey call de Belle,
As Big as Ben afore he fell;
O Golly! she were such a swell
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

Her dress was white, her sash was red,
She wore a bucket* on her head,
Her neck look like de garden bed—
Hoop de dooden doo.

She stretch so far from left to right,
She cover up a sofy quite,
She put six chairs clean out of sight
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

I ask dis gal to hab a dance,
But soon as we begin to prance
The Crinnylean stop our advance:
Hoop de dooden doo.

De garment which dey call de skirt,
It trail behind to catch de dirt,
It trip me up, it gib me hurt:
Hoop de dooden doo.

When I get up de truth I tell her;
Says I, "Miss, you'll excuse a fella,
But I can't dance wid de gig umbrella!"
Hoop do dooden doo.

At dis my joke I laugh Yup! Yup!
She look as though she eat me up,
So den I take her down to sup
In her Hoop de dooden doo.

MORAL.

Now, gals, if you at parties show,
And in de dance would shake de toe,
Not like balloons, but ladies, go:
Hoop de dooden doo.

You tink the Crinnylean de ting,
But your partners it to grief do bring,
It bruise dere leg, it break dere shin—
Dis Hoop de dooden doo.

In polka, waltz, or in quadreel,
Dis child you see he lub to feel
Soft flesh and blood, not bone and steel:
Hoop de dooden doo!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

We know an old lady, who, when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally or else by a curious jumble of ideas—"Mr. Bigamy Young."

Some one has said of those who die young, that "they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow."

That was a very singular mistake made by Digg, at the wedding, who, when introduced to the bride, wished that she might enjoy many returns of the present happy occasion.

Eliza Amherst, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discharged a gentleman to whom she was to have been married because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied "that a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion." Eliza started, but on recovering herself, she said: "From this moment, Sir, when I discover you do not love and honor God, I cease to be yours. He who does not love God can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

Colonel Benton, in speaking of Congressional matters, said he never "paired off" but once in his life, and that was with a young woman, whom he married.

* Bouquet?—Ed.

Dr. I. H. Mount, in the upper part of the State of New Jersey, lost his wife, and thereupon set out to *repair* the loss by getting another. He was very contemptuously rejected by a smart young lady of the village in which he resided, but finally married another. The first one composed the following epitaph, which is ready for the Doctor's tombstone whenever he follows his labors:

"This monument posterity raises,
O'er one whose head was red as blazes;
Before he died, for many a year
The town he lighted far and near;
And if a neighbor did desire
To boil a kettle without fire,
Rumor, best of authority, said,
They hung it over the Doctor's head.
At length this lovely man did die—
He left the world—we know not why.
For head and foot they purchased stones,
To show where rest his weary bones,
Of '*Varmount*' marble, as 'tis seen,
For he, like that, was *streaked* with *green*:
A sun-flower blossoms on his grave,
And fragrant flowers o'er it wave,
And to the sun their fond looks cast,
As he to girls in days long past.
His obsequies were done all right;
He's out of mind and out of sight;
United to his partner fair
And little Marietta Clair."

A Vicksburg correspondent writes: "Not long ago Jack Brandon was arraigned before the Circuit Court of Warren County, Mississippi, on a charge of assault and battery on the person of Sam Burgess, who had lately made his appearance in the neighborhood as an itinerant vendor of notions and other small ware. Sam detailed at length the circumstances which led to the affray, and concluded his evidence with the following philosophic reflection:

"'The way they do things in this country is considerably different from what I was accustomed to in Connecticut. *There*, if a man called you a liar, you called him a liar back agin, and that was the end on it. But down *here*, if you call a man a liar, he knocks you down, and commences hurtin' on you.'

"The Court instructed the jury that the Connecticut custom was not in force in Mississippi; and this instruction, coupled with an insinuation by the defendant's counsel that the prosecuting witness was probably an abolitionist, led to a speedy verdict of 'Not Guilty.'"

"Belle Britain" is down on artificial head-dresses, as worn by some ladies she has met with. She writes like a sensible woman. If she was a man, she could not be more correct in her opinion. She says: "There is no ornament for the head of a woman like the 'natural glory' of a clean, soft, simply-arranged head of hair. If I were a man, I should almost feel as if I would like to put my hand on such a head, smooth it, pet it, kiss it, and ask a blessing on it. But a huge mass of braided conceits, stuck full of pins and artificial flowers, looking like a spread-eagle in front, and a spread-peacock behind, smelling of grease and curling-tongs—ugh!"

In another family, not far from us, a little one of four years was worrying and teasing her amiable mother greatly, and for once exhausted her patience. "Grace! Grace! if I had not the baby in my arms I would whip you." "There's Isabelle (the nurse), give her to her!" That child knew her mother's amiability, and had not much fear of chastisement.

Farmer Downs was out in his orchard the other day, and was taken all aback by seeing his bull rushing down upon him full tilt. The farmer took to his heels, for there was no time to pause and reason the matter with the beast, who had never made such an onset on any body before. On the good man ran or flew to reach the fence, but the enemy in his rear caught him on his horns as he reached it, and gave him a toss that plumped him into the dirt on the other side. The bull was mad with rage at having placed a barrier between him and his prey, and tore up the earth with his horns and hoofs. Old Downs rose from the ground, and, turning upon his foe, cried out, "Oh, you rascal, you needn't stand there, bowing and scraping and making apologies; you done it a purpose, you know you did!"

A Georgia correspondent says he has just received the following order in the "dry-goods" line:

"Mr. Fletcher pleas tape this beelt bak & Sen me arribbon won read ore bloo. if youe haint got that coller dont send non, if you send me eny pleas dont sen me airy enruber won. And sen me ayearde of that calecow that I got when I was doun thair if you hav eny of hit. I will cum down en a fue days and sea you.

from samantha barber
to Mr fletcher & youngo

But the next, from Louisiana, beats the above.

The "document" inclosed is from a Southwestern Judge. It is in his own proper "*hand of write*," unaltered in a single syllable, letter, point, or mark. If you could only *print* the *writing* it would be appreciated.

"There is one Points on Which I Shall Charge the Jury on To which I wish To Call your attentions before the Argument it is this If A Hola a Priveledge on Property of B—— & B. Sells it To C. & C. Gives his notes to B—— & Transfers. C notes to A. & A. Pursues his Prevelege & Sells the Property in the Hanas of the Purchaser C. & it Doeus not. Pay the Price. Can See Refuse To Pay His notes if So to what Extent

We had all just returned from a picnic out in the country. My friend E——, who is a little too fond of a toddy, had not omitted to take several on this occasion. On our return home E—— was met by the witty and sprightly Miss H——, who inquired how he had enjoyed the day. "Very much," he answered; "but that he had been badly dusted in his buggy coming home, and he now felt *like he had a turnpike in his throat*, and that he did not like so great an encumbrance without the usual *dividends*." Miss H—— replied, that if he would only charge toll for all the drinks that *went* down the road, and all the nonsense that *come* over it, he would soon realize a fortune!

An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity,

"That he had two witnesses in court, in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth—for he had no opportunity to communicate with them!"

"Can you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?"

"No," said Bill.

"Well, he always carries his comb with him."

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near forty."

Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said,

"Do not fret about it, madame, for you will get further and further from that frightful epoch every day."

Voltaire had an actor named Paulin, at Ferney, who played the tyrant in his private theatricals. Voltaire slept very little, and passed half the night in making changes in his pieces. About three o'clock one morning, having thought of a new speech for Paulin, he woke up his servant, and ordered him to carry it to the actor.

"But, Sir," said the servant, "the poor man isn't up at this time!"

"Go to him," cried the poet, "immediately; tyrants never sleep."

Satire is an ugly weapon in the work of reform. It tears asunder, it cauterizes, it blisters. No one is really made better by it. The one assailed, though he may fear the sting, will never be better through its application, though he may seem so. A satirist lives all the time in boiling water.

The following epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 21, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened more firmly, but closed heavily for Flour, Wheat, and Corn. Early in the week a good demand prevailed for home use, shipment, and on speculation, which had the effect of advancing prices. Toward the close the inquiry was mainly for the supply of the immediate wants of home dealers, and as holders appeared to be eager to sell, buyers had any existing advantage. Rye was scarce and dearer.... Cotton has been more sought after, and it has improved ¼ @ ⅜ c. per pound in price....Pork, Oatmeal and Lard were freely offered, at drooping rates, yet the sales were not very extensive....Beef was in fair request at full quotations....Coffee, Teas, and Sugars were more liberally dealt in, the latter at strengthening prices....Rice was salable and firm....The trade in Dry Goods is restricted, the sales now making being chiefly to near by and local retailers. Silks and Cottons are held with more firmness. Linens and Woolens continue depressed. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $743,138 against $1,125,902 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $20,922,634 against $44,155,472, same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 85	@	$4 10
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 85	@	4 15
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 10	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel..	4 15	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 50	@	3 90
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 00	@	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel................	80	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel.....................	72	@	79
Rye, per bushel......................	71	@	71½
Barley, per bushel...................	50	@	60
Western Oats, per bushel.............	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel...............	44	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	39	@	43
Southern Oats, per bushel............	34	@	39
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel................	16 85	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	13 75	@	13 80
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel................	15 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound.................	5¼	@	7¼
Lard, per pound......................	10½	@	11
State Butter, per pound..............	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound............	10	@	17
Cheese, per pound....................	4	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9¼	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound................	5	@	7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	22	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound.........	5	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon.....	36	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound................	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..........	—	@	23½

Freights have been more active, at, however, irregular rates. For Liverpool—Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 716.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, though the demand was not brisk....A somewhat better inquiry prevailed for Milch Cows at unchanged rates....Veal Calves were in demand, and were quoted a shade dearer.....Sheep and Lambs were in request at, however, irregular prices....Swine were plentier and cheaper, yet not active....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending June 9.	Week ending June 16.
Beeves....................	2,806	3,015
Milch Cows................	111	132
Veal Calves...............	1,080	1,021
Sheep and Lambs...........	6,638	7,087
Swine.....................	8,655	6,561

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois............	1328	New York...........	77
Ohio...............	465	Iowa...............	71
Kentucky...........	322	Indiana............	47
Pennsylvania.......	162		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 8	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound.............	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	6 50
" " per pound.........	5	@	8
Live Swine, per pound..............	4	@	4½
Dressed " "	5	@	6
Roasting Pigs, each................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have not been quite as brisk during the week. Strawberries and Gooseberries have been more freely offered at reduced prices. The demand is good, especially for the former. Cherries are scarce, as are also Watermelons and Squashes. New Potatoes are plentier and cheaper. New Turnips, new Carrots, and new Cabbage, have been received, chiefly from New Jersey. Cucumbers are in from the South, as well as Tomatoes and Green Peas from New Jersey. Onions are in better supply. Poultry is in fair supply, while Game is rather sparingly offered. A slight decline has occurred in Fowl and Ducks. Wild and Wild Squab Pigeons are dearer. The demand is restricted.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, dried, per pound............	$ 5	@	$ 6
Peaches, dried, per pound...........	—	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound.............	18	@	19
Strawberries, per basket............	2	@	6
Gooseberries, per bushel............	1 75	@	2 00
Cherries, per pound.................	7	@	12
Currants, per quart.................	4	@	7
Beans, per bushel...................	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel...........	1 25	@	2 75
" new, per barrel...................	3 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel.............	4 00	@	4 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches.......	2 00	@	4 00
Beets, new, per dozen bunches.......	1 25	@	—
New Carrots, per bushel.............	1 75	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per 100...............	5 00	@	7 00
Watermelons, each...................	30	@	40
Asparagus, per dozen bunches........	1 25	@	2 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen.............	1 25	@	3 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	75	@	1 25
Spinach, per barrel.................	62½	@	—
Green Peas, per barrel..............	1 50	@	2 50
Tomatoes, per basket................	4 50	@	5 00
Cucumbers, per barrel...............	7 00	@	8 50
Eggs, per dozen.....................	9	@	13
Chickens, per pair..................	62½	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound....................	10	@	12
Fowls, per pair.....................	62	@	87
Turkeys, per pound..................	10	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen..................	1 00	@	—

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, June* 21, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 10, 1858	$2,456,238....	$1,732,439
Corresponding week, 1857	4,214,790....	1,954,659
Decrease............	$1,758,552	$222,220

Of specie the movement was an export of $68,000 only, and an absorption by the Sub-Treasury of some three millions in exchange for Treasury Notes. It is thus likely that the banks will this evening exhibit an average of specie below thirty-two millions. Money is unchanged in value; discounts at five per cent. are quite common. Exchange closed on Saturday at 109 @ 109½.

In stocks there has been but little done. The quarrel between the Central and Erie has indisposed people to touch any securities whose value may be destroyed by speculative stock-jobbing movements. The following has been the course of the exchange for the week:

COURSE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE FOR THE WEEK.

New York Central....................	82@80½@82½@82
New York and Erie...................	17½@16@17½@17½
Reading.............................	42½@43@45@44½
Rock Island.........................	72½@70@72@71½
Michigan Southern...................	22½@20@21½
Preferred...........................	43½@41@43
Illinois Central....................	85@82@83
Panama..............................	109½@109@109½
Pacific Mail........................	75½@79@76
Hudson..............................	26½@25½@27
Galena..............................	85@82@84½
Missouris...........................	87@86½@87½
Virginias...........................	95@95@95
Tennessees..........................	93@93½@93½
La Crosse Land Grants...............	30@31@33
Toledo..............................	34½@32@33
Milwaukee and Mississippi...........	21½@19½@20
La Crosse...........................	6½@6½@7
Delaware and Hudson.................	98½@99@100

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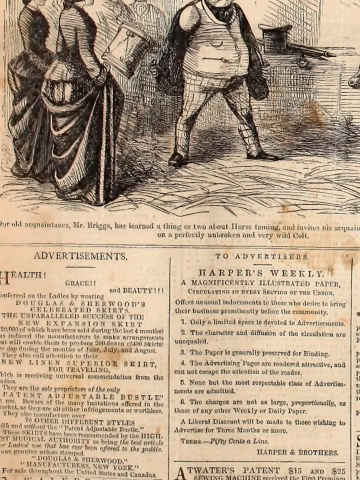


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Tell that the first stout blow is dealt,
Tell that the first free blood is spilt,
Tell that the green of Lexington
Blushes with gore—that Concord Bridge
Is this day lost and won!"

Fast flew the heralds. Their revelle
Awoke each sleeper from his dream;
Red beacon-fires flashed o'er the hill,
And blazed o'er wood and stream:
Village to village sent the cry,
The backwoods to the sea replied;
The farmer left his panting team,
The fisher left the salt-sea tide,
And the swart smith forsook his toil
To mingle in the war's turmoil.

Far spread the summons—o'er the bays
Of Maine, where swift the Saco pours,
And where Penobscot laves its shores,
The tocsin sounds, the watch-fires blaze:
It breaks the burly trapper's rest
Far o'er the white New Hampshire hills;
And, ringing like a bugle-note,
O'er the Green Mountain rage it thrills;
Sweeps Northward o'er Canadian wilds,
Peals o'er St. Lawrence like a knell;
Till stern Quebec re-echoes back
The wild, the warning swell!

Fast, far it flies: the hills that skirt
The noble Hudson caught the wail,
And Southward, o'er Potomac's wave,
Sent the loud war-cry on the gale.
Fast o'er the Dismal Swamp it flew,
O'er Carolina's groves of green,
Till the lone settler caught the sound
Beyond Savannah's tide serene.
The Blue Ridge, vocal, spread the call
Through all its soft Virginian vale;
The Alleghanies, grand and tall,
Open'd their rocky barriers wide,
That through them might resound the wail
To sweep remote Ohio's tide,
And rouse the brave Kentucky men,
And hunters in the Elk-horn glen;
That each and all, by mount and flood,
Might know how valiantly had stood
The Northern men in battle field—
—Had bled, had died, had scorned to yield.

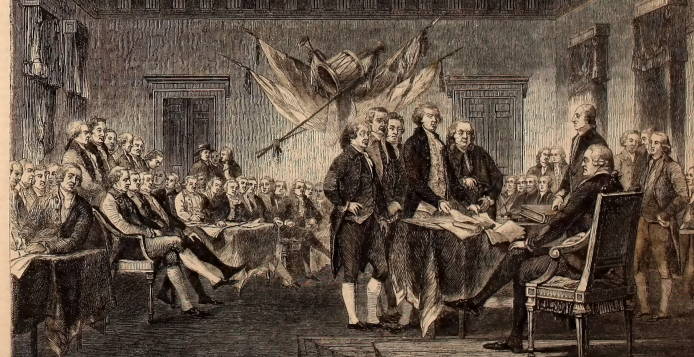
All sprang to arms. Throughout the land
The sledge on anvil rang a peal,
Where busy armorers shaped the brand,
Or frolock, or the pike of steel.
All sprang to arms. Through village lanes,
'Mid the embowering groves, there shone
The flash of arms; there rang the strains
Of war, in music's martial tones:
And well they held, with sword and spear,
Through many a long and bloody year,
Their stern, victorious career.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE UNITED States have never known so illustrious an assembly as that which adopted the Declaration of Independence. Most of the signers are known, by their portraits, throughout the country. We have, however, thought it well, for the better preservation of the features of those fathers of the country, to present our readers, on the occasion of this our national anniversary, with the subjoined picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which has been carefully drawn from reliable portraits, by the artist to whom the portrait department of this journal is especially committed. We need not suggest that such a picture at this is well worth preserving.

Two of the signers—Adams and Jefferson—became successively Presidents of the United States. Jefferson was comparatively a young man when the high duty devolved upon him to draft the Declaration; he had but just completed his thirty-third year. Adams was older—nearly forty-one. Both were men of the pen, not the sword. Disastrically opposed in all their instincts, they typified between them the spirit of the Revolution—Adams standing for the rugged old Puritan Republicans; Jefferson representing the more modern school of French Democrats. Both lived and learned much before they were rewarded with the highest honor the country could bestow. Adams waited twenty-one, Jefferson twenty-five years, for the Presidency. Both, as every one knows, died on the same day, and that day the 4th of July, 1826—one of the most striking historical coincidences on record.

Many other signers became, in their time, conspicuous pillars of the State they had so largely helped to found. William Whipple, of New Hampshire, was a prominent soldier of the Revolution in the campaign against Burgoyne. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, served as envoy to France, and died Vice-President of the United States. Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, was an active officer during the Revolution, and subsequently saw his son rise to the highest political office. Robert Morris sacrificed a princely fortune for the sake of the independence of the colonies, and died in abject poverty—a melancholy proof of the often-marked ingratitude of republics. Samuel Chase, of Maryland, served for fifteen years as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, was serving with the army when Cornwallis was made prisoner. Thomas Heyward and Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, both fought during the war, and were made prisoners by the British.



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

Many others left names imperishable, though less prominently interwoven with the political history of the confederacy. The world will always be proud of Benjamin Franklin, the type of truly common sense. Samuel Adams will always be remembered as particularly a master mind, who unobtrusively stamped his opinions on the society in which he lived. Nor shall mankind ever forget generous, chivalrous John Hancock, the first impersonation of high-souled enthusiasm for liberty and disinterested patriotism. Richard Henry Lee deserves the honors his countrymen are now proudly paying to his memory.

All the signers either were eminent at the time they signed the Declaration or rose to eminence afterward. A few, like Charles Carroll, Thomas Middleton, Rutledge, and others, had but little to gain from political station, and rather accepted it as a duty than sought it as a prize. A few lived, and did not prefer obscurity, were rewarded by their countrymen for their labors in the cause of it. Most of them lived to great ages. Four—John Adams, Ellery, Lewis, and Carroll—lived past the age of ninety. Two lived beyond eighty. Three were but five out of the whole number who did not live to see their fiftieth year. Two—Button Gwinnett, of Georgia—was killed in a duel; and another—Lynch, of South Carolina—was lost in a vessel which sailed a few months after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. They were all, as their most infidelic, men of good character, and, as we so often find it, their mental strength was coupled with corresponding physical vigor.

The motto at the New-Nothing meetings is to know that eight signers of the Declaration of Independence were born in North Britain. This may be urged, however, in apology for them, that at the time of their birth the United States were not much a part of the dominions of the British King as the British islands themselves. Had it been otherwise, and had the spirit been abroad in the unfortunate person, they would doubtless have elected to have seen the light on the other side of the Isratic. For the rest, Massachusetts bears the palm among the States as the largest producer of signers, having contributed ten members to the Congress. Virginia follows, owning nine signers. Maryland comes next, as the birth-place of four. Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina, each contributed four; Delaware and New York, three each; and Rhode Island and New Hampshire, one each. North Carolina, New Hampshire, or Georgia, was proud.

It is sad to think that, while the country has made such progress in wealth and prosperity, so little has been done toward collecting the data for the perpetuation of the memory of these men. In a few years, unless Plutarch's mantle has fallen superhuman, their features and their appearance may be as much matter of controversy as those of the founders of the old colonies. What a worthy act it would be for so rich a city as New York to give an order to some first-class artist to engage in a cenotz statue, or at least busts, of these fifty-six patriots! How noble an ornament it would be for the new City Hall! How paltry the expense, in comparison with the credit the work would reflect on the city!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

MORE TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

THE news from Mexico is much more alarming to the lover of peace than that from Great Britain. It seems that the present Government of Mexico, which is the offspring of the clerical cabal against the liberal and wise Government of Comonfort, no sooner came into office than it fell a prey to the pecuniary embarrassment which had proved the ruin of its predecessor. Comonfort had sold the property of the clergy to save himself by relieving the Church of a portion of its exorbitant wealth. Zuloaga had been raised to power by the priests; but they did not decently plunder them; nor would they, it appears, come forward voluntarily and surrender a part of their money for the sake of the cause being a Government which would have sustained them in possession of the rest. Driven to the wall by want of money, Zuloaga resorted to the only scheme which offered a prospect of speedy relief; he proclaimed a forced levy on the property of all residents, foreigners as well as natives. When the proclamation was issued, Mr. Forsyth, United States Minister to Mexico, very properly protested against the application of the levy to property owned by citizens of the United States. This protest has been disregarded, property of United States citizens seized, and Mr. Forsyth, as in duty bound, has demanded and obtained his passports. Thus, for the present, diplomatic intercourse has ceased between the United States and Mexico.

The incident would be grave if there were a clear prospect of the continuance in power of the Zuloaga Government. Simultaneously with the appearance of this last outrage, we perceive we learn that President Zuloaga is seeking a safe exile, and that Juarez, the leader of the anti-clericals or liberal party, is in a fair way to become the master of the State. The United States are thus estopped, for the present, from taking energetic measures to vindicate the property of Mr. Forsyth's course. Before a United States ship of war could arrive at Vera Cruz, it is likely that the offending Government may be overthrown and destroyed. We could hardly, with any show of generosity, demand that the Juarez indemnity for an injury committed by his antagonists.

At the same time it is gravely to be regretted that citizens of the United States should be so constant sufferers by the turmoils and anarchies of Mexican political troubles. Much American money was invested in Mexican enterprises on the faith of the pacts of the Santa Anna Government. These pledges were not necessarily binding on Comonfort. In like manner, the contracts made by the Comonfort Government have not been universally assumed by the Zuloaga party; nor is there any reason to suppose that, with the capacity of Mr. Bright, who is in charge of the operation of laying the cable on the *Agamemnon*. Grave charges have been brought against Mr. Bright by persons connected with last year's expedition; it is to be hoped that the directors of the Company have not allowed personal or wealth to influence their selection of an engineer.

Altogether, the margin for failure is large. The cable may break—and, as the late experiment proves, it may be impossible to recover it. Or, without breaking, it may refuse to transmit the telegraphic spark. Or the *Niagara* may arrive at Newfoundland and the *Agamemnon* at Valentia Island, with no end of throw, and, consignals being transmissible, it may be impossible to say whether the wire has snapped or the current been diverted. All these contingencies are not only possible but probable.

Let us hope that they may never become realities. The possibility of submarine telegraphic communication has been demonstrated. Cables have been successfully laid across the British Channel, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea. There is no scientific reason why a telegraphic cable should not be as safely laid under 1000 miles of sea. The difficulty naturally increases in proportion to the length of the cable—that is all. The possibility remains the same.

Let us make up our minds that, if this attempt to lay the telegraphic cable fails, it shall be renewed next year. The British Government must has done its share nobly—three of the four vessels composing the telegraph squadron are English. The rest will probably vote of the work. But it would do credit to Mr. Buchanan and to Congress, if, should the present attempt fail, the attempt to lay the cable next year were renewed with at least as many United States as British vessels.

ANOTHER EL DORADO.

THE accounts from the newly-discovered gold region in the possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the Pacific shores of this continent, are calculated to excite quite a sensation. It is stated by persons who are said to be worthy of reliance, that the tributaries of the Fraser river, flowing into the Gulf of Georgia, promise a yield even richer than any thing ever produced by California or Australia. Experienced Californian miners are satisfied that, in a short time, Vancouver's Island and the vicinity will be the seat of as populous a colonial and as prosperous as California. Several thousand persons have already set off for the diggings, and others are only waiting for the confirmation of the reports to follow their example.

A passing cloud has for a time obscured the prospect. The Hudson's Bay Company's Governor on Vancouver's Island has closed Fraser's River, and the other streams which are supposed to be auriferous, to all but foreigners, that is British subjects. He wants to keep all the gold for his Company. This is like trying to dam Niagara with a silver watch. Governor Douglas could no more keep gold-diggers out of his territory than he could prevent fish from swimming in the waters. The chances are that he is aware of the fact, and that, having fired off his proclamation, he will wisely shut his eyes to a violation of it. If he does not, he will find himself in an awkward predicament. The representative of an obsolete and moribund corporation, he is sure to be handled with the most treacherary tenderness either by his own countrymen or by ours.

If the reports of gold discoveries on the streams flowing into the Gulf of Georgia are confirmed, a new future is opening for British North America. The part of this continent of Europe's nollect claim the shore of the Columbia, Vancouver's Island, and the adjacent coast, is the richest. The soil is good, and well watered. Judicious husbandry would be quite as profitable there as in Oregon. Vancouver's Island contains coal; iron and copper also abound in the neighboring region. For these there is the whole of the Pacific coast more happily situate; if it be true, as is stated, that the Japanese have resolved to cultivate commercial relations with the world, the mouth of the Columbia would naturally enjoy considerable intercourse with them.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since that wise and far-sighted man, John Jacob Astor, projected the establishment of a great State near the recently-discovered gold fields. His ingenious mind grasped the capacities of the site. Accident defeated his schemes, and they have lain dormant for nearly fifty years. The late intelligence from Fraser's River is reliable, those who read these lines will witness their accomplishment, in no extent and in a manner which the projector of the scheme never realized.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST.

MANY lives, and some twenty millions' worth of property of various kinds, are said to have been destroyed by the floods which have taken place on the Mississippi and its confluents this spring. From New Orleans to the upper waters of the Father of Rivers the story is the same—the papers are full of accounts of crevasses, overflows, inundations, and towns, villages, farm-houses, crops, and railways submerged.

Many, a couple of years since, a similar accident, though on an humbler scale, took place in the south of France, the Emperor appointed a commission of scientific men to inquire into the facts and propose a remedy. He is an engineer himself of no mean capacity. He visited in his boyhood in person, and made very excellent suggestions. It is believed that the labors of the commission resulted in the adoption of a plan by which the disastrous effect of future inundations is likely to be materially lessened.

It could do no harm to follow the example here. There can be no question of the constitutional duty of the federal Executive to devote attention to a class of casualties which interests gravely with the internal commerce and postal communications of the country. It would be competent for the President to detail three or four of the ablest engineer officers to spend some weeks at the scene of the recent inundations, and to report on the best means of protecting against future crevasses and inundations. The several States interested might find it to their advantage to institute special inquiries with the same general object.

To stop freshets, and dam up the torrents by which the spring floods are fed, is a great project, is beyond the power of man. But there is no reason why the levees on the Mississippi should not be very much raised by years, on the security of immense value should be exposed to destruction by periodically recurring accidents of this character. Such an investigation should judiciously spent in scientific surveys and engineering works may be the means of saving future millions.

THE HUMILIATION OF NAPLES.

PROBABLY every reader of this journal is aware that there is in the southern part of Italy a Kingdom of Naples, the Sicilies of which Naples is the capital and core. Very few are ignorant of the fact that this kingdom has been, by Divine Providence, so cruelly visited of late that even the heart of a stone might have been melted by the recital of the disasters it has suffered. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, overwhelming tens of thousands; volcanic eruptions, burying the fields under a winding sheet of lava; rebellions, destroying trade and industry; cholerics, effacing the last trace of security for person or property—such are a few of the calamities which have befallen the kingdom of the Two Sicilies within the memory of all who read these lines. The superstitious minds of that naturally idle and property dependent on his will. Refinements of cruelty worthy of the most exaggerated Dominican histories of the Inquisition have been, and are daily, perpetrated on the subjects of the King of Naples. In the Two Sicilies murder, robbery, rape, arson, every human crime, prevail when committed by a friend of the Crown or the Bourbon. The plain citizen can be sure neither of redress for injuries inflicted by the neighbor nor of any protestation against the enormous tyranny of his superiors. Save in one case only the common judgment the King—the laws are either silent or uncertain.

The reader will, therefore, be not displeased to hear that in this abominable country he has lately humiliated by Great Britain. A few months ago a number of Neapolitans, shocked by depravation, attempted a successful rising against the government. They conferred a statement—the *Unità*—on board of which were two English engineers. These men were entirely unconscious of the object of the voyage. Nevertheless, when the enterprise failed, and the conspirators were captured, the English engineers were seized with the others, thrown into the dungeons, subjected to incredibly malevolent that one lost his reason, the other his health. For some weeks Great Britain has been aroused, and when in favor that his refusal would have been the signal for the block-

ade of Naples. One can not help rejoicing over his humiliation, just as one is glad to hear of any bully being well whipped. But perhaps it would have been better for the cause of liberty in Europe if King Bomba had persevered in his obstinacy, and driven the English and Sardinians to fight him in earnest.

THE LOUNGER.

A LONG LETTER.

Clifton House, Niagara Falls, *June*, 1858.

My dear Lounger,—Because you and I are upon the best private terms, I do not see why I should not write you a public letter. In fact, when I am writing to you I seem almost to be speaking to myself; and, by the same rule, you ought to have a peculiar interest in my letters. As I read your little paragraphs from week to week I feel as if I were reading my own opinions, so intimate is our sympathy and so true our friendship; and if I sometimes wish that you spoke out a little more plainly upon public matters about which men differ, I have but to reflect a moment, and then I am sure I see it as you do, and entirely appreciate your reasons. However, I promised to write you a public letter, and I fancy our great friend, the Public, cares very little about our private relations. I remember you once said to me, "The Public is a ——; but you must never let it know you think so!"

I left town by the mid-day train on the Hudson River road for Albany; and every body who can should certainly start upon their summer-trips from the 15th to the 20th of June. "Then, if ever, come perfect days," sings Lowell, and the poet could not have told a more accurate truth had he been his co-Professor Peirce, demonstrating upon the blackboard. I doubt if there is any railroad in the world upon which the scenery is lovelier than on the Hudson. The variety of shore—from the steep Palisades, under which lie buried the emeralds and precious stones, as related by the veracious and erudite Sparrowgrass—the gradual green slopes of the Tappan Sea—the bolder beginnings of the Highlands on Haverstraw Bay, rising and rising until they culminate in Cro'-nest, and falling suddenly away from the verdurous precipices of Butterhill (the Storm-King of Willis, and the But-a-hill of jealous other-siders) into the open bay of Newburgh, with that little inland city, crowned with the profile of a temple-porch—then winding, with quiet monotony, until the Catskills, a little withdrawn into tender silvery distance, satisfy the eye and the imagination with a sense of real mountains.

The day was hot and dusty. But the air was so calm that the river lay a green oily gleam under the Palisades, pierced and shot through and through with the faintly shimmering reflections of the shores covered with the lazy sloops, whose great white sails seemed fascinated with their own languid images below. The foliage was fresh, and full of that tufted richness which is peculiar to the English landscape, and the innumerable houses and towns with the gardens and terraces and villa-cultivation, impress you with a feeling of thrifty, comfortable life, which can not be mistaken.

I was rather surprised not to see your friend Hog in the car; for I seldom travel any where without meeting some of the family. I presume he was farther forward. There was, however, one of those victims of travel who always excite my profoundest sympathy. It was a mother with three children, each apparently younger than the others, and with "a slip of a girl" as nurse. It was, as I said, hot and dusty, and the three children roared in concert. The rattling echo of the cars was so great that it was only when we "slacked up" that I *heard* them; but I *saw* them, with their choral mouths stretched wide open, all the time. It proved, certainly, that the sole pleasure of crying is not the noise. You know it is a question whether a man would enjoy his cigar in a high wind and a pitch-dark night combined—whether, in fact, the pleasure is not mainly in seeing the smoke. But the kindred speculation about crying was, as you see, solved at once. I say I pity the poor mothers under such circumstances—for they, of course, know better than any one how annoyed the passengers are; and, better than any body, they know how impossible it is to stop the noise. Scolding, pinching, sitting down hard, slapping—all merely aggravate the difficulty; and every moment the poor child gets more feverish and hysterical. In this instance the mother, with the hard, sad face, so often seen in women who have almost more than they can bear, sat as quietly as she could, only betraying her feelings by the energetic way in which she "hauled" the children about. Presently two of them fell asleep, and the third whimpered into silence as it looked out upon the river—but the face of the mother was unmoved: she sat like a statue.

Nearer me sat two gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, who were very severe upon clerks.

"Clerks are a great nuisance!" said A.

"Certainly they are," replied B; "no young chap thinks he can do any thing for less than a thousand dollars a year."

"And then they don't do it," suggested A, with gravity.

"Salaries, Mr. A, is much too high. There ain't no business doin' up in our place, but nobody's willin' to take any less."

"A dollar a day," said Mr. A, "is quite high enough wages. Every body is overpaid."

"Yes," put in B, as a clencher; "we pay twenty-five thousand dollars a year to the President. If we paid two thousand it would be better for us."

This was the way the heat came out in conversation, as it came out upon the baby's neck, in a little rash. In both cases it was an ill-humor, I thought.

At a little after five we were at Albany. I went up the steep hill to Congress Hall, which looked cool and quiet under the trees. Albany had cast the slough of the Assembly; and, by contrast, was really delightful. As I strolled about in the pleasant evening, people sat at their doors and upon the sidewalks, holding their babies at the windows, and fanning themselves on balconies in rocking-chairs; boys were playing in the street; laborers coming home by dozens, in wagons, their tin-kettles clinking. The handsome houses on the broad street beyond Congress Hall stood a little withdrawn, in dense foliage, and through the open windows stole the sound of pianos and guitars. There was an air of universal repose—of the sweet tranquillity that succeeds a night-mare; and I asked myself, What has this unhappy city done in past ages that it must have a lobbying Legislature, a swarm of eager, unprincipled, scheming, miserable politicians spinning their noisome web about its very heart for a hundred days in every year, when the Dutch blood upon these steep hills ought to secure sleepy peace forever?

Don't misunderstand me, and think that I mean to insinuate that clean hands must not touch politics because politics are dirty. Quite the contrary. Until honest men sacrifice their tastes and inclinations, and take hold in earnest, politics will continue to be a synonym of dishonesty and dirt. As long as intelligent and able men let the pot-houses govern, so long we shall have a pot-house government. And this is true of all parties. There is none of them that has not an unnecessary faith in meanness.

Poor Albany! I shall never forget how happy and relieved it looked, that soft summer evening!

I was off the next morning by the "Central," up the lovely valley of the Mohawk. We ran along the river-meadows, and under the heavy-foliaged hills—among the young rye and wheat, and the sprouting corn and potatoes, and the brilliant yellow patches, which wise men in the cars called "the blow of mustard." The rounded hills were beautifully covered with groves, and grain patches lay bright between. The fields were full of men hoeing, planting, and plowing. The opulent woods through which we continually darted were mainly oaks, chestnuts, walnuts, and birch, with sometimes the white maple, cornel, willows, and soft sassafras. So bright, and beautiful, and rich the landscape seemed—the fields were so fertile, the homesteads so comfortable, there was such ample space, such busy, hammering towns—such freedom from passports, officers, and customs—and every where the church and the school-house, that I remembered Italy and remoter lands without a sigh of regret, but with one of sympathy and pity.

At nine o'clock we reached the Suspension Bridge. It was almost the longest day of the year, and the twilight was blending with the moonlight, as we crept, very tenderly, over the wires, and swung four or five hundred feet over the foaming rapids. The night was perfectly still; the young moon entirely clear; the jar of our own motion filled my ears; but far up the stream, between the high black blanks, I saw a white vapor—a luminous cloud. In a few moments we stopped in another country, and, jumping into an omnibus, drove along the edge of the precipice, toward the luminous cloud, and stopping suddenly before a great building full of lights, and surrounded with balconies, from which groups of people were leaning, looking down at us, we stepped out of the omnibus into the spray of Niagara—which falls like a slight shower of dew at the door of the Clifton.

I think it is Willis—whose sketches of travel at home and abroad are among the most delightful in literature—who says that your second visit to Niagara must be made at the Clifton. It is not my second, nor even my third, but it is my first (but shall not be, if I can help it, the last) at this house. It is built in a right angle, the two outer sides full in view of the cataract, and the inner surrounding a garden, which is kept green by the spray of the fall, and is at this moment full of roses and lilies. Fronting this garden is a range of cottages, and the Casino, a spacious hall for music and dancing, and billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys. The whole place has a domestic air of comfort, is thoroughly neat and clean, and is none the less agreeable because so large a part of the guests are Canadians. At this moment the Speaker of the Assembly and many of the members are here. You get English shillings and half-penny tokens in change. You see square-toed boots and shoes—offensively square, as if to mock and defy the Gallic roundness of your own boot-toes. You behold those checked trowsers, waistcoats, and coats, which I have seen on the Hartz Mountains—in the shadow of Mont Blanc—in the streets of Pompeii and on the top of the Pyramids. Will no philosopher explain the passion of the English mind for checked clothes? Last evening I contemplated an impromptu polka in the parlor. I shall not call it another British outrage; I merely express an opinion that Terpsichore is not an English muse.

You can not be long with the Canadians without disembarrassing your mind of any theories of annexation. They are more English than the English. Loyalty is almost always in the inverse ratio of neighborhood to the central government; and the very fact of separation from the mother country and the immediate vicinity of a rival power, deepens colonial loyalty into enthusiasm. I can almost toss a stone across the river to my native land, but I seem as far away from it as if I were in Malta. Even the English accent appears to be more pronounced than elsewhere. It is well worth the while of any one who has not been in Europe to cross the bridge and pass a day or two on this side. He will find that he has suddenly traveled abroad. He will find also a bluff, blithe heartiness in the Canadians which contrasts not unpleasantly with the tragically anxious demeanor of some of our beloved fellow-countrymen.

I have encountered many parties of these last, evidently undergoing their annual tour of pleasure. They sit resolutely in the cars all day long with the blinds drawn, powdered and aggravated by the clouds of dust—desperately shaking it off the flabby drilling dusters—panting in the intolerable heat—pulling out their watches—studying the Railroad Guides—reading every word of the small bills of dining saloons and cheap hotels which are profusely distributed in the cars—running their heads out of the windows at every stop—and catching little hot naps, as we tear along. Arrived at the end of the day's journey, they rush in swarms to see who shall be first to enter his name upon the Hotel Register,—wait, in dust and perspiring impatience, the arrival of their luggage—wash their faces and hands, and hurry down to the national beef-steak and coffee—pay the waiter to bring something that can be eaten—smoke a cigar, drink a little brandy and water, and go to bed to be thumped up at four o'clock in the morning to commence another day of summer recreation. I had a young friend who was sadly bald—shiningly bald: and a little naughty girl, after surveying his smooth head in speechless wonder for several minutes, at length inquired with fearful distinctness, before a large company, "How did you do it?" With the same spirit of wonder I am tempted to ask my dusty fellow-travelers, who have left coolness, comfort, and home behind—"*Why* did you do it?"

I must not omit one thing about the Clifton House, which is not in its favor—the table is very bad, the attendance very poor. The latter, however, like the old gentleman's tea, is "good enough, what there is of it." But I tried an experiment here, on the first day, for the first and last time in my traveling life. *I did not fee any waiter.* Mark my words, O Lounger, and avoid my fate. The great struggle of dinner commenced (it was Sunday) at two o'clock. The guests were drawn up (or down) four deep. Near me sat a party of four—two young ladies, and two gentlemen of such mustaches and cravats, that I saw in a moment they had *not* omitted to fee Ganymede, and so instantly gave myself up for lost. I made all the haste I could, but I was at the extremity of Ganymede's beat, and he had about three times as many people to serve as he could possibly have minded had he been impartial in his care. But I beheld the cravatted party engaged with the roast, while I was struggling, not with, but for, soup. Fish went by default. I cried aloud for "beef well-done." I waited long enough for the butcher to do his office, and then arrived a lump of something, such as Bruce may have seen cut from the living Abyssinian kine. I glanced at my neighbors—they were just routing the ice-cream, and skirmishing with an advance of nuts and raisins. I charged at a sweet-bread, but was repulsed. By a strategic movement I seized some macaroni, but before I could be supported by a reserve of bread, the grinning Ganymede was bowing out the mustaches and cravats—corking the remainder of their wine, and brushing away their crumbs, piling up their plates, like trophies of a well-fought field, while they, picking their teeth, and their very backs betraying the nervous consciousness with which people leave a public dining-room, they moved away. I remained upon the field, but the enemy had disappeared. I fell back upon some white slop which proved to be the remains of ice-cream, and at the end of an engagement of an hour in which I had been worsted at every point, I withdrew, a hungrier and a wiser man. Spare your money, my Lounger, and spoil your dinner. Even though traveling in heat and dust for recreation, one must eat: and whoever would eat, must fee the waiter. The melancholy part of it was, that I had resolved to reward Ganymede if he did well. But I presumed too much upon "poor human nature." My consolation was an old one: if I could not get any dinner to eat, it was not worth the eating.

Somehow I forgot it all at evening, when the moon hung over the Falls. On the lower piazza sat gentlemen in arm chairs facing the splendid spectacle, and smoking. Along the upper piazza strolled a few pairs of lovers, whispering, and leaning over the balcony; and groups were sitting and moving upon the edge of the cliff. Father Hennepin who saw the Falls—the first of white men—enjoyed some advantages. He was not invited wherever he turned, to "Have a carriage, Sir—for the battle-ground, Sir?" or to "take a little drive, Sir?" or to "ride round, Sir," or to "remember the blind man, Sir, and look through his glass;" nor, like me, was he caught looking over a fence at some wolves chained to kennels, and when an obsequious gentleman stepped out briskly and said, "I think you've not stepped round to see the wild animals, Sir—the live buffaloes, Sir," was the good father compelled, like me, to say feebly, as he skulked away, "No, I believe not, to-day." To-day, indeed! as if I intended to call and see them the very first thing in the morning!

—There, what a letter! and I observe you always cut down your correspondents to the fewest words! I suppose you will hardly think of printing it all. And yet if you did, you might go play for a week, for I should have done your work for you. Now that I am started, I shall scarcely stop short of the Mississippi, scouring over the June prairies, skirting Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia on my homeward way. Measured by rapidity of travel, which is the only just measure of extent in these days, the country will be no larger when we are settled to the Pacific than it was when we touched the Mississippi.

Perhaps, if this does not overwhelm you, I shall write again. Yours, dear Chang,

Eng.

The Lounger gratefully accepts his friend's offer to do his work for him this week, quite sure that it will be as well done as if he did it himself.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER BOX.

"Boston, *June* —, —.

"Dear Lounger,—In *Harper's* for this week I see a flippant bit of scandal, copied from a London paper, touching the editor of *Household Words*, Mr. Charles Dickens. Now, dear butterfly, as you rove from flower to flower, and cunningly steal the secrets of each, can you tell me if this report be true, or merely one of the regular rumors concerning that honored name? And if it indeed be correct, should we not rather sorrow and cover our eyes from the nakedness of our author-friend, than mock and jeer at his misfortune or his fall, as the case may be? I candidly confess for myself that I would prefer to hear my own name in connection with such a rumor than that of him who has made me laugh and cry so often—who has taught me so much of human sympathy and human brotherhood. I sincerely trust that you, whose smiling philosophy and kind moralizing are as familiar in my own home as "household words," may be able to rescue a reputation which at least '*Musa vetat mori.*'

Truly yours,

"G. H. L."

—G. H. L. will have read, ere this, the manly explanation which Dickens has given of the great sorrow which has befallen him. Pity, you who love him.

St. Albans, 21st *June*, 1858.

"Mr. Lounger,—I am indignant! There has been another 'awful explosion' and 'fearful loss of life' on that horrid Mississippi—the steamer *Pennsylvania* a perfect wreck, and nobody knows how many persons were killed, and all because 'there was not water enough in the boiler,' as there should have been. *Why* was there not? and if that was the whole cause of the disaster, whose fault was it? And if it was the fault of the fireman or engineer, they ought to suffer. I think the carelessness of such mechanics is perfectly appalling.

"I must say I congratulate myself on living in the quiet, steady, conscientious State of Vermont, where we don't have steamboat explosions, or bridge break-downs, or riots, or rows, or any other such horrible abominations; but where people mind their own business, and railway and steamboat companies don't run a competition in smashing or exploding their unfortunate passengers. It is a sin and a shame, nay, a *disgrace* to the country, that such criminal carelessness should be so leniently and *philanthropically* (?) excused—on the plea, I suppose, that accidents will happen to the best of folks, and the worst, too.

"Well, although I have little interest in the matter, yet still I *can not* help feeling some compassion for the poor ill-starred beings who suffer by these 'accidents.' Who knows, or can estimate the suffering and privations caused by them? Who can appreciate the depth of wretchedness in the hearts of the childless parents, the widowed husbands and wives, made so, perhaps, 'because there was not water enough in the boiler!' Indeed those words might do for a fitting text for the appeal which ought to be made to the sympathies of the people, that our beloved country may not be called upon to witness every little while such harrowing scenes of suffering and torture. I say that it ought to make the blood of every honest man and woman in the country *boil* with indignation, and shame, and compassion for the sufferers. *My* wish is that every steamboat or railway company which is unprincipled enough to leave such careless officials unpunished may be ruined—at least until they can learn to value the lives of their fellow-creatures as well as their money, which is a *high* estimate. You will bear with my fervor, Mr. Lounger, because it is *honest* and heartfelt; and if my words might waken a sympathetic feeling in any of your numerous readers, it would be the greatest delight to me.

"We are not Chinese here in America, and can not afford to lose, every now and then, from ten to fifty precious human lives, and be indifferent to it. Ah! if people would only pause before they act, how much less distress and suffering would fill the country, and wring the hearts of all who have *human* feeling! Perhaps, Mr. Lounger, my compassion outstrips my reason, and I may be looking at things in an exaggerated light. If so, I shall be only *too happy* to stand corrected.

"Here where I live, among the blue mountains and verdant slopes of the lovely Valley of Champlain, where all is quiet, innocent, healthful, and elevating (if one's *own* soul is pure), I read with wonder and deprecating astonishment of the noisy and headlong rush of the world beyond, and can hardly comprehend how they exist in such a furious hurry. Do you like a beautiful landscape, Mr. Lounger? with the greenest, most flourishing trees and richest grass, with lofty mountain, a spreading lake, innumerable islands and hills of all descriptions, from the gentlest slope to the ruggedest precipice? Then you ought to come *here*. I have been so happy all day in the congenial companionship of our mother Nature, that the fearful news of the loss of the *Pennsylvania* made a double impression on me, and I thought you might be as lenient and good-natured to me as to your other amiable correspondents, 'V. de V.' (does that stand for Virginia de Vere?), and 'Ethelinda,' and 'Mrs. Nancy Dobley,' etc.

Hortensia."

—Our fair correspondent is right. We are too prodigal of travelers' lives in this country, as is proved by the statistical returns of railway and steamboat accidents in foreign countries. But what are we to do? Accidents are fearfully expensive luxuries for railways and steamers, as the New Haven Railroad is ready to certify. If self-interest will not insure caution on the part of these corporations, what will? Would it be constitutional to adopt *Punch's* hint, and tie a Director upon each locomotive and steam valve?

"Mr. Lounger,—I have a statement to make, and a favor to ask. First the statement:

"We have three pianos in our house. Arabella, who, being a young lady, may without exaggeration be called a fair performer, plays one or other of these instruments daily from eight o'clock A.M. till half past ten P.M., with two slight intermissions for dinner and tea. To which I do not object, as she plays with much agility (I am not a musical man, but suppose this is the proper term for extreme rapidity and continuity of musical action), and as she furthermore abates entirely the hurdy-gurdy nuisance in our neighborhood—the worthy Italian who played for our block having retired in disgust.

"But latterly Arabella has extended her evening music hours. Now I am an old fogy (I admit it freely), and like to get into my night-cap and into the arms of Morpheus at the regular hour of half past ten. When, therefore, Arabella, some nights ago, for the fourth or fifth time, played until within a few minutes of twelve, I was kept awake, and the following morning ventured upon a gentle remonstrance, observing to her that though I liked music, I did not hanker after it after 11 P.M. Whereupon Arabella called me a Brute.

"Now for the favor. Will you not say to my young lady that there is such a thing as running even a good thing into the ground? And that the person who does so may justly be called a bore? Also will you please state, for the information of Arabella and other young ladies, how many hours per day can be profitably devoted to the piano? And at what hour all nice young ladies ought to shut up that instrument? Your compliance will oblige, Yours, respectfully, A Brute."

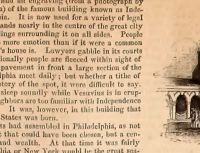
—This is a very delicate subject, trenching upon the constitutional rights of the American female. The Lounger will therefore defer his reply till he has had time to consult a few of the soundest constitutional lawyers in the city. Meanwhile, a vigorous use of the *cornet-à-piston* after midnight might afford "A Brute" consolation if not relief.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

BELOW the reader will find an engraving (from a photograph by Broadbent, of Philadelphia) of the famous building known as Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is now used for a variety of legal and other vile uses. It stands nearly in the centre of the great city of Philadelphia, with buildings surrounding it on all sides. People pass it every day with no more emotion than if it were a common lager-bier saloon—as Penn's house is. Lawyers gabble in its courts and on its steps, and occasionally people are fleeced within sight of its walls. On the broad pavement in front a large section of the business public of Philadelphia must daily; but whether a title of them are aware of the history of the spot, it were difficult to say. Residents of Cuttellmarc step soundly while Vesuvius is in eruption; our Philadelphian neighbors are too familiar with Independence Hall to pay it due respect. It was, however, in this building that the Republic of the United States was born.

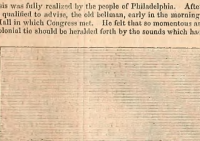
The Continental Congress had assembled in Philadelphia, as not only the most central point that could have been chosen, but a centre and focus of intellect and wealth. At that time it was fairly doubtful whether Philadelphia or New York would be the great support of the United States. In June, 1776, all the leaders of the young American union were gathered in Penn's City of Brotherly Love.

In that month Lee's bold resolution in favor of the independence of the colonies was first laid before the Congress, and received the emphatic support of a majority of the members of the body. The subject of a Declaration of Independence had been committed to a Committee, of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman. They reported in due course, and the beginning of July found the Congress duly possessed of the subject. The first days of the month were spent in discussing the Declaration. The Rubicon was really crossed on the 2d by the adoption of Lee's resolution, which, in general terms, affirmed that the colonies ought of right to be, and were, independent States. But upon the details of the preamble there was yet room for discussion. Many members of the Congress objected to clauses and expressions in Jefferson's draft. The 2d, 3d, and 4th of the month were devoted to debate on these disputed points. On the evening of the 3d it was "noised abroad" throughout Philadelphia that Congress had agreed on all that was material, and that the Declaration would be voted upon in its entirety on the following day.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, A.D. 1776.

The importance of the crisis was fully realized by the people of Philadelphia. After consultation with their best qualified to advise, the old bellman, early in the morning, ascended the steeple of the Hall in which Congress met. He felt that a momentous an act as the severance of the colonial tie should be heralded forth by the sounds which had been used, in olden days, to celebrate the coronation of a new monarch, the concession of new privileges to the colonists, or the repeal of the Stamp Act. He determined that, so far as in him lay, the joyfulness of the Independence of the United States should be made known soon and loudly. Accordingly, when Congress met, he ascended the belfry, and stationed a boy below to telegraph him the tenor of the final vote.



LIBERTY BELL.

Hours passed, and the old man sat still in the belfry. The great vacant space in front of the Hall—it was then what we should call a square—gradually filled with an excited throng. There were, even then, some Tories left in Philadelphia; but the sense of the crowd was decidedly in favor of independence. As half hour followed half hour, and the warm-ported debate continued, the crowd testified its impatience in angry whispers; the old bellman, stern and cool, never diverted his gaze from the spot where the boy had been told to stand when he made the sign. How succeeded hour; at last the old bellman, whose desire for independence was doubtless strong, began to lose hope.

"Ah!" he groaned in his belfry, "they will never do it. They dare not do it!"

His little knew the deliberate firmness of the men gathered in that building. Hardly had the murmur risen to the roof of the belfry than the boy appeared below—stationed, doubtless, by some very enthusiastic member of the Congress—and cried, gesticulating wildly, "Ring, bellman, ring!"

And the old bellman, all his past up excitement bursting suddenly forth, rang a peal which woke up the crowd like the last trump; a peal which echoed over the Schuylkill and the Delaware, away to the hills, and down the valleys, from the store of the merchant to the farm-yard of the laborer, and bade every man who heard it make ready for a glorious but desperate struggle.

The old bell—Liberty Bell—on which this peal was rung—may still be seen in the room in Independence Hall which is appropriated to Revolutionary relics. It is badly cracked; it shall ring no more peals. Its office in this world is perfect and complete. One hundred and six years ago it crossed the Atlantic, with no higher purpose than other bells serve. Soon after its arrival a crack disabled it. By direction of the Colonial Assembly of Pennsylvania, it was recast in Philadelphia, and hung anew in the State House. Again, after a lapse of years, a crack—which may be seen in our illustration—rendered the bell useless for practical purposes. Thenceforth it became a relic. The old building was altered; the "Liberty Bell" was lowered from the belfry, and duly ensconced in a corner of the room appropriated to relics in Independence Hall; where, with statues, paintings, and a number of other historical memorials, it remains to this day—the chief object of attraction for the visitor to Philadelphia.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

IT was on a bright summer morning that we took passage on board a small Potomac steamer for Mount Vernon. We left Willard's after breakfast, and reached the boat full half an hour before she started—though, according to the announcement, she should have left the wharf within a few minutes after we came. Conscious of the shortcomings of New York ferries, we forbore to complain, but calmly took our places and waited.

There are few rivers in the United States which can compare in point of beauty with the Potomac at Washington. It combines the best features of the Rhone and Seine—the famous rivers of France. In point of breadth and volume it is hardly surpassed; and the shores display a cultivation and other evidences of improvement which no other river in the United States—save the Hudson near New York—can boast. Each successive bend of the stream as we steamed downward revealed new beauties—a palatial country seat, a charming village, or a lonely reach of marsh, curving an inlet into the ripe inland country. Gazing on the rich Virginian shore, one could readily understand why Washington selected this as his home in preference to any of the other thousand beautiful sites for country seats which he might have chosen. Mount Vernon, within sight and within an hour's journey of the capital, calmly reposing on the border of a noble river, and basking in the Virginian sun, was certainly a residence which the most fortunate might envy.

Alexandria and an old revolutionary fort passed, presently we hear the steamboat bell toll in honor of the illustrious dead, and we know that we are approaching Mount Vernon. Passing it, indeed; for the boat takes a sweep so as to touch the wharf with her bow Washingtonward. It is a poor, miserable, little contrivance of logs and boards—that wharf—such a landing as one sees in the Far West, where the people have grain to ship, but not means to build a wharf. You must "look at your feet," as mammas say, when you land, else you may thrust your foot through a wide crevice between the boards, and thank your stars that you have only sprained your ankle.

Fine weather and the commencement of the traveling season secured us a hundred and fifty companions, male and female, all in high good-humor. A broad deck, well supplied with seats, gave all a fair opportunity to see the river; even the few who feared the exposure could see something from the windows of the cabin.

A narrow foot-path, not wide enough even for a loving couple to walk abreast, leads from the landing to Mount Vernon. In Washington's time it was usual to ride or drive up on the Virginia side, and to cross in a ferry-boat just opposite the capital. Now the Virginia road is untraveled, and the river is the highway. We toiled up the ascent under the shade of broad trees, and by the side of a little stream, in which some enterprising travelers mercilessly slaughtered a harmless snake. In a few minutes we reached the upland level.

There, at a sudden turn, we came upon "the Tomb." Lord Morpeth said of it that it was "something between a coach-house and a cage;" and certainly it presents no artistic features that are calculated to divert the attention of the beholder from the associations of the past. It is a brick structure, flanked with brick walls, backed up against the side of a hill, and closed in front by an iron grating too high to be scaled by the enterprising traveler, yet pervious to the eye; our engraving will give a better idea of the building than any verbal description can do. The old family vault, which is depicted above, stood in a different locality, some three hundred yards south of the dwelling-house. Decay attacked it sixty or seventy years ago, and, in his will, Washington desired that "a new vault of brick, and upon a larger scale than the old one, should be built at the foot of what was called the Vineyard inclosure, on the ground which was marked out, in which his



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, A.D. 1858.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. BROADBENT.]

remains and those of his deceased relatives . . . might be deposited."
It was in obedience to this direction that the vault now visited was constructed. It, too, like the old vault, is falling into decay. The upper layer of bricks is every where loose; I noticed some enthusiastic tricksands chipping pieces from them to carry home. Others contented themselves with thrusting their hands through the bars and gathering handfuls of pebbles and dirt. A few plucked leaves and twigs from the overhanging shrubs. Selfishness, very slightly cloaked by patriotism, led almost all the visitors to strip the venerated spot of something or other. Woe betide the sarcophagus if it should ever be exposed to the hands of the Vandals who testify their worship of Washington by mutilating the property of his descendants!


MOUNT VERNON MANSION—REAR VIEW.

From the tomb, we—a small party, who were not disposed to damage the estate for the sake of carrying off a memorial, and still less to visit the home of Washington as though it were the pit of a comedy theatre—diverged from the crowd to visit a small summer-house, under which there was once a well. Both well and summer-house have now fallen into decay; but no under which there was once a well. Both well and summer-house have now fallen into decay; but no one can climb the broken planks without some emotion, when it is remembered that Washington may have sat there and watched the ripple of the Potomac, while he revolved in his great mind the principles of the Republic which he had so large a share in founding.

We allowed the crowd time enough to visit the house, and then slowly wended our way thither. The approach—over a gentle slope—shows the fine old family mansion to good advantage. Our view, given below, is taken from a point not far from the summer-house, and represents the front, which looks toward the Potomac. The picture at the head of the page is taken from the rear.

There is something very sad in the first approach to Mount Vernon. There are unequivocal signs of decay on every side. The front of the house looks as though any violent wind might effect serious changes. The stone pavement which Washington used to pace in wet weather, under cover of the overhanging balcony, is sadly in want of repairs. A generous respect for the memory of Washington has doubtless withheld the present proprietor from keeping the property in good repair. But it is nourorful to see the last traces of the Father of his Country being gradually effaced by the remorseless hand of Time. A few years hence—unless some charitable interference preserve them—the whole front of the house, the pillars, and the pavement will only survive in pictures. Necessarily contains far better preserved memorials of William the Conqueror than Virginia does of Washington.


THE OLD FAMILY VAULT.

We had hoped that by the time we reached the house the noisy crowd would have satisfied their curiosity and departed in search of other dioramas. But, alas! at least half the sight-seers were in the mansion when we entered. It was filled with noisy young women in hoops and bright hats, who chattered and jabbered as they might have done at Barnum's. Some of them quarreled and fought to sit in the chair in which Washington spent many a thoughtful hour; others expressed their feelings in very natural "Oh mys!" and "You don't says!"—while their cavaliers gave vent to a higher form of enthusiasm in interjectional "Jerusalems!" and "Geminis!" They would have exclaimed, and no doubt felt, the sums had they been shown the woolly horse, or the mermaid by Lieutenant Grizzly Scout, of the Marines.


KEY OF THE BASTILE.

The family of John A. Washington, Esq., who at present inhabit the Mount Vernon mansion, kindly throw open certain rooms to the public on two days of the week. These rooms are those which were occupied by General Washington. In one he probably consigned all his contributions to our political literature; in the other the notabilities of his day were often assembled. It has been the purpose of the Washington family to preserve these rooms in the condition in which they were during Washington's lifetime. A few old prints hang on the walls. The furniture is evidently near a century old. The general impression produced on the spectator is one of severity. There is a sternness about the old furniture and grave old pictures which corresponds perfectly with the solemn style in which Washington and his contemporaries wrote: with the times when a father wrote to his son—"Oliver Wolcott, Esq. Sir," etc.


THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Could one visit this memorable spot alone, and enjoy the luxury of undisturbed reflection in presence of these hallowed memorials of Washington, the enjoyment, to a rightly constituted mind, would be beyond any other which the world affords. But when the tenor of thought suggested by so many relics of the great Past is disturbed by the giggling of girls and the ignorant remarks of men who yield to no emotions but those produced by the rise or fall of flour or pork, one may well stifle the thoughts which surge in the mind, and seek a relief from irritation in the cool shade outside.

We saw all that was to be seen—much as one sees curiosities in a museum—the chair, the tables, the prints, the key of the Bastile, which was so singularly identified by Lafayette on his last visit to this country, etc., etc.,—and were then glad to escape the crowd by plunging into the woodland which surrounds the old house. Even there we were assailed by negro women who offered to sell us sticks made out of the wood grown on the estate; but a skillful manœuvre freed us even from these Vandals, and left us in peace for our last half hour on Mount Vernon.

There is, without doubt, no site in the United States so decidedly venerable as Mount Vernon. No burial-place of any European King pretenses equal claims to the respect and veneration of his subjects. It is but a slight tribute to the great dead that the Potomac boats should toll their bell when they pass the estate. So small a token of remembrance does not adequately reflect the affection with which the people of the United States cherish the memory of Washington.

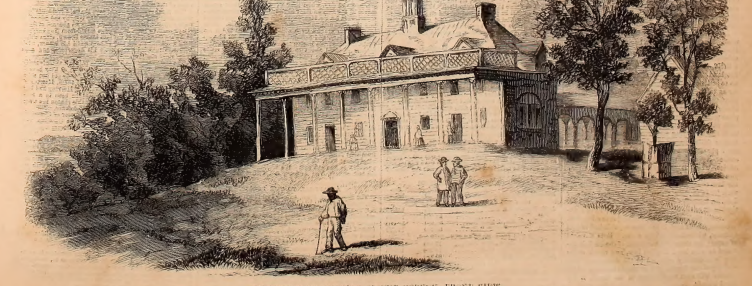
For years, it has been a problem how to dispose of Mount Vernon. Belonging to Mr. John A. Washington, a gentleman, it is understood, of no immense fortune, it has naturally fallen into decay. The owner has acted generously by the public in throwing open the grounds and the house twice a week. Which of us would do as much? But this, though a great deal for Mr. Washington, has been too little for the American public. There has always existed a vague desire to see Mount Vernon public property. Latterly this desire has taken a practical shape. A number of Virginian ladies have associated themselves together and obtained from Mr. Washington a contract entitling them to purchase the property for public uses, for a given sum, within a fixed time. It has been urged that the sum demanded is more than the property is fairly worth. Mr. Washington has been sharply accused of trading on the fame of his illustrious kinsman. People have been warned against selling—from patriotic motives—that gentleman's speculations in real estate. All this may, perhaps, be not devoid of foundation. But, true or false, these considerations are of no consequence. The only point which really merits thought is, whether it is best that the property, which is indissolubly linked with the name of Washington, should be suffered to fall into hopeless decay, or perhaps pass into the hands of Barnums, or that it should become the property of a public body, especially charged with the duty of preserving it in a state worthy of its associations. All who think that Mount Vernon should remain what it is, will doubtless hold themselves aloof from the pending negotiation; those who would like to see the estate public property and a national heir-loom, will aid the Virginian ladies in purchasing it from Mr. John A. Washington.


THE NEW VAULT.

We may add, in this connection, that societies are being formed in all the States for the collection of the amount for which Mr. Washington has covenanted to sell the property. Ladies alone can become members of these bodies. The society of ladies which represents the State of New York has not yet begun its labors. We understand that we may shortly expect to hear of it under the Presidency of Miss Hamilton, daughter of James A. Hamilton, Esq.

LITERARY.

THE approach of the season for rambles in the country and by the seashore reminds us of the new amusements of the day; and apropos of these we have a book from Ballière, which is a capital text-book for the use of those who wish to study aquaria. This volume contains full directions for stocking the vase, and for the care of the animal and vegetable treasures. Although much has been said and printed in our columns on the subject, we are confident that few of our readers, especially in the inland parts of the country, are aware of the ease with which they can procure and keep this ar-


WASHINGTON'S MANSION, MOUNT VERNON—FRONT VIEW.

ticle. We shall do them a service, therefore, at this season, by mentioning this book.

Any one who desires to possess an aquarium may do so. They are now manufactured in various parts of this country. We can recommend those made by Mr. Hammett, the bookseller, at Newport, where visitors can procure the vase, and find abundant opportunity to stock it; or it may be ordered and sent by express, either of him or of A. D. F. Randolph in New York. Mr. Hammett has devoted much attention to the production of these articles, and has constructed them in Cosse and Gosse's English naturalists, who have done more than any others to perfect the aquarium, and with their advice and aid no experience he is enabled to make vases which are free from taint and poison, and as well adapted to the purposes as any of English manufacture.

Great care should be taken in securing a tank or vase which will not taint the water or poison the fish. The exposure of some ordinary materials, wood, iron, putty, and certain kinds of paint, to the action of salt water is fatal to the species designed. It is safer, therefore, to order the article of some well-known manufacturer than to attempt the making it in a country glazier's shop, but there is nothing in the fresh or salt water tank of reasonably small size that can not to thus kept in the house. The habits, and manners, and customs of the lively and many tribed tenants subjects of exciting interest, and children watch with the utmost interest, from day to day, the growth and development of life in these miniature seas and lakes. We have seen one of Mr. Hammett's vases in this city, in which the water has been standing without change for more than four months, except to supply the loss by evaporation, with which animal and plants in it appear as lively and healthy in all respects as when first placed there. Few families will regret the possession of one of these living ornaments to their winter room, for it is by the introduction of such amusements and employments, as we remarked not long since of the microscope, that children are induced to love home and prefer its employments to outside attractions. If the children are not sufficiently amused with these, let them have recourse to Abbott's Illustrated Juvenile Story Books, published by Harper & Brothers, and we will insure their quiet by a fireside, or to a cool summer retreat, until the whole stock is exhausted.

The latest of these admirable books is THE LIFE OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND, brilliant with the stories of his gallant father, the Black Prince, and John of Gaunt, his great uncle of Lancaster, the field of Poictiers, and other battles, as well as with pleasanter and more quiet accounts of the court of Anne, and the little Queen Isabella, who was married to Richard when she was only nine years old, and was a widow at twelve.

The ladies will be charmed with Mrs. Hornby's PLAIN AND ANCIENT STORIES, published by Lockyer, by Bentley, a book which gives plenty of bright pictures of Eastern life, especially among the Circassian and Turkish beauties. It contains also a passage out of the "Arabian Nights" to read this description of a mosque:

"It is quite true that a Turkish beauty—really a beauty—strikes you all of a heap," as the sailors say. The Princess as being rightly formed in the eyes of her lover 'goglin eyes' resting thoughtfully on a Turkish fez of snow-white feathers, which she held in her hand, the centre of which was entirety of emeralds and diamonds—origin as a Sultana acquisite that it was possible to through the misty white veil, just the hem of a shirt where it approaches glitter. The delicate tint of pale sea-green, and the wreath of diamonds trembling round her head like sparkling drops of water in a shower-bow, instantly reminded me of Undine in her robes and, trembling in this veil so fantastically woven to win it some great River Queen so shore for the day."

The copyright of Byron's works, held by Mr. Murray, will not expire yet in a hundred years. Of many of his works, indeed, the copyright has long since run out; but as that of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, and some minor works, is still existing, Murray claims to be the only publisher in England who can sell a complete edition of the valuable poet.

Lord St. Leonards (better known by his family name, Sugden) has written a book styled A HANDY BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW, which has excited considerable attention, and has been the source of not a little amusement among the legal profession in England. The Lord Chancellor's object appears to be to instruct property-owners just to such an extent as for us to show them the absolute necessity of employing lawyers. He takes up one chapter after another of the law of property, and states the simplest principles, leading the reader cleverly along with the idea that it is all as simple as A B C, until the unwitting and trustful would-be-his-own lawyer finds himself involved in a maze of technical phrases and unintelligible terms, when the author leaves him with a sly wink and a bit of advice, which is summed up in the words, "Now you have got yourself into a scrape, and perhaps the best thing you can do, after all, is to take my advice." It is very much to be doubted whether Lord St. Leonards did not really intend the book for the benefit of the legal profession only: such is undoubtedly the only result of reading it to a layman. We understand that it has been republished in this country, without American notes. It is a waste of paper; for those who are not obliged to be devoted to pure local English law, and much of its law is so directly opposite to the American, that the alleged gentleman who attempts to act on its advice will soon find himself in the hands of his legal friends.

MESSRS. RUDD & CARLETON enliven the rather dull book market with an old favorite—but few like the LECTURES OF LOLA MONTEZ, including her biography. Of course every body knows that this celebrated Lady has recently delivered a number of lectures in this city, on various subjects; but every body does not know that these lectures are creations of the "Countess of Landsfeldt" possess considerable merit; are piquant, sharp, sometimes witty, containing some gossip and some curious information. Obviously they are not for all readers, and we cannot recommend them to the young people of doubtful judgment, but we note its appearance as an item of the literary intelligence of the day. The author is a brilliant woman, whose her career has been remarkable; and this new publication, in addition to its interest as a novelty, is an additional point of interest in it. There is a striking portrait of the lady as a frontispiece, and a fac simile of her writing, after a specimen, ably describes persons, places, events, and characters which are perhaps better left in the dark, nevertheless often taken especial pains to give good advice, and to give it in a sensible and forcible way.

Mr. Curtis's History of the Formation of the Constitution recently completed by the publication of the second volume, receives the highest commendation both at home and abroad. Mr. Van Buren, if reference in his "Political and Literature of the Science of Statesmanship," speaks of it as "not only one of the best works in the American historic literature, but a rich and important addition to the science of government every where."

The Life of Franklin, by Jared Sparks, Professor, published by Harper & Brothers, have been thoroughly revised by the latest explorations, and appear in a new edition, which brings up all the latest additions and discoveries in this most important of sciences. The task of revision of such a treasure has long been settled. As such, it is without a rival, and no one else would have attempted or could do without it; while that large portion of the community who prefer to study and practice medicine for themselves, will find the information and revision from an experienced and trust-worthy source.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE DISPUTE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs that the unpleasantness of difficulties with Great Britain on the question of the British occupation of the Bay Islands, and the doubts that Lord Malmesbury has officially communicated to our Government, will be amicably settled. The principles laid down in General Cass's communication to Lord Napier, of the 4th of April, are the basis of the whole international law on this question, by which the British claim to occupy the Bay Islands.

The Bay Islands are of little value, but the principle of search has been practically abandoned. In considering the question, there will be no trouble about it, as long as slave-trade treaties exist. The principle is the right question, and it is immaterial now and then whether will be considered and promptly settled on the basis of mutual rights.

As there have been a number of statements in the newspapers of late, which have been calculated to create comment on the question of the right of search, which do not square with principle, I may as well state that the Government abandons not only the practice of search of the vessels of the United States.

NEWS FROM UTAH.

A dispatch from Fort Bridger announces the arrival of the Salt Lake mail at St. Joseph, Missouri, with Camp Scott dates to June 15th. The Mormons are in a state of insurgent movement, and have determined to resist the troops. Governor Johnston had decided upon an advance into the Mormon country, and issued orders to Colonel Hoffman and Captain Morey. The former was not with the twenty-one hundred troops of the command, but he had spoken publicly in derision of him and his force. The latter was in command of the artillery, and not above heaped upon the Governor. Brigham had declared that every man in the advance army contained until he received further advices from Colonel Kane, when new orders would be issued.

It is understood that the Cabinet last week had under consideration the propriety of the troops at present stationed as to require great caution in their management. The Mormons are represented as being in a state of insurrection, and early March to June 1st, when the decisive measures will be pursued will depend on the character of the force that shall be sent. Gen. Scott and Secretary Floyd agree in the opinion that the Utah expedition will not be withdrawn until it shall have fully subdued the pacification of the Mormons.

THE QUIET IN KANSAS

By a dispatch received from Leavenworth, Kansas, to Henry Ward Beecher, dated June 15th, it appears that the peace of organizing a Vigilance Committee, resolutions were passed recommending such committees, pledging and expressing entire confidence in the authorities to properly administer the laws. They recommend that the first week at Fort Scott to consider measures for the settlement of the troubles in that section. A letter from Lawrence was added to present through the civil organization; to refer all political questions to the Grand Army to refuse resolutions and vexatious arrests, and to hold every citizen responsible for the faithful execution of the assault of unlawful acts.

NEW YORK STATE LOANS.

The bids for the three State loans called for were opened at Albany on the 15th inst. The competition was not as great as was anticipated, but the prices offered were fair for the times. The following is the list of the bids for the loans which they were made:

THE CANAL ENLARGEMENT LOAN—$1,000,000.		Per.
Rufus H. King and associates	$1,000,000	101.43
THE LOAN FOR CANAL IMPROVEMENTS—$500,000.		
J. M. Forbes & Co.	50,000	101.75
" "	50,000	101.51
Whitehouse, Sen. & Morrison	50,000	100.85
" "	50,000	100.70
THE COMPTROLLER'S LOAN—$100,000.		
Tradesmen's Bank, New York	50,000	102.50
Williamsburg City Bank	10,000	101.01
Jas. Gordon, Jr., and others	40,000	101.25
" "	10,000	102.05

A MURDERER EXECUTED AT INDIANOPOLIS.

The young convict Powers, who murdered Lutz, was hanged at twenty minutes to seven o'clock on Saturday. Great efforts were made up to the latest hour to obtain a commutation of sentence, but the Governor remained firm in his purpose of enforcing a prominent position, who was pleading for mercy, "I will grant it." The prisoner reflected some moments, and finding no other ground of appeal, answered, "His youth, your Excellency." The President replied, "Nonsense, all the murderers and other crimes of violence so frequently in this district have been committed by such young men."

THE CRISIS OF THE "ARCTIC."

THE *Albany Evening Journal* says: "The crisis of the little craft Arctic has turned out as we expected it would. She was not to the Gulf, it will be remembered, by the Bay of Fundy, and was caught in a gale of wind and a howitzer. The first day out she made three miles an hour. The next day all this relied on because of the corpora's guard of marines had to hold the howitzer to keep it from rolling overboard. The third day it could not be stirred by the engine. On the eighth she sprung a leak, and the passengers, with the exception of the engineers, stopping the leak, she crept on toward Havana at considerable speed. On the 10th she was off Cape Hatteras, and the wind blowing a gale, she was compelled to lay to, in fact, except when some mechanism overcame the leaks, she lay to. On the 12th she was reported as having more than 14 inches to go to Europe; she reached Havana, and there she lay. The Captain wrote the new order, and she started back to Key West for repairs. It is hardly necessary to say that she did not 'blow Up British fleet out of water.'"

THE MURDER AT ROUND AT CAIRO.

A letter from Cairo says: "The position of the inhabitants in Round is one to be pitied. We could tell you stories of their dwellings. Those that could—may our friends, if they ever visit Cairo, do not go—the property have sought temporary shelter on the levee, which is crowded with them. Many, however, have not the boat to sail to exhibit thirty-two families! I should think so. Many of them have to live in a small space, structure, it, of course, literally crowded with women and children, sleep on the floor. The levees is filled with families, bedding, and household goods. A gentleman informed me that he counted seventy-four persons in a single house. Many of the women have lost husband, wife, and three children had they were respectable people and were well to do in the world. Many of the poor fellows seen fort at Lesterlie, and the probabilities were that their families would be among the dead ere the week struck them. The father inquired the particulars—first, the husband, then the wife, the wife wiped a sobbing tear from her eye, and looked despairingly at the little step about her. The husband, however, could swim and he saved the lives without food or shelter."

THE CONVERSION OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

There is much excitement in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, in consequence of the flight of a woman named Joanna Conner, by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Quigley, of Darby. Beneath the Stars and Stripes of the Penns was, that the priest rode up to the house while her husband was absent, came to demand her to leave, and then unmercifully whipped her, with a whip made of braided cowhide, and left her for dead. The woman's refractory children over the stars and shoulders. The man could not endure the sight of his wife's agony, and screaming. He followed, drove her back, beat him severely with a stick, and left him for dead. The priest then returned to the house, and, in consideration of the already inhuman conduct, directed her to bathe herself with salt and vinegar (the usual remedy employed in exercising agony), and say nothing about the affair on pain of being whipped to death. She fled to Cuba, but a few yards off (or where finally her sister worked, married Mr. A. Brown, and was living, which by a thick, black veils over her arms and body, as thick as to conceal the fact that she was a woman, passed through the heaviest side, and related to them tobacco, the whole affair, and went to the residence of Squire Baldwin, whether she immediately repaired, to lay a complaint against the priest for assault and battery. In spite of the disguise, she was recognized and arrested by several persons. She asked Squire Baldwin to allow her to go to her husband's house, as she was in the country? He assured her there was. She then made the bulk of the affair, and passed a State's evidence in the priest's arrest. The Squire remarked to us that he was perfectly satisfied that the priest was the facts of the case, as he considered it an extraordinary one, and wished to have every point in it fully established. He told us that this was not the first or the only whipping that the priest had given to a female in the course of the neighborhood with a vice whip, similar to that which he used on Mrs. Conner. The woman's husband, who is a Protestant—and a Protestant—and had a Protestant-common sense in this country, where every man is free to worship God according to his own will—whipped her as severely that she was confined to her bed several weeks in consequence of pain of death. The priest was hunted up, and in all probability would not have been struggling for his life now, if it had not been for that it is nothing uncommon for him to whip men, women, and children, without any provocation.

OBITUARY OF AN ELEPHANT.

The following is from the *Philadelphia Pennsylvanian*:

"This old and justly distinguished elephant died at Bordentown on Sunday, from colic and inflammation. We have heard his age stated variously at from five hundred to one thousand years. He was a favorite with our father will. Domestic troubles may have been the cause of it. He was the property of Bill, the first of the name, and not of the beast. He never used tobacco in any form, and was a member of the Temperance Society for he is said to have refused to drink even a glass of beer. Come off with the rest of the shed upon his back!

"Bill was a member of the Methodist Episcopal and managing to be a hailing out with some of the performances of the Church. They were speaking their prayers entire in the ring on their high-mettled and gorgeously caparisoned steeds, when Bill got into his accustomed place in the ring, and scattered every man of them. After being thoroughly routed, the ring-master, in his old costumed place, and permitted his keeper to bite up the pieces. Bill, however, was taken home, some say to Bordentown savaged about something or other, and made his way to the stable, where he remained during the day, over wagons, and tossing men and horses into the air.

"Bill was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a regular attendant at the camp-meetings and revivals of carriages, filled with people going home from the meeting, and would stop at the door, and, taking a pleasant a smart blow with his whip as he passed. Bill was a member of the Church to the entire New Jersey Conference was not seriously injured. One night as his keeper was feeding him, he suddenly turned upon him, seized him violent thunder-storm arose. A tree was struck by lightning, and one of the limbs fell, crushing through the roof, and killed him instantly. All night long the elephant kept up a loud and mournful cry, and the keeper and his mother would watch the corpse of her child, and never left it until the next day. Bill was buried in the garden, and a tombstone will soon be erected over his remains, which is what old age. We understand that he left no heir, and that his property will be divided according to 'fly spirit,' and if any richest will invest even a widow's mite in this endeavor to provide a suitable monument for him, we will thankfully receive and acknowledge the assistance.

H. HOPE.

Church of the Good Shepherd."

A YOUNG DEVIL.

The Baltimore *Republican* gives the following as a few exploits of the son of a very respectable citizen of that city. The young villain is only fifteen years old:

"Two days ago a young Newfoundland dog, the favorite of Mr. Hall, was missed by his young Nero, and search was instituted high and low in the neighborhood, and set fire to the inflammable fluid, when it exploded, and burned the poor fellow severely. Not satisfied with that, after the endurance of the most intense agonies, applied the torch to the other side and burned him to death.

"The young demon, being well pleased at the result of this grand experiment, then turned his attention to other pets. He had a fine white setter, a bright, intelligent animal, about six months old. He caught the puppy by the legs and arms with a clothes-line, he placed her upon the ground, and with a large stone, he pounded her to death, in order to prepare dinner for the family. The next victim was a pet rabbit, belonging to one of the little children of the family. He suddenly drew and removed the poor child before she was aware of his intention, and with a large knife, he cut off the head of the rabbit, to make an effort to reach the camp of the army. The next victim was a pet bird. He suddenly mounted his horse, rode to Brigham's office, and asked of the boy standing there if he could do with it. He replied, told him to cut her throat, and then save her from crucifixion. He did so. The brute would not let his own woman to prepare to die. She, saving the earnestness of her entreaties, and the bitterness of her tears, in preparing him for mercy; but he, while she was then kneeling before him, took her by the hair, and cut her throat from ear to ear."

PERSONAL.

The *Athenæum* says: "After all, and in spite of his own declaration, the retirement of Panizzi of a week will be won over for the directorship of the Museum of Natural History, which is to be established in Hyde Park. It appears to be a favorite wish of the Emperor Napoleon to see the Museum transferred to the Exhibition Building, and Panizzi, who is a thorough Italian, and Napoleon has offered a salary of 25,000 francs and the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which is a great temptation. It is said he has consented to go over to Paris for a verbal and written negotiation."

This the Professor denies. He says he has determined to remain where he is, and that he has not been over to France to take the Emperor's offer into consideration. He does not think that the Museum will ever be of any even long enough to make a visit to his aged mother in the Netherlands.

The highest honor at the University of Cambridge, England, has been won by Senior Wrangler, Mr. Routh, year by M. B. Pell, an American student.

The Boston correspondent of the *Boston Herald* alludes to a visit to the residence of the late Mr. Webster, at Marshfield, between a Southern gentleman and a young lady—student at the Female Seminary—who happened to be there places, it is feared dangerously. The Boston boy was not aware of the presence of the lady, and when the former insulted him on Saturday morning, and the student resented it with a kick and a box on the ear. Duel expected.

Edmund Flagg, of the State Department at Washington, to engaged in preparing for the press a volume, consisting of letters written above, describing observations he have transpired on the continent of Europe since the revolutions of 1848. The work will be published by Derby & Jackson. Mr. Flagg is also the author of "Young France," "Young Prussia," "Young Germany," "Young Italy," and "Young Ireland," which have been published by Derby & Jackson.

The Rev. T. O. Lincoln, of Utica, was presented by the friends of the Second Universalist Society in that city with gloves—each of the fingers and thumbs of both gloves filled with gold coin—on the other day.

The Rev. Dr. M'Ilvaine, of Rochester, is following the example of Dr. Cox, in baptizing children in the Episcopal church membership by immersion, borrowing the baptistery of a Baptist church for the purpose.

Baron de Wolterstedt, the newly appointed Minister Resident from Sweden and Norway, arrived in this country en route for Washington. Louis Richard Governor and Mrs. Gov. Banks, at the Astor House, on Tuesday.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale has been elected pastor of the Western professional men, in consequence of ill-health, of the Rev. Dr. Young, of the Church of the Unitarian in Northampton, Massachusetts, undergoing the treatment of hydropathy.

At a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on Thursday evening, the 10th inst., the Rev. Dr. Peabody, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, presented an autograph letter from Washington to Governor Livingston, with his interest in the copyright and the stereotype plates of the Life of Washington by Jared Sparks, and in the appropriation of his sense of the honor he had derived, and of the pleasure he had received from the Rev. Dr. Peabody's discourse on the life and character of Washington. The proceeds of the sales of which are to constitute a fund to be applied to the purchase of books relating to the formation and binding of pamphlets, and the care of the pictures of the Society.

The Newburyport *Herald* says that old residents were much pleased to see the baptismal font in the church of their infant of Mr. Peter Fudge, after an absence of forty years. It was given to the church by Mr. Fudge's father in ship belonging to the late Moses Brown, since which time in the absence of not much, removed from Queen Ann, North Carolina, and reinterred upon the summit of "Mitchell's Peak," at the height of 6,711 feet above the level of the sea. The remains of Professor Elisha Mitchell of lamented memory, in 1857, by a fall from a precipice, while engaged in making some scientific observations with reference to the reliability of the barometer in determining heights.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND

PARLIAMENT—PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.

On 10th ult. the bill abolishing property qualifications on members of parliament, removed from the table of the house.

The bill to extend the franchise in counties to occupiers of ten pound tenements, the same as in boroughs, was rejected on the motion of Lord John Manners, to proceed any notice upon the measure at present; but upon the bill for the same purpose against Government of 9, and the bill was read a second time.

SAILING OF THE TELEGRAPH SQUADRON.

The Telegraph squadron, consisting of the *Niagara*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Valorous*, the *Gorgon*, and the *Porcupine*, started from Plymouth Sound at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th of June, for mid ocean, where the work of submerging the Atlantic telegraph cable will be commenced some time between the 16th and 20th inst. The particular point selected is in long. 52° 2′ N., and 33° 18′ W., where the depth of the ocean is 1600 fathoms. The ships are to keep in company until they arrive at this locality, to prevent the possibility of any delay when they reach their destination. By a glance at the chart of the Telegraph plateau it will be seen that the point selected is fifty miles nearer to the coast of Newfoundland than it is to the coast of Ireland; but as the *Niagara* will be obliged to land the cable at the head of Trinity Bay, she will have no advantage. That bay is about sixty miles long, so that the spot chosen will be half-way between the points of connection.

The weather was as fine as could be wished, and the expedition started under the most favorable auspices.

Ninety additional miles of cable have been placed on the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* during the past few days, so that there is now on board both ships 2970 miles, or a little more than fifty per cent. on the distance between Ireland and Newfoundland.

SAILING RULES OF THE EXPEDITION.

The following are the rules which have been drawn up for the mechanical and electrical departments while on the expedition:

1. In case the cable should break after a definite amount—say 250 miles—had been paid out from each ship, the ends are to be reunited after recovering as much as possible, and the paying out is to be renewed unless circumstances may have arisen to induce the engineer to determine otherwise, especially in the event of a larger proportion of slack having been expended than was reckoned upon.

2. If signals should fail to be received between the paying out ships, the engineers will continue paying out for at least six hours, and so much longer as the electricians and engineers may deem necessary and desirable.

3. In case electrical signals fail as the ships approach the land, without other evidence of breakage, soundings at the time being not deeper than two hundred fathoms, the ships are to go on paying out and land the ends.

4. In case the cable break after more than two hundred and fifty miles have been paid out from each ship, and before it has been possible to reach soundings of two hundred fathoms, the ships are to return to Queenstown for orders.

5. The cables are to be united in lat. 52° 2′ N., long. 33° 18′ W.

6. After the cable has been successfully laid, Mr. Field is authorized to dispose of any surplus cable that may remain, at a rate of not less than £75 ($375) per statute mile of 1760 yards.

7. After the cable is laid the machinery on board the United States steam frigate *Niagara* is to be taken on to New York and transhipped from the *Niagara* on board a vessel bound for the United Kingdom.

CHARLES DICKENS'S TROUBLES.

The *Scotsman* says: "As Mr. Dickens's statement is apt to be somewhat unintelligible to those beyond the reach of the gossip of London and the 'literary world,' we may explain that the fact, as we are informed, is, that Mr. Dickens has, by mutual agreement, separated from his wife, on the ground of 'incompatibility.' The name of a young lady on the stage has been mixed up with the matter—most cruelly and untruly, is the opinion, we hear, of those having the best means of observing and judging; indeed, the arrangement itself is to a great extent a refutation of that part of the scandal. Of the family (eight in number) the eldest son remains with his mother, but some at least of the daughters go with Mr. Dickens, and the head of his new home is a lady, a very near relative of Mrs. Dickens. We mention these facts to explain the allusion to which Mr. Dickens has thought proper to give publicity, and also to do so in such a way as to prevent the transaction so dimly referred to being made the subject of inferences too unfavorable."

A CLERICAL HORSEWHIPPING.

The Roman Catholic clergy have adopted a summary mode of checking the "great social evil." A Longford paper says that as a priest was passing through that town the other day he noticed an unfortunate woman on the road. He stepped down off the car, took the whip from the driver, and, without any provocation further than her unfortunate life, commenced lashing and beating her with the whip, the sound of which might be heard one hundred yards off. Having to some extent gratified himself, following and lashing her for thirty or forty yards, he returned to the car and pursued his journey onward. The unfortunate woman made no resistance, but ran and crouched like a spaniel dog, nor was there a person sufficiently near to save her. In the country districts of Ireland the clergy are great adepts at horsewhipping. Latterly, however, the peasantry have shown a disposition to resent this degrading treatment, and public opinion is likely soon to put an end to it.

ROWING BY LADIES.

A correspondent of the Cheltenham *Examiner* calls attention to the practice, now becoming fashionable at the Pittville Spa, of ladies taking boat-exercise on the lake. He says: "There is no exercise that I know of more calculated to expand the chest and give a healthy tone to the system generally than that of rowing. Followed in moderation, it is an amusement which ladies, and particularly young ladies, would do well to patronize. It calls into healthy action the whole muscular system, without inducing that degree of fatigue which the same amount of exercise in any other way is apt to engender." It is no uncommon thing, we (Cheltenham *Examiner*) understand, to see parties of ladies thus amusing themselves by the hour in "paddling the light canoe."

The Emperor of France spends a couple of hours every day at Fontainebleau rowing, his Majesty's physicians having recommended that form of taking exercise.

BURIED ALIVE FOR FOUR DAYS.

A Glasgow paper describes an extraordinary accident which befell a laborer named Templeton, in a mine near Garnkirk. A mass of earth fell upon this unfortunate man while he was employed in the mine, and almost suffocated him. The débris surrounded him, but fortunately an aperture was left through which he was enabled to breathe and communicate with his fellow-workmen, a body of whom set to work earnestly to extricate him; but it was not till he had been thus imprisoned for 103½ hours that he was rescued.

PUNNING IN THE PULPIT.

The Bishop of Oxford, preaching in St. Margaret's Church, on the 6th, in aid of the Westminster Hospital, thus questioned the motives of some people's charity: "For instance, contrast the amount you give when the plate is held at the door, and you can slip in your contribution quietly and unseen in passing out, with the sum you would give in the same church, and for the very same object, were the plate handed into each pew, and your respectability *put upon its mettle*."

FRANCE.

TERRIBLE STATE OF TRADE.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is generally admitted that there has not been more commercial distress in Paris since the Revolution of 1848 than at the present moment, nor are there very sanguine hopes of an immediate change for the better. The next harvest, which promises to be abundant, must be got in before commercial prosperity can revive. The receipts of the French railway companies were more favorable last week than for several months past."

LIBERTY OF THE CITIZEN.

When Dr. Bernard was in prison in England a countryman and townsman wrote him a friendly letter, offering him pecuniary or other assistance, if required. The letter was given to Mr. Leverson, as solicitor for Bernard, who knew the name of the writer, but not the handwriting, and, in consequence, sent the letter to Paris for information. On Bernard's acquittal, his friend, the writer of the letter, was ordered to quit Paris in ninety-four hours. On asking for explanation, he was told that he had no visible means of living; but it being proved that he possessed a yearly income of £500, he was told that it was solely owing to the influence of a friend that he had not been sent to Cayenne.

HOW MANY SONS HAS THE EMPEROR?

During the present sojourn at Fontainebleau a tall, slim youth, tolerably good-looking, gallops by the side of the Imperial carriage, and talks with remarkable freedom to the royal party. The circumstance has given rise to many *on dits*, all tending to one view, which the likeness confirms.

A FREAK OF THE EMPEROR.

The *Times* correspondent says: "On Monday commenced the annual Fair of Fontainebleau. There was a horse and cattle market, booths or all kinds of merchandise, tents for traveling showmen, street music, crowds of country-people and poor peasants dressed in their best, and dust, noise, and confusion, *ad libitum*. The quiet city of Fontainebleau, ordinarily so peaceable, was suddenly transformed into an extraordinary scene of gayety and animation. The crowds were laughing and dancing, the trombones and the clarionets were perspiring in their efforts to keep up with the heels of the boys and girls, when some rustic, more perspicacious than his comrades, thought he discovered, in two jaunty grisettes and a mason with a blouse on and a plumb-line under his arm, a trio that wonderfully resembled some people at the palace. The hint spread like the wind, and it did not take long to let every body know that the Emperor and Empress were present in disguise. The boys grew more timid and more polite in asking the girls to dance, and the girls more shy in the presence of a middle-aged man with a blouse on. Whether they were the imperial persons in question or not, the two jaunty grisettes and the mason in the blouse soon disappeared after they saw themselves the object of general curiosity. The everyday life of the Court at Fontainebleau is very quiet; each series of invited guests does not number more than sixty persons, and the weather prevents all active exercise. Promenades in carriages, dinners in the forest, and theatrical representations at the Palace in the evening, constitute the principal diversions of the Court."

PUNISHMENT OF ONE MURDERER.

On Saturday, the 5th, Lieutenant de Mercy, the murderer of his comrade, was publicly degraded on the Place Bellecour, at Lyons. Detachments from the different regiments of the garrison formed square. The prisoner being brought into the centre in full uniform, a sergeant stepped forward and tore off his epaulet and the scale on the other shoulder, throwing them at the lieutenant's feet. The sergeant then drew the prisoner's sword, and, breaking it across his knee, cast the fragments at the prisoner's feet. The next step was to tear off the buttons of his uniform, and the military degradation was then complete. Lieutenant de Mercy appeared very calm, except at the moment when the sergeant seized his epaulet when he raised his arm smartly in an attitude of resistance. He was marched off the parade-ground to the prison of St. Joseph, followed by a great crowd.

IMPUNITY OF ANOTHER.

It is very positively stated that the judges of instruction of Versailles have made what is called a decree of "*non lieu*" in the affair of M. de Pène; the English of which is, that the prosecution against Lieutenant Hyène is burked, and he will be free to pursue his military career, and enjoy the esteem of his comrades, who approve of his conduct.

ESCAPADE OF YOUNG FOULD.

A son of M. Fould, the Minister of State, has contrived to fall in love with Mademoiselle Valérie, an actress of the Théâtre Français, and as he could not accomplish his object on more favorable terms, he determined to marry her. For that purpose he has carried the lady off to London, and it is not yet known whether the parties are married or not. In the mean time the affair has been referred to the Duc de Malakoff, who will no doubt do all in his power to prevent the heir of the Jew Minister from becoming the husband of a Christian actress. As usual under the present *régime* in France, the papers have been ordered, under the penalty of suppression, not to allude to the mishap which desolates the hearth of the Minister of State. A Paris letter says: "The scandal of M. Fould's youthful son still is much talked of. He has robbed his father of, not 700,000 francs, but 1,600,000! M. Fould, the father, wrote to the Duc de Malakoff, in London, to 'use authority!' But Marshal Pelissier treated the whole thing as a French 'sub-lieutenant' might. He asked young Fould and Mademoiselle Valérie to breakfast; said pleasantly, 'Young people, I give you my blessing!' and wrote to the furious father that 'young men were but young men, after all!'"

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN ON THE STAGE.

On Monday, the 7th ult., a new drama, in five acts, called "The Polar Seas," was produced at the Cirque Olympique, Paris, with the thermometer at a tropical heat. The author is M. Charles Edmond, of the *Presse*, who accompanied Prince Napoleon on his northern voyage. The Prince, attended by his military household, was present at the performance. In the first act the sister of Lady Franklin comes on the stage, and in the course of a dialogue informs the audience that the English Government has sent a ship to search for Sir John Franklin. The second officer of this ship is the celebrated French lieutenant, Bellot, who is represented as in love with a relative of Lady Franklin, Miss Eva Norton. In the second act we are introduced to Sir John Franklin himself and all his crew, who have been waiting for seven years in a frozen ocean, expecting deliverance from England. As the plot proceeds we find Miss Eva slyly embarking on board the vessel to share the dangers of her loved lieutenant. They touch at Greenland, and there a Protestant clergyman proposes to take care of Miss Eva, to spare her the further perils of the voyage; but she resolutely refuses, and makes it known that she has become Mrs. Bellot on board ship. The narrative of the voyage is resumed, no vestige is found of Sir John Franklin or his companions, Lieutenant Bellot is made to die by the hand of a rival in the affections of Eva, and she remains an unconsolable widow. The piece was not very successful.

LUGGAGE OF A PARISIAN LADY.

A Paris letter says: "The intensely hot weather of the last ten days has scattered the *beau monde* of Paris in various directions. Some have sought refuge from the heat, dust, and odors of the capital in their noble chateaux; others exchange the crowds of Paris salons for the crowds of Baden-Baden, Spa, and the other innumerable resorts with which France and Germany abound. A French *feuilletoniste* gives us an amusing description of the flight of these birds of fashion, and particularly of the pleasure and convenience of traveling with a gay lady: 'It is so easy,' he tells us, 'to travel with a woman, her wants are so few, her requirements so easy; after all, what are they?' he exclaims to the grumbling husband. 'Only a dozen of trunks to contain her petticoats, her hoops, her bouquets, her crinoline, her morning gowns, her mid-day robes, her evening toilets, the cloaks, the mantles, the laces, the guipures, the furs, the riding-habits, the hat and plume, the whip; some thirty boxes for her bonnets, her caps, her vails, her ribbons, her flowers; a few cases for the jewels; a few fan-boxes; a dressing box, a work box, a scent box, parasols, chanceliers for the feet, elastic cushions, shawls, plaids, woolen coverings, a few favorite novels, a few amusing journals, the new traveling guide, and the map of the railroad. Verily, one could not be more discreet, or less embarrassing or cumbersome.'"

STORY OF A SHAWL.

Another correspondent writes: "A husband of a reasonable age recently entered a '*magasin de nouveautés*' and desired to look at the assortment of shawls, wishing, he said, to make a present to his wife upon her birthday, close at hand. One of the shawls seemed to please him in every thing save the price; the shopkeeper demanded a thousand francs, and he was willing to pay only eight hundred. After some attempt at bargaining he went away without deciding, promising to return again. The cunning merchant ran immediately to the gentleman's residence, saw his wife and related the occurrence to her. Enchanted at the kindness of her spouse, the lady willingly paid the two hundred francs at which he had demurred, and sent away the dry-goods man, having enjoined upon him the strictest silence.

"Eight days passed. The birthday arrived but not the shawl! The lady, uneasy at the non-appearance of the present, after allowing the usual week of grace, sent to demand her money or the shawl. Astonishment of the merchant! The shawl had been delivered to the husband some ten days previous. *Figaro* asks—What did he do with it?"

HOW RACHEL LOOKED IN HER DEATH AGONY.

Mademoiselle Sarah Felix, the sister of the late Mademoiselle Rachel, lately brought an action before the Civil Tribunal against Madame O'Connell, the well known artist, to obtain damages for having pirated a design belonging to her. Mademoiselle Sarah, it appeared, on the death of her sister at Cannes, on the 3d January last, caused a photographer to take a likeness of her on her death-bed. He obtained one remarkable for its exactitude, but it was, as was said, "horrible to witness," inasmuch as it represented her features as they were contracted in the agony of death. As Mademoiselle Sarah's object in having the photograph taken was to preserve a memorial of the deceased for her family and a few friends, she saw that it would not be possible to offer them any thing so disagreeable to look at, and she accordingly employed a photographer of Paris, named Ghemar, to soften it down. She made both the photographers sign agreements by which they bound themselves to take all possible precautions to prevent either the original photograph or the modification of it from getting into the hands of the public. But Ghemar imprudently allowed Mademoiselle O'Connell to take a copy of it, and she having made some alterations in it, caused MM. Goupil, the well-known print sellers, to offer copies of it for sale. Mademoiselle Sarah protested against this proceeding, and she caused a seizure to be made of the copies unsold. In support of her action, certificates were produced from Count de Nieuweskerke, director-general of the Imperial Museums, and from other artistic authorities, to the effect that Mademoiselle O'Connell's photograph was undoubtedly a piracy, and it was contended that the original photograph was not only the exclusive property of Mademoiselle Sarah, but that in law no person, except the members of Rachel's own family, had the right to represent her on her death-bed, inasmuch as, though she had been a public performer, all that regarded her private life was as sacred as that of any other person. It was added, that Mademoiselle Sarah's intention was to give to the poor any damages the tribunal might award her, her object in bringing the action being to prevent pictures of Rachel on her death-bed from being sold to the public. On the part of Madame O'Connell, it was admitted that she had seen the photograph in the hands of Ghemar, and had to a certain extent been inspired by it; but it was contended that her work was so different from that in many respects that it must be considered original. It was also insisted that Madame O'Connell had the right to produce portraits of Rachel, living or dead, as from Rachel's artistic eminence she was public property. It was accordingly demanded, not only that the action should be dismissed, but that 5000 francs damages should be awarded to her for the wrong done her in bringing it and by the seizure. After hearing the public prosecutor, who declared himself in favor of Mademoiselle Sarah's action, the tribunal postponed judgment for a week.

GERMANY.

FORTUNES OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN PRINCESS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The indisposition of Princess Frederick William, which prevents her from meeting her father at Coburg, has been occasioned by her spraining her ankle in a game at romps with the young children of her cousin, Prince Frederick Charles—an accident that has alarmed her medical advisers more than it would have done at any other time, from her showing symptoms of being in that condition in which ladies wish to be who love their lords. The little lady really does love her lord more devotedly than is often the case in her rank of life, and there are many anecdotes in circulation illustrating the artless manner in which she displays her attachment. The other day the Prince went over to Potsdam 'on important business,' *i. e.*, drilling and manœuvring his brigade of Guards; but he had scarcely been absent a few hours when he was recalled to Berlin by a telegraphic dispatch from the Princess, begging him to return immediately. He hastened back in the utmost alarm, fancying something dreadful had happened, and was quite relieved by her receiving him in her usual health and spirits, only stating, when questioned why she had sent for him in so violent a hurry, that she "had felt such a longing to see him again;" "and besides," she added, on her husband's remonstrating with her for calling him away from his professional duties, 'Mamma always telegraphs for papa when she wants him.' This reference to what her mamma does the little Princess considers a sufficient justification for any offense she may commit against the starch etiquette of the Prussian court. One day she put on her bonnet and walked across the street to her father-in-law's, without even a footman behind her, to the inexpressible horror of her *Oberhofmeisterin*, or duenna-in-chief, who exclaimed that no Prussian princess had ever been guilty of such a breach of decorum. 'But mamma does so at Osborne,' returned Vic the Second, 'and if mamma does, why should not I?' Her affability and good-nature have made her generally popular, though she almost raised a rebellion in the kitchen lately by insisting that the female domestics should all wear caps. Now, the German maid-servants are remarkably proud of their hair, and never think of putting on a cap for fear of spoiling their luxuriant tresses. Great was the commotion, therefore, when the Princess issued her orders to that effect, but the little lady was inexorable. 'In mamma's establishment they all wear caps,' she said, 'and so they must in mine.' Since the departure of her mother-in-law, the Princess of Prussia, from Berlin, she has much more of her own way than she used to, the Queen being so entirely taken up with attending to the King that she is not able to interfere with her, and the Prince yielding, like a gallant husband, to all the innocent caprices of his fair young wife."

DEATH WHILE WALTZING.

A young couple of Vienna, married only eleven days, went a few evenings back to the public ball of the Sperl, and took part in a waltz. All at once the young woman slid gently from the arms of her husband, and sank to the floor; he thought she had fainted, but it turned out that she was dead! On a medical examination it appeared that she had died of apoplexy, and that death must have taken place some seconds before she fell.

SPAIN.

THE VIRGIN IN A RAILWAY CAR.

The *Tribune* correspondent says: "Spanish Queen Isabella went the other day from Aranjuez, to honor with her presence the inauguration of the Alicante Railroad. In the same car with her was placed a richly jeweled and bedizened little image of Notre Dame de l'Oubli—in whom, or in which, the Queen puts great faith, having had the same in her bed-room on the occasion of her last accouchement, the happy issue of which was duly attributed to the Holy Virgin—of wood or other material, much ornamented with jewels. In the same train were the directors and managers of the road—Jews, Protestants, and uncatalogued confessors of other or no faith, mere unsavable representatives of soulless corporations. Is it not queer? Can such mixtures fail to end in the generation of explosive, revolutionary gases? A wooden *Notre Dame* steaming away at the rate of thirty miles an hour through the nineteenth century! Can she escape explosion when running so madly off *her* track?

RUSSIA.

THE MOTHER OF SIXTY-NINE CHILDREN.

It is related by Burdock tha the wife of a countryman in the Moscow district had given birth to sixty-nine children at twenty-seven confinements—four times four at one birth, seven times three, and sixteen times twins. In the year 1800 the Vienna newspapers contained the following announcement: "Maria Anna Helen, the wife of a poor linen weaver in Neulerchenfield, twenty years married, bore at eleven confinements thirty-two children—twenty-eight living and four dead; twenty-six were males and six females; all were begotten by one man, and nursed by herself. She had at her last confinement three children, one living and two dead. Her husband was a twin, she herself one of four. Her mother had produced thirty-eight children, and died during a confinement with twins. The greatest number of children ever produced at one birth appears to have been six, all of whom were boys, and all dead. The woman who gave birth to them had been twice married, and had already given birth to forty-four children; during her first marriage, which lasted twenty-two years, she bore twenty-seven boys and three girls; in her second marriage, which lasted but three years, she bore fourteen children—three at the first, five at the second, and six the third confinement."

ITALY.

A MAN MAKING HIS SOUL HIS HEIR.

A singular lawsuit, which has been pending for several years at Ferrara, has just been amicably settled. A nobleman, named Bonaccipli, died some years ago, leaving a will by which he appointed his own soul as universal heir to his estates, representing a value of 5,000,000 of francs. The charitable institutions of Ferrara laid claim to the property, while the brother of the deceased attacked the will on the ground of nullity. After long judicial debates, an arrangement has, at length, been come to, by which the brother abandons his claims in consideration of certain moneys which Cardinal Casoni, the curator of the above establishments, engages to pay to him and to the other relations of the deceased. It appears that this result has been obtained through the interposition of the Pope; in any other country the will would have been declared null and void.

ALGERIA.

A FATAL LION HUNT.

A letter from Philippeville gives the following account of a lion hunt, which ended fatally to the principal actor in it. For some time past the Arabs belonging to a tribe between Stora and St. Charles, saw their flocks every day diminishing from the attacks of a lion of such enormous size and strength that they despaired of being able to destroy it. In that dilemma they applied to a shoemaker, residing in the village of St. Charles, who had acquired a considerable reputation from his skill and courage in hunting savage animals, and he readily consented to accompany a part of the tribe against the lion. A day was fixed, and the shoemaker, after examining the ground, placed himself, with a double barreled gun, in ambush in a hollow tree, where he waited patiently for the approach of the expected prey. A party of the Arabs were stationed at some distance. After waiting some time, the lion made his appearance and advanced toward a flock, which had been purposely driven to graze near the tree. As soon as the animal came near, the shoemaker fired his two barrels, and the lion fell apparently dead. The shoemaker waited for a quarter of an hour, and then, finding that the lion did not move, he went forward, and raised its head with the barrel of his gun. At that moment the dying animal made a last effort, and, lifting up his paw, struck the shoemaker so heavily on the back, that he killed him on the spot. The Arabs, after a time, approached, and found the lion and the man dead side by side.

INDIA.

HORSE-SHOEING IN INDIA.

Russell, the *Times'* correspondent, draws the following picture in a late letter: "Just before my tent at this moment there is a group which could not be met with in any part of the world beyond this. Sukeram, the syce, is superintending the shoeing of a horse. In order to do so he has complicated himself with that animal's hind legs in a fantastic and traditional manner wonderful to behold. He has seated himself on his haunches as only an Oriental can, between the horse's legs, one of which he has pulled over his shoulder so as to present the hoof to the farrier; while his disengaged arm is passed round the other leg of the animal, which 'accepts the situation' as it has been handed down to him for thousands of years. Sukeram is a very grave, handsome fellow, with a white turban on his head, one end of which floats over his shoulders, and a white piece of cotton wrapped round his loins, leaving his brown body and legs to shine in the blazing sun. He looks as intelligent as most Englishmen, but in reality he has no idea, or will not have one, of any earthly duty beyond the care of that horse whose tail he has just fastened to a strap passed round the fetlock. His wife—for he has a faithful attendant in all his marches—whose arms are covered with brass rings from wrist to elbow, and on whose ankles jingling bands of metal make pleasant music as she walks, is mixing up his rice and curry in a bright brass pot, covered in one long fold of cotton, so that only her arms and feet are visible, and on her hip a small imp is perched, obstreperous for his meal; and see, he gets it so delicately and decently that our ladies at home might envy the process, for a fold of the robe is opened, the tawny body disappears inside and is covered by the robe, and only a pair of legs are left visible, which soon by their easy modulations give tokens of the satisfaction of the youthful proprietor with the treatment he is receiving inside. The smith, a brawny fellow in a short pair of drawers and a yellow turban, whose muscles stand out like those of a bronze Hercules, is using the most extraordinary-looking implements of farriery with great skill, but any motion of the horse's heel must inevitably catch him right on the bridge of the nose. A young man, who may be a perpetual outdoor apprentice of the smith, and whose only business seems to be the abstraction of smoke from a huge pipe, is seated on the ground watching the operation. But as watching is an act on the due performance of which every Oriental operation in a great measure depends, it is not left to the apprentice alone—a tame monkey and a parrot take an intense interest in it, and a great tall Sikh, all black eyes and whiskers, mustaches and beard, and shining white teeth, with a real swash-buckler swagger and stride, is coming over to join them. Judging by his turban, he is one of Wale's Horse. Light limbed, sinewy, and active, the air of those fellows makes us appreciate the valor of those Englishmen who crushed the race in battle.

CHINA.

AMERICANS *vs.* ENGLISH IN CHINA.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I will relate an incident which occurred a few weeks since at Hong Kong, the capital of British power in China. While passing by the factory of a wealthy silversmith, curiosity induced me to step in and see how this trade is carried on by the Chinese, but silence and sour looks met my gaze in all directions. Unabashed, however, and judging correctly of the cause, I proclaimed myself to be an American, and the right hand of friendship was extended immediately, with numerous excuses for their ignorance in mistaking me for an Englishman. The workmen left their work, and took great delight in showing me specimens of their manufacture, which were not as rude as we would suppose. The proprietor seemed lost in wonder when I explained how such things were conducted in the United States. When taking my leave of him, well satisfied with his politeness, my attention was attracted by a massive pitcher, the familiar style of which led me to believe that it was not of Chinese manufacture. On a closer examination it proved to be the work of William Webb, the chief artist of Mr. Forbes, the Spring Street silversmith, and the property of an American merchant. Now if such feelings exist among a class who, of all others, should be favorable to wealthy British residents, what must be the feeling of those less dependent and more removed from the fangs of British power?"

MEXICO.

RUPTURE OF DIPLOMATIC INTERCOURSE.

Our dates from the City of Mexico are to the 19th ult. The forced loan caused great excitement at the capital, and foreigners non-complying with its requirements have been ordered to leave the country. The goods of the American residents had been seized for non-compliance with the terms of the loan, and, in consequence, Minister Forsyth had demanded and received his passports. The liberals (or party favoring Juarez) were every where gaining strength, and President Zuloaga was going to Tampico for refuge.

The condition of the country was as wretched as ever, robbery and rapine being the rule every where. Some radical change impends.

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DECLARATION OF

In Congress

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal & independent: that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent & inalienable, among which are the preservation of life, & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these ends, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organising it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but when a long train of abuses & usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. the history of the present king of great britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, all of which have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

he has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained: and when so suspended, he has neglected entirely to attend to them.

he has refused to pass other laws for the accomodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation, a right inestimable to them & formidable to tyrants only.

he has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, & distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

he has dissolved representative houses repeatedly & continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

he has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, & convulsions within.

he has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

he has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of the states, refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

he has made our judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, & the amount & payment of their salaries.

he has erected a multitude of new offices, & sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people & eat out their substance.

he has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies & ships of war.

he has affected to render the military independent of & superior to the civil power.

he has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, & unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation,

for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

for protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

for imposing taxes on us without our consent:

for depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury:

for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences

for abolishing the free system of english laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, & enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example & fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, & altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

for suspending our own legislatures, & declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

he has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his allegiance & protection:

he has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, & destroyed the lives of our people.

he is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation & tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty & perfidy unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

he has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends & brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

he has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, & has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes & conditions of existence.

he has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow citizens, with the allurement of forfeiture & confiscation of our property.

he has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life & liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. this piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of great britain. determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold,

INDEPENDENCE

July, 1776.

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of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms
among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them
by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them: thus paying
off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes
which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.]
in every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble
terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. a prince
whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit
to be the ruler of a free people [who mean to be free. future ages will scarce believe
that the ~~hardiness~~ of one man adventured within the short compass of twelve years
only to build a foundation so broad & undisguised for tyranny ~~...~~ over a people fostered & fixed in principles
of ~~liberty~~ freedom.]

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. we have
warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable juris-
diction over [these our states] us. we have reminded them of the circumstances of
our emigration & settlement here, [no one of which could warrant so strange a
pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood & treasure
unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting
indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby
laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their
parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be
credited: and] we have appealed to their native justice & magnanimity [as well as to] the ties
of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which [were likely to] would inevitably interrupt
our connection & correspondence ~~& connection~~. they too have been deaf to the voice of justice &
of consanguinity, [& when occasions have been given them by the regular course of
their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they
have by their free election re-established them in power. at this very time too they
are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common
blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us ~~deluge us in blood~~. these facts
have given the last stab to agonizing affection and manly spirit bids us to re-
nounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. we must endeavor to forget our former
love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war,
in peace friends. we might have been a free & a great people together; but a commu-
nication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. be it so, since they
will have it: the road to ~~glory~~ & to glory happiness, is open to us too; we will ~~climb~~ tread it in
apart from them, ~~a separate state~~ and] we must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our ~~eternal~~
~~separation~~ [eternal] separation! and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war, in peace friends

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Con-
gress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name & by authority of the good people of these [states] colonies
[reject and renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain
& all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly
dissolve ~~& break off~~ all political connection which may ~~have~~ heretofore have sub-
sisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally
we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independant states
and that as free & independant states they ~~shall hereafter have~~ full power to levy
war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other
acts and things which independant states may of right do. And for the
support of this declaration] we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our
fortunes, & our sacred honour.

tfoot Lee
xton Arthur Middleton Step. Hopkins Th. Jefferson
dney George Wythe Benja Harrison Thos Nelson jr.
ead Richard Henry Lee
Read Josiah Bartlett Matthew Thornton John Adams
Roger Sherman
Rutledge Saml Huntington William Ellery Charles Carroll of Carrollton
yward Junr Geo Clymer
ch Junr Wm Whipple William Robt Treat Paine
Lewis Morris Jas Smith Elbridge Gerry
Saml Adams Oliver Wolcott

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We have devoted the two preceding pages to a fac-simile of the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, with the alterations of Adams and Franklin. It is well to place so notable a paper on record. Time is fast obliterating the memorials of the Revolution. At the present time the Declaration (of which only a few detached copies had been printed) is very difficult to read, even by the aid of a magnifier; injuries originally done to it by an unskilful artist in an attempt to "transfer" it have been aggravated by natural decay; the paper is very loose, in all probability, the copy on the foregoing pages will be the only one in existence.

A few historical memoranda may serve appropriately to introduce the document.

Nearly two months had elapsed since the first blood had been shed in the Revolutionary struggle, and yet the colonies were merely in a state of rebellion. No act of theirs had severed the colonial tie, or raised them to an equality, in an international point of view, with their parent and superior. Early in 1776, the propriety of cutting themselves short altogether from Great Britain had occurred to many leading and daring minds. Patrick Henry, Lee, Adams, and even Franklin, had substituted instant for future as the period of separation from the mother country. Still, the idea was not in the masses. Several influential leaders—the mercantile communities of the chief sea-ports, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the Episcopal clergy, a large section of the Southern planters—were irrevocably hostile to a severance of the colonial tie. It was, therefore, with caution and with prudence that the advocates of political independence ventured to express their views. Happily, the accession of the new and popular Assembly of Virginia to the ranks of the British troops brought conviction to minds previously hopeless of success.

In April, 1776, North Carolina, the pioneer in the idea of a formal declaration, had instructed, about a year before at Mecklenburg, and, by the voice of her Legislature, directed her delegates to the general Congress "to concur with those in the other colonies in declaring independence." Virginia and Rhode Island instructed their delegates "to propose independence." Connecticut and New Hampshire authorized their delegates to assent to a Declaration of Independence. But New York and Massachusetts submitted the question to the people, who did not give votes to express their sentiment in season. The delegates of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Georgia, South Carolina, and Delaware were left to act as they pleased in reference to the great question. Maryland alone forbade her delegates to vote for independence.

These latter matters when, on 7th June, in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, rose and moved the resolution:

"That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States, and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

So perilous was the business, that Congress required to make no mention on the records of the names of the mover and of the seconder of the resolution (Mr. Adams). Consideration of the subject was postponed to the next day; and on the 11th June it was referred to a Committee consisting of Messrs. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. It would have been on the Committee, but having received intelligence of the sickness of his lady, he was compelled to leave Philadelphia the day before the subject was referred. Jefferson filled his place worthily, and, "having the reputation of a ready writer," was appointed chairman of the Committee, and instructed by his colleagues to draw up a draft of preparing a draft of a preamble to Mr. Lee's resolution—namely, a formal Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Adams tells the story of the labors of the Committee:

"The Committee had several meetings, in which were proposed the articles of which the Declaration was to consist, and minutes made of them. The Committee then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to draw them up in form, and clothe them in proper dress. The sub-Committee met and considered the minutes, making such observations on them as then occurred, when Mr. Jefferson desired me to take them to my lodgings and make the draft. I did so accordingly, and gave reasons for so doing:

"1. That he was a Virginian and I a Massachusetts man. 2. That he was a Southern man and I a Northern one. 3. That I had been so obnoxious for so early and constant avowal of promoting the measure, that every draft of mine would undergo a more severe scrutiny and criticism in Congress than one of his composition. 4. And lastly, and that would be reason enough if there were no other, I had a great aversion to the business, and he was, and none at all of my own. I therefore insisted that no decision should be made on his part. He accordingly took the minutes, and in a day or two produced to me his draft.

It is that draft, with the corrections made by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, which we engrave on the preceding pages.

On 1st July this declaration was reported to the House, in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, being in the chair. On 2nd and the two succeeding days each paragraph was debated seriatim, and many alterations made. The reader will find below a copy of the Declaration of Independence, as finally adopted by the Congress. By comparing it with the draft, he may discover the alterations made. They were mostly immaterial. Several redundant phrases of Jefferson's were struck out. Several sentences reflecting on the king in very harsh terms were modified so as to be less severe. Mr. Jefferson's draft had in it a bad "excised reasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens," and that he had forced slavery and the slave-trade on the colonies, were omitted, as not strictly true in fact. And two or three sentences were severed of declamation were likewise expunged, as beneath the dignity of so grave a document. Thus altered, the Declaration was adopted.

At first it was very doubtful whether it would obtain the unanimous approval of the States. The famous John Dickenson, of Pennsylvania, took the lead in opposing the Declaration. He moved, and directed her delegates to oppose it; the votes of Pennsylvania were therefore withheld. Dickenson exertion and good fortune these obstacles were at length overcome. Dickenson absented himself from the field, and the majority of the Pennsylvania delegation were in favor of the Declaration. Two out of the three Delaware delegates voted Aye. Carroll, of Maryland, exerted himself with energy to obtain a reconsideration of the vote of the Lower House, and, on the 4th, again rescinded; so that the delegates, who were unanimous in favor of the measure, were enabled to vote unanimously. Thus it came about that when, on 4th July, 1776, the vote was taken by States on the question, "Shall the Declaration be adopted?" it was given that the Declaration should be adopted.

The following was the form in which this most important of all political documents was finally agreed to. To borrow the language of Jefferson himself, the question was, "whether it is the better or the worse for the critics."

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Declaration by the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature, and of nature's God, entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires, that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evidence a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in time of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us, without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it, at once, an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us, in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large colonies of foreign mercenaries, to compleat the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely parallelled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms: Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things, which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

On the day that it was adopted it was signed by John Hancock, the President of Congress. We wish his name boldly and plainly, in order, as he said, that a king might find no difficulty in reading it. In case the Revolutionary struggle failed and the British wanted a victim. No other member of the Congress signed it but in private. That deed was handed to a clerk (a very incompetent person, as we have observed, but Philadelphia could furnish no one who was fit to take his place) to be engrossed on parchment. It was not till the 2d August that the parchment was ready for signature. On that day the engrossed copy was produced in Congress, and fifty-four members present signed it. Mr. Read and Thornton, who were absent at the time, affixed their names subsequently. At the end of the 2d August, the date of which is the 4th preceding pages, we have added a fac-simile of the signatures, which we will in subsequ

The scene of the adoption of the Declaration is described in another part of this paper. We shall add nothing to what is above here recited. But the single remark that, considering the age of the colonies, the number of their people, the diversity of interests existing between them, and the tendency of intellectual and ambitious men to contend for leadership, there appears to be nothing so remarkable in history as the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the fifty-six sturdy delegates. There was less hyperbole than may be supposed in Napoleon's assertion that he saw in the act "the finger of God."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ECLOGUE.

[ABOUT SIXTEEN CENTURIES—ED.

CLOVERTOP.

Hey, what's the news, Chalon? I've thought, my Cousin, it's extremely queer That you, who love to spend your August here, Don't hang, at once, your wife and children down, And quit, for good, the noisy, dusty town.

SHILLINGSIDE.

Ah! simple swain, the rich sort of life may do For such a verdant Clovertop as you, Content to vegetate in summer air, And hibernate in winter like a bear!

CLOVERTOP.

Here we have butter pure as virgin gold, And milk from cows that "can a tail wield!" With bovine pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise Is sung by pullets with their morning lays: From from the brook; good water from the well; And other blessings more than I can tell!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, simple rustic, we have nightly plays, And operatic music—charming ways Of spending time and money—lots of fun; The Cousin Lawyer—whom they get it done; Barnum's Museum, full of things erratic, Terrene, amphibious, airy, and aquatic!

CLOVERTOP.

Here we have rosy, radiant, romping girls, With lips of rubies, and with teeth of pearls; I dare not mention half their witching charms, But, ah! the soundness of their milky arms! And oh, what polished shoulders they display, Bending o'er tubs upon a washing-day!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There we have ladies in most superbly made (*By fine artistes*, who understand their trade),

Who dance the German, flirt a graceful fan, And speak *such* French as no Parisian can; They're much much fonder than your country thrushes, And wear (thank Phalon!) far more brilliant blushes!

CLOVERTOP.

Here, boastful Shilling, we have flowery walks, Where you may stroll, and hold delightful talks With many placard frowning as you pass, "Ten dollars' fine for walking on the grass!"); Where lighted groves, where love's delicious words Are breathed to music of melodious birds.

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, silly Clover, dashing belles we meet, Sweeping with silken robes the dusty street; May gaze into their faces as they pass Beneath the shade of their Parisian sun, Or, standing at a crossing when it rains, May see some pretty ankles for our pains.

CLOVERTOP.

Here you may angle for the speckled trout, Play him, a while, with gentle hand, shout, Then, like a sportsman, pull the fellow out!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, too, is fishing quite as good, I ween, Where cutlets, grilling delicate as e'er was seen, Rich as you pasture, and almost as green!

CLOVERTOP.

Here you may see the meadow's grassy plain, Ripe, luscious fruits, and shocks of golden grain,

And view, luxuriant in a hundred fields, The prodigious wealth that bounteous Nature yields!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There you may see Trade's wondrous strength and pride,

Where merchant-navies throng on every side, And view, collected in Columbia's mart, Alike the wealth of Europe and of Art!

CLOVERTOP.

Cease, clamorous cit! I love these quiet nooks,

Where one may sleep, or dawdle over books, Or, if he wish of gentle love to dream, May sit and muse by yonder babbling stream—

SHILLINGSIDE.

Dry up your babbling streams, my Clovertop—
You're getting garrulous; it's time to stop.
I love the city, and the city's smoke;
I love the gay; the dust of feet and coke;
The sound of bells; the tramp of hurrying feet;
The light of pigs and Paphians in the street;
The jostling crowd; the never-ceasing noise
Of rattling coaches, and vociferous boys;
The cry of "Fine Pine-Apples!" and the scene
Of heroes running with their mouths all green—
Where, Clover?

Nay, now I think that I could even stand
The direful din of Barnum's brazen hand,
So sweet I long to see the town again!
Good-by! I'm going by the evening train!
Don't fail to call when'er you come to town,
We'll do the city, boy, and do it brown!
I've really had a pleasant time with you,
And mean to come again another year.

MY ELOPEMENT;

OR, HOW LIFE IN A COUNTRY TOWN WAS WISHED TO GET MARRIED ON A THOUSAND A YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

I SHALL not mention my name. You may call me what you like. Augustus, Reginald, Almanzor —any thing will do. What I am going to tell happened about seven years ago; and I should not publish it at all were it not for the fact that I was put to certain little expenses in the affair.

Not only that, but I mention the circumstance my own name, but I shall also carefully avoid giving any, even the slightest, clue to the identity of the young lady, who, by-the-by, must be now a middle-aged lady. This reminds me that I also am not so young as I was: but no matter.

We were talking the other night about getting married on a thousand a year. The most absurd nonsense was uttered. One fellow was for one to live without wine; another, that dinner parties were not necessary to happiness; a third, that they'll take precious good care not to get married themselves, for all that. Hinc's opinion whether a man can get married on a thousand a year, for any man with a tongue in his head, and five dollars in his pocket, can generally get one or other to have him, and, what's more, can pay the parson's fees. But the question is whether you can be as happy on a thousand a year, married, as you may sometimes contrive to be with that amount of income when you are single. If you can manage for, after all, a thousand a year is not much, and very few fellows who are unmarried to live upon it can succeed in making both ends meet).

Well, my answer to the question is this, that if a single man can only just live upon a thousand a year, a married man can't do it at all; that is to say, not if he means to give any thing to his wife and children. Women don't eat much, and, fortunately, don't drink at all; but they wear a lot of clothes, and don't object to jewelry. Then wives have an inveterate, and I suppose invincible, habit of having children, and these want nurses, and boots, and drums, and all sorts of things.

There is one kind of marriage, however, which suits a man of a thousand a year admirably. I mean marriage with a rich heiress. A man with only a thousand a year may safely marry a woman who has ten thousand. This is just what I tried to do, and it wasn't quite so easy as you may imagine, though I was thirty-two at the time, and the girl only sixteen. She was so infernally romantic, you see, and I'm not romantic at all. I can make love and all that sort of thing, and know when to squeeze a woman's hand—and never get a slap—and too soon or too late (except with the one I am going to tell you about, and she wouldn't stand it at any time), but I can't manufacture sentiment every fest, having never been accustomed to the society of school girls; and that's just what I found the whole business was. Still, I do think that if a young girl gets into a post-chaise with you, the least she can do is to behave herself until the end of the journey. I've been thinking about it ever since, and still I can't see what I didn't make a confounded row about it at the time.

As I said before, I don't mention her name, because I promised I wouldn't, and for other reasons besides. However, her father was a rich manufacturer—say at Lowell; and her mother died when she was only a baby, and I never had seen her before—but say at Greenwood. As for the daughter, I think she was a pretty girl, but I know she was immensely rich. The money that girl had in bank-stock was something enormous, and besides this only child she got from her mother. Her father was sure to leave her a lot of money besides; but, of course, I knew there would be a squall when he made a clear sweep of the elopement. However, she could not help having a clear two hundred and fifty thousand, and although it was all settled on herself, we could have lived dooced well on the interest.

As we are all out here something (I suppose, Mr. Editor, you would not admit a heroine without an name and all), we will call her Julia. That's the first of her when I was in Europe from my sister, who was at school with her at Paris, at Madame Favre's in the Champs Elysées. It was there I called it "finishing" school, and I think it deserved the name, for it turned out one of the most finished coquettes I ever saw. Julia, however, had not yet reached coquettishness. The coquettes were all in the sixth class—that class which contains the "philosophers" in the French college system. Julia was only in the "correspondents" or "rhetorics" in the colleges—and had not yet gone beyond sentiment and romance. It must be remembered that she was not more than sixteen.

The course of studies pursued at Madame Favre's—at least in the upper classes—was, in fact, nothing more than a course of love. Was it not the course of true love? asks the reader. I am inclined to think it was not, if only from the fact that, as a general rule, it did "run smooth." In the fourth class, the little girls of fifteen have a tendresse for "Paul and Virginia," or other tales of comparatively innocent nature; in the fifth, they studied in the works of Richardson and Rousseau; but, in the sixth, they affected to have lived through "such childishness," and to think of nothing but their chances of establishing themselves in large houses, with rich husbands ready to pay the largest bills.

Where the novels came from I don't know—probably through some, through the "old girls" who were called Ernest de Waldemar—the hero of one of the books—that Julia (as we have now agreed to call her) ultimately consented to elope with me.

The first time I saw her was at a distribution of prizes in the summer of [illegible]. I knew she was American by two things. First of all, she had beautiful light-brown hair, such as French girls seldom have; secondly, she got what gave the prizes away did not kiss her on the forehead. Whenever one of the French girls received a prize, Father Some-one-or-other, who presided at the distribution, crowned her with a wreath, gave her a very small book and a very large bouquet of good conduct, and then imprinted a cold, chaste kiss on her brow as the young lady knelt at his feet with much meekness to receive it. The Protestant girls, however, did not see the fun, as they expressed it, of being kissed by an old Catholic confessor, and it was quite understood that they were not to receive the customary salute.

My sister, who had no prize to take (our family was never remarkable for brilliant acquisitions, unless I mention my uncle; and a silver cup I gained before us, with her little book and wreath of certificates, she smiled and stopped to receive her congratulations.

As a compatriot, and the brother of one of her fellow-pupils, I took upon myself to congratulate Miss Julia also. She started, blushed, and, after I had spoken a few words, knew that I was the very image of Ernest de Waldemar.

"And who is this Ernest?" I inquired.

"How foolish you are!" was the reply. "Ernest de Waldemar is her hero. Laure de Marsan and Julia are both in love with him, and, as for Julia, she scarcely ever talks of any thing else."

"And what will she do to me for being like him? Is she very savage?"

"Why, how stupid you must be! She likes you for it. She thinks you are so like him that you must have all his noble qualities."

"Poor girl!" I remarked.

"She is so poor as you imagine," replied my sister, making, almost unconsciously, one of those puns in which some young ladies delight. "How much do you suppose she has a year?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Well, I don't know exactly myself, but I know she has hundreds and thousands of dollars in bank-stock."

"If she has only a few thousand dollars, she will not get much a year out of that."

"Well, I'll ask her. I know she's a great deal."

"Do," I replied. "I should very much like to know."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I saw my sister again she brought me an invitation to a ball which was to take place at Madame Favre's.

"Julia will be so glad if you come," she added.

I had almost forgotten Julia's existence, but now that I was reminded of it, I asked about the small mass of money in connection.

"Small sum, indeed!" exclaimed my sister. "She's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars left her by her mother. Madame can prevent her having it when she is of age, or before, if she marries to her father's approval."

"Oh, he'll never give his consent," I observed, half to myself.

"Why give his consent! And why not?" asked my sister.

"Because he's not what I meant," I replied. But I omitted to add that I had been thinking of proposing to her myself, and had just imagined the probable amount I would be expected to ask.

Then I went on to reflect that a girl with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was sure to be met with every day, and that I should be a fool to miss such a chance. As for proposing to her in a formal manner, such as all romances direct, I knew would say she was too young, and then marry her to some one else. I had been served that way once before.

As I knew that my sister would, as a matter of course, disapprove of my plan, and would set up an interesting young school-fellow, I thought it best to keep all my plans to myself. The first thing to be done was to make love to Julia—a task that appeared to me, though I discovered when I saw her that she was not at all like me, a very easy one. All she could possibly be. It was impossible to produce a better impression upon her than she had already received, and as to not pushing it, I had the impression might be injured if I conversed with her too much on the first night. I would leave her a good talker. It always appeared to me that lovemaking was a good deal like fishing. If the young lady is not thoroughly hooked, you may as well cut your art until you have her fast; but if you are certain you have taken the bait, you may pull her ashore at once. At all events, don't begin playing with her, for, after all, you can but catch her, and you might break the line.

Therefore, all things considered, I determined to wait until the night of the ball, when I would let all that sort of thing to her own imagination and the good offices of Mademoiselle Laure de Marsan to work. I found a most excellent friend in Laure, as we have seen, had herself been in love with Ernest de Waldemar, and was delighted to find that Julia loved him—that is to say, loved nobody better than she did: and, like a good, affectionate girl, she was ready to help her friend on to the dear friend and school-fellow. But having done so, as she took a romantic interest in everything social, interest in the progress of our loves. She was forever talking to Julia about me, and asked me what I thought about her friend, and how I liked her Julia.

When I said I did not make love to Julia, I forgot the letters. But I saw that it was expected I should send a few. In fact, Laure hinted as much, and I, of course, was not the man to neglect so the suggestion of so accomplished a confidante. Besides, I wanted to be very good to Julia, for the sake of Ernest de Waldemar; and, as they happened to have been copied literally from certain romances which I have read in my time, and which obtainable here figures, I have no doubt that this resemblance will be found.

At last I entreated Julia to "fly with me." This was exactly five months after my first interview with Julia, and the night of the graduating class in honor of the new year. (Since my elopement with Julia, Madame Favre has changed the annual distribution once a year: and, for some years afterward, it was a rule that at least one teacher should stand in the same position as I did on the occasion of which I am speaking.)

CHAPTER III.

THIS was how we managed it—thanks to the skilful machinations of the romantic, but ingenious, Laure de Marsan.

On a certain day in February, Julia was to start for Italy with her aunt, a New Orleans lady who resided in Rome, and who had written for Julia, during her niece absent once in three months. Julia's father was anxious his daughter should make this journey, but as the aunt had not seen very many devotees that her niece should accompany her. So, as Julia's father was afraid of the fashionable air, and I believe I was pretty well served by them.

Julia, by my directions, at rather the close of Madame Favre's dinner, to which I always appeared, expressed her readiness, in the first instance, to accompany me to Italy. All my letters were packed up to March, and every thing was prepared for the young lady's departure. Then, a few days before the time fixed for our escape, I left Paris (which was no joke then, let me tell you), Julia because suddenly afraid of the fashionable air, because but one which we knew the aunt would willingly accept.

This was the post-stopping at the Hôtel des Princes, in the Rue Richelieu. On the eve of the departure Julia went to bed, and sent word she was not to go to Italy at all, that she would much rather go back to the United States, and that she would write to her aunt to that effect in the morning.

"Well, my love," said the aunt, as she embraced her; "you know your own mind, and are not a child, and so just as you like, so, as you wish it, you must go back to the United States."

Julia returned that night to the school, and the next morning at seven o'clock met me at the very spot which I myself had left at six. If Madame Favre questioned her coachman, all he could reply was, that he had been told to drive the young lady to the Rue Richelieu, and there she had met the Princes he had driven her.

The post-chaise was waiting for me in the court-yard, and at half past seven we had passed the barrier, and were galloping along the high road to Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

JULIA cried a little at first, but I persuaded her that it was useless to do so, bringing forward several excellent reasons in support of my argument, and at length she became pacified.

"How is Laure?" I inquired.

"Very well," said Julia, wiping her eyes. "She sent her love to you."

"Have you her cousin's address at Lyons?"

"Yes; here it is," she replied, giving me at the same time an envelope on which was written the address of one of Laure's cousins, at whose house we were to be received, and where we intended to have our wedding breakfast.

This was the first day of my campaign: We were to go on without stopping as far as Lyons. Travelling in this manner it would be impossible to overtake us, even if the alarm were given, which would by no means certain; and once at Lyons, all we had to do was to go to the German church and get married forthwith. Then Julia was to write to her father, and the marriage could afterward be solemnized with his consent. To apply at the consulate for permission to marry a girl of sixteen, with the consent of one in the town would have soon after the arrival of the post-chaise that I had left Paris, have appeared to me, would be impprudent and something more.

"What will my poor aunt say?" exclaimed Julia, thoughtfully, after we had proceeded for some time in silence.

I made no reply, for I didn't know what her poor aunt was likely to say, not enjoying the honor of that lady's acquaintance.

"I wish I could write to her, and explain that I am not going to Italy, because she will consider me pretending up to the last moment that I wanted to accompany her, and even writing to take the rooms at the hôtel, and all?"

"What hotel?" I inquired.

"At Nice, where I and my aunt and myself meant to stop to-night."

"Oh, that won't matter," I continued. "But there is Sens?"

"Sens? I'm sure I forget. I didn't address the envelope."

"Pontillon," I exclaimed, "where is Sens?"

"Sens, you know, is my home, Sir, where I was born?" It's the last station you'll come to to-night that is say, if you travel as you're doing now."

"And how long shall we stop there?"

"I am afraid, then, you're going there very fast, Sir.... But now you know better."

We had now reached the first post-town. We gave the postilion two five-franc pieces for the post-and-a-half which we discovered to be on the point of being the horses harnessed.

"Is there any chance, supposing off a bonbon's daughter," said the retiring post-boy, to the one who took his place, at the same time exhibiting the two pieces which he had received.

"I forget to ask about Sens," I remarked to Julia, and then, turning out to the postilion, I inquired as to its locality.

"Road to Lyons, Sir," was the answer. "With patience we shall be there—we will get there before morrow morning."

"Road to your aunt was going to Italy?" I observed to Julia.

"So she is. But may she not go to Italy through Lyons?"

"Well, I shouldn't think so; but I don't know." "Then, if she is not, I suppose Sens was below that before," suggested Julia, with a gentle pout.

"Postillion, postillion! which is the way to Italy?" I called.

"This is the way, Sir. All in good time," was the answer. "Sens was another road, Sir, and then, Sir, you know that every road leads to Rome. But they mostly go through Lyons, Sir."

"Through Lyons!" I muttered. "And to we shall be passing through the very place where your aunt is! Where did you write to take the rooms?"

"Hôtel de l'Europe."

"We shall know what to avoid, then. A pity you didn't tell me where Sens was before, Julia."

Sens! As for me, I never heard of it."

"Well, dearest, I was under your protection, and that you would take the trouble to ascertain where we were going before you started."

"Well, I'm sorry, my beloved Julia, or I shall think you no longer love me."

"My presence is a sufficient proof of my affections. Oh! what a lovely landscape!" she then exclaimed, pointing to a valley with a river running through it, and a few very grand groups here and there.

"Yes, a very fine landscape," I replied; "but not enough cows."

She looked at me, and stared. The fact was, I was annoyed at the idea of proceeding without, because it's not my line, and I don't shine in it; and I therefore thought I had better check this outburst of romantic landscape as soon as possible.

"Does that scene say nothing to your heart?" she continued. "Do you see no poetry in that placid valley—in that calm, rippling stream?"

I now stopped her another reason, for I began to think she might take me for an unfeeling brute.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," I replied. "Indeed, it reminds me of something I saw at the Diorama, or at the Water-Color Exhibition. It's such a large, flat landscape, that it's very fine, whichever way."

After this, Julia remained silent for some minutes.

"Do you read much poetry?" she asked, when we had again changed horses.

"Not very much," I answered. "I used to read a little at school, and wrote it out, too, a hundred lines at a time, when I had been doing any thing wrong."

"But I should have thought the study of poetry formed part of your daily life."

"Do. In Rule I used to get up as late as I did in New York; and then, what with breakfasting at a café, riding in the Bois de Boulogne, calling on a few friends, dining, and then going to the Opera, or one or two balls, I'd enough to do, without reading poetry."

"But surely you like poetry. I always thought you adored it," she continued.

"I should like it very well if it weren't for the rhyme and the trouble of inventing. I only adore you."

The latter remark was made by way of conciliating the fair Julia, who, I saw, appeared to think I should like exactly what she liked—and that I thought I might as well destroy as soon as possible. Besides, I didn't like poetry myself. I was very fond of prose; but as for poetry, I can't read it."

"You, the image of Ernest de Waldemar, not to like poetry! I thought you loved it."

"I love you," I continued, by way of observe.

"This is the second time you have paid me that compliment," said Julia, impatiently. "Can we we talk of something else?"

"Well, what shall we talk of? Oh, here we change horses. Where to, my man? I must want breakfast. It's eleven o'clock?"

"I could not eat a thing."

"Couldn't you? Well, I feel exceedingly hungry. When do you generally breakfast?"

"At seven; but to-day I am so nervous, so agitated, I can not think of such things."

"Well, so I feel this day. I feel rather peckish," said I, and, indeed, I did. "I am accustomed to take my meals regularly; and I think I shall breakfast here."

"And if we are being pursued?"

"Why, then I'll pursue me! After you've been with me three hours in a post-chaise, after running away from school, it is not very likely any one will suppose you are running away; is it, love me?"

"That may be; but it's not the way to look at it."

"Will you breakfast at the post-house, Sir, or at the hotel?" said the postillion, as he came to the door.

"At the hotel, and the best in the place," was my prompt reply.

"You mean to breakfast?" expostulated Julia, when you know we may be overtaken at any moment. Have you no fear that I may be ruined? The disgrace would kill me."

"But, my dearest love," I replied, "I always breakfast at eleven; and I have been up to-day since five."

"Were we not to hurry to Lyons, and be married there instantly on our arrival? Pray think of us, and our speedy union, and do not let us have any needless delay."

The notion of calling breakfast a "needless delay" I knew could not rather good. Julia, I imagined, to cry once more, I bought some bread and cheese and a bottle of wine, and, when I had before starting, swallowed a large cup of coffee.

I had determined, from the beginning, not to give in to Julia's good-natured fears. I had resolved, in a silly, sentimental girl, who wanted her romantic mind hooked and landed as quickly as was possible. However, she did not appreciate my firmness and decision of character, but remained during the whole of the first stage in tears from the whole of the next stage.

Postillions were known to be scoundrels; but I think, on this unfortunate journey of mine, I met with the most extortionate, and, at the same time, one of the most obliging, experience, that ever was known. At one of the stations I had given the postillion about twenty-five francs more than the or three francs, more than he was entitled to claim from me.

"They are not so loving as they were when they started," said the low brute to one of his companions. "He's actually only given me twenty-six sous."

"Oh, said the other, what can you expect? some romantic young traveler always is a fool, I guess."

"There! there!" exclaimed Julia, who heard this last remark. "That's what I meet with through you. Nothing but insults."

"I'll give him a piece of my mind," I muttered, "I would break the scoundrel's head."

"Remember you would not improve the matter," remarked Julia.

"No; but paying the fellows properly might. I think I'll get out and give the fellow a piece of my thing more."

"Stop!" at the very next station I had a row with the scoundrels. I paid them by the legal scale, and you should have seen their looks. As for me, I was in a towering rage. I, who, as an American, only had just passed with three travelling carriages for myself and her lady-bird-maid, another for her other servants, and a third for lap-dogs.

"Pay!" whispered Julia, quite pale from fear.

"Well, my love," I replied, almost tired of her nonsense, "she's not running after us, we're running after her; and, as the laws of the road will not allow these post-carriages to pass another, there is no fear of our overtaking her."

"But she might get on."

"Well, Sens is not a village. It appears to be a large town. She puts up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and there we can find and dine at our leisure. It happens not to be the Hôtel de l'Europe."

"Dine!" exclaimed Julia, quite passionately, as she threw herself back in the corner of the carriage.

However, I was not going to remain treated in this manner, and I began a regular row for the sake of a romantic young school-girl. Of course I should be able to teach her a little reason after our marriage, but, in the mean while, she was certainly somewhat exacting. Nothing could stop the row. Dogs now, not even for myself, but a carriage should break down, or any other accident should bring me to a standstill. But after passing we should not even have to fear this. Her aunt was to stop there. We were only going to stop there on the way to do—for I was determined to have my dinner—

and the next morning, when the old woman started, we should be eighty or eighty miles ahead.

As Julia seemed seriously grieved, I thought I would try to console her. I began by putting my arm round her waist, or rather by attempting to do so, for she threw herself up quite furiously, and said, with a look of something very like scorn,

"Remember your promise, Sir; and be good enough not to approach me so closely."

I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. Then I became sulky too, but only for a few minutes, after which I assumed submission, thinking what I should do with the interest of the bank-stock.

"I shall live on the Hudson, somewhere near Washington Irving's place," I decided. I shall only want three servants besides my own. A cook you—there's the cook, and we must have a good one, too, for I shall give a dinner-party once a fortnight at least. Wife economy, no man's fortune enough for a foreign trip every year. And I don't see why I shouldn't go to Saratoga, or to the Springs, for a week, if I could manage to get a favorite place, I could receive the salary just as well as any one else."

These agreeable reflections were put an end to by the jerk of the carriage, which suddenly stopped before the post-house of Sens.

"Here we are," said I to Julia.

"Here we are," I repeated, as I had received no reply.

"Oh, my heaven! What is to become of me?" sighed Julia, who had been sleeping, and was not yet scarcely awake.

I was determined to put a stop to all this sort of thing, and said, rather abruptly perhaps:

"Have the kindness to get out. And remember we dine here."

She got out without a word, and entered the hotel. It was the Hotel de France, Hotel de l'Europe being, as I had ascertained, at the other end of the town.

Julia's eyes looked hollow, and had large black circles round them. She had evidently been crying much, and was quite exhausted.

I really pitied her, and went toward her to speak to her, when she turned away from me, took a pocket-handkerch, and asked one of the servants to show her a room where she could arrange her toilet.

Some one ordered her to come and dine at a pea and ink.

"A pen and ink! what for?" I inquired.

"For madam," she replied.

I thought this rather odd, but ordered the dinner without troubling myself about it.

CHAPTER V.

THE soup was getting cold, and still Julia had not returned.

"This shall not take place after we are married," said I to myself, and began eating.

"There you are at last!" I exclaimed, as the door opened.

But, instead of Julia, an old lady entered.

"You are Mr. ——?" she began, mentioning my name.

"Yes, madam."

"I am the aunt of the young lady who accompanied you here in a post-chaise," she continued. "Julia intends to stay with me, and it was very kind of you to offer her a place in your carriage. But, as people might misinterpret the affair, I beg you will excuse her, and I am sure you will agree you we shall be equally discreet on our side."

"Madam, I do not understand you," I said.

"Read this letter, then," replied she, giving me a letter which Julia had just sent her by one of the waiters.

The letter was as follows:

"My DEAR AUNT,—I have behaved very shamefully but you must pardon me. I left my father this morning with a man whom I thought I loved, but now that I have been left by him entirely, I detest him. They may me before it is too late. Your heart-broken niece,

"JULIA."

I could not say a word—I was thunder-struck.

"You will not mention this," said the aunt, with a bow.

"I mention it, madam? I should think not, indeed. A nice fool I should be considered," I exclaimed.

"Because I have two sons—one a merchant, one a planter," added the old lady, "and who are very fond of Julia, and I should not like them to hear of it."

"No threats are necessary, madam—I shall not speak of the affair."

"Excuse my having interrupted you," said the old woman; and, with a very polite bow, she left me.

Thus ended my elopement, and my first and only attempt to get married on a thousand a year.

STEPHEN GIRARD, THE MONEY-MAKER.

ABOUT the year seventeen hundred and fifty, in the environs of Bordeaux, in France, there lived an old sea-captain, named Pierre Girard, with his dame Larfargue, his wife. They had already four children—no matter whether male or female as yet they lived and died in the obscurity in which they were born. But, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty, on the twenty-first of May, another child came into the world—a boy, named Stephen Girard.

Up to the age of ten or twelve there is no record of the life and progress of this boy. At that time he was found, with one eye, embarked as a cabin-boy, with no other acquirements than an imperfect knowledge of the elements of reading and writing, on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. His one eye was one of the subjects of ridicule on his companions, and his temper was thus early soured for life. With this physical deformity, without friends, patronage, or money, he was thrown upon the world.

He did not long live in the West Indies, but

bound himself apprentice to a shipmaster, in whose service he first set foot in the port of New York, about the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four. Moreau de Stephen Girard was, he gained the confidence of his employer, and he was made mate of the vessel in which he sailed, and afterward captain when his master left the sea. He voyaged several times successfully to and from New Orleans. In this position he first began to accumulate money, and to trade on his own account, and it is soon became part owner of the ship and cargoes which he commanded. A large part of his subsequent progress of his history now occurs, but in seventeen hundred and sixty-one we find him an obscure peddling, quiet, thrifty trader in Water Street, Philadelphia.

At this period he took a liking to one Mary, or Polly Lum, the daughter of an old ship-caulker, who lived in a wretched hovel on the wharf, having the woods that trailed that city. The girl was plain, but comely, and employed as a domestic servant in a neighboring family. Stephen Girard does not appear to have been looked upon with favor by the parents of Polly. The old caulker hated him the house for some time. They were eventually married, but the union was not a happy one. She was regarded of her days as a shrew morose and austere. One child was born, which died. At length, during the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce, and obtained it.

He still continued to rent the small house in Water Street, to which he had taken his wife when they were married, and he industriously pursued his commercial occupations of sea-captain, supercargo, and merchant. About this time he entered into partnership with one Isaac Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, in a mercantile business, in which to trade to the island of Saint Domingo. The ships were captured by British cruisers, and sent to Jamaica: a misfortune which dissolved the short partnership. There is another gap in the story of Stephen Girard's life, during seventeen hundred and seventy-five to seventeen hundred and seventy-six. In the latter year he appears to have resumed and enlarged his old business, trading as ship-master and merchant to New Orleans and Saint Domingo.

The war put an end to the sea enterprises of Stephen Girard, and he was compelled to turn his attention to the land.

He opened a small grocery store in Water Street, joined with a brother, Stephen Girard, whom he worked hard with his own hands at the occupation of bottling claret and cider. About the year seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, the obliging approach of the British to Philadelphia, he purchased a small tract of land from a Quaker, named Mr. Hazlehurst, on which there was a house, to which he removed his business; employing his time, early and late, in preparing claret and cider for the market, and selling them at a large profit to the American army encamped near Philadelphia. Here he remained until seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, sometimes making a voyage in a boat on a water-course which flowed on the slopes of his wares. His appearance was not much in his favor. He was dark and dirty-looking, his face was short and thick; he was coarse, rough, vulgar, and ungainly; and his one eye glared about in a most unpleasant manner. He dealt with jews and tunats from every side, which he bore with a surly indifference to everything but the gain that was object in view, which he followed with all the steady energy of an iron will. That object was to make money.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, Stephen Girard was again found in Water Street, this time occupying a range of frame stores upon the east side. He was by this time about forty years of age, but in plain, grave, and repulsive appearance he looked at least ten years older. His business could not have been very prosperous at this period, considering the disturbed and depressed state of the country. He was still toiling his time. His store was well filled with old casks, bottles, and all sorts of cordage, and other materials useful for ship-building.

In seventeen hundred and eighty Stephen Girard again commenced trade to New Orleans and to Saint Domingo trade. In two years he had progressed, by the aid of his own industry, and the use of credit, with renewal, of a range of brick and frame stores, one of which he occupied himself. The rents were at the time high.

Up to the time of the peace of eighty-three Stephen Girard, from whom he had been divorced, was admitted an inmate patient into the Pennsylvania Hospital. She had returned to New Orleans about a year and one month, while her husband was busily pursuing his commercial avocations in that city, and died, in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. On being told of her death, Stephen Girard selected her handkerchief, and requested that the same might be called as soon as all the arrangements for her funeral were completed. She was buried in the cemetery of the Friends. Her husband was there, gloating with his one tearless eye, silent and unmoved. After laying one month and a half in the ground, he married, saying, "All it will." He returned home, and was soon ready to let out his stores, factories and hospitals from this day.

A circumstance occurred at this period which materially assisted Stephen Girard in his cherished determination. He was engaged in the West India trade—principally in the line of supplying the islands—and at the moment of the well-known outbreak of the slaves he had two vessels lying off the port. The affrighted planters rushed to the docks, and deposited their most valuable treasures in these ships for safety, returning to secure more. They were nearly all, with their families, massacred. Stephen Girard advertised liberally for the owners of the property, but not a soul appeared to claim it, and it was transported to Philadelphia, to swell the store-houses of the merchant to the principal capitalist, who commenced the building of those large ships engaged in the trade with China and Calcutta, which were, at that time, the pride of America.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three a fearful pestilence broke out in the City of Philadelphia. The yellow fever left white streets tenantless; the hearse was the vehicle most frequently seen in the streets; those who wore the badge of mourning on their arms were avoided even by their friends; and the funeral bell tolled and camphor filled every house in the city. While the pestilence was at its height a square, requisitive was boldly entered one of the most crowded hospitals, and bore out in his arms a victim in the last, saffron-colored stage of the disease. Day and weeks this man continued to perform the same terrible office of attending upon the sick and dying, disinfecting the most putrid and dangerous duties of the lowest servant in the place. This repulsive-looking Samaritan was Stephen Girard, with his strong will, his hardy energy, his stout heart, and his one eye. The hard, gripping trader was not so selfish, after all. When all the inhabitants, all the workers of the poor, were either dead, dying, or had fled; when no offers of money would purchase that labor which was required for the reorganization of the pest-house hospital at Bush Hill, two men nobly volunteered for the service—Mr. Stephen Girard and Peter Helm. On the afternoon of the same day on which he offered his services, Stephen Girard was appointed of growing wealth and influence—a foreigner, with no ties of country between him and the afflicted city of his adoption, but his dangerous task with all the perseverance and decision of his character. He was entrusted with order and cleanliness; provided accommodations and procured supplies; and for sixty days continued to discharge his duties at the hospital.

In eighteen hundred and twelve, Stephen Girard, the one-eyed caulker of Bordeaux, purchased the banking premises of the old Bank of the United States (whose charter was not renewed), and founded the Girard Bank—a large private establishment, which not only conferred advantages upon the community greater than the State institution upon which it was founded, but, while the public credit was shaken, and the Government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard Bank could command large subscriptions of loans, and put itself at the disposal of the principal creditor of the country. In eighteen hundred and fourteen Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan from private capitalists; and in eighteen hundred and seventeen he contributed, by his unbacked credit and unlimited funds, to save the country the resumption of specie payments. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one his operations were so extensive, that when Girard's money was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the United States Bank refusing to do it, he was enabled, by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause specie to flow into the United States.

Stephen Girard began his remarkable trading career in Water Street, which he mainly kept in view all his long life—the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, to be the proprietor of the retail trader, willing to labor in any capacity to make those profits of which he was capable, and which he received. He took every advantage which the law allowed him in rendering it, he used upon just the same principle they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a ship which he owned was ordered the utmost economy, making no provision for his family, and living in the commonest style. He was, in fact, a hard jiggle for a penny with a huckster in the streets; he would deny the watchman at his bank door a glass of water in payment of a gratuity. He sold to his singular and delicious character, he was a most penurious, cold and calculating man. His principal conversations were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau. He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted city and country; he was a determined friend to the Republican theories of the day; never applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent away with his gate. He usually rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labor was the daily worship of his life.

He died in his eighty-second year. In eighteen hundred and thirty he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphian roads, he was knocked down by a passing wagon; his face was bruised, and his right ear was nearly cut off. His ear was sewed on by a surgeon, but it was now entirely closed. He gradually wasted away, and his health declined. On the twenty-sixth of December Stephen Girard expired in a back room on the third floor of his house in Water Street, Philadelphia, leaving the bulk of his vast fortune—upward of a million sterling—to found charities, and to benefit the city and the country in which he had acquired it.

He left his monument in the "Girard College" —that magnificent palace for the education and protection of the orphan children of the poor, which stands, the most splendid work of architecture in the New World, high above the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country. The history of the foundation and internal arrangement of this Orphan College was not fairly dealt, and carefully to his will, showing that the design upon which he had lavished the mass of his wealth was not the hastily-developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, ripest project of his whole life.

BROADWAY.

[A fair correspondent, whose name does not begin with a capital, sends us the following. We think it is transparent that THOMPSON stole his famous ode on the Charge of the Light Brigade. Such acts are a disgrace to the age.—*Ed. H. W.*]

Oh they go, on they go,
The crowd rushes onward
All down Broadway they go,
Ladies by hundreds.
"What shall we do?" they said—
The sky is blue o'er head.
All down Broadway they go,
Ladies by hundreds.

Forward, the Hooped Brigade—
Forward, as flags displayed—
Ribbons as pennons too—
Till some one wondered
How they could stand at all—
Silks, and the lace, and all,
Hoops and the Crinoline Shawl,
Many a hundred.

Dandies to right of them,
Dandies to left of them,
Stepped on their dresses' hem,
"Excuse me," blundered.
Gazed at the haughty belle,
Stared at the school-girls well,
As they were going to sell,
Five or six hundred.

Flashed all their eyes so bright,
Flashed all their diamonds' light,
Flashed all their teeth so white,
As they swept onward.
Ah me! what words are said,
How many a conquest made,
By this Fair Hooped Brigade—
Full twenty hundred!

THE GREATEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

"DAY OF JUBILEE, NEW ZEALAND, *March* 4, 1858.

"I have only recently arrived in this delightful country, and as yet seen but very little of it, but shall explore after a while and shall furnish you with sketches.

"Before leaving Melbourne, I had the pleasure of seeing the greatest natural curiosity extant, except perhaps the Falls of Niagara and Niagara Falls. I allude to a nugget of gold weighing a prodigious number of pounds. I have thrown considerable light on the dimensions of California. What is most strange is, that this immense jewel was taken out of an old and exhausted digging. It weighs 146 pounds avoirdupois, 23 carats in quality, and has only about 4 or 5 ounces of waste. The intrinsic value of the nugget is about £4,100 sterling. £10,000 was offered for it, but there being no purchaser at the moment for such a large investment, it has not changed the original proprietors' hands. James and Robert Andrews (Englishmen), and Duncan and Peter Napier (Americans), are the names of the happy individuals who found it at the Kingower digging, about 120 miles from Melbourne. They conceded the treasure from the knowledge of their brother diggers and others at the time they found it was exhibited in a Bank in Melbourne. The digging of it up and conveyance to Melbourne was managed with great secrecy.

"The Sydney papers record a good joke. One of the proprietors laughingly said to a party of ladies who visited the nugget's exhibition, 'Ladies, in the room who will lift the nugget shall have it.' The words were no sooner uttered than one of the ladies took it up, and carried it to the door, walking away with it with all possible speed. She was arrested at the door by the police, and obliged to give it over. Should the lady prosecute or sue for the gem thus lifted, it is supposed that a decision in a court of law would be involved. The matter would probably have turned upon the point of whether the nugget was a fixture. The astonishing exhibit was taken from it as it lay in the exhibition-room in Melbourne. YOUR CORRESPONDENT."

THE BOSTON REGATTA.

THE accompanying illustrations represents the *Harvard*, the winner of the six-oared-boat race on the Charles River, Boston, on the 24th ult. Take the following account of the race from the Boston *Journal*:

"The regatta on Charles River was admitted by all to be the best that ever transpired in this city. The day was a perfect one, the sun being the occasional appearance, covered as it was by boats of all descriptions, manned by every sort of craftsmen who had on getting the best of the sight; while the shore was lined by thousands of people, and the bridges were densely filled with men and Charles streets, and Beacon's Baths, were covered with interested spectators; paving how deeply exhibitions of this kind affect the popular mind. Among other boats very conspicuous were those from the British steamer *Europa*, in one of which we noticed Captain Leach and a number of ladies and gentlemen from the British American navigator, and formed a very pleasant feature of the display. The various boats, as they were distinguished by their uniforms, were decked with streets by their

partisan friends, and the scene was rendered exceedingly lively by three enthusiastic demonstrations. The first race was for shorters, for a purse of twenty-five dollars. At a few minutes before half past five o'clock a gun was fired from the judges' stand to call the boats to line. But four presented themselves—the fifth which had entered (the *Sword-fish*) having been withdrawn on account of the illness of A. Webster, Jun., the one who was to man her. The boats then placed themselves in the following order: *Boston*, 36 feet, rowed by J. Stevens; *Eustern*, 30 feet, rowed by T. Harrington; *Black-Bird*, 29 feet, rowed by Robert F. Clark; *D. E. Poland*, 28 feet, rowed by Thomas Doyle.

"At 5.31 the signal was given to start, and the *Black-Bird* shot ahead of the rest at the first stroke, lapped at first by the *D. E. Poland*, pulled by a man who had won at several races, but soon passed ahead, and maintained the lead around the upper stake and back, winning by several lengths ever the *Poland*. The *Black-Bird* came in amidst immense cheering, and Doyle was the first to shake hands with and congratulate his victor, which was witnessed with great satisfaction. The following time was made by the boats:

1. *Black-Bird*	14.54	3. *Boston*	16.35
2. *D. E. Poland*	15.17	4. *Eustern*	16.38

"The time made by the *Black-Bird* is the quickest ever made in our waters.

"The signal was given to call the six-oared boats into line, and seven, of eight that had been entered, presented themselves, the eighth (the *Exile*) having been withdrawn. We give the names of the boats, their length, and the names of their crews in the order which they occupied at the start.

"1. *Harvard*—40 feet. (This boat was decided by the best model, and was beautifully handled, and the crew well matched.) Their names were as follows: Stroke-oar—B. W. Crowninshield; weight, 156. C. Crowninshield, 154. C. W. Eliot, 138. J. H. Ellison, 144. R. B. Gilston, 144. A. Agassiz, 138—Bow-oar.

"B. W. Crowninshield had been sick, but, notwithstanding this, he gallantly took his position at the oar.

"2. *Bunker Hill*—47 feet 6 inches. Saverty, Shocker, G. Faulkner, G. Lewis, M. Quan. Corcoran, John Reed.

"3. *Port-Hill Boy*—47 feet 6 inches. J. Murray, C. Shea, M. Driscoll, E. O'Neil, J. Murray, A. Murray.

"4. *Shawsock*—44 feet. J. Wood, J. Bailey, P. Shaughnessy, P. Gallagher, T. O'Herran, G. Finemore.

"5. *Robert Emmet*—43 feet. H. Monahan, J. Monahan, H. M'Kenna, W. Maloy, J. Fitzgerald, W. Morey.

"6. *Stirling*—41 feet 6 inches. H. Sullivan, T. Leary, J. Martin, P. Quin, J. O'Brien, J. Crowley.

"7. *James Buchanan*—40 feet. M. P. Wall, J. Harrington, D. Shea, M. Harrington, T. Quin, M. Quin.

"The excitement at this moment was intense, and at 57 minutes and 25 seconds past five the signal to start was sounded, and every one was on the qui vive to detect, from the start, the vantage that might seem to rest with either. The *Harvard* lagged a little at the start, and an enthusiastic youth shouted, 'Twenty-five dollars that the *Harvard* comes in last!' We could not see that it was taken. But nobly the college boys applied themselves. We never saw handsomer rowing; and as they disappeared in the hazy distance there were indications that they would beat, which were verified by those on the outer walls; and as it became an ascertained fact the shouts were tremendous, and shaking of hands and congratulatory words about the success of Old Harvard revealed the intensity of interest felt in the result. At the start, the *James Buchanan*, a very fine boat, came in contact with the *Stirling*, and did not go round. The following time was made by the respective boats:

1. *Harvard*	19.23	4. *Shawsock*	21.33
2. *Port-Hill Boy*	21.10	5. *Stirling*	22.56
3. *Robert Emmet*	21.21	6. *Bunker Hill*	23.09

The cheers that greeted the winning boat were joined in by those on board the British boats, and even those who had been unsuccessful manifested a generous approbation of their skill. The winning boats then drew up to the judges' stand, where the prizes were delivered by Charles F. Shimmin, Esq., one of the judges, in the following neat speech:

"It is with feelings of more than ordinary pleasure that I present to you the prizes awarded for the Second Beacon Regatta. It should be a subject of congratulation to every thinking man to witness the revival of manly sports among us, and to know that eloquent pens are enlisted in the cause. Every hour upon the water is a deposit in Life's Savings' Bank for prospective use, whose dividends are not affected by times of panic. May the spirit, energy, and skill you have manifested to-day follow you into wider fields of action, and attend you amidst more important issues! Let me, however, counsel you at parting, not to pull through life at your recent pace, or you will arrive at the goal with little heart left to enjoy the prize; a long pull, a steady and strong pull, with a quick recover, with occasional and transient efforts—like that of to-day—demanding the exercise of every vital energy, is, I fancy, the best rule in every thing.

"On behalf of the subscribers to the Beacon Prize, and of us, the judges, I have to thank the Press, and all who have aided and taken part in this regatta, for their uniform courtesy and cordial co-operation; and we trust that many a coming year may see us, and there to come after us, assembled here to witness and to participate in contests for the Beacon Prizes. Rejoicing with you all that we have given a holiday and pleasure to thousands, and, moreover, that the prizes have been as gallantly lost, as fairly and bravely won, with not a speck upon the fair character of our noble sport, I bid you all heartily farewell. Go on and prosper!"

The prizes were received with a few earnest words of thanks, and then the visitors withdrew. As the *Harvard* passed the British boats, the latter threw bouquets on board in testimony of their appreciation; after which Captain Leach ordered his boat rowed to a position where he could intercept the *Harvard* on her return to the Union boat-house, and gave her the day ended cheerfully, and all concerned had reason to be pleased with its favorable termination, without accident and with no many happy circumstances connected with it. The judges were Charles F. Shimmin, Daniel W. Rogers, William C. Otis, Alfred Whitman, Jun., Thomas G. Stevenson, and Robert H. Stevenson.



THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



THE "HARVARD," WINNER OF THE RACE FOR SIX-OARED BOATS, ON THE CHARLES RIVER, BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1858.

Miscellany.

Par Value of Musical Notes.

An eminent statistician has just prepared a very elaborate report on the subject of vocalists and lyrics, in which he calculates the value of every note they sing, and gives a table showing the cost price to the manager (*vocalese and baritone apart*) of the best known phrases in the tenor and soprano parts of the most popular operas of the day. The tenor's salary is put down at $20,000 a year, or in that ratio, and it is supposed that he sings seven times a month, or, on an average, nearly twice a week. His figures, then, in eighty-four representations in the course of the year, and receives nearly $500 for each performance. Now, according to M. Berlioz, who invented this system of computation, a good tenor's part, such as that of Arnold, Elvino, or Maurice, consists, on an average, of some 1000 notes or syllables; but as two or more notes are some-

times sung to one syllable, the author of the report will take the number of syllables. For each syllable, then, the tenor will receive the sum of twenty-five cents, and at the close of the evening's performance his bill might be made out after the following fashion. We will suppose the Opera to be "La Sonnambula:"

"Still"	$0 25
"So"	0 25
"Gently o'er me"	1 00
"Stealing"	0 50
"Memory will bring back the feeling"	2 00
Total	$4 00

As a fair soprano may be found for $15,000 a year, Amina's notes will come somewhat cheaper, and in fact will not be found to cost more than 18¾ cents apiece. Still that, as times go, is not bad.

The prima donna's bill, then, would be somewhat as follows:

"Do"	$0 18¾
"Not"	0 18¾
"Mingle"	0 37½
"One human"	0 56¼
"Feeling"	0 37½
Total	$1 68¾

If we take into consideration the number of seconds necessary for singing these notes, the result appears still more wonderful. As the *tempo* of the soprano's air is much more rapid than that of the tenor's, she gains her $1 68¾ in less time than it takes him to earn $1 25; but taking one air with another, and allowing for the increased velocity with which the conductors every year take the quick movements, it may be said that the tenor gains at least $150 an hour, or $2 50 a minute, counting the time that he is actually engaged in the emission of sound.

The poor prima donna is not so well paid, but she can, nevertheless, gain her $5 every three minutes very comfortably.

—PUNCH has this pathetic ditty on

The Love of the Turtle.

Ah! Know ye what is Woman's Love,
That spurns command—that scorns advice?
It, like the martyr's, looks above,
And burns to yield a sacrifice.
The passion of her gentle breast
Seeks but in blessing to be bless'd;
The one great longing of her heart
Is only rapture to impart,
What words that mystery shall reveal?
If a faint image feebly can,
It is as though, could turtles feel,
The Turtle loved the Alderman.
And sighed to constitute the soup
Whereon he might as vulture swoop,
And pined to be cut up for him,
And in his plate to lie, or swim,
Sufficiently repaid, to be
His callpash and callpee.

—THE ancient Romans were adepts in

Taming Wild Beasts.

In an astrological poem of the early imperial date, where the constellations which predestine men to their several callings are given, there is found the horoscope of those who "tame the tiger, soften the rage of the lion, converse with elephants, and render these unwieldy masses fit for human arts and duties." In another poem of the fourth century of our era, the horoscope is represented of those who "make bears, bulls, and lions fit for intercourse with men." Pliny relates that "in a play given by Germanicus, the elephants brought their clumsy evolutions into the shape of a dance. Sometimes they used to brandish their weapons in the air, to fight one another like gladiators, and to riot in a wanton dance. Later, they practiced on the rope, on which four of them carried another in a litter, which was supposed to represent a woman in childbed, and whom they let down so gently upon the sofas of a guest-table, that they disturbed none of its occupants. It is told of an elephant that was slow at learning, and which had often been beaten on that account, that it was watched in the night, and found practicing its lesson by itself. These huge animals mounted the tight-ropes with the greatest agility, and, what is even more remarkable, descended them with equal ease. Mucianus mentions an elephant that had learned to write Greek, and to its performances used to add: 'I have written this with my own hand.'"

Lions

also were tamed. The Carthaginian Hanno is said to have been the first who went about attended by a tamed lion. Berenice, the Egyptian queen, had a favorite lion that ate at her table and used to lick her cheeks. Marc Antony rode about Rome in a chariot in which two lions were yoked. Domitian had a lion that was taught to carry the game in hunting, who let himself be chased by hares, and into whose throat one might thrust his hand with impunity. This prodigy was the subject of several poems. Martial counsels the hare to take refuge from the pursuit of the hounds in the jaws of the lion, and asks which was the greatest miracle, that the eagle of Jupiter had not hurt Ganymede, or that the Emperor's lion had not injured the imprisoned hare? This wonderful lion, however, was torn in pieces by another beast that broke out from its cage in the arena; but he had the consolation, as Statius says, of being mourned by both the people and the Senate, and that the Emperor took his loss worse than that of ever so many Egyptian, African, or German beasts. Heliogabalus used sometimes, for a joke, to terrify his guests by bringing his tame lions suddenly into the dining-room. Even tigers were sometimes so far subdued as to lick their keepers' hands and faces. Leopards were easily reduced to submit to the rein of the charioteer. Oxen in general were very tractable; they learned to stand upon their hind-feet, and would allow jongleurs to perform their tricks on their backs, and were even skilled in playing the part of drivers in chariots at full speed.

Dogs and Apes

became distinguished actors. We have the description of a play in which a dog acted the chief part, which was performed with great applause in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, in the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The four-footed actor showed the greatest self-possession, when, in the course of the representation, some drink was given to him which purported to be poison, but which was really only a sleeping-draught. "After he had swallowed the draught," says the narrator, "he began to tremble, to reel, and to become unconscious; at length he stretched himself out, as if dying, lay as really dead, and allowed himself to be pulled and dragged about as the plot of the drama required. But as soon as the signal was given, he began to move gently, as though awaking out of a deep sleep, lifted his head, and looked round him; and while the spectators were expressing their admiration, he went up to the person to whom, according to the fiction of the play, he belonged, and showed so much delight and fondness by wagging his tail, as to excite universal astonishment.

Birds

also were trained. The Empress Agrippina, who was a great fancier of birds, had a thrush which could imitate the human voice—the first instance of the kind, according to Pliny. Pliny adds, that at the time of his writing, the imperial princes had a starling which could speak Greek and Latin words; nightingales also which had learned the same, added daily to their knowledge, and could even speak good long sentences. These were taught in a separate room, where they heard no other sound than the voice of the trainer, who was constantly repeating the same words to them, and rewarded their proficiency with some favorite delicacy. A story of a remarkable magpie is told in Plutarch's treatise on the cleverness of animals. A barber in Rome had a bird which not only imitated human speech, but also the noises of beasts and the tones of instruments, all spontaneously. One day a great funeral procession happened to pass the barber's shop, and stopped immediately against it, upon which the accompanying trumpeters blew a long tune on their instruments. From this moment the magpie became dumb, and uttered no cry even to make its wants known. The whole neighborhood became excited, and various surmises were circulated on the occurrence; some said the bird had been robbed of his voice by witchcraft, while the more knowing ascribed the calamity to a sudden deafness produced by the blowing of the trumpets. After a time, however, he recovered his voice, but did not exercise it in his former tricks, but sang the whole trumpet-piece from beginning to end. From this it was evident that his former silence arose from the pains he took to learn the melody.

Fishes in basins used, at the sound of a bell or rattle, to come to the edge to receive food from their owners' hands, a sight very often seen at the mansions of distinguished Romans. It is even maintained that some fishes recognized the names that were given them.

—"To cut a figure in the world" is the ambition of so many, that it has set a morbid mathematician upon the idea of defining some of the

Figures

which men and women are most apt to cut. He says:

A line is length without breadth; for example, a line of railway, a line of conduct, a line of duty, and a line of business.

The line of railway is a projection of knaves for the peculation of fools. It issues from a board of directors at one end, and terminates in mines, manufactories, or sea-ports on the other. It adheres to its destructive principle of narrowness in all particulars, especially those of civility and liberality. A line of conduct is what a man's idea of self-interest points out to him, which he calls his conscience; if any gain can be obtained by nefariousness, his line is clear; if self-denial or any virtue is necessary, the line is too rugged for many to travel on it. The line of duty is a remarkably hard line; it generally crosses the line of appetite at right angles.

The line of business is multifarious and complicated. Most lines of business depend for their respectability upon the money made by them.

Moreover, a line is length (of head) without breadth (of heart), and since all lines terminate in points, talent is the power which detects the shortest road between your own point (pocket) and that of your neighbor.

A figure is of two kinds, respectable, *i. e.*, of $10,000; or low, *i. e.*, of ten cents a year. Figures in life are reckoned by the *ad valorem* estimate in money; the value of a man of poor figure, spoken independently of locality, is that of mock auction jewelry, viz., 0.

A circle is the world, or a plane figure, contained by one line, self-interest, which is called the circumference, and is such, that all lines drawn from a certain point within the figure, to the circumference (*i. e.*, all motives, from the highest to the lowest men), are equal to one another. The important point called the centre of the circle, is, in every instance, Number 1.

An acute angle is the keenest and sharpest of all characters, and has very little affinity with the right angle. It is the most frequent angle now found, owing to its cutting propensity being invaluable for making its way.

An obtuse angle or character is one who can not see on which side his bread is buttered, and if he has no butter at all, he can not tell how to get any. The term, "butter," is equivocal, sometimes standing for flattery, sometimes for money.

An isosceles triangle, or character, has only two sides, equal; that is, it is one which only knows how to get like a horse and spend like an ass; the ratio of labor and extravagance being equal. For example, the sailor.

A scalene triangle, or Irishman, has three unequal sides, so that he can not stand alone, and no government has ever yet discovered which way to fix him.

An oblong is that which has all its angles right angles; as an affectionate father loves all his children; but has not the sides equal, as he has his weakest side turned generally toward the scapegrace of the lot.

A rhombus, or flirt, has all sides equal toward the admiration of the men, and would accept a compliment from a duke or a dustman; but her angles are not *right* angles, whatever Madame Celestine, her milliner, may say, for her conduct is highly improper.

A rhomboid is a coxcomb, who has his opposite sides equal; that is, his outside and inside are ridiculous alike, but all his sides are not equal, for the side toward the girl he has ruined is hard, and that toward himself, or his neighbor's wife, soft. We need not observe that the angles of conduct, honor, and fine feeling, as fashionably understood, are any thing but right angles.

Quadrilateral figures are such as always act on the square, and are contained by four straight lines, piety, justice, generosity, and truth. They correspond to what Aristotle calls "four-sided figures without flaw;" or, as the Oxonian designated them, "thorough bricks." They are, we need hardly add, very rare.

A Philological Marvel.

Who, though possessed of the wildest imagination, could have dreamed that the language of our country was destined to receive a brilliant elucidation from that of India? Who could have conceived that before the Englishman could sound the depths of his own vocabulary, he should leave the banks of the Thames to study on those of the Ganges? His mother-tongue was spoken by a fair race; he was to obtain a profound insight into its powers from a people bronzed by an eastern sun—a people forming a long-lost member of his family, which, without the lamp of philology, he never could have identified. Here are some examples of the close connection between

Sanscrit and English.

Of the domestic animals, the Bull and the Steer (Sansc., "Bûl," and St'haura; the latter the Lat. Taur-us) were so denominated from their strength, from the root "Bûla" and "St'haur," to be strong. Hence it is that "St'haura" signifies also "a man," as the strong or brave being; just as the Lat. Vir (a man) is from the Sansc. *Vira*, to be brave, powerful. Our old English ballads have still the phrase "stiff and *stour*," applied to a brave man, resolute, vigorous, and persevering in the fight. Among the "Runners" we have the Ass, the Latin Asinus, from the Sansc. "As," to go; whence also the Indian "Asva," the Persian "Asp," and the Greek "Hippos," a horse. We have but one "thinker," and that is "Man," the Indian "Man-u;" from "Man," to think, to know; the root of the Sansc. Manas, the Latin Mens, "the mind," that which thinks, knows; hence "mon"-eo, I put another in mind of a thing. As the strong, brave, or heroic being, he was "Virâ," the Latin "Vir," a term that gave rise to "virtus," bravery, manhood; from the root "vîra," to be powerful. Among the Greeks, "Veera" appeared as "Hêros," and in a very early compound form, "Hêrâ," as in "Hêracles," or the "Glorious Hero." Then, too, Rulers appeared as "powerful," "potens;" the Sansc. "Pati," powerful, or "a lord;" or as slave-owners or slave-lords; "Dâsa-pati," the "des-potes" of the Greeks, and the "despot" of the English. Or they were "subduers" or "tamers," the Lat. "Dominus," and the Indian "Domina," from the root "dam," to tame: or, they were "splendid;" "raja," the rex, regis, of the Romans, from the root "raj," which signifies both to shine and to rule.

—STILL more singular is the derivation of some of the terms used in speaking of the

Marriage Relation.

The obligations of oaths, of laws, of justice, of wedlock, of religion, are found, from the earliest documents of Japhetic language, to have been considered as *bonds*. Hence the Latin *jus*, *juris*, law, and *juro*, I swear, are both identical. The law (*jur*) binds, and the oath (*jur*) binds. hence the Hindostan "joru," a wife, as joined or bound. Among the Romans, the parties betrothed were "*Sponsus*" and "*Sponsa*" respectively, or *bound*; "Sbanda," a strengthened form of the Sansc. "bandha," just as we have "smikros" (σμικρος) for mikros, and numerous formatives of the same nature. As a wife, she was said to be joined (uxor, uksor), *i. e.*, "yuksor," from "yuks," to yoke; "uksor," thus signifying yoke-fellow—a term erroneously supposed to be derived from *ungo*, *unxor*, as anointing the door-posts of the house. As the Arian had his *bandhu*, *i. e.* relation or kinsman, from the root "bandh," to tie, or bind; so, from the same root, was the term propagated among the Hellenes. *Penther* (Bandhar) expressed the man who was tied or allied (al-*lié*), *i. e.*, the son-in-law; while the wife was denoted from a root of the same signification, "*Damar*," "she who was tied;" the Sansc. Dama, a wife (our Dame), as seen in *Dâma*, a tie, cord.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IT was hard to catch "Old Jack Jones" in a place too tight for him to slip out. The following occurred last week at Cedartown Court. There had been a heavy frost the night before, and some of the knowing ones prophesied an entire failure of the wheat crop.

"I have got 100 acres," says Old Jack, "that I'll take $100 for."

"Done! I'll give it, and hand you the money in an hour," said Mitchell.

Before the expiration of the hour a negro from the plantation reported the wheat uninjured, and Mitchell advanced, money in hand.

"Thank you," says Jones. "When will you take your wheat away?"

"Take it away? Why, as soon as it's ripe."

"No you don't! You must cut it this week. I want to plow up that field and put it in corn."

When yet was ever found a mother
Would give her booby for another.

"John, spell effects." "F-x." "Right. "Next spell seedy." "C-d." "Right again. Now spell cakes." "K-a-x." "There's a good boy!" said his mother, handing Johnny some of the latter.

A CAPITAL WAY TO PREVENT THE SMELL OF COOKING IN A HOUSE.—Have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

It was the custom in Massachusetts, in early times, as we learn from Lewis's *History of Lynn*, for a person to go about the meeting-houses during divine service, and wake the sleepers. "He bore a long wand, on one end of which was a ball, and on the other a fox-tail. When he observed the men asleep, he rapped them on the head with a knob; and roused the slumbering sensibility of the ladies by drawing the brush lightly across their faces."

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

If you are disquieted at any thing, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity?

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

Upon the 19th of May, 1780, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to Dr. Byles, of Boston, as follows: "Dear Doctor, how do you account for this darkness?" He replied, "Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are."

A gentleman, having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give Everybody's love to Everybody, so that Nobody may be aggrieved by Anybody being forgotten by Somebody."

A gentleman was asked to give a definition of nonsense. "Sir," he replied, "to bolt a door with a boiled carrot is nonsense."

Why is first love like a potato? Because it *shoots from the eyes*, and becomes less by *paring*.

In the "Talmud" there is a forcible figure descriptive of the depth of the sea. "Step not in there," runs the passage, "for, seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement, too;
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew.

AN ERUDITE MAYOR.—The Worcester *Chronicle* gives the following as a verbatim copy of a letter from a chief magistrate of a certain corporation: "Dear sur,—On Monday next I am to be made a Mare, and shall be much obliged to you if so be as you will send me down by the Coatch some provisions fetting for the occasion, and I am to ax my brother, the old Mare, and the rest of the Bentch. I am, sur," etc. The above was answered by a wag, into whose hands it fell, as follows: "Sir,—In obedience to your orders, I have sent per coach two bushels of the best oats; and as you are to treat the *old Mare*, have added some bran to make a mash."

When Barney told Bill
He was looking quite ill,
Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking;
"That's the diff'rence," quoth he,
"Betwixt you and me—
That I'm *looking ill*, and that you are ill-looking."

"Good news, Belhoul," said a wag at Balsora; "the caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom."

"Prepare, then," replied Belhoul, "to obey my commands."

CURIOUS FACT.—You must go through three *springs* before you get to a leap year.

A Cantab asked a Cambridge clown,
If he could conjugate—knew verb or noun—
Or *etymologize* what a duel meant?
Sure "from do-ill—a life *misspent*."

There was a fellow in a certain neighborhood in Arkansas, who was suspected of sheep-stealing. At last a planter riding through the woods, perceived the suspected individual emerge from the woods, and after looking round to see that no one was near, walked up to a flock of sheep and knocked over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed:

"Now, Sir, I have got you. You can not get off; you are caught in the act."

"What act?" indignantly inquired the thief.

"Why, sheep-stealing," was the prompt reply.

"Sir," you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton.

"Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter.

"No, Sir," was the answer; "I did kill it, and I'd do it again under the same circumstances. I'll kill any body's sheep that bites me as I'm going peaceably along the road."

In an old church in Westchester County, the following consonants are written beside the altar, under the Ten Commandments. What vowel is to be placed between them, to make poetry and rhyme of the couplet?

P. R. S. V. R. Y. P. R. F. C. T. M. N.
V. R. K. P. T. H. S. P. R. C. P. T. S. T. N.

"Six feet in his boots?" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

When the Princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a little sister. "Oh! that is delightful," cried innocent little royalty; "do let me go and tell mamma!"

"I thought you were born on the first of April," said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the twenty-first as her birthday.

"Most people would think so from my choice of a husband!" she replied.

There is a man out West who thinks that "Hon." placed before a man's name stands for *honest*.

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

An inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian grave-yard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

T I M E
I T E M
M E T I
E M I T

This word, Time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words, in English as well as in Latin, may be read either upward or downward. The English words *time*, *item*, *meti*, and *emit* (to send forth), are mentioned above: and of the Latin ones (1) Time, signifies fear thou; (2) Item—likewise; (3) Meti—to be measured; (4) Emit—he buys.

BE ON THE WATCH.

He that a watch will wear this must he do—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 28, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets fluctuated slightly during the week for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, closing with a good inquiry, chiefly from the home trade, for really desirable lots of Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Oats, at strengthening prices. Rye has been sparingly offered, and it has advanced....Cotton has been moderately dealt in, and it has improved a shade....Pork has been more abundant, and prices have declined, closing with a fair demand at the reduced rates. Other kinds of Provisions have not varied much....There has been a good business transacted in Rio and Java Coffee, Oolong Teas, as well as in Cuba Sugar and Molasses, and Rice, at full quotations....Large purchases, on speculation, of Adamantine Candles, have been reported. Nearly all the manufacturers have suspended work....Hay and Hops have been pretty active and firm....Tobacco has been more sought after at former rates.

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday was very freely supplied with Beeves, which declined considerably in the absence of an active inquiry....Milch Cows were plentier, and in rather better request....Veal Calves were also abundant and depressed....Sheep and Lambs were more freely offered at reduced prices. The demand was moderate....Swine continued dull and heavy, with more sellers than buyers.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	6
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	10 00
" " per pound	4	@	8
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	4¼
Dressed " "	5	@	6
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$1 50	@	$3 50
Strawberries, per basket	2	@	4
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 37	@	1 62
Cherries, per pound	4	@	12
Currants, per pound	3	@	5
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 25	@	2 75
" new, per barrel	3 75	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel	3 50	@	4 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Beets, new, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	3 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per barrel	2 50	@	3 50
Watermelons, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 00	@	1 75
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	1 75
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37	@	50
Green Peas, per bushel	37	@	50
Tomatoes, per box	3 00	@	3 50
Cucumbers, per barrel	5 00	@	7 50
Cucumbers, per 100	2 50	@	3 00
Eggs, per dozen	9	@	13
Chickens, per pair	62½	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	2 25

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.

THE portrait laid before the readers of this journal this week is that of James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York *Herald*. He is probably generally considered the foremost editor in the United States, and occupies a prominent place in the list of distinguished men whose portraits it is the business of this paper to give.

Mr. Bennett is a Scotchman by birth, but his biographers do not agree as to the place where he first saw the light nor the time at which he was born. It has been understood that he is preparing a volume of personal memoirs, which will, doubtless, contain full information on these points; till it appears, the public must be satisfied with general report. That authority asserts that he was born near the town of Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland, about the year 1800; that his father was a farmer of the better class, a devout Catholic, whose wish it was to educate his two sons, James and Conno, for the priesthood; that the latter did, accordingly, study for the Church, and discharged ecclesiastical duties till his death; that the former, after receiving a handsome education at the local schools, and subsequently at a clerical institution at Aberdeen, felt himself unsuited to a priestly calling, and sought independence in another continent. It is believed that it was in the year 1819 that Mr. Bennett sailed from Scotland for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

His means were very limited, and he was glad to accept a position as usher in a Nova Scotian school, to supply his immediate wants, on landing in America. It does not appear that he liked the business, however, for, within a few months, he is heard of as reading proof in the largest publishing house in Boston, Massachusetts. It is said that he was remarked, during his stay in Boston, for his studious habits and his love of reading. Wearying, however, of the monotonous life of a proof-reader, he soon left Boston, and found his way to New York, where he became connected with the press. Some time after his arrival here Mr. Willington, of the Charleston *Courier*, came to New York in search of an assistant. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Bennett, and perfected an arrangement with him. For the following year or two Charleston was Mr. Bennett's home. It occupied at that time a higher position relatively to the other cities of the United States than it fills now. It then fairly contended for supremacy with New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Its papers were influential and enterprising. Mr. Bennett served a useful apprenticeship on the *Courier*, and obtained a practical knowledge of the duties of journalism. The debt is already being repaid; and the time may come when the Charleston *Courier* will boast, as not the least among its glories, that Mr. Bennett was at one time connected with it.

On his return to New York, it appears that Mr. Bennett opened a commercial school in this city. How it prospered the public have now no means of ascertaining; it is certain, however, that its proprietor soon relinquished the ungrateful duties of a teacher for the more congenial sphere of journalism. Very shortly after his return from Charleston he was known as a writer for the *National Advocate*, and subsequently for the New York *Courier*. Of this latter journal he subsequently became proprietor; on its failure, he resumed his connection with the *National Advocate*, and won considerable professional reputation by his accurate reports of the famous trials for fraud which followed the commercial crisis of 1825–'6. It seems that the idea of full and fair reports of legal proceedings was so foreign to the customs of that day, that much objection was made to Mr. Bennett's labors on behalf of the public; he persevered, however, and hence the future historian will not lack materials to describe the memorable events of that day.

Within a short period he transferred his services from the *National Advocate* to the *Enquirer*, an influential paper of the time. He was, during the session of Congress, its Washington correspondent, and seems indeed to have borne the best and burden of its editorials. In the year 1829 he suggested to Mr. James Watson Webb, editor and part-proprietor of a paper called the *Courier*, that a union of the two journals would be mutually advantageous; the suggestion was adopted, and the *New York Courier and Enquirer* accordingly appeared. For three years he was a prominent and active editor and correspondent of that journal; spending his winters at Washington, and contributing largely to the editorial department of the paper during the summer. In the course of the year 1832 a difference of opinion between Mr. Webb and Mr. Bennett led to the retirement of the latter from the *Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Bennett was a staunch supporter of Jackson and Van Buren; Mr. Webb thought fit to oppose them, and his associate conscientiously withdrew from the paper.

The idea of a paper of his own naturally occurred to him. It is instructive to note that his first project was a journal which he "offered to conduct *under control of the party*." A wholesome experience that! He started his journal, the *Globe*, accordingly, in 1833, and saw it die soon after, apparently without regret. His trial of "the control of the party" had taught him a useful lesson. When afterwards he went to Philadelphia, and became part-proprietor of the *Pennsylvanian*, "the party" found him rather indocile; the "control," seemingly, was not as perfect as "the party" desired. The newspaper tool actually ventured occasionally to think for itself, an unparalleled instance of monstrous audacity, demanding instant rebuke and exemplary punishment. The independent editor was assailed by the Washington *Globe*, and resolutely rebuffed by his political associates when he sought such assistance as was invariably granted to party editors of that day.

The pressure developed independent journalism. In May, 1835, in company with two printers, Mr. Bennett published the first number of a new daily journal—*The New York Herald*—which was not "under control of the party." It was destined to be a newspaper in the true sense of the term, and its peculiar merits instantly won for it a measure of public support. A series of accidents—the conflagration of the printing-office, and the death of his partners—for a time interrupted the progress of the undertaking; but, after a brief delay, the *Herald* reappeared, the sole property of its editor, Mr. Bennett. It is believed that he had no more than five hundred dollars in money when he undertook to publish a daily paper in New York.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since then. During this period the *Herald* has fought its way to the head of newspaper literature in the United States. No American journal at the present time can compare with it in point of circulation, advertising, or influence. Its most bitter assailants concede to it unrivaled sagacity, and enterprise in the collection of news. Its friends regard it as a universal guide. It has, naturally, been much abused. Abuse is the necessary price of success in any business; and it must be admitted that Mr. Bennett has not given himself much pains to conciliate his rivals. His plan has ever been rather to court than to avoid controversy; his lance is always in rest, and his powder invariably dry. But whatever rival journals may have said in their wrath, no one can seriously deny the merit of the *Herald* without impugning the judgment or the morals of the community of which for twenty years has given it a generous and undivided support.

To enter into an examination of the views at various times advanced in the *Herald* would be beyond the limits of this sketch. But it is due to Mr. Bennett to mention two great reforms which he introduced into the business of journalism, and which have proved the secret of the great success of the metropolitan press. He was the first newspaper proprietor in the United States who had the courage to refuse to adver-



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ties or surply his paper on credit. No one who is unacquainted with the business can realize the mischief which the credit system did to the press of olden time. Newspapers were uniformly crippled by the dishonesty of their patrons. No man thought it wrong to credit a newspaper. As an instance of the fatal consequences of the credit system we may mention that, at this moment, the outstanding debts on the books of the *National Intelligencer*, for papers supplied and advertisements published on credit, amount to nearly half a million of dollars. Mr. Bennett broke up this ruinous system by his refusal to sell paper or to advertise save for cash; and all his competitors hastened to follow the example he had had the boldness to set. In the second place, he set the example of a newspaper independent of politicians. How he acquired his distrust of "the control of party," he already been mentioned; but it is not generally known now—it is so long since—that at the time the *Herald* was started, the support of every influential politician was considered essential to the success of a newspaper. It was deemed impossible for a journal to hope to thrive without at least a Governor, a Senator, or a handful of Congressmen to favor it. Mr. Bennett threw himself upon public mind on this head. He had learned that political patronage, like protective duties, is really more injurious than beneficial to the paper patronized; and he had sickened of the base subservience which prompts ambitious men in every sphere of life to task to the press, and to turn round abuse and repudiate the obligation. Mr. Bennett was the first editor who taught the press of this country the duty of self-dependence; who set the fashion of looking to the public alone for patronage, and of treating all individuals, whether politicians, financiers, or social leaders, as subordinates and not as masters. For this great reform he deserves to be remembered as long as the United States can boast of an independent press.

When the *Herald* was first started, Mr. Bennett may be said to have written it all himself, and to have managed the business department besides. His scanty resources did not permit him the luxury of a single refusal of assistance. He therefore drawn upon his increased his force, until, at the present time, the staff of editors, reporters, and correspondents engaged on the *Herald* is considerably larger than any other paper can boast of, save the direction of the paper remains in the editor's hands. His spirit induces every article and every paragraph. Whatever is meant and is not just hence would justify him in the enjoyment of leisure and relaxation, it is understood that when he is in the country he is as attentive to his editorial duties as if he were working for a livelihood. Every morning, it is said, he has placed in his study at seven, and he is often there at a late hour in the afternoon. He reads all the papers or carefully to see what is new in the world, and his assistants need the closest attention not to be surprised by him. Nothing escapes his quick and keen observation. He will evidently die in the harness.

The *New York Times* lately said of him that, when he was dead, people would honor his memory as a great editor and a great statesman. The reason does credit to the sagacity of the *Times*. If, in summing up Mr. Bennett's character, he has disregarded all think of his claim to be out any particular characteristics as predominant, he will probably allude to his courage and his fertility in resources. No man ever possessed a higher degree of moral courage than James Gordon Bennett. He has proved a hundred times in his career that, as he said himself, he was not afraid of man, devil, or newspaper. Nor is his fertility his rare. He is said by those who have known him to be overflow with topics of conversation, subjects for articles, new and original ideas, and originality—the tact with which he seizes the striking point in debate, and the resources with which he defends himself when assailed—is frequently been the subject of comment.

Mr. Bennett married, some eighteen years since, an amiable and accomplished lady—Miss Crean, of New York, a native of Ireland. He has several children, the eldest of whom—a son—is named after his father—is the owner of the yacht *Rebecca*, which led the New York yachts in the great race the other day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

THE HOT WEATHER AND THE HOLIDAYS.

LORD ROSSE would have won repute as a prophet if he had not denied the prediction which was lately ascribed to him; for we have already had weather hotter than we ever experienced since 1853, and we have not got fairly into the dog-days. From the forecasts we have enjoyed, it is fair to conclude that we are going to have a very severe summer. The mercury has ranged from 96° to 104° throughout the North and West—from New York to Illinois, Lawrence; from Springfield, Massachusetts, to St. Louis; and from Washington to Milwaukie, Wisconsin. And, contrary to the usual rule, the "heated term" lasted over four days.

It has driven people headlong from the city. For heat, which, on certain brains, produces that form of insanity which is treated with ice to the head and strait-waistcoats in cells, creates, among the fashionable masses, a milder form of lunacy, developing itself in erratic locomotion. No general method of treatment had yet been devised by the faculty for this peculiar disease. The doctors, seeing it practically harmless, have concluded to let it alone. It is a curious malady, however, and worth studying. In chief diagnostic, as we said, is the tendency to flight from the city—a feature not unlike the drapetomania which physicians have remarked among the Southern negroes. Every person of common sense can perceive that our city dwellings-houses are far cooler and more comfortable than the wretched barns called hotels at fashionable watering-places; yet the persons who are attacked by this disease, while pretending to complain of the heat, rush headlong out of their cool and roomy houses in the city to hot, cramped cells in these hotel-purgatories. Another mark of the disease is the tendency to aggravate its cause by unwholesome practices. Young women who are attacked will be seen in dress in the most uncomfortable fashion, with tight-fitting exercising waists, and to dance madly with the thermometer at 90°. Young men have been remarked to risk quantities of heating liquors, to play heating games, and gradually to aggravate the heat of their rooms as much as possible. The student of physiology and material nature will ignite instruction and amusement from perusal of this singular and hitherto undescribed malady.

Some of the papers tell us that the watering-places will do a great business this year. The prediction is not likely to be fulfilled. There are aged persons among us who assert positively that there was a revulsion in 1815 and that much money was lost by many. This is not the belief of "Young America." That personage has no recollection of any radical prudence having occurred during the period of his social career. He does certainly remember that last fall folks did not seem to have much cash to collect; but he has since recovered his spirits, and should "Young America" now run the risk of depositing his all again in private investments? By no means. He is too dutiful a child for that. So he will go to Saratoga and Newport as usual; will talk his horses down to their fastest there; will drive Flora on the beach or to the lake; will play his bluff for the old stakes, take his old luck, and, if he wins or loses, pay, and also in the old way, send the bill to the old man to be footed. For "Young America's" spirit is not to be subdued by commercial revulsions. To mere financial revulsions he rises superior; and though in the expense of the entertainment of many a honeyed belle at Saratoga or Newport this year would largely help their father to surmount the difficulties in which all shared last fall, he is not to be stinted. So, if you go to Newport or Saratoga, you will find him at the old spot, as numerous, as boisterous, as extravagant as ever. Banks may break; merchants may fail; the peace and prosperity of the country may be disturbed by commercial panics; but Young America will evidently die in the harness.

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COTTON AND FORK RESPECTABILITY.

The following letter will explain itself:

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.*

"Conversing yesterday with a mercantile acquaintance on the unmerited treatment of our economic benefactor and friend, Charles Dickens, he observed that 'it was all his own fault;' that 'he should have known how to go wrong.' On my inquiring what 'clean of goods' implied, he said, 'Why, don't you know? It is a point of gesture, and that sort of thing. They,' he added, 'even went to pay respects.'

"The disgraceful scene which occurred at the last election in Maryland between the natives and the Irish will be Do with IT and Lady Bulwer Lytton induces me to inquire whether, in your opinion, this phrase is correct, and whether, in your opinion, 'this class of people' always do go wrong?

YOURS,

"BEEWAX."

If "Beewax" and his mercantile friend were exceptions to the general rule of shopping merchants, we should have hesitated about granting them the space which the above letter occupies. For the reason to which Beewax refers, that they are fair types of a class which represents much of the wealth, intelligence, and influence of the people of this country. Since it is presumed, the rule rather than the exception among merchants. And that merchants, in the United States, are the ruling class, and that this rule society, morals, public opinion, and politics —must be evident to every one who reads the papers or meets with his fellows.

It is therefore worth while to assure "Beewax" that, despite the illustrious examples which he quotes, there is nothing in literature nor art which casually predisposes a man to "go wrong." The great part of both are generally even considered rather elevating than degrading. Nor can that time-honored opinion be controverted, that, in general, it is impossible to suppose that the cultivation of the intellect, or the development and discipline of the moral sentiments, can be detrimental to the heart or morals. On the contrary, whatever tends to enlarge the mind naturally improves it, and enables it the better to perform its moral obligations. The more thoroughly a man develops the high intelligence which he received from his Creator the better he fulfils that Creator's design, and the more useful he becomes to society. Authors are, and always have been, the world's teachers. There have been failliers teachers among them; but to deny that say, or the majority, have been useful in their day and generation, is to assert that the world had been better without them, and that civilization is a mistake, and barbarism the supreme good. And to pretend that a man whose life is impure or "wrong" can teach wisely is manifestly fallacious. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh: bad men will write bad books; the books which teach mankind are the fruit of sound, right minds.

We do not pretend to deny the elevating tendencies of a trade in cotton or pork. Assuredly a little, lovelaborn reader! with the blessed elect who deal in these and similar commodities. But we do maintain that they are wholly engrossed by the contingencies which may give or take away from their means a few dollars and cents. Their conversation is a topic of entrance from a keiper or day-book. Their stories turn on the successful manner in which A cheated B, and mannered at the counter. Their talk is not even the abroitness with which C collected a debt from D, who was a cheat of an inferior caliber. As to their reading, it will tell you that it per in twenty thousand for discount, was refused, and broke, whereupon the bank president met him and asked did he want any more accommodation that morning? Ha! ha! ha! Or they will relate the standard joke of the floor merchant who lost fifty thousand pounds on ten days' credit, and sent round next morning to offer the sellers fifty cents on the dollar as the best he was warranted. Ha! ha! ha! Whatever may be said of the merchants, they have a refined and neat sense of humor. They are a liberal, knowledge class of men, too. You won't find them cutting a man for a mere Penitentiary offense. On the contrary, you shall meet Colton Dean, Esq., and Molasses Hogshead, Esq., and Sugar Hoss, Esq., and our friend Beeswax, and all the other leading merchants of New York, in the business of men who don't pay their debts, who cheat poor mechanics, who don't tell the truth, who refuse to have been long ago, and will perhaps be some day, in the State Prison.

Evidently, a life spent in the practice of virtue like these is well calculated to develop the domestic instincts. A man who habitually thinks of nothing but dollars, talks about dollars, jokes about dollars, whose main object in life is successful fraud, and whose sense of humor is dull to every thing but ingenious swindling: who will not allow his son to enter the profession of a competitor in trade, and who will tell a falsehood to do so; who systematically cats the bread and butter of the poor, and is the most notorious swindlers of the day; such a man is necessarily superintoned by his calling and habits to be a faithful husband, and a judicious father. No doubt of it whatever.

Perhaps it had been better for Dickens and Bulwer to have left pork or cotton, instead of writing the Caxtons and Copperfield. Perhaps it is not too late for them yet to redeem the error of their youth. We know but a few shipments of lard or purchases of beef might soften their hearts, and make them kind to the world and the husband of the Pork and Run families! It tends, as Beeswax and his friend intimate, is not only salutation, should we not all fall to cheating each other at once?

But for us, who feel that these noble hearts have misdirected their wing-nuts, and that the exalting influence of literature could not shield them from the failings of humanity, we shall reason over their deficiencies as regards which we all share, and shall pray that God, who has mercy for great and small alike, will grant to them the consolations of repentance. He does not always deny even to the meanest of the merchants.

THE WAR OF THE RAILROADS.

A CONVENTION of railroad officers was held on Wednesday, 30th June, at Buffalo, for the purpose, as the call stated, of taking in consideration the reason to the cause of the West, that they are fair types of a class which represents much of the wealth, intelligence, and influence of the people of this country. Since it is presumed, the rule rather than the exception among merchants. And that merchants, in the United States, are the ruling class, and that this rule society, morals, public opinion, and politics —must be evident to every one who reads the papers or meets with his fellows.

It is therefore worth while to assure "Beeswax" that, despite the illustrious examples which he quotes, there is nothing in literature nor art which casually predisposes a man to "go wrong." The great part of both are generally even considered rather elevating than degrading. Nor can that time-honored opinion be controverted, that, in general, it is impossible to suppose that the cultivation of the intellect, or the development and discipline of the moral sentiments, can be detrimental to the heart or morals. On the contrary, whatever tends to enlarge the mind naturally improves it, and enables it the better to perform its moral obligations. The more thoroughly a man develops the high intelligence which he received from his Creator the better he fulfils that Creator's design, and the more useful he becomes to society. Authors are, and always have been, the world's teachers. There have been failliers teachers among them; but to deny that say, or the majority, have been useful in their day and generation, is to assert that the world had been better without them, and that civilization is a mistake, and barbarism the supreme

gain was made, which was likewise broken by the Central directly afterward. Then followed fresh complaints by the Erie, fresh bargains, and fresh breaches of faith by the Central. At last, after nine compromises had been made, and nine times the Central had broken faith, the Erie Directors refused to entertain any new project of adjustment, and summoned Buffalo by reducing the fare below the paying point.

The Central replied to this attack by calling the convention at Buffalo. There, in congress itself with notifying the convention that it can no more interfere with the Erie Railroad than with the State policies of South Carolina. The Erie will manage its own affairs as it deems fit.

Thus stands the fight at present. It may be viewed from two general points of view. Shareholders will come to one conclusion; the public, as travelers, will have their opinion; and the public, as a people interested in the development of the country by means of railroads, will have theirs. With the stockholders view of the case we have nothing to do. They have a private body; they have the power of administering their property as they think fit; and it is no more the business of a public writer or an inference to protect them against what may seem to be suicidal policy on the part of their delegated Agents, than it would be for Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones against the habits of his book-keeper.

But the public have a right to expect the power of merchandise traveling by railway, are benefited by cheap rates of fare and freight is obvious. It is not necessary to use argument to prove that the country at large is a direct gainer by the cheapening of any so universal commodity as the transport. If the Erie Canal and his associates were to carry passengers to Europe for ten dollars a head, it would undoubtedly be a public gain, however great the expense on the carriers. Just so the war of the Erie and Central, which enables us to go to Buffalo before dollar and cents, and which has proved freight at an equally reduced rate, promotes travel, cheapens produce to the sea-board and merchandise in the interior. It is therefore, for the time being, an undoubted benefit.

The question assumes a different aspect when it is viewed from the general point of national progress as ridded by railways. That our 25,000 miles of railroad have been, under Divine Providence, the means of a great part of the advancement which the United States have made in the last six or eight years, must be apparent to all. Commerce, industry, and civilization have been the first commodities that have traveled over the rail to the wilds of the West; they have taken up their companies. States which have railways in abundance are rich, populous, prosperous, and enlightened. States which have few railways are poor, thinly peopled, laggard, and uninproving. The rule is invariable. By the same rule, in principle, then, let us see what effect the pending cut-throat contest will have on this great agent of progress—the railroad.

According to the published official statement of the Erie Railroad, it was losing before the war began at the rate of two per cent. At the reduced rate of fare, the loss will of course be greater. At the present time the Company has been on the eve of bankruptcy. The Central is not in so desperate a condition. It has never missed its dividends; though sometimes it has been more than once close to market for a loan at the time it was going to pay a dividend. Now, any mercantile man can tell what would be the result of a policy pursued by these two roads, which tends to reduce, very seriously, the receipts of both. Such a policy would be the case of the Erie in the course of time, lead to absolute bankruptcy. There must come a day when it will be impossible to borrow the interest for the bond coupons, and the mortgage creditors will sell out the road. Nor can this day be far distant, if the road is worked in the direction we have outlined. It is possible that the Central may withstand the shock better; but even it must feel very seriously a loss of revenue.

What would be the consequence of the cessation of hostilities on the Central and the bankruptcy of the Erie? Simply this; that no more railroads would be built for ten years to come. Capital would very naturally argue that, if railroads could not support themselves in the great and populous State of New York, they could not be able so to in the thinly peopled States of the West and South; and no prudent man would invest his money in them.

This, then, is the practical view of the present railroad war. If it continues, people may travel cheaply for a time; but no more new land will be opened to the world's commerce. If it be brought to a close, the evil day—when railroad enterprise will be quenched—may be postponed for some time to come.

THE LOUNGER.

SECOND AND LAST.

[The Lounger yields again this week to the arguments and letter of his correspondent. It is so pleasant to have a reminder do your work for you, especially in the torrid days!]

CRICKMAN, June, 1858.

MY DEAR LOUNGER,—Think what I have done since I wrote you last, and in a boat such as I have

never before experienced. It is a melancholy truth that there is no season for travel. The summer is too hot, and the winter is too cold; there is no spring, and the autumn is red and yellow with decay; so that the mind insensibly falls into sadness, which is not the traveler's proper mood.

The day after I wrote you from the Clifton House, at Niagara, I took the cars of the Great Western Railway, and rattled across the edge of Canada to Detroit. The day was beautiful, but very warm, and the dust was dreadful. Canada, seen in that little part and in that rapid way, has a lonely aspect, relieved by occasional noble groves and uplands rolling away. But beyond Hamilton it becomes a dead level, and is, in fact, a wet prairie as you approach the shore of Lake St. Clair. The Great Western road has the broad gauge rail, and is finely built; but I found the railroad dinner to be the same in Canada that it is every where else. A swarm of filthy, grimy people pour into a room, pell-mell, and choke and guzzle for five minutes over muddy coffee, greasy beef-steaks, and lead pies; then stream back into the car, and rattle on. And the worst of it is, that if you unhappily fall hungry you have no other resource. If you can't possibly eat grease, dirt, and lumps of sweetened dough, you may starve for your squeamishness as much as you please. I recommend to every traveler a few pounds of crackers or hard biscuit, some dates, and a flask of what he prefers, in his traveling-bag. He can then dine at his leisure, and decently.

It was hot in little Detroit with the broad streets. Those streets, of an admirable metropolitan width, seem secretly to anticipate a great city; as if little Detroit sang to itself for comfort, as it keeps its outpost guard upon the lakes, "I bide my time; I was nothing forty-six years ago, when poor old General Hull surrendered me. Look at me now!—especially look at my Central Michigan Dépôt—and say if I am not a promising little Detroit?" There is an air of reality and sincerity in this town which is unusual and agreeable in Western cities. I went to the Biddle House, which used to be the best. But our hotels never last more than three years. The moment I entered I knew it was not the best, or else there was no best in Detroit. It had the undeniable second-hand air—an indescribable slackness and shabbiness—and I learned too late that the Russell House is now the true place, and one of the best any where to be found.

A man traveling rapidly in the summer heat and dust is nervously sensible of discomforts. A good English inn, at which you alight after a day's hard travel, and where, in quiet, a clean maid brings you a clean chop upon a clean table-cloth, and where you presently retire to a clean bed, is even more delightful than the gorgeous American palace in which, by every train and steamer, fifty of our cherished fellow-citizens arrive, and wipe their free-and-enlightened boots upon satin damask sofas, and consult the condition of their independent teeth in huge mirrors framed in gilded elephantiasis. It was always the sneer of the European gentleman that dirt and democracy were inseparable. It ought to be the duty of the American gentleman to show that they are not so.

I can not say I helped the matter by going to Chicago. The Michigan Central road, like the Great Western, is a noble work. On both, I am glad to say, the rate of speed is less by a quarter than it was last year. But the latter is the more interesting route. Swamp and scrub-oak lands are the chief scenery of the Michigan Central, until, at Michigan city, you come suddenly out upon the very end of Lake Michigan—the shore tossed up into a few light yellow sand-hills, such as you may often see upon the desert. From this, striking away from the lake, and over much wet prairie, you come to Chicago; and, had you been with me, you would never have seen a more perfect summer night—the full moon hanging in a windless heaven over the misty silver-gray wilderness of calm water.

I had really forgotten the West—forgotten how the magic of progress is unchanged, and that last year is no rule for this. Consequently I went to the Tremont, where I found great courtesy and kindness; but there is the Richmond House, which is much nearer, and *therefore* undeniably much better. It is no matter, of course, whether strangers like Chicago or not, because the Chicagoers do. In fact, I do not remember ever to have heard one of them speak ill of their city—and why should they? Rents are, or have been, as high as in New York—a state of things which I was assured in Detroit is factitious and unhealthy. But I was assured the same thing about Chicago five years ago in St. Louis. So I must suppose it is true, for I am sure these Western brethren dwell together in amity.

Chicago is an astonishing illustration of the rapid growth of a town under every favoring circumstance. It is the great commercial centre of the Northwest. It has, I believe, fifteen or twenty railroads diverging from it. It gathers the commerce of the lakes with one hand—of the Mississippi and the prairies with the other. Many men have realized great fortunes from skillful investments in Chicago real estate. It is thoroughly alive, active, and successful. It is a kind of proverb of commercial good luck, as old Athens was of art and education.

But for all that, I hope to be pardoned if I think I have seen pleasanter places. I do not particularly fancy a town improvised upon the meeting edges of a prairie of land and a prairie of water, with wooden houses, and wooden sidewalks, and wooden pavements; crammed and crowded with a bustling throng of eager people, every one trying to get the better of his neighbor. Chicago is a great wooden and brick shop. Its whole interest is traffic. Its great problem is how to get twenty per cent. for your money. Its heroes are men who make fortunes most rapidly, and they are as generous and lavish as they are opulent. Their hearts are as large as their pockets. Certainly meanness is not a vice of Chicago. Why, at this very moment, they are lifting up the town bodily, six or seven feet, so as to make some kind of drainage possible. You go down steps from the streets to the front doors of the houses. Even the Tremont House is to be raised.

But we do not live by dividends only. If the final end of man, or even his chief enjoyment, were the getting twenty per cent., Chicago would be a kind of Paradise—to those who got it. But a great city is not a stock-exchange, nor a shop; and although many a man in Chicago would freely grant it, he would also undoubtedly insist that money was the means by which cities became great. But even if, indirectly, this were so, how could the young citizen of Chicago ever learn, while he staid at home, that money is not an end but a means? And if he could not, what influence is to make the impromptu city any thing but a mart, a fair, and an exchange?

Through the wooden streets and the dismal outer part of the town I was driven the next morning to an open place on which stood the cars of the Alton and St. Louis Railroad. In a neighboring shanty tickets were sold, and at nine o'clock we rolled out upon the prairie, following a canal. The rate of our speed was harmonious with the boundless reaches of spacious and splendid prairie. All day long we raced among them with the rejoicing exultation of wild horses. The airy, luxuriant perspectives gathered themselves at intervals into richly-tufted uplands, with foliage rounded and massive, and benignantly sweeping the ground with the tender grace of the most consummate park cultivation, then unrolled and expanded themselves to the remotest horizon, the eye gliding after, entirely satisfied and delighted. In the foreground tangled masses of blue and yellow flowers, and acres of profusely blossoming prairie roses, fringed the statelier and more marshaled wheat, that took the wind in long yellow yielding waves, apparently laving the celestial shores with gold. The day was very hot, but the wind blew sweet and fresh as if from over a sea, and still we shrieked with wild delight, and still ran forward over the prairie.

The prairies are the great justification of the modern English style of landscape gardening, as contrasted with the old French and artificial schools. They give it the authority and example of Nature. All the crudity of Western civilization is instantly lost in their calm elegance; and no lawn of the richest duke in the most Arcadian county of England could ever hope to rival the thoughtful variety and care of many parts of this untouched landscape. Indeed as we darted on, confined to the car, the whole scene glimmered like a series of lovely pictures on the June air—the garden abodes and sweet summer pavilions of a superior race, secluded since the creation behind the rough climate and stern forests of the shore, and now withdrawn with mystic dignity, while we, little invading manikins, shrieked and rattled through their august domains.

The sun shone unclouded, except by the tufted, fleecy vapors that always decorate the June sky, and as he sank the moon rose over the prairies as tranquil as they. Suddenly we stopped. It was half past ten, and we should have reached Alton in less than an hour. A fellow-passenger, with a benign face, who had been sitting all day with his collar turned down and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, as if this day were a little too much for Job, and he was now quite willing to fight it out, stepped from the car, and presently re-entered with an air of profound but forced resignation. His neighbor, a young mother with a young baby, inquired what was the occasion of the delay.

"Oh! nothing at all, mum! only we shall stay here till morning, mum," replied Job; and then, after an interval of inward agony, as if conscious he had not answered the young woman's question, he said, more tenderly, "We have jest busted a floo, mum!"

Then we sat as passengers under such circumstances always do sit—in a kind of imbecile indifference. A few turned over to sleep. Some put up their windows. Some put them down. Some stepped out of the car. The children, awakened by the silence, began to cry. At length a very tall young man, who had not moved during the journey, rose and went out, slamming the door. In a few minutes he returned, banging the door again; and as he seated himself, as if for a century, he said in a loud voice, but to nobody in particular, "Stuck!"

A red lantern was put in the rear of the train to protect us from collision, and the passengers who were not sleepy walked about in the pleasant air. At the station there was a telegraph office, but the operator could not be found. When he was found he could not find the operator in Alton. So the conductor sent some men to walk four miles to a hand-car, and then run themselves down to Alton and send up a locomotive. After lying for four hours we were taken by the fresh engine and brought to that dreary little Illinois town, Alton, which has but one fact in its history—the martyrdom of Lovejoy.

Bright lay the moonlight upon the broad Mississippi, and a weary company stepped upon the steamer, which immediately took the stream with those mysterious subterranean puffs of the high-pressure Western boats.

Three miles below Alton the Missouri joins the Mississippi. My imagination sailed up the dim, broad stream, issuing out of night, to classic Kansas; but before it arrived there I fell asleep, with my head upon a table; nor did I awake until, in the early gray of dawn, we were near St. Louis.

The water was high upon the levee, and many of the stores must have suffered. But the river was already rapidly falling, leaving the mud behind, which is less agreeable to the nostrils in its pure state upon the levee than it is to the palate as a constituent part of the drinking water. That water is a very pleasant, but not very sightly beverage. It is sweet and smooth—too smooth, perhaps—being, like General Foley's letter, dreadfully "mucillated."

It was sunrise by the time we reached the Planters' Hotel, and we had time only to bathe, shave, shirt, shampoo, and breakfast, before we were off again for Cincinnati. It was still fearfully warm—the thermometer already at 90° by eight o'clock in the morning. We crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and then walked through the remains of Illinois Town, mostly submerged in the flood; and stepping into yawls, we were rowed among the ruins of the western terminus of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. Broken cars and trucks and wheels were all about us, half covered by the water; the embankment of the railroad being indicated by stakes. We reached the train standing upon the end of the track that had not been swept away, and in a few moments we dashed, whistling and roaring, across Southern Illinois.

Here we came again upon the lawny, park-like prairies. They seemed even lovelier and more elegant than in the northern part of the State. But still, as we rang and flashed along, I wondered where the inhabitants were, and the boundless, beautiful solitudes suggested more than ever the race withdrawn. At intervals of about ten miles we stopped at little clusters of eight or ten houses of the poorest kind, which had names in the guide-book, and which seemed to have been badly put up in a hurry against the arrival of the train. At one of these shanties there was something called dinner, which we happily left behind at a furious speed, and tore on to other shanties and another something called tea. The wheat was finer here than I had seen it any where since leaving New York, and there was even some promising-looking corn. The soft surface of the tender grain stole away, unfenced, over myriad acres, sinking, with delicate lights and shadows, into the obscurity of distance. It seemed the granary of the world before us, and with one sweep of the eye over this opulent land, Sicily and the Campagna were out-measured.

This part of the Ohio and Mississippi road is the worst railroad I remember ever to have traveled in any country. We jerked and bounced along at an appalling speed. Every man held to his seat; and when the locomotive whistled to "break up," and we paused for a moment at some houses, by a curious infelicity called "town," all the passengers looked at each other relieved. Another moment and all were braced up again. Sudden, sharp cries from the engine, warning off cattle from the track, were heard amidst the deafening clatter of the train. The connecting bolts of the cars creaked and jarred, and in the midst of one of the most ungovernable spasms of speed, a dull clink and snap apprised us that something had happened. Every man was up in a moment; and, looking behind, we saw that the rear car had broken away by the parting of the iron bolt between us, and was coming on behind, alone, and with only the control of the brakeman. We pulled at the bell-cord, and the locomotive stopped. The car came on and was caught to the rest of the train, and with a wild whoop we rushed along at a madder speed than before.

At length we reached the Wabash bottom, of whose overflow you had a picture in the *Weekly* of a fortnight since. The water had subsided a little, and we moved on more carefully over *impromptu* tressel-work among the ruins of fences, twisted rails, trunks of trees, and the sandy wash smeared over the grass. Not far from the Wabash itself the whole track was gone, and we left the cars and took to boats again; and so across the drowned prairie until, on the edge of a woodland, a fresh train awaited us. Then away once more, and, crossing the Wabash by a fine bridge, we stopped, at sunset, in Indiana, at the little quaint old town of Vincennes, which invited us, by one fat meeting-house with a pudgy steeple, to pause and pass the Sunday. How often, as a school-boy, I had read of the French settlement here in 1735! And as I looked at it now with more interest and curiosity than upon any Western town, I wondered if those old Frenchmen sprung, haply, of courtly ancestors, and, bringing educated Europe into the wild woods, had not maintained relations with that lofty and unknown society of the prairies. We did not stay; but, unlike many a fairer place of fame, which to see is to lose forever, Vincennes, although my eyes have seen it, still stands unimpaired in my imagination, and will forever stand, lovely in the June twilight, upon the Wabash, with its one pudgy spire nestling friendly among its modest roofs.

All night we rode on through the black, primeval woods of Southern Indiana.

"Lagum beer!" cried a voice at midnight, as we stopped.

"What *is* Lagum beer?" shouted a dozen laughing voices, in reply.

But, undaunted, the boy, with a ragged shirt and one suspender, quite enough to sustain his dilapidated trowsers, passed out of a watering-pot into tin tumblers his Lagum beer, and we all donned that mysterious night-cap in the primeval woods of Indiana. He passed into the next car—we heard his rallying cry—but, simultaneously, the whistle, and could only shout, "Good-night, Lagum beer!" and departed into darkness.

The full moon watched us from behind the black trees, but could not light our way. Sometimes, in a little clearing upon a hill-side, I could see a log-cabin. Sometimes we thundered over a bridge, with a stream gleaming below. Toward morning we stopped at a junction; and the inevitable group of German emigrants, with boxes, small trunks, bundles, crying babies, and loud-talking, beer-and-stale-bread-and-tobacco-smelling men and women, whom you always encounter near Cincinnati, however you approach it, bustled in, and destroyed all the pleasing silence and comfort of the car. I intend no disrespect to my German fellow-citizens, whom I greatly esteem. I am recording a fact in the natural history of Western American travel, in remarking that the most unpleasant passenger, and one of the most frequently met, is the German or Norwegian emigrant, who seems to be a traveling epitome of the celebrated city of Cologne, with its thirty thousand different smells, each worse than the other.

Dawn brought us to the Ohio, sunrise to Cincinnati, and an omnibus to the Spencer House, which stands upon the levee, so that, as I write to you, my eyes wander over the fifty-two tops of the smoke-stacks of twenty-six packet-steamers lying side by side with their noses against the levee—steamers which resemble two-storied scows with an extreme ornamentation of scallop work about the eaves—to the homes and haunts of the hunters of Kentucky. The hills are beautiful all around the city, but the heat is fabulous. Not in Nubia nor Venice, in August, have I known such suffocating, sultry days. The city lies against the heights upon the northern shore of the river, and the sun glares at it with the insane fury of Torquemada gloating over a juicy infidel. A little of the juice of this infidel,—call it Catawba—still remains to console the wayfarer, while he gradually turns to coal.

I am going on to Zanesville and Wheeling, and so homeward by the Baltimore and Ohio road, over which the artists had recently so jovial a trip. I shall have had a most rapid, but altogether a most satisfactory journey. I shall have seen Niagara, the Mississippi, and the prairies in flower, and am quite ready for a breath of sea-air.

But—my poor Lounger—you must now do your own work. However, I suppose you have been hidden somewhere, near the sea, tranquilly idling away the delicious hours, so that you will be willing to change places. Do you know I rather suspect you of agreeing with Emerson that "Traveling is a fool's Paradise?" and I, for my part, willingly confess that I have observed wise men stay very much at home. But I have also noticed that those who have traveled most, stay at home with the best grace. A rolling stone may gather no moss, but a stationary one gets choked with it. Farewell—my Lounger.

Yours, dear Chang, Eng.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"My Dear Lounger,—How did you spend your Fourth of July? Were you patriotic, old fellow? Did you go into the celebration with your accustomed vim? Did you make a speech; and smoke plenty of cigars; and go into the Champagne (perhaps you prefer *lager*—you literary fellows have such horrid taste); and fire off crackers and rockets, flying Dutchmen, and other pyrotechnics?

"Perhaps you live in the country. Do you? If so, I pity you. A green fellow persuaded me last Fourth to go down into Jersey; to a 'quiet village,' you know, rural felicity, cool air, and all that. But, by George! when we got down there it was the most namby-pamby affair you ever saw. Just think of an old goose ringing the church-bell at half past four in the morning, waking a fellow up out of his sleep and spoiling his temper for the day. Then a few wretched fire-crackers popped off; and next the town was evacuated, the inhabitants thereof, baskets on their arms, going into the woods, where a young fellow read the Declaration of Independence (I believe from *Harper's Weekly*, which every body seemed to have), and a parcel of children sung songs; after which those horrid country fellows ate their bread and butter, and presently returned home. Of course I was tremendously bored. Every thing was so quiet—there wasn't actually a drink of brandy to be got on the ground, though I suspect some of the shrewd old codgers were duly armed and equipped with pocket-pistols. And as for a muss—any little excitement, you know, to make things lively—there was no chance. In fact, I was considerably set down by some old fogies for throwing half a paper of fire-crackers among a crowd of ladies and children; and some fellows actually swore they'd put me out if I attempted any noise. Of course I couldn't do any thing alone; but if I had had my gang to back me up, I'd have licked any one on the ground. You may bet on that, old fellow!

"What a jolly time I had this Fourth! You may believe I stuck to town! A parcel of us, all first-rate fellows, laid in a select assortment of pocket fire-works on the 2d, had a grand spree on Sunday night—at my place, you know, where I had a cat in a flour-barrel, all ready, and about twelve o'clock, when every body was asleep and puss was unsuspicious, we threw a lighted pack of best cannon-crackers into the barrel, slapped on the head, and awaited the turn of events. Didn't that old tom fly around the barrel, though?

"In the midst of the sport, who should open the door but my old woman! She began to whine about waking up the neighbors, and a sick lady over the way, and cruelty to dumb brutes, and that trash, you know; but I soon set her right on the goose, for what's the good of having Fourth of July, you know, if you're to do nothing for fear of disturbing sick folks or disfiguring a tom cat. Says I to her, 'They made such an everlasting clatter on the first Fourth, that Johnny Bull hasn't got well over it yet—and are we to sit down like milksops or country-jakes and say nothing? Nev—'

"Just here Tom Sacket let the cat out of the barrel, who flew at once at the nearest window, and the rest of my speech was lost in the sound of breaking glass.

"Well, on Monday we had the jolliest time you ever saw. To be sure the sick lady across the way sent over to ask if we would please not throw torpedoes out of my window against the side of her house (just over peoples' heads, you know, who were passing along, which frightened them confoundly), and so we had to stop that; for the sick lady's husband, who is in the country on business, is a mean man, whose head I'd like to punch, if he wasn't so confoundedly broad-shouldered. He was a farmer you know, and is really a disgusting brute, with no fun about him. In the afternoon, we made up for lost time by a jaunt down Broadway, scaring the ladies with torpedoes. And then in the evening we had a grand display of fire-works on our corner, and such a supper!—where wine, cigars, and singing did abound.

"Let me know what you think of our Fourth. It's a great institution, old fellow! and must be kept, you know. Just say a good word for us, when you have time; for some of our old fogy neighbors think us fellows a nuisance. Boys must be boys, you know; and if a man (or woman) can't make a little sacrifice on such occasions, they are not worthy of the liberty they enjoy. These are my sentiments; and I'm sure they will be yours, friend Lounger.

"Yours,

"A New York Patriot."

—Of course, "Patriot;" no doubt, old boy. What right, indeed, have women to be sick, or children to have illnesses, on the glorious Fourth? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, and you vindicate your patriotism characteristically by depriving them of rest and sleep as the penalty of their mean conduct. But take a hint, old fellow! beware of that tom-cat! Women and children are safe to bully; tom-cats have claws. *Verbum sap.*

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXIV.

Sardis to Smyrna.—Preparations to Start.—We reach Magnesia.—Thence to Thyatira.—Backsheesh.—A Christian.—Wells at Thyatira.—Mohammed Bey again.—His House, his Dinner, and his Wine.—The Dancing Girls.

We returned from Sardis to Smyrna. Here we rested again a fortnight at the hotel of the two Abigustures before spoken of. I would like well to sketch for you some of the Smyrniote people, but my brief space in these letters forbids the attempt. You have heard of the potters who carry each immense basin. It is not uncommon to meet a man carrying a bale of wool, or rags, or something of the kind, which fills the entire street from wall to wall. His head and shoulders are buried in the bundle, and you see his two feet moving under the mass as if the bale had its own legs, and guided its own course along the streets. It is a study in Smyrna to see the old Turkish scribes, or letter-writers, at their work. To watch their customers, who are chiefly ladies; to see the flashing eye, the anxious expressions of their countenances as they intrust their secrets to the old fellow who, they know, will sell them the first moment he finds an opportunity. Still this is the way of the world here, and they confide in him as a business matter, only trusting he will never know who they are.

For you may well suppose it would be difficult to recognize an Eastern lady again after once meeting her, since they only show their eyes, and all their eyes are alike deep and splendidly beautiful.

It was with great hesitation that I conveited he route our friends now proposed to take. We had not yet visited Pergamus and Thyatira. They were both on the route, or on one route, to Constantinople, and if we would abandon the sea-voyage thither and make the journey by land we would reach the Dardanelles in ten or twelve days, visiting the Troad on the way. The temptation was great, but since the war the country has been overrun with lawless vagabonds.

But Miss Grandison's courage and partinacity prevailed, and I yielded. We replaced the tent we lost at Laodicea. By-the-way, we heard from Laodicea that the Agá was in a fury at our departure, and it was supposed he would slaughter the unlucky dog whom we left bound and gagged. He believed him an accessory to our flight.

Our equipage being made all right, we hired an extra guard of five men, so that we were nineteen in all, and thus attended we left Smyrna, as is customary, in the afternoon, and camped for the night outside the city.

We were two days from this camp to Akhissor, as it is now called, or Thyatira, as it once was.

Our camping-place for the first night was at Magnesia, a city of whose celebrity I shall not pause to remind you. I can not but regret (though, perhaps, you may not join me in it) that the space to which I have limited myself in these letters forbids that I should do more than sketch the merest outline of our route through Asia Minor. Were your space sufficient, I might try ten times as much as I do, nor exhaust the novelties which I met with. For it is very remarkable that Asia Minor is a country so little known to the Western world. I find no guide-books that are of any value. Murray's red book is worse than useless, since it misleads at every turn of the route, and lays down cities whole days out of their places. I say *whole* days, because they measure distances here altogether by time, and you may imagine the comfort of laying out a day's ride in a wild country, through inhospitable regions, and at evening finding yourselves in a mountain pass or on a bleak plain, unprotected and uncovered.



AN EASTERN LETTER-WRITER.

The scenery through which we have been for four weeks traveling is wild, and grand, and very beautiful. Grandeur and beauty mingled as I have heretofore seen in the Lebanon country. Switzerland contains no such views as I have found in the East, and when it shall be at length brought under the influence of civilization, I am satisfied that the world will make Asia Minor its grand resort for scenery, to say nothing of its old associations.

We approached Thyatira (Akhissor) at sunset. Our tents were waiting for us outside the town, for we had loitered on the way. Before the door of my tent stood Selim, with a fire of decidedly unpropitious aspect.

"What is the matter, Selim?"

"I am afraid you can not stay here, oh Howajji! The people are too rough, and they demand backsheesh for the land where the tents are standing."

"Who demands it? Bring them here."

Selim went, and returned in a few minutes with a tall, bony-looking native, who, in the presence of strangers, seemed very different from the person Selim had described him. He was, in fact, very humble and polite, and asked for his backsheesh as a matter of rent, and I paid it without hesitation. Then I chatted a little with him, and to my surprise found him a very respectable Christian; the first Oriental I have met among these ruins of the Churches of Asia who named the name of Christ with any other feelings than those of contempt, except in Philadelphia.

It was something, however, to find even one. And for the sake of it I talked with him, Demetri being interpreter, and, let me tell you, one of the pleasantest hours of my Eastern travel was that evening talking with a solitary representative of the Church at Thyatira.

We preferred our tents to the accommodations within the town. There is a consular agent here of several of the Western powers, but consuls' houses are not tempting places to a traveler who has had much experience in the East.

The city resembles Philadelphia more than any of the other churches. It is inhabited, which is more than can be said of Ephesus, or Laodicea, or Sardis. There is, too, a fine church—of modern time!—here, and there are priests and bishops and Christian worshipers. Ruins there are around the city, but none which can be identified as ancient, and for the rest Akhissor is like all the other Turkish towns in this part of the world.

The surrounding country is richer and more luxuriant, the air is fresher and more perfumed with the fragrance of cultivated fields. Every thing is more brilliant and more beautiful outside the inhabited town. The pavements of the streets have been gorgeous columns and capitals and architraves; close to our tents was a well, the curb of which was once the capitol of a Corinthian column, and I could see half a dozen within a hundred rods all having similar mouths.

Early in the morning we rode into the city. You will smile at my next sentence, if you remember my former letters. As we were quietly riding through the streets of the city, talking in the most lovial manner, I said "Good-morning!" greeted us, and looking up we were astonished and delighted to see my friend Mohammed Bey, whom you will recollect in Jerusalem, and again in Antioch.

The good-souled fellow was in grand spirits at meeting us. He had heard of the arrival of four strangers, and by intuition knew that we were come, and he had set out to find us.

He had found at the tents no one but the boy he gave to Miss Grandison, and whom she has kept constantly with her in all her wanderings; and now, on his overtaking us, Master Johnson (for such was the name John Steenburger had given him, and to which he answered) was close in his rear, grinning with all his teeth, and overflowing with delight at meeting his old master.

Mohammed was for office at home. It seems he has possessions in Akhissar, and comes here once a year to take care of them. So he invited us forthwith to his house, and to his house we went, and found there already our servants and baggage. In point of fact the magnificent Turk placed every thing he had at our disposal, and I knew him well enough to know that nothing would please him so well as to have us accept all that he could do for us.

We dined with him. Miss Grandison was taken charge of by the ladies, and disappeared in their apartments; while the servants brought into the room where we sat a dinner that would have satisfied the palate of a Parisian.

I don't know what particular motion of my eye it was that suddenly attracted the attention of Mohammed.

"Allah Kerim!" he exclaimed; "God is merciful—I had forgotten the drink!" and he clapped



MODERN THYATIRA.



A PRAIRIE HUNTER OF THE OLDEN TIME.



PRAIRIE HUNTER OF THE PRESENT TIME.

his hands thrice, to signify that he wanted his chief butler. The fat fellow made his appearance, and an order was given him in a low tone, which resulted shortly in the arrival of a novel exhibition for the house of a Turk. Nine bottles of wine—three of vumiskakilde Tquem, three of colmiot Champagne, and three of a wine that I would pause to eulogize were it of any use to do so. It was Turkish wine grown at Brousa, under the shadow of Mount Olympus. It was a hock, and no such wine grows on the Rhine banks, nor ever the vaults at Johannisberg. You may think me extravagant in this expression; but I assure you as a fact, that there is made at Brousa wine which is worth its weight in silver.

The appearance of this array was certainly startling.

"But, Effendi!" I exclaimed, on seeing it.

"Be silent and grateful, oh traveler!" said our host. "My house at Akhissar has many treasures like this. I never taste it myself—except only the Champagne—but it is yours—all yours."

So passed the afternoon, and—shall I confess it?—I never thought of the fact that I was in Thyatira till the moonlight stole in on us, and then Mohammed drove it away again by sending for the dancing girls; and the ladies came in, wrapped in long veils, and sat in a remote corner, and the graceful Circassian children danced to wild, sweet airs, which they themselves played and sang.

PRAIRIE FANCIES.

"ONE doesn't find the Book of Nature spread out here before him with the attractions it had in years gone by," said our hunter-poet, as his eye traversed the wide expanse of prairie around him. "The romance of the prairies is gone! Your genuine hunters and trappers—that old aristocracy of the plains and mountains—are almost all dead, or degraded to the rank of 'bull-driving' in the wagon trains. Even the wild Indians, who would once plunder your 'possible kit' and lift your hair handsomely, are degenerated by civilization and bad whisky into contemptible sneak-thieves, and streak it over the prairie, rigged out in white man's beggary. And as for Nature—where is it?

"It is true, one can stand here in this solitude, after the fashion of Campbell's 'last man,' and, gazing out into infinite space, where blue sky bounds the horizon, *feel* himself the atom that he is of this great universe. Here is the Temple of Immensity—a huge azure dome, resting on ethereal pillars, throughout whose boundless space Silence reigns supreme and by its overwhelming vastness compels solemnity and reflection. To him whose eye has never before rested upon this interminable waste, what an infinite conception it is! Distance becomes inappreciable when, peering through the lilac atmosphere to the utmost limit of sight, we know that from that remotest spot the eye may start afresh and continue its searchings with yet no more palpable results.

"But what does all this amount to, after all? To the practical mind, simply how long it will take civilization, at its present rate of progress, to overrun this vast area and convert it into pastures and corn-fields. Look at that wagon-ent now. There's one blot on Nature's page. Now mark that old Conestoga lumbering along. No poetry about *that*. I tell you, boy, the classic days of the old field are gone!"

The speaker paused abruptly, and rounded off his period by pounding the ground severely with the breech of his rifle.

"I think I appreciate your feelings," I said. "But then," I suggested, "the general features of the prairie remain as ever. The same game roams the award; the roving Indian traverses its length and breadth; and I think I can discern in yourself at least one representative of the old style of hunters."

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully, 'you won't, perhaps, find a better-preserved specimen of that class, though I did not commence my study of prairie metaphysics until I had completed a college education. But as to the rest, old, cast-iron-and-gutta-percha fraternity, such as were bred in the forest, with a 'Green River blade' and rifle for plaything, the day is not far distant when they will be known only in history, and the pages that records their adventures will be read by future generations, vested with all the wildness and apparent improbabilities of an Arabian tale. Strangely heroic annals are theirs; many their hair-breadth escapes, their rencontres with wild beasts, and hand-to-hand conflicts with blood-thirsty savages. Many are the crops each old trapper has counted; and the hair he has 'raised' would suffice to stock a Pawnlean's toupee shop. Alternately feasting and starving, freezing in winter, parched with thirst, drenched with rain, running the gauntlet of a thousand dangers, he regards all these as the natural vicissitudes of his roving life, and takes the bitter with the sweet with calm indifference. Habit and a strange philosophy have made him the man he is. In him the severest trials and cares

> "Wake no more emotion
> Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
> That leave scarce a ripple behind."

To his roving and adventurous spirit are we in-



PRAIRIE WOLVES AT WORK.

debted for a knowledge of regions before untrodden and unexplored by any other civilized being. Penetrating the remotest wilderness, often alone, or accompanied only by his Indian wife, he lays himself down at night, with his feet to the camp-fire, and head pillowed on earth, and composes himself to sleep, while the winds whistle his lullaby, and no thought of danger disturbs his dreams. This is the life of your genuine hunter. Once embarked in his pursuit, it becomes a fascination from which he seldom escapes; and thus he lives on until at length he 'goes under,' worn out with hardships and privations and the burden of years, or, perchance, is 'rubbed out' by some skulking Redskin, who raises his hair while he sleeps.

"I tell you *there* is concentrated romance for you. There is true, practical manhood, which one can not but admire. But your toast-fed, hearth-rug sportsman, with his fanciful outfit and new-fangled flummery, can't appreciate all this. To him such experiences would be but

'As base delights compared with better things.'

It requires a pioneer of mind as well as of the forest to understand the beauties of this mode of life. Your modern Nimrod would excite the supreme contempt of the genuine 'mountain-man.' He don't deem his outfit complete unless he carries with him all the luxuries of the parlor. Here, since the recent exodus to Mormondom has attracted the attention of adventurers toward these parts, we find them coming out in swarms, with their tents and traveling-carriages, fancy shooting jackets and India rubber blankets, armed to the teeth with rifles, six-shooters, and bowie-knives, with larders well stored with wines, preserved meats, and such like, and knapsacks loaded with such notions as the trapper would scorn to use! And—would you believe it?—I actually saw, not long ago, a fellow with gloves and linen shirt collar hunting buffalo with a pointer dog! There was a good sprinkling of the animals running at that time, and the chap got pretty well mixed up with the herd; but the last I saw of him, he was streaking it over the prairie with a big bull at his heels, and his horse scampering off in the direction of sundown! Such hunters should be content with small game, such as you find in the woods of Connecticut. Oh, shades of Aubrey, Williams, and Choteau defend us!"

Such is a sketch of prairie life as it was, and as it is now. To compose one's self comfortably to rest on a mattress laid on the bottom of a wagon is quite a different thing from camping out alone in the stillness of the night, with no companions but the prairie wolves and your horse munching grass at your side. Your modern hunter would hardly be satisfied to lie rolled in his blanket on bare ground, with coyotes nosing about his pillow, to say nothing of sand rattlesnakes for bedfellows, and mosquitoes for ministering angels. I don't mean to be personal; but when I recall old reminiscences, and read the brief cenotaphs of those whose history lies buried with them, and know that the golden age of prairie romance has well-nigh passed away, I can not but grieve at the ruthlessness of Time's mutations. I see it all in the rut-worn sod; in the close-cropped grass where the teamsters' horses have fed; in the steady advance of the Western frontier; in the march of emigration; in the taming of the wild savage, and in the annihilation of the hardy race of trappers and mountain men.

When the screech of the locomotive shall echo among the Rocky Mountains the era will have ended, and the charm of the wilderness have vanished.

LITERARY.

One of the very pleasant inventions of the day for the amusement of children, and grown people as well, is taught in Leaf and Flower Pictures, published by Randolph. The gathering of green, red, and yellow leaves, and the infinite variety of flower petals, and arranging them in wreaths, bouquets, and other forms, for varnishing and preservation, will be a capital variation to the ordinary summer employments of those who are so fortunate as to be "in the country." The book teaches how to do all this, and illustrates the result in fine colored plates.

In the occasional runs that we have taken out of town, we have been somewhat interested in observing the steamboat and railroad reading of travelers. No season, for many years, has furnished so few books of the lighter class. Novels there are almost none. Many travelers carry volumes of Ticknor & Fields's elegant Household Waverley, which, for convenient size, clear and beautiful type, and legibility, are admirable railway companions. The edition has reached "St. Ronan's Well," and continues in the same excellent taste and perfect workmanship, which make it, in our view, the most desirable edition extant.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish a new novel, under the title, A Poor Fellow, the object of which is to teach, in general, that we are all poor fellows, and need help from some stronger source than human nature. The scene of the story is in New York City, the characters are New York merchants and their families, some fast young men, and some excellent and charitable old gentlemen; the hero being a millionaire, who finds out at the end that he, too, is a poor fellow.

The design of the book is good; some scenes in it are admirably sketched; but there is a little too much of it. The author's appreciation of the life of a literary man in New York is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of the volume. If the book reach a second edition, we suggest to the author that Peekskill is not opposite to Newburgh, and Fishkill is—an error easily rectified.

Every family should possess a good Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, especially on the New Testament. Next to the Bible, such a work should have a place in every library and every house. Sheldon & Blakeman have now completed their issue of The Commentaries on the New Testament, by **Dr. Hermann Olshausen**, whose name is known in all the Churches.

This work is one of the greatest additions of modern times to our American literature. Professor **Kendrick, of the Rochester University**, has superintended **the edition**, revising it from the fourth in Germany, and adding notes of discriminating and valuable character; so that it is presented as a complete and finished work, of which the clergy and clerical students know the reputation and the value, and which all readers of the Word of God should possess for constant reference.

Dr. Olshausen is an author of remarkable clearness and thoroughness combined. No passage escapes with but superficial notice. Every word is weighed, sounded, examined, and its relation to the other parts of the sentence discussed. The views of all classes of theologians are regarded with respect, and their opinions treated with kindness; while the author has no hesitation in acknowledging the power of their reasoning, and admitting, oftentimes, his obligation to those from whom he differs for material assistance.

We have read with especial interest portions of the Commentaries on the Gospels. The force of the learned author's views, the lucid arrangement of his ideas, the new order of events which he deduces from a careful comparison of the different evangelists, the power of his exceeding simplicity—all unite to absorb, interest, and finally to convince, even in spite of old and settled opinions. Truth possesses a new force and beauty. The sublime story of the life of God on earth has a new and overpowering significance. We read as if we now read for the first time very much of the history.

Our space forbids a general notice of the work, and these remarks must suffice to give our readers its prominent characteristics. We can not pass it, however, without noticing this very remarkable fact—that it is received with the highest praise by all denominations of Christians. The High Churchman regards the profound veneration of the author for the Holy Sacraments with great approbation; while the most liberal of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Wesleyan clergy find nothing, even in the views which suit the Churchman, to clash with or startle their own notions. Hence it may be emphatically styled an evangelical commentary. Those truths on which all Protestant Evangelical Christians agree are enough for the learned author to find in the Book on which he undertakes to comment. No fear of man forbids his discussion of mooted points. Rather, it is the fear of God which compels him to write with reverence and with charity—that brotherly love which would find the way to heaven, and jostle no one along it, though it be narrow.

We recommend the work heartily as probably the best extant commentary on the New Testament. It is published in six volumes, octavo, the last volume containing Weisinger's Exposition of the Second Epistle to Timothy and the Epistle to Philemon.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DEFEAT OF COLONEL STEPTOE'S COMMAND.

The disastrous news from the Pacific is confirmed by dispatches received at Washington. Governor M'Mullen says: "An express has arrived from the head-quarters of Colonel Steptoe, in the Simcoe Valley, with dispatches from Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, and letters to me, informing us of the defeat, on the 16th inst., at the First Crossing of Snake River, about thirty miles above its junction with the Columbia, of the command of Colonel Steptoe. The command consisted of five companies, or four hundred men. The Indians are reported as having been fifteen hundred strong, and composed of the Snake, Palouse, and other tribes.

"The action resulted in three officers and fifty men being killed. Two of the officers killed are Captain Wynders and Lieutenant Gasden. The Indians took two howitzers which belonged to the command, and all but sixty pack animals. In fact, so complete is said to have been the rout, that the officer in command was compelled to fall back with the utmost precipitation. The battle took place while the regulars were in the act of crossing the river."

Letters to Governor Stevens, also, say that Colonel Steptoe lost every thing but sixty mules.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CONNECTICUT.

The New Haven *Journal* of the 1st instant says of the earthquake: "One of those events which happen only once in a century took the good people of this part of Connecticut by surprise on Tuesday night. According to the general opinion, we were favored with an earthquake. At about 10½ o'clock P.M., a rumbling sound—similar to the passage of a carriage over a bridge, but more sonorous and more protracted in its movement—attracted the attention of many of our citizens. Some of them felt their houses jar, and glasses rattle, and by a sort of intuition became aware that the movement proceeded from a crepitation of the earth. The movement was distinctly perceived to be traveling from southwest to northeast, and continued for something more than a minute. Not the least damage was done to any thing in the city, nor, so far as we have been able to learn, in any portion of the State. The shock was felt in Bridgeport, Milford, Woodbridge, West Haven, East Haven, and North Haven—all towns which lie in a southwest or northeast line from New Haven, and this fact may assist in determining the course of the crepitation. At the time of the shock the sky was clear and the air was perfectly still, though in that respect it did not materially differ from its general condition in the centre of the city through the evening. In Derby the earthquake was felt perhaps more sensibly than here. The houses and even the large stone factories in Ansonia were shaken, and the watchmen alarmed by the movement of the earth."

THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

The dissension in this institution continues.

Mrs. Dudley having espoused the cause of Dr. Gould, and written a letter requesting the majority of the Trustees of the Observatory to resign, the Trustees reply, expressing their determination to adhere to their position, and declaring that in the honorable discharge of their duties under the charter, they must insist on the removal of Dr. Gould.

Meantime the Scientific Council have addressed letters to the Trustees, calling for the charges against Dr. Gould. To this the Trustees reply, refusing to recognize the right of the Council to usurp any such powers or authority.

A scientific council, consisting of Professors Henry, Bache, and Horace, held a session on 1st July, at which an address was adopted, proposing to the Trustees of the Observatory, first, to take unconditional and immediate charge and direction of the Observatory, subject only to the Board of Trustees, thus occupying themselves the place of Directors. If this be not agreed to, they then propose a committee of five citizens to settle the controversy with respect to Dr. Gould. The Trustees reject all propositions peremptorily, not recognizing any right on the part of the Council to interfere with the office of the Trustees, or in any way control their action. It seems probable that the whole Coast Survey will resign their place in the Council, as they can not substantiate any claim to interfere with the action of the Trustees, who derive their power from the act of incorporation.

THE BERLIN FREE-LOVERS.

The Detroit *Free Press* gives an account of a woman who was enticed into that moral pollution, the Berlin Free-Love Cure.

Some two weeks since, a married man, occupying a good position among the respectable and intelligent of Detroit, applied to a magistrate for assistance in finding his wife, a young and lovely woman, who had disappeared a day or two before. He soon learned that she was at the Berlin Free-Love Institution, in Erie County, and immediately left to rescue her, if possible. The *Press* says:

"He succeeded in finding her at the institution in question, and brought her home without any demur on her part; she stating, undoubtedly with truth, that she was disgusted with the scenes enacted in that abode of wickedness. Her tale, as it represents things there, is an extraordinary one. She says that she was induced to go there by a female relative, who is a believer in the doctrine, and who, after a long effort, succeeded in instilling into her mind the poison which proved her ruin. Together they absconded and went to Berlin Hill.

"When there, she found the marvelous 'love cure' but another name for all that is degrading and loathsome to a virtuous and high-minded woman. Low-bred familiarities with vulgar, fanatical men; companionship with women who deemed themselves elevated above humanity in becoming the victims of their own and their companions' lusts, and a close familiarity with a brutish, criminal enjoyment, which was the highest sphere aimed at in this delectable community—were what she was obliged to submit to. This was more than womanhood could endure, and in her secret trouble she applied to a relative, not daring to disclose her situation to her injured and much-loved husband. Through this relative the husband found her, and notwithstanding her moral and physical contamination, he took her again to his heart, a shame-stricken, but wiser, wife and mother."

A BOARDING-SCHOOL RUNAWAY.

The village of Carmel, Putnam County, New York, has been the scene of considerable excitement, on account of a clandestine marriage of an ex-teacher of the Raymond Institute with one of the young lady pupils of that Institution. A letter from the Principal tells the story:

"Barthold Myer, better known as 'Professor Myer,' but whose connection with the Raymond Institution was dissolved some three or four weeks since, found secret means of communicating, since his removal from the Institution, with a Miss Fannie Hewitt, a boarding pupil, and induced her to consent to marry him. Accordingly, late on Saturday night (19th), after the young ladies had all retired, and each was seen to be in her own bed, and the lights extinguished by the teacher, who passes around at ten o'clock at night for the purpose of inspecting the pupils' rooms, and after all were hushed in sleep, Miss Hewitt stole out of the Institution, and was married to Barthold Myer, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock at night, by Joseph Cole, Justice of the Peace, at the house of Albert Knapp, who, with his wife, were the only witnesses. Fannie appeared in her place on the next (Sabbath) morning, went to church with the other pupils, and repaired late on Sabbath night to the residence of Albert Knapp, where she and Myer were harbored till morning, when they took the stage for Croton Falls.

"Myer had remained in the neighborhood since his removal from the Institution, and had enjoyed no personal interview with Miss Hewitt, and no part of the affair was known, or even suspected by the Institution, until after the pair left this morning in the stage. It is now suspected that Myer communicated with Miss Hewitt by means of some day pupil."

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A BALLOON.

J. Stainer, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, proposes to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, 100 feet in diameter. He says in a letter to the *Telegraph*:

"I am satisfied in my own mind that with such an apparatus I could cross the Atlantic in seventy-five hours; and the whole cost would not be more than $20,000. The balloon, net-work, and valve would weigh about two thousand pounds, and the boat and rigging three tons and a half. This will leave about eight tons ascending power, for provisions, passengers, and ballast. It would require three good ocean navigators, and one astronomer, besides myself. I would suggest New York as the starting-point; and am certain I would strike within two hundred miles of any given distance in Europe. I would suggest May as the time for making the experiment, and would make the attempt in 1859 if I could get the Government or others to assist me."

WHAT CATTLE SUFFER ON RAILROADS.

The Rochester *American* says: "Much more than the usual amount of stock is passing eastward over the New York Central Railroad at present.

"All this makes lively business in that particular line, and few think of the amount of suffering which has to be endured by the poor brutes while on the route. Packed closely together, without a particle of extra room between them, they are obliged to ride the whole distance to their destination without once tasting food or water; and in this hot weather it can easily be imagined that the deprivation of the latter, under such circumstances, must drive the tortured animals to the very verge of madness. While the trains of stock which arrived here on Saturday from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo were being made up together for the route eastward, no less than four head of cattle were taken from the cars in a dying condition, and they expired shortly after being removed. Many others were nearly in the same condition; and there can be little doubt that of the cattle confined in the hundred and forty-nine cars, as many as twenty perished, or will perish, through the sufferings they endured in the transit to market. This is horrible to think of; and yet the same scenes are repeated day after day, and nobody seems to think of suggesting a remedy."

PRECIOUS MAIL-BAGS.

At Milford, Massachusetts, a boy at work in one of the shoe shops in that place, recently found in an old mail-bag which the proprietor of the shop had purchased to work into shoes, a letter which had been mailed at an office in Tennessee, and directed to another place in the same State, and which contained four fifty dollar bills, a twenty, a ten, a five, and a three—in all, $238. This firm have purchased several thousands of these worn-out mail-bags, and several other letters have been found in them.

HOOPS AND GEESE.

A Richmond paper says: "A number of young ladies were refreshing themselves with a ramble through the grove, when one of them came in contact with a flock of straggling geese. In a moment they were streaming under her gigantic skirts, double file, heads down, wings flapping and tongues hissing; the fair one in the mean time in a temporary paralysis of alarm, doing the 'nervous' with poetry of posture and delicacy of vociferation entertaining in the extreme. The geese immediately commenced kicking up a row when they found themselves rather more crowded than they anticipated, at which stage of the proceedings, the lady, in an attempt to overleap the difficulty, was carried over a fence and put down in the midst of a corn-field, where the unwelcome invaders of her cherished crinoline relieved her and themselves and ran off, leaving their victim to the assistance of her somewhat frightened, considerably astonished, and extensively amused companions."

PERSONAL.

Second-Lieutenant R. A. Wittier, United States Marine Corps, and Lieutenant E. C. Stockton, United States Navy, were lately tried before a naval court-martial at Panama, found guilty, and sentenced—Wittier to be dismissed from the service, and Stockton to be cashiered. The President has approved both sentences.

The *Times* says: "Monsieur Belly, who has recently figured extensively in Nicaraguan affairs, and who has been variously reported as an agent of the French Emperor for securing the Nicaraguan transits, a speculator on his own private account, and at other times as a confidence man on a large scale, arrived in this city by the steamer *Empire City* and took lodgings at the Hotel St. Denis. Since his arrival he appears to have paid the penalty which all celebrated men suffer—that of being extensively stared at, and of being 'pumped.' M. Belly, however, as all great men should, takes the matter philosophically; and as not one in ten of the reporters who have called on him could speak French, and as he can not speak a word of intelligible English, the interviews have been mostly confined to pantomime, ending with a mutual bow, the inquirers leaving about as wise as when they called.

"M. Belly is an intelligent-looking, dapper little Frenchman, below the medium height, of a sandy complexion, a little bronzed, his eye a full hazel, his nose a little aquiline, his whiskers neatly trimmed, and his mustache clipped to the requirements of the season. He may, safely, be called good-looking. He dresses plainly; the only jewelry he wears being a massive gold watch-guard. A modest ribbon ornamented a button-hole on his left breast. He had literally nothing to communicate respecting his visit to Central America, and disclaimed having been there on any 'mission' at all."

A private letter from one of the most distinguished physicians in France, says, that upon consultation by the leading doctors in that empire relative to the case of Senator Sumner, who is now in Paris, it has been decided to perform an operation upon the back, for the purpose of producing a counter-irritation. The operation is that of cauterization—the burning of the flesh and muscle to the spinal column. While this operation is very severe, usually, it is said that it can now be performed by the aid of ether without producing the slightest pain. It is believed that the operation will prove of the greatest advantage to the patient.

The President and his household have moved out to Soldiers' Asylum. Office-seekers are not expected to call before seven in the morning.

A band of six missionaries embarked in the *Andrew Carney* at Boston. They were Rev. Mr. Powers and his wife, who are returning to the mission in Antioch; Mr. and Mrs. Byington, who go out for the first time, and who will labor among the Northern Armenians; Mrs. Byington is the daughter of a missionary, and was born at Smyrna; Miss A. C. Temple and Miss Johnson, who go out to labor as teachers in connection with the Syrian mission. A large company of friends assembled to participate in the embarkation services, which were conducted by Rev. Mr. Manning, and consisted of the singing of the hymn—

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God!"

and prayer.

The furniture of the old Hall of the House of Representatives was sold at Washington on the 30th of June. E. Kingman, Esq., a member of the Press, and native of Massachusetts, and Philip R. Fendall, a son of the Old Dominion, attended, and rescued from the gripe of the Jews and Gentiles some relics of the greatness and glory of the past. Mr. K. purchased, for fifty dollars, the desk from which J. Q. Adams thundered his invectives and spoke his noblest words in defense of the principles of Republican freedom. Old chairs, on which the greatest of American Parliamentary celebrities had sat, went off by the dozen, at a dollar and a half, while the gay carpet on which hundreds of the most honored of America's sons had expectorated for two sessions, was ripped up to a speculator at ten cents a yard.

Senator Fitch, one of the senators from Indiana, made the following response to a serenading party of his office-holding friends and dependents on the night of the 12th instant: "I shall fulfill the promise made to my political friends at the time I was elected—'If God lets me live, I will serve out the full term for which I am elected;' and with such a constituency as I represent, and in such a cause as we are engaged, I feel that He *will* let me live."

Sidney Webster, Esq., of Boston, who was Private Secretary to President Pierce, has been appointed to be a Commissioner of the United States, in place of Judge Loring, recently selected to fill the vacancy in the Court of Claims occasioned by the death of Judge Gilchrist.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* makes the following pleasant allusion to an amateur operatic performance lately at Dr. Thomas Ward's house in University Place:

"A few years ago, our literary journals teemed with pleasant verses commemorative of the amenities of life, society, and nature, and especially of the quiet beauty and legendary charms of the Passaic River, parts of which more nearly resemble the vicinage of England's rural streams than any water-course on this side of the ocean. These graceful effusions bore the signature of 'Flaccus'—well known as the *nom de plume* of a genial son of New Jersey, a graduate of Princeton, and an Epicurean disciple of Esculapius, for independent circumstances enabled Dr. Thomas Ward to enjoy the dignity without enduring the fatigues of the medical profession; his leisure, however, was and is devoted to letters and art; and although his muse has been long silent, she occasionally warbles. Last week this good Flaccus gave his friends an unexpected treat. Cards of invitation to a musical *soirée* at his hospitable and elegant domicile in University Place, drew together an *élite* assembly, who soon found themselves comfortably seated in the two drawing-rooms before a mysterious silken curtain. Precisely at eight o'clock this was withdrawn, and a picturesque and lovely group of peasants whose faces were strangely familiar, were seen grouped around a rosy, white-haired, jolly landlord, in whose hilarious tones we soon recognized our tasteful host.

"'Flora, or the Gipsy's Frolic,' was given in fine style by an amateur company gleaned from among the best vocalists in private society; and we doubt if any city can boast more choice voices or better amateur style of execution. Two exquisite tenors and two fine sopranos equaled many a professional adept; the choruses were spirited and admirably sung, the acting was graceful and clever; and a succession of songs—martial, amorous, convivial, sentimental, and comic, were united by a thread of natural dialogue; some of the solos and duets were charming and vociferously encored, and the concerted pieces went off most affectively—altogether it was a delightful affair. Among the ladies who contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening, was a daughter of S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley), formerly of your city. The genial performance of this little English pastoral opera in three acts—both drama and music by Dr. Ward—was a most refreshing interlude in a week during which the Academy of Music has been closed, and a succession of rainy days threw a damper over every thing including animal spirits. Viva Flaccus!"

It is said that Walker, the filibuster, is certainly preparing a third expedition against Nicaragua. His followers in the South make no secret of the matter, and the Administration has received official information of the fact from the head-quarters of the movement.

The Senate of New Hampshire have concurred with the House in re-electing Hon. John P. Hale, United States Senator, giving him eight votes against three for Wells and one for Colby.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE OUTRAGES QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On 18th, Mr. Fitzgerald, in reply to Mr. Bright, stated that the Government had received no further information in reference to the alleged outrages. It was quite possible that the commanders of some vessels had exceeded their duties; and if they had, the Government would be ready to make an ample and frank acknowledgment. It was obvious that the cases which had been published were grossly exaggerated. In proof of this he read several cases, and added that the American flag had been abused by those who were not Americans for the vilest purposes. He had entire confidence that when these circumstances were known, and when the disposition of this country was known, all the difficulties would be amicably arranged. The Government, acting under the ad-

vice of the Crown lawyers, had given up the right of search and of visit in time of peace; but the Government had invited America to join in maintaining an ocean police. It was under consideration whether the squadron should be withdrawn from the Cuban waters and replaced on the coast of Africa, and stringent instructions had been sent to commanders of cruisers enjoining the strictest prudence and caution.

Mr. Roebuck thought the statement of Mr. Fitzgerald most conciliatory and satisfactory, but the disposition had not been imitated by America. The language used in the American Congress was unworthy of a great country. They had always assumed that England wished to insult them, but he hoped they would now learn that she had no such desire. Lies had been told in the American papers for the purpose of pandering to bad habits, and he would not believe that the commanders had done any thing to call for the censure of our own Government.

Lord John Russell said if the Government conducted the affair in the temperate spirit manifested by the Under-Secretary, there could be no doubt that the House of Commons would hesitate for a moment to give them its support.

Lord Palmerston said the cruisers had been sent into the Cuban waters in consequence of the wishes of Parliament, and of deputations to the Government, and also in compliance with the wish of the American Government themselves. He hoped her Majesty's Government would urge the American Government to send out cruisers to prevent the abuse of the flag of the United States, which had been the cause of the difficulty.

Mr. Disraeli said that the best dispatch that could be sent to America was the calm and dispassionate spirit in which the House of Commons was discussing the question. He added that the American Government had been invited to engage in measures to protect each country against abuses of its flag. He had confidence that the existing misconceptions would speedily disappear. He was not annoyed at American ships of war being sent into Cuban waters, because they would there see for themselves what had taken place.

DEBATE ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The day before, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury deeply regretted that the efforts of England to suppress the slave-trade had not been seconded by other nations. With regard to the late unhappy differences, he had admitted to the American Government, as a question of international law, that England was not entitled to insist upon the right of search; but had also put it strongly to the American Government, whether they would continue to permit their flag to be prostituted to the worst of purposes; and he had urged the necessity of ocean police, and that some understanding should be come to between the different maritime nations, which would enable the nationality of vessels to be clearly verified without any danger of a breach of international law. He had every reason to believe, from a conversation he had had with the American Minister, that some such arrangement might be come to. With regard to Spain, it was notorious that hitherto the moral support which she had received from England had materially aided her in resisting the wishes of the United States to annex Cuba; but if she still persisted in supporting the slave-trade, it was highly probable that the present anxiety of Great Britain would be exchanged for indifference.

Earl Gray was sorry there should be any attempts to renew the slave-trade. He thought the United States and France solely responsible for the renewal. With regard to the question of international law, so far as he understood it, an American vessel filled with slaves might leave Africa without England being able to interfere with her, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of her character.

Earl Aberdeen said this definition of international law was quite correct.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

The Queen is making a tour to Birmingham and the vicinity. She is fond of sight-seeing, loves excitement, and never looks more pleased than when she is in the midst of the crowd, and listens to its cheers. She has just had enjoyment of this kind without stint, giving and receiving pleasure. The Birmingham display excited the enthusiasm of the townspeople, and enormous numbers poured in from the adjacent towns and counties to see the little potentate on whose dominions the sun never sets. Her visit to Warwick Castle must have conjured up historic associations connected with the "king-maker." To the American public the fact is significant, that Aston Hall, near Birmingham, to inaugurate which was the professed object of the Queen's visit to that part of England, is Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," and the subject of some of his papers in the Sketch-Book. The Queen will proceed in a little time to Leeds, where similar honors await her.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON AND HIS WIFE.

We take the following from the *Morning Star*: "A most painful scene occurred at Hertford on Tuesday, the 18th. Toward the close of the proceedings of the Hertfordshire election, just after Sir Edward had concluded his address with a fervent tribute of admiration to the womanly beauty exhibited in the long line of open carriages, chaises, and vans, drawn up in front of the hustings, there was an unwonted stir in the crowd, which parted to admit of the passage of a hired brougham from one of the town inns. The carriage having stopped, two ladies alighted, one of them an extremely handsome woman, of about forty-five years of age, with fresh complexion, and with eyes of dazzling beauty. The lady, who was evidently laboring under excitement which exercised all her powers to control, advanced as nearly as she could through the crowd toward the hustings, and announced herself as the wife of the Right Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton, stating that she had come, according to a promise made by her, to confront her husband, and to expose the wrongs which she said he had inflicted upon her, and which she had described in her works, and in a pamphlet published by her. The appearance of the lady was not unexpected, as her coming had been announced in bills and placards; but, owing to a deception which had been practiced upon her by some persons in the town who had introduced themselves to her, she was detained in the town while the election was proceeding in the vicinity. Those in the secret anticipated that she would not discover the mistake until the proceedings were over, and that her design would be thus frustrated. It was nearly so. Recognized as soon as observed, her voice was nearly drowned by the shouts of Sir Edward's supporters, but Sir Edward's eye caught hers, and his face paled. He looked like a man suddenly attacked by paralysis. Those near him say he trembled exceedingly. For a few moments he retained his position in front of the hustings, but turned his back on the unwelcome visitor. Then he suddenly disappeared below the hustings' platform, while his wife cried 'Coward,' and he, having hastily signed the usual declaration, escaped into the residence of the gentleman on whose grounds the election took place. Lady Lytton continued to address the audience assembled for more than a quarter of an hour, repeating her statements in her pamphlet, and asserting her intention to confront her husband on every possible occasion until she compelled him to redress her wrongs. Her ladyship subsequently made an application to the mayor for the use of the Town-hall, for the purpose of making a public statement, but this being refused her, she left the town early in the afternoon. Lady Lytton arrived in Hertford at three o'clock on the morning of the election, having posted from Taunton, where she resides. It is needless to say that the event described has caused the greatest possible excitement in Hertfordshire."

CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Atlas and Bee* says: "The scandalous reports about Dickens and his family have excited much attention here; but the manly card of Mr. Dickens, published in *Household Words*, relieves him from the imputation of infidelity. I was yesterday conversing with a gentleman well acquainted with the Dickens family, and he attributes the difference between the novelist and wife to diverse views they take in regard to the religious education of their daughters. Mr. Dickens is a decided latitudinarian in his views, and generally attends the Unitarian Church; while Mrs. Dickens, an Edinburgh lady, brought up in the stricter doctrines of Presbyterianism, still clings to the religious ideas inculcated in her youth, and naturally wishes her daughters brought up in the same way. The fact of the daughters siding with the father merely shows that, like most young people, they approve of those doctrines that offer more freedom, and are generally more attractive in appearance at least." It is hinted that the character of Mrs. Clennam, in Little Dorrit, may have been intended to reprove some of the austerities which have annoyed the novelist in his wife.

FIRST-FRUITS OF THE PILLAGE AT LUCKNOW.

A lady residing at Clifton, the wife of a gallant major at present serving in India, has received a letter from her husband, which gives a glowing account of the treasure seized by the British troops at Lucknow. As an earnest of his own success, he has sent her home a necklace of splendid pearls and some emeralds, one of which is believed to be of large value. The gems are in a comparatively rough state, the emeralds having been ignorantly and, we had almost said, mercilessly drilled through. The letter speaks of a corporal in the gallant officer's regiment having got a bracelet which will probably be worth from £100,000 to £200,000. Another letter from a younger officer received at Clifton states that the writer has got three superb embroidered shawls of rare workmanship and great price.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

Lord Carlingford, who has for a number of years been engaged in constructing a flying machine, has announced the success of his undertaking in a letter to the *Kilkenny Moderator*, in which he says: "Although I have not yet taken flight in the aehredon, which name I have given to my aërial chariot, I may with confidence and truth announce to you and the world the success of its principle from the results I obtained by an experiment three days ago. Having made some little improvement in the plan of starting the aehredon, which consisted in applying a crook to the top of it, and then hooking it to a cord supported between two poles, in the manner of a swing, and having raised it about two feet from the ground, and then drawing it back about two yards and giving it a slight pull forward, it started off, then elevated itself a little in the air, and after going a short distance alighted in the most gentle manner. It acted in this way in consequence of the tail not having been fastened down. By this experiment it must be considered that the principle is fully established, as well as the perfect manner of starting it. When I have made a few more experiments and found out the weight the present extent of wing will be able to bear, and if found sufficient to carry a person without being put to any great speed, which I consider most likely to be the case, it shall be taken to Dublin without delay, and there exhibited for charitable purposes and to the criticism of all."

SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR A KISS.

At the Wareham petty sessions, a day or two since, William Craft, a carpenter, was charged with the following offense: Miss Collyns, daughter of the Rev. H. C. Collyns, of Farringdon Rectory, Devon, went with some relations on board the steamer *Ursa Major* from Poole to Swanage. The defendant was also on board, and when they landed on the quay he pulled her down and kissed her. It does not appear that she was hurt. The magistrates sentenced him to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

A MAN EATEN BY PIGS.

Some time since, Mr. Isaac Love, of Bradford-on-Avon, marine-store dealer, left his home for the purpose of going to his garden, about a quarter of a mile distant, where he had several stys of pigs. His wife, finding he did not return, went to the garden in search of him, and not finding him, further search was made, but to no effect. In the morning his son went to the garden, and on looking over one of the stys containing nine small pigs, observed their noses were very bloody, which induced him to go into the house part of the sty, when he was horrified at seeing his father lying on his back quite dead, with the whole of his face and part of his neck completely eaten by the pigs. It is supposed that the deceased went into the sty, and while there had a fit. He was a stout man, in his fifty-eighth year.

A REAL QUASIMODO.

A most fearful scene was lately witnessed in South Shields market-place. Thomas Cook, a sailor, had returned from Hamburg that morning in a brig named the *Castle Eden*. He had been a little excited when he came home, but there had been nothing in his manner very much to alarm his wife. After tea he had dressed himself and gone out; and it would seem that he was immediately after attacked with a sudden fit of madness. He was observed running about in a frightfully excited state, and then to clamber by the spouting to the roof of St. Hilda's church. With such agility as only sailors display, he attached himself to the east side of the church-tower by resting his toe-ends upon a thin ledging sloping to the ground, and not more than an inch in breadth, and striking his finger-nails into the lime between the stones, he brought himself to the outside; but finding he could not pass the other angles, he dropped with his hands on the narrow ledge, and passed himself, hand over hand, completely round the tower—a most miraculous performance—as the oldest sailor in the large crowd that had gathered together had expected every moment that he would slip, and be dashed to pieces on the pavement. Having got back to the roof of the church, the unfortunate man tore off his neck-tie, coat, and linen shirt, and rending them to shreds, he threw the fragments among the excited crowd below. He then pulled out his watch, and dashing it to pieces, pitched it at them. He next emptied his trowsers' pockets of money and cigars and threw them away, and every one thought he was about to precipitate himself from the roof, when the police and several young men burst open the belfry, and rushed to the roof. When Cook saw them coming to him he ran toward them and attempted to drag one young man over the leads, but he was overpowered, and was taken off to the police-station by a strong force of policemen and civilians. He was put into a strait-waistcoat. Cook was a remarkably steady and industrious man, and it is thought that his madness has been produced by the extreme heat experienced at Hamburg.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR *vs.* THE BIBLE SOCIETIES.

A singular edict has appeared in the *Moniteur* relative to the circulation of books and pamphlets by the colporteurs, the individuals so much employed by our English Bible Society. This edict sets out with the assertion that 8,000,000 of immoral books were dispersed over the rural districts of France by 10,000 hawkers "about the year 1847"—that is to say, before the happy period when a revolution prepared that country for its present ruler. "This was the consequence," we are told, "of the imprudent neglect that is adorned with the name of Liberty." For six years the Imperial Government has sought to abate the plague; and not having been so successful as could have been wished, severe means are to be adopted. "It is the duty of the Administration," we read, "to prevent foreign societies, possessed of considerable resources, from dispatching agents to France with the view of producing agitation." We hope this does not mean that the Bible is the next danger to be apprehended in the land of Fénélon. At all events, it pretty clearly shows that the Emperor has a compact with the French clergy which may involve his retention of power.

RESIGNATION OF ESPINASSE.

General Espinasse, Minister of the Interior, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. He is raised to the rank of senator. M. Delangle, senator, and President of the Imperial Court, has been appointed to succeed General Espinasse.

The resignation of General Espinasse has produced a favorable impression at Paris. His successor, as a lawyer, can not but have greater respect for the law.

DE PENE'S ASSASSINS ACQUITTED.

The public prosecutor of Versailles has drawn up a report on the late duel which declares that the military engaged in the case are not subject to civil jurisdiction in reference to the two wounds received by M. de Pène. The report states that in the precipitation of the combat, Hyenne, fearing a parry and thrust, and not being fully aware that he had wounded his adversary in the right side, had instantaneously made a second thrust, to which de Pène, by a sudden change of position, had presented the left side. It adds that Hyenne had never been a fencing master.

A TOUCH OF THE OLD REGIME.

There is afloat an interesting anecdote connected with the charming *fête* given lately at Etoilles by Count Walewski, in honor of the visit of their Majesties. A fine little boy, son of the Count, attracted great notice, and the Emperor calling the child to him, asked, "What is your name, my boy?" The child replied, "Charles Walewski"—"Count d'Etoilles," added the Emperor, completing the answer. His Majesty desired, apparently, by conferring this title on the son, to express how highly he esteemed the services of the father as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Count Walewski has, it is said, ordered, from a first-rate artist, a picture to represent the *fête* at Etoilles—the occasion of this high mark of Imperial favor.

DEATH OF ARY SCHEFFER.

We have to announce a fact which every lover of art will learn with regret. Ary Scheffer is dead. From the *Journal des Débats*, which contains the sad intelligence, we learn that he succumbed on Wednesday, 16th, to the attacks of a complaint, the seeds of which had existed for many years, the result being hastened by emotions occasioned by a recent mournful journey. Falling ill, at London, three weeks since, M. Scheffer returned to his country only to bid his family and friends a last farewell. Ary Scheffer was born in Holland, of French parents, in 1795. He studied art at Paris under the celebrated Guerin, and in that city practiced both historical and genre painting with great success. Among his best known pictures are his "Christ the Comforter," a work of great power and beauty, "Francesca da Rimini," "Dante and Beatrice," Goethe's "Margaret," and "Mignon." His works are remarkable for loftiness and simplicity. Their technical merits are very high. His drawing is true and graceful, his touch firm, and his color often beautiful. In France, Ary Scheffer was regarded as the leader of devotional art, toward which he was carried by the strongest tendencies of his character. One of his countrymen has said of him: "All the world is able to admire some at least of those compositions which have become popular, where distinguished taste is associated with the finest and truest sentiment; but only they who are acquainted with M. Scheffer can know from what a living source of poetry those pathetic and charming creations emanated. M. Scheffer was not only a great artist—he had a mind open to all that is noble, generous, and good. His great career—always maintained in a line of the most rigid independence—offers to youthful talent the pattern of a life gloriously passed."

ALEXANDER DUMAS'S LAST DISH.

A Paris correspondent says: "Alexandre Dumas is gone, or talks of going, to Petersburg, Moscow, Tiflis, Constantinople, and 'adjacent parts,' whence he will return in two months, or less, with twenty volumes of travel, or more. I long since ceased to keep the run even of the titles of his new books. But he is something more, not to say better, than a writer; he is a cook—not a common roaster and boiler, but an inventive, 'talented' cook. One of his latest productions in that capacity is a roast rabbit, a meritorious work, of which the following recipe will, I think, lead to numerous American editions; 'Take a rabbit, kill him, open him, draw him, save all the blood; take the blood, the liver, a chicken's wing, two partridge wings, a truffle, a little sausage meat, onion, parsley, a clove of garlic, pepper, salt, etc., a bit of butter—chop and mix all these, and stuff the rabbit with the compound; hang him for two days by the hind legs in a cool, dry room; then put him on the spit, and turn him simply, without basting—for, mind, he is in his skin yet; when little jets of savory issue from him, remove him from the fire, hold him in the left hand by the hind legs, seize his apology for a tail with the right, give it one firm jerk, and your rabbit is skinned; serve him up with a butter sauce; sit and eat with thankfulness,' and drink to the health of Alexandre Dumas."

A THIEF CAUGHT BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Five or six days ago," says a late Paris paper, "M. X——, a photographer, allured by the brightness of the sun and the softness of the air, provided himself with necessary baggage, and hastened to Fontainebleau to take views in the forest. He installed in a very picturesque quarter, erected his apparatus, prepared his plates, opened his object-glass, and, enveloping at once his case and his head in a large, dark, and fluctuant vail, set himself to the task of seizing the objects in view. He had just taken out his proof from the dark chamber, and was subjecting it to chemical reactions, when a strong hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned round hastily and found himself in presence of a species of giant, meanly attired, who, by gesture and voice, demanded his purse. M. X—— is not a Hercules, and, from the first glance cast toward his adversary, he concluded that all resistance was useless. He therefore politely offered his purse, which was accepted with thankfulness. The robber bowed, and, leaving him to his resignation, went into the depths of the forest. Poor X——, meditating on his sad lot, remained some time motionless; his looks were mechanically set on his photographic proof; he mused upon it with a diverted and unconcerned eye; suddenly—'What is this?' exclaimed he; 'what is the human form in this coppice, under the shade of this oak? Heaven! should I believe my eyes? It is him, it is my robber, perfectly delineated, and very easy to be recognized. Oh, Providence! Oh, divine sun, my co-laborer, how well you do things!' On his return, he repaired to the police commissioner's at Fontainebleau, related his adventure, exhibited his proof-plate and the malefactor's likeness. Next day, with the aid of this singular description, the robber was arrested!"

ITALY.

THE PRESIDENT PRAYED FOR AT FLORENCE.

A letter-writer from Italy tells a story of a display of the right sort of "Americanism" by one of our countrymen in Florence. The Church of England has a congregation there, the expenses of which are paid by an admission fee of two pauls, demanded of all who enter the church. The receipts from this source being insufficient to provide for the support of the minister and sexton, the vestrymen (all English) had to make it up from their own private purses. One of the members resigned, and an American gentleman was requested to take his place. Knowing very well the object of the proposition, our countryman determined, at least, to make the best bargain that he could, and consented to serve, on condition that a prayer for the President and his Cabinet should be inserted in the service along with that for the Queen and Royal Family. The terms were accepted; the new vestryman was installed into office; the worthy clergyman and the vigilant beadle are now provided for; and public prayer is constantly made for the American President and his ministers on the banks of the classic old Arno—all the results of a good Yankee bargain.

TURKEY.

MARRIAGE OF A SULTANA.

Nezibeh Sultana was married on 3d June. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the scene:

"At one o'clock the indispensable salute of cannon announced the beginning of the proceedings. One by one the high officials entered their caiques; passing the palace, they stopped at some distance from it, waiting for the appearance of the bride, and ready to head the *cortége*. By degrees the palace caiques approached and moored along the quay, leaving the place of honor before the gate to the splendid state caique destined for the Sultana, and immediately before it another, similar, but not so rich, for the Kislar Aga, who has to deliver over the bride to her future husband. The Sultana's caique was painted white, with richly gilt carvings along the bulwarks, and rose-colored oars, likewise relieved with gold ornaments. In the afterpart of it a beautiful little cabin, all gold and pale blue, with glittering Venetian blinds, was erected. A faint sound of song, the usual marriage ditty, heralded the approach of the bride; the children disappeared, the servants formed a row, and the procession began.

"First came, supported by two blacks, the Kislar Aga, who is at the head of the whole female department of the palace, and plays a prominent part on all such occasions. After him the mother of the bride, gorgeously dressed in pink satin ferigeh, likewise supported by two blacks, one of them holding a large pink umbrella, embroidered in silver, over her head. She was followed by the younger brothers and sisters of the bride, each of them accompanied by their mothers and their suites of ladies and blacks. When these had passed and taken their seats in the caiques, the red screen was spread out and drawn down to the door of the little cabin, so as to conceal the bride from profane eyes. In spite of these precautions, before she descended the flight of steps one could catch a glance of her as she came out, covered with a rose-colored vail from head to foot, and followed by a host of ladies and children of the palace, who accompanied her, singing the monotonous marriage chant, which sounded quite melodious as it came across the water. The screen was withdrawn, and a fat eunuch in a rich uniform sat before the door of the cabin, which had let in the bride."

THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

The signal was given and the procession started, the high officials in front according to their rank—the highest nearest to the bride; after them the caique containing the Kislar Aga, and then the bride, followed by her sisters and brothers, and her own and their suites.

The distance from the palace to Emerghan, where Mustapha Pacha's summer palace has been taken for the couple, is about five miles, and the sight which they presented while the procession passed slowly was quite unique. Wherever there is a quay along the whole distance, it was covered with a multitude, almost exclusively women, who in sight-seeing have here always the right of precedence. Wherever there is no quay and the houses rise close to the water, the windows presented the same aspect. On all the prominent points the military were drawn up, with their bands playing, so that the *cortége* was almost all along accompanied by the sound of music. The effect which this *ensemble* produced it is impossible to describe. Color, which forms the most prominent feature in every Eastern *tableau*, lent to this, too, a charm of its own; the most glaring tints harmonized, and were framed in by the equally bright-colored houses on both shores, looking their best in the brilliant sunshine, with emerald green hills as a back-ground, a cloudless sky above, and a blue, calm sea below. It was a real feast for the eye.

After a row of about an hour and a half the procession reached its destination. The Sultana stopped before the harem door in her caique until all the female part of the *cortége* had landed, and formed inside to receive her. Before the screen was closed one could see the *grande maîtresse* come down to introduce the bride to her house. Again the sounds of the marriage song were heard, the screen was withdrawn, and the bride had passed.

ALGIERS.

HOW TO MAKE RAIN.

At Bona the native Algerines, angry at no rain falling, seized half a dozen Marabouts, and plunged the holy men into the sea, keeping them in the bath until a shower came. It actually began to pour down at once. The Lazzaroni at Naples are trying a similar experiment against the lava of Vesuvius with a wooden doll of St. Januarius.

INDIA.

ILLNESS OF MR. RUSSELL.

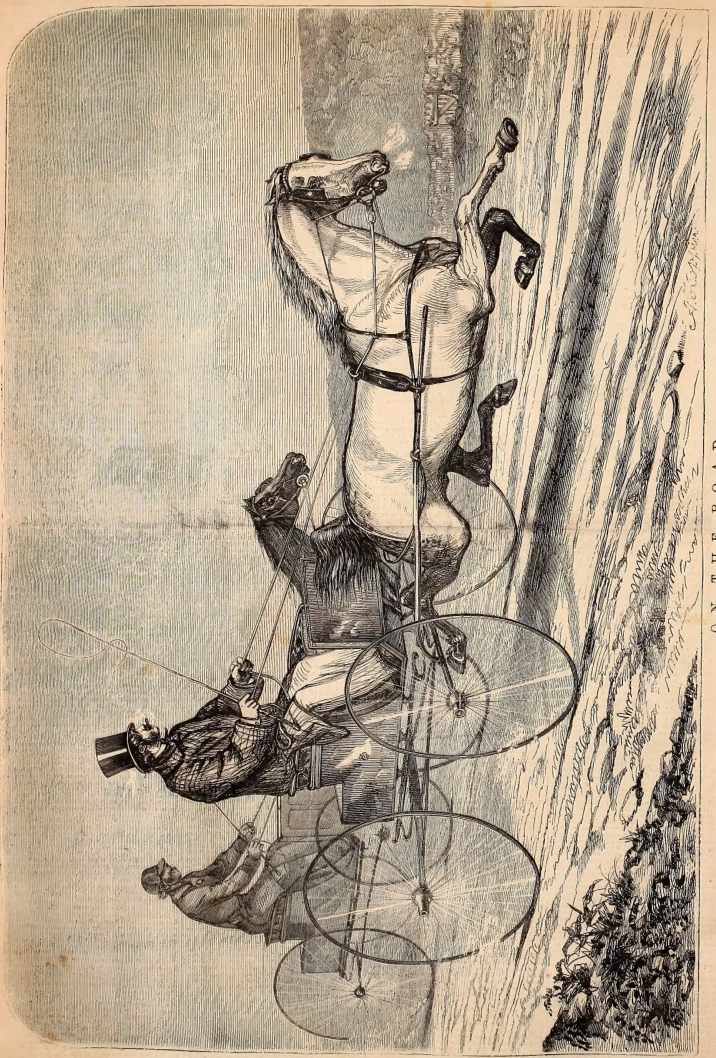
The Bombay *Gazette* says: "Much suffering has already been entailed on our men in the field from the great power of the sun. We see, with regret, that Mr. William Russell, the *Times'* correspondent, was struck in this way at the attack of the Bareilly cantonments, and requires much care and attention before he can recover. His first accident was a kick from a horse, which compelled him to resort to a dhooly. When the baggage was in danger at Bareilly his bearers put him down on the road and bolted. Weak and very ill, he nevertheless managed to mount a horse, when a sun-stroke knocked him down, and very nearly proved fatal."

AN ELEPHANT-RIDE.

Mr. Russell thus describes an elephant-ride which he had before he was struck down: "I had not been long asleep under my tree when I was awoke by Colonel Pakenham calling out, 'Where is my elephant?' very much in the same tone of voice as a man in a club would ask for his hat. The elephants were punctual. At the word of the mahout, the ancient pachyderm, who was to carry the Quartermaster-General, Colonel M'Pherson; Major Stewart, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General; Dr. Mackinnon, Surgeon to the Head-quarters, and myself, knelt down, with infinite condescension, and permitted a ladder to be placed against his side, by which we mounted to a contrivance just like the body of an Irish jaunting-car, strapped over his back. We preferred that mode of mounting to the more usual way of putting one's foot on the animal's proboscis, and holding on by the lower flap of his huge Indian-rubber-looking ear, while he, by a gentle curl upward of his omnificent snout, raises the rider to his back—or to the equally popular mode of seizing his tail and putting our foot against his hind-leg, which the animal elevates at the word of command till the biped is high enough to scramble to his seat on the howdah. We sat back to back, two at each side, nicely balanced, and, having undergone two smart shocks of an earthquake while our friend, in two great heaves, fore and aft, got to his feet, proceeded on our journey. I can not say, notwithstanding the honor and glory of the thing, that the elephant is an animal which makes a favorable impression as a means of locomotion. The only thing to which I can compare the pitching fore and aft, as he rises and falls in his stride, is the riding of a light collier brig in a joggling tide-way. One of our party was soon sickened, and the others were engaged with great severity of aspect in holding on to the rails of the vessel, 'like grim death to a backstay.' We passed along above the dust with a nightmary sensation, and before two o'clock in the morning our line of elephants had delicately picked their way by their noses over the bridge of boats, and were in Rohilcund, plodding through the crowd of animals of an inferior order—man and beast—toward their destination. And so we went on till dawn, very sleepy, and very tight-ropy and noddy. We roused up to an attitude of attention at the sight of a broad and deep-looking river, which looked any thing but inviting under the combined rays of the setting moon and the rising sun. This was the Ramgunga, and the bridge of boats a few yards above us were those which had been secured by the victory at Allehgunj, after the sad affair at Rhadamow. The Lord Sahib's elephants were just crossing the bridge, and so ours were driven to the ford, and at once plunged into the stream. As these sagacious and highly intellectual beings are horribly fond of practical jokes, we watched the depth of the water with some anxiety, lest our bearer should avoid the trouble of swimming by the simple expedient of letting his feet drop, and walking on the bottom, while the top of his proboscis, held above water, supplied him with air; but the stream was not more than six or seven feet deep, and we crossed without an involuntary ablution."

A DUST STORM IN INDIA.

Mr. Russell tells the following story: "We have just had our first dust storm. The evening was sultry and oppressive, and on leaving the mess tent, about eight o'clock, to go to bed, I saw that a large bank of clouds lay under the moon. As I looked a large globe of fire opened out as it were from the cloud, and seemed to fall to the ground. I returned to the tent and mentioned what I had seen, but there was no need of any telling that a storm was brewing. As I walked to my tent, and just as I was within ten yards of it, I observed something like a wall of mud, ten or twelve feet high, advancing toward us. In an instant I was half smothered and quite blinded by a rush of dust and fine pebbles, carried by a strong blast, above the noise of which rose the flapping of tents and the mutterings of thunder. I had to shout for assistance, and my servants led me to the tent, which was intent on joining the dust and pebbles, but was coerced by ropes to desist. The sky became pitch dark, in spite of the moon—lightning flashed through the storm now and then, only to show how dense it was—the dust was irresistible and overpowering—tents were blown down and over—thunder rolled and great drops of rain fell, but long after our tired soldiers were fast asleep the storm passed away."



ON THE ROAD.



ON THE BEACH.

ON THE ROAD AND BY THE BEACH.

"Tue Road," as a technical term, has borne very different significations since their mother tongue of ease was first invented. In the old mother country, when a man took to "the road," he became a highway robber. When a gentleman "tried the road," he drove a coach-and-four over a well-beaten turnpike in advance of the "jarvey" of the day. When a laborer fell back on "the road," he became "a tinker" not by any means a member of pots and pans, but a peddler, and roughly speaking a police call a meek-stick. When a poor mother and her children were "on the road," it was certain that they had been turned out of house and home by a scoundrel of a husband and father. In this moralizing, and in our day, people who take to "the road" drive fast horses on the dusty avenues which lead from the northern portion of the city to the upper end of Manhattan Island.

It is a dreary pastime. The overwrought New Yorker may not unreasonably seek a mild form of recreation by driving his family out of an afternoon on the only country roads which lead from the city into the country. But alas for our peace and comfort! democracy has its rights and the means of gratifying them; and a gentleman's horse will kick up as much dust as a hook driver, a hackman, or a bully. The "gentleman rides" fondly imagine, fashionable drives for the aristocratic portion of our people, the fashionable drive from the city northward are the resort of all that's least admirable in our motley population. Jim and Jack, who belong to the class which has for designates us "loose, idle, and disorderly persons," are the prominent characters on "the road." They have 2:40 horses, and they pride themselves on the discomfort of their vehicles, the savagery of their costume, and the number of victims which they have run over. Every fine day Jim runs a race with Jack to the most distant discomfort of Harlem Bridge, who is taking Mrs. Park and the little Parkers out for a quiet drive. Whether Jim beat Jack, or Jack beat Jim, the Park family must inhale the same amount of dirt. Who are they—blustard aristocrats, indeed!—that they should complain and wail for certain the privileges of the unterrified democracy?

Sometimes Montmorency De Rohan Trevylyan condescends to drive out on "the road." Him do Jack, Jim, and the empire to generally with their short-tailed cobs athwart the proud nose of his thorough-bred, and filling that of his owner with dust. He rests on the nobility of Trevylyan, and long and often such a provocation. A time comes, sooner or later, when he is taken up for furious, and a more hist—with rein, voice, or whip—is given to through-fast that he may "acquire" it. He, learning in almost human, forgets all his pride, begins to air his mettle; Jim and Jack must see about it that they are not left behind. To the credit of our great sawdust be it said that they seldom decline a fair race. Jim drives a butcher's cart, and delivers orders at Newport in the season; Jack has lately enjoyed the genial hospitalities of the Governor of Sing Sing. But "the road" at this at least among the characteristics of a better place—it is no respecter of persons. Jack and Jim, behind their cobs, are the equals of Montmorency De Rohan Trevylyan; and if his horse be the slowest of four, they run his opponent's nonetheless. Fate thus decrees. Generally, however, as the fickle novelists say, blood will tell in the end, and, as our article depicts the scene, it is the cur Jack who swallows the dust. At any rate, both tear along "the road" at dangerous pace, endanger horses, men, women, and children, if they chance to be in the way; and choke Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Park without the least compunction.

Rumor—that very scandalous dame—will have it that Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Park are among the representatives of fashion who are regular patrons of "the road." It is said that the music of history has been often lashed a fast horse relentlessly, only to talk in a stinson of dust. It is whispered that several millions of colonial currency and a high palatal have been recklessly endangered by a race with a fast steamboat. These scandals may pass; but when gossip dares to assert that the pillar of pure orthodoxy and the largest contributor to benevolent institutions has been seen to jog the whip on a light hay with a view to outstrip an indecent driver by number inches, it is time to stop its mouth and change the subject.

Brown knows better than to tock exercise or portion on "the road." He—the man has already fed the city. Accident—the merest accident—induced him to select Moonshine Bay as his summer retreat. It chanced that the Miss Smiths were there. Eumus adores riding; Emily loves riding; Lucy can not live without riding. It is more natural, then, than that Brown should ride out of a summer-day with the Miss Smiths on the hard sand beach? There are no Jacks or Jims there to disturb the delicious pastime; and if they were there, there is no dust to be conjured. Nothing underfoot but the hard, clean beach, and now and then a spatter of sweet; nothing above but the tearing sea air coming swelling from great Atlantic depths, rebounding from the rough faces of the surf. No sound is there but the roar of the breakers and the chirrup of insects; for if Brown does now and then drop behind when Emily rises up to enjoy a particular effect of the moon, they do not converse in tones loud enough to break the great silence of the scene. Indeed, it is the delightful thing it is to have a gallop on a good horse by the seashore, with a lovely girl to share the pleasure!

WHAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY IN OUR VILLAGE.

THERE came one day to stay with Mrs. Quirk, the boarding-house keeper in our village, a pale, slender youth, who seemed to have glided into the place like a spirit. No one but Mrs. Quirk—not even his landlady, I believe, he appeared, as it were, and wandered up and down our street, and through our woods, with something ghostly in his air. He was very beautiful—something like what Hyde must have been when the river nymphs twined themselves round his delicate limbs, and bore him to their fountain palaces. A fine spirituality had, almost drowning, as it were, in billows of rich golden hair. Large, deep-blue eyes, as tender yet as shy, that they looked like Lucy Ashmere stars bathed in the falling dews. Delicate white hands, and small graceful feet. He was not fat, far too beautiful for a man; never theless we were all in love with him.

He proved to be possessed of a pretty river run through our village — one of those sweet New Rivers of Hertfordshire, brimmed with trout, and set with water-plants, and rich with the blue forget me-not and the crimson lobelia. Here he would spend the greater part of the day, playing his small white hand into the water, weaving wreaths of the wild flowers that grew among the rushes, and watching the swallows, as they drove, like flying leaves, through the air.

He pursued all the amusements usual to youths of his age. He neither fished, nor shot, nor hunted; nevertheless he would be seen with a look in his hand, but this was unfrequent; the greater portion of his time was spent by the bank of the little river, with a book in the hollow of his hand, resting in the sunshine, and drinking in the breath of flowers.

Who was he? No one knew. Is avoided all intimacies, and rarely spoke even to good Mrs. Quirk, who, by the way, from some reason unknown to me, entertained the mystery in which he had enshrouded himself. All we knew was, he called himself Henry Aspen, and came from New York. With this scanty information we were feign to content ourselves; and every one and every one's name that he was of a young girls saw him passing down the street, with his delicate features, and his rich hair falling in long curls over his shoulders, we would wonder among ourselves as to his name, his connections, and his history, but no question that he had been crossed in love.

The summer-house, and the mansion had already kindled its early fires in the woods, and you remarked that day by day, the youth Aspen became paler and paler, and walk with a slower step. He now might be seen, day after day, creeping to the river-side, with a book in his hand, upon which were the sun shone, with closed eyes, and cheeks that seemed as wan as the lilies that grew near them.

One fine autumn evening, when the sun was shaking shafts of golden light through the dark blackest ebony against his fiery disc, we beheld Mrs. Quirk issue in a state of unusual agitation from her house, and run across the road to the doctor's. In a few minutes she reappeared, accompanied by our good physician, who had been summoned her house. Something was evidently the matter. What could it be? Was the poor youth taken ill? Is there severe cyst, or consumption? with tears at the very thought of such a contingency.

In less than an hour the doctor issued from Quirk's door. He looked so grave and sad that we knew that death was in our village.

Mrs. Quirk was questioned, but could not be information save that Henry Aspen, as he called himself, had taken to his bed in a state of a blood vessel in the lungs. The doctor returned evasive answers to every other question we put to him, and left the village. Two days elapsed, however, that evening, and then we knew that something must happen.

Sure enough the very next day a carriage dashed up to Mrs. Quirk's door, and a lady and gentleman got out, and hurried into the house.

Poor people! thought my the father and mother, of course. Consumption has got the better of him.

There was a funeral: the next day, and we could see in the depths of a large carriage two pale, sorrowful faces, mourning for the dear child.

Conceive our astonishment, on the very next day, while we were all talking over the matter, the Rev. Linus Bean, invite our prayers for the soul of Lucy Henrietta Aspen, who died on the evening of the 30th inst., aged 17.

Henry Aspen, therefore, was a woman!

Of course, from that moment the youth had been forced into a match with a man she detested, by her parents; and lovely lovers a young naval officer who was far away at sea. On the morning of the wedding she disguised herself and fled. Her parents, grieved, flew to mourn and die.

Peace be with her!

MR. JAMRACH'S COLLEGE FOR YOUNG BEASTS.

BEYOND the leading articles of my newspaper, in which I am a connoisseur, I seldom look at any other part of it. Though I constantly aim at result, I despise conclusions, and if I can avoid all, either, I often pursue things not bargained for or expected; and in this manner, I can not tell exactly when, a paragraph met my eye purporting that a certain tiger broke loose on a certain day, from the menagerie of Mr. Jamrach, a dealer and importer of wild beasts in London, England, ran into the street, was recaptured in the same, and, by and a certain man, armed with a crow-bar, on the other; the animal eventually ended in the ferocious future of the wild beast and her ignominious return (it was a lady tiger) to her prison cage. So much is a note of it, determining in my own mind that I would beat up Mr. Jamrach some fine day. The resolve remained some time in abeyance, and might have continued so some time longer, were it not for a certain announcement which again came under my eye, to the effect that a fine rhinoceros had arrived at Mr. Jamrach's seminary, preparatory to undergoing such courses of education as rhinoceroses should make the animal fitting society for the beasts of a civilized menagerie. Not knowing how long this educational course might last, to Mr. Jamrach I went without further delay.

I though ignorant of the number of that gentleman's residence, I took it for granted that the name of one who had conquered a truant tigress and led her back to captivity, could not be hid under a bushel, and that he would be certainly known to every cabman in town. I was not mistaken. I was the first boy I met directed me to a shop where wild animals were sold, and crowing commercially fell on my ear, and certain stuffed specimens of natural history placed in the windows would have satisfied me that I had got right place at last, but for the name of Jamrach had not been printed in Large letters over the door. Mr. Jamrach presented himself in the form of a stalwart German—of whom a prudent lion or tiger would not care to make a meal—and on my query if Mr. Jamrach was disposed, for I subsequently had to learn that a rhinoceros was a very different subject to deal with as wild beasts as a cane to the hands of a pedagogue. The object of my call was soon explained. I wanted to know what the wild beasts, his pupils; to study their course of education; to familiarize myself with their habits; whether they took kindly to human discipline or not; whether they remembered favors; and, in short, any other collateral points which the master might be kind enough to indicate. He entered into my views at length of detail, and I take a public opportunity of thanking him for all his civility.

"I have only small animals here," he said "birds chiefly, but you will perceive. But come with me a little way down the street, and you shall see my large animals. I have an only distant from here about three hundred yards."

So away we went.

In a large, court-yard, I found myself between two rows of cages. There were not many animals in that part of the establishment. Some of the Andes, moping sullenly in her cage, had one side of the court-yard pretty nearly to herself. Passing on, I came to the Bengal tiger, and to a new order. That lodder Mr. Jamrach told me to mount, which made me shy of looking at the animal as I had to found my there? My informant explained.

"She is not up there," replied he, "but she is below in the cellar, with a joint in the flooring you will have to see her."

Down there I went, and had I peeped, and there, in a den, sure enough she was, nibbling hay with much complacency. Mr. Jamrach now went away, handing me over to the guidance of the keeper, I mean, of his wild animals. This keeper was a young man, and had a very tight waist, led as the animals under his charge. A very small man, indeed; yet to him I found the credit was due of having taught the leopards to dance the tiger-dance. I found him full of anecdote; and I, making the best of my opportunity, put to him questions him about his system of education, and the peculiarities of his pupils. I asked him first about the tiger, which I considered dangerous. It was, among his pupils, to gain the confidence of a lion than a tiger; yet tigers were not to be trusted, though they have very pretty ways. "That very tigress which escaped," said he, "knew me well, and seemed to be very fond of me. Often, when I was passing the front of her den, she would thrust out both her paws between the bars, and lick me."

"And did you accept her invitation?" said I.

"Often enough," said he, "but not one on either side of my neck, she would caress me."

Lions and tigers are often gentle enough while in their dens, but outside of them, if by chance they break loose, their natural ferocity again possesses them, and they forget all friendship and one must shoot them no favor or mercy. There is only one way to deal with them."

"And that is?" I asked.

"Knock them on the head at once—stun them. That is how I served the tiger that broke out with the slow of a crow-bar. For a time she lay like a thing dead, and when she recovered well enough to rise, I led her back to her cage. She showed her teeth, and pulled one way—I showed my crow-bar, and pulled the other way. So she and me had like going back, I assure you; but I got the better of her at last.

"And did she ever forgive you?" asked I.

"There was an end to her invitations and caresses, I assure you," said he.

"Not a bit of it," said the keeper; "she forgave me, and after a few days we were as good friend as ever."

"Her memory must have been indifferent," I ventured to suggest. "Probably she forgot about it."

The keeper smiled and shook his head. "The memory of tigers is long," said he, and may be so; he: "I will give you a proof of it. Look at those cages. You will observe we have to clean them out with a hose, through an opening below the railings. Now it is a very common trick of tigers to lie perdu, crouched in a dark part of the cage, and bite at hand as it is. That bad habit must be cured, and there is no dealing with the beast vicious after that fashion. We have a certain cure," continued he; "and when I tell you what it is, you will see that the memory of those tigers have very good memories. We make the tiger lie in the back part of the cage, after biting it once, never bites it a second time.

At this period of the narrative a short grunt from the lion and lioness caused me to turn and look down through the hole. But the lady had by this time herself invisible. No talking to be stared at, as it would seem, she had shrunk away to the farther corner of her den, where, shrouded in darkness, my inquisitive eye-glance could no longer follow her. The keeper was indignant. What business had she to be then my and retiring to a gentlemen formally introduced?

"So he, Mosta?" said he, calling her by her Italian name, "you will be a donna all the same!"

"I'll teach you better manners."

"Wait a bit, I will see to be me; I'll go down and bite her up; I'll make be as quiet as a lamb."

I begged of him to do no such thing: it seemed to me sheer recklessness. Smiling, he bade me have no concern. Then, as a schoolmaster might have seized his cane to correct a stubborn boy, or a huntsman his whip to check the barkings of an unruly dog, so did the usher of Mr. Jamrach's educational establishment lay hold of an instrument proper, I suppose, for the correction and management of rhinoceros-tempers. It was a marvellous-looking thing, rather like a long tomahawk.

Down descended the lion, and lioness' usher bobbed. Bang went the tomahawk, right and left, and with many a snort and grunt, forward, in a position of defence, the rhinoceros came, and came the rhinoceros. I beg the reader to have no manner of anxiety for her comfort. Accustomed to the thickness of her skin, the tomahawk, murderous though it looked in the abstract, could not hurt her much, I dare say. Now that I have perceived that the nose horn, from which the species name of rhinoceros is derived, is not always disappeared—the invariable result, I was informed, of keeping the two animals in captivity. They are in the habit of rubbing and filing their horn against the hard sides of the den, faster than the horn can be produced and grow.

Passing now near a row of cages, in which some little animals were confined, I felt a soft velvety touch on the back of my hand. Looking round, I perceived a creature, not quite a monkey, but something like it, standing by my side. I was supposed enough to imagine that it might be one of the lemur tribe, previously mentioned, but was supposition which my guide confirmed. It was beggar, poor little fellow, for something to eat. Lemurs, like monkeys, are great adepts at begging. Among the larger animals, a pair of jackals struck me, they were so beautiful and so disgusting. I shall doubt the teaching of Lavater, if what he says be true about the jackals was reliable. He gave them a very bad character indeed. They were cruel and scratch, and do the utmost mischief in their power. To make pets of them, and let them run loose about the premises, was impossible; but among other evil propensities, they were given to cat-killing and cat-eating.

Mr. Jamrach's college numbered among its inmates a goodly lot of monkeys. There they were, of many different sizes, playing, fighting, chattering, making very faces. For the first time in my life I discovered what a baboon looked like. Ugly and wherewithal in London, after their importation. I am somewhat of a monkey admirer. I have always been a-loving that way, and many times have resolved to increase the number of my family by one of those little wonders. But, after long experience, not being cognizant of the monkey mart, and applying to happy-family men and organ-grinders for information, the result was, that monkey-truths was enveloped in such studied mystery, that I began to suspect that the monkey-trade was a caricature presentments of humanity to my household circle. The price of monkeys is not so outrageous, and I will not give up the right now for them. Deponent and carriage count for a good deal. Then, again, the market value of a man is more than personal appearance: and now, in testimony to the good qualities of monkeys—for the softer sex, I am happy to inform my readers that lady-monkeys fetch a higher price in the market than gentleman-monkeys. Of this fact Mr. Jamrach, I was informed, stand the climate almost better than any other. The bi-lateral monkey is a great more gentle. Therefore, between a ring-tail and a bluefaces lies my choice whenever I go into the monkey-market, as a purchaser. But, in the truth, after what I saw at Mr. Jamrach's, I do not think that a monkey would be any delicacy, except I can procure one with a certificate of good character—a contingency not very probable, by-the-way. A friend recommended me to eat of a very pretty pet—one had just been sold at Mr. Jamrach's for fifty shillings (\$12.50)—a very pretty pet indeed, with a long tail, and a countenance supposed to be all gentleness. Sweet little things they are, I was informed, when well treated. But what was the general cruel enough to treat Ah! Although me of opossum rugs, now being manufactured in such numbers for our market. A certain proprietor of an opossum rug (price \$60) told me, as a recommendation, that not less than about a dozen opossums were killed in the manufacture of it. Alas! poor opossums.

"Have you ever seen a somewhat dangerous life of it?" remarked I. "Are you not afraid sometimes?"

He smiled. "Not of beasts and birds," said he; "but the snakes, ugh! I don't like them particularly."

"Do you deal in snakes, too?"

"Of all sorts and sizes. I understand the ways of them, and never get bitten. Any one, and many snakes come here, the ways of which I don't quite understand. Of all snakes, I dare say pythons most. A short time since forty puff-adders came here in a box. I had to remove them one by one, and they were very savage indeed. I got bitten over-out quarters. I didn't half like the job, I can tell you."

"You handle them with tongs, I suppose?"

"We have not a pair of tongs on the premises," replied he.

"How do you catch them, then?"

"With my gloves on," said he, and thumb, and hold them fast. That's the only way to deal with them."

"Do you wear gloves?"

"Yes, very thin gloves. Thick gloves would interfere with the delicacy of one's fingers. A snake would easily bite through many such gloves as I wear; but I fancy leather, however thin, would catch some of the poison. A puff-adder is the ugliest snake I know of. His ways are as ugly as his looks. The rattlesnake I don't mind: he is a gentleman—a fair dealing fellow. Before he bites, he gives you warning by sounding his rattle. But I say what you may with your one rattle; but after rattling the second time, stand clear, or you are like to get hurt.

The part of the narrative I could not help

fancying that it would be better to leave pedlars, rattlesnakes, and others of the poison-tooth tribe, alone to crawl in their native wilds, doubted whether the curiosity of noticing such animals in captivity would justify the danger to human life involved. As our conversation proceeded, I found that even pedlar-like and rattlesnake-traffic admitted of a plausible defence, on the score of utility to man. These creatures are distributed among physiologists and others who study the effects of poisons. Many of the pedlars, for example, just alluded to, were taken to Germany by Jessop, my informant, in the course of as it have mentioned. I had kept English snakes myself. Harmless creatures enough these are, except to the frogs. A person unaccustomed to the ways of common snakes would never credit their gorging powers—how they seize a swallow, with apparent ease, frogs larger than themselves. Now, rattlesnakes and pufferfish only I believe, poison snakes generally, according to the testimony of my informant, do not care much about gorging. Occasionally they will swallow a mouse or a bird; but it is not their regular way of feeding. They suck the blood of their victims.

"You remember the Amsterdam salamander?" inquired Mr. Jumrach. Of course I did. Was I likely to have forgotten that strange creature? Did not I pit the salamander, and smooth him down, proud in my own conceit that in the end I might boast how I had seen and touched that mysterious beast? It is a pity I should destroy a pretty illusion which may be lighting up the imagination of the reader. Did the salamander burn me? Did he live in furnace? Alas! I pity fact here! Oh no, none of it. The Japanese salamander is a sort of huge water-newt, without scales, slimy to touch, like an eel. He should feed on fish, and if thrown into furnace flames, after the manner of the fabled salamander, he would find himself very much out of his element. I learned that, subsequently to my visit to Amsterdam, the sobriety salamander touched by me was followed by the pressure of another—some all the way from Japan to keep him company.

By-the-by, I'll tell you an anecdote of that fellow," said Mr. Jumrach. "Salamanders exist nowhere except in Japan, and even there they are scarce. Still, a Dutch medical man, some time before my visit, was fortunate enough to find a couple of them—an little fortune, if by chance he should succeed in bringing them alive to Europe. While stowing salamanders, as well as ordinary armies, the commissariat is the chief difficulty. Picture to yourself creatures requiring live market fish, and plenty of them, all the way from Japan! To provide a tiger's daily meal all the way from Bengal is not the easiest matter; but to feed a turbis bis in comparison with the difficulties of this Dutch doctor. Well, to use their own phrase, fresh fish, and salamanders. Whether the voyage was longer than usual, or the salamanders' appetites would vary under change of diet, I don't know. One by one the fish were apportioned, and the salamanders began to eat each his own. What was to be done? Only one thing, and I grieve to narrate it. Salamandrine cannibalism was resolved upon. Salamander number one—we fell under the commissariat knife, and, being distributed by rule, his former companions—and fresh fish were soon procurable; so salamander number eight found his way in safety to Amsterdam.

I must really gossip no longer, particularly as I hope to visit Mr. Jumrach's college again. Let me conclude by telling my lady reader that since such a beast as a pet rhinoceros, that she must be prepared to give some twenty-five hundred dollars for the same. Should her tastes incline to the possession of a tiger, the lady may at times, when the tiger-market is glutted, procure one for—say five hundred dollars, cash down; no discount, and no abatement. But I am informed that twenty hundred dollars is a far more probable sum. As regards lions, they are somewhat cheaper, I believe; but if fair reader wishes to keep a lion, a lion, I will make it my business to inquire for her.

COMMON SENSE.

SIR: came among the gathering crowd,
A modest face, without pretence;
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered, mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her simple shoes, her shoes of leather;
And, when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reasoned loud
On dubious Hebrew phrase and accent;
While she, poor child! could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have the deeper learning,
And Common Sense should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

PAUL DRAYTON'S CHARM.

It was a very warm day in July. The streets were quiet, perched, deserted; the city was out of town; only those whose business or poverty was imperative dared admit, by personal presence, that they were not at Newport, Niagara, or Saratoga.

Among the last was Paul Drayton, a young physician, struggling his way to that doubtful fortune that sometimes, after many years of toil and deprivation in the midst of a great city, rewards the skilful practitioner.

Paul Drayton was twenty-seven. Five years had he fought his battle against poverty and bigotry. Slowly, year by year, he had added to the number of his friends and patients; but not among that class who could pour wealth and fame into his hands; blessings and praises were his in abundance, but Paul Drayton remained poor. Once, after one night had he plotted and planned with his young wife. The last bullet castles together, and with a laugh had watched them topping the clouds of air. They were brave hearts; but the years swept away and there came no change, and Paul viewed with unquiet gaze his increasing family and stationary income.

"I doubt, Lizzie," he would say to his wife, "if I would not be better off were I to cut my stars with me now above me—those whom I know to my own heart are my children, and I should feel but as a fatalist, who looks upon himself as one of the foreordained?"

"No, no, Paul; you are so hard upon the great Who don; let us rather look upon the world as the fools were, and think of the wise men as guided by good sense. Courage, Paul; the years will soon fly over, and I shall yet see you Professor Drayton, sparring at your fifteen hundred dollar fee."

The table with laughed, and Paul smiled for sympathy. Over their frugal breakfast had they been talking; and now Paul rose—"Away, angel, away!" he said, as a spider in a web was waiting for flies. Good-by, Lizzie. I hope one of these hundred-dollar customers will call before I get into golden dollars, and spread them over the desk. "Ten dollars, which is exactly two dollars per month!"

"For the love of God, young gentleman, give me something to eat!"

Drayton turned quickly, to see a tall, gaunt woman, of apparently seventy, standing by his side. Her face, thickly covered with white hair, mingled of a silvery whiteness, straggled out from under a wretched bonnet. She extended her tin coin he had so lavishly displayed, and replaced it in his pocket. There was a greedy glare in the eyes of the woman, which for the first physical strength about her, that naturally hastened such an act. But there was no sign of weakness in her.

"Here," thought he, "is a real case of poverty, to whom my sixty-five dollars per month would be a godsend; but the pittance in my own pocket would bring scores of happiness. Why should I not give to her? Is it not the duty of every man more than I can receive in its outlay?"

The woman stood motionless, gazing into his face as though she read every thought, and but waited the relief.

"But—but," he continued, "should I give her such a sum it would but lead her to extravagance. The eyes of the woman, for a moment, as she looked doubtingly; then, closing her hand quickly, found more mysterious opening in her pocket—a receptacle for the "alms" worthy of thanks she hurried away, followed by the astonished eyes of Paul, who had received a shower of blessings for his liberality.

"I was plain enough," the woman believed she had received the coin in mistake; and in her anxiety to get away before discovery forgot her thanks.

It was, as I have said, a very warm day, and Paul Drayton sat by his desk and thought. His thought time was short, for he was soon at work, into the best years of his life; in thought of his educated youth, which every day of his life smothered, because poverty forbade their indulgence; in thought of the sweet wife at home, loving and uncomplaining; of the little ones, who should be not better himself by some bold, even if unscrupulous, step? Why had he not set on his name as the head of an advertisement of "Drayton's Improved and Dying Man's Friend Pills," or "Drayton's Life Pill?" Why should he care whether the Academy approved, as long as wealth rewarded. He saw the name of "Drayton Pills," and the "retired physicians, whose hands of life had nearly run out," filling in their carriages and building palaces. Could he not do the same? If the people wanted cannabis indica, opium, and chloroform, why not? Would not the full rush from his desk the material to compound a medicine that should banish a world, and bring him wealth boundless as his desires.

"A stimulant! All the world wants stimulating. Alcohol poisons—but half his powers. Stimulants will cell it out," said Paul, as he mixed the opium and cannabis indica. "Chloroform for dilution; it is revivifying," and he poured in the liquid ether. "Drayton's Revivifying Elixir. One Dollar per Bottle. The world will rain the dead," and Paul, with gentle and merrier, watched together the ingredients that were to form his wonder-working compound. As the aroma of the chloroform rose about him and filled the room, Paul rubbed away, making

"——the grist thick and slab?"

and with every rub rubbed away his dread of the Academy of Medicine. Visions of gold danced through his head. He would be a second Swaim, or Brandreth; the patent office, the Queen's speech of half a million per annum in advertising. The sums of Drayton's income in the last month of the year. How delicious the perfume of the chloroform! How the compounder would be blessed! A slight noise at his elbow made him turn; and again the old woman stood by him.

"Good gentleman," said she, "you gave me this moment a coin of gold."

He nodded assent.

"I thought," she went on, "that you might have given it in mistake. My first impulse was to keep it, and be grateful to you; my second, to return and ask if you knew the value of your gift."

"It is yours," answered Drayton. "I knew its value when I gave it."

The woman's eye wandered from Drayton about the room. "And this is the world. When I am carried off a thousand, I shall wish to make it ten; when I am ten, I shall struggle for a hundred."

"Yes, most true," said Paul, as a philosopher—a student of human nature."

"Stay!" said Drayton to her, as she turned. A few wandered over the broad earth for sin; I have spent more than half my life in the search of luxurious in seeking it; but here I stand—seven-ty-eight years are upon me—and your dollar all I possess in the world."

Drayton slipped the other nine into her hand.

"This is not charity, good woman, I hope, surely! No sum man would not thus!" She turned the coin over, looking at Drayton, and biting her lip till she almost started.

"Did you not say you were poor?" answered he. "Do I not see you are unable to work? You have now my earnings for two years. Take them—you are welcome. I have health and strength; I can earn more. Are you poor, indeed?"

The woman walked backward and forward across the room for a few moments, and then, as though come over her face. "Yes," she said, "I will take them; they will save me. I can be healed yet! Heaven, sir, makes no movement in the best, but stopped and looked toward Drayton. "I can yet be about my work; I will be grateful to you." She continued, coming forward, and unfastening her shawl, "I shall give you what is greater than gold. I am a poor old woman, and have no wealth, fame, and happiness."

While speaking she drew from her neck a little bag, made, apparently, from a scrap of oiled silk, where it had hung by a black cord. "Take this," she said, "and be happy." My father gave it to me, gius; this was given him by a dervise, a mahometan sprite, one of the Hallingdarian tribe."

Drayton looked smilingly upon the little dirty bag that lay upon the woman's hand; and by-an, drew the mouth, and commenced to examine its contents. A single bit of parchment was found, and no more. This was scrawled over with a number of irregular characters, written in red, and a seal in the centre of the same color, looking as though it had been impressed with the end of the naked finger.

"Runes, I suppose?" he said, aloud, and turned to the woman for a response. She was gone!

Drayton looked from the parchment to the drawer of the desk, with, "Crazy! I thought she had something well-looking about her. Some poor, old, half-crazy body, and that will be the end of all the good it will do her. However," he continued, thoughtfully, "I shall keep the bag home; it will be a droll story to tell Lizzie, and she must see the charm." With this he put the oil-silk bag in his pocket.

Over his supper Paul told the story of the old woman, and, as he spoke of the bag, took it very unwillingly in her fingers, giving it a suspicious look—as on account of the dirt—and a reasonable doubt as to its cleanliness. She turned it about, and, looking inquiringly at Paul, nodded her head in a way which was significant to say anything. "Throw it in the street?"

"Oh, no, not that," replied Paul; keep it in sheer; it will be an illustration of my story."

"Your story, Sir," responded Lizzie, "I think will take the form of a poor fellow, with a wife and three children, gave ten dollars, the last he had in the world, to a wretched beggar woman. That ten dollars would almost have bought me the silk dress you have been promising these three years."

Paul pocketed the bag and the supper together, and stopped Lizzie's mouth with a kiss.

"I do not think I shall ever sing to the bedside, "what is the matter with Jennie to-day. She has not seemed well; she would eat no supper."

The father approached the bedside and looked at little Jennie, whose full-encircled child of three years. She was feverish. He felt her pulse.

She has eaten something that has disagreed with her. She will be well in the morning."

In an hour or two Jennie began to toss restlessly in bed, and soon she was seized with violent retchings. An attack of infant cholera nurinary—that rapid and fatal consumer enemy of children—had seized upon her. Every thing that the father's skill could suggest was tried; the aid of another physician was called in, but all was unavailing, and in nothing better than had been done; and the first dawn of morning saw the weeping parents watching by their little one, watching, every moment expecting its last breath.

Oh, Superstition! where hast thou not thy victories? Who is there can stand before the world and say he is not, in some one thing, thy slave? Drayton thought of the old woman's gift, the bag.

No! no! it was horrible, in such a moment, to dream of the thing. That which he viewed only as a joke—as the lumber or trash of an old beggar; he would not think of it! And yet what harm could there be in it? He knew it could not save his darling, but it could not injure her. He looked at Lizzie, as if to divine his thought? No, he would not use the bag; he would not disgrace himself before her. Disgrace! what was disgrace if he could save his child? Lizzie knelt by the side of the bed, and buried her face in her hands. Paul, she knew, was praying, and let him the mode to save his feelings, and give him a chance to try the charm. He would! In a moment the table bag was in the child's hand. Lizzie, in the agonies of her sickness she head was tightly shut, and Paul felt as he forced it open as though he were violating the sanctity of death. He kissed the pale forehead of his child, and again resumed his chair by the bedside.

In a few minutes Jennie stirred. He sprang to the head of the bed. He opened her eyes; the glazing sensation of hope for an instant paralyzed him. No, it could not be! It was only the revival before death. He turned to his wife, and from the fire to another. "Papa—mamma," she murmured—"I—I—feel—well." Heaven! hope for the drink—Paul, with an entire prayer uttered in the rush of his words, "O God!" and Lizzie, with a strange cry of joy.

Jennie was raised, and took a good drink, and then sank into a refreshing sleep. She looked very tired." In a few moments she had dropped away in a sweet slumber. Paul and Lizzie, with a solemn consequent on the attack, stood over the mother and the mingled together their hearts. Paul covered little Jennie, and in doing so noticed the bag from the bed, where she had dropped it on rising to drink.

Paul carried it to a far window of the room, and looked upon it in the gray morning light. What strange superstition! Paul, in the sincerity of peace, or did this bit of parchment possess the mighty power claimed for it? Paul, in all wonder, exclaimed, Paul Drayton, he thought. You, the man of mind and education, rejecting the mercies of Heaven, and all for a moment! Paul shrieked in the unnatural tales of an old ignorant beggar! Upon the window and drew the parchment. Drop away from you! No, urged Superstition; pray, hope, yes. Perhaps more! Perhaps there is a power in it. I shall pray, and Paul prayed.

Paul returned to the bed. Jennie was sleeping serenely; Lizzie was watching by her side; and Paul put the bag in his pocket.

Reason goes but little way against fate. A week from that day Jennie was dead, and the child of man could raise her, and yet in a few moments he had thrown himself out of the room of death, and now only wanted rest to be the same as ever; and each time as he thought of the bag would hastily draw the charm from his pocket and look upon it.

The breakfast was late next morning; for Lizzie lay long sleeping, with little Jennie in her arms; and great was the joy of Paul when he knew they was their sick ticket of the night before propped up in her high chair, nibbling at a bit of toast. Although he was forced to make his visits early, and the thought of the charm, and his anxiety to try it, took him over the most distant side-day as he left for his office; the sun poured down its hottest rays, and Paul luxuriated in an umbrella, and pitied a great gentleman in a carriage with a friend of him without one. The good gentleman stopped to reassure his friend and with the perspiration from the bald spot on the top of his head. While engaged in this operation the great gentleman seemed to stagger, fell back in his chair, and before he was went before Paul could reach him. He was rather too heavy for the task of lifting by himself, he was, therefore, obliged to remain content with holding the umbrella over his head, and calling for aid, which soon came in the shape of a couple of burly Irishmen, from a building just being erected close by. They took up the old gentleman, and then the bald spot on the top of his head. While engaged in this operation the great gentleman seemed to stagger, fell back in his chair, and before he was went before Paul could reach him. He was rather too heavy for the task of lifting by himself, he was, therefore, obliged to remain content with holding the umbrella over his head, and calling for aid, which soon came in the shape of a couple of burly Irishmen, from a building just being erected close by. They took up the old gentleman, and then him to a drug-store on the corner, where, Paul announcing himself as a physician, every thing was at once placed at his disposal for the patient's relief. It was useless; he had received a severe stroke of the sun, and at the end of an hour was dead.

Paul brought the body home to the old gentleman, and then at last, and said, "Dead!"

"No," said Paul, "not yet, the artery beats. Good Heavens," he thought, "the charm! Why not try it? He took it from his pocket and the little back room, where the old gentleman was carried, Drayton, with a feeling approaching a presentiment which he pretended he wished to try, sent the drug-gist out to compound it. He then slipped the bag into the old gentleman's hand. The druggist was back in a minute with the mixture, and Paul dropped a table spoon full into the dying man. In a very few moments he opened his eyes, and resting them on the now frightened druggist, asked where he was. That gentleman responded by handing his card, which the old gentleman sat up to read. Paul, seeing the name of the druggist, which Paul very quietly pocketed, rather doubtful himself whether he was not possessed of some of the powers of the bag.

"I believe I am indebted to you for my life," said the old gentleman to the druggist.

"No, no!" said that not yet composed person; "not to me; there is the one who saved you; and a most extraordinary thing too, to bring a dead man to life with a few drops of aqua ammonia and spirit vinum."

The old gentleman by this time had got upon his feet, and advanced toward Drayton, his hand outstretched, which Paul heartily grasped. In a few moments a carriage was called, and, handing Paul a card bearing the name of one of the wealth-

iest merchants in the city, invited him to extend his attentions so much farther as to accompany him to his house. As it was in a professional light, Paul readily consented, and escorted his patient safely to his home, where he advised his immediate retirement to rest and sleep. The old gentleman shook his hand affectionately at parting, charging him to call next day, and by the same grasp transferring a bank-note to Drayton's palm. When he reached the street he opened the deposit, and found the first of the hundred-dollar fees that Lizzie had promised him. Paul was astounded. Here was an investment. Ten dollars one day returning a hundred the next. He hurried through the street, clutching his hand tightly over the pocket which contained the bag. At last he had something to lose, something to guard. Visions of wealth, boundless as the sea, rolled in on him; his fancy already had ensconced Lizzie and the children in a double brown stone house; in a few minutes more he had settled the style of his liveries, and concluded in what banks he should keep account. He would not waste time, he must now make money; five years of his life were gone for nothing; every day must tell its story; and he drew from his pocket the hundred-dollar bill and gazed again upon it with admiring eyes. All that day sat Paul in the office dreaming over what should be his course in his newly-acquired power. He had yet to tell all to Lizzie. Ah! there's the point; should he tell all? He would not be in a hurry about it. Wait a little. Women are fickle; women love to talk; women—women—well, what are women? Why, women are women. True; so Paul concluded he would wait. It was the first thing he had ever concealed from Lizzie; and that evening when he went home there was a guilty feeling about him which he had never experienced before. When he told Lizzie the story of the hundred-dollar fee he did not tell her the great secret of it, and her womanly instinct told her there was something wrong, but she said nothing. Though notwithstanding the knowledge of possessing more money than they had been in control of at one time since they had been married, and that Paul had told her, "Now she should have that silk dress right away, to-morrow," yet Lizzie was not happy. And though Paul walked about the room and whistled, and tried to persuade himself that it was better to have it so for a while—just for a while—yet Paul was not happy. Paul thought it must be the weather, it was so oppressively hot. And then when Lizzie came to him, with just the least bit of a tear struggling in her eye, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him, and, looking in his face, seemed to say, "Dear Paul, tell me every thing," then his resolution was staggered, and he thought he would make a clean breast of it; but Lizzie did not say the very words, and so Paul made no confession.

Oh, this first fatal error of those who are sworn to love and confidence! It is like the first step in crime, it gathers force as it proceeds, and is only checked by total ruin, or by disgrace and distrust, that years of truth and probity scarcely fail to remove. No permanent trouble can exist between husband and wife where there has been entire confidence on both sides. Love is ever forgiving, and though they err for the hundredth time, yet will the heart be open to receive, and the answer to the confession, "No matter for the past, let the future retrieve it."

There was more about this charm than merely its healing properties. So thought Paul Drayton as he sat in his office next day, when a breathless servant entered to summon him to immediate attendance on her lady—a lady whom the young physician knew immediately, on hearing the name, to be one of the most aristocratic leaders of *ton*. Her house was near, and, as the servant explained, "She had been took very bad with bleeding, and the whole room was covered with blood." When Paul arrived, he found a young and beautiful woman, in the last effort of life, bleeding from a ruptured blood-vessel. Paul saw at once there was no hope, and saying so to her weeping friends, advised them to send immediately for their family physician. He had been sent for, but the messenger had not yet returned. Paul stood painfully affected, holding the pulse of the dying lady, and asking the circumstances of the occurrence. A flood of passion and anger at an erring servant was the cause. Soon came the regular medical attendant of the family, who advanced to the lady, merely glancing at Paul, and, taking her pulse, pronounced it too late—nothing could be done.

"Do you give her up, doctor?" said Paul, respectfully. The doctor was one of the magnates of the profession, whom Paul in his most triumphant visions of success never thought of meeting in consultation.

"Ah! yes, yes," said the great man, looking at Paul through his glasses as though he was looking at some casual picture to which he was obliged to give attention; "I don't see that any thing can be done."

"I will try," said Paul, quietly, "to stop the bleeding."

The great physician merely looked again at Paul through his glasses, with an expression that seemed to say, "What impudent rascal is this, who dares put his opinion in opposition to mine?" So tyrannical is the force of habit, that Paul, to the moment of making this observation to the great doctor, had forgotten the possession of the bag—that which for hours previous had absorbed every thought. Now that he was brought into the chamber of the sick, the old practice came back upon him, and only the remedies that education suggested came to his mind. The charm was forgotten. Now it flashed upon his mind. If in this case it was successful, no longer could he be a doubter.

The last spark of life was trembling in the fair lady's frame when Paul stepped to her side and raised her listless hand. The great doctor walked about the room, holding his handkerchief, and seeming to say to it, "What is to become of the profession when such quiet, plain-dressed men as this are suffered to come into great families and give an opinion?"

Paul, unnoticed, held the bag in the lady's palm, pretending to examine her pulse. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when the blood ceased to pass from her mouth, and she opened her eyes. In a few minutes more she looked at Drayton, and said, "Doctor, I dreamed I was dead."

The great doctor started; it was the first intimation he had received of her recovery. He had been too busily conversing with his handkerchief to notice any thing else. "Good Heavens! what a wonderful recovery!" he ejaculated. "Extraordinary constitution, to recover from such an attack!"

Paul held up his finger for silence. The great doctor strode away in disgust.

In a short time the charm was softly withdrawn, and the lady lifted by Paul to the bed, where she soon dropped away to a comfortable sleep. The young physician then withdrew, after seeing the great doctor away before him, and charging the attendants to let nobody interfere with his patient, or give her any thing until he returned.

In the afternoon Drayton was with her again, when she awakened from her sleep. She blessed him with her eyes. He had forbidden her to speak. She took his hand, and before Paul was aware of her intention raised it to her lips, and drawing from her finger a valuable ring slipped it on his. This was a style of professional fee he had never yet received, and he scarcely knew what to do, but on the first appearance of an attempt on his part to replace it on its original finger, the look of the lady deterred him and he retained the costly gift.

As Paul went home that evening he glanced again and again at the magnificent ring and thought of the lady. He thought how beautiful she was. "Ah! why did I marry so early in life? If I had waited until now, wealth and position would have followed my marriage. I could have chosen from the highest and the proudest." And then how his heart chid him; it was his first treasonable thought toward Lizzie, that sweet wife who had struggled with him through poverty and humbleness. Why should he now wish to deny her reward, when he saw before him wealth and greatness? Again Paul entered his home with constraint. He felt when giving the ring to Lizzie as though it were dishonestly obtained. And when Lizzie looked in his eyes, burst into tears, and returned him the gem, saying, "Keep it, Paul, wear it yourself!" Paul determined next day to settle the matter by selling the bauble, and using the money for her and the children's benefit. Never before had Drayton spent such an evening at home—never before had he felt that what lay heaviest on his own mind could not be transferred to Lizzie's, that they might bear the load between them. He walked nervously about the room, and finally took his hat and hurried away into the street. Paul felt the cool air upon his heated face, but it could not quench the fire in his heart. There was but one thought in his brain—money, money! He must be rich—he must be rich, and why should he tell any one how he acquired his wealth—was not his profession a cloak to this?

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried a little weak voice at his side.

"What is the matter," said Paul, rather sternly, turning to see a little barefoot child running by him.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" was the answer.

"Why don't you speak?" shouted Paul. He knew he was not speaking in his natural way, but then he was nervous. "And why didn't the child answer him?"

"Oh father, father!" sobbed the child.

"Where?" said Paul; "what's the matter with your father?"

"Dying!" gasped the girl, pointing down the street.

"Come," said Paul, "I will go with you."

"I was sent for a doctor," answered the child.

"I am a doctor," replied Paul, and for the first time he thought, "This does not seem like a very promising patient."

The child trotted on before and ushered Paul into a cellar, where, upon the floor, his head supported by a straw pillow, lay a man, bloated and blue-faced, in a fit from drunkenness; the other inmates of the cellar were a pale-faced, consumptive-looking woman and three crying children.

Paul looked a moment at the man, and then turning to the woman, bade her silence the children and he would do what he could: he gave him the proper remedies and stood waiting to see their effects. The woman, who had quieted the children, returned to gaze upon her beastly husband, and Paul drew from her the following particulars of her life: She had married this man while she was very young, in opposition to all her friends. He was then wild and dissipated, and had grown worse each year, until he had reduced himself to the present degraded state. She had lost all care for him, but feared to leave him, as he had threatened in case she did so to kill her on the first opportunity, and she declared in a flood of tears that she knew he would. Could she leave him, her parents, who were still living, would again receive her and her children; but as long as she remained with him they could not. In truth, she would not ask their assistance. It would only aggravate her position. This was the woman's story. And now, Paul Drayton, where is your charm? The bloated drunkard, the false father, the brutal husband, lies there dying on the floor, and all the skill of your craft can not save him. You know it too, Paul Drayton. You know he can not be saved but by the charm. Why should you not? Is one human life more valuable than another? Is this drunkard less in the eye of God than the beautiful lady or the wealthy merchant? Who made thee, Paul Drayton, the arbiter of life and death? Do you remember the oath of Hippocrates? Save this dying wretch. "No," said Paul Drayton, "let him die!"

And he died!

Paul Drayton went forth that night from the cellar and looked again upon the stars a different man. He had taken in his own hands that which the Great Power hath said belongeth only to Him. Reason and argument could not acquit him in his own conscience. And he returned to his home only to feel that if he had concealed from Lizzie a portion of his secret he must now conceal from her all. The gulf widened between them.

Doctor Drayton was attaining reputation. His cures did not long remain hidden. They were in the mouths of the great. And soon he emerged from his little shabby office in a by-street to a brilliant suit of rooms upon a great and fashionable thoroughfare. Lizzie clung to her humble home as long as possible, but the family of the rapidly rising physician could not remain in obscurity. They must go into society. No lack now of silk dresses. Paul has a carriage, we were about to say a brougham, and the brilliant young doctor is sought beyond his power of reciprocation. Wealth rolls in; but a shade is upon the face and upon the heart of Paul Drayton. He is no longer happy. He has thrown off all his old patients, all the poor. He has not time now for charity calls. The bright, the beautiful, the gay, the rich, come to Dr. Drayton. He sits in his sumptuous office and receives them with gravity and hauteur. His secretary takes the fees. It is only those of the great who can not come to Dr. Drayton upon whom he will call. Lizzie has become a fashionable woman of society. She tells the doctor that she feels every day of her life that she was intended for this, she is so admired, so flattered. There are no more quiet dinners and suppers; no more evenings to themselves. Lizzie is always engaged. The doctor's friends congratulate him on his beautiful and gay wife. And Lizzie comes from her balls and parties too wearied to tell Paul what has been said, and what has been done. Paul hears it, however, from kind friends, and Paul does not feel easy. Lizzie calls him now "Drayton," or "Doctor," no longer "Paul." The children Paul sees seldom; they are in the hands of their *bonne*, or their governess, and when Paul has an interview it is a stately one. He is now a great doctor; it will not do to unbend even before servants. Paul loses few patients—very few. But—ah!—but he must lose some or there would be suspicion. Oh! Paul Drayton, the charm! the charm! If it saves one, it saves all. Remember the poor drunkard on the cellar floor. "Oh yes; but that is so long ago." Paul Drayton has become inured to this. He must not save all. This power that rests with him is a mighty one, and he uses it with the best judgment.

He does? Then Paul Drayton goes into the highways and by-ways, and seeks out the poor and forlorn; he makes no difference between them and the rich. Is this so? But why does he lose any patients?

Paul Drayton goes not into the highways and by-ways; his mission lies among the rich and great. Paul Drayton could not save all; if he did, suspicion would attach to his wonderful success, and *all* good be lost.

All wrong—all wrong! Paul Drayton, this is a gift that should not be in the hand of man. Surrender unto God the power that belongs to him alone. Destroy the charm.

No, no! Paul Drayton must keep the charm; he must save; he must have wealth. The charm was given into his hand without restriction. He will keep it.

Keep it!

How wonderfully the world prospered with Dr. Drayton! Now he had houses and lands; now he had carriage and horses; now he had bank-stock and bank accounts; now he looked into the papers to see whether Erie and Central stock had fallen or risen; now Lizzie had silks and satins, diamonds and damask, rosewood and magnificence. No dinners surpassed Dr. Drayton's; no parties equaled Mrs. Drayton's. But where were the smiles, where the dreamy looks from Lizzie's eyes that, now no more seen, were to Paul better than thousands? Where were Lizzie's tears? Mrs. Drayton did not cry any more, save for vexation at the failure of a mantua-maker or milliner to please her. Mrs. Drayton now could talk to her guests of the folly of embarking freely in the ordinary affairs of the world. Mrs. Drayton became a patron of great charitable societies, and her name was seen in the newspapers. But Mrs. Drayton was never seen among the lowly and humble. Mrs. Drayton did not encourage beggary.

Paul was too busy to go with his wife into society. Occasionally he accompanied her, but not by her own persuasion. Mrs. Drayton had become sufficiently fashionable to believe in a wife being free from the surveillance of the husband. She had no hesitation in avowing this to Paul. Good-natured friends told him pointedly that he ought to accompany Mrs. D. more. Paul did not understand. One who signed herself a "Friend," by an anonymous letter, called his attention to the fact that Mrs. D. was seen rather too much with a certain *roue* in the streets, and in public places. Paul burned the letter. He would as soon have doubted the truth of his charm as Lizzie. One evening, seated in his office until a late hour, there came over him a dullness unusual, and without cause he rose and rang for a servant, who was instructed to go to Mrs. Drayton and say to her the Doctor wished her.

The servant returned to say Mrs. Drayton had gone to a party at Mr. S——'s. Paul remembered he had promised to add his own presence to his wife, but having forgotten it, Lizzie had not brought it to his memory. He would go; the carriage was ordered. An hour afterward Paul Drayton entered the house where he expected to meet his wife. She passed up the rooms as he advanced to greet the host, but did not see her husband. It was with a slight spasm of pain that Paul saw her leaning on the arm of the man against whom the anonymous letter had warned him. It was gone in a moment. Gerald Morton might be a *roue*, but he was a friend of Paul Drayton. No man could abuse the confidence of his friend; so Paul argued, but not satisfyingly. He watched Lizzie and Morton, and still tried to persuade himself that he did not. Why did not Paul advance to her? Why did he rather seek the shade of a curtain, and sit, half-hidden, in the conservatory? Lizzie was pleased with the words of Morton. She never gave her husband those looks now. Could she love him? Oh no; Paul would not think of such a thing, coupled with the name of Lizzie Drayton. See, they come toward him. They have seen him. No—they come to seat themselves on the ottoman near Paul. Why does he crowd closer behind the curtain? Does he mistrust? Listen!

"Drayton may be a very good man, but does he fill the requirements of a spirit like yours?" said Morton, as they seated themselves. "Can he, the dull, plodding, methodical man, absorbed in his profession, know the spiritual wants, the cravings of your heart?"

"Drayton is no longer what he was," sighed the lady. "Once he knew no world but myself. We were poor, and he brought to my feet all his hopes and sorrows, and shared with me all his benefits. Now he brings me only his sorrows; his joys, if he has any, he keeps to himself."

"Oh that it had been my lot to have met a spirit like yours untrammeled! What homage could I have offered! The world has nothing to give me now but this! I have wealth, position, youth, and talent; under such guidance I could become great!"

Paul Drayton clutched the curtain; the world seemed passing from under him. Could it be that Lizzie—his wife—could sit and listen to this!

"Mr. Morton, you are young enough to find one who will yet meet your heart's requirements, and who will be untrammeled to respond to them."

"No, Lizzie [Lizzie! oh Heavens, he called her Lizzie!], not on this earth! To you only I can look for this. Only say you love me! Say but this word, and I can be happy!" He caught her hand, which she allowed him to retain.

"Gerald [again Paul Drayton clutched the curtain and groaned], I love you, but I am the wife of another; and, however much I love you, that love can never be other than it is."

"Lizzie, listen to me. In one week I leave this country for Europe. Say but the single word, and your children shall be with you, and in the—"

They rose and passed away. Staggering like one struck with sudden blindness, Paul Drayton reached the street and his home. The last hope, the last stay was taken from under him. What was his wealth to him now—what his fame? The pure heart that, in the days of his poverty, he could pour all his own into, had passed away from him. He had no longer a wife. Better had she died in the days when she was his own Lizzie than lived to this. What should he do? Should he meet her upon her return, upbraid her, curse her? Or should he leave her to her own willful course—let her go to that ruin to which she was fast hurrying? Should he seek to win her back? No! she was no longer worthy of it. He paced his rooms; he bit the flesh from his finger ends till the blood started; he rang for light. "More light!—wine!—throw open the windows!" He threw off his coat—"Hot! hot! my brain burns!"

Was this the calm, quiet Paul Drayton, like a maniac, striding through the rooms to the speechless terror of the servant he had summoned? Could this be the great doctor, tearing coat, vest, and cravat away, and calling for wine?

Yes! Paul Drayton—the man of uncounted wealth—the man whose great triumphs in physic had reached a world.

But what is the matter with Paul Drayton? Why does he stop so suddenly by the light? Why does he look at his arm; and why has the color gone from his cheek? Why that bloodless lip?

Yes, Paul Drayton, it is so; that dark skin gathering on your arm is what you suspect. The charm! the charm, Doctor!—from the charm! Ha, ha! well may you shriek. It is leprosy! From the charm, Doctor! The charm carries the infection. But the charm has no power to cure one who has wielded it.

"A letter—from whom? What is it? Read—I can not see."

"A message from Mr. S——:

"'Mrs. Drayton has gone away with Gerald Morton—'"

There was one long groan and a heavy fall, and Paul's next consciousness found him stretched upon a sofa, and several very familiar faces looking down upon him. Lizzie's was the first he recognized.

"Oh, Lizzie!" he gasped. "Then it is not true—is it? You did not go off with Gerald Morton?"

"Gerald Morton! who is that, Paul? What are you talking of? Here have you been frightening us all to death; and but for good Mrs. Smith you might have killed yourself."

"That's true, Doctor," chimed in another familiar face—the old lady from whom Paul hired his furnished office. "I heard a great noise, and I took the liberty of looking in, and found you raving round like, and breaking things. So I jist sent off for Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Drayton, while I and this ere gentleman held you quiet for a while."

Paul shook hands with Dr. Wilson. The Doctor merely remarked that "the effects of chloroform were very singular, and no reliance could be placed on its action." Paul looked around on all the familiar furnishings of his old office, and upon Lizzie, and thought so too. And then he slipped his hand gently into his pocket and felt for the charm, which he did not find; and again for the golden dollars, of which he did find nine.

Some years have passed away since then, and Paul Drayton is now the successful physician. He bids fair yet to know the meaning of a hundred-dollar fee. Lizzie has luxuriated in many a silk dress; and Paul drives a gig, and is one of the severest disciplinarians of the Academy against vendors and makers of patent medicines. Yet Paul is slightly inclined to think that there was something in that Vision of Chloroform; and that the old beggar would confess, if ever he could find her, that she possessed some little powers of witchcraft.

THE ROSIÈRE OF 1858.



ONCE A ROSIÈRE.

THE ROSIÈRE OF 1712.

THE CEREMONY OF CROWNING A ROSIÈRE IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

HOW GOOD GIRLS ARE REWARDED IN FRANCE.

We herewith give an illustration of one of the most interesting social institutions in France—the crowning of a *rosière*.

Many of our readers may be unacquainted with the custom. It is of the highest antiquity, and prevails very generally throughout the rural districts of the Empire. It has outlived many a reign and many a régime. *Rosières* were crowned before the great monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, was born; *rosières* are still crowned, in the same way, and for the like reasons, under the sway of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.

A *rosière* is the young woman who has proved herself the "best girl" of her parish, commune, or village. Once a year, in many rural districts in France, the Mayor and municipal authorities are called upon to decide what unmarried girl in the parish or village has proved herself kindest, best, and truest. They are bound to make a selection. They may take evidence. But in small communities the virtues and failings of every member of society are so notorious that the judges, on the *rosière* question, seldom need the aid of witnesses. Long before the day arrives for the solemn ceremony of the coronation every one has decided who deserves the honor, and the pressure of public opinion is such that the authorities can seldom practice any unfairness. Once or twice instances have been known of young ladies obtaining the crown of *rosière* through the mistaken kindness of relatives in authority. But on such occasions the public dissent from the official verdict has been so decided as to render the honor decidedly unenviable; and, in

general, it may be said that the decisions of the authorities are impartial.

As the qualities which entitle a young lady to be *crowned rosière* are goodness of heart and intelligence only, neither beauty nor rank are of any avail in procuring the much-desired honor. Indeed, as it happens in France (of course no such rule obtains in the United States) that young ladies who are beautiful or rich seldom condescend to enhance their attractions by a display of extraordinary kindness and amiability, it is a mere occurrence that the *rosière* is either lovely or of high station. Generally speaking, the favored one is plain and poor; the daughter of some poor workman, famed only for her gentleness to her sequestered life, her assiduity in tending the sick, and her readiness to give up her own enjoyments in order to minister to the comfort or happiness of others.

The rule is that no girl can be twice crowned *rosière*. This is no absolute rule; there is no law on the subject. But either—like our own law against the second re-election of the same person to the Presidency—as deduction from practice thus a product of principle. In fact, as no married woman can be crowned *rosière*, there is seldom a possibility of crowning a young person twice; but when reflected on a lady by her coronation as *rosière* is sure to secure her a choice of husbands for the year in question. A young French farmer is prouder of being able to say that his wife was a *rosière* than of winning a prize in every within her.

In itself, the coronation of a *rosière* is an honorary distinction merely. The ceremony is picturesque, but confers no practical benefit. The lady is led to some public place in the village or parish, where a speech is made to her by the orator of the day; and a sermon preached over her by the priest. Then the Mayor, or the highest public functionary present, crowns her with a garland of roses, and admonishes the young women present to follow in those one hundred and forty-six years ago. The coincidence has added much interest to the ceremony. A portrait of the two *rosières*—one of 1712 and the one of 1858—will be found on the preceding page.

At the same place, Nanterre, there was, some ten years since, a close contest for the honors of *rosière*. The competitors were Jeanne, the daughter of a baker, and an orphan named Madeline, who supported herself and a sister by sewing—a more difficult task in France than it would be here. Both were, undoubtedly, very good girls. Neither had ever been known to do or to say an unkind thing. The baker's daughter was rather good-looking; Madeline was small and plain. Each had her friends, and loved each other as young girls love. As the time approached they were the only residents of the village who were not excited about it. Madeline's fault was satisfied that the other ought to be *rosière*. The choice being otherwise entrusted, it was likely that Jeanne would win the day, the baker, her father, being a man of influence and weight. She was universally beloved, and all would be pleased to see her good fortune. But, strange to say, a few days before the selection, the village of Nanterre was shocked to hear that Jeanne had roughly repulsed a poor crippled woman who had solicited alms of her, and had the old creature not fled from her blows, or want but for the kindness of Madeline, who had shared her humble lodging with her. This settled the question. Madeline was the *rosière*. No one congratulated her more heartily than Jeanne, and the marriage, within a few weeks, a promising furnace of the neighborhood. It was not known till long afterward that the attack of the old woman was an imposture, planned by the good Jeanne, in order that her friend should win the prize.

Miscellany.

What is Life?

Dr. Chalmers says:

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the mill of wealth; to make money and lose it, keeper, and thought an implement of trade: this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened. In it the sensities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Imagine, then, a fresh, keen, watery, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the true conclusion of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tear which flows from the wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in being.

—*Punch*, who, as every body knows, is the best-natured of funny men, has generously communicated to an anxious world the secret by which Mr. Barney Williams

"Dances Jigs."

We are so pleased by our inquisitive acquaintance as to the *modus operandi* of Mr. Barney, as at the sacrifice of our sweet, and the risk of incurring a penalty of £5000 for a violation of contract with the illustrious horse-tamer, we proceed to make known to the world the system by which the most vicious and unmanageable horse is rendered perfectly amiable and tractable. We will give the case of Cruiser. Mr. Barney, after carefully approached this violent animal, and having established a communication between them which succeeded perfectly satisfactory to the horse, Mr. Barney proceeded to unstrew the four legs of Cruiser, and to remove his head. Having performed these difficult operations with considerable skill, Mr. Barney then introduced himself into the interior of the animal, and remained some five or six minutes. He then emerged, and rubbed the horse's tail with a preparation of cold cream and cayenne pepper, replaced the head, rescrewed on the legs, and Cruiser from that moment was subjugated forever.

—Mrs. Eliza Bus insisted that

What the Girls need

Is a little love, to keep our girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more knowledge and less music; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock-modesty; more breakfast and less lying abed in the morning."

Providence.

"From morning mist will shadow steal."

The stone upon the wayside road will feel,
And from the bird's mouth; and in that silent veil
It quivers, and it trembles, and it grows
Till, lip-and-by, a rose, a single one,
Lifted to Heaven, unto the sun.

It chanced, a wicked man approached one day,
And saw the tender, glorious look it wore;
Perhaps—for it, remember, is a story—
Grew in a garden-bed, or by the door
That he in idleness days had plucked around,
For his knees, trembling, sank upon the ground.

Then, o'er this place of bleeding earth, the tears
Of penitence and sorrow fell like showers;
The golden key of love—that sin for years
In his stone heart had held—opened there,
Was loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Became a heart of love, a emotion, like a flower.

—The following letter from

General Bonaparte

to a young lady who should be read by every little boy and girl in the land.

"My dear Georgie.—This is your birthday, and here I am in the midst of the home in which I was born, five years ago, to write you a letter. Now, though I am in the midst of the home of freedom enough, when you get these lines, to call to mind how very good God was to you on this day, in preserving the life of your poor mamma, who was so sick that no one thought she would recover. At that time you had a little sister also, but am now so much better, by God's mercy, that I have not had my suffering to complain of since I returned to this beautiful home. I am sure that when I get on board my steamer at Boston, to go to Maine, on my way to Lake Erie, taking that, nowadays, it is the fashion for little boys, like you, to do so work till they are seven years old; so, if you are good you will be seven years old the next day; but then you must begin to labor in earnest. And I will tell you what I will do for you. The first thing is to love God, and to understand His law, and obey it, and to believe and love Jesus Christ, who He sent into the world to die on the cross to all people who will believe in Him. Then, as it is likely you will be a soldier, as all boys are in India, you will have to be taught to ride well, and a little Latin, and a great deal of mathematics, which are also very useful to soldiers, and English history, and French and German, Hindostanee, drawing, and dancing. But not all these at once, as a great deal—quite a jumbo, and a cart-load of learning. But if you are from the first very industrious, and never let any of the little things pass over without four hours' diligent study, at each, you will get through them wonderfully, and everything before you is cut down into a very little hill indeed."

Chemistry in Germany.

It is usual for lovers to tie large bunches of hawthorn to the windows of their sweet-hearts on the 1st of May. Some young ladies, however, who have not been fortunate enough to have obtained an offer, get the bunches for sale, and conceal it by the spiteful or the peculiar over their threshold; and it is by no means uncommon for the fair creatures who are thus treated to take the hawthorn from the casements of their rivals in the night, and tying them to the sash of their own, display them with some of their chaff in return. It is customary, also, for swains to go to the windows of their fancies, and play on a pipe, by which they gain a happy new-year. The term of betrothal is of different durations. In some cases it lasts only for a short period, but in others it continues for many years. It is frequently the custom for a lady to be betrothed to a young man, before the subordinate situation under Government, upon the understanding that he may be promoted, the object the youth's salary reaches an amount that is deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the pair. Others, again, are betrothed during their infancy, even though every one in Prussia knows that the full person "Children are born betrothed, and they marry until they reach the rank of captain, unless, indeed, they be able to depart the sum of twelve thousand dollars to the crown, by the intercession of the interest of which is, under certain circumstances, held to be little less than the maintenance of his wife. The State, however, does not limit its paternal care to officers alone; it has a like regard for the interests of all persons of limited means, and will not allow them to commit matrimony until they give good evidence that they have the wherewithal to support a family. In Coblentz, for instance, no one can become a benedict unless he can show his fashionability. This is a little while ago, cost only eight thalers; but the poorer families were found to increase in equity at these moderate terms, that the richer deterred upon raising the purchase-money for the city freedom to thirty-six thalers (upward of $20), so as to offer every obstruction they could to marriages among the humbler portion of the community.

—A recent traveler thus describes

Life in a Tycoon's Palace:

The nuns never lie down, but sleep upright. I went up a narrow, cork-screw stone stair-case, into their cells, and saw these extraordinary beds; they consist of a hard and almost cylindrical mattress stuffed with straw, about three feet long, at right angles, to which is fixed an equally hard, upright pillalone, to support the back. There is no pillow, neither are there sheets, and only one small thin blanket. A basin and ewer of water stood on the ground, and the sleeping nun had a wooden log behind the door. There was no other furniture. A small window opened on to the garden, and the honey-suckle which embowered it gave something of a cheerful aspect to the denuded little dormitory.

They rise at 2 A. M. (mid-day, an only allowed two minutes to wash and dress, and go down to chapel, where they say their matins and half past five, when their first mass is said. This is always at a fixed hour, and is followed by one and sometimes two others. About three they remain in the chapel till breakfast eleven. Their first meal, which they call *asaze*, is at half-past eight, and consists generally of barley, vegetables, rice, eggs, etc. Butter, cheese, milk, and what they call *dad sauce*, they also eat, but never flesh, nor seasons. Their second and last meal is at seven, and consists of dry bread and thin tea—no milk or sugar. The sisters may sing for themselves—washing, mending, sweeping, scouring, etc. The rule of the lay sisters is slightly less severe in some respects, but none is so strict as to enough to startle most peasants.

The life of the Tycoon and the mysteries of the house was a very pleasant, amiable-looking woman of about thirty-five. She had a peculiarly calm expression of countenance, and appeared to enjoy perfectly happy in the life of which she had made her choice, and which was one of strict rule and discipline they observe, she said, was *ben pour l'ame et bon pour le corps sauve*. It seems they are renowned for their cookery, and to prevent too great an attachment to one locality.

The Sores of Egypt.

She and another lady sister were sent a short time ago on a mission to England, and this was another considerable grievance to her; but she does not appear to have thoroughly accepted as one of acts of submission to the will of her superior to which her rule bound her. She was eight days on board at London, when they put up at the hotel, they were shown into a room where the beds were, of course, unoccupied. She was a difficult while had not occurred to them, and they made up their minds to sleep on the floor, as was the rest of the world. But no sooner had they tried it than they found it impossible to sleep; accordingly, they removed the bedding to the floor, and taking the mattress off the bedstead, placed it half upright against the wall, and found it to be perfectly satisfied with their ingenious expedient.

—Michael Angelo Titmarsh has this sensible word to say

Consolation for Wall-flowers.

My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect and pretty as Miss Lucinda-Amanda-Jemima-Sophia-Ball, if at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you perceive that you have not had so many partners, while Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night—consols yourself with thinking that, if she's pretty, she is a fool and ignorant as you appear now at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your cash as she will of vanity and to see the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter to follow after her. You will not, within a within your once splendid saloons, and placards in your sad windows, gaunt, lonely, and dark. You will not have the pleasure of seeing her, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have enjoyed tranquillity.

Odd Thoughts.

Grey hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out and cast under foot by unpleasant people.

When a woman begins to count her admirers, it is a proof that she has not a number in decency.

"Do not cry," said Sophie, the German critic, to a lady who was evidently reaged: "your tears will make you plain."

"The heart of a cold beauty," says Saphir, is one of his works, "is like a pond, in which she preserves her affections or her lover."

He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner who destroyed his victim with a bouquet of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practiced every day by—the world.—*Bishop Latimer.*

Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, and sensitive nature; light blue, and much more, gray eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have something of a double meaning in them. Hazel eyes are the most usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and practical. Shakspeare, it is said, had hazel eyes; Swift, blue eyes; Milton, Scott, and Byron, gray eyes.

"The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow."—Coleridge.

"Without books God is silent; justice dormant, natural science at a stand; philosophy lame; letters dumb; and everything involved in Cimmerian darkness.—*Bentham.*

"Reading in a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to give a hint a meal; yet great is capacity—*yea*, so indefinite in desire, that the round globe of the world can not fill the three corners of it!" When it desires more, and cries, "Give—give!" I will set it over to the infinite good, where the more it hath it may desire more, and see more to be desired.—*Bishop Hall.*

"In doubt, act with light; skill, with truth; and in all things, with love."—*Mason.*

"A helping hand to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

If we Cobbett who said—and he said the truth, too—that woman is never so amiable as when she cooks; and as for beauty, though a man may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand in their love like seeing them at work, engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.

Abel by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain
The heart can only know a tempest know
That never feels a pain.

A tectotaler, on seeing another, asked a neighbor if he were not inclined to the Temperance Society, and he replied, "Yes, for when he now liquor *his* mouth out."—*Herald.*

It is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, originally connected with the Picayune, has become a member of the Legislature of that State. The next time he attended service he was considerably surprised at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

"Did you not tell me, Sir, you could build the blow of a mill for nothing?" "Aye! by my troth, I did." "Now the dence can I build it, and two horses drawing it between them?" "Why, Sir, you have but to build it built it with my help."

In 1676 Joseph Lowe, of Nottingham, was fined by "ye Corts at Springfield" £10 "for wearing of silk in an unlawfull manner, in ye immoderate and gaul"—probably in the hoop fashion now prevailed.

Physiognomy.—A love scene overheard and photographically reported by Punch's Fleet Street Pilot: "Flushed of the phiz," signed the lover, "glossy my ploughing when I gazes on the graceful consequence of your pleading glances your feathers pleasantly. Your plethora of hair, your ivory forehead, your eyes like sloes, your nose, your lips, your cheeks sparkle in glorious array on your love, I plead I plunge the pleasure of becoming your husband, Fanny Fitzgerald." Fanny answers: "Hold, Farnaby, hold!" screamed Phrances; "it will be all over when you discover." But Farnaby plied, and Phrances pleaded.

New Metaphysician.—Why is twice eleven like twice ten?—Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty, too.

The Dressing Bell.—Got a four-horse power engine. Put it in the back kitchen, run shafting in every room connected with the establishment. Connect it on the shafting plan fly wheels, smear the wheels with treacle, and set the engine going. The treacle, attracted by the treacle on the fly-wheels, will light on them, and the forced revolving will throw the treacle upon them. Have a boy under each wheel with a hat, and let him seize them as they fall, and bolt them down in reverse from their distance. A smart boy has been known to do a dozen hats in a day.

In fishing, we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and he has certainly watched us between getting a good dinner and being a good dinner. His mouth has been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many smiles.

What's the difference between a young woman and an old one?—Love affairs and love affairs. Which is a mistake and copy?

Brevities of Business.—Make buy while the sun shines. That is to say, take advantage of the season, so long as it lasts. Do not sweep off prematurely.

Texas and the Fogs.—The inhabitants of Nopalda, boasting of the approach of the conqueror, prepared to defend themselves from the foe. Igor, their chieftain, not liking the nothing of the sort, but to treat him alone, and his followers, with the utmost hospitality. Igor, with his escorts, was duly welcomed. Arrived at the camp of the besieger, Nanny, who knew it was useless to attempt to fight with so great a force, was surprised at what gift was likely to be most acceptable. He resolved it should be a fine cow, for he had plenty of fine pastures. "I will consult with my sister," said Nanny, "and you shall have your choice." Igor was pleased at the idea of his sister's opinion, and was delighted to take quizzes, as the larger fruit. "Very good," said Nanny, "I will consult your opinion with that." When he reached the tent of the throne of Timorlane, he announced to him the object of his visit. Timorlane, delighted at the proposal, as an offering of peace, he hastened to the tent of his sister, Igor, and informed her of the proposal. Igor, with a look of the utmost expressive of the people of Jengi-Schelver. The reunion was a happy one. Igor left the tent, and Nanny and Timorlane, and Nanny, who stood patient and immovable, gently exclaimed, "Brother, what is your choice?" "Why the Prophet be thanked!" or, "Oh, admirable! how can I sufficiently express my joy!" What did Nanny say? He replied Nanny: "I gratefully enjoy the consequence of my own wit. My wife was delighted with the present, and I chose to bring Igor; and well that I did, for with his own hand he cut off the head of the chief who had caused so much trouble to Timorlane." Timorlane, overjoyed, and declared that, for the sake of one fool, he would not destroy the whole. He then embraced and loaded them and their property.—Then," cried Nanny, "the entire population of Nopalda had no time nor heart to communicate the joyful intelligence.

CHILDHOOD'S INNOCENCE.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in mine angel infancy!
Ere I had left my first white coat,
And trend again that ancient track,
Before I thought the road was long,
My innocence with a mind sound!
Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
That I might kneel and pray
The pure and active innocence
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.—*Rogers.*

Mademoiselle Rachel hardly ever received without some reading or rehearsing before that day. It is her rest. In England, the report was spread of her marriage with Lord Normanby, and Lord Normanby. Certainly Mr. Lumley had given certain parties to her house to hear her read a new piece, and on the day before the last party he met her at the door of the theater. On an second journey to London, it was young Lord Edward St. —— who was the object of the matrimonial, the Court J. "Count," said she to him, one morning in the Champs Elysees, "I am going to read to-night to Horace," "do you know what is said—that you have offered me your hand?" "I offer you my hand, every evening, to applaud you!" "That's right; one gains wit and courage."

He that hath bedicted with stern adversity,
Read known to shape his course to happiness.

In a debate recently, in the literary society competed exclusively of the pupils of the Kentucky Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Devil and Daniel Webster were discussed, and "Which was the most beautiful—the rocks of Nature, or the works of Art?" The advocate for the service of Nature, among other proofs of their superiority, instanced woman, describing affection at the same time, by a sign which, in the deaf and dumb alphabet usually and knowledged ladies who were present.

—Mr. Bright has been lecturing in *their* words *by hands*), in his turn, advocated to this particular argument of his opponents, and said that it was a singular coincidence, he told he, "it is the draw of the Indian beginning that cleaves, and Britain they are emphatically a work of

Colonel Moore, a welcome politician of the Old Dominion, was a noble pleasant and affable gentleman, and a fine specimen of the Virginia planter. He was much embraced in knee-many men; but a story is told of him which he failed to convince either himself or the standpat of their previous acquaintance. All things to all men, he met a countryman one morning, and, in his usual hearty manner, shook hands with him, saying:

"Why, how do you do, Tim? am very glad to then you's a free guy, Tim. I see you that ride your free old grey, Tim."

"No, Sir; this horse is one I borrowed this morning."

"Why, so I see. Well, I'se how are the old woman and baby?"

"My parents have been dead about three years, Sir."

"But how the poor wife, Tim, and the children?"

"I am an unmarried man, Sir."

"Poor enough, Tim, you'll live on the old farm?"

"No, Sir: I've just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."

"Well, Tim, I guesh I don't know you after all. Good-morning, Tim."

Here is a specimen of Emerald wit that isn't so bad. On the Cambridge road there was a fair, and a man was exhibiting. Two Irishmen approached from Boston, rather disappointed. "I spy'nose and that's a pig's rod" with which to pust the gate. A passer-by, on observing the cause of them a passage to how he would this avail to get them both over? After having there heads together," one of them approached the man in charge and asked, "Sure me how much is it to go over?" "A penny a piece," was the reply. "Arrah now, and have ye carry a boodle on ye back?" As much as you please," said the imbecile. The Irishmen then mounted the gate, and taking up his position on the ground by his bundle, the man with the penny, marched on with his burden, to about the middle of the bridge, when they stopped and gazed and Mike tolled Pat over to Cambridge side. The astonished was vellenened, the bridge being about a mile long.

Children love a good joke sometimes as well as "old folks." Looking out the window the other day, I saw my little six-year old sitting on a post, and watching the approach of a distressed looking old man, with an unusual of absent a minute, "Chressel! Chressel! Where are you?" The old man, as he came up, answered in a frank tried out, "Mabel, what if you were to see a little boy Chressel?" cried the man of fond. "Well, says Frank, he no budged but to escape from the whip, "I should think that was rather poor eating!"

An umbrella is an article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

The not uncommon custom of getting a friend, after he has left the company, across to his house, is condemned by the practice of the ancient tribes, who erected a monument in a departed hero by throwing another man into the grave.

Medical practice may be said to be guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, July 3, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been lest fros for Flour, which has been in active demand, chiefly for home use. Prices lots of Wheat and Corn have been unsettled, and have been in favor of buyers. Provisions have been dull and heavy. Rye has declined, closing quietly and languidly. Butter has been very scarce and inactive. Oats have been pretty freely dealt in. Cotton has been in dull demand, and prices have trended downward. A good inquiry for Coffee and Sugar, and Molasses has been active. Rice has been in favor of the grower. Tobacco has been in moderate demand, slightly, closing steadily with a fair general demand.

The sales of Flour have sought after at unchanged prices. A moderate inquiry from the near-by and local trade, for really desirable Dry Goods. The Jobbing sales have nearly ceased for the season. The movements of other articles were unimportant, and without feature of any remarkable alteration.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations of the Produce Markets:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 75	@ $4 00
Superfine State do. do.	4 00	@ 4 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 10
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 15	@ 4 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 10	@ 5 30
Fancy to extra Canadian, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 50
Super to favorite Red Flour, per bbl.,	4 10	@ 4 30
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 50	@ 4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 25	@ 1 30
Corn, per bushel	0 70	@ 0 72
Rye, per bushel	0 70	@ 0 75
Barley, per bushel	0 60	@ 0 70
Western Oats, per bushel	0 45	@ 0 46
State Oats, per bushel	0 46	@ 0 48
Beans and Peas, Oats, per bushel,	0 60	@ 0 64
Southern Oats, per bushel	0 44	@ 0 46
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12 @	12½
Pork, Mess, per barrel	17 50	@ 18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@ 14 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 75	@ 11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	13 50	@ 14 00
Ref Hams, per barrel	15 00	@ 17 50
Cut Meats, per pound	9	@ 10
Lard, per pound	10½	@ 11
State Butter, per pound	17	@ 20
Western Butter, per pound	10	@ 17
Cheese, per pound	8	@ 10
Beer, per 100 pounds	3 50	@ 3 75
Hops, 1857, per pounds	7	@ 8
Hops, 1858, per pound	5 @	14
Tobacco, Kentucky, per pound	6	@ 10
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	27	@ 30
Syrup Teas, per gallon	30	@ 35
Tobog Teas, per pound	27	@ 40
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon	24	@ 25
Soaps, per pound	6	@ 8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3	@ 4
Tallow, per pound	8	@ 9½

Stocks of several Articles in New York, July 1, 1858.

	1858.	1857.
Coffee, packages	16,115	40,817
Tobacco, hhds.	2,000	3,000
Sugars, number	105,631	116,163
Molasses, hogsheads	11,000	8,500
Molasses, barrels	17,058	6,561
Beef, barrels	1,000	1,000
Pork, barrels	14,342	14,700
Sugars, hogsheads	4,754	7,000
Sugars, bags	6,117	12,300
Sugars, boxes	21,713	19,411
Tobacco, bags	1,000	1,000
Tobacco, bales	2,000	6,453

Freights were inactive. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d.; per pound. Flour in bbl. @ 1s. 6d.; per bbl.; Grain, 4d. @ 4½d.; per bushel; Bacon, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d.; per barrel; Beef, 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 9d.; per barrel; Pork, 2s. @ 2s. 3d.; per bbl. For other ports more favorable rates. The total number of vessels of all descriptions in port was 1,000.

The Dry Goods Markets last Wednesday were not so fully supplied with buyers as yet, in the early part of the day, prices declined a shade.... Mitch Cows were less plentiful, and were in request. Veal Calves were also in demand, while more were abundant than they were needed; hence, prices declined 50 cents.... Sheep were quiet and languid in price.... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending June 28.	Week ending June 21.
Beeves	4,703	3,941
Milch Cows	233	170
Veal Calves	1,693	879
Sheep and Lambs	19,000	19,128
Swine	6,156	4,420

Of the forty-fourth Street Market's supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1,754	Kentucky 29
Ohio	715	New York 72
Indiana	1,133	Unknown 1

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound.. $ 6 @ $ 7
Cows to Ex. Milch Cows, per head.. 25 00 @ 50 00
Veal Calves, per pound.. 4 @ 6
Fancy Veal Calves, per head.. 5 00 @ 8 00
" per pound.. 7 @ 8
Live Swine, per pound.. 5 @ 6
Dressed " .. 7 @ 8
Fatting Pigs, each.. 1 00 @ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets are generally well stocked with Early Vegetables, and prices are low in consequence of the abundant supply. The demand is fair. Poultry, Game, and Eggs are in full supply.

SUMMER CLOTHING FOR PERSONS AT WHOLESALE.

Strawberries, per bushel crate	$3 00	@ $5 75
Gooseberries, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 50
Cherries, per pound	5	@ 6
Currants, per pound	3	@ 5
Raspberries, per 200 baskets	8 25	@ 10 00
Peaches, per box	3 50	@ 1 50
Pears, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 75
Peas, per bushel	1 25	@ 1 50
" new, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 50
Onions, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
" per 100 bunches	3 50	@ 4 00
Turnips, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Carrots, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Beets, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@ 3 00
Squashes, per barrel	2 00	@ 3 00
Cucumbers, per 100 baskets	1 00	@ 1 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37	@ 50
Green Peas, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Tomatoes, per box	2 75	@ 3 00
Asparagus, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 6 00
Eggs, per dozen	9	@ 13
Lard, per pound	9	@ 10
Fowls, per pound	11	@ 14
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 14
Ducks, per pair	62	@ 1 25
Spring Chickens, each	62	@ 1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@ 1 25

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JOHN MOORE.
"Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1857."
"My son was born with both lower limbs deformed. Both feet were permanently bent at right angles, and of one foot the heel was drawn up. He was five years learning to walk, and then only with the aid of crutches and stiffness of the limbs, and required much bending of the spine and bracing of the whole body. I applied to Dr. Mann to render the effect of walking most painful to behold. Surgery was not necessary in this case. The operation of unbarred declared his case hopeless. He now walks straight, with use of their members, and with no crutch or stay which automatons all who see him. This case has been published to the world before. Let its record suffice his child or friend to remain deformed."
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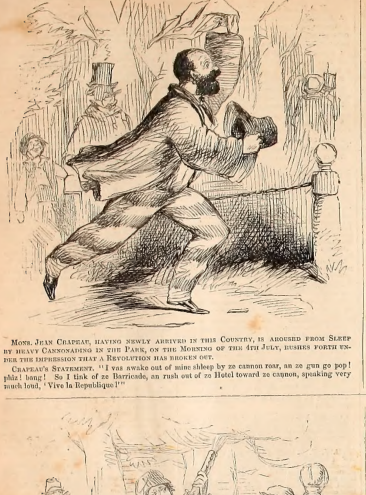
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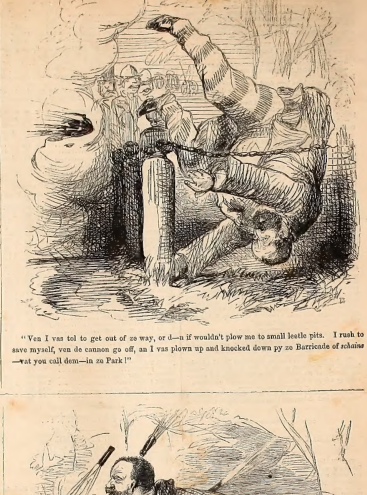
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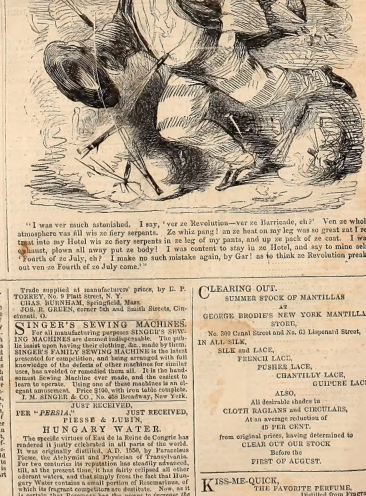
CRAPEAU'S STATEMENT. "I vas awake out of mine sheep by ze cannon roar, an ze gun go pop! phis! bang! So I tink of ze Barricade, an rush out of ze Hotel toward ze cannon, speaking very much loud, 'Vive la Republique!"



"Ven I vas tol to get out of ze way, or d—n if wouldn't plow me to small leetle pits. I rush to save myself, ven de cannon go off, an I vas plown up and knocked down py ze Barricade of echaise —vat you call dem—in ze Park!"



"Ven I recover mine self, an vas not killed, I vas plown up again py small leetle poy, with a ten pound Pistol, vas he say, 'you got up, Old Bull Frog! I vas not shootin' you; it vas all for ze Fourth of ze July.' Eh?"



"I vas ver much astanished. I say, 'vat ze Revolution—vat ze Barricade, eh?' Ven ze whole atmosphere vas all vis ze fery serpents. Ze whiz bang! an ze heat on my leg vas so great dat I retreat into my Hotel wis ze fery serpents in ze leg of my pants, and up ze pack of ze coat. I vas exhaust, plown all away put ze body! I vas content to stay in ze Hotel, and say to mine self, 'Fourth of ze July, eh? I make no such mistake again, by Gar! as to think ze Revolution breaks out ven ze Fourth of ze July come.'"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We present our readers this week with the portrait of the most celebrated preacher and most popular orator in the country, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He is one of the many children (thirteen, we believe, in number) of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, a veteran divine who still survives in vigorous health. Mr. Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1834, and studied Theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman, in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he preached for two years, and then removed to Indianapolis, where he remained until he was called by the Plymouth Congregational Society of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, where his ministry commenced in 1847, and still continues. Mr. Beecher was one of the founders of *The Independent* newspaper, to which he is still an occasional contributor, over the signature of a star. His works—if they may be so called—consist of a volume of "Lectures to Young Men"—"The Plymouth Collection of Hymns"—a collection of some of his articles in *The Independent*, called "The Star Papers"—and a volume entitled "Life-Thoughts," made up of striking passages from his discourses, reported by an admiring hearer.

Probably no man in the country is more generally known, or regarded with a more personal affection and enthusiasm. Whenever and wherever he speaks, vast crowds assemble; and he is the only orator for whom all the halls and all the churches every where are too small. There are American orators more polished, more elegant, more scholarly, more graceful, more rhetorical, but there is no one who impresses his hearers with a deeper sense of his own sincerity and manliness—no one whose sympathy with suffering and sinful men of all conditions is felt to be sweeter or more ennobling—no one whose affluent imagination so illuminates, and whose tender Christian heart so purifies, the subject he discusses.

Mr. Beecher is identified with various causes; but his independence remains untouched, and he works in his own way. He is a temperance man, but something more. He is an anti-slavery man, but something more. He is an orthodox Congregationalist, but something more.

"God works by the Church just as far as he can," said he, at one of his discourses, "but the stream of his working overflows and runs in a hundred ducts besides." In like manner, his chief sympathy and hope are for man, and they run in a thousand rills of speech and action. Whatever hinders, cramps, confines, or in any manner dwarfs human development, is the enemy with which he deals, and the combat is jubilant and triumphant. He rejoices in his strength and in his work. He sends his words for the right, ringing home like the anvil strokes of a blithe blacksmith singing at his forge.

When he rises to speak his face is full of a lambent light—humorous, and sly, and tweet—a kind of happy, boyish innocence and confidence, which directly win sympathy and interest—so that the orator is eloquent before he has spoken. His discourses are generally prepared, but as the tide of feeling rises it overleaps the limits of his preparation; his imagination floats and soars beyond the course marked out, and, like a strong bird dipping, and reveling, and darting in the summer air, with the lights of heaven and the colors of earth glancing and glittering upon his plumage, his mind decorates his thoughts with an affluence of exquisite illustration drawn from every department of nature—so felicitous, and charming, and novel, that the happy hearer believes, with Cicero, that a great orator is truly a rarer triumph of nature than a great poet.

Mr. Beecher's voice is not especially musical, nor of great range; his action is vehement and dramatic rather than graceful; and the violent contrasts of effect—the sharp, loud cry and muscular movement, followed by a relaxed frame and ordinary conversational tone—are sometimes unpleasantly suggestive of a poor style of clerical declamation. But the next moment some gush of humor lights, like a sunbeam, upon the scene of the discourse, or some lovely sentiment touches it with tender pathos, and thousands of eyes, bright alternately with smiles and tears, proclaim the power which is not to be described or criticised—the magnetic sympathy and persuasion, without which grace and elegance, and music and learning, and wit and fervor, do not suffice for eloquence.

The secret of Mr. Beecher's influence and success with all kinds of minds lies in his broad and sweet humanity. It is both sweet and wise. Like all Christians, as they are usually called, wonder why he remains within the limits of a creed so orthodox. The temperance men wish he worked more technically under their banner. The Abolitionists heartily denounce him as a trimmer, because, while he sees the dangers and difficulties of our national differences, he also sees and grants the splendor of our prosperity and position, and the magnificent scope of our destiny. Hearty and blithe in body and mind, his theology, his philosophy, his sentiment, are all buoyant, hopeful, and cheerful. He believes in the power and the goodness of God, and therefore he believes the ultimate triumph of his Spirit.

However old he may grow (and may he live so long as good men ought to live!), Henry Ward Beecher will always seem to be a great, noble, blithe boy. His fresh feeling, his exuberant and rollicking humor, his genuine love of men, and his faith in their improvement and progress, his most Christian reliance upon the religion of which he is a teacher, will always keep the bloom of youth upon his heart, and its fire in his soul, however Time may brush the hue from his cheek and quench the light in his eye. His youthful appearance is such, that, upon first coming to the neighborhood to preach, he went one Sunday to the church, and, seating himself quietly in the pulpit, was promptly warned off by the sexton. "What do you mean?" said Beecher. "Why, we don't allow boys up here," sternly replied the sexton. But Beecher allows boys. No man has a livelier love for children, and more sympathetic intelligence of their tastes, and wishes, and habits. Some of the most striking and beautiful passages of his lectures and sermons are thoughts and illustrations of childhood and youth; and his eye would moisten with hope, and admiration, and longing over a brave boy or a happy girl, as it would, with sorrow and prayerful entreaty, over a sinful fellow-man.

He is an American in the best and truest sense. There is nothing mean, or narrow, or sectional in his fraternal and national feeling. He believes that this continent was intended for the great experiment, and that it will be fully, fairly, and successfully tried. To this end he welcomes the ever-increasing immigration, for whom labor the untracted Western wilds are waiting. He cheers the ship that he sees from his study window speeding on the bay, and rich with those who shall be developed into citizens and the parents of citizens. Every Sunday three thousand people in the morning, and three thousand in the evening, hear him expound the Gospel of Christ in this human and catholic spirit. Every night in every week, except during his summer rest, somewhere and in some way, either at prayer-meetings—at revival meetings—at lyceums—in halls—in school-houses—in theatres—under the trees—from the steps of public buildings—he is preaching, with a text or without a text; and the substance of his discourse is the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Yes—but "Shorp's rifles," and laying corner-stones of armories, and addresses to military companies, how about all these things?

His answer would be short and simple: Human means for human ends. Because we are to love men, we are not, therefore, to let them murder our children, nor lay waste society. Mr. Beecher does not take



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

a position without understanding it and himself. He rolls up his sleeves and stands to his guns, and whoever attacks it must expect no fair-weather fighting. He occasionally explodes a false rumor about himself with a witticism, sometimes pours in sparkling satire and severe truth-telling; and whoever interrupts him in a speech or a lecture, or in conversation, either playfully or seriously, will find that he has but burnished and sharpened the weapon he opposed.

Mr. Beecher is of medium height, with a florid complexion, and large, soft, humorous blue eyes. His mouth is full and firm, and less poetic than the general character of his face. His boyish appearance is heightened by the hair brushed behind his ears. His dress is always simple and half negligent, like his manner. One very warm Sunday in the dog-days, when he was fresh from the West, he preached in a light linen coat. But he does nothing eccentric for the sake of eccentricity. He is discreet and thoughtful. He fights substances, and not shadows. No man is more liked by his opponents, because no man is more generous to them. A characteristic American, large-hearted, large-handed, large-minded—more learned in men than in books—clear-sighted, and loyal and self-confident, he has already written his name upon the times, and upon the hearts of his countrymen.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

SECRETARY COBB has advertised for ten of the twenty millions which the Act of the late Congress authorizes him to borrow. Capitalists do not seem very eager to take the loan, mainly because the Secretary, whose experience as a politician is larger than his knowledge as a financier, declines to let people know when the other ten millions are to be awarded. Had a reasonable delay been fixed between the two issues, the whole of the ten millions to be now sold could have been disposed of at a fair premium to two houses in this city. As it is, it is doubtful whether the Government will obtain the money it needs at any thing like as favorable terms as it could be had by any Wall Street banker.

This, however, is a subordinate consideration. The great question which arises, in view of the present condition of the national finances is, Where is this loan system to end?

The revenue tables of the trade of this port for the past year show a falling off in the duties collected from customs of fourteen to fifteen millions of dollars. From September last the revenue from that source has steadily declined. The following table will place the matter in clear relief. We give the revenue from September only, as the effect of the late revulsion only began to be felt then:

UNITED STATES REVENUE FROM CUSTOMS DUTIES, AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

	1857-'58.	1856-'57.
September	$2,249,982	$3,702,109
October	867,534	3,391,231
November	1,121,792	2,774,844
December	1,172,392	2,381,969
January	1,041,474	4,537,378
February	2,063,784	5,117,250
March	2,213,452	3,752,184
April	1,736,510	3,301,607
May	1,748,227	1,807,289
June	1,685,663	677,811

It is evident from this that one of two things must happen. Either we must begin to import at the rate current in the early months of 1857, or the Government must ask Congress to authorize more loans in December next. The exigency is fearfully pressing, and there is no escape.

What is the prospect of a revival of the import trade? Those who are best informed among the merchants reply, unequivocally, the prospect is slender. Though during the six months of this year which have elapsed our importations have been over eighty millions less than they were during the corresponding period of last year, there are as yet no indications of suffering from a want of foreign goods. We imported so much in 1856 and 1857 that we can safely be content with what we have for the present. Country merchants have large stocks on hand, and not having yet been paid in full for the goods which they sold last summer and fall, they are not particularly anxious to make fresh purchases. The unanimous report of the merchants is, that their customers are disposed to wait till times revive before increasing their liabilities. This is so thoroughly understood, and the merchants of the sea-board received so severe a lesson during the embarrassment of last fall, that it may be taken for granted that the general trade this fall will be, as compared with that of late years, light; and that some considerable period must elapse before the merchants have the courage to import, or the country dealers to buy, freely and copiously.

If this prove so, the President will be driven, in December next, to lay before Congress the absolute necessity of providing means for the public service from some abnormal source. Either more money must be borrowed, or resort must be had to new methods of increasing the revenue. It is possible to increase the revenue in two ways. One is, by repealing the new tariff, and imposing heavier duties on foreign goods; the other is, by the imposition of a direct tax. The former would arouse violent opposition on the part of the free-traders, who are now undoubtedly a majority of the people. It may be said with considerable certainty that a majority of Congress would refuse at all hazards to increase the burdens now resting on foreign goods and merchandise. This much is evident from the late debates on the tariff. As to a direct tax, the chief difficulty springs from our revenue and specie system. It would be impossible to collect a direct tax in gold or silver. In many parts of the country the people have not got specie, and could not get it to pay to the tax-gatherer. Under the law he could receive nothing but specie.

Whether, under these circumstances, Congress will not find itself forced to adopt, as the least inconvenient course, the cheap resort of new loans, the future will prove. People generally do not realize the enormous straits under which the Administration of Mr. Buchanan has labored, and is still laboring, for want of money. It is not generally known, for instance, that but for the intervention of two or three capitalists of this city, a few months back, the Utah army would have starved ere this. The contractors had exhausted their resources; the Government had not the means of advancing them any thing; and had not some rich men in Wall Street, on the urgent solicitation of the Government, consented to cash the drafts of the contractor on the War Department, the whole machinery for the conduct of the expedition would have broken down. Two or three of the much-abused Wall Street bankers saved the public credit and the United States army.

It will be scandalous if the United States plunge into debt in time of peace; but as things look at present, the chances tend strongly that way.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

PEOPLE have generally ceased to expect to hear of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Not only has the *Niagara*, which sailed from Plymouth on 10th ult., not been heard of, but none of the many steamers which have crossed the ocean since that date have seen any thing of any of the Telegraph fleet. Even allowing twenty days for the steamers to sail to mid ocean, they ought to have steamed by this time to their destination. The inference is inevitable: it is that the cable parted, once or oftener, and that, in obedience to the sailing directions, after unsuccessful efforts to splice and proceed with the work, the fleet returned to Queenstown.

From one extreme the public have run into another. People now talk as though the whole scheme was laid on the shelf, and the Company defunct. We apprehend that the disaster can hardly be as bad as this. Unless the whole cable be lost, the Company will renew the attempt at the earliest possible opportunity. A million of extra stock could readily be placed here and in England, if there were a fair chance of success.

We are much mistaken in the Telegraph Company's Directors if they are the men to give up their scheme on account of a failure or two. One, two, or three more years may be wasted; but the croakers may make up their minds that the wire will be laid at last.

THE ASTRONOMICAL QUARREL.

Two years ago there was founded at Albany, in this State, mainly through the munificence of Mrs. Dudley, a rich and very aged Albany lady, an astronomical observatory. The inaugural ceremonies were imposing. All the science of this country and of Canada was present—the American Association for the Advancement of Science happening to be at the time assembled at Albany. The Hon. Edward Everett delivered the oration—a discourse on Astronomy, which is the most perfect performance on the subject of which the world can boast. Every body heard it—philosophers and politicians, financiers and fashionables, merchants and men of leisure—all graced by their presence the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, and shared the high hopes that were entertained of its future usefulness and high renown.

Two years have elapsed. The Astronomer-in-chief, a young man whose name is Gould, has enjoyed twenty-four months of ample leisure for study and observation. There is reason to believe that the munificence of the endowments of the Observatory has freed him from the necessity of devoting any portion of his time to mere money-getting pursuits. It is notorious that he has been provided with instruments the like of which do not exist elsewhere in this country, and which are hardly surpassed in the government observatories of foreign countries. Nothing has been wanting for the usefulness of the Observatory.

Yet, it is due to truth that the fact should be broadly stated, the Dudley Observatory has, thus far, added little to the acquisitions of science. No discoveries have been made there; no calculations have been perfected within its walls which have advanced astronomical knowledge, or shed lustre on the greatest observatory in the United States. At least, if any such discoveries or calculations have been made, the public has known nothing of them. We have heard of discoveries at Cincinnati and at Cambridge; we have applauded the labors of Mitchell and Peirce; but of Mr. Gould and the Dudley Observatory we have heard nothing, save when they came to beg for more money for endowments.

Under these circumstances, the public, and especially that large part of it which has contributed to the support of the Observatory, have viewed with peculiar interest the controversy which has arisen between the trustees of the Observatory and the Astronomer-in-chief. It would seem that the former—who are appointed by the charter the managers, directors, and quasi-proprietors of the institution—have for some time been dissatisfied with Mr. Gould and his performance; that they have ground of complaint against him not only on account of his discharge of his official duties, but also by reason of his indocility as their hired officer; and that, failing, after repeated endeavors, to bring him to reason, they finally resolved to displace him. Mr. Gould, on his side, declined to be ousted from the very comfortable berth which he occupied. He met his employers with menace and defiance. His friends openly charged them with ignorance and fatuity, and gave them to understand that they were mere money-getters, incapable of comprehending the uses and aims of an Observatory. He secured, for his controversy, the countenance of three gentlemen whom the country delights to honor—Professors Bache, Peirce, and Henry. These gentlemen had taken an active part in the establishment of the Observatory. They are men of undoubted scientific eminence. To honor and compliment them, the trustees had, on the establishment of the Observatory, created them a sort of Council, with mere honorary functions. It was their duty to see that Mr. Gould calculated eclipses, and made the proper astronomical computations. They were expected to inform that gentleman, in case of need, that two and two made four and not five, and that Saturn was larger than Mercury. Beyond this it does not appear that they had any duties or privileges. They were mere private advisers of Mr. Gould, and evidently held office at the pleasure of their superiors and chiefs—the trustees.

When issue was fairly joined between the astronomer and the trustees, these councilors, with the reckless ardor of enthusiasts, rushed into the arena. They had no more legal right to interfere than the Common Council of New York. They occupied, in fact, a position of less responsibility and authority than Mr. Gould himself. Yet such was their scientific enthusiasm, such their affection for their colleague, and such their natural ignorance of the ways of this wicked world, that they assumed to dispute authority with the trustees of the Observatory, and to question their right to discharge the duties which the charter devolved upon them.

To such a contest—presuming common sense to exist among the trustees—there could be but one issue. The Council, in endeavoring to screen its protégé, simply shared his fate. The trustees very properly made a clean sweep of all the scientific men. In a few days the Observatory will be reorganized on a new basis. It will be of great advantage to the new astronomer to enjoy the benefit of the advice of such men as Bache and Peirce. But it is to be hoped that the boon will be sought in such a manner that there shall be no mistake as to its conditions, and that, whoever aids the new master of the Observatory, there may be no further attempts to make it a mere nursery for scientific priggism.

THE DE RIVIÈRE CASE.

ONE De Rivière, a Frenchman, stating himself, seemingly with truth, to be an ex-officer of the French army, came to this country many months since with a view of engaging in the then pending Central American wars, either on the side of Walker or that of his opponents. He offered his sword to Trojan and Tyrian alike. Both were blind enough to decline it. Under the circumstances, Monsieur De Rivière led an obscure life here for some time, subsisting chiefly, it would seem, by exhibiting a sword which he declared he had waved at the head of a forlorn hope at the famous attack on the Malakoff at Sebastopol. He lectured—not without success; and at last, when fortune seemed to have turned her back upon him altogether, he applied for and obtained a conditional engagement to serve under General Henningsen in Walker's new expedition. At that time this De Rivière was living, after the fashion of his country, with a lady who was not his wife. Feeling some affection for her, and apprehending that he might fall in the new conflicts in which he was about to engage, he desired, before he left, to do what he could to preserve her from future want. Deliberately, therefore, and not dishonorably, he took her before a minister of his faith and married her.

He then left for the rendezvous of Henningsen's *corps d'armée* in the South. As the world knows, that *corps d'armée* never had a chance of smelling powder. Monsieur De Rivière led as idle a life at Mobile as he had led in New York. The only distraction he found was fighting a duel with a sagacious Southerner who proclaimed him a *chevalier d'industrie*. In the conflict he was wounded; was carried from the field to the house of a generous gentleman, who lodged him, and whose family nursed him till his convalescence. That hospitality he requited by inducing his host's daughter to elope with him. He did not marry her. He never tried to do so. He knew better than that. But he took the innocent child from her father's house, led her to Havana, and thence to New York and New Jersey, and at the present moment keeps her hid away somewhere in the interior of that State.

The chief aggravation of the case is, that the law provides no adequate punishment for his conduct. He has been arrested and held to bail for stealing the young lady's clothing; and proceedings have been instituted against him for enticing away a child for purposes of prostitution. But it is very doubtful—even if he should be caught, which is not by any means certain—whether either of these charges could be sustained in a court of law; and at any rate, the punishment, in case of conviction on either, would be slight. Public sentiment and any honest jury would have justified the outraged father in vindicating his own wrongs in the most thorough manner with his own hand. As it is, wrong—and wrong of the foulest kind—bids fair to prevail.

THE NEWS FROM INDIA.

BY the *Fulton* we have later news from India, and news which is regarded as favorable to the British. Before acquiescing in this view, it will be well to inquire what news from India could be favorable to the European cause?

Battles won and forts stormed could not be classed under this head. For if the experience of the past twelve months proves any thing, it is that this great uprising in India can not be put down by the sword. More battles have been fought in India since May, 1857, than were fought in all the Crimean war. Delhi has been stormed; Cawnpore has been taken at the point of the bayonet; Lucknow has been thrice mastered, and at last occupied; and, after all this, where are the British? Precisely where they were before. Nothing is in their hands but the chief roads and a few strong places. The country—jungle, mountain, and thicket—is still held by the mutineers. Their tactics are those of guerrillas. Now and then they fight, and in such cases they are usually beaten; then they disperse, and are nowhere to be found, till, a few days or weeks afterward, they suddenly loom up on the flank of some unsuspecting *corps d'armée*, and go through the same manœuvre again. Arithmetic and common sense tell us that, in such a game, the winner will be he who is superior in numbers. To suppose that the fifty or sixty thousand Englishmen can carry on, successfully, such a war as this against 100,000,000 natives of India, in India, is manifestly preposterous.

As it would undoubtedly be a general misfortune for India to relapse, at present, under the undisputed control of the native rajahs, friends of humanity will wish well to the English Government in their endeavor to reconstitute the Indian Government. At the same time, it must be added that none of the constitutional projects which have been made public thus far recognize in any degree the right of the Hindoo to self-government. Without this feature, it is very doubtful whether they would be entitled to even a partial measure of success.

THE SHOCKINGLY DULL TIMES.

IN the sketch of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, published in this journal last week, the following passage occurs:

"The New York *Daily Times* lately said of him [meaning Mr. Bennett] that, when he was dead, people would honor his memory as a great editor and a great statesman. The remark does credit to the sagacity of the *Times*."

This, on Thursday, the senior editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* "imagined would surprise the *Times* as much as it did him." It does, in effect, seem to have surprised the gentlemen who, in the absence of Mr. Raymond, are conducting that journal. They said, on Saturday, 10th inst., that *Harper's Weekly*

"makes a pretended quotation from the *Times* eulogistic of the *Herald's* editor. We trust that the *Weekly* will see the propriety of making a full explanation of the forged opinion which it pretends to quote from the *Times*."

In reply, we beg to refer the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *Times* to the following extract from the New York *Daily Times* of 3d January, 1857:

"Say what people may about Bennett, a hundred years hence his name will be recorded among the great men of the present time. Few persons, vilified, calumniated, and hissed at as he has been, would have .... risen to the high point of influence he has obtained .... Mr. Bennett, in private life, is a gentleman, and in politics, a statesman."

The fact that Congress was in session at the time this was published will probably account for its escaping the notice of the senior editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

We advise the gentlemen who are conducting the *Times* in Mr. Raymond's absence, to read their own paper. Profitless and even cruel as the task may seem, they should nerve themselves to its performance.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FOURTH.

Our great national day was the pleasantest that most of us remember. The air was so cool and bright—the opportunities of enjoyment so various—the general spirit so peaceable—that, amidst the universal popping, which was never sound nor sane, old John Adams might have been satisfied and have felt that the day was duly honored. New York was comparatively placid; but Boston came out very strong in speech-making. While Mr. Choate and Mr. Holmes made each one long oration, and Mr. Everett two short ones, Mr. Caleb Cushing introduced us "the favorite son of the Massachusetts," spoke to us in New York. Over the river, in Brooklyn, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was the orator. Somewhere at the West, on his homeward way, Mr. Douglas made an "unparticular" speech. In Philadelphia his friend, Mr. Buchanan; and upon a steamer at sea, coming to Boston, the Hon. Jefferson Davis. And besides these distinguished ones, all kinds of orators, in every town and village in the land—in pulpits and groves, on platforms and "stands"—improved the day and its lessons, gayly or gloomily, as their minds inclined.

The great significance of the day in our vicinity was, that it was a festival of free-speech; and so may it always be, and with ever-increasing eloquence and influence! Whatever a man thought of our country and the condition, its progress, its glory, or its danger, he could freely utter. The most diverse sentiments were spoken in the most vehement way; there was not a single occasion which, upon being read, will not be repugnant to the convictions of at least half the people, and think what a fortunate state and society that is in which the public letters decorously to every man who can say what he honestly thinks, and from what he thinks fit to say he thinks—with tolerable facility.

This great fact, of itself, shows what has thus far been done in this country; and is, so far, a splendid justification of the day. Mr. Choate's most prolonged period—Mr. Everett's most elegant sentence—Mr. Cushing's most denunciatory allusion, could not overstate the magnificent possibility of the nation whose birthday has just passed. With the spirit and the sentiment of Independence, with his calm, indomitable faith in liberty, and his unwavering resolution to make his opinions free, or die in the effort—denounced as a rebel and traitor—asserted at last as enthusiast and an incompetent militia colonel—with his spirit, and sentiment, and wisdom as our guides, we are not likely to go wrong. It will be pleasant to see how the eloquence of the day culminated in homage to that great and good example, as the glittering constellations circle around the pole. And when the evening gown were fired, and the eighty-second anniversary ended amidst the universal crackle of musical bells, who did not feel that if indeed the statesmen and orators, the lawyers and leaders of the land, will imbue themselves with the true liberty, sobriety, honesty, patriotism, and wise humanity of Washington, the country will become what even he scarcely dreamed it might be—"brightest and best of the sons of the morning?"

A MAN'S NAME.

[In reply to "A FRIEND," who inclosed an extract from a Boston paper of June 18.]

In a man owns any thing, it is his name. He is its natural guardian in every way, and it is impossible for all that the individual bearing that particular name may do or say. Whoever uses it for any purpose without his consent is a forger. It is no excuse to say that you may put his name to a check in favor of somebody to whom he has given some money to that somebody's sister or brother yesterday. It is a pure, absolute, criminal forgery. He uses his name who signs it.

Recent discussions and disclosures have shown how widely the bad habit has spread of using a person's assent to a certain use of their names. If a petition is printed, or a meeting is called, or any kind of a project is supported by the names of persons, it may be pretty certainly understood that some of them were used without authority. And what can a man do, who sees his name bandied about by thoughtless people for purposes which he may not approve? Of course he can not prevent them from giving his name where he thinks he ought to, because somebody else may use it in a manner more or dissimilar cause. A man, for instance, is not to cease to be and to call himself an ardent democrat, because somebody may therefore use his name as against all law and order in society.

Washington Irving agreed with Tom Paine in his republican views—was Washington to deny his democracy, or repeal of it because somebody might declare that he might as well go to Canada and become a drunkard?

A man's only protection in such cases must be his character and antecedents, and his friends must rely upon them. There are a great many stories told to the injury of famous men, which, a year or other days, which can now be disproved only by the force and publicity there may be in a denial.

Every generous soul acquits Sir Philip Sidney of any wrong toward Lord Penelope Devereux, upon the ground of pure character. And the popular character is not always sufficient. The late atrocious rumor that Bishop Hughes carried his wife on grounds notorious in London, was blasted at once by his personal character in every honest mind; and when he wrote his card, and stated that the reasons were entirely private and peculiar to his wife and himself, and that nothing could or should be any thing else finally lied, he ended the matter at once, and smashed the rumor like a bubble. His character protects him. Will any body be such a fool as to suppose that a man who would separate from his wife would therefore probably be guilty of licentious crimes?

So with lesser men.

But the newspapers which propagate these false rumors, and then moralize upon them, are not very beautiful or edifying spectacles. They do an injury they can never undo; and before they brand a man they do not even look to see if he be a criminal. Nobody knows so well as an editor how often men's names are used without their authority, and how impossible it is for any correction to overtake or extinguish the effect of the publication. So man is therefore so closely bound by every honorable consideration to take care that he is telling the truth and not "improving" a falsehood to the injury and hurt of his readers.

But it is useless for a man to write letters and try to catch the airy slanders that dart and sting about the street. If he be consistent and honest it will all come right. If his character can not conquer his words will not.

SONG OF THE ROSE.

Sweet botanists, who search in the nightingale wooing the rose, sings to his own rose in that remembered music:

I.

I watch with thee the silent summer night,
When hills I follow every sparkle star,
And waiting moon lies risen to our sole sight,
Till from their patient quest,
All, all are sunk to rest,
And in the dim slumbrous west,
And, lady, thou and I.

II.

Oh, weary heart! deep sky that watch unbow'd,
Though round thee steepers toil the long night hours,
And many-voiced day is loud,
And silliness is loud,
And the watch it keeps,
Transcend in its remoter scope,
And wandering zephyrs faint on beds of flowers.

III.

E'en while with sight you cool your throbbing brow,
God's living hand is on all that you see now;
And all that pathway white
Is yonder warm bright,
Is but the deepening light
Of angels bringing peace for all thy days!

IV.

The perfume which I bear is but the kiss
That Heaven has upon me in blessing. Rightful token sweet they left for you it is.
And see! that star
The tears they wept for you—
Which, falling on the earth, I turned
I garnered in my bosom all the night!

V.

The morning comes, and Nature is at prayer!
And with the early light and hush of dawn,
Soothed with the song of birds and blossoming air,
With suffering long express'd,
At last I have found rest.
By gentle Sleep cares'd—
Sleep standing by, care under breath to wane!

VI.

Oh! sleep, dear lady, sleep! Sleep, sleep, nor dream!
Let not the world's rude sounds disturb thy rest!
Oh! tranquility, as glides the noiseless stream.
Sleep, sleep on, sleep on!
Sleep, sleep, oh, weary breast!
Sleep, sleep, oh, dearest heart!
Too happy I to guard thy rest alway!

TOAD-EATING.

The season for this delightful food is peculiarly auspicious. Some of the largest, finest, ripest, pulpiest, richest, and most savory toads ever produced have been served up during the last few weeks, and consumed with immense relish by a large, but choice, circle of gourmands. The excitement which has been created in the midst of our fellow-citizens has been very great. The first cut of a delicate specimen with the sweetest of peas, or the earliest shad broiled to a turn, are both delicious and are eaten with less avidity, than the delicious toads which have made their appearance remarkable. It is a happy provision of nature that the most delicious of all ways to gratified, and the intelligent observer can not go far in the country without encountering some of the many lovers of the dainty busily engaged in the consumption. But the specimens we generally meet in this country are but faint when the consumer desires. In fact, it is only rarely that a toad consumer have a delicate toad to eat and toad-eating. The best opportunities are offered in England, and under peculiar circumstances in the United States. When they are plenty, however, there is an entire devotion to the enjoyment of the repast which is truly touching to witness. In truth, it is a question whether the rarity of the best specimens of toads does not make them —when they do occur, and are presented to the most extraordinary specimens of toad-eating in the whole world! Our Washington correspondent, in the department, Mr. Thackeray, who may be called the very high priest of toad-eating, might learn new truths of the human capacity in this direction among his transatlantic brethren. Two Americans, who have recently been travelling in this country—quiet and educated gentlemen, entirely unacquainted with the various movements are in no sense public property—will be very successful in giving the celebrated naturalists and social philosopher the benefit of their toad-eating devotion, gathered from their personal observation and experience, of American toad-eating.

"JEMS PIPS OF PIPESVILLE."

Mr. STERNE PARK is a gentleman who thinks some things may be done as well as others, and that, because Mr. Matthews and Mr. Albert Smith have been successful as monologuers, they have not monopolized success. He is a singer, a dancer, a dramatic reciter, and a humorist. He has been quite round the world, appearing amusing it to its extreme satisfaction, and he has now returned to amuse his fellow-citizens with his many triumphs, in America. Let us give him a fair chance, and he has surely as much right as any of the world to know that if he can really entertain the public, he is sure to succeed, if he only lets the public know that he is waiting to amuse it. Every body is willing to laugh and be pleased. And the artist only put it so that the public can not help the public.

MOUNT VERNON.

The women of America propose to buy the land upon which stands the tomb of Washington. In the spirit of a generous spirit, but with that large and sweet sympathy which belongs to women—hoping that in doing one thing they may do many, that the rewards of patriotism may be made many, and he also fragrant in the nostrils of a nation, begin their thoughtful, considerate, considerate, charity—that while they honor the grave of the dead, they may quicken universal love and reverence for the spirit that inhabited the body, and so fulfill a great, magnificent, beautiful ministry of peace—they are endeavoring to secure the country, and by invoking the interest of good men and women in an object which can not but seem lovely to all people, and of good report in all agency—entertainment according to generosity and ability and feeling—they hope to collect the requisite sum before many months.

Meanwhile, Mr. Washington, the present owner, has consented to hold the estate at their disposition for a limited time for a certain sum—about two hundred thousand dollars. In itself nobody supposes the place is worth the money; but value is very arbitrary. In commercial cities, it is an axiom that a thing is worth what it will bring. In the present case, it is most true that it is worth the owner asks for it. But that the grass of our greatest citizen should not be dishonored, or become a mere speculation and show—that it should be a national shrine, a perpetual and perpetually honored pleasure-place for great principles illustrated by the career of its great inmate, is beyond question. Hence to its ownership and the great expenditure of goodness. May all the Washington legend garlands, in the hands of the women of America, turn to wreaths of living cooling the spirit of him they honor, to feed the discord they deplore! May they bloom into fragrant fruit, and may the angels waved on the eve of the birth of the religion of peace on earth, good will to man!

And may all this be proof, cy, "Amen!"

A COMPLETE LITTLE WRITER.

Tom Lounger dined with his friend, C. A. Baltimore Clerk," who sends the following example of worshipful humility, falling in love:

"A young lady newly married, being obliged to shew to the husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend: 'Le key is, to read the first and then every alternate line only.'"

"I can not be satisfied, my dearest friend!
Most as I love thee, and must ever love,
Unless I pour into your friendly bosom,
Which has ever been in unison with mine,
The various sensations which swell
With the tumultuous throbbings of my pleasure,
my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear
husband is one of the sweetest men
I have now been married seven weeks, and
have every reason in the world to
regret the day that joined us. My husband is
both in person and manners far from resembling
ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous
monsters, who think by confining to secure
a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a
person, friend and confidant, and not as a
plaything, or menial slave, the woman he
chooses to be his companion. Neither party
he says, always enjoy himself completely;
but each yield to the other by turns.
As ancient wisdom says, which is a large,
but choice, circle of gourmands. The excitement
which has been created in the midst of our fellow-citizens
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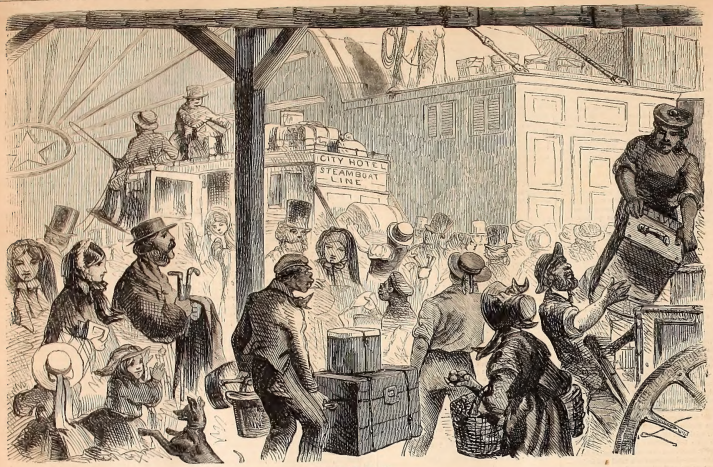
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GOING ON BOARD.

THE BOAT AND THE TRAIN.

THE accompanying illustrations depict a phase of life which is interesting to the bulk of our readers at the present season. Everybody, but a few editors and other slaves, spends a large segment of the dog-days in cool retreats.

The first picture, "Going on Board," will remind many a reader of the brief period of misery which is the unavoidable introduction to a trip to the country by steamboat. The throng, the noise, the reckless manner in which luggage is handled, the excitement about lost trunks, good berths, and misplaced keys, the terror lest Jimmy or Polly should fall overboard from the gangway, the nervousness caused by the ubiquitous sign—"Beware of Pickpockets!"—all these form an ensemble which travelers do not readily forget, and which our artist has happily seized.

The second illustration, "Waiting for the Train,"



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

represents one of the country stations which serve as outlets to the rural retreats where it is so delightful to waste a few days in July or August. The "company" is evidently city bred, though we notice that one of the trunks hails from that snug little place, Providence, Rhode Island. The young lady who forms the centre of the group, is taking a tender leave of her little sister in the sun-bonnet—an operation which appears to be full of interest to the party with the mustache, in the background. The customary dispute about baggage is being waged between the old gentleman with cane and umbrella and that exasperating personage—the baggage-master. At the other side, a comfortable character is beguiling ennui with the aid of a cigar; while the most philosophical, if not the best looking of the party, is enjoying a real pleasure in the inspection of the cuts in the last *Harper's Weekly*.

THE LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

IN a late number of this journal we published a series of cuts illustrating the terrible earthquakes which devastated the country lying south and southeast of Naples in the early part of the present year. In a subsequent number we gave an account, from the pen of an English manufacturer who had benevolently undertaken to relieve the distresses of the sufferers, of the dangers done by those frightful convulsions. We now subjoin, as a fitting appendix, two illustrations of the eruption of Vesuvius which took place at the end of May and the beginning of June.

The connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions has always been conceded by men of science, but has never been explained. Daubeny, Humboldt, and other philosophers have ventilated various ingenious theories to account for the connection; but after all they know no more than the peasant of the *campagna*, who says, in his artless way, when the earth quakes, that she (the earth) has the colic, and will not be relieved until she has a copious evacuation through some volcano. In accordance with this homely theory, the Neapolitans have been preparing for an eruption of Vesuvius ever since the earthquakes. Other portents confirmed their anticipations of disaster. The almond-trees flowered and cherries half-ripened in December last; in May it stormed and rained, and snow fell heavily in the mountains.

It was on the 24th May that Vesuvius first showed symptoms of a new excitement. The reader may be aware that the same crater seldom serves the purpose of more than one eruption; a single effort appears to exhaust it. Travelers walk securely over the crater from whence issued the terrible eruption which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Accordingly, when the mountain revived to activity in May last, the old crater on which travelers have gazed with wonder for a century or so was saliently silent and dark. It was from a number of new and smaller craters, scattered over the space between Monte Somma and the old cone, that the lava and scoriæ burst forth. Some of these juvenile mouths seemed especially charged with the duty of hurling molten stones into the air in regular volleys. Others resembled caldrons full to the brim of liquid fire, hissing, roaring, bubbling up, pouring over the edge, and rolling great red torrents down the mountain side. The best generated from these fire-mouths would have sufficed to keep a great city warm for a whole year. At first, the lava stream rolled slowly and unlikely toward the crest of the Observatory, crossing in its course the old road which, no doubt, many readers have traveled, between the Hermitage and the cone. Near the Observatory the stream divided into two rivers, each of which pursued a steady march downward. A third river, led by a separate crater at the foot of the cone, and above Resina, followed a different path, and promised at one time to lay a new coat of lava upon Herculaneum. When the eruption was at its height one of these lava streams was half a mile wide.

Of course the destruction of property has been considerable, though nothing like that caused by some former eruptions. Several pleasure-houses and residences near the mountain have been overwhelmed. Instances of remarkable philosophy on the part of sufferers have been noted. A priest, whose house, in his absence, had been devoured by the lava, ran boldly to the end of the stream, and threw into it his latch-key, exclaiming:

"Thou hast taken my house; take the key also!"

The Neapolitans seem to have rather enjoyed the spectacle. A correspondent says:

"On each night several thousands of persons of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant, urged by curiosity, repair to the scene of this extraordinary spectacle. The darkness being complete, and the route in many parts difficult, each party is furnished with a torch, and the view of these hundreds of torches flitting about between the streams of lava is most curious, presenting the appearance of multitudes of fireflies.

"The Hermitage, which is close to the great basin of craters and rivers of lava, is approached by a tolerably good carriage-road, and, as may be supposed, hundreds of vehicles of every description, from the calèche of the millionaire to the humble corsicle, are collected there toward midnight. Donkey parties abound, of which ladies do not fear to form a part."

In some of the country parts the news of the eruption was received with excessive joy, as an indication that the earthquakes, which for five months have endangered life and property, would now terminate. Throughout the *campagna* of Naples people are still living in sheds and tents, prudently waiting till the earthquakes are over before commencing to rebuild their houses.

Never was so miserable a condition of affairs. Notwithstanding all that has been written, the fearful effects of the late convulsions of the earth in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies are very imperfectly realized abroad.

Saponara, a fine town of 6000 souls, was shattered at a stroke, and only one building—a castle—left standing. Half the inhabitants perished. In an old fort, whose walls were several feet thick, a sum of $300,000 had been concealed in specie; the keeper of the fund and three-fourths of the money disappeared together in the ruins. At this place the earthquake was a series of unaccountable shocks from side to side; it seemed as though some monster had taken the place in his

A CRATER IN ERUPTION.



THE LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

teeth, and was shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. A priest was thrown out of his window, and caught, in air, a peasant who had been ejected by a similar process. Both fell to the ground alive, clasped in each other's arms. In one house every person who was sleeping on the upper story was crushed to death; the tenants of the story below were not disturbed. The City Judge had a singular escape. His house was destroyed, and he and his wife were dashed—somewhere—under a mountain of ruins. Happily for him, he fell undermost; and her arm happened so to strike the earth that it formed a shield for her husband. Death stiffened it; the Judge was dug out alive, the corpse of his wife still continuing to sustain the weight of the ruins above him.

Montemurro, once a fine town of 7000 inhabitants, is a pile of rubbish, near which are encamped two thousand survivors, in mourning for five thousand deceased relatives. Viggiano, which furnishes a large proportion of the organ-players and itinerant musicians who are found all over the world, is in no better condition. A thousand persons were killed here in endeavoring to escape. Three men at this place were lying in one bed. At the first shock a beam fell and at one stroke severed six legs. They were found alive three days afterward.

LITERARY.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE, edited by J. Smith Homans and J. Smith Homans, Jun., and published by Harper & Brothers, is a book to which we would draw the attention of every man who desires to possess books of reference, and especially every one who wishes a compendium of information on all commercial subjects.

When the broad signification of the word commerce is considered—the fact that it includes every thing which is bought or sold—applies as well to a horse trade as an importation of teas and silks—to a pound of geese feathers as to a cargo of whale oil—the amount of information which *ought to be* contained in such a cyclopedia will appear evidently immense. All this the volume does contain, admirably arranged, and most thoroughly digested. From the article on page 1, on the *Aam*, a liquid measure in Holland and elsewhere, to that on page 2000 (and last), on the Zoll-Verein, every page teems with information of value to the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, and the student. We know of no class of men who will not find the work most valuable. If any one of our readers will enter a book-store and turn over a few pages of the volume, we are persuaded that he will consider it a necessary work for his own use, and for the instruction of his children—containing between two covers what can otherwise be found only by opening two or ten thousand.

By way of illustrating this eulogy, we open the book at random. We strike upon page 210, and find the word *Shoal* defined; next, *Shoes*, under which are interesting accounts of the boot and shoe trade. The annual value of the boots and shoes made in Massachusetts is $37,400,000. In Essex County alone, in 1855, they were produced to the value of $12,000,000. The article is full of statistical information. *Shola* is a substance of Indian manufacture resembling Chinese pith paper, and is used to make hats and other articles. *Shore* is the next word. *Shumac* the next; with directions for its use, and for selecting the best quality. *Siam* is, of course, an interesting article. Its products, business, and trade are described, its political history, treaty relations to other countries, and all that is necessary to a thorough knowledge of the country. *Sicily*, *Sierra Leone*, *Silk*, *Silver* follow, and so on. This will show the class of articles which the cyclopedia contains in ordinary succession. Elsewhere we find the amount of an ordinary book devoted to *Light*, *Light-houses*, *Coast-lights*, etc. This is an article of exceeding value and interest, especially the accounts of various great light-houses; and is followed by equally interesting papers on *Linen*, *Lisbon*, *Liverpool*, etc. To farmers, the articles on *Corn* and *Grains*, *Cotton*, *Tobacco*, *Rice*, *Forest Trees*, *Flax*, *Wool*, and agricultural markets of the world, are worth all the price of the book. To merchants, there is scarcely an article in these two thousand pages which will not prove important. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other coast cities, the work will, of course, be found in every counting-room. It will be furnished to every ship, and will be as necessary to the captain as his compass. He will enter no port in the world which is not described, with all its resources of manufacture, trade, and prices, and especially its laws of commerce. The commercial law of every nation in the world is here given so clearly that no captain or supercargo can mistake. We hope, also, to see it become a house-book, in the possession of all classes of citizens, as an inexhaustible fund of useful and interesting information.

Dr. Barclay's work on Jerusalem, of which we have heretofore spoken, is now succeeded by a small book entitled THE HADJI IN SYRIA, by Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson, who, if we are correctly informed, is his daughter. The publishers are Challen & Sons, at Philadelphia. The book is a pleasant addition to our list of works on the Holy Land. The author pretends to no new discoveries or ideas, but she makes a very agreeable, chatty history of some of the incidents in a long residence at the Holy City. The chief value of her book, however, consists in the accurate and beautiful illustrations, which, to one who has seen Jerusalem, are exceedingly pleasing, and to one who has not been a Hadji must prove very instructive. The reader can not fail to observe the resemblance of the name selected for this work to Mr. Curtis's title, "The Howadji in Syria." For the benefit of those who do not know it, it may be well to say that a Howadji is (in modern Arabic usage) a traveler, while a Hadji is a pilgrim.

It is but a little while since we called our readers' attention to Barry Cornwall's "Farewell to the Muse," and lo! Barry Cornwall comes again; not himself, but in the person of his own daughter, who suddenly takes her place, and claims to be, and is, recognized among the poets.

The father lives again in the child. The same delicious purity of thought and melody of words; the same delicacy of outline; the same winning tenderness of expression that make us all love the father, characterize the LAYS AND LEGENDS of Miss Procter. A few of them have been seen heretofore as fugitives without maternity, but the most of them are new and fresh—eminently fresh and heart-reaching. We extract:

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
 Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
 Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
 A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
 That holds thy spirit yet;
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
 A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
 Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
 Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
 While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
 That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
 Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
 The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
 On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
 And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
 Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—oh, surely thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear—
 The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
 So comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I *would* risk it all.

Our space is small; but we can not lay the book aside without one more extract, which illustrates what we have found one of the pleasantest characteristics of Miss Procter's poetry, that she appreciates and admires the beauties of her father. Barry Cornwall himself might have written this:

HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
 "For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
 I can hear a sound at last."
 "It is only the reapers singing,
 As they carry home their sheaves;
 And the evening breeze has risen,
 And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
 Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
 And the red flushed in her cheek.
 "It is only the children playing
 Below now their work is done,
 And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
 By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker
 As, with anxious eyes, she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
 I can hear a horseman ride."
 "It was only the deer that were feeding
 In a herd on the clover grass;
 They were startled and fled to the thicket
 As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
 Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
 And the children were at rest
 There was only a sound of weeping
 From watchers around a bed,
 But rest to the weary spirit,
 Peace to the quiet dead!

Ticknor & Fields will reprint Miss Procter's book.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

MR. FORSYTH, in his dispatches, says, that while he has ceased to hold diplomatic intercourse with the Government of Zuloaga, he deemed it better to remain in Mexico to afford protection to American citizens if needed, and until he could learn the views of his Government as to his course. While the Administration views the action of the Zuloaga Government, with regard to the forced contributions, as an impolitic stretch of power, and injurious to American citizens, it has not yet decided if it be a violation of treaties. Attorney-General Black has the matter under consideration, and will soon submit his views to the President. We have a treaty with Mexico, based on the treaty made by that republic previously with England, forbidding the imposition of a forced loan or contribution. The question for the Attorney-General to decide, then, is this: Is a forced loan against the terms of the treaty?

MR. BERNHISEL ON THE UTAH WAR.

The following card appears in the papers:

"Upon the advice of experienced friends, I have carefully avoided presenting my name in print. The most obnoxious individual, however, is, by popular custom, entitled to ask for himself and for others, when malice is busy against them, what is termed a suspension of public opinion.

"I would most respectfully ask my fellow-citizens to distrust the letters with which the journals now abound, coming or purporting to come from the station of the army of Utah, and which are composed without any regard to truth of statement, by those whose personal interests will be promoted by our country's persevering in the wicked enterprise denominated the Mormon War.

"Why are you told by these cruel and mercenary persons, that there is reason to doubt the sincerity of the Mormons' desire for peace? Why did the Press at their command deny the authenticity of the dispatches of Governor A. Cumming to the commander at Camp Scott and the President? Can they hope, after we have entirely abandoned our plans and sacrificed all our preparations for defense—after we have opened a way into Utah to troops whose existence no one reasonable man will doubt was at our mercy; do they still hope to bring on a war by following after our flying people so closely that the conduct of a licentious soldiery will compel our citizens to defend themselves from their outrages by force?

"I do not understand it. My advices show that four months have passed since we were invited by the President of the United States, or by a gentleman who claimed to have his confidence and represent his views, to receive the assurance of his own and the nation's good-will, and to welcome peace and free intercourse again with the forgetfulness of all past differences. Four months have elapsed since that gentleman came among us with his message of peace, and upon our national faith we felt safe to call back our troops who were upon a hostile march, and salute the flag which should protect every American citizen who has a right to gaze upon it. But the hostile preparations against us still continue, the armed men at the camp still threaten to pursue our families and flocks.

"They even write of their success in prejudicing against us the minds of the two gentlemen who have lately reached them bearing the title of Commissioners of Peace.

"With all these evidences of dark plotting, I still have the hope that they will not be able to cover up the truth with fire and blood. I will not yet place the National Administration with those who are striving to destroy us. I believe the President to be a man from whom the truth may be kept by court intrigue; but I trust in him as one in every case incapable of perfidy.

"I think it enough for me to beg a suspension of public opinion. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"JOHN M. BERNHISEL.
"Delegate from Utah."

MORE OF THE MURUAGA AFFAIR.

A Washington correspondent gives the following account of the last rencontre between M. Muruaga and the banker Corcoran:

"M. Muruaga, Spanish Secretary of Legation, who, it will be remembered, had a difficulty, about two months ago, with Mr. Corcoran, the banker, about a love affair with Corcoran's daughter, yesterday took satisfaction for the insult he believed he had received by throwing his glove in Corcoran's face. The facts are, Mr. Corcoran objected to the attentions of Muruaga to his daughter. Meeting on the street, about two months ago, such language was used that M. Muruaga felt bound to challenge Mr. Corcoran. During several days pending the challenge, Miss Corcoran, it is said, in her anxiety to prevent a collision, and hoping to prevent it by influencing Muruaga, requested an interview. During the interview, in Corcoran's house, servants, who, it appears, were watching, informed their master of Muruaga's presence. Corcoran, accompanied by Senator Bright and the servants, ejected Muruaga from the house—he and the servants handling very roughly and wounding the Secretary. Upon this Corcoran refused Muruaga's challenge, upon the ground of his unwarrantable presence on his (Corcoran's) premises. Muruaga, feeling the sting of wounded honor, applied to his Government for *conge*, for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction without compromising the legation. Upon obtaining it he announced to Mr. Corcoran, by letter, the termination of the truce, stating that he had been prevented by his official position from seeking reparation before. When Muruaga threw his glove in Corcoran's face, Corcoran drew his pistol, but did not fire. Muruaga stood in an attitude to receive the fire, having his hand on a pistol in his pocket to return the compliment, if not mortally wounded. This has caused great excitement in fashionable circles, though every effort has been made to prevent and suppress it."

THE VETERANS OF 1812.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* gives the following interesting incidents of the visit of the old soldiers of the war of 1812 to the President, on Monday, 5th inst:

"Colonel Seaton then took his stand by the side of the President, and, as each of the veterans passed, was introduced by name to the Chief Magistrate, who shook hands with each, and exchanged a pleasant remark. Of one of them the President inquired, 'How long have you lived in Washington?' He said, 'Sixty-eight years.' 'Why,' said the President, 'that was before there was a house here?' 'Yes,' said the old man. 'I helped to carry the chains of the surveyors who ran the lines of the city through the woods.' As the soldiers passed along, the President repeated to another a similar inquiry, when he received for reply, 'I worked, Sir, on the old Capitol—my boy, fifty-four years old, is now employed on the new.'

"Colonel Seaton introduced Mr. John Sessford as the 'father of the city.' 'How long have you resided here?' asked the President. 'I came,' said the venerable man, 'before the Government; I entered the office of the *National Intelligencer* in 1800.'"

KILLED IN A COAL-PIT.

The Pottsville *Miners' Journal* tells the following terrible story "About noon on Tuesday last five men and two boys ascended the shaft at the Thomastown colliery, in a car resting on a cage. When within a few inches of the top, a pin upon which the cage rests when it reaches the top, was pulled out too soon, and the car was not on a level with the platform sufficiently to permit it to be rolled off the cage. In this position two of the wheels of the car were rolled off the cage; but it was found impossible to get the other wheels off. A signal was then given to the engineer, who could not see the position of the cage, to hoist it a little. Unfortunately it was hoisted too high; the car tilted, was freed entirely from the cage, and the next instant, with its freight of precious lives, consisting of four men and two boys, was dashed down the shaft, a perpendicular depth of two hundred and forty feet. The remains of the unfortunate men and boys were, after the occurrence, removed to the surface in a shockingly mutilated condition. Two of the men killed, named Sullivan and Kenwich, leave families. The other two, one of whom was named Brennan, were unmarried."

FORTUNATE RESCUE OF A YOUNG GIRL.

A Newport paper has the following: "During the visit of Tourniare & Whitby's National Circus to this city, a short time since, an attempt was made to abduct, with her own connivance, a girl of about fourteen years of age from her friends. The girl is an orphan, living out in a family, and conceived a strong notion of traveling with a circus company. Accordingly, on the last day of the stay of the above circus here, she arranged with them to go off in their company, they secreting her for the purpose. The fact coming to the knowledge of his Honor the Mayor, on Friday evening he proceeded immediately to the circus for the purpose of rescuing the child from her impending fate. Thrice was he repulsed and ordered to leave the tent, in his endeavors to gain access to Watson, the guilty party, once after his errand and official station had been made known. It was then that he ordered the arrest of Watson in the ring, made known to him the case, and ordered him to produce the girl. Watson did not deny any thing, but attempted to turn the thing off as a harmless joke. The end of the matter was, that Mayor Cranston pushed boldly into one of the dressing-rooms, attended only by a child who saw what passed between Watson and the girl, to identify her, found the poor creature secreted, and restored her to her anxious friends. The child had been drugged, for what fiendish purpose the reader can imagine."

RARE TROUT-FISHING.

A letter from the White Mountains says: "A day's sojourn at the Profile House, with a visit to the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' yet looking out in most solemn and solitary grandeur over his domains, to the oft-described Flume, Pool, Basin, and Echo Lake, with trout-fishing, closed our hill-work. One gentleman caught out of Profile Lake *one hundred and fifty-eight trout in six hours*. Think of that, Isaak Walton! In the evening our stage-driver brought over from Lincoln a brook-trout *weighing four and a half pounds*, and nearly two feet long."

A YOUNG LADY SHOT BY MISTAKE.

The Grand Rapids (Michigan) *Eagle* says that a young couple of Newaygo, who were to have been married on Monday of last week, walked out on Saturday and seated themselves upon a log in the shade of the wood, a short distance out of the village of Newaygo, and while thus seated the young lady was shot through the abdomen by a rifle-ball, and expired in three hours thereafter.

The perpetrator of this melancholy deed claims that he was out hunting, and when he saw her through the bushes he thought her a deer, and instantaneously drew his rifle and shot. The lady wore a red dress, and was flirting a white handkerchief to keep away the mosquitoes, which facts fortify the claim of the hunter. The names of the parties are not given.

A CHILD SWEARING AWAY ITS FATHER'S LIFE.

A most bloody and brutal murder was discovered on on 3d inst. at Chicago, which must have been committed on the day previous. The murdered person is a woman, named Jane M'Namee.

The murdered woman had by her husband two children, a little girl and a boy. The boy, four years old, was called as a witness and gave testimony as follows:

Previous to the swearing of the last witness, the little boy was brought in and told his story. He is a very intelligent little lad, and told his tale with an artlessness and sincerity that carried conviction to the hearts of every one that heard it. In the morning he had been asked by the coroner if his father had whipped his mother, and replied, "No." He afterward told Mrs. Cullom that "he daren't tell that man, for he would tell his father." After he was brought in, his attention was first drawn to his playthings, until his timidity being overcome, he told in his childish, lisping prattle, how his father struck his mother, and she fell down; how the blood ran and she was "very sick;" how he stamped upon her after she lay upon the floor, at the same time imitating, with his tiny foot, the motion; how his mother lay in a dark room, and was "so bloody;" how his father drew her forth by the hair of the head, and suiting the action to the word, he grasped both hands in the hair; how his mother tried to get up but could not, swinging his little body to imitate the mother; how he had no dinner in the day time, for his mother was asleep on the bed, but his father got him some after dark; that his father put him to bed; that his mother was in the bed at the time, all bloody by the nose; how she lay on the "boards" (the floor) with blood all round her; how his father wiped up the blood with a dish-cloth and put it in the pan; how he didn't see why she didn't die before, for his father did it very often. And finally, when asked if his mother was drunk, he distinctly said "No, but fader was." It was a scene long to be remembered by all who heard him, in the innocence of his childish confidence, tell his tale, which not a hearer could doubt; not yet old enough to realize his loss, or the danger in which he was placing his only remaining parent.

After listening to the testimony, the jury, with a very few moments' consultation, returned a verdict that the woman came to her death from blows inflicted by her husband, and he was accordingly committed to stand his trial for the awful crime.

STRANGE SCENE IN A CHURCH.

The Palmyra, New York, *Courier* gives the particulars of a novel suit which came off on Tuesday of last week, before Justice Fuller, of Ontario, Wayne County. It appears that the Episcopalians and Methodists of Putneyville occupy one and the same church, alternately. Two Sundays ago, rumor says, the right of use of said church, as per agreement, was with the Episcopalians, and the Sabbath school of that congregation proceeded to occupy the same. But, whether from misunderstanding or otherwise, the Methodist clergyman persisted in holding a meeting at the same time, and as the young ladies conducting the Episcopal Sabbath school would not withdraw, some little confusion ensued. The result was that on Monday following, at the instance of the Methodist clergyman, the young ladies were arrested for disturbing a religious meeting.

A WESTERN JOKE.

Near the mouth of the Ohio are two rival cities, which sometimes manage to keep their heads above water. The editors of both towns have been telling some queer stories about the late submerge. The Mound City *Emporium* is responsible for the subjoined dry joke on a wet subject: "The steamer *Manchester* has been engaged inside the levees at Cairo, during a considerable portion of the past week, towing houses from one point to another, and getting drift out of the town. The report that she tore part of her bottom off by running over the top of the Taylor House is without foundation."

PERSONAL.

Among the passengers by the *Persia* on Wednesday, was the Hon. H. J. Raymond, editor of The New York *Times*. Miss Charlotte Cushman, Mr. John Duncan, Mr. John Van Buren, M. Felix Belly, Mr. L. W. Jerome, and Mr. Mure, H. B. M. Consul at New Orleans, also went out in the *Persia*.

City Marshal Beard, of Lexington, Kentucky, was murdered on 10th inst. by a man named Barker, while endeavoring to arrest him. A crowd collected, and hung the murderer a few hours afterward.

Mr. Benjamin H. Miles, brother of John Miles and Franklin Miles, of Rochester, was killed in a duel at Teuson, Arizona Territory, on the 27th of April last. The circumstances of the affair appear to be, that Edward Miles, a brother of the deceased, got into a difficulty with a man named Curry, and challenged him. Curry refused to meet Edward, for some reason or other, when Benjamin took up the quarrel, and Curry, not having the same objection to him, a hostile meeting took place. The weapons were rifles, and the distance twenty paces. Miles fired in the air, but Curry, incapable of imitating his generosity, deliberately shot him dead. Mr. Miles was buried with Masonic honors.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "We regret to learn that Colonel R. M. Hoe, the ingenious inventor of the "Last Fast" rotary steam printing-press, has met with an accident at Brightside, which will confine him to his house for a couple of weeks. He was experimenting with an improved washing machine and boiler, and had turned off the steam from the boiler; but without waiting for it to condense, he commenced to raise the lid, and had only succeeded in withdrawing the pin which held it down, when the iron cover flew off, the steam, hot suds, and wet clothes, flew into his face with sufficient force to knock him down. His face and arms were scalded severely—but fortunately his eyes were uninjured. From the elbows to the hand the skin was taken off. The accident occurred on the 21st ult., and he probably will be confined to the house for a week or eight days longer."

The health of Bishop M'Ilvaine is such as to give much concern to his friends. While presiding at a recent convention, he stated in substance that a very peculiar sensation had come over him, accompanied by a remarkable lapse of memory. He desired the business to proceed, called Rev. Dr. Burr to the chair, and retired. In about half an hour he came back, resumed his post, but it was some time before he could readily call the names of members wishing to address the House. He had a similar attack while recently at the East, and while going home from church on Sunday he had another. He did not return to church in the afternoon, but was there at night, and spoke with remarkable clearness and energy. After church, he replied cheerfully to all inquiries about his health, and expressed himself as feeling in no way uncomfortable. He rested well that night, and left Newark next day in apparently good health.

Lord Napier is at the Nahant Hotel with his family.

Hon. Jefferson Davis arrived in Boston, in the steamer *Joseph Whitney*, from Baltimore, on the 5th inst.

Thomas F. Meagher has returned from the Central American States, where he has been sojourning for several months on a literary and artistic tour, accompanied by his friend Ramon Paez, son of the late President of Venezuela.

The Taunton *Gazette* says there are four sisters in that town, weighing nine hundred and thirty-five pounds. The shortest, being about five feet high, weighs two hundred and fifty-six.

In describing the Fifth of July celebration at Ogdensburg, the *Republican* says:

"Madame Vespucci, we hear, threw open her house and grounds to the free ingress and egress of spectators, and thousands visited her gardens and beautiful walks, and very many made her acquaintance and partook of her hospitalities. These gardens and grounds have been laid out, cultivated, and ornamented entirely under her direction and guidance, and they combine in themselves a degree of comprehensiveness, ingenuity, and refined taste which is seldom, if ever, surpassed in this country."

Madame Vespucci, who resides in Ogdensburg, is the descendant of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom the American continent takes its name.

Of Dyer Ames, the New York broker and Connecticut banker, whose drowning we recorded last week, at Yonkers, the Winsted *Herald* says:

"His personal habits and his family were, however, expensive. To support them, ordinary salaries were insufficient, and Mr. Ames embarked in various speculative operations—at one time visiting Europe in their prosecution. Success still eluded his grasp, and embarrassments followed him with the fidelity of fate, till, at the time of his melancholy end, he had established himself as the keeper of a boarding-house at Yonkers. Disappointment preyed upon him: hope no longer allured him; resort to crime or meaner practices he would not, and on Sunday last he resigned a life which had been unhappy. We would have refrained from these remarks, but the moral of so sad an event should not be lost. It is simply this—he lived too fast. Mr. Ames had never filled any prominent political position, though, perhaps, many of our readers will more readily recall him as a somewhat prominent member in the last Congressional Convention at New Milford. He was a man of warm and generous feelings, and leaves many friends to deplore his untimely end."

Hume, the American medium, was to be married in a few days at St. Petersburg. His bride is Miss Kroll, sister-in-law of the Count Konchelef Besborodo, one of the richest of Russian noblemen, from whom she gets a large fortune.

The case of Mrs. Macready, the reader of Shakspeare, against the City of Alton, Ill., for injuries received in the Spring of 1857, by falling off a side-walk, for which she claimed $20,000 damages, was brought to a close on Wednesday. She obtained a verdict for $300.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—THE SLAVE-TRADE.

On the 24th ult., in the House of Lords, the Earl of Malmesbury read the official account received from the French Government in reference to the murder of the crew of the "free-labor" ship *Regina Cœli*, off the Coast of Africa, and the subsequent capture of the vessel by the British Mail-steamer *Ethiope*. It appeared that the vessel was not taken possession of by the *Ethiope* from any sympathy toward the negroes on board, but from a feeling that the crew had been murdered, and that the emigrants on board were pirates. The only difficulty that had arisen had been whether the French captain, who was on shore when the emigrants rose on the rest of the crew, and who had all along declined to assent to the capture of the vessel by the *Ethiope*, was liable to pay salvage. He had distinctly refused, and in the end two French men-of-war removed the vessel from the Siberian waters, where the dispute arose. Lord Brougham protested against the negroes on board the ship, who were proved to have been taken on board in manacles, being regarded as emigrants. He trusted that a French and an English, or an American officer would be commissioned to inquire into the whole circumstances of the case. After a few words from Earl Grey, in denunciation of the "free-emigrant" movement, the subject was dropped.——On the 25th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Carnarvon stated, in reply to a question from the Bishop of Oxford, that Government was considering a measure to prevent abuses in the exportation of Coolies.

THE NEW INDIA BILL.

In the House of Commons, Lord Stanley moved the second reading of the new bill to amend the Government of India. He explained its provisions, which have already been published in full, and submitted the bill to the candid consideration of the House, as a measure of reform which would gradually lead to other reforms; and as a substitute for a provisional form of government to a more permanent and valuable form of administration, under the direct responsibility of a Minister of the Crown. Mr. Bright made a lengthy speech on Indian affairs in general, and stated that, although he considered the bill failed in one or two points, he would not oppose the second reading. He thought that the Governor-Generalship should be abolished—the position of that officer being too high and his power too great—and that India should be divided into five or six presidencies, with Presidents of equal rank, each division being entirely independent of the others. He urged that India should be governed for Indian interests, and recommended Government, the moment the bill passed, to issue a proclamation offering a general amnesty as the first act done by the Queen, as the Sovereign of India. Mr. Bright made sundry other propositions, and concluded his speech amidst loud cheers. Mr. Whiteside thought some of Mr. Bright's suggestions were quite impracticable, but, at the same time, he had no doubt the principles he advocated would be realized under the plan proposed by Lord Stanley. The bill was read a second time. On the following day the India bill was debated in Committee of the Whole. Several amendments were proposed, but in each case they were rejected by large majorities in favor of the Government. One of the amendments, for a reduction of the number of the Council, was proposed by Lord Palmerston, but it was rejected by sixty-two majority.

THE LAST OF NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPTS TO DICTATE TO ENGLAND.

The trial of Edward Truelove, bookseller, for publishing a libel on the Emperor of the French, came on in the Queen's Bench on the 22d ult. before Lord Campbell and a special jury. The case excited very little interest. There were four counsel on each side. The Attorney-General, who conducted the prosecution, said he rejoiced to announce that the jury would not be called upon to try the indictment. He understood that the defendant was prepared to state that he never intended to countenance the crime of assassination, and to express his regret that any such misconstruction should have been put upon his publication, and that the publication of the work had ceased. This was confirmed by the defendant's counsel. Lord Campbell approved of the course adopted, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was taken. The prosecution against Tchorzewski was disposed of in the same manner.

THE YOUTHFUL FREDAINES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The Prince of Wales, although only seventeen years old, bids fair to become a worthy successor to the last Prince of Wales—the very fast George IV. The Prince, it is reported, to the horror of his mother the Queen, has been detected in an intrigue with one of the ladies-in-waiting to her Majesty. The result was the immediate sending of the precocious youth on a visit of penitence into Ireland. This incident will perhaps delay the establishment of the young Prince in his own house—a measure to which her Majesty had given consent, and which was soon to be realized."

JENNY LIND IN ENGLAND.

Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt resolved, as is well known, a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present residence—Dresden—and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, etc., have been forwarded *via* Hamburg, to England. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, with her husband and two children, a son and daughter, and domestics, have taken possession of a neat villa, called "Roehampton Lodge," situated near to the south side of Barnes Common, and about a mile from Putney. The house is in a retired position, and in the immediate vicinity of Putney Common and the picturesque village of Roehampton.

THE AMERICAN CHESS CHAMPION IN ENGLAND.

The American chess champion, Mr. P. Morphy, of New Orleans, has arrived in London to follow up his challenge to play the English champion, Mr. H. Staunton. Mr. Morphy is a marvel of memory and skill, having, it is said, sustained no fewer than seven games simultaneously without sight of the boards. He will attend the annual meeting of the chess *savans*, in August next, at Birmingham. Mr. Morphy has played with some of the members of the St. George's Chess Club, and exhibited wonderful power.

RAREY THE HORSE-TAMER.

The following letter from Rarey the horse-tamer, to his nephew in this country, is published in the Southern papers:

"Liverpool, *Friday Evening, April 23*, 1858.

"My Dear Nephew,—I wrote you two sheets this morning, but was called away before I had quite finished, and now I have just got through with the day and had my tea, I will hurry to finish your letter before any one calls. There is no rest for the wicked, and no accomplishment without great labor. I have just had a very hard day, and between the hurrahs, the rush of the people, the lecture, the breaking of these very bad horses (one so as to be shod), the excitement, and the perfect volley of all manner of questions, I feel very much like leaning back in my chair and taking a quiet snooze.

"They tried to bring some horses to-day to defeat me, but they couldn't come it, and I, as usual, came off victorious, amidst the loud cheers of a class of about one hundred scholars.

"I wish you could be here just one day to see how enthusiastic the people are. This morning when I stepped into the school and took off my hat, they set up such a cheering and clapping of hands that made every thing ring, so animating me that I was full of eloquence, and addressed them with as much enthusiasm as though I was a second Kossuth. The streets outside of the building were crowded, and when I rode out on the back of a vicious stallion that no man had been able to mount for three years, they too set up a loud hurrah for the great American, that they think I am. They don't know that I am nobody but your Uncle Jack, that used to break horses in the little town of Groveport.

"Well, the name American sounds well, and I think I would be justifiable in being proud of the name, if I am not of myself. I wouldn't like to be called the great Frenchman or the great Englishman. Nothing carries with it so much music as the name of American, etc., etc.

"As ever, your friend and uncle,

"J. S. Rarey."

FRANCE.

POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE EMPIRE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have been told by parties capable of gleaning their information from the most authentic sources, that never, since the last revolution, was the public mind so diseased; that men seem waiting, anticipating, not to say laying plans, for a great crash, and that they seem to be firmly persuaded that without it there is no hope for them. I have heard that private lists of proprietors' names are registered and passed from one to the other, who will be offered up as a holocaust to popular vengeance in case of the long-expected casualty befalling the Emperor. It is said that the form of government is already arranged, and that the day of retribution will be terrible. The Emperor is known, in fact, to be seriously uneasy. His contemplated journey to Plombieres is for the moment postponed, and day after day he is employed in receiving at St. Cloud deputations from various departments of commerce, and doing all in his power to allay an excitement beyond his control. In all public securities heaviness continues to be the prominent characteristic of the market. The removal of the truculent General Espinasse and the substitution of M. Delangle has, as I predicted, done little or nothing to restore public confidence at home or abroad, and many do not scruple to say that the tide of the Emperor's fortune is fast ebbing."

WILL OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

The *Echo de l'Est*, a journal of the Haut-Rhin, gave the following as an analysis of the will of the late Duchess of Orleans:

"Her Royal Highness places her two children under the protection of the Queen Maria Amelie and their uncles; expresses a wish that the Comte de Paris shall be declared of age, and prays the Queen to be the guardian of the Duke de Chartres. Addressing her sons, the Duchess exhorts them to take for their model the prudence of their grandfather and the chivalrous virtues of their father, and expresses a hope that they will never abandon the political principles of their house, which their grandfather maintained during the eighteen years he was on the throne, and which their father, as proved by his will, energetically professed. After a few touching words of adieu to France, the Princess divides the bulk of her fortune equally between her two sons. Her Royal Highness also leaves legacies to members of her family in Germany, and pensions to old servants."

IMPERIAL ALBUMS.

"I have had an opportunity," says the Paris correspondent of the *Express*, "of seeing one of forty albums, which have been ordered by the Emperor as presents from him to forty generals who were with his Majesty at the Châlons camp last year. Each album contains full-length portraits of the forty generals, executed in the very best style of M. Legray, the celebrated photographer, and also a great many interesting camp scenes. The pictures, which probably form the most perfect specimens of the photographic art ever published, are bound in a magnificent folio volume, green and gold. On the cover of each volume is inscribed the words 'Souvenirs du camp de Châlons,' followed by the name of the general to whom that particular copy is given. The value of this very costly present is greatly enhanced by a portrait of the Emperor himself, taken by M. Legray in his Majesty's tent at Châlons. It is the most faithful likeness of the Emperor that has ever been seen, and differs very materially in the expression of the countenance from the numberless portraits which are touched up for exhibition in the shops. The eyes and lower jaw in particular are represented with a fidelity of which only those who have had opportunities of closely scrutinizing the countenance of this remarkable man can form any idea. The public will not, for the present at least, be able to study this wonderful 'sun picture,' as the strictest orders have been given that no copy of it shall be made beyond the forty ordered for the generals."

THE CENSORSHIP IN FRANCE.

The London *Times* Paris correspondent gives one a tolerably good notion of the French censorship, in the following extract from one of his recent letters:

"The '*Lionnes Pauvres*' of M. Emile Augier has just been published. It is dedicated to Prince Napoleon, without whose intervention it would never have been performed, and it is preceded by a preface which makes some amusing revelations respecting the dramatic censorship. Among other things, it is said that the author made a *femme de chambre* say to Madame Pommeau, the *lionne pauvre*, 'I hear Monsieur Pommeau: run to amuse him;' and the censorship wrote in the margin: 'This is indecent.' After the phrase 'Ask for a week's delay—there is no Englishman so much an Arab as—,' the censorship wrote: 'An attack on the alliance.' After the phrase 'These turpitudes are no secret to *Punch*,' was written the remark 'Bad taste.' 'At all the stages of society' they wrote 'Dangerous.' M. Augier adds, 'I ask pardon of the censors for violating the secret of the deliberations, but they have set the example by not keeping it themselves. One of them even amused himself by going about, proclaiming every where that our piece was a turpitude!'"

WHAT IT COSTS TO SPEAK ILL OF THE EMPEROR.

A man named Ferré, describing himself as a "carpenter and poet," has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for singing in the streets one of his own effusions, entitled "Confession of the Emperor to the archbishop," of a grossly offensive character to his Majesty. On the 12th ult. an individual named Dassaud de Nevrejó, belonging to the unfortunate category of "pardoned political offenders," was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs for speaking evil of the Emperor.

SENATOR SUMNER'S TREATMENT.

A letter from Paris, on the subject of Senator Sumner's medical treatment, enters into the following details: "Dr. Brown-Sequard agrees with Dr. Hayward as to the necessity of an active treatment, doubting very much whether any degree of care or lapse of time, unless the morbid condition of the system be directly acted upon, would not always leave the patient exposed to a relapse. He proceeded, therefore, at once to apply fire to the back of the neck and along the spine. Now, fire is fire, and the quality of it is to burn, as surely as the 'property of rain is to wet.' And here I can not do better than to quote entire a note I have just received from M. Sequard: 'I think you will like to be able to say that I have told you that I have applied six *moxas* to Senator Sumner's neck and back, and that he has borne these *exceedingly* painful applications with the greatest courage and patience. You know that a moxa is a burning of the skin with inflamed agaric (*amadou*), cotton wool or some other very combustible substance. I had never seen a man bearing with such a fortitude as Mr. Sumner has shown the extremely violent pain of this kind of burning.' So you see the *morale* is sound. In his memorandum, the Doctor speaks cautiously but hopefully of the final result. He says: 'I am in hopes that an active treatment will produce the absorption of the excess of fluid effused about the brain, and diminish the congestion of the membranes of this organ. As regards the condition of the spine, which is quite distinct from that of the head, though due to the same primary cause, and by a sort of *contre coup*, an active treatment may diminish the degree of pain, if not altogether render the sensibility normal, so as to allow walking and other movements to take place without pain.'"

Mr. Sumner's general health has almost entirely rallied from the original shock.

HOW THE PARISIANS MANAGE IN HOT WEATHER.

The intense heat of the weather has had the effect of inducing many Parisians to convert night into day, in order to enjoy the more moderate temperature of that portion of the twenty-four hours. The Bois de Boulogne is crowded with carriages of all descriptions, from nine in the evening till two in the morning. The boatmen on the lake are actively employed during the same period. The thermometer marked ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit in a very shady position at three on Wednesday afternoon, the 16th ult.

A LUCKY ACTRESS.

They say that a windfall has come to the Baroness Vigier, late Sophie Cruvelli, by the death of Ahmed Pacha, recently drowned in Egypt. The Pacha, who resided for some time in Paris, it seems, was seized with a real true Egyptian exclusive admiration for the fair cantatrice, and made the most handsome overtures of settlement if she would consent to abandon her theatrical career and wander to Egypt with him. His passion, increased by refusal on the lady's part, grew so fierce at last that the Pacha even went to the extent of offering not only his heart and fortune, but his hand, with the life presidency of his harem, if she would but agree to give up and follow him. But nothing could avail, and the poor Pacha left Paris in despair. But though lost to him it appears the fair syren was not forgotten, for by his will he has left her, some say a million of francs, besides jewels to a large amount, among which the famous emerald bracelet worn by Mehemet Ali, and considered of immense value, is said to be included.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT A FIRE.

A fire in the Church of the Madeleine, at Liegé, has caused the entire destruction of the edifice, with the exception of the walls. The tower, which fell in with a tremendous crash after the conflagration had raged for some time, was principally constructed of wood. The fire commenced in a heap of straw collected in a small shop which was built close to the church. The boys, who were under the Fils de la Doctrine Chretienne, escaped easily, but the girls had some difficulty in getting out. Their school-room opens into a long corridor, and when the alarm of fire was given, this corridor was full of thick smoke, as was also a stair-case at the end of it. Some of the girls, however, rushed along it, but, exhausted by the smoke, they, on reaching the stairs, fell down one over the other; the remainder of the children crowded the windows, and, extending their arms, shrieked for help to the people in the street. Some of the townspeople, at the risk of their lives, penetrated into the edifice, and rescued the children one by one. Many of the latter were half dead from suffocation and terror, and clung desperately to each other. When, as was thought, all the children had been rescued, loud shrieks and cries were heard in a distant room in the upper part of the edifice, and it turned out that ten little girls and a teacher had been forgotten there. Flames were rapidly approaching the room, but, nevertheless, some courageous persons went to it, and, as it was impossible to make the children leave it by the corridor and the stair-case, they let them down into the street by means of ladders and ropes—afterward descending themselves in the same way. While all this was going on, the fathers and mothers of the children assembled, and gave way to the most violent demonstrations of alarm—it was even not without difficulty that some of the mothers were prevented from rushing into the midst of the smoke and flame to seek for their children. The whole scene was affecting in the extreme. It has been reported that between thirty and forty children were burned to death, but, according to *Galignani*, not one perished, nor was the life of any adult lost, though several men were more or less injured. The superior of the girl's school, a Sister of Charity, did not leave the burning edifice until she knew that every one of the children had been saved. The church which has just been destroyed was built in 1664, on the site of one constructed in 959.

GERMANY.

HOOPS PROSCRIBED IN VIENNA.

The fashion of hoops has received a severe check in Vienna, where the actresses of the Carl Theatre have been prohibited from wearing them. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact of an actress who, in the character of an orphan, was to have fainted away and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realize the latter idea with any thing like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound frame-work.

RUSSIA.

LIBERALISM OF THE EMPEROR.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor is gathering about him every day men belonging to the progressive party. The Cabinet is impressed with the necessity of approaching Western civilization, and the next generation will not find any trace of slavery in Russia. This policy is opposed by the old Russian party, headed by Prince Menschikoff. The old German party, headed by Prince Nesselrode, has not much influence. Russia is on the very worst terms with Austria, and on the very best with France. England is by no means popular, and Russia threatens to make any alliance hostile to Great Britain. Russia is very active in Turkey, not to create any actual revolt, but to gain the feelings of the Christians.

RAISING THE RUSSIAN VESSELS AT SEBASTOPOL.

Letters have been received in Boston, dated Sebastopol, May 24, by which the Boston papers learn that the work of raising the sunken Russian fleet progresses rapidly and with remarkable success. They make the following extract:

"We have raised *whole* the 16-gun vessel-of-war *Swelya*, and brought her down to the Admiralty, slung between the caissons, last night. She had over three hundred tons of mud in her hold and on her decks, besides all her rigging, iron tanks, pig-iron ballast, etc., etc. She lay up the South Bay, and as the rains wash the steep banks that comprise the sides of the bay, the soil being quite alluvial, it constantly keeps the water in a riled state, depositing the sediment upon the decks and in the hatches. This, however, is not the case in the main harbor, and we only tried this vessel to test the machinery before going to work at raising the heavier vessels. The caissons operated as well as we expected, and at no time did we use over one-fifth of their power. This, of course, demonstrates the entire feasibility of raising any and every ship in the harbor of Sebastopol. We shall undoubtedly raise the whole fleet this summer. Next week we shall raise a steamer whole, and shall follow with raising all that are worth the labor, whole, and blast with submarine charges the balance."

TURKEY.

MARRIAGE OF THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTERS.

The Sultan has given two of his daughters away in marriage; the expenses of this double marriage are valued at 14,000,000 francs. It is the custom on such occasions for the Sultan to keep open table for all his Mussulman subjects for fifteen days. It must not be supposed that these banquets are distinguished for their delicacy; herds of sheep broiled rather than roasted, rice, and raw cucumbers, compose the bill of fare offered by the greatest potentate of the East to his subjects. In the present state of the Turkish finances this expenditure of 14,000,000 francs for the benefit of a ragged crowd betrays great penetration.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

DIVINITY STUDENTS IN TROUBLE.

A number of the students of the Metropolitan School of Divinity, at Bucharest, having complained of their food, one of the authorities struck a student, who was the spokesman on that occasion; whereupon all the boys defended their companion. The police were called in, and the rebellious schoolboys were marched off to prison; later, they were stripped of their gowns and publicly flogged. This event has produced much agitation and indignation.

SYRIA.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE ON AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "Some six months ago an American missionary of the Presbyterian Church took up his residence at Zahleh, with the intention of learning the Arabic language, and also of seeing whether, in time, schools could not be established in the place. The people themselves were glad to see this gentleman, as all over Syria the American schools have a first-rate name; but the priests were exceedingly angry at his presumption for coming among their flock, and several times wrote him letters warning him to leave the place. The missionary—whose name, by the way, is Dod—replied that he was in his own right in living where he liked; that he was not aware of having given any body any offense; and that, with all due deference to the indignant ecclesiastics, he would remain where he was. For a time he was left unmolested; but upon his concluding a bargain for the hire of a house, which he engaged for a term of seven years, the storm burst out again. One of the chief Greek Catholic priests visited him at the small hotel where he was living, and said that unless he took his departure forthwith the people of the town would rise and stone him out of the place. Mr. Dod answered that he did not think that likely, for the inhabitants of Zahleh had always shown themselves kind toward him. A few days afterward (only a fortnight ago), some ten or a dozen of the same order of priests, together with one of the French Jesuits, came to his house, and brought with them mules, upon which they said he must pack up his baggage and be off. They were not accompanied by any of the townspeople; but they said they were acting under the orders of the bishop. Mr. Dod said to them that if forced to go he could not help himself, but declared he would never move from what he considered his post of duty of his own accord. Upon this these gentle ministers of the Gospel, with their own sacred hands, threw out of the windows all his books, clothes, and furniture, as also all that belonged to his wife and child—the latter an infant in arms. The French Jesuit took no active part in the proceedings; but he did not prevent—which he might have done by a word, as the native priests in Syria have the greatest fear and reverence for all European monks, and more particularly for those of his Order—the others acting as they did. The woman—an old Italian, who keeps the small inn at Zahleh, where Mr. Dod was living—remonstrated with them for treating her lodger as they did; but all she made by her move was to be beaten by them very severely. They were then proceeding to eject Mr. Dod and his wife; but as the former did not wish to expose a lady to the hands of these fellows, he volunteered to move off at once. One would have thought that in a lonely, far-off place like Zahleh, and, above all, under the circumstances I have mentioned, an establishment composed of European men of education—more particularly men who professed to be ministers of the Gospel, and who call their Order by the name of our common Saviour—would have offered Mr. Dod some assistance—some shelter, at least, until he could make arrangements for his departure. But not so. The Jesuits of the place never so much as made him the slightest offer of assistance, in any way whatever; and under a burning Syrian sun, at a moment's notice, was this gentleman obliged to move off over the mountains with his wife and young child, on a journey of eight hours, to the house of a brother missionary who lives at Bhamdoon."

INDIA.

LATEST NEWS.

Important news from India has been received in England *via* telegraph from Malta.

Sir Hugh Rose had captured Calpee, after having been twice ineffectually attacked by the rebels. Rapid pursuit was made of the enemy, resulting in the capture of a large amount of stores, of guns, gunpowder, elephants and ammunition.

Serious disturbances had occurred in the Bombay Presidency, where a political agent, with his escort, had been murdered by a band of 800 rebels.

Fort Copal had been taken by assault.

New-Goond had also been stormed and taken.

The Nizam's country was much disturbed by Arabs and Rohillas.

Sir Colin Campbell had driven the rebels back from Shahjehanpore and captured Mohundee.

Oude was still in a state of rebellion.

The rebels were approaching Lucknow, but the city was fully defended and garrisoned, and no alarm was felt for its safety.

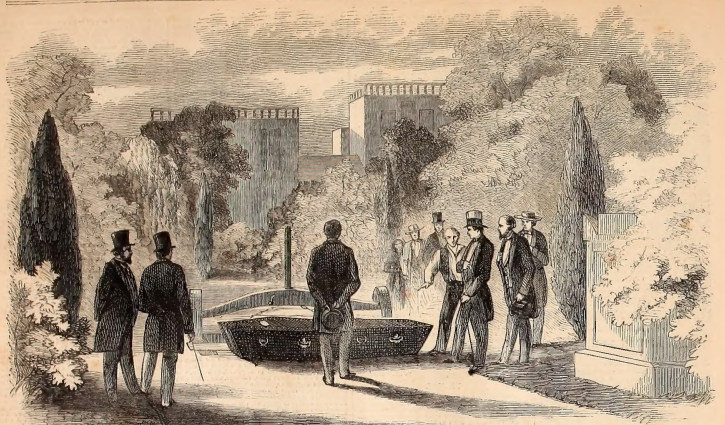
Sir E. Lugard had defeated the rebels at Jugdespore, killing great numbers of them.

Gwalior had been attacked and plundered by the rebels.

GALLANTRY OF THE SIKHS.

An officer of the Naval Brigade gives the following account of the late disaster at Jugdispore:

"Our men advanced two miles into a very thick jungle, till they were unable to work the two large guns they had along with them (two 12-pound howitzers), and then they were surrounded in every direction but the rear. The rebels were about eight or ten thousand in number, and owing to the difficulties in a jungle, the burning sun over their heads, and the great odds against them, a great number of them being cavalry, our brave fellows had to retreat, and they were followed close up by the cavalry; and when one of our men fell by the sun, the cavalry jumped off their horses, and the next minute his head was rolling on the road-side. They had to retreat in this manner for twenty miles, and not a thing to eat or drink from the time they left us but the one dram of grog. Out of one hundred and fifty soldiers only forty-six came back, and out of our fifty we lost twenty men. Out of one hundred and fifty Sikhs they lost eight or ten only, and if it had not been for the Sikhs not a man of the soldiers or our squad would have returned. They rallied again and again, and every shot they fired told well. They are splendid marksmen, and they tried to cheer up our poor fellows greatly. There were a good number of the Sikhs wounded, and it would do you good to see how bravely they bore it. One poor fellow had a bullet sent right through his thigh, and there he was lying in the hospital, with a smile on his face, trying to cheer up a poor soldier lying next to him. The captain in command was killed, also the doctor of the regiment. Only two officers out of five came back, and the captain of the Sikhs was wounded; he is an Englishman, and is greatly loved by the Sikhs."



EXHUMING THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MONROE IN THE SECOND STREET CEMETERY.

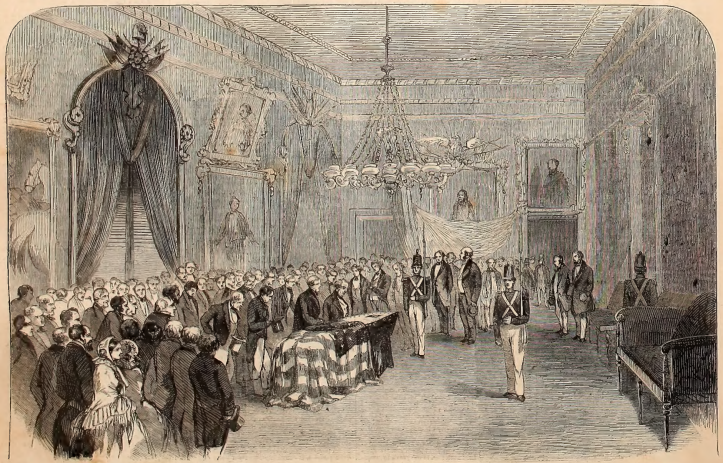
THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.

We place upon record this week an account, with four illustrations by an artist who accompanied the expedition, of the most prominent scenes in the late transfer of the remains of the venerated James Monroe from New York to Richmond.

Mr. Monroe was born of an old and well-known Virginia family, in Westmoreland County, in the Old Dominion, in the year 1758. He studied at William and Mary College, with the ultimate intention of entering the legal profession; but upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary War quitted his books to serve his country, and in 1776, in the eighteenth year of his age, entered the Revolutionary army, joining Colonel Mercer's regiment as a cadet. In his eloquent address at Richmond, Governor Wise gave a rapid summary of Mr. Monroe's career, which we can not do better than avail ourselves of here:

"He was severely wounded before he rose to a higher rank than that of a captain, and never rose higher in the line of the military. In the staff of Lord Stirling he was an aid-de-camp, and acquired the title of colonel of a regiment of Virginia which was never raised. He was a Commissioner of Virginia to the northern camp; a legislator of Virginia; a member of the Continental Congress; a member of the Convention of Virginia to adopt the Federal Constitution; Senator of Virginia in Congress; Minister to France; twice Governor of Virginia; again Minister to France, to England, and to Spain, and again to England; Secretary of State; and in the war of free trade and sailors' rights, for which he had contended as early as 1807, Secretary of War. He was twice elected President of the United States—once almost unanimously; and from the height of the chief magistracy of the nation he again descended to the ranks of the people, and became a magistrate of the quorum of gentleman justices of the peace. And lastly, in the year 1829-'30, he was President of the first Convention of Virginia to reform the Constitution of the State. This last post infirmity and old age compelled him to resign; and then, in 1830, his course run, good fight fought, full of life and vigor, full of years, and full of honors, the great and good old man retired to the bosom of his family in the State of his adoption." He died in New York, full of years as of honors, on July 4, 1831, aged seventy-four years.

During his Presidency he inaugurated that pol-



LYING IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.



THE LANDING AT RICHMOND.



THE CEREMONY AT THE GRAVE, IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ley now known as the "Monroe doctrine." He aided essentially in promoting the purchase of Louisiana and the acquisition of Florida; and was the first to give Executive sanction to the cause of African colonization. During fifty-three years, from his eighteenth to his seventy-third, he was almost continually engaged in the service of his country; and yet, to his honor be it said, he died poor. "It is because involved in debt by pledging his private means for the defence of the country in the war of 1812, and died before a grateful country had made."

The venerable ex-President died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur; was buried first in what was known as the Old Marble Cemetery, from which the body was afterward removed to the Gouverneur family vault, in the Second Street Cemetery.

The present year—the one hundredth anniversary of Mr. Monroe's birth—was a fitting time to remove the remains from the place of their first burial in the twenty-seven years, to their final resting-place, in the capital of the State which gave him birth. Proper action having been taken in the matter at the last session of the Virginian Legislature, the preliminary arrangements for the removal were intrusted to a committee of Virginians, consisting of Major Mumford and Mr. J. C. Rives. The objects of the committee were assisted by the official action of the New York city government, and it was determined to make the solemn event of kindly and fraternal meeting between the authorities and volunteer soldiery of New York and those of the State of Virginia. That nothing might be lacking toward the dignified carrying out of the project, the Secretary of the Treasury offered the Committee of Virginians the use of the new revenue cutter *Harriet Lane* to bear the remains from the city of Richmond, which offer came too late, the steamer *Jamestown* having been chartered for this purpose some time before.

All being arranged, it was determined to exhume the body of the ex-President early on the morning of Friday, July 2. From motives of respect to the feelings of the relatives of the interred it was not decided that the exhumation should be conducted quietly and without ceremony. So carefully was this decision carried out that the Committee were at last a few when it was desirable to have present. The hour of five A.M. was fixed upon as being likely to attract attention; and at that time deputations from the Common Council Committee, the Committee of Virginians, the surviving members of the deceased, and several others, arrived at the cemetery. The undertaker had prepared the vault for the removal; and shortly after five the hearse arrived, with a new coffin, which was to contain the old one, and the little company proceeded silently to the spot. The little wrought-iron, which had so long served as almost the only thing to mark the spot, still stood there, and the little birds fluttered about at being thus unwontedly disturbed. The coffin of the ex-President, which was of mahogany, covering an inner case of lead, was found to be but slightly injured, though the pitch had run over the mountings and the brightness of the malagany were, of course, tarnished. The following inscription could be plainly read on the silver plate:

JAMES MONROE,
OF VIRGINIA.
Died July 4, 1831,
Aged 74.

The body was taken to the Church of the Annunciation, in Fourteenth Street, where it was placed on a raised platform prepared for the event, and left in charge of two policemen until the afternoon, when the remains were escorted to the City Hall by one of the largest and most magnificent military and civic processions the citizens of New York have ever witnessed. The remains were left under the guard of the Eighth Regiment during the night, preparatory to their removal on the morrow on board the steamer. During the night-watch the excursion the bells were tolled, the flags in the port were at half-mast, and minute-guns were fired.

On Saturday morning the remains were escorted to the steamer *Jamestown* by the Seventh Regiment, and there formally delivered to the Committee of Virginians. The Seventh Regiment then embarked on the steamer *Ericsson*, which they escorted to the city of Richmond. The Committee of Virginians and the Common Council, and a guard of twenty of the Seventh Regiment, under command of Lieutenant W. K. Harrison, accompanied the remains on the *Jamestown*.

The body of the ex-President was located in the gentlemen's sitting-room, on the upper deck of the *Jamestown*, which was appropriately draped in black and white muslin festoons and rosettes for the occasion. The remains had originally, on the steamer arrived without accident at Norfolk, on Sunday, July 4, where a procession was ready to receive, and for a short time conveyed them on board. At eight o'clock Sunday evening the steamer arrived at Richmond, and was met early on Monday morning, the *Ericsson*'s company arriving shortly after. Numerous flags were flying at half-mast, and as the *Jamestown* passed by what she was saluted with guns, and received with a Virginia whoop by the crowds of men and boys. The military, city, and other dignitaries had already passed the wharf, and were drawn up ready to receive the guests, Governor Wise and the other principal personages being introduced to the committees as soon as the boat was made fast.

As the *Jamestown*'s company was landing a rainstorm burst upon the crowd. After the occasion the body was placed in the hearse, and the whole procession moved toward the cemetery where Governor Wise delivered a brief but impressive address, alluding to the incidents of Monroe's life and his services to the country in terms of the highest eloquence, after which Rev. Mr. Read, of Petersburg, delivered an appropriate prayer. The body was now lowered into the grave, the troops forming upon their arms. The procession thereupon moved off, without music.

The military of Richmond had provided a sumptuous collation at the gigantic Warwick Mill, within or the whole corps of the Seventh Regiment and their hosts repaired immediately. The building is 16 feet long by 100 broad, and nine stories high. The collation was spread on the fourth floor, with seats for over a thousand guests. After the collation was partaken of, a number of toasts were drunk, in answer to several of which Hon. John Cochrane, Governor Wise, Colonel Rogers, and others made short but pertinent addresses. This ended the ceremonies, during the whole of which the utmost good feeling prevailed.

A BROADWAY LYRIC.

FANCY-FREE was the maiden's heart,
As she went down Broadway;
Just-as-cool-as was the maiden's heart,
As she went up Broadway.

Thus it befell the maiden's heart,
Upon a summer's day,
That freedom left it and depart
As she went down Broadway.

When freedom left the maiden's heart,
As she went down Broadway,
Love crept in to the maiden's heart
And set its chords at play.

The morning sun had shone upon
A happy heart that day:
So, why did that bold morning sun
Allure her down Broadway?

She had enough to eat and drink,
And lived from day to day
So well that surely all would think
She might be always gay.

But something moved the maiden's heart
As she went down Broadway.
And in that heart a something beat
Set bitter thoughts at play.

The dart that rankled in her heart
Upon that fatal day,
Was a love-dart the maiden's part
As she went up Broadway.

For "*a red love of a bonnet*,"
Which she saw down Broadway,
With *gold* on it, and *gauze* upon it
M'Flimsey wore that day!"

But alas! for the maiden's heart,
As she went up Broadway,
For she lacked "the tin" to get—
She lacked "the tin" to pay!

MR. GREEN'S CLIENT.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE, OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

In 1853 I was studying law in the office of Mr. Josiah Green, My father, who had died several years before, had left me a competent estate, and I had duly gone through my collegiate course, and "enjoyed life;" but growing weary, at the age of twenty-six, of doing nothing, I had resolutely determined to apply myself to the law.

One morning I was studying in the outer of the two offices when a gentleman entered and rang the door. A lady with her veil down, and accompanied by a child of eight or ten, issued from it, and entering the office, asked if Mr. Green was there, and I replied in the affirmative, and ushered the visitor into the inner room, where I found my uncle at his case politely and offered the lady and her companion seats. The door was closed, and I resumed my labors in Mr. Green's Compiled Annotations.

Very soon, however, I found my thoughts wandering, in spite of myself, to the lady and her visitor. I had not seen her face through the heavy green veil; but two large, blue eyes, full of expression, had looked out from it at me once, and I remembered their expression. The voice, too, was sweet and plaintive, and I found myself, as to the lady's apparel, it was tasteful and simple, elegant in fabric and adaptation to her slender figure. The jewels had not belonged to her, a cursory glance told me, but the dress was her own.

Such was my opinion, as I have said, at the time, and it was natural that these details should impress me. We did not have such visitors often in our dusty office, and when such a thing did occur, I found myself wandering from my law-books, and trying to form a conjecture of the lovely, mysterious creature in the adjoining room.

The lady shut me out for an hour, and then came forth attended by good Mr. Green, who politely and courtesies backward and forward in his hands, and escorted to the outer door.

"To-morrow, at half past two, then, Miss Ellenborough," he said. "I can not promise you success, for the will seems regular, but I will exert my best abilities in your service."

The lady thanked him, and touched her head gratefully, to the carriage, and for an instant the small, glorious eyes looked out from the low-toned word of thanks, and the vehicle drove away. I returned to the office. Mr. Green was musing and shaking his head in an abstracted manner at the ceiling. He was an excellent-hearted old gentleman, and never could conceive that gallantry implied indifference in business which characterizes many lawyers.

He must have seen from my expression that I was curious to know the nature of his client's business; and in reply to his question to that effect, I said that I should regard his confidence as a high proof of regard.

"Well, Mr. Wadsworth," he said, "I shall not withhold it. I can very safely confide in you. You are a prudent man, not a light-headed boy. Perhaps you may suggest some course of action in a matter which, I confess, moves me greatly, and perplexes me as greatly."

He led the way into the inner room, and when we were seated thus resumed:

"The young lady who has just gone is Miss Ellenborough, a young cousin of the late James Ellenborough of 'Hockley.' He died, leaving a will which I drew up myself, all his real and personal estate, with the exception of a legacy of a few hundred dollars, goes to Mr. Joel Wescot, of Middletown, a distant relative. The trifling legacy is in favor of Miss Ellenborough—and here lies the mystery. Mr. Ellenborough and her little sister have lived with the deceased since the death of their parents many years ago, and have grown fond-erties with him. She assures me that he often declared herself and her sister his sole heirs, and mentioned the existence of his will to that effect. After his death no such will was found; that which was discovered was the will I have said, the will of the fine estate at 'Hockley' to Mr. Joel Wescot, for whom Mr. Ellenborough never professed any great regard. Now, this gentleman was at Hockley during the last illness of Mr. Ellenborough, and has put it into his head that the deceased man never expressed any liking for him; and the execution of the will in his favor is incomprehensible. Possession could not, however, be denied Wescot, and he now resides at Hockley; Miss Ellenborough and her younger sister having been reluctantly accepted the kind offer of a home from one of the neighborhood friends of Mr. Ellenborough's. The sense of dependence, however, evidently preys upon her mind; and by the advice of friends she has come to me to consult on the question of the possibility of breaking the will. I confess I am somewhat puzzled upon that item but shall feel play in the matter, but what possible proof can we bring? The young lady's statement affords no sort of ground to proceed upon—the will is perfectly regular—and yet—something must be—something must be done."

And excellent Mr. Green looked very much perplexed and out of spirits. We had a long consultation, and in the end it was determined that I had made up my mind that the will was a forgery, and that the old gentleman's eyes, as he signed it, were blinded by the machinations of Wescot, and his fatal ignorance of the provisions of the will. I was to call at Hockley on the next day, I should not play in the matter, but what possible proof can we bring? The young lady's statement affords no sort of ground to proceed upon—the will is perfectly regular—and yet—something must be—something must be done."

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On the next day Miss Ellenborough called at the appointed hour, and this time I was included in the conference. She raised her veil, and I saw one of the loveliest countenances upon which I had ever had the honor to look. Her complexion was a brunette's, and her features possessed the deep blue eyes which I had noticed in the preceding instance: in fine, the appearance of the young lady was calculated to powerfully enlist the sympathies of a much colder and more elderly man than myself. No one fact appeared, Mr. Green's examination of the will had resulted in his finding no flaw. All now depended upon such discoveries as I could make during my survey of Hockley.

With this slender encouragement Miss Ellenborough was prepared to return to her home in the country. On the next morning I took my fowling-piece and hunting accoutrements—put a pair of pistols in my pocket—entered the "dog-cart," bade, drawn by a fast trotter, and set off for the small village of Hockley, some fifteen distant, near which lay the estate of "Hockley."

CHAPTER II.

In three hours, over a miserable road, I reached the end of my journey. As announced at the door of the village tavern I gave a bill, partly, man, and partly horse, and, ordering my dinner, and mount a side horse left by a servant.

I was in the neighborhood of Hockley, and I was not mistaken, as I soon discovered from the landlord. A single glance told me that I had to deal with a man of Cooper's Ensign Spanker type. Fraud and treachery were written on his features in unmistakable characters—his restless eyes, furtive and lowering brows, and that rascally expression which I have never known to deceive.

"Mr. Wescot, Hockley," I added to my first private remark, "assumes all your airs to your customers. I am not to be deceived by them."

As to my course of proceeding I had no sort of scruples. Conscious was not called for in trying to circumvent a villain who had robbed two helpless girls, one of whom was a mere child. To have left the Hockley village attorney with an announcement of my purpose, would simply have put the enemy on their guard. I "swore in my heart" that Mr. Wescot and the village lay my secret short of personal dishonor, I would feel it.

In the afternoon I rode to Hockley, asked the landlord if there was any shooting in the neighborhood; if there was, I might remain with him some days. He replied that there was plenty of game, but particularly *dropped*, procured a very favorable account of the neighborhood, and concluded by having thus supplied Boniface with materials for a full justification of my presence at the tavern, I mounted the horse and rode off.

My first object was to discover the residences of Joel Wescot and Mr. Hockley, whose names were signed to the will exhibited by Miss Ellenborough —that under which Wescot held. These worthies had agreed to be witnesses of the instrument in the presence of each other." A wayfaring man, of the most unsophisticated appearance and demeanor, around me, directed me to the houses. The witnesses were small land-owners, who sold vegetables in the village market. They lived within a stone's-throw of each other.

A single glance, as in the case of Wescot, told me that these low-browed men were capable of the crime of which I believed them guilty. I was convinced that they were parties to the forgery of the will, for which they had been rewarded. Their shallowish brows and low confusion, passing on, I learned from one of their neighbors that they were in a few days to "leave the country." My suspicion was confirmed by this circumstance—the latter was removing the accomplices of his fraud.

I did not accost these men, fearing to excite suspicion. I inquired the way to the humble dwelling of an old negro who had been set free by Mr. Ellenborough some years before his death, as Miss E. had informed me, but had been frequently at the Hockley House during his master's last illness. Old Isaac, I had been notified, could be thoroughly trusted; and this I found the case. He lived on a small farm, and I made the mention of his "old master" his whole countenance lit up, and at the name of Wescot this expression as suddenly changed to a set of sullen contempt. I no longer hesitated. I told the old man the purpose of my visit, and impressed upon him the importance of recalling all which he had witnessed at the hall.

Then he understood that the interests of his young mistress were involved, old Isaac's countenance lit up again with earnest attention. He declared that he knew something which had long weighed on him, but he had been afraid of Wescot, and wanted to tell. With a cautious survey of the premises, and after carefully closing the door, I listened to his communication.

It was briefly to this effect: His master had never liked Wescot; and the visit of that personage during his last illness had been received by him in the light of an intrusion, though a sentiment of courtesy prevented him from showing it. Wescot had remained, however; and Isaac had heard him, more than once, importune the dying man to make up his will, not leaving the portion of the large property. Mr. Ellenborough had insisted upon making his own arrangements, and at last requested that the subject should not be again mentioned. Wescot, however, still lingered. Isaac had heard him urge that he had been the great hall of the house, surveying the rich furniture with covetous eyes; and at times the old negro, with tears, from the portico, upon the finely-cultivated fields and great woods. When he was accosted at the door by a servant of Wescot, he would suddenly start, and look hurriedly over his shoulder. "I was afraid of 'scheming out," old Isaac believed, his final villainy.

At last Mr. Ellenborough's final moments approached. He called for his will, which was read to him. Fanny to him, and talked with them a great deal. They cried very much; but the old gentleman made them dry their tears; he was ready to go, and they would want nothing after his death. He, Isaac, was to be the agent for all things in the shorter until his master died. As he came out he saw Wescot and another man leave the library—Mr. Ellenborough's favorite apartment, while in health—with a paper in his hand, which he hastily thrust into his pocket on seeing the old negro's eyes fixed on him. On the next day search was made for a will. It was not there; Mr. Ellenborough's private drawers, strange to say, could nowhere be found. They were forced open; and the will, bearing his signature, found in one of them.

This was Isaac's story. He was perfectly convinced, he said, that the real will was that which Wescot, who had gotten possession of his master's keys, and a forged one substituted. "But the will was signed, by Wescot, Hockley, and Slatter," I asked, "were they sober at the hall?" Isaac replied that they had been there to eat the rest of their small treats about twelve months before Mr. Ellenborough's death, but not afterward. I took from my pocket a copy of the will, as it was dated just as the time mentioned by Isaac. Wescot and Hockley witnessed it.

I bade the old servant keep perfectly quiet, and mention my visit to no one. I then took my way to Hockley House. The lawn, through which I drove, I lamented the scarcity of game in the neighborhood to the landlord, opened and entered the dining-chamber. The door once closed, I sat down, and reflected long and profoundly, with knit brows, upon the facts which I had learned.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind, if there had ever been any, that the most unscrupulous piece of villainy had been perfected, depriving two children, as they might be called, of their fortune. The property had passed into the hands of bribery, had been the proceedings and means made use of to bring about such a result. I felt, with the most truth on the face of it, had made this perfectly evident. Wescot had stolen Mr. Ellenborough's private keys, had forged a will, and had had placed in the drawer a forged paper, attested by the names of the witnesses. Hockley, a gentleman of a high brite, placed their names as witnesses signing "in presence of the testator, and in presence of each other." Mr. Ellenborough will could be found—no proof of the perjury on the part of the witnesses could be produced. The whole fabric to have been at the hall at the time; what was to be done?

I stopped at the words, *no other will could be found*. I was not certain that the real paper could not be found—that it had not been secreted. It increased this doubt upon two grounds. First, that at this period the destruction of a will was felony; and secondly, that the forger of a will could scarcely commit forgery upon the paper, to be used subsequently in any secret negotiation, and in an attempt to recover the property from his master's relatives.

These same slender grounds indeed, however, and the result of my meditations was not inspiriting. I reflected that I was encountering a sort of sullen indignation, upon the result of this crime —the poverty visited upon Miss Ellenborough and her little sister, and I think if Wescot had been near at the moment I should have forgotten the attorney searching for evidence, and obeyed only the dictates of my outraged feelings. What could be done? Isaac's testimony could not be received in a court of justice, nor the witness of my servant. I was in despair.

At last, with a gesture sullen and indignant caution than before, I rose from my seat, and, going to the window, looked in the direction of the Hock-

ley House. Its broad roof was visible some miles away on a lofty hill, half hidden by heavy foliage. "And this now must be the home of the future Lord Arborough!" I muttered. "Three green fields and five old forests, and this noble hall, would all in turn be lost for the knavery of a villain, a cheat, a common forger! I'll go there," I said, "if it is only to tell him my opinion of him!"

In a transport of indignation I ordered my vehicle, put a pair of travelling cloaks in my pocket, and set out for the residence of Wescot.

CHAPTER III.

A QUARTER of a mile from the village I stopped my horse in a little wood, and, for the first time, seriously realized the step I was about to take.

I was being carried away by a natural indignation, and, simply to gratify this access of rage, was the commission of an act which might have the most fatal effect upon the interests of Miss Ellenborough. What was I about to do? I was going to say to the man who *had on his possession, no doubt, the real will*, "I am not a villain, a forger, a subornor, a felon!" That is my opinion of you, Sir!" I was going to afford my indignant feelings that genial felicity; after which, Wescot was not what I believed him—a coward—I would come away triumphant, with the supreme glory that I had relieved my pent-up anger, and, by relieving it, done what? Why, destroyed the young lady's prospect of recovering the property completely! After such an interview, Wescot's first step, beyond doubt, would be to destroy the will; and then we might whistle for the property. He would send to foreign countries the two accomplices of his villainy, or, if they remained, he had to prove perjury on them. He would stand secure upon his title, and the young girl's real interests dependents all their lives—Messrs. Green and Wallworth be sued for defamation, perhaps. This was the pretty little state of affairs I was just about to create. My anger did not cool, but I regained my coolness of mind. I would set to work more shrewdly than that.

The resolution I came to was a desperate one, but it was the only course I could follow, unless the affair was entirely abandoned. I determined to go to Mr. Harvard, Miss Ellenborough's friend and protector, and a magistrate—to charge Wescot with felony—to procure a warrant of arrest and a search warrant, and have him and his house seized and Bright at once taken into custody. The step was almost hopeless in view of the difficulty of proof, and was apt to be somewhat serious in its consequences to myself; but I resolved to take the responsibility. I would procure the arrest of Wescot with the officer myself to "Hockley," be present, and, if necessary, would break the servant and the search. It was neck or nothing; but two blue eyes, which I had never lost sight of, shone on me—the not, brother face of a young girl rose before me, and I did not hesitate.

In an hour I was at Mr. Harvard's, closeted with him in his library. When I briefly, and in the calmest way, announced the object of my visit, he almost started from his seat. "Sir," he said, coldest, but very cautious and prudent man, almost linked to the insanity of turning such a rough and extraordinary a proceeding, against one of the wealthiest and most vindictive gentlemen in the county, into his study, "you are mad!"

"*My dear Sir!*" cried the good man, gazing at me with distended eyes, "you are mad indeed! How can you have for such an extreme proceeding? I grant you that Mr. Ellenborough's will was a very extraordinary one under the circumstances; but what imaginable proof have you of such a grave, such a very grave charge against Mr. Wescot? You are not a particular admirer of that gentleman, indeed, I have more than once been disposed to think the will might be set aside upon the ground of mental disability in the testator—but *really*—to grant a warrant to arrest Mr. Wescot on a charge of forgery!—"

The good man stood, out of breath, and then spoke. I told him of my visit to Isaac, and what I had seen of Bright and Holtz—called to his memory the circumstances attending the last hours of Mr. Ellenborough, and laid before him the desperate state of this case. It was all in vain: the misunderstanding was fatal. He even "doubted if he should be willing for me to take any such steps." I rose, bowed to him, and without asking for Miss Ellenborough, set out for the residence of another magistrate near by. I was more than ever determined. This time I expected success less difficulty. I had found a personage who did not particularly admire Wescot, and would be listed him with fervor; and he granted me the warrants.

I set off with them at once, and returned rapidly to the village. The shades of night were descending, however, and it was too late to carry out any thing that day. I had my powder mine prepared for the morrow, however; and I retired, worn out with the events of the day.

On the next morning when I rose, a servant handed me the following note, which had been brought at a late hour on the night before:

"Miss Ellenborough *earnestly* requests Mr. Wallworth to be here in the morning, before going to *Hockley*. They do not fail."

With a gloomy anticipation of the young lady's wish in the matter, I ordered my carriage and repaired to Mr. Harvard's.

CHAPTER IV.

I FOUND Louisa alone in the drawing-room. I think I smiled, with a melancholy air, at the absence of her protector. He had found me made of stubborn material on the previous evening, and evidently had no objection to impose the task of changing my resolution upon the young lady.

As she gave me her hand with such sadness and hoped me to be seated, I thought her a thousand times more beautiful than she had appeared before. I remember to this day the very dress she wore. It was a simple habit of dove-colored stuff, fitting tightly to the graceful figure, and admirably adapted, by its subdued and modest tint, to the character of her beauty. Her eyes and lips were full of the same pathetic sweetness; and when she had spoken my hand I thought her own trembled slightly.

I had not been mistaken in my surmises. Her object was to abandon me from the scheme which I was about to take. I recognized the identical arrangements which had been explained by Mr. Harvard on the previous evening, and saw at once that the young lady had been first frightened, then thrilled to her part. I was to be kept entirely out in the matter, as I had intended, all hazards; and the former communication between her and Mr. Harvard was to be resumed. When I reached the village I was perfectly wretched.

Then came the recollection of Wescot to put the finishing stroke to my misery and confusion. As I had triumphed in the thought that I would make him disgrace his fraudulent wealth! How I had thrilled with the idea that, in open court, before the whole district, I would charge him with forgery and perjury! Now, even if Miss Ellenborough did not regain her property, I would brand the miserable knave with the ineffaceable mark of public scorn and loathing!

And now I was punished. He was secure—the secret I had confided was taken from my keeping as triumphed, and the opium children would feel again the sweet property. He was rolling in wealth and luxury! The thought stung me to madness. I could not leave the country without seeing him once more. I took the first train to town. I ordered my carriage again, and determined to go to his house.

I do not know what special providence made me think of passing the quarter of an hour necessary to harness up a carriage in examining the will of Wescot in the clerk's office of the county. The thought came into my mind by chance, and I went thither and requested the official to show me the paper. He very obligingly complied, and I read it from beginning to end. It was written in a hand with every thing was perfectly regular. It was in plain and intelligible business-like language—free of commonplace, as of an unlearned person who had written it from dictation. I was about to return it to the clerk, when suddenly my eyes were riveted upon the upper left-hand corner of the paper. Then my glance closed to the clerk—a sort of tremor passed over my frame—I think my face must have observed my emotion. Stubbing everything down with my foot, I went into the passage, strolled out of the court-house, went to the tavern, and ordered my cabriolet. Gathering my reins, I set off toward Hockley at a furious gallop. Boniface must have given up all hopes of ever receiving his account. But I did not think of trifles. I glowed with vague triumph. In ten minutes more I was at the house of Wescot.

He received me in the library. His keen and sinister eye took in every detail of my person, and read, I doubt not, what business brought me there.

"I will first tell you my name, Sir," I said, with concentrated calmness, "as I must found upon the presence of the forger; "it is Wallworth. I represent Mr. Selah Green of ——, counsel for Miss Ellenborough."

I saw a slight pallor invade his cheek.

"Well, Sir," he answered, "proceed."

"It relates to the will of the late Mr. Ellenborough; and yesterday I obtained the requisite permission to examine the proceedings. The character of the proposed proceedings will probably surprise you."

"What proceedings, Sir!" he said, in a blustering tone; "and what do you mean? Miss Ellenborough has nothing to set up her claim, and has not. So she's not content with the charity bestowed on her by my generosity—has dared to lay hands on his property after his death, must she! You and your employer—this Green—must have a pleasant time of it, must he bent up these papers and prosecute their impudent claim!"

I looked him with indignation as he thus spoke of Miss Ellenborough, but I remained cool. I saw that he had deliberately adopted a blustering tone to conceal his fears.

"And as to your 'papers to institute proceedings,'" he went on, "I have no taudient and bullying taste, "you and your pettifogging employer may make what you can of them! You and your client may do your worst! She first disinherits by trudled on my deceased relatives, and now aims at juggling me out of his estate!"

I set my teeth close, and, looking the speaker straight in the eyes, said:

"Is this the character of the papers I procured yesterday, Sir?"

"Some your spect! I neither know nor care!"

"Still, I beg leave to inform you, Sir," I said, growing colder and more resolute as the interview proceeded, "that papers in question were a mere warrant to search this house for the true will of the late Mr. Ellenborough, and a warrant of arrest to be executed on your person as a forger and subornor—as the forger of Mr. Ellenborough's name at the foot of the instrument submitted to probate, and the accomplice of the men Holtz and Bright, who perjured themselves."

The bold stroke him full in front. For a moment it seemed to paralyze him. Then, with a desperate attempt to cow me, he caught a pistol from a case on the table, and with trembling fingers sprung the cock. I calmly put my hand into my breast-pocket, and drew forth its fellow, which I cocked and presented to his breast. The weapon dropped from his hand, and I believed him to be from the first, an object coward.

"Lay down that weapon," I said, coldly; "and do not think, with your vaporing, to frighten me. It will be time thrown away, Sir!"

His face turned as pale as death, and he did not sustain my look. Still, he made a last effort to support his tone of bluster.

"And this is the way you practice law, is it, Sir?" he said; "you come armed to gentlemen's houses to search them. You could you expect me to acknowledge what you wish—to get a statement from me—as to my intentions—"

The air of sarcasm was badly affected. The speaker became pale.

"No, Sir," I replied, "I did not come to ask questions; but, as you suggest it, I will ask a single one: Where is your will?"

"Where is my will!" he answered, with the keen which you opened Mr. Ellenborough's drawers on the day of his death?"

A deep silence sixth time before invaded his countenance; but suddenly his cheeks flushed. I read his whole history in my soul. He had resentered that no one but Isaac saw him, and that this testimony was inadmissible. For a long time he remained silent, reflecting. I saw that he regain his courage. At last he said, with an assumption of deranged quiet and dignity:

"I shall make no reply to your insinuations, Sir. You have chosen to come here and insult me, and I resign my age and position to considerations when you choose. I defy you! Yes, Sir, I defy you to bring any proof of the slander you utter! Just take care, Sir! I will take steps in form; and unless you act to provoke me. As to the will, Sir, I only say that it is the most thoroughly regular that—"

I prepared my last and decisive blow.

"I confess it is drawn up with great skill," I returned; "the signature is well executed, and all is in form. There is but one error—"

"What error?" he said, eagerly.

"Why, that of the date," I answered. The document this morning, and that the name of the super-numerary in "C. S. Wadsworth & Co., Seven Mills, Surrey," not Soy, Sir, C. S. Wadsworth happens to be a relative of mine, and his initials were established just one month before my date of Mr. Ellenborough's death. The will filed in the clerk's office is dated one year before the death of the testator's death—dated one year before my paper with the mark 'C. S. Wadsworth & Co.' was in existence. Now, Mr. Wallworth, you see!"

I added, looking the forger straight in the eyes.

I saw that the blow called aid. His face turned deep white, and he sank into a chair. Suddenly Then, rising, he went with a faltering step to a desk, and presented out some papers. They were the draft, without date, at a single gulp. When he resumed his seat, I said, in the calmest business manner:

"Now, Sir, where is the real will?"

I shrunk from describing the dreadful the scene which followed this demand on my part. The forger was like a wild beast driven to bay. He threatened, supplicated, and finally I gave me from my purpose. First, he denied every thing; then he confessed all; then he acknowledged that the will was in his possession, and offered to give it up for a bribe; then he caught up his pistols and shattered; finally, he took out the true record, opened a closet in the wall, and produced the paper. I took it from his hand, and immediately counted in due form, leaving the Hockley estate to Miss Louisa, and Fanny Ellenborough, and naming guardians.

Half an hour afterward I left the house with the will in my pocket. All I had stipulated was that no steps should be taken against the criminal without me consent of Miss Ellenborough. On the next day it was rumored in the village that Wescot had disappeared. The rumor proved true. Having packed up all the valuables he could lay his hands on, he had fled, leaving behind him debts which made his departure for years afterward. His career was an extraordinary one, and it is possible that a criminal is almost always a coward. It is that the consciousness of his own guilt is a terror-ceful; but it did not bring home to him, except in the moment of discovery, the forgery. Still, he feared to risk the contest. He disappeared.

The right end here; but a word or two may be added. The real will was dated subsequent to the false one, and the young ladies were enabled to gain possession of the property without raising the question of forgery.

Courtney and Bright were prosecuted. I had taken of Miss Ellenborough was not a final one. I went to see the latter in the cell in my prefect, and frequently thereafter for a year. At the end of that time I commenced issuing her every day. In fact, we were married. I do not think that she has ever repented the act; or that the morning was at all unlucky for me when, passing over the first the law-book in our dusty old town office, I saw for the first time Mr. Green's Client.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Being but one of the coincidents passes in a long journey—supposed entirely absolute fiction.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLONEL MORLEY found Mr. Poole at home, just returned from his office; he staid with that gentleman about half an hour, and then went straight to Darrell. As the time appointed to meet the French acquaintance, who depended on his hospitalities for a dinner, was now nearly arrived, Alban's conference with his English friend was necessarily brief and hurried, though long enough to confirm one fact in Mr. Poole's statement, which had been unknown to the Colonel before that day, and the admission of which was to Guy Darrell a pang as sharp as ever wounded ambition from that day to the present in the cells of the Inquisition. On returning from Greenwich, and depositing his Frenchman

in some melancholy theatre, time enough for that resentful foreigner to witness theft and murder committed upon an injured country-man's sensibilities, Albina hastened again to Carlton Gardens. He found Darrell alone, pacing his floor to and fro, in the habit he had acquired in earlier life, perhaps when meditating some complicated law-case, or wrestling with himself against some secret sorrow. There are men of quick nerves who require a certain action of the body for the clear composure of their thoughts. I tell was one of them.

During these restless movements, alternated by abrupt pauses, usually inharmonious to the supreme quiet which characterized his listener's tastes and habits, the haughty pleasure of the burdened himself of at least one of the secrets which he had hitherto guarded from his friend. But as that secret connects itself with the history of a Person about whom it is well that the reader should now learn more than was known to Darrell himself, we will assume our privilege to be ourselves the confidants, and, for the cost of such dramatic vivacity as may belong to dialogue, but with the gain to the reader of clearer insight into those portions of the story which the occasion permits us to reveal—we will weave into something like method the more imperfect and desultory communications by which Guy Darrell added to Alban Morley's disturbed catalogue of painful subjects. The reader will allow, perhaps, that we thus evince a desire to gratify curiosity, with some due, but not of Arabella Crane, Darrell spoke but in one brief and angry sentence, and that not by the name in which the reader as yet has come to know her; and it is with the antecedents of Arabella Crane that our explanation will tranquilly commence.

CHAPTER IX.

Gris Arabella Crane.

Once on a time there lived a merchant named Fossett, a widower with three children, of whom a daughter, Arabella, was by some years the eldest. He was much respected, though a warm man, and a safe—attended diligently to his business—efficient to partner, no favorite, to-day, to-ate or intermeddle—liked his comforts, but made no pretense to fashion. His villa was at Clapham, not a showy but a solid edifice, with lodge, lawn, and gardens, chiefly notable for what is technically called pleasure-ground, a range of glass-houses on the most improved principles, the heaviest pines, the earliest pineapples, "I'm no judge of flowers," quoth Mr. Fossett meekly. "Give me a plain lawn, provided it be shaven close. But I say to my gardener, 'Forcing is my hobby—a cucumber with my fish all the year round!'" Such was the response Mr. Fossett sometimes—quite the reverse. He would no more ruin himself for the sake of dazzling others than he would for the sake of saving them. He liked a warm house, spacious rooms, good living, old wine, but nothing ostentatious. He raved not to parade them to publish envy. When he dined alone, or with a single favored guest, his host Ladifer, the valet shewhat!—when extending the rites of miscellaneous hospitality to acquaintances, relations, and their shy acquaintances—for Ladifer, Jutien; and for shy, Capel—Tun not provoking vanity, no craving notice, Mr. Fossett was content on the ecstasy, and seemed without a care. Formal was his manner, formal his household, formal even the stout cob that bore him from Chenpside to Clapham, from Clapham to Chenpside. That cob could not even prick up its ears, for if it wished so shy—its ears were cropped, so were its mane and its tail.

Arabella early gave promise of beauty, and more than ordinary power of intellect and character. Her fairness developed to the full advantage of education. She was sent to a select boarding-school of the highest respectability; the strictest discipline, the best masters, the longest bills. At the age of seventeen she left the school more pupil than seminary. Friends were ordered somewhat why the prim merchant took such pains to look on his daughter's wonderful accomplishments which seemed to give him no pleasure, and of which he never spoke with pride. But certainly, if she was so clever—unfortunate musician, exquisite artist, accomplished linguist, "it was very nice in her father's heart it so meekly, never crying her up, nor showing her off to his fastidious friends—very nice in him—good sense—greatness of mind."

"Arabella," said the worthy man, one day, a little time after she had left school for good, "Arabella," said he, "Mrs. ——," naming the head teacher in that famous school, "has written a very high compliment in a letter I received from her this morning. She says it is a pity you are not a poor man's daughter, that you are so steady and so clever that you could make a fortune for yourself as a governess."

Arabella at that age could smile gayly, and gayly she smiled at the notion conveyed in the compliment.

"No one can guess," resumed the father, striking his thumbs and twiddling his forefingers of his nose, "the ups and downs in this mortal sphere of trial, especially in the mercantile community. For, when I'm dead and buried, your vicissitudes will be very few, and your fortune, with economy, will be ample, and your education, and take care of your little brother and sister, who are both—stupid!"

These doleful words did not make much impression on Arabella, uttered as they were in a handsome drawing-room, opening on the meadshaven lawn it took three gardeners to shave, with a glittering side-view of three galleries of glass in which strawberries were ripe at Christmas, and cucumbers never failed to fish. Time went on. Arabella was now thoroughly domestic, very fine girl, with a decided manner—much accepted by her uncle, her drawing, her books, and her fancies. Fancies—for, like most girls with very active heads and idle hearts, she had a vague yearning for of the unknown and from the monotonous routine of a young lady's life; and the latent force of her nature inclined her to admire whatever was out of the beaten track —whatever was wild and daring. She had received two or three offers from young gentlemen in the same mercantile community as that which surrounded her father in the City—offers such as they did not please her; and she believed her father when he said that they only courted her under the idea that they could succeed with something handsome; "whereas," said the merchant, "I hope you will marry a man who will like you for yourself, and wait for your fortune till my will is read. As King Lear observes, 'Nothing will come of nothing, child,' I don't mean to strip till I go to bed."

One night, at a ball to Chenpside, Arabella saw the man who was destined to exercise so baleful an influence over her existence. Lionel Jasper had been brought to ball by a young fellow-clerk in the same commercial house as Fossett; and there in all the splendor of early and specious beauty, to which the minister Arabella had placed before his eyes so many years after-ward did not fade parties, could not be conceived that he encountered on himself the adoring gaze of the unworldly, and was not younger than Arabella; but, what with the height of his stature and the self-confidence of his bold, free bearing, he seemed older. Certainly, in so far as the distance from childhood was measured by the time which separates, Jasper might have been any age! He was told that old Fossett's daughter would have a very fine fortune; that she was a strong-minded, sensible lady, who governed her father, and would choose for herself; and accordingly he was formally introduced to Arabella the whole of the evening. The effect produced on the mind of this ill-fated woman by the dazzling splendor of the maiden is it proved to be lasting. There was a strange charm in the very contrast between the sensuous audacity and the bashful formalities of the genius who had hitherto wooed her, as if she frightened him. Nor was the charm less because of her less than that vital energy and power about the whole brain, which, as we have seemed the elements of heroic character, though but the attributes of riotous spirits, magnificent forms, form, flashing vanity, and boundless energy. She was as a bird gazing spell-bound on a gay young humming-bird, which, having ceased to bough, stunning its brilliant hues, and showing off all its beauty, just before it takes the bird of Paradise.

When they parted that night their intimacy had made so much progress that acquaintances had been made for its continuance. Arabella had an instinctive foreboding that her father would not like Jasper, and that Jasper would like Arabella's fortune better than Arabella. Lionel Jasper; that, if Jasper were presented to him, he would coldly receive him. But the acquaintance with a young clerk, however superb his outward appearance, was not the first that Arabella had made. She had a maiden aunt by the mother's side, who lived in Bloomsbury, gave and went to small parties, to which she was not easily persuaded, to strawberries, pines, cucumbers, and fish. Arabella was delighted by a turn, whenever it was convenient, a spare room. She had whatever amusements were to be had parties, and the innocent flirtations incidental thereto, could bestow. Arabella said nothing to her father about Jasper's visits, but to her aunt's she went. Arabella saw Jasper very often; their passion ripened apace; they changed vows and love-tokens, locks of hair, etc. Jasper, already much troubled by dun, became desperate. Arabella's aunt was poor, and Arabella's supposed fortune. Arabella at last summoned courage, and spoke to her father. After her delighted surprise, Mr. Fossett, after some moralizing, more on the uncertainty of life in general than on that of his daughter's lover in particular, agreed to see Mr. Jasper. Lovely, and lovelier than ever, Arabella, with sparkling eyes, a bottle of Lafitte, in an exceedingly plain but exceedingly weighty silver jug, which made Jasper's mouth water, and a dish of fish. Arabella's suggested with that somewhat coarse though well-saying of the Duke of Wellington, with which he had before edified his daughter, assured Jasper that he gave his full consent to the proposed marriage, and that Arabella, provided Jasper or his relations would maintain her in a style suitable to her fortune, (for that fortune till his (Fossett's) will was read. What that fortune would be, Mr. Fossett declined even to hint. Jasper was, however, much reconciled. Still the engagement went on. The lovers were not allowed to meet, because the relations maintain a wife! Preposterous idea! It would take a Clan of relations and a Zenana to maintain in that style. Arabella and Jasper deemed himself entitled—Jasper himself! But yet as he was not rich, and Arabella refused to compromise with old Fossett, by which he would agree to wait till the will was read, the counsels, advantages, provided Fossett, in his turn, would agree in the mean while to afford lodging and board, with a trifle for pocket-money, to Arabella and himself, in the Clapham Villa, which, though belonging to rural scenery, Jasper preferred, on the whole, to a second floor in the city—old Fossett fell ill, took to his bed; was unable to attend to his business, none one else attended to it; and the consequence was, that the house stopped payment, and was discovered to have been insolvent for the last ten years. Not a discreditable bankruptcy. There would, perhaps, be a few shillings in the pound ultimately paid, and not more than forty families irretrievably ruined. Old Fossett, safe in his bed, bore the affliction with philosophical composure; observed to Arabella that he had a vague yearning for of the quiet and down in the sphere of trial; referred again with pride to her first-case education; commanded again to her care Tom and Biddy; and, declaring that he died in charity with all men, resigned himself to his last slumber.

Arabella at first sought a refuge with her maiden aunt. But that lady, though not a bad pocket by her brother-in-law's failure, was more vehement against his memory than his most irritable creditor. Arabella was also deemed herself unjustly defrauded of the pines, strawberries, and spring chickens by which she had been enabled to give small parties at small cost, though with ample show, but that she was deemed by her companion she had hitherto declined from the supposed expectations of her niece. In short, the aunt was no home for Arabella, and her condolences so cutting, that Arabella quitted her door with a solemn determination never again to enter it.

And now the nobler qualities of the husband Arabella had chosen, at once into full play. Jasper was not penniless, he received by her own exertions to support and to rear her young brother and sister. The second school to which she had been the ornament willingly received her as a teacher, on the most moderate terms. She took a private family, and with a salary worthy of her talents and accomplishments, could be found. In the afternoons to which Jasper became necessarily superseded. She had the generosity to write, offering to relieve him from his engagement. Jasper considered himself fully released without that letter; but he was touched, and wrote to assure her discreet to say so. Arabella might obtain a situation with larger salary than she could possibly make by teaching whereof either of them might undertake to invest. Her aunt had evidently relented, as she had no children, and have nothing to give. In fine, Arabella, if not rich enough for a wife, might be often rich enough for a friend at need; and as for him, he was engaged to her for life, it must be not more than three days before he was in a state to live. Besides, independently of these prudent that though not ardent motives for declaring an attachable kind, Jasper, at last time really did entertain what he called love for the brilliant young woman—fastened on one of her attainments so superior to all the girls he had ever known should be so proud even less of its affection for than her own ambition for his welfare. Thus the engagement lasted—interviews more—letters more—Jasper, always hard, looking to the future; Jasper worked as little as possible, and was very much bored by the project.

Unhappily, as it turned out, so great a sympathy, not only among the teachers, but among the pupils of Arabella's school, was felt for Arabella's reverse—her character for steadiness as well as her talents, that many of the parents undertook no evocation to her resolution to maintain her self-supporting position. Her aunt's refusal was made to procure her a livelihood much more lucrative, and more independent, than she could possibly have found as governess. She would take a small house of her own, live there with her fellow-orphans, and give lessons at home by the hour? Several families at once agreed so to engage her, and an income adequate to all her wants was secured. Arabella announced this plan to her friends; Bridget Greggs, the nurse of her infant sister, and the only servant left in that house, stealthily in the shades of evening, glided Jasper Lonely. She could not struggle against the temptation to see her lover to receive his visits—he was so poor—in such scraps of—and pretended herself to be so unhappy. There now became some one else to toil for, besides the little brother and sister. But what was Jasper's attitude to a man who so nobly grambled! Not officious smote her. A confidence between them, and a sympathy acknowledged her little brother caught it; her little sister sickened the next day; in less than a week two more children came home from the same house to Black Horses—borne to that plot of sunny turf in the prety churchyard—consecrated ever since the last earnings made for the little ones by the mother-like sister—Motherless, lone survivor! Jasper made Arabella a present of a watch. Did Arabella a present of a watch. Did Arabella grieve? Alas! alas! the truly dangerous Woman is not that Woman who can weep over Death and Laughter. Sorrow, and that sense of solitude which makes us welcome a footstep as a friend's, and a friend's as a lover's, prepared the entrance of light—weaken the outworks of female virtue more than all the fiercer forms of birth, or the flatteries which follow the path of Beauty through the crowd. Alas, and alas! Arabella's love for Jasper.

Jasper Lonely has still more solemnly sworn to Arabella that he will marry her soon. When they are rich enough. She feels as her spirit was gone—as if she could work on for him, for ever, for any unacknowledged—to whom love can console for shame. She had been greatly deceived up; her own self-esteem lucrative was keen; her remorse was noiseless, and it was stern. Harassments of a more vulgar nature began to rise and thicken upon her sources of income; she had contracted debts for the sake of Jasper. Rather than be compelled, yet bis no father. Pin creditors pressed him; he told her that he must hide. One winter's day he thus departed: she saw him no more for a year. She heard, a few days after he left her, of his father's crime and committal. Jasper was sent abroad by his maternal uncle, at his father's prayer; sent to a commercial house in France, in which the uncle obtained him a situation. In fact, the young man had been the favorite of his uncle, and that uncle, in order to save him from the obloquy which his father had brought upon his own.

Soon came William Losely's trial and sentence. Arabella felt the disgrace acutely—felt how much it must affect the unacknowledged Jasper; did not wonder that he forebore to write to her. She conceived him loved by shame, but she was buoyed up by her conviction that they should meet again. For good or for ill, she held herself bound to him for life. But meanwhile the debts she had incurred on his account came upon her. She was forced to remove from her house; and at this time Mrs. Lyndsay, looking out for some first-rate superior governess for Matilda's education, was urged by others to try and secure for that post Arabella Fossett. The highest testimonials from the school at which she had been reared, from the most eminent professional teachers, from the families at which she had recently taught, for Arabella ought to bear upon Mr. Darrell, be authorized Mrs. Lyndsay to propose such a step. She could not fail to secure a teacher of such rare qualifications. And thus Arabella became governess to Miss Darrell.

There is a kind of young lady of whom her nearest relations will say, "I don't make her a girl out." Matilda Darrell was that kind of young lady. She talked little; she moved with composure; she seemed to regard education as a secret which she had solemnly sworn not to let out. She had been steeped in slyness from her early infancy by a shy mother. Mrs. Darrell was a woman who had always something to conceal. There was always some one to be thrust out of sight; some visit not to be spoken of; something to be done that there was no need to say account to mention to Papa.

Thus Miss Darrell did not, as a child, was still contained to view her father as a person against whom prudence demanded that she should constantly on her guard. It was not that she was exactly afraid of him—he was very fond of her, and very kind to her—but his royal nature was antipathetic to hers. She had no sympathy with him. How could she have sympathy with him? She had no knowledge that those thoughts were not such as could be communicated to her. Yet, though reserved, unconversing, undemonstrative, she appeared docile and docile. Her reserve was ascribed to constitutional timidity. Timid she was not personally secured; yet, when you thought you had solved the problem, that she was timid because she was determined, that you were forced again to exclaim, "I can't make that girl out!" She was not sullen, she was not shy, she was not timid in your mind that she was dull, when, by a chance remark, you were startled to find that she was very much a keenly observant, when you had fancied her fast asleep. She had seemed, since her mother's death, more than ever to like Bridget and Caroline than of say other human beings —always appeared when one or both of them when they were absent; yet she confided to them no more than she did to her father. You would have thought that Matilda's mother would require no blinding in those with whom she lived. Such was the very secretiveness of her nature—attraction—a puzzle always creates some interest. Then her face, though neither handsome nor plain, was of a kind that is remembered as undoubted, depressed expression. A kind observer would not have said that it was unhappy. It might be a good deal of heart in that girl, if one could but—make her out.

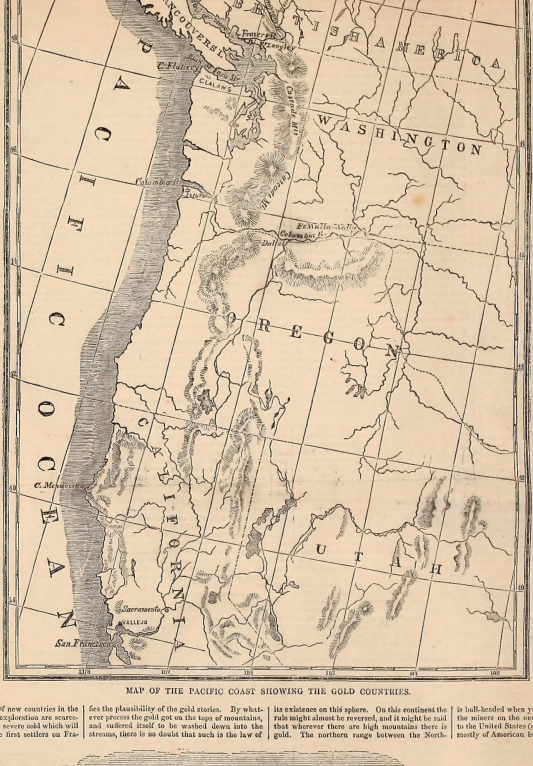
Such seemed to take at once to Arabella, more than she had taken to Mrs. Lyndsay, or Mrs. Lyndsay to Matilda, with whom she had been brought up as a sister, but who, then joyous and quick and innocently fearless—with her soul not yet locked up—had never had the least to be deceiving.

But this stranger, of accomplishments so rare, of demeanor so calm, with a cheerful gleam on her lip, a gathered care on her brow—they was a mystery to study, and study she did, and soon she felt a sympathy; for she detected at once that Arabella was also a secret.

Mrs. Darrell, absorbed in her own reflections, gave to Matilda but the mechanical attention which a governess receives who comes on an ordinary pupil. But an interest in Matilda sprung up in her breast, in proportion as she observed the interest which Arabella evinced. He was aware of the pomp and circumstance which had surrounded her in her childhood. As he expected the creditable energy with which she had devoted her talents to the support of the young children confided to her care. Her manner donated her bereavement of those little fellow-orphans for whom she had earned and expended and he strove, by a kindness of forethought and a delicacy of attention, which were the more prized in a governess who could not be supposed to make her forget that she was a salaried servant, to make her valued by her pupil as a matter of course, in the position of gentlewoman, guest, and friend. Recognizing in her a certain vigor of mind, which, under her former home's accomplishments, he would flatter her scholastic pride, by referring to her opinion in some question of reading, or consulting her judgment on some point of critical taste. She, in return, touched by his thoughtful kindness to the depth of a nature that, though already seriously wounded by misanthropy and scorn, was not like Jasper's, retained that capacity of gratitude, the loss of which is humanity's best desperation.

Not this alone: Arabella was startled by the intellect and character of Darrell into that kind of homage which a woman, who has hitherto met but her own intellectual inferiors, renders to the first distinguished personage in whom she recognizes, half with humility and half with awe, an understanding and a culture to which she cannot aspire. But the first distinguished man she had ever knowledge but the forced ex-

THE NEW EL DORADO IN BRITISH AMERICA.



MAP OF THE PACIFIC COAST SHOWING THE GOLD COUNTRIES.

As there seems to be little room for doubting the truth of the accounts which are extensively circulated about the recent gold discoveries on the shores of Fraser's and Thompson's rivers, in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the western coast of North America, we have thought that the reader might desire to see a map of the country. We give, also, a picture of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort on Vancouver's Island, from a sketch made some time since. At the rate things are progressing in that part of the world, our picture will soon be out of date.

The precise spot on which the gold has been found is the point at which Thompson's River falls into Fraser's River. The latter is a river of limited pretensions, navigable only for some twenty-five miles from its mouth, in the Gulf of Georgia. At the head of its navigable waters the Hudson's Bay Company have a fort—Fort Langley—where a good business has been done in furs, and some land opened to cultivation. From thence to the junction of the two rivers—a distance of 120 to 140 miles—the river is full of rapids, rocks, and falls. With skillful management, a loaded canoe can creep its way nearly the whole distance; but at several points there are *portages* which are calculated to try very severely the temper and endurance of explorers. It need hardly be said that the climate is severe, lying many miles to the north of the most northerly civilized settlement on the continent, the future El Dorado will resemble more closely the northern gold-fields of the Ural Mountains than any that have been worked in California or Australia. The climate has seconded the efforts which the Hudson's Bay Company has made to preserve a monopoly of the country. There are no settlements of to near Fraser's River save the Company's trading posts. A few rare individuals—mostly retired servants of the Company —have obtained Land and licenses to cultivate on the splendid soil of Vancouver's Island. But the shores of Fraser's River are an unknown country, and though the mellow preserves the traveler from the intolerable tropical fevers and the ever-growing tropical ague which are the bane of new countries in the South, these drawbacks to exploration are scarcely more formidable than the severe cold which will impede the exertions of the first settlers on Fraser's River. For at least six months of the year they will find themselves fully occupied in keeping themselves warm and duly supplied with food; and during a great portion of the remainder of the year the spring freshets will so swell the rivers as to render gold-seeking impossible. We understand that the Californians who have gone North do not expect to commence operations in earnest before the middle of the present month.

A glance at the map will largely aid the reader in believing the accounts of the gold discoveries. The range of hills in which the auriferous range of California is found extends, in almost unbroken line, thro' the Hudson's Bay territory. It bears various names. But that the mountain range in the terms from the Sacramento to Fraser's River, one can readily perceive. Analogy, therefore, justifies the plausibility of the gold stories. By whatever process the gold got on the tops of mountains, and sufficed itself to be washed down into the streams, there is no doubt that such is the law of its existence on this sphere. On this continent the rule might almost be reversed, and it might be said that wherever there are high mountains there is gold. The northern range between the Northeastern States and Canada is full of gold—which, however, has never yet been found in sufficient quantity to justify very extensive mining operations. The range running north and south, and forming the background of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, is also highly auriferous, and gives profitable employment to thousands of miners at the present day. Gold is also found on the slopes of the hills which inclose Lake Superior. Lastly, the great range against which California leans has been for nearly ten years the great gold-field of the world, and the "tail-end" of that range which sweeps round and pursues an easterly course just on the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico is now also known to be highly prominent with gold. There is, therefore, not only no reason for considering the accounts from Fraser's River improbable, but, on the contrary, it would be exceptional and surprising if the mountain range which that stream waters were not as auriferous as the rest of the range of which it forms a part.

It must be painful to the conventional Jonathan to reflect that these new gold-fields are in a foreign country. It is not worth while stopping to comment on the petty tyrannies of the obsolete association which claims dominion over them; the Hudson's Bay Company's hours are numbered; and their territories—with all the furs, and all the ice, and all the gold they contain—will soon pass under the control of the British Government or one of its colonial dependencies. Just to the typical American—the man of destiny and of filibusterism, the youthful hero who looks forward calmly to the acquisition of China, Russia, and subsequently South America and little Europe—it must be dolorous to reflect that these new gold-fields, which, if the Californian miners are to be believed, surpass the richest diggings in the Golden State, are in a foreign country. Nor can he hope, as he may reasonably do in reference to Arizona and its mines, that all that is worth having in the land of the foreigner will soon pass under the talon of the American eagle. If Fraser's River be worth keeping, John Bull will keep it. There is that, at least, about John—he is bull-headed when you try to bully him; and if the miners on the new placers go for annexation to the United States (as being, mostly of American breed), he will spend millions rather than let them go.

Ah! what a blunder it was to make such a fuss about "54° 40' or fight," and then to be satisfied after all with 49°.

We have made arrangements for illustrating, from time to time, the progress which may be made in the development of this new gold territory, so far as it may be developed. The public may soon learn that it deserves additional attention from the probability of its becoming the terminus of the first Pacific railroad. A party of British engineers have already been detailed for the survey. It would be characteristic of the British Government to build the road at the national expense, while we are haggling and making Buncombe speeches about our routes. And notwithstanding the disadvantages of climate under which they labor in the north, the thing may be done.



VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

Miscellany.

—Mr. Elliot, in his "Scenes of Clerical Life," speaks thus sensibly of the true character of

The World's Working Men:

The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes, of God's making, are quite different: they have their natural heritage of love and conscience which they drew in with their mother's milk; they know one or two of those deep spiritual truths which are only to be won by long wrestling with their own sins and their own sorrows; they have earned faith and strength so far as they have done genuine work; but the rest is dry, barren theory, blank prejudice, vague hearsay. Their insight is blended with mere opinion; their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfuse itself with their grandest impulses; and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egotism.

—A queer document, of the olden time, is this;

Hangman's Bill:

A Dutch journal recounts that at the beginning of the last century the city of Amsterdam was in the habit of employing the Haarlem executioner, and that with a view to save traveling expenses it was usually contrived that a good many executions should be fixed for the same day. The following bill, showing the amount earned by this fortunate and painstaking functionary on December 17, 1712, is preserved in the archives of Amsterdam: "To beheading a man, 15 fl.; to hanging another, 6 fl.; to breaking a man on the wheel, 9 blows, at 3 fl. the blow, 27 fl.; to hanging the same individual afterward, 6 fl.; to hanging two others, with swords stuck in their heads, 18 fl.; to hanging four more, at 6 fl. each, 24 fl.; to hanging a youth, 3 fl.; to hanging three men and placarding their breasts (N.B. The placards appear to have cost nothing), 12 fl.; to flogging 24 persons, at 3 fl. each, 27 fl.; to, flogging three others, and fixing swords on their heads, 9 fl.; to putting a man in the pillery, 6 fl.; to branding a man in the back, 6 fl.; sundries, 24 fl.; for my assistants, 12 fl.; for ropes, etc., 276 fl."

—Philosophers have often speculated on the intimate connection subsisting between

Soul and Body,

but none so effectually as Sydney Smith. Let lovers of the table take warning from his words:

The longer I live the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception, as practiced upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster. And when overexcited nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind. In the same manner, old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese; and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce correspondent sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body.

Hearts

are of several kinds, and of widely different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds: about one kind the wall is high and strong, and to surmount it is a work of extreme difficulty; but if you can get inside you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that inclosed garden; and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is, that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting the walls. Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle—a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to any body, and less to its owner. But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real one—whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it, and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty, and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the wayworn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls, and a charmed light and glory hover in the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

—In the Barbary States, as well as in India, there are

Snake-Charmers.

Mr. Hay relates that, while in Tunis, he met a party of Eisowy, or snake-charmers: they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos; three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes, resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes.

We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes: to this they readily assented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of snake-charmers. Having concluded this invocation the music struck up, and the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane-work covered with goat's skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake. This he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, while the reptile seemed to obey his wishes by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and, standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the desert of Soos, called *leffa*. They were of a mottled color, with black spots; were thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half-coiled, and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, while their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy warded off with his long haik the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the leffas seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

The Snakes bite.

Now, calling on Seedan Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oosed a white and oily substance. He then put the leffa to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, while the man, making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirled rapidly around, calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn.

Having laid the leffa down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, while the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.

Conceiving that the whole was a trick—that the leffa had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be as harmless as that of a rat, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

"Are you an Eisowy?" said the man of Soos, "or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?"

I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "if the snake bites you, your hour is come! Bring me a fowl or any animal, and I will give you sure proof ere you attempt to touch a leffa."

A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about a minute, tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly afterward of a bluish hue. It is needless to say, that after this I declined handling the leffa.

The only way that I can account for the Eisowy escaping unharmed from the bite of the snake is, that either he prevents the leffa, when in the act of seizing his arm, from using its fangs, and that the blood seen is drawn by the teeth only of the reptile, which are distinct from its fangs; or else that the Eisowy possesses an antidote to the poison, and that he puts it into his mouth, and applies it to the bitten part during the dance.

WHENCE CAME THE FLOWERS?

Whence came the pleasant flowers,
Those beautiful and ever-welcome things?
Were they in Eden's bowers,
Born of the dewy showers,
The angels scatter'd from their radiant wings?
So when the Deluge came, and Nature bow'd
Before the deeps that like a vasty shroud
Inclosed together all that round us lies,
The seeds of Adam's happy Paradise
Mingled with those of our impurer earth,
And thus the flowers had universal birth.

A Child

is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he can not remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

Odd Thoughts.

—Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind troubles enough; in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debaseth it.—*Bacon.*

Sleep—Death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust myself with him without saying my prayers.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Reason and Christianity.—You have studied some instrumental sciences, some Latin and Greek; have acquired some notions of natural philosophy and mathematics; have read fragments of ancient and modern history; perused with pleasure treatises, more or less ingenious, against Christianity; and with this little baggage, borne by your five-and-twenty years, you stand up before Jesus Christ and His Church, to tell them that you put them under the ban of human reason! Do you not think that Christianity—which is certainly older than you—has read more, seen more, and lived more with mankind than you have? Do you not think it would have as much right to put *you* under the ban of reason?—*Lacoydaire.*

Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.—*Bacon.*

He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

Riches are the baggage of virtue; they can not be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.—*Bacon.*

An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men nor better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson; and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance: nothing more.—*Bolingbroke.*

You may extract fire from most things, but from ashes never.

If a man will begin in certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—*Bacon.*

What Anacharsis said of the vine may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, pleasure, and sorrow; and happy is it if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate.—*Bolingbroke.*

Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—*Macaulay.*

A man can not paint portraits till he has seen faces.—*Marmontel.*

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—*Carlyle.*

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The following "sentence," pronounced by the Judge of one of the judicial districts of Iowa, is published in the city where the execution is to take place. How coolly, and in what grammatical terms the Judge condemns the "Sheriff of Lee County" to be "privately hanged" for a murder of which two other men had been convicted! "You, Daniel Reddout and Phillip Nash, convicted of the murder of T. A. Harrison, by a jury of your countrymen, shall be taken from hence to the county jail, there confined till Friday the 23d day of July, 1858, and on that day, *the Sheriff of Lee County* shall take you to some convenient place within the limits of the city of Keokuk, between the hours of twelve o'clock, m., and three o'clock, p.m., *and be privately hanged* by the neck till you are *dead, dead, dead!* and may God have mercy on your souls."

A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh no," replied he, "ladies who have brains won't wear them."

"In the wilds of Georgia," writes a correspondent, "we have a class of people (animals of the *genus homo*), known vulgarly as 'crackers.' Various explanations of this *sobriquet* have been attempted, but rather unsatisfactorily. They are, in my opinion, the *lineal descendants* of the original prison-settlers from the penal colonies of England. A glance at them will but confirm this opinion, knowing them, as I do, in almost every relation in life by my professional intercourse. I can say candidly, just such a class can nowhere else be found. But enough; I am verging on a field too prolific for these hasty lines.—I have had in attendance, professionally, a family known among the fraternity as a '*real poor-pay case*' for some five years, as usual the most *clamorous* for their *rights*—reckless as to *night* calls—glorying in being able to bring the 'Doc' at any time through mud, thunder, and lightning. Thinking it politic to continue my attentions, I let them have their own way, determining to avenge myself when time and opportunity offered. Fortuitous circumstances brought about the wished-for day. Mrs. F——, a few weeks ago, became the mother of a pair of *twins*, and I requested the honor of naming them. She replied, 'Well, Doc, ef you will promise me to call 'em Skriptur names you kin do it jest as soon as you like.' No sooner said than done. I dubbed one *Belteshazzar* and the other *Beelzebub*; and, said I, call one *Bel* and the other *Bub* for short. '*Bell which said she?*' 'Belteshazzar,' said I; 'real "true and true" 'Scripture name.' The grandmother having been summoned had just arrived, and approaching Mrs. F——'s bedside said, 'Well, Mary! *you have gone and dun it*, and has *got twins, hain't ye?* And what are you agwine to call 'em?' Mrs. F—— replied, pointing to me, 'the Doc thar has jest gin 'em names you will like *powerful well*—a Scriptur name, but I can't remember, so get him to write 'em down.' I put down the names in a *fly-leaf of a Jayne's Family Almanac*, about the only thing in the shape of a book in the establishment which was visible, and read them out to the old lady. The old soul, with her eyes turned up and her hands raised in an attitude of thanksgiving, replied with the deepest pathos, '*Well, Mary, if these children will only be as good as them they is named arter, hit is all I will ax.*'"

EAGLE THE FIRST.

By Alfred Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun, in lonely lands.
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

EAGLE YE SECOND.

By G. Whillikins.

With hooked claws he clasps ye fence,
Close by ye hen-roost; gazing thence
He spies a mice, what's got no sense.
Ye mice beneath can't well see him;
He watcheth from his lofty limb,
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.

P.S.—The difference, though only faint,
'Twixt that and this I now will paint;
His eagle's wild, my eagle ain't.

"The Ruling Passion strong in Death."—Old Uncle John Jones, who lived in Cincinnati a few years ago, was excessively fond of mint. So fond was Jones of this weed that he would be sure to obtain the first mint of the season, and proceed at once to have it manufactured into a "julep," which luxury seemed to be his only glory in the drinking line. Jones would indulge in as many as twenty-five or thirty drinks a day during the julep season. In the spring of 1855 Jones did not make his appearance as usual, and the proprietors of the saloons and restaurants, whom he had become quite familiar with, felt anxious as to the whereabouts of their bountiful customer. Upon inquiring, they found that Jones had come to his death during one of the winter months, and, feeling as if they owed a little respect to their departed friend, they proceeded to his grave, where, to their surprise, they found the mint had grown all about it to the immense height of from a foot to eighteen inches.

When poor Spoon failed he was very much "down at the heel;" and his friends came round him to comfort him, as Job's did when he was boiling over with affliction.

"Don't mind it," said Eliakim, the wooden head, "don't mind it; thank Heaven, they don't hang a man in this country for debt, though they do every thing else to him;" and Spoon, lifting up his voice, replied, "That's so!"

An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity, that he had two witnesses in court, in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them!

How to Tell a Lady's Age.—The following table will do it. Just hand the table to the lady and ask her to tell you in which of its columns her age is contained. Then add together the figures at the top of the columns designated, and you have the great secret. Suppose an age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, viz., the first and fifth; and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:

1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way!" was the quick reply.

"Mr. Jenkins, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?"

"No, Sir; you are mistaken in the man. I am not one of the *old settlers.*"

While an officer was bowing a cannon-ball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those who stood near him, "that a man never loses any thing by politeness."

A traitor is good fruit to hang from the boughs of the tree of liberty."

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and truth are sweet juices.

"I say, Jack, how do dem taters turn out dis year?"

"Well, Cuff, da am very much like the long hair gemmen—all top, and not the least bit bottom."

"Sir," said an irascible man to his opponent, "I believe you are either a deist or an atheist."

"Wrong, Sir," was the rejoinder; "I am a dentist." This was throwing the thing right into his teeth.

Plutarch says, in his Life of Alexander, that the Babylonians used, during the dog-days, to sleep on skins filled with water. The Boston *Times* adds, that in these days men sleep on skins filled with bad rum.

It is scarcely credible that a child but four years old could perpetrate so perfect a pun as the one alleged in the following incident; but its truth is certified to us by a Philadelphia correspondent. The author of it was a little girl. She was playing with her doll by the side of her mother, when, after some consideration, she said, "Mother, I wish my doll was realized." "Why, what do you mean?" her mother replied. "Why," she said, "you see she has only glass eyes; I want her to have real eyes."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a by-stander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

"What," asked Margarita of Cecilia, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."

The tombstone of a sweet girl, blind from her birth, bears the appropriate inscription, "There is no night there!" The tombstone of a child who died at the age of three years has inscribed upon it the befitting words, "Went in the morning."

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor, according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Louis XIII., coming from the Council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the King, the latter stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are you not the master here?" said the King, pushing him angrily. "Go before me." "I can only do so," replied the adroit courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

Among other clever stories, an Iowa correspondent sends us this:

A green-looking chap from the Green Mountain State went over the line and on to Montreal, "to look *reound* a leetle." Going into a large and handsome dry-goods store, his verdancy attracted the attention of the proprietor, who attempted to quiz him; but unhappily having an im-p-p-p-pediment in his speech, he had to give it up, and his head-clerk came forward to speak for him.

The clerk began. "Mr. Bull wishes to know if you can tell him why Balaam's ass spoke?"

"Wa'al," says Jonathan, "I rayther guess as how that Balaam was a stutterin' man, and his ass had to speak for him!"

Good for Jonathan.

Wind-mills are machines which are only kept going by being perpetually puffed; wherein, Jones suggests, they bear a pointed resemblance to some authors. With this difference, however, the reader will perceive, that while the latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

Marriage, says an enthusiastic votary of Hymen, is a state of which it is unnecessary to describe the happiness, for two reasons: first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings; and, secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not.

A saw is a sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth. N.B. A *bona fide* alderman is not one of the "wise saws" mentioned by Shakspeare; at least in "modern instances."

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

Francis, Duke of Luxembourg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed. His uniform success, when contending with William III. of England, rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him "humpback."

"What does he know of my back?" said the Marshal; "he never saw it."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, July* 12, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been moderately supplied with Flour, for which there has been a fair inquiry, chiefly for home use, at essentially unchanged prices. Wheat and Corn of prime quality have been sparingly offered, and have been in request. Inferior and unsound lots have been plenty and depressed, having been in slack demand. Oats were salable and buoyant....A better inquiry prevailed for Cotton, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Naval Stores, Linseed Oil, and Provisions at strengthening prices....Hay was in fair request, at steady rates....Hops were more active but less firm....Rice was pretty freely dealt in at former quotations....Tobacco and Wool were moderately sought after at unaltered prices....The Dry Goods trade is generally inactive at present. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $736,221, against $4,433,000 the corresponding week of last year. The value of the imports since January 1 reached $23,306,540, against $50,219,712 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@	$4 05
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 80	@	4 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 10	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 20	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 50	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 32½
Red Wheat, per bushel	68	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel	74	@	88
Rye, per bushel	68	@	70
Barley, per bushel	58	@	65
Western Oats, per bushel	47	@	—
State Oats, per bushel	46	@	47
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	41	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	41
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 65	@	16 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 65	@	13 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 00
Cut Meats, per pound	5½	@	8
Lard, per pound	11	@	11½
State Butter, per pound	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound	3	@	7½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5½	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	22½	@	23
Hops, per pound	5½	@	7½
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound	—	@	9½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 56¼	@	3 62½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44½	@	45
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 62½	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	70	@	—
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6½	@	15

Stocks of several Articles in New York, July 1.

	1857.	1858.
Dyewoods, tons	611	2,873
Hemp, tons	185	498
Hemp, bales	8,366	18,481
Lead, tons	1,050	1,700
Leather, Sole, sides	61,700	109,800
Rice, tierces	4,044	6,311
Rice, bags	1,510	—
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	54,632	38,031

Freights were somewhat brisker. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 4½d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 747.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were not very freely supplied with Beeves, yet, in the absence of an active inquiry, prices were unchanged save for the best quality, which advanced slightly....Milch Cows were scarce, and were in limited request....Veal Calves, as also Sheep and Lambs, were less abundant, yet not active....Swine continued quiet....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *June* 30.	Week ending *July* 7.
Beeves	2,941	3,324
Milch Cows	194	183
Veal Calves	879	731
Sheep and Lambs	10,229	8,061
Swine	4,450	3,193

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday, there were received from

Illinois	1578	Indiana	370
Ohio	657	Kentucky	199

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6¼	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	8 00
" " per pound	3½	@	8
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	4½
Dressed " "	4½	@	5½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are rather more active, especially for Fruit. Strawberries have generally disappeared. Raspberries, Blackberries, and Huckleberries are plenty, as are also Gooseberries, Currants, and Cherries. New Apples, Peaches, and Plums are more freely offered....The Potatoes now arriving from Norfolk and Long Island are of a much better quality than the early receipts. Old Potatoes are generally neglected. Cabbages are not as freely offered as they are needed. Cauliflowers have nearly disappeared. Those in market are of a very poor quality. Turnips, Beets, Onions, Tomatoes (chiefly from Norfolk), Beans and Cucumbers are cheaper. Green Peas and Spinach have advanced slightly. Green Corn is in from Charleston. Squashes have appeared from Long Island....Poultry has not varied during the week. Supply, moderate; demand, limited. Woodcock, being much plentier, are decidedly cheaper. Snipe are expected to reappear in market in a few weeks.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Gooseberries, per bushel	$1 25	@	$1 75
Cherries, per pound	5	@	10
Currants, per pound	3	@	9
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	3 00	@	9 00
Blackberries, per quart	12	@	15
Huckleberries, per bushel	4 00	@	5 00
Apples, new, per barrel	2 50	@	3 50
Peaches, per bushel	3 00	@	6 00
Plums, per box	4 00	@	5 00
String Beans, per bushel	75	@	1 00
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, new, per barrel	3 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
" " per 100 bunches	3 00	@	3 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	1 75	@	2 50
Beets, new, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	4 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 50
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	6 00
Squashes, per barrel	2 00	@	2 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen	50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37	@	62
Green Peas, per bushel	37	@	62
Green Corn, per 100 ears	2 75	@	3 00
Watermelons, per 100	30 00	@	40 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100	8 00	@	12 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Cucumbers, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Eggs, per dozen	10½	@	13
Chickens, per pair	50	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	2 25
Woodcock, per dozen	1 50	@	3 00

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, July* 12, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 10, 1858	$2,456,860....	$1,286,382
Corresponding week, 1857	9,215,537....	1,112,879
Increase	....	$173,503
Decrease	$6,758,677	

The corresponding week last year was the first clear week after the new tariff went into operation; hence the unusual import entry.

The movement of specie was an export of some $563,000. But, as part of this came out of the Sub-Treasury, it is quite likely that the banks will show little or no falling off to-night; as some parcels of gold came from Boston. The Sub-Treasury balance is five millions and a quarter; the banks showed last week over thirty-three millions and three quarters; total specie—thirty-nine millions.

The course of the stock exchange has been toward increased activity and buoyancy. Toward the close of the week especially this feature was apparent. The following table shows the movement during the week:

New York Central	82¾@84½@85
New York and Erie	17@18¼@19
Reading	44½@46½@46½
Rock Island	73¾@75½@76½
Michigan Southern	21½@22½@22¾
Preferred	42½@44½@44¾
Illinois Central	78@75½@77½
Panama	102@104½@105½
Pacific Mail	77½@78@78¾
Hudson	26¾@27½@28½
Galena	85¾@88@88
Missouris	85@84½@85
Virginias	92½@93@93½
Tennessees	91½@91½@92
La Crosse Land Grants	33½@33@32¾
Toledo	32½@34½@34¾
Delaware and Hudson	98¾@98½@98½
Michigan Central	52@59½@60

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DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.

THE portrait which we present to our readers this week is that of DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS, [DR. whose no resident of the city of New York is, or deserves to be, better known. Dr. Francis has become in some sort an institution—a Knickerbocker institution.

His parents were Germans. His father, Melchior Francis, emigrated from Germany to the United States about the time of the Revolution. The son was born on the 17th November, 1789. As he has said himself, "with the arrival of the news of the French Revolution" he "made his first appearance on this planet." He remembers the arrival of Citizen Genet in the city, and believes that he sang "Ia Carmagnole" before he could command a decent vocabulary of his own tongue. He grew up in the midst of that Franco-American fervor which was the leading feature of American society in the early period of the Republic. Genet, on whom he had gazed with rapture as a child, he subsequently knew intimately as a man; so intimately that to him the French enthusiast confided his vain hope of justification by future ages, and his private passion for the piano.

As an early age young Francis entered upon the usual course of studies at Columbia College, New York. He must have displayed very unusual ability and promise; for shortly after his release from college he was admitted into a partnership with the well-known David Hosack, who was at that time the chief of the medical profession in this city. Partly from this connection, and partly from his own associations, he obtained the entry of the most distinguished society in New York. He stood by the death-bed of Paine, and mourned over the weakness which disgraced the last hours of that eminent man. He had access to the household of Burr and Hamilton, and knew more about their mutual relations and their fatal rencontre than most of the historians who have undertaken to write about them. With the great clergymen of that day he was very intimate. A sincere Christian, Dr. Francis has never been a sectarian: he has made it his business to hear and to know the leaders of religion as well as the leaders of politics, without regard to sect or party. He is as proud of the part he took in throwing open the medical lecture-room to the pioneer of Unitarianism, Dr. Ellery Channing, as he is of his labors on behalf of the Erie Railway. Clergymen, politicians, doctors of medicine, lawyers, and actors—all were welcome acquaintances to Dr. Francis, if they evinced superiority to the rank and file of mankind. He was as great a favorite with the famous clergyman Mason as with the actor Cooke; he went to hear Lorenzo Dow in a backyard with as much pleasure as he attended the performances of Charles Matthews; he sat at the feet of Dr. Mitchell with as much humility as he displayed when he listened to Kean reading the burial-service in the Anglican Liturgy.

He was, has been, and is, in fact, the type of a popular man. There is this in the medical profession above all others: if a doctor wants to make friends, he can do so more easily than a member of any other profession. Sick men open their hearts to their medical adviser. A pain here, there, or elsewhere, expands the mental pores, and quenches for the time the desire to assume unnatural airs. Men who will conceal the truth from banker, lawyer, and parson, will, under the agonizing influence of intestinal contractions or cerebral agitation, think aloud to their medical adviser, if he have the least human sympathy in his composition.

Dr. Francis was the man above all others to avail himself of this professional opportunity. Endowed with a genial many-sided nature, he had sympathy to lecture on the distressed, whatever was their walk in life, and whatever their aim. He knew enough to talk intelligently on science, literature, the fine arts, law, theology, the stage, medicine, and scandal; and his conversation was so engaging—he possessed so thoroughly that soft-dovetying art which is the key to the confidence of one's conversational acquaintance—that every one who knew him regarded him as a personal friend.

For nearly fifty years Dr. John W. Francis has been practicing as a physician in the city of New York. His youthful association with Dr. Hosack introduced him at his first start in life into the very best society, and the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of the time. He has preserved the position which chance allotted to him. For nearly half a century it may be said that no man who was worth knowing has been unknown to Dr. Francis. At a time when most of those who read these lines were unborn, Dr. Francis was so well known, and so universally esteemed, that the first wish of strangers was to make his acquaintance. For a quarter of a century eminent men in every walk of life—foreigners as well as native—have esteemed it a privilege to enjoy a brief conversation with him.

And now, when honors and years have been laden on his shoulders, Dr. Francis obtains and deserves the same homage. He touches upon his seventieth year; but New York contains no young man more sprightly in conversation, quicker in the use of the perceptives, more apt to take, and more prompt to return a jest. In information and anecdote he is unrivaled among us. One needs but to glance at the work which he has just published on the early history of New York to see what a mass of reminiscences he has at command. Of all the eventful scenes through which he has passed, and of all the great men whom he has known, he has forgotten nothing: he can transport us, if he chooses, to the times which are fast passing into oblivion, and make us forget the age of steamboats and railroads by telling us of his attendance upon the long, lank, tire-eyed Fulton, or by recounting the arguments which induced the Common Council of New York, nearly half a century ago, to build the north wall of the City Hall of red stone, because "nobody would be likely to live on that side of the building."

It is pleasant to know that Dr. Francis has been rewarded for his professional labors. Like Lord Jeffrey, he has prosecuted literature and archæology with marked success, but he never suffered either to interfere with his professional pursuits. Though he has been conspicuous in the establishment of almost every literary and scientific institution of which New York can boast, he never neglected a patient for the sake of his beloved recreations; and though, when he is dead, he shall be honored as one of the earliest, most discriminating, and most faithful patrons of art, letters, and history in the country, he will be as gratefully remembered by his own profession for his treatises on obstetrics, croup, and deaths by lightning.

Kind and gentle—the type of the Christian philosopher, as Kane was the type of the Christian knight—Dr. Francis stands alone, almost the sole survivor of that choice band of great men who fashioned and shaped the American mind before the present working generation was born. One realizes Benjamin Franklin in hearing him converse. He would say himself that he represents that very notorious individual—the oldest inhabitant.

Latterly, Dr. Francis has been indispensable to every public occasion in this city. One naturally looks for his tawby head and good-humored face on the platform on every occasion of municipal festivity, and at every literary or scientific celebration. To do him justice, he is seldom locked for in vain on these occasions. He is as patient a listener as he is a willing and amusing speaker; his applause is generally the first which strikes the ear of a young orator, his compliment the most gratifying that he receives. We can say of Dr. Francis, what perhaps can not be said of any other prominent man in the country, that, though he talks much, well, and wittily, no unkind speech has ever been quoted against him. May he long live to remind us of the great men of other days, and to set a noble example of liberal scholarship, solidity of mind, and simplicity of heart to the young men of our own!



DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

JENNY'S CRADLE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

AY, here is your cradle! Why surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were an exceedingly small pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flow'd in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your impotent strife—
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplex'd with that newly-found fardel called life.

To hint at an infantine frailty's a scandal;
All by-gones are by-gones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your cradle! and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know;
They guard o'er the nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags this old world, therefore stay not to ask,
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If mask'd, still it pleases, then raise not its mask.

Is life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
I see you, except for that infantine woe,
Scarce changed since you were but a small pic-a-ninny:
Your cheek is still velvet—pray what is your toe?

Ay, here is your cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time JENNY'S BABY should be in its bed!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

THE FRAZER'S RIVER GOLD-FIELDS.

THE latest advices from California confirm the accounts previously received of the richness of the gold-fields in the Hudson's Bay territory, on the Gulf of Georgia, of which we gave in our last number an illustrated description. It seems that, after a certain amount of labor, miners in that region can count upon realizing some \$40 @ \$50 a day by gold-digging; and this with very imperfect apparatus and machinery. Men who have not delved in the beds of streams, but who have merely dug in the soft earth by their borders, have made \$10 @ \$12 a day without difficulty. With the improved machinery which has been contrived in California this yield would, undoubtedly, be largely increased. Under the circumstances, one can understand the *furor* which has seized upon the mining population of California, and which, we are told, is inducing every fourth male in that State to emigrate to the new gold-fields.

New Caledonia, the district in which the new gold discoveries have been made, is a tract of country but little known to geographers. It forms the western portion of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and lies between the Gulf of Georgia and the Cascade Mountains. The Frazer River, its principal stream, rises in the Rocky Mountains, near the sources of the Canoe River, a branch of the Columbia, between latitude 55° and 56° N., and runs in a southerly and westerly direction toward the Gulf of Georgia, receiving on the way the waters of the Stuart's, Chilcotin, Pinklitsa, Thompson's, and Quesnel's rivers—tributaries which drain some of the many lakes with which the interior country abounds. In latitude 49° the Frazer River breaks through the Cascade hills, and here are formed a succession of rapids, which impede navigation. From these rapids to the river's mouth is a distance of seventy miles. The entire length of the river is four hundred miles. The country adjoining the lower section of the river is hilly, the shores being, however, low and marshy. The soil of this part is thin and poor; making tolerable pasture land, but not fitted for profitable tillage. Beyond the Cascades the entire region is very much broken up, and full of marshes, small lakes, and insignificant streams. Ross states that the attempts of traders to raise vegetables and fruits on the shores of the Frazer River invariably failed. Numerous berries are found growing wild; and on these, and salmon, which abound in the river at certain seasons, the Indians chiefly subsist. The country is known to contain coal in considerable quantities, and of good quality, cropping out of the hills, and easily attainable; cobalt, iron, marcasites of a gold color, and a fine black marble.

The fauna of this region are very limited. The rein-deer, red-deer, and jumping-deer; a marmot, beaver, bears, lynxes, foxes and rabbits comprise the whole. The Indian dogs are of the Esquimaux species.

The Indians are divided into various small tribes; are of middle size, with good features; but are hopelessly lazy and dirty, great thieves and liars, and treacherous and inhuman to the last degree. They persecute and torture widows and widowers, making them slaves for a term of three or four years; and have a singular custom, verging on cannibalism. Their medicine-men spend several weeks in each year in a secluded wood, fasting, and on their return to the camps are permitted to satisfy their frantic hunger by tearing pieces of flesh from the bodies of living members of their tribes. Ross saw many unfortunates who had been maimed for life by this horrible practice.

Ross and Dunn state that April and May are two delightful months; in June, there are incessant rains; in July and August, intolerable heats; in September, fogs so dense that nothing can be done out-doors before ten o'clock, and the inhabitants suffer much, in consequence, from colds and rheumatism; in October, the heavy frosts begin; and by November the lakes and streams are frozen over for the season—that is, until next April. The mercury, however, rarely falls lower than 15° below zero of Fahrenheit; and the cold is stated to be much more endurable than would be supposed. The snow is seldom over twenty-four inches deep on the ground. The season for salmon-fishing extends from the middle of July to October. Other edible animals and wild fowl are very scarce; and for that reason this season is a grand holiday for the Indians.

Such is the country into which the ardent gold-seekers of California are rushing by thousands. It is clear that the precious dust must exist in considerable quantities, and of easy access, before the miners can be satisfactorily repaid for their labors in so inhospitable a clime.

As for means of access to the new gold-fields, those who start from San Francisco will probably make the tedious voyage through the straits of Fuca. Those going by way of Oregon have a shorter cut. They can proceed in boats up the Cowlitz, which empties into the Columbia at Monticello. From the head of the Cowlitz to Fort Nisqually, at the bottom of Puget's Sound, there is a very tolerable portage road of seventy miles, which has been already some years in use. This course cuts off a great distance, and will save much time to anxious miners.

The Hudson's Bay Company perseveres in its assertion of its exclusive right to trading in that region. It suffers and encourages emigration; but it reserves to itself the right of supplying the miners with all the necessaries of life. According to the terms of its charter—which, it need hardly be said, contemplated nothing beyond a trade with the Indians for furs—all trade and commerce within the territory of the Company must be carried on by the Company, and by none others. The officials at Vancouver's Island are making the most of this privilege. If they have time enough, they will turn the trade in gold, and the means of getting it, into as close a monopoly as the trade in peltries. Unfortunately for them, the British Government is also awake to the importance of the new discoveries. While a British ship of war has gone to Vancouver's Island to strengthen the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company's Governor, the British Government are now decided not to renew the Company's charter, but to resume possession of the gold country.

CLOSE OF THE UTAH WAR.

WE have news from Salt Lake City confirming the rumors of the desertion of the Mormons. By this time it is in possession of the United States army under General Johnston, and the flock of Brigham Young are scattered throughout the settlements of the South, from Provo downward. There is no fighting to be done; all the military preparations of the Latter Day Saints are thrown away. Our army must resign itself to a postponement of the glory that might have resulted from a successful onslaught on the Mormons; General Johnston must be content with his Brevet Brigadier-Generalship.

Two facts remain. The first, the cost of the expedition; the second, the ultimate disposal of the Mormons.

Let us thank Providence that the Mormons have been more cheaply disposed of than the Seminoles. Forty millions the latter cost the people of the United States, making no allowance for the valuable lives lost in the everglades and swamps of Florida. Less than half that sum, say seventy-five cents per head for the entire white population of the country, or something like four dollars for each adult white male, will probably free us from the Mormons. The country is so prosperous, and we are all so ready to part with our money, that the tax may not be severely felt. As, however, it will have to be paid, and as people generally would rather not throw away even four dollars if they could help it, it will be well for the Government to consider the expediency of preventing the recurrence of such accidents as this Mormon rebellion. Every body understands that the Mormon resistance to the United States authorities was simply an incident of, and a pretext for, the quarrel. The real issue between the United States and the Mormon people turned on the institutions of the latter. Had they been Christians, there would have been no trouble; had we recognized Mormonism and polygamy as lawful institutions, we should have sent no army across the plains. Disguise it as we may, the fact is undoubted that the United States made war upon the Mormons because their domestic institutions were deemed inconsistent with the organization of the confederacy, and the wholesome growth of self-governing communities on United States territory. The lesson is clear; it is for the General Government, and for the leading politicians of the country, to profit by it.

What is to be the destination of the Mormons? They have gone south, we are told. How far south? If they are still in United States territory, the work is but half done. Their abandonment of Salt Lake City proves that they do not intend to relinquish their principles. They have not recanted Mormonism, one of the essential doctrines of which is a system of theocratic governance utterly at variance with the rules of the United States respecting Territorial Governments. So long as they remain on the soil of the United States, and remain firm in their faith, the question at issue will remain unsettled. Even if they cross the frontier and settle in the northern regions of Mexico, the quarrel will be revived at an early day. Arizona and Sonora are destined to as sudden and as thorough a development as California received. There is reason to believe that the auriferous and argentiferous range which lies on the frontier of the United States and Mexico, toward the Pacific, far surpasses any thing yet discovered either in California or Australia. Some day its treasures will suddenly come to light, and there will be a rush of population thither. That all the territory worth having—in Mexico—will be speedily annexed, is too clear to need demonstration. What if the Mormons happen to be settled there?

The real question between the Mormons and ourselves is, Whether a theocratic government and polygamy can be domiciled on United States territory? Till that question is settled, all compromises will prove illusory. It is cheapest policy for our people to take the bull by the horns at once, and settle the question one way or the other.

A NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

WITHIN the past week the public of this city have been amazed by the disclosures which have followed the arrest of one Dawson, the keeper of one of the vilest resorts of the vilest characters in the city. We can not enter into all the details which have been published in the daily papers respecting this Dawson, his abode, and his practices. Suffice it to say that it was established on the preliminary inquiry before the Mayor that this fellow's den realized the most terrible stories of ogres which we have all read in our youth; that the unhappy girls who served to attract customers to his bar were close prisoners, were never suffered to go out of his house, and, when they expressed a wish for fresh air, were brutally beaten and kicked by Dawson.

When this monster was arrested, it is said that he made light of the affair. He had, he confessed, several dance-houses in various parts of the city, all of which were conducted on his peculiar principles. He had money in the bank, and real estate in good localities. He knew what it was to be arrested—having suffered that fate on twenty odd occasions, and he was not in the least disconcerted. He regarded the accident as one of the necessary inconveniences of his lucrative calling. So, having engaged counsel (ex-Judge Phillips), he prepared himself with due philosophy to abide the result; promising himself to resume his avocation with renewed vigor when he should have got over his present little scrape.

No comment is necessary; but it is well that some memorandum of such "institutions" should be placed on record.

HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO FLOG A WOMAN.

THE captain of a steamboat plying on the Mississippi was lately arrested at the suit of a woman, who charged him with whipping her with a whip. It appeared on the trial, that the woman had been the mistress of the captain; that he had seduced her when he was a married man; that his wife having died, he married again, in spite of the remonstrances of his mistress, and in the teeth of her threats, openly expressed to the lady who became his second wife, that she would leave her no peace; that this mistress, having borne him a child, was in the habit of calling on him for money for its support; finally, that, having called on him, as usual, with her infant in her arms, he went out, called for a whip, was brought a carriage whip, and with this flogged the woman and child away from his door, leaving the marks of the weapon on their bodies. For this the magistrate at Cincinnati, where the scene occurred, sentenced the captain to pay a fine of EIGHT DOLLARS!

We thus learn the market value of brutality at Cincinnati. In the dark ages which preceded the Reformation the priests were in the habit of selling absolution for sins past and future, and had tariffs in their churches on which the price of each sin was regularly quoted. For so much one could insult a young girl; for so much rob a house; for so much kill a troublesome neighbor. We have none of these price-currents at hand; but we will venture to say, that the cheapest among them charged more for brutality and ruffianism than seems to be the market cost of these luxuries in the West.

The most curious feature in this decision is its inconsistency with the spirit of our legislation and the administration of criminal justice in the United States. The laws in this country for the protection of the female are, in general, more stringent than those of any other country in the world. In most States seduction and adultery are criminal offenses, exposing the offender to indictment by a Grand Jury. This is not the case in most European countries. We have felt, here, that the destroyer of female virtue was a public enemy. But public sentiment has not been satisfied with the severity of the written code, and the jury system has largely increased the safeguards which surround the domestic circle. Experience has proved that the injured husband or father may, on discovery of his wrong, wreak his vengeance on the wrong-doer in his own way—to any extent. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there is not a jury that will find a bill against a man who avenges the wrong of his wife, sister, or daughter, by taking the life of the seducer. Recent cases in New York, Pennsylvania, and Louisiana, place the matter beyond dispute; the seducer's life is at the mercy of the nearest male relative of the woman he has wronged. Such being the state of public feeling, the decision at Cincinnati seems actually astonishing.

It was urged on behalf of the Mississippi captain that his cast-off mistress had wearied him with her importunities. She had a right to do so. She had ruined herself for him; the annoyance of her repeated visits was small in comparison with what she suffered—ignominy, disgrace, blighted prospects, a life of inevitable obscurity, toil, and sorrow. If she had called every day on the captain, and daily exposed him to the reproaches of his wife and the jeers of his friends, his suffering would have been infinitesimally small in comparison with hers. And why should he seek to throw the entire burden of their mutual crime on her?

It is to be hoped that this unfortunate woman may secure the aid of some lawyer who shall obtain from a higher court a reversal of the iniquitous decision to which we have referred. It is of special moment that the pains and penalties of loose indulgence of the passions should be clear and inevitable. The whole country is interested in their certainty and severity. The freedom which our young men enjoy is shared by their sisters; if seduction is to go unpunished, there is no safety for any circle of society. We must either adopt the French plan of locking up unmarried girls, or pursue our own method, of letting men pursue their own inclinations at their own cost. So far as appears, the temper of the public at the present time is in favor of the latter alternative; even the most conservative and law-abiding men justify the homicide of the seducer or adulterer; and, by parity of reason, vindicate the persecution of either by the unhappy woman who has been their victim.

CANCEMI'S CASE.

CANCEMI, the murderer of policeman Anderson, who has twice been found guilty and twice been sentenced to death, will probably be saved once more by the Court of Appeals. On his trial, as every body will recollect, a juror was withdrawn, and the case proceeded, and a verdict was found by eleven jurors. The law requires that a man who is sentenced to capital punishment shall have been found guilty by the unanimous verdict of twelve jurors. If Cancemi, therefore, should be executed under his present sentence, it would be murder.

He must, therefore, be tried again—at what risk to justice, and what expense to the State, can easily be imagined. Under the circumstances, does it not devolve on the Courts to take some measures with regard to the counsel whose intercourse with the discharged juryman, and whose silence on the subject thereof when the jury was impanneled, were the direct cause of this last failure of justice?

THE New York *Times* the other day accused us, rather discourteously, of "forging a pretended quotation" from the *Times*. In reply, we gave the date of the paper from which our quotation was taken, and republished the passage somewhat more at length. We ventured to improve the occasion by recommending the gentlemen who are conducting the *Times* in Mr. Raymond's absence to read their own paper.

The *Times* is, however, unrepentant. It says that our quotation is

> "an extract from the letter of an 'Occasional Correspondent,' writing from Washington, who, among other oddities, expressed certain extraordinary opinions about the editor of the *Herald*, which were allowed to pass for what they were worth."

We are very sorry to use such language in reference to the New York *Times*; but this is disingenuous and untrue. The "letter of an Occasional Correspondent" was written by one of the regular writers for the *Times*, in the discharge of his salaried duties, was submitted to, and received the sanction of the editor-in-chief. To pretend that the *Times's* responsibility for such an article could be evaded by printing at

its head "Washington, D. C.," is rather a good joke. It resembles the defense of the thief who, having directed his son to pick a pocket, pleaded on his trial that he had given the order in so low a voice that he was surprised the boy heard him.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

(In a difference like the one now pending between the Trustees and the Scientific Council of the Dudley Observatory there may very fairly be different opinions; and as the Weekly desires in all questions to be perfectly impartial, although it has expressed its own view of the disputes very frankly, the Lounger willingly inserts the following letter, evidently written before a perusal of the Weekly's leader of last week.)

DEAR LOUNGER,—Two years ago Mr. Everett made one of his most elaborate speeches at the inauguration of the Astronomical Library. The American Association for the Advancement of Sciences were engaged at the time in their annual dinners, suppers, and excursions, and created among that pleasant old Dutch town. A wealthy lady had given $10,000 to aid the research in astronomy. Other liberal Albanians gave of their superfluity. They ordered meridian circles and transit instruments. Professor Gould, in his forceful and excellent remarks presiding the oration of Mr. Everett, stated, for instance, that the Treasury, by advice of the Council, "had given to that new and exquisitely beautiful meridian circle the honored name of Olcott." * * * Not that the name needed the chisel, but that the Trustees felt it due to themselves to find some outlet for their overflowing admiration and respect." The accord between the Scientific Council and the Trustees was perfect. The gentleman of the "honored name of Olcott" declared that he and his fellow-trustees were willing "to take or serve with a library, a Library, a Bache, and a Gould, as the only chance of immortal suffering ourselves in this world." Five thousand people assembled to applaud Mr. Everett's oration. The day was auspicious—the promise of success was brilliant—it was a feast of reason. It has become immediately the fashion for patriotic citizens wishing to do good privately to appear in print as donors of odd thousands of dollars to the Dudley Observatory. American Science smiled as the Future promised to remove the skepticism that clouded its fame.

Ohimè! exclaimed the ancient Romans upon occasions of unlucky surprises. *Ohimè!* exclaim we *tout cela!* cry the modern French. The golden lips drip no more honey of eloquence; the "honored name of Olcott" is threatened with ill-starred eclipse; and the shock of battle between the financial and scientific guardians of the Observatory resounds through the land.

It seems that the Trustees of the honored name supposed that the meridian circle to which his name was given was a kind of improved telescope, and he "pointed" for the moment to the star. The astronomer-in-chief, should look through it and give new worlds to Albany as Galileo once said to have done to Castile and Leon. But Dr. Gould being one of the most accomplished of living astronomers—having studied with profound application under the most eminent scientific men of Europe—returning to be employed upon our Coast Survey—establishing at his own risk an astronomical journal of the highest character and excellence, which has become a standard—and finally, by scientific men selected in all America to prove the results of Lieutenant Gillis's Chili Expedition—being, in fact, the person best fitted in every way for the position of chief astronomer, Dr. Gould went to work like a man of science, and understands that in an observatory precision and accuracy are the Alpha and Omega—went to work in a way to give the Dudley Observatory a permanent place among the best observatories of the world—and declined to contemplate the Bache and through the meridian circle, declaring that it would defeat the essential purpose of the institution to turn it into a nursery and lounging-room for amateur gentlemen and ladies who wished to look at the moon through a big window.

Thence arose "differences" and "charges"—until the whole country is interested in the debate. The citizens of Albany have held a meeting to express their confidence in Dr. Gould, and their surprise at the treatment he has received. The scientific and personal character have been assailed. His manner and general conduct have been declared offensive—and the Trustees of the honored name, who panted for the celestial sights that were to be seen through the meridian circle, and who wished to arrest at least seven of the eight clocks needed in scientific observation and calculation—as "*coram populo*," publicly rebuked the unpleasant capacity of Dr. Gould!

Now there may be an honest difference of opinion as to the uses of an observatory between scientific men and gentlemen who know nothing of science. The latter may very reasonably and very decidedly desire to make up little picnic parties to cheer the loneliness of the astronomer at his work and to look through the telescopes or the meridian circles at their pleasure. But, on the other hand, how would they like to have select parties of scientific gentlemen, with their friends, strolling into their consulting-room and asking to see the last results of absurd questions, at the very closing hour of the day? Do they think that business requires constitude, silence, and privacy, or does it not? Why, then, should they not naturally suppose that as they probably understand a thousand times better than scientific men the necessary methods and requirements of the consulting-house, so these men better comprehend the proper conditions of an observatory?

The breach is apparently irreparable. Either the Trustees who differ with the Scientific Council must resign, and give their places to be filled by others, or they must persist in their removal of the Scientific Council. But before they do the latter, ought they not well to consider that in Professors Henry, Bache, Peirce, and Gould they have the best men eminent in their departments upon this continent? Have they a moral right to sacrifice the scientific reputation of the country to a point of personal difference which has nothing to do with science? Respectfully, X.

LECTURERS.

The Superior Court of Ohio has lately decided that public lecture fees are taxable, and that it is due it all their own way. The patience of the public is gradually worn out in matter of lectures. They are thrust upon it every winter, and it bears and bears the infliction wonderfully. It actually seems to enjoy them, as it does war. It has been borne to lay traps in the hottest days of summer to catch lectures to be consumed on the coldest winter nights. Every autumn, newspapers of an extreme sagacity declare that the thing has about run out, and that the suffering public has had enough. The sagacious journals compliment the public, and congratulate it upon having had the privilege to get all made up out of encyclopedias and reviews. But, despite these mortifying truths, the public is insatiable, and the lecturer is undaunted.

The purveyors for the public, however, consult that appetite they serve very carefully. They understand that the great gourmand must have its morsels luxurious and fresh. It doesn't wish to see the joint that the cook expected to be eaten for a month. No old vegetables are welcome. Last year's bones are sent with confidence to the ear of lectures to the palate of the carnivore.

A popular lecture was engaged by the Cincinnati Mercantile Library Association for the winter season, on the 19th of last January, for one hundred dollars, and on the 20th, 21st, and 22d of the previous November he came to the city and delivered lectures. When, therefore, the 19th of January arrived, the Association was ready to hear the lecture or to pay for it. The lecturer sued for the amount of his fee. The famous orator, "Tom Corwin," was retained by the Mercantile Library. They did not deny the contract, but they submitted it to a jury. The jury, unassisting to an understanding, between the Lyceum and the lecturer, that he will not injure the success of their enterprise by delivering the same lecture nearly, and spoiling the market. The lecturer denied this—and lost his suit.

Such an understanding, under certain limits, seems undoubtedly exist. But still, it is clear that a lecturer might engage to deliver a discourse in a city without prejudice to his right to engage also with another, provided he has not expressly contracted. Of course the understanding would prevent his delivering the same lecture, except by well understood engagement, in the immediate vicinity of the actually settled outside the courts. We believe it is the fixed practice of the Lyceum that it has come to open legal debate.

There is another question in the ethics of lectures which has been often discussed by courtesans. When a lecturer starts in good season to fulfill his engagements, and comes to a morning-train, or flood, or some other insurmountable delay interferes, so that he arrives but an arrive—is he to receive nothing because he arrives after the hour? This would seem to be a fair case of compromise, and has been generally so decided.

However, as we shall soon be told that the lecture-fever has almost died out, why should we agitate such questions?

THE POET.

(*What the young man said to the young woman who asked him if he liked poetry.*)

WHEN the leaf says in the wood,
What the water says in the sea—
The song of the summer solitude,
The song of the free—

The secret of heaven's bliss,
Thought that to mortals belong,
Hopes that make each day new,
Are nothing to me.

I caught his long and fat:
I said, Shall we meet at last?
Art thou a wingèd thing?
Or a meaner blasting past?

Give me a sign, I said,
To hang my hope upon—
They showed me their pot-lead,
With a laurel crown.

THE ILLINOIS RICHMONDS.

A POLITICAL spectacle, such as has been very rarely presented, is now offered to the country in Illinois. The two Democratic parties in the candidates of their respective parties for the United States Senate, and they have canvassed nearly the whole State. Slumping is common enough; but a standard candidate never stumps; and the point of the present matter is, that these two men, both of them of unquestionable ability, propose to discuss the most important and fundamental political principles before the people of the State.

This would can to more genuinely democratic than this. Nothing can be more undemocratic than the spirit of our institutions. Such a course fully accords with the principles of the people and with the very foundations of all republican government. Why should not candidates for office discuss them in a course? Candidates for high offices are not always speakers; but when they are so, they can not represent the people too thoroughly with their views. And the more all primary political movements are made directly by the people, the more truly democratic and satisfactory our government will be found. Such a course disturbs the despotic usurpation of caucuses, conventions, "wire-pulling and grog-shop; but it restores the rule to the people.

* "The children of Alice call Bartram father."—ELIA.

Already the debate is commenced in Illinois. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas have each addressed thousands of people in Chicago. Their speeches will go over the land. They speak not for themselves and for their own State only, but for all intelligent American citizens; and as the discussion goes on through the summer all these intelligent citizens will cry, "God speed the right!"

A PEER FOR TOADS.

"SIR,—I should like to know whether you mean me by your scurrilous and uncalled-for remarks upon toadeaters? Because, if you do, I shall be compelled to call out an English gentleman who comes to see us. Can't you find a subject to write about without insulting me in a new paper? Sir, you're useless.

"Yours, respectfully,
"THOMAS WEBSTER."

MR. WEBSTER,—In the same steamer came two other English gentlemen with those you have in mind. Both of them like their countries better than they like ours. Both of them like their wives best in their own country, and were taken to see the curiosities. It is all right and pleasant. It is also very desirable there should be many a foreign Englishman who is titled. But when, out of all the gentlemen arriving, so introduced, so wined and dined and fêted, you single out the one who is not a gentleman, most modest, and entirely undistinguished, and are selected by publicly announcing as being taken here, as introduced there, and a thousand times worse else, it is for the simple reason that they are the Lords. And you were equally unprincipled and merely Misters, nothing of the kind would be said. You would be suffered to travel quietly like other gentlemen.

You may be as polite as you please, Mr. Webster, and that politeness will shortly look as and admire your graceful suavity, and learn to repeat it. But it will not be the manner that you think, however large and pulpy, he will publicly call attention to the fact; because toad-eating is a poisonous business, and no wise community ought to be warned.

Good-morning, Mr. Thomas Webster.

AGIOGCHOOSH.

WHOEVER is going to the White Mountains, of which the above crappy word is the descriptive, Indian name, will find the "White Mountain Guide," published by Mr. Eastman, in Concord, New Hampshire, one of the best of traveling companions. It is not only tells you where to go, and how to go, and what to see, but it contains some admirable descriptions from picturesque poets, and is so compact as to be easily slipped into the coat pocket. The White Mountains are our most frequented sensation resort, and although the scenery sometimes crave a more awful attitude, that the mind may have the *frisson* of mountains, of which Byron and Scott have made us familiar, comparable from bare, eternally snowy, and cloudcapped ranges, yet the White Hills are very beautiful as picturesque, and as accessible, that the traveler may well go to them to rehearse Switzerland.

DICKINS.

ALMOST at the same time with the circulation in this country of the report that Mrs. Charles Dickens is separated from her husband on account of his injury in the railway accident, there came a card from Mr. Dickens himself, stating that the society of the separation were known only to his family. He said:

"Some domestic trouble of mine, of long standing—to which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected as being of a sacredly private nature—has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no question of right of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be carried into execution in confidence.

For any honest mind ought that not to be sufficient? A domestic tragedy has befallen a man whose name every door to the world—discussions gossips invent circumstances and reasons—he is tortured and driven to speak of the matter to the public, and he does so, saying that the affair is scrupulously private and has been composed amicably, without anything to tell. For once people read honestly and eat avowal his seemed to stop the mouth of rumor. But no sooner was the fresh explanations have been volunteered by newspaper correspondents, who, of course, are fully informed of the whole matter, than to whom Mr. Dickens has undoubtedly repaired, to make a full confession of the circumstances. And now he says that he says all that a man could say to any but his most intimate friends. But what is all that, compared with the probability of his repeating now the lessons of foreign correspondents, and pouring his story into their ears?

The last story of these broken friends of Mr. Dickens, who—as one of his own characters would say—"has got the best of the title reversed"—is that he kept in a London chop-house—oh no, certainly not—is, in fact, the head of a large intellectual establishment, but that he had very much injured his reputation by the separation.

Now, we are ready for such gossip, except in the writer's or speaker's sense of honor. The secret of the tragedy is known to the private circle concerned. It is most sternly none of our business: and it did not need the card of Dickens to prove it. Nobody has ever thought personally, but in his books—that whatever has been done has been done calmly and wisely, however reluctantly and painfully: and his influence, therefore, will be as little affected by this separation as it would have been by any other grievous misfortune.

APOLOGIES FOR SLANDER.

LAST week the Lounger spoke of the unjustifiable use of names made by committees and others in public meetings. Since then, Mr. Bellew, who lately had an illustration of a much more serious and disastrous license. The name of a clergyman was printed in some of the most respectable newspapers in the city as a hypocrite and villain. There was no proof. "It is rumored," and "it is said," were the grounds upon which the calumny was published. It was the most wanton and melancholy injury to a man whose life, upon investigation, turns out to be entirely innocent.

The usual dodges to half-escape express their regrets. So they might if the editor had shot a man in the street. But suppose some journal should state that some reputable citizen—say that name—had been detected stealing in his neighbor's house, and that it was known to be a habit or a check, and it should prove to be an utter fabrication. How satisfactory an apology would it be, and suppose the gentleman sues for slander—suppose he recovers damages—every lady knows that a certain stain changes to half-mourning. And for every reason that the public knows nothing about the case, the public will be sure to think that there couldn't have been so much smoke without some fire.

If a paper should print in the largest type that there were unpleasant rumors afloat in Washington, to the effect that President Buchanan had been seen picking General Cass's pocket, it would be the President no harm, because nobody would believe it. But when the only hope of the public lies of a person is that he is accused of forgery, or of a love-affair, or of the association of the person's name and the imputed crime, that it might be—and not overthy the situation of journals whether an apology were the equivalent for suggesting the suspicion to the public.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—At the arrives in the August Number of the Knickerbocker, I find a letter from the Women of Homer, by the author of 'The Potipher Papers.'

—No. It is by Professor North, of Hamilton College, New York.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—At Nothing to Wear first appeared in Boston, and really, you must positively inform me whether Miss Peck is the author of Mr. Brown's new poem, which I intend to advertised as following. Your obedient servant,

"SUSAN'S BOSOM."

—The Lounger is unhappily not the only confidence of the poet. He can only refer his correspondent to the lady who is engaged in the arduous task of determining what were Shakespeare; and hopes sincerely that Mr. Butler will not fall into the lack of which Mr. Smith attended the advent of his first celebrated poem.

—J. S. M. sends the Lounger three sheets full. Why did he not consider the enemies before he did it? Let him look upon the Sphinx. Let him reflect upon those observations which the Lounger must make upon topics of current and general interest, and then ask himself—Should I like to put his brute—to bother his thinks he ought to have three hundred-dollar prizes—giving vacation—and if he went to see Judge Peter Pawerpay, and the Judge's daughter, and he put the Lounger—or his works with clever and—in the paper.

"Your representative I carefully put up into a prepossession rat, and, as you know, I was too much enough to inject your fine look. I would not crash you into a Democratic paper, but I am sure about to put you in my street-coat pocket, and I was sure you would come, and make your short stay there rather a retirement of pleasure than temporary confinement. Take this pretty little six hundredth which Miss — presented me with, and I replied to you as soon as my eyes are called in it; now you are in a palace that a king might envy, and what more can I do for gentlemen to avoid knock in vain."

Proceeding in a frame of mind which bears "a gentle breeze sighing among the trees," he reaches the Judge's residence. He is a gentleman who sings—as Lowell says of the other day—

"Freedom's dearer to my heart
Than any thing I know,
Except, may be, my little girl
Whenever I may go."

It seems that he has a "partisan" but a poet, and a puter. His daughter, Miss Polly, desired her father to send his poetry to the Lounger before she left home. She left. For some reason Polly, and what is the offspring of such likely to be?

SMILING MORN.

BY CHARLES PETER MORNPAY.

O'er the mountain tops the first golden rays of morning
Are softly shining,
The merry singing lark still is soaring in the sky,
The gentle breezes through the trees are playing,
Dropping dew pearls from their lips without a sigh;
All is around us fresh, and even the trees is purpling,
Purely bid from view with a flowery veil,
And near a mountain stream are the rocks is leaping
To its tuneful murmur where the fishes play.

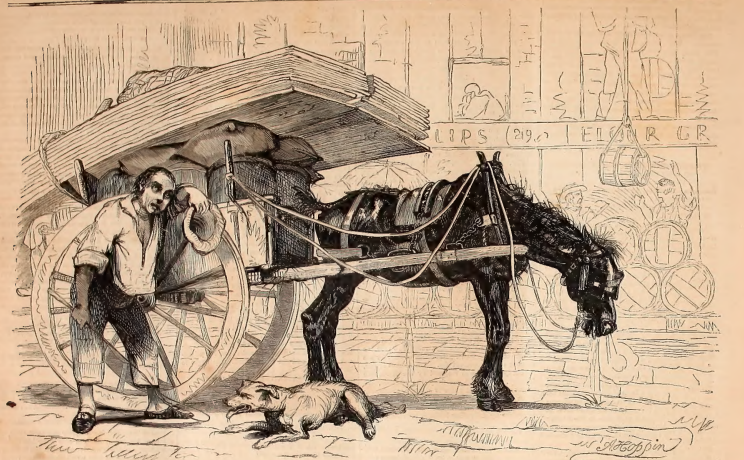
Smiling morn, smiling morn, we greet thee,
With you thoughts of beauty are born;
Oh, smiling morn, we greet thee,
Smiling morn, smiling morn, smiling morn!

"Smiling morn" is a good title, as Touchstone says, but there may be too much, etc.

—V. DE V. it is not poetry. It is simply prose chopped into lines, and those not rhythmical or musical. Why will you be failing it against the very well told. You would be sorry to see it in print.

—AMIGOS, who writes from "Scrimption City, New South Wales, at the fall of the moon, 1126," ought to remember that Universities are of slow growth, and that the glory of Commencement is to brief an intoxication that he should not add to the misery of the subsequent headaches by any poetic criticism. Think how the fresh Ash's would feel if they were subjected to print a communication of which the following is one of the mild sentences:

"The name of Peter-sture is known to be advanced by these public exercise."



THE CITY HORSE.

THE HORSE IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

On behalf of the horse, we beg to appeal to the sympathy of the public. The accompanying pictures tell so vividly the story of the sufferings of the town horse, and the delightful career of his country brother, that we need add to them but a very few words.

Horses need recreation and fresh air as much as men. They suffer as severely from excessive heat. They are as sensitive to overwork. Yet it is no uncommon sight to see a poor animal dragging an enormous load through the sweltering streets of New York in our dog-days; a load which, in cold, bracing weather, the poor brute could hardly move, and to yoke him to which, with the thermometer at 100°, is shameful brutality. Who has not witnessed such a scene as the one depicted above? Who has not heard the crack of the whip on the poor broken-down animal's sides? Ah! we stand in sad need of a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

True, as Beeswax says, business is business, whether the weather be hot or cold; and sugar, flour, and dry goods must be moved, whatever the



HORSES IN THE COUNTRY.

thermometer says; but, good Beeswax, might they not be moved at daybreak or sunset as well as noonday? Could you not suggest to your carman to drive a team when the load is evidently killing his single horse?

But Beeswax says we know nothing about such matters. Well, let us look at the other picture. That every body can understand. See how thoroughly those noble animals are enjoying the ride; how they snuff the fresh breeze, and revel in the cool shade of these fine trees! Not even the lovers who are riding them are happier than they; one can fancy them telling each other how gloriously they are enjoying themselves, and how they pity the poor brutes who are doomed to the cobble-stones.

If you keep a horse, friend reader, let him have country air as well as yourself; the experiment will pay.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXV.

Pergamos.—Moonlight on the old Church.—A Vision of John, and the Angel of the Church.—An Eastern Wife.—She runs away, and is caught and huntinadced.—A painful Scene.—What shall we do with her?

It was the last hour of the week when we arrived at Pergamos, city of old fame as well as Christian interest. The cattle were tired, for the ride had been long. I was myself nearly exhausted, for a feeling of weariness that I have never before experienced has been oppressing me now for several days, and on our arrival here I rejoiced with much joy to find the tents pitched close by the ruins which the people call the ruins of the old church of St. John. I have never entered my tent with more willingness. I could scarcely wait to take off my clothes before I threw myself on my bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Selim woke me to say that dinner was ready, but I only turned over and bade him tell them not to wait for me, and I slept again profoundly.

It was midnight when I woke again, and now I woke so that I could not think of sleeping. A sudden restlessness had taken the place of my torpor. Rising, I threw my cloak around me, and walked out in as white a moonlight as ever shone on ruin, and making my way up among the fallen stones of the old building, I sat down on a prominent part of the wall and watched the stars in their courses.

Silence reigned in the places which were once vocal with praises. For in past years I think it possible this old ruin has rung to the voices of priests and nuns, brave knights of Holy Cross, and followers of the banner of the Sepulchre.

It would have been natural for me at such an hour to people the aisles in imagination with the former worshipers: to recall the forms which had knelt there; look into the faces which had grown bright or sad there; see the eyes which had wept there. All this would have been natural, but for some reason—I can not say what—I did not. My imagination took a strange turn. It called into the old church at Pergamos the forms I have been most familiar with in America, and I saw them all standing and kneeling in this old ruin.

First of all, there was the old man who was the fifty-second successor of John of Patmos, and somehow, as I so old man went slowly up, with floating white locks on his shoulders, and countenances of serene



TELLING A STORY FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

splendor, as he went up to the altar and knelt, I saw him slowly transformed and he became in my view the beloved disciple himself. So he stood up, and the rest approached him one by one.

Ah, how beautiful, how radiant, was she who knelt first at his feet, and received his blessing! Long ago she was one of the white-robed of Sardis. Long ago she lay on the bosom that John so often lay upon.

Once, on a Sunday afternoon in the village, I, coming late to church, did not go up the aisle to the family pew, but sat down under the gallery close by the door. It was a summer day, and there came up a storm, and the air grew dark, and the thunder muttered lower than the deepest notes of the organ; and in the last hymn, while they were singing it, there came a blinding light, and a loud crash of thunder that shook the building and seemed to rock the world. It was brief, and then all was stillness. The terror of that thunder-bolt silenced all in the house—all save one. The organist fell from his seat, the congregation were silent; only when the thunder ceased there was one calm, sweet voice, pure, clear, seraphic in its melody, that did not seem to know that the others had ceased, but floated up, up in the old church, up in the hushed air out of the church, up into the very courts of the heaven of God. How it thrilled my soul! Even so calm, so perfect, so unshaken was her faith (for it was her voice), and in the awful silence on which it floated I wondered if the dead who lay in their graves around the house could not hear that note of the hymns of the redeemed. These were the words she was singing:

"I asked them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their conquest to the Lamb,
Their victory to His death.

"They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest!"

It was just at the close of this last verse that the crash came, but she heard it not, or heeded it not, and sang steadfastly to the close.

You are wondering why I write this story at Pergamos. Well, I will make it brief. She died not long after that; and last night she was here, before the altar of St. John; and as she came to the feet of her old friend she, too, was transformed, and—will you believe me?—she grew into beauty till my imagination made her the angel of the Church in Pergamos.

Then came elders, and old men, and matrons, and children, and—in short, I saw the villagers of that dear little village all here; and when John Stanburger came to look for me, he says he found me on my back, with my eyes closed, breathing heavily; nor could he, without great difficulty, persuade me to wake and go back to the tent.

This Sunday morning was brilliant; for perhaps it may explain this letter to you if I say that it is written on Sunday evening in my tent door, by the last rays of a declining sun, which saddens the glory of the old city.

We walked into the streets of the town. Ruins abound here, and these very magnificent. I will speak of them hereafter. We paused a while at the door of a house, where an Eastern story-teller was relating to a crowd of attentive listeners a tale out of the inexhaustible Thousand Nights.

As we approached the heart of the city we heard the loud cries of contending people, and at length arrived at a spot where justice was administered after the Eastern fashion.

The resident Governor was holding court, with the Khadi for his counsel. At the moment of our arrival a curious case, and one somewhat unusual in Turkish countries, was on trial.

It appeared that Hulil Bessmed had two wives; and Hulil lived in peace at Sensa, some five or seven hours from Pergamos. The first wife, a lady of twenty-one or two, became highly indignant at the introduction of the second; and after numberless family quarrels, she at length solaced herself by an intrigue with young Ali Achmika, a wealthy inhabitant of Pergamos.

In this she was detected, but her husband forgave her. His forgiveness proved a mistaken kindness, for a week afterward she stained and destroyed all her rival's dresses, poisoned her coffee, stole the diamond mouth-piece and ruby rose-snap of her husband, and escaped to her lover in Pergamos.

Hulil, elderly and fat, had not pursued her very rapidly, but, having caught her, he now demanded public justice. The coffee had not killed the favorite, or her life would have been the forfeit; but, as it was, she must be publicly whipped to satisfy her angry lord. And whipped she was, just as we arrived to see it.

I have seen brutal scenes, but never one like that. She was young, delicate, pretty, and sinful, but she did not deserve that.

Two rough fellows bound her hands behind her, and then they laid her down with her face in the



OLD CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AT PERGAMOS.

lap, and held firmly by the knees, of a stout man. One man held her body down with main force while others tied her feet to a pole, and held them up, and took off her small embroidered slippers and her yellow under-slippers, exposing as beautiful and white a pair of little feet as ever trod the sand at Cape May or Newport.

Then came the whip on the soft soles, and the girl wailed and shrieked. I looked in vain for any sign of emotion in Halil's face. He smoked, puff by puff, and seemed—as did the Governor—to enjoy the scene.

The victim writhed, and pierced the air with her cries. She nearly denuded herself, tearing her clothes in her struggles, and exposing first one and then another white shoulder, and then her deathly-pale face, with the blood streaming from her bitten lips.

I could not stand it, but sprang forward to the side of the poor girl, and bade the executioner stop while I spoke to the representative of the Sultan. Halil rose in a fury at the interruption, but a shout announced that the woman had fainted.

"Then cast her loose!" said the Governor; and as they untied her the sitting broke up and the crowd separated, leaving us with the body of the woman. No Moslem of them remained. A woman, who proved to be a Christian, approached; and, with her help and our men, we carried her down to the tents; and here she is, unable to set foot on the ground or speak an intelligible word. What to do with her we don't know, but in the evening we expect Ali, her betrayer, here; and John Steenburger says he shall marry her (for her husband has divorced her), or he (John) will shoot him.

"A pretty business, John! to fight a duel for a Pergamos town-girl."

"A pretty business for you to bring such a girl here! What did you interfere for, if you didn't intend to see it out?"

I rather think John is right.

LITERARY.

WE have recently called the attention of our readers to the fact that the season for preparing and stocking aquaria is now at hand, and we mentioned one or two books which contained instructions. The increasing interest which the public take in this very curious and instructive art (for art it may well be called) is evinced by the constant succession of new books treating thereof.

We have incidentally referred to LIFE BENEATH THE WATERS, by Mr. Edwards, published by H. Bailliere, as an excellent text-book. We have since examined it, and find it well worth our recommendation. It might be more minute and full in its directions, but these will be found abundant for the use of any intelligent collector who thinks for himself. The particular value of the book is in its accounts of American water inhabitants.

Another work of the same sort is THE FAMILY AQUARIUM, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, prepared by H. D. Butler. It appears to be a sensible, practical book, not large, but well suited to the use of the collector. It is a pity Mr. Butler has not looked up from St. Paul's Church to the "aquaria" transparency on the Museum, and heard some of the fun that it has provoked. He would have been more cautious in telling us "what an aquaria is." "The grand aquaria," says Mr. Butler, "at the American (Barnum's) Museum, New York, *has* no competitor whatever in the Western hemisphere, and *is* beyond dispute the largest, most costly," etc.

He who desires to stock an aquarium will do well to procure both these books, and then, with one of Hammet's tanks, and careful study of the habits of his plants and animals, he will be able to possess a collection worth a summer's labor.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, by Henry S. Randall, LL.D., the third volume of which completes the work, is published by Derby & Jackson, and is one of the most interesting and important contributions to American biographical and historical literature. It is very true that a contemporaneous history can not be impartial; nor would one be worth much if it were so. We sometimes prefer partial histories and biographies. No man lives who can assume the judicial mind, and sit in unbiased judgment upon the character of a contemporary whom he has carefully studied and tried, except such men as by their very stolidity (or stupidity) of character are incompetent to appreciate, and insensible to the true points and force of the characters they are judging. Mr. Randall's biography is not impartial. The friends and admirers of Mr. Jefferson need have no apprehension that this is a lukewarm, milk-and-water, literary breakfast at the great man's expense, nor will his enemies and haters be provoked to constant anger by insufficient glossings over of faults and errors, such as are the usual characteristics of impartial biographies.

This is bold and enthusiastic, and therefore readable and fair. It is frank and hearty; such a book as a man's worst enemy would, notwithstanding his enmity, like to see written of him.

Mr. Randall's study has been careful, and its results may in general be relied on. The historical character of the book is one of its chief recommendations. No American needs to be reminded of the events in which the sage of Monticello bore so conspicuous a part. From the first outbreak of the Revolution to his retirement from the Presidential chair, Mr. Jefferson was constantly and most intimately connected with every important event in the progress of the country.

But it is in the personal rather than the political life of Mr. Jefferson that we find Mr. Randall's volumes most interesting. The court gossip of Washington, in the early part of the century, was full of amusing matter, and here we find not a little of it. There is a very pleasant reminiscence of Mr. Jefferson's acquaintance with Moore, the poet, and his cool treatment of the young Englishman (twenty-four, and a cockney). Moore, of course, lampooned him, and Jefferson laughed at it. Years afterward he took up a volume of Moore, and, reading it, exclaimed, "Why, he *is* a poet!" and after that Moore was with him a great favorite.

We find a sketch of the famous Merry difficulty. Mr. Merry was the English Minister. Mr. Jefferson took Mrs. Madison out to dinner instead of Mrs. Merry, whereat the Englisher was furious, and a demand for explanation from the Home Government was thought imminent. But Monroe was then Embassador at London, and Mrs. Monroe had been treated in a similar way a few days before. Monroe was delighted at the prospect of a correspondence that promised him so much personal fun; but he unfortunately hinted to some one the advantage he should have, and the world was saved that little imbroglio.

Mr. Randall's work is well done, as by one who loves his subject; and we place the volumes on our shelves among the most valuable books of modern biography.

From Randolph we have a book which is one of the curiosities of the day, being Mr. Noel Humphreys' BUTTERFLY VIVARIUM, OR INSECTS' HOME. Mr. Humphreys is well known to keepers of aquaria. He has devoted himself to the study of life in its various developments, and to the perfection of the means of prosecuting his studies. Hence he has made great improvements in the aquarium, and he has now built a cage for the accommodation of butterflies, moths, and all the brilliant and curious animals whose life is from the worm to the chrysalis and then the fly. The book before us contains his observations on the best method of constructing the Vivarium, which is now offered for sale at the English factories, and which, we have no doubt, some American will soon produce. It does not appear that Mr. Humphreys has yet put a Vivarium into successful operation, except on the small scale which many of us have tried, namely, in a perforated tin box. The chief value of the book, however, is in the instruction he gives on the general subject of insect life. This is, of course, an inexhaustible theme of interest. The examination of insect life is full of remarkable results, as a glance over these pages will show. There is a caterpillar which grows so large that its weight is increased to 72,000 times its first weight. The silk worm devours 62,000 times its own weight in thirty days. Common house flies increase 140 to 200 times their original weight within twenty-four hours after hatching. There is a caterpillar well known to collectors, which makes its cocoon but only for the benefit of others. A little fly has pierced his skin and deposited numerous eggs, which hatch out after the cocoon is made, first devour the caterpillar and then open their own cocoons and fill the vacant room of their victim till their own increase bursts the shell. A thousand points of interest like these are the results of Mr. Humphreys' studies, and will repay all who will devote time and attention to the same. The book is finely illustrated with colored plates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

END OF THE MORMON WAR.

THE conditions agreed upon at the conference between Governor Cumming, the Peace Commissioners, and the heads of the Mormon Church, are, that the troops shall enter the city without opposition; that the civil officers shall be permitted to perform their duties without interruption, and that unconditional obedience shall be paid to the laws of the land; while, on the other hand, past offenses are to be forgiven, as was stated in the President's proclamation.

All the houses in the city had been closed against both civil officers and strangers, except one, which was occupied by the Governor and his family. Every body else were obliged to sleep in their wagons or on the ground.

WHAT THE TERMS OF PEACE ARE.

The following is an extract from the official dispatch of the Peace Commissioners:

"We are pleased to state that we have settled the unfortunate difficulties existing between the Government of the United States and the people of Utah. We are informed by the people and chief men of the Territory that they will cheerfully yield obedience to the Constitution and laws of the United States. They cheerfully consent that the civil officers of the Territory shall enter upon the discharge of their respective duties. They will make no resistance to the army of the United States in its march to the valley of Salt Lake or elsewhere. We have their assurance that no resistance will be made to the officers, civil or military, of the United States, in the exercise of their various functions in the Territory of Utah.

"The people have abandoned all the settlements north of this, and all the families have left the city, only about 1500 persons remaining here to take charge of the property, and to burn it if the difficulties had not been settled. The people from this city and north of it have gone south to Provo, fifty miles south of this, and to points beyond. We will visit Provo and the settlements south in a day or two, and see and confer with the people, and inform them that the difficulties have been settled, and thus induce them to return to their homes."

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

The letter from Minister Forsyth, asking an opinion relative to the levy of the Zuloaga Government on the property of American citizens, having been laid before Attorney-General Black, the subject has by him been thoroughly examined in connection with the official decree and the treaties between the Mexican and other governments—our own being placed on a footing with the most favored nations. While it is understood that a general tax may be imposed, according to the usual form, for legitimate purposes, yet taking all the data into consideration, and looking to the present condition of that country, the collection of money in the manner proposed is in the nature of a forced contribution. Thus the position of Minister Forsyth is sustained, and of this fact he will be duly advised.

Latest advices from Mexico state that the application of the forced loan to foreigners has been abandoned by the Government.

ARMY MOVEMENTS TOWARD THE NEW GOLD COUNTRIES.

A Washington correspondent says: "It is understood that General Scott has issued preparatory orders for all the available troops on the Atlantic sea-board to be ready to reinforce the army in Washington Territory. A detachment of four hundred men will sail from New York on the 20th inst., in a special steamer, for Aspinwall. These movements are consequent upon the defeat of Colonel Steptoe's command."

A PRESIDENTIAL PUN.

The Buffalo *Republic* tells the following at the expense of Mr. Butts of the Rochester *Advertiser:*

"BUT.—This little conjunction is a terrible intermeddler with results. During the late visitation of would-be postmasters from this State at Washington, a little scene occurred at the White House that confirms the effect of this fearful little spoil-sport. The candidates for the different offices did not rely upon themselves alone for success, but brought with them influential men from their respective cities, as aids to lead the forlorn hopes and sap the fortress of Executive patronage. Among them came several gentlemen from Rochester, who were advocating the claims of a Democratic editor to the Post-Office in that city. Our editor appeared to be sanguine of the appointment, but to clinch the matter, he sent a well-known politician to call on Mr. Buchanan, and conclude the matter beyond a peradventure. Politician called, and was received very politely; broached the subject, and talked very eloquently in favor of the editor. Mr. Buchanan heard him through quietly, and when he had finished, said the appointment had already been decided upon. And was it his friend? inquired the politician. Mr. Buchanan solemnly shook his head. The astonished politician immediately began recapitulating the editor's services, when Mr. Buchanan politely begged to be excused at present, as several gentlemen were waiting to see him on important business. "Should be happy to see you again," said the President, "or any of my friends from Rochester." "But—but," expostulated the chagrined politician. "Oh, I *beg* of you, but me NO BUTTS, Sir," said the President, with a smile, "good-morning." With how much Paine these conjunctions were exchanged, time has shown.

GOVERNOR WISE ON MUD SILLS.

In addressing the New York volunteers who accompanied Monroe's remains to Virginia, Governor Wise is reported to have said: "It is time that Virginia was turning her attention to manufactories, mechanics, mining, and foreign commerce. No country, no State can live upon one only of the five cardinal powers of production. She must resort to all the five combined, and she is doing it. Go, before you leave here, my friends from New York, and look at the iron factories that are growing up around this noble scenery. I say that labor is not the 'mud sill' of society; and I thank God that the old Colonial aristocracy of Virginia, which despised mechanical and manual labor, is nearly run out. Thank God that we are beginning to raise miners, mechanics, and manufacturers, that will help to raise what is left of that aristocracy up to the middle ground of respectability. [Laughter and applause.] Look at the iron factory here; look at the tobacco factory here—that factory is every day stealing my life away with the very weed of luxury." [The Governor chews tobacco freely.]

ANOTHER COMET DISCOVERED BY A LADY.

The Nantucket *Inquirer*, July 9, says that a faint telescope comet was discovered by Miss M. Mitchell, of that town, on the evening of the 1st instant, in the constellation of Leo. It was also seen on the 4th, 5th, and 6th. Its position is so low that she is unable to obtain such measurements as will prove it to be a new one, or show that it is one heretofore seen.

JOHN P. HALE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Hon. John P. Hale has lately made a speech to the Abbott Female Academy, in which he said: A lady friend had asked him what she should do, as she was deprived of the right of voting, and he told her to go and unite her fortunes with one whose right to vote was unquestioned [laughter], and thereupon she had told him that was the meanest thing he had ever said. Those unfortunate females who were always complaining of their limited spheres, would be found to be those who had not the courage, and faith, and energy to do what was even in that limited sphere for them. No one had a right to complain so long as in the sphere of their influence they had left a single duty unperformed. Not until we had done what we could should we sit down with Alexander and cry that there were no more worlds to conquer. We should not complain while a single case of human wretchedness existed which we had not done what we could to alleviate by sympathy or aid.

In addressing young ladies he could not present the same motives which were usual in addressing boys; but he could assure them that every one could obtain all the good in life which they deserved. In concluding, Mr. Hale told a story of a young girl who said she had two things settled in her own mind; first, she would never marry a minister; second, she would never live in the town of B——. Yet she eventually married a minister of B——. "So it will be with you, my young friends," said Mr. Hale to the young ladies, at which great laughter and clapping ensued. "I perceive," continued he, "that it is the theological students that are clapping, because they think you will all marry ministers."

PRACTICAL USE OF KANSAS SHRIEKING.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* says:

"There is a law in the Old Dominion by which the creditor can lock up in jail any poor editor who happens to be in that peculiarly editorial condition courteously denominated 'short of change.' It is said that a particularly lean knight of the quill, living in one of the southwestern counties, was arrested a short time ago by a physician to whom he owed a balance on account. The jail is rather a primitive affair, not very well 'chinked,' and immediately adjoining the sleeping apartment of the jailor and his wife. The guilty man naturally asked permission to carry in his papers, scissors, and pen, that he might prepare some 'copy' for a future day. Among his documents he fortunately took with him a long speech on the Kansas question. About nine o'clock in the evening he placed himself in the attitude of a Senator, and repeated, in a loud and husky voice, and with great deliberation, the entire document. The jailer and his family, who had never been used to such exhibitions, were horrified and kept awake all night. The editor slept a portion of the next day to recruit his strength and lungs, and in the evening began to deliver to the naked walls the same 'summing up' which he had pronounced twenty-four hours before. He had uttered but a few paragraphs when the jailer appeared, and politely requested him to lower his voice. In answer, he assured the guardian of the public morals that he expected to go to Congress in a few years, and was in the habit of reading one of these efforts every evening to his family 'to keep himself in practice.'

"'And do you mean to read that speech every night in my hearing?'

"'I do, Sir.'

"'How much do you owe that doctor?'

"'Thirteen dollars, Sir!'—(*with Congressional emphasis*).

"'Will you refrain from keeping my family awake until I can make out the papers necessary for your discharge?'

"'I will, Sir.'

"In a short time the jailer returned, and assuring him he had paid his debt, requested him to give his note, payable in six months, and then, as an especial favor, to depart from his premises. The editor went on his way rejoicing, and the jailer will, no doubt, at the end of six months, renew the note rather than accept the alternative of harboring a Kansas man on his property."

TWO RUM FISHES.

The Port Elizabeth *Mercury* records the capture of two fishes of a rare species: "About three weeks ago the manager of the Watering Company's tank-boat, Mr. Thoroughgood, observing that two immense fish had got over a sand-bar into shallow water, rushed into the sea with a knife, without waiting for assistance, and managed, after a severe struggle, to kill them both. Upon examination they proved to be a bull and cow of a most singular fish. Having cut the heads off to preserve them for the novelty of their appearance, the carcasses were sold to Mr. John Stock for £9, who succeeded getting about fifty-one gallons of oil. Unfortunately none thought of securing any other part of the bodies. The back-bone and fins were thus permitted to be washed away to sea by the returning tide. The head had all the appearance of having an elongated snout not unlike the beak of a cormorant attached to a fish's body. The jaw, which extended about a foot and a half from the tip to the throat, opened a foot wide, and was entirely deprived of teeth. One of the fish was twenty-feet in length and the other eighteen feet. The dorsal fin was about six feet from the head, with two small fins at a corresponding distance underneath. The tail was placed horizontally, and measured fully three feet from fan to fan. The stoutest part of the body was about nine feet in circumference. For the sake of science we consider it a great misfortune that no scientific person was called in to examine it."

KISSES SWEETER THAN JEWELS.

The New Orleans *Delta* tells the following story: "A night or two ago, a fair, sweet girl, residing on Race, rear of Fourth Street, was partially awakened from her slumbers by a man in her chamber; but not fully aroused, she lay with closed lips for a minute, when, the sound being repeated, she started up, and saw, by the light of the little jet upon the gas-burner, a man's form disappearing through the window. She screamed involuntarily, and her father, armed with a revolver, was in her room in a few moments, greatly agitated and alarmed, questioning his lovely daughter as to the cause of her fear. She told him what had frightened her, and he ran to the open window, looked out upon the balcony and into the yard, but could see nothing of the terrible man, the midnight robber, and disturber of the dove-eyed darling's rest. The parent was disposed to think his daughter had been dreaming; that her imagination had painted what was not real; but on returning to her apartment she assured him she was wide awake, and that she had seen all she had stated. Her father was still incredulous, when, in looking around, he observed upon his daughter's dressing bureau, where a beautiful enameled watch, a pair of heavy bracelets, a diamond ring, and a necklace were lying, a slip of paper, on which was written:

"'FAIREST, DEAREST GIRL,—I came here to rob, but your beauty has made me honest for the time. I saw these jewels, but believing them yours, I could not take them. I have stolen what I value more—three delicious kisses from your unconscious lips. Do not be offended; they were gentle and innocent.

"'AN UNKNOWN LOVER.'

"This story sounds romantic, we are aware, and perhaps some of our matter-of-fact readers will be skeptical in relation thereto; but we are assured, upon the best authority, that it is strictly veracious, and we publish it as an evidence that the age of gallantry and sentiment is not at an end; that the race of Rinaldo Rinaldini is not extinct."

HOW THE BLOOMERS DRESS.

A correspondent of the Davenport *Gazette*, writing from Cortlandville, Cortland County, New York, June 30, says: "Last Thursday and Friday the National Dress Reform Association held its third annual convention in this place. There were about one hundred and fifty women present in Bloomer costume, and lawyers, doctors, professors, editors, etc., participated in the doings. I believe some eight or ten different States were represented. Just think of it—one hundred and fifty 'Bloomers' together! They were of every age—from childhood to gray hairs—homely, handsome; smart, stupid; tall, short; enthusiastic, deliberate; tasty, slovenly. There seemed to be three leading patterns of the Bloomer pants: one style was loose, in the sailor fashion; another was the full Turkish style, gathered into a ruffle about the ankle; and still another was close, tight legs, like some your Shanghai dandies occasionally get on. The length of skirts ranged from two or three inches above the ankle to as much above the knee; and there was just as much variety in the materials, trimmings, and tasteful arrangement of the entire dress as you would find in any gathering of women. Silks, calicoes, velvets, lawns, linens, delaines, alpaccas, ginghams—in fact, almost every fabric and every figure of fabric might be found there. Nearly all of them wore their hair cut short about the neck, like school girls, with various styles of hat, trimmed to the wearer's taste, and walked in gaiters, slippers, boots, kips, etc., as the case might be."

BATHING AT OLD POINT COMFORT.

A Petersburger, writing from the Hygeia at Old Point Comfort, to the *Intelligencer*, says: "The bathing here is peculiar. A stockade is built out in the water, into which you enter and enjoy yourself as well as you can, considering the warmth and shallowness of the water. Hard by, another stockade is erected for the ladies. This is the misery of the thing! A few paces off you hear the most delightful shrieks and screams, and the most musical laughter. You know that fun is going on. But where you are there is naught save a melancholy 'sloshing around' of bilious and hideous males. The contrast between the two stockades—the fun, the frolic, and the females in the one, and the dull masculine splashing in the other—is horrid, horrid!"

SARAH LITTLES AT SING SING.

The Rochester *Union* says: "The Sheriff and party who attended Sarah Littles to Sing Sing have returned to this city, and report that she has assumed the attire of a convict and begun her labor for the State. The fact has already been alluded to by one of the papers, that she was attended to the dépôt at the time of her departure by certain persons, among them Ann Mack, a female who has figured in our courts as the keeper of a house of ill repute. We are told that this woman took a lively interest in the case of Mrs. Littles and the Stout family when they were first arrested, and has from time to time attended to their wants and supplied some of their necessities. Ann has expended upward of fifty dollars since last fall for clothing and other purposes, in assisting Mrs. Littles, who was, we understand, a stranger to her before the arrest. What the motives are for this course we know not—perhaps it is benevolence purely, and perhaps not. Mrs. Littles may be pardoned in a few months, and may repay fourfold the kindness she has received. When Sarah Littles was taken to the cars on Tuesday night, to go to Sing Sing, Ann Mack and some of her associates from the Cornhill suburbs appeared there. A man from Albany, who appeared to be an old acquaintance of Mack, procured a bottle of Champagne, took it into the car, and with it the three, including Sarah Littles, pledged their mutual health. When the cars left, Ann remained on board and attended Sarah to Sing Sing, and remained there as long as she was permitted to do so. We believe this statement is correct, and it is here made because there has been considerable talk about the affair, and a portion of the public desire to know what did take place at the time of her departure. Sundry respectable citizens, including married men, had been charged with furnishing that bottle of wine, and with other indiscretions, some of which they may be guilty of; but we believe the wine was purchased by an Albany man."

ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE ROAD.

A terrible and distressing accident took place on the New York and Erie Railroad on Thursday night about nine o'clock, by which which six persons were instantly killed and nearly forty more wounded. The night express train encountered a broken rail at Glen Hollow, about five miles from Port Jervis, when two cars were thrown off the track down the embankment, which at this point is nearly thirty feet high and very steep. The sufferers were removed as soon as practicable to Port Jervis, where the wounded received medical aid, and are attended to by the citizens of the town.

PERSONAL.

A Washington correspondent says: "The great labor of the State Department and the oppressive weather seem to bear heavily upon our veteran Secretary of State. General Cass has been quite indisposed, though not seriously ill. He complains of rush of blood to the head. He performs the duties of his office at his residence. The President has visited him."

A silly letter-writer says: "President Buchanan drinks nothing stimulating except old rye whiskey. I told him that you used to have the best that was distilled in our region, and he made me promise to see you and get him some if you had it. Could you let me have a barrel, or even a half a barrel, of the best you ever made? Write me. I will send a keg of it to the old chief if I can get it."

We find the following in a Washington correspondence; "The members of the Cabinet are flying off in all directions. Secretaries Floyd and Thompson are now absent, and Secretary Toucey and Postmaster-General Brown leave to-day for their respective homes. Attorney-General Black contemplates a flying visit to his family (now in Pennsylvania), of only a week. Mr. Cobb will remain, and watch the ebb and flow of the public revenue. General Cass is heavily pressed with the cares of State, and does most of his work at his private residence, where he steadily refuses to see any visitors, under any pretext whatever."

The Portlanders gave Senator Davis of Mississippi a

grand serenade on the 9th, and received a handsome speech in reply, which was cheered. We are glad that Jefferson Davis has got a peep at New England. It will do him good, and those who listen to him no harm.

Senator Ball is in Washington, where he is a housekeeper. Senator A. G. Brown, of Mississippi, has returned to Washington from a pleasant visit to Canada. Trumbull, of Illinois, is also in Washington, where he keeps house. Secretary Floyd left Washington to-day for a short visit to Cincinnati.

Ex-President Comonfort, of Mexico, and his brother, paid a visit to Brooklyn last week, and called upon Mayor Powell. They were shown about the City Hall. The visitors expressed themselves delighted with the police telegraph, the workings of which were explained to his Excellency.

The Secretary of the Interior, says the Washington *Star*, left the capital on Friday, accompanied by his family, for a short visit to his home in Mississippi. Since his accession to his present position, in March, 1857, Mr. Thompson has not before been absent for an hour from his post, except on one occasion, when he went to New York, and was away two days. He is expected to be absent from Washington for three weeks.

Ex-President Pierce and wife were to leave Madeira on the 1st of June for Lisbon; thence avoiding the larger European cities, for Vevay, in Switzerland, where he will spend the summer. Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mr. John Howard March will be with him in Switzerland.

The Boston *Courier* recommends that when Mount Vernon shall have come into the possession of the nation, a statue of bronze or marble, in some appropriate part of the domain, be erected of the orator by whose efforts it has been secured.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Mr. Albert Sumner, of Newport, Rhode Island, his wife and child, some time since were shipwrecked, and all undoubtedly perished. By the presumption of the law, the wife and child died first, and the husband became entitled to the property. Mrs. Sumner was a daughter of the late Walter Channing, of this city, and enjoyed the income of a large estate. Under these circumstances more than $30,000 became legally vested in the late Mr. Sumner, and through him came to his mother, sister, and his two brothers—Charles Sumner, our Senator, and George Sumner, Esq. The estate was administered upon by Mr. George Sumner, and, with the consent of all these heirs, the whole of this property, which the deceased had derived from his wife, has been surrendered to her relations."

The "Rarey family" consists of four brothers, who have been raised from boyhood in Groveport, Ohio. Their father was of German descent, a farmer and raiser of stock, and all of the boys were brought up on the farm, and they have followed that pursuit, more or less, to the present time. They are all, however, in possession of the art of "horse-taming."

The oldest is William H., who made the first discovery of the principles of the nature of the horse that led to the perfection of the system which is now astonishing the world. The second is Charles W., who is now teaching the system in the western part of Ohio. The third is Frederick, who now lives on his farm, about two miles from Groveport. The fourth, and youngest, is John S., who, together with his oldest brother, William H., has devoted his life to the study of the horse, and is now teaching the nobility of Europe the results of his experience.

Ex-Rev. J. S. Kalloch attended a religious meeting in Rockland, Maine, a week ago Sunday evening, and took part in the proceedings. He got into a sharp discussion with Deacon Wilson, who was a prominent witness in the famous Kalloch trial, and Elder J. Baker, a Baptist preacher. Mr. Kalloch took offense at some remarks of Elder Baker, which he understood to apply to him. The discussion and meeting were at length ended by the gas being turned off, leaving the audience in darkness.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore is suffering from inflammation of the eyes, and is obliged to forego reading.

Mr. Stoeckl is going to Russia on leave of absence, and will take his Yankee wife along, to show Alexander how diplomatic relations may be cemented by domestic ties. He was a long time Secretary of Legation under Bodisco, who, Jew as he was, lived here for a quarter of a century, making a fortune, and winning not only golden opinions from all sorts of people, but the fairest bride that has blushed for many a day on the banks of the Potomac. The moral force of good example was well illustrated by his faithful Secretary, who, according to a letter in the *Tribune*, was prompt to adopt the hint contained in a suggestion made by the Minister of Foreign Affairs after Bodisco's death, when, speaking of Stoeckl—then a bachelor—he remarked he was glad to hear he had taken an American wife. In a few months after he removed the only obstacle to promotion, and the full mission followed as a natural consequence. We have done a good deal to Americanize foreign diplomacy by such tender connections, and with more credit than by grafting un-counted adventurers upon respectable households through the weak minds of fast young women, or the ambitious infirmities of half-cracked mammas.

A letter from Florence (June 20) says: "Mr. Hawthorne and family are among our present American visitors. Mr. Bryant and his family have passed on to Venice, after a few days' sojourn. The season is unusually sultry, and many of our foreign visitors are seeking relief at the Baths of Lucca."

Edwin Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, was brought home to his residence at Castle Point from Princeton, a few days since, in a very weak and exhausted condition. It is hardly possible that he can survive many days. He was brought home in the Hoboken ferry steamer *Phenix*, and conveyed from the wharf to his residence on a litter.

The Syracuse *Journal*, wishing to tell the editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker* that he lies, avoids that vulgarity by the severer method of a Scriptural reference, and assures the Albany man that "he is perfectly well aware that he is guilty of the sin for which Ananias was struck down by an indignant Deity."

Some wag, writing from Cairo, Illinois, since the subsiding of the flood, says there are now in that city 452 distinct and different smells, *and several wards yet to hear from!*

The Malta (Mediterranean) *Times* says: "Among the passengers last brought by the *Madina*, from Tunis, was Lady Franklin, widow of the celebrated Arctic navigator. Her ladyship's health being impaired, she is revisiting on these shores friends and scenes endeared to her by reminiscences of the time when Sir John Franklin was in command of a ship-of-war attached to the station. Lady Franklin left for Athens on the third day after her arrival."

The Penobscot Indians are now doing a smashing business in manufacturing hoops for ladies' dresses out of basket stuff. The red ladies have also adopted the fashion in its greatest amplitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.—THE LORDS BACKING DOWN ON THE JEW QUESTION.

On the 1st inst., in the House of Lords, the question of the admission of Jews into Parliament was taken up. Lord Derby receded from his opposition to the measure. He believed it was impossible to maintain inviolate the principles for which their lordships had so long contended, without bringing themselves into collision with the House of Commons. Therefore he felt it was the duty of the House to consider whether there was any possibility of satisfactorily settling all differences. He believed that the suggestion of Lord Lucan—that the Commons should be allowed to dispense, by resolution, with the words "on the true faith of a Christian," when a member of the Jewish persuasion applied to take his seat—afforded the only solution of the difficulty; and therefore, though with great regret, he was prepared to accept the measure.

Lord Lyndhurst consented to postpone his bill, and Lord Lucan, in moving the second reading of his measure, explained that it gave the House of Commons the power of omitting the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," by resolution, but required that any member of the Jewish persuasion should present himself, in the first instance, at the table of the House, and state his objections to the oath in the form in which it now stood.

After some debate the second reading was carried by 143 to 97.

NEWS FROM THE TELEGRAPH FLEET.

Through the kindness of Captain Joseph Cummings, of the ship *Alice Munroe*, from Liverpool, arrived off Boston, the Associated Press has received the following:

"At sea, Sunday, June 27, 1858, latitude 52·5 north, longitude 33·15 west, wind west and light, and weather hazy, saw two ships heading to the eastward. On looking with a glass, found them to be the United States steam frigate *Niagara* and her Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, of the Telegraph Squadron; and as they were lying still, I at once tacked ship and stood toward them.

"At eleven A.M. was boarded by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., and a lieutenant from the *Niagara*, from whom we received a letter-bag and the following communication, viz., that the squadron had experienced very bad weather from its leaving port, and were sixteen days reaching their destination, and that they had made two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable. On the second attempt, the 26th, they succeeded in laying upward of forty miles, and were going along finely, when the communication suddenly ceased, at 12·55 Sunday morning, the 27th of June. The ships then returned to the starting-point, and were waiting the return of the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous*, and as soon as they met a splice would be made, and another attempt made to lay the cable.

"We lost sight of the *Niagara* at 3·30 P.M., and as the fog set in soon after, I do not think the squadron met before the 28th. The weather since for some days has been foggy and unsettled.

"Mr. Field seemed to be in good spirits, and thought that they should yet succeed in laying the cable. The stormy weather had interfered much with the success of the enterprise.

"One of the ships had sustained slight injury—a coal-bunker breaking loose, by which one sailor had his leg broken, and another his arm.

"All were well on board the *Niagara*. Her machinery worked well, and the ship performed well."

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC MESSAGE.

In the event of the success of the transatlantic telegraph, the London *Observer* says the first message which will be sent along the wires will be, as we stated on a previous occasion, one addressed by her Majesty to the President of the United States. The message, carefully sealed, has been sent to the United States Legation, and will not be opened until the telegraph is perfectly ready for its transmission. It would, of course, be idle to speculate on the nature of the message, but we may confidently state that it will not be that very inappropriate one which our transatlantic contemporaries announced it to be last year, namely, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." It is not exactly a message which the first lady in England might be expected to send to a gentleman in the United States, and it would be, besides, singularly infelicitous when applied to a work such as an Atlantic telegraph.

DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD TROUBLE.

The London correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, writing on the 26th of June, gives the following explanation of the incompatibility between Dickens and his wife:

"In the literary world very little is stirring, except the gossip on the domestic affairs of Charles Dickens. Probably his explanatory letter, published a month ago, and full of mysterious allusions, has excited as much curiosity in America as here. The facts dimly alluded to are these: About twenty-two years ago, Mr. Dickens, then a clerk, married a very pretty and amiable young girl (whose parents opposed the match as far beneath her), and took her home to obscure lodgings in Furnival's Inn. For some years they lived very happily together; but Mr. Dickens having become a great man, flattered and courted, finds that his domestic felicity is not as great as could be desired.

"Two or three years ago he gave a dinner to his literary friends on the anniversary of his wedding-day, and, in proposing his wife's health, stated that he had never seen a shade of ill-temper over her in his life. This equability of disposition does not satisfy him. She is not intellectual. He reads his works to her, and she, absorbed in needle-work, inquires abstractedly what he means by some of his most brilliant passages. In short, she is not a companion to him, so the brilliant novelist and actor separates on the ground of 'incompatibility,' from her whom he vowed before God to love and to cherish, and from henceforth their lives have separate ends. The oldest child, a youth of twenty-one, has chosen to follow the fortunes of his mother, while the daughters remain with their father. To make the affair still more notorious, a young lady, Mrs. Dickens's sister, has undertaken to 'keep house' for Mr. Dickens and his daughters. The whole affair is very repugnant to our ideas of matrimonial constancy, and has not enlarged the circle of Mr. Dickens's admirers."

HOW YOUNG WOMEN WORK IN LONDON.

The London *Weekly Times* says that the young milliners and dressmakers of that city are condemned to sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen hours of toil out of the twenty-four in each day and night. Their work is carried on in crowded, unventilated rooms, where their frames are kept bent at their labor until their eyes ache and their limbs refuse to perform their duty. They have a short and painful life and an early grave. In a recent speech, Lord Shaftesbury said that many of these young women had been trained gently and tenderly, in delicate and happy homes, possessing all the virtues and tenderness that belong to the female sex, and rendered by those very characteristics more obedient, more unmurmuring, more slavishly subject to the authority and tyranny of those who are put over them. His lordship adds, that they have no alternative between submission and the street door; and then asks, "Is the condition of such a young woman one whit better than the condition of the most wretched slave in the Southern States of America?"

FRANCE.

RUSSIAN PRODIGALITY IN PARIS.

A letter-writer says: "Some singular traits of French character came to light recently on a suit brought against Prince Youssoupouff by a painter. The artist had engaged the Prince to purchase some of his works, and pretended the Prince had engaged to take every painting he produced! Prince Youssoupouff appeared personally before the court, and stated that his time and attention were engrossed resisting demands made upon his purse. He said that he had, from Russia, engaged a hotel in the Rue de l'Université; to his surprise, he found, when he reached Paris, the mansion filled with butlers, stewards, ushers, cooks, ostlers, secretaries, and the like, who all pretended they were engaged by him, who lived for three months before his arrival on the credit of his name, presented him with bills for their services, laid at the most enormous rates of remuneration, and could not be made to quit his mansion until he had procured a decree of court and secured the services of a squadron of policemen! Did you ever hear of such insolence? There is a Russian family named De Gusbourg, who occupy the whole 'first floor' (that is what you would call the third floor, as it is above the ground floor and the *entresol*) of the furnished house called L'Hôtel des Trois Empereurs—a house on the opposite side of the Place du Palais Royale from the Hôtel du Louvre, and which extends from the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue St. Honoré. This family pays $48,000 a year for their rooms on the first floor, thanks to the impudence of their landlord! Once a week they assemble all, or at least several hundreds, of the beggars in Paris in the court-yard of the hotel, and distribute money to them. A more disgusting sight than this congregation of *chiffonniers, chiffonnieres, egoutiers, vidangers*, and decayed *lorettes*, I have rarely witnessed. And I suspect if the donors could overhear, as I overheard, some of their beneficiaries comment on their largesses, I think they would soon tire of this folly."

MR. HUME'S MARRIAGE AND FUTURE CAREER.

We gave some time since in this journal a portrait of Mr. Hume, the famous spiritualist. We have also stated that he is to marry, on the 19th of this month, at St. Petersburg, Mlle. Kroll, sister-in-law of the rich and magnificent Count of Kouchelef-Besborodko, who will give his sister-in-law a dowry worthy the magnificence of a Potemkin. They speak of a million of roubles, and of lots of peasants endowed with extraordinary quantities of spirituality.

Count Kouchelef, Hume, and Alexander Dumas, who accompanies them and who will be Hume's witness, have left Paris for Russia. After his marriage, Mr. Hume is going to found at Paris a grand establishment of supernatural communications—a sort of Spiritualistic Exchange.

To this establishment there will be joined a school of *Fluidism*, where the rich will be initiated in that great mystery—requiring a sacrifice proportioned to their wealth. This school will be divided into three classes. The first will be a sort of gymnasium, purely mechanical, where will be shown the methods of disengaging the fluid by exercises at once physical and intellectual.

In the second class, the fluid being developed, awakened, and active, they will show how to direct it by faith and by will. It is not sufficient to have the fluid, it must also be known how to use it.

The mode of using it is, then, what they will teach in the second class. In leaving this class the adepts will know how to turn tables, to summon spirits, to question them, to receive answers, and, in fact, to place themselves in communication with the other world. This is the class of Reception.

But when this is known, all is not yet done. This is only to be in communication with the spiritual world—it remains yet to learn how to profit by these communications. They must not be regarded as useless play, as a series of curious but unfruitful experiments. We must learn all that the spirits know more than we do; we must use them to elevate ourselves, to make us better, richer, and more powerful.

This is what will be learned in the third class.

ABSINTHE AS A FRENCH INSTITUTION.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says: "A little detail may serve to show what is the education of the gentlemen of the French army. When, in the first instance, the two sous-lieutenants went to the *Figaro* to ask for M. de Pène, in order to settle a hostile meeting with him, they addressed the person they spoke to thus: 'Where is M. de Pène to be found? Where is the *café he frequents?*' As no answer beyond a stare of astonishment was awarded to this, they added; 'But at what hour and where does he take his absinthe?' Now this requires explanation, and illustrates the habits and manners of French garrisons. The *home* of a French officer is the *café* he chooses to adopt; thither he and his comrades repair to play dominos, drink, and smoke, and their usual life is diversified by no more serious or intellectual occupation. But the 'absinthe' is even worse. It is the fashion now of far too many Frenchmen of a certain class—but especially of the military men—to doze themselves with this most pernicious liquor, the most celebrated victim whereof, and the most undeniable one, was Alfred de Musset, the poet. There are certain hours when the persons I speak of repair to their *café*, or to one of the brandy shops now so widely spread over French towns, to drink their absinthe. It seemed, therefore, impossible to these gentlemen of the rapier that any man should pass his life more respectably than they themselves did, and, accordingly, they inquired 'when and where M. de Pène took his absinthe?'"

AN ARM-CHAIR STUFFED WITH BANK-NOTES.

The papers lately published an account of an old miser who had a habit of concealing his money and valuables in the covering of an ancient arm-chair, in which, invalided and unable to move, he passed his life. After his death this piece of furniture, worn with age, together with other household articles, was sold at auction for almost nothing, but subsequently was discovered by the lucky purchaser to contain upward of twenty thousand francs in good, clean notes of the Bank of France! What a soft, pleasant chair, to be sure! How delicious must have been the repose it afforded!

THE MYSTERY OF A LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

Some time since a charity ball took place at the Paris grand opera, and among the incidents upon that occasion occurred the following: A marine officer discovered upon the floor near the buffet a richly-embroidered handkerchief, edged with Valenciennes lace of great price. He proclaimed aloud his discovery, but nobody appearing to claim the valuable chiffon, he tied it to the handle of his sword, and, thus decorated, promenaded the foyer. His idea was a happy one, apparently, for soon a monsieur of most respectable appearance approached, and said the handkerchief belonged to a lady dressed in yellow silk, also of highly respectable appearance, whom he designated, seated upon a divan. The officer, of course, restored the article, and received the thanks of the monsieur, whom he saw soon after deliver it to the lady, after which both departed. But the next day what was his astonishment at receiving from the Baronne de V——, with whom he was very slightly acquainted, a billet, thus conceived:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—You found, I am told, at the ball last evening, a handkerchief which I had the misfortune to lose. Be kind enough to deliver it to my valet de chambre, who brings you this note. I am happy that this handkerchief fell into your hands, as it belongs to my *corbeille de mariage*, and I should have been desolated at its loss. A thousand grateful thanks.

"BARONNE DE V——."

The worthy mariner comprehended at once that he had been the victim, the night previous, either of an error or a robbery. What to do? Try and find the respectable monsieur and the lady in yellow silk, or conduct himself like a perfect gentleman toward the charming reclaimer, who addressed him as "my dear captain?" He chose the latter course, and commenced by giving the liveried domestic a Louis, from whom, by avowing the case, he succeeded in obtaining the address of the fine-linen establishment where the marriage articles had been purchased. It was in the Rue de la Paix, and thither he hastened. The valet, who accompanied him, selected from among the many handkerchiefs presented by the officious clerks one which nearly resembled the object lost. The gallant captain paid four hundred francs for the luxurious trifle, remitted it to the Baronne by the domestic, and immediately sought relief in tobacco and a stroll for his pecuniary suffering. Four hundred francs! But oh! the wickedness of human nature! It was not the pretty Baronne who had written to the officer, for she had not even been to the ball, much less lost a handkerchief! It was dropped by the wife of a foreign minister, who reclaimed nothing, and the mariner, innocent in worldly matters, had been twice duped by the same parties! This is the same young man who is about to marry the pretty glove merchantess of the Faubourg Montmartre.

NEW FASHIONS FOR SUICIDES.

A Paris letter says: "In one day this week there were five suicides! One man drowned himself in the Seine—his first bath for many years and his last; another, a member of the National Guard, tired of defending his country, and wishing to be a patriot no longer, shot himself through the heart with his musket, curious to see if he could fire a gun accurately; a third delivered up his spirit by the aid of burning charcoal, dying happily of suffocation by gas; a fourth took a flying leap out of a fifth story window, distributing his brains on the pavements, free to be picked by any more deficient than himself; and a fifth—how do you imagine he did his business? He blew off his head with gunpowder! As a kind of opening mixture—a species of Seidlitz powder—he placed a packet of gunpowder in his mouth, lighted it by means of a fuse, and so smoked himself completely out! His mouth was so enlarged that with difficulty his friends could recognize him, and they are not certain yet whether it is himself or some acquaintance of the family!"

KILLING ONE'S SELF IN SPORT.

"There is a furnished hotel in the Quartier St. Denis," says the *Droit*, "which is principally occupied by junior clerks. There is a large room in common for them, where those who happen to be without employment pass their time in playing cards or talking. A few days since, one of them, Emile D——, said to his companions, in a jocular way, that it was so hot, and he was so out of spirits, that he had a strong inclination to blow his brains out. One of the young men present said he would make a bet against his doing such a thing. 'What will you bet?' replied Emile, still in the same laughing tone. 'A bottle of beer.' 'Done,' said the other; 'but order the beer at once, for as, to gain the wager, I must shoot myself, I should like to drink my share of it first.' The beer was ordered and drunk, when Emile rose up to leave the room. 'Where are you going?' said the others. 'To shoot myself,' was the reply, which was received with a burst of laughter from all present. Their merriment was, however, immediately put an end to by the report of a pistol in an adjoining room, and on running to the spot they found the young man lying dead on the floor. As no clew to his family could be found, the body was conveyed to the Morgue."

SPAIN.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

A telegraphic dispatch gives the following as the new appointments in Spain:

Minister of Foreign Affairs and of War, O'Donnell; Minister of Justice, Nagrette; Minister of Finances, Salaverra; Minister of the Interior, Daherra; Minister of Marine, Noedda.

DEATH OF THE BLIND GUIDE AT THE ESCURIAL.

La Cronica of the 12th ult. has the following:

"Letters from the Escurial announce the death of Cornelio, the famous blind guide. Cornelio was of himself, as it were, an additional wonder to admire at the Escurial, because of his excellent memory and his skill in leading travelers, explaining to them with minuteness the merits and history of all the master-pieces of art contained in one of the most celebrated edifices of the world. His original character has struck more than one foreigner, and even led to the taking of his portrait. This poor blind man lived upon the presents given to him by the visitors to the monastery, and whom he served as cicerone. It seems he will be replaced by the shepherd Alvarez, who became so noted for his great memory, and whom her Majesty placed for that purpose in this royal edifice."

ITALY.

THE VERAZZANI FAMILY.

A correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* says: "It is rather remarkable that no Italian power ever had the slightest possession on the (American) continent, though its first four discoverers (including Verazzano, a Florentine) were all Italians; a significant historic illustration of the course of empire. The family of Americus, who was himself never married, is still represented in this city by the worthy descendants of an uncle. The present head of the family, a gallant young antiquary of noble presence, is in honorable employment under the Government. One of the sisters is, I believe, less honorably associated somewhere in the United States. The original family residence is here carefully preserved, and an authentic bust of the navigator adorns the public museum. A fine portrait, by a distinguished contemporary master, was confided to Mr. J. Edwards Lester some years ago, as a present to the Government of the United States, though, it is said, the trust has never been fulfilled."

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE FRAZER'S RIVER GOLD-MINES.

A San Francisco correspondent thus describes the rush to Frazer's River: "Not since the discovery of gold in California, ten years ago, has there been any thing to equal it in the United States. Every steamer and sailing vessel that leaves here is choked up with passengers, and the tide of emigration appears only to have just set in. The excitement rages with the utmost fury, and nothing is thought or spoken of save the richness and extent of the new El Dorado. Politics, the Utah war, and every thing that could interest, have been forgotten in the almost universal desire to reach the bleak, but supposed auriferous fields of the Hudson Bay Company's territory. Old and young, married and unmarried, merchant and mechanic, all are going to the new diggings. Our population, made up as it is of adventurers, reckless, and many disappointed men, yields its thousands to the stream that sets toward the north, and it would seem we are only at the commencement of the exodus. There is no use denying that the fever has reached a high point, and there are sufficient grounds for the belief that unless something occurs to lessen its violence, California will lose at a low calculation one-third of its male inhabitants within the next six months. The boats and stages from the interior arrive daily, freighted with their hundreds of anxious gold seekers, eager to reach the scene of the new discoveries. The crowd cannot be stayed for a moment—they go determined to discover the value of the mines, as to which, it is well here to say, some doubts are expressed. The spirit of adventure that moves the people, and the hope of acquiring wealth by a month's labor, are levers it is useless to attempt to counteract."

EXPERIENCE OF A MINING PARTY.

A California paper says: "Six men who have just returned from the mines state, about six weeks ago they left this city on the steamer *Commodore*, and took a whaleboat with them, in which they performed the remainder of the trip from Victoria to Hills Bar, 150 miles above the mouth of Frazer River, and two miles below Fort Yale. They mined for ten days in the Bar, until compelled to desist from the rise in the river, in which time they took out $1340. They used but one rocker, and have no doubt but they could have done much better with proper appliances. There were from sixty to seventy white men at work on Hill's Bar, and from four hundred to five hundred Indians, men, women, and children. The Indians are divided in opinion with regard to Americans, the more numerous party, headed by Pollock, a chief, are disposed to receive them favorably because they obtain more money for their labor from the "Bostons" than from "King George's men," as they style the English. They have learned the full value of their labor, and instead of one dollar a day, or an old shirt, for guiding and helping to work a boat up river, they now charge from five to eight dollars per day. Another portion of the Indians are in favor of driving off the "Bostons," being fearful of having their country overrun by them. Provisions were exceedingly dear and scarce, flour selling for eighty dollars the barrel, bacon at seventy-five cents a pound, and butter at one dollar a pound. They reached Hill's Bar in twenty-one days from San Francisco, and recommend the Victoria route as the most favorable."

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

"Among the mass of narrations," says a San Francisco paper, "with which we have been favored, relative to the Frazer River mines, since the arrival of the *Panama*, we select the subjoined account from Mr. Henry Ettling, a young gentleman of this city, who has been for some time mining on that river, at Hill's Bar, one hundred and sixty miles above the mouth, and the same place known by some persons here as Kennison's Bar. There were about seventy American miners on the Bar, and, previous to the late rise in the river, they were averaging one ounce a day to the hand; but, since the freshet, they have not made more than two dollars and a half to the hand daily. Mr. Ettling and his partner had never mined before, and were, consequently, green at the business; nevertheless, they realized together, six ounces in five days. Being unsupplied with a rocker they cut down a tree, made a rough substitute for a rocker, and perforated the holes with an iron spoon. The miners on the river appeared to be well satisfied with their operations. Mr. Ettling and his partner purchased a canoe at Port Townsend for $50, and navigated from there to Hill's Bar in it. He was three days from Port Townsend to the mouth of the river, and seven days from thence to Hill's Bar, 106 miles above. Wild ducks and geese were plentiful at the mouth, but no game had been seen beyond that point. Salmon, however, was abundant in the river, and were easily taken. Boots, shoes, clothing, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, etc., could be purchased at Forts Langley and Hope, but no meat. In returning he came from Hill's Bar to within five miles of the river's mouth, in one and one-half days, showing the great rapidity of the current. He saw two men weigh the proceeds of one day's labor, and it amounted to $42 50. The British war steamer *Satellite* was anchored off the mouth of Frazer River, and no canoe was allowed to land any where that had liquor on board.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ., OF CINCINNATI, AND THE VINEYARDS OF OHIO.



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FORTER, OF CINCINNATI.]

THE name of Nicholas Longworth has been so often before the public, and is so widely known in connection with the interest he has taken, during a period of thirty years, in the cultivation of the strawberry and the grape, and the making of native wine, that we have thought we could both entertain and instruct our readers by giving them some idea of the man, and a brief history of the origin and progress of the particular branch of American industry to which he has so perseveringly devoted his attention.

Mr. Longworth is a very peculiar specimen of a fine old American gentleman—self-made, self-informed, and self-directed. He is strong and decided in his opinions, liberal in his sentiments, warm in his friendships, and generous in his charities. But all these sentiments and affections must be manifested in his own time, and in accordance with his own plans and principles. His charities are regulated, and he will never give when he does not fully understand the case. He seldom refuses work to those who ask for it, deeming it for the occasion when he really has none waiting, and furnishing the necessary implements to those who have none of their own. The class to which he has been accustomed to give work, chiefly of the sort requiring picks and shovels, and garden tools, are not always of the most honest description, and he relates numerous instances in which his spades and hoes, and similar implements—new, sickness, and must not—have been carried off, at the close of the day, by those to whom he had loaned them to enable them to earn what he paid them for their day's work. The chief objects of his usual charities are those utterly destitute, and the least likely to obtain assistance from any body else. He has a whimsical theory that those whom every body will help are not entitled to any aid from him, and that he will confine his donations to the worthless and wretched vagabonds that every one else turns away from. That he does not strictly adhere to the rule, however, many worthy recipients of his bounty are ready to attest. A committee of Mormons, on a begging expedition, was once sent to him by a friend, with a note intimating that, as these people were not Christians, and seemed to be abandoned by every body that professed to be, they probably came within his rule, and he could consistently assist them. He did so without hesitation.

Over his immense wine-cellars, which will presently be described, he erected a large four-story building of brick, for the accommodation of poor laborers of both sexes. This different floors are reached by separate stairs and galleries, and each is divided into four-teen good-sized apartments, suitable for a man and his family, or two or three women. These rooms are generally all occupied, and those who are unable to pay are charged no rent. The building is well known among those for whose use it was built as the barracks. Notwithstanding the really charitable design of this construction, its tenants are the most ungrateful and troublesome of any he has to deal with. They annoy him incessantly, and have frequently broken into the wine-vaults below and stolen his choicest wine.

Another of Mr. Longworth's permanent and quiet charities is the weekly distribution at his house, every Monday morning, of three to eight hundred ten-cent loaves of bread to whoever will call for them. Once, when flour was high, and the bakers reduced the size of their loaves, Mr. Longworth thought he would be doing his beneficiaries a good turn by having them made partly of rye, and thus considerably enlarging their size. His customers, however, as soon as they found it out, raised such a clamor, and called him so many disparaging names, and annoyed him so much with their threats and complaints, that he was glad to order a return to the pure wheat. So crosses and ingratitude of this kind, of which he daily encounters his share, can weary the kindness of his heart, or distress him half so much as the sight of destitution and suffering, to alleviate which is one of the most generous and unostentatious impulses of his nature. Indeed, it is the ever-present concern of his life how to save those with whom he is thrown in contact from suffering and want. To contribute to the comfort or necessity of another, no matter how utterly degraded, he will deprive himself of any personal gratification at any moment.

It was stated by one of the daily papers of Cincinnati, during the war with Mexico, that Mr. Longworth had offered a contribution of ten thousand dollars toward the pay and equipment of a company of Ohio volunteers. A friend met him the following day, and congratulated him on his liberality and public spirit. "But it isn't exactly true," said Mr. Longworth; "you must first understand my proposition. I will give the ten thousand dollars, but only on condition that I have the selection of the persons that shall join the regiment; and I think I should make money by the operation."

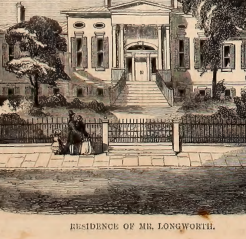
When Professor Mitchell took in hand the establishment of an Astronomical Observatory, and went about soliciting popular subscriptions for the purpose, application was made to Mr. Longworth to know whether he would part with his Mount Adams property, and on what terms, as a site for the proposed Observatory. He at once made a donation for the purpose of four acres of ground on the top of the hill, conditioned only that it should be only used for the contemplated object, forever. After the erection of the building some cynical and captious person asserted, in an article published in the Cincinnati papers, that Mr. Longworth deserved very little credit for doing a thing that served so greatly to enhance his own contiguous property. As the writer of the article was known to be possessed of property quite as well suited for observatory purposes, Mr. Longworth immediately replied that if the objecter would donate to the Astronomical Society the same amount of land, he would erect upon it, at his own expense, a building equal to the one just completed by the Society, and convey the spot formerly given by himself to the city, as a place of public resort and promenade; suggesting to the writer that he might thus secure to himself all the advantages such an improvement would be to his adjacent property, and at the same time confer a lasting favor on the citizens of Cincinnati. This, of course, put an end to the discussion.

Mr. Longworth is small of stature, his height being about five feet and an inch, an evident stoop in his figure making him appear shorter than he really is. His hair, which is only partially gray, is thin, and scattered over the sides and back of his head. He was always regular and temperate in his habits, and is still vigorous and active, and gives daily personal attention to his business, spending much of his time with strings and pruning-knife in his grapery and garden. He was always a patient and willing worker, and age does not seem to reduce his activity, or weaken his interest in the labors and enjoyments of life. He answers himself all questions in relation to his vast property, and personally inspects the varied branches of his business. His maxim is, that no one who has work to do, and health and ability to do it, has any just cause of complaint; and often refers, with great satisfaction, to the time when he raised money for his own boyish expenses by selling about the streets the first newspaper published in his native town.

In all these transactions he is quick and decided, and dispatches them all in the fewest possible words; demanding equal conciseness and brevity from all who converse with him. He will not control his uneasiness if you annoy him with long speeches, and do not come directly to the point of your business. Until a few years since, when a stroke of disease somewhat impaired the facility, he was possessed of a remarkably comprehensive and tenacious memory, forgetting nothing he ever knew and nothing he ever told. He repeats his quotations and tells his stories, of which he has a varied and endless store, always in the same invariable words. Of late years he finds frequent occasion to complain, when at a loss for a noun or a date, that "Old Longworth is getting so forgetful." A stranger, however, would scarcely notice the defect. He has the memory in matters relating to his business and his daily engagements, he usually carries a miscellaneous assortment of papers in the crown of his hat, and a small paper memorandum pinned upon his coat-sleeve.

Mr. Longworth is exceedingly talkative and companionable, perfectly sincere, and in his hospitality knows no distinction of persons. He is sharp and sarcastic in repartee, thoroughly informed in his facts facetious and cheerful in his humor, which is one of his most characteristic traits, and abounding in quizzes and anecdotes of the most enlivening and laughable description. He is particularly fond of banter, and of speaking of himself in the third person—most commonly as "Old Longworth."

"Longworth ought to have a lasting to-day," he will say, "for forgetting that appointment." "These are very hard times, Sir," said a friend to him the other day, excusing himself for not being able to make a



RESIDENCE OF MR. LONGWORTH.



MR. LONGWORTH'S WINE-CELLARS—THE WINE-PRESS.



MR. LONGWORTH'S VINEYARD, NEAR CINCINNATI.



MR. LONGWORTH'S WINE-CELLARS—CORKING THE BOTTLES.

payment, "very hard times, Sir." "Yes," he quickly replied; "but don't you know they are just as hard for Old Longworth as any body else?" A man applied to him not long since for two hundred and fifty dollars, to aid him in making a working model of a new machine he had invented, which was to perform unheard-of wonders. "I don't know any thing about your machine," said Mr. Longworth, "but I will give you the money if you will bring me the testimony of three competent persons of this city that it will do what you say it will." Mr. Longworth then named several persons whose approval would be satisfactory, and the man went off. The next day he returned with the information that Mr. G——, one of the gentlemen named by Mr. Longworth, and one of the first machinists of the city, had examined his invention, and pronounced it fully equal to all he had claimed for it. "I don't know how to believe that story," said Mr. Longworth; "for Mr. G—— wouldn't have recommended your machine unless he had believed what you said of it; and if he believed it was as good a thing as you said it was, he wouldn't have sent you back to Old Longworth at all; he wouldn't have let Longworth have any thing to do with it. I must have his approval in writing, Sir, or it won't answer."

Of personal pride Mr. Longworth has not a trace. It is to him a matter of thorough indifference whether his clothes are new or in any possible resemblance to style and fit; and if they should be somewhat overworn, or soiled by labor in his garden, or here and there torn a bit, it is to him no matter. He may, when the dilapidation is a little excessive, and the company more elegant than he expected, get off a sly joke or two about his appearance in such fashionable company, and say that his wife would scold him for not brushing up a little when he was going out among gentlemen; but he will feel not the slightest personal concern about it, and the very consciousness of it will pass away with the quizzical smile with which his apology will be accompanied. He boasts of being a Democrat in the strict technical meaning of the term. "You have never," said one to him while passing the fine façade of the new Opera House, "you have never interested yourself, Mr. Longworth, in elegant blocks and costly buildings?" "No, Sir," he replied; "I have had too much to do putting up houses for the Democrats; the aristocrats can put up their own." His own house is a plain but capacious and home-looking building, and its fine locality and beautiful garden and surrounding grounds render it the most popularly attractive spot in the city. As "Mr. Longworth's Garden" it is known throughout the Western country; and it is freely used, by citizens and strangers, as a place of visit and promenade. In it are several fine conservatories, well filled with exotic and rare plants, a grape-house for foreign vines, and an experimental forcing-house for new varieties of strawberries and other plants. In one of the hot-houses is a large basin, in which is growing a fine specimen of the Victoria Regia. A cactus-house, containing the largest collection of cacti in the United States, was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Mr. Longworth is a native of Newark, New Jersey. After making a trial of mercantile business in the State of South Carolina for a couple of years, he went, in 1804, the year of his majority, to Cincinnati, and entered the office of Judge Jacob Burnet as a law student. He pursued his studies about six months, and then dashed into the practice of his hastily acquired profession in the rough and irregular way peculiar to that primitive period. He foresaw, at an early period of his residence in the West, the future greatness of the then insignificant village of Cincinnati; and though unsustained in his opinions by those of his fellow-settlers in the new community, took advantage of their unbelief, and began a series of systematic investment of every thing he could make by his services as lawyer and land-agent in the well-wooded acres surrounding the original clearing of Fort Washington and Losantiville. He bought for trifling sums whatever was rejected by every body else, and thus acquired the title, which he retains to this day, to some of the most valuable portions of the present city and its immediate suburbs. By this means he accumulated, in the course of a few years, an amount of property that, in 1830, rendered him the wealthiest man of the city; and he then gave up his profession that he might devote himself to the management and improvement of his estate.

But his attention was not wholly occupied by the care of his real property. He always manifested a fondness for the cultivation of fruits and flowers, and at an early period astonished the Western people by the beauty and extent of his garden. He took much pains to gather from all parts of the West the most valuable and interesting of our native vegetable productions, and placed them in circumstances to test their susceptibility to improvement by aid of the best systems of garden and green-house culture then known. Many of our beautiful native plants, now familiarly known as favorite florists' flowers, are indebted to him for their introduction into cultivated society, their native home being the forests and prairies of the Western States. He was always curious after new and interesting things of Nature's producing. It was the remark of an old citizen of Cincinnati that, if Mr. Longworth was to be suddenly thrown, neck and heels, into the Ohio River, he would come to the surface with a new variety of fish in each hand. His chief interest in horticultural matters, however, has been expended upon the strawberry and the grape. The perfection of variety and culture to which he has, by his experiments and labors, brought these two important fruits of the country, have established their extensive and systematic cultivation in all parts of the West.

It is with the grape, however, as a wine producer, that Mr. Longworth's labors have been most assiduous and most successful; and, with a notice of his operations in this regard, we shall close our present sketch. It will not, of course, be inferred from what we have said that Mr. Longworth is the inventor of native wine, or the originator of the Catawba grape, from which it is chiefly made. The Catawba, it must now be generally known, is a native of North Carolina, having been first brought into public notice as a wine-grape by Major Adlum, of Washington; and the knowledge of the fact that wine, in an experimental way, had been made from its fruit, induced Mr. Longworth to enter systematically upon its cultivation, and to take measures for manufacturing the wine on a scale extensive enough to encourage the establishment of numerous vineyards, and to afford a market on his own premises for all the Must that could be made and delivered to him in a circuit of fifty miles. At the same time he offered a reward of five hundred dollars to whoever should discover a better variety. It proved a great stimulus to the growth of the Catawba vine in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, to know that a man of Mr. Longworth's means stood ready to pay cash, at the rate of from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a gallon, for all the grape juice that might be brought to him, without reference to the quantity. It was in this way, and by urgent popular appeals through the columns of the newspapers, that he succeeded, after many failures, and against the depressing influence of much doubt and indifference, in bringing the enterprise up to its present high and staple position. When he took the matter in hand there was much to discourage any one not possessed of the traits of constancy of purpose and perseverance peculiar to Mr. Longworth. Many had tried the manufacture of wine, and had failed to give it any economical or commercial importance. It was not believed, until Mr. Longworth practically demonstrated it, after many long and patient trials of many valued varieties from France and Madeira, none of which gave any promise of success, that a native grape was the only one upon which any hope could be placed, and that of the native grapes, of which he had experimented upon every known variety, the Catawba offered the most assured promise of success, and was the one upon which all vine-growers might with confidence depend. It took years of unremitted care, multiplied and wide-spread investigations, and the expenditure of large sums of money, to establish this fact, and bring the agricultural community to accept it and act under its guidance. The success attained by Mr. Longworth soon induced other gentlemen resident in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and favorably situated for the purpose, to undertake the culture of the Catawba, and several of them are now regularly and extensively engaged in the manufacture of wine. The impetus and encouragement thus given to the business soon led the German citizens of Hamilton County to perceive its advantages, and under their thrifty management thousands of acres, stretching up from the banks of the Ohio, are now covered with luxuriant and profitable vineyards, rivaling in profusion and beauty the vine-clad hills of Italy and France. The oldest vineyard in the County of Hamilton is of Mr. Longworth's planting. The annual product of these vineyards may be set down at between five and six hundred thousand gallons, worth at present from one and a half to two dollars a gallon; but the price, owing to the rapidity of the consumption, will probably advance rather than decline. It is the prophecy of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's son-in-law, the gentleman who has charge of the commercial department of his wine business, that, in the course of comparatively few years, the annual product of the Sparkling Catawba will be counted by millions of bottles, while that of the still sorts will be estimated by its millions of gallons. Mr. Longworth alone bottles annually over 150,000 bottles, and has now in his cellars a ripening stock of 300,000 bottles. These cellars are situated on the declivity of East Sixth Street on the road to Observatory Hill. They occupy a space ninety feet by one hundred and twenty-five, and consist of two tiers of massive stone vaults, the lower of which is twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Here are carried on all the various processes of wine-making, the mashing, pressing, fining, racking, bottling, labeling, and boxing; and beneath the arches and along the walls are the wine butts, arranged and numbered in the order of the several vintages; piles of bottles stand about, ready for the bottlers.

Mr. Longworth has for some years been laboring to encourage the more extended growth of the Herbemont grape, having great confidence in its wine-making qualities. So far, however, the results of these efforts have not been very encouraging, though his estimate of the value of this grape for wine purposes still remains undiminished. The Isabella, which in the earlier years of vine-growing was largely planted, soon fell into disfavor, and was very generally cast out of Western vineyards, as unworthy of attention as a wine-making grape. Mr. Longworth's discovery of its excellent qualities in the manufacture of sparkling wines, in which he was the first successful experimenter in this country, and his undertaking—as in the case of the Catawba—to pay cash for all the raw juice that should be brought to him, has rallied its culture, and it is now recovering its good standing as a useful and profitable product.

Another object that has long engaged Mr. Longworth's attention, and toward the accomplishment of which he has already made many encouraging experiments, with numerous varieties of native and hybrid black and dark-skinned grapes, is the production of an agreeable, light-bodied, cool, tonic red wine, similar to the genuine Burgundy and the pure clarets of Europe. Red wines have been made in this country, but none that have fulfilled all the required conditions, or that promise much economical importance. Mr. Longworth is still extending his inquiries, and pushing his experiments, in full confidence that this desirable end will yet be attained; and still prophesies the day when a profitable, palatable, and wholesome red wine will be added to the native products of the Mississippi Valley; completely verifying the poetic and cheerful vision of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's friend and assistant.

MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL.

PART I.

You asked me once if I had ever had a secret from my husband.

Answering "Yes," I promised some day to tell you all about it: I will do so now.

When we were first married, and for a time afterward, we were poor; neither of us were used to poverty. I was the youngest, and had been the pet, of a large family; I was inexperienced in every way, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence. Kenelm, my husband, was several years older than his little wife; he was good, grave, and wise; there was something in his character that made people afraid of him; when he courted me, my sisters held him in awe; yet, strangely enough, I, coward as I was in most respects, felt nothing of this awe till afterward, but treated him with girlish audacity and tyranny. I knew my power.

I must not allow myself to tell you of our happiness during the first months after our marriage; that has nothing to do with this story; for then I had not the ghost of a secret from my husband. It is true that I was forced to be very quiet during the earlier part of the day, when the scratching of Kenelm's pen was almost the only sound to be heard in our house; but I indemnified myself in the evening for the morning's silence.

We had married in the early spring; the following winter Kenelm fell ill, very ill. Necessarily his illness increased our expenses; and I, without any regard to cost, or any thought of whose labor must pay for all, procured every thing that I fancied might please him or do him good. When he was convalescent, the doctor ordered him not to write for months to come. I understood his smile as he listened to this decree; it smote me with sharp, sudden pain; I remember I ran away to weep.

"I must write, my child; we are in debt—we want money." This was all his answer to my tearful remonstrance, when long, long before he was strong, I saw him settle down to work.

For the first time I shrank away from his mild glance; for the first time the deep tenderness of his tone sounded to me as a reproach.

I went from his study into the garden. It was spring; but I paid no heed to the loveliness of the sunny morning. To-day I was too miserable to weep, for the first time in my life perhaps. I stood, leaning my head against a tree, absorbed in self-reproachful thought—knowing, for the first time, how dreadful a thing it was to want money.

I had one friend living near; she had been Kenelm's friend for years and years, but now she was especially mine. It chanced that she passed our gate that morning, and, seeing me, came in for a few moments.

"You, Minnie, of all women in the world, to look upon this sweet day with so sad a face! What ails you, dear? Kenelm is getting well."

"But he will be ill again. The doctor says he should have change and perfect rest, and—he is at work. I have been extravagant—we want money." She was grave immediately.

"Poor dear!" she said; "no wonder you are not merry. Oh, that money!" She softly stroked my hand, and fell into meditative silence.

Presently she cried, quite abruptly, "Minnie, you shall write a novel!"

I started, and blushed as if she had proposed to me to commit a crime.

"Yes," she repeated, "you shall write a novel. I have a little leisure—nothing else, alas!—at your service. You write; I will revise and manage all besides."

"But—Kenelm—"

"Would he not like it? Ah! perhaps not. I had forgotten. Good, almost perfect as he is, he has his prejudices."

"But if I could write a book! If I could earn enough money to take him to the sea-side—I would risk the rest. I will not be afraid; I will try and write a novel; only he shall never know unless I succeed."

"Is it well to have a secret from your husband?"

"Just this one. I must try. It would be so glorious if I were to succeed."

"You should know best. But, Minnie, I had rather you told him."

"No, no, no; not unless I succeed. What makes you think that I can write a book?"

"I have seen little attempts of yours—do not blush—and bits, only bits, of your letters to Kenelm. If Mrs. Kenelm Cameron writes her book as simply and fervently as Minnie Grey wrote her love-letters, it will do—always provided that, before she begins it, she quite makes up her mind what it is to be about."

"That is the puzzle."

"It will not long remain so, if the book is destined to be written."

I took leave of her absently, already pondering what my book was to be about.

For three days and three nights I continued to ponder this matter. When Kenelm asked of what I was thinking, I blushed, giving the stupid answer, "Nothing particular." He looked surprised, but said nothing further.

Now, in all that follows, it may seem to you that if I had given the matter a playful turn, and if my husband had trusted me as he ought to have done, no unhappiness would have ensued. It was not in my power to think of my secret lightly—directly I had a secret from my husband, I turned coward, and became morbidly timid in his presence. And he—he did not suspect me of wrong-doing; it was my want of confidence toward him that he mourned. I think I have heard Kenelm say that it is in the natures acted upon, not in the acts themselves, that the elements of Tragedy and Comedy are contained. I suppose we each acted as it was our nature to act.

When these three days and nights of meditation had proved fruitless, I drowned my hope in tears. I had found no subject of which I felt competent to treat, no cause to advocate, and I utterly despaired.

A day or two afterward an acquaintance sent us tickets for a concert: in the evening she called for us. My husband was not well enough to go—I hated to go without him; but he sent me, because he thought that I was beginning to pine in a too quiet life. I felt very ungrateful toward the friend who carried me off so sorely against my will.

It was a "classical" concert of instrumental music: I loved such music. Yet by-and-by I found that I was not listening to it. I was writing—nay, rather contemplating—my book! It did not suggest itself to me bit by bit, but I seemed to grasp it all—plot, purpose, incident—at once. I literally hugged myself under cover of my little white cloak, and said, "This will do."

I let myself into the house. I had made Kenelm promise not to sit up, and had ordered Ann to go to bed. How glad I was of this!

The lamp and the fire burned in the parlor, and the little supper-tray stood ready.

I had made no noise. I stole up to my room, found Kenelm asleep, looking very wan and worn; I bent down and kissed him lightly, then ran away.

In the parlor I sat down to write, and I wrote—hour after hour. When the lamp went out, I looked up in consternation—it was growing light.

Very carefully I gathered together my precious sheets; I put them within a book (a cookery-book, I remember), and hid that at the bottom of my work-table. I crept to bed cold, tired, and happy, but did not fall asleep till broad daylight.

When I woke, Kenelm stood by my bedside with my breakfast upon a tray. "Is it late?" I asked, starting up.

"Nearly eleven, love."

How I was to manage to write in the day-time, was the problem that occupied me while I dressed. We had an unfurnished room in our house. I was soon locked into that. I spread my paper on a box, a box that had gone with us on our wedding journey, and crouched upon the floor to write. I left off just in time to prepare for dinner—to smoothe my hair, dip my hot brow in water, and wash the ink-stains off my fingers.

"I wanted you to stitch up my manuscript, Minnie," Kenelm said; "but as I didn't find you in the house, I contrived to do it myself. I suppose you have been working in the garden—too hard, I think; you look flushed."

"My face is rather hot. Now, where shall we walk this evening?" I asked, and began to talk hurriedly of primroses, violets, blue-bells, and the probability of our finding them in the fields around.

That was an exquisite evening. As we wandered about the lanes and meadows, Kenelm sometimes leaned on me, I sometimes on him; and I said to myself, "So it should be in life; why should my husband work always, and I sit idle all my days?"

Kenelm told me next day that he must go into town, and should not get home till evening. He had not incurred this fatigue since his illness, and was not fit for it. I did not think of this then; I did not offer to go for him, or beg to go with him; I thought joyfully of the long day before me. He left home at ten, to return at seven.

I told Ann to say that I was engaged if any one should call, and I locked myself into the empty chamber. I uttered a cry of joy as I began my work—I had such delight in it.

I left off to pretend to dine, but I had no appetite, and soon recommenced.

Toward the end of the afternoon I found I could go on no longer. My temples burned, and yet I felt as if numbed by excessive cold, and my head began to ache intensely.

Kenelm was late; it was getting dusky when he came, and I shunned what little light there was. He was tired, and after tea lay upon the couch; I sat beside him on a low seat, and rested my aching head on his breast.

By-and-by Ann came in with the lamp, and then Kenelm asked me to read to him. I rose with some difficulty, I felt so weak and weary. Unwittingly I turned my face full to the light as I opened the new book he had brought home, and his eyes were upon me as they generally were, as I had formerly loved to have them.

"Minnie!" he exclaimed; then started up and came to me. He took my hands, and gazed into my face. This time I was not sorry to feel thick blushes covering my pallor.

Somewhat pettishly I cried, "You startle me, Kenelm," and I tried to turn away. He would not let me.

"You look wretchedly ill, Minnie. You have been crying much again—so soon! What is it that troubles you? My poor child must tell me!"

"I have nothing to tell you. You are foolish—nothing troubles me!" But he continued to gaze at me so tenderly, so sorrowfully, that I could not bear it. To convince him that nothing was the matter, I burst into tears and sobbed upon his bosom, for he folded me in his arms.

I thought that all was over—that my secret would out, or my heart would break; but he questioned me no more; only soothed and caressed me.

Next morning I rejoiced that my secret was still in my keeping.

When I went down into the parlor Kenelm held a visiting-card in his hand, at which he was looking with surprise.

"My friend Ashtower here yesterday, and you did not tell me! You asked him to come again, I hope? You are well aware that I have long desired to see him."

I paused at the door, with a face expressing blank consternation. "I—did not know," I faltered.

Yes; I was afraid of Kenelm. His eyes perused my face keenly.

"You did not know? It was Ann's fault, then. This is very vexatious!" He was about to ring the bell.

"Stay!" I cried; "it was not her fault. I told her, if any body came, to say I was engaged. Of course she did not know that I would have seen

your friend! Till this moment I did not know he had been here."

"And why, my dear wife, would you see nobody yesterday?"

"Don't say 'my dear wife' in that horrid way. I suppose I was not in the humor for company, as you had left me alone!" I took refuge in a kind of petulant naughtiness, pouted, and made an unnecessary noise with the cups and saucers.

My husband did not speak for some time. Then he said, with a nettled fretfulness that I well understood, "I think, Minnie, that you owe me an explicit explanation. I trust that your good sense will tell you to offer me such. As I am conscious that my wife can not act in a way of which she has need to be ashamed, I do not understand her having any mystery."

I had heard people say that sometimes my husband appeared to hide an iron hand within his velvet glove. I recalled the saying now, and asked myself indignantly if he meant to make me feel the smooth inflexibility of his character. I was angry with him.

I offered no word of apology, but remained silent. I could not cut; the first mouthful seemed like to choke me. This made me seem all the more sullen.

No wonder that my noble, high-minded husband looked grieved to the heart at such an sign of childish perversity.

When, after breakfast, I sought the bare room, and locked myself in, I trembled, taking home the moral that was evolving, without conscious effort of mine, from the adventure. I was angry with—a Wife's Secret."

I felt the possibility of my little troubles dominating and widening terribly. I cried, passionately, to "I will persevere; but I must finish noon—I can not bear this long."

I had taken it for granted that Kenelm had work to do; but when I had finished my duties, just before dinner-time, I saw him lying on our little sofa, to look beside him.

"He is angry," I thought. "This is the first holiday on which he has done without me. I'm sorry. There was surely no serious staggering by the way in my book. I wrote in desperate haste to have finished it.

PART II.

WITH Kenelm's many letters one morning came a letter for me. I received it from him, and, blushed as I thought of its late presence in his hand, was from my friend in answer to a note I had sent her almost my book.

By this time I had become morbidly nervous. I was haunted by a vague sense of wrong-doing, and a cruel being driven to tell a direct falsehood. I had had more than one terrible alarm of detection.

After pocketing my letter I carefully avoided looking toward my husband.

"Read this, Minnie," he said, presently, putting one of the letters he had received before me.

I obeyed.

"What shall you do, Kenelm? Shall you go?"

I asked, when I had finished. It was from one of my husband's brothers, begging for his attendance at the stern old father, who had been bitterly offended—how, does not concern the reader.

"I shall we go, you surely mean, Minnie?"

I dropped my head; my work was nearly completed; my husband's book was to be out in a week. We had been so estranged lately, my longing to have done with this and every other task was very great: if I were left alone a day or two, it could be safely completed.

"Perhaps you are right, and I ought to go alone," Kenelm said, after a painful silence.

"I think you should. It is an imperative journey; your father does not like me, and"—

"I feel rather my self with had been thus eager that we should not separate. You have been angry with your self, but—you are changed, Mary." He rose as he spoke.

"Do not say I am changed! Do not speak so! I can not bear it!" I spoke passionately. He came to my side, sat down by me, and took my hand.

"If I am to be of any use, I should go to-day—alone," he began. "The last few weeks, Minnie, something has divided us. Shall we not be one again before we part?"

I was silent; I did not raise my eyes. Perhaps in the struggle to appear unmoved I looked obstinate and cross, for Kenelm's tone changed.

"That letter—remember, Mary, that I do not cease to suspect you of wrong; it is simply your want of confidence that I deplore."

"Suspect me of wrong indeed!" I cried, again taking refuge in that petulant unreasonableness which husbands men sorely. "It is you, Kenelm, who have no confidence in me! I am not to be trusted—if the were a mere child."

"If the time is gone by when she believed to be so trusted—when she made me her conscience-keeper, telling them all—I must painfully learn how this changed wife desires that I should treat her."

I was only by looking back afterward that I could understand how much change he found in me now—how many signs he saw that my nature was at war with itself, or even chiefly, his—besides reading that in my often altered face. I was, in fact, so much absorbed in my neglected, or performed by Ann; many minute cares for Kenelm omitted during those seven weeks.

As I used my husband's clothes I shed some tears over them. When he was away from me, I was a most painfully calm leave-taking, I felt utterly miserable; I spent the day between crying and sleeping, and only thought of my book with disgust and loathing.

Next morning brought me a confidential few kind lines from Kenelm, written the night before, from the resting-place which was half-way toward his father's end.

Having further stimulated my courage by reperusing my friend's note, which told me of the favorable arrangements she hoped to make for the immediate publication of my book, I set to work.

The misery of my heroine was approaching its climax; I was even with her, shaken by her fears, torn by her passions, transported by her hope.

Highly-wrought excitement kept me up. While Kenelm was away, I did not go into the garden; I could not eat, and I hardly slept.

One night—I had heard Ann go to bed long before, and there was no sound or stir in the silent house—my self-possession, my sense of my own importance, my toughness of nerve, failed.

I crouched upon the bare floor in the bare room. I had locked myself in myself from the woes into which I had plunged "the wife" by my invention. I could not—intense emotion overpowered me. Sick with anguish, I cried out, "Kenelm, husband! Good God! this is more than I can bear!"

I covered my face; that cry had startled me back to myself, and great terror came over me; I dared not open my face lest I should see—what.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, I became aware that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and cheek.

I raised my head, seeking light.

A dull red light burned out; I was alone in stirring darkness—the thick darkness of a close-shut room. I strained my eyes into it; I seemed to be chained to the spot.

Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the air and looking down regarding me. He was pale; his expression was unspeakably sad, unspeakably spectral.

I spread out my arms toward him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flash of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found myself lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up, feeling very cold, and turned sick and dizzy when I saw a pool of blood close to me. I had fallen, and the lip-and-lay I managed to get to my bedroom, and, after washing my drained brow, discovered a small but deep wound on my left temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which was a flash of pain.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt myself weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rose, dressed, ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. She was in some darkness, for I could not bear to see her nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my self-control returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not a tragedy; it was to end quietly, peacefully, perfectly, in a happy manner-day. I laughed softly over the happiness of my heroine, and wept over the tears that blinded me from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on that lovely day, in a deliciously subdued and sympathetic mood, and wrote the last few pages of my chapters.

Then one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon. I no longer wrote with fervor and passion, but, as I remember, with a quiet sense of happiness.

I had finished. I said "Thank God!"

My heroine was safe; my task was almost crowned like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm," I cried.

I went down stairs to wait for string, wax, and stamps, my book must be immediately sent off.

I was startled to find a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home next evening. What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what could I wish for more?

Even as I wondered, our clock struck—seven. There I stood in my loose, tumbled white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not open the door like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I—was I fit to meet him? I pressed my hand to my head, and unwittingly displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began to flow.

I would have gone to bed at once, but to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden-gate. I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room-door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement.

His face was white as death. I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I recollected and believed that I was a vision too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and I sank with a moan upon my feet.

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Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the air and looking down regarding me. He was pale; his expression was unspeakably sad, unspeakably spectral.

I spread out my arms toward him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flash of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found myself lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up, feeling very cold, and turned sick and dizzy when I saw a pool of blood close to me. I had fallen, and the lip-and-lay I managed to get to my bedroom, and, after washing my drained brow, discovered a small but deep wound on my left temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which was a flash of pain.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt myself weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rose, dressed, ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. She was in some darkness, for I could not bear to see her nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my self-control returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not a tragedy; it was to end quietly, peacefully, perfectly, in a happy manner-day. I laughed softly over the happiness of my heroine, and wept over the tears that blinded me from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on that lovely day, in a deliciously subdued and sympathetic mood, and wrote the last few pages of my chapters.

Then one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon. I no longer wrote with fervor and passion, but, as I remember, with a quiet sense of happiness.

I had finished. I said "Thank God!"

My heroine was safe; my task was almost crowned like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm," I cried.

I went down stairs to wait for string, wax, and stamps, my book must be immediately sent off.

I was startled to find a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home next evening. What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what could I wish for more?

Even as I wondered, our clock struck—seven. There I stood in my loose, tumbled white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not open the door like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I—was I fit to meet him? I pressed my hand to my head, and unwittingly displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began to flow.

I would have gone to bed at once, but to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden-gate. I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room-door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement.

His face was white as death. I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I recollected and believed that I was a vision too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and I sank with a moan upon my feet.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, I became aware that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and cheek.

I raised my head, seeking light.

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"I am sorry, Minnie"—he grieved, I began; "I did not expect you yet. I had only just read your letter."

"Do not talk now—rest, love. Was this just done?"

"No; I struck my head last night, and—"

"My poor wounded darling!"

"Minnie, you must not talk so sadly. He read to me till he thought I was asleep; then I knew that he watched by me until before he went away. How I longed to clasp him round the neck and tell him all my secret, but I was afraid and ashamed.

When I had heard him go down stairs and shut the parlor-door behind him, I sprang up. My illness was forgotten, I was unhocked; all my papers lay about the floor!

I rearred the key, but, as I got into bed again, it fell from my hand, and I slept.

The noise had disturbed Kenelm. I heard him coming, and buried my face in my pillow. As I clasped the key I recovered my fervent vows never again to have a secret.

Minnie, my wife, it is you who want change now," he said, next day. "You look ill, and you must be very weak to have been so much distressed as you were yesterday, merely by my sudden arrival. Would you like to go home for a little while?"

"Oh Kenelm! see much?" I knew that my face looked brightly for indeed I longed after them all, and thought that it would be a delicious rest to be at home with him.

"I will go, if thought you would like it. So you have pined for home, Minnie?"

"Indeed, I am very glad. This is my home. I will not go to my father's if you say such things."

"Well, well! do not believe I reproach you, darling. We will go forth in peace."

"Peace!"

I think it will be as well that you should go soon; for a few weeks I must work very hard, and shall be even duller company than ever."

"My poor wife! I will leave alone? Oh Kenelm, what does this mean?"

"Indeed, I can not tell," he said. "But I know that you are neither well nor happy. I know that our poverty has pressed its privations upon you. Let me give you time to plan your dull life here—"

"What more do you know?" I asked, defiantly.

He answered with mild, even-toned voice, too absolutely burning me by the urgent pressure of his eyes. "I know that in some odd way—it is my own fault, it may be—I have lost my wife's confidence; I shall regain it in time if one of the things I will learn to do without."

"What more, Sir?" I demanded, hotly.

"That is all. I love you on at home, Minnie, and I am alone again for a little while, we may each be the better for it. Be what, and how for, we have erred, and then be able to begin our married life afresh."

He spoke as if such serious danger impended—as if such utter ruin threatened our peace—that I shuddered. I could not speak, too, as if he forgot all the happy, happy months when I had been so devoted and contented with, and only remembered the last few weeks. This made me angry with the subject! He was exaggerating every thing!

"I shall not go home unless you command me, and I am sure you will not do that," I began to say, but I could not even end my sentence.

"Minnie, you are cruel and unjust!"

He spoke in a voice of trembling of rights; I was planning for your happiness, but indeed I would in the end."

"I do not see why you should call me cruel and unjust. Again I repeat, I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; your having a secret from me is sufficient proof that you have kept it, in my only ground of displeasure. It may be that a man's character is above to blame; that I am too stern; but I have hoped that my wife loved me too well to fear me."

"I do not fear you, Kenelm, she does!" I sprang after him as he turned sadly away. But then my self-control returned, and the key of the Blue-beard chamber fell from my dress, and I stopped, his gesture of guilty confusion.

"Kenelm, I am ill. This is not the first time you have let it fall," he said, as he gave it me.

"I am ill, indeed. My last night's sleep had been feigned. It hardened my heart to think how deceitful he must believe me to be, and to remember with contempt the motive of all this long confinement.

Kenelm went to his study, as I imagined, shutting himself in there for the morning.

I felt utterly reckless. Unknown to myself, a desire to punish him was beginning to mingle with the other motives that determined me to persevere in my self-control. I felt that the lower I now sank in my husband's esteem the higher should I rise by-and-by when he knew all—when my hour of triumph came.

Once more I locked myself into the empty room, and began to write my manuscript, addressed it to my friend, and wrote a note to accompany it, passionately entreating her to let me hear soon—to do exactly as I desired. Then I put every thing carefully aside, hid my precious roll under my arm, and set out for the village.

As I walked hurriedly along beneath the lines in our lane, and then through suburban streets, my thoughts were far engrossed in planning for the disposal of the fairy fortune my book was to bring me. Suddenly my self-control left me, and turned a sharp corner; in another moment I should have met my husband, whom I had believed to be safe at home. I had been mad! I thought of the risk I had incurred before the abstraction of his look had cleared, of his recognition.

I made a little circuit—accomplished my purposes, and turned homeward.

By the garden-gate I saw my husband pacing up and down beneath the limes. He had seen me, then, and was waiting for me. The limes were in full bloom; their scent now always takes me back to that afternoon.

I met him with a smile in my eyes, and noted the pinched expression which repressed excitement had left in his face. Instantly, I braced myself up for my last and worst ordeal.

He did not speak. He locked my hand under his arm, holding me quite tightly. He led me into the house, seated me in a chair in his study, then released my hand, and addressed himself to me. I noticed that the hand he loosed upon the table quivered. I was sorry; I feared he would do himself harm by so much effort to be calm. The aspect of judicial sternness had a strange effect upon my nerves. I laughed uncontrollably. Just think how that laugh must have broken upon his highly-wrought excitement and grievous distress!

I fancy that any man less noble than my husband would have struck me. There was intense provocation in my mirth, and I was laughed my insulting, unnatural laugh. He left me.

I fell upon the ground, rested my head on Kenelm's footstool, and wept bitterly. I suppose I was thoroughly worn out, I must have slept many hours. It was dusk when the opening of the hall door and my husband's step in the passage roused me. I heard him enter every room in the house before he came into the study; this, and my not detecting the sound of a turning of a key, suggested me in a new belief that I had been locked up in my bedroom all this while.

My husband could not see me when he entered. He opened about, then hastened to the open window. "Good God! she has jumped out," he cried.

"I am here, Kenelm!" I said, rising.

"You have been here all the time I have been away?"

"I believe I fell asleep."

"Tea is waiting in the parlor—will you make it?"

I followed him. I noticed upon how haggard a face the lamp shone; but his manner was cold and expressed tenderness. He broke a painful silence by saying:

"Mary! I have made arrangements for your going home to-morrow."

An angry refusal to go rose to my lips. I restrained it.

"It is well you should let me know on what plea you send me away."

The events of the afternoon taught me that we can not live together, feeling as we now do toward each other. I will not risk again feeling toward my wife as I did when I parted from her in the year of silence, I will earnestly strive to discover where I have been wrong in my conduct as a husband."

My heart was ready to break when next day I was whirled away from my husband. He stood on the platform gazing after us. Regardless of all witnesses, I leaned out of the window, weeping, holding my face as my sister's shoulder. "Kenelm, Kenelm!" was all that was ready, and I received, through my friend, what I considered very large sum, as part payment for the work.

My husband's first and reason to think me suddenly demented. "Home, home, home! I cried. I insisted on leaving the railway very morning on which I received my friend's letter, only pretending to give them an explanation of my strange conduct before I went.

Completely rested from my terpidity now, my longing for home, for peace, and home was intense; would travel alone, too; I had had enough of travelling of which I could endure no witness.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked homeward across well-known fields. But the nearer I approached, the more my courage failed me. It was bright early afternoon; I was not expected to me something eerie in the wind that swept the corn-fields and hedges. If Kenelm should be ill!

I paused at the garden gate; the parlor blinds were closed, but the room was full of silent the home. I paused longer yet before I could muster up courage open the house door.

The door was closed still when I knocked at the door of my husband's study; then it beat again so violently that I had to lay my hand on it to control it. "I waited. A slow heavy step crossed the room—my husband stood before me.

"Minnie, my darling! Come back to me of her own accord?" He opened his arms wide. I threw myself upon him. I had all the buoyancy of spirit now—all expectation of rapture. "Thank God! thank God!" he whisper. In the sorrow-stricken, weighed-down aspect of my husband's face.

"Yes, Kenelm, I am come back," I answered coldly, "and I should have thought you very guilty and ashamed. "You must hear all now," I added. "It was for this." I put a bundle of bank-notes into his hand.

"My child, I do not understand." He turned them over with a perplexed air.

Tearfully and hurriedly I told him all.

When I paused, and in my dreaming had planned that I should be elapsed in his arms, and the last exclamations of delight and gratitude, he still did not speak or move. Presently he dropped the notes and hid his face.

"Kenelm, there was my beautiful triumph? I had suffered and made that for you! Why do not speak?

I took down at his feet—I laid my cheek against him, and said, "Kenelm, was I very wrong? Can you not forgive me?"

"Minnie! I shall never forgive myself." He raised me up and kissed me many times. "This is the first time I have ever felt that I was free, or such as these, you should suffer as you have done. My darling! I am glad you did so it? How could you endure so long? How could you be true even up to sternly? Dearest! there were not worth paying for!"

I saw it clearly now: I had burdened him with remorse, even before I had been reproved. I, his wife, had irreparably injured him. And when I prayed for forgiveness, he only begged me to forgive myself.

With these notes, for which I had worked and endured, I took all our fort, we made a new marriage-compact of mutual confidence and tenderness.

Ah! but I did earn a holiday for Kenelm! I was very ill after that evening of my "triumph." When I grew well, I found myself in the room in a beautiful little nook by the sea-side; there we had a sweet long rest from all the weariness of our life.

I do not think that Kenelm understood his little wife's nature, or the loss for having sent her away, and, when he had grown accustomed to the motionless face of its existence, I even fancied that I sometimes detected just a little forlorn pride in his eyes and about the corners of his mouth, when people, in my presence, spoke of A Wife's Secret."

At such times I only cared to hide my confession. Somehow, after the lapse of so many many years, I felt a reluctance to make them open to the world, when I suddenly came upon a base of newspapers and reviews which Kenelm had accumulated, and in them read the name of my book.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.—[Continued.]

Arabella, thus roused from her first listlessness, sought to requite Darrell's kindness by exerting every energy to render his insipid daughter an accomplished woman. So far as mere ornamental education extends, the teacher was more successful than, with all her experience, her skill, and her zeal, she had presumed to anticipate. Matilda, without ear or taste, or love for music, became a very fair mechanical musician. Without one artistic predisposition, she achieved the science of perspective—she attained even to the mixture of colors—she filled a portfolio with drawings which no young lady need have been ashamed to see circling round a drawing-room. She carried Matilda's thin mind to the farthest bound it could have reached without snapping, through an elegant range of selected histories and harmless feminine classics—through Gallic dialogues—through Tuscan themes—through Teuton verbs—yea, across the invaded bounds of astonished Science into the Elementary Ologies. And all this being done, Matilda Darrell was exactly the same creature that she was before. In all that related to character, to inclinations, to heart, even that consummate teacher could give no intelligible answer, when Mrs. Lyndsay, in her softest accents (and no accents ever were softer), sighed—"Poor, dear Matilda! can *you* make her out, Miss Fossett?" Miss Fossett could not make her out. But, after the most attentive study, Miss Fossett had inly decided that there was nothing to make out—that, like many other very nice girls, Matilda Darrell was a harmless nullity, what you call "a miss." White deal or willow, to which Miss Fossett had done all in the way of increasing its value as ornamental furniture, when she had veneered it over with rosewood or satin-wood, enriched its edges with ormolu, and strewed its surface with nicknacks and albums. But Arabella firmly believed Matilda Darrell to be a quiet, honest, good sort of "miss," on the whole—very fond of her, Arabella. The teacher had been several months in Darrell's family, when Caroline Lyndsay, who had been almost domesticated with Matilda (sharing the lessons bestowed on the latter, whether by Miss Fossett or visiting masters), was taken away by Mrs. Lyndsay on a visit to the old Marchioness of Montfort. Matilda, who was to come out the next year, was thus almost exclusively with Arabella, who redoubled all her pains to veneer the white deal, and protect with ormolu its feeble edges—so that, when it "came out," all should admire that thoroughly fashionable piece of furniture. It was the habit of Miss Fossett and her pupil to take a morning walk in the quiet retreats of the Green Park; and one morning as they were thus strolling, nursery-maids and children, and elderly folks, who were ordered to take early exercise, undulating round their unsuspecting way—suddenly, right upon their path (unlooked-for as the wolf that startled Horace in the Sabine wood, but infinitely more deadly than that runaway animal), came Jasper Losely! Arabella uttered a faint scream. She could not resist—had no thought of resisting—the impulse to bound forward—lay her hand on his arm. She was too agitated to perceive whether his predominant feeling was surprise or rapture. A few hurried words were exchanged, while Matilda Darrell gave one sidelong glance toward the handsome stranger, and walked quietly by them. On his part, Jasper said that he had just returned to London—that he had abandoned forever all idea of a commercial life—that his father's misfortune (he gave that gentle appellation to the incident of penal transportation) had severed him from all former friends, ties, habits—that he had dropped the name of Losely forever—entreated Arabella not to betray it—his name now was Hammond—his "prospects," he said, "fairer than they had ever been." Under the name of Hammond, as an independent gentleman, he had made friends more powerful than he could ever have made under the name of Losely as a city clerk. He blushed to think he had ever been a city clerk. No doubt he should get into some Government office; and then, oh then, with assured income, and the certainty to rise, he might claim the longed-for hand of the "best of creatures."

On Arabella's part, she hastily explained her present position. She was governess to Miss Darrell—that was Miss Darrell. Arabella must not leave her walking on by herself—she would write to him. Addresses were exchanged—Jasper gave a very neat card—"Mr. Hammond, No. ——, Duke Street, St. James's."

Arabella, with a beating heart, hastened to join her friend. At the rapid glance she had taken of her perfidious lover, she thought him, if possible, improved. His dress, always studied, was more to the fashion of polished society, more simply correct—his air more decided. Altogether he looked prosperous, and his manner had never been more seductive, in its mixture of easy self-confidence and hypocritical coaxing. In fact, Jasper had not been long in the French commercial house—to which he had been sent out of the way while his father's trial was proceeding and the shame of it fresh—before certain licenses of conduct had resulted in his dismissal. But, meanwhile, he had made many friends among young men of his own age—those loose wild *viveurs* who, without doing any thing the law can punish as dishonest, contrive for a few fast years to live very showily on their wits. In that strange social fermentation which still prevails in a country where an aristocracy of birth, exceedingly impoverished, and exceedingly numerous so far as the right to prefix a *De* to the name, or to stamp a coronet on the card, can constitute an aristocrat—is diffused among an ambitious, adventurous, restless, and not inelegant young democracy—each cemented with the other by that fiction of law called *égalité;* in that yet unsettled and struggling society in which so much of the old has been irretrievably destroyed, and so little of the new has been solidly constructed—there are much greater varieties, infinitely more subtle grades and distinctions, in the region of life which lies between respectability and disgrace, than can be found in a country like ours. The French novels and dramas may apply less a mirror than a magnifying-glass to the beings that move through that region. But still those French novels and dramas do not unfaithfully represent the classifications of which they exaggerate the types. Those strange combinations, into one tableau, of students and grisettes, opera-dancers, authors, viscounts, swindlers, romantic Lorettes, gamblers on the Bourse, whose pedigree dates from the Crusades; impostors, taking titles from villages in which their grandsires might have been saddlers; and if detected, the detection but a matter of laugh; delicate women living like lawless men; men making trade out of love, like dissolute women, yet with point of honor so nice, that, doubt their truth or their courage, and—piff! you are in Charon's boat, humanity in every civilized land may present single specimens, more or less, answering to each thus described. But where, save in France, find them all, if not precisely in the same *salons*, yet so crossing each other to and fro, as to constitute a social phase, and give color to a literature of unquestionable genius? And where, over orgies so miscellaneously Berycynthian, an atmosphere so elegantly Horatian? And where can coarseness so vanish into polished expression as in that diamond-like language—all terseness and sparkle—which, as friendly to Wit in its airiest prose, as hostile to Passion in its torrent or cloud wrack of poetry, seems invented by the Grace out of spite to the Muse?

Into circles such as those of which the dim outline is here so imperfectly sketched, Jasper Losely niched himself, as *le bel Anglais*. (Pleasant representative of the English nation!) Not that those circles are to have the sole credit of his corruption. No! Justice is justice! Stand we up for our native land! *Le bel Anglais* entered those circles a much greater knave than most of those whom he found there. But there, at least, he learned to set a yet higher value on his youth, and strength, and comeliness—on his readiness of resource—on the reckless audacity that brow-beat timid and some even valiant men—on the six feet one of faultless symmetry that captivated foolish, and some even sensible women. Gaming was, however, his vice by predilection. A month before Arabella met him he had had a rare run of luck. On the strength of it he had resolved to return to London, and (wholly oblivious of "the best of creatures" till she had thus startled him) hunt out and swoop off with an heiress. Three French friends accompanied him. Each had the same object. Each believed that London swarmed with heiresses. They were all three fine-looking men. One was a Count—at least he said so. But proud of his rank? not a bit of it: all for liberty (no man more likely to lose it)—all for fraternity (no man you would less love as a brother). And as for *égalité!* the son of a shoemaker who was *homme de lettres*, and wrote in a journal, inserted a jest on the Count's countship. "All men are equal before the pistol," said the Count; and knowing that, in that respect, he was equal to most, having practiced at *poupées* from the age of fourteen, he called out the son of Crispin and shot him through the lungs. Another of Jasper's traveling friends was an *enfant du peuple*—boasted that he was a foundling. He made verses of lugubrious strain, and taught Jasper how to shuffle at whist. The third, like Jasper had been designed for trade; and, like Jasper, he had a soul above it. In politics he was a Communist—in talk a Philanthropist. He was the cleverest man of them all, and is now at the galleys. The fate of his two compatriots—more obscure—it is not my duty to discover. In that peculiar walk of life Jasper is as much as I can possibly manage.

It need not be said that Jasper carefully abstained from reminding his old city friends of his existence. It was his object and his hope to drop all identity with that son of a convict who had been sent out of the way to escape humiliation. In this resolve he was the more confirmed because he had no old city friends out of whom any thing could be well got. His poor uncle, who alone of his relations in England had been privy to his change of name, was dead; his end hastened by grief for William Losely's disgrace, and the bad reports he had received from France of the conduct of William Losely's son. That uncle had left, in circumstances too straitened to admit the waste of a shilling, a widow of very rigid opinions; who, if ever by some miraculous turn in the wheel of fortune she could have become rich enough to slay a fatted calf, would never have given the shinbone of it to a prodigal like Jasper, even had he been her own penitent son, instead of a graceless step-nephew. Therefore, as all civilization proceeds westward, Jasper turned his face from the east; and had no more idea of recrossing Temple Bar in search of fortune, friends, or kindred, than a modern Welshman would dream of a pilgrimage to Asian shores to re-embrace those distant relatives whom Hu Gadarn left behind him countless centuries ago, when that mythical chief conducted his faithful Cymrians over the Hazy Sea to this happy Island of Honey.*

Two days after his *rencontre* with Arabella in the Green Park, the *soi-disant* Hammond, having, in the interim, learned that Darrell was immensely rich, and Matilda his only surviving child, did not fail to find himself in the Green Park again—and again—and again!

Arabella, of course, felt how wrong it was to allow him to accost her, and walk by one side of her while Miss Darrell was on the other. But she felt, also, as if it would be much more wrong to slip out and meet him alone. Not for worlds would she again have placed herself in such peril. To refuse to meet him at all?—she had not strength enough for *that!* Her joy at seeing him was so immense. And nothing could be more respectful than Jasper's manner and conversation. Whatever of warmer and more impassioned sentiment was exchanged between them passed in notes. Jasper had suggested to Arabella to pass him off to Matilda as some near relation. But Arabella refused all such disguise. Her sole claim to self-respect was in considering him solemnly engaged to her—the man she was to marry. And, after the second time they thus met, she said to Matilda, who had not questioned her by a word—by a look—"I was to be married to that gentleman before my father died; we are to be married as soon as we have something to live upon."

Matilda made some commonplace but kindly rejoinder. And thus she became raised into Arabella's confidence—so far as that confidence could be given, without betraying Jasper's real name, or one darker memory in herself. Luxury, indeed, it was to Arabella to find, at last, some one to whom she could speak of that betrothal in which her whole future was invested—of that affection which was her heart's sheet-anchor—of that home, humble it might be, and far off, but to which Time rarely fails to bring the Two, if never weary of the trust, to become as One. Talking thus, Arabella forgot the relationship of pupil and teacher; it was as woman to woman—girl to girl—friend to friend. Matilda seemed touched by the confidence—flattered to possess at last another's secret. Arabella was a little chafed that she did not seem to admire Jasper as much as Arabella thought the whole world must admire. Matilda excused herself. "She had scarcely noticed Mr. Hammond. Yes; she had no doubt he would be considered handsome; but she owned, though it might be bad taste, that she preferred a pale complexion, with auburn hair;" and then she sighed and looked away, as if she had, in the course of her secret life, encountered some fatal pale complexion, with never-to-be-forgotten auburn hair. Not a word was said by either Matilda or Arabella as to concealing from Mr. Darrell these meetings with Mr. Hammond. Perhaps Arabella could not stoop to ask that secrecy; but there was no necessity to ask. Matilda was always too rejoiced to have something to conceal.

Now, in these interviews, Jasper scarcely ever addressed himself to Matilda; not twenty spoken words could have passed between them; yet, in the very third interview, Matilda's sly fingers had closed on a sly note. And from that day, in each interview, Arabella walking in the centre, Jasper on one side, Matilda the other—behind Arabella's back—passed the sly fingers and the sly notes, which Matilda received and answered. Not more than twelve or fourteen times was even this interchange effected. Darrell was about to move to Fawley. All such meetings would be now suspended. Two or three mornings before that fixed for leaving London Matilda's room was found vacant. She was gone. Arabella was the first to discover her flight, the first to learn its cause. Matilda had left on her writing-table a letter for Miss Fossett. It was very short, very quietly expressed, and it rested her justification on a note from Jasper, which she inclosed—a note in which that gallant hero, ridiculing the idea that he could ever have been in love with Arabella, declared that he would destroy himself if Matilda refused to fly. *She* need not fear such angelic confidence in him. No! Even

> "Had he a heart for falsehood framed,
> He ne'er could injure her."

Stifling each noisier cry—but panting—gasping—literally half out of her mind, Arabella rushed into Darrell's study. He, unsuspecting man, calmly bending over his dull books, was startled by her apparition. Few minutes sufficed to tell him all that it concerned him to learn. Few brief questions, few passionate answers, brought him to the very worst.

Who, and what, was this Mr. Hammond? Heaven of heavens! the son of William Losely—of a transported felon!

Arabella exulted in a reply which gave her a moment's triumph over the rival who had filched from her such a prize. Roused from his first misery and sense of abasement in this discovery, Darrell's wrath was naturally poured, not on the fugitive child, but on the frontless woman, who, buoyed up by her own rage and sense of wrong, faced him, and did not cower. She, the faithless governess, had presented to her pupil this convict's son in another name; she owned it—she had trepanned into the snares of so vile a fortune-hunter, an ignorant child—she might feign amaze—act remorse—she must have been the man's accomplice. Stung, amidst all the bewilderment of her anguish, by this charge, which, at least, she did not deserve, Arabella tore from her bosom Jasper's recent letters to herself—letters all devotion and passion—placed them before Darrell, and bade him read. Nothing thought she then of name and fame. Nothing but of her wrongs and of her woes. Compared to herself, Matilda seemed the perfidious criminal—she the injured victim. Darrell but glanced over the letters; they were signed "your loving husband."

"What is this?" he exclaimed, "are you married to the man?"

"Yes," cried Arabella, "in the eyes of Heaven!"

To Darrell's penetration there was no mistaking the significance of those words, and that look; and his wrath redoubled. Anger in him, when once roused, was terrible; he had small need of words to vent it. His eye withered, his gesture appalled. Conscious but of one burning firebrand in brain and heart—of a sense that youth, joy, and hope were for ever gone, that the world could never be the same again—Arabella left the house, her character lost, her talents useless, her very means of existence stopped. Who henceforth would take *her* to teach? Who henceforth place their children under *her* charge?

She shrank into a gloomy lodging—she shut herself up alone with her despair. Strange though it may seem, her anger against Jasper was slight as compared with the intensity of her hate to Matilda. And stranger still it may seem, that as her thoughts recovered from their first chaos, she felt more embittered against the world, more crushed by a sense of shame, and yet galled by a no less keen sense of injustice, in recalling the scorn with which Darrell had rejected all excuse for her conduct in the misery it had occasioned her, than she did by the consciousness of her own lamentable errors. As in Darrell's esteem there was something that, to those who could appreciate it, seemed invaluable, so in his contempt to those who had cherished that esteem there was a weight of ignominy, as if a judge had pronounced a sentence that outlaws the rest of life.

Arabella had not much left out of her munificent salary. What she had hitherto laid by had passed to Jasper—defraying, perhaps, the very cost of his flight with her treacherous rival. When her money was gone, she pawned the poor relics of her innocent happy girlhood, which she had been permitted to take from her father's home, and had borne with her wherever she went, like household gods,—the prize-books, the lute, the costly work-box, the very bird-cage, all which the reader will remember to have seen in her later life, the books never opened, the lute broken, the bird long, long, long vanished from the cage! Never did she think she should redeem those pledges from that Golgotha, which takes, rarely to give back, so many hallowed tokens of the dreamland called "better days"—the trinkets worn at the first ball, the ring that was given with the earliest love-vow—yea, even the very bells and coral that pleased the infant in its dainty cradle, and the very Bible in which the lips that now bargain for sixpence more, read to some gray-haired father on his bed of death!

Soon the sums thus miserably raised were as miserably doled away. With a sullen apathy the woman contemplated famine. She would make no effort to live—appeal to no relations, no friends. It was a kind of vengeance she took on others, to let herself drift on to death. She had retreated from lodging to lodging, each obscurer, more desolate than the other. Now, she could no longer pay rent for the humblest room; now, she was told to go forth—whither? She knew not—cared not—took her way toward the river, as by that instinct which, when the mind is diseased, tends toward self-destruction, scarce less involuntarily than it turns, in health, toward self-preservation. Just as she passed under the lamplight at the foot of Westminster Bridge, a well-dressed man looked at her, and seized her arm. She raised her head with a chilly, melancholy scorn, as if she had received an insult—as if she feared that the man knew the stain upon her name, and dreamed, in his folly, that the dread of death might cause her to sin again.

"Do you not know me?" said the man; "more strange that I should recognize you! Dear, dear!—and what a dress!—how you *are* altered! Poor thing!"

At the words "poor thing" Arabella burst into tears; and in those tears the heavy cloud on her brain seemed to melt away.

"I have been inquiring, seeking for you every where, Miss," resumed the man. "Surely you know me now! Your poor aunt's lawyer! She is no more—died last week. She has left you all she had in the world; and a very pretty income it is, too, for a single lady."

Thus it was that we find Arabella installed in the dreary comforts of Podden Place. "She exchanged," she said, "in honor to her aunt's memory, her own name for that of Crane, which her aunt had borne—her own mother's maiden name." She assumed, though still so young, that title of "Mrs." which spinsters, grown venerable, moodily adopt when they desire all mankind to know that henceforth they relinquish the vanities of tender misses—that, become mistress of themselves, they defy and spit upon our worthless sex, which, whatever its repentance, is warned that it repents in vain. Most of her aunt's property was in houses, in various districts of Bloomsbury. Arabella moved from one to the other of these tenements, till she settled for good into the dullest of all. To make it duller yet, by contrast with the past, the Golgotha for once gave up its buried treasures—broken lute, birdless cage!

Somewhere about two years after Matilda's death, Arabella happened to be in the office of the agent who collected her house-rents, when a well-dressed man entered, and, leaning over the counter, said—"There is an advertisement in to-day's *Times* about a lady who offers a home, education, and so forth, to any little motherless girl; terms moderate, as said lady loves children for their own sake. Advertiser refers to your office for particulars—give them!"

The agent turned to his books; and Arabella turned toward the inquirer. "For whose child do you want a home, Jasper Losely?"

Jasper started. "Arabella! Best of cre-

* *Mel Ynnys*—Isle of Honey. One of the poetic names given to England in the language of the ancient Britons.

tures! And can you deign to speak to such a vil—

"Hush — let us walk. Never mind the advertisement of a stranger. I may find a home for a motherless child—a home that will cost you nothing."

She drew him into the street. "But can this be the child of — of — Matilda Darrell?"

"Bella!" replied, in coaxing accents, that most execrable of lady-killers, "can I trust you?—can you be my friend in spite of my having been such a very sad dog? But money—what can one do without money in this world? Had I a heart for falsehood framed, it would never have injured you'—if I had not been so cursedly hard up! And indeed now, if you would but consecrate to forgive and forget, perhaps some day or other we may be Darby and Joan—only, you see, just at this moment I am really not worthy of such a Joan. You know, of course, that I am a widower—not inconsolable."

"Yes; I read of Mrs. Hammold's death in an old newspaper."

"And you did not read of her baby's death, too—some weeks afterward?"

"No; it is seldom that I see a newspaper. Is the infant dead?"

"Hum—you shall hear."

And Jasper entered into a recital, to which Arabella listened with attentive interest. At the close she offered to take herself the child for whom Jasper sought a home. She informed him of her change of name and address. The wretch promised to call that evening with the infant; but he sent the infant, and did not call. Nor did he present himself again to her eyes, until, several years afterward, those eyes so lavishly welcomed him to Fodden Place. But though he did not even condescend to write to her in the mean while, it is probable that Arabella contrived to learn more of his habits and mode of life at Paris than she intimated when they once more met face to face.

And now the reader knows more than Alban Morley, or Guy Darrell perhaps ever will know, of the grim woman in iron gray.

THE "MACEDONIAN."

THE cut we give herewith is an accurate representation of the United States sloop-of-war *Macedonian*, lately refitted at Boston, and now on her way to the Gulf of Mexico, from whence she is to proceed to the Mediterranean, which is her appointed station. The *Macedonian*, though ranking in the naval register as a sloop, and carrying the armament of that class of vessels, is, in fact, a razee, cut down from a frigate. She is one of the few remaining vessels in our navy which possess historic interest. She was originally a French man-of-war; was taken from the French by the English, and from them by the United States. The action in which she was taken from the British by the *United States*, Commodore Decatur, was, in its effects, one of the most important in the war of 1812. At the commencement of that war not only was our navy weak, but the general sentiment of the country was unfavorable to its increase. Britannia ruled the waves. It had become a proverb that, when the French launched a new ship from their yards, they were only adding another to the fleets of their enemy; and it was difficult to convince the good people of the United States that any addition to our own naval force would not have a similar result. The British, indeed, boasted that before the close of the new war they would lay their sloops alongside American frigates, and this boast found many believers among the Americans. The capture of the *Guerriere* by the *Constitution*, the first serious naval combat in the war, was hailed, therefore, with as much surprise as delight; and when the *Macedonian* came into port as a prize, there two hard facts began to be considered in their true light. The first was that our navy could cope successfully with the British navy; and the second was that the latter was not invincible. The capture of the *Macedonian* was followed by that of the *Java*, the *Frolic*, the *Peacock*, the *Epervier*, the *Penguin*, and the *Reindeer*, and by the destruction of the *Chesapeake*, the *Essex*, the *Wasp*, and the *Hornet*. The *Macedonian* was built at Deptford, England, in 1810, and launched in the following year. She was a ship of 1,081 tons, and carried forty guns. She was captured by the *United States* on the 25th October, 1812. She fought under command of Captain Jones. Proceeding up Long Island Sound, in company with the *United States* and *Hornet*, the three were chased into New London by a greatly superior British force, and there blockaded during the continuance of the war. After its close she served on various stations; was in 1836 rebuilt at Gosport navy-yard, when she was cut down to a sloop; and after serving in different parts of the world — among others, on the Japan expedition — has latterly been laid up in ordinary in Boston. She has the reputation of being a staunch vessel yet, and will probably carry the star-spangled flag into different seas for many years to come. Success to her officers and crew on her present cruise!



THE UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR "MACEDONIAN."

THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

FRANCE has just purchased from the British Government part of the Emperor's estate, on the island of St. Helena, containing the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. We give below a pretty sketch of the spot as it is at present.

It would have been a graceful act, it would seem, for the English to have made a free gift of the tomb to their faithful ally, Napoleon the Third. One can not help wondering that this did not occur to the British Government. Perhaps, however, they had adequate reasons for the course they took.

Napoleon was buried in this spot on 7th May, 1821. We take the following graphic account of the scene from Abbott's "Napoleon:"

"The morning of the 8th of May dawned with unusual brilliance. A perfect calm had succeeded the storm, and not a cloud obscured the brightness of the sun. At an early hour all the inhabitants of the island were directing their steps toward Longwood, to pay their last tribute of respect to the remains of the Emperor. At half past twelve o'clock the grenadiers placed the coffin upon the hearse. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, richly caparisoned, and each led by a groom. The faded cloak he wore at Marengo was his fitting shroud. Four of his devoted friends held the corners of the pall. Twelve grenadiers walked by the side of the hearse, to carry the coffin where the bad condition of the path along the crags prevented the wheels from advancing. The Emperor's horse, caparisoned in black, was led by a groom.

"The household of Longwood, dressed in deep mourning, followed sadly behind, weeping, with heart-rending grief, as children at the grave of a father. Next after them came the Admiral and the Governor, on horseback, accompanied by the officers of the staff. In long procession the inhabitants of the island—men, women, and children—reverently joined the funeral train. The garrison, two thousand five hundred in number, which had been stationed upon the island to guard the Em-



LONGWOOD.—THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

perer, fined the whole of the left side of the road from Longwood nearly to the grove. Bands of music, at appointed intervals, breathed their requiems over the crags battered in the silent sunlight. As the procession passed along, the soldiers, one by two, fell into the line, and with reversed arms solemnly paced the dead march to the grave. The rear of the scene was behind. Not a leaf trembled upon the gnarwood trees. And not a sound, save the slight sledge, fell upon the listening ear, as the burial train moved slowly amidst the blackened crags. The whole career of Napoleon passed over the wilderness which imagination can conceive. But no events during that wondrous history are more touching and solemn than the death and burial on this lone, barren island.

At length the hearse stopped. Huge blocks of blackened lava, precipices, and towering crags obstructed the further advance of the wheels. Twelve generals with difficulty took up their burden, and, struggling in the heavy triple coffin of tin, lead, and mahogany, and ascended the narrow path, which had been constructed on the side of the rugged mountain, to the place of burial. The burning of minute-guns, from the admiral's ship in the harbor, reverberated from pinnacle to pinnacle of this gloomy rock, adding solemnity to sublimity to the scene. Every heart was vanquished by uncontrollable emotion. The coffin was placed on the verge of the grave. The Abbé Vignali recited the burial service. As the first was then lowered in its resting-place, the three successive volleys from a battery of fifteen cannon discharged over the grave resounded in thunder peals along the crags of St. Helena. The war was appealed to by a simultaneous discharge from the ships in the harbor and every fort upon the island. The grave was then filled in, carefully closed with masonry, and a guard of honor placed over it.

In the year 1840, under the government of Louis Philippe, the remains of the Emperor were transferred to France, and laid in the Hôtel des Invalides. It is the intention of the present Emperor to erect a monument to his uncle which shall be worthy of the man and of the Empire.

MAGGIE GRAY.

Oh! I'm in love with Maggie Gray,
Sweet Maggie with the soft blue eye;
I saw her one December day,
When winter winds went whistling by.
I, fearful, watched her cross the street
Before a heavy-laden dray,
But ere a glance, the horse's feet
Were tramping pretty Maggie Gray.

I ran and jumped, an awful jump,
And soon was trembled on my breast;
Her little cheeks, so red and plump,
Smeared mud upon my velvet vest.
I thought her face was Maggie's face,
I wiped the wet and mud away;
And as I kissed the clearest place,
Was I a raw sweet Maggie Gray.

The tale was short that Maggie told,
She only breathed her little name;
She said that she was five years old,
And brother Tom was just the same.
She spoke in a mysterious tone
Of a dear mother far away;
An angel in the Heavenly Home,
Who prayed for little Maggie Gray.

I rubbed and scraped the little one,
My cambric was an utter wreck;
And when we took way hand in hand,
I tied a ribbon on her neck.
I bade her keep the silken band,
And think of me another day.
They took her from my muddy hand,
Farewell forever, Maggie Gray!

Miscellany.

—It was lately asserted that Napoleon Bonaparte was descended from the celebrated Man-with-the-Iron-Mask. who is generally admitted to have been an elder brother of Louis XIV., and that the present Emperor of France was, therefore, rightly entitled to the throne which he now fills. This is probably one of those mystery which ambitious persons set afloat upon the ocean of newspapers. A new kind of Napoleonic myth, to add to the

Antiquities of the Bonaparte Family,

we learn that the Emperor's remote ancestors were men who made themselves felt in Italy centuries ago.

We find the origin of the name well explained. There is a tradition that the early name of the family was Farra, but that on a feud arising between two branches, the younger brother obtained the Napoleon branch, Malaparte, for their name. It appears, however, that their real name was, in all cases, Malaparti, but that when the people found them generally so called they also so called them Bonaparte. We find that, in the thirteenth century, in a work on the early history of Treviso, the Bonapartes were called *gens nobilis et antiqua*.

It was natural that the Italians should reverence the name. If there is in their glorious annals one heroic, one national hero, it is that of Napoleon of the League of the Lombard towns. A few citizens, wearied of the exactions of the feudal sway, determined to defy the German empire, then in all its power under Frederick Barbarossa. Those citizens, with whom the peasants and soldiers soon joined, rose against their oppressor, and stood the brunt of his long and powerful attack. Again and Frederick renewed the attack with fresh armies in vain. Italy devoured his savage hordes, and the most terrible of Christian sovereigns, Frederick Barbarossa, died for peace. He yielded to a new power—the right of a people. Such was the head of this Italian national movement, among other nobles, was a Bonaparte—John L de Bonaparte, the founder of the family. He was named Rector of the League of the Lombard towns. In 1183, when the victory, after a fifteen years' war, had been decided, we find among the signatures to the Treaty of Constance, "Joannes de Bonaparte, de Trevisio Consul et Rector." Fifty-six years afterward we find a Bonaparte commanding the army of the Milanese partisans who fought Frederick at Castelfranco, commanded by Frederick the Second in person.

Centuries dreaded the name, and, in 1357, the existence of the Bonaparte was torn down from the Capitol at Rome, and, in 1360, we find it on the mysterious government of the republic. Four hundred and fifty years later a Bonaparte, at Constantinople, translated the Code of Civil Laws of Venice. We find them next at Bologna, illustrious in law and letters. In 1796 an Italian writer remarked that "there was always an illustrious writer in the family." A Bonaparte was a famous scholar, *La Lodera*, in 1302. In 1604 there appeared a remarkable account of the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon. It was ascribed to Guicciardini, and many critics were published over it upon its true authorship. It was a Bonaparte, sub-priest of Colla, dean of the metropolis of Florence, canon of the Vatican, protonotary and apostolical prothonotary. The authorship of this pamphlet caused a literary quarrel, which lasted more than a century. In 1796 a splendid edition, edited by Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, brother to Napoleon III., appeared at Florence, and settled the question.

A Noble Devotee.

—Sir Henry Bate, a wealthy English brewer, and sometime a of a notorious lady holding a high position in her Majesty's household, has left his fortune in the manner in which he proposed to bequeath his estate, amongst the gentlemanly and fashionable devotees like unto. They did succeed, however, in tying up to right entire children of the lady.

In 1841 Sir Henry Meux's share in the great monopoly was worth £1,000,000; in 1858 it is worth £3,000,000, and this in spite of a long minority, the years' neglect of business, of hunting and racing, of French opera-boxes, Revue cities, mill Champagne, and double open-knees of *bottles*, mares, and dog-forests; of Epsom, Newmarket, and Ascot; eating with a spoon and jaunting about in a gold coach a year. Sir Henry Meux's father was a very busy head to no taste for business, and he only extended the brewing when the accounts were made up, thereby, up his time almost entirely to the most costly pursuits, in fashion with the nobility and chief of the aristocracy. Sir Henry's father-in-law, Lord Ernest Brace, though of old nobility, with an estate well pendent at the County seat, was obliged to appeal to a family alliance with the brewer, for the very best reasons in the world. The world was not shocked when his son-in-law bequeathed him the management of the brewery, with a salary of £5,000 a year, but rather took it to oily than otherwise. 'Tis true, Lord Ernest knew nothing about beer—probably never put it in his life—for all that, he "thought he knew how to look after the profits."

British Coolness.

The first symptom of Sir Henry's madness was manifested in his wild and extravagant love of the shot. The coolness of Englishmen was strikingly displayed in the answers of one of Sir Henry's friends: "He shot, and said nothing which it, which made me suspect something was wrong about him; because, when a man is shot by another, he rather expects something to be said." Cool, certainly.

—Poets are not generally thought to be hard-working men. Industry, who, indeed ever associated with the ruling exception to this poetical rule. A recent writer gives this account of the

Poet's Time-Tables:

In associating with Southey, not only was it necessary to abstain to refrain from disturbing his books, but various rites, ceremonies, and usages must be rigidly observed. At certain appointed hours only was he open to conversation; at the seasons which had been predestined from all eternity he had engrossed to write on his literary work; every hour of the day had its commission—every half-hour was assigned to its own peculiar, indispensable occupation. He had elaborately mapped out a detailed account of his most pains-taking life, every moment of which was filled with method and activity, by prearranged, to a certain literary Quaker lady.

Nothing at five throughout the year; from six till eight, I read Spanish; from eight to ten, one hour; Portuguese, next, for half an hour—no watch here in the hills; I write from ten to twelve; I write prose for two hours; I translate to long; I make extracts so long;" and so on the rest, until the poor fellow had hardly a quarter hour for his best again.

"And you, when dost thou think, friend?" she asked, dryly, to the great discomfiture of the future historian.

—Whatever poets we must quote this story of Wordsworth

is thoroughly characteristic of his indifference to every production of modern growth but his own poetry.

When "Rob Roy" was published, some of Mr. Wordsworth's friends called to congratulate the author ment of the day was to be the new novel. He accompanied them to the appointed spot, joined them at luncheon, and then said: "Now, before you begin, I will read you a poem of my own on Rob Roy, which will increase your pleasure in the new book." Of course, every one was delighted, and he recited the well-known verses; and then resumed his volume, and said: "I will proceed. I hope you will enjoy your book;" and walked quietly off, and was seen no more all the afternoon. The very rough mode in which he handled books showed how little he cared for their style. Southey, as he let him into a fine library was like turning a bear into a tulip-garden; and De Quincey tells of his cutting open a "French-edition" of Burke with a knife he had just used to butter toast.

Hopefulness

is the most fortunate of future success. Few of the world's great men but have found themselves in a tight place, where commonplace minds would have seen no avenue for escape.

A man's heart always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs; and how slight a circumstance may change the whole current of events. Such confidence, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if, it last, all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency benumbs the mind of all its powers. The moment of good—the giving up of the battle of life in despair, is always the worst. Every passage of courage in the human soul is its best physician.

How to Buried.

There seems to be a choice in the matter. Some remain buried alive; but how are you going to induce those who thought life have not managed to earn an honest living, to earn an precedents for their resolve.

The Bactrians gave their dead to dogs kept for the purpose. In Tibet the same custom is still in highly-honored observance; and it is preferable to that of the Calatians, who piously devoured their own dead relations. Again, the Persians expose the bones at the funeral of his once martial another is a funeral of the Scythians, who strangle a horse and slain at the brink of the grave, into which he was then tumbled on the body of his old rider. This custom, however, was prohibited by a law that ordered the funeral of a German hitter, with a love of the Germans, who, as we know, have always considered its own fashion the most religious, and nothing seemed more disgusting to a Calatian who ate, or to the Tibetan Buddhists who fed upon their dead into sausage-meat and then potted them for the purpose of preserving them for future consumption. Our Christian forefathers, too, had their vagaries. No one, for instance, killed when fighting in the open field was buried within the walls of a church, unless he was slain at a tournament, because an end showed that he died "Christian gentleman," and the exception was made in favor of this gentility! A similar vagary, but of a more revolting nature, was that of the martyr of the parish church of Clifton, near Bristol, where the "Fighting Vault" was especially set apart for the interment of the heroes who had fallen in the duel.

Woman's Rights

prevail among the Vizeer, a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains between Persia and India. The women choose their husbands, and use the husband's their wives. If a woman be pleased with a man, she sends the intimation that she is going to join a festival with his cap with a pin she has used to fasten her hair. The dreamer watches his opportunity, and does this in public without the women, and the man is obliged to marry her if he can pay her price to her father.

—In not this a fine example of the power of

Faith?

"I can conceive," says Lord Erskine, "a distressed landsman man, surrounded by his children, looking up to him for bread, when he has none to give them, sinking under the last day's labor, and unprovided for the next, yet still supported by confidence in the hour when all tears shall be wiped away by the hands of affection; and he burden laid upon him by a mysterious Providence which he adores, and anticipating with exultation the reversed promises of his Creator, when his lot will be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest upon earth."

Odd Thoughts.

Benefits.—He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Chamfort.

Heresy and Disputation.—No two things differ more than heresy and dispute. Heresy is the child of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man is office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring incessantly to get forward; in controversy nothing without getting on a jot; talks a great deal, but says very little; looks very much, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those that are he only burns his fingers.—Colton.

Books.—Books are standing counselors and friends, always at hand, and always unreserved; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we require.—Chambers.

"Where the Good Die Young."—It was among Wordsworth's friends a matter of amusement to hear the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Angels, who loved the young, took stolen them to her embrace.

Mr. Wordsworth made this sentence of the poet as a canon of my creed: that whom God loveth not, they love not suicide.—T. Moultry, 1839.

Sleep is a kind of suicide; and this is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul and put the World to Sight.—Marie Louise.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"The ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician. "Have they?" was the answering remark to the utter astonishment of the speaker.

"What a nice home built!" inquired a competitive auditor.

"In the night, Sir."

"In the night! How do you make that out?"

"Why, Sir, those wasn't built in a day!"

A Palladier, direct from the sod, had got into a mess, and was knocked down.

"Arrah, now! what's the aither knitin' a man while he's down?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," said his antagonist.

"Faith, then, I guess I'll not, for I can't fill the bee."

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

Marriages in France are often arranged in a summary manner. Not long since, a young gentleman of fortune arrived at Marseilles, and had an interview with his notary on the subject of his marriage. He was heavily in debt, and in great despair. Sitting in the office of the notary, he said, "I am ruined—I am deeply embarrassed. A conversation ensued, and the notary finally said, "I have a young lady in my eye, who is very rich, and who would be glad to talk to you." The gentleman was struck with the young man could not think. The notary then went out, came with powdered confidence, imparted to the stranger his pecuniary embarrassments. The gentleman looked rather coldly a little, and then replied,

"Well, I see no way of relieving you from your difficulties, but by your marrying her."

"No, no," said the young man; "I am in trouble, it is true, but what would you feel at matrimony has happened to me yet."

"Indeed," urged the other, "you would not object to a wife with a million of francs?"

"A different matter, indeed."

"Then," said the notary, "I will present you to a lady who will marry you, and you will be once again happy."

The next-made friends parted, soon to meet again. The notary was presented to the lady. The interview and speaking were without blunder; he was handsome, and the lady was equally smitten. As soon as the interview had predicted, the young gentleman was possessed of a million of francs. The notary had wedding the stranger called on the bridegroom.

"Sir," said the latter, with warmth, "*my dear friend*, you come to congratulate me, and at the same time to insult me. What do you mean by the expression you have just made use of?"

"With much pleasure," replied he. "You have passed bills of exchange in the name of your wife's father, which bills being now in my possession, I have called to consult you, and to keep a settlement of the same. I know you were without fortune; getting you in prison would be of no service to me, but I can provide you with a fortune; and now gratitude will surely force you to render me justice."

GOOD COUNSEL.

Tutor not thyself in science: go to masters for perfection.

Also apply the thoughts alone!
Whose in the place whereunto he hath his own reflection.

Widen both ignorant and proud.

Study not in one book only: boo-like, rather, at a bunch.

Sources gather honeyed love:
Then art thou highest bird in flight, when bee nest has once been plundered,

Then can build another more.

Railroad poetry is browning a school, like that of the Lake poets. Here is a verse from a railroad conductor on a Maryland road between two bridges—one of them a long one—which he calls the "Song of the Bridges." The conductor, knowing that he would be blamed for his unpoetical notice, sent the following letter with the following statement of facts and touching appeal:

Mr. Conductor's Letter.

As the collision that happened last Sabbath morning of Union Dam curve, between four and five o'clock, has caused a great excitement in the public mind, and as I am the conductor of the train that was unfortunately of duty, or carries in the office in charge. Not knowing that I was to be called to account for the said charge they lay the blame, induces me to take this method of exonerating myself from the whole matter throughout. I am perfectly satisfied for twelve men to be impartial judges, and would be thankful if Master of Master Street or butchers or blacksmiths at Mount Clare—to be the twelve impartial men to decide, and they can conscientiously come to a conclusion that I am the guilty person, and that I deserve punishment for the loss of life, as long me as high as Human; and if not, nepair me as I deserve.

I will give below my report, which I send in to the Company, which will explain to you how I was standing on the bumper at the time coming:

POEM.

When first I saw his brazen light
Spring suddenly around the curve,
I was with horror struck to fright
To witness thus in my charge!
So in the cry I quickly went,
And found it was, in fact, my way,
To be in action quickly spent.
Then to the bridge I did depend.
Then to the deed I made a spring,
To extricate myself from harm;
In that I didn't fail to do.
Of thoughts upon my mind was borne—
First prayer—that God would me save—
My form was plunged in dark despair,
Not knowing but I was about to die,
But where every timber and alcoholic spirits were.
Then the Spirit came on me at once:
The one before—the one of woe:
Then came the spirit Divine,
And saved us from the spirit of woe.

S. S. Fabit.

Here is another Western Justice of the Peace;

th
February 17 1858 Sir

Pursuely A good James Corey before now a Justices of the Peace and Quorum for this County do not this very day and from you the lickest grain to Sean plaster of Paris

Please to inform this Day you are to be out on Friday Morning 19th of February and that boy got sticket to Greenbrier and that boy gave you a twenty dollar bill on the Southern Bank of Kentucky And you gave him change in Silver and that boy and this is one of them and that he sat you If it was good money and you said that it was good as any in the State and you gave it and it was still sold to ben Crowtwell and James Corey and that boy and sold him a silver dollar in change for her and you put this note in the store Dapper that ret and you Justices of the Peace send A. in Batesford Greenbrier Highland County ohio

A merchant of Mobile recently wrote a letter of response to a gentleman of Mississippi, and in due course of time received a letter which he opened, examined, cut out and pasted on the back of the envelope, in which the letter had been sent, the following: "Dear Sir—I received your letter some days ago and this is the first time I have had time to write you a word in reply. Business has been very good, and I have been very busy. Times are very hard, and I am afraid they will be harder. Hoping you are enjoying good health, I remain, yours truly, &c." Then, with the hope that the postmaster in Mobile might be able to do more by it than he had.

So you have had new bottoms to your parlor-chairs, I hear, Jane; how much did they cost?"

"Indeed I don't know."

"Well, that's strange; for you must have paid for them or they would not have sent them home *reseated*."

If you would kill game,
It is true you must shoot,
But then you must aim,
And hold steady to boot.

At a negro celebration, lately, an Irishman stood listening to a colored speaker, expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said,

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; didn't he, now?"

Somebody said, "He isn't a negro, he is only a half negro."

"Only a half a nagur, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah!"

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

The sight of such a phenomenon as the House of Lords laughing is due to Mr. Roundell Palmer. During the sitting of their lordships the other day, on a Committee of Privileges in the Shrewsbury Peerage case, the learned counsel was reading the will of a certain Humphrey Talbot. In this will were certain bequests of a gold chain, a suit of "tawny velvet," etc. Then followed a gift of "*two Maries*," which was interpreted by the advocate to mean two much-prized figures of the Virgin Mary. This was succeeded by "two *foles*." This was far beyond the power of the silk gown, who could only understand it as meaning "two fools," though it appeared strange that the testator should bequeath such a commodity; whereupon Lord St. Leonards exclaimed, "Two mares and foals are no doubt the true meaning." This interpretation, though obviously the correct one, was so opposed to the Dryasdust theory, that their lordships burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which they were joined by the entire auditory.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, July* 19, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 17, 1858	$4,231,509....	$1,003,183
Corresponding week, 1857	8,131,984....	962,814
Decrease	$3,900,475	
Increase		$40,369

The export of specie during the week has only been $637,000, against which there is an arrival of $1,401,713 from California. The bank statement to be made up this afternoon will therefore probably show an increase of $750,000 @ $1,000,000. The price of money is unchanged. Exchange on London vibrates between 109¼ @ 109½, at which rate, with gold bars at a discount of ⅝, specie can be exported at a small profit.

Stocks closed on Saturday about where they stood on the Saturday previous. The chief advance of the week was in Pacific Mail shares, which rose some 7 per cent. on the strength of the probable profits of the new line from San Francisco to Vancouver's Island. In the leading railway stocks there is not much speculation, and no change in market values.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, July* 19, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been moderately active for Flour at uniform prices. Sound lots of Wheat and Corn have been scarce, and in request at full rates. Most of the available supply of each has consisted of unsound or inferior lots. The principal inquiry for Flour and Corn has been for home use. Shippers have been the heaviest purchasers of Wheat. Rye and Barley were quiet, at unchanged figures. Oats have been more freely offered than they were required by buyers, and prices have tended downward....Cotton, Coffee, Sugars, Rice, Provisions, Linseed Oil, and Tallow have been more sought after, generally at advancing rates....Hay, Hops, and Tobacco have been in fair demand at our quotations ....Naval Stores attracted less attention....Wool has been moderately inquired for....A partial revival of demand from distant country buyers for Fall Dry Goods has taken place during the week. The general anticipation is that the trade, this season, will not be as heavy as usual in late years. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $2,203,843, against $5,348,103, the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $24,042,761, against $55,567,815 the same week last year.....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@	$4 05
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 80	@	4 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 10	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 25	@	5 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 45	@	7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 50	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 43
Red Wheat, per bushel	72	@	1 25
Corn, per bushel	78	@	91
Rye, per bushel	68	@	70
Barley, per bushel	55	@	62½
Western Oats, per bushel	45½	@	46½
State Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	41	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel	32	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	13
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 70	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 75	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 00
Cut Meats, per pound	5½	@	8
Lard, per pound	11¼	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound	3	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¼	@	11¾
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@	7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	31	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24	@	24½
Hops, per pound	5	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Tallow, per pound	9¼	@	9½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62½	@	3 68¾
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	@	45
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 60	@	1 65
Linseed Oil, per gallon	74	@	75
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6½	@	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	58

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more freely supplied with Beeves, and, in the absence of an active inquiry, prices tended downward....Milch Cows were plentier, and in better request....Veal Calves, as also Sheep and Lambs, were less active....Swine continued quiet....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *July* 7.	Week ending *July* 14.
Beeves	3,324	3,956
Milch Cows	188	211
Veal Calves	731	913
Sheep and Lambs	8,061	13,322
Swine	3,193	3,436

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1,208	Indiana	260
Ohio	659	New York	104
Kentucky	495	Pennsylvania	89
Iowa	384	Canada	52

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	6
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 25	@	8 00
" " per pound	3	@	7½
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have not varied much during the week....Gooseberries are advancing. Raspberries, Blackberries, and Huckleberries tend downward. Peaches remain about the same. The demand for domestic fruit is good....The new Potatoes now in come mainly from Norfolk, Long Island, and New Jersey. Green Peas are dearer. Turnips, Beets, Cucumbers, Squashes, and Salad are cheaper. Green Corn is arriving from New Jersey. Cauliflowers are nearly out of market. Some receipts of Okra are reported. The inquiry for Vegetables continues fair....Eggs continue to advance, influenced by diminished receipts....Poultry is plenty and dull. An advance on last week's prices of Woodcock, which are less plenty, and the receipt of some Snipe and Plover, form the only noticeable changes in the way of game.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Gooseberries, per bushel	$1 25	@	$2 00
Cherries, per pound	4	@	10
Currants, per pound	3	@	9
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	3 00	@	8 00
Blackberries, per bushel	4 50	@	5 00
Huckleberries, per bushel	4 00	@	5 00
Apples, new, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
Peaches, per 1¼ bushels	50	@	8 00
String Beans, per bushel	75	@	1 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel	3 00	@	3 50
Onions, new, per barrel	2 50	@	—
" " per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Beets, new, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	4 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 50
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per bushel	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	62½	@	75
Green Peas, per bushel	75	@	1 25
Green Corn, per 100 ears	1 00	@	1 25
Watermelons, per 100	25 00	@	75 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100	8 00	@	12 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	2 00	@	3 00
Cucumbers, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
Eggs, per dozen	11	@	15
Chickens, per pair	50	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	2 25
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	4 00
Snipe, Dowlcher, per dozen	1 25	@	1 75
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	3 00	@	4 00

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3. Becomes slightly acquainted with life at sea, and thoroughly initiated into the miseries of seasickness.



4. Arrival at Chagres; is waylaid by naked niggers, and baggage disappears.



5. Recovers baggage after paying $50 over the actual value thereof. Arrives in San Francisco during a lively mêlée between several prominent citizens, with revolvers, knives, &c.



6. Finding San Francisco too hot for him, tries the "Diggins;" jumps another man's claim, who makes him jump in return.



7. Tries his luck in another quarter. Works four months, and makes a small pile.



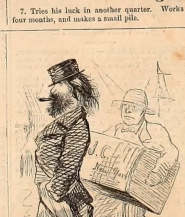
8. Thinks he will increase it by speculating in "poker." Loses the pile in two moments.



9. Being disgusted with "poker," and having good experience in making holes in the ground, turns his attention to getting up ready-made post holes and wells. Discovers a "nugget," and makes his fortune in two days and fourteen hours.



10. Sells his post hole for $10,000, presents his pick and shovel to a charitable institution, and decines running for Congress.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE LYNCHING OF WILLIAM BARKER AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

WE subjoin an excellent picture of the execution, by a mob, of William Barker the murderer, at Lexington, Kentucky, on 19th inst. The picture is from a Melainotype, taken on the spot by Mr. J. C. ELROD of that place—an artist who, we can readily imagine, ranks very high in his profession in the West.

Mr. CHARLES E. MOONEY thus writes concerning the affair:

"On the morning of the 10th instant William Barker, one of a notorious gang who have infested Lexington for some time, was engaged in an altercation with another person, and had his knife drawn as if to strike. Joseph Beard, the City Marshal, was at that time in the market-house across street, making some purchases. His attention being attracted to the fracas, he went over, and, seizing Barker by the arm, started with him to the watch-house; they had proceeded but a few steps when Barker uptripped Mr. Beard, and, as he was falling, stabbed him in the hip; the murderer then very deliberately turned his victim over and thrust his bowie-knife in his breast, *drawing it forward him and twisting it around in the wound.* Mr. Beard died instantly, and the assassin fled, but was arrested and placed in jail. The enraged citizens would at that time have visited summary punishment upon Barker; but it was too early in the morning, and but few were present.

"About seven o'clock A.M. the court-house and fire-bells were rung simultaneously, and in a remarkably short space of time hundreds of the best citizens had assembled at the court-house. A motion was made to proceed to the jail and take out the murderer and hang him. The proposition was received with an assenting shout; in a few moments the multitude had reached the jail, forced the keys from the jailer, and secured Barker; he was taken to the court-house, out of the second-story window of which a beam was thrust. The rope was then placed around the wretched man's neck, and the other end fastened to the beam; his hands were then tied, and he was let out of the window as gently as possible; but the rope proved too weak—it snapped, and the murderer fell to the pavement. Another rope was procured, and he was supported until it could be fastened; he was then swung off. He remained suspended for over an hour. Thus ended the fearful tragedy. That such demonstrations of popular indignation are to be deprecated all will readily admit, but that Barker deserved death no one will deny; and it is only because the people have seen for years their best citizens slaughtered, and the murderers permitted to go unwhipped of justice, that they resolved, in this instance, to show their determination not to be insulted by mock administration of law."

The following account of the same affair is by the correspondent of the Baltimore *American:*

"William Barker, the murderer, just discharged from prison upon a charge of theft, a notorious malefactor and rowdy, had a difficulty at early dawn with a person of the name of M'Chesney. Barker drew a knife, and made several attempts to stab M'Chesney, without serious result. Captain Beard, the murdered man, just from his home and bed, attempted to arrest Barker by clasping the arm whose hand contained the knife. The individual of the knife was possessed of a stalwart person and superior physical powers, and wrenched his arm out of Captain Beard's grasp, then grappled with him, threw him on the pavement, and, with his foot on him or leg thrown over him, raised his knife and stabbed him to the heart. Several citizens saw the deed done. Barker had previously threatened to kill Captain Beard. He was knocked down, by way of a warrant, and lugged off to jail. The bells rang, the citizens assembled, and I, with a desire to hear more of the affair, joined the rapidly accumulating throng in front of the jail.

"No question were asked; no second consideration formed a part of any person's mind present, perhaps, except my own. The purpose was to lynch him. The immense crowd, embracing citizens of great respectability, seemed to regard matters very quietly, and I looked in vain for the earnest eyes and clenched hands that to me seemed an indication of so awful a purpose.

"The tenants of the murderer's max stood silently and collectedly apart from the crowd. Like a person of honor called to the field, he seemed to have left the entire management of the vengance to his friends and fellow-townsmen.

"No desires were entertained of the result.

"The affair now began to assume an import so terribly solemn to one whom sympathies, by reason of knowing no one concerned, were not enlisted, that I bethought me of getting away until all was over. Just at this moment an immense cheer and cries of 'They've got him!' passing from mouth to mouth from the denser mass around the jail door, announced a more explicit demonstration. Forth they came by twos and threes, and now I saw the countenance of determination that I had previously looked for. Presently I had a momentary glimpse of the doomed personage, as bareheaded, with open collar, he was hurried away by the crowd to the court-house. The fascination of the occasion, which can only be explained by likening it to the serpent's charm, drew me with the rapid moving crowd. Over the fences, through the gates, came the eager assemblage, as the foremost ones hurried him from tree to tree in the court-house yard, with a rope of the consistency of a well-used bed-cord, seeking vainly for some limb sufficiently strong to sustain his guilty weight. An officer of the law made a sort of demonstration with his hat from the steps of the court-house. 'Friends, fellow-citizens!' 'Hang him, hang him!' 'My friends, I entreat—' 'Hang him!' 'No mercy, no trial—hang him!'

"During this temporary outbreak, to which attention was directed, I had a fair opportunity to observe the doomed man—a burly, healthy-looking personage, with a not unhandsome face, clear



THE LYNCHING OF WILLIAM BARKER AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.—[FROM A MELAINOTYPE BY J. C. ELROD, OF LEXINGTON.]

eyes, hair of dark brown, so ruffled as to give it the appearance of curls, his neck bared, and the blood flowing in little drops from the scratches inflicted by officious hands; his collar parted and thrown back, by accident, assumed a very melodramatic air, and his perfect silence and composure of demeanor gave to him very much the appearance of a theatrical personage.

"But now a hack for me has had been discovered, and was pushed out of the upper window of the court-house, and at the moment, without the previous appearance of the clouds to indicate it, the rain began falling with considerable force. It was rain, however, to change the programme of the multitudes.

"I withdrew. I am told the rope was tied around his neck, and he was pushed from the window. The rope broke, and he fell a distance of twenty feet on the pavement. It appeared to a deputy, that his sufferings here terminated by death or immediately. The stronger rope was procured and this around his neck as he lay, and he was raised to a very moderate height, and left swinging from the house.

"In the heart of this city, with all the business houses and stores all open, including the banks, and the courthouse yard. The clouds have cleared away, the sun shines, the birds sing, but he is still hanging, with little boys gazing within two feet of his suspended body."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

HOW THE ENGLISH ARE GOING TO USE THEIR GOLD-MINES.

LETTERS have been received in this city from the Head Office of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, professing ignorance of the policy which the Company will adopt with regard to trade to Frazer's River, and referring persons who propose to send goods thither to the headquarters of the Company in London, England. Simultaneously, we have received a copy of Sir Edward B. Lytton's bill for the extension of the Hudson's Bay territory into a British colony with a territorial government.

The general opinion of those who know the Hudson's Bay Company best, is, that the direction of that body will decide not to open a promiscuous trade to Frazer's River, but will insist on the "letter of the bond," the full monopoly granted to the Company two generations ago. It is supposed that this course will be adopted, on the ground that nothing could now save the Company from confiscation, and that its best policy is evidently to make the most of its present opportunities. It is imagined that, under any circumstances, persons will flock to Frazer's River, and that, by holding the trade in its own hands, the Company may make an excellent thing by furnishing them with supplies at exorbitant prices.

This supposition may be erroneous. The Company may be inspired with a spirit of liberality, and may throw open the door to free immigration, and its natural consequence—free trade. But it is due to them to say that it should be noted, that, should the Hudson's Bay Company adopt this course, it will form a striking exception to the class of corporations of which it is a member. Of the chartered monopolies of olden time, it is safe to expect any thing but liberality and sagacity.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's bill states nothing positively with regard to the future organization of the new territory, except that it is to be organized. The form and nature of the Governor most are left to the discretion of the Queen: that is to say, of the ministry for the time being. The ministry may establish a despotic government, in the shape of a Governor irresponsible to the people of the Territory; may, as used to be the Canadian practice, supply him with no other check than a Council named by him by himself; or may, according to the modern Canadian and Australian precedents, send out a Governor with a veto, but practically elected for the election of a popular Legislature. We have no clue to the designs of the Derby administration in reference to the future government to be conferred upon New Caledonia. The liberal tendency of British opinion would, however, justify a hope that the appointment of New Caledonia will approximate more closely to those of the territories of the United States than to those of the old British colonies. It must not be forgotten that no organizing act can go into effect until the Charter of the Company expires, which will be some months hence.

It is, to some degree, with this New Caledonia as with India,—while British Parliament is in session and Houses of Parliament are filling, Lucknow is burning, and twenty thousand heavy-armed and light-accoutered troops are marching to the diggings. In the face of these twenty thousand, all the Armies of Parliament in the world, and all the votes of Members, will be of no avail in behalf of *smoke*. If the twenty thousand are imperiled in their progress, the taste of their quality may have given in California warrant to the belief that they will overrule the impediment whatever it may be. One duly of war will not be enough to enforce the behests of Governor Douglas of Vancouver's Island. Nor would a dozen. Twenty thousand experienced Californian miners would require a regularly equipped army to keep them in check. And it will be of bad augury if the British authorities commence their administration of their new gold regions with a civil war. The only method by which the exceedingly dangerous class from which gold-seekers are recruited can be controlled, is by adopting rules of which they will admit the justice. If the authorities of Frazer's River tolerate trade under due pecuniary restrictions and conditions; if they levy a reasonable duty on goods, and, if they find them conditions accepted, they favor immigration and trade, all will go well. But if there be any such attempt as that which the Government instituted in Australia—and which led to the Ballarat riots—civilization in the New Caledonian River dependencies, will England may have to mourn over the loss of a fine territory.

THE CANVASS IN ILLINOIS.

THERE can be no question but the pending canvass in Illinois is the most important and momentous which ever took place in the political history of the United States. There are, properly speaking, three parties in Illinois—the Republicans, whose candidate is Mr. Lincoln, the Douglas Democrats, represented by Judge Douglas himself, and the Administration party.

The latter is in a peculiar position. It will go into the fight—if it enter at all—on the mere ground of public opposition to Mr. Douglas, in consequence of his disloyalty to the party on the Kansas question. On all other points it agrees with the Republicans, and if this point will be driven—like Mr. Burke's colleague in the representation of Bristol—to content himself with naming such candidates that is a mere ditto to Mr. Douglas. For, though the Senator from Illinois opposed the English compromise, he has since come to accept it as the best which can be raised by that measure. He does not propose to undo what has been done. No Democrat, however ardently wedded to the Nebraska question, could pursue a course different from that which he will adopt in the present Illinois election. For all this, if the Washington *Union* is to be regarded as authority, a third candidate will be run against Mr. Douglas, and will be run, on a pure and unadulterated Administration ticket.

Mr. Lincoln's ground is at all events clear and unequivocal. He is opposed to the introduction of new slave States. He is opposed to the Dred Scott decision. He is opposed to the Nebraska bill. He is opposed to the Kansas policy, that admits the right of new independent communities to prescribe their own institutions, and sanctions the principle of the Dred Scott judicial tribunal in the land. On these two points Judge Douglas takes issue with him. He will have to do battle on the Nebraska question, whatever it may decide. And he will vote for the admission of a new State which complies with the requirements of the Nebraska act, by sanction and establish slavery.

The contest will evidently be between these two. It is impossible to be the interest of the Administration, may receive the Dred-ocifers' votes, but it is equally clear that Sam will, for example, prove any thing. The question that will be decided by this issue of the Illinois conflict will be, whether that State is to recognize sovereignty and the supremacy of the courts of highest jurisdiction, or not. As such, the canvass is worthy of the closest attention.

WHOM SHOULD WE MARRY?

RECENT cases give significance to this inquiry. A secretary of a foreign legation, a man apparently unexceptionable in point of character, and of respectable family, is found to be a miserable linkeswie, falls in love with a banker's daughter, who reciprocates the attachment. The banker, unacquainted with the secret, and in his house *incog.*, actually kicks him out; for which the secretary duly challenges him, and, after the usual forms, kills him in a duel, and runs with his glove. Hereupon general commotion in the hooped world. Whether the banker should be hung, or let off lightly, or his daughter run away, or the lover should have resigned his house—are very momentous problems indeed.

Another case. A young lady in the South (the name is not given) married very young a French adventurer and scoundrel, falls in love with another, though the scamp has a wife already, runs away with him, and then the usual difficulty ensued from his clutches—a general conspiracy of connexions, in which lawyers, doctors, bank-keepers, and every body else seemed to be implicated—contriving for a long time to baffle the indignant father and to hide the vile author of so much mischief. The end was a duel, of course, if all American girls had at eighteen the knowledge of the world possessed by men of fifty. If this could be managed, there would be an end of the matter. If Miss Blount had possessed the experience of General Cass or Mayor Tiemann, she would have disposed of her French friend in remarkably quick time. If Miss Corcoran had been equally fortunate, her lover would not have been kicked, nor her father slapped in the face. But if no process has been invented by which experience can be pumped into the mind in a concentrated form, and no system devised by which age and experience can be transfused into missing parts, what are we to do then? An agitated community is accustomed to look to Parliament for the prevention of insane attachments and foolish marriages.

It is very easy to say, as our French critics do, that our young ladies have too much liberty, and that we had for better look 'em up in convents till they are ready to come out, like a curing a dowry in one hand and a key in the other. And it is comfortably consoling to remark that the Parisian institutions were not so totally engrossed in the purchase and sale of dep-oouls and lanes, daughters and sisters would be better cared for and less likely to go astray.

But in point of fact, is it true that young girls in this country enjoy so much undue liberty? If true, the remedies are so neglectful of them? Where is the family, in real life, whose unmarried female members lead the independent existence described by our French critics? Whose daughters go out of an evening with a latchkey? There may be here and there, in the wilder and looser ladies who have emancipated themselves from parental control, and who take delight in flinging conventional hypocrisy under foot—are they not the town talk? How can they be the rule?

No doubt female education in the United States leaves much to be desired. No question but many boarding-schools realize the sentence in the litany, to confirm the wicked into the way they ought to be done, and do the things which ought not to be done. Clean as anomaly that at such establishments the girls are not taught accountancy, and practice the same in after-life to their own sorrow and others' disgrace. But how infinitesimally small is this of our young girls! Is there one in a thousand of our young women who is—not uninstructed, that is of less moment, but—perverted by defective systems of education?

In fact, you may take up the supposed cases of female depravity, one by one, and you shall find them all miserably inadequate to account for the effects. For if they do exercise the influences ascribed to them, it would be inexplicable that that influence should not be more widely felt. The young ladies who run away with fortune-hunters are rare exceptions in the wide and ille of the matters of the next generation. That great community, our young girls, are far from being what they should be; there are too many qualities which they lack, and for the want of which they suffer and ought to suffer; but the very notoriety of the occasional *faux pas* which do occur among them proves the soundness of the general system under which they are reared. I am sure those who imagine from recent scandals that society is on the verge of dissolution. Let them compare it as they will, American society will compare favorably with any in the world.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

A CORRESPONDENT requests us to inform him how to keep cool in the dog-days. Nothing is easier.

In the first place: dress with care. Wear flannel next to your skin, both in order that the perspiration may be absorbed and put in a fair way of tranquil evaporation, and likewise in order that the temperature in society, which you will not be if your shirt looks as though it had just been "wrung out." Wear light clothing, linen if you can. Have one of the many gossamer stuffs which are made for summer wear. Be careful about the look of the neck. According to the present fashion, a man must wear at least twenty folds of various kinds of stuffs on the back of his neck, in the shape of coat, vest, and cravat. Cut off as many of these folds as you can possible. In all tropical countries, men wear the neck bare, or protected by a single linen covering. The back of the neck, in a sultry climate, is the key to the body; better leave waistcoat, cravat, or tie and shirt collar at home than expose it with such a handicap.

Next, avoid mental irritation and muscular exertion, if you can. Anger is to heating as a blast furnace to any range and is accompanied by a gush of perspiration. Nor is it necessary for the transaction of business that your manners should be voluble or hurried. The men who do the most work move leisurely. Haste is a bad speed; and he shall you perform your the faster for spasmodic action of the arms or legs. Do what you have to do steadily and unremittingly, but use no muscles but those whose motion is necessary.

It is a question whether the consumption of liquids is beneficial or injurious. On the one hand, it is certain that the introduction of liquids into the system promotes perspiration; but on the other, it is scarcely less certain that those who perspire the most suffer least from the heat. A few points may be laid down. The man who, on a hot day, yields to that vulgar longing for a drink, whether water or beer, will be troubled with thirst till evening; while he who abstains from liquids till two o'clock will not need them at all. And it is, in any case, fatal to drink spirituous liquors. It is known that a habitual consumer of ardent spirits will be able to sit comfortably, in winter, in a room where a temperate man would almost freeze. For the same reason the habitual "drinker" of ardent spirits will suffer acutely from heat when the abstemious man will not feel any inconvenience.

In hot weather, claret and water is the most innocuous beverage which a man can indulge in to taste. He might as well spend an hour or two in a steamer's fire-room as taste brandy or whiskey.

After all, the best preventive against suffering from excessive heat is constant occupation of the mind. People have died of heat that is enervating. Yet almost all the great exploits of which mankind boast have been performed under the scorching sun; all the battles that have been fought in the dog-days; at no season has the human intellect been so vigorous as when the heat was greatest. There is nothing enervating in heat to those who do not desire to be enervated. And the best of all ways to defy the sun's power is to devote your mind with renewed energy to some particular pursuit. Ardent labor, and unremitting attention to one particular task, divert the mind from the minor concern of the temperature. The industrious man sweats but at an evening, when he hears that the weather has been oppressive. *He* has not suffered, because the subject never occurred to him. He is the man who thought and who are heard calling the oldest inhabitant to witness that there never was such weather before.

POST-OFFICE IRREGULARITIES.

WE heartily concur in the general credit that Postmaster-General Brown has earned by liberal discharge of the duties of his office. It is due to him to say that there never was a time when the Post-Office was governed with greater state of efficiency. And we consider that we are aiding him in his work when we say that Harper's Magazine, mailed regularly from Philadelphia to the lower part of Delaware, for the past half year, have never reached their destination. The letters, papers and papers mailed from this city to places on the Erie Road, within two hours of New York by rail, average forty-eight hours in reaching their destination. Any further information can be supplied if necessary.

RENEWAL OF THE TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENT.

The *Agamemnon* has at last arrived at Queenstown; and, 2500 miles of cable remaining on board the two vessels, it has been resolved to renew the experiment. The undertaking is so noble, and its results, should it prove successful, will be so momentous to civilization and human progress, that criticism is almost disarmed. It is painful to write, painful to read any thing that may seem to censure individuals whose aims concern themselves so much, and so exalted praise, and whose work, when it is completed, will dwarf the most magnificent triumphs extant of human skill and ingenuity.

But, for the very reason that every body has the success of the telegraph so much at heart, it is most ardently to be hoped that the oversights which were partially the cause of the failure of the last, will not be repeated on the present occasion. The present attempt is the last.

It is due to truth that it should be stated that too much haste was the principal cause of the little provided for by man. Of the causes of the three breaks which took place in June, the public are ignorant. The cable gave way—that is all: there is no more to be said.

Fortune is said to favor the brave. Never had man more reason to rely upon good luck than in this instance. But we are bound to say that, unless she better herself with more than common goodwill, the Atlantic Telegraph may yet remain a remote possibility.

THE OBSERVATORY QUARREL.

WE are glad to hear that there is every prospect that Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati, will be induced to accept the directorship of the Dudley Observatory. Without intending the least reflection on Dr. Gould, we think the institution in saying that Professor Mitchell at Albany would be the right man in the right place, and would undoubtedly do honor to himself and the country.

We notice that Dr. Gould's friends, who are all of them men of high standing with specialists of one sort or another, are very severe on the Trustees, who, poor men, being bankers, merchant tailors, and the like forth, have no power at their command. The industry with which Dr. Gould's sorrows are being heralded is amazing. It may be doubted, however, whether this newspaper war on the Trustees will hurt them or benefit their rebellious subordinate. Certainly, if Dr. Gould may in any way be identified with the vulgar and senseless gobble which is going on in the Dr. Gould's in his behalf, one can well understand the Trustees' anxiety to get rid of him.

THE LOUNGER.

NOBODY'S MURDERS.

The railways are insatiable. It is not enough that the cars should be the most dusty, noisy, and wearisome of carriages—that the health of the traveling world should be destroyed by the quality of the "refreshments" provided at stated shanties on the road, and by the quantity of time allowed to consume them—that the companies should absorb so much of the savings of honest laborers all over the land, and never return a dollar in dividends—that the mercantile morality of the community should suffer such damage from stock speculations, and apparently respectable people come to shame by their inability to resist the temptations to swindle—all this is not enough, but every man who leaves the city by a train must cast a lingering look behind, in sober sadness doubting whether the chances of a safe arrival are not entirely against him.

The recent disaster upon the Erie Railroad has received very proper attention from the press; and it will very soon be time to organize vigilance committees for the protection of human life upon our railroads, by securing the prompt punishment of the persons directly and indirectly concerned. A train thunders along a down-grade around a curve above a precipice at the rate of forty miles an hour—a rail snaps—two cars are hurled off the track down the bank, and six or seven corpses and a score or so of maimed victims are taken from the ruins—the President or some other officer "hurries to the scene of the disaster"—an inquest is held—the officers of the road swear that it was in "good enough" condition—that the rate of speed was not unusual; that the same thing had been done a hundred times before safely; and as many other absurdities as occur to them—and a jury return, of course, that nobody is to blame. Nobody ever is. Boilers are bursting all over the country—railroad bridges breaking and rails snapping—human life is sadly and foolishly squandered—but nobody is to blame. Boilers burst themselves. Rails break themselves. And it may be questioned whether the consequent slaughter of men, women, and children is not really suicide.

Take the Erie case, and look at it a moment.

Suppose you can clearly free all the officers of the road from intentional guilt, and fix the fault upon the iron rail. There is no question that there was a flaw in the rail—that it was very poor iron. Now the makers of the rail, and the purchasers, should employ competent testers. Considering the immense consequences, when rail iron is proved defective, the name of the house from which it was purchased should be widely advertised. In the present instance we learn that it was an English house. Let the public know what house, that if it be dishonest in its work it may be stigmatized; and if honest, that it may suffer the consequences of an oversight or of incapable servants. The makers of the rail are first to blame in this case, and then the buyers. What right had the Erie Railroad Company to lay a defective rail? What guarantee have the public that every mile of road upon their track is not subject to the same accident?

But it is beyond doubt that around this unprotected curve the train was absolutely leaping along. Why do the people submit to railroad accidents? Why not send representatives who shall insist that no railroad charters shall be granted except upon certain conditions of construction? Thus every road should be carefully fenced along the whole route—where, upon high embankments, fences are impossible, there should be low walls, or the rate of speed diminished to an absolutely safe point—and after rails properly selected had been laid, the whole road should be garrisoned so amply that every inch should be inspected after the passage of every train by day and night.

Of course it would be expensive—what of that? Fewer railroads might be built—what of that? Every body knows that the first object of a projected railroad is not the advantage of any region of country, but of the stock-jobbers who originate the property and speculate in it. Here is this very Erie Road running a hopeless rivalry with the New York Central. Losing money, as it probably is, its object is to do its work in the cheapest way. It is even alleged that the office in town received a dispatch asking to have some one sent to the scene of the late accident empowered to settle the demands for broken legs, arms, and necks! Why not have this tariff made out in advance? The companies state upon their tickets how much value they hold themselves responsible for in loss of luggage, why not in loss of limb?

The coroner's jury return that nobody is guilty of this last sad massacre; but common sense and public opinion hold the makers of the iron, the buyers of it, and the officers of the railroad, morally responsible for the lost lives and the untold agony of many a household.

HOW ABOUT "THE VIRGINIANS?"

"My dear Lounger,—How do you like 'The Virginians' *now? Isn't* it poor?—Your affectionate
"Adolphus."

If there is any where in literature a more elaborate and exquisitely finished picture of English society of a century ago, or a more masterly representation of the characters which the author undertakes to draw, the Lounger confides to Adolphus that he does not know it. If Thackeray has ever drawn the fluctuating aspects of human nature—consistent only in inconsistency—more skillfully than in "The Virginians," the Lounger does not know the book in which it is done. If he has ever described any scenes more delightful for humor and naturalness than some between the Countess and Maria, where are they? If, in fact, the reader is not transferred to the century in which the story is laid—if he does not saunter at Tunbridge, and see all the high society—if he does not know more of that England than from all the histories and memoirs and letters—if Harry Warrington is not one of the most charming figures in fiction; so perfectly boyish, yet so quaint by distance and perspective (in that differing entirely from Clive Newcome)—why, then, the reader must have been concerned about a plot, or anxious to get on.

Now there is no particular plot, and we have certainly been at Tunbridge Wells for a long time. But nobody, with Thackeray's books behind him—that is, having read them—has a right to demand plots and gettings on of a new one. Thackeray describes life and daguerreotypes character. His interest is in the people and their play upon the events immediately around them—the course of their loves and of that of others for them—ditto their hates and jealousies and suspicions—but he gives no more plot than he finds. He has no idea of busying himself with planning surprises and wonderments for his readers. At Newport, or Saratoga, or Cape May, or the Berkeley Springs, where you are passing these lovely summer days, you watch that little Lucy and the great Lieutenant Bobadil who has fascinated her; or the dexterous old Matilda, who is entrapping the lawny young clergyman; you watch, and wonder how it will turn out. And precisely the same thing is what Thackeray enables us to do in "The Virginians."

If you are insatiate for plot and gettings on, read Bulwer and James. Don't abuse a tall gentleman of fifty or so, with white hair, that he's not twenty-two, five feet ten inches, and with a curling auburn pate. If you think he is so fierce and frivolous at the same time, read the last Number, and hear what he says for himself.

Dear Adolphus, the Lounger enjoys "Guy Mannering" as well as "The Bride of Lammermoor." People sniff at "St. Ronan's Well," but it is a very toothsome novel for all that. "The Virginians" is unfinished, as yet; but is it not the costume rather than the character which puts it out of your sympathy, so that you call it "poor?"

ROBERT BROWN.

Two months ago few readers of the Lounger, perhaps, could have answered him—certainly he could not have answered himself—if he had asked, Who is the greatest living botanist? The question is answered by the announcement of the recent death of Robert Brown, in London, on the 10th June, in his eighty-fifth year.

Robert Brown was the great botanist of this era—the friend of Humboldt, who called him the undoubted King of Botanists—of Humboldt, whose name was associated with Brown's by German gratitude, which, having published Brown's botanical writings, which had been fragmentary, desultory, and inaccessible, dedicated the five volumes to "Robert Brown and Alexander von Humboldt, the *dioscuri* of Botany." In the beginning of the century he was sent to Australia with the exploring expedition, and brought back four thousand plants, many of them new to science. In 1841 he received a pension of two hundred pounds from Sir Robert Peel. He shared with Humboldt the grandest faith of the scholar—the great moral result of education—that the Universe, as it came from one Divine source, is perfectly harmonious in every part—that the care which does not suffer a swallow to fall unheeded is the same which controls the stars in their courses—and that the laws of man himself are most intimately related with all the laws of nature in every department.

A quiet, retired man, he has lived through great events; through the careers of men renowned in history; and dies, at length, ripe in honor and wisdom.

"O tender Death! that coverest
 The aged heads with honor white;
Thou givest glory to their rest,
 That makes thy darkness bright."

AN IDLE WISH.

["I call it idle, Mr. Lounger; but is it not natural?—Timothy Troutly."]

Sincerest stream!
Couldst thou reflect as true
The spirit's evanescent hue;
On thy bank would I build my bower,
And only know the changing hour
 By thy changed gleam.

Then thou shouldst be—
More than my friends have been—
The mirror of each mental mien;
And in thy azure, thoughts unsung,
Too delicate to trust the tongue,
 Would smile at me.

The dryads rare,
Whose faces haunt me still,
In noon-rapt glade, on wind-swept hill,
No longer from my eyes would shrink,
But, as I leaned above the brink,
 Be fashioned fair.

And chaste Dian,
Who scorned my eager quest,
When hound-like eyes toward her press'd;
Would show her cool, unvailéd face,
Superb with sympathetic grace,
 Nor flying man.

The naiads white,
With lily-coronals,
O'ershadowed by the waterfalls—
As they smile faintly through my mind,
Would exquisitely be defined
 In thy pure light.

O happy sky!
That in thy wave may see
Its humor limnéd perfectly;
Teach me how in thy glass, sweet stream,
My vaguest, cloud-like thought and dream
 I may descry.

THE HONORABLE LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Is honor the peculiar quality of bullies, blacklegs, and sharpers? Drunken gentlemen in barrooms wax very solicitous about their honor. "Affairs of honor" between gentlemen who empty glasses of wine in each other's faces, or who quarrel about a lady of "honor," are not altogether unknown. Honorable gentlemen in Congress have bristled frightfully during the recent session, by reason of invaded honor. Like the elaborate heel popularly attributed to the African race, this honor seems to protrude just at the point where it is infallibly sure to be trodden upon. Mr. Somebody, of some legation, thinks his honor requires him to defy to mortal combat a gentleman who, finding Mr. Somebody secreted under the piano in his drawing-room, generously kicks him into the street without examining his pockets. What was he doing in the dark under the piano? What is this "honor," that does not prevent a man from secretly entering the house of a gentleman who has forbidden the entrance?

It seems that this honor has a dignity which may not be generally known. A representative in Congress who challenged another during the late session has made a speech since his return to his constituents. Of course, as his chief act during his congressional career had been sending a challenge, which, equally of course, was arranged by honorable friends, without pinking or winging or dropping, he spoke eloquently, as a statesman should, of that performance. He declared that he challenged not because he wished to fight, but to "bring on an honorable settlement!"

"Congress has its rules and customs," says the Hon. Lucius O'Trigger; and I say to you, that "a man who takes a public, unprovoked insult without resenting it as a man of honor, might as well go home." * * "Do you wish to be represented by a man whom even the boys in the street would hiss as dishonored?"

However, Mr. O'Trigger says, cheerfully, "The code of honor is not such a bad thing, after all!" Because a man can wash out in blood the dire insult of having a booby or a bully call him a liar? No, no; spare the heroics. Because, as the Hon. Lucius most comfortingly adds, "*These gentlemen* (not the bellicose principals) talked the matter over and came to a decision. *No muskets at ten paces ever were mentioned, for it never came to that pass.*" "In Washington a man must adopt this course to protect himself from insult and disgrace."

That is to say, when Smith calls Jones an ass, Jones must challenge Smith, and then resign the affair into the hands of Thompson and Jenkins, who will arrange it without allusions to ball-cartridges. If this is Washington honor, it is a pretty poor article. The only excuse at all for the silly crime of dueling is, that a man is put in bodily danger, which gives the performance a complexion of brave exposure. But Washington honor, it seems, is compatible with a mortal challenge, which is understood by all parties to mean an amicable arrangement.

All the Sir Lucius O'Triggers, the world over, always leave character, which is the only substance of true honor, out of their calculations. The Lounger will suppose a case for the edification of the honorable member who says that "a man who takes a public, unprovoked insult without resenting it as a man of honor, might as well go home. He has influence no longer."

Let us take one of the Senators from this State, Mr. Seward, and suppose any other Senator so far to forget himself as to interrupt him and call him, in a public and unprovoked manner, a liar. Mr. Seward pauses, and resumes: "My character for veracity is not dependent upon the opinion of the Senator. It is known to my friends and the country. It can not possibly be affected by any thing the Senator may choose to say. He knows perfectly well that I state in this debate what I believe to be true," and then passes to his argument. Does Sir Lucius think he might as well go home—that he will have no farther influence?

Take it the other way. The lie is given. Senator Seward finishes his speech, and at its close sends a challenge to the offending Senator. They steal out privately next morning to Bladensburg, and the telegraph informs the evening papers that "Senator Seward was killed this morning in a duel with Senator ——."

If a Senator holds his honor at the mercy of every man who chooses to prove that he is no gentleman by insulting him, he certainly "might as well go home."

MORAL DUTIES TO PRIZE-FIGHTING.

It is an occasion of public congratulation to know that arrangements have been made, after a great deal of trouble, for a prize-fight within three months between two distinguished gentlemen of the bloody nose. For this interesting intelligence we are indebted to the leading New York papers, which are nervously sensitive to the duty of supplying the public with the news. But we reiterate our demand of some months since. If it be the proper business of newspapers to give prominent publicity to such facts—to contemplated crimes of the most beastly and disgusting kind—it is no less their duty to furnish intelligence of the opening of new and beautiful groggeries, and worse resorts, which are the especial haunts of prize-fighters and the friends and spectators of prize-fights. A newspaper will often be inflexible, upon principle, in not giving an editorial notice to an innocent and instructive performance which is advertised in its columns, but seems to find no principle interfere with the conspicuous announcement of a performance which is not only not advertised, but criminal, and of not the slightest possible public interest, being one of those facts which, when they come to a man's knowledge, he ought simply to report to the police.

Gentlemen of the bloody nose pant for notoriety. They are important only as they are notorious. Is it enjoined by that vast moral obligation of telling the public the news, which rests upon all journals, that they should help that notoriety?

WANTED—A WIFE.

An enterprising gentleman in Philadelphia, who has doubtlessly attentively studied the newspapers and the current romances of Corcoran and Riviere, has determined that all other young ladies and gentlemen shall have an opportunity to secure the matrimonial felicity so conspicuously displayed in those pleasant little histories, and has therefore established "The United States Matrimonial Agency."

The advantages of such an institution are so apparent that a conscientious Lounger, to whom the wedded happiness of his fair readers is precious, can not refrain from mentioning them, especially as so many tender hearts all over the land are fluttering with sympathy and excitement by reason of the cases just cited.

It is clear that all young men of desirable characters, and persons, and property, who respect themselves and the other sex, and who know that the happiness of marriage depends upon an intimate acquaintance of the connubial "parties," will take care to enroll their names and prospects at once in the books of the Matrimonial Agency. On the other hand, it is perfectly clear that adventurers, sharpers, black-legs, and bullies, who have property and principle in equal proportions, who are looking out to entrap weak and sentimental girls, will never enter their names upon those books—will never represent themselves as calm young clergymen, with large fortunes and good tempers, seeking lovely and amiable partners for life.

A marriage is evidently an affair to be managed by agents and brokers; and in a world like ours, where duplicity and baseness are unknown, the Lounger knows no institution more likely to secure domestic felicity than a matrimonial agency. The agent himself could, of course, never be induced to become an accomplice in deceiving and insnaring the unwary. His object is not to make the most money he can in any way, but to promote the wedded happiness of his fellow-creatures.

In fact, if any innocent youth or maiden, remote from towns and ignorant of the ways of the world, wishes to make sure of a married life as enviable and satisfactory as Miss Blount would have enjoyed in a union with the interesting and handsome De Riviere, let him or her lose no time, but open a correspondence at once with "The United States Matrimonial Agency."

THE FEAST OF TOADS.

It appears by the public papers that the guests and summer residents at Nahant are enjoying the delicious dish above named in perfection. The mouths of outsiders fairly water as they read of the lickersome morsels served up on that happy peninsula. Our New England friends betray a positive passion for the luxury; and every man in the land who is fond of good living will read with sympathy and delight in a Boston paper the following artless paragraph. It does not state, however, with sufficient distinctness, whether the toads are to be classed as "mere sensuous joys," or are to rank as "a high intellectual entertainment." But all kinds of confusion of style must be forgiven to the rhapsodies of an enthusiastic gourmand.

"One of those elegant assemblies for which the Nahant House is famous occurred on Thursday evening. The occasion was of marked and refined enjoyment to all present. The families resident in the cottages on the peninsula generally participated in the choice pleasures imparted by the proceedings, which, in addition to mere sensuous joys, largely partook of the lustre of a high intellectual entertainment. We can not forbear referring to the unassuming manners of Lord Napier; the facile bruskness of Lord Ribblesdale, the queenly appearance of Mrs. Duncan, of New Orleans, and her namesake of Providence, with the Sigourneys of New York, who were the 'observed of all observers.'"

That is what may be called swallowing the toad whole. The island of Manhattan patiently waits its turn, and humbly hopes to enjoy the "facile bruskness of Lord Ribblesdale" in due time, although only at the second table. It has not altogether forgotten the facile bruskness of the Marquis of Waterford, who honored the knockers and lamps of the quiet citizens several years ago, and is anxious to compare the qualities. Such a charming introduction of the young nobleman will be of the highest service to him in his American career.

It will be of immense interest to the public mind at this moment to state that H. R. H. Prince Alfred has lately been in Ireland, and that upon a certain excursion "recrossing the lake to Dinis his Royal Highness hooked a fine salmon which, in his great anxiety to capture, we regret to say, he lost, although the royal angler evinced great judgment and dexterity in playing the noble fish." The proof of the royal dexterity apparently being, that the fish escaped.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"Ravenscroft, *Georgia*, 1858.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I hope you will gratify a little feminine curiosity, and give me a hint in your corner of the *Weekly* as to the authorship of some little poetical gems that have made their appearance in your dear, delightful paper. I mean 'Night Thoughts,' 'Before the Betrothal,' and 'Anchored.'

"My little sister, Lily Raven, declares that 'Anchored' is as full of poetic imagery as some of Tennyson's graphic word-painting, and that 'Night Thoughts' and 'Before the Betrothal' are only comparable to that touching little 'Love Song' of George Darley's you gave us in a late number.

"There is quite a sensation at Ravenscroft every week upon the arrival of the *Weekly*, from the little wee Raven just beginning to chirp, who stretches her little hands for the pictures, to the Rev. Croak Raven himself, who unfolds it before he looks at his 'Religious Intelligencer' or 'Missionary Journal;' all enjoy its charming variety.

"Please gratify the Mother Eve's spirit of
"Your respectful admirer and constant reader,
"Ruth Raven."

—How can the charming Miss Ruth force the Lounger into so ungracious a position? Has he not often said, what he must now repeat, that the names of authors of anonymous articles are peculiarly the property and the secret of the authors?

—A Washington City youngster, whose name is F. R * * * *, sends a solution of the puzzle of the Napoleon plant. Let him mind his grammar—not saying "I have drawed"—and write again.

THE LATE GENERAL QUITMAN.

MANY a reader will recognize the features of the brave old filibuster chief in the portrait which we give on this page. Few men in the country are better known or more esteemed than the gallant veteran who has just yielded his spirit to his Creator.

John A. Quitman was a New Yorker by birth, having first seen the light on 1st December, 1799, at Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, in this State. His father was one of those hard-working, painstaking, country-doing yeomen of whom the type is fatally growing rarer. He was the pastor of two churches, and the spiritual teacher of a population scattered over many a mile of sparsely-settled country. He intended his son for the Church, and educated him to take his place. But the young man's nature was better adapted for another sphere of usefulness; after completing his collegiate course, he resolved to study law, and, the requisite knowledge acquired, set off to seek his fortune in the West.

For a time he figured as law-student and lawyer at Chillicothe, Ohio.

—Miss Eliza Turner. This marriage domiciled him as a citizen of Mississippi.

Four years spent in the practice of his profession, and in the careful fulfillment of duties as a representative in the State Assembly, young Quitman, at the age of twenty-nine, was appointed by the governor Chancellor of the State. The selection was subsequently ratified by the verdict of the people; who, following the example of the Legislature, elected him to the same office when it was made elective. He was subsequently chosen to the Senate, and President of the Senate. During his tenure of this post the death of the governor imposed on him the gubernatorial function; he availed himself of it to embody, in his Message of 1836, the States Rights doctrines which have since become so popular at the South. Judge Quitman's Message is still quoted as high authority on the States Rights doctrine.

His reputation as a man of bravery and military aptitude had grown up together with his renown as a lawyer. Shortly after his settlement at Natchez, he found the administration of justice completely nullified by the riotous lawlessness of a body of ruffians who would suffer no writs to be served upon them, and no property of theirs to be seized by the officers of the law. The State authorities were too weak to cope with these lawless descendants of the Regulators. Young Quitman resolved to supply the deficiency. He organized a volunteer military company called the Natchez Fencibles, and gave battle to the rioters wherever they could be found. At first the latter made a show of resistance, but they soon repented their temerity, and after a few severe beatings, left the State. The corps was led by Mr. Quitman.

Public attention thus directed to him, when the Texan war broke out and the South was all ablaze with sympathy for General Houston, and his brave followers, Mr. Quitman was offered the command of the volunteer regiment which was raised at Natchez. His position as President of the Senate rendered it difficult for him to accept the call; but his military ardor overcame the obstacle, and he set out. As is known, the Mexicans were beaten before he joined General Houston, and, after a toilsome march of thirty days, he returned home.

For several years after this, Mr. Quitman's duties were civil and unobtrusive. He continued the practice of law at Natchez, and took an active part in the advancement of various plans of public improvement in his State. He went to England as agent of the Mississippi Railway. He rendered himself popular by becoming the champion of measures which, had they been adopted, would have rescued the State from the disgrace of repudiation. He was offered, but declined, the office of State Judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals. His practice was large and lucrative, and he had the sagacity to perceive that a public man, to be useful and independent, must possess a competency.

When the Mexican war broke out, Mr. Quitman was naturally the man of all others to whom the volunteers of Mississippi looked for leadership. He was one of the first prominent Southern men who tendered their services to the Government, and the President had the pleasure to select him for a Brigadier-Generalship. With surprising rapidity he set his brigade in motion, and, by forced marches, contrived to join General Taylor the day before the attack on Monterey was made. He was assigned a prominent command, and, as all who have read the history of that fearful exploit will remember, he disputed with the gallant Worth the palm of successful bravery in the assault on the place. He was, in fact, the first man within the city, and by the skilful handling of his men contributed almost as much as Worth to the triumph of General Taylor's army.

Some time he then spent in the tedious work of drilling his raw force; then, having succeeded to the sole command of the volunteers, he was drafted to the army of the South, which, under General Scott, was commencing its march against the city of Mexico. He took a prominent part in all the military operations of the advance from Vera Cruz, signalizing himself every where by bravery and military skill. Perhaps the most pleasing anecdote of this part of his career is his refusal at Puebla to exhibit the brevet of Major-General which he had just received, and which would have enabled him to take the command out of the hands of General Worth, who had borne the heat and burden of the attack. For just such an act of courtesy to the late General Havelock, General Outram enjoys the gratitude and respect of the civilized world.

As at Monterey, General Quitman was the first to enter the city of Mexico in the great night-assault on that place. Between one and two in the morning, he scaled the wall at the Gortia of Belen, and waved a handkerchief tied to a rifle to Worth's division, which was still some hundred yards distant. It is said that on this occasion an aide-de-camp of the General-in-Chief rode up to him and was met by the insolent inquiry:

"What orders from head-quarters?"

"The General will not embarrass you by any orders."

If the story be true, it reflects credit on both parties.



THE LATE GENERAL JOHN A. QUITMAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Another anecdote which illustrates General Quitman's frankness from sectional feeling, and forms a bright contrast to too many incidents in the course of the war, is told by Lieutenant Levell. When the army marched into the Gran Plaza of Mexico, General Quitman directed him to have the colors placed on the flag-staff over the palace, and added, to the chagrin, perhaps, of some around him,

"Let it be our national colors, the stars and stripes—not the particular colors of any regiment."

After the capture of the city, General Quitman was appointed Military Governor. Great credit is allowed him by all writers for the judgment and vigor he displayed in this capacity.

Since his return home, General Quitman has figured prominently as a politician and member of Congress, and as a filibuster chief. In 1850 he was elected Governor of his State. In 1855, and again in 1857, he was elected to Congress without opposition. Speaker Banks appointed him chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives—a post in which he was retained by Speaker Orr. His large experience probably fitted him better for the office than any other member of the body.

General Quitman's career as a filibuster may be very briefly described. When, some years ago, the insane tyranny of the Cuban authorities provoked resentment among the Creole population of the island, and the people of our Southern States were prepared to aid their efforts to conquer their independence, General Quitman was selected to take the supreme command of the filibusters. He accepted the trust, and freely gave counsels and money to the promoters of the scheme. Circumstances prevented the realization of the designs of the "Cuban junta;" and the only results of the conspiracy to General Quitman were a considerable waste of time and money and several vexatious arrests by United States officials.

General Quitman died on 17th instant, at his residence near Natchez, Mississippi, of disease contracted at the National Hotel during the epidemic which prevailed there just before the last Presidential inauguration.

He was a man of tall stature and commanding presence. His temper was genial, his mind clear, and, though he was no orator, his speeches were always terse and effective. In politics he was a States Rights Democrat, and a firm believer in the institution of slavery; but no slave himself to party, and no friend to that Southern faction which seeks to maintain itself by the aid of an effete section of the Confederacy. Personally, he was universally esteemed as well as a good, honorable, and generous man.

It only remains that we should express our obligations to Mr. John S. Thrasher, who was an intimate friend of General Quitman, and who has kindly supplied a portion of the material for the above sketch.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE ROAD.

ON Thursday night, the 15th instant, occurred, near Shin Hollow, and 813 miles from New York, the most terrible disaster that has ever happened on the Erie Railroad. Our artist visited the scene of the calamity on the day following, and has furnished the sketches on the opposite page.

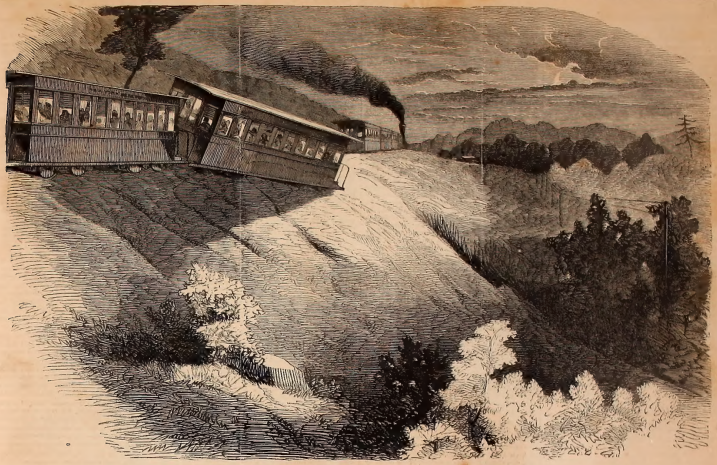
It appears that the Express train that, which left Jersey City at 5.30 P.M., having on board about one hundred and fifty persons, was going on a heavy down-grade at the rate of about thirty miles per hour, being, according to the conductor's statement, nine minutes behind time. From some cause—either weakness of the iron, or the thumping of the car-wheels—the outer rail was broken. The locomotive, baggage-car, and the first three passenger-cars were drawn over in safety. By this time, however, it is supposed, the broken end of the rail was pointing outward so far that, there being nothing on the other side to keep the tracks on the track (the flanges of the truck-wheels being inside), the last two cars slid off the rails, and were dragged a distance of fifty feet over the sleepers; when the connecting link between them and the forward cars was broken, and the two cars at once rolled down the embankment, which has in that place a perpendicular depth of twenty-five feet, the slope making the distance from toe to bottom about forty feet.

The investigation before the coroner's jury elicited these statements: That the track had been examined by the properly-appointed person since the passage of the previous train, which was a freight train; that the speed of the train was about thirty miles per hour, and not unusual for that part of the road; that the breaks in the rail—there were seven pieces—were fresh; and that the train was stopped as soon as possible after the first jerk gave notice of something wrong. On the other hand, it is stated that the portion of the road on which the accident occurred, being a down-grade with curves, requires more than usual care in running over it; that the repairing force on that part of the road has been lately reduced; that the quality of rail laid upon it, instead of being the best, was defective; and that the rate at which the train was going was remarked upon by the passengers as unusually great.

The verdict of the jury exculpates the Company and its employés from blame.

It appears that the first intimation of danger was a sudden jerk. Hereupon the brakes were whirled down. The three foremost cars were already past the broken rail. The last two slid off, and were dragged some fifty feet over the sleepers, when, with a second heavier jerk, the coupling broke, and they were both thrown on the embankment. The rear car and two or three times completely over, while the other made but one turn and a half, remaining bottom up. The last car was literally smashed, one of the heavy iron trucks passing through the bottom and rendering it a mere shapeless wreck. All the deaths occurred in this car, while in this, as well as the other, a large number were severely injured, chiefly about the head, face, and neck, and were pierced by splinters and fragments of the wreck. Six persons appear to have been killed, viz., three men, one woman (colored), and two children. Fifty-four persons were wounded, of whom fifteen sustained severe injuries, from which several have since died.

The removal of those in the wrecked cars were most singular. Mr. A. Hoguet found himself lying on his chest with arms stretched out as though swimming. His sensations were described as similar to those of a drowning person. A singular prank was played with his clothing. A hol-



THE ERIE RAILROAD ACCIDENT—THE CARS GOING OFF THE TRACK.

was torn in his linen duster a foot and a half across. This became smaller in an alpaca coat, a vest and a shirt, until in a thick flannel under-shirt it was not over an inch across, and the skin was only grazed. Had that blow reached an inch further it would have broken the spine. A young lady had the gaiter entirely stripped off one foot without being injured. Another lady felt the fall, but remembers nothing until all was over, when she found that all her under-clothing had been torn off, though her dress was left. She was severely bruised.

A party of deaf mutes, under the care of Professor Peet, of the New York Asylum, furnished some interesting particulars. Professor Peet, who was in the hindmost car, says: "The first appre-



THE SCENE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

hension I had of danger was a sudden jump, as if we were going over a log; then the car seemed to take a diagonal course, and then we began rolling down precipitately. My only sensation was that of extreme peril. I felt that we were going to the most certain destruction, but I offered up a prayer that we might be saved, if possible. The next thing I knew I was seated on the top of the wreck at the bottom of the embankment. Looking up, I saw my wife [a deaf and dumb lady] seated some stops above me. She looked perfectly wild, distracted; she was not conscious of any thing. I went up to her, and after a little procured a recognition of consciousness from her. She had been asleep, and awoke only at the termination of the catastrophe."

Mrs. Peet wrote: "I remember being conscious of a strange, harsh motion of the cars, but it seemed as though I must be dreaming, and so, instead of striving to arouse myself to consciousness, I merely put out my hand to feel that the child was quiet, when there came a crash, and I knew nothing more until I opened my eyes and found that I was on the ground, and that some one was supporting me. The first sight that I remember of being conscious of was the hands of some person saying in the mute language, 'The baby is safe—your husband is safe;' but even then I could not realize what had passed, and felt as though I were waking from some horrid nightmare, until, after being placed in the car, I looked through the window and saw strange forms gliding through the darkness, and the dead body of a man which was being borne past. Then I was impressed with the fearful reality, and again became unconscious, or nearly so, until we reached this place."

Miss Joanna Christy, daughter of the author of "Cotton is King," and also of Professor Peet's party, explained in most expressive sign language that every thing seemed to be a wheel, and she was its axis; every thing was revolving about her, and she was stationary. She sprang up as soon as the rest of the wheel was stationary, and saw Mrs. Peet; took hold of her and thought she was dead, as she made no motion at all. She had no thought of death or of consequences while she was the centre of this revolution.

Mrs. F. Leavens, who was much bruised, says: "I was dozing, and I was dreaming of being on the cars, and all at once I felt the jolt and jar, but was not alarmed, because I thought it was all a dream. And I thought to myself, I shall think it is a dream until I feel a crash. Next I felt the crash. Rolling over benumbed my senses. When the crash was over I found myself lying on one side, with my face and side buried in the dirt, and the top of the car over me, pressing on my head; persons walking over me would press it down on my head; and I told them to be careful, and then I heard a voice saying, 'Be patient, I will get you out soon.' Then I became insensible. The next I recollect I was out and sitting on the bank, and I told them to see to others that were more injured than I: I heard them groaning and crying around me."

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN is not in all respects an editor to our minds, especially as regards his appreciation of poetry; nevertheless he has done an excellent work in his BALLADS OF SCOTLAND, published in Edinburgh by Blackwood. In these volumes he has diligently collected a large number of ballads, of more or less merit and value, forming altogether a very unique and interesting museum of curiosities of ballad literature. The lover of Scotch song will not be the only one to prize the book. Many English favorites are here—traced, indeed, generally to Scotch origin. Many of our most familiar and best loved songs are here in their original dress. Such, for example, as

ANNIE LAURIE.

"Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true.
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

"She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span.
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die."

And here is a specimen of one of the most beautiful of ballads, "Helen of Kirkconnell," of whom the story is that she saved her lover's life at the sacrifice of her own:

"O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I dee!

* * * * *

"O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

"I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lee."

Routledge & Co. have published, in England, THE MODERN ART OF TAMING WILD HORSES, by J. S. Rarey. This is, we believe, a little book printed and published some time since in Ohio, of which Mr. Rarey's great success abroad has induced the republication. It is not his whole secret, but is doubtless the substance of it. In this book he lays down the rule that a horse must be treated kindly and intelligently; if afraid of an object, must be taught, gently, that it is harmless; must be handled quietly; and, in short, must be managed by the law of superior wisdom and kindness.

Here is a very sensible direction, to say the least of it, for saddling a colt:

"The first thing will be to tie each stirrup-strap into a loose knot to make them short, and prevent the stirrups from flying about and hitting him. Then double up the skirts, and take the saddle under your right arm, so as not to frighten him with it as you approach. When you get to him, rub him gently a few times with your hand, and then raise the saddle very slowly, until he can see it, and smell and feel it with his nose. Then let the skirt loose, and rub it very gently against his neck the way the hair lies, letting him hear the rattle of the skirts as he feels them against him; each time getting a little farther backward, and finally slip it over his shoulders on his back. Shake it a little with your hand, and in less than five minutes you can rattle it about over his back as much as you please, and pull it off and throw it on again, without his paying much attention to it. As soon as you have accustomed him to the saddle, fasten the girth. Be careful how you do this. It often frightens the colt when he feels the girth binding him, and making the saddle fit tight on his back. You should bring up the girth very gently, and not draw it too tight at first, just enough to hold the saddle on. Move him a little, and then girth him as tight as you choose, and he will not mind it. You should see that the pad of your saddle is all right before you put it on, and that there is nothing to make it hurt him, or feel unpleasant to his back. It should not have any loose straps on the back part of it, to flap about and scare him. After you have saddled him in this way, take a switch in your right hand to tap him up with, and walk about in the stable a few times with your right arm over your saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck with your right and left hands, thus marching him about in the stable until you teach him the use of the bridle, and can turn him about in any direction, and stop him by a gentle pull of the rein. Always caress him, and loose the reins a little every time you stop him. You should always be alone, and have your colt in some light stable or shed, the first time you ride him; the loft should be high, so that you can sit on his back without endangering your head. You can teach him more in two hours' time in a stable of this kind than you could in two weeks in the common way of breaking colts, out in an open place. If you follow my course of treatment you need not run any risk, nor have any trouble in riding the worst kind of horse. You take him a step at a time, until you get up a mutual confidence and trust between yourself and horse. First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next acquaint him with the saddle and the use of the bit; and then all that remains is to get on him without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

By way of illustrating a remark that Bedouin Arabs have frequently a secret word or sign by which the owner extracts the utmost speed out of his mare, Mr. Rarey tells a good story of one Jabal, an Arab, whose mare, the swiftest on the desert, was stolen from his tent-door, in the night, by an enemy who mounted her, and shouted out his name as he rode away:

"Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's mare, accompanied by some of his tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but was not equal to her; nevertheless he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him, 'Pinch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel.' Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless. The *pinch in the ear* and the *touch with the heel* were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed. Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. 'Oh thou father of a jackass!' they cried, 'thou has enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel!' But he silenced their upbraidings by saying, 'I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved fleeter than mine? I have at least this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

DISPATCHES from Utah to the 25th of June, received at the War Department, state that orders have been issued that no one should leave the ranks of the army in passing through Salt Lake City, except from absolute necessity, and the greatest care was to be taken that the herds did not trespass upon the fields of the citizens.

Among the documents received is Governor Cumming's pardon and peace proclamation to the inhabitants of Utah.

An officer of the army, writing from Washington Territory relative to Colonel Steptoe's defeat, says the route eastward and northward of Colville is now virtually blockaded; that no one can cross Snake River, and that it will require a force ten times as large as is now there before peace can be restored.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION IN KANSAS.

The Kansas *Herald* says that General Calhoun has issued certificates of election to all those elected under the Lecompton Constitution. The Free State members from Leavenworth County receive certificates, which gives that party a majority in both branches of the Legislature. The returns for State officers will be made to the Legislature, in whose hands the whole subject rests. The *Herald* exhorts the people to vote for the ordinance, and settle the question without further strife and agitation.

POSSIBLE TROUBLE ON FRAZER'S RIVER.

The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* telegraphs: "Our Government begins to realize the importance of questions, heretofore thought but little of, relating to the rights and claims of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific side of the continent. Unless a wise and liberal policy be pursued by the British with regard to miners in the Frazer River country, there may be collisions that would lead to international difficulties. The American miners will soon learn, if they have not already, that neither Governor Douglas nor the Hudson's Bay Company have any authority over mines on this continent. The colonial Governor of Vancouver's Island (Douglas) has no authority beyond what his commission confers. He has no right of jurisdiction, and has never claimed it before, over the main land or any other territory than Vancouver's Island, in the capacity of Governor, and except as chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Neither the Company nor he, as its chief factor, have any right under their charter except the right or privilege of trading with the Indians. They have no possessory right over the mines, or approaches to mines, and therefore the imposition of taxes or license fees by either Governor Douglas or the Company is a usurpation of authority. All mines belong to the crown of England; but it has been decided by British authorities in Australia that 'placers' are not mines; in the meaning of the enactment ceding all mines to the crown, that gold-washing and working for gold on the surface is not mining."

RETALIATION IN TEXAS.

The Legislature of Texas, at its last session, passed the following Act:

"Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That the following sums be, and they are hereby appropriated for the use and support of the State Penitentiary for the years 1858 and 1859." After naming the various items, the law makes this further provision: "For purchasing and putting up additional machinery, $18,000—Provided, *That no part of the same shall be expended in the State of Massachusetts, nor for machinery manufactured in said State.*"

MORE PHOTOGRAPHIC MARVELS.

Speaking of the photographic copy of the Declaration of Independence taken upon a surface no larger than a pin's head, which may now be seen in Salem, and can be read with a powerful microscope, the Salem *Gazette* says: "When such success in reducing the size of documents and likenesses has been attained by the photographic art, it is easy to imagine what might be accomplished in time of war by the use of the microscope. The most important official document could be contained in an ordinary vest button, and worn with impunity by a spy in an enemy's camp, or by a traitor eager to injure an active army of his own country."

HOW PERJURERS ARE TREATED IN NEW ORLEANS.

A New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile *Mercury*, alluding to the late trial of Harby for killing Stone, the seducer of his daughter, thus speaks of the witnesses who swore that she was of easy virtue: "Those unprincipled men who bore false witness against Miss Caroline Harby, are, by this time, able to appreciate the text to its fullest extent. Our merchants and business men have taken the punishment of their crime into their own hands. Simmons and Maurer were clerks at a cotton-press up town. Simmons was to have been given an interest, but several banks notified the proprietors of the press that if he was in any way interested in their business they would decline discounting any more of their paper. The commission merchants who had cotton pressed and stored by the concern, also sent them a notification that they would do no more business with them as long as Simmons and Maurer remained in their employ. Simmons has been unanimously expelled from his Lodge by the Odd Fellows, and both have been ignominiously turned out of houses where they formerly visited as favored guests. King is a married man, and his wife is one of the finest ladies of our city. Shortly after the trial, he signified his intention to her of going to Bladon Springs. She told him to go and never come back, as she never would live with him again. He is a cotton-weigher and sampler by profession, but henceforth will have to follow some other calling, as all his customers have notified him that they will not patronize him any more; and it is also hinted that he will be expelled from all connection with the Masons. Thus you see that, although these fellows could not be reached by the laws, they have been punished as severely as if they had been."

A RUNAWAY SHAKER COUPLE.

A Troy paper has the following: "On Tuesday night there arrived in town, from the Shaker settlement at Niskayuna, a young, pretty, and modest demoiselle, with blooming red cheeks and a monster straw bonnet, reminding one of the artistic magazine representation of Cupid with a night-cap, or Venus wearing spectacles. Her skirts were innocent of hoops, and her waist unspanned with corset bands. The 'improvements' of modern fashion had not reached her rural home, and she was as primitive and simple in her appearance as any consistent follower of Ann Lee should be. But her visits during the evening to various dry-goods stores, in quest of mysterious skeletons, charming taffetas, showy stellas, rich guipures, dainty lace, rustling silks, and soft velvets, induced a suspicion that there was 'a cat in the meal' somewhere, and, by a possibility, Ann the Prophetess was to lose a fair disciple. Yet the little Shakeress wisely kept her own counsel, and said not.

"Yesterday, however, a ruddy, fair-visaged young man, in home-spun blue, made his appearance in town, and forthwith instituted a vigorous siege upon sundry merchant tailor shops, hat stores, and the like—appearing, in course of time, a new man. We have no disposition to follow the matter further. The finale of a subject so mysterious in its inception was last evening intrusted to a popular clergyman, who soon finished it up in a manner quite prevalent in the outer world, but hardly recognized among the 'verity, verity' order of the faithful. We hope the two whose fates have thus been united may never have occasion to repent their abandonment of the 'peaceful community;' although the sudden transmogrification of a sombre, quiet Shaker miss into a full-hooped, fashionably-attired belle is a very dangerous experiment in this hot weather."

A QUEER WIDOW STORY.

The correspondent of an Albany paper says:

"Speaking of steamers reminds me of a little gossip that is in circulation 'in private circles.' It is said that one of our most noted steamship men is shortly to take a new partner. The gallant commodore is a widower—the lady is neither maiden, wife, nor widow—being just now in a chrysalis state. She waits only the dull, tedious process of the law to cast off the iron chain that binds her before she will put on the golden livery of a more congenial master.

"Rumor has it that the lady was on with a new love before she was off with the old, and that the new love has so arranged matters that the liege lord consents to part with his better-half—ostensibly because Sarah Jane can be more happy with another than she will be with him. As an earnest of his devotion, 'the another' has given to Sarah Jane the title-deeds to property in town worth $20,000, and also the fee-simple of a princely country seat in Westchester county, together with all and singular the hereditaments and things thereunto appertaining."

CURTAIN QUARRELS.

The Hartford *Free Press* gives the following synopsis of a case which occurred at Bristol Connecticut:

"A man—call him Smith—went to bed, and wanted his bedroom door left open. His wife thought the weather cool enough to shut it. She went to bed an hour after, but before the dispute was settled he pinched her. They both went to sleep, and the next day she went home to her father. She complained to the grand jury, and Smith was fined six dollars and costs. Smith appealed to the Superior Court. His defense was, that she threw her leg this way and hit a boil from which he was suffering, and that he merely struck out to save himself. Two lawyers on each side were engaged.

A MODEL LETTER.

A returned Californian recently told us an amusing story of letter-writing. He said many of the miners are very illiterate, and to write a letter is quite a formidable task. On one occasion a young man, in crossing a mountain, had become lost and perished in the snow. The cayota, an animal of that vicinity, attacked the body, and, when found, the head had entirely been eaten off. A friend of the young man, who knew his family, was told by the other miners that it was his duty to write to the father of the deceased an account of his death. After some objections for want of practice in such undertakings, he concluded to devote the next afternoon to it. At night he produced his letter, saying he had done the best he could, and thought it told the story. His letter was as follows:

"DEAR MAJOR,—The kiotas heve eat your son's head off. Yours, HENRY BOOCHER."

A PRESENTATION JOKE.

A popular actor of Philadelphia went to Cape May a few days since. He accidentally left his watch on the dressing-table. A friend going to the Cape took it down. In conjunction with a few others, he got up a complimentary presentation. A presentation speech was made, and the reply was gratefully eloquent. A feast followed, after which, on going to his room, he opened the case which inclosed the watch, and found it to be the one he left at home!

CLERGYMEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, writing from Atlanta, Logan County, Illinois, thus describes the singular termination of the Fourth of July ball in that town: "It appears that the managers, several days since, sent special invitations to the ministers of the various churches in town to attend the dance, thinking to have a good laugh to themselves over it; but, to the surprise of those present, after the ball had got under full headway, four of the aforesaid ministers made their appearance in the hall, and soon were mingling with the by-standers. The 'set' being through, the announcement was made that the ministers having been solicited to attend, desired that a portion of the time should be set apart for them, which was acceded to. Then commenced the *religious exercises of the ball!* One preached, another prayed, and another struck up a good old hymn; when the dancers, seeing what turn matters were likely to take, ordered the musicians to proceed, and began the dance again, leaving the ministers to do their own singing, and make their exit the best way they could."

PERSONAL.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Era*, writing on the 24th of June, says: "Mr. Pickens, our new Minister to Russia, is still here, making purchases for his house at St. Petersburg, for which place he expects to leave in the course of six or eight days. General Dodge and family will soon be here, on their way home. Mrs. Dodge, who has greatly suffered from the effects of the bad climate of Spain, will spend a few weeks at some watering-place, to recruit her health before sailing for the United States. R. D. Owen is also expected here; his family proposes sailing direct from Naples.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* understands that Colonel Thomas L. Kane will, when the proper opportunity affords, state his case to the people, and show that he did not go to Utah without full authority, and also that the American army could never have entered Salt Lake City without his previous efforts in favor of peace.

It is also asserted here, in military circles, that General Johnston, Commander-in-Chief of the American force in Utah, is considerably under a cloud. What are the causes, I do not know. I think it will turn out that this officer is made, or will be made, the victim of certain desperate intriguers. They have nothing to do, I trust, with politics, inasmuch as the gallant gentleman is a Democrat of the first water.

A letter from Rome of 26th June, to the London *Post*, says: "Yesterday morning a secret consistory was held at the Vatican, in which his Holiness, after haranguing the assembled cardinals, announced an addition to their number in the person of Monsignor Rodrigues, patriarch of Lisbon. The Pope likewise created another cardinal, but reserved the name of the prelate *in petto*. Among the ecclesiastical promotions which followed was that of Dr. O'Regan, from the see of Chicago, in Illinois, to the bishopric of Dor or Dora, *in partibus infidelium*."

General Tottleben arrived on the 29th of June at Liege, from Brussels, accompanied by Baron de Velho, Russian chargé d'affaires at Brussels, and General de Lannoy, aid-de-camp of the King and Inspector-General of Fortifications. The party immediately proceeded to the royal cannon foundery, where they were received by Colonel Frederix, the director, and with whom they visited the establishment in all its details. On leaving the foundery, General Tottenben went to the establishment at Séraing, and returned to Liege in the evening.

A monument to the Hon. Preston S. Brooks has just been completed in Charleston, and is to be erected in Edgefield. It is an obelisk, fourteen feet high from the pediment, and five feet square at the base. Near the top or point of the obelisk is a neatly designed arabesque, and below, in the centre and front side of the monument, is the coat of arms of the State of South Carolina, elaborately worked and carved by an artist of great skill. Below this, and on the die of the obelisk, is an ivy wreath, in bold relief, encircling the inscription.

The Turkish Admiral left the United States disappointed in his calculations, as he himself stated to a member of the Cabinet. His Government had been induced to believe, by the representations of Mr. John P. Brown, American Dragoman at Constantinople, that the United States would contract for the building of a ship-of-war for the Turkish Navy. These representations, alone, brought him to our shores, and great was his disappointment when undeceived by Secretary Toucey. The Turks will hardly be able to understand how it is that an American official could be so ignorant of the policy and operations of his own Government.

Captain Seth M. Barton, of the United States Infantry, has been tried by a Court-martial at San Antonio, Texas, for ordering Joseph Heid, a citizen, not attached to the army, or subject to military duty, to be tied up and flogged with wagon whips, by the United States soldiers. It was alleged that the officer kept Heid tied up three hours, and also struck a private to compel him to flog Heid. The accused plead guilty to all the charges except the last. The Court-martial confirmed his plea of guilty, but "attached no criminality to the act." They also found him guilty of the last charge, and sentenced Captain Barton to be "suspended for three months from his command, and confined to the limits of his post for that period." The War Department very properly rebuked the Court-martial for such an outrageous finding.

The Cincinnati *Times* says: Major General Lytle, commander of the First Division of Ohio Militia, and late candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, was arrested last night and placed in the Bremen Street lock-up, on the charge of disorderly conduct. The General's version is that he was mistaken for another general, and was grossly assaulted and abused, until he found it necessary to resist the insult. At a late hour in the night he was released, after depositing $20—the usual sum in such cases—as bail.

A correspondent in the Crescent City writes as follows: "Here is something I saw myself. A few days since a verdant youth with his blushing bride arrived at one of the principal hotels in this city. The head of the family immediately registered his name as S. B. Jones and lady, Alabama, on a *bridle tower*." Is not this a new way to inform the public you are in the hymeneal halter?"

The editor of the Peoria *Transcript* (Illinois) says: "We are assured by a gentleman who has recently returned from New York, where he saw Captain De Rivière, the impudent and indefatigable foreigner of large pretensions, who has lately distinguished himself by running away from Mobile with the wife and daughter of a wealthy lawyer, that he is the identical Señor Don Pedro P. L. De Moreto, who turned the heads of all the Chicago belles a year ago, bought a thousand-dollar horse with borrowed money, got up a magnificent excursion to Hyde Park, which was patronized by the wives of a distinguished Senator and a well-known Chicago lawyer, and finally becoming suspected, vamoosed for parts unknown, leaving behind a large number of anxious creditors, several broken-hearted young misses with mortified and disappointed mammas, an astonished city, half a dozen happy local newspaper reporters, and two trunks filled with dirty linen and cravats."

The Halifax *Sun* tells the following story: "Mrs. M'Aulay, a Philadelphia lady, and one of the passengers detained in this city by the mishap of the steamer *City of Baltimore*, paid a visit to her Majesty's steamer *Styx*, on Friday last, and demanded to see the commander of that now somewhat celebrated cruiser. The story goes that the lady was very politely received, and ushered into the presence of the officer in command, where a long interview took place, doubtless of high import to the interest of the two great nations represented on this occasion. We understand that the spirit of the lady's visit was of a decidedly national character, with the view of overhauling the gallant naval officer for numerous flagrant outrages committed on American bunting. The particular style in which our heroine conducted this retributive visit we are not positively prepared to describe—our reporter not having been present, unfortunately. It may have been that it were far better for the commander had he been exposed to a broadside from one of Brother Jonathan's steam-frigates; or it may have been that gentle woman's beseeching and persuasive eloquence elicited the promise that he would 'never do such naughty things again.' We incline, however, to the latter supposition; but, in either case, with such champions as the lady of our story, Jonathan will always be sure to vanquish Britain's naval heroes; he will gain more victories, we think, with the weaker vessels than with the stronger. Mrs. M'Aulay is the widow of the late United States Consul at Cairo, in Egypt, and is said to be well known in political circles in Washington."

Dr. Samuel F. Green returned in the steamer last week from India, after an absence of eleven years, during which time he has been connected with missions and engaged in the establishment of a school for the instruction of

natives in medicine, and in the preparation of books in the same language, on medical subjects.

A full account of the burial of Mitchell on the summit of Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina (the highest point of land in the United States east of the Rock Mountains), is given in the Raleigh *Register*. Dr. Mitchell lost his life, it will be recollected, while engaged in measuring and surveying the mountain on which his remains now repose. The funeral was attended by the most distinguished men in the State, and the ceremonies were very impressive.

The Richmond (Virginia) *Dispatch* says of Mr. G. P. R. James, that he will soon leave for the Consul-Generalship at Odessa. This event causes sincere regret among the many warm friends and admirers of that gentleman in the city and State. The *Dispatch* says during his residence he has made himself more than acceptable to the people.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose singular peregrinations in barbarous regions have long occupied the public, has just found a pillow in the hospital of Hamburg, where Dr. Tungel is treating her for chronic ague, caught at Madagascar.

M'Henry, who was lately tried on the supposition of being the notorious Townsend, is married to a farmer's daughter at Merrittsville, Canada. Strange to say, the fair one was a sweet-heart, once, of the veritable murderer Townsend.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons has passed the Government of India Bill, Lord Palmerston being left in a minority of fifty. Lord Malmesbury announced in the House of Lords that the British cruisers would be immediately withdrawn from the Cuban waters, but that the blockade of the African coast would be continued. In the House of Lords the Jews' Bill has passed, an amendment having been agreed to, which prevents Jews from exercising ecclesiastical patronage, or advising her Majesty upon ecclesiastical appointments.

THE DISPUTE WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Butt moved a resolution declaring it expedient to discontinue the practice of authorizing men-of-war to visit and search vessels under foreign flags with the view of suppressing the slave-trade. He contended that England ought to abandon her futile efforts on the coast of Africa.

Mr. Milner Gibson seconded the motion.

Mr. Cardwell denied that England had been unsuccessful, and declared that an abandonment of her efforts to suppress the slave-trade would establish a universal system of piracy on the African coast. He then urged the continuance of the blockading squadron there.

Mr. Fitzgerald, on the part of the Government, agreed with the remarks of Mr. Cardwell, and said the Government had proposed to France the establishment of a commission on the spot to inquire into the free labor system lately established. With regard to America, he had the satisfaction of stating that the late difficulties had been swept away. Lord Napier had sent home a dispatch by the *Europa* to the effect that Mr. Cass had told him that the course taken by the British Ministry was worthy of a great country; and he (Cass) had assured Lord Napier that after the satisfactory declarations of the British Government, the American Government would at once give the most earnest consideration to any proposals that might be suggested to them for the verification of the nationality of vessels, and their right to bear the flag they assumed.

FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—RETURN OF THE NIAGARA.

The *Niagara* and *Gorgon*, attached to the squadron for the laying of the Transatlantic cable, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, on 5th July. The *Agamemnon* and her tender the *Valorous*, and the *Niagara* and her tender the *Gorgon*, sailed from Plymouth on the 10th of June, each of the great vessels carrying about 1500 miles of cable. After having been three days at sea the expedition was overtaken by a fearful gale, which continued without intermission for nine days. On the seventh day of this heavy weather the ships, which continued to keep together, had to part company, and the *Agamemnon* was obliged to scud before the wind for thirty-six hours; her coals got adrift, and a coil of the cable shifted, so that her captain for some time entertained serious apprehensions for her safety, and, from the immense strain, her water-ways were forced open, and one of her ports was broken. Two of her sailors were severely injured, and one of the marines lost his reason from fright. The *Niagara* rode out the storm gallantly, having only carried away her jib-boom and one wing of the figure-head, the great American eagle.

THE ATTEMPTS AND THE ACCIDENT.

All the vessels having at length arrived at their central point of junction, the first splice of the cable was made on the 26th. After having paid out two and a half miles each, owing to an accident on board the *Niagara*, the cable parted. The ships having again met, the splice was made good, and they commenced to give out the cable a second time: but after they had each paid out about forty miles it was reported that the current was broken, and no communication could be made between the ships. Unfortunately, in this instance, the breakage must have occurred at the bottom, as the electricians, from the fine calculations which their sensitive instruments allow them to make, were able to declare such to have been the fact, even before the vessels came together again. Having cast off this loss, they met for the third time, and recovered the connection of the cable on the 28th. They then started afresh, and the *Niagara* having paid out over one hundred and fifty miles of cable, all on board entertained the most sanguine anticipations of success, when the fatal announcement was made upon Tuesday, the 29th, at 9 P.M., that the electric current had ceased to flow. As soon as the necessity of abandoning the project for the present was now only too manifest, it was considered that the opportunity might as well be availed of to test the strength of the cable. Accordingly, this immense vessel, with all her stores, etc., was allowed to swing to the cable, and in addition, a strain of four tons was placed upon the breaks, yet, although it was blowing fresh at the time, the cable held her as fast as if she had been at anchor for over an hour, when a heavy pitch of the sea snapped the rope, and the *Niagara* bore away for Queenstown. Before starting, an arrangement was made that should any accident occur in giving out the cable before the ships should have gone one hundred miles, they should return to their starting place in mid ocean; but that in case that distance should have been exceeded before any casualty should happen, they should make for Queenstown. In accordance with this understanding, the *Niagara* having made one hundred and nine miles before the mishap, returned to Queenstown. She must have passed the *Agamemnon*, but owing to the heavy fogs which prevailed for the greater portion of that time she missed seeing or gaining any tidings of her.

RETURN OF THE "AGAMEMNON."

The *Agamemnon* and *Valorous* arrived at Queenstown on the 12th instant. The final break in the Atlantic telegraph cable was below the stern of the *Agamemnon*, after one hundred and forty-six miles had been paid out of that vessel. The *Agamemnon* then returned to the rendezvous in mid-ocean, and cruised there five days in anticipation of meeting the *Niagara*. On the *Agamemnon* arriving at Queenstown it was resolved to coal and start again for a final attempt to lay the cable, on Saturday, the 17th instant, there still being, on both ships, twenty-five hundred miles of the cable left.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S PLAN WITH REGARD TO FRAZER'S RIVER.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's dispatch to Governor Douglas of Vancouver's Island has been published. In it we find the following:

"Her Majesty's Government are anxious to impress on you, that while her Majesty's Government are determined on preserving the rights both of government and of commerce, which belong to this country, and while they have it in contemplation to furnish you with such a force as they may be able to dispatch for your assistance and support in the preservation of law and order, it is no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields. On the contrary, you are distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purpose of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of her Majesty, to the recognition of her authority, and conform to such rules of police as you may have thought proper to establish. The national right to navigate Frazer's River is of course a separate question, and one which her Majesty's Government must reserve. Under the circumstances of so large an immigration of Americans into English territory, I need hardly impress upon you the importance of caution and delicacy in dealing with those manifold cases of international relationship and feeling which are certain to arise, and which, but for the exercise of temper and discretion, might easily lead to serious complications between two neighboring and powerful States."

THE BILL FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF NEW CALEDONIA.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's new bill for the organization of the Government of the Northwest Territories of British America under a Governor and Council has been published. The present designation of these territories—New Caledonia—is to be continued, and they are to embrace all the country bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States, to the east by the water-shed between the streams that flow into the Pacific ocean and those which flow into the Atlantic and icy oceans, to the north by the 55th parallel of latitude, and to the west by the Pacific, including Queen Charlotte's Island, and all adjacent islands, except Vancouver's. The last named island may be included at any future time, on an address being presented for the purpose by its local Legislature.

END OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

At the 4th July dinner in London, Mr. Dallas made a speech in which he said: "They had recently had some little difficulties on the American coasts and in the West India seas, and one of the Militiamen of the United States diplomacy had recently been charged with the negotiation of those difficulties. That was a point essentially connected with the fundamental principle of the American Revolution—the maintenance by a great people of the independence of their flag. (Cheers.) He would not go into the arguments on the question, which had been argued and reargued, but he looked on the 4th of July as an appropriate day to announce to his countrymen that the claim of visit and search of vessels sailing under the American flag on the high seas in time of peace had been frankly and finally ended. (Loud cheers.) While he was able to announce that gratifying fact, he thought it might be accompanied by the assurance that the termination of this question, for which they had struggled for nearly half a century, had been brought about with a degree of honorable and fair feeling on the part of the English Government, and with a full acknowledgment of that feeling on the part of the Government of the United States."

RAREY'S SECRET OUT.

A London correspondent says: "Mr. Rarey's career has unexpectedly been stopped. He has cleared some £15,000 to £20,000 by his horse-taming secret, when suddenly a cheap publisher got hold of a pamphlet published by the horse-tamer in America, and printed it. It contains in a small compass all the art of horse-taming; and the subscribers, who had bound themselves not to divulge the secret under a penalty of £500, became furious, and Mr. Rarey had to release them from their pledge in a letter in to-day's *Times*. Of course his profits will be now reduced to a minimum, since every subscriber is henceforth at liberty to practice upon wild horses publicly, and to communicate his knowledge to whomsoever he pleases."

MR. MORPHY IN ENGLAND.

A statement is going the round of the newspapers, credited to the London *Times*, but for which that newspaper is not responsible, with reference to Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess champion, who is now in England, in which that gentleman is represented as visiting the St. George's club in London, *incog.*, and beating Staunton, the great English player, after the latter had cleared the board of the pieces, and was about retiring in disgust at meeting with so poor a player. It is evident to the merest tyro in chess that this story is made out of whole cloth, for, apart from the impossibility of any person visiting the St. George's club unintroduced, Mr. Staunton has played chess too much not to know when he was nearly checkmated. As yet but little authentic information has reached this side of the Atlantic with reference to the movements of Mr. Morphy. It is known that he was regularly introduced to the members of the St. George club, and had engaged in a contest with Mr. Barnes, a very fine player, and had beaten him handsomely. He has also promised to participate in the great Birmingham Chess Congress, which will be attended by the chief magnates of Europe. He will, no doubt, give a good account of himself.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN EPITAPH.

A remarkably out-spoken one, from a monument in Horsleydown Church, in Cumberland, runs as follows: "Here lie the bodies of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife. She was temperate, chaste, and charitable; but she was proud, peevish, and passionate. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother; but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown, while she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile. Her behavior was discreet toward strangers, but imprudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill temper." And so the epitaph runs on to considerable length, acknowledging the good qualities of the poor woman, but killing each by setting against it some peculiarly unamiable trait.

PRINCE ALFRED NEARLY DROWNED.

A short time since, as Prince Alfred, who possesses a small pleasure-boat, was out a little way off Alverbank, he fell overboard, and, not without much difficulty, made his way to the shore. The first exclamation uttered by his Royal Highness is said to have been, "Oh, my watch!" believing it lost. He, however, greatly to his satisfaction, discovered it in his pocket, and handed it to those who were foremost in coming to his aid. The watch is said to be a present from his royal mother, and hence the very natural anxiety which he evinced.

ROYALTY'S SHOES.

We read in an exchange: "Many of our fashionable ladies here dress as if they were never to go out except to tread on carpets of velvet. We can imagine with what a shrug of aristocratic disdain many of these must read the account of the bridal outfit of the Princess Royal. Among the items particularly striking take the following:

"'Twelve dozen pairs of boots, of useful and solid make; some of them, intended for rough walking, being provided with treble soles, and small but projecting nails.'

"Only think of some of our 'paper-soled,' delicate-footed damsels sporting, by way of novelty, hob-nailed, triple-soled shoes!"

DEATH FROM A BITE OF A RAT.

At a recent trial of dogs in a rattery, one of the rats escaped the farrier, and got below a chair upon which one of the fancy happened to be at the time sitting. The man, wishing to expose the rat to the dog, put down his hand; the animal, however, taking offense at the liberty used, bit his thumb. Thinking the matter slight, that the bite was a simple scratch, he allowed it to go on for a few days unnoticed, till dangerous symptoms appearing he became alarmed, and was obliged to go into the hospital, where, mortification having ensued, the man in a short time after died perfectly insane.

FRANCE.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

The report that the Queen of England is coming to Cherbourg in August is confirmed in the following terms by the *Journal du Havre*: "The Emperor, it is said, has written from Plombières to Queen Victoria to invite her Majesty to attend the *fêtes* at Cherbourg; and it is affirmed that the Queen has replied by telegraph that her Majesty accepts the invitation, and will be at Cherbourg on the 7th August, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Earl of Malmesbury, Minister of Foreign Affairs. This news, of which we can guarantee the *bona fide* character, proves that the understanding between France and England, if it were ever shaken, is at present as intimate as ever." The news is now almost universally accepted as true.

STRANGERS IN PARIS.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "Paris was never so devoid of visitors at this period of the year as at present. English and Americans seem entirely to have bid it farewell. Furnished apartments may be had at very low prices; indeed, there is no demand whatever for them. The hotels look dreary and forsaken, and the Louvre has not one-third of its complement. The Emperor left St. Cloud yesterday morning for Plombières. Previous to his departure the Prince and Princess Youssonpoff had an audience to take leave. This is the Russian pair that was sent over from Russia to astonish the weak minds of Paris by an expenditure of almost fabulous character. Their success has been of the most complete description. The splendor and magnificence of the Russian prince and princess has been in every one's mouth throughout the whole of their sojourn in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Such liveries have scarcely been seen out of the palace of kings. Day after day, night after night, have the splendid *salons* of their magnificent hotel been adorned with all the rank, fashion, and wealth of all parties of the French. It was there alone that the stern legitimists could once more be seen disporting in the light; it was only there that they would consent to brush shoulders with the parvenus the last sixty years have thrown to the surface; and it was there only that a common tone of sympathy was found in the half-suppressed mutter of jealousy and hatred which all felt against *la perfide Albion*. The sentiment of good-will between France and Russia was never stronger than now. The visit of the Emperor and Empress to Cherbourg is to be celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. Every vessel of the squadron in the roadstead is each to fire three broadsides; and, in addition, all the forts which surround the entrance, to the number of as many as eighteen, are being armed with cannon, to fire three times also. The Emperor will be accompanied from Cherbourg to Brest by three ships of the line, which will return the salutes. Altogether the thunder from gunpowder bids fair to be truly formidable."

HOW THE EMPEROR SPENDS HIS TIME.

"The Emperor," says a letter from Plombières, "enjoys excellent health, and every morning and evening, whatever may be the state of the weather, takes a long walk. In the middle of the day his Majesty transacts business, and every afternoon receives dispatches and official documents from Paris. His Majesty is better lodged than last year, and the town altogether is improved. A good many French and foreign visitors have arrived."

LOVE AND LAW.

A curious trial is about to commence in the French courts, which will be of some interest to the English public. The collateral heirs of Prince Charles de Rohan are about to plead against his widow and the child with whom she was pregnant at the time of her husband's death. The plea set up by the family is the great age of the Prince at the time of the marriage, and the "undue captation" used by the family to insure his affections. The adverse plea maintains that the age of the Prince having been but sixty-seven, no undue "captation" was necessary, and that the marriage was fully justified by the great beauty and amiable character of the young lady—an English girl of the highest respectability and unimpeachable conduct, daughter of W. Thomson, Esq., formerly of Smyrna.

GERMANY.

DEATH OF A LADY FROM GLANDERS.

The awful death of Madame Palesikoff, one of the most charming among all that bevy of charming Russian ladies who sometimes gladden the winters of Paris, has created a terrible shock among the circles she so lately embellished by her presence. The unhappy lady left Paris but a short time ago on a summer tour to Germany. While stepping from the door of the Opera House, at Berlin, to gain her carriage, she let fall one of her bracelets close to the pavement. Stooping to pick it up, she noticed at the time, laughingly, that "one of the horses belonging to a carriage standing at hand had dropped his head so close to her face that he had touched her, and left a moist kiss upon her cheek." In a few days the unfortunate lady was taken ill with that most horrible disease, glanders, and in a few days more, breathed her last, in spite of the attendance of the first physicians of Berlin, and every resource to be obtained by wealth or by the ceaseless vigilance of friends.

A CURIOUS STIPULATION IN A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Mademoiselle Odette Lafitte, daughter of the wealthy banker, M. Charles Lafitte, is about to marry a no less wealthy banker of Frankfort, M. Erlanger. The fair Parisienne insisted that in the Corbeille should be placed a document, signed by her intended, according her a sojourn of three months of every year in Paris, with a sum sufficiently large to defray the expenses of such visits.

A NEW MODE OF DISINHERITING ONE'S SON.

A few days ago a Baron Silberstein died at Vienna, and after his death no money was found in the house, although he had always passed for a wealthy man. Inquiries were made by his heir, and, on its being discovered that a banker had paid into his hands the sum of 170,000 florins but a few days before his death, his valet was arrested by the police on suspicion of having made away with the money. As the man said that his master left his bed a couple of days before he died in order to burn some papers, the stove in the bedroom was searched. Nothing but the remains of documents were found, and the servant was kept in custody, until it occurred to some one that it might be as well to examine the other stoves. The examination was made, and the numerous remains of bank-notes of 1000 florins each proved the innocence of the valet and the destructiveness of his master. The Baron, who was divorced from his wife, often expressed doubts about the legitimacy of his only son; and, in order that he should profit as little as possible by his death, he burned bank-notes of the value of 162,000 florins ($81,000). When the door of the stove was open, the word "thousand" was distinctly visible on many of the consumed notes, which naturally fell to pieces when touched.

ITALY.

A DEAD CITY.

A recent American traveler, when in Venice, expressed a curiosity to know how the remarkable palaces of that city were built, and on what foundation they stood. When told that they stood on piles, he desired to see the pile-driver. "There is a model of it in the Doge's Palace somewhere," replied the guide, "but it has not been used, for we have had no house built in Venice *for three hundred years!*" Making due allowance for the guide's accuracy of computation, the anecdote will serve to show the stagnant, Dead-Sea aspect of many Eastern countries whose exploits history has emblazoned.

AFRICA.

DISCOVERY OF A RELIC OF MUNGO PARK.

A relic of Mungo Park's travels in Africa has been discovered by Lieutenant Glover, of Baikie's West Coast expedition. The incident is thus related by the Cape *Literary Magazine*:

"Lieutenant Glover, one of the officers under the command of Captain Baikie, has stumbled upon a valuable relic of Mungo Park, and has of course secured it. Passing through a native village near the scene of Park's melancholy death, an old man accosted the lieutenant, and showed him a book which had for years been in his possession. It was a volume of logarithms, with Mungo Park's name and autographic notes and memorandum. The possessor offered it to Mr. Glover for 200,000 cowries. Inestimable as the prize was, the price demanded was enormous, and it was impossible to pay it. After some consideration, the lieutenant took from his pocket a clasp knife, and asked the native what he thought of that. This was too tempting a bait to be refused, the native joyfully took the knife, and the lieutenant still more joyfully secured his valuable memento of the distinguished African traveler."

DR. LIVINGSTONE AT THE CAPE.

Dr. Livingstone has been entertained at a dinner at the Cape of Good Hope. In his speech on that occasion, he thus spoke of the labors he is about to undertake:

"The central part of the continent which we now stand upon was supposed for a long time to be a great sandy plain. Certain rivers were known to be flowing toward the centre, but they were not known further, and they were supposed in consequence to become lost. But, instead of that, the grand view burst gradually on my mind of a very fine well-watered country; and not only that, but of certain well-watered healthy localities on both sides of the country, which were suitable for a European residence. When I passed into that country, I had not the slightest idea that there was such a want of cotton as I found to be the case when I went home to England. But there I saw the cotton growing wild and almost every where, and that sugar was collected all over the country (although the people did not know that it could be produced from the sugar-cane), and I found, further, that this was a great market for labor. When I lived at Kolobeng, men left their tribe, and I found some of them within 200 miles of Cape Town, seeking to obtain work. Now here we have the produce and here we have the labor, and I hope we may secure a healthy standing point, from which Europeans may push their missionary enterprise to the unhealthy regions beyond. We proceed, first of all, up the River Zambesi, and have the full authority of the Portuguese for so doing. This river is very large; it is difficult to convey to the people of such a dry country as this an idea of its size, but the narrowest part that I saw seemed almost to be equal to the Thames at London Bridge. It was not known to be a large river, on account of its being separated into five or six branches at its mouth, before it reaches the sea. But, when we get inland, we have a noble stream, and we have at least 220 miles of the stream without a single obstruction. Then we come into a large coal-field, and this seems to contain the elements of future civilization. And what I hope to effect is this: I don't hope to send down cargoes of cotton and sugar—perhaps this result will not be in my lifetime. But I hope we shall make a beginning, and get in the thin end of the wedge, and that we shall open up a pathway into the interior of the country, and by getting right into the centre have a speedy passage by an open pathway, working from the centre out toward the sides.

ARABIA.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS.

On the 15th of June the Mohammedans in Jeddah rose and massacred the Christians. Among the victims are the English and French Consuls; also the wife of the latter and over twenty others. The Consulates were plundered. The British steamer *Cyclops* had rescued twenty-six Christians, and taken them to Suez. No Christians remained in the place. Two boats from the *Cyclops* had to fire on the Mohammedans, who attempted to intercept the retreat of the Christians from the town.

INDIA.

NENA SAHIB AND HIS FAMILY.

We continue to give extracts from the letters of Mr. Russell to the London *Times*: "Nena Sahib, who is represented as being much embarrassed by the women of his Zenana, is said to have taken a good start for the Terai—one of his wives presented him with an infant at Shahjehanpore.

HOW BEARERS OF FALSE NEWS ARE PUNISHED.

"A man came in from Bareilly with news respecting the enemy. He was asked if there was any force at Fureedpore. 'There is not so much as a fly there,' quoth he. 'Are you sure?' 'Yes. If I tell a lie, and you find a man there, hang me.' Just at this moment in enters another spy from Fureedpore itself. He reports the presence of 1000 cavalry and four guns in the place. The spies were confronted. 'Oh,' said the first, 'I was not at Fureedpore. In coming from Bareilly I passed round it, but I heard from a man that I knew that there was not a soul in the place.' His punishment was gentle, but immediate. As his information had been given extra officially, he was merely taught a lesson not to give statements in future about things he did not know. He was seized at once, a barber was sent for, his mustaches and eyebrows were shaved off, and his head divested of every hair, even of the sacred lock which he wore as a high-caste Hindoo, after which he received a taste of bamboo on the back, and was sent ignominiously out of camp.

ONSLAUGHT OF MUSSULMAN FANATICS.

"And now occurred a most extraordinary scene. Among the matchlock-men, who to the number of 700 or 800 were lying behind the walls of the houses, was a body of Ghazees or Mussulman fanatics, who, like the Roman Decii, devote their lives with solemn oaths to their country or their faith. Uttering loud cries, 'Bismillah, Allah, deen deen!' 130 of these fanatics, sword in hand, with small circular bucklers on the left arm, and green cummerbungs, rushed out after the Sikhs, and dashed at the left of the right wing of the Highlanders. With bodies bent and heads low, waving their tulwars with a circular motion in the air, they came on with astonishing rapidity. At first they were mistaken for Sikhs, whose passage had already somewhat disordered our ranks. Fortunately, Sir Colin Campbell was close up with the 42d; his keen, quick eye detected the case at once. 'Steady, men, steady; close up the ranks. Bayonet them as they come on.' It was just in time, for these madmen, furious with bang, were already among us, and a body of them sweeping around the left of the right wing got into the rear of the regiment. The struggle was sanguinary but short. Three of them dashed so suddenly at Colonel Cameron that they pulled him off his horse ere he could defend himself. His sword fell out of its sheath, and he would have been hacked to pieces in another moment but for the gallant promptitude of Color-Sergeant Gardiner, who, stepping out of the ranks, drove his bayonet through two of them in the twinkling of an eye. The third was shot by one of the 42d. Brigadier Walpole had a similar escape; he was seized by two or three of the Ghazees, who sought to pull him off his horse, while others cut at him with their tulwars. He received two cuts on the hand, but he was delivered from the enemy by the quick bayonets of the 42d. In a few minutes the dead bodies of 133 of these Ghazees, and some eighteen or twenty wounded men of ours, were all the tokens left of the struggle.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL DEFEATED AT LAST.

"We passed through the large village of Tilhur, and encamped in a large mango tope to the south of it, not without considerable opposition from some of the inhabitants, for it so happened that the first camp fire that was lighted disturbed a community of the most vindictive bees in a hollow of the tree above that I ever heard of; they at once descended to the assault, and in a few minutes most of their enemies were utterly routed. The Commander-in-Chief himself was attacked and driven right out of the field, or rather out of the tope, for the enemy did not desist until they had forced him to take refuge in the open plain. The Chief of the Staff too was attacked, and utterly defeated in a few seconds. Colonel Althorp, after a gallant stand, was obliged to fly with the loss of his spectacles. Mr. Mackinnon, using a large mango branch as a claymore, resisted his foes with great activity and courage for some time, but finally he was obliged to fly, wounded in several places, and to take refuge in a neighboring tank. The guard over the treasure was also obliged to abandon their post; the natives wrapped themselves up in their cotton robes, and lay flat on the ground, and in a short time the bees were completely victorious. During the struggle all the Head-quarters Staff armed themselves with green boughs, so that it looked as if they were rehearsing a second march to Dunsinane. As soon as the tents were pitched, we had shelter from our enemy."

THE MOON, AND HOW WE SEE IT.

THE picture which we engrave on these pages is probably the best and fullest view of the moon that has ever been laid before the public. Most of our readers are aware that the mountains and hollows of the moon have been accurately and thoroughly mapped by astronomers, and registered by appropriate names. For the benefit of meritorious students of astronomical geography, we subjoin the names of all those which have been christened. At the present season it will amply repay the possessor of a small telescope to identify the several localities with the aid of our map.

In olden time the moon was a goddess. Whatever the ignorant mind of the time was incapable of grasping was supernatural. Thus arose the pale, chaste Deity of the Night, robed in virgin white, roaming dreamily under the partial shade of trees, loving to see her fair image reflected in streams, and shedding a complacent light on tender meetings. A goddess indeed! What less could have smiled so benevolently on young lovers? Even scurvy Johnson was forced to confess that

> The Queen of Night
> Round as queen a lambent light;
> Light that seems but just to show
> Dreams that heat and hearts that glow.

We are not heathens—far from it: we all go to church, and pay for pews, and the like; but who among us has not at some time or other paid homage to the Queen of Night, and thanked her for the gentle light which has shown the way to sure home, or even, perhaps, a pair of red lips?

Ah! let us not hasten to deride the poor old heathens!

In this matter-of-fact age, when every thing is regulated by degrees and inches, when philosophers have stethoscopes to test the amount of excitement which was developed in Fanny's breast at the aspect of Arthur arm in arm with Louisa—we don't fancy the moon as a goddess. We say, in blunt scientific terms, that she—or it—is a satellite of the earth, suspended in her—or its—present position by the contrasted attraction of the sun and the earth. This is the unromantic version of the naked fact.

There was a time—oh! that we had lived to see it—when the earth was an uncomfortable semi-incandescent maze, in the act of cooling off for practical purposes. The atmosphere was tropical throughout the globe. All things were intensely impregnated—or, as the philosophers say, superaturated—with carbon. Between the dry land and the waters there was no division. There was no ocean, and consequently no continents. All was hot mud, with here and there a lake or a short river, and here and there a dry, parched, torrid eminence. In these days there were animals and plants, but no human beings. Both animals and plants were like the age in which they flourished—to our notions monstrous. Monsters were the rule, rank in the vegetable and the animated world. Creatures were born, and grew to sizes which dwarf the elephant. Plant thrust their heads above the mud, and, in that carbonic-arous atmosphere, attained heights which would have towered above the tallest trees of our forests. But in proportion to the rapidity of their growth was the brevity of their life; for these were the days of earthquakes and terrestrial convulsions. Probably no day elapsed without some earthquake or volcanic eruption.

The light of day was dull and obscured. Masses of opaque matter floated through the atmosphere as thickly as dust specks that through a ray of sunlight in a darkened room. The hot air, thick and dull, hung a listless mist over the face of the earth, which was even then almost without form and void. When the sun went down, dense darkness covered the earth. There was no lesser light to rule the night; dim twinklings in the far distance, hardly piercing the pall which wrapped our planet, were the only contrasts to the Egyptian blackness of the dark hours.

But the internal fires which sprung from the vitals of the earth almost supplied the want of a second luminary. It is probable that there were but few spots on the globe which were out of view of some flaming volcano. We count the active volcanoes by integers. When we have enumerated Etna, Vesuvius, Hecla, Jorulla, Colima, and one or two others, we have reached the end of our list. In the days of Homer the volcanoes were counted by scores; in the carboniferous age they may have, must have, flourished by hundreds and thousands. That vast incandescent mass, of which the crust only had cooled, kept boiling up every few hours, and furiously pouring out the vials of its wrath upon an earth inhabited by transitory creatures. Go where the traveler may, he will still find traces of this terrible age. That tell-tale rock—the "trap"—is peculiar to no meridian; and from the Hudson's Bay territories nearly to Cape Magellan, from Spitzbergen to Borneo, either this, or some nondescript range of volcanic origin, here with scorize disseminated through the more regular formations, there with copper or gold held in a native state in half-decayed quartz, tell a very legible story of the time when all the component parts of the earth were in a fluid state, and were thrown off by the boiling mass beneath as a kettle throws off froth and scum.

There came a day when the under crust could no longer bear the weight of the mass which, after being thrown off daily, returned, by the force of gravitation, to the surface of its parent. A time came when the incandescent and inchoate planet—if so daring a figure may be ventured—felt the necessity of unusually strenuous measures. It gathered all its fiery energies, and mustered all its fearful strength. The effect was universal, not local. With such bodies distances of 25,000 miles must be trifling, and the earth's meridian—a paltry 8000 miles—not worth mentioning. One can imagine the purposs and effort being common to the entire molten and raging mass.

It came at last. After threes of inconceivable agony, with a rear and a convulsion which must have destroyed every living thing then existent upon the face of the planet, in the midst of general chaos, confusion, and desolation, the earth relieved itself. It tore from its half-cooled surface immense masses, and projected them with enormous force into space; not on one side alone, but on all. Lumps of earth four and five miles in thickness, and thousands of miles long and wide, were in an instant forced upward with such force as to pass beyond the circle of the earth's attraction. These various masses, thus hunched into space, soon felt the attraction of each other, and assembled together. They and, agreeably to the sublime law of celestial bodies, remained suspended in space at the point where the attraction of the earth meets that of the sun. That other celestial law which forbids the torpidity of any atom of matter compelled the aggregated mass to revolve, and the revolution forced the mass into a spherical shape.

Thus the moon came into being. An offshoot from the earth, it pays homage to its parent by revolving round it, and reflecting back to it a part of the sun's light during the period when that luminary is obscured to us. Had the force with which its substance was expelled from the body of the earth been less, it would have returned to our surface, just as those fragments of matter called aerolites do at regular intervals; had that force been greater, it would have entered upon the vast area which is the domain of the sun, and would have been attracted to that great chemical body, and been fused by its intense heat. It was sent abroad with precisely the force necessary to sustain it in equilibro between the earth and the sun, and hence it is "the lesser light which rules the night."

This is not the only service which it renders us. By its creation it caused great hollows in the surface of the earth. Into these hollows the waters which lay on the face of the deep naturally gathered, and became oceans, lakes, seas, and rivers. The cavities drained the earth of the moisture which had rendered it unfit for the habitation of the higher order of vertebrated creatures. Thus by degrees were formed the great Atlantic and Pacific, the Northern and the Southern oceans, leaving here and there tracts of cool, dry land for man to inhabit at the word of his Creator. Nor did the office of the moon stop here. While it was upheld in space by the attraction of the earth, it returned the compliment by exercising a reciprocal attraction upon the waters for which it had created beds. With the beautiful regularity which is the characteristic





A POWERFUL TELESCOPE.

of heavenly bodies, it affected them at uniform intervals, causing the tides to flow and to ebb, and to vibrate between the spring and the neap flow. Lastly, it relieved the earth of a vast quantity of superincumbent matter, equal, in fact, to over one-fiftieth of the whole bulk of the planet. One must imagine the earth in the condition of a gentleman who has dined copiously, and whose interior is troubled by an unusual burden: the convulsion which led to the creation of the moon is similar to the effect of the dose which the gentleman, if he be wise, will instantly take.

In departing from us, and setting up for herself, the moon forgot some articles of baggage which were essential to her future comfort and prosperity. Among these were air and water. How we came by them two useful commodities it were hard to say—about as hard as to account for the fact that you, my dear reader, have two eyes and a nose. It is enough for you and the earth to feel satisfied that you have what you need—that is to say, your two eyes and a nose; the earth, air and water. And we must, in the like stupid way, remain content with the naked assertion that the moon is devoid of what she sadly needs, air and water.

This is made quite certain by the discoveries of astronomers. Rains, dews, oceans, lakes, hail, snow, clouds, are all unknown to the moon. History records that the cruel Carthaginians used to cut off the eyelids of their prisoners and tie them on their backs, exposed to the burning sun of Africa. The moon is in the same unhappy condition. Nothing shields its surface from the burning rays of the sun. Wherever the light of that fierce luminary penetrates the moon's surface is incessantly hot.

Of volcanic origin, the moon is true to its descent. It is full of volcanoes, most of which, however, perhaps from a conviction of the uselessness of further action—there being nothing to destroy, and no one even to see their explosions—are now silent and torpid. But they wrought out their destiny so long and so faithfully, that the surface of the moon is frightfully disfigured and uneven. Switzerland is a prairie compared to the smoothest part of the moon's surface. It is nothing but incessant mountain and hollow. Lunar Alps and Rocky Mountains intersect every few miles of the surface. The Himalayas would be unnoticed among the gigantic ranges which ornament the lunar superficies. And the projections, mighty as they are, are but trifling in comparison with the hollows. It would seem as though the moon, with spish weakness, had tried to imitate the earth in throwing off space for rivers and oceans—forgetting that it contained no water to fill the cavities. Astronomers have made the most extraordinary discoveries in reference to these lunar hollows. Some of them appear to be about fifty miles deep, and a hundred miles or so wide, with precipitous sides. One great astronomer Mitchell has vividly described them terrible places. Those who have looked over a precipice a few hundred feet in depth may perhaps form some rude idea of what it must be to gaze down into a hole fifty miles deep—so deep that the bottom would almost escape the eye, were there an interesting atmosphere—a great, monstrous cave, with no vegetation either on the borders or on the top, or on the sides or on the bottom; no life of any kind, not even the least sound, to break the endless monotony of silence—every where dull, warm scoriæ, lava, and stones of volcanic origin. But even these are the smallest of the lunar cavities. Latterly, acute astronomers, with improved instruments, have gazed into holes in the moon's surface, and estimated them to be no less than two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles deep, with fissures in them through which the sunlight penetrated.

Fancy the scene! Well may it have been termed the abomination of desolation! Surely this fair earth, with all its gloomy places and all its dreary scenes, contains nothing so overwhelming in its terrible despair as the moon. And who, gazing at its mild white face as it emerges from the cover of a cloud, would deem it so sad and desolate a sphere?

There are no "men in the moon." There can not be, for they could not exist without air and water. Tis a pity; for the sight of this planet of ours, thirteen times the size which the moon appears to us, as fair, and bright, and shining as our nightly luminary, would be a sight worth seeing.

Science has made such progress, and common sense has so far hoped pace with it, that the old idea that this was the only inhabited sphere in the universe is now completely exploded. There is no reason to believe that our planet is the only one in our solar system which is devoted to a useful career; nor is there any ground for imagining that our sun is the only one, of the myriad of suns we see every night, which gives light, and heat, and happiness to human creatures. On the contrary, the supreme wisdom of the Deity affords a fair presumption that this little planet of ours is but as a grain of sand among the worlds which have been created for the glory of God, and that each planet after its kind is fitted for the habitation of creatures whose office and purpose it is to thank and bless Him for their existence. Moons may be an exception for a time.

Of all this we know but little, and can only conjecture vaguely. As science advances, we may have telescopic instruments so superior to those now in use that we shall be able to decipher the moon's surface as plainly as a distant shore on our own planet. But visits thither must ever remain as impossible as they are at present. The story of Hans Pfaal will remain a brilliant imagination to the end of time.

The following are the names which have been given to the mountains and valleys, or hollows, in the moon, and which are referred to in the accompanying picture:

MOUNTAINS.

1. The Apennines.
2. The Caucasus.
3. The Alps.
4. Taurus.
5. Hæmus.
6. The Altai Mountains.
7. The Cordilleras.
8. The Riphn Mountains.
9. The Carpathians.
10. The Hercynian Mountains.

HOLLOWS, OR VALLEYS.

A. The Crisian Sea.
B. The Sea of Fertility (!).
C. The Sea of Nectar.
D. The Tranquil Sea.
E. The Serene Sea.
F. The Sea of Dreams.
G. The Sea of Death.
H. The Dreamy Marsh.
I. The Cold Sea.
K. The Sea of Vapors.
L. The Middle Bay.
M. The Sea of Clouds.
N. The Sea of Mist.
O. The Bay of Epidemics.
P. The Stormy Ocean.
Q. The Showery Sea.
R. The Sea of Rainbows.
S. The Sea of Dews.
T. Humboldt's Sea.

As will be seen, astronomers have done what they could to relieve the dreariness of nature by a free indulgence in fanciful names.

NOTHING NEW.

"There is nothing new!" to me said one,
Gravely quoting threadbare Solomon—
"There is nothing new beneath the sun!"

"Ah! what foolish wisdom this!" I cried.
"Adages are pompous robes that hide
The nothingness of that which goes inside,

"Nothing is new?—No silver second falls
Trinking through creation's echoing halls,
But something blooms: some voice awakes and calls!

"Spring, when she floats across the hills and seas,
Hangs not her last year's garlands on the trees.
Last autumn's fruits were not the twins of these.

"Nothing is new? Ingenious sophist, go!
Lift up your cradle's coverlet of snow—
Is this the babe you lost so long ago?"

THE DELECTABLE FAIRY TALE OF MIEL BONBON.

"MIEL BONBON, you are killing me!"

"Oh! I hope not."

"Miel Bonbon, you are too beautiful for any thing!"

"Isn't it any thing to kill you?"

"Graceful, witty, accomplished, sympathizing, light-minded, pure, sincere, gentle, appreciating, full of tact, fascinating, utterly angelic!"

"Dear me! I do not get up and bow! Consider it a cure, and forget it, like a good child."

"In fine, Miel Bonbon, I love you to distraction!"

"So I do you."

Of a truth, Miel Bonbon was a very queer girl. When she said these last words she looked me right in the face with those great, true, brown eyes of hers, and spoke as if she were not a bit ashamed. At first, I confess, I was a little vexed at the way she chose coming to me so readily, like a tamed bird; but as I analyzed her ingenuous feelings, clear as dew, she turned toward me—I saw the soul standing within, and knew that because, like young Eve, it was spotless, it was also naked and not ashamed. So straightway I was vexed again—this time at myself—to think that I had wished Miel Bonbon to mar her truth, and taste expectation in the disguise of a No that meant Yes.

This was the whole of the courtship; that is to say, the formality so called. For I had courted her in tender word and action—as much as the whole world courts when it becomes a poet, once in its Editing, and falls in love; I had courted her with flowers, as Gil courts the sightingbe; I had courted her in music, as the low courts Hyacinthus; with eyes had I courted Miel Bonbon, like two stars out of heaven and the daisies. For three months our life had been as lovely as the young summer sun in the blossomy boughs under which we sat, and answered by the sighing clover of the fields all around. All such heavenly visits as these were so clever like that clover—were boughs like those bought!

Yes, you are right—Miel Bonbon is an odd name for a girl—for that matter, for any body—and it is not unnatural that you do ask, "What is she? Whom did she come from? What country woman was she? Where in the world did she get such a strange name?"

Now this is all I know of the matter, up to the very hour of our marriage. I had gone one morning, after six months' hard work in town, in a little bit of a hamlet-house that I had built among the green Rhodes traversed by the Erie Railroad, and frequented only by people, like me, who were fond of catching trout, shooting, and getting well tanned by dividuality by being out of a crowd. One day, when, with sketch-book in hand, I had gone down to the top of a big mossy rock, which I intended to use for my studio, I looked down, and, on the farther side, saw a young girl sitting on a somber ledge, sketching too. Before she heard me and I glanced over her shoulder, and let a little pebble which was taken down the very waterfall, under an arch-way of maples, which I had cut my heart, and not just gone to sit my pencil, as well as incomparably better than I could have done it, that, in disgust, I put my book in my pocket, and, in lonely recesses of my pocket, wondering whether it was always going to be impossible to get out of my railroad that I shouldn't find some one there to beat me at every thing I tried.

Not wishing to violate privacy, I coughed impressively. The young woman turned and looked up naively into my eyes. What a face! The braids of her rich, plaited, brown hair fell low on her neck, and were all studded with trailing grasses and wood violets. And what a beautiful day-light fell on part of her head, through breaks in the branches, and made a sun-golden mist in nature, where the flowers seemed to grow naturally. Her clear, low forehead, arched thoroughly in two soft curves, was the most lovely, pure, moonsing eyes of hand; the womanly nose just curved enough to show character, and not enough to run to speak wonders of tact, taste, and appreciation; the mouth winning as little child's, speaking even in silence, varying through a hundred expressions even in the short moment I stood, astonished, before expressing myself. There, out of the sculpture of the cheek and chin, told me that I saw the perfect maiden of dreams.

"Modest!—beginning my composure—"is gracious, and forgive a stranger, whose intrusion was unintentional."

"It was no intrusion, Sir," said the most melodious of natural voices. "You could not have known, by any possibility, that I was here."

Beyond guinsay, a truth! It was just on the verge of impossibility, now that I was here, for a creature in the woods, and an utter inability, from the fact of a philosophical education, to resort to the hypothesis of Dryads!

I took courage.

"Are you not afraid to be alone? I am told there are bears—"

"Did you ever see a bear? I should like to so much! I think they are dear—so honest, and in a great soft motf. I don't believe I should be a bit afraid."

Mr. Charles Lawrence—ridiculist myself—with a practical training, accepting his sensations as true, and with ideas, so far as embracing them, unperfected from an early perusal of Mrs. Trimmer's "Natural History," stood amazed, and looked at this young woman as at a portent.

Just as I was rallying myself, and trying to think of something she might be afraid of—at least, enough to let me stay by her and keep it off the rest of the afternoon—there came a sound.

A crashing of broken undergrowth—a stamp of impatient, clumsy feet—a heavy breathing, as of some animal thoroughly blown by exercise. I began to think the little dorgle to be the subject of Trimmer was about to be set right on that—to say nothing of my having my own orthodox opinions strengthened.

No, it was not a bear—but young Cottin Bayley, fresh from Bread Street, in the loudest plaid from head to feet, coming out to catch trout with a rod and sinker! That man always was my abomination—but just then he did seem, at least, a pleasant disappointment, as a substitute for the bear. I breathed freely.

Not so the girl. She clung to my arm with a sudden look of terror, just as a little daughter of five years might have done, and whispered, quickly—"Oh, what is that? Shall I scream for help? Please—"

Evidently I shall never know, to my dying day, whether Cottin Bayles was going to shake hands with me. I leave the impression to rest where it was—he didn't do so—he saw me. For, setting him dead, I gave my arm to the young girl, and left the bank. Then we hurried through the bushes, and never stopped until, somewhat oppressed for breath, we stood to rest in the open road, looking back on the old stone boarding-house where I stank.

I really felt as if I had been doing one of the strangest things in the world. I turned toward the little fairy-woman at my side, and said:

"What were you afraid of?"

"I seemed to see his soul—oh! so coarse—so gross—so low!"

I believe it was then I began to love Miel Bonbon. For she had my repulsion—repulsion from my affinities. After this I asked her, as unobtrusively as I could, where she lived.

In her spirit I saw her home. I am going to stay at the house where you are. Every thing under her roof was familiar to that, if you can understand what I mean, it seemed not to dispose me to questioning. I was perfectly satisfied with this new-ever from the moment I saw her, and could have awakened a thousand succeeding queries, silent or expressed, how, where from, and why she came here.

"I am going to stay at the house where you are," said she, and as I answered that I was occupied a little nest of a room close under the eaves on the second floor with a ship-sail, and that sometimes at night, when I lay awake with my view window thrown open, I could hear her singing over the river, she said that she thought she would like to be with me.

The people at the house called her "The Lady Tootsy," and worshiped her gaiter soles at the distance between common life and mountain-air. They sang Cottin Bayley's songs, stopped at our door, called her "Little Bad Manners," because she had run away on the same floor with Bayley, and, coming from six trout, taken at a canter, to one, at a very moderate pace, I became aware that he cherished the secret hope that Miel Bonbon would be bored her confidentially to the silent night as Dreaming Rose, whose name I had given her as "the stunning woman." But I only called her Miel Bonbon—probable because she was sweet as the flower of that name, and because I had no secrets between fairies and most women—and she took the name, answering to it always. Some one called her for our day-long strolls, and never saying that she had another already; nor, curious as to my mood, did I ever ask her what her name really did have. Miel Bonbon was enough for me. I did not care to know more about her from; she was here now, and that also was enough.

The conversation with which this account began was that of the day before our marriage in New York. After it, feeling universally good from the heart, and very well-lined home with the sun, I was leaning on my arm, under the maples now shining into their first autumn tinge.

Then was it my mood, I suppose, I've no idea how many miles of that old house. Our means of going consisted mostly of one old horse, Bill Bayley, which lay under the asparagus of the mantle looking-glass, and the natural play swelling into the summer mood from rocks and trees. Then the magistrate—the pass of the wild, grand forest that was wild and grand in its solitude, I left Miel Bonbon and I could not be married en rapt there.

Yet, remember, I am no majestic Old Testament souls, who settled ever; thing to simply by a stone, a memorial-stone, to bear witness of their everlasting love. Nothing of the kind. Had you been now it, we went out to the rock where I had first met Miel Bonbon, and knelt on it with joined hands. And the thoughts we thought were not from the real marriage, of which the ceremony done afterward was but a sign. We were, in heart, one made up, and clasped one another in that long embrace which says, "Naught but death shall part thee and me."

"What is this, love?" said Miel Bonbon, with a sudden look of fear, as we rose, and she threw both our arms from about one another; "just give me your hand a minute." I put it in hers, and she held it in the air midway between us. "What do you feel now?" said she.

Here struck me. I was very strange, but just at that midway place I felt, though I could not see any thing, a magnetic current that was passing in exact union. "I verily believe," exclaimed Miel Bonbon, "that they are ours, which became one when we joined hands, and were divided when we parted." It must have been so; for never, up to this hour, have I felt that unity so increased; and one of us can ever tell the approach of the other in the darkest night by feeling it stir in our nearest.

Early the next morning we left the woods together for New York. Our parting was painful. Lady threw an old shoe after us for luck as we left the door. It struck me on the head, which made Miel Bonbon laugh, for it was too old to hurt, and gave young Bayliss an opportunity to remark, from the view window in which he sat like a rock "Grandsman" in the National Academy, in a frame altogether too good for him, that he wished it were his head.

On reaching New York, we were married over again in the house of my father, and had the necessary fun of Heaven and society, was now my wife. And what a charming little one she made! She had all my tastes, and that naturally, too, without any pretense of an imbecile deference; she had read all my favorite books, and loved them as well; and often, as we were talking together through one of the long winter evenings which we ever tired of spending with each other, she would come out with some exquisite sentence upon the subject in hand, which I thoroughly expressed what I had thought an utterly irrepressible idea of mine, that I was quite startled at the delight.

One night, just after her winning little mouth had first blown out the lamp under the urn and then given me a farewell kiss, it struck me as not unpleasant to have it do a third good office, and I said, "Sing, Miel Bonbon—there's a dear little fairy!"

"Sing—sing—what shall I sing?"

"The first thing of all you love best. I should like, for curiosity, to hear what that is."

She sat on my knee for some time in thought —deep thought—and then, in a voice wondrous fresh and clear, broke forth into that glorious anthem of purity—the Ave Maria. "The angel Gabriel liveth!"

I started so violently that she fell to her feet.

"Child!" I cried, feeling the drops of awe bustling all my forehead, "how did you know that that was the first thing my soul loved to me?"

"What?" said Miel Bonbon, her color coming and going every second. "So it is to me! Why is it to you?"

"They sang it at my mother's funeral."

"I must have been there. I began to feel it pain me when you speak of it."

"You, Miel Bonbon! Impossible! I could name all who were present; and do you think I would not have remembered you?"

The only answer Miel Bonbon made was to bury her face in my bosom, and weep bitterly. To myself, I was overcome by the strangest mystery, every where converging me as a thick cloud.

At last—for it seemed as if she never would stop crying without help—I roused myself, and, trying in his sweet face, said, gently and coldly,

"Darling! my abruptness frightened you—I have made you ill. Don't cry, Miel Bonbon—for-give me, and I will."

She raised her head, and answered me, in a broken voice:

"No; not that—you have not hurt me; but—oh, there must be some strange, dreadful secret in my birth!"

"Secret! what secret, Miel Bonbon? You are not well you. Sit!" Really I began to be afraid for her reason. She seemed to suspect this fear; and, to dissipate it, with a great effort collected herself.

"My husband," said she, sitting up, and through her tears looking me full in the face, "nought ought we that sir, but I begin to sing it as if it came right out of here and here," putting her hand first on her heart, and her forehead, "I will sing it as I began I seemed to see a funeral—we were attending it with the other people in the left aisle of St. Thomas's Church."

"My God!" I said; "the very place out of which I followed my father!"

"It was a beautiful lady, in her very prime, with dark brown hair, and a face as rich, long and beside her exquisite marble face. There was a jasmine wreath—"

"Miel Bonbon! you will drive me mad. How could you know this? I was a child of eight years old then, and you were not born. Either you are an angel or a—"

Quick! water! God forgive me for the utter word, and be assured that I did not say it! My eyes—quite, quite away! I bore her to the sofa, and, in the calm till the servant answered my quick call. And then we sprinkled her face, threw up all the windows, used the vinaigrette, all in a hurry, and very desperation—thinking I had killed her—I clasped her tightly to my breast, as an only fresh rock of remembrance to her, strangely then, thank God! she opened her eyes.

"Are you angry with me, dear?" she whispered, faintly.

If I ever give you cause to think so again, let me be punished as I have been the last five minutes!"

Here we dropped the subject. I solved its whole mystery, for the sake of dismissing it, by supposing Miel Bonbon and I were in the same mesmeric rapport with one another—a case not unusual between men and women who are much together. Then I forced self-satisfaction from the shadow of a cloud which fails through the window, and I kissed away the tears and called them kindest that dark saying of Miel Bonbon's:

"There must be some strange, dreadful secret about my birth!"

The winter was over, and spring half-way on the road to summer. I remember the weeks were in full bloom on the back piazza, and the Stuyvesant pear-tree with his blossoming head seemed trying to make Old Petrus in powder —when I had to go to Chicago on business. No one was to be there after that—but called me was imminent—and I was to go by the lightning train. A prospect about as pleasant as a tour by constant—but I was to be absent only a week, and the latter, as sooner over with and no likelihood of absent little, it was to sleep sound, and, on every try to and not do it. I was to eat at counters down the river five minutes, and the dishes are bread wiped with a dirty towel, cold, clammy wiches, and the potables, water brought in a pail formerly used for the conveyance of lemons, called lemonade. If I ever reached there, I was to stay at Chicago only a day, and then return.

Accordingly, painful as I felt our first parting must be, I could not be so cruel as to take Miel Bonbon with me. She pleaded long and beseechingly, but my love made me decided, and I announced all was to stay with "Oh no, darling! no, my Miel Bonbon! You are too precious to me to be killed outright." And, with heroic repression of my marital weakness, I sternly packed one solitary carpet bag. Then came the inevitable, but indescribable, and for that reason, little weight as it has with most people, the by me undescribed tenderness of the first good-by.

A little handkerchief waving at the window. I kiss my hand a dozen times. Good-by for six whole days, Miel Bonbon!

The train had reached Bergen Cut, as in my handkerchief I sat reading the paper, upside down, I believe, though that don't matter, and I felt a heart beat close beside me, looked up, and saw—

"Why, Miel Bonbon! not a day gone—"

"It is an ugly dream, dear?"

What could a man say to this darling, wicked, faithful, sunny, pernicious, charming, suicidal little wife? Nothing but that she would kill herself, and he was in rapture to see her.

"But how did you get here? I had only just time enough, and you were not dressed when I left the house."

"I could not be away from you—I found myself here." What could I have said to that to believe literally true.

And as the little creature braved with me that whole miserable distance and fatigue—all day my comfort, all night my comforter; for she kept my warm warm, as she nestled on it under my great cloak. Really, we both of us came back less tired than I should have returned alone. Mrs.—, keeper of all hostesses who travel by land or sea, and whose wives want to go with them.

I gain sufficient attention to the present. I never make them. But I will own, mortifying as it is, that I never I came thoroughly awake to my previous fatigues—Western land. While I was at Chicago I had so little time that there was no temptation to catch an evil moment. But as I awoke next morning to my return, somebody induced me to join a Company of which young Bayley was the active president, and whose circular contained the signatures of Crowdenia, Corlidge, and there's no saying what other eminent eminently respectable.

This Company had meetings almost every night. Meetings for Organization. Meetings for steps. Meetings to take them back. Meetings for consideration. Meetings utterly without consideration. Meetings for conversation, and, for business, for nothing at all. And I was whirled into the vortex, gradually and somewhat from spiral to spiral, until at last there was never a meeting but I was present, and my whole life-interest became a refrain of two words, which converted to land, land converted to cash.

Stop! Mr. Charles Lawrence—there, Sir! right where you are.

Ho, there, without! Who dares call stop?

I felt I was going mad. Fever. I will say possible Death, glaring over his shoulder. For Miel Bonbon was stricken down. Yes, in all the exquisite beauty of her young, peach-blossom womanhood; in all the ripening sweets of wifely tenderness; in all the golden foreshadowing of the blissful mysteries of maternity; stricken down—down. In the unspeakable loss of her own dear love, day by day, she had been growing paler, whiter, more weirdly spiritual, from the very hour that I started on my unnatural chase. It was through me how lonely the house must have been to her while I was at the meeting—how it must have been from old times must have seemed. True woman! Like the dairy, she dried the dew on her cheek when her husband returned, and wept in the dark out.

As I stood by that bedside, where she whom I loved lay unconscious, I cursed myself, for my folly, through teeth shut in wrath and anguish.

"Ah! doctor, do I curse it too late?"

"Painful as the extreme case is at it, Sir, I can give you no hope."

Oh! you liar doctor says *that*, how the last prop suddenly gives way between man and the literal! I paid the doctor his fees, bowed—although he could not see out, and knelt over all alone with Miel Bonbon and the overshadowing angel. In the manner of my life I could have prayed—I did and had an evil eye, how the lands of the Land Company would have turned into sand-heaps, and their company to Dead Sea fruit. I prayed! But hold. The doctor was but a prop; he knocked away. I did—where? Upon the All-Great, the All-Good. I would pray.

For an hour I knelt, breathing no articulate language, but with my heart out, and lonely all alone.

I was attracted by the sound of the old mid-way hour—the first of May. I had been there a year. It came delirious. In an ecstasy I sprang to my feet and cried, "She lives—she lives!"

Oh, no! not by the doctor, but she is only talking wanderingly in her fever. Still that is a shocking sight to see delirium in the eyes that love you. I put my ear to her mouth, and, clasping her hand, listen to catch what she says.

Thus in love. "There was a young man once —he loved every thing good and true and beautiful—he used to love Miel Bonbon—he used to love in his soul—all the time. Slowly—little by little —these images began to form themselves into one —one of a woman—a beautiful woman—and beautiful. In the night—he sometimes saw her—in his soul—and—she was—my wife shall be such a woman. By-and-by she grew so strong—so living—that she did not—could not—stay an image—she became—she became—how can he came a real—live woman—and sat down on a rock —he was by a river—and—she was by his side."

"Oh, Heaven! the secret of Miel Bonbon!"

"Yes—that was the name—the strange, sweet name—that nobody—she did not know—she had always been his—he wondered at her. But he loved her—and oh!—how she loved him—and she —became his wife. By day and night—Miel Bonbon must—be near him—she was where his—thought was—his thought kept—her alive. By-and-by—"

Here her voice grew fainter. In the fascination of an almost despair I threw myself down by her side, and put my heart upon hers. The old remedy revived her once more. Still, tricksely, she went on.

"By-and-by—he began to love money—oh—it frightens me—so much—so—very much—for the truth—and beautiful things. He was trying to be like the—best—no—not the best—the best is soft and good—like young Cottin Bayles. He *would* have been in—a very—short time. As his heart—and his thought inside—began to rust—and grow dim—his thought and heart—outside—his Mist Bonton—began to sicken—and to die—that's she would never live again—if—if—"

Voice failing once more. Quick! quick! with desperation. Heart kept quiet, and voice will run thus before! Once more, thank God, she revives!

"If what, dearest? If what, my soul, Maid Bonton?"

"If—he does not—look steadily at her face —with his face—when—he turns—and think the old thoughts again."

Hope! hope! Glory in the highest! Hope!

Still pressing my heart close to Miel Bonton's as the Prophet of old upon the Shunamite's son. I looked my very deepest thought into hers—the like lids of my love; yes, and I thought the old thoughts after. For—with God as my witness—I swore my solemn oath that the dross-heap of this world should no more forever rise between me and the old thoughts of my soul. Why, I could have turned breath'd drew back the pure, beautiful former life —with every second on! I breathed that life anew into the fainting Miel Bonton.

For an hour I lay thus—every thought an acre, every act a mighty prayer! Lay with my heart—for at the end of that time—slowly, as one comes out of a trance—the dear old Miel Bonton awoke, and knew she what she had been saying. Then quick-ar and quicker returned bloom, roundness, strength. And she arose more mirrored than ever.

As she fell upon my neck weeping, yet living, loving and lovely as in the days of old, I said again, "My only beloved—my husband!" do you think that I sorrowed for that past lesson of misguide? No; for it taught me to love you, Miel Bonton, and now that I know it, I say to her,

"Yet the world, nay, not death even, shall part me and thee!"

A CROWN OF SORROW.

A Sorrow, wet with early tears
Yet bitter, had been long with me;
I wearied of the weight of years,
And would be free.

I tore my Sorrow from my heart,
I cast it far away in scorn;
Right joyful that we two could part,
Yet most forlorn.

I sought (to take my Sorrow's place)
Over the world for flower or gem;
But she had had an ancient grace
Unknown to them!

I took once more with strange delight
My ancient Sorrow. Proudly now
I wear it, set with stars of light,
Upon my brow!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.

"Great are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Most persons will agree that the toad is ugly and venomous, but few indeed are the persons who can boast of having actually discovered that "precious jewel in his head." Shakspeare, we may assume as a philosopher, but calamity may be classed in two great divisions—1st, The afflictions, which the gradation can avert; 2d, The misfortunes, which men take all possible pains to bring upon themselves. Adherents of the first class may but call forth our sympathy, and result in our aid; those of the second, if they have any virtue, find in it the jewel. But to get at the jewel we must kill the toad. Misfortune of the second class but too often increases the vices or the vices by which they are inherited. Such is the adversity which is all toad and no jewel. If you choose to look for the jewel you see the toads, the increase of the venom absorbs every bit of the jewel.

NEVER did I know a man who was an habitual gambler, otherwise than notably inaccurate in his calculations of probabilities in the ordinary affairs of life. Is it that such a man has become so obstinate a dreamer about money, that he sees double every chance in his favor?

Jasper Losely had counted upon two things as matters of course.

1st. Darrell's speedy reconciliation with his only child.

2d. That Darrell's only child must of necessity be Darrell's heiress.

In both these assertions the gambler was deceived.

Darrell did not even answer the letters that Matilda addressed to him from France, to the shores of which Jasper had borne her, and where he had been suffered to make her his bride under his assumed name of Hammond, but his true Christian name of Jasper.

In the disreputable marriage Matilda had made, all the worst parts of her character seemed suddenly revealed to her father, and when he saw what he had hitherto sought not to see, the true child of a mother whom he had loved *mistakenly*, if palliated by long or familiar acquaintance with the object, however it might have gulled him, his heart taught him to detect; but here, without even a struggle of duty, without the ordinary excuses of maiden pride, to be won with so scanty a wooing, by a man who she knew was betrothed to another—the dissimulation, the perfidy, the combined effrontery and meanness of the whole transaction, left no force in Darrell's eye for the gentleness and excuses of inexperience and youth. Darrell would not have been Darrell if he could have taken back to his home or his heart a daughter so old in deceit, so worthless in the things that are dishonor.

Darrell's silence, however, little saddened the heartless bride, and little damped the sanguine bridegroom. Both thought that pardon and plenty were but the affair of time—two little more or little less. But their funds rapidly diminished; it became necessary to recruit them. One can't live in hotels entirely on one's credit. Leaving his bride for a while in a pleasant provincial town, not many hours distant from Paris, Jasper returned to London, intent upon seeing Darrell himself; and should the father-in-law still remain obdurate, to make him comprehend that he could have no trouble in raising a present supply upon such a son-in-law's future expectations. Darrell at once consented to see Jasper, not at his own house, but at his solicitor's. Jasper was not surprised, therefore, at a proud gentleman deemed this condescension extorted on the part of Darrell a concession worthy of those revolvers upon which depended the worldly station and prospects of the wedded pair.

Mr. Gotobed, senior, in the lawyer's cloud's office, Darrell was alone, standing near the hearth, and with his arm resting upon the mantelpiece, that tender truth toward his breast which Jasper had elaborately prepared; but the moment the first time he met his son-in-law, and perhaps yet more resentfully mortified while recognizing those personal advantages of a lower prodigate which had rendered a daughter of his house so facile a conquest; Jasper's color fled, chosen to the last to himself at least, the eminent must necessarily be old and broken) shocked and disappointed at the sight of a man in the vigor of a man still young, under forty, with a countenance, a port, a presence, that in any assemblage would have at once singled out Jasper from his own brilliant self, and looking altogether as unfavorably as that self could look in the noise of pot-mets, as unlikely to breathe out a blessing or to give up the ghost, as the word bestow a benefit or resign a place or pension. Nor were Darrell's words more comforting than his aspect.

"Sir, I have consented to see you, partly that you may learn from my own lips once for all that I admit no man's right to enter my family, that I am not my consent, and that consent you will never receive, and partly that, then knowing exactly how or by what, you may know the man it becomes him most to avoid. The lady who is now your wife is entitled to all the considerations due to the reversion of a small fortune at my death; nothing more from me is she likely to inherit. As I have no more than this one to say, I once gave the name of daughter should be dependent wholly on yourself for bread as you have for it inform you on what conditions I am willing, during my life, to pay the interest of the sum to which will go your wife at my death. Sir, it return to your hands the letters that lady has addressed to myself which, if by you or by her, I once were written at your dictation. No letter from her to myself, or to any one else, has ever old her foot will never pass. Thus, Sir, concludes all possible intercourse between you and myself; what rests is between you and me, as gentleman."

Darrell had opened a side-door in speaking the last words—pointed toward the respectable form of Mr. Gotobed standing tall beside his tall desk—and Jasper could have seen the old sword, the father-in-law gone.

With Jasper's departure Mr. Gotobed made Jasper fully aware that not only all Mr. Darrell's fondest or personal property was entirely at his own disposal, but that all the late years landed estates he had purchased (and which Jasper had supposed to be unconditionally in the strict entail) were in the same condition—conditution enviable to the proprietor, odious to the disappointed, as Jasper could not but perceive, but that even the fee-simple of the poor Fawley Manor House was entirely at Darrell's will, unencumbered only by the portion of £10,000 which the late Mrs. Darrell had brought to her husband, and which was to go, on the death of herself and Darrell, on the children of the marriage.

In the absence of marriage-settlements between Jasper and Matilda, that sum at Darrell's death was liable to be claimed by the eldest child—right of his wife, so as to leave no certainty that a succession would not be claimed by the wife and family; and the contingent reversion might, in the mean time, be so dealt with as to be of no value whatever to any one else.

"Sir," said the lawyer, "I will be quite frank with you. By my will, now executed, I have full power to settle this sum of £10,000 on your wife, and my children she may bear you, to its latest issue of any degree of consanguinity to those of, even with Mr. Hammond's consent. If your part in this matter be honorable and reasonable one, you are entitled to compensation. I am prepared to make that compensation liberal. Perhaps you will see your own interests best with me though your own solicitor. But I should tell you, at my time of life, I consider it no disadvantage to you, in proposition as no position is confined to us two. It might, for instance, be agreeable to you to purchase with your true name (I have you a thousand pardons) a seat Hammond. In a secret ear I tell you I move you can keep it to yourself, the better I think it will be for you. We have no wish to be known."

Jasper by this time had somewhat recovered the first shock of displeasure and disappointment; and with that quickness which we cruelly darted through a mind that contrived to be dull often any thing honest was addressed to its apprehension, he instantly divined that Mr. Gotobed was not in the secret of Darrell's will. He had no idea of resuming—no, indeed, at that time anxious altogether to ignore and eschew it; but he had a right to it, and a man's rights are not to be resigned for nothing. Accordingly, he said with some asperity, "I shall resume my family name whenever I choose it. If Mr. Darrell does not like his daughter to be called Mrs. Jasper Losely—or all the malignant attributions which an injured father's exasperation may attribute, which we may believe that innate trial might provoke—he must, at least, ask me as a favor to retain the name I have honorably given to my wife in my family. Mr. Losely married a Hammond, I forget when —generations ago—and I see it in the Heralds' Mr. Gotobed, Sir Julian, was not a crack lawyer, but he was a harvest of as good sense as any in the county; and by Mr. Jasper—(Jasper's voice trembled)—"my father," he added, hurriedly striking his clenched hand on the table, "was a gentleman every inch of his body; and I'll pitch any man out of the window that says he was not so in the country!"

"Sir," said Mr. Gotobed, shrinking toward the bell-pull, "I think, on the whole, I had better see your solicitor."

Jasper cooled down at that suggestion; and, with a slight apology for natural excitement, begged to know what Mr. Gotobed wished to propose. The latter, on the first part of the story, after two or three interviews, in which the two negotiators learned to understand each other, as a settlement was finally completed, by which the sum of £10,000 was inalienably settled on Mrs. Jasper Losely and the children of Mr. Jasper; in case he survived her, the interest was to be his for life—in case she died childless, she could assign the capital to himself at absolute decease. Meanwhile, Darrell agreed to pay £200 a year, quarterly, for so long, too, as he forbore directly, or indirectly, to molest, or even to address the person at whose pleasure it was held. Should he break the conditions to the per were sufficiently favorable: he came into an income unexpectedly beyond his right to believe that he should ever enjoy; and sufficient —well managed—for even a fair share of the happiness or the misfortunes of life, to the man couple blessed in each other's love, and remote from the temptations of the fashionable gambling of this opulent England, where, out of fear to be thought too poor, nobody is ever too rich.

Matilda returned to Darrell. But some months afterward he received an extremely well-expressed note in French, the writer and date of represented herself as a French lady, who had very lately seen Madame Hammond—was now in London for a few days, and had, under the thing to communicate, of such importance as to justify the liberty she took in requesting to be honor her with a visit. After some little hesitation, Darrell called on this lady. Though Matilda had forbidden to see *him*, he could not contemplate her profitable fate without painful anxiety. Perhaps Jasper had ill-used her; perhaps she had need of shelter elsewhere. Though that shelter could not again be under a father's roof, though Darrell would have taken no step to separate her from the husband she had chosen, he was not the man to be the felt comparative relief and ease had she herself sought to divide her fate from one whose harsh dominion over her she could not judge strictly divided. With an idea that some communication might be made to him, or that he might reply that Matilda, if compelled to quit her husband, should never want the home and subsistence which he could give, Darrell went to the house (a handsome house in a quiet fashionable square) to which he was directed.

A tall *chasseur*, in full costume, opened the door —a page usurped him into the drawing-room. He saw a lady young—and with all the air and of a *Parisienne* in her manner—who, after some preparatory phrases of courtesy, informed him (as a testimonial of the intimacy between herself and Madame Hammond) a letter she had received from her friend, in a very hurried, unfamiliar strain, full of professions of gratitude—of a genuine attachment—of a sincere friendliness—but far from complaining of Jasper, or hinting at the idea of deserting a spouse, with whom, but in that kindly remembrance of a beloved parent, her lot would be blessed indeed. Whatever of pity was deficient in the tone of the French lady supplied by such apparent fine feeling, and by so many touching little traits of Darrell's own daughter that Darrell's heart was cased in spite of his reason. He went away, however, with the lady's promise of sending to call no more. But another note came. The French lady had received a letter from a mutual friend—Darrell's—she feared, "most unexpectedly, ill." This took him again to the house, and he found the lady seated in a room darkened by the news she had heard—and yet so desirous not to exaggerate nor alarm him needlessly, that Darrell perceived his daughter must be dying, and became nervously anxious himself for the visit was over. Two or three more such visits in all necessarily followed the first one. Then Darrell abruptly closed the intercourse, and could only be induced to call again.

Not that he for an instant suspected that this amiable lady, who spoke so becomingly, and whose manners were so high-bred, was other than the well-born Baroness she called herself, and looked to be, but partly because, in the last interview the charming *Parisienne* had appeared a little to forget Mr. Hammond's existence, and to look toward her suit, cupectful desire to centre his attention more upon herself; and the moment she did so, he took a decisive leave of her which she had not before conceived; and partly because his feelings having recovered the first effect which the vision of a penitent pining, dying daughter could not fail to produce, his experience of Matilda's duplicity and falsehood made him discredit the pensiveness, the pining, and the dying. The Baroness might not willfully be deceiving him—Matilda might be willfully deceiving the Baroness. To the more shrewd, more, dispatched to him by the feeling and elegant Gotobed, he replied but by a cry evasive—a stately hint that such matters could never be satisfactorily discussed except in family intercourse, and that if her friend and she were really in any way occasioned by a lullet in the pale cheeks of his daughter was indicted on himself, it might convince her that more than half indebted, and that his wish was for her health and happiness as well as his secure, because henceforth he could neither watch over the one nor minister to the other. In this note, after a day or two, the Baroness replied by a letter so beautifully worded, I doubt whether Madame de Staël herself could have written in purer French, or Madame de Staël with a truer feeling of phrase. Though a little prone of diction, the substance was but small; "Anxiety for a friend so beloved—so unhappy—more grieved even than before, and which Mr. Hammond had been enabled to see how fondly a daughter must idolize a father in the man whom a union revered—Clare two lines devoted to compliment personal—compelled by that anxiety to quit even another day in London—demanded the metropolis of that noble country," etc.—three four lines more devoted to compliment personal)—and then proceeding through some charming sentences about parrot altars and domestic hearths, the writer ended by *ordering* herself—"I would intrude no more on time unlimely solicited by the sacred affections—confided with the assurance of sentiments the most *distinguees*." Entire thought Darrell that this communication might be the last he should ever behold, would exercise an influence over that portion of his destiny which he desired to see in him most severe from evil; toward which, then, he looked for the balm to every wound—the support in every injury.

Darrell heard no more of Matilda, till, not long afterward, he received the announcement to him. She had died from exhaustion shortly after giving birth to a female child. The news came upon him with a shock which, from no other cause—(he explanation of which, forming no part of the present history, I leave to the ingenious reader to divine)—his mind was in a state of great affliction and disorder—when he had already buried in the grave his daughter. Lady —ambition reigned and the world renounced—and the unfortunate Matilda was not dead until ten more than it might have done some months before. If, at that moment of utter bereavement, Matilda's child could best become his care—given up to him to rear—would he have rejected it? I would he have forgotten that it was a lady's grandchild? I dare not say. But his pride was not yet to such a trial. One day he received a packet, inclosing a letter, inclosing the formal certificates of the infant's death, which had been prepared for him by Jasper, who had arrived in London for that melancholy purpose, with which he combined a pecuniary proposition. As Matilda had died childless, and her only child, the sum of £10,000 absolutely reverted to Jasper in the event of Darrell's decease. As the interest meanwhile was continued to Jasper, and without counter-suggestion, Jasper proposed in a great deal to himself and no disadvantage to Darrell if the principal were made over to him at once. This was the proposition originally to commence. He had abjured all thoughts of resuming over vocation during his wife's lifetime, out of that consideration for the family and ancient birth which motives of delicacy impelled him to observe. Intercourse with Mr. Darrell was dissolved, it might be rather a relief than otherwise to feel gentlemanly and quiet in an honor due to displeasing to him was finally settled, not only in a foreign land, but in a social sense, with the dead. The insurance would soon be ignored by all who could remind Mr. Darrell that his daughter had once a child and, on the occasion that Jasper should occur again now presented itself. A trolling firm at Paris, might, but necessarily must be in its mercantile transactions, would accept him as a partner could not. Mr. Darrell would advance the said of £10,000." Not without dignity did Jasper add, "that since his connection had been so unhappily dissolved by the death of one of the very payment, each quarter, of the interest on the sum in question should be paid to the given the unwelcome remembrance of that connection, he had the less scruple in making a proposition which would relieve Mr. Darrell's mind perhaps no dislodged his alliance to get rid of him altogether." To this proposition, and to every other proposal, pleased to cut off from his life each his child henceforth link to do Jasper's, Mr. Darrell returned a decided negative across from every shilling of the marriage portion which was supposed on it as a debt, and associated with memories of unmingled bitterness. Accordingly, Mr. Gotobed, taking care first to ascertain that the letter announcing the poor child's death were genuine, accepted Jasper's cool refusal on the part of Mr. Darrell's estate. There still, however, remained the £200 a year which Jasper had received during Matilda's life, on the tacit condition of remaining Mr. Hammond, and not personally addressing Mr. Darrell. Jasper inquired if that annuity was to continue? Mr. Gotobed referred the inquiry to Darrell, observing that the object for which it was granted was now at an end. Darrell responded in the affirmative. Jasper, on the death of Mrs. Hammond and her child, accordingly ceased to receive it. He could have neither power nor pretext to molest Mr.

Darrell, and that it could signify but little what name might in future be borne by one whose connection with the Darrell family was wholly dissolved. Darrell impatiently replied, "That nothing having been said as to the withdrawal of the said allowance in case Jasper became a widower, he remained equally entitled, in point of honor, to receive that allowance, or an adequate equivalent."

This answer being intimated to Jasper, that gentleman observed "that it was no more than he had expected from Mr. Darrell's punctilio of honor," and apparently quite satisfied, carried himself and his £10,000, back to Paris. A long after, however, he wrote to Mr. Gotobed that "Mr. Darrell, having alluded to an equivalent for the £200 a year allowed to him, had kindly implying that it was no disagreeable to Mr. Jasper that the said sum should be secured in his banker's books, as it had to see there the quarterly interest of the £10,000, so Jasper might be excused in owning that he should prefer an equivalent. The commercial firm to which he was about to launch himself required a somewhat larger capital on his part than he had hoped, etc., etc. Without presuming to dictate any definite sum, he would observe that £1500, or even £1000, would be of more avail to his views and objects in life than the annuity of £200 a year, which, being held only at will, was not susceptible of a temporary loan."

Darrell, engrossed in thoughts wholly remote the recollection of Jasper, chafed at being thus recalled to the subject, and angrily answered, "I wrote back to the solicitor who transmitted to him this message, 'that on my having settled on his wife what was to be considered by Mr. Hammond's notions of its value. That the £200 a year should henceforth be placed on the same footing as the £500 a year that had been allowed on a capital of £10,000; that accordingly I might be left to suppose that a capital of £4000, for which he inclosed a check, begging Mr. Gotobed not to say to me a word, Mr. Hammond understand that there ended all possible accounts or communication between them, for never again to trouble him with any matters whatsoever in reference to affairs that were Mr. Darrell's, Mr. Jasper, and consequently the £4000, left Darrell and Gotobed in peace till the following year. He then addressed Jasper, as he had strongly plausible, business-like letter. "The firm he had entered, in the silk trade, was in the most flourishing condition, an opportunity occurred to purchase a magnificent millinery plantation in Provence, etc., etc. To guide many enquiries, etc., which would yield an immense increase of profit. That if, to insure him to the value of his interest in the concern, Mr. Darrell could accommodate him for a year with a loan of £20,000 or £30,000, reasonably calculated on attaining so high a position in the commercial world, as, though it could not render the wisdom of his advice more disinterested, Mr. Darrell would realize it less humiliating."

Mr. Gotobed, in obedience to the peremptory instructions he had received from his client, did not write the letter to Darrell, but on the occasion at that time to visit Paris on other business, he made personal enquiries of Mr. Hammond, to institute there some private inquiries about his son-in-law, and to report to him any thing about Mr. Jasper Hammond. A few fashionable English *roués* remembered to have seen Jasper there during Mabille balls, and shortly after her decease, a very fine-looking man about town, more seen among the *demi-mondaine* and lounging in the *Champs Elysées*, or dining at the *Café de Paris*, but of him that meeting had somewhere. Mr. Gotobed, then, was closely employing a commissioner to gain some information, when Mr. Hammond's visit to the private residence from which Jasper addressed his letter, ascertained that in that private residence Jasper did not reside. He paid the rent and received occasional letters, for which he called or sent; and from the person who was also a faithful and discreet functionary, declared his friend and Monsieur Hammond's friend, a large house in which he transacted business, though, where was the house, or what was the business, the garrulous Frenchman could not inform him. Police, "Monsieur Hammond was too reserved to communicate, he told too few particulars to inquire." At length Mr. Gotobed's business, which was, in fact, a commission from a distressed father to exclude an unprincipled man from a more boy, from some unhappy associations, having brought him into the neighborhood of those persons who belonged neither to the *beau monde* nor to the *haut commerce*, he gleaned from them the information he desired. Mr. Hammond lived in the very heart of a certain circle in Paris, which but few Englishmen ever penetrate. In that circle Mr. Hammond had, on receiving his late wife's dowery, become the partner in a private gambling hell; in which he had been ingulfed all the moneys he had received—a hell that ought to have prospered with him, if he could have concealed his villainous gains. His senior partner in that firm retired into the country with a fine fortune, no doubt the very owner of those millinery plantations which were so rich in the East, and per scattered Napoleons faster than any *croupier* could rake them away. And Jasper's natural talent for converting solid gold into thin air had been assisted by a lady, who, in the course of her amiable life, had assisted many richer men than Jasper to lodgings in St. Pelagie, or cells in the Maison des Fous. With that lady he had become acquainted during the lifetime of his wife, and it was supposed that Matilda's discovery of this fatuous had contributed perhaps to the illness which closed in her decease; the name of that lady was Gabrielle Demarets, the wife of a man who had been, in the days of Boulogne, nightly at opera-house or theatre; she had imprisonments in the Chamber d'Amis for from inaccessible to Mr. Gotobed, if he coveted the honor of her acquaintance. But Jasper was less before an *admiring* world. He was supposed now to be connected with another gambling-house of lower grade than the hell, in which he had contrived to break his own bank, and plunder his own till. It was supposed also that he owned a good friend in the notorious Belle Demarets; but if he visited her at her house, he was not seen by Darrell's spies. Of his temper was so uncertain, his courage so dauntless, his strength so prodigious, that gentlemen were in the habit of calling him the widow, or harlot down a stair-case, shunned the spot in which he was likely to be found, chose to encounter him. Mademoiselle Demarets had thus been condemned to the painful choice between an unsocial and that of acting, or that of any body else with the rigid privation of her sex. Not, however, that she was without the latter alternative. It was believed, however, that if ever Gabrielle Demarets should see the weakness of a kind sentiment, it was for this turbulent lady-killer; and that, with a liberality not less sure of its object than of its generosity, when she could no longer help him to squander, she would add a pinch, both to his fame and wrongly, of course, in such a reverse of the normal laws of her being, Mademoiselle Demarets sat down beside the man whom every woman but she would not have imposed upon his, and had paid with a fortune for the privilege of his at best me and beggared my friends; but to beat my friends and to beggar me—that is not the kind of love which I am willing to pay for."

Scandalized to the last nerve of his respectable system by the information which he received, Mr. Gotobed returned to London. More letters from Jasper—becoming urgent, and at last even menacing—Mr. Darrell received. To all of them, wrote back shortly "that he could not even communicate with Monsieur Jasper Hammond, and that he must peremptorily decline all further intercourse, epistolary or personal, with Mr. Hammond."

Darrell, on returning from one of the occasional months of absence, which, however, he rarely friended, melancholy," by which he broke the monotony of his Faulty life, found a letter from Jasper, and therein a letter from Matilda to herself, complaining of Mr. Gotobed's improper use, respecting her husband's character, and intimating that he could in return communicate to Mr. Darrell an intelligence that would give him more joy than it could to himself. Darrell replied that he could not, by Mr. Gotobed's own request, receive any communications from him. The revelations of Jasper's mode of life which were no delicate, or too much the reverse, to come to pass. Great Mr. Darrell's horror and memory of Jasper had hitherto been, it may with truth be observed, how much more would that memory now! No answer was, of course, vouchsafed to Jasper, who, after another assumed feeble appeal to the generosity of his enigmatical boast of the pleasurable information he was in the habit of receiving, became for a sullen silence.

One day, somewhat more than five years after Matilda's death, Darrell, coming in from his morning walks, found a stranger waiting for him. The stranger was Mr. Gotobed's clerk, who came from penal exile; and while Darrell, on hearing this unconcerned, stood mute with haughty wonder that within a visitor could have the boldness of his father's house, the convict began what seemed his prepared and premeditated speech incomprehensible—the infant Matilda had borne to Jasper, and the certificates of whose death had been so ceremoniously produced and so prudently attested, lived still! Sent out to nurse as soon as born, the child was put to a cheaper another babe, and this last was the child who had died before the eyes of Mr. Hammond. The elder Lously went on to statement out a hope that his son was not at the time aware of the fraud practised upon him, and was deceived by the nurse—that it had not been a premeditated importure of his own to obtain his wife's fortune.

When Darrell came to this part of his story, Mr. Darrell gave proof of his power of self-command. "Stop!" he said; "William Lously assisted you at this very moment in a fraud which I take was true. What proofs did he volunteer?"

"Proofs? Death, man, to you think that at such moment I had the cool self-possession to question and cross-examine? I could but bid the impostor leave the house which his feet polluted.

Alban heaved a sigh, and murmured, too low for Darrell to overhear, "Poor Matilda!" then aloud, "But, my dear friend, bear with me one moment more. Lously, by the acts of this diabolical Jasper, the exchange really had been effected, and a child to your ancient line lived still, would it not be worth your while—"

"Comfort!" cried Darrell, "comfort in the new child of the vile wife of the vile husband—my father to restore to its rank in the land, to be restored in the grandchild of a felon's—in the child of the wife of her husband's foe! You, gentleman and soldier, call that thought a comfort! Begone, sir, and tell your master so, if he lie! Not—leave such a thought to the lips of a William Lously! He indeed, clasping his hands, faltered forth some such word; he seemed to count on my forlorn privation of kith and kindred—so heir to my wealth—no representative of my race—would I deprive myself of—ay —your very words—of a solace—a comfort! He asked me, at least, to inquire."

"And you answered?"

"Answered so as to quell and crush in the bud all hopes in the success of so flagrant a falsehood—answered, 'Why inquire? Know that, even if your tale were true, I have no heir, no representative, no descendant in the child of Jasper—the grandchild of William Lously. I can at least leave my wealth to the son of Charles Haughton. True, Charles Haughton was a spendthrift—a gamester: but he was neither a professional cheat nor a convicted felon."

"You said that—oh, Darrell!"

The Colonel checked himself. But for Charles Haughton, the spendthrift and gamester, would William Lously have been the convicted felon? Not Matilda's child, but Jasper's, married one—

"And how did William Lously reply?"

"He made no reply—he skulked away without a word."

Darrell then proceeded to relate the interview which Jasper had had with him at Darrell during Lously's visit there—on Jasper's part, an attempt to blackmail Mr. Darrell, which he told—on Darrell's part, the same scornful refusal to hear it out.

"And," added Darrell, "at this moment, though it is impossible to assign any reason, had the inconceivable meanness to apply to me for a loan, I could not better show the disdain in which I held himself and his story than in recognizing his plea as a moderate asset. I threw him out at his feet, and so left him."

"But," continued Darrell, his brow growing darker and darker, "but wild and monstrous as the story was, still the idea that it smuggest be true was a supposition which derived its sole support from the character of Jasper Lously—from the interest he had in the supposed death of a child that alone stood between himself and the money he longed to grasp—an interest which ceased with the death of the child was gone, or was changed into the counter-interest of proving it alive. But, be that as it would be possible a fraud on me—still, I say, an idea that the story *might* be true, would force itself on my fears, and if it, though not even never to acknowledge to the child of Jasper Lously as a representative, or even as a relation of my house, would of course be immovable—yet it would become my duty to see that her infancy was sheltered, her childhood cared for, her youth guarded. Is not my duty now?"

"Right—noble—right duty," said Alban, blunt.

"Intricate sometimes are the obligations imposed on us as gentlemen; *noblesse oblige*'s a motto which sometimes puzzles us to construe; but our duties as men are plain—the idea very properly banished from me—said—"

"And I hastened to exercise the spectre. I left England—I went to the French coon in Paris—I found Jasper—I could not, of course, make formal or avowed inquiries of a nature to which Jasper could reply with contradictions (a conspiracy there were) which threatened me. But I saw the physician who had attended both the daughter and the child—I saw them—I had seen them both when living—seen them both when dead. The doubt on my mind was dispelled—not a pretext left for my own self-torment. The only person needful in evidence was Jasper himself, and he was not there. The infant had been sent. She lived in a village some miles from Paris, and there I saw her—saw she was cut. I left word I should call the next day—I did so—I had absconded. In the night, doubtless, have traced her, but to what end, if she were merely Jasper's minion and tool? Let me spare my flight pass the pain and her terror? Indirectly I inquired into her antecedents and character. The inquiry opened a field of conjecture, from which I hastened to turn my eyes. This woman had a sister who had been in the service of Madame Demarets, and Gabrielle Demarets had been in the neighborhood during my own daughter's lifetime, and my father my wife's death. Her husband, who had had two infants under her charge; the nurse had accompanied one of them to Paris, and on Alban, if these facts be in fresh and full child by another Lously to be forced upon my purse or my pity—is it his child, not by the illfated Matilda, but by the sister of the nurse of Matilda, even in the first year of wedlock, was accused? Accused—no—absolutely could not shrink appalled from the horrible name!—to acknowledge, adopt, proclaim as the last of the Darrells, the offspring of such a union? Lously Lously and a Gabrielle Demarets!—or, when I am in my grave, some relative advanced upon the new settled by marriage articles on Matilda's issue, and which, if a child survived, could not have been made over to Jasper? Is not this claim with witnesses suborned—a claim that might be formally established—a claim that would leave the representative of Darrell of my lands and wealth, but, more precious far, of my lineage and name? Is not this possible?"

Darrell paused, almost stifling, and became so pale that Alban started from his seat in alarm.

"It is nothing," resumed Darrell, faintly; "and, ill or well, I must finish this subject now, or that we may never resume it.

"I remained abroad, as you know, for some years. During that time two or three letters from Jasper Hammond were forwarded to me; the latest in date more insolent than all preceding ones. Mr. Gotobed answered for me. If they were rights, and insinuated threats of public exposure, reflecting on myself and my pride—He was my son-in-law after all, and if he came to disgrace the world should know the tie." Enough. This is all I know until the man who now, it seems, thrusts himself forward as Jasper Lously's friend or agent, spoke to me the other night at Mrs. Haughton's. That man you have seen, and you say that he—"

"Represents Jasper's poverty as extreme; his temper unscrupulous and desperate; that he is capable of any amount of scandal or violence. It seems that rumors of a child by the Duke (he, I believe) still preserved the name of Hammond, and that in England he has reversed that of Lously; seems, by Poole's date of the time on which he, Poole, quitted Jasper's acquaintance, to have done so after his bullied attempt on you at Pawley—whether in so doing he intimated the commencement of hostilities, or whether, as is more likely, the sharper finds it convenient to have one name to go by in one country and another, 'tis useless to inquire; enough that the identity between the Hammond who married your Matilda and the Jasper Lously whose face we have transported, that unscrupulous rogue has no longer any face to conceal. It is true that the revelation of this identity would now be of slight moment to a man of the world—as thick-skinned as myself. But, pardon me, but to you it would be disgreeable—there is no denying that—and therefore, in the hope that Mr. Poole advises a compromise, by which Jasper could be secured from want and yourself from annoyance, I am of the same opinion as Mr. Poole is."

"I see it?"

"Certainly. My dear Darrell, if in your secret heart there was something so galling in the thought that the man who had married your daughter, though without your consent, was not even to the commonplace extent of decency the world supposed, but the son of that poor dear—I mean, that raised who was transported, Jasper, but, indeed, a cheat and a swindler—that galled you so that you have concealed the true facts from myself and Mr. Gotobed till this day—if it has cost you even now so sharp a pang to divulge the true name of Mr. Hammond, whose acquaintance society now, when even gossip has forgotten in connection with yourself to bear inconvenience to you, I am willing to have this man watching for you in the streets, some wretched girl in his hand, and crying out, 'A penny for your son-in-law's wife's poor grandchild!' Pardon me—I must be blunt. You can give him to the police—transport him to the treadmill. Does that mend the matter? Or, worse still, suppose the man commits some crime that fills the newspapers with his life and adventures, including, of course, his runaway marriage with the fiance to Darrell's heiress —no one would blame you, no one respect you less; but do not tell me that you would not be glad to save your daughter's name from being coupled with such a miscreant's, at the price of half your fortune?"

"Alban," said Darrell, gloomily, "you can say nothing on this score that has not been considered by myself. But I am willing to place the matter that honor itself forbids me to bargain with him for the price of his silence. So long as he threatens, I can not buy off a threat —so long as he persists in a story by which he would establish a claim on the property of a child whom I have every motive, as well as every reason, to believe dead—whether he be what whatever I bestowed on himself would seem like hush-money to suppress that claim."

"Of course," Alban understood entirely agree with you. But if the man retract all threats, confess his imposture to be a mere pretended offspring, and consent to retire for life to a distant colony, upon an annuity that may suffice for his wants, leave no room for regret, to render more glaring his vices, or more effective the power of which he has made a bad usage between Mr. Poole and myself, I think that your peace might be permanently secured without the slightest sacrifice of honor. Will you leave the matter in my hands, on this assurance — that I will not give him anything except on the conditions I have stated?"

"On these conditions, and most gratefully," said Darrell, his whole face lighting. But one favor more: never again speak to me (unless absolutely necessary) in reference to this dark portion of my inner life."

Alban pressed his friend's hand, and both parties sliced for the moment. He said the Colonel, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Darrell, more than ever now I feel glad that the new house at Fawley, so long suspended, must be finished. Marry again you must! You can not live alone! And remembrances when you can supplant them by fresh hopes."

"I feel that," said Darrell, passionately. "And oh! if one blessed word could be breathed away! But it shall—it shall!"

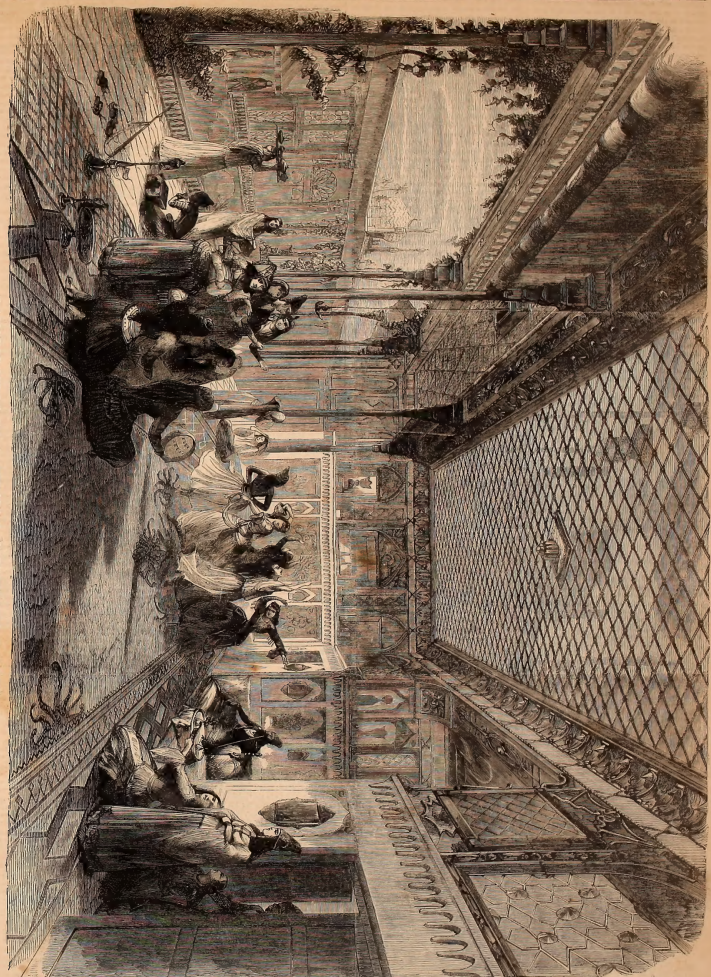
"Ah!" thought Alban, "the remembrance of his former conjugal life—a remembrance which might well make the heart of the boldest Benedict shrink from the hazard of a similar experiment."

In proportion to the delicacy, the exactness, the depth of a man's nature, will be his appreciation of the value of friendship. One man friend can conceive, and something in the secrets of his life which no male friend can ever conjecture.

PERSIAN DANCING-GIRLS.

In a former number of this journal we gave a pretty full description of private life in Persia, with illustrations taken from a sketch made by a member of a late British embassy. We give now a picture of one of the most striking scenes of Persian life—the performance of the bayaderes, or dancing-girls, in the hall of a Persian noble.

The scene will at once arrest attention. The hall is lofty and spacious, in order that, in that sultry country, fresh air may circulate freely. Creepers clustering round the windows fill the air with delicious fragrance; the ear is delighted with the low sound of never-ceasing fountains. The floor is marble mosaic, here and there worked into designs; the walls are lined with paintings, mosaics, or pier-maché from Birmingham and Paris, splendid



DANCING-GIRLS IN A PERSIAN NOBLEMAN'S SALOON.

mirrors from Venice, and exquisite sculptures in the beautiful transparent green marble of Tauris. Every angle and every corner is softened and half hid by a sculptured group. The walls contain alcoves, niches, closets, and even private chambers, to which the lazy lord of this luxurious abode may retire to rest without overfatiguing himself by the way.

Now, fair reader, if you have realized this sumptuous hall, with its resplendent magnificence, you must go a little further, and fancy its master, a pale, bearded Persian, half seated, half lying, on his carpet and his cushions in the coolest alcove, smoking his chibouk, and sipping his coffee or liqueur.

His lordship is dull this evening, he must be entertained. Let the dancing-girls come in!

Three dancing-girls, like the nautch-girls of India, and the same class in old Greece and Rome, are wanderers over the face of the earth. Most of them inherit their calling. In India they almost form a caste, and intermarry among themselves. In Persia people are not much in the habit of inquiring about girls' parents, and where the dancing-girls come from is more, probably, than they themselves could tell. They are "not in society" the Persian ladies, who are a very poor variety of the human female so far as morals and intellect are concerned, will not associate with them. On the other hand, the Persian gentlemen are fonder of them than of their families; no banquet is complete without dancing-girls, and no luxury is more highly prized by the voluptuous Persian aristocracy than such a private spectacle as the one we now illustrate.

The girls are generally pretty, and always well made. The least clumsiness unfits a girl for the office of bayadere. Her form must be perfect, and her command of her muscles thorough. In India the savage rajahs have been known to order an

unhappy girl who stumbled during an exciting dance to be dragged out to the middle and thrown to the tigers. By way of compensation, when a girl dances unusually well, and fulfils uncommonly saluting, the polygamic lord may marry her, and she may become the mother of his heir and successor. Every thing is balanced in this world.

The dance is nothing like what is seen at our theatres on ballet nights. It is a melodramatic pantomime, invariably descriptive of love scenes. Every scene is called into play, and the best and good dancer is as expressive as that of one of our track scenes. Those people who have been accustomed to witness these exhibitions describe them as very exciting—far more so than the performances at our theatres. But even they see but little. The sitachin of Ferok Khan, the late Persian ambassador to France, describes very forcibly the sense from those which have been recounted by European travelers. They must, however, be aware that Persian women wear suffer any male but himself to be present at a private exhibition in his own house. It will, in fact, be found that in no case is the burden of the house, servant-girls, and eunuchs are the only spectators of the performers.

The girls are well paid. It is usual to give them a certain sphere for their evening's dancing—about $20—which is a great deal of money in Persia. They earn it well, the fatigue is prodigious; some of their dances, during which the motion of the whole body is incessant, last half an hour.

Some years ago, an enterprising *danseuse* of the Paris opera was seized with a desire to see the world, and therefore arrived in Calcutta under the Paris aliens. The first was the mere marvelous as, unlike that great theatre known as Drury Lane, she was young and pretty. Arrived at Calcutta, this enterprising young woman found herself at the end of her money. She was informed she would have been less embarrassing had she been willing to dance at the house of some of the native princes; to her by one or more attaches of the European legations; but she would have nothing to say to her compatriots. It was generally supposed that diplomatic circlet that she would soon be brought to before the Lord as a vagrant to answer for her debts. Her French acquaintances anxiously awaited this denouement to her little comedy.

Suddenly a rumor spread through the aristocratic society that a minister of the Shah, a well-known connoisseur, was to give a dancing and a supper of supernatural address and loveliness. He had her, of course, said rumor, in close seclusion in his palace, and he took good care among his friends to venture upon the selection of even addressing him on the subject. He was much too jealous of what he told his good fortune every where; vaunting the grace and the beauty of his new bayadère from morning till night. Piqued at last by the boasts from a brother minister, he broke through conventional rules, and invited a select party to a dancing-by-seat to witness the performance of his new dancer. One or two of the diplomatic body were admitted to the mission; which, by-the-by, is a great manner more than an ordinary dinner-party.

The entertainment was of course, splendid and recherché. The best wines of the Rhine and Burgundy, the most exhilarating drinks, the most tempting tobacco, pressed upon the guests by young slaves who seemed all either Hebes or lookers Ganymede, regaled the guests in the course of the banquet. At last, when the greater senses were appeased, the hour arrived for the dance, and the dancing-girl appeared. The foreigners almost shouted—it was the little Parisian opera girl equipped and trained as a Persian bayadère.

What the particular character of the performance of that evening was none of the fortunate guests have ever disclosed. The Persians, when quartered on the subject, simply turned their eyes to heaven and declared that none of their own dancing-girls could charm them again. And it is understood, in select circles at Calcutta, that, for a round sum down, a relative of the Shah became possessor of the successful dancer, who consented to be sold in order to become his Royal Highness's wife.

We trust that no aspiring young lady will, on the strength of this, go to Persia, and try her fortune as a bayadère.

Miscellany.

—From a recently-published Memoir of the Author of the Curiosities.

I suppose that his full name is

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. He is the third and youngest son of the late General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall and Wood-dalling, in the County of Norfolk, by Elizabeth, Anastasia, her Lytton, sole heiress and last descendant of the Lytton of Knebworth, in the County of Hertford. His mother was last lineal representative of the family of Norreys Baronets-Lytton, of Menacuffe, in the island of Anglesea, and of Quarrendon, in Buckinghshire, and claimed direct descent, through the alliance of her ancestors with the first Plantagenet king, Henry II.; from Anse, sister of Orc, the Norwegian sea-king, and from Vill.; from the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, as well as from the Scottish monarchs Robert Bruce and Stephen Bathon, and Wallace, the Scottish Hero of Ayler, and from the princes of Ancient Wales, Caradoc Vreichvras and Owain Myvyr, and in recognition of the splendor of this pitchy pedigree that when, in 1838, at the period of the coronation of Queen Victoria, the then Prime Minister (the late Viscount Melbourne) acquainted Bulwer Lytton with the royal intention to include him in a new creation of baronets, he nobly Prender gratefully intimated that, if regarded as given to ers of as ancient a family, the title could only be bestowed a distinction; yet that, as given exclusively to the man of letters, in conjunction with the simultaneous nomination to the same dignity of Sir Robert Peel, as a man of science, it would hereafter be a welcome honor—namely, as a tribute to literature. It was a noble proffer, as such it was accepted—as a tribute to literature.

Who was Lady Bulwer?

In 1826 Bulwer Lytton, still in the early dawn of manhood, was united in marriage to Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Castle, in Ireland. The fruits of this marriage were a son and a daughter; the latter prematurely deceased, in 1843, among the fatal victims of consumption. The son is also dead. He was drowned under his pseudonym of Owen Meredith, the author, in his early manhood, of the "Clytemnestra" "Clytemnestra," and, later, of a volume of poems.

A Meeting.

Shortly after his Bulwer Lytton published his first really remarkable poem, a satire of modern London, under the title of "The New Timon." In this occurs the following passage:

"One after one the lustre of time advances:
Here Stanley waits, and there the Lyndhurst glances!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank Hastings, rich in all the attributes of Debate!

Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?
In the close division, who not cheers at once,
Prompt to the rule—kneeling from the mean?"

The *Sunday Times* allowed in to Geoffry, Earl of Derby, now Prime Minister of England, and Sir Robert, to Lord Stanley, one of the most famed and fortunate leaders of the Tory party. The "Chief" of "The New Timon" little thought at the time that he and the man he then eulogized would, twelve years afterward, stand together in the Ministry of their country.

—Every thing may be bored—which fact is demonstrated by a recent litigation which was forshaw a Bed

Some Royal Grievances.

showing how three hundred and twenty-three pounds sterling, with forty-three pounds more for bed and pounds sterling, with forty-three the moderate annual allowance of fifty thousand pounds, are spent.

We can imagine a young, amiable, sensitive, and newly-created monarch—a monarch simple in taste, who had studied, in early life, from the consecutive attitude of yacht-sailing—coming unexpectedly to a throne, in consequence of some unlooked-for circumstance, and being let loose, comparatively and unprepared, in the midst of this elaborate system of royalty. We can imagine with what his bewilderment at the crowd in the first department—that of the Lord Steward—consisting of the Lord Steward, the treasurer, the comptroller of the household, master of the household, secretary of the master, assistant secretary, three clerks of the household, secretary of the garden accounts, paymaster of the household, office-keeper, two messengers, and a yeoman usher.

In the Royal Kitchen

there is a clerk of the kitchen, four clerks of the kitchen, one master cook, deputy, the necessary woman of the kitchen, a chief cook, four master cooks, sundry appentices, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistants to the yeomen, a purveyor, a caterer, three kitchen maids, one store-keeper, two confectioners, two assistant confectioners, a pastrycook, two female assistants of the pastry-cook, a baker, an assistant baker, a yeoman of the confectionery, one yeoman of the ewer, two female assistants of the yeoman of the ewer, the gentleman of the wine cellar, the yeoman of the wine cellar, the undertaking liquors, a groom of the intoxicating liquors, a principal bottle-washer, a second bottle-washer, a third table-decker, an assistant table-decker, a waxlighter, the yeoman of the plate, the plate-porter, a groom of the plate-pantry, and six assistants in the plate-pantry. Two principal cook-porters, eleven assistant cook-porters, the yeoman-purveyor, the yeoman-porter, first yeoman-porter, second yeoman-porter, the yeoman-purveyor, three groom-porters, a state sergeant-porter, five state groom-porters, four state under-porters, and ten night-porters. One first laundry-maid, a second laundry-maid, an assistant laundry-maid, a yeoman of the sewers, a yeoman of the sewers of the yeoman of the steward's room, an usher of the green cloth, three assistants of the usher of the servants' hall. To complete the wondering list, the clerk of the ordinary Grand Almoner (honorary), Lord High Almoner (honorary), yeoman sewer of the almonry, one knight marshal and eight assistants, ranger of Windsor home park, ranger of Windsor great park, and keeper of the walks of Windsor great park.

Almighty recovered from these overwhelming parasites of the Lord Steward's department, we can imagine the bewildered monarch wandering into the second department—that of the Lord Chamberlain, who supervises the

Royal Household Out-door Exercise.

There he is hailed by the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the controller of accounts, the gentleman-usher daily waiter, the clerk of ware of the Lord Chamberlain, a chief clerk, an inspector of accounts, three assistant-clerks, an office-porter, the housekeeper of Windsor castle, the housekeeper of Hampton Court, the housekeeper of Kensington palace, secretary to the keeper of the privy purse, the master of the horse, the equerries in waiting, the ministers of the robes, eight ladies of the bed-chamber, eight maids of honor, eight bed-chamber women, and an extra bed-chamber woman; then to endure the obeisance of a groom of the robes, a clerk to the groom of the robes, a messenger to the groom of the robes, and a farrier to the groom of the robes. He is next saluted by eight lords in waiting, eight grooms in waiting to help the lords in waiting, an extra groom in waiting, four gentlemen ushers quarterly waiters, four gentlemen ushers, several daily waiters, an assistant gentleman usher, four grooms of the privy-chamber, eight gentlemen ushers, quarterly waiters, an extra gentleman usher as a messenger of the green cloth, thirty-two (honorary) gentleman of the privy-chamber. A number of the equerries, assistant master of the ceremonies, a marshal of the ceremonies, five pages of the back stairs, two state pages, a page of the chambers, six pages of the presence, and three pages' men to wait upon the pages. Then come sergeants-at-arms: he must have a night sergeant-at-arms, a Lord Chancellor's sergeant-at-arms, House of Commons' sergeants-at-arms, the kings of arms, a deputy four queen's messengers, one Lord Chamberlain's messenger. Then he is saluted by a number of inspectors of palaces, three carpet-men, nine house-keepers, three linen-room women, three necessary women, three yeomen, two strangers' attendants. At Windsor Castle, when

Royalty goes to Church,

it encounters a dean of the Chapel-Royal, a subdean, a chaplain, a clerk of the queen's closet, three deputy-clerks, a clerk of chapels in ordinary, a closet-keeper, forty-eight chaplains in ordinary, ten priests in ordinary, four chaplains, three preachers, three readers, sixteen lay gentlemen of the chapels-royal, four organists, two composers, a violist, a harper, a corporal of the yeomen of the vestry, a master of the boys, and ten boys to be mastered.

If Royalty is Ill,

it must not be without evoking the services of two physicians in ordinary, four physicians extraordinary, one physician to the household, first and second physicians-accoucheur, surgeons-accoucheur, one surgeon-dentist, one surgeon to the household, three surgeons-extraordinary, four apothecaries to the person, two apothecaries to the household, two surgeons-extraordinary, a chemist, a druggist, one dentist to the household, two aurists-extraordinary, an oculist, and a surgeon-chiropodist. Finally,

Royalty loves Music.

Who is the unhappy monarch if he does not? for he must keep a master of the state band of music, a conductor, twenty-five performers, a sergeant-trumpeter, a state trumpeter, a trumpet-major. He must pay, also, a poet-laureate, an examiner of plays, a master of the tennis-court, three keepers, and waterman, a keeper of the swans, a keeper of the jewel-house in the Tower, an exhibitor of jewels, a principal librarian, a librarian in ordinary, a painter in ordinary, a surveyor of pictures, captain and gold-stick, lieutenant and silver stick, standard-bearer and silver stick, clerk of the cheque, adjutant and silver stick, gentleman harbinger and silver stick, groom-porter, a secretary to the captain, and forty gentlemen-at-arms; captain of yeomen of the guard, lieutenant, ensign, adjutant, clerk of the cheque, four exempts, assistant adjutant, eight sergeant-majors, two messengers, one hundred yeomen; and Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle.

Of course

Royalty rides—

Having finished the Lord Chamberlain's department, bewildered and distracted monarch, on going into his stables, finds the Master of the Horse, one principal coachman and twelve others, four helpers, four grooms of the stole, four equerry and clerk marshal, four equerries in ordinary, an extra equerry, the keeper of the saddlery, extra equerry and secretary to the Master of the Horse, first clerk of the stables, second clerk of the stables, assistant clerk of the stables, inspector of stables, a surgeon, surgeon, a yeoman rider, a lady rider, a sergeant-farrier, a second farrier, a third farrier. Master of the Buckhounds and Hereditary Grand Falconer and on to due without.

Royalty Sees Sport.

We can imagine our bewildered monarch, exhausted with the labor of the survey, retiring to a private apartment, where a plan could be found, sealed, looking over the list of his host of attendants, and commencing with the list of servants of attendants. He finds there, the names of the butlers of the first families in the land, who carry out the most delicate system of waiting on the servants, and who, as there are no castles to be sacked, and no wine to be drunk, as he had, are content to receive a commonplace remuneration in the form of a salary, varying from forty to four thousand pounds per annum, and every quarter-day out of the Civil List portion of the taxes. He looks over that same list, and finds that, although he is in his bed and centre, he receives for his wife one shipped less than six-sixth every year, the rest being absorbed before reaching him by the surrounding circles.

Royalty takes a Drink.

Indignantly he rings a bell, and is answered by a page in waiting, page, every, gentle, man, usher, and, K.C.B. The bewildered monarch, considering the number of glasses of water. Four and twenty bells ring in succession, each one summoning another, until at last the man is reached whose duty it is to wait on the water, after having undertem of caste in full working order, aided by all the under-waiters previously collected. The water —with some considerable delay—is passed on from hand to hand, until it reaches the expectant and nearly-famished monarch. He sees the whole operation at a glance—the perfect, unbroken chain of civility—and, with a very hearty laugh, he rings only one bell, and, every body brushing every body else's coat, every body pouring out every body else's wine, every body handing every body else a shoe-horn, every body attending every body else abroad, every body waiting upon every body else at dinner, every body laughing at every body else's jokes, and sometimes (for quarrels will arise in the very best-regulated palaces), every body kicking every body else down stairs.

Finally, we can imagine our bewildered monarch as much alarmed at the amount of detail that exists in the royal household, for, and at the number and variety of individuals of whose existence and importance he has to avoid offending and misdirecting, that in the dusk of evening he seizes a stout fishing-rod, a basket of provisions, a flask of sack, to take a long and quiet cruise in the Baltic or the Mediterranean.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A SECOND HIT.—During the very warm weather in June last, a party of tourists and others from Dieppe made an excursion on Sienne Lake, from whence to Granville, by the steamer *H. M.* Among the party there was delightfully cool and pleasant on the lake, so that the time rounded very quickly. Dinner, while the weather continued so hot, she would like to be captain herself very well. She replied, in a most gallant manner, that he would not object to her becoming captain's mate in the business department of the ship, and effectually prevents any body from seeing any thing.

CHILD.

Father day as I was tenting
Home for to stop the night,
What, of all things 'midst the heap,
Should I have to see, but sleep?
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny thing that I myself
By the wings I perched him up
Like a hero, and in sport
At my wine I sank him,
Drank him! Drank him! Drank him!
Faith, I thought the deed was done!
There he lived, and there he died,
And his mute corpse on the table slept,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings!

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—Not only to say the right thing at the right place, but to leave a different still; to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

DEFINITION.—Life: A farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; a tragedy to the poor.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And when, and how, and where.

A scientific friend of ours has discovered the cause of the potato blight a few years ago. He ascribes it to the Asiatic cholera—potatoes.

MR. FARNUTTON'S VISIT TO THE "UNITED FREE."—Had the pleasure of a most genuine treat at the "Free Church" school a committee, as he met her at the entrance to the playground. "Well, my little man," said she, addressing. "I have heard so much about the talented child, that I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if I would accompany you to the school." Here a little manly man, with an eyeglass on his shoulder and a smile on his face, interrupted her by saying that if I would not be too much trouble. I told him that we could both smile as well outside as inside the school-room. Mr. Hill told the same fact, and, following the lead of a hard wooden stool, upon which she reposed herself. "Now, my little man, what is the first thing you learn?" "Please, ma'am, the alphabet is objected to!" I don't wonder a mite at the handsome reply of the little fellow. What do you learn next?" she, as the noise of a cannon satisfied her ear. "I learn to read, ma'am." "Read, indeed!" "Yes, ma'am, a rebellion as her tone as the spoke, and she was informed that she was a little fellow, and that he would wipe the late field with his child. "Dear me!" said she, "how very odd! I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the information, that is to take his seat with him wherever he goes." "Yes, ma'am," said the little fellow, "and I will be very much obliged to you to take your self-sufficiency, and to confine it to the bottom of your self-conceit."

A gentlemen who had the marvelous gift of shaping a great many things out of orange-peel, was displaying his talent to a party of ladies, among whom happened to be Mr. Thomas Hill, and succeeded in reconstructing a pig to the astonishment of everybody. Mr. Hill took the same fact, and, following the lead of a hard wooden stool, upon which he reposed herself. "Now, my little man, what is the first thing you learn?" "Please, ma'am, the alphabet is objected to!" I don't wonder a mite at the handsome reply of the little fellow. What do you learn next?" she, as the noise of a cannon satisfied her ear. "I learn to read, ma'am." "Read, indeed!" "Yes, ma'am, a rebellion as her tone as the spoke, and she was informed that she was a little fellow, and that he would wipe the late field with his child. "Dear me!" said she, "how very odd! I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the information, that is to take his seat with him wherever he goes." "Yes, ma'am," said the little fellow, "and I will be very much obliged to you to take your self-sufficiency, and to confine it to the bottom of your self-conceit."

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"OF THE SOUR QUITE SWEET!"—Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some spot where mortals weep? Some place where the night-bird may shun? Some island far away, where nature, lavishing in beauty, has not breathed around my face, and answered—"Any place."

What is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves.
What is earth, grain?—A mine to work for wages.
What is earth, greyhound?—A place to grow old.
What is earth, miser?—A treasure to be gold.
What is earth, school-boy?—A place for my play.
What is earth, tradesman?—A place to get rich.
What is earth, statesman?—A place where I were.
What is earth, Christian?—A place to be tried in.
What is earth, lover?—A place for bliss.
What is earth, husband?—A place to raise cattle.
What is earth, wife?—A place for true sorrow.
What is earth, tradesman?—I'll tell you.
What is earth, lawyer?—Where there's business.
What is earth, sailor?—My home is the sea.
What is earth, farmer?—A place to win fame.
What is earth, author?—I'll write there my name.
What is earth, soldier?—A place where to give.
What is earth, Christian?—The gateway to heaven.

A PAIR OF BOOTS.—The most recent triumphs of modern mechanical art, of mind over matter, are thrown necessarily into the shade by the following, really into the shade. Let us take one instance: "In the year 1851, the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was held in England to her honor in India wrote lately to her friends, "Although there is no end to the wonders you have seen, you will be surprised to hear that I myself, after having seen the sewing-machine in London,

I gave my love a chain of gold
And fetters for her feet,
And bade her sing me faster hold
With links of love complete.

I gave my love a chain of gold
For truth her lovely chain
To bind my wandering heart—
My fetters are selfish.

When the cholera was raging in the south of Europe a native of Portugal heard that in a certain village it attacked only men. Hoping to escape the disease, he disguised himself in female attire, left his native town and country, and went to live in the favored village. Soon after his arrival he was, however, attacked with the worst symptoms of the disorder, and in his agony exclaimed, "Alas! alas! who could have betrayed my sex?"

The vows that bride you Tom or Jack
Are made to be broken, you know,
But the vows you swear your uncle
Is such a fool as to pay
Are very much less liberal indeed.
To pardon or to bear it.

A humorous writer in the Yonkers *Examiner*, Mr. T. Green, publishes the subjoined rules for the composition of poetry, with your name, in a single night:

"1st. Select your subject. This may be your mother-in-law, or your hackmaster. You would do well to leave that unsatisfying sadness to Longfellow and Charles Kingsley.

"2d. Determine whether your lines shall be blank verse or rhymed. The fact that Jen. Milton got only $50 for several thousand lines of very respectable blank verse, called "Paradise Lost," may assist your choice in this regard.

"3d. Select your subject. This may be serious or comic. Serious poetry will suit you best if you are desirous of the girls' comic poetry will cause you to be considered a funny fellow. Therefore decide between these extremes.

"4th. By all means have your verses end with a fine moral sentiment. It is not necessary that your reform have a very good person because he repeats and assents to your moralities."

As an instance of the application of these verses, the writer offers a version of the old song, Lucy Neal, which, written during a steamboat sail from Fort Washington to New York city:

"For Charley" says the writer, "like Pinto, his heart beat pro-fu-sely when he spied the lady on the other side, and, stumbling one day he took up on his back's cot, and he fell in love with her. Now Lucy was a maiden who, to the great philosopher did devote her heart with delight, and so one of the farmers shot Charley as mildly as pos-sible."

Here lies a faithful sheet;
A stanch, uncompromising "silver gray"—
Who put the face of fifth with sparkling speed,
Yet never ran—away.

With rain he never erred,
Yet maintained tame ones with much zest;
Cheerful in his work each editorial kind,
As cheerfully took rest.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And fit his mind in his red rule and flowing;
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed a rash rule for drawing.

Lithe were his limbs and clean,
Filled alike for bigger for days of Dray;
And like Napoleon the Great, I ween,
He had a martial bay.

Oft have I watched him green
His forms with skill and method, wear, and fair,
With such contentment shining from his face,
And such a stable air.

With here and there a spot
Of rum diversifying his broad back;
And, hairy-like, a hair round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack.

More constant of length
The hay-day of his life was damped by death;
So, summoning all his remarkable strength,
He drew—his first breath.

A drunken father undertook to chastise an undutiful son, newly at large on bail, in the Tombs police court, the 4th of July, says the Leadership *Journal*, but fell suddenly down—prostrated by a new attack.

In the year 1848, the Legislature of Illinois gave to the then town of Rock Island, in that State, a city charter which provided the regulation of a grocery store, or restaurant, upon condition that an election called for the purpose should be held and a majority of votes cast in favor of the grant. The election was held, and although not any thing promised well for the result until two or three days before it was to take place, the opposition to the measure began to show itself and, finally, a "public meeting of the citizens" was holden at which the question of license was well attended, and where it was unanimously

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting, shiplever, sassi-pan, and other deadly, infectious, and dangerous epidemics, prevail to the most alarming extent in cities, the attempt to bring these calamities upon our healthy town deserves and will receive the rebuke of all who love us, and always will, oppose a city charter.

Resolved, That the proposed grant is inimical to the interests of the Mayor's stand were adopted by a large majority, since that time a "public meeting at the court-house" has frequently been required, and it always proves a wet blanket upon all innovations.

My neighbor T——— had a social party at his house a few evenings since, and his "dear" child, a bright little four-year-old, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor. But, as is usually the case with children of that class, of course, obstinately put up for so great an occasion—arriving at the conclusion that she would not be treated to a liberal supply of "goodies" unless she began her gratification. As to entered the parlor and made its bow to the ladies and gentlemen, it took a look, and said he, proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's me!" The effect was decided, and before the child had time to sink her entrance delivered an illustrative essay on human vanity, was the hero of the evening. Every one would call to mind some boy of larger growth, whose self-satisfaction, though not perhaps so openly demonstrated, was yet equally evident, and not better founded.

Not pardon, but principles, is all we ask for; pay but God's parity, and we all other agencies as we use rational men—carrying out the principle of love to him as in the right direction, and then leaving it for another.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would if it could walk, bearing its fruit and its flowers—swinging perfume from every little corner it holds up to the air.

In a Sunday-school in the central part of New York, an eminent citizen was examining the children in one of the course of his remarks said that he hoped that none present had ever disobeyed their parents. One little boy's hand's name in vain. Here he was interrupted by a little boy, of seven years, triumphantly exclaiming, "I've broken six all over!"

"Mother, Tom, that's a pretty coat you have on; *Jarvis's* name, is it not?"

"No, it is not *Jarvis's* coat, sir," said Tom, with a look that it made for myself, and got it new from the store."

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1720, went one day into a butcher's shop and bought a number of different second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a bill, and said:

"What is your price?" said the Judge.

"Why, sir, they will answer your turn," replied the other, "if you have them sold without."

Tom Hood's pathetic lines, "Sit down, sad, boring, we leaving the wing, when limited to the grave," will no longer bar forgotten your brushes."

"By no means," said the Judge. "If you please to let a price I am ready to purchase, but ever since I have had a seat on the bench I have accustomed myself to giving to the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life I should contract any guilt or error in determining my judgment."

Query: How many judges of this stamp are on the bench at the present time?

An Irishman, a Scotchman and an Yankee.—"Dey may call wigs women as much as dey like, but dey can't set me agin dem. I had always in my life found men to be fool to ask, but in a quarrel, feet in de dance, but in de ice cream school, men at last, and de last in de sick room. What would we poor debils do without dem? Let me be born as young, or ugly, and we helpless as we can be, and a woman's arm can open to receive us. She can, like a queen in our hearts, sit down, and we will kneel to her. I always talked like limbs, and embers up our feets as a woman is being found to be a woman. Let me, she was gone, who dis our dinner-baskets will toughness and spirits as we start to school, and links us when we leave our trouble."

The fourth finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding ring, for the reason that it is not only used the least of all of the nails, but is more capable of receiving a ring free from bruises—having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it is the nearest to external violence or with some other finger. Consequently the short ring is singly stretched out to their full length and straightened.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY, P. M., July 30, 1858.

The foreign trade of the country is not so much improper as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 24, 1858	$1,901,345	$1,427,708
Corresponding week, 1857	8,850,505	893,051
Decrease	$4,179,157	$533,657

At this time last year the effect of the new tariff was still being felt, and the year 1857 was a year of inflation which was so abruptly terminated by the revulsion. Money is now plentier than it was a year ago, and is hardly to lend in large amounts even at that rate. Exchange on England, which rallied to 110 in the beginning of the week, fell off toward the close; the latest sales of bankers' paper averaged 109¾.

At those rates specie is not exported, and will continue to flow outward in moderate amounts.

Stocks are strong, without movement of any kind and without activity. Public Mall has improved to 99 @ 91, in consequence of the Harlem's first dividend. The railroad stocks are generally tranquil and dull. Pending any controversies between the rival companies discourages the public from touching such investments.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, July 26, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets are generally unchangingly supplied with the leading kinds of breadstuffs. A break in the Flour and Meal market is reported, at sales prices from that source. The receipts by railway and by Southern boats are limited; those by canal are quite in the balmed higher prices, though business has been much restricted. Canal Meal brands are 10 cents lower, but slightly dealt in at previous figures. Groceries have attracted more attention, and Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Rice and Cuba Sugars especially have been in brisk request, at full rates. Fruits are abundant, and Peaches, Apricots and Plums are offered, amounts of which are shipped, and 3500 boxes, which, it is believed, formed the bulk of day's business among the retail trade. Provisions have been in fair demand at strengthening rates.

Ashes are steady, without movement of any kind and ——. The Full trade in Dry Goods has been commenced, the auction sales where the principal business is done both and Southwest. Stocks are fair and well assorted. Holdings unchanged. The Dry Goods Reporter says that during the week amounted to $1,079,209, against $1,778,497, the corresponding week in 1857, and $1,779,449 of the imports since January 1 reached $27,193,643, against $47,000,000 in the same week last year. The auction sales of other commodities were moderate, and unprovisioned to the Wholesale Produce Markets, with the exception of the following, which are in full request:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 10	@ $4 40
Superfine to fancy Western do.	4 10	@ 4 30
Extra to fancy Genesee do.	4 40	@ 4 70
Superfine to extra Canadian, per barrel	4 10	@ 4 30
Extra to fancy Canadian, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 20
Superfine to extra Southern, per barrel	4 10	@ 4 30
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 90	@ 3 90
Corn Meal, per bbl.	3 90	@ 3 90
White Wheat, per bushel	1 05	@ 1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@ 95
Corn, per bushel	52	@ 55
Rye, per bushel	70	@ 75
Barley, per bushel	——	@ ——
Oats, per bushel	42	@ 45
Cotton Cuttings, per yard	7	@ 7½
Jersey and Penn. Cuts, per bushel	14 00	@ ——
Potatoes Mixed, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Cotton, sailclipps, per pound	12	@ 16
Hay, per 100 pounds	77 1/2	@ 90
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@ ——
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	16 00	@ 16 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierces	13 00	@ 22 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6 @ 6½	
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@ 6½
Lard, per pound	11½	@ 12
State Butter, per pound	15	@ 20
Western Butter, per pound	12	@ 18
Cheese, per pound	8	@ 10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@ 3 75
Tallow, per pound	8	@ 8½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@ 7
New Orleans do. do.	6	@ 7
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	——	@ ——
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	45	@ 50
Hyson Teas, per pound	37	@ 60
Imperial Teas, per pound	37	@ 60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	30	@ 24
Foreign do. do.	30	@ 24
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@ 70
Straw, per 100 pounds	——	@ ——
Shavings, per pound	3	@ 4
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	35	@ 37
Rosin, per 100 pounds	——	@ ——
Common Hemp, per 100 pounds	1 87½	@ 1 90
Manilla Hemp, per pound	10	@ 10½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	4½	@ 15
Seed Leaf do. do.	7	@ 15
American Fleece Wool, per pound	37	@ 48
Do. pulled do.	25	@ 38

Freights have been quiet. For Liverpool — Cotton, 5-32d.; Flour, 1s. 3d.; Wheat, 7½d.; Flour, 1s. 1½d., per barrel; Grain, 7d. @ 7½d. per bushel: Heavy Goods, 35s. @ 40s. per ton. For other ports unchanged rates. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 1,000.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were not remarkable for activity, though prices were well maintained. Beeves were in fair supply, and fetched $6 @ $6 50 per cwt. and prices were languid. Veal Calves were in moderate supply, and sold at 5 @ 7½ per cwt. Lambs....Swine continued scarce and quiet. ....The receipts of Cattle at the various cattle markets for the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending July 14.	Week ending July 21.
Beeves	3,117	3,212
Cows and Calves	211	211
Veal Calves	311	311
Sheep and Lambs	8,612	8,612
Swine	3,453	3,453

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received:

Illinois	1,104	Pennsylvania	153
Ohio	1,000	Kentucky	12
Indiana	184	Iowa	37
New York	141		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to prime Ox-en Beeves, per pound	5 @ 8	9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@ 65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@ 7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@ 6 00
" " per pound	3½	@ 7
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@ 5½
Dressed do. do.	6½	@ 7½
Rousing Pigs, each	1 50	@ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets, with good supplies of the leading commodities, have exhibited considerable activity.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 84.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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THE LATE REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

THE portrait we give herewith is that of the late Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D., who has for years been the most prominent chief of the Methodists Church in England. We condense the following sketch of his life from an English periodical:

In August, 1769, a stranger man passed through the quiet village of Montrayh, in Derbyshire. It was noised abroad that one who was on his way to embark for America as a missionary, would preach in the Methodist Chapel. His name was Richard Boardman, the first missionary sent out by John Wesley. At that day, and in that place, a missionary was a strange phenomenon, and many came to hear. His text was 1 Chron., iv., 9, 10—the prayer of Jabez. To the seeking heart of at least one young woman the Lord sent, by his hand, a saving message. Ten years afterward she was rejoicing over the birth of a first, and, as it proved, an only, son. She remembered the words that had been made a baffle to her soul, and, vowing her child to the Lord, "called his name Jabez." Full oft did that pious mother put up for her little one the prayer of Jabez, "Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!" While he was yet an infant, she carried him to Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester, and there presented him to John Wesley. Well-stricken in years, the evangelist took in his arms the child, and pronounced upon it a blessing.

Nearly twenty years from that day two young men, of about the same age, are seen walking out from Manchester. The two friends reach a cottage, or a farm-house, where a few humble people meet to hear the Gospel. The one, Jabez Bunting, begins the service; his companion, James Wood, watches earnestly.

Nearly forty years from that day you might see this same countenance fixed on the same friend, and glowing with like sentiments. They are now in that Oldham Street Chapel, so connected with their early religious course. The black locks of James Wood have become white as any snow. And time has also touched his friend. The compact, expressive head is very bald; the pale countenance has become full and strongly colored; and, instead of extreme slenderness, we have advanced corpulency. But the whole air speaks generosity and happiness. Those smiles do not play upon that countenance—that confidence does not sit in the eye—those various tones of easy and sometimes playful sagacity, of hope, and humor, and pathos, do not come from the breast of a man who has a bitter or a broken heart. Methodism has reached the age of a hundred years, and her chief men are met to concert measures for duly noting her centenary. To him all look for the clearest exposition and the wisest counsel. He is in the act of opening up that plan which is to evoke such wonderful response throughout home and missionary Methodism. As his friend watches him with joy and pride, doubtless he thinks of the day when he saw him trembling before his cottage audience.

Among the Methodists a young man like Jabez Bunting was not likely to preach long without a call to the full ministry. This he received in 1799, being then twenty years of age. It was not accepted without a sacrifice. His father, a pious and sensible man, had placed him at one of the best schools in Manchester. One of his school-fellows was the son of Dr. Percival, then very eminent in that town as a physician and man of literature. By this young friend he was often taken to the house of his father, who was so struck with him that he received him into his family, without a fee, as his medical pupil and amanuensis. Before the call to the ministry came Mrs. Bunting was a widow, and so interested had Dr. Percival become in his pupil, that he had made arrangements by which he should take his diploma at a Continental university free of expense, and promised to introduce him to a Manchester practice, worth at first £700 a year. The mother had long devoted her son to God, and the son had grace to choose the better part. The kindly feeling of his generous friend, Dr. Percival, was manifested even in death, as he appointed him his executor, and left to him and to his own son all his papers.

The young preacher at once bespoke the sympathy of his hearers by a transparent *naturalness*. Men always came to appear natural when they strain to make themselves more than they are. Against this error Dr. Bunting was doubly guarded by a vigorous judgment and a deep unction. The former led him to choose the course in which he excelled without straining, and the latter shed upon his public and private demeanor a mellow and engaging simplicity. "And such modesty!" was frequently the closing touch of a picture of his early virtues, drawn by a most intelligent lady, now gone home. Another venerable woman, speaking of his earlier ministry, said to us,

"In the pulpit, he had the authority of an apostle; out of it, the meekness of Moses." To this day nothing is more striking in his public efforts than the complete absence of mannerism or attempt; and in his private life nothing more striking than the beautiful modesty with which this *naturalness* is allied.

One who was present when Dr. Bunting was received into *full connexion* by the Conference, has often told us how marked was his modesty among his youthful brethren. Yet all who knew the heart that beat under that modest countenance knew that none was braver, not all who knew the voice, which, in reply to the question, "Are you resolved to devote yourself wholly to God and to His work?" said, "I habitually do," in tones so *serious* and modest that all were mollified, knew that none could expound with more self-possession, argue with more force, or appeal with stronger thunder.

Mr. Wood lost again and again declared to us, with a smile, that he doubted whether Dr. Bunting ever preached a better sermon than his second. Perhaps in this matter friendship interfered with his clear and well-cultured judgment; but that, in point of early maturity, his friend was a prodigy, is testified by all the attempts we have seen to depict him, and by all the traditions of his youth with which we have met. He had only been four years in the ministry when he came to London. We know a most intelligent person who went to City-road Chapel with small expectations from the young preacher, just come from the North. "Brethren, pray for us," was his text. "But such preaching!" exclaimed our informant; "I never heard such a sermon before." As he advanced in life, that which first astonished as maturity delighted as completeness, and many were wont to say that, in his great discourses, it was almost impossible to show the place in which a sentence could be withdrawn, altered, or supplied.

The impression of his ministry was not that of grandeur, or brilliancy, or beauty, but chiefly of power. This impression of power was much intensified by the persuasion that the power was legitimate. The hearer knew that he had not been beguiled into submission by display, had not been surprised by a mere rush of masterful passion; but the preacher had fairly approached his reason, challenged his assistance, and by open stroke sent swift upon open stroke, broke through all his parries, then rushed upon him and bore him clean away. "What do you think of him?" asked an admirer, who had taken one to hear his little seed to Methodist chapels. "I think of him? there can be but one opinion—it is, Surrender at discretion."

But his power, if oratorically great, was religiously wonderful. One most intelligent friend assures us, that while Dr. Bunting labored in Leeds, more persons were converted through his preaching than had been through that of any predecessor, at least of his popular order of talent. And a worthy man in that town, whose judgment would not be formed on



THE LATE REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

just the same generally, but in his own way, given to a Methodistonian. He has a solo-sufficiency air. Bless you! all the soul-saving preachers we have nowadays are only children to him. Oh, what a power was with his word—to hear him on a Sunday evening!"

So one speaks of Dr. Bunting's power in preaching without connecting with it his power in prayer. A sketch, published some years ago, under the auspices of Mr. (Hon. Edward) Everett (just now very famous), and generally ascribed to his pen, says, that this "among the whole characteristics of a sacredness which ought to lead an opponent to touch his weapons with reverence, and, more tenderly, in some cases he should be found fighting against God."

Such are the characteristics by which Dr. Bunting, in the very outset, gained preeminence in the body to which he belonged. Of course, opposition has never waned. With singular rapidity his talents won him an influence equal to that of the first men in the Body. He was your friend and the secretary of the Conference, and when only of twenty-one years' standing in the ministry, was placed in the chair.

This rapid rise was perfectly natural. He never troubled the Conference with unnecessary speeches. He never tried to be eloquent. He rose only when a real measure was to be discussed, or a real difficulty solved. He always touched the leading points of the case, and these were done with a skill so natural that all perceived them distinctly, and most thought they saw just as he saw. If he had to support or to oppose measures, he always took both side had thrown upon it all the light they could.

"We have heard pleaders at the bar, and statesmen in the Senate," says the sketch ascribed to Mr. Everett, "but we never saw any one who, like Dr. Fly, we never heard a near approach to him."

Added with his power of speech was his knowledge of the Methodist economy equally remarkable. In addition to his natural bent, Providence seems to have specially led him to this line of discipline. From childhood he had been taken by his mother to the Love Feasts held in a room for almost fifteen years of age, Alexander Mather ordered strict attention to the rule that no one should be admitted without a ticket. Children of seven, as also among the Methodists. Ladies was preparing to go as usual, but was told that she must stay at home, and then, with much solemnity, said, "I do not know what you think of it, dear, but to me it seems an awful thing that the children are to be carried there, you should now be excluded by your own fault." The Lord and your mother will be. A maternal solicitude to awaken a soul that waf to be the instrument of awakening many.

Unequalled in power of detail and in knowledge of the Methodist system, his influence was soon enormous. He was universally regarded as ascendency. Every attempt to undermine it has only left it more consolidated. Four times his brethren have placed him at their head. They will, perhaps, in any body where all are equal, where all have the power to choose, where he is not a man who had no advantage in birth, fortune, or patronage, to gain suddenly such a powerful influence, and to go on increasing its influence perpetually. A long series of successful trusts, held little to another, and generally with increasing power. Methodism was at school he was much teased by his companions for being a Methodist. His mother applied to the master, and a rule of the school was made that no one should make any fun on that score," said he, "for he will soon see that the fun is on his side," and thus all the other boys will be under him." His prediction was soon fulfilled, and his schoolfellows were made by it to see that he was not a subject to plague him. The same powers which told his teacher that he had been born to be a leader in a school, told all who knew him that he would soon be at the head of the Conference.

Many not belonging to the same body with Dr. Bunting have of late had an opportunity to judge for themselves as to the secret of his power. On the 10th of August, 1846, nearly a thousand thoughtful men met in the same place as the Freemasons' Hall. Of different lands, tongues, and denominations, they were one in the alliance of evangelical faith. Dr. Bunting was of course present, and we believe that most who remained throughout the proceedings of that Conference will feel that it was impossible for his to be in any deliberative assembly without eventually taking the lead. "What a wonderful old man that is!" said an intelligent gentleman, in our hearing, to Dr. Cox, of New York. "Why, sir," replied the Doctor, with his wonted vivacity; "of all the great men whom I had known and admired before seeing them, none has grown upon me, by personal view, as much as Dr. Bunting."

Such are Dr. Bunting had begun to lead in the Conference a signal occasion arose for eliciting both his popular and governing talents. Dr. Coke died at sea, beginning to be Methodist and Missionary but particulars family of Missions, for which his personal influence was so peculiarly adapted. Who they must either be abandoned or organized. Among the foremost to advise the latter course was Dr. Bunting. He had already offered himself as a missionary; and we have heard him say, "Some of the happiest moments of my life were to those that immediately followed my conversion, were when I first prayed to myself to the Lord as a missionary to India." His request was not heard nor overruled; and now that a day of need for the missionary cause, his powerful mind, and his high platform his eloquence found a sphere in which it outshone all its former lustre.

Another feature of Dr. Bunting's legislation has been the giving to Methodism all the ordinances of Church complete in itself, so removing it from the position of a supplement to the Establishment. The opening of colleges for the training of ministers, the use of imposition of hands in ordination, and the placing of the various Connectional funds on permanent basis, all already in force, made Methodism a position wholly independent. Dr. Bunting spoke of Wilham Thompson as his father in the Methodist polity. He was the first President of Conference after John Wesley's death, and his influence is believed to have mainly decided that English Methodism, instead of following the Episcopal model, already established in America, took the Presbyterian form, which it retains. Dr. Bunting's intense interest in the Free Church question gave for a time room to judge of his real leanings in things ecclesiastic. But while firmly leading Methodism to a position wholly distinct from the Establishment, he has been careful to maintain friendship for the Establishment. "Friends of all, enemies to none," was the original idea of Methodism —to which, under all circumstances, Dr. Bunting has nobly adhered.

When Richard Watson died, in 1833, Dr. Bunting, who had been for some years in the North, was called to the post of Secretary of the Wesleyan Missions. In that position he has since remained. It is no process of mere routine to conduct operations of this weighty trust. On comparing the report of the Society for the year before he took the work that of the present year, we find as follows:

	1832.	1858.
Stations	356	1,032
Missionaries	214	913
Church Members	43,387	106,019
Scholars	37,470	74,114
Communicants	16,000	41,000

Dr. Bunting leaves behind him, to his family and his people, only the heritage of his good name and his sacred works. Though all Europe has acknowledged leader among the Methodists, and besides his public labors, has written books for three years their editor, for seventeen years one of their missionary secretaries, and the President of the Theological Institution, he has left their establishment in 1833, he received for these varied labors only £300 (about $1,500) a year. When he resolut preacher, £150 ($750) per annum, with household and taxes.

We have only to add that as he lived so he died, in the bosom of the Methodist Church, and, having been raised by the power of God from the bed of sickness, and resisted many tempting offers to come out of her. His bones at last found a resting-place with her fathers in the old Methodist Chapel—a special license to that purpose having been granted by the Government upon his own earnest and oft-repeated request.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CHRISTIANS IN THE EAST.

IN another part of this paper the reader will find an illustrated account of the fearful massacre of Christians at Djidda, in Arabia, of which we spoke briefly last week.

In this instance the victims appear to have been for the most part English and French; but, lately, Christians have been even more severe sufferers than Europeans by the persecution of the Mussulmans. Nobody has forgotten the terrible rumors that reached us from Damascus only a few months ago on the family of our countryman, the missionary Dickson. Later still, in the same region, the family of another American missionary, Mr. Dod, being driven, with his family, from his house early in the morning, and compelled to travel without resting-places under the noonday sun, without even so much as a glass of water for his fainting wife and children, he sunk exhausted by the roadside, has any one been punished. The indifference and neglect which the Government has shown in regard to the murders of four American missionaries and their families, a year gone, at Pattaghan, in Persia, and the escape of the assassins wherever they go," is really the most exciting sarcasm on the country that was ever published. Another terrible massacre of Christians, indeed! Why, the United States Government does not stir hand or foot when American Indian volunteers murder the most advantageous missionaries bestowed. Protect their citizens! When political capital is to be made by bracing intelligence on behalf of the Christian Missionaries, you shall admire the energy and promptitude with which the Government will rescue not the throats of unoffending American preachers, or drive American matters and children out to perish on the sands of Syria, and not a pulse seems to beat the faster at Washington. If this is the way the United States are "honorably remembered," no sooner may Christians look elsewhere to honor the better.

Soon ask where the fault lies? Where can it lie but at the door of the Executive Government? It may be, indeed it must be, that the United States representatives in Turkey and Syria are unfit for their posts; most of the United States consuls throughout the East are speckled rascals, who would disgrace any country; and our minister at Constantinople must be a very poor creature. But these subordinates own no responsibility to the public, on the public call them to account. It is the President and his advisers who are responsible for the people in the United States; and every their heads must the blame fall when public duties are neglected.

Will old Buck, with President Pierce barred down a town because some one said he had broken a bottle on the nose of a United States minister? Will, without pausing into the general merits of the measure, it has no doubt proved conducive to the safety of United States citizens in the Pacific to the world. A similar stroke of policy is sadly needly in the Levant. The Mussulmans are evidently greatly bold by the tolerance with which Christian nations treat their outrages. They need a lesson. In Turkey, above all the trading countries, no servant thinks you are in earnest till you apply a cane to a fleshy part of his body; the authorities and the law work there now. All Christendom would applaud the United States if one of their ships administered a measure of exemplary punishment to the pirates who are practically shielding the authors of the outrages upon our countrymen. If General Jackson had been President, the Consul-General who has been general twenty-four hours to decide whether its magistrates would do their duty or no. Mr. Buchanan's policy is certainly a striking contrast in this respect.

THE WAR OF THE RAILROADS.

THE war to which allusion was made in these columns as likely to break continues to rage with unabated vigor. It may well commend public attention. All railroads have been, under Divine Providence, the chief instrument of our astonishing progress since 1840; controversies involving their most vital interests are of public moment.

It will be remembered that the pending contest between the New York Central and the Erie railroads arose from a resolution of the latter to reduce the fare below a payin; point, thus obliging its rival to do the same or to lose its passenger business. The motive for the act was alleged faithlessness on the part of the Central; the object simply to ruin it, with the ultimate design of being repaid by that road for the carriage of passengers between Albany and Buffalo. In other words, the Erie, which has been supposed to have worth mentioning, demands that the Central shall divide with it the receipts from its passenger business; and in default of such a division, the groundless claim to pay property generally is in so delicate a position that further losses will destroy its value as a security, and so coerce the Erie into a fairer course of policy. They have agreed to send the Erie to Coventry, not to sell tickets for, or that have no honor tickets granted by it or a word, to do every thing in their power to divert travel from it until it shall cease its destructive warfare upon its rival.

It would seem that the combination is too powerful to be resisted, and that, whatever public may prompt, the offending Company will now be brought to terms. An insolvent concern may always disgrace itself by defaulting; but there are a point which even bankrupts can not pass; there are things which can not be bought with money. It seems impossible that one line, in the great chain of road to the West can successfully defy all the other links.

This, however, is a fact of public consequence. The point in the controversy which deserves general attention is the broad question whether railroads are to continue to be paying properties.

Experience has rendered it abundantly manifest that it is only with the best business men that they can be made to pay. In the most advantageous circumstances of position, that any railway in the United States can pay interest on its cost, it is equally certain that a large proportion of the roads which are built are not managed with the economy, or blessed with the local advantages, to enable them to pay interest. The question which now presents itself is this: Shall the existing roads, in a keen competition for business, and fats in wasting general rate? Shall they be engineered with an eye to stock speculation, or, in the interest, or with a view to their ultimate value as dividend-paying property?

These are the questions which owners of railway stock throughout the country must answer for themselves. And their interest is that of the public at large. For, though it may seem that the public is a gainer by close competition and consequently cheap fares on railways, these are, in fact, mere modern illustrations of the old story of killing the goose with the golden eggs. If our railways rain themselves by bad management or too low charges we shall have no more roads built. And the national progress, of which railways have been the cause and the secret, will be at an end at once.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

CERTAIN sensible men in this city propose to give the public free baths at the public expense. Nothing could be better. Health requires them; nature facilities their construction; common sense dictates their benefit at a glance. Public baths, it may safely be said, would effect a diminution of several per cent. in our bills of mortality.

Why should the proposed reform be limited to New York? Why should not swimming schools and baths be established in every city throughout the country? Doctors vid certify that ten per cent. of the diseases which afflict humanity could be cured by a much larger dose might be averted by thorough and regular ablutions. Why not make such an easy and pleasant provision against and obligatory on the rising generation?

Physical education, the importance of which was first brought home to the American mind, is, in some points of view, more important than mental training; and no branch of it is better worth pressing than the art of swimming. Apart from the mere consideration of the security which it affords in a country where every one is exposed to greater or less opportunities of drowning, swimming is, in reality, one of the most healthy exercises in which boys can engage. No sport makes so direct appeal to develop the muscles or brace the nerves. None imparts more vigor to the frame.

If our school teachers were wise, they would make swimming as essential a branch of education as arithmetic or history. In the season they would oblige every boy to learn to swim and to take exercise in the water. This is the practice in Germany, and it is one of the French customs which justify the assertion that "they order things better in France."

THE PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

NEW YORK, Wednesday, July 17, 1858.

SIR,—The thanks of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union are due to you for the eleventh article, entitled "A Visit to Mount Vernon," published in your periodical of July 3. It has given me real and high gratification, but I trust that you will have the goodness to correct an error which a moment's reflection impels me to point out. You say that "a number of *Virginian ladies* have associated themselves together, and obtained from Mr. Washington the restricted offer to allow them to purchase the property for public uses, for a given sum, within a limited time." The Mount Vernon Association is not one "*of Virginian ladies*," or of ladies from any one State—it is an Association *of the ladies of the United States*, in the most full and liberal meaning of the word. The project of purchasing and consecrating the home and tomb of Washington, through the exertions of his grateful daughters, was originated by a lady of South Carolina, and the first subscription, of Ten Thousand Dollars, solely for several years under the title of a "South Carolina Matron," *a sum de pleno* collected in her first appeal by an editor who was not acquainted with the writer. The dread of personal publicity caused her to adopt this signature. But when the Association became a legalized body, the entreaties of her friends and of Mr. Everett in particular, induced her, though very reluctantly, to abandon her incognito.

In March, 1858, Virginia, at her solicitation, granted a charter authorizing a part of Mount Vernon and one hundred acres of land, [illegible] and owned by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association *of the Union*, and limiting its capital stock to five hundred thousand dollars.

The Constitution of the Association, formally adopted by the Legislature of Virginia, in accordance with a provision of the charter, requires that the Association shall have a Regent, and that Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham shall be the first Regent, and that she shall appoint a Vice-Regent to represent each State. Twelve Vice-Regents have received their appointments, and the Regent hopes before long to select a representative from every State. Since the organization of Mount Vernon Association is not one of "*Virginia ladies*," but of the whole Union, and Virginia is only represented in the same manner as her sister States.

The contract with Mr. Washington was obtained by "*Virginia ladies*," by the Regent or any other State, but by the Regent of the Association, whose personal influence with him enabled her first to go to all to the Association after he had positively declined to do so. It is but just to the honored and venerable head of our Association that these facts should be made public.

I declare that the Regent of the Secretary of the Association, which gives a correct statement of its present prospects and intentions, and the names of its Vice-Regents.

With the solicitation that you will correct the inadvertent error which must exist as wide a circulation through your periodical,

I am yours, respectfully,

ANNA CORA BRIGHAM,

Vice-Regent of the Mt. Vernon Association for Virginia.

The following is an extract from the last Report of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union:

"The sum stipulated for in the contract of purchase is two hundred thousand dollars, eighteen thousand of which were paid on the execution of the deeds, and the first instalment of fifty-seven thousand dollars is due on the 1st of January, 1859. The balance is due in three annual instalments; and in the failure to pay the fifty-

screen thousand dollars due January, 1859, the sum of eighteen thousand dollars, already paid, is forfeited. The sums now on hand, contributed by members of local associations, by various public-spirited ladies and individuals, and accruing from the delivery of Mr. Everett's address, are sufficient to meet the instalment due in January, 1859. The sums required to meet the other instalments, and the payment of interest, if interest should become due by failure to obtain possession on the 22d of February next, by the entire consummation of the purchase, are yet to be provided.

"In addition to the large sum required to fulfil the contract of purchase, a considerable amount will be necessary to put the premises in decent repair, to lay out the garden and grounds, as nearly as possible, to the condition in which they were left by the late proprietor, and to meet the expense of managing the estate and executing the requisite improvements.

"The following are the officers who at present compose the Grand General Committee:

Regent.—Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, South Carolina.

Vice-Regents.—Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, Richmond, Virginia; Mrs. Alice H. Hutchison, Wilmington, North Carolina; Mrs. Philoclea Edgeworth Lyle, Augusta, Georgia; Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert, Mobile, Alabama; Mrs. Catherine A. McWillie, Jackson, Mississippi; Mrs. Margaretta S. Mason, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. Mary Jennings Pegg, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Walker, St. Louis, Missouri; Mrs. Sarah Morris Hamilton, New York City, New York; Mrs. Louisa Ingersoll Greenough, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Alida Lindsay Hopkins, Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. Princess Murat, Tallahassee, Florida; Mrs. Susan L. Pellet, Secretary, Hoboken, New Jersey; Hon. John L. Riggs, Esq., Treasurer, Washington, D. C.

"The sum of one dollar constitutes the contributor a member of the Association; and the name, sum, and residence of every subscriber must be transmitted, either by the person, or who are authorized to make or receive collections in, at the Mount Vernon Council.

The following is extracted from the Appeal to the ladies of the States of New York for the purchase of Mount Vernon:

"The Vice-Regent for the State of New York is Miss MARY ISABELLA HAMILTON, of Westchester County.

"ANY citizen of the United States, 'dead beat as the Regent, any of the Vice-Regents, the Secretary, the Treasurer, or any local board may receive subscriptions for that purpose, receive or rec 'pulate the receipt of the sum of one dollar, and issue a sca, 'ate of membership, and the payment of the further sum of one dollar, on or before the 22d of February in 1859, will constitute the member to attend and vote at the annual meeting of the Association of that year.

"The following plan has been adopted for the State of New York, as a simple and practical method, and is now offered for the purpose of sending money out, through its length and breadth, to unite in securing the national object, as being desirable to be done by every American heart. What proportion of the whole sum is expected from each one not now or previously on the list is cautiously believed that, if necessary, the whole amount would be forthcoming.

"The office of the Association in the city of New York is in the 'Cooper Institute,' Astor Place, ... The largest will be assisted by a Standing Committee of ladies, by a large number of Managers, and by a Central Executive Committee of gentlemen from different parts of the State.

"The lady Managers will be appointed in each county, city, and large village by the Vice-Regent, and the Chairman of the Standing Committee, to collect subscriptions, and forward all sums received to the Central Committee having them.

"The funds collected (deducting necessary expenses) are to be deposited in the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, until required for the payment of the purchase money of the property, to be paid over only on the draft of the Vice-Regent, countersigned by at least three of the members of the Executive Committee. The name and residence of each subscriber, from one dollar and upwards, will be recorded in a book or books, and are to be preserved among the archives of the Association at Mount Vernon.

"Regular meetings of the Committees, for reconciliation and business, will be held on the first Tuesday in each month, at 11 o'clock A.M., at the office in the city of New York. The office in New York will be open every day, from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M., when subscriptions will be received in person or by letter, and receipts and certificates given. Post-office address, New York City, Station D, Box 92, *viz*., *Appy* 92, Station D.

"*Ladies' Standing Committee*.—Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Buffalo; Mrs. Pierre Van Cortlandt, Croton; Mrs. William H. Seward, Auburn; Mrs. Governor Morgan, Albany; Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Washington Hunt, Lockport; Mrs. Samuel Stevens, Burlington; Mrs. Governor Seymour, Utica; Mrs. Johnston Livingston, Livingston; Mrs. G. S. Silliman, Geneva; Mrs. Governor Clark, Canandaigua; Mrs. Andrew J. Downing, Fishkill; Mrs. George Bancroft, New York; Mrs. John Stevens, Hoboken; Mrs. Gen. Scott, Prospect Place, New York; Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, New York; Mrs. Samuel Ward, New York; Mrs. Peter Cooper, Mrs. Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, Lenox; Mrs. Hon. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Gen. Morgan, New York; Mrs. Walden Pell, New York; Mrs. G. M. Kirkland, New York; Mrs. Gen. Dix, Albany; Mrs. Hermon D. Goodell, Buffalo; Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, Cooperstown; Mrs. Gen. Wool, Troy; Mrs. Gen. Worth, Brooklyn; Mrs. Edward Schriver, Troy; Mrs. Robert J. Lansing, Watertown.

"*Advisory Committee*.—Hon. John A. King, Governor of New York; Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, New York; Mr. Washington Irving, Tarrytown; Dr. Francis, New York; Hon. Washington Hunt, Lockport; Mr. Henry R. Selden, Clarkson; Mr. Theodore De Forest, New York; Mr. Robert C. Pruyn, Albany; Mr. Peter G. Stuyvesant, Poughkeepsie; Mr. R. D. Mangan, New York; Mr. William Kelly, Binnewater; Mr. Edward Cooper, Mr. Robert B. Minturn, New York; Mr. Charles Augustus Davis, New York; Mr. Peter Harmony, New York; Mr. William Samuel Johnson, Hillsdale; Mr. James S. Wadsworth, Geneseo; Mr. Erastus D. Culver, Mr. Edward Livingston, Rome; Mr. Hiram J. Redfield, Lenox; Mr. E. W. Leavenworth, Syracuse; Mr. David Rumsey, Bath; Mr. Daniel B. St. John, Newburgh; Mr. James G. Hyman, Mr. Edward Matthews, Rondout, Cold Spring; Mr. Geo. W. Cuyler, Palmyra; Mr. Wm. C. Bryant, Liverpool and Syracuse; Mr. Thomas J. Hoxie, Plattsburg; Mr. William A. Wheeler, Malone; Mr. Henry H. Ross, Lockport; Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall, Owasco; Mr. Martin Lee, Granville; Mr. Samuel G. Ward, Lowville; Mr. Isaac Bell, Jun., New York."

IS AIMÉ BONPLAND DEAD?

A NOTE from Governor Joseph A. Wright, our Minister at Berlin, inclosed the following letter to him from the veteran Humboldt, to which we with pleasure give the publicity he desires:

"BERLIN, July 31, 1858.

"MESSIEURS LE MINISTRE.—I received your letter, and forward the inclosed paper to the United States, in order to have inserted the translation of the article in any American journal of large circulation. Mr. Bonpland has a great many friends in America, and I would be wanting in what I owe to them not to attend to what has reference to his memory.

"Receive, Monsieur le Ministre, the renewed assurances of my high consideration. I have been deeply affected by the kindness with which your Excellency let me assist at the noble entertainment of the 4th of July.

"Your respectful servant,

"ALEX. DE HUMBOLDT."

The following is the paper inclosed:

"I hold it to be a duty to the many friends of my dear friend and companion in the labors of his youth to publish the following. The last-received notices of him, embodied in letters by my self, are dated Corrientes, 15th of August (Aimé Bégle Service at Los Lanzes, in February last, and journey of Bonpland to Cuaya, 18th of March, when he fled my old friend Bonpland. He did not find him. Bonpland, however, had left us, as he was afraid of Ballesteros's letters are dated 19th and 20th April, 1858. I make his following account:

"'In San Borja I stopped with an old friend of Bonpland, the Vicar Gay, in whose company I visited the estate of the neighborhood, and where I found a very good botanist. The last letter received from M. Bonpland by this Gay was between the 15th and 20th March, the circumstances of his recent sickness. Letters of inquiry received from Bonpland's friends in Buenos Ayres, which we now know at San Borja whether he was dead or alive.

"'He left the town of Santa Ana, and crossed there since 1833), and removed to his villa of Santa Anna, where he devoted himself to agriculture and to diligences among trees. The villa, valued at 10,000 piastres, was given him by the Government of Corrientes. He had, besides, a pension of 3,000 francs from the French Government. The villa, consisting of a house, well constructed of bamboos, and straw-thatched. They have been left to every one, although there are no partitions between the thinks of the bamboo walls. I was received in the most friendly and hospitable manner. Notwithstanding the great heat, I found the air in the house cool, which the deep furrows on his face sufficiently betokened, his eye was extinguished, but his memory was however, very evident. Conversation very quickly interested him, and he showed the greatest information of the thinks.

"'The extremely simple manner of his life is quite voluntary with him, and not the result of necessity, but rather of long habit and of indifference to the comforts of living were quite easy. He has for many years practised medicine gratuitously among the natives, and was regarded throughout the country; but love settled, and a wide-spread reputation, as a physician and botanist. His zeal for science is unabated; his collections and manuscripts are in order, and he has already established a native museum.

"'I found a cordial welcoming. The following morning I found him much vague. He had passed a very pained night. I urged him earnestly to let me arrive him in some way; he declined to all that proposed, and that he needed no help. When I took leave of him he displayed some emotion. He accompanied me to the manner of the last manager he should ever receive, of love and honor, from the hands of a friend. He bore his suffering, but still overpower. Those who arose him have not found him in the morning. Happy fortune for the truest meeting.'

"The first part was the last letter I myself received from Bonpland! It is dated 7th of June, 1857—'I will, says he, 'shortly, with my children, return to Corrientes, to Paris, and lodge them in the Museum. My visit to Buenos Ayres will be the last. I shall return to my Santa Anna where I am expending a peaceful, happy life. I wish to die here. I prepare my tomb in the shade of a grove one of the many trees I have planted there. How happy would I be, dear Humboldt, to see you again, and to renew our reminiscences of the Cordilleras and Mexico. But it shall complete my 84th year, and I am three years younger than you. A great deal of labor is still required at the age of 187. What a prospect for two travelers who have passed their youth!'

"This genial letter contrasts remarkably with the sorrowful sketch of Ballesteros. The latter, after his visit, arrived in Montevideo, according to M. Van Tschudi, on the 28th of May. It was reported that he died in that Borja, and the date of his death was not given. Now Dr. Ludwig Rosenthal has died in Brazil on the 20th of May a report of his death was contradicted in Paris during the month of April, and there is reason still that the younger of us two is not the first called away. At such distances, however, the uncertainty of life is painfully felt, and I have therefore sought for news of Edm and Vogel, from Central Africa: of Adolph Schlagintweit, from Kashgar.

"ALEX. DE HUMBOLDT.

"BERLIN, July 31, 1858."

THE LOUNGER.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—I know that the Weekly is printing Bulwer's 'What will he do with it?' which I read every week. But I am in the country, and so should have no right to speak of him. I do not know that anybody has any right to speak of him, and everything not very flattering about him—and notice it to you.

Your friend,

"TIMOTHY BISTOP."

In a paper like this it is only fair that all sides should have a hearing, where there is nothing objectionable in the matter. So the communication of the Lounger thinks that the "young ladies" will not quarrel with the Weekly for printing Bulwer's novel, chance of scolding at that unappreciative, unromantic, and cold-hearted Mr. Timothy Bishop.

"SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON JOSEPH LYTTON SURFACE.

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—I want to say a word to you about Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., and George Lorle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, of No. 1, Park Lane, London, and Knebworth, Stevenage, Herts, and Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies. He is one of the most popular novelists and well-known men of the day. As an author he possesses undoubted genius—may say not that he possesses it—because he may not think that they are very good books, in parts, and profound—and you may not think him the most economical literary charlatan of the century—Bulwer, the novelist, who writes like a dandy at heart and a sophist in mind—all these things are matters of opinion; the world may read and judge.

"If any rash man say that Bulwer is Byron and writer, I know he must look out for the lunching-schools. If there be any one human being in whom he has confidence (I believe I can, my dears), as the dearest, darlingest, love of a man's heart, it is the right honorable as aforesaid. And I exercise the liberty of a friend to tell my fellow-citizens—including the indignant boarding-school—in saying that I consider Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary in literature a fungus, feeding upon, and indicative of, the moral sophistry that is engendered by every extremely cultivated society—the most complete, and therefore most dangerous representations of that spirit in English society against which the whole contemporary literature of England—his own novels excepted—are the indignant and manly protest. Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, Tennyson, the Brownings, Charlotte Brontë, Landor, and Leigh Hunt, in his prose, Miss Mulock, May, stand for mankind and human nature. Mr. Samuel Warren, the architect Alison, the Mr. Hallam, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Grote, and the Right Honorable Sir Edward George, et cetera, et cetera, stand for the world. They have place and high places. His literature is what Carlyle calls Bentley, and Thackeray and Leigh Hunt call Colburn, the leading literature. (That is my opinion, dear young ladies.)

"For all this Sir Edward George is a man of very great talent, unbending industry, remarkable accomplishment, and incredible ambition. That he can tell an interesting story—that he is, in fact, one of the best story-tellers—by which I mean a man who understands plot, and combinations, and consecutive interest—the columns of the *World* constantly testify to the enjoyment of which I will be to read it?' He divides popularity in England with Dickens himself; and as for Americ. Yes, why, after following every other author for book of solutions, and see for yourself (as if you didn't your own gilt-edged album crowded with plums from literature).

"Now let us close the album upon those delightful sentiments of admiration. Let us proceed to deeper Surface to shut his mouth for a little while, look at his works.

"Some thirty years ago, more or less, this new young man was beginning his now celebrated career. He was not a man of wealthy, but fully aristocratic, and talented. After writing a morbid Byronic sentimentality called 'Falkland,' which created loud noise in the world, he wrote his aspirations into a novel, and called it 'Pelham.' From the publication of that book he has been a writer and publishing man. Of course you know all that he has done. He has written many very fine novels, like travers; lively, suffering Alice; high-browed, distinguished, magnificent, and melancholy Audley Egerton and Mary Darrell. He is familiar with them, for they always 'come on' in every book and never appear to be old stock company cast to an entirely original drama.

"Well, just as all this was beginning, Mr. Bulwer married, and has been now for a long period two years old. He went to Parliament—and looks from the House of Commons upon Europe. His wife incompatible; and, it is a statement which has never been denied, and is intrinsically probable, that upon the separation Mr. Bulwer published his failure, *he stuck her*. Hereupon they separated, and upon the separation she received from him the allowed to be paid to her for her support. The amount was about two thousand dollars. He soon after succeeded to fifty thousand dollars a year exclusive of his large literary income. Lady Bulwer appeared in the literary world, wrote a series of very poor novels, abusing her husband—and lived in retirement near Taunton. The right honorable Baronet, having come into the front of the new century, recently went down to Taunton to address the electors, with a view of being returned to Parliament, and there at the hustings, as he was concluding his speech, as public dinners are concluded, his wife rose from the complement to witness, and Madame, even Lady Bulwer herself, who, before the face of the whole world, charged him with the chronicler of innumerable unhappy loves with being a smooth-tongued villain!

"The celebrated novelist and Colonial Secretary withdrew; but a few days afterward Lady Bulwer was seized and thrown into a mad-house! Deep, delightful man!

"The citizens of Taunton held a public meeting, to protest against the individual outrage and the threatened danger to the liberty of the subject—and now comes the extraordinary sequel, from the London *Times* of July 14:

"'We are requested to state, upon the best authority, that all matters in reference to the recent affair at Taunton certain statements have appeared in some of the public papers, are in process of being amicably settled by family arrangements to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.'

"Now if the arrangement be satisfactory to all parties it must be so to the chief party,—the lady: and to her we have the pleasure to be satisfied? which does not release her from the lunatic asylum. But if she is to be released she is not a lunatic. Why, then, was she thrown into such a place?

"Dear young ladies, the moral is this. However brilliant and talented and fascinating a man may be, no matter how much he may write of the intellectually eminent without being morally excellent, yet all creative art springs as much from the heart as from the mind; and when a man is selfish and coarse, like Bulwer, you will find selfishness and coarseness in his poetry, however exquisite; and when a man strikes his wife and imprisons her in a mad-house, you may be sure that the flattering blandishments which many thoughtful readers had found in his books was not altogether a feeling.

"I know you can never forgive me; but, one day, when you have your young ladies and gentlemen, your daughters, and your sons, you will believe that I am and have always been your friend,

"TIMOTHY BISTOP."

"O YOUNG, TOO!"

ON a winter afternoon some few years ago the Lounger, who had been walking upon the frozen pavements of Broadway, and had been dazzled with the graceful hills that make the valley of the River of Pines so lovely, returned to the hotel in Hartford, door with a young man knocked at the door, and, upon entering, modestly introduced himself. He had published some sketches in a magazine, and his profession was the law. But he was very anxious to relinquish his profession and devote himself to literature, and came to consult with the Lounger upon the wisdom of such a plan. He was very earnest and confident, and, after a few words, it was clear that the young man's resolution was very nearly taken.

To such a man asking such a question there is but one answer, and that is a frank statement of the difficulties, and discouragements, and of the literary profession, and an exhortation to wait patiently and discover what are the chances of success in their own case. The young man sang, and they had a pleasant talk together. The young man presented to the Lounger some specimens of poetry, and at last a little novel of New England life called "Uncle Harold," which was published in a volume, was reviewed in England, and had a quiet little reputation, as it deserved, on an admirable specimen of New England character and development.

It is summer now, and the hills of the Connecticut are green and soft in the tender light. But for the young man, in whose heart such high hopes were kindled, the year has been sad with storm, and the stars and sought to write his name among them, who sought the future and wondered if it would not crown him with laurel and immortal praise.

"He put not all the pomp that life
To the cruel eye of mortal man;
In, that his grave is green."

The reader of the newspapers has recently seen that Caleb W. Fluller died in Hartford, Connecticut. The frail paragraph has fame is given. But the soldier does not forget the comrade who never wrote a line; and they will sympathize, helped cheer the weary way and that light, which was to them a beacon, went out forever then and the bulletin omits him; so the authors of the same age, in the same country, knowing or not knowing each other, succeeded and died in their excess, do not forget the names of those who started with them and who wrote by their sides, continued, and hoped, and longed, and struggled beside them. In the memories of each these who die young, when most the possibility glows with a proper formance, dwell gently and long. "They might have been" that sweetest thing to their children.

"Friends that we knew,
Gentle and just,
Sleep in the same dust!
We sing round the tree."

A NEW FASHION.

YES, at last, something really new, and happy the young woman who tries it first in Newport or Saratoga. Just cut your hair short in front on the forehead, shaving it close, and then curling it long as you come to the ear; then twist it and tie it and brush it so as to look like the morning-glory that will be a huge, irregular fire on both sides of your head, filling up the front of the bonnet, and positively the loveliest style of head-dress of one of the daily papers writes that, when a noted actress first wore her hair in this style, the front of the house was filled by other devotees of the same style. Those who follow the fashion are called *mop-tops*—which is really comic. It is supposed to be imitative of the state of things on the other—the inner—side of the ocean, and is very pretty. Now let all start fair—as the minister said to his congregation of wreckers when a ship was thrown up on the land—and let the first day that the young ladies agree upon a certain morning to grace the beautiful breakfast-tables of Saratoga, Newburgh, Niagara, Newport, the Virginia Springs, Cape May, Long Branch, the White Mountains, and Lake George, with the new coiffure.

SMALL SUBSTITUTIONS.

A SENSITIVE friend of the Lounger that whenever he dined in company and noticed that there were fourteen at the table, he immediately pleaded illness, and retired.

"How do you set if there were fourteen?" replied the Lounger.

"I stay, and eat my dinner."

"How if there were fifteen?" said the Lounger.

"I continue to eat and drink."

"But why do you select thirteen as an unlucky number?"

"Because Judas was the thirteenth at table."

"This is serious on your part."

"Most serious. I dined at my aunt's table once with thirteen, and one of them died before the year was out. I will not risk it again."

"Indeed," replied the Lounger. "I dined once at my uncle's table with eighteen, and three died before the end of the year."

"Indeed! indeed!"

"Yes, and were they most Ory O'More?"

"No, what does he say?"

"There's Jack Rann's numbers, says Rory O'More."

"But this is no jesting matter."

"Then there's no joke in the world."

And so we parted.

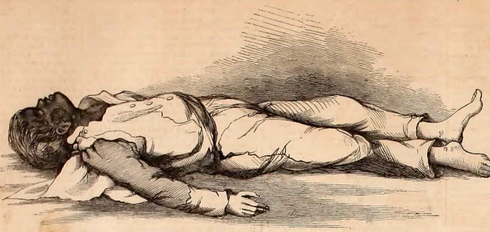
But there are some people who are really seriously troubled if they tip over the salt—if they break a mirror—if they pass under a ladder—and a hundred other of the old superstitions which are continually doing somewhere. It is a kind of superstition which is especially ridiculous, and hateful, because, although every body hasn't seen enough not to share it, every body has sense enough to laugh at it.

In Bordeaux a society has been formed to attack this weakness. A company of thirteen is to dine together on Fridays—turn the chairs round—tip over salt-cellars—cross the knives and forks, and smash looking-glasses. The amusing and melancholy part is, that if either of them should die during the year, the survivors, instead of fully intelligent people who would lay it to the salt, or the looking-glass, or the number of the company, would actually consult the entrails of birds to know what was to happen to the state.

A BOY SUFFOCATED IN A CHEST.

The accompanying pictures illustrate a very sad occurrence which took place a few days since in Brooklyn, Long Island.

It appears that in a house on Division Avenue, near Myrtle, there lived a German family, consisting of a man and his wife, and a little boy nine years of age, the child of the wife by a former husband. On Friday, 23d ult., the woman left the house to call on some of her neighbors, and directed the boy to wash the dishes in her absence. Having done so, the child began to play with some boys in the neighborhood, and from one of them received a cent to purchase candy to be divided among them. No sooner had the boy received the cent, it is said, than he ran up stairs, and being hotly pursued by his companion, sought a hiding-place in a chest which lay in the garret. The better to conceal himself, he pulled the lid of the chest down, the latch caught, and the poor little fellow was suffocated.



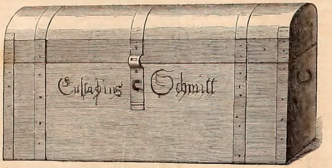
THE BODY OF GEORGE PRICKNER, AS IT APPEARED WHEN REMOVED FROM THE CHEST.

It will be seen, by the drawing of the chest, that it is very strong and well made, with iron bands passing round it, and a solid catch. It is, in fact, almost air tight.

The boy must have struggled violently to liberate himself, but without success. In his agony he seems to have torn the flesh off one of his cheeks.

On the return of his mother search was made for the missing child, but without result. It was not till Sunday night that attention was directed to the chest by a peculiar smell which was noticed in the garret. The mother opened the chest expecting to find a dead rat inside it; instead of which her horror-struck gaze met the rapidly decaying corpse of her son, with blackened face and eyes protruding from their sockets.

A Coroner's inquest was held and a verdict rendered—Death by suffocation. The boy's name was George Prickner. It is understood that he owned property to some extent in Brooklyn. This, of course, will now go to his bereaved mother.



THE CHEST.

THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS AT DJIDDA.

Djidda, or Jidda, is a sea-port on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, sixty-four miles west from Mecca, of which it is the port. It has about ten thousand inhabitants, is walled, and regularly laid out; surrounded by the desert, and exists only by its commerce. It has several mosques, a governor's residence, and a small castle. A tomb thirty feet long, and reported to be the burial-place of our mother Eve, is in the immediate vicinity of the town, and forms a prominent holy place for the visits of the Mohammedan faithful. Rain-water is preserved in cisterns for drinking purposes, there being no springs in the desert. The town was formerly under the control of the sheriff of Mecca, but now belongs to the Pashalic of Egypt, whose troops garrison it. The harbor is difficult of access, and large ships are obliged to discharge cargo in the offing, two miles from shore. Grain, Mocha coffee, "balm of Mecca," and dates are shipped here for India and the Mediterranean. The imports are: slaves from the Mozambique Channel, shawls and cottons from India, and various provisions and native goods from the opposite coast of Nubia, which is one hundred and twenty miles distant. At certain seasons of the year the town is flooded with pilgrims, to the number of often over ten thousand, on their way to Mecca to worship at the shrine of their prophet.

Being so near the central point of Islamism, Djidda is the scene of much fanaticism. The pilgrims are intolerant of the presence of "Christian dogs;" and the British and French, by whom the commerce of the place is chiefly conducted, have consuls resident there for the protection of the trade. These consuls have, however, no armed force at their disposal, and have been forced to rely upon the assistance of the garrison to settle all disagreements between natives and Europeans. These Europeans are chiefly merchants, residing there for business purposes, and their wives.

On the 15th of June last the Mohammedan populace butchered the English and French consuls and nineteen other Christians, and plundered the consulates. Our illustration presents the scene. The survivors of the Christian residents were with difficulty saved from the infuriated mob by the Kaimakam, or governor of the place, who, at risk of his life, gave them refuge in his house. The boats' crews were obliged to fire on the advancing Mohammedans, who attempted to intercept the retreat of the Christians. Among the victims is the wife of the French consul. His daughter, a young lady of eighteen years, was saved, but not before she had received a sabre-cut across the cheek. It is stated that she killed the murderer of her father.

The British and French forces have taken possession of the town since; and the Turkish Government has promised to punish the Arabs and give satisfaction to the Governments of the murdered and injured persons.

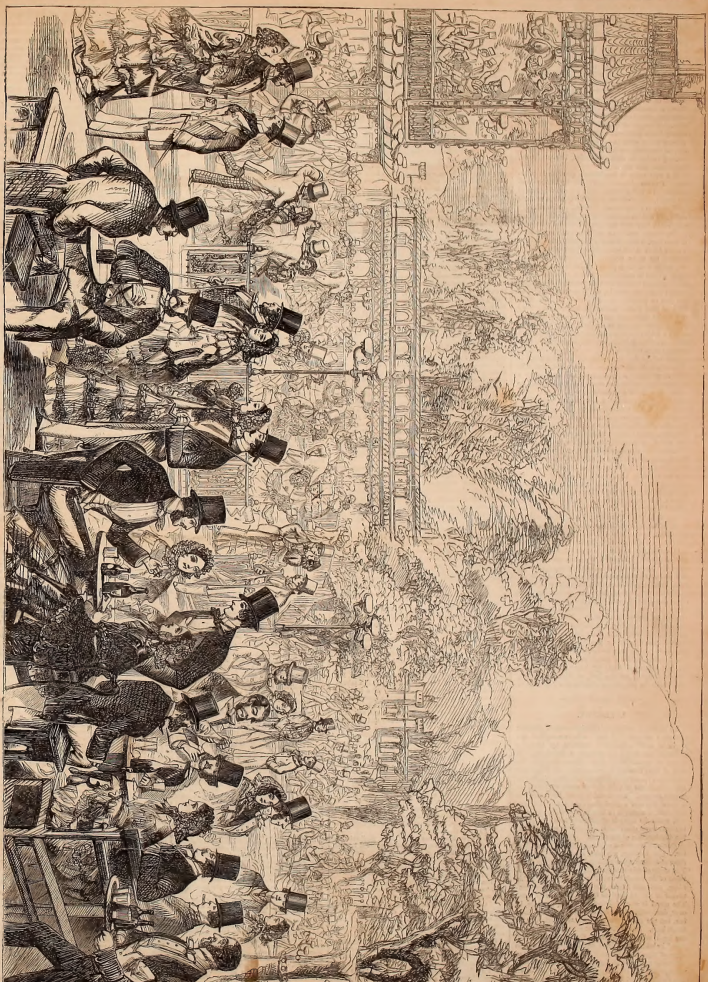
Mohammedanism seems to have grown in fanaticism in all its strongholds since the breaking out of the Indian rebellion. What outside influences may have been brought to bear upon the mutinous Mohammedans in India it is impossible to say. It is stated, however, that among the pilgrims then congregated at Djidda, on their way to Mecca, was a Mussulman sheik, who boasted that he had been an actor in the massacre at Delhi. It needed no more than this to inflame the fanaticism of the barbarous Hadramites, whose hatred of Christians is well known. It is supposed that the present massacre had been for some time planned. The fact that at no less than four points in the Sultan's dominions have Christians been ill-used and massacred since the breaking out of the Indian rebellion would seem to show that that movement has not been without its influence upon the ignorant and fanatical masses of Islamism in other parts of Asia.

The Sublime Porte is evidently powerless for the prevention of such outrages. Its punishments have not hitherto been of a severity adequate to the offenses. This time it is likely that the British and French forces will themselves supervise the administration of justice to the barbarous offenders, and thus teach them that "Christian dogs" are not to be trifled with.

The Arab population believes, in its ignorance, that since the Eastern war the influence of the Sultan has become greater than before, and it is asserted that his representative at the Conference of Paris will know how to make the will of the Sultan prevail over that of France and England. The populace sing ballads in Arabic and Turkish which breathe hatred of the Christians. This occurrence at Djidda has caused a great sensation at Alexandria.



MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS AT DJIDDA.



CREMORNE GARDENS, LONDON.

CREMORNE GARDENS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

A EUROPEAN institution which has never been naturalized in this country is the public gardens and dancing establishments. It would seem as though, in the United States, there was no compromise or middle way between the stiffest propriety and the lowest immorality. There is the Church and there is Peter Dawson; take your choice; but between the two there is nothing.

They order these things differently in Europe. In each large city there are several public gardens where dancing, flirtation, and amusements of various kinds take place several times a week. Some of the gardens are open every evening; others on certain nights only. Paris boasts several such gardens, beginning with the famous *Chaumiere*, where the students work off the effects of law and medicine by vigorous *cancans* with *grisettes*, and copious *chopines* of beer. Then there is Mabille, an establishment of a somewhat higher class; the Chateau d'Eau, and several others, which are frequented by men about town and the wealthier class of *lorettes*. The entertainment at all these places is the same—a good orchestra, a good floor, cosy summer-houses for flirtation, and copious refreshments of various quality. Half past seven is the hour at which people begin to assemble at the students' gardens; nine is the recognized hour of meeting at the more aristocratic gardens on the north of the Boulevards. From these hours till midnight the dance is kept up with praiseworthy diligence. Policemen are present to watch over "the public morals;" occasionally they have been seen to cooperate from the gardens a riotous youth, or

a lady who was too zealous in her efforts to imitate the pirouettes of the opera. But "public morals" in Paris can stand a good deal; one must be very troublesome or very shocking indeed to provoke the interposition of these guardians of Parisian propriety.

Similar establishments flourish in Vienna, Berlin, and London. The most famous of the London gardens is Cremorne, of which we give, on the previous page, a spirited illustration. It differs in no respect from the Paris gardens, save that the dancing is heavier, and the mirth less noisy. John Bull is sad over his pleasures; his jollity has sometimes a mournful aspect. Cremorne, viewed by a stranger, seems to carry its own punishment on its face. Though lovely girls are more plentiful than at any Paris gardens, and here and there you do see groups which seem to be resolutely enjoying themselves, the most common expression of countenance, among males as well as females, is one of care, weariness, and *ennui*.

We now come to the delicate question in reference to these places. They belong to the *demi-monde*. In other words, they are not frequented by ladies. Men do not take their wives or their daughters to Cremorne or Mabille. Men of every class and station in life go freely, and without concealment; you may meet members of Parliament at Cremorne, and peers of France at the Chateau d'Eau; nay, it has even been whispered that the well known faces of the most eminent American clergy, abroad for their health, have been detected at one or both of these places. But they are an unknown land to respectable ladies. For the lovely and seducing creatures whom you see in the picture—who dance so blithely, smile so charmingly, and eat ices so prettily, are one and all of them members of that pariah caste, the *demi-monde*. They are Becky Sharps or Lady Hamiltons in the chrysalis stage—waiting to be elevated into respectability; which too many of them, alas! never reach. They are here on 'Change. These gardens are their matrimonial market, where—it must be acknowledged without banns, license, or magistrate—unions are negotiated which often last, and still oftener embitter a lifetime. Many and many a young fellow dates the misery of his life from an evening at Mabille or Cremorne.

Quite lately, within a few weeks, that highly respectable but slightly unoccupied sect of Londoners of whom Lord Shaftesbury is the type and the chief—having failed to rouse the women of our Southern States into a rebellion against slavery, and failed as decidedly to regulate the affairs of Tuscany and the Pope—have taken in hand the nearer and cheaper task of setting Cremorne Gardens straight. In order not to brusk the matter, it was decided, as the first step, to devote the gardens for one night in the week to "the nobility and gentry." A grand ball was accordingly given there a few evenings since. The lady patronesses were all women of title and station; among the guests were half the belles and half the dandies of Belgravia. If ever there was a ball which could lay claim to the title of distinguished, this was the one. Unfortunately, the heavens, which do not discriminate so nicely as mere mortals between the *haut monde* and the *demi-monde*, poured down upon the poor duchesses and countesses, and lords and ladies, such floods of rain, that, as a reporter said, Puddle was the master of the situation.

However, now that the ice is broken, we shall doubtless hear of more direct endeavors to reform Cremorne by the actual admixture of the two *mondes* on the same evening. The Shaftesbury class stick at nothing, and we must expect to hear of duchesses sacrificing their feelings in order to redeem the *cancan* by participating in its performance. As for us, who only know of *demi-mondes* and dancing gardens, and even of duchesses too, for the matter of that, by hearsay, and from a remote distance we can look on with composure, and watch the progress of this curious experiment.

LITERARY.

At length the wishes of the thousands of summer travelers are gratified, and we have a capital and readable novel—Doctor Thorne, by Anthony Trollope, published by Harper & Brothers. It comes at an excellent time. Every thing in the way of light reading is exhausted. Railway and steamboat passengers, loungers at watering-places, and inhabitants of quiet farm-houses, will seize on it with avidity. Fresh and piquant, just suited to a warm day and a mind that does not wish to exert itself, it abounds in humor, sharp and delicate wit, while the story is of sprightly interest. It is the best novel since Debit and Credit, and supplies the desideratum of the season.

Doctor Thorne is a quiet, excellent country doctor. His brother, a young scamp, by drugs or force overcame a beautiful girl and dishonored her. The child of this outrage, Mary Thorne, is the heroine of the novel, brought up by the Doctor as his niece, and one Frank Gresham, a wealthy commoner of an old English family, is the real hero. The novel is one of first-class society, seldom, if ever, descending from the circles of rank and fashion, but the author finds abundant opportunity for satire here. One of the most amusing portions of the book might be styled "The wars of the doctors," in which the follies and assumptions of one class of physicians are well shown up. Here is an interesting passage at arms. Dr. Thorne had been discharged, and Dr. Fillgrave sent for, but before Dr. Fillgrave arrived the patient concluded to stick to his old adviser, and Dr. Fillgrave is not allowed to see him, but very politely informed that he does not need his advice this morning. Fillgrave departs in a towering passion, and Lady Scatcherd follows him into the hall and presses on him a five-pound fee, which he virtuously resists.

"Now do'ee take it, do'ee," pressed Lady Scatcherd.

"Utterly out of the question," said Dr. Fillgrave, with great deliberation, as he backed his way into the hall. As he did so, of course he turned round, and found himself almost in the arms of Dr. Thorne.

As Burley must have glared at Bothwell when they rushed together in that dread encounter on the mountain side; as Achilles may have glared at Hector when at last they met, each resolved to test in fatal conflict the prowess of the other, so did Dr. Fillgrave glare at his foe from Greshamsbury, when, on turning round on his exalted heel, he found his nose on a level with the top button of Dr. Thorne's waistcoat.

And here, if it be not too tedious, let us pause a while to recapitulate and add up the undoubted grievance of the Barchester practitioner. He had made no effort to ingratiate himself into the sheepfold of that other shepherd-dog; it was not by his seeking that he was now at Boxall Hill; much as he hated Dr. Thorne, full sure as he felt of that man's utter ignorance, of his incapacity to administer properly even a black dose, of his murdering propensities, and his low, mean, unprofessional style of practice, nevertheless, he has done nothing to undermine him with these Scatcherds. Dr. Thorne might have sent every mother's son at Boxall Hill to his long account, and Dr. Fillgrave would not have interfered—would not have interfered unless specially and duly called on to do so.

But he had been specially and duly called on. Before such a step was taken, some words must have undoubtedly passed on the subject between Thorne and the Scatcherds. Thorne must have known what was to be done. Having been so called, Dr. Fillgrave had come—had come all the way in a post-chaise—had been refused admittance to the sick man's room on the plea that the sick man was no longer sick, and just as he was about to return fee-less—for the want of the fee was not the less a grievance from the fact of its having been tendered and refused—fee-less, dishonored, and in dudgeon, he encountered this other doctor—this very rival whom he had been sent to supplant—he encountered him in the very act of going to the sick man's room.

What mad, fanatic Burley, what god-succored, insolent Achilles ever had such cause to swell with wrath as at that moment had Dr. Fillgrave? Had I the pen of Molière, I could fitly tell of such medical anger, but with no other pen can it be fitly told. He did swell, and when the huge bulk of his wrath was added to his natural proportions, he loomed gigantic before the eyes of the surrounding followers of Sir Roger.

Dr. Thorne stepped back three steps and took his hat from his head, having, in the passage from the hall door to the dining-room, hitherto omitted to do so. It must be borne in mind that he had no conception whatever that Sir Roger had declined to see the physician for whom he had sent—none whatever that that physician was now about to return fee-less to Barchester.

Dr. Thorne and Dr. Fillgrave were doubtless well-known enemies. All the world of Barchester, and all that portion of the world of London which is concerned with the lancet and the scalping-knife, were well aware of this: they were continually writing against each other; continually speaking against each other; but yet they had never hitherto come to that positive personal collision which is held to justify a cut direct. They very rarely saw each other; and when they did meet, it was in some usual way in the streets of Barchester or elsewhere, and on such occasions their habit had been to bow with very cold propriety.

On the present occasion, Dr. Thorne, of course, felt that Dr. Fillgrave had the whip-hand of him; and, with a sort of manly feeling on such a point, he conceived it to be most compatible with his own dignity to show, under such circumstances, more than his usual courtesy—something, perhaps, amounting almost to cordiality. He had been supplanted, *quoad* doctor, in the house of this rich, eccentric railway baronet, and he would show that he bore no malice on that account. So he smiled blandly as he took off his hat, and in a civil speech he expressed a hope that Dr. Fillgrave had not found his patient to be in any very unfavorable state.

Here was an aggravation to the already lacerated feelings of the injured man. He had been brought thither to be scoffed and scorned at, that he might be a laughing-stock to his enemies, and food for mirth to the vile-minded. He swelled with noble anger till he would have burst, had it not been for the opportune padding of his frock-coat.

"Sir," said he, "Sir;" and he could hardly get his lips open to give vent to the tumult of his heart. Perhaps he was not wrong, for it may be that his lips were more eloquent than would have been his words.

"What's the matter?" said Dr. Thorne, opening his eyes wide, and addressing Lady Scatcherd over the head and across the hairs of the irritated man below him. "What on earth is the matter? Is any thing wrong with Sir Roger?"

"Oh laws, Doctor," said her ladyship, "oh laws, I'm sure it ain't my fault. Here's Dr. Fillgrave in a taking, and I'm quite ready to pay him—quite. If a man gets paid, what more can he want?" And she again held out the five-pound note over Dr. Fillgrave's head.

What more, indeed, Lady Scatcherd, can any of us want, if only we could keep our tempers and feelings a little in abeyance? Dr. Fillgrave, however, could not so keep his, and therefore he did want something more, though at the present moment he could have hardly said what.

Lady Scatcherd's courage was somewhat resuscitated by the presence of her ancient trusty ally; and, moreover, she began to conceive that the little man before her was unreasonable beyond all conscience in his anger, seeing that that for which he was ready to work had been offered to him without any work at all.

"Madam," said he, again turning round at Lady Scatcherd, "I was never before treated in such a way in any house in Barsetshire—never—never."

"Good Heavens, Dr. Fillgrave," said he of Greshamsbury, "what is the matter?"

"I'll let you know what is the matter, Sir," said he, turning round again as quickly as before; "I'll let you know what is the matter. I'll publish this, Sir, to the medical world;" and as he shrieked out the words of the threat, he stood on tiptoes and brandished his eye-glasses up almost into his enemy's face.

"Don't be angry with Dr. Thorne," said Lady Scatcherd; "any ways, you needn't be angry with him. If you must be angry with any body—"

"I shall be angry with him, madam," ejaculated Dr. Fillgrave, making another sudden demi-pirouette. "I am angry with him—or, rather, I despise him;" and, completing the circle, Dr. Fillgrave again brought himself round in full front of his foe.

Dr. Thorne raised his eyebrows and looked inquiringly at Lady Scatcherd; but there was a quiet sarcastic motion round his mouth which by no means had the effect of throwing oil on the troubled waters.

"I'll publish the whole of this transaction to the medical world, Dr. Thorne—the whole of it; and if that has not the effect of rescuing the people of Greshamsbury out of your hands, then—then—then I don't know what will. Is my carriage, that is, post-chaise, there?" and Dr. Fillgrave, speaking very loudly, turned majestically to one of the servants.

"What have I done to you, Dr. Fillgrave?" said Dr. Thorne, now absolutely laughing, "that you should determine to take the bread out of my mouth? I am not interfering with your patient. I have come here simply with reference to money matters appertaining to Sir Roger."

"Money matters! Very well—very well; money matters! That is your idea of medical practice! Very well—very well. Is my post-chaise at the door? I'll publish it all to the medical world—every word—every word of it—every word of it."

"Publish what, you unreasonable man?"

"Man! Sir, whom do you call a man? I'll let you know whether I'm a man—post-chaise there!"

"Don't 'ee call him names now, Doctor; don't 'ee, pray don't 'ee," said Lady Scatcherd.

By this time they had all got somewhat nearer the hall-door; but the Scatcherd retainers were too fond of the row to absent themselves willingly at Dr. Fillgrave's bidding, and it did not appear that any one went in search of the post-chaise.

"Man! Sir, I'll let you know what it is to speak to me in that style. I think, Sir, you hardly know who I am."

"All that I know of you at present is that you are my friend Sir Roger's physician, and I can not conceive what has occurred to make you so angry." And, as he spoke, Dr. Thorne looked carefully at him to see whether that pump discipline had in truth been applied. There were no signs whatever that cold water had been thrown upon Dr. Fillgrave.

"My post-chaise—is my post-chaise there? The medical world shall know all—you may be sure, Sir, the medical world shall know it all;" and thus, ordering his post-chaise, and threatening Dr. Thorne with the medical world, Dr. Fillgrave made his way to the door.

But the moment he put on his hat he returned. "No, madam," said he, "no, it is quite out of the question: such an affair is not to be arranged by such means. I'll publish it all to the medical world—post-chaise there!" and then, using all his force, he flung as far as he could into the hall a light bit of paper. It fell at Dr. Thorne's feet, who, raising it, found that it was a five-pound note.

"I put it into his hat just while he was in his tantrum," said Lady Scatcherd. "And I thought that perhaps he would not find it till he got to Barchester. Well, I wish he'd been paid, certainly, although Sir Roger wouldn't see him; and in this manner Dr. Thorne got some glimpse of understanding into the cause of the great offense.

"I wonder whether Sir Roger will see *me!*" said he, laughing.

Here are very fair directions to a modest man for an after-dinner speech. Frank Gresham is to have a grand dinner on his arriving at age.

Some one, of course, would propose his health, and then there would be a clatter of voices, ladies and gentlemen, men and girls; and when that was done he would find himself standing on his legs, with the room about him going round and round and round.

Having had a previous hint of this, he had sought advice from his cousin, the Honorable George, whom he regarded as a dab at speaking; at least, so he had heard the Honorable George say of himself.

"What the deuce is a fellow to say, George, when he stands up after the clatter is done?"

"Oh, it's the easiest thing in life," said the cousin.

"Only remember this, you mustn't get astray; that is what they call presence of mind, you know. I'll tell you what I do, and I'm often called up, you know; at our agriculturals I always propose the farmers' daughters. Well, what I do is this: I keep my eye steadfastly fixed on one of the bottles, and never move it."

"On one of the bottles!" said Frank; "wouldn't it be better if I made a mark of some old covey's head? I don't like looking at the table."

"The old covey'd move, and then you'd be done; besides, there isn't the least use in the world in looking up. I've heard people say, who go to those sort of dinners every day of their lives, that whenever any thing witty is said, the fellow who says it is sure to be looking at the mahogany."

"Oh, you know I sha'n't say any thing witty; I'll be quite the other way."

"But there's no reason you shouldn't learn the manner. That's the way I succeeded. Fix your eye on one of the bottles, put your thumbs in your waistcoat pockets, stick out your elbows, bend your knees a little, and then go ahead."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXCITEMENT ABOUT FRAZER'S RIVER.

They write from California to say that Frazer River continues to occupy every mind. The press of the entire State has been almost monopolized by accounts and letters from there; and every line on the subject has been seized and read with the utmost avidity. The exodus from California of emigrants for that region has continued unabated. Steamers and sailing vessels—some of the former of the largest class—have been brought into requisition to accommodate the travel. Owing to the carelessness, or design, of the masters of vessels in not entering the full number of their passengers on the custom-house books, it is impossible to get at the exact number of those who have left San Francisco, since the breaking out of the excitement, for the new gold region; but it is variously estimated at from 15,000 to 18,000 persons, all adult males. As yet there seems to be no falling off in the number who are leaving. The interior towns are being deserted, and operations in part of our mining country will for a time cease. Property in various parts of California has necessarily depreciated. In many places the depreciation is unreasonably great; and perhaps, says the *Bulletin*, a better time for investing money profitably in California never existed than at present. Mining claims, paying splendidly, and real estate, have been sold by individuals afflicted with the "Frazer River fever" at less than half their real value.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

A Watertown (New York) paper has the following:

"A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers relating how a man named Frazer was recently arrested near Baltimore and committed to the jail near Moorestown, New Jersey, from whence he had escaped, when under confinement for counterfeiting. The story is touched up with a little romance concerning a sister of his, who is said to have struggled hard for a livelihood in her younger days, but who is now a great lady at the Court of France—all of which is true.

"This Frazer was once a resident of our county. He came here with Lucien Murat—son of the illustrious Murat and the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte—nephew of the old and cousin of the present Emperor. Lucien, assisted by this Frazer and a French chap, whose name we can not recall, undertook to build a 'city' on Indian River, between Evans Mills and Theresa. This was some twenty-three years ago. This trio were a precious set. Horse-racing and cock-fighting were more industriously attended to than legitimate business; still a grist-mill, a few shops, and a store were put up, but in the end, went down under the sheriff's hammer. Thus began and ended the great city of 'Joachim.' The old mill is still standing as a monument of Lucien Murat's failures in this county. The wright who built the mill still holds an expressive memento of Lucien in the form of a 'promise to pay,' given for eighteen hundred dollars' worth of labor performed.

"After our adventurers left this county Frazer went to New York and got rich—Murat went to Bordentown, New Jersey, married Frazer's sister, and remained poor. His wife actually supported him by teaching school. Meantime her brother continued to wax fat and fast. He became noted as a gentleman of wealth, leisure, and pleasure, without giving a thought, it is said, to his relatives, who were then under the frowns of fortune. The throw of the dice-box of destinies which gave France into the hands of Louis Napoleon, also gave peace and glory to Lucien Murat and his very worthy and hard-working wife. He is now one of the high dignitaries of the Empire, and she is one of the first ladies of the court. Thus, while the sister occupies the Elysée Bourbon at Paris, the brother is awaiting his sentence to serve in a New Jersey State prison. So the 'play' goes on."

FURY OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.

At the City Hotel, Hartford, last week, a maid-of-all-work—a good-looking woman of twenty-four—named Mary Sheridan, cut the throat of her false lover, James Martin, with a razor. She had seen or heard something to open her eyes to the fact that her gallant was an impostor, who had a wife and children elsewhere. So she determined to revenge herself, and watching from a window, enticed Martin, who was passing the hotel, to come in and up into a porter's room. Here, on pretense of loosening his cravat for him, which she said was too tight, the desperate girl gained an opportunity to cut a big gash into his throat with a razor; it missed the artery, and Martin escaped from her with a liberal loss of blood. His wound was dressed by Dr. Ellsworth, who says it is a wonder that she did not sever the carotid artery; as it was, Martin barely escaped with his life. He was too weak from loss of blood to appear before the Police Court, and Mary was sent to jail, for want of $500 bonds, to await her trial.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME!

The Detroit Board of Education, who must be a little waggishly inclined, have adopted as a device for the seal of that body a handsome young school-mistress with a thriving younker across her lap. The left hand is uplifted, having a stout leathern strap in the act of descending upon the younker aforesaid, whose mouth is wide open, from which issues the motto of zeal, "Strike, but hear me!"

A NEW SWINDLING DODGE.

A new swindling dodge has lately come to light in Albany, which shop-keepers will do well to beware of.

A young lady there entered a grocery, and after taking a seat on a chair near the counter, ordered a variety of articles, which were weighed, tied up, and handed to her by the attentive and polite store-keeper. As each package was given her, she dropped it into an earthen vase which she held in her lap. When she had completed her purchases she placed the lid on the vase, and setting it on one end of the counter, requested the store-keeper to allow it to stand there for a few minutes, while she attended to some business in the vicinity, stating at the same time that on her return she would settle the bill. Shortly after her departure, an attendant of the store having occasion to move this vase, it was found to be considerably lighter than the number of articles placed in it would warrant, and on removing the lid the secret was discovered—there was no bottom to it! It is supposed that the ingenious female had a pocket in the front of her dress, in which to place the articles as they were handed to her. It is needless to say that she did not return for her vase.

A FATHER TRYING TO STARVE HIS CHILD TO DEATH.

A man in Cincinnati named Wm. Lally, says the *Gazette*, 27th ult., was lately brought before Judge Pruden, upon the charge of attempting *to starve his own child to death!* It appears that some two or three weeks since Lally married a second wife, and since that time the little child in question, which is only between two and three years of age, has been compelled to remain in the wood-shed, both day and night, with scarce food enough to sustain life. It had become fearfully emaciated, and presented an appearance calculated to excite the sympathies of the most indifferent. Some of the neighbors gave the child food; it devoured it most ravenously, thereby giving the lie to the assertion of the father, that he offered the child food, but that it would not eat it. The only excuse Lally made for his inhuman conduct, when arrested, was, that the child was sick, and smelled so badly that it was very offensive to have it in the house! So he thrust the poor little thing into the wood-shed to starve. Dr. Walker stated that it was suffering from starvation only.

HORRIBLE SUICIDE IN DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Phil Hickey, at Newark, found about seven dollars, and immediately went on a spree, working himself up to an incipient stage of *mania a potu*. Friday night he slept in a barn belonging to a Mr. Lewis, and in the morning went into a house and asked for a knife, which was given to him. Hickey returned to the barn, and, inserting the knife in his mouth, ripped open one cheek as far back toward the ear as possible, and then, turning the edge, served the other cheek in the same way, but did not succeed in cutting quite so long a gash as on the first attempt. After enlarging his mouth to his entire satisfaction, the wretched man commenced hacking at his throat. He managed to remove sufficient of the flesh to lay bare the windpipe, arteries, etc., but the dullness of the knife prevented the accomplishment of his suicidal purpose, if he can be supposed to have had any purpose at all. Even the horrible condition to which the poor fellow had reduced himself did not prevent him from craving for liquor, and he drank a glass of whisky with eagerness before his wounds had been attended to.

PERSONAL.

Perley, the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writes: "Queen Isabella will probably be requested, in a quiet way, to order Signor Muruagua home to his mother's Andalusian possessions, or to transfer him to some other post, and thus relieve Mr. Corcoran from his impertinent, chivalrous, and amatory demonstrations. It is but a repetition of the action of unprincipled foreign adventurers, since the days of Lady Washington's Republican Court, when the Count de Tilly ran away with Miss Maria Matilda Bingham of Philadelphia, who afterward became Lady Ashburton. Her papa, Mr. Bingham (a Senator in Congress and a Quaker City millionaire merchant), was very much incensed at the abduction of Miss Maria Matilda, then only sixteen, and one of his friends, a transatlantic packet captain named Barry, gave the Count a thrashing. But the gallant Frenchman claimed his wedded wife, and Mr. Bingham was forced to pay him £5000 (or rather satisfy his creditors to that amount), and to settle an annuity of £600 on him. The Count then left for *la belle France*, the marriage was legally declared a myth, and the fair Miss Matilda was afterward wooed and won by Mr. Baring, who, in due course of time, became Lord Ashburton. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' and the Riviere-Blount case, with others of recent occurrence, are but a repetition of the speculations of the Count de Tilly."

Ex-President Tyler is in Norfolk; Van Buren remains at his home in Kinderhook; Fillmore is at Niagara Falls; Pierce is still in Europe. Governor Chase, of Ohio, is in Boston; Governor Wise is at Cobb's Island, Virginia.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, left Crawfordville on the 19th ultimo, in company with his brother, Linton Stephens, Esq., on a tour to the northwest, with the intention of visiting Ohio, Indiana, and several other States before they return, and to be absent till the latter part of August.

"This year," says the London correspondent of the *Times*, "is sending an unusually large delegation of Britons to our shores. Besides the young lordlings who have already gone to delight themselves at Newport and Saratoga, the celebrated economist, Mr. Nassau Senior, who has just come back with a new theory of Troy from Asia Minor, is shortly to sail for New York, in company with Sir David Dundas, and, as rumor darkly hints, with Lord John Russell himself, whose political functions at home are not absolutely enslaving just at this time."

The vailed murderess, Mrs. Robinson, of Troy, gives the keepers at Sing Sing a deal of trouble. Latterly she has become so troublesome that the officers are forced to confine her to her room a great portion of the time. For an hour or two each day, while the other convicts are engaged in the shops, she is left at liberty in the prison-yard. Her universal employment there is to hunt over the grass-plat for "four-leaved clover." Four-leaved clover is an ingredient in her imaginary caldron, over which she mutters incantations scarcely less weird and wild than that of the "sisters three."

The Boston matrimonial register shows that, during

the last year, there has been no less than sixty amalgamation marriages, all white women with black or colored men. The white ladies of Boston and thereabouts have singular tastes.

Edward Crocker, senior boatswain in the navy, died at Portsmouth last week, aged sixty-eight years. He was on board the unfortunate *Chesapeake* when the collision with the *Leopard* took place. He served on board the *Constitution*, under the command of Commodore Hull, and took an active part in the fight with the *Guerriere*. He was one of the crew of Old Ironsides when she escaped from the British fleet out of Long Island Sound; and in the same vessel participated in the fight with the *Java*, in which she became a prize to the Americans. He was promoted to the office which he held at the time of his death by President Monroe.

It is supposed that the lightning which killed Miss Nancy Godfrey in Cambridge, Massachusetts, while sitting at her chamber window, was attracted by the metal in her hoops, which was partly melted, and her artificial teeth, which were found at some distance from her.

Mr. Asa Foster, a farmer of Canterbury, New Hampshire, is now in his 94th year, and his wife in her 78th year—an aged couple. The gentleman reads without glasses, and has just completed his haying, doing a good share of the mowing and raking.

Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, was complimented by a public dinner at Charleston last Thursday. Twelve or fifteen hundred persons were present.

Four Roman Catholic priests in this city make public announcement that, by the permission of Archbishop Hughes, they have organized a new enterprise under the title of "The Missionaries' Priests of St. Paul the Apostle." They propose to commence their course of missions in the latter part of September.

A gentleman, who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a late fast-day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint the employer, that if he would pay them for over-hours, they would attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening.

We find in the Boston *Journal*: "The community will be taken somewhat by surprise to learn that Rev. I. S. Kalloch has accepted a call from the Tremont Temple Baptist Church in this city, and will enter upon his pastoral duties on the first Sabbath in September. A meeting of the church was held last evening for the purpose of taking some action with reference to a pastor. The members were requested to express their preferences by ballot. Eighty-three votes were thrown, and Mr. Kalloch had seventy-six of the number. He was immediately informed of the result, made his appearance at the meeting, and accepted the call as above stated.

M. de Pène, the Paris editor, has nearly recovered from the severe wounds inflicted upon him by his antagonists. They will probably be little pleased to learn that his contributions to the *Figaro* are about to be published in a separate volume, which will thus perpetuate the insults upon the French army.

Prentice tells this story about Brigham Young: "A gentleman, who went to Utah a few years ago as an officer of the United States government, subsequently informed us, that, as he was walking one day with Brigham, they saw a very bright-looking little fellow that attracted their attention. 'What is your name, little boy?' said Brigham. 'John Young, Sir.' 'Who is your father?' Brigham Young, Sir.'"

Master John Murray, of Detroit, a nice boy, has been sent to jail for sixty days, for whipping his mother. He was in the habit of beating her upon the smallest provocation, and a few days since, while at table, he became offended with his sister, and cut her severely with a knife.

We learn that Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lord Henry Cavendish, and the Hon. Mr. Ashley left St. Anthony, Minnesota, on Tuesday the 29th ult., on a buffalo hunt in the wilds of Dacotah. They went with the same great party which Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish Admiral, was to have accompanied. They will be absent in the wilderness some six weeks.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, the Bourbon Prince, is now dangerously sick at Hogansburg, Franklin County, New York.

In Virginia, it is stated, a man sent to the Penitentiary the third time is never allowed to quit the institution. A man named Blankenship, lately sent there, finds himself in this predicament.

A Bangor paper understands that our fellow-citizen, the distinguished Fishery Commissioner (Ben Wiggin), and suite, created a great sensation at Cherryfield, before reaching the Bluenoses. The Yankees there, excited by the equipage (a coach and four), rumored it that Lord Napier had arrived, and was on his way to her Majesty's dominions. The probability of this being under discussion, one individual declared that he didn't know whether it was Lord Napier, but he could swear that they were English noblemen from a remark one of them made: "Come, Baron, let's take a drink!" The "Baron" (who is Mr. D. B. Hinckley) does not belong to the Commission, but only happened to fall into its net. He has arrived home in safety.

A. H. Pratt, of Titicut, Connecticut, gets his name into the papers because of his smartness as a shoemaker. In nine minutes and forty seconds he made a pair of No. 7 men's shoes, and, with another workman, made forty-four pairs of kip brogans, with two rows of pegs and half welt, in thirteen hours! Through the instrumentality of his wife, a shoemaker of St. Louis, named Henry Holser, has achieved some notoriety, for the papers of that city record that his wife has presented him with two boys and a girl at one birth.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The India Bill is progressing favorably, as likewise the bill for the government of India. Mr. Disraeli has introduced a bill for the purification of the Thames and the draining of London, at a cost of $15,000,000, to be borne by Government.

THE FRAZER RIVER MINES IN PARLIAMENT.

A very important debate took place in the English Parliament the 20th ultimo on the subject of the renewal of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter. Mr. Roebuck moved that the charter ought not to be renewed; that the legal validity of the exclusive rights claimed by the Company, under their charter, ought at once to be determined by process of law; and that so much of the territory hitherto held by the Company as may be needed for the purpose of colonization ought, without delay, to be resumed by the Government. He asserted that he had in view the building up in British North America of great English lines of settlement from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, which would act as a colonial counterpoise to the immense and "overshadowing" national territorial power of the United States. The Cabinet Ministers assumed, in some measure, the same tone, Sir Bulwer Lytton stating that it was the desire of the Government to make powerful military and naval stations at Vancouver's Island, and to own and control a commercial "viaduct" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, into which the immense trade of China and other Eastern countries would fall.

RENEWAL OF THE TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENT.

At latest dates the Atlantic telegraph fleet were appointed to leave Queenstown for another effort on Saturday, 17th ult. The Directors of the Company having resolved, at a meeting on the 14th, that it was desirable that a renewed attempt should be forthwith made, the English Government issued orders accordingly. The *Times* says, in its editorial remarks on the subject, that the *Agamemnon* is clearly unfit to lay the Atlantic cable. If the suggestion of the *Great Eastern* is not thought worth notice, or if the proprietors of that ship are not ready to lend it for that object, let a ship be built for the purpose at once. Whether it succeeds or not at the first trial, it will find sufficient occupation either in renewing the attempt or in laying down additional cable hereafter.

SIR BULWER LYTTON'S TROUBLES.

These unhappy affairs have again come before the public. A few facts may be briefly given.

Lady Lytton, when married to Sir Edward, possessed a small property worth about £400 per annum; and it is stated that, her husband being then in far less affluent circumstances than at present, she transferred this to him, in order to give him a qualification for a seat in Parliament. Her experience of the marriage state was an unhappy one, and in 1836 a separation took place by mutual consent, Sir Edward consenting to pay her £400 a year during his life, which has been her allowance from that to the present time, notwithstanding he is, or is reputed to be, a wealthy man, his annual income being estimated at from £8000 to £10,000. Lady Lytton has become involved in debt, and of late this has claimed about one-half of her income. One of her chief complaints against Sir Edward was the smallness of the means he allowed for her support. By the deed of separation, Lady Lytton was to possess in her own right any property she might hereafter acquire, which has been chiefly from her publications—in some cases remunerative, but in others miserable failures. Lady Lytton has, for some years past, endeavored to obtain an increase of her allowance, and her presence and conduct at the recent re-election of her husband for Hertfordshire (on his accepting office under Government) will be recollected.

SHE IS CONFINED IN A MAD-HOUSE.

It seems that doubts arising in Sir Edward's mind regarding her sanity, he had her examined by two physicians. The result of their last interview with her is thus given: "Her ladyship arose with her friends to depart. Dr. Thompson expressed a desire that she would not hurry away; nevertheless she proceeded, and on getting outside the room was astonished to see before her two policemen, two women who had the appearance of nurses, and a gentleman who, it has since been found, is the keeper of a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of London. Lady Lytton maintained a calm and dignified demeanor. She was, indeed, the calmer of the two—herself and her Taunton friend—for her affrighted cousin had rushed into the street. She was ushered into another room, on entering which she observed a figure like that of Sir Edward's hastily retreating by a door at the other end. At first she refused to yield up her liberty; but the policemen were called, and she then said, 'Resistance being vain, I submit; but under compulsion.' Her friend insisted upon accompanying her, and she saw on a table in the room a paper, which she presumed to be a 'certificate' of Lady Lytton's insanity. Upon this were the names of two medical gentlemen, and, it is believed, of Sir Edward. Her ladyship being requested to proceed to the door, where, she was told, a carriage was ready to receive her, again refused compliance except under compulsion; and on this the policemen, each taking an arm, led her forward, her friend endeavoring to console her, and seeming to comfort her by the confident exclamations, 'Never mind, Lady Lytton, they may take you, but they can not take me!' 'You may be inside the asylum, but I shall be out!' Besides the lady so often referred to there was no one present on Lady Lytton's part. The policemen did 'their duty,' and her ladyship was constrained to enter the carriage, her friend forcing herself in immediately after her, and refusing to leave it. One or two gentlemen also seating themselves within it, the party was rapidly driven to an asylum at Brentford, kept by a person named Hill."

PROSPECT OF A SETTLEMENT.

It is now stated, upon the best authority, that all matters in reference to this lady, about whom certain statements have appeared in some of the public journals, are in process of being amicably settled by family arrangements to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

LETTER FROM SIR BULWER LYTTON'S SON.

The following letter has been published:

"Sir,—As the son of Lady Bulwer Lytton, with the best right to speak on her behalf, and so obviously with the best means of information as to warrant the hope that my simple assertion will be at once believed in the matter to which I am compelled to refer, I beg to say that the statements which have appeared in some of the public journals are exaggerated and distorted, and that they are calculated to convey to the public mind impressions the most erroneous and unjust. As was natural, I put myself in constant communication with my mother, and with the gentleman with whose family, in his private house, she was placed (for I beg distinctly to state she was never for a moment taken to a lunatic asylum), and carried out the injunctions of my father, who confided to me implicitly every arrangement which my affection could suggest, and enjoined me to avail myself of the advice of Lord Shaftesbury in whatever was judged best and kindest to Lady Lytton.

"My mother is now with me, free from all restraint, and about, at her own wish, to travel for a short time in company with myself and a female friend and relation of her own selection.

"From the moment my father felt compelled to authorize those steps which have been made the subject of so much misrepresentation, his anxiety was to obtain the opinion of the most experienced and able physicians, in order that my mother should not be subject to restraint for one moment longer than was strictly justifiable. Such was his charge to me.

"The certificates given by Dr. Forbes Winslow and Dr. Conolly are subjoined; and I ought to add that Dr. Conolly was the physician whom my father had requested to see Lady Lytton; that Dr. Forbes Winslow was consulted by my mother's legal advisers; and I felt anxious to obtain the additional authority of the opinion of the latter gentleman, and requested my friend, Mr. Edwin James, to place himself in communication with him. I trust that such journals as have given publicity to partial and inaccurate statements, will do me the justice to publish this communication, to which I need add no more than to say, that this painful matter has been arranged, as it ought to be, by the members of the family whom it exclusively regards. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant. Robert B. Lytton.

"No. 1, Park Lane, *July* 17, 1858."

A QUEER MARRIAGE.

An accomplished and beautiful young English woman—Miss E. Southall—has fallen in love with and recently married Juan Fernandez, a celebrated bull-fighter at Madrid. The strength and agility of the Spaniard may be imagined from the fact that he frequently tired out the fiercest bull by vaulting on its back, and remained so firmly fixed that the infuriated animal, finding every effort to dislodge him in vain, would at length fall exhausted beneath its Herculean rider; a sight that obtained more applause for Fernandez than the death of half a dozen bulls by the weapon of the stoutest Spaniard. The pair have recently arrived in London, and are now settled in Belgravia, where a splendid mansion was purchased to receive them by the father of the lady.

ANOTHER MESALLIANCE AMONG THE ARISTOCRACY.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly has justly scandalized the fashionable world by avowing his marriage some time ago with his dairy-maid. The fact has been concealed until further concealment was impossible, the lady having presented him with a son and heir, to the intense disgust of his only child by his first marriage—a daughter—who is herself married and has a family. The Attorney-General is in his sixty-second year.

OLD DORRIT ONCE MORE.

A poor man in England sued a wealthy knave for the seduction of his daughter. The suit failed by a *nol pros.*, through the negligence of his solicitors. The cost fell on the plaintiff—three pounds eight shillings. He was thrown into prison, where he remained seven years.

FRANCE.

THE FOURTH JULY AT PARIS.

An English paper says: "Fourth of July was celebrated by the Americans in Paris, at the residence of Mr. Halkett. The *élite* of American society in Paris was present, and a sprinkling of distinguished foreigners also attended. The speeches—and many were delivered—were characterized by the greatest cordiality toward England. General Ward, a member of Congress, scouted the idea of the possibility of a quarrel arising between Young Yankee Doodle and Grandmother Britannia, and touchingly alluded to the common origin of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. These sentiments were loudly cheered by the company. The American minister, Mr. Mason, was not present; but sent in a letter the 'sentiment' he intended proposing, 'The cordial union of France and the United States.' A similar toast was proposed and carried with the greatest enthusiasm in honor of the 'Old Country,' an eminent English barrister returning thanks in a spirited speech. A humorous Virginian also gave a toast to 'the prosperity of Cuba,' remarking, amidst cheers and laughter, 'that in the States they were all fond, he might say they were *very* fond, of Cuba.' Other speeches and toasts of an essentially patriotic character followed, which were duly honored. Without going minutely into their merits, it will be sufficient to say that these representatives of the most slangy nation in all creation talked freely of—

'——Their patriotic pa's,
And their star-spangled banner;
Their country's bird a settin' by
And cryin' out, Hosanner.'

"One of the features of the feast was the star-spangled banner in question, which was carried about the room, and waved over the heads of the guests at appropriate moments."

BLUNDERS OF THE POLICE.

The *Times* correspondent has the following: "Since the residence of the Emperor at Plombières, where he exposes his person every day in long walks in the neighborhood of the town, the police on the way to Plombières, as well as at the Imperial residence, exercise a redoubled surveillance over all doubtful persons. This surveillance has given rise to the following incident. A noble hidalgo, the Count de V——, of Madrid, arrived a few days ago at Paris, with the intention of visiting Plombières. At Epinal, on the route, the attention of the watchful police was fixed by the strongly-marked physiognomy and the costume of the noble Spaniard, and they demanded to see his passport. The Count had neglected to bring with him that indispensable document. He was thrown into prison, with a strong conviction on the part of the police of Epinal that they were going to save their country from a great crime. The telegraph was put in play, and the police soon learned, to their discomfiture, that their zeal had led them into a gross error. The Count was liberated with a deluge of apologies, but to show that he did not guard rancor for the mistake, he left a sum of money to be distributed among the prisoners of Epinal."

MORE BONAPARTE QUARRELS.

Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte has addressed an angry letter to General de Heischman, aid-de-camp to the King of Wurtemberg, relative to some statements affecting King Joseph, the Prince's father, which occur in the newly-published memoirs of Count Miot, edited by the General, the Count's son-in-law. Miot, the Prince calls a "robber and a butcher;" a "liar or a dastard;" and the letter concludes in the following terms: "As to you, monsieur, since you have not feared to pick out of the mud the pen of the pamphleteer Miot, you will not forget, I conclude, that you carry a sword."

HOOPS GOING OUT.

The Paris correspondence of the *North American* contains the following: "The attempt made by Queen Victoria to resist the invasion of the crinoline is an old story. We use the word *crinoline* as being the one now indiscriminately applied to all *skirt-expanders*, though the material called by that name has been long superseded by steel and whalebone hoops. Her Majesty appeared without one at her daughter's marriage. She was probably annoyed that so much of her territory should be covered by French invention. Since that eventful day no hoops, no stiffeners of any kind swell the skirts of the English belles. On a recent visit to London we were struck by the contrast the female part of the population presented with the Parisiennes; they really seemed like creatures from another sphere; and, after all the outcry that has been raised against the *outre* rotundity imparted by the hoops, we must confess to preferring it by far to the scraggy, long-drawn out forms we saw in England. In Paris the traveling English women, with straight up-and-down, fork-like figures, surmounted by immense flat hats, garnished with lace, resemble open umbrellas—or, as we heard one of their own countrymen say, insane mammoth mushrooms running about the streets.

A NEW HAT FOR LADIES.

"And now we are on the topic of fashions, we must announce a new invention, intended to facilitate traveling, by obviating the necessity for numerous hat-boxes. The chapeau Gibus, which has been some years adopted by the gentlemen, has now its counterpart for the ladies; we have the *chapeau mecanique pour dames*, that contract and expand on the same principle as the opera hats of the celebrated Monsieur Gibus, with this difference, that the bonnet may be as pretty and as tastefully trimmed with flowers or feathers as any other not fold-up-able one, while the male convenience is invariably made up of the same dead-black mourning material, and is, if possible, even uglier than the ordinary stove pipe. The *chapeau mecanique* may be folded and opened one thousand times in succession without any detriment to its beauty and freshness. So says the maker; we have not put it to the test. The box that contains it is not more than two inches high, and the bonnet is not dearer than an ordinary one similarly trimmed."

FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES OF WEARING HOOPS.

The *Courrier de Lyons* contains the following: "Two evenings ago a young soldier, posted as sentinel in one of the principal squares of this city, was standing quietly with both his hands leaning on the muzzle of his musket, when two ladies at the moment passed close to him on the foot-pavement. The ample crinoline of one of them, distended by the breeze which was blowing at the time, and by the rapid pace at which the ladies were walking, caught in the lock of the gun, and in a moment it was out of the soldier's hands, and rapidly going along the pavement, attached to the lady's dress. It is difficult to say which of the two, the soldier or the lady, felt the most embarrassment at this singular incident." The *Salut Public* adds the following remarks: "The recital of our contemporary is in the main exact, but it errs in some details, which we are happy to be able to rectify. The true story is that the lady in question carried off with her crinoline, not a musket, but a 48-pounder. The lady, alarmed at this singular appendage to her dress, ran off at a rapid pace, dragging the piece of artillery after her. It was only at a distance of more than a mile from the artillery ground that the lady could be overtaken and stopped. She then fainted. Fearing that her emotion might be attended with serious consequences, the artillerymen carefully concealed from her that the gun which she had been dragging after her was loaded with grape."

BADLY COMBED LADIES.

Since the immense success which attended the invention of the word *Lorette*—a word designating a certain class of gay women of the higher rank of those who live maritally out of marriage—we have had a succession of words for the same class, all seeking the honors of notoriety. The last word, however, is the best. A blonde actress invented, a few months ago, a style of *coiffure* for the new Mary Stuart bonnets, which became a rage at once in the *Lorette* world. The hair of the forehead is cut short, commencing a few inches and gradually growing longer as it approaches the ear. All the hair of the side of the head, in front of the ears, thus shortened, is tied up over night in fine bands in threads, in such a way that when undone in the morning there appears on each side of the forehead an immense puff of open, ragged, wavy hair, filling completely the relief in the sides of the Mary Stuart bonnets. It has the air of being badly combed, and from this they derive the new designation—*les mal peignées*—("the badly combed.") At first sight you would say inevitably "there's a lady who has forgot to comb herself this morning." But all this disorder is the result of studied art; the evening's banding requires two hours of the most active hair-dresser's hands; it is but a refinement of pride, an exaggeration of vanity. The *mal peignées* are found almost exclusively among the blondes, because the more daylight that can be shown through the dry, frizzled puffs, the better. It is only the exaggeration of the disorder that is most *comme il faut*—in its kind. The night that Mademoiselle Duverger made her first appearance on the stage in the new *coiffure*, the entire clan of *mal peignées* were present to give *éclat* to the new fashion. For that evening there was a shower of bouquets and applause, but for that evening only. The following evenings there was a good deal more pommade and less applause. The word *mal peignées*, like *Lorette* and *demi-monde*, as applied to a certain class of women, has made its *entrée* into the French language.

DEATH FROM A FLY BITE.

The *Siècle* says: "A woman residing in the Rue Rochechouart was bitten a few days ago in the back of the neck by one of those large flies which feed on decayed meat, at this season of the year, and died the day before yesterday after most severe suffering, and in spite of the best medical attendance. It is supposed that the fly must have eaten carrion immediately before wounding the woman, and that the virus which it introduced into the wound quickly spread through the system."

PRUSSIA.

A VERY ODD NOTICE.

A Berlin letter of the 11th ult., says that the clerical authorities of that city have been informed of the period at which to offer up prayers for the happy delivery of Princess Frederick William. The Prince and Princess live in perfect seclusion, at the Prince of Prussia's pretty summer residence, Babelsburg, near Potsdam.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT.

Queen Victoria's visit to Berlin is to be strictly of a family character. Notice has been given that there are to be no *fêtes*, nor salutes, nor any of the usual demonstrations consequent upon the visit of the crowned head. The whole cause of the sudden change in the programme is unknown, and the uncertainty has caused serious alarms regarding the health of the Princess Frederick William.

ITALY.

WHO MAY GO TO NAPLES.

A gentleman from Boston, who is traveling in Europe, purposed visiting Naples, but was informed by those in authority that, his name appearing as one of the subscribers for the cannon presented to Sardinia from the citizens of Boston, he could not be permitted to "see Naples and die" in ecstasy of delight, as other strangers have been reported to do. All the gentleman's explanations and remonstrances were unavailing, and he was forced to go another way.

ANOTHER COMPULSORY CONVERSION.

The *Corriere Mercantile* publishes the following from Bologna: "On the 23d June a commissary of the Pontifical police of Bologna, accompanied by an escort of *gens d'armes*, claimed admittance into the house of M. Mortera, a Jew, and summoned him to give up one of his sons, named Edgar, to the Holy Inquisition. The surprise and consternation of the family may be imagined. It turned out, at length, that the youth had been secretly baptized through the manœuvres of a maid-servant staying in the house. The order was executed, and Edgar Mortera sent to the convent of St. Dominic, on the 24th, to the surprise of the whole town."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

On the 1st of June an engagement took place between the Calpee rebels and the troops of Maharajah Scindia, near Gwalior. The right and left divisions of Scindia's force gave way, and joined the enemy. The centre composed of the Maharajah's body-guards, fought well, but was beaten with considerable loss. Scindia fled to Agra. The rebels had occupied the fort at Gwalior, but the English have since retaken it.

General Rose's brigade was half-way to Gwalior when the fall of the place was heard of. General Rose, from Calpee; Colonel Hicks, from Jhanse; and Brigadier Smith, from Sepree, were to meet before Gwalior on the 17th of June.

The rebels were in great force around Lucknow, and interrupting communications with Cawnpore.

Another dispatch says the people at Lucknow were beginning to come in.

In Rohilcund and the Doab all was quiet.

Sir Colin Campbell was about to join the Governor-General at Allahabad.

Disarming proceeds quietly on both sides of India. The disarmed Sepoy regiments in Bengal had been discharged in small parties. The Rajah of Ransee's palace and town had been plundered by the rebels.

The rebel garrison of Humeapor, numbering 5000, with four guns, escaped pursuit.

SUFFERINGS FROM THE HEAT.

The *Times* Bombay correspondent says: "I do not often write of the weather, but it is at this moment the most important element in the campaign. For twenty years no such season has been known. The little rains fell a fortnight before their time, and then ceased; and the land is one huge steam bath. At Calpee the thermometer in tents is, 134 degrees; in Jugdespore it is 130 degrees; and in Lower Bengal, within the reach of the sea-breeze, it is 126. In Calcutta, in a house hermetically sealed against the light, and with the punka going, it stands steadily at 96 degrees. Sickness is all but universal. The small-pox is bursting out here and there, half the European community have fevers, and a moiety of the other half only escape the curse by an infliction which, though not unhealthy, is even more unbearable—innumerable boils. In Allahabad, out of one thousand six hundred Europeans, not nine hundred are fit for duty, and the number of deaths from 'apoplexy'—that is, sun-stroke—exceeds the mortality from all other sources. In the midst of all this there are regiments in which the stock is maintained, and in which punkas paid for by government are forbidden. The Duke of Cambridge should stop all this by forbidding the stock in India at once—its use is optional, I believe—and compelling commanding officers to leave the punkas alone. The royal artillery, for instance, are losing men at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum exclusive of fighting casualties. Again, the men are now dressed in light-colored cotton cloth, capital stuff to resist the climate; but their heads are still unprotected. They receive, it is true, a white cover for their caps, but it is no protection, except so far as its color is concerned. Routine and the sun together are beating us, and I was told this morning, that with all the reinforcements and recruits sent out, we can not muster even now 26,000 effective Europeans. By October a third of them will be off duty, for though the soldiers do not get apoplexy in barracks, they do get liver complaint and low debilitating fevers."

A DIRTY BOX.

In Allen's *Indian Mail*, a writer dating from Lucknow, says: "Yesterday (April 27th), in a small corner, was discovered a dirty box, after an hour's digging, and when opened, behold a collection of rubies, diamonds, pearls, etc., of the value of 100,000 rupees! The soil of Lucknow is a mint of money."

CHINA.

FURTHER SUCCESSES OF THE EUROPEANS.

The fort at the mouth of the Peiho River, mounting 158 guns, and backed by a large body of troops, was attacked on the 20th of May by the English and French gunboats, and taken. The loss of the Allies was trifling. The Chinese stood to their guns very fairly.

On the 22d the forces commenced advancing up the river. The weather was cool, and the squadron in good health and spirits.

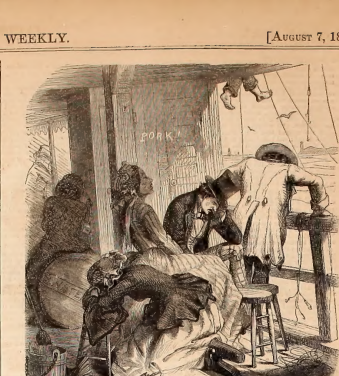
Six thousand French troops, originally destined for Cochin-China, are on their way to Pechelle.

From Canton information was that, on the 2d of June, an ineffectual attempt was made by the Allies to route the Chinese 'braves' on the mountains in the vicinity.

Nangpo was in possession of the rebels, and the English merchants had gone on board her Majesty's ship *Surprise*.



THE ORCHESTRA.



PASSING SANDY HOOK.

A TRIP TO THE FISHING BANKS.

"Now, boys, make this most of your time; and if you'll let an old feller give advice, get as much salt sea-air as you can!"

Thus old Bowwax, as he sent us off—Bart (short for Bartholomew) and myself—junior clerks in the house of Bowwax & Co., Grocers. Ten clear days we had before us—salary paid in advance, together with a modest *douceur*, timidly thrust into our open hands (as though it was a thing to be shunned) by the jovial, red-faced, but grim head of the house of Bowwax & Co.

Fierce and angry were the debates we had that night in the little attic room we shared in Brooklyn. Bart was for going to Connecticut, where—selfish brute!—his family lived. My idea was to take the route through Jersey, and spend a day or two—at Princeton, where my mother's farm was. But neither of us convincing the other, we agreed to devote the next day—Tuesday—to an excursion on the fishing banks in the "splendid fast-going steamer" *Tow-an-ago*, which was advertised to leave at nine A.M., precisely. I trust the honest readers of this periodical will believe me when I say that we came to this conclusion without the least reference to an arrangement which had been made some days before, in virtue of which Mrs. O'Brien and her three lovely but slightly Irish daughters had promised to honor the *Tow-an-ago* with their company.

The day was undoubtedly fine. As Peggy O'Brien observed, "It *blooms* some;" but when one has such charming nabkes as Peggy's, a bluff nor'wester is not to be frowned down. There was Peggy with your humble servant; Molly with poor Bart—he is not five feet six, and she is near six feet, and a monstrous fine woman; Kitty with her beau, Terence O'Grady, a member of a fire company (if he has any other calling he keeps it a secret); and old Mother O'Brien, a "jule of a creature," as she says herself, "barrin' a cast in her left eye," she brought up the rear with Pat Flanagan, a retired shipping-agent, who is a good fellow to have on such occasions—he is so uncommon free and friendly with the police.

We were on the wharf, looking round every where for the "splendid and fast-going steamer," when up stepped a policeman to Pat.

"Why, Pat, my boy," said he, "are you out already?"

"Whisht!" answered Pat; "don't ye see?" and turning to me, he added, "He's surprised to see me out of the house, after the way I hurted me knee."

"Oh!" said I, "indeed!" Not having heard of the accident to Mr. Patrick's knee, I took less interest in the incident than Mother O'B., who was much concerned, and the policeman, who seemed to enjoy the joke (whatever it was) mightily.

We discovered the steamer, after a while, nestling under lee of the dock, with nothing but her smoke-pipe visible; and though she may have been splendid and fast-going, we agreed that she was not large or imposing. It was a trial to Mrs. O'B., who is large—very large—to descend the abruptly-inclined plane leading to the deck; but she accomplished it, mainly through my civility. I received her and her lovely daughters as they were shot down from above. We made fast sundry fishing-lines to the railing round the deck, by way of taking legal possession; and Peggy and I having secured a sturdy nook, we waited in patience an arrival on the banks.

The crowd had poured in upon us. There were a number of modest-looking ladies, in respect to whom the captain (a friend of mine) observed that he couldn't help it; they would come; but he hoped they wouldn't inconvenience my party; and also a number of ladies who did not appear particularly subdued, but in whom I recognized the wives and sisters of people whom I knew—at least by sight. There were a few men whose faces I recognized; I had seen their portraits in the gallery of Mr. Daniel Carpenter, a very practical lover of the arts. And there were quite a number of foreigners, speaking all manner of unknown tongues, smoking preposterous pipes, and appearing as Lo—an inveterate Know-Nothing—was forced to confess, rather more gentlemanly than any fellow-countrymen. Here and there Peggy, who is very sentimental, drew my attention to a couple who, like ourselves, seemed to be desirous of seeking solitude in the throng; who had evidently come on the excursion in order to get away from the people they knew, and who seemed perfectly happy and alone in the midst of a throng of strangers.

We ate oil! The "band," in reference to which the advertisement and handbills promised so much, proves to be three hyperchondriacal musicians with wheezy instruments, who seem prepared for any thing. To judge from their faces, it would be impossible to say whether they were on their way to the Penitentiary or to the Arctic regions—so imperturbably miserable and resigned do their countenances appear. We are oil! Heavy flakes of sooty substance, which burn through shawls and capes, fall in clouds; poor Peggy's white shoulder has been laid bare by a traitorous spark, and the hole (confound it!) is not large enough to administer consolation after the manner of children. Oil! The dull, feverish-looking shore of Long Island, on one side, with houses scattered at rare intervals; on the other, first, the marshy-looking Jersey flats, and beyond, the slowly ascending heights of Staten Island, with the lonelith nestling in the hill shade; behind us, Fort William, resting in a background of city houses, shipping, and steamers; in front the Narrows, sprinkled with white sails; yes, we are oil—no doubt of it. The hypochondriacal musicians are tuning (!) their wheezy instruments; the loving couples are snuggling into shady corners; crinoline is undergoing fearful compression, and hoops are liberating, by a series of strictly mathematical conic sections, the perils of crowds and the latest fashions in pantalets; a gentle notion of the cranky *Tow-an-ago* is producing uncomfortable effects among some of the passengers. We are oil in earnest!

As we glide through the Narrows and approach the mouth of the Lower Bay, we encounter the rolling swell which never fails to mark that spot, and by which, I am told, captains have ascertained in a fog in calm weather where they were. Now appears on the deck a weather-beaten, strong-nerved man with a pail and a swab. His office, in mercy to the reader, I shall not state. But I submit to the charitable whether it was decent for this miscreant to approach people who had seen him in the discharge of the duties of his office, and who were wavering between sea-worthiness and seasickness, and to ask them with a sardonic grin:

"Any body want me here?"

I could have assassinated the fellow.

Presently, while we are half-sorrowing, half-laughing at the tributes which are paid successively to Neptune by old Mrs. O'Brien and her friend Pat—both of whom are clamorous for whisky, and who declare that they might be "drowned this minnit" without being sorry for it—the miserable hypochondriacs I have mentioned strike up a polka, and now half the passengers begin to dance despairingly. The girls take their hats off—a wise precaution, as otherwise, leaning their heads against their partners, as they do, to steady themselves, they would infallibly spoil flowers, ribbons, and gauze—before we can get into the spirit with reckless ardor. It was so hot that Peggy and I had the fan incessantly in use; but these frantic creatures whirled round and round, tumbling over stools, fishing-lines, bags, prostrate invalids, and each other, resolutely bent on defying consequences by inordinate exertion. After the polka some frisk-



AT ANCHOR.



AN IRISH JIG.

ish person proposed an Irish jig, and the musicians forthwith proceeded to perform that insane piece of music. To our amazement, the first two persons who sprang to the deck were Mother O'Brien and Pat O'Flannigan. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed since both were in the agonies of seasickness, and were imploring their friends to throw them overboard; to see them now, capering, and jumping, and going through an insane pantomime of passion and coquetry, you would have supposed that they were possessed of devils. Bart and Molly vainly besought the old lady not to expose herself to the jeers of "an uneducated rabble;" but the old dame protested that she must jig for the love of "auld Ireland," and jig she certainly did with a vengeance.

But we are at the Fishing Banks. The anchor is down. The swell is heavy, and Stiggs, the Englishman, whose stupid jokes render him a general nuisance, remarked that "the heavy swells" were feeling it. Not more than half the company were in a state to enjoy the fishing. Good places on the side of



LEMONADE, OR ICE-WATER?

who have chosen seats below. Bets are made on "the first fish."

"Hah! a bite." "I have him." "No, you haven't." "Pull him up!" "Confound him! he's got my bait." "Another bass!"—"Jones, you're fool of my line!" "It's your fault!" "I say it's yours!" — "Waiter, more bait!" "Boy, bring two drinks — brandy!" "Molly, darlin', sit on me knee!" "Any body want me here?" "A splendid bite, by Jove!" — "Hush! the fish won't bite." "Harry, dear, I'd like to lie down." "Have a sandwich?"

In the midst of which din and clatter a heavy splash is heard, and word goes round that a man is overboard. It is even so; in his attempt to catch a fish, our unfortunate friend Bart has thrown himself into the water. Every body throws something to him. It is miraculous that he is not brained by the friendly missiles. He seizes a dozen fishing-lines, is caught in various parts of the body by as many more, and is thus rescued from the water. Every body throws something to him. It is miraculous that he is not brained by the friendly missiles. He seizes a dozen fishing-lines, is caught in various parts of the body by as many more, and is thus rescued from the water.



A SHARK!



ANY BODY WANT HIS HERE?

The boat, which had been secured by early comers, were sold at premiums ranging from a cigar to "drinks all round."

Presently a fish is caught. It is a miserable little object, about four inches long, but it rouses the patriotical enthusiasm to the very highest pitch. Peggy insists on having her line baited, and watches it with severe intentness. There is a general roar for hooks, for bait, for room, for fresh lines. To hear the din, you might imagine we were in a school of mackerel. Nobody is satisfied. Every body has forgotten something, and promises himself to come back "next week" properly fitted out. Another fish; this time a decided bass, about six inches long—an inexperienced youngling who know no better. The captor is a very lively young lady on the promenade deck. Excitement of a more intense character than any thing yet experienced pervades the assemblage. People—men and women—on the promenade deck, lean over, and the ladies' dresses form a sort of awning for us



A POLKA.

tained safely while the boat is being lowered. Meanwhile some wicked person observes that he hopes there are no sharks in the neighborhood. His next neighbor repeats hastily that "there are sharks in the neighborhood." The next man has it that "a shark has been seen," and poor Molly screams frantically to take care of "the shark." Bart, insane with terror, shouts, "Help! help! a shark! I feel him!" The fourth now passes description.

"Strike out, and he won't bite you!" "Throw him a knife!" — "Where's the knife?" "Is he to be murdered before our eyes?" And on this suggestion two or three furious passengers demand the captain, and draw knives to avenge the supposed homicide.

If the boat had been a few minutes later in reaching poor Bart, he would have sunk from terror. No assurances after his rescue would convince him that he had not felt the cold, slimy nose of the shark snuffing him, as a preliminary to a bite. He lay down on the deck, feeling satisfied that he had escaped death by a miracle, and resolving to improve the occasion by amending his ways.

This little incident damped the ardor of the fishermen and fishwomen, and the day being far advanced, no objection was made when orders were given to weigh anchor for New York. Two hundred people had caught some twenty-five little fish. All were sunburned, and pretty tired. When the musicians, who had not fished, but who, to do them justice, had exhibited a remarkable degree of spirit in drinking with every one who invited them, struck up a lively polka, there was hardly a couple capable of dancing to the measure.

Several members of the party were quietly snoozing; the lovers were each other's shoulders in guise of pillows. Some had crammed so many drinks to keep off seasickness, that they were lying unconscious in stray corners. Many had grown talkative and quarrelsome. Several times the boat was summoned to quell a fierce fray among the male passengers; which they did with more regard for the general peace of the boat than for the heads of the brawlers. I confess I did not regret them their powers of arms. In the first place, the combatants were evidently all musicians, and I admired the unerring justice which made them punish each other. Next, it was gratifying to see the skill and accuracy with which the experienced dock hands cracked the skulls of the most pugnacious, and how suddenly they became submissive and calm. Last of all, these fights had the effect of compelling Peggy to shrink closer to me. How I longed for an opportunity of showing her how I could do battle in her defense!

It was dark when we reached home. The loading was tumultuous; several members of the fishing party were landed on trucks like freight, and shot down on the wharf. The day ended, in short, sulkily.

We have come to the conclusion that a trip to the fishing banks on board a splendid and fast-going steamer may be an experience worth trying once, but it should not be repeated.

LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

"Hare-ware-fore-one, hatter-baliga-no-no-wa!"

"Wa!" certainly was not a pretty child. I doubt whether her own mother would have called her so, as, with every distinct hair of all her light-brown head streaming in a different direction, she stood with two dirty little fists of fat dough on the sidewalk, with a small stubby finger pressed against her breast to indicate the fact of her being "me" in the progress game of tag. An immense gingham sun-bonnet, all massed and distorted, hung back upon her shoulders, like the ivory disguise of a jersey wagon, by two stringy tapes knotted upon her throat, and out of this background protruded a face for which nature had done almost nothing, and soap hardly any more. Yet not a face contributed by failing light—for it was one on which sacrificed spotlessness, for the moment, as no inferior consideration to the healthy ones of making chiaroscuro, and playing in with the shadows among the elements of earth and air. A face as yet unlearned, with a nose too small for for the rest of the face, and therefore making the face a puzzle to physiognomists — for the nose is the great organ of character, and, before it can be developed, the face-student is actually at sea. The nose is the organism of human mind, a little machine of life, and according to its indication of progress are we old or young in mind. This little girl, by witness of body, was younger than from her stature—as we might hereafter be say thing or nothing—yet, people would be apt to infer no opinion of her. I was unwise and did. I thought aloud, and muttered—"Poor child, you are frightfully ugly!"

Little Good-for-Nothing heard me—quick of ear she was, if not of sight—and to me—and under her finger from her breast, put her arms akimbo, looked me full in the eyes, and replied unexpectedly, "Thank you—you're quite—so much the same!"

I confess myself nonplussed at the exceeding self-possession of this rejoinder. It was pert, but if I remember right, I actually blushed, and walked away from the group, feeling that my position was exceedingly awkward.

Ten rods down the street, in that pretty little village of Guilford, was a large old house, not even more than the average New England tendency to be all green and white, and two-storied, but withdrawn. Yet if these qualities were faults, they were most charitably cloaked from desultory wayfarers by the luxuriant shade of noble heritage in the great summer-old elms scattered all around the house. Between this house and the street, in fact, it was there I was to spend all the hot months to come, and it was the dwelling of my good old Yankee uncle, the retired sea-captain, Uncle Ben-yer. I had never been in Guilford before, but there was no mistaking the place—every one of the scriptions had I heard of it from all those who had enjoyed the old man's hell, blithe hospitality—and a man—more cordially presented than his stiffly-very perpendicular of Uncle Eben himself, taking his sixth akimbo-hand pipe on the front door steps, amidst a smilnes of leaves and smoke-clouds.

"What cheer, my hearty?" shouted that benignant personage, as I pushed back the gate. "Why—well—that is a good boy—come to see the old hulk at last, ha? I guess you are poor as a rat, and he's condemned! How're you? How's your mother? and Fanny? and the boys? Lizzie! boy, Lizzie! [small negative pipe, dear. Lizzie! where's Don't you, Tommy? Yes? Ha! he!—right—good boy!"

As I sat down on the step, with my hand on Uncle Eben's knee, and looked clear into the broad hall, through the wide opened doorway before, to I protrate in all the helplessness of an unsupported rig constitution, sprawled an innocent child, with her eyes staring upward to the ceiling, and a crewel of the old gentleman's pinned about its neck for a her fall. I guessed Uncle Ben's astonishment. All his hale children had long ago got too old for that sort of thing—all whom, except one, were married and keeping house for him, had pushed over their fortunes from the homestead toward the setting sun—were then, with their children, that image of child-play come from?

"Lizzie! Lizzie! Where can that little madcap be? Another pipe, dear!"

Lizzie! Oh, probably his son's young wife. But the doll? A dreadful suspicion flashed upon me in connection with the cravat. Perhaps my uncle had reached his dotage, kept young for one fun time, and they had not told me of it!

Just then—leaving all questions but the one where she belonged—fresh from the finished game of tag, Little Good-for-Nothing rushed through the gate. Exactly as when I met her in the wood

"Was!" her hair perhaps flying a little more wildly, her sun-bonnet on her shoulders as before. And without noticing me, she climbed up on Uncle Eben's knee.

"Oh, I've had such a good time! There was I"—that's one—and Mary Pratt makes two, and Sally Sedgewick's dreadful cross, and all would have been small-bills on the road to Sachem's Head, you know. Then I piled up the sand till I made a fort, with battlements, just like the one you told me about that they had at Governor's Island—"

"Battlements you made, dear?"

"Yes, battlements. And then I got behind it, and the other girls they came up with their spruce full of sand, and they had it at me right and left—storm me, you know. Then I jumped up and came around on them, and made—"what did I make, grandpa?"

"A sortie, was it?"

"Oh yes—a sortie. My! how they ran! I filled ed my sun-bonnet six times all full of sand, and threw it at them; and when they ran out of sight behind some cedars, I waved my apron at them from the flag, and said, "Hurrah!' as loud as I could scream. Oh, what fun!

"Then we came up into the street again, and I was just counting out for tag, when a fellow came along—I never saw him before—and he stopped and looked at me; and then he said, 'Oh, what a homely little girl!' I told him he was another—no he was, grandpa. He had—dear me—such a big nose, and red hair and whiskers—"

My unfortunate habit of thinking aloud again! "Oh hair!" I murmured; "red whiskers! Pshaw! sailors—every body says so."

Again Little Good-for-Nothing heard me. She started, and timidly around, caught my hat from out of hearing I asked,

"Who is that child, and where did you get her?"

"That, Tommy, is the grand-daughter of the first captain I ever had. Don't you know Eben; "did you say that? Really, it was very naughty, and you must be sorry for it. Go and ask him a pipe, Lizzie, dear, and he'll never do it again."

The little girl slipped down from my uncle's knee, and ran through a long blank drawing-room out of hearing I asked,

"Who is that child, and where did you get her?"

"That, Tommy, is the grand-daughter of the first captain I ever had. I was but a boy—a little older than I was, but no,hold—I was to run from a boy, and have only about every thing else but—no, about sailing, from truck to keel. He taught me all I ever learned; and being we were 'boot of an age, we got into all sorts of scrapes. He and I were. He died a month ago—poor Bill!—and that boy and his grandchild were all he had in the world to leave me to remember him by. So, says I, 'just hand 'em over, and if I ever let either of 'em get ready to go to sea without learning all I can, then rig me ketch fashion, and sell me for a Malay.'"

Whether as a delicate tribute to his deceased shipmate, or affected by the thought of the lost-manhood grandchild, I know not, but at that time his bandana across the upper part of his face, and was bent out.

"And she's a comfort—a great comfort. It's no long since we've had any thing like the laugh of a child in this house. It seems as good as a full sound at the bows, 8 comin' in with a stiff trade and skylit in the cuddy—a cargo of sunshine. And she's sma-art—mighty sma-art. Learns every thing. I've taught her how to splice and tie, and now she wants to learn navigation. She's a regular grumsy knot."

That little Good-for-Nothing came back. She had so "improved" her absence, as the sermons say, that she looked quite like a decorous child. Her face—from which the sun-bonnet had cobb water; her hands and hair had been cared for, and the blue dress had been put on right side out. Really, a child not to be ashamed of, though incapable of being washed into prettiness, which was not her fault. She had also been a pet, as was well looked with Uncle Eben's best Spanish, and in this new and pleasing consciousness of being extended to me, with a lighted paper, as one who meant to be understood, "Out of mere politeness, Sir."

After sitting out one—yes, two—three pipes with Uncle Eben, and having been introduced, she had impatiently forestalled, arrived from Guilford Station. I was shown to my room, changed my outer clothes, and then came down to dinner, to meet a very hearty welcome from my cousin and his wife, just returned from "shopping" at New Haven.

But, in spite of this welcome, I could not help being ill at ease. I was evidently offended one of the people with whom I was to pass my whole summer vacation, and why? Simply because I, for a very little one; it's of no consequence in the least." "Don't tell me that," rejoined Native Instinct. "Big man or little man, you are to me the dignity of souls can ever afford to bear the dislike of a quick, intelligent, and affectionate child." I determined I would propitiate Little Good-for-Nothing.

CHAPTER II.

MONDAY, *First exercise.* "Lizzie, see those pretty sugar-plums I brought from New York in my trunk. Help yourself, dear."

"I am obliged to hear dear; thank you, I don't want any."

Tuesday, *Second.* "Will you go with me to New Haven to-day? I hear there is an elephant going to be shown there."

"Thank you—I am womanly pique against an elephant any day! At first, "Oh, how nice!" then in a short time, "I guess I don't much care to like to have the people at the elephant's see you with such a homely little girl!" So Uncle Eben went alone.

Wednesday, *Third.* "Oh, Lizzie! come up on the roof with me! I've got a fine spy-glass out on the house, and you can look through my glass!"

"Thank you—I don't care to. Let me see him spy-glass, and I can see very well from my window, dear."

I began to despair. Thomas Maurice, twenty-one years of age, glorying in a necklace of hearts sculptured from cherry-stones, and the owner of two whole New York winters, worsted utterly by a little girl of ten who made terraqueous pies in mud pies! Why, the thing was a joke—a pantomime, not to be lodged.

At last, when I had given up all hope of success, the opportunity of propitiation came. The whole of one long dreamy summer afternoon I devoted Little Good-for-Nothing, and visited all the corners of the house, diving resolutely into every one of the way-going, rummaging thoroughly the big rare-boshes, and forcing assiduously in the tall grass along the garden fence, with more zeal more of a cloud settling upon her eyes, and an increased twitching about the thoughtful lines of her small mouth. Toward sundown the cloud began to rain a little, and every now and then as she came by the shady garden-seat where I was reading, I looked up—saw and heard the low, moaning handkerchief undersoring them poor quest ful eyes of hers. At last I threw down my book, able no longer to refrain from offering the help she was too proud to ask, and said,

"Lizzie, what is the matter? Won't you tell me and let me hunt with you?"

I've lost something; don't ask, I shall never find it!" And the tears now began to run over all barriers of handkerchief.

Without asking her what it was, for I wasn't quite sure that she would tell me, I began the search, and after a very long blank attempt, I at last found it, sparkling, sunny, saying, "Pussy, pussy!" in a whistling manner, and subdued him in a scuffling and all, he was about to start for the asparagus shelter. The thing he was playing with a pretty silvered one from him, and saw it to be a worn morocco portrait case, stamped with the initials L. G. N.! Lizzie Green" was the true baptismal name of Little Good-for-Nothing.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" I cried, holding aloft the treasure-trove, and shaking it by its ribbon, "is this what you lost?"

Like a fawn the child came bounding from the other end of the garden, the homeliness of her face actually swelled into beauty by a flood of overpowering joy. Snatching it from my hand, she cried, "that's it! that's it!" and kissed it innumerable times, as I remembered to have seen her before. Then, relapsing into her former self-sustained gravity, she looked me most earnestly in the eyes, and said, "When I was a little girl, I will put on next to grandpa." She threat the case into the breast of her little frock, and went away. And that was the last we met at tea, I saw it had been to cry a little more, in her own room.

From that time I expect seemed to have been established between us. I never asked her or my self what had been lost, but I found for her. She avoided speaking about it, and I had no wish to intrude on her privacy. It is a vulgar error that children have no privacy. I boys I have always known better.

Little Good-for-Nothing grew to respect—to like me. By degrees, when she jumped rope, I was permitted to be auxiliary engine to Mary Pratt, who held the rope. She told me as well as Uncle Eben where she had been forsaking, and consoled to me how often she had been to the post-office along the meadow brook. And she let me go out with her on some of her excursions, holding me by her hand, once or twice in the dusk before it. Last she capped the climax by kissing me good-night.

One morning, toward the middle of July, I proposed to her that we should go down together on foot to Sachem's Head, the watering-place situated pleasantly on the Sound shore, two miles or so from Guilford village. We would take dinner with us in a little basket, and fill its empty room afterward with sea-weed to be pressed on our return. The idea pleased her, and there was a true daughter of the sea, and loved, as well she might, the delicate flowers of the ocean, which at that delightful season gin lavish their mermaid-garlands of exquisite pink and green and silver on the breast of the receding tide—on the heads of the undulating rocks.

So, gayly in the face of the blazing salt breeze, we tripped over the hot dusty ways sidewalk of the sandy road toward the Head, and Little Good-for-Nothing talked tirelessly to cheer the journey. At last, as we entered upon the region of feeling, the quick-sightedness—physical and moral—of this child actually equaled a grand-daughter, another bluff captain's prestige.

"Do you know what those plants are, with nothing now but straight green stalks and no leaves?"

"No, dear; I have never been in the woods as much as I could wish. What are they?"

"They're asters. They haven't any flowers now; but to-ard-by—about the end of August, perhaps—they'll be full of great, red, gold eyes, with purple lashes. Oh, so beautiful! And when all the leaves are on the cone, and you can't pick a single anemone or wood-lily any more, and the sumach leaves get so red as fire and drop off, and the wind blows right on, and has a bright and cheerful and good as if every thing else was dead, then the asters begin to look their prettiest. I guess I shall be an aster! Don't people sometimes turn into such things afterward?"

"What shall you turn into, dear?"

"My mother, Sir."

"Why, my dear, you remember her?"

"Oh, always! Forever?"

We reached Sachem's Head. Passing down the causeway road which led to the beach we met the line of returning bathers, each with his opulent or wet towels, and shawls, some evening-dressed, others in their open basket low to display the good luck granted by Father Neptune, and others in their morning dresses with strong brown paper, probably to avoid the decomposing effect of wet garments. We waited yards of time to secure extra squids. Among them, as they faced across the hot stretch, I saw several old acquaintances, and single file, we toasted yards of time to get the little girl at my side wicked, retreating half behind me. Some children, all of whom looked upon the subject of having it said, "What a homely little girl that is with Tom Maurice!"

But any such shadow of apprehension passed away as, after our little dinner under a great rock, we began the pleasant work of sea-weed hunting along the shore. Every now and then the child called to me with some new delight over a fishy flat of silver-dappled pink or purple, and actually beamed with delight as we succeeded in getting it safely into our basket, and the delicate tissue-leaves on the moss which lined our basket.

And indeed, in her ancestral sea, she did turn into a very comely little girl. The light-brown hair grew more wavy and silky, the sun-tint faded, as the beach grew quite poetic, no longer compared with the formal incongruities of town. Very little and beautiful her girlish forces seemed, all unexamined and flexible to every new thought of pleasure or necessity of business. And as she worked, with her bare feet and tucked-up frock, so far out that I was really afraid for her, her soft rosy legs—their muscles rounded fully by the never-ceasing spring of out-door life—were graceful as those of Venus undraped.

We had our basket full, and grew a little tired. So we returned to the granny where we had left our shoes and stockings, and sat down again, then sat down to rest. I must have dozed a while in my very comfortable nook of our strong shelter, for, before I knew it, Little Good-for-Nothing had gone a few paces off, and when I looked for her, I saw she was playing intently with something she held in her hands. Rising, I found it was the old nautical prize, Jack.

"Lizzie," said I, "would you like to go home?"

She started, seemed about to put back the cracker into Jack's mouth, but then, changing her mind, came gravely toward me.

"Do you think I shall ever look like *that?*" said she.

I took counsel but the external portrait, and was an exquisitely beautiful woman, her hair, a rich silky brown, brought low upon her neck, and fastening behind in a knot of velvet ribbon, whose ends waved forward. Her eyes large, soulful, and clear hazel. Her mouth small and somewhat grave, thoughtful and pensive, and indescriminably so, only full of good prayers and kisses for those whom she loved. Her figure regular and delicate to the extreme with taste and sensibility. As I observed this last feature, and glanced at the little creature before me on the sea-beach, I said,

"Lizzie, I feel puzzled for an answer.

She repeated the question, "Shall I ever grow like that, do you think?"

I remembered what I had seen developement de for people—and that it was a very common one in a very cheerful tone, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you did, dear. Why do you ask?"

"That is my *dear, dear* mother."

After this we walked home, hand in hand, saying very little.

CHAPTER III.

THE summer at Uncle Eben's had gone—and a with it. That summer? Yes—and half a dozen besides. Little Good-for-Nothing never—as of them in the Adirondacks—two or three more in the Long-and-a-half life of vicissitude between Sarabogs and Newport—and twice I had seen, tasted, smelled, been soothed in (though, thank Heaven and as moral lessons) by the "Crystal Palace" Bubbles. From a love of variety, perhaps, I had not smoked a single pipe with the Yankee elms of Uncle Eben in all that time, or, perhaps, from a better reason—abstinent, I awoke to find myself twenty-nine years old, and, in the opening of the New York fall with that well-nigh score and a half, received to my pretty friend.

Got rich? Oh—as the world goes, tolerably—on what advertisements call "a safe and lucrative business." Married? Married how? Seen the world? Dear me! down to the raveling ends! Been happy? Oh—so, so. Married? *In love,* but not.

It was this last branch of the question which caused to come to me the large-eyed acquaintance who most of all. Natural. Some of them were daughter—some of the rest had daughters.

And I confess it occupied me almost as much. I had never, even by my long experience of it, recognized an innocent love for living as a power. You had all the expenses without any of the comforts of a home; and there was something exceedingly cheerless and shiftless in the idea of growing old at a fireside you paid a family not your own to warm for you.

But whom to marry? A question which, I must in candor say, it was not the fault of my friends if it was not settled for me. They were very kind—very. To the best of their ability they announced for me, putting my very best value while lets in the market. To-day it was Miss Rebecca, sole heiress—just think on't—to old Mountpleasant, and I ought to be ashamed of myself to-morrow rate! No bid—they but wouldn't wed Miss Rebecca. Then Miss Somebody, second young friend of the family. Next day, little Bessie Mountpleasant, Rebecca, and durable. Again no offer. Astonishing! plain Somebody, second cousin by a very heavy mother—second cousin by force relay. Finally Miss Anybody young creature, sister to the North River. Mrs. Arabella Meiggs next; very easy price on account of first owner having left town indebted to all the tradesmen—second article, and very difficult to keep in order—knocked down subsequently to Mr. Hugh Meiggs merchant—terms ruinous to buyer.

Once I did take a fancy to a young person—some half a dozen years my junior, well educated, and conversed very well. Gradually I increased the time of my visits to what two hours' sin. taken three times a week, late after dinner. Then the knowing ones checked and said it was a match. But it would not do. Her mother—a lady—would let goes a certain distance toward the irredeemable but it would not overstep the mark. Besides, to this young person's mother. In that mother I saw the exact fac-simile of the present fresh picture—only a leaves let out—of myself in the future, month-ly-ship, all the features of my adorable Annie, of they would look painted on the canvas of 1857. And time had vulgarized them—decidedly! I turned to that pretty young person—fancied every thing exhaled that was exhalable by years—and instead of her being my Annie, she was a very commonplace, ordinary, middle-aged woman.

Always get presented to the mother, if you would see whether a girl can be really in love with the daughter. If their original sketch is the same, and the elder picture is lovely with that beauty

that many summers only mellow—take home the younger portrait. If it is Mrs. Fixtaile, as you choose.

But at last—thoroughly sick of being speculated about—and anxious of being settled upon some one—almost any one—I yielded to the entreaties of my married lady friend, Mrs. Fixtaile, and consented to be shown an entirely new selection.

We were to meet at Mrs. Fixtaile's. Neither of us, of course, were to know that the other one was invited. Altogether, a most delightful surprise. Then, I was to be very civil to somebody the first time—nothing more. I asked Smallbrye if he understood how this should be done, and meant that I half believed she really had never heard of me. She was tall, graceful, and retiring without, hatter—about ten accomplishments in a moment. Before the last German I was as near that pleasant state of confusion known as losing one's head and ears in love as I had been for ten years.

From that night every thing went on precisely to the taste of Mrs. Fixtaile. Miss Delhorn and I rode, walked, and talked a great deal together. By a strange coincidence we were always left out by all the same parties. By another strange one, we formed parts of the same picnic excursions. Yet I could hardly say that all this time I was becoming better acquainted with her. Perhaps the life which both of us had led, and the every-day saying of youth, in fashionable society, had not been favorable to the nurture of that character which takes off its mask and says, "Look upon the real I"! And very frequently, as I looked at her, and said to myself, "I have to be very careful with all the world expects I shall make my wife" (Smallbrye had even taken heavy odds on that fact), I added also, with the faint germ of spite within, "But how prepared are two people to live with one another forever, whose attention to each other's wishes waltzes an evening, a companionship in the march to supper, and a surface talk of brilliant banter in a conservatory?" But I still, also questioning, feeling that I was growing old even faster than we years, and would probably never see her more. "After all" (thus I lied to myself), "it is better to be married to a woman when you *re-gret* him not at all."

I remember the last time I said this to myself. It was on a Monday evening. Miss Delhorn had not let me kiss her finger tips, as I loved myself out, after her permission to accompany her to Wallack's the next Thursday.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS more than I sought to have been with that beautiful woman beside me, I leaned on the velvet of the dress-circle, and forgot the fatigue of a very hard day's work, in the sweet music, scenic sought to, in a desultory use of the footprint. There were the usual number of habitués, who came because they always had done so, and a waiting for the curtain to rise with a staid denouncer worthy of any Puritan congregation, and the inevitable young Americans, whose prevailing idea of a theatre was a place that bored and killed very hard in—until the pretty little white-and-red susceptible women who are always there to gratify their appetite for falling in love with a lorgnette—never quarreled with them, for beyond question he is one of the handsomest men in New York. All these gilded post my nonchalant glass almost without notice. At last my eye rambled to the proscenium boxes—and opposite to me I had one of the first tier.

For, leaning her cheek on her hand, there sat there one of the most exquisite specimens of earthly womanhood. She was not more of an idiot than all the rest of the world, but she looked as well as they that her arm was matchless even by Parian sculpture, and she could not help letting them admire its delicious curves, adorned by nothing but a simple bracelet of brown hair. And her face—between veils a pure spiritual beauty, and her lips, her lavished itself—oh, it was beautiful, like the loveliness of Spirito Genti!" It seemed as if I had seen it before—and I could not give a name, but thought this a mere fancy—and contented myself with a long, unpremeditated gaze.

"We are dull this evening, Mr. Thomas Maxwell," laughed a silver voice beside me.

Good-by to that face—to every other surpassing thing I had locked at in my too ungrazing life. I took down the opera-glass hastily, and put it in the lumbo of its case, saying—"Pardon me—but see—but I fear *myself* very heavy company."

Shall I reveal you your thoughts? A sorceress of the Past had suddenly cast her spell upon you. I saw you looking intently at the box of ex-widow Arabella Meiggs"?

Sure enough; for I looked again, and there sat the widow, in the box just above the Unknown, all gorgeous, in front of her drapery, and in a simple window of his most stylish patterns. I had not seen her before—so that the protestation of that fact made a very good one to Miss Delhorn's playful reproaches.

We sat out the play—some light thing, for it was getting too warm for tragedy—and then, not caring to stay to the farce, we rose to seek the carriage. Throwing one more lingering glance at the first tier box, I saw its occupants were going too, and sighed, as I thought that, in all probability, I should never see the lady of the matchless arm again.

Just as we were leaving the vestibule I felt a strong arm upon my shoulder—heard a well-known voice say, "Avast there, Tom!" and turned to see my uncle, Elon Sawyer. And not alone: for on his arm there leaned a lady. I started, as that the soft little glove that nestled on my own almost fell down from it.

"Why, Uncle Elon! Of all seas the most unexpected! Miss Denham, permit me—my uncle, Mr. Sawyer."

"Your servant, madam. But Tom—have you forgotten your old summer playmate, my Lizzie? Have you forgotten Tom, dear?"

Could I treat my senses? Little Good-for-Nothing? And, most wonderful of all, time had indeed made her like her mother. As my hands met in most hearty grasp—I exclaimed of "Why, Lizzie—Miss Carter, to think I should not have known you"! there still seemed to mingle with the rich flesh of mature in her face the relics of the old proud self-consciousness, and her lips smiled triumphantly, as if to say—"Are you ashamed to be seen with the homely little girl now?" I introduced her to Grace Denham, and the two women, by instinct, sized each other, as friends as the perfectly trained beauty of society, keeping her eyelows veiled to the imparted by twenty-two world-practiced years, can to with the usual sort of naturalness, outwalking, spontaneous, and unaffected.

Uncle Elon and his ward were to be in town till July. It was then early in June. We exchanged cards, and promised to see each other daily; for I myself could not get away to the country any earlier than to departure.

"Good-night, Uncle Elon! Miss Carter—*pro-mised*!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN ONE NEXT.]

THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I.

Upon his hindmost bed at break of day
A Devil lay tossing sick,
To trample and char the flow'rs to death,
To infest the air with his pestilent breath,
And to cloud the morning sky.

II.

And, pray, how was this devil drest?
Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;
His scales were clear, and his brow free,
With never a think for a spear to get through.

III.

And over the hills and over the dale,
He walked, and over the plain,
And an airgun, elegant, polish'd, and round,
That would kill shots at fifty with never a sound,
He twirl'd like a harmless cane.

IV.

And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,
And the tender shoots of the young Good Name,
He stomp'd with mischief a heap of shame,
And he left its print on each.
And leaves and flowers and fruit he wriggled his tail,
Through rose-trimm'd garden and lily-strewn vale,
Marking his course by a loathsome trail,
Like a mull-track over a pooch.

V.

He spied a laborer hard at work,
Early at his vocation.
His prominence offered a cupital shot.
"Ch!" quoth the devil, "to aim are not"
So he shoulder'd his piece and he aim'd, God wot!
With terrible calculation!

VI.

He eyed in a house, here a goodly mess,
Of time and weather had stood the chance,
And was still erect and fair.
"Ah!" quoth the devil, "to spile looks will,
But I've fire-works stuffed for nothing in hell,
It don't find out when a touch or fall
Key lord to combustible there."

VII.

That Devil could creep where no other fiends can.
He found an 'anguished spot,
Where he cramp'd a victim in his diligent hoof,
And—his train prepared—trail, pillar, and roof,
Blew up in the air like dust!

IX.

That breath in the roof is mended now:
Its wholesome air is pure.
But the Devil had done his work that day,
So he crawl'd him back for his master's pay,
Which he received in a jovial way,
With the lowest devils in Hell.

X.

"There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with tails and devils without!"
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach,
But the CARPENT DEVIL—sit hard to reach
As the small who now safe on sooth distant beech,
In digesting the core of my favorite peach—
Is the shabbiest devil of all!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XI.

Our old friend the Pocket-Cannibal evinces unexpected gentleness and enlightened moderation, succeeded with a stroke of his own succulent friend in the skies of his own native sky.

COLONEL MORLEY had a second interview with Mr. Poole. It needed not Alban's known edge of the world to discover that Poole was no partial friend to Jasper Lesoly; that, for some reason or other, Poole was no less anxious than the Colonel to get that formidable client, whose cause he so warmly advocated, persuaded, and, in short, had already secured, out of mote from Great Britain, in which a spirit hitherto so restless might consent to settle. And although Mr. Poole had decidedly taken offence at Mr. Darrell's discourteous rebuff of his animus, and manifested no grudge against Darrell furnished a motive for counsel's peace should be purchased by Lesoly's perpetual exile. Accordingly, Colonel Morley took leave, with a willful confirmation on Poole's determination to do all in his power to induce Jasper to listen to reason, and returned had hoped to learn something from Poole of the elder Lesoly's present residence and resources. Poole, as we know, could give him no information. The Colonel also failed to ascertain any particulars relative to the old gentleman's affairs on behalf Jasper founded his principal claim to Darrell's aid. And so great was Poole's embarrassment in reply to an inquiry on that score as "Where was the young person? With whom had she left?" that Colonel Morley felt sure Poole could see her, and hear her own tale? — that Alban entertained a strong suspicion that no such girl was in existence; that she was a pure fiction and myth; or that, if Jasper were compelled to produce some one to support his claim, he would be an artful baggage hired for the occasion.

Poole waited Jasper's next visit with impatience and unfeigned delight. He had not a doubt that the ruffian would cheerfully consent to allow Alban's brother penury, he found he had been deceived in his belief of Sophy's parentage, and that there was nothing in England a prodigal son could so little learn but what his might consent to breathe the free air of Colonial Australia, and exchange the barren heaths of Cumberland for the more luxuriant and boundless pastures of auriferous Australia! But, to Poole's inexhaustible consternation, Jasper declared that he would not consent to expatriate himself merely for the sake of playing

"I am not so young as I was," said the unwary; "I don't speak of years, but feeling. I have not the same energy, once I had high spirits—they are broken; once I had hope—I have none; I am not to ambition; I can't go out into the world. To go into new scenes, form new plans, live in a horrid raw new world, every body round me hustling, scheming—No! I am not the man to put your thin paper-hat flap-o'-my-thumbs! Look at me! How do I have increased in weight the last few years—all solid muscle and bone. I'd defy any four draymen to move me an inch if I am not to their mind to it; and to be lifted off the antipodes as if I were the down of a pestilent thistle, I am not the man for *that*, Dolly Poole!"

"Hem!" said Poole, trying to smile. "This is funny talk. You always were a funny fellow. But I am quite sure, from Colonel Morley's decided manner, that you can get nothing from Darrell if you choose to remain in England."

"Well, when I have nothing else left, I may go to Darrell myself, and have that matter out with him. At present I am not up to it. Dolly, don't fret! I'll tell you something; a just strong enough for any carnivorous animal, yawned—yawned much as a bored tiger does in the face of the metaphysical strident of savage manners in the Zoological Gardens.

"Bore!" said Poole, astounded, and recoiling from that expanded jaw. "But I should have thought no subject could bore you less than the consideration of how you are to live?"

"Why, Dolly, I have learned to be easily contented, and to live on very little, you know—on"

"Yes," groaned Poole, "but that can't go on forever; and, besides, you promised that you would leave off that game so soon as I had got Darrell to provide for you."

"So I will, *Dorado*, sir, do you doubt my word? So I will. But I don't call exile 'a provision'—*Basta*! I understand from you that Colonel Morley came to restore the paguzzly £200 a year Darrell formerly allowed to me, to be paid monthly in advance at the banking-house in Van Diemen's Land, or some such uncomfortable half-way house to Eternity, that you not even in a letter to Darrell I could guapply at school. But £200 a year is exactly my income in England; paid weekly too, by a respectable self, with whom it is a pleasure to talk over old times. Therefore that proposal is out of the question. Tell Colonel Morley, with my compliments, that if he will double the sum, and leave me in peace in England, I'll consider the haggling, and say 'done.' And as to the gift, since I can not find her (which, on penalty of being thrashed by mummy, you still take care not to let out), I would agree to leave Mr. Darrell free to marry her. But are you such a dolt as not to see that I put the ace of trumps on my adversary's pitiful deuce, if I depose that my own child is not my own child, when all I get for it is what I equally get out of you, with my ace of trumps still in my hands? *Basta!*—I say again *Basta!* It is evidently an object to Darrell to get rid of all fear that Sophy might ever possess upon him tooth and claw: if he be so convinced that she is not his daughter's child, why make a point of my saying that I sold him a fib when I said she was? Evidently, too, he is afraid of my power to harass and annoy him; or why make it a point that I shall only widen his cheese in a trap at the world's end, stewed at by bushmen, and wombats, and rattlesnakes, and alligators, and other American citizens or British settlers? £200 a year, and my own wife's father a millionnaire! The offer is on its nib. Ponder this; put on the screw; make them come to terms which I will make them the honor to accept; meanwhile, I will trouble you for your invoicings."

Poole had the strength to report to the Colonel Jasper's refusal of the terms proposed, and the Colonel, therefore, declared that he was commissioned to make. Alban was at first surprised, and, remembering the many allusions of his native land, which Jasper had interwoven in the coffee of Poole himself. On sounding the latter, however, he came to be disposed to, he surmised, however, one part of the truth—viz., that Jasper had no fear of better terms precisely on the fact that terms had been proposed to him at all; and this induced Alban almost to regret that he had not made any such overtures, and to believe that Darrell's eagerness to negotiate on the score of economy was a single link in an unduly mendicant, was more worldly-wise than Alban had originally supposed. Yet partly, even for Darrell's own security and quietude from that persuasion of his own powers of management which is sometimes so fatal to a man in a spit to entertain, and partly from a strong disposition to screw the audacious son of that poor dear rascal Willy, Alban resolved to urge himself into the breach, and the objects he aimed at, Alban bade Poole tell Jasper that Colonel Morley could be quite willing to convince him, in a personal interview, of the impossibility of acceding to the terms Jasper had hinted, and that he should be still more willing to see the young gentleman and Jasper assisted to be seated in the study.

Jasper, after a moment's moody deliberation, declined to meet Colonel Morley—peppily, indeed, from the sensitive vanity which once had given him such delight, and now only pain. Meet thus—uttered, fallen, inhuted—the fine gentleman whose calm eye had quelled him in the wicket of drawing-room at the bell of consumptive splendor—that in itself was distrusted in the depression of his heart but what his self should be at more disadvantage in point of argument with a cool and wary representative of Darrell's relations than he could be even with Darrell himself. And unable to produce the child whom he ascribed the whole of his wrongs, he should be but exposed to a fire of cross questions without a shot in his own locker. Accordingly, in declining the interview, he sent for Colonel Morley; and declared that the terms he himself had proposed were the lowest he would accept. "Tell Colonel Morley, however, that if negotiations fail, *I* shall not fail, sooner or later, to enjoy my view of seeing him hung with my own halal father-in-law, and in person."

"Hung, Jasper!" cried Poole, exasperated, "go and see Darrell yourself. He is easily found."

"Ay," answered Jasper, with the hardest look of his downcast sidelong eye—"ay; come day or other I shall come to that. I shall see Darrell not, if possible. I might not keep my temper. It is not about a matter of money between us, if we two meet. There are threats to offer. Banished his house like a mangy dog—treated by a gentleman and a lawyer like the rat in his kennel! The Lesleys, I suspect, would have looked down on the Darrells in their graves, and what if my father was born out of wedlock, is the blood not the same? Does the breed dwindle when the cross of a gold ring and bracelet? Look at me. No; not what I now am; not even as I was but ten years ago; but as I was a young lad in youth! Was I born to cast sums and sub pens as a City clerk? Ahn, my poor father, you were wrong there! Darrell is not to be said, indeed, is a saucer in a citizen's gig! Spavined, and wind-galled, and broken-kneed, he'll be long ere he gets to the knackers; but by his eye, and his pluck, and his bone, the brute shows the stock that he came from!"

Dolly opened his eyes and—blinked. Never in his quiet days had Jasper spoken so openly revealed what, perhaps, had been always a sore in his pride; and his outburst now may possibly in the results of the mere expression of the arrogance, and levity, and egotism, which accompanied his humiliation for a hour, and had converted his very claim to the blood of a gentleman into an excuse for a cynic's disdain of that very gentility for which a gentleman is most desirous of obtaining credit. But by a very ordinary process in the human mind, Jasper had fallen lower and lower into the lees and dregs of fortune, his pride had more prominently emerged from the gross of his low and most haunting vices by which, in health and high spirits, it had been partially masked out-done.

"Humph!" said Poole, after a pause. "If Darrell is not as uncivil to you as he was to me, I don't wonder that you owe him a grudge. But even if you do lose temper and bring him, it might rather do good than not. You can make yourself extremely unpleasant if you choose to; and perhaps you will have a better chance of getting your own terms if they see you can bite as well as bark. But at least you will worry him; it is not fair to worry nobody but me!"

"Dolly, don't bluster! If I could send all his door, or stop him in the streets, with the girl in my hand, your advice would be judicious. The world would not care for a row between a rich man and a penniless son-in-law. But an interesting young lady, who talks pretty fluently, and talks at his knees, he could not send *her* to hard labor; and if he does not believe in her birth, let his thing but just get into the

newspapers, and there are plenty who will; and I should be in a very different position for treating," he just became, if I married Darrell again, I don't wish that again it should be all dark and no blue, that I postpone the interview. All your own laziness—exert yourself and find the girl."

"But I can't find the girl, and you know it! And I tell you what, Mr. Lovely, Colonel Morley, who is a very shrewd man, does not believe in the girl's existence."

"Does not he! I begin to doubt it myself. But, at all events, you can't deny that I have done I am grateful for yours; and since you have given me the credit of coming back and saying poets, I may as well take the next week's pay in advance—four sovereigns, if you please, Dolly."

CHAPTER XII.

Another ball—Change of Horses—and a turn on the road.

COLONEL MORLEY, on learning that Jasper Darrell had secured conference with Lord Ashcombe, and had had an interview with Jasper, the alleged daughter was equally scouted as yet aside, became still more convinced of the belief that Jasper had not yet been blessed with a daughter sufficiently artful to perform. And pleased to think that the sharper was thus unprovided with a means of annoyance, which, skillfully managed, might have been seriously hanging; and convinced that when Jasper found no further orders taken of him, he himself would be compelled to petition for the terms he now rejected, the Colonel dryly informed Poole that his interference was at an end, that if Mr. Lovely, either through himself, or through Mr. Poole, or any one else, had occasion to address Mr. Darrell direct, the offer previously made would be peremptorily and irrevocably withdrawn. "I myself," added the Colonel, "shall be going abroad very shortly, for the rest of the season; and should Mr. Lovely, in the mean while, think better of a proposal which secures him from want, I refer him to Mr. Dorrell's solicitor. To that person I shall leave, on your account of his destitution, he must come sooner or later—and I am glad to see that he has in yourself so judicious an adviser"—a complement which by no means consoled the miserable Poole.

In the briefest words, Alban informed Darrell of his persuasion that Jasper would not, without evidence to support a daughter's claim, but that the daughter herself was still in that part of Virginia Dales appropriated by Jasper, have not yet appeared upon the upper earth, and that James himself, although holding hope that he might be naturally expected, in the hope of condition was to his taste, had only to let his quarry to his well, meditations to the means to regain the advantages of emigration. Another £100 a year or so, it is true, he might bargain for, and such a demand might be worth considering. But, on the whole, Alban congratulated Darrell upon the probability of securing, at least the more of the son-in-law, and no more at all of the mother-in-law's daughter.

Darrell made no comment nor reply. A grateful look, a warm pressure of the hand, and when the subject was changed, a clearer brow and livelier smile, thanked the English Alban better than all words.

CHAPTER XIII.

Colonel Morley shows that he is not without reason that he enjoys the reputation of knowing something about every body.

"Well, me!," said Darrell, the day after Alban had conveyed to him the comforting assurances which had taken one thorn from his pillow—impressed one cloud in his evening sky. "Well me!," said Darrell, encountering the Colonel in two paces from his own door. "Pray walk with me as far as the New Road. I have promised Lionel to visit the studio of an artist friend of his, in whom he chooses to find a Raffaelle, and in whom I cannot, at the price of Vandyke. I shall be urbanely compelled to compliment a dauber."

"Do you speak of Frank Vance?"

"The same."

"You could not visit a worthier man, nor compliment a more promising artist. Vance is one of the few who mate *gusto* and patience, fancy and brushwork. His female heads, in especial, are sweetness, chastity they are. I can fess, too much like one another. The man himself is a thoroughly fine fellow. He has been much made of in good society, and remains unspoiled. You will find his manner rather offhand, the reverse of shy; partly genuine, because he has in himself the racy freshness and boldness which he gives to his canvas; partly, perhaps, also, because he has in his art the selfesteem that patricians take from their pedigrees, and shakes at ease by the handsome fortune his duke holding out to him a finger."

"Indeed," said Darrell, with but rare, manly laugh. "Being shy myself, I like men who meet one half-way. I see that we shall be at our ease with each other."

"And perhaps still more when I tell you that he is connected with an old Eton friend of yours, and deriving great benefit from that connection! you remember your Sidney Brantlwaite?"

"To be sure. He and I were great friends at Eton—somewhat in the same position of pride and poverty. Of all the boys in the school we two had the least pocket-money. Poor Brantlwaite! I lost sight of him afterward. He went into the Church, got only a curacy, and died young."

"And left a son, poorer than himself, who married Frank Vance's sister."

"I wouldn't say so. The Brantlwaites were of good old family; what is Mr. Vance's?"

Respectable enough. Vance's father one out of those clever men who have too many strings to their bow. He, too, was a painter; but he was also a man of letters, and for a time was the editor in a journal, in which he wrote Criticisms on the Fine Arts. A musical composer, too. Rather a fine gentleman, I suspect, with a wife who was rather a fine lady. Their house was much frequented by artist and literary men: old Vance, in short, was hospitable—bis wife extravagant. Believing that posterity would do that justice to his patrons which his contemporaries refused, Vance left to his family no pecuniary provision. Frank, with failures and paying his debts, there was just enough left to buy him. Fortunately, Sir—his great patron of that day, had previously conceived a liking to Frank Vance—then a mere boy—which shown genuine from time to time in all true artists do. Sir — took him into his studio, and gave him lessons. It would have been mild for even a boy of Frank's spirit to be close-tisted, to give any thing else. But the boy manifested so much independence as to be a fellow, who is now as arrogant a stickler for the dignity of art as you or my Lord Chancellor may be for that of the law, stooped neither to coincidentally with fancy-shops, and imitate Watteau on them. I have in the memory of one stiver he painted for a shop in Rathbone Place. I suppose he may have got 10s. for them, and now may admire of Frank's pictures £100 apiece for them."

"That is the true soul in which genius lodges, and out of which fire springs," cried Darrell, cordially. "Give me the fire that lurks in the dust, and answers by light the touch of the hand steel. I'm glad Lionel has won a friend in such a man. Lionel, you remember, painted Vance's sister—after Vance had won reputation?"

"No; while Vance was still a boy, Young Arthur Brantlwaite was an orphan. If he had kept living relations with her mamma to complete her education on the Continent. I remained Pleasures on a journey." Here Darrell, before his eyes—the slenderest, shyest creature—just eighteen. I never had an idea that she could prove any attraction to me. I was a boy. Well, four years afterward (just before we made our excursion into Wessex, Lionel), she returned to England, still unmarried. I went to a party at which I knew she was to be—saw her, and was cured."

"Bad case of small-pox, or what?" asked the Colonel, sharply.

Vance. "Nay; every body said she was extremely improved—that was the mischief—she had improved beyond all recognition. I had been faithful as was to one settled impression, and I had not seen a fine, full-formed, young Frenchified lady, quite at her ease, armed with eye-glass and bouquet and bustle, away went my dream of the little blushing maiden. The Colonel is quite right, Lionel; the romance once suspended, the romantic disappearance, till threw again in our way, but complete disillusion if we try to renew it; though I swear that in my own heart was still alive, and that heroine imposed in her beauty. So with you and that dark-eyed Gipsy, Miss Vance's friend. and you'll tease me no more to give you that portrait of Titania at watch over Bottom's soft slumbers. Ah, that midsummer night's Dream, Lionel. Titania fades back into the arms of Oberon, and could not be Titania if you could make her—Mrs. Bottom."

CHAPTER XIV.

Even Colonel Morley, knowing every body and everything, is puzzled when it comes to the plain question of "What shall he do with it?"

"I AM delighted with Vance," said Darrell, when he and the Colonel were again walking on in a line, "I am not one of those meagre intellects which have nothing to spare out of the professional. He has humor. Humor—strength's rich superfluity."

"I like your definition," said the Colonel. "And how much, though Jasper possesses it not without subtlety. There was much real kindness in that sketch he design to quit Lionel out of that silly enthusiasm for—"

"For a pretty child, reared up to be a strolling player," interrupted Darrell, "I don't call it silly enthusiasm. I call it chivalrous compassion. But whether in other circumstances I should not be enthusiasm, it would be degradation. Let you believe, then, that Vance's sketch of Jasper at first love, and so much a whimsical invention?"

Colonel Morley. "Not so. Many a grave truth is spoken jestingly. "I have no doubt that, allowing for the pardonable exaggeration of a vocation, Vance was naturally, as he spoke in his own life."

Darrell. "Do you think that a grown man, who has ever really felt love, can make a jest of it, and to mere acquaintances?"

Colonel Morley. "Yes; if he be so thoroughly cured that he has made a jest of it to himself. And, Darrell, I have implied as if, perhaps the more solemnly at one time he felt it. Levity is his revenge on the passion that has left him."

Darrell. "You are evidently an experienced philosopher in the lore of such folly. *Cherchez les inexpensis supiciales.*' Yet I can scarcely believe that you have ever been in love."

Colonel Morley. "Indeed, bluntly, "and very often! Every body at my age has—except yourself. So like a man's observation, *that*," continued the Colonel, with much tartness. "No man ever thinks another man capable of a profound and romantic sentiment!"

Darrell. "True; I own my shallow fault, and beg to be forgiven for my blindness. So that you really believe, from your own experience, that there is much in Vance's theory and your own very happy illustration? Could we, after many years, turn back to the romance at the page where we left off, we should—"

Colonel Morley. "Not a straw to read us! Certainly, half the peculiar charm of a person believed must be ascribed to locality and circumstance."

Darrell. "I don't quite understand you."

Colonel Morley. "Then, as you liked my former illustration, I will explain myself by another one, more homely. In a room by which you are accustomed, there is a piece of furniture, or an ornament, which you have admired. Say that you say—The prettiest thing I ever saw! I am go where I may, I shall never meet a furniture or the ornament has been moved into another room. You see it there, and you say—Yes, that is the thing that the finest I ever imagined! The strange room does not suit it—losing its old associations it has placed itself in its true charm. So it is with human beings—seen in one place, the place would be nothing without them—seen in the place which becomes them would be all the better?"

Darrell (musingly). "There are some parables in life which resemble the riddles a child asks you to solve. Your imagination can no decorated her designs by half guessed. Yet, when you are told, you are obliged to say—How clever! How stupid to learn."

"Since you have arrived at that conviction" replied Colonel Morley, amused by his friend's gravity, "I will not say that I am satisfied with the experiences of Vance not myself; and that if you have in mind to propose for one of the young ladies whose merits we have already discussed, you will not deem it necessary to try your fortune in prolonged visits to their houses on your good resolution."

"No!" said Darrell with sudden animation. "Before three days are over, my mind shall be made up."

"Indeed!—as to whom of the three you would ask in marriage?"

"Or as to the idea of ever marrying again. Adieu. I am going to knock at that door."

"Mr. Vyvyan's! Ah, it is so, indeed? Yes; I'll join you. I have a call to make."

"Do not be alarmed. I go afterward to an exhibition with Lionel and Vance, to see one of the Carr Viponts. My choice is not yet made, and my hand still free."

"His hand still free!" muttered the Colonel, pursuing his walk alone. "Yet—but, three days hence—What will he do with it?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Guy Darrell's Decision.

Guy Darrell, returning home from Carr Vipont's dinner at a late hour. On his table was a note from Lady Adela's father, cordially inviting Darrell to pass the next week in his country house. London was now emptying fast. On the table, too, was a letter containing a book which Darrell had lent to Miss Vyvyan some weeks ago, and a note from herself, declining at her father's request the loan, having, he had learned that Mr. Vyvyan had suddenly resolved to take his family abroad, with the view of passing the next winter in Italy. The letter was a kind and grateful one, and even Darrell had staid but a short time. The weather having had been somewhat formal—Flora unusually shy—Lionel and her sister and not the first lines flatlessly; those that followed, with a trembling stroke and an occasional blot. Possibly, however, I may be back by dinner time. Call me at five o'clock, and then go still to the studio. I shall require to be grown at eight o'clock."

The next morning, while the streets were deserted, no houses as yet astir, but the sun bright in the air fresh, Guy Darrell rode from his door. He did not return to the same day, nor the next, nor at all. But, late in the evening of the second day, the post-boy at the village publicly hard-ridden, stopped at the porch of *Ruby Manor-House*; and Darrell flung himself from the saddle, and into Farnham's arms.—"Back again—back again—and to leave no more?" and he, looking round; "*Spes et fortuna valete!*"

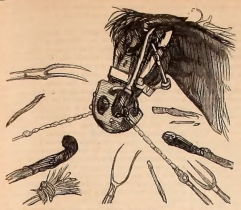
HOW MR. BARREY TAMES HORSES.

To the Editors of Harper's Weekly.

Lucknow, July 19, 1857.

Within the last three months I have issued a horse-tamer. Having leisure and money to spare, of course there was nothing for it but to tame horses. The system adopted was that of Mr. Rarey, I have become somewhat of a proficient in a science which has for its object—to conquer the most brute is more important to the great public of many which are not named in less than eight weeks. Mr. Rarey, in his way of such high accomplishment of the Western prairies in the way of subduing the rising generation of equines, it is certain that I shall have a much better idea than before of the true nature of the horse, of his surprising intelligence and docility when humanely treated, and of the utter wrong of endeavoring to master his will otherwise than by any other than gentleness and firmness united.

Owing to the publication here of a small pamphlet, originally printed by Mr. Barry in Oude in



CRUISER, BEFORE MAKING MR. RAREY'S ACQUAINTANCE.

has publicly released his pupils of their promises (and bonds) to secrecy. I avail myself of this release to give your readers some account of Mr. Rarey's theory and practice, as explained by him to his pupils; feeling assured that to farmers and horsemen the information will be of the very greatest service, as well as interest; and that it will show every reasoning being the necessity of treating his horse only with the utmost humanity.

Mr. Rarey's Theory.

The principles which underlie the whole art of horse-taming, as practiced by Mr. Rarey, and, more or less, by various of his most successful predecessors, may be stated thus:

That obedience to man is a ruling principle in the nature of the horse; and, therefore, to make him obey is not necessarily to do violence to him. That disobedience is in fact forced upon him by conduct toward him which does violence to his nature.

That to make him obey, it is only necessary to make him *fully comprehend* what is required of him.

That he has originally no conception of his own strength or power; and,

That it is the part of wisdom to keep him in ignorance, which can only be done by mastering him without force; that is, by kindness.

That, in the horse as well as in man, fear is the result of ignorance; and

That, therefore, it is only necessary to *accustom* him to any object of which he may at first stand in dread, to make him lose the sense of fear. Further,

That the best means of accomplishing this end is to allow him to examine the dreaded object himself, and *in the manner which is most natural to him.*

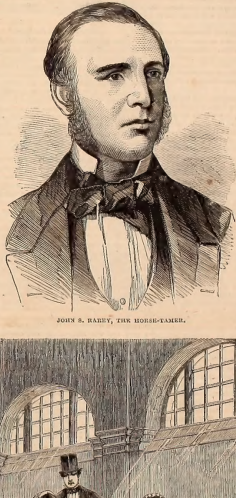
All which amounts to just this: that the horse is an intelligent creature, and that the only way to develop fully all his powers of usefulness to man is to treat him as such, and to convince him that his master is also his superior and his best friend.

Until he is convinced of this fact, and by that conviction has obtained the fullest reliance upon the kind intentions and the superior knowledge of him who guides him, he is not fully educated; that is to say, he is not perfectly broken in.

For, according to Mr. Rarey's humane plan, to break in a horse is simply to educate him, and to habituate him gradually to a new condition of life; which new condition, if properly imposed, he readily accepts as a natural one.

This is the theory, stated simply; and every sensible man will recognize its truth and justice. In its application Mr. Rarey disclaims the use of any of all those odors and mysterious poises which other horse-tamers pretend to have relied on; but which, he asserts, were useful only as far as their administration was gentle and accustomed the horse to the presence of his new master.

Before proceeding to a review of some of the practical details of Mr. Rarey's art, by which will be best shown the entire perfection of his theory, it needs only to add that, to be successful, the horse-tamer must have great patience, a perfect command of his temper, and utter fearlessness. He is to understand that by nature he is the horse's master, *because* his superior, and that, brute as he is, the horse will not acknowledge the mastery of an inferior mind. *Fear* and *anger* are two passions which must never be displayed before the horse. The initiatory step in colt-taming is similar to that in the famous Mrs. Glass's recipe for cooking a hare. First, therefore,



JOHN S. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.



CRUISER, AFTER HIS INTRODUCTION TO MR. RAREY.

To Catch your Colt.

The animal is running loose in the pasture. If you rush after him with much swinging of arms and hallooing, he anticipates bodily harm, and makes every effort to escape. Now he should never—so asserts Mr. Rarey—form the first, counect the presence of man with the fear of harm to himself. It is well, therefore, to hitch a gentle horse to the stable-door, and then, seeing all obstructions cleared, to approach the colt from the opposite side, quietly and slowly. He will avoid you; and thus gradually, and without being startled, approach the hitched horse, and unconsciously enter the stable. The unbroken colt has no idea of the nature or purpose of a door-way. He sees an opening, and walks through it, in order to get farther *away* from those who are approaching too near him. The presence of the trained horse assures him of his own safety. Should he get away, it is necessary to recommence operations, and, with all patience, again persuade him up to the desired place. Mr. Rarey calls stabling a colt a ten minutes' job. If it were one of two hours, his method would be more profitable than the rude means which we too often resorted to in this country, which *force* the colt, alarm him, and lead him from the first to unite the two ideas of *pain* and *personal danger.*

Having led out your horse, you shut the stable-door, having first given the colt a few ears of corn.

General Rules.

Mr. Rarey recommends as general rules for the various operations, that the shed or stable used should be light, and high enough to admit of a man's riding around without danger to his head; that chickens, swine, and other animals be excluded, as serving to attract the attention of the horse; that on an account that any person accompany the tamer, or be present at his operations, in order that the attention of the horse be not divided between two or more objects; that before entering the stable the tamer shall know accurately all the processes he intends to go through with the horse; and that sufficient time must be given the animal, at each stage of the proceedings, to fully comprehend what is being done, and what



MR. RAREY EXHIBITING THE TAMED ZEBRA

is wished of him—for which purpose many of the preliminary operations, as will be seen, are repeated a great number of times.

Horse-Nature.

Experience has shown that the horse examines strange objects with his nose—not only smelling of them, which he could do from a moderate distance, but satisfying himself by *familiar touch of the object at his fear* that it is harmless. Any horseman whose horse has shied at a roadside stump has remarked this, and taken advantage of it by leading the animal up to the stump, and getting him to touch it with his nose, when the fear at once ceased. Mr. Rarey makes a point here, and asserts that *no other way* can you satisfy the horse than by permitting him to pursue his own plan of actual touch.

The Red Blanket.

Accordingly, when he finds a horse exhibiting fear of a buffalo robe, a red blanket, or any other inanimate thing, he throws it down in the middle of the inclosure and goes off. The horse, of course, retreats to the barrier, with a sweep of concentration, ears thrown back, and eyes glaring keenly at the object of his fear. But he is not quiet. If you watch him, you will see that his gaze is riveted upon the blanket; you will see him presently go more to it; you will round it gradually decrease his distance; stand still, watching it intently—all eyes, ears, and nose, apparently, and ready to leap away for dear life at the slightest movement. But much as he may fear, he will never be content till he has, by alternate approaches and retreats, got so near to it that, by stretching out his neck, he can touch it with his nose. Two or three such touches, and feeling no life in the blanket, he takes it in his teeth and shakes it. It drops to the ground again; but the battle is won. Fear is gone. Not yet suspicions. Perhaps he goes away and returns to give the blanket another shake, and another. He will not rest, however, till he is satisfied; and when that is done he has no more fear. Most observing farmers have watched a young colt and "skittish" horse go through the process we have just described, in the nature of the case, and seen it satisfy itself; and therefore, says Mr. Rarey, the best method that can be adopted to cure him of fear, whether of a blanket, or of a man. To return to the colt.

To approach the Colt.

Mr. Rarey takes from the seat of a leather halter, which does not hurt the colt's head in any way, while a rope halter not only cuts into the flesh, but does not sit as well, strain, elongate under the animal's breathing, and makes him lose his self-possession. Armed with this and a long cotton whip buggy whip with good silk cracker, which will cut sharply and make a loud snap, you enter the stable. But the colt has been there several days, animates, engaged in subduing some ears of corn, and examining the blue strange, new creature. If the animal is shy, it will stand as far away from you as possible, watching you keenly. You stand still for some minutes before it seems to notice you at all, and then approach it slowly, not from ahead, but a little from the side. If it moves to the right or left, you move gently in the same direction of the body. The object is to get up to the colt. Whatever motion he reach, you stop a few seconds; when the colt will turn its head to look at you, and smell of your outstretched hand. *All colts will do this,* Mr. Rarey asserts.

When the colt touches the hand, it must be very gently caressed; you must stop up to it, slowly and smooth with gentle passes his forehead, and, more convenient, the side of his head and neck. Petting must be used with you as often as it will, avoiding your carsses after each touch. They are soothing and encouraging like a kiss at ease, and convince him of your good intentions. At the same time you are to speak gently and steadily to him such words as horsemen use to their horses—be animal, as "Soho, my boy!" or "Pretty lady!" etc.

Should the animal be very wild, you can approach him quicker by stretching out the whip, which he will smell and touch when you are yet at a distance. You can lay the end upon his neck, and rub him gently, returning it in your hand meanwhile, till he can reach that.

Hitching the Colt.

After he has become quite at ease with you, allowing you to smooth his head and neck without moving, you drop your whip, and fasten the end of the halter-strap about his neck. By drawing very gently you pull his head toward you, and stand at the left side of the colt. Laying your right arm across his neck, pat, with your left hand, the long or buckle end of the upper part of your halter under his neck; hold it steadily with your right hand, and then loose your strap. Now you can lower the upper part; slip his nose into the appropriate place, and buckling the strap, you will have halored your colt without in the least frightening him.

Fattening, now, a long rope to the end of your halter, you permit the colt to run around you, taking care not to become him or drawn him violently in any direction, but letting him feel the weight of your hand. Gradually you may approach him, shortening your hold of the line till you touch and caress him again. As you do not make him pull, he does not learn his strength; and as you treat him kindly, he is becoming more and more accustomed to you. When you can step close to him without causing him to fly back or turn away—which Mr. Rarey accomplishes in ten or fifteen minutes—he is ready for another lesson.

Leading the Colt.

He does not yet know his strength. Were you to pull him violently, to make him follow you, he would presently become frightened, and learn by trial that he could oppose your will. You stand, therefore, at his side, and draw his head gently around. It is his weak point. He can not brace his whole system against your steady pull, and presently turns in the required direction. Whereupon you go up and caress him, and presently repeat the pull following each applause with caress and kind words. Then lead him about the stable, past the open door, back and forth; till, at last, taking hold of your strap close to the jaw, and laying your right hand across his neck, you bring him slowly out into the open air, and walk him about. For this time, Mr. Rarey asserts, the colt will be so docile that you need no more than your right hand line than a trained horse; and as he likes caresses, and finds that he gets them by approaching you, he will even follow you about the yard.

To lead a colt by the side of a trained horse, Mr. Rarey recommends the employment of a double strap to the colt's halter. Getting on the horse, he passes one strap under the horse's neck, and holds it in his left hand; the other he holds in his right. Thus the colt is held to the side of the horse. If it attempts to bolt, the left hand strap keeps it up; if to go ahead, the other restrains it. A strain on either, moreover, will bring the two animals face to face; and should the colt grow stubborn, you have only to ride your horse against him, when he will be glad to move on, and at once falls back to his position. The next thing is

To Stable your Colt.

An undertaking too often accomplished in halfan-hour or more by many rough and stupid methods, Mr. Rarey proposes to do without violence, and at farthest in a quarter-hour. He leads in his trained horse, with the hope that the colt will follow it. Should it refuse, he seizes the halter close to the jaws in his left hand, and with his right arm over the colt's back, touches it gently on the off flank with a switch. Should the colt then move ahead, and makes it press closer to its master, who easily directs it aright. Should it refuse to face the stable-door, it must be led a few times round about the yard, and with a fair allowance of caresses it will go in readily.

To Hitch the Colt.

Mr. Rarey recommends a broad but rather short stall, with a bar sitting across the back, whereby the colt will be prevented from getting down, and pull backward on the halter. Sideways he can not bring a strain upon it, and these he proves for the first to stand with a slack halter, which is a most desirable point to gain, as he will thus prevent any trouble he may have. The colt can earn will place him at ease in the stall.

Mr. Rarey proceeds to feed the animal oats—but, which will not hurt the mouth. It should have a lot at each side, to keep it in its place. He attaches it to the bar lengthwise, and then, and last the colt, thus accustomed, can loose in the yard some time, to remember that it is a horse's companion. He also halters his colts, which enables him to lead them about, when bitted, without drawing too heavily on the bit.

To Saddle a Colt.

The colt is by this time ready for the saddle, which Mr. Rarey lays gently on all along his back. He shortens the strap-straps to prevent them flying about too much, doubles up the saddle-skirts, adds the saddle-cloth, smoothes it all down, and walks up to the colt. The first thing is to press him a little with the saddle, that he may see before him, letting him see, smell, and rub his nose against it. When the colt is satisfied, the skirts are left, and the saddle is gently raised against his neck, and rattled a little, to accustom him to the noise. The saddle is then put on his back and gets accustomed to the noise. The operator moves his saddle gradually back from the neck, slips it on the back, which it carefully rubs, and it is without pain or inconvenience; and then comes the most difficult part of the whole process—girthing. He has never been bound up, and generally has his suspicions aroused at this part of the proceedings. You must draw gently at first, and lead him about for a little; and after he is a little used to it you can draw the necessary tightness. Having now place your right arm over the saddle, take one double in that hand, the other in the left, and mount him about the stable. At first you will only start time he learns to obey the motions of the bridle, keeping the left rein close to stand still, and feels satisfied with the saddle. He is then ready for the next step, which is

To Lunge your Colt.

Your arm bearing down in the saddle has accustomed him to a slight weight there. A black, slightest thing, and a little rein, will do. You reassure him by plentiful caresses; raise yourself gradually, gently to your seat at the block; and when there let down your left stirrup, place your foot in it, seize the right side of the saddle with your right hand to keep you in balance over the colt's back, and slowly lear your weight upon the animal. This must be done several times, that the colt may understand it as perfectly harmful; and presently you lift yourself *gently* into the saddle; you rest there a few times; it is not for the vantage ground the block gives you. You are not to ride; therefore does not need a spur. Rarey will not suffer a colt to be held when being mounted in this way, and it does not appear at all necessary.

To Ride the Colt.

Being mounted, you speak gently to him, and if he does not move, pull his head a little to the left, when he will go. The reins must hang loose (he has no martingale on), and he is permitted to walk slowly about the stable. Finally, you repeat all the operations of mounting, getting off, and riding again a different number of times for a couple of hours. When you find your colt ready to go out of doors, you lead him, and, when he once gets into the open, you have only to pull his head around, which effectually stops that. Pulling the head around is indeed a favorite dodge with Mr. Rarey, who finds it to answer much better in all kinds of equine contrariness than the whip, which he applies very sparingly. You must not ride the colt too long at first. Get off when he seems tired and caress him; speak kindly to him (which he by this time appreciates), and he will keep his temper, and go along like a good horse. By-the-way, Mr. Rarey does not drag up a colt's head violently, as many horse-breakers do. He draws it up gradually, and without violence either to the mouth or the neck of the colt; and he then proceeds to work with the more natural carriage of the head than is done by a more violent procedure.

To Harness your Colt.

You go through a similar series of operations as with the saddle. Should you can rattle the harness about him, you can lay it on and drive him about the stable, where this operation must be performed, with the colt's head to the bridle. You will find your colts shy about the lines, which you must learn how to accustom him to; when he can bear them over his back, you take him into the yard and drive him about with a trained horse, whereby he speedily learns to go gently and safely. You have then to

Put your Colt in Shafts.

As he has previously before noticed a buggy, and does not in the slightest know its uses, his first experience of it inspires him—it may be supposed—with much fear. Nostrils as wide as a bull's, holding a huge spider. You must lead him gently to the buggy, and let him look at it, then walk around it, smell it, and touch it with his nose. Presently he will cease to notice it. You must then draw the buggy to him, and place the animal before the buggy. One man stands at his head, and holds him gently, gently little by little, while keeping one hand the while upon the colt's back, and drops the shafts on either side. They must not touch him if they are brought down. It is a nice job, and must be performed very deliberately. When you can touch him with the shafts, caress them, so that he may not only hear but feel them against him. At first he is a little touchy. When he no longer starts when you can lean him up and while the man at his head slowly leads him along, you work behind, get the lines over his back (which must be carefully done), and gird in. Then you must not let him go faster than a walk. Mr. Rarey recommends, saying that the horse can not at first comprehend the multifarious arrangements to which he is hitched, and if hurried is confused. Let him have a very wide, flat bitting; tie up one foot at the first drive—the manner of doing which I will present you hereafter—and, out of the mode of training an unbroken colt to the saddle and harness and to perfect docility.

To Overcome a Biting or Kicking Horse.

Mr. Rarey uses extraordinary means. In the first place, if the horse is naturally mouth and obstinate, and will not go, he has a harness made, he gives him with his long, keen whip a few sharp cuts about the legs. Being sure that the bold will strike on the inside of the thigh, high up, where he is particularly tender. This he does with peculiar quickness, but without the least excitement. His quiet and the noise of the whip surprise and scare the horse. Whatever escape he may be. There is never any fight, but a sort of decision and command master in Mr. R. seems to awe the horse almost to silence. He does not strike more than three cuts, although Crusier, the beast, required several remembrances, I am told. You see a change in the horse's head; he will allow Mr. Rarey approach him—move, perhaps, than his groom has dared to do for months. He helps to confidence. If the bowls should chance to come around toward him, there is another stinging cut. Then he takes hold of his head gradually, and presently the astonished man is hitched to the carriage, and driven off the ring. Hard as it is to believe, this is the only means used to subdue *Crusier* and the *Zebra*, described in this book, of course, the whip was used oftener than is usual.

To Drive a Rearing Horse.

Mr. R. leads the horse up until the heel is bottom upward, then draws a loop over the knee and up to the pastern-joint, and secures it there. Of course he can walk while standing on three legs, but there is this further advantage, that to handle him readily is this sorrowful plight is to conquer him, and that almost at once. Sometimes he gets very angry, strikes the knee on the ground, and otherwise lays over to get the foot loose. But R. says you can sit down and look at him at your ease for half-an-hour, when he will give in. He lets down the horse's foot, rubs his leg, and caresses him, but lets rest a little, and then puts the foot up again. This repeats several times, till the horse has learned to walk on three legs. Nevertheless, he occasionally rears when driven, but he puts even Crusier into a safety. Having his foot fastened up he can not kick, howsoever much he may desire to, nor can he run away if ever so much inclined.

Mr. Rarey's theory is that a horse kicks because he is *afraid* of something behind him—or of the sound or clatter of the approaching him. And he first incapacitates him from kicking, and then encourages him to whatever he was before in fear of. He is, therefore, to use a man's hand on his heels. A very few hours' time suffices to Mr. Rarey to accomplish this taming of the most vicious brute.

To make your Horse lie down.

Is only an extension of the hampering operation. The horse's left fore foot being fastened up, Mr. Rarey puts a surcingle about his body, and fastens the right fore foot to it. He then leaves the hind which strap is passed through the surcingle, and held in his hand, while he stands at the side of the left side of the animal. He then, holding the bit in his left hand, bears against the horse till it moves, when the right fore foot is raised, and in an instant loses control of it. He now gives the animal over on his side; but when he gets him there he is completely conquered. Ugly as he may have been before, you can then handle him as you please. Mr. Rarey takes off immediately all the straps, and then caresses the horse, talking him first about the head and neck, and then off over, paying particular attention to his heels, which he handles without the least fear. He keeps him thus about twenty or twenty-five minutes; and during this time you will see him astonishingly to go through this course. In half an hour he repeats the whole operation; and so for three or four times. In the course of the animal undergoes a similar course of lessons. After this time he will lie down at the word. The caution that it will lie down by merely touching its fore foot. Throughout the whole operation the whip is not once used, nothing but soft words and caresses.

To make your Horse follow you.

This seems a most difficult piece of training; and at first I doubted if here Mr. Rarey did not make use of some occult means. But no; he has talked-of of riddance. The explanation shows it to be as simple as it is a beautiful piece of training. It is accomplished in a surprisingly short space of time. Mr. Rarey takes the horse, which has been bridled and haltered, into the inclosure, and, first caressing him a little, turns him, with the halter, toward him, and touches him very gently on the lips, with the left hand which by always uses, saying at the same time, "Come along, boy!" This is next steadily and fast once of which he knows best how to assume. The horse, feeling the whip, steps forward, close up to Mr. Rarey, who gives him a few kind words forward again, and repeats the touch and the words. Each move of the horse is followed by caresses. Should he by over obtuse (for the whole operation is plainly an appeal to his sagacity) or refractory, he gets a few sharp cuts about the hind legs, the nerves of which in the horse, as in the school-boy, seem to have a close connection with the reflective organ. This will bring him to his senses; especially as he finds that moving at a particular time in the direction indicated is followed by caresses which seem to be very genteel to all horses. In from fifteen to twenty minutes Mr. Rarey makes the horse know the mere motion of the whip, and follow him about the stable, without its application, at the word of command. When the horse has been repeated in an open lot, the horse will follow it, two about, and run after you any where, even in the street.

About Bolky Horses.

Mr. Rarey asserts that the horse knows nothing naturally except talking—or rather, that his animal which practices any of the various freaks known under this expression does so either from want management lest led him into bad habits, or because, though willing to obey, he does not comprehend what his master wishes him to do. These excuses, therefore, he maintains that the whip and the long rarey voice are sufficient to subdue, bridle, and make bad worse.

If the horse balks he is excited. The first thing, therefore, is to go to his head, speak to him kindly, pat and smooth him, and then get him quieted down. The whip must not be used at all. When he is calmed you can start your team. It is not a sudden jerk against the collar which moves the horse by unexpectedly. All kinds of whickers, therefore, tend to the wrong course. The object is to start the horse where you will—but the horse generally plunges first, you are to keep him back gently till they can both take the strain together. The trick you will understand by this—but the surest way, Mr. Rarey says—is one I have myself seen practiced in Ohio. Stand by the near foot of the balky horse, and start the team. As he presses forward you let him have his foot, when he will almost to a certainty step over it with his nose. A better way, according to Mr. Rarey, is to let the horse hang on the bridle for a moment bowed down, then stand in front of them, and turn them gently to the right without letting them bring a stride upon the ground. Then you have only to go gently to the left. By this time they will be moving in a circle, and as you turn them to the left, steadily them in the collar, and they will go off together easily.

He advises to take half a day for curing a horse that has a habit of balking. You must put your self in possession of a steady and quiet beast direct upon them, tie up all parts of the harness the clattering of which might excite them, let them have their heads loose, and then start off together, stopping frequently and caressing the balky animal. When he starts and stops as you halt, he will by and by very soon, you hitch the team to an empty wagon which is placed in a favorable position for starting. Shorten in the reins, which all this steadily have a little, to let him get the first strain, then start ahead. As you start you speak encouragingly, and as soon as he appears at all excited stop and caress him. Always stop him before he motions to stop of his own accord. When they go along well drive them over a small hill, then over a larger one, and so on, increasing and a load. Keep on petting and careful you can make any horse pull true to this way, says Mr. Rarey.

I believe that the above account includes all the blunders that a horse makes naturally or through the stupidity of his driver. It is well to bear in mind that the horse will not do well if his driver is a greater brute than himself. He wants his master to be his superior, and the main reason why Mr. Rarey is so astonishingly successful in subduing the most obstinate refractory horses is because he knows how to show them his superiority. I should like to see the same process operated on from two to four bears (Powell, his most illustrious predecessor in horse-taming, allowed himself sixteen

hours), and that he requires not more than half or three quarters of an hour's time to bathe any child from his native pastures, and have it running about the stable after him. Of course his pupils require longer time, having to proceed with more care and less confidence. But I am firmly convinced that any one who has more courage and common sense than his horse can do any thing with him that Mr. Earey does.

W.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Proud Spain of ——— fashions, who never allows silence for a joke to pass him, accepted the bench when it became necessary to obtain a Spaniard to sit on a whole ——— and Bourbon ——— were employed to connect. The Senior was an Hibernian Bishop, and the Junior a Spanish Governor in his native of expedients. The sheriff produced the book round the room in search of a person to call the cannot read, when he espied a Dutch Jew and called him to the table. "Can you read, sir?" said he. "Why can't understand what you mean," replied the Israelite. "what did he say?" said the Judge. "Why, he says, he can't read," answered the Governor, he repeated. "Take your seat," cried the Judge, "take your seat, sir! he's no evidence; you're all evidence, sir, you will!" Under that direction he took his seat. Who will say that he can not act as competent a judge as any in the jury?"

"If a dunce's tail is lent and enviable, will it not be better with his bowsewenskaping?" "Not egregiously; it might not offset his carriage, but would entirely stop his waggle."

Mrs. Bogg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price to be a convivial husband, and being taught by him to relish she liked the closeup, replied: "Oh, I have got rid of my old fogy for a young gentleman."

Aaron Burr's definition of law in general was, "what you are to boldly assume and positively maintain!" In his practice, said he, "my course was to get the case into court, and then, if necessary, to kill the judge!" "What can you do to-day?" A better reading is, "what can you do to-morrow, for to-morrow is the only day on earth we can make you regret your procrastination."

Miss Lizzie Deaton, the principal medium of Fitzpatrick, has declared that she could not conscientiously receive a sign as a medium. She said that she feared she had been blowing under a delusion, and as she considered herself responsible to God for what her lips uttered, and for the influence which her every action might exert upon those about her, she was unwilling to be made the medium of any other spirit than her own. She said that she had asked Gabriel should stand by my side, and ask me to write a message from him, but he refused, and told me to advise yourself. Hezekiah Lowell, daily address you in my own natural and conscious state."

When the brave Corporal Calhoun was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid of the shot, he "Afraid! why I was in all the battles of the Peninsula." But having it explained to him, and as the question was repeated to a fear of losing the day, he said, "No, no! I'll tell you fear that; I was only afraid we should be afraid before we had time to win it!"

The Dr.—There is nothing familiar in Cockney verse more than Seneca's letter, when he is in doubt which to prefer of his two lady-loves, Pauline and Hasgill. Ho writes, "I have they stood together, then two young women, one on each side, and his endeavour, I could help comparing them: and I could help comparing myself to a certain Hamilton, who was puzzled to find it difficult to make a choice between 3 Bundles of A."

ON THE GREAT "NOTHING TO WEAR" QUESTION.

A wife, to dress
In the mode, I guess,
Finds a husband's income quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Is left in the flat
As his wife will overdraw.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has, of all animals, the nimblest tongue.—*Swift.*

Servant things turn sourest by their desire;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Shakespeare.

THE SLEEP OF THE GRAVE.

My love, she sleeps, she sleeps, my May love sleep
As it is lasting, so be deep;
Soft may the winds breathe her creep!
I pray to God that she may lie
Till the trumpet sounds unspeeped,
While the dim-shelled ghosts go by!

A tick gluttonous, and full of blood. "I have lost my appetite," said he, in great alarm.

"All the better," said the doctor; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

A Dundee lassie.—"We have no desire to be separated, with what was thrown all about the bedclothes" who professed the following:

"Nature, impartial in her ends
When she made man the strongest,
To justify them, to man she
Made woman's tongue the longest."

Some stupid says that "if a fox were charged to run the one 120, three miles of the same speed, how long is the time?"

A Problem for Mulkeyer.—If twenty-seven inches of wire grew inches of water, how much milk will a cow give with her full ripen farrier? Answer: Just as long as he turns on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a tenpenny nail, and you will multiply the whole by ten pence, and the total will be the answer.

Moving for a New Trial.—Courting a second wife.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August 2, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite active, for Flour, Wheat, and Corn, which have been in steady request for home use and for export, at full prices. Breadstuffs have been more extensive, yet receipts have not been equal to the demand, and prices have ruled firm. Coffee, Rice, and Teas has been moderately active at former quotations. Sugars have been in fair request, at full prices. Last Thursday the sales were unprecedentedly large, amounting to 3,000 hogsheads, 900 tierces, and 1,200 bags. Molasses has also been more freely dealt in, and prices are advancing. Provisions have been sought after at former prices for Pork, Cut-meats, Lard, and Beef. Tobacco has been quiet and lower. Hay, Hops, Cotton, Naval Stores, Oils, and Seeds have been in request, at former prices. Goods have also The Dry Goods Trade exhibits a fair degree of activity, things considered, and the Jobbing Trade is quite active. Both Northern and Southwestern buyers, for the Fall trade, as well as for immediate goods of spring stock, are in the Market. Dr. Lindsay, Fancy Chinaware, and silverplated Goods are in fair request. Hardware and Cutlery are active. Business sales will commence this week. The Dry Goods Imports during the week amounted to $2,272,670, against $3,562,316, the corresponding week of last year. The value entered for consumption during the week was $1,940,139, against $3,328,326, the same week last year. The movements in other departments of business, and imports of any remarkable above mentioned, We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 10	@ $4 85
Superfine to fancy Western do.	4 15	@ 4 25
Extra Western Flour, par barrel	4 05	@ 7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, par barrel	4 40	@ 6 00
Super to Extra Canadian, par barrel	4 35	@ 6 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 30	@ 6 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 10	@ 3 70
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 08	@ 1 10
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 04	@ 1 07
Corn, per bushel	0 80	@ 1 06
Rye, per bushel	0 80	@ 0 85
Oats, per bushel	0 33	@ 0 35
Western Cotton, per bushel	0 60	@ 0 65
Western Oats, per bushel	0 40	@ 0 45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	0 45	@ 0 47
Barley, per bushel	0 60	@ 0 65
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12 @	12¼
New York Pork, per barrel		@ 17 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@ 15 00
Prime Cut Meats, per pound	7 @	8
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	10 00	@ 12 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@ 12 00
Lard, per pound	8 @	9
Butter, per pound	12 @	18
State Butter, per pound	15 @	20
Western Butter, per pound	12 @	14
Cheese, per pound	7 @	9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@ 3 87
Sugar, per pound	7 @	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¾ @	8¼
Tea, per pound	25 @	84
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7¼ @	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	44 @	60
Hyson Teas, per pound	37 @	60
Young Hyson Teas, per pound	30 @	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24 @	25
Foreign Brandy, per gallon	1 @	2
Hay, per 100 pounds	60 @	70
Tallow, per pound	9 @	9¼
Crude Petroleum, per barrel	1 50	@ 2 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44 @	45
Tea, per pound	25 @	84
Common Seals, per 210 pounds	1 50	@ 1 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon	74 @	80
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6 @	15
Ohio Tobacco, per pound	6 @	15
American Fleece Wool, per pound	37 @	46
Flax, per pound	7 @	8

Stocks of several Articles in New York about August 1.

	1857.	1858.
Coffee, packages	113,883	92,000
Hides, number	125,870	124,543
Molasses, hhds. and tcs.	52,000	168,250
Molasses, hogsheads	19,730	6,334
Molasses, barrels	17,000	5,000
Molasses, bags	2,000	4,000
Sugars, hogsheads	10,000	20,000
Sugars, bags, mats, and bbls.	30,000	40,000
Sugars, boxes	30,412	15,563
Rice, tierces, bags, and casks	3,718	1,000

Freights continue quiet. For Liverpool — Cotton, 5-16d. @ 7-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 1s. 10½d. per barrel. For Glasgow — Cotton, 7-16d. @ ½d. per pound, and Flour, 2s. per barrel. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 350, against 335 last week.

The Live Stock Markets last Wed'day were very heavy for Beeves, the receipts of which were enormous, while the demand was moderate. Milch Cows were in fair supply and dull demand. Veals were in good supply and lower. Sheep and Lambs have been more sought after at former prices. The reported receipts of Live Stock were valuable. The reported receipts of Live Stocks during each of the last two weeks reckon as follows:

	Week ending July 26	Week ending July 19
Beeves	8,217	7,844
Milch Cows	379	4,374
Veal Calves	2,107	910
Sheep and Lambs	9,613	11,107
Swine	7,000	7,000

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	2,218	Iowa	127
Ohio	630	Pennsylvania	107
New York	2,331	Indiana	100
Kentucky	891	Connecticut	45
Missouri	321		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City & Suburban Market, was as follows:

Prime to premium Beeves, per pound	7½ @	8 c.
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	32 00 @	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	6 @	9
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50 @	5 00
" per pound	5 @	6½
Live Swine, per pound	4 @	5
Dressed "	6 @	7
Rousting Pigs, each	1 00 @	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have also ruled considerable activity, without any remarkable change in prices.

VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS AT WARD-DUTON MARKET.

Cherries, per pound	8 @	8 c.
Plums, per box	6 @	8
Currants, per quart	6 @	10
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	4 00 @	6 00
Huckleberries, per quart	6 @	8
" New Rochelle, per basket	10 @	12½
Apples, per barrel	1 50 @	2 50
Apples, new, per barrel	1 50 @	2 50
Peaches, per basket	25 @	50
String Beans, per basket	1 00 @	1 12
Lima Beans, per bushel	1 00 @	1 25
Onions, new, per barrel	3 00 @	4 00
" per bushel	1 00 @	1 50
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 25 @	3 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	3 00 @	4 00
Egg Plants, per bushel	1 00 @	1 50
Green Corn, per 100 ears	50 @	1 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	50 @	1 00
Nutmeg Melons, per 100	5 00 @	8 00
Cucumbers, per 100	50 @	1 00
Cucumbers, per 100	50 @	—
Sage, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14 @	—
Eggs, Western, per dozen	8 @	10
Chickens, per pair	37 @	50
Fowls, per pound	11 @	14
Ducks, per pair	50 @	75
Young, per pair	62 @	1 25
Geese, per pair	1 00 @	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	12 @	14
Pigeons, per dozen	75 @	1 00
Quails, per dozen	1 00 @	1 50
Snipe, Dowitcher, per dozen	1 25 @	1 75
Plover, per dozen	1 25 @	1 75
Plover, per dozen	2 25 @	3 75

There were rather more foreign goods imported this week than last week. Yet we note but little increase of businesses in the article of sugars, which are rather active at a shade higher prices. The movement in specie was light, the direct export being only about $200,000. There is no difference in the quotations for money to report. Foreign Exchange closes dull at the last reported rates.

Stocks are somewhat better, though they closed dull and rather lower on Saturday. The following table will show the movement of the week:

	Monday, July 26.	Saturday, July 31.
Missouri 6's	84	86
Land grants	31	34
Illinois Central and Galena	59½	59½
Pacific Mail	104	93½
Erie	113	113
New York Central	97½	97½
Erie	18	18
Reading	45	45
Hudson	71	71
Reading Rail	43	43½
Michigan Southern	54	54½
Michigan Central	70	70½
Galena	91½	87½ ex div
Harlem	14	14
Toledo	57½	58½
Illinois Central	71	71
Mo. Cons.	43	44
Milwaukie and Mississippi	30	30

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

At length we have the extreme pleasure of congratulating the public on the accomplishment of the great problem of the age—the laying of the Transatlantic Telegraph cable. At might have been expected, the news of so momentous an event, coming long after every one had despaired and almost ceased to think on the subject, sent an unexampled thrill throughout the length and breadth of the land. From Quebec to New Orleans people are bursting with excitement and joy.

This is the time to place on record, for future reference, a few memoranda of the history of this unexampled enterprise.

Four years ago a few merchants of New York, Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Peter Cooper, Wilson G. Hunt, Marshall O. Roberts, etc., together with the famous inventor of the electric telegraph, Professor Morse, came to the conclusion that a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic was a possibility. Wires had already been laid across the British Channel from Dover to Calais and Ostend, and were working satisfactorily. Projects were on foot to lay cables from England to Holland, across the Mediterranean, and through other seas, rivers, and straits of Europe. Electric communication under water being thus shown to be possible, Professor Morse, and the other scientific men who were consulted by the projectors of the scheme, gave it as their opinion that the extent of wire to be traversed would make no perceptible difference—that if the fluid could be transmitted through ten miles of submerged wire, it could also be transmitted through a thousand.

The principle thus established, the New York merchants went about their work with the methodical energy and perseverance characteristic of their class. They obtained charters and exclusive rights from the Legislatures of the British colonies through which the wire would pass. From Newfoundland they secured an annual grant of money and the exclusive right, for a term of fifty years, to land a transatlantic cable on the shores of the island. They then proceeded to connect the system of telegraphs on American soil with Newfoundland. In the laying of the Newfoundland cable they met with their first mishap. In a terrible storm the safety of the vessel engaged required that the cable should be cut; and when the insurance was claimed the London underwriters raised futile objections. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who at this time, as Vice-President, became the head and front of the Company, grappled with this preliminary difficulty with characteristic energy. He ordered a new cable, and chartered a new steamer; then calmly printed in the American newspapers an account of his controversy with the underwriters, with their *onus*. This had the desired effect. In a few months a new cable was safely laid, the insurance was paid, and every thing was in progress for the great experiment.

Application was then made to the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain for a subsidy and aid in laying the cable. It was met with prompt liberality. Each Government agreed to pay $70,000 a year for the use of the submarine telegraph, and to lend national steamers to lay the cable. Through this liberality the Company was enabled to devote its capital to the manufacture of the best wire that could be made. The core, or conductor, is composed, like that of the Gulf cable, of seven copper wires wound together in the same manner. The protecting wires are made into strands, each composed of seven of the best charcoal iron wires. The aggregate length of the smaller wires required in the manufacture of one mile of the cable is one hundred and twenty-six miles, and as there were three thousand miles provided for the attempt last summer, the whole cable was consequently composed of three hundred and seventy-eight thousand miles of this wire. The weight of this cable is 1360 lbs. to the mile, and its strength such that it will bear six miles of its length suspended in water.

It was on 7th August, 1857, that the first telegraph squadron left Valentia Bay, Ireland, to lay the cable. The melancholy failure of that expedition is then described:

"On the sixth day from the landing of the cable —the 11th of August—the accident occurred which put an end to the undertaking for that year. About four o'clock in the morning the cable on board the *Niagara* parted in over 2000 fathom water. The cause of the calamity was the application of the brakes at a time when it was almost fatal to use them. There was a pretty heavy swell on, and, as usual under such circumstances, the stern of the vessel was elevated or depressed as she rose on each wave. It was while her stern was down that the brakes were put on, so that in addition to the strain produced by its rising again, the cable had to bear an additional strain of three thousand pounds, as marked upon the indicater. This was more than it could bear, and the consequence was that it parted, as has been stated. The moment the brakes were used the wheels stopped, and when the stern rose again they remained immovable, so that between the strain brought upon the cable by the vessel and that caused by the application of the brakes, it had to bear more than it was ever calculated to sustain. The indicater showed a strain of three thousand pounds; but it is impossible to calculate the strain by which it was broken. Had the brake not been applied, there is no doubt whatever that the cable would have remained perfect to the end, unless very great stress of weather had rendered it necessary to cut it."

A consultation was held among the engineers, and the amount of cable remaining proving too short, in their opinion, to warrant the renewal of the attempt, the vessels returned to Ireland. Disappointment No. 2.

And now many sagacious persons saw that the thing was "a humbug," and could not succeed. Dissatisfaction—the child of Disappointment—had crept in among the projectors. The Englishmen were jealous of the Americans, and the Americans were jealous of the Englishmen. Each engineer knew that the wire might have been laid but for his colleague's stupidity. Telegraph stock went down tremendously.

Not so the hopes or the spirits of Cyrus W.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Field and his brave associates. Their only notice of the disappointment was to order fresh wire. And let us do the Governments justice. They never flinched from their share of the enterprise. At the very first proposal of a fresh attempt the British Government granted the Company the use of the ships it had had the year before, and when it was told them that the United States Government could not give the *Susquehanna*, they agreed to furnish a tender to the *Niagara* likewise. Nothing could be more enlightened or more noble than the conduct of the British Government to the Telegraph Company. Thus fortified, Mr. Field and his associates were enabled, as before, to spend all their means on the wire, and to order a quantity which left a third over for waste.

After due consultation it was decided that, as the only chance of accident arose from the possibility of foul weather, the least risk would be run by laying the cable, as was at first contemplated, simultaneously from both vessels, the splice being made in mid ocean. The *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* accordingly started on 10th June, 1858, from Plymouth, to rendezvous in mid ocean. On the way they met with a storm of unusual fury—so terrible a gale that even the safety of the *Agamemnon* was jeopardized, and officers and men were wearied out with their exertions. The *Niagara*, in justice to her dead builder be it said, rode the gale not only without injury, but without inconvenience. The reader will find on page 521 an admirable illustration of this fearful storm, with the *Agamemnon* plunging heavily through the waves.

When the vessels met the splice was made, and on 26th June the two vessels parted, each with her share of the wire. Unfortunately, owing to a blunder on the part of one of the *Niagara's* men, the cable caught in her machinery and parted, after a trifle over two miles had been paid out. The accident was at once discovered on board the *Agamemnon*; the two vessels were brought together again, a fresh splice made, and a new start taken on the same day. This time the vessels ran upward of forty miles before the cable parted. When it did so, according to the understanding, both vessels returned to the rendezvous in mid ocean, and a third splice was effected. The squadron started afresh on 28th June. For about twenty-five hours the operation of paying out the cable was perfect, and the signals from ship to ship uninterrupted. But at 9 P.M. of 29th, the electricians on board the *Niagara* announced that no signals were coming from the *Agamemnon*. The *Niagara* lay to till midnight, being anchored by the cable in water two miles in depth. Additional strain was then put on, to ascertain how much the cable would bear, until it parted. The *Niagara* then made the best of her way to Queenstown, where the *Agamemnon*, which had cruised five days in the neighborhood of the mid ocean rendezvous in the hope of meeting her consort, joined her on 18th July.

On the announcement of this second failure the public throughout Europe and America gave up all hopes of the success of the enterprise. Leading journals both in this country and in Europe proved conclusively that the wire could not be laid, and sympathized feelingly with the infatuated persons who had embarked their means in so absurd a scheme. The community at large ceased to think about the subject. It was known that the company was not ruined. It had nearly 2500 miles of cable left to lay over a space not exceeding 1950 miles. But the prestige of disaster hung heavy upon them, and people would not take further interest in their efforts.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field and his associates, with that obstinacy which other races so deeply deplore in the Anglo-Saxon, refused to acknowledge themselves beaten, and proceeded to renew their endeavors. They left Queenstown once more, on the 17th of July, to make one final effort to lay the cable. The result of their attempt can not be so well given in any words of ours as in the graphic but simple dispatch which Mr. Field, on his arrival at Trinity Bay, hastened to send to the Associated Press of the United States:

"TRINITY BAY, *August* 5, 1858.

"TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, NEW YORK.—The Atlantic Telegraph fleet sailed from Queenstown on Saturday, July 17; met at mid ocean on Wednesday, the 28th, and made the splice at 1 P.M. on Thursday, the 29th, and then separated—the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous* bound to Valentia, Ireland, and the *Niagara* and *Gorgon* for this place, where they arrived yesterday, and this morning the end of the cable will be landed.

"It is sixteen hundred and ninety-eight nautical or nineteen hundred and fifty statute miles from the Telegraph house at the head of Valentia harbor to the Telegraph house, Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay; and for more than two-thirds of this distance the water is over two miles in depth.

"The cable has been paid out from the *Agamemnon* at about the same speed as from the *Niagara*.

"The electrical signals sent and received through the whole cable are perfect.

"The machinery for paying out the cable worked in the most satisfactory manner, and was not stopped for a single moment from the time the splice was made until we arrived here.

"Captain Hudson, Messrs. Everett and Woodhouse, the engineers, the electricians and officers of the ships, and, in fact, every man on board the Telegraph fleet, has exerted himself to the utmost to make the expedition successful, and by the blessing of Divine Providence it has succeeded.

"After the end of the cable is landed and connected with the land line of telegraph, and the *Niagara* has discharged some cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company, she will go to St. Johns for coal, and then proceed at once to New York. CYRUS W. FIELD."

It might have been supposed that this would have silenced the croakers. Those who know Mr. Field were well aware that he was not the man to say the enterprise "has succeeded" so long as there was a doubt on the subject. But our honest friend, Everybody, wanted to know whether the *Agamemnon* had landed her end of the cable. Even when, on the following day, the *Herald's* special correspondent telegraphed from Trinity Bay to say positively that the *Agamemnon* was then landing the cable, the lineal descendants of St. Thomas were still unbelievers. It was not till Saturday that the following dispatch from Mr. Field set the question at rest:

"TRINITY BAY, *August* 7, 1858.

"The Atlantic Telegraph cable was successfully landed here yesterday morning, and is in perfect order.

"The *Agamemnon* has landed her end of the cable, and we are now receiving signals from the Telegraph house at Valentia."

The croakers are in a bad way. A few still maintain that though the wire is laid it will not work; what they will be reduced to do or to say when Hughes's instruments get to work, and the Queen's message comes over the wire, it is hard to guess.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

EFFECTS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

NOW that the Atlantic Telegraph is an accomplished fact, the question which seems to vex the public mind most sorely is—What effects will it produce on international relations, on trade, on society at large? The best answer to this query may perhaps be obtained by studying the effects which ocean steam navigation produced. In its way, the navigation of the Atlantic by steam caused almost as decided a revolution as can be wrought by the telegraph. It brought us fifteen days nearer to Europe, and immensely increased our intercourse with that continent. This is precisely what the ocean wire will do.

In the first place, then, is there any reason to suppose, as many do, that the wire will prove an invincible peace-maker—that we have heard the last of wars? Looking at the history of this country and of Europe for twenty years previous to ocean steam navigation, and for the twenty years which have elapsed since the *Sirius* made her successful voyage, one is forced to admit that the latter period has not been less fruitful of disputes than the former. (It is true that, in the course of the general progress and growth of this country, interests have sprung up since 1838 which did not exist before, and with them opportunities of quarrel; but this development is still going on, and the opportunities will naturally thicken as the United States expand.) Historical records bear witness that steam navigation did not prevent our quarreling with foreign nations, but that since ocean steamers were established we have quarreled more than ever. If, then, the analogy between steamers and telegraphs be sound, it will not do to expect an era of perpetual peace.

Thus much of quarrels. Between a quarrel and a war there is the space between an insult and a homicide. That the telegraph wire may prove an additional barrier against a war with Great Britain there is much reason to believe. But, in truth, no fresh barrier is needed. The establishment of a monarchy in the United States is not more impossible than a war with Great Britain. Both nations are thoroughly satisfied that it would be cheaper and better for each to take two hundred millions of gold and a hundred thousand able-bodied men and drown them in the deepest part of the Atlantic, than to go to war with each other. The telegraph wire can hardly intensify a sentiment so fixed.

As to trade. Before the establishment of ocean steamers the trade between the United States and Great Britain was highly speculative. No one knew when or where the latest news might arrive; weeks sometimes elapsed without arrivals bringing later intelligence. Those were the days when fortunes were made by surprisingly lucky hits in cotton or breadstuffs; when hundreds of thousands were realized by a successful monopoly of late news, and orders dispatched far and wide by trusty messengers on fleet horses. It was exciting; it was delightful—to the lucky; but it was uncommonly like gambling. Ocean steam navigation changed all this. Regular arrivals from Europe with late news deprived the bold speculators of their best opportunity to make fortunes; the land telegraphs killed the express and fleet horse business. It is reasonable to expect that the ocean wire will operate in like manner. A great portion of the speculative business in cotton, breadstuffs, and stocks is predicated upon "the next news from Europe;" the great fluctuations in these kinds of property are usually caused by unexpected news from the other side. This agency will now cease. Our markets will pulsate simultaneously with those of Europe. They will naturally become more sensitive; we shall probably see cotton move on the news of a rising at Madrid, or Central fall on a ministerial crisis in Turkey; but the fluctuations will be more gradual. Business will become more uniform and safer.

That ocean steam navigation has tended to enlarge the social mind of the peoples of Great Britain and of the United States no one will be inclined to dispute. It has helped the two nations to know each other better, to get rid of ignorant prejudices, to share each other's progress. A volume would be required to describe the benefits which each nation has conferred on the other—through the agency of steam navigation—in respect of new inventions alone. This mutually-improving process will be further developed by the telegraph. Hourly intercourse with Europe will familiarize us with the progress of the European mind, and efface the last remains of provincialism here. Regular morning and evening bulletins from the United States will open the eyes of Europe to the real state of society here, and will dispel that ignorance and prejudice which to this day disgrace so many enlightened Europeans. It is said that one of the most sagacious statesmen of continental Europe has been from the first opposed to the telegraph; he foresaw that regular announcements of the working of our system of self-government would exercise no small effect on the popular mind of Germany and France.

SHALL THE TRADE IN SCANDAL BE FREE?

ONE Stephen H. Branch, somewhat known in this city, has, during the past week, been tried and convicted of publishing a libel on Peter Cooper, Mayor Tiemann, and others, for which he has been sent to Blackwell's Island Penitentiary for twelve months. There is no question but the statement published by Branch was a foul, false, malicious, and disgraceful libel. Yet certain newspapers express commiseration for his fate; and an ex-Alderman, together with several other citizens, accompanied him to his prison, as though he had been a martyr.

The question involved between these sympathizers with Branch and the great mass of the community, who deem him rightly punished, is simply this: Is any person to be allowed to publish false and scandalous stories about private citizens and their families or not? It is argued by those who feel for Branch—not that his libels were true or justifiable, or that he had any reason to suppose they were true, or that any good would result from their publication—but merely and simply that the libels in question were so gross, so absurd, and so preposterous, that they could do no harm to any one, and were therefore best let alone. These persons, in fact, pretend that Branch was so wretched and miserable a creature that it was taking undue notice of him to crush him out. It may well be doubted whether this contemptuous policy will stand the test of practice.

That Branch's libels were not so absurd as to be unworthy of notice is shown by the fact that over two thousand persons bought and paid for them. The appetite for scandal in every large city will, at least for a time, sustain a libeler who panders judiciously to it. Let a newspaper announce a full and true account of "the robbery of a bank by the Archbishop of New York," or "the scandalous intrigue between Mr. Buchanan and a lady of high rank," and thousands of people will be sure to have the curiosity to buy and read the tid-bit. Nor can it be pretended that the circulation of ever so absurd a scandal will be wholly innocuous to the party calumniated. With every respect for our fellow-creatures, we must say—and every observer of human nature will admit the fact—that the entire human race is not gifted with that fine discrimination which alone can separate vulgar scandal from truth. There will always be persons stupid enough to believe any story, however ridiculous, which throws discredit on living persons. And if, as in Branch's case, the calumny be built on a foundation of plausibility, the number of believers is likely to be very great.

What, then, is to be done? Shall private citizens sit down quietly while a vagabond is making a living by imputing villainies to their charge, and hundreds or thousands of dull people are believing them? No man can do so with self-respect. The party traduced has a choice of two remedies. He may shoot his vilifier, as they do in some parts of the South, or he may have him indicted, as is the practice here. If, indeed, he be a political personage, he may afford to despise the calumny; for misrepresentation and scurrilous abuse are the price every political man must expect to pay for fame. But why should private citizens like Mr. Cooper and his friends be expected to submit to be advertised as thieves and adulterers? They owe nothing to the public.

The friends of Branch may say what they like, but the sound sober judgment of the public will confirm the Recorder's sentence. Not alone on account of Branch's sins—though, really, society has been too long pestered by this cunning rogue, who, under the guise of madness, has offended the public nostril beyond endurance—but because he is the type and leader of a set of scamps who are only too ready to make a living by vilifying men's characters and traducing their wives and daughters. Society required an example: let Branch learn wisdom on Blackwell's Island.

A "*BLISTER*" FOR THE TRIBUNE.

IT was generally supposed that the severe castigation lately administered to the proprietors of the New York *Tribune* for stealing Thackeray's Virginians from *Harper's Magazine*, while they meanly pretended to take it from a London copy, would have operated on their minds as a wholesome warning for the future. We, in common with others, sincerely hoped that the humiliating exposure which they underwent at our hands on that occasion would have taught them that, after all, there is some truth in the old adage about honesty being the best policy. Their moral conversion it was, perhaps, utopian to expect; but it was, we still think, reasonable to imagine that they would not in a hurry allow themselves to be caught again at such pitiful work. We grieve to say that our expectations have been disappointed. Like Peter Dawson himself, whom the disgrace of each arrest and sentence only hardens, the proprietors of the *Tribune* have again been detected in the act of appropriating the property of others, and impudently demanding from the public profit and credit for the larceny. The following letter will explain itself:

"NEW YORK, *Aug.* 2, 1858.

"*To the Editors of Harper's Weekly:*

"GENTLEMEN,—You are not unacquainted with the peculiar *penchant* of Greeley & Co., of the *Tribune*, for appropriating literary property to which they have no claim. They pilfered from early copies of *Harper's Magazine* several installments of Thackeray's Virginians, pretending to have derived them from another source. You set a trap for them, caught them, exposed them, and brought them to confession. I should have supposed after the crucifixion they received at your hands, that they would have kept their 'pickers and stealers' off the literary property of other men for the future. I was mistaken. They are at their dirty tricks again. On the 30th ultimo they published a quantity of matter from a book recently issued by me, and sent to them for review. The work in question is the 'American Horse-Tamer and Farrier,' a very valuable and elaborate treatise on the best method of curing wild and vicious horses, by Jeremiah Bentwright. Taking the very pith and marrow out of the book, they transferred it bodily to their columns, first *copyrighting their plunder* in 'the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.' Whoever takes the trouble to look at the *Tribune* of the 30th ultimo and to compare the article referred to with my book, will find that the language of the two (except here and there, where there has been some clumsy garbling) is identical. It will be found, also, that my book, written by Mr. Bentwright, is rechristened in the columns of the *Tribune*, 'The American Art of Taming Horses; originally Systematized and Practiced by John S. Rarey. Its history and different methods, etc.; being a complete compendium of all that is now known of the system.' Cool, is it not, this change of the names of both the book and the author? But the idea of *copyrighting the imposture* caps the climax of human impudence.

"The distinguished sticklers for authors' and publishers' rights, who have thus stultified themselves, promise another article in continuation and conclusion of the first, and will, I presume, transfer the *whole* of Mr. Bentwright's treatise to their columns. Unfortunately it is not copyrighted, as it ought to have been, and therefore, I suppose, the author and publisher can not obtain legal redress; but I think it will be conceded, on all hands, that the proceeding, in its moral aspect, is a disgrace to the parties concerned, and gives the lie direct and circumstantial to the sentiments they have so often professed in relation to the protection of literary property from literary pirates.

"I trust that if any of the country papers copy the articles from Greeley's journal they will *also* copy this letter, as I am as anxious as Greeley & Co. can be that the '*proper* credit' should be 'given to the *Tribune*.'

"I am, Gentlemen, yours, etc.,

"GEORGE HOLBROOK."

We find, on examination, that Mr. Holbrook's statement is not in the least exaggerated. A very large proportion of the paper published by the *Tribune*, under the title of "The American Art of Taming Horses, originally Systematized and Practiced by John S. Rarey"—and the only part thereof that is not commonplace and useless—is copied *verbatim* from "The American Horse-Tamer and Farrier," by Jeremiah Bentwright, published by George Holbrook. We have only space to collate the beginning of a few paragraphs, to which we take the liberty of prefixing extracts from an editorial article in the *Tribune* of 30th July, the paper in which the theft was committed:

THE PRACTICE OF HORSE-TAMING.

From the New York Tribune, which "is the means of bringing this invaluable art to the knowledge of the public."	*From J. Bentwright's book, sent to the Tribune office for review.*
"The one principle which you must establish firmly in your mind, and which is so essential in horse-taming that it is almost the corner-stone of the theory, is the law of kindness. Next to kindness you must have patience, and next to patience indomitable perseverance," etc.	"There is one principle that you must establish firmly in your mind, and it is so essential in horse-taming that it is almost the corner-stone of the theory—that is, the Law of Kindness. Next to kindness, you must have patience, and next to patience, indomitable perseverance," etc.

And so on, in the very same words, in the *Tribune* and in Bentwright's book, to the end of the paragraph.

HOW TO HARNESS THE COLT.

From the New York Tribune, for which "it was prepared exclusively by an intelligent and skillful professor."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office for review.*
"You should, by all means, have your harness made to fit your horse, especially the collar. Hundreds of horses have been spoiled by collars that do not fit as they should. A little attention to this matter beforehand will facilitate your progress very much. Take your harness into the stable," etc.	"You should, by all means, have your harness made to fit your horse, especially the collar. Hundreds of horses have been spoiled by collars that do not fit as they should. A little attention to this matter beforehand will facilitate your progress very much. Take your harness into the stable," etc.

And so on, in the very same words, in the *Tribune* and in Bentwright's book, to the end of the paragraph.

TO HITCH UP THE COLT.

From the New York Tribune, which, Rarey's secret being disclosed, "proceeds to lay before its readers a complete account of his system."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"This should be done with great caution, first letting him examine the buggy or sulky in his own way of examining objects; then carefully hitch him up; having every thing safe, let him start the buggy empty, and pull that at first in that way; then get in, and let him take it slow, and he will not be near so apt to scare, and by degrees you will be making a good work-beast," etc.	"This should be done with great caution, first letting him examine the buggy or sulky in his own way of examining objects; then carefully hitch him up; having every thing safe, let him start the buggy empty, and pull that at first in that way; then get in, and let him take it slow, and he will not be near so apt to scare, and by degrees you will be making a good work-beast," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO SUBDUE A KICKING HORSE.

From the New York Tribune, which "has had the article copyrighted, to prevent its being printed by speculators."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"A kicking horse is the worst kind of a horse to undertake to subdue, and more dreaded by man than any other; indeed, it would not be too much to say that they are more dreaded than all the other bad and vicious horses put together. You often hear the expression, even from horse-jockeys themselves, 'I don't care what he does, so he doesn't kick.' Now," etc.	"A kicking horse is the worst kind of a horse to undertake to subdue, and more dreaded by man than any other; and I do not think that it would be too much to say, that they are more dreaded than all the other bad and vicious horses put together. You often hear the expression, even from horse-jockeys themselves, 'I don't care what he does, so he don't kick.' Now," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO BREAK A BORE FROM SCARING.

From the New York Post's Advertiser's sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.

"It is an established rule in this country, that a man is innocent of an offence without a crime, and if he does must be some cause for the scaring of a horse. The horse scares either from imagination or from fright. If from fright, there must be a cause for the fright, and this that any object will not hurt him," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO LEARN A HORSE TO FOLLOW YOU.

From the article in the New York Tribune," entered, according to Act of Congress, by Horace Greeley & Co., in the Clerk's office.

"Take him into a large stable or shed, and tie him to the wall; then halter with your left hand, leave the halter with your left hand, then with your right hand over his face, then with your right hand over his shoulder with the same motion bring back so that you can touch his left ear with your right hand gently around his head, then hitch him up a little, give him a gentle jog with the whip," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO TEACH A HORSE TO STAND WITHOUT HITCHING.

From the New York Tribune, which graciously consented to its contemporaries the right of "appying the whole or parts" of the article.

"After you have taught your horse to halter you, stand him in the center of the stable, begin at his head to train him, gradually working backward. If he moves, touch him with the end of the whip, and put him back to the same spot from which he started. If he stands, some him so be-fore," etc.

And so on, as before.

ON BAKING.

From the New York Tribune, which thinks that the idea who copy that "rice pudding" is the best."

"If you have boiler beans, it is your own and not the cause if they do not pull true, there is no reason why they should not remove the cause the effect will follow.

"Where your beans have been burned, salt," etc.

And so on, as before, in the very same words, in both the *Tribune* and Beatwright, to the end of that subject.

Mr. Beatwright, and his publisher, Mr. Holbrook, whether from liberality or carelessness we know not, omitted to copyright their work. They have supplied the deficiency. It stole the contents, and copyrighted the plunder. We submit that there is nothing in the whole annals of piracy that can compare with the act of a newspaper editor who, receiving for review a work on agriculture, appropriates the contents, assumes the authorship, copyrights the stolen property, and brazenly requests the press and the public to give him credit for his dexterity and enterprise. A Daniel Carpenter's Rogues' Gallery certainly on not yet to be considered complete.

THE LOUNGER.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

EVEN Loungers were startled by the news of Friday. The sermons of jubilation may now be preached. The speeches of the Irish Land Lieutenant have now, after lying over as waste cloquence for a year, grown into historical importance. The great event of modern times has fallen on the fortunate day, and the continents shake hands. It is perhaps the most contemporary and extraordinary of vast importance upon which every intelligent man in Christendom will congratulate every other.

There is but one way, of course, for the Lounger city to manifest its sense of the grandeur of the result. It is a way which is consecrated by our most sacred traditions.

NEW YORK MUST GIVE A PUBLIC DINNER TO CYRUS W. FIELD.

All the great orators of every part of the country, and of every shade of opinion, should be heard at this—not national festival—but Jubilee of Civilization.

And the Lounger humbly suggests that the mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters, who share the universal satisfaction, that at last there be feast which celebrates it, and not be put off into galleries, and behind doors and window-blinds, with the compliment of a last toast.

TWO MILLIONS.

The great literary success of the last year was the poem "Nothing to Wear," which originally appeared in the *Weekly* for January 17, 1857, and one of those occasions on which a man wakes up one morning to great fame. A trenchant, felicitous poem, it may be, not yet so engaging, as a social reader, that it was more than a *jeu d'esprit*, it was an addition to literature. A most amusing and surprising controversy, it was conceded on all sides that the author wrote it—a question which, in the cases of Homer and Shakspeare, has not yet decided to the satisfaction of every body. Having settled who wrote it, every body proceeded to involve to the next question—Can he write any thing else? The Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College put this question pointedly to Mr. Butler, and he has answered it to their satisfaction and to that of all the world. His new poem, "Two Millions," is a more carefully elaborated performance, of the same general character. It is another, coats in the epic of to-day," full of incidents, and well penetrated all through with a generous and genial humanity. Many of the most fashionable writers in literature are personal attacks, spear-tips of polished poison. But the best do not strike for individuality, but avenge individual wrongs, but defend mankind from their own passions and errors. Among such satirists the author of "Nothing to Wear" and "Two Millions" takes his place. Long may he sit upon his throne and scatter his shining arrows!

MORAL MONRAINGS

"RESPECTED MR. LOUNGER,—I am very fond of music—to me my family. I may humbly say that I hope and believe we have some small talent for it. My daughter plays the piano—she's not second, the harp; and I accompany them upon the flageolet. I am assured that my accompaniments are not altogether indifferent, but, on the contrary, our neighbors manifest a very lively interest in them. I am very much opposed to the theatre, and, consequently, to the Opera, which is performed in it a practice which my family I may humbly say that we hope and believe the theatre to be the open door of the pit (I do not refer to the parquette). But it is not that the conduct of the opera-companies are only to be heard in such a place. In fact, we have very little chance to hear good music adequately performed by reason of our objections to entering the play-house. Miss Jones, Lady ten hearts, of course; she plays the harp, who sang to the clergymen, Sunday-schools, and ladies' one pleasant Saturday morning.

"But most of all were we grateful to Mr. Thalberg, the great pianist, who charmed us all last year, and who established his musical headquarters in Dodsworth's Hall and elsewhere. You may remember that he was giving his last concert, but the first consideration was the morality of the audiences. Tickets were to be sold only to persons of the most unexceptionable morality of character. It was a lovely thought. It was indeed beautiful. It was the poetry of life written. Ah! Mr. Thalberg was not only an artist in music—he was an artist in virtue! How comely and quiet—'as you remember, Sir!'—how modest and polite-mannered! I can see him now as he makes that well-conditioned bow, and then before retiring seating himself to allow the crystal notes to leap from his lunged fingers. I am still at a loss, Sir, to say which I loved most—the morality of those numerings or the music. Scarcely in the most fashionable church have we had a more virtuous congregation of fellow-creatures. Selina, my second, recalls with fondness the liberal lockeys, with livery, and Ann says she remembers Mr. Thalberg's delightful chocolate and ices to complete the charming picture. Indeed, Sir, every thing was delightful, but coffee, music, and virtue. Heart, soul, mind, and sense were satisfied. Often, of an evening, my wife and I renew some of the pleasures and renew the felicity of those occasions. I hope I may humbly say that I feel that our morality does no injustice to the model.

"Now—pardon my delay, Sir—what I want to know is, why we could not have more concerts? Where is Mr. Thalberg? At the West or in the South? Will no, Sir, or will he not? I hope that both are both urgent. Tell us if he still continues to give the moral mornings. Has he, perhaps, taken that institution to heart, and carried it away? And you know that, wherever he goes, the moral morning goes with him.

"More, Mr. Lounger, more! Let us have more music, and morals, and morning.

"Your respectful and hopeful servant,

"FUDGE DIABOLAP."

—The Lounger having replied to Mr. Diablap that he had recently heard very little of the great pianist, receives the following with the request that he make it public:

Information Wanted.

One copy of Thalberg's fantasia upon *Don Giovanni* will be presented to any one who will give notice of the whereabouts of Mr. Thalberg and his moral morning; or a copy of Thalberg's fantasia upon "Home," will be sent a Dream at the best," for the M. M. alone. Apply by letter, post paid, as you please, to

DEACON FUDGE DIABOLAP,
at the S. W. Spit.

How many a lover, on land and by the sea, is singing this song which a poet sings to the Lounger:

THE PARTING.

I.

The kiss still lingers on my lips
She softly gave at parting;
Still in my head I hear the word
Which spoke, when tears were starting.

II.

Yet, sweetly treacherous on my lips
The kiss she parting gave;
"Will linger there until I die,
And thrill me in the grave!

III.

And still I press the answering hand
That through that silence spoke,
When heavy lay the weight of love on the strand,
Each on the other broke.

IV.

The carriage sinks behind the hill,
I watch until it fades;
And, slowly sinking, my clouded heart
Discovering Fate upbraids.

V.

The plaisen, and the entreated curl,
The song, the flowers she brought,
Their value all to me have lost
From whom their charm was caught.

VI.

I will not press them to my heart,
Memories sweet and fair,
For still, whether I feel my arms,
'Tis my own Love is there!

VII.

Nor land nor sea, from them and me,
Oh, darling! us can part,
For far and farther may we thus be,
Yet nearer still my heart!

STEALING NO THEFT.

A MELANCHOLY instance of hallucination, if not worse—if not, in fact, of entire abstraction—has lately fallen under the Lounger's attention. A young lady, hitherto considered entirely unobjectionable, has been lately detected in the following extraordinary offence. Whether the specious communication be a mistake or the sophistical extenuation of crime in which she indulges are most to be deplored the Lounger deprecate of deciding. He commends this sad case to his correspondents, Timothy Titus, Esq., and Deacon Diablap. Might not a course of moral mornings be useful?

Pens, pens and umbrellas are the rage now, for the summer months, and therefore it strikes me I would merely be loss to keep them for special employment.

This only, then, I may say, that I am going to Utah Thursday, and we would not repeat it: Utah is a place I have long already sited, I do not see how I can steal it.

THE LOUNGER'S LITTLE-BOX.

—THE Lounger is charmed to find that the Graefenberg philosophers preserve a steady brain while the world about them reels with delight at the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. They are prepared, of course, for success. If it does not succeed, the projectors were clearly insane. If it does, what's the use of it? The point and cogency of this reasoning are beyond praise. There is nothing like observing a prudent reserve in the midst of universal excitement.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—As the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph cable likely to be successful, and we shall be flooded with letters from reading compatriots of this poor fellow who wasted time and money on an insane attempt, I will you publish the following, what good this telegraph line will do?

"Yours, contemplatively,
"AN OLD TORY."

—"I. M. F." writes from St. Albans a note commencing indignantly:

"*To the Lounger.*

"I have just been exceedingly disgusted by the perusal of an article in the New York *Tribune* for the last inst. headed 'A Swindling Business,' which evidently deserves the name of 'romance,' if by that we understand the wilful perversion of facts, coupled with the total disregard of all truth, probability, and even decency.

"In the first place I would remark that the talent and ability of its editorial corps, that it seems either strange that it should condescend to publish the minds of readers with such grossly, scurrilous, vulgar stuff as that 'Washington Romance.'"

And ending thus:

"The motive for writing this appeal, Mr. Lounger, is simply that the readers of your publication may not be also exposed to the public contempt, to the infinite annoyance and pain of the parties concerned; and that it may not be for some one to say something against it. And we feel, indeed, that the publication of this article will be a well-fated people on this subject are with us.

"I. M. F."

This is strong Lounging, but there can be no question of the tendency to unjustifiable personal gossip in newspapers and magazines. The case of Thackeray and Yates, of which the Lounger means to say a word next week, is strictly in point.

—The Lounger's friend "J. B." was fully answered by Mr. Timothy Bedrop in his letter of last week. If J. B. has any reply to make to Mr. Bedrop, he shall be heard if he be reasonably brief and lively. The Lounger admits in Hackney's drawings artistic imperfections, but certainly they are all of character.

"DEAR LOUNGER—I have just been reading Addison's pithy line and your comments in reply, chant The Virginian. I like your remarks, and I like the Virginians.' The thirty-sixth chapter, in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly, is a very able piece of thought clad in gorgeously rough Gleason lungs, and the illustrative power is almost equal to the text. But if I say this much of the text, what can I say about the author? Hawthorne might look to look for his mantle, but you to that deplorable Dr. Johnson the 'Dictionary maker,' or to the former illustrious Addison. Not to me. The conclusion I am led to is, that Thackeray, that admirable writer, has found a successor. What do you think?

"And now he it, while so many talk of Thackeray, that no few mention my favorite Bulwer and his novel? Can it be, because the 'Virginians' has been the victim of the reviewmen of the great *Tribune*? Believe me, I have never attempted any thing in the article line, but his nonfictions some might look to look for his nonfiction, should he ever attempt it, even in this department.

"Hoping, Dear Lounger, that you will long keep Lounging, and The King Maker's sudden exhumes into the church will not be followed by any untimely departure. Why will not the Colonial Secretary gratify us, if not with his own presence, at least by occupying one of the pews? How would Castlemaike do?

"Yours, colloquially,
"J. B."

"DERBY, Pennsylvania, *August*, 1858."

—The Lounger can not do better than commend the note of "H. R., Jr.," to the careful consideration of the venerated Ghost of Johnson:

"NEW ORLEANS, *July*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER.—How is it that one of "The Knights of Columbo's Island," or any other ghost, in search of your lost "Dictionary Grammar," can not find them? If you will take the trouble to look into "Webster," you will find the word "Dictionary" in its place. If you are like some of your venerable brethren, the "Knights of the Spittoon," you're sure to find it where you might be able to purchase one from ——— on a slow note!

"Yours, colloquially,
"H. R., JR."

—"Hath not a Jew eyes?" asks old Shylock. "W." may be very sure that the omission of all allusions to his favorite State has not been because the Lounger was not aware of all its charms. His eyes daily see a lovely landscape, and it is made up of the woods and fields of Jersey. And he remembers that Emerson says, "The wren's wee good enough for the wren, and Washington is for Will." "W." explain to the Lounger the origin and occasion of the feeling about New Jersey mosquitoes of bugs and peaches? And perhaps "W." will kindly remember that, as re bugs and peaches, the proof of the pudding, etc., etc.

"SUNNYSIDE, NEW JERSEY, *July* 28th.

"MR. LOUNGER.—How is it that I never chance, when looking over your columns, to see any thing with regard to Jersey? Can it be that you agree with those letter-men individuals who believe New Jersey to be out of the United States? Sir, Mr. Lounger, that is gentlemen of your experience and sagacity should thus uphold these individuals who wear an air of ease in their faces when, at any time ago, the comet was coming to your meridian, and you looked into the earth, did not behave a place which, if it was not out of the world, was as near it as could be. In our own immediate vicinity we have some of her country places. Bandbrook, for instance, with its back shooting and its fine streets, deep overnight at the nest and roomy, not roomy, hotel. Small is the evening toward the Raritan River that winds through the place. Homebrook is a place that takes rank high among the commercial part of the community, and is far-famed for its Aqua, which, though quite unpretical, are, as you are aware, of great use in the sick room. Love lasts there, a substance not to be despised.

"But, Mr. Lounger, I will not enlarge on her scenic or her hogs, but advise you to take a quiet trip among her hills, crushing her fruits, and, what is better, change your duest not to, in printing, again overlook New Jersey.

"V."

—"M. E. M. bursts into rhyme for relief:

"NEVER MIND."

Last evening with visions of bliss,
Heard the sound of the night before,
And fair prospects for things
I stepped in at Adelaide's door.

Alecks! alack!—never was mortal
So taken aback. My Addie last night,
To a lovely spot, was not at home.

The evening seemed a very summer time,
With love-breathing flowers, and heaven's perfect rhyme.

Miss Addie this night,
To a lovely scene, was not at home.
Heed one still
As she would her coldness hide—
Yet have no, sir. "Never mind!"
Came from the lips of Miss Adelaide Bird,
And from its worn looked up
Old *Harper's Weekly* Lounger.

I smiled. "Dear Addie, this is kind!"
She shrugged her shoulders.—"Never mind!"
Then from the room I hurried away.
So were the little slippered feet
Upon the stairway heard,
I heard her gentleman "Never mind!"
Faintly through the hall reverberated.
Had brought about the vexing fate,
And sent me back to my room and write.
As others say—to bring her round again."

But all is not lost. She persisted in not minding, and urging M. E. M. not to mind; and he naturally declares:

Now, Harper, I am half bothered
To cut my lofty and her decreed "Never mind!"
If other girls "have a way" at eating or
Or is it confined to my own loony kind.
The peculiar use of this word is small?
Or words I should say, only my rhyme
Refused to jingle a single "Never mind!"

Oh, *Harper's!* Oh, Lounger! dear clever clogs,
Up with your wits, and help me out of the mess
On these very heads. Teach the giddy things
That love sometimes means "Never mind!"
And over the hills and far away——
Please to tell the young loving words
Are current coin among all lady birds.

—Will no lady bird answer?

—The Lounger replies to Ortho's first inquiry that, after the lately published card to which he refers, any subscription will be speculation, and unvaluable and impertinent. Ortho further writes:

"LOUNGERIA, *July*, 1858.

"A precious young gentleman of this city was recently requested by his turnmaster to favor her with an album autograph. He did so, and accordingly tore a page from the fullness of his heart as follows:

"Spell! Oh, my darling! Spell! Spell like that pootie.
Which turns within like an everlasting volcano!
Regard it not alone from the eyes of Judson,
Whose hearts on Earth no higher considerations go
Than the Sea!

"Is it negative or positive? Does it belong to the *subjective* or the objective—Hermetic or Illustrious? Is it the Lake of Lazarus or the Lake of Gennesaret, or sentimental?

"The question upon this burst of subdued *pathos* will tend to promote as well the cause of letters as to shake the cadaverity of your office.

—This seems to be clearly one of those cases in which "you takes your choice."

"NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—I should not venture to write you then did I not know that there are kind and good, and, I may almost say, pious men in your vocation.

"I come not to speak to thee of the exquisite beauties and rich productiveness of our land of flowers, or of the beautiful prairies, majestic rivers, and abundant harvests of the Mississippi valley, or of the delightful landscape in the air of the dear old homes of New England, or of the wild beauty of the Green Mountains of the Granite State; nor eat through long winter evenings of the rich products of your well-tilled soil, or of early spring, for the awesome and trading aristocracy, or, in summer, for the fashionable world of the "City of Notions?" Does the Lounger know that the hills are not all of rock, that the valleys are not unproductive, or that in the ruggedness, are productiveness in the soil, and that even now in the hardest days of winter, the sleigh and the traverse from fields of clover?

"Yes, I am a native and a believer in convention of homes and churches; in comfortable carriages and passable roads; in good schools and good teachers; in intelligent, and, more than all, in dear, familiar faces. I am not one who may barter away their birthright, resign the old homestead—formerly but me speak the word—for stranger lands, scatter to the winds the household gods, and hasten away toward the setting sun. Virtue may find a milder clime and more fertile soil, but for her sister that these are not essential to the growth of the shining virtues—industry, frugality, and temperance.

"I am a farmer's boy, and I love the farmer's harvest. Rage from our gravestone to another, lingering, but each year sees the number of the unsaved in diminished. And that not only the graves of his fathers, but a living sea, and sometimes of his own home in England. M.

And the Lounger cried "AMEN."



EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN.

1. The "Mississippi's" junk at anchor on the night of the 19th of April, under the guns of the forts.
2. Dutchmen.
3. Forts mounting 150 guns.
4. A town of thirty thousand inhabitants.
5. Fort being built.
6. Encampment on the beach.
7. Battery of 20 guns, on the beach.
8. River Pei-ho.
9. Russian frigate "America."
10. English steam frigate "Furious."
11. English frigate "Pique."
12. United States steam frigate "Mississippi," anchored eight miles from the beach.
13. Gulf of Petielle.
14. Guns on the bank of the river.
15. English gun-boats.

PLAN OF THE PEI-HO FORTS AND VICINITY.

THE ATTACK ON THE PEI-HO FORTS, IN CHINA.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Herald* for the accompanying plan of the Pei-ho Forts and the vicinity, and view of the scene, from sketches taken by an officer on board the United States steam frigate *Mississippi*. The reader is already aware that these forts were taken by the allied French and English, without much loss, on the 20th May. On the 23d the allies proceeded up the river.

Pei-ho, the "White River," is of consequence as the stream on which Pekin, the capital of the Chinese Empire, rests. It rises near the Great Wall, and flowing past Pekin, enters the Gulf of Petielle in 38° 39' north latitude. For some months the Chinese have been busily fortifying its banks. Early in April the allied vessels began to collect in the Bay of Petielle off the mouth of the Pei-ho. By the beginning of May they had a force large enough to commence offensive operation; and their negotiations with the Emperor proving fruitless, the attack of the 20th May (of which we have only telegraphic intelligence) was the result.

The junk lying nearest the shore in our picture is the *Peiho*, which has been chartered by our countrymen as a tender to the *Mississippi*. She had quite an adventure lately, when she was sent into the river to carry a message to the mandarins, and narrowly escaped being fired upon by the Celestials. One of the officers says, in a letter to the *Herald*: "As the *Pei-ho* entered the river, the Chinese (some ten thousand men) manned all their guns, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and of calibre ranging from six to forty-two pounders, and crowded their battlements with armed men. The muskets, matchlocks, spears, and swords bristled, glistened, and flashed on all sides, presenting as formidable an array as a Chinaman could well conceive of; while the thousands of flags and streamers, of all colors and descriptions, the fanciful dresses of the soldiery, the long tails, peacock feathers, gilt, white, and crystal balls on the mandarins' caps of gaudy red tops, and the queer cut of their garments, of many shades and varieties, gave a fairy-like and butterfly variety to the scene, which it is next to impossible to describe."

The American officers landed in spite of the Chinese army, and performed their task; much to the disgust of the Chinese, who are distrustful of all barbarians. We may now expect to hear of the advance of the allied army upon Pekin, and of the conclusion of a peace, dictated to the Emperor in his own palace.

MY FIRST-BORN.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

Ir shall not be "Albert" nor "Arthur,"
Though both are respectable men;
His name shall be that of his father—
My Benjamin shorten'd to "Ben."

Yes, much as I wish for a corner
In each of my relatives' wills,
I will not be reckon'd a fawner—
That creaking of boots must be Squills.

It is clear, though his means may be narrow,
This infant his age will adorn;
I shall send him to Oxford from Harrow—
I wonder how soon he'll be born.

A spouse thus was airing his fancies
Below—twas a labor of love—
And calmly reflecting on Nancy's
More practical labor above.

Yet while it so pleased him to ponder,
Elated, at ease, and above,
That pale, patient victim up yonder
Had budding delights of her own;

Sweet thoughts, in their essence divine
Than dreams of ambition and pelf;
A cherub, no babe will be finer,
Invented and nursed by herself!

One breakfasting, dining, and tesing,
With appetite naught can appease,
And quits a young Reasoning Being
When call'd on to yawn and to sneeze.

What cares that heart, trusting and tender,
For fame or avuncular wills;
Except for the name and the gender,
She is almost as tranquil as Squills.

That father, in reverie centred,
Dumfoundered, his brain in a whirl,
Heard Squills—as the creaking boots enter'd—
Announce that his Boy was—a Girl.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

We take pleasure in placing on record, as much for future reference as for present inspection, a view of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, taken before the rush of gold-diggers to that town. It will remind



THE PEI-HO FORTS, FROM A DRAWING MADE ON THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE "MISSISSIPPI."



VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

our Western readers of many a newly-planted settlement on the borders of some Western river.

At the time our latest advices left that place, Victoria contained a population of some 2000 people, and consisted of 160 houses. Most of the miners were encamped in tents in the vicinity of the town, there being not only no houses to lodge them, but no lumber to build new houses. As the last steamer left a vessel arrived with lumber, and it was confidently predicted that houses would soon be run up like wild-fire. Several sales of lots had taken place, at some of which the audience had assembled several hours before the sale, as is the case at Western sales of public lands, and had jostled one another after the most approved Western fashion. Some lots, 60 × 100, in the town of Victoria, sold as high as $8000; others, less happily situate, varied from $250 to $1000. Californian experience has taught many of the immigrants that the best mining locations are not the "placers." Should the news of the gold discoveries be confirmed, we may expect to hear of as much speculation in real estate in Victoria as there ever was in San Francisco.

It is a fine city, with a noble harbor, capable of containing all the sailing vessels and steamers that can be sent there. Behind it lies a rich back country, producing every vegetable peculiar to the temperate zone. Coal, iron, copper, and other minerals abound; and the mountain districts contain millions of acres admirably fitted for the pasturage of cattle and sheep. The Hudson Bay Company's farms on the island are likely to be the most profitable of their possessions.

Victoria has rivals—in Bellingham Bay, Schome and Whatcom are both newly-founded settlements, which are contending for a share of the good things flowing into the new El Dorado. Both, it appears, are well situate, though the beach is long and sleeping; and to adapt them to the requirements of an extensive trade very long wharves will need to be built. But it appears to be the opinion of the bulk of the immigrants into the new region that Victoria will retain her pre-eminence, so long as no city is founded near the mines. Victoria is forty miles from the mouth of Fraser's River, and the placers are over a hundred miles from the mouth of that stream. There is room, therefore, for a nearer depôt, where the miners can exchange their dust for the necessaries of life. But, in the mean time, the centre and focus of operations is Victoria.

Should the Fraser River gold mines fulfill their promise, and the Government of Great Britain display reasonable sagacity in encouraging immigration, Victoria will ere long be as large and thriving a place as San Francisco or Melbourne. Already the shore is studded with stores occupied by American goods, and owned or leased by American citizens. A newspaper, established by an American citizen, and entitled the Victoria *Gazette*, already serves as the mouth-piece of American opinion, in opposition to the British Government and the Hudson's Bay Company. At this rate, many months can not elapse before the stars and stripes float over the fort which is depicted in our illustration.

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

CANADA *vs.* THE UNITED STATES.

THE decisive match between the United States and the Canada cricketers was played at Hoboken last week. It was the fifth match between the parties. The first match played at Harlem in 1853, was won by the United States by 34 runs; the next at Toronto, in 1854, was won by the Canadians, with 10 wickets to spare; the third in 1855, at Hoboken, was won by the States, with 9 wickets to spare; and the fourth at Toronto, in August of last year, was won by the Canadians, with 7 wickets to go down. The game last week was therefore the conquerer.

The following gentlemen composed the eleven of Canada: Messrs. Hardings, Parsons, Howard, and Napier, of Toronto; Messrs. Head, H. Phillips, and T. D. Phillips and Mr. Rykert of St. Catharines; Messrs. Sneath and Peerless, of Hamilton; and Mr. Fourdinier, of Prescott.

The following gentlemen composed the United States eleven: Messrs. Higham, Sharp, Barker, and Wiley, of the New York Club; Bingham, Lang, Waller, and Harry Wright, of St. George's; Jefferson and Hallis, of Newark; and Senior, of Philadelphia.

The game began on Monday, and lasted till Wednesday evening. It may seem invidious to pick out any players for particular eulogium when such excellent play was witnessed on all sides; but all the spectators concurred in praising the bowling of Mr. Head, and the batting of Mr. Howard among the Canadians, and the admirable play of Mr. Bingham, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Senior, etc., among the United States eleven. We do not give any detailed account of the games for want of space, and also because a thorough account might not be particularly entertaining to those among our readers who are not cricketers, as the following extract from one of the newspaper reports will prove:

Howard came in and led off for a cut for 1, and a cut to slip for 3 from Barker, from whom T. Phillips cut a 4 to the slip, amidst much applause, and followed it, after some effective play, with a drive to the on for 3, from the same bowler, who revenged himself by taking the off stump: 3 wickets, 15 runs. Parsons succeeded T. Phillips—who retired with 6 to his name—when Howard made a pretty hit to leg for 4, which was repeated beautiful and cost luck for only 1 by Wiley. The next few overs came byes were made, a wide, and 1 for Parsons to the on, when he was caught from a leg swing over the shoulder by Wright at long stop: 4 wickets, 31 runs. For several overs, "steady" was the word, for the bowlers were not to be trifled with, wides and byes being made, when Howard made another splendid leg hit, which should have gone for 6, but was sent back by Bingham for only 1; cuts and drives for once, which ought to have gone for three but for the splendid fielding, and a sky-scraper from Howard for only 1 to leg—a chance which was not taken—and Hardings was singularly caught from Barker.

* * * * *

He was succeeded by Rykert, when there was a lively time between him and Sneath, Rykert stealing several byes; Sneath was at length got rid of by Senior, by a beautiful catch which took the leg stump—a lesson to first-rate cricketers, who will try to draw or cut the ball if it is hot about the thirty-second part of an inch clear of the near or off stump—7 wickets down for 66 runs. Sneath's score of 7 was made by 2s, one of them a cut to point and singles, all prettily got, one a draw to leg, the only play at that point except Senior's and Crossley's, during the match. Head succeeded, and on the first ball made a cut for 1, which robbed of the 66 runs necessary to tie the first innings of the United States eleven.

* * * * *

Waller and Barker led off to the bowling of Hardings, who, in the first over, gave two wides, Waller making a cut for 1; on the next over Waller slipped a 1, and Barker a 3, from the bowling of Head. Hardings bowled a maiden, and Waller cut for a 1 from Head, and a slip



CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, AT HOBOKEN, AUGUST 2, 3, AND 4, 1858.

from Hardinge for 1, and 1 for an overthrow, when he was bowled, after playing very prettily for 4: 1 wicket, 9 runs. He was succeeded by Wilby and shortly after, Barker gave an easy chance to Parsons at short leg, which was taken this time, leaving 4 to his name and 12 runs for a loss of 2 wickets.

* * * * * * *

The following is the full score of the game, with an analysis of the bowling:

United States—1st Innings.		United States—2d Innings.	
Sharp, c. Peerless, b. Head	24	Not out	10
Waller, c. Peerless, b. Hardinge	2		4
Hon. H. Bingham, c. Peerless, b. Hardinge	34	Hardinge	5
Senior, c. T. Phillips, b. Hardinge	9	b. Head	2
Wilby, b. Hardinge	0	b. Head	2
Barker, b. Head	0	c. Parsons, b. Head	4
H. Wright, c. T. Phillips, b. Hardinge	0	b. Hardinge	0
Higham, c. T. Phillips, b. Hardinge	5		
Jefferson, c. H. Phillips, b. Parsons	14		
Crossley, not out	16	Not out	1
Hallis, c. Peerless, b. Hardinge	9		0
Byes	14	Byes	2
Leg byes	6	Leg byes	1
Wides	14	Wides	5
Total	147	Total	36

Canada—1st Innings.		Canada—2d Innings.	
H. Phillips, b. Hallis	1	b. Senior	17
Rykert, b. Hallis	4	Run out	11
T. Phillips, b. Barker	6	b. Hallis	6
Heward, not out	31	b. Hallis	5
Parsons, c. H. Wright, b. Hallis	1	b. Hallis	1
Hardinge, c. Crossley, b. Barker	5	b. Hallis	12
Head, c. Higham, b. Crossley	10	Not out	11
Peerless, b. Hallis	0	Run out	4
Sneath, b. Barker	7	b. Senior	7
Napier, b. Barker	0	c. Sharp, b. Hallis	0
Fourdinier, b. Barker	0	b. Barker	0
Byes	8	Byes	18
Leg byes	4	Leg byes	3
Wides	9	Wides	6
Total	81	Total	101

ANALYSIS OF THE GAME.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Canada—First Innings.					
Hallis	158	24	24	4	6
Barker	117	27	16	5	1
Crossley	38	12	5	1	2
Second Innings.					
Barker	89	23	9	1	3
Hallis	130	29	15	5	1
Senior	57	17	4	2	1
Crossley	9	5	0	0	1
United States—First Innings.					
Head	88	16	9	2	8
Parsons	68	32	5	1	0
Napier	12	9	1	0	0
Peerless	8	4	0	0	0
Hardinge	171	62	12	7	6
Second Innings.					
Hardinge	58	17	5	3	2
Head	57	11	7	3	3

We believe there is no foundation for the report that there was not an American among the players. There was, we are told, at least one.

LITERARY.

Probably very many persons, in common with ourselves, have felt the want of a well-arranged compendium of mensuration to which they can refer for daily information. Old rules do not stay in the minds of men who attend to other business than the art of figures, and it is rather hard work sometimes to keep up with the meaning of writers who talk about metres and miles, grammes and grains, ankers and stoops, digits, cubits, palms, and spans, as if it were expected of every reader that he should know the measures of every nation in the ancient and modern world.

Haswell's Mensuration, now published by Harper & Brothers, fills the want precisely, not alone of mechanicians, engineers, carpenters, and builders, but of the ordinary book-reader, and of every man who has a house or a farm.

It is not necessary to call the attention of teachers to this excellent book, since it seems to be rather a matter of necessity that they should adopt it at once. It is well arranged, clear, and intelligible to teacher as well as scholar. It covers the whole ground, meets every requirement, and leaves nothing to be desired as a text-book for students. But we would direct the notice of all practical mechanics to it as a complete and thorough work, in a cheap form, and precisely suited to their purposes, whether they desire to measure the contents of a cask, the amount of brick necessary for a house, the portion of a tract of land necessary to fill a ten-acre purchase, or any other problem in the science of mensuration.

Biographical sketches possess an interest which is precisely in proportion to the force of character of the subject. The life of a dull or stupid commonplace man or woman is a dull, stupid book. We have too many such. But the biography of a man like Joseph Curtis, by Miss Sedgwick, published by Harper & Brothers, is worth reading and worth thinking of.

It is brief, as it should be. It is appreciative, as it must be from such a pen, and eminently instructive and valuable. Mr. Curtis was a man of mark. In this city he was known as the firm friend of the right, the upholder of truth, the defender of Christianity and the Bible, the honest, fearless man. To see him in his daily walks was comfortable. It did one good to know that such men lived. It was encouraging to see a breadth of character, a determination and force of will like his. He knew his duty, and he did it. The cause of common school education in this city had reason to know his ability, and it is only to be regretted that the times are not now in common schools as they were when such men as George T. Trimble, Joseph Curtis, and Samuel F. Mott, and others like them, had the management.

Such was the man, and such is the little book, which will be valued by every one who reads it as the preservation of the portrait of a model man.

We have another biography on our table, which possesses peculiar interest. It is not published, but is privately circulated, and we may mention it as one of the productions of the day. The title is suggestive of the contents: Correspondence with my Son, Henry Kirk White Muse, by his Father.

Mr. Muse, the father, is a distinguished member of the Louisiana bar. His son, a young man of noble promise, was a student in college at Princeton. The separation of father and son led to the correspondence which is here collected, which consists of most admirable letters on both sides, and which was abruptly terminated by the death of the son, caused by the explosion of a steamer on the Mississippi last winter, upon which he was returning to college after a visit at home. No one can read the pages without emotion. It is not often that a record of so much love and so much tenderness, combining the instructions of a wise father and the respectful affection of a manly and yet a docile son, falls into the hands of the book reader. Such treasures usually remain in manuscript, hoarded in old trunks or letter-cases, to be read and re-read till years and tears discolor the paper, and render illegible the words of love. We can not but thank the father who has in this instance preserved them for others to know what a boy he has lost; and though in reading them we feel as if we had stepped within a charmed circle and violated its sanctity, we can only retire from it leaving our words of sympathy and of admiration to be, if possible, a consolation to the keepers of his memory.

Harper & Brothers furnish the juvenile portion of the community with another of those capital pictorial histories, by Jacob Abbott, in which the younger people take so much delight. The Life of Richard III. is the story of one of the most cruel monarchs that the throne of England or any other throne has ever supported. The period which his life covers is one of the most interesting portions of English history to the young mind, when the power of the great Barons was finally broken, and Warwick perished before the Duke who was to be King. The history of Richard's cruel love of Anne, the story of the murder of Clarence, the fate of the young princes whose miserable death has always been the subject of sympathy with the young as well as the old, and the tragic account of the Battle of Bosworth—all these make up a most exciting and instructive book, which will amuse while it improves many a young mind.

Rev. John Caird, of Glasgow, is one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. A volume of his Sermons, published by Carter & Brothers, is a treasure of good reading, and sound as well as sounding doctrine. There is a new grandeur in the old truth when one hears or reads it from those hearty Scotchmen who preach it as God's truth, boldly, sonorously, faithfully. "Preach," says he, "the preciousness of time by your husbanding of its rapid hours, and your crowding of its days with duties. Though eternity, with its fast approaching realities, be a forbidden topic to the ear, constrain the unwilling mind to think of it by the spectacle of a life ordered with perpetual reference to hopes and destinies beyond the grave. Though no warning against an unspiritual, no exhortation to a holy life might be tolerated, let your own pure, earnest, unworldly character and bearing be to the careless soul a perpetual atmosphere of spirituality haunting and hovering around it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The reader will find on first page an account of the success of this wonderful enterprise. We make room here for several extracts from Mr. Field's diary:

FIRST AND SECOND DAYS.

Thursday, July 29.—Lat. 52.50 N., lon. 32.27 W., telegraph fleet all in sight; sea smooth; light wind from S.E. to S.S.E.; cloudy. Splice made in the cable at 1 P.M.; signals through the whole length of the cable on board both ships perfect; depth of water fifteen hundred and fifty fathoms.

Distance to the entrance of Valentia Harbor eight hundred and thirteen nautical miles, and from there to the Telegraph House the shore end of the cable is laid.

Distance to the entrance of Trinity Bay, N. F., eight hundred and twenty-two nautical miles, and from there to the Telegraph House, at the head of Bay of Bull's Arm, sixty miles, making in all eight hundred and eighty-two nautical miles.

The *Niagara* has sixty-nine miles further to run than the *Agamemnon.*

The *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* have each eleven hundred nautical miles of cable on board; about the same quantity as last year.

At 7:45 P.M., ship's time, or 10:5 P.M., Greenwich time, signals from the *Agamemnon* ceased, and the tests applied by the electricians showed that there was a want of continuity on the cable, but that the insulation was perfect. Kept on paying out from the *Niagara* very slowly, and was constantly applying all kinds of electrical tests until 6 P.M., ship's time, and 11:30 P.M., Greenwich time, when we again commenced receiving perfect signals from the *Agamemnon.*

Friday, July 30.—Lat. 51.50 N., lon. 34.40 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-three hours, eighty-nine miles. Payed out one hundred and thirty-one miles nine hundred fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of forty-two miles nine hundred fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to forty-eight per cent. Depth of water fifteen hundred and fifty to nineteen hundred and seventy-five fathoms; wind from S.E. to S.W.; weather thick and rainy, with some sea. The *Gorgon* in sight.

At 3:50 A.M. finished the main deck coil and commenced paying out from the berth deck. Seven hundred and twenty-three miles from the Telegraph House at Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay.

At 2:21 P.M. received signals from on board the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out one hundred and fifty miles of the cable.

At 2:34 P.M. had payed out from the *Niagara* one hundred and fifty miles of the cable.

SECOND AND THIRD DAYS.

Saturday, July 31.—Lat. 51.5 N., lon. 38.14 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and thirty-seven miles. Payed out one hundred and fifty-nine miles eight hundred and fifty-three fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of twenty-two miles eight hundred and forty-three fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to thirteen per cent. Depth of water sixteen hundred and fifty-seven to twenty-two hundred and fifty fathoms. Wind moderate, S.W., and from 6 A.M. N.W. by N. Weather cloudy, a little rain and some sea. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable passed out two hundred and ninety-one miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms. Total distance run by observation, two hundred and twenty-six miles. Surplus cable payed out over the distance run by observation, sixty-five miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms—equal to twenty-nine per cent. Six hundred and fifty-six miles from the Telegraph House.

11:4 P.M.—Payed out from the *Niagara* three hundred miles of the cable.

At 2:45 P.M. received signals from the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out from her three hundred miles of the cable.

At 5.37 P.M. finished the coil on the berth-deck, and commenced paying out from the lower deck.

Sunday, August 1.—Lat. 50.32 N., lon. 41.55 W. Distance run by observation during the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and forty-five miles. Payed out one hundred and sixty-four miles six hundred and eighty-three fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of nineteen miles six hundred and thirty fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to fourteen per cent. Depth of water, nineteen hundred and fifty to twenty-four hundred and twenty-four fathoms. Wind moderate and fresh from N.N.E. to N.E. Weather cloudy and misty, and heavy swell. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out—four hundred and fifty-six miles, four hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run by observation, three hundred and seventy-one miles. Total amount of surplus cable payed out over the distance run, eighty-five miles six hundred fathoms—equal to twenty-three per cent. Five hundred and eleven miles from the Telegraph House.

At 3.5 P.M. finished paying out the coil on the lower deck, and changed to the coil in the hold.

FOURTH AND FIFTH DAYS.

Monday, August 2.—Lat. 49.52 N., lon. 45.48 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and fifty-four miles. Payed out, one hundred and seventy-seven miles, fifteen fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of twenty-three miles, one hundred fathoms over the distance run—equal to fifteen per cent. Depth of water, sixteen hundred to twenty-three hundred and eighty-five fathoms. Wind N.W. Weather cloudy.

The *Niagara* getting light, and rolling very much, it was not considered safe to carry sail to steady the ship; for in case of accident it might be necessary to stop the vessel as soon as possible.

At 7 A.M. passed and signaled the Cunard steamer from Boston to Liverpool.

Total amount of cable payed out, six hundred and thirty-three miles five hundred fathoms. Total distance run by observation, five hundred and twenty-five miles. Total surplus cable payed out over the distance run, one hundred and eight miles five hundred fathoms, or less than twenty-one per cent. Two hundred and fifty-seven miles from the Telegraph House.

At 12:58 A.M. ship's time, and 3:58 A.M. Greenwich time, imperfect insulation of the cable was detected in sending and receiving signals from the *Agamemnon,* which continued until 5:40 A.M. ship's time, or 8.40 A.M. Greenwich time, when all was right again. The fault was found to be in the ward-room, or in about sixty miles from the lower end, which was immediately cut out and taken out of circuit.

Tuesday, August 3.—Lat. 45.17 N., lon. 49.23. W.—Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and forty-seven miles; payed out one hundred and sixty-one miles sixty-one fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of fourteen miles six hundred and thirteen fathoms over the distance run—equal to ten per cent. Depth of water, seven hundred and forty-two to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven fathoms. Wind N.N.W. Weather very pleasant. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out, seven hundred and ninety-five miles three hundred fathoms. Total distance run by observation, six hundred and seventy-two miles. Total surplus cable payed out over the distance run, one hundred and twenty-three miles three hundred fathoms—less than nineteen per cent. Two hundred and ten miles from the Telegraph House.

At 8.26 A.M. finished paying out the coil from the hold, and commenced paying out from the wardroom coil—three hundred and five miles of the cable remaining on board at noon.

At 11:15 A.M., ship's time, received a signal from on board the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out from her seven hundred and eighty miles of the cable. During the afternoon and evening passed several icebergs.

At 9:10 P.M., ship's time, received a signal from the *Agamemnon* that she was in water of two hundred fathoms.

At 10:20 P.M., ship's time, the *Niagara* was in water two hundred fathoms, and informed the *Agamemnon* of the same.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH DAYS.

Wednesday, August 4.—Lat. 48.17 N., lon. 52.43 W. Distance run by observation one hundred and forty-six miles. Payed out one hundred and fifty-four miles one hundred and sixty fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of eight miles three hundred and sixty fathoms, over the distance run—equal to six per cent. Depth of water less than two hundred fathoms. Weather beautiful and perfectly calm. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out nine hundred and forty-nine miles six hundred and sixty fathoms. Total amount of surplus cable payed out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-one miles, six hundred and sixty fathoms—about sixteen per cent. Sixty-four miles to the Telegraph House.

At noon received signals from the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out from her nine hundred and forty miles of the cable.

Passed this morning several icebergs.

Made the land off the entrance to Trinity Bay at 8 A.M. Entered Trinity Bay at 12.30 P.M.

At 22:0 P.M., ship's time, stopped sending signals to the *Agamemnon* for the purpose of making a splice, and at 2:40 P.M., ship's time, commenced sending signals again to the *Agamemnon.* At 5 P.M. saw her Majesty's steamer *Porcupine* coming to us. At 7.30 P.M., Captain Otter, of the *Porcupine,* came on board the *Niagara* to pilot us to the anchorage near the Telegraph House.

Thursday August 5.—At 1:45 A.M. the *Niagara* anchored. Distance run since noon yesterday, sixty-four miles. Amount of cable paid out, sixty-six miles three hundred and fifty-three fathoms, being a loss of less than four per cent.

Total amount of cable paid out since the splice was made, one thousand and sixteen miles six hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run, eight hundred and eighty-two miles. Total amount of cable payed out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-four miles and six hundred fathoms, being a surplus of about fifteen per cent.

At 2 A.M. went ashore in a small boat and informed the persons in charge of the Telegraph House—half a mile from the landing—that the telegraph fleet had arrived, and were ready to land the end of the cable.

At 2:45 A.M. received a signal from the *Agamemnon* that she had paid out one thousand and ten miles of the cable.

At 5:15 A.M. the telegraph cable was landed. At 6 A.M. the shore end of the cable was carried into the Telegraph House and a strong current of electricity received through the whole cable from the other side of the Atlantic. Captain Hudson then read prayers and made some remarks.

At 1 P.M. H. M. steamer *Gorgon* fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and all the day was discharging the cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company.

Friday, August 6.—Have been receiving all day strong electric signals from the Telegraph House in Valentia.

LATEST FROM TRINITY BAY.

Note.—We landed here in the woods. Until the telegraph instruments are all ready and perfectly adjusted communication can not pass between the two continents, but the electric currents are received freely. You shall have the earliest intimation when all is ready, but it may be some days before every thing is perfected. The first telegraphic message between Europe and America will be from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and the second his reply.

Cyrus W. Field.

The special correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"The telegraph apparatus is nearly all up, and before the *Niagara* reaches New York you may expect messages from Europe.

"*The electric current is perfect.*

"That part of the ocean near this coast where the cable is laid is north of the Banks, and in water so deep that the icebergs can not affect it, while the water in Trinity Bay, at the head of which the station is located, and which is sixty miles from the entrance, is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred fathoms deep.

"Mr. Field has received congratulatory dispatches from the President of the United States, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Governor-General of Canada, the Governor of New Brunswick, and from all parts of the Union.

"A dispatch from Baltimore asks if it is true that the cable is laid, for they can't believe it. Yes, friends, the cable is laid.

"You can not imagine the intense anxiety and suspense on board the *Niagara* during the whole time the cable was being laid, for negligence in a single action for one moment might have ruined the whole enterprise.

"The telegraph operators here have named this place Cyrus Station, in honor of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The nearest village is fifteen miles off, and the nearest house five miles distant. The backward state of things here is attributable to the want of confidence every body felt in the success of the enterprise."

SHARK-FISHING.

A party of gentlemen from Providence, Rhode Island, left on Thursday morning last to try their luck at shark-fishing down the bay. After partaking of the clams and chowder at Portsmouth Grove, and spending a few hours at that delightful spot, they took their boat, and under the direction of a gentleman of Providence famous for his skill in killing sharks, crossed over to a spot well known to him, where these voracious fishes are in the habit of congregating. After a little more than two hours the party took twenty-three sharks, the largest of which measured six feet seven inches in length, and was supposed to weigh about 150 pounds. This, as well as some of the others, required the united strength of three men to get him safe over the gunwale of the boat.

HOW A MAN'S WIFE WAS KISSED.

The Aledo *Record* gets off a good one in regard to a citizen of Iowa, whose wife, in his absence, while giving him a glass of water, had been kissed by a drover. When he heard of the outrage, he started at once in pursuit, found the drover after a hard day's ride, and accused him of the theft. The drover admitted the truth of the soft impeachment—said he had been a long time from home, was sorely tempted, and in an unguarded moment of frenzy purloined the kiss; but that he had not damaged the woman in the smallest particular—was very sorry—thought it was no matter to make a great ado about, and begged to be excused. The husband finally concluded that this was the right view of the matter, and agreed to settle upon the receipt of $5 for his day's ride. This being satisfactory all around, the drover handed over a $10 bill, and received $5 in change. But when the aggrieved benedict returned home and consulted his detector, he found the bill a counterfeit. He found he had suffered the indignity of having his wife kissed by a "nasty drover," passed one day in the saddle, and lost $5, and concluded that it didn't pay.

LOVE IN THE CARS.

The editor of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* is informed of a singular adventure which occurred on the passenger train of cars arriving at Harrisburg from the East, on Saturday evening last. In one of the cars a young gentleman was seated, apparently deeply occupied in reading a book he held in his hand until he got to Lancaster. At this place a very handsome young lady entered the cars and took a seat opposite to him. Before she had been long in the train the eyes of both met, and they recognized one another as old acquaintances when young, having been separated by their parents moving apart—those of the one to the West, and the other to Philadelphia. The two soon became enrapt in earnest conversation, fell ardently in love with one another, and by the time they arrived at Harrisburg had resolved to be united as man and wife, and travel on their journey to the lady's home together. Accordingly, they took lodgings at a hotel, sent for a minister, and were united in the bonds of connubial bliss, and taking the next train, were off on their bridal tour. The *Telegraph's* informant says he is acquainted with the parties, and that they both occupy high positions in society.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A lady at Dubuque, boarding at the Tremont House, was the happy owner of a dress of unusual magnificence and value. It had been her wedding-robe, and had cost over $500. The lace, of which it was partly composed and decorated, was of the finest point, of the most delicate finish, and of the highest price, while the fabric of the dress itself was matchless for its elegance. Although a number of months had elapsed since her wedding the lady had never worn this beautiful dress but once, but had kept it carefully laid away in one of her trunks. On the 4th of July a servant-girl belonging to the hotel went clandestinely to this lady's room, and in her absence opened her trunks, and selected this $500 dress as the one which pleased her fancy the most. Taking it to her own room she arrayed herself therein, and proceeded to the National Garden, where she spent the entire day.

She returned at night, slipped up to the lady's room again, replaced the dress in the trunk, and skulked away again.

No discovery was made of this fact until a day or two since, when the lady opened the trunk containing the dress, having made up her mind to wear it to a wedding-party that evening. What was her horror, on taking out her beautiful dress, to find the skirt of it all bedraggled with mud, the front stained with the drippings of lager beer, the breast bearing the impress of the hands of the amorous swains with whom the girl had whirled through the mazes of the waltz, and the lace torn and soiled beyond redemption!

An examination set on foot soon brought out the facts in the case, and the ambitious maid will be brought up this afternoon to receive her punishment.

TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Mr. D. M'Phail gives the following particulars of an encounter with a bear, which took place in the township of Fullarton, on Wednesday, the 14th ult. On the morning of the day mentioned, Mr. James Foster, farmer, on lot No. 4 West Mitchell Road, heard a hog making considerable noise, and sent his son George, a lad of some fifteen years of age, to see what was the matter; when, on running to the scene of trouble, the lad saw what he supposed to be a large black dog belonging to Mr. M'Phail (on whose land the combat was being waged) tearing at the neck of a hog belonging to Mr. M'Phail; and, with the intention of releasing his pigship, threw a stick at the ruthless aggressor, when, to his consternation, a huge bear, instead of the supposed dog, relinquished his hold upon the hog and made for himself. Being totally unarmed, and no assistance within a quarter of a mile, he at once made for a small iron-wood tree, of about five inches diameter. Having got up the tree, what was his terror when he saw the huge bear pursuing him hastily up the branches of the sapling. Having recovered his breath he screamed for help, and, in order to retard the progress of his assailant, began to shake the sapling; but Bruin had clutched the branches with an iron grip, and evidently calculated upon a dainty morsel for breakfast, and continued to raise paw after paw on the branches, till he approached so near as to be almost within reach. The poor lad screamed lustily, and endeavored to break off some of the branches by kicking them down with his bare feet. In this he partially succeeded, when the bear made a vigorous stretch of her muscles and seized the lad by the foot, sinking one of her fangs under the ball of the great toe on the right foot, and slightly scratching the side of the foot with her other nipper teeth. At this juncture the shaking to and fro of the sapling, with their united weight upon it, caused it to bend over until the top nearly approached the ground, when providentially the monster lost his hold, and young Foster, bravely clinging to his grasp with unshaken nerve, was elevated by the rising of the sapling. Bruin, however, did not lose her determination to feast upon his body, and again sprang to the tree, but was evidently too much fatigued to rise on so slender a ladder.

THE TABLES TURNED ON BRUIN.

At this stage of the contest, the boy's father reached the spot, and saw the huge monster standing on her hind

legs, her body extended up the tree, growling fiercely, the lad nearly exhausted, clinging to the tree, only a few feet up, with the blood streaming from his lacerated foot. On approaching to the rescue of his son the infuriated beast turned upon him; but he with a club in hand showed a bold front although out of breath with running. His eldest son now arrived from another part of the farm, when they succeeded in rescuing George from his retreat. Meanwhile several other persons arrived on the spot, and a lad was dispatched for Messrs. William and Walter Walcom, who were soon on the spot, with a dog of more than usual size and courage, which immediately seized the bear by the root of the ear, and in the struggle brought him to the ground. Bruin now got hold on the shoulder of the dog, and nipped him so tight as to make him relinquish his hold. But the courage of Bruin gave way, and she made an attempt to tree, when "Keeper" again seized her by the thigh and brought her back. She now made for a large elm, and ascended some forty-five feet, and perched in a crotch to scan her assailants. A man was then dispatched for two Nimrods, who, by a joint attack both in front and rear, brought her bearship to the ground by a well-directed fire.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. John M. Wood, M. C. for the 1st District of Maine, having sued an ex-editor of a newspaper, of which he is proprietor, for advances of money, the editor puts in, as a set-off for the claim, a bill for getting up for his (Wood's) use a letter of acceptance and a speech of acknowledgment at the time of his election to Congress. Mr. Wood repels, in strong terms, the imputation implied by the bill in offset, and says that "the charges preferred and the records made on the court files by the *ingrate* Carter were both concocted with the deliberate purpose of extorting *black mail*, or, in other words, to deter the undersigned from endeavoring to collect money advanced by him to said Carter."

Three ladies, residing in the same square, at Washington, recently presented their husbands with seven interesting responsibilities—two with twins, and the third with three children.

The *Church Record*, a religious weekly in Chicago, says: "During a visit to Mr. Healy, a few days since, we saw, among a number of new and attractive pictures in his studio, those of John Adams and Franklin Pierce, being the third and fourth of the series of full-length portraits of the Presidents that he is executing for the Government. As before mentioned to our readers, they are intended to be hung in the principal apartment of the White House. Mr. Healy's rooms are open to his friends every Thursday afternoon."

A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal* writes from Denville, Kentucky, July 27, that the body of Mr. Cooper, the Greek Professor in Centre College, was found hanging on a tree in the college grounds. "He had been very melancholy and appeared in very great distress the evening previous to his death, supposed to have been caused by the hearing of some very melancholy news from his home in Ohio. His mind was somewhat impaired for some time before his death; only a few days before he became almost wholly incompetent to hear his recitations." This is suspected to be a student's hoax by the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

A gentleman of Cincinnati, while riding a calico pony through the streets of Newport, Kentucky, was stopped by a woman who ran out of a house and inquired of him what was a cure for whooping cough? The gentleman mentioned some remedy that was familiar to him, and added that he was not a physician. "Oh no," said the woman, "I didn't take you for one; but I have heard that whatever a person riding such a horse as you are say is a cure is one, and my children are sick." Can any person tell us where this superstition originated, or when?

Dr. A. P. Beigler, of Rochester, who was sent to Auburn State Prison for seven years for causing the death of Amelia Murr by abortion, died in prison on Monday.

A detective officer, from Chicago, fell asleep while traveling over the Alton Railroad a few days since, and some light-fingered fellow actually stole his boots!

Chancellor Lathrop having resigned his office as head of the University at Madison, Wisconsin, the Board of Regents elected Henry Barnard, LL.D., of Hartford, Connecticut, to fill the vacancy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The Jew Bill passed on the 21st, and Baron Rothschild took his seat in the House of Commons amidst loud cheers. On 22d, the India bill was finally passed. The Archbishop of Canterbury expressed a hope that in future the distinctions of caste in India would cease to exist. The Earl of Derby said Government would give indiscriminate and impartial protection to all creeds and religions, but would give no material assistance to any measure for converting the natives. He thought it would be most undesirable to attempt to remove the distinctions of caste, which were so interwoven with the principles and feelings of the Hindoo.

In the House of Lords on 26th, Lord Lyndhurst called attention to the right of search question, and asked for the correspondence relative to the negotiation on the subject with the United States. Lord Malmesbury said that an arrangement calculated to put a stop to the traffic in slaves under the cover of the American flag, and at the same time to avoid all causes of misunderstanding between the two nations, was in course of preparation, and would, he believed, accomplish the desired object.

A KING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A London paper says: "On Friday night there was seen the unusual spectacle of a veritable negro, black as a coal, sitting in the place of honor under the gallery which is set apart for the peers of England when they come down to listen to the debates in the Commons' House. The appearance of this gentleman in such a place excited a good deal of attention, and it was generally thought to be a mistake to place him there. 'Surely,' it was said, 'the gallery for strangers was good enough for a nigger; but to place him among peers was an error.' But on inquiry being made it was found that the colored gentleman bears a higher title than the proudest peer—for he is a veritable king; and not a king clogged by constitutional forms, but as despotic in his dominions as Louis Napoleon is in France—nay, more, for he is absolute; his will is law, and the life and property of every subject are entirely at his mercy. He is King of Bonny, on the western coast of Africa; and whom he will he can set up, and whom he will he can put down. His Majesty is an old man, and somewhat paralyzed in his limbs. He was introduced into the House by our metropolitan monarch, Mr. Thwaites. He talks English well, and his sway is as benevolent as it is despotic, we understand. One of his achievements deserves record. He has put down cannibalism in his dominions, and taught his subjects to feed upon the fruits of the earth instead of devouring one another."

FAILURE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The shareholders of the Eastern Steam Company have again discussed whether there are any means to raise sufficient capital to finish the *Great Eastern*, or whether she is to lie permanently, like the *Dreadnaught*, in the Thames, and ultimately, perhaps, be turned to similar use as a huge floating hospital, or be moored at Gravesend as a marine barrack or an emigrants' hotel. £220,000 must be obtained before she can start as a passenger vessel, and of this amount £95,000 consists of actual debts, for which the ship is liable, and which, under any circumstances, must be paid immediately. The recent offer on the part of the Company to grant annuities of £5 for eight years for a payment of £20, although excellent in principle, has not been responded to either by the shareholders or the public; and resolutions were accordingly adopted yesterday for the formation of a committee to devise some new plan. The directors, including Sir Joseph Paxton, who has only lately joined the concern to see what can best be done for the proprietors, have used every effort to extricate it from its difficult position: and even those who have been connected with it from the first were, doubtless, wholly misled as to the possible expenditure. It seems hard, therefore, that when so grand an experiment is ready for fulfillment it should be stopped indefinitely by the want of a sum like that now sought, and that from this cause the whole of what has already been expended may prove to have been thrown away.

HOW TO RECRUIT FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

A gentleman who has recently returned from Australia stated the other day in public, that in Victoria alone there were no less than 20,000 male convicts, who were kept in chains and supported at an expense of about £300,000 a year to Great Britain; and he suggested that if those 20,000 persons were formed into twenty regiments of 1000 strong, and conveyed to India, they would be a valuable auxiliary to the forces there, and would likely fight the insurgents like "bull dogs."

MR. THACKERAY'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Thackeray has got into a squabble with another literary man. The correspondent of the *Times* thus tells the story: "Mr. Yates and Mr. Thackeray are fellow-members of the 'Garrick Club,' to which the better class of London Bohemians mainly resort; but they had, I believe, no particular personal relations of any sort. Mr. Yates being thus familiarized with the person and external ways of Mr. Thackeray, availed himself of the columns of a small weekly newspaper, hight the *Town Talk*, to publish therein what the *Saturday Review* calls a 'photograph' of the illustrious novelist. I inclose you a copy of the journal, and you will agree with me that the picture is by no means an agreeable one. It is, in fact, just such a picture as no wise man would willfully bring under the inspection of any 'friend' subject to the natural infirmities of human feeling—for it is a *caricature with resemblance*. But Mr. Thackeray forgot the wisdom of his own social lessons in the wrath of the moment, and wrote Mr. Yates a rather fierce and intemperate letter, demanding an apology. Mr. Yates replied, acknowledging that he regretted giving offense to Mr. Thackeray, but that he could not possibly 'retract or apologize' in the face of a letter such as he had just received. Thereupon Mr. Thackeray carried the case before the Committee of the Garrick Club, where it was taken up warmly by Mr. Dickens (I regret to say) in antagonism to Mr. Thackeray, vehemently discussed, and finally decided by a vote requesting Mr. Yates's resignation. Of course, the natural consequence of all this is, that every body has now read what scarcely any body had else ever seen."

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

A family in Belgravia (says the *Court Circular*) has been plunged into great grief from melancholy and most singular circumstances. When Sir Colin Campbell left England many brave and manly hearts accompanied him, among whom was the eldest son of a reverend prelate high in the Church. This young gentleman left a lady behind him to whom he was passionately attached and had promised to marry. Her fortune being small, the clerical dignitary threatened to disinherit his son if he did; and to alienate his affections from the party in question he was sent to India. His father charged him at his departure never to think of her more if he wished to be remembered by him. The lover got safe to his destination, but his heart beat with undiminished affection. He could not avoid communicating his constancy, and wrote to his beloved, assuring her that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parent should ever banish the tender recollection of their reciprocal passion. Having occasion at the same time to write to his father for additional supplies, he demanded them on the ground that he had renounced his mistress forever. By a most unfortunate accident the two letters came to England misdirected—the one intended for the parent falling into the hands of the lady, and that intended for the lady into those of the parent. The latter, on receipt of his epistle, sent back such an indignant answer as fully awakened the son to the consequences of the fatal mistake he had made in the direction of the letters. Fully alive to the finest sensibilities, and not able to combat a feeling of shame for the unintentional error he had committed, he shot himself.

FRANCE.

THE EMPRESS REWARDS THE HEROINE OF DJIDDA.

On the arrival of the accounts from the coast of Araby describing how that gallant girl Mademoiselle Eveillard, after the massacre of her father, the French consul, and her mother, whom she valiantly defended, killing a fanatic and fighting her way to the *Cyclops*, the Empress Eugenie at once declared she would act as a mother to her, and provide her with a suitable marriage portion. The maid of Djidda will now take rank with Judith of Bethulia, Celia of the Tiber, and the maids of Saragossa and of Orleans.

AMPHIBIOUS SOLDIERS.

The Paris papers say that several regiments of the Guard were exercised on Saturday morning, the 17th, in the Champ de Mars, under the command of General Melinet. During the manœuvres 200 of the 2d Regiment of Grenadiers were ordered to swim across the Seine just below the Point d'Iena, and to discharge their muskets, as they did so, at an enemy supposed to be on the opposite bank. This movement was well-executed, and without any accident.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says: "The Emperor has just made a present of 5000 francs to a private in the line, who asserts he has discovered a solution for the great problem in aeronautics—the art of flying. He has invented a kind of air ship, consisting of a platform of silk stretched over whalebone, to be propelled by two gigantic wings of the same material, placed on each side. The aerial navigator is to be suspended at a distance of about four feet from the platform, while his feet rest on pedals, by means of which the wings are set in motion, while his arms rest on a lever which imparts to the platform the direction he chooses to give it. Only a model of this machine has yet been constructed, and it appears to work well. Thanks to the Emperor's munificence, it is now about to be constructed on a large scale."

AN EXTRAORDINARY OLD MISER.

The *Courier de Paris* contains the following: "A remarkable instance of the mania for hoarding up money has just been brought to light in the Faubourg St. Germain during the process of taking an inventory after the decease of an old woman, who for many years had lived in a very retired manner in that part of Paris. When the notary, who was engaged in this operation, went down into the cellar to take an account of what the place contained, his attention was attracted to a small opening just over a low door. This door was opened, and the notary found himself in presence of an immense pile of bags of money. In order to take them out and count their contents, he was obliged to send for nearly all the clerks of his office. There were in the bags a quantity of gold and foreign coins, but five-franc pieces formed the principal part of this rich store. Some of the bags were completely rotten, and fell to pieces on being touched. The inventory is not yet completed, but the amount of this treasure is estimated at not less than a million. The origin of this immense fortune is as follows: About ninety years ago a poor Savoyard boy from Chamouni came to Paris, and engaged himself in singing and dancing in the streets, and at other times in sweeping chimneys. At the end of a few years he had saved up a little money, and commenced business on his own account. By dint of industry and economy he at length became a wealthy man, married, and at his death left his widow 80,000 francs a year. She scarcely spent 6000 francs a year, and the remainder she put in bags, and threw through the above-mentioned opening into the sort of cupboard in the cellar, where these thousands of francs remained until she died, at the age of eighty-eight. She had besides purchased several houses, and was the owner of the Théâtre du Luxembourg. By her will she has left 200,000 francs to the hospices of the city of Paris, 300,000 francs to other charitable establishments, 20,000 francs to her servant, and some legacies to distant relatives of her husband, who still live in Savoy. Her notary and *avoué* are instituted her universal legatees."

DEATH IN BALL-DRESS.

The correspondent of the *Picayune* tells the following story: "At this season one hears almost every day of the house-warming of a villa in some neighboring village, as the entrance into possession of a rural residence furnishes one of the best pretexts possible for giving a party. A brilliant festival of this sort was given three days ago on the Fontainebleau railway; and as it was rather more formal than most of the entertainments given at this season of the year, the ladies were all in full dress. Among the guests was a brilliant young wife from Normandy. At two o'clock in the morning she quitted the rural lodge to return to Paris, and as she wore one of the steel cages and the number of petticoats now fashionable, she occupied the carriage alone, there was not room in it for another, and her husband followed in a brougham. At three o'clock in the morning they reached Paris; her husband got out of the brougham and opened the carriage door, calling her: "Pauline! Pauline! here we are at home!" There was no answer. He called again and louder than before, and he shook her by the shoulder. It was cold, strangely cold. "Are you unwell, dear? What is the matter? Speak!" He could gain no reply. Taking down one of the carriage lamps, he entered the carriage and found his wife dead! She had been suffering from an affection of the heart, but the doctors said it was cured; and now coming from a ball, in gay ball attire, with flowers on her head and rouge on her cheeks, death had come all unawares, before she could speak, while she lay dreaming of balls and all the follies of the world. Never does death seem more hideous than when it surprises its victim arrayed to play a part in the frivolous amusements of the hour!"

ANOTHER BALLOON ACCIDENT.

M. Godard, the aeronaut, and his two sons, made a double ascent on the 19th at Amiens. The sons went up together in a new balloon, and being favored with a fine breeze proceeded rapidly in a northerly direction. The one in which M. Godard, Sen., ascended was found to be defective, even while it was being filled, but he, nevertheless, persisted in ascending. He rose to a considerable height, when, from the escape of gas, the balloon was seen to descend with great velocity, amidst cries of alarm from the crowd. Fortunately, the covering of the balloon suddenly flew out, and formed a kind of parachute, and the aeronaut came on the terrace of a house without sustaining more injury than some slight scratches on the forehead and face.

GERMANY.

A JUSTIFIABLE ROBBERY.

At one of the gaming establishments in Germany, Baron de K—— had lost large sums at play, when one morning, on opening his secretary, he found that a sum of 40,000 florins had been abstracted from it, and what made the matter worse was that the thief was an old servant, named Fritz, who, from his long services, was treated as one of the family. The man had disappeared. Some time had elapsed after the discovery, and the young Baron had begun to be somewhat reconciled to the loss, when he one day met the servant walking along composedly in the street. "You rascal!" exclaimed the Baron, going up to the offender; but a knowing smile from Fritz somewhat surprised him. Questions and explanations followed, and the result was the delivery to the Baron of a receipt for the 40,000 florins from his own father, who, Fritz thought, would be a safer banker for his son than the proprietor of the gambling-house.

A STRAY DIAMOND WORTH A MILLION AND A HALF.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says: "During the last few days, a great diamond, the property of some strangers at Laibach, in Carniola, has been much talked of here. The travelers asked 3,000,000 florins ($1,500,000) for their jewel; but the police must have heard something to their disadvantage, as it has had them arrested and brought to this city. The nationality of the possessor of the stone is not known to me, but his two traveling companions are from France."

ITALY.

ESCAPE FROM THE POPE'S DUNGEON.

A feat *à la* Benvenuto Cellini, not to say *à la* Jack Sheppard, has just been performed by a French jeweler and watchmaker, likewise the proprietor of a large mosaic manufactory, long established in Rome, who was arrested by the French authorities on the evening of the festival of St. Peter, charged with having created a disturbance at the Porta del Popolo, insisting on driving in at that gate just before the girandola, and abusing and threatening the French soldiers stationed there. On account of the quarreling and conflicts which just then prevailed between French and Romans, the French general's orders were extremely stringent for the punishment of any such offenders, whether military or civilians, and the jeweler was consequently taken off to the Castle of St. Angelo to be tried by court-martial, a trial which it was generally inferred could not end without a condemnation to prison for a longer or shorter period. Meanwhile the prisoner's wife made every exertion in his behalf, and was upon the point of succeeding, it is said, in softening the severity of the general-in-chief, when the prisoner himself, disgusted with the monotony of Hadrian's Mole, or apprehensive of the result of the court-martial, or fearful that political accusations of anterior date might be reproduced against him to aggravate the case, thought proper to abscond from the safe custody of the French, by raising a part of the floor of his room, dropping into a corridor below, and passing down the winding stairs and out at the castle gate without being challenged by any of the sentries; from which fact it is inferred that he was provided with a military uniform to disarm any suspicion at his appearance. The French general is extremely angry at his escape. He has had all the sentries placed in arrest, and gens d'armes have been busily occupied in searching for the fugitive, whose own premises have been minutely but fruitlessly ransacked.

SWEDEN.

ROMANTIC FATE OF A LIBELER.

It was mentioned some time since that M. Lindalh, editor of the *Faedernesandel*, of Stockholm, had been condemned to be beheaded for having accused a young lady of that city of a horrible crime (the nature of which, however, was not stated). On the 2d of July, which was the day fixed for his execution, he said to his friends who were with him in the prison, "I am about to suffer a death which I have merited, and you will at least see that I die with courage." He then took some papers from a table and gave them into the care of the chaplain. One letter, sealed with black, was in a Bible; he took it out, and placed it in his bosom. "You will take this letter," he said, "after my death, and deliver it to the person to whom it is addressed. Now, gentlemen, let us go." "Very well, Sir," replied the director of the prison, "unless you apply for pardon to Mademoiselle Mendelsohn, who has the power to grant it and spare your life." "Proceed, gentlemen," said Lindalh, and at the same time taking the arm of the chaplain, with whom he conversed in a low tone, he descended the stair-case of the prison, and with a firm step crossed the court-yard which led to the platform where the scaffold had been erected, and where the block and the executioner with his axe were in readiness. Twelve persons, as required by the law, were present as witnesses. Lindalh stopped at the foot of the steps leading up to the scaffold, when his hands were tied behind him and his eyes bandaged. He then said, "Farewell, gentlemen; to those who have seen my life be careful to relate my death and my repentance," and began to ascend the steps. In a moment he felt his hands released and the bandage removed from his eyes; and, turning round, saw that it had been done by Mademoiselle Mendelsohn. "M. Lindalh," she said, "I pardon you!" He threw himself at her feet, and taking the letter from his bosom gave it to her, saying, "I accept your pardon, for my last thought was to implore it from your kindness; I felt sure that you would at least give it at my tomb."

NEW DANGERS FROM HOOPS.

The medical attendant of the Princess of Gothland asserts that crinoline is the reason that accouchements have lately become so dangerous and difficult. He adds, that this fashion is the source of a vast number of chills, the consequences of which are always almost mortal. If this gentleman is to be credited, crinoline has as many deaths to answer for in Sweden as the cholera.

RUSSIA.

PROGRESS OF THE EMANCIPATION SCHEME.

The Emperor has arrived at St. Petersburg from his visit to Archangel. The Central Committee for the Emancipation of the Serfs has drawn up regulations for the organization and administration of the rural communes, and for fixing the relations between the nobles and the serfs. This was done by the direction of the Government, and the Central Committee confided the task to a certain number of its body. The organization recommended is of such a nature that, if adopted, it would render the emancipation of the serfs perfectly illusory, and would therefore produce consequences of the greatest gravity. For example, it is enacted that each seigniorial estate shall form a commune, and that the noble owner shall be the chief of it. Each commune is to have an administration. One of its duties will be to divide the lands awarded by the noble, to impose taxes, and to decide on the admission of new, or the departure of old members of the commune. But no admission can be made, and no permission whatever to leave be granted, except with the express consent of the noble; and most of its decisions are not to be valid unless confirmed by him. In cases of insolence, disorder, or drunkenness, the noble can, of his own sole authority, inflict punishment not exceeding ten blows from a rod or three days' imprisonment. The chief of the commune can, in his absence, transfer all his powers to his steward. The project seems intended to fulfill a threat which many of the nobles make, and that is, to cause the situation of the serf to be not only no better, but even worse than before the emancipation.

INTENSE SPECULATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

From the following extract of a letter from St. Petersburg, in the *Nord*, it appears that a speculating mania prevails in that city: "In passing the other day before a house in the Great Morskaia, I perceived numerous carriages stationed before the door, and up and down the street, with bodies of police, gens d'armes on horseback, and all the other indications of a numerous meeting. On inquiry I learned that the assemblage was caused by the putting up for sale of the shares of a new company of insurance against fire. The sale had been announced for two o'clock—it was then not quite ten—and yet while I was waiting it was announced that all the shares, 9000 in number, had been disposed of. Presently men rushed from the house in disorder, some of them with their clothes torn; and one of them told me that a great many had bribed the porter of the house, paying for permission to sleep on the stair-case, in order to be the first to reach the office in the morning. In addition to this, promises of shares were sold in the street at a premium of 20 and 25 per cent."

CROATIA.

MORE MOSLEM OUTRAGES ON CHRISTIANS.

A letter from Szisreck (Croatia), on the frontiers of Bosnia, of July 11, says: "We are most anxiously expecting the Archduke Leopold, who is now inspecting the fortifications of Agram, and whose presence is very necessary to the taking of measures for placing all this country in a state of security. Within the last two days upward of six thousand Christian rayahs from Bosnia have taken refuge on the Austrian territory, flying from the Turks, who commit all sorts of violence and excesses. These unfortunate people state that between the 20th and 28th of June more than one hundred and eighty young Christian girls were carried off by Turkish soldiers, and that after this outrage the fanatics devastated churches and pillaged houses. The Christians, who were some time since disarmed by Omar Pacha, defended themselves as they best could with plowshares, scythes, and pitchforks, and for a time they made a good face against their assailants, but on July 8, they were completely defeated and put to flight, with their women and children. Our authorities received them kindly, and distributed provisions among them.

TURKEY.

HOW THE PORTE PROPOSES TO COMPENSATE THE CHRISTIAN VICTIMS.

"It is related in diplomatic circles," says the *Journal du Havre*, "that Fuad Pacha has informed Count Walewski and Lord Cowley that the Porte is ready to pay Mademoiselle Eveillard, by way of indemnity, a sum of 150,000 francs, and a similar sum to the family of Mr. Page, the English vice-consul."

FANATICISM IN CANDIA.

A letter from Canea, in Candia, gives the following details of the late events in that town, mentioned by telegraph: "On the evening of the 2d, a Mussulman shopkeeper was murdered in his shop by a Greek, assisted, it is said, by two accomplices. The Greek was immediately arrested, brought to trial before the council, and, as he confessed his guilt, condemned to death. A capital judgment requires the consent of the chief of the Turkish religion, and the Mollah gave it, but in the regular form, that is, with the proviso that the judgment should not be executed until after an appeal to Constantinople. When the murder of the Mussulman by the Greek became known, great agitation was caused among the Mussulman population. A crowd assembled in front of the shop of the victim, and uttered menaces of death against all Christians, and bands paraded the streets crying out for vengeance. They accordingly proceeded, carrying the body with them, to the place of meeting of the council, and clamorously demanded that the assassin should be delivered up. An extraordinary scene then took place in the council. Vely Pacha refused to sign the necessary order; Bedran Pacha, formerly a Kurdish chief, said he would sooner see his three sons die before him than consent to such a piece of cowardice; and Remzy Effendi also refused to sign. All at once reports of musketry were heard in front of the house; the people were firing, not on the troops, who were drawn up in the rear, but in the air. Ahmet Pacha jumped up angrily, and cried to Vely Pacha, 'Pacha, see the result of your disobedience to my orders—sign, then, I tell you!' 'You may do what you will,' answered Vely Pacha, 'but I will not sign!' 'Well, then, I care not for your signature,' cried Ahmet, in a great rage; 'let the Greek be given up, let him be strangled, and let him be dragged to the market-place!' No sooner were these words uttered than Ahmet's servants, together with a number of the populace, rushed to the prison—they had no cord, and an officer of the Imperial navy, specially attached to Ahmet, cut off a cord which was round a trunk, and gave it them. The prison doors were then broken open, and in a few moments the unfortunate Greek was strangled. The dead body, with the chains in which the man had been bound still attached to it, was then for the long space of two hours dragged about the streets of the town, by a furious and horrible crowd, shouting and yelling. This crowd in its progress stopped before the European consulates, and shouted, 'Hurrah! Let us show to these dogs that we also can obtain what we demand!' The stay before the French consulate having been rather long, Chefik Effendi, one of the members of the council, cried, 'Go on! Drag along the dog!' and the horrible *cortége* continued its course."

INDIA.

SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS FROM HEAT.

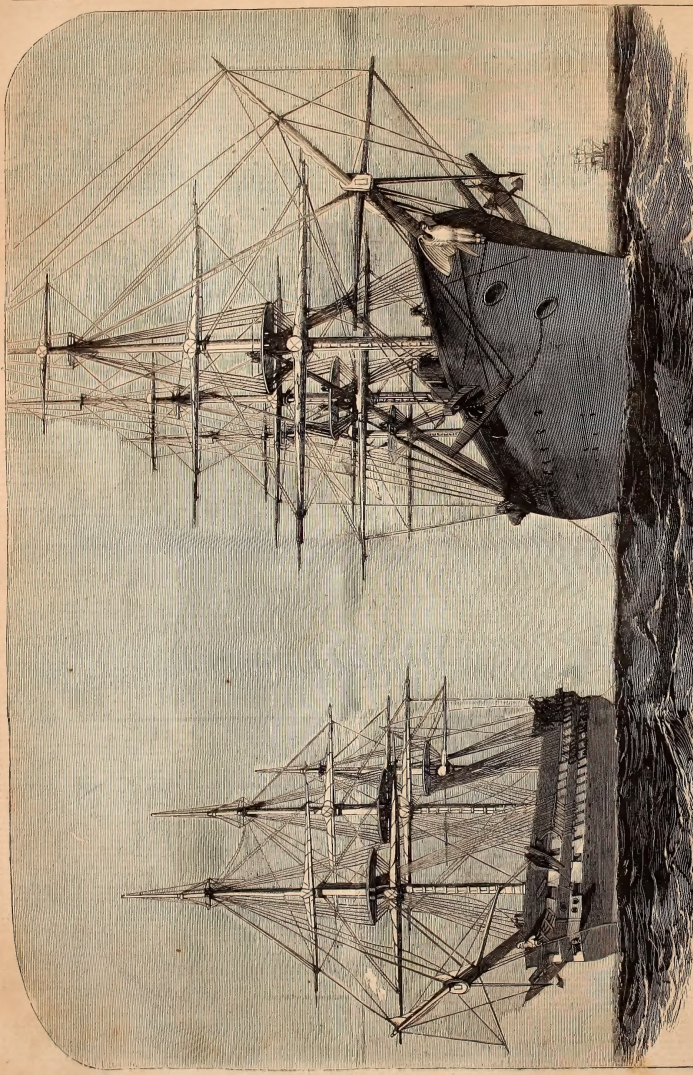
The India dates are of Calcutta to June 19. Oude was still very unsettled. The heat was terrific, and the British troops had suffered greatly. The sun has been more deadly than the enemy. The troops are being housed until the fierce heat is over. The season is the hottest known for twenty-five years.

CHINA.

CAPTURE OF THE PEI-HO FORTS.

Advices from China are to the 1st of June, and contain full accounts of the capture of the forts in the Pei-ho.

Negotiations having failed, the Chinese were attacked on the 19th of May by the English and French, and the forts captured with much loss. The Chinese fought well. Ninety-eight guns were captured. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be very heavy.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION—THE "AGAMEMNON" AND "NIAGARA" LAYING THE CABLE IN MID OCEAN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION—THE "NIAGARA" AND THE "AGAMEMNON" IN THE GALE.—[See First Page.]

PET WORMS.

THAT is a funny name for a story, isn't it? Can you interest some pets? Well, I suppose not; but I actually knew two little girls who were enthusiastic fond of some worms which they cherished and fed, and kept in wooden boxes, with great care.

I don't think myself it was very natural to fall in love with worms; but these little friends of mine chose to have something different from common pets; and so they decided on worms, as being very unique.

I never heard that these *eloquatens* returned the care and pains bestowed upon them with the least affection or gratitude; but they adopted not a whit the devotion of their little mistresses.

The children lived opposite each other; and early in the morning, if sometimes heard the one calling across the road, and then the two voices, melodiously, talked in sympathetic confidence.

"Orly think, Edith! Ella Clark told Mary Fay that she thought we were the silliest girls she ever knew to be so fond of two *filthy* worms!"

"Ella has never kept one, and so, of course, she knows nothing about the pleasure we feel, dearie! Besides, they are not dirty—they are perfectly clean. Oh, see mine! It is crawling round the edge of the box. Perhaps it is going down to the battlement castle."

"Yes, I guess so. And just see mine; it wants to come too. Will you let it walk on the edge of your box?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; they will be happier playing together. Jenny, suppose we name our worms?"

"Well *(gratefully)*, suppose we do! I will call mine Wriggle."

"And mine shall be named *Cruelty*."

"Oh! what nice, appropriate names!"

Then, you see, Edith and Jenny really enjoyed their pets with all the earnestness of their natures.

Now it is always the case where you love and receive as much love and affection as you can, gradually dies away; so the ardor of their feeling began to diminish when, after several days of tender care, they found that Messrs. Wriggle and Cruely showed no signs of attachment, but, on the contrary, lay more languidly than ever in the sand on the bottom of their boxes.

It was at this stage of affairs that, one morning, I overheard another conversation between the two little friends.

"Jenny dear, don't you admire canary birds and parrots, and such things?"

"Oh, yes, dear Edith! They always get to tame and affectionate when you take good care of them."

A pause.

"Jenny, do you love your worm as you once did?"

"*I am afraid* I don't, Edith. Do you?"

"No, I declare not."

Another pause.

"Will you throw yours away if I'll throw mine away?"

"Why—no. Edith—I would rather not throw it away; because we have all our time and care will have been thrown away too."

"Well, then, what shall we do? Keep them, and try to love them again?"

"Yes—no—I have thought of a plan, Edith. Let us set our worms to bring us each a bird in a cage. They have been how faithful we have been to our worms, and will be very willing, I am sure, to trust us with the care of more valuable creatures; then our labor will have been for a use."

"How, Jenny? I don't see."

"Don't you? Why, just as the farmer cares for and fattens the pigs and his ducks to feed his little children, just so we will have a fattened worm to feed our birds."

Edith was charmed, and they both ran to their papas, who were talking together at the gate, to beg of them this favor. The result was their bringing out, at night, to each little daughter, a beautiful wire cage, containing, one, a fine mocking-bird, and the other, a pretty German lark.

The children thought these were pets worth having; and the birds, they believed they had found first-rate quarters, when, early next morning, they were each presented with a *fine collected* worm, which neither lost any time in devouring, and stood upon their perches with wide, expectant eyes, waiting for more.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I first came to Woodside, I came as curate, for the incumbent was near ninety years of age, and very infirm. I had a large population and a year, and the little cottage that is now in ruins close by the old church, to live in, and never dreamed to have done better. That would have been enough and to spare, indeed—without my good wife here and the four little children of course, who then were not in the question—for the place is not a dear one as to living. The Brent, which you have seen, runs by our door, supplied me well with trout, and I was my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too, were always laid for me at the Squire's board; and on Sundays, without exception, I was there to tea then. No more bluff country magnate was Mr. Markham!

A test of the gentle-man and of the
A eater of huge mutton and of pine,
And pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Or rather, he had all the qualities of such a man, and more besides: a good scholar, an elegant musician, and a gentleman, as I discovered at the first glance of my library. Latin and Greek the classics and knew the literature of his own land also at least as well; she played on flute and violin divinely; and who, when lords and bishops and county families rayed round his table, remembered not the low—a virtue very rare in humble imitators of Woodlouse. Of his real worth and goodness I need not say more. I have him by my right hand, his kindly heart, as dear even to speak of, being one proof of them, not stronger than I could give of hundreds of others, nor indeed intimated, although it affects myself. The Sunday after poor Mr. Melville died, he preached from the desk, as usual, at the Grange; and, as was natural, our talk fell, after dinner, upon his loss and on the future vicar.

"I have appointed one in my own mind," said Mr. Markham, "and if he chooses to accept the living—as there is no reason whatever for delaying—he will read himself in within the month or so. He is a young cavalier, as he pretends to be, and is well liked by them."

"I fear, then, he will yet want a curate since the parish is so small?"

"No; I fear not, Crawley. We shall be sorry to lose you, although we see as little of each other; but I will have you in my eye to sure, at least, for a time, to whom you can make some how more than they do in mine." And so we parted company for that time with a hearty handshake.

Ah, what a wife that Mrs. Markham was! a fair Hilda—sweet, gentle, and loving—and she doted o'er with gold, and wearing her thirty summers like a flower. She, with her pleasant smile, was the first person to tell me of the wealth was up that I myself was the new vicar of Woodlouse. Her husband delighted to have me to tea; but it was she who was sure to send for me when there was any thing to be done. I can not sure that the greatest gift of all to thank them for; and they were the first friends as spouses of my own heart. Ahout two years after I had been installed as vicar, I began to observe a great strangeness in Mrs. Markham. She was absent, and, with it, was abstracted—especially if by her husband—wastes visibly, and took no part in her pleasant ways. You, Squire did not see this; she had always a smile in great hion with, however she might look to others. And would not have noticed it myself, but that was regarding her, with a concentration of affection I has gone unnoticed by the rest of the family. One thing was this: the Squire's fortune being very large, his wife had a most liberal allowance, and kept quite a little establishment of her own. For this, therefore, besides those that were in common with his, were extensive. Every person employed there, and even that which I was justified in giving, I had been accustomed to apply to her as readily as to him. Let now for more than fortnight—and then all together ceased. She parted, under some frivolous pretense, with her carriage and horses, for a time being rather fastidious and choice in her attire, she chose to dress with great simplicity, and almost all the gold from about her person disappeared also. One night she was singing with us in the hall, as usual, a song of Schubert's, and in the midst of it sang a hundred times before, when her voice suddenly trembled, as though her heart was breaking, and she burst into a fit of tears. I was one of those exquisite maladies of Burns upon the domestic affections, and Mrs. Markham was deeply affected the afterward of that excessive fondness of his wife's for him who, he saw, he mistook a stone from the north to spend some time with them—a quiet elderly lady, very excellent, but not at any time fitted as her brother was to succeed her. We two struck up an acquaintance very soon, and the Squire was wont to make frequent allusions to it, of which would have been embarrassing from any lady else. She soon filled up, in some measure, that position Lady Bonsfield let vacant by which Mrs. Markham had abdicated—although I confess I sometimes called the guardianship in question—and if I were not thoroughly convinced of the badness of her late husband, that she was regretting his loss."

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs. Markham having lost ever a widow, and I expressed my surprise strongly.

"Indeed" said my companion. "I had made certain that they had intruded you with that revelation; but since you are aware of such as you, may now just as well know all."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MARSHAM, whom, you remember, even at this time, charming and almost perfect as she appears, to be extraordinarily sensitive and unessential affections, had married Jane Raby, principal to the last degree. She eloped at school, at the age of seventeen, with an adventurer named Heathcote, who was not even worth myself, but I have been told that he was a most entertaining companion, gifted with some attractive personal and talents. After living together a short time in great unhappiness, as far as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and never came back to her cruelties. He did not appear again for years. He must have wanted the money, however, for he contracted the horror and absolute loathing which she entertained for him. I do not know that she did so, and would that wonderful as for her own. He has openly boasted that 'he had not married a millionaire to be starving,' but for her money—if not at the moment which secured to her her property, the very day on which she became of age, brought him to her side again. She bought him off with ruinous, then and at many other times, as the Squire suspected, and I myself knew, for he was a savage, and with the like result—he became more frequent and more frequent in his demands. So far I say that he was a systematic gambler and a drunkard, I believe that I have mentioned only his failings and his vices. Of her origin and connections only remained to her, when he required of her a fresh bribe, she refused him, and he was the luckiest thing in the world. Heathcote altered the 'sins' upon the order to 'five,' and the number '200' to '2,000,' and sent it to Jane Heathcote by the commission of a felony. The next time that this fellow came to see me—his visits were not few enough—Mr. Raby had a policeman in waiting for him.

"If," said that gentleman, 'you ever again attempt to practise upon my unhappy sister, I will report you for the term of your natural life. You may thank her that I will not do so now for your just punishment this time. If it rested with me only—and luckily the proof of your penal crimes is in my possession—you would be 'starving' you should be shipped off as soon as law could ship you." Heathcote departed a good deal, and I believe to obtain an interview with his poor wife; but Mr. Raby was firm. He told him out one hundred pounds per annum, and allowed them in a cover whereupon he wrote his own name and address, to be forwarded to his sister-in-law, and that is one of the last handwriting and the last shilling of his that he should see. The conditions of gift were that Jane should never leave Cape Australia ferry, with, and never set foot again in England. 'I'm sure,' the gentleman had urged check, 'that, in your own possession, and, if I ever see your face again, shall be produced in a court of law—which perhaps you have forgotten—as the forger Heathcote.' Heathcote's brutality must have been something extraordinary, and I am sure that Jane must have had a heart like June's; but he had quite succeeded in so doing. Although she had not consented to his going to Australia, and never him—and by-the-by it is that it did not rest with her to see it—she could not but dread his return to England. She had had the experience of freedom did wonders in restoring her roses and lightening her heart of a sorrow that overwhelmed her, and, altogether, she had begun to move about less like an automaton, to wear the look of a woman who has escaped from the jaws of a mouse sort like the Jane Raby of five years before. Then came some news which made her serious and sorrowful again, but could scarce have made her sad. Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the hand of one of his own desperate companions. He had cracked pocket within his wet found the roll of bank-notes in their still unbroken cover. It had been given to him by a murderer, or the passing of some basest settlers had disturbed him in the midst of counting it, and had stopped the pain for Mr. Raby, with a narration of them facts. A year after this event, it would have been impossible to recognize the spirit-subdued and fragile Mrs. Heathcote in the by no means inconsolable widow which Mrs. Markham was. Thanks to her late first matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her with Mr. Grantley, or even as you did see her smile within these few months. My brother married her with the full knowledge that Lady Bonsfield let her what had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice."

This conversation had left me somewhat wide-doubting little old maid-made pregnant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of flings at the chamber or stone-age girls, and the Squire's early marriages, did not much enlighten me as to Mrs. Markham's past life. Her husband's confidence it increased my interest in her fortunes. Her conduct toward myself remained unaltered, or was rendered more kindly communicative—and I began to put to me several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me that she had often heretofore had the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but that now she thanked God she was childless. The horrible thought began to creep on that my dear benefactress and firm friend was going out of her mind. Mrs. Markham grew strong, although Miss Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse. She is as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which some one is always to think the worst that can be of all one's friends. When I had seen Mrs. Markham come out of the flower-beds, under the sundial, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as a spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an appetite for breakfast, when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds, and in very pressing circumstances, begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her frequent allusions, so transparent to myself and her sister-in-law, to the fact of my happy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unbalanced mind—I felt quite sure of painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this dreadful fact to them, that remedial measures might be resorted to before it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which put all my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

CHAPTER III.

IT was on a Tuesday, in the mid-summer, and the Squire had gone to a meeting, luckily to a stormy one, upon education, at the neighboring town of Mr. Markham, or rather to vote at the shopping, but accompanied him, and I had intended to have done so likewise, had not the illness of my parishioner suddenly taken a turn. His case requiring certain ailments which were not to be found in any of our resources at the vicarage, I walked down to the Grange, according to custom, to request that they might be sent to the sick man's house. Mrs. Markham was not visible, but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon the terrace, the extremity of which overlooked with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the Squire and the gardener had the key of it; but I saw, proceeding slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect deeply with her eyes, Mrs. Markham upon the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the speakers were, as the screen hedged by the in the garden close below me; they had no business there, I knew, and had probably come in by some very choice melons of the Squire's. I made no scruple, therefore, of listening; but after the first few words I felt as though I had been struck down with my rather than have done so.

The voice of Mrs. Markham was unseen to the time. There is a heap of money in his desk to-day which will go to the bank to-morrow. Markham is away to Bath, and will not be back for a week. Are you ready to steal it gone?"

"Yes!" said a clear full voice which I knew to be Mrs. Markham's. "I will die first. I will go away with you yourself before I would rob my husband."

"Your husband?" said the other with a sneer. "Pish, you are mad and you are dreaming! For a few pounds, since you are in for so many pounds already. Why, you've made free of hundreds—"

"I am ashamed," she interrupted, scarcely audible; "but one single shilling have you touched of his. Is it not my money, my capital, that I had of God's own poor, have gone to support your prodigacy; but not one farthing of his, Heaven knows."

"Very well," said the other, "I have no good heat to what I say: I'll blow upon you, and tell all. But you will not, I know be frightened by, before his very eyes. What you have known of me hitherto is nothing to what you shall know of me hereafter, and I swear to live together with you. I seemed to see and feel through the wall itself the fierce look of love that through that place at home at these words. If I had thought the worst of her, instead of being assured, as I then was, that she was a martyr, and that she was indeed a saint, and persecuting her with a power more terrible than any human one, I should have died for her less painfully, my indignation against him would not have risen higher; but as it was, my heart bounded with joy, and my eyes and stick was furiously gripped, as though it were a sword. So then I had been called in to rescue an angel to the wall, and setting my feet in some convenient crevices, peered over the top of it. Mrs. Markham and their faces turned away from me; but I could see, even on the man's back, scoundrel and villain written in every line of his coarse and vulgar person, and all that I had heard of his brutality, and more than that in a sea of malignity. He was one quarter of an hour of my college-days, before I had put on that ecclesiastical garb Oh, to have had it then! After so brief a glance of that "one, two," which I remember to have had some skill in, in the by-gone days of the Squire's profession, indeed, were already so far forgotten, that I rather wished he might just have laid his hand upon her arm, or that she might have struggled, and would not have broken for some time, I think. But she did not do so, I could see by the clenching fingers; the bowed and trembling, but still graceful figure; the appealing sobs, of which I could hear every word, and moaning. I sprang forward and struck down in its joy by his cruel threats and persecutions, not by almost hysteric expressions that grew feebler every moment, I heard her say, "I do know what you say is true, woman; and if what I demand does not come to my hand within the next eighteen-and-forty hours, I will go myself to you and tell you my wife and claim you." I heard a fall upon the ground, and knew that his gore victim had fainted; but I waited until the wretch—who heeded her no more than if she were a log—had left the garden and plunged swiftly into the copse that fringed its northern side. I ran in then at the open door, lifted Mrs. Markham from the path, and revived her at the spring that flowed hard by. She was already, according to habit, to look up at me, taking me for Heathcote; but I told her how I had walked in, seeing the gate open, and expect-

ing to find her gardening, and how I feared the heat had been too much for her. "It is excellent, dear thing!" but she murmured: "Yes, the heat, it was the heat!" as I supported her house-ward by the trellis. I got away immediately, unpretending a telegraphic message, packed up a little carpet-bag, drove down to the railway station at full speed, and arrived in time for the up-express, as I had hoped.

CHAPTER IV.

On the next Wednesday at noon I was back again, and at once took my way down to the Grange. Mrs. Markham had written kindly, though not in very good temper: the Squire was even then at her bedside. I met her face upon the gloomy staircase landing, and he came down into the library at once. If I had not been in his own house, and expecting to meet no other but himself, I should not have known him. His eyes were swollen and dull, his gait unsteady, and his cheeks white and drawn like the face of a dead man. She had told him all at last; his first and only love, his wife, the secret of his life, the partner of his most happiest years, was to be torn from him by another, and doomed to a life of misery.

"Grantley," said he, in a hollow, unnatural tone, "I have had to tell you what is in my poor, poor heart, I know—it has already broken mine; he had fallen into a chair, like one whose limbs refused to support him, and the brave combed hung in his cheeks unchecked and unconcealed.

"Markham, I will! I will!" I cried, "every thing—more, I think, than you can tell me. Your agony is not for yourself, but for your—for her, I am well assured. She shall not be parted—ever. Be comforted. He shall never touch a hair of her head."

His despairing eyes turned toward me not without a touch of hope. I was about to speak further, when the footman rang gently.

"The man is come," groaned the poor Squire, as if inexorable fate had laid its very hand upon his shoulder.

"Show him in," said I to the servant, for the master seemed to have lost all power of speech. For my part, I drew a hopeful augury from that delicate bell-ringing: a ruffian like Bayley would have rattled the house with it, and would not have waited to fear until we have replied with both his hands.

Heathcote slouched in with an insolent air, half sneak, half bully.

"I don't want the parson to hear what I have got to say to you," was his first words.

Mr. Markham, who kept his back turned toward him, waved his hand to me in sign that I should speak for him.

"You may say whatever you will," said I, quietly. "I am aware of the object of your coming. You want to extort the money from this gentleman which you tried to persuade another to steal from his own desk."

"Oh, she told, did she?" said the villain, with a disdainful smile. "It will be the worse for her presently, that's all."

"No, Sir, she did not—if you mean your wife, Mrs. Heathcote. Sir," added I, with a bow, "I am sad luck, "we are aware of all that, and very much more. You were accused in the gardens, but there is more than one thing known—enforced—Henry Heathcote, of your old doings, which you are not aware of."

I saw him turn as pale as the poor Squire himself. "Whether or not," said he, after a pause, "I shall have the money or I shall have my wife, who has committed bigamy; whichever that gentleman there pleases."

"That gentleman," said I, as I observed Mr. Markham was about to speak, "is not in a very calculated mouth after assault, as Mrs. Heathcote was, into supplying your bottomless purse. Nay, Sir, your oath is not to be trusted. I shall in the end get a warrant for your apprehension, procured yesterday from Hampshire by Mr. Bayley, on the charge of forgery, the proof of which I have now with me. The consequences are upon your own head, remember; and when you leave this house you will be for a jail."

"I will quite prepared for this, Sir," said the ruffian, with a look of indescribable malice. "Mrs. Markham that was will, however, accompany me to prison. Fine food for the scandal of the county that will be; and a good convict's wife she will make to me in my luxurious cell hereafter."

Mr. Markham writhed like one in torture upon his chair. We were indeed in the man's power, as he said, and my sparing into Hampshire had been but of small service. One desperate course, however, which had been suggested by Mr. Bayley, was left to us, and I tried it. "Miserable man," said I, sternly, "do you, then, dare to force us to extremities? Is the scaff of humanity dead that we say you to the gallows? You—" I strode up to the trembling wretch, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, whispered aloud, "You murderer!"

The sweat stood out upon his pallid brow, his knees smote together, and his left arm shook violently to bridle up, so abject was his terror.

"Produce it, say! I never found the notes," he murmured.

"No," said I; "but here is the pocket," and I produced it; "and red with the blood that still cries out against you!" At the sight of this frightful evidence the coward leapt down upon the floor, and covered his face with his hands.

"Rise, wretch—up!" thundered the Squire, who had risen up like a man returned to life from the grave. "Here is money—the sum that you demanded—take it, and never again show your cursed sight on you, as sure as there is a sun in heaven I hang you!"

The cast-down, half-paralyzed figure of Mr. Markham seemed to dilate as he said these words; he looked like some incarnate Nemesis denouncing a certain vengeance upon the creature at his feet. His shrunk itself up like a stricken hound, seized the proffered notes without daring to look at him, at the donor's face, and rushing out of the door and from the house, as though the executioner was even then upon his heels, sped away under the flaming eye of him from Worthies, forever.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Bayley's guest had been a true one. The pocket of Heathcote had been picked by one of his wicked companions in the pub, and he had murdered the thief for the purpose of recovering the pocket, in which hope he had been foiled. This having found upon the body, he had thought it conducive to identify it with his own remains; and for many and many years he had not dared to show himself in civilized parts to gainsay it, but had lived the marauding life of a bushranger. Tired at last, and having by no means what he has obtained enough money for his transit homeward, he had come back to England, where his first fortunate native well married and in such great happiness, his hatred of her was changed to a fiend-like determination strengthened to persecute her further, at all hazards. The poor lady had never before been informed of said her husband's existence, and the horrid truth of his being still in existence; and when her confidence in the concealment of it was gone her beloved Markham for this dreadful business had, but brought her into the most dangerous state. She had prayed for death—more hourly than any dying man for life. When, therefore, the Squire told her, in regard, as angel, her future view with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distress her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had found the evil of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. At first she would not believe it, but thought that as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears checked her utterance. She was not like those who are composed. With their natural confidence, which had been violently shocked, they again recover from the very life-blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, is fell to me to take them from their hands and to administer the cordial restorative out of the real potion in which they stood. The relation free from the terrible fear of the past and from fear of safety had been too great to admit of any thoughts save those of unalloyed content. Good Mrs. Markham was all forgiveness, and wished Heathcote no ill. Mrs. Markham long still the lawful wife of Heathcote was therefore nothing to me—although it might be—and therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to her. She had, in the midst of her sorrow, and of all, and all ides of personal annoyance as an end, felt that she was a widow, and had not found from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her first husband, and had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless she was free to me, and the only obstacle of the path which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a time when sympathy with the sorrowful and the love of ever one sinceps an innocent error seemed to be more truthful and excusable than at this, I acknowledged that it was that of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core; but I had no philosophy to refer to what I was to say or do in this matter. Decisively, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, I felt that I had spoken to me that it was enough. "I go," said she, "dear-est George, at once, while I have still strength to leave you."

"The vicarage, madam, is of course your home as long as you please."

"I thank you, dear Mr. Grantley, but I leave Woodlice," said she, "as far behind as possible in memory to-day."

"And I," chimed in the good little old maid, whose one-half dimple was gone, and who was for the silent a spectator; "and I wish you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care, my charge, my responsibility, my—my daughter in my heart."

The Squire's grief was terrible to witness; but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the travelling-chariot ordered to be down the valley, and leave-taking as, I trust, does not often fall to the lot of mortals, the lovelaid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and the carriage driven off at a rapid pace. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the sunshine had never left morning for forty years, and yet alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. As the sheriff-look on the face of the picture in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hands had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had walked, the very trees of her favorite walks, the very prospect which her soul had so delighted in, were robed in the deepest mourning. Her name was never uttered by him, except in the prayers, and those he offered up for her were more than any dying man for life. When, therefore, the Squire died, he was happy, as regarded his future view with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distress her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had found the evil of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. At first she would not believe it, but thought that as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears checked her utterance. She was not like those who are composed. With their natural confidence, which had been violently shocked, they again recover from the very life-blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, it fell to me to take them from their hands and to administer the cordial restorative out of the real potion in which they stood. The relation free from the terrible fear of the past and from fear of safety had been too great to admit of any thoughts save those of unalloyed content. Good Mrs. Markham was all forgiveness, and wished Heathcote no ill. Mrs. Markham long still the lawful wife of Heathcote was therefore nothing to me—although it might be—and therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to her. She had, in the midst of her sorrow, and of all, and all ides of personal annoyance as an end, felt that she was a widow, and had not found from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her first husband, and had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless she was free to me, and the only obstacle of the path which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a time when sympathy with the sorrowful and the love of ever one sinceps an innocent error seemed to be more truthful and excusable than at this, I acknowledged that it was that of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core; but I had no philosophy to refer to what I was to say or do in this matter. Decisively, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, I felt that I had spoken to me that it was enough. "I go," said she, "dear-est George, at once, while I have still strength to leave you."

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DREAM-SPINNING.

All yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in my room,
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I headed not cloud or shadow
That fell on the face of the sun,
Or the humming bees, or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the fill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of blue and golden air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The dream still passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For a fair face met my gaze,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose from the dew in the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To dream was where my spinning lay,
But the wheel and the dream had vanished
Remained of my dream to-day.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

We take from the *Englishwoman's Magazine* the following interesting account of the career of a Lady who, we are happy to know, is now highly successful in her profession in this city, and who has a host of friends, admirers, and clients by the score:

Elizabeth Blackwell was the eldest of a family of seven, three with their mother on the verge of early death of their father in embarrassed circumstances. She had a strong desire for study, and, striving to maintain herself and help the junior branches by teaching. At length, having by incessant exertion saved a little money, she entered upon a course of education for the profession of a physician, being confident of increasing interest, what difficulties, in addition to those of poverty, she had to overcome before the attainment of her wishes.

In May, 1847, after three years of incessant application, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in teaching, she left Charleston, and went to Philadelphia, where she endeavored to obtain admittance to the medical schools, but without success. The physicians of the latter place were either shocked or angry at her request, and the doors of all those schools were closed against her. She obtained an application; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she entered upon a course of private anatomical study and dissection with Drs. Warrington, and, at institutions with Dr. Warrington, of Philadelphia. But although she could undoubtedly learn much from the private lessons of competent instructors, she felt that so fragmentary a mode of study could not give her the solid medical education resulting from a regular collegiate course; and, moreover, as it was her aim not to isolate herself or half-educated female pretenders to an unauthorized position, but to take her place, if she can, on the contrary, to procure the opening of the legitimate approaches of the medical career to women seriously desirous of qualifying themselves for worthy discharge of its duties, by passing through the same course of examination prescribed to men, admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma—as a sanction for her own moral character, and as the only guarantee were essential to the carrying out of her plans. She therefore addressed a list of all the medical colleges in existence in the United States, and presented herself in person at each for admission to each of them in succession.

"I am sending out arrows in every direction, uncertain which may hit the mark," she remarks in a letter written at this time.

"Her applications, though accompanied with certificates of her having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr. Dickson, was refused by the faculty of every college. In some cases the refusal was couched in the shape of a homily on the impropriety of the position assigned to women by nature and society, and her presumption in attempting to enter a sphere reserved to the nobler sex; in others the impropriety of the step was delicately implied in a woman's attempting to learn the science of medicine in a mixed class organization. For several months it appeared as though even her tenacity of purpose would fail to break through the barriers which the prejudices of custom had for her on every side. But at length her path, so long and wearily trodden in grey obscurity,

"Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the United States, was one which was addressed to the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the State of New York, the oldest of the institutions of learning organized her request, agreed that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory acquirements, should not be admitted; but feeling that the question was one whose decision was of a delicate kind, which should be deliberated upon—as it would have been easy for them, if so disposed, to render a place in the amphitheatre unendurable by the jeering—they referred the whole matter to them, and, having called them together, left the applicant's fate in their own determination and decision. The students, having discussed the subject, decided unanimously in favor of the new applicant, and the professors, when consulted, were drawn up and voted by them, inviting her to enter the college, and pledged themselves individually and collectively, that, should she do so, no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step.

"A copy of these 'resolutions,' accompanied by a letter of warm congratulation thereupon, was soon transmitted to her by the faculty of the university, the work of years was in favor of God's year, was entered on the college books as 'No. 612,' was there herself into the study of the various branches of medical science then open to her, with an ardor proportioned to the difficulties she had had to overcome in gaining admission to it.

"But the position she had striven so hard to attain was not without certain inconveniences, inseparable from the nature of the case; and though she had weighed, and was prepared to endure them, for the sake of the end in view, yet so that of obtain in no other way, it will be readily understood that a young and sensitive woman could not find herself placed in so singular a position, and assist at all the demonstrations involved in a complete course of anatomical study, without occasional severe trial to her feelings. Aware that the possibility of her going through with such a course depended upon her keeping her mind unmoved spectator, to have her presence there to be regarded as a matter of course, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred; conducted only with the truth and dignity of science, she resolved that, should her position after her entrance into the college, in a diet so rigid as almost to border on starvation, it was not that no involuntary change of color might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally created by the unusual and plain-spoken nature of the subjects. How far the attainment of a self-command so complete as that her countenance presented at that of a statue can be attributed to the effect of such a diet, or how far it may be the result of years such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted here.

"When her first admission into the college until she left it, she also made it an invariable rule to pass in and out without shaking hands of the students; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the professor who was then lecturing.

"How necessary was her circumspection to the maintenance of her position in the college, a circumstance may be inferred from an incident which occurred during the lecture in the amphitheatre, a short time after her admission to the college. Whether it happened to be a particularly trying one, and while the discourse was proceeding with much animation, a folded paper—evidently a note—was thrown by somebody in one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her, and that, if she meant to remain in the college, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to prevent the recurrence of any similar act. Without moving, or raising her eyes from her note-book,

she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes, she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building, and then, with the slightest possible turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missive to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students; and, in an instant, the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note-book, taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the college was made from that moment; and not the slightest annoyance of any kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard at once kindly and respectful, was thenceforward evinced toward her by her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet, whenever the opportunity of so doing presented itself in the course of their common studies, they always showed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and some of them are among her truest friends at this day.

"The feeling of embarrassment which had caused her so much pain on her first appearance among her fellow-students was, however, soon modified by familiarity with topics forming the subject of daily study, and was at length entirely absorbed in the growing interest and admiration excited by the wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human frame. But the suffering it had caused her, on her entrance into the college, suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-class medical school for the reception of female students only—an institution which she hopes to establish in the course of time.

"But though the 'lady-student' had thus made good her position within the walls of the college, the suspicious and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town was long in subsiding. She could not, at first, obtain admission to a suitable boarding-house; the heads of those establishments having been threatened with the desertion of their 'best' inmates if she were received. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the college, audible whispers of 'Here she comes!' or rude cries of 'Come on, Bill, let's have a good look at the lady-doctor!' would meet her ears; and not only idle boys, but well-dressed men and women, would place themselves before her, or draw up in little knots along the pavement, to see her go by, as though she had been some strange animal from another planet. But the passage of the quiet-looking little figure, dressed with the utmost simplicity, taking no notice of the rude people about her, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, gradually ceased to excite remark; and when she had been called upon by the wives of some of the professors, the most 'respectable' of the boarding-houses consented to receive her as an inmate. . . . .

"From the time when she had first resolved to enter upon the study of medicine, until a very recent period, she pursued a system of self-denial in every branch of personal expenditure so rigid that it would be hardly credible to those who had not witnessed its details, and involving privations that only her exceptional temperament could have enabled her to undergo. Her arrangements were invariably made on the most inexpensive scale; she put up with the simplest accommodations, dressed with more than Quaker plainness, went about on foot in all weathers to the utmost limit of her strength, and resolutely denied herself every thing, without exception, that it was possible for her to do without. Her refusing herself a little bottle of Eau de Cologne, which she could have bought for fourpence half-penny, and to which, being very fond of scents, she happened one day to take such an especial fancy that she was haunted for years with occasional visions of that same little bottle, was in accordance with the invariable rule she had marked out for herself. Acts of rare generosity on her part toward others during this period might be cited; but with regard to herself—although additional resources were placed at her disposal by her relatives in England—her self-denial was inexorable; every farthing thus economized being regarded by her as so much gained for the exigencies of future study, and treasured accordingly. Such having been her mode of action from the beginning of her student's career, it was not without an almost heroic effort that, as her course of study drew toward its close, she compelled herself to purchase a handsome black silk dress for the grand affair of her graduation. In a letter written at that time, she says: 'I am working hard for the parchment, which I suppose will come in due time; but I have still an immense amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony; and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk, biding its time. It is a rich black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church; I shall have to mount to a platform, on which sits the president of the university in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace womankind, the college, nor the Blackwells, by presenting myself in a shabby gown.'

"In January, 1849, the ceremony in question took place, as just described. The church was crowded to suffocation; an immense number of ladies being present, attracted from every point of the compass, from twenty miles round, by the desire to witness the presentation of the first medical diploma ever bestowed on a woman; and among the crowd were some of her own family who had come to Geneva to be present on the occasion. When the preliminary ceremonial had been gone through with, and various addresses had been delivered, the wearer of the black silk dress ascended to the platform with a number of her brother-students, and received from the hands of Dr. Lee, the venerable president of the university, the much-desired diploma, which with its seal and blue ribbon, and the word *Dominus* changed to *Domina*, admitted her into the ranks of the medical fraternity, hitherto closed against her sex. Each student, on receiving the diploma, returned a few words of thanks. On receiving hers, Dr. Elizabeth replied, in a low voice, but amidst a hush of curiosity and interest so intense that the words were audible throughout the building:

"'I thank you, Mr. President, for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the endeavor of my life to do honor to the diploma you have conferred upon me.'

"The president, in his concluding address, alluded to the presence of a lady-student during the collegiate course then closing, as 'an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one;' and stated that 'the zeal and energy she had displayed in the acquisition of science had offered a brilliant example to the whole class;' that 'her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects;' that 'the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them were of a higher character than those of any class that had been assembled in the college since he had been connected with the institution;' and that 'the most cordial good wishes of her instructors would go with her in her future career.'"

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is now a highly successful *doctor* at New York, where she has been latterly joined by a junior sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, who has passed through the same professional education with equal *éclat*, but under greatly less difficulty.

LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER V.

CERTAINLY there had been nothing in my very nonchalant behavior at the theatre of a tendency to stimulate a woman accustomed to men's incense into any thing like an excess of the grand passion for me. It was very natural, I said to myself, as I noticed, for a week after the play, Miss Denham's manner, if possible, even more superficial to me than before. Of course, it was not in her *rôle* to play the injured heroine; I doubt whether it was possible for her to show pique. Yet I could see, unmistakably, that she was offended — what in other people would be hurt—by my conduct.

One evening, as I sat between Uncle Eben and lovely Little Good-for-Nothing, in her boudoir, the young girl said to me—"That is a very beautiful lady, Mr. Maurice, to whom the world calls you engaged."

"Perhaps the world overrates my good fortune, Miss Carter. She is very beautiful indeed, whether engaged to me or not, but just now I am so miserable as to be out of favor."

"Oh, I am sorry! Do you think so?"

"To be sure. It is beyond concealment. Won't you, I added laughingly, intercede for me with her majesty?"

"Why, don't you love her—don't she love you—so that you know all about each other's feelings, and can make confessions by yourselves?" And Little Good-for-Nothing opened wide her great brown eyes.

"Oh, we have the very highest degree of consideration for each other."

"Well, I will intercede. You *ought* to love one another very much."

A few nights after this—all of us—Uncle Eben, Lizzie, Grace Denham, and myself, were honored by an especial glorification in our behalf at Mrs. Fixitalle's. In all the glory of quarter-deck pumps, and a coat radiant with blue and brass, my Uncle led our hostess down the mazes of a real old-fashioned reel, played for his especial benefit, and managed to distinguish himself to the perfect ecstasy of Smallboys and his friends by the resurrection of several steps, which, on the authority of the eminent cognoscenti, I state to have slept since the year one. And he managed to be very happy and agile, in spite of his acknowledged utter ignorance of certain other dances, which he described as bearing up in convoy, close hauled, and going in stays every two seconds.

Uncle Eben was still dancing; neither Grace nor Lizzie were any where to be seen; and as much ennuyé as a well-bred gentleman ever permits himself to be, unless he goes with Smallboys, I threw myself down on an ottoman by the conservatory door, and looked at the frisking world through half-open eyelids. I heard women's voices, low among the fuschias. Grace and Lizzie were talking—quite gravely too, for such an occasion as this at Mrs. Fixitalle's.

I could not help hearing a few words before I rose and moved away.

"Do be kind to him—he is so good and noble—he loves you *so much*, I am sure—and his life has not been very happy."

"Miss Carter, excuse me; but I believe Mr. Maurice loves—*you*."

"You are mistaken; he never could bear me, even when I was a little child. He always called me—to other people—Little Good-for-Nothing."

As I arose and changed my seat I felt like one giddy with overmuch wine. The perplexity of that suggestion—"In love with Little Good-for-Nothing?" Again she seemed to be reproduced from that day six, near seven, years ago; and I saw her stand once more with her hair blowing, her immense crumpled sun-bonnet, her unformed nose, and the stumpy forefinger on her bosom, indicating "Wac!" "In love with Little Good-for-Nothing?" Impossible! Yet—how much she had changed!

So my wife to be was jealous! Ha, ha, madam! Yet, perhaps, not in the least. She may have seen what she thought facts, and been perfectly indifferent to them. More comfortable for her—less complimentary to me.

Some time during that evening it was decided that, if the wind and weather held fair on Wednesday, I was to take Lizzie, Grace, and about a dozen other nymphs with aquatic tendencies, down to the Hook and back again, in my "dear duck of a yacht," the *Aphrodite*. Beside the abstract pleasures of the sail, there were to be several sandwiches and a nice young man to every young lady on board. For these purposes I organized myself into a commissariat department the next morning. I sent James, my faithful shadow in knee plush, to contract for innumerable Bologna sausages; and myself enlisted some dozen or so old salts, of sixteen years and upward, who knew every thing about sailing without having ever been to sea.

And though this chapter has been a short one, I shall take another before finis, ending my story with a full and veritable account of the cruise of the good sloop *Aphrodite*.

CHAPTER VI.

"ALL aboard! haul aft there, Tucker! Bows fend off! So—steady!"

As the *Aphrodite* made faster and faster out into the stream, in faith she was a goodly creature to look upon. A six-knot breeze right abeam just careened her so much as to clear her long bright pennant, and lift out her shiny new-leaded side to windward, till it gleamed like the breast of some strong-minded dove who had taken to swimming. All along the flush clean deck on their camp-stools sat pretty sea-exhilarated girls in their picnic dresses, their eyes as bright, their cheeks as rosy as the blue and red of the streamers that floated from their gipsy hats. And in exaggerated sea-tog sported the young men—blue-shirted, black-neck-tied—leaning on their palms over the sun-bright gunwale to make their little white hands broad and brown. No quarter-deck taboo—every body went every where at will; they of constitutions internally tremulous on the water, to the waist—others, who liked the motion, to the bows, making a pleasant grouped figure-head as they rose and fell, leaning stanchly sideways against the free wind that bowled us on.

Unquestionably the two most beautiful women on board were Grace Denham and Lizzie Carter. And beautiful in very different ways. Grace, the queenly, rose-suffused brunette, because she brought to sea with her all that same unruffled elegance and repose which made her the adored of gas-lit rooms a-land, and wore it so easily that it did not seem incongruous. Lizzie, the fair, the brown-haired, because now all the native Arab freedom of her soul broke forth, and she reveled like a very sea-goddess in the kisses of the wind and spray. She seemed made to swim with that matchless arm of hers around the arching neck of my *Aphrodite*.

As little Taggles, one of my old salts, informed me, we made the Sou'west Spit at just two bells, which he imagined to be the salt-water translation of two o'clock. I had held the tiller all the way down, and being rather tired now gave it up to my man Tucker, who united in one personality all three mates and bo'sun, at the same time giving him strict private orders not to let any body else steer, however specious his nautical capabilities might seem.

We had just left the spit on our windward quarter, when the mainsail flapped, and we began to lose headway. The wind was hauling around astern. I eased the sheets and let her run before it.

I mingled with my guests. All of them seemed very happy, none of them sea-sick; and when James brought up from the locker sandwiches, deviled turkey, and bottle after bottle of iced Champagne, my freight of delicate city appetites showed itself wonderfully refreshed by the salt.

Lunching and laughing in messes of half a dozen—flirting in groups of two; now singing, now spinning yarns, we reached the mouth of Shrewsbury River. A dance was proposed: we cleared the deck for action. Every body paired off for a reel—that is, all the gentlemen save myself and little Taggles. I sat on the combings of the hatchway and played the violin. Taggles said he would go aft and see Tucker steer. His default threw out one lady from the dance. Lizzie Carter said she would be that one, and sat down on a stool, just clear of my bow arm.

Merrily they were footing it away to "Money Musk," when I chanced to look aft over my shoulder. Little Taggles was in earnest conversation with Tucker, and I saw him pull a bill from his porte-monnaie, and press it into my Lieutenant's hand. Rather curious, I thought, but I was too busy to pay much attention to the act just then.

Perhaps there is no portion of our coast where the wind is more variable than at this identical spot over which we were then running, just outside the Shrewsbury River. "Look out for squalls!" is particularly the motto of every small-boat skipper who sails there. I was not much surprised, then, to find ourselves all at once drifting stern foremost in a dead lull. Just then Grace Denham and Belle Hudson, the two most beautiful girls in the reel, were holding their graceful white arms aloft, making an arch for the two cavaliers at the other end to run under. I dropped my bow—sprang to my feet, and shouted, "Quick! let go halliards and luff!" Good Heavens! I looked astern, and little Taggles was steering! *That* was the price of his bill! God forgive him; I will not speak a word of censure now; he is beyond my reproaches. And Tucker had gone below.

Before I could jump to the cleets, while little Taggles stood like one dreaming at the tiller, now moving it this way, now that, without any notion of what end was to be gained by either movement, the squall came. That slender frothing line, which just before looked miles off upon the larboard bow, crawled on to us more like some instant electric impulse than any slower thing of water. Once! and a feathery claw of foam grasped at us over the combings. Twice! and like a falling castle, down with all her burden of shrieking souls, on her beam ends went the *Aphrodite*. For a moment, little Taggles clutched the tiller, then his hands slipped, and I never saw him again.

They say that when we drown a whole life marches by us in an instant. I can believe it; for in that moment of close destruction I settled one great awful life-question, viewing all its arguments on both sides. I was a bold, stout swimmer; whom should I save, if God let me save any body? There were but two my soul could choose from; and conceive, if you can, a more terrible alternative than mine. Grace Denham, to whom the world had already married me—Lizzie, whom, in that great awakening, *I found I loved more than life*.

My God! I could not let *her* die—the perishing of them all seemed, to the selfishness of that love, a trifle, by the side of losing her. Like a flash I made up my mind, and grasped her in the water.

Some of the other men swam. Results, in several households, spared the agony of drowned daughters, showed that those few who could had acted nobly.

But at that moment I had eyes and ears for one alone—Little Good-for-Nothing.

Oh, the cruel waves that now looked so big, that from deck had looked so small and kindly! The narrow, snowy strip of beach—now wave-hidden, now suddenly disclosed, yet ever seeming so far off—so desperate of access!

She was a light burden, and lay perfectly still in my arms with her mute, astonished face, whiter than the foam, turned upward to the sky. Yet the water seemed like a wall of lead against my breast, as with muscles made steel by the horrible exigency, I struggled forward, half-blinded by the spray, pushing our double weight. Yet, with all the events that hung suspended on my prolonged strength, I feared not to waste it by saying over and over again, "O God, how I love—how I love you!"

At first, when I spoke it, she opened her brown eyes full upon me as one waking from the trouble of a dream. I repeated it—in that weird perilous bridal chamber our lips met passionately — and God saw that we were married!

But no time for vows, save such as come silently from the eyes that pray toward heaven; none for love caressings, when the jealous sea was at the door of our hardly understood great happiness to snatch the bride from my arms. "Father in Heaven, oh, let us reach the shore! All the gold of earth for a foot of those white sands!"

Almost out of the water, with her in my arms, did I spring over the head of a broad landward roller, to be in front of it and catch its impulse. Another strikes us—I swim shallow to be above the undertow. Another—"Oh! my God, I thank thee—ground—ground, solid ground!" I spur myself upward from the bottom, now plainly felt—I hurl us both into a shoal where it is waist deep—now it just reaches to the knees—now ankle deep—ashore!

Unspeaking, motionless, we sat down on the clear sand, hugged closely to each other's breast. Far out we could see the rising and falling heads of a few swimmers coming after us. What a nightmare to think that, on that uninhabited, that boatless beach, we might have to sit still and see them drown!

But no; for the pilot-boat, that lay close-reefed a mile off our bows when the *Aphrodite* capsized, has seen them, and has almost reached them with her yawl. And now, one by one, the swimmers are lifted in, so near to us that we can almost see the brine drip from them as they are pulled over the gunwale. And as we think what great anthems must be just now going up from those rescued hearts, their music is echoed in our own.

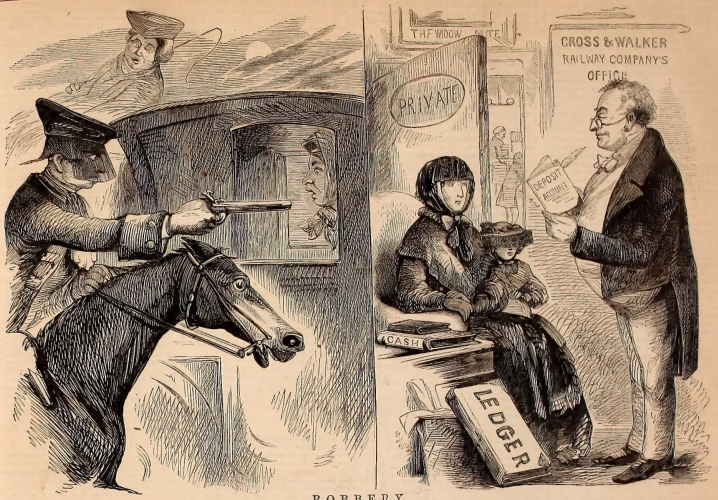
We stand and wave our handkerchiefs to the rowers. They see us and give three great cheers for the two more saved, but sign to us that they are full. We can perceive that; yes, and one other thing whose value to me, you who have comprehended the alternative that met me as the sloop went down, will also understand. In the stern-sheets, motionless, pale as a snow-flower but still living, reclined Grace Denham! Oh, thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

Through the deep sand did Lizzie and I plow our way—sometimes I carried her like a child—until, at nightfall, we came opposite the Shrewsbury Lights, just as they were beginning to brighten up. From the hotel below them we were seen—a boat sent for us—and we came once more to fire, food, rest, and the grateful grasp of human hands of sympathy.

And the prayers we prayed that night! As they were too holy then to be spoken, let them now be too holy to be spoken of.

The next day we reached home—to find Uncle Eben in unspeakable anguish, thinking us lost; to bless him, as ones living from the dead. To hear that out of the thirty who sang as the *Aphrodite* made out into the stream there were but fourteen unpillowed on the deep-down sand. To meet—oh hardest of all!—Grace Denham, and to be received by, without one look of reproaches—with nothing but calm words of gratitude to God. She married the man that saved her. He made her a better husband than I could have done—for they loved one another as wife and husband should love—dearer than their own saved lives. To weep vain tears with those who wept, heart-broken.

But still more—after the cloud of that terrible calamitous memory had been somewhat blown away by the breath of Time, and stricken through by the after sunlight of Heaven's goodness—to sit through long, sweet evenings under the vines of Uncle Eben's porch at Guilford, clasping my true wife's hand, thinking of the old times and wondering how it were possible that I had ever been deemed good enough for—Little Good-for-Nothing.



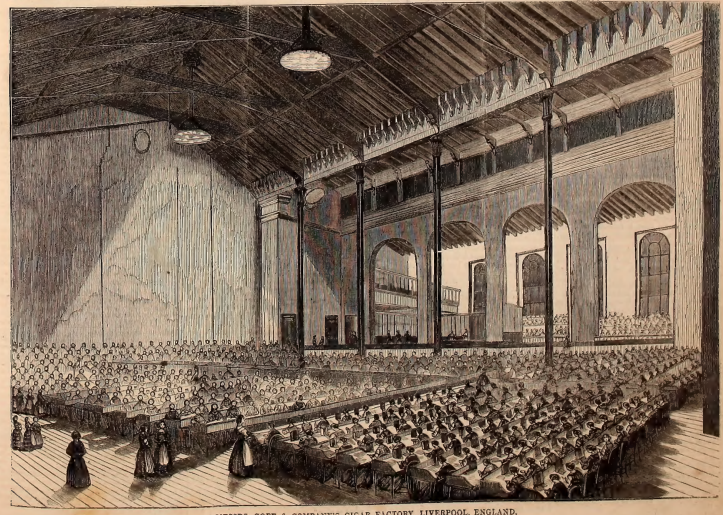
ROBBERY.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—No. I.

We propose to devote a considerable portion of our space to the subject of female employment. It is becoming a topic of general interest, and sound philanthropy will welcome, while quackery will suffer by, a careful exposition of the true state of the question. Our illustration this week is a picture of the cigar factory of Messrs. Cope & Company, of Liverpool, England.

In this country, it is believed, female labor is employed in cigar factories to a very moderate extent. In Havana, it is said, the share of work allotted to females—negresses—is largest; some of the finest descriptions of "plantation" cigars are said to be made by stout negro girls, who, cubans



MESSRS. COPE & COMPANY'S CIGAR FACTORY, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

rassed by little clothing, roll the leaves into the shape desired on their seeding limbs. In Liverpool less primitive methods are in use.

After the leaf has been moistened and "sweated" it passes into the hand of a girl called a stripper. She tears away the stalk which intersects the leaf, and inasmuch the latter to the sorters, the stalk passing into the milling department, to be ground into snuff. The sorters divide the stripped leaves into three collections—"inside fillers" "outside wrappers" and "cutting wrappers." The only difference between the two last is in preference; the "outside wrapper" consists of leaves which are more perfect and free from tears and flaws than the "inner wrapper," while the latter are in the same respect superior to the "inside filler." The cigar-maker proceeds to take a handful of inside filler, which she rolls on a prepared surface into the shape of a cigar. She then wraps in a leaf of bunch wrapper. Then, choosing a fine leaf of outside wrapper, she cuts it into strips one and a half inch broad, and twists one of these strips neatly round the material just rolled up. The edges are pasted together with brown paste, and end is cut off square with a round knife, and the cigar is complete.

We understand that girls in this factory can, if they are quick and adroit, make fifteen shillings, or nearly four dollars a week, which, considering the relative value of labor in the United States and Great Britain, is equal to six dollars here. The most interesting item in connection with the Messrs. Cope's factory, is the fact that a number of deaf and dumb girls are employed there, earning as good wages as their more fortunate sisters.

The reader will admire the lofty ceiling of the room in which the girls work, and the admirable arrangement of the seats.

There is no reason why all the cigars made in this country should not be the handiwork of women. Man laboring at manufactures where dexterity and slight of hand, not strength, are required, are evidently inferior to women.

Miscellany.

—The following curious broadside is taken from an English newspaper of the year 1774, and is there called "Cards in Spiritual Language."

"or The Perpetual Almanac, or Soldier's Prayer-book, giving an account of Richard Lone, a private soldier belonging to the 17th Regiment of Foot, who was taken from the mayor of the town of Glasgow, for playing at cards during Divine service."

The sergeant commanded the soldiers at church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took his text. Then we had a little more of it, but then the soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book, but he drew a pack of cards from his pocket before him. He first looked at one card, and then at the other. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said,

"Richard, put up the cards, this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the sergeant was over, the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the mayor.

"Well," says the mayor, "what have you brought that soldier here for?"

"For playing at cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, Sir, I hope."

"Very good," said he, "I will punish you more than ever was punished."

"I know that," says the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have had but little to subsist on. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book, but having nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

"Very good," said the mayor.

The Counts the Cards.

Then, spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the Ace:

"When I see the Ace, it reminds me there is only one God.

"When I see the Deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son.

"When I see the Trey, it reminds me of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the Four, it reminds me of the Four Evangelists that preached—viz., Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"When I see the Five, it reminds me of the Five Wise Virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five foolish, and were shut out.

"When I see the Six, it reminds me that in Six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see the Seven, it reminds me that on the Seventh day God rested from the works which He had made, and hallowed it.

"When I see the Eight, it reminds me of the Eight Righteous Persons that were saved when God drowned the world—viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the Nine, it reminds me of the Nine Lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were ten, but nine never returned thanks.

"When I see the Ten, it reminds me of the Commandments which God handed down to Moses on a table of stone.

"When I see the King," said the soldier, "it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon; for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys only to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that."

Who is the Knave?

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"Which is that?" said the soldier.

"The Knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you will not term me to the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest Knave I know is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor, "as to the greatest knave in the universe, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find 365—as many days as there are in a year.

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two—as many weeks as there are in a year. There are four suits—the number of weeks in a month.

"I find there are twelve picture-cards in the pack, representing the number of months in the year; and on counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter. You see, Sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and Common Prayer-book to me."

—Overcome differ in the matter of a tariff; some are for protection, some for free trade. But very few, even of the strongest protectionists, think in their secret hearts that the

Whole Duty of Man

can be properly comprehended upon a man to pay duty on goods if he has ingenuity enough to smuggle them in. As for "bringing in" articles subject to tax in the accustomed, it is not easier to commission to conscientious for conduct that would detach from the

Diary of a Smuggler.

It was autumn, and I was crossing the Channel to have certain articles of furniture smuggled, and most all of whom were dreadfully inconvenienced by a strong westerly wind. *All of course, I do assure you*, was never proved to be so false a thing before. Numerous as the company was, it was all of one mind, or of a mind of one mind on the deck, as a modern wit (who I wish was my friend) once observed, and was soon heard sprite. It was terrible, as I stood at the bow, to see nothing but the drooping hats and bonnets of my fellow-beings, on the most dipped and the most extreme qum of pitch-and-toss, where nothing turned up but head. One neighbor, for instance, a fat old fellow, the property of a middle-aged lady of large dimensions, and it interested me very deeply. I have never seen a human being suffer so, that countenance vainly striving to look unconcerned, as I imagined at one time, which the most extreme of some smuggler running her first corps. She would have been ill, I could see, only she had too great a weight of stomach and to spare any such relaxation. Sue was that I was looking fixedly at her, and in this came over her face, as if she "making the green one red." Yes, it was plain she smuggled; she was stouter than any woman of her general appearance had any right to be.

"Madam," said I, approaching her by a series of gymnastics on an old sailor, which the appearance of the plane whereon I moved compelled, "I see you have no attendant; can I be of any service to you? I am an old sailor, and know, as you see, my seadogs under my jib."

The poor woman gazed on the limbs referred to with an unintelligent and frightened air; she had evidently never heard of "seadogs," or else she had understood me to say that I had been long, and she stared accordingly.

"I want nothing, Sir, I thank you," replied she, feebly, "unless you could put me on shore."

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I, taking out my watch and hanging my right leg across my bow, "We shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom-house."

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced over her countenance.

"You look very much troubled, Sir," stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to heal her confidence. I used to tell you a secret, which I find isstoo much for me to keep to myself, oh, would you hold it inviolate?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, gently; "it is Lent, is it not?"

She uttered a little shriek, and— Yes, she had got it there, among the crinoline. She thought it had been stolen, and got you, unknown to me.

"Oh, Sir," cried she, "it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

Dumb Influence.

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

I walked up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed that woman out to the legitimate authority.

I turned round her eyes met mine, as I retired to the marching-house. I did not see her march past, but I knew she was gone, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy.

Having generously given up my emoluments as an officer of the customs, I returned to the deck in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. She had not even an umbrella, and I, who had not, indeed, refused to hear a word that I had to say. At last I overcame her solicitude as far as to get her to look at a piece of gutta-percha I had to the value of that which had been to ruthlessly taken from her hand. I then placed it in her hand, in the amount of the fine in which she had been mulcted. Then I began my explanatory statement:

"You had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person, madam. *I had nearly fifty* times that amount. If you were alarmed for the possible consequences of your rashness, what, think you, must have been the state of my feelings upon my own account. I compel you, madam, to admit, I am convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expensive a countenance, believe me, for this sort of free-trading, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Do you understand, my dear madam?" If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me in any manner, pray take more lace; here is lots of it."

We parted the best of friends.

The Best Regulator.

I had a second adventure, the other day, of a more ludicrous and less serious character, but which, as it happily illustrates my great natural ingenuity, I here take leave to add. Having come from the Mediterranean in the same ship as Soulaingne, she happened to be in possession of a couple of pounds of cavendish cut tobacco, supposed to be of excellent taste, and which I was determined to custom-house fingers should meddle with. As soon as the vessel was brought alongside the quay I left my cabin and made my way to the movable gangway.

"Sir," said the official at the head of it, with a malicious grin, "I think I must trouble you to take off your hat."

"I beg your pardon, I never! You are not Prince Albert in disguise, I suppose, nor the Duke of Devon?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed the fellow—official persons, it is to be observed, always have the greatest possible dislike to being rallied, or, as the vulgar have it, "chaffed," by any body—"none of your nonsense, Sir, but take off your hat, or it will be worse for you."

"Which hat?" asked I, innocently, "When hat is?"

"Yours!" replied he, savagely; "yours! He tipped up my wide-awake in a way which convinces me that you have something in it."

"My wife's hat-box, you mean, Sir," said I, "of course I have something in it. I always carry my pocket-handkerchief there; and there's my head inside."

Hard Oath!

The cold-blooded official smiled grimly without reply, and took me to his superior, by whom the matter was more closely inquired. I told him, in sorrow, and not upon compulsion, I would touch my hat to him; but that I would not take it off without a warrant. He was marched over the deck, entirely of a sort of grunt of honor to the office of the custom-house, and I was then commanded to use all his right to enforce this absurd request of taking off my hat; and under protest, and to oblige him, to keep it on. I was extremely peevish, I did it. There was nothing in my hat, as I had affirmed from the very moment my pocket-handkerchief chief. Officials never apologize; but I do hope that they felt they had wronged a fellow-creature by their cruel suspicions. I asserted back to the vessel, dived into my cabin, and presently rejoined the deck with my tall hat tipped over my forehead more than ever.

"Would you like me to take my hat off?" inquired I of the superior, with a sneer. "Would you like me to take my hat off?" asked I of the second, more savage. Then, a better I should again turn my injured head, of every custom-house officer who had been superfluous about that ceremony before. But I was asked sheepish or ashamed, and replied that they had had quite enough of me for one day, and that I might go before certainly not my fault, but their own, that my two pounds of special regulus, which really were in my hat the second time, were not to be found in their proper quota of sense eighteen shillings, to swell the revenues of my native land.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In court, young Crichton, an impudent limb of the law, trying to break down a female witness's evidence as much as possible, addressed her thus: "Come, stand less steady, and look me in the face."

"Sir," replied the witness, "I am not in the habit of looking at rogues."

In the commencement of that memorable campaign, the conquest of Canada, a volunteer, at the election of two Cree, says that, during the bombardment, General Wolfe was walking to and fro, unknown to the most of the soldiers raining their heads above the embankments which served as a protection to the troops. One called out, thinly, "Better take care there; some of you will get your heads shot off, if you don't mind." "Hadn't ye better take care of your own head, Gen-eral?" replied the other, with a sneer at the general's size. "I don't care, myself, if these shot should get killed," replied the veteran warrior, good-naturedly.

An anxious Scotch mother, on the occasion of her son's leaving home, called him and gave him a piece of good advice, concluding with, "My dear Sammy, my auld man, gies guid advice, but ill does either him or himself. Tak' every thing you can; but the English are a lave ing people, and will take care of them, Sammy. My dear son Sammy, never fight a bold man, for you can not catch him, but run from a coward, for he will run from you."

Calman, when a boy at school, having, together with one of his fellows, been guilty of the crime and misdemeanor of getting through a certain portion of his studies in a surreptitious manner, was called up before the dominie, severely reprimanded, if they chose it, to omit writing their impositions. On the master's departure, Calman, who was said to his comrade, "Well, what shall we do? Shall we write them, or shall we not write them, what do you?" "Oh on the contrary," replied Master George, "I shall certainly not write them."

Some years ago, at the "South End," the Rev. Dr. Hedge was looking at some holes which a countryman was offering to sell. The countryman handed him a jack-knife to note the butter-ill was covered with tobacco crumbs. The Doctor refused the dirty knife, upon which the countryman wiped the blade on his pantaloons, and handed it back.

"I don't like to be troubled the matter much," said Dr. H.

"Some folks are more nice than nice!" says the countryman.

Dr. H. replied, "If you were nicer than you are, you would be nicer."

When Lord Townsend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Lord Provost of Dublin lost an opportunity of paying his respects to the Viceroy for "some days." He said his lordship, "you have a great many things and a great many people to attend to, and consequently I excuse you," replied the Viceroy. "What, you take a compliment," answered his lordship. "Zounds! it is impossible I truly meant it as a joke." "*And so I accept it*," replied the provost, "*merely to show you that I can take a joke.*"

Russell, the singer, was once singing in a provincial town "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words,

"Hush! he comes not yet
He is a wretch indeed,"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the devoted wife, when a voice from the gallery, loudly exclaimed, to the amusement of every body, "Wouldn't I have his head off!"

This epitaph is inscribed on the grave of a smuggler across the Atlantic:—It was also shot by the excise-men.

Here I lies,
Killed by the XIth.

The following "notice" is posted in the newsroom of a country town:—"Gentlemen leaving it spell are requested to use yesterday's paper."

A certain Irishman, in the heat of his life, was one night walking down a street in the neighborhood of Orford Ness, when he was met by a great ruffian, or shabby fellow, who asked the way to Tyburn. To which Paddy replied, "Sir, if you have any mind to ask the road to whatever you want, and you'll find your way easily." The fellow very heartily thanked him for his advice, and presenting a pistol, ordered him to deliver his money, or this or instant he would shoot him dead. The poor Irishman in his request to comply, though to his great mortification he had but a few shillings in his pocket, which the fellow took, and then rode off with about "the way."

A wealthy Mancunian of considerable pugilistic proclivities, having a costly and sumptuous entertainment in his parlors, the other day said to himself, "Now, I'll have "Suppose I had extra it?" And sparing the funds, addressed to those friends who had been invited to the feast, he had a grand message, which it called, from the incidents, "Extra Invite."

At the municipal election in St. Louis, last April, a great deal depended on the vote of a man named Bill for the Citizens' Consolidate, the opposition to the free Democratic ticket. Just coming up to the polls this person showed that he was not yet entirely rid of the native vehemency of "Kilkenny." "Now, my boys," cried he, "vote the Citizens' ticket, Sir! vote the Citizens' ticket! Destroy your Democratic enemies, and bring home the bacon, I say, and, 'tis me; I'm vote Citizens' ticket! I'm citizen myself, and I'm vote it! Destruction to the top of the polls and exposure a free Democratic ballot."

"Poor Dr. Briggs is dead," said a fond lady. "Of what disease?" "Why, an attack of cholera." "Ah! I thought that he had fitted a newfangled remedy."

"Yes," said the lad, and he tried, He found it true—the Doctor died."

Overheard in a fashionable assembly, a gay youth to a pin a few lectures on poetry. "Yes," said he, "such questions as 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?' are not at least to be answered in a judge." "It would be hard," replied the lady, "to find a more severe and unsparing critic of criticism without spending too much of your time. But I infer from what you say, that you would like a poet to be, and then criticise, 'Sad stuff' wretched pentameter! Execrable doggerel—ninety-nine leaves in a hundred you will surely be right."

A man in Ireland, charged with highway robbery, was put on his trial. Counsel for the defense, in some rural district in Ireland, was trying to make out that his client was a victim of "Not Guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Why, counsellor, you don't say that you yourself believe his guilt?" "Why, my lord," replied the counsellor, "I am sorry to say I am compelled to do so, we know that there is no intention a law that he never told a word in all his life."

The following epitome of "counsel learned in the law" is worth at least a hundred of any attorney ever given by limbs of the profession:

"For—single and a single fee,
To all the world I'll be
As zealous as I can be,
Retained for the defense."

A countryman was dragging a calf by a rope in a cross-road, when a passenger asked him if that was the way he treated his fellow-critters.

Hon. J. H. Darby, formerly United States Senator from Delaware, the most distinguished Democrat in politics in his district. He was "stumping" the orange region in southern Florida last May, and just after getting out of the orange, he came to a town, where he was to make a speech. He was met with the request to preside during the course of his harangue got out the following decision in favor:

"Fellow-citizens,—When I was in Florida, a few days ago, swamps below here, yesterday, toward this town, my friend, who was driving me, was attacked suddenly by the tenants of the watery element; and, right in company at the time, I was called upon to decide between them. I, as a soldier, a lot of the biggest kind of bull-frogs stuck up for my side, and the alligators for theirs. Now, gentlemen, it seems my appointment has a strong constituency here. I am sorry that I am not able to decide this case, but refer it to my nerves, when I was yet more startled, for another bull-frog, and the alligators, and I am sorry to say that I am not able to decide this case, but refer it to my nerves, when I was yet more startled, for another opponent has his friends here too. I wonder how I stand in this connection. Oh, I see, I am to be the umpire, and expecting my constituents to raise their voices in my behalf, but I hope they will not do it in such a way that you why. The vote rascals know that if I get elected to the Senate I will go for the Anti-Secret Societies, and their occupation, like Othello's, would be gone, and they would have to look for some other branch for new operations.

A lady advertising for a husband is particular to have it understood that "none need apply who are under six feet high, or over twenty-seven inches." That lady is strongly in favor of hymen?

A lawyer at Lowell having found ninety-five dollars, and inserted a notice to that effect in a paper, the owner says the act may be honest and honorable, but it is certainly not legal tender.

When Lawyer Coe, the other day, at the trial of Jem Smith, in Kent Court, was examining a witness, he observed the box-book he would have many lies in his stomach before he got to the bottom of them. "Gentlemen of the jurors, the great little giant of Georgia, who, were he not so modest, would be a Napoleon, has expressed a wish in discussion with an opponent of unusually large stature, to know his measure, as he desires to get a coat of a commensurately suit of size to the little man, "Why, I should say, from your appearance, that you require about 'Six' to which sarcastic remark Stephens smiling quietly retorted, "I am sure, Sir, from your words that you have more room in your stomach than you have in your head." Thus the laughter which followed effectually dissipated the ill-humor which was gaining ground.

One of our finest writers says, that "the nightly dews come down upon us like blessings." How very differently they come down upon a cockney!

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says that there are one hundred thousand barrels, of thirty-two gallons each, of liquor lost annually in that city in a year. What a barrel for every man adult in the city!

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August 9, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have evinced more firmness for flour, suitable brands of which, especially of Genesee, have been sparingly offered, while they have had a good request at advancing prices—closing 15 @ 20 cents per barrel higher than last week. With an active inquiry, prices of sound lots of Wheat, Rye, and Oats, as well as of unassorted and inferior Corn, have favored sellers. Sound corn has not been so much sought after, and it has tended downward. Corn-fed hogs have slightly lost in all unaltered rates. Groceries have been less active, yet, as a whole, the tone of prices has not varied. Provisions have evinced an improvement in general request. Provisions have attracted considerable attention, and, under fresh and stringent orders, the Cattle Yards have exhibits more animation at generally unchanged rates.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were less than usually plenty, and in good request. Milch Cows were scarce and quiet. Veal Calves were limited and firmer. Sheep and Lambs were plenty and were heavy. Swine were abundant and dragging.

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited considerable activity. Potatoes are ripe and plenty, and cheap. Other articles tend steadily downward.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT AT THE WASHINGTON MARKET.

Grapes, per pound	$ .10	@ .12
Plums, per basket	3 00	@ ....
Currants, per quart	....	@ ....
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	6 00	@ 8 00
Blackberries, per bushel	2 50	@ 3 00
" New Rochelle, per quart	.05	@ .06
Huckleberries, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 50
Apples, new, per barrel	1 00	@ 2 00
Peaches, per dozen	.12	@ .25
String Beans, per basket	....	@ ....
Onions, new, per barrel	1 50	@ 2 25
Onions, new, per string	.12	@ .25
" per 100 strings	3 50	@ 4 00
Cabbages, per 100 heads	2 75	@ 3 50
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@ 2 50
Squashes, per bushel	....	@ ....
Green Corn, per 100 ears	.50	@ 1 00
Watermelons, per 100	6 00	@ 8 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	1 00	@ ....
Transient Potatoes, per bbl.	....	@ ....
" per 100	1 00	@ 1 50
Corn, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	.14@	.18¾
Eggs, new, per dozen	....	@ ....
Chickens, per pair	.37	@ .75
Ducks, per pair	.50	@ .75
Fowls, per pair	.75	@ 1 00
Ducks, per pair	.63	@ 1 00
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@ 1 50
Turkeys, per pound	.14	@ .16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Woodcocks, per dozen	2 00	@ 3 00
Snipe, Dowitcher, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Rapes, Cit-eyes, per dozen	1 00	@ ....
Plover, per dozen	3 00	@ 4 00

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The C. VANDERBILT from New York—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. From Stonington—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The PLYMOUTH ROCK from New York—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. From Stonington—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Passengers leave New York and Stonington, per Railroad to Providence and Boston in the Special Trains, reaching said places in advance of those by other routes, and in ample time for all the early morning trains connecting North and East. Passengers that prefer it remain on board the steamer, enjoy a night's rest undisturbed, breakfast if desired, and leave Stonington in the 7.10 A. M. Train, connecting at Providence with the 11 A.M. Train for Boston.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y., Aug. 10th, 1858.

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The Chinese, who, it is presumed, know something about tea, have used this mode of preparation for ages, and Americans do, a weak infusion. In the latter case, at least half of the expensive article is wasted.

As a matter of economy, to say nothing of the superior excellence of the tea which it produces, the "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT commends itself to all housekeepers.

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Manufacturers under the Patent for the United States of the "OLD DOMINION" TEA AND COFFEE POTS, and ARTHUR'S CELEBRATED SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

☞ For sale by Dealers in Housekeeping Articles, and Storekeepers generally.

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"OLD DOMINION"
COFFEE POT.

The great invention of the day is the "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT, in which coffee can be made without the loss of aroma. Even ordinary coffee in the hands of these pots makes as good drink as the best old Java in such as are commonly used. Wherever introduced, they have given the most complete satisfaction, and, as the round from all parts of the United States is large, and rapidly increasing.

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The *New York Mirror* says: "We unhesitatingly pronounce the OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT the most ingenious to simple that a child can use it, and it saves one fourth of the coffee and all the trouble of watching it."

The *New York Mercury* says: "Virginia, which has given to the world the Washington, the Jefferson, and the Old Dominion, has added to this list a Coffee Pot that was ever invented. We speak for the ladies."

The *New York Times* says: "The OLD DOMINION French 'Bright,' which American travelers usually bring home with them, is certainly to be said of the 'Old Dominion,' and we doubt if there can be such perfection in beverages produced by any other than the invention placed on our breakfast table daily."

The *Christian Intelligencer*, Newark, N. J., says: "He who has been luxuriating in the delicious beverage which the OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT yields, will find that for once he tasted since we drank it at the world-renowned Restaurant Vefour, in the Palais Royal, in the Rue Mille Colonnes, Paris. This instrument of philosophy may be obtained, &c."

The *Boston Evening Gazette* says: "The OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT is decidedly a great institution, and we cannot wish them, in furthering its benefits at the 'Old Dominion,' and we doubt if there can be such perfection in beverages produced by any other than the invention placed on our breakfast table daily."

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The *Boston Evening Gazette* says: "The OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT is decidedly a great institution, and we cannot wish them, in furthering its benefits at the hand."

The praises are in every woman's mouth. "—*Springfield Republican.*

The Subscriber will give up our 'OLD DOMINION' for four times its price, if another could not be obtained."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

We have given up our 'OLD DOMINION' for three years, and would not exchange it for any other coffee pot we have ever used."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

It gives us the entire strength of the coffee."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

The 'Old Dominion' is a simple contrivance, and one of use, always to order, and furnished good coffee at one trial."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

"The 'Old Dominion' is a simple contrivance, and one of boiling."

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"It is simple in construction, easily used, and will give good coffee always, or not worth the cost thus by the old modes of boiling."—*Home Magazine.*

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 86.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.



CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.

It is a just cause of exultation on the part of the people of the United States that the inception and the completion of the oceanic telegraph are due to American genius and American enterprise. The possibility of realizing the dream of that connecting the continents of Europe and America was first seriously discussed at the residence of Cyrus W. Field; and it is a remarkable fact that the seven gentlemen then present not only at once organized themselves into a Company to carry out the project, but also practically established themselves as the twenty-seven elements demanded to accomplish the object.

Cyrus W. Field, who has so entirely identified himself with the enterprise that, in all future time, his name will be a synonym of that, the greatest triumph of the nineteenth century, is a perfect specimen of the Americans in their manner, habit, and those practical minds, joined with vast conceptions, that have raised our people to their present proud pinnacle of superiority among the nations of the earth. His father is the Rev. David D. Field, pastor of the Congregational Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he still performs his sacred duties.

Cyrus is one of six brothers, each of whom is distinguished for superior natural ability and high moral worth. The name of David Dudley Field, the eldest brother, is familiar throughout the Union for his legal ability, and, as the author and originator of the "Code," for world-wide fame. His law-reputation, which will identify his name with the great results of the nineteenth century, is that of new Dickinson Field and Jonathan Edwards Field are leading lawyers in their native State, and have been recipients of some of the highest honors of the Commonwealth. Stephen Johnson Field is at present one of the Supreme Judges of California. Timothy Martyn Field, the youngest brother, is an eminent clergyman, and editor of the New York *Evangelist*. Cyrus Field, who is the second brother save Henry, was born at Stockbridge, in the year 1819. After arriving at an age when business busines he came to New York, and made his first essay under the guidance of A. T. Stewart, the eminent merchant of Broadway. Displaying, from fullness in the discharge of all his duties was characteristic of the man, he soon left the counting-room to be at the head of one of the largest houses in the Union engaged in the manufacture and sale of paper. Some four years ago, he, and as we have already stated, in a social circle at Mr. Field's became the idea of the Atlantic telegraph was discussed, and Mr. Field at once became inspired with the idea of its practicability, and formed the whole energies of his active mind to bring about the result. An association was at once formed, composed of Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White, S. F. B. Morse, David Dudley Field, and the first step Cyrus, with his brother Dudley and Chandler White, went to Newfoundland. Their reception by the inhabitants was cordial, and every facility was afforded them to carry out their wishes. Every assistance was rendered by the men of war this sagacity displayed at the outset of the enterprise that subsequently procured in its favor such confidence among the commercial men of unusual sympathy.

A first telegraph was at once constructed from St. John, Newfoundland, across that island, of more than three hundred miles in length; passing through a rough, wild country, covered with forests, tangled forest, and broken rock. Then followed the submarine telegraph across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the laying of which at the time attracted so much attention, particularly from the citizens of New York. The first attempt, as is well known, terminated, was a failure, and the cable was lost. Undismayed by the catastrophe, Mr. Field quickly returned from the disastrous trip, ordered a new cable, and then set to work vigorously for the recovery of the one at the bottom of the sea. The story to all expectation he was successful, and the Company, by his magnificent and indefatigable perseverance, was secured against any material loss. A communication was now consummated with Cape Breton, connecting with the then existing line in Nova Scotia. The Company then obtained grants and charters for lines from Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Maine, and Canada.

The preliminary labor on this eminent having been thoroughly accomplished, Mr. Field, in 1856, started for Europe. Few encouraged him in his expectations; all persuaded him to desist. On the his last trip across the Atlantic, when leaving a number of his friends, one said, "When shall we see you again?" "Not," returned Mr. Field, "until I have laid the cable!" Such was the spirit of confidence he maintained under all the discouragements which beset his path. Failure never could his order, or lessened his abiding faith in a final triumph. As the third time he left for the cable, it will be remembered that the cable from some unexplained cause would run out from the *Agamemnon*, and the hearts of the most sanguine sickened. In the midst of the gloom occasioned by this disaster, the news reached us that Mr. Cyrus W. Field is still sanguine of success." The terrible storm following that meeting, and the most active to have insensible preparations made to "try again." Such energy and indomitable action to triumph, has an inspiration about it that thrilled through the hearts of all who were engaged in the enterprise; it communicated itself to the commander, officers, and men attached to the ships engaged in the expedition, and made them all work as one man, throwing into their labors a religious fervor that partook of the sublime. When the possibility of laying the cable had ceased to be discussed, when success or discouragements were alone indulged in; when it was deemed almost impossible to unite the continents by the electrical current; when, in fact, the subject had ceased to occupy the public mind, save as a reminiscence of the past, the joyful announcement was made that the cable is laid." The heart of the whole world was thrilled at the news, and there went up rejoicings to Heaven more universal, more solemnly thankful, than has ever been called forth by any human event—the mightiest triumph of the nineteenth century was accomplished—not equal to the civilization and grandeur of the age.

We conclude this brief sketch with the following from the *Springfield Republican*:

"Mr. Field is about 39 years of age, rather slender, of medium size, has a light, little body, all muscle and nerves, and no flesh, five feet eight inches high, and weighs rather less than 150 pounds. His features are sharp and prominent, a nose that almost exhausts his face; eyes small, sunken, gray or blue, and apparently half closed; a large fore-head, and a full head of auburn hair. There is a youthful, almost boyish appearance about him, that makes him seem younger than he really is. There is little of the ingenuousness of figure and manner about him that distinguish his brother Dudley of the New York bar."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

THE UNITED STATES AGAIN A BANK.

FOUR times since the formation of the Constitutional Federacy have the United States come into the market to borrow money. First, for the most legitimate of all borrowing purposes, the defence of Independence; next, for a very necessary purpose, the war which secured American vessels from search by the Foreign Powers; third, for the war which was waged with Mexico; and now, lastly, for the ordinary expenses of the Government, being borrowed because the revenue are inadequate to defray. There is at all events a satisfaction in reflecting that the six years of peace being found on the average for the United States and their posterity, in the shape of a national debt, which will be paid by the means of gratifying any greedy lust for unnecessary territory, or any ignorant prejudice against unnecessary slavery. Nobody, therefore, can complain that in the years 1847 and 1848 errors of judgment laid an unnecessary load on the backs of the American people. The loss was imperatively required.

Those who resist Mr. Buchanan's administration for the purpose of getting rid of him, find some serious honesty to party prejudice. They know, if they know any thing, that Mr. Buchanan is virtuous enough to relieve the pecuniary embarrassments of the Government. There has been no material increase in the cost of the Government since the year 1856. Taxation, indeed, considering the constantly increasing cost of every commodity which must be purchased, and the increased wants of the country, for which it is necessary to be more economical and parsimonious than ever, in the country, for half of its servants are underpaid, has been a very oppressive taxation—a very costly performance, undoubtedly, for the unfortunate taxpayers. But the policy of Mr. Buchanan's administration may be said to have added nothing to the usual burdens of the country. This was natural. The present administration of government arises not from an increased expenditure, but from a diminished revenue—a diminished revenue which has arisen from the entire control than the Queen of Great Britain.

It was undoubtedly a mistake in the early financial difficulties of the country to make the whole substantial revenue of the country from customs duties. Protective fallacies probably sometimy the Democratic party, and the fact must be remembered, when even the clear-headed Southern Democrats thought well of the Protective policy. But from whatever cause the false coin sprang, of its baseness there can now be no question. The United States, which, a couple of years ago were almost ready to pay taxes to pay at twenty per cent premium, are now in the market as a borrower; and the reason simply is, that they have not the cash. The banks, merchants, and corporate institutions of various kinds, the people of the country have been forced to pay their own premium for the specie coin-notice. Thus it appears that when Mr. Buchanan, in his message to Wisconsin, chooses to deny himself French claret, and revile Lyons silks, or his children British pearlware, this country is not materially benefited, or brought to a dead lock for want of money.

However, the nation is generally so prosperous, and the system of government in general so satisfactory, that even those who see most clearly the radical failure of our present financial system are disposed to be patient against hope. The suggestion that the Government ought to meet the present deficiency in the revenue by increasing the duties was considered by many unjust; but no one took it up, and it was hardly considered worth discussion by Congress. An idea prevailed that next year, at furthest, the revenues from customs would reach their old standard, and that the Government would begin again to redeem its bills payable, so that no burden would be laid on posterity. Furthermore, people generally, being used to form superficial judgments, saw that the want of money was indirect and concealed, to a light one which they could see and feel in the exactions of the tax-gatherer. They would rather pay twenty-five cents additional on the pound of coffee than contribute a dime in coin to relieve the necessities of the Government. Thus, even if every citizen or landholder could have paid his proportion of a direct tax in specie—in which shape alone the Government could receive it, no matter how scarce coin might happen to be in this or that region—every very loyal citizen would have decidedly objected to pay it; and so all, or nearly all, have gladly acquiesced in a scheme which relieved them from a present exaction at the cost of future indebtedness. It is wrong, said Aristides, borrowing over the sea and over ten loan, but Providence and the revival of trade will mend all.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that neither the revulsion nor the slavery quarrel has shaken the credit of the Confederacy. The loan was taken at 6 per cent which is really about 5½ per cent. interest to its holders. This is nearly as well as the European governments can do; better perhaps than any save only Great Britain. Foreigners offered a premium of 3 to 3½ per cent people took it at 4 to 5, and will probably be able if it be to have some foreigners at a comfortable advance on these rates. And our country friends ought to know that, but for the prospect that Mr. Cobb may do-morrow advertise for other ten millions, the premium would have been 8 to 10 instead of 3 to 5. This does not look as though there were any timid people—the capitalists—had any lively faith in the schemes of the Secessionists.

A HINT FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

In view of the lull in the slavery excitement, and of the probable consent of Congress, next session, to the admission of Kansas, with the constitution she likes best, into the Confederacy, we beg to suggest to the Administration the propriety of diverting the public thoughts into new channels.

It is not generally known in this country that the present ruler of the fifteen or twenty odd German States of Europe becomes, by the mere act of birth, liable to military duty in each of those States. German Princes, like princes, and dukes, commence to have rights of property in their subjects as the cradle. Every male child born in Germany is the subject of a prince. So many years of that child's labor, or a compensation in money therefor, are secured to the ruler of the principality in which he was born to light, by the law of the land, which can not be changed any more than the laws of Medes or Persians. The law of the people of the United States have no right to interfere. If the Germans should submit to a law which dedicated their children's life to the service of the little princes and grand dukes, that would be their business, not ours.

But the Germans, like the old English law, conveniently denies that the subject can divest himself of his allegiance. A German, having become a child, coming to this country, becoming naturalized, and living here as a citizen ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, can not escape from the land of his birth without being liable to arrest and condemnation to military service. No prince, however, the lawyers say, has any claims of his prince upon him. He can not shake off the incubus; nor can time wear out the tie. The subject left his home in the nurse's arms, and may return a gray-headed grandfather: the prince will be upon him with the law of the Medes and Persians. No lawyer can find a plea that will save him from the warring sentence of the courts. No United States Consul can protect him. The naturalization treaties of States citizen who has had the misfortune to be born in the realm of the Grand Duke of Baden or the King of Prussia.

We are putting no imaginary case. Several United States citizens are at this moment cavalry soldiers of the Grand Duke will in the army of the King of Prussia. Their appeals for protection have been unheeded. No step has been taken for their rescue. Had they been Englishmen, and their oppressor Great Britain, the country would have resounded with frantic appeals for sympathy, and every able newspaper would have shrieked for leave to punish the insolent English. Yet the Germans are not Englishmen, and we don't feel any particular emotion one way or the other about Germany—and so these citizens are left to their fate. Probably Mr. Vroom and Mr. Murphy have done what they could.

Under Mr. Buchanan to borrow a hint from General Jackson, and insist on the surrender of these citizens of the United States, the act of naturalization of whom which the municipality of the martyrs would be forgotten. People would at once realize the importance of vindicating the sovereignty of the United States citizen in Germany, and Congress would sustain the President to any length. No hostilities would be needed: a mere embargo on Prussian merchandise would soon bring the Government to terms. Mr. Buchanan might, if he were so disposed, exact and obtain the surrender of these fellow-citizens of his with all military honors and any reasonable indemnity; and he would be a popular man. He will never have such a popular for the time as if he had conquered a kingdom. Remember Marcin Koszta.

SCARIFICATION AFTER THE BLISTER.

EVERY medical man has met with cases of internal irritation and inflammation that were too acute to be wholly cured, though they might be relieved, by the primitive remedy of the blister. In such cases the common practice is—leaving to his patient too well to shrink from the infliction of necessary pain—will resort to the severer remedies of scarification, the cautery, and the moxa. We apprehend that our relations with our patient, the New York Herald, are somewhat similar. That the blister we applied last week has been followed by some satisfactory results; but we can see very plainly that, in this case, the internal symptoms are too acute, and the irritation (which appears to arise from comparatively decreased vitality) too deeply seated, to disappear without further excternal treatment. We therefore proceed, at present, to all moderateness, to scarify the seat of the disease, reserving the cautery and the moxa for future use, in case of absolute need.

Our readers will remember how, last week, we proved that a work on horse-taming, written by Messrs. Rarey and Murphy, and published by George Holbrook, having been sent to the *Tribune* office for review, was by the editors of that sheet cheerfully seized, reprinted, copyrighted in the name of Horace Greeley & Co., published as original matter in the *Tribune* issue and in pamphlet form, and presented to the world as the *Tribune*'s contribution to the literature of the season. We showed that eight different sections of the *Tribune*'s essay—and the only parts thereof which contained any thing like original composition—were literally and correspondingly sections of Bentwright's work, even the faulty punctuation and bad grammar having been copied by the *Tribune*. To this that journal replies by admitting that

"there is a coincidence in language between certain passages of our publication and certain passages of Mr. Bentwright's."

This is sublime. Between two and three whole columns of the *Tribune* were filled with matter copied from Mr. Bentwright, and the *Tribune* calls it a "coincidence in language." We should rather think it was a coincidence. Just as the Pentateuch was a coincidence with the *Tribune* version of the "Virginians," which was "carefully expurgated from a large edition," and the version bought by the Harpers from Mr. Thackeray, and reprinted with catchwords in the margin. Just as there was a coincidence between two copies of the same book, or two impressions from the same type. Just as there was a case in the old-fashioned comedy: "John, you rascal" says the old Baronet, "how dare you wear my clothes?" "Why, Sir?" says John, "why—why—the fact is, I've got one just like yours—in shape—" "Coincidence, coincidence, Sir!" replies the old baronet, "coincidence! don't I see my papers in the pocket?"

But the *Tribune* has another excuse. It says:

"These coincidences . . . grew out of the fact that we had received from Mr. Rarey the MS. which he had given him full credit for the whole; while Mr. Holbrook's book has had only the same general basis."

Assuming, for argument's sake, this very wretched excuse to be in the main true in fact, it aggravates the offence. By what right does the editor of the *Tribune* copy or "make extracts" (without quotation marks) to the extent of nearly three columns from a book which, from another and a rival, Rarey's or Holbrook's, it matters not which—and then publish the extracts as original matter? By what right share has Mr. Rarey in the profits of the *Tribune* pamphlet? Here is a man, Rarey, who has spent his life in studying the art of horse-taming, the fruit of his labors is this book, on the sale of which he relies for his reward; here is the announcement of the *Tribune* step in, gut the book, republish it, copyright it in their own name, and carry off the profits. What kind form of writing is this—familiar and more indecent than this?

If a man set another on to steal, not when the *Tribune* has robbed—whether Mr. Holbrook or Mr. Rarey. We will only remark that in denying, at first, the charge that the *Tribune* had robbed, and in confessing that they robbed Rarey, the proprietors of the *Tribune* have to the full the consciousness that they made when they first published their horse-taming article. The following comparison will show this:

From the Weekly Tribune of July 31.	*From the New York Tribune of July 24.*
"We lay before the readers of the *Tribune* this week a very interesting account of the art of horse-taming, as practised by Mr. Rarey, of Ohio. We feel sure in fact that the *Tribune* is the veriest dullard that ever lived, if it is not the knowledge of the public in regard to the matter of this art. . . . *It has been prepared for us by Mr. Rarey himself, and is full of interest.*"	"This is a coincidence in language between certain passages of our publication and certain passages of Mr. Bentwright's. There is a coincidence in language between certain passages of our publication and certain passages of Mr. Bentwright's. . . . *We received from Mr. Rarey the MS. which he had given him full credit for the whole.*"

We might go on to show that the *Tribune* never did, as it says it did, "give credit to Mr. Rarey for the whole" of its publication, or that remark upon its mean flap at "speculators who might attempt to republish the article in book form," when the fact is that the book was the most valuable and honest literary speculation we have ever seen. But we forbear. One word suffices.

The principal editor of the *Tribune*, to whom we presume we do no injustice in holding him responsible for the course of that journal, is now fast advancing in years. He is said to be in possession of considerable wealth, is surrounded by his friends, and well known to a very large section of the people of the United States. We put it to him whether his reputation will be a gainer by despoiling men like Mr. Holbrook or Mr. Rarey. The profits on the sale of the *Tribune* pamphlet can not be very great; are they worth the shame he must now feel? Are they worth the loss of respect this affair must cost him? And these little lucrenies are trifling in comparison with the sacrifice of truth which the *Tribune* has made every wretched quibbles and falsehoods this Horse-taming speculation has cast the *Tribune*! Can a few

hundred additional subscribers to the *Weekly Tribune* compensate Mr. Horace Greeley for the ruin of his character as a truth-speaking man? We protest that these remarks are suggested by the purest kindness, and that we should rejoice to see him set himself straight with the public. But how can he expect people to disbelieve the current stories with which his political opponents love to couple his name, when they see that, for a few hundred dollars, the *Tribune* takes the bread out of poor men's mouths, and humiliates itself by all kinds of prevarication to hide the fact?

A CABLE-ISTIC LAY.

BY EBENEZER SPROUT.

The cable is safely locked
  In Davy Jones's locker,
And not entirely gone to "old Nick,"
  As some old Knickerbocker

Prognosticated long ago,
  Before this joyful day;
But now one end's on the land of "Bulls,"
  And t'other's in the *Bay*.

Then hurrah for th' Atlantic cable!
  And useful may it be,
For though in *truth* it's out of *sight*,
  It *lies* safe in the *sea*.

We're glad that the work is done,
  We're proud of those who have done it,
Though we wonder the wire wasn't broke by the *strains*
  The poets put upon it.

'Tis said that way down in the deep,
  Away from the light and the air,
The mermaids have often inspected the wire,
  And call it a "Shocking affair!"

But the murmurs of these maids
  Will be of no avail,
For we never can b'lieve the tale of a fish,
  Or a maid with a fish's tail.

What a saving of pens, ink, and paper;
  And only to think how fine,
To get all the news from the other side
  By dropping a single line!

New Jersey, *Aug.*, 1858.

THE LOUNGER.

AUTHORS AND LECTURERS.

"Let laws and learning, art and commerce die,
But God preserve to us our old nobility."

Thus, or similarly, sings Manners, the celebrated bard of Britain.

Who is Manners?

What a question! What woeful ignorance! Let us hasten to know our Manners, and behave. His name is John—he is a lord—he is the son of the Duke of Rutland—he was the leader of "Young England," a party whose poetic existence is passed in Disraeli's novels—he has been, we believe, "Woods and Forests" in the old Derby Ministry—but Lord John Manners is chiefly famous for the distich above quoted.

Inspired by that generous sentiment, some great and good men of England concluded to correct the obliquity of the earth's axis by means of a new paper—the *Saturday Review*—of which about one hundred and fifty numbers have been issued, and which is one of the cleverest papers, and by far the most conceited, that John Bull produces for his weekly entertainment. This astute periodical has discovered many mares'-nests; but the most interesting and important treasure of that kind which it has unearthed is the fact that "*Mr. Thackeray is the great creator and support of the 'new profession'—that of what is euphemistically called lecturing, but what is really taking a man's personal appearance into the market.*"

This passage occurs in the course of an article upon the Thackeray and Yates controversy, which is one of the coarsest, meanest, and most ungentlemanly articles ever printed in an English journal. The title of the paper is "Gentlemen Authors:" its philosophy is that no gentleman who is an author would ever make capital out of gossipy, and scandalous, and caricatured sketches of fellow-authors; and then, by way, doubtless, of illustrating gentlemanly conduct in editors, says of one of the most eminent literary men of this century:

"He took into the market his 'silvery hair,' his 'bloodless and not particularly expressive face,' his 'fractured nose,' and his 'small gray whiskers.' He sold a good stare at them to thousands of curious and eager purchasers. * * * * Mr. Thackeray makes money by showing himself at a lecture, and Mr. Yates makes money by describing what is shown. * * * * We must admit that all Mr. Thackeray would have gained by refusing to be Barnumized was something infinitesimal and inappreciable; and he would have lost a sum of money which the aspect of a bloodless face and a broken nose can rarely procure. To go to market with himself, and satisfy curiosity at a scale of prices regulated according to proximity, was not to do any thing dishonorable. It was not any thing ungentlemanly, like cheating at cards or telling a lie."

Whether such writing as this, of a man like Thackeray, is considered, by the readers of the *Saturday Review*, "any thing dishonorable," "any thing ungentlemanly, like cheating at cards," is impossible to say; for what can be predicted of people who considered that poor popinjay, George the Fourth, the first gentleman in Europe, and whose laws sent a man to jail for calling him a fat Adonis of sixty? In a country where such painful and ludicrous stuff as this is put forth as reputable journalism in defense of gentlemanly conduct (which was assumed to be in danger because Mr. Thackeray, being a gentleman, had also delivered lectures), it was certainly high time that the caustic of "Vanity Fair" and "The Book of Snobs" was applied.

The English press is never tired of talking about American rudeness and coarseness, and disgusting personal and private discussion in the newspapers. But never, in the worst article of any *respectable* paper in this country of standing like that of the *Saturday Review* in England, was there such indecency as this. That such a paper should undertake to dictate the canons of gentlemanly behavior is a joke beyond Rabelais.

But if such are its instincts of delicacy, its intellectual perceptions are equally ludicrous. A lecture delivered by a gentleman of celebrity is an exposure of his person for pecuniary profit! Coleridge, Carlyle, Hazlitt, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dickens, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Roderick Murchison, Emerson, and all who have been paid for speaking in public, have concluded "to let Barnum have his Chinese dwarf;" every one of them has "gone to market with himself," has "degraded literature," and goes "about in his literary caravan." The article quotes Tennyson (whose name be always mentioned with a blessing!) as choosing the better part by publishing poems instead of reciting them.

But does not Tennyson receive money for his poems? And what is lecturing but publishing your work by your own tongue instead of types? Thackeray's "English Humorists" is one of his most delightful books. Would the *Saturday Review* have been scurrilous about him if he had sold the MS. for a thousand pounds? Why fling dirt, then, because he chose to make the thousand pounds by reading it himself, deepening by the mysterious charm of personality the just impression and effect of his own work? If a sensible man would give five shillings for Dickens's "Christmas Carol," wouldn't he willingly give ten shillings to hear Dickens read it? Had there been types in his day, would it have been "ungentlemanly" for Homer to sing his songs? Would it be "ungentlemanly" for Shakespeare to play his own "Hamlet?"

That the *Saturday Review* represents in any degree the public manners of educated and thoughtful Englishmen we are very slow to believe. But that one of the men whose names are justly dear to all who honor English literature should be so wantonly and personally insulted, is a very grievous offense to honorable men every where.

THACKERAY AND YATES.

The names of the three most eminent English novelists have lately been thrust before the public under very disagreeable circumstances. The unfortunate domestic difficulties of Mr. Dickens and of Sir Edward Lytton have furnished delicious staple for scandal; and a quarrel of Mr. Thackeray with Mr. Yates, a London *litterateur*, has been the occasion of a good deal of bitter criticism.

The facts are simply these:

Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Yates belong to the Garrick Club, in London. They are both authors, and Mr. Yates is a contributor to a two-cent paper called *Town Talk*—a journal of social, literary, theatrical, and political gossip, established a few months since. A recent number of that paper contained a personal sketch of Thackeray, closely describing his appearance, and saying:

"No one meeting him could fail to recognize in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting; his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched; but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion."

In the Ninth Part of "The Virginians," published in *Harper's Magazine* for August, at the beginning of the twenty-fifth chapter, Thackeray writes, after saying some things bitter-sweet:

"Women will be pleased with these remarks because they have such a taste for humor, and understand irony; and I should not be surprised if young Grubstreet, who corresponds with three penny papers, and describes the persons and conversation of gentlemen whom he meets at his 'clubs,' will say, 'I told you so! He advocates the thrashing of women! He has no nobility of soul! He has no heart!' Nor have I, my eminent young Grubstreet! any more than you have ears."

But besides this notice of the conduct of Mr. Yates, Thackeray wrote him a letter demanding an apology, which Mr. Yates declined, upon the ground that Thackeray's letter was offensive. Thackeray then brought the matter before the Garrick Club. Mr. Dickens, one of the committee, censured Thackeray; but it was finally decided to ask Mr. Yates to resign.

There may be great differences of opinion as to the treatment of such publications. It would, doubtless, have been wiser, at least more politic, for Thackeray to remain silent. But no man can well judge the conduct of another under such circumstances. Thackeray's ground probably was, that a club of gentlemen can not exist if any member is suffered to be guilty of ungentlemanly conduct and remain a member. Consequently, considering Mr. Yates's conduct merely from that point, Thackeray might justly claim his expulsion by the Club, not out of regard to himself, but as a sign of the respect which the Club owed to itself.

The defense of Mr. Yates is, that Thackeray has sinned in the same way—if sin it be—much more shamefully; that his "Book of Snobs" was so faithful a caricature of gentlemen belonging to various clubs as to be entirely recognizable, and the source of constant mortification; and, according to the latest account, Mr. Yates had refused to apologize.

Of course this opens the old, old question in literature, how far, and how much, and in what way an author may use his personal experience in writing his books. The only just and generous rule seems to be this: that no author will so individualize a character by personal defects or eccentricities as to make it necessarily and offensively recognized as the portrait of a particular person. But while this is so, of course individual traits must be described. Thus it is not fair to assume that an English statesman who is described in a novel as a gentleman who gets drunk and spends money freely, is therefore Sheridan. A satirist of course satirizes society and character as it appears to him; but it does not follow that he intended Becky Sharp as a portrait of Mrs. Toad because Mrs. Toad is a woman of the same character and principles and ambition as Becky Sharp. It is the multitude of Mrs. Toads, of various individualities, but of the same general character, which gives a certain tone to society, that stimulates the satire.

Now any reader, at this distance, easily sees that the men in the "Book of Snobs" are typical club men. The very titles of the chapters show the nature of the work: "On Clerical Snobs," "Military Snobs," "Great City Snobs," "On some respectable Snobs," "Party-giving Snobs," "Continental Snobs," "On literary Snobs." Of course individual instances furnish the basis of the generalization; but when, in the "Book of Snobs," Thackeray is personal, the disguise is so thin that you see through it, as he means you shall. "TheodoreCrook," "The Right Honorable Tom Macau," "Young Ben de Minories," "Mrs. Wallop," are very transparent names. And when the author speaks of Theodore Hook, or Macaulay, or Disraeli, or Mrs. Trollope, he speaks of their public performances—of what they have challenged the public to speak upon. So, when he describes Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley—who wore japanned boots and mustaches, lisped, drawled, and left the *r*'s out of his words, always flourishing about and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandana that filled the room with an odor of musk—any military gentleman of such peculiarities of manner would be an extremely foolish gentleman if he flew into a passion and bellowed "That's me! and I'll suck the villain's heart's-blood!"

So Dickens, who, it appears, censured Thackeray, has drawn in his "Bleak House" a character, Harold Skimpole, which is universally declared to be founded upon Leigh Hunt. The charge is not just; for, however pecuniarily easy and careless Leigh Hunt may be, he is not a smirking idiot like Harold Skimpole, and neither he nor his friend can be justly angry with Dickens for drawing such a character, although he may have some traits in common with the genial poet and charming essayist.

Mr. Yates's defense seems to us entirely untenable upon simpler grounds. That an author, in his observation of society, should cull certain peculiarities, and, in pursuing an evident general and literary purpose, should reproduce them in various forms, is no excuse for another man's conduct, who, being a fellow-member of a club upon the tenure of ordinary gentlemanly behavior, deliberately uses the opportunity of his association with that author to describe him personally and offensively—doing dirty work to gratify a dirty love of gossip, and to earn a dirty penny.

Of course there is a natural personal curiosity about famous people, and only those who know them—whether in a club or any where else—can describe them. But delicacy and decency easily determine the limits within which such work is possible. And they are very narrow limits indeed.

RACHEL ONCE MORE.

Madame B—— has written a life of Madame R——, which has been translated and republished here. Every thing relating to the famous actress is interesting. The paper of personal reminiscences in the July Number of *Harper's Magazine* was very attractive. In fact the personality of every celebrated man or woman is full of charm, whether we approve or disapprove the career.

The present life of Rachel seems, upon the whole, just. It gives a detailed account of her theatrical life from the beginning—and it is fairly a question whether she had any other. She was born an actress; and the tragic tone and element pervade her whole career. There was a certain loneliness in her splendor and success which is very touching. After all, she seems to have been a kind of gladiator, fighting for life, for glory, and for gain. In Madame B.'s estimate, her most brilliant triumphs had a sordid strain. Perhaps quite half of the statue was clay.

The constant contest with the public in Paris, and her many failures, will surprise those who imagine that Rachel walked over flowers and ducats from the *café* where she first sang to the fatal night at Charleston when she played last. The story is instructive for those who suppose that genius has no struggle even after it is universally conceded. It is in vain that Napoleon has filled the world with the renown of Marengo. When he deploys at Austerlitz he puts the glory of Marengo at stake. We say it is a question whether Rachel had any other life than that of the stage. We mean, of course, any describable life. But the peculiar interest in the woman is such—the tragic tone is so evident—that the reader wonders, as he lays down this book, what thoughts, hopes, disappointments, dreams, lay beyond and beneath all that can be told.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A modest poet sends a specimen of song to the Lounger, to know if it be poetry. Let him read it carefully in print and consider if it be grammar.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Look up, poor wounded, tortured heart!
  Too long hath grief held scope,
So filled with woe—so pierced and wrung—
  Oh! hast thou room for hope?

Sorrow, and wrong, and hopelessness
  Hath been thy portion long;
Full bravely hast thou borne their weight,
  Will joy find thee as strong?

"Virginia, *August*, 1858.

"Dear Mr. Lounger.—There is quite an interesting little love affair going on in our quiet country village. Can you give a few moments to the touching recital?

"A lovely young poetess, desperately smitten with a youth who twirls an elegant mustache between his delicate thumb and forefinger, is about to pay a visit to the city. He—the youth—is as much in love with the poetess as she is with him.

"He is after the most approved style of modern Southern gentlemen, plays the guitar and sings—oh! such delightful songs—*a la mode*. (In fact, all of us girls are a little taken with him.)

"You should see the love-glances that the two lovers cast at each other when they meet—she, full of soul, looking such worlds of love into his dark eyes, and he casting back glance for glance.

"But they must part to-morrow. I fear they can not say, like Juliet,

'Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.'

"Would it not prove sad if they were to marry, and, in after years, when the love-dream shall be dashed away, quarrel, and prove—as a distinguished couple have lately done—love to be all a myth.

"Dear Mr. Lounger, do you believe in love?

"Respectfully, Belle Heron."

—Venerable Loungers, dear Belle, who have loitered about the world, learn that there is but one treasure. What that is your "lovely young poetess" may discover before she is aware, if she marries her friend of the guitar. That they love each other seems to be no reason for supposing that they are to be unhappy. Suppose they did not, and thought of marrying?

"New York.

"Dear Lounger,—Can you oblige one of your lady readers by telling her where she can obtain a piece of poetry, written by Mrs. Norton some time ago, called The Soldier of the Rhine, or Bingen on the Rhine? I have looked for it in vain. Could you either publish the verses or give an answer through your Letter Box, and so oblige, Yours, respectfully, W. S. W."

—The Lounger is glad to gratify his correspondent, and his readers and himself, by republishing the very pretty poem of Mrs. Norton's, which leads a doubtful and dangerous life in the corners of newspapers.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vintage ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the fight was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun,
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
That I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage—
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild:
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
In the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to mourn for me, nor sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and did not fear to die!
And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him calmly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place—my father's sword and mine—
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister, and in happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning;
Oh! Friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning—
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

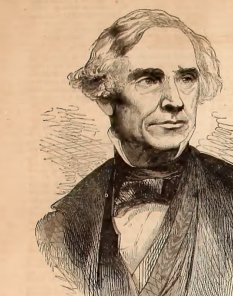
"I heard the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German song we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear—
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eye was on me as we passed in friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spirit of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay dead;
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sands of that battle-field, with bloody corses strewn—
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Messrs. Editors.—In reading your paper several weeks ago I saw the language of ladies' names. If you know that of gentlemen's, will you be kind enough to publish it as soon as possible, and oblige

"A Lady Reader."

—Will no kind friend help the Lounger to answer this letter?



PROFESSOR MORSE.

THE TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.—MORSE AND HUDSON.

We give herewith portraits of Professor Morse and Captain Hudson — men whose names deserve to be, and will be, remembered in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph so long as it lasts. We subjoin beneath another illustration, depicting the laying of the cable in mid ocean. So unexampled a scene can not be too often portrayed. This time last year, or a little earlier, we gave a good deal of information respecting the Telegraph; the reader of this and the last Number of this paper may refer to it, and he will then find that he is acquainted with the subject thoroughly.

Professor Morse is a man of sixty-seven years of age. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on 27th April, 1791, and having graduated at Yale, in 1810, went to London, England, to study painting under Allston. He returned to the United States a few years afterward, and made a living by painting. This time last year we had occasion to speak of him as follows:

Forty years ago, when he was an art student in London, a pupil of Allston, West, not Copley, he would have gladly discounted his glory in advance for the satisfaction of painting a picture like the Death of Wolfe. Thirty years ago, when he was a poor portrait-painter at Charlestown and Boston, when he traveled thro' the country villages painting portraits at fifteen dollars apiece, and not unfrequently at a less for work, a very few dollars secured safely would have satisfied his worldly aspirations. — Twenty years ago, when he dreamed out the electric telegraph on board an ocean steamer, the realization of that magnificent dream seemed so distant that, though his genius saw it, his judgment shed a mist of doubts, and he dared not be positive in his conviction even to his own mind. And now all his brightest hopes are realized; he enjoys *fame*, a competency, a world-wide recognition.

Not many days since, in conversation with the writer, and in reply to a remark on the subject of the rival claims of Wheatstone and the European "discoverers" or "inventors" of the electric telegraph, Professor Morse cried, hastily, "Ah! Sir, but they are noble fellows; they behaved nobly to me, Sir; they are true men of science." He would not hear a word said in disparagement of the men who had done their utmost to rob him of his fame, and who had succeeded in robbing him of half his fortune.

The writer ventured to suggest a doubt of the feasibility of the transatlantic Telegraph; adding that "many persons believe the line can be laid."

"Can't! Sir, can't!" replied the venerable Professor, quickly; "I have forgotten the meaning of that word. We must succeed. When Lord Clarendon said to Mr. Field, on the occasion of their last interview, 'But suppose you lose the wire, as you lost the one to Newfoundland?' Mr. Field answered, quickly, 'Then, my lord, we shall give orders directly for the manufacture of another'— and that, Sir," continued the Professor, with energy, "is the spirit with which we go about this matter."

Professor Morse has, unfortunately, not been connected with this last expedition. He is now in Europe collecting from the governments of Europe the subsidy they have at last agreed to pay him for the use of his telegraphs. No one will rejoice more heartily at the success of the enterprise than he.

Of Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, it is hardly necessary to say any thing. No man in the navy is better known than he, though he has not figured as prominently in actual warfare as some of his fellow-captains. He stands high in the estimation of the chiefs of the service, and when the finest vessel in the navy, the *Niagara*, was put in commission, he was placed in command, with the general approval of the officers of the navy. His first service on board this ship will preserve his name from oblivion long after battles and sieges are forgotten. He has labored earnestly and effectively in the great cause in which he has been engaged, feeling as much interest in the enterprise as its promoters themselves, and giving them such aid and intelligent advice that there is something more than mere compliment in Mr. Field's remark, that the success of the telegraph is in great measure due to the labors of Captain Hudson.

The picture below needs no explanation. We have on former occasions described the vessels engaged; it only remains for us to draw attention once more to the striking character of the scene when such vessels met, in such a place, for such an object.



CAPTAIN HUDSON.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE MACHINERY.

In order that our readers may the better understand the accounts which are being published of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, we give herewith two illustrations of Mr. Everett's admirable machine for paying it out, by whose aid the entire cable was laid without accident, together with a picture of the Hughes instrument, the only telegraph battery, it is believed, which can transmit intelligence through the submerged wire.

THE PAYING-OUT MACHINE.

The machinery devised for laying the cable is pronounced by competent engineers to be as ingenious as it is simple. The great difficulties to be guarded against in paying out the wire—the difficulties, in fact, which defeated the enterprise last year—arose from the tendency of the cable to "kink" and then break, and from the sudden strains and jerks which the motion of the sea occasioned, working upon the hull of the vessel, and raising and depressing her alternately. Mr. Everett, the chief-engineer of the *Niagara*, who, at the request of the Telegraph Company, was detailed for duty as their engineer on this expedition, spent last winter in devising a machine which should overcome these difficulties. This machine, of which we give two drawings on the next page, may be described as follows:

The machine is placed on deck in the after-part of the vessel, and somewhat on the starboard side, to be clear of the mast, etc. The cable, as it comes up from its enormous coils in the hold, passes first through a guiding groove, A, and over a deeply grooved wheel, B, on to the drum, C, D, which are each furnished with four deep grooves, each groove being cut one-eighth of an inch deeper than the former to allow for slack. The cable, after winding round these drums, passes on from the last groove over another guiding wheel, E, to a distinct piece of machinery, also standing on the deck, and laid over between the brakes and the ship's stern. Here a grooved wheel, F, works on a sliding frame, G, furnished with weights fixed on a rod, which ends in a piston inside of a cylinder, H, full of water. This piston, being made not quite large enough to fit the cylinder, the water has room to play about it, but with difficulty. It is obvious, therefore, that, yielding freely to every alteration of pressure, it can do so to some with a jerk, as the piston must be allowed some little time to dislodge the water from one side of it to the other; it sets, in short, as a water cushion. From this last piece of machinery the cable passes over a wheel or sheave projecting well over the stern of the ship and so down into the ocean depths.

The working of the brake-machinery is as follows: The engineer having fixed in his mind what amount of pres-



LAYING THE CABLE IN MID OCEAN.

we will keep the cable at the required tension, weights the slide ascending, the weight being lightly on the shaft of the grooved wheel under which the cable passes, and, in point of fact, therefore, sliding on the cable itself; an index or dynamometer is placed on the side of the frame and indicates the exact amount of pressure exerted. Underthis index is a wheel, I, with spoke handles like the steering- wheel of a river steamer, and from the drum of which a chain passes over a wheel, K, to another, M, on the shaft of which letter are connected by rods with the handles of four powerful brakes, N N, etc. which action drums, W W, etc., carried on the same shafts, S and T, as the grooved drums, C and D, and the bevilled wheels, X X, etc., which are connected with the steam-engine. The brakes, like the sliding frame, are supplied with sliding weights, which may be slipped on or off at the engineer's pleasure, and with a quick working in a cylinder of water, R, and acting also as a water cushion to prevent any sudden jerk. Each brake is furnished with Appold's apparatus, O, and works in a tank of water, P P, etc. The consequence of all this is, that any man of moderate intelligence and of all used to steering, stands at the steering-wheel, I, with his eye fixed on the index, just as the helesman's on the bisnacle compass. The engineer increases him what weight to keep to, just as the officer in charge tells the helmsman what point to steer for. As the rolling and plunging of the vessel increase or diminish the strain, the slide descends, G, will have a tendency to rise or fall with the tightening or slackening of the cable. The man at the wheel corrects this tendency by a slight turn of the wheel one way or other, which acts instantly through the chain over the pinion, K and M, on the brakes, N N, and so through the drums, W W, etc., on the drums, C D.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—PLAN OF THE PAYING-OUT MACHINE.

A simpler or more ingenious contrivance it is difficult to conceive. The index always indicates accurately to the man at the wheel the tension of the cable; the least turn of the wheel acts instantaneously and powerfully on the four brakes, which, however, are prevented by the water cylinders from acting with too abrupt a jerk.

This machinery, which was pronounced by some wiseacres emphatically unsuited to the duty it had to perform, seems to have worked admirably both on board the *Niagara* and on board the *Agamemnon*. From the hour of their parting in mid ocean to their respective arrivals in Ireland and Newfoundland, not the least accident occurred. The enormous vessels freighted with the cable rose and fell with the roll and swell of the sea; but the ingenious contrivance above described saved the cable from any sudden strain, and the careful handling of the mechanics employed, together with the simple but effective nature of the machinery, evercame the tendency to kink.

HUGHES'S TELEGRAPH.

It only remains to say a few words on the Hughes telegraph instrument, the inventions of Mr. Hughes, of Kentucky, and the fruit of seven years' arduous labor. It is said to be the only instrument which can work perfectly with the transatlantic wire. Mr. Whitehouse, the English electrician, can only, it is said, get two or three letters through the wire per minute; Mr. Hughes can transmit several words.

The following graphic description of the Hughes instrument appeared when it was first brought into public notice:

"The Hughes instrument consists of a train of clockwork, keys for closing the circuit, an electric magnet, and a vibrating spring to govern the type-wheel, which revolves by aid of the train of wheels. The clock-work consists of four cog-wheels, turned by a weight, which turns a shaft with a wheel, upon which are engraved the letters of the alphabet. This wheel is linked by a small police. Below the type-wheel a small press moves the paper to be printed upon against the letters. This press moves only when the armature of the magnet acts by a current of electricity being sent along the line.

"This system is based upon division of time—the Morse upon the number of waves, and the Morse upon the length of break and closing of circuit—the letters in the latter depending on the number and length of the waves sent; and if the magnet at the receiving-station is moved in a different letter is received. In the Hughes's system this is impossible, as every wave sent is of the same duration, and every wave records a letter. The particular letter depends upon the timing of the type-wheels, which are governed in their revolutions by a vibrating spring. The type-wheels being entirely independent of electrical influences, it follows that if they keep time together on a short circuit, they will also on a very long circuit, as time is the same every where, and time being divided into twenty-eight parts for the letters of the alphabet, must ever remain the same, provided that all the instruments move through the same space in the same time.

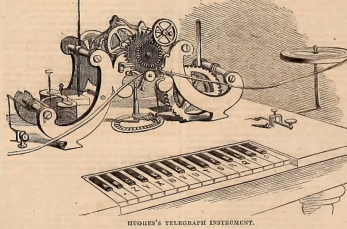
"Two clocks, keeping exact time with one another, will represent the Hughes instrument—that is, if both clocks start at one o'clock they will both arrive at twelve together. Suppose a wire stretched from each clock with a magnet each end so that it would sound a bell when the circuit was closed; if a person at one end on the closed the circuit at the moment the clock was at twelve, it would sound at the other end at twelve also. Now suppose a type-wheel took the place of the bands, and the magnet pressed a piece of paper against the letters. It would print the same letter as was touched at one end at both stations; and as those clocks would keep time equally as well 7000 miles apart as in the same room, it follows that the writing from one to the other would be correct, no matter what the distance, provided the magnet would act as well on a long circuit as on a short one.

"The magnet of the Hughes instrument is a peculiarly simple and effective arrangement by which electricity is made to work at its highest development instead of its smallest, as in all other systems—the Hughes magnet working by the power of the holding force of electricity, the Morse by its attractive. An electro or natural magnet will sustain one hundred times more when placed in contact with the armature to be held than when having to attract the same body, or will sustain the same weight with 100th part of the battery required to attract it at the distance of one-sixteenth part of an inch; but when the armature is let loose from the magnet it would take a very strong battery to draw it back again, without it was placed there by some other force. The Hughes magnet uses these principles, and electricity only holds the armature while in contact. As soon as it is cut free by the distant operator closing the circuit, it falls against a detent which brings a small cam in play and restores the armature to its resting-place in contact with the electro magnet. This operation is performed every letter that is printed, the magnet never acting until a letter is sent, and then only once to each letter: thus every electrical wave produces a letter. The nonliveness of this arrangement is so remarkable that it works perfectly with a pen. The rapidity of the instrument is not equaled by the operator's ability, for before the machine he has the more rapid it will print. Five and six keys can be touched at the same instant, the instrument printing off every letter correctly, thus allowing operators to send words by a single movement of the hand, while in the Morse system the key has to be moved several times to each letter.

"The average speed of the instrument is about 250 letters per minute, and at this rate both ways at the same time, being an actual transmission of 500 letters per minute, or five times as fast as the Morse.

"The fact of the possibility of writing both ways simultaneously on one wire has been fully demonstrated, working so perfectly both ways as one, and both ourselves being actually on the same wire at the same instant of time. This is accomplished by the arrangement of the battery so that it does not effect the instrument at the office sending, but the instant that a distant office puts on battery the magnet acts; that cuts the circuit off from the distant battery, and is not affected by its own writing, while it receives perfectly what is sent to it.

"The messages would always start by this instrument the moment received, as there is no necessity of waiting until the line is unoccupied, as in all other systems, the line always being ready for the receipt of a message at the same time; then the message would not only be sent very rapidly, but would lose no time at the office from which it was sent. Another great feature in this machine is the freedom of disturbance from atmospheric causes. This is caused by the line being always open except at the instant of the letter being sent; then, if in same direction, can only assist the current from the battery. It is not by its action spoil the dispatch or throw the instruments out of adjustment. This has been fully tested, working perfectly from Bangor, Maine, to New York direct, through seven thunder-storms, at the same time that the Morse and House systems had to repeat four times over the same wires and distance.



HUGHES'S TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT.

"The principle of making all the instruments keep exact time with one another, so that they always present a certain letter opposite the press at the same instant, and also to revolve rapidly, has been accomplished by the union of a well-known law in acoustics to mechanics. Thus a certain number of vibrations per second produces a certain musical tone; if a spring vibrates a certain tone, it must always vibrate in equal times. If this spring in its vibrations releases a tooth of an escapement-wheel and that a letter of the type-wheel, every vibration, this type-wheel must revolve always a certain number of times a minute, and these times must ever be equal. If these two instruments have each a vibrating spring of the same tone, the two instruments must always revolve in exact time with each other.

"These type-wheels, receiving by means of clock-work, carry around with them a circular-index, which travels over twenty-eight dots, corresponding to the letters upon the type-wheels. Large of these pins are touched by corresponding keys the circuit is closed at the moment the index passes that point. The armature immediately falls off, opens the detent which locks the press to the wheel-work; this moves up the press, and when the letter is printed unlocks itself until again acted by the action of the armature. It follows that if the right key is touched the letter intended must be printed. The same as in a piano-forte, and in short time a operator becomes an expert that he knows the keys four or five times faster than he can possible to write with a pen. The rapidity of the instrument is not equaled by the operator's ability, for before the machine he has the more rapid it will print. Five and six keys can be touched at the same instant, the instrument printing off every letter correctly, thus allowing operators to send words by a single movement of the hand, while in the Morse system the key has to be moved several times to each letter.

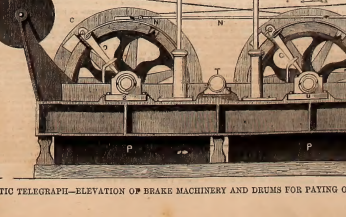
"The average speed of the instrument is about 250 letters per minute, and at this rate both ways at the same time, being an actual transmission of 500 letters per minute, or five times as fast as the Morse.

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LITERARY.

THE voice of the great *tragédienne* has hardly ceased from the memory of Americans, and her memoirs now come to revive the recollection of her triumphs. RACHEL, in the title of a book, published by Harper & Brothers, which contains all that can be said of the greatest of modern actresses. It is like a romance, only that the romance has the excitement of truth. Her life was a strange, indescribable life. The author of this book wisely refrains from the attempt to cite it as a biography. She only gives those incidents in it which are of interest to the world to whom the heroine belonged. The chief of these are too well known for us to repeat them here. The minuter incidents of her life; the growth of her fame; the genius with which she received her first present from royalty—a trifling bauble, which was nothing to her later magnificent gifts; the craving of her strangely-compounded mind for money, jewelry, and fame; the princes and peers who were at her feet; the relations she sustained to her own nation; the peculiar relations to her own family; the progress of her triumphs; the victories over opposition, rivalry, and enmity, which are like the victories we read of in rich old romances as Artemis and Zaire were accustomed to write—these make the book one of the most readable that could have been col-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—ELEVATION OF BRAKE MACHINERY AND DRUMS FOR PAYING OUT THE CABLE.

lected or written. We suppose that the name of the author, Madame de B——, is well known to be wholly fictitious. The lady is one not unknown to literary fame from her former works.

Mr. Squier has completed his new work on THE STATES OF CENTRAL AMERICA, and Harper & Brothers publish it. The book is one of the most elegant issues of the American press, being finely illustrated with maps, wood-cuts, and tinted lithographs, in a style of great superiority, bringing the Central American provinces, their cities, landscapes, and inhabitants before the eye of the reader while he listens to the author's explanations.

The whole world is in ignorance about these States, and has been in a state of perplexity since Stephens reported to the Home Government that he had made diligent search and found no government there. Mr. Squier's former work, which was but the basis of this, was the first light shed on the mystery. The volume before us is a complete and succinct statement by one who knows that whereof he writes. It contains a full account and history of all the powers that be in those regions of disputed authority and questionable governments. The reader will find himself, after examining the work, in condition to read the newspapers which contain so much in our day about Nicaragua and its neighboring States.

Mr. Squier is no ordinary book-maker. He has a work to do, and he does it in a careful and masterly manner. Writing with the air of one who understands his subject, and convincing the reader of his mastery over all doubtful questions, he makes a readable book, one which is to be relied on, and one which will take its place in the library as the safest reference on Central American affairs. Probably no man lives who is so well qualified to do this work. His thorough knowledge of the subject, derived from long study in both hemispheres, as well as his residence in Central America and his official position there, have qualified him to speak with authority. The historical, geographical, and artistic value of the book are beyond praise. The information it contains is nowhere else to be found, and the book is therefore invaluable.

We have heretofore alluded to the progress of Art as illustrated in the store of Messrs. Williams & Stevens, on Broadway. We can imagine no greater pleasure to the lovers of the beautiful than an hour passed among the superb works of the pencil and the graver which are now collected and exhibited by these gentlemen. Our readers out of the city will not be offended at the information that they know but little of the advance of the illustrative arts, when we confess that we are ourselves left far behind unless we make at least a monthly visit to their folios.

Never, since Carlo Dolci painted that saintly face which looks down on the slumber of the Grand Duke of Tuscany from the wall of his bedchamber—most saintly and most womanly of all the faces of Mary painted by the old masters—never since that has there been a Madonna produced by an artist's imagination so beautiful as this by Sant, an engraving from which is now one of the chief ornaments of this store. To possess one of these prints is to own a world of beauty. The divine eyes, lifted in rapt adoration to the God who has made her most blessed among women; the expression of exultant awe, of faith, yet wonder beyond all, at her own exaltation; the holy, yet childlike beauty of her countenance; the lips half open to utter the Magnificat—all mingle the human and the heavenly most perfectly. Such a picture is a treasure in a house. Its influence is good. It calms and quiets a room. It makes the atmosphere around it seem unfit for boisterous word or rude thought. If any one think such praise enthusiastic, let him but sit down before the picture for ten minutes, and judge us then.

Rosa Bonheur's Cattle-Fair and those fine cromo-lithographs hang near, of which we have heretofore spoken. The folios swell with pictures, from which he is a strange man and she a strange woman indeed who can not select that which will prove an unending pleasure.

The splendid "Florinde" of Winterhalter has a remarkable feature, which no one can avoid noticing. The face of Florinde is that of the Empress of France, and she is surrounded by a group of ladies not altogether correctly costumed for a public appearance. It is a superb engraving, however, and a study of beauty.

There is a small but exquisite picture of the Execution of the Lady Jane Grey, engraved after Paul De la Roche—a most delicious engraving, reminding one, in its softness and delicacy, of the Dusseldorf Genoveva, which is one of the immortal works of modern times. The old world is here in photographs. This art has imported palaces and ruins, the modern splendor and the wreck of old glories; so that, for a dollar a sight, the inhabitant of Minnesota may look on Egyptian ruin or Temple stones of Jerusalem, on the Louvre Palace or a street in Vienna. The photograph, however, has given place to the stereoscopic views which are now to be found in all houses. With these in a little box one may almost literally carry the world around in his trunk. We have already mentioned the Magazine illustrated with stereoscopic views, of which we have now received the second number.

If our friends who are decorating their houses will call at Messrs. Williams & Stevens's and look over the various specimens of art, bearing in mind that one good engraving is worth a hundred poor paintings, they will thank us for thus directing their attention.

A gossipy series of letters, about all the world, and Newport and New York in particular, which have appeared in the Southern papers, over the signature of BELLE BRITTAN, are collected in a volume, and published by Derby & Jackson. The Belle is sometimes sufficiently sharp and piercing in tone to give one suspicions of her composition; but whether "bell-metal" or made of "sterner stuff," she says a great many things in a pleasant way, and the reader will be repaid who listens to her. We might mark some passages that were better left out of such a book, but prefer to ascribe them to the inexperience of "the lady."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE Queen's message has not yet come through. The following, our latest news from Trinity Bay, partially explains the delay:

"TRINITY BAY, N. F., *Sunday, August 14.*

"*To the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, New York:*

"The cause of our not transmitting and receiving intelligence through is, that the instruments require a great deal of care and adjusting in getting them ready. I am doing this as fast as it is possible. You should not look upon the cable as an ordinary short telegraph line, that can be worked through directly. The cable has been successfully laid, and telegraphic signals are passed through it at our pleasure, but we have encountered many little difficulties which it requires time and many experiments to entirely overcome; but we see no reason to doubt that we shall be able, within a few days, to surmount all difficulties. I will send you the earliest intimation of the probable time when the Queen's message may be expected. DE SANTY."

[NOTE. In addition to the above, we have seen a private dispatch from a reliable gentleman at St. Johns, who is in a position to obtain the earliest and most correct unofficial intelligence concerning the cable, which states that the instruments at Trinity Bay record with a good degree of success the communications from the electricians at the Valentia office, but that owing to some as yet unexplained cause, it has been impossible to send that or any other intelligence to the operators at Valentia. This is a state of things which often occurs upon the land lines, *i. e.*, one office can receive correctly from a distant operator, and yet be unable to send a word in return; and the difficulty, sooner or later, is found to be in the battery, its connections, or the instruments, and there is no reason to doubt that the present difficulty in working the cable will, as soon as the electricians can compare notes, be entirely overcome.—*Reporter.*]

LATEST FROM UTAH.

Letters from Utah up to July 10th confirm previous advices, and describe the return of the Mormons from Provo to Salt Lake City. With their limited means of transportation, at least a month must elapse before they can get back again and be settled. Governor Cumming continues to be treated with the greatest possible consideration by the Mormons, whereas the other Gentiles are left severely alone, and are compelled to sleep out of doors in ambulances or wherever they can find a shelter.

The correspondent of the *Times* says that Brigham Young and his people are very anxious for admission to the Union, and are exerting every effort to accomplish that result.

They maintain that it is their constitutional right to be admitted, and they desire it, so that they can make a law legalizing polygamy, and placing it within the charmed circle of "States' Rights." They do not admit for a moment that Congress can impose any condition upon their admission prohibiting polygamy.

The correspondent adds: "Within a few days it is probable that their loyalty will be put to the test, Judge Eckles, who is bold and fearless in discharge of his duty, proposes to issue writs at the suit of an ex-Mormon named Wadsworth, for the arrest of certain parties at Payston, seventy miles south of this, for kidnapping Wadsworth's adopted child. Mr. Dotson, the United States marshal, is expected to serve the writ within a few days, and to take the accused (William Young and George Wadsworth) to Fort Bridger for trial. This will test the power of the law, and show us whether the threats uttered in my hearing—that any man who attempts to serve writs upon 'this people' is to be shot—are idle or otherwise."

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE MORMONS.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs: "The Peace Commissioners, Messrs. Powell and M'Culloch, arrived yesterday morning from Utah. Their representations of the present agreement between the Mormons and the Government do not vary in any material points from what has already been published. The most important consideration is the fact that peace, at all events, has been secured, and the supremacy of the laws and the authority of the Government recognized. Still the Commissioners do not hesitate to say that much remains to be done before the Mormons will be brought to that obedience which is necessary for the continuance of amicable relations. Accepting this proposition, I am credibly informed that the Government will so mature its plans to this end that their purpose must eventually be accomplished, in the face of the opposition which may be arrayed against it. The Commissioners also verify the accounts published of the conduct of the redoubtable Brigham Young toward his deluded followers. So unjust and tyrannical has this become that it is deemed necessary to repeat the instructions heretofore given to the officers of the Government in Utah to afford them all the protection in their power."

JOURNALISM AT FRAZER'S RIVER.

The editor of the Victoria *Gazette*, the new paper just established at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, draws the following amusing sketch of the establishment in which his paper is got out: "The present number of the Victoria *Gazette* is prepared for publication in a room more remarkable for extent than convenience. Its walls abound in crevices, through which the wind bears with an impartial equality the seeds of catarrh and bronchial afflictions to the editors, proprietors, and typographers. Its floor is of a shaky character, and each passer imparts a tremulousness to its surface which occasions the present writing to assume a character that Champollion, were he one of our compositors, would find it difficult to decipher. Cavities, large and small, lie in wait for individuals passing into and about the establishment, which have already resulted in serious shin-damage to the major part of its occupants. The 'editor's desk' is a bundle of printing paper, skillfully poised upon a leather trunk, vibrating with each movement of the writer's hand, and compelling him to double up his person in the act of preparing 'copy' in a manner more curious than graceful. The 'Editor's Easy Chair' is a Chinese trunk, whose top would be on a level with the desk, but for the brilliant idea of increasing the height of the latter by the paper expedient alluded to. The striking thoughts which pervade the brain of the individual favored with these facilities would find a much readier expression at the point of his pen but for the drawback of being compelled to retail copies of this journal, receive items of news and correct misdirected intruders on the point of their destination, simultaneously with inditing these conceptions.

"Two huge fire-places adorn our sanctum. These ornaments, having been built with a view to convey all the heat as well as the smoke up the chimney, are as little dangerous in the matter of risk of a conflagration as they are but slightly conducive to comfort in modifying the blasts of Boreas, which dispute occupancy with the present sojourners in the establishment we are describing. We had designed supplying these fuel-eaters with a pile of lumber belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, stored in the premises, but the printers having occupied it in lieu of a table, we have been compelled to postpone indulgence in that (to us) economical expedient. It is possible, also, that the corporation in question might entertain some objections to the proposed use of their property, which objections, although we consider them absurd in view of our necessities, we are bound to respect. The pleasant sounds of wood sawing, nail hammering, etc., add to the facilities for editorial labor of which we are now in existing enjoyment, and an occasional procession of Indians, cheers and invigorates the writer by stopping and surrounding his locality of labor, and gazing upon his deeds with the expression of intelligence common to the physiognomy of the intellectual race of which they are the representatives. Under such circumstances our readers will see that making up an interesting sheet is but a trifling task."

CONFESSION OF A PIRATE.

We find the following in the Boston *Traveler*: "Peter Williams, under sentence of death, at Auburn, Maine, with a colored man, named Abraham Cox, for the murder, at sea, of the captain, two mates and one man, of the brig *Albion Cooper*, of Portland, has made a confession, which is printed in the Lewiston Falls *Journal*. Williams represents that he was born in Ostend, Belgium, in 1830, his father being a sailor; he ran away from school, and never learned to read. He first went to sea when nine years of age, and has served on shipboard in all parts of the world ever since—at one time on a German man-of-war, and then again in the employ of the East India Company, acting as captain of the main top in one of their vessels. In July, 1857, he became acquainted with an Irishman named Thomas Fahey, and both went to Portland and shipped in the *Albion Cooper*. The brig, soon after leaving port, was found to be leaky; the second mate is stated to have treated both Williams and Cox, the negro, with great barbarity, and finally Williams stabbed him, for which he was placed in irons. Afterward the mate called him into his room, drove a nail into a beam and hung him up by the beam, the forward part of his feet just touching the floor. He was in great pain, and finally fainted. Finally Cox broached the project of a murder of the captain and crew, and supplied some knives and razors, which Williams fastened to sticks. The Irishman, Fahey, was alone taken into their confidence. They first killed Captain Humphrey, who was asleep on the deck, with two blows on the head with a hatchet. His head partially turned, but he died without a struggle. He then went behind the second mate and struck him in the head with a hatchet. His cries brought out the first mate, who was also struck in the head. He retreated to his cabin, where he had a hard struggle with his murderers, but was finally dispatched. As he came out Williams met the second mate, whom he had left for dead, and finished him with a few blows of the hatchet. The last murder was of a seaman named Burns or Davis. They put iron with the bodies and threw them overboard. Afterward they set the vessel on fire and abandoned it, and were picked up by another vessel, when Fahey disclosed the horrible tragedy in which they had been engaged. Williams and Cox will be hung on the 27th inst. Dr. J. Haynes, who has visited them, says that the phrenological organs of Williams denote that his origin and organization were gross and sensual, and his intellect of a low order, though by no means repulsive or dangerous. He has light or sandy hair, and is of the sanguine, phlegmatic temperaments, and bears a strong resemblance to the low Dutch. He somewhat resembles Heath, now in the Charlestown State Prison.

"Cox, the negro, has what negroes seldom possess—much of the nervous temperament—is quick, restless, and impulsive. His head is comparatively large, and we should think he possesses considerable intellect. His forehead is high and slightly receding, but the lateral portion of the brain is immensely large, especially in the region of combativeness, destructiveness, secretiveness, and acquisitiveness. Caution, firmness, and self-esteem are likewise large. His moral faculties are fairly developed. His peculiar cast of intellect predisposes to suspicion, jealousy, and revenge."

SWIFT PUNISHMENT OF A MURDERER.

A North Carolina paper says: "On the 26th ultimo our whole community was shocked by the receipt of intelligence that Mr. Constant Melancon, a young gentleman widely known and esteemed, had been killed by one of his negroes, at his residence in St. James, about eight miles below Donaldsonville. Mr. Melancon had discovered in the negro's cabin a portion of some things that had been stolen some nights previously from a store. His master determined to punish him, and, with that intention, took him to the sugar-house to get irons for him. Arrived there, he made the negro (a blacksmith, it seems) forge some manacles for his legs, and while stooping down to try their size he received a blow from the slave which felled him to the earth. The weapon used was a huge blacksmith's hammer. Leaving his master for dead, the scoundrel started off, but had not gone far when, chancing to look back, he saw his unfortunate victim essaying to rise. He immediately returned and finished his bloodthirsty deed; after which he cast the body into a pond, mounted his master's horse, and rode off toward the woods.

"Dogs were obtained and the murderer was hotly pursued. In his flight he abandoned the horse; but he felt the impossibility of escaping, ran to the river and threw himself in. Before the witnesses of his act came up the murderer was drowned."

LOVE, DESERTION, AND SUICIDE.

An Albany paper of 10th has the following: "Three or four years ago, a then well-known Albanian removed with his family to Central New York, and engaged himself to a manufacturing firm as traveling agent. The business ramifications of the house compelled him to visit nearly every county in the State, and being possessed of great conversational powers, and much general information, he rapidly won the friendship of all the patrons of the house he represented. Among them was a Mr. R——, a thrifty merchant, who invited him to his house.

"There he made the acquaintance of Miss R——, then a beauty of eighteen. She became greatly attached to D——, who represented himself as a single person. His visits were ultimately satisfactory after an engagement of marriage had blinded the deluded girl. Miss R—— pleaded for a fulfillment of his promises. He informed his victim that a legal objection prevented their marriage, that he had a wife and children, and that the best he could do was for her to flee to some city where he could care for her, promising not to divulge the proceedings to her parents, but to allow him to call as usual. D—— never meant to renew his calls, but a hasty summons from his victim informing him that she was *enciente* again brought him, and he persuaded her to come to this city and become her destroyer's *mistress*. D—— had induced her to leave behind a note setting forth that she had determined upon leading a life of infamy, that pursuit would be unavailing.

"The parents smothered their misery by giving out that their child had gone to the Far West. D——, with unblushing effrontery, called upon them, a month after he had *stolen* their child, ostensibly to pay his addresses to her. For the past fifteen months Miss R—— has resided here. When tired of her, D—— introduced a friend for the purpose of affording him a pretext to cast her off, but failing in this, the friend of D—— worked upon her jealousy.

"To this was added prolonged absence, a withdrawal of communication, and the withholding of money, the whole culminating on Tuesday in an attempt on the part of the poor girl to end a life that was loathsome to her. Procuring a large dose of laudanum, she took it all, but the effect was to make her seriously, dangerously ill, instead of killing, as she desired.

"Saturday night's 11.45 train West took with it as passengers, a man about forty, disguised with a wig and heavy false whiskers, accompanied by an invalid female. Whither they went we know not, but may add, that their going has placed us in possession of this 'o'er true tale.'"

WIFE-TAMING IN BOSTON.

A Boston paper tells the following story: "Mr. Fitzgerald resides in Congress Street, and is married to a woman who takes snuff and is fond of spinning street-yarn. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. F. announced her intention of visiting Mrs. Dunlap and getting her daily supply of rappee. Mr. F. issued positive injunctions against such a course, but as the wife insisted the husband adopted a novel method of keeping her at home. He got a chain, about an inch in diameter, wound it around her ankle, and then passed the ends through the handle of a flat-iron and secured them by means of a heavy padlock. Putting the key in his pocket he walked off to his work and chuckled at his originality.

"Mrs. F. considers herself just as smart as her 'old man,' and as soon as he had left the house she took one of her aprons, half a dozen towels, and a string, and managed to confine the flat-iron to her knee, and thus heavily laden, she walked out, got her snuff, and was quietly putting it into a box, when some person discovered the chain, and gave information at the second station-house, and Lieutenant Whitcomb, with great delicacy, relieved the wife of her extra burden, although he was compelled to smash the lock with a hammer in doing so. Mr. Fitzgerald will have to invent another method, and if he succeeds he can make a fortune in teaching his secret to others, *à la* Rarey."

A SAGACIOUS VERDICT.

Some boys last week having noticed a man lying on the mountain several days, ventured to the spot and found him dead, a pistol at his side, and every thing indicating that he had taken his own life. He was evidently a Spaniard or German, twenty-five years of age. An inquest was held by Squire Hahn, at which, after a full investigation, the following intelligent verdict was returned: "*Suicide, by his own hands.*"

A THREE YEARS' CHASE AFTER A SEDUCER.

We find the following item in a late number of the *Review*, published at Cleveland: "One day last week there passed down on the steamer *Michigan* a man having in irons another who had some three years since seduced his sister. The seduction was under promise to marry, and the wedding-day fixed, but the seducer ran away the day before. The brother of the injured woman started in pursuit, and caught him at Erie, but by some means the rascal escaped. The brother still kept on his track and found him again, but again he lost him. Month after month passed on, and the resolute brother wandered about in pursuit, but could get no trace of the object of his search. A little while ago, however, he saw a paper published at Ripon, Wisconsin, in which the name of the seducer appeared as editor. Thither he went, armed with a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, and arrested him; and now, after a pursuit of three years, has the violator of his sister's honor firmly in his grasp. The parties live in Pennsylvania, but where or what their names are we failed to learn."

A CAT NOT PROPERTY.

A "cat may look at a king," says a quaint old proverb; but a jury of twelve men have decided that a cat has a right to forfeit his life when disturbing the quiet of any neighborhood in this community. We learn from the Newark *Evening Journal* that a suit was tried in that enlightened city last week, before a justice, brought to recover $15 for losses sustained in the death of a cat, alleged to have been shot by defendant.

Counsel on both sides made eloquent addresses to the jury, the main point being whether a cat is or is not property. The jury retired about five o'clock, and came in about half past nine with a verdict of "No cause for action." The case excited great interest, and the justice's office was crowded with anxious spectators during the trial. Let this be a warning to the feline species.

NEARLY A SUICIDE.

We learn from a correspondent that the fashionable notion of suicide has found its way into the fashionable circles of at least one summer resort. At one of these, known to the pleasure-seeking world as "Deal," quite an exciting scene occurred, a few days since, tinging with something more than the wonted life those who bask in the happy, genial pleasures of this famous but quiet retreat. The house at Deal stands some four hundred and fifty yards from the sea, between which there is a walk some seven feet wide, which serves as the thoroughfare. Near the beach, to prevent the walk from being filled with sand by passing wagons, two upright pieces of timber are erected, about eight feet in height, with a cross-piece near the top. An interesting young Philadelphia lady having fallen desperately in love with a gentleman, whose attentions were monopolized by a couple of New York ladies—albeit he was a faithful and devoted attendant until their arrival—resolved to make it the last time that she should be so gayly deceived. At the hour for bathing two ladies and gents were on their way to the beach, when, horror-stricken, they beheld dangling from the cross-beam (which, since the occurrence, has been named the "Lover's Swing") the form of a lady in her bathing-dress. She was at once recognized by the party as "the lady in love." The gentlemen quickly lowered the lady by the rope by which she was suspended, and carried her to the arbor on the beach, when it was discovered that her pulse was actively beating. By the application of some water to her face, and rubbing her wrists, she speedily revived; and in less than half an hour she was seen dashing about in the surf—none more full of life and spirits than she. Since the above occurrence, which has been the current topic of conversation among the guests at Deal, it has been rumored that a gentleman from a neighboring city attempted to "shuffle off this mortal coil" at the same place; but the facts being in the possession of his immediate friends, it has been impossible to learn the cause which impelled him to the rash act.

A SAD STORY.

A melancholy story of a deceived wife is told by the Sing Sing *Chronicle*: "It will, perhaps, be recollected by most of our readers that a desperate attempt was made in February, 1857, by four or five convicts confined in the Sing Sing prison to escape by crossing the river on the ice. But one of their number, however, Thomas Sinclair, *alias* Winslow, succeeded in getting away, the others being speedily captured. Winslow has managed to keep away until last week, when information was received by the officers of the prison that a fellow answering his description was confined in the jail in Boston on suspicion of burglary. An officer was at once dispatched, and on Friday last returned with the runaway. Winslow's term will expire on the 21st of September next, but an indictment is pending against him for attempting to escape on another occasion. On this he will be tried, and probably convicted, and sentenced to a term of five years' imprisonment. We understand that since his escape Winslow has been married to a respectable young lady of Boston, who, it seems, was totally ignorant of his character at the time of her marriage, and who is now in the deepest distress."

PERSONAL.

A letter dated Bedford Springs, August 9, to the Baltimore *American*, says: "There seems to be considerable excitement among the Democratic politicians here on account of the marked friendliness displayed by the President toward those who sustain him in his Kansas views. In the dining-room there are two general tables and ten private tables, at one of the latter of which the President presides, which is occupied by his family and that of Sir William Gore Ouseley, Robert M. Magraw, Esq., of Baltimore, being the constant attendant of Miss Lane and the daughter of Senator Bright.

"There are still four vacant seats, which are only filled by invitation from the President. Mr. Carrigan, who expects to be the Anti-Lecompton Democratic candidate for Congress from one of the Philadelphia Districts, had been here with his lady for several days without being invited to the reserved seats; when Mr. Vandyke, the United States District-Attorney from Philadelphia, arrived with his lady, he being a Lecompton Democrat, they were immediately invited to a seat at the President's table, and Mrs. Vandyke was escorted to her seat by the President. This mark of distinction between two Democrats of equal standing has caused considerable feeling between the two wings of the party, and is the subject of general comment, especially as there are still two vacant seats at the table."

The case of Senator Sumner is alluded to by the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*, under date of July 26. The writer says: "I have been spending an hour this morning with Mr. Sumner. Though my report of June 23 remains of generally correct application to his present condition, some further details may now be added that can not fail to interest men of science as well as personal and political friends. His physical sufferings have been constant and rather increasing than diminishing since I last wrote. The moxa has not been administered anew, but none of the wounds on the neck and back left by the six first burnings are yet healed. These render every change of posture difficult, slow walking very painful, and the constantly irritating motion of a carriage nearly intolerable. The bed gives only a cramped, labored repose, for the nature and position of the fire-wounds are such as to forbid the poor privilege of 'tossing about' under penalty of fresh agony. This state of things has lasted now for nearly six weeks. Meanwhile, however, the burns are slowly closing over, and Dr. Brown-Sequard, who is in daily attendance, does not propose to apply the moxa again for the next two months."

It is announced that, after leaving Cherbourg, the Empress of the French will go on a pilgrimage to Auray, a small village in Brittany, celebrated for its butter, and a shrine of the Virgin, which enjoys a wide reputation. Like that of Del Pilar in Spain, its virtues are akin to

those which pagan superstition assigned to Lucina—a fact which has given rise to a report of an early addition to the imperial family.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that the injuries inflicted upon Senator Chandler by the recent gas explosion at his residence will disfigure him permanently, and in a marked manner. His face will suffer the most from the ravages of the fire—the lips, forehead, and nose bearing evident traces of it, which will remain in the form of scars. The hands are also badly burned, so much so that a large portion of the skin came off in dressing the wounds. Mr. Chandler is doing as well as can be expected, however. His little daughter will bear some scars on her forehead, and perhaps upon one of her cheeks. Her injuries are more slight than any of the other persons, however. The two men who were injured at the same time will soon recover, but will each bear the scars of the disaster through life. Their worst burns are on their faces. They are both doing well and will soon be about again.

The Lafayette *Courier* tells the following story of a desperate "lovyer" in a little town in Montgomery county: "A young man named Paxton, having received the 'mitten' from a young lady at Darlington, in Montgomery county, to whom he had been paying his 'distresses,' met her at church on last Sabbath, and drawing a revolver, snapped it three times in a vain attempt to shoot her. A gentleman came to the rescue of the lady, and Paxton leveled the revolver at him, but fortunately it again missed fire. He was immediately disarmed, and was yesterday arrested and taken to Crawfordsville, where he was lodged in jail. Strange to say, the pistol was recapped, and every barrel which had before missed fire was discharged on the spot."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has not done much that is important since our last record. The Lords have receded from some of their amendments to the Indian Bill, and appointed a Committee of Conference. In the course of discussion on Indian affairs, Lord Stanley said it was impossible to form an estimate of the present strength of the mutineers. The total number of the Queen's force in India, or on their way out, was 78,416; but 7456 were reported sick, and 1159 were drafts on their way out. At the latest returns there were 60,000 effectives and 11,000 drafts. As to the Company's forces, they were 18,858 Europeans on the 1st of July. After a deduction for casualties, there was then a total of between 86,000 and 87,000 European troops in India. With regard to the Indian loan, £4,421,000 had been borrowed, leaving £3,500,000 still to be borrowed. There would be ample means from this source to defray the expenses for the whole of the current year. Instructions had been sent to proclaim, in her Majesty's name and authority—and the instructions sent out clearly announced the intention of the Government—not to interfere with the religion of the natives.

Both Houses are actively engaged in clearing up the business of the session, and an adjournment is expected on the 2d inst.

THE FIRST JEW IN PARLIAMENT.

In the Commons, on the 26th of July, at the morning sitting, Baron L. N. de Rothschild, introduced by Lord J. Russell and Mr. Smith, presented himself at the table to be sworn.

A copy of the new oath being offered to him, he stated to the Speaker that he had a conscientious objection to taking the oath in the form tendered to him, and he was thereupon requested to withdraw.

Lord J. Russell then moved a resolution in conformity with the act, to the effect that the Baron, a person professing the Jewish religion, was prevented from sitting and voting in the House by reason of his conscientious objection to take the oath in the form required by the act.

After some remarks by Mr. Warren, it was agreed to.

Lord J. Russell then moved a further resolution, likewise in pursuance of the act, "that any person professing the Jewish religion may, henceforth, on taking the oath prescribed in an act of the present session of Parliament, to entitle him to sit and vote in this House, omit the words, 'And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian.'"

Mr. Warren said he should take the sense of the House upon this resolution.

The House was divided, and the resolution was carried by 69 to 37.

Baron Rothschild then reappeared at the table, and having been sworn upon the Old Testament, took his seat.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CHERBOURG.

Both London and Paris journals just now are very much occupied in discussing the approaching journey of Queen Victoria to Cherbourg. But beyond the fact that her Majesty is going to Cherbourg very little indeed appears to be positively known with respect to the royal visit. We are told that her Majesty will not land at Cherbourg, but be entertained on board the flag-ship *Bretagne*. Nevertheless the people of Paris report with increasing confidence that the Queen will land; and they say that the Emperor and Empress will try to prevail on her Majesty to prolong her visit beyond the limited period named for its duration. Perhaps the truth is that the Court, oscillating between a desire to gratify its "august ally" and a wish not to offend public opinion at home, scarcely knows what to do, and will end by making the contemplated visit as brief as courtesy will permit.

DISCOVERY OF THE PRETENDER'S HOARD.

The London *Court Journal* has the following: "A most extraordinary discovery, which, for obvious reasons, is sought to be kept a profound secret, has taken place in an old ruined house at Iriel. An immense chest full of gold and silver coins of English stamp has been found concealed in one of the cellars, where it had been carefully walled up. From the papers and documents contained likewise in the chest, it has become evident that the house was once inhabited by Bolingbroke, who must have lain concealed here during the period wherein his whereabouts has always remained a puzzle to biographers and historians. In one of his letters he mentions that 'his retreat is convenient to the Seine,' and the house in question is found to possess a subterranean passage leading down to the water's edge. The money is evidently the result of the subscription raised by the party of the Pretender, for want of which the latter was prevented from striking a decisive blow."

FEARFUL PREDICAMENT.

One day lately, while four little boys were diverting themselves by leaping in and out of an old corn-chest that stood in the stable of a farm in the Carse of Gowrie, the whole of them got into it at one time, and drew down the lid, which, being furnished in the common way for a padlock, the holder caught the staple, and made them prisoners at once, beyond the possibility of extricating themselves. Fortunately, however, the horses had to be suppered; but the plowman whose duty it was to do so had performed this task, and was leaving for the night, when he thought he heard some movement in the chest. Aware there was no corn in it, he was convinced he was deceived; but, curiosity prompting him, he lifted the lid, and found the now missed and anxiously sought for prisoners still alive, but quite unconscious, or unable to make the least effort for their deliverance. Had a movement on the part of one of them not drawn the attention of the plowman at the last moment, the whole four would doubtless have been dead before morning.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AT PLOMBIERES.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "The life the Emperor is leading at Plombières is in strong contrast with that of the Tuileries. Plombières is but a small village, situated in a valley so narrow that it has but one street. This street, since his Majesty's residence there, is decorated with flags, and every Sunday evening the citizens illuminate their houses for two hours. The Emperor lodges in the house of the Prefect, which is given up to his use, with a house adjoining; and he has, besides, a cottage in the environs, to which he walks in the day time, and where he stops for refreshment. The Imperial park is but a ten-acre lot, a piece of swamp bought three years ago by the Emperor, drained and planted with trees and flowers. In this park the Emperor is now laying out, under his own engineering and supervision, a lake and river. He spends hours sometimes with the workmen, directing their labors. The Emperor rises early, takes his bath, and then writes or reads. Between eight and nine o'clock arrives M. Mocquard, his famous secretary, with an enormous portfolio under his arm, with work for his Majesty. They work together until all the business of the day is finished and ready to be sent off to the Ministers at Paris, and then, if there is time before the twelve o'clock breakfast, his Majesty takes a walk in the park, while M. Mocquard dispatches the courier. His Majesty never allows business to accumulate on his hands, and in this he is well seconded by his secretary. The confidence of Napoleon in M. Mocquard is so great that he leaves much of his minor business to his discretion, and he never allows any measure to issue to the public that has not first passed under the scrutinizing eye of his intelligent secretary. M. Mocquard's influence with the Emperor is said to be beyond that of any of his Ministers. Fortunately, he is a man of superior ability and judgment, and is thus enabled to render his Majesty valuable assistance.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

"Yet with all his impassibility of character, and with the calm which reigns in appearance around his daily life at Plombières, the Emperor can and dare never forget that he is surrounded wherever he goes by an unknown band of men, who mysteriously make part of and creep through every crowd he encounters, charged with the protection of his person, and what is worse, that this band is necessary to the protection of his life. Another infernal plot to take his life has just been discovered at St. Etienne, and thirty or forty arrestations made. A foundery of fulminating bombs, of the model of those of Orsini's, was found, and several finished bombs were seized. According to the Lyons journal, the whole population is in a state of fermentation, and it is supposed that the plot was an extended one."

THE EMPEROR'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

The *Moniteur* of the 28th states that the Emperor Napoleon left Plombières at half past six on Tuesday morning, and arrived at the palace of St. Cloud about seven in the evening. In his passage the people, who assembled in crowds along the line, cheered him with the greatest enthusiasm; triumphal arches were raised at many points of the road, and his Majesty stopped at several places and examined the various magnificent works which were to be found at them. "This journey of the Emperor," concludes the *Moniteur*, "amidst his faithful subjects of the east, gave rise to some very touching scenes. Among the most striking episodes there was one which will remain engraved on the memory of all who witnessed it—it was the emotion felt by all present when at the Longueville station the Mayor of Provins presented to the Emperor two officers who had belonged to the army of Egypt, the sole remains of those immortal bands who at the close of the last century supported the glory of the arms of the French from the mouths of the Nile to the pyramids of Egypt."

RUMORS OF MORE HEIRS TO THE THRONE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Whispers have been passing about as to the Empress being again in an interesting situation, but there has been no public confirmation of the fact, nor am I much disposed to credit it. Her Majesty has never fairly recovered the shock which her whole system sustained in her first and last accouchement, and those immediately about her person do not seem to think it at all probable that she will furnish any more heirs to the throne of France; but all predictions on such matters, as in politics, are essentially unsafe."

RECEPTION OF THE HEROINE OF DJIDDA.

A Paris letter says: "Mademoiselle Eveillard, the heroic daughter of the murdered Consul at Djidda, has arrived at Paris, and is, for the moment, the lioness of the town. She is a girl of nineteen, tall, with dark hair and eyes, an expression of decision of character, and decidedly handsome. One of the wounds which she bears is a sabre cut which extends from the ear to the corner of the mouth, and is not yet healed. M. Emerat, the Chancellor of the Consulate, a young man of twenty-five, arrived at the same time, and bears several wounds not yet healed. Mademoiselle Eveillard has brought her maid, who assisted in the defense of the house against the barbarians, and M. Emerat has brought his servant man, a native Arabian, who also fought bravely. M. Emerat says that after a long resistance in the several approaches to the upper part of the house, where the Consul and his wife had already been killed, unknown to him, and after having killed three or four of the enemy himself, he was finally overcome, and but for Mademoiselle Eveillard would have been killed.

"Mademoiselle Eveillard was called to the Palace of St. Cloud to-day to see the Empress, who intends to offer her a place in her household. The Sultan of Turkey has already awarded her a large life pension, and the Empress will add sufficient to give her an income, perhaps, of three or four thousand dollars a year. M. Emerat has been named Chevalier in the Legion of Honor, and, it is expected, will return to Djidda in a man-of-war as Consul."

MORE CAPITAL FOR THE EMPRESS.

A short time since a young peasant girl, in the neighborhood of Quintin, who had just finished her education at a rural school, upon her return to her home found her family in great distress in consequence of her brother, the sole support of his parents, having been compelled to become a soldier. The young girl having heard, when at school, a great deal said of the kindness of the Empress, determined to write to her Majesty, explaining the situation in which she and her parents were left in consequence of the absence of her brother. This letter—the unassisted composition of the young girl—was, with the address "*A Madame l'Imperatrice, à Paris*," confided to the post. The young girl said not a word of what she had done to any one. She regarded it as a secret between herself and her Majesty; and she was not surprised (although every one else in the village was amazed) to hear from the postman that he had a letter, sealed with the imperial arms, addressed to the young maiden. This letter was written by her Majesty's secretary, and assured the little peasant girl that the wrong done to her family should be speedily repaired. The letter was followed in a few days by the return of the girl's brother to his native village. The young soldier and his sister are about to erect an altar of turf, and to decorate it with flowers, and at that altar both, accompanied by the maidens and young men of their village, will offer up their prayers for the health, long life, and happiness of the Empress as she passes on her way from St. Brieno to Dinan.

M. DE PENE ALL RIGHT AGAIN.

M. de Pène, the writer in *Figaro*, is, to the astonishment of all his friends, after a wound that would have sent ninety-nine men out of a hundred to their graves, walking about Paris. His health is still delicate, but all immediate danger seems to have passed away. It is the general opinion that both the liver and diaphragm were pierced. The only material inconvenience he suffers is a difficulty of making a long respiration. It is not generally known that M. de Pène was the author of a *sobriquet* given in *Figaro* to the St. Helena medal, and which also gave great offense to the military. He called it the "*Contremarque du Père-Lachaise*." It is customary at French theatres, as at all others, to give to parties leaving the theatre, and desiring to return, a "*contremarque*," which secures their readmission; and as each recipient of the St. Helena medal must be at least sixty years of age—that is, the very youngest of them—and therefore well-nigh to that "bourne from which no traveler returns," M. Pène termed it the "*Contremarque* of the great Paris cemetery," indicative of the holder's speedy return to the dust from which he sprang. The gloomy color of the badge, its *triste*-looking ribbon, and the tottering form it too frequently adorned, gave a truth to the witticism which foreign rather than native journals were not slow to avail themselves of. In England particularly, where a secret consciousness existed that whatever specious reasons might be put forward, the St. Helena souvenir could have but one object, M. de Pène's *sobriquet* was eagerly caught at, and *Figaro* very speedily received a hint to be careful how it thus played with edged tools. The fact of M. de Pène being known as the author might possibly have much to do with the cold sympathy his subsequent mishap met with in high places.

HOW TO TAME SEA-FISH.

A Paris correspondent says: "Reality is after all more interesting than fiction, as is proved by the great attention a paper of 'pisaculture,' communicated by M. Coste to the Academy of Sciences, has received. This gentleman has formed an observatory off the coast of Finistere, by which he has been enabled to make a study of the habits of various sea-fish. By means of an ingenious apparatus formed of wire, he separates the fish, and has them under control without their consciousness. Some species, such as the mullet, the stickle-back, etc., grow perfectly tame, will follow the hand that offers them food, and even allow themselves to be taken out of the water. The gaby and bull-head are less familiar; the turbot, which looks so unintelligent, will nevertheless take food from the hand; it changes color when irritated, the spots with which it is covered growing pale or dark according to the emotions excited in him. It swallows fish of a much larger size than would appear compatible with the apparent smallness of its mouth. Thus a young turbot, not more than ten inches in length, has been seen to swallow pilchards of the largest size. The pipe fish has two curious peculiarities. These fish form groups, intwining their tails together, and remaining immovable in a vertical position, with their heads upward. When food is offered them, says M. Coste, they turn round on their backs to receive it. This is owing to the peculiar position of the mouth, which is placed under a kind of beak, and perpendicular to its axis. The crustaceous tribes have also furnished much matter of observation. The prawn and crab, for instance, may be quoted as exercising the virtue of conjugal fidelity to the highest degree; for the male takes hold of his mate and never lets her go; he swims with her, crawls about with her, and if she be forcibly taken away from him, he seizes hold of her again. The metamorphoses to which various crustaceans are subject have also been studied with much attention, and can not but form a valuable addition to our knowledge of natural history."

TURNING THE TABLES ON A ROBBER.

A corn factor was returning a few days ago from Montlery, on the Orleans road, when suddenly a man, holding a large stick in his hand, stepped out from behind a tree, and demanded his money or his life. "Why, you seem somewhat peremptory," was the reply, "but here is my answer," and he drew out a revolver. Then, presenting the weapon at the man, he said, "If you do not obey my injunctions in every respect, I will fire. It is an unpleasant thing to kill a man, but with respect to you I should not have the slightest hesitation. First of all throw down your stick; and next, turn out your pockets, and place there on the road every thing of value you have about you—money, jewels, no matter what." "I can not resist a demand so strongly supported," said the other; "but if you do business on the highway also, I must say that it is very irregular to rob a confrère." "Come, make haste," said the other, in a menacing tone. "It is a punishment I inflict on you; I want to give your money to the poor. Dispatch!" The foot-pad made no further delay, but laid his stick and portemonnaie at the feet of the factor, and then took to flight across the field. The contents of the portemonnaie, one hundred and three francs and ninety-five centimes, were duly deposited in the poor-box of his parish church by the dealer.

GERMANY.

A DIAMOND WORTH TWO MILLIONS.

Several of the German journals have lately spoken of the discovery of a diamond of extraordinary size and value. A letter from Vienna, in the *Journal de Francfort*, gives the following account of the affair: "The owner is an old Portuguese major, who found it in a collection of minerals forming part of the property of a governor of India who died in Europe. He is now at Laybach with a French chemist, who at first valued the stone at 139 millions of francs, but now says that it is not a pure diamond. It is of the size of a small hen's egg; very clear and limpid, but without all the brilliancy of the diamond. The price, however, is no longer 139 millions of francs, but three millions of florins. The manner in which this diamond got to Laybach is as follows: A foreigner residing near that town, happening to be in Paris, became acquainted with the owner of it, and on his return home induced a merchant of Laybach to advance a sum of 4000 francs to enable the owner of the stone to come with it to Vienna. The money was sent, and in a short time he arrived at Laybach, accompanied by a chemist and an agent. The stone was greatly admired, and steps were being taken to find a purchaser, when one day the owner and his two companions thought fit to leave the place, they afterward asserted, for the residence of the person who had first spoken to the merchant; but, as suspicion was excited, they were arrested on a charge of wanting to make off without having paid what they owed. They were forthwith taken to Vienna, and are still in confinement at the suit of the merchant."

ITALY.

THE NEW IMPROVISATRICE.

An Italian correspondent says: "The popular favorite just now is the improvisatrice Gianni Milli, a blooming maid of some twenty summers, and the Sappho of the Academy. A niece of the late Francesco Gianni, who improvised entire tragedies with marvelous fluency, and was pensioned by Napoleon, she is, besides being learned in the ancient and modern tongues, confessedly the most successful of the living declaimers in extemporary verse; and this dance of the poets yields only in popular attraction to the poetry of the dance. The selectest circles crowd her 'Academies,' and jealous cities contend for her favor. That Florence may gain nothing by the hospitality which has made her its ornament, Sienna holds out to her the golden crown. During a recent visit she even divided the suffrages of Vienna with the queen of the ballet. But her habitual presence here, in the midst of these rivalries, betrays a preference for the city of Dante, where her public appearances are veritable ovations.

"On these occasions subjects are proposed in writing by the audience and lodged in an urn, when the number agreed upon, usually half a dozen or more, are drawn by lot before her appearance. When she enters, the music, which fills the intervals of recitation, ceases; the theme is presented in the midst of the general salutations, and then, after a moment's pause, her charming voice runs into an easy flow, like an endless river, without obstruction—never weary, rarely hurried."

TURKEY.

MORE PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS.

A letter from Szisset, on the frontiers of Bosnia, to Paris, gives further particulars of the insurrection among the Christians against the Turks. After the male population had left their wives and children in safety on the Austrian territory, they marched against the Bashi-Bazouks under the command of a Servian named Jaraczei. The latter, who has 4000 men under his orders, armed with swords and pikes, attacked the Bashi-Bazouks of 1400 men encamped on the heights of Dibamka. The Turks were defeated and fled, leaving a quantity of arms and ammunition behind them. At present the Turkish regulars are marching against the insurgents.

INDEMNITY TO CHRISTIAN SUFFERERS.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* of Brussels, says: "Intelligence has been received here that the Sultan has accorded from his privy purse an annual pension of 12,000 francs to Mademoiselle Eveillard, half of which, on her death, is to go to the other children of the consul at Djidda. The Sultan has also placed at the disposition of the French embassador at Constantinople, a sum of 250,000 francs, to be distributed to the French families who suffered most in the recent events in that town. These donations of the Sultan are independent of the reparation which will be awarded officially."

BEHEADING A DEAD CHRISTIAN.

At Erzeroum, in Armenia, no rain having fallen this summer, the Turkish clergy could devise no better expedient to propitiate the heavens than the infliction of capital punishment on a Giaour or Christian; and, being merciful in their management, had the dead body of an unbeliever disinterred and decapitated. This proceeding has actually caused a greater sensation in Asia Minor than the everyday occurrence of ordinary beheading; and, added to the tumult of all around Lebanon, and the general outbreak of Ottoman fanaticism in the East, the state of affairs is truly alarming.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The Bombay mail of July 3 reached Suez on the 23d. The recapture of Gwalior is confirmed. The rebels lost twenty-seven guns, besides elephants and treasure to a large amount. The fugitives from Gwalior are said to be hemmed in on all sides by British troops. On the 13th, Sir Hope Grant gained a brilliant victory at Newa Gunge, near Lucknow, capturing a large number of guns and driving the enemy across the Cogra. The celebrated Moulvie, for whom £5 00 had been offered, was killed. Oude continues much disturbed. The Governor-General, on receiving Lord Ellenborough's dispatch, issued a proclamation giving an amnesty to all but murderers. The results are not yet known. The details of Sir Hope Grant's victory near Lucknow state that the rebels were nearly 20,000 strong, and their loss was six hundred men and six guns. The British had six killed and thirty wounded. The fight lasted three hours, and the rebels were utterly routed. A good effect was anticipated. The Azinghur and Gheseport districts were much disturbed by the rebels, who plundered the town and burned the forests. The Gorruckpore and Allahabad districts had been quieted. In the Agra division Sir H. Rose's activity had restored confidence and tranquillity. A rebel Rajah had surrendered in Rohilcund, where the rebels were also being put down.

DREADFUL STRAITS OF THE BRITISH.

The Calcutta *Englishman* has the following observations on the general condition of affairs in India:

"We therefore can not hesitate any longer to impress upon the attention of our readers at home our present position, which will be best understood when we state that while the British hold every fortress and place of importance throughout the disaffected provinces, the country itself may be said to be in possession of the rebels. Delhi, Agra, Jhansi, Barelly, Shajehanpore, Calpee, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Allahabad are protected by European troops, but our authority scarcely extends beyond the reach of our guns, and the intervening districts are overrun by rebels and budmashes, who move about as they please, marking their course by plunder and destruction of property, and setting at defiance every attempt to restore order and tranquillity. Indigo factories, public and private bungalows, and railway dépôts have been burned, and we are thankful that these deeds have not been accompanied by the murder of Europeans, though, doubtless, not for want of inclination on the part of the rebels, but want of opportunities. It will be seen that our troops have again been engaged on several occasions with the enemy, and although in each instance perfectly successful, yet the majority of the rebels have as usual managed to escape. This, however, can hardly be wondered at, for, in the absence of adequate cavalry, and with the dreadful heat of the season, pursuit of the fugitives would have been useless, and in all probability only added to the frightful mortality of our brave men who fall daily victims to the sun. We are not overstating the fact by mentioning that sun stroke and heat apoplexy are regularly decimating the several corps engaged in the suppression of the rebellion—an apprehension which we have frequently expressed and which unhappily is fully realized.

CHINA.

CAPTURE OF THE PEI-HO FORTS.

We have further details of this important operation. A British officer who was engaged says: "At 7 A.M. Captain Hall, of the *Calcutta*, pulled in and desired the forts to surrender, telling them if the flags were hauled down by 9 A.M. the forts would be taken possession of peacefully; if the flags were not hauled down, firing would commence and the forts be captured by force. Nine o'clock came, but with no sign of surrender, and another hour was given them. The two admirals were on board the gun-boat *Slaney*, with the English and French pennants flying. The *Cormorant*, which was the leading ship of the attack, had been lying close up to forts on the right bank of the river, and the people of the forts had been observed training their guns on her. At 10 A.M. the flag of battle was hoisted by all the gun-boats and steamers along the line, with the exception of the *Cormorant*, which ran up the French flag, almost at the same moment running her anchor up to her bows, and getting under weigh. On her deck were only to be seen three solitary individuals—the captain, Saumarez, the master conning the ship, and the steersman, the men lying down at their quarters. She gradually edged over toward the forts on the right bank, running past them in beautiful style, fired upon as she passed each fort without returning a gun. During her passage she got hulled ten times; but, owing to closing so much on the forts, their shot for the most part passed over her without doing damage. After passing them she ran over to the left shore, and, running into the mud with her broadside to the forts on that side, commenced the action. She was followed by two French gun-boats and the *Nimrod*, which latter vessel came to the assistance of her comrade. The different gun-boats took up their stations, and as they fell into them opened fire with precision. After about an hour's cannonading, to which the Chinese reply was quick but ineffective, the *Slaney*, with the Admirals on board, ran straight up through the fleet, towing the attacking columns under Sir F. Nicholson of the *Pique*, and *Opossum* towing another party under Captain Hall. The French supplied an attacking party for the forts on the right bank. The boats pushed off, and the men were soon on shore. Then followed the usual scene—the Chinese bolted, and the French attack being made very quick, a mine was sprung which caused them considerable loss. The forts on the left bank were taken by the British without much loss, although mines were also exploded on their advance, by the bursting of one of which the carpenter of the *Calcutta* and two seamen were killed. In about an hour and forty minutes we were in possession of all the forts at the mouth of the river.

LOSS OF THE ASSAILANTS.

"We are happy to say the loss on our side was very slight, only one officer, the master of the *Opossum*, being severely wounded by a shot in the side and thigh. We have no exact or reliable particulars of the loss on the British side, but do not hear that it exceeds twenty-five killed and wounded. Our allies, we are sorry to say, owing to the explosion of a mine, suffered more severely—fifteen men, it is said, being killed, and forty men wounded; some of the latter dreadfully burned and torn by the explosion. Among the killed are four lieutenants. One, the first of the *Fusee*, was cut in two by a shot; another had his cap knocked off by a shot, on which he exclaimed, 'I am lucky to-day!' but immediately fell down dead, without the mark of any wound on his person.

HOW THE CHINESE FOUGHT.

"The Chinese stuck to their guns manfully, and there were the usual acts of self-sacrifice. One blue-button mandarin was found by the French in the fort which they had captured, dead beside a gun, having cut his throat; and in the assault on the highest fort of thirty-one guns a mandarin jumped out and charged the party single handed. The officers did all they could to prevent him being killed, but one of the men on the flanks, at some distance, shot him through the neck and killed him, to the regret of those near, who admired his brave action. About ninety-eight guns were captured, sixty-eight of which were brass or composition metal. Some were eight-inch guns, but we believe they had none of the usual appliances of sights. The loss of the Chinese is supposed to have been very heavy, as the firing was very accurate, the shells bursting with great precision in the embrasures. The Chinese fired grape, and even attempted shells, but, as their fuse was only a piece of common slow match, the shell generally burst close to the gun."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE success of the Atlantic Telegraph is still the event of the day, and we devote a large portion of our space to its illustration. We gave this time last year several graphic pictures of the enterprise, wire, vessels, etc. In pursuing the subject, we give on the first page of this paper a fine portrait of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, to whom, more than to any other man, the world owes the noble benefit it is about to enjoy, and who deserves a statue in every great city in Europe and America. On these pages we give a portrait of the Governor of Newfoundland, an illustration of the reception of the *Niagara* at St. John's, Newfoundland, and favorable views of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, and Valentia Bay, Ireland, the termini of the Transatlantic line.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sir Alexander Bannerman is a Scotchman by birth, of a very ancient family, their surname being one of the earliest which was assumed in Scotland. He is heir-presumptive to a baronetcy conferred on an ancestor of his by Charles the Second, in 1682. His cousin, the ninth baronet, now holds the title. Sir Alexander was born in Aberdeen in 1793.

Having in early life adopted the liberal and popular side of politics, in local as well as public affairs, his fellow-townsmen, when the franchise was conferred on them, chose him to represent them in the House of Commons, which he continued to do for four successive Parliaments, where he supported, and had the satisfaction to see, numerous important measures triumphantly carried which, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had been withheld from the people. During his parliamentary career he enjoyed the friendship of many of the leading statesmen of the day; and during various changes of administration lived on intimate terms with several of his able political opponents. For a short period he held the appointment of Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, previous to which he was offered the government of Demerara, and subsequently Barbadoes, both of which he declined. After the passing of the repeal of the corn-laws, a measure which he strenuously supported, he retired from Parliament, to the great regret of his constituents, who soon afterward presented him with an elegant and valuable service of plate, in token of their regard for him and estimation of his public services. On Sir Alexander retiring from Parliament he passed much of his time at Brechin Castle, in Forfarshire, the residence of his old and attached friend, the late Lord Panmure.

The government of the Island of Prince Edward falling vacant about the latter end of the year 1851, on the death of Sir Donald Campbell, the then Colonial Minister, Earl Grey, on Lord Panmure's suggestion, offered Sir Alexander the government of that colony, at the same time warning him that difficulties would beset his path on questions both agrarian and political, which for some time had been sources of great discontent in that Island. Sir Alexander, however, accepted the offer, on condition that he should have the power, according to the best of his judgment, on the one hand to uphold the law, on the other to redress the just grievances of the colonists; and he was accordingly vested by the Colonial Minister with the fullest authority that a governor could ask. He left England early in the year 1852, and crossed the dangerous Strait of Northumberland in the ice-boat—the only conveyance to the island in winter, and a route which was never before, and perhaps never will again, be taken by its governor. It is well known that some years before he crossed the Atlantic, what is termed "Responsible Government" had been conceded to some of the British North American Provinces. The inhabitants of Prince Edward Island eagerly desiring the same system, it was introduced into the island by Sir Alexander, and succeeded admirably during his administration.



SIR ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

It was during his administration that the Fishery Question arose, which terminated in the Reciprocity Treaty between Great Britain and the United States. In this he took a great interest, representing to the British Government the danger which might arise from a collision with the fishermen of both nations from their frequent disputes, each party construing the then existing treaty, which was expressed in ambiguous terms, to suit their interests.

In the year 1852 a small naval force was sent from England to cruise on the coasts of the North American provinces. The United States Government adopted a similar course. The frigate *Princeton* and sloop-of-war *Fulton* lay at anchor at Charlottetown for some time, the Commodore during his stay acquiring information for his Government, and living on terms of intimacy and friendship with the Lieutenant-Governor. The latter had been corresponding upon the Fishery Question with the late lamented Daniel Webster, Sir Henry Bulwer, Mr. Crampton, etc., and he had the satisfaction to see most of his views carried into effect. A copy of the proposed treaty was sent to him early in the year 1854, and, soon after, the question was amicably settled, to the mutual satisfaction of both nations.

He left Prince Edward Island on the 10th of June, remained in the United States for several months, and arrived at New Providence on the 12th October, where he assumed the government of the Bahamas in the beautiful town of Nassau, and continued to administer it for upward of two years, receiving, before his departure, unanimous addresses from the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, complimenting him on the unintermitted harmony which had existed in the colony, among all parties, during his administration.

He left Nassau on the 10th of May, on his route to Newfoundland, via the United States, where he arrived on the 8th of June. He may have difficulties to encounter in that important colony; but it is to be hoped that the administration of his government may prove as successful there as it was in Prince Edward Island and the Bahamas.

On this side of the Atlantic he has always shown kindness and hospitality to citizens of the United States when he had an opportunity of doing so. No one will rejoice more than the Governor of Newfoundland at seeing Great Britain and the United States now so closely united with each other by the successful accomplishment of the great enterprise which is now the absorbing topic of conversation.

THE RECEPTION AT ST. JOHNS.

The reception of the Telegraph fleet at St. Johns, of which we give below an illustration, was of course celebrated in the highest degree. The shipping came out to meet the *Niagara*, and, in the language of the telegraphic reporter, "every thing wore the appearance of a gala day."

On the morning of 10th, at 11 A.M., the Legislative Council presented an address to Mr. Field. In the course of his reply Mr. Field said:

"We claim the exclusive privileges conferred by the colony on the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, made her the subject of severe criticism; and it is, therefore, with satisfaction I observe the approving terms in which you refer to them. Every enlightened country recognizes a right of property in those who organize a work where science, or skill, or capital has been invested. This protection is necessary to draw out the efforts of men in new works of public utility—for who would vex if he could not reap?—and while the beneficial use has its reward, society is the gainer by his labor. In the exclusive privileges you have conferred on the Company I represent, the principle of copyright only is involved; and I think there can now be no doubt that your policy has conduced to the interests of the colony."

In the afternoon the Chamber of Commerce presented an address, in the course of his reply to which Mr. Field observed:

"It would not only be ungenerous but unjust that I should for a moment forget the services of those who were my co-operators in this enterprise, and without whom any labor of mine would have been unavailing. It would be difficult to enumerate the many gentlemen whose scientific acquirements and skill and energy have been devoted to the advancement of the work, and who have so nobly promoted the issue which has called forth the expression of your good wishes in my behalf. But I could not do justice to my own feelings if I failed to acknowledge how much is owing to Captain Hudson and the officers of the *Niagara*, whose hearts were in the work and whose toil was unceasing; to Captain Daymon, of her Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, for the soundings so accurate-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—RECEPTION OF THE "NIAGARA" AT ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ly made by him, and for the able manner in which he led the great circle are while laying the cable; to Captain Otter, of the *Porcupine*, for the survey made by him in Trinity Bay, and for the able manner in which he piloted the *Niagara* into Trinity Bay, at night, to her anchorage; to Mr. Everett, who has for months devoted his whole time to designing and perfecting the beautiful machinery which has so successfully payed out the cable from the ships—machinery so perfect in every respect that it was not for one moment stopped on board the *Niagara* until she reached her destination in Trinity Bay; to Mr. Woodhouse, who superintended the coiling of the cable, and so zealously and ably co-operated with his brother engineers during the process of paying out; to the electricians, for their constant watchfulness; to the men, for their almost ceaseless labor; and I feel confident that you will have a good report from the commander, engineers, electricians, and others on board the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous*, the Irish portion of the fleet; to the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, for the time they have devoted to the undertaking without receiving any compensation for their services—and it must be a pleasure to many to know that the director who has devoted more time than others was for many years a resident of this place, and well known to all of you—I mean Mr. Brooking, of London; to Mr. C. M. Lampson, a native of New England, but who has for the last twenty-five years resided in London, who appreciated the great importance of this enterprise to both countries by giving it his most valuable services, and bringing his sound judgments and great business talents to the service of the Company; to that distinguished American, Mr. George Peabody, and his partner, Mr. Morgan, who not only assisted it most liberally with their means, but to whom I could always go with confidence for advice."

At nine in the evening (we quote from the telegraphic report) the celebration ball commenced, at which were present the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, Cyrus W. Field, the Chief Justice, and all the other Judges of the Superior Court, Captain Hudson and officers of the *Niagara*, Captain Dayman and officers of the *Gorgon*, Mr. Whitehouse, etc., and the leading members of society of St. Johns. After the evening had been passed in the most pleasant and delightful manner, the assembled company adjourned at twelve o'clock for supper, which was got up in the most perfect taste. Walter Grieve, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce, was called on to preside, when the following toasts were given:

The Queen—The best-beloved and most popular sovereign that ever sat on the British throne—one who reigns in the hearts and affections, as well as over the persons, of her subjects—May God long preserve her reign over a free and happy people!

The President of the United States—Chosen by the voice of the people, he has shown himself worthy the high honor of presiding over the destinies of a free and enlightened nation. (This toast was coupled with the Queen's.)

The Governor and Lieutenant, and Captain Hudson and the officers of the squadron, and other gentlemen engaged in the expedition. (This toast stated that the combined skill of Captain Hudson and those associated with him had overcome all the difficulties that had previously been supposed insurmountable, and they had accomplished the greatest wonder in the world—the union of the Old and New World by the electric cable.)

This was appropriately responded to by Captain Hudson.

The honorable Colonial Secretary then proposed, and the honorable President of the Council seconded, the health of Cyrus W. Field, Esq., whose name had become a household word in this country.

Mr. Field replied, saying that he should never forget the pleasure of this day. It was a season of anxiety to him during the six and a half days the *Niagara* was accomplishing her mission. Great praise was due Captain Hudson, his officers and men, for their zeal in working day and night over the eleven hundred and fifty miles of the ocean they had to cross. The successful accomplishment, however, of the greatest event of any age, amply compensated all who had become a partner in its achievement, for the toil, anxiety, and care they had experienced. Mr. Field continued in a strain of eloquence and power that went to every heart.

Other toasts were then given and properly responded to.

Dancing was then resumed and kept up with great spirit till three o'clock in the morning, when the party broke up—all on the best terms with the world and each other.

TRINITY BAY.

The two landing-places of the cable are destined to more celebrity than has ever been their share in times past. The cove in Trinity Bay, Newfound-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND.

land, which has been selected as the site of the American terminus, is in a wilderness. The nearest house is several miles distant; nothing surrounds the Telegraph House but bleak rocks and barren forests. A recent visitor has thus described the spot:

"The approach to the bay in which the cable is to be laid is exceedingly picturesque, and possesses all that wildness and grandeur of scenery which distinguish nearly the whole coast of Newfoundland. If the weather should prove clear, the peaks of the high headlands can be seen some thirty miles from land, and a nearer view shows a country of peculiarly mountainous character. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the barren and rocky nature of the land; but there are some parts which are particularly susceptible of cultivation, and where, considering the inhospitable character of the climate, farming has been successfully carried on. It must be confessed, however, that the prospects for agricultural operations are not of the most encouraging kind, and that cod-fishing is, as it must always prove, the most lucrative occupation. Between those bleak, wild mountain ranges there are some beautiful little valleys, through which run streams of the purest sparkling water. Indeed, there is an inexhaustible supply of this common but valuable and necessary article, both in the numerous lakes, rivers, and rivulets with which the whole island abounds, and which come gushing out of every rock in the summer time, or are frozen up in icy stillness and death during the long and cheerless winter.

"The entrance to Trinity Bay is about thirty miles wide, and on either side rise the bold headlands of Baccalo and Horse Chops—the latter of which is about five hundred and the former seven hundred feet in height. The shore of the bay is marked by indentations and smaller bays, and inlets have been worn into its rocky boundaries by the restless action of the sea, which breaks here with resistless fury. Large caves, running far into the mountain barriers, have been hollowed out by the same agency, and the deep seams that scar the front of the rocks show that time has also left its mark upon them.

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"By looking at the map of Newfoundland it will be seen that Trinity and Placentia bays are separated by a narrow neck of land about four miles in breadth. Now this spot has been selected, not only on account of the sandy character of the beach, but for another reason no less forcible. It is intended hereafter to lay a submarine cable from Placentia Bay to the best point either in Nova Scotia or near Portland, Maine, and the brief distance, therefore, between the two bays, will tend greatly to facilitate this design. A subterranean line, four miles long, will be all sufficient to connect the two cables, the one extending to Ireland, and through Ireland to England, Europe, and Asia; and the other to the United States and the whole of North America. At present the connection will be formed with the land line running from St. Johns, the capital city, to Cape Ray, the most extreme southwestern point on the island, where the cable which spans the Gulf was laid in the month of July, 1856. The great advantage of the proposed submarine line extending from Placentia Bay to Nova Scotia or Portland will consist in its being free from those accidents to which all land lines are liable, and to which that in Newfoundland is more particularly exposed on account of the severity of the climate and the wild and uncultivated state of the country.

At the head of the Bay of Bull's Arm, about half a mile from high-water line, the Telegraph House will be erected. This will be a spacious frame building, containing, in addition to the office or operator's department, a sitting-room, a kitchen, eight bedrooms, and all the other *et ceteras* of a well-appointed household.

VALENTIA BAY.

The special correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene:

"The other terminus of the line is in Valentia Bay, which is perhaps the most available point on the whole southern coast of Ireland, both on account of its being the nearest to Newfoundland, and on account of its particular adaptability for a telegraph station. The county of Kerry, which is indented by Valentia Bay, and in which the shore-end of the cable was landed on the evening of the 6th of August last year, is very similar in its natural features to that part of Newfoundland where the cable is landed. Huge mountains rise up on almost every side, and great masses of rock, in a thousand fantastic shapes, stand out in solitary isolation miles from the land. Two of these, of such gigantic dimensions that they almost approach the dignity of mountains, guard the entrance of Dingle Bay, like weather-beaten sentinels; while further in from the ocean is a long mountain range, the face of which is worn with deep fissures, while its base is hollowed out at irregular intervals by caves, some of which extend, according to the statements of the peasantry, several hundred feet into the very heart of the mountains. The bay has a depth in some places of over a hundred fathoms, but it is so open to the sea, and the anchorage is so bad, that it is one of the worst places which a vessel could select in a storm. Valentia Bay is more protected, and although not safe in a storm, affords much better anchorage. The land, for miles into the interior, is very rocky and barren, and affords a poor pasturage for the diminutive but hardy race of cattle for which the county Kerry is famous. The huts of the peasantry which dot the hill-sides show too plainly the poverty of the lower classes of the people, and how miserably their labor is rewarded. The ruins of churches, which were built by pious Christians as long ago as the fourth or fifth century, are strikingly in accordance with the impoverished appearance of the land and of the people. The Island of Valentia suffered fearfully during the famine in Ireland, and hundreds died of starvation on the roadside or in the miserable dwellings, some of which still remain, and in which their bodies were found many weeks after their death, unburied, and in a horrible state of emaciation. The small land cove in which the bay terminates was decided upon last year as the place for the landing of the cable, and has not been changed since. It is, in fact, the very best spot that could be selected. About four hundred yards from the beach a telegraph building, somewhat similar to that at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, has been erected and supplied with every thing necessary for the business and accommodation of the operators. The junction with the cable will be formed by a land line running to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, thence across the Channel to England, and by other connections with the great net-work of telegraphs which extends over the whole continent of Europe, and which has already embraced within it portions of Asia and Africa."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Man's Letter—unsatisfactory and provoking as a man's letters always are.

Guy Darrell to Colonel Morley.

Fawley Manor-House, *August* 19, 18—.

I have decided, my dear Alban. I did not take three days to do so, though the third day may be just over ere you learn my decision. I shall never marry again. I abandon that last dream of declining years. My object in returning to the London world was to try whether I could not find, among the fairest and most attractive women that the world produces—at least to an English eye—some one who could inspire me with that singleness of affection which could alone justify the hope that I might win, in return, a wife's esteem and a contented home. That object is now finally relinquished, and, with it, all idea of resuming the life of cities. I might have re-entered a political career, had I first secured to myself a mind sufficiently serene and healthful for duties that need the concentration of thought and desire. Such a state of mind I can not secure. I have striven for it; I am baffled. It is said that politics are a jealous mistress—that they require the whole man. The saying is not invariably true in the application it commonly receives—that is, a politician may have some other employment of intellect, which rather enlarges his powers than distracts their political uses. Successful politicians have united with great parliamentary toil and triumph legal occupations or literary or learned studies. But politics do require that the heart should be free, and at peace from all more absorbing private anxieties—from the gnawing of a memory or a care, which dulls ambition and paralyzes energy. In this sense politics do require the whole man. If I returned to politics now, I should fail to them, and they to me. I feel that the brief interval between me and the grave has need of repose: I find that repose here. I have therefore given the necessary orders to dismiss the pompous retinue which I left behind me, and instructed my agent to sell my London house for whatever it may fetch. I was unwilling to sell it before—unwilling to abandon the hope, however faint, that I might yet regain strength for action. But the very struggle to obtain such strength leaves me exhausted more.

You may believe that it is not without a pang—less of pride than of remorse—that I resign unfulfilled the object toward which all my earlier life was so resolutely shaped. The house I had promised my father to refound dies to dust in my grave. To my father's blood no heir to my wealth can trace. Yet it is a consolation to think that Lionel Haughton is one on whom my father would have smiled approvingly. At my death, therefore, at least the old name will not die: Lionel Haughton will take and be worthy to bear it. Strange weakness of mine, you will say; but I can not endure the thought that the old name should be quite blotted out of the land. I trust that Lionel may early form a suitable and happy marriage. Sure that he will not choose ignobly, I impose no fetters on his choice.

One word only on that hateful subject, confided so tardily to your friendship, left so thankfully to your discretion. Now that I have once more buried myself in Fawley, it is very unlikely that the man it pains me to name will seek me here. If he does, he can not molest me as if I were in the London world. Continue, then, I pray you, to leave him alone. And in adopting your own shrewd belief that, after all, there is no such child as he pretends to claim, my mind becomes tranquilized on all that part of my private griefs.

Farewell, old school-friend! Here, so far as I can foretell—here, where my life began, it returns, when Heaven pleases, to close. Here I could not ask you to visit me: what is rest to me would be loss of time to you. But in my late and vain attempt to re-enter that existence in which you have calmly and wisely gathered round yourself "all that should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"—nothing so repaid the effort—nothing now so pleasantly remains to recollection—as the brief renewal of that easy commune which men like me never know, save with those whose laughter brings back to them a gale from the old playground. "*Vive, vale;*" I will not add, "*Sis memor mei.*" So many my obligations to your kindness, that you will be forced to remember me whenever you recall the *not* "painful subjects" of early friendship and lasting gratitude. Recall only those when reminded of

Guy Darrell.

CHAPTER XVIII.

No coinage in circulation so fluctuates in value as the worth of a Marriageable Man.

Colonel Morley was not surprised (*that*, we know, he could not be, by any fresh experience of human waywardness and caprice), but much disturbed and much vexed by the unexpected nature of Darrell's communication. Schemes for Darrell's future had become plans of his own. Talk with his old school-fellow had, within the last three months, entered into the pleasures of his age. Darrell's abrupt and final renunciation of this social world made at once a void in the business of Alban's mind, and in the affections of Alban's heart. And no adequate reason assigned for so sudden a flight and so morbid a resolve! Some tormenting remembrance—some rankling grief—distinct from those of which Alban was cognizant, those in which he had been consulted, was implied but by vague and general hints. But what was the remembrance of the grief, Alban Morley, who knew every thing, was quite persuaded that Darrell would never suffer him to know. Could it be in any way connected with those three young ladies to whom Darrell's attentions had been so perversely impartial? The Colonel did not fail to observe that to those young ladies Darrell's letter did not even allude. Was it not possible that he had really felt for one of them a deeper sentiment than a man advanced in years ever likes to own even to his nearest friend—hazarded a proposal, and met with a rebuff? If so, Alban conjectured the female culprit by whom the sentiment had been inspired and the rebuff administered. "That mischievous kitten, Flora Vyvyan," growled the Colonel. "I always felt that she had the claws of a tigress under that *patte de velours!*" Roused by this suspicion, he sallied forth to call on the Vyvyans. Mr. Vyvyan, a widower, one of those quiet gentlemanlike men who sit much in the drawing-room and like receiving morning visitors, was at home to him. "So Darrell has left town for the season," said the Colonel, pushing straight to the point.

"Yes," said Mr. Vyvyan. "I had a note from him this morning, to say he had renounced all hope of—"

"What?" cried the Colonel.

"Joining us in Switzerland. I am so sorry. Flora still more sorry. She is accustomed to have her own way, and she had set her heart on hearing Darrell read 'Manfred' in sight of the Jung Frau!"

"Um," said the Colonel. "What might be sport to her might be death to him. A man at his age is not too old to fall in love with a young lady of hers. But he is too old not to be extremely ridiculous to *such* a young lady if he does."

"Colonel Morley—Fie!" cried an angry voice behind him. Flora had entered the room unobserved. Her face was much flushed, and her eyelids looked as if tears had lately swelled beneath them, and were swelling still.

"What have I said to merit your rebuke?" asked the Colonel, composedly.

"Said! Coupled the thought of ridicule with the name of Mr. Darrell!"

"Take care, Morley," said Mr. Vyvyan, laughing. "Flora is positively superstitious in her respect for Guy Darrell; and you can not offend her more than by implying that he is mortal. Nay, child, it is very natural. Quite apart from his fame, there is something in that man's familiar talk, or rather, perhaps, in the very sound of his voice, which makes most other society seem flat and insipid. I feel it myself. And when Flora's young admirers flutter and babble round her—just after Darrell has quitted his chair beside her—they seem very poor company. I'm sure, Flora," continued Vyvyan, kindly, "that the mere acquaintance of such a man has done you a great deal of good; and I am now in great hopes that, whenever you marry, it will be a man of sense."

"Um!" again said the Colonel, eying Flora aslant, but with much attention. "How I wish, for my friend's sake, that he was of an age which inspired Miss Vyvyan with less—veneration!"

Flora turned her back on the Colonel, looking out of the window, and her small foot beating the ground with nervous irritation.

"It was given out that Darrell intended to marry again," said Mr. Vyvyan. "A man of that sort requires a very superior, highly-educated woman; and if Miss Carr Vipont had been a little more of his age she would have just suited him. But I am patriot enough to hope that he will remain single, and have no wife but his country, like Mr. Pitt."

The Colonel having now satisfied his curiosity, and assured himself that Darrell was, there at least, no rejected suitor, rose and approached Flora to make peace, and to take leave. As he held out his hand he was struck with the change in a countenance usually so gay in its aspect—it spoke of more than dejection, it betrayed distress; when she took his hand she retained it, and looked into his eyes wistfully; evidently there was something on her mind which she wished to express, and did not know how. At length she said in a whisper, "You are Mr. Darrell's most intimate friend; I have heard him say so. Shall you see him soon?"

"I fear not; but why?"

"Why? you, his friend; do you not perceive that he is not happy? I, a mere stranger, saw it at the first. You should cheer and comfort him; *you* have that right—it is a noble privilege."

"My dear young lady," said the Colonel, touched, "you have a better heart than I thought for. It is true Darrell is not a happy man; but can you give me any message that might cheer him more than an old bachelor's commonplace exhortations to take heart, forget the rains of yesterday, and hope for some gleam of sun on the morrow?"

"No," said Flora, sadly, "it would be a presumption indeed in me to affect the consoler's part; but—(her lips quivered)—but if I may judge by his letter, I may never see him again."

"His letter! He has written to *you*, then, as well as to your father?"

"Yes," said Flora, confused and coloring, "a few lines in answer to a silly note of mine; yes, tell him that I shall never forget his kind counsels, his delicate, indulgent construction of—of—in short, tell him my father is right, and that I shall be better and wiser all my life for the few short weeks in which I have known Guy Darrell."

"What secrets are you two whispering there?" asked Mr. Vyvyan from his easy chair.

"Ask her ten years hence," said the Colonel, as he retreated to the door. "The fairest leaves in the flower are the last that the bud will disclose."

From Mr. Vyvyan the Colonel went to Lord ——'s. His lordship had also heard from Darrell that morning; Darrell declined the invitation to —— Hall; business at Fawley. Lady Adela had borne the disappointment with her wonted serenity of temper, and had gone out shopping. Darrell had certainly not offered his hand in that quarter; had he done so—whether refused or accepted—all persons yet left in London would have heard the news. Thence the Colonel repaired to Carr Vipont's. Lady Selina was at home, and exceedingly cross. Carr had been astonished by a letter from Mr. Darrell, dated Fawley—left town for the season without even calling to take leave—a most eccentric man. She feared his head was a little touched—that he knew it, but did not like to own it—perhaps the doctors had told him he must keep quiet, and not excite himself with politics. "I had thought," said Lady Selina, "that he might have felt a growing attachment for Honoria; and, considering the disparity of years, and that Honoria certainly might marry any one, he was too proud to incur the risk of refusal. But I will tell you in confidence, as a relation and dear friend, that Honoria has a very superior mind, and might have overlooked the mere age: congenial tastes—you understand. But on thinking it all over, I begin to doubt whether *that* be the true reason for his running away in this wild sort of manner. My maid tells me that his house-steward called to say that the establishment was to be broken up. That looks as if he had resigned London for good; just, too, when, Carr says, the crisis, so long put off, is sure to burst on us. I'm quite sick of clever men—one never knows how to trust them; if they are not dishonest, they are eccentric! I have just been telling Honoria that clever men are, after all, the most tiresome husbands. Well, what makes you so silent? What do you say? Why don't you speak?"

"I am slowly recovering from my shock," said the Colonel. "So Darrell shirks the crisis, and has not even hinted a preference for Honoria, the very girl in all London that would have made him a safe, rational companion. I told him so, and he never denied it. But it is a comfort to think he is no loss. Old monster!"

"Nay," said Lady Selina, mollified by so much sympathy, "I don't say he is no loss. Honestly speaking—between ourselves—I think he is a very great loss. An alliance between him and Honoria would have united all the Vipont influence. Lord Montfort has the greatest confidence in Darrell; and if this crisis comes, it is absolutely necessary for the Vipont interest that it should find somebody who can speak. Really, my dear Colonel Morley, you who have such an influence over this very odd man should exert it now. One must not be overnice in times of crisis; the country is at stake, Cousin Alban."

"I will do my best," said the Colonel; "I am quite aware that an alliance which would secure Darrell's talents to the House of Vipont, and the House of Vipont to Darrell's talents, would—but 'tis no use talking, we must not sacrifice Honoria even on the altar of her country's interest!"

"Sacrifice! Nonsense! The man is not young, certainly; but then, what a grand creature—and so clever!"

"Clever—yes! But that was your very objection to him five minutes ago."

"I forgot the crisis. One don't want clever men every day, but there *are* days when one does want them!"

"I envy you that aphorism. But from what you now imply, I fear that Honoria may have allowed her thoughts to settle upon what may never take place; and, if so, she may fret."

"Fret! a daughter of mine fret!—and of all my daughters, Honoria! A girl of the best-disciplined mind! Fret! what a word—vulgar!"

Colonel Morley. "So it is; I blush for it; but let us understand each other. If Darrell proposed for Honoria, you think, ambition apart, she would esteem him sufficiently for a decided preference."

Lady Selina. "If that be his doubt, reassure him. He is shy; men of genius are; Honoria *would esteem* him! Till he has actually proposed, it would compromise her to say more even to you."

Colonel Morley. "And if that be not the doubt, and if I ascertain that Darrell has no idea of proposing, Honoria would—"

Lady Selina. "Despise him. Ah, I see by your countenance that you think I should prepare her. Is it so, frankly?"

Colonel Morley. "Frankly, then. I think Guy Darrell, like many other men, has been so long making up his mind to marry again that he has lost the right moment, and will never find it."

Lady Selina smells at her vinaigrette, and replies in her softest, affectedest, civilest, and crushingest manner—

"*Poor*—DEAR—OLD MAN!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Man is not permitted, with ultimate impunity, to exasperate the envies, and insult the miseries of those around him, by a systematic perseverance in willful—Celibacy. In vain may he scheme, in the marriage of injured friends, to provide arm-chairs, and footstools, and prattling babies for the luxurious delectation of his indolent age. The avenging Eumenides (being themselves ancient virgins neglected) shall humble his insolence, baffle his projects, and condemn his declining years to the horrors of solitude—rarely even wakening his soul to the grace of repentance.

The Colonel, before returning home, dropped into the Clubs, and took care to give to Darrell's sudden disappearance a plausible and commonplace construction. The season was just over. Darrell had gone to the country. The town establishment was broken up, because the house in Carlton Gardens was to be sold. Darrell did not like the situation—found the air relaxing—Park Lane or Grosvenor Square were on higher ground. Besides, the stair-case was bad for a house of such pretensions—not suited to large parties. Next season Darrell might be in a position when he would have to give large parties, etc. etc. As no one is inclined to suppose that a man will retire from public life just when he has a chance of office, so the Clubs took Alban Morley's remarks unsuspiciously, and generally agreed that Darrell showed great tact in absenting himself from town during the transition state of politics that always precedes a

CRISIS, and that it was quite clear that he calculated on playing a great part when the CRISIS was over, by finding his house had grown too small for him. Thus paving the way to Darrell's easy return to the world, should he repent of his retreat (a chance which Alban by no means dismissed from his reckoning), the Colonel returned home to find his nephew George awaiting him there. The scholarly clergyman had ensconced himself in the back drawing-room, fitted up as a library, and was making free with the books. "What have you there, George?" asked the Colonel, after shaking him by the hand. "You seemed quite absorbed in its contents, and would not have noticed my presence but for Gip's bark."

"A volume of poems I never chanced to meet before. Full of true genius."

"Bless me, poor Arthur Branthwaite's poems. And you were positively reading those—not induced to do so by respect for his father?—Could you make head or tail of them?"

"There is a class of poetry which displeases middle age by the very attributes which render it charming to the young; for each generation has a youth with idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself, and a peculiar poetry by which those idiosyncrasies are expressed."

Here George was beginning to grow metaphysical, and somewhat German, when his uncle's face assumed an expression which can only be compared to that of a man who dreads a very severe and long operation. George humanely hastened to relieve his mind.

"But I will not bore you at present."

"Thank you," said the Colonel, brightening up.

"Perhaps you will lend me the book. I am going down to Lady Montfort's by-and-by, and I can read it by the way."

"Yes, I will lend it to you till next season. Let me have it again then, to put on the table when Frank Vance comes to breakfast with me. The poet was his brother-in-law; and though, for that reason, poets and poetry are a sore subject with Frank, yet, the last time he breakfasted here, I felt, by the shake of his hand in parting, that he felt pleased by a mark of respect to all that is left of poor Arthur Branthwaite. So you are going to Lady Montfort? Ask her why she cuts me!"

"My dear uncle! You know how secluded her life is at present; but she has charged me to assure you of her unalterable regard for you; and whenever her health and spirits are somewhat more recovered, I have no doubt that she will ask you to give her the occasion to make that assurance in person."

COLONEL MORLEY. "Can her health and spirits continue so long affected by grief for the loss of that distant acquaintance whom the law called her husband?"

GEORGE. "She is very far from well, and her spirits are certainly much broken. And now, uncle, for the little favor I came to ask. Since you presented me to Mr. Darrell, he kindly sent me two or three invitations to dinner, which my frequent absence from town would not allow me to accept. I ought to call on him; and, as I feel ashamed not to have done so before, I wish you would accompany me to his house. One happy word from you would save me a relapse into stutter. When I want to apologize, I always stutter."

"Darrell has left town," said the Colonel, roughly; "you have missed an opportunity that will never occur again. The most charming companion; an intellect so manly, yet so sweet! *I* shall never find such another." And for the first time in thirty years a tear stole to Alban Morley's eye.

GEORGE. "When did he leave town?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Three days ago."

GEORGE. "Three days ago! and for the Continent again?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "No, for the Hermitage. George, I have such a letter from him! You know how many years he has been absent from the world. When, this year, he reappeared, he and I grew more intimate than we had ever been since we had left school; for though the same capital held us before, he was then too occupied for much familiarity with an idle man like me. But just when I was intertwining what is left of my life with the bright threads of his, he snaps the web asunder; he quits this London world again; says he will return to it no more."

GEORGE. "Yet I did hear that he proposed to renew his parliamentary career; nay, that he was about to form a second marriage with Honoria Vipont?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "Mere gossip—not true. No, he will never again marry. Three days ago I thought it certain that he would—certain that I should find for my old age a nook in his home—the easiest chair in his social circle; that my daily newspaper would have a fresh interest in the praise of his name or the report of his speech; that I should walk proudly into White's, sure to hear there of Guy Darrell; that I should keep from misanthropical rust my dry knowledge of life, planning shrewd panegyrics to him of a young, happy wife, needing all his indulgence—panegyrics to her of the high-minded, sensitive man, claiming tender respect and delicate soothing; that thus, day by day, I should have made more pleasant the home in which I should have planted myself, and found in his children boys to lecture and girls to spoil. Don't be jealous, George. I like your wife, I love your little ones, and you will have all I have to leave. But to an old bachelor, who would keep young to the last, there is no place so sunny as the hearth of an old school-friend. But my house of cards is blown down—talk of it no more—'tis a painful subject. You met Lionel Haughton here the last time you called—how did you like him?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Well, then, since you can not call on Darrell, call on him."

GEORGE (with animation). "It is just what I meant to do—what is his address?"

COLONEL MORLEY. "There is his card—take it. He was here last night to inquire if I knew where Darrell had gone, though no one in his household, nor I either, suspected till this morning that Darrell had left town for good. You will find Lionel at home, for I sent him word I would call. But really I am not up to it now. Tell him from me that Mr. Darrell will not return to Carlton Gardens this season, and is gone to Fawley. At present Lionel need not know more—you understand? And now, my dear George, good-day."

CHAPTER XX.

Each generation has its own critical canons in poetry as well as in political creeds, financial systems, or whatever other changeable matters of taste are called "Settled Questions" and "Fixed Opinions."

GEORGE, musing much over all that his uncle had said respecting Darrell, took his way to Lionel's lodgings. The young man received him with the cordial greeting due from Darrell's kinsman to Colonel Morley's nephew, but tempered by the respect no less due to the distinction and the calling of the eloquent preacher.

Lionel was perceptibly affected by learning that Darrell had thus suddenly returned to the gloomy beech-woods of Fawley; and he evinced his anxious interest in his benefactor with so much spontaneous tenderness of feeling, that George, as if in sympathy, warmed into the same theme. "I can well conceive," said he, "your affection for Mr. Darrell. I remember, when I was a boy, how powerfully he impressed me, though I saw but little of him. He was then in the zenith of his career, and had but few moments to give to a boy like me; but the ring of his voice and the flash of his eye sent me back to school, dreaming of fame, and intent on prizes. I spent part of one Easter vacation at his house in town; he bade his son, who was my school-fellow, invite me."

LIONEL. "You knew his son? How Mr. Darrell has felt that loss!"

GEORGE. "Heaven often vails its most provident mercy in what to man seems its sternest inflictions. That poor boy must have changed his whole nature, if his life had not to a father, like Mr. Darrell, occasioned grief sharper than his death."

LIONEL. "You amaze me. Mr. Darrell spoke of him as a boy of great promise."

GEORGE. "He had that kind of energy which to a father conveys the idea of promise, and which might deceive those older than himself—a fine bright-eyed bold-tongued boy, with just enough awe of his father to bridle his worst qualities before him."

LIONEL. "What were those?"

GEORGE. "Headstrong arrogance—relentless cruelty. He had a pride which would have shamed his father out of pride, had Guy Darrell detected its nature—purse pride! I remember his father said to me with a half-laugh, 'My boy must not be galled and mortified as I was every hour at school—clothes patched and pockets empty.' And so, out of mistaken kindness, Mr. Darrell ran into the opposite extreme, and the son was proud, not of his father's fame, but of his father's money, and withal not generous, nor exactly extravagant, but using money as power—power that allowed him to insult an equal or to buy a slave. In a word, his nickname at school was 'Sir Giles Overreach.' His death was the result of his strange passion for tormenting others. He had a fag who could not swim, and who had the greatest terror of the water; and it was while driving this child into the river out of his depth that cramp seized himself, and he was drowned. Yes, when I think what that boy would have been as man, succeeding to Darrell's wealth—and had Darrell persevered (as he would, perhaps, if the boy had lived) in his public career—to the rank and titles he would probably have acquired and bequeathed—again I say, in man's affliction is often Heaven's mercy."

Lionel listened aghast. George continued, "Would that I could speak as plainly to Mr. Darrell himself! For we find constantly in the world that there is no error that misleads us like the error that is half a truth wrenched from the other half; and nowhere is such an error so common as when man applies it to the judgment of some event in his own life, and separates calamity from consolation."

LIONEL. "True; but who could have the heart to tell a mourning father that his dead son was worthless?"

GEORGE. "Alas, my young friend, the preacher must sometimes harden his own heart if he would strike home to another's soul. But I am not sure that Mr. Darrell would need so cruel a kindness. I believe that his clear intellect must have divined some portions of his son's nature which enabled him to bear the loss with fortitude. And he did bear it bravely. But now, Mr. Haughton, if you have the rest of the day free, I am about to make you an unceremonious proposition for its disposal. A lady who knew Mr. Darrell when she was very young, has a strong desire to form your acquaintance. She resides on the banks of the Thames, a little above Twickenham. I have promised to call on her this evening. Shall we dine together at Richmond? And afterward we can take a boat to her villa."

Lionel at once accepted, thinking so little of the lady that he did not even ask her name. He was pleased to have a companion with whom he could talk of Darrell. He asked but delay to write a few lines of affectionate inquiry to his kinsman at Fawley, and, while he wrote, George took out Arthur Branthwaite's poems and resumed their perusal. Lionel having sealed his letter, George extended the book to him. "Here are some remarkable poems by a brother-in-law of that remarkable artist, Frank Vance."

"Frank Vance! True, he had a brother-in-law a poet. I admire Frank so much; and, though he professes to sneer at poetry, he is so associated in my mind with poetical images that I am prepossessed beforehand in favor of all that brings him, despite himself, in connection with poetry."

"Tell me, then," said George, pointing out a passage in the volume, "what you think of these lines." My good uncle would call them gibberish. I am not sure that I can construe them; but when I was your age, I think I could—what say you?"

Lionel glanced. "Exquisite indeed! nothing can be clearer; they express exactly a sentiment in myself that I could never explain."

"Just so," said George, laughing. "Youth has a sentiment that it can not explain, and the sentiment is expressed in a form of poetry that middle age can not construe. It is true that poetry of the grand order interests equally all ages; but the world ever throws out a poetry not of the grandest; not meant to be durable—not meant to be universal—but following the shifts and changes of human sentiment, and just like those pretty sun-dials formed by flowers which bloom to tell the hour, open their buds to tell it, and, telling it, fade themselves from time."

Not listening to the critic, Lionel continued to read the poems, exclaiming, "How exquisite! how true!"

MY UNFORTUNATE UNCLE.

I THINK my grandfather was born in Salem. On this point, however, and on many others relating to the earlier part of his career, he was rather reserved. The mystery attending his birthplace was no bar to his attaining a highly respectable position in society, which the general knowledge of the fact that the foundation of his fortune was laid in the profits of the slave-trade did not materially disturb. He took excellent care of his money, watchfully avoiding public and private charities; he held, in his day, many offices of trust and honor; his old age seemed tranquil and happy; and he died, without a struggle, one afternoon, after a hearty dinner of roast pig, leaving a large fortune to be divided between my uncle and myself—my parents being dead.

The fortune was divided in this way: my uncle came in for about half a million, and to me the moderate, and perhaps disproportionate, sum of five thousand dollars was, by a codicillary afterthought, kindly bequeathed, with an expressed hope—probably intended as posthumous waggery—that the disposition of the property would prove satisfactory to me, and an allusion to the fact that my education and college expenses had already been at his, the testator's, charge. This last hit had been a favorite one with my grandfather during his valuable and entertaining existence, but as it originated from his only charitable act—the consolidated generosity of a lifetime—he could be pardoned for his frequent resort to it.

The disposition of the property did not, as my grandfather had wished, prove satisfactory to me; and I felt called upon to say as much to my uncle, the executor, who replied, with an attractive smile, that it could not be expected every body would be satisfied: this seemed reasonable, and I politely withdrew.

It now became necessary to choose a profession—a matter of some consequence, frequently meditated upon but never yet decided. Hitherto I had quieted myself with the belief that, as my grandfather had endowed me with a collegiate education, he intended to add to the obligation by bequeathing me a competency at least, instead of forcing me, by this wretched conduct, to the drudgery of a professional apprenticeship—a thing taken to kindly in youth, but vexatious, and generally unavailing, later in life. In truth, the business looked far from easy to me now; the medical and legal professions—and the fact has often impressed other minds—were comfortably filled, if not crowded; as for the ministry, I felt I was unfit for that; fortunately perhaps, for that vocation lay under the same disadvantage.

So here I was, at the age of twenty-nine, in a very uncomfortable position; the more perplexing from the fact that, a week or two before, I had, in a very agitated and rapid manner, confided to Sarah Jane Williams the secret of my heart; that I loved her a great deal better than my own existence, which would be hateful without her; that she was the only girl I had ever looked upon with sentiments worthy of more than passing notice; that for the future all other females would excite in me but a feeble interest; to this I had added that my prospects, pecuniarily, were of the most flattering description, nearly the same, indeed, as two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand dollars cash in hand, and concluded by firmly asserting she alone possessed the power of making me supremely happy, which I then begged her to do.

To which Sarah Jane Williams had made reply, that she had long hidden the esteem and love in which she held me; that she now, with pride, seized the opportunity to confess it; that she would marry me with great pleasure; that, as her aunt was a lady of firm temper, with a general inclination toward opposition, it would be well, perhaps, for the present, to keep our pleasing secret to ourselves, at all events, until something more definite touching the two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand dollars, of which mention had been made in my declaration, should transpire.

To this, from Sarah Jane Williams, I had assented; and, at the same moment, regretted I had not remained guardedly silent concerning the two hundred and odd thousand dollars. But who is discreet in love? In that state a man, particularly a young one, moves toward general and full confession as surely as we all move toward death. Instructing the adored one in every thing of note bearing upon the all-absorbing topic of their mutual affection, he goes further, and dazzles her imagination with fantastic plans, which, mostly subject to future contingencies, and faintly connected with the present, the blindness of love, nevertheless, converts into the soundest reason. The two hundred and odd thousand dollars had, it is true, some connection with the matter in debate; but I now decided, should it ever be necessary again to speak of that sum, it should be approached in the gentlest and most cursory manner.

Sarah Jane Williams was a very lovely and intelligent young lady; naturally she must have been this, or I could not have become so exceedingly enamored by her. I first saw her, five years before my grandfather's death, on the day I closed a negotiation for board and lodging with her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Williams, a maiden lady of great purity of character, who, a short time before, had taken charge of Sarah Jane and her brother Tom, then left orphans. We all know how these things turn out in every well-regulated narrative, so it may be needless to acknowledge that I loved her from the first. But so faithful was the watch and ward maintained over her by Miss Elizabeth; so entirely had she been impressed with the belief that all young male boarders were the special emissaries of Satan; so honestly did she obey the command to avoid them, unless in presence of witnesses, that my love could only be fed, and the spark of her growing affection fanned into a healthy existence, by a ready word, here and there, and the hundreds of minute attentions, half tolerated because almost imperceptible, of which, when a chance offered, I eagerly took advantage. One who has never lived in a large boarding-house can not understand the difficulty of this sort of an affair. Over a pretty girl of seventeen the vigilance of her lawful guardian or guardians might be considered a tolerable protection; but as all the young fellows in the house are generally, in different degrees, fascinated, and are continually striving to exhibit to her, and to her alone, in various extraordinary ways, the intensity of their passion, it falls out at last that each aspirant becomes a self-constituted policeman, always round the corner, prepared to make an unexpected entrance on the scene, whenever any one of the volunteer force, after days of watching, foolishly supposes he has secured the opportunity of a private conversation with the guarded treasure. Such a patrol was in regular service about the person of Sarah Jane Williams; and it was solely because I was more at leisure than the others, and could remain at home while they were compelled to go regularly to their respective places of business, that I had succeeded, in the course of years, in acquiring her favor, and, at last, in securing the opportunity, already noticed, of ascertaining her sentiments by a frank and hurried confession of my own. Henceforth the affair was more simple; no prudery need stand in the way, and by a stream of three-cornered billets our plans and hopes could float from one to the other without detection.

During my early domiciliation in this house I became acquainted with Tom, Sarah Jane's brother. He was then about twenty. His habits were so very erratic, his manners so unregulated, that he very nearly, at one time, revolutionized the whole establishment. An extensive acquaintance with the world has never brought to my notice a young gentleman whose property in the article of wild oats has been so large as Tom's, or who could sow them so systematically, constantly, and enthusiastically as he. His consciousness of being the only person of whom his aunt was in awe did not serve to quiet his manifestations; the reckless course of conduct he adopted in regard to chambermaids—seizing every opportunity to kiss the handsome ones on the landings in regular order as he, ascending or descending, might meet them—caused the banishment of every girl with any claim to youth and beauty; so that, finally, there was no female servant in the house under forty-five, and the faces of these had generally suffered from the ravages of the small-pox. The deep disgust which the successive dismission of the youthful "help" excited in Tom he was in the habit of manifesting openly to his aunt and the assembled respectability of the house at meals. Day by day he grew in wickedness. Sometimes he invited seedy young men, in very dingy shirts, home to dine. Once six harmonious gentlemen slept with him in his apartment from two o'clock A.M. until nine, at which hour a boy, hired by Miss Elizabeth Williams to clean knives, being seduced from his allegiance and furnished with a lot of small change—contributed by the guests in proportion to their means—was dispatched for eight quart bottles of strong ale, with which, and a pail of iced water subsequently carried up by the same misguided youth, they partially assuaged their thirst, and in single file walked down stairs into the street, each brandishing an empty bottle, and all notably drunk. Sometimes an apoplectic snore would attract the attention of servants to secluded corners of the building, where our young friend would be found in what he was pleased to call a "water-logged state," and taken to bed. Often, too, when going down to breakfast, I encountered a pungent odor of gin coming up accompanied by Tom, an indication that the preceding night had been passed away from home.

He remained with his aunt but a few months after my arrival, when his genius expanded to such an extent that a new sphere of action became necessary. Early one morning—some hours before sunrise—as he was sauntering home from a protracted orgy, it occurred to him that the despondency of mind consequent on the reaction from brilliant society to the loneliness of the street might be alleviated by a resort to song. Never much in the habit of controlling his inclination, he sat down on the curb-stone, and in lofty but shattered tones commenced a ballad more suitable to a bachelor audience than the open street—indeed, a song most chaste and delicate would hardly have been appropriate at that time and in that place. A citizen immedi-

ately opened a window, and, after a short and animated conversation with the singer, called the watch; two of these came and boldly advanced on Tom, who remonstrated with them on their ill-breeding in cutting short a serenade, threw himself into a defensive position, and dared the officers of the law to "come on." Tom passed the rest of the night in the station-house, and the next morning, with a miscellaneous collection of people of both sexes, was up before his Honor, the Police Justice. The respectable standing of friends saved him from the ignominy of imprisonment; he was discharged on payment of a fine, and on condition of immediate departure from the city. He readily consented, remarking that "he had about used up all the fun ashore," and a few days after went to New Bedford and shipped for a whaling voyage.

And now, having disposed of Tom—who, since his departure, nearly five years before, had not been heard from—I will return to the point from which digression was made to him and his beautiful sister.

When I informed Sarah Jane of the shabby manner in which my grandfather had seen fit to leave this world, she replied, as I knew she would, that the loss of the two hundred and odd thousand dollars made no difference to her; she was prepared to marry me whenever the sacrifice should be demanded. She again admonished me to keep our little affair from her aunt, who would never consent to the marriage with me on my poor five thousand dollars, since her virtuous and uncompromising spirit was firmly set on twenty-five thousand and a profitable business. Sarah Jane added, in an artless way, that her aunt had once alluded to my indolence—which required a series of years for the choice of a profession, and at the end of that time left me more undecided than at the beginning—and thought the active nature of her revered relative was, partly on this account, embittered against me. A sly gleam of humor lurking in the corner of her eye led me to suppose that the young lady herself was, in some degree, responsible for this piece of flattery. My cheek betrayed the shot was a good one. I felt impelled to an immediate decision on the subject of a profession: on the spot I sternly closed my ears against the siren voices of law and medicine, to which I had bewilderingly listened for many years, and resolved to apply to my uncle for some one of the clerkships in the corporations where he held influence.

My uncle was reputed very rich. In the manufacturing and financial circles he filled many lucrative and unlaborious offices. He was a power in the business world. Timid people with more money than self-reliance, working men with a few hundreds in savings, widows with goodly portions, heirs with more ready cash than they could immediately squander, all came beseeching him to assume the labor of investing, with his famed discretion, their stray property; and he, blandly smiling, would lock up their troublesome funds in this manufactory of which he was treasurer; in that, where he was selling agent; in this bank, whose crisp notes bore his admired autograph; in that railroad, where he had the honor of being director—and sometimes would kindly soothe the anxiety of those whose confidence in corporate bodies might be small, by taking their money himself, giving his own note on demand therefor—which was the favor he conferred on me to the extent of my five thousand dollars.

To this gentleman I now applied. Not being the sort of person one would choose as a confidant in affairs of love, I did not mention the name of Sarah Jane Williams, but proceeded directly to business. He shook hands with me cordially.

"I am very glad, my dear nephew," said he, "you have given up all thoughts of law and medicine. They are, as you say, too crowded—too crowded for comfort! You are right in seeking for some mercantile clerkship. You will there acquire a knowledge of business, so that, by-and-by, you can commence, on your own account, with the pretty little capital the generosity of your grandfather has placed at your disposal. In your search after a place you are at liberty to refer to me. I shall certainly give a satisfactory statement of your capacity and education, and although your habits have not been so industrious as active business demands, they soon will be, I have no doubt."

"But, Sir," said I, "my acquaintance with business men is very limited, and the object of my calling here was to ask for some situation in one of the many establishments under your direction. It would be almost useless to ask a stranger for a place."

"My dear fellow!" replied he, with an inimitable smile, "I fear you exaggerate my influence. To take advantage of my position, and, swayed by the partiality of relationship, place you in an office requiring a business man, would be manifestly improper. Such a course would injure my reputation."

"I see very plainly what you mean!" said I, with a sneer; "Guard your reputation by all means! And don't soil the purity of your character, even by giving favorable testimony regarding my capacity; indeed, I fear your friendly offices in my behalf might go far, from your extreme caution, to ruin my chance—"

"You forget yourself," interrupted he, coldly.

"No—I did, when I asked a favor of you! And to prevent the vexation of another interview, I must inform you that the little property I received from my father's estate is nearly exhausted, consequently I am compelled to ask for the money which you have charge of for me; I shall soon need it for my current expenses. At some early day you will oblige me by sending it by your clerk."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed he, in mock rage; "do you threaten me with your paltry five thousand dollars? You shall have it within a week, and let the payment of it be the last transaction between us!"

"I desire nothing better," answered I, and left him.

"I left him in deep, but, I trust, manly sorrow. My wavering mind reverted to law and medicine. Never before had I felt so acutely the truth that misfortunes come not singly. Was not the exquisite torment of love sufficient without this last blow? I walked on, muttering incoherently strange passages—which oddly enough came into my mind at that time—from the formula of excommunication adopted by the Church of Rome, wickedly inserting, at proper intervals, the name of my respectable uncle and some of his more vital organs, feeling all the while a horrid necessity for certain stronger and more curt expressions, which early education prevented from escaping me. I reached home, sat down and wrote a long letter, depicting in florid language what had passed that miserable morning; this I addressed to Sarah Jane Williams, and handed it to her soon after, on the stairs; then, in a fit of utter desperation, darted back to my room, and endeavored to describe in verse the passions raging in my breast. I was unable to achieve the first stanza. I had never engaged in the manufacture of poetry before. I have never meddled with it since, except to read it.

The following day I wandered about like a lost spirit. I strolled into those streets occupied by lawyers. The number of this abused profession was startling; of this fact, whole sides of granite, brick, and iron buildings gleamed with evidence. Staring at a careless, unobservant public, appeared by scores, in characters of dingy gold, the names of young attorneys never to be heard of beyond the limits of their dusty offices; and it occurred to me, for the twentieth time, what an insult it would be to those young men, what an unmanly desire to steal a portion of their scanty meal it would betray, were I to distract the eyes of passing litigants by the blazoned delusion of my name! As for medicine, at every turn the unmistakable tokens of a "sawbones" met the wearied vision, and at last I walked home again, tired and uncomfortable.

"Mr. Thompson," said Miss Elizabeth Williams to me on my return, her grim features twisted into a smile, "your uncle has been here to see you. And a very agreeable man he is, too; not at all stuck-up and aristocratic-like, as one would think a man of his standing would be. He was really very entertaining company both to Sarah Jane and me, and seemed to take a great interest in the house—staid here nearly an hour, and said, at parting, that he had serious intentions of breaking up his bachelor-hall, as he called it, and taking apartments in some good boarding-house for the sake of mere society. He is coming to look at some rooms here to-morrow."

"Did he leave any message for me?" inquired I, astonished at the visit, when but the day before we had parted forever.

"This letter only."

I took it and hurried to my room. It proved to be a letter signed by my uncle, and addressed to a firm down town, recommending me to some small situation. I sat down calmly in one chair, deposited my feet in another, and soliloquized:

"Now," said I, "what particular scheme of wickedness pushed that liberal-minded citizen this way, to fire off his big guns for the delectation of the elderly Williams?—for he certainly has no more idea of boarding with that lady than I have of studying medicine. This stupid subterfuge!" and I threw his commonplace letter into the empty grate; "does he think to satisfy me with so weak a sop? And his stately presence will again bless us to-morrow: Mother Williams will exhibit her rooms, and mention, in an easy way, her fearful prices; and fancy, all the while, she is enticing him from that bachelor-hall to the charming society of this establishment! Pshaw! There's nothing charming about it, with the slight, but to me important exception of Sarah Jane—and her I regard as out of the market."

Unable to understand the matter, I resolved to wait until the arrival of my uncle, and seek, at the earliest moment, the reasons for this devoted attention to the aunt. Sure enough, at four o'clock the next afternoon, he came in his carriage, driven by a foreign flunky, who, from his elevated seat on the box, sniffed with evident contempt the republican air of that boarding-house locality.

There had been a great deal of fluttering on the part of Miss Elizabeth, and, resplendent in a new silk dress of flaring pattern, she now awaited the entrance of the rich man. They were alone together nearly an hour, but no move was made in the direction of the rooms he was to have looked at. At the end of that time Sarah Jane was called in, and there was another secret session. With growing anxiety I longed for the result, and at last my patience was rewarded, and my heart torn, by the sight of Sarah Jane Williams running up stairs, weeping bitterly; while my uncle, with gentlemanly ease, bade adieu to the landlady in the hall, and dashed off in company with the disconsolate flunky. As I came down stairs Miss Elizabeth came up, jubilant and exulting. The interview must have been gratifying. Later, this is what I discovered. I put it in condensed form, for it is not a pleasing subject to dwell upon.

My uncle pretended he had frequently met Sarah Jane—her figure and face had bewitched him. A few days before he had ascertained her name—had immediately called, ostensibly to leave a message for me, but really to behold the lady he had learned to love; he now came, not to look at apartments, but to gaze once more upon her lovely features—nay, to ask her hand in marriage, to bear her away from her estimable aunt—he might say, mother—and place her at the head of his house, no longer, he hoped, to be a bachelor-hall. Miss Elizabeth, after a proper degree of shyness, accepted the proposal. The lady in question was then sent for, and received the offer of his hand, heart, and fortune. She replied only by sobs and tears and a hasty flight from the room—a course of action conceitedly attributed to the pleasurable shock caused by so brilliant a proposition.

As soon as I was informed of all this, I went to my uncle's and rushed, in a very abrupt manner, into the presence. I advised him to abandon all hopes of a marriage with Sarah Jane, for the simple reason that she had, a few weeks before, accepted me, and, as a matter of course, could not, however splendid and flattering the circumstances, consent to marry another. I also hinted, that if, under any temporary aberration of mind, she were forced to a show of acquiescence, I would in person forbid the bans.

"Nephew," replied he, coolly, "our encounters are destined to be any thing but agreeable. There is, allow me to say, a certain selfishness in your character which you ought to control. Nothing makes one so unpopular in the great world as the vice of selfishness. Cure it or disguise it. You wish to drag a young lady down to poverty and misery, a state she will ultimately reach if she marry you; I, on the contrary, wish to place her at the head of a luxurious home, where she will be honored and sought after by the best society. If you really love her as you pretend, you would not selfishly place yourself in the way of her good fortune."

"That's all humbug," said I, "and you know it. I didn't come here to argue with you on the moral view of the question, but simply to tell you, as I have done, that the lady is engaged to me, and, both before and since your disinterested offer, has sworn she will marry no one else. So to save trouble, and avoid scandal, I again advise you to withdraw—as quietly as you can."

"Your advice is of the cheering sort, but I don't like it. Moreover, the aunt, who has something to say in the matter, is most decidedly in my favor. I shall continue to live in hope, in spite of your boisterousness. Good-day!"

The next day he came again to the house, and told Miss Elizabeth what had passed between us. She was very indignant, informed me I had violated every rule of propriety by stealing, in a mean and clandestine way, the affections of her dear niece, and requested me to find another boarding-house within twenty-four hours, which, of course, I did. Before my departure I succeeded in having a private conversation with the fascinating and unhappy cause of all this commotion, in which, among other important subjects, it was arranged that she should, to avoid being continually harassed, appear to consent to the marriage so vehemently encouraged by her aunt.

Tuesday of the week following this—so great was the haste of my uncle—was the day fixed for the wedding, and on Wednesday the married pair were to sail in the English steamer for a tour on the Continent. In grateful consideration of the quiet and resigned way in which I had taken the matter since the first explosion, and at the earnest, imperative desire of the betrothed, I received an invitation to the wedding. Miss Elizabeth herself, beaming with good-nature, on meeting me one morning on her way to the market, had graciously stopped and spoken to me. She should be very happy to see me, she said, at her house on the auspicious occasion, and hoped the folly of fancying myself in love had entirely vanished from my mind as she assured me it had from Sarah Jane's. I gayly answered I had, at last, grown old enough to be heartily tired of such common nonsense, and was fully determined never to fall in love with any body again. I protested no malice lurked in my breast; that I now regarded my uncle as one of the best of middle-aged gentlemen; and, indeed, had decided to honor the nuptials by my presence, solely because I knew such a course would be eminently enlivening to him.

I was there. Among the small number of invited friends, I stood pre-eminent, joking carelessly with two or three young gentlemen boarders—crushed victims of the beauty of Sarah Jane—and I could see I was looked upon as *the* one most particularly jilted. Soon came the portly minister, jovial in the expectation of a heavy fee, and then down stairs, with majestic step, my uncle and the blooming bride. I think the cool and patronizing stare that young lady gave me as she swept into the room, and the dignified, not to say queenly manner in which she drew herself up by my uncle's side, preparatory to the awful ceremony, may be classed with the most magnificent things I have ever witnessed. To think of what had passed between us—vows, letters *et cetera*—and then to glance at her imperturbable air, was startling—and so it seemed to the young gentlemen acquainted with the circumstances.

"Very good thing!" whispered Mr. Augustus Wilkins. "By George, how superbly she does it! It will be needless for the steamer to bear down on an iceberg for the sake of coolness while that young woman's on board."

But just as the minister opened his mouth to commence the service, Sarah Jane, dropping the arm of the expectant bridegroom, glided quickly to me, gave me, before all, a loving kiss, then placed herself at my side, and, for the first time during the evening, began to tremble.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried my uncle, while all started in surprise.

"It means," said I, "that, unless you wish to throw away your valuable time, it will be hardly an object to proceed further in this business."

"I don't understand your buffoonery," said he, passionately.

"Then it becomes my pleasing duty to inform you that Miss Sarah Jane Williams and myself were married three days since—a statement you can verify by calling upon the Rev. Nehemiah Jones, and at the City Hall, where, no doubt, documents may be examined strong enough to convince the most skeptical. Certain other witnesses will be happy, at any time, to wait upon you with such additional testimony as may be requisite."

"So," said my uncle, recovering his calmness and even a portion of his chilly smile, when he saw that all was over; "so, you have won! I thought you were too lazy to play the game, but I was deceived. Still, my dear nephew, if it ever fall in my power to repay you for this admirable joke, believe me the chance shall not escape me. Miss Elizabeth Williams, I congratulate you on your new nephew. Cherish him—he'll prove a treasure. Miss Williams—pardon me, Mrs. Thompson—for a young lady, you have managed the thing remarkably well. Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you good-evening!"

After his departure *my* aunt—mine now by marriage—forgetting that the night was warm and the windows raised, drew about the house an inquisitive, jocund crowd, and cast discredit on the family by her ridiculous and noisy conduct. Errant reporters hastened to the spot and collected the details, furnished, I fear, by the too ready Augustus Wilkins. While it shall be conceded that the enterprise of our newspaper press is a just matter for exultation to every citizen, it is, nevertheless, depressing to a sensitive mind to be placed too prominently before the American people, as I found I was on the following morning; for, by that time, a full statement of the occurrences of the evening, including the disagreeable epithets with which Miss Elizabeth Williams had linked my name, soiled the purity of the bulletins, and traveled in flaming "extras" over the land.

And now being married, it was necessary to demand again my five thousand dollars, which had not yet been repaid. For ready cash I now relied upon it alone. The next afternoon I went to my uncle's office, and found his confidential clerk, pale and uneasy. I asked for his employer.

"He sailed in the steamer this morning," was the reply.

I was astonished. I had presumed the failure of the previous evening would have postponed his tour.

"Yes, Sir," said the clerk; "he got off this morning, leaving things in a very bad state. Ugly rumors, started a few days since, have increased surprisingly, and he has left me a note in which he says, to save me trouble, there is truth in them."

"What do you mean?" said I, uneasily.

"I mean that his affairs have been *rotten* for a long time. I know that now, although he has for some time past kept many important matters of business from me. He has taken a large sum in specie with him; and the whole affair is bad—very bad! He has lately been ruinously unfortunate in large speculations, and, in fact, he is now a defaulter. There! the murder's out! But here is a letter I found in his private desk, which may, from what I see in the morning papers, interest you."

It was from San Francisco, and evidently, by its date, received by my uncle some few weeks before. It read as follows:

"My dear Sir,—You will please immediately ascertain whether there is now living in or near your city a young person named Sarah Jane Williams, niece of Miss Elizabeth Williams; the aunt was, and probably is, at the head of a large boarding-house in your place. The brother of the young lady, Mr. Thomas Williams, died in this city on the 2d inst., leaving a very large property in gold and real estate to his sister. We have, of late, been his agents. He landed here some three years since, during the height of the gold excitement, and became, almost in spite of himself, immensely rich. You will confer a favor by attending to this matter immediately; and, should you find Miss Williams, please request her to send the needful papers, and her instructions in regard to the property. We remain," etc., etc.

This letter, besides reconciling me to the loss of the five thousand dollars—which sum, I firmly believed, was on the way to Europe—also enabled me to give a guess at the reasons which had urged my uncle toward matrimony.

There is but little more to tell. The intelligence I carried home restored to our aunt her equanimity of temper; and, although my wife sat down and cried bitterly for poor Tom, still his long absence and silence, and the remembrance of the wild life he had led at home, after a time quieted her grief. We learned afterward, that when the vessel which bore Tom and his fortunes touched at San Francisco, soon after the first gold discoveries, he, with other adventurous mariners and officers belonging to the ship, deserted without delay, leaving the "barkey" to rot in the harbor, which she nearly did. Fortune favored Tom notwithstanding his reckless and dissipated habits, and when, at the end of three years of California excitement, he departed this life, at the close of a protracted fit of *delirium tremens*, he was, in lands and tenements and "yellow earth," a prosperous gentleman. The crowning act of his life—namely, the execution of his will—had been consummated about three months before his melancholy end.

Some six months after my marriage I received a letter from my uncle, dated from some obscure place in Germany. He requested a loan of two thousand dollars, or such smaller sum as I might be able to spare, intimating he could "do a good thing with it." He perhaps referred to some plan he had formed for breaking a faro-bank. I sent him the following reply:

"My dear Sir,—Your letter has been received and attentively perused. When you started on your travels you took with you what you were pleased to call 'my paltry five thousand dollars'—at least I may be pardoned for saying so, inasmuch as that sum was placed in your hands, and has never been seen by me since; and as there appears to be no possibility of ever beholding you or the money again, I freely, by these presents, give to you the above-mentioned sum, but I must at the same time decline advancing more. For two reasons: first, I am engaged in large farming operations requiring all our ready money; secondly, you have already had your share. You state that a smaller sum than two thousand would be received. A pearl bracelet, presented by you to Mrs. Thompson, was the only visible remembrance we could find of you; this was converted to cash, and the proceeds have been deposited in the Savings' Bank for your benefit, and when sufficient interest shall have accrued to make the amount worthy the notice of a gentleman of such elegant and expensive habits as your own, principal and interest shall be remitted.

"The sum deposited is fifteen dollars.

"Your nephew, John Thompson."

Sarah Jane, on the receipt of her fortune, gave to her aunt a handsome competency, and Miss Elizabeth Williams has passed from the ranks of boarding-house keepers to the quieter circles of private life.

THE LITTLE SURPRISE.



"I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK IF YOU BREAK IT!"

Old Alfred Bodgers, and Ann, his wife,
Every year of their wedded life,
Whenever their birthdays came,
Had a romantic sort of a way
Of making each other presents that day,
Of dresses, or jewels, or game.

His sixtieth birthday being at hand
(For Alfred's days were long in the land,
And, for one so rich, rather pleasant),
His wife, as only a woman can,
Endeavored to fish from her dear good-man
What he would like for a present.

"If you have any Johannisberg left,"
She wrote him, "such as you sold Van Cleft
(He says you've a basket still),
Send a bottle or two, I don't care which—
(It must be from the cellar of Metternich!)
And myself, not Bodgers, the bill."

Now Monsieur Mery—I knew him well—
Was, like his wine, a bit of a sell,
And yet the fellow was able;
He was posted up in vintage and brand,
And could fill your orders, if small, off-hand,
Complete to the very label!

He had brandies of every shade and year,
With prices to suit, but most were dear;
His cheapest wine was Champagne;
His dearest Madeira (the vintage of Mery),
And a wonderful seal of golden sherry,
From his grand chateau (in Spain!).

He knew old Bodgers the millionaire,
And, wishing to please his lady fair
(You may add the "forty" at leisure!),
He summoned his son, and gave him the key,
And told him to go to Number Three
(The bin containing the treasure),

And straightway bring him the bottle he saw.
And, shaking his finger, "Mind, François,
That you don't disturb or shake it;
'Tis real Johannisberg—*real*, I say—
I meant it for Madelaine's wedding-day;
I'll break your neck if you break it!"

Now good François was a trusty youth,
But he had, like myself, a liquorish tooth
(For wine is a thing I dote on!),
So, after watching its bubbles wink,
He drew out the cork and took a drink,
And filled up the void with Croton.



HE TOLD HIM THE PRECIOUS FREIGHT HE BORE.

"Here, Gretchen, come here!" Mrs. Bodgers cried,
Calling the German cook to her side,
"And put this wine on the ice:
Cool it till dinner; let no one see:
'Tis a birthday present for Mr. B.,
He likes a little surprise."

"Ja wohl! It ish good!" the Teuton replied,
And, her mistress departed, the bottle eyed—
Such looks! if Bodgers had caught her!
She couldn't resist the wonderful wine,
But drank, and thought (perhaps!) of the Rhine,
And filled it with cistern water!



HE... FILLED UP THE VOID WITH CROTON.

But never a nibble the lady got,
For wary old codgers like Bodgers are not
Apt to snap at flies:
So, trusting to luck, she wound up the line,
And ordered a splendid bottle of wine,
To give him a little surprise.

She heard one day, by a happy chance,
Of a famous *warehand de vin* from France,
A Monsieur Hypolite Mery,
Whose stock had won him a notable name,
And, to judge by the price he asked for the same,
It must have been excellent—very!



MIKE WENT TO A BRACKISH PUMP HARD BY.

The *warehand* took it, and said "All right!"
And holding the bottle up to the light,
He watched the beads as they rose:
"'Tis a pity," he thought, "to waste so rare
A wine on a gouty millionaire:
I'll try it before it goes."

So ordering François back to his work,
He drew the curtains and drew the cork,
And filled his glass to the brim:
"Parbleu! its flavor is gone, I think,
But I guess it will do for Bodgers to drink:
I'm glad I sold it to *him*!"

Dreaming of orders he filled the flask
With something ardent, out of a cask,
And rubbed his hands with glee:
And charging her man (he had charged her before!),
He told him the precious freight he bore,
And sent it to Mrs. B.

But ill luck never comes single, they say,
For what does Michael do by the way
(Ah, Michael! you needed a hasting!),
But draw out the cork, just to give a friend
A smell of the wine: you can guess the end,
From smelling they fell to tasting.

"I don't think much of the Jonnie's bog,
It's a kind of a Hum," said his friend with a shrug.
But they worried half of it down:
Mike went to a brackish pump hard by,
And filling the bottle again on the sly,
Took his tortuous way up town.

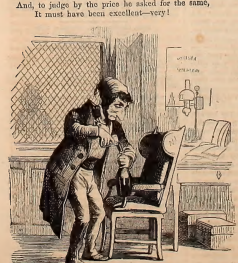
He reached the house in Madison Square,
A little the worse for the brick in his hair,
But the bottle being safe and whole,
Nobody noticed his building freak:
The day was hot, and they thought him weak
From walking so far. (Poor soul!)



SHE... FILLED IT WITH CISTERN WATER.

"I've a little surprise for you this year,"
"My birthday present: what is it, my dear?"
And the pair exchanged their kisses.
"'Tis something you'll like." "Well: show it to me."
"Here, Alfred, here; did you ever see
Such a bottle of wine as this is?"

He filled a bumper, and tossed it down,
With a stifled oath, and a terrible frown;
Breathing of fire and slaughter—
"You're an excellent woman, Mrs. B.:
But you'd better leave buying the wine to me;
For this is nothing but water."



"I GUESS IT WILL DO FOR BODGERS TO DRINK."



"BUT YOU'D BETTER LEAVE BUYING THE WINE TO ME."

GOSSIP ABOUT RACHEL.

TWENTY years ago the twenty-fourth of last June, on a hot mid-summer night, a handful of languid people, gathered together in the Théâtre Français, Paris, were startled as if a thunder-bolt had fallen in their midst by the sudden outbreak of one of a new tragic actress in the person of a half-childish, thin, not well-looking Jewess. Three years before, in 1855, a well-known French writer gave the child, Eliza Rachel, then playing small parts to small audiences in a small theatre of the suburbs. Here is his account of the interview: "When we entered the theatre, my friend stopped before a dressing-room which was a mere hole, and against which was leaning a meagre, black, scraggy, poverty-stricken little girl, in an apple-woman wrapped than I can describe. 'Eliza,' quoth the amateur consolation to this child, 'which would you rather have, a dress for fried potatoes, or fried potatoes,' was the reply.

"My friend, who is playing great characters, had acquired habits of reckless prodigality, drew from his pocket a two-sous piece. Seized with spirit of emulation, I bestowed a similar coin. The child disappeared, and returned almost immediately bearing a paper bag full of fried potatoes, unsparingly hot and brown. She offered the horn to her benefactors, and this was the only time I ever partook of a meal with Mademoiselle Rachel. Young Eliza was to appear in an after-piece.—I do not know what one—in what part. I only know her: my friend had made such poor work of the part of Danville, I had had quite enough of it. Going home, I said to myself, 'That child has little thing. 'That,' said he, 'is a very intelligent but very poor child, as you see, who eats an occasional with authors and managers, might perhaps get her employment in some theatre, and the children portion would thus do her a great favor.'

"But people are not apt to interest themselves in scraps, dark, wretched-looking children, even when they are gifted with intelligence. The manager's recommendation was not in the present case more successful than such efforts usually are. When Rachel was no longer in need of assistance, it would have been joyfully proffered."

The early struggles of the future *prodigieuse* were not encouraging. She had a fancy for comedy characters—she, who was the soul of tragedy, and of whom it was said, in her prime, that when she again attempted comedy, that she "played with her fan as though it were a sceptre." Her talent was perceived by an august critic to "go and sell bonnets;" stole an umbrella with the proceeds of the sale of which to buy her cardboard crown; and Rachel played even her aforesaid famous parts for some time to half-empty benches, and with the sad effect that Jules Janin, returning to town about the time, heard of her only as a sort of juvenile novelty, and was astonished to find her name in bills "stretch at least once."

How the "little wretch" proved a "great prodigy:" how she went on from one success to another; how she first ruled the public, and then the theatrical management; the stories of her triumphs, captives, lawsuits, exactions, hasty journeys, and stormy partings; of her fine qualities and her mournful death—all this is sketched with a light and lively hand in the "Memoirs of Rachel," by Madame de Crisenoy—just published.*

She obtained an engagement at 1000 francs (one $200) per year, her chief recommendation being that she was old and eccentric. She thought this a very extraordinary salary. At the beginning of 1838 she transferred her allegiance to the Théâtre Français, where she was engaged for three years at 6000 per year. On the 1st of February, 1838, the theatre, completely crammed—every seat having been taken beforehand—received 4000 and odd 6000 francs. The triumphant days of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, when at the zenith of their fame, were even equaled. The princes of the House of Orleans all came in succession to see the phenomenon. The Duchess of Orleans, her appointed as the girl of a bracelet—a gold chain clasped by a cuirass bearing a dog. Louis Philippe himself, who never went to any theatre, honored the star by going to see her in the part of *Emilie* in "Cinna." A judicious friend took care that the royal guest read the heroine as he passed out. His majesty, taking her trembling hand in his, assured her very kindly that he had been much pleased with her performance, and would be glad to see her again. Bashful and embarrassed, struggling to control her gratitude, Mademoiselle Rachel addressed the King as *Monsieur*. When subsequently reminded of her mistake by her companion, Madame Dorval, she merrily excused it, saying that she was so accustomed to converse with the most illustrious monarchs, she had neglected to learn how to speak to those of lesser rank. On the day after the King's visit to the theatre, a footman in the royal livery brought Mademoiselle Rachel a present of one hundred francs from his master. At the same time her engagement of three years at 6000 francs per annum was voluntarily cancelled by the gratified committee of management, and renewed at the rate of 6000 francs ($1000) per annum." For the years 1841 she made no less a sum than 200,000 francs.

And yet, until 1843, when she came of age, her father, who shrewdly managed her affairs and took all her earnings, allowed her but sixty dollars per month for her dress, theatrical costumes, and pocket-money! This, when her talent was at its greatest and fatiguing exertions had raised the family to a position which, compared with their former life, was viciously bold, was very brilliant; though her younger sisters and her brother were being educated at her expense; and though her money clothed, housed, and fed them all.

"Shortly after she had attained her majority she had gone to Marseilles, where, for one night's performance, she was to receive 3000 francs. On the day after the performance the money was brought to her in a chest. At that time gold was not the common medium of circulation it has since become, and payments, even of large sums, were usually made in silver. Rachel was recently enumerated from the parsimonious trammels; she had never had in her own possession any thing like that amount. At sight of this box, full of five-franc pieces, this quantity of money all in silver, she was delighted, and fastened upon it with an intensity that was almost painful to behold; to see her own name, written of an actress accustomed to a tragedy, to *the sight of the coarse joy of an animal that has the long-sought prey within its clutches*. She ordered the chest to be placed before her by her bedside, and, plunging her hands into it, kept stirring the silver with delight.

"'Never,' said she to the person to whom she related this, 'never had I an opportunity to see pieces together, and all belonging to me.'"

In her mind there seems to have been a constant struggle between avarice and generosity. "She has frequently been known to ask some of her young friends to dine or sleep with her, and then the guest arrived the hostess was gone out. When reproached with her uncivil conduct, she would plead forgetfulness, or unexpected business, and renew her breach of word. Exceedingly capricious and exacting, if any thing that she longing to her appeared to please her visitor, her first impulse was to offer it, to press it urgently on the acceptance of the person so admiring it. If any hesitation was shown, she threatened to send it to the house of the party. The most extraordinary offered was accepted, Rachel's face never expressed the annoyance. She repeated her prodigal generosity, the humble she had bestowed upon an indispensable necessity, just the thing she could not do without, and she had not the heart to let it be returned."

At times she met with more resistance in this particular. Obstinate people took her at her word and made her give what she had promised, or they left her angry. She had, in fact, a queer way of saying, if any jewel she wore, or article of dress in her room pleased you, "It is yours." Annoying to those who did not like to be thus forced upon the recipients of these generous gifts.

"One day she said to a lady who was admiring a very beautifully carved and embroidered chair, 'I am glad you like it, it is my work, and you shall have it to remember me.'

"You give it to me, then?"

"Certainly, and I shall have it sent to your rooms."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, and shall not trouble you to send it, but, since you are so good as to give it me, shall take it now."

"Rachel looked at her with a sprite he could put in his pocket. But the friend knew her, and was not to be daunted. She had her carriage called, and was back again in a moment with a *consolateur*, who bore off the prize.

"Rachel thus travelled she gave a sabre of fine Turkish workmanship. "She can not ask to have it sent to her house, for I have already taken it to it."

"On one occasion she announced to her numerous friends and admirers that she had a perfect passion for emeralds, and intended making a collection of those precious stones. The next morning she had already procured a very fine one, which she complacently showed to her friends. Among the fortune-hunters who followed in the train of the tragic muse as the gift of a competitor in the race for her good graces. The stone was a large one, and corresponded to with a contribution of coarse more valuable than the specimen of the genus. Rachel was in the habit daily as a decoy to draw others, until the collection was as large as it was rich and rare—no one being allowed to see it but her friends. This manœuvre, varied according to the victim played by young, brought into its treasure more brilliant than the precious stones, and finally the lady raised a sapphire ring, which, from the peculiar enormity of her contributors was exhausted, a jeweler was sent for, to whom the valued and valuable ring was submitted. He said that the stone could be obtained—the money was put where it brought in the highest interest, and in its favour more brilliant than less profitable shape."

An incessant craving for admiration kept her constantly in debt. "Her generosity is said by all who knew her; that is, the felt always impelled to bestow, but the mode in which she gratified the praise of the porter at the gate as that of the lord of the chateau. She was one day with her sister Rebecca in the house in the rue Laval, when a memorial while some repairs were being made. As the workmen left the house Rachel remarked how in convenient stiff skirts were.

"Why do you wear them when we are here alone?" said Rachel, quietly.

"Oh dear," cried the *trapézistes*, "I couldn't think of it—we have no petticoats on—the skin and scrapes as I look without a crinoline!"

"With her keen eye for money, she made up her annual vacations to play on her own account in the French provinces. She lost no time—travelled by day and played almost every evening; and none of her troupe durst complain of fatigue while she herself never knew what it meant. An old, fashioned, lumbering French stage-coach, comprising the usual divisions of *coupé, intérieur, rotonde, imperiale, cabriolet, and kibde*, was the vehicle provided for the whole journey. In the coupé, which was appropriated to Rachel and her confidante, a bed was placed, in order to facilitate as much repose as was consistent with a life of perpetual motion. Here she spread out for a couch, in the day it was rolled up for a sofa. The princesses, maids of honor, and damsels of her suite occupied the *intérieur*, and disputed the corner seats. The emperors, kings, and lords of high degree had the *rotonde* and *imperiale* was assigned to the confidants and other small fry, who, though not in very enviable seats so far as regarded sleep, had a fine view of the country from their elevated position. Under the *kibde* were stowed away the trunks, boxes, and packages of every description containing the wardrobe of the stage parsimonia; *Barone's dagger, Chapelain's wand, Adrienne's fatal bouquet, and Judith's sabre*; with other valuable and poisoned toys, grown old in the hag wigs."

Out of the circle of her own family Rachel was accused of having no consideration for any interest but her own. Some one asking Mademoiselle Judith if she was to receive in her troupe a certain actor, who, after all, was a coreligionist of hers, "Pshaw," was the lofty answer, "I take him as an Israelite! I am a Jewess, but Rachel—Rachel is a Jew!" Yet she always displayed a singular and praiseworthy regard for her relatives. She bore with the selfishness of her father, with the ill-nature of her mother, with the avarice of her brother, and she was always kind and respectful to her mother, as this incident will show:

"We were at this epoch in Berlin, and Mademoiselle Rachel, wishing to present some souvenir of her visit to the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, concluded that the most appropriate thing, as the lady had just become a mother, was a shawl. Her mother, who honored her with her patronage, was a very magnificent copy of Emilie Augier's 'Diane,' and was accordingly requested by the ladies attendant to select a shawl. Her choice was quickly made, and costing on the fly-leaf some complimentary stanzas to her child, a note was to accompany the *cadeau*, and to assist in indicting with due brevity and respect the important epistle I was called into requisition. The present was engaged, Mademoiselle Rachel, requiring the services of a servant, requested her mother to send her Lisette. The old lady was for that purpose, but not as quickly as the impatient daughter thought necessary, and the latter expressed herself peremptorily. 'Mais comme dons mère.' The old lady stopped short, and, altering her cross countenance into a look of pleasing, with the offended dignity of a duchess, 'Sonnez vous meme, ma fille.' Rachel made no reply, but rose and rang the bell, instead of ordering to her mother's room to splodgin, and entreat her for pardons of her unfilial conduct."

During her progress through Germany an old woman, dressed in the Sunday garb of the lower classes, was observed at the hotel where the celebrated actress was stopping, saying that she had been told that Mademoiselle Rachel Felix was there, and she wished to see her. She was referred to Rose, the waiting-maid, who took her to her mistress, and left her from manifesting the annoyance of a *parvenu* at this claim of relationship not forth by any of the high-born connections, the niece was extremely kind to her peasant aunt, made her stop and dine with her, and invited her to go to the play with the wife in town, with whom she left satisfied upon her a sum which, in that country, was deemed sufficient to make her comfortable for her life.

During her long and severe illness, it is said the first object looking despairingly to life. We have all read the story how, a week before her death, in the no-collection of her surroundings, she replied, "Ah! you do well to ask for it now; it was time let me have it." She then wrote on a piece of paper, "In a week from now I shall begin to be food for worms, and for writers of biographies. Rachel." She then sealed, directed it as minister as anticipation, wished to decline the autograph, but she pushed it toward him, saying, "Take it, take it; it will, perhaps, be the last thing I shall ever write." It was not, in fact, the last. On the 22d of January she wrote, though with great difficulty, a letter to a very distinguished personage, and dated it January 23, 1858, accounting for her so doing in these words: "I post-date this letter. . . . I feel as though the doing so will make me live a day longer. And she did outlive her date, though but for three days.

We will close our extracts from Madame de B——'s volume with the following minute details of Rachel's features and person:

"The head is perfectly shaped, rather small, rather broad, not high, and covered with dark chestnut hair, which is not thick nor thin, but beautifully fine, soft, and silky. The brow, endowed with such extraordinary power of expression, was prominent, and not high nor low; her eyebrows were exquisitely drawn; the eyes, the same color as the hair, were deep-set, and overhung by the brow, and so that they had the appearances of being intensely black; they were fringed with very long silky lashes. The nose was neither large nor small, was filled with teeth all perfect and beautifully white; the under lip was full and thick, and suggestive of sulks, but of storms, and, though so defective in point of beauty, extremely expressive. The chin was prominent, the curve indicating the very very slightly inclining the tip; but it was perfect in its proportions, and, though prominent, very neutrals. The chin was small and pretty.' The delicate little ear was compared by a soft-hearted wit to a sea-shell oyster, and by others to the head. From the tip of the ear to the chin the face was perfectly oval, the skin was fair and wonderfully delicate. In size, Rachel was rather above the middle height; her figure had the litheness, the grace, the flexibility of a reed, and, in repose, gave the impression of a very delicate constitution; but when she was acting an energetic part, the long, slight arms seemed to change to steel, so powerful was the character of inflexibility they presented. The hands, which were rather pretty, were objects of continual care and solicitude with Mademoiselle Rachel; her feet might have served as models to a modern Praxitiles. The limbs were so well formed that the actress, Mademoiselle Dorval, in reference of the figure was hardly noticed. The portrait shape of the chest, however, almost amounted to a deformity. The shoulder was like a fowl's, bony, projecting sharply, ungraceful to the eye. The defect was not at all perceptible either in theatrical costume or ordinary dress: the folds of the peplum and tunic in the first quite concealed it, and the skill of the dress-maker in the latter was no less successful."

WIFE AND QUEEN.

HERE are lilies pale and deep,
Vermil roses lush and rare,
Twine them, sorfet, with fragrant fingers,
In your lustrous bands of hair.

Crowned with auroles of flowers,
Rule me with a royal mien,
For to-day, oh white-armed vestal,
You shall be my jeweled Queen!

But to-morrow, sweet, to-morrow,
I shall weave, with trembling care,
Myrtle leaves and orange blossoms
For your braids of shining hair.

And in silliest flush of passion,
Tingling with the happy smart,
Love and loyalty shall crown you
Wife and Queen of our rich heart.

But as words are ever faithless,
Trust your rosy lips to mine;
Kisses only are sincerest
Kisses are the pledge of thine.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE

—PAT, buy a towel to wash your face with!" said his Yankee companion. "What, sa' ge naked tuth out I wudder?" asked the astonished Milesian.

An Irishman in France was drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in!" "Oh, with all my heart," said he; "Here's to it!" "Here's to old Ireland!" cried the rest.

—a rather feline says, that he always looks under the marriage head for the news of the weak.

—"I see the villain in your face," said a Western Judge to a prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

Oction says, "I cried, my fathers, where are they? and the echo answered, 'I cried, my fathers, too.'" A fine instruction in her throat that she couldn't finish the answer.

—"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "Yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

A shop-caught-bother of a Boston officer. "Sir, Cap'n, they say there's a bear, and my mother's in there, and then my mother died, and my father married again; and my grandmother's in there, and I'm in there, and we are out at all, not to home, nor to nothing."

A lad, about to be flogged, however approaches then by a direct course. No more does the truth, she friend; but, circumvented by subterfuge and intrigue, and against thy prejudices, it reaches then gently, and then, gradually, it reaches the point.

—"Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you know your father speaking to you when he calls?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I know my father speaking to me when he calls; and that she and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

A gentleman who has a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry, "How do you manage to live so happily?" aptly subject at times to a "breaking out in the mouth."

TEMPERANCE ODE.

SAYS Tom to Nick, "Your drink's a shame,
And pray do tell me how you do
To be so jovial for a temperance man?"
Says Nat to Tom, "I never bicker.
I'm not the victim of a sup and liquor!"

"Oh, Mr. Hill," said one of Rev. Rowland Hill's hearers, "how it is that you say such odd-looking things in your sermons?"—"Ah!" said the eccentric divine, "don't you know a gentleman is always remembered by his oddities?"

If you want an economical and comfortable smoke, take a piece of sponge three-quarters of an inch square and cut it down into a small knob at one end for the stem, then steep it in water until it becomes distended, squeeze it out, and repeat the operation until the water runs out of it both cold and hot, and then dry it before the fire until the sponge. Charge the pipe, and fill the sponge with cold water. Such economical smoking will be found that a saving of twenty-five per cent in tobacco is effected, and a cool smoke obtained. Try it.

—"Why do you drive such pitiful looking carcass as that?" "Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on your back?" said the driver of the cart. "Who's the coat of flesh? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry a little thing like that on his back."

Maid, choosing man, remember this;
Such suit best, best can please his taste.
Ask, too, what his religion is,
For true wife will own the same.

He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

Riches are the baggage of virtue: they can not be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.

A schoolmaster, wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of the meaning of the word "sun," asked them if you see it, and therefore know that it is there; but when it is dark you can not see it, you have faith in it there, though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand it, and the master was pleased. He asked them, "What is faith?" they answered with one voice, "Believing what we can't see."

General Lee once found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, in a most unenviable humor one morning. "Cutting," said he, "you are always cross when you have had no breakfast." "Why, sir," replied Lee, "because you are the love with sympathy, and you are the love with earth."

"Mamma says you must sustain pay do bill to-day," says a saucy negro to a Chinese shopkeeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I going to run away; is he?" was the reply. "Not a bit," said she, "afraid to run away book, and darlor wants to make a big rake!"

A young lady lately turned Catholic. A day or two ago her little cousin, a naughty boy, who plays all the electric cane running in to his mother, crying: "Oh, aunt Kitty has become a Catholic!" "Indeed, my child! What's a person sent, dear?" "Oh, how green! Don't you know? Why, it is the saint-born runs sick."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, August 16, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compared as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 14, 1858	$4,856,145	$1,048,223
Corresponding week, 1857	5,740,107	1,911,111
Decrease this year	$883,907	$864,829

The export of specie was small, amounting only to $240,178, all from Boston, and all to the port of San Francisco, California.

Money continues to rule at unprecedentedly low rates. We quote three per cent. as the rate among the brokers, and four to four and a half per cent. on time, short-dated, mercantile paper. Foreign exchange is somewhat lower than it was last week; we quote bankers' bills at sixty days on London, at 109⅜ @ ⅛, on Paris, 5.11¼ @ 5.13. The banks are likely to draw five to six millions from specie this week, in consequence of the payments into the sub-treasury for the duty bonds.

Stocks have been very dull throughout the week, and prices have declined a trifle. It is proved that the difficulties existing between the Erie and the Central will quietly be adjusted, in which case it is expected that railway stocks generally will rise.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August 16, 1858.*

The Wholesale Dry Goods Market has been sparingly supplied with really desirable lots of Flour. The demand for goods has been pretty fair. Prices ranged for $5 10 c. per barrel. Wheat has been actively inserted for at better rates, including White at $1 31 @ $1 36 per bushel. Corn has been freely offered and purchased at reduced figures. Sales of Southern mixed at 72c. per 70 @ 55 c. per bushel. Rye and Oats have been quiet. Provisions have been in fair demand, and prices have declined a fraction. Pork has been in moderate demand: Hog Products closed heavily: other articles steady. Coffee, Teas, and Molasses have been inactive, while Sugars and Rice have been more sought after. The Metal Market has been in fair demand for Iron, Tin, and Spelter. Coals and Steels have been in limited request at previous quotations. Hay and Wool have been in good demand. Other branches of trade are essentially unchanged.

Stocks of several Articles in New York about August 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	2,595	4,150
Cotton, bales	47,000	67,000
Flour, barrels	29,944	3,310
Hemp, tons	1,311	1,189
Hemp, bales	11,617	18,717
Pork, barrels	54,000	39,139
Beef, tierces and barrels	15,727	9,402
Lard, barrels	10,000	10,000
Rice, tierces	2,046	6,130
Rice, bags		2,000
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	6,918	19,310
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	41,156	39,000

Freights were depressed, and rates forced shippers. To Liverpool—Cotton, ¼ @ ⅝ per pound; Flour, 1s per barrel; Grain, 5d. @ 8d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports prices were nominal. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 1,000.

The Dry Goods Market has been somewhat unsettled by Boreen, which were in fair supply and demand. Linens and Linen Goods were quiet. Woolens and Wool Cottons were dull and heavy. Sheep and Lambs were steadily sold, and prices somewhat lower than those offered than they were needed, and prices tended downward.

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited less activity. Produce was more plentiful, and prices lower. Most other articles are abundant, and generally favor buyers.

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Blackberries, per bushel	2 25	@ 3 00
Beans, New Rochelle, per quart	0 06	@ 0 08
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 25	@ 2 75
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Pears	1 50	@ 3 00
Peaches, per basket	0 50	@ 1 00
String Beans, per bushel	1 25	@ 37
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 25
Beets, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ 4 00
New Carrots, per 100	2 00	@ 3 00
Cabbage, per 100	1 50	@ 6 00
Squashes, per bushel	25	@ 50
Green Corn, per 100 ears	25	@ 75
Watermelons, per 100	14 00	@ 20 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	2 25	@ 2 50
Tomatoes, per bushel	0 75	@ 1 00
Cucumbers, per 100	25	@ 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	11	@ 12
Eggs, Western, per dozen	10	@ —
Chickens, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Fowls, per pound	12	@ 14
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Ducks, per pound	12	@ 14
Spring Ducks, each	1 00	@ 1 50
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 14
Tigeons, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	2 00	@ 3 00
Snipe, Dowitcher, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Snipe, Grass, per dozen	50	@ 75
Plover, per dozen	2 00	@ —

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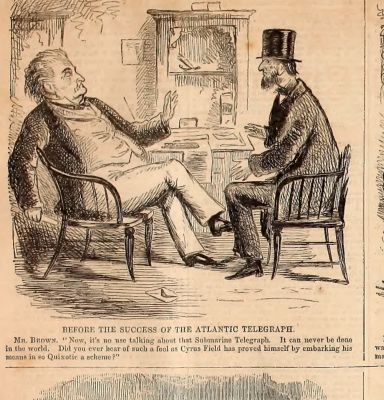
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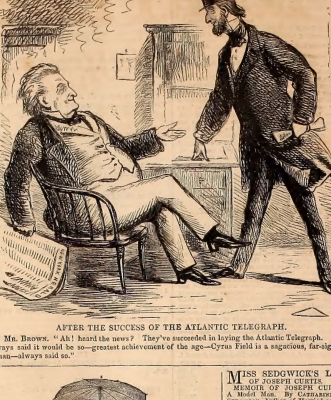
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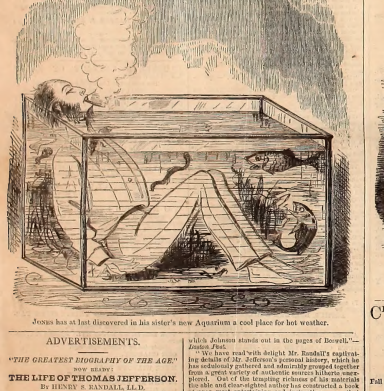
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 87.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE BURNING OF THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1858.

THE FIRE AT THE CITY HALL.

On Tuesday night, a little after midnight, the people of this city were aroused by the cry that the City Hall was on fire. The fire caught from some remains of fire-works which had been discharged from the top of the building. Shortly after midnight, the fire was detected by the bell-ringer, who tried to ring the bell, but was baffled by the smoke and heat. The reporter of the *Times*, the nearest newspaper office, thus describes the scene:

"In a few minutes the east face of the clock cracked, and with a considerable explosion the flames burst out. Five minutes after, the front face of the clock fell out, and from appearances it was too hot for the bell-ringer to stay near the bell, which, it will be remembered, hung in a cupola in the rear of the large tower, and at some distance from it. Up to this time scarcely a dozen firemen had ascended the roof of the building, and a single engine only was on the ground. Not a bell was ringing—the central alarm failing, there was only the telegraph to communicate the news to the distant or even the nearest stations.

"At ten minutes to one, the first stroke of an engine's brakes were heard, by which time the flames were bursting out of all sides of the tower and from the central window of the upper story of the main building. The stream was directed into this window, but it was a small one.

"As the flames climbed up to the top of the cupola, it was curious to observe birds flitting around it, and past our windows, circling nearer to the fire, then darting off again affrighted. The red-hot hands of the clock, and a long bolt that helped to support it, fell about this time, shying through the air. One of them struck the Hall roof close by a fireman's feet, but did not hurt him. At one o'clock the statue of Justice stood surrounded and wrapt like a martyr in the flames. The balances a minute after whirled around and fell. Then she glowed as if made of iron, and at 1:15 fell with a crash through the tower. The falling of the clock was not noticed in the confusion. By this time a rope had been hitched to the bell-clapper, and a general alarm was sounded, which in a few minutes was responded to by the arrival of several engines.

"The illumination at this time paled all that the preceding evening had seen. The ornamental heads that surmounted the columns around the tower scowled in the light; and nothing but the skeleton of the whole structure remained. There were no clouds in the sky, but from our window not a star was to be seen. At 1:40 a rocket from the roof of the City Hall shot up aways, but twisting, turned off and exploded. Several Roman candles went off at a still later hour, giving evidence that fire-works had been left around carelessly after the illumination. At 1:35 the greater part of the tower fell in.

"As it was falling, seven birds flew almost within the burning skeleton. The gilded eagle on the pole in front, and a corner of the bell-tower, were now all that remained on fire above the roof. It was after the fall that one engine managed to throw a full stream almost up to the eagle, and the centre of the flames, seeming for a while to put them out."

About three o'clock the flames were finally subdued by the persevering efforts of the firemen. When daylight broke it was discovered that the cupola and part of the roof adjoining were destroyed, but that the flames had done comparatively no damage to the interior of the building. The whole injury, it is expected, will be covered by an outlay of $30,000. No lives were lost.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 28, 1858.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In order to satisfy the universal demand for information on the subject of the Atlantic Telegraph, we shall publish with next number of the *Weekly* an

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT,

of sixteen pages—price Five Cents—which will contain all the information that any one can desire on the subject, together with the following, among other illustrations:

I. An admirable Portrait of Cyrus W. Field, with a Biographical Sketch.
II. A Portrait of Professor Morse, with Sketch, and Plans of his Instrument.
III. A Picture of the Hughes Telegraph Instrument by which the Cable will probably be worked, with Description; also Pictures of Bains', House's, and the English Instruments.
IV. Several Pictures Illustrating the Laying of the Newfoundland Cable.
V. The Telegraph Plateau, and how the Cable was laid on it, with a full and clear Account.
VI. Plan showing a Section of the Bottom of the Atlantic, and explaining why the Cable was laid where it is.
VII. Illustration of Brooke's Deep-Sea-Sounding Apparatus, with which alone the Deep Sea can be Sounded, with Explanation.
VIII. The Atlantic Telegraph Cable, with Description; the Newfoundland Cable; the Cable between Orfordness and the Hague; the Cable across the Mississippi; the Cable between Dover and Ostend, etc., etc.
IX. Pictures of the Voyage of the "Agamemnon" and "Niagara" to the Rendezvous, and the Storm on the Way.
X. Splicing the Cable in Mid-ocean.
XI. Picture of the "Agamemnon" in the fearful Storm.
XII. Portrait of Mr. Everett, and Plans of his Paying-out Instrument.
XIII. A Portrait of the Governor of Newfoundland, with a Biographical Sketch.
XIV. Picture of the Reception of the "Niagara" at St. Johns, with an Account of the same.
XV. A View of Valentia Bay, Ireland, with Description.
XVI. A View of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, with Description.
XVII. Portrait of Captain Hudson of the "Niagara."
XVIII. Picture of the Illumination at New York in Commemoration of the Success of the Cable.
XIX. Allegory of the Atlantic Cable.
XX. Caricatures of the Man who wouldn't believe in the Cable—of Mr. Brown, Before and After, etc.

Together with Mr. Field's Journal, and a copious and accurate history of the whole enterprise, down to the present moment.

The whole for Five Cents.

THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC MESSAGES.

Perhaps it was foolish to expect that the messages which were to pass between the Queen and the President would be any wiser or more brilliant than other people's messages. But this was certainly the general belief. Every body felt satisfied that two such potentates, on such an occasion, would transmit sentences worthy of being preserved in letters of gold. And every body now admits that the messages which were sent were not worth the labor they cost the telegraphists in sending them over the transatlantic wire.

There is this to be said in favor of her Majesty's. If it is not brilliant, or original, or even strictly grammatical, it is not impertinent or absolutely silly. It tells us nothing that we did not know before; but it does not tell us any thing that we can dispute or deny. If it rouses no enthusiasm, it excites no derision. It being generally understood here and elsewhere that the Queen is a sane woman, people are not thrown into paroxysms of any kind on being told that she felt a deep interest in the success of the telegraph enterprise, or that the wire will prove a new bond of union between two kindred nations. If she had not felt an interest, or had not seen that the wire would prove a bond of union, she would have been a simple idiot. Still, under the circumstances, considering the staid formalities which characterize royal courts, and the novelty of her Majesty's position, it may be as safe, as well as charitable, to conclude that she might have found it difficult to indite a message that would have been proper without being commonplace.

The President occupied very different ground. He was untrammeled by courtly etiquette. He was trained to the use of the diplomatic pen. The experience of a lifetime had developed his faculties to the highest degree. If there lives a man who might be expected to say the right thing in the right place, that man is James Buchanan. Yet we are bound to say that his reply to the Queen's message is not only as commonplace and dull as the royal letter itself, but is—what that performance is not—actually silly and impertinent.

The congratulations on the success of the cable, and the hopes that it will prove an ally to civilization, religion, and commerce, were matters of course. The gist of the President's message is in the concluding lines, in which he expresses the wish that all nations would unite in a declaration that the cable shall be kept neutral in the event of future wars. It is using mild language to say that this sentence is as offensive to reason as to good taste. The future governance of the cable, in an international point of view and in the contingency of war, is clearly a matter of international law, to be adjusted by statesmen and settled in treaties. To seize the present moment to force the subject on the Queen's notice, and to try to extort from her some political pledge or order on the subject, is like asking your host to lend you money when you are drinking his claret over his mahogany. The President might as well have slipped into his reply an artful question about Central America or the annexation of Vancouver's Island. There is a time and a place for all things; and the moment of hearty enthusiasm which marked the success of the cable was certainly not the time to attempt to entrap the Queen into diplomatic concessions.

But the taste which prompted the remark is even less singular than the fallacy which underlies it. Where are the nations which are to concur in a declaration that the cable shall be neutral? One end of the cable rests in Ireland—British territory; the other in Newfoundland—British territory; the middle in two thousand fathoms water. Whereabouts are the "nations" to exercise authority over it? Suppose France and Russia agree to Mr. Buchanan's proposal; what will a bushel of their declarations be worth? They might as well declare that, in the event of war, the New York and Washington line should be neutral; or that, in the like contingency, the New York Central Railway should be free to all belligerents. Mr. Buchanan might as well issue a declaration in reference to the neutrality of a high road in Germany as any foreign nation, save only Great Britain, in regard to this ocean telegraph.

We hope and trust that no occasion will ever arise in which the exclusively British control of the wire can prove inconvenient to this country. We should be glad to hear that England had formally pledged herself never to monopolize the line, or to take advantage of it to our prejudice. But we are sorry that the subject should have been opened in the inaugural message, and more sorry still that it should have been opened in a manner that can hardly fail to provoke the ridicule of the keen-witted publicists of Europe.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

The season is now far enough advanced to warrant calculations with regard to the fall crops and the fall trade. The prospects of neither are very cheering.

It seems pretty certain that the fall crop of breadstuffs will fall short by about 25 per cent. of the crop of last year, and this though a considerably increased area of land has been this year laid under cultivation. In many parts of the West, as in Iowa and the vicinity, the crops have suffered severely from excessive rains and inundations. Nor is this the worst. Europe having full crops, the price of grain is low, and the gain to the farmer will be reduced more than 25 per cent. Had the loss occurred after a series of prosperous years it might have been borne more cheerfully than it can be now—succeeding as it does the disastrous fall of 1857. The only point from which any comfort for the farmer can be derived is the cheapness of transportation, which flows from the intense competition among the railways and canals. Produce can be sent from the West to the sea-board more cheaply at present than at any former time.

It is understood that a couple of weeks ago the Government at Washington anticipated a revival in trade this fall, and fondly hoped to see such an increase in the customs revenue as would enable the Treasury to dispense with the second half of the twenty million loan. It is now clear enough that these hopes will not be realized. Though the city is full of Western merchants, caution on both sides is operating seriously against business. The shortness of the crops warns the country dealer to restrict his purchases; the revulsion has shaken the faith of the city merchant in all country customers. It is probable that between the two the sales of merchandise in this city will be smaller this fall than they have been for years.

We must wait a little longer for the revival. Next year, if all goes right, trade will be restored to its old channels, and the country will be all the better for having waited.

AN EXCEPTION TO A GENERAL RULE.

We are assured by a correspondent that in the censure lately passed in these columns on the United States Consuls in the East we did injury to M. de Leon, United States Consul at Jerusalem. We are told that M. de Leon is an active, energetic man, and a conscientious official. We are very happy to hear it. He will shine the brighter by contrast with his fellow-consuls. That the United States Consuls throughout the East, and in many parts of Europe as well, are, as a rule, neither fitted by their character nor adapted by their education or habits to render useful service to American commerce or American citizens traveling abroad; that many of them owe to the American flag impunity from due punishment for grievous offenses; that many are notoriously vicious, dishonest, cowardly, and worthless; finally, that they are, as a rule, as sore a disgrace to the American name as even the attachés to our foreign embassies, every honest and intelligent traveler will bear witness. If M. de Leon be an exception, so much the better for him and for us.

BRADY'S PORTRAITS.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of an excellent photograph of Senator Seward from Mr. Brady, the famous photographer of New York and Washington. Mr. Brady's photographs of celebrated men will soon hang in every drawing-room. They are fine works of art, and wonderful likenesses.

A PEEP AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga, *August* 18, 1858.

Surely the *Journal of Civilization* should inform its numerous readers as to the state and progress of our civilization in this the most famous and fashionable watering-place of the New World. I have been here for a brief space, and have jotted down a few things for your columns.

"The United States" holds on to its *prestige* of fashion. Many of the Upper Ten are there, and many who rise to the surface of society, as does the froth to the top of the fermenting vat. French cooks go there as counts, and pretty milliners pass for daughters of millionaires; and bushy-lipped barbers have been known to pass for Southern barristers. A walk through its parlors and around its porticoes, about eight o'clock in the evening, give you some charming views of fashions and attitudes! Oh! if the God of Nature had only formed some of those men and women as they have deformed themselves, they would brave all the rigors of Arctic seas even with the faint hope of getting rid of the humps behind, and of the protuberances before, and of the peculiar bend and leer of a dandy, fresh from the barber, when addressing a fair lady! And if a common-sense bachelor could only see, as I saw, a young widow of New York dressed for a fancy ball so as to represent Madame Pompadour, and standing for exhibition for half an hour in the parlor, like the wax women in Broadway windows, his astonishment would be used up! There would be at least one woman in the world he would not want for a wife! The lumbering Madame R——, with her train of artists in the singing and dancing professions, is sadly missed from the front portico. She was an institution of Saratoga in the month of August; and who now rules "Queen of the May" I could not discover, unless it was a certain widow, most intelligent, agreeable, and natural, of Washington Square. If she was not queen she ought to be.

Union and Congress Halls are now, as they have always been, the resorts of the more sober and substantial visitors, whose good sense and manners, like their cash, are always current. In the parlors and porticoes of these Halls you meet with ministers, lawyers, judges, governors, and men of sense and wealth, with their wives and daughters, who need neither gay plumage nor liveried servants to get them into good society. They are in it already, and neither pretense nor gilding would be of any use to them. It would be like gilding the gold or plating the silver. And it is quite refreshing to see the wives and daughters of such as simple as possible, while *Mrs. Parvenu* and her daughters, from the Fifth Avenue, are swelled to the dimensions of the famous umbrella of Daniel Lambert, minus Daniel himself. Their bodies are to their skirts what the handle was to the said umbrella.

There is one sight quite painful to witness in these saloons of Saratoga, to which I can only allude. Some years since I inquired who certain ladies were who were seen promenading on all occasions with any variety of gentlemen, sometimes with one on either hand, with whom they kept up a most voluble and apparently exciting conversation. I was told they were widows, and young ladies of a certain age, in search of partners. I have seen these same ladies going the same rounds within a few days, and apparently as young and as singular as ever. I regretted their want of success; but they may yet hope, as their blushes are as fresh, and their hair as black, and their teeth as white, and their forms even more graceful than they were on the first day I saw them. It would really seem as if the fabled fountain whose waters rejuvinated had been discovered, as gray-headed men and women have almost entirely disappeared. The time has come when age plows no wrinkles, and lets the hair alone; when it is simply a prejudice, not to be regarded, save when it becomes so violent as to affect the eyes and the knees. None die now of age—they only die when the stream of life, like the Taunton waters, becomes so feeble that it can not even run down hill. You may be certain the progress of civilization is wonderful in our day!

A word as to another side of things in Saratoga. Many ministers I have seen there, the very ornaments of the Church and of the land. And several discourses have I heard to crowded audiences, most decidedly of the right ring. And Saratoga is the place of all others for ministers to preach the simple Gospel. Metaphysical disquisitions are out of place there, when people are half filled with Congress. And so are sermons an hour long when the house is crowded and the thermometer at 90°. The people that hear these once never desire to hear them again. But there are some ministers of the "Fancy Stock" order who go there who leave traditions behind them. One of these, small in stature, but of towering pretensions, who carries about copies of his own portrait, and hangs them from "Tip Top House" to Saratoga, we were informed, sent a request to one of the pastors that he might be permitted to preach in the morning, as he had a sermon which he wished to preach and many of the people wished to hear!! The sermon was a splendid failure—a much ado about nothing—and is yet laughed at as "the Spread Eagle Sermon," as a puerile exhibition of vanity. The fewer such "swelled heads," as they call them in Kentucky, preach in Saratoga the better. They use the pulpit as certain venders of quack remedies do the rocks along our railways—to advertise themselves! They are ministers to their own vanity.

I saw another cleric there whose picture, if truly drawn, might be a means of grace to the younger clergy. He was quite tall, quite thin, narrow between the temples, rather low in the forehead, weak in the knees, buttoned to his chin, with a cross dangling on his breast, which might be seen through an aperture left for the purpose in the buttoning of the coat. He had, besides, a good nose of his own, which was surmounted by almost invisible spectacles. He had a quick step, a most patronizing air, and a way which seemed to say, "I am more holy than thou!" I thought I could guess his tribe; but to be certain I asked, "Who is that?" "Oh!" said one who knew, with a smile, "he is a Puseyite priest, recently come home, who thinks you are all wrong unless found in the path of which Dr. Pusey is chief keeper, and to the door of which he holds one of the keys." I thought as much from his appearance and regimentals. Such men are all cast in the same mould. I have never seen one with a finely-formed head, with a broad, expansive forehead. They seem all to have been originally designed for milliners, but were spoiled in the process of making. What a pity they were!

A word as to another side of things in Saratoga. I mean the prayer-meetings at nine in the morning. They formed the most delightful services of the kind that I ever attended. They continue but for one hour. There all Protestants meet to sing, to exhort one another to love and good works, to narrate the goodness of God to the various branches of the Church all over the land, and to pray. In these services may be heard the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran—governors, judges, lawyers, ministers, merchants, mechanics—all speaking the same language and uniting in the same supplications before the same God. Never did we see on earth a more delightful type of the Church in heaven. It is worth a visit to Saratoga to attend one of those meetings of prayer.

There are two classes of people that may well afford to go to Saratoga. First, invalids—the waters are fine, purifying, and invigorating. Congress is the most wonderful spring known; and it is only one of many of varying qualities, all of which would be wonderful in the absence of the Congress. Secondly, sensible people—fools and pretenders are soon discovered. The people there seem to find out every thing about every body;

and they love to reveal the weak points of those who think they may pretend to be sensible because they keep a servant in livery. Were I a rich dunce, I would sport my trappings on the east end of Long Island, or down toward the mouth of the Delaware, where I would be admired by the ignorant; but I would never go to Saratoga. "Why not?" you ask. I will reply by narrating an incident: "Who," said I, pointing to a large lady dressed in richest style, her arms, breast, fingers, and head splendid with gold and diamonds, "who is that lady?" "She is the wife of a master in mechanic," was the reply, "who made money by speculation. Like some trees, she is only valuable for bark and leaves, and the tan-pay she is fat." "How have you found out her ignorance?" I asked. "Why, I heard her say a little time ago to her husband, 'John, why hain't ye told Dick he have found the carriage, the children an sick for a ride.'" I was satisfied. I would not go there, however numerous may be their dollars, to keep away from Saratoga, unless they desire their fame spread over the country. VIATOR.

THE LOUNGER.

THE JUBILEE.

NEVER has typography been so excited. Never have foremen been as put to their wits' ends to devise temperate language for the public ear. Never have the newspapers so seemed to shout and emit jubilant war-whoops in print as during the last few days. The state of things must carry off the news-boys by hundreds. It is a kind of perpetual extra—at which the freshest and the fastest run. Never, certainly, since the newspaper has been the important institution into which a free city have developed itself, has it been the expression of such universal and profound joy as at the triumph of the Telegraph.

But vainly the largest, and longest, and blackest, and most Old English and German Text type italic after that thing is alive to-day. Vainly Queen and Presidents exchange messages, and all the orators in all the States and cities of the continent unchain their most ungovernable rhetoric. Vainly editors vent loaded leaders, and people sing, and shout, and fire, and fling their spectre and sweet chimes peal out at noon. The thought of the mystic victory over time and space achieved in the realm of darkness and silence and death—in the green vaults of oblivion—is no more to be expressed than the mind's ability to think of thought—than the soul's joy in the consciousness of its immortality.

This triumph is another bead told upon the rosary of human power—another proud assertion of the supremacy of mind over the inanimate—another suggestion of its divine origin. Man is the Prince Fortunatus of the fairy tale—Old Father Time and the lamp—the athlete whose feet are shod with swiftness to outrun the winds. Steam made half of fairy lore a part of daily experience; electricity completes the work, and makes the Arabian Nights historical progress. What are the enchantments among the saintly George Herbert, of whom Mr. George Daykinck has lately given us so admirable a biography?

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure."

GEORGETOWN, D. C., *August*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—Permit me to send you the following for your quarrel or to disapprove. Yours lovingly, AGRICOLA RADDO."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

"Our dear friends on many a land we hold,
Long years ago, to conquer independence
From Mother England, and retrieve her gold.
Though threatened often with her direst vengeance,
Say now our Cyrus holds the golden key.
By one small rope which nothing can dissever;
Another Field, at last, with mutual cheer
Unites us to our Mother—let us hope forever!"

THE MESSAGES.

FOR two people to make a bow, shake hands, and say "How d'ye do?" with the whole world looking on, is breathlessly expectant of some august burst of eloquence, is a trying situation for a modest man or woman. Nothing but an possible reply will in the slightest degree satisfy the natural expectation of the spectators. The anticipation is akin to that with which storm-stayed people watch rays. They look to see an ocean pouring in upon people in the profitable messages of the two heads of nations. When the most unexpected response is received it required all the jubilant good-nuisance inspired to prevent a phenomenon akin to general feeling that the good fraternal results of the telegraph had been partially paralyzed by the formal and frigid courtesy of the speeches. But when the day brought the completion of the greeting, it was so dignified and hearty and appropriate that all hard feeling immediately vanished.

The response of the President is not so happy. Especially the last clause, which alludes to hostilities, is unfortunate. The occasion is one of peculiar unity. The two nations, linked by blood and tongue and civilization, grasp hands under the sea. It is an act of brotherhood, and an embrace in which every thought of possible offence is smothered. Why, then, speak of fighting?

Why, in the very moment of congratulation, recognize the possibility of incurring enemies?

Besides, the request is one hardly ready to be heeded. As long as "all nations of Christendom" occasionally go to war, they will tax their ingenuity to injure their foes to the utmost—for what is war but the attempt of one nation to cause another or by means of damage inflicted upon persons and property? If, then, England is at war with the United States, she will "hit her" wherever she can. If the telegraph is useful to America during a war, it would be equally useful to her in case of international feeling implied by a respect of the neutrality of the telegraph in war would prevent it. Why, then, has the President's request been made?

However, under the circumstances we ought to be grateful that the messages were so simple and grammatical; and let us hope that the Telegraph itself will help hasten the day when nations will learn war no more.

THE TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

THE London journals received the news of the success of the laying of the cable with less display of imposing than ours. In fact they said some very excellent things upon the occasion, and as though the London *Times* gave a more striking heading to the account of the first exchanges than to the story of the wire, yet its leader very appropriately considered the significance of the two events, the military splendor at Cronstadt and the solemn promise of international peace made by the cable and the sea.

The civic jubilee, however, seems to have been the chief event in the old city. The Lord Mayor's doors have turned down Westminster Abbey in honor of the glorious triumph, nor given the Manhattan Club a more splendid banquet than he has just given privately:

"News of the laying of the Atlantic cable arrived here yesterday morning; and some of the morning papers say there is great excitement on the subject. We can tell some of the mornings in life. There is no illumination, no jollification, no hurrah. Nothing of the kind. Nothing disgusting fact that, although moving about in the best of health, for the thirty hours since the reception of the dispatch here, not a soul has seen the man speak of this matter, *and that man was a Yankee!*"

UNKNOWN CELEBRITIES.

IT appears that we are to have another of the famous singers whose name is entirely new. The announcement is made that the distinguished *prima donna* unites genius with skill; and, as we have never before been introduced to a prima in advance by managers, of course we are all willing and eager to believe. The advent of world-renowned artists without having to be puffed is becoming very frequent in our annals. Who is Blumenthal? Who is Carl Formes? Who is Ole Bull? If she be really a great singer why has she not made her mark in London, Paris, or St. Petersburg? Those are the cities which make the fame for us. They have their deputed ears and eyes in all the operahouses of Europe. They are the judges, whose talent appears it is seized and appropriated for those cities.

Vestvali, Garcia, Alboni, Persiani, Tiltens, Cruvelli, Grisi, Piccolomini—the last a pretty actress but not a great singer—have been seen by a great *press clause* of the day. Besides these there are a company sweet and charming vocalists. When they come to us we first hear their names, let a great them generously, and bestow the laurel. But who is Miss Adelaide Phillips? Has her name ever been on all, a theatrical advertisement? Let us remember poor Maretzek, and be wise.

Musical prejudged (regularly) of aggravated puffing. Now, advertising is good—but only for good wares. Puffing, blank, unmeaning, and famous succeeded by advertising; but it was by advertising something worth the pains and the expense. Suppose there had been no puffing at all—could any conceivable quantity of skillful puffery have helped the memory of Kean? Could he ever have prepared with Mussel before he appeared? How we were shut at from windows—how all the papers flung him in the face! How the managers swore at the front door—how he came hidden in envelopes—how he was smuggled into the pit and private pens on opera programmes! Alas, and alas! he is pictured on a desk well now, in good trait; and the lately Kemble actor, Mr. Fechter, and Lucy Cullen, of Ullman's actions lied against Mussel. He was actually taken up by the "best of the land and lovliest" ink.

And now the cheerful impresari—as managers are politely called—are making fresh engagements for next year. We wish them sincerely—and for our own interest—the best luck in the world. We hope they may persuade some great singer to come over and charm us. We hope they will spare their pockets and our patience in the matter of advertising; and we trust the Directors of the Academy will write up their walls, as a sole of written upon walls in London—"No rubbish shed here!"

DICKENS'S LAST LETTER.

THERE was never a book published so promptly suppressed—at least at a distance—by a word from one of the persons most interested, as in the recent case of the publication of the correspondence of Dickens and his wife. His card about it in the *Household Words* was worthy of the best English gentleman. Every body knew there must be a great deal that was not said. Parents do not part after more than twenty married years together without a deepth of tragical history that is not to be easily sounded.

But it is evident that the little whispers of busy tongues in London have been stinging Dickens to the quick. He has written a book that has authorized the publication of a private letter which treats the subject more in detail. It is a very great mistake and misfortune. The first card was called for, and it was a generous shield of his wife as well as a conclusive defense of their conduct. But the last letter is a kind of justification of himself and consequent implication of his wife, which, however properly he might have breathed to a friend, is almost an outrage when published to the world.

It is melancholy to think of the seething current of letter feeling which flows through the veins of London literary society, and which is betrayed by the late quarrel of Thackeray and Yates, the circumstances that have produced this letter of Dickens, and the Bulwer scandal. It seems not at all improbable that the second Lytton-Bulwer will take the view of the case which is indicated in his novel, and which is looking at the matter in real life? If he preaches in a stolen coat, how can we care for his family against stealing?

A LETTER FROM THE WEST.

ALTON, ILLINOIS, 1858.

"To the Lounger.

"I observe in the Number for the 10th instant that a proposition to build a telling-glass is occupying the care of the Siamese Twins, to wit, Esa, who, having performed the feat of walking on a tight rope *Across a line from Parkopolis to his sister hall*, Chang, in which time the Legislatures of Western lodges and doings was transferred.

"Your Mr. Esq is a ready and racy describer, and could, were he thus minded, treat the myriads of *Harper's Weekly* readers with a sketches of all our land; and his running notes would be among them first sought when the contents were scanned. I refer to your issue of *Harper* at each of the thousands of news depôts.

"I am induced to the task of enjoining upon I hum that your correspondent returned to his own home, and, after a short visit, passed half a dozen cool nights of undisturbed rest, because again called in to mend some differ of thankfulness. As the period of the writing the sketch, at Lexington, the Siamese twins of the engraph were plungly nonsilent; further, they were *engrossed*.

"Your correspondent, as I have said, forgot himself, and dreaded the disease to such degree that visual and vocal organs were alike unable to perform.

"I wish to call attention to our paragraph, and certainly to the subject matter, and would respectfully *beg to occupy* the minds of readers, and *especially* as the Siamese Twins are now in the city, and probably have not be led astray, even in matters of minor interest.

"Yours, &c. *After long for hours we were taken before by the fresh engine, and brought to that dreary lit. by Illinois town, which has not one single thing to like—by the want system of Lovejoy.*

"Now it is reported that the rails tie upon the lowest land, through a valley, as to most easily to approach the river, and give travelers the advantage of the shortest route to the ferry-boat that they have the cars. No important portion of the town can be seen from the cars. The town is built upon the bluffs, which lie to the right, annoyed by his late delay, and distrustfully distributed. Such a combination of facts, together with the draw publicly announced conclusions touching the matter.

"Again, is it a fault of a multitude of terms that they are not sufficiently definite? Some would say so, and we feed out support the Manhattan Club!

"Your correspondent, Mr. Esq, whom merchants accept a most excitable mercantile reputation in Golconda Newcome and Clive. Proceeded by for:

"The *magnificis* in Alton's history,' as announced in the Esq, is to be a grand affair, and will be.

"True; that fort was as useless to the prosperity of the place for years, as it has suffered with the unjust.

"The Association of Alton was then some three thousand; and in those days twenty-one years ago! Although the Alton and religious liberty, and for the conference of institutions for the promotion of truth and righteousness, and *Alton is the best city in the world with wealth in the United States.* Both in the *fact.*

"The second and last resolutions of one of the twelve *dreary little congregations* average fifty six thousand dollars, and the average of the whole of the city equal amount are made. *We would Gotham's sandy pupils* to.

"Nearly all the persons who were recognized as being sisters or sisters of the crime of the night of the 15th of November, 1857, in this place are a long time after.

"Possibly some cities of elevated pretensions could be found which have suffered crimes have been more and almost forgotten.

"Our young people last spring the annual Unitarian General Convention assembled in this city, and among the delegates were many of the most distinguished men, not on this and on the other side of the Atlantic, and who appreciated the value of our city presented views that exposing in beauty any ever before or elsewhere witnessed. Many of the delegates were strangers to us, and were gratified to judge and to institute comparisons. Mr. Eng has promised to write us on the occasion of his next trip to the dreary little Illinois town, and a voluntary subscription will be made for the purpose that the views afforded him, that Nature was lavish of land scape beauties when she fitted up our locality.

"Our city is also remarkable commercially. Alton contains a population of twelve thousand; eight or ten steamboats are owned or fit city presented views built, and a half miles along the river, and more than a mile and a half back from the bluffs. Commercial importance being Hoe's improved—two daily papers, five weekly, and one monthly. Religious, which has carried the finest and best specimens of work yet exhibited in the States. The population is cosmopolitan, and the school is not confined in appointments anywhere; eleven public schools and the Academy; twelve churches, one of which is the cathedral of this bishopric, five of the churches contain organs, and the one of the Catholic Cathedral instrument yet erected in this country out the largest; three merchant shipping vessels, and the Alton packet, one hundred barrels of flour per diem, one of which mills cost over one hundred thousand dollars; one brick and one stone manufactory of various degrees of excellence, besides a quantity of quite small city; *large* lumber yards, and large and small manufactories.

"Some sixty houses contain piano-fortes; we have three dealers in pianofortes, organs, and melodeons, and or twelve teachers of these instruments; our streets and public grounds are well shaded, and several others will be commenced. Three completed railroads point to this place, and a fourth is in course of construction.

"We have five or six importing houses, and companies statistics have been compiled, showing that a larger amount of business was done in this city than in any city in the population of which statistics could be gained.

"Seven miles distant is situated Upper Alton, with three thousand people, and which is the site of Shurtleff College.

"Monticello Female Seminary, four miles distant by both railroad and steamboat, is a close structure of four stories, having out in its erection some seventy-five thousand dollars. The seminary has a full corps of instructors, the most complete appointments and accommodations, and enjoys a prolific record to boot.

"Within a radius of twenty miles is the fruit-garden of the world. *Here, and nowhere else*, is produced the luscious, melting peach, weighing twenty-four ounces. We have eaten peaches, from the tree, on the 4th July and on the last of August.

"If Mr. Eng will attend one of our prestigical exhibitions, we opine the sense of dreariness would for the hour vanish. Will he come?

ALTON."

[Our correspondent friend Esq, who, happy dog! is doubtless playing the part of Tom Dyer with the lovely and queenly Cleopatra who writes in the purest style of her experience of life as Alton, can not but be pleased by the letter of "Alton." His generousness is. "Alton" to process the splendid occasion of Esq's somewhat hurried, perhaps flippant, eminence upon the Illinois city. The fine situation of Alton, the fact of letter and learning and valuable, but its great value and moral are that they are the practical travelers who see the outsides of towns at midnight, and reproduce their impressions in print, that they should take care that the first impression when they appear is not a flourishing little town upon the point of a paradise.

At the same time, no one will acknowledge more readily than "Alton" that the size of the town is not always a valid upon the children that, for instance, the emotions of a thoughtful traveler upon the Seine will always be favored a little by the remembrance of Servetus.

The Lounger, however, does not mean, in silence or deny, that he considers his correspondent of the letter and its kind interpretation of motives, which a generous nature suggests with like facility to find out, he hopes, destroy. As for that luxurious fellow—who was so unconscionable as to quarrel with a beautiful and one deserving of his friendship—may the queenly Cleopatra set spurs him! Meanwhile, let him, drive, ride, and row him in the softest moonlights, in the brightest mornings—upon the hardest beaches, upon the loneliest pleasure grounds, and with him to be found sharing music, until he shall humbly repent of ever having written anything but the most agreeable phrase or unhappy circumstances in the world.

"Alton," and the Lounger, and Chang himself, will be happy to forgive.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"WELL, you, dear Mr. Lounger, commiserating my poor head, have you chosen to inform me that the letter you *purpose doing with* 'what will be do with it.' I have several times begun to write you a letter before this until it was completed; but considering that it was not worth your while to have an opportunity of reading *any part of it* if I abided by the resolution; and being deterred by a sort of modesty (for I sometimes think myself one) that appeared in the Weekly for July 17th, but this time I have made up and decided to write you, and then a 'stocking of the pairs' at a time, I commenced to write you a letter, and then I thought you would think of 'What will be do with it?' and was half a dozen days *in an interesting description of some of the most beautiful 'gold dignas'* before I discovered that *Sir* Edward had already described them.

"I am confident, Mr. Lounger, that the story runs, that you are one of the 'go-aheadistics.' I would, as an intense admirer of yours, like to have *my query* answered. What will they do with it?

"Respectfully and truly yours, S. H. R.*"*

[Mr. S. H. R. Sawyer, of course, knows how he told us—that the story is twisted and in the hands of blackwood. Does he not also see that, by dividing it into weekly parts, the pleasure is provided weekly for the reader? Suppose that the Weekly should print the whole of a monthly number of the novel in one paper, does not S. H. S. think there would be a loud outcry from the readers? "What do they do with it?" hours really long until portions remarkably well. But the patience of the lovers of literature will be rewarded when the tale is relieved, and then he may swear off from all serials, if he thinks he can.

"A nameless friend sends a letter describing the delights of the country life, which she is now enjoying with "Cousin Frank, and Tom, and pretty Mollie Clark," and begging the Lounger to send her a story to read. She looks into the country to enjoy one ought to know what a world of beauty he lives in. Can he not find it in the city? Can he not up in dirty, dingy New York?" Poor New Yorks! Yet no city in the world, of equal size, is more happily situated for health, or more pleasant for living.

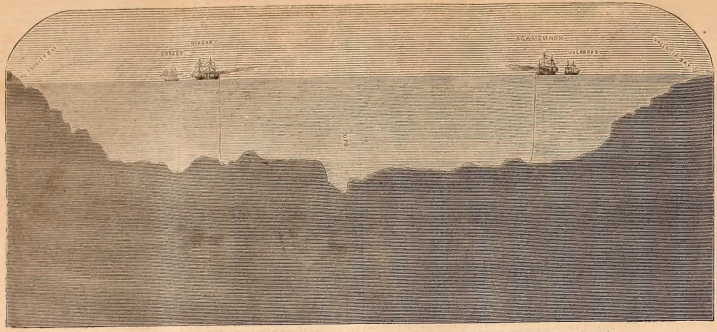
"A CONSTANT READER" writes, from Friendship, in Maryland, a eulogy of the Lounger, and of the Weekly and *Monthly*, and closes by offering to subscribe. Yet it is very pleasant to hear, for it is very doubtful if there were ever a child who did not like to hear praise. The Lounger's treatment is much too concentrated in it. It is natural that such a friend as this correspondent will be glad to find it not receiving the paper and Magazine regularly; but the Lounger begs to present his particular compliments, and he will see that they are regularly mailed, and that our common Uncle Samuel must be the delinquent in this case.

"A. J. C." sends a little poem, "A Sad Picture." Alas! it is a fallen woman's case who has died, and left him with a child to care for. The subject is one that should make the sacred, and Thackeray has touched it exquisitely in his Colonel Newcome and Clive. The intention of "A. J. G." is better than his poetry.

"L. E. K." does better. But does she not see that the measure required alternate rhymes?

"I would not wake them from thy dream of pleasure,
I ask not for thy love while here we stray;
I know thou art mine own, when time no longer
Shall rule in the measure in this world away.
And in that better land to which we're hastening,
Where years and days of time will not bear sway,
Then thou will know me, as I know thee even,
And we will speak, beloved, face to face."

THE TELEGRAPH PLATEAU.



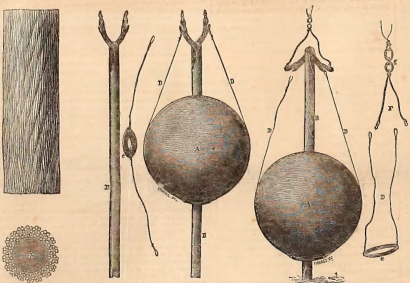
SECTION, EAST AND WEST, OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC—LAYING THE CABLE ON THE TELEGRAPH PLATEAU.

THE first of the two illustrations on this page presents a view of the surface of the great oceanic plateau, or table-land, along which the telegraph wires have just been successfully laid. The last is a sectional view of the bed of the Atlantic (north and south), showing the relation of the elevated ridge to the remainder of the ocean bed.

The soundings across the Atlantic between England and America, first begun by the United States Government, and since verified by a British expedition, demonstrated satisfactorily two most important facts bearing upon the possibility of successfully laying the oceanic wire. These were, first, the existence of the elevated level we here illustrate, which at once took the name of "Telegraphic Plateau;" and, second, the remarkable fact that in the ocean depths there is an absolute absence of current or motion of any kind—so that the wire, however small, being once laid, there is no danger of its destruction by abrasion or chafe against the bottom surface. From the series of soundings obtained by Lieutenant Berryman, in the United States Steamer *Arctic*, stretching from the coast of Newfoundland to Valentia Bay, in Ireland, it appears that the depth of water on the plateau nowhere exceeds two miles; and that there is, from a point a little to the eastward of the middle, a gradual slope toward each terminus, with but few irregularities. Along this ridge, so providentially arranged to facilitate the greatest achievement of modern science and energy, there appear to be no rocks or jagged points to endanger the safety of a cable; nothing, in fact, but a deposit of soft mud, which under the microscope proves to be composed of myriads upon myriads of minute shells, each separate and entire—thus proving that there is not, in these depths, even sufficient current or motion to destroy, by abrasion, these fragile structures.

Not least remarkable, in connection with this subject, is the ingenious contrivance invented by passed midshipman (now Lieutenant) John M. Brooke, by means of which it first became possible to obtain samples of bottom from any depth of water at which the lead could reach bottom. The accompanying illustrations will sufficiently explain the operation of this machine, which is known as "Brooke's Deep Sea Sounding Apparatus." Hitherto it had been possible to obtain depths or soundings, but impossible, owing to the necessary slightness of the line and heaviness of the shot, to bring up specimens of the bottom, the shot being always detached.

B, in our illustration, is the stuff "armed" at its lower end, where there is a small cavity, C, for the purpose, with soap or tallow, to which armature a sample of the bottom clings. A is a common cannon-ball, which has a hole pierced through its centre. It is held in its place on the rod by the slings D D, which slings detach themselves when the machine strikes bottom—



THE CABLE.

BROOKE'S DEEP SEA SOUNDING INSTRUMENT.



SECTION, NORTH AND SOUTH, OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC, FROM THE CAPE DE VERDS THROUGH THE AZORES AND THE TELEGRAPH PLATEAU.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—THE "AGAMEMNON" ON HER BEAM ENDS.

and not without; dues leaving nothing to be hauled up but the light rod, at whose extreme the armature holds a sample of the bottom. With this contrivance specimens of bottom have been obtained from a depth of more than two miles. The ocean is nowhere on the plateau deeper than 12,000 feet, which at its side soundings have been obtained of 24,000 feet. The surface of the plateau is now thoroughly and faithfully mapped out, from Lieutenant Berryman's survey.

It will be noticed that the sketches of the plateau and ocean bed are not mathematically correct; that the depth of the water, in both, is out of proportion to the length of the scene represented; that the water-line is represented as straight, whereas it is a curve, etc. It was impossible to avoid these inaccuracies. To be mathematically correct, a plan representing a section of the telegraphic plateau, in which the water-depth at the deepest part was given as half an inch, would have required to be at least 33 feet long: on the scale on which the water-depth is depicted above, the picture, to be correct, ought to be over 100 feet long. We trust that this inaccuracy will not prove more deceptive to our youthful reader than more equally inaccurate but delightful scientific toys called arrerics.

THE "AGAMEMNON" LAYING THE CABLE.

THE illustration given above depicts the *Agamemnon* in the terrible storm she encountered in laying the cable. How severe the gale was may be inferred from the following telegram from Valentia to the London *Times*:

"From the time the *Agamemnon* left Queenstown, on the 18th of July, until she joined the rest of the squadron at the rendezvous in mid ocean on the 29th, she experienced a continued succession of heavy winds. The splice was successfully made on the afternoon of the 29th, and the ships started toward their several stations. On the evening of the same day a breach of continuity occurred in the cable which lasted one hour and a half.

"The ship was stopped and the machinery repaired, though not till hopes of holding on the cable had been abandoned. During Friday it blew a head gale of wind, against which the ship, under her full steam, could hardly make way, even with yards and topmasts struck. On Saturday, the 31st, the wind shifted round to the southwest, and during that day, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, it continued to blow hard, with frequent vio-



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—FIRE-WORKS AT THE CITY HALL IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LAYING OF THE CABLE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

lent squalls, the sea running tremendously high the whole time, and no one expected the cable to hold on from one minute to the other. On Wednesday the weather moderated, but the swell was still high. About four A.M. the change from the lower to the upper cable was successfully made, and during the afternoon shallow water was gained. The second change from the upper to the orlop deck coil was made about nine o'clock in the evening; after which all went well until the ship anchored at six A.M. in Doulas Bay."

THE ILLUMINATION AT THE CITY HALL.

We engrave on the preceding page the illumination of the City Hall, New York, on Tuesday, 17th inst., in honor of the success of the Telegraph enterprise. The following account of the scene is from the *Herald:*

"At a quarter to eight o'clock a handsome balloon was sent off from the roof of the Hall, which announced to the impatient mass that 'the fire-works' would, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather during the afternoon, be 'let off.' A cheer announced its flight to the aerial regions, and rocket after rocket succeeded. From the roof of the Hall showers of rockets, which attained an incredible altitude, succeeded, when the City Hall, like the transformation of a fairy castle, became a 'palace of light.' All the windows were simultaneously illuminated, and, with the aid of three thousand seven hundred candles, the Hall of 'the City Fathers' shone resplendent in the surrounding gloom. A shout of admiration followed, and cheers for the 'cable' succeeded. Dodworth's Band, which were stationed on a commodious stand near the east gate, then struck up 'Hail Columbia,' which was followed by 'God Save the Queen,' and they continued during the night to play popular and enlivening airs. At each gate crimson, green, and other fires were ignited, and until the close of the evening continued to burn brilliantly. Rockets, shells, balloons of candles, shells with colored stars, colored bengaloes, and flights were then fired from the roof of the Hall, until it presented the appearance of a roaring crater, subduing its outpourings occasionally, and presenting the appearance of a smoking Vesuvius. Some idea of the roaring fire may be conveyed when we state that upward of four thousand rockets were fired together, with a large quantity of shells, carrying five colored fires each, and an innumerable quantity of sky rockets and serpents, the latter frequently dispersing a number of the gentler sex who had assembled on the balconies. During the pyrotechnic display from the roof numerous fire balloons ascended from the front of the Hall, causing the utmost excitement among the youngsters."

LITERARY.

One of those rarely delightful books, that mark days in the memory of readers, is the Memoir and Letters of the late Thomas Seddon, Artist, published in England by Nisbet & Co. Seddon was a young painter, belonging to the Pre-Raphaelite school in England, the intimate friend and companion of Hunt. He had never achieved fame, but he had a warm heart and the noblest aspirations. He visited the East, painted in Cairo and Jerusalem, returned to England, married the lady of his love, went abroad again, and died suddenly in Cairo a little more than a year ago.

The book is by no means an ordinary biography. The author, or editor, with commendable judgment, has suffered Seddon's letters to tell his brief, sad story. They relate it most eloquently. He wrote many letters home from the East, many to the lady who is now his widow. They are the letters of a poet-artist. Nowhere can be found more perfect sketches of Eastern life than he gives. With his pen as with his pencil a touch sufficed to place an image on the paper. Eastern travelers especially will enjoy these notes.

We have not the space to outline that life whose beauty and perfectness shine on these pages. He was a man of rare mould. Gentle to a fault, kind and loving, trusting every man, winning kindness wherever he went by his own irresistible kindness to all, and just as his name began to be known in his own country, he died on the bank of the Nile, alone, among strangers, but lamented by them with the sincerity of earnest admiration and affection.

A few extracts from the letters of Mr. Seddon must suffice for the present:

"I heard," he says, "a capital story on Friday evening, at Mr. B——'s, of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who traveled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called *roughing* it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries, *i.e.*, a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles, of a peculiarly fine varnish, for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles they opened them, and the varnish being made with Maderia, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that, and, in order to try, he should drink some. So they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot varnish!"

Here is not a bad Chinese story, which he picked up in Cairo:

"Mr. B—— related an anecdote to show the contempt of the Chinese for death. When he was in China three robbers had been arrested and were put into a cell in the guard-house; and in the morning the keepers came to say that they had all three hanged themselves, and wished him to come and see them. He went and found the cells occupying the sides of a large room and opening into a corridor, where a policeman walked up and down all night. The only thing in the cell was a pail, and they were constantly visited by the policeman, who looked in at the door. The window was a small round hole, seven or eight feet from the ground, with an iron bar across it. They had turned the pail over and tied a noose around the bar. One then got up and hanged himself. The others then took him down and laid him on the floor. The second did the same, and the third, after taking him down, got up and put his head in the noose, merely slipped his feet off the pail, and died without a single movement, for his legs were hanging on each side of the pail, which was not kicked over. This they had done so noiselessly that neither the prisoners in the next cell nor the keepers had heard any movement."

Just outside the walls of Cairo, on the broad road to Fostat, or old Cairo, is a little cemetery inclosed in high walls, where a few English and American dead sleep in peace, the peace that attends death in all countries. Poor Seddon helped bury a friend there but a little while before he was carried there himself. His grave is marked by a marble slab. The spot is one an artist might choose for a resting-place. To the east, the crumbling mosques which stand on the desert under the Mohattam hills; to the south, the group of buildings among which rests stout Ibrahim Pasha; to the north, the palm groves of Cairo the Blessed; and on the west, calm and solemn, against the sunset sky, the pyramids of Ghizeh.

Better late than never to call attention to Hugh Miller's Cruise of the "Betsey," published in this country by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. The lamented author left this work among his literary remains. To it are added various sketches and rambles, which have also been published in newspapers, but never collected in a volume, and which are, of course, heretofore wholly unknown in America.

Hugh Miller was a hearty Scotchman—learned, but not pedantic, full of life, and full of love for the good things which life has in abundant store for the cheerful receiver. No man was better fitted to enjoy a yacht voyage or a summer geological ramble. The story of his cruise is the story of a great and good man taking his pleasure, and gaining instruction as he goes along. At the same time there is that magnificent appreciation of the beautiful which we sometimes think no one ever had but Hugh Miller and Wilson, shining on every page. One of the most touching passages that he has ever written is here found, in an account of a visit to a spot where he passed his eighteenth and nineteenth years working as a stone-mason. He recalls his youth; he looks at the stones he hewed; he remembers that, while he was at work on this one, some one came and told him of the death of Napoleon the Great. He finds forests grown up where he had left shrubs; and turning for a while from rock and mountain, the great geologist finds "the fossils of an early formation of mind, produced at a period when the atmosphere of feeling was warmer than now, and the immaturities of the mental kingdom grew rank and large, like the ancient cryptogamiæ." There is more of Hugh Miller himself in the book than in all of his former works together; and who would know the man must read it, and will then re-read it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

This great enterprise is at length perfectly successful. Both the Queen's and the President's messages have been transmitted, as well as others on the business of the Company. On 1st September it is intended to open the line for general business. The event has been celebrated with more hearty and general enthusiasm than was ever known to pervade this country.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

The following was the message of the Queen:

To the President of the United States, Washington:

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

Washington City, *Aug.* 16, 1858.

To Her Majesty Victoria, *Queen of Great Britain:*

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle.

May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities. (Signed) James Buchanan.

THE LAST FROM VALENTIA.

Mr. Field sent a dispatch on Wednesday last to England. The following reply was received on Friday from Valentia Bay:

"Valentia, *Thursday, Aug.* 19, 1858.

"C. W. Field, N. Y.,—The Directors have just met. They heartily congratulate you on your success. The *Agamemnon* arrived at Valentia at six o'clock, A.M., on Thursday, Aug. 5. We are just on the point of chartering a ship to lay the shore ends. No time will be lost in sending them out. All your letters have been posted to New York. Please write me fully about the tariff and other working arrangements. G. Saward."

The following dispatches from Trinity Bay and Carbonear were received on Saturday by Cyrus W. Field, Esq.:

"Carbonear, *Thursday, Aug.* 19, 1858.

"The cable is working beautifully to-day. I reach Cyrus Station this evening. A. Mackay."

"Trinity Bay, *Thursday, Aug.* 19, 1858.

"We sent a very explicit message this morning to Mr. M'Iver, Agent of Cunard steamers, in Liverpool, respecting the disaster to the steamship *Europa.*

"De Santy."

FUSION CONVENTION IN ULSTER.

A large assemblage of the electors of Ulster County met in Mass Convention last week at Kingston, and inaugurated the movement for the fusion of the American and Republican parties as against the Administration, by adopting a series of resolutions declaratory of the grounds of their hostility to the Democratic party, and affirming a series of principles on which, it is hoped by them, all the Americans and Republicans in the State may, with propriety, unite. The Convention was addressed by Hons. Joel T. Headley, Horace Greeley, and Mr. Westbrook.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention assembled in Detroit on 20th, and made the following nominations: For *Governor*, Moses Wisner, of Oakland County; for *Lieutenant-Governor*, Edwin B. Fairfield, of Hillsdale; for *Secretary of State*, Nelson G. Isbell, of Livingston; for *State Treasurer*, John M'Kinney, of Van Buren; for *Auditor*, General Daniel L. Case, of Ingham; for *Commissioner of Land Office*, James W. Sanboen, of St. Clair; for *Attorney-General*, Jacob M. Howard, of Wayne; for *Superintendent of Public Instruction*, John M. Gregory, of Washtenaw; for *Member of Board of Education*, Walter J. Baxter, of Hillsdale. Resolutions were passed re-adopting the Philadelphia platform of 1856, condemning the National Administration, indorsing the present State Administration and our representatives in Congress, and, in view of the late annexation of the Old World to the New, declaring that it is the duty of the Federal Government to adopt measures for the construction of a railroad to the Pacific.

THE PRESIDENT WAITING HIS TURN AT A WASH-BOWL.

The Baltimore *Sun* contains the following: "On Saturday last President Buchanan arrived at the Relay House, or Washington Junction, as it is more properly called, *en route* for Washington city. On passing into the bar-room the President threw off his coat and his white neckcloth, carelessly pitching them over a chair, opened his shirt-collar, and tucked up his sleeves for a wash, conveniences for this purpose being in the apartment. At the time, however, both basins were occupied by two young men, neither of whom seemed to be aware that the President was about. He waited patiently some time, when some one spoke and invited him up stairs. He declined, however, quietly remarking that he would 'wait for his turn.' And as soon as the basins were vacated he 'took his turn' in a jolly good wash in the public bar-room. This done, he seemed rather perplexed about the arrangement of his neckcloth, and seemed likely to tie his nose and mouth up in it. Somebody just then offered assistance, and the President was briefly equipped. At about this time a person who had come into the room sung out pretty near to him, 'Look here, I thought the old Pres. was to be here to-day—' The speech was cut short by a nudge, while a momentary comical expression passed across the face of that same 'old Pres.' A cigar was handed to him by a friend; he took a good, satisfying drink of—not 'old rye,' but ice-water, and barely fired up the cigar, when the bell rung, and 'all aboard!' summoned the Chief Magistrate of the United States to his seat in the cars, and away they went to Washington."

COST OF KISSING.

The Boston *Courier* says: "Mr. Barrows, principal of the High School in Palmer, Massachusetts, recently bestowed a kiss upon a handsome female assistant—a fact not very remarkable, nor apparently involving any great wickedness. But somebody saw it done and told the School Committee. It is fair to infer that the individuals composing that body are 'superannuated fogies,' who have long ago forgotten what a kiss is, for they expelled Mr. Barrows from his school. Public sympathy is with the schoolmaster, however; for he has been indorsed by two clergymen, and the people of one section of the town threaten to set up a school on their own account and employ Mr. B., if the School Committee refuse to reinstate him in his former position."

NARROW ESCAPE OF A YOUNG LADY.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* describes a thrilling scene at Atlantic City a few days since, owing to the perilous position of Miss T——, of Senator Slidell's family, who with Mr. Bonneville, from New Orleans, while bathing, got beyond the surf:

"The lady said she was sinking, and Mr. B., who could not swim, found himself helpless in his efforts to rescue her. I was a spectator of the scene. The gentleman struggled and sunk, but the young lady appeared to be floating easily, and rapidly went out with the receding tide. When the peril of these bathers was fully appreciated, the shrieks of females and the cries of men added to the general alarm. The case seemed hopeless, for there was no boat, no cord, no stick, by which it could be deemed safe to approach the suffering parties.

"Still some bold hearts went to work, and by great effort succeeded in catching Mr. B., who was dragged, apparently lifeless, upon the beach. Even after this was done, the lady still floating onward, but by the energy of Mr. Clayton was aroused from a state of syncope, and made to seize a plank, by which she was drawn to the beach. Her preservation was miraculous, for having learned the rules for floating, she threw herself into the proper position before she became insensible, and thus her body kept upon the surface of the wave. Had she clung to her companion, both must have been drowned."

A MOCKING-BIRD IN COURT.

Two years ago, a man named Clinger brought a valuable mocking-bird from New Orleans to a Western city, and gave it in charge to his father. Subsequently, the elder Clinger, falling out with his son, handed over the bird to his son-in-law, named Yager, to cheat the son; and *he*, after a while, to keep it from the father-in-law, gave it to a man named Walman, on Western row. The bird was passed from one to another, as the various members of the family fell out by the way. The father finally got track of the songster, and went after it, but the daughter-in-law had been too fleet for him, and carried off the prize. Herself and husband then reported that the bird had died, and as an evidence produced a head and some feathers, which were shown to the neighbors as belonging to the "poor, dear, dead and gone." The same night, however, on which the bird was said to have taken its flight to the spiritual bird-kingdom, Yager sold a mocking-bird to a friend, but whether it was the same member of the feathered tribe in dispute, or not, was a question.

The son asserted that it was, and replevined the bird, and the other day the whole family appeared before Justice Harris, and testified. The bird, too, was brought into court, and whistled and sung, and mocked the lawyers, quite in contempt of all rules or legal tribunals. The father contradicted the son, and he in turn the father, in giving their testimony. The son-in-law and his wife both swore that the bird in court was not *the* bird in controversy, but that the original had actually died while in their possession. The bird sold by them, Yager stated he had purchased for four dollars, of a mysterious individual, whom he happened to meet of a dark night, in Walnut Street. Other witnesses testified that they thought the bird in court was the one brought to this city by Clinger. It had the same peculiar tail, the feathers, head, neck, and general appearance. And all the while the bird kept up a continual chatter, as though endeavoring to harmonize the dispute.

The magistrate was puzzled. It was his first bird case since he assumed the honors, and there were no precedents in the books. As the son-in-law and his wife, however, both swore positively to the death of the original bird, he gave judgment for the bird, and assessed the value at $5 50. So Clinger retained possession under his replevin writ, and paid the judgment and costs, which amounted to $17. As the bird was valued at $50, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and carried off his songster in triumph.

MAN EATEN BY A FISH.

The body of a man was picked up near Eastport, Maine, one day last week, with a line around his wrist, to a hook on the end of which a large halibut was attached. As an empty boat had been picked up the day before, it is supposed the man had been hauled overboard from it by the fish.

ENCOUNTER WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

A correspondent of the Salisbury (North Carolina) *Watchman*, writing from Lenoir, Watauga County, narrates the following incident:

"As Mr. James M. Spainhour, of this place, was riding along near the foot of Blue Ride, on the north side, in Watauga County, and near the river of the same name, on the 20th ult., he had the following very singular and rather dangerous encounter with a rattlesnake:

"As there was a light mist, Mr. S. had his umbrella spread above him. He was riding near a bank on the right hand, higher than his head, occasioned by digging away the earth below, in grading the road.

"Suddenly he heard the ring of the rattlesnake in the direction of the bank, and on looking around saw the snake in the act of springing toward him. It alighted, however, on the top of his umbrella, fastening its fangs in the cloth and tearing out his hold. His weight hove down the umbrella, and he fell off so near the lower edge of the road that in an instant he was over the stone wall supporting the road, and glided out of sight in the thicket below."

PEEPING TOM IN LUCK.

The following is from the Pittsburgh *Dispatch:* "At Murdocksville some young ladies had selected a shady nook, and were enjoying a river bath, when two young fellows, strolling in the woods, heard an unusual plashing in the water, and, 'following their ears,' were amazed and—shall we say it?—delighted, on turning a sharp bend in the river, to behold the water-nymphs floating in the rippling current, fairer than the naiads, and more enchanting than sirens. Concealing themselves, one of the rascals wagered thirty dollars on the swimming powers of a flaxen-haired divinity against a small dark-eyed beauty—the two being the leaders of the party, and the most expert swimmers. The wager was accepted; the two had struck out for a long swim, a strong swim, and a swim altogether, when the 'fair-haired she' shrieked, 'A turtle! a turtle!' and, terribly frightened, sank under the surface.

"It was a struggle between gallantry and duty with the young men; but the one who had accepted the challenge leaped from his hiding-place into the stream, and striking out boldly, succeeded in seizing the insensible and drowning girl, and dragged her to the shore. Of course the remainder of the party had fled, but soon returned, took charge of the nearly inanimate form, and restored her to consciousness. In consideration of the service performed the young fellows were granted absolution. The heroic rescuer of the young lady, however, claimed the thirty dollars, on the score that his nymph had fairly won the match. If it is not dusted up, the young men propose that the ladies shall try it again."

PINED AWAY.

A Cincinnati paper says: "A few months ago, a gentleman residing in the interior of the State, returned from California, bringing with him a little prattling Indian girl, a sweet interesting creature as ever proved a 'well-spring of pleasure' in a household. It was rumored that the mother of the child was an Indian woman, and the father a white man. How that may be, we know not; such, at least, was the supposition. The gentleman, for some reason, did not care to have the child remain in his family, and brought her to this city and placed her in the Orphan Asylum, and promised to call often to see her. For a few days the life surrounding her seemed to furnish sufficient entertainment, but it was soon apparent that something was lacking to satisfy her mind entirely—a void which could only be filled by the presence of some one whom she had learned to call 'papa.' She became listless and melancholy, and the sports of the children failed to please or interest. Visitors to the Asylum patted the little 'Pocahontas,' as she was called, but their attention scarcely ever rallied her spirits. Constantly upon her tongue was the name of 'papa.' She grew weary and tired, and gradually faded like a flower of her own mountains in autumn. There was no apparent disease, but a perceptible wasting away of the natural energies. The gentleman who left her at the Asylum had never called to see his little charge, and although she was nourished and cared for with all the tenderness possible, she slowly drooped, until a few days since, when she died—with the last fleeting breath still murmuring the name of 'papa,' as she had frequently done in her dreams."

DEATH OF A CHILD FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

The Peoria (Illinois), *Transcript* gives an account of the death, by hydrophobia, of a very interesting child, the daughter of Mr. Henry S. Wooder, of Mount Hawley, six miles from that city, between eight and nine years of age, on Friday morning last. The following are the particulars:

On Tuesday of last week, Sarah Ellen returned from school, and complained of feeling unwell, so much so, that she did not attend on the following day, although still able to be about the house. Thursday she was no better, and her parents thinking she was threatened with the typhoid fever, sent for Dr. Murphy, of this city. The Doctor arrived there about two o'clock in the afternoon, and found her sitting upon the sofa at the side of her mother, to all appearances in perfect health; her pulse, however, was very irregular, with an occasional wildness in the eyes, and placing her hand upon her throat, exclaimed, "It troubles me to breathe, mother." Minute inquiries were now instituted, when the fact was elicited which had not been previously thought of, that some five weeks since she had been bitten by a domesticated cat on the outside of her foot. A glass of water was ordered to be brought her, when the sight of it at once threw her into terrible convulsions. This was at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was the first intimation had by her distracted parents of the terrible disease with which their daughter was afflicted. Her agony and struggles in the spasms were awful to behold, and in one of them she bit her mother severely in the shoulder, and at another time scratched the father badly in the hand. In her spasmodic efforts, the saliva from her mouth was at times ejected across the room, and the only relief experienced was by the use of chloroform, which in the end seemed to lose all efficacy. She remained all the time in perfect possession of her faculties, and at three o'clock on Friday morning, exactly twelve hours from the attack of the first spasm, her spirit departed to the God who gave it.

And now comes the most remarkable incident connected with this heart-rending affair. Some four hours previous to her death, and soon after one of her most violent spasms, she told her mother that she had been visited by the spirit of her sister (the family are believers in Spiritualism), who left this earth for the better land about one year since, and that this sister had informed her of certain remedies, which, if applied, would relieve her sufferings and smooth her passage to the tomb. The remedies were applied as soon as possible, and, strange to relate, the desired effect was produced. She was freed from her convulsive fits, was enabled to breathe easier, converse freely with her parents and friends, occasionally drinking a little water, and finally falling into her last sleep as gently as an infant reposing in her slumber.

BANK-NOTES AT TEN CENTS A YARD.

The Memphis *Avalanche*, giving an account of the failure of the Citizens' Bank in that city, mentions the following among the incidents of the day: "When the crowd gathered around, composed mostly of mechanics and working men, with here and there a woman, and at intervals a poor market-man, we observed a little fellow with a wonderfully exaggerated nose, who had a package of the Bowleg's notes in his hands. Some one asked him how much he had; he said, 'these bills, amounting to $300, are the profits of my labor for the last six months—look at my hard hands, and see how I have toiled; I have a wife and children, for whom I must buy bread, and for whom I must provide a shelter and a home; but, gentlemen, it is all gone. They may be houseless wanderers and homeless beggars if I should knuckle to this misfortune. It is all gone.' The little gentleman with the Slaukenbergius nose, which we read about in Tristram Shandy, at this point in his speech 'humped' himself, and began to lay his wild-cat bills in a row down in the centre of the street. When they were thus distributed, he turned to the crowd, saying, 'Gentlemen and ladies, I will sell this —— infernal stuff at ten cents a yard, tape measure.' The crowd roared, and good-humor was thus substituted for the angry feelings for some time manifested, and which, by any accident, might have resulted in the demolition of the bank building."

PERSONAL.

The *Tribune* says: "The fact that Miss Margaretta Fox, one of the family in which the 'Rochester Rappings,' so called, were first known to have occurred, is united with the Roman Catholic Church in this city, has been blazoned in several journals, in terms which clearly imply an impeachment on her part of the integrity and truthfulness of her mother and sister with regard to these 'Rappings.' There is no possible warrant for this. Miss Fox continues to reside with her mother and younger sister (who were present at her baptism last Sunday into the Church to whose doctrines she has for some time been a convert), and has never dreamed of saying or implying that any of her family were guilty of fraud or deception in the matter of the 'Rappings.' She has not herself officiated as a 'medium' for many months past; but D.

D. Hume, who has likewise become a Catholic, is still the most famous and powerful 'medium' in Europe if not in the world."

We learn from the Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 17th inst. that Mrs. Harrison, widow of President Harrison, was very ill at the residence of her son, the Hon. J. Scott Harrison, about twenty miles from Cincinnati. It was feared that she would not survive many hours.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* writes: "You remember the story about 'John Dean and his Mary Ann' (Boker)—poor girl, her romance is turned into a miserable reality. He, as I stated some time since, is a marker in the custom-house, and they now occupy the second floor of a house over a corner grocery store on Second and South Third streets, Williamsburg, surrounded by tumble-down shanties and beggarly-looking tenement houses. The only sign of refinement in the apartment is a piano, which the young lady continually strums upon, to the great annoyance of her neighbors; for, truth to say, she is by no means a Thalberg."

On Monday morning as Mr. Staigg, the artist, and Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, the author, were bathing at Newport, the latter became disabled. They had been swimming on a race, beyond their depth, and Mr. Staigg's skill and strength, it is probable, alone rescued Mr. Tuckerman from a watery grave. Hearing his companion's cry of distress, he sustained him until assistance was no longer needed, and Mr. Tuckerman was taken home, where he was quite ill for a day or two afterward. The accident is attributed to sun-stroke, or, perhaps, to over-exercise in the water.

General Pierce and lady are now in the south of France, and would arrive in a few days at Paris. The distinguished traveler will be the guest of the American Minister, Mr. Mason.

Among the passengers for Liverpool by the *Persia*, Wednesday, was Colonel Thomas Alsop, the alleged would-be assassin of Louis Napoleon.

Miss Jane Lloyd, only child of Jones Lloyd, Lord Overstone, the wealthiest of English heiresses, is to be married to Colonel Lindsey, the "hero of the Alma," who was lucky enough to get nine Russian balls fired into the colors which he carried, without receiving one into his own body. The fortune of Miss Lloyd is stated by the London *Illustrated News* to be from twenty-five to thirty million dollars.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says: "We learn, with pleasure, that Bishop M'Gill, of Richmond, has received from Archbishop Hughes, of New York, a present of a magnificent pair of carriage horses, as beautiful in action as they are to look upon."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has been prorogued.

The Commissioners for signifying the royal assent to various bills and proroguing the two Houses of Parliament were the Lord Chancellor and three other Lords. The commission having been read, the royal assent was given in the usual form to a number of bills. The Lord Chancellor then proceeded to read Her Majesty's Message, which, as usual, is unmeaning and ungrammatical.

SENSATION PRODUCED BY THE SUCCESS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

At latest dates great anxiety was felt in regard to the Atlantic cable. The first regular message from Newfoundland was received at Valentia on the night of the 9th inst. The speed of transmission is said to be greater than was attained at Plymouth, and the currents were apparently as strong. The shares continued to be quoted at £900. The principal papers give long accounts of the voyage of the *Agamemnon*. The *Times* asks whether it would not be worthy of the nation to confer rewards upon her officers and crew.

DEATH OF MONSIEUR SOYER.

We (*Morning Post*) regret to announce the death of M. Soyer, whose name, in connection with the culinary art, has, for some years past, been familiar to the English reader. The immediate cause of the death of M. Soyer was, we are informed, renal apoplexy. He had, for some months past, been suffering from indisposition, and sought quiet and repose at Norwood, whence he returned on Wednesday last, complaining, however, of general weakness and bodily derangement. M. Soyer shortly after became insensible, and continued in that state up to the moment of his death, which took place on Thursday night a little before ten, at 15 Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood.

Without referring to the consideration of M. Soyer's merits in connection with the art with which his name is associated, we may state that his energy and skill exercised a most beneficial influence upon the health of the troops in the Crimea, and that within a very recent period he has been engaged in organizing a system for improving the soldiers' mess in barracks. In addition to a kind heart and lively disposition, which secured him many friends, M. Soyer possessed much general information, which he turned to a profitable account in the various works on the culinary art published by him during his residence in this country. He has passed from the busy world, carrying with him the respect and esteem of a very large and influential circle of acquaintance.

CORPSES THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist*, now in London, gives the following curious narrative of his visit to the vaults of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in that city:

"A strange sight was recently disclosed to me in St. Sepulchre, one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, church edifice in this city. It stands opposite Old Bailey, the hoary old prison, and not far from St. Paul's Cathedral. This church was partially destroyed by the great fire in London, but early rebuilt. It is an immense edifice, with a very wealthy parish, yet only two or three hundred persons are ever in attendance at their place of worship. Beneath the church are a series of great burial vaults, where interments have been made for many hundred years. The sexton told me it was estimated there were fifteen hundred coffins now entire under the building, and, from an examination, I have no doubt of its truth.

"The atmosphere of the vaults seems to have a remarkable effect in preserving the coffins, if not the bodies, from decay. Descending through an iron door from the church, the other day, we entered a very large apartment, but dimly lighted, where piles of mouldy, black-looking coffins were placed upon each other. These coffins, with their elegant and costly trimmings, had not been decomposed. Climbing up over a heap of them, the sexton opened a large wooden box, and out of it took an entire female figure, in a remarkable state of preservation! The limbs were unbroken, and the body perfect, except the flesh shrunken, yet it was still soft and flexible to the touch. The sexton stated that the officers of the church had recently been examining the vaults, and as burials there had long since ceased, they designed to close the entrance. Before doing so, they had been making a careful survey of the premises, and, under a mass of rubbish in one corner, they found a stone inclosure—a sort of sarcophagus—out of which this female figure was taken. It is believed to be over three centuries old, and evidently, from its position and the stone inclosure, it was a female of rank. It was a strange sight in this subterranean charnel-house, with blackened coffins piled up to the high ceiling all around, to see this entire human figure raised up bodily from its resting-place, and standing erect upon a coffin before you! The fact of its existence is probably known to but few persons; and before this reaches you, the entrance to it will be closed to all further inspection."

JUDAS-HOLES.

A letter lately appeared in the London *Times*, written by a father of a family, who warned his country-women against becoming the victims of a disgusting practice which is stated to prevail, and, we fear, does unquestionably prevail, in many Continental hotels. There are found men sufficiently degraded, and sufficiently audacious, to bore holes in the door, wainscoting, or ceiling of bedrooms, through which they may look, in order to see the ladies within at their toilet. It is said that these holes, which bear the appropriate name of *Trous-Judas*, are specially designed to enable the wretches to study the toilets of English women—either because the unconscious subjects of the treachery are in this case fairer, or because their more scrupulous habits of cleanliness make their toilet longer and more unguarded, or because the traitors enjoy the malignant satisfaction of thinking that their insular modesty would be more deeply shocked if they could but know what was going on. However this may be, English women are represented as the favorite victims, and as attention has been drawn to the practice by a vehicle so public and so widely circulated, it is impossible any longer to ignore the existence of these "Judas-Holes." Many English ladies will feel very uncomfortable henceforth, and will cast glances of apprehension around them while they are going through the inevitable process which must begin and end every day of Continental travel.

THE ADVANTAGE OF PADDING ONE'S CHEST.

While Lord Ward was inspecting the troops at the review of the Worcester Yeomanry, lately, one of the horses kicked his lordship on his chest. Fortunately, the costume of the regiment required that there should be some padding in the breast of the gallant commander's coat, and to this circumstance may be attributed his lordship's freedom from serious consequences. Although the kick was sufficient to prostrate Lord Ward, his lordship soon recovered his feet, and did not seriously suffer from the blow.

FRANCE.

THE FÊTES AT CHERBOURG.

On the arrival of her Majesty, in the *Victoria and Albert*, at Cherbourg, on the 5th, a royal salute was fired by the whole of the French fleet and the forts. Shortly afterward the Emperor visited her Majesty on board the royal yacht. The harbor and roadstead were crowded with steamers and yachts, exhibiting the gayest colors. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and the illuminations at night were most brilliant and extensive. The Queen and Prince Consort were to breakfast at the Prefecture with the Emperor at twelve yesterday, and their Majesties were to dine together on board the *Bretagne*.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 5th contains the following:

"Cherbourg, *August 4, 35 minutes past 6 p.m.*

"The journey of their Majesties, favored by beautiful weather, continues to be performed under agreeable circumstances. The imperial train, which left Caen at twelve o'clock, arrived at Bayeux at thirty-five minutes after twelve. Their Majesties received the authorities of the town in the saloon of the station. A piece of lace was presented to the Empress by the young ladies of the place. Their Majesties entered a carriage and went to the cathedral, where they were received by the Bishop at the head of his clergy. The line was formed by the firemen and detachments of the rural communes. At Carentan the august travelers were received with enthusiasm. The Emperor examined with great interest the models of the horses of the Cotentin, which were presented to him. The imperial train arrived at Cherbourg at five o'clock. The station presented an admirable *coup d'œil*. Their Majesties were received with the loudest acclamations. The Mayor of Cherbourg presented the Emperor with the keys of the town. An altar was raised in the middle of the station. The Bishop of Cotances, surrounded with his clergy, intoned the Te Deum, which was followed by the reception of the authorities. Their Majesties entered the town amidst the immense body of people who had collected on their road."

PROGRAMME OF THE FESTIVITIES.

The following was the programme drawn up by the civil and military authorities for the reception of the Emperor and Empress, and the celebration of the several days of their stay in Cherbourg:

August 4. Their Majesties will be received at the railway station by the authorities, civil, naval, and military.

The keys of the town will be presented to his Majesty by the Mayor and the Municipal Council.

The benediction and inauguration of the railway will take place in presence of their Majesties.

All the land and sea forces will be under arms; they will be placed in rank from the railway station to the Hotel of the Prefecture. The arrival of their Majesties will be announced by a salute of artillery.

All the ships of the squadron, as well as the forts of the road, and Forts Ouglet and L'Amiral, will be decorated with flags; all the buildings of the port will also hoist their respective flags.

On the arrival of their Majesties at the Prefecture the Empress will receive the wives of the principal officials, and the young ladies deputed to offer her Majesty a *corbeille* of flowers and lace.

The public offices, the ships of the squadron, and the breakwater will be illuminated every evening during the stay of their Majesties.

The officers and public functionaries are requested to illuminate their residences and decorate them with flags.

August 5. This day being reserved by the Emperor and Empress for the reception, on board the *Bretagne*, of her Majesty the Queen of England, a future order will be issued as to the proceedings of the day.

The regatta will take place in the road of Cherbourg, in the presence of the united naval forces and the Royal Yacht Squadron.

August 6. This day their Majesties will visit the ships of the squadron in the road, and land on the breakwater.

August 7. Their Majesties will leave the Hôtel of the Prefecture in the morning, and pass through the town and environs. At noon their Majesties will proceed to the military port to open the grand inner basin of the works.

In the evening a ball will be given to the Emperor and Empress by the town of Cherbourg at the Hôtel de Ville.

August 8. At nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor will inaugurate the equestrian statue of Napoleon.

The departure of their Majesties is fixed for two o'clock p.m.

SPEECHES OF THE SOVEREIGNS.

The Queen and Prince Consort were entertained at dinner by the Emperor of the French, on board the line-of-battle ship *Le Bretagne*.

The Emperor, in proposing the health of her Majesty and the Royal Family of England, made a speech, in which he said: "I am happy to be enabled to express the sentiments by which I am actuated upon this occasion of the Queen's visit to Cherbourg. The facts do indeed speak for themselves, and prove that the hostile passions which were excited by some unfortunate incidents have never been able to alter the friendship which exists between the two countries, or the desire of the people to remain at peace. I have, therefore, the fond hope that if any attempt were made to revive again the rancors of a former period, such attempt would be foiled with the good sense of the public, as the waves are baffled by yonder breakwater, which at this moment serves to protect the squadrons of both empires against the violence of the sea."

The Prince Consort, on behalf of her Majesty, responded to the toast, in doing which he said:

"The Queen is most sensible of the words we have just heard, which will forever be dear to her. The Queen is doubly happy in having an opportunity by her presence here to join the Emperor in endeavoring to draw together as closely as possible the ties of friendship which exist between the two nations. That friendship has their mutual prosperity for its basis, and the blessings of Heaven will not be wanting to confirm it."

TERMINATION OF THE FÊTES.

Queen Victoria left on the 6th under a triple salute. The *fêtes* were continued on the 7th by the inauguration of the Napoleon dock and the launch of the man-of-war *Ville de Nantes*. The consumption of gunpowder during the *fêtes* was enormous. It was rumored that Napoleon will return Victoria's visit in a private friendly way at Osborne during the autumn. The Emperor had ordered a pyramid of granite to be erected at the head of the new dock to perpetuate the Queen's visit. The *fêtes* terminated on the 8th with the inauguration of the statues of Napoleon I. The Emperor delivered a pacific speech on the occasion, saying it appeared to be part of his destiny to accomplish by peace the great designs conceived during war. He said the Government would not wage war except in defense of the national honor and the great interests of the people. The Imperial visitors embarked for Brest on the 8th.

AMNESTY FOR THE PRESS.

It is stated positively that the Emperor, on the occasion of his *fête*, will publish a decree granting a full and free pardon for all offenses of the press previously committed. It is added that several of the restrictions by which the press is trammeled are to be removed, but all future offenses are to be punished with increased severity.

A QUEER STORY ABOUT THE EMPRESS.

The lofty and prominent station attained by that distinguished lady who shares the throne of France with Napoleon III. has attracted (says the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*) public attention of late to some law proceedings which took place some time past at Valladolid and Arevallo—proceedings which throw some doubts upon the paternity of that illustrious lady. There has been a great demand for the Spanish law journals of 1827 and the following year. On searching through the files of that period we find the subjoined curious account of the nullity of a divorce pronounced in 1813 between a Spanish wife and husband:

"Don Joaquim de Montijo, captain of the regiment of Segovia, married, in 1810, Donna Maria de Penansande, belonging to a respectable family of Fontepelayo, near Segovia. Shortly after his marriage he was taken prisoner of war, and was carried off to France, whither he was followed by his wife as soon as she ascertained that he had obtained an appointment as commandant of prisoners of war, which made some addition to his pay. Although Donna Maria went to France in compliance with her husband's request, she does not appear to have lived happily with him. Dissensions soiled the domestic hearth; mutual recriminations, each charging the other with adultery, brought about a separation. Don Joaquim having lost his appointment in consequence of the removal of the prisoners of war from Bourges to Dijon, took service in the French army, being driven thereto by want. His wife, finding again that he had the means of supporting her, went to his regimental quarters, but was repelled by him with disdain, and refused admission. Their divorce was finally pronounced by the French law courts in November, 1813. On the return of Ferdinand VII. to Spain, Donna Maria returned to Fontepelayo with her son, aged two years and a half, and lived there for six years with her family. Her husband remained in France till 1820, when Ferdinand took oath to renew the Constitution of 1812. He then returned to Spain, and resided at his native town of Arevallo, where he had some property; from thence he wrote to his wife to claim his son. She refused to send the child. Don Joaquim went to exercise his paternal right, but Donna Maria refused to give him up. Don Joaquim returned home without his child; but after a few weeks he went back to Fontepelayo, fell in love again with his wife, and proposed that they should live together again and say nothing about the divorce, which was known only to her family and his brothers. She returned with him to Arevallo, and there resided with him until October 30, 1823, when he died from the effects of a fall from his horse.

HER MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

"Her son inherited his father's property under the guardianship of his mother, who continued to reside at Arevallo. We say her son, because, although at the death of Don Joaquim she had a daughter, aged nine months, the child died shortly after the death of its father. In the year 1830 she had also the misfortune to lose her son, and her grief was embittered by the conduct of her late husband's brothers, Don Antonio and Don Brantio de Montijo, who ordered her to leave their late brother's house, she having no right to call herself his widow, having by her infamous conduct necessitated a divorce. She refused to leave her house: proceedings were instituted before the Corregidor of Arevallo, Don Joaquim Beneito, who delivered his sentence on the 16th of June, 1827, that whereas a divorce had been pronounced in France in 1813, it had not been annulled by after cohabitation; consequently, in fault of heirs direct, she must restore the property of Don Joaquim de Montijo to his brothers. Against this sentence Donna Maria went to the Royal Chancery of Valladolid, and after many months' litigation the original judgment was quashed. 'Whereas Donna Maria de Penansande was married on June 8, 1810, to Don Joaquim de Montijo, and whereas the divorce was pronounced in a foreign country, then under the rule of a usurper, under a government as illegal as irreligious, and not recognized in Spain, and whereas such divorce had been annulled by the ultimate remorse of the parties, declares Donna Maria entitled to the life-interest in the property of her late husband, to revert to his brothers at her demise.'"

CHRONOLOGICAL DIFFICULTIES.

Now, dates are troublesome things. The French *Moniteur*, of the 4th June last, announced that the Empress Eugénie had attained her 32d year on the preceding day, and had received the congratulations of her friends on the occasion. According to the official *Moniteur*, therefore, the Empress Eugénie was born on the 3d of June, 1826, and according to the undisputed testimony of registers and other documentary evidence, her father died on October 30, 1823, from the effects of a fall from his horse. These things doubtless admit of explanation, but none has yet been given. Indeed, the French *Gazette de Tribunaux* of September 21, 1831, which contains the verbatum report of the *cause célèbre*, has been forcibly abstracted by Imperial ukase from the files of that journal which are kept for reference in the reading-room.

EXECUTIONS AT BORDEAUX.

Two executions took place at Bordeaux a few mornings ago, one of Desbat, for the murder of his aged father, and the other of Bonnecarrere, for the murder of a servant girl, to facilitate a robbery. On the evening before the executions the chaplain informed them that there was no chance of their lives being spared, but he did not say on what day they were likely to be executed. Desbat, who, since his condemnation, had paid great attention to his religious duties, manifested profound terror; but the other was calm, and, asking for pens and paper, passed a great part of the night in writing. At four o'clock in the morning the two men were told that their last day had arrived. Desbat exclaimed, "All is over then!" and sank fainting to the ground, while Bonnecarrere displayed no emotion whatever. Both attended Divine service in the chapel, and received the Sacrament. They were then pinioned, and Desbat, as is usual in cases of parricides, had his feet bared, his head covered with a black vail, and a white shirt put over his clothes. At about five o'clock Desbat was conveyed in a cart to the scaffold; he was so overcome with emotion that he had to be supported up the steps. On arriving on the platform he knelt, kissed a crucifix, and received the benediction of the chaplain. The executioners then came forward, and in a few seconds he was dead. The priest then went back to the prison, and presently returned in the cart with Bonnecarrere. This man, who, for some time after his condemnation, had turned religion into contempt, but had latterly manifested repentance, appeared to listen with great attention to what the ecclesiastic said. He ascended the steps of the scaffold firmly, and after kneeling for a few seconds, gave himself up to the executioners. It is calculated that not less than 20,000 persons were present, among whom were many women.

SPAIN.

THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS.

The Madrid journals of the 31st ult. do not yet record the arrival of the Queen at Gijon, but they publish telegraphic dispatches, stating that on the 30th ult. her Majesty, with the King and royal children, was at Mieres, in the Asturias. These dispatches add that in the Asturias the Queen was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, the people having flocked down from the mountains to see her Majesty, and that numerous triumphal arches were erected on the road on which she was to pass. At Pajares, on the way to Mieres, the illustrious personages partook of breakfast. It is related that at Leon the Queen appeared on a balcony to show the little Prince of the Asturias to the people, but that, as it was dusk they could not see him well, and accordingly her Majesty had a lighted candle brought and held up before his face. This little incident increased the popular enthusiasm. At Oviedo, where the Queen was to go after leaving Mieres, a triumphal arch was to be erected in loaves of bread; and after the Queen should have passed through it the bread should have been given to the poor. The palace in that town in which the Queen was to stay had been purchased by the municipality for presentation to the Prince of the Asturias.

GERMANY.

A NEW STYLE OF DUELING.

The Vienna correspondent of the Brussels *Independence* writes: "The dueling fever here appears to have become epidemic. Some cavalry officers have met in this way during the last few days; but what do you think of the following? Two young men of Lemberg wished to fight; but, in order to escape the disagreeable consequences which the death of one entails upon the other, they resolved to draw lots as to which of the two should kill himself! He whom fate favored was to quit the city, recalling, in a letter to his adversary, the terms of their agreement; and actually the unhappy young man, obedient to the exigencies of mistaken honor, did not fail to blow out his brains on the day and the hour fixed."

A ROMANCE OF THE PRUSSIAN PEERAGE.

We find the following in the *Court Journal*: "Among other historical obscurities with which Paris is filled at this moment may be quoted Herr Baron G——, who, enriched and ennobled by the King of Prussia, rose from the humblest origin to a position of high consideration in the world. While the present Prince of Prussia, then an infant of some three years of age, was staying at the Palace of Babelsberg, by some negligence of his nurse he was left alone for a few minutes in an apartment on the third floor. With the marvelous instinct of mischief peculiar to children of that age, the little Prince took immediate advantage of the absence of the nurse to accomplish a feat of which he had, doubtless, been for a long time ambitious, and which consisted in an agreeable walk outside the window, upon the narrow ledge of the coping-stone, whence he could conveniently climb up the back of the lion rampant which supports the entablature of the frontispiece which adorns the building. A poor blacksmith's workman, who had been sent for to execute some repairs in the palace, was just coming up the garden, and beheld, with horror, the situation of the child. With true presence of mind he hastened gently to the spot beneath the window, following every movement of the urchin with the keenest anxiety, and extending wide his leather apron as he gazed upward to watch the first symptom of giddiness which should occur to the bold little adventurer. As the child drew nearer to the lion the ledge no longer afforded such firm footing, and presently, with a loud cry, he pitched over, from that terrific height, right into—the leather apron of the blacksmith, which sustained the shock without falling, and in another moment the little Prince was restored, safe and well, to his parents, who, in token of their gratitude, took immediate charge of the fortune of the brave young workman, and bestowed upon him a handsome pension, with the title of Baron, to both of which he has done honor during a well-spent, useful life."

ITALY.

HOW TO PUNISH A BAD WIFE.

The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa relates the following curious mode of taking revenge on an unfaithful wife: "A wealthy inhabitant of the Vico del Vecchietti (a street in Genoa) had obtained unequivocal proof of his wife's bad conduct. Without getting into a passion or proceeding to violence, as most people would do in such a case, he simply turned his wife out of doors with her paramour, and then sent for a carpenter, whom he directed to set up a catafalque, such as is used in Roman Catholic churches for the funeral service. This done, he sent invitations to all his friends for the following evening, when they found the room lit up with burning tapers. Their host made them stand round the catafalque, and requested them to chant the service for the dead, he himself acting as conductor, thus intimating that his wife was thenceforward dead to him. He then conducted them to a well-provided table, where he entertained them until late hour."

RUSSIA.

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION.

The St. Petersburg *Gazette* contains two ukases, one of which relates to the peasants of the appanages assigned to the princes of the reigning family, the management of which is confided in Russia to a special Ministry. By this ukase these peasants receive several prerogatives which render them almost free men. They can now purchase and sell landed property on their own account, while hitherto they have only been able to buy and sell in the name and through the agency of the administration of appanages. These peasants can, moreover, henceforth carry on civil prosecutions without the assistance of the Procureur of the appanages, whose interference will for the future be at the will of the plaintiffs. Lastly, by this ukase the peasants will have the power of disposing of their property by will, and have the facility of entering into the classes of traders and burgesses, in consequence of the suppression of the dues hitherto paid to the administration of the appanages, which amounted to from 6000 to 1500 rubles, and which are now replaced by a payment of from 15 to 40 rubles to the fund for discharged soldiers belonging to the class of peasants. By another ukase the Emperor suppresses the committee of military censorship, and transfers its attributions to the civil one. There will be henceforth a person appointed by the Minister of War to whom the civil censors will communicate the manuscripts of military works. A report will be made on the merits of each, and the final decision on them will come from the Minister of Public Instruction.

CHINA.

THE LATEST FROM CHINA.

Hong Kong dates are to June 23, and Pei-ho June —. The gun-boats had advanced to Tien-Sin without opposition, and commanded both the river and great canal. The English and French Embassadors were located ashore near Tien-Sin. The American and Russian fleet had followed the allies up the river. A Mandarin of high rank, the second officer in the empire, had arrived from Pekin as special Commissioner to negotiate. Reinforcements continued to be dispatched from Hong Kong. Canton continued much disturbed—several Europeans and Sepoys are reported as having been murdered.

OCEANICA.

DISCOVERY OF A CHRISTIAN ISLAND.

We see it stated upon what may be considered reliable authority that 30,000 Christians have recently been found upon an island north of Celebes. It has been rumored for a time that there was there a Christian people forgotten and forsaken, which, however, yet possessed three Bibles, and continued steadfast in the faith. When missionaries first landed on the island they met with a school teacher and his pupils, who repeated in the Malayan tongue, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O Lord." No Bibles were found, but its most precious promises were written upon the bark of trees. They knew the Apostles' Creed, and the Heidelberg Catechism, and the Christian customs. Twenty-seven churches and schools yet existed. Through the instrumentality of Pastor Heldring, founder of the Magdalen Asylum at Steinbeck, and chief patron of Inner Missions in Holland, four missionaries, who had been educated under the venerable Goesner, were sent out, and three thousand persons baptized. This is certainly an interesting discovery. The island on which these Christians were found belongs to the East India Archipelago. The Dutch have for years had political rule in this region. This may account for the original introduction of Christianity among this people, and for the fact that the Heidelberg Catechism was still found in their possession. But still, the particular time and circumstances in which this introduction took place may well challenge special attention, and elicit investigation from those who have the leisure and facilities for prosecuting it.

BELLE-LIFE AT NAHANT.

"Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—"

THE late Mr. Edgar Allan Poe sang very sweetly about the bells. He told of the

"Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

and every body who has been in society for ten years, or five, or even one, knows all about the merry silver bells. If they do not, I beg to introduce them to my cousin Lilian—"airy, fairy Lilian," as one of her admirers aptly called her: for a silver little bell she is, and her mingled laugh and talk ring out like a peal of silver chimes.

Ah! and then the poet, with exquisite instinct and knowledge of the world, after telling us of the melody of the merry silver bells—up to the age, say, of seventeen, implores us to

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!"

To be sure it does! It is only your genuine golden bell that makes a truly mellow wedding bell. There was Charibel Coyne, my old schoolmate—old Bullion's grand-daughter, who used to have fifty dollars a week for pocket-money, and never less than twelve men wanting to dance with her at the same time. She was what I call a golden bell; irregular, perhaps—a little capricious, I have heard; there were even gleams of ill temper. But it is ridiculous to associate ill temper with a girl named Charibel, with fifty dollars a week pin-money. When she became a mellow wedding bell, and we had the cards, "Mrs. Persimmon Fitzalore, *née* Coyne," ill-natured young men whom I snubbed when they rude love to me, because I knew that they had been suitors of Charibel's, used to say, "Old Coyne gave her Fitz to get rid of her!"

People who are not on easy terms with Coyne are very apt to disparage him and his whole family. But their real character is most amiable, as I happen to know from Tom Dyce, who told me confidentially (and I tell it to you in the same way) that he had a poor opinion of the Coyne connection—he thought them distant, hard to be intimate with—until one day the aunt, with whom he lived, married into the family, who instantly came to see her in large parties; "in fact," said Tom, "there was no end of Coyne for months, and I was immensely pleased."

Mr. Poe tells of one other kind:



AFTER BREAKFAST.

"Hear the loud alarum bells!
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!"

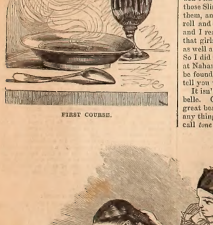
I rather believe that my aunt, Miss Catawba Green, aged forty-seven, who will giggle and talk loud, and flirt her fan, and speak of "an girls" as she used to nearly thirty years ago, when she was really young and pretty, knows all about the "brazen bells." If she doesn't, who on earth does?

Only, why did Mr. Poe always spell them without the *e*?

Here at Nahant we always put the *e* to it, and I have heard Mrs. Quincy Granite say that Mr. Willis used to use the *e* when he wrote those pretty stories about Nahant life thirty years ago. I don't know any thing pleasanter to read now than those Slangsby stories of Willis. When I first read them, and became acquainted with Blanche Carroll and the rest, I was a very small school-girl, and I read them on the sly; but I said to myself that girls were girls, and that I might be a belle as well as any body else, if I only resolved to do it. So I did resolve, and you may ask any body now at Nahant—yes, and I think there are witnesses to be found also at Newport and Saratoga, who will tell you whether I have succeeded.

It isn't enough to be pretty and modest to be a belle. Good manners are not the secret, neither is great beauty alone, though that comes nearer than any thing else. But don't you know what people call *love in pictures?* It isn't the color nor the drawing only, it is a sort of something not to be described; at least, I have asked a great many of the long-haired, bonhatted gentry who paint pictures, and they never agreed what it was. It is a sort of mellow complexion over the whole thing, and is as different from mere color as the bloom upon a ripe grape or plum is from the crude positive hue of the unripe fruit. Or didn't you ever notice the difference? No? Well then come to Nahant, and you can study every variety of bloom and bloom upon ripening fruit in Mr. Tudor's gardens behind those thick-paled fences, that strain them every sea-winds into soft zephyrs before they touch his trees, very much as a fine-tooth comb would transform the rumpy breath of any old sailor on the coast into a kind of music before it polluted a lady's lungs.

All this means *feet*. To be a belle, it is necessary to be handsome, well made, of great good manners, and of consummate tact. Now every girl can have almost every thing but the chief thing. If you are not positively squint-eyed or deformed, resolution and Madame—will, the freshest French woman—will make you handsome and of good figure. Manners you must manage for yourself. I have found the best rule perfect kindness—I mean, of course, kindness of manner. Most men are a little bashful with women. Young men get over it by bravado—older men with a kind of silent, superior, condescending air. Now, if you study never to take advantage of this shyness, which makes men doubly sensitive—so that many a clever man is conscious of being a perfect fool with women—if you never wound them by look, or word, or insinuation, or implication, and never seem in league with any one man against any other—why, a little judicious flattery of manner only, not of words, does the whole business—the man is yours.



FIRST COURSE.

Have you never noticed that very "smart" women are never belles? There are, of course, what may be called "loud" young ladies from some Western cities, and from New York sometimes, who smoke, and drink sherry cobblers at night, and call the gentlemen by their Christian names, and who are always very conspicuous; but there is the same difference between such people and belles that there is between notoriety and fame.

The difficulty is that tact is not to be taught; it is the subtlest sympathy constantly on the alert. Its aim is to please—positively, by saying and doing what is agreeable; and negatively, by omitting all allusions that are not so. "Never speak of hemp to a man whose father was hanged," is the negative way of stating tact. — "All things to all men," is the positive way. — There is no need of asking one about the morality of this. I am treating of belles and manners, not of saints and moral philosophers.

One thing, however, I am free to say to you in strict confidence; and that is, that good manners are not always indicative of good morals. I mean, of course, using the word manners in the usual sense. If you see a man or woman every day, you would naturally presently discover their sympathies and hates. They would literally stress involuntarily. For instance, if a man cared nothing for children—if he were impatient or ill-tempered—he could control it for some time, but not for a long time, unless he had some very desirable end to serve by playing a huge and difficult game.

But for all that, if the great Dr.—should ever come to Nahant, or Newport, or Saratoga, which of course he never does—for where could he stay, and what could he do?—and, entering his name upon the book as the Rev. Mr. Lamb, should mingle in the charming groups that swarm along the piazza or sit so amiably in the parlor, I think the manners of the reverend gentleman would be so winning and entertaining, that the young men would view him without jealousy, and the old without cynicism. The young women would consider disparity of years nothing, where hearts were truly united; and the old ladies would seriously ponder how much they might reduce the necessary figure for their daughters, in consideration of certain personal advantages in the husband. Old and young would go to bed charmed with the manners of their new acquaintance; nor, among the other dreams of the night, would the fancy disturb itself that, when the Rev. Mr. Lamb went off, he disappeared in smoke, and that the gentlemanly companion of an evening could such an awful tale unfold.

On the other hand, I suppose Dr. Johnson's manners were good, but his manners were certainly offensive.

You are surprised that I speak of *Dr.* Johnson? You have seen me whirling in the polka with Tom Dyce at the hotel, or racing over the beach with him in his wagon? Very well: it is true. I am that young lady. I wear two bracelets and earrings, and those very heavy shirts. I bowl, bathe, dance, dine, flirt, drive, sigh, smile, pick up manners, and wander over the rocks in a broad-brimmed hat and a very becoming morning dress, which the girls here *will* call *peignoir*, apparently not knowing that *peignoir* is the dressing-gown—mine is a short gown—in which we sit when the hair is being brushed. I am that same young lady—aged somewhere between seventeen and twenty-three, and I have spoken of Dr. Johnson. I know about him and about a good many others, and you are surprised. That is always the way with men. You profess to honor us—your mouths froth with compliments. Suddenly we show that we are not fools, and you never forgive us. You say you want something "feminine." Especially men who drink brandy and water soon after breakfast, smoke all the morning, talk horses and drive horses all the afternoon, and gamble all night—especially these men want what they call "the feminine element" in women.

Don't their whole lives show they do? Don't every set of their lives cry aloud, and proclaim upon the house-tops their sympathy with what is womanly? Are they not an alluring style of cat for the shrinking and clinging vines to climb upon?



AFTER THE BATH.



DESSERT.



AN APPETIZER BEFORE DINNER.



DRIVE TO LYNN BEACH.

There *is* something feminine — so there is something ignorant, and weak, and silly. Now are ignorance, and weakness, and affectation the constituent parts of "the feminine element?"

You ask what Tom Dyce thinks of it, with whom I dine and dance.

Mercí, not so sarcastic as you suppose. I like to drive in an open wagon, with a fleet, handsome horse and a good-natured driver. *Voilà*, my driver. I like sweets dearly, and can't help dancing on a good floor to a fascinating band; I need only an easy, firm partner, of good height, of gentlemanly address. *Voilà*, Mons. Tom Dyce! Behold the philosophy of my dance!

Do you think I never eat mutton - chops because I think a saddle of venison the best meat in the world? How many days in the year ought I to expect to have deer to my dinner? I had rather dance and drive at Nahant this summer with Tom Dyce than with all the seven wise men of Greece put together. Do you suppose I think Tom as wise as Solon? He is a good-humoured dance, who wears well-setting clothes, and drives and rides and dances well, and he likes to be with girls, and particularly likes to be thought fascinating to them.

"And his merry bosom swells
With the pean of the bells,
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pean of the bells!"
(*Always with the s understood.*)

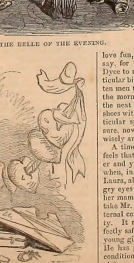
I came here this summer to *enjoy* myself, and Tom helps me do it. If he be a dance, as I think, I am sorry for him. But what is to dance, but the sensible, intelligent, accomplished men won't bowl, and drive, and dance, and sip the foam from the tip of the wave—what then? Do they suppose that a girl who means to be a belle, and comes to Nahant or Newport for pleasure, and not for philosophy, is going to sit quietly in a corner and talk wise nonsense? If they think it is such a dreadful thing to dance, and frolic, and flirt, why don't they stay where away? I come here to bowl, and Tom Dyce bowls; to ride, and Tom Dyce rides; to drive, and Tom Dyce drives; to dance, and Tom Dyce dances; to lounge about and skip stones into the water, and Tom Dyce dances, and laughs, and skips, and doesn't bother his head about my being frivolous; and doesn't think it "a great pity that sensible girls should be so taken up with dancing;" and isn't all the time moralizing upon the vanity of "society."

Do I expect to marry him?

Why, have I said that I came to Nahant to be married? I think you kindly, but I am in no hurry. I am just a girl, you see, and I believe, rather a belle. I am young, well, and gay; I have done my share, a very fair share, of studying, and accomplishing; I don't believe my heart is hid; I know that I am not a bad, or a



THE BELLE OF THE EVENING.



RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.
[*From a Female Point of View.*]

wicked woman, of course, but I am not a particular bored who sends me the bouquets, and hires ten men to test under my window at one o'clock in the morning, and wastes the precious moments and the next little English dog-collar, and the heavy shoes with pepper-box toes—I don't want to be a particular specimen, but any of them? Yes, to be sure, now and then one. But they only marry wisely and when they are old fools.

A time comes, I suppose, when Tom suddenly feels that there are other young men in the world, and younger men. An awful moment comes when, in leaving the ball-room, mamma says to Laura, about whom Eustace is hovering with hungry eyes and eager arms—just as Tom did about her mamma twenty years ago—"Laura, my dear, take Mr. Dyce's arm and go on." That easy maternal confidence utterly annihilates Tom's felicity. It reminds him that he is considered "perfectly safe." It has come to mean nothing that a young girl should take his arm and go off home. He has grown into the avuncular and paternal condition. From that moment he is a fool, and a jealous; his coming, his going, his attentions excite no kind of apprehension. The girls say, "Only Mr. Dyce," and "Mr. Dyce was there, of course." Mr. Tom Dyce has reached the period when he love fun, and that here is plenty of it, I don't deny. But I never know Tom Dyce to marry? I answer, of course, the particular biped who sends me the bouquets, and hires ten men to test under my window at one o'clock in the morning, and wastes the precious moments and the next little English dog-collar, and the heavy shoes with pepper-box toes—I don't want to be a particular specimen, but any of them? Yes, to be sure, now and then one. But they only marry wisely and when they are old fools.

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wight as well marry and neglect his dress a little.

Eustace is travelling the same road. Mr. Dyce is only thinking and feeling a little before him.

I don't mean to say that Tom is any more agreeable for being a dance. I confess I should rather have Ajax or Hector drive me on the beach than Thersites. But if Achilles chooses to mope in his chamber, or sit and smoke over Baron's Essays or Buckle's History of Civilization (I haven't read it, but I know there is such a book, which is more than Tom does), do you think I am not going to chase the winds over the glittering sunset pavement of the beach, if Tom will offer me his chariot, and himself to urge the flying steeds? Wouldn't you eat an apple from the Hesperidian orchard because a booby handed it to you over the wall?

It isn't always Tom who plucks me the apples; that is, not always the same Tom. There are many kinds of them: the Boston Tom; the Baltimore Tom; the New York Tom; and Philadelphia and Charleston Toms. I find the study of comparative Tom Dyces very diverting. Any belle would in very foolish who didn't get the greatest possible entertainment out of her beaux. (Tom always pronounces that word *beaus*.)

Thus in the morning I come down to breakfast about nine o'clock. Sound sleep and sea-air, and nothing on my mind, make my cheeks fresh and my eyes bright, I suppose, and I don't deny that I wear what I think a becoming, carefully-careless morning dress. Don't you know men always say that a woman never looks so well as in a morning dress? They think it is the dress? But have they never seen the same thing in flowers? They forget that both the girl and the flower have been steeped in the dew of sleep, and been colored by the rouge of rest! I call it so Tom yesterday morning as we stood in the hall, leaning against the wall, after breakfast. He hadn't the remotest idea what I meant, but he looked calm —for he is continually playing the part of a gentleman, which he says is "being quiet"—and, twirling his glasses, replied, with that nonchalant gravity which betrays every thing, "Ah! yes, certainly, of course."

I go in to breakfast, and take my tea and toast, with several of the youth, who bow with very much more ceremony than courtesy. Two or three, who have already breakfasted, usually sit opposite, and I hear whatever is new or good since the last night. There isn't always a great deal of it; but we are all merry, and lay plans for the morning. My list of drives, rides, and dances is always full; and if any girl will only take the trouble to drive very slow, and drum incessantly (not ricket—men don't care for diamonds in a dancing partner), and be generally gracious and sweet, and hide both the intention and its accomplishment, why, she will have as many dances as she likes, and drives too.

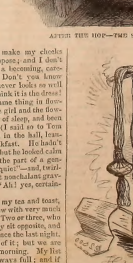
I like that morning hour after breakfast when we wake afresh to the sweet consciousness of the pleasant, lazy life we are leading. Tom holds his hat in hand, and says a good many amiable stupidities. But he is well bred and well dressed, and few people talk well. To be sure, we part by-and-by, and I prepare for the bath. It isn't so good at Nahant as it is at Cape May, or even Newport, where, however, the beach is at the end of a cove—a cage in which the sea is caught and tamed down a little for the use of city people.

But any where, how splendid it is! Half the globe in your bathing-tub. You sit on one edge of it, and paddle your feet in the water, which on the other side is peopled by people you will never see, and couldn't understand if they spoke. The great waves that dash over you, and would reflect a pine if they could get near enough, are substance of the same waters that sweep—as the posts say—under the palms. I go down to the beach to bathe, and foreign countries seem to be close to me. I touch the water, and by the liquid chain I hold the Spice Islands in my hand. Good Heavens, what monsters we are in the water! I think that the baggy bathing-gowns, and the caps and hats, are the most hideous insults to the ocean. Why not put on Indian rubber dresses and take umbrellas?

But what coolness, and freshness, and lightness,



AFTER THE HOP—THE SERENADE.



RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.
[*From a Male Point of View.*]

when you come out! I always feel sinuous, like a snake; not as if I had hard bones, but only flexible, massive muscle. Bathing makes people graceful, I think, by the sense of suppleness it induces. How natural the story of the mermaid is! As children, we used to say that hairs left in the water became water-snakes; and I am sure if I were left in the water alive long enough I should taper off into a fish. As long as the brine is in my skin I perfectly understand the smooth sinuosity of piscatory motion.

I think these things, and laugh while Marie brushes my hair after the bath. I have a novel in my hand, to be sure; but I think of the novel in which I am living, and of which I am one of the characters. Then I take a little nap—yes, a morning nap in the sea-air after a bath is the very balm of roses. Just try it. When I wake, Marie, who has brushed my hair already, takes it from under the cap and dresses it. There are girls here who positively have it dressed immediately after brushing, and without the nap; and at dinner they wonder where I got my color and spirit!

Do they think it comes from the bouquet I carry in to dinner, and which was brought to me at one o'clock with a note? I hope they do, for poor Tom's sake. Of course, it is the (guess which) Tom who sends up the boot-black's boy with a great bouquet and a card, on which I see something is written. Poor Tom! where did he learn to write?

"Mr. Dyce presents his compliments. Will Miss Cleopaytra accept the flours that accompany this, and will you go to ride with me this afternoon in my wagon? He will call at five.

"Yours truly, Thomas Dyce."

Miss *Cleopaytra will* accept his *flours*, and *ride* with him in his wagon. They are the choicest specimens of green-house blossoms, and, my dear, one must keep up one's prestige. I have had at least one bouquet every day since I have been at Nahant. Did you ever hear of toad-eating? Do you understand its philosophy? It isn't only the gross desire of flattery for flattery's sake that makes toad-eating possible—for it is made possible only by the sufferance of the person in whose honor the reptiles are devoured. No, it isn't only that. But a person who has long been admired and flattered at last comes to require the tonic of applause before he can do any thing worthy of praise. It is like dram-drinking. A toper crawls out for his early rum (have you ever seen them, in the gray morning, shambling through the silent streets? Sometimes they are the only citizens who welcome you at that hour to great cities). Now he wants his rum, not only to appease the appetite, but to give him the power of working. So I am sure toads must be eaten, and are hired by certain people to be eaten, in order that they may be kept in good conceit of themselves.

Always? Of course not. Flunkeys eat toads for the pure love of them; and the Gods in whose honor they are consumed despise the toad and the eater. I have seen a great deal of that not ten hundred thousand million miles from a certain place I know.

I confess I accept Tom's bouquet and drive in something of this spirit. I like to keep up my state. Queen Elizabeth used to expect gifts from all her court on fète days. Why shouldn't Miss Cleopaytra expect the same from hers? So at dinner I put the flowers in my glass, and the steam of my hot soup rises around them like incense! Tom sees from afar. He *thinks* it is the first course in his successful race for my favor. I *know* it is only the first course in the bouquet of enjoyment which he is going to furnish me. Do you think that heartless? Still it doesn't choke me. I swallow my soup, my fish, with equanimity. Tom Dyce isn't going to break his heart for me. It is a little game we are playing, and it is nobody's business but ours. People flirt at their own risk. If we choose to stake our hearts, is that your affair? Do you mean to say that Tom stakes his, and that I don't play fair because I put up nothing? Thou fool! Because a pauper stakes his note for a thousand dollars, art thou therefore playing for a thousand dollars?

My first course may be upon Charleston Tom; my dessert may be Boston Tom. Shall we say just a little too late? Just *after*, instead of just before dinner, may make a wonderful difference. Boston Tom Dyce is handsome, and of gentlemanly demeanor. There is closer supervision of conduct in a small than in a large place. A man or woman may bury themselves in the crowd in New York or Philadelphia; I defy them to do it in Boston. You are always in view. Plant yourself on the Common, and all Boston will come round to you. This is a charming fact for friends, but for enemies not so pleasant; for debtors, disagreeable; for youth who wish to be fast, not at all exhilarating. Boston State House always seems to me like a great fat grandma in a clean cap, sitting up very straight and keeping school. What a demure school it is! What a well-behaved Beacon Street, and Park Street, and Mount Vernon Street—all with clean front doors on, and shining window faces! I think the Bostonians behave so well and dress so nicely because they are afraid of the State House.

Tom's note comes as a *chasse café*, just as I am leaving the table:

"Dear Miss Cleopatra,—Will you let me drive you over to Lynn this afternoon, to meet the Buzzards who are coming down? It will be a pleasant drive home in the moonlight. Thomas Dyce."

There's the correct thing for you! I would swear the State House had looked over that note, with spectacles rubbed up for the occasion. Look at the safe conclusion. No abrupt and hard "Yours truly"—no affected "*Tout à vous*"—no affectionate "Faithfully yours"—no stiff "Your obedient servant"—no dangerous "Your friend"—but the uncommitting "Thomas Dyce."

Too late, Thomas. I am going to drive with Charleston Tom. You will meet us scouring over Lynn beach in his dog-cart, with the natty groom behind. We shall all bow, and smile, and chat. We shall all say, "How pleasant!" "What a lovely day!" Many Toms will be clattering along upon fine horses—sitting the trot, which is now the unhappy theory of riding. Lovers and flirters, and young married pairs in wagons, on horses, in carriages; papas and mammas, aunts and uncles, rolling by in closer carriages, beholding us upon the same beach, in the same sunset—laughing, loving, chattering—gay ghosts of their departed selves—brisk and beautiful spectacle of an hour, while the sea is down, and before it comes up lazily and wipes all our traces away.

Boston Tom drives another girl. Charleston Tom drives me, and talks at intervals. Happily "flours" and "flowers" do not betray their difference in pronunciation, and I am content to breathe the salt air, and to nod and smile. Belinda Mudgeon, driving slowly with her deaf aunt, looks scornfully at me as I whirl by with Thomas D. of Charleston. "By-by, Belinda dear!" I have only time to shake my hand lightly at her, and make my face positively sticky with the excessive honey of my smile. What a pity Belinda dear should waste her scorn upon me. I will make Tom ask her to drive to-morrow, and I will say to her, "Belinda, dear, do you think it Christian to sneer at a young gentleman because Heaven has not endowed him with as much wit as you?"

But the drive over—tea drank—the moon rising, and behold us at the ball. The belle at the ball! Well, I confess it is pleasant. I do like to have a dozen men round me, of all ages and countries, and each waiting for a word—each getting, at least, a smile. Youth, health, beauty, cheerfulness; grace, flowers, music, moonlight, sea-air—admiration, flattery, applause—I find them good things. I drink a great, brimming, beaming beaker of them every evening I go into the ball. The youth, old and young, cluster around me; the Queen of Sheba had not a more obsequious court. They have all their handsomest bosoms, and pearl, and opal, and diamond shirt-buttons, and delicate waistcoats. I skim with them through the Polka, the Mazourka, the Lancers—yes, and the Balmoral. They are my regiment of the dance. All the Toms are there. We float in music.

People talk a great deal of nonsense about dancing. Belinda Mudgeon says it's only absurdly ridiculous and trivial. Well now, Belinda dear, if dancing be all that, how elevating and refining it must be to stand against the wall looking on, and saying such comfortable things and thinking such sweet thoughts, while a thousand good spirits are whispering to me in the music whose airy arms fold me and lead me on.

I know it's tiresome; but what pleasant fatigue! Here at the hotel we can walk a little on the piazza when the ball is over, and look at the moon on the sea, and grow cool and get ready to sleep.

To sleep? Yes; but scarcely are my eyes closed in the earliest morning hours than

"I arise from dreams * * *
In the first sweet sleep of night,"

and hear the softest, saddest strains of mingling and mellowing harmony, as if the moonlight were chanting as it rocked upon the sea, or the mermaids were singing while mortals slept. Oh hopes! oh memories! oh longing dreams! All beautiful things that have been—all things too dear to be; they touch my heart—they whisper in my ear—they smile, they beckon, in the exquisite measures of the serenade. It is too sad to bear—it is too sweet to disturb. I lie entranced in melancholy bliss. Then I spring up and peep downward from my window.

I know it is only Tom Dyce, and ten men he has hired for fifty dollars to blow and fiddle on brass and wood. What then? Was not my splendid namesake—Antony's glorious "Egypt"—bones, and flesh, and blood? Do you think it is the skeleton of the music—Tom and the trombones—that touch me, or the divine soul that marries mine while I listen, and transfigures the world to my eyes while I am in its embrace?

Well, well, suppose it does make me think of going away, of coming again, and of years coming and going from me. Suppose it does make me ask myself whether the golden age of bellehood does not dwindle away into silver, and brass, and iron. There's Tom going away at the end of the season, after he has asked me to marry him, and received a gracious refusal—terribly empty. Empty in head, of course, because he came so. Empty in heart, because he has had no chance of installing any body in my place. Empty in pocket, because he has been filling the pockets of host, musicians, boatmen, hostlers, billiard saloons, bowling-alleys, and the bar-keeper, from his own. That is the net result of Tom's summer campaign—a long, lank purse, and a longer bill in the most plethoric condition. Do you suppose his going away makes me sad?

I shall go too, but not empty. No; I shall tell the summer upon a rosary—every bead a heart. And so I shall next summer—and next. But how about the twentieth next summer?

"Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!"

However, *mes amis*, I am not yet an iron belle, and I shall lay away this pretty little string of hearts and come again to capture more. You think I shall be caught? I hope so. I only await my Antony. Yes, even I; for do you know the sweetest music of the bell, after all? It is the merry marriage peal.

MY LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Fields, meadows, green plains, are wide. In what obscure nook amidst them transpired the scenes of my story wots not; but a swallow winging from your city walls might reach it in a summer morning's flight.

Half hid in a vale nestled my lowly roof. Here, for years, I led a lonely life, and followed the vagaries of a Bohemian humor. My pursuits I dignified with the name of science, but they were idle and dreamy reveries over plants and rocks. I went about with a hammer breaking stones; I peered into forest ways after the delicate and rarer blossoms which hide themselves in modest places; I gathered in formal rows spread grasshoppers and impaled beetles.

For a long time my days were lonely and quiet; but once a little girl, rambling in the woods, joined me by chance, and, being kindly encouraged, in a little while came almost every day to carry my basket for me. She took intense delight in my pursuits, watched with staring eyes my researches among the rocks, and soon esteemed it a grand privilege to gain admittance to that apartment where all my specimens and curiosities were gathered.

This little girl is the heroine of my story. Her name was Viola; but by her father, by me, and by others who knew her well, she was called "Vio." She was the daughter of a very retiring, studious gentleman, who recently came up from New York to reside in our neighborhood. Mr. Ashway was a thin, pale gentleman, very nervous and melancholy in manner, and excessively tender of Vio. He spent all his days close shut in his library. He appeared to know no one; and during the several years he resided in the valley I was the only person, with the exception of one other, ever admitted into his society.

Viola was not more than twelve years of age when I first knew her—a Saxon beauty, with light-brown curls, and a bright, fairy-like manner peculiarly charming. It was pleasant in our long woodland walks to have her running before and hovering around me like a sprite; to watch her spring up rocks, and clap her hands, and laugh in the abundance of girlish glee; and, above all, to see her eager soul look upward through her eyes.

But Vio did not remain a little girl of twelve years. Before I knew it, she got bigger and prettier; and one day, quite suddenly, without any preparation for the idea, it flashed upon me that she was a woman—almost. Her dresses now touched the tops of her gaiters, her locks were gathered up, there was a steadier manner about her. When she sprang to catch the pendant bough, the white arms so revealed were fuller, and a rounding bust gave new fascination to her form.

I went home after this discovery thoughtful and sad. Very soon now, I saw, she would be a woman, and have lovers, and then ever after I should walk through the forests alone, and break my rocks in solitude. In my lonely home, where only cold service tended me—where no affection flourished, no tender love shed beauty and glory—I lay heart-heavy upon my pillow, looking down the wastes of my future, where no promises or hopes hung out their banners.

And, I confess it, I thought of love; I pictured possibilities of future happiness. At moments I saw myself walking down the roads which lead to eternity with one by my side whose face was upturned, whose heart beat warm and quickly next to mine, whose smile fell on me alone. Then came reason, dissipating dreams. I was too old for love; I was bent, my hands were browned and coarse, my locks were ragged and turning from their youthful blackness; I was a sad, lone fellow, given over to dry science, worn, seamed, dull; as little suited for fresh and dewy youth as a mummy from the Pyramids. A very different lover from this Vio would have—one with dark locks, eagle eyes, elastic figure, high heart, quick young blood!

But still I dreamed—still wild hopes flashed upon me with dazzling brightness, and went out in sudden clouds of gloom.

When we went together, the next morning, Vio exclaimed,

"What is the matter, Sir? You are sad."

"Yes; but it will not last. It will float away like the mist yonder. Tell me, Vio, how old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"So very near a woman!"

"In two years, I think, I shall be quite grown."

"Yes; and more beautiful, perhaps, than now."

"You must not flatter, Sir."

"That's true, and I will *not* flatter. But still to me you are very fair."

"Do you really like me, Mr. Vail?" exclaimed she, looking up into my eyes with simple frankness. "I hope you do. I delight so much in these long rambles; and I want to learn a great deal more about botany and geology. I hope you will always like me, for I do you."

A thrill of emotion shot through me. This was utter childish simplicity and frankness. Love, the passion, could never bloom in that soil for me.

For me! How monstrous the thought! Was I not mad to think of linking her young life to my old and world-worn heart? "Drown the thought!" I muttered; "bury it! seal it up forever!"

"Yes, Vio," said I, while my hand smoothed her brow and played with a stray curl, "we must be friends always. But you will marry some day; you will have a husband and children. You will forget then the old stone-breaker."

"Oh never, never forget you; never marry—so I think now. For, Sir, I could not leave my father. Alas! he grows paler and sadder every day. He sits for hours with his brow upon his hand; he starts so nervously when one comes near him unexpectedly. Oh if my father should die!"

"I do not think he will die," said I, "but we must persuade him to abandon his books. We must urge him to come with us into the forest sometimes. But let us sit here, Vio, and talk."

It was under an elm, on a smooth rock, and Vio sat close to my side and looked into my face. Here we talked, and by the gravitation of that of which the heart was full, we talked of love, and I, with that delight in self-torture which one at times strangely feels, depicted to her pleased imagination an ideal husband; and I told her a long, tender love-story, which moistened her eyes with tears; and we talked of Hero, Andromeda, and other heroines of classic love-stories; and she, in childish romance, wished that some splendid hero might come and win her too.

So day by day we continued our rambles; and silently spread the foundations, higher grew the structure of a passion I was too weak to crush, unwilling to escape.

CHAPTER II.

At last Vio found a lover. Walter Richmond was a member of one of the few wealthy families in the county. He had just graduated at Yale. His expectations were brilliant, his destined fortune large, his family ambitious. But he fell in love with the pure white spirit of Viola Ashway, as better, higher, grander men might have done. His spirits were high, his manner brilliant, his face and figure attractive; and so the tender, delicate, up-looking Vio, whose whole atmosphere was love, flew to his magnetism intensely.

With how many secret pangs, great agonies, sharp arrows for me! For the unconscious lovers, perceiving in me only a tender friend, made love in my very presence—lavished their affections upon each other before my eyes, and never knew or dreamed how each warm look sent sharp stings into the uncouth heart beside them.

With less self-control, less balance, I should have hated Walter; my passion would have broken out, and I should have ruined Vio's peace. But with what difficulty none can know I held down the struggling passion; I smiled, and smiled even while my heart sank down, down like a rock. And now, too, so many of my walks were alone. I missed daily the sweet presence which so long had flung sunlight on my path. Already I felt the coming shadow which would leave me bleak, barren, forsaken—a life with a clouded path.

Oh that wisdom came with age! that with the passing away of youth passed away also the power to feel, to love, to dream! that the heart could dry and wither with the flesh, and that the dust of time might clog its beating and dull its sense!

"Then you love Walter," said I to Vio one day.

"Oh yes, Sir. I think I do. He is very noble and good. You like him—at least I hope you do. You are my best and oldest friend. Next to my father, I must have you to like Walter of all men."

"Does your father wish you to marry?"

"He is very anxious; he urges it too much I think," and Vio blushed.

"And Walter?"

"Is anxious too; but he has not yet the consent of all his family. His father wanted him to marry a lady in New York, some one rich and high; but his father will consent, Walter says, in a little while. Time will bring it about. And we are so young, you know, we can wait a long while."

"And when you are married we shall hunt for no more plants together; you will forget all about our curious rocks."

"Oh no, for I shall have a collection of my own; we two shall gather it."

CHAPTER III.

A few weeks after the above conversation with Vio I was aroused from a heavy sleep at midnight.

"Mr. Vail! Mr. Vail!" thundered a voice below, and some pebbles came rattling against the panes to awaken me. I sprang up and rushed to the window.

"Please, Sir, come at once to Mr. Ashway's," exclaimed Ashway's servant from below, as I thrust my head from the window; "something strange has happened!"

"To Miss Viola?" I cried out, in great alarm.

"No, Sir—to Mr. Ashway. Miss Viola sent me to you. She is in great distress. I can not explain, and must hurry back. Please come at once, Sir, I beseech you"—and with these words he turned and hurried off.

In a very few minutes I was dressed and walking rapidly along the road in the direction of Mr. Ashway's residence. It was only two miles. In less than half an hour I reached it.

As I entered the gate to the lawn in front of the house a horse galloped rapidly along the road, and Walter, who also had been sent for, it seemed, sprang from the saddle and hurried toward me. Almost at the same moment Vio came running from the door, half clad, her bare white feet glistening upon the moon-lighted path, her locks disheveled and floating tangled and wild, a shawl hastily wound around her shoulders. She could not speak. Her eyes looked startled and wild. Her whole frame shook with some extraordinary grief and terror.

"For Heaven's sake, Vio!" exclaimed Walter, seizing her hand, "what is it? Are you ill? Is your father dying?"

But, strange enough, she shrunk from him, and convulsively clung to me, hiding her face, sobbing, shivering, and utterly overcome by the intensity of her grief. Walter, in great excitement himself, stunned her with questions and importunities.

"Calm yourself, Walter," said I, assuming as cool a manner as possible, though sorely puzzled and perplexed. "Your excitement increases hers. Let us go in. Let me carry you, Vio. Your feet are bleeding now, cut by the sharp pebbles."

She lay in my arms still and resigned, and I bore her into the house. We entered Mr. Ashway's study. He was not there. The light was burning. A few books and papers lay upon the table in confusion. I motioned Walter to restrain his excitement, and to seat himself. I took a chair, and tried to seat Vio in one beside me, but she sunk down upon the floor with a wild sob, and buried her face upon my knee. Walter ran toward her, but she shrunk and clung to me.

"What is this, Vio?" he asked, with some impatience. "Where is your father?"

"Gone! gone!" she sobbed out, violently.

"This is very strange!" I said; "but we can only soothe the poor child's agitation by being calm ourselves. What is this?" I observed, for the first time, a letter upon the table, conspicuously

placed, and addressed to me. I seized and read it hastily. It contained these words:

"Sir,—To-night a blow has fallen I have long dreaded and long expected. Henceforth to my poor child I am as one dead. Be you, I implore you, her guardian, her protector, her friend. What has befallen me I will not explain; it is a retribution. Farewell forever.

"William Ashway."

I read and silently handed the note to Walter. Bewildered by the dreadful mystery of this disappearance, I still repressed my curiosity and excitement, and thought only of Vio. Gradually she grew more subdued and calm, although still sobbing and weeping on my knee. I now, for the first time, observed that she, too, had a letter clasped, crushed and broken, to her bosom. Walter, whose impatience for the particulars of this extraordinary disappearance could brook no delay, again pressed her with urgent inquiries; and in broken sentences she told the story.

"I was awakened suddenly," she said, "by the tramping of feet and strange voices upon the lawn. I sprang up and ran to the window. Three men, strangers, were below; and among them was my father. I was so surprised that, for a minute, I could only watch them in silence—I could not speak. They walked away, my father among them. A terrible thought flashed upon me, and, throwing up the window, I called after him very loudly. They all paused. He turned toward me. He stood in the moonlight, and I could see him so well, looking so pale and mournful; he kissed his hand to me many times, then suddenly dropped his face upon his breast and walked rapidly away. I flew down stairs and out upon the road after him. But they had all entered a carriage, and I heard it dash away. I screamed, and called upon him, and ran till I was out of breath, but still the carriage rolled on, rolled on until it was out of hearing. Then, with my heart beating so wildly, I hurried back to the house. There was his study as he had left it, and upon the table a little note for me and one for Mr. Vail. Then I knew that he was gone forever; that he would not be dead, but worse, and I could never see him more! never! never!"

In a fresh outburst of grief at the completion of her story, she sunk again down at my feet, while the shawl dropped from her white shoulders, exposing them too much. I picked it up, shrouded her form with it, lifted her to her feet, and whispered that she must go to her chamber.

"You are with your lover, Vio, and are not clad. Go and cover yourself properly, then come back to us."

But she had not strength to go, and I led her to her room, by the way summoning a servant to aid her. I paused at the door and said:

"Bathe your face, gather up your tresses, then join us."

She caught my hand as I turned to go.

"I can not marry Walter now," exclaimed she, very wildly. "I know that—tell him that I know it; that now his father will never consent; that he is free—I release him—his family is too proud—he can not marry an outcast—the daughter of—of—"

I checked her with an authoritative "Hush!"—for her manner grew wilder with every word—and, giving her in charge of a maid, went back to the library, musing upon her words, for they appeared to indicate some perception of Walter's character not known to me. When I entered the room I found Walter impetuously and absently scribbling upon a sheet of paper. I walked up to him and found it written over in every way, in large and small letters, erased, blotted out, then re-written, all with one word—crime!

I put my finger upon the sheet and looked him significantly in the eyes.

"Do you believe so?"

He started and looked surprised when he saw the word written upon the sheet; he had unconsciously revealed his secret fear.

"It is almost certain," was his reply.

"Too probable, I fear. Poor Vio! She loved him, looked up to him, worshiped him almost. A terrible blow to her."

"Terrible!" and he dashed his pen down upon the paper in an irritable manner. I looked at him surprised and a little startled.

"If it prove so, we must protect her from its consequences every way. She is innocent."

"Yes," replied he, evasively. His words, his manner almost terrified me. Could it be that he would abandon her? I felt a hot choler rising in my throat.

"Walter, you are cool and evasive. I am quick to suspect—quick to fear. What does your manner, your looks, your words, mean?"

"He is dishonored, and she is dishonored too," said he, slowly and doggedly.

For a moment I felt a blinding rush of rage, then the sudden flash of a thought which held my breath suspended, which shot through my frame a thrill of such condensed rapture that I lived an age in a single pulse of time. If he discarded, might I not win! For a few brief seconds I was in a tempest. I felt my veins swell, my heart tremble, my brain beat; I swayed before the fierce temptation, and almost yielded. But duty, faith to Vio, fidelity to Ashway, brought me back again; I spoke faithfully for Vio's cause.

"Walter, can you speak so harshly? She is your betrothed."

"I did not then know of Ashway's crime," replied he.

"Crime! The word was echoed at the door. Viola had entered, and heard Walter's remark. It harped both her fears aright. She ran and caught my arm.

"Is it so, Sir? can it be? I feared, but can not believe."

"We know nothing, Vio, of the reason for your father's departure. We will not consume ourselves with vain fears; we must be patient, and think as favorably as we can of the mystery."

She clutched my arm nervously, and turned to Walter.

"And do you believe, Walter, that he has been guilty? Can you apply a harsh word to him?"

"No, Vio, I do not wish to use harsh words; but it is all so strange."

"I know that, Walter. It is strange and suspicious too. How can I conceal from my heart that it is both of these? Yet, Walter, I do believe my father to be innocent; he may be wronged, or have been unwise, or be under some terrible conspiracy. But if you do not share that belief, then—for I know how proud you are, how high you look, what great things your friends expect of you—then, Walter, then—"

The poor child broke into a passionate burst of tears, and, weak from prolonged excitement, sank down upon the floor.

And Walter did not raise her! did not speak to her! I could have struck him down, but again there rushed over me that same wild hope.

"I'll give you back all your tokens, Walter," she resumed; "I'll keep not one. You can be free—you need not marry one whose name you think dishonored—whose father you so harshly judge a felon. I release you—I forget all—all—"

A sudden gasp, and she fell back upon the floor white and still. Walter, alarmed, ran toward her. But I would not permit him to touch her; I lifted her up, and laying her cold cheek upon my shoulder, bore her away to her chamber, with a warmth and strange joy about my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day I went to New York. Upon my arrival I hastened to an old friend, an attorney, and laid the circumstances before him. He promised to inquire, went out to do so, and returned with the information that William Ashway had been arrested for frauds committed while cashier of a bank, which had only been recently discovered in the winding up of its affairs; that many thought he was more sinned against than sinning.

I then went to the proper authorities and obtained admittance into Ashway's presence. He shrunk at first from speaking to me, but at last took my hand and held it for a long time. I asked if he had counsel, and promised to obtain the best.

"It will not be needed," said he; "I shall not live to undergo the trial. I can not. Oh, Vail, honor was my god. I cherished my reputation more scrupulously than a virgin does her chastity. I fell, I know not how, maddened, intoxicated, in a frenzy of speculation. I shall not live; death will obliterate the crime before it becomes blazoned abroad by a public trial."

Indeed, so white, so short of breath had he become, that his apprehensions seemed more than likely.

"Let me fetch your daughter to you."

"No, I can not bear it. My pure, white flower! my unspotted, cherished blossom! Oh, if she could always believe me innocent!"

"She does."

"She must, Vail. Be that your task."

I soon went away, and set to work immediately to examine the circumstances of the crime. It proved to be one of those cases of which Wall Street is rife. There were others more guilty than he, upon whose promises, bonds, pledges, he had proceeded; he was only the scape-goat. There had been large operations upon no foundation; huge transactions on paper represented by sums purely fictitious; promises to pay never paid; indorsements upheld by counter-indorsements; checks drawn on fictitious balances and properly classified as "kite-flyers." In fact, an absolute maze of transactions and figures, utterly bewildering and incapable of clew, by which it appeared principally that Mr. Ashway extensively "operating" or "financiering," as it is respectively called, had been drawn into complications with dishonorable people, some of whom suddenly failing to meet his "accommodation" with their "accommodation" had unexpectedly forced him to the wall, and to the necessity of finding immediate means. A loan from his bank bridged the matter for a while, but the sharpers in the end filched from him comfortable "substantialities," leaving in his hand a mass of worthless securities. Alarmed, he had covered up the matter in the bank by false entries, then flying to the interior hid himself away, a prey to intense remorse and daily dread.

It took some days to ferret out all this. Unfortunately he was guilty in the eye of the law; to friendly charity he was innocent and wronged. But he was now sinking rapidly. I sent for his daughter, for he at last consented, and his dying hours were consoled by her tender presence, and by the solicitude of friends who came forward and befriended him. He died in two weeks—long before the time appointed for his trial. A brief paragraph appeared in the papers chronicling the fact, and he and his offense were speedily forgotten.

We carried his remains to the place of his recent home, and buried him in a pleasant corner of the village church-yard.

CHAPTER V.

Two days after our return a package came for Vio. It was from Walter, and was a return of her letters and tokens. Among them was a letter from him. It was a plea for his conduct. He dwelt upon his father's reluctance to the match before, his utter refusal to consent to it now; it told how much his future depended upon his father's aid; it asserted his belief that a marriage unsanctioned by parents would not be blessed. It was a well-worded, elaborate defense.

This much it showed me—Walter had begun to tire of Vio before the event which so precipitated the rupture. His nature was changeable; his fancy quickly captivated, quickly cooled.

With the familiar hammer and the customary basket I now resumed my pursuits. I went alone at first, but one day Vio saw me and came running after. The ramble was like those of old. Vio's spirits rose with the air and the exercise—a flush came to her cheek, she even smiled. With the spring of youth she was rebounding from the sorrows that had pressed her down.

And I walked forth with something secretly gathering in my heart. Could it be? Were my wild, rich dreams within the bounds of possibility? Could I win her now? Should I attempt, still so old, so sere, so far below her grand ideals? But a wounded, bleeding spirit she had flown to my bosom. Forsaken, alone, tempted with sorrow, would she nestle there?

Ah, the might and wealth of such a hope! But then, poor dreamer, look at the incongruous union! A healthful vine upon a riven trunk! great joy and youth upon a heart weather-beaten in storms!

I led her forth a new way, up a mountain-side, amidst wild, broken, chaotic masses, with chasms riven into the centre, and high peaks scaling the sky. I paused upon a wide plateau where the valley stretched down before us.

"Sit here, Vio. Let us talk."

We talked once more of love, and Vio laughed at her old ideal Leanders and Perseus.

"If one should come now on a cloud, hero-worshiper, what would you?"

"I want no hero, mortal or immortal. I will live with you always, dear Sir; and be as learned as you, if I can."

"Tell me, Vio, am I Leander?"

"No, Sir;" and she laughed.

"Not young enough. Even if I swam the Hellespont, you could not fancy me a hero?"

"You are not old, I think."

"Nor handsome enough?"

"I never thought of that."

"Still, answer me. Not old, nor ugly, but uncouth, huge, clumsy, brown, bent—I am no Leander, as you say, and can not hope to win a Hero?"

"I did not say that, Sir," and she looked at me in a puzzled way.

"But true hearts can lodge in clumsy frames, Vio. Look at me again; tell me what I am?"

"My best friend; my father now." She looked confused a little, blushed, and said, "The one I love best, too."

"Love in a respectful way—like a parent?"

"Like a friend."

"What is that like, Vio? I can not stop at that cold word. Friendship is a border-land—it lies next to love. I, Vio, in a dream, once wandered beyond the boundaries."

A look quick, eager, startled; a cheek paling and flushing! I saw them, and felt the old wild thrill, the huge passion rising like the sea, resistless and mighty. I started to my feet.

"Look, Vio! The old can love the young—the uncouth have vast springs of tenderness! In my heart is great yearning, love, devotion for one it loves! Long has it hidden its passion; it would hide it forever did it not dream, perhaps too fondly, that it now can find response."

Vio trembled, and made a movement as if toward me.

"Can it be, Vio?" I stretched my arms out wide. "Here I would have you live forever."

One cry and quick bound, and she was nestling and clinging there, while I folded my arms down over her head, her shoulders—and she was mine!

No ribbons, flowers, show, clamor, at our wedding. A quiet, solemn union in church, before witnesses only; then a rapid close carriage-drive home. That was all. I entered my house leading Vio by the hand, thrusting the door wide open before me, exclaiming,

"Viola, mistress! Vio, my own!"

Then tears and light laughter; then her small, peach cheek upon my breast, with eyes peering upward; then again my arms were folded down over lips, and heart, and timid young bosom!

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Two hundred and eighty years ago, on the 24th of August, Christendom was disgraced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which is illustrated on the following page. Every one has heard of the massacre; there may be many among our readers to whom the circumstances have become unfamiliar.

France was at that time divided, perhaps nearly equally, between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant sects. The strongholds of the latter were in the south and west, where Protestantism was but another term for freedom of conscience, thought, and speech. In many of the southern and western provinces the absolute power of the throne was steadily advancing toward the destruction of the popular franchises. In these the people ranged themselves under the banner of the "reformed religion"—less with a view of accepting new religious doctrines as in order to contend squarely against the encroachments of royalty. It may be said positively that the court cared nothing for either religion. Catherine of Medicis, who was the real Sovereign, and her son, Charles the Ninth, a mere boy, were so lukewarm in their attachment to Catholicity that they had frequently been accused of secret Calvinism, and had more than once provoked outbreaks among the Catholics by the favor they showed to the Protestants. Among the people—such was the ignorance and wrong-headedness of the times!—sectarian animosities boiled over. The mutual hatreds of Protestants and Catholics had frequently broken out into open warfare. Each party had foreign allies—the Protestants England, the Catholics Spain. Each had its armies and its military leaders. Each was convinced that the only available weapons of conversion were the sword, the arquebuse, and the pique. Catherine was, in her heart, satisfied that the triumph of either religion was of comparatively minor consequence if the dissensions which distracted the kingdom could only be healed. The question which troubled her was how to heal them. She tried to conciliate the Protestants; this drove the Catholics to arms. She made common cause with the Catholics; the Protestants raised the standard of revolt. She attempted a compromise; she married the King's sister, Marguerite of Valois, to the King of Navarre. The ceremony was performed on the steps of Nôtre Dame, in order that the Protestant friends of the bridegroom might not violate their scruples against entering a Catholic church; but the device only enraged both parties; the Protestants spat on the church steps, and two days after the wedding the Admiral Coligny, the most prominent of the Huguenot chiefs, was shot by an assassin concealed in a house belonging to the Duke of Guise. Every thing had failed.

A year or so before the Queen-Mother had met, in secret conference, the Duke of Alva, the Minister of the King of Spain, and the ablest and most implacable enemy of Protestantism in the world. To him she had confided her intention of trying every method to calm the reciprocal hatred between Huguenots and Catholics; and, all failing, to pursue a cautious policy of oppressing the Protestants so as to drive from their fold the rank and file of the people. Alva bluntly told her that her plans would not succeed. "If you want peace," said he, "you must have but one religion in your kingdom. The Huguenots can not be crushed by temporizing measures; you must have a fresh edition of the Sicilian vespers. For ten thousand frogs are not worth one salmon."

These counsels recurred to the Queen's memory with singular force when the news was brought her that, after all her pains, the old feud had been revived by the assassination of the Admiral Coligny. "Shall we never have peace?" she exclaimed, bitterly.

The boy, her son Charles, who had just before the murder been a strong partisan of the Huguenots, was so imbecile, fickle, and passionate a youth, that a single hint from his mother brought him violently round to the Catholic side. She told him that Coligny had sent for twenty thousand German Protestants.

"Would to God," said the wretched boy, "that not only Coligny, but all the Protestants in France beside, were dead, to plague me no more!"

This was what the Queen desired. She had come round to Alva's way of thinking. Orders were given directly. The Duke of Guise, who had been out of favor at court in consequence of his undisguised disapproval of the tolerance of the Huguenots, was sent for and taken into secret council at the Louvre. Word was also dispatched to the provosts of several city companies who were known to be intolerant in their hatred of Protestants. Time was precious. Coligny was shot on 21st August; it was decided that the massacre should take place on the night of 23d-24th.

On that terrible night Paris presented the appearance of a camp. All the civic militia—intense Catholics—were under arms. Chains were stretched across the streets. Reliable troops bivouacked opposite the Louvre. Toward midnight the Duke of Guise reviewed the assassins.

"It is the King's will that the Huguenot rebels be exterminated," said he, "when the bell sounds."

The time fixed by the Council for the commencement of the massacre was the break of day. But Charles, who, to subdue his emotions, spent the early part of the night in working at an amateur forge he had in the cellar of the palace, could not endure the delay. At half past one he ordered the bell to be rung. All the churches had been warned of what was about to happen; it is painful to read that the priests eagerly welcomed the signal, and directed the tocsin to be sounded in every belfry in Paris with savage alacrity.

The massacre began. The Huguenots, roused from their beds by the alarm, were slaughtered as they appeared in the streets. The venerable Coligny, lying helpless in his bed crippled by his wound, was assailed by a band of assassins, to whose leader he calmly said,

"Young man, have you no respect for my gray hairs?"

He was instantly massacred; his body was thrown out of window; his savage foe, the Duke of Guise, actually wiped the blood and dirt from his face in order to make sure that the corpse was that of his enemy. All that night, all next day, and all the day after, the slaughter continued. Bloodshed intoxicated the murderers. Men were seen running through the streets with blood-red piques and garments dripping with gore, shouting for more victims. Neither age nor sex were spared. Young girls, infants, aged men and mothers were slaughtered promiscuously with the soldiers of the Huguenot army. The boy King himself, roused by the sight of blood, had an arquebuse brought to him in the balcony of the Louvre and amused himself by firing long shots at the crowds which were seeking a refuge in the Pré-aux-Clercs on the opposite side of the river. After a time absolute frenzy seized the assassins. They ceased to confine their butchery to Protestants. Numbers of Catholics were killed, and houses were plundered without regard to the religious views of their inhabitants. The miscreants who were doing the King's bidding found the gold of true believers as valuable as that of heretics, nor did they let loose their lust exclusively in Protestant pastures. Paris became, in short, the scene of a perfect saturnalia.

It is not unpleasing to read that the first who complained loudly of the disorder and anarchy were the civic companies, who had tendered their services to the Duke of Guise, but who objected to seeing *their* houses robbed or *their* wives and daughters insulted. They prayed for an edict to restrain the riots. The King granted it, but warned all persons against molesting believers in the true faith. The proviso nullified the command. Though the street massacre only lasted three days for twenty-four there was no security for life or property at Paris; and murder ran its race through the kingdom for six weeks. There was not a day in the September of that year in which some massacre did not take place in some part of France. How many Protestants perished no one can tell; but several thousand were murdered in Paris and the vicinity alone.

So St. Bartholomew's Day became infamous. By no writers is it mentioned with more horror and shame than by the modern Catholic writers in France. Its story is a perpetual warning and beacon against the consequences of insensate religious rivalry and prejudice.



THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, AUGUST 24, 1572.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

In Life, as in Art, the Beautiful moves in curves.

They have dined. George Morley takes the oars, and the boat cuts through the dance of waves flushed by the golden sunset. Beautiful river! which might furnish the English tale-teller with legends wild as those culled on shores licked by Hydaspes, and sweet as those which Cephisus ever blended with the songs of nightingales and the breath of violets! But what true English poet ever names thee, O Father Thames! without a melodious tribute? And what child ever whiled away summer noons along thy grassy banks, nor hallowed thy remembrance among the fairy days of life?

Silently Lionel bent over the side of the gliding boat, his mind carried back to the same soft stream five years ago. How vast a space in his short existence those five years seemed to fill! And how far, how immeasurably far from the young man, rich in the attributes of wealth, armed with each weapon of distinction, seemed the hour when the boy had groaned aloud, "Fortune is so far, Fame so impossible!" Farther and farther yet than his present worldly station from his past, seemed the image that had first called forth in his breast the dreamy sentiment, which the sternest of us in after-life never utterly forget. Passions rage and vanish, and when all their storms are gone, yea, it may be, at the verge of the very grave, we look back and see like a star the female face, even though it be a child's, that first set us vaguely wondering at the charm in a human presence, at the void in a smile withdrawn! How many of us could recall a Beatrice through the gaps of ruined hope, seen, as by the Florentine, on the earth a guileless infant, in the heavens a spirit glorified! Yes—Laura was an affectation—Beatrice a reality!

George's voice broke somewhat distastefully on Lionel's reverie. "We near our destination, and you have not asked me even the name of the lady to whom you are to render homage. It is Lady Montfort, widow to the last Marquis. You have no doubt heard Mr. Darrell speak of her?"

"Never Mr. Darrell—Colonel Morley often. And in the world I have heard her cited as perhaps the handsomest, and certainly the haughtiest, woman in England."

"Never heard Mr. Darrell mention her! that is strange, indeed," said George Morley, catching at Lionel's first words, and unnoticing his after comment. "She was much in his house as a child, shared in his daughter's education."

"Perhaps for that very reason he shuns her name. Never but once did I hear him allude to his daughter; nor can I wonder at that, if it be true, as I have been told by people who seem to know very little of the particulars, that, while yet scarcely out of the nursery, she fled from his house with some low adventurer—a Mr. Hammond—died abroad the first year of that unhappy marriage."

"Yes, that is the correct outline of the story; and as you guess, it explains why Mr. Darrell avoids mention of one whom he associates with his daughter's name, though, if you desire a theme dear to Lady Montfort, you can select none that more interests her grateful heart than praise of the man who saved her mother from penury, and secured to herself the accomplishments and instruction which have been her chief solace."

"Chief solace! Was she not happy with Lord Montfort? What sort of man was he?"

"I owe to Lord Montfort the living I hold, and I can remember the good qualities alone of a benefactor. If Lady Montfort was not happy with him, it is just to both to say that she never complained. But there is much in Lady Montfort's character which the Marquis apparently failed to appreciate; at all events, they had little in common, and what was called Lady Montfort's haughtiness was perhaps but the dignity with which a woman of grand nature checks the pity that would debase her—the admiration that would sully—guards her own beauty, and protects her husband's name. Here we are. Will you stay for a few minutes in the boat while I go to prepare Lady Montfort for your visit?"

George leaped ashore, and Lionel remained under the covert of mighty willows that dipped their leaves into the wave. Looking through the green interstices of the foliage, he saw at the far end of the lawn, on a curving bank by which the glittering tide shot oblique, a simple arbor—an arbor like that from which he had looked upon summer stars five years ago—not so densely covered with the honey-suckle; still the honey-suckle, recently trained there, was fast creeping up the sides; and through the trellis of the wood-work and the leaves of the flowering shrub he just caught a glimpse of some form within—the white robe of a female form in a slow gentle movement—tending, perhaps, the flowers that wreathed the arbor. Now it was still, now it stirred again; now it was suddenly lost to view. Had the inmate left the arbor? Was the inmate Lady Montfort? George Morley's step had not passed in that direction.

CHAPTER XXII.

A quiet scene—an unquiet heart.

Meanwhile, not far from the willow-bank which sheltered Lionel, but far enough to be out of her sight, and beyond her hearing, George Morley found Lady Montfort seated alone. It was a spot on which Milton might have placed the Lady in "Comus"—a circle of the smoothest sward, ringed every where (except at one opening which left the glassy river in full view) with thick bosks of dark evergreens, and shrubs of livelier verdure; oak and chestnut backing and overhanging all. Flowers, too, raised on rustic tiers and stages; a tiny fountain, shooting up from a basin starred with the water-lily; a rustic table, on which lay books and the implements of woman's graceful work; so that the place had the home-look of a chamber, and spoke that intense love of the out-door life which abounds in our old poets, from Chaucer down to the day when minstrels, polished into wits, took to Wills's Coffee-house, and the lark came no more to bid bards

"Good-morrow
From his watch-tower in the skies."

But long since, thank Heaven, we have again got back the English poetry which chimes to the babble of the waters and the riot of the birds; and just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has the most nourished, so I believe that there is no surer sign of the rich vitality which finds its raciest joys in sources the most innocent, than the childlike taste for that same out-door life. Whether you take from fortune the palace or the cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the courts of Nature. Let the earth but give you room to stand on; well, look up. Is it nothing to have for your roof-tree—heaven?

Caroline Montfort (be her titles dropped) is changed since we last saw her. The beauty is not less in degree, but it has gained in one attribute, lost in another; it commands less, it touches more. Still in deep mourning, the sombre dress throws a paler shade over the cheek. The eyes, more sunken beneath the brow, appear larger, softer. There is that expression of fatigue which either accompanies impaired health or succeeds to mental struggle and disquietude. But the coldness or pride of mien which was peculiar to Caroline, as a wife, is gone—as if in widowhood it was no longer needed. A something like humility prevailed over the look and the bearing which had been so tranquilly majestic. As at the approach of her cousin she started from her seat, there was a nervous tremor in her eagerness; a rush of color to the cheeks; an anxious quivering of the lip; a flutter in the tones of the sweet, low voice. "Well, George."

"Mr. Darrell is not in London; he went to Fawley three days ago; at least he is there now. I have this from my uncle, to whom he wrote; and whom his departure has vexed and saddened."

"Three days ago! It must have been he, then! I was not deceived," murmured Caroline, and her eyes wandered round.

"There is no truth in the report you heard that he was to marry Honoria Vipont. My uncle thinks he will never marry again, and implies that he has resumed his solitary life at Fawley with a resolve to quit it no more."

Lady Montfort listened silently, bending her face over the fountain, and dropping amidst its playful spray the leaves of a rose which she had abstractedly plucked as George was speaking.

"I have, therefore, fulfilled your commission so far," renewed George Morley. "I have ascertained that Mr. Darrell is alive, and doubtless well; so that it could not have been his ghost that startled you amidst yonder thicket. But I have done more: I have forestalled the wish you expressed to become acquainted with young Haughton; and your object in postponing the accomplishment of that wish while Mr. Darrell himself was in town having ceased with Mr. Darrell's departure, I have ventured to bring the young man with me. He is in the boat yonder. Will you receive him? Or—but, my dear cousin, are you not too unwell to-day? What is the matter? Oh, I can easily make an excuse for you to Haughton. I will run and do so."

"No, George, no. I am as well as usual. I will see Mr. Haughton. All that you have heard of him, and have told me, interests me so much in his favor; and besides—" She did not finish the sentence; but, led away by some other thought, asked, "Have you no news of our missing friend?"

"None as yet; but in a few days I shall renew my search. Now, then, I will go for Haughton."

"Do so; and, George, when you have presented him to me, will you kindly join that dear, anxious child yonder? She is in the new arbor, or near it—her favorite spot. You must sustain her spirits and give her hope. You can not guess how eagerly she looks forward to your visits, and how gratefully she relies on your exertions."

George shook his head half-despondently, and saying, briefly, "My exertions have established no claim to her gratitude as yet," went quickly back for Lionel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Something, on an old subject, which has never been said before.

Although Lionel was prepared to see a very handsome woman in Lady Montfort, the beauty of her countenance took him by surprise. No preparation by the eulogies of description can lessen the effect which the first sight of a beautiful object produces upon a mind to which refinement of idea gives an accurate and quick comprehension of beauty. Be it a work of art, a scene in nature, or, rarest of all, a human face divine, a beauty never before beheld strikes us with hidden pleasure, like a burst of light; and it is a pleasure that elevates. The imagination feels itself richer by a new idea of excellence; for not only is real beauty wholly original, having no prototype, but its immediate influence is spiritual. It may seem strange—I appeal to every observant artist if the assertion be not true—but the first sight of the most perfect order of female beauty, rather than courting, rebukes and strikes back every grosser instinct that would alloy admiration. There must be some meanness and blemish in the beauty which the sensualist no sooner beholds than he covets. In the higher incarnation of the abstract idea which runs through all our notions of moral good and celestial purity—even if the moment the eye sees the heart loves the image—the love has in it something of the reverence which it was said the charms of Virtue would produce could her form be made visible; nor could mere human love obtrude itself till the sweet awe of the first effect had been familiarized away. And I apprehend that it is this exalting or etherealizing attribute of beauty to which all poets, all writers who would poetize the realities of life, have unconsciously rendered homage, in the rank to which they elevate what, stripped of such attribute, would be but a gaudy idol of painted clay. If from the loftiest epic to the tritest novel a heroine is often little more than a name to which we are called upon to bow, as to a symbol representing beauty; and if we ourselves (be we ever so indifferent in our common life to fair faces) feel that in art, at least, imagination needs an image of the Beautiful—if, in a word, both poet and reader here would not be left excuseless, it is because in our inmost hearts there is a sentiment which links the ideal of beauty with the Supersensual. Wouldst thou, for instance, form some vague conception of the shape worn by a pure soul released? wouldst thou give to it the likeness of an ugly hag? or wouldst thou not ransack all thy remembrances, all thy conceptions of forms most beauteous, to clothe the holy image? Do so: now bring it thus robed with the richest graces before thy mind's eye. Well, seest thou now the excuse for poets in the rank they give to Beauty? Seest thou now how high from the realm of the senses soars the mysterious Archetype? Without the idea of beauty couldst thou conceive a form in which to clothe a soul that has entered heaven?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Agreeable surprises are the perquisites of youth.

If the beauty of Lady Montfort's countenance took Lionel by surprise, still more might he wonder at the winning kindness of her address—a kindness of look, manner, voice, which seemed to welcome him not as a chance acquaintance but as a new-found relation. The first few sentences, in giving them a subject of common interest, introduced into their converse a sort of confiding household familiarity. For Lionel, ascribing Lady Montfort's gracious reception to her early recollections of his kinsman, began at once to speak of Guy Darrell; and in a little time they were walking over the turf, or through the winding alleys of the garden, linking talk to the same theme, she by question, he by answer—he, charmed to expatiate—she, pleased to listen—and liking each other more and more, as she recognized in all he said a bright young heart, overflowing with grateful and proud affection, and as he felt instinctively that he was with one who sympathized in his enthusiasm—one who had known the great man in his busy day, ere the rush of his career had paused, whose childhood had lent a smile to the great man's home before childhood and smile had left it.

As they thus conversed, Lionel now and then, in the turns of their walk, caught a glimpse of George Morley in the distance, walking also side by side with some young companion, and ever as he caught that glimpse a strange restless curiosity shot across his mind, and distracted it even from praise of Guy Darrell. Who could that be with George? Was it a relation of Lady Montfort's? The figure was not in mourning; its shape seemed slight and youthful—now it passes by that acacia-tree—standing for a moment apart and distinct from George's shadow, but its own outline dim in the deepening twilight—now it has passed on, lost among the laurels.

Lionel and Lady Montfort now came before the windows of the house, which was not large for the rank of the owner, but commodious, with no pretense to architectural beauty—dark-red brick, a century and a half old—irregular; jutting forth here, receding there, so as to produce that depth of light and shadow which lends a certain picturesque charm even to the least ornate buildings—a charm to which the Gothic architecture owes half its beauty. Jessamine, roses, woodbine, ivy, trained up the angles and between the windows. Altogether the house had that air of home which had been wanting to the regal formality of Montfort Court. One of the windows, raised above the ground by a short winding stair, stood open. Lights had seemingly just been brought into the room within, and Lionel's eye was caught by the gleam.

Lady Montfort turned up the stair, and Lionel followed her into the apartment. A harp stood at one corner—not far from it the piano and music-stand. On one of the tables there were the implements of drawing—a sketch in water-colors half finished.

"Our work-room," said Lady Montfort, with a warm cheerful smile, and yet Lionel could see that tears were in her eyes—"mine and my dear pupil's. Yes, that harp is hers. Is he still fond of music—I mean Mr. Darrell?"

"Yes, though he does not care for it in crowds; but he can listen for hours to Fairthorn's lute. You remember Mr. Fairthorn?"

"Yes, I remember him," answered Lady Montfort, softly. "Mr. Darrell, then, likes *his* music still?"

Lionel here uttered an exclamation of more than surprise. He had turned to examine the water-color sketch—a rustic inn, a honey-suckle arbor, a river in front, a boat yonder—just begun.

"I know the spot!" he cried. "Did you make the sketch of it?"

"I? no; it is hers—my pupil's—my adopted child's."

Lionel's dark eyes turned to Lady Montfort's wistfully, inquiringly; they asked what his lips could not presume to ask. "Your adopted child—what is she?—who?"

As if answering to the eyes, Lady Montfort said—

"Wait here a moment; I will go for her."

She left him, descended the stairs into the garden, joined George Morley and his companion; took aside the former, whispered him, then drawing the arm of the latter within her own, led her back into the room, while George Morley remained in the garden, throwing himself on a bench, and gazing on the stars as they now came forth, fast and frequent, though one by one.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit
Lucro appone."—Horat.

Lionel stood, expectant, in the centre of the room, and as the two female forms entered the lights were full upon their faces. That younger face—it is she—it is she, the unforgotten—the long lost. Instinctively, as if no years had rolled between—as if she were still the little child, he the boy who had coveted such a sister—he sprang forward and opened his arms, and as suddenly halted, dropped the arms to his side, blushing, confused, abashed. She! that vagrant child!—she! that form so elegant—that great peeress's pupil—adopted daughter, *she!* the poor wandering Sophy! She!—impossible!

But her eyes, at first downcast, are now fixed on him. She, too, starts—not forward, but in recoil; she, too, raises her arms, not to open, but to press them to her breast; and she, too, as suddenly checks an impulse, and stands, like him, blushing, confused, abashed.

"Yes," said Caroline Montfort, drawing Sophy nearer to her breast—"yes, you will both forgive me for the surprise. Yes, you do see before you, grown up to become the pride of those who cherish her, that Sophy who—"

"Sophy!" cried Lionel, advancing; "it is so, then! I knew you were no stroller's grandchild."

Sophy drew up—"I am, I am *his* grandchild, and as proud to be so as I was then."

"Pardon me, pardon me; I meant to say that he too was not what he seemed. You forgive me," extending his hand, and Sophy's soft hand fell into his forgivingly.

"But he lives? is well? is here? is—" Sophy burst into tears, and Lady Montfort made a sign to Lionel to go into the garden and leave them. Reluctantly and dizzily, as one in a dream, he obeyed, leaving the vagrant's grandchild to be soothed in the fostering arms of her whom, an hour or two ago, he knew but by the titles of her rank and the reputation of her pride.

It was not many minutes before Lady Montfort rejoined him.

"You touched unawares," said she, "upon the poor child's most anxious cause of sorrow. Her grandfather, for whom her affection is so sensitively keen, has disappeared. I will speak of that later; and if you wish, you shall be taken into our consultations. But—" she paused, looked into his face—open, loyal face, face of gentleman—with heart of man in its eyes, soul of man on its brow;—face formed to look up to the stars which now lighted it—and laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, resumed with hesitating voice—"But I feel like a culprit in asking you what, nevertheless, I must ask, as an imperative condition, if your visits here are to be renewed—if your intimacy here is to be established. And unless you comply with that condition, come no more; we can not confide in each other."

"Oh, Lady Montfort, impose any condition. I promise beforehand."

"Not beforehand. The condition is this: inviolable secrecy. You will not mention to any one your visits here; your introduction to me; your discovery of the stroller's grandchild in my adopted daughter."

"Not to Mr. Darrell?"

"To him least of all; but this I add, it is for Mr. Darrell's sake that I insist on such concealment; and I trust the concealment will not be long protracted."

"For Mr. Darrell's sake!"

"For the sake of his happiness," cried Lady Montfort, clasping her hands. "My debt to him is larger far than yours; and in thus appealing to you, I scheme to pay back a part of it. Do you trust me?"

"I do, I do."

And from that evening Lionel Haughton became the constant visitor in that house.

Two or three days afterward Colonel Morley, quitting England for a German Spa at which he annually recruited himself for a few weeks, relieved Lionel from the embarrassment of any questions which that shrewd observer might otherwise have addressed to him. London itself was now empty. Lionel found a quiet lodging in the vicinity of Twickenham. And when his foot passed along the shady lane through yon wicket gate into that region of turf and flowers, he felt as might have felt that famous Minstrel of Ercildoun, when, blessed with the privilege to enter Fairyland at will, the Rhymer stole to the grassy hill-side, and murmured the spell that unlocks the gates of Oberon.

BOOK VIII.—CHAPTER I.

"A little fire burns up a great deal of corn."
Old Proverb.

Guy Darrell resumed the thread of solitary life at Fawley with a calm which was deeper in

its gloom than it had been before. The experiment of return to the social world had failed. The resolutions which had induced the experiment were finally pronounced. Five years nearer to death, and the last hope that had flitted across the narrowing despondling passage to the grave, fallen like a faithless torch from his own hand, and trodden out by his own foot.

It was peculiarly in the nature of Darrell to connect his objects with posterity—to regard eminence in the future as but a brighter height from which he pass on to the Future the name he had taken from the Past. All his early ambitions, including pleasure to rich, had directed its gust at a distance, remote from the bourne of by-standers; and his failure had been a belief and despairing. Children, his line would perish with himself—himself, who find so vanated in restoration in his land! Like many wise childless also—it would leave behind it no offspring of his mind. He felt he had commenced ample wealth; he talent he had achieved a splendid reputation. But the reputation was as perishable as the wealth. Let a half century pass over his tomb, and nothing would be left to speak of the successful lawyer, the splendid orator, save traditional anecdotes, a laudatory notice in contemporaneous memoirs—perhaps, at most, quotations of eloquent sentences here lished on forgotten cases and obsolete debates—shreds and fragments of a great intellect which another half century would sink without a bubble into the depths of Time.* He had cenoted no known had admired no work that could live into the future to-day. Like the figure on a clock, which alarms the ear and is not remembered with the movement, he, so prominent an ornament to Time, had no part in its works. Removed, the eye would miss him for a day; but a nation's literature or history was the same, whether with him or without. Nothing in his life or his abilities have the luck to fasten their names to things that endure; they have been responsible for measures they did not originate, and which, for good or evil, influence long generations. They have written nothing—not even which a couplet of verse, a period in prose, may cling to the rock of ages as a shell that survives a deluge. But the orator, whether active or immediate—who enthralls his audience in proportion as his eloquence is rare—who, even in speaking like Burke what, apart from the subject-matter, closet students would praise, must, like Burke, this his eloquence, and circulate present oratorical success for ultimate intellectual renown—man, in short, whose power is so emphatically that of the DEBATER, is, like an actor, rewarded with a loud applause and a complete oblivion. Write the village pathetic and you win applause no less loud, followed by oblivion not more complete.

Darrell was not blind to the brevity of his fame. In his previous seclusion he had been resigned to that conviction—had felt it good him. Then, unconfessed by himself, the idea that he might yet appear in literature as the do something which the world would not willingly let die, had softened the face of that tranquil Nature from which at most men part not even of reach and sight. On the tree of Time he was a dead aspect upon the bough—not an inscription graven into the rind.

Ever slow to yield to weak regrets—ever seeking to combat his own enemies within—Darrell said to himself one night, while Fairthorn's flute was breathing an air of unconquerable melancholy wails, "It is too late yet to employ this still busy brain upon works that will live when I am dust, and make Posterity sing to the hair that falls to my bones?"

He shut himself up with immortal authors—he meditated on the choice of a theme; his knowledge was wide, his taste refined—words! —he could want words! Well, but what could he not write? Alas! why indeed?—He who has never been a writer he has youth, even when he is a writer in his age than he can be a painter —musician. What! not write a book? Oh yes—it be many mighty pieces on a song. But a writer, in the emphatic sense of the word —writer, that is, Darrell was an author no more. And, least of all, will be be a writer if he has been an orator by impulse and habit—an orator too happily gifted to require, and too impatiently occupied to resort to, the tedious aids of written preparation—an orator not inferior to the former orators—not, of course, an orator like those of the classic world, who elaborated sentences before delivery, and, when they delivered, published each extemporaneous incendite into rhetorical exactitude and musical perfection, but with narrow the range of compositions to a man bredened already by a great reputation! He can not have the self-abandonment—can not cultivate the healing chapter—with which Youth flings the reins to genius, and Time rules the frame of Fame. Ere and austere his themes—fastidious and hesitating his taste. Restricted are the movements of him who writes for the first time into the Forum of Letters with the purple born on his unaetrial toga. Guy Darrell, at his age, entering among authors as a novice!—he, the great lawyer, to whom attorneys would have sent the brief he had been suspected of coquetting with a muse—he, the great orator, who had electrified audiences with the sparkle of the sudden effects which distinguish oral inspiration from written eloquence—he achieve now, in an art which his whole life had neglected, any success commensurate to his contemporaneous repute!—how unlikely! But a success which should outlive that repute, win the "everlasting inheritance" which could alone have nerved him to adequate effort—how impossible! He could not himself comprehend why, never at a loss for language felicitously apposite or richly ornate when it had but to flow from his thoughts to his tongue, nor wanting ease, even eloquence, in spontaneous correspondence confidentially by miller—he should find words fail him, and ideas fail words, the moment his pen became a wand that conjured up the shades of the dread Public! The more copious his thoughts, the more embarrassing their selection; the more commanding his command of excellence, the more timidly frigid his efforts at facilities of style. It was the same with him the most skilful author, if the Ghost of the Public had not long since ceased to haunt him. While he lived, the Ghost of the Public is absolute or peopled at his will. But take an audience from the living, compress it into the shadowy, the living Public—the Ghost of the Public awes himself.

"Surely once," sighed Darrell, as he gave his blurred pages to the flames—"surely once I had some pittance of that fame which I could have spent it upon lawsuits."

The author's talent, no doubt, Guy Darrell had; but the author's temperament, never. What is the author's temperament? Too long a task to define. It is enough to say a man may write a clever book, an useful book, a book that may live a year, ten years, fifty years. He will not be a great author, a representative author in the age that rather lived in him than he it. The author differs from the man who makes him an integral, earnest, original unity, distinct from all before and all that may succeed him. He is Orpheus to the Church him and that the consciousness of individual being is the sign of immortality, and which makes all inferior creatures—so it is in this individual temperament one and indivisible; and in the intense conviction of it, more than in all the works it may throw off, that the author becomes immortal.

Guy Darrell was not the author—was not of Orpheus or Pythagoras;* but he himself, in his name, in the footprint of his being, remains, like Orpheus or Pythagoras, indestructible, indestructible.

Resigning literature, the Solitary returned to science. There he was more at home. He had cultivated science, in his dazzling academical career, with a passionate love; he had pursued the study, on his first retirement to Fawley, as a distraction from the memories of a past and undignified passions. He now for the first time regarded the absorbing alstruna occupation as a possible one for life. He was to be the solitary procession of those sons of light who have divided a new world among their lonely lives. Surely a grand ambition, not unbecoming to his years and station, and pleasant in its labors to a man who had been long familiar with research and poetic passion, and had studied her inward mysteries with a love that disdained success. Science needs not the author's art—she rejects its graces —she recoils with a shudder from its fancies. Her Solitary requires in the mind of his discoverer a limpid calm. The lightnings that reveal Dircyne's secrets dwell in serene skies. No clouds store that thunder—

"Quo brutis tellus, et vago flumina,
Quo Styx, et Nimbus atra circumvenit
Semel, Atlantiusque finis
Jacet."

So long as you take science only as a distraction, science will not lead you to discovery. And from nature even to the last Darrell was no more unquiet and perturbed in his present than in his past existence. Science like poetry had risen to distract. In the midst of august meditations—of close experiment—some haunting fancy glimmered from the far void, passed with rude shadow between Intellect and Truth—the heart eclipsed the mind. Or, if it were not, it stiffly preserved its essentially formal car Action. His was the true orator's temperament, with the orator's faculties, and with the orator's affairs —the comprehension of men and states—the constructive, administrative faculties. As such orator, and in such career alone, could he have developed all his powers, and achieved an immortality proportioned to the interest now lost in interest, he retreated from all his former occupations, and would remain long known over the lofty and pathless landscapes round him. As if it were his object to fatigue the body, and in that fatigue to support the mind, he would make his gun the excuse for rambles from sunrise to twilight over the wild moors. He had purchased upon spy, lying many miles off from Fawley. There sometimes when a man who has passed his life in the world comes to think that the more he can make the physical existence predominate, the more he can leave himself to the rude impulses of his savage keeper, or the day laborer—why, the more he can harden his nerves to support the toils of the chase.

In these rambles he was not always alone. Fairthorn delighted in the companionship that now and formerly into his master's habitual companionship. The faithful fellow had missed his master sorely in the first months of absence of five years, that on recovering him, Fairthorn seemed resolved to make up for the loss. But parting from his own habits, he would, therefore, lie in wait for Guy Darrell—creeping out like a brownie or hush, like a familiar spirit; and was no longer to be awed away by a curt syllable or a contracted brow. And Darrell, at first submitting reluctantly, and out of compassionate kindness, to the flute-player's obtrusive society, gradually began to welcome and relax in it. Fairthorn knew the great secrets of his life. To

* It had scarcely be said that the works ascribed to Orpheus or Pythagoras are generally allowed not to be genuine.

Fairthorn alone on all earth could he speak without reserve of one name and of one sorrow. Speaking to Fairthorn he was like talking to himself, or to his pointers, or to his favorite dog, upon which last he bestowed a new collar, with an inscription that implied more of the true cause that had driven him a second time to the shades of Fawley than he would have let out to Alban Morley or even to Lionel Haughton. Alban was too old for that confidence—Lionel much too young. But the Musician, like Alban itself, was of no age; and if ever the gloomy master softened into a momentary mood and even spleen in any approach to gayety, it was in a sort of autumn playfulness to this grotesque, grown-up child. They cheered each other, and they teased each other. Stalking side by side over the wild heath, Darrell would sometimes pour forth his whole soul, as a poet does to his muse; and at Fairthorn's abrupt interruption or criticism, turn round on him with fierce objurgation or withering sarcasm, or when the fute-player's sensitive pride took offence, a truculent quotation from Horace, which drove Fairthorn away into some vanishing covert on hollow, and which Darrell had at once to find, sure that, in return, Fairthorn would take a long occasion to steal into his side a coaxing prickle. But as the two came home in the starlight, the dogs dead beat and poor Fairthorn took to carry them, what the musician was leaning all his weight on his master's servant arm, and Darrell, touched with tender kindness in the face of the same coy left to lean upon him still.

One evening as they were sitting together in the library, the two hermits, each in his corner, the after a long silence, the flute-player said abruptly—

"I have been thinking—"

"Thinking, Fairthorn?" quoth Darrell, with his mechanical irony; "I am sorry for you. Try not to do so again."

"Thinks. "Your poor dear father—"

Darrell, wincing, startled, and expectant of a prickle—"Well, Fairthorn?"

FAIRTHORN. "Was a great antiquary. How it would have pleased him could he have left a fine collection of antiquities as an heir-loom to the nation!—his name thus preserved for ages, and connected with the history of the land. There are the Elgin Marbles. The person was talking to me yesterday at New Yerom Lecture; why not the British Museum as a repository; Darrell Room?" Plenty to stock it wonderfully cheap. Is the Athenians will you will never finish."

"My dear Dick," cried Darrell, starting up, "give me your hand. What a brilliant thought! I could do nothing else to preserve my dear father's name. Fairthorn, you are right. Set the carpenters at work to-morrow. Remove the boards; open the chambers; we will inspect their contents. Collect what would worthily furnish 'A Darrell Room.' Perish Guy Darrell, the lawyer! Long live Guy Darrell, antiquary at least shall live!"

It is marvellous with what charm Fairthorn's lucky idea seized upon Darrell's mind. The whole of the next day he spent in the forlorn chambers of which the heaviness alone kept the carving beside his small and homely dwelling. The pictures, many of which were the rarest originals in early Flemish and Italian art, were dusted with tender care, and hung from hasty nails upon the walls of the library. Ancient ivory carvings, wrought by the matchless hand of Cellini—early Florentine bronzes—priceless specimens of Limoges and Venetian glass—the precious trifles, in short, which the collector of ancient curiosities amasses for his heirs to disperse among the palaces of kings and the cabinets of nations—were dragged again to existence by light. The invaded mediæval building seemed a very Pompeii of the Dawn Ages, as, with renewed zest and method, select for national purposes, such mucilaginous treasures, would be the work of weeks. Before the week Darrell caused a slight bridge passage to be thrown over the gap between the two edifices. It ran from the room midway into the gables of the old house, which, originally lifted up for scientific studies, now became his museum—a museum, into the largest of the uncompleted chambers which had been designed for the principal library, he had set the building. Into the pompous gallery thus made contiguous to his mock-like cell, he gradually gathered the choicest books on the old collection. The damps were expelled by fires on gratelets earth-closet; a sunbeam admitted from windows now for the first time exchanging boards for glass; rough iron sconces, made at the nearest forge, were fixed into the walls, and sometimes lighted at night—Darrell and Fairthorn walking to and fro in a sort of mimic state, keeping company with Holbein's Nobles, Perugino's Virgins. Some of that high-bred company displeased and banished from the place they occupied inspection made the taste more rigidly exclusive. Darrell had found object, amusement, occupation—frivolous if compared with those leaves, and glasses, and algebraical crawls which had once had found object, amusement, occupation—but not frivolous even to the judgment of the sternest moralist, if that type of man be reasoned away his heart. For here it was not Darrell's taste that was delighted; it was Darrell's heart that was filled, that had found food. His head was connecting those long-neglected memorials of an ambition baffled and relinquished—here with a nation, there with his father's grave! How his eyes sparkled! how his lip smiled! Nobody would have guessed it—none of us know each other; least of all do we know the secret sources of that which we become to the public repute; but what a world of simple, fond affection, lay coiled and wasted in that proud man's solitary breast!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A PETSLER calling out an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road to which no pedlar had travelled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one, and that's the road to heaven."

"Sambo, you block-head, how came your betsy dat secret I told you de other day?" "I betsy de secret? I secrets de 'pistle, I betsy. I couldn't keep um, so I told um to somebody dat could."

An Irishman went to confession, and while relating his sins, he came to the telling of tobacco stealing, and one of the pockets of his father confessor's pants. The parties interested in the case of the former, and the latter burned instantly by the sight; so, heedless of time and place, he put his hand into the "hacky" into his own pocket, and after encountering a long series of tails, he pulled out a handful of tobacco, and presented it to the priest, with—"Father, I almost forgot—I stealed." "You must restore either it or its value to the owner," said the priest. "Then," said the penitent, and Pat, producing the stolen article, "I don't want it," said the priest. "I give it to the owner." "Then I am," said Pat, "and so am I, for I stealed it from myself." "Then," said the priest, "you are absolved." "Thanks to your reverence," said Pat, "I'll be after stealing his wife in the first absolution."

The Queen of M——. Lewis County, resided, several years ago, a worthy old gentleman, with his son and daughter-in-law. The latter, being of a gossiping disposition, was always complaining of her hard lot, and expressing her determination to commit suicide at the earliest favorable opportunity. One day, when the husband and wife were "out-doors," she called her father-in-law to her commit the act of self-destruction. The old gentleman, glad to get rid of her, accompanied her to the river's bank, and coolly waited for her to "jump in." This was rather a damper to the lady; but at last, she told him "good-by," and was apparently about to plunge in, when the old gentleman exclaimed, "Why don't you jump? Is it dirty deep enough?" "Yes," replied she, "it is deep enough, but I don't like the reminder of the thing out of the daughter's mind; so you may go home, and return to her home and her duties quite reformed.

A RECIPE FOR A WIFE.

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
And not much more, lest pride should dwell at the cost.
Of modest deference as claims protection,
Yet stout enough to resent not affection.
And every passion held in due subjection.
And faults enough to temper love to perfection:
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

"HILL, Mother Postmaster! and is there ever a letter from Jack since he left Liberty?"

"I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will you be so kind as to rule it to me, acris? and the mistress of the house took out her pocket-book.

"To be sure," said the accommodating postmaster, "and I'll count the words for you, too." And he was from the "old soldier" of ascertaining the number, viz. When he had finished, Dennis observed,

"And why would ye be axin for the postage on that letter?"

"Fifty cents."

"And it's cheap enough, yer honor; but, as I niver think of such a thing as to insult any gentleman to pay; and say, Misther, if I'd call in one of these days, would I get the answer in it?"

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little bare-footed urchin. "She eats cold victuals."

"I would do any thing to gratify you, I would go to the ends of the earth for you," said a lover to his mistress to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there, and stay, and I shall be pleased."

A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss Ford, will you have the goodness to turn over?" she replied, carelessly, "any time will do; but the quicker the better."

CROSS-PURPOSES.—It may be said of Punyism that, with reference to it as well as with Popery, it is always playing at Cross-purposes.

THE FIRST JOCULAR ATTEMPT OF SOYER.

"EVERY INCH A SOYER" (flower).—Adam and Eve. Oh, M. Soyer! M. Soyer!!

To a friend who had married a lady who was on the shady side of forty, Jerrold said, "Ah! like yesterday thought you better than now?"

VERY CONSIDERATE.—An Irishman, being recently on the trial for stealing a blanket "not guilty" and the jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call the witnesses, when Pat, with a look of deep concern, called Patrick turned his face to the court, and said, "Be aisy, counsellor, be aisy; don't be after calling them to be a witness against me, for I'll plead guilty."

"It is not necessary," said the lawyer, "I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's sucking babe, but just call them to prove that my Mother Finkerton's a good woman."

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being left-handed.

Some one speaking of a celebrated bare-singer, said, "He had a voice that absolutely fell on you, repeal Sealey, "the whole force of his life has been bore."

Miller, who shot at Judge Fitch, of Toledo, is now in the Lucas County Jail, Ohio. Apparently he was the following verses, and sent them to a friend in Toledo, who had them set up in type. Read:

Gods, philosophers, and kings,
Divide, mortals, among things,
Material and spirit things;
What from mind and matter springs
Confusion in profusion,
Laughing and weeping men,
Lotharios and dying men,
Preaching, teaching, praying, crying,
Shouting, singing, swinging, buying,
Selling, stealing, lying, too
For our individuals.

Lords of castles in the air,
Builders in hydrogen rare,
Rash, physicians that hair,
Draws well here as any where;
Bar, bar-keepers, bar-rooms,
Our neighbors' wives,
All customary rights,
Men of intellect and weight,
Knaves accessories—people's rights,
Men of culture, Dorcas Fitch,
Drinking, thinking, hazy wights,
Hallucinations.

Inmate Hotel, hotel!
Counties of North Ohio,
Sandusky, Cleveland, Toledo,
Send your Quixotes; here, you knew,
Lodging's cheap, the grub so so—
Bring 'em on and try 'em,
Let them fancy what they will,
Gull us fools and shoot at them,
He we make, mend, cure, or kill,
Bottle, bill, physic, Doctor Fitch
Looks to the State to foot the bill
Of our inmate Asylum.

A CONVERSE IN INDIA.—"And who," says I, "is that pretty young lady to whom Dora proposes to introduce me?" "Oh," is Miss T——, giving leave to her tirtuous grief for a moment, "that is Miss Jones, a young lady whose reputation she would have been to the Czar or the Sophy of Persia." But she has not yet numbered twenty summers; yet observe with what a delicate poise she preserves the balance of power. To one of her admirers she had given her fan, to another her scarf, the third was "in disgrace." What was to be done? Fortunately the pillow of her scandal was loose, she held the bargaining cue to tie it. He did so, recovered the scarf, and the universal equilibrium was the consequence.

YANKEE.—A gentleman, remarkable for delicacy of touch, has a shooting under "a slight mistake" in paying his bond to a second-hand clothier in the purchase of a hunting Green, and playing a thousand extra beneath the polar windows. The unfortunate tailor at last discovered that she lived at the back part of the house. Fears has favored us with the subjoined lines on this nice mishap:

M——— fell in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there, with his soft mandolin,
He awakened the whole neighborhood;
But waking the maid
Was the thing
Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching:
While he played he forgot his fair one
She slept in the little back kitchen.

A correspondent of a local paper, says he, "said a certain barrister noted for prolixity in the Court of King's Bench, "he gives notice of a motion;" "your rizzing is always noted him by saying, 'Mr. ——, your rizzing is always a notice of motion, for every one runs that can run."

PLEASURES OF WINE.—Lord Eldon was celebrated as a hon student. "How many bottles," said his late Majesty to Sweby, "can you drink before you are drunk?" "Why, I really can't say, but I should think, your Majesty, any given quantity."

A Judge was trying a prisoner accused of forgery. While delivering his charge, and minutely recapitulating the evidence, he observed, "Gentlemen of the jury, you've all felt forgery." The effect was electric; the countenance of the prisoner, being soon after seen to nod—a confession appeared to be awake, and the unfortunate culprit, at eight escape, suddenly exclaimed, "Wake the sheriffs!" "Never mind," said the Judge, "let them sleep on for the present;" the sheriffs may have their nap out—for the prisoner is fast asleep also!"

Now and then we meet with curious letters. Here is one taken from the London Times of January, 1858. It is literally copied from a bank note in circulation at present:

"Cir, your oblege ma of yale lum un ce me. I hey a Bod kneed ain Hill in my Bow Hills and hev lost my Happy Valley."

A YOUNG MARIED'S LOGIC.—A particular preacher was one day struck with surprise on finding a beggar sitting full out of cattle on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his church, whom he had long courted and married. "Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time in settling your hair; for God knows, if it is curled, he would have curled it for you." "Indeed," said the wifely maid, "I never thought of that you. Thank I was an infant he curled it for me, but now that I am grown up, he thinks that I am able to do it myself."

A witness being called into court to testify in a certain case then pending, on being asked what he knew of the matter, gave in the following lucid statement: "I have known the plaintiff a convenient between himself and the defendant."

"Pat!" said a master to his servant, "I've told you a hundred times not to say 'Where?' said I; 'I'll tell you.' 'Where?' said he: 'Faith it is!' said I; 'Now, then?' said he: 'Ay!' said I; 'Then?' said he: 'Whoy!' exclaimed, said I; "And that's all he told me upon the subject."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, August* 23, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 21, 1858	$2,918,110	$3,048,110
Corresponding week, 1857	4,057,208	937,519
Decrease	$1,139,098	
Increase		$2,110,591

The export of specie was $244,711, and a further sum of $1 million and a quarter was due by the last steamer on account of the new loan. It is therefore probable that the Bank Averages to be made up to-morrow will show a specie reserve of over twenty-eight millions.

Money has been easy during the week, and is now. Four is now nearer the market rate for loans on call than three. Exchange in consequence has become unsettled. We quote Banker's Bills on London at 109½ @ 8, on Paris, 5.17½ @ 5.15.

Stocks have slightly improved within the past day or two, partly on the strength of peace rumors between the Erie and Central, and partly in consequence of more cautious selling by operators. The following table will show the movement for the week:

	August 14.	August 21.
Missouri 6's	90	90
La Crosse 6's	70	70
Delaware and Hudson	99	98½
Pacific Mail	95	95½
Panama	119	114
New York Central	77½	78
Erie	16½	17
Reading	46	46
Hudson	10	11
Michigan Southern	21	23
Michigan Central	70½	73
Galena	74	75½
Rock Island	74	75½
Toledo	33	33
Illinois Central	75	76½
Cumberland	4	4
Milwaukie and Mississippi	15	15

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August* 23, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have improved materially, especially Cotton, which has risen a full half cent. Breadstuffs, though not active, have in every instance a decidedly less of Friday. Wholesale Trade is very dull. Sales are small. The reported break in the Canal has had the effect of strengthening the market. Cotton has been pretty sought after, and prices have favored sellers. Provisions have been in moderate request. Hop Trade has been limited downward. Other kinds have not varied much. Groceries have been quiet, yet steady. Coffee has been abundant. Naval Stores, Rice, and Tobacco have been inquired for at, in the main, advanced quotations. Coal has been in large supply, and has not been increased in value. Hay has been in fair demand at unfavorable rates. Freights to Liverpool have been lightly dealt in. Cotton was the only good request at full prices. The trade to London is steady. Many Dry Goods is steadily selling. Southern and Southwestern buyers are purchasing most liberally, especially of Domestic fabrics. The Dry Goods importations during the week amounted to $1,200,420, against $1,139,098 the preceding week, and $4,057,208 in the corresponding week of 1857, thus January 1 reached $37,644,519, against $72,553,010 to the same date in 1857. Political movements in other communities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations. We append a revised list of the closing quotations of the following articles:

Rejected and New State Flour, per bbl.	$4 10	@ 4 30
Superfine	4 35	@ 4 55
Superfine extra State, per barrel	4 60	@ 4 75
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 65	@ 5 00
Fancy Western, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 10
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 10	@ 5 15
Mixed to fancy Southern, per barrel	4 90	@ 5 10
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 30
Superfine to fancy Western, per bbl.	4 75	@ 4 90
Extra Western, per barrel	4 95	@ 5 05
White Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 25	@ 1 30
Corn, per bushel	0 70	@ 0 72
Rye, per bushel	0 80	@ 0 85
Barley, per bushel	0 60	@ 0 65
Western Oats, per bushel	0 40	@ 0 42
State Oats, per bushel	0 42	@ 0 43
Canada West Oats, per bushel	0 42	@ 0 43
Southern Oats, per bushel	0 42	@ 0 43
Prime, middling Cotton, per lb.	12 00	@ 12 00
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 00	@ 17 19
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	15 00	@ 15 00
Country Mess Pork, per barrel	11 50	@ 12 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	11 50	@ 12 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@ 9 50
Cut Meats, per pound	10	@ 10
Lard, per pound	10½	@ 11
State Butter, per pound	18	@ 24
Western Butter, per pound	15	@ 20
Cheese, per pound	8	@ 8
Hay, per 100 pounds	2 87½	@ 3 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	11	@ 11½
Java Coffee, per pound	13	@ 14
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	29	@ 35
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35	@ 40
Crushed Sugar, per pound	8	@ 8
Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@ 50
Young Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@ 50
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon	24½	@ 27
Hops, per pound	20	@ 25
Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@ 70
Straw, per 100 pounds	30	@ 40
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62½	@ 3 62½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47	@ 47
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00
Linseed Linen, per 110 pounds	1 06	@ 1 06
Linseed Oil, per gallon	71	@ 72
Sperm Candles, per pound	18	@ 19
Adel Leaf Tobacco	6	@ 25
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@ 25
Domestic Felted Wool	45	@ 45

Freights continued depressed. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-32d. per pound; Flour, 10d. @ 1s. per barrel; Wheat, 5d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Corn, 4½d. @ 5d. per bushel. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port yesterday was 1,000, against 1,000 on the 14th inst. and 1,000 on the 7th inst. Yesterday was Court for Decrees, which were less plenty than usual. The following is a comparative view of the number of vessels in former rates:—Veal Calves were in moderate request at rather high prices. Sheep were in fair request at good full and heavy. Swine were more abundant, and were depressed. The reported sales at Forty-fourth Street during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Monday, Aug. 16.	Monday, Aug. 23.
Beeves	1,319	1,400
Milch Cows	104	135
Veal Calves	1,200	1,300
Sheep and Lambs	13,000	13,734
Swine	8,139	8,661

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were reported:

Illinois	1122	Indiana 121
Ohio	1000	Pennsylvania 57
New York	425	Kentucky 34
Michigan	160	Canada 61

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets during the week was as follows:

Common to extra Beeves, per pound	$ 6¼ @ $ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00 @ 65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5 @ 7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 00 @ 5 50
" per pound	5½ @ 6
Live Swine, per pound	4½ @ 5½
" per head	4 50 @ 5 50
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00 @ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited little activity. Potatoes continue plenty and cheap. Onions are in good supply and demand, and prices tend downward.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Grapes, green, per pound	$ 3	@ $ 5
Blackberries, per bushel	3 50	@ 3 50
" per quart	0 06	@ 0 06
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 50
Apples, new, per barrel	1 75	@ 2 00
Pears,	1 50	@ 2 50
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@ 2 00
Plums, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
Quinces, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 25	@ 2 25
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Onions, new, per bunch	0 06	@ 0 06
" per 100 strings	5 00	@ 6 00
Cucumbers, per 100	0 75	@ 1 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	1 50	@ 1 75
Eggs, Western, per dozen	0 12	@ 0 12
Chickens, per pair	37	@ 75
Fowls, per pound	0 06	@ 0 08
Cheese, per pair	50	@ 1 00
" per pound	0 08	@ 0 10
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@ 1 50
Turkeys, per pound	0 08	@ 0 10
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Woodcocks, per dozen	2 00	@ 3 00
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	0 75	@ 1 00
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Plover, per dozen	1 75	@ 2 00

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BEFORE THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

We can not quite suppress a painful suspicion that the cable has not been stretched fully across the Atlantic as all—but there has been no communication whatever with Valentia, and will be none till another wire shall have been laid, and more successfully than this one. In short, we have a shuddering suspicion that our electricians have been deceived by the return to them on the cable of their own messages, after the manner of an echo.—*N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 12.*



AFTER THE MESSAGE.

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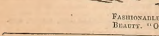
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.

In the list of American journalists a very prominent and distinguished place is occupied by General James Watson Webb, senior editor and proprietor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, whose portrait we lay before our readers this week. He was among the first to rouse the American newspaper from the slumber of being but a mere vehicle of advertisements to the life of forcible and spirited comment on the great questions of the day. Identified for the last thirty years with the political history of the United States, the name of General Webb has also honorable power in the military annals of the same; while in social life, among those who know him, it is synonymous with all those generous courtesies and amenities, and that sense of honor which form the character of the high-toned gentleman. General Webb comes of good and revolutionary stock. He was born in Claverack, Columbia County, in this State, on the 8th of February, 1802. His father, General Samuel B. Webb, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, was the sixth lineal descendant from Richard Webb, who was admitted freeman in the town of Boston, in 1633, established at Hartford in 1635 in connection with the Rev. Mr. Hooker. At the battle of Bunker Hill, General Samuel B. Webb, then Lieutenant, commanded Captain Chester's Company of Volunteers; was wounded, thanked by General Orders for his gallantry, and appointed aid-de-camp of General Putnam. In June, 1776, he was appointed the aid-de-camp of Washington, and was wounded at the battle of White Plains, and again at Trenton. In 1777 he was promoted to the command of the Third Connecticut Regiment, and after serving some months on the Hudson, he was taken prisoner in crossing over to Long Island under command of General Parsons. He was not exchanged until 1781, when, upon the retirement of Baron Steuben, he succeeded that officer in the command of the Light Infantry of the army. At the close of the Revolution General Webb settled in New York, and in 1787 married the daughter of Judge Hopkins, of Columbia County, the great-grandfather of the original proprietor of the Manor of Claverack, to whom it was granted in 1686. The subject of our present sketch was named John Watson, after Judge Watson of this city, who was in the Third Connecticut Regiment, and subsequently one of our most distinguished merchants and a Senator of the United States.

General Webb received early education at Cooperstown, Otsego County, under the immediate supervision of the Rev. John Smith, of that place, who had the reputation of being one of the best linguists in the State. Immediately thereafter he commenced the trial of a mercantile life with Colonel Magher, of Cherry Valley, not in accordance with his own wishes, but as a sort of compromise with his brother-in-law and guardian, Judge George Morell, who desired that he should study law, and with his own promptings which led him to choose the army or navy, or else medicine for his profession. But the counter and the desk would not do for young Webb, and giving notice to his brother-in-law to that effect, we find him, at the early age of seventeen years, with that self-reliance and independence which has ever since marked his character, starting in the world on his own account, coming to the city of New York, obtaining from Governor Clinton a letter to Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, stating his desire to enter the army, and certifying that he was the son of General Samuel B. Webb; and then, with only three dollars in his pocket, but with strong faith and hope to keep it in countenance, we see him boldly introducing himself to Mr. Calhoun, at Washington, delivering his letter, and composedly awaiting the answer. The boldness and frankness of the boy at this interview completely won the heart of Mr. Calhoun, while the kindness of Mr. Calhoun secured, in return, the complete affection and esteem of the boy. For a time intercourse but connected this mutual feeling into a bond of friendship, never, amidst all the changes of party and party politics, to be broken. When Mr. Calhoun had read Dr. Witt Clinton's letter under-scored that it was but a certificate of identity, he frankly admitted the boy's claims to consideration, but, at the same time, said it was absolutely impossible to give him the appointment he solicited, in consequence of the graduating class at West Point being a large one, and more than sufficient to fill all the vacancies, and their claims were paramount. "If there had been no graduating class from West Point, would my claims have been recognized and I appointed?" asked young Webb. "Certainly; but why do you ask?" was Mr. Calhoun's answer. "Because in that case," was the prompt reply, "I wish permission to address you a letter, examining into the justice of the ground upon which you have made a decision which can not fail to have an influence upon my future life." The letter was written, and at the next interview Mr. Calhoun took him kindly by the hand, and said, "I have carefully read your letter, and you have demonstrated your claim to be appointed, while the manner in which you have accompanied your purpose in with me evidence of your fitness for the army." The interview closed with his being appointed a Lieutenant in the Fourth Battalion of Artillery, then commanded by Colonel Hamo, while ordered to report at Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York; thus not only giving him a commission, but also conceding the choice of corps and station.

Lieutenant Webb reported for duty in New York harbor in August, 1817; but fond of active life, and desirous of seeing the great West, he exchanged to Detroit in the autumn of the same year. In the spring following, then eighteen, he was sent with forty men to relieve Captain Fahy, of the 4th Artillery, in the command of Fort Gratiot, situated at the outlet of Lake Huron, and then quite a frontier post. Both of his predecessors had left more than half their commands from desertion, it being only necessary for the deserter to cross the river and take the first steamer settlement in Upper Canada; and General Macomb's last words to him on leaving Detroit, were—"See if you can not bring back more than half of your command, next autumn, when I shall see about relieve you." Thus prompted to extraordinary exertion, he resolved at every hazard to reciprocate the kind part that desirted, and then, if possible, deter others from similar attempts. The opportunity soon presented itself. Three men disappeared, and there was no doubt of their having gone to what was called the "Sedeon settlement," some fifty-five miles in the Interior of Canada. With three trusty men and the Indian who gave the information Lieutenant Webb pursued the fugitives, through the dense and almost impassable forest, to their hiding-place, recaptured them, brought them back to Detroit, where they were punished severely, according to the rules of war, and then dismissed to their duty. The lesson proved effective. At the reduction of the army in 1821, Lieutenant Webb was retained in the Artillery, but his pride being satisfied, he exchanged into the Infantry, and in June, 1821, reported for duty at Chicago, which post was then commanded by Colonel, afterward General, John M'Neil. Lieutenant Webb was immediately appointed Adjutant of the post. On the last of January, 1822, Mr. M'Kinney, the sub-Agent for Indian affairs, reported to the commandant that a friendly Potawatamie chief had brought to him a piece of tobacco sent him by the Sioux Indians, with an invitation to his tribe to participate in the cutting of the 5th Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at St. Peter's, on the Falls of St. Anthony, and occupying only temporary huts, in full reliance upon the friendly feelings of the Sioux. It was well known that Colonel Snelling and his entire command, including the wives and children of the officers and men of the regiment—almost every officer in which was married—were in a very expectant condition, as they had not had time to erect the necessary works for their defense, and of course, as there was no doubt of the accuracy of his intelligence, the greatest anxiety prevailed at Chicago in regard to their fates. The Adjutant was accordingly ordered to find some person willing to carry a letter to the commandant of Fort Armstrong, at Rock Island, on the Mississippi, the information to be thence forwarded up to St. Anthony. But there were no inhabitants within 180 miles of the fort, the nearest being at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, with the exception of a few *engagees* and *hivernes* for traders who visited about the garrison. These and the friendly Indians promptly refused to go from fear of the Winnebagoes, then occupying the country between Chicago and the Mississippi. In this dilemma Colonel M'Neil expressed his wistfulness to order any party upon such a duty, as the strength of his command rendered it impossible to detach a force sufficient to protect itself, and yet there existed the most urgent necessity for the information being conveyed to Rock Island, by the hazard what it might. In this emergency Lieutenant Webb volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted, and, having engaged his Adjutancy, he left the fort on the 6th of February, accompanied by a sergeant and an Indian guide, with one horse to ride and break a path through the snow, and one to pack their provisions. It would be interesting to the reader to follow Lieutenant Webb in his adventures during this perilous and difficult undertaking, but the limits assigned to this sketch will not permit us to give the details. Braving alike the wilderness, the freezing cold, the hostile



GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.]

Indiana, and death itself. Lieutenant Webb push. d forward with his soldier and Indian guides, and after tremendous dangers and hardships reached, safe and unharmed, the banks of the Mississippi, protecting himself the body of hostile Indians by which Fort Armstrong was surrounded, and entered the fort itself. His escape was deemed almost miraculous by Major Larrabee (who commanded) and his brother officers. On the same day an express was sent up the Mississippi on the ice with a communication from Lieutenant Webb, which, in due time, reached Colonel Smith, one of the most active and efficient officers in the service, and most fortunately at a period when the leading officials of the country had set about the garrison. Troops were quickly ordered and confided to the brave and honorable Lieutenant Webb, as the interior inviting all the principal men of the nation to a Grand Council. They consisted of upwards of three hundred, the troops surrounded the Council house, and Colonel Snelling appeared before them in full uniform of their treachery and the very important fact that their principal chiefs were then in confinement as hostages, and that one chief had already received the fatal blow of death, but for the energy and perseverance of Lieutenant Webb, must have resulted in the immediate massacre of the troops and its women and children.

In 1838 Lieutenant Webb was appointed Adjutant of the Third Regiment, and it was universally conceded that he had no superior of rank in the service. In the same year, 1838, General Webb resigned his commission in the army, and entering the most devoted personal attachment to General Jackson, in December, 1837, he became the proprietor and principal editor of the *Morning Courier and Enquirer*. The paper had been established by previous, but was found being stopped in December for want of funds to carry it on, when General Webb became the proprietor, and made it a most efficient auxiliary in the election of General Jackson, his old friend and military commander. In 1839 he purchased the *New York Enquirer* from M. M. Noah, and united this paper with the *Courier*, a newly emerged from the system of colonial dependence which had continued from the period of the Revolution. The *Courier*, the *Enquirer*, the *Commercial Advertiser* were the leading papers of the city, and the united journals of the two establishments gave the old organ a length an ordinary leader of the *Courier and Enquirer* of the day. It was the terror of the ship news and the newspapers from the pocket-ships as they arrived, and all were compelled to look to its columns for their earliest news as was then possessed by all alike. This did not correspond with the views of General Webb, and the policy of discarding the old paper was conscientious, and he very soon set up a ship-news collecting establishment of his own, which, with the *Commercial Advertiser*, a fullsome clipper, and a fleet of pilot-boats, distanced the Custom House establishment. The *Courier, Daily Advertiser*, and several other papers, to combine in a similar establishment, and the result was a long and fierce cruising off the Hook, and small boats from time to time connecting with her. Webb then connected with his late boss Noah, before the latter had established ship-builder, to build him a clipper schooner of six hundred tons, which should outsail every pilot-boat and schooner in the harbor, or he is not compelled to take her. Under this contract the schooner was built and *Enquirer* was built, and unquestionably she was the strongest and fastest craft that had ever been built at that day. With this schooner cruising from 70 to 100 miles at sea, and the *Eclipse* at the Hook, and a fleet of smaller boats inside, all experienced seamen and well manned, and in consequence the combined opposition purchased the news from Boursaud's Wall Street office, and the necessary energy having thus been infused into the whole concern against General Webb was made the distinction in procuring early and exclusive intelligence from Washington during the session of Congress. There were no railroads or telegraphs in those days, and the mails from the South were the sole source of news received in New York in the night of the following day. Thus the Congressional proceedings of Monday reached New York on Wednesday night, and appeared in the following papers of Thursday. Webb determined they should appear in the *Courier and Enquirer* of Wednesday, and with that view made a contract with certain parties to run a daily express from Washington to New York, reaching the entire session of the next Congress, for which he agreed to pay $7500 per annum. He also arranged nightly railroad every six miles from Washington to this city, and many of our merchants still remember how regularly the "Express" gave him the news of the passage of measures of the *Courier and Enquirer*, twenty-four hours in advance of the rest. Against this system of opposition he drew, enlarging the paper, employing additional editors and reporters, spending enormous sums for telegraphic returns, and devoting whole columns to subjects never before touched upon by the press, the consequence was that press were more than quadrupled, and four of the old morning papers died out. But a new impetus was thus given to the newspaper press of the city, and the public listened to increase to the day; and for that impetus to the consequences upon the public mind and the character of the press, the community are unquestionably indebted to General Webb. But in the first stress of success he owed an old brewer, and from that day all enterprise in collecting news ceased, and the *Courier* has ever since brought up their arse in anticipation of the news boats. And so with the "Express"—the telegraph and railroad may completely disposed of that once powerful agency, and from that time every pass has had placed within its reach the means of obtaining information which has given any other trouble than the expense of paying for it. The "Associated Press," however, does not deserve this, for it and three units congenitally so field for individual enterprise. In fact "Associated Press," as understood in the country, the *Courier and Enquirer* maintains its character of a commercial and newspaper of the first rank, distinguished alike for the fullness of its commercial intelligence, the ability of its editorials, the tone of General Webb and his associates in the press, and for its scholarly criticisms on books and art.

In 1840 General Webb was appointed minister to Austria, but in the following session of the Senate that body refused to confirm him—He then declined the office of postilion to him. After eighteen years of personal devotion to Mr. Clay, General Webb accepted the commission of General Taylor for the Presidency in preference to his old friend. Not from any want of confidence in Mr. Clay, but because he had informed both Mr. Clay himself and General Webb that he would not be a candidate; and they, in consequence, had come out for General Taylor.

The political career of General Webb is too well known to require any comment. His earnest political life from the start in utter ignorance of party usm and party assignments, and acting simply from his impulses of right, he soon found himself at war with politicians on his political associates as with his political opponents. In a few months after General Jackson's inauguration he was overcome in his condemnation for attempting to withdraw from the roll of the navy; and being in favor of both a Tariff and a United States Bank when General Jackson advocated them, when the President and his party abandoned those measures and Jackson removed the deposits from the bank of the United States, General Webb openly abandoned his support. He then aided in consolidating and gave the name of Whig to the elements of opposition to the Democracy, and no one man has ever exercised more influence in any party than General Webb can rounded to the councils of the late Whig party of the United States, and was one of the seventy-seven of that so recognized in allegiance to party, except just as far as the advocate of principles he loved. And it is from supporting the old avowed and determined ordinary avowed of *always* his Democracy, he has frequently been forced in opposition to his party associates, and has incurred the political integrity he doubted. Thus he has time and again opposed the Whig party in Congress, in Legislature, and Mayoralty nominations of his party when he could not support the men or measures, and has invariably received no principle; while he has always cheerfully given his support to the nominees of the party when the party adhered to principle, simply because great principles were involved in success.

In the Mexican war, as earnest an advocate of the Constitutional rights of the South now as he ever was; and on the Texas annexation question, he never stood up more whatever pressure to assail them. But he is equally opposed to the enlargement of slavery since free territory.

The leading characteristics of General Webb are entire independence of character, unbounded energy, untiring perseverance and disregard of consequences—all of which have so clearly marked his editorial career as to render him a conspicuous example of conduct by his political friends as well as his opponents. It is not our present purpose to enter into the political history of parties during the developments of truth, has already proved the inherent error of the principles of the secession party and their ultimate failure. We can only refer to the conduct of the press, under which character, which even his enemies concede, I devoted attachment to those who have done him a kindness. Accordingly, to that kind and generous political course of the press he suffered an unkind word to be published against Mr. Buchanan, his old friend, and the friend of his father, in the exciting topics of the day: while the *Courier and Enquirer* was under the control of General Webb, it always declared a conviction that he was the very soul of honor, and a gentleman of the greatest purity and sincerity, acting upon a mistaken view of the subjects upon which they differed. This was no mawkish but our honest opinion, and we only now refer to it because of the incitement toward Mr. Colfaxes which was stronger than the political opposition which existed between him and Mr. Buchanan without paying his respects to Mr. Colfax, and we have always been a personal friend.

The habits of General Webb as a writer, and his bearing as a man, are peculiarly characteristic. He has always had by good judges that General Webb will prepare more matter for the press in a given time, and that of a more valuable character, than any three ordinary men of topics, than any three journalist; and this is unquestionably true. He writes rapidly, and very little on correction. No matter how grave the topic, he rarely locks his pen, and his style is clear, terse, and forcible. As an employer, for men enjoy such devoted attachment as no part of the country. His kindness to the sick and serious are often communicated with a prompt brevity indicative of his having once worn the epaulet; but it is only necessary to see him among his children to know his sterling worth. He is considerate and indulgent toward his wife and children, and his home is a happy one. He is a thoughtful regard for the welfare of those in his employ, while the kindness of his heart is manifested in the labours of his distribution.

General Webb has been twice married. His first wife was Helen Lispenard, daughter of Alexander L. Stewart, of this city, and grand-daughter of Anthony Lispenard, Esq., of the Bowery, and Miss Lispenard, granddaughter of this city and State. She died in 1845. General Webb's second wife is Laura Virginia, youngest daughter of Jacob Cram, Esq., of this city. General Webb is a member of the Episcopal Church, a regular attendant of counseling precepts; and we trust that there are many years of usefulness before him. We feel that we continue to exhibit that fearlessness and independence in the cause of right which have ever characterized him, and to maintain the high position which he has won by performing faithfully the duties which he has assumed, and continue to grace that social life of which he is an ornament.

THE OFFICIAL ODE ON THE CABLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

AIR—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Oh, say not the old times were brighter than these,
When bosoms were torn from the warriors that bore them!
Oh, say not the ocean, the storm, or the breeze,
Can force a proud nation to bend to the knee!
For the battle's red light grows pale to the sight,
When the pen wields its power, or thought feels its might.

Now mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
And the wreath of the victor is twined with the queen's!
Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise,
Let the heart keep its sheath, and the cannon its thunder;
Now industry exhorts from earth to the skies,
And science links nations that war shall not sunder.
Where the mermaids sit weep, and the pearls lie silent,
Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless deep;
Now mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise,
Let the heart keep its sheath, and the cannon its thunder;
Now industry exhorts from earth to the skies,
And science links nations that war shall not sunder.
Where the mermaids sit weep, and the pearls lie silent,
Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless deep;
Now mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

When the sunset of yesterday flooded the west,
Our old mother country lay on in the distance;
But the lightning has flashed the message to her breast—
That world-full has had that first gave us existence!
We feel, with a start, the quick pulse of her heart—
And the mother and child are no longer apart!
For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

The blood that was kindred throbs greatly once more,
And the glow of our joy fills the depths of the ocean;
It thrills through the waves, and it sings on the shore,
Till the globe, to its poles, feels the holy emotion.
We join in one song, for the cannon is dumb,
Where the Saxon blood burns, but it stirs for the right!
For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

With this Number we issue an

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT,

of eighty pages, containing a complete History of the Telegraph from the first idea to its successful working by the transmission of the first message over the Atlantic Cable. This work has been carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and will be found to contain an account of all the various telegraph enterprises and methods, a narrative of the laying of all the submarine cables, a copious report including Mr. Field's journal of the recent operations on the Atlantic Telegraph Fleet, together with biographical sketches of Messrs. Field, Brett, Halliday, Bright, the Governor of Newfoundland, etc. It is illustrated by forty large and elaborate woodcuts, among which we may mention portraits of Field, Brett, Halliday, Everett, etc; the Morse, Hughes, Bain, Wheatstone, and Hughes instruments; the Atlantic, Newfoundland, Deer and Cable Cutters and Engine, and Mississippi submarine cables; the famous Everett paying-out machine; Trinity Bay, Valentia Bay, St. John's, Newfoundland, Gape Ray; the bottom of the Atlantic, showing the Telegraph Plateau and the depths north and south of it; together with several beautiful illustrations of the Niagara and Agamemnon on their way westward, at the act of laying the cable, etc., etc. The whole for FIVE CENTS.

THE OPENING OF CHINA TO THE WORLD.

THE practical business of the Atlantic Telegraph has been fully inaugurated by the announcement of the most important events that has been concluded since the dynasties overthrew the spirit of revolution in 1815. China, comprising within its bulk half of the human species and producing population of the globe, retarding Europe in territory, and the United States in the variety of its products, surpassing all other nations in the extent of its capacities and resources, has at length been admitted into the family of civilized nations. The allied armies—the powers of Europe have extorted from the Chinese Government all the rights which the family of nations grant to each other: free ingress and egress, diplomatic representation at the capital, and unrestricted trade, subject, of course, to fair local laws and wages. Glorious as is the roll of conquests of which took the powers captured, this last, they never won so splendid a victory as this.

China is the only one of all existing nations which still unconquered, remained in barbarism as the dark ages. Whatever objections may be made to Chinese chronology, there can be no doubt that its institutions which date from Confucius at the present day were in full vigor at a time when the most venerable of the modern nations of Europe were growing in nature and historic. And though bodily political revolutions have been numerous in Chinese history—dynasties, in short, as they have been in Europe entirely in France—they have never changed the national progress of the Chinese, or the sustaining interests of their population, or the growth of their trade and wealth. They have never permitted any radical change in the national institutions. And precisely imbued with the characteristics which they share with the Anglo-Saxon ordinary spirit in trading spirit—the people of China have steadily advanced in the development of property for a thousand years at least. In the controversies that, at the present day, the Chinese cities are the largest, the Chinese capitalists are the richest, the Chinese merchants are the most extensive in the world. Even in Canton, which, as we learn from Monsieur Huc, is regarded as a mere sea-port—a place where Newfoundland and Liverpool trade merchants live in a style of splendor almost unknown to the royal houses of Europe. Extreme civilization has produced in China, as it has in the highest pitch of development; in various important manufactures the Chinese outstrip the world. Labor is cheaper there; hence almost the only kind of machinery which the Chinese do not possess is that which saves or economizes labor. In the silk and porcelain manufactures as far as any single nation can hope to do, when it has no foreign competition to stimulate enterprise and improvement.

That single thing lacking—foreign competition—is now about to be bestowed on China. By the same power which forces foreign nations may compete with the Chinese in their own markets. Let us not hasten to congratulate ourselves on the new market that is opened for us at others' expense. All reliable travelers concur in stating that, at present, there is no demand for foreign products in China. And, in fact, because have all that we can send them, and in all the fabrics and wares which they consume their own manufacturers can undersell the foreign world. This, however, is, of course, a mere temporary condition. Foreign wares will make for themselves a market. It is reasonable to suppose that in these manufactures to which our national energy has been specially directed, and in which our workers have had the accumulated of the experience of centuries and the rivalry of the world, we shall soon outstrip China. So soon as we have a fair field for competition, the intelligence of the Chinese will create a demand for every article which we can make better and cheaper than our Chinese rivals. We could not desire more.

It will take but a few years for a regular trade to be established between this country—and especially our Pacific States—and China, on fair and legitimate principles of exchange. We shall cease to send to China millions of silver in payment of our trade with it. What we take from the Chinese will be paid for in the long pointed in our labor—software, staffs, machinery, and so forth. Thus we shall not only gain a new market more profitable than any which we now supply, but we shall relieve the severe drain of specie which our commercial dealings in China in the Chinese will be paid for in the long pointed in our labor—software, staffs, machinery, and so forth. Thus we shall not only gain a new market more profitable than any which we now supply, but we shall relieve the severe drain of specie which our commercial dealings in China produces now involves. So long as peace is maintained, such peace has seldom been chronicled in our history.

OUR WATERING-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE.

LONG BRANCH, *August* 25, 1858.

EVERY week, dear Civilizer, hundreds of copies of your papers are bought, read, canned over and discussed at Long Branch. Every week, I daresay a rumor arises that "this week's *Harper* will have a letter from Long Branch." Nothing, however, has literary tendencies and is known to have written Greek verses in childhood, is bearer to remark mysteriously that the manuscript of "Ion" or "The Branch" were "shown up" in the next Weekly. The keeper of a famous house knew that he could not have offered free board and Champagne daily to an industrious journalist, on conviction that he should write one letter or two, descriptive of the universal merits of Long Branch in general, and the Paradise Inn in particular.

I am not that individual. God help me, I am a lazy legger. And nobody ever thought enough of me to offer me free board, much less free Champagne. But I will, nevertheless, of my own free will and mere motion, write you a remark anent concerning Long Branch.

Some time since, I mean prior to the siege of Troy, or about the date of the Lisbon earthquake or King Ahab, or may-be thousands of years before, I am confident that I was in a state of the Ante-Diluvian and exposed to the eastern gales. [There's no use discussing the point: I am fixed in my opinion, and if Lieutenant Maury or Professor Agassiz, whose relative is new at the Branch, are hereby notified that I will send reply to any thing they may advance in regard to my statement.] In these days the winds blew and the waves arose, and by reason of the strong drifted up the shore the old Jersey shore, a wave of sand. Still the winds blew and the waves rose in vain and the sand went licking up, as it went, a few insignificant sandgrains, and the blowing and the rolling, and the mighty gathering-up continued through many year, and century after century, and thousands of years after thousands of years, there arose a hill and a bed, over against the Jersey shore, a sandy breakwater, many miles in length, and of various breadth, from a mile or two to a few rods, and this sandy breakwater and the main shore there rises an inlet of a few clear yards in breadth, through which as he noticed the crevice which invariably intervenes between a new-drift and a fence, will at once declare the cause of the phenomenon. The philosophers of the locality call the inlet a river. It is as fairly entitled to that name as the sandy sand-bank outside is entitled to be denominated a Branch. Well or ill baptized, however, the Long Branch is a Long Branch.

Figure to yourself, my beloved but untraveled reader! a tract of sand as shiny from the waves the level of the sea. At a point about ten feet above high-water mark—in fair weather—this sand-bank becomes perceptibly broader, and projects inland, without so much as a pebble to wound fair feathers' feet. This moment, out of which the rose pulse, we shall call, if you please, the cliffs. They would be very like the historical cliffs of old England, if they were only of chalk instead of sand. From the edge of the cliffs stretching inward, sagacious and perceptive of the shiny beach, there are established lawn—flat as a table, and sufficiently grassy to attract dew. In the rear of these lawns stand the cottages of the Long Branch aristocracy of beach, without so much as a pebble to wound fair feathers' feet. This moment, out of which the rose pulse, we shall call, if you please, the cliffs. They would be very like the historical cliffs of old England, if they were only of chalk instead of sand. From the edge of the cliffs stretching inward, sagacious and perceptive of the shiny beach, there are established lawn—flat as a table, and sufficiently grassy to attract dew. In the rear of these lawns stand the cottages of the Long Branch aristocracy of beach.

Now you have the spot in your eye. It is not an easy place to get at. Either you must explore a labyrinth of cedar-trees streets and lanes on the North River, and a series of crowded wharves, tenanted by sun-burnt mariners, and by steam-tug, fruit-boat, and native cattle; then you must risk your life in some steam-boat or other, where those passengers actually try to push rival boats tack with their hands; you must run aground a given number of times in Raritan Bay Shrewsbury River. When you had, you must commit yourself and your fortunes to a vehicle which plunges violently through the sand and reels for many a mile; and so, at last, you arrive at Long Branch.

The Mayor and Peter Cooper are here too. To them, of course, the ocean is attractive solely as a place where submarine cables may be laid. My enterprising friend Stiggs, who had the misfortune to break last fall, has a scheme for a submarine cable from the Branch to the Battery, and is going to propose it to Mr. Cooper to-morrow. So don't be surprised if you see a cable-car running out and here—down did I say?—corers. Here is Bolder Bush, Esq., the great Democratic chief, who takes you aside and tells you, in confidence, that he is

in possession of evidence showing Seward to have been arrested for picking pockets, which testimony he will bring out at the proper time; who further volunteers the statement that, but for a speech which he made in ——— County, Pennsylvania, in September, 1856, Buchanan could never have been elected. Yet he was refused a foreign mission! I have not been, Mr. Wide Awake, the famous Congressman, who voted for the Nebraska bill, but whose conscience revolted at the English Compromise; an unflinching Democrat, as the Union knows say, previous to the defection of Douglas, but now a man who is inclined to be lenient with the Republicans. His sentiments in regard to the maintenance of the Union are beautiful. I have seen him drinking sentiments in private with the Hon. Hyp O. Critc, who took the stump for Fremont in 1856, and is now employed by the Union Club. He is a thorough *Trabue* man, and never touched wine till Greeley threw the liquor platform overboard. Now, he says, the Colonel wants us against us brotherly enmities, and he has been seen to squeeze tenderly the hand of Mrs. Widow Alphabet Soup, the well-known leader of the Georgia Know Nothings and slavery propagandist.

At our house we have no politicians, except Sam, the black waiter, who is very severe on "dem cussed black 'publicans." His temperament is a monarchy after the Siamese fashion. It is ruled by kings, but we have a pleasing life of it. And if Siam is as well ruled, and their majesties are as fit for their throne as ours, I rather regret I won't be born at Bangkok. We have no nobility: every body is a courtier; old, grayheaded, and Democrat, as I am, is much nearer the throne than place, with the cool moonlight creeping over me, and the gentle whisper of the sea in my ears, I could do homage and obeisance.

On bright days the strong sunlight bursts into our rooms with such clarity, and rouses us so, that walls before breakfast. No one hurries over the mess; it is elaborate, as the great feast of the day should be. Then follow a couple of hours of siesta, reading, or quiet chat—the ladies do their sewing, and settle the destination of their dresses, &c. At noon, a half past ten or eleven bathing begins. This is exciting, of course. Both sexes dress much alike. It is positively stated that my friend, Uncle Ned, Siamese, was seen, in the midst of the breakers, to kiss, with tremendous unction, the lips of young Jeff, whose beard has not begun to sprout, and who is unconsciously like his pretty sister. I, myself, am Mr. Editor, by no means ungrisly bather who dips the ladies. When I say the ladies enjoy my niece, Julia, myself, my two girls, and Ned's children in the water, nothing but my moral education saved his worthless life. Who should be not come into the stream to Mr. Dare-devil? She enjoys the luxury of being drowned twice a week. Mondays and Wednesdays are the lively young woman is noticed to disappear under the wave. Her unprotected hands wave madly: a gurgling shriek for assistance is heard, and Master Dick Dippin is after her like a shark. So is Master Sam, as the boys call him, and so is the gardman; so the crowd at large. Presently Dick, who can outswim any fish out of training, shouts, "I've got her!" and appears on the surface with the hair of Mrs. Daredevil's jacket in his teeth. Jones swears a bit, and myself drowns all sounds in his frantic attempts to save that member of the senseless lady, regardless of the rest. Thirty-five young women may appear on the beach and disappear instantaneously. Fourteen of them shower apoplexious names on your correspondent for not making the rescue. Mrs. Multiple, whose state of health has been the subject of many remarks too gross for repetition here, declares, from the inside of her bathing-house, that it is now time to send for the doctor. Mr. Multiple, her partner part of the time, which is instantly swamped by a crowd of zealous life-savers. In the midst of all which Mrs. Daredevil is safely landed by young Dick, and is heard to inquire for Curacoa.

This is the event of the day—better suited to our consumption than the most stirring accounts from Europe. After the bath we dine, and make grimaces over that which Champigne and Hock lay in joints. Then comes the long afternoon—spent by some in sleep, some in driving over the Island, mainly at billiards, and half a dozen or so in reading. Tea is a relief; for the segment of the day that intervenes between dinner and tea is P.S.S. as is difficult to disgose of as La Cosse Corruption bonds or shares in the Academy of Music.

After nightfall we sit on the balcony and sing. Our repertoire is extensive. I have heard every thing, from Dibdin to Rossini, and from Carters to Bonnet Wallace, conscientiously performed. Some romantic young persons walk by moonlight. To the bowers erected along the shore: I have heard sounds coming from thence which were unconnected by kiss, kisses, interspersed with exclamations—"Oh, you wretch!" "I'll tell mamma!" etc., etc.

A dance is de-rigueur on Saturday. *Le Trente pôts*, which is another edition of the German, with new punctuation, and wider margin. Games succeed—charming old games—Kiss-in-the-ring, Blindman's buff, and so forth—in which pretty creatures, who may next year be mothers of families, tuck up their dresses, and rasp and scream and dance like children of ten, with such hearty good-humor and joyous spirit, that, upon my word, old as I am, I have warmed at the sight and wished they might catch me, and shield me, and run after me after them, and lay my old paw on their pretty cheeks in order to find out the name of my preservers. I fear I might be blindman's buff long while. Talk of our people lacking animal spirit! I'd like to see Frenchmen or Englishmen either who enter more heartily into the spirit of what the English call "jollity" than we do at eleven of the clock. Every body runs over with fun and good-humor. The noise would disturb a Rip Van Winkle. Dick Dippin seizes the opportunity to bleach, and turns her about as though she were a pinafore, and tucked old Mrs. Blank doesn't even wink at the spectacle. Kitty Shadbourne grasps the hand of my chum, old Judge Assumpsit, and tears him round the room till the gasping luminary of the Bench declares that he will commit her for contempt if she don't let go. Then somebody strikes up a gallop, and away every body goes whirling, racing, sliding, leaping, knocking every body else against the wall, and all singing madly to the accompanist shouts of laughter and applause from the wall-flowers. Twelve o'clock! Chanelclick! Two o'clock! And the noise does not abate. Some one sings a song, and dances follow game, and neither the spirits of the party nor their attitudes show signs of fatigue.

I am used to keeping it up still for any thing I know. Forty years ago, when I was a young man, I could hold my own on such occasions; now the allurements of a pillow, and the charm of a warm blanket are with me superior, after midnight, to even such a thing as a ball as this. I go to bed, with the Fust-born ringing in my ears, and the lovely, and graceful figure of a sweet girl, of whom Genoese may be proud, lighting up the gloom of my old bachelor dreams; vowing intensely, that next year I shall spend the whole of my holidays at Long Branch, where people are so kind, so pretty, and good-tempered, and where no New York fogs corrupt, and no rowdies break in and steal.

THE LOUNGER.

TITLES.

AMERICANS, of course,—as sundry young noblemen now visiting us have discovered to their chagrin,—care nothing for social titles; but as a curiosity of literature the following paragraph may amuse the reddest republican:

"The new style of title to works of fiction, introduced by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in the case of 'My Novel,' is then adopted by Mr. John Lang, in 'Will he marry him?' and has brought forth a host of imitations, to, we understand, be the forthcom ing publishing season. A great many novels have appeared in England which have passed in steady drag to the third volume of a novel, it is said, and then stopped short, as if the author had died. Mr. Douglas Jerrold, recently returned from the United States, not to be out of vogue, will publish a volume of promising fiction, entitled, 'Which Is the Lioness; or, Will he read them, or will he eat them?' Mr. Martin F. Tupper, who has long been 'Proverbial' in a holey volume, to be called, 'What will it weigh; or, How much is a pound?' Mr. Albert Smith, who is at Bowling's forthcoming epic is, 'Don't be with he may understand it?'"

PUNCH AND POETRY.

Good old *Punch*'s poet is always prompt. A kind of universal laureate, he celebrates with rhyme and music the events of the time. Every year, when the sly fun which he pokes at Brother Jonathan, he has yet a kind word for him. Such a conviction that, in its spirit, *Punch* belongs to our side. The spirit of *Punch*, indeed, is always sparkling, and therefore good-humored. Since we have been in summer with delight, it is sufficiently exhilarating to read a contribution to the Transatlantic good-nature modestly to suggest to *Punch* that every chance of a broken piece of the cable (see the eighth stanza following) is being secured to us, and would not be bad upon easy terms by application to Tilling & Co.

THE ANGLO-SAXON TWINS.

COMPOSED BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Scorned as but six, till we were seven
Upon our work gigantic,
Should the Titan Seventh fall down
Beneath the broad Atlantic.

Accomplished is the mighty job,
In spite of toil and winter!
So JONATHAN, we now shall wish
Each other Merry Christmas,
Yankee doodle, etc.

The two great sons of sires not in chains
Are now as one connected,
Whereby the cause of Freedom gains,
For "toil is more respected.
Yankee doodle, etc.

United, Brother JONATHAN,
In firm amalgamation,
I guess we Anglo-Saxons can,
At need, lick creation.
Yankee doodle, etc.

The odds are now on our command,
By our more claim communion,
Against the Russian and the French,
With Despots linked in union.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Let but our forces be combined,
And we'll command the world.
A no small mess of human mind,
In science and in blood!
Yankee doodle, etc.

Two Press, which every bigot hates,
Five schools, and Liberty!
Shall live in the United States,
And Europe's Freedom harass.
And Yankee doodle, etc.

May talk of lightning stick as grease,
Discussions shortly finish,
And every planet will be peace
To less than naught diminish.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Now every squabble we have had
In pretty style begins,
So let us set to work like mad,
And deal in our resources,
Yankee doodle, etc.

Two thousand miles beneath the sea,
If you're inclined as I am,
That wire will steer slow or free and no
As those found twins of Siam.
Yankee doodle, etc.

So let United freemen's cheers
Drive old Tom Bull to frenzy,
The Telegraph, as each one hears,
Has spoke the great Atlantic.
Yankee doodle, etc.

SOLID SENTENCES.

ALDEN CREEK, New York, *August*, 1858.

MR. LOUNGER,—The following "sentences" are shaped by me, and have never been in print. You may use them if you like.

Yours truly, F. G.

We find our greatest worth in the children of mankind.

The twilight of age is the shadow of death's approach.

When prejudice enters the mind, like a snake it occupies the seat of truth.

And it shows more than this. It proves that a drama of incident and wit may be constructed without the poor sentimentality and poorer morality which characterizes the Parisian theatre. "The Queen's Heart" is witty without vgoisque, and interesting without improper intrigue. It is full of movement and constant development, and indicates not only a natural aptitude for dramatic construction, but a careful study of the principles of dramatic success.

The incidents are properly mounts and casts this comedy in New York, will find every evening a full house. The acting—though the dress circle is a battery of bouquets at the end of the piece, and we shall have it.* The dress circle, and the parquette, are willing to allow Mr. Wallack to Forrest-ize the inner Paris of the theatre—by merely going down from Broadway. And if "The Queen's Heart" is to be counted among the characteristic of the dramatic copyright law in this country, we shall all have much greater reason to love that law than we may have supposed we were to be.

The Lounger invites his friends to remember the title of this charming comedy, that, when it is presented, they may not fail to try the fascination of "The Queen's Heart," and enjoy the satisfaction of putting him in the wrong—if they can.

A LETTER FROM SAMUEL CRUMPCLOTH.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have received a friend's dog about an article in your paper of July 31, in reply to a letter of 'Beerseye,' about the Dickens and Bulwer family troubles. The letter spoke of a mercantile friend who thought that the class of people were sure to go wrong'—meaning authors and literary men—and that the style of the article was terribly severe upon those merchants who, under all circumstances, exercise morality to money, and who do not allow a single bad transaction that ought to consign the actors to the State Prison.

"Now, Mr. Editor, there are such merchants occasionally, as there are authors and artists of the same character. I know some authors who make a point of never being at dishonest trade as I know merchants who make a great deal of money by the same means that authors do—by other kinds of speculation. And, further, I have no doubt that men who pursue their business solely for the money that is to be made by it, are in the very same category of all pursuits that are not persistently productive. But it seems to me that the real point of the article I speak of implied that merchants were rather an illiberated, uneducated, vulgar class of people.*

"Now, I myself know, I am sure, a dozen gentlemen should entertain such a theory of my countrymen. I, myself, have never found it in connection very hard not to. I will venture to say that swindling is a dull transaction upon a much larger scale than the petty rascality that is prosecuted at. But, on the other hand, how many generous, honest, highminded, intelligent fellows I have met next a day! How the best reputation of the city of New York, for hospitality, has been for great charities, managed by merchants! How the interest of some of her merchants have become proverbs of honor, generosity, and benevolence!

"Besides, sir, every man now who has won his way to wealth has come from the country, or seems to give his children a good education. How many of the youth in our colleges are the sons of merchants! How many of them are the children of merchants engaged in counting-rooms! Do you think, Mr. Lounger, that the class of men most generally better educated, are a more moral class of citizens than the merchants? And as for the prejudices against merchants, I have met with a great many. I concur at most of success, which would be just as often quoted a turpitude as a virtue, would never get hold any where, or work to any result, and which would be entirely lost in the presence of any author who has any position and any property by his talents? Why, Sir, I think I have observed quite a number of instances where by merchants to literary men of no very great mark.

"And, my very dear Sir, what a spectacle the literary history of the world presents for our moment! I honor and respect our masters and teachers as much as any man; but what a record of the reaching story of love, and sorrow, and forgiveness, or of a deadly secret locked life-long into some noble heart, like a treasure, position and property, which should never be known though the heart broke with the struggle to keep it! I am not saying or learning that the man who has told me this tragical tale, by which my heart was touched and my eyes filled, was a merchant, or had ever been in the whole world that he has such a secret? While with one Mrs. Dickens, or one Mrs. Bulwer, the experience and heroic silence, with the other he is labelling letter-tearing and with the heart of his most sacred and private relations, for every scoundrel bird of prey to feed upon.

"I am glad to repeat that we have no right to require the preacher to be the perfect pattern of all the virtues, or the painter to be the example of the temperance lecturer that he shall keep sober?

"I do not insist that Mr. Dickens shall live with Mrs. Dickens. I do not insist that Mr. Bulwer be stiff for themselves. But I do insist that he shall behave with the same honor that he expects. It is nobody's business, and it can not be made any body's business. I call upon him to respect his wife, himself, his children, his profession, by holding his tongue. It is precisely such conduct as the delicacy of his sensibility which makes people talk as Beerseye heard his friend talking. It may not to an elevating business to deal in cotton and calicoes, but I'll be hanged a hundred thousand per cent. nobler than accusing your wife to the world.

"All I mean to say is, that I don't think we ought to be classed as a class. Alfred Bulwer, I agreed entirely with Timothy Bodkin.

"Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL CRUMPCLOTH."

* The Lounger is very sure Mr. Crumpcloth misjudges the significance of the article in question; but he shall leave that to it.

† The Lounger positively declines to reply.



SALT LAKE CITY—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM AND THE DESERET STORE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOSE & MOGO.]

THE SNAKE.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

When along the fragrant pine-wood
I my daily ramble take,
Spoiled were all the quiet pleasure
Should I chance to meet a snake.

Pleasant was the bright spring morning;
Birds sang out from every tree,
As I wandered, lingered, loitered,
Happy in their midst to be.

Columbines the rocks were climbing,
Violets lay in patches blue;
Red, beneath the dark leaves shining,
Checkerberries thickly grew.

Light of heart though slow of footstep,
Like a child with all content,
Flowers and mosses there I gathered,
Through the pine-woods as I went.

Suddenly I stopped! Before me,
Long and slender, in the grass
Lay the form I always dreaded—
Lay the form I dared not pass.

Quailed the timid heart within me;
Rapidly I glanced around,
Might some help be near me? might some
Weapon of defense be found?

Half I turned, believing safety
Only could be found, in flight;
Then a moment paused, to note him
Basking warmly in the light.

After all, perhaps it might not
Be a *living* snake, I thought;
So, with silent, cautious movement,
From the bush a twig I brought.

Then I stood a while, debating
Whether just one touch to try—
For the twig was quite a long one—
Or at once to turn and fly.

Faint and fainter waxed my courage;
Yet, entranced, I gazed, and strove
To discern by some sure token
If he had the power to move.

Straight across the path extended,
On his skin no stripe nor spot,
Only rings! and he so quiet—
Was he dead, or was he not?

Motionless he lay, but life-like:
Cautiously I bent my head
O'er the smooth, well-rounded body—
"No, he's not alive," I said.

Straight my spectacles I opened,
Set them firmly on my nose,
Nearer drew, till he was lying
Not ten inches from my toes.

"Save my senses!" Doubt was ended!
Not a word I uttered more!
Only through the fragrant pine-wood
Walked I faster than before.

One remark upon this subject
Since that time I often make:
"Strange one should not, in one's senses,
Know a *pine stick* from a SNAKE!"

SALT LAKE CITY.

We publish herewith the first of a series of Salt Lake views, from photographs taken expressly for us by Messrs. Burr & Mogo. The accompanying is a fine view of the block occupied by the mansions of the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, and by the Church Store and Tithing House, taken from the balcony of the Council House cupola, looking northeast. The large building in front (a little to the left), forming the corner of the block, is the Deseret or Church Store, as will be seen by the signs on either side of it. Like all other structures in Salt Lake City, it is built of adobes, or sun-dried, unburned bricks. It is, however, much improved in appearance by a coating of plaster painted in imitation of stone. At present it is empty, but has been used to store the immense quantities of grain, etc., which the Church accumulates in the harvest season through the payment of tithing by the Mormon people. Here also the merchandise, of which the Church often brings out a large supply, is retailed to the Saints, many of whom, in obedience to "counsel," will not purchase of Gentile merchants. The long, low building, extending some 150 feet to the north from the main building, is the principal receiving office, where the tenth of the produce of the country is taken in as a contribution to the Church fund. What disposition is made of the vast amount of property thus accumulated by the Church is a question creating considerable doubt in "Gentile" minds.

The low buildings immediately to the right of the Deseret Store are the dwellings of Lieutenant-General D. H. Wells, the third counselor of Brigham Young. The fine long house to the right of these, with the picturesque-looking gable windows, is the celebrated *Harem* or Lion House, in which Brigham keeps the greater portion of his generally acknowledged wives. This is really a pretty house, although somewhat faulty in architecture. It receives the appellation of Lion House from the stone lion which surmounts the portico in front. Each of the windows seen opens into a room about twelve or fourteen feet square, and each room is occupied by one of the "spiritual"

and her family. The household have larger rooms, such as a dining-room, work-room, and nursery, which are common to the inmates. Still farther to the right stand two small buildings, used as offices, which connect the Lion House with the Mansion House, in which "Lady Young," Brigham's first wife, lives with her own family, separate from the others. It is said that she makes no objection to the Prophet's supporting the "handmaidens of the Lord," as she calls his spiritual; but she objects most decidedly to having them in the same house with her. The mansion has an observatory on the top, which affords a magnificent view of the surrounding valley. This is surmounted by a large beehive, the emblem of the "State of Deseret." This building stands on the corner of State Street, which runs back north one square toward the mouth of Brigham's Cañon, and in the opposite direction makes a straight line to the southern extremity of the valley, forming the State road to Provo City.

The reader will not fail to notice the splendid wall of cobble-stone, laid in cement, which surrounds the whole block. This wall is three feet thick at the base, ten feet high, and a foot in thickness at the top. It is divided into sections of about twenty feet by round abutments rising ten feet above the remainder of the structure, which are designed to be surmounted at some future time with marble busts of the prominent men in the Church. The wall itself is to be finished off with a coating of cement. Very strong, double gates are placed at convenient points, but these are all kept locked, except one at the Tithing House and one at the Mansion House, at which a guard is constantly kept. The man with the wagon-load of hay, near the corner, is waiting for the arrival of the keeper of the scales, which are near, to have it weighed. The covered wagon near by belongs to a family returning to their home from the South, but have halted to watch the proceedings of our artist.

On the hill immediately to the right of the Mansion is the house which Brigham first erected in the valley. Becoming too small for his rapidly increasing family, he sold it some time since, in England, for $25,000, to an infatuated proselyte. This man died on his way out. When his widow arrived here, seeing how sadly her husband had been duped, she refused to take possession, and it is now occupied by Hiram Clawson, Brigham's son-in-law.

Back of the Lion House may be seen one of Brigham's extensive stables, despoiled of its roof during "the war."

On the extreme left of the picture, and on the left side of Main Street, we have a view of the southeast corner of the Temple Block. Exactly at its outer angle will be seen the small monument marking the initial point from which the United States survey of the Territory was started. Within the wall may be seen blocks of stone prepared for the construction of the Temple, the work on which is suspended for the present. Looking up Main Street, on the right side, and back of the Tithing House, we have a distant view of Heber C. Kimball's property, inclosed by a fine stone wall similar to Brigham's, which defines its limits. Still farther in the background, our view rises over the east bench of the valley, to the foot of a spur of the Wasatch Mountains, in the angle of which the city is situated. At the foot of the depression in the bench seen in the background, toward the left, opens the mouth of Brigham's Cañon. Just at the foot of the mountains to the left the city wall may be traced, with three of its bastions.

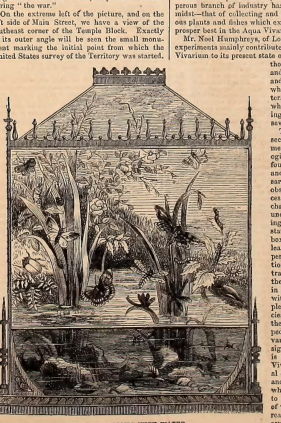


LEAF INSECT. PHALÆNA REGIA. KATYDID.

BUTTERFLY PARKS.

In No. 29 of our first volume we discussed the formation of the then newly-invented "Drawing-room Fish-ponds," or *Aqua Vivaria*. These ingenious and useful ornaments have since become quite common in American parlors and conservatories, and will do much to give Young America a real love of nature and an intelligent appreciation of her minor wonders. Several works have been published, explanatory of the manner of their construction and preservation; and a new and prosperous branch of industry has sprung up in our midst—that of collecting and arranging the various plants and fishes which experience has taught prosper best in the Aqua Vivarium.

Mr. Noel Humphreys, of London, whose patient experiments mainly contributed to bring the Aqua Vivarium to its present state of perfection, has be-



INSECT VIVARIUM, WITH WATER.

thought him of another and equally amusing and instructive toy, which he calls the Butterfly Vivarium, and of which the accompanying illustrations show several varieties.

The idea of an Insect Vivarium is by no means new. Entomologists have always found some contrivance of the kind necessary, to enable them to observe and note successfully the various changes which insects undergo before assuming their last or perfect state. The common tin box, filled with fresh leaves, and with the lid perforated for ventilation; the card-board trays for silk-worms; the wooden box sunk in the ground, covered with a wire-cloth, and piled with various species of caterpillars—all these entomological expedients are, in fact, vivaria. The special design of Mr. Humphreys is to make the Insect Vivarium an ornamental object for the parlor and conservatory, by which means he hopes to disabuse the ladies of what he calls an unreasonable dread of caterpillars, spiders, and bugs, and to provide them with a means of amusement which will never cease to interest, and will serve effectually to dispel the ennui of a country house.

He proposes a simple glass case or cage, of the proportions of any three feet in height, two feet six inches high, and one foot six inches wide, and to be ventilated from the top by means of a wire cover tastefully formed. Part—or, if preferred, the whole—of the bottom of this case is to be filled with earth, in which to grow the various small plants upon the leaves of which certain caterpillars feed. Small jars or wide-mouthed bottles are inserted in the earth, and receive such small branches of trees as are necessary for the sustenance of certain species of caterpillars, some of whom, for instance, feed only on the leaf of the oak, others on the ash, the privet, and various other trees and large shrubs. These sprigs are thus kept fresh in water for some days, when they can be changed.

The water compartment, which may be added at will, is intended for the nurture and development of water insects.

The whole, therefore, presents an ornamental glass case filled with plants, on the leaves of which shall appear beautiful caterpillars of various colors, and metallic insects glittering in the sun, while around the flowers will flit moths and butterflies, and dragon flies, with their gorgeously-painted and daintily-reticulated wings. It will be readily admitted that such an object would be most attractive; while it would be difficult to invent a more instructive or elevating amusement than that of collecting objects for the Vivarium, and observing intelligently the curious changes in insect life, from the egg, snugly deposited in its nest, through the various stages of development to the appearance of the animal in the final state.

A few words as to the construction of the Insect Vivarium must serve as hints to those who have leisure and taste for the experiment. If the Vivarium is intended to be divided into water and land, the water will be contained in a tin or zinc case, against which (except in the front, where glass is substituted for tin) the earth is laid. One of our illustrations shows the best shape to give the water. A few water-plants, such as flourish in the aquarium; a little tastefully-arranged rock-work, which may conceal two or three shallow flower-pots filled with earth, from which may grow such water-plants as need to have their roots in earth; a layer of small and pretty pebbles to cover the bottom; some snails to keep the water clear; a few small fish to give life to the miniature lake; in short, the various objects common to the Aqua Vivarium render this part complete. Among the fish should be introduced the nest-building stickleback, of whose singular habits some account will be found in our previous article on the Aquarium.

The land portion must be underdrained by means of a layer of potsherds, say three inches deep. Common grasses—especially those kinds which grow low—constitute the staple planting. Zinc cases inserted in the soil will receive the water-bottles for sprigs of trees. Some fern-pots, inserted up to their rims here and there, and containing low-growing flowers, will give variety to the miniature landscape. And now the Insect Vivarium is ready to be stocked.

Here some preliminary familiarity with entomology is required. But given the Butterfly Park, ready for stocking, and the acquisition of sufficient insect lore for the purpose will not appear burdensome. We have space only to suggest that the larva of the various species of dragon-fly will be found very interesting acquisitions, they undergoing most remarkable transformations. Waterbeetles, a few larvæ of the gnat, and, above all, the curious water-spider, with its diving-bell formed of a glistening silver globule of air, must not be omitted. Other aquatic insects will readily suggest themselves to the reader.



INSECT VIVARIUM, WITHOUT WATER.

Of butterflies and caterpillars any one can choose for himself, making sure at the same time that he can find their proper and natural food in their artificial home. Thus the caterpillar of the magnificent *Violence Regia*, which, with its butterfly, is shown in our larger illustration, and which is found in the Southern States, where the negroes call it, on account of its ferocious appearance, the "horned devil," feeds on hickory leaves. Eggs of this butterfly would be a valuable acquisition to any Insect Vivarium.

The curious leaf-insect, sketched also in our larger illustration, would be another most valuable acquisition. With some account of a specimen of this insect, raised in England, we must close this paper. A lady residing in one of the British Indian provinces, where this insect is common, brought some living specimens with her, which, however, unfortunately died on the passage. She then had some eggs sent to her, and these were hatched. The larva, it was found, fed readily upon the leaves of the common European myrtle. The larva itself was highly curious, the leafy character showing itself already upon the upper joints of the legs. It was at first of a brownish-yellow color, but when settled to its food assumed a bright green. Its tail was slightly curved up—just about as much as the curve of the myrtle leaf. The curve would be the wrong way were it not that it walks backward, which brings it right. It undergoes three moults, the first occurring nearly two months after it was hatched. It was noticed that it ate up its cast-off skin. The second and third moultings took place in three and two months after; and at the third the animal assumed its final shape. There por-

tions of the body which now first escaped from the skin expanded suddenly to one-fourth greater size than those remaining confined. The wings, at first beautifully green, shortly assumed a yellow border, as of a leaf in autumn, and by degrees the whole insect became brown, like a leaf about to fall. This is the sign of its decay, which seems to have some extraordinary analogy with that of real leaves. So perfect is the resemblance of this insect to a natural leaf, that when visitors were admitted to see it they refused to believe it possessed of life till it was touched with a stick and forced to crawl along.

The lovers of the Aqua Vivarium will, we think, be pleased with this addition of a Butterfly Park to their Drawing-room Fish-ponds.

LITERARY.

MR. "FESTUS" BAILEY is again in the field with a poem. We confess frankly to the literary crime of admiring Mr. Bailey's greatest work. Festus is a wonder of literature, and possesses all the elements of grandeur and beauty in poetry. This is our general opinion of it. We shall not pause to say any thing of its faults, which are as great and glaring as its merits. But having confessed thus much, we are free to express regret at his various appearances since the publication of that book, and particularly at this last. THE AGE, a satire, is a cold, dull failure. As we read we begin to fancy a letter left out of the name. It is shaky and agueish; feverish and frigid by turns. As a poem it is without merit, and one is surprised to find that the man who could write such satire as Lucifer's sermon in Festus, could be guilty of the trash that fills this volume.

Lest there be any doubt of our entire correctness in this view, we shall make a few extracts for our readers, and leave the book to be looked up by those who care to read farther.

Here is a hit at popular preachers like Spurgeon:

Is't because Boanerges roar and thunder
They draw such flocks? For much it moves my wonder
That crowds, with joy so marked, it might be shammed,
Should rush to hear themselves so loudly damned;
And all, in tones that might volcanoes quell,
Obstreperously ordered off to—well,
The word's tabooed, it ends, I think, in "l."
But wedged in tight 'twixt muslin and brocade,
A sobbing matron and a shuddering maid;
With tears one reddens her Junonian eyes,
One bursts her new French bodice with her sighs,
Ah me! what sins their memories must comprise!
Sweet sympathy there drives a roaring trade,
And makes, or finds, some martyrs, I'm afraid.

That there is truth in what he says of newspapers is not to be doubted; but surely all this has been better said a hundred times, and by men who did not put it into rhyme and call it satire:

From filling, first, a very humble post,
The Typocrat now rules from coast to coast;
Who, rattling off a leader while you're winking,
Has almost stifled independent thinking.
As people pray in Tartary by machines,
So here by dailies, weeklies, magazines,
Each turns his wordy mill, which nothing means;
So deftly now the Press, of scribbling power,
Inflates the favorite folly of the hour;
Some grand delusion happily long covert,
But ripe at last for sale in market overt;
That when its influence seems most comprehensive,
Its worthlessness but shows the more extensive.
And this because its prosperousness depends
Not on its speaking truth, but making friends,
Sway o'er weak minds, and gain, its only ends.
Has ever one, when war-tide was at flood,
Called to the people, "Hold, friends! it were good,
Ere we commit our hands to blows or blood,
To scan those maxims which in cooler hours
We have maintained as Christians must be ours,
And conscience may admit as motive powers?"
Soon as the scent of blood first taints the air,
The sleuth-hounds of the Press at once are there.
All philanthropic cant is cast away;
To rouse ill passions is to make them pay.
With polished pens and learning at command,
Although their reasoning rarely could withstand
A Sunday scholar's logic in the land,
Yet types the Press the body of the nation:
That is, the minds of mediocre station.

It is not that there is want of truth in what he says, but he has a very commonplace, stupid way of saying it. This is perhaps the best passage in the volume:

All good is liable to be abused;
But poesie in passion stands excused.
Be this distinctly, wholly understood,
Men must be agitated for their good;
Grapes must be trodden first, and grain be ground,
Ere wine be looked for, or ere bread be found.
Though some opinions we are apt to shy at,
Opinion hurts not truth, though it run riot;
It's error always begs and prays for quiet.
And aught that men do glorious or right,
They do with heart, with ardor, and with might.
'Tis not the dull, dry, calculated facts
Which stiff geometry from squares exacts,
That marks the progress of the human mind,
Or renders man more noble, more refined;
The demi-gods of these things nothing knew;
Nor sage nor hero recked if false or true.
Are our souls whiter, now, for gravitation?
Do asympotes assist the soul's salvation?
Are cube roots paradisal vegetation?
How may it morally advantage us,
Surd, sine, co-sine, and tangent to discuss,
Or sum the differential calculus?
But what we learn from him the French call Shakspere,
Milton, or any other learned tax-payer,
Of ancient times or modern, once impressed,
Rules the broad empire of man's holy breast.
Look back through all the ages earth hath known,
And half the glory, poets, is your own;
High o'er all kings and heroes take your throne.
The love of gold, power, honor, native land,
Exerts, at times, o'er men severe command.
Persuasion, for a brief but splendid day,
Over the restless crowd may boast her sway,
But Poesie can rule the world for aye;
Forever rule, dictatress of the mind,
The manners, and the morals of mankind!

The English Publishers' Circular gives a valuable summary of the law of copyrights. It says:

"The present laws respecting the duration of copyright in the various European nations are as follows: In England the copyright lasts forty-two years absolutely, for the author's life, and seven years after his death. In Greece and in Sardinia it lasts only fifteen years from the date of publication. In the Roman States it extends to twelve years after the author's death. In Russia it lasts for twenty-five years after the author's death, and for ten years more if a new edition has been published in the last five years of the first term. In Belgium and Sweden it lasts twenty years after the author's death, with a provision, in Sweden, that, should the representative of the author neglect to continue the publication, the copyright falls to the State. In France it lasts for the benefit of children or widow (that is, to the widow, if she be what is called in France, *en communauté de biens*—a peculiar arrangement in French marriage settlements, which establishes between husband and wife a perfect community in each other's property) thirty years after the author's death, but to other representatives only ten years. In Spain it lasts fifty years, reckoning from the author's death. In Austria, Bavaria, Portugal, Prussia, Saxony, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Wurtemberg, and the States of the Germanic Confederation, it lasts thirty years from the author's death, to all his heirs and assigns without distinction; and in Denmark, till so recently as 1858, it lasted an indefinite period, provided the work was kept in print; now, however, it is restricted to a period of thirty years after the author's death, with a provision that republication by others is permitted when five years have elapsed in which a work has been out of print. In the United States copyright lasts for twenty-eight years, and an extension of fourteen years is granted to the author, if he lives, or to his widow, children, and grandchildren."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE Telegraph continues to work successfully. News messages have been received twice during the past week, and it would seem that the cable might be set to work immediately. On Wednesday (September 1) it will be opened for general business. Hundreds of messages are waiting their turn to be transmitted.

ANSWER FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

It will be remembered that Mayor Tiemann sent a message to the Lord Mayor of London, congratulating him on the success of the cable. The following reply was received at the Mayor's office last week:

"LONDON, *Monday, Aug.* 23.

"*From the Lord Mayor of London, to Hon. D. F. Tiemann, Mayor of New York.*

"The Lord Mayor of London most cordially reciprocates the congratulations of the Mayor of New York upon the success of so important an undertaking as the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. It is, indeed, one of the most glorious triumphs of the age, and reflects the highest credit upon the energy, skill, and perseverance of all parties intrusted with so difficult a duty; and the Lord Mayor sincerely hopes that, by the blessing of Almighty God, it may be the means of cementing the kind feelings which now exist between the two countries.

"R. W. CARDEN, *Lord Mayor of London.*"

THE FRAZER RIVER MINES.—SPEECH OF GOVERNOR DOUGLAS.

The news from the mines on Frazer River confirms the accounts of their richness, and relieves the anxiety that many had felt respecting the miners. To a party of these Governor Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, has made a speech, in which he said:

"MY FRIENDS.—You wish me to speak to you about Frazer River, and get my advice about going there, and my opinion of the country. Now, I will tell you all, plainly, that I will not take the responsibility of giving my advice on the subject. You have all heard what has been said of Frazer River, and I know nothing more about the gold than has already been told you by others. Had you sent to ask my opinion about Frazer River before you left California, I would have told you, one and all, not to leave your quiet homes—not to give up the substance for a shadow, and wait, patiently, until something more definite was known about the country. Now, suppose I were to tell you so. Suppose I were to advise you, one and all, to return, immediately, to your homes, without going further, what would the answer be? Why, you would all refuse to do so—you would say that course will never suit. After the trouble and expense we have had in coming here, we must go to the end—we must see the elephant. And, perhaps, you might think that I had some object to gain in keeping you from going to Frazer River. Now, I know, men, what you wish me to tell you. You wish me to say there are lots of gold in Frazer River; but that I will not say; because I am not certain of the fact myself. But this I will tell you, as my own settled opinion, that I think the country is full of gold, and that east and north and south of Frazer River there is a gold-field of incalculable value and extent. I have told our glorious Queen so, and I now tell you so; and, if I mistake not, you are the very men who can prove by your energy and enterprise whether my opinion be right or wrong. Remember, I do not give you that statement as an established fact, but simply as an opinion, founded on what I have actually seen myself, and heard from others who know the country.

HOW TO MANAGE AT FRAZER'S RIVER.

"Now, what more can I say to you, but go on and prospect? and in a few short weeks you will be able to tell me what Frazer River is. Take mining tools and food in abundance; you will then be independent of others, and may go to whatever part of the country you choose. I would not advise you to go beyond Fort Yale with your canoes, as the river is dangerous above that point; neither would I advise you to take the Fort Hope Road, as you can not carry enough of provisions to last you over the journey. The route by Harrison River I think is the best, and we are now preparing to get a road opened in that way; in fact, I expect to see teams and wagons on the twenty mile portage that divides that river from Anderson Lake, before many months are over. That is a safe and accessible route at all seasons to Upper Frazer River. Let me say one word about the Indians. They are all friendly, and all thievish; therefore have an eye to your things, and do not leave them exposed, for in that case the Indians will steal them. Get on with them as quietly as you can, and Government will protect you. Be careful of your revolvers, and be not too ready to use them in your own cause. The law of the land will do its work without fear and without favor. Therefore appeal to it in all cases; let it do justice between man and man; let it defend your rights and avenge your wrongs. Now, my friends, go on and prosper; there is hard work before you, and I hope you will be repaid with rich strikes and big nuggets. One word more about the views of Government. The miner who acts in submission to the laws, and pays the Queen's dues like an honest man, shall be protected in person and property, and as soon as good and trusty men are found, measures will be taken for the conveyance and escort of gold from the mines to this place. Every miner will give in his own sack, and his own weight, and have it addressed and sealed in his own presence, and get a receipt for a sack said to contain so much gold dust. It will be deposited in the public treasury at Victoria, and delivered to the owners on production of the deposit receipt. There will be a charge made for the expense of conveyance, but that will be a small matter compared to the security of your property. I now wish you all well, and shall not detain you by any further remarks."

STORY ABOUT THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

A Washington correspondent says: "I have heard from a high source to-day a somewhat singular statement, which, if true (and I can not doubt it), explains two matters; namely, first, how the President was secured from being hoaxed in the matter of the Queen's message on the subatlantic telegraph; and, secondly, why he should come from the Soldiers' Home into the city, near midnight, to write his answer. The statement is, that copies of both documents were prepared some time ago and exchanged between the parties, and that Queen Victoria's note and a copy of Mr. Buchanan's reply were locked up in the State Department. This was done, it is said, to prevent imposition—and a very admirable plan it certainly was. The reason why the President returned to the city at night is hereby made obvious, as it undoubtedly was for the purpose of comparing the message sent to him with the copy previously placed in his possession, and also to obtain his own prepared reply from the State Department. The fact of the Queen's message being incomplete, and what was the substance of the closing portion, seems to have been known to Mr. Buchanan when he wrote his reply; and the wording of the reply itself favors the latter assumption."

FESTIVITIES AT NEWPORT.

A correspondent of the *Express* writes: "The ball at the Fillmore, given in honor of Colonel Magruder, of Fort Adams, is pronounced unsurpassed in the splendor and perfection of its getting up by any similar affair, either in Newport, Saratoga, or New York. Even in the great demonstrations in the New York Academy of Music there was by no means so large a proportion of magnificently dressed women, who are necessarily the great feature of such occasions.

"The spacious halls and parlors of the Fillmore were all thrown open for the festivities, and the wide piazza had been inclosed for a promenade by a massive awning at the sides, while the variegated Chinese lanterns of pink, blue, green, and other brilliant colors, shed lustre upon the numerous couples who were walking or sitting within it.

"The dancing-hall had been arrayed with a most lavish adornment of flags, pink and white streamers, and flowers, and the military character of this festive compliment to Colonel Magruder was betokened by a large evergreen M on the wall, at one end of the room, from which radiated a large number of unsheathed swords attached in a circle around it. The room was brilliantly lighted; and with the inspiring music of the Germanians, in addition to the four hundred bottles of Champagne said to be drunk at the supper, there was every stimulus to active dancing which could be demanded; and certainly, from the first Lancers to the last German, never were the opportunities for dancing more sedulously improved; and the sun of this morning rose from his ocean bed to witness the closing efforts of the young dancers.

"Of the large number of well-known persons present I may mention Senator Gwin, of California; George Bancroft; Theodore Sedgwick, District Attorney for New York; Hon. G. S. Hilliard, of Boston; Henry T. Tuckerman; Staigg, the artist; R. B. Minturn, of New York; Francis Corbin, an American resident of long standing in Paris; William C. Rives, of Virginia; Ehninger, the artist; J. Winthrop Chanler, Member of the New York Legislature; C. C. Cambreling, Jun.; and others."

MORE ABOUT THE LORDS.

He adds:

"Two of the four young noblemen, who have been the rage of society, are said to have been present, though I saw but one. Lord Riblesdale was one of the Committee of Managers of the ball. Concerning one of these gentlemen a story is told, showing the tricks which are played on unsuspecting travelers. I can not vouch for it, however. It appears that he was introduced to Tennant, familiarly known as 'Dr. Tennant,' the very free-and-easy livery stable man of Newport, and taking him for a medical man of a social pleasure-seeking turn, rather enjoyed a few minutes' acquaintance with him, going so far as to accept Tennant's invitation for a ride to a matinée at Mr. Bancroft's, to which the youthful noble was going. What was his surprise on reaching the door of that fashionable mansion, to hear in response to the question, 'Doctor, why don't you come in?' the reply, 'I thank you, Lord ——, I prefer to stay on the box; I'm not invited.'

"The young lords are somewhat surprised at the attentions they receive in American society, which are so much more than boys of their age ever obtain at home. During the ball a lady guest rather bothered one of the juveniles by asking his title. 'Lord ——,' was the reply. 'I know that,' replied the lady; 'but have you no other title at home?' 'Oh, yes,' responded the lord, 'father calls me Freddy.'"

THE GRAND BALL AT NAHANT.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Whether got up to celebrate the great event of the age, or as a compliment to the New York Yacht squadron, or for the 'benefit of whom it may concern,' the grand ball at the Nahant House on Tuesday evening was a grand success. The tickets were $10 each, admitting one gentleman and ladies *ad libitum*, and, as a matter of course, there was a liberal balance on the right side. As a good many 'complimentary tickets' were represented, the company must have numbered nearly four hundred persons.

"The halls and saloons of the hotel were gayly decorated and illuminated; and the full 'Germania Band,' from Boston, to use a rather rare quotation, 'discoursed most eloquent music.' The ball opened at a little after nine o'clock, and was continued till morning. Among the distinguished guests who lent grace and dignity to the occasion, were Lady Napier, Fanny Kemble, Professor Longfellow, etc., etc. The Committee of Managers consisted of the following named gentlemen: Francis Bacon, Sidney Webster, George B. Chase, Henry Sigourney, C. Levi Woodbury, Martin Brimmer, James F. Ruggles, and George R. R. Sturgis.

"The 'beauty and fashion' of Boston were largely represented, with a spare sprinkling of belles from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and the 'Sunny South.' The yacht squadron was represented by Captain Duncan, of the *Una*, and Captain Thacher, of the *Restless*, the only two of the fleet of twenty brave enough to face a northeaster around the Cape. The supper-table was a handsome and artistic portion of the entertainment; and the scene after the ladies retired to 'rosy rest,' one of music, mirth, and jollity. We repeat, the ball was a grand success."

MARRIAGE OF MISS CASS.

A letter-writer from Stonington, Connecticut, thus describes this interesting ceremony:

"This usually somewhat quiet village was thrown into a state of unaccustomed excitement by the telegraphic announcement that the venerable Secretary of State had left Washington *en route* for Stonington, to attend the marriage of his daughter to the Minister of his Highness the King of the Netherlands. Unlike many of the utterances per telegraph from the national capital, the news in this instance proved reliable, and this afternoon, having obtained the *entrée* to the church by favor of a friend of the parties, your correspondent had the gratification of witnessing the ceremonies which united the fascinating Miss Isabella Cass to his Excellency Roest Van Limburg, Minister Resident, etc.

"Calvary Church (Episcopal) in which the marriage took place, is one of the most tasteful among the many elegant religious edifices in this place, and is built in the old English style, of native granite, with Gothic windows, etc., presenting a unique and graceful appearance. Its rector, Rev. Daniel C. Weston, who officiated on this occasion, is an admirable elocutionist, as his fine reading of the matrimonial service amply attested.

"The ceremonies, which were strictly private, in accordance with the wishes of the parties, were commenced precisely at two o'clock P.M., when the bride entered the church leaning upon the arm of her venerable and distinguished father, and followed by M. Van Limburg, Mrs. Canfield, and Mrs. Ledyard (daughters of General Cass), Mr. Zimmerman, Acting Consul-General for the kingdom of the Netherlands at New York, and Mr. Ledyard and family. The bride was plainly, but richly attired, in an ashes of roses silk traveling dress, with mantilla to match, and a mazarin blue French hat of the latest style, and presented a charming appearance. M. Van Limburg also appeared to much advantage, and wore with much grace the various decorations his eminent services have deservedly won for him. He looked between thirty-five and forty years of age, and presented that indescribable air of happiness which generally characterizes the more juvenile members of the community at such interesting moments, with, however, the self-possessed *savoir faire* of the man of the world.

"The responses of the parties were exceedingly distinct, the bride in particular making her answers in a tone low, but so clear as to be heard with thrilling effect by all; and the service, beautiful and affecting as it generally is, lost nothing by the admirable delivery of the officiating clergyman.

"Upon the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party retired to the vestry for a few moments, probably for the purpose of duly attesting the marriage certificate, and soon after left the church, taking the three o'clock train for Providence, from whence the "happy pair" are to go on to the cottage of M. Van Limburg at Newport, where they will probably remain till the close of the season."

A MAMMOTH TRAIN ON THE PLAINS.

A paper of Atchison, Kansas, says: "The largest train, started by private enterprise, that ever crossed the Plains, is now outfitting in this city, at the warehouse of L. C. Challiss. It will be composed of 25 mule and 80 ox wagons, making 105 wagons, and requiring 200 mules, 1000 head of cattle, 50 horses, 225 men, and will carry out 465,500 pounds of assorted merchandise. This mammoth train is owned by Messrs. Hockaday, Burr, & Co., who design to establish a chain of station stores on the line from Atchison to Salt Lake City, making Atchison the principal dépôt and outfitting point. Messrs. Hockaday, Burr, & Co. have the contract for carrying the Salt Lake mail, and their design is to locate these stores all along the mail route, to supply their trains as they pass, and also to furnish the people of the Plains with merchandise. They will thus avoid the necessity of carrying supplies with each mail train, as has heretofore been the custom. Mr. Hockaday, the senior partner of the firm, is now in this place, personally superintending the loading of his goods. The enterprise he has undertaken is a gigantic one, but will be a great promoter of civilization and settlement in the vast territory west of us."

A CHOICE OF WORKHOUSES.

A friend of ours, who has served as Inspector of our House of Industry, told us of an amusing case of epicureanism in poverty that once came under his notice. "How do you like it here?" he asked of one of his male charges. "Pretty well, Sir," said he, "as regards the fare, but you might do better about the clothes." "Ah?" "If I should be allowed to state my preferences," continued the pauper, "I should say give me Boston for its table, Portsmouth for its wardrobe, and Concord for general freedom, extending to the refinements of social life. I've tried 'em all, Sir, and if ever you come to it, you will find it just as I tell you."

EXTRAORDINARY METHOD OF KILLING ONE'S SELF.

A recent California paper contains a letter from Frederick Lichtenberger, M.D., who states that a companion named Ernest Fluchterspiegel, while prospecting for gold in the neighborhood of Frazer River, found some "geodes," which are masses of quartz containing a pint of fluid called the "water of crystallization," which was drank by the unfortunate man, with a jesting remark; and soon after he complained of great weight and pain in his stomach and bowels. In a short time he died, and his body instantly became rigid, and in a few hours petrifaction took place, the whole body—flesh, blood, heart, liver, intestines, etc.—becoming stone. Thus, by drinking half a pint, the poor fellow became quartz.

PERSONAL.

A Washington letter-writer says: "I deeply regret that General Cass grows more feeble every day. His attention to the duties of his Department has been incessant; but he has not been well for several months. I most sincerely hope that he may obtain rest and rescue from his proposed jaunt. The onerous duties of the Department of State are entirely too much for his constitution.

"Mr. Buchanan, however, comes back from Bedford greatly strengthened in health. Bedford's is, indeed, the water that restores one to new life."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REPORT OF THE "AGAMEMNON."

WE have the full report of the engineers who laid the cable from the *Agamemnon*, and proceed to give copious extracts therefrom.

After describing how the *Agamemnon* arrived at the rendezvous, the report says:

THE SPLICE.

"The day was beautifully calm, so no time was to be lost before making the splice; boats were soon lowered from the attendant ships, the two vessels made fast by a hawser, and the *Niagara's* end of the cable conveyed on board the *Agamemnon*. About half past twelve o'clock the splice was effectually made, but with materials very different from carefully rounded semicircular boards which had been used to inclose the junctions on previous occasions. It consisted merely of two straight boards hauled over the joining, with the iron rod and leaden plummet attached to the centre. In hoisting it out from the side of the ship, however, the leaden sinker broke short off and fell overboard; and there being no more convenient weight at hand, a 32-pound shot was fastened to the splice instead, and the whole apparatus was quickly dropped into the sea without any formality, and, indeed, almost without a spectator, for those on board the ship had witnessed so many beginnings to the telegraphic line, that it was evident they despaired of there ever being an end to it. The stipulated 210 fathoms of cable having been payed out to allow the splice to sink well below the surface, the signal to start was hoisted, the hawser cast loose, and the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* started for the last time for their opposite destinations.

A WHALE.

"Shortly after six o'clock a very large whale was seen approaching the starboard bow at a great speed, rolling and tossing the sea into foam all around, and for the first time we felt the possibility of the supposition that our second mysterious breakage might have been caused after all by one of these animals getting foul of it under water. It appeared as if it were making direct for the cable, and great was the relief of all when the ponderous living mass was seen slowly to pass astern, but fortunately without doing any mischief."

A MOMENT OF TERRIBLE EXCITEMENT.

"Soon after eight o'clock an injured portion of the cable was discovered about a mile or two from the portion paying out; not a moment was lost by Mr. Canning, the engineer on duty, in setting men to work to cobble up the injury as well as time would permit, for the cable was going out at such a rate that the damaged portion would be payed overboard in less than twenty minutes, and former experience had shown us that to check either the speed of the ship or the cable would, in all probability, be attended by the most fatal results. Just before the lapping was finished Professor Thomson reported that the electrical continuity of the wire had ceased, but the insulation was still perfect; attention was naturally directed to the injured piece as the probable source of the stoppage, and not a moment was lost in cutting the cable at that point, with the intention of making a perfect splice. To the consternation of all, the electrical tests applied showed the fault to be overboard, and in all probability some fifty miles from the ship. Not a second was to be lost, for it was evident that the cut portion must be payed overboard in a few minutes, and in the mean time the tedious and difficult operation of making a splice had to be performed. The ship was immediately stopped,

and no more cable payed out than was absolutely necessary to prevent it breaking. As the stern of the ship was lifted by the waves a scene of the most intense excitement followed. It seemed impossible, even by using the greatest possible speed, and paying out the least possible amount of cable, that the junction could be finished before the part was taken out of the hands of the workmen. The main hold presented an extraordinary scene; nearly all the officers of the ship and of those connected with the expedition stood in groups about the coil, watching with intense anxiety the cable, as it slowly unwound itself nearer and nearer the joint, while the workmen, directed by Mr. Canning, under whose superintendence the cable was originally manufactured, worked at the splice as only men could work who felt that the life and death of the expedition depended upon their rapidity. But all their speed was to no purpose, as the cable was unwinding within a hundred fathoms, and, as a last and desperate resource, the cable was stopped altogether, and for a few minutes the ship hung on by the end. Fortunately, however, it was only for a few minutes, as the strain was continually rising above two tons, and it would not hold on much longer; when the splice was finished the signal was made to loose the stopper, and it passed overboard safely enough.

DESPAIR, AND HOPE AGAIN.

"When the excitement consequent upon having so narrowly saved the cable had passed away, we awoke to the consciousness that the case was still as hopeless as ever, for the electrical continuity was still entirely wanting. Preparations were consequently made to pay out as little rope as possible, and to hold on for six hours, in the hopes that the fault, whatever it might be, might mend itself before cutting the cable and returning to the rendezvous to make another splice. The magnetic needles on the receiving instruments were watched closely for the returning signals; when in a few minutes the last hope was extinguished by their suddenly indicating dead earth, which tended to show that the cable had broken from the *Niagara*, or that the insulation had been completely destroyed. In three minutes, however, every one was agreeably surprised by the intelligence that the stoppage had disappeared, and that the signals had again appeared at their regular intervals from the *Niagara*. It is needless to say what a load of anxiety this news removed from the minds of every one.

GOING TO BURN THEIR MASTS.

"On Friday, 30th, toward the evening, it blew almost a gale of wind from the eastward dead ahead of our course. As the breeze freshened, the speed of the engines was gradually increased; but the wind more than increased in proportion, so before the sun went down the *Agamemnon* was going full steam against the wind, only making a speed of about four knots an hour. During the evening topmasts were lowered, and spars, yards, sails, and, indeed, every thing aloft that could offer resistance to the wind was sent down on deck; but still the ship made but little way, chiefly in consequence of the heavy sea, though the enormous quantity of fuel consumed showed us that, if the wind lasted, we should be reduced to burning the masts, spars, and even the decks, to bring the ship into Valentia. It seemed to be our particular ill-fortune to meet with head winds whichever way the ship's head was turned. On our journey out we had been delayed and obliged to consume an undue proportion of coal for want of an easterly wind, and now all our fuel was wanted because of one.

THE GALE IN EARNEST.

"During the afternoon of Saturday the wind again freshened up, and before nightfall it again blew nearly a gale of wind, and a tremendous sea ran before it from the southwest, which made the *Agamemnon* pitch to such an extent that it was thought impossible the cable could hold on through the night; indeed, had it not been for the constant care and watchfulness exercised by Mr. Bright and the two energetic engineers, Mr. Canning and Mr. Clifford, who acted with him, it could not have been done at all. Men were kept at the wheels of the machine to prevent their stopping, as the stern of the ship rose and fell with the sea, for had they done so the cable must undoubtedly have parted. During Sunday the sea and wind increased, and before the evening it blew a smart gale. Now, indeed, were the energy and activity of all engaged in the operation tasked to the utmost. Mr. Hoar and Mr. Moore, the two engineers who had the charge of the relieving wheels of the dynamometer, had to keep watch and watch alternately every four hours, and while on duty durst not let their attention be removed from their occupation for one moment; for on their releasing the brakes every time the stern of the ship fell into the trough of the sea entirely depended the safety of the cable, and the result shows how ably they discharged their duty. Throughout the night there were few who had the least expectation of the cable holding on till morning, and many remained awake listening for the sound that all most dreaded to hear—viz., the gun which should announce the failure of all our hopes. But still the cable, which, in comparison with the ship from which it was payed out and the gigantic waves among which it was delivered, was but a mere thread, continued to hold on, only leaving a silvery phosphorous line upon the stupendous seas as they rolled on toward the ship.

A BRITISH OUTRAGE.

"About three o'clock on Tuesday morning all on board were startled from their beds by the loud booming of a gun. Every one, without waiting for the performance of the most particular toilet, rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Contrary to all expectation, the cable was safe, but just in the gray light could be seen the *Valorous*—rounded, too, in the most warlike attitude—firing gun after gun in quick succession toward a large American bark, which, quite unconscious of our proceeding, was standing right across our stern. Such loud and repeated remonstrances from so large a steam frigate were not to be despised, and, evidently without knowing the why or the wherefore, she quickly threw her sails aback and remained hove to. Whether those on board her considered that we were engaged in some filibustering expedition, or regarded our proceedings as another British outrage upon the American flag, it is impossible to say, but certain it is that, apparently in great trepidation, she remained hove to until we had lost sight of her in the distance.

LAND.

"By daylight on the morning of Thursday the bold and rocky mountains which entirely surround the wild and picturesque neighborhood of Valentia rose right before us at a few miles' distance. Never, probably, was the sight of the land more welcome, as it brought to a successful termination one of the greatest, but, at the same time, most difficult schemes which was ever undertaken. Had it been the dullest and most melancholy swamp on the face of the earth that lay before us we should have found it a pleasant prospect; but as the sun rose from the estuary of Dingle Bay, tinging with a deep soft purple the lofty summits of the steep mountains which surround its shores, and illuminating the masses of morning vapor which hung upon them, it was a scene which might vie in beauty with any thing that could be produced by the most florid imagination of an artist. No one on shore was, apparently, conscious of our approach, so the *Valorous* steamed ahead to the mouth of the harbor and fired a gun. Both ships made straight for Dowlas Bay, and about six o'clock came to anchor at the side of Beginish Island, opposite to Valentia. As soon as the inhabitants became aware of our approach there was a general desertion of the place, and hundreds of boats crowded round us, their passengers in the greatest state of excitement to hear all about our voyage. Soon after our arrival a signal was received from the *Niagara* that they were preparing to land, having payed out 1030 nautical miles of cable, while the *Agamemnon* had accomplished her portion of the distance with an expenditure of 1020 miles, making the total length of the wire submerged 2050 geographical miles. Immediately after the ships cast anchor the paddle-box boats of the *Valorous* were got ready, and two miles of cable coiled away in them, for the purpose of landing the end; but it was late in the afternoon before the procession of boats left the ship, under a salute of three rounds of small arms from the detachment of marines on board the *Agamemnon*, under the command of Lieutenant Morris. At about three o'clock the end was safely brought on shore at Knightstown, Valentia, by Mr. Bright and Mr. Canning, the chief and second engineers. The end was immediately laid in the trench which had been dug to receive it, while a royal salute, making the neighboring rocks and mountains reverberate, announced that the communication between the Old and the New World had been completed. The end was immediately taken into the electrical room by Mr. Whitehouse, and attached to a galvanometer, and the first message was received through the entire length."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS JUDGED BY AN AMERICAN.

The editor of the New York *Times*, Mr. Raymond, is in England, and thus writes concerning the House of Commons: "What strikes an American most, in contrasting or comparing the proceedings of the House of Commons with those of our House of Representatives, is the business-like air and manner of the former. Whenever a question comes up it is *debated*. The speeches made are upon the subject under discussion, and they are alternately from friends and opponents of the measure in question. One advocates it, and is answered by another, who, in turn, is replied to; and so the discussion proceeds to its close. In our House, as every body knows, such a debate is almost unknown. We have either long speeches, made for constituent and for political effect, or else personal passages, which degenerate into wrangles. These are serious defects in a legislative body, and ought to be remedied. It seems to me that the writing-desks, the hour rule, and the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, have contributed very largely to the existing state of things."

THE LONDON PREACHERS.

He has this to say of the preachers of the day: "I went to hear another English celebrity—Mr. Spurgeon, who continues to preach to enormous congregations, and with undiminished popularity, which it is not easy to explain or understand. He is neither able nor eloquent. He is excessively commonplace in both matter and manner. He has a clear voice, very great fluency in the construction and utterance of sentences, and a certain directness in his style of thought and expression. But he is excessively shallow, and frequently sophistical to a degree absolutely insulting to the understanding of his hearers. There are at least half a dozen clergymen in New York who are not only far abler preachers, but who would seem to have the elements of popularity in a far greater degree. Dr. Cumming, the expounder of prophecy and the Apocalypse, preaches to crowded congregations and with more ability than Mr. S. I suspect something of the popularity of both these men is due to the fact that they *speak* their sermons, instead of singing them. I heard the celebrated Frederick Denison Maurice preach a very able and interesting discourse at the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn; but it was done with a sing-song tone which differed but little from an unsuccessful attempt at chanting, and which rendered it almost impossible for me to follow him. It must be pleasant for a congregation, in contrast with such preaching, to hear a sermon which they can understand."

WHAT MR. ROEBUCK SAW AT CHERBOURG.

That eccentric personage, Mr. Roebuck, has been to Cherbourg, and thus describes what he saw there:

"I went on shore, and what did I see there? I saw men in peg-top trowsers; they put me very much in mind of Cochin China fowls. I saw priests and women—and very ugly women too. Well, then, I said to myself, is there a man among them who dare say his soul is his own? A man next door said to me, 'Take care, and mind what you are about; the French colonels will be after you. You are not in England now.' 'No,' I said, 'I know that perfectly well, but still I will speak out what I think.' He said, 'You will do it at your own risk;' and I did it at my own risk. But I was not in England, and recollect there is a great difference between being able to say that your soul is your own and not daring to speak above your breath; and I will never believe until I see it, and I don't think I shall see it in this world, that a set of intelligent, free-spoken, free-hearted, strong-armed, and hard-fisted men will succumb to any terror from abroad."

FRANCE.

THE FETES AT CHERBOURG.—HOW QUEEN VICTORIA WAS RECEIVED.

Papers containing the details of the *fêtes* at Cherbourg have come to hand, and we make a few extracts:

"Any one who has seen and knows any thing of the French fleet knows that they always pride themselves upon the style and imposing effect of their saluting fire, and this salute in particular had been closely rehearsed beforehand. Yet the actual performance as much surpassed expectation as it defies description. As the royal yacht turned round between the marine forts which mark the western entrance, Admiral Hamelin, in the *Bretagne*, 120, fired a single gun. There was a minute's pause, and then the salute began, not in a close, irregular, dropping cannonade, which so distinguishes a similar honor from the English navy, but gun after gun, running along each tier like a train of fire, till the very frame of the listener seemed shaken as if even the air smote him in its reverberation. Hardly had this great cannonade commenced, when all the ugly forts which dominate every part of the harbor, threatening with a thousand ominous, fearful-looking embrasures each ship that passes, took up the same song, only firing their numerous guns in volleys of eight at once, and as fast as they could be reloaded and discharged. It is but rarely that such a cannonade is ever heard, and seldom if ever that it has been given for purely peaceful welcome. But at all events it showed in an instant the great extent and number of the fortifications that cover every spot of vantage around the town. All toward sea was a mere mass of fire and smoke—but that one looked for, though this was far from being all. The ring of fire seemed not only to embrace the town, but extend far into the country, up among little ravines where none ever dreamed that guns lay lurking, on the top of picturesque eminences where one only fancied villas and rural cottages could exist; amidst thick clumps of trees and flanking yellow corn-fields came the same dreadful uproar, till it seemed as if all France, even from her hills and mountain-tops, was doing honor to the advent of the Queen of England."

THE FIRE-WORKS.

The London *Times* correspondent says: "At the conclusion of the banquet her Majesty, the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Consort proceeded to the stern-gallery of the *Bretagne*, which had been most tastefully fitted up with crimson drapery, and from thence witnessed one of the grandest and most effective displays of fire-works which has probably ever been seen. The whole of the breakwater in its enormous length was lighted up by fires at short intervals, the French men-of-war were illuminated at their ports, and seemed like enormous transparent chessboards; rockets innumerable went rushing and screaming through the air from the Fort Central of the breakwater; with tourbillons, gerbes, and every conceivable device of the pyrotechnist's skill. The British merchant-ships took up the display, and from the ends of the yards of the *Salsette* blue lights and Roman candles were burned, producing a most pleasing effect. Then more rockets and more showers of colored and falling stars from the fort, and then a perfect storm of explosive crackers, and then more again, and then a tremendous fall of colored fire, as though the sky were raining huge drops of fire in the harbor. For a moment there was a pause, and the new life-light of Captain Fitzmaurice illuminated the whole of the masts and rigging, and showed up, clear as day, even the ensigns on the tall spars of the royal yacht. While all else was dark, the spars and rigging of the ship stood out in spectral light, so different from every thing else around that one might almost imagine that the *Flying Dutchman* had really appeared in port. Suddenly there rushed forth on their screaming course hundreds of rockets, and then the whole front of Fort Central stands out in brilliant columns, showing in colossal dimensions and burning outline the royal and imperial arms of the two countries. Another grand 'bouquet' of *les feu d'artifice*—which, it was said, had cost more than 25,000 francs—and all was silent again. The familiar strains of our National Anthem float over the waters of the bay, and Englishmen know that her Majesty is about to leave the *Bretagne*."

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF A DUEL.

The following is among the latest from Paris: Seldom, perhaps, has inadvertent levity and a false sense of honor produced results more disastrous than what is now related as having actually occurred in France. In 1855 Captain C——, an officer recently returned from the Crimea, became attached to a young English lady, who resided in the Rue Rivoli, and, with the consent of her mother, was to have been married to her. A few days previously to the nuptials, he met a gentleman at Verrey's, in the uniform of a marine officer, and more in joke than earnest called the attention of his companions to the fact, saying, "I never like amphibious subordination. No man of spirit should be indebted to a ship's cook for leave to go on shore." No sooner had the words escaped the lips of the officer, than the young marine sprang upon him and insisted upon immediate satisfaction for so gross an insult to the service. Captain C—— assured him that he really meant no offense; but the marine, who was greatly excited, insisted on a meeting then and there in the Bois de Boulogne. Seconds were procured, and the ground measured. The unfortunate challenger was severely wounded. Captain C—— was advised to quit Paris for London, but he would not depart without seeing his intended bride. He entered the well-known mansion in the Rue Rivoli. On a sofa lay the wounded marine, his mother and sisters weeping over him—he was brother to the bride. He had but just arrived from the West Indies, after an absence of four years, and, supposing his mother to be at their family estate in Devonshire, intended to set off to Torquay next day. Poor fellow! he died within a week. He acknowledged before his death that he alone was to blame for the duel, but of course his sister could not bear to connect her destiny with the hand that had deprived her brother of life. She refused to become Captain C——'s wife, and, as she never could surmount the appalling obstacle to their union, died of a broken heart three months afterward. Captain C—— sold his commission and retired into solitude, where a troubled spirit soon terminated his existence.

SPAIN.

ADVENTURES OF THE QUEEN.

The Madrid journals publish several anecdotes connected with the royal visit to the Asturias. One is thus narrated: "A gray-headed old peasant placed himself in the middle of the road, declaring that he would not stir until he had seen the Prince of the Asturias. The Queen, noting the old man's determination, ordered the carriage to be stopped, and the old man's wishes to be satisfied. 'I am eighty-three years of age, madam,' said he, 'and now that my old eyes have seen the young Prince, I have no other wish ungratified.' The Queen burst into tears, while a young girl, stepping forward from out a group of peasant children, offered some modest presents to the royal children. Her Majesty is stated to be exceedingly pleased with her excursion into that part of Spain, and has expressed her determination to return there next summer or the year after. The consequence is, private letters state, that property in the Asturias has suddenly advanced in price.

RUSSIA.

AN EXAMPLE OF IMPERIAL JUSTICE.

It will be recollected that some time ago a rather serious conflict took place between the students of the Moscow University and the police force, with regard to which the former lodged a complaint against the latter. In consequence of a special command of the Emperor, a judicial inquiry was instituted, and the judgments, approved by the Emperor himself, were published on the 30th of July. The sentences are as follows:

District Lieutenant College-Secretary Simonow, for imprudent conduct toward the students, and instigating the lower ranks of the police force and other persons against the students, and, moreover, for false denunciation to his superiors, and concealment of the real facts of the case—condemned to lose his title, rank, and privileges, and to be degraded to the rank of a common soldier.

District Inspector Titular Councillor Morosow, for negligence, wrong acting, and concealing of unlawful deeds of the said Simonow—condemned to be dismissed from the service forever.

Supervisor Court-Councilor Zwitenlew, for negligence in the service—condemned to be dismissed from the service forever.

The Physician Court Councilor Litiejew, for giving an untrue certificate on the state of health of the students and a police-officer—to be dismissed from the service.

Such an example of justice by the Emperor, which fell like a thunder-bolt on the heads of the overbearing caste of police-officers, who, in Russia, belong to the most deeply hated and despised class of all Government *employés*, has made an excellent impression upon all classes of society; they hope that the days of arbitrary police rule are gone forever, and that the reign of law and justice has begun.

CHINA.

CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY OF PEACE.

By Atlantic telegraph we have the following important news from China:

"A treaty of peace has been concluded with China, by which England and France obtain all their demands, including the establishment of embassies at Pekin and indemnification for the expenses of the war.

"Under the terms of the treaty of peace, the Chinese empire is open to the trade of all foreign powers; the Christian religion is allowed in all parts of the country; and foreign diplomatic agents are admitted."

INDIA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

By Atlantic telegraph we have intelligence to the effect that the Gwalior insurgent army in India has been broken up, and much progress has been made in the establishment of order throughout all the disturbed districts.

The following is the previous bulletin from Gwalior:

"The following has been received from Sir Hugh Rose, dated Gwalior, 22d June: 'On the day of the general action with the Gwalior rebels on the 19th inst., the force under my command took, exclusive of the guns in the fort, 16 guns in the field from the enemy, one of them a brass 24-pounder, a brass 18-pounder, a brass 8-inch mortar, several English 9-pounders, and guns of other calibre, great quantities of ammunition, wagons, and warlike stores of every description, and 70 elephants. When the troops went to occupy the Fort of Gwalior after the capture of the city by storm, Scindia's authorities having reported to me that it was vacated, they found the gate shut, and a detachment of fanatics opened fire on them. Sun having set, I caused the fort to be surrounded, and the next morning a detachment of the gallant 25th Bombay Native Infantry stormed and took it; their brave leader, Lieutenant Rose, was killed. I sent a column of horse-artillery and cavalry, under the Brigadier-General Napier, C.B., in pursuit of the rebels, who fled in great disorder after the defeat of the 19th inst. I also directed another column from Dholepore to cross the Chumbal and pursue the fugitives. Brigadier-General Napier overtook them on the 21st inst. near Jana Allahpoor, defeated them, captured 25 guns, and cut up a considerable number. Brigadier-General Napier, who has displayed the greatest energy and intelligence in the pursuit, continues it to Subbulghur. The day after the capture of Gwalior I conducted Sir R. Hamilton and Major M'Pherson, with a squadron of her Majesty's Hussars and one squadron of her Majesty's 14th Light Dragoons, to the Palace of Gwalior; the streets were lined by immense crowds, who received the Maharajah with every appearance of attachment.'"

THE STORY OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF CAWNPORE.

The London *Times* publishes the following account, prefacing it with the following letter, which appears to guarantee its genuineness:

"Sir,—The *Friend of India* of the 20th of May last contains the following remarks: 'The *Indian Empire* states that the young lady we mentioned some time since as having escaped from the rebels (at Cawnpore) was taken captive by the same Sowar who carried off Miss Wheeler. For the truth of this we can not vouch, but it is certain that there is one survivor of the massacre of Cawnpore. She has as yet been unable to give a connected narrative of that dreadful occurrence, the recollection is still too overpowering.' The narrative I am enabled to send to you by the kindness of a former pupil of mine, Mr. George W. Stuart, of the Sudder Court, Alipore, Calcutta. The young lady's name, and a few particulars of her family, I inclose for your private satisfaction, not for publication. A duplicate of the narrative, Mr. Stuart informs me, has been sent to Lord Canning, and may possibly by this time have seen the light in India. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"W. Knighton, LL.D.

"The College, Ewell, Surrey, *Aug. 9.*"

THE YOUNG LADY SEIZED, SEARCHED, AND THROWN OVERBOARD.

"I was sixteen years of age when I accompanied my sister and her husband to Cawnpore, about six months before the mutiny broke out.

"An unfortunate treaty was entered into between General Wheeler and the Nena Sahib on the 24th of June; the latter swore by his gods and upon the Gunga to protect us and see us safely taken to Allahabad in boats. We entered these joyfully, never for a moment expecting treachery, and were taken quite by surprise when we were fired on. The river in many places in the middle had no more than six feet water, so that most of the boats were soon aground. Some of the small ones managed to push on, and even then with difficulty. The firing at first was irregular, but after a while the balls came whizzing past us as thick as hail, sinking many boats. I was on the deck of my boat, seated, stupefied with terror and amazement, when I was further convinced of immediate danger by seeing a party of Sepoys enter the boat I was in. I was seized in an instant by the arm by one of these savages—for savages and ruffians they looked. I was asked to deliver all I possessed; money and jewels to the amount of 400 rupees, the sum I managed to take with me when I proceeded to the barracks, was now snatched from me. On replying in the negative to questions whether I had more money and valuables by me my person was searched rudely. My senses had very nearly forsaken me. I was in a sort of stupor. The search was made on my person while I was standing, but, to speak more exactly, I was made to stand while I was searched. The ruffian, as if to tantalize me, let off his gun over my head and shoulders in the most deliberate and cold-blooded manner. They afterward shot two sweet little girls, sisters, who were between the ages of six and eight. The poor creatures were clinging to each other when they committed this diabolical act. Next, they shot an Eurasian, whose name was Kirkpatrick, a merchant in Cawnpore. How many others were killed by the miscreants I could not know, for I felt dizzy, and sank on the deck. For what time I remained in this state I have no idea. I returned to consciousness by feeling myself suddenly and rudely seized and thrown into the river.

HIDES HERSELF WITH MISS WHEELER IN THE WOODS.

"The next moment I was buffeting with the water. I managed, with some difficulty, to get to land, and scrambled on shore. I crawled on my hands and knees till I reached a tree about half a mile from the banks, and hid myself as well as I could. My thoughts, Oh Heavens! were agonizing. I fell by degrees into a sort of drowsy fit, occasioned, perhaps, from weariness, from which I was aroused by approaching stealthy footsteps. In an instant I sprang to my feet; but instead of the ruffians whom I expected to see, to my great relief the well-known face and form of Miss Wheeler, the General's daughter, were before me. In few words I understood that she had been dealt with in the same way as myself—*i. e.*, thrown into the water by the men, who, perhaps, thought she was not worth a bullet—that, being insensible, she would soon sink to the bottom of the river. Our agitation and fear, however, were so great, that we had not much of consolation to offer each other. We had not been together more than an hour, I should suppose, when a party of the enemy surprised us. We were dragged in different directions, and of Miss Wheeler's fate I knew nothing till very lately.

IS CAUGHT AND HORRIDLY OUTRAGED.

"I was pushed and dragged along, and subjected to every indignity. Occasionally I felt the thrust of a bayonet, and on my protesting against such treatment, with uplifted hands, and appealing to their feelings as men, I was struck on my head, and was made to understand, in language too plain, that I had not long to live; but, before being put to death, that I would be made to feel some portion of the degradation their brethren felt at Meerut when ironed and disgraced before the troops. After a walk of about four hours, I was brought to a place about four miles from Cawnpore, very near Bithoor, where some of the mutineers were encamped. I was almost in a state of nudity, for my clothes had been torn to pieces when I had been dragged along by the men, and I had the mortification of being made a spectacle before these heartless and cruel wretches. Clapping of hands and cries of 'Khoob-Keal' (Well done!) burst upon my stupefied senses. A circle formed round me. I sank on the ground and buried my face in my hands. Oh! the agony of those moments!

SAVED BY AN AFRICAN.

"At length I heard a voice speaking to my persecutors in rather a conciliatory tone—'Spare the poor creature and have compassion on her; let her alone, she seems dead already.' I looked up and saw an African. There was something mild and compassionate in his look. He relieved me in a great measure from the shame I was suffering by throwing a covering or chuddur on me. He asked me to accompany him. I immediately followed, and was ushered into a tent, where I was desired by my benefactor to take rest. He made me understand that he would do all in his power to have my life spared. I thanked him for his kindness. After a while he procured me a suit of native clothes, which he said I should put on. 'You are very unwell,' he said, 'your eyes are bloodshot and face very much flushed.' I knew that I had a strong fever on me, and felt exceedingly weak. I replied that a little sleep would perhaps do me good. I laid my aching head on the mattress and fell fast asleep. On waking I still felt so weak that I could hardly lift my head. I had a chupattie, or handbread, and a little dhall served to me, which I could not eat."

HOW SHE REJOINED HER COUNTRYMEN.

The narrative then relates the alternations of her feelings at the news received in the rebel quarters of Havelock's advances and retreats. She was removed to Lucknow. After a time she put herself under the protection of the rebel Moulvie, Ahmedoolah Shah, who protected her. During her captivity she professed to be a convert to Mohammedanism. After the rebels were driven out of Lucknow she was obliged to join a wandering party of mutineers, who, after a time, began to despair of any success against the British.

"I explained to them that as their only hope was in the clemency of the Company Bahadoor, the best plan would be to send me with a proper escort to Allahabad, where I would explain their case to the Governor-General through the magistrate of Allahabad, who, I said, was my cousin. I said, that if they allowed me to manage their affairs, they would come off with their lives and liberty. I made them understand that, though a Mohammedan now, I had once been a Christian, and, having influential relatives, I would urge their kindness to me as a sufficient ground for their lives being spared. I tried to convince them that the British looked more upon their sparing the life of one female than the slaughter of five hundred men."

By these representations she induced the rebels to send her to the nearest British camp. She thus escaped.

"I shall now draw my hasty sketch to a close by informing the reader that I am very happy in the midst of friends and relatives at Calcutta, whither I came after residing with my uncle for a month.

"The date on which I reached my uncle's factory was the 20th of June, 1858, exactly one year since the Cawnpore massacre. I am now residing with my aunt and receiving 100 rupees a month from the Relief Fund, and I need hardly add, that I am as happy and comfortable as I could wish to be."



THE BATHE AT NEWPORT.



PICNICKING IN THE WOODS.

COUNTRY LIFE IN SUMMER.

The preceding illustrations will at a glance be recognized by the happy people who escape the heat and dust of city life in summer and seek fresh air and health in the country. The fortunate few who have mingled in the gay bathing parties at Newport may seek for their likenesses in the picture which represents the dip in the surf; and the many who have spent a pleasant afternoon in the woods—nominally in search of nuts or berries, will be taught to recall many a sweet recollection by the sight of the page which is devoted to an afternoon in the woods. Such pictures need no text. They tell their own story.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER II.

The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet. What philosophy can calculate the vibrations of the heart before it can distinguish the colors of love?

While Guy Darrell thus passed his hours within the unfinished fragments of a dwelling builded for posterity, and among the still relics of remote generations, Love and Youth were weaving their warm eternal idyll on the sunny lawns by the gliding river.

There they are, Love and Youth, Lionel and Sophy, in the arbor round which her slight hands have twined the honey-suckle, fond imitation of that bower endeared by the memory of her earliest holiday—she seated coyly, he on the ground at her feet, as when Titania had watched his sleep. He has been reading to her, the book has fallen from his hand. What book? That volume of poems so unintelligibly obscure to all but the dreaming young, who are so unintelligibly obscure to themselves. But to the merit of those poems, I doubt if even George did justice. It is not true, I believe, that they are not durable. Some day or other, when all the jargon so feelingly denounced by Colonel Morley, about "æsthetics," and "objective," and "subjective," has gone to its long home, some critic who can write English will probably bring that poor little volume fairly before the public; and, with all its manifold faults, it will take a place in the affections, not of one single generation of the young, but—everlasting, ever-dreaming, ever-growing youth. But you and I, reader, have no other interest in these poems, except this—that they were written by the brother-in-law of that whimsical, miserly Frank Vance, who perhaps, but for such a brother-in-law, would never have gone through the labor by which he has cultivated the genius that achieved his fame; and if he had not cultivated that genius, he might never have known Lionel; and if he had never known Lionel, Lionel might never perhaps have gone to the Surrey village, in which he saw the Phenomenon: And to push farther still that Voltaireian philosophy of ifs—if either Lionel or Frank Vance had not been so intimately associated in the minds of Sophy and Lionel with the golden holiday on the beautiful river, Sophy and Lionel might not have thought so much of those poems; and if they had not thought so much of those poems, there might not have been between them that link of poetry without which the love of two young people is a sentiment, always very pretty, it is true, but much too commonplace to deserve special commemoration in a work so uncommonly long as this is likely to be. And thus it is clear that Frank Vance is not a superfluous and episodical personage among the characters of this history; but, however indirectly, still essentially, one of those beings without whom the author must have given a very different answer to the question, "What will he do with it?"

Return we to Lionel and Sophy. The poems have brought their hearts nearer and nearer together. And when the book fell from Lionel's hand, Sophy knew that his eyes were on her face, and her own eyes looked away. And the silence was so deep and so sweet! Neither had yet said to the other a word of love. And in that silence both felt that they loved and were beloved. Sophy! how childlike she looked still! How little she is changed!—except that the soft blue eyes are far more pensive, and that her merry laugh is now never heard. In that luxurious home, fostered with the tenderest care by its charming owner, the romance of her childhood realized, and Lionel by her side, she misses the old crippled vagrant. And therefore it is that her merry laugh is no longer heard! "Ah!" said Lionel, softly breaking the pause at length, "Do not turn your eyes from me, or I shall think that there are tears in them!" Sophy's breast heaved, but her eyes were averted still. Lionel rose gently, and came to the other side of her quiet form. "Fie! there *are* tears, and you would hide them from me. Ungrateful!"

Sophy looked at him now with candid, inexpressible, guileless affection in those swimming eyes, and said, with touching sweetness, "Ungrateful! Should I not be so if I were gay and happy?"

And in self-reproach for not being sufficiently unhappy while that young consoler was by her side, she too rose, left the arbor, and looked wistfully along the river. George Morley was expected; he might bring tidings of the absent. And now while Lionel, rejoining her, exerts all his eloquence to allay her anxiety and encourage her hopes, and while they thus, in that divinest stage of love, ere the tongue repeats what the eyes have told, glide along—here in sunlight by lingering flowers—there in shadow under mournful willows, whose leaves are ever the latest to fall, let us explain by what links of circumstance Sophy became the great lady's guest, and Waife once more a homeless wanderer.

CHAPTER III.

Comprising many needful explanations illustrative of wise saws; as, for example, "He that hath an ill name is half hanged." "He that hath been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope." "He that looks for a star puts out his candles;" and, "When God wills, all winds bring rain."

The reader has been already made aware how, by an impulse of womanhood and humanity, Arabella Crane had been converted from a persecuting into a tutelary agent in the destinies of Waife and Sophy. That revolution in her moral being dated from the evening on which she had sought the cripple's retreat to warn him of Jasper's designs. We have seen by what stratagem she had made it appear that Waife and his grandchild had sailed beyond the reach of molestation; with what liberality she had advanced the money that freed Sophy from the manager's claim; and how considerately she had empowered her agent to give the reference which secured to Waife the asylum in which we last beheld him. In a few stern sentences she had acquainted Waife with her fearless, inflexible resolve to associate her fate henceforth with the life of his lawless son; and, by rendering abortive all his evil projects of plunder, to compel him at last to depend upon her for an existence neither unsafe nor sordid, provided only that it were not dishonest. The moment that she revealed that design, Waife's trust in her was won. His own heart enabled him to comprehend the effect produced upon a character otherwise unamiable and rugged, by the grandeur of self-immolation and the absorption of one devoted heroic thought. In the strength and bitterness of passion which thus pledged her existence to redeem another's, he obtained the key to her vehement and jealous nature; saw why she had been so cruel to the child of a rival; why she had conceived compassion for that child in proportion as the father's unnatural indifference had quenched the anger of her own self-love; and, above all, why, as the idea of reclaiming and appropriating solely to herself the man who, for good or for evil, had grown into the all-predominant object of her life, gained more and more the mastery over her mind, it expelled the lesser and the baser passions, and the old mean revenge against an infant faded away before the light of that awakening conscience, which is often rekindled from ashes by the sparks of a single better and worthier thought. And, in the resolute design to reclaim Jasper Losely, Arabella came at once to a ground in common with his father, with his child. Oh what, too, would the old man owe to her, what would be his gratitude, his joy, if she not only guarded his spotless Sophy, but saved from the bottomless abyss his guilty son! Thus when Arabella Crane had, nearly five years before, sought Waife's discovered hiding-place, near the old blood-stained tower, mutual interests and sympathies had formed between them a bond of alliance not the less strong because rather tacitly acknowledged and openly expressed. Arabella had written to Waife from the Continent, for the first half year, pretty often, and somewhat sanguinely, as to the chance of Losely's ultimate reformation. Then the intervals of silence became gradually more prolonged, and the letters more brief. But still, whether from the wish not unnecessarily to pain the old man, or, as would be more natural to her character, which, even in its best aspects, was not gentle, from a proud dislike to confess failure, she said nothing of the evil courses which Jasper had renewed. Evidently she was always near him. Evidently, by some means or another, his life, furtive and dark, was ever under the glare of her watchful eyes.

Meanwhile, Sophy had been presented to Caroline Montfort. As Waife had so fondly anticipated, the lone childless lady had taken with kindness and interest to the fair motherless child. Left to herself often for months together in the grand forlorn house, Caroline soon found an object to her pensive walks in the basket-maker's cottage. Sophy's charming face and charming ways stole more and more into affections which were denied all nourishment at home. She entered into Waife's desire to improve, by education, so exquisite a nature; and, familiarity growing by degrees, Sophy was at length coaxed up to the great house; and during the hours which Waife devoted to his rambles (for even in his settled industry he could not conquer his vagrant tastes, but would weave his reeds or osiers as he sauntered through solitudes of turf or wood), became the docile, delighted pupil in the simple chintz room which Lady Montfort had reclaimed from the desert of her surrounding palace. Lady Montfort was not of a curious turn of mind; profoundly indifferent even to the gossip of drawing-rooms, she had no rankling desire to know the secrets of village hearth-stones. Little acquainted even with the great world—scarcely at all with any world below that in which she had her being, save as she approached humble sorrows by delicate charity—the contrast between Waife's calling and his conversation roused in her no vigilant suspicions. A man of some education, and born in a rank that touched upon the order of gentlemen, but of no practical or professional culture—with whimsical tastes—with roving, eccentric habits—had, in the course of life, picked up much harmless wisdom, but, perhaps from want of worldly prudence, failed of fortune. Contented with an obscure retreat and an humble livelihood, he might yet naturally be loth to confide to others the painful history of a descent in life. He might have relations in a higher sphere, whom the confession would shame; he might be silent in the manly pride which shrinks from alms and pity and a tale of fall. Nay, grant the worst—grant that Waife had suffered in repute as well as fortune—grant that his character had been tarnished by some plausible circumstantial evidences which he could not explain away to the satisfaction of friends or the acquittal of a short-sighted world—had there not been, were there not always, many innocent men similarly afflicted? And who could hear Waife talk, or look on his arch smile, and not feel that he was innocent? So, at least, thought Caroline Montfort. Naturally; for if in her essentially womanlike character there was one all-pervading and all-predominant attribute, it was Pity. If Fate had placed her under circumstances fitted to ripen into genial development all her exquisite forces of soul, her true post in this life would have been that of the Soother. What a child to some grief-worn father! What a wife to some toiling, aspiring, sensitive man of genius! What a mother to some suffering child! It seemed as if it were necessary to her to have something to compassionate and foster. She was sad when there was no one to comfort; but her smile was like a sunbeam from Eden when it chanced on a sorrow it could brighten away. Out of this very sympathy came her faults—faults of reasoning and judgment. Prudent in her own chilling path through what the world calls temptations, because so ineffably pure—because, to Fashion's light tempters, her very thought was as closed, as

> "Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,"

was the ear of Sabrina to the comrades of Comus—yet place before her some gentle scheme that seemed fraught with a blessing for others, and straightway her fancy embraced it, prudence faded—she saw not the obstacles, weighed not the chances against it. Charity to her did not come alone, but with its sister twins, Hope and Faith.

Thus, benignly for the old man and the fair child, years rolled on till Lord Montfort's sudden death, and his widow was called upon to exchange Montfort Court (which passed to the new heir) for the distant jointure House of Twickenham. By this time she had grown so attached to Sophy, and Sophy so gratefully fond of her, that she proposed to Waife to take his sweet grandchild as her permanent companion, complete her education, and assure her future. This had been the old man's cherished day-dream; but he had not contemplated its realization until he himself were in the grave. He turned pale, he staggered, when the proposal which would separate him from his grandchild was first brought before him. But he recovered ere Lady Montfort could be aware of the acuteness of the pang she inflicted, and accepted the generous offer with warm protestations of joy and gratitude. But Sophy! Sophy consent to leave her grandfather afar and aged in his solitary cottage! Little did either of them know Sophy, with her soft heart and determined soul, if they supposed such egotism possible in her. Waife insisted—Waife was angry—Waife was authoritative—Waife was imploring—Waife was pathetic—all in vain! But to close every argument, the girl went boldly to Lady Montfort, and said, "If I left him, his heart would break—never ask it." Lady Montfort kissed Sophy tenderly as mother ever kissed a child for some sweet loving trait of a noble nature, and said simply, "But he shall not be left—he shall come too."

She offered Waife rooms in her Twickenham house—she wished to collect books—he should be librarian. The old man shivered and refused—refused firmly. He had made a vow not to be a guest in any house. Finally, the matter was compromised; Waife would remove to the neighborhood of Twickenham; there hire a cottage; there ply his art; and Sophy, living with him, should spend a part of each day with Lady Montfort as now.

So it was resolved. Waife consented to occupy a small house on the verge of the grounds belonging to the jointure villa, on the condition of paying rent for it. And George Morley insisted on the privilege of preparing that house for his old teacher's reception, leaving it simple and rustic to outward appearance, but fitting its pleasant chambers with all that his knowledge of the old man's tastes and habits suggested for comfort or humble luxury; a room for Sophy, hung with the prettiest paper, all butterflies and flowers, commanding a view of the river. Waife, despite his proud scruples, could not refuse such gifts from a man whose fortune and career had been secured by his artful lessons. Indeed, he had already permitted George to assist, though not largely, his own efforts to repay the £100 advanced by Mrs. Crane. The years he had devoted to a craft which his ingenuity made lucrative, had just enabled the basket-maker, with his pupil's aid, to clear off that debt by installments. He had the satisfaction of thinking that it was his industry which had replaced the sum to which his grandchild owed her release from the execrable Rugge.

Lady Montfort's departure (which preceded Waife's by some weeks) was more mourned by the poor in her immediate neighborhood than by the wealthier families who composed what a province calls its society; and the gloom which that event cast over the little village round the kingly mansion, was increased when Waife and his grandchild left.

For the last three years, emboldened by Lady Montfort's protection, and the conviction that he was no longer pursued or spied, the old man had relaxed his earlier reserved and secluded habits. Constitutionally sociable, he had made acquaintance with his humbler neighbors; lounged by their cottage palings in his rambles down the lanes; diverted their children with Sir Isaac's tricks, or regaled them with nuts and apples from his little orchard; given to the more diligent laborers many a valuable hint how to eke out the daily wage with garden produce, or bees, or poultry; doctored farmers' cows; and even won the heart of the stud groom by a mysterious sedative ball, which had reduced to serene docility a highly nervous and hitherto unmanageable four-year-old. Sophy had been no less popular. No one grudged her the favor of Lady Montfort—no one wondered at it. They were loved and honored. Perhaps the happiest years Waife had known since his young wife left the earth were passed in the hamlet which he fancied her shade haunted; for was it not there—there, in that cottage—there, in sight of those green osiers, that her first modest virgin replies to his letters of love and hope had soothed his confinement and animated him—till then little fond of sedentary toils—to the very industry which, learned in sport, now gave subsistence, and secured a home. To that home persecution had not come—gossip had not pryed into its calm seclusion—even chance, when threatening disclosure, had seemed to pass by innocuous. For once—a year or so before he left—an incident had occurred which alarmed him at the time, but led to no annoying results. The banks of the great sheet of water in Montfort Park were occasionally made the scene of rural picnics by the families of neighboring farmers and tradesmen. One day Waife, while carelessly fashioning his baskets on his favorite spot, was recognized by a party on the opposite margin to whom he himself had paid no attention. He was told the next day by the landlady of the village inn, the main chimney of which he had undertaken to cure of smoking, that a "lady" in the picnic symposium of the day before had asked many questions about him and his grandchild, and had seemed pleased to hear they were both so comfortably settled. The "lady" had been accompanied by another "lady," and by two or three young gentlemen. They had arrived in a "buss," which they had hired for the occasion. They had come from Humberston the day after those famous races which annually filled Humberston with strangers—the time of year in which Rugge's grand theatrical exhibition delighted that ancient town. From the description of the two ladies, Waife suspected that they belonged to Rugge's company. But they had not claimed Waife as a cidevant comrade; they had not spoken of Sophy as the Phenomenon or the Fugitive. No molestation followed this event; and, after all, the Remorseless Baron had no longer any claim to the Persecuted Bandit or to Juliet Araminta.

But the ex-comedian is gone from the osiers—the hamlet. He is in his new retreat by the lordly river—within an hour of the smoke and roar of tumultuous London. He tries to look cheerful and happy, but his repose is troubled—his heart is anxious. Ever since Sophy, on his account, refused the offer which would have transferred her, not for a few daily hours, but for habitual life, from a basket-maker's roof to all the elegances and refinements of a sphere in which, if freed from him, her charms and virtues might win her some such alliance as seemed impossible while he was thus dragging her down to his own level—ever since that day the old man had said to himself, "I live too long." While Sophy was by his side he appeared busy at his work, and merry in his humor; the moment she left him for Lady Montfort's house the work dropped from his hands, and he sank into moody thought.

Waife had written to Mrs. Crane (her address then was at Paris) on removing to Twickenham, and begged her to warn him, should Jasper meditate a return to England, by a letter directed to him at the General Post-office, London. Despite his later trust in Mrs. Crane, he did not deem it safe to confide to her Lady Montfort's offer to Sophy, or the affectionate nature of that lady's intimacy with the girl now grown into womanhood. With that insight into the human heart, which was in him not so habitually clear and steadfast as to be always useful, but at times singularly if erratically lucid, he could not feel assured that Arabella Crane's ancient hate to Sophy (which, lessening in proportion to the girl's destitution, had only ceased when the stern woman felt, with a sentiment bordering on revenge, that it was to her that Sophy owed an asylum obscure and humble) might not revive, if she learned that the child of a detested rival was raised above the necessity of her protection, and brought within view of that station so much loftier than her own, from which she had once rejoiced to know that the offspring of a marriage which had darkened her life was excluded. For indeed it had been only on Waife's promise that he would not repeat the attempt that had proved so abortive, to enforce Sophy's claim on Guy Darrell, that Arabella Crane had in the first instance resigned the child to his care. His care—his—an attainted outcast! As long as Arabella Crane could see in Sophy but an object of compassion she might haughtily protect her; but could Sophy become an object of envy, would that protection last? No, he did not venture to confide in Mrs. Crane further than to say that he and Sophy had removed from Montfort village to the vicinity of London. Time enough to say more when Mrs. Crane returned to England; and then, not by letter, but in personal interview.

Once a month the old man went to London to inquire at the General Post-office for any communications his correspondent might there address to him. Only once, however, had he heard from Mrs. Crane since the announcement of his migration, and her note of reply was extremely brief, until in the fatal month of June, when Guy Darrell and Jasper Losely had alike returned, and on the same day, to the metropolis; and then the old man received from her a letter which occasioned him profound alarm. It apprised him not only that his terrible son was in

England—in London; but that Jasper had discovered that the person embraced for America were not the worthless Wolfs, and that the real names they had assumed. Mrs. Crane ended with these ominous words: "It is right to say now that he has descended deeper and deeper. Could you see him, you would wonder that I neither abandon him nor my resolve. He hates me worse than the gibbet. To me and not to the gibbet he shall pass—defying punishment to the end. I am in London, not in my old house, but near him. His confidence is my herding. His fate and his progress are close to me—as close as if he dwelt in glass. Sophy is now of an age when the sex open the eyes to love to some person whose respectability could not be impugned, she could not be legally forced away against her will. But if under your roof, those whom Jasper has induced to institute a search, that he has no means to communicate with him himself, might make statements which (as you are already aware) might persuade others, through well-intention, to take an interest against me from you. He might publicly face even a police court if he else hoped to make me fall headlong into buying off an intolerable scandal. He might, in the first instance, and more probably, decoy her into his power through the hope that what might become of her before she was recovered? Separate yourself from her for a day, and it is you, notwithstanding your acts of disguise, that can be the more easily tracked. She, now almost a woman, is in no degree apt to dissimulation. Place her in some secure asylum until at least after the trial."

Wolfe read and re-read this epistle (to which there was no direction that enabled him to reply) in the privacy of a hall bedroom, to which he had retired from the gaze and pressure of the outside world. Sophy was not the long brooded over woe begun to take shape—to be hurried on to prompt decision. On recovering his first shock, he learned only the general plan. That same evening he saw Lady Montfort. He felt that, in the absence of Sophy's sake, he must lift the veil from the eyebrow on his own name. To guard against the same confession by Jasper which Lucretia had betrayed her at Gatesboro', it was necessary that he should explain the mystery of his birth, parentage and position to Lady Montfort, and go through the anguish of denouncing his own son as the man whose hands alone those papers be consigned. He approached this subject not only with a sense of unconquerable shame, but with no unreasonable fear lest Lady Montfort might at once declare a charge which would possibly subject her relative to the severest imprisonment. But, to his surprise as well as relief, no sooner had he mentioned Sophy's name than Lady Montfort evinced emotions of a joy which cut into the shade all more painful or discreditable associations. "Henceforth, my dear friend," she said, "your Sophy shall be my own child, my new heiress-apparent to my whole property—my equal as well as my change. Fear not that any one shall tear her from me. You are right in thinking that she should be with me home—that she should have the nursing and the station which she is entitled to as one of my orders. But you must not part from her. I have learned to your tale; my experience of you supplies the deficiencies you suppose between the judgment which has aspersed you. And, more and more, I feel that I owe you such a refuge in the Home that will shelter your grandchild. Noble-hearted woman! and sacrifice for her ignorance of the profession! Would the proposal which would have blistered with scorching blusher the cheeks of that Spartan, the tuition of all "Solemn Plausibilities," the House of Virgins! Gentleman Wolfe was not enough though to profit by the ignominious desertion from generous virtue. But, repressing all sagacious, and appearing to implicate only the probability of such an arrangement, he left her benevolent delight unaudenced—and before the morning he was gone. Going without delay to the straight, as he had gone years ago from the belief's carriage—gone, for Sophy's sake, to find, as she had found before, farewell lines, that commended hope and forbade grief. "It was," he wrote, "for both their sakes that he had set out on a tour of pleasant adventure. He needed it for his health, and change of diet late in so humdrum and settled a life. And there was danger abroad—danger that his brief absence would remove. He had entrusted to his secrets to Lady Montfort: she must look on that kind lady as her sole guardian. She—not aid—as return he surely would; and then they would live happy ever afterward as in fairy tales. He should never pray for her if one hair only enough to fret for him. He should not be alone; Sir Isaac would be with him. He had left him without plenty of money—savings of several months; if he wanted more, he would apply to George Morley. He could write to her occasionally; but she must not expect frequent letters; he might be away for months—what did that signify? He was old enough to take care of himself; she was no longer a child to cry her eyes out if she lost a scrambling toy or broke an old cripple. She was a young lady, and he expected to find her a charming woman when he returned." And so, with all flourish and bravado, and suppressing every attempt at pathos, the old man went his way, and, being heavy-hearted, Lady Montfort's, weeping, distracted, imploring her to send in all directions to discover and bring back the fugitive, was there detained a captive guest. But Wolfe left a letter also for Lady Montfort, cautioning her and adjuring her, as she valued Sophy's safety from the scandal of Jasper's claim, not to make any imprudent enquiry concerning him. Such attempt would only create the very publicity from the chance of which he was seeking to escape. The necessity of this caution was so obvious, that Lady Montfort could only send her most confidential servant to inquire guardedly in the neighborhood, until she had summoned George Morley from Bournemouth, and taken him into council. Wolfe had permitted her to confide to him, and that promise of secrecy, the sale he had confided to her. George went with the deepest sympathy into Sophy's disappearance; but he made few inquiries in the direction and peril of any nosey researches. He remembered that he himself would have no means to ascertain the old man's hiding-place, and gave, at least, if he could not be persuaded either to return to Bournemouth or to go to Sir Isaac, the left destitute and comfortless. Nor was this an idle promise. Lucretia's letters, however, were unceasing, crippled by the restraint imposed upon them, was so acute in drawing, and so active in following up each slow clue to the mysterious Mr. Hoddings, that more than once he had actually come upon the trail of Wolfe's lair, and found where Wolfe or Sir Isaac had been seen a few days before. Still, up to the day on which Morley had himself reported progress, he remained inactor, fertile in all processes of strategem and bewilderment, to baffle pursuit. But, then, however, Wolfe had greatly relieved the minds of these anxious friends, and cheered even Sophy's hearing, by his brief, but open, descriptive letter. These letters having, by their postmarks, led to his having reached the great city of carnage, that reason for discontinuing them. And for the last six weeks no line from him had been received. In fact, he had declined writing to consummate his self-abnegation, strove command more than ever to withdraw himself from his image. He deemed it so essential to her whole future, that, now she had found a home in so many hearts, and appeared to have a should gradually accustom herself to a new rank of life, from which he was to be entirely removed, should lose all trace of his very being; efface a connection that, exacting to protect, could henceforth only degrade and endanger her. And, much as it were, to blot himself out of the world which never emptied of him, he did not cease to grieve grief in its first freshness: he knew that, could she learn where he was, all else would be forgotten—once would be to see him. But he, both continually murmured to himself, "Youth is never prepared for death." The thought was more poignant, but not enduring; now the wounds are already scarring over—they will not reopen if they are left to heal.

He had, at first, thought of hiding somewhere as at a village on the coast, or in a seaport a mouth, he might have stolen into the grounds, looked at the house that held her—left, perhaps, in her wake some token of affection. But, on reflection, he felt that the luxury would be dangerous, and that the pain would be in proportion as he reasoned himself into the stern wisdom of avoiding all that could revive her grief for him. At the unsuspecting age of her table, in the outline given of that grand melodrama in which the fate of Sophy was the central part of the Bandit's child, her efforts to decoy parrott from the lair of the persecuted Blime were likened to those of a bird to entice the viper and hunt from the nest of its young. More appropriate than the old story, was the fable of the bird than then to the fledgling. Farther and farther from the nest in which all his love was centered did the old man go. But, if he did not discover him now; that very discovery would unleash his passions to the fury. Was it impossible that Lesely would ever guess that they could become separated; still more improbable, unless Wolfe, by accident, should fall into the hands guided conjecture, that Lesely should dream of seeking under the roof of her life's person the child that had fled from Mr. Rugg.

Poor old man! his heart was breaking; all the soul were so tightly constricted, that sleep, where many, many long miles off, I see him standing desolately in the middle of a room in his own crowded market-place, holding Sir Isaac by slackened string, with listless hand—Sir Isaac unshorn, travel-stained, dreggled, with drooping head and melancholy eyes—yes, as I see him now, pausing, and for a moment, now and then, pointing to that huge pannier on his arm, filled with some homely peddler-wares, he mechanically imagines, "Sophy will like." Yes, as I see him this, I can not draw near in pity—I can not shield him from the fierce sunlight of an angel's wing over his gray head; and I stand reverentially aloof, with bated breath and bended knee.

OUR NEW ORGANIST.

THE old man who for upward of thirty years had been organist of Walker's church, died suddenly coming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Walker—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my early manhood—I had been a regular church-goer; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

One sultry mid-summer evening, my thoughts turned naturally to the vacant organ-loft, and my hands, I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the cathedral, locking the door of the room of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to avail in the palace-grounds, and, unconsciously, my steps turned in the direction of work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters. I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterward I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I made the visit which is the most pleasant in these grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door open, the organ was locked, I took open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral aisle by the lesser grand way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrances, I was startled by a full burst of rich music; it died away as I reached my little door.

Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed, the organ again sounded. Upon open my desk I had left a collection of impromptu figures; those the unknown musician began to play. I noticed signs of diffidence, and ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also noticed signs of genius, of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

"This man will do," I thought, as I listened. "He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah, ye Waldenites, ye shall slumber through your service no longer! The power of music shall stir ye."

Twilight was gathering; the full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. An educated ear knows the way to the door of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the unaccustomed echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to advance the organist. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the organ. I could even hear his feet down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a footfall. I heard no sound. I looked at the keys—the dust my fingers had pressed the keys that night. But where was the player? Again, not open where I left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of a key.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: the echoes were my only reply. I called to him. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give no information; had "dropped off" from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and "naught nor nobody" had passed.

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door.

Next evening I practiced again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown player. I left the organ-loft raining. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child, the young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, on the second afternoon, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Walker after the Sunday service on the day and departed. I took up my stations behind a tree, and watched the cathedral door from a distance rapidly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door. At the appointed hour I again mounted. It drew me on into the building. The darkest quarters of the service were vaguely displayed by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When the light struck on the keys, the performer began to extemporize, trying the full power of the instrument, of which I had apparently the mastery. What seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird arrangement, rested on to the spot. Sometimes I glanced into the comparatively vivid darkness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star shining through the stone lacing of one of the lofty, slim phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious, clear tone of the evening sky. Then I looked down at the musician: he could not escape me, unless invisible. But I did not consider myself to be fantastic.

As I leaned against the porch of the cathedral door, I resolved the incident I have recorded all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, miking no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vestiges of sound were dying out. How long had it passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I hastened to the door, entered, looking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted along, close to the wall of the building. Suddenly, it gave into a niche, I drew close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I saw—

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. But it was only the old man I had noticed lingering while I practiced. Then my musician was, I fattered myself, safely locked in. I had not seen him leave, nor seen him, as she had lingered over silence the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one have passed in and out before I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not even a child; she paused, and looked upon me a small, sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who plays? Is it a lady? I hope you can pass you as you came away?"

"I was were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

So she did! Yet you must have been in the cathedral every once service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. But then an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, saluting me for her not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral my mind misgave me. I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician tonight; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of its distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She give me this (showing a shilling), and went away the very minute she'd a done playing."

"She?" I flushed up.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight, slim young girl! She would surely come again—I would secure her.

Next evening I set my traps—the open door and attendant—and watched. Service was at the service; I had marched every hiding-place; I had waited in the vestry for the usual succession evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the cathedral would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregations, and of those few persons who dropped in only to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished for face; but a bedwarved bonnet, that I had noticed yesterday after had been bowed down in devotion, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the vast of an evening, and reasoned myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my own door. Answering came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left open the prayer-book the *Order Home of Pergolesi*, that Dominichino and music. Still, just after the service, I had called seven, a slight figure flitted through the shaded way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the usual branching of the path and door; here it disappeared within the building.

I sprung up with my hands, crying, "There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you."

I heaped from my window, and crossed the yard hare-headed. I found me a note for Sophy. I hurriedly ascended the organ-loft. I did not mount as slowly as usual at once; I reasoned myself that this was my very wiselest.

The organ-loft door remain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her disconcertedly; she had evidently not known it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face seemed a dejected expression. But you did not see her eyes, it was instructed and insignificant. By turning the leaves, I had discovered the passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, my irradiated her mien; solicitations of delight shot from the dark lashes of the long-veiled eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of rapture broke the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly child was possessed of genius. She was not silver, but a woman with an angel's face. By-and-by she paused, and looked around her timidly.

When she removed the hands and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she was not flushed before me, but deadly pale. Many varying expressions gathering into her; at last she slightly inclined. I had secured my prisoner; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was intuitive knowledge with its dependence.

"If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate myself) shall have the organ-loft."

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

"Our organist died in the night. We have been without one since: you must fill his place in this cathedral."

"Are you not the organist?"

"No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it."

"Are you the bishop, then?"

"No," I laughed. "But I am a friend of his, against you the organist of Walden Cathedral."

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; I saw the very bright, but she shook her head.

"I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play with the music as ought to be played here."

"I am the best judge of that: I will call at your home, and arrange with your relations."

"I have not any relations; I have a friend with whom I board—no more. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow."

Your answer must be 'Yes:' and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?"

She shook her head, no, as it was getting dusk. I closed the organ.

"Permit me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again," I said.

"If you wish it."

"You have not asked my name, or where I live." I gave her my card, having followed her into the vast. She paused from me, looked into the building, and then out at the noble limes.

It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night; you have made me happy: I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again."

I said "Good-night," but followed her still: it had closed and the night-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I lasted as much: but under the shade way she paused to disadvantage. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a boy came upon before me, and my eyes watching the sunlight dancing on the grotesquely carved figures of the façade of the cathedral, the housekeeper, Mrs. Margaret Thompson, informed me that a "middle-aged female" wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced di-

rectly, and recognized the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

"I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor," was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

"I have yet to learn the young lady's name," I reminded her.

"Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town."

"Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?"

"She has no friend in the world but me."

Mrs. Smith—that was her name, she told me—turned back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I dispatched Margaret with Mrs. Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning I was teacher. I showed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favorite services, telling her that, by-and-by, when she was at home here, she should play any thing she chose.

"It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours," I remarked.

"I try all I can to stretch them," was answered, apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarletti's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practicing in the cathedral.

"You have had a thorough musical education," I observed to her one day.

"My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since." There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. "Here I shall be happy," she added, calmly. "I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral."

"You must have been very young when—"

"When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child."

"Alice, Alice! It is time to go home," Mrs. Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

"No. You are very kind; but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?" She looked at me wistfully.

"I will take care that you do not do that."

"Will you be near me?"

"Where I am now—ready to turn the pages."

"That makes it all different," said the child. "I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now."

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. "God bless thee, dear child," I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes, she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others! When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

"How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!" she said.

"I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest."

In the evening she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine; she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat; nor did I afterward repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practice with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs. Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

"Would it be possible for me ever, any where, to forget this place?" she said, musingly. "It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs. Smith), I should like to be buried very near the cathedral."

"No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am under ground."

"I do not wish to die," she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted, heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterized her as an artist informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home, many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission; evidently a central somewhat was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Every thing was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By-the-by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline— But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening Alice was dressed as simply as usual; her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad, artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by-and-by I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

"She is shockingly affected; a dreadful flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop's lady!"

"She flies rather lower than that," said a kindred voice. "She and Mr. —— (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course they call it practicing—a very pretty kind of practice!"

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

"A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies," I remarked, then passed on toward the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the vailing lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendlessness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice any thing beyond these instructions—any thing personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight; I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homeward. I was so cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and soughing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off toward my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintery dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. "Alice is dead!" was my firm conviction. I managed to rise and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room was the packet I had prepared for Alice. "Returned after her death," I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly-kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

"When did she die?" I asked stolidly, by-and-by.

"Nigh a month since, Sir."

A long pause.

"Who plays the organ now?"

"Please, Sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse," was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

"Well, she does it all the same," was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

"Are you mocking me, woman?" I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

"Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ."

"Alice Hall, Sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, Sir: she has not missed a service."

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

"Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?"

"Yes, Sir; it has, Sir." Margaret backed toward the door as I rose.

"Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course."

"Law! Good gracious, Sir, I never said any thing of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet."

"Margaret! who then died a month since?" I put the question solemnly.

"Mrs. Smith, Sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, Sir."

"Leave the room," I commanded.

I can not say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By-and-by I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh, well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By-and-by she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: "You should not be here on such a morning."

"And you are come home at last?" She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

"You have missed me?" I asked, humbly.

"Yes, yes."

"And can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

"You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill," she said, gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

"I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return."

"No, no: you never frighten me—you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly."

"Why did you shudder but now?"

"I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night."

"Tell it me."

"I had rather not."

"I have a reason for wishing to know it."

"I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem."

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as for the first time I fully recalled the events of the past night.

"You must let me take you home," I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

"You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you."

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

"Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!"

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

"I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?" she asked, earnestly.

"It is because I love you."

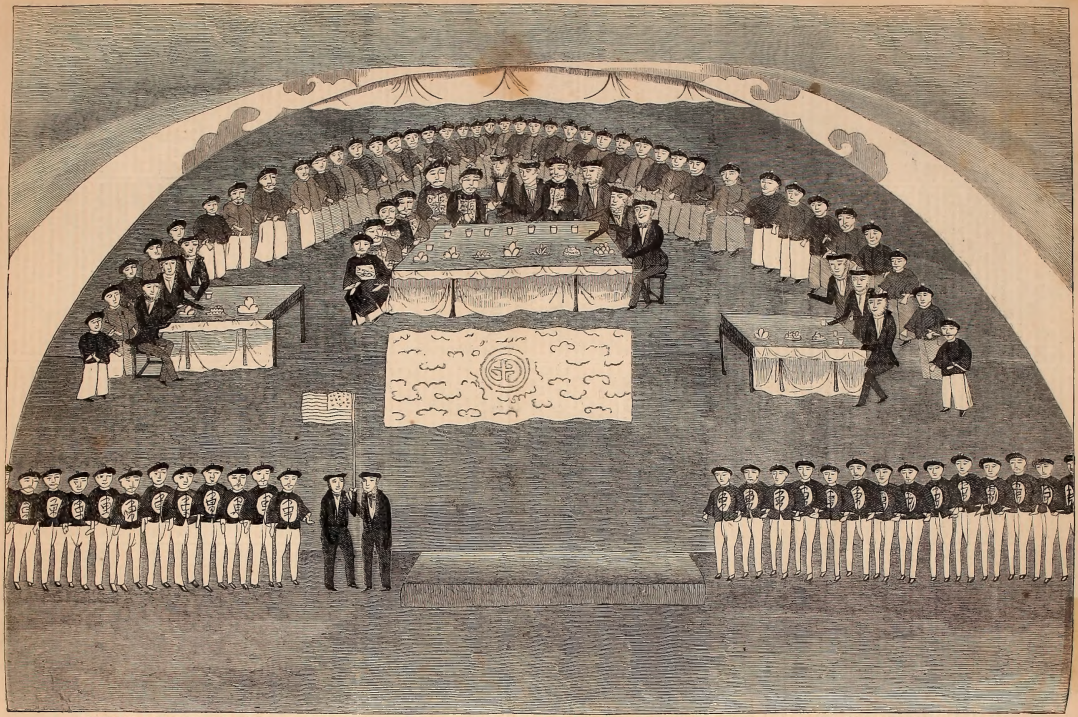
My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice —— (not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral yard. It was on New-year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New-year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. Oh, Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumor in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort, I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tenderness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in Thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half a dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long-feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion. The organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.



MEETING BETWEEN MR. REED, AS COMMISSIONER, AND THE CHINESE MANDARINS, ON MAY 4, 1858.—*FROM A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST.*

MR. REED IN CHINA.

WE are indebted to the civility of the New York *Herald* for the accompanying pictures, which is intended to represent the first really practical diplomatic interview that has taken place between the United States Minister, Mr. Reed, and the representatives of the Emperor of China. It need hardly be remarked that it is a fac-simile of a drawing by a Chinese artist, and serves to illustrate the Chinese notion of art as well as the scene which it purports to depict.

The interview represented took place on 4th May, 1858, in a tent in the fort at the mouth of the Peiho—since taken by the combined British and French forces. At the centre of the table sits Mr. Martin, the interpreter; on his right sits Yen, the Governor of the Province, supported by two Commissioners; on the left of Mr. Martin is Mr. Reed, supported on his left by his Chinese officials, Captain S. L. Dupont, R. E. Shortle, Surgeon J. L. Fox. At the right hand side table sits Mr. G. Bacon, Master of the *Minnesota*, Mr. Reed's son, and Secretary. At the left hand side table sits Mr. Bradley, American Consul at Ningpo, and other members of the legation. In the foreground there is an orderly sergeant and a private from the *Minnesota*, bearing the American flag. Behind, and left of the tent the Chinese troops, with out arms, are drawn up in line as a guard of honor. In the rear are seen standing forty-seven Mandarins. On the reverse tables dishes of meats, fruits, wine, etc., have been placed. Mr. Reed and Governor Yen are represented in the act of shaking hands.

The correspondent of the New York *Times*—who is evidently a personage of note, as he is said to be none other than the interpreter Martin—thus describes the scene scene:

"The tent was hung with crimson, and the ground carpeted with the same color, which I believe is to the Chinese an all festive occasions. The interior was crowded by a long table and two side tables, all covered with fruits and confectionery.

"Mr. Reed was placed to the west of honor, on the left of the High Commissioner, with Mr. Martin, who acted as interpreter, between and a little in the rear of the two high functionaries. The two assistant Commissioners, Dr. Williams, Secretary of Legation, Captain Dupont of the United States steamer *Minnesota*, the Treasurer of the Province, the Admiral General in command of the station, and a Postal, or circuit judge, completed the company at the long table. On the side tables, Mr. Bradley, and the officers and crew of the navy, were seated to the right hand; while somewhere of blue and white buttoned mandarins, who would have been present on all such occasions, were compelled to stand in the presence of their superiors. I must not omit to remark that each mandarin is indicated by a peculiar dress, of a globular shape, consisting of a button, attached to the top of his cap. The highest are the red, and the blue and white mark to others, in the order of their precedence, the three classes. All who sat at the long table with the Commissioners were mandarins, except Mr. Martin, who, though he wore a blue one, was also dressed out with the plume of a mandarin.

"The interview lasted for two hours, and was wholly employed in arranging the basis for treaties. But little time was spent in exchanging compliments, each sat bent on getting down to the real business, and refreshments spread out before us. Mr. Reed and Commissioner Yen made several interchanges of courtesies in motion their lips with tea. So nice was brought on the table, and it was also the first introduction to me, and I can now give without the pressure of that universal beverage. It was not wanted, however, for there was no need for moist lubricants. Business was transacted the attention of the high diplomatists functionaries. And though the vituperative feeling prevailed, there was not an individual of either nation among them who was not inclined to the interference who was not inclined to the solemnity of the occasion. After agreeing to the proposition of the Imperial Commissioner to exchange the will of their master on an important preliminary, the United States Minister and his envoys took their leave."

In fact, the interview led to nothing. It may be that the Chinese diplomatists, as the *Times* correspondent suggests, are such very low men that Mr. Reed has not been able to make head against them; or it may be that the method adopted by the maritime powers of Europe, the bombardment with shot and shell, is the only argument to which they are privious. But, whatever the reason may be, there can be no doubt of the fact that our diplomacy has met with little headway. Mr. Reed did every hope, when he left, of doing something to distinguish himself and benefit his country. There were not wanting persons who regretted, and that our attitude of neutrality would enable us to make better terms with the Chinese than the belligerents of Europe could obtain; but, as the facts appear we might as well have had no commerce with China, and Mr. Reed might as well have spared the prosecuting vagaries by getting drunk in the streets and disgusting the constituencies of Boston and the Quakers of Philadelphia. It must be a painful subject of reflection to him; to the mercantile community it must be rather pleasant to know that foreigners are fighting our battles at their own cost.

A RAT TALE.

THE most magnificent rat battues in the world are held, annually, at Montfaucon, near Paris. At Montfaucon is an establishment, under government superintendence, where worn-out horses are slain, stray dogs are made an end of, and other sorts of secret mysteries are accomplished. When Monsieur Bonnet-Thivars had charge of the public salubrity—which gave him the command of Montfaucon as well as of the Parisian sewers—he invited Balzac, the novelist, to a feldeday, which was eagerly accepted by that distinguished writer. Bonnet-Thivars was enthusiastically fond of everything that belonged to his department. He spoke of sewers and drains with perfect fervor. He spoke of the Romans and their chaste manners, with the ambition of surpassing their subterranean architecture; he wanted the pilgrims of the future, when as travelers now descant on the subtleties of Mont Blanc or the Lake of Long Pratz, to speak that the inspector of Salubrity, Balzac, Dr. Gontil, and another gentleman should reach their destination at three in the morning. The party were exact at the rendezvous. But to get to Montfaucon in the dead of the night was no easy task. The rain had fallen in torrents for four-and-twenty hours previously; the roads outside the barriers were impracticable for wheel-carriages; and the pilgrims were absolutely obliged to perform their journey on foot, through pitchy darkness and sloughs of despond. Like an able general, Bonnet-Thivars sought to dissipate the increasing demoralization of his troops by encouraging conversation.

"My dear friends, in a little quarter of an hour we shall be within a half mile of the field of battle of that quarter of an hour to let you know the surprise which I have specially reserved for your entertainment. Balzac, you shall have a treat in addition to the other surprises which await you there."

"What may be that wonderful surprise?" asked Balzac, in a tone which seemed to say, "if I don't like the surprise, I won't eat the dinner."

"Yesterday," continued the bold inspector, "one of Lord Egerton's finest horses was obliged to be killed. I have ordered it to be set aside for your special use, and for yours alone."

"Is it intended that we should eat the horse?" inquired Balzac.

"No; but in the short space of one hour you will enjoy the spectacle—and, I may add, magnificent spectacle—of beholding that gigantic horse entirely devoured by the rats of Montfaucon. Ah, you know not what are the most voracious and the most ferocious creatures on the face of the globe. Every individual rat is as big as a small terrier. And, now, let those who love to follow me!"

His ardent followers set out, with Bonnet-Thivars through the treacherous darkness and the pouring wheel-ruts. They bogged the time by pleasant talk about the prospects of the Chamber of Montfaucon, and the culinary capabilities of the same raw material.

"How would you like a cold horse-flesh eaten?" exclaimed Balzac, to whom hippophagy was a greater novelty than it would be to the rest of the world in the present day. "What a horrible perversion of taste it will be, before to-night, to return home by the way of horse-eating! If they eat the horse to-day, they will eat the horseman to-morrow. There is only a hair-breadth of difference between the two repasts."

Over the grassy, spongy grounds, rendered still more spongy and greasy by the previous rains, the adventurous expedition wended its way, backed by the Guard of Public Salubrity—and that part of the establishment where the spade-is had been prepared. At dawn men employed in the place prepared them with the usual mysterious circumspection, each having a lighted resin torch in his left hand, and a spade with its axe-like left shoulder; four others, having ladders only, followed with the silence of conspirators. The night and the torch-light cast a sullen-like hue on the mute but steadily-stepping band. It suggested Shakspeare's witches' cauldron, and contributed to Montfaucon exactly that, with an escort of flambeaux, by the Duke of Alva to the Escurial. In First, for the good pleasure of his excellent sister, Madame d'Angouleme. By the side of the present party they found a dead horse. The entry of the same color as the closely night, who had their own private property in the rats, and jealously fenced the affection they bore to their masters. They were mastiffs and bull-dogs devoted, by certain cunning, from their earliest puppyhood. Among Saxon and English races, with square angular heads, and with a peculiar feeling protective, with eyes torch of iron, and elephantine feet and legs. If one of them only strayed out of the line, a hare or a fox, or a wandering dog, was sure to be in place; but, speedy as was his obedience, he found time, as he darted past his master, to lick the white row of teeth ready to devour his Master. Indeed, had the dogs been unanimous and so inclined, in the animosity they could have, in a few minutes, eaten, gulden and visitors, to stone, leaving hardly a gravestone standing to tell where the field of battle.

They soon reached the foot of a circular wall, or nearly circular; for nothing here possible is perfect in form or decided in color. The only substance of things differs from ordinary reality. The earth has the appearance of dirty ash; the wall, the fluidity of water; the water, the thickness of mud; the hillocks scattered over the soil are fringed with the outrages of the monster rats workmen are tumble-down heaps of tattering stones. The five principal hillocks are the results of the establishment have the desolate aspect of live inundations; and the only way to breathe is to hold the nose. The ladders were placed against the wall; and, after a difficult ascent, the party and their dogs found themselves on the summit, on the top of the wall. Before and below them was a vast inclosure appropriated to the slaughter of condemned horses. Heaps of carcasses had been and there indicated this funeral destination. It required a few minutes to accustom the eye to the gloomy scene before they could well make out its details. The bottom of this ill-paved trough was traversed by long and irregular ridges, all of which radiated toward the circumscribing wall, at certain distances. Between each lay one dead, consisting of perpendicular bars, so placed as to allow liquid matters to escape, but preventing the escape of solid substances. Each ridge contained one to wait on the top of their wall.

Balzac was evidently palpitated with impatience and anxiety; would his drams succeed or fail? The curtain was now about to rise. Dr. Gontil sat down on the wall, breathing the benevolent smoke of a cigar, as an antidote to the powerful emanations from the interior of action.

One of the iron gates in the wall opened. Four men immediately entered, dragging after them, with ropes, the dead horse, the lure of the Eden, the principal actor who has been so impatiently expected. The rats, as they had been hitherto, remained the poor creature from its last connection with human society; they left it naked on the stones, and retreated hastily, slamming the iron gate behind them. The overture was played; the piece now began. Bonnet-Thivars looked at Balzac; Balzac looked at Bonnet-Thivars; this great dramatic author (Dieux! is meant in the present instance) and this great public were to form their judgment of each other's powers. A moment's doubt, mutual by, whether the one was up to the other's mark.

At all the iron gates at the end of the gutters, and of deadlights from other unseen vent-holes, they instantly appeared several rats, attracted by the mighty feast. They were the scouts of the army in ambuscade. A few individuals, detached from the first platoon, advanced on the tips of their toes to the nearest flank of the carcass; and then they turned by common consent their sharp muzzles and their quivering mouths to seek, and find, by which they had entered, as if to make sure of a retreat in case of need.

The first moment of hostility disappeared when they found themselves joined by other rats, who came in crowds to the banquet. Then the battle-cry gave them mutual encouragement; and the pavement began to be thickened all over with reinforcements of the besieging host of rats. Balzac remarked that, among these rats, there was a progression of size and strength. The last comers to the last, or rather from the first to those that followed, for the last had not yet shown themselves. Rats of twice the size, and weight, and force, were followed by others in better plight, who, in turn, were followed by still more comely and lusty beasts. The first comers were clearly the huntsmen.

Continuing the induction from their mien and gait, Balzac attributed to each rat his profession or his position in society. Here was a rat-catcher, as he jumped on the attorney's office, at twenty francs a month wages. That next fellow is a rat-catcher, at twelve hundred francs a year; he is better fed than the first. There goes another who is a rat-catcher; he has his master's confidence and is growing bald." But the physiological description did not last long.

The rats had almost disappeared under an ever-thickening carpet of rats. There were black rats, brown rats, piebald rats, white rats, agouti rats, rats of orders gray, slate-colored rats, and even white rats. Just before it was completely covered, the dead horse was a combination of rats leader and more adventurous than the rest. The animal was lying on one side, and in the form of a triangle, up to the carcass, of which they took possession. It was a successful military recognition. Then, with a common cry, they encouraged, charged with much greater resolution. The body was entirely covered, and the rats were in clubs from one end to the other, just as a tailor un stitches an old coat to tear it up into rags; and then, with the most frightful appetite, all sorts of robots streamed in at every aperture, crowding thick and confusedly. Their opulence rushing out of the gutters on fire. They scrambled over one another, and their exulting noisiness, their little shrill cries, mingled with the first, produced a kind of multiplication the hum and murmur of a crowd, in which you could distinguish the sound the sound of human voices. Life was boiling in this animated mass. It made you shudder to think of it. Some of the rats were gray as fell into the midst of it from your perch on the wall.

"Is it not fine?" exclaimed Bonnet-Thivars.

"Superb!" replied Balzac, with a salute of the hand. "Splendid! Are your lions there?"

"Not yet," said Gontil. "Do you hear them roar?"

"I do hear them. Well roared Montfaucon!"

"Do you know," continued Bonnet-Thivars pointing to the incalculable legions of fearful devourers, and to the dressing before his eye, "that if, one of these days, from some cause not difficult to imagine, famine or fear of war is to come to a decent on Paris, a whole quarter would either be devoured or be put in terrible jeopardy?"

"Ah!" interrupted Balzac, delighted to hear of the strange and dramatic danger to which Paris was exposed.

"Nothing is more true. A landslip after a tempest might bring about the event."

"Is it not decided by Montfaucon rats! What a spectacle! Can not we try the experiment?" said Balzac, hurried by his own idea. "If, in the next thunder-storm, you could induce a landslip, my dear Inspector—"

"Monsieur," who am charged with the protection of Paris from all eventualities which may arise from Montfaucon! I have no temptation, I do too far, my dear Monsieur de Balzac. Do you not know—"

"I am not joking at all," interrupted Balzac.

"Silence!" said Dr. Gontil. "The grand distraction is your pleasure, I believe."

The Doctor was right. The Montfaucon rats had opened the horse; and they cut it up, bored it, tore it, devoured it through, and dragged it piece by mince-meat—a work of destruction which was hideous to behold. In a few minutes more, the rats, having completely disappeared beneath the hideous brutes, who, hanging on with the voracious pertinacity of a bull-dog to wounded form, soon offered the spectacle of a magnificent horse composed of living rats. Long after the disappearance of the shell-work toys and ornaments that are made to represent men and animals.

"Is it not grand?" The gnashing of their teeth was audible; the sound of the knives and forks of a crowd of guests in a hundred halls of banquets. Among these indefatigable gluttons there were some so large as a full-grown tom-cat. But what would be their encounter with such adversaries as these? He would have been devoured as easily as a partridge by a fox; he would have been swallowed whole before he reached the ground.

"It is time!" shouted Bonnet-Thivars, by way of word of command to one of the men, who, mounted on the wall, lighted up the scene with a pot of burning resin. "It is time!"

At this order from the chief the man designated threw his torch into the arena; it fell a short distance from the nearest of the heaps of dead horse, and even seeing finishing their orgy. There was a shower of fire upon these greedy epicures; nothing else than a downfall of incandescent flakes could have obtained the desired result. There uprose a wail, as if a multitude of infants were being murdered, and little spiral columns of reddish smoke rose in cork-screws in the air. There opened a hole in the moving mass, at the spot where the melted resin had fallen. At the bottom of the hole a dog-skin was visible; it was the skeleton of the horse—a horse no longer. A few swollen, and half-consumed rats in frame-work, groups of satiated rats had taken up their lodging; some had gone to sleep, and their unfortunate companions were falling under a public-house table. They were dead with beer-flesh.

"Now let in the dogs!" was the second word of command given by Bonnet-Thivars to his men.

"Why, you don't mean to let in the dogs!" Balzac, who had not lost a single item of the rare and novel observations of the inspector of Salubrity.

"Finished!" answered the Inspector of Public Salubrity, with ironical pride. "Finished! It is but just beginning!"

This magnificent boast confounded the visitors, for in fact the carnage was only commencing. At that moment such admiration for Bonnet-Thivars that it tore from him the singular eulogy.

"Ah, you would have been made a member of a theatre!"

The compliment went to the heart of the worthy Inspector; his chin buried itself in his grand cravat to hide its delight. Never had Public Salubrity enjoyed a happier moment in office.

The dogs entered the arena, and the carnage began. The dogs were animated by the sight of blood. They were mad with joy. They killed; they gave tongue; they gave tongue, they killed; they leaped on the backs of the first-class rats, and a pair of rats were often entrapped in the same snapping line. And the howling of the dogs and the squeaking of the rats shook them about, as puppies will shake an empty glove. Then they cast them aside, and reconnected the massacre. The rats were furious and in exhaustion. The excitement of the dogs gradually diminished; cruelty gave place to satiety—clemency which was only fatigue in disgust. And yet, if they had scattered death around, it was only to be destroyed themselves in their turn. The first quarter of an hour was all their own, the second was half their own, and the third quarter which sounded much more like accents of pain than shouts of victory. The reaction had begun. The rats were now in full mass and force. Their wave muzzles from which hung bunches of rats who were not to be shaken off, closed in on the dogs. It was in vain to try and shake the assailants off; they held on so firm and tight that the combatants were carried about like mere balloons for life. Others limped along with wounded feet, while others could not move at all. The dogs, having defeated themselves bravely, but still they had to act on the defensive. The original position was completely changed. The rats, although they have turned out unfavorable to the dogs, if their mass had been less dense and their discipline less cross the fete, had not issued from the iron gate with naked arms brandishing clubs, turning the tide of battle, and closing in on the dogs. Then, at last, the fury of the dogs was the sight of this reinforcement! They renewed their fight with energy.

The struggle was renewed. The men were superb. Every blow of the stick sent corpses of rats across their fellows. Bonnet-Thivars, the dogs snapped them up in mid-air, completing the illusion. Balzac, transported with delight, bounded over the backs of the dogs, climbed up the men, ran into their beards and hair, round their necks and shoulders, and, with his pocket-knife, pants, whistled, clung together, and hit the sticks with his fists and feet to make them fall the faster. Many broke their own necks by a rush against the wall, committing suicide rather than yield—like stout sons of antiquity. Numbers, having thrown themselves on the side of the men; but it cost them dear. A dead limb with sixteen rats to their fellow-dead would not have put them into a more pitiable condition.

The fete was ended. Bonnet-Thivars, steaming with enthusiasm, ran to Balzac, who received him in his arms.

"What a drama, is it not?" said the Inspector of Public Salubrity.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Balzac, delighted with his night's amusement. "Say a poem, and you will still be far short of the truth."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE ex-president of the Corporation Club perpetrated the following on the occasion of his wife's visit to Scotland, which if any one has he would not part with for untold wealth: Almost a Scotch bull.

"Jane, my Dear Lover, will ever shine in connection who she thinks of saying fine things. To please, and to be pleased, is the happiness of man, and very few. This last rule of the Dean's is rarely violated in society.

MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly appreciated until she is dead. A man's estimate of his wife may not she be possessed, of which even her wife value her own existence until she has placed her in his own instinct to be the guardian angel of his home and heart.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, "except when I had the gout in both feet at once, and then the pain was intolerable."

Man's riches are to be estimated rather by the forms of his wants than the greatness of his possessions.

"Jones is in your mess! keep after giving it to another? Your word.

Russell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of London, "I believe, Sir, you are very right," says Johnson, "for the people will give rather than let a man die, but the impossibility of relieving a Londoner."

"Is this horse sound?" asked a Leicestershire man, "you could turn a horse into a field nine-acres, and he would not touch a blade of grass from one end to the other." "Pooh! that's nothing," cried a Yorkshireman, "I've seen a horse turn a field in Yorkshire, and not able to find him next morning."

A PLOWMAN'S APPETITE.—A Scotchman having hired Mundt to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that as he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In truth, master," said he, "I am sure the cheese o' this side is as sma' soon eaten as ye may think."

Which five namesakes early Scriptures indicate the commencement of corporal punishment?—Adam, Seth Eve, Cain Abel!

A bachelor was saying, "Next to no wife, a good wife is best." "No doubt," said a fondlewoman, "next to a good wife, no wife is the best."

"ONE OF OUR WESTERN merchants," says St. Louis correspondent, "having sold a will to the amount of an eighth hundred dollars to one of his country brothers, took a silver dollar note for the amount, and drew at 10 per cent. per annum. After waiting some two weeks after the note was due, he came to his correspondent, asking him to send the amount as soon as possible, as he was in want of the money. Answer: 'In a few days he received the following reply:

"'DEAR FRIEND,—I received your note by yesterday's mail. I am sorry you are in a hurry, but it is impossible for me to comply with your request, as it is against my principle to pay the interest, and also to count my specie out to pay the principal. Yours, truly, etc.'"

Little Charley I.—Is in his fourth year. About a year ago an aunt of his was at his father's house, and little Charley was said to be very careful not to make a noise in the room where the baby was sleeping. After he had been still de, Hush, mamma's baby is sleeping him, called him to her to punish him. He wildered to her, "No! Hurr, stop! Please don't wake a noise; you'll strike up *Aunt Lucy.*"

In these days of rapid transit it may be scarcely credited that it is the interchange of the various staples upon railroads it encountered the most violent opposition. When the Pennsylvania Railroad between Philadelphia and Columbia was first projected in, few considered it would ever be anything more than a local road for all the heavy and early transportation was originally almost exclusively. A bill was at length introduced into the Legislature providing for the purchase of the projected road, therefor. Notwithstanding strong opposition it passed both Houses, and was signed by the Governor. Immediately Here, however, it was arrested, and the clamor against the law reached its climax. Intelligent men declared that Masonic districts through which the road passed came to Harrisburg in quick succession, and that the inefficiency in the strongest measure. They represented that the commerce of Harrisburg would be ruined, its markets, and prostrate the best interests of the farmer. Petitions poured in from all parts of the State against the law and the bill (if) passed into force a train was coming up the road, drawn by two horses, with a number of cars. When a short distance below Lancaster the engineer precived a monster ball on the track; he reversed, approaching the animal at a moderate rate, and he quietly left the track, apparently in disgust. The speed was resumed. As the monster of the highway again approach, however, his bellowing wrecked around into the track, lowered his head, and made battle. This was so sudden that nothing could save him. The bean struck him either way he moved, and he fell, gored, and knocked him, dead, down an embankment of twenty feet.

The writer was a guest, soon after these occurrences, at a public dinner given to the engineer of the train. Among the most eminent of the guests was the engineer who had given, and I need not say well received, the toast—"Jethro Bitner, and Colonel Sinker's bull—may they both be long remembered!" In the after contests on the subject that bull played a conspicuous part in the arguments of science and progress.

It might interest me to mention that its author is now the President of these United States.

A clergyman of a locality, neighbor, before a deeply interested audience, the old story of the woman of Jericho, who, when in the midst of a most eloquent appeal, he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young woman in my neighborhood died without religion! *I'm afraid, I'm afraid, while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of hostility to Jericho!*"

A friend of the wifty and eloquent Samuel Russell of Ohio lately told the following anecdote which illustrated the force of his style. "I was in the court house yesterday for one of the cases, in the trial of the opposite side was reading a manuscript argument. It was very long, carried, and interested it until I found that the speaker had not looked that he was right. The judge, whose attention had been withdrawn for a moment, inquired the exact kind of a dispute going on, turned around, and inquired, 'What's that?' The speaker looked up, and, forgetting, nothing, your honor, only Mr. B——— has catched the sack."

"Puppy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the monkeys right with the chimpanzees?" "Jacob, my son—but don't get your trowsers dirty, and don't you go to tell what a mess that boy has got into with a bird's nest!" No longer ago than yesterday, he had eight Thomas sais among by their mothers' side—"Mother, mother!" "No! Bless his little heart, come to his mother!"

The dialect of the West is rather strong, and slightly unorthodox. One farmer, who had recently been traveling in the Occident, as far as Arkansas, says that, "when a man in that region starts out to get a wife, he don't stick, he declares that if he had a gloss of whisky he would have himself out of it, right off the reel."

"Jim," inquired a school-boy of one of his mates, "what is the meaning of relics?" "I don't know," said Jim, "but I can tell you. You know the master licked me in school yesterday?" "Yes." "Well, he licked me awful hard to-day, that he kept me after school and licked me again. This is what I call a re-lick."

MISS STORER *the little maiden at No. 16, in Mr. Jones, who has only two children, and they are both boys, the son, Mr. Jones; I'm so sorry you've been kept waiting.* No one heard you when you rang the first and second time."

"Do you know who I am?" said a police-officer to a fellow whom he seized by the throat.

"I do not exactly, Sir; but I reckon you are the malignant officer!"

"I say, Pete, is owning roun' de work' truh'ers tell us did you own any 'kole day?"

"Dat am n't nuff's, Sam, whes you can make 'm up agin."

"How you gwoine to make it up?—tell me dat, nigger."

"Why, jis turn roun' and go back agin."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August 30, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have not been active and less firm for Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Rye. Other dealers have purchased more freely and are less indistinctly required. The export inquiry has been very limited. Oats have been in good request at improved prices. ——Cotton has been moderately dealt in at full rates. Provisions have been more sought after; Pork has advanced; other articles have been held firmly. ——Hay has been in actively inquiry for the supply. Hops have been in request, and Rice have been quiet. Seeds have held above the usual rates of buyers, and have been active. The crop news is very favorable, and it is believed that not less than 200,000,000 bushels will yield in the fall to the big-growing districts. Only moderate sales have been made from the stores for shipment to foreign destinations.——Seeds and Tobacco have been in moderate request at uniform rates.——Wool has attracted considerable attention at full prices.——The Dry Goods trade exhibits considerable animation.——Sales of Sugars and choice fancy Teas are generally held with much firmness. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $2,213,431 against $2,209,976 the corresponding week last year. The value of the imports since January 1 reached $72,000,000 against $71,956,859 the entire week last year.——Groceries have been in moderate request at unchanged rates. Metals have been in moderate request at unaltered rates.——Whiskey has been in fair request at 23½c. for Ohio.

Rejected sup'fine State Flour, per bbl. $9 25 @ $4 00
" extra " 4 30 @ 4 40
Superfine to extra State, per barrel 4 30 @ 4 40
Superfine to extra Western, per bbl 4 30 @ 4 35
Extra Western, per barrel 4 40 @ 4 50
Extra to choice Ohio, per barrel 4 55 @ 4 60
Extra Canadian, per barrel 5 25 @ 6 00
Fancy to choice Canadian, per barrel 5 75 @ 6 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl 3 80 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel 3 10 @ 3 15
Wallla Wheat, per bushel 1 18 @ 1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel 1 18 @ 1 60
White Wheat, per bushel 1 20 @ 1 60
Rye, per bushel 70 @ 75
Barley, per bushel 60 @ 65
Western Oats, per bushel 40 @ 45
Southern Oats, per bushel 40 @ 45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel 43 @ 46
Southern Corn, per bushel 70 @ 75
Canada Corn, per bushel 72 @ 73
Mixed Corn, per bushel 70 @ 75
Prime Pork, per barrel 13 00 @ 13 50
Mess Pork, per barrel 13 00 @ 13 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel 10 00 @ 10 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel 11 00 @ 12 00
Mess Beef, per barrel 11 00 @ 11 50
Lard, per gallon 0 13 @ 0 13
Lard, per barrel 11 00 @ 12 00
Western Butter, per pound 0 13 @ 0 16
Ohio Butter, per pound 0 13 @ 0 16
Rice, per 100 pounds 2 75 @ 3 87½
Cuba Sugar, per pound 0 6 @ 0 6
Cuba Sugar, per pound 0 6 @ 0 6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon 0 27 @ 0 28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound 0 7 @ 0 8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon 0 37 @ 0 40
Hilton Teas, per pound 0 37 @ 0 60
Southern Teas, per pound 0 37 @ 0 60
Hyson Teas, per pound 0 37 @ 0 60
Hops, per pound 0 — @ 0 34
Hops, per pound 0 — @ 0 34
Tallow, per pound 0 10 @ 0 11
Tallow, per pound 0 10 @ 0 11
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon 0 43 @ 0 43
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon 0 43 @ 0 43
Common Rosin, per 280 pounds 1 62½ @ 1 75
Pale Rosin, per 280 pounds 2 75 @ 2 87½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound 0 5 @ 0 10
Seed Leaf, per pound 0 10 @ 0 14
American Fleece Wool, per pound 0 37 @ 0 46
" Pulled " 0 — @ 0 —

Freights unversely dull. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d.; Flour, 1s. 6d.; Wheat, 7½d.; Corn, 6½d.; Peas, 6½d.; Oats, 6d. @ 5d. per bushel; Beef, 5s.; Pork, 5s. @ 5s. per barrel; Lard, 5s. per hundred pounds. To London—Wheat, 7½d. per bushel; Flour, 1s. per barrel.

The Live Stock market is not active, and prices are lower. Cattle—Sales for supply and speculation at Mitch Cows were in request at uniform rates.——Veal Calves were in request, and choice were more sought after in price, with a somewhat livelier inquiry.——Sheep and Lambs were in fair demand, and the following are the weeks comparison as follows:

	Week ending	Week ending
	Aug. 16.	*Aug. 23.*
Beeves	2,600	2,600
Milch Cows	185	191
Veal Calves	1,000	1,000
Sheep and Lambs	17,745	13,554
Swine	4,000	4,000

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves on Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1493	Texas..... 140
New York	1,000	Kentucky..... 200
Ohio	428	Connecticut..... 31
Pennsylvania	208	New Jersey..... 100

The range of prices according to the actual sales of the Stock at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday was as follows:

Extra quality oxen Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@ $ 0
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@ 65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	6	@ 0
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 87	@ 5 00
" per pound	0 7	@ 0
Live Swine, per pound	4	@ 0
Dressed Hogs, per pound	6	@ 0
Rousting Pigs, each	1 00	@ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets exhibit no material alterations. Most articles are abundant, and prices rule low. Here are the quotations in detail:

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Grapes, green, per pound	$ 2	@ $ 3
Huckleberries, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
" "	New Rochelle, per quart	25 @ 37½
Huckleberries, per quart	12½	@ 25
Apples, new, per barrel	1 50	@ 4 00
Pears	1 50	@ 2 00
Peaches, per basket	1 25	@ 3 00
Peaches, per bushel	1 50	@ 3 00
Lima Beans, per basket	75	@ 87½
Lima Beans, per bushel	2 50	@ 3 00
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Onions, new, per bunch	4 00	@ 5 00
Turnips, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cabbage, new, per 100	1 50	@ 2 00
Squashes, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Pumpkins, per dozen	1 25	@ 1 75
Green Corn, per dozen	12½	@ 25
Watermelons, per 100	4 00	@ 12 00
Nutmeg Melons, per dozen	1 25	@ 1 75
Tomatoes, per bushel	50	@ 75
Tomatoes, per basket	12½	@ 25
Eggs, N. J., and N. J., per dozen	13	@ 17
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13	@ 17
Chickens, per pair	50	@ 75
Fowls, per pound	8	@ 12½
Ducks, per pair	50	@ 75
Ducks, per pair	62½	@ 1 00
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@ 1 50
Turkeys, per pound	13	@ 16
Turkeys, per dozen	12 00	@ 15 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 25	@ 4 00
Snipe, Dowitcher, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Snipe, Gr-eye, per dozen	75	@ 1 00
Plover, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50

MARRIED.

On the 19th inst., at South Reading, Vt., by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. Wallace F. Robinson, of Boston, to Miss Sarah M. Hunting, Daughter of Ezra Hosmer Hunting, of South Reading.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CAUTION.

Attention is respectfully invited to the following Letter from

MESSRS. TITUS, Eng.

NEW YORK, August 24, 1858.

MESSRS. TITUSES & CO.—Gentlemen: Your request and in justice to you, I am bound to state that I disposed of the entire interest in the Atlantic Cable on the United States steam frigate Niagara to your time, and that if any other party claims to be interested in the Cable, it must either have been procured from you or from the most unprincipled parties, who have distributed on board before the Cable was laid, to which case the quantity to be small and of no consequence.

There is a peculiar interest attached to the Cable which you have manufactured, and which will be readily appreciated by all, when the *specimens* have been submitted to the electric strands were being transmitted *during the whole time* of the operations in laying the Cable.

Of course, any quantity of Cable can be manufactured in England, and many specimens have been submitted in the country; but to this, if any of those attaches the peculiar value which the Cable partook of, which prevents from the fact that it is part and parcel of the Cable which is now in operation.

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For further information, apply to

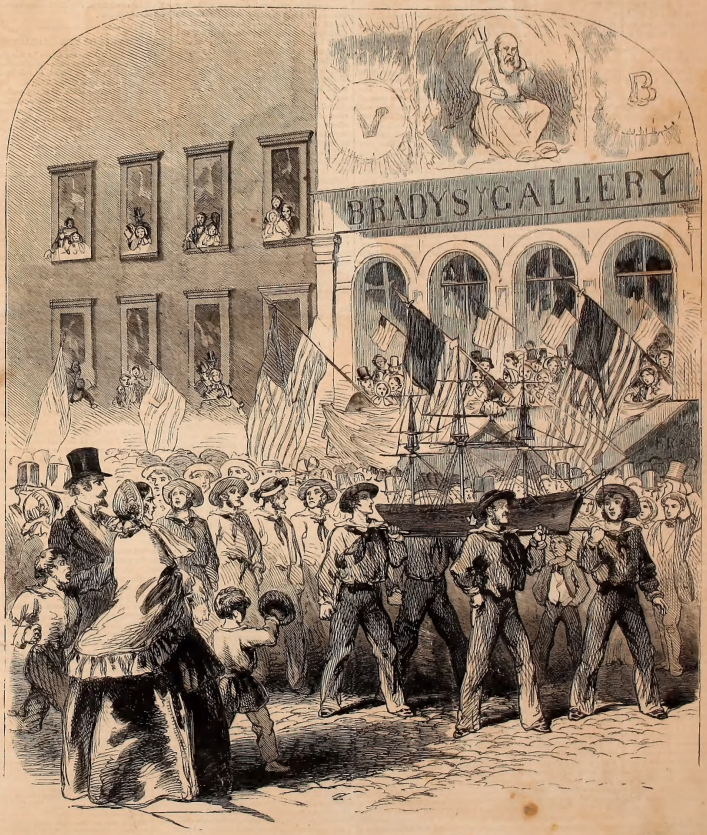
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 89.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION—THE NIAGARAS IN BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 586.]

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

A BALLAD.

[*Written for Harper's Weekly.*]

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come listen all ones my song;
It is no silly fable;
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold CYRUS FIELD he said to Jones,
I have a pretty notion
That I can run the telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and said,
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas-over, but
He never could get through it;

To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

But CYRUS was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision;
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He work'd the main for break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;
"*Three times!*—you know the fable—
("I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,
"But I will lay the cable.")

Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah!
What means the great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bells—for, flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother Britain exclaims
Salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon in every nation
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

Now long live JAMES, and long live VIC,
And long live gallant CYRUS;
And may his courage, faith, and zeal
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable,
And tell our sons to make them brave,
How CYRUS laid the cable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

THE CONVENTION.

IT is now just about twelve years since, amidst rejoicings and jubilations of all kinds, the adoption of the Constitution of 1846 was proclaimed. It has been sometimes familiarly called "Mike Hoffman's Constitution;" and, certainly, few men had more to do with bringing it about than the honest old man whom, in the coat of "hidden grey," we all so well remember. Amidst congratulations, and felicitations, and prognostications of good was the child of the sage of Herkimer born. Radical Democrats were in ecstasies at the ease of their decent theories actually incorporated in a "fundamental law." Jubilant Whigs declared that such an unusual dull death-bell never before was known before; and, sure enough, a hecatomb of judges, masters, examiners, inspectors, and functionaries of all names and grades were sacrificed on the altar of the new popular God. The old lawyers rejoiced over the downfall of Walworth, and the young ones danced about the bonfires prepared for Chitty and Graham, like our aboriginal chiefs around the pyre of a foe taken in battle. The Millennium was seen only a little way off. The odious central power was broken down. No more wasteful debts should be contracted by the State. No office should be so plain that he who ran (if he had "sufficient understanding") might read, and Democratic institutions were to be, from start, and open on a new phase of their existence.

Such were the hopes and anticipations that attended the birth of the Constitution of 1846. Only twelve years have rolled away; and when Mr. Stow, last winter, "solitary and alone," had the audacity to introduce a bill for a Convention, with the avowed purpose of openly attacking, if not totally abrogating, this very same Constitution, not a voice was lifted in its favor. No one attempted to defend it. Mr. Stow's bill passed with scarcely a shadow of opposition, and we can now find no one who doubts that the Convention will be held.

If this be so—if we are really on the eve of a reconstruction of the entire fundamental law of our State Governments really be loves us to take the matter into more serious consideration than has as yet been done, and, by discussion and examination, to bring the popular mind up to the great work before us.

It will be well, therefore, briefly to recapitulate the prominent features of the Constitution of 1846, to see how far it has effected any good, and in what respects it has failed to answer the views of its friends and promoters.

And, first, of the Central Power.

In the year 1846 "centralization" was a popular cry. For a long succession of years the power of the State had been controlled by a party obedient to Tammany Hall, represented by whom Van Buren, Wright, and Marcy were, perhaps, the most conspicuous. This state of things had produced in a portion of the Democratic party a strong feeling of rivalry and dissatisfaction; and the Whigs seized with eagerness on the opportunity to hold down the power of their opponents. This, together with the desire of the lawyers for a judicial reform, was the real cause of the agitation, perhaps the real, popular fury of the Constitution of 1846. Half the Democrats, and all the Whigs, were delighted at the overthrow of the greatest political power in the State.

The object in view was completely attained. Not only were all the offices in the gift of the central appointing power (the Governor and Senate) vested at a more popular source, but the power was itself destroyed, and the elective principle resorted to as a *sacred cause*. The legislative power was also pared; the term of the Senate reduced from four years to two; and the members of both the Senate and Assembly made responsible from single districts instead of counties and Senate Districts, as before.

The result of these measures has been very marked. The power of the State as a whole has been greatly impaired; and the counterpoise intended to be furnished by the check of the State organizations on the Federal Government is almost totally destroyed. And this because the power of all the functionaries of the State is seriously lessened.

The Governor is a mere figure-head. Deprived of the whole power of appointment, deserted by every leader left but that of patron, he is little more than a grandiloquent and sesquipedalian sort of turnkey. He has no influence and no control.

The Senate of the State of New York was formerly an influential body. It represented, as were there, it was impossible to make a ticket of sixteen names which would not contain some individual overpowering the real wishes of the true interests of the metropolis. Not so at all at present. The city is cut up into districts in which, and in each district a mere local popularity is quite sufficient to return a Representative. The consequence is that the character of the members of the Assembly has fallen off most manifestly. They no longer represent great local interests, but are returned by which used to whom they are responsible; they represent the geographies, or the persons, or the interests of counties and towns, and as long as that locality is satisfied the member is safe in his seat.

These causes are fatal to the character of the legislative body. Just so fast as public spirit and large views go out, just so fast do party manœuvring and party intrigue in and we accordingly find in the time, the intelligence, and the morals of the Legislature, a very manifest falling off since the adoption of the Constitution of 1846.

Indeed, no argument is required. It is perfectly clear that a Representative chosen by the city of New York, and responsible to the city of New York, will be a very different person from a Representative chosen by a coal whole or the Eighteenth and a piece of the Nineteenth wards. In the one case, he acts for, speaks for, votes for the whole city; in the other, for the other, he is the Representative of some corner grocery.

But our subject grows apace. At some other time we shall call attention to other branches of the subject.

It is enough for the present to close by saying that there is no subject at present before the people that can be compared in interest to the approaching Convention. Now that Kansas no longer shrieks or howls, and that the star of the Prophet has paled in Utah, there is really nothing before us half so well worth occupying our minds or our pens as the reorganization of our State Constitution.

CHARLES DICKENS AGAIN IN THIS COUNTRY.

We have good reason to believe that Mr. Charles Dickens contemplates, at no distant period, a second visit to the United States. Large as Mr. Dickens's emoluments have been, his expenditure has been so liberal that the pursuit of gain is not indifferent to him. And the handsome reward which Mr. Thackeray reaped from his late visit among us has, it is said, stimulated Mr. Dickens to renew his acquaintance with the people who so highly appreciate his talents. He will not come as a lecturer. Though a man so versatile that he might have commanded an audience for any walk of life, and most certainly in any which depended on the display of eloquence and elocution, Mr. Dickens has mercifully spared us the peculiar field of the popular lecturer. He is a public reader. He reads —not Shakspeare, but Dickens. Some time since the idea of publishing himself in detachments occurred either to him or to some one of his friends. Selections were made from his works—like adapted for consumption at a single meal. They were generally well received, and became popular. Then the further improvement was proposed—that Mr. Dickens should read the selections as he had read his Christmas stories. This, too, was tried, and found to answer. As a reader, competent critics pronounce Dickens to be without an equal. No play, performed by a galaxy of theatrical stars, is cited as entrancing as his reading of select portions of his best works. All England has crowded the rooms where he has read.

And now, we are told, alive to the pecuniary value of an audience of many-five millions of old acquaintances on this side the water, he intends to come to the United States. How will he be received?

If Charles Dickens had never been here, no man living would receive such an ovation. No man in the world is so well known or so generally admired in the United States as he. We have reason to know that, for one reader in England, he has ten here. We will go further, and say, without fear of contradiction, that, for every copy of his works circulated in Great Britain, ten are printed and circulated here. Nor is he any where better appreciated or more thoroughly enjoyed than in the United States. The popularity of his fellow-authors or foreigners—authors, artists, poets, statesmen, philanthropists—sinks into insignificance in comparison with his. Had we never seen him, we should certainly bow the knee to him *en masse*.

But he has been here. He came long before he had reached the pinnacle of celebrity on which he now stands. Yet so many in this country had derived pleasure and the best kind of instruction from his works that all crowded round him to testify their admiration. He was feted as no man had been before. And he deserved it. He was a man of the people. His spirit of Dickens's reception was uniform—an honest desire to do homage to a great and good writer. The civility was badly required. The sarcasms embodied in the "Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" might have been spared on truth; many of them were so beyond doubt; but coming from a man whose ears were still ringing with hearty cheers for welcome, and where someone was hardly disburdened of American good cheer, they were in bad taste. It may be said that we had no right to expect to purchase Mr. Dickens's pen by offerings to his intellectual and physical palate; but it is still truer that it was hardly decent in him to accept the offerings and then snarl at the giver. He should have made his election: either to eat our cakes or to snarl; he did not unanimously. Nor is it any excuse that he has always been the satirist of the faults of his own people. Those he has at home. He has a right. A true man should his own cook as much as he pleases, but he has no business to growl at the toughness of his neighbor's steak, having previously purged himself therewith. An American who had been received in England as Dickens was here, and who had written of the English as he wrote about the Americans, depicting the rank and file of the nation as coarse, low, dishonest, and lying, ill-bred, and drunk, and throwing in an occasional decent imbecile as a foil, would have been eschewed by good literary society here. He would have been pronounced a foul-mouthed slanderer by the European critics. Does the rule hold in both ways?

Mr. Dickens's reception here will somewhat depend on the degree to which these considerations affect the natural tendency of our people to fête him. Possibly, however, at the present moment, other obstacles may stand in the way of a welcome home. It is known throughout this country, that, after twenty years of married life, he has just separated from his wife, on the ground, as he states, of incompatibility of temper. Separations between husband and wife are but too common here, alas! but when a man and woman have lived together twenty years in this country, they generally make out to spread the brief balance of their life in each other's society. Very often it is a jarring to one or the other, but they bear the cross as manfully as they can, smoothing themselves with the thought that they have set no shameful example of matrimonial disturbance, brought no blush to their children's cheek, preserved inviolate the sacred secret of their family sorrow. Mr. Dickens has pursued a different course. Not satisfied with blazoning his trouble, he has wantonly and cruelly sought to lay the whole blame of the separation on his wife. He has published a letter charging her with the grossest neglect of the duties which should have been dearest to her as a wife and a mother. If the charge was false, it was dastardly to urge it; if it was true, it was even worse. No doubt, in the event Mr. Dickens visits us here, this matter would influence the conduct of many wives and mothers in regard to him.

Still, for all this, as a man whose debtors we all are for rich and rare feasts of amusement, and the best and soundest instruction that mankind enjoys at the present day, Charles Dickens is entitled to a respectful and grateful welcome at our hands. We may not take him to our hearts; but we have it in ourselves to be not unmindful of the debt he has laid on all of us. We must never forget that his sins can not cancel our obligations.

THE BURNING OF THE QUARANTINE.

OUR country readers are aware by this time that, in the middle of last week, the Quarantine establishment on States Island, in the State, was burned down by a mob. They may have heard also that a party of United States Marines, who were sent to the scene of action, declined to interfere between the Hospital authorities and the incendiaries; and that nearly twenty-four hours elapse after the last attack of the Governor John A. King and the Quarantine authorities dispatched a strong force of police to prevent the rioters carrying away of the ruins. But for this last salutary precaution, there is no saying what might have befallen the remaining edifices.

This Quarantine question is one on which very erroneous ideas prevail in some parts of this country. On the face of it, the burning of hospitals full of sick people seems to be an act of outrageous vandalism; but, in this case, there are concomitant circumstances which materially alter the complexion of the deed.

When the State of New York seized, forty years ago, a tract of land on States Island for a Quarantine station, the island was a desert. Since then the growth of the city has compelled settlement on the accessible parts of the island. The Quarantine station is now surrounded by a continuous village, many miles in length. The nearest house-top and the city there is incessant communication. Evidently such a Quarantine is the very reverse of Quarantine. The very essence of Quarantine—isolation—was wanting. The hospitals not only failed in their purpose—they actually served to spread the most pernicious disease. In spite of every precaution, for many years past yellow fever has been systematically introduced every summer from the Quarantine to the adjacent village, and thence to the city. Two years ago the absurdity and the danger of the location on States Island were so obvious that the Legislature passed an act directing the removal of the Quarantine. Unfortunately the execution of the act was intrusted to parties, some of whom were bent on making corrupt gain out of it; so it failed. The people of the island, who were the direct sufferers by the maintenance of the Quarantine, waited patiently two years; then, finding that the wise intentions of the Legislature had been frustrated, and that there was no prospect of removing the Quarantine under the State Act, they proceeded by another method. The town of Castleton, in which the hospitals stood, pronounced them, through the regular authorities, a public nuisance, and authorized their abatement. On which the people deliberately removed them and burned them down.

Arson is an ugly offense, and the destruction of property very blameworthy. But we are not told that the people of Clarkson Providence was doomed to eternal perdition for the burning of the *Gospel*: nor is it generally understood that the Mohawk who destroyed certain cargoes of tea one day, long ago, in Boston harbor, were weighed down to the grave by remorse for their crime. And what can be dearer to a man than the health of his wife and children and all whom he loves best?

THE LOUNGER.

THE JUBILEE.

THERE have been great festivals within a century. Many men can remember the joy over the peace of 15, and the lights that turned in English windows when the conqueror of the world was conquered at Waterloo. Others can recall the illumination of London when the news came from Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar; and a sacred few may still hear and see, in their farthest memories, the fires that blazed and the bells that rang over the great Revolution ended.

Yet there was never a light that burned in a palace window for victory by sea or land that did not suggest those human windows in which the

light of life was darkened forever — these temples of the human form that lay in the cold ground of the field. In all scenic of warfare triumph there is a terrible minor, and in the joyous clangor and mercy chime of church bells there is a dirge-like undertone telling a note of death.

But our Jubilee of the Exhibition was unstained by a single tear of regret. The vast city swarmed with eager people—the whole country mouth to mouth—Friendly message met friendly; and as we never to two great centres of human life upon the face of the earth—the Metropolis of the Old and the Metropolis of the New—there could have been no human being nor where in the world who knew what was happening that would not have gladly given a hand to the triumph.

There are times in sigh for other ages; who would have lived in the Athens of Pericles—in the Rome of the Republic—in the Italy of the Medici —or the Holland of William the Silent—but we ought then well—let him master their richest resources of art and skill—like them to have the best and loftiest thought—admire their heroism, burn with their purpose, leap with their excitement—and then, making upon man and the world the development in time, declare whether, upon the purest and noblest, the mark was found to stand on grounds, he would not choose—if the choice were his—to live to-day, and here, when nations say—not as a birthday, as when the Queen of Spain spends in days which so many think more religious, because more ecclesiastical, than the every-day and prayer—Peace on earth, good-will to men!

THE CINCINNATI.

"Sr. Louis, *August*, 1858.

"FRIEND LONGUM.—Can you inform me through your columns of the history of Cincinnati as well as its future, and what is their insignia, and if descendants of Revolutionary heroes are admitted members? I am an ardent descendant of one of those who crossed the Delaware on the floating ice, and was present at the grateful (?) scenario a pension until the day of his death; and, if I am eligible to membership, should like the privilege of becoming associated, did I know the means to obtain my desire.

"Truly, dear Longuer, yours,

"A NEPHEW."

—Bastion will find the latest account of the origin of the Society of the Cincinnati in the fourth volume of Irving's Life of Washington. That Society is still in existence in some of the States, and the meeting of the Massachusetts Chapter on the last Fourth of July, at which the Oration was delivered for the meeting of the State societies, was interesting and lively.

The Society arose from the natural reluctance of the officers of the Revolutionary army to separate, after eight years common suffering and glory, without some bond of union. General Knox proposed the foundation of a society to perpetuate both these patriotic and humane sympathies, and General Washington cordially approved the suggestion. Baron Steuben was elected the first President-General, and General Knox, Hand, Huntington, and Captain Shaw drafted a plan for the Society. It was organized on the 13th May, 1783, at the old house, now the residence of Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, on the Hudson River.

The Society was to be hereditary among the oldest male posterity, in the belief of republicanism is the nearest collateral branches. Its objects were the promotion of national honor and union—individual sympathy, and the relief of unfortunate and their families as might need it. The General Society was to be divided into State Societies, and into districts, and distinguished citizens might be made honorary members. It was to have an insignia called "the order of the Cincinnati," to be suspended upon a deep blue ribbon edged with white, in imitation of the national colors of the United States and France.

The emblems of the Cincinnati, which are borne upon the breast of a golden bald eagle, are "Cincinnatus three Senators presenting him with a sword, and other military emblems, in the field, on a back-ground, his wife, standing at the door of their cottage. Near it a plow and other instruments of husbandry. Round the whole, *omnia relinquit servare rempublicam*. On the reverse, sun rising; a city with open gates in the distance and an olive of nobility. Washington effected the abolition of the hereditary principle, instituting that of election.

The Society has languished of late years; but it has generally a place allotted to it in the Acts of July processions. Unless the ancestor of "Bastion" were a revolutionary officer—or unless he is the nearest male descendant of such an officer, he can probably not be elected into the Cincinnati.

MALE AND FEMALE.

If a man should receive a circular of a school for young misses, the proper answer should announce that a discourse of Mr. Everett's was a splendid specimen of male eloquence; or some impassioned Speaker should be alluded to as a model for male education; they would probably be reminded that education and eloquence have no sex, and that a farmer whose cow had just brought him a fine young bull, or his mare a young horse, might properly send the animals to the school on the ground that they were young males.

When it is necessary to use the word man, dear Bessie, do say man, and not male; for there are plenty of males that are not human. And so, also, when you mean a woman, don't say female. A cow is female.

Still further, Bessie, when you make a delight-

ful little trip with your wife, and, alighting at the Fashionable hotel, proceed to write your name and her name upon the register, don't write "Mrs. *Bessie Young*," and not "*B. Young and lady*." What! Will you not be Mrs. *Bessie Young* somewhere, in traveling with you when young, and written in the book "*Mrs. Young and gentleman*."

Why, the Moral Reform Society, of Philadelphia, have denounced the hotel as an improper place. Mrs. Donald Bunny, let us hope, is both a female and a lady. But neither of those words, when written with a hyphen, necessarily indicate Mrs. B. B.

Suppose, Mrs. Bunny, you should be found traveling with Miss ——. Might be not have written with the hyphen to both upon the register, "*Bessie Bunny and lady*?"

MORE MANNERS.

A LATE number of the London *Saturday Review*, a weekly publication, has recently attracted some attention in this country by the bold and ill-natured article upon Dr. Francis's pleasant gossip about old New York, contains a notice of the *North American Review*. Of course the Rev. Mr. Toots's opinion is not of the slightest consequence; but he says truthfully of our venerable and respectable Quarterly, the *North American*, "*The Review* is the only periodical which represents British Quarterlies, and *the English of the writers is very good*. Many articles *are of the highest order in fiction*."

Where shall we find a more comprehensive unkindness than that?

SUMMER INNS.

WHITE ("the world" is rolling about in the hot months, trying to keep cool, it somewhat strikes that our inns—of course the most splendid, spacious, and convenient in the habitable earth—are sometimes a little more comfortable, clean, and picturesque. There are even men to be found who think that a fortnight or month in the more remote parts of the country, because they think of ——, and ——, which have been hard of in certain places.

There is a certain *obscure ruralism* who writes from England to the Springs, and who declares he has the following in see of his letters, which he will keep at home—that the people are not our own, our native land, may compare with his surroundings.

What on earth does the reverend gentleman mean by "sun-blistered, tasteless puggrary?" Does he suppose for a moment that a Yankee tavern is not a little Pavilion?

"Oh those English inns! how charming they are! The smallest of them is a perfect picture, with its redcurtains, rosy, and antlers, its arbors overhung with ivy and honeysuckle, and its trim garden out as velvet. You take off your pack, after a fatiguing walk, and it is written next to you, and you are refreshed in a clean and quiet around you. Every where through Wales I was charmed with this Saxon, and most painfully did I contrast the cleanliness and that there are with the sun-blistered, tasteless puggrary in which I have resented in my own land. Even in the Highlands, where I got into the wilder scenery, three exquisite garden and neat and tight Celtic maiden formed an exceedingly beautiful offset to the rigor of bleak mountains and savage passes."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, *August*, 1858.

"In your paper of 14th inst. I see a letter from 'A Spiritualist,' or 'The Perpetual Almanac, or Soldier's Every-Day Book,' or some such thing. Now, I'm a Yankee, etc., you say, 'When I count how many spots in the eyes of a pea-fowl.' Well, I'll count them are in a year.'

"Will you please let us know how and where you get the 365. And oblige MANY SUBSCRIBERS."

—The Lounger is delighted to learn that in Tennessee there are so many subscribers that he not know cards well enough to be able to estimate the collective number of spots in a pack. He longs to number them all. He thinks of Harper's Weekly, says nothing about the number. The estimate is a good one, and will be found correct enough. The Lounger, however, with his most respectful compliments to "many subscribers," begs to say that in a pack of cards there are two hundred and each six consists of thirteen cards, spotted from one to thirteen. Each of the four suits has thirteen cards in each suit, each having one spot. The total number of spots is, therefore, two hundred and seventy-eight, as a little skillfully applied Colburn, Smith, or Dabell will show. When, therefore, the Lounger counts the spots on a hundred and sixty-five, it is a fair presumption that his ready wit and sagacity in the invention of the little resource of the Perpetual Almanac of Almanacs saved him from a severe castigation. If "many subscribers" find this solution of the number of spots of cards, they might, perhaps, find one in some of the neighboring States.

"DAISY, PENNSYLVANIA, *August*, 1858.

"DEAR LONGUM.—Some years ago I have the pleasure of reading in your individual columns a very moral and very beautiful story entitled 'The Lounger's Wedding. Having received your permission to reply to this, I take the liberty of doing so. The remainder that said Mr. T. R. forgets that the private life of a public man is free from much criticism as the public life. An example: the very part with which we have nothing to do, and of which we have no right to complain, as I say. Bulwer, as well as other great men, is being of two entirely different characters—domestic and public. In it, forgets that the currents in the water in a great measure obscure our sight, and prevent us from telling what is actually going on down below. But to carry to further this brilliant figure, let me remind Mr. Timothy Bolitop that the long and brilliant career of Bulwer have never been carried toward the building up of this philosophy, false morality, or false religion, but have tended in a good degree toward rendering mankind wiser as by the powers which they actually possess for controlling actual passions.

"When Timothy Bolitop, Esq., speaks of Bulwer as Pope and writer, the reader will perhaps allow me to remind him that probably no two men differed more widely as man than the two which he thus places side by side. Byron, through his whole career, was constantly 'slipping his eyes on the public.' Bulwer, on the contrary, has never appeared to me in the subject that has been long before us, and even now, when he would apparently be justified in some degree public comment, his usual reticence prevents his from speaking.

"For me I am utterly in patience with Mr. Timothy Bolitop, the Hunter, and the coarse, and immoral. Where does he see it? Is it in the King Mather flying on the fields, with 'well and valiant upon his tip?' Is it in the story of the Broken Unsworded, which all the critics say was confined to Bulwer? Was it in Tremaine? Is it in the glorious reconciliation between the chained spirit of the high Honorable Asylum Caxton and the aching, longing, breaking heart of Harley L'Estrange? Is it in the Unequal Yoke? Upon what the moral sagacity of extremely civilized society? Is this the glittering, sparkling, world-like Timothy Bolitop and his fellow 'thoughtful readers' have found in his books? And all this from a valley-reader, envious of her lord's success, finds no other revenging than attacking him with bad words, and confronting him in polished meetings? Oh, Mr. Timothy Bolitop, I wish I was a hearing-school pupil again—I would like to give you them to say I do so!

"The profoundest scholar, the most popular dramatist, the most perfect novelist that now lives, or, in the last ages, that ever lived, is to be accused of glittering falsities, because he has not suffered our modern gnostics. Dear Lounger, my feelings have not permitted me to write very readily, as you perceive; but do say a word or two for the cluster of such noble monuments of genius and worth. Does not mean the morality of the Dunciad and the Rattegat!

"Yours, truly, J. B."

—The Lounger is glad that the Boarding-School has found a zealous an ally as "J. B." Probably Mr. Timothy Bolitop will recommend to his attention some views in the letter of Mr. Samuel Warmicloth, published last week. And might not the Lounger suggest to "J. B." what he said last week—"How can we help looking at the preacher's face?" If he can procure a cotton cord, how can we care for his homily against stealing?"

—On the perfumed wings of the most Allumbrated watered and silver-of-rose-lined paper comes Miss Fanny Ann Eliza Bell of the Lounger's male waif from the sea-side:

"Two young ladies, unaccustomed to the ardent embraces of every young man who honored them by an invitation to some ball, have lately been fond assistance of a couple of tips to sustain their lovely forms in the rapid agitation of the exhilarating and fascinating polka, and preferred to support each other. They flew around, and around, to the cozy of all the pretty fishes, who began to imagine some storm in view. Wearied and breathless, they stopped to rest at an open window. One of the gentle young creatures, with a look of thrilling meaning, said, 'It affects me grievously that I can not convey myself into a union with you, 'Helen fair,' and express yourselves after your sweet exertions.' 'Alas! why can you not?' answered the other in a tone of sympathy. 'For then I would strict your hand as the softest seat!'"

—The Lounger has received the note from "A LOVER OF FUN," in "G. G., Canada W." But would it not be fair to publish it? It seems to be genuine. If it be so, what amount of fun could justly its publication?

"PHILADELPHIA, *August*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—The Atlantic cable is indeed laid, and we have received the congratulations of Queen to the President of the United States; but there is much discussion here in Philadelphia as to the grammatical correction of it. I contend that the words used in the message, 'successful completion,' are improper; I think, also in the Lounger's opinion on the subject. Please answer, and oblige a SUBSCRIBER."

—Compliance is not admit of dispute. Could there be an unsuccessful completion? It means accomplishment, and no work can be more than accomplished in respects *fulfilment*. It may be simply or wholly accomplished or completed, and it may be rendered void to the dissatisfaction of persons interested; but then that dissatisfaction in that the work is done at all. The cable could only be laid and failed. It might have been laid, and then it might not have worked; but the laying would have been successful, and the message incomplete. Until it was all safely laid, it was not completed, and of course was not a success, and until it did work the working is not complete and completed.

The same mistake is frequently made in using the word *satisfied*. Travelers write enthusiastically in foreign hotel books—" Mr. and Mrs. Tapp have lodged and lived four days; entertained with hospitality, and extremely satisfied with the hotel." Of how can they be satisfied with it? They may be surprised at its excellence, and that their expectations of what a hotel should be are answered, but that is not perfect satisfaction. It is obvious to prepper our sentences with random adverbs, and "A Subscriber's" question is worthy of being carefully considered.

"1220 ERIE.

"MR. LOUNGER.—Now that all the world is going crazy about the Great Eastern, and many would-be orators, who couldn't find a decent excuse before, are now availing themselves of the opportunity to say 'The Message,' we Sing Sing felt have followed suit, and had your editorial of 28th ult. read. The company had a celebration, fired off a salute of thirty-two guns—we have a steam fire-engine named either; in the hurrah that, it's a libel, and my I said no—and in the evening Engine Company had, as one of the indispensable packets and fire-crackers, awakened the echoes of our hills and hollows—not 'sleepy' one that evening. Excuse you. Speeches, and good ones too, we had, of course, from gentlemen of the fire, and of all classes and countries, including one from our respected representative, Mr. Brown, of Brownville, but after all, the great gun of the evening was the following choice sentence, which was handed to me, and which I send to you. Can any of your posts beat it? Eh! Mr. Lounger! If they can I'd eave to. Yours, SCRIPT."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH!
the tune of Two More.

Come Johns and Brother Jonathan
And Listen to my song
While I relate a story to Nations dear belong
Of the Atlantic telegraph that Comes across the sea, with news from Queen Victoria
We gladly did receive.

CHUS

So Henry Henry for the telegraph and
Three times three shouts from the sea has Cuns
From England across the Atlantic fea.

Now this Atlantic telegraph excitement it does cause
But I hope and trust it will prevent us ever more from
Wars
So let us now stand side by side and Join Both hand and hand
No Nation then that is under the sun our power can withstand.

CHUS

So three Cheers for those two Countries
united may its be
And Success and Fame for Washington
His County be at free.

I now out Transit's exciter, the union Jack was flying on the Castle, and the Stars and Stripes waving on the Arsenal;

and hear our unity keep good and from misfortune free we will thank the Lord that reigns above and Negotiations of the sea.

CHUS

So three Cheers for James Buchanan and may his health long

and to this Country of freemen who guided it with wisdom's hand.

—Mr. "IRDAMIE BELLEDOWNE" writes, from Springfield, Ohio, a few lines of justice to Mr. Morse. But however slow this country may be in recognizing the valuable services of her children, when once she acknowledges them it is done without restriction. Mr. Morse is now no less sure of his American glory than of his European tribute. The Lounger wishes sincerely it might be doubled and trebled.

The "four lines" are Thackeray's, in his Song for Christmas:

"Christmas is here,
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we."

"NEW YORK, *September*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER.—In your letter of August 28th, in speaking of the Presidents and Queen Victoria's telegraphic production, you say, 'Here, in your unwinding paragraph,' good and grammatical.'

"I differ with you, and wish to know whether you support my difference. The President, in his speech, says silently in the country of the union, calls for a 'spontaneous' movement of the nations.

"Can there be such a thing, when the nations are summoned by the President himself in his message; and in such an expression 'grammatical,' in that connection, as you have used it?

"Yours, truly, TOM COLLEGE.

—Let me hear through your columns, if any one modestly presents my giving my address."

—Mr. C. GILMAN has kindly permitted any answered in the Lounger's reply to the inquiry of "A Subscriber" writing from Philadelphia. The President-Generalship is filled with the name's English.

—"BERLEDOWN," Portland, Maine, would not be flattered to see his verses in print. The Lounger does not think they are poetry. What does "BERLEDOWN" mean by "Rhyme and Reason?"

"But now thy reign is well nigh o'er,
And soon thou'll cease to be no more!"

He says grammar, but he does not rhyme.

—"IRELUE" communicates some charming albums verses, among which are the following:

"Stranger when are thou, leave you glance
Upon the page for me you love
For this book is held most sacred by the owner
So her it was presented to her brother.

"The vacant pages and the Dust
Are for her kind and generous friends
For them will be the Gratification of their birth
These thoughts to place ere they turn to earth.

"Sophia thy step so light as most thy form
On these pages may thy there stand as a mark of mem
Oh that every plate I'd gaze upon
Would speak as to me from thee."

—No, "JANET," Lenwood, Indiana, it is not poetry.

—"OPIO," from Louisville, asks, tenderly, "What can be did with Snooks?" who has been missing so long.

"—the blushing maiden, fresh from silent scenes of sleep, her cheeks tinted as with light, and hopeful as the opening flowers of spring, with eyes as soft and tearful as regardless of the sun-dad actor, and familiars as well with the bold, free and reckless gambler as with his jaded, sweet sister which, exiled from the rose, the jasmine, and the honey-suckle, is forced to confront an atmosphere which—when made to bear, I repeat, upon the blushing nobility—is intolerable as infernally unlovely she declares the worst object of her dreams, the shadowy *ultima thule* of her fancies, the most earthly filter of her sweet affections," etc., etc.

"OPIO" thinks it is Transcendentalism. Very likely.

—"DEAR LONGUM.—In behalf of distressed, much-abused young females, I appeal to you (when never appeal was made in vain) to expose the cruelties and heresies your mind upon some strange-minded women seeking to wrest from us a young lady of delicate nerves, globe-looking, and rather unsuitable temper, another for-ever-to-be-lamented Mrs. Caudle, but be at once to say it is that a girl can not laugh and be happy in the presence of any young man but her brother, without being called a coquette? Here is my complaint. A rapped-to-the-nines young gentleman and I lately met, but we thought 'coquetry to be part of a woman's nature.' We've taken the subject for our, dear advocate, and there seems no everlasting friendship. KATE."

—It must be that young men are so jealous of the smiles of pretty girls that, when any one of them sees another basking in that sweet sunshine, he thinks his joy by starting a rumor which he knows will compel the unfortunate girl to retire upon that youth no more. Dear "KATE" think the "herds of creation" in civilized society are less Saltans and Turks because their breeches are less large, and because they wear hats instead of turbans?

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

PHILL THURMOND'S RESURRECTION.

The lowest judicial tribunal in Georgia is the Justice's Court. Limited in its jurisdiction to sums under thirty dollars, it is enacted that parties litigant have the right to establish their demands and offsets by their own oaths.

The policy of this infringement of the rules of evidence is very questionable, as it gives the dishonest and unscrupulous a decided advantage over the upright and conscientious in settling those minor controversies constantly growing out of the transactions of men.

About forty-five or fifty years ago there lived in the middle part of Georgia an individual who was famous for availing himself of the aforesaid statutory provision.

No man could have been fonder of small lawsuits than John Ramsey. A little experience in early life had prejudiced him greatly against the higher courts (where he found the consciences of witnesses not so pliant as his own); so much so, that he determined so to deal and be dealt by that all disputes with his neighbors and the world generally should, to use his own expression, be "connisant" in the Justice's Court. There he could proceed without the expense of counsel, and be always provided with legal evidence.

John became so eminently successful in his own cases that he regularly attended "Jo Durham's" Court of 656, District of Maliba, Georgia, and carried on there a kind of steam law practice to some profit. It was curious to witness his prosecution and defense of suits. If he could not convince Judge Durham by quotations from Clayton's "Georgia Justice," "Prince's Digest," or the 7th volume of "Espinassy" (which latter authority he always left at home), he would deliberately take a swear at the case himself, and, as the marksmen say, "knock out the black." He became quite a terror to the young limbs of the law whose fate brought them in contact with him—so much so, that they would rather have met as opposing counsel Chief-Justice Marshall, then in his judicial prime.

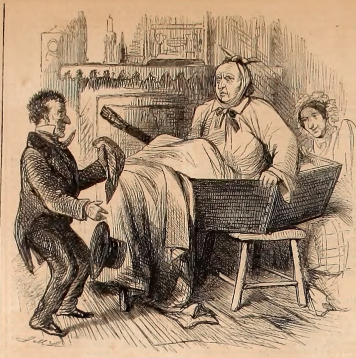
John was always on the look-out for a lawsuit for himself or some one else. It was an invariable practice of his, when one of his neighbors died, to exhibit to the executor or administrator of the estate an account just under thirty dollars, and demand payment; upon the refusal of which, suit was brought as soon as the law permitted, and the money recovered as sure as the Court was holden.

Thus lived John, successfully squabbling with the living and robbing the dead, until Phill Thurmond, about the time of which we write, moved into his neighborhood, and settled within half a mile of him. No man, woman, or child ever lived in that part of the State without personally knowing or hearing of Phill. His facetiousness and love of fun were proverbial. And although he has long since been gathered to his fathers, and there has been no biography of him, yet he still lives in the legendary stories of the county in which he resided to all intents and purposes as if a Washington Irving had chronicled his deeds.

One unacquainted with Phill would, on first sight, mistake him for a plain, homespun-clad clergyman. At the date of the occurrence to which we are about to allude, he was fifty years of age, though his appearance would not indicate more than thirty-five. He was of common size, with a slight disposition to corpulency, exhibiting a remarkably clear, light complexion, with small blue eyes. His countenance, upon the whole, was prepossessing, and would have been strikingly so but for its very serious and almost solemn cast of expression. He seldom smiled, and when he did it was with a motive. It was his invariable practice, whenever he left home, to drink freely, which had no other effect on his intellect or countenance than to sharpen the former and render more serious, if possible, the aspect of the latter. It was really amusing, as well as curious, to witness the consummation of one of his plans or tricks. When the strangest and most ludicrous events (brought about altogether by his contrivance) would occur, and every one present was convulsed with irrepressible laughter—except the object of his attack, who would be boiling with rage or overwhelmed with confusion—there would sit Phill with a countenance that would have lent additional gloom to a funeral procession.

Although he was well known and dreaded by a certain class of the community, yet he was always welcome wherever he went. He had an unconquerable dislike to dandies, loafers, idlers, and persons of suspicious character. It was from among these he selected his victims. So deep, well-laid, and mysterious were his plans, the individual he doomed to public ridicule could never suspect them until escape was impossible.

Phill studied well the character of Ramsey, weighed it in the balances, and found it wanting. He laid his plans to drive him from the county, which succeeded admirably, as we shall soon see. He became exceedingly friendly and intimate with him; made Ramsey his friend as firmly as it was possible for the latter to be. While this neighborly feeling was at the highest, Phill, just at the close of a long spree he had taken at the court-house—where Ramsey knew he had been, and from whence had made several unsuccessful efforts to take him—pretended to die one night, after intimating to his family what he intended, and instructing them in their performance of the solemn farce. Accordingly, a shroud was made, and Phill laid out in real funeral style. He, however, carried into his shroud a good hickory cane with him. One of the negroes was dispatched in great haste to inform Ramsey of the mournful event, and request his immediate attendance. Notwithstanding John's many faults, he was a kind neighbor, and particularly so to Phill's family. Over he came, as soon as he possibly could, at the hour of



RESURRECTION OF THE CORPSE.

midnight. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he entered the apartment where lay the corpse of his friend, beside which sat the disconsolate widow with her face buried in her kerchief to conceal her emotions.

"How are you, Mrs. Thurmond?" sobbed John.

All she could do was to conceal her face more completely, and extend to him her hand—which act and silence John mistook for unaffected grief.

"Poor fellow!" said John; "how suddenly he left me! How slender is the brickly thread of life! 'In the midst of life we are in death,' the good Book says. Let me see once more, for the last time, the face of my best friend!"

Mrs. Thurmond removed the folds of the shroud, when John gazed through his crocodile tears upon Phill's face. Had he not been attempting to sorrow too much on the occasion, he must have seen that the features before him belonged to any other than a dead man. Phill performed his part, with the aid of a white napkin around his jaws, as well as a man of his appearance could possibly have done; his features were as immovable as if they had been carved in marble.

"Oh! oh!" cried John, as if the sight before him gave a new impetus to his grief, "how I shall miss him as a friend! how we shall miss him! He was a friend to every body, and the worst enemy to himself! He owed me just twenty-nine dollars eighty-seven and a half cents; but—"

"That's a lie, Ramsey!" said the corpse; and at that moment the only candle in the room was extinguished.

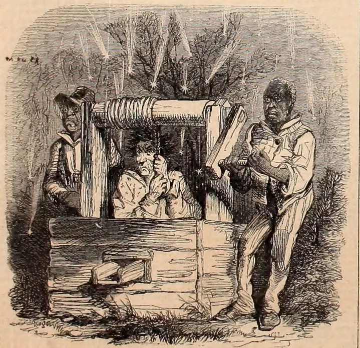
Mrs. Thurmond shrieked; John stood back aghast, the perfect personification of terror and alarm. His guilty soul trembled at what he heard; he believed it a solemn rebuke from the lips of the dead. But what was his dismay when suddenly up rose the corpse and made toward him! With the wildest energy fear ever inspired, he rushed out of doors and ran for home; but out rushed the corpse after him! The race down Thurmond's lane was run without any jockeying on John's side; for if he had any thoughts on the subject at all, he considered it his last race. About half-way the lane (and it nearly extended to Ramsey's house) John received a blow of no ordinary violence on his naked head—for in his hurry he had left his hat—and then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and divers smaller ones. Either of the six blows first received would have felled John but for his supernatural efforts. Near his own house Phill left him, and, while waiting to get a little breath, heard John rush violently against the door, breaking it open and falling midway the room, to the consternation and surprise of his family.

What account John gave of the night's adventure to his wife and children was never known, as they observed a dogged silence on the subject, and soon after left the neighborhood.

Some few days after the resurrection the parties met. Phill, with the most serious countenance the human face ever assumed, expressed himself to be under lasting obligations to John; for that in fact and in truth he was dead, but John's attempt to swindle his widow had brought him to life; and that he had always said that such rascality would make him "bile" even out of his grave.

John, on the other hand, declared most solemnly that it was a deliberate attempt on his life; that it was Phill's intention to kill him with fear or the stick, or both; and that if such things were only "connisant" in Squire Jo Durham's Court, he would make him smoke for it.

Whither John went no one knew exactly. But after Georgia had enacted a law which prevented Indians or their descendants from testifying against white persons, and had extended her jurisdiction over the Cherokee nation, Phill swore that if John was dead he would come to life and move among the Indians, as he would have such a fine chance in the Justices' Courts there.



"LET ME DOWN, BOYS, INTO THE BOWELS OF THE YETH!"

JIM FRANKLIN AND THE "FALLING STARS."

The meteoric shower that fell on the night of the 13th November, 1833, exhibited a scene long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. To the enlightened and well-informed it was grand, awful, sublime; but to the ignorant and superstitious, overwhelming and terrific.

Such a countless number of meteors never fell from the empyrean in so short a space of time before or since, the theories of Humboldt and Captain Twining to the contrary notwithstanding.

A few weeks after this grand display of fireworks Jim Franklin, or "Uncle Jim," as he was most generally called, was seen hobbling about on crutches, his lower extremities covered with a superabundance of red flannel. Jim's early educational advantages had been very limited. His learning from books and schools was contracted to the acquisitions of a few months, by a mind not at all inclined to study. But he had prospered in the world, and by raising cotton in the flatwoods of Elbert, where he lived, had accumulated a snug fortune. He was a general favorite in his neighborhood, and but for a slight habit of indulging sometimes too much in the "ardent," might be termed an unlearned, shrewd, exemplary man.

Jim was sitting with a number of gentlemen in the Petersburg Inn, his feet nicely adjusted in another chair, with his crutches across his lap, when some one inquired why he was working himself in shafts? Whereupon he explained: "You see we had at our house, the other night, a small sprinkle of what we honestly tuck to be the 'day of judgment!' It turned out we were slightly mistaken; but I assure you, if I'm any judge of small matters, it was a right good counterfeit of that great day, when they say there is to be a general smash-up. Many a one of us, for a while, thought it was the genewine coin, and, as the masons would say, 'conducted ourselves accordingly.' I tuck the wrong shute at the start. Now they say, 'Man purposes, and God exposes;' this may or may not be good Scriptur; at the latter end of my sperience I would call it good sense.

"I was suddenly wakened outin a sound sleep, not by Gabriel's horn, but a noise mighty nigh as loud, if not hearn so fur; wife, children, and niggers were screaming and hollerin' 'the day of judgment was come, the stars wur all falling, the world was burning up!' I sprung up, looked at the heavens; never seed sich procedencies thar before! Thar being no mountains and rocks convenient to call on to hide me, I tuck a bee-line with average ingine speed for the well, which I would say is nainety-two feet deep in the clear. It's the deepest hole in the ground I knowed any thing about. When I got thar I found Bob and Sam, two of my nigger boys, on a quondary which of the two elements to chuse. Bob, a bright molatter, was for water; Sam, an onmixed African, was for turning Sallymandy, and facin' the music. Says I, 'Boys, clear the track, and take hold of that windlass, and let me down into the bowels of the yeth as soon as the natur of the case will admit of; the outside is getting unwholesome, sure!' Then, without hat, coat, vest, pants, stockings, or shoes, I got in the bucket and started; they hadn't turned the windlass twice round when I hollered to 'em to slip the britching and let me slide. No sooner said than done, when I whirled, cur-slosh, nigh onto three foot in the water. No man could have made the trip sooner, ceptin' he had fallen in, and he'd had to tuck a far start at that!

"About the time the water settled round me, and I was kivered all but my head, I felt fire-proof, and calculated they'd have to burn low to git me! Now they say a man in a deep well, in the day time, can see stars. I allow them is fixed stars. The ones I saw from that well that night was travelers, cartain! Besides, if there was any fixed stars that night I never seed 'em. Some said they watched the morning star, and as long as that stuck they had hope.

"I made the boys draw me up several times, to see how things war coming on; but when one of them big blazing meturs would dart toward me, I would whurl down to the length of my cable. I soon foun' I had gone beyant what was comfortable; I got tired of playing bull-frog, left the water, and felt like taking the fire, no matter in what quantity, or whar from! I'll just say, right here, if any man should have hydrofoby agin fire, and will put himself through my pirformances in that well, and ain't cured, his disease is too deep for hydropathy. I put on dry clothes, tuck a stew of whisky and red pepper, but too late—the rumatics had me! So, in bracing agin fire I got busted on water!

"I wa'n't the only man excited on that occasion by a long jump. My neighbor, Sam Stuart, cum over next morning, and axed me how we stood the racket? He looked solemn as a preacher; said his dwelling had never been a house of prayer before, but if they didn't make up for lost time he was no judge o' 'ligous exercises. He said he and his crowd prayed nigh onto four hours; they hearn the clock strike three times while they were on their knees. He said, the fact was, they exhausted the argument, and he got up, and hadn't another word to say if the day of judgment had cum. And I'm thinking I'd cum out better if I'd relied on faith and prayer instead of sich works as I did!"

In this opinion the company concurred, and laughed long and loud at his narrative. When the noise of their mirth had ceased, some one remarked to Jim if he had been as smart and philosophical as one of his ancestors, Benjamin Franklin, he would not have been at all alarmed, and could have explained it. "I have hearn of him before," said Jim: "he war the fellow could go out, when dangersome clouds were surging by, pull lightning out 'em, sample it, bless you! and carry the keenest home, and put it 'way in bottles to speriment with. But he done this in the broad day time, when he were wide awake, which a man should be



ATTACK ON THE QUARANTINE ESTABLISHMENT, ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

ydon be handles that article. But wake him up at midnight cotton a deep story, make the racket around him which were turned loose about me, and he kin cut all them stars a-falling. If he will set to cyphering out causes, and forget consequences, Solomon, and the other apostles the Scriptures speak of, war smart in their day; but they would be bowhar with our people and thar fixens! I was at Agusta t'other day, and seed a railroad-engine and train come a dashing in. Suppose old man Solomon had seen the like of that come snorting, tearing, thundering by him, what do you think would be his performances? The way he'd run into his timple, and slam to the door, lay low, and say nothing, would be a caution to his big family. Now Franklin, he must give it thunder, as he dealt in the article; but Solomon, not having the wharman never thought of sich things. The old gentleman Patterson's Island, dreamed of sich, or something like unto them. If Solomon's dreams had tuck that direction, it would have turned his *proverbs* into *revelations*, and might have confused the Scripture." Some gentleman here asked Jim where Patterson's Island was? "It's none of my look-out. I kalculate it's a fine place for dreaming; whether good for cotton, I don't know; but I would advise its owners to keep it hid out, lest the Anglo-Saxon specie mout take a liking to it, and claim it, in working up to their clear and manifest destiny!"

Here a voice from without informed Jim his buggy was ready; when, by the aid of his shafts, he worked himself out of the room, amidst the hearty cheers and farewell of his friends.

THE BURNING OF THE QUARANTINE ON STATEN ISLAND.

ABOUT a year ago we gave in this paper a view of the then proposed fever hospital on Seguine's Point, Staten Island, which was burned down by the residents of the locality. We continue the pictorial history of the war between the Quarantine authorities and the people of the Island by giving, herewith, a picture of the ruins of the hospitals at Castleton, which were burned on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 1st and 2d inst.:



THE RUINS OF THE QUARANTINE ESTABLISHMENT, ON STATEN ISLAND.

and a sketch of the collision between the Staten Island firemen and the Hospital authorities, at the Hospital gate on Wednesday night.

The history of the catastrophe may be briefly told. For years the existence of a quarantine on Staten Island has been a grave injury to the city and to the island; breeding pestilence on the latter, from whence it spread to the former with greater or less intensity; and occasioning every year yellow fever panics which inflicted severe injury on the trade of the port. For some time past the residents of the island, to whom the removal of the Quarantine had come to be a matter of life and death, have threatened to take the law into their own hands. The commission appointed by the Governor to remove the hospital had done nothing. The islanders seem to have felt that the occasion was one on which they were justified in abating the nuisance themselves.

About nine o'clock on Wednesday evening a large party, disguised and armed, assailed the Hospital on two sides at the same time; one squad forced the gate, and the other scaled the wall on the outside. The alarm was given by ringing the bell, and by other means; but before any effective resistance could be offered, the rioters had removed the patients out of the buildings, carrying them bodily up in their mattresses, and depositing them upon the ground some one hundred yards from the wards. The remaining mattresses were then piled up, and the torch applied in the whole row simultaneously; being of light materials, they burned like a pile of shavings. The incendiaries next proceeded to the large building called the St. Nicholas, and set it on fire; another party at the same time went to Dr. Thompson's private residence, where his family are residing. The inmates were hurried out, and in another moment the house was in flames from floor to ceiling. The Small-pox Hospital, situated on the hill, next shared the same fate. A stevedore was shot through the head. The harbor police were sent to town for assistance, but they arrived at so late an hour, and were so much exhausted by the long pull, finding besides that no assistance could reach the place in season to save the buildings, that they determined not to return until daylight. On this occasion all the buildings were burned except the long white building nearest the shore and one or two sheds.

On Thursday evening the incendiaries resumed their work, and destroyed every remaining building within the Quarantine wall. No lives were lost. The scene now is as depicted above.

Our second picture represents the scaling of the wall of the establishment by the firemen and others, in the teeth of the opposition of the resident officials and stevedores. It was a stirring scene.

LITERARY.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers stating that the Earl of Carlisle has turned his attention to theology in his old age, and published a volume on THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL. The statement is true, and yet not true. The noble Earl's book is not so much theological as poetical, though it partakes of both characters, and has merits in both lines. The book is a metrical paraphrase of the dream of Daniel. It commences with a fine passage:

"In that still hour, when the declining sun
Gilded the towers of mighty Babylon,
While from Belshazzar's hall upon the breeze
Came fitful strains of festal harmonies,
Apart to Israel's God I watch'd, and wept,
Till peace came o'er my spirit, and I slept.
Rapt in the vision of my mystic dream,
I stood by clear Ulai's royal stream,
Where Susa's glitt'ring palaces record
Th' unnumber'd trophies of the Persian sword."

Various as have been the interpretations of the twenty-third verse of the eighth chapter, none seems more plausible, and certainly none is more finely given, than this of Lord Carlisle, who thus interprets the vision of the king of fierce countenance, who "shall destroy wonderfully," and "shall destroy the mighty and the holy people:"

"The lab'ring centuries in long career
Weave their dark web of wonder and of fear;
The days of Rome's long glories wax and wane,
The vex'd earth moans beneath her guilty reign:
E'en at that hour, in Mecca's rocky cell,
The Warrior-Prophet frames his wizard spell,
Cons the dark sentence, and the mystic lore,
Then bids the nations tremble, and adore.
O'er all the slumb'ring myriads burst afar
The flashes of the Moslem cimeter;
The turban'd hordes of Araby advance,
Urge the fleet barb, and hurl th' unerring lance.
'Mid Egypt's temples, and o'er Barca's sands,
Copt, Moor, and Goth uplift submissive hands:
On Xeres' bank, and Andalusia's plain,
Cowers all the recreant chivalry of Spain:
Wealth sits enthron'd 'mid Cordova's high towers,
And Science dwells in soft Granada's bowers."

From the office of the Springfield *Republican* come many good things, and none better than the LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TITCOMB TO YOUNG PEOPLE, which are collected in a handsome volume, and published by Scribner. We have heretofore seen and admired some of them. They are gentle, affectionate, frank, and winning. They come from the heart and go to the heart. Listen to the concluding portion of the letters to young men:

"I shall see you some time. We are none of us to live very long; but if we all act the manly part we were sent here to act, and are true to God and ourselves, we shall be gathered into a great kingdom, whose throne will be occupied by the founder of our religion. During some golden hour of that cloudless day, sitting or straying upon some heavenly hill, watching upon the far-stretching plains the tented hosts of God's redeemed, or marking the shadow of an angel's flight across the bright mirror of the River of Life, I shall say something about these letters to you. I shall look you in the face as I say it, to see if you are moved to an emotion of gratitude or of gratification; and if you should happen to tell me that they made you better—that they led you to a higher development—that they directed you to a manly and a godly life—I should press your hand; and if I should keep from weeping, it would be more than I can do now."

Mr. Titcomb can not fail to be loved by his readers. The gentleness which pervades this extract is characteristic of his entire correspondence. The reader wants to see him, to know him, and to grasp his hand.

HUMBLE CREATURES is the title of a volume (published by Van Voorst, London) devoted to the history and description of the earth-worm and the common fly, two of the most common and most frequently neglected inhabitants of the animal world. The learned authors have made a most interesting book, which illustrates, on every page, the wonders of animal organization; and we commend it to all who are interested in such subjects, as a valuable and suggestive treatise. So much attention has of late been directed to natural history, especially to the minuter forms of animal existence, as illustrated by the microscope, that such books possess new value, and open to us new worlds of instruction. The simple and intelligible style of the book is illustrated by this extract:

"The next time you go out on your morning or evening ramble, if you chance to see a worm in your path, do not kick it aside, nor step over it; but take it from the ground, and lay it on the palm of your hand; and as it tries to crawl away, you will experience a slight sensation of roughness on your skin. If you take a pocket lens, and examine carefully the under side of the worm's body, you will perceive several rows of fine sharp hooks, extending from one end to the other, each annulated division (for the worm's body is, as you doubtless know, composed of rings) being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin. These minute hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being nothing more nor less than rudimentary feet to aid the worm in its progress. It has, perhaps, never occurred to you to inquire how it is, when you endeavor to draw a worm forth from the earth, that it can offer such resistance to your efforts as almost to necessitate your tearing it in two before you can extract it; and why, as soon as you relax your hold, it disappears with such rapidity under the soil. These hooks are the cause; they are retractile at the will of the animal, and operate so as not to impede its onward progress; but when a portion of its body is once extended, and has penetrated into the soil, they keep it firmly fixed, while the remaining part is drawn after it by muscular contraction. Now, is not this a simple but interesting feature in the anatomy of the worm, that should be known to every one?—yet how few, even of the best educated, are aware of its existence! How many anglers, do you think, are there who handle their poor victim as frequently as we do our pen, and are yet unacquainted with this fact?"

A tablet of polished Peterhead granite is about to be placed in the wall at the head of Hugh Miller's grave, in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. It is without any elaborate ornamentation, and bears the simple inscription: "Hugh Miller, died 24th December, 1856, aged 54 years." The tablet is somewhat similar to that placed over the grave of Dr. Chalmers in the immediate neighborhood.

The all-accomplished Cardinal Wiseman has made his appearance as one of our dramatic authors. A piece from his pen, and entitled the "Hidden Gem," was performed with *éclat* on Wednesday, at St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, where he was educated.

Mr. James's new appointment as Consul at Venice is said to be worth about $3500 a year. It is to be hoped he will find as much to do there as did our friend Mr. Mitchell. We believe one American vessel arrived during his consulate.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

No message has been transmitted through the Atlantic Telegraph since our last, except one to Cyrus Field from the Directors on the other side, stating that they were preparing to open the cable to the public. At the present rate of speed the telegraph could hardly be worked profitably. On Wednesday the success of the cable was celebrated by a grand public festival.

THE PRESS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

At the dinner given by the Common Council in honor of Mr. Field and the naval officers, Mr. J. Brooks of the *Express*, in reply to the toast of the Press, made a fine speech, from which the following is an extract:

"Three great events, Mr. President, link the Old World and the New. In 1492, the world was only Europe, Asia, and Africa; and what of that world was not on the shores of the Mediterranean, was about all in Castile and Aragon. Then Christopher Columbus left the little port of Palos in his caraval, a coasting craft of some ninety tons, and landing on San Salvador, under the banner of the cross, handed over all America to Ferdinand and Isabella. The wind—the lateen sail, did all this. In 1838, the little British steamer *Sirius*, Captain Roberts, as bold as Columbus, ventured from the highlands of Britain, and, in spite of the wind, anchored off our Battery, before a multitude as astounded as if, in these dog days, the bright dog-star Sirius had dropped from its constellation of Canis Major upon that Battery. Steam then conquered wind and ocean wave, and old Æolus was hushed up. But time had only been shortened, and there yet existed space. Then started the conception of Field—then Maury and Berryman mapped out the bottom of the sea—then the genius of Morse—then the generous capital of New York and London princely merchants—then the glorious story of the *Agamemnon*, the *Valorous*, the *Niagara*, the *Gorgon*—not

'Gorgon and chimera dire'

—and time and space were annihilated!

"Now who can see, or foresee, the result of all this? Cotton, which boasts of being 'king,' feels in this extended electricity new pledges of sovereignty. Rice is exultant. Tobacco even is not without joy. Gold, ever glittering, glitters yet more and yet wider in the sparkles of the wire. But I see, or I think I see, it is the Printer who is to win the day, and through him, the universal RESPUBLICA. The Electric Telegraph is but another way of printing. Its business is Letters. It lives on words, thoughts, ideas—and is a pure spirit, in nothing material. Through it, and by it, our American Thoughts, American Principles, American Precedents, are to flash daily into the dusky rooms of St. James's, the glittering halls of the Tuileries, the majestic grandeur of the Escurial, the Austrian Schoenbrun, and the Roman Vatican. The minarets of the mosques of Constantinople, and the towers of the Kremlin are to be lit up by them. No Horse Guards, no Corps Municipal, no fiery Hun, nor wild Cossack, no crack of Minnie Rifle, no crash of Shell or Bomb can fence off this spirit, imponderable, invisible. The Cæsar, the Czar, the Emperor, must use it as they use the air all breathe. Hence then comes a mighty conflict of antagonistic Principles, an Equalization of Thought—the Fraternity of Mankind. Something is to topple over—but whose that *something* is, no Cassandra at a dinner table like this must predict."

THE YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.

A letter from New Orleans says: "The chief topic of interest here at the present time is the yellow fever, and the business connected with it is the most active. Doctors, grave-diggers, and undertakers are reaping a rich harvest.

"The business-like manner in which they perform their gloomy duties would shock the more delicate sensibilities of those unaccustomed to such scenes. To the credit of our physicians generally, however, be it said, that their attendance upon the sick is marked by the utmost kindness and consideration. It is only among themselves, or outside the sick chamber, that their indifference is manifested. It is only within the last week or two that the M.D.'s have had what they call a 'good run' of fever patients. At first the disease was confined to the lower part of the city—the Third District and the shipping, the patients classing 'low to low middling.' Now, however, it has spread all over the best part of the city, among the 'higher grades,' and begins to pay well.

"The doctor's fee for a yellow fever case is one hundred dollars, more or less, kill or cure. Persons are down with it from five to seven days. If taken in season, the doctor's attention is not required after the fourth day. One, two, and three thousand dollars a week is no uncommon amount of fees for a good yellow-fever physician. Such a physician will cure nine out of ten of his patients, too, and the cured patient pays his hundred dollars joyfully, for he now considers himself safe here, except from the ordinary casualties of life—safe to accumulate his fortune and move North; for comparatively few think of remaining here after having made their fortune, while so many pleasanter and more healthy locations may be selected."

THE AFRICANS AT CHARLESTON.

The editor of the Charleston *Mercury* has been on board the captured slaver *Echo*, and thus describes what he saw: "Upon clambering up the side of the brig, a strange and startling sight presented itself—a deck covered with native Africans in a state of complete nudity, with rare instances of a narrow strip of rag an inch wide around the waist. These people were seated, for the most part, with their legs stretched out flat or drawn up in front or doubled up; some squatted on their feet and hands. A few were standing about, and a few lying down; none were tied or fastened in any way. The majority were very young, apparently from eight to sixteen years of age, some younger and some older; scarcely one, however, over twenty-five. Some of them were able-bodied, good-sized, and in good case; but the greater part were half-grown children, only weak and worn. Many were much emaciated, and showed plainly the effects of their long and crowded passage in a confined ship. A few were evidently ill and soon to die. All were pure black in color, except the dropsical, whose skins were tawny from disease. Their hair is very short and crisp. Those who were well appeared curious and pleased, some of them ogling and giggling and chattering, and others smoking tobacco out of short clay pipes with cane stems, just as our own negroes do. Those that were thin and sick looked dull and brutish, but there was nothing wild or ferocious in their aspect. They looked amiable and docile, and readily obeyed the commands of the persons who had charge of them. They are great thieves, however, and appropriate whatever they can on every occasion. There were two hundred and forty-six males and sixty females, who were kept separate on deck and in the holds. The men and boys were kept on the forward deck and in the forward hold, which latter is fifty-five feet long, nineteen feet wide in the broadest part, and narrow at the head, and forty-four inches high, the floor being formed of loose boards, movable at pleasure. The hold for the women and girls is behind this. It is of the same height, twelve feet long and nineteen feet wide. Under this temporary flooring is stored the provisions, consisting of rice, peas, and the water to drink. Their food is boiled like "hoppinjohn," put in buckets twice a day, at ten and four o'clock, and placed in the midst of circles of eight or ten each, and well guarded, to prevent the strong negroes from taking more than their share, although they are liberally allowed. A pint of water is given to each morning and evening. Most of them sleep on deck, being placed in close order, spoon-fashion, on their sides, and not permitted to turn or move during the night. At daylight they are dashed with buckets of water to wash them off. They sing songs, clapping their hands and rocking their bodies in time, and these songs have a great resemblance to some of our negro spirituals. Several of the negro fellows exercise authority very much after the manner of our drivers, with airs of authority and ridiculous gesticulations and grimaces. Others were cooking the 'big pots' like good fellows, and with old breeches on too, obtained from the sailors. The captain of the hold understands their lingo, and says they are very averse to going back to Africa, as the United States law requires. Our coast resembles that they came from, and the group of pines opposite the city on the south looks to them like cocoa-nut trees of their native Africa."

DEATH OF REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

"The Dauphin," *alias* Rev. Eleazer Williams, is dead—gone to the spirit land, where that mystery in regard to his parentage is made plain. He died at eight o'clock A.M. on the 8th inst., after a protracted illness. His disease was complex, but the chief was dropsy.

During the services at the grave no Indians approached; but, after others retired, about half a dozen squaws came up, looked into the grave, and turned away. No "warrior" paid the least attention to what was transpiring, nor did a squaw manifest the slightest emotion. Why was all this? Had the departed one ceased to be recognized as a "red man?" Was he considered "a pale face" by blood as well as by habit? Had he given mortal offense in matters of religion or civil polity? Or was it simply an exhibit of that stoicism characteristic of their most savage constitution? Let those who can answer.

There is no doubt that he suffered at last from the want of attention and other necessaries.

His habits at home would seem to have been reclusive.

The land and house where he lived are said to belong to a Protestant Episcopal Missionary Association in your city.

Intelligent and trustworthy people in those parts, who have known him long and intimately, with great unanimity believe in the Dauphin claim.

ANOTHER SEDUCER SHOT.

A letter from Fincastle, Virginia, of August 27, says: "Yesterday Mr. H. M. Bowyer, of this vicinity, walked into the Fincastle Farmers' Bank, and shot its president, Mr. James M'Dowell, Sen., inflicting three wounds, two of which are thought to be serious, and may prove fatal. After the shooting Mr. Bowyer walked across the street and calmly surrendered himself and pistol into the custody of a peace officer, who, it is said, permitted him to depart to his home in the custody and keeping of Captain C. Breckenridge. Mr. Bowyer remarked that he would be ready to return whenever called for. But little excitement prevails. The thing seems to be talked of as a matter looked for by many.

"Mr. Bowyer is, in all respects, one of our very best citizens—remarkably gentle, and courteous in his intercourse with his neighbors, and peaceful in all his counsels. These known traits of character in Mr. Bowyer invest the occurrence with an interest entirely different from ordinary shooting affairs."

THE GRAND FETE AT NEWPORT.

A correspondent of the *Post*, writing on 1st September, thus describes the *fête*: "The most magnificent entertainment ever given in Newport—always excepting Mr. Wetmore's *fête champêtre* of last summer—took place at the Ocean House last evening. The ball terminates the festivities for the season at this most attractive of American watering-places. I give its principal features. The first approach to the Ocean House as you arrive in your carriage presented a grand illumination—the piazzas all inclosed in canvas—cavalry from the fort acting as police—a gaping crowd of natives, no Brown—but one endless scene of arrival. You enter from the northern large door-way, and are soon in the long and spacious main hall. This is draped in pink and white muslin, festooned in various ways with greens, and lit by a multitude of wax tapers. Passing from this, you emerge into the grand dancing hall—and here you naturally pause before entering. The effect is perfect—like a scene of fairy-land, according to the most approved style of school-girl imagination. This hall is also hung in white and pink, but the flowers and mirrors are profuse. The chandeliers are loaded with choice flowers and candles. Beautiful decorations of various devices adorn the walls, and above all that mellow, calm, and *recherché* glow steals over the face as you enter, so highly favorable to the fair sex, and calculated to settle all differences between dress and complexion. By ten o'clock the rooms were literally crowded, and the sweet music of the Germanias soon brought to the floor the nimble-footed. While that delicious "Abby Polka" is being played, let us look around and see who in this vast assemblage merits recording either for beauty, style, dress, or ornaments.

THE LADIES.

"One of the most beautiful women here is a lady from New York, dressed in a plain pink moiré antique silk, with no jewels, no ribbons or flowers, hair closely cut and slightly curled, fine figure, dark eyes, bewitching expression, and yet retiring demeanor; she is really the centre of attraction, although not seen amidst the throng of gay dancers. Mrs. D——n, from Natchez, next claims attention. Very stately and fair, though careworn; and her young and fair sister. New York was represented by Mrs. C——k, Mrs. M——h, Mrs. B——y, Miss S——t, Miss W——p, Miss L——ge, and others equally as well known, and ornaments to society.

"From Philadelphia I noticed Mrs. F——tt, Miss R——n, Miss B——d, and more whose names escape me now. Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans were well represented, too, in this array of feminine loveliness. Decidedly Miss R——n, from Savannah, must receive the palm for graceful dancing. The display of diamonds was not so profuse as I expected, but there was more simplicity in toilet than is usually seen, and the general effect was, of course, more attractive to the eye. In color, purple and lilac seem to have the sway at present."

WHAT CIGARS ARE MADE OF.

The New York correspondent of the Scoharie *Republican*, who, it may be presumed, is domiciled in the neighborhood of the Custom-house, gives the following revelation of the component materials of "real Havanas." We copy it for the benefit of those who inhale, or suppose they inhale, the fragrant weed. It shows the doubt which hangs over, not only what we drink, but also what we smoke:

"Talking of cigars, I was told, by a government appraiser, a few days since, the following *true* story in connection with the cigar trade of this city: A large German importing house had received an invoice of foreign cigars, which were appraised, by the custom officers, at three dollars per thousand. The importers were dissatisfied, and asked for a reappraisement, which was granted; and, under the most positive evidence, supported by the oath of the dealers, the cigars were admitted at a valuation of $1 50 per thousand. Now, the evidence alluded to was this—that not a particle of tobacco entered into the composition of said cigars; but that they were wholly composed of oak and other leaves, soaked in a strong tobacco lye. I understand that large quantities of these 'real Havanas' find their way into the interior; and, from some experience I have had in that line, I am inclined to believe that a few specimens might be found even among the primitive society of 'Old Scoharie.'"

A SAD AFFAIR.

We learn from the Troy *Whig* that a shocking occurrence took place a few days since at Sandy Hill, Washington County, causing the death of a very estimable lady who formerly resided in this city, where she had many warm friends. A niece of the deceased, a young lady, had been forbidden by her father to speak to a young man residing in the village, or be seen in his company. Disregarding these commands, the young lady, on the evening of the occurrence, took a walk with him, and was met by the indignant father in front of his residence. Angry words ensued, when the young man drew a dirk, although without any intention, as it seemed, to use it. The aunt of the young lady, who witnessed the fracas, was terribly frightened, and was seized with violent, spasmodic coughing, which continued for nearly an hour, defying all remedies that were employed. Her struggles at last grew feeble, until suddenly she fell back in her chair *dead*, having no doubt ruptured a blood vessel. The affair has created great excitement in the locality where it transpired.

WEDDING AT A PICNIC.

An amusing and romantic event occurred at a German picnic in Westfield, a few days ago. A cigar-maker, says the *Republican*, had long sought the hand of one of the daughters of Westfield, but met with continuous disappointment. It happened that both were at the picnic, and, amidst the other pleasures, some one suggested, in sport, that "we have a wedding." The lady unsuspectingly turned to her oft-discarded lover with a jocose invitation to join hands, and a magistrate, who also fills the office of town-clerk, performed his duty less in fun than the bride had imagined, as was apparent when the husband came with a properly made out certificate to claim her hand. It is said that there was a brief exhibition of tears, a very modest lingering between maiden and wife, and then a hearty acceptance of the hand that had been so gallantly but unceremoniously won. The bridal pair entertained their friends that night with Champagne and good things, and there was a bridal tour over into the West Parish next day.

PERSONAL.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "The *Canada* mails bring tidings that Ex-President Pierce was, on the 5th inst., with Mrs. Pierce, at Hotel Bryon, in Switzerland, preparing to leave for Northern Italy. The health of Mrs. Pierce, we are sorry to perceive, does not appear to have been substantially improved."

The President has offered, it is said, the Spanish mission to Mr. J. P. Benjamin, United States Senator for Louisiana. Mr. Benjamin is now in the South, and it is not known if he will accept it.

A letter in the *Observer*, written from Westchester, says: "I regret to say that the venerable William Jay is now in very delicate health, and is probably not far from the confines of life. He has, however, reached a good old age, in the home and estate of his illustrious father, John Jay."

The St. Joseph *Journal* of August 26 says that Governor Stewart of Missouri was whipped by a German doctor named Erdman, at that place, on the Tuesday evening previous to that date. The Governor received a black eye. The *Journal* says:

"There can be no doubt about this fight, and we understand the Governor acknowledged it himself, but says the doctor commenced it. The doctor has told us all about it, and says it was on account of the Governor's insolence, and that his Excellency commenced it first. We understand the Governor was not at all in a fighting 'condition,' and the doctor is free to acknowledge that he was not altogether himself. But enough; the doctor says he whipped the Governor, and so say eye-witnesses, and we don't think it would be expedient to dispute, at least, the doctor's word."

Lord Napier returned to Washington on Saturday. He dined on Friday evening with Cyrus W. Field, in company with Captain Dayman, of H. B. Majesty's steamer *Gorgon*, and such other British officers to the telegraphic fleet as were in the city, together with several select friends of Mr. Field. The dinner was quite private.

William C. Bryant and family were among the passengers who arrived in the *Africa*.

The *South Carolinian* says: "We venture to publish the following extract from a letter recently received, dated Paris, August 5, and written to a friend in this city. The writer is, of course, well known in Columbia, and the names mentioned in the letter are too familiarly known over the State, socially and otherwise, for us to be charged with indelicacy in giving them in full.

"'The statements in the American papers in relation to the duel between Ransom Calhoun and young Brev[illegible] were so vague and unsatisfactory that I have been induced, since my arrival in Paris, to make some particular inquiries concerning the whole affair. Mr. Alan I[illegible], Mr. Robert Pringle, and Judge Mason, speak in the highest terms of Calhoun's conduct and bearing. I have [illegible] spoken with Colonel Pickens, Governor Aiken, and others, who seem greatly gratified, that, in a case of extr[illegible]

delicacy and difficulty, Mr. Calhoun has borne himself with the manliness becoming his name and State, and the discretion demanded by his position. The immediate case was this: for harsh words spoken, Brevoort struck Calhoun. Calhoun challenged. Brevoort fired after time. Calhoun's second, of course, instantly and peremptorily declined further proceedings. Subsequently, however, the seconds chose to submit the matter to a board of honor. This board decreed that "Mr. Brevoort fired after the expiration of the time agreed on, and therefore the duel was properly stopped." The force and effect of such a decree is fully understood in our latitude. The second who would permit another meeting, under these circumstances, would, with us, be deemed *particeps criminis* to an assassination,' " etc., etc.

In Kansas, two weeks ago, Miss Irene Baker, a girl of seventeen, married a man of seventy-five, from admiration of one of his political speeches. Thus is a common and an old saying verified—"Politics makes strange bedfellows."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PROGRESS OF THE CABLE.

THE *Times* contains the following letter from the Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the line from Valentia to Newfoundland is now working satisfactorily both ways. The following message was dispatched yesterday evening from the directors in England to the directors in America:

" 'Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men.'

"This message, including the addresses of senders and receivers, occupied thirty-five minutes in transmission, and consisted of thirty-one words. Immediately afterward a message from her Majesty the Queen to his Excellency the President of the United States, consisting of ninety-nine words, was received by Newfoundland in sixty-seven minutes. Both messages were repeated back to Valentia to test their accuracy, and were found to have been taken with great exactness. Of course, unless permission were given, the contents of her Majesty's dispatch can not be made public.

"This morning we have a message, the last thirty-eight words of which were received in twenty-two minutes, from Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who is at Newfoundland:

"It will thus be seen that the line is now capable of being worked with perfect accuracy, and the Company will now proceed as rapidly as is consistent with the establishment of a proper system to make the necessary arrangements for opening the communication to the public, in doing which, however, some delay must necessarily occur.—Yours truly,

"GEORGE SAWARD, *Secretary and Manager*.

"CHIEF OFFICE, 22 OLD BROAD STREET, *London*."

A SEA-GULL AND THE CABLE.

A very curious incident occurred when the paying out commenced in mid ocean. The splice had been made, and the cable was being lowered over the sterns of the vessels, when, a little before it touched the water, a sea-gull, fatigued, no doubt, after a long flight, perched on it, and his claws getting fast in the tar with which the cable was coated, he was unable to extricate them, so that he was dragged down under the water and drowned. He made desperate efforts to save himself, but to no purpose, as he stuck fast, and when he found himself going down his despairing screams sounded far across the waters. The strangeness of the occurrence, and the terrible agony of the poor bird, caused some sensation on board the vessels.

DEATH OF THE "LAST OF THE STEAKS."

The papers have lately chronicled the decease of Mr. H. F. Stephenson, Deputy Ranger of Hyde Park, and the *Illustrated News* has embalmed him, for the benefit of posterity, as the "last of the Steaks." Mr. Stephenson was, as this paper has truly observed, an illegitimate son of "Jockey of Norfolk," and was almost the sole wearer extant of Hessians. The reputed father of this contraband Howard deserves a few words of reminiscence. Penn, of Stoke Park, a strong Conservative, on hearing that the graceless Duke had left only a small sum to a very near connection (was this Mr. H. F. Stephenson?), made the following extempore epitaph on the Premier Duke at the challenge of the famous Lord King:

"What Norfolk has been you may learn from this placard;
He lived like a beast, and died like a blackguard."

The Duke, who was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West-Riding, in 1790, for toasting "the Sovereign Majesty of the People" at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, was a vulgar, dirty man, of the most eccentric and scandalous habits. It was said of this illustrious Whig by Dr. Richardson, that "he could swill wine like a Silenus, and gorge beef-steaks like a Buckhorse." "That portion of his existence which was not employed in political agitation and factious uproar was devoted to the debasing gratification of sensual appetites." Wraxhall says that he was so dirty that his servants availed themselves of his fits of drunkenness to *wash him!* When he complained of rheumatism to Dudley North, and declared he had tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said North, "*did you ever try a clean shirt?*" He always wore a plain blue coat of peculiar dye, which his confessor was said to have imposed upon him as a penance. Such was the first duke and the greatest Whig nobleman in England.

LORD BROUGHAM WITH A WHEEL-BARROW.

The Carlisle *Journal* thus describes the workmanlike style in which Lord Brougham went through his duties in cutting the first sod of the Eden Valley Railway a few days ago: "Lord Brougham received from the brawny navvy who stood beside him a neat spade, with which he cut the first sod, and threw it into a handsome mahogany barrow, which had been provided for the occasion. His lordship then, with a vigor as remarkable as it was characteristic, wheeled the barrow along some planks that had been laid for a distance of some ten or a dozen yards, emptied its contents, and then, in a truly navvy-like manner, turned his back, and pulled the barrow to the point whence he started. During the operation the most deafening cheers resounded from every part of the field. His lordship appeared to be much amused with his own performance."

FRANCE.

ROYAL ENDEARMENTS.

A correspondent writes: "I hear that the Emperor has not been so gay for many a day as since his interview with the Queen of England. His Majesty regards it justly not only as a triumph for his policy, which is more than ever an alliance with our country, but as a mark of personal friendship to him; and the personal friendship of the Sovereign of England is of inestimable value to the monarch of revolutionary France, especially when he is, as the Emperor called himself, a *parvenu*. As to the Empress, she, as I before told you, looks up to the Queen with mingled gratitude, respect, and affection; and her joy at seeing her Majesty again was consequently unbounded. Both the Emperor and Empress kissed the Queen on meeting and on taking leave. The Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, on those occasions, kissed the hand of the Empress, and, with marked cordiality, grasped that of the Emperor."

THE EMPRESS ON BOARD SHIP.

The *Court Circular* says: "The fair Eugenie was fain to pause in the course of mounting the steps by which the deck was reached from the imperial barge; and her Majesty grew even paler than usual before she reached the top of the ladder, and was obliged to stop for a few seconds. The Duc de Malakoff, who followed close behind, was of signal service in securing the crinoline, which prevented the Empress's dress from being blown to the four quarters of the compass by the unmannerly wind abroad at that identical minute; and the awkward but gallant and good-natured efforts of the marshal-duke excited the greatest mirth among the members of the procession from the imperial barge, who, arrested in their upward progress by the serious position of the Empress, became witnesses of his great anxiety and its beneficial results. The two soldierly camp-kettle hands of the Marshal were taxed to the utmost by the rebellious spirit displayed by the crinoline, and their owner joined in the hearty laugh to which his unwonted perplexity gave rise. On descending, an accident of the same nature again arrested the vivacious movement with which the Empress—by this time perfectly recovered from her momentary indisposition—was regaining the barge. Her dress caught in one of the hooks of the ladder, and she remained suspended, as it were, until Madame de Lourmel came to her rescue. Both ladies gained much applause for the good-humor with which the accident was borne. All else went on pleasantly enough; and the oldest sailor on board could not but admire the courage and self-control of the Empress, who, evidently the very worst salt-water traveler in the world, managed most adroitly to conceal her uneasiness during the whole time she was an occupant of the state cabin of the *Bretagne*."

THE EMPRESS AT A BALL.

At the late grand ball at Brest the Emperor danced with the mayor's daughter, Mademoiselle Bezet, the Empress with the mayor himself; and Admiral Hamelin, Ministre de la Marine, was also in the set. The Empress's toilet was coiffure classique, nottes et bouches, diadem of diamonds, in the centre of which was the famous stone called le Regent; a necklace with three rows of large pearls, with a diamond clasp bracelet, diamonds and turquoise. Her dress was of blue tulle, studded with silver, with immense diamond brooches in front of the corsage.

THE IMPERIAL BABY PROMOTED TO BE A CORPORAL.

The Imperial Prince, who, it will be remembered, was enrolled in the 1st regiment of Grenadier Guards a few days after his birth, and who has ever since drawn the pay of a private soldier, has just been promoted to the rank of corporal. The following is the text of the order for his elevation:

"His Imperial Highness the Prince Imperial Napoleon Louis Eugène Jean Joseph, matriculated No. 3463, is appointed to be a corporal in the 1st battalion, 1st company, in which there is a vacancy by reason of the transfer of Corporal Prugnet to the 3d battalion of the 4th company. DE BRETTEVILLE, *Colonel*.

"VERSAILLES, *August* 14, 1858."

MISFORTUNES OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

The *Morning Post* is well known to be a profound admirer of Napoleon III., a stout advocate of his system of government, and a zealous defender of the alliance between France and England. That journal, as in duty bound, dispatched a special reporter to France to chronicle the Cherbourg festivities and to describe the "Imperial progress in France." The reporter executed his task in a way very flattering to France and the French people—in fact, in a way which ought to have entitled him to the special thanks of the French, if not to a cross of the Legion of Honor. But he was destined to receive a cross of quite another character. When he reached Auray, on his way to L'Orient, he was arrested by the gendarme who examined his passport, and taken before the juge de paix, an "obstinate, self-opinionated, pig-headed old gentleman," who insisted that his second Christian name (which appears to be Bernard) was his surname, and therefore imagined that he was the famous Dr. Bernard recently tried in London. In vain did the special reporter produce documents proving himself to be the correspondent of the *Morning Post*; he was kept in durance vile for four hours, and then, as a special favor, permitted to pay twenty-five francs for a voiture to carry him to L'Orient, and sixteen francs for two gens d'armes to guard him. At the end of a journey of five hours, he was taken before the Procureur Imperiale, "a middle-aged, testy, saucy-looking personage," who would scarcely listen to any explanation, and who locked him up in prison. Even under these disheartening circumstances, however, the Anglo-French reporter was consoled by finding something creditable to the French authorities. He says: "And a prisoner for the night I did remain in the Maison d'Arrêt. Of my treatment there I make no complaint, for I was put into a clean, tidy room, and was served with every thing I required; so that I can say, from my experience both of the police jail at Auray and of the prison at L'Orient, that if all other places of incarceration resemble them, they reflect very great credit on the French authorities." For full twenty-four hours he was kept a close prisoner, was then discharged without any explanation or apology, and without the British Consul, who is a Frenchman, deigning to give him an audience. His passport was returned to him, but the police commissioner refused to visé it, so that he was brought to a stand-still. In this dilemma he sat down and addressed a letter to the Emperor himself, "hoping that it may be permitted to reach him."

DINNER TO PROFESSOR MORSE.

A grand dinner has been given at Paris to Professor Morse. A correspondent says: "Rev. Mr. Seeley, of the American Chapel, asked the blessing. The chair was occupied by Hon. Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, a near relative of the former distinguished Senator by that name. The American Minister, Hon. Judge Mason, was on his left, and Professor Morse on his right. Hon. Hamilton Fish was one of the Vice-Presidents, and Hon. Joseph M. Chandler, of Philadelphia, on his way to Naples, as Minister, was another. Colonel James R. Murray, Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Rooney, Mr. S. Morse, Mr. Teft, and others from New York, were present. But few Parisians joined in the festival. Among the Americans present, who have long resided in Paris but yet retain their love for home in their hearts, is Mr. Monroe, the banker; Dr. Evans, dentist to the royal family; and Mr. Dale, who has extensive business relations with New York and Philadelphia. Dr. Bigelow, formerly of Boston; Mr. Squiers, who was Minister to Nicaragua; and many others, who are men of position and influence at home, were present, but their names have been forgotten. Nearly four hours were wholly devoted to sentiments and speeches, and at the close so great was the interest, and so delighted were all present that the chairman had to propose an adjournment, as it was then midnight. To be invidious, I might speak of the remarks of Mr. Preston, introducing Professor Morse to his countrymen, touchingly beautiful and eloquent. J. M. Chandler, of Philadelphia, was cordially received, as he is always an attractive speaker. Our Minister, Mr. Mason, brought down vociferous cheers, and Hamilton Fish delighted his countrymen, and J. S. Thayer, of New York, was warmly cheered for his impromptu and beautiful remarks. The applause was earnest, and afterward most emphatic, exciting among the hundreds of Frenchmen in the gardens and cafés of the Palais Royal most intense astonishment. The whole festival was nobly sustained and highly honorable to our countrymen. It was conceded on all hands, however, that had it been any other gathering but Americans they would have at once been silenced, if not dispersed by the police. Frenchmen are compelled to be very quiet at all their social gatherings, and but few of any sort are permitted."

MR. BRISTED FIGHTS A DUEL.

He adds: "For some time reports have been in circulation in regard to a duel growing out of the De Pène affair, between Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, of New York, and the Marquis de Galifet, which were so absurd, that I did not dare before now to speak of the affair. I believe that to-day I can give you the facts. You will recollect that soon after the De Pène duels with the officers of the army, two members of the Jockey Club, well-known men in fashionable society here, the Marquis de Galifet and the Marquis de Pommereaux, quarreled on the subject of the De Pène duels, and that a challenge passed; but the fight did not take place, it is said, on account of an order from the Minister of War—M. de Galifet being a Lieutenant in the Guard. On this subject, and in relation to the De Pène duels, Mr. Bristed made some observations in his correspondence to the New York *Spirit of the Times*, which was deemed by some friend of M. de Galifet, who saw the article, an insult to his honor. This friend carried the journal to the Marquis, and the latter agreeing with his friend that an apology was required from Mr. Bristed, he hastened off to Baden Baden, where Mr. Bristed is spending the summer, and demanded a retraction of the injurious expressions. Mr. Bristed refused, and was challenged by the Marquis. Pistols were selected, but no dueling pistols could be found at Baden Baden, and they fought with rifle-barrel pistols. The distance was twenty-five paces, with privilege to advance to fifteen. Only one exchange of shots took place, when the seconds interfered, and the affair was amicably arranged, but upon what terms I did not learn. Major Yates, of the British Army, and Mr. Munson, of New York, were Mr. Bristed's seconds."

A WARNING TO YOUNG FRENCHMEN.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "Six years ago a young Frenchman, by the name of Michel, whose time had arrived for drawing in the conscription, and had been notified to that effect, emigrated to the United States with his father and family, and, immediately declaring his intentions there of becoming a citizen, was, at the end of five years, naturalized. With his naturalization papers and an American passport in his pocket, he returned a few months ago to France, and to his native village, and was at once seized and condemned to a year's imprisonment for his contempt of the law in escaping, and will be forced to draw in the conscription at the end of his confinement. He appealed to the American Minister, but the principle has been conceded, and the precedent established, by some unfortunate American Secretary of State, that no man can renounce his allegiance to his native State till he has first paid the debt of military duty he owes her; and on this absurd principle young Michel can obtain no relief. The moral of the story is, when you have once got to a land of liberty, you should stay there."

WHAT THE REVULSION COST PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of *The Boston Traveler* sends the following: "We have the official returns of the Paris Court of Bankruptcy during the crisis. The number of failures from the 1st of July, 1857, to the 30th of June, 1858, was 1016; there were but 760 during the same period, 1856-'57. The total amount divided among the creditors in 1857-'58 was 4,083,803 francs, and 5,657,442 francs are in hand undivided; whereas only 2,725,704 was divided in 1856-'57. The dividends, however, are larger for 1857-'58 than for the preceding year, since a great deal of the debts was commercial paper, then valueless, which has since been paid; whereas the debts of 1856-'57 arose from losses on grain, and were irrevocable. It is said the French loss by returned bills does not exceed 7,000,000 francs during the last crisis."

A NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

The following novel manner of "raising the wind" has just been brought to light at Rouen. A man and his wife opened a shop some months ago in that town, and speedily communicated to their neighbors that they possessed an aunt who, after having passed a disreputable existence in Paris, had purchased in Champagne an estate worth a million and a half of francs. Both husband and wife were eloquent in denouncing the immoral conduct of their wealthy relation; but they admitted that their scruples would not extend so far as to induce them to relinquish the estate, should it be one day bequeathed to them. By a singular coincidence, and as if to remove any doubt which might exist as to the elasticity of the said scruples, the aunt fell ill and died, bequeathing by her last will her entire property to the tradesman and his wife. Immense was the sensation created in the quarter of the town where they resided; and innumerable were the offers of service showered upon them by their disinterested neighbors. The fortunate couple bore their change of circumstances with comparative modesty, and they deigned to accept some of these offers. They decided, and the neighbors approved of the decision, that the aunt should be interred with becoming splendor. But the funds of the nephew were low, and it would be necessary to incur some unavoidable expenditure before obtaining possession of the property, not to mention the funeral expenses decided on, and outlay for traveling. The friendship of the neighbors speedily removed these slight obstacles; one man advanced the heir 6000 francs, another 1000 francs, etc., and even an offer of 300 francs was not refused. The man and wife left for Champagne, and brought back a hamper of wine from the cellar of the deceased aunt, which they distributed among the friends who had advanced them money. This proof of gratitude produced an excellent effect, and one individual advanced the lucky nephew a further sum of 1500 francs. But the lender ascertained, some hours later, to his consternation, that the supposed heir had secreted himself in another quarter of the town when he ought to have been engaged in paying the last honors to his departed relation. This roused his suspicions, and he determined to regain possession of his money. He presented himself at the nephew's shop, and, with an honesty highly creditable, protested that he had made an error of a hundred francs to the prejudice of the borrower in counting out the sum of 1500 francs. The nephew eagerly produced the bundle of notes, and stated that he had already spent some of them. The ingenious lender immediately seized on the notes, and placing them in his pocket, took a hasty departure. In the mean while the police authorities, having reason to question the existence of the estate bequeathed by the wealthy aunt, made certain inquiries, which led to the immediate arrest of the fictitious heirs.

BELGIUM.

HOW PEOPLE GET MARRIED IN BELGIUM.

In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, M. Quetelet read an interesting paper relative to the number and character of marriages that usually take place throughout Belgium in the year, and containing other statistics of a moral and general nature. The author presented the following table, which is founded upon an observation of the marriages that have taken place in the country during the last fifteen years. He gives 10,000 marriages that have taken place, with the respective ages of the husbands and wives.

MATRIMONIAL TABLE.

Age.	Men.	Women.
Under 21	219	880
From 21 to 25	1,647	2,626
" 25 to 30	3,386	3,016
" 30 to 35	2,120	1,655
" 35 to 40	1,181	880
" 40 to 45	669	488
" 45 to 50	369	253
" 50 to 55	199	116
" 55 to 60	105	48
" 60 to 65	59	21
" 65 to 70	30	8
" 70 to 75	11	8
" 75 to 80	4	1
Above 80	1	0
	10,000	10,000

It thus appears that marriages before 21 years of age are four times as numerous among women as among men. Up to 25 years of age the predominance existed still in favor of women; but after that age the number becomes proportionally less, and diminishes progressively according as the parties approach the last stages of life, when marriages of women are about one-tenth fewer than those of men of similar ages. The smaller comparative number of marriages of men before 25 years may not only be accounted for by the more precocious formation of women, but also by the nature of the social institutions of the country and the exigencies of the military service.

PRUSSIA.

MEETING OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER DAUGHTER.

A Berlin letter says: "The meeting between the Queen of England and the Princess Frederick William, her daughter, was very affecting. The Princess sprang into the railway carriage to her royal mother, and the two remained clasped in each other's arms for some time, unable to speak."

ITALY.

SENTENCE OF THE PATRIOTS.

A Naples letter says: "The sixteen prisoners who had received a commutation of punishment were sent for to hear the decree read in presence of the Grand Court. Accompanied by a company of rifles and gens d'armes, bound two and two together, they were taken to the courts, and remained so bound—a fact which was contrary to law. The President immediately sent for Nicotera, who was unbound and led into the private Council Chamber, accompanied by three gens d'armes and an officer. On his arrival the President said, 'It is my duty to exhort you to be grateful to the King, who has commuted your punishment, and I had called you, therefore, to beg you that if you will not yourself cry "Viva il Re!" after the reading of the decree, you will at least persuade your companions to do so.' Nicotera, who was greatly agitated, replied, 'We can not do it. Were we to cry "Viva il Re!" the echo would be "Death to Liberty!" Reserve for yourself such infamy, and leave to us the dignity of silence.' At these words the President, not knowing what next to say, ordered Nicotera to be taken out, and to be bound to his companions.

THE SCENE AT THE EMBARKATION.

"In the afternoon the Government steamer which was to carry off many of the prisoners arrived, and the inhabitants were soon after surprised at the sound of chains which were being landed. From the beach they were taken to the prison in three carts, while another followed with an anvil and three large hammers. The public executioner and his two assistants were called to iron the condemned; and on their presenting themselves they were chained in the following mode: The chain which bound them consisted of 16 rings, and was 4 mètres (or 13 feet) in length, and 16 kilograms (or 35 pounds) in weight; at each extremity was a large ring or semicircle, which was closed by a large nail 20 centimètres in length, and having a diameter of 8 centimètres at one extremity with the head, and at the other it was fastened on an anvil by a hammer. The right foot of one being thus fastened to the left of another prisoner, they can not move except by common agreement: and so they must do the necessary offices of life, not even excluding sleep. This scene of 'ironing' lasted from half past six to half past seven o'clock in the evening, and the antechamber at the gateway of the prison for the time wore the appearance of a blacksmith's shop. Four companies of rifles were under arms in different parts of the city, as though it were in a state of siege. 'In strong contrast with the agents in the scene just described,' said my informant, 'was a woman called Poggi, of Lerici, in the Gulf of Genoa, and mother of one of the prisoners condemned to twenty-five years in irons. This poor woman has followed her son month after month—her devotion might have melted the anvil on which the chains were riveted, yet her grief was insulted by the agents of power. Any one who had the heart of a man must have been touched at seeing that unhappy woman clasping to her bosom the son she was about to lose, perhaps for life, and kissing his chains, while with acute grief he saw that every blow of the hammer was like a dagger in her heart. During the whole of this time the prisoners conducted themselves as though they were enjoying a triumph. After they were chained and manacled, and further bound together by a long rope which extended through the whole line, they were taken between two files of soldiers through the city, and the whole length of the Marina, while all the inhabitants were horrified and quite panic struck by this barbarous spectacle. The subjects of this government are destined, it is believed, to Pescara—the foreigners to the Island of Favignana—while Nicotera, Gagliani, and Valletta are sent to the Vicaria, in Naples, and are destined ultimately, I believe, to S. Stefano. Another political cause will come on shortly at Salerno, in which between one and two hundred are engaged.' "

RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN MORALS.

The *Presse* gives a gloomy account of the demoralization which prevails among the population of Russia, and which is encouraged by the financial system of the country. It appears that 480,000,000 francs, or nearly one moiety of the state revenue is derived from the sale of brandy licenses, and that the Russian peasant is ruined in soul and body by a decoction of river water, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and tobacco juice. It is calculated, after taking into account the sum paid by speculators for their licenses, the amount which they are forced to expend in bribery in order to obtain the latter, the cost of the decoction which they sell for brandy, and the large profits which they derive from its sale, that the total sum sacrificed by the Russian nation to strong drink is not less than 800,000,000 francs, or 12 francs per inhabitant. Another Government monopoly, which occupies a considerable place in the budget is the sale of playing cards. "Play," says the *Presse*, "is as necessary to the existence of the aristocracy as brandy is to that of the people. Every body plays in Russia—men, women, and children. They do not play for amusement; they treat it as a profession—as a means of advancing in the world."

WEDDING OF THE CONJUROR HUME.

A St. Petersburg correspondent writes:

"Hume, the celebrated (or notorious) 'spirit-rapper,' has arrived in St. Petersburg. You have, of course, heard of this man. He is by birth a Scotchman, but is, I believe, a naturalized citizen of the United States. He created quite a *furore* in Paris, some months ago, and was well received by the Emperor Napoleon, who is said to be a believer in the 'science' professed by Mr. Hume. If the stories told of his exploits may be credited, Hume has performed some feats calculated to shake the judgment of the least credulous; and it is positively asserted that, in one of his exhibitions before the French Court, he 'evoked' the spirit of Napoleon I., who graciously presented his hand from beneath the table for the faithful to kiss, of which rare opportunity many persons present eagerly availed themselves. I suppose you have heard this tale before, as also the report of the impending marriage between Hume and a Russian lady of rank and wealth. It is this conjugal project which brings our 'medium' to St. Petersburg: but while he continues to assert that his magic powers are unimpaired, he refuses longer to exercise them, and intimates his intention to settle down quietly to the enjoyment of the good things of this life, leaving the other world to take care of itself. Malicious rumors have been in circulation to the effect that the lady had manifested a disposition to take back her troth, and that, *par consequent*, there would be no wedding; or that Hume would, at least, be obliged to go at the old trade, if only long enough to summon from the vasty deep some potent black spirit, or gray, to impress upon the *fiancée* the necessity of keeping her word. In the mean time the spiritual necromancer has coolly given the lie direct to this gossip by espousing the lady. The ceremony took place on Sunday evening last, according to the forms of the Greek Church, in presence of several witnesses."

TURKEY.

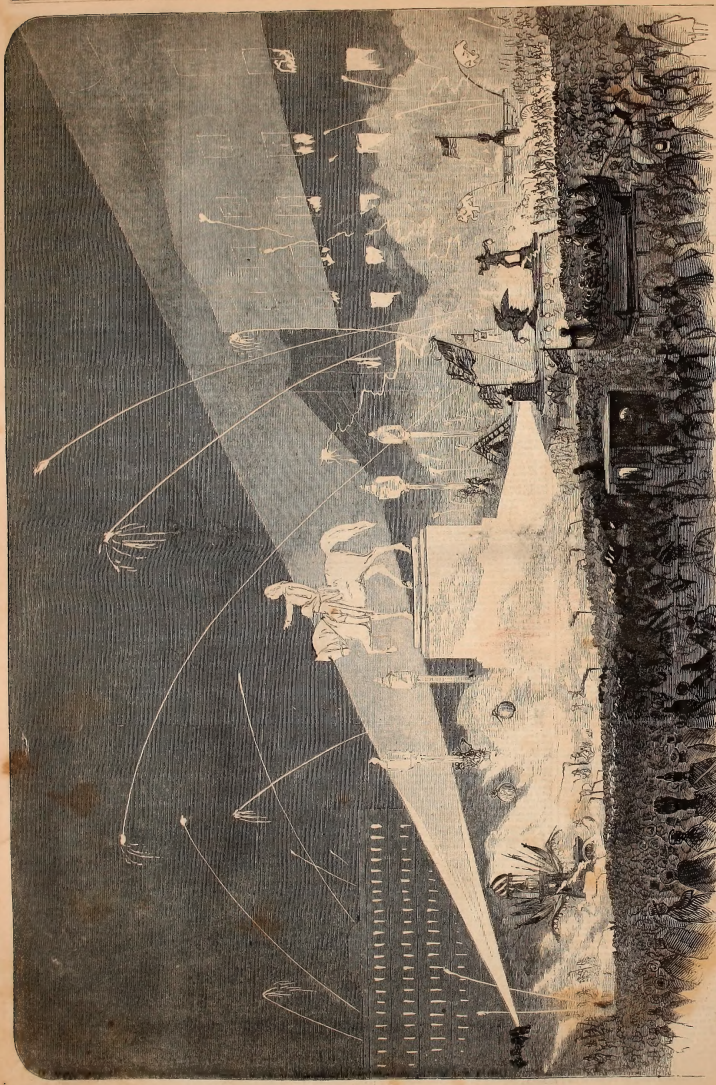
BOMBARDMENT OF JEDDAH.

The telegraph brings us intelligence of the bombardment of Jeddah, from which we learn that when the *Cyclops* arrived before that place a communication was sent to the Pacha, who was absent, giving him thirty-six hours' time to punish the insurgents. As no answer was returned within the specified period, the bombardment began and continued for three days. The Pacha then came on board of the war steamship, and assured the captain that the culprits were condemned, and that he only awaited orders from Constantinople to execute them. This answer was not deemed to be satisfactory, and the bombardment began again. Ultimately, Ismail Pacha arrived from Constantinople, and eleven of the insurgents were immediately hanged in the presence of all the shipping. The remainder of the culprits were sent to the capital for trial. The *Cyclops* then left Jeddah for Suez with the intelligence.

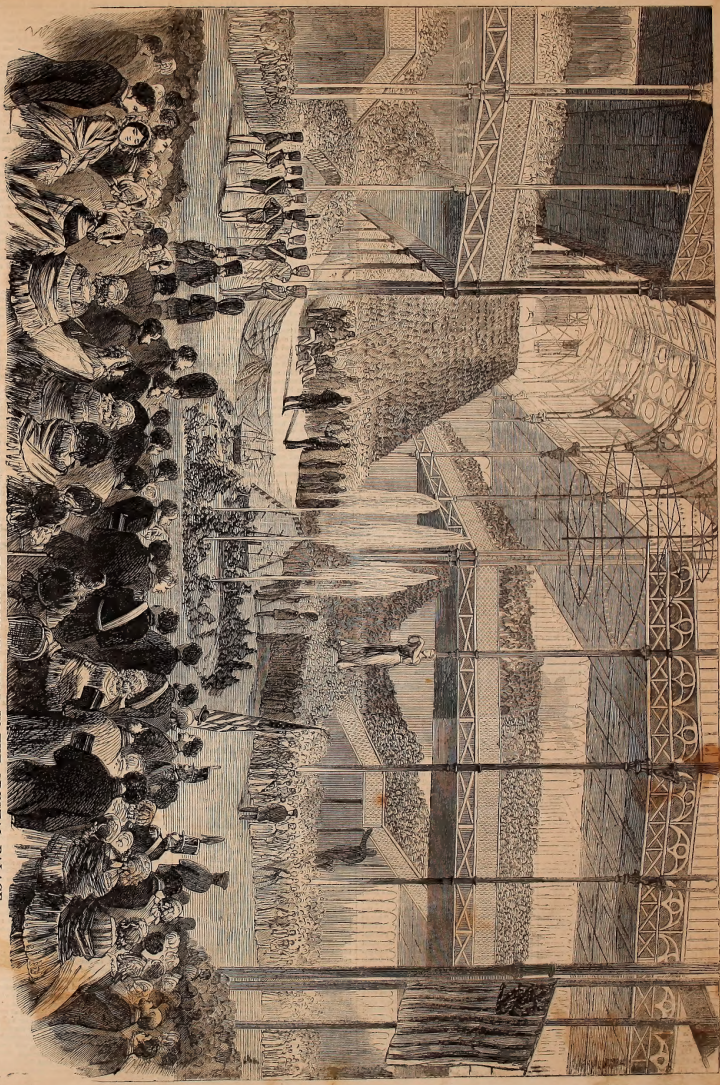
CHINA.

THE TERMS OF THE TREATY.

By telegraph from St. Johns we learn that the treaty concluded with the Chinese does not confer on the Allies the right of having permanent diplomatic agents at Pekin, but their Consul-Generals resident at Tien Sien will be admitted to direct intercourse with the Cabinet of the Emperor. A telegram from St. Petersburg says the Chinese Empire is to be open to foreigners, and the left bank of the Amoor River henceforth to be the boundary between Russia and China. Baron Gros, the French Plenipotentiary, is expected home from China in October.



ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION—THE FIREMEN LIGHTING THEIR TORCHES IN UNION SQUARE.



ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION—PRESENTATION TO CYRUS W. FIELD IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE FESTIVITIES.

On Wednesday, 1st September, the saddest fête ever witnessed in New York was given in honor of the Atlantic Cable. Broadway, from end to end, was, from morning till night, one monster procession; the houses were covered with transparencies, flags, and all manner of decorations. To attempt to describe the doings of the day would be fruitless and tiresome. We must refer to the daily papers for a full chronicle of the proceedings.

We have engraved, first, on page 577, a part of the procession going up Broadway. The point chosen by our artist was the passage of the *Niagara*'s sailors. One of the newspaper reporters thus describes the scene:

"Another portion of the procession that came to for a moment was the battalion of ambulance men composed of the Atlantic Telegraph cabs, which was neatly wound around, and covered with, the car drawn by sixteen horses and flags and plumes. This important party carried with them no comfort to any of the portion. The fire-works were reckets, Roman candles, etc., which were judiciously cast into the bed of the car. The streets through which the procession marched were decorated as we have already described. But new adornments were added as the night wore on and enthusiasm rose. Almost every two or three doors was hung with colored lamps, and the fronts of the stores and the fronts of all houses were a great feature of the evening, and were used every where to the best advantage. They were strung in brilliant lines across the streets, festooned on the houses, hanging in the windows, and arranged in all the hundreds of pretty designs. The streets on the route were in a blaze of light."

Our third illustration, on page 585, depicts the procession, in the Crystal Palace, of a gold box to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., by Mayor Tiemann. The Palace was well arranged for the memorable event. The platform was erected in the central nave, commencing at the fountain in the centre of the building and running back about half the depth of the nave; in front, in the rear, and after this, in the side window, thus filling the entire space, and on this elevation the orchestra and singers of the New York Harmonic Society; the Brooklyn and Williamsburg Harmonics, Mendelssohn Union, and the Manhattan societies were seated. The whole platform was handsomely carpeted, and draped with the national colors—red, white, and blue. Behind hung the flags of England and the United States, and in the north nave a large green flag with a gold harp in the centre floated.

After singing Mr. Stephens's Ode (given in last number of the *Weekly*), the presentation was made by Mayor Tiemann, with a neat speech, which was handsomely acknowledged by Mr. Field.

We are happy to have it in our power to contribute our share to the important business of commemorating this great event. All honor to Field, and success to the Cable!

WHAT A RIDICULOUS FASHION!

TUNE—*The Ship of the Cannibal Islands.*

Now Comes all the rage,
With indies of whatever age,
A petticoat made like a cage,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
'Tis framed with hoops and bars of steel,
Or tubes of air, which lighter feel,
And when a girlie to be genteel,
Or if she've figures to conceal,
It makes their shapes all fairs for out,
A dozen yards, at least, about,
And passes both the thin and stout,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.

Balking walking all the day,
Always getting in the way,
All, except the ladies, say,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

One female takes up half the street,
And can't sit clear in any seat,
You walk half round about if you meet,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
Or in her dress you hitch your sticks,
And tear it, if you're walking quick:
Of Crinoline all men are sick.
It forces them their way to pick.
A carriage with half a dozen
If she rides in it, overflows,
And people short wherever she goes,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

In Church she very widest new
Will hold of ladies but a few,
Its door their skirts protruding through,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
And when they go to seats and hold,
They fill chock full the largest halls,
And squeeze the men against the walls;
A man might with his wife more walls.
Am omnibus they occupy!
So that your knees are covered by
Their muslin, while you sofly cry,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

There's not a door that's wide enough
For girls to pass with all their stuff,
Without a squeeze, particularly tough,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
The pests their spreading dresses scratch,
The beaux against the brambles catch,
And, what is worse, the Congress match.
They interfere with all dispatch:
'Tis tiresome to the last degree,
With held-up skirts, the ladies see,
Their ankles, it would seem, to show,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

There was a time when every lass
Just wore a "bustle"—which might pass—
But now the former enormous size!
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
Before as bulky as behind,
By modern genius smoothed,
Just one point stretched we shouldn't mind,
To suit the whim of womankind;
But Crinoline is all we find,
It really is a deal too much,
And makes the contour woeus for fashion!
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

How long will English ladies troop
About encircled by a coop,
Composed of whalebone, lace, and hoop?
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
The more you scoff, the more you jeer,
The more they'll persevere
In wearing this apparel queer,
Which is in cost extremely dear,
In much annoyance to others,
Which every husband's patience tries;
The fashion not one man advises,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

MY AQUATIC REMINISCENCES.

MONY men are endowed with one peculiar hobby. Mine was that of swimming. It would, indeed, have been strange had it been otherwise; for I was, in a sense, brought up in the sea; my childhood and youth were passed on board ships—many of my after-life were passed in trips and adventures upon its friendly and familiar bosom. While yet a boy, I acquired for the ocean, for its waves and its sands, its shells, its pebbles, and its rocks, the most pleasant and familiar feelings. I was as fondly beach, a loudness and enthusiasm which made me long for the day when I should have a boat of my own. When but a child of five or six years old, with what delight did I not venture forth on the bay or upon the river, in company with a cousin of mine, a reputed swimmer! How I would pretend to be frightened, and, with a shout of an irresistible glee and an uncontrollable fear! By-and-by I grew taller and stronger, and could wade out beyond my depth, and, with a cry of sinking, and sprawling, and swallowing many a draught of the bitter brine, I contrived to get to bear my head above water, and to strike out boldly, and to look upon the blue sea with a sympathy unalloyed by apprehension, even if my own balance would toss, and fret, and curl with the crests of angry spumy waves. How I delighted in storm and the loud, leaving to my eyes no other prospect than the heaving waves and the overarching sky, or, perhaps, the phantom-like sail of a ship far away in the distance.

There may be many better swimmers than I am, but I doubt if any can be much more familiar with the waters than I—if any have more of that confidence in themselves which is the sure sign of mastery by long habit, and if any can more heartily relish an element which, of all others, is one of the most healthy, invigorating, and delightful. Often on a fine summer's day, alone or with a few congenial spirits, I have left the shore, and, with a careful dusk swimming to some favorite spot, occasionally coming to land, and, half dressed, lolling on a rock, looking at the sea, or the boats far off, or the sea-gulls, or criticising the aquatic feats of my companions, or engaging in sport, or even talking about in the water till the day was spent. Then swimming home became for me as a matter of such intensity that it will almost seem ridiculous to those who do not reflect that any, even the most trifling pleasure, if followed to excess, will pall well and by thoroughly engrossing one's thoughts.

I have often been, and had dressed, lolling on newspapers, very flaming accounts of the "heroic conduct" of swimmers who had saved others from drowning by plunging in again, and again, and rescuing them, and in the existing temper of my mind I had naturally come to look upon the necessity to imitate the circumstances under which this "heroic conduct" had been displayed. I knew very well that in the case of a child or very weak person falling into the water, it would be no very difficult matter for one of the strongest of swimmers to have her from drowning. It would be little more than taking a piece of wood or any light and unresisting object out of the water. But in the attempt to save a strong man who could not swim, consequently without presence of mind, his strength would be used, at best, to obstruct your kind services, or perhaps, in his frantic agony, to drag you with him to a watery grave. In the case of a man like them, I felt that the attempt would be no child's play. My reflections on the subject were generally concluded with a shudder at the very idea of an attempt to save a man so unwell.

At length I had a rare opportunity of testing my prowess. One day I was strolling about the only dock of the little town near which I resided, when my attention was attracted by a group of people crowded to the end of a jetty, shouting and throwing their arms about with that indescribable agitation and fuss which characterizes the do-nothingness of persons whose presence of mind has been swamped by undue excitement and confusion. I approached, of course, and many perceived that some one had fallen from the pier into the water, which, at that point, was very deep. There was not a boat to be seen within even a distance of a hundred or a hundred-and-fifty yards from the pier, and, with the fishermen all away in the offing. In the mean time, while a boat was being sent for, the surface of the water became ruffled, and the head of a man struggling with its properties. A rope was immediately thrown to him, but he made no effort to catch it, and sank again in an instant. By this time the boat was seen approaching, but at some distance off, and it soon became apparent that, by the exertions, screams were rendered, the man must drown ere the boat could reach him. He arose once more, but only for an instant. I should, indeed, have sprung in immediately upon reaching the spot, but there was an insulting reserve, and as the poor man very high from the water it would have been utterly hopeless for me to do so. Besides, the approximation of the boat, however, altered matters. If I could but suppose him for a minute or two it would be enough, and I threw three of my coats off and swung myself down into the water, holding one end of the rope which I had seized. The confusion, the bungling and agitation of the people on the pier, the rope was pulled from me; but once in the water, I resolved to delay, and deliberately struck out. If I can do any thing well it is diving; and down I plunged accordingly, but found I had misjudged the depth, and that I could not reach the bottom. I rose, and caught a glimpse of the boat, and of my enemy. This, perhaps, be attributed to my having dived too soon, and before reaching the spot where he had sunk. I was rather nervous, especially in a moment of excitement, it is most difficult to preserve a proper direction; but with every nerve on the stretch, I searched in vain. I opened my eyes, well accustomed to salt water, as wide as they could open; I gazed around me, and about; I went round and round; but the waters, overshadowed by the pier, were very dark, and I saw nothing and had no more contact with anything, and up I rose again. The crowd above seeing me unsuccessful, and probably not knowing exactly the spot where the water was rulled at a yard or two from me. I understood their meaning, and with a pang that almost dived again, in the direction they pointed out. By this time I had discovered that it is a very different thing from a matter of amusement, and on an occasion like the present. A strange buttoning of the breast, an intense nausea, overpowered me. I descended a second time. I kept as good a look-out as I could, but somehow or other the water was not clear. I could see, but could distinguish nothing at all. I persisted, however, for some time in my search, but at length, feeling it impossible to keep in my breath any longer, I threw back my head and rose upward, giving to the motion of my body, and rather gild, the power to be rid of it. I was already just near the surface; I could perceive the light of the sky through the uppermost waters—my chest was already gulping for want of breath; I had forgotten every thing in the paramount want of breathe, when—for I dare not express the horror of that moment!—my arms were suddenly pinioned to my sides by what was grasped at by two wiry arms from behind, and I was dragged forcibly downward. That sensation was indescribable. I felt as if my frame would have burst with emotion, when suddenly—as suddenly as I had been seized—I was released, or loosened; and I felt the wretch's arms beating about frantically in the water around me. I had as yet kept in my breath, but I felt myself assisted exertion, and my chest was relieved by a strong fiercely upward, and not quite enough, for the drowning wretch clenched my leg like a vice before I had reached the surface. The impetus, however, drew him along with me, and the second—one and only second—I emerged into the air, and had just time to turn my head to see the wretch sink, and disappear, without swallowing some of the bitter brine on when down he dragged me again. He now loosed me as he thought he would have me with me. I endeavored to tear his arms from me, but I might as well have tried to wrench off an iron bridle. I dived downward in hopes to rid myself of him, but he kept fast. I grasped the muddy sand at the bottom in my right hand, and, in the water, that was already dark, was made black, and I felt the wretch's face as I brought the hand downward. I made a last effort to tear myself from him, but no! he tightened his arms again; I felt his head burrowing in my neck, and his teeth gnawing my ear. Can I ever forget the horror of that moment? I could hold in my breath no longer; I have a vague recollection of catching him by my hands and attempting to wring to strange him. Then the water began to whirl, and I was conscious of a sensation, almost as a strange, indefinable sensation that felt as a relief—a sensation not unlike that agreeable languor and drowsiness that is felt on the verge of fever, when, too exhausted and weak to be sensible to delirium, the senses become benumbed and indistinct, and surrounding objects rock and swim around in the shape of trees, and fields, and fountains, and cascades, and of friendly and familiar faces. I became exhausted and half unconscious, like one drunk with opium, and a plaintive sound, something between the pealing of bells and the hum of a sea-shell, rang in my ears, and then it dropped lower by degrees, and finally ceased. I was drowned around me. I remember no more.

When I awoke again to consciousness I was in bed and at a friend's house. I then learned that when I rose to the surface for the second time I was spoken had arrived upon the scene, and that when I rose to the surface for the first time the people in it had endeavored to assist me, but that I had sunk again before they were able to do so. Some time elapsed before I appeared again, when a boat had been abandoned, and drags had been sent for. At length I rose to the surface in the dead embrace of my terrible companion. We were immediately taken out of the water, and no effort was spared to resuscitate us. My friend only was saved. The unfortunate man whom I had so risked my life for was a person belonging to a lying-in hospital, and in a drunken fit he had staggered into the water. When I found what manner of man it was that I had attempted to save, I was not aware of my own success. I was but too thankful that I had escaped with my own life.

It may be readily imagined that this event was a lesson which I did not soon forget. "A burned child dreads the fire," and a child-man such as may be easily supposed not to have forgotten it either. For some time after I did not even bring myself to bathe again; and when at length my old propensity began to return, I had the keenest horror of being touched by any one, and of having any one near me while swimming. I had become morbidly presumptuous—I had new grown ridiculously timid.

About a twelvemonth had passed away, and I had gone of shooting. Returning, if pleased I ever had been, and my squeamishness had entirely disappeared. One day in summer I was in a boat shooting wild ducks with a party of friends. I had dropped them all, with one exception, at their respective homes, and, with my only remaining companion, was sailing toward the point near which I was landed. A long, heavy swell was on the bay, we had spread all our canvas, and our little boat, heeling over on its side, skimmed pleasantly over the waters. The sun was now in the meridian fierce and unrelenting, and just passing a rude, half-built pier erected for the accommodation of the fishermen, my friend stood up, smoking a cigar, to inhale, as he said, the bracing evening breeze. He was beginning to expatiate on the beauties of the scenery along the shore, when a squall from the land hit us with its force, and, shaking it aside with a fly on one side, and my friend, losing his equilibrium, was capsized overboard. At first I was tempted to laugh, but the boat, heeling more and more, was bearing him away quicker than I could make the sail back toward him, and I saw he had already being no swimmer, lest his presence of mind, I really began to be alarmed. At once I changed my tactics, and, as he beat on the water for his anchor on shore, and jumped into the water, in spite of the heavy sea, at that moment at that hour of the day, was no joke. He was still above water, but must soon go down; and the distance was too great to swim ashore. I threw off my jacket, however, and when he sank I dived after him. "This," I said to myself at this time, did something of a misgiving—something of an apprehension that my fair fate to that of former days should again befall me—broke upon the mind of me. Instantly I projected very cautiously. The water was clear, and that was a great point. I could perceive my mate, to watch him from a respectful distance, and then, when in opportunity occurred, to seize him by the nape of the neck, and to keep his head out possible—to plunge him arms within my own, and then to land with my load. I was proceeding under water as stealthily as I thought this plan admirable, endeavoring at the same time to catch my breath, when—for I dare not express the horror of that moment!—my arms were suddenly pinioned to my sides by what was grasped at by two wiry arms from behind, and I was dragged forcibly downward. That sensation was indescribable. I felt as if my frame would have burst with emotion, when suddenly—as suddenly as I had been seized—I was released, or loosened; and I felt the wretch's arms beating about frantically in the water around me. I had as yet kept in my breath, but I felt myself assisted exertion, and my chest was relieved by a strong fiercely upward, and not quite enough, for the drowning wretch clenched my leg like a vice before I had reached the surface. The impetus, however, drew him along with me, and the second—one and only second—I emerged into the air, and had just time to turn my head to see the wretch sink, and disappear, without swallowing some of the bitter brine on when down he dragged me again. He now loosed me as he thought he would have me with me. I endeavored to tear his arms from me, but I might as well have tried to wrench off an iron bridle. I dived downward in hopes to rid myself of him, but he kept fast. I grasped the muddy sand at the bottom in my right hand, and, in the water, that was already dark, was made black, and I felt the wretch's face as I brought the hand downward. I made a last effort to tear myself from him, but no! he tightened his arms again; I felt his head burrowing in my neck, and his teeth gnawing my ear. Can I ever forget the horror of that moment? I could hold in my breath no longer; I have a vague recollection of catching him by my hands and attempting to wring to strange him. Then the water began to whirl, and I was conscious of a sensation, almost as a strange, indefinable sensation that felt as a relief—a sensation not unlike that agreeable languor and drowsiness that is felt on the verge of fever, when, too exhausted and weak to be sensible to delirium, the senses become benumbed and indistinct, and surrounding objects rock and swim around in the shape of trees, and fields, and fountains, and cascades, and of friendly and familiar faces. I became exhausted and half unconscious, like one drunk with opium, and a plaintive sound, something between the pealing of bells and the hum of a sea-shell, rang in my ears, and then it dropped lower by degrees, and finally ceased. I was drowned around me. I remember no more.

When I awoke again to consciousness I was in

I may as well relate here from what a casual accident the above somewhat vigorous, but very efficient plan of saving a man from drowning occurred to me. The plan itself is a simple one—it is perhaps the only one that is certain of success in like circumstances, but I do not think I should even have thought of it had it not been suggested to me by the merest chance. A few months previous to the incident I have just described I was bathing with some friends near a large and lofty rock, under which, it was asserted, there was a deep marine cavern. Numerous, it was said, had been the deaths by drowning at this particular spot, for many swimmers had, at different periods, attempted, by diving, to explore the cavern, and had been drowned in the attempt. The very danger of the place made me like it. There was an excitement in it, and we used frequently to attempt an entrance into the cavern; but none of us, I suspect, ever had the courage to proceed to any distance in the dark waters under the rock. To speak for myself, at least—I may say that I was indeed fond enough of diving down and looking into the palpable obscure before me, but I never relished the idea of trusting myself within it. We all, I imagine, contented ourselves with diving down, peeping in, and cruising about as long as breath lasted, and then, when we could remain under no longer, we would return to the surface, resolved not to be outdone by each other in the most circumstantial description of the formation of the cavern, and of the strange and unaccountable sights that, with a little stretch of imagination, we might reasonably be supposed to have witnessed within it—for in truth we were sad braggarts. One day, however, the matter was brought to a test. Tom Wilson, a friend of mine, and one of the boldest and best swimmers that I had ever known, maintained that he had entered the cavern, had explored it thoroughly, had ascertained that the stories of its depth were altogether unfounded, and that, in fact, it was nothing more than a large and unusual hollow in the rock. We were all, of course, very indignant at such an assertion. In fact it was a complete refutation of all our own imaginary descriptions of its depths, horrors, and immensity. Tom persevered in his assertion, and as we looked incredulous, challenged any of us who dared to follow him into it. I accepted the challenge, and, allowing him a moment's start, I dived after him. As I came to the dark mouth of the cavern Tom's feet were just disappearing into it—a little to my dismay, I confess, for I half doubted his being really in earnest. However, I followed slowly after him, taking a slightly different direction, so as not to come into contact with him. I had not gone very far before I begun not at all to like the sensation. I had quite lost sight of Tom, for the water, though limpid to the touch, was perfectly dark, owing to the total exclusion of the light by the overhanging rock. I fancied, too, that I felt oppressed, stifled, as if for want of air in so confined a place (such is the force of imagination), and I began to think of retracing my steps, the more so as I really was getting fatigued; and the slowness of my cautious progress having consumed a considerable time, my breath was becoming exhausted. I was preparing to carry my retreat into execution when my foot was struck violently by a human leg, in a manner not so easy to describe as to understand, which clearly denoted that the person who gave the stroke was struggling desperately and in danger. Of course, under such circumstances, one is wonderfully alive to the necessity of getting out of harm's reach, so I made my way as speedily as possible toward the glimmering light at the mouth of the cavern, and it was with no small relief that I emerged into clearer and more translucid water. My discomposure was considerably increased when, as I was springing upward, I noticed a thin streak of blood tracked perpendicularly through the water from the mouth of the cavern to the surface. This was soon explained, for on coming to the air I saw Tom floating helplessly, and faintly struggling, his head and shoulders bathed in blood. Before I could render him any assistance one of our friends was already helping him to the shore. Tom had fainted from loss of blood, and an infant could not have been more easily drawn to the land. He had struck his head against a sharp corner of the interior of the cavern, but had retained sufficient presence of mind to make his way to its mouth, which he had some difficulty in reaching. It was this incident which suggested to me the plan I afterward adopted. Perceiving how easily he was extricated from the water when powerless, I reflected that it might be possible to render powerless a man whom it was necessary to save from drowning, if the harsh but only available method of stunning him were adopted. But then it is not every man that *will* be stunned. I remember an amusing instance of this. Once, when the rest of us were swimming at some distance from the shore, a good-natured but simple Frenchman, to whom I had imparted my specific for saving the life of a drowning man, perceiving that an Irish gentleman was going through some peculiarly strange evolutions in the water, which he took for drowning, got into a boat, shoved it toward the Irishman, and began belaboring him with a cane. Our Irish friend, of course, did not understand this, and having hunted his persecutor out of the boat, had given the Frenchman the better part of a good thrashing before any of us were able to interfere. He was one, in fact, who *wouldn't* be stunned. But, as a general rule, the stunning plan is a good one, as must be evident from the facility of saving a man to whom has occurred an accident similar to that which befell Tom Wilson.

I will conclude these reminiscences by recalling the melancholy death of poor Tom.

In the summer following the accident of the cavern, a small party of us, of which Tom was one, made an excursion to an island which lay off some dozen miles from the main land. The day was warm, the sea was calm, and every thing passed off pleasantly. We enjoyed ourselves fishing and swimming, and early in the evening started to return home. As we were sailing along under a nice smooth breeze, Tom proposed to have one more swim. No one offered to join him, but we readily consented to lower the sail and wait for him. Into the water he went accordingly, while we availed ourselves of the pretext of delay to take a supplementary luncheon. Our boat drifted with the ripple and the tide, and there was soon a considerable distance between Tom and us. His head would occasionally be seen on the top of a wave, and then he would disappear in a hollow, but no thoughts of danger ever entered our minds. Some of us dozed, some smoked, some ate, some drank, some extemporized on the scenery. The shore stood up grim and stern far off on one side, the island lay indistinct and flat at about an equal distance on the other. At length some one took up a gun to have a shot at a sea-gull; off went the gun, and down came the bird, badly wounded, at some forty yards distance from us. We pulled toward it, but it was no easy matter to overtake it. After a good deal of delay we succeeded. But now we thought it high time we were getting home, and looked around for Tom, but nowhere could we see him. We were sure, at first, that he must be concealed behind the rising of the waves. We pulled toward where we had seen him last, but nothing was visible on the water. Here and there our boat glided, every eye meantime on the look-out. For two hours we continued beating about in every direction, but it was all in vain. Was it possible! Could we credit our senses? Had we seen him sink, it would have been, as it were, some consolation; but that he should thus vanish and "make no sign," was more horrible than could be expressed. We bore away at length, sadly and sorrowfully, from where our friend, so full of joy in the morning, lay now "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

THE OUTRAGE AT JAFFA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

WARE, MASSACHUSETTS. *September* 1, 1858.

SIR,—In the *Weekly* of the 28th ult. was a short commendatory notice of the conduct of "M. De Leon," in relation to the outrage at Jaffa in January last.

I was in Alexandria at the time he received dispatches from Mr. Gorham (United States Consul at Jerusalem), giving him the details of the affair, and asking his advice and assistance; and wish to bear testimony to the promptness and energy shown by M. De L., who, although the matter was not in his jurisdiction, went by the earliest possible conveyance, at the sacrifice of personal comfort and the risk of his life, to aid in bringing the perpetrators of the crimes to justice.

In striking contrast with his conduct was that of Captain Bell, of the United States ship *Constellation*, then at Alexandria, and the only American armed vessel in the Mediterranean. He not only refused to go to the assistance of his suffering countrymen and countrywomen—on the excuse that it was a *dangerous* coast—but as soon thereafter as he could get out of the harbor he left that part of the Mediterranean, and took his vessel to Messina. Had he done his duty, and properly supported the consuls at Jaffa, that outrage would have been promptly avenged, the lives and property of American travelers and residents been more secure, and the recent outbreaks against the Christians would probably have never have taken place.

Yours very truly, S. J. WETHRELL.

THE BEACH COTTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE sea-breeze was coming in at the open window as we smoked our cigars, lampless and candleless. The ladies of the party had retired (ostensibly), leaving us, as my wife informed us, to our Rauchstube (my wife was studying German) and our horrid conversation—"men are so disgustingly censorious when they get by themselves." So we sat gazing out over the moonlit sea, catching the breeze as it swelled and bellied out the muslin curtains, and chasing a desultory conversation as Grant prolonged his promenade to our window and Eyre could cease puffing to vouchsafe a word.

Silence held us bound until, after quite a little time, my eye or my ear happened to catch *something*—whether was it a rustle, or a flutter, or a bat under the ceiling, or what, who could say? But my attention was caught.

So was Eyre's.

I moved in my chair, and "decinerated" my cigar. A flounce, a skirt, a figure was finally revealed.

"Oh, Mr. Smith! I was looking for Mrs. Smith. Has she gone to bed? I was so—so *lonely* in my room."

"Mrs. Smith is a base, deceiving female," I replied. "She informed me an hour since that she was about to seek her widowed couch; but I have reason to believe she is at this moment indulging in unseemly rioting at the other side of the house."

"Oh, thank you! good-night."

[*Exit* Ghost, R. U. E.

Eyre gave a little laugh.

"Poor child!" I said, "she was afraid."

"Humph!"

"You heathen! You think she was trying to 'intriguer' you?"

"I know it," he pronounced.

"You are incorrigible—outrageous! What if she did wish to attract you (which I don't for a moment admit)? She wants amusement. But now!—pshaw!"

"They are all alike. Didn't I overhear Grant just now telling her, as he went up stairs, that I was sitting in this window? They are all alike. But never fear for me. 'I'm not to be had at the price.' Besides, I fancy she is too cool a hand ever to let her heart get away with her. She has it too well in hand. All the interest she will ever lavish upon your humble servant will never waste a pound of her dainty person, or take one shade of color out of those cheeks. How she does 'maneger' poor Charley Bayard! . . . . Shall we drive over to Hewson's in the morning, and arrange about this picnic?"

"By all means. I suppose the women will be wild about it. You won't have some brandy and water? Well, good-night."

The breakfast-table found Eyre and Miss Kennedy laggards. Charley Bayard had long since finished his breakfast.

Eyre came at last, and held the door open for Miss Kennedy, with a sarcastic look and an impudent expression of countenance for which he deserved to have his ears boxed—and I've not the slightest doubt she longed to do it. As they both arrived together they were forced to draw lots for the payment of the fine—fifty cents (for peanuts) and a conundrum—which was always imposed upon the last, but as she confessed herself bankrupt, absolutely beggared by her investments in the inevitable fair, he agreed to draw the short straw—or loan her the amount, if she preferred—on condition of her allowing him to put three questions to her.

No! She was perfectly willing to answer questions—oh, quite so—but she considered questioning impertinent, and didn't choose to submit to it.

She caught the twinkle in Eyre's eye as she looked up, and it prompted her to inform him with a hint and dignity quite disproportioned to the occasion, "that she was not aware what possible questions he could have to ask which could afford the slightest interest to any one." But her antagonist was deep in an egg, and oblivious to all but the charms of biscuit and coffee.

"Jack," he said, suddenly looking up, "have you any chills and fever about here?"

"No," I replied; "but, as the Illinois squatter said, they sha-a-a-ke dre-e-a-a-dful 'bout half a mile d-d-down the r-road."

"Then it *is* prevalent about here?"

"Rosalie and I have never had it—nor the children; but the servants, new ones especially, sometimes have a shake or two."

"Then you ought to warn your visitors. I couldn't but think last night (I was restless and wakeful, and sat smoking in my window until two o'clock), as I saw the mist rolling off the hills down on to the meadows, what a jolly night it was for Johnny Ague. Didn't you think so, Miss Kennedy?"

What there was so very discomposing in the question I do not know; it was a simple question enough, but Miss Kennedy was crimson in a moment—a rare weakness with her, and put down in an instant.

"Really, Mr. Eyre, I know nothing whatever about the matter—and care less," was her composed answer. "If you feel any curiosity upon the subject, I have no doubt you can satisfy yourself by a series of personal observations."

This last was given with peculiar viciousness, as if she wished he would, and catch the devil's own ague.

I don't know how the deuce it was—any other man would have considered himself most confoundedly snubbed, but Eyre went on eating his breakfast with remarkable placidity, and an amazing relish. He *was* an owl in regard to sleeping, and a perfect sleuth-hound on the track of a feminine peccadillo; the slightest clew was enough to give him the key to a whole volume. What could the man have seen?

Miss Kennedy, however, was not the woman to succumb to any one, much less to allow an impertinence (albeit covert) to pass unpunished, and for the next fifteen minutes Eyre was as delicately and cleverly, yet as thoroughly trounced as a man need be. I marveled at him—at the perfect stolidity and ponderous quietude with which he withstood the attack; a twitch of his mustache, or a flicker of the eye, merely marking the appreciation of a connoisseur at an unusually adroit or skillful thrust. I really think the man enjoyed it; and the cool and inscrutable eye with which he rewarded her as she finished was the sublimity of mute eloquence.

"Now, Mr. Bayard," she commanded, as she arose flushed, but only half triumphant, "I expect you to pilot me to that wonderful spring to-day of which Rosalie has been telling me, precisely on the stroke of twelve. She tells me if you look into the spring and count fifty at high noon, you will see your future husband looking over your shoulder."

This sally was received with a shout of laughter, and Charley was strenuously advised by the united voice of the company not to go, or to beware how he looked over her shoulder.

* * * * * * *

As Eyre and I were returning from Hewson's I managed to get out of him (I had promised Rosalie to do it), as we drove along, that Miss Kennedy had been talking to Charley Bayard at her window until one o'clock the night before; and he bespoke my assistance to get Charley out of the way, while he spoke to Miss Kennedy at the spring.

Eyre hurried into the house and got his gun, and started off for the swamp, muttering something about a woodcock; telling Charley Bayard by the way that his dog had run off to the village, and was safe to be awfully thrashed. A few steps brought him to the wonderful spring, and there, sure enough, was the naiad, busily contemplating *something* in the spring—probably the snails. With cat-like steps he crept up and looked over her shoulder. She started up, with a face of the direst bewilderment.

"Miss Kennedy, consider yourself under arrest; you are my prisoner, and I intend to incarcerate you upon that tree trunk until you have given me a promise."

"Mr. Eyre, I protest."

"Your protest shall be noted. Now then, will you voluntarily confess to all your sins and delinquencies, and plead guilty, or must I proceed to recite my *proces verbal*, and summarily indict you according to law?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Eyre; this is the height of absurdity, and I don't understand you."

"Must I proceed to read my indictment, and recapitulate my charges against you, *seriatim et verbatim*, or will you confess at once?"

"Mr. Eyre, I insist upon your putting an end to such a farce. It may be very amusing to you, but I consider that you are infringing the limits of politeness."

"The law takes cognizance of no such word, Miss Kennedy. I am here as prosecuting counsel, and in that capacity I summon you to answer the charges pending against you, and to show cause why judgment should not be passed. I ask you again, will you confess?"

"I deny your right; and once more—"

"I enjoin you to confess."

"*I never will!*"

"Take thought, Miss Kennedy. The confession will come with a better grace from your lips than will the accusation from mine."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do. You know that you have lately, with cruel and treacherous intent, and with culpable thoughtlessness, so looked, and acted, and spoken, as to have utterly usurped and appropriated this poor boy, heart and soul. You have invaded his heart with a cold and pitiless intent, and having established yourself there, you are remorselessly torturing his honest breast for your sole and individual pleasure. He has not a thought, or a feeling, or a wish, but centres in you. He is no longer a free agent; you rule his thoughts, his brain, his impulses, as completely as you rule his heart. Is not this enough for your vanity? Or must you see him ruined for life by a disappointment at its very outset—dragging out a listless existence, embittered by the heartlessness of the woman to whom he has given his all—the first, best, and truest feelings of his heart. He is not even lucky enough to be under the necessity of earning his bread, which might suffice as an antidote to the benumbing effects of a disappointment. His is not the nature which could bear this with impunity."

"Mr. Eyre, I beg—"

"Don't ask for my pity, Miss Kennedy, for I have none to give. It is to you, and such as you, that women are indebted for the verdict of the world which stings them so. They initiate the evil by allowing a spirit of coquetry to usurp their faculties, and the '*lex talionis*' prompts many a man to follow their example. See the evil you have done. Who will comfort this poor boy when he sees your altered manner; and when I meet him, restless and unhappy, and am forced to sit down, and take him by the hand, and tell him that he must 'go that way no more'—that his dream is ended—the play is played, and the curtain fallen; that henceforth he must know you no more, and banish you utterly from his heart? What will that poor mother say when she sees what you have done to her son; when he confides to her, with a boy's bitter tears, what has changed him so? Ay, you may sob, Miss Kennedy, but rivers of tears can not comfort that son and that mother, nor can years of repentance put that heart as you found it."

"Oh, Mr. Eyre, let me see him. I will explain all to him—indeed you are mistaken—"

"No, Miss Kennedy, you may *not* see him. That I will take upon myself. *You* can do him no good. My ministration will be bitter, but it will be wholesome; my knife will be sharp, but it will carry life; and he will need all his strength and all his pride to stand the shock."

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What passed between Eyre and Charley I never knew, but the latter came home late in the afternoon, and went quietly up to his room, and began to pack his trunk I think, for the next I heard of him was a message, through a servant, that he must go to town the next day. I went up to see him and found him quietly putting up his gun-case and making his preparations for departure. He told me, with a proud but grave dignity, that his mother had been alone so long in town that he thought he ought to return; and then he wasn't feeling quite like himself of late, and he thought change would do him good. Poor boy! my hea[rt] ached for him, but he was always as brave as [a] lion. I did not combat him, but bade him God speed, only exacting a promise that he should co[me] down in the autumn.

Eyre was unusually taciturn that afternoon a[nd] evening. Something had evidently disturbed [his] wonted cynical indifference. Late in the evenin[g] as I was on my way to chain up Rory, I met h[im] coming through from the beach by the way of t[he] coach-house.

"Jack," he broke out, as we paced slowly b[ack] to the house, "God forgive me, but I've done a cr[uel] thing. I couldn't help it though. The boy [had] to be saved; but I must be a fearful hypocr[ite]. What right had *I* to talk to that girl as I d[id]? What is it that the Bible says, 'Let him wh[o is] without sin among you cast the first stone.' [I] sometimes think I am an awful villain."

A few days after the picnic we determi[ned] upon a grand spree. The whole party were t[o go] to town by the early boat, and spend the da[y in] the city.

If ever a vision of dazzling beauty floated [be]fore a man's eyes and stole away his sense[s, it] was Helen Kennedy, as she sat under the aw[ning] of the steamer that breezy summer morning, [with] her light flounces rippling in the wind, and pa[rry]ing the attacks of the men with a delicate and [un]affected coquetry. Poor Grant she was enti[rely] too much for; she had wound him up to a red [heat] of bewilderment and despair, and dispatched [him] utterly stranded and confused, to watch for Hun[t's] Point (which we had passed a quarter of an [hour] ago). It was amusing to watch her suddenl[y] set him with all the rollicking fun of a school[girl] and then look on at him hopelessly flounderi[ng in] the mire of his bewilderment, demurely p[ushing] him farther and farther in.

Eyre was sitting by her side as serenely c[alm] as if no perturbing comet could ever shoot withi[n the] placidity of his planetary sphere. Though h[e]

but little, however, he was by no means unappreciating, and I think he thoroughly enjoyed her gayety, her spirits, and her fun—more than he chose to confess, perhaps—his mouth had a very quizzical twist.

We were all to meet at Delmonico's for lunch, and I couldn't but think as Eyre offered his arm to Miss Kennedy as they walked up the wharf together, what a confounded good-looking fellow he was, in his light summer costume, with his broad shoulders and his long mustache and his stalwart limbs.

A day in town in August is no joke, and a very hot party we were, as we sat down to table at Delmonico's, and consumed vast amounts of claret and *frappèd* Champagne. Rosalie and Miss Kennedy had been transgressing orders, and infringing their contract; for besides eleven bundles (by fair count) and a hat-box they had provided themselves with—a dog.

Imagine a dog in August—in the dog-days—a little dog—a little strange dog—a little strange dog who wept and refused to be comforted—and who, when not thus engaged, insisted upon picking a quarrel with all his friends. Fancy this wretched animal quartered upon our party in addition to the box and bundles, and demanding of its unhappy owner, Miss Kennedy, the greater part of her attention and the whole of her person for his performances. (She confessed to Rosalie that he gave her a huge scratch just inside her dress.) His first proceeding was to put his legs into her soup—he then insisted upon licking her face—after which demonstration of affection his ire was excited by Rosalie's bonnet which lay upon a chair, and which he attacked with fiery growls. He wound up his performances by having a grand battle with Grant in the middle of the table over a piece of bread, with one foot in the butter, and his tail covered with ice cream.

We cut a rare figure on our way down to the boat. Miss Kennedy's attention was fully engrossed by her dog, whom Grant, much to her horror and disgust, had discovered he could excite to a pitch of explosive frenzy by squinting at him, and he continued to repeat it at short intervals in the omnibus, highly pleased with the feat.

Eyre insisted upon playing porter and carrying the hat-box from the omnibus to the boat, and making himself very hot and useful generally; but the long cool sail and the glorious afternoon cooled all our grievances, and we arrived at home very tired, but very well contented.

* * * * * * *

The summer lapsed into autumn—and Eyre was with us again, alone.

CHAPTER II.

Charley Bayard had come down by the midday train, and walked over to meet us at Rosalie's instigation. He had come up the hill at my back, just in time to make a royal double shot on a brace of plover, and to spoil mine utterly.

Eyre came up as we were picking up the birds, and it did me good to see their meeting. If ever two men loved one another I believe they did. Such perfect mutual trust and reliance was beautiful to see! Charley was very young, but I don't think a shade of jealousy ever came between them. Their sympathies, their pursuits, their purses were one.

After tea I stood looking out at the sea and the drifting gale, as it swept through the pine-trees and thundered on the desolate beach—half listening to the low-toned conversation about the fire—half thinking some unquiet, restless thoughts. It must be a thoroughly young and strong and healthy spirit which can resist the depressing influences of such a scene, or not strike a note in unison with its dreariness.

Rosalie, who was reading her letters by the fire, suddenly interrupted me by breaking out:

"Oh, Hampton!" she cried, turning to Eyre, "Helen Kennedy is coming down to-morrow to spend a week or two before Thanksgiving."

Eyre gave a grim smile, "crossed" himself, and uttered, "The saints be atune us and harm!"

Rosalie laughed out, "You wretch, I'll tell her!"

"No; but is she really coming?"

"So she says."

I stole a glance at Charley, to see how he took the news; but his face said absolutely nothing.

Well, the young lady came the next day, and Hampton was deputed to drive down to the station for her. As he was about to drive off, Rosalie made a great parade of presenting him with a charm—an amulet to protect his susceptible heart against the wiles of the siren. Deuced little need of it, it seemed to me! It was a delicate little female affair, scented and perfumed, with pink satin covering, and all that; and he got strict injunctions only to open it when "the time came."

Something had come over Miss Kennedy—a change, a nameless charm, which made her absolutely bewitching. It was not that she was gentler, quieter; her spirits were as gay and her wit as lively as ever; but there was a happy light in her eye at times, a soft smile on her parted lips, which made her dangerously attractive. I abandoned her to the other men with a Spartan virtue; but even I, *paterfamilias*, was not too old nor too insensible to feel a twinge or two of jealousy, at which that much-enduring female, the exemplary mother of the little Smiths, would have been exceeding wroth had she known it. Perhaps the confinement to the house, inseparable from the deep wintry weather, may have quieted her spirits somewhat, but she never complained or showed symptoms of restlessness.

We had two or three delightful evenings with music and singing (she was wonderfully accomplished in all those things), and those sober, quiet talks which autumn is so sure to bring in its train. Charley Bayard *seemed* as happy as the day was long. So our only element of awkwardness was removed. No one would have supposed, to look at him, that he was a disappointed lover. No one would have surmised, to have seen him hunting the squirrels with all the zest of a boy on our long walks, or with his sandy head and broad-backed shooting-coat (none too free from rents) bent over a burrow and urging on Rory to scratch his poor little nails off and bark himself hoarse, that the woman who held his heart-strings in her hand was standing at his elbow, equally interested with himself. All her coquetry with him was laid aside, and her demeanor to him was charming.

Eyre was the only one who did not seem to abandon himself fully to the genial influence of the moment. He seemed somehow at variance with himself, and utterly unsettled. He was at times pursued by the very demon of unrest. No room was comfortable to him at those times; no chair could be found to suit his weary restlessness. He would wander into the room and sit down abstractedly for a few moments, and in an instant he would be off again—out at the door to look at the weather, or whistle to Jack and then shut the door in his face, and march in and take up a book and turn over the leaves for a while; then he would whistle to himself, and finally post off down to the beach for a walk.

At other times he would be all himself again, and full to overflowing of life and humor; and then he was the life and soul of the party. What jolly times we had when we all got frolicking like a parcel of children, the dogs enjoying the sport quite as keenly as the rest. Jack seemed to be Miss Kennedy's especial favorite, and it was as good as a play to see her sit and talk to the dog, and teach him all sorts of odd tricks, and quaint, outlandish ways which no one else would ever have thought of, while he would stand looking at her solemnly, with his head cocked on one side and his ears pricked forward, giving a sober wag of his tail now and then, or putting on a face of the most intense doggish wisdom. This seemed to be Eyre's especial torment, and he would sit in a state of ridiculous uneasiness while it was going on, looking at her and then at the dog, then changing his seat, and finally striding out of the house, well knowing that Jack would rush after him, and betake himself to his favorite beach walk. *Once* she tried to detain the dog, and had partially succeeded, when a shrill whistle from Eyre outside was too much for Jack's affectionate eagerness, and in his struggle to get away her dress suffered to a dire degree.

She was chagrined and annoyed. She felt it more than the triviality of the circumstance seemed to warrant, and after that she never attempted to detain him.

I came upon Eyre fifteen minutes after, on my way down to the boat. He was sitting moodily on a stone gazing out over the water, with Jack lying at a little distance. Suddenly he stretched out his hand.

"Come here, Jack, my old boy," he said. "Come and talk to your master. It's a d—d bad world, and the fewer we trust in it the better. You are the only true friend after all."

I withdrew quietly and walked on, sorry and pondering.

One day Rosalie met me in the passage, with her handsome eyes as big as saucers.

"Oh, John!" she said, "what do you think I have discovered?"

"What is it, little woman? A mare's-nest, I suppose, as usual."

"I have just found Helen Kennedy fast asleep on the sofa, and her pocket-handkerchief, soaked with tears, on the floor. The poor child has cried herself to sleep."

And she exhibited the flimsy little article in a most sorry and dismal plight to be sure.

"But that is not all. You know that rose-bud that Hampton gave her in joke this morning? She had that all crumpled up and laid on her hand under her cheek!"

"Whê-u-w! So!"

"John," and her eyes looked me through and through, "what do you think?"

"I think you must be a wise little woman, and keep your own counsel."

"What a wretched, wretched business! Who could have foreseen it? What can you do?"

"Hampton must go."

We were sitting in the billiard-room, smoking, a morning or two after, when Eyre was called out of the room by a servant. I never knew until long after the purport of that message, but its consequences broke up our pleasant coterie for the winter, and scattered the inhabitants of the Gestadehof far and wide.

"Miss Kennedy would like to speak to him a moment in the east parlor."

"The weapons rust for want of use, and they are to be tried on me," was his thought. "I know it, and yet I go. What weak fools we men are!"

I can imagine Eyre's face of pitiless irony as he entered.

"What murderous project upon the peace of the male community can I now assist Miss Kennedy in perpetrating?"

"Mr. Eyre, you were always cold—you have lately been cynical—you are now cruel and unjust. I have not sought this interview only to beg for a truce—to ask for a cessation of hostilities between us—but to ask for a little of your good opinion. Not even the strongest and most self-reliant of us can be always indifferent, and bear with injustice. It is a hard world to fight against, and I sometimes feel that I want sympathy—and help." Here her lip quivered. "Why can we not be friends?"

"I can assure you, Miss Kennedy, that my feelings toward you are of the most friendly nature," said Eyre, in his coldest tone. She *felt* that his face wore that look of stony impassibility which she knew to be as unfathomable as mid ocean.

She sighed as she gazed into the fire with a quivering lip, but in a moment she put aside the weakness.

"It is hard to be repulsed when one has asked for sympathy," she continued; "but I suppose we must all fight the battle of the world alone and unassisted. Each one is too much absorbed in their own private pursuits and interests to give much thought to another. But I sometimes feel as if I wanted assistance. Why do you dislike me so, Mr. Eyre?"

"Really, Miss Kennedy, you are fond of generic terms. Dislike is a strong word."

"You do—you dislike me thoroughly—and you do me injustice in many things where I feel it most keenly. Indeed I am not so bad as you think me."

"I have no right to constitute myself your censor, Miss Kennedy. God knows I am too great a sinner myself to dare to judge my fellows."

"You have not always held those tenets, Mr. Eyre. "You allowed yourself to judge me once, and most cruelly and unrelentingly did you do it."

"It was like the surgeon and his knife, Miss Kennedy: the stroke must be made, though the flesh quivers."

"But you misconstrued me utterly."

"I acted according to the best of my knowledge and belief."

"May you not have been mistaken?"

"I think not."

"Mr. Bayard bears none of the marks of a rejected suitor."

"That, Miss Kennedy, is owing to the innate strength and manliness of his noble heart. He is as incapable of cherishing a malicious thought as was his chivalrous namesake. I have reason to know that many and bitter are the hours of suffering you have cost him."

"You may be right; and one day I trust I shall be allowed to crave his forgiveness. But may not your conclusions have been based upon false premises?"

"How?"

"I may confess it now. I might have loved Mr. Bayard—*should* have loved him—had you not withdrawn him. I thank you for it now; I can see that it was wisely done for both of us. He never—noble, and true, and manly as he is—he never could have insured my happiness. He was too young—too near my own age—to have commanded the respect which I should wish to feel."

"And you were really interested in him?"

"Be generous, Mr. Eyre. Do not abuse the advantage I have given you. Rest assured that you did me cruel injustice. Whatever may have been my thoughts and feelings, I was *not* the heartless coquette you imagined me. Can you not believe it?" she asked, with a piteous smile.

Whether it was the smile, or the tone, or a weakness which he shrank from acknowledging even to himself, his face changed to the coldest impassibility, and the smile with which he prefaced his next sentence was one of glittering irony.

"Miss Kennedy, we are both of us too old in the ways of the world to be the dupes of one another. Such a farce is utterly profitless. Rest assured that I accord you the most sincere admiration and full appreciation of your consummate tact and rare attractions; but I am the dupe neither of my own vanity nor of your finesse. If I err, it is with my eyes open and consenting."

She sat gazing at him for a few moments, white and still, and not a word came to her; and then, with an unconscious movement which brought half a sigh and half a sob, she turned herself to the fire, and was silent.

Eyre was pitiless—as he was even to himself. It was part of his nature; he could not help it. He was unrelenting even in his very pleasures; and many a time have I seen him ride through wind and rain and storm for the attainment of an insignificant object, which was valueless as soon as obtained. But he was pitiless ten-fold when he felt himself the victim of deceit.

"Is my audience at an end, Miss Kennedy?"

He had to wait long for an answer. It finally came, in a stifled voice.

"It is, Mr. Eyre. . . . . I *had* hoped to have justified myself—to have earned your respect—but that is all over now." And then the bitter tears came unrestrained and overflowing.

Eyre had seen tears before—bitter tears of agony and remorse and shame—and his stern nature had never relented; no hesitation or weakness had ever come to him then. Why did he hesitate now?

But he did hesitate, and stood still—waiting until the storm should have passed, and the lull succeeded.

She wept on, utterly unmindful of him, until her tears were exhausted—more and more quietly as relief came to her; and then she sat, with brimming eyes, gazing into the fire.

"I don't know, Miss Kennedy," he said, hesitatingly; "I suppose I must ask your pardon if I have done you injustice, but what can I do. I have been brought up in a hard school, and it has taught me to trust no one, to suspect all men, and to reject whatever comes to me in an alluring or seductive guise. It may be the consciousness of my own weakness, but I must guard it the more jealously—it may be that I go too far, but I err upon the safe side. Heretofore life has but too thoroughly justified my convictions. As yet I have never met with truth, I have never met with honor, I have never met with friendship which put to the test save once—though that noble instance goes far to redeem all. I have had a bitter experience, Miss Kennedy, of which the world knows but little, and out of my weariness I often ask myself, *cui bono?*"

"And yet you seem happy or careless. I often envy you your weighty calm, your strong, healthy, self-reliant nature. I doubt if any ordinary shock could ever move you, if any unwonted influence could ever disturb the tenor of your life. You never feel the want of a friend to guide and counsel you."

"I have learned the folly of it."

"But *I* have not, Mr. Eyre. Why can you not be a friend to me?" she asked, holding out her hand beseechingly, and with quivering lips.

Eyre's color forsook him for an instant, and he walked to the window. Her eyes followed him sadly but tearlessly.

"Is it possible that your antipathy can be so strong?" she murmured. "What can I have done to have repelled you so. Can I be so unamiable, so inestimable that I never can know a true friend?" and her eyes filled with hot tears of bitter regret.

Eyre struggled long and manfully, as he stood with the impetuous surging rush of passion, the hot and fiery impulse of lusty youth, and when at last he turned, the knotted veins were standing out upon his forehead.

"Do not try me too sorely, Miss Kennedy. Do not abuse your power, and trample me utterly into the dust. I am a man, and I share the weakness of men." Then all the barriers of his reserve and caution seemed to give way, and he was swept onward by the impetuous torrent of his love, carrying with it thought, memory, prudence, right—all were swept away. "Yes I, Miss Kennedy—I who have prided myself upon my indifference, my coldness, and my caution—I, old in the ways of the world and despising it, too wary for its wiles, too strong for its allurements; I, Miss Kennedy—hear it, and add it to the triumphs of your vanity—I have succumbed to your fascinations, I have surrendered to a woman! Laugh at me, point at me, say I deserve it! I acknowledge it, and that I have walked into the snare knowingly, weakly, and with my eyes open. Let me confess it now, and make my discomfiture complete. I will humble my pride to the dust. Many a time have I sat in the hall below by the hour together, listening for the sound of your footstep above, thinking myself doubly repaid if I but caught the rustle of your dress. Yes, blind, infatuated idiot that I was, I have walked behind you and plucked the flowers that your dress has brushed against, and fondled Jack in secret for the caresses you had bestowed upon him. I have sat in my window at night watching the light from your window upon the grass and the shadows crossing it, and have walked my room till daylight listening if you stirred. I am a precious dolt, am I not?"

Miss Kennedy sat with clasped hands and parted lips, the hue of all the roses glowing in her cheek; a startled, joyful light shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Hampton!"

That was all she said; a simple word enough, but the tone thrilled to the remotest fibres of his frame. For one single instant he stood drinking in the intoxicating delirium, the next he strode to the mantle-piece and buried his head in his arms with a groan.

Miss Kennedy started up to approach him, but he motioned her away.

"Spare me, Miss Kennedy, spare me, spare me!" he groaned. God help me! I am a wretched unfortunate; I have a wife who has been an inmate of a *maison de santé* these eight years past!"

She stood, looking long at him, with wild eyes and parted lips, the color going out of her lips as she sank down on the sofa.

"Miss Kennedy—Helen—say that you do not love me!" cried Eyre, springing toward her and grasping her hand as she sank down; but the pulse was gone—she had fainted.

With one long, passionate kiss, he laid her back upon the sofa, and hurriedly pulling the bell, he strode out of the room. I met him in the hall, and, with bloodshot eyes, he told me to send Rosalie to Miss Kennedy instantly.

* * * * * * *

The Gestadehof was deserted; its inmates were scattered, and the wintry gales and the snow had it all to themselves. Eyre and Charley Bayard were in England; they had gone abroad immediately after our breaking up, "for a year," Charley said; "forever, he hoped," was Eyre's aspiration. They had wandered, for eighteen months, through France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, the Mediterranean, Egypt, the Red Sea, Cairo, and now they had wintered in England for the fox-hunting. Miss Kennedy had gone South immediately with a relative, and, after a prolonged stay, we had heard that her health was not good, and she was going to Italy.

One morning Rosalie came running into the room, and upset my coffee cup in her eagerness.

"Oh, John," she cried, "just look at this!"

And in the London *Illustrated News* was the following announcement:

"On Thursday, the 21st inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Very Reverend the Bishop of ——, Helen, daughter of the late James Wheaton Kennedy, Esq., to John Hampton Eyre, Esq., all of the city of New York. American papers will please copy."

And, sure enough, our letters by the same mail brought us a "full, true, and particular account" of the "Hanover Square event," as Eyre called it, with strict injunctions to open the Gestadehof as soon as possible, as they meant to favor us by the next steamer—Mrs. John Hampton Eyre having signified her intention to that effect, "*sur le champ" de l'eglise?*

Eyre's poor wife had died six months after he went abroad, and released him from the terrible thralldom to which he had been a slave for eight years; and a few hints to judicious friends had sufficed to accomplish the rest.

We had a jolly reassembling down at the old place. We were all there—all the old set—and Grant, as good-natured as ever, though not yet married. Heaven save the mark! but his marriage was a sublime affair. I may be tempted one day to write its history.

I used quite frequently to happen into Eyre's dressing-room, to consult him about our plans. One day I found the door ajar, and walked in without knocking. I found him standing before the glass quite still and absorbed. I went up to him and looked over his shoulder. It was Rosalie's charm he held in his hand, which had been hidden in a crack of his drawer all these long months, and now turned up just when it was *not* needed. It contained only three words:

"Remember your wife."

Her woman's perceptions had been prescient.



THE NEW BASIN AT CHERBOURG.

CHERBOURG.

We herewith place on record, as landmarks in the progress of practical science, two views of the great basin of Cherbourg, which has just been inaugurated by the Emperor of the French in presence of the Queen of Great Britain and a number of other famous people.

For the better understanding of the great work which has just been completed, it must be said that Cherbourg was naturally a miserable sea-port. The French shore of that channel which the English call the British Channel, and the French La Manche, or the Sleeve, is unhappily badly provided with secure harbors. Havre is molested by a shifting sand-bank, and is unfitted by other causes from being a navy dépôt. Cherbourg, protected on two sides from the winds, and situate just opposite the Isle of Wight, naturally presented itself as a proper home for national vessels. Unfortunately—protected as it was on two sides—it was so unprotected on the others, that in 1692, when a French fleet sailed thenceforth at the instigation of the exiled King James the Second, it was met by the English Admiral, beaten, chased in and out of Cherbourg, and at last utterly destroyed. Again, sixty years afterward, the English and French being as usual at war, Cherbourg was successfully attacked by a British squadron, captured, gutted, and abandoned. These accidents set the rulers of France thinking about the defenses of the port. Vauban drew a plan, the gist of which consisted in a breakwater; but the Great Monarch (as the wretched doll known as Louis XIV. was called) had no money to spare, and the plan remained on paper for over a century.

The first practical beginning of useful work at Cherbourg took place in 1782. In that year the first cone or pier was sunk; it was intended to follow it up with a series of similar cones, the whole to constitute a breakwater. From 1782 to 1790 nine million cubic feet of stone were lodged on the line traced out by the engineers for the breakwater. But so imperfect was the plan, and so spasmodic the exertions, that as fast as the cones were sunk they were destroyed by storms; and in 1790, when the whole work was reviewed, it was found that all that had been done was thrown away. It is said that the last remains of the cones or piers which had cost so much money were destroyed by a peculiar species of *teredo* or worm: it is not stated, however, whether the worm in question had two legs and walked erect.

Napoleon the First saw the necessity of making Cherbourg a safe naval port, and directed the works to be continued on Vauban's plan. They were accordingly prosecuted with success for several years, and strong hopes of their perfect completion were entertained till, one stormy night in 1808, a terrible gale set in, and not only destroyed all that had been done, but engulfed two hundred of the workmen and a heavy battery of guns which had been placed on the breakwater. The Emperor was not the man, however, to be discouraged by an accident. As soon as he had leisure to devote his mind to the subject, in 1811, he gave orders for the revival of the works. They were accordingly resumed, and some substantial progress had been made at the time the combined despotisms of Europe restored the Bourbon dynasty. Thirteen years then elapsed without adding a stone to the breakwater. In 1828, Charles the Tenth, who as a young man had reported on Cherbourg for the Government of Louis XVI., spent some money in following out the plans of the Emperor. His overthrow caused a delay of ten years. In 1840, Louis Philippe resumed the work; and prosecuted it with some vigor. It was continued by the Government of 1848, and at length, in 1853, Napoleon the Third had the satisfaction of completing the breakwater. It is thus described:

The breakwater, the upper portion of which is in masonry, lies for base on immense artificial embankment 2¼ miles in length, by about 900 feet in width, its average height being fifty feet. It is in two unequal parts, forming at their point of intersection an obtuse angle toward the sea of 160 degrees. In general terms, the Cherbourg breakwater may be described as presenting a mass of rubble-stone, of the length and breadth above stated, having a slope from the bed of the sea in the level of nearly 23 feet below high-water line of spring tides, toward the roads in the ratio of one base to one in height (1 to 1). The top of the mass then has a much more gentle inclination, for in the width of 181 feet its inner summit attains the level of 13½ feet below high-water line, and there it slops against a wall, almost vertical, rising 7 feet above the same high-water line or datum.



THE WATER RUSHING INTO THE NEW BASIN, AUGUST 7, 1858.

There is a level platform at this height of 20½ feet wide on the eastern arm, and 21 feet wide on the western arm; and beyond it there is a solid masonry parapet (about 5 feet high, and rather more than 8 feet wide) toward the sea. The outer line of this parapet is, in fact, in the continuation of the sea-face of the wall, and the latter has been built of coursed and dressed masonry, laid with the greatest care, and composed of the very best materials, upon a general bed of hydraulic concrete 5 feet thick, laid over the loose rubble hearting. The bottom of the concrete is about 20 feet below datum. Beyond the edge of the masonry which protects the foot of the vertical wall, the top of the rubble hearting of the breakwater has assumed a slope of 1 in 10 toward the open sea under the influence of storms. This slope continues until the top line has descended to 47 feet below datum, and thence it continues to the bottom at the rate of 1¼ to 1.

The small materials used in the hearting of the breakwater are naturally exposed to be displaced by storms. Of late, however, a very effectual mode of protecting the sea slope has been adopted, consisting of huge artificial blocks, cubing not less than 20 yards, placed upon those portions of the breakwater which are most exposed to the effects of the sea. These blocks are composed of rubble masonry and of Portland cement mortar, the cement being English.

The entire cost of the breakwater has been nearly £3,000,000 sterling. The expense, however, is comparatively trifling when the result obtained is taken into consideration. No matter how tempestuous may be the weather, a sure and safe anchorage exists within its shelter for about fifty sail of the line, and as many frigates.

There are three floating docks, or great basins, at Cherbourg. The first was inaugurated in 1813, by Marie Louise, acting for the Emperor. It was hewn out of the solid rock, and cost ten years' labor. The second was opened on 25th August, 1829, under the government of Louis Philippe. The third is the one to which Louis Napoleon has given his name. It was commenced on 28th June, 1836. The mode in which the stubborn rock was hewn was by a process of mining never hitherto attempted on so large a scale. Shafts were sunk, in the first instance, from which galleries were cut in various directions, which were charged with gunpowder, and exploded by the electric spark. The upheaving and rolling of these immense masses of solid rock, which followed the explosion, formed a series of most imposing spectacles, which were witnessed with great interest by the people of the town. The rock, having been loosened, was removed by trucks on a railway, and thrown into an indented part of the coast called St. Anne's Bay.

The new basin is less in extent than the two others combined, but is greater than either taken separately. In it room can be found for fourteen men-of-war, and the amount of water it will contain is estimated at 1,600,000 cubic metres. The ceremony of flooding it took place on August 7. The Emperor and Empress and their suite were the last persons who trod the cement and granite floor which was to be forever covered with water. But, alas! the long-expected immersion, as a spectacle, was a total failure. The water was to have been let into the excavation, in a great and sudden rush, through one of the two locks that connect this inner basin with the two smaller ones between it and the sea. The water, it was thought, was sufficiently controlled by a dam and caisson. The dam, as already described, was constructed of earth, inclosing a mine at its base. This should have kept the water at the level of the outside dock, while the caisson was floated away. The dam would then have been the only barrier between the vast empty space and the external docks, and, finally, the sea itself. But when the water was admitted up to the dam, either the flood was stronger or the barrier weaker than had been calculated. One end of it was washed away, the mine was destroyed, and it was too late to remedy the disaster. So the great *coup* of the day—the anticipated explosion, the sudden rush of the element, and its first dash and spread over the immense granite level, were all lost.

The ceremony, such as it was, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"At half past twelve their Majesties, with a numerous staff and suite, arrived at the port. Cannon from all the forts announced their approach, gens d'armes were seen trotting across the bridge beyond the broken dam, followed by the escort and a line of carriages. They soon arrived at the triumphal arch leading to the pavilion, around which were grouped all varieties of uniforms. A few minutes afterward, the Emperor and Empress entered it. Whatever the Emperor has to do in public he dispatches with the most business-like celerity. Immediately after his arrival he descended the long wooden stairs that led down to the bottom of the dock. He had the Empress on his arm. They were followed by all the staff and the ladies in attendance, a very brilliant train. A group was formed round the inauguration stone, under which was placed the usual coins and records, amidst the firing of cannon and acclamations of the public. The ceremony was soon over—all the ceremonies have been very brief—and the imperial party reascended. Now ought to have come the grand spectacle, the admission of the waters; the Emperor would have given the signal, the mine would have been fired, and in one mighty bound would have taken possession of it. But its actual entrance was more quiet, it was even humble; a subdued stream from a sluice, opened without noise, crept in and spread itself imperceptibly over the space. There was nothing more to be done, except the bestowal of a blessing on the work by the Bishop of Coutances, with the same state and attendance as the inauguration of a railroad, and the same chanting and prayers. The Bishop and clergy were stationed on the quay, nearly under the stern of the Ville de Nantes. The ecclesiastical ceremony was much longer than the secular form that preceded it. At its conclusion the Emperor commenced a tour of all the workshops and departments of the port. The public dispersed; but of many the retreat was cut off, half-way out, by a line of gens d'armes, and, alas! a bridge withdrawn, which said even more inexorably, 'You can't pass here!' A long circuit of the establishment, through and round the fortified *enceinte*, and out of the western gate, increased the distance to the town to a plurality of miles."

The English have got a queer idea into their heads that Cherbourg is a menace to them. They cling to it with British pertinacity. In fact, the Emperor has only completed a work on which all his predecessors had labored; and which will be a far greater ally to commerce—the chief foe to war—than any thing the French have done this half century.

Miscellany.

—AN English officer who had charge of a gun at the taking of Delhi, and entered the city among the first, thus tells

How a Pandy was Shot.

At the bend of the lane there was a huge tree in which one Pandy had managed to ensconce himself, and, dodging behind a large branch, he avoided every shot we fired at him, while three of our men fell beneath his fatal aim. Two were wounded, and one killed. Sitting close by me were two Afghan Pathans, squatting on their haunches, smoking, and calmly gossiping in Pushtoo. They belonged, I think, to the Guides, but having somehow or other got separated from their corps, probably in the search for loot, had thought my little nook, protected as it was by the picket and guns, as safe and comfortable a place of refuge as they could find. I touched one of these fellows on the shoulder, and said to him, in Pushtoo,

"You Pathans are great shots; why don't you knock that Pandy off that tree?"

"Sahib," said he, "since you wish it, I will kill that Pandy; but why do not the red coats kill him?"

So saying, he raised himself slowly, put up his hookah, and proceeded with great deliberation to load his matchlock, a weapon with a barrel about six feet long, a straight stick for a stock, round which the live-match was wound, and very small bore. Down this he poured a handful of very coarse powder, over that rammed down the ball, and over the ball a bit of cloth, then primed, but all with the greatest gravity and solemnity; then, salaming to me, he dashed across the street, avoiding a shower of balls, and disappeared in a shop on the opposite side, nor was he seen again for some time—rather to my alarm.

We had waited for about a quarter of an hour, when suddenly an old Pathan clutched me by the arm, and pointed. I looked out in the direction indicated, and at that moment the gentleman in the tree fired at us. Suddenly, from the roof of a house close to the tree, up rose our friend, calm and deliberate as ever. He shifted his aim two or three times, and then fired, and over rolled Pandy, from the tree to the roof, from the roof to the street, shot through the forehead.

—When the fight was over the officer took a stroll about the streets, in the course of which he met with an

Adventure in a Zenana.

I was close to a huge gateway, when I detected a movement behind one of the wooden gates, which was open and folded back; a moment's delay might be death. I drew my sword and cocked my revolver. An old Mussulman tottered out, and, falling at my feet, clasped me round the legs and begged for mercy. I questioned him as to who he was, what he was doing, to whom the house belonged, et cetera. For some minutes he could not articulate for fear; but as soon as he saw that I had no intention of hurting him his instincts returned, and he commenced lying with great volubility; so, catching him by the arm, and holding my pistol to his forehead, I desired him to show me over the house, clearly explaining to him that, whatever happened to myself, if he led me into any trap I would blow his brains out. . . . .

We proceeded together to the door of the zenana, and, after some expostulation from within, were admitted, passing through two or three passages, and crossing once or twice the roofs of houses. We at length reached an apartment where three old women were spinning, and a fourth lay on a bed crying passionately. The room might have been called the Temple of Luxury. Large, lofty, and with arched ceilings, the upper walls were covered with illuminative designs; round the room, for about the height of six feet, a kind of padded wainscoting of yellow silk was fastened, so as to form an easy back for the lounger sitting on Turkish cushions, while rich carpets covered the floor. Opening from either side of the apartment were the gussul-khana, or bathing-rooms; the buruf-khana, or ice-house; the baberchi-khana, or kitchens: all fitted up in the most splendid manner with all the apparatus of luxury. Round the room were ranged atta-dans, or perfume-boxes; pan-dans, or pawn-boxes; and peek-dans, or spittoons, of solid silver. Two hookas—one lighted and ready for use—literally covered with gold, turquoise, and emerald—caught my sight; and two small gold lamps, studded with alternate diamonds and rubies, and inscribed with verses from the Koran, gave out a strong perfume and a bright light, in front of an enormous mirror which occupied one end of the room. Were I to say that the effect produced on the mind by the appearance of this apartment was a blaze of gold, silver, and jewelry, I should not exaggerate. The old women, seeing me, dropped their wheels, and, falling on their knees, howled for mercy; while the lady on the charpoy, in whom I recognized my former vision, buried her head in a shawl and wept more violently than before. I made the old man assure the women of their safety, and stepped up to her and whispered in her ears a few words in her native tongue. She slowly raised her head and drew up her vail. A face more lovely I never beheld. She asked if I intended to kill her. I replied with assurances of comfort and protection.

I arranged a plan for her. That evening, disguised as a boy, she and her attendants passed through the gates of the city, and she reached my tents in safety, with all her property in money, jewels, shawls, and clothes. My servants were too old and too confidential to blab; and as I gave my own tent entirely to her and her servants, and returned to sleep in the city, with directions that no one should be allowed inside my inclosure, the adventure was never known. Two days afterward I contrived her safe escape to the Punjab, with all her portable property and servants, including my ancient guide, who blessed me most fervently when we parted, and requested Heaven to make me a General quickly—a prayer which I hope may be granted; but I rather doubt it.

—BISHOP WHATELY thus points out the differences between

Grace and Elegance.

Grace is, in a great measure, a natural gift; elegance implies cultivation, or something of more artificial character. A rustic, uneducated girl may be graceful; but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well trained. It is the same with things as with persons; we talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or other building. Animals may be graceful, but they can not be elegant. The movements of a kitten or a young fawn are full of grace; but to call them elegant animals would be absurd. Lastly, "elegant" may be applied to mental qualifications, which "graceful" never can. Elegance must always imply something that is made or invented by man. The general rule is, that elegance is the characteristic of art; and grace, of nature.

—HERE is a philosopher's opinion of

Women:

Women remark manners far more than characters. The mental force which might be compressed and pointed into a javelin to pierce quite through a character, they splinter into little tiny darts to stick all over the features, complexion, attitude, drapery, etc. How often have I entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, etc., were critically appreciated and self-complacently condemned; but at the same time with the bold consciousness that the inquisition could reach no further. I have said within myself, "My character—that is, the man—laughs at you behind this vail. I may be Satan for what you can tell; and you would not perceive, neither, if I were an angel of light."—JOHN FOSTER.

Random Readings.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none are just alike, yet each believes his own.—POPE.

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.—HERRICK.

I call by the name of wisdom, knowledge rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God.—DR. ARNOLD.

The gods in bounty work up thorns about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Nothing is more absurd than the common notion of instruction: as if science were to be poured into the mind like water into a cistern, that passively waits to receive all that comes.—HARRIS.

Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.—JOHNSON.

Act well at the moment, and you will have performed a good action to all eternity.—LAVATER.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.—Genius has limits, virtue has none: and every one pure and good can become purer and better still.—RICHTER.

GOD'S LOVE.—To do good is of the very nature of God, as it is the nature of fire to warm, and of light to shine.—CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

PLEASURE.—All pleasures must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true pleasure is just this—for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—JOHN FOSTER.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses—as Nero did with gold—so it is to spend time in trifles.—MASON.

Science is too lofty for measurement by the yard of utility; too inestimable for expression by a money standard. These groveling ideas of the objects of science, which constantly jar it in its intercourse with the world, ought to find no response in the breast of any devotee who would draw inspiration from its shrine.—PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—It is an excellent circumstance that hospitality grows best where it is most needed. In the thick of men it dwindles and disappears, like fruits in the thick of a wood; but where man is planted sparsely, it blossoms and matures, like apples on a standard or espalier. It flourishes where the inn and the lodging-house can not exist, and dies out where they thrive and multiply.—HUGH MILLER.

LOVE AND HOPE.

I have heard many say
Love lives on hope; they know not what they say.
Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life.
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame
In silence and in secret, though they knew
They fed the scorching fire that would consume them!
Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
SHAKSPEARE.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—POPE.

The person whose clothes are extremely fine I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.—GOLDSMITH.

A Christian is the highest style of man.—YOUNG.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—HORNE.

Oh, Death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the uncommunicative dead, what art thou?—LILLO.

Work with boldness and with speed,
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell.—CARLYLE.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.—FRANCIS.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A FEW evenings since, a gay party of Astorians were enjoying a moonlight sail upon the East River, when it was proposed to stop and visit Fort Schuyler. "For what purpose?" asked Wormwood; "what will be done when we go there?" "What will be done!" replied the mover of the proposition (a waggish Astorian), "why the soldiers *will present* arms, and the ladies *will fall in!*"

A FLORAL SENTIMENT.—If you wish for "Heart's-ease," never look to "Marry gold."

The surest way to lose your health is to be all the time drinking that of other folks.

A CAPTAIN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—Another fine old sailor of the past day, as brave as Cæsar, but whose Commentaries, if he had written them, might not have been quite so good (as the schoolmaster had not gone abroad in his youth), commanded a ship of the line at Trafalgar, and pushing, as he would be sure to do, into the thickest of the fight, had two or three of the enemy's ships belaboring him at the same time; the *sauve tête*, or splinter netting, was cut away, and having knocked him down, entangled him in the meshes. On getting clear, stunned and excited by the blow, he cried out, "Let un come on, let un come on; let a dozen on un come on—I'm blowed if I strikes—I'll never strike—no, never—to nobody whatsomdever!" And a most effective speech this was; it was heard on one deck and repeated on the others in the pauses of the firing, and the hearty guffaw with which it was received was more exhilarating than any amount of blank verse.

Why is the letter S like a sewing machine?—Because it makes needles needless!

We are sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocency; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not go to the robin redbreast, who chants as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

A Hibernian had come far to see Niagara, and while he gazed upon it, a friend asked him if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. To which he replied, "Never a bit, man; never a bit! Sure, it's no wonder at all that the wather should fall down there, for I'd like to know what could hinder it."

THE FIRST GRAY HAIRS.

A silver tress is 'mid thy hair
I never saw before—
The first that time hath woven there,
To warn thee youth is o'er!
But think not I can love thee less
Because thy youth departs;
Ah, no! that little silver tress
More closely binds our hearts!

It is decreed that youth must pass,
Why should it be deplor'd?
For in our child (as in a glass)
I see thy charms restored!
Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face;
And nut-brown is her hair—
Like thine, sweet love! ere I could trace
One tress of silver there.

Those people who turn up their noses at the world might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again.

Here is a specimen brick of slang advertising, cut from a late London paper:

ONCE TRY, YOU'LL COME AGAIN
TO HARRIS'S
(Established upward of 20 years),
SLAP UP TOG, AND OUT AND OUT KICKSIES BUILDER,
1 B*** H***, HATTON GARDEN,
23 ditto (late Driscoll's), and
33 W***** STREET, SOMERS TOWN.

Mr. H. nabs the chance of putting his customers awake that he has just made his escape from India, not forgetting to clap his mawleys upon some of the right sort of Cotton, when, on his return home, he was stunned to find one of the top manufacturers of Manchester had cut his lucky, and stepped off to the Swan Stream, leaving behind him a valuable Stock of Moleskins, Cords, Cloths, Doeskins, etc., and having some ready in his kick, grabbed the chance, stepped home with the swag, and is now safely landed at his crib. He can turn out Toggery of every description very slap up, at the following low prices for

READY GILT—TICK BEING NO GO.

Upper Benjamins, built on a downy plan, a monarch to half a finnuff. Slap up Cloth Togs, 1 pound 1 quarter and a peg. Moleskin ditto, any color, lined with the same, 1 couter. A pair of Kerseymere Kicksies, any color, built very slap up, with the artful dodge, a canary. Pair of stout cord ditto, built in the "Melton Mowbray" style, half a sov. Pair of Broad Cord ditto, made very saucy, 9 bob and a kick. Pair of Moleskin, all colors, built hanky-spanky, with double fakement down the side, and artful buttons at bottom, half a monarch. Pair of stout ditto, built very serious, 9 times. Pair of out and out fancy sleeve Kicksies, cut to drop down on the trotters, 2 bulls. Waist Togs, cut long, with moleskin back and sleeves, 12 peg. Cloth ditto, cut slap, 14 peg.

Mud Pipes, Knee Caps, and Trotter Cases, built very low.

A decent allowance made to Seedy Swells, Tea Kettle Purgers, Head Robbers, and Flunkeys out of Collar. N.B.—Gentlemen finding their own Broady can be accommodated.

☞ OBSERVE THE ADDRESS!

SERIOUS REMARK BY A ROGUE.—A sanctified thief, hearing of the proposed bill for the greatly required improvement of the law in criminal cases, made a grimace, and said, "It will increase our trials!"

A TOAST FOR YOUNG AMERICA.—"Here's to the Flag of Stars and Stripes, and may it dash its stars if it doesn't soon outstrip the entire world!"

THE LETTER X.—In algebra x stands for an unknown quantity. It is pretty nearly the same with Beer. Double X and Treble X only too frequently stand for an "unknown quantity"—of hops.

A noted miser, having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion it was from *enlargement of the heart.*

"With all thy faults I love thee *still*," as the man said to his wife when she was giving him a curtain lecture.

"Westminster Hall," said pompous Lord Thurlow, "is open alike to the richest and the poorest." "Yes, my lord," said Erskine, "and so is the London Tavern."

A young physician, a recent graduate, was asked why he had not gone to see his father, who had just died. The father lived in Indiana, the son in Virginia. He replied, that "the intense torridity of the circumambient atmosphere had, by its condensation, so diluted the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous River Ohio, that, with the most superlative reluctance, I had to procrastinate a premeditated egress into the palatinate province, until the morbid excitement of the pericranium had extinguished the vital spark."

A celebrated oculist being called on the stand as a witness in a court of justice—one of the counsel asked him "if he was present at the transaction." Brief-wit anticipated the oculist and said, "Surely you know he is an *eye* witness."

Men are very apt, in relating any incident, to express themselves in terms belonging to their own occupation or profession. Here is a case in point. An acquaintance of ours who had been recently appointed to the office of notion in a neighboring town, and who was fully sensible of the importance of the office, met us the other day, and after the usual salutations, said to us, "you have old Jim Dove—down in our town?" "Oh, yes," we answered. "Well," said he, "we've got him *posted*."

The learned and venerable Chief Justice of the State of Illinois—sometimes confounded by jokers with the lesser but same time arguing a point of law before him, which his honor evidently could not find in his memory. At length the counsel, to illustrate his point, commenced, "now, may it please your honor, according to Blackstone, and *some* others, *ergo, and fenders*?"

The impression which the peculiar size of the pocketbook and the capacity of the pocket in which the former were stabled.

The best shot ever heard of has been made in Calais, Maine, where a young man killed a partridge with a rifle at the birth of a dog, and the next morning found the animal dead, the bullet having killed him in the night. The ingenious race of Englishmen, from Gordon Cumming down, to any similar publication which may have the misfortune to be neglected to beat this.

Yankees are universally allowed to be unrivalled in answering questions, but quite Irish loquacity with Yankee interrogation met on equal ground in a pilot of a steamboat, but raised in Vermont, was rebuked by the latter with whom she was living for her unnecessary curiosity to ask questions. Closing the rebuke, the lady remarked, "You bet that I'm from Vermont, where, for true to nature, the girl replied, "do the cows ask many questions?"

Lord Byron once said: "You never know a man's character until you have been married or have set up a partnership with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—No horse ever found a mare's nest. That discovery can only be made by a donkey.

When does a cow become real estate? When turned into a field.

A man in Vermont was so dirty that the assessors taxed him at real estate.

Washington visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I shall return my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, Sir," was replied, "it was to be more."

A Mr. Downing, of Red Wing, Minnesota, was pursued by a mad cow, and only saved himself from injury in a horse-cart trick, which he had barely time to reach, but where he sat in safety, looking down with a grin on the cow, and very much angry passion, at the ox who was trying the tongue of his horse in a manner not warranted, by butting the butt of the tree. There are Minnesota puns.

Dr. Samuel Johnson abominated puns. He defined punster, "a low wit who endeavors at reputation by double meaning." And he even carries this bitter feeling beyond the pale of wit, when he pointed out a sentiment of which he gives this definition: "A young, inexperienced, unmarried writer." Of Lieutenant-General Sigmund Cullintaine, the Italian tutor at the Academy, she beholds this sentiment fulfilled. He delivered a course of experiments in *Harper, in Punch, in Leslie*, and others of that class. Occasionally he is absent, and then a shudder of one of these horrors, even in a daily print! He declared, on the night of the last Friday, that any person who dared to pen a pun should be sent for punishment to the penitentiary.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Sept. 6, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the past for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Sept. 4, 1858	$3,510,417	$1,597,202
Corresponding week, 1857	3,576,962	1,140,611
Decrease	$66,459	
Increase		$456,947

The export of specie was only $562,057; rather more than a third of the amount of the corresponding week last year.

Money is a shade dearer than it was. It may be quoted at 5@6 on call on mixed and 6@7 on the commercial paper, according to quality and date. Exchange on Europe is about the same; very many sellers at 9½@ 10, with few transactions at the higher figure; on Paris at 5.12½@5.11.

The Stock Exchange has been dull throughout the week, with no particular movement in prices. It is understood that the New York Central Railroad Co. will endeavor to compromise their difficulties. The following table shows the movement of the Boston Exchange last week:

	Aug. 28.	Sept. 4.
Missouri 6s	84½	84½
La Crosse Land Grants	7	7
Delaware and Hudson	93	93
Pacific Mail	104	104
Illinois Central	114	114
New York Central	80	79½
Erie	18	18
Hudson	38¾	38½
Reading	46¼	46¼
Michigan Southern	24¾	23½
Michigan Central	50	49½
Galena	84	83½
Cleveland, Toledo, & Chicago	72¾	71¾
Toledo	54	54
Illinois Central	84	84
La Crosse	7½	7½
Milwaukie and Mississippi	19½	19½

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept. 6, 1858.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been generally quiet for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, the demand having been, to a large extent, supplied from the stocks of the speculators for home consumption, and for Europe and Cuba. On Thursday and Friday Wheat was nearly sought. Shortly on operations in Corn were less as fair request at strengthening prices. Provisions have attracted considerable attention, and we have also Coffee, Crude and Refined Sugars and Teas, closing firmly at our noticed figures. . . Hay and Hops have been more inquired for. . . Seeds and Linseed have also been freely dealt in. . . The trade in Dry Goods is moderately active for Spring and Summer fabrics, the selling stocks of fabrics not exactly adapted to the wants of buyers. Standard and choice fancy productions are generally firm. The Dry Goods import during the week amounts to $1,597,202, and the withdrawals for consumption, the week previous, to $1,140,611. The value of the imports since January 1 reached $41,742,368 against $76,193,018 the same week last year. . . The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable activity. . . We append a brief list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine and Extra Flour, per bbl.	$3 70	@ $4 85
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 50
Superfine to Extra Western, per barrel	4 90	@ 5 30
Extra Western, per barrel	5 10	@ 5 90
Extra up to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 75	@ 6 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 60	@ 6 50
Extra to Double Extra, per barrel	5 75	@ 6 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 85	@ 4 00
Corn Meal, per bbl.	3 25	@ 3 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 10	@ 1 15
White, per bushel	1 15	@ 1 20
Rye, per bushel	73	@ 76
Barley, per bushel	60	@ 65
Western Oats, per bushel	30	@ 33
State Oats, per bushel	36	@ 38
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	42	@ 45
Canadian Oats, per bushel	38	@ 40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@ 12½
Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@ 87½
Prime Pork, per barrel	15 50	@ 16 00
Mess Pork, new, per barrel	17 00	@ 17 50
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@ 9 50
Beef Hams, per barrel	19 00	@ 20 00
Cut Meats, per pound	8	@ 9
Lard, per pound	11½	@ 11½
Butter, Ohio, per pound	14	@ 17
Western Butter, per pound	13	@ 17
Cheese, per pound	7	@ 9
Rice, per 100 pounds	5 75	@ 6 75
Tea, Coffee, per pound	24	@ 30
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@ 8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	27	@ 30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7½	@ 8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 35
Crude Tallow, per pound	9	@ 9½
Refined Tallow, per pound	10	@ 11
Hops, per pound	8	@ 12
Crude Petroleum, per gallon	40	@ 45
Tallow, per pound	10	@ 10½
Coal, per ton, at per 2000 pounds	3 75	@ 4 25
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	43	@ 48
Pig, per barrel	15 75	@ 16 00
Common Boots, per 100 pounds	165	@ 170
Leaded Gilt, per pound	14	@ 16
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@ 14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	7	@ 14
American Fleece Wool, per pound	37	@ 46
Do. Pulled, per pound	30	@ 40

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Sept. 1.

	1857.	1858.
Coffee, packages	111,250	45,417
Sugar, boxes, etc.	16,346	13,264
Hemp, tons	1,000	1,000
Hides, number	17,000	22,393
Hides, number	312,776	64,478
Saltpetre, hogsheads	11,177	6,719
Molasses, barrels	14,881	2,543
Rice, tierces	17,000	17,000
Beef, tierces and barrels	9,057	6,129
Rum, hhds.	4,000	4,200
Rice, bags	3,000	3,000
Cotton, packages	90,843	66,926
Sugars, boxes	12,393	15,196
Sugars, hhds. and tierces	11,179	9,171
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	6,000	11,921
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	4,505	4,021
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	2,000	1,000

Breadstuffs.—Flour, 1 p. c. decl. For Liverpool—Cotton, 1 @ 3-32d. per pound; Flour, 3d. per barrel; Grain, 1½d. per bushel; Provisions, unchanged. The stock of flour in store and afloat is 1,000,000 barrels, and of wheat 2,000,000 bushels. Other ports proportionate. Receipts of Flour, 1,000,000 barrels; Wheat, 2,000,000 bushels.

Dry Goods.—Jobbers' Markets, last Wednesday were less active, the large purchases having interrupted business. Many of the retailers replenished their supplies on Thursday preceding. Ahem, on the regular market-day, trade in Boston was dull, and prices were unsettled. The Milch Cows were in stock request, at previous figures. Veal Calves were in moderate request, at former rates. Sheep and Lambs were plenty, and, at the close, lower, but not very freely. Swine were in fair request, and in steady change, with a moderate inquiry. The reported sales of Cattle, made during each of the last five days, are compute as follows:

	Week ending Aug. 28.	Week ending Sept. 4.
Beeves	6,101	6,704
Milch Cows	191	191
Veal Calves	501	491
Sheep and Lambs	5,000	5,000
Swine	6,763	9,056

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday, there were about 1,000 Texans:

Illinois, 1,472	Indiana, 599
Ohio, 1,000	Kentucky, 600
New York, 743	Pennsylvania, 19
Missouri, 1,000	

The range of prices according to the actual sales of the Live Stock at the Forty-fourth City Market last week was as follows:

Extra Premium Beeves, per pound	7 @ 8	
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	30 @ 46	
Veal Calves, per pound	6 @ 7	
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 50 @ 5 00	
Do. per pound	5 @ 6	
Live Swine, per pound	6 @ 6	
Dressed Hogs, do.	7 @ 8	
Hooting Pigs, each	2 00 @ 2 50	

The Fish and Oyster Markets are well supplied with the leading articles, and prices generally rule low. The following are the receipts last week:

Blackbellies, per basket	2 25 @ 2 50
Do. per barrel	7 @ 8
Hucklebellies, per basket	2 25 @ 2 75
Do. per barrel	7 @ 8
Pears, do.	1 25 @ 1 50
Peaches, per basket	1 00 @ 1 50
Plums, per basket	1 00 @ 3 00
Sweet Potatoes, per bushel	75 @ 1 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 75 @ 2 25
Potatoes, new, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Onions, new, per barrel	1 50 @ 2 50
Do. per bushel	75 @ 1 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00 @ 6 00
Cucumbers, per 100	1 00 @ 1 50
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Green Corn, per 100 ears	25 @ 50
Watermelons, per 100	12 00 @ 15 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 50
Nutmeg Melons, per basket	50 @ 75
Cucumbers, per 100	75 @ 1 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	10 @ 11
Eggs, Western, per dozen	10 @ 11
Chickens, per pair	37 @ 50
Fowls, per pound	10 @ 12
Fowls, per pair	50 @ 62
Ducks, per pair	62 @ 75
Turkeys, per pound	10 @ 12
Turkeys, per pair	1 50 @ 2 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50 @ 2 00
Quails, per dozen	1 50 @ 2 00
Snipe, Meadow, per dozen	62 @ 1 00
Snipe, Beach, per dozen	50 @ 75
Plover, per dozen	1 50 @ 2 25

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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JACOB LITTLE, ESQ.

PERHAPS no man out of the political world has been more famous throughout the United States than the gentleman whose portrait we give on this page. Like all other conspicuous characters, he has had his share of abuse as well as praise; but, praised or blamed, no man at present living has exercised a larger influence in the financial world, nor has any one contrived to attract more general attention from the moneyed community.

Like most of our financial magnates, Mr. Little came to the city poor. He was, like many other great and good men of this State in our day, a New Englander by birth. Born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1797, he set out to seek his fortune in New York when he was twenty years of age. It is understood that, though he did not arrive here precisely in the condition claimed for most heroes at their first start in life—barefoot and hungry—he had no superfluity of property, and no assets to speak of, except a quantity of spare time and a pretty clear head. To what vocation his first efforts were directed we are unable to state; but shortly after his adoption of New York as his home, he found himself a clerk in the counting-houses of the famous old Quaker, Jacob Barker.

Not many days since the writer met Mr. Little in Wall Street, in company with a very old gentleman, with whom he was in earnest and respectful conversation. When the pair separated, Mr. Little, rather more excited than is his wont, asked of the writer,

"Do you know that old gentleman? That, Sir, is my old master, Jacob Barker. How well he looks!"

To one who had been in the habit of regarding Mr. Little as a mere man of money—a bull or a bear, as they say in Wall Street—there was something quite touching in the affectionate look which the old man cast over his venerable "master" as he tottered down the street, and in the humid twinkle of the eye which old reminiscences seemed to have excavated.

In the days of Jacob Barker, long before the revulsion of 1837, before the revulsion of 1825, the Quakers were a power in the commercial world. They were an honest, industrious, and extremely shrewd race of merchants; not devoid of humor and sarcasm; and though religious non-combatants, not in the least disposed to allow themselves to be the victims of coppery. One of this fraternity—a dealer in specie and exchange, and a large purchaser of gold coin—one day left his counting-house in haste, and crossed the street to accost a friend. He had just purchased a quantity of doubloons, which he had omitted to look up in his safe. The office was empty. When the old Quaker returned the room was in the same condition—no one was in it—but one of the bags of doubloons was missing. The Quaker looked up the others, and opened not his mouth on the subject of the loss. Days passed, and weeks; but no reward was offered; no policemen were set on the track of the thief; the old Quaker bore his loss stoutly. Two or three months afterward his neighbor, a small mercantile man, happened to be in his counting-room, conversing on the topics of the day. Suddenly turning to the Quaker, he inquired,

"By-the-way, friend, ——— did you ever hear any thing of the bag of doubloons you lost?"

Up started the old Quaker in an instant:

"Then're the thief, John! then're the thief! *I never told any one I lost the bag!*"

Needless to say that the doubloons were restored, and the clumsy rogue pardoned, with a caution to go and sin no more.

Of Mr. Barker himself a story equally characteristic has been told. To some readers it is very familiar; but as there are many to whom it will be new, we may as well repeat it here. Mr. Barker was a large ship-owner. He had many ships at sea, and—as was the custom in those days, before Maury had mapped the tides and the winds—some of them were constantly being lost. One of Mr. Barker's ships had been a long time out of port. Fears were entertained for her safety. Sharing the general anxiety, Mr. Barker called at a Marine Insurance office, and expressed his desire to effect a fresh insurance on the vessel. The office demanded a high rate of premium. Mr. Barker offered a lower figure. Without coming to any understanding Mr. Barker left the office. That night a swift messenger from New England brought him news of the total loss of the vessel.

He said simply, "Very well." Next morning, as he drove down to his counting-house, he stopped at the insurance office. He did not get out of his carriage, but, summoning the secretary from his seat, he observed, quietly:

"*Friend*, then need not make out that policy; *I've heard of the ship.*"

"Oh, Sir!—but, Sir—Mr. Barker," stammered the cunning secretary, dashing back into the office, and rummaging again in a moment, "we've made out the policy, and you can't back out of it."

"How so, friend?" asked the old Quaker very demurely.

"When you left last evening we agreed to your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you must take it. See, here it is!" and a clerk at that moment brought out the policy, with the signatures hardly dry.

"Well, friend," said old Jacob placidly, "if then will have it, I suppose I must take it." And he put the policy in his pocket, and drove to his office. Before that evening the Insurance Company and all the world had heard of the loss of the ship.

It was under this shrewd, cautious merchant that Jacob Little passed his apprenticeship to trade. He was five years in Jacob Barker's office. When he left it he set up for himself as an exchange and specie broker. It is said that, in those humble days, Mr. Little used to spend the daylight hours in his office, ready to buy or to sell specie or bank-notes to any chance customer; and that the evening he devoted to a regular round of visits to large retail houses, of which he bought all the uncurrent money they had to sell. Many years must have passed before his business became worthy of public notice. How many hundred specie and exchange brokers there are in this city whose names even no one ever heard out of their little circle; and who, living from hand to mouth, might make fortunes, or break, or die out altogether, without so much as a line in a money article! Such was Jacob Little till about twenty years ago.

Twenty, or perhaps twenty-five, years ago the young broker began to be generally and favorably known. It began to be understood that he was uncommonly energetic, honest, and prompt. The current quotations for exchange could be had without an instant's delay at his office. He was always there; always ready to give a prompt and correct answer; always ready with his check-book to buy uncurrent funds at higher rate than any one else. Orders given to him to purchase stocks (though stocks were less thought of in those days than they are now, and railroads had hardly been invented) were invariably executed honestly, shrewdly, and promptly. Jacob Little began to be known—began to have correspondents in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans.

At that time a business was carried on between New York and the South, the gist of which was the exchange of notes for specie. It was a very profitable business, and seemed to be a growing one, though it has long since died out. Into this business Mr. Little entered, placing himself in competition with the magnates of finance. He succeeded. He was more assiduous and far quicker than his rivals. He lost no time in frivolous gayeties; gave his whole soul to his work; and while his competitors were deliberating he decided, acted, and carried off the prize. His business increased with strides so stupendous as to be scarcely credible.

As a broker, his expenditure had always been trifling; and net profits



JACOB LITTLE, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

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"Well, friend," said old Jacob placidly, "if then will have it, I suppose I must take it." And he put the policy in his pocket, and drove to his office. Before that evening the Insurance Company and all the world had heard of the loss of the ship.

It was under this shrewd, cautious merchant that Jacob Little passed his apprenticeship to trade. He was five years in Jacob Barker's office. When he left it he set up for himself as an exchange and specie broker. It is said that, in those humble days, Mr. Little used to spend the daylight hours in his office, ready to buy or to sell specie or bank-notes to any chance customer; and that the evening he devoted to a regular round of visits to large retail houses, of which he bought all the uncurrent money they had to sell. Many years must have passed before his business became worthy of public notice. How many hundred specie and exchange brokers there are in this city whose names even no one ever heard out of their little circle; and who, living from hand to mouth, might make fortunes, or break, or die out altogether, without so much as a line in a money article! Such was Jacob Little till about twenty years ago.

Twenty, or perhaps twenty-five, years ago the young broker began to be generally and favorably known. It began to be understood that he was uncommonly energetic, honest, and prompt. The current quotations for exchange could be had without an instant's delay at his office. He was always there; always ready to give a prompt and correct answer; always ready with his check-book to buy uncurrent funds at higher rate than any one else. Orders given to him to purchase stocks (though stocks were less thought of in those days than they are now, and railroads had hardly been invented) were invariably executed honestly, shrewdly, and promptly. Jacob Little began to be known—began to have correspondents in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans.

At that time a business was carried on between New York and the South, the gist of which was the exchange of notes for specie. It was a very profitable business, and seemed to be a growing one, though it has long since died out. Into this business Mr. Little entered, placing himself in competition with the magnates of finance. He succeeded. He was more assiduous and far quicker than his rivals. He lost no time in frivolous gayeties; gave his whole soul to his work; and while his competitors were deliberating he decided, acted, and carried off the prize. His business increased with strides so stupendous as to be scarcely credible.

As a broker, his expenditure had always been trifling; and net profits

of four thousand a year be considered magnificent. But from the six prizes now suddenly leaped to a hundred thousand; thisdoubled and quadrupled; and in the height of his success as a specie, exchange, and money-broker, he actually netted over eight hundred thousand in a single year, clear profit, all losses deducted.

An anecdote of the most extraordinary of his facilities—his quickness of perception—may serve in some measure to explain his wonderful success. A man came to his counter with a draft on Boston. Mr. Little gave him at once a $500, a $100, and a $20 bill. The man left. In a few moments he returned, saying,

"Mr. Little, Sir, I think you made a mistake. That was a draft for $620 I gave you, and you have only given me $620." And he held out the $100 and the $20 notes.

With almost fierce sharpness—the tone familiar to all who know Mr. Little—he asked the man, "Where was you born?"

"To the Bank of America, to deposit my money, and it was there I—"

Mr. Little did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. Dashing on his hat, he ran out, hastened to the bank, and returned, in almost less time than it has taken to tell the story, with the missing $500 bill in his hand.

"Here, Sir," said he, to the overjoyed customer: "you dropped your bill at the bank counter, and if I had been a quarter of an hour later you would never have seen it again, let me tell you."

There came a time when the specie business fell away, and Mr. Little's profits declined in consequence. But a still grander field was opened—the Railroads—the great modern civilizer—were coming into play, and the great question was how to build them. Their ownership and valuation every one could see; but how to raise millions upon millions of dollars was not so readily understood. Mr. Little placed himself in the van of the railroad movement. He was himself at this time a large investor, and his character for sagacity and shrewdness was so well known that wherever he led rich men were ready to follow. At this time, in the beginning of the railway era in the United States, Jacob Little was indispensable to every railway scheme. Every successful project for a new railway had him for a director, manager, or friend; if he said that a line of road to the moon could be thoroughly was he identified with the leadership of the railway world, that he was the man whose name was extensively worked on a very different and far less worthy man—he was known as the Railway King. Again, like his business, as I have before one, fortune awaited his ventures. Hundreds of thousands rolled in upon him; and was it possible to talk of him as not the owner of a million but of millions. His fortune, indeed, must have been at this time enormous and prodigious.

Again a time came for a change. Like all good things, railways were overdone. Speculation was carried to excess: could not pay by any chance. Roads were projected for the sole purpose of swindling stockholders. Dividends were declared out of capital; mismanagement, roguery, and blundering financial schemes were the order of the day. Mr. Little was one of the first to see the effects of this state of things, as he had been the first to perceive the benefits of railway system. With his usual promptitude he acted upon his convictions. He turned sides. There was no disgrace in this. He told every one that, as most of the railways were managed, they could not be paying property; and, as an example of his faith, he continued to buy their stock at future periods below the price current at the time of the contract. This was called, in Wall Street parlance, "selling stock short." Of course this policy, adopted by a man of such influence, was well-calculated to be the ruination of the knaves who were busily engaged in getting up impossible railways, or paying unearned dividends on lines already constructed. Of course, between such men and Mr. Little it was thenceforth war to the knife. It is affecting, at this moment, to read the virulently-indignant tirades in which they denounced him as a miserable stock gambler, and as an enemy to the great interests of the country. As Mr. Little had been spending his money in building great lines of road below cost, and those who now abused him were out of pinafores, it is not likely that their words disturbed his slumbers. But for many years he had hard work. It was easier then than now to "get up a corner," and to punish the bears. As all stocks were issued in amount, if a man contracted to deliver so many thousand shares, in a certain stock, it was quite feasible for the owners of all said stock to lay their heads together and say that he could not have it. This was frequently practised with Mr. Little; and though his unexampled resources and extraordinary boldness carried him safely and triumphant through crises of this kind, he was sometimes compelled to pay smartly to those who cornered him.

One of his great feats in opposition to "the street" is well remembered.

It was in the days when Erie Railroad stock was selling in the neighborhood of par, and when, by dint of paying dividends which were not earned, and publishing reports which were not true (practice, of course, embraced by railroad men of all sorts), the management had contrived to imbue the public with quite a high opinion of the value of the property. Mr. Little was a few miles off. He did not believe in the property, and he was ready to give practical evidence of the want of faith in it by offering to deliver it at a future day below the market price. The chief owners of Erie resolved to catch him. They took all the contracts he offered, and, meanwhile, entered into a compact among themselves not to sell him a share. Before he dreamed of the plot, he was bound to deliver to them several thousand shares, and all the brokers were fitted up by the conspirators, and out of his reach. The day came when Mr. Little was to make his delivery. By this time the plot was well understood. The common talk of the street was that that morning "the bulls would break Jacob." They—the bulls—had not the least doubt of their success. They had his contracts and they had the stock; it seemed impossible that Mr. Little could escape.

He came down to his office that morning as calm and as cool as usual. The bulls were amazed at his jaunty, pleasant manner. One or two ventured to call upon him in the hope that he would propose a compromise. But he preferred to talk about the weather. At least they thought that he would steal out and offer to buy the stock; but he did nothing of the kind. What could he mean by it? The day wore on, and he was the more calm either that which they knew he had not got, or he must break. They were very nervous indeed in their little camp.

Unfortunately for them, they did not know the character of the Erie Railroad as well as Mr. Little. One of the many vicissitudes which have befallen that famous corporation occurred in 1848, in which year the Erie Railroad fought, and nearly perished. It owed a pretty round sum, and couldn't by any means pay. Then the firm stroke which the owners shared with it, the Erie direction bethought themselves of issuing to the creditors convertible certificates of indebtedness, which would extend the amount due by the Company to the holder, guaranteed that the Company would not sell or hypothecate its own stock for cash certificates. Of course, so long as the creditors were insolvent the Company was the holder and absolute thought of converting his certificates; and by the time the Company had recovered its credit had forgotten all about them. Every body except Mr. Little. He remembered the circumstance perfectly; and when the time arrived that the bonds fell sacred him, he went round quietly and bought up all the certificates he could find at about 50 per cent. these in his hand, at one o'clock of the fatal day, he presented himself at the office of the Company, and demanded of them that they should take back all their ancient debts had stalked into the office! Dividends and interest were paid up. Still there was no excuse possible. The language of the certificates was unequivocal. They made out the figures, and found that Jacob had bought and had overwhelmed the bulls by tendering them all the stock he had to take.

They refused to take It, on a frivolous pretext, and to this day the question is unsettled, both parties having a claim to the stock. The Company did not break.

Wall Street remembers several other crises which nearly saw the ruin of Mr. Little. He stood alone against the street—*Iron Magar*, the street beat, as it was called. Still they had the advantage of a large capital, uncommon resources, and a wonderful sagacity. When Mr. Jacob Little, a man of scarcely inferior ability to Mr. Little himself as a financier, and as serious and successful a bear, he was left to sneer and daring. For years he contended alone against the bold, and succeeded.

But in such a contest fortune could not forever remain on one side. Mr. Little had broken all, or nearly all, his rivals. He had made himself the master in his trade, and had helped them on again. He had strengthened them by the force of the soundness of the bear principle that he set no limits to his operations. He was ready to sell ten thousand shares of stock which he knew he could not borrow, and he left his rivals more than formerly; and he broke.

This accident has occurred to him more than once. But it is a well known saying among the brokers that they had rather have Jacob Little's unexpended power than a million dollars in checks. For much as the world has heard of Mr. Little's fortunes (high and low), it has never known how much he has invariably paid every creditor a hundred cents on the dollar, with interest. At the rate he had business, he was in a position to make or to break every year. In the year after his first stoppage, it is stated, he realized $1,000,000 net profit, after every creditor in full (a bagatelle of something less than a million), but realized, clear and clean, twelve hundred thousand dollars himself.

His principle was very simple. He knew that in Wall Street, as elsewhere, there were two classes of people—paying dividends which they did not earn, and misrepresenting facts in their reports. He knew that if he bought the stock of companies of this most come when he would be rewarded. Events have justified the correctness of his calculations. Unfortunately for him, when the crisis came, which he had foreseen for years, he was not in a condition to profit by it, and the opportunity did not have reaped went into other men's garners.

Mr. Little is now in his seventy-second year. In Wall Street. He is better known, and perhaps more generally liked, among the brokers than any other member of his whole-souled class. He has never known to pass an unfortunate debtor, to risk a man of character, or to refuse any one aid on a debt which he could pay. All who enjoy his acquaintance respect and love him.

Mr. Little's partner since Mr. Little applied for readmission to the Board of Brokers, his suspension having expired, is Mr. Hall, under the custom of that body to admit candidates on their first application, especially if they have previously filled a vacant place. The dignity of the Board, the value of a seat are enhanced by a certain difficulty of admission. It is not every one that makes applicants for admission are prepared by their friends for a preliminary ordeal or two. When Mr. Little was proposed, this last time, a few words were said in his favor by his proposer, and he sat down. Up started a broker whose firm had had some difficulty with Mr. Little, and began to raise objections. He had hardly opened his mouth when then there arose a storm of indignant outcry from every quarter of the Board. Bulls and bears cheered, and stamped, and vociferated their relief at a famous leader. The "boys" were boys indeed, and very angry ones; the unlucky opponent of Mr. Little's nomination incontinently subsided; and Mr. Little was installed on the spot.

Mr. Little remained a bachelor beyond the usual term of celibacy. In the year 1846 he married Miss Augusta M'Canty, sister of Madame De Lolo, by whom he has an only son.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

THE CONVENTION.

IN a previous article we have spoken of the inJ rouds made by the Constitution of 1846 on the Central Power of the State. Next to the changes in this regard, the most important alterations were effected in the Judiciary. The members of the Judiciary in 1846 were confessedly able men. The fees attached were equally unpopular; and the judicial system was universally odious. It is not worth while now to rip up old sores, nor to ask why this was so. Enough it to say, that the unpopularity of both judges and judicial organizations was such, that the Constitution of 1846 not only created the former from office, but did not leave a vestige of the judicial system. The Revision Convention, the creature of power to a nation of foreign birth, could hardly have effected a more complete and absolute change in the administration of justice. A Court of Appeals was substituted for the old Court of Errors; the Court of Chancery was remodelled in many details, burying under its ruins an honest and able Chancellor; and if the side of the Supreme Court was retained, it was done apparently to show how little there is in a name; for the new court resembles the old one just about as much as disorder resembles order, or a madhouse resembles discipline.

To add to the confusion produced by this new system of things, or rather to carry it out more completely, a commission was appointed to frame a Code. It did its work with a vengeance, and to a new judicial organization was superadded a new system of process. Whatever of the new arrangement had been a good one, it would have been a heavy job under these circumstances to set it going; but what a system it is!

The Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal of the State, and the conservative by-word for justice, changes one half of its members every year. Every year it takes into its ranks four new judges. Any one to this service for the twelve months of an eight-years' tenure, this being the year which is to prepare them to take the cold look of the next election. The consequence is, that the decisions of the court of last resort are confessedly vague and fluctuating in the last degree.

As to the Supreme Court: by the Constitution of 1846 it was to be practically divided into eight States—or, as they are called, districts—a court of four members provided for each district, or three where eight courts, it never meet together except once in two years to make rules, the name of the Supreme Court was fraudulently given. The result was inevitable. The decisions in the districts necessarily vary. There is no mode of harmonizing them except in the manner in which go to the Court of Appeals; and thus not only our practice but the great body of our law is every day becoming more discordant in the various throughout the State. Twenty-five volumes of Reports have been published, most of which are utterly useless for any purpose whatever, and every hour only increases the confusion.

To this confusion the introduction of a short form of office, combined with the elective principle, has beautifully contributed. As for the elective principle, in a country governed by universal suffrage, there may be said; the judges no doubt, works better in the country than in the city, and perhaps the matter has not yet been fully tested; but it may be safely asserted that, if the object be to break down the character, self-respect, and vigor of a judiciary either, no more ingenious method could be devised than popular election *and* a short tenure.

It is not worth while to argue the question at length. The whole history of English liberty, up to the time of the Revolution of 1688, may be considered accessible as an effort to make the Judges independent of the ruling power of the State. This end was attained when the Judges learn were to hold their seats during good behavior. Here we have run exactly counter to this experience, and have deliberately made Judges dependent upon the breath of popular power. The result, it is true, might have been a great deal worse than it is as yet. Nobody pretends that Judges are as corrupt as lawyers. They are honest, and they are men of ability. But as to body they are utterly deficient in vigor, character, and independence. They know and feel that they owe their existence to the ordinary machinery of party politics. They are deeply interested in not offending popular and influential men, whether they be lawyers or clients, and the result is a total breakdown of all discipline and decorum in the Courts; and the invasion of the profession by a horde of uneducated men who are no more fit to try causes than they are to direct the solar system.

No reform of the law, no reform of the bar, can be made without a vigorous, able, and independent Bench to enforce it and to work it out. An army is a mob without good officers—the Judges are the officers of the army of the law. The Convention of 1846 effaced every trace of discipline and order—it destroyed all the real power of the Judiciary, and with their power it destroyed their independence. All reforms will be petty, and partial, and ineffectual that do not recognize this fact, and which do not seek to regain what we have lost.

The object being to secure the independence of the Judiciary, it would seem that the real point is the *tenure*. Whether a judge be selected for the bench by popular suffrage, or by a Governor, or by the appointment of popular suffrage, is perhaps not very important. The real point is, that when the officer is elected he should feel himself as a free man and a citizen, not a miserable rickety stool, every day slipping more and more from under him.

Nor is the salary all-important. It is, of course, extremely absurd that the income of a Judge living in Binghampton should be the same as that of a Judge living in New York. It is very absurd not to recognize that a dollar in New York is a very much smaller sum than a dollar in Jefferson County. But even this is subordinate to the question of tenure. You may adopt a crude or even an absurd mode of election for judicial offices—you may pay the incumbent an insufficient salary—still, if the place is really clothed with power—which means a dignity and independence—you will always find able men to take it.

This is the be-all and the end-all of every discussion as to the Judiciary. We want such changes in the system as shall make the Judges strong, respected, and independent. Before we are prepared to do this, we may as well let things remain as they are until the State is really ripe for an efficient change. Any petty office to amend or patch up the present system will totally fail unless there is at least a radical alteration in the tenure of the office.

It is conceded on all hands that the present system is disgraceful to the State. The Courts are hotbeds of corruption—justice is a laughing-stock—appeals are endless, and nothing is certain. It is practicable to correct these great evils; but it is not possible to do so while the honestly and boldly lock the mischief in the face and trace it to its cause. We can then apply the proper remedy. Till then we can open our eyes and our mouths, and frankly admit that the real evil of the present system is the total want of independence in every part of the Judiciary. It is not the vicious organization of the Court of Appeals—it is not the disorganization of the Supreme Court—which create the present state of things. It is that the members of both these tribunals are in a condition of painful dependence, which no good condition, whatever the system may be, it is absurd to expect vigorous or efficient action.

HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

WHERE and how to advertise, are problems which engage the attention of every mercantile man. In this country the benefit of advertising is acknowledged by every man of sense. Every one who has any thing to sell is aware that his sales will be in proportion to the number of the persons who know of him and of his goods; and that, beyond a certain very narrow limit, he can only make himself and his goods known through the channel of advertising. We have all seen very ordinary wares forced by copious advertising into universal use; it is obvious that by the same method almost any medicine will not command a sale if the public be not made aware of its existence through the medium of advertisements. Since the days when popular of modern inventions was neglected for years and ruined in consequence by the public neglect, all to advertise. The general principle being thus universally admitted—that advertising is beneficial and indispensable—the only questions which remain to be solved are, How and where should a man advertise?

The sum and purport of advertising being the introduction of the thing advertised to the knowledge of the public, it follows that those advertisements are the most likely to answer which by meet the eye, and arrest the attention of the largest number of persons. An advertisement is valueless that does not reach a powerful circle of readers. And it is equally useless if, while it reaches the eye of a large number, it be not calculated to arrest their attention.

These two principles constitute the science of advertising, and that advertisement is the best which carries out both with the greatest force. A few illustrations may throw light on the point. A placard in a public conveyance is bad, inasmuch as it is seen only by a very limited class of persons; but it is good, for during the tedium of the journey it is likely that every one will read it. A placard on a wall, is faulty, for even in the most traveled thoroughfare it can only attract a very limited number of eyes; but if it be strikingly and conspicuously displayed, it may tempt every one to read it. The advertising cards which are sometimes inserted in Love-lane caused to be scattered broadcast from a balloon over the British capital, did not meet

as many eyes as a few lines in a popular paper; but every one on whose head they fell may be assumed to have examined carefully the mock thunder-bolt.

On the other hand, advertisements may be seen by a great number of persons and yet fail in their aim. As a rule, men are more than indifferent to their neighbor's business. We do not want to know what Jones sells cheap clothes, or Smith good beef, or Robinson sound wine. Our first impression from Jones, Smith, or Robinson tells us his story, is to rate him a bore, and to grow angry with him for attempting upon our time and attention. First, because we know that we require that time and attention ourselves; secondly, because organized wars as that in nine cases out of ten, under pretense of giving us valuable information, Brown and the others want to sell us a part of our money. Hence, if a fair chance be given us, we will not listen to their story. If a fellow were to accost a hundred persons in a Broadway with the remark, "Sir, here is Mr. Brown's advertisement of brushes or hot corn; will you read it?" ninety would either pass on without remark or would throw the advertisement into the gutter; and of the other ten, at least five would insult Mr. Brown's man. It is doubtful if any one of the hundred would comply with his request. Hence it is that an advertisement may actually be laid under the nose of thousands of men, and yet, from the want of something to attract their attention, may be valueless in a business point of view. At least a dozen of these enterprising speculators in this country have cried to make money by publishing gratuitous sheets composed wholly of advertisements. They have always failed, simply because it was impossible to persuade the recipients of their papers to bring sheets even to look at them. People received them, saw what they were, felt indignant at the attempt to bully them into knowing about other men's business, and flung them down. It could not be otherwise.

With regard to advertisements in the ordinary newspapers, countless schemes have been devised in the hope of attracting public attention. Conspicuous position had their day. Then upon a time the newspapers were full of business notices beginning in some such fashion as

"Ten men in every town will find out exactly how every body has provided himself with a pair of Smith's suspenders," etc.—"FAINT FAR IN HIGH LATE—Look for the other day—" and the success of Brown's mantillas (99 only)," etc., etc.

"SAYS BUCHANAN TO CASS, 'Send me a pair of Robinson's superlative Cayenne Pepper,'" etc., etc. Of late, however, this style of advertisement has gone out. People are on their guard against such headings, and even the "Atlantic Telegraph" and "Queen Victoria's Message" have wisely sought to beguile them into reading about the virtues of a certain soap and cheap hats.

The common sense of the public can not long be deluded; and, in this matter of advertisements, the surest way of attracting attention is, after all, to place the advertisement as near as possible to the reading matter in one of being read. Advertisements printed on the most popular page of a popular newspaper will get the most attention. The eye naturally wanders from the flashing editorial, or the telegraph dispatch, to the modest business announcement under it; and in nine cases out of ten the aim of the advertisement is attained. This is so well understood that the leading daily papers charge a premium double for business notices on the editorial and opposite pages.

Advertisements so situate—that is to say, on the most attractive page of a widely-circulated paper—realize, as nearly as is possible at present, the two conditions of a perfect advertisement. They attain the widest feasible publicity, and they attract the largest possible share of attention. Such advertisements are worth paying for.

Half a dozen lines in a widely-circulated newspaper, neatly and brilliantly printed, are still, wear an amusing caricature—are better worth five dollars to the advertiser than whole pages of advertisement toward which the reader's eye is not naturally attracted.

THE LOUNGER.

THE QUARANTINE.

"STATEN ISLAND, 10th September, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I was glad to see, last week, that *Harper's Weekly* stated the case of the Quarantine burning so admirably and justly." It suggested that when such an event takes place, unreckoned, in the midst of intelligent and law-respecting citizens, many of them people of property and the most respectable position in every profession, the violence has been confined to a specific and evident object, and the general peace and security of the county have not been in the least degree disturbed—it suggested, I say, that there might be something to be urged which would at least palliate the resort to force which was made on the night of the 1st of September.

"I wish to put the case of the Quarantine seriously before your readers, that they may understand how barbarian," and "gross," and "unwarrantable," and "incredible," and "even than Sepoys," we illegitimate islanders are.

"The Quarantine was placed here fifty-five years ago. (Governor Tompkins came for the first time about fifteen years afterward.) The island was comparatively uninhabited, and when the extent of the city of New York was very much less than it is now. Gradually, in the immediate neighborhood of the Quarantine, a settlement sprang up, at first a mere dependence of that institution, but as the population of the city rapidly increased, and spread beyond Manhattan Island to the opposite shores of New Jersey and Long Island, so it went, in time, to the nearer shore of Staten Island. The New Brighton, Tompkinsville, and Stapleton charming town of the same name, along the terrace at the junction of the Bay and Kill, and the more rustic settlements extended southward, until the Quarantine, placed at the nearest point to New York, became the nucleus of a very populous and rapidly increasing population. Its domain was small, and it was the natural defense to this part of the island, as it may have been to the city.

"The population of the city having overtaken an institution which is in its very nature, however necessary, yet none the less a nuisance to any neighborhood, the unhealthy miasma was thrown on the people and the pest. That the population of the city should have the Quarantine, and the island is not wondered, when you remember that a man on the northeastern shore of Staten Island is never to his business down town under an hour, and at the extreme upper part of the city, and particularly on the Hudson River side of the city, or its population, everybody, even the Quarantine, just as it did the bone-boiling and slaughter houses of the island, has been driven to the shore and built. The live very properly declared, in the letter I quote, that neither the patients have any right to population, and not the population to the nuisance.

"In the year 1858, when the yellow fever was again heard in Southern ports, and was ravaging all of the island, the islanders very naturally saw no reason why they should be the victims of it, when the whole people of the State to sicken and die unnecessarily of a fearful disease. Moved by their feelings and sensitive to their danger, they petitioned the Quarantine—but were restrained by wiser men, who assured them that a boundless evil was impossible to be averted, and that measures would be taken for their relief. By these judicious representations the exasperated people were temporarily calmed. A quieter season also represented to the persons who had charge of the institution the danger of harboring, as was thought, and justice, and humanity, and regard for the dignity of the law, required that it was conducting a fearful hazard to the people by keeping the nuisance.

"Meanwhile sundry efforts were made—protests and petitions—but the year 1856 arrived. The yellow fever came into port again—was hunted into the Quarantine hospitals—and there, even in the midst of the quiet and hard-working population of the island. Indignation and alarm were aroused, and a threatening attitude was taken—blockades—positions were signed—and twice the Grand Jury of the county presented the nuisance to the authorities. Popular demonstrations were again restrained by the assurances of relief, and the people were induced once more to be withstood; the danger to the city was the glaring; and the Legislature of 1857 authorized the Governor to remove the Quarantine, or secure the removal of the Quarantine.

"This, of course, was an acknowledgment by the people of the State, in their Legislature, that Staten Island was an unfit place for such an establishment. The islanders were very ready, and it is a perfectly well understood fact that certain shipping merchants of New York were ready and willing to assist. Application was made to the State of New Jersey by the Commissioners for the occupation of Sandy Hook as a Quarantine station. It is a perfectly well understood fact that certain New Jersey shipping merchants were ready to assist New Jersey, by exciting their pride and jealousy, as well as by other means, to thwart this project. Then there was a lull and a virtual quiet season. The very spare population of that region did not think the Quarantine was worse than useless—inconvenient, if not inadequate—and the buildings erected there were burned down, as the people had threatened, more than once. In the month of last May, Mr. Lounger, I have yet to learn that any action has been taken in regard to Sandy Hook or Point, or that the neighborhood apprehended anarchy. The Governor issued no proclamation. There seemed to be all along a virtual acquiescence that no people could be expected quietly to allow a nuisance to be established in the midst of them. But if such were the case at Seguine's Point, where the population was so scant, what was it at Quarantine, where it was so dense?

"Upon this fevered state of the public mind came the Quarantine, where it was to be—the yellow fever. Now, Sir, we have the testimony of the Quarantine physician that, on a certain evening, the island's score or more of sick were then, engaged in yellow fever ships, and other diseased places, by change their clothes and bed, in a public primary meeting of the people of the town. And there is ample proof that, during all the yellow fever quarantine, workmen from the island went out freely—going home at night to their neighborhood and families—and that there was negligence of all proper effort to isolate the danger. Presently, of course, the yellow fever began its ravages in the village of Tompkinsville, and on the 1st of September there had been at least ten fatal cases publicly known. But the physicians of the leading shipping merchants had officiously declared that the Quarantine grounds were to be enlarged and the sanitarium to be established upon the island.

"The people of the neighborhood now found the question put to them in this way: The Quarantine having been presented as a nuisance by the grand jury of the county, and by the Legislature of the Charleston and Stapleton, and it having been held, by repeated votes, to be a nuisance by the people, the Board of Health of a town had full power to declare what was a nuisance, and that any citizen, or body of citizens, might proceed to abate the nuisance, having due regard to other property—the fact of the nuisance having been expressly recognized by the Legislature of the State—the law providing for its removal having been thwarted by means which will continue to be employed and continue to thwart; and since, therefore, we can no longer look to the law to protect us and our families, as well as the city, of which we are practically a part, from hideous disease and almost certain death, what shall we do? How many more honest men and women, citizens of the State of New York, pursuing their various employments, shall be stricken down and slain by pestilence, before the law shall feel authorized to believe that the law can not protect us, and, consequently, to enforce the first and final human right of self-defense?

"I think that was a question, Mr. Lounger, for people to put to themselves of their lives to determine for themselves; and when the Board of Health of the town, composed of respectable and responsible citizens, again declared the Quarantine to be an intolerable nuisance, and summoned the people to abate it immediately, they acted less like Sepoys than like men who considered that the hour of just self-defense had arrived.

"The Quarantine authorities were soon aware of what was to happen. They had ample time to take measures to remove the sick. They refused not to do so; and the town cause prepared to take charge of them. The sick were accordingly carried out, and laid upon the grass on mattresses, and with attendants; and, while it is profoundly to be regretted that there was any suffering at all, it is only very fairly to be asked whether there was much, if any, more than the patients have now to endure at by the exposure, such as it was. This, however, is entirely a separate question. The right of the people of Castleton to abate a dangerous nuisance, and any crankly incident, but not necessary, to that unquestionable right, is entirely another question.

"The work was begun, and was completed on the following night. Of course there was a great deal of excitement—but is comparable from such a movement: but the act was done calmly and resolutely, and not a householder on the island, for a year, but slept with a sense of greater security than for weeks before. For the act was well understood to be the act of the whole, or a gang of islanders unanimously acting to a bad end, but the rising in a community to remove a great danger which the law had shown its incompetence to remove.

"The argument which would deny to the people of Staten Island the right, *under any circumstance*, forcibly to abate a dangerous nuisance, would, moreover, deny the right of revolution. But if the right of forcible removal, under any circumstances, be conceded—and, in the face of history, philosophy, and law, it would be very hard not to concede it—then every such case must be judged by its own circumstances, and not by the general principle, which Americans are the last people in the world to deny—that the law must be respected, and that no citizen must await the operation of the law. Therefore, in the present case, the only question is, whether the people had sufficient reason to believe that the law would afford them no redress. They thought they had, and therefore helped themselves.

"Yours truly,

"RICHMOND CLAM."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

COULD there be any thing more melancholy than the story of Landor's late trial, the sale of his pictures, and his flight from England? His first book was published *nearly* three years ago. Not to be his last, we trust—as eyes in the daintest form, always upon the most scholarly theses are visible, in the dusty shelves, of the accurately crackled with little squirts, not always clean or good-natured, at passing political events. In the structure of Landor, and in his expression, there was something antique and remote, dashed across with the most modern facilities. He had intellectual sympathy with nearly every nation, and consequently dedicated his works, upon the most diverse subjects, to Bolivar, to Major-General Stapford, to General Jackson, and others; while the peculiarities of orthography were those of the scholar.

A man of competent fortune, he lived the life of a scholar. He lounged in his estate quivered with his tenantry, pulled down a beautiful house to build Gothic, and wrote books which were in the family for centuries, and in 1615 withdrew to an old Italian villa to end his days in peace. He resigned Tuscan seclusion at Florence, whence he returned within a year—but on this May he was

In his "English Traits" Mr. Emerson gives us a charming picture of Landor's domestic life in Italian villa:

"On the 15th May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures as his villa Gherardesca, a fine house, commanding a fine view, and a good garden. I had referred him his books, or inquisitive from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath, an attitude of defiance . . . but on this May day he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. . . To be sure he is indebted to his choice times to irritation, and is well content to impress, if possible, his English whim upon the immutable Fates. . . He has a wonderful vivacity, eloquent, and inexhaustible. . . Year after year the scholar must have sat down to write for a multitude of single sentences—for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgotten."

The moody fury of a solitary and passionate nature has now irretrievably clouded the last day of a man full of noble and surpassing powers, but deformed by salient defects. It is a terrible thing to live so long—a man more terrible than death—a friend should think so. But in this dark hour when the London *Times*, the representative paper of England, has not the heart to open its columns to a whose name English Literature must always respect, but dare not in the judgment of the Bar as a common scene, let every cultivated American who recalls his great debt to this indomitable English scholar visit his desk as the dishonored fugitive bend goes by.

THE LOUNGER ventures to plead with "A. H." How can she ruthlessly starve to be melted? Does she not know that the stage-fright is nothing compared with the woman-fright, and that many a nut of the chain and the dinner tables is silent and shy in the presence of the sex? Is it, oh "A. H.," because the sun puts out the fire? As Janet, then, don't suppose it is cold because it looks pale and dull.

"Sole kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair!
For we that love, we love so blindly."

TO A. H.

I can't get on with words,
I don't know why! I don't know why!
My case is quite uncommon,
And makes me ugly! and makes me sigh!

The men a favorite call me—
I've many friends to make amends—
At clubs some would blackball me;
But—there it ends! oh! *there it ends!*

I tell you, other
When I'm in love, I don't know why,
I'm never interesting,
But always dull and always shy.

And oh! my hopes all crushing,
"I'm such a bore, what makes me sigh!
This unamusing and blushing—
That all is not right, I know why!"

And words, too, quite forsake me;
I can't be cool! I can't be cold!
And nobody will take me,
I'm such a fool! I'm such a fool!

But if your hushes scorned
You'll deign to choose, you'll deign to choose,
You'll find me fond and fervent,
But you'll refuse, you'll refuse!

I can't get on with women,
I don't know why! I don't know why!
My case is quite uncommon,
And makes me sigh! and makes me sigh!

O. L. R.

HOMEOPATHIC HOAX.

INCENDIARY.

A RECKLESS Scamp upon Staten Island declares that "Governor King's proclamation is later in the day than is generally supposed; for the island has been under Martial Law for nearly a year!"

A FRESH DEAL.

THE Lounger is this week wrapped in the sheet and carries the caudle of penitence, for his attempted slip of last week, of which he has been promptly reminded, as will appear from what follows both below and above board:

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, *September*, 1858.

"MESSRS. CARLTON, SMITH, & DANIELS desire to present their most respectful regards to Lounger, and to suggest to him that he has signally failed in a sum of multiplication, for which, had the element of tobacco been an earth, and engaged in teaching him, he should have received a severe reprimand from his employer.

"The Lounger exhorted some of his correspondents to 'make a deal.' We applauded the advice, for the purpose of solving an arithmetical problem, and determining how many cards were in a pack of 52 and 13.

"Whether such a person can be considered an authority on cards in a subject which we leave for torrential consideration."

NEW YORK, *September*.

"MR. LOUNGER.—Will you allow a few more words to be said in regard to the 'spots' in a pack of cards, in accordance with what appeared in a recent issue of 'Harper's Weekly?'

"I, and others, have in our hands a number of packs, purchased at different times, and have counted in each pack the number of spots in a pack of playing cards. You must remember that it is several years since I learned the game, and was prepared to have made the assertion; and cards, as well as other things, have changed since then. I have not the least doubt that I was then in existence, but the 'old fashioned' ones were by no means to be found.

"The 'knave' of any suit represents an *eleven spot*, for it is called eleven in every game; a *queen* represents a *twelve spot*, in the same manner; and a king a *thirteen spot*. Adding the spots in each card contained in these three spots upon them—in a different color, generally, from the ordinary spots—we arrive at the number 52 N. E. for instance, printed across the face of a one-dollar bank-note, which I received a few days since from the most scrupulously back behind and partially covered by the remainder of the pack—and will intended to be dealt and laid and form a prominent feature.

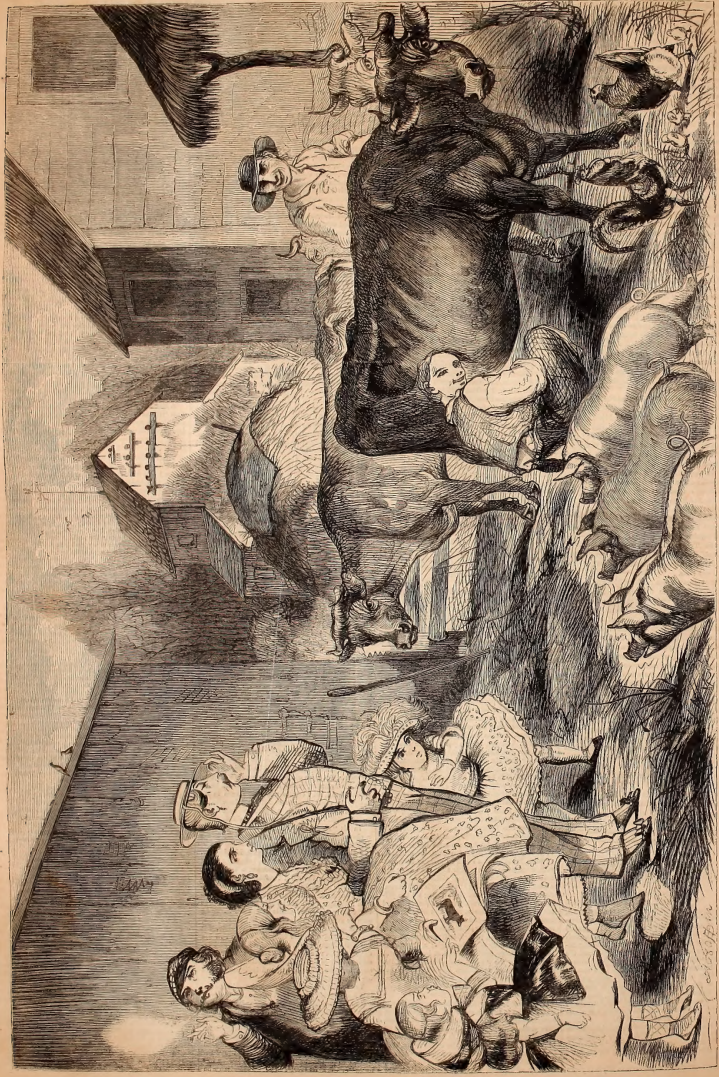
"By counting the spots upon each pack of cards, or counting the spots on a modern pack for what they represent, you have the number 365, or the days in an ordinary year. But it is generally considered and was considered when I learned the game, that the spots had especially as to ridiculous that they represented the number of days of counting one more than any other card in the pack; and the ace of spades—the number one—was considered to be an extra spot—a small one inside of a large skirmish character of the sanskrit, and was represented by a single spot. Now, to make up the required number of spots mentioned by the soldier, add this honorary one to the 364 already given, and 365 will be done.

"A CONSTANT READER.

"JOHN SMITH, PENNSYLVANIA, *September*, '58.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 10th September 11, I've undertake to explain the way the old soldier managed to get 365 spots in a pack of cards, so telling it to be ready wit, etc.: and then you go on to telling it to be ready wit, etc.: again. Now if, after applying there are but 52 spots in them such authorities as Smith, Dibdil, and Colburn, you will please to find out 365 spots, I will be very much obliged to your own hand. The cards which we use in this section of country are but 52 spots; but I suppose there are more would be acceptable, but the Arkansas cards don't reach us. You recollect the peculiarity of them.

"A CONSTANT READER."



FIFTH AVENUE IN THE COUNTRY.

FIFTH AVENUE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE picture on the preceding page will explain itself. When FITZ-WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, who has recently come into his uncle's property on Fifth Avenue, so far forgets the obligations of his rank as to seek country air and recreation in the dog-days in an unfashionable rural resort, he not unfrequently realizes the predicament which the artist has depicted. Flies, cows, milk-maids in shirt-sleeves and breeches, fat-bodied cocks and hens, farm servants not à *beau de rose*, troughs full of the provender which are also told the Prodigal Son (poor fellow!) was once glad to get—what a contrast to the artistic, genteel, upright and shining company which FITZ-WILLIAM leads! How he stares and sniffs! And who laughs the heartiest, his party at the rustics, or the rustics at them?

HYMN TO OLD OCEAN.

ROLL softly, Ocean! o'er thine ancient bed,
So long unchained by any power but thine;
No longer lift in pride thy heavy head,
Or toss thy locks in wild, unconquered glee.—
Thou hast at length been conquered, oh, thou fleet!

Down, down, beneath thy darkest, deepest wave,
Where ever-brooding stillness reigns serene—
Far, far below the seaman's nameless grave,
Thid coral stems and lovely sparkling shoots.
A strange, dark, gliding form is dimly seen!

The monster shapes thy restless deep supplies
Play their huge gambols round the slender thing,
And stand—and shoot—with wild, unearthly cry,
When from its magic touch they upward spring.
And dreadful lightnings make their arches ring!

Hush, hush thine awful thunders, sounding Sea!
Oh! cradle softly on thy mighty breast
This child of Science we entrust to thee—
Ah! lull it gently to its eternal rest,
Nor break the bond that makes two nations blend!

Ay—hush thy thunders—for "the still, small voice"
That whispers low across this far ocean
And bids our heart-strings tremble or rejoice,
Is louder than thy fiercest mountain-waves,
When storm and ocean are the tempest raves.

No more shall pining wife or mother wait
The back'e slow passage, for the welcome word
That back the anxious one hugs to her heart
Of darling son, or beamed, absent lord—
Swift as the lightning flash this cord shall speak,
And call the world with its faded hopes to seek!

The same sweet Power that whispered "Peace, be still!"
When thy rude dashings touched his sacred feet,
Has bent over thee, old Ocean! to His will,
And caused "the end of earth" to be as next;
Praise to His holy name! we can no more,
But bow our hearts in silence—and adore!

LAUNCH OF A NEW CRINOLINE.

A LADY of Fashion launched a new Crinoline last week in Union Park. The attempt was perfectly successful, several little boys, who had been attracted by the novelty of the sight, being honor to the occasion by cheering lustily. A policeman looked on, but displayed, in addition, a new stock, his wisdom by not interfering. The Crinoline in question was built at the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Ferguson & Pendleton, Nos. 1 and 3 Jones Street, on the second floor, though, we believe, the bold design and general execution of the fine sweeping proportions emanated in the first instance from the accomplished scissors of Madame Selbe (Ann) Smith (the leading architect of the firm, and German cousin of the first lady), who steadily, if we are not misinformed, for several years under some of the most talented mistresses of the divine art, in some of the most inspired *ateliers* in Paris. The boldness of the conception is such that Michael Angelo himself, had Necessity driven him to work for a mistress, would be fain to feel ashamed to have owned it for his handicraft. The workmanship is of the most exquisite nature, double silk having been used all throughout the building. It occupied six apprentices incessantly for five days, though they worked in their attic of the cause not less than fourteen hours every day, and on one occasion, nervously anxious to sustain the reputation of the house had guaranteed to send home the dress the following morning, they never went to bed at all! The high finish of the execution reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. It is a truly noble specimen of milliner's architecture, there not being a slip from which how many there are between the heel and the hip) but what is a perfect bell.

The following proportions will give some idea of the enormous size of this new Crinoline:

	Feet.	Inches.
Extreme length	8	7
Length on the pavement	3	6
Size of pocket for *manchette*, etc.	2	6
Extreme breadth across the shoulders	1	8
Extreme breadth round the base	18	0
Breadths let in *obliquely*	3	0
Depth of flounces	1	3
Bardes in pounds	92	15—3-8ths

The new Crinoline is Paris-rigged. Its colors are classed as *fait on* a rich brown and azure ground. The pennant flying at her head is a small *marabout* feather. The cost of its construction, with its fittings up and all, was little short of $12; a very insignificant sum, when we take into consideration the immensity of the dimensions, which are unquestionably the largest of any Crinoline that ever left the slips of a milliner's building-yard. A companion exactly similar was instantly put on the stocks of the establishment, and will be ready in ten days, if not sooner, the fair craft having received orders to cruise without loss of time in the harbor.

Notwithstanding her bulky build, the new Crinoline sails very lightly, doing easily, without pitching or rolling, her two or three knots an hour. She answers readily, too, when civilly spoken to.

The Crinoline started off—spitfully, though a momentary delay was occasioned by a tremendous bolt of a Newfoundland Dog coming in collision with the train that was beginning to spread out, with every bit of sauce *antique* being stretched to its last stitch, behind, and so causing her to pull up a little too taut. She soon steadied, however, and, hoisting a Houston rail, went off at a rattling pace, which she maintained with flying pennant for full two hours and a half.

Later in the afternoon she put into Taylor's, and took in provisions, in the shape of an ice and a wafer biscuit; and afterward, on her way home, scudding gayly through the Union Square, spoke with a yachtsman, with whom she exchanged signals of distress, lest she should be late for dinner.

The success of the Launch was the theme of ecstatic congratulation among the fair owner's young friends who happened to run in during the morning. One young lady went so far as to pronounce it "a duck of the first water."

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

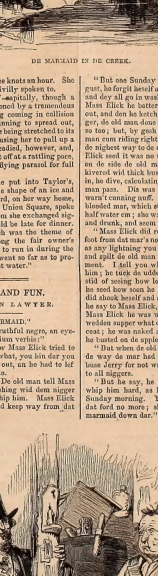
BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

"PLAYING MARMAID."

THIS following is from a truthful negro, an eyewitness to the scene in "totium veritas:"

"And you neber hear how Mass Elick tried to play marmaid? I tell you what, you kin dar you die laughing. His bref gin out, an he had to let de element be warnt torn into.

"I tell you how it was. De old man tell Mass Elick, nex time he go in washing wid dem nigger boys Sunday, he gwine to whip him. Mass Elick no take cantion from dis, and keep way from dat creek long time.



DE MARMAID IN DE CREEK.

"But one Sunday morning in de month of August, he forgit what and tuck de nigger boys down, and dey all go in washing. I turn by dar, and tell Mass Elick he better mind, de old man find him out, and den he ketch it. He say dar was no danger, de old man done went to meeting. I thought to my self, by gosh! I look up and seed de old man cum riding right down to de creek, which war de nighest way to de church, on horseback. Mass Elick seed it was no use to run, so he went down on de side de old man was coming, which war kivered wid thick bush, and jis as de old man ride by, he dive, calculating to stay under dar till de old man pass. Dis was cunning in Mass Elick, but warn't cunning nuff. De old man war on he highblooded mar, which stop to drink, and jerry he no half water cm; she was dry for true, and did drank and drunk, and seem like she neber git nuff.

"Mass Elick did rose outs dat water 'bout two foot from dat ole mar jist like marmaid; quicker as any lightning you ebber seed, dat mar snap ends and split de old man clean outs right into de element. I tell you what, dar was so marmaid in him; he tuck de udder side of dat question, and he stid of seeing how long he stay under dat water, he seed how soon he bile outs dar. And when he did shook hesself and dashed de water out he hab, he say to Mass Elick, 'Whar did you come from?' Mass Elick he was wunner off dan de man at de wedden supper what did not have on de fashionable coat; he was naked as Adam in de orchard, afore he tasted on de apple question: he was silent.

"But when de old man tuck de path for home, de way de mar had scooted, de way Mass Elick buse Jerry for not watering dat mar, was caution to all niggers.

"But he say, he reckon de old man wouldn't whip him hard, as he tuck a splunge hesself dis Sunday morning. You neber git dat mar to cross dat ford no more; she always consate she small marmaid down dar."



"THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO DO A THING—A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG ONE, AND I'VE MISSED BOTH."

THE MAN WHO FAILED AFTER TRYING BOTH THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY.

LOXO before the days of soda-founts there lived in the classic village of Athens, in the State of Georgia, an old character by the name of Byers, or "Uncle Johnny Byers," as he was more familiarly called. His occupation was that of retail grocery-keeper. Two very prominent traits exhibited themselves in his characteristic economy and drunkenness. Which of these passions mostly predominated, was well understood by all who knew him. As much as he loved intoxicating drinks, he loved gold more! He has been known to stand for days and weeks amidst tempting temptations, and all the allurements to entice the appetites of others, and never touch a drop. But let one of his customers call for half a pint (they are thought less in those days), and leave none of it, no matter what kind, and Johnny Byers would not return it to the vessel from whence he drew it; nor, by any means, would he throw it away; he considered it clear gain, and would drink it himself. From this grocery "trait" he derived all his grog.

A weighty patron of John's, knowing well his frugal habits, determined to see to what extent he could be carried by them. One morning in Arch Bob (for such was his name) called at the grocery, and asked for a glass of soda-water.

"It is early in the season; besides, I don't know I have any of the powders: wouldn't lemonade do as well?" said Johnny.

"I must have soda or nothing," replied Bob.

"Let me see if I can find a box," said the grocery-keeper; and, after a considerable search, produced a small oblong tin box containing the desired powders, and a printed label on the top, directing how they should be mixed, etc.

"It's been so long since I made any I have forgotten how it is mixed," continued Johnny.

Putting on his glasses and taking up the box, he read the directions, but evidently not for the first to hear, as follows: "Put the contents of the white paper in a tumbler two-thirds filled with water, and the contents of the blue paper in another tumbler half filled with water; put the lemon-syrup in the tumbler containing the water and the blue powder; mix and drink while effervescing." He mixed the powders according to the directions, but when he turned to get the syrup, Bob drained the tumbler! As soon as he sirup reached the soda, the combination commenced a terrific bubbling.

"Jerusalem! I have missed it!" said Johnny. Throwing the contents of both tumblers together, he gulped the "ill-brewed beverage" down; and as the last of it passed his throat, his countenance gave unmistakable signs that a strange and suspicious feeling was forming in seeking acquaintance with the coats of his stomach. He studied the glasses, and said he was not particular enough in reading the instructions; so he took the examination of the label, he made a second effort, with the same result. Bob enjoyed the joke amazingly. With a loud and profane exclamation Johnny swore he had missed it again, and again swallowed the nauseous draught.

Believing his now crowded stomach with a loud gurgle, he clapped it again his tumbler, and somewhat excited loudly there should be no mistake next time.

Placing his hat on the counter, and putting the top of the box containing the label on it, he read loud enough to be heard across the street, "Put the contents of the white paper in my tumbler, the contents of the white in another; pour the lemon-sirup in the tumbler containing the contents of the white." Here it was my turn to say a word or two; there can not be any mistake this time." As he turned to get the sirup, Johnny "caught on" and Bob had him again! Astonishment, impatience, and anger, were all visible in his countenance, when, in a frenzy of excitement, he threw the box, threw back his head, and swallowed for the third time the incongruous mixture. He complained of sour-belch, water-brash, and an inclination to burst open! told Bob he must call in the evening, and, if he wanted, would learn by that time how to mix the "stuff."

Bob would not be put off; must have the soda-water then or never; insisted that the man who put up the powders made a mistake—those in the blue papers he intended for the white, and *vice versa*.

Johnny caught at the idea, prepared for a fourth trial, and this time Bob's gagging was not necessary. He was mixing wrong. Of course he failed, but did not fail to imbibe. Throwing himself back, placing his hands on his stomach—which he declared felt like turning inside out—he exclaimed, "I have had one way to do a thing—a right way and a wrong one; and I must be a great simpleton to have missed both!"

Bob then mixed the glass properly, and drank it off, to the astonishment of the gas-blown gracery-man. He also explained how he had tricked him.

"I shall charge you with five glasses of soda-water," said Johnny, greatly excited.

"Do you think it right for you to do all the drinking and make me pay for it, and you have a grocery?" replied Bob.

"Me do the drinking, indeed! The sour soapsuds should never have gone down my throat, but for you making me ruin the soda-water." The two last words seemed to have been thrown, by some sort of an explosion, into Johnny's nose; and if words could smell sour, they doubtless did. After a pause he said, if he had not seen so many fools take it without being killed, he would be very uneasy and alarmed about the load he had aboard—but was satisfied and consoled with the reflection that it was a medicine or drink not dangerous to men of small understandings. This, he thought, would save him; and looking angrily at Bob, he said "it was a good thing (for him) it set so well on the stomach of a rat—"

Here Johnny was seized with a very equivocal paroxysm, whether of vomiting, belching, choking, or bursting, Bob never staid to inquire; and left before the grocery-keeper recovered his breath sufficiently to drink the insulting and opprobrious epithet.

LITERARY.

THE LIFE OF MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK, published by Longman, is a remarkable work. Intensely German, yet full of interesting literary anecdotes and sketches of eminent men. We take it up in passing only to extract a new and fresh ghost story to be added to the list:

"While Dr. Priestley occupied the post of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestley (Lord Shelburne being then absent, I think, in London). When the Doctor entered Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestley, hoping that by so doing the painful impression would pass away. He then said he dreamed he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey; he was too ill to sit up, but was carried, lying down, into the carriage; his surprise was extreme in seeing carriage after carriage, in an almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak; he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many miles toward London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church at High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered, or rather was carried into, the church; he looked back; he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the semblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke. Dr. Priestley told him that his dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless he thought it best to send for the family medical attendant. The next day Mr. Petty was much better; on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house, and, with that precaution, took his leave. Late the next afternoon the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and, as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty, and enforce his directions. What was his surprise, when he had passed the lodge, to see the youth himself, without his hat, playfully running to meet him! The doctor was much astonished, as it was bitterly cold, and the ground covered with snow. He rode toward Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared—whither he knew not, but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The doctor thought it very extraordinary; but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house; there he learned that Mr. Petty had just expired."

J. Hammond Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford, has heretofore laid the public under obligations by the publication of two volumes of the PUBLIC RECORDS OF THE COLONY OF CONNECTICUT, and is now about to issue a third volume, bringing the records down from 1667 to 1689. This publication is undertaken by Mr. Trumbull at his own expense, for the love he bears to Connecticut and her early history. He will publish only so many copies as are subscribed for prior to October 16. But the expense of the publication is nothing compared with the labor and skill required to decipher the hieroglyphics of those old times. We believe that it is well understood in New England that no other man is able to do it.

The records of the colony of Connecticut possess interest, in a historical point of view, which every American citizen, especially if of New England descent, will appreciate. Here are old wills, and old family names and stories. Here are the accounts of stout men and excellent women from whom we are all proud to claim descent, in their dealings with one another, with a common enemy, and with their God. The volumes already issued bear all the exciting character of romance. The pages are inexhaustible in interest. There is one last will of an old divine, in the first volume, which is a model of simple, yet grand, thought—a will which alone was a more valuable legacy than the lands it devised. We recommend every family of New England descent to subscribe for the forthcoming volume, and procure the first two with it. Mr. Trumbull's labors will be particularly valuable to the cause of history; and in the value which all historians will place on the books, enriched as they are by his careful and judicious notes, he will find the reward of his disinterested work.

William Radde (New York and Philadelphia) publishes a MANUAL OF HOMŒOPATHIC THEORY AND PRACTICE, with a treatise on the homœopathic treatment of surgical diseases, by Dr. Hempel and Dr. Beakley,* Professors in the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. The volume is intended for family use as well as for students and practitioners. It opens with an essay on homœopathy and the law of cure according to this school of medicine. The body of the volume contains directions for the application of homœopathic remedies to each and every disease which flesh inherits.

Whatever has been the improvement introduced in medical science by homœopathy, about which doctors and patients differ, it is not to be denied that it has done much toward bringing common sense to bear on the treatment of diseases. Even when ridiculing the new doctrines as essentially absurd and senseless, the "regular practitioner" finds himself impelled to abandon the old-fashioned style of treatment according to rule, and apply to each case the results of his own examination and opinion, independent of the practice which his predecessors pursued in such cases.

There is a chance for advance in medical science now. All the wisdom of the world has not been exhausted heretofore, as some of the older sorts of medical men were wont to imagine. Already a little less medicine and a little more care is recommended by the most sensible allopathic physicians.

We confess that, until we examined the work before us, we did not know any thing about homœopathy. Too many who have condemned it as a system are as ignorant as we were. Dr. Hempel has a distinguished reputation in Philadelphia, while Dr. Beakley is known in New York, as well as the former city, as a very accomplished physician and surgeon, and a gentleman of excellent judgment and discretion. Probably no two homœopathic physicians could be found better qualified to prepare a manual of the theory and practice of their school. The volume is intended for family use; and we may safely recommend it even to those who are accustomed to the other practice; for its admirable directions on the general subject of health and disease; its sound advice, which all classes of medical men will approve; and, furthermore, as a very readable and intelligible account of the homœopathic practice.

No error is greater, as we learn from the book before us, than the idea that homœopathic physicians give only infinitesimal doses. In many instances, especially in cases of what is commonly called acute disease, the practice recommended is as severe as any allopathic physician ought to desire. In treating of fever and ague, the authors remark that "some attacks will yield perfectly to a few globules of the thirtieth potency of ipecacuanha; others have to be treated with quinine in substance; others, again, are readily controlled by a few globules of the thirtieth potency of cinchona; whereas, in thousands of cases, arsenic has to be given in doses of one-fifth of a grain."

We can not lay the book down without referring to the admirable essay on Hygiene, and the general care of the body. No family can fail to profit by the study of this chapter; and we recommend our readers, without consulting their medical advisers, to take the private advice of this book, which will be well worth ten times the fee to the publisher which it will cost them.

We have from Ticknor & Fields THE BETROTHED, in two volumes, being the continuation of the "Household Waverley." We can not too often call attention to this really exquisite edition, every successive volume of which tempts us to a new reading of the old favorites. The issue is approaching completion; and he who has taken it volume by volume will not feel the price, while he will possess a copy of Scott which we consider decidedly superior to any other extant, not even excepting the author's favorite edition.

Peterson publishes another novel by Mrs. Southworth—THE TWO SISTERS. The story, as usual with this lady, is chiefly laid in Virginia, but the history of Magdalen, the heroine, or one of the heroines, carries her through strange scenes and adventures in Paris and London. We have always admired the power of Mrs. Southworth as a writer, and consider some of her novels as of the highest rank. The present is, perhaps, equal in interest of plot to any she has written, but lacks the polish which she was formerly accustomed to give her finished works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

STOPPAGE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

MR. FIELD has published the following card: "I have received, from Newfoundland, a dispatch informing me that although the insulation of the ocean cable remains perfect, no message has come over it for several days. The last telegraphic dispatch that I received from England was dated London, September 1. What may be the cause of the cessation I do not know, but I conjecture that it is the change of the shore end at Valentia, which I was informed was about to be made.

"CYRUS W. FIELD.

"NEW YORK, *September* 8, 1858."

THE CABLE NOT BROKEN.

Mr. de Santy, the electrician in charge of the Atlantic telegraph at Trinity Bay, declines to make any statement relative to the cable for publication beyond the positive assurance to the Agent of the Associated Press that there are only temporary difficulties of an electrical nature, and that there is no reason whatever for the rumor that the cable had parted.

LATEST FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

The Salt Lake mail has arrived at Leavenworth. It was 21 days *en route*. The Mormons and the orderly and Government officials were attending to their business. As soon as the Associated Judges arrived, the trials for treason would be commenced. No arrests had yet been made. The Indians were very troublesome about the city, and had killed several of the Mormons. One family were massacred while moving south. Dr. Forney, Indian agent, was out among the tribes making treaties, and has thus far been successful. Engineers were out locating the four posts on the western division of the mail route.

DOINGS AT SALT LAKE CITY.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "It is interesting to watch the rapidity with which this city is now improving in every respect. One can hardly realize that six weeks ago it was entirely deserted; that all these stores now thronged with customers were closed, and that all these dwellings now surrounded with noisy little urchins were fastened up, with doors nailed and windows boarded. Never before was this city the scene of such activity in every branch of business, and I doubt whether, since its foundation, the people have been more happy than at present. All look cheerful and contented, as if satisfied that they were now to be protected by the laws from whatever they may consider as oppression or imposition.

"The mercantile interests of the Territory will be attended to the coming season—for there will be no less than eight Gentile stores here during the next winter, the usual number having been two.

"About 600 wagons and 7000 oxen are employed in the transportation across the plains of the goods for these merchants."

WHO FIRST CONCEIVED THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph have published a statement as to the origin of the Telegraph. We make the following extract: "With respect to Mr. Horace B. Tebbetts and Mr. Frederick N. Gisborne, the two persons particularly alluded to in those communications, there is written evidence to disprove the claims of both of them. The Charter of the Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company, which was obtained by Mr. Gisborne in 1852, did not authorize nor allude to a telegraph across the ocean. When our negotiations with that Company began in the early part of 1854, we found it almost entirely in the hands of four persons, Mr. Tebbetts, Mr. Gisborne, Mr. Otis P. Jewett, and Mr. Darius B. Holbrook. With them the negotiations were carried on, principally through Mr. Tebbetts and Mr. Gisborne. To explain their plans and resources they put into our hand a copy of their charter, a prospectus, a list of their property, some testimonials to their engineer, and their latest circular, dated New York, January, 1854. In none of these is there the remotest allusion to crossing the ocean by telegraph.

"The charter of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was drawn by one of us, on the passage from Boston to St. Johns, and was introduced into the Legislature of Newfoundland, and was read for the first time on the 28th of March, 1854. This charter began by declaring that it was 'deemed advisable to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Newfoundland,' and by one section gave authority to establish a submarine telegraph across the ocean from Newfoundland to Ireland; by another section prohibited any other Company or person from touching the coast of Newfoundland or its dependencies with a telegraphic cable or wire from any point whatever for fifty years; and by a third section, granted the Company fifty square miles of land upon the completion of the submarine line across the Atlantic."

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The American and Republican Conventions failed to effect a union last week, and separate tickets have been nominated. Immediately on the assembling of the Republican Convention at Syracuse, on 9th, a motion was made to proceed to nominate, *viva voce*, candidates for Governor and all other State officers to be supported by the Republican party. It was urged that such a proceeding would be improper during the absence of the Committee of Conference, as their report might influence the future action of the Convention, and the motion was laid on the table, after some debate. The motion was then made that when the nomination for Governor came up, it should be informal, and the vote be *viva voce*. A strong effort was made to strike out the words "*viva voce*," and insert in their place the words "by ballot," but it was voted down, after considerable discussion—149 to 85. General Nye, from the Committee of Conference, now reported the result of their deliberations, stating that it received the sanction of six out of the eight members composing the Republican committee. Messrs. Upham and Talcott, the two dissenting Republicans, then explained the grounds of their disagreement, when a very excited debate sprung up, which ended in the report being referred to the Committee on Resolutions, with instructions to report whether it formed a basis for a proper union, and an adjournment was had to two P.M. On reassembling, a series of resolutions was submitted against the acceptance of the report, and discharging the Conference Committee, which was adopted amidst considerable excitement. A motion was immediately made to proceed to ballot for a candidate for Governor, which motion was adopted, and, after some preliminary speech-making, the Hon. E. D. Morgan was nominated on the second ballot. The nomination was made unanimous; and Robert Campbell, of Steuben, was subsequently nominated by acclamation as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. A Committee was appointed to notify the Americans of the action taken, and to inquire what names they had to propose. A recess of half an hour was then taken. After the recess the proceedings of the Republicans gave offense to the Americans, and all chances of a union were lost. The Convention perfected its ticket as follows:

For Governor.................... E. D. MORGAN.
For Lieutenant-Governor.......... ROBERT CAMPBELL.
For Canal Commissioner........... HIRAM GARDNER.
For State Prison Inspector........ —— EVEREST.

THE AMERICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The American Convention did not organize until 11 o'clock of 9th, owing to the delay of the Committee of Conference in agreeing upon a report. When the Committee came in, Mr. Brooks announced that a report had been agreed upon, unanimously on the part of the Americans, and nearly so on the part of the Republicans. A long and spirited debate ensued on the propriety of its adoption, when, it being understood that the Republicans had discharged their Committee and taken the report from their hands, pending a motion to lay the resolutions on the table, the Convention adjourned till 3 o'clock. On reassembling, the proposition to table was lost. Various messages then passed to and fro between the two Conventions, relative to the terms of an agreement, but it was found impossible to coalesce, and the Americans proceeded to the nomination of an independent State ticket, which was perfected as follows:

For Governor.................... LORENZO BURROWS.
For Lieutenant-Governor.......... N. S. BENTON.
For Canal Commissioner........... J. R. THOMPSON.
For State Prison Inspector........ W. A. RUSSELL.

The Convention, after mutual congratulations, then adjourned.

COLLISION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AND THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES.

At the Ocean House ball a body of the Government troops were called upon to keep order, and the Newport *News* tells the following story of the consequences: "Certain streets and avenues leading to and past the Ocean House were tabooed to the public during the ball, and soldiers were detailed to guard them. The moment those assembled saw these streets guarded by United States soldiers, their 'dander' was up, and continued to rise as they saw individuals and carriages summarily ordered about by the soldiers. About ten o'clock, the Mayor drove up in his carriage. Being told that no carriage would be allowed to pass an avenue open to the public on other occasions, he concluded that he was the right man to test the matter, and essayed to pass through in his carriage, when a soldier on horseback rode up and ordered him to stop. The Mayor declared his determination to proceed, and told the fellow to go about his business or he would have him put in the watch-house. At the same moment, a by-stander informed the soldier that he was addressing the Mayor of the city. The only reply was, 'I don't care a d—n for the Mayor or any body else,' and drawing his sabre, he rushed forward after the Chief Magistrate, who by this time had passed up and alighted from his carriage, coming near trampling him under his horse's feet. The Mayor at once sent for the manager of the ball and asked him what it all meant, and was referred to Colonel Magruder. This gentleman, on being remonstrated with for the unwise proceeding of bringing a detachment of soldiers into the city under such circumstances, expressed his willingness to remove them 'in the course of the evening.' The Mayor insisted on an immediate removal, or they would be forcibly removed, by his orders, to the watch-house. The soldiers were immediately withdrawn and sent back to the Fort, and quiet restored."

ONE OF THE ILLINOIS CANDIDATES.

They tell this story of Lincoln in Southern Illinois, where he resides: Being out in the woods hunting, he fell in with a most truculent looking hunter, who immediately took a sight on him with his rifle.

"Halloa!" says Lincoln, "what are you going to do, stranger?"

"See here, friend; the folks in my settlement told me if ever I saw a man uglier than I was, then I must shoot him; and I've found him at last."

"Well," said Lincoln, after a good look at the man, "shoot away: for if I am really uglier than you are, I don't want to live any longer!"

PERILS OF SERVICE AT QUARANTINE.

One of the reporters tells the following story about one of the police sergeants who has been ordered to do duty at Quarantine: "Yesterday, Sergeant Sam Brevoort stole a few moments from his arduous labors as Commissary to take a walk over the Quarantine grounds. After looking among the tents and new buildings erected, he seated himself on a long rough box under the shade of a tree, and was quietly reflecting upon the unpoetic character of camp life, and the utter want of exalted sentiment in the employment of furnishing beef, bacon, beans, potatoes, bread and butter to sixty policemen. But his reverie was interrupted by hearing a voice, and looking about, he discovered one of the hospital employés addressing him, and the dialogue proceeded as follows:

"'Hullo there, you sojer man,' said the employé.

"'Well,' said Sam, rather vexed at the want of appreciation of his official position, 'what do you want?'

"'Like your seat?' was the next question.

"'Yes,' said Sam. 'Suppose I do. What then?'

"'Well, I only wanted to say that the man in the box you're settin' on died of the yallar jack yesterday, and I kinder thought you might like to know the fact.'

"Sam jumped about twelve feet without stopping to thank the party for his information; he left the Hospital grounds to resume his duties among the commissariat."

MURDER WILL OUT.

A dog recently brought a skull to his master in the woods near Detroit, Michigan, and on investigation the body of a railroad conductor named John Hickey, formerly of Georgia, was discovered. He must have been killed nearly a year ago. An Irishman named Kennedy is suspected of the murder, but he has escaped. The Detroit *Free Press* says:

"We have here a case which does not often offer. A man is murdered, robbed, and left in the woods, in the midst of a swamp. The murder remains a secret for nearly a year, and is finally revealed by a dog, which brings the skull of the murdered man to his master, having gnawed it for his supper. The letters found reveal the names of the murdered man and the murderer, after the silence of months had rested upon the terrible deed. The murderer is tracked from one extremity of the Union to the other; three times escapes, as if by the interposition of a supernatural aid; and still remains at liberty. The proofs that can be brought against him are overwhelming, and would result in his conviction if he could be found. The facts, until now, have been confined to those first cognizant of them, but so long a time having elapsed, the propriety of making them public is no longer doubtful. The murderer is thought to be somewhere in the North, probably in Illinois or some other Western State."

PERSONAL.

J. R. Giddings, of Ohio, is engaged in writing the "History of the Anti-Slavery Fight in Congress," and his retirement will enable him to finish the work at an early day.

The subjoined card appears among the advertisements of a Richmond daily paper:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA!—I hereby proclaim myself a candidate for the office of Governor of the State of Virginia, and shall urge, with whatever ability I possess, the wisdom of accepting 100,000,000 of acres of the public land, the money accruing therefrom to be applied to the gradual extinction of Slavery, by purchasing the young slaves and their migration beyond the United States. Had Virginia applied the 100,000,000 of acres that she gave to the United States in 1787 to this purpose, the banks of her majestic rivers would now be teeming with a thrifty white population, and strewn with cities, villages, and cottages. She would (among all the States of the Federal Union) have been first in Agriculture, first in Commerce, and first in Manufactures. Give me but a fair field to combat my rivals—I ask no other favor—and the triumph shall be mine.

"Your servant, ever faithful and true,

"HENRY ABRAM."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE LAST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

The *Times* publishes the following messages, the last received from Newfoundland at our latest dates from England:

"NEWFOUNDLAND, *August* 24, 11 30 P. M.

"Two miles shore end ample; have half mile small cable plenty: it is stowed on the beach. Two splicers and jointers here. Six gallons naphtha required. Please send authority to draw on Brooking £100, required immediately for laborers' house in a wilderness. Roads to make and woods to cut and clear. Ought to have some more relays; have only one. Great difficulty in sending letters from here. Have written fully."

"VALENTIA, *Wednesday*, 1 A.M.

"The cable is now working splendidly. We are conversing freely with Newfoundland.

"The signals to and from are strong and perfect. A telegram has just been received, dated New York, 25th, 12 53 A.M., stating that the *Persia* has taken the *Europa's* passengers and mails."

DECLINE IN THE COMMERCE OF ENGLAND.

The Board of Trade Returns for the month of July show a decrease in the declared value of exports to the extent of more than a million and a quarter as compared with the same month last year—a fact that proves how slowly England is recovering from the great financial crisis of '57. In the foreign trade for the month an increase appears, of the outward entries, of 372 ships and 4679 tons, and on the inward entries of 119 ships and 41,000 tons. The inward coasting trade has increased; but there is a slight falling off in the outward entries.

MORPHY'S GAMES AT CHESS.

Bell's *Life* contains the following: "Mr. Morphy (who is only about twenty years of age) has favored us with the exact score of all the games he has played since he came to the old country, not thinking it worth while to include a number of games played giving the large odds of rook or knight, all of which he has won. Beginning with Herr Lowenthal—while we write the match is not over; but Morphy has but one more party to win. They have played twelve games, of which Morphy scores eight, draws one, and loses three. With Mr. Barnes, of the St. George's Club, Mr. Morphy has played twenty-six games, winning nineteen and losing seven. With Mr. Boaden, Morphy has played nine games, winning five, losing one, and drawing three. Of twelve games contested with Mr. Bird, Morphy gained no less than ten, drawing one and losing one. With Mr. Hampton, the American has played and won two games; and of six played against the veteran Herr Lowe, the American wins six. With the Rev. Mr. Owen, Morphy played five games, winning four and losing one; and then, giving pawn and move for a match of five games, won all five, drew two, and lost none! It was agreed that if Mr. Morphy beat Mr. Owen at pawn and move, he was to play a second match at pawn and two moves, which second match we shall, doubtless, therefore, hear of in due course, Morphy being remarkably given to carry out all his undertakings."

MR. MORPHY'S LAST GAMES.

The Birmingham *Journal* has the following: "On Friday the proceedings were almost entirely suspended for the purpose of watching the progress of a chess-playing feat never before witnessed in England. We refer to Mr. Morphy's playing eight games blindfold. His opponents were Lord Lyttelton, President of the Association; Mr. Salmon, the best player Ireland affords; Mr. Kipping, a very strong player; Mr. Avery, Mr. Carr, D. Freeman, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Y. R. Wills. The play commenced at one o'clock and terminated about a quarter past six, and resulted in Mr. Morphy winning every game except the one with Mr. Kipping, Secretary of the Manchester Club. The match between Messrs. Staunton and Morphy stands thus: Stake £500 a side, the scorer of the first eleven wins; to commence on the 1st November next."

NEWS FROM THE LAST ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Captain Collinson has received the following letter from Captain M'Clintock, who started early last year on another expedition for the discovery of some traces of Sir John Franklin:

"YACHT FOX, HOLSTEINBORG,
"*Commenced May* 3, 1858, *closed May* 7.

"MY DEAR COLLINSON,—Our cruise hitherto has been short and sharp, most lamentably short, indeed, but, thank God, it is not at an end; the real work is only now beginning. We have only got to repeat the attempt this year. Our progress was finally stopped in Melville Bay, August 18, from which time up to the 25th of April we remained in the pack, drifting southward with it. While beset, we have drifted from 75½° N. to 63½° N.; the whole amount is 1194 geographical miles. You will understand what disappointment and anxiety this ill-fortune entailed upon me. For a whole month in Melville Bay our fate hung in the balance. The season was very similar to that of 1848, when I was with Sir John Ross; the whole bay was crammed full of light pack, and there was no land ice. Having previously examined the edge of the middle ice down as far as 72 20 without any prospect of success, there was but one course open to me—to enter the pack whenever a favorable opportunity offered, and trust to boring through into the north water. This is what Sir J. Ross did; and being on the same spot, and also on the same day, and, moreover, a very favorable opportunity of long leads opening out, I tried the same plan. We did not succeed; a long run of southerly winds closed the ice together so much that it did not open again. Still I had the precedent of the *North Star* from which to draw the hope of a drift through into the north water; and this, I think, we should have done in time to save our season but for the grounding of some bergs on a bank off Cape York which it has been our lot to discover. We drift-

ed up within 24 miles of that cape, and subsequently far to the westward before commencing our southern march."

PROSPECTS OF CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK.

"We are in excellent health, and the ship uninjured. She leaks a little, and we had to pump her out all winter three times weekly. Forty tons of coal remain on board, and we will take in as much more at the Waigat. As for provisions, we have, excellent in quality, of salt meat seventeen months', preserved meat and pemmican thirteen months', etc. From this you will see how well provided we are, and how easily we can complete ourselves for a third winter at Beechey Island. With regard to my future plans, I see no reason for departing from my original scheme. If early into the west water, I will thoroughly sift the Pond's Bay natives, so as to separate the history of Belcher's abandoned ships from such knowledge as they may possess respecting Franklin's ships. I hope to look into Port Leopold before visiting Beechey Island, as the former would be the place to which we would have to fall back. If the launch is injured, I will take a boat from Beechey Island, and leave her there should I go down Bellot Strait, or at Cape Walker, should I succeed in getting down Peel Strait. Should I get down to the Magnetic Pole I will pass on the east side of King William's Land, communicating with the natives, and into Fish River. If I can manage to complete my work in Fish River by ship, it would be an immense advantage to winter near the southwest angle of King William's Land.

"Disco, May 24.—For the early part of this season I shall be among the whalers, leisurely following their motions; but, should they not persevere to the north as long as I think desirable, I must then judge for myself whether to persevere or return south with them, and seek a southern passage. I purpose sailing to-morrow morning. We shall long remember the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Olrick and all here. Yours very sincerely,

"F. L. M'CLINTOCK."

THE THACKERAY AND YATES DIFFICULTY.

The *Critic* speaks as follows of the Thackeray and Yates difficulty: "Whether, as a contemporary asserts, Mr. Justice Willes has or has not given an opinion as to Mr. Edmund Yates's cause of action against the Garrick Club for having expelled him, we can not say. It is very unlikely that a judge would commit himself to an opinion upon a case which might possibly come before him in a judicial capacity; but whether that be so or not, we have little doubt that, if Mr. Yates prosecutes his case in a proper manner, the Committee of the Club will awake to the unpleasant fact that they have acted not only unwisely, but illegally. The Club is possessed, we understand, of funded property to the amount of £3000 or £4000, besides the lease of the house, the furniture, plate, wines, etc., and a very valuable collection of pictures. Now, when a member has paid his entrance fee and subscription, he acquires an equal share and ownership with the other members of the Club in each and every part of the property which belongs to the Club. The members are, in point of both law and fact, partners, and they take the common property share and share alike. It may, perhaps, be argued that the laws of the Club form part of each member's contract with his fellow-partners, and that the by-laws give a power of expulsion for gross misconduct or becoming infamous. Even granting that, the Committee will have some difficulty in proving that the description of Mr. Thackeray comes within either category. If we are not misinformed, it will be before a Court of Equity, and not of law, that this knotty point will have to be debated, inasmuch as Mr. Yates's best remedy is by a bill praying to have an account taken of the partnership property, and to have it sold by public auction, and his share of the proceeds paid to him. This seems a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AGAIN.

MR. LANDOR has ended his long career with an act of speechless infamy. The London *Times* thus epitomizes the story:

"It is with unfeigned reluctance that we perform the duty which has been cast upon us of saying a few words about the trial which took place at Bristol on Monday last, in which Mr. Landor was defendant. Mr. Landor, as is sufficiently notorious, returned to England many years ago weary of his Tuscan expatriation. He fixed himself ultimately at Bath. In that city he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Yescombe. The lady was the plaintiff in the recent action. Acquaintance ripened by degrees into friendship, or at least into intimacy, and for many years Landor and the Yescombes were in constant, almost daily, intercourse; indeed, it appeared that Landor was in the habit of dining with them about three times a week. In their family there resided for some time a young lady to whose name, although it was mentioned at the trial, we have no wish to give any additional publicity. For some cause unexplained it was judged right that she should leave the Yescombes and be removed to Cheltenham; and this it was which roused Mr. Landor's anger, and led to the publication of the libels. Omitting the dirt, here are a few of the points charged against a lady by Walter Savage Landor: He said that she had been guilty of perjury; that he had given her £18 to pay for him, and that she had stolen half the money; that she had stolen £5 out of a letter which he had given her to put in the Post-office; that she had retained a tradesman's receipt—had not given him the money, but had availed herself of the receipt; that she had stolen seven shillings from the counter of a tradesman's shop: that she had obtained £100 from him under false pretenses. Now, it was not pretended by Mr. Landor's legal advisers that there was a shadow of pretense for any of these charges. They were the mere outpourings of a venomous and cankered spirit.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

"Mr. John Forster, the gentleman whose name is so well and so favorably known in the literary world, went down to Bath to see if he could not put an end to a dispute which, as he saw at a glance, could only bring shame and discredit upon Landor. Mr. Forster succeeded in obtaining the old poet's initials to an apology, in which he withdrew all the offensive and libelous charges which he had concocted and circulated against Mrs. Yescombe, and added a promise that they should not be repeated. This well-meant and judicious interference was not, however, destined to be productive of any permanent effect. No sooner was Mr. Forster's back turned but Mr. Landor renewed his attacks, and this time with the most cowardly weapon in the slanderer's armory. Walter Savage Landor, the poet, the man of letters, the gentleman just tottering on the verge of the grave, actually condescended to have recourse to the expedient of anonymous letters, and these letters contained such filth that one may well wonder how the ideas could occur to a human brain. Friendship and sound judgment could do no more for him. One of these anonymous letters was so utterly and indescribably filthy that the counsel for the plaintiff declined to import it into the case. Landor was saved, like the skunk, by the very intensity of his own dirt. When the counsel on his side was called upon, he could not say a word in the defense of the nasty old man, except that the jury should consider his great age. When Landor was a young man, or even a man in middle life, filth was the fashion. A wit and good fellow of the days of the Regency would now be scouted out of decent society if he made any effort to be amusing in his own peculiar line. In such a school Landor had been brought up, and therefore it was suggested that he should be judged by the morality of a former day rather than by the rules of decent behavior which obtain in our own time. Of course the jury would not listen for a moment to such palliation as this. The end was a verdict for £1000 damages against Mr. Landor; but this is the lightest portion of the result. How ineffable is the disgrace to a man of Mr. Landor's ability and reputation, at the close of a long life to be mixed up with so disgraceful a transaction! A slanderer, and the slanderer of a lady—a writer of anonymous letters, and these letters reeking with the foulest odors of the dirtiest stews—a violator of his pledged word—who is it to whom these words must now be applied?

'Who would not weep if Atticus were he?'"

PERILS OF CRINOLINE.

The *Border Advertiser* says: "The following incident was witnessed the other day, and is, perhaps, the most amusing instance that ever attended the wearing of those hooped balloons in which it is the rage of the present fashion of the fair sex to incase themselves. On the top of Nelson's Monument, on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, three young ladies appeared, emerging from the rather narrow labyrinthine stair-case which leads on to the gallery, with skirts of enormous extent, which had evidently sustained some squeezing in the progress up. This feat they had managed with the determination which generally distinguishes the sex; but now the question was, How were they to get down again? A pretty strong draught was ascending the funnel-like opening, which completely inflated the crinoline skirts, and in vain did they endeavor to squeeze their hoops into any thing like moderate compass for the descent. The scene that followed baffles description, and had nearly been the death, from convulsions, of the gentlemen who accompanied the party. The result was that two of them were obliged actually to take off the hoops, while the third did not escape to *terra firma* without the sacrifice of a fine green barège dress, which was torn to shreds in her frantic efforts to accommodate herself to the straitness of the occasion. Let fashionable young ladies make a note of this before they attempt the ascent of the monument on a breezy day."

FRANCE.

PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* asserts that the administration of M. Delangle has not realized the expectation of fairness and moderation held out at his advent to power. On the 30th of last month twenty persons passed through Toulon on their way to the dismal swamps of Cayenne. These poor wretches had not been sentenced by any public court; they were deported under the so-called law of public safety after secret examination. Among the unfortunates was M. Delecluze, prefect of the department of the Nord under the republic. The treatment of this gentleman was cruel in the extreme.

A NEW SORT OF MAN-OF-WAR.

It is said that a vessel is about to be built at Cherbourg, to be called *Vaisseau-bélier* (battering ram), a sort of man-of-war, of which the first idea belongs to the Emperor, and which is intended to act by its mass and by its speed; and an expectation is expressed that the introduction of this new element into naval warfare will completely change its character.

PROBABLE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The *Morning Post* says: "The Duke de Malakoff is shortly about to repair to Paris *en congé*. It is understood that, in all probability, the illustrious and gallant bachelor will not return as such to these shores.

"The future duchess is said to be a French lady connected by family ties with the Empress Eugénie.

"It may be hoped, therefore, that the *éclat* so long and necessarily wanting to the French Embassy may be restored under the auspices of an embassadress."

The *Observer* says: "We are assured that it is to sign the marriage contract that the Emperor has put off for eight days his departure for Biarritz. It is also added that the dowry of Mademoiselle Valera will be given by the Emperor, and that it amounts to a million francs. Probably there is some exaggeration in this figure, but it is also stated that the trousseau is given by the Empress. It is further stated that the marriage will take place on the 8th of September, the anniversary of the taking of the Malakoff."

A WORK THAT TAKES 3000 YEARS TO WRITE.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "In the course of this present month of August, the Academy will publish the first volume of its Historical Dictionary of the French language, a work commenced fifty years ago. The learned gentlemen have put into practice the precept of Boileau, who, in his *Art Poetique*, advises that we combine the qualities of the hare and the tortoise. The first volume of the dictionary contains about four hundred pages in 4to, and concludes with the word *abusivement*—an adverb that, in this case, seems rather epigrammatic, as far as regards the way in which the authors have used the patience of the public. If the Academy continues to labor with such impetuous zeal, it will reach the letter Z in about 3000 years. Quite an encouraging prospect for those who are inclined to subscribe."

MARRIAGE BETWEEN TWO WOMEN.

An extraordinary case is now pending before the civil Tribunal of Castelsarrazin, near Toulouse. A lady of that town, who was married so far back as 1845, has brought an action against her husband to have the marriage declared null and void, on the ground that he is not a man but a woman! The tribunal, at her request, has charged three physicians of Toulouse, all professors of the faculty of medicine there, to make a personal examination of the husband, and to report the result. The alleged woman is represented by the local journals to be five feet six inches high, and to be apparently of great strength.

A TAX ON THE EXPANSION OF HOOPED SKIRTS.

According to the *Courrier de Charleroi* the lessees of dancing saloons in Belgium complain bitterly of the falling off in their receipts, occasioned by the extra space now occupied by crinolines. An instrument, called the "Crinolimètre," has consequently been adopted by some of them, and persons whose crinolines surpass a fixed development are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given on Sunday 22d, at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra 75 centimes; another person, of an economic disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops!

A CAT RACE.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Horse races, donkey races, carrier-pigeon races, human foot races, are familiar to all; and rather dear, it is to be feared, to many of your Anglo-Saxon readers. These sports are most of them as old as the races of men. It was reserved for the men of Liege to make an addition to our cursory amusements, undreamed of by nomadic Tartar or classic Greek, or aristocratic Englishman. They have instituted cat races, the first of which came off a few days ago—I should say a few nights ago, for this novel kind of race differs as much from others of the category in its accidents as, to use a term of the schools, in its *quiddity*. Eighteen cats, belonging mostly to persons living in one quarter of the city, were put into bags, and carried to a bridge more than a league distant, where they all took their start about midnight. The disposition of these animals to return always to their wonted place of abode is well known. The cat first back, under or on the roof of its fathers, came in at half past twelve, and won the prize. The larger part of the rest followed close, and made good time. Two or three only of the whole company, either laggard or dissipated, delayed their return till daylight—rare exceptions to the general rule of feline fidelity and morality.

TURKEY.

MORE OUTRAGES ON THE CHRISTIANS.

Advices are said to have been received in Paris from Trebizond of outrages having occurred in that quarter, arising from Mohammedan fanaticism. Some eighty Turks made a razzia on a town called Santa, while the Christian inhabitants were at a church at some distance, which was surrounded, so as to prevent information reaching them. They then completely stripped the town, and outraged the women and girls. Bashi-Bazouks are stated by the same advices to have fired on the encampment of the English Consul, who was on his route from Trebizond to Erzeroum.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE SULTAN.

The murmurs of the Turks at the extravagance of Abdul Medjid are growing louder and more general. The Sultan receives, out of a revenue of less than £8,000,000, a civil list of £1,200,000; but, not content with that, he has contracted debts to the amount of £4,000,000; and such is his mania for building palaces for himself and the different members of his family, that he has now in course of construction eight palaces and five kiosks, or smaller buildings, which are estimated to cost from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000. The present Ministry seem desirous to bring about a financial reform in the palace. They first asked for the reduction of the pay of divers functionaries, and for the abolition of certain offices which are absolutely unnecessary. A gracious answer was returned, but the hint was not taken; the extravagance of his Imperial Highness continued, so that the Ministers, finding more direct measures necessary, at last found courage to send in a new representation, signed by them all, giving a deplorable picture of the financial condition of the country, and pointing out the impossibility of going on any longer at the present rate. What the effect will be remains to be seen. If, as is feared, some self-seeking members of the Ministry try to gain favor by pleading that they were secretly opposed to such a bold and irreverent proceeding, there will be a change, not of the system, but of the Ministry.

ITALY.

NEAPOLITAN TYRANNY.

A letter writer says: "His Majesty is still at Ischia, and as a proof of the extraordinary precautions taken by the police, I may instance the following case: As the King was driving the other day a man held up his hand with a petition. His Majesty ordered him to be brought, and received his petition. Directly afterward he was seized by the gens d'armes, severely beaten, and then thrown into prison, where, after four days' confinement, his friends could obtain no information about him."

EGYPT.

AN ARAB IN THE WRONG BOX.

A letter from Cairo of the 9th says: "A curious circumstance occurred a few days ago in this city. A man wearing the costume of a cophte (Arab Christian) went to the shop of an Arab butcher who is noted for his antipathy to the Franks, and ordered some meat. When it was supplied the cophte objected that the weight was not exact, and the butcher in a rage began abusing him, after which he heaped curses on Christians in general. The cophte told him that he would complain to the zabet (police magistrate), and ordered the butcher to accompany him to the tribunal of that functionary. The butcher, thinking that the zabet would be sure to be on his side, readily consented, but on arriving at the tribunal, he found to his vexation that the zabet was no other than his customer. The butcher immediately received 500 blows on the soles of his feet, and was dismissed with a recommendation to be more respectful for the future to Christians."

INDIA.

THE PALACE OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, has gone to Delhi. We make the following extracts from his letters:

"And, now, we see before us the noblest battlemented wall on which my eyes ever rested. It is the wall of the Palace of the Mogul. A grand face of rich red sandstone, darkened by time, crenellated in two rows, rises to a height of fifty or sixty feet above us, and sweeps to the right and left in melancholy grandeur, slightly broken in outline by turrets and flanking towers. Except the Victoria gate of our new Palace of Westminster, I have seen no gateway so fine in proportion and of such lofty elevation. The massive iron and brass embossed doors open into a magnificent vestibule in a great tower, which rises high above the level of the walls, and is surmounted by turrets and four cupolas of elegant design. On passing the gates we find ourselves in a sort of arcade, vaulted and running for the length of the tower, in the midst of which there is a very small court richly ornamented with sculptured stone-work. The arcade conducts us to an open court-yard, surrounded by houses of excessively poor aspect. At one side there, in the turreted gateway, two of our countrywomen were brutally murdered. But in the court-yard before us a more terrible scene was enacted. There is a dry stone well, in which there once played a fountain, in the centre of the court. Above it a venerable and decaying tree casts an imperfect shadow over the stone seats on which, in former times, those who came hither to enjoy the play of the waters and their refreshing music were wont to repose. It was at this spot, beneath this tree, and round the fountain, that the Christian captives, women and children, after several days of painful respite and anxiety, worse than the fate they dreaded, were hacked to pieces by the swords of the ferocious and cowardly miscreants. Around the very place where that innocent blood ran like water, as grim monuments of retribution, are ranged, row after row, the guns taken from our enemy; our guards are in the gates; and of the many who took part in the murders, it is probable few live to dread the punishment which, sooner or later, will strike them. The mouldering walls of the palace buildings, broken lattices, crumbling stone-work, and doors and wood-work split, decayed, and paintless, the silence only broken by the tread of the sentry, or our own voices, rendered the whole place inexpressibly sad and desolate. But sadder still when one thought of the voices—of the cries—which resounded within these walls one short year ago.

THE "ELYSIUM ON EARTH."

"On ascending by a flight of steps four or five feet in height to the terrace on which the Dewan Khoss is built, and looking in through the wide arched door-ways, or rather between the rows of pillars on which the roof rests, we saw any thing but the dazzling magnificence for which our little reading had prepared us. In fact, the hall was filled, not with turbaned and bejeweled rajahs, Mogul guards, and Oriental magnificence, but with British Infantry in its least imposing and prepossessing aspect—namely, in its undress, and in its washing and purely domestic hours. From pillar to pillar and column to column extended the graceful arches of the clothes-line, and shirts, and socks, and drawers flaunted the air in lieu of silken banner. Long lines of charpoys, or bedsteads, stretched from one end of the hall to the other—arms were piled against the columns—pouches, belts, and bayonets depended from the walls, and in the place where once blazed the fabulous glories of the Peacock Throne reclined a private of Her Majesty's 61st, of a very Milesian type of countenance, who, with brawny arms bared to the shoulder, as if he were engaged in a matter requiring no ordinary exertion of muscular strength, was occupied in writing a letter for the edification of some humble residence 'West of the Shannon.' The hall was so obscure that the richness of the decorations and the great beauty of the interior were not visible till the eye became accustomed to the darkness, and penetrated through the accidents of the place to its permanent and more pleasing characteristics. Then, indeed, one could form some notion of the extent to which the praises of travelers and poets had been justified in times gone by, and could hear without a smile the scrolled hieroglyphs over the three entrances, in precious stones and metals, translated into the hackneyed and pompous boast. 'Oh! if there be a Paradise on earth, it is this! it is this! it is this!' As one of the soldiers said, 'Begorra, the chap that put up *that* had a droll notion of Paradise anyhow. Wid the hate and the flies I think it must be more like the other place.' The magnificent pavement has been taken up and destroyed, and the hand of the spoiler has been busy on the columns and walls of the Divan.

THE EX-KING OF DELHI.

"In a dingy, dark passage, leading from the open court or terrace to a darker room beyond, there sat, crouched on his haunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull-cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious—certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timour the Tartar with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature who was the symbol of extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-King was sick; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So for the time we turned our backs on the door-way, and looked around the small court, which was not more than thirty feet square. In one corner, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature, who sat up at the sound of our voices and salamed respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue silk sash round his waist; his head was bare, exhibiting the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well-shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin, but his eyes were quick and bright, if not very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white-tunicked and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with obsequious anxiety. One of them said, 'He is sick,' and the Commissioner gave directions that he should lie down again; and so, with another salam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the House of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself on his back with a sigh, and, turning his head toward us, drew up the chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence.

HOW SICK HE WAS.

"That dim, wandering-eyed, dreamy old man, with feeble, hanging nether-lip and toothless gums, was he indeed one who had conceived that vast plan of restoring a great empire, who had fomented the most gigantic mutiny in the history of the world, and who from the walls of his ancient palace had hurled defiance and shot ridicule upon the race that held every throne in India in the hollow of their palms? He broke silence. Alas! it was to inform us that he had been very sick, and that he had retched so violently that he had filled twelve basins. This statement, which was, it must be admitted, distressingly matter of fact and unromantic, could not, I think, have been strictly true, and probably was, in the matter of numeration, tinctured by the spirit of Oriental exaggeration, aided by the poetic imagination of his Majesty. The passage in which he sat contained nothing that I could see but a charpoy such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat which was suspended from door-way to door-way, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length. Inside the mat we heard whispering, and some curious eyes glinting through the mat at the strangers informed us that the King was not quite alone. I tried in vain to let my imagination find out Timour in him. Had it been assisted by diamond, and cloth of gold, and officer of state, music and cannon, and herald and glittering cavalcade, and embroidered elephantry, perhaps I might have succeeded, but as it was I found—I say it with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell Street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems about to guide to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nerveless, quivering, and gaping mouth, filled with a flaccid tongue; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling mustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. He seemed but little inclined for conversation; and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, and said, 'I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it.'

HIS FAMILY.

"His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums. Here was this Begum, a lady of some 35, very aggravating to the ex-Great Mogul, who was both in pain and anguish, and very anxious to get away from him. 'Why,' said she, 'the old' (yes, I believe the correlative word in English is) 'fool goes on as if he was a king; he's no king now. I want to go away from him. He's a troublesome, nasty, cross old fellow, and I'm quite tired of him.' Bowstrings and sacks!—was not this dreadful language? But the ex-Mogul is a philosopher; he merely asked one of his attendants for a piece of coffee-cake or chocolate, put a small piece in his mouth, mumbled it, smiled, and pointing with his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction from which the shrill and angry accents of queenly wrath were coming, said, with all the shrug and *bonhomie* of a withered little French marquis of the old school, 'Allah! listen to her!' And so we left him alone in his misery. He numbers upward of 82 years, but they are said to be only of lunar months, and that his real age is 78."

CHINA.

HOW THE EMPEROR HAS SWINDLED THE ENGLISH.

A Paris letter says that it is affirmed that the 30,000,000 francs of indemnity to be paid by China to the Allies will be paid in English and French money, of which the Emperor of China has got a quantity, to which he attaches no value, it not being current in those parts, and his ideas on the subject of exchange being very vague. I know not how this detail can have come hither, and probably it is merely a fabrication, but it is *ben trovato*, and one can imagine the Chinese potentate and his Ministers chuckling at the idea of overreaching the barbarians by paying them in worthless sovereigns and Napoleons—just as Balzac's usurer, in payment of the diamonds a spendthrift has sold him, hands him a bundle of his protested acceptances.

The amount of the indemnity is not yet certain; nor whether or how it is to be divided between the allies.

THE TERMS OF THE TREATY.

The *Moniteur* contains the following telegram in advance of the mail:

"*Baron Gros to his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

"TEIN-TSIN, *June* 19.

"The wishes of the Emperor have been fulfilled in China. That vast empire is thrown open to Christianity, and nearly the whole of it to the commerce and industry of the West. Our diplomatic agents will be allowed to reside temporarily at Pekin. Our missionaries will be admitted every where. A Chinese envoy will be sent to Paris. The murderer of the missionary Chappedelaine will be punished; it will be announced in the Pekin *Gazette*. The laws against Christianity will be revoked. All the engagements are taken, and in part secured (consignés) under the seal of the Imperial Commissioners. France and England obtain the most ample concessions."

CANADA.

BOAT-RACING AMONG LADIES.

While we have female equestrianism in New York, the women of Canada have a new way of exercising their bodies, not less effective. The Collingwood *Journal* says that, on the 17th August, four ladies contended, in a boat-race, for a prize of $25. The bay was dotted over with every description of boats, large and small. In the midst of all appeared a trim little white boat, in which were seated two ladies, dressed in white, without hats or bonnets, oars in hand, ready and, apparently, anxious for the contest. Soon another boat, black, and somewhat larger than the other, launched out from the shore, with two lady rowers, also dressed for the occasion, with black straw hats, arms bare, and as cool and calculating as you please. At the signal, the firing of a gun, the boats started, and, after an exciting race, the black came in some fifteen lengths ahead.

A CATHOLIC SCHISM.

We find the following announcement in a Canadian paper: "The Rev. M. Chiniquy, so well known in Canada as the Apostle of Temperance, and a most eloquent preacher, and whose resistance of Episcopal authority in Illinois has, latterly, excited so much painful feeling among his orthodox compatriots, has, at length, been induced to take a rash and, probably, an irretraceable step. Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, who had succeeded Bishop O'Regan, solemnly ratified the canonical censures and interdict pronounced by the latter against Mr. Chiniquy; whereupon the reverend gentleman, about the 22d ultimo, in the court-house of Kaukakee, and in the presence of a great crowd, made a public declaration that he separated from the Catholic Church, and was going to found a sect, under the denomination of 'Eglise Chretienne Catholique,' independent of Rome and the Bishops. This conduct is said to have offended many who had hitherto adhered to his ministration, and it is supposed that not more than a hundred or so are likely to continue attached to his fortunes." The affair creates some sensation.

A WEEK AT BADEN; BEING A LEAF FROM A BOHEMIAN TOUR.

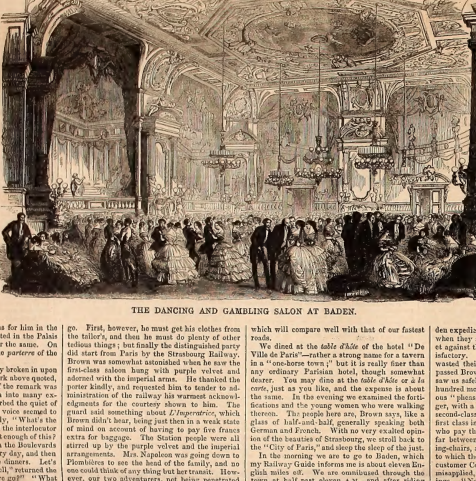
THE action of this remarkable drama commences at Paris, in the year 18—. Two young men of *distingué* appearance are dining in a *café* much frequented by *medicos* of limited pecuniary means. The fact may as well be let out at once; they were dining, *à prix fixe*, at two francs, and the dinner is much better than you will get at some of the small hotels. The most *distingué* of the young men, of course the writer of this, having finished his cigarettes, becomes inspired with an idea. He looks anxiously at the partner of his toils, and ejaculates, "I say, Brown!" Now Brown was a person with red hair, and of a sanguine disposition. No one could have had the Saxon idea more firmly fixed than Brown. No matter what country Brown might be in, he looked upon all persons who did not speak the English language as foreigners. Brown lived in a little hotel with a large name, just out of the Place de la Bourse, and halfway between the Temple of Pietas and the Palais Royal. Brown was happy, that is, if happiness can be vouchsafed to any mortal. He had a little cage on the *premier étage*, a copy of Galignani's Guide, a little French dictionary, and a rather smart-looking *concierge*, who used to fix his sleeve-buttons for him in the morning. Then Brown breakfasted in the Palais Royal for two francs, and dined for the same. On grand occasions he patronized the *parterre* of the Grand Opera at four francs.

This state of elysium was rudely broken in upon by the person who made the remark above quoted, "I say, Brown!" The author of the remark was a person who had tempted Brown into many extravagances, and had much disturbed the quiet of that individual's existence. His voice seemed to inspire Brown, who inquired mildly, "What's the matter now?" "Well," returned the interlocutor of Brown, "haven't you had about enough of this? I'm tired of walking up and down the Boulevards and looking at the same faces every day, and then coming here and eating the same dinners. Let's make a break out of this." "Well," returned the agreeable Brown, "where shall we go?" "What do you say to Baden-Baden?" "What's at Baden-Baden?" "Oh! lots of things. There's baths, and all sorts of waters, and *rouge et noir* and *trente-un*, and dukes and princes, and all sorts of things. It is a kind of Saratoga, Blue Lick, and Virginia Springs, all rolled into one."

Brown was delighted at the idea; Brown would go. First, however, he must get his clothes from the tailor's, and then he must do plenty of other tedious things; but finally the distinguished party did start from Paris by the Strasbourg Railway. Brown was somewhat astonished when he saw the first-class saloon hung with purple velvet and adorned with the imperial arms. He thanked the porter kindly, and requested him to tender to administration of the railway his warmest acknowledgments for the courtesy shown to him. The guard said something about *L'Impératrice*, which Brown didn't hear, being just then in a weak state of mind on account of having to pay five francs extra for baggage. The Sixteen people were all stirred up by the purple velvet and the imperial arrangements. Mrs. Napoleon was going down to Plombières to see the head of the family, and no one could think of any thing but her transit. However, our two adventurers, not being penetrated with devotion to Louis Napoleon or Mrs. Louis Napoleon, stirred up the employés in a lively style, and were soon bowling over the railway at the rate of thirty miles the hour. This express train leaves Paris at seven o'clock in the morning, and reaches Strasbourg, about three hundred miles off, at half past four in the same afternoon—a rate of speed which will compare well with that of our fastest roads.

We dined at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel "De Ville de Paris"—rather a strong name for a tavern in a "one-horse town;" but it is really finer than any ordinary Parisian hotel, though somewhat dearer. You may dine at the *table d'hôte* or *à la carte*, just as you like, and the expense is about the same. In the evening we examined the fortifications and the young women who were walking thereon. The people here are, Brown says, like a glass of half-and-half, generally speaking both German and French. With no very exalted opinion of the beauties of Strasbourg, we strolled back to the "City of Paris," and slept the sleep of the just.

In the morning we are to go to Baden, which my Railway Guide informs me is about eleven English miles off. We are omnibused through the town at half past eleven A.M., and after riding about three miles we arrive at the banks of the Rhine, of which remarkably overrated concern Brown gets his first sight. It has here an attack of yellow jaundice, and is crossed by rather a shaky bridge. There's not a bit of any thing romantic about it save the name. We have here to display our passports. Those in English, from Washington, are only glanced at; while those from the Legation at London, being in French, which the officer can read, are more closely scrutinized. Brown has one of the latter, but, notwithstanding his ferocious appearance, he was not consigned to a dungeon several feet below the surface of the earth, but permitted to cross the Rhine. It was about half past twelve when we rolled into the railway station at Kehl, where our baggage was overhauled by the custom-house officers. Gruff, heavy-bearded, women-frightening fellows they were too. Brown had a packet of fancy soap, which he had bought in Paris, because there was rather a good-looking young woman to sell it. The packet struck the officer of the customs as something suspicious. He looked at Brown interrogatively. Brown smiled amiably, and said, "Soap!" Cerberus shook his head. Brown grew excited, and ejaculated "*Savon!*" Another shake, and general bellig'rent of Brown and other passengers waiting for the customary formalities. "Who knows!"—exclaimed Brown, in a voice in which desperation and rage were equally mingled—"who knows what soap is in Dutch?" Nobody replied; when Brown, animated by one of those sudden expedients which always occur to great minds when they are in a tight place, rubbed the packet against the beard of the soldier. That was satisfactory. He had heard of some people who wasted their time in washing their faces, and he passed Brown, soap and all. Half past one o'clock saw us safely packed in the Baden railway, with a hundred more tourists, in the second class; numerous "plenasnts" in the third; and a fat old dowager, with a poodle, in the first class forward. The second-class cars in Germany are as good as the first class in France or England; so the passengers who pay the extra for the first class are few and far between. They have, however, sofas, lounging-chairs, and all sorts of nice things; in addition to which the conductor always calls the first-class customer Count or Prince, which titles, even when misapplied, are very agreeable to some people's feelings. "Nobody would ever call you so, Brown." "Why not?" "Because you have red hair. Who ever heard of a red-haired prince?" "Why, wasn't there William Rufus?" "What, Blake?" "Oh no, that king that was before Victoria—his hair was red, and so was the Earl of Blanks. He had a ship up the Mediterranean, and painted his gig red, and had a red-haired crew for it; and one



THE DANCING AND GAMBLING SALON AT BADEN.



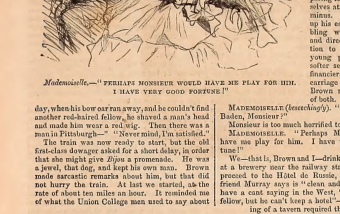
A GAMBLING-TABLE AT BADEN.



Mademoiselle.—"I PERHAPS MONSIEUR WOULD HAVE ME PLAY FOR HIM. I HAVE VERY GOOD FORTUNE!"

day, when his low car ran away, and he couldn't find another red-haired fellow, he shaved a man's head and made him wear a red wig. Then there was a man in Pittsburgh—" "Never mind, I'm satisfied."

The train was now ready to start, but the old first-class dowager asked for a short delay, in order that she might give *Dijon* a promenade. He was a jewel, that dog, and kept his own man. Brown made sarcastic remarks about him, but that did not hurry the train. At last we started, as the rate of about ten miles an hour. It reminded me of what the Union College man used to say about



THE WAY TO BADEN.

the accommodation train from Schenectady to Saratoga. They alleged that they could jump off the cars, pick some berries, and jump on again, without missing ones in ten times. We reached Baden at half past four in the afternoon, having traveled at the rate of two English miles per hour. The omnibus was a shade faster than the railway.

The eloquent Murray—what should we do without him?—says "that there can be but one opinion as to the beauty of the town of Baden, embosomed among hills forming an offset or commencement of the Black Forest range, and seated on the banks of the Oos." The same authority tells us that the Romans, who had a remarkably sharp eye for the good things of this life, discovering the mineral springs here, set up a colony; and some remains of their work in the baths may yet be seen. After being thus historical, our Murray has a bit of sarcasm, thus: "During the season, princes may be met with in abundance, but are usually outnumbered by blacklegs."

So much topographical and general information was imparted to Brown as we were preparing to discharge ourselves at the Baden terminus. Brown pricked up his ears when gambling was mentioned, and directed my attention to a rather fast young person of the softer sex, and an old financier, in the same carriage with us. Brown made a sketch of both.

MADEMOISELLE (*lisseter-ing*).—"Do you play at Baden, Monsieur?"

Monsieur is too much horrified to speak. "

MADEMOISELLE.—"Perhaps Monsieur would have me play for him. I have very good fortune!"

We—that is, Brown and I—drink very good beer at a brewery near the railway station, and then proceed to the Hôtel de Russie, which our friend Murray says is "clean and good." They have a cant saying in the Navy, "Once a dog, always a dog, fellow, but he can't keep a hotel"—as if the keeping of a tavern required the highest mental and physical qualifications. Our hotel-keepers, Brown, are generally too ornate for their business, and look to their customers to the tender mercies of subordinates, who ape the airs of their masters. Here, you see, we are received in a civil way by the proprietor himself, who shows directly to pleasant apartments on the first floor, and overlooking the promenade. When you remember, Brown, the tremendous race which we had to have from the railway at Saratoga to the United States or Congress Hall, you can appreciate the contrast here, where people generally take pains to secure their apartments a day or two beforehand. We range ourselves quietly at the *table d'hôte*, and already feel as much at home at Baden as if we had been there a month. The dinner is good, the wines splendid—that's real Clicquot that you are drinking, Brown—and, altogether, our lines have fallen in pleasant places.

Life at Baden may be easily described. It is a little town built upon the hillside, and, like all watering-places villages, seems to have no vitality except what it draws from foreigners. Its chief profit lies in fleecing strangers. The pleasant promenade—the magnificent Conversation House and palatial Drinking Hall—the smooth, well-shaded roads—all come from the profits of the master vice of the human race. With the regular *hôtels* of Baden, gambling, to a greater or less amount, is as much a matter of course as eating or drinking. The tables are placed in the Conversation Hall, which is as free to the public as our City Hall Park. Attached to the hall is a grand saloon for dancing, with a fine theatre, where they give French plays in the season. They can afford to pay the best artists, because they immediately lose their salaries at the gambling tables. The play begins always at 2 o'clock in the morning, and ends at midnight. The banker puts upon the table every morning a certain sum—I think it is twenty thousand dollars—which can not be removed by the bank until night. The scene around the table, given by the artist in this article, is a picture that can never be forgotten. Old and young, men and women, people of all ranks and conditions, throng the tables. The croupiers and dealers have that hard, stony expression peculiar to their craft; while in the faces of the players one may see the effects of the vice in all its shades. At each turn of the wheel nothing is said, or seen, or heard, save a whisper or a chuckle, as the long rakes of the bank gathers in its harvest of gold and silver; for so much are the odds in favor of the bank, that those who form it can afford to pay altogether one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per annum for the privilege of keeping the rooms open. Citizens of Baden are not permitted to play at the tables. It is proper to swindle the outsiders, but not your own people. Put down five francs, and see what becomes of it. Around goes the mystic wheel, out comes the wooden rake, away goes the five francs.



THE GODS MOSTLY WORSHIPED AT BADEN.

The bank goes on steadily winning; the dealer glows with delight as he looks at his victims; the worshipers of the gods of Baden grow more numerous and more feverish as the game proceeds. The *soiree* are filled with a great crowd. The ball-room resounds with the notes of the last waltz of Strauss. The gayety of Baden is at its height when there comes a report of a pistol, freezing every one with horror. It is a young Neapolitan, who has dissipated a noble fortune at the gaming-table. He staked his last Napoleon; he lost, and, rushing out into the clear fresh air, with the mid-summer moon shining calmly over the promenade, he deliberately blew out his brains. Every body is shocked for the moment, but in an hour afterward the tables are again thronged, and the ball-room by no means deserted.

Baden, as I told Brown, is a great rendezvous for the Paris *litterateurs*, who come down there in July and August, spend all their loose cash, and then go home. They are generally inveterate gamblers, and as literary men never have any luck, even by accident, they always lose. Several of them have written capital little books about Baden, and it is the interest of the proprietor of the gambling-tables to keep them there as long as possible. A short time since he gave a *diejeuner* to the most prominent of the crew, and, after dinner, addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, you came here with small amounts of *money*—from five hundred to five thousand francs. You can not afford to play against the bank; it is from the persons who play small amounts that we have the profits: they never win. After this warning you may play if you will. If you win, well; if not, I shall be obliged to return to you the amount of your losses."

I am not acquainted with the results, but I presume that they all played and lost as usual. Sometimes the heaviest losers of one season combine against the bankers for the next, and raise a large capital, with which they hope to break the bank. Such combinations have been successful, but failure is the rule. The general course of play at Baden may be expressed as below. And the rout to Baden is guarded as in the accompanying picture.

But Brown says he has enough of gambling, and so we will promenade. Here is fine music, all sorts of society, plenty of fun, resplendent *cafés*, myriads of white-aproned waiters, countless sights, elegant equipages, and all the bustle of the gayest European capital. Baden does not cover so much space as Newport or Saratoga; and, as nearly all the people live in the hotels, they are concentrated together upon the promenade or in the Conversation House in the evening, or at the Trink Halle in the morning. Here is the most curious scene of Baden. In the centre of the great hall are fountains, which supply to all applicants the twenty-eight different German medicated waters. In an angle there are still more waters to be had in bottles; while, outside, goats are being milked to supply the morning draught for delicate young ladies suffering from too much rest and a superfluity of pokaos over night. The morning bath, walk, and drink in Baden is something which approaches the sublime of intoxication. Some of the Virginia



THE MAN WHO WON $100,000, AND BROKE THE BANK.

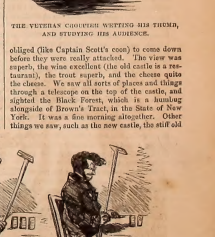
baths are said to be equal to those of Baden; but there is no place where health and pleasure can be sought with so much success as at Baden. Is there, Brown?

One fine morning Brown and I drove up to the top of the height which is crowned by the old castle of the Dukes of Baden. They thought they would make themselves successful; but the French troops having ravaged the plains, the inhabitants of the mountain were starved out, and



THE VETERAN CROUPIER WIPING HIS THUMB, AND STUDYING HIS AUDIENCE.

obliged (like Captain Scott's coon) to come down before they were really attacked. The view was superb, the wine excellent (the old castle is a restaurant), the trout superb, and the cheese quite the cheese. We saw all sorts of places and things through a telescope on the top of the castle, and sighted the Black Forest, which is a humbug alongside of Brown's Tract, in the State of New York. It was a fine morning altogether. Other things we saw, such as the new castle, the stiff old



1. SITS DOWN TO TRY HIS LUCK.
2. LOSES, CONCLUDES TO TRY AGAIN.
3. LOSES AGAIN! ONE MORE VENTURE!
4. LOSES! BASCALLY CARDS! WELL, TRY ONCE MORE.
5. LOST BAPERLOTTE!

Prince of Prussia, no end of Counts and things of that sort; the young gentleman who drives four horses, writes letters to the papers, and then fights duels fifty feet apart on account of them—and much more that was interesting to me but not to relate.

So now Brown, we've done Baden; and, if you please, we'll depart to-morrow for Frankfort, Mayence, and the Rhine. Whether we take the readers of *Harper's Weekly* with us or not, depends upon their opinion of us as traveling companions.

THE EX-POLICEMAN'S STORY.

It was an old house in Bayard Street. Yes, a mighty old house—wooden, and gable-end to the street. And so dilapidated! Door not! The crazy, who were once supposed to have a mortgage on it, had foreclosed time out of mind; and the rats bought it at sheriff's auction.

It was a blustering, bullying night, November that found me sitting in the front room, second floor, of that old house. Through the keen northeaster, and the every-now-and-then storms of sleet, I had come hither on a little one of my larks. The variety I indulged in was that of going with sets of out-of-the-way places, in all kinds of out-of-door weather, without any sort of an umbrella—coughing but an ounce top-coat, and no cud to Hessian boots. I do this to see life.

The single occupant of the room was a grizzled, bony man, about fifty years of age, but so worn and stooping that he seemed a good deal older. Altogether, his right, dingy yellowjous face, and those dark, talon-like hands of his, left nervous and bare by a pair of very ragged mittens, made him look like a statue of Troublous Times done in Berlin iron.

This was the man's own room in that house in Bayard Street. But there were other lodgers—there always *are* other lodgers in houses in that street, whose numbers vary from ten to fifty, and have no one room occupied by a very small and dirty boys apiece. Accordingly, when I first came into this room of which I speak, and saw a shoeless three-year-old, very fire in it, and thought how mighty cold the old man must be if I had to shiver in my overcoat and Hessians. And my head out on the dark and dirty hall, "*John!* Jim! Pat!" accost of a liberal answer from one, at least, of the lodgers' dirty little boys to my invitation.

I was agreeably disappointed in my calculation of the man's poverty, in immediately coming from sight, certainly, of a grate from the premature infant up to the bobbledehoy, who rushed out into the watchful interim, always-awaycreaming, "What's up?" The promise of a dime, conditioned upon the faithful discharge of his trust, to a selection from any one of the wine turned out to be Pat, operated so benignantly upon the mind of that youth, that he conceived to go for a pack of cards and a bottle of sidling wood. Just as he was putting on his fragmentary shoes to his forth, that bully of a wind made, through the outer keyhole, such an excellent acoustic imitation of a pleasant family teatable that I felt like defying it by a production of the genuine article, and adding to the commission a pound of ham, a loaf of bread, and a shilling's worth of tea. In about ten minutes Pat actually came back with the provender and the money, whether from innate honesty or because the bewilderment of possessing such a treasure of cash prevented him from calculating the extent of "the time" he might have had for that amount, is a question for casuists.

Suppose now the fire made, the tea drawn in another lodger's hired kettle, the ham-rasher done to a turn on still another's frying-pan, these eatable and drinkable comforts, together with the bread, vanished before the starred appetite of poor old *Troublous Times*, and the last of the lodgers who came out to snuff the savor in the entry, and say, "My! *Hosts* old Hallett having a feed?" gone back to the groups they called bed—and you arrive at the exact date where I began at first.

Old Hallett—so, that was his name—looked out the ashes out of an ancient black pipe which had been lying cold on the mantle-piece, filled it from my box, and then began

"Well, I'm beat! I'm quite confounded! If my body had come to me this afternoon and said, 'Hallett, a fashionable coming—you'll be wholly really take an interest like, and want to know all about you, how you got on—which I'm not going bread and ham and cards and—and you give you a regular old-fashioned supper,' I'd have said, 'No, you don't.' I'm too old a bird to find that way!' For you're the first man that has spoken a good word to me this ten years.

"And you'd like to hear my story, would you? Well, it may be interesting to you; as for its being so to me I can't say much. But here goes.

"I have always been a taker-care of other people's safety. When they had watchmen in New York I was one of them. When they started the police system I went into that corps. Night or day for thirty years I was on duty, through hot and cold, wet and dry, watching and walking, to see that no harm happened to life or property so far as I could help it. I was twenty-three years old when I began, fifty-two when I left off—but very old for that age.

"I got to be forty years old, and I was still a single man. A man who has so little time for his bread and butter you may think, sure enough, he still see for making love. And I always had a queer, old-fashioned idea about getting married—that a fellow must love, and love first, if he wanted to do the thing up all right. I've known plenty of people who looked at those things as a matter of business, and they seemed young enough to do it; but I, and the girl, she's got a little something, so we'll just fiftch to and say nothing more about it.' I went to see one or two weddings where the thing was done in that way, and hang me if I didn't ask myself all the time the parson was going through the operation, what difference there was between that and the coupling together of any dumb stock for *formin'* purposes.

"But the girl—that's the idee never came into my head. Bless me! fifty times a week. Sometimes when I had to plant a lodger in the cells, or break up some fierce scrudge, and she made up a sweet little face and said, 'Thank ye!' on the other side of the way, I'd see my regular idiot, Hallett, mulley my boy! I wonder whether that's the fortune that any woman will ever go with you in your life, just across the street; when it would be so nice to be going all the way down to the Battery—the jumping-off place of the world—with a right hearty girl, and not like the big one?" Then, too, when I was on my night patrol, and every now and then one of those poor creatures would be brought in redolent of honor and goodness to whirl round and round for a few years in the Hell-gate of this city, and then be sucked down out of sight—God knows where—when one of these passed by, all tricked out in gay colors, and laughing so deucedly, and looking so happy, I grew quite downhearted with wondering if God couldn't have saved one of them when she was young and innocent to be the wife of a poor, honest man like Hallett. So many women going to the fiend, and not one for me! I tell ye it was a riddle which nearly drove me mad.

"Well, as I said, things went on this way until I was over my fortieth birthday. My old mother, whom I was taking care of all along, died, and I was all alone in the world. *My* world—that means the three rooms I lived in any way, which made my best, and the one little room in Grand Street where I did what eating and sleeping I got there.

"One night in the November of the year I was forty—very much such a night as this, only heavier a little, perhaps. I was sitting there all back and forth on patrol, with my hands in my pockets—thinking and wondering as usual. On the other side of the way, and on a man whom I went by, talking quite loud, and walking at a rate which was almost a run. I didn't quite hear what they said, but their manner was noticeable, and I stood still under an awning to watch them. They reached the corner and stopped. In the bright light of the lamp there I saw the woman lift up her hand, caressing like —oh, such a beautiful white hand that trembled and seemed to speak like a human face—the cursed ruffian that was with her hit her a blow with his great fist, and down she went on the sidewalk like a dead thing, without a groan.

"Quick as a flash I sounded the call for help and put after that fellow. But he was in time, and the man who kept him engaged by me, as soon found that he would get to his crib before any other policeman could reach me. In the mean time, there was that poor creetur that he'd just felled, devil that he was, lying senseless on the hard, cold pavement. I knelt down and near to see whether she was dead or not. See, though my club, so to speak, was thirsty for him as if it had a fever, I turned from him in time, and to the corner. I raised her up in my arms; she was still breathing, slow and heavy, but outside of that gave no more sign of life than the stones she fell on. There was a light in the drug store a block off, so I carried her there as you would a baby, and knocked and rang until the sleepy boy got up and let me in. We laid her down on a settee, and poured brandy down her throat and rubbed her hands and feet and did everything sides to her nose—Lor', we did every thing for the poor creetur—but it seemed as if she never would come to. Then the boy ran to a doctor's, and when she opened a pair of great, wild, black eyes and asked where she was, and if she'd been dreaming, and such like, I was perfectly beside myself with joy.

"Thank be God, Sir, she had never opened her eyes again!"

Old Hallett clutched convulsively at his throat as if he would choke down with one blow the dangers of his something terrible which was rising from within, and then went on.

"I'm not a man, Sir, given—oh, so pretty! I've seen a great many good-looking women, as is natural, considerin' all the chances I've had in my day; but in the whole of 'em I don't think I'm talkin' exaggerated when I say that she was the best-looking one I ever saw. The most wonderful thing about her was her hair. I've told you how white and speaking it looked in the gas-light, where I first saw it; now I couldn't help taking it up and kissing it and nursing it like a little bird against my bosom, making an excuse that it was cold, and saying 'God bless you!' to the man who'd left her my kind. I am not ashamed, after all."

Here Hallett blew the got wide awake and natural like once more, so that sooth could talk in a low, feeble voice, she told me she wasn't hurt much—her head only pained her a little—but was ill. Should I take her home? I asked her.

"At the speakin' of that word 'home,' she began to take on dreadful. She hadn't such a thing in the world, her mother was dead, and her father—the drunken brute that struck her—hadn't been sober for a month, and was just turned out of a poor old room they had down in Cherry Street, because he wouldn't pay his rent. He struck her, and when she begged him to go to the Station-house and ask a lodgin'. And now she didn't believe he'd gone to, or what would become of him. He was found three weeks after floating off Pier No. 1.

"As she spoke in her broken, heart-sick voice was telling me this story, the druggist's boy behind her hand put his tongue in his cheek, and counted so much money of his eye as a fortnight's which made me clutch my club tightly again, and feel as if I would like to teach him manners. But I listened her—yes, to the end, I believe her yet. I had heard a good many pitiful stories in my day; some of them I couldn't swallow; but, I tell ye, they weren't told in that voice, or with that hand explaining them and patting them home.

"Did you ever notice how quick a man will sometimes settle what's been a puzzle to him for years? Every thing she's ever thought regardin' Hell and what not the wickedness and the hows go flyin' through his head like an express train; then comes something inside of him like a long whistle, and before he can speak, the strain's stopped at a depôt he never dreamed of, and he goes ashore out of it for his whole life. Well, that's what I did. I've often thought since that the smell of the drugs in that shop must have crazed me, for, quick as a flash, I saw all the future days I'd ever have to spend in my service—all the questions I'd been asked by myself—all the doubts, and the wonderin' and the twists, and the whirls, ran by me and shot up with a rout just at the foot of the settee where I was kneeling. For, I said to myself, though this young thing is wretched poor, and her clothes are so thin that they can hardly hold together, I would be telling a lie to my heart in a rich, precious thing, and her honor hasn't a rent in it. And though I am forty years old, and she can't have more than fifteen, she may live enough to make my lone room shine with a light which I never nor except when I was dreamin.

"So I said to her, 'You're mistaken; you have got a home.' She looked up at me in a sort of startled, wondering way, and stopped crying. But notwin' my badge, and seein' I was on the police, she hid her eyes with that white hand they say, but which, now I was receptacle, and I stood still under an awning to watch them. They reached the corner and stopped. In the bright light of the lamp there I saw the woman lift up her hand, caressing like —oh, such a beautiful white hand that trembled and seemed to speak like a human face—the cursed ruffian that was with her hit her a blow with his great fist, and down she went on the sidewalk like a dead thing, without a groan.

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"At the speakin' of that word 'home,' she began to take on dreadful. She hadn't such a thing in the world, her mother was dead, and her father—the drunken brute that struck her—hadn't been sober for a month, and was just turned out of a poor old room they had down in Cherry Street, because he wouldn't pay his rent. He struck her, and when she begged him to go to the Station-house and ask a lodgin'. And now she didn't believe he'd gone to, or what would become of him. He was found three weeks after floating off Pier No. 1.

"As she spoke in her broken, heart-sick voice was telling me this story, the druggist's boy behind her hand put his tongue in his cheek, and counted so much money of his eye as a fortnight's which made me clutch my club tightly again, and feel as if I would like to teach him manners. But I listened her—yes, to the end, I believe her yet. I had heard a good many pitiful stories in my day; some of them I couldn't swallow; but, I tell ye, they weren't told in that voice, or with that hand explaining them and patting them home.

"Did you ever notice how quick a man will sometimes settle what's been a puzzle to him for years? Every thing she's ever thought regardin' Hell and what not the wickedness and the hows go flyin' through his head like an express train; then comes something inside of him like a long whistle, and before he can speak, the strain's stopped at a depôt he never dreamed of, and he goes ashore out of it for his whole life. Well, that's what I did. I've often thought since that the smell of the drugs in that shop must have crazed me, for, quick as a flash, I saw all the future days I'd ever have to spend in my service—all the questions I'd been asked by myself—all the doubts, and the wonderin' and the twists, and the whirls, ran by me and shot up with a rout just at the foot of the settee where I was kneeling. For, I said to myself, though this young thing is wretched poor, and her clothes are so thin that they can hardly hold together, I would be telling a lie to my heart in a rich, precious thing, and her honor hasn't a rent in it. And though I am forty years old, and she can't have more than fifteen, she may live enough to make my lone room shine with a light which I never nor except when I was dreamin.

"So I said to her, 'You're mistaken; you have got a home.' She looked up at me in a sort of startled, wondering way, and stopped crying. But notwin' my badge, and seein' I was on the police, she hid her eyes with that white hand they say, but which, now I was receptacle, and I stood still under an awning to watch them. They reached the corner and stopped. In the bright light of the lamp there I saw the woman lift up my name's Harry Hallett. I ain't rich; I don't live up town in a big house with pictures and looking-glasses in gold frames, and I'm only a policeman. But I'm like that's so, I've got a roof and a heart inside of me, and a room for Grand Street outside of me when I'm in-doors; and if either of 'em isn't good enough, then you shall never go to the station-house—that's all.'

"The druggist's boy began a indulgin' of himself in some comic and faces which didn't exactly suit my present feelin's, so I gave him a shove which enabled him to sit down without intendin' it on the head the girl, almost before she knew it, from the settee and out into the street. The cold air a kind o' revived of her, and as she looked at me, felt quite strong enough to walk I let her do it, and took her gently along, a leanin' on my arm, around to my place in Grand Street. Once or twice I looked her up and and warm in my own bed, and went off to attend to my beat till morning.

"Wasn't I a happy, glad man! I didn't mind the cold; I wasn't lonely any more; for my own thoughts, which before that had been more bother than any thing to me, I never looked out for, turned all at once into mighty pleasant company, and seemed to patrol up and down with me, shakin' hands, kissin', and saying, 'Wish you joy! wish you joy, Harry Hallett!'

"My! but it was be-a-ti-ful!

"I don't mind it now, Sir, by stretchin' out. So I'll just tell you, as you must have guessed a long way back, that, by-and-by, we were married. We were not a young couple—that is, only one of us—but we had a wedding, and the prettiest corpse would have called remantic. For the first time since I entered the service I got leave to be off beat for a day, and we had the ceremony done in church, and not Mary—that was her name—had pretty little rosebuds stuck about in her hair, till she looked like a fairy, and then came home to Grand Street to a house. But, O Lord! I mustn't think of that, or I shan't keep up till I get through.

"Mary was a woman unless I'm like incrasin' in' stablishment. So Mary and I took one more room in the Grand Street buildin', and began keepin' house on a small, quiet sort of way. I had been known in the Department for a good while, and, as I had always tried to do my duty, was considered pretty well of. So when I applied to be put on the day service altogether, I didn't find much difficulty in getting what I asked. That gave us all the pleasant long evenings together, and when I got home after work, and found a sweet woman there to sup at the top of the stairs, in place of the dumbness and dark, I used to climb up into, all tired from my beat, I tell you every step seemed like getting higher and lighter into a little heaven. And then, when I felt her arms round my neck, and her kiss on my mouth, and that wonderful little white hand of hers—that all our housekeeping could not soil or cramp—but was where the bright tea-kettle was a singin', and the two cups sat waitin' by the toast on the white cloth, and the candle was lighted, and every thing all brushed up and tidy, smiling 'How-dye-do, Harry Hallett?' right into my face—

"Oh! I mustn't think of that notion.

"Well, time went on, and we'd been married about a year. We began to know that, before long, the Good Lord would send us to them of us to love one another in that dear old place. And at last the hour came. Of a soft spring night a little baby was born to us. It was born dead. Thank God!—born dead."

Again old Troublous Times, as if realizing how deep must be his wretchedness when he could fervently render so dreadful a thanksgiving, caught at his throat and choked his heart down.

"The mother was sorely tried by this trouble. So was I; but most of all because I feared she would never be up again. She was ill and sick, after much pain and weakness, and was about again the same as before.

"We lived very much alone. I never had time to make any very large circle of friends. I don't know as how I wanted to—for friends is a precious sight too often, these smooth-faced fellows who would get off your beat to drink with you, and then rapid-fire you with questions. So I was civil to every body, and minded my business, and hardly a soul. Mary was enough for me—to the thought of her was good company to me all the daytime, and at night in the light of her face, and the kisses she'd give, was a whole household of friends a drinkin' my health out of prize-pitchers and singin' glees. I never knew days of wonder more than that.

"It's come across me, pretty hard too, a great many times since then, that I didn't do altogether right in this. One was getting things all fresh and rosy, and fond of society, while I was, in a manner, an old man. Old enough to have been her father, and I should look 'round with a start, wakin' up like, when I spoke to her. It would not be considerable to see her so—and accordingly; one night says I, 'Mary, my love, I'm afraid you're sick, sin't you?' Oh, no, there was nothing the matter—perhaps it was the weather—that must be all.' So I took heart, and was glad, whenever a number day came, and I got to myself as I walked up and down the beat, 'good weather for Mary, the little un's a singin' now.'

"By-and-by, the weather came when, I must say, I was a kinder startled. Once or twice I came up stairs in the dark, and some one—I will follow my own notion—I would wrap up in a cloak and muffler brushed by me in a hurry, and shot out of the street door. And now and then I noticed that Mary opened her drawers that there were dead leaves and strings of ribbon that looked like as if there'd been a nosegay there, and that it was all gone. It fell to pieces. And one time I came on a little bottle of Cologne, which I had never seen before, in a dark corner. So I determined to lay a bit of linen to tie up a little scratch I got makin' an arrest. So, says I, 'Mary, a present, my dear? is a pleasant thing, but I don't like that any wrong, but supposin' some of the other lodgers had given it to her, for there was a woman in the house who was addicted to soaps and scents on the Bowery. But Mary said no, she had bought it herself—it was so nice for the handkerchiefs on Sundays.

"At last there came a night—O Lord, it seems as if I hadn't heart to go on!—when Mary and I had one more evening years ago—and keeping still can't help it. How would you feel, suppose you'd been married to a woman for years, and to her only woman you ever loved or could love in all the wide world—and suppose, I walked in dreamin', myself never, at all times, lost sight of her, or stopped sayin' God bless her! and you came back, half sick, from the street, along town's dusk, one September evening, and caught her sitting on another man's lap, with her arms round his neck, and his round her waist, and she singing out all those words you'd ever said to her when you were wakin' in dreamy, you'd have felt, I say"

At the sight of that picture, drawn out of the

dust of his memory's poor disordered lumber-room, for the first time perhaps in years, to be wiped and paraded in its fearful freshness, the dear old dead out on the Berlin iron front of the Troublous Times, as they stand beading an icicurn on some burning summer's day. With his rugged sleeve he wiped them away.

"Well, what d'ye think of that? It was a nightmare!—an awful scare that from the blood and kept the fat boiled out of my temper a little. I never said nothin'. I didn't move a step from the sill of the door, but just stood still—with a big weight on my head, and a cheap sorry' barking about the eyes. I've heerd tell of men that have come home and found such like, and, before the wicked one could turn about, have driven a knife into his heart and killed the wretched creetur had been a leadin' to damnation with him. I never done any thing like it. I couldn't even draw breath to groan, as I've told ye."

"Before that mare likes went off o' me the mast had gone. He made a rush at me with all his force—he knocked me down, and was down stairs and out of the door in a flash. And I was left alone with the woman—her as were my Mary—never, O God! to be mine again.

"The blow had stunned me a little at first—so that, for a minute, I was more amazed than I had been before. But, shortly, when I had got strength to lift myself up, I felt wrath as never ever, and seemed quite brought to. And I understood, sensibly, why it was that she crouched, dumb and trembling, in the corner with her hands over her face, as if they were hidin' my eyes.

"I knew it was because she had made me a man that knew well and the devil's length of it, but, if it wasn't the craze made me think so, she heard the good souls in heaven cryin' for me then. I knew it was because all hope for this world was gone for both on us.

"But if she thought I would bluster or take on she are mistaken. I went up to her very slow and calm—I drew her hand from her face, and said, 'Look at me! Don't be afeard of me —I hain't gone mad—leastways not mad—but you're safe—quite safe—so far as raisin' of hand or mine can hurt ye. Four years ago this fall I found ye for dead. Ye might have never opened your eyes again on this world but for me. I wish to God ye never hid—for your sake, mind, not for mine! But that's why I have been with the angels. I took ye to my breast like a baby—I warmed ye, I nourished ye, I comforted ye—and I spoke—but not out —ye owe me nothing for that—no, not even your love, if ye couldn't give it. I was an old man, you was young, and it was my habit. I'll not tellin' ye that bein' thankful to a man wasn't reason enough to make his wife, if she was all to Bet I was blind—blind with the lightnin'-stroke of you that came flashin' down on me through the darkness of a great, long, black night of life. And if I was to blame for not seein', I'm gettin' punished now—punished!—punished! Let me take it all on myself—my head—don't be afeard, I say—I'll never try to make you mine.'

"And now, look ye. These past years since I took ye to my home ye be proof I never pried. I'd have sold all I had to get ye; if ye'd dropped into the deepest sea, I'd have gone to the bottom to bring ye up or stay with ye. If ye'd fallen from the top of Trinity, down yonder, I'd have jumped after ye. If I'd lost ye in the crowd, I'd have gone bareheaded, barefoot, through sun and rain, till I found ye, over the world. Somehow never darkened ye to me in the night's shame like a glory ye was. Flames or waters, death, couldn't have held me back from goin' where you'd gone.

"O God! to think to-day you've gone where I can't follow ye! I reach your hand—I touch ye—but I can't get to you—I can't bring ye back. There's been an awful confusion in all that great love I thought you were a lovin' me with. Just as I come in that door I felt it heave, and now there's a gulf between us.

"Stay in this room, it shall be yours always. I don't unsluther the only hand that ever laid on my breast. Stay! it's what I want—I've got by of what I make, is yours. I'll see that you're taken care of well, kindly. But I never shall come back again.

"And as to *him*—him as robbed me—him as blamed me—him as put me down from him as dragged you out of the heaven where you were my God, I go to hunt him, yes, through hell!"

She lingered, head old man part cast out of himself in these awful words. No longer bent, no longer cowed and sullen, but upright, terrible-eyed, and menacing with his clenched, iron hand, so that he seemed sublime as an avenging angel. And I could read what his soul had been in the strange, mixed words that at last uttered in a wild shriek that pierced me.

Then he sank back again. A great shudder came over him, and his voice once more grew low and broken.

"I went away. I wandered all about the streets, not much knowin' or carin' where. When I met people I knew, and they said, 'How d'ye do, Hallett?' I said I was very well. And I thought I was, for I didn't somehow understand as yet how it was I hadn't been dreamin', and it was real after all.

"I said I wouldn't go back any more to the room. Somehow or other I did, notwithstanding. I had kind of an idea, perhaps, that I might find *her* there, a wonderin' where I'd been, and frightened because I hadn't come. I pulled open self up stairs, a leanin' hard on the bannisters. I went to the door—it was all still and dark as a grave. I opened it—remember my melody in there. She was gone—gone—forever!

"Something came over me—a stroke or it like—and I fell down by the door inside. It seemed to know how it was, again, and that felled me.

"I wish I'd shut the door before I dropped—My God! I do. I wish they'd ha' let me lie there, not a knowin' o' any thing, to die quiet and forget and be forgotten. Nothin' would have been heard o' me till the man came round for rent the next Monday, and then I'd have been out of trouble. But, 'no! I was to be left, in a voice of children peevishness, 'folks never can let ye alone—never. I got a little sleep however, for I didn't know nothin', moon's a stone, for six weeks. Then I woke up in the hospital. The first thing I see was a white wall on one side of me, then I turned over, and there was another white wall on the other. Then I looked right up, and there was a man standin' there all in black, with spectacles; and says he, 'Well, my man, we've been very sick, and we're all right now.' I thought of where I was last, and another of these lightnin' twins I told ye on went through my head inside of a minute, and I answered to me. And as the black-coat said the word 'better,' I thought he meant it to laugh at me; and says I to myself that's a devil, and I'm in the bad place.

"Did you ever wake up, the first time after somethin' awful had happened, and find it come on, all fresh and dazzlin' bright, just like that white light that used to be over the Museum? D'ye wonder I thought I was in the bad place?

"It's an awful tedious story to tell—how I lay in the sick ward day after day, a cellin' on God to let me die, and how best 'twas part of wantin' to help myself off and for very sickness of heart bein' too cowardly—too weak to move hand or foot. And so strong inside was I broken that it seemed as if my soul would shake my body to pieces, just as you've seen some big engine rattle down an old frame house, when it's mad of an engineer put it into. I'll just cut short, and say that I got well so I could go around.

"For a little while I was so poor, a leg-up again I didn't know what I *should* do. I'd been a cellin' Mary!' and sayin' wild things all the time I was crazy to the doctors, and that's all got out, together with the fact that *she* wasn't nowhere to be found; and if there wasn't foul play suspected, leastways I was thought to head-quarters that I must have lost my ideas altogether. I was let alone, and felt if quiet possible, to get back on the old beat. As I wasn't brought up to no trade, except police, was only fitted for that, and was getting heavy, and my pocket got pretty light. All this time I had nothin' to think of but the hell I was in, and fifty times over, the way it began and was.

"I had got a sort of little hole, that was cheap and kinder secluded like, where I could keep my traps (what few was) and stay still. If yd somethin' turned up to drag out my cussed life by. It was way down Anthony Street—what they call Worth now, by. I never was able to find out, for it ain't worth mary red, except what the wretched cullies I used to haul up there could tell me. It was a place for good-shop-liftin' business and panel operations; but it was good enough for me, not bein' choice about my company with the unfortunate inside of me day and night a devil worse than the worst of 'em. And so, one fine there come a day to me there, when I had just now't left and one month's rent to pay. Says I, 'Hallett, of the deuce's name, what d'ye think of the detective business?'

"God enough for them that likes it,' says I, a glum enough, suspicious-like. I didn't know my fix, and wanted my influence to get him on to the force.

"'All right, my ole feller,' says he; 'but how would you like it by way of variety, supposin' it was yourself that took it up for a living?'

"'Make yourself clear,' says I, a openin' my eyes a little.

"Well,' replied the young man, 'the long and the short of it is this. They've come to the conclusion at the Department that there ain't quite enough action about here lately—they're on now for a babbin' of rascals, and they've concluded to egonize a special force for that intention—'

"'Organize,' says I; for ye see I wanted to help him on a bit, bein' he hadn't much book larnin'.

"'Well,' says he, 'I don't care what you call it. Your name was up before the big 'uns, and, considerin' the fact that you're one of the oldest fellows on the books, and counted knowin', and had done some shiny things by way of hailin' up marauders during your hot-

ral existence, they sent me to hunt you up, and ask if you'd like to put on the line.'

"'Count me in,' says I, and jumped up, sharp like, as if fire mixture before I hain't been thinkin' of pettin' an eye to myself. It is strange how a man who would give all he's got to be let die, will hold on, tooth and nail, to a chance of livin', ain't it?

"I was on the Detective force for a good while. I was in some pretty ticklish business, and came off well—with banners flyin'. You may have heerd tell of the way Short-foot Jackson was fetched, and the way Billy Millers was broke out at their fence down Mott Street? Well, I was in that, and there were folks that said it couldn't be very well done without me.

"But all this wasn't what I was after. The first reason—perhaps after the fear of starving like a dog—that kep' me takin' the place was the chance it gave me of some day or other huntin' down the cursed fiend that had dragged *her* out of sight of heaven, and made me homeless and reckless forever. So I worked on, never mindin' tire or worry more'n a straw, if so be as how I might find her. I might come on to his track and be quits with him.

"One morning, when there wasn't much business on hand, and I was sitting in my chair up at quarters, a lookin' over the *Herald* to keep from thinkin' of myself, there came into the room an old gentleman, about sixty, I should say, in a high state of frustration, who said his house had been robbed the night before, and that was the reason he'd come in three months. He was so mighty scared that we couldn't get much into how it was done from any thing he said, nor who done it, nor where it was done. He didn't say nor Captain, 'Hallett,' says he, 'suppose you go along with the gentleman and see what we can do for him. Mr. Updyke—that was the old man's name—this is one of our most tried and trusted officers, and if any body can attend to the business for you, he can.'

"So we just sailed along together, and taking a stage, went to the up-town part of the city. It was a house in Twenty-third Street that had been broken into, not far from the Eighth Avenue. Coming to the house I couldn't find a shatter off the hinge, or a door with the lock broke. There wasn't a hole bored through any where, nor a pane out, nor a window forced. Every thing was just as it had been when the family went to bed the night before, savin' the little matters of the spoons, a silver waiter, and maybe a French clock or so.

"I own that at first I was a little bothered. But as I looked I asked to be shown into the garret. It was a garret—none of your scaled attics, all partitioned off with lath and plaster, but a real long unfinished place, as big as the whole top of the house—with the beams showin' all layers and bare above, and full of queer bidin' places, among cradles and chairs, trunks and bandboxes and chests, and crockery. I mounted the ladder with the old man, and began examinin' the trap-door. I looked at it pretty thorough for about a minute, and then says I to the old gentleman who was standing by in a state of great excitement, 'How long is it since any of your family were through this here?'

"Not for months and months,' was the old gentleman, 'never think of such a thing—how should they?'

"Says Mr. Updyke,' says I, 'It's my opinion that this is as how you've been broken into.'

"Lor!' says he, 'd'ye think so?' 'Most sartainly,' says I. 'Or look a here.' Then I showed him what had proved the fact to me. In the first place, the hooks that held down the door were both unfastened. Besides that, the old black marks of mildew all along the lines where the door had laid through months of wet and dry on the coamings of the outside didn't now square with the combings by no means, but were quite out of line. And my last stake before was a print in the dust that had stuck on every step, of a small shoe—that, accordin' to my nature, must have belonged to the little foot of a woman, and quite a little foot at that.

"Says I, 'Have the kindness to call your domestics together, and give me a chance to look at their shoes, for if any of 'em can make good a man, perhaps we've got a clew that there can't be any mistakin'.'

"The old gentleman did as I asked—and, by threatenin' to search, got the cook and the chambermaid, and the lady's maid, and the little girl that ran errands, to parade, one arter the other, before me. But none of the feelers of them hadn't no such foot as that—so small and lady like. So we sent 'em all down again, very much baffled and vowin' they wouldn't stay an other day.

"I stood and thought for a second—then says I, 'Hallett, somebody else been here!' says other woman, that might have come up here and let in her pal, and then gone away with him, on the roof?'

"The old gentleman thought for a while, too—and then says he, 'Mrs. Updyke has had a seamstress in the house—a very nice, pretty, respectable young woman; but she can't have had nothing to do with it—dear, no! we are all much taken with her, she's so modest and pious, and we'd trust her with any thing we've got. Leastways, she always leaves at seven o'clock in the evenin.'

"Who saw her out of the front door last night? Well, let's think.' No more did Mrs. Updyke. And comin' to find out, nobody hadn't. She went out by herself, very quiet, and they heard the front door shut after her, from the basement where they were takin' dinner—that was all.

"Was any body in the up stairs part of the house, jest at that time?' No—nobody, as far as they knowed. Very well—as the lawyers put it—that was my theory of the case directly. This young woman had watched her chance, and when all the folks were down stairs had made herself up—dressed herself in free to give 'em that like—and then slipped up into the garret to hid among the rubbish till the house was eatin'. After that matters wasn't difficult.

"Says I, 'Will you have the kindness to tell me where that young woman lives?'

"O Lord!' says the old gentleman, 'you ain't a goin' for to arrest her? I wouldn't have you do it for the world! I should never forgive myself if that innocent young creetur were brought into any suspicion.'

"'Dear me, Sir,' says I, laughin' like, 'ain't goin' to hurt a hair of her head.' Just a way o' mine, you know, to a sorter put him off.

"'Well, then,' says the gentleman, 'if you want to prove her innocence or any thing of the kind, you'll be always willin' to send for her to number so and so, such a street.' It was a place in one of the numbered streets in Brooklyn, a little this way above Fourteenth, and down by the North River. Then I left the house and went back to head-quarters. I got my boots off and took like an old gentleman for a first class o' family as was possible. I put on a wig of somethin' like—a pair of gold spectacles—black kids—and fashionable coat, vest, and pants, and a big frill with a Californy di'mond breastpin in it. And as I looked old enough, God knows, I didn't do nothin' for my hair, but left the locs about the mouth and eyes to speak for themselves. And, after all, I don't doubt my best friend—supposin' I'd had such an article—would ha' known me. Then I took a yellow bags and went up to the Sixth Avenue cars.

"I hadn't no trouble in the least to find the house. It was a low, two-story brick buildin', with a very neat wooden front painted black altogether as if it deserved a better neighborhood. The curtains was drawn down close to the first and second front windows, and there was a sound inside, mure'n if all the folks was dead. I had to knock about a dozen times before I could raise any body.

"By-and-by there came to the door, and opened it about half-way, a woman who might have been forty years old and was professed very mothery, in a scant bombazine gown, with a white handkerchief round her neck, and a big shawl over—but lookin' in the face, a kind o' sideways, and hard and cruel. 'Well, Sir?' says she, in a voice that corresponded.

"I made my voice broken and feeble like, and said, 'I've come, ma'am, to find a seamstress that's been recommended to me by an old friend of mine—does she live here?' Her name is—I think—' here I took out a piece of paper and pretended to have acted my memory—'Oh, yes! Ellen Williams—yes—yes, that the name; does she live here?'

"The woman eyed me pretty sharp for a minute, and then, says she, cold and firm as before, 'No, she don't live here—she used to—but she's left.' 'I don't know exactly where she is now, but if you'll leave your number, I'll try to find her for you and send her round. Fine, hard look.

"I wrote some number or other, just to appear natral like, of some street that never was heard of in the directory, and gave it to the woman, who then, without another word, slammed the door to in my face. I made up my mind to that pretty sharp, for I knew by the cut of her lexain' on my cane like a respectable old gentleman, that somethin' happened in there a little closer at the steps, and what d'ye think caught my eye? As sure as I live, there was the marks of her young arms! One had gone down and the other had turned in the direction toward the door! My spectacles had bothered me before, not bein' used to 'em. Now I looked over the rail and saw the marks plain. I could ha' held up my hand and sworn they was the same in any court whatsoever. And they had only been printed on. So my mind was made up a little stronger yet, to keep a sharp look-out on that house.

"The next thing to do was to think about for a place to hide in, where a fellow could see without bein' seen. Fortunately the lot opposite wasn't yet built on, and there was a high board fence in front of it, and a pile of lumber agin' the hinder side. So says I, 'That's my ticket —the very thing to a T.'

"Down I goes to head-quarters again, gives the wink to a down young fellow, who was known as a lion and had been with me in some pretty hard arrests already, puts on my ordinary citizen's dress, and goes back with my comrade to Chelsea. After some little trouble we found out the owner of the vacant lot, and introduced ourselves, and tellin' him we had to keep a lookout for some 'un as might do him as much harm as had been done to our client, we prevailed on him to let us spend the night between lumber and his fence. It was a pretty close, about large enough

—s'posin' it was an oven—to bake two loaves of bread in. The lot was, as good luck made it, the length of the whole block—so we let ourselves in by the other street, not darin' to awake suspicions, of course, by enterin' opposite the house which was to be watched.

"Well, there we stayed—Bill Humphreys and I—cooped up, and mighty uncomfortable, and seein' nothin' all day but dirty children and pigs, and now and then a fellow goin' to the tavern for the drink they sell on all the corners in that part of Chelsea. We looked through the cracks in the fence by turns, watch and watch, all day long, and the curtains was never raised, nor a blind turned, nor the door opened. About eight o'clock in the evenin' Humphreys began to get grumpy, and gave it as his opinion that we'd been sold. "What the devil's the use," says he, "of lyin' here like crop any longer? I'm for goin' either go over and search, or clear out and call it a bad job."

"Go low,' says I, 'an hour longer, and then, if somethin' don't turn up, I'll talk to you about this one of these ars'."

"It was just about an hour when somethin' did turn up. The door opposite opened about six inches, and the face of the woman I see in the mornin' looked out quick and sharp, up and down the street, as if she were discoverin' whether the coast was clear. Then she drew in her head again, and I thought I heard her say, 'All right!'

"About a minute more and the door opened wider. A man came out, with a big tarpaulin slouched over his eyes, a shovel on, and over that a heavy cloak—I twist at everything I see. He had a basket on his arm, and when he had reached the gat-lamp that was in front of the next house, in a fool he lifted the basket, put a lantle, to see if he'd got every thing all correct, I suppose. I tell ye, I looked with all my eyes! What d'ye think I see? Why, there was the very ornaments, in bronze and gilt, that was in the old gentleman's description of his French clock.

"'Quick as lightnin', Bill!' whispers I. 'See if your pistols is all right, and follow me when we mayn't want 'em. Quiet now! But over the fence like a shot!'

"Sure a good deal than I've told ye, Bill Humphreys and I took that fence at opposite corners. One of us struck the street a little way behind, the other just in front of the man that was the one in front. I was up with him just as he turned to leg it. I grabbed him by the collar, and clapped his hand over my shoulder, pressin' the fingers down, this way."—(Here old Hallet indicatedat me into this famous mode of arrest, known among rogs and thieves as that of "Letter X.")—"So," he resumed, "so that he couldn't bodge an inch. Bill came runnin' up, but I told him, 'Let be, I have got him safe enough, and he must attend to the house. He started back, and just then the fellow I had pinned gave a big, loud whistle. Holdin' him by the hand couldn't help that.

"Bill just nodded to the step, and with his heavy shoulder had made the first plunge to break the door in, when a light at one of the upper windows answered the whistle, and out of a small white hand, with a revolver in it, stuck through the blinds, and aim right at my head. There was no time to think, so I wrenched the man round and ducked behind him, so that, struggle as he might, he covered every thing but my legs. Just soon enough for me, for the big hand that pulled that trigger was steadied by the devil, first a bang, then a yell from the within I had hold of, and the blood spirted right in' out in a little stream from jest under his shoulder. He staggered back, droppin' the basket and pullin' me after him; but I'd got hold of a snake, 'D—n you!' in my face, and there was no further use of hands for holdin' of him in this world. Bein' free where pistol was in a sight quicker. I let him be, snatched up the basket, and hurried back to help Bill.

"He wanted it, sartain. Two desp'rate women in a match for half a dozen men. It seems as if you couldn't settle one of 'em, a remembers' of your mother and sister, till you hadn't nothin' else left to do for life. Comin' up into the room where the pistol'd been fired, I see Bill, with his face all one mass of blood, bendin' over one woman, a tryin' to bring her mad, lightin' hands together to put the handcuffs on, and had pulled down his head by the hair so it covered her face all up; and behind him stood the bag I'd taken in the mornin', just a-goin' to bring a big chair-rung down back of his ear. I grappled her as I would a tiger, for the hell a cruelty of her face made me almost forget what I wasn't a man. About two minutes more and she was roped down on the bed with the bracelets 'round her wrists—not hurt at all, but easy' mad.

"By this time, too, Bill Humphreys had succeeded in getting his hair loose and handcuffed the woman he had taken. He lifted his scored and bloody face from the wretched creature who was prostrate under him, and what d'ye think I see? *What d'ye think I see?*

"Oh, my God! *It was my wife!* Her as had been Mary Hallett. All foamin' with rage, her face beautiful as ever, bedeviled into somethin' awful. And I had to look right into her eyes, and she into mine!

"She stopped gnashin' her teeth; the blood all ran down out of her face, till it was white as snow; she gave one terrible shriek— Hark! I heard it then!" and old Hallett crouched, trembling as in an ague fit. "No, no,' said I, stroking his forehead with my fingers, "it was only the wind through the keyhole—that's all. Don't be afraid, I will stay by you and God knows I feel for you, to the very bottom of my heart."

"No, it wasn't the wind. I've heard it before, alone here in the dark—often, often. It's over now. Never mind.

"Then she shut her eyes, and Bill Humphreys says, 'She's gone!' Good for her—the best she could do.

"As I saw her a bit's time for dead—her as had once been my soul, my very bein'—I forgot all I had come back to the night to do, and I'd'a let up from the stones of Broadway, still and pale as she was now, and carried her on to heaven's help, to well as Old Hallett, 'cept years of sunlight I ever saw around my bed. I seemed to be back there again. I lifted her head, and laid the basket all a-down on one side my lap and patted it, and called Bill Humphreys to bring me a glass of water.

"He looked at me with his bloody face, and says he, 'Hallet, are you gone stark mad? What are ye doin' with that hell's naisling basket? Let her die! Let her go! Come, I'll and then ask me to get water! Are ye mad, I say?'

"I did look at him, and says I, 'I believe I am; if I ain't I ought to be. I wish I was.' Then I put my coat under *her* head and let her lie on it. I got water myself. I took Bill Humphreys by the hand, and drew him just outside of the door, out of sight of the bag to lay down on the bed. He followed me, scared like, believin' me really out of my head.

"'Bill Humphreys,' says I, 'you ever hear tell on my trouble, *the trouble?*' 'I have that,' says he. 'Very well, that's *her*—*her*—' 'Good God! d'ye tell me so?' says Humphreys.

"'And now, Humphreys,' I kept on to him, 'I've often been a good friend t'ye. When ye was in jail, I sent ye word never to plead guilty as you was ready. I watched with ye when ye had the Typhus. The time we broke up that there store in the Old Mulberry, I helped ye to get Knife Pete Delgety was going to stick you with and took the slash on my own arm. And to-night the bag would have been your job with the chair-rung if it hadn't been for me.'

"'All right,' so ye did, and thank ye for all, a thousand times,' says Bill, impatient like, wanting me to get through.

"'Well,' says I, 'I've saved a little somethin'—less hundred, I guess, and it's yours, all that's mine—it's in the Rose Hill Savin's Bank. That's yours. I've got a gold watch that hangs over the mantel. Only Bill Humphreys, you *here!* Say an hour *I* shot the man.' Don't push it, Bill! Ye owe me that much.'

"I stood and looked at him in an agony. I thought I saw a tear droppin' down among the scores and scars on his face, and knew that by the next minute he pushed up arm away, and says he,

"'Hallet, I pity ye, but I can't help ye—not if ye was my brother—justice must go agin feelin's. Bring along *that* woman,' pintin' to the bag on the bed, 'if I can't get her off, and explain to carry the other to the station, and I'll take her—but go she must.'

"I tried to get me to do as he said, but I wouldn't hear o't. 'No,' says I, 'I'll take *her* myself—you might handle her rough to the jail. I'll carry her first of yours. I'll go with her any where, short of hell.'

"So I took her up, careful and gentle, like old times, and carried her to the next house. By this time the old woman had got sobered down, and seein' she had to go, let Bill take the bracelets off, and follow me quiet enough. We found a crowd around the dead man, and several police were there tryin' to make way and carry him off.

"The M. P.'s knew us, and asked no questions except if we'd been successful in nabbin' the arrest. We said "Yes;" and they opened for us, keepin' back the crowd, and bringin' the dead man and the woman to the station-house.

"*She* was cold and still as ever when I laid her down on a bed in the station-house. I just told the fee'ar a minute and a half's time to where the man as was shot was stretched out. I lifted up the shawl as was gathered round his head, and says my plain, for I knew I'd never see him but that damned *he'r!* And—perhaps it is devilish, but I can't help it—I felt like leapin' and singin' with a sort of crazy joy, to see that whose hand he'd died by—to think how sweet a revenge is that wasn't meant to be!

"So they were locked up. The old hag and she, now come to at last, but all mute and mad like, staring wildly and answerin' no questions.

"It was several months afore they came to trial. I found out every day how matters was a goin' on, and at last I heerd that the Grand Jury had brought in two bills agin *her*, one for bein' second principal in a burglary, another for shootin' her accomplice, while she was watchin' the house like a sentinel act. And the lawyers told me that last was murder. She might swing for it, at any rate it would go awful hard with her.

"My God, Sir! could I stand by and see that? Could I hear the bell toll, and see the sheriff goin' with his posse, and see the papers tell in great black letters that *she* had died that awful, strugglin' death? *She*, the woman that once laid on my bosom, turnin' the face that I loved best, beside myself with joy, to an awful stony wall, and a pitiless stony mob—and man that couldn't have no mercy, and God that couldn't understand, and then shuttin' out their eyes in horror on this world, to meet the next without repentin'? I'd ha' taken her place sooner a hundred times. Dare to? Listen, and see if I dared!

"Bill Humphreys, though he had to be cruel didn't love to be back to the night, and he won't never let on to a soul that *she* was my wife. So, while the warden of the prison where she had hooned away to, to well as Old Hallett, the smart 'un, the detective, he hadn't the fust idee what else I was—Hallett, the husband of the murderess. So, one night, as it was quite the w'rds bedtime, and he was thinkin' about goin' his usual round to see every thing safe and snug, a queer old figger of a woman, the loonest on the pins, the stoopin'est, the most totlish ye ever did see, came nobblin' up to him as he sat by the fire, and rapped by the grate. At first he was surprised when the figger threw back her hood and he saw Mary Hallett? Not let me say that knowin' trouble, slapped me on the back, and says he, 'Good for you, old boy! At it again, boy? Well, what's up now? What brings you here, with an unfortunate tendency to gettin' into other folks's on a visit without ringin' the gate' to sarcumvent with that 'are this evenin'?

"Says I, 'Have you got a lodger in here called Hallett?' 'Yes,' says he, 'and a devil of a night Bill Humphreys and I broke up that fence over to Chelsea?'

"'Very well, we have,' says the warden; 'her trial don't come on till next week.'

"'I want to see her,' says I; 'there's another trouble come upon me, and I'm in a good deal about, and I've been a gettin' myself up so that she'll think I'm the aunt of the man as was shot and tell her Bill Williams and she'd be glad to hear from foul any body.' Then I mocked the voice of a very old woman, wheezin' and mumblin' my words, and then a little and sharp, till the warden rolled in his chair with laughin'.

"At last says he, 'It's pretty late, to be sure, but then, Hallett, I'll do an important favor. I'll give you fifteen minutes, if ye can get through by that time, and if *ye must* do it to-night.'

"'Yes, I must,' says I, 'and it won't take longer than that. And now I know you're anxious to be off on your round; so don't wait for me, but just think of your boy's bed, and a floor till I get through, and tell him that the sign I'll give to show I'm done will be when I'm a-comin' out.' Only your old aunt, my dear.'" And I came the old woman again till he shook his sides.

"So he took me to the cell, unlocked the door, and said, 'A visitor for you, Ellen.' I shuddered, and he slammed the key behind and, I heard his boy come to wait at the door.

"It was dark a bit pitch inside, but a rustlin' in the corner of the room, and a faint and gentle voice, that said, 'Well, who is it? told me how to steer. I had made up my mind that if the warden didn't, he make myself known, and he would scream, and the game would be up right off.

"So in a feigned voice I said, very quiet, 'I've come to save you from this place; don't make a sound, and in five minutes you will be free.'

"Even as it was she was going to give a little shriek, but I put my hand on her mouth and said, 'Mary Hallett, you dare to betray me, and you'll hang us both! Put on this gown of mine over your night-dress, stick your feet in these shoes, and lie on the bed like Sairy Gamp! Hold the string on top of your head, put this hood on and draw it close round your face. Now the spectacles.

"Not much longer than I've been tellin' ye did it take to finish the disguise. All the time she seemed like a leaf, gradually becomin' more sartain who it was as was doin' this for her.

"'Now,' says I, 'I believe ye look enough as old as I am to know how to get out, pasain' for me, bein' as there's a boy waitin' with the key, who don't know my height as well as the warden. But ye must walk like me too. I hobbled in, you must hobble out. And ye must talk like me, in the pass-word is, 'Good night, old aunt, my dear.'" See if ye can say it as I do.'

"I drilled her on that until she could do it just as well as I did. Then says I, 'Now ye know who I am. But hush! don't dare to think of me as aught but a feel like living thanks. Neither likin' nor body nfeared for my sake.'

"I'll be found out to-morrow morning, but they'll all say as how I'm mad—so I am, stark mad, and that kind of folks are safe.' She just got time to say two words, '*Forgive me!*' Says I, 'Don't speak that word, the part of your life I'd have to forgive I must have forgotten, or I wouldn't have been here to-night. I only remember her as I took home from the civil ceremony of Bridewray, it's her I'm a-savin'. Pray to God for what ye are now!' And don't go back to hell, Mary!' After that word I didn't dare to trust myself, but pushed her from me, and said, 'Go! carefull, now! for your life!' After which I covered myself up in the bed where she'd been lyin'.

"Every second seemed more'n a year. She hobbled across the floor, makin' the natural sort of noise with her shoes that old women do down, I heard the bolt slide. I jest dared uncover my head enough to see her open the hood till the warden's shoulder, and hear the words 'terrible,' but yet very well indeed, 'Only yer old aunt, my dear.' Then the bolt slid back again, and I began to breathe. At the debt I meet the warden and get stopped to tell what success I'd had, she was safe. If he did meet her, the success was too—yes, a hundred to one agin her.

"For an hour I lay in a cold sweat, tremblin' like a leaf, and hearin' all the while horrid slees. Now I'd think that they'd caught her and locked her up somewhere else, to face me with her in the mornin'. Then the chance if it was really her as had escaped—if in the dark I hadn't let out some other woman—and she was still waitin' for the dreadful day's doom. For I'd risked all to save her, and if she was to be my damnation and her own once more in this world, by sufferin' a fellow-creature as she had lived a felon's life, then I couldn't never hope again for Heaven's grace. But all kept quiet and I reasoned that the warden knew me so well he would have come back to see if it *could* be as he had done such a crime, if he'd suspected it—and by-and-by I fell asleep.

"The next mornin', of course, it was found out that the woman in the cell was not Mary Hallett. The Sheriff came to see me—so did the District Attorney, and even one or two of the Grand Jury. They all knew the history of Knife Pete Delgety, and how he had sworn to have *she* was—and, last of all, why I did it. For a day or two I kept my bed, and answered their questions, yes or no, not tellin' a soul the real reason for what I'd done, and Bill Humphreys was man enough not to let on till I told him he might.

"By-and-by, when every body had heard of it, around and in the jail and the station, there were about ten people in on one day, all on 'em seemin' real gentlemen, and one o' 'em had been talked to by Bill, and he had my heart seemed o' a sudden to warm to him. I jumped up from the prison bunk where I was sittin', and says I,

"'Hear me, all o' you Sirs as wants to know why I did this here. She sinned again God—she sinned again me—she sinned again Bill, and she made my last years a hell. She did that which there's no mercy in man for. I have gi'n her the best mercy I had in the power o' God.

"'Who here has got a daughter that he would leave off tryin' for, short of the job? Who's got a sister, the murder of whose body would shut up his heart from it? Who's got a babe that wouldn't follow its mother's father through nights and days, through pains and watching, if there was one chance o' savin' her on the edge o' the gallows, or the brink of hell? *Who?* I say.

"'That woman was once *my wife.*

"Now, that a fool as I am old man who has you like. I wasn't blind—or deaf—or an idiot. I know the law. I've been brid up to preservin' from a boy's time, and I'm a old man now. Who's you were wakin' for business, I was wakin' for the law. When you slept I kept it for you. I know that I've done it for you, for I've known one I was born, I'm not so ignorant as not to know that it will turn agin me and punish me. It might, and I'm ready for it.

"'If I be fined, let the law take all I've got for it. If I be imprisoned, let the stone walls keep me as long as the law says I must stay there. If it be the gallows, I sha'n't flinch to meet what I've wanted these two years. But after all that's how God has made me, and I'm what he's before Him, I find out I've saved *her*—as I've gi'n mercy, I know I *shall*—Oh!'"

"Harry Hallett, then hast found mercy! For even as the old man, roused into wild eloquence by this remembered plea, willing to have forfeited his life as freely as he dropped back into his chair, and was gone.

Come, then, indictment for his crime, like the record of the old time gentle-hearted soldier's oath, was blotted out by a seraph's tear drop, where the pen has inquest of each fact of the spirit that did them—where the city whose streets he walks needeth no watchmen—where the thieves of life, of riches and of honor keep not in and steal—where, for evermore, there shall be no discord between love and duty, but both are one and indivisible.

On the books of an asylum not far from New York I found these two entries:

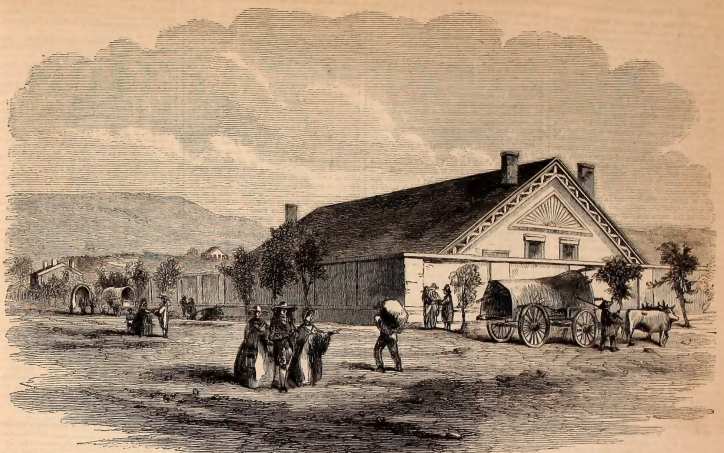
1st. "Ellen Hallett. Died. Entered October 12, 18—. Tried for procuring escape of prisoner. Acquitted, and sent here, being insane."

2d. "Escaped. December, same year."

Under these I added a third:

3d. "Set free, utterly restored. November 21, 18—."

Has he found *her* safe? A great vail hangs over the answer. Kind souls, pray for her—pray for the wife of Harry Hallett.



THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

VIEWS IN AND ABOUT SALT LAKE CITY.

THE first of the accompanying pictures presents a view from the street (looking toward the north-east) of the west wall of the Temple Block, Salt Lake City, with the Tabernacle in the foreground, its lower half concealed by the wall which surrounds the entire square of ten acres. This wall is built of adobes, plastered with a durable cement, and surmounted with a coping of sandstone.

The Tabernacle is a large, commodious building, capable of seating nearly 2500 persons; back of it, partially hidden by trees, and in the next corner of the block, stands the Endowment House, in which are conferred the mysterious degrees of Mormon priesthood. It is used for this purpose temporarily until the Temple is completed. Apostate Mormons, shuddering at the thought of the dreadful oaths taken therein, look upon this building as the very hell of hells. The windows of both of these structures are still boarded up as they were prepared previous to the late abandonment of the city. The building standing alone upon the bench in the rear, presenting its gable to us, is the City Arsenal.

Beneath the young shade trees surrounding the block, and by the side of the pure mountain stream which flows along the edge of the sidewalk, may be seen two emigrant wagons, with their motive-power lying at rest.

The second man in the priesthood, the most extensive practitioner in polygamy, and the most vulgar and profane man in the Mormon Church, is Heber C. Kimball. Our second picture represents the group of dwellings occupied by himself and families, also surrounded by a heavy stone wall, with clese and massive gates, well suited to a county jail. Heber has a bad reputation as a husband, is excessively jealous of his wives, and a poor "governor." His "spirituals" frequently run away from him, and when at home quarrel so much that he finds several separate buildings absolutely necessary. Our view of his group of dwellings is the best evidence of the fact. The buildings outside his walls are more humble. It will be seen that Heber's block stands upon rising ground, running up to the very edge of the bench at the mountain's foot. In the foreground and bending around at the left is one of the larger irrigating canals. This is the finest property in the valley next to Brigham's.



THE RESIDENCE AND HAREM OF HEBER C. KIMBALL, SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

HOW I BECAME A PRIEST.

In the autumn of 1839, just thirty-five years ago, my sister and I went to pay a visit to an aunt, married to a wealthy wood-merchant of Bellinzona. I was then eighteen, and la Petite some years younger. Our uncle and aunt, who had no children, grew very fond of us, and would not hear of our leaving them; they talked of adopting the little one, and of taking me into the wood business. We, on our part, were willing enough to stay with them; for never before had we known so much comfort, our parents being rich in nothing but sons and daughters. The winter of 1838-9 was more than usually severe; the snow lay deep in the valley: all the small streams were frozen, and no saw-mills could work. Our uncle grumbled and smoked, and smoked and grumbled, from morning till night. But several large orders had come in, he was uneasy at the delay he was forced to make in executing them, he must have a large stock always filled in summer, but not removed till winter, when, by means of long slides, formed of rough trunks of trees, which water is poured on to procure a coating of ice, the timber is conveyed to the foot of the mountain. At that winter's end no one among the stoutest-hearted of the Burratori—the men are so called who cut and bring the wood to the lake—would venture up to the forests. There was nothing for it but to wait till the cold moderated. But February, with its wild blasts, came and passed, and still the men refused to work. At last some warm sunny days ushered in the month of March, the snow left the valley, and the icy fetters of the snowy streams melted quite away. The sunshine was succeeded by sunshine within; my aunt's husband now whistled about the house, making each of his fingers go of its small round tune, and *Ave Maria* the Seven Burratori had agreed to go up the mountain. As during the last three weeks they had been neither a fresh fall of snow, nor any indication of a thaw, the woodmerchant declared no danger was to be apprehended. In fact, the mountain, from its nature, was little subject to avalanches, nor had any such accident occurred within the memory of man.

Tired out by such long inactivity, I was willing to join the intended expedition, and at last worried my uncle into granting me permission to begin my apprenticeship on the next day. I was just one of the can of an old fellow called Piccio, generally recognized as the chief of the Burratori. We were to set out on the Monday morning, and my mother the job would be completed by the following Saturday.

We had, however, forgotten to ask la Petite's consent. She, who had never been separated from her even for a day since her birth, came in to tears from morning till night at the idea of my leaving her for so long a time. My uncle was in a rage, a soft-hearted man, so he agreed to go with us himself, and take the little girl also as far as Agnolia, a village in the Val Biogno, lying at the foot of the mountain to which we were bound. This arrangement put an end to my sister's grief, and early on the Burratori step out night and day till the work in Bellinzona was at an end, or as if one of us she had remained at Bellinzona. We were provided with woolen wrappers and the means of kindling a fire; and as you may believe, the thought of this bivouac had infinite charms for my imagination.

The cold on that memorable Monday morning was perhaps, as intense as it had been during the winter; but as there was no wind, it was not keep to their engagement. I can not affirm that sleeping which I was not a delightful but a painful anticipation; still, I relished being treated as a man, and never complained. On the Wednesday old Piccio declared it was beginning to thaw, and on Thursday it was perfectly clear that the frost had broken up; indeed, it was a fine clear sky, piping down the grooves cut in the mountain's side by the spring and summer torrents. The Burratori did not seem to care, for the afternoon prevented any dangerous accumulation of snow in our immediate vicinity. Long ere the sun appeared to and from the forest, our night's shelter being to the natural caves formed by projecting rocks, which, in a manner of course, were at that part of the mountain where there was no wood. We strained every nerve to finish our task on Friday evening.

Three or four hours more would have done it, said Piccio in a despondent tone, as the sunset overtook us, and a large stack of timber still lay before us.

"Well, then, let us be up by peep of day," cried I, "and we may all be back at Bellinzona by the evening."

On the morrow we only mustered five; three of our party were missing. Had they deserted, or only gone on in advance?

"We shall soon know," said the remaining Burratori, and with one accord they set to work with such, unearthly yells, ending in shrill peals of mad laughter, that, though, I had heard of the necessity of holding communication with their comrades at a distance, I was nevertheless disagreeably startled. These yells can be heard an incredible way off. When there could be no reasonable doubt that the missing men had deserted us, one of the southern exclamations of "Ohè gatto di marmo!" "cat of marble," meaning lazy fellow!), "you shall pay for this."

The loss dispirited us, for the work still to be done required all our original strength of limbs to get it finished in the time proposed. The dawn was just whitening the horizon when we began our ascent, and a little breeze, barely enough to make the pine branches quiver, was blowing from the west. Piccio's only son, a stout, handsome young man, the way of our party, prophesied we should have a fine day; but as the light increased, great black masses of clouds came up from the northwest.

"A bad sign, I say!" cried Picurio; "we had better turn back."

I was somewhat vexed at this advice, and answered hastily: "Those who are afraid, may go back; I shall keep my promise to my uncle, I'll and with the rest of the wood unassisted," and I walked on; the rest followed, but in silence.

Our path up the mountain, now winding in and out through pines, now passing under steep, bare rocks perforated with caverns, ran along the edge of a ravine several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which lay, silenced under a huge snow-drift, one of the great mountain streams, which, as I said, our could be heard miles away, as it dashed and roared in its precipitous descent to join and swell the Lake Maggiore. The sky, the whole horizon, were mountain-tops bristling with spears of pine, and the sun, as I gazed, soon gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

"Look!" cried I, "it is not the promise of a fair day."

Old Picurio shook his head as before, for at the moment a pale, watery sunbeam darted from a vapor, shot into view. In another moment it was entirely obscured by the clouds which speedily covered the whole sky. The sighing breeze suddenly grew into a turbulent wind, and soon pricked up their feet.

The men stood still, looking uneasily about them, muttering between their teeth: "Will it warn t'un not? As for you, my masters, I don't know."

"I told you so," cried Picurio; "those clouds are a sign of bad weather, and we had better turn back at once. The holy Virgin protect us from an avalanche!"

"Nonsense, father!" replied the son; "you know there are never avalanches on this mountain."

"Don't say so, my son; I remember hearing my father speak of a terrible one."

"As for me," I interposed the young man, laughing.

Nevertheless, the old man's words had produced an effect; for, as with one accord, we all turned round and began to descend toward the village. The wind came on as if by magic, the snow, rushing from every quarter of the heavens, "a mighty and a strong," soon filled the ravines. A thick, fast-falling snow, which, whirling in mad eddies, and flying up and down, almost blinded us. We were in a quandary indeed. Old Piccio, Picurio, who had assumed the lead; but what with the snow and the difficulties and dangers of the path, we could scarcely keep our feet. After one blast, which nearly hurled us down the ravine, we stood aghast, and looked at each other in silence. No one could. Not a word was spoken; for by this time the heaven had become as dark as night, and, as many an anxious glance was cast around in search of any signs of the dreaded disaster.

We had reached a point about half-way down the mountain, where the path passed through a mere cleft between two rocks. Here we were forced to go two by two. At that instant a boom like that of a distant waterfall struck on our ears, and we stopped, and looked at each other, and, with clubs above us, a large white mass, like a living thing, fell from the heights, and passed along the edge of a rock, hover for a second, topple, then come crashing down.

"The avalanche! the avalanche!" burst from every lip. "To the left! to the caves!" shouted Picurio, throwing himself with his face to the ice, twinkling of an eye down fell the enormous white mass in front of our refuge; there we were unhurt, but shut in between a wall of rock behind, a wall of ice in front.

For the first few moments of bewilderment, Picurio cried out: "Who is here besides me?" It was pitch dark—so much was even one's own hand.

"As for you, my dear," replied Piccio, "you're all right."

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the old man, "is that thou?" and he began to sob as I had heard him weeping. Awful were those moments. Buried alive—a living death! Again the only sign of life was hearing the stillness and darkness of the tomb. Often in the silent watches of the night do I hear the dreadful sound that broke in dreams I live over again that terrible scene.

"Have you your axe, young man?" cried Piccio.

No. In the perilous moment when he had forced his companions to turn back, I had thrown it out of hand.

With all the energy of despair we flung our whole weight of our bodies against the inert mass which shut us into our living tomb—hopeless. It must have fallen into a ravine—hurled by the avalanche fell in the early morning, and the Ave Maria was singing when I recovered my consciousness. Yes, we distinctly heard the bell of the church of Agnolia. No words can describe the rapture I felt at hearing to this voice from without; it seemed to say distinctly: "Hope in God's mercy!"

"Let us pray," said the old man. We recited the Angelus, and told the rosary. After that we made more exertions, but all in vain, only to die. The sound of the church-bells had taken away the terrible feeling of despair entirely cut off from the living. We felt sure that, as soon as we were missed, all the village would turn out on the morrow to search for us, and that probably we were able to hear the bells so clearly, it would not be difficult to make our voices heard by the same means. Luckily, our day's food was in our pockets, provided it into several portions, so that it should last as long as possible. When the bells ceased, we had no doubted obtaining our release.

Presently the church-bell began to ring again. It could not be the *De Profundis*; sufficient time had not elapsed; besides, the strokes were quick and sharp, not slow and solemn. Glory be to God, it was the storm-bell; the alarm was given, and good souls would soon be on the search for us. Neither Picurio nor I spoke, so eagerly did we strain our ears to catch the sound of approaching voices, long before it could reach us. Hours we could have reached the mountain. I think the beating of our hearts might have been heard in that dead silence.

At last, at last we distinguished the barking of a dog. I recognized the bark at once: it was Bibi, la Petite's pet. Nearer and nearer it came, until we could hear him whining and scratching the snow which hid us. Then the blessed sound of human voices became audible. Full of hope and joy, we threw ourselves once more against our snow barricade; we dug at it with hands and feet, striving to make a breach large enough to might let our friends know our situation. We worked with all our might, but the noise fell away heavily on our own ears. Many times we were aware that the seekers were close to us—we heard their voices—we shouted. We could hear Bibi, with anguish we understood that we could not make ourselves heard. Near as the seekers were, we could hold no communication with them. Exclamations of horror, pity, and grief, met our ears. The names of our unfortunate companions were pronounced in tones that plainly revealed that they had given them a burial, many expressions of how best to carry away the bodies, wonder about us, and then our expected deliverers departed. Again the despair took possession of us as their retreating steps grew fainter and fainter; and finally, we were left alone to die. Such was God's right arm is long enough to reach us even here.

I tried to pray, but my thoughts wandered to my home; all the childish griefs I had known were remembered, and my last wish was that my body should never see father or mother, brothers or sisters again! all my faults to them rose up in judgment against me. I know not how long I remained on the rocky ledge, sparing myself no repelling mouthfuls. I must have fallen into a deep, dreamless sleep, for I know nothing more till Picurio called to me that he heard the bell for early mass. It was the Sunday after our departure, and we each ate a portion of our bread. All that day and the evening night passed in alternations of hope and despair. By the next morning—the beginning of the third day since our entombment—our little provisions had been exhausted. We were oppressed by feverish thirst and gnawing hunger—a horrid death was before us, and we knew it. We had parboiled at once was to be averted in comparison with the lingering suffering we anticipated.

We had ceased to speak, ceased to pray; I had no hope now—no faith. In sneezily silence we sat by each other, though, I may say, the approach of pangs of death, when suddenly the deep hush was broken by a familiar sharp bark. It was Bibi again! Oh, the unutterable joy of hearing the life-like fellow tearing and scratching at the snow block-ing up up our entrance! There was a small chink that made let rays rain down my cheeks; it was a child's voice—no other than la Petite's—crying: "He is here! I am sure he is here! Oh, my God, oh, my God, oh, my God!"

One heard no more within us as we heard many steps nearing our prison. There was danger, too, for many cautions were given. The child's voice was heard once more: all! "Make haste; je make haste! Give me a hoe; I can dig. My poor brother! I will save him, I will save him!"

At last a long stick was pushed through the snow wall; it touched me; I seized it. There was a shout of "He is not a miracle!" mingled with the child's wild cry of "Brother! brother!" Another stick was thrust through and caught by Piccio. Not a whisper was now to be heard; every one worked; minutes seemed hours to us before we opening was made large enough to drag us through.

When we once more saw daylight and dear familiar faces we fell down, fainting with joy. We were lifted out and laid at the feet of the old earl, who, in spite of his infirmities, had ventured up the mountain to bless and encourage the efforts of the men. Overcome by the child's agony of grief, had consented to make one more search for us.

"Thank God, my sons, for your deliverance," were the old priest's first words, "and devote to His service the lives He has so miraculously preserved."

It was this, then, la Petite, that led me to become a priest; and la Petite, who, through God's mercy, saved my life, has made my home her home.

"She would have made a capital lady-abbess, though," said M. B.—looking at her with unfeigned pride.

"And old Piccio?" asked Jessie.

"He died in my uncle's house."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"PAT," said a gentleman to his servant, "what's all that noise in the street?" "Oh, nothing, Sir! they're only forcing a man to turn volunteer."

A schoolma'am of this city tells the following rich incident:

She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town, and "manufacturing" her own "new pieces," one Monday noon, she seated herself with the family around the usual plenty, and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork, and roast potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed, "I know what good victuals is. Yes, ma'am—I know what 'tis."

Do you, indeed!" calculated the embarrassed schoolma'am, not knowing what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am! I knows what good victuals is. I've been to school to you three times, and eaten here on 'em."

There is a good story of an eccentric lord, or rather, nobleman-quite habitués, to the effect that one was, on one occasion, presented by a clergyman, known to him, a new sovereign from a neighbor and put it in—her own pocket.

PRETTY GOOD.—A young lady remarked to a *Pic* the other day, that his penchant (which, by-the-by, was not very much in one respect resembled Sim. before in the room commenced guessing what it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who had, until now, sat in one corner silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife pretty closely he turned round, and in a cunning manner said, "Well, I don't know, unless it is because it's dull."

A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, called on Miss Sadie Sly, who was not pretty, to face such pitted by the small-pox, was, not long since, invited by a friend to call on a young lady whom he knew slightly. When called work came in fashion of the time, the gentleman man; I can't get you to do it."

An old lady being asked what she thought of the morning in India, replied that, to her mind, it was extremely like a Scotch mist.

The sons of an emperor in Venice got into a quarrel. In the heat of passion one of them said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Venice." Highly offended at their conversation by his unfortunate grandson. "Come, come—you forget that I am present."

A conscious and conceited lady, vaunting her good figure, boasted to another that her waist was small and had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs. "Ah, madam," replied the other, "your forehead and all ways so glad to see them," was the reply.

"What do you often pop, but never stop to pick up?"—A hint.

"How are you, Count?" said a noted wag to a spruce looking gentleman of the genus ass, "I have just obtained the indigent sent," "who are you, and why do you call me Count?" "Why, Sir," said the fop, "I understand in New York last week, and I supposed you were of royal blood." "Not exactly."

The *Evening Post* says: "We stop the press to state that Mr. Bryant has just returned to the city." We are informed us that it has been thought best to have the first dispatch sent the new telegraph come by the steamer."

A mean economizer, in reply to whatever question might be asked him, invariably answered, "Just a distinction." A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to drink a glass of wine with him, and asked him if he would take it white or red. "Your eminence is going to join that he has an important question to ask me, I will answer it under any circumstances, provided it is going to a distinction," said the priest. "If I am not," said the economizer, "I will answer you no—if you ask, is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's name?" "Why, yes!" for there is, really, no difference between it and water."

A boy in company, wanting his servant, called out, "Jack, bring me a knife!" "Which of mine?" A lady present answered, "On your shoulders, Sir."

A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass, said, "Oh, how I wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

Julius Cæsar Hannibal, giving an account of his sovereign, says: "All the passengers were now hearty, and, as I did not think enough, de cap'n gave me leave to go ship to have too, and she bows too."

Some one speaking of a celebrated bear-singer, said, "He is a bear-ly-ant singer." "Oh, yes," replied Sneezy, "the whole issue of his life has been bear-ly-ant."

Punch says that the characteristic of a time-piece is tendency towards fine endeavor, for "it always keeps its hands before its face."

"Will you take something?" said a teetotaller to his friend, who was complaining of a cold in the head. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, Frank, 'tis'r take a nut."

The New Haven *Register* says: "A few nights since, owing to an accident, the fire-signal in the old city of Hartford until late, and, in consequence, these awaiting the fire-signal in Hartford had retired to rest. One gentleman was a demure-looking Yankee, inclined to have a wag. Finding that the fire-signal was not given, he leaned back against the wall, and 'went at it.' He was not long in getting response enough to satisfy even the last by one of the officials, and told that 'stilling up the fire-signal' would not do in that case."

Punch has detected the astonished sleeper, "no sitting up and sleeping?"

"Will you take something?" said a teetotaller to his friend, who was complaining of a cold in the head. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, Frank, 'tis'r take a nut."

"Will, I declare," replied the other, "this is a mean place! Won't you ask the Company if I mayn't gape?" Whereupon the official, with a "stretch' that put the officious official to instant flight."

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, Sir, I do return it every night."

Jim Sinkis puts every thing to use. His wife has a fine head of hair, and he strops his razor on it.—Ex exactly!

A woman has been arrested in Albany for stealing old iron; she had fourteen pounds of it secreted in her bosom. Her affection must have been iron bars.

A fellow who got drunk on election day, said it was owing to his effort to put down "party spirit."

A man and his wife were quarreling about who should wear the breeches; in the mean time one knocked at the door. The husband ran out stripped of his pants and breeches, and asked him whom he wished to speak with. "The person answering to the description is the master of the house. "Well," said he, "a little time and I will answer to that description, for the case is desperate." So stepping in, his wife and he went to it again, and she at last yielded to him the breeches. "Now," said he, then mayest speak with me. I am the minister of the house; but I could not tell him so because my wife would not let me get out of the controversy."

"Pat," said a gentleman to his servant, "what's all that noise in the street?" "Oh, nothing, Sir! they're only forcing a man to turn volunteer."

Why should crinoline be abolished?—Because it introduces all sorts of women into the fashionable circle.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept. 13, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been dull and heavy for nearly all kinds of Breadstuffs. . . . Cotton has been more sought after at buoyant prices, closing, however, quietly. . . . Provisions have been moderately inquired for. . . . The movements in Groceries have been less extensive, but prices have ruled steady and firm. . . . The imports during the week amounted to $1,414,124 against $2,984,418 the corresponding week of 1857, and $2,763,982 against $13,756,459 the same week in 1856. . . . The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations. . . . We append a revised list of the highest quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, sort	$3 40	$4 40
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 55	5 50
Superfine to Savoy Western, per barrel	4 35	5 10
Extra Western, per barrel	5 10	5 80
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 90	6 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 50	6 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 30	8 15
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	3 50	4 15
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 15	3 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 25	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 16	1 30
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	66	70
Yellow Corn	73	76
Rye, per bushel	90	95
Barley, per bushel	67	80
Oats Oats, per bushel	40	50
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	41	43
Southern Oats, per bushel	40	42
Cotton, middlings, per pound	13½	13½
Moss Pork, per barrel	17 50	18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	15 00	15 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	12 00
Cut Meats, per pound	10½	11
Lard, per pound	11	12
State Butter, per pound	14	18
Ohio Butter, per pound	13	17
Cheese, per pound	7½	9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	6 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¾	8
Muscovado Sugar, per pound	7	8
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	60
Gunpowder Teas, per pound	30	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24½	28
Hops, new, per pound	7	10
Hops, per pound, 1857	3	5
Hops, per pound, 1856	40	45
Tallow, per pound	9½	—2
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	4
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	40	42
Tar, per barrel	1 75	2 12½
Common Rosin, per barrel	1 75	2
Linseed Oil, per gallon	75	78
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	35
American Brown Wool, per pound	15	20
Pulled Wool	25	60

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday week was depressed. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending	Week ending
	Sept. 1.	*Sept. 8.*
Beeves	6,794	5,501
Milch Cows	107	107
Veal Calves	491	559
Sheep and Lambs	18,000	15,500
Swine	9,000	13,100

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Fore to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5	@ 8
Common to Good Milch Cows, per head	35	@ 50
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@ 7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 75	@ 5 50
" per pound	5½	@ 8
Live Swine, per pound	6½	@ 7½
Dressed	8½	@ 10
Roasting Pigs, each	2 50	@ 3 50

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@ 4 00
Pears, "	3 00	@ 12 00
Peaches, per basket	1 25	@ 3 50
Plums, per basket	1 25	@ 2 50
Grapes, will, per pound	3	@ 6
Lima Beans, per basket	1 25	@ 1 50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 25	@ 3 25
Potatoes, sweet, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 75
Onions, new, per barrel	1 50	@ 3 00
Turnips, per bushel	50	@ 75
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@ 6 00
Cucumbers, per bushel	75	@ 1 00
Pumpkins, per 100	3 00	@ 5 00
Green Corn, per 100 ears	75	@ 1 25
Watermelons, per 100	15 00	@ 25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	1 50	@ 2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	37	@ 50
Cucumbers, per 100	10	@ 50
Egg Plants, per 100	1 00	@ 2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15	@ 18
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13	@ 15
Chickens, per pair	37	@ 75
Fowls, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@ 1 00
Geese, each	62	@ 1 50
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 15
Pigeons, per dozen	50	@ 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@ 3 50
Snipe, Upland, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Snipe, Ox-eye, per dozen	30	@ 50
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF HER CHOICE.
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SCENES AT A BATHING-PLACE.



JULIA. "Oh! Aunty dear, do come and duck under the wave. You've no idea how delicious it is!"



What that spiteful wretch, JANE, declares he beheld when he went to see the ladies bathe at——



RETURNING FROM THE COUNTRY.

LADY'S MAID. "Please, Sir, Missus says you've to put this in your portmanteau."



"THE WORST OF WEARING ONE'S BACK HAIR DOWN IS THAT IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN STARE SO!"

THE "OLD DOMINION."

THERE is a State well known to Fame,
The land of the "Old Thirteen,"
The noblest of the "Old Thirteen,"
The State that "never tires."
The mother, she, of Presidents;
And it is our intention
To show that she has given birth,
Through genius and invention,
To something more than one who rules
The people of a nation,
That is, a boon to bless mankind
Throughout the vast creation.

One of the Old Dominion's sons,
Fond of his coffee, very,
Conceived a plan by which to get
The flavor from the berry;
And as we live in days of steam,
He thought he'd not eschew it,
To bring about what he desired;
Steam was the thing to do it.
And not be he then at a loss,
In which he placed a faith,
In the principles of science,
He made it for a coffee pot
That would defy all scandal,
And then the "Old Dominion" he
Placed on it as a handle.
The "Old Dominion Coffee Pot"
Was christened at its birth,
And with this name was painted,
A better boon, 'tis said,
A richer boon, to yield and endues
To happiness and health,
And bless us through economy,
Which is the road to wealth.
This fact is fixed, and it may be
Proved in a demonstration;
And that it may be understood,
We'll give an explanation.

In all old-fashioned coffee-pots,
Save as the coffee boils,
The fragrant berry of its sweet,
The noble steam despoils;
Then, laden with aroma, it
Escapes from lid and nave,
And with the coffee's virtues all,
Right up the chimney goes.
Insipid slops alone remain,
This simple fact revealing,
That steam has only left behind
What was not worth the stealing.
But in the "Old Dominion" steam
Is in its coarse wrought,
And of the sweets it has purloined,
Is suddenly divested.
Athwart its path, set as a trap,
A reservoir is found,
And, laden with its stolen sweets,
The steam therein is drowned.
No fragrance, therefore, can escape;
No virtue can be wasted;
Two fluids the "Old Dominion" proves
When once they're united.
Each drop, you'll find it is void
Of character or merit,
A drink well worthy of the gods,
Delicious in its flavor.

Don't think that, if you lay aside
The pot you've been using,
And buy the "Old Dominion" but,
You've a great piece to pay;
It is not so; what you invest
Is far from being lost,
The coffee saved within a year,
Will ten times pay the cost.
There's not a household using it,
But holds to this opinion,
And if you're wise, you'll go at once,
And buy an "Old Dominion."

The "*Old Dominion Coffee Pot*" is manufactured, under the patent for the United States, by ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY, 117 and 119 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia. Also manufacturers, under the patent, of *Arthur's celebrated Self-Sealing Fruit Cans and Jars*, and the "*Old Dominion*" Tea Pot.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 91.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME, D.D.

REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., is well known from his long and successful editorship of the New York *Observer*. In this position his name has been frequently before the world, and also on the pages of a number of popular works of travels as well as of general literature, which he has from time to time published.

He is now in the prime of life, having been born at Ballston, in this State, on the 6th of November, 1812, and consequently at present is forty-five years of age.

His ancestry were men of note, whose names are found in the history of the Presbyterian Church in America. His great-grandfather, Rev. Ebenezer Prime, was a Presbyterian clergyman of ante-Revolutionary times, a graduate of Yale, and a distinguished scholar and divine. His grandfather was Dr. Benjamin T. Prime, whose patriotic songs form part of the preserved poetry of the Revolution, an accomplished physician, a graduate of Princeton, and a man of varied learning, who wrote freely in Greek, Latin, French, and English, both poetry and prose.

His father, Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D., deceased about two years ago, was also a graduate of Princeton, and well known for his scholarly abilities and pulpit eloquence, as well as for his published works. His recent life and death are remembered with affectionate veneration by a large circle of acquaintances and friends.

While he was yet in his infancy, the parents of Dr. Prime removed to Cambridge, Washington County, New York. It was here that his boyhood was spent. His rapid progress in study gave promise of future distinction. At eleven years of age he was fitted for college, but on account of his youth he was detained at home. Here he had, and improved, that opportunity of observation which he has turned to rare account in that little volume "The Old White Meeting-house," in which the pastor is his own father, and the rugged Richard is the portrait of his own boyhood. Few volumes descriptive of rural life possess a sweeter charm than these quaint pictures, in which the features of frolicsome but innocent youth, and of patriarchal grace, are so beautifully blended.

He was not yet fourteen years of age when he entered Williams College. Before he was seventeen he was graduated with one of the highest honors of his class.

He studied theology at Princeton, and before he was twenty-one years of age he entered upon the duties of the ministry. The first scene of his labors was at Ballston Spa, but a single year's service so affected his health that he was compelled to retire from active labors. After a while he resumed his efforts in the pulpit. His place of labor was on the Hudson, opposite Newburgh. For three years he was enabled to sustain the burden, but again his health failed. Constrained to relinquish his chosen field, he turned his attention to literature in connection with the press. In 1840 he became connected with the New York *Observer*, of which, with a slight interval, he has ever since been the efficient editor. This interval was that during which he was Secretary of the American Bible Society. To this post he was elected in 1849, but the public speaking which the duties of the office required affected his health and compelled his resignation.

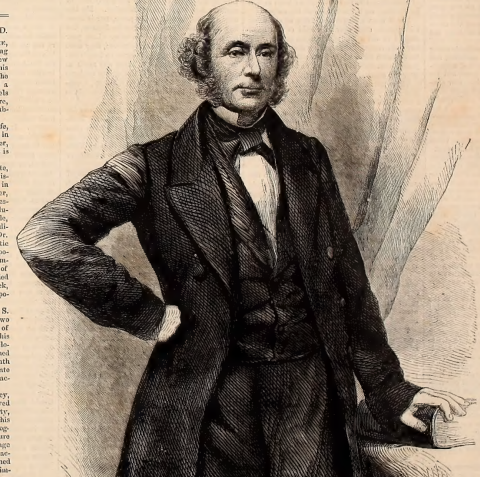
In 1853 the repeated failure of his health induced him to try the advantages of foreign travel. He spent some time in Europe, visiting its principal cities, and its scenes of historical interest; thence passing to Egypt and the Holy Land. The incidents of his travels, with accompanying observations, appeared first in a series of letters in the columns of the *Observer*, and were afterward collected and published in two volumes by the Harpers. Few books of travels make the reader as thoroughly the companion of the author. He directs our attention to just those objects which would be most apt to interest our own minds, and in an easy and familiar style presents them before us.

Dr. Prime is the author of several works which have enjoyed a high degree of popularity. To some of these we have already adverted. His "Old White Meeting-house" will always be a favorite. It has something of that same tenderness and genial pathos which characterize Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Strokes of playful humor alternate with the breathings of a reverent spirit, and we have many a picture that would almost invite the pencil of the old painters.

Several smaller works have appeared from his pen, and have enjoyed extensive popularity. Their evident design is simply to do good. His "Thoughts on the Death of Children" has had a large sale, and has carried consolation and comfort to thousands of afflicted hearts. The reader seeks no order or assurances than what he finds in reading it, that its language of consolation to the mourner comes from one who has wept himself.

Dr. Prime is eminently if not ultra conservative, and has little faith in those more violent reformers who, like Mohammed, present their creed in one hand and the sword of vituperation in the other, and force it on choice. His whole nature revolts at the imperious attitude of men who would revolutionize Church and State to execute their pleas, and who would carry the fortress by storm. He has little sympathy with those who are so eager to "bear testimony" against the sins of their neighbor as to forget their own. He is willing to trust for more to the slow but steady progress of Christian truth and Gospel influence. Thou, in the eyes of some, are moral sins, and in the case of Dr. Prime we believe them to be both original and actual, nor do we imagine that he would shrink from the imputation. Flash reform, flash preaching, flash any thing, is his especial abhorrence. We can scarce conceive of him as having any sympathy with quackery in medicine, pettifogging at the bar, or empiricism in the pulpit or the rostrum. He is a sentinel to let no kind of pretense pass till it can give the watch-word. Each intermeddling with established institutions finds no favor at his hands. If you wish to rouse all the chivalry of his nature, denounce them. Impeach the wisdom of the fathers by the substitution of your own; commend the Emersonian or Theodore Parker school; vent your transcendentalism about the absolute religion or universal conscience; insinuate your skepticism under a *celatio* or any other guise, put in a plea for Puseyism, Neology, or rampant Abolitionism, and if your stupidity or ignorance is not beneath contempt, you will find that you have a serious account to settle. Prompt as Knightly Pelasius for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre, he is ready to do battle for what he deems sacred, and the mask of any pretended liberality is mercilessly torn off.

In controversy he is earnest. He speaks direct and to the point. You feel that he is not playing a game of fence. Every word strikes home. With quick sagacity he sees the vulnerable point of his antagonist, and rarely misses his aim. If you have any doubt of it, you have only to see his victims squirm. Right or wrong, the blow has told. He has not been demolishing scarecrows or windmills. What he has said is sure to provoke an answer, if that be possible. Yet he is by no means bent on prolonging controversy. He has no disposition to make a martyr of his victim. He knows just when enough has been said, and is not anxious to have the last word. When a subject has been sufficiently discussed, he is content to let it alone severely. Indeed, one would be surprised to find in a year's review so small a bulk of controversial matter in his columns. Much even of this is due to the merciless manner in which his views are handled by opponents. It would be strange if the provocation to which he is subjected did not sometimes induce, on his part, some asperity of language scarcely in keeping with the tone of his other writings or his private character. As little as this is to be commended, there are few of his opponents that would be authorized to cast the first stone, nor do we believe that even among them



REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

would be found a severer critic of what escaped him in the heat of dissertation than himself.

Magician at the dinner-table as in the social circle, and you would scarcely recognize the man on whom satirical reformers have heaped the epithets of an Hildebrand. You would see nothing indicative of the tomahawk or scalping-knife. You would need no frowning brow; you would not see him biting speech or latent sarcasm; you would see a man, perfectly Congregational indeed, but without a particle of almost chivalrous courtesy. There would be no absence of manner, no affected condescension, not a cold affability, not a studied feminine gentleness of manner that would leave no room for the supposition of the kind of man sending controversialist. If you have a good story to tell, you may be sure he will listen to it, enjoy it with a hearty laugh, and tell you another not unlike it. His conversational resources are ample and promptly command. He is a thorough man of duty; is ready at repartee; and never pleads or flags. Few men have seen more of the world, or have had better opportunities for observation. There is scarce a notability of the day, scarce a person of history or of mark, with whom he has not been in some way come in contact. His acquaintance with the Old World is from personal inspection, and his scrutiny of public events is keen and sagacious. All these acquisitions are at the call of a ready memory, and a intelligence naturally acute. He is thus fitted to grace those scenes in which he delights to mingle. Few men have warmer admirers or more devoted friends. Indeed, the seeming contrast between the character occasionally given of him and between the gravity appropriate and natural one which belongs to him in social life, reminds us of Homer's hero, who terrifies his child by the glittering helmet, which on the young heart sighs by a father's smile when the helmet is laid aside.

Dr. Prime's style varies, of course, with the subject discussed. But, except in controversy, it is characterized by an unstudied ease and flow, often blending the tender or pathetic. An occasional stroke of playful humor enhances the gravity of the subject, or invests it with new attraction.

As a speaker, Dr. Prime is easy, graceful, and impassioned. His personal appearance is in the perfectly self-possessed, and speaks directly to the point in hand. His person of a commanding height, his head bald on the front and top, but intelligence in strongly stamped upon his whole aspect, and the quick movement of his eye as he grasps his audience with its penetrating glance, indicates his perfect possession of the occasion and agency, and his clear apprehension of what the occasion demands.

In the pulpit he has great and remarkable power in absorbing the attention of his audience, and carrying them with him. His power of becoming king is that which appeals to the heart, and his power of pathos is always irresistible. Few clergymen are so successful in the use of anecdote. He goes "unused to weep." There is no demonstration, no affectation, no attempt at sensation in his style, but there is a thrilling and engrossing power which leads his hearers to the tears he sheds in prayer, or, and his heart on the subject, until he is excited to the tenderness which all men know best befits the man who has been taught of God to be his guide.

Few men have ever manifested a deeper interest in whatever conduces to the welfare and social improvement of the community than Dr. Prime. Institutions of benevolence, charity, moral reform, and general education, receive his active support and by ready advocacy. For ten years he was a resident of the city of Newark, and took an interest more than any other the "Newark Library Association" owes its existence and prosperity. "His course during his residence in Newark," says one of a different ecclesiastical connection from himself, "was characterized by unwearied activity, not in all things promotive of the well-being of society, as well as by that consistent walk in public and private life, and active co-operation in every good word and work," which are among the chief credentials of the Christian minister.

Few men can be found whose labors with the pen occupy to many hours of each successive day, and have those engaged in the same avocation for varied literary and social recreation. Yet instead of shrinking from the labor, he seems to have availed by its weight, his spirits are ever elastic and fresh for renewed effort. Applications for addresses and discourses, which under ordinary circumstances would feel themselves forced to decline, are frequently met with prompt promptness, evincing the sprightly energy of a mental constitution incapable of indolence, and to which the highest activity is a source and delight.

In the full maturity of his intellectual powers, with twenty-two years of labor in the midst of conservative religious press of the country, his career of usefulness seems to be only just begun, and the religious world looks to him as one of its great hopes in the war with infidelity and error which now seems to lie before us.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

THE CONVENTION.

WE have referred, in one or two previous articles, to the subject of the approaching Convention to reform our State Constitution. We have spoken of the office performed by the Constitution of 1846 upon the Central Power of the State, and upon the Judiciary. Let us now look a little at the *Administration* of the Law.

Pope has somewhere a famous couplet to the effect that only fools dispute about a form of government; that the proper *administration* of the ruling power is the only thing that sensible men should look after. However this proposition may be in regard to government generally, it certainly contains a word of wisdom in regard to the Department of Public Justice, and especially of Civil Justice.

Whether the system be the Common Law of the time of Mansfield, or the Code of Fear, the Civil Code of France, the organization of Massachusetts or of New York, it is undeniable that results unfavorable and fatal to justice are produced under either of them, if honestly and intelligently administered: and that neither can produce any but the most unsatisfactory results, and distress, unless fairly and ably carried out.

What we call the Law is, to a great extent, a matter of practice and usage. It is not the fact so important what the rule is, as that it should be promptly, intelligently, and honestly applied.

Now, what is the fact in the *Administration of justice*. We have had innumerable reformers of the Law—enough for half a dozen countries. We have had change after change alike of our law and of our judicial system. We have had lawyers subsidized, and the Common Law so metamorphosed that its own father would not know it. We have had a Commission to alter the Criminal Law; and now we have had a Commission is sitting (which, with stupendous boldness, proposes, *for nothing*, to revolutionize the entire Practice of Pleading, which is the contemptuous child of Young America is beginning to be sick of the very phrase, Law-Reform.

Now, in all this, there is one thing we cannot say that we shall lose sight of the fact that what we want is, above all things, a proper *administration of justice*. As we have said, this is a matter half so important as the application of the rule. Whether a demand shall be enforced in a court of law, or by a Judge in Equity, whether a case is called a Court of Law; whether a claim shall be presented by a thing called a bill, a remedy, or a declaration, is nothing to the people. A thing is suit shall call himself a plaintiff or a complainant, is not near so essential as that, when he thinks proper to enforce his demand, he shall be decided honestly, intelligently, and promptly.

This will hardly be disputed; and yet we pay in little regard to this self-evident truth as if it had nothing to do with the subject.

But if the Convention of 1859, or any other Convention, shall ever take hold of this great subject in the right way, which, among many other good results, the first thing they will do will be to pause for a while from our eternal tampering with the rule of right, and look a little after the application of the rule.

There are two things without which a judicial system is but a mockery and a delusion, and a fraud and a mortification and a failure. These are, *first*, such an arrangement of the system as shall insure to the people the full benefit of the independent Judiciary; and, *secondly*, a provision for reasonable modifications of the system from time to time without perpetual alterations of the Constitution.

How are these objects to be secured?

First, as to the Judiciary. The Judiciary in the world can a really able or a really independent Judiciary be secured without a radical change in the *tenure of office*? Can Courts, Courts and Courts of Appeal—no may elect, or appoint, or create Judges by tossing up coppers—we may do what we please, we shall never have a competent Judiciary until we make them feel strong in their seats—till they are strong in their seats.

What but a tenure of office during good behavior, talent, of energy, of learning; but nine-tenths of it is thrown away because the Judges have no real security. There is no security in short terms—none on bad morals. There is no restraint—no order—no discipline.

If bad Judges require any discipline, if it be ever come, must come from the Judges. No crowd of equals can ever marshal or direct itself. What but worse than bad will result from attempts to control, guide, and order them. Are the bar ready for this? Are they willing to submit to such control? Is it in the line of their matter times. If the bar of the State of New York feel this, they can settle the matter without the slightest difficulty. They can refuse to practice to the great state of things—if they think it is good—if they are even lukewarm to its evils—better not. Let the Judiciary be left holding a Convention.

Again, it is unquestionable that, in some way, a mode be provided of making temporary or gradual changes in the system as pressure of business or the progress of State shall demand. In fact, New York grows so rapidly that any system you may make to-day will to-morrow be inadequate. The subject of State reform, then, the State is always too big for its breeches.

Now this is well provided for in the practical British island of England in regard to one of the causes: and it is in regard to the trial of causes that the difficulty most seriously presents itself, for while, or before the first trial, a large majority of cases end. Now in England the *Nisi Prius* Courts are all held by special Commissioners—the Judges always head the Commission, and usually hold the Courts; but the names of some leading lawyers are also always inserted, and whenever a pressure occurs, they are sent on extra jury and helps to clear the calendar. Why not try something of this kind here?

We have indeed attempted to reach the evil by references; but references are dilatory, expensive, and unsatisfactory, and it might have been known that they would so prove. They are deprived of all publicity, and without publicity judicial proceedings will forever be infected with some abuse or another. There is no check, no stimulant, no corrective so potent as the simple spell of publicity. Wisely do our Constitutions declare that the proceedings of Courts of Justice shall always be open to the public.

One word more. What does the law of the State of New York desire? What do the lawyers wish? Do they wish, do they intend, a real reform or only a partial change of justice? If they do, they can have it. If not, they had better stay at home, and leave the Convention to the action of Temperance Law and Personal Liberty bills.

MARITAL LAW IN RICHMOND COUNTY.

FOR the information in the history of this State, one of the counties—Richmond—has been placed under marital law. The statute under which this extraordinary proceeding has been had, empowers the Governor, in the event of insurrection or rebellion—that is to say, in the event of incapacity or unwillingness in the county officials to save process or keep the peace and have the laws obeyed, to pronounce said county in a state of insurrection, and to order the Militia of the State to the spot to afford *main force* to the authorities. A State or a county can only be said to be in insurrection when the civil instruments of the law are, by popular violence, prevented from performing their duty: when the officers will not or can not serve process or effect arrests, when the coroners refuse to arrest the sheriffs, and when the posse commitatus, after due summons, refuses to render the aid of the officers of the law. In such a case as this, and to no other, the statute applies. In view of the exposition of the law, then, the country will be amazed to learn that there has been no resistance whatever to the administration of the law in Richmond county. The Sheriff has never refused to serve any writ or process, and every one knows, that he has never needed to call on the posse, nor is there any reason to believe that, had he done so, his request would have been in vain. Last year when he called on the county militia, they were so few and in marching order at an hour's notice, though he wished to have them ready at midnight. The Sheriff of the county declares himself able and willing to do his duty, whenever he shall be called upon to do so. It is true that a mob lately destroyed an hospital in the county; but there was no resistance to the county authorities, for they had not time to enforce. New York might as well have been placed under martial law in consequence of the Great Fire of 1845, which broke out in the Astor mansion county in consequence of the burning of the hospitals.

The consequences of this terrible blunder of Governor John A. King will be more widely felt than in its present generally foreseen. In the first place, it is a heavy expense on the State. At present 200 millionaires are on duty in Richmond county for no earthly purpose except to annoy the inhabitants. They cost about $600 a day. It is intended to keep them there till the Legislature meets, say four months, by which time they will have cost the State (for the whole thing being illegal, the State will of course have to pay them) $75,000. Secondly, the precedent is a bad one. It is well known that at bottom politics had much to do with the passing of these Statutes. They had become the centre of political attack and defense; their continuance was a source of pecuniary gain to the political party which Governor King labors for, and their abatement a cardinal point with the democracy. Now if the Governor may, without any real evidence of insurrection, send down troops to restore the balance to the side of his political party, of course every future governor will do the same. Whenever party feeling runs high, an unscrupulous governor may remove his opponents by declaring them in a state of insurrection, and ordering troops on them. It is easy to see whither this practice would lead. It is doubtful whether, under "marital law," the citizens of Richmond county have a civil or political rights. It is not certain that they are not disfranchised. How admirable a plan to disgrace a hostile county, to take advantage of a casual riot to declare it in insurrection and disfranchise it! In no one say these hypotheses are far-fetched; the experience of the past two years shows that no limits can be set to the liberties of party unscrupulousness.

There is one other result which may flow from this high-handed and illegal maintenance of Governor King, and that is, his impeachment. We have reason to believe that preliminary measures to that end are already being taken. There can be but one objection to such a procedure—namely, that it would give the culprit too much importance. Two years governorship have earned for John A. King the good-natured contempt of some, and the bitter derision of the others among his fellow-citizens; every one will be glad to be relieved from his rule. But that many would regret to see his public career protracted even by his impeachment.

THE END OF THE ASTRONOMICAL QUARREL.

WE referred, some weeks ago, to the quarrel which had arisen between the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory, of Albany, and the Astronomers of that institution. We showed that the pretension of Messrs. Pierce, Bache, and Henry to force their private privilege, Gould, on the authorities of the Observatory, and to retain control of that establishment in defiance of the Trustees, in whom its ownership and direction are vested by law, was one of those delusions to which men of high scientific attainments and limited intercourse with the world are naturally liable. And we expressed the hope that the Trustees would not allow themselves to be overborne by the newspaper cry. Gould, as Dr. Gould's friends had created on this behalf, but that they would persist in the course which seemed lest calculated to make the Observatory practically useful, independently of distinguished persons and high-sounding names.

For thus exposing the side which seemed to us to be the side of common sense and science, we have been vehemently assailed, both in public and private, by Dr. Gould's friends. We have made no reply to our assailants, confident that, when the facts were fairly set forth, they would justify our position. At length, after a lapse of several weeks, the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory have just published an account of their stewardship.

We are using no exaggeration when we say that this elaborate document absolutely slays Dr. Gould and his protectors, Professors Bache, Pierce, and Henry. Its character may be inferred from the fact that, though for several days have elapsed since it appeared, no reply has been attempted; in fact, it is unanswerable. It convicts Dr. Gould of incapacity, of high meanness and treachery, as a man; it shows him to have been, if not intentionally, at least in effect, hostile to the practical success of the Observatory, as an astronomer. It proves that the aim of Dr. Gould and his learned friends was to make the Dudley Observatory a tender to that magnificent institution, the Coast Survey, and that, as every one knows, in the private preserve of a select circle of exclusive scientists. It shows that their deliberate purpose was to make the one entirely exclusive as the other; to carry out at Albany the tyrannical policy which has well-nigh ruined the American Association for the Advancement of Science—and not only to allow none of the donors to, or Trustees of, the Observatory to reap any glory, or derive any advantage from that establishment, but likewise to exclude from such glory and advantages every scientific man who was not prepared to lay his neck under the foot of the managers of the Coast Survey. It proves, that so far from devoting himself, soul and spirit, to the Observatory—as Dr. Gould's friends claim he did—he paid the utmost vanity in consequence of the burning of the hospitals.

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We have indeed attempted to reach the evil by references; but references are dilatory, expensive, and unsatisfactory, and it might have been known that they would so prove. They are deprived of all publicity, and without publicity judicial proceedings will forever be infected with some abuse or another. There is no check, no stimulant, no corrective so potent as the simple spell of publicity. Wisely do our Constitutions declare that the proceedings of Courts of Justice shall always be open to the public.

One word more. What does the law of the State of New York desire? What do the lawyers wish? Do they wish, do they intend, a real reform or only a partial change of justice? If they do, they can have it. If not, they had better stay at home, and leave the Convention to the action of Temperance Law and Personal Liberty bills.

its endowments. Blamable as the astronomers have been, the Trustees are not blameless. As men of business, it was ridiculous in them to allow themselves to be so easily duped; nor should they have suffered themselves to be, at last, ousted from premises which they are bound by law to hold for a specific purpose. These considerations will not escape the attention of the Legislature this winter; and if that body should, as the Surrey hopes, reorganize the Observatory, and displace the Trustees, they will only have themselves to blame. For they—with of my experience and small means—undertook a trust which most certainly yet remains unfulfilled.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FEAST OF CERES.

Now that the literary festivals are ended the agricultural begin. In almost every county of every State there is a Society of Farmers; and in the golden days of September and October they bring together the best they have grown, or made, or raised—and whoever has a new machine, or a better plan of old ones, may be sure of an audience both admiring and appreciating. Besides the county societies and fairs, there is the great central State Fair, at which the intelligent agriculturists of the State is generally fully represented.

Not even the silent corn can celebrate their feast without speeches. Every County Fair, as well as the State, has its orator, and the nature and drift of his speech is already known to the association. And any man who can speak well upon any general subject must be able to say a few words speaking to farmers about farming. The occasion is not technical or professional, but universal. A correspondent of the New York Tribune says that agricultural fairs would be quite perfect, if the orators only knew a little of the subjects upon which they were to speak, or owned only so much soil as would fill a flower-pot.

But to suppose that a man knows nothing of the principles, or history, or importance—in its relation to the State—of agriculture, because he is not a farmer, shows certainly that the supposer is not very familiar with the matter. An Agricultural Fair is like a Gallery of Fine Arts. It is interesting to the farmer, as the other is to the painter, technically. But the great pleasure and profit derived from both may be enjoyed by all. A man can be delighted with a picture without knowing how to mix paints, and with the products of the soil knowing how much of what kind of manure to apply to their culture. It is not necessary that a man to address them upon such a day, they do not expect to hear from him practical directions for raising wheat, but practical considerations upon their pursuit in itself and in its relations to society.

These fairs are not only pleasant and useful as assemblies of neighbors interested in the same things, but they are the direct means of encouraging that extensively intelligent taste, without which farming is likely to become one of the most sluggish of human pursuits. Where a farmer employs two-thirds of the population in agricultural, it is easy enough to see that more depends upon the intelligence of the farmer than the number of apples in a bushel or of tons of hay to the acre.

The reader who remembers the sketch, by Pope, of "Fifth Avenue in the Country," in our last paper, will be amused with the following, which puts a fact into rhyme.

A farmer, having hay for sale,
Addressed a boy one day,
And asked him "if he wished to buy
A load of fresh-cut hay."

"What hay?" replied the indignant *boy*,
Offended at the question,
"Do I look like a hoss, to need
Your hay for my digestion?"

"Look like a horse!" in turn exclaimed
The vender of grass;
"You do not look much like a horn,
But very like an ass!"

GEOGRAPHY IN THE CARTS.

THE famous geographer Malte Brun is dead. He was a Frenchman, and it is a curious question whether geography in France was learned in the stars. A late number of the clever *Charivari*, the Punch of Paris, contains the following:

"There are human built of glass, why shouldn't there be houses made of cotton?

"Two companies have been organized in America, and have just been joined, if we may believe the newspapers of that country, which pay out an annual dividend of two centesperates of Louisiana, the *Courrier of Charleston*."

The name *Charleston* presents us its humorous illustration a picture of a philosophical gentleman who unwilling son to a Kangaroo, and underneath the legend, "Charleston Courrier, the Kangaroo." We turn to our old *Grand Kangaroo of Central America*."

The picture represents a genuine animal; but the only Kangaroo of Central or South America we know to our Natural History is *le Général* William Walker, who made his disbanded leap from Greytown to New York, took to the shades, and has never been heard of since.

LETTER FROM A HIGH PRIVATE.

THE Lounger, as his constant reader has been allowed by a parent, profoundly partial, to publish the following graphic and interesting letter from one of the heroes now gallantly engaged with the bloody insurgents in our domestic feuds:

"ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
"CAMP ISAACS, *September*, 1858.

"DEAREST MA,—I am dreadful wet, and I've got a horrid cold in my head, and I've got a pain in my boots from tramping round in the dust and dew; but then the sunsets of the glorious service in which we are engaged is as good as hot bottles to the feet, and delicious as a warming-pan in a January bed.

"You can have no idea of the awful barbarity and reckless lawlessness of this part of the country. The gorgeous imagination of an Ariosto is also equal to the task of coloring it high enough. Every night houses are burned down and the inmates ruthlessly slaughtered. The rancor against the yellow fever patients is such that the mob mobs one every evening, and Ray Tompkins and John C. Thompson tear off the cooked flesh and consume it, while the Custodes Board of Health Dances the Fisher's Hornpipe. That lively hob-of-mad an humorist, Robert Emmet Tompkins, the Thompson, the efficient and sorrowful Medical Officer, and, in proportion, for any part of him, Tertiary Inhabitant, is always in the thickest fray, to his own words, in the state of 'the poor men that I've had the honor to be in influence on the ground that night.' You know the bitter result to those poor men. Those who were not scorched to death in camp, or died of the hot-house since, it's all very well for Dr. Walker to say at the examination that they were burned like a Spanish nut, but rather beautiful. Dr. Walker is a malignant Scot.

"Dear Ma, I don't wonder we both cried so when you knew I was coming to such a place, and never go cheering up my drooping. But, mum, when a man is enrolled upon the military lists he takes his life in his hand. I've not only done that, but I've done it twice. I've done it for Uncle Sam's dreadful. I wish you'd just send some of Polkinghorn's Gastronome.

"You know we've been on a great many excursions, which consisted mainly of dancing the polka, and drinking Champagne. We've had a good deal of field, in the very presence of the enemy and the heart of the country, you understand, mum. Yet the troops behave most gallantly. A fluxe set of heroes have rarely been seen. When we are down, grand drill, you know, mum, and I believe we believe that these infernal shooters actually shoulder their sticks and march up to the cannon's mouth in lines, where we can't reach 'em? And worse than that, they twiddle their nasty fingers on their dirty noses at us as we go past, and, with the impertinence of infamous than the others, have been known to send out, when Colonel Lynch was on a visit to his sister, sugar, man, who made your breeches? You can better, dearest parent, conceive the refined indignity of that insult, than I can describe it, when my worthy Colonel is an equally worthy tailor.

"One feature of the campaign is the very rare act of amnesty, loudly declared at evening parade, the other day, that our gallant commanding officer was in the very Lyon's den of the foe, and actually at "Lions indeed!' screamed another mad barbarian, who brought more Lions to the camp and left them with him. 'Do you see, my mother? Do you catch the refined malignity? Do you know what the Father's gone in? I'll tell you, mum, when I show you, upon application at Camp Washington.

"Colonel Lynch has made a most touching and flute command of the island. He went the other day to surprise a well. The owner locked his gate and defied him to enter. The gallant Deputy Administration Colonel Lynch told him he had a right to do so. John is the chief citizen of Sullivan's Island, and should take the water at all hazards. Saying this, he withdrew to another well: thus, as it were, cutting his out second base. But the very eloquence of his gallant exploits in suppressing this hideous Negro insurrection, are forgotten in the known altogether as Field-marshal Sir Colin Campbell Hayelock Lyon.

"The army of occupation is not less deserving the kindest mention and the highest praise. I suppose Napoleon's army in Russia was not half so brave as we are. Last evening, just as the night-guard was being mounted, an alarm was given. It was reported that the Yankees, the men fell silently into their places. We knew the hand to come. Major Ray, Captain Gardner, and of Belinda Ann. Nobody said any thing—our hearts were too full; but a braver set of hearts never beat in a human breast. The men fell into along the line to see that every thing was in order. An observer like me could have discovered that each man—told them that if they fell Mayor Tiemann would mention their names to the Common Council—and that Mrs. Jenkins would call upon. It was our first going into action, and we were naturally anxious to do credit to the corps. Then forward with a shout that must have stricken terror to the hearts of the Sepoys, for upon reaching the seat of alarm, it turned out to be only a Mr. Jones, a general Houston's treasure; for it seems that at that hour of the evening, according to the strict orders of a Sepoy stump or atrocious and inhuman stone so suddenly that he cried out, but, with the presence of mind which so eminently distinguishes him, he instantly discovered that it was only a stump, and so, after a few oaths, he went to bed. He turned up he was as self-possessed and calm as if nothing had happened. It was now quite dark, and as the army of occupation were engaged in enforcing one the terrible chums in the Corporal's trousers, a strange, and alarming, and ominous white object of the dark beyond the lines:

"'Oh, Jim, and murther mee greapmeethee! if that beast a can for the Lieutenant-Governor Lyon!'

"Under these trying circumstances the army behaved with admirable spirit, and withdrew in perfect order.

"Thus far, dear Ma, the loss in our ranks has not been severe. It has been mainly confined to temper, boots, breeches, and health.

"The enemy has lost their men in his head—but, on the other hand, out of some hundred or more, not more than eighty-seven have vanished, and only about nine to the seven thousandsons. Dear Mother, it's very difficult to get hot red damsel in this country, or hot water to soak the feet. I am up hankerchiefs dreadfully. A wicked Sepoy sold to me, when I was on picket on the other day, and blowing my nose continually, 'Sagor mun, why don't you follow your nose, and you?' I laughed at him with my bayonet, but the sarcastic villain had escaped among his fellow-devils.

"But whatever amount of bombasts, or tic, or rheumatism may fall to my share, how sublime and consoling is the thought that we are here, the representatives of the State, to prevent this nonsense thing of thing. I haven't quite made out what we are here for, although I know that either Governor's speech as hard as I can. But 'taint no use; I can get into it, but I can't get out. On the whole, I conclude we are here to restore the bloody burning Sepoys, and to die of lumbago for our country. We try to keep up the spirits, but the night air is depressing. We are on the northeast shore of the island and the equinoctial is coming.

"There, there, my son sore again!

"Good-by, dearest mother!

"In great haste, your affectionate son,

"HANNIBAL LAND."

PITIFUL.

A MAN who could deliberately take advantage of the fact that the stone of a fruit is sometimes called a pit, to make a pun about an affray at his following, ought to be sent to serve for six weeks in the army of occupation upon Sopor Island.

Why was Joseph, the son of Israel, like a peach-tree?—Because he was raised from a pit.

THE MEANING OF MEN'S NAMES.

In the *Weekly* of the 31st August, "A Lady Reader" requested a wish to know the meaning of men's names, and the Lounger has received several satisfactory answers. One is signed "W.," of Trenton, New Jersey, for the most copious and complete list—such too full to print, but admirable for reference. From which "W." will please receive his heartiest thanks. In a lady's hand-eases also is sent by "J. H. B.," of Queens County, fanciful catalogue. But "J. H. B.," of Queens County, furnishes, more briefly than "W.," the following:

Here is one will make rich a lover's bites,
"Philemon, Philip, Philo, Philander,
Francis is free, open-hearted, and frank:
And so too is Franklin, and so is Frank.
Benjamin means that you are such in shame;
But Edgar is honor. Trust not in name.
Jim means supplant. Could we a trailer,
Yet Arnold is faithful to his honor.
Bless me can't judge of the amount of any,
Well not believe William the shield of many:
Now in Leon is the strength of mankind.
Frederick gives rich peace to and and mind.
Paul is little; Peter a rock or quarter;
And Edwin is a happy conqueror.
Edmund is blessed and Edwin is blessed peace:
Joseph is a name implying increase.
Walter is the ruler of the host.
But Harvey is the hope of an army.
Ambrose is the divine, governor,
Egbert is celebrated, or fences:
Philip is a great friend of horses.
And finds delight in racing on courses;
Solomon's peaceful, Alfred, all peace;
And Oliver is the emblem of peace.
Joshua, like Jesus, is Lord, Saviour;
Hugh is a counsellor, and Christopher
Alexander implies strong help to men:
But Gideon is destroyer of men.
Theodore expresses a gift of God:
John is like the chief citizen of God:
And 'mong the Harpers 'tis found most common,
Each family of them is John and John:
Or if there be exceptions they are few—
A family without John I never knew.
Of Scripture names I add variety,
Though by no means a great family:
Timothy is an honorer of God;
Titus signifies the goodness of God;
Zachariah is manifest of the Lord;
And Jeremiah exalts the Lord:
Nehemiah is the Rest of the Lord;
Hezekiah strengthens the Lord:
Obadiah the servant of the Lord:
And Israel prevaileth in the Lord.

THE HOGS.

AFTER all, it is John Bull who swallows the total whole with the greatest unction. We make feible efforts to do it, and often with very tolerable success for a short period. But John does it and relish the thing! He licks his chops and rolls his eyes with such huge satisfaction! He swears he has n't a bone in his carcass! He licks it up so clean, that it is a vain hope to rival or surpass him. Dear me! Seems Jenkins Yahoppish Bull!

He has lately been gloating over the wedding of a young and noble lord and lady, and to those American readers who are wont to complain of the splendid habits of society in America, we copy the letters, describing watering-place balls—as where Mrs. A. Jones, and "decidedly handsome," and Miss B——" evidently the belle of the evening," and Mrs. C——" in a beautiful red bandana, hopping with spirit and grace through the country dances"—sounds the letter to the Manchester *Guardian*, from London, describing "the marriage festivities of Lord Craven."

"A more beautiful bride is seldom seen. Lady Elizabeth Craven belongs to a notable type of English beauty which combines an extraordinary contour of feature with a complexion singularly fair and delicate, in which roses and lilies maintain an unnecessary struggle for precedence. In the bride, the rose leaves its red foreground step to gaze, as it were, and, upon that 'lily-haired girl,' whose cheeks glow with buttercup, eloquent blush, whose eye, red, pouting lips, blue eyes, and smiling face, retain their full charm of beauty, without loss in pleasant surprise. This morning, on the road at the altar, in his bride's train, a magnificent diamond star on her head covered by the richest bridal veil, 'the plant and flower of light,' as Du Bartas calls orange, in its lofty, reigned supreme over her lovely features. Yet the full ripe lips were there, and the blue eyes, although cast down in modest bashfulness, and the pleasant smile, although it was tempered by the fears and regrets natural to those who leave fond parents and loving sisters for a new home. Now and then the head bowed over its pearl-studded veil; but that would start, and the high courage could not conceal the emotion that agitated the 'full-bosomed maid,' as old Homer would have called her.

"The bridegroom was as ardent and tender as a young and gallant gentleman might be expected to be. While on his bride is unusually fair, the young heir of the house of Wilton is of dark complexion, with black eyes and hair. In figure he is tall and handsome and slender, but when thus has knit his limbs and given him the life-guardsman's appearance which seems to be a family trait, he will not discredit his gallant crops, either in Hyde Park or elsewhere."

There is more of it. But these are the plums. You think that the American press is unjustifiably personal? Read in any such a letter as that in the *Evening Post* or the *Express*, of a young lady married in Grace Church! No, John eats the toad much more skillfully than we.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—You were kind enough to oblige me some time ago with a list of the Magazines of the World, in finding and publishing 'a piece of poetry' for me. Hunger on a Blister.'

"I have been for more than twenty years trying to discover a piece of poetry that I read in a newspaper, when I was comparatively young, and remember well. Will you be equally kind in one of your main readers, and help me to find it? I remember but a small portion of it. I think it was entitled 'The Student.' These lines were in it:

"Like a young eagle on the mountain top
Plunging his eyes in the sun's orb to find
Fearless and lonely. Beautiful and bright
Destruction's self serve him, for he can be viewed;
And though from midst its rays the sound of strife
Shall reach his ear, he cannot see the foe."

"I read it in a newspaper—I think, in the *Iris*, published in Natchez, about the year 1839 or 1840; but of that I am not sure. The *Iris* of course I mean, not Orion.

"If you can succeed in recovering it, you will very much oblige a constant reader.

"HENRY MCKINSTRY."

"ALPHA" will be amused, probably, with two surprising statements about himself which he makes in this note. He says that he read the poem when he was quite young, and probably still; and then, that he is a very great curiosity! He probably means to say neither; and the Lounger hopes some erudite friend will satisfy "Alpha."

"YEATON" must, of course, have anticipated that the mouth of the Delaware and the eastern shore of Long Island would open upon him; and here is the voice of the latter:

"EASTERN LONG ISLAND.

"MY FRIEND LOUNGER,—Would you favor communication from Savages, says: 'Were I a rich dunce, I would spot my beautiful villa on the east side of Shelter, or down toward the mouth of the Delaware, where I would be admired by all the world.'

"Now who the inhabitors of the region 'down toward the mouth of the Delaware' are, I cannot say; but upon state of civilization may be, I am at present unable to state; for I never was there. But I presume that I am happy to be able to add somewhat to 'Visitor's' store of knowledge regretfully that particular species of knowledge which, from the Long Island standpoint, I could supply him to abound in most, by informing him that the people of Eastern Long Island have learned to read, have seen New York, have even seen Savages, have heard mown of the name of Lossing and Parke and some little time since, were astonished by the news of a telegraph across the Atlantic.

"They read the *Journal of Civilization*, and they sell their potatoes and their eggs, and are proving to 'Visitor' that they can fully appreciate a dance rich or green wherever he will favor them with a visit.

"—I. E. H." sends some verses, "A Day," of which the last two stanzas are better than the rest:

"O days of life, how fair, how fleet
The motion of your happy feet
Through the lilies and the roses!
"O days of life, how faint, how slow
Your heavy footsteps onward go
Amid the sullen days of sorrow!"

—The "HOGS" are not all dead yet, it seems.

"DEAR RESPECTED LOUNGER,—Being addressed to you now and then in a letter concerning a certain agricultural family whose members are not known, but who show themselves in other ways than by eight rather obscure cards in confirmation of the fact, I have been much delighted *Hey Family*. Now I know you pity me with a gentle sympathy, a kindness, indeed. I had made up rather a fine dress ago with uncommon care, and presented to the Queen's Levee, being then a noble in Brooklyn. Nothing occurred until I left the host, when, to my utter surprise, I found that the whole cascade of the skirt completely dashed with BOGGO STUFF. What shall I do? I can not tell. But rather uncomfortably when I met my friends, for one side of my dress was evidently spotted by Buffalo Hog. Esq. If this will help to deter that unhappy family from emitting such insults as forty-sixers, please use it.

"BEADER."

"ASHER CREEK, 1858.

"*To the Lounger:*

"I may be wrong, but it strikes me that this is the best time for the Mermaid to appear. I have the author's permission to inclose it to you.

F. G."

THE MERMAID'S MESSAGE.

Under the ocean waves afar,
Beyond the kiss of sun or star,
A mermaid spied from her coral cell
The Captain's boy, Tom Bowline.

Skirting the jagged ledges it came,
Dropping down like a thread of flame,
Shading the branches of the trees
That grow in groves down under the seas.

She looked, and wondered what could be
Dropping so strangely into the sea:
Then gliding forth from her coral cell
To where the object floated well,

She touched it with inquisitive hand—
Instant her heart-beat throbbed through the land,
Rolling and rocking the ocean bed.
The mermaid's message presaged the Queen's.



THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON STATEN ISLAND—THE CAMP.

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON STATEN ISLAND.

We give herewith two pictures of the army of occupation in Richmond County. Our readers are aware that, in consequence of the burning of the Quarantine hospitals, the Governor has proclaimed the island to be under martial law, and has ordered the 8th Regiment New York State Militia thither. Our first picture represents the camp of the regiment; our second some soldiers' tents, with the men enjoying their ease in the neighborhood.

The Eighth, which is commanded by Colonel Lyons, consists of 300 men. The officers are the following: Major, C. G. Waterbury; Acting-Adjutant, P. F. Wentworth; Paymaster, T. M. Cushman; Surgeon, Lyons Ramsey; Assistant-Surgeon, John Atkins; Chaplain, John S. Ash; Engineer, E. Ellaridge; Assistant-Quartermaster, —— Tiffany. *Commandants:* Company A, C. J. Blauvelt; Company B, Thomas Sweeny; Company C, Edward Burger; Company D, E. D. Lawrence; Company E, William Waterman; Company F, Leanda Buck; Company G, Charles H. Burtis; Company H, Samuel Gregory; Company I, J. M. Varian. *Non-commissioned officers:* Sergeant-Major, T. Carr; Quartermaster, J. Penn; Color-bearer, —— Jones; Left General Guide, T. Ball; Assistant Sergeant-Major, C. Wood; Ordnance Sergeant, W. Miller; Right General Guide, —— Hart; Sergeant, W. Silcock; Leader of the Band, T. G. Adkins.

The camp lies to the northwest of the Quarantine hospitals, partly on the Quarantine and partly on the ferry property. The tents have all been pitched according to the rules for a regimental encampment. On the southern end of the ground is the guard tent, in which is quartered a portion of the guard who are ordered for duty during the day. In the extreme northern portion of the ground the troops are quartered. The tents are all pitched in rows of half a dozen each, forming six streets, with tents on both sides, a main avenue running through the centre, which is called Broadway. Each company is quartered according to rank in line, as in the following order: Company C, Captain Burger; Company B, Captain Sweeney; Company A, Captain Blauvelt; Company D, Captain Lawrence;



THE SOLDIERS' TENTS.

Company E, Captain Waterman; Company H, Lieutenant Commanding Gregory; Company O, Captain Burtis; Company F, Captain Buck; Company I, Captain Vattan.

Each street is about fifteen feet wide; the floors of the tents are raised about three inches from the ground, so as to avoid dampness. Running in reverse order, on the upper side of the privates tents, and facing out on a line with each row, are located the band and non-commissioned officers. Twenty-five feet in the rear again, running in a like manner, are located the captains and lieutenants; and at a like distance, further to the north, are encamped the field and staff officers. At the extreme end, and looking out on what is called "Broadway," from which also a full view of the entire camp can be had, is Colonel Lyons' head-quarters, in front of which is stationed a sentinel.

On the west side of the grounds is the mess house, erected by E. F. Rodgers. The building is 130 feet long by 21 feet wide, and is so arranged as to accommodate each Company separately. Men were kept busy all day yesterday by Mr. Rodgers, so as to get the building finished by this afternoon. Mr. Rodgers, for the comfort of the militia, also floored most of their tents.

The following orders have been issued for the governance of the army of occupation:

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMP WASHINGTON, N. Y. S. M.,
CAMP WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THIS CAMP.

1. Courtesy among military men is indispensable to discipline. Respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience on duty, but will be extended to all occasions. It is always the duty of the inferior to accost or to offer first the customary salutation, and of the superior to return such complimentary notices.

2. All inferiors are required to obey strictly, and to execute with alacrity and good faith the lawful orders of the superiors appointed over them.

3. The gun shall be fired at sunrise, and colors set.

4. The Reveille will be beat at five o'clock, A.M., and is the signal for the men to rise, and the sentries to leave off challenging.

5. "Pass upon a trencher," the signal for breakfast, will be sounded or beat at seven o'clock.

6. The "Troop" will be beat at eight o'clock in the morning, to assemble the men for duty and inspection at guard mounting.

7. Morning parade at nine o'clock. Evening dress parade at five o'clock in the afternoon.

8. "Roast Beef," the signal for dinner, will be sounded or beat at twelve o'clock.

9. "The Retreat" will be beat at sunset, when the evening gun will be fired and the flag struck.

10. The Tattoo will be beat at ten o'clock in the evening, after which no soldier is to be out of his tent or quarters unless by special leave.

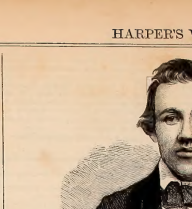
11. The long roll is the signal for gathering under arms in case of alarm or the sudden approach of the enemy.

GEORGE LYONS, *Colonel.*

Officer of the day, Captain Blauvelt, Company A.

Officer of the Guard, Lieutenant Johnston.

The storm on Wednesday last told severely on the army. A reporter says: "Most of the tents were soaked through and through by the rain; the beds and bedding, the clothing and uniforms were completely saturated with water. Most of the men were up half the night, and, from all accounts, but very little sleep was had among any of them. The tents which the guards have been using are very poor, having been used for some time for camping purposes throughout the State. The guards also suffered very much from the storm. Sergeant William Wilson, a member of the regiment, remained on duty nine hours, but was at last so overcome that he was taken with a fit in the morning, and had to be brought up to the city and conveyed home. Several others of the members were also compelled to give up and return home for a new outfit and a little nursing, being overcome by fatigue. During the forepart of yesterday the men also suffered considerably by the storm; but they, with one or two exceptions, stood it out like soldiers. As soon as it began to clear off, the tents were thrown open, and the blankets, beds, and clothing of the men were strung up on the line running from one tent to another to dry. Toward the latter part of the afternoon most of the uniforms had been pretty well dried; but Colonel Lyons, on account of the storm, had issued orders in the morning that there would be no afternoon parade, so the men were not compelled to put on their dump clothing."



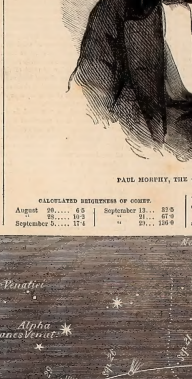
PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION.

THE COMET.

THE advent of the comet which is at present visible to the naked eye in the northern heavens, was first made known by Professor Donati, of Florence, on the 2d of June. It was also discovered by Henry M. Parkhurst, Esq., of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on June 20. We give herewith a representation of the comet as it at present appears, and also a diagram showing its position among the fixed stars through which it passes, from August 28 to September 29, shortly after which time it will be lost to sight. By means of this diagram the reader will be able to trace its course on a celestial globe.

Its motion around the sun is retrograde; that is, in the direction opposite to the motions of the planets. Its distance from the earth at present is roughly computed at nearly 90,000 miles. Its tail is about 6,000,000 miles long. Its distance from the sun at perihelion, or when nearest that luminary, is calculated at 40,000,000 miles, and its velocity at that time will be no less than 3560 miles per minute. Its relative brightness has been calculated, and is shown in the following table:

CALCULATED BRIGHTNESS OF COMET.					
August	20.....	4·5	September 13...	83·5
"	25.....	10·5	" 21...	47·9
September 5.....		17·4	" 25...	126·9



COURSE OF THE COMET THROUGH THE STARS.

It will therefore present yet its most splendid appearance.

The last comet plainly visible to the naked eye made its appearance in February, 1853. It continued visible during even the brightest days, and passed it must have almost grazed it. Its perihelion distance was but 99,000 miles. The velocity with which it whirled around the sun, at the instant of its perihelion, was prodigious; such, indeed, that, if it had continued, the comet would have encircled the sun in the space of two hours and a half. In fact, it did pass half around it in that time. In forty days, the period of its visibility, it had described 173 degrees from perihelion; while to describe the next seven degrees required many years, perhaps centuries, its rate decreasing in an immense ratio with its distance from the sun. The heat it received from the sun at perihelion was computed by Professor Herschel to be 47,000 times greater than that received by the earth from a vertical sun. The comet was for some time red-hot; and spectators near the equator described the tail as resembling "a stream of fire from a furnace."

The present comet will be visible, probably, until the beginning of October. The best time to see it is early in the morning, between three and four o'clock, in the direction of its tail to toward the North Star. Its elements have not yet been certainly computed; but it is supposed to have a period of thirty-one years, and to be identical with the comets which appeared in 1827 and 1764 (two periods). This would bring its return about 1858-1890.

PAUL MORPHY, ESQ.,

THE CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

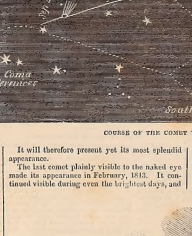
THE extraordinary chess genius, Paul Morphy, who is at present attracting the attention of the chess world toward his triumphs in England, is a native of New Orleans city, and is not yet twenty-one years old. His father, who was a prominent citizen and an honorable judge in Louisiana, among other innocent amusements indulged in, as a relief from the severe studies of the law, reckoned the game of chess, and young Paul early came in for his share of instruction at the family fireside. At the age of ten years he was familiar with the moves of the game; and before he was twelve his father, and his uncle, a distinguished amateur, found themselves surpassed by the youthful Paul. Soon after this he celebrated his birth-day events that visited the "Crescent City," and played three games with the "infant phenomenon." The young Morphy won, and made a "drawn" of the third.

At the meeting of the first National Chess Congress of the United States, held last summer in New York city, Paul Morphy was for the first time introduced to the public. His youthful appearance and wonderful power soon made him the centre of attraction, and as the losers of the Congress proceeded, it became apparent that he would be its champion—a position he finally won, with the cordial sympathy of all who witnessed his extraordinary performances, placing himself in the first position in the world as a chess-player. Following this triumph, his friends challenged Howard Staunton, the great chess author and analyst, and chess editor of the *London News*, the acknowledged champion of England.

On Paul's return to New Orleans he was received by his friends and the members of "his club" as a hero who had won laurels in a distant conquest. In time the news came that Mr. Staunton could not make it convenient to leave England, and therefore he could not meet Mr. Morphy. This did not satisfy Mr. Morphy's friends. Confident in his power to defeat any one who came in contact with him, the members of the club and his personal friends waited in a body on our young Paul's mother, and endeavored to overcome her reluctance to let her boy cross the Atlantic. After much persuasion, in which "Young America" argued that our national reputation was involved in the proposed contest, the permission was given, and in due time young Paul sailed for Europe.

The bold challenge of young Morphy, and the reports of the printed games he played at the National Congress, had their effect in England, and he received the best homage to his surprising powers from abroad, in a cordial invitation to attend the great gathering of the chess-players of Europe which took place at Birmingham last year. So great, indeed, was the curiosity to see him, that the regular time set for the gathering was postponed, in the hope that Mr. Morphy would appear. On his arrival, finally, in England, he was received with the most enthusiastic marks of gratification. The first people of England, including the nobility and gentry, and men distinguished for science and learning, vied with each other to do honor to the youthful stranger.

Preliminary contests, including players of world-wide fame, were soon arranged, and Morphy presented himself at the various clubs, the observed of all observers. Quiet and unpretending, never exulting, never off his guard, he entered upon practical demonstrations of his skill. Very soon he lit up the fires of excitement; all were enthusiastic, save Mr. Staunton and a few of his ilk, who reluctantly yielded to the belief that a young American youth was about to wrest the crown of superiority from veteran brows. Every step he made, however, gave indication of his power, and admiration finally gave way to enthusiasm; and even Mr. Staunton, who probably at the outset disdained to accept Morphy's challenge, has been forced to acknowledge the surprising ability of the youthful player. The speaking of Morphy's triumphal progress, one of the leading London journals remarks, "A general chess conflagration seems to be kindling just when the political and fashionable world begin to 'pale their ineffectual fires' in the approaching dawn of the recess. The matches which have produced this startling effect are not of the Lucifer order, but will burn longer and more steadily than the most mischievous of Palmer's best strawns. To convey our views in a more familiar metaphor, Mr. Morphy, the champion of the American chess world, is in the field, and prepared to joust with all



THE FRENCH IMPERIAL PRINCE. —[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

corners. And—putting aside a match with Mr. Lowenthal (just finished), and another with Mr. Staunton (now on the tapis)—thus far, he has kept his ground triumphantly. Though occasionally beaten, he has scored a considerable majority of games against every player whom he has encountered, including several of our first English celebrities. And this, with a gallery of strangers (looking on), and at the age of twenty-one. Within a few months since, we read of the American phenomenon who was to "whip all creation" at the checkered field, we confess we felt somewhat skeptical. The language of the West is singularly tinged with Oriental hyperbole, and this young lion, the auspices of Mr. Barnum, has become a science. We thought of the Ohio pork-mound and the steam horse—of the hunter who could whip his weight in wild cats, and the mare whose rapid transit past successive mile-stones cut the country into a appearance of a cornfield-cut-up. Even the report of the New York Chess Congress, would not prepare amateur from New Orleans won, unless our memory fails us, eighty-one games out of eighty-four, did not positively slight and abandon them. The games were brilliant; but they were played chiefly against blindfolders, with whom it might be a mistake literies. So dashing a style would perhaps prove fatal when tried against wary veterans, trained in defenses and resources of the subtlest art, years ago when once gained. Such were our previous impressions and those of many of the players and pressions not destitute of some *a priori* probability. But we were mistaken—we confess it frankly and deliberately—utterly and absolutely mistaken. Mr. Morphy needs no aid either of 'yarn' or 'whale chat' (we quote liberal American slang metaphors) to establish his claims as an extraordinary genius in his line. This is no place for discussing the value of chess, nor for a recital of our views as to of intellectual power. Enough to say that its living votaries are legion, including men of the very high literary or professional distinction; and that it is historically associated with recollections of Charles XII., Napoleon, and other

"Dead, but scepted monarchs who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Our present purpose is to claim for our distinguished visitor the high rank and consequent chivalrous player, the praise to which he is entitled in that character even from the non-chessplaying world."

Speaking of Mr. Morphy's appearance, our London authority says: "Look at him as he plays. You see a fine, full face, with a high forehead, a piercing clear eye, and fine, well-developed ear; but when you have observed him long and frequently, you discover that he is never flurried, never disturbed, that a defeat does not discourage, nor a victory elate him; you see he is, in his every action and self-possessed, whether in the quiet circle of the St. George Club or in the noisier gallery of the Chess Divan, and is, consequently, an easy and graceful player. We ever saw to do his own powers justice under the mental tension of a long game, and the trials of temper which frequently attend it.

The terms of the match alluded to in our extracts between Mr. Löwenthal and Mr. Morphy, were that the winner of the first nine games should be entitled to the stakes. The match was played by Morphy, nine; Löwenthal, *three*; three *draws*. It may not be uninteresting to our readers, as showing the importance the English attach to minutiæ in chess, to state that, in this contest, Mr. Morphy's "seconds" are Lord Arthur Clinton and Mr. J. Owen. Throughout the time this game was in progress, Mr. Staunton secured at Mr. Lowenthal's play, and insinuated that it was an easy matter to beat his game. This led its effect on Mr. Morphy, and he revenged himself at Staunton's When the Birmingham chess tournament came off, Mr. Morphy refused to join it: the result was, that Mr. Staunton and Mr. Lowenthal came together as the champions of the tournament, and Mr. Lowenthal —not Mr. Morphy engaged—took Mr. Staunton badly. Mr. Morphy then challenged the eight champions of the tournament to play them, blindfolded, all at once. The challenge was promptly accepted, and Mr. Morphy won seven out of the eight games—a most unprecedented feat in matches of chess, and showing a mental power that has no corresponding example. Mr. Morphy's next victory will be over Mr. Staunton, the match has been arranged. As an evidence of the style of Mr. Morphy, we give the following consultation game between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Barnes

(Philidor's Defense to the Queen's Pawn.)

WHITE (Mr. Barnes).	BLACK (Mr. M.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3d	P to Q 3d
3. P to Q 4th	P to K 3d

(Mr. Barnes thinks this move of Philidor's a defensive one, and, in fact quite so harmless as some writers on chess have represented it to be.)

4. Q P takes KP	K P takes K P
5. K Kt to K 5th (a)	Q to Q 5th
6. P to K 4th	K Kt to Q B 4th

(The next move is bad. K Kt to K B 3d, or even Q to Kt 3d, may be believed to be—I. Q Kt to Q B 3d, a move to which no satisfactory reply has been discovered. The move in the text, however, is the present game opens the attack, and thus bringing out the King's Kt, but it has yet to undergo analysis.)

7. K Kt to B 3d (b)	P to K B 3d

(He might have taken the P. Queening the pawn, the piece if his Kt to Kt 6th, by checking with the Queen at K R 5th.)

8. Castles	Q takes K Kt
9. P to Q B 3d	P to Q Kt 3d
10. K to Kt sq	B to Q Kt 2d
11. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 4th
12. K to K B 3d	P to K B 4th
13. P to K B 4th	K Kt to Q B 3d
14. P to K 6th	P to K 3d
15. Q Kt to Q 5th	K Kt to Q 4th
16. P takes B	P takes P
17. Q takes Kt	P takes Q

(His only way to postpone defeat; for, if Pawn takes Kt, he is mated evidently in two moves.)

18. Castles	P takes Q Kt
19. P to Q Kt 3d	P to Q Th 4th
20. K to Kt sq	B to Q B 4th
21. Kt to K 4th	K to Kt 2d (c)
22. R to Q 3d	B to K sq
23. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt

And White resigns.

THE SON OF FRANCE.

By way of explaining the above title, we may as well mention at once that the idea of the French monarch is always called the "Son of France," the French people at large being *enfans* and by reason of loyalty his natural fathers and guardians. In this sense the people of France have been blessed with an abundance of paternity of late years. Henry Cieq was a son of France; the numerous offspring of Louis Philippe were sons and daughters of France; and now the ton of the Emperor Napoleon the Third—whose portrait we give on the preceding page—is the youngest child in the world and the army as the "Son of France."

As he is but an infant in the cradle, it can hardly be expected that he can have much of a biography as yet. But it is to be history that, in writing of his Imperial babyship, mention should be made of his military career. When he was an infant of but few days old, he was found to have a complete supply of the primitive food of infancy, and no other service could be then exacted by the Son of France in the abdominal region, he was duly admitted to the army as a private. The unswerving rectitude of this conduct, and his unblemished record in it, may be inferred from the fact that, since his first promotion, he has never once performed a movement, or even been called to account by his military superiors. Doubtless in consequence of this exemplary behavior as his regiment, the Commander-in-chief, his commanding officer as a fit subject for promotion. It was precisely shown from the time he first enlisted—at the age of several months—to the present moment—he is three years old—he has never been once off duty, has never had a punishment, or swearing, or insubordination, or disobedience. Such a soldier was evidently a fit subject for advancement, and accordingly, last month, the Imperial Highness was duly promoted to the rank of corporal, with the pay of one penny per day, and one *a* day and an extra glass of *pop-eye*.

This is the latest account with mournful tidings. They have almost got over these pecuniary losses in England; but the present Prince of Wales was entitled, at his birth, to hold a court of justice in Lancaster, and administer the law, as the Duke of Lancaster, and, ever body knows that George the Fourth was a bishop—and Some of the German princes exercise—or are deemed in the exercise—certain functions of a spiritual character, almost from the hour of their birth. Indeed, mental or physical capacity has never been considered essential in the Son of France, and he is dead to the performance of public duties. In the old Spanish dominions kingdoms of Europe, fifteen and eighteen were usually the ages at which princes attained their majority, and entered upon the exercise of their regal authority; and even in France the Prince is as competent to be a corporal at three, and sovereign at four, as he is to be a father of a numerous boys were to administer despotic governments. In such cases one must fall back on the old saying—

"La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années."

LITERARY.

The hymns of the saints have been the most sublime poetry in all ages. Poets of every name and language, seeking the grandest themes for their growth, have found them in the lives of those which the religious history and the destiny of the race of man suggest. Like it is not strange in the epics of great poets, the music of Dante, the fervor of Tasso, the sublimity of Milton, that the perfection of religious feeling—and, indeed, of poetry—in the simple songs that are heard by the breaden in their worship of the Creator and Saviour, and sung from the lips of the martyrs and confessors in all ages. Words of simple beauty and sublime import, which have come down to us from the early Christian times have reached heaven from the very depths of human woe, consisting of our extremity of sorrow, smoothed pillows of death, shed down grief in deep graves, and opened views of heaven from the verge of hell—such words, so simple, so lonely, unpolished, unlearned, have nevertheless been in their touch of the sorrows of a world, and have been sealed to immortality by a more certain stamp than has been placed on even the Father of Epics, or the Prince of Song, in the days of his England. If there be any of the songs of earth which will outlast time itself, and of which we shall be permitted to take the words and phrases with us to heaven to be used in the choirs there, they are those of the early Christians. They are the one and only melodies in heaven who remember with interest the days of their pilgrimage, and whose eager lips tremble to the notes of the golden harps, if they do not actually utter the old songs they sang in the holiday morning of their early pilgrimage.

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the band;
A thousand times that man were blessed
That might his music hear!
There Heman, Asaph, Ethan, sing
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the sons of Levi, they
Singing shout for joy!

There dear Saint Andrew, Salome sings,
Saint Austin doth the like,
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have all their voices set.
There Magdalen hath left her moan,
And cheerful sings with Mary,
With all blest saints, whose harmony
Through heaven doth ring always.

Our attention is directed to the subject at present by a volume published by Carter & Brothers —THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN SONG; or, HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF MANY LANDS AND AGES. The author is an English clergyman. The work seems to be enthusiastically executed, and with great success. The book will therefore prove interesting to all lovers of poetry, and to those of the finest lyrics in any languages. Translations are given with the originals, from the earliest, down to date, and deep, and brilliant, known as the Methodists. Tens of thousands have gone into it with new while chief value of the book consists in its arrangement and condensation, within a few pages, of so many of the noblest hymns and so much of their history.

Clement of Alexandria, Ephraim Syrus, and Gregory of Nazianzum, lead the choir. St. Ambrose, Gregory the Great, Venantius, and Bernard follow. The Medieval hymns are well chosen and well translated. We especially admire the rendering of "Jesu dulcis memoria"—

"Ad præsentia vita fontem mens sitivit arida."

Here is the first stanza:

"In the heart of Jesus Christ, the parched heart its thirst would slake,
And the soul in flesh imprisoned, longs with love to see and wake to brink—
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her fatherland to ache."

Many of the finest hymns of the Church have been in the Reformed Church, and the Presbyterian Reformed Church, that public worship should be conducted in the vulgar tongue of the worshipers, by which we do not mean that we have forfeited the private enjoyment of those outbursts of Christian type and logic which have come down to us from good men of olden times. We have reason to believe that, of late years, the knowledge of most of the old hymns of the monks has been almost lost, even by those who are capable of appreciating their excellence, and that the pen-rule class of hymns of praise is likely to be forever forgotten.

The volume of Mr. Trench on "Sacred Latin Poetry," published by Parker, is a valuable compendium of these hymns, although we have marked some important errors and omissions in the examples given by him. Want of space forbids our recalling many of the hymns to the recollection of those of our readers who have forgotten them, in a few stanzas suffice. Here is one, from Adam of St. Victor, on Judas the Baptist:

Ardens fax, nec sub modio
Et ad verum lucem ducens
Multa docet lumina;
Non lux sita sed locanda,
Lucebas vox in deserto,
Lux librabas sonita.

The splendor of the hymn of Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours in the Twelfth Century, has seldom been surpassed in any language:

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petitus pinnaculo,
Urbs in pura satis tua,
De lapidibus electis, sacris parata.
Nec relictus ego, quod mentis ego filius ire,

and that through three thousand hexameter lines! Let us hope that Mr. Trench will, for the sake of his kind in America, will induce others to look up these songs of the past, and reorganize in them those simple and sublime hopes and affections that characterize the Christian tool in all countries and ages. We subjoin the volume to our universal circulation. Its character is familiar and fitted to the home and fireside, and will prove to all Christian houses a new mine of poetry and piety.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

The Government expedition to Paraguay will start in the course of a week. It is to consist of some fifteen vessels. The steamers *Fulton* and *Water Witch*, forming part of the squadron, have been ordered to Gosa. A very heavy caliber have been selected for both vessels—the armament of the *Fulton* consisting of one eleven-inch shell gun on a pivot, and four of nine-inch in broadside; and that of the *Water Witch* of one nine-inch shell gun on a pivot. In addition, the *Fulton* will carry two boat howitzers. The *Water Witch* will also carry a crew of twenty-five men, and a surgeon and assistant surgeon. Both vessels are supplied with small arms and ammunition, and with all necessary stores, including the Sharpe and Minie muskets, together with revolvers.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN UTAH.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: The civil officers now reside in Salt Lake City, but the army is encamped with Camp Floyd, forty miles from Salt Lake Valley. The people are employed on the high roads, and some are busy building houses. Provisions are very cheap and plentiful. There all has been peace and good joy. Some eighty wagons, with provisions, arrived from the west a few days since, and more are expected on the way, where they get overwrought prices—for instance, flour sells at the rate of \$1 per pound. But it is owing to their praise who will give it than the people's blame who deserve it. The people are poor, and the rich dare not give them, and the sympathizing kindness of that army is the only thing to cheer their pilgrimage.

General Johnston has the confidence and good-will of the people. The officers of the army, as a body, are gentlemen, and with a refinement purely American they vie with each other in their kindness to the Mormons. Many of the officers—and they are of the best—have purchased their wives and children of the Mormons, and in the purchase of the wives they have taken pains to clothe the naked people; sometimes they will then for a trifle, a horse or a mule, buy the wife back to-day."

DREADFUL STATE OF THE WOMEN.

He adds: "Ladies of America, ladies of Europe, will you pardon me for introducing a revolting truth, in vulgar English? You need not pronounce the words in the presence of your husbands, but the subject is well to you to hear. The truth is this: There are among this people, at this time, thousands of women who are not a child to be born to them, and who have no kind mother garments pillow tether and rapid are insufficient to procure them clothing as they go about the streets. Men and boys in the same condition. The causes of this destitution are many, principally the effects to Brigham's cruel despotism, in Governor Cumming's poetic administration, and in the suspension of federal protection and aid.

AN EXPLORATION OF THE MAELSTROM IN THE KENTUCKY CAVE.

The Louisville *Journal* contains the following account of a thrilling adventure, the hero of which intended to be a member of Mr. Forney's party of explorers, but who has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, between the entrance, through the Rotunda, back, and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gone into it with new while Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none had the daring ever to enter it. The celebrated guide Stephens, who was deemed unable to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the Cave if he would descend to the bottom of it; but he shrunk from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared do, and, making his preparations with great care, he descended into the horrible gulf by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point, finding the difficulties greater, he retired and he declared it impossible. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of years ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being with the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Procter, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, was in the Nashville city at the time, and, on the spot, encouraged, especially for the purpose. The rope was procured, and descended by the guides and others to the proposed point of exploration.

THE PERILOUS DESCENT.

"The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy iron basket attached to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch.

Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberation, like that of a heavy cannonade in the hollow, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero took his seat, and was lowered into the gulf, his companions holding on to the rope to prevent it from the sharp edges of the rocks. He took his time over the awful pit, and directed the hand of the men to hold the reel of the rope to let down by the line the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from him our selves an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went thundering past, but none struck him. Three or four feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which, as he neared from another ledge, and still another, and still another, at length about a hundred feet from the top, he got on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet below the bottom of the pit.

THE PERILS OF THE RETURN.

"Reaching the mouth of that cave he swung himself with much exertion into it. He was now out of the reach of the rope in his hand, he immediately let it go, and it swung with apparently no one to hold it. He entered the fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him.

He, however, was unable to keep his feet in the cave, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible, he found that he could reach the rope with his hand. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 feet, and found that it led to the top through an immense accumulation of rock and earth.

Returning to the mouth of the cavern he beheld an almost exactly similar one on the other side of the chasm, side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he abandoned the rope around it. He disengaged himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to draw him to the top. They did so, and congratulations were one, and the rope being all adjusted around his body, he was lifted safely over the edge of the pit, and his pack was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril.

The rope had been left at the bottom of the pit and all fell from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air. The rope was caught by the hand of the hero, and he was lowered to the bottom. Here he found that he was upside had taken fire from the friction of the rope, and that which it was burning. He succeeded in putting the fire out, and still more awful to him below, beneath. The fire was out, and he was safe at the bottom. He seemed inevitable.

"He had now safely relinquished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though exhausted by their labors, had succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as when commencing his task. He had accomplished everyone by digging, sack down upon the ground, and the rope was drawn up. He rested from exertion and excitement, and then still remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer has since been married, and is a member of the Louisville bar. He is a fine and not only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries."

WHY THE TELEGRAPH WILL NOT WORK.

The New York *Times* says: "The Washington *Union Free Press* thus writes: "I am informed by a gentleman officially connected with the Atlantic Telegraph Company that the reason why the line has not been established and put in operation is that no vessel can be found to take it. Over a year ago a contract was entered into with the Government of the United States, by which a fast-sailing vessel for the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph should have exclusive use of it for the purpose of testing the practicability of the enterprise, and for the receipt of five thousand pounds for his services as electrician, and five thousand pounds per annum during the years, for the use of his instruments.

"About the middle of last month Professor W. proved inquests for the services, the Company agreed with Professor W. to pay him the sum of \$5,000 for the use of the line for fifteen days, to test his apparatus, on the same conditions as the vessel. Professor W. accepted the offer, and in the event of his failure, the line was next to be placed in the hands of Mr. Whitehouse, who was to receive the same salary as professor W. for the use of his instruments. Time stands the case at present. At the appointed time the line was ready for the test, but it will be also exhibited to the tests of Professor Wheatstone and Mr. Whitehouse, and, finally, when the party much needed, however, that the Hughes instrument will be adopted.

A SHOCKING STORY.

The following wicked story is told by the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "A lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, was seen yesterday morning promenading on Fourth street. She *head* fan, dropped into a famous emporium, which at the time was crowded with fashionable customers. One of the clerks, requested to be shown some gaiters. As speedily as possible an assortment of those much to be envied elastic bandages were placed before her, when, looking up at a glass, which, with another pair of gaiters simultaneously, elevated a foot of delicious symmetry and beauty, she exclaimed, with an unfashionable want of adjust them in the usual place about the knee. The clerk, who was evidently a married man, and knew the ways of women, opposed, however, with delicacy and firmness and male portion of the lookers on—the latter with strong words of indignation—that the lady put on stocks, etc. At length, embracing his opportunity, during with a sudden surge of rich spunk, nearly deprived the

intruder of its entire caudal elongation. "Where's my cat?" sharply inquired its lady owner over the way. "Ah, ha!" said Jack, "he'll not trouble *me* any more. I caught him this morning, unshipped his rudder, set him off before the wind, and blow me if he'll ever be able to steer his way back again!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THE CABLE.

AT a dinner given at Dublin in honor of the cable, Cardinal Wiseman made a speech, from which the following is an extract: "I have no hesitation in saying that it is time now for the American eagle to let go those lightnings which it is represented as grasping in its talons, and let them drop into the ocean, and they will cross it safely and come to us, not accompanied with any manner of thunder, but speaking the words of softness and of peace. [Hear, hear.] While this graver aspect of things comes naturally to the mind, there is one which presents itself to me that I can not forbear to linger on with more of tenderness and love. I can imagine a poor mother in the west of Ireland—a poor Galway or Mayo peasant—who had sent her stalworth sons, the promise of her old age, far away as emigrants to those distant regions to gather the gold, not what nature has cast broadcast on the land, but that which honest industry reaps from it; and I can imagine her, when, perhaps, the day of her widowhood has come, sitting on the farthest crag that juts into the Atlantic, no longer contemplating that waste of waters as a desolate wilderness which separates her from those she loves, but as a means of instant communication with them—as a way of making known to them her joys and her distresses, and of receiving back in a few hours words of consolation and of promise. It will unite the hearts of many now estranged, and, though it may look rather chimerical to consider instances of this individual reciprocal communication as of frequent or of common everyday occurrence, yet it will sweeten the bitterness of separation, and make emigration no longer exile. [Applause.] It will prevent the severing of one from the other, resulting in a loss of kindred feeling, and it will renew the affections of life. [Applause.] When those who are in Canada, in the wastes of the North, or buried in the forests of the West, know day by day how the sun is shining or the earth is looking in their own native land—when they know, as if they were on the spot, what measures of improvement are before the Legislature and before the people—when they know, on the other hand, that at home all the prospects of their adopted country are known—the promises of the harvest, the state of commerce, and the improvements of society, and that, in fact, the communication between the two countries is no longer a matter of weeks or of months, as formerly, but of days and hours—a much closer bond of union will be formed than was imagined by those persons who believed that, by looking at the same sun, moon, or star at the same hour, they were brought into communion with one another. It is, therefore, a matter of great pride that this island has been chosen by Divine Providence as the means of this most happy communication—of this binding of nations and worlds in bonds which we may trust will be of irrevocable and indissoluble peace. It is no small pride for it to have seen the most splendidly-successful application of the most magnificent of those gifts of science and genius which God has given for a blessing and an honor to this age; that, after so many years of sorrow and suffering, of calamities of every sort, of famine and disease, this glory should have been given as a recompense to this noble land."

LORD DERBY AT COURT.

A London correspondent retails the following gossip: "I have heard that the gayety of Lord Palmerston is inferior to that of the present premier, Lord Derby, whose animal life and spirits are those of a boy, and whose humor and fun are of the most happy and exuberant kind. I am told that his visits to her Majesty at Osborne, Windsor, and, above all, at Scotland, where his stay is longer, is hailed by the whole Court with the greatest delight, as a relief to the inevitable shade of monotony and gloom which accompanies all Courts, and from which even the proverbially merry one of Charles II. was not exempt. Perhaps there is no better test of the social qualities and personal agreeableness of our public men than the estimation in which they are held by the smart society which figures in the *Court Circular*. Of the present Cabinet, Lord Derby is pre-eminently acceptable to all, and he has nearly, I fear, a monopoly of favor. The amiable, gentle, and gentlemanly Walpole can never offend and must be ever well received, but he excites no enthusiasm and inspires no warmth. The humor of Mr. Disraeli wants freedom and elasticity, and is too sarcastic and biting to be acceptable to fine ladies and gentlemen; and Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, indeed, is, when well known and often seen, the most charming of companions, with immense stores of anecdote and knowledge, and matchless power of narrative. But then it requires time to familiarize people to his peculiarities of appearance and manner, and he labors also under the disadvantage of being slightly deaf. If, however, he pays a visit to the Queen at Balmoral, Lord Derby will have a formidable rival for the favor of the society of the Court."

HOW MORPHY WON EIGHT GAMES WITHOUT SEEING THE BOARDS.

"The proceedings of the Chess Congress," says a Birmingham paper, "have been almost entirely suspended for the purpose of watching the progress of a chess-playing feat never before witnessed in England. We refer to Mr. Morphy's playing eight games blindfolded. His opponents were Lord Lyttleton, President of the Association; Mr. Salmon, the best player Ireland affords; Mr. J. Kipping, Jun., Secretary of the Manchester Club, and a very strong player; Mr. Avery, President of the Birmingham Club; Mr. Carr, Secretary of the Leamington Club; Dr. Freeman, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. W. R. Wills. The play commenced at one o'clock, and terminated about a quarter past six o'clock, and resulted in Mr. Morphy winning every game except the one with Mr. Kipping. The *modus operandi* was very simple. Mr. Morphy sat at one end of the library; at a table at the other end sat his eight opponents, with their eight boards before them. Mr. Morphy gazing at the lozenged window above him, and leaning carelessly with his arm thrown over the bench on which he sits, attacked each board in succession. Move and counter-move were audibly announced by a friend, and when the tables had been traversed one move at a time, the process was recommenced. It was a most interesting scene. Mr. Morphy had the whole eight games so thoroughly 'in his head,' that when a piece was accidentally shifted on one of the boards, and a move was made in which it was involved, he at once detected something was wrong, and exclaimed that it was 'an impossible move.' Such it was acknowledged to be. The piece ought never to have been on that square. In the same game Mr. Morphy left a piece *en prise*, the taking of which involved a mate in a few moves, and accordingly on his adversary taking the piece, unconscious of the snare laid for him, the game became Mr. Morphy's almost immediately. His play was very rapid. Each game lasted on the average about thirty moves, so that he had to bear in mind at least two hundred and forty moves, and the position of every board throughout from beginning to end. The fact was evidently regarded by those present as an effort of genius not to be accomplished by more than one or two individuals in a century. Of the eight simultaneous games, Mr. Morphy won six, drew one against Mr. Avery, President of the Birmingham Chess Club, and lost only one—that against Mr. Kipping. The eight games occupied about six hours, and at the close, Mr. Morphy being asked if he felt fatigued, said, 'Not in the least!' but he should be glad to get his dinner! The match between Messrs. Staunton and Morphy stands thus: Stake, £500 a side; the scorer of the first eleven games wins. To commence on the 1st of November next. Mr. Morphy was to proceed from Birmingham to Paris, to challenge Herr Harrwitz (hitherto the most celebrated blindfold player in Europe), and probably afterward to Breslau, to play Herr Anderssen; but it is expected that this match with the latter will be played in London."

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT TURNING PLAY-ACTOR.

Mr. John Townsend, a member of the British Parliament, in a letter to the papers, acknowledges that he has accepted a theatrical engagement for fifty nights, but that the terms offered "far exceed" the sum which has been named (£25 a week). He also states that he intends to resign his seat for Greenwich before he appears in his Shakspearian characters, and that nothing but his great desire to pay his creditors would ever have induced him to accept an engagement as an actor. It appears that Mr. Townsend has frequently trodden the boards as an amateur for charitable purposes, under the names of "Mortimer" and "Winter." It is suggested that he make his new *début* in the well known play, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

FRANCE.

FRENCH FANATICISM REBUKED.

Great sensation has been occasioned at Maubeuge by the following disagreeable occurrence: Several Protestants had, it appears, sought and obtained permission to meet together for devotional purposes. Matters went on quietly enough until, one day, they were, if we are rightly informed, accused of proselytism. The Sub-Prefect, indignant at such a scandal, immediately ordered their arrest and committal to prison. Two hours afterward, and when we suppose the nerves of the functionary in question had recovered from the shock they had received sufficiently to allow of the exercise of reason, he gave orders to set them at liberty. There, however, he had reckoned without his host, for his prisoners sturdily refused the proffered boon until permission should come from head-quarters for them to worship God, and even to make proselytes in such manner as they might deem fit. The Sub-Prefect then ordered the *gens d'armes* to turn them out; but here again he was baffled, for among their number there happened to be a *cousin-intendant militaire* wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor, which, as you are aware, renders inviolable the person of the wearer, so far, at least, as *gens d'armes* and police are concerned, until after the performance of certain legal formalities. This individual stood before his companions so as to cover them, and then dared the *gens d'armes* to lay a finger on him. Meanwhile the news of the whole affair had spread like wildfire through the town, and a vast concourse was assembled in front of the prison. The Sub-Prefect, finding himself foiled at every point, then tried to arrange the matter *à l'aimable* by going personally, accompanied by the Mayor and (unofficially) by the two colonels commanding the cavalry and infantry in the neighborhood, to *beg* the prisoners to leave; but all was of no avail. They remained firm until they gained their point, for a dispatch promptly arrived from Paris, granting the permission they requested, and ordering their instant release. On leaving the prison they received a veritable ovation at the hands of the townspeople, who, in immense numbers, were stationed in the neighborhood of the prison. The general opinion is that the Sub-Prefect will be relieved of his duties.

HOW TO BECOME A NOBLEMAN.

The *Droit* has the following: "A certain M. B——, who has made some money by speculating on the Bourse, had a great desire to obtain a knighthood, and he got himself introduced to a notary, who, having been dismissed for misconduct, occupies himself with disreputable affairs. This notary put himself in communication with a man calling himself Count de Bellefonds, who told him that he could obtain him the order of the Four Emperors of Germany for 2000 francs. M. B—— readily agreed to pay the sum, provided he was satisfied of the respectability of the parties with whom he had to deal. On this he was taken to a man who calls himself Count de St. Maurice Cabanis, though he is only the son of a stationer of the Rue St. Avoie, and who assumes the high-sounding title of Historiographer of the Order of the Four Emperors of Germany and of the Lion of Holstein Limburg. The *soi-disant* count who wore several orders, and whose table was covered with parchment and heraldic devices, made such representations to the Bourse speculator as completely satisfied him, and he paid at once 2000 francs, for a diploma of Knight of the Four Emperors, which was a really clever specimen of calligraphic art. M. B—— then went to the Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor to solicit authorization to wear the decoration of his dignity, but was told to his astonishment that the Order of the Four Emperors long since ceased to exist. He immediately complained to the police, and an investigation was instituted. The result is the discovery that there exist at Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Rome, Florence, and Parma, a number of men who make large sums by selling parchments, pedigrees, titles, portraits of ancestors, orders of knighthood, honorary dignities, academical distinctions, etc. At Paris, it appears, establishments for dealing in such things are very numerous, and the directors of them call themselves heralds, genealogists, chronologists, historiographers, etc. For money they undertake to write the biography of any one, to supply any one with a line of ancestors, or to procure him a title or decoration. Some of them really have at their disposition insignificant orders created by petty princes of Germany or Italy; and when that is the case they do business in a certain methodical order. Others simply swindle, and to effect their object with the greater ease they artfully obtain on different pretexts legislations of signatures from the prefecture of police, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or foreign embassies. Sometimes they invent orders of their own authority; one of the orders created by them is that of Don Juan de Nicaragua. It is expected that before the investigation of the police is terminated some curious discoveries will be made."

THE LAST FRENCH MIRACLE.

The *Times'* Paris correspondent writes: "An artless young Gascon maiden has had visions of a lady in white, hard by a fountain—a sort of White Lady of Avenel tale. The fountain is said only to have spouted forth since the white lady sprouted out from among the bushes at the entrance of the cavern. The young girl sees the vision and falls into ecstasies, while surrounding crowds can nothing discern. The *Univers* dispatched a special commissioner to the spot, and M. Louis Veuillot wrote five columns on the subject. He wisely reserves his opinion concerning the miracle until an investigation now taking place by the ecclesiastical authorities shall be terminated. Great, doubtless, will be the chirruping of the *Univers* should their report be in favor of the *bona fide* nature of the transaction, and should it be decided that the Virgin Mary has once more descended upon earth, and, like Moses, has caused water to flow where none was seen before. At the risk of being set down as a blasphemer by the *Univers*, I can not help expressing my surprise, which I suspect will be shared by most Englishmen and a great many Frenchmen, that such trashy delusions or impostures as this can be for an instant entertained in this intellectual and highly civilized country by any body, superior to a profoundly ignorant peasant, who is not a fit inmate for Charenton. This is no illusion to the writers in the *Univers*. They are far too shrewd and clever to believe any thing of the kind, however much it may suit them that their readers should."

GERMANY.

SETTLEMENT OF THE PRUSSIAN REGENCY.

A letter from Berlin confirms the important announcement of the elevation of the Prince of Prussia to the functions of Regent of the kingdom: "The question relative to the Government is at length decided. Two days ago there was received at Babelsburg a resolution of the King on the subject, but which will not, however, be published before the expiration of the present delegation. The Prince of Prussia will, on the 31 of October, take in hand the reins of government, with the complete exercise of sovereignty, and in quality of Regent. This affair is settled in all its political bearings; it only remains to make the necessary financial arrangements. This information may be considered as authentic."

IS THE PRUSSIAN MARRIAGE A HAPPY ONE?

A courtier writes: "All sorts of rumors on the subject of the Queen's visit to Germany have been industriously hatched abroad, and widely circulated in England, through the medium of persons in high position, not one of which has the slightest foundation in fact. Among others it was freely hinted that the late marriage was not a happy one, and that the sudden visit of Prince Albert to Germany, and the present journey of her Majesty, had reference to this subject. This report is a gross scandal. The new married pair are among the happiest couples in existence, and are a pattern to all persons. This report did not originate in England, but was imported, as already stated, by persons of high position, to whom the alliance was by no means agreeable. It is understood that in a few months there will be a future heir to the throne of Prussia, and this will further add to the chagrin of those who are already very bitter at this most happy union."

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Alexander von Humboldt completed his 89th year on 14th inst., having been born September 14, 1769. The fourth volume of his "Cosmos" was issued during the last year, and he is now engaged in writing the fifth. The following is the last letter we have seen from this distinguished man. It is to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, declining an invitation to be present at the Third Centennial Anniversary of the University of Jena, in consequence of the weight of bodily infirmity. The closing part of the letter is a striking evidence of the unquenchable spirit of the venerable *savant:*

"BERLIN, *August* 10, 1858.

"Your Magnificence having in your own name and in the name of the highly-honored Senate of the Grand Ducal Saxon united University, favored me with an invitation to appear as an honored guest at the glorious, genuine Protestant Jubilee of the 15th August, I have delayed writing to express my deep gratitude till now, almost flattering myself in my 89th year, with the hope that I might transgress the orders of my physicians requiring me to remain quiet and without change. My wishes have not been fulfilled. Not my laboriousness, not the interest which I take in the free public intellectual life of Germany, but my physical powers are rapidly declining, and I must deny myself the privilege of going where I am drawn by pleasant and suggestive recollections and feelings of the deepest gratitude.

"Most respectfully, and commending myself to your favor, I remain, your most obedient colleague,

"ALEXANDER V. HUMBOLDT."

THE WIESBADEN BANK BROKEN.

The bank at the Cursaal, of Wiesbaden, was broken last week by a Prussian gentleman. In less than half an hour the bank encountered two heavy series, which, being backed with spirit, resulted in a loss to the establishment of 250,000 francs. The Prussian played the highest stakes (8500 francs) authorized by the bank, and his example was followed by other players. This success will, doubtless, afford immense consolation to those whose hard cash had contributed to the accumulation of the quarter of a million thus rapidly swept away.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

The *Ost Deutsche Post* of Vienna has the following: "A wealthy ironmaster of Silesia, M. Godulla, was in 1845, in one of his walks, solicited for charity by a remarkably handsome little girl, but he abruptly refused her. On his return the girl again begged earnestly for a pfenning, and in doing so fixed her large blue eyes on him in a marked manner. He was much struck with her, and was so pleased with the intelligent replies she gave to his questions that he took her home and obtained the consent of her parents to adopt her. Three years after he died, leaving a fortune of 4,000,000 thalers, and by his will he directed that 3,000,000 of it should belong to the girl, the other 1,000,000 to his own relatives; but the will set forth that if the girl were to die without children the 3,000,000 thalers should go to the relatives. The girl lately married Count de Schaffgotsch, head of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Prussia, and shortly after an attempt was made to assassinate her. Great sensation has lately been occasioned by a fresh attempt of the like kind having been made."

SPAIN.

MURDER OF FIVE YOUNG GIRLS.

The Barcelona journals contain an account of a horrible and almost incredible assassination of five young girls, at Vich, in Catalonia. It appears that on the 21st ult., as six young girls, of the ages of 23, 21, 14, 13, 12, and 10 years, were walking home from Mataus cotton-mills, which are situated near the village of Rodas, to Ingarolas, they were stopped by two miscreants, who, pistol in hand, obliged them to turn back to a solitary place in Serradanwood. Here they were ordered to sit down, and, while one wretch kept guard over five, the other led the eldest a few paces off and plunged his long Catalan knife into her throat. Her dying shriek was heard by her companions, who, one by one, were led away and butchered. The youngest of all, a child of ten years, on receiving a wound in the neck, fell, feigning death, upon which the assassins, after taking the little money the girls had about them, went to the village of Rodas, where they lived. The crime was perpetrated at night. The wounded child remained motionless till daylight, when she crawled to a neighboring farm-house. When the authorities arrived at the seat of crime they found the three eldest girls dead, and two desperately wounded. The cause of this bloody act is said to have been jealousy, arising from some display of coquetry at a ball the preceding Sunday, where the prettiest of the girls, the one twenty-one years of age, refused to dance with one of the assassins, or to return him a ring or some other love-token. He had then looked for an accomplice, and found one in a neighbor. The accomplice, it appears from the deposition of the child, would have spared the younger ones, but the other, alleging the danger of discovery, insisted upon their completing their butcher's work. The authorities are making the most active exertions to discover the lurking places of the culprits, whose persons are well known to the workmen of the numerous mills.

TURKEY.

THE COST OF KEEPING A SULTANA.

With reference to the extravagance of the Sultan's family, a private letter published in Paris, says—"The firman of the Sultan has created an immense sensation in Constantinople, but every one feels the necessity for putting a check on the reckless extravagance of the Sultanas and the ladies of the palace, and also to the extortions which are the result of it. One Sultana, who has only been married a year, has found means to contract debts to the amount of forty millions of piastres. This amount may appear extraordinary, but all astonishment will cease when it is mentioned that a diamond ring, valued at the most at 25,000 piastres, is charged in the books 130,000 piastres, and that a piano by Erard, worth 6000 francs, was sold at the palace for 30,000 francs; and so on for other articles. Very serious suspicions weigh on certain intendants of the civil list. The interrogatory of Eschref Effendi, first intendant of Ethem Pacha, son-in-law of the Sultan, had already commenced the day before yesterday, and it is said that several of the intendants of the Imperial Palace will undergo similar examinations."

EGYPT.

THE "VOYAGEUR DE LA MER."

The steam frigate *Voyageur de la Mer*, from Boston and Gibraltar, built at Boston for his Highness the Pacha of Egypt, and having on board Colonel Greene, Yenam Effendi, and Mr. Stone, arrived at Malta on the 24th of August, and left on the 25th for Alexandria. We gave a picture of this vessel in a former number.

AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S PROGRESS.

The subjoined is an extract of a letter from Dr. Livingstone. It is dated "Zambesi, 25th of June, 1858," and was received by the gentleman to whom it is addressed (Charles L. Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal) on the 25th ult.:

"We reached the southernmost branch of the Zambesi on the 14th (of May), and found the bar much smoother than we anticipated. The breakers were rather boisterous on each side of us, but we entered safely, making signals for her Majesty's ship *Hermes* as to the depth of the water, till she was out of sight on her way to Killimane, to deliver our credentials to the Portuguese. As we were now in the midst of mangrove swamps, we took quinine, and believing it to be a work of necessity to get away as quickly as possible, the launch was put together. Two days were required to get her into working trim, and we are now threading our way up among the swamps, the launch piloting the *Pearl*. Saw but one native.

"I add a few lines to say that, after exploring different mouths of the Zambesi, we have at last found a very good bar and harbor, which leads us into the main stream. The water was falling fast, and as we were ordered not to risk the detention of the *Pearl* in the river, we thought it most prudent to let her depart, and, landing our house on an island, we put our things there, and now trust to the launch to take us up the country. Captains Gordon and Bedingfield are delighted with the river. The latter says it is quite unlike the rivers on the west coast. We have had no fever, and have ascertained one great fact, if this is to be a highway into the heart of Africa. This time of the year is perfectly safe for Europeans: not a single man of the *Pearl* or *Hermes*, or of the expedition, has been attacked by the disease. You are aware that I left the river at Mazaro (in coming from the interior in 1856), and that we have been indebted for our knowledge of the parts below that to Captain Parker. We went up to Mazaro, and I looked with a thrilling sensation of gratitude on the smooth spot on which I made my last astronomical observation on the Zambesi, and the identical little hut in which I slept. The hippopotami can't bear the steamer at all; the crustiest old bachelor among them goes off pell-mell as soon as we come near. We are on good terms with the natives. We will go to Tete next week. No fever yet."

INDIA.

WHAT A SIKH IS LIKE.

Mr. Russell writes: "Part of the road was crowded with the baggage of a Sikh regiment returning toward the Punjab. What piles of 'loot!' I am told that is a more expressive word than either 'pillage' or 'plunder'—each surmounted by a gayly-dressed lady; while the lean-limbed, sinewy Sikh, in his dust-colored turban, carkee tunic, and tight trowsers, strode along lightly by the side of the cart, laughing and singing with delight at the prospect of a return to his native deserts! It is a serious thing to reflect upon that there are seventy and odd thousand of these fiery soldiers, who, now faithful to us, are full of Punic faith and more than Oriental cunning, and who were but too often the foremost and the most sanguinary among the ringleaders of the mutiny—seventy-three thousand of them drilled, equipped, and armed, fighting for us south of the Sutlej, and talking of the time when they may have to fight against us. Their present 'Goroo' is John Lawrence; but there is no one in India more deeply sensible of the danger which *may* come from the race he rules with such facile and mighty hand than the great administrator of the Punjab. These fellows are *elluquant* with gold. They have huge ear-rings of the precious metal, and cables of it with fringes of mohurs round their necks. Their sword hilts are nuggets; the richest scarfs and shawls encircle their lithe waists. With their flashing black eyes, fine thin noses, glossy black mustaches, beard, and upturned whiskers, light, grinning smile opening up the rows of sharp white teeth, their quick light tread, and lithe movements, they put one more in mind of tigers than any race of men I ever beheld.

WILL THE SIKHS REBEL HEREAFTER?

"The tiger has tasted blood in the plains below, but his meal will content him for the present. It must not be supposed that the beast did not give trouble now and then. Like the Hindoo, he regards the cow as a sacred creature, and in one instance we had to give orders that no oxen should be slaughtered except at a distance from camp, in order that the Sikhs might not be offended. Some of these regiments, such as Wilde's and Brasyer's the Ferozepore regiment, have fought as hard, if not more fiercely, done as much service, and lost as many from the enemy, as any of our English battalions, but it can not be denied that much depends upon their officers. The men can, of course, march better, and resist the heat of an Indian sun better, than ordinary Europeans. Some men they will follow to the death—for others they will not stir an inch. The general relation of the European to the native soldier is admirably expressed in a metaphor suggested, I believe, by Sir Colin Campbell himself in describing the merits of the two races: 'Take a bamboo and cast it against a tree, the shaft will rebound and fall harmless; tip it with steel, and it becomes a spear which will pierce deep and kill. The bamboo is the Asiatic—the steel point is the European!' Of the Sikh this is true only to a certain extent. He is made of tougher and denser material than bamboo; he is at least of oak, and hardens in the fire. Hodson's Horse refused to charge, if my letters tell me truth, the other day at Nawabgunge; but the Sikh never absolutely refuses to face the enemy."

DRESS AND HABITS OF THE PEASANTRY.

He adds: "The peasantry whom we met between Kurnaul and Simla are lighter in color, in limb, and in dress than the sturdy population between Futteyghur and Delhi. The women, too, are less careful to muffle up their heads at the noise of our chariot-wheels, and rejoice in robes of saffron, scarlet, blue, and white, and in utterly abominable, tight, wrinkled, shape-destroying pantaloons. Their hair is more free, but not more graceful than that of the Hindoos; in lieu of bangles on their ankles and arms they wear shining metal rings on their big toes, and huge circles of gold through their nostrils. 'Why do your women wear rings in their noses?' I asked a native. 'For the same reason that the memsahibs (the ladies) wear them in their ears,' replied he. 'But, then, you have big rings on your toes,' rejoined I. 'Just as the sahibs have rings on their fingers,' said he; 'our toes are always uncovered in company.' 'But,' persisted I, 'natives of rank wear stockings in visiting.' 'And the sahiblogue,' quoth he, 'put covers of skins on their hands when they go out.' I felt it was useless to continue the argument."

CHINA.

CHINESE MURDERS.

A correspondent writes: "A dastardly murder was that of the cook of the 70th Bengal Native Infantry officers' mess, formerly servant to General Van Straubenzee; he spoke excellent English, and was a most valuable man. He had just reached a small avenue leading up to the temple in which the officers have their mess-room, when he was stabbed from behind, and, falling down, was headless in a moment. Two Sepoys were close by, and in such haste to get away were the assassins, that the knife was left in the victim's back. Brigadier Corfield, in charge at the time, agreed with the suggestion that an example of some kind should be made. The whole street was leveled with the ground. House destruction, in fact, is the business of the day. Saturday night some rockets were flung into the commissariat stores from houses adjacent. The whole neighborhood will come down in order that it shall not be repeated. Last Wednesday Captain Whiting, 70th Bengal Native Infantry, in charge of the East Gate, was sitting in the upper room of the barrack, when two shots passed close over his head, and through the roof. Looking round to see where they could come from, smoke was observed issuing through loop-holes in a house in the Straight Street of Benevolence and Love below. Action was prompt. A howitzer stood loaded, was fired through the gable of the building, and carried destruction to all within it. Now the military train coolies are busy moving the houses in the vicinity of all the gates.

A SAMPLE OF FRENCH VENGEANCE.

"Four Frenchmen landed from one of the *Catinat's* boats for the purpose of purchasing provisions. When near South Gate, and in the new city, they were hemmed in by braves. Three cut their way through; the fourth was captured, and his head and hands cut off in almost less time than it takes to write this. The French naval commander on the river landed a party of men, marched to the street where the murder was committed, measured off one hundred paces, and at one end placed a detachment, with directions to shoot every man that tried to escape. A similar party barred the other end. Then came the revenge. Every adult male in the houses lining the hundred paces was seized, shot, his throat cut, and then left to swelter in the sun."



LUMBERING IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK—DRAWING THE LOGS TO THE CREEK.



LUMBERING IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK—THE CAMP HOUSE.



LUMBERING IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK—SHOOTING THE FALL.

LUMBERING IN MAINE.

BANGOR is the capital of our Eastern lumber-land. For miles above the city a huge boom stretches from pier to pier to detain the myriads of logs floated down the Penobscot, while more than two hundred saw-mills are working night and day to convert them into boards and plank, sealing, laths, and the like. Of the four hundred millions of feet of lumber, valued at five millions of dollars, annually produced in Maine, more than half comes down the Penobscot. The affluents of this river penetrate in every direction the wild regions where the white pine is still found. These yields trees once abounded upon all the rivers and lakes in the State; but the best of these have driven them farther and farther back, until now the lumbermen must seek for them many miles in the depths of the primeval forest.

At Bangor our company was made up for a lumbering excursion in the headwaters of the river Dan Hewitt, our "boss chopper," and myself were sent on some weeks ahead, to explore the ground and select a site for the winter camp. We rowed and poled our canoe two hundred miles up the narrowing stream, then, hauling it ashore, struck out into the forest. In a week we had thoroughly explored the ground and fixed upon a central spot for our camp.

"I'll have one look from this fuller's head," said Dan; "and if all's right, this is the place."

We were standing at the foot of a huge "pumpkin pine," whose limbs, twenty feet above the ground, rose straight as a column above the surrounding trees. It was full sixty feet to the lowest branch, and a hundred and more to the top.

"Do you intend to fly up?" I asked. "You might as well try one of Darius Dodd's Hermetics as that tree."

"You'll turn as'tonish', youngster, if you live to the woods a spell, and don't die afore your time comes," replied Dan, in a patronizing tone, as he lunged leisurely up to a tall spruce which stood within a foot from the pine. In a few minutes it was felled so that its topmost branches were interlocked with the lowest ones of the pine. A moment more saw us in like manner set so as to lodge against the spruce.

"Then I see we've build stalk enough for our wants. Less feller me if you want to see how the land lays."

Up the small tree into the spruce, up the spruce into the pine, up among the great branches of the pine, we clambered, until we stood fairly and safely on the tallest of the surrounding trees. For hundreds upon hundreds of acres the forest flamed in all the glory of the Indian summer—crimson, orange, scarlet, yellow, brown. We seemed to be looking down upon a boundless flower-garden, in which here clumps of lofty pines raised their dark heads above their gorgeous neighbors. Dan's trained eye took in every thing, rapidly calculating the number and size of the trees, and the distance the logs must be hauled to the landing.

"I father guess this is the smartest location in all Aroostook; and if any body 'll say it ain't, I'll smokin' than this I'll agree to eat it. The best log will be worth fifty dollars down to the boom."

Returning to the ground, we found it a secluded state. As winter approaches the bears make first a strange occupy of all remaining berries. They strip the bark from the spruces to get at the gum. The pitch with which our boat was smeared had attracted one of these ravenous fellows, who had almost ruined in his efforts to secure the coveted delicacy of sweetness, whichever it was. He had patched it up with difficulty, and made the best way down the river.

Half of our party—which numbered a score in all—were sent on in advance to prepare the camp, cut the main road, and make other preparations, while the others were to collect the teams, and bring them on with our supplies for the winter, as soon as the frosts and early snows should render the swamps passable for cattle and sleds.

Our first task on reaching the ground was to build huts for ourselves and cattle. Logs were cut and arranged; the interstices chinked with clay and moss, and a roof formed of the bark of the birch covered over with boughs. The floor was of bare earth. As huge fires were built, and the aromatic promise of abundant warmth; a pile of soft elastic hemlock twigs, at the other end, formed a bed which would have invited to repose even the tired that we were likely to be after our day's work. A rude table and benches and log stools completed our furniture. The cattle-shed received more care than our own. The cracks were more carefully chinked, and it had a floor of small logs laid closely together, and smoothed off with the adze.

We then began to fell trees, and commence the landing, these family in all directions, so as to each cover every available clump of pines. The "boss swamper" lays out the road, blazing and cutting the trees close to the ground, clearing away the underbrush, leading the way to the log-haulers' skulls, filling in the sharpest hollows, and throwing log bridges over the brooks and sloughs. Our roads looked rough, considering the labor which had been bestowed upon them; but Nature would in due time finish the grading, so as to put to shame the best work of the most skilful engineer.

The glorious Indian Summer days were followed by keen winds, sharp frosts, and then by real, downright snow. We welcomed these, for they foretold the speedy arrival of our comrades and the teams with the fresh supplies of flour and meat, pork and beans, molasses and tea, coffee and sugar, and, more than all, with letters and papers which should tell us the news of the busy world we had left behind.

Hardly had our comrades arrived when the weather suddenly changed. The keen northeast wind gave place to a warm breeze from the south. The atmosphere grew soft and hazy. Large flakes of snow began to flutter down—slowly at first, but thicker and faster every moment, until for many hours trees which surrounded our clearing at a few rods' distance were as invisible as though they were leagues away. It was the "first great snow"—the flakes fell so gently that we could not call it a storm.

A merry night was that in camp. Ike, the cook, exerted himself in a special manner. The johnny-cake was more nicely browned, the potatoes more artistically roasted, the pork was frizzled in a manner that would have delighted Ude, and the great Sayer himself would have nodded approbation at the crispness of the baked beans; the tobacco itself had an unwonted flavor; and, last joke of all, the table went round; the bark roof shook with our laughter; and if I don't say that the "jag" was produced, I am not prepared to say that it was not. Could the "Maine Law" be enforced when the lumbermen are in camp? Impossible, I reply. And, moreover, to-morrow our regular winter's work was to begin.

Our only hope was that night, besides the cook, was Eli, the teamster. A score of times, lantern in hand, he sallied out to the cattle-shed to see that "Old Star" was chewing his cud with satisfaction; that "Little Whitey's" lame foot was not troubling her; that "Bright" was eating his corn; that "Bully Turk" had not got loose, so as to play general battery among the oxen; that "Darby" was in a stall. If any thing inspired the efficiency of the teams half of our winter's work would be done.

When morning broke the snow lay three feet on a level. Nothing but the tops of the fences appeared, feathered with the softest white; not an unsightly stump disfigured our little clearing; the roofs were covered to a thick depth, and the smoke rose dark trunks of the trees.

Our first work was to commence in earnest. Not one day stand for a hundred. Breakfast is dispatched, and we are out with the earliest light. Before noon has high approached, Dan Hewitt, "boss chopper" directs what trees shall be cut, and in what direction they shall be felled. Then the chief chopper will cut a tree so that it shall fall where he pleases. The chopper plies his narrow Yankee axe, victorious over the forests of a continent. Other fell smaller trees for "bed-pieces," to prevent the logs from sinking into the soft soil as they pass. The giant begins to waver and tremble. There he comes! Stand from under! Keep from behind the tree! The last nay! breaks, and leaves in the stump, and spring back a rod! Look out for flying limbs! The tree is down! The axes swarm like wrk, irregularly at first, but all together at last. The sled cracks and groans as if in agony. The teamster goes and goes and goes. Not one man moves slowly at first, like a vessel when starting from her moorings. Slowly, gradually, inch by inch, the great trunk is dragged over the rough track to the main road, which is soon worn and trodden so much as to need no further labor. Then it is cut into logs of proper length for driving down the river, and branded with the owner's "blind end," a stout rope was moored around his head quarters, and built a dozen of us endeavored to drag it to the river. It was a tremendous pull; Brain could not move a foot.

"What shall he d-one now?" asked the panting cook.

"S'pose you try the oxen," replied Dan, who had been looking on while he kept his breath cooling.

"Harrah! That's the thing!" shouted Eli, starting for the oxen.

When he returned, one end of the drag chain was fastened to the rope, and the other attached to the sled-stake. On the sled sat Brain coolly, with his cue, spraining like a spread eagle, and growing in every direction. He was soon dispatched, while an hour choice bear-steaks were broiling upon the coals.

Accidents of a serious character not unfrequently occur in the woods. Beyond an occasional blow upon a fellow's shin, or a gash from the glancing of an axe, a jammed finger or a frozen toe, no company suffered nothing. Less fortunate were the two unfortunates who were crushed by falling trees, the teamster one evening; failed to make his appearance in camp. Search was made, when he was found not far from the landing, lying under a corner of the heavily-loaded sled. He still breathed, though he had not regained so as to be able to speak more than one's hand. Fastened by the middle to the sled-stake, he could not have gone far. He appeared to strength a long time; for the fall of the sled, which was four inches in thickness, was half unloaded. He must have crawled from under it, up his hands, knee and ankle, moved a while, and then fallen back in despair and agony. Word was sent to our camp, and we all set out on snow shoes to attend his funeral. It was a solemn service, though the outward forms were smooth. The coffin was composed of two flour barrels; one was fitted over the heads, the other over the feet. Them were finally fastened together, inclosing the body, dressed in the garments worn in life, and deposited in a grave dug through the deep snow in the frozen soil.

Every professional lumberman has scores of tales of accidents like this. They often cast a tinge of sadness over our evening in camp.

The weeks were away. The pines upon a thousand acres, the growth of centuries, lay in piles at the landing. The great "pumpkin" from whose top we had surveyed our claim was spared as long as possible.

"It must go now," said Dan one day as spring approached. "It won't do to run the risk of a freshet. I'll show you how to give it the last."

He strode up to the great pine, and buried the axe to the eye in the trunk. His blows fell quick and strong. The chips flew like sparks from a blacksmith's anvil. In a little more than an hour the huge tree began to sway with a crash which seemed to make a hundred acres tremble. Dan hid made a signal. The stump, as smooth and level as a table, was large enough to give standing room for a yoke of oxen. In another hour the logs were lying in a line at the edge of the river. The fifty-dollar butt-log lies there still, not worth a cent. It was left behind when the stream was not deep enough to float it away.

As spring advanced a thousand signs warned us that we must soon break up our camp. The snow grew soft and damp, rendering hauling difficult, the logs sunk and swamp began to appear above its surface; water rotted in the hollows and ruts; the brooks swelled larger and larger every day; the ice broke up, and tumbled in huge fields over. So the last pine was felled, the last load drawn, the last log rolled into the river, and the last song sung. Camp was broken up just in time for the teams, conducted by half our gang, to make their way to the river before the swamps became too soft to bear them.

The boom of us who remained behind the most laborious and perilous part of our work was to be performed. The logs were to be "driven" down the Penobscot, through rocky gorges, and over rapids and cataracts, to the broad open river two hundred miles below.

It was necessary to commence early in order to get our drive down to the larger branch before the freshet should subside. It took us a week to do away the ice so as to start our logs. During all this time we were obliged to work knee-deep in half-frozen water. Sometimes we had to build dams to accumulate water sufficient to float the logs over shallow places. Then when a pond was to be passed they would scatter over its surface like a flock of frightened sheep. Then we must launch ourselves on their rolling backs, bringing them to with our iron-pointed poles, not unfrequently getting in unwilling ducking. It was the winter.

More than once "jams" occurred at the foot of some high fall, or in some rocky channel, and the lucky log strikes against a rock and stops fast. Others rush on and heap against it, until thousands are piled in a confused mass of every conceivable position in the narrow chasm, with the icy current rushing furiously over them. Then the labor which up our winter's work would not be worth a straw. We clambered down the rocky sides, or were suspended by ropes held above, striving with our whole lever to loosen the mighty mass. A week was sometimes spent in getting it free, piece by piece. Again, some single log forms the key of the arch. A few blows with the axe and it is gone, and the whole mass goes down with a flash.

Dan Hewitt was our lookout driver. He was always foremost when danger was to be met. Once he was left alone to cut away a tree which held the whole. It gave way at the third blow, and we, from the opposite bank of the stream, saw him bend him boldly up the face of the cliff when the whole mass dashed wildly below him. He was overtaken by it, but a few days after he was less fortunate. A jam had occurred in the swiftest portion of a river. He was standing on the bank, spike to loosen it, when the whole gave way without a moment's warning. So fierce was the rush, that the log, striking upon the lever, that he was flung like a bolt from a catapult full twenty feet forward into the very midst of the whirling and grinding logs. A thousand men could have done nothing to save him. In an instant he was lost to sight for ever. Two days after we found his corpse, crushed and mangled beyond all recognition. We gave it decent burial upon the bank, rearing a rude cross by his grave, which stands, I trust, till this day.

We pursued our labor with saddened hearts, and in due time brought our "drive" down to the broad, smooth waters of the main river; joined them to rafts, and floated quietly within the booms at Bangor. The snow and ice lay thick and deep when we began our work, but the trees had put forth all their June foliage when our work was done.

CONVERSATIONS ACROSS THE AT-LANTIC.

TURTLE AND TURTLE DOVE.

[TUNE, *Ta'ctick. The words are hung with old pictures; he's taught to convey much in little. Before, with all kinds of cards. Sarcasm is plain brackets and fair literary attainments.*]

JOHN BULL. MRS. BULL, and BROTHER JONATHAN *seated on a fence.*

JONATHAN.

DEAR MRS. BULL, how very young you look!
I rather fear'd to find you somewhat shook;
Complexion high, teeth good, and glossy hair!
Why, you're as fresh as the News in two.

MRS. BULL.

NAY! that's soft soapery.

JONATHAN.

I guess it's Gospel truth!
You tread the earth like June in her youth,
The Love began to sigh'st with the grief,
And scatter smiles among her silky curls.

MRS. BULL.

Nay naughty man, how can you talk such stuff!
When I was married I was well complexion—
Now I'm a grave dog through the years of sorrow,
And mingle gray hairs with the brown ones.

JONATHAN.

My heart is perfect, sanding, round, and full—
My mind is sharp as any knife.
Those "bills of credit" on which his head repose,
These bids of Miss, overhung by men,
They're very coarse with us. The doctors say
The first three children suck them all away.

JOHN BULL.

The Pilgrim Mothers had them—they who fled
From those rich pastures, and your fathers bred.
The Pilgrim Fathers found such swelling pleasure—
Wonder of God-long had to be their treasure!
At sunny sea the *Mayflower's* deck was full
Of those brave forms as that of Mrs. Bull.
And when on Plymouth Rock they knelt in prayer,
Angels might hover round the Mothers there.

JONATHAN.

"I know it." But our girls are thin and pale.

MRS. BULL.

Why don't you let them have a glass of ale?
Or, better still, a cup of tea and coffee?
Can ever south these delicious mountains,
Where Nature's self is fresh and cool and warm;
Day in the sunshine, tranquil in the storm?
Where the warm weather keeps the cheeks bright red,
In fire, and smoke, and keen privation proved;
Who brought his comforts to the distant camp,
And left behind the luxuries of England;
Who fought the fight of home, while, 'neath the stars,
He slept for freedom in the snowy wars.
Think you they besieged all day in darken'd rooms,
In genteel ignorance of what was doing,
Lived on ice creams, and bonbons, and sponge cake,
Or, fearful of sunburn, sat by breeze-proof shade?
No, Jonathan, my boy! not such the dames
Who form the noble genteel portion of the Mother Land.
Of love and valor, till you beat us out,
Your women will be like the Spanish persons stout,
And bred a race amidst the winter snows,
In whose warm veins our heroes blood still flows.

MRS. BULL.

You've both gone mad, I think! Come, cease your quarrel.
You must be hungry, and your soup is cooling.

JONATHAN.

'Tis turtle, Sarah! and not to be despised—
Turtle and stole feasts at Guildhall!
And this cool punch, how gently it contrasts
The green luxuriance as it downward rolls!

JOHN BULL.

The turtle's voice the Scripture mark commends;
I'd rather have that than Mrs. Glass's receipt.
Take Cuba—but the mild Bahamas spare,
Those delicious coasts that Columbus knew there.
But we were talking of those turtle doves
That nestle in the cedars of those places.
To play at hide-and-seek, to bill and coo;
Oh! keep them, please, from the Slave Power else you do.

JONATHAN.

Gentle and good our lovely women are,
Their virtues spread from Maine to Utah, yet fair;
The lily's grace, the step of the gazelle;
Their manners, charm, and sweetness well.
My cup of happiness would be too full
Had they the *endearing* charm of Mrs. Bull.

MRS. BULL.

How can they have it when they rarely see
Their young husband—and a child or two
I, with my matches, take my glint of tease—
Another girl my cherish'd supper rouses,
Another girl my cherish'd supper rouses,
And if my daughters worse than this are treated,
Why, I'm afraid I'll have to call the police.
Now, luck ye, Jonathan! Here Farmer Giles
Has taken the tankard to the public house
In love upon his round, chaw-bacon face,
And there he'll stay, and drink, and drink, and drink.
But if he to the alehouse chance to roam,
Why, I'll be after him, and bring him home.
Three times a week some friend comes here to dine,
And, if I choose, I'll have my own friend,
'Twas thus your fathers lived. They sat at table
Till dinner was done; and, last of all, got the cake.
I mean to telegraph across the pond;
And if my girls, of whom I'm very fond,
Are not to have some wishes on your "liquor" like,
Why then your head or else your heart will break.

JONATHAN.

Our heads and hearts you ladies are content;
Just now, good dames, I mean to try your aid.

OUR WALL.

TEN years since it was hardly possible for you to remain long in our villages without seeing "our Wall"—which is the name by which it is known, understand; but was, in fact, a big, sturdy boy of sixteen or so, who looked as if he had more strength, and could do more work, than any two men. I know what to do with; whose movements were awkward, and sometimes ludicrous to witness; and whose eyes were seldom to be seen for the great black locks always tossing about them; but who, for all that, was a favorite with most fellow-creatures, too—in the parish.

Yes, for our improved diminutive for his baptismal name of Walter) was decidedly popular, and with good reason. No one in each request of his, under all sorts of circumstances—one whose assistance was so called on. From the building of a house to the mending of a pair of pattens, Wall's help was indispensable. And who so ready to help as he—whether in carpentering for some poor old widow's cottage, or in the task of carrying long distances to carry a message or a parcel, or in gardening for Farmer Lacey, the rector's friend?

But I am to tell my story in proper order. Chiefly to the sensible Saxon name of the subject of it, with years of nonsey saved away in old teapots, and such homely looking-stocking as Wall's father, a cripple, had left a couple of two great stepping-sons, and a little girl much younger than themselves, applied pet and darling of father and brothers; for she is pretty and winning, as feminine presents always is from the very earliest age; and is the lady, and the only girl, and is distinguished therefore.

Clubbed, a rough man to the world in general, is soft and tender as a summer wind over his little motherless lamb. Wall's father, Clubbed, labors by works at the mill, and Gilbert, who goes to an academy at the market-town, and is known to be

intended for a soldier—both of them delight in the child's saucy, petulant ways, and willful, imperious spirit, and do their best to encourage and increase those graces in the little person.

Chipford is a kindly man in his way. Wall's father had been one of his men; and since his death he had been very good to the lad, befriending him by occasional employment and frequent recommendations—better still, by teaching him to read and write, three evenings in every week, at his own comfortable house.

Saucy Lotty used to laugh at the rough, awkward boy; would mimic, to his face, his broad pronunciation and shambling gait; and then tumble her bonny bright curls all about her face, in imitation of the fashion of his *chevelure*. But for all that, she accepted with queenly graciousness the offerings he was accustomed to bring her—the earliest bunch of primroses, wreaths of wild-roses, wood-strawberries in summer, and brown nuts, and dewberries with the purple bloom on them, in autumn. Also, she welcomed his aid in the cultivation of her flower-beds, and the training of her pet spaniel, laughing at him all the while, and scolding him very often, with the childish petulance that in any one less fair and graceful would have been far less tolerable. However, Wall never cared—not he! He was grateful to the miller, and he had taken the miller's little daughter into his great, honest, faithful heart from the very first. She could not even dislodge herself from her position there, with all her willful ways. He saw something deep down beneath all her haughtiness, and loved it, and forgave all the rest. And in her own way, under all her pettishness and childish coquetry, doubtless little Lotty cared for him; for she was but a child, and with more than a child's waywardness and weakness.

In the holidays Gilbert Chipford came home, and brought with him a schoolmate—a tall, handsome fellow, just about to enter the army; a picture of early manhood, with a lithe, slender figure, and a face all flush and sparkle—the very ideal of a girl's hero.

Little Lotty was barely ten years old; but she had precocity enough to be allured by the color, and the glitter, and the brilliant show of this embryo warrior. She adhered to him; she followed him about; she was pertinacious in her attentions; his notice was sought for, his caresses were prized. He did not overburden her with them, truly; for he was just of an age and a character to feel rather ashamed of playing with a child; and the manly dignity of seventeen-and-a-half continually asserted itself against the friendly familiarity which Lotty sought to establish between them. However, they were very amicable together—never more so than when, one day, the two, with Trenchard's big dog Trounce, were rambling through the mill-lane into the village, where all the children seemed to be out at play beside their homes, so crisp and clear was the air of the December afternoon—so genial the winter sunshine slanting from the west.

On they went, laughing and talking, stamping with their feet, and rubbing their hands cheerily; for it was cold, though bright. Unhappily, Trounce, who bounded on a little in advance, also appeared to find some vigorous exercise necessary to maintain a proper vivacity of circulation; and a very little dog, who was meekly reposing before a cottage door, with a subdued humility befitting its thin and pauper appearance, seemed to the large and well-fed animal a fit playmate: he commenced tossing the little thing about in rough play, that soon turned to something fiercer.

Growls, barkings, piteous howlings, resounded in the quiet evening air; and then a child's passionate cry, as a little girl came from the cottage, and loudly wept to see her favorite thus maltreated. And just as the owner of the dog came up, laughing more at "the fun" than sympathizing in the distress, you may be sure, seeing he was a boy, with all a boy's worst instincts developed in him just then, out sprang a great awkward figure; a huge hand seized on the big dog's neck by that portion denominated "the scruff," and hurling the animal away to a safe distance, caught up the poor trembling cur, and consigned it to the equally trembling mistress.

"I say, you Sir! how dare you touch my dog?" shouted Trenchard, pale with rage.

"Dare! whoy, it wer like fur to kill the poor little un—that's whoy!"

"I'll teach you better manners, you country boor!" was the next speech from the red lips of the hero; and he clenched his fist, and made a passionate lunge at the square, solid-built figure before him—on which it had about as much effect as if it were really built of stone.

"Oy say, doan't ye dow that theer agin," warned he, gravely.

"But I say I will," cried the other, quite infuriated to see the tittering of the children around, and the impassible face of his opponent. "Come on, if you've courage enough, and let's see what stuff you're made of!"

"Noa, I woan't fight," said Wall, folding his arms.

"You won't? I thought not," sneered Trenchard. Going close up to him, he shook his fist in his face—"Coward!" said he, loudly and clearly.

The bright eyes gathered a spark that gleamed out from amidst the tangled hair; and Wall instinctively clenched his hands. But he turned away in silence, and drew on one side.

"Coward!" repeated Trenchard. "I say, Lotty, look at the great sneaking poltroon!"

Wall made an awkward plunge forward: "Are *you* theer, Miss Lotty?"

"Don't speak to me!" said that young lady, plucking away her skirt which he had caught hold of, and drawing close to her tall, handsome new friend: "I'm ashamed of you! Let me go!"

Trenchard made a gesture as if to strike away the obnoxious touch; but Wall saved him the trouble: he drew back, his eyes glistening, the white teeth shining, in a strange sort of smile, and with two strides he disappeared round the corner of the lane.

As for the willful girl, and her much-ruffled companion, with his hardly fiercer dog—they made their way home, with a great show of loud, blustering cheerfulness; but it is to be doubted if either of them felt quite glad, or even easy at heart.

"The meddling fellow! the cowardly rascal!" was the style of Trenchard's descriptive interjections. "How is it you came to know him, Lotty?"

"Father teaches him on Mondays and Fridays, of evenings. He often comes to our house: he is Wall," said Lotty; and at the familiar name her stern little heart melted; the outer crust of wayward, ungrateful naughtiness broke from her; her eyes filled. "I'm very sorry you quarreled with him," she faltered—"poor Wall!"

* * * * * * *

Much the miller marveled when one, two Fridays, and one Monday evening passed, bringing no rough-haired, heavy-footed, but glad-faced and grateful scholar to the old paneled parlor of the mill-house. "What had become of Wall?" he asked; and Lotty, though she well guessed the reason of his absence, was ashamed to tell. Trenchard volunteered an explanation, told his story his own way, and made the impression he wished. Chipford was sorry to hear Wall had so misconducted himself. He had thought better of the lad. He would give him a talking to the next time he caught him.

"Boys will be boys—unruly, rebellious chaps enough—always," reflected the worthy man many times, for he liked Wall, and felt dissatisfied at his continued absence; and when, one afternoon, he set out on his monthly journey to the market-town, Wall was not forgotten in his final directions. "Jonas, see to the cash-box that it's put away safe at night in the desk. I shall be back to-morrow evening. Gilbert, don't leave the house after dark; and take care of Lotty."

"We'll both do that, Sir," declared Trenchard, while, with soldierly grace and gallantry, he switched the flanks of the miller's horse.

"Yes, yes, but don't touch Roger; he isn't used to it. And I say, Gilbert, I wish you'd see Wall, and find what he's doing; the lad will go woefully back in his learning. Steady, Roger! so! Good-by t'ye all; good-by, my pet!"

And Chipford went off, with a parting glance back at the old-fashioned house, with China roses even now making glad and beautiful its wooden rafters; and little Lotty standing by the gate, with her dimpled hands shading her eyes from the keen winter sunshine.

The master of the house gone, his youthful representatives for a time conducted themselves with befitting demureness and dignity. What devices they resorted to later in the day for their amusement, is not on record: perhaps some of them were not very safe ones. Chemical experiments in the kitchen, inflammable materials left about—something of the kind was dimly hinted at afterward. Whatever the cause, in the very depth of night, when there was uttermost calm and densest darkness, that the white trembling stars seemed to make yet more perfect, at that hour a fierce light rose suddenly from the blank earth, making clear all things near it—the trim garden, the low, rambling house, the mill hard by, great and gaunt, all starting into distinctness, as if frightened at the unwonted revelation of themselves. Broader, brighter grew the light: yellow tongues of flame leaped rejoicingly from between the rafters of the old house, and played upon the latticed windows nearest. It mounted, it spread, it exulted in its growing freedom; it uttered glad, chirping sounds, such as we love to hear burst from our yule-logs at Christmas; it sent merry little sparks dancing up, up into the still air. The birds began to stir themselves, and presently, understanding it was no dawn sent from heaven that had aroused them, fluttered to and fro, with piteous, alarmed twitterings. The great dog in the mill-yard came forth from his kennel with a savage bark, followed by a prolonged howl. And at last the inmates of the house were roused to the truth that the kitchens were on fire, and that the flames had already penetrated to the stair-case. Half the population of the village stood in the front, shrieking and shouting this fact, too excited and alarmed to render much help, it would seem. But by degrees an active and orderly system of water-carrying and drenching was organized, plenty of assistance remaining for those who had now to escape by the windows. The three young men, the servants, were at last landed on the grassplot before the windows—all unhurt, save Gilbert, who broke his leg, and fell helplessly to the ground when he attempted to rise. But his exclamation was soon changed to one of far worse anguish. The cry rung shrilly from him—piercing the roar of the fire and of the people, "Lotty! where's Lotty?" A sudden horror-struck pause. "She sleeps at the side, there! For God's sake, rouse her!"

But strange and terrible as it was, she could not be roused. They shouted—they flung stones at the window: all devices failed.

"The smoke's got in and stupefied her," some one said.

Gilbert groaned in agony. "I can't move to save her," he cried. "But you—some of you. Where's Jonas? Trenchard?"

Jonas was at the other side, helping with the water-buckets, all unaware that any one was left in the burning house, least of all his little sister. But Trenchard was by; and Trenchard rushed to the door, and with some assistance battered it down. A thick, stifling fog of smoke poured through upon them, through the opening. They could see, up the stair-case, the dancing tongues of flame flashing through the smoke. Trenchard, tall and strong as he was, drew back.

"It's certain destruction to go in there," he said. "We *must* rouse her, and she must escape by the window. There's no other way: fetch a ladder!"

Some ran off to do this; others remained, shouting under the window. The ladder was long of coming. It was not easily to be found, probably, amidst so much confusion. And Gilbert lay there, his straining eyes fixed on the little window, nearly crazed, poor fellow! and furious with impatience.

"Don't wait for the ladder. Try the stairs," he cried. "Trenchard, I say! Oh, if I could but move!" And he made a frantic, impotent effort, falling back again with a groan.

"Oh Lotty! Oh my poor father!" he said, the big tears gathering and falling down his brown cheeks. "Lotty—Lotty—Lotty!" he shrieked, "won't any of you even try to save her?"

"'Tis no use. Those stairs won't bear any of us," one man said. And Trenchard cursed the others' slowness, and ran off, as he said, to "get a ladder, for it was the only hope," when there rushed on the scene a new actor—no other than Wall.

Wall had been foremost with the buckets on the other side, satisfied that all were safely out of the house, when some rumor reached him of the truth. And now he was here, his great arms bare, his honest face blackened and battered, his hair more tossed about than ever.

"Lotty—Miss Lotty—in the house?" he called out. "Whoy, wheer then?"

"In that room up the stairs, Wall. God bless you!" Gilbert cried; for in a moment the boy had burst into the house, and was fighting his way up the dreaded stair-case. There was a great murmuring sound from those below; then an awful, hushed suspense; then a great blow from within forced the lattice-window open, and Wall's face looked out.

"Soak one of your coats in that bucket o' water," he cried, "and fling it up to me."

This was done—and then came another hushed, dreadful pause. But brave Wall's big figure was presently seen coming down the crazy stairs through the blinding smoke. In his arms he carried what seemed to be a bundle wrapped in the wet coat that had been thrown to him. He bore it straight to Gilbert, and laid it beside him.

"She's all right, only stupid loike with the smoke," he said. And indeed, after a few minutes' fresh air, little Lotty's pale face revived to something more like its usual color, and she opened her eyes.

"Thank God! O thank God!" cried Gilbert, in a passion of grateful joy. "And Wall—?"

But Wall, after seeing that the child was safe, had disappeared. He was badly burned was Wall. That falling rafter left a scar on his forehead that he will bear to his death. And a few minutes afterward, as Trenchard, shouting a loud huzza, came rushing up with a ladder, the roof fell in. But Lotty was safe, you will observe.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps none of the parties concerned were the worse for that night's adventure, unless it were the insurance-office—a sort of abstraction that we are not accustomed to consider much on these occasions.

Certainly, it was a turning-point in the characters both of Gilbert and Lotty, and perhaps Mr. Trenchard even gained a lesson that did him some service in after-life.

As for the miller's gratitude to Wall, it was something to do you good to hear of; and so was Wall's steady repudiation of any sort of reward or "acknowledgment," you may be very sure. But where there's a will there's a way; and though it was Mr. Atkins, of the next town, who recommended Wall to the great London engineer, and so laid the foundation of the prosperity he has attained since, I believe the miller knew more about the matter than most people.

Our Wall comes down to his native village sometimes, and stays at the mill, an honored guest; his broad country accent is somewhat toned down, and his hair is smoother than heretofore. People say he is growing a great man; and, indeed, you may hear of Mr. Maynard in London itself sometimes. But he's Our Wall to us, and always will be; we have a general property in him, of which we are right proud.

If any one should tell you that some one—some one at the mill, too—has, moreover, a rather particular property in this same Wall, you may believe it or not, as you please; but the fact is, they are to be married this very autumn!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

A woman too often reasons from her heart—hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. A man of genius, too, often reasons from his heart—hence, also, two-thirds of his troubles and mistakes. Wherefore, between woman and genius there is a sympathetic affinity; each has some intuitive comprehension of the secrets of the other, and the more feminine the woman, the more exquisite the genius, the more subtle the intelligence between the two. But note well that this tacit understanding becomes obscured if human love pass across its relations. Shakspeare interprets aright the most intricate riddles in woman. A woman was the first to interpret aright the art that is latent in Shakspeare. But did Anne Hathaway and Shakspeare understand each other?

UNOBSERVED by the two young people, Lady Montfort sate watching them as they moved along the river banks. She was seated where Lionel had first seen her—in the kind of grassy chamber that had been won from the foliage and the sward, closed round with interlaced autumnal branches, save where it opened toward the water. If ever woman's brain can conceive and plot a scheme thoroughly pure from one ungentle, selfish thread in its web, in such a scheme had Caroline Montfort brought together those two fair young natures. And yet they were not uppermost in her thoughts as she now gazed on them; nor was it wholly for them that her eyes were filled with tears at once sweet, yet profoundly mournful—holy, and yet intensely human.

Women love to think themselves uncomprehended—nor often without reason in that foible; for man, howsoever sagacious, rarely does entirely comprehend woman, howsoever simple. And in this her sex has the advantage over ours. Our hearts are bare to their eyes, even though they can never know what have been our lives. But we may see every action of their lives, guarded and circumscribed in conventional forms, while their hearts will have many mysteries to which we can never have the key. But, in more than the ordinary sense of the word, Caroline Montfort ever had been a woman uncomprehended. Nor even in her own sex did she possess one confidante. Only the outward leaves of that beautiful flower opened to the sunlight. The leaves round the core were gathered fold upon fold closely as when life itself was in the bud.

As all the years of her wedded existence her heart had been denied the natural household vents, so, by some strange and unaccountable chance, her intellect also seemed restrained and pent from its proper freedom and play. During those barren years she had read—she had pondered—she had enjoyed a commune with those whose minds instruct others, and still her own intelligence, which, in early youth, had been characterized by singular vivacity and brightness, and which Time had enriched with every womanly accomplishment, seemed chilled and objectless. It is not enough that a mind should be cultured—it should have movement as well as culture. Caroline Montfort's lay quiescent, like a beautiful form spell-bound to repose, but not to sleep. Looking on her once, as he stood among a crowd whom her beauty dazzled, a poet said, abruptly, "Were my guess not a sacrilege to one so spotless and so haughty, I should say that I had hit on the solution of an enigma that long perplexed me; and in the core of that queen of the lilies, could we strip the leaves folded round it, we should find *Remorse*."

Lady Montfort started; the shadow of another form than her own fell upon the sward. George Morley stood behind her, his finger on his lips. "Hush," he said in a whisper; "see, Sophy is looking for me up the river. I knew she would be—I stole this way on purpose—for I would speak to you before I face her questions."

"What is the matter?—you alarm me!" said Lady Montfort, on gaining a part of the grounds more remote from the river, to which George had silently led the way.

"Nay, my dear cousin, there is less cause for alarm than for anxious deliberation, and that upon more matters than these which directly relate to our poor fugitive. You know that I long shrunk from enlisting the police in aid of our search. I was too sensible of the pain and offense which such an application would occasion Waife—(let us continue so to call him)—and the discovery of it might even induce him to put himself beyond our reach, and quit England. But his prolonged silence, and my fears lest some illness or mishap might have befallen him, together with my serious apprehensions of the effect which unrelieved anxiety might produce on Sophy's health, made me resolve to wave former scruples. Since I last saw you I have applied to one of the higher police-officers accustomed to confidential investigations of a similar nature. The next day he came to tell me that he had learned that a friend of his, who had been formerly a distinguished agent in the detective police, had been engaged for months in tracking a person whom he conjectured to be the same as the one whom I had commissioned him to discover, and with somewhat less caution and delicacy than I had enjoined. The fugitive's real name had been given to this ex-agent—the cause for search, that he had abducted and was concealing his grand-daughter from her father. It was easy for me to perceive why this novel search had hitherto failed, no suspicion being entertained that Waife had separated himself from Sophy, and the inquiry being therefore rather directed toward the grandchild than the grandfather. But that inquiry had altogether ceased of late, and for this terrible reason—a different section of the police had fixed its eye upon the father on whose behalf the search had been instituted. This Jasper Losely (ah! our poor friend might well shudder to think Sophy should fall into his hands!) haunts the resorts of the most lawless and formidable desperadoes of London. He appears to be a kind of authority among them; but there is no evidence that as yet he has committed himself to any participation in their habitual courses. He lives profusely, for a person in such society (regaling Daredevils, whom he awes by a strength and courage which are described as extraordinary), but without any visible means. It seems that the ex-agent, who had been thus previously employed in Jasper Losely's name, had been engaged, not by Jasper himself, but by a person in very respectable circumstances, whose name I have ascertained to be Poole. And the ex-agent deemed it right to acquaint this Mr. Poole with Jasper's evil character and ambiguous mode of life, and to intimate to his employer that it might not be prudent to hold any connection with such a man, and still less proper to assist in restoring a young girl to his care. On this Mr. Poole became so much agitated, and expressed himself so incoherently as to his relations with Jasper, that the ex-agent conceived suspicions against Poole himself, and reported the whole circumstances to one of the chiefs of the former service, through whom they reached the very man whom I myself was employing. But this ex-agent, who had, after his last interview with Poole, declined all farther interference, had since then, through a correspondent in a country town, whom he had employed at the first, obtained a clew to my dear old friend's wanderings, more recent, and I think more hopeful, than any I had yet discovered. You will remember that when questioning Sophy as to any friends in her former life to whom it was proba-

ble Waife might have addressed himself, she could think of no one *so* probable as a cobbler named Merle, with whom he and she had once lodged, and of whom he had often spoken to her with much gratitude, as having put him in the way of recovering herself, and having shown him a peculiar trustful kindness on that occasion. But you will remember also that I could not find this Merle; he had left the village, near this very place, in which he had spent the greater part of his life—his humble trade having been neglected in consequence of some strange superstitious occupations in which, as he had grown older, he had become more and more absorbed. He had fallen into poverty; his effects had been sold off; he had gone away no one knew whither. Well, the ex-agent, who had also been directed to this Merle by his employer, had, through his correspondent, ascertained that the cobbler was living at Norwich, where he passed under the name of the Wise Man, and where he was in perpetual danger of being sent to the house of correction as an impostor, dealing in astrology, crystal-seeing, and such silly or nefarious practices. Very odd, indeed, and very melancholy too," quoth the scholar, lifting up his hands and eyes, "that a man so gifted as our poor friend should ever have cultivated an acquaintance with a cobbler who deals in the Black Art!"

"Sophy has talked to me much about that cobbler," said Lady Montfort, with her sweet half-smile. "It was under his roof that she first saw Lionel Haughton. But though the poor man may be an ignorant enthusiast, he is certainly, by her account, too kind and simple-hearted to be a designing impostor."

GEORGE. "Possibly. But, to go on with my story: A few weeks ago, an elderly lame man, accompanied by a dog, who was evidently poor dear Sir Isaac, lodged two days with Merle at Norwich. On hearing this, I myself went yesterday to Norwich, saw and talked to Merle, and through this man I hope, more easily, delicately, and expeditiously than by any other means, to achieve our object. He evidently can assist us, and, as evidently, Waife has not told him that he is flying from Sophy and friends, but from enemies and persecutors. For Merle, who is impervious to bribes, and who at first was churlish and rude, became softened as my honest affection for the fugitive grew clear to him, and still more when I told him how wretched Sophy was at her grandfather's disappearance, and that she might fret herself into a decline. And we parted with this promise on his side, that if I would bring down to him either Sophy herself (which is out of the question), or a line from her, which, in referring to any circumstances while under his roof that could only be known to her and himself, should convince him that the letter was from her hand, assuring him that it was for Waife's benefit and at her prayer that he should bestir himself in the search for her grandfather, and that he might implicitly trust to me, he would do all he could to help us. So far, then, so good. But I have now more to say, and that is in reference to Sophy herself. While we are tracking her grandfather, the peril to her is not lessened. Never was that peril thoroughly brought before my eyes until I had heard actually from the police agent the dreadful character and associations of the man who can claim her in a father's name. Waife, it is true, had told you that his son was profligate, spendthrift, lawless—sought her, not from natural affection, but as an instrument to be used, roughly and coarsely, for the purpose of extorting money from Mr. Darrell. But this stops far short of the terrible reality. Imagine the effect on her nerves, so depressed as they now are, nay, on her very life, should this audacious miscreant force himself here and say, 'Come with me, you are my child!' And are we quite sure that out of some refining nobleness of conscience she might not imagine it her duty to obey, and to follow him? The more abject and friendless his condition, the more she might deem it her duty to be by his side. I have studied her from childhood. She is capable of any error in judgment, if it be made to appear a martyr's devoted self-sacrifice. You may well shudder, my dear cousin. But grant that she were swayed by us and by the argument that so to act would betray and kill her beloved grandfather, still, in resisting this ruffian's paternal authority, what violent and painful scenes might ensue! What dreadful publicity to be attached forever to her name! Nor is this all. Grant that her father does not discover her, but that he is led by his associates into some criminal offense, and suffers by the law—her relationship, both to him from whom you would guard her, and to him whose hearth you have so tenderly reared her to grace, suddenly dragged to day—would not the shame kill her? And in that disclosure how keen would be the anguish of Darrell!"

"Oh Heavens!" cried Caroline Montfort, white as ashes, and wringing her hands, "you freeze me with terror. But this man can not be so fallen as you describe. I have seen him—spoken with him in his youth—hoped then to assist in a task of conciliation, pardon. Nothing about him then forboded so fearful a corruption. He might be vain, extravagant, selfish, false—ah, yes! he was false indeed!—but still the ruffian you paint, banded with common criminals, can not be the same as the gay, dainty, perfumed, fair-faced adventurer with whom my ill-fated playmate fled her father's house. You shake your head—what is it you advise?"

"To expedite your own project—to make at once the resolute attempt to secure to this poor child her best, her most rightful protector—to let whatever can be done to guard her from danger, or reclaim her father from courses to which despair may be driving him—to let, I say, all this be done by the person whose interest in doing it effectively is so paramount—whose ability to judge of and decide on the wisest means is so immeasurably superior to all that lies within our own limited experience of life."

"But you forget that our friend told me that he had appealed to—to Mr. Darrell on his return to England; that Mr. Darrell had peremptorily refused to credit the claim; and had sternly said that, even if Sophy's birth could be proved, he would not place under her father's roof the grandchild of William Losely."

"True; and yet you hoped reasonably enough to succeed where he, poor outcast, had failed."

"Yes, yes; I did hope that Sophy—her manners formed, her education completed—all her natural exquisite graces so cultured and refined as to justify pride in the proudest kindred—I did hope that she should be brought, as it were by accident, under his notice; that she would interest and charm him; and that the claim, when made, might thus be welcomed with delight. Mr. Darrell's abrupt return to a seclusion so rigid forbids the opportunity that might easily have been found or made if he had remained in London. But suddenly, violently to renew a claim that such a man has rejected, before he has ever seen that dear child—before his heart and his taste plead for her—who would dare to do it? or, if so daring, who could hope success?"

"My dear Lady Montfort, my noble cousin, with repute as spotless as the ermine of your robe—who but you?"

"Who but I? Any one. Mr. Darrell would not even read through a letter addressed to him by me?"

George stared with astonishment. Caroline's face was downcast—her attitude that of profound humiliated dejection.

"Incredible!" said he, at length. "I have always suspected, and so indeed has my uncle, that Darrell had some cause of complaint against your mother. Perhaps he might have supposed that she had not sufficiently watched over his daughter, or had not sufficiently inquired into the character of the governess whom she recommended to him; and that this had led to an estrangement between Darrell and your mother which could not fail to extend somewhat to yourself. But such misunderstandings can surely now be easily removed. Talk of his not reading a letter addressed to him by you! Why, do I not remember, when I was on a visit to my school-fellow, his son, what influence you, a mere child yourself, had over that grave, busy man, then in the height of his career—how you alone could run without awe into his study—how you alone had the privilege to arrange his books, sort his papers—so that we two boys looked on you with a solemn respect, as the depositary of all his state secrets—how vainly you tried to decoy that poor timid Matilda, his daughter, into a share of your own audacity!—Is not all this true?"

"Oh yes, yes—old days, gone forever!"

"Do I not remember how you promised that, before I went back to school, I should hear Darrell read aloud—how you brought the volume of Milton to him in the evening—how he said, 'No, to-morrow night; I must go now to the House of Commons'—how I marveled to hear you answer, boldly, 'To-morrow night George will have left us, and I have promised that he shall hear you read'—and how, looking at you under those dark brows with serious softness, he said, 'Right; promises, once given, must be kept. But was it not rash to promise in another's name?'—and you answered, half gently, half pettishly, 'As if *you* could fail me!' He took the book without another word, and read. What reading it was, too! And do you not remember another time, how—"

LADY MONTFORT (interrupting with nervous impatience). "Ay, ay—I need no reminding of all—all! Kindest, noblest, gentlest friend to a giddy, heedless child, unable to appreciate the blessing. But now, George, I dare not, I can not write to Mr. Darrell."

George mused a moment, and conjectured that Lady Montfort had, in the inconsiderate, impulsive season of youth, aided in the clandestine marriage of Darrell's daughter, and had become thus associated in his mind with the affliction that had embittered his existence. Were this so, certainly she would not be the fitting intercessor on behalf of Sophy. His thoughts then turned to his uncle, Darrell's earliest friend, not suspecting that Colonel Morley was actually the person whom Darrell had already appointed his adviser and representative in all transactions that might concern the very parties under discussion. But just as he was about to suggest the expediency of writing to Alban to return to England, and taking him into confidence and consultation, Lady Montfort resumed, in a calmer voice, and with a less troubled countenance,

"Who should be the pleader for one whose claim, if acknowledged, would affect his own fortunes, but Lionel Haughton? Hold!—look where yonder they come into sight—there, by the gap in the evergreens. May we not hope that Providence, bringing those two beautiful lives together, gives a solution to the difficulties which thwart our action and embarrass our judgment? I conceived and planned a blissful romance the first moment I gathered from Sophy's artless confidences the effect that had been produced on her whole train of thought and feeling by the first meeting with Lionel in her childhood; by his brotherly, chivalrous kindness, and, above all, by the chance words he let fall, which discontented her with a life of shift and disguise, and revealed to her the instincts of her own honest, truthful nature. An alliance between Lionel Haughton and Sophy seemed to me the happiest possible event that could befall Guy Darrell. The two branches of his family united—a painful household secret confined to the circle of his own kindred—granting Sophy's claim never perfectly cleared up, but subject to a tormenting doubt—her future equally assured—her possible rights equally established—Darrell's conscience and pride reconciled to each other. And how, even but as wife to his young kinsman, he would learn to love one so exquisitely endearing!" [Lady Montfort paused a moment, and then resumed.] "When I heard that Mr. Darrell was about to marry again, my project was necessarily arrested."

"Certainly," said George, "if he formed new ties, Sophy would be less an object in his existence, whether or not he recognized her birth. The alliance between her and Lionel would lose many of its advantages; and any address to him on Sophy's behalf would become yet more ungraciously received."

LADY MONTFORT. "In that case I had resolved to adopt Sophy as my own child; lay by from my abundant income an ample dowry for her; and whether Mr. Darrell ever knew it or not, at least I should have the secret joy to think that I was saving him from the risk of remorse hereafter—should she be, as we believe, his daughter's child, and have been thrown upon the world destitute;—yes, the secret joy of feeling that I was sheltering, fostering as a mother, one whose rightful home might be with him who in my childhood sheltered, fostered me!"

GEORGE (much affected). "How, in proportion as we know you, the beauty which you vail from the world outshines that which you can not prevent the world from seeing! But you must not let this grateful enthusiasm blind your better judgment. You think these young persons are beginning to be really attached to each other. Then it is the more necessary that no time should be lost in learning how Mr. Darrell would regard such a marriage. I do not feel so assured of his consent as you appear to do. At all events this should be ascertained before their happiness is seriously involved. I agree with you that Lionel is the best intermediator to plead for Sophy; and his very generosity in urging her prior claim to a fortune that might otherwise pass to him, is likely to have weight with a man so generous himself as Guy Darrell is held to be. But does Lionel yet know all? Have you yet ventured to confide to him, or even to Sophy herself, the nature of her claim on the man who so proudly denies it?"

"No—I deemed it due to Sophy's pride of sex to imply to her that she would, in fortune and in social position, be entitled to equality with those whom she might meet here. And that is true, if only as the child whom I adopt and enrich. I have not said more. And only since Lionel has appeared has she ever seemed interested in any thing that relates to her parentage. From the recollection of her father she naturally shrinks—she never mentions his name. But two days ago she did ask timidly, and with great change of countenance, if it was through her mother that she was entitled to a rank higher than she had hitherto known; and when I answered 'Yes,' she sighed, and said, 'But my dear grandfather never spoke to me of her; he never even saw my mother.'"

GEORGE. "And you, I suspect, do not much like to talk of that mother. I have gathered from you, unawares to yourself, that she was not a person you could highly praise; and to me, as a boy, she seemed, with all her timidity, wayward and deceitful."

LADY MONTFORT. "Alas! how bitterly she must have suffered—and how young she was! But you are right; I can not speak to Sophy of her mother, the subject is connected with so much sorrow. But I told her 'that she should know all soon;' and she said, with a sweet and melancholy patience, 'When my poor grandfather will be by to hear: I can wait.'"

GEORGE. "But is Lionel, with his quick intellect and busy imagination, equally patient? Does he not guess at the truth? You have told him that you do meditate a project which affects Guy Darrell, and required his promise not to divulge to Darrell his visits in this house."

LADY MONTFORT. "He knows that Sophy's paternal grandfather was William Losely. From your uncle he heard William Losely's story, and—"

GEORGE. "My uncle Alban?"

LADY MONTFORT. "Yes; the Colonel was well acquainted with the elder Losely in former days, and spoke of him to Lionel with great affection. It seems that Lionel's father knew him also, and thoughtlessly involved him in his own pecuniary difficulties. Lionel was not long a visitor here before he asked me abruptly if Mr. Waife's real name was not Losely. I was obliged to own it, begging him not at present to question me further. He said, then, with much emotion, that he had a hereditary debt to discharge to William Losely, and that he was the last person who ought to relinquish belief in the old man's innocence of the crime for which the law had condemned him, or to judge him harshly if the innocence were not substantiated. You remember with what eagerness he joined in your search, until you positively forbade his interposition, fearing that should our poor friend hear of inquiries instituted by one whom he could not recognize as a friend, and might possibly consider an emissary of his son's, he would take yet greater pains to conceal himself. But from the moment that Lionel learned that Sophy's grandfather was William Losely his manner to Sophy became yet more tenderly respectful. He has a glorious nature, that young man! But did your uncle never speak to you of William Losely?"

"No. I am not surprised at that. My uncle Alban avoids 'painful subjects.' I am only surprised that he should have revived a painful subject in talk to Lionel. But I now understand why, when Waife first heard my name, he seemed affected, and why he so specially enjoined me never to mention or describe him to my friends and relations. Then Lionel knows Losely's story, but not his son's connection with Darrell?"

"Certainly not. He knows but what is generally said in the world, that Darrell's daughter eloped with a Mr. Hammond, a man of inferior birth, and died abroad, leaving but one child, who is also dead. Still Lionel does suspect—my very injunctions of secrecy must make him more than suspect that the Loselys are somehow or other mixed up with Darrell's family history. Hush! I hear his voice yonder—they approach."

"My dear cousin, let it be settled between us, then, that you frankly and without delay communicate to Lionel the whole truth, so far as it is known to us, and put it to him how best and most touchingly to move Mr. Darrell toward her, of whom we hold him to be the natural protector. I will write to my uncle to return to England that he may assist us in the same good work. Meanwhile, I shall have only good tidings to communicate to Sophy in my new hopes to discover her grandfather through Merle."

Here, as the sun was setting, Lionel and Sophy came in sight; above their heads, the western clouds bathed in gold and purple. Sophy, perceiving George, bounded forward, and reached his side, breathless.

CHAPTER V.

Lionel Haughton having lost his heart, it is no longer a question what HE will do with it. But what will be done with it is a very grave question indeed.

LIONEL forestalled Lady Montfort in the delicate and embarrassing subject which her cousin had urged her to open. For while George, leading away Sophy, informed her of his journey to Norwich, and his interview with Merle, Lionel drew Lady Montfort into the house, and with much agitation, and in abrupt, hurried accents, implored her to withdraw the promise which forbade him to inform his benefactor how and where his time had been spent of late. He burst forth with a declaration of that love with which Sophy had inspired him, and which Lady Montfort could not be but prepared to hear. "Nothing," said he, "but a respect for her more than filial anxiety at this moment could have kept my heart thus long silent. But that heart is so deeply pledged—so utterly hers—that it has grown an ingratitude, a disrespect to my generous kinsman, to conceal from him any longer the feelings which must color my whole future existence. Nor can I say to her, 'Can you return my affection?—will you listen to my vows?—will you accept them at the altar?'—until I have won, as I am sure to win, the approving consent of my more than father."

"You feel sure to win that consent, in spite of the stain on her grandfather's name?"

"When Darrell learns that, but for my poor father's fault, that name might be spotless now—yes! I am not Mr. Darrell's son—the transmitter of his line. I believe yet that he will form new ties. By my mother's side I have no ancestors to boast of; and you have owned to me that Sophy's mother was of gentle birth. Alban Morley told me, when I last saw him, that Darrell wishes me to marry, and leaves me free to choose my bride. Yes; I have no doubt of Mr. Darrell's consent. My dear mother will welcome to her heart the prize so coveted by mine; and Charles Haughton's son will have a place at his hearth for the old age of William Losely. Withdraw your interdict at once, dearest Lady Montfort, and confide to me all that you have hitherto left unexplained, but have promised to reveal when the time came. The time has come."

"It has come," said Lady Montfort, solemnly; "and Heaven grant that it may bear the blessed results which were in my thoughts when I took Sophy as my own adopted daughter, and hailed in yourself the reconciler of conflicting circumstance. Not under this roof should you woo William Losely's grandchild. Doubly are you bound to ask Guy Darrell's consent and blessing. At his hearth woo your Sophy—at his hands ask a bride in his daughter's child."

And to her wondering listener, Caroline Montfort told her grounds for the belief that connected the last of the Darrells with the convict's grandchild.

VIEWS IN AND ABOUT SALT LAKE CITY.

THE picture on the opposite page gives a very fine view of that portion of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, lying east of the main street, next to the east bench of the bench itself, and the range of mountains over which the traveler passes in entering the valley from the east. This view is taken from the observatory of the Council House. The mouth of Emigration Cañon will be easily discovered by the close observer, just at the foot of the long slope descending from the extreme left of the picture. The highest peak of the Wasatch Mountains, here represented, is some 4000 feet above the level of the valley, and is covered with perpetual snow. The large building at the left of this view is Church property, occupied at present by Ezra T. Benson, but designed to be improved and used for hotel purposes. Next it, embowered in the shade trees, is the former residence of President Jedediah M. Grant, deceased. It is now the property of his brother, General George D. Grant, who, according to Mormon usage, has married his brother's five widows, and inherits his property. The dwelling next it is occupied by Bishop Hunter. This group of buildings and their surroundings probably present the most picturesque as well as the neatest and most comfortable-looking spot in the entire city. By far the majority of the buildings in the city are low, one-story structures, containing two or three rooms only.



SALT LAKE CITY, FROM THE OBSERVATORY OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURR & MOGO.]

AN HOUR WITH A PICKPOCKET.

IT is highly important to those who travel by rail in Europe, where each carriage or compartment holds two persons, and who can not read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable traveling companion.

Having to travel through England very often, and loitering under the above disadvantages as to do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow-passengers has grown pretty pretty much into a mania. The most cursory of glances suffices to convince me of Who's Who.

On Tuesday night, the twentieth of *July* last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was with little fuss and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already accepted carriages, the obsequious guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to the custody of the police, supposing me a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, had once shrieked that I have fixed upon one, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilute upon the performance of their repast. But I cast myself into the last through-carriage in the train, and without so much as looking before me. It was probably a tact which would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events. Be very much worse.

Besides myself, the carriage had but one other occupant; a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, and, perhaps, from his dress, looked suspiciously over, and his hat somewhat to one side. He was reading the *Times* very assiduously but that he could spare a scrutinizing glance at the new arrival, as I rumbled my carpet-bag under the seat with my left hand, and, with a pull at my bell-cord, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he very again buried his nose in the last number sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who is not in search of a situation gets wrapped up in an advertisement sheet, and my companion, I felt sure, was in need of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over the rack had declared a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take an summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started persuaded me that he must soon be a lawyer's property, indeed, as afterward turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling, as much did it smack of ready reasoning and practised acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat, whereupon, instead of sitting down forthwith, and wasting a good quarter of an hour, and fit the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not the address of the due without the other; and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the same train."

Here was an original! Here was a grand example to the coffles of the human race to be found in first-class carriages! I hugged myself at the notion of having secured so promising a companion, and that, too, after such a couple of hours' close-

"But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous shrug, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the very small, and, of course, the risk much greater."

The *wrong*! Did any body who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of assurance in which he spoke; and I replied, tartly,

"I don't understand thieves' logic, nor the language thereof."

"Ah, I do," responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my bareheaded acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no reason for us not to be quarrelling; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now you are a keen, long-headed fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know any thing."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccustomed position of second fiddle in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieving slang."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you are!" he mused like one rather; coolly; "in this your excessive shamefaced modesty. You have no ambition to learn, and yet I dare say I know as much about it as you do, and perhaps more, indirectly, in endeavoring to diminish crime, and to put down the profession of roguery. You help to elect a Member of Parliament, who, when he has smelled a rat, you subscribe to benevolent associations for the moral reformation of people you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one, and so on."—Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out into laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular feature of whose case he had really no attention to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other, unpassionately; "you and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult!" I exclaimed, with indignation. "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay, Sir, I assure the officers," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being desirous of a chat in the floor of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my very cradle; and," added he, after a pause, "I am willing to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my profession."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the carriage—looked for his wife and children. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, out of three still kicking in the air.

"Ah," he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are not mine, although I have had many respectable families, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business commences, and my sincere hypocrisies, like the commercial world. See here," he rose up to his full height, and the two benevolent-looking children in his lap fell back into the shelf. "Here are my natural digits," he continued, producing another set of fingers, "which are not particularly clean; "nobody can suggest a man of picking pockets who always keeps his hands clean, and notices the fact in the *Daily Times*."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes," he retorted, "because I saw that evidence of that kind to a person of your intelligence would be absurd. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, when, doubtless, circumstances had driven to his present dreadful calling, but whose mental endowments had rendered him a perfect gem of society.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Why, Sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should present itself to me; you and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to one in my situation" (the poor fellow had a habit of his sentences to be easily forgone; "besides," he added, reassuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beetroot at this insinuation, but, determined to vindicate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I prefer to carry any thing of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, quietly.

"Well, Sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted, with, considerable irritation.

"Why, what a very strange place," remarked he, very slowly and impressively, "your pocket-book seems to be for keeping bills in, that is all."

"How the devil did you come to know that?" I cried, in astonishment.

"Why how it *signify*? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, derisively, "it is not worth the while to be at all times reflective, sir."

"Pray tell," I entreated, "pray tell; I humble apologize;" I had very nearly robbed myself of a most interesting conversation through my own "Shame!" I cried, "I have that I have a number of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth made you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and applicable to all cases of this description: are seldom worn new, and yet your neckerchief had something of the look of having been worn that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the bow of it; nor did the thing misfit you, or tickle your neck, because you had evidently, when you supply tapped it, as a man taps his fob to be assured —there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed, testily.

"Nay," said the other, "you must not revile to compliment me upon my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied, with candor. "I have been a fool, and confess myself so for follow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two, doubtless, that may be out of your respectable ken, and I dare say you know a thing or two that would be revealed matters."

"Put me up to it!" I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of superciliousness; "I am as ignorant as a peacock, I feel; do, I entreat, put me up to it."

Whereupon I am bound to say that my companion commenced giving me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a philanthropist like look, and beguiled the way for me to Edinburgh, instead of a rather monotonous, of the most exciting kind. Lord Byron states that one of the most interesting and refutes acquaintance which tedious to an interviewer with an author is that which he has made with a pickpocket, and I hasten to inform his bibliophy-opinion with my own. I felt as I parted from my friend that I had refutes acquaintance which tedious to an interviewer with an author myself, and that I could not have enjoyed which a school-boy feels in playing at cricket with his pedagogue; or the pleasure which is experienced when a bachelor finds, for the first time, in the chorus of one's own comic song. So affable, so absurd friendly, an air pervaded his remarks that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could have ever been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and felt less on my guard accordingly.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how lost money was circulated in the Liverpool Docks, when a sudden thought struck me, to which nevertheless I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt exceedingly desirous to know exactly how garroting was effected, yet how was I to approach a question so nonfamiliar and gentlemanlike a scandal? At last I mustered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from my acquaintance who, through misfortune or otherwise, had failed in the intellectual branches of the profession to which the garrote was effected. I trembled for his answer, and half repented of having put the question to him as soon as the words had left my lips. He, however, did but blush slightly and accompanied, smiled with the confidence of one who had avowed for his wife's grandfather stood as to his knowledge of its first practitioners in England. "I cedar with his real name, and thus delivered himself:

"Why, singularly enough, Sir, the garrote is my specialty."

My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, great. Even while the gentlemanly Hogamont mounted among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the cab-rank, I felt that the name, who looked up to the Duke of Wellington.

The cab-rank was the incident friend become about this his favorite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What hair-breadth escapes on his own part, and other hilarious persons in purging him in the pursuit of his vocation he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man he had rarely indeed been unsuccessful. Once, however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a friend of his own, by the way, returning home from the theatre—he had thrown a summersault clean over his head, and was off with his booty before the city dinner, who had no neck—positively none—to admit the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm so hard that it was ten days before he was able to write.

"And you have no feats of yourself and without any assistance?" I inquired, with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, Sir," replied he; "but in all cases the garroters were several inches shorter than myself, with a very poor size, for instance," and he laughed good-humoredly, "it would be almost an impossibility."

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. Would be be so good as to show me, just to give me an example of the thing was done?

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, suiting the action to the word, "and with the greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the forearm tightly. Stoop a little lower, please; thank you, and compress the windpipe thus."

Where was I? Why was I lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the cross seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the trousers which it had contained? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind in a wild gallop, into Carlisle station. Above all, where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Brutish sense that the train stopped nowhere between Preston and— Yes, but it did, though, just at the moment of the junction of the Maryport line, to drop passengers, although not for Edinburgh, I hoped.

"Guard! guard!"

"Yes, Sir; Carlisle, Sir. A quarter of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried, bitterly. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Preston?"

"Yes, Sir; very gentlemanly young man with fidday—tall and handsome. And a Lion tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in this neighborhood."

I was now quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the thing was planned from the very first, and the brief Lion-hunting fit which was not planned—portion of the diabolical plot; or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honorable, and only the opportunity to put a declaration in his way which he could not resist. It was like losing the Dinner out of armor in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to crinoline and the small bonnet in preference to the martial helmet with which she has been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so fascinating. Previous to the outrage the man's conduct had been perfect quite irreproachable. His reasoned too, perhaps, that since he had no fully put me up to the whole of his art, he might have no further occasion for my gold repeater. At all events, my traveling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IN the neighborhood of Fayetteville, Tennessee, there lives a very eccentric old character of the name of Lee and near by the familiar name of "Uncle Daniel." He is somewhere between 70 and 80 years of age, and of infinitesimal jerks and his cheerful shrewdness at a bargain, has succeeded in laying up a handsome property. His associates are very limited, and he is most expert in ingenious devices to avoid company. Not long since, and for a time, when he had sold thirty-five head of hogs at five dollars per head, he was met by a friend who knew of the transaction, and who desired to know some news of the hundred and seventy-five dollars which he had received for the hogs. He was very reluctant to give any account of the operation by which they arrived at this result, he preferring to keep his own counsels, and, tearing himself out on the floor, proceeded to make thirty-five piles of dollars, placing in each pile seven dollars. After placing them all together in one large heap, he counted out, one by one, and found, to his great satisfaction, that the whole amount was, in fact, one hundred and seventy-five.

But, with all his care and rounding, he was floored most completely on one occasion. A merchant summoned Uncle Daniel to appear in his store, and there showed him a bad few of the new Portable Railway Dollars. The old man looked them over carefully, and finally declared that the old Daniel thought the bill too much, and tempted his money to be worth more than seventy-five cents. Last year (1857) therefore was quite economical, and conscientious, as it always does, had the effect of lowering the rate of bill, and one-eighth was to be charged. Uncle Daniel made early application to one of his neighbors for a wheelbarrow with which, and, when he came to the matter over, his neighbor of the thereafter informed him that they were charging seventy-five cents per load, instead of one-seventh as they had done the year before. At this piece of intelligence Uncle Daniel swelled up, and declared he would submit to no such extortion! What! charge seventy-seven cents for a load! Such a thing had never been done in the whole country, and now, where there were so many loads to be hauled, he would be ruined by the charge. Off he did not mean to submit, and the farmer man lowered his voice into a confidential tone, and proceeded to explain that he was not the only one of his friends, and he could be a long series of years, and that he would promise to keep the thing a secret, he would, for old acquaintance' sake, break his rule for once, and tell him that he had been in the habit of accepting the offer and expressing his sense of obligation by the substantial gift of five dollars, and that he knew at his good luck. But it was too good a thing to keep. Uncle Daniel was delighted to get to one of his friends, who, being something of a scholar, explained the error of his ways. Uncle Daniel had driven, and was now, and he would sustain in giving one-sixth instead of one-eighth.

As the lady of Secret Commissioner Hayes, of Newark, was about to undergo the exercises of a second pregnancy on the Emerald Isle, and, upon learning day, she was told by a fellow-passenger that there was a lady in the cabin who had given birth to a very fine child. She was very much pleased at the intelligence, and, after the first pangs of her sickness, exclaiming that she could not get the

"Is a lady who had lost her husband, Tallyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words: "Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, madame!"

In an advertisement offering the Woodchester Park Estate for sale, the following is the first announcement, in a line of capital letters, as one of tempting interest to the sportsman: "The Woodchester Park Estate abounds with game."

A CARPETER'S BILL.—The following bill was lately presented to a tanner in Russia: "To hanging two barrels of tanner's bark, and driving a nail, twenty kopecks."

"Why is an oyster a very strange animal?—Because he's got a board without a chin, and is taken out of bed to be tackled."

SAFETY.—Well, Jones, this is a glass of good wine, isn't it?

JONES.—"The glass is good enough, but the wine is abominable."

SMITH.—"Oh, don't say that. Perhaps you think it would be better for a little more body, eh?"

JONES.—"No, I don't know whether it would be better for more body, but it would certainly be better for less spirit."

IN Cork, a short time ago, the crier endeavored to disperse a crowd by the announcement, "Gentlemen, please don't let's keep you quite so much!"

"Sir, I have been insulted!" He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate—he was insulted and forgiven.

A boy being asked to explain the word *progenious*, said it meant lots of things together—like tin peddlers and undertakers in a row.

The Lynn *News* quotes from one of our best poets, that "The nation *chalks* days are come the saddest of the year!"

"What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?" "Because I have no use for any time I have to spend."

"Come, what's become of that darkey who stole the tailor?" "He has been taken up on an alderney, and bound over to keep the peace for one long fortnight." "Alderney, Cenny?" "Yes, I send the bundle oh it!"

THE Lynn *News* is said to spell fermest, and give the following as a specimen of how it would look in that style: "The ship was severely hit several times." To-day is the verb, signifying to be in a state to be forsaken by the gentler sex.

GOODNESS!—Mr. John Croft, of York, paid a visit to Dr. Goldsmith, who then resided in Gray's Inn, in the course of which the doctor showed his guest a curiosity, in sight of the Doctor's splendid library, which, upon inquiry, was found to consist of the entire contents of "Dodsley's Natural History," and the other of the "French Encyclopedia," translated into the English style, by some scholar. This anecdote is recorded in a letter from Hiram Cox to Mr. Croft.

CATCHING THE IDEA.—A minister regaling the first hour or so of a long sermon, by telling a story, for some minutes or other, read it after him. The clergyman read on, but the clerk was inattentive, and made observance for the rise of the people." The clerk, who could not quite catch the meaning, answered, "Please your honor, I was no easier now, and made allowance for the drive of the people." "Blockhead!" said the clergyman, "I was only reading a story." "And the Lord shut John with *your* balls."

THE story of a ship is told as follows:

Because much money is expense till he gets them.

Because they are useless without employment.

Because they are kept in a box when not used.

Because their value depends on their fare.

Because they are neglect when in sight.

Because they are sent abroad sometimes.

Because they are cooped and bonnets.

Because they are often packed.

Because they are often pushed.

A TEETOTAL HARDY.—A gentleman, who very frequently took a glass of brandy and water, was observed always to put in the spoon. The reason he never knew it to be interfered with liquor at any other time; whereupon he asked the reason thereof. "Oh! nothing," said he, "but a habit of getting drunk it was only his *visiting habit*."

"I would have you know, my friend, that I speak from the fullness of my heart."

"Oh, you fully a thousand miles from the slightest knowledge of the subject."

The following question was up for discussion before the Troublesome Debating Association: "When a man loses a limb himself, is he less large or too small?" It was decided in the affirmative.

QUERY.—Is an artist of great ability," said one. "I do not know," said another; "I am certain he is an artist of great ability."

"Mind your eye!" as the thread said to the needle. "Don't you be too much needle," as eye suppose you will be forever yourself."

"I'm transported to see you," as the thief said to the kangaroo.

"Please, ma'am, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"

"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."

Of the starred. At night, Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen.

"I smelled them burning, and have done with those pieces you had this morning!"

"Pshaw, ma'am, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as you would me this morning!"

In the street of Leicester one day Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against his greatcoat, said:

"I have been spinning it out."

"Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and now you are reeling it home."

"I've given true fire to the bench. That's what I never will on quitting the premises," said the boy, descending.

A young driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get change for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I was getting change." A more delicate compliment could not have been paid.

"Remember the poor!" Oh yes, we all remember them, and—don't do any thing else."

The following neglect from a young man was lately posted in the window of a country store: My father deserted me a little out long hence, leaving a wife and four children. He died destroyed, and his estate is likely to been insolved. I was left among strangers quite cold but you were Judge of Reputation, apply to you for letter of condemnation."

A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday-school scholars, a shoe-boy, on the nature of a spirit—"Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were on the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "Do mean, sir?" replied the boy. "Why," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew it was not the noon-tide time, and that you saw the sun rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Please, Sir, I should think it was a mistake, sir."

The bills brought to light by the trick of giving employ to tramps who swallow counterfeit bills, are always found to be spare-ribs.

"Grandpa," said a precocious three-year-old, "what's that dark thing on that leather strap?" "Why, that's a buckle." "He's trimming the lamp, Bobby." "No he ain't; he's cutting up ribbons."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept.* 20, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs during the past week, and prices closed firmer. Cotton was less inquired for, and closed heavy. The receipts of Cotton at the Southern ports of the United States during the week ending September 11, were 54,118 bales, against 52,953 bales the week ending September 1, 1857. The total export of Cotton from the United States to foreign ports, during the year ending September 1, was 2,926,425 bales against 2,793,574 bales during the year ending Sept. 1, 1857. Of the crop as rendered by the receipts at the ports, 3,651,000 bales were from Domestic growth, in addition to which 143,737 bales were taken for home use to Virginia, and south of Virginia, and 3,000 bales to 6,250 bales; the smallest annual Domestic Consumption, owing to the interruption of the supply by the war. Provisions were unchanged. Groceries have been in more demand, and Sugars have advanced fully ½c. Coffee is firm, and Tobacco have been in fair request. Wool has been moderately dealt in at full prices. The Dry Goods has been animated, and really desirable fabrics have commanded very full prices. Imports of Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $759,218 against $1,867,159 the corresponding week of last year.

The value of the Imports since January 1 reached $44,776,357 against $64,476,788 the same time last year.

The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any noteworthy changes.

We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Uncoated State Flour, per bbl.	4 75	@ 5 00
Superfine to extra Western per barrel	4 65	@ 5 00
Superfine to extra Genesee per barrel	4 75	@ 5 00
Superfine Western, fancy brands	5 25	@ 8 50
Extra to extra Genesee, fancy	5 15	@ 8 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 50	@ 6 00
Round to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 00	@ 8 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 90	@ 4 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 15	@ 1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 05	@ 1 15
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	70	@ 75
Yellow Corn, per bushel	75	@ 80
Barley, per bushel	75	@ 80
Western Oats, per bushel	40	@ 45
State Oats, per bushel	42	@ 45
Canada Oats, per bushel	42	@ 45
Southern Oats, per bushel	40	@ 45
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@ 12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 12½	@ 17 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	15 00	@ 15 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@ 13 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@ 8
Lard, per pound	11½	@ 12
Butter, per pound	14	@ 22
Cheese, per pound	8½	@ 12½
Hay, per 100 pounds	2 75	@ 3 00
Hops, per pound	20	@ 25
Tobacco, per pound	6½	@ 8½
Coffee, Rio, per pound	10	@ 11
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7	@ 7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 32
Hymn Teas, per pound	27	@ 33
Colony Teas, per pound	30	@ 35
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	23	@ 24
Rope, assd. per pound	6½	@ 7
Hops, per pound, 1857	7	@ 10
Hops, per 100 pounds	6 00	@ 8 00
Tallow, per pound	6½	@ 6½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@ 3 81½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	43	@ 44
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@ 1 81½
Common Resin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@ 1 81½
Uncut Oil, per gallon	75	@ 76
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@ 14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@ 25
Havana Tobacco, per pound	60	@ 1 50
Pulled Wool	25	@ 33

Freights were firmer, but not active. To Liverpool, Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 6d. @ 7½d. per bushel; Beef, 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 9d. @ 3s. 6d. per tierce. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 331, of all classes.

The Cattle Markets were fairly supplied last Wednesday with Beeves, for which there was a good inquiry at about former prices. While Cows have been more sought after at strengthening rates. Veal Calves have been in good request, and have advanced slightly. Sheep and Lambs have been more freely dealt in at former quotations, as were also Swine. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending	Week ending
	Sept. 13.	Sept. 20.
Beeves	6,501	6,753
Milch Cows	93	109
Veal Calves	338	379
Sheep and Lambs	12,943	12,943
Swine	10,108	7,099

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1,172	Iowa	234
Ohio	233	Indiana	205
New York	3,317	Kentucky	69

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Prime to premium Beeves, per pound.. $ 5 @ $ 6
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head. 35 00 @ 45 00
Veal Calves, per pound..... 4½ @ 6
Sheep and Lambs, per head..... 3 00 @ 6 00
" per pound..... 5 @ 6
Live Swine, per pound..... 4½ @ 5½
Dressed " " ..... 6 @ 7½
Roasting Pigs, each..... 1 00 @ 2 00

The County Produce Markets have been only moderately active; supplies, good; prices, low.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@ $ 4 00
Peaches, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 00
Peaches, per basket	1 25	@ 2 50
Pears, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 00
Plums, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 00
Lima Beans, per bushel	50	@ 50
Beans, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 75
Onions, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Turnips, per bushel	75	@ 1 00
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 00	@ 1 50
Cabbage, new, per 100	3 00	@ 5 00
Cucumbers, per 100	1 00	@ 2 00
Pumpkins, per 100	1 00	@ 8 00
Squashes, per 100 each	1 00	@ 2 00
Watermelons, per 100	3 00	@ 15 00
Musk Melons, per 100	1 00	@ 2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	50	@ 1 00
Cucumbers, per 100	10	@ 25
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15	@ 15
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15	@ 16
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13	@ 14
Chickens, per pair	37	@ 87
Fowls, per pair	62	@ 87
Fowls, per pair	62	@ 87
Ducks, per pair	62	@ 1 00
Geese, each	50	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per lb	10	@ 12
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 75
Rabbits, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Soups, Descombes, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Beaver, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Sept.* 20, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Sept. 18, 1858	$3,096,215	$811,393
Corresponding week, 1857	2,855,996	409,186
Decrease	$316,203	$97,057

The export of specie was $1,391,140. Besides this, $1,000,000 in gold was sent to the Isle-Dumet, for the use of the new loan, and rather more than usual on account of letters, to keep the rates down, and the shipments for the next twenty-eight millions of specie. Should exchange rise to the shipping point, it is the general belief that specie sustains a reduction in our reserve. Exchange closed at 109½ for sixty-day bills on London, and 5.16¼ for cable, and 5.13 @ 5.11 on Paris. There is no change in money matters. In consequence of an increase in the rates of discounts from the merchants, some of the banks expect to realize a higher rate but such is not likely. On Saturday money was offered at four per cent. on call.

The Stock Market was dull during the early part of the week and Saturday there was a partial recovery, but they are still lower than they were, and the market is not as firm as it was on outside buyers. The course of the stock market during the week has been as follows:

	Sept. 13.	Sept. 20.
Missouri 6's	84½	84½
Michigan Central Grants	70	70
Delaware and Hudson	96½	96½
Erie Railroad	20½	20½
Panama	117½	117½
Reading	39	39
Erie	20½	20½
Hudson	39½	37½
Reading	40	37
Michigan Southern	24½	23½
Illinois Central	57	57
Galena	83	83½
Chicago and Rock Island	72	69½
Toledo	33	33
Illinois Central	87	87
La Crosse	9½	9½
Milwaukie and Mississippi	16½	16½

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2. Retreated hurriedly, and became unfortunately tangled up.



3. Apologized to forty different individuals. Procured fishing-tackle, &c. — charge, $2 00; couldn't find a place to fish, except through cook-house window—very hot.



4. Caught a fish, also all the tackle on that side of the boat; fearful of getting into another *mess*, presented the whole arrangement to cook and sloped.



5. Tried *refreshments* on European plan; boat unsteady, upset every thing; paid $5 00 and apologized.



6. Went forward, tried to find the Banks, couldn't; nothing but water— curious banks! happened to step on a gent's porgy, and damaged things generally; apologized again, of course!



7. Was startled by rush of feet on deck; observed every person pulling on large *hawser*, asked gent at elbow what was the matter, said they had hitched the anchor with barrel of pork and caught a whale; also informed me that it would be on board soon, if the anchor didn't tear out.



8. At this point Gudgeon's memorandums stop. But we were informed by a friend that when the boat arrived at the dock, he was found hanging over the rail, completely used up, having been seasick, and knocked down by a gust in a *red shirt*, who claimed *two porgies* and a *blow-fish* found in his (Gudgeon's) coat pocket.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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LAUNCH OF THE "GENERAL ADMIRAL," THE LARGEST WOODEN SHIP IN THE WORLD, FROM THE SHIP-YARD OF W. H. WEBB, OF NEW YORK.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "GENERAL ADMIRAL."

ON Tuesday, September 21, the largest wooden ship in the world was launched from the ship-yard of Mr. William H. Webb, on the East River. "The vessel is the *General Admiral*, a man-of-war, built by Mr. Webb for the Emperor of Russia. Our Illustration on the preceding page will give a good idea of the monster vessel as she glided into the water. A reporter thus briefly describes the launch:

"At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the last wedge was driven, and, under the direction of the assembled mechanics, the *General Admiral* slowly and steadily glided into the bosom of the East River. Her progress, however, was slightly checked by an admirable contrivance of Mr. Brown's, which succeeded in a "drag" formed by a mass of iron chain formed into loops, weighing nearly nine thousand pounds. This was attached to a couple of forty-five feet in length; and the moment the vessel floated the "drag" and chain sank and tended to retard the further progress of the frigate. The steamers *W. H. Webb* and *Achilles* were also on hand, and hugged her on each quarter as close as possible. She was then towed to the dock, where nearly three thousand people observed her. After landing her first "line" cargo the *General Admiral* proceeded to the dock at the foot of Grand-street, where she will be taken to the Navy-Yard.

"The following is the builder's description of the vessel:

The keel was laid on the 31st of September, 1857 (the anniversary of the Battle of Navarino), and ordered by the Russian Minister and a number of Russian officers, with all necessary wood on and ready-sawed. It is expected that she will be completed by next October. The keel is laid in solid the best of white oak, 24 by 30 inches, sharp ends, round stern, no poop nor counter, short forecastle deck. She is expected to sail with a full and fourteen knots under sail, and her draught of water will not exceed twenty-two feet. She measures 2,600 tons, 240 per cent. She will carry 300 feet; length over all, about 250 feet; length on upper deck, about 240 feet. She is pierced with forty-four side ports, and two stern ports on lower deck, and twelve side ports and two stern ports forward, and four large ports aft on spar deck. Her armament will consist of forty-shell guns of large calibre on gun deck, and twenty long guns on spar deck, and the largest size on her spar deck.

The ship is built of white oak. Her keel is composed of two pieces, laid with a curve of six inches in its length, siding nineteen inches, and moulding twenty-four inches; in addition to which there is a false keel fastened with copper bolts. The stem also extends from below amidships and bend scarfed to avoid an incision; at keel, thirty by thirty-six inches, fastened with copper. The stern post is of oak, sided eighteen inches. The house timbers and eight-bends are also of white oak. The main timbers are twelve inches at keel, and moulded at keel eighteen to twenty inches. The planking is of yellow pine and white oak, siding nineteen inches—the inner part of five oak, also on exterior of bends; and in the upper deck of white oak bend, sided four and six inches to eighteen inches, and sided at upper bulwarks twelve inches. The keel, stem, and stern frame are thoroughly rasped and fastened with bolts and clinch rings of best iron. The frame is of the best quality of white oak. The floors are sided twelve inches to bilge, sliding twenty-two inches, and are of colossal dimensions. All the bolts in the main timbers are twenty-one sided fourteen inches. The second, third, fourth, and fifth futtocks are fifteen feet, and sided twelve inches each.

The top timbers are twenty-three feet long, sliding thirteen inches, and are fastened with copper bolts of the best thirteen inches. The moulding, size of frame at centre of floor, is twenty-one inches, sliding twenty-four inches at half inches at spar deck port-sill. The floor is sided in solid to form the bottom of the hold, and planked and sided both inside and outside, and bolted to the keel with oak and a half inches. The lower deck beams are constructed on an entirely new principle, of hexagon shape, and combining great strength. The ceiling is of two rows of tree dogbis, sliding nineteen inches, and moulding twenty inches. The ceilings are ten feet two inches are cogged to the frame, and to each other, and to the oak-wood, with the best copper and 14 copper bolts driven through and riveted on the outer side of all bolts are countersunk. The deck-wood beams are also of white oak sliding, eighteen inches, cogged and bolted with copper bolts. The bolts are in two rows, and are fastened to the beams, and to each other, and to the upper bolts. The port-sills are also of live oak. The frame is double-bound with iron plates 6 by 3 inches, and seven feet apart, and extending from two feet below the lower deck beams. She has spar decks fore and aft, and bulwarks with inch iron bolts driven through and riveted on outside of the timbers, and bolted to each outer and sweatings. There is also an immense iron truss or steel plate, 6 by 24 inches, placed at the top of three trusses all around the vessel, fastened through the outer and inner sides outside of the timbers. There are two courses of 6 by 4 inch iron plates on the outside of the timbers, at the level of the spar and gun deck beams; also four plates on the outside, all by the round, 6 by 4 and 6 by 3. The bulwarks of the spar and gun deck are secured at the fore and main mast, and around the propeller well, with 6 by 4 inch iron bolts, running diagonally from side to side of the ship, with their ends and bolted and secured to the outside of the frame. The ceiling in the hold is of pitch pine, and is sliding to the floor of the second platform, and thence to berth deck cleats, eight inches. The breakheads are of white oak, eight inches, sliding twenty inches, and fastened with inch and a quarter copper bolts and driven from the outside and riveted on the inside. The *General Admiral* has four decks. The orlop deck beams are of pitch pine, sliding fifteen inches, moulded ten inches, decked with 6 by 3½ white pine, and fastened with inch and a quarter copper bolts. The second deck beams are of pitch pine, sided seventeen and a half inches, moulded fourteen inches, decked with 6 by 3½ white pine, and fastened with inch and a quarter copper bolts. The gun deck beams are of pitch pine, sided seventeen and a half inches, moulded fourteen inches, decked with 6 by 3½ white pine, and fastened with inch and a quarter copper bolts. All the hanging knees to the decks are of white oak of colossal size, fastened with copper bolts, with nine-eighths and one-eighth iron bolts from the outside of the timbers and riveted on the face of knees on iron rings, those of the spar deck being copper bolts. All the stanchions to those decks are of locust, having iron bolts passing through them, thus securing the beams of the deck to each other, and to the timbers of the vessel. The outside planks is about half-an, and is of white oak. The lower plank is of yellow pine. The garboard strake eleven inches thick, riveted into the keel. The next strake is nine inches thick, and the next seven. These strakes are bolted laterally to the keel and to each other with galvanized iron bolts, and to the frame with inch copper bolts riveted inside, and 14 bound

cremaile-wedges on the inside. The bottom plank is five inches thick. The main rail is of white oak, seven inches on the edge, and her bulwarks are planked up solid. She has hammock rails extending from the mainmast to the mizzen-mast.

The *General Admiral* will be propelled by two direct horizontal engines, each cylinder of which will be eighty-four inches in diameter, and three feet nine inch stroke, with a nominal power of 800 horse, but on actual horse power of about 5000. The propeller will be sixteen and a half feet in diameter, and is one of Griffith's patent, and can be raised or lowered at pleasure. She will have six horizontal tubular boilers, which are now building at the Novelty Iron Works. The ship will be rigged as fully as if on steam was to be used.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

BUSY AUTUMN.

AUTUMN has sometimes been called the Sabbath of the year. But it is any thing else than a Sabbath-like mood just. Its busy days, sport days, Saratoga-days are over, and every body who believes in the Decalogue is again hard at work. The wheels are just commencing to go, are forsaken—the magnificent trees, that take the sunshine so freely and spread the shadows so kindly over our weary mother—the companionable trees, that always welcome us, never intimating that our visits are too long, and always inviting us to stay longer. The Lakes, Rivers, Grass and flowers and streams are the patrons of idle hours no more. We have done for a time reverence to the luxury of Mother Earth, and henceforth we shall know her only through the still of the study, or the dusty road, or the thin, which requires us to pay for vegetables, but gives the poetry of the universe gratis. But when this is already the case, the busy, the important port of themselves, and set no price on their noblest deeds.

And now for work. Following-time is over. The long, dull assessments of dinner have passed, and summer afternoons have ended the interregnum of indolence. What each will have are in demand. Eyes and hands want them. Shops and garages need them. Newspapers and magazines demand them. Counters have for the last thought they contain. A few days ago, out in the fields and beneath the open sky, we felt the glorious influence of Nature. We loved. What a summer ministry was his! How much lovelier is nature because that one man lives! We wander in the woods, and sing, "*Little children*" we were, and "*Love one another*" seemed to be the most rational and inspiring of all wisdom. Now we are in-doors, and reading Homer. James, the diving champion of works, dilates our muscles and nerves. Bryant walks our way, and down among the wharves, and in noisy workshops, and in quiet places where men think and write, he puts us in sympathy with the busy myriad pulses, and in myriad forms preaches the myriad-minded truth, that faith, or love, or duty, or self-sacrifice, or patriotism, or statesmanship, without work is dead. Autumn in James's Epistle, rewritten in visible nature. How the industrious and the idle are brought to-gethers with the first coolness! How the frost in the air, the morning freshness, the elastic air, and a new impulse into the countenance, and make work and works pleasant and good!

The spirit of work returns to every man of skill in the industry of his life. Sometimes there appears most impressive, for there is something in this season that presents work rather as a gospel of freedom than as a law of duty and exactions. Summer is meditative and musing. All the contemplative race are children of the sun, and the sun is their nurse. Philosophers who did not love summer shadows and summer silence, and owe much of his thought and inspiration to them. Poetry is impossible in a busy taste. The sky has a certain remote look, the landscape is enriched with broad and free expansiveness, the mountains rise more majestic and the stars have divinely distant. Summer makes the universe grand to the senses. Walls and roof are an improvement. But autumn lessens those charms of nature that depend on magnitude. The walls spring up on all sides, the air is hazy, and nature discusses metaphysics with the poet. Autumn calls us from contemplation to action, and we feel in the change a consequence that the instinct for in-doors and indifference for work should co-operate at this season? Here there is no room for doubt. Nature has unobtrusive correspondences, that are so often met with in nature. Most of our work lies indoors. The mainly of us are under cover and within walls. Law, medicine, teaching, preaching, are still more under the law of seclusion. And it is a beautiful fact, that the very direction of human activity opens, the attractions of external life should diminish. Nature emphasizes this process in the change of color in her executive power into it. If we except the farmer and a few other out-of-door men, the most of us are born to toil of the closest confinement, and nature is gracious in abating her bewitching charms to reconcile us the better to the companionship of bricks and mortar. The great majority of persons feel a gentle tinge of melancholy in autumn. Nature colors and saddens them. Autumn is associated with the lowest-oldest office discharged.] Latin as we think of it, is nature in withdrawing to from the joy and glory of the outward world and fixing us for the confinement of labor. If it were not for this arrangement work would be a much severer doom. Autumn and winter go far to reconcile us to these evils. How many more ways than we know of has nature to bless us!

THE BRITISH TREATY WITH NICARAGUA.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with a variety of rumors respecting the intentions of General Walker's disbursering designs on Nicaragua, we learn that Sir Gore Ouseley, the British Envoy to Central America, has concluded a treaty with that State which may prove the source of as many diplomatic complications as the famous Clayton-Bulwer treaty itself. By the new bargain, it would appear, British subjects not only gain admittance to the soil, ports, and markets of Nicaragua on the same terms as the citizens of the most favored Powers, but Great Britain is empowered, in the event of Nicaragua proving incapable of protecting British subjects who occupy her coasts, to land her troops and keep the peace herself. In other words, Nicaragua has placed herself, under certain conditions and with a view to certain specific contingencies, under the protection of England.

That such a treaty as this is in direct hostility to the Monroe doctrine, and that the press and Government of the United States ought to quite likely to resist, at any and all hazards, the establishment of a British protectorate, in any shape, over any of the States of Central America, must be obvious to every one.

But the danger to be apprehended and the collision to be provoked are not theoretical but practical; not ultimate, but immediately impending. Not many days since General Walker was forced, with the emphasis which did not want at least look like bravado, that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Leon de Nicaragua. Early in October he is expected at Nicaragua or San Juan del Sur. In the event of her safe arrival, the new Nicaragua Transit Company will at once commence its operations. It appears, that such a route, so opened, would fall under the provisions of the treaty, and that the English would be bound not only to protect it by force, but to see it not molested. It only remains, therefore, for General Walker to exercise his threat by landing in Nicaragua, and to deal with the new Transit Company as he dealt with the old, in order to bring about a British military occupation of the country across that State.

There is no reason to believe that either the British people or the Government seek a war with us on such terms. Most certainly, in this country, no one desires further trouble in Central America. But how a very serious dispute—to use mild terms—could be avoided in the event we have foreshadowed, it is not easy to conceive. With the most direct route between the Atlantic and Pacific States in the hands of foreigners, the national interests would not be safe. A full understanding could alone, at such a moment to tolerate such an occupation as the new Anglo-Nicaraguan treaty seems to contemplate.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

ARTICLES have appeared in several London journals expressive of astonishment at the enthusiasm aroused in this country by the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. Some of them contain quite sarcasm with their manifestations of surprise. All admit that there was no excitement in England at the receipt of the intelligence of the success of the Telegraph; in the words of a leading journal, "no Englishman congratulated his neighbor on the event," and "not a farthing did up was it in all England in honor of the cable."

We hope that by this time the New York Herald and its sister newspapers which have, for some time since, that the success of the enterprise was hailed with as much joy in England as here have discovered their error. We are judged of others by themselves; they mistook the English for Americans.

People in this country will never be convinced of the insignificant esteem in which they are held in Europe. European writers, as a class, are more, and care no more about America and the United States than we do about New Zealand. Intelligent Americans are always engaged in trade with this country know something about our institutions, our society, and our general political and social condition; but the European world at large knows and cares no more about the United States and their inhabitants than we do about the people of South Africa. The feeling does not wholly arise from national prejudice, though John Bull nurtures an innate contempt for Brother Jonathan, and especially for those who are nearest to him; he is just as ignorant and careless of the projects and condition of "the people of the colonies" of British North America as he is of ourselves. The true source of the sentiment is a general conviction in the British mind that Great Britain is our superior in civilization and refinement; and hence the English feel as little interest in us and our doings as the people of Arkansas feel in the affairs of the denizens of Avenue A.

One must live in Europe to understand this feeling. The citizen of Paris regards London as a desert—*pensive tete devisum orbe*—as they said near two thousand years ago. He will hear what you have to say about the English, because he is well-bred; but if you are well-bred yourself, you shall easily discover that he listens merely out of civility. He has no idea that he can learn any thing from the English, just as you believe you can learn nothing from the Esquimaux; and he doesn't care about making current acquaintances from barbarous races. Cross the channel, and you find the same rule holding good. The well-bred Englishman pants with desire to know all about the French, whose social civilization he secretly adores; but talk to him about the United States or Australia, and his face assumes a blandly patient expression, as if to say—Go on; I will hear all you have to say, because I am too much of a gentleman to show the ennui I feel; but I know, and don't want to know, *any* thing about those people. They are not in fashion.

As time advances, all this will correct itself. The United States will assert their position in the family of nations; and when all Europe is reading American books, wearing American nails with American machinery, purchasing American pictures, and owning their comfort, in a thousand ways, to American ingenuity, the United States may, perhaps, come into fashion. Signs indicate that this time may perhaps not be very far distant.

Meanwhile, we must bear patiently the surprisions of our European friends at our rejoicings over the Atlantic Telegraph. The cool contempt which the London journals evince for us and our doings may have a very serious effect. It may cure some of us of the Provincialism which is the bane of our national mind. It may send over to us into the country which the "Irish patriots" are so industrious in inculcating; but it ought to teach us to have a mind of our own.

CHESS.

We devote a portion of our space this week to the game of chess. The problems and notes have been contributed by the distinguished chessplayer Mr. C. H. Stanley, of this city, who, prior to the public appearance of Mr. Morphy, was probably the strongest player in this country. Mr. Morphy's successful career in Europe, and the brilliant triumph he has recently won in his contest with the famous athlete Lovechad, have attracted general attention to him and to the game he plays. We have no doubt that our chess columns will be welcome in many a drawing-room.

Chess has this advantage over every other game that serves as an amusement to while away time. It is a science, and a science which can not be thoroughly studied without a series of the highest mental faculties. No man can become a good chess-player without uncommon memory and powers of concentration; and these two faculties, properly exercised, will lead to success in almost every career.

OPENING OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

THE most of our schools and colleges are now reopening for the labors of another year. It is a piece of very sad mockery in the American System of Education; but is enters noiselessly and vigorously on its work, attracts no notice, and seems left to itself without observance of what a task it has to perform. But when we think of the young recruits, numbered by hundreds of thousands, who are this day entering over the land for discipline and training, and think of them as an exceedingly great army that must soon enter on the battle of life, it is a spectacle of impressive mourn grandeur.

The human mind is, for the most part, what it is educated to be. The whole question is the position in the economy of life more strikingly than the fact that Education, in so far as its agency is directly exerted, is confined to intellect and character. It is not a hap-hazard operation. It is not a history-as-affair, but a connective agency that takes a great whole hold of the constituents of our nature, and shapes them in accordance to the manner, the time and the extent of energy exercised. The true ideal of Education is, that it is a genuine formative power,—power which adequate to produce elements of childhood and youth—a power to organize manhood for useful and effective activity. But who believes this? Few teachers and fewer parents. With most of persons Education is an requirement of a little learning, and there the matter ends. There is a little read, Rudiments, Grammar, Chemistry, Geometry, the Classics, exhaust responsibility, and teachers and pupils think their work done if these things are tolerably well mastered. But this is surface-work, not soul-work. We scratch the top of the soil and expect a crop. Sunshine and rain revert such folly, and leave us to suffer on small abundance.

Would that a great heart could be put into American Education! We have no fault to find with the system as an economical method. It is, as an apparatus of utilitarianism, admirable

enough; but it is so easily satisfied, so serenely complacent over multiplication-tables, logarithms, and the manipulations of chemistry. The higher utility, which takes knowledge in man's deeper wants, is so painfully ignored. There is great need of reform here, and teachers must begin it; but side influence can only do it. Teachers are God's workmen. Parents may pay them; States may pay them; but Heaven claims them and their office. Therefore they are always the safest reformers. If they would combine and take hold of the heart of the American people, they could soon elevate the tone of Education. This is really a great desideratum. American society is rapidly organizing its permanent forms, and in a shiftless generation the standard of culture should be lifted much higher. Genius, abundant talent. The country is full of it. But the talent does not generally above a certain point. The disproportion among Americans of talent to the amount of culture and the amount of genius is perfectly anomalous. It is mainly owing to the want of a lofty standard in our colleges; for they do not create an impulse sufficient to carry our cultivated intellect beyond a certain degree of clever respectability. A lifetime passes, in short, and the genius, our greatest American want. For most of us the stemming of growth and power is at forty years of age. But if the higher standard of culture and expansion were more broadly and deeply laid, we should not have exhausted brains and worn-out nerves just at the period of life when manhood is best fitted to comprehend the world and manage its interests.

THE LOUNGER.

A SERIOUS QUESTION SERIOUSLY ANSWERED.

"MR. LOUNGER.—Are you quite aware of the scope of a late letter to your columns signed Richard Clam? Do you caution mothers? Do you justify riots? Answer a plain question plainly.

"Yours, ARISTIDES."

The Lounger believes most profoundly in the right of revolution—the original right and duty of the people, when every legal, peaceable, patient, and persistent effort has been vainly made, to secure the repeal of oppressive laws, forcibly to protect themselves. Of course such a movement is called civil riot and duty the power of mob to enforce the law; and therefore Hampden's course was denounced as rebellion in England, and Washington's as rebellious in America; and equally of course the same power would call the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, and the enactors of the Writs and the Stamp Act in Boston, riotous and dangerous movements. The Lounger believes in the right of revolution because he believes in his country, and that country was founded upon that right.

Who shall determine when the time of legal, peaceable, patient, persistent effort is exhausted?

Who can practically determine but the people who are most interested? And when they have determined, their appeal for justification is that of the rebels of Philadelphia in 1776—to the conscience and the common sense of mankind.

The removal of the Quarantine buildings by force—if it were not in strict accordance with the law for the abatement of nuisances—was undoubtedly a revolutionary act, and as such it must be judged. The law of the land, as well as the instinct of self-preservation, had decreed its removal; nor was it until the people saw that the law would not help them that they helped themselves.

Whether the movement was justifiable every man must determine for himself upon a knowledge of the facts.

Let ARISTIDES now answer. Does he justify the action of the mob which burned the *Gaspee* in Narragansett Bay in June, 1772, or the ship had not caused the death of a single colonist; but, though the perpetrators were well known, no legal evidence could be obtained against them? says the calm and judicious Hildreth.

Once more: Does ARISTIDES deny the right of repeal or forcible resistance *under any circumstances?* If he does not, let him understand all the circumstances minutely before deciding upon any particular case.

STARTLING.

It is conspicuously stated in one of the leading papers of the city that ten thousand children were lately turned away in one week from the doors of the public schools in this city because there was no room for them. If this be so, it is the most dangerous sign of the times that any Lounger can see. The first duty that every municipality owes itself and its country is the education of the children. Upon that social unit depends all of our permanent republican institutions; and if the statement can be verified, the masses of the people and the Board of Education who have allowed such an event should be published in the largest type, that they may be known as men who are not especially anxious that the children shall be educated.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

DR. COGSWELL, the learned librarian of the Astor Library, has written a letter to the papers describing the present condition of the institution, with collateral remarks upon its administration. He holds that it is a library for reference and study, not for literary recreation; that, therefore, it would be a useless waste of money to keep it open in the evening, because the money for lighting could be appropriated to the purchase of books. And if any visitor has thought himself sometimes unkindly treated by the assistants, the Doctor begs him at first to ask himself how he was unkind himself, before he condemns the manners of the assistants.

Dr. Cogswell's view of the library is undoubtedly the right one; for it concerns the expense of the library. The difficulty with his view is, that it is not comprehensive enough. It is true that the library is superbly adapted to scholarly use by the wealth and variety of its resources—but an includes no working fiction, poetry, travels, and the best light current literature; and as a *free* library, it has a kind of popular character upon which a claim may be founded, not easily disregarded.

Any man may justly say, "I am a hard-working man, and I have not time to read during the day-time. I can not buy histories and travels, and such works as I wish to read when my hour is a free library. Ought its advantages to be for the great mass of people who can not well afford to subscribe to circulating libraries, and who have not the evening to give to reading, or for the comparatively small class of students and scholars?"

There seems, at least, to be room—and that is all the Lounger suggests—to consider the question of making the library open in the evening. It could be by opening it at night. Why not try the experiment?

As for the officers, of whom manners complaint is often made, it is to be said that they are quiet, prompt, and courteous to visitors. Their duties are sometimes teased by foolish importunity is very possible, but that is the business of life, and close of attention is a charge entirely disproved by the experience and observation of the Lounger.

It is unfortunate that the library is not more accessible and convenient catalogue—not, indeed, of the finest, completest, and most valuable kind, but of a work of consummate skill, immense learning, and unwearied patience—but a list of the books, so that a reader could, in his own closet, select what he makes half the trouble, whether the library contained the desired book. Such a list is much made. But should it not be entirely and long ago made?

The interesting letter of the Doctor only reminds the reader how easy it is to complain of the management of any library, unless one himself, noble, and useful an institution is that ever which he so fitly presides.

TO FAMILIES RETURNING TO THE CITY.

THERE is probably none of them that has not some acquaintance with the author of these pictures, which are hung to daintily in the Lounger's gallery.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—I feel no hesitancy in sending my dogrects to 'The Lounger,' for under his auspices I shall be sure to find a place for my peasant pieces.

"Yours, gracefully."

TWO SIDES OF A PICTURE.

I.

'Twas the old, old story—
Life mixed with flowers,
Youth and summer glory,
Smiles and rosy hours;
Moonlight waves that quivered
White in curious play,
And that dashed and shivered
On a rocky way.
Life and careless motion
Converse did with death,
Twilight on the ocean,
Busy summer earth,
Love and summer glory,
Eyes that smiled in vain,
Hope and longings holy,
Waking but to pain—
'Twas the old, old story—
Idle minds and hours;
Youth and summer glory,
Smiles and summer flowers.

II.

It was a mere fluctation,
The pastime of a week;
Some lively conversation,
Some flushing of the cheek;
Some very careful dressing,
Some scrupulous refinement;
Some moss and sea-coal pressing,
Some greening of the hand;
Some smiling to the city
With long consultation list;
Some sailing with the sea,
And very little whist;
Some reunion on the beaches,
Some scrambles on the cliffs;
Some scores of poetry speeches,
Some funny little "tiffs;"
Some reconciliations,
Some hunt for rounded stones;
Some sprayey ovulations
Some tender looks and tones;
Some sunsight on the water
When parting came at last;
Some wish that we could stay,
And then the whole was past.

NORTHDALE HOUSE, 8th.

NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

MR. FESTUS BAILEY has published a satire called "The Age." Its English is not considered at all dull, and in these columns it has been noticed without praise. The Lounger—for Loungers are sometimes ordinary thinkers—thinks so. And but he can not praise it, although it is always a great event thing to appear a poem like this. English papers is prose, and Mr. Aytoun in wretched rhymes, abuse. It is a great pity when men express their sorrow, and Mr. Bailey does that this time. Then he moves at the critics; and of course the critics mow him down.

There is another poet less known to the world at large than Bailey, but somewhat known to the "literary" circle of admirers, who has just printed —we can hardly say published—a new poem. He was introduced to the public long ago by Mr. Emerson in "The Dial," and several volumes, both of verse and prose, have come from his hand. Some of his poems are fine. But he has not written his name upon the public heart; and yet in all his writings there are strains that are full of the music of genuine thought and a despairing, mortal love of certain aspects of nature.

Here, for example, from his last little volume called "Near Home," are lines that must be called poetry, and which express, with less words than they should, a thought which is a more emotion with so many observers in these autumn days:

Go, why so soon, sweet Summer beloved?
So soon—why yesterday all Summer.

See why coldness and storm and early frost
To Autumn, and endure the vextured lines
With thy sere and yellow pall? Yet, like all wealth,
Thou hast a cold and hidden sorrow in thee,
As if to say, Behold in me a fruitless!

But of all modern volumes of poetry, the best is the largest—the "Household Book of Poetry," selected and edited by Mr. Bryan, evidently, as he says, the best minor poems in the English language. It is probably, beyond question, the most complete collection of the kind ever issued. It is the result of a general acquaintance with English poetry and a most catholic taste, and is full of favorites old and new. Of course every reader has some especial favorites, which he may not find here; but the charm of the book is that nothing is admitted by prescription—nothing which does not strongly recall to the taste of the compiler; and as that taste is most generous and unctarian, every school of poetry and almost every poet of name in the language are represented in these pages. Then the selections have been printed from the most accurate versions—a matter of a work of familiar poetic reference, it will be very useful to every student and author.

It is a useful compendium of the perennial charm of true poetry. Turning through this volume the reader walks as in the old-fashioned gardens, blocks once more the Hesperidian fruit, hears the alluring song of the sirens that sing upon the shores of the sea-girt world. He recognizes the affluence and splendor of that Literature of our mother tongue, whose noble works have been wistful poems are but specimens, and which no literature of any land or of any language surpasses.

KEEPING COOL OUT OF WATER.

IN the middle of the summer a committee of a society of firemen proposed to the Common Council, through the Mayor, to establish five river baths for the people. The Mayor, in his message, recommended the passage of the proper ordinance, and the matter was referred to the Committee on Wharves, Docks, and Ferries. What was the Committee's report? Are the baths built? Or will the Committee wait until November, and then report favorably?

There ought to be free baths, as there ought to be free schools, and free churches, and free theatres. But the city will not take care to found them, let some of the many merchants who wonder what to do with their money build themselves a monument by erecting Public Baths.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"SPRINGFIELD, *September*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—Some fortunate people get their feelings into verse, and some even get thoughts with it; Nowadays, I get neither. Nothing but a feeling, and a sickle. Still, as the man for the time, the great reaper, is not yet without his appearance, let me help him out something which I have gleaned from the harvest-field, which has a spice of poetry in it, if not poetry. I've never been found in any granary that I know. After all, it may not be much of a fruit, so if any have been spoiled in the gathering. "Yours, P. C."

"In autumn the chill locks curiously at the shrunk cricket: In autumn we long to bid be known each of the early summer. He denied it perpetual. The change of the season is come to us. Never fancy it manifest in its miniature melancholy, heedless of the dropping of nuts, and the withering of the fat, barking like a sentience. It is the first dawning of sadness on his mind, and he wonders at the change, and wishes it passing. Crushing the threshold, he finds himself, unaware, at his mother's knee, where he listens long, busy with a thought he can not utter."

—"MR. TOM COLLINS" must fight his own battles. But "OPTIMAN" may find that Tom has precedent upon his side.

"SPRINGFIELD, *September*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—In your issue of the 11th inst., our very modest friend Tom Collins perpetrates the following: 'I differ with you, not with the heart of your delicious poem.' Now he wish it to be understood that he differs with you, or, that he differs *from* you. Will you be safe enough to answer the following: What does he mean?

"Faint says it is this—We differ, *de re optra*?

"Yours critically, CORDAVA."

"HAVE, *September* 30th.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—One rainy day I sat down and wrote the following ditty. Will you not say a word for your readers? I am sure they will be very much pleased, when the gay summer is at length past and gone, that we sit down once more by the autumn hearth at home?"

BIRDS.

BAIN! Rain! Rain!
In the glens all silent and gray!
My heart is heavy, alas, and cold!
Is weeping with you to-day.

RAIN! Rain! Rain!
And flood the earth with your tears;
We'll not see the sun, I said, and wail!
Enough for our sinful years.

RAIN! Rain! Rain!
A long repentance is given!
Some morn I shall wake in the sunshine bright,
And my spirit fly singing away.

"CANANDAIGUA, *September*, 1858.

"FRIEND LOUNGER.—Temporarily stopping here, at an excellent hotel (so, by the way, I hought, as I customary with me to do, who ever chances when the week ends around), the last *Harper*, the *Harper* in which you officiate, of date September 11.

"Looking, of course, to see fallacies in the grammatical quality of several compliments in the Queen's message. You answer, 'compliments does not admit of degrees,' etc. Now, for the first time, I presume to differ with you, and to state that there is a very well-defined shade of degree, in word completion, you argue, can mean but one thing. So far as I know, no subject may make it mean a variety of things. The adverb like can mean but one thing, but varieties may be given to it that do not modify sense. The word you got partial completion and semi-completion, etc.

"Again, you say it must be put into successful operation to be completed. By this argument, the cable is not completed until it is finished, and can not be finished until it is done for and obliterated. Hence, though we might say the cable is, we could not for some time say it is completed.

"It is customary, and a habit more of the socialists than the workmen, to give grade enough to a sentence by putting together two and sometimes three words of but nine syllables each.

"In conclusion, if the Queen can't speak her own English, I can't, by jingo.

"With this in view of your course for some time past, I beg to put you on the shoulder, with an extremely good hop!' and remain yours, LINDLEY."

The Lounger humbly hopes he is duly grateful for the above kind remarks, but he remains Leonard that the particles of degree which he uses in the phrase "completed" are the degrees of incompletion. Again, the Atlantic wire, so far as its progress is concerned, is not completed as a telegraph until messages pass, although the circuit of the tireless and the far may be continuously laid between Europe and America. But the cable before it was shipped. But the cable, quoad telegraphy, is not, until it is a telegraph.

DOCTOR LEONARD sees his way through that last murky sentence?

—Here is another knight of the cable:

"MR. LOUNGER.—There is a defect in the use of the word cable, which seems to me to be one of which deserves the Atlantic. It may be true that the term is to be considered as a noun of multitude, because we are used to the expressions 'cable laid,' 'hawser laid,' etc., the singular of which is the form of construction in particular purpose, but when the cable is spoken of, as it has been of late, as a whole, it is not considered as a multitude associated with it, and almost involuntarily we ask our-selves, Is the cable dead or living? and not, Is it dead or living?

"Please give your readers the proper word, for if it is left to the public journals it will never be found.

"Yours, BRITTON JONATHAN."

The Lounger suggests that "BRITTON JONATHAN" has himself indicated the word. He says *my Atlantic Wire*, if you wish to speak of the submarine itself—if it is the mat, as in other cases, it will of course be the Atlantic Telegraph.

But Britton Jonathan notices how uniformly and universally the word "cable" is adopted, despite all the sputtering and kicking?

—"EDMUND," of Richmond County, Georgia, is of opinion that Lecturer has been "soundly thrashed" in the newspapers for his observations on the youth of Washington. The Lounger differs. Lecturer has been, in the main, very kindly attacked, but as "EDMUND" will remember, the kindest attack was indeed his view of the case. However, here is the letter:

"It is a mere coincidence that, while Thackeray was soundly thrashed in the newspapers for his appreciation of the youth of Washington, the Mount Vernon Association, in their report to the Legislature, in the very 'rest of snashing,' have ignored the fact that Washington was ever a youth.

"In Georgia there are one hundred and eight county surveyors, who are being enrolled as a military force in the States, we have the respectable number of 3100 surveyors. Each one of them acknowledges Thomas, if they have been properly educated, knew that Washington was a youth. This profession must have had in forming the character of Washington as much influence as any other, this proof of it. No appeal has been made to them as such, and contribute five dollars each, provided the Mount Vernon will acknowledge it as the Surveyors' contribution. EDMUND."

—HERE is the last voice from the Mammoth Cave:

"LOUISVILLE, *September*, 1858.

"DID you know, Mr. Lounger, that the Mammoth Cave exists in the interior of our State, guarded, albeit, by a formidable host of bears, and bills, and serious? that it is a marvelous cool, cavernous, deathless, by some of the gloomiest? Have? Then I shall have a chance to which, perhaps, the globe affords not a parallel? And to which grim and dreadful and wonderful completion' of the Journey revels in a world of fears, and of which I have reported upon its mysteries? that he brushes its air unpolluted, and that he sees its sights unseen? that he hears its mysteries and every so ever sealed the thirst of nation on the Mammoth Cave and Kentucky. Did you never hear the dismal swamps where darkness reigns unbroken—where the dismal swamps where darkness reigns unbroken—where the dismal swamps where darkness reigns unbroken—where the dismal slow by the foolish of the curious or the vitus of the interior? Did you know, from like remains and of antediluvian species—no chirping melody from shady groves—no insect to trim around the flowers? Did you know alight and day are one; no 'early morn' or 'every eve,' no 'gloaming' or 'dewy eve,' no 'Pinchot' by the Silver Spring' or 'Long.' The seasons, too, are not. In vain, mutation with the changing seasons, and the sun-shade of the trees, the blow-blast without, and sulphurs luscious sigh—in vain do winter chill, and spring flowers, and summer ripen, and autumns mellow? Aye, one day, rayless monotony!

"EDMUND" is referred to Lewis's Book of Caves, Edmondson County, Kentucky! *Deep Lounger, Reserve.*"

—From a well-wisher, "S.," there are verses which are not worth imprinting. V. V. tells at John Bull for his indifference about the Atlantic wire; and ANTICUS, of North Carolina, informs the Lounger and his friends that "Belle Heron, of Virginia, is a run-mad young poet of this place."

—"H. OF BALTIMORE," looking at Niagara, sings,

"The strean of Life glides on as fast,
With daily and unceasing sway,
Bearing us to the ocean stop
Of her which we all must plunge at last."

—A friend in St. Louis sends the Lounger a long history of the dismal effect produced by love upon a youth in that region. The case was an aggravated one, breaking out into rhymes without reason. One mail-guard struck concluded thus:

"The boon, the boon, I pray my love;
If possible—I would—may not
Denied—but I sick-a-day, my love,
How wretched must I be!"



"SCRAMBLING OVER LEDGES."



AXLE'S BROKE?—["WHOA! GOLLY! GUESS YOU'S FOUND DEM FALLS!"]

A TRIP TO BASH BISH.

I.

TROTTING o'er the turnpike,
Dashing through the dells;
Creeping up the mountain,
Halting on the hills;
Scrambling over ledges,
Where bare heights appalls;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Going to Bash Bish Falls.

II.

Stockbridge sends its BREWER
[*Mischief's brewing there!*],
Annapolis, a sauté-
-*Cus* [tuo "Son of War"];
Artist—Trader—Student,
With sweet lasses, all—
Reigning 'round Housatonic,
Hail for Bash Bish Fall!

III.

Wit and other dainties,
Stowed in wag and wagon;
Wisdom holds the "ribbons"
["*Better keep that drop-on!*"];
Morning's *rather* lowery
["*Don't forget your shawls!*"];
—Oh, how nice ["*and showery*"]!
Going to Bash Bish Falls!

IV.

["*Mornin'*, MR. PIXLEY!"]
["*Step in*, CHARLEY HUNT,
Else you'll have to foot it!"]
Now for Egremont!—
Yonder looms the mountain:
Hello there!—Who squalls?
Axle's broke?—["*Whoa! Golly!
Guess you's found dem Falls!*"]

V.

Wagon shop quite handy
["*Just a few rods farder*"]—
Find the "rest" quite serious;
And the "rods"—oh, murder!
Rest "a spell" at FOURNX'—
No one's hurt, at all;
Now for our new carriage,
And for Bash Bish Fall.

VI.

Upward—upward—upward—
How the road extends!
These are miles as is miles—
Cut off at both ends.
Courage, Hoopers, Bloomers!
Old Tachanic calls,
There's "High-Peak"—up yonder,
Hark! That's Bash Bish Falls!

VII.

Now we're at the summit—
["*Ah! you glad you come it?*"]
["*Ain't you glad you come it?*"]
These are scenes that strike—
["*Yes, they strike my fancy*"]
Make a man feel small—
["*Make one's head feel dance-y,*"]
["*But where's Bash Bish Fall?*"]

VIII.

Patience—and be steady;
Now we're going down.
Mind the horses—driver;
["*There! I've tore my gown!*"]
Catch that break!—["*I've caught it!
Broke my fingers—all!*"]
Goodness! This is pleasant;
Going to Bash Bish Fall.

IX.

"Trout in that dark ripple?"
["*Get your tackle out;*"]
"Guess you'll catch a nibble:"
"Guess I'll catch a *trout!*"
Cealers, with grim faces—
"Trout here?" angler calls.
"No, *Sir!*—only dace-es
Swim round Bash Bish Falls."

X.

"Eagles' Nest 'n above us,
There, on that bold crag,
["*Here's a rock that's lookin'!*"]
["*Scale it—scale-y way!*"]
What a charming cascade!—
["*Makes each sense in death!*"]
Roarious, pourious, story-ous,
Glorious Bash Bish Fall!

XI.

Dashing, flashing, splashing,
Like an Undine-Maid;
Washing, "bank'-ing, thrashing,
Like an Undine wed;
Tumbling, rumbling, grumbling,
When the tempest calls;
Such is Life's strange River—
Such is Bash Bish Falls.

XII.

Picnic, next in order,
Spreads, on "Table-Rock";
Sandwiches, bewitching;
Tongues ne'er known to mock;
Crackers, void of powder;
Sweets, that never pall;
Corks and *Lon-nots*, louder,
'Stonish Bash Bish Fall.

XIII.

Take a biscuit—ELLA?
CARRIE—bit of tongue?—
Tongues are oft unruly;
This one can't go wrong.
FAN, you're fond of fire-works—
Crackers?—["*Look out, all!*"]
They'll go off—if carried,
Over, at Bash Bish Fall.

XIV.

Picnic fairly finished,
Now for the Sublime.
Come, my lads, be ladders;
Help the ladies climb.
Just the spot for Hydro-
-Pathics.—["Douche and sill!"]
["*Mind, Miss Foote, your* TOOTING,"]
This is Bash Bish Fall.

XV.

Dashing down the mountain,
Taking dripping leaves:
Every tree's a fountain,
Dew-ing (brown) our Eves.
Rush down Copakes' cre-ted.
Heroes glad of suits.
[MEM.—*Great want of guide-posts
'Bout this Bash Bish Falls.*]



PICNIC, NEXT IN ORDER, SPREADS, ON "TABLE-ROCK."



EVERY BODY SOAKING—["'WATER-CURE' CURES ALL!"]

XVI.

Hillsdale looks inviting,
But we keep t' the right;
Clouds grow dark, and darker;
Blacker frowns the night:
Big drops 'gin to pattter—
Up umbrellas all to—
Wetter—wetter—wetter!
Worse than Bush Bish Fall.

XVII.

Splashing through the puddles
["*Oh, my poor, poor flat!*"]
Slinging, shouting, laughing
["*Don't sit on my hat!*"]:
Every body toaking
["*Water-cure,*' *cover all!*"]
Back, at Mr. Forbes',
Safe from Bush Bish Fall.

XVIII.

Million Fire-dew sparkle
["*Guess they've nuther lamps!*"];
Rether damp for sparking
["*Oh, I'm freezing,*"]:
Gleams like some far city—
Myriad shining halls—
Flash from out the darkness
All 'round Bush Bish Falls,

XIX.

Skies begin to brighten:
"Small hours' *will* come 'round!
"Home, sweet Home" 's our burden;
And, at last, 'tis found.
Parting words and kisses—
"Good-night!"—one and all;
And so ends our "Pleasure.
Trip" to Bash Bish Fall.

A MAN LOST IN THE CLOUDS.

We herewith illustrate the fearful adventure which last week befell the well-known aeronaut, Thurston, at Adrian, Michigan. The following description of the event is from the Detroit *Tribune*:

"The first ascension took place about nine o'clock in the morning. It was on the occasion of a large Sunday-school celebration at Adrian. The balloon was a very large and well-constructed one, being about the height of a two-story building when inflated and ready to cut loose from its fastenings. Messrs. Bannister and Thurston took seats in the car attached to the balloon, and ascended safely and steadily. After remaining about *forty minutes* in the air, sailing toward Toledo all the time, they alighted in the woods in the town of Riga, Lenawee County, near Knight's Station, on the Southern Road, distant about eighteen miles west of Toledo. Several men came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceeded to prepare the balloon for packing, to be taken back to Adrian.

"In doing this the monster balloon was turned over, and partially upside down, to disentangle the netting and to reach the valve. To do this, Mr. Jo. Thurston, one of the aeronauts, took off his coat, and got astride of the valve-block. He then suggested that the car be detached from the balloon while he should hold it down with his weight. This proved a fearful calculation, for no sooner was the car unfastened body relieved of the weight of the car than it shot into the air with the suddenness of a rocket, taking Mr. Thurston along with it, seated upon the valve of the balloon, and holding on to the enlarged side of the six-ship in that portion of its hull! In this perfectly helpless condition the ill-fated man sped straight into the sky in the full sight of his companions, more helpless than himself. So far as known, there was no possible means for him to secure his descent, whether rope or otherwise. The part of the balloon filled with gas was full twelve feet above him, so that there was no chance for him to cut the sides and allow the gas to escape. He could only cling to his precarious hold, and go whithersoever the currents of air should take him.

"Without regulation or control of any kind the balloon continued to mount upward, sailing off in the direction of this city and Lake Erie. The first observation was about eleven o'clock, and at a few minutes past noon it was seen in the town of Blissfield, Lenawee County, apparently full three miles above the earth, and a mere speck in appearance. It was still going up and on! At a quarter past two o'clock it was dimly visible, in the direction of Malden, as ascertained by compass-bearings taken by parties observing it. What the exact fate befits conveyance, but that it is horrible, almost beyond precedent, there can be no doubt. There is not consolation in a solition for a successful escape.

"Mr. Thurston is an experienced balloonist, having built several, and this being his thirty-seventh ascension. He was formerly a resident in the vicinity of Lima and Rochester, in Western New York, but has lately resided in Detroit. He has extensively engaged in business as a conveyancer. He was a widower, having lost his wife last winter, and leaves an interesting daughter, about seventeen years of age.

The same journal on the following day adds:

"We have made careful and extended inquiries upon the other side, sufficient to justify us in stating that the balloon has ceased to be earth-and, further, that in all probability it was empty! From a gentleman who was at Baptiste Creek, a small settlement, between three and four o'clock, we learn that a large balloon was seen to descend to the ground in the vicinity of a large tract of woods, across a wide marsh, some three miles from the Malden, early in the afternoon.

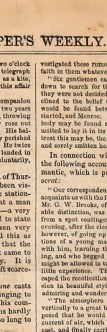
"The balloon was seen at Chatham about two o'clock Saturday afternoon, so it was thought, by the telegraph operator. It was about as large in appearance as a kite, and was thought to be such until the news of this affair reached there.

"It is a little singular that Mr. Bannister, companion of Mr. Thurston at the time of this occurrence, two years ago made an ascent from the same place, when, throwing out ballast too freely, he almost immediately rose out of sight, and was not heard from for two days. His balloon became entangled in trees, and himself nearly perished with cold, having frozen both hands and feet. He twice saw Lake Erie beneath him, and finally landed in Pennsylvania, near Beaver, having made, involuntarily, the longest trip ever made in America."

At latest dates nothing had been heard of Thurston. The balloon is on the ground, has been visited, and no one was in or near it. The stationmaster at Baptiste Creek now reports that a man was seen in the balloon as it came down—a very important fact which he wholly neglected to state at first, and one which he would have been very likely to state if he could. We regard this as wholly improbable. He further states that the balloon was tumbling over and over as it came to the ground, and that it fell on Saturday, at ten miles east of Belle River. There is left scarcely a glimmer of hope.

The last number of the Detroit *Tribune* casts doubt on the story that Thurston was clinging to the balloon as it fell. The evidence of his companion is very weighty, and indeed it seems hardly possible that Thurston could have clung so long to his frail support. The *Tribune* says:

"We change our heading to-day. Lest in a fearful



THE AERONAUT THURSTON CARRIED OFF ON THE BALLOON.

want to say of one who has won war in our midst. In the high circle of his profession, living, full of hope, the hosts of friends about him. "Lost" it sounds like 'the wailing of the wind in the tops of the pines!' All hope of ever finding our friend alive is blasted and we can but mourn early bronzen him as lost.

"Mr. Bannister, his companion, returned this afternoon, and can bring only the worst tidings. The balloon he identified, and took the side of which it was composed to this city last night. He himself remained to see the balloon man was to go—to the strength of the rides, and that the silk gave way, when he must have dropped. His only remaining chance would be to cling to the mouth material of which the balloon was composed, and this we have surmised himself in that manner.

"When this occurred we can only conjecture; but that it must have been within an hour after he started seems highly probable. The balloon was seen for nearly two hours with a glass; but it must be remembered that this great body, full thirty feet high, was only the size of a pea at the distance it was seen. It was also quite impossible to see the ill-fated man if he had dropped off. Mr. Bannister feels quite positive he was not there before reaching Canada at all.

"The statement that we are plentiful that a man was seen in the balloon as it came down near Baptiste Creek he wholly discredits, as we have from the first. He has lo-

vestigated them rumors pretty thoroughly, and puts no faith in them whatever.

"Six gentlemen came up from Adrian to-day to go down to search for the body of Thurston, but at 5 P.M. they were not decided what course to pursue. They inclined to the belief that his body, if not in the lake, would be found between Knight's Station, where he started, and Monroe. The only hope now left is that the body may be found and the land of Adrian be permitted to lay it in its final resting-place. We earnestly trust this may be, the poor and only born left for aching and sorely smitten hearts to crave."

In connection with this strange story, we give the following account of an adventure, quite as romantic, which is published in the Missouri *Democrat*:

"Our correspondent at the Illinois Fair, at Centralia, acquaints us with the following most thrilling occurrence:

Mr. C. W. Brooks, of this city, an acronaut of considerable distinction, was advertised to make an ascension from a spot contiguous to the Fair-grounds, on Friday evening, after the closing exercises of the Fair. Instead, however, of going off as he had intended, in the solicitous of a young man who has been traveling around with him, learning the theory and practice of balooning, and who begged that, as the evening was so fine, he might be allowed to test the value of his knowledge by a little experience. The young man, whose name has escaped the memention of our informant, made the ascension in beautiful style, in the presence of thousands of admiring and wondering people.

"The atmosphere was so quiet that he rose almost vertically to a great height; and then, when it was supposed that he would descend, the balloon passed into a current of air, which bore it gradually away to the northeast, and finally carried it out of sight. It was said that Mr. Brooks was much annoyed at his pupil for rehearing



his descent before striking the current of air which bore him away from the scene of the ascension. He did not return until Saturday morning daybreak, and then communicated an account of his most thrilling experience. The currents of air which bore him off to the southeast carried him a distance of about twenty miles before he succeeded in descending. By means of his grappling-iron he finally descended safely and easy, and he found the descent was made with safety and ease, and he found himself alighted in a farm-house, the inmates of which regarded him with the greatest wonder and gratitude.

"The balloon was found to have been driven by means of the anchor rope. The farmer and his wife and children were pleased with their trips, and while congratulating their gratification two of their small children—one a boy and the other three years of age—were found boarding on with astonishment, sprankled into the car and cried out, 'Let me go up! let me go up!' The aeronaut proceeded at once to gratify them, but from some carelessness or accident, as he was letting them up, the rope slipped from his hands, and the balloon mounted upward with the velocity of a rocket. The frantic agony of the parents and the consternation of the aeronaut may be imagined. In a minute or two the balloon had passed entirely out of sight, and was lost in the blue depths of the sky. Nothing could be done but to hasten back to Mr. Brooks, at Centralia, and ask his advice. Our informant learns that Mr. Brooks expressed his opinion that the balloon would remain in the air about an hour before commencing to descend, and while at its greatest altitude the children would probably freeze to death, unless in their flight they precipitated themselves from the car. Mr. Brooks, early on Saturday morning, set out in his direction the balloon had taken, in hopes to recover it, and find some trace of the lost children.

"Saturday morning, at daybreak, a farmer near New Carthage, forty-three miles distant from Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the balloon suspended in the air, attached by a grappling-rope to a tree in his yard. He immediately hastened to the balloon, and found the youngest child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the oldest carefully watching over little brother. They had been wafted about by different currents of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

"The story the girl told was, that as the balloon ascended she could see the whole city of Centralia, and she said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she kindly waved with her hand of her veice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over them, but the people below mistook it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with all his might, and the terrors of the night soon overcame him, and got him to sleep. In handling the rope with which he got out which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and although not understanding the philosophy of the matter, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she approached the earth.

"The youthful aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It was easily be imagined that among the neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much curiosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind and her thoughtfulness for her brother may well be remembered, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that we opine it will not soon be forgotten in that section. The boy and girl were restored to their parents as soon as practicable, and it is needless to say were received with outstretched arms."

LITERARY.

No one can fail to be interested in the LECTURES DELIVERED IN AMERICA BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, in Exeter Hall (London), from November, 1857, to February, 1858. They are published in a 12mo volume by Gould, Carter & Brothers, and afford an excellent opportunity for comparing English popular lecturers and lecturers with American. Among the names of the lecturers we find the Dean of Carlisle, the Dean of Canterbury, Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, Mr. Baxter, and Rev. Mr. Norman M'Leod, and others who are well known to the English public. There is also a lecture by John B. Gough, which is the best specimen of his extraordinary eloquence that we have hitherto seen published. The subjects are various, and possess, it strikes us, rather more of popular interest than we ordinarily expect in this class of lectures. They are, for example, such as Modern Geographical Researches in Africa, the Science of Scripture, the Lessons of the Street, Pulpit Eloquence of the Seventeenth Century, Life of George Stephenson, and a Life Story, which concludes the volume. The remarks of Mr. Corderoy on the Life of Stephenson are illustrated by some engravings of early and modern locomotive engines and railway cars. This sort of volume is novel in England, and to some extent here. It will well repay the reader.

Some new publishers have issued a small volume by that venerable and popular man among all classes of evangelical Christians, John Angell James. Its title is CHRISTIAN HOPE, and such a book from such an author can only be one thing—rich, overflowing, cheerful, and solid. The dedication of the book to his young colleague in the ministry, Mr. Dale, is very touching, while the volume itself is all that the kind and authorship promise, if we can judge from a Sunday afternoon's perusal of a few of the pages.

Mr. Vandenhoff has delivered his poem on WOMEN'S DUTIES with great success in various parts of the country. We now have it in covers, with the imprint of Redfield, New York, on the title-page. There is much sound sense and sharp satire in the poem, and a lesson which fops, dandies, and fools in general may profit.

Shepard, Clark, & Brown, of Boston, publish two books for the young people, PLAY AND STUDY, and THE SCHOOL-BOY, by the author of "Mrs. Madeline Leslie. These are announced as the first volumes of a juvenile series which this house proposes to publish. They are both full of moral and external merit which these posters they will not be unrewarded for. Each of them will add to the comprehension of the younger part of the community, and told in a graceful and winning way.

The same publishers send us an odd and curious little book, illustrated by fifteen huge woodcuts, not without merit, being the history of a small child named Goody Eight-Fairsty, who by her benevolence and kindness puts to shame her own father and mother, as is abundantly illustrated in the cuts above mentioned.

Taylor & Jackson publish another of the popular series of A. S. Roe, whose "I've been Thinking" was one of the most delightful books of last year. The present volume, THEN TO THE LAST, is the

history of an orphan boy who, bearing in mind always the instructions of his mother, remains true to principle under all temptations, and is the means of doing great good by his example. This moral, which is in itself very simple, is worked out in a story of much delicacy and occasional pathos. Mr. Roe has remarkable ease in homely and quiet narrative, and carries his reader along with him much as the Arabian story-teller does his audience, by a mellowness of style and a beauty of thought which give to the most ordinary events of life a romantic and interesting character. The best of his books is that they teach truth and right.

Mr. Spurgeon once more. Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. issue Spurgeon's Gems—a volume of short, pithy, pungent, telling passages, selected from his discourses, and giving perhaps the best possible idea of his style and the cause of his success. Here the man appears. There is no false show in what he says. His illustrations are sledge-hammers and rivets, clenching thoughts forever. He speaks like no oracle of old times, in misty phrases, nor like some of the oracles of modern times, in worse than Delphic phrases, flowery and unintelligible. He speaks plainly and boldly. You know what he means. When he speaks of heaven he calls it heaven, and hell he calls hell. This book is a luxury, therefore, in its frankness and boldness. It will pay the worst hater of Calvinism to read it; and we have no doubt it will be in general more popular than the collections of his sermons heretofore published by the same house.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.

The following telegraphic dispatch was received on Saturday from Halifax:

Halifax, *September* 25, 1858.

Captain Shaw, of the bark *Arabian*, which arrived this morning, reports that at seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th instant, he fell in with an iron screw steamer on fire, apparently of twelve hundred tons. She had a gilt crown eagle head and a straight stem, head raked well forward, and her bottom had red paint on. Her upper works were destroyed, and the wood-work above and below was all consumed. Her masts were gone and her sides were falling in. The funnel was lying on the starboard side, but its color could not be told. The *Arabian* passed round the stern of the steamer, but no name was distinguishable. She is supposed to have been burning forty-eight hours. The *Arabian* sighted a brig four miles to leeward. Could not descry boats or signs of sufferers in the distance.

Halifax, *September* 25—1 p.m.

The bark *Arabian* reports that the steamer seen on fire was an iron screw steamer, of apparently 1200 tons. A gilt crowned eagle was observed.

WHAT WAS THE CHANCE FOR THE PASSENGERS.

The *Herald*, writing before the last news arrived, stated: "The lost steamship, *Austria*, had eight life-boats, which could not contain any thing like the number of passengers she had on board; but as the *Arabian* reports that she had the appearance of having been burning for only about forty-eight hours, and, after sailing round her and making a close examination of the wreck, no signs of life were discovered, or boats, bodies, spars, or remnants of rafts, there is every reason to hope that every body on board had been taken off the wreck. If such had not been the case there would have been some evidences about the wreck, for we have had abundant instances of the support of life at sea for much longer periods than forty-eight hours. Every vestige of five hundred or six hundred people struggling for life, with boats, spars, and materials to build rafts, could not otherwise have disappeared in two days, nor even in a week. The spar or remnant of a raft seen by the ship *America*, being some five hundred miles to the westward of the scene of the wreck, was too far distant to have had any connection with the burning *Austria*. The brig seen by the *Arabian*, some four miles to the leeward, may have the passengers on board, or they may have been taken off by some other vessel, perhaps some eastward bound steamship, in whose direct track the wreck of the *Austria* was found.

"The passengers might also have had a chance of escape from the close proximity of the Azore islands, and the fact that the gulf currents would bring boats to those islands."

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

As we go to press we learn that twelve of the survivors of the passengers per the ill-fated *Austria* have arrived at Halifax. They report that she had six hundred passengers on board, of whom only sixty-seven are saved.

THE LAST FROM THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Field has published the following card:

New York, *Friday Evening, September* 24, 1858.

To the Associated Press:

Accompanying this I beg to hand you copies of recent communications from the honorary directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company and myself to Mr. De Santy, the chief electrician at the Trinity Bay Office. Mr. De Santy's answers will be furnished for publication without unnecessary delay.

I deem it proper to state as the result of my inquiries concerning the dispatch of Thursday from Trinity Bay, announcing the resumption of perfect signals through the cable from Valentia, that the announcement was made through a dispatch from the Superintendent of the land lines in Newfoundland to the agent of the Associated Press, and was unquestionably reported in good faith, but as the information has not yet been confirmed by Mr. De Santy, who alone has full knowledge of all the facts, I regard the statement as possibly premature. It is conjectured that the shore end of the cable at Valentia must be taken up for a distance of several miles, which, by reason of bad weather or other unavoidable difficulties, may occupy three or four weeks. The depth of water within two hundred miles of the Irish coast ranges from about 50 to 400 fathoms, and it is not doubted that even 250 miles of the cable could be raised if deemed necessary.

Respectfully, etc., Cyrus W. Field.

VERY NATURAL REQUESTS.

New York, *Friday, September* 24, 1858—10 a.m.

C. V. De Santy, Trinity Bay:

Great dissatisfaction exists in this country with the reserve maintained at Trinity Bay in contrast with the frank communications from Valentia to the British public. Give us daily information of the state of the telegraph under your charge.

Peter Cooper.
Cyrus W. Field.
Wilson G. Hunt.
E. M. Archibald.
Watts Sherman.

[Taken to the offices of the other Honorary Directors in New York; but they could not be seen—hence the absence of their signatures.]

New York, *Friday, September* 24, 1858—12 m.

To De Santy, Trinity Bay, N. F.:

Dispatches from you and from Mackay are contradictory. Now please give me explicit answers to the following inquiries:

1. Are you now, or have you been within three days, receiving distinct signals from Valentia?

2. Can you send a message, long or short, to the Directors at London?

3. If you answer *No* to the above, please tell me if the electrical manifestations have varied, essentially, since September 1? Cyrus W. Field.

WHAT THEY SAY AT TRINITY BAY.

The following dispatches have been received by the parties to whom they are addressed:

Trinity Bay, N. F., *Friday, September* 24.

C. W. Field, New York:

We have received nothing intelligible from Valentia since the 1st of September, excepting feeling a few signals yesterday. I can not send any thing to Valentia. There has been very little variation in the electrical manifestations. De Santy.

Mr. De Santy to the Directors in New York.

Trinity Bay, N. F., *September* 25.

Peter Cooper, C. W. Field, W. G. Hunt, and E. M. Archibald, New York:

I have not the least wish to withhold particulars as to the working of the cable, and until I have communicated with head-quarters and ascertained the directions of the Manager of the Company, I will send a daily report of proceedings. We were not working to-day, but receiving occasionally from Valentia some weak reversals of the current, which when received are unintelligible.

C. V. De Santy.

Mr. De Santy to Mr. Field.

Trinity Bay, N. F., *Saturday, September* 25.

C. W. Field, New York:

Your message received. The day before yesterday commenced receiving current from Valentia, and was in hopes that I should be at work again soon after. So I informed Mr. Mackay. Then the current failed. This will explain the discrepancy between his and my messages. C. V. De Santy.

SAILING OF THE NIAGARA.

A writer on board the *Niagara*, at Charleston, thus describes the shipment of the Africans taken in the slaver on board that vessel:

"The niggers have arrived, and we are now hoisting them on board. There are about one hundred small children of the age of ten or twelve. All the covering they have on is a blanket, and as they come over the side they lay down on the quarter-deck nearly in a state of nudity. They look very hard, I tell you, the worst lot of niggers I ever saw. I notice a great many of them have sore eyes, and are very thin and emaciated; they keep up a continual chattering like so many monkeys. The female portion are placed, as fast as they come on board, aft of the mizzen-mast, and secured. Two of them have children about a month old that have not the slightest covering on them. They all have provision for a day, which is placed in a small bag or an old stocking slung over the shoulder; a knife and spoon, which, with a blanket, constitute the whole of their traveling equipage. The women have an addition of two yards of calico wound around them, which they look upon with as much pride as a Fifth Avenue belle would upon a $300 shawl. They seem to be perfectly satisfied with what our good Uncle is doing for them, and roll around the decks in their dirt and filth with all the seeming luxuriance that a hog enjoys in a gutter or puddle of water in a warm day.

"We have also received one of the crew of the brig *Putnam*, who is to go with us to look out for them, as he is better acquainted with their habits and mode of living. He says they must all be kept on deck and not allowed to go below.

"In the morning, at four o'clock, the niggers were turned out and compelled to wash themselves, preparatory to their being fed—an operation which they are nowise inclined to do unless driven to it. We give them rice and molasses. They are fed in this way—divided into messes of ten each, males and females separate, and placed in two rooms fronting inward. A bucket is placed before each mess, and their food placed in it, and a sentinel placed over each mess to keep them from playing hog.

"One of the negroes, a child six years old, died last night. To-day (21st) three died. The weather is cold and piercing, with a northwest wind. Four more lying on deck half dead; and it is heart-rending to look at the poor, miserable creatures. At nine o'clock all hands were called to bury the dead. They were sewed up in the blanket which they died in, with a 32-pound shot at their head, and another at their heels; the captain read the burial service, and they were committed to the deep."

A Charleston letter, dated 22d September, says: "The *Niagara* sailed yesterday for Liberia with her cargo of Africans. Sunday was spent by the United States Marshal and Mr. Rainey in getting the negroes on board the frigate, which lay eighteen miles down the bay. It took six hours to embark them, 271 in number, of which forty-five were women and girls, the males being mostly boys.

"The sea ran very high. By the aid of a derrick and guy, the little steamer *General Clinch* lying fifty feet astern, they were swung up in a coal bucket, four at a time. It was a dangerous and exciting operation. The Marshal, District Attorney, and Mr. Rainey embarked and disembarked in the same way.

"The negroes seemed delighted to be on so large a vessel, but evidently regarded their shipment as only a new phase of the slave trade. Being hungry, having had only a little rice all day, a sailor gave one of them a beef bone, which soon aroused the whole pack, large and small, into a contest and a fight. They raised a terrible rumpus for a while. The only means of managing them is by giving them into the care of Franco, one of the slaver's crew, a Portuguese from Madeira. He cooks for and has full control of them. The District Attorney consented to let him accompany them, as there was no agent of the Colonization Society on board."

GOLD IN KANSAS.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "The existence of gold in Western Kansas is no longer questionable, and the early reports from Pike's Peak are fully confirmed by parties recently returned for provisions and mining implements. The explorations of these parties over a space some 200 or 300 miles in extent resulted in their finding gold wherever they dug for it, though none were supplied with proper implements for mining. They report diggings at the head of the Platte and Arkansas rivers of remarkable richness; also that most of the gold so far discovered has averaged from 20 to 23 carats fine. Persons at the mines were making an average of ten dollars per day with only rude mining tools, and one party is reported to have taken out a thousand dollars in one week. These reports, coming from parties well known and respected in Kansas and Missouri, have caused no inconsiderable excitement along the river, and several parties have left for the diggings. Parties are also forming in Kansas City, Leavenworth, Bluff City, and other towns, to seek for gold in this new El Dorado. Wealthy men are sending to the Peak large quantities of provisions, and the Kansas Stage Company are purchasing a large number of mules to form a stage line direct to Pike's Peak from the Missouri River. The estimated expense from Kansas City or from Leavenworth to the diggings, including outfit, mining implements, and provisions for six months, is $150 per man; this includes two teams of cattle and one wagon for every four persons. Further information from Pike's Peak is awaited with great anxiety."

BURKE AND HIS HORSE.

In the course of a speech at the Springfield Horse Fair last week, Mr. Everett told the following affecting anecdote:

"If there is any one who doubts that the horse—the animal that most concerns us on this occasion—is susceptible of the kindest feelings of our nature, I think he would be convinced of his error by a most interesting anecdote of Edmund Burke. In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of this rumor, was that he went round his park kissing his cows and horses. A friend, a man of rank and influence hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened to Beaconsfield, and sought an interview with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. Entering into conversation with him, Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his 'Letters on the Regicide.' His friend immediately saw, that though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lamp of reason and genius shone with undiminished lustre. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and in a private interview with Mrs. Burke told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation. Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died, leaving behind him a favorite horse, the companion of his excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was of course turned out by Mr. Burke, the father, into the park, with directions to all his servants that he should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke himself, of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite animal. On one occasion, as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with the most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly as words could have said: 'I have lost him, too;' and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence—struck by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted—overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy Nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up that voice which had caused the arches of Westminster Hall to echo the noblest strains that ever sounded within them, and wept aloud! Sir, this was seen, this was heard by the passers-by, and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. Burke is gone; but, Sir, so help me Heaven, if I were called upon to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when, in a gush of the holiest and purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of a dead son's favorite horse."

WASHINGTON'S FAMILY BIBLE.

The agent of the Nashville Bible Society, Mr. R. M. Hawkins, has recently been distributing Bibles in Macon county, Tennessee, and while traveling through the country met with the old family Bible that found a place in General Washington's chamber. Mr. Hawkins says: "I took it in my hand and examined it carefully, after which I read the 19th psalm in family worship. I then asked the brother to tell me how he came in possession of it. He said that, at the General's death, his niece fell heir to the Bible. Previous to leaving Virginia her son was taken sick and died. He waited on him until death. The old lady told him that she was getting old, and that she had nothing to give him for waiting on her son save the old family Bible. He gladly received it, and brought it to Tennessee with him on horseback. He told me that he would not take three thousand dollars for it. The gentleman lives in the town of Lafayette, Macon county, and his name is Colonel Claiborne. You can't begin to imagine how I felt turning over its leaves. I really felt and thought that I had found a precious jewel. It appeared to me that I would have given any price for it."

UNVAILING THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of 20th ult. says: "This morning workmen commenced demolishing the portion of the brick wall intended to be removed at the Christ Church burying-ground, at Fifth and Arch streets, for the purpose of allowing the grave of Franklin to be seen from the street. The work has been confided to Mr. John Skirving, architect, through whose courtesy we have been permitted to inspect the plan of the alterations. Two panels of the wall will be removed, leaving a space sixteen feet in the clear, which will be occupied by a neat and plain iron railing. The railing will be flanked with the original heavy brick columns which now intersect the panels of the wall, and these columns will be surmounted with stone balls corresponding with the original ornaments upon the corners and at the gateways of the ground. The railing, the top of which will be the same height as the wall, will rest upon a neat marble base, some ten or twelve inches in height. This arrangement will enable persons to look directly in upon the humble flat stone which covers the grave of 'Benjamin and Deborah Franklin.'"

A BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

One of the proposed features of the Rensselaer County Fair, was a balloon ascension by Mr. La Mountain, who made a successful ascension last week from Troy. But owing to unavoidable accident the aeronaut was unable to carry out his programme. The Troy *Times*, in an article on the subject, takes occasion to use the following language with reference to an aerial expedition across the ocean: "The scheme of crossing the ocean with a balloon has been proposed by Messrs. Wise and Steiner, and each has offered to build an air-ship of the requisite size, and make the trip, but has failed in getting a subscription of twenty thousand dollars for the purpose. Mr. La Mountain says he will remain in this city during the present winter, and build a balloon sixty-five feet in diameter, with an extensive power of five tons, with which he will cross the ocean, starting from this city in May next, and land within twenty-five miles of any given point in Europe. He has discovered a principle which will enable him to retain the gas in his balloon for any given length of time, and he is confident that the air can be navigated as well as water, and with as little difficulty. He does not ask twenty thousand dollars to make the attempt, and is willing to encounter the attendant risks without any immediate prospect of reward. We are glad the trial is to be made at this point. Whether it is a success or a failure, it will be a rare sight to witness the departure from our midst of a balloon inflated with 150,000 feet of gas, and carrying a ship provided with apparatus for navigating the air."

DEATH OF THE RICHEST MAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ebenezer Francis, Esq., died at his residence in Pemberton Square, at half past six o'clock on 21st ult. The deceased was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, October 15, 1775, and at his death was, therefore, nearly eighty-three years of age. He was the only son of Colonel Ebenezer Francis, who was killed in the battle of Hubbardtown, near Ticonderoga, July, 1777. He came to Boston in January, 1787, a poor boy, and obtained a situation in the counting-room of the late Jonathan Harris, with whom he was subsequently several years connected in business.

"In a few years," says the Boston *Journal*, "Mr. Harris retired, the copartnership was dissolved, and Mr. Francis took a store on Long Wharf, where he engaged in the foreign trade and became a large ship-owner. He retired from mercantile business about twenty years ago with a large fortune, but has greatly added to it since that period. He has been well known for many years past in financial circles as a large dealer in negotiable paper, and a conspicuous operator in other money transactions. His wealth is variously estimated at from $3,500,000 to $4,000,000. He had on deposit in the banks of Boston at the time of his death about $2,300,000, not having renewed any paper for several months past. He was also a large owner of bank stock, mortgages, etc. It is understood that this vast wealth is left subject to his last will and testament, made some time since, and that the bulk of his property has been given to his heirs-at law."

He married the eldest daughter of Colonel Israel Thorndike, then of Beverly. Of seven children of this marriage, five are dead without issue; the two survivors are the wives of N. I. Bowditch and Robert M. Mason, Esqrs. Another of his daughters was the first wife of the late distinguished banker, John E. Thayer, of Boston.

A FURIOUS HORSE IN A CROWD.

A frightful accident occurred at the State Fair ground in Sandusky. An excited horse, on exhibition, in a contest for the prizes, broke through the barriers of the arena, dashed in among the people, injuring five persons, two so badly that they died soon after the accident. The following are the details:

The arena, a ring for the exhibition of animals at the State Fair, is inclosed by a post and board railing, a single board running all the way round the circle. Facing the Judges' stand is an extensive step platform for ladies, the platform ascending gradually until it reaches a height of some thirty feet. Beneath this platform were arranged one or two booths, and a number of seats for visitors. This spot was a pleasant retreat from the sun, and was constantly crowded with fatigued visitors. It was there the damage was done.

About two o'clock four celebrated roadsters were brought into the ring in competition for the prizes. It was evidently to be a close contest between them, and they attracted great attention. The entire circle was surrounded by spectators, who manifested the greatest interest in the movements of the horses. While running at full trot, one of the horses became unmanagable, and dashing off at his fullest speed, came near upsetting his driver, and creating quite a consternation among the spectators. He was finally stopped, however, and the Marshal of the ring observing that the animals as well as their drivers were becoming much excited, determined to put an end to the race. He had just given orders to that effect, when the hub of one of the vehicles accidentally raked the wheel of another, and in an instant split and tore from it every felloe.

HE CHARGES THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The horse attached to the broken sulky, a spirited animal, which had already become the favorite of the spectators, was then going at a rapid rate, but with the crash, which upset the vehicle to which he was attached, and threw out his driver, he bounded off at a fearful speed. He dragged after him the one-wheeled sulky, which filled the air with dust. As he ran fearfully around the circle, the mass of people rushed away from the inclosure, though they were called upon to stand still and keep the horse within the ring.

The excited horse suddenly left the track, and running over the sward, aimed directly for the upper end of the ladies' platform. The crowd that occupied this spot attempted to get out of his way, and a rush was made in every direction, and a number of persons fell or were thrown down. The horse—still dragging the vehicle—hurried on, dashed against the inclosure, broke down the barrier, and pursued his course. Turning suddenly to the left, he bounded in under the ladies' platform, where a number of men, women, and children, totally ignorant of the cause of confusion, were sitting. As he sprang among them he fell, and his progress was stopped. The scene at this point at that time was fearful—men, women, and children flying in every direction, and the latter screaming with alarm.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Those who preserved their presence of mind hastened to secure the horse, which was done, and, somewhat injured, he was conducted to his stable. Several injured persons were picked up. An old gentleman, named Mallack, for some time afflicted with the palsy, was taken up fatally injured. He was carried into the ladies' saloon, and received prompt medical assistance. The horse's fore-feet had struck him on the forehead and in the breast. He died, we understand, in one hour and a half after the accident. A lady, residing in the country, was sitting holding her little girl by the hands. The horse fell upon them, and, in rising again, kicked the child in the back. The mother also was carried to the ladies' saloon, and her injuries pronounced not dangerous. She suffered very much.

The child was carried into the manufacturers' hall, and received every attention. It was about seven years of age. She was removed with her mother to the city, and died, it was rumored, last night. A young lady, whose name we could not learn, also received some injuries, but after recovering from her fright was able to walk to a carriage and ride home. Quite a number of others were hurt in the rush, but only slightly. The driver of the animal, who was thrown out in the ring, was considerably bruised, but escaped, and miraculously too, with whole bones. At the time of this occurrence crowds of people were all over the fair grounds. It is considered fortunate that the horse, so soon after leaving the arena, dashed into a spot where his progress was stopped.

FIENDISH ACT.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "An affair occurred on Friday evening last, on the Detroit and Milwaukie Railway, which should condemn its perpetrators to the State Prison for life, if the facts are as stated. As the passenger train was going west, at full speed, the engineer discovered, near the station at Ada, the body of a man lying motionless on the track. He immediately reversed the engine, and succeeded in stopping the train just as the locomotive reached the spot where the man lay. In the mean time he saw four men running for the woods, and, in company with several passengers, gave chase. Three of them were caught and brought back. The man who was found on the track was insensible, having been beaten by the ruffians until he was reduced to that state, and then left on the track in such a position that he must have been run over, had the train been a little later, in the darkness of the evening. He was bruised and cut from head to foot, and when restored to his senses, stated that the men had set upon him on account of some difficulty that they had had, and pounded him with clubs and stones, giving him nine severe cuts on his head. His name is Lambert. The perpetrators of the dastardly deed, who had been secured, were lodged in jail to await their trial."

PERSONAL.

The *Times* says: "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is *not* in Europe, but has been residing quietly at her home in Andover for a year and a half past. We are authorized to say that the lady has not been *fêted* in Paris, for the reason that she was not in Paris when somebody who took her name was *fêted*; nor is she preparing a book on Normandy, as the English papers insist upon reporting. The stories which float about in the Paris and London Press, purporting to describe the movements of Mrs. Stowe, clearly relate to some unknown individual who is carrying on a very large hoax. Is there a bogus Mrs. Stowe abroad?"

The *Herald* contains the following: "Among the distinguished visitors at the St. Nicholas Hotel at present are Postmaster-General Brown and his accomplished and interesting family. On Saturday evening we observed one of the young ladies (a universal favorite last winter at Washington) in a box at the Opera with Collector Schell and a party of friends. The ladies were quite carried away by Madame Colson's beautiful rendering of 'Traviata.' We understand that Governor Brown and family will remain a few days in town, and will then proceed on a brief official visit to Boston."

The famous Captain de Riviere, who appears to have come safely through all his troubles, is announced, next in order, as a public lecturer. He is to speak at Hope Chapel, on Wednesday evening, on "Love"—a subject in which he may be supposed to be "posted."

A young lady from Baltimore, whose name is not given, has arrived in Charleston, to tender her services as nurse for the yellow fever sick, after the manner of Mrs. Annie Andrews. She proposes to go to New Orleans, should her services be required.

George Parish, Esq., the well known millionaire of Ogdensburg, is another remarkable illustration of the French proverb, "*L' eau coule a la rivière.*" His uncle, the Baron of Seuftenberg, in Bohemia, and Knight of several Orders, has just died, leaving him heir to his title and vast possessions. Mr. Parish, our Baron, is now in Bohemia, making all the arrangements necessary in connection with the succession. He may be induced, ultimately, to fix his residence there, unless his attachment to his own country and institutions should prove stronger than the attraction of feudal honors.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

STATE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

At latest dates the condition of the Atlantic Telegraph was unaltered. The signals continue to be read, but are too uncertain and faint to be intelligible. Occasionally a short word is given, but never any thing approaching to a sentence. The experiments made still lead to the belief that the injury is near to the coast, probably within two or three miles. The strong portion of the cable, manufactured expressly for the shore end, has been shipped from Plymouth for Valentia, and will be substituted immediately on its arrival for the ordinary wire, which, however well adapted for undisturbed depths, is totally inadequate to resist liability to accident upon a rocky coast.

The *Times* Plymouth correspondent telegraphed, on the 9th, that instructions had unexpectedly arrived from

Ireland for suspending the embarkation of the Valentia shore end of the cable on board the steamship *Belda*, which vessel was to receive it.

The Liverpool *Post* says that electrical experiments have proved beyond a doubt that the defect in the cable arises from leakage at a distance of two hundred and forty miles from land.

The Directors were to meet in London on the day the *Niagara* sailed to discuss future action. The shares fluctuated from four hundred and eighty to five hundred and twenty pounds, with numerous transactions.

WHAT THE LONDON DIRECTORS SAY.

The London *Times* says: "Up to the present time no communication of any kind, telegraphic or otherwise, has been received at the office of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, as to the operations supposed to be going on at Valentia to ascertain the point of interruption of the electric signals, since the message from Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, dated from that place on Saturday, and which appeared in our impression of Monday. The Directors, accompanied by Mr. Saward and several practical electricians, are still at Valentia; but at present the officials of the Company left in London are without information as to what has been done there to discover the place of stoppage or the result. The permanent shore end of the cable intended for the Valentia end, and which is much stronger and thicker than the rest, and calculated to resist the greater amount of risk to which it is exposed as it approaches the landing-place, is now being embarked at Plymouth, and will be conveyed to its destination without delay. The impression still obtains among the Company's servants that the point of interruption is at no great distance from the Valentia termination, and this derives confirmation from the letter of Mr. Whitehouse."

MR. BRIGHT KNIGHTED.

Charles T. Bright, Engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has received the honor of Knighthood. A banquet took place at Killarney on the 7th inst. in honor of the cable. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland attended. He emphatically denied that he absented himself from the Dublin banquet from sectarian bigotry or personal hostility to the great enterprise. Official necessity was the sole cause of his non-attendance. The toasts included the President of the United States, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, Captain Hudson, the officers of the *Niagara*, etc.

A DEFENSE OF LANDOR.

Mr. Shirley Brooks publishes a defense of Walter Savage Landor, in which he begs for the mercy of the public. He winds up as follows: "Whether Mr. Landor will be aided to pay the £1000 damages we have no knowledge. We have a right to assume that there may be some doubt about his own ability, if he have the will, to pay it; because it is not very long ago that he made public declaration that he possessed but a small sum, with which he proposed to endow the widow of the first tyrannicide. One would think there would be no great difficulty in preserving the old poet from a jail. The object with which we, very reluctantly, have written this brief narrative, is to urge that something is due from England to Landor. For more than sixty years Walter Savage Landor has been enriching and adorning the literature of this country. We repeat, England owes a debt to Landor, and it is not to be canceled by the miserable follies of that which has survived to be but half Landor, and that not the better half. We had rather hoped to see this view taken by some of our contemporaries, instead of hearing the virtuous British outcry against that which every respectable person among us—cheesemongers, beadles, and all—of course, must condemn; namely, an atrocious slander on a lady. We all know how detestable are such offenses, and we are, it is to be hoped, all ready to punish them at need; but in the case of an old man of eighty-three, who has outlived his best faculties, virtuous indignation seems a little obtrusive. Let us pay the aggrieved lady her damages, and then try whether we can not take such order with the slanderer as shall show that the memory of sixty years of noble service is not wiped out by a few vagaries of imbecile anger."

HOW SHOULD LADIES DRESS FOR HORSE EXERCISE?

Mr. Rarey gives the following sensible advice: "Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise. As to the head-dress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided it fits the head so as not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun; and, if used in hunting, protect the nape of the neck from rain. As to the riding-habit, the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, inconvenient, and ridiculous than the wide, hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing-room. For country use the skirt of a habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement, and so is the over-jacket of cloth or sealskin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty young girls should not indulge in picturesque riding costume so long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoil the sit of the skirts by retaining the usual *impedimenta* of petticoats. The best-dressed horse-women wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with long, colored sleeves. Ladies' trowsers should be the same material and color as the habit; and if full, flowing like a Turk's, and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle, they will not be distinguished from the skirt. In this costume, which may be made amply warm by the folds of the trowsers, plaited like a Highlander's kilt (fastened with an elastic band at the waist, a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one encumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots; but it is quite absurd, for they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trowsers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm woolen stockings, and easy to get on and off. It would not look well to see a lady struggling out of a pair of wet boots with the help of a boot-jack and a couple of chambermaids. The heels of riding-boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but long, to keep the stirrup in its place."

STORY OF A MAD LOVER.

A late lunacy inquiry respecting the sanity of a wealthy commoner elicited a curious fact in connection with "love at first sight," which is worth detailing, especially as the family (living in the greatest affluence in Park Lane) can not be in the least injured by its recapitulation. The anecdote is told of a man who is now in St. Luke's, and has been detained there ever since the occurrence took place which consigned him to its walls. Lady —— was so exquisitely fair, so singularly graceful, that it was difficult for the eye of man to behold her without preferring her to any other of her sex. A porter was sent from a railway terminus to this lady by her brother; this man, the present occupant of St. Luke's, got to the door in Park Lane just as the beauty alighted out of her carriage from an airing in Hyde Park. The man, who had never seen Lady —— as she was then, tripping up stairs, asked a servant for the lady to whom the letter was directed, and was answered he might give the letter to him for his lady. On the poor fellow's refusal, as he was ordered to deliver it into her own hands, he was shown into her apartment. The man, being with the lady alone while she was employed reading the letter, fixed his eyes on her intently, as if lost in thought; but before she had done reading it, he violently, and with transport, flew into her arms and gave her numberless devouring kisses. Lady —— was so surprised that she lost the power of crying out; but in the struggle with such a sudden and strange lover she caught hold of the string of the bell, rung it violently, and a servant appeared. From that moment the unhappy man lost his reason, and was committed to the mad-house. It is due to Lady —— to state the fact that the maniac lover is frequently visited, and is wholly supported by Lady ——.

BURNING A BOY'S EYE OUT.

A Liverpool paper says: "On 8th September a little boy named Frederick Roley was looking through a hole in the wall inclosing the iron works of Messrs. Finley, Upper Warwick Street, when Patrick Macfarlane, a boy, who was at work at one of the fires, observing him, thrust a red-hot bar through the aperture, and burned out the little fellow's eye. Suffering terrible anguish, the poor boy was removed to his home, where he lies in a precarious state, inflammation of the brain having set in. Macfarlane, whose parents reside at No. 84 Mann Street, is in custody, awaiting the result of the injuries thus recklessly inflicted.

A HORSE KILLED BY WASPS.

As Major-General Dalton, of the Royal Artillery, was driving with his family in an open carriage, on the afternoon of the 31st ult., a large swarm of wasps, darkening the air by their numbers, attacked his horse, stinging it in every part of the body in a most frightful manner. They pitched in hundreds upon the horse, a very valuable and high-spirited animal, pursuing the carriage for nearly a mile, and endangering the lives of all who were in it, who, however, fortunately escaped with only a few stings. On reaching home the horse had suffered so severely that it was found necessary to send for a veterinary surgeon, and every necessary remedy was resorted to, but the shock given to the nervous system, and the high state of inflammation produced, caused death in forty-eight hours.

SERMONS IN VERSE.

The *Athenæum* tells the following story: "The last thing we should have fancied is to have heard within the pulpit echoes of the form and fashion of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' In the fore part of the season, down at (then not crowded) Ramsgate, an acute preacher, to attract a num'rous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D.V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it! they who listened had a weary, weary season; season very weary had they, list'ning to the man who did it; man obese, obese his wit too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stinted measure. Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; love was the all-graceful subject; quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the Love he painted, we should prove it by a lib'ral coming-down at the collection!"

POPULAR EDUCATION ILLUSTRATED.

A Scotch paper has the following: "One little incident we must mention, as illustrating education by rote. Walking to church one Sunday in Skye, we were followed by a slip of a lad some ten or eleven years of age, who, on putting some questions to him, volunteered to name all the capitals of Europe, which he did with marvelous dexterity. From Europe he crossed to South America, and rattled out the names of the capitals with the accuracy of a calculating machine. From South America he started off to Asia; and finally brought up at Jeddo, in Japan. We were rather skeptical as to the value of such acquirements, and, indeed, as to the reality of any information having been conveyed to the lad's mind by the formidable muster-roll of words that had been stuffed into his mouth. We therefore asked him, 'Can you tell us the name of the island you live in?' But, notwithstanding his lore, he had not learned that he lived in the Isle of Skye. To make sure of the fact we requested the captain of the steamer to repeat the question in Gaelic; but there was no Skye forthcoming. He knew the name of the parish, and of all the capitals in the world, but not of the island he lived in. There being a schoolmaster present accidentally, we thought the occasion too good to be lost to show the worthlessness of word-stuffing, and ventured another question—'Now, my lad, you have told us the names of nearly all the capitals in the world; is a capital a man or a beast?' 'It's a beast,' said the boy, quite decisively. So much for words without understanding. In the next school inspection that boy will probably pass for a prodigy, and will figure in statistical reports as an example of what good education can do."

THE MILLIONAIRES OF ENGLAND.

There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand. In Ireland there is but one person who has an income of upward of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; twenty-one have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and thirty from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

RATS IN A DEAD-HOUSE.

At an inquest held before the Coroner of Liverpool, a few days ago, on the body of a carter named Wright, who had died at the Southern Hospital from the effects of a compound fracture of the leg, caused by some timber falling upon him, it transpired that rats had obtained access to the corpse while in the dead-house of the hospital, and stripped the flesh from one of the cheeks, one of the hands, and other parts of the body. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. It appeared that in the dead-house of the Southern Hospital, where the body was placed, also lay the body of a man (Keenan) who had been suffocated in a sewer, and which smelled so strongly of gas that the doors and windows of the dead-house were left open. The rats, which swarm in the neighborhood of the hospital, owing to the proximity of the timber-ships and timber-yards, got into the room, and in the morning one side of the deceased man's (Wright's) face was found to have been gnawed away, one of his hands was stripped of flesh, and the flesh about the wound was jagged and mangled, and a hole made about the size of a man's fist. In reply to the jury, the porter in the Southern Hospital said the rats were so numerous in the place that they sometimes ran over him while in bed. The Coroner—"Rats abound in that locality in hundreds. If you were to occupy a room in some of the places there for one night, leave the door open, and lie on the floor, I would undertake to say that one half of the jury would be eaten up before morning. [Sensation.] They come from the river in droves at night. I have killed one as big as a cat, with an umbrella." The Foreman—"Of course it does not affect a man after his death, but for decency's sake care should be taken to preserve the bodies from being mangled." The Beadle—"All this took place last night. When I was there yesterday all was right." After some conversation, one of the jury said the circumstance was most disgraceful. "I think," he added, "the jury will all agree with me, that a more disgustable affair nobody could either sit down with or stand to look at than this at the Southern Hospital. It is a most disgustable affair to be in any national country to allow rats to come in any hospital, and let the rats eat dead bodies." The jury agreed with the propriety of these denunciations, and the matter was allowed to drop.

FRANCE.

THE BIBLE A PROTESTANT TRACT.

A curious fact is pointed out by the *Journal des Débats*, that the right of distributing Bibles conceded to the Protestants by the treaty just concluded with China is denied them in the French department of the Sarthe, where the prefect has just prohibited the circulation of the Bible "and other Protestant tracts."

MORPHY DEFEATED AT PARIS.

Mr. Morphy, in his first encounter at chess, at Paris, with the Prussian Herr Harrwitz, was signally overthrown at Café Regence, after three hours' contest. Harrwitz won first move, and proposed to play "King's gambit," which the Yankee accepted. Morphy sacrificed a knight for a terrific attack, which, with an inferior antagonist, must have succeeded. Harrwitz made a firm defense, and remained after the shock with queen and four pawns to queen and one. By admirable manœuvring the Prussian succeeded in enforcing an exchange of queens, which decided Morphy to resign.

HOW MORPHY WAS BEATEN.

The *Herald* has the following account of the affair: "The admirers of chess on this side of the ocean were somewhat taken aback, on the arrival of the *Niagara*, to learn that the American chess champion, Paul Morphy, was beaten by Harrwitz, in Paris, on his first game with that great player. It was unfortunate that the steamer did not bring us intelligence of two or more games, when, no doubt, a very different story would be told. Chess people here will be very much disappointed if the next steamer does not bring us news of the defeat of the German.

"As it was, however, the victory was not much to boast of. Herr Harrwitz had the first move, and he adopted the unusual course of requesting Mr. Morphy to accept the king's gambit, a game which compels the second player to remain on the defensive for the first dozen moves at least, while the first player has a fine attack. Mr. Morphy chivalrously consented to the wish of the German, although he thereby had to adopt a defensive game, while his great strength is in his masterly and overwhelming attacks. In the course of the game an opportunity occurred whereby Morphy, by sacrificing a knight, could get up an attack on his own account, and, tired of being on the defensive, he yielded to the temptation, which eventually cost him the game. With a weaker player the attack he got up would have been overwhelming; but Harrwitz happens to know two or three things about chess more than the American gave him credit for, and he defended himself with such wariness that toward the close of the game, when the pieces were all changed off except the queens, he retained four pawns, whereas Morphy had but one. The German then compelled an exchange of queens, and, of course, won easily with his preponderance of pawns. It is very likely that next time Morphy will be careful how he sacrifices pieces with a player like Harrwitz."

THE BRIDE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The *Court Journal* says: "Mademoiselle Paniega has remained unmarried for reasons of the most comprehensive kind. She was, for many years, bent on a religious life, and remained secluded in the convent in which she had been educated, fully resolved to renounce the world at her father's death, and never seek to play any conspicuous part in the government of her family. The persuasive arguments used by Madame Montijo alone prevented this extreme step, about two years ago, and it was by the advice of that same watchful lady that she accompanied her to Paris, to partake in the distractions offered by that gay capital, and the position for enjoying them to be secured by paying a visit to her relative, the Empress Eugénie. No sooner had she arrived than the fame of her beauty spread abroad like wildfire. She is no longer very young (for she has been wrongfully confounded with her sister-in-law), but the quiet, unobtrusive life which she has led, the peace of mind she has enjoyed, have preserved the calm, unruffled semblance of early youth in her lovely countenance—and the Empress was the first to perceive the immense sensation her beautiful relative had occasioned, and all the use which might be drawn from the admiration thus created. By degrees the young lady became accustomed to hear of other means of happiness than that afforded by a religious life, and to perceive that there exist other dominions better worth governing than a religious community, and at length she was induced to listen without aversion to the idea of marriage, as the one best befitting a *demoiselle* of her beauty and station.

HOW THE DUKE WAS CAUGHT.

"It was just at the critical moment, so says the *salon*, when Mademoiselle Paniega was beginning to accept this possible change of prospects in her destiny, that the dilemma concerning the Duc de Malakoff was mooted, and the Empress, with true feminine tact, was immediately aware of the best method of reclaiming the old soldier, and tethering him forever to the Imperial camp. The business was not, however, completed until the journey to Cherbourg enabled the two 'proposed ones' to see more of each other than they had hitherto done, and, as a matter of course, to become attached. The Empress has gained great credit for this stroke of womanly policy, as, by uniting the Marshal to a member of her own family, she has forever made him her own. The affianced couple appeared together for the first time the other night at the opera, and the beauty of Mademoiselle Paniega attracted all beholders. The Emperor bestows a million of francs as the bride's dowry, and the Empress is to furnish a *trousseau* worthy the occasion. Upon the whole, it has been said by envious tongues, that the young lady *ait une bonne affaire*—speaking in Parisian phrase concerning these matters—and yet, strange to say, it is the Marshal alone who is envied.

HAS HE ANY OTHER WIVES EXTANT?

"So far so good—thus far goes the tale in Madame de V——'s all-powerful *salon* one day, when lo! the next, out comes the reverse side of the medal, the sable lining to this rose-colored recital being the awful doubt expressed whether the marriage will ever take place, in consequence of a previous claim being existent in Algeria, which *may* be extinct, but until such fact can be ascertained, no second union can be possible! Hardly have we recovered from the surprise into which they were thrown by this astounding revelation, when another and milder version of the objection to immediate union is murmured forth in the assurance of the Duke's engagement on parole with the young lady in the Convent of Les Oiseaux, to whom he bound himself to await her decision for one whole year, reckoning from the 1st of January last—when she refused him, for the fourth time; which he, on his part, for the fourth time, refused to take as the final 'once for all.' These have been the suppositions and surmises afloat during the week, and all have found believers and *colporteurs*. For us, who behold the rise and fall of so many of these amiable speculations, we are compelled to confess that we always wait to see which of them comes true before we pronounce ourselves in favor of any, so that our judgment may never be at fault, and that what we affirm may always be taken as truth by our readers."

IS HOLY WATER DUTIABLE?

A Brussels letter says: "The so-called 'Miracle of Lourdes,' pleasantly satirized by the *Débats* in a recent article, has led to a curious contest, in which the profane Customs department of Belgium is the principal actor. Sundry superstitious persons in this country, placing perfect faith in the miraculous qualities of the Virgin's spring at Lourdes, ordered and received supplies. Hearing of this, some Pyrenean speculator thought he might turn this credulity to good account, so he dispatched a considerable number of bottles to a Brussels commissioner, with a declaration describing the contents to be 'healing waters.' The hampers reached the frontier Customs-office in safety, but were not permitted to pass until the tariff duties on all mineral or medicinal waters should be paid. In vain the agent remonstrated, and claimed exemption by asserting that the waters were neither mineral nor medicinal, but the pure element endowed by Divine grace with universal healing properties. This having no effect upon the unbelieving Customs officers, who insisted that healing waters must be medicinal, the duties of mineral waters were paid under protest, and the matter referred, through the French legation, to the Minister of Finance. So the latter is placed in the awkward position of having to decide whether water declared to possess healing and thence medicinal qualities, through the Virgin's agency, be or be not subject to the tariff laws. The question excites great amusement at this place among all but the confirmed clericals."

FASHIONABLE FAT.

The late news about the Paris "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring vast quantities of butter, mashed rose leaves, and such like. The Empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. The fashion will be here before long. We hail it with "joy." A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. The will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash-tub, perhaps.

AN ILLITERATE MILLIONAIRE.

On the 4th the Paris Court of Bankruptcy had to deal with a peasant from Auvergne (the Auvernats are all water-carriers or railway porters in Paris), but Michael Landier's balance-sheet showed a deficit of 1,508 160 francs (above £60,000). He had dealt in rabbit skins. He could neither read nor write, but contrived a sort of flourish which did duty for a signature. In three years one bank, that of Lecuyer, had 11,000,000f. (£440,000) worth of his paper passing through their establishment; and his business in the fur trade above mentioned amounted to an average of 2,000,000f. (£80,000) a year. He bought parcels at every fair in France, and had generally warehouses stocked with myriads of tons of rabbits' skins. His counting-house was a low wine-shop; he kept no ledger, and got his correspondence done at the various letter-writing stalls in the public highway. Under more favorable circumstances this busy brain might have achieved the first financial eminence in the land.

GERMANY.

STORY OF A CHAIR.

A Berlin Journal has the following strange tale, of which it guarantees the truth: "An old woman, who lately died in the hospital, left, among other things, a very old arm-chair of Gothic style, and richly decorated. In the sale of her effects by auction, a foreigner paid as much as 500 francs for the chair, and surprise having been expressed at his giving so large a sum, he made this explanation: The chair, with other things, was offered by the States of Moehren to the Empress Maria Theresa, and for many years figured in her boudoir. After her death it, by her express desire, was sent to Queen Marie Antoinette in France, and afterward was one of the principal pieces of furniture allowed to Louis XVI. in the Temple. The King's valet-de-chambre, Fleury, afterward became possessed of the chair, and took it to England, where it became the property of the Prince Regent, and afterward of the Duke of Cumberland. The latter took it to Berlin, and there it was given to an upholsterer to repair. The workman charged with the job found secreted in it a diamond pin, a portrait in pencil of a boy, and a number of small sheets of paper filled with very small writing. The things he appropriated; the pin he sold, and the portrait and papers he gave to a watchmaker, a friend of his. Although the writing was in a foreign language the watchmaker succeeded in making out that it consisted of a series of secret and very important instructions drawn up by Louis XVI. for the Dauphin, his son, the portrait being that of the latter. The watchmaker, whose name was Naundorff, some years after gave himself out as Louis XVII., and produced the papers and portrait in question to prove his allegation. After making some noise in France and Belgium, in which latter country he passed by the name of Morel de Saint Didier, this man died in 1849. His son, who called himself Duke of Normandy, went to Java in 1853. The Berlin workman who discovered the documents naturally did not state how Naundorff became possessed of them, but just before his death, which took place lately, he made a full disclosure to his family. They found out that the famous arm-chair had remained in Berlin, and had come into possession of the old woman; and they caused it to be bought in order to sell it again in Austria."

RUSSIA.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN RUSSIA.

Accounts from St. Petersburg, dated September 1, talk of sad reverses. Another powder magazine has exploded, seven miles from the capital; 1200 pouds (near 40,000 pounds) of that combustible killed 100 workmen and shattered all the vicinity. This occurred at Okhta. Paulouski, a village and villa of Duc Constantine, had taken fire, and all was in ashes. Hundreds of houses had been burned at Moscow by clandestine fabricators of lucifer matches, that industry having been so highly taxed that contraband factories had been set up with this result. Forests were still in flames, and the smoke was intolerable in the streets of St. Petersburg.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ASTRACHAN.

The *Evening Post* contains the following: "Concerning the great calamity which has befallen the flourishing commercial city of Astrachan, of which the English papers by the last arrival furnish so meagre an account, we find full details in our German files. According to the Cologne *Gazette*, the fire first broke out about ten o'clock on the evening of the 12th of August, in a warehouse of coopers' hoops, on the left bank of the Volga. In less than fifteen minutes the flames extended to a neighboring lumber dock, which was totally destroyed. Meanwhile a high wind having arisen, by half past ten another dock and several dwelling-houses were in flames, and the fire rapidly spreading, it was found necessary, in order to arrest its progress, to tear down the buildings in its course. This apparently checked the conflagration in the direction of the wind; but about three o'clock some burning brands were blown upon a lumber-loaded bark lying in the harbor, and in a few minutes the flames shot up mast-high, communicating to other vessels lying near, and soon a whole fleet of burning vessels parted their anchors and floated down the Volga, in their course setting fire to others. After floating some five versts, the burning mass brought up at an uninhabited island, where some of the vessels sunk, others burned to the water's edge. Near this island, however, two of the vessels came in contact with a bark loaded with powder, which had arrived the previous evening, and a tremendous explosion ensued, setting on fire a large government provision warehouse and a private lumber dépôt, which were entirely destroyed. At 10 A.M., on the 13th, several of the burning vessels left their anchorage and floated toward the so-called Czar's Roadstead, where the flames communicated to seventeen government vessels, loaded with provisions. A bark, with a cargo of ammunition, and three ships freighted with cloth, all belonging to the government, were likewise consumed. The property destroyed in the city comprised 121 dwellings, 11 docks, many of them full of goods, and a stone church dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The number of vessels lost, and the value of the property destroyed, have not yet been ascertained."

INDIA.

A MAGNIFICENT HAUL OF PLUNDER.

The following extraordinary statement, given in the Bombay *Telegraph*, has been before briefly noticed: "It is stated in a letter from Banda that General Whitlock's column have made a large 'haul' from the rebels. A company of the Madras 43d Native Infantry, attached to the column, found 140 cart-loads of gold bricks and nuggets and forty lacs of rupees, and more was expected to be discovered. Besides this large amount of treasure, an immense quantity of jewels has also been found. These are supposed to have been the jewels belonging to the Peishwa's family, which, fifty years ago, mysteriously disappeared from Poonah, and were supposed to be in the possession of Scindia or Holkar. It is believed they were stolen by Bajee Row's brother, the adopted father of the present Narrein Row, who is now a prisoner. The treasure and jewelry found are said to be of the value of nine crores of rupees, or nine millions sterling." The last news of the Nena Sahib was that he had crossed the Gogra, and was reported to have sold his famous ruby, valued by the natives at £1,000,000, for £1000.

CHINA.

THE CHINESE INDEMNITY.

A letter from Hong Kong says that the Chinese indemnity to England is to be £3,200,000, and to France £1,200,000. The English treaty is said to be much more lengthened than the others, and the delay in its receipts is attributed to this fact. Another letter places the indemnity for the two countries as high as twenty millions sterling; but this is supposed to mean twenty million dollars.

AUSTRALIA.

SPLENDID CHANCE FOR GIRLS.

The latest intelligence from Victoria contains a statistical return of no little interest to ladies. By the last returns of the Registrar-General of the colony, we perceive that the numerical preponderance of men over women amounted to the astounding sum of 134,000 in a population of 470,000. In other words, there were only about 168,000 women to 302,000 men, and this proportion was becoming even more unfavorable, as the gold-fields still acted as a magnet to the adult male labor of the world. Now these 134,000 unhappy bachelors consist mainly of men earning nearly the best wages in the world. An acre of land can be purchased for 20s., and what more obvious to the well-paid workman than that the only things necessary to a reasonable amount of earthly felicity are a cottage, a garden, and a wife? Are statistics always uninteresting to fair readers?



1.—THE HUDSON RIVER BOAT.



2.—THE LADIES' CABIN.

A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

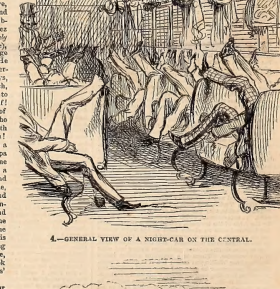
MY DEAR AUNT BESSIE,—You will expect me to give you a full account of our *delightful* trip to the Falls. Oh, dear Aunt! words fail me to describe that sublime sight—the rush of waters—the war of the cataract—the—I—I can't possibly give you the least idea of our sensations, or of the marvelous works of the Creator which aroused them, or even relate in a decent shape the events of the *heavenly* trip which your niece Clara has just enjoyed. My feelings are too highly wrought—But I must begin, trusting to your well-known *sweetness of disposition* to make allowance for the shortcomings of my story.

It so happened that the Lindsays (who live, you know, a few doors from us, and are such delightful people, especially young Alfred) were going to Niagara. They were to start on Wednesday. Papa had fixed Tuesday as the day on which our trip was to commence. Unfortunately, I had such a severe headache (you remember, dear Aunt, what a martyr I am to *migraine*) on Tuesday morning that I could not possibly undergo the fatigue of traveling on that day. Papa was as unreasonable as men will be, and insisted on our departure; but happily mamma stood firm, and said that if her Clara was to be sacrificed she would have to part in the sacrifice. So we waited; and on Wednesday the Lindsays and ourselves went on board the Albany steamer together. Young Alfred *would* hand me on board, and his poor sisters (they are so good-natured; but oh! dear Aunty, *such frights!*) had to find their way on board the best way they could. Alfred got seats for us in the little covered place in the stern of the steamer, and we were really very comfortable. Some persons would chew filthy tobacco and spit, which marred our enjoyment; and I don't think all the ladies who were on the boat belonged to our, or indeed to any other set. My new pink silk dress was found to be mutly stained when I took it off; and twice or thrice in the course of the evening I rather wished I had been deaf, so as not to have overheard the conversation of some ladies in preposterous hoops and flaming hats, who were surrounded by six or eight young men—out of any set we know. But the Hudson was so beautiful, and the country seats which dot its shores suggest such delightful contemplations of comfortable affluence, that I soon forgot minor inconveniences. Dear Aunt Bessie, I think I shall insist on a visit on the Hudson—with a lawn, and a sweet little flower-garden, and a *billard*, and a bowling-alley. I want plenty of bedrooms, too, for I should always have two or three friends to stay with me. It's such a mistake for married people to shut themselves up together; they're sure to get tired of each other: don't you think so? But here I am rambling away, when I ought to be telling you about the steamer, and the lukewarm, indigestible supper, and the delightful chat provided us with berths on opposite sides of the saloon.

Mine was an under berth; I had above me a lady who was going to some medical institution for a disease of the lungs. She coughed all night, and when she didn't cough she snored. I was very sorry for her, and offered her some candy which I had; but she only said, "Oh bother! hold your tongue!" and I was sorrier than ever, for I knew



3.—FIRST VIEW OF ALBANY.



4.—GENERAL VIEW OF A NIGHT-CAR ON THE CENTRAL.



5.—THE WRONG STATION.



6.—FIRST SIGHT OF THE FALLS.



7.—THE SCENE FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.



9.—BEFORE WE WENT INTO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

that it was the sickness that made her so cross. Mamma climbed up to an upper berth, and couldn't sleep a wink; for the lady under her was a leader of the Woman's Rights party, who kept repeating over to herself all night a speech she intended to make—the doctrines of which were so horrid and dreadful, mamma says, that they kept her in a fever till daybreak.

At intervals, all night it seemed to me, gymnastic feats—in the way of getting in and out of berths—were executed by "ladies of the Company," and, tired and sleepy as I was, I couldn't help laughing at the droll figure some of them cut.

At last we were at Albany—our first view of which consisted of a foreground of Hibernian carriage drivers, each with a whip in his hand, which he seemed prepared to lay on our backs if we didn't engage him; and a background of fog and dingy houses covered with monstrous signs about "food" and "cheap transportation." The day was spent by mamma and me in sleep; in the evening we took the Central Railway for Niagara. Alfred would have me take a walk through the cars after we had started—in order, as he said, to study physiognomy, and human nature undisguised. I don't know what benefit he may have reaped from our excursion; he talked a good deal about the different expressions of the human countenance, and so forth, afterward. For my part, I saw nothing but rows of boots on the top of seats; and I confess I am not enough of an observer to detect physiognomies in shoeleather. I was glad enough to get back to my seat, and to snooze quietly in my uncomfortable position.

I was in the middle of a half-waking dream, in which I was reasoning with myself whether I would wear my flounced plaid silk or my blue barege at dinner on our arrival at the Falls, when the conductor shouted something in our neighborhood, and papa roused us all very violently, and bade us get out. It was pitch dark, and of course neither mamma nor I could find our traveling-bags, or our parcels, or our parasols for ten minutes at least, and the conductor and papa seemed (to judge from their language, which was any thing but Scriptural) very angry indeed; but we got every thing at last and were pushed out, and there was a shout, and a whistle, and a rumble, and away the train went; and there we stood, in Egyptian darkness, on a platform, with nobody near us but a few sleepy-looking railway people.

My first thought was to listen for the Falls. I heard nothing but the distant sound of the train. Papa went to look after the luggage. In a few moments he came back.

"By Jove!" said he, "it's scandalous. They've carried off our luggage, and left us without even a hat-box."

"Where are we?" said mamma, bridling up in wrath.

"I guess you're to Geneva . . . or Rome" (I forget what the fellow said); he was a sleepy-looking porter, or something of the kind).

"Isn't this the Falls?" I screamed.

"Reckon not, by no means," drawled the sleepy personage.

So we had missed our landing-place, but could go on, as a stern official with a lantern informed us, by an early train in the morning; and no doubt we'd find our luggage there, if it hadn't been sent back to York. There was one consolation, papa said. A party bound to the place where we were had also missed their destination, and had gone on to the Falls.

We recovered our good temper when the morning train landed us safely at the Falls. There, sure enough, was the mighty roar, and there, in the distance, was the spray falling in great clouds. Alfred and I determined to walk to the Falls—just to have one look—before we went to the hotel. A number of our fellow-passengers, imbued with the like feeling, accompanied us, and a few moments' walk brought us face to face with Niagara.

Oh Aunt! what can I say that shall give you the least inkling of that wonderful sight! We were silenced, awed by the scene. Alfred, poor fellow! squeezed my hand—I shouldn't wonder if, in my emotion, I returned the pressure—such scenes are so overpowering and absorbing. As for Alfred's friend Plentzleath, he would do nothing but suck the end of his cane, and ejaculate "By Gad!" at intervals.

We staid five days at the Falls. Oh! dearest Aunt, your poor niece will never know such happy days again—there are so many delightful points of view in which the Falls can be studied, and each time with additional luxury. (Papa, who, after dinner, is very sarcastic after a fashion, one evening stepped out and came upon Alfred and me as we were admiring the scenery. It was blowing so fresh, that Alfred, like a kind, good fellow, held me tight, lest I might be blown away; and papa sneeringly observed to all the company that evening that he had discovered a new point of view from which to enjoy the Falls.

"Where? where?" every body cried.



8.—ON BOARD THE "MAID OF THE MIST."



10.—AFTER WE CAME OUT OF THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.



11.—TABLE-ROCK.



12.—OUR CANADIAN FRIENDS.

"Oh!" said papa, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, "you must ask Clara there."

I suppose I blushed scarlet. As for Alfred, to be suddenly remembered that he took his eyes off me, he suddenly remembered that he took his eyes off me, he suddenly remembered that fresh, Lieutenant Stick, of Her Majesty's 310th Regiment, and departed.

We went, of course, on the morning after our arrival, to see the remains of Table-Rock. Our guide, I suppose by way of reassuring us, told us that no that the rock had given way just after a fatal gun—well, Sir, a great shout your size, or may be not quite so fleshy"—and he took a mouthful of my respected parent—" had walked over it. And the cutaneous thing was but that Asian gent had allers said the rock'd give way, and for seven week as he was here he had walk over and over it every morning, just to see if it were going."

Papa was not easily frightened, however; so visited the rock. Papa found nothing to see, and took down into the abyss, and lost his hat in doing so. I would have liked to do the same; but as the guide said, "Since them loop holders was put in, women-folk has given up lookin' over the edge."

We paid, of course, a visit to the "Cave of the Winds"—a miserable dump place, only fit to commit suicide in—as Alfred hauled in my cap (you couldn't hear a voice at the ordinary pitch), while we saw the sunlight streaming through the great sheet of falling water, and oh! Laura, it was so grand and so damp. When we entered the cave, we—I mean some of us—could, I think, speak well. For myself, I am safely say that my hair was never in better curl, and my new coloured bonnet looked lovely; as soon as we had rejoined Aunt, my pen refuses to depict our forlorn, half-drowned condition. Alfred—poor Alfred! looked so miserable, that I could not speak for laughing at him. I warned my hand in token of adieu, and he fled in search of consolation and his cigar-case.

Of the *Maid of the Mist*, and of the Canadian acquaintances we made at the Falls, I am really too undertake to tell you now. Some day you will hear of them, perhaps. Meanwhile, ever believe in the unchanging devotion of your affectionate niece

CLARA.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

CHAPTER I.—SETTING OUT.

THE bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, sturdy lady—who would have been very good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited: he was arrayed in a rather suit of fashionable black, much darned; round his head he wore a filler, that had once been yellow; kept by a belt in which was gone, long ago and, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-eched canvas shoes, terribly frayed and worn through, and a pair of cotton velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a rag, showed to have been thread, showed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. A wretched, pale-faced little boy, dressed, or rather *undressed*, in precisely the same manner, stood by looking on patiently, but intently, and listened to the conclusion of a dialogue between their father and a hard-favoured, elderly woman, in which the whole family seemed to stand in awe. They formed the group to which I would direct your attention.

"The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could let 'ee have a room for one office, for three-an'-six, an' here I only charge per half-a-crown, an' that you won't pay."

"How pay, Mrs. Nigge?" replied the poor father.

"Well, leastways, you don't pay. To be sure, your missis give me her bit of best gownd yester-day, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good of that? I've worn look at it, an' that's all.

"It was beer wedding-gown," mildly expostulated the mountebank, leaning a little on the last thought of the happy sunny morning when first "the old maiting" adorned its then gay owner—"it was her wedding-gown, and poor Jane would be like to lose it."

"Lose may be; but 'tain't no use to me; it 'ol only fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her."

"But, Mrs. Nigge, you've got my watch too."

"A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!" said Mrs. Nigge.

"It was dear grandfather's," sighed the poor man.

"Tain't worth half-a-*sovvig*, I know," returned the benevolent Nigge; "an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Look 'ee now, I'll not *take* no use; it won't fill my pockets; it's money I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do a little conjuring an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day."

"Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am," looking appealingly inquiringly to his thinly clad children—"it's bitter, bitter cold."

"Cold!" returned Nigge; "cold, do you say? Well, I'm sure, I don't find it cold." (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woolen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.)

"But," said their father, "the boys haven't broke their feet yet; and—"

"It only wants a cluck," interrupted the humane landlady, "an' many's the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanc as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanc as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanc as hasthies!"

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty hours.

"There," added Nigge, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—"there's the lads with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr. Thingumy—if you don't pay up like a man, after Thursday, out you go!"

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs. Nigge lumped heavily down stairs to unbolt the "gal," and afterward, to solace herself with a pint of bat-ale and a good substantial dinner. The mountebank gazed his room, as a people do when excited, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all of these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, pitying mercy, for the poor! "There's sure to be a downfall for the payement's quite damp, and that's always the first sign. Then he went to the empty grate, put on the first remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with his breath into a tiny flame, and then turned to the window, then setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in a voice rendered low and tremulous by fear, "It'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then—"

"Then we shall there be beefsie, daddy?" asked the youngest boy.

"Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will be."

Here the poor fellow took the toy on his knee, drew fully beside him, and, as he tried his fingers at the time until mother should come, by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which they had learned at their mother's knee.

"Now, Midgkins, it's your turn," said the father, as they had gone through their little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast. Accordingly, the child began to recite, and precisely when the mother, with a tray full of fare, but when he came to, "with the sweet food," etc., his voice failed him, and he looked up at his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his palsy fire hidden in his father's breast. At the moment a noise was heard in the street, accosting the creaking stairs.

"Mother, mother!" shouted Ally, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife, and release her arms from the load of a baby some ten months old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the mother was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The momentary glance might serve to inform you that the man indeed the husband so anxiously sought for: she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her face, and her hair in her sneak blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to have brighted as soon as mother entered, the room! She set down her burden, and another fell into the arms in possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knee, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while Ally busied herself with the bread-and-butter, put on certainly more for appearance' sake than hunger's, and then, with a sigh of relief, in succession having worn them completely threadbare.

"No use your long walk, I know, Agnes," said her father.

"Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and asked if I wasn't ashamed to be begging."

On mention of a shilling, Ally quietly lifted the little boy from his seat, and, with a motherly air, slipped on his overcoat and cap, and then nodded to mother, who, of course, understood him by means of a ready to go out. Then she popped the coin into his hand, and away he tottered to the baker's shop. During his absence, however, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they loathed meat! how they set out the old cracked cups and saucers, the two knives and forks-spoons, and the old broken-spouted brown teapot! Then Midgkins returned, and at the request of Mrs. Nigge's visit, which grieved his wife, as though it did not surprise her. Laden with a loaf and a jug, she had not been long in the retirement, and the whole family—in spite of landladies and mountebanks—sat down to breakfast with a hearty meal; bakkies (baby, I mean) tacking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor little! how the blessed nourishment must have been but scanty.

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, "after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;" mother fancies that "the weather looks better;" and Ally and Lucy declare that the boys' bottles on their coats.

"Well, what's to be must even try our luck," says the mountebank; "it was most see if we can't get as far as Eglinthorpe; there's a fair held there to-morrow."

So saying, he stripped a drum round his waist, over a miserable, grey coat, and, having pinned a little square of worn carpeting over Midgkins's shoulders; Agnes tied her own cotton shawl round Ally, kissed her boy, and, pocketing the bread and butter, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were gathered round her, and she had kissed the bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into Ally's hands, and whispered to him: "Be kind to little Midgkins!"

CHAPTER II.—THE MOON.

OF they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, dreary-looking country, over wide commons, where father thought it just possible they might have to see fence-and-ditch practice, miserable intricate passages and tortuous by-ways our little party emerged into a large open space—the first house they had at a low-roofed inn, before being surrounded by workmen's cottages was a place where, perhaps, an audience might assemble; so father began to beat the drum with all his might, Alfred startled the neighborhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carpet, by way of giving "time of preparation" to patrons.

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the one from him with great alacrity, diverted themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders with the splendor of their activity, and the consummate grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen, and father and boys were walking sadly away, a young woman at a window called out, "Hide a bit; I've summat for the little lads." Presently out she came, bringing a jug of hot tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, saying, "I'm sure, sir, that looks like as before you go any further, poor things! You'll do tot little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't go far with them boys." "Thank you!" "Stop a bit," she auctioned, as Ally gave her the jug—"and, Sally, you run up stairs, and be turned with an old scarlet woollen cape and cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He replied them with many expressions of gratitude—much kindness was in something in their manner. "I'm sure you're heartily welcome," said the friendly giver; "I wish I could do more for you; but my son is one of the turn-outs, and we've never had a election brass to live on. Good-look to you, master, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! there's no knowing what one's own poor little ones may come to in this hard world." Then, in more comfortable reader, you wonder how these children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, these boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation for days past, and, in such cases, the craving for food is incessant.

"It's useless to go home without money," thought the poor mountebank; "I could no more face Mrs. Nigge than I could face a tiger; so, well step on, best foot forward, and try our luck at Eglinthorpe. I never rely bad, we can be at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there with his tumbling clothes; I'm glad of us, and pay us well, too, for the fair-day. Let's make a start, then, and cheerily, be!" At the conclusion of the journey the youngsters were lively enough, and prattled on, in childish fashion, about "what they'd have for supper when they got home; they'd talk with their pantoming and vaulting; and how they'd get the bantlins in some local circus, where an immense amount of salary would be theirs, and boy joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be ragged nor hungry any more." The mountebank smiled on them compassionately, but refused to encourage such rosy scenes by, &c. too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and revelries! Death had died in the poor mountebank's house!

"Cheerily, be, Ally! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along."

So father led both boys, and when they had walked nearly five miles, and began to think Tom Whitlock's great delight in beyond his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the burden of the journey, when, as they related the anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned cakes; then the story of William Tell after the manner of Punch, and the shepherd and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twenty-fifth time, were as eagerly listened to as novelties as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a landmark. During their three-half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked with dismay at the heavy clouds, the snowflakes, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but now began to assume a more threatening aspect. The road now lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers from the weather. But what of that? He'd carry Midgkins; and then he and Ally could walk faster and keep the sleepiness away. He wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loth, in his arms, which, as encountered as he was by the large drum, it was a troublesome matter to manage in this manner with Ally, who, poor child, was expecting Midgkins on one arm, and leading Ally as quickly onward as he could, while bolder and more fell the snow-flakes, and gradually slower and more feeble became the boy's steps; and Midgkins, who was used to his father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme cold, fell fast asleep.

"Come, poor boy, step out and so get under cover; it's going to be fearful night! Luckily the first house we come to in Eglinthorpe is the Bull's Head, where Tom's head-quarters. Why, Ally Dawson, that keeps it! she'll not refuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy."

Ally answered him with a sob in her husky tone of voice, for the climbing snow prevented his seeing the fine thing Ally was down a grade—the thick darkness was spreading itself all around, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

"Father, father," replied the child, "I do walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoe in the snow, and my foot is so very cold, and so very drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep."

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still encouraged him to walk on. At length, after long wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature, the poor man, who was now exhausted and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Ally, to "sit and rest just a little while." He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned occasionally, and he shivered from head to foot. Ally was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to roll down his cheek—even his countenance, as it reflected for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

"Now, Ally," said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, "I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgkins to the Travelers' Rest."

"Oh, father," was mute'ign without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down."

"Don't feel them, love," replied father; "can try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother."

"Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble."

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank: but he yielded to stern necessity, and, with fears of going astray, started on the spot, and walked away with rapid strides. It was all a question now which boy he was going to—all his hazard—it being by this time no doubt that, to use a common but expressive phrase, "you couldn't have seen your hand before you."

CHAPTER III.—THE TRAVELERS' REST.

THE door of the Travelers' Rest always stood hospitably open, as it is become the custom in houses of entertainment. On this particular stormy night the snow came drifting in furiously.

Betty, the servant, went to shut the front door, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and, almost in a fit, down into the kitchen, to the refuge in the kitchen, slamming the door after her, to keep the spirits out, until breath and courage returned.

"Dead! why, what does the silly woman mean?" said Mrs. Dawson, the landlady, as she came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of the extraordinary uproar. "Dead! what's dead in passage, there, leaning for support with one hand on each door-post, stood a figure ghastly to behold! Its face, pallid, haggard, and streaked with snow, its eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; its hair matted and disheveled; its dress, which was such a bitter sight as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with the snow. At last the mountebank had reached the Travelers' Rest, whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

"Bless me!" cried the landlady, "there's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of Tom Whitlock's men. Come, Betty, you don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished."

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitations; he staggered forward a few steps, and then fell down across the wreck of "water," when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he lay there like a dead man.

The house was all astir directly: the ruddy-cheeked landlady came, with her husband, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other customers, they got the wine-pot, and the gutter up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlor, where he was placed on the sofa.

"Blunkets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of weak port-wine, Mary Ann!"

Such were the doctor's hurried orders. Even the landlord, shouldering a load of blankets very quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth was washed away, and poured down many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

"I am afraid the poor fellow's gone," said the sympathizing Mrs. Dawson.

"No, no," replied the doctor, "but he's in a miserable state; he has been exposed, evidently, from over-exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of a little wine by-and-by, in warming a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty the latter contrived to swallow a few spoonfuls of the liquid him, when, to the speechless eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious countenances around him, but he was forbid not this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as possible, left him to make his acquaintance for the night. At three in the morning the patient sank gently into a deep sleep, and the doctor and landlord, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming "a miracle!" "Bravo, bravo, Ally! A capital pony that! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclipse Richardson and Batty, shall we, Midgkins? It's now turn! Now for a summerset! Here goes!"

During the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through the window, when Midgkins with a piteous shriek, and a look of terror, sprang from his seat, and, with a face as white as death, forced him to the floor, waved the chair from him, and forced him to the floor.

"Father, father!" he cried, "don't do it! don't do walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoe in the snow, and my foot is so very cold, and so very drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep."

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still encouraged him to walk on. At length, after long wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature, the poor man, who was now exhausted and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Ally, to "sit and rest just a little while." He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned occasionally, and he shivered from head to foot. Ally was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of

ward a conclusion the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting posture, surveyed his crowd out its cronpatta with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, my man," said the worthy doctor, "you've had a tolerably long nap. Now take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; I will do you no harm."

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered; but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around, until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the barbecue. Astonished, at the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. "This is the Travellers' Rest, then," said he. "Don't you remember me, Mrs. Dawson? You used to call me Refugee, and I knew him, I was intimately acquainted, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family."

"So it is, I declare!" replied Mrs. Dawson; "it's the father of that two lovely boys we saved on the last fair."

At the mention of his boys the sick man's face became absolutely lovid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth, "My children—*are they safe?*"

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every one present. The widow had been compelled to leave her darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak. "Well here, my good friend."

"*Dear!* Are they not here?" inquired the invalid quick! quick! You won't answer me. Oh my boys! Dead!—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!"

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman. He hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope, which he certainly did not feel, that the children would be found safe, and promised that every thing possible should be done for them.

"It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!" roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice as its owner drew up to the inn-door in a light cart.

"Derby Tom Matlock!" exclaimed the mountebank; and, exerting all his strength, he gathered his blanket round him, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

"Whoy, Jon, lad, to thet thee ?" cried the Yorkshireman, "I'm glad to see thee, my lad. But what's up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hast been badly?"

"You can't—it's empty, isn't it?" was the hurried reply.

"Aye, for sure," said Tom. "I unloaded t' goods down t' fair ground, and now I'm for putting Topsy into t' stable here."

The party following the patient to the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones, but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank's having some refreshment taken and started. So it was agreed as he and Tom were each supplied with a draught to keep out the cold; the excisoman lent his large boots to the father; the schoolmaster provided him with a thick woollen comforter; Jos Collier produced his Sunday coat and waistcoat; and a warm sleeved waistcoat; and Mrs. Dawson contributed a pair of drawers and a hat, and then he plunged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on he should be obliged, by main force, the mountebank reluctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although he was tenacious during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the cellar threw in a bundle of hore-clothe which was spare.

"Now Topsy, old lass, as quick as thee canst !" shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travellers' Rest, except its invalid, followed; and a search party, on a large scale, was formed.

The search party, on a large scale, was formed. Every one present, however, felt that the task was one of extreme danger, and would be attended with great difficulty; she said, "Herod" the effect of that one ward was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose limbs could only with great pain be moved, sprang suddenly from his couch, and, with a strength of which he had not dreamed, he dressed himself, and, in spite of all remonstrance, he would accompany them. "Dead! dead!" cried poor father, with a great effort, "I will not believe it!"

Mother fell on her knees beside her little ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly.

The doctor had now a wounded man to attend to, but, stooping down, began chafing Alfy's frozen hands. "Alfy," he said, abruptly, "the what! look sharp! There's hope yet!"

What sweet music was in that simple sentence! what exquisite thrill of joy at our narrator's heart was and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Half a dozen of the men who had been sent out employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their exertions were crowned with success; for, anon, Alfy half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his father bending tenderly over him, he said, somewhat indistinctly, as one speaks in a dream, "Father, dear father, have you come to fetch us?"

"Yes, my love, yes," replied father.

"But Bob—Higgins?" murmured Alfy. "I thought I had my arms round him—"

"Your brother's quite safe," interrupted the doctor; "but he must keep quiet, or wait till you're stronger."

"I will," said breathing freely, and woven his hands!" said mother, referring to Midgkins, by whom she and Yorkshire Tom had been directing their attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-cloths, and deeply-anxious parents to go into the cart and be placed the little ones in their arms, and while, pered to Tom to drive on as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done in order to reach pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, the doctor thought that the change in breathing air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken up and down by the various motions of the cart. Arrived at the Travellers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the benefit of the unfortunate family —warm baths, great beds; in short, all that he could think of. Dawson thought it proper at the doctor's disposal for their advantage; and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that he could do, every thing was in a plenty of "kitchen physic," seconded by good nursing.

"There is one thing, my dear boy, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." So said Shakspeare. With the subjects of our tale this "flood" had now set in, and the tide of fame and professional talent had failed to achieve accident gained for them—a popular one—the title of public professors, in whatsoever department they may be. The newspapers that week published accounts of the "Incalculable escape" of the children; men who make a scanty livelihood by bawling through the streets recounted the particulars; pictures cut on daily befalling their fellow-creatures were heard in every town retailing the substance of the fortune-telling; and with many additions, declarations, and moral observations. The mountebank, as Byron phrases it, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." He received engagements from several London minor theatres to perform in a new drama, founded on the "Incalculable Fair Storm," and was so successful that the family has risen tenfold, professionally, even as he has substantiple. Last year, having completed the term of their engagement with *Monsieur le Directeur*, they returned to their native country, greatly improved in appearance, manners, and knowledge. All the family have learned to speak French fluently and the boys are considered by the best judges to be first-rate acrobats, horse-riders, and rope-dancers; consequently, their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in reality, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank A 1.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

Credolous crystal-seers, young lovers, and grave wise men, all consult the Magic Mirror.

GEORGE MORLEY set out the next day for Norwich, in which antique city, ever since the Danish invasion, there has existed a Society for secular, yet crystal-seer has enjoyed a mysterious renown, perpetuated through all changes in our land's social progress the long line of Vala and Saga, who come with the Raven and Valkyr from the Scandinavian pine shores. Merle's reserve was imbibed on the personal of Sophy's letter to him. He informed no one that he had received it; he had plenty of money, and had even forced a loan upon Merle; but that he liked an active, wandering life is right him from those inquiries as to a peddler's pack would give him a license for vagrancy, and a budget to defray its expenses;

that Merle had been consulted by him in the choice of light purchases, and as to the time he might find the most free from competing rivals. Merle willingly agreed to accompany George in quest of the wanderer, whom, by the help of his crystal, he seemed calmly sure he could not long discover. Accordingly, they both set out in the somewhat devious and desultory road which Merle, who had some old acquaintances among the ancient profession of hawkers, had advised Wadie to take. But Merle, unhappily proved more skilful in divining than Wadie's steady adherence to the chart prescribed, led the Oxford scholar the life of a will-o'-the-wisp; now pursuing and shooting to the left, now and there, till, just when George had lost all patience, Merle, who had kept him in sight, said, a *pedrine* on the neck of a farmer's daughter, which he was mercifully certain he had himself left behind in Wadie's panic. And the gig stating, in reply to his inquiry, that her father had bought the pedlar's pack at a person for him not many days before, of a peddler in a neighboring town, to the market of which the farmer resorted weekly. Merle rode on a busy scheme, and finding the Third House (of short journeys) in Bermuda-square, in the South House (commanding the object desired), and in conjunction with the Eleventh House (friends), he gravely informed the farmer that his boy-tutor were at rest, and that the House and the Man were at hand. No encouraging, George consented to proceed to the scar to an early train, and reached the famous town of Ouzelford, whither, when the chronological thread of our narrative (which we have so far somewhat forestalled) will permit, we shall conduct the inquisitive reader.

Meanwhile Lionel, subscribing without a murmur to Lady Montfort's injunction to see Sophy no more, left the house, and soon conferred with and his cousin won, returned to his lodgings in London, more than ever pleased and fushed with joy. His intention was to set out at once to Paisley; but on reaching town he found there a few lines from Harriet himself, in reply to a long and affectionate letter which Lionel had written a few days before, asking permission to visit the old manor-house; for amidst all his absorbing love for Sophy, the image of his lonely friend Harriet in her gloomy hermitage never left before him. In these lines Darrell, not unkindly, but very coldly, declined the proffered visit. "In truth, my dear young kinsman," wrote the recluse—"in truth I am, with shortening days, more and more shrinking during my convalescence from a moral fever. My nerves are yet weak, and no one to whom I have described the most complete repose; the visits, even of friends the dearest, forbidden as a peril. Accustomed to the sight of your—well, say one from the great world—but especially of one whose rich vitality of youth and health would mock my own fatigued exhaustion, would but irritate, I wrench, were you to come. When I am quite well I will ask you to come. I shall enjoy your visit. Till then, on no account, and on no pretext, let me see your face. Write to me as often as you will; but on no account to Paisley. Mary young, marry for love; let no ambition of power, no greed of gold, ever mislead you into giving to your life companion who is not the half of your soul. Choose with the heart of a man; I know that you will choose well. Your welfare is my constant study; and he assured beforehand of the sympathy and sanction of your

"CHERLISH BUT LOVING KINSMAN."

After this letter, Lionel felt that, at all events, he could not at once proceed to the old manor-house in defiance of the owner's prohibition. He wrote briefly, entreating Darrell to forgive him if he persisted in the prayer to be received at once; but that his desire for a personal interview was now suddenly become special and urgent; that it not only concerned himself, but affected his benefactor. By return of post Darrell replied with curt frigidity, repeating with formal politeness his refusal to receive Lionel, but professing himself ready to attend to all that his kinsman might address to him by letter. "For it be as you state," wrote Darrell, with his habitual irony, "a matter that relates to myself, my fame, as a writer, or my own affairs, your application I once enjoined to my clients—a written brief should always precede a personal consultation."

In fact, the proud man suspected that Lionel had been applying to Lady Montfort on behalf of Jasper Losely; and certainly that was the last subject on which he would have permitted an interview to his young kinsman. Lionel, however, was not perhaps sorry to be thus compelled to defer seeing his own and Sophy's cause. Darrell was one of those men whose personal sympathy—and they are rare—of those men whom we feel, upon great occasions, less embarrassed to address by letter than in person. Lionel's pen flowed easily—and his heart and soul suffused with feeling, and, rushing over the page, he poured forth all of the love when he had told to the rich man the tale of the lovely wandering child, and how, out of his sympathy for her and Lionel's approving, Lionel had ventured to himself had grown. Thus indirectly to her fortune should he owed the one rise in his own fortunes. He went through the story of William Losely as he had gathered it from Alban Morley, and touched pathetically on his poor father's share in that dark history. If William Losely could be hurried into crime by the tempting necessity for a comparatively trifling sum, how far more likely would he, one so necessary have arisen? Eloquently then the benevolent grandfather and grandchild in one touching picture—their love for each other, their dependence oneach other. He enlarged on Sophy's charming, sensible, simple, noble character; he told how he had again found her; he dwelt on the refining accomplishments she owed to Lady Montfort's care. How came she with Lady Montfort? Why had Lady Montfort cherished, educated her? Because Lady Montfort told him how much her own children had owed to Darrell; because, should Sophy be, as alleged, the offspring of his daughter, the heiress of his line, Caroline Montfort rejoiced to guard her from danger, now in her own person, and ultimately thus to fit her to be not only acknowledged with delight, but with pride. Why had he been engaged into this privilege to Harriet? And again found, and under Lady Montfort's roof, the child who, with no consciousness of her claims, Darrell himself had vainly sought to find, and unconsciously designed to secure? Because Lady Montfort's object in thus bringing Josephine Sophy's education, interrupted by grief for her lamented mother, and, as was indeed, when William Losely again returned, some pounds (if such existed) to corroborate the assertion of Sophy's parentage, "Alban," added Lionel, "Lady Montfort seems to fear that she has given you some cause of displeasure—and I know not, but which might have induced you to disapprove of the acquaintance I had begun with Sophy. But in no way would you could be the reverence with which she ever alludes to your worth—the gratitude with which she owns her mother's and her own early obligations to your intellect and heart." Finally, Lionel wove all his threads of social into the narration of the deep love into which his romantic memories of Sophy's mother had enlisted and his love, spurred by the sight of her graceful, cultured youth. "Grant," he said, "that her father's unbridled vices have left no taint on his now anxious to discredit it—still if you can not look her as your daughter's child, receive her as mine. I implore—let her love and revere you—as my wife! Leave me to protect her from a lowless father—to guard her from shame, by some relic of birth and honor, any stain that her grandsire's sentence may cast on her mother's name. Only if ambitious before, how ambitious I should be now —to efface, for her sake as for mine, her grandfather's shame! Your father's estate, if left on the other hand, she should, on the requisite inquiries, be proved to descend through her mother—your father's blood in her pure veins—I know, also! then that I should have no right to aspire to such a position. Who would think less of her descent from a William Losely? Who would not be too grateful to receive her as the decree from you? All spots would vanish in the splendor of your renown; the highest in the land would court her alliance. Nor would I, for the pension of your bounty, and only on my father's side, be ungenerous. But still I fear that you would not reject me—you would place the future to my credit; and I would wait, wait patiently, till I had won such a soldier's name as would entitle me to mate with a daughter of the Darrells."

Lionel closed the letter the more readily moved on—seeking, with an art of which the writer was unconscious, all the arguments and points of view which might be the most captivating to the superb pride or to the exquisite tenderness of heart which he fancied in the descendants of Darrell's character.

He had now to wait long for a reply. At the first glance of the address on its cover his mind misgave him; the hopes that had hitherto elated his spirit gradually and almost imperceptibly. Darrell's handwriting was habitually in harmony with the dictations of its vice—a scrupulously clear, formed with a peculiar and original elegance, yet with the undulating ease of a natural, open, impulsive character. And this document came in such terse tries as the very mailing of it had been a matter of the missing poets and abstracted authors, is observable in men of high public station, was in Guy Darrell unintelligible. The Particular Account had imparted a certain stateliness to his most ordinary notions.

But in the letter which lay in Lionel's hand the writer was scarcely recognizable—the distinctive traits of character, the turns of thought, pen threw yet tremulous; the seal a great blotch of wax; the very paper, though with its sparing motto, indistinct and mangled, as if the stamping instrument had been plucked wrathfully away from the wet sealed. And when Lionel opened the letter, the handwriting within was yet more indistinct and blurred in order. The very ink looked menacing and angry—blacker as the pen had been forcibly dipped over it.

"Unhappy boy!" began the ominous epistle, "it is thanks to your folly that the only interested woman who has withered up the noonday of my life seeks to dishonor its blighted close! Talk not to me of Lady Montfort's gratitude and reverence! Talk not to me of her amiable, tender, holy care of my most unworthy children house the grand-daughter of a convicted felon! Shame for her name, shame for her by what dare to fierce herself still upon my thoughts—dare to imagine she can be my near neighbor—dare to think she can be a companion still in my forlorn existence! Lionel Haughton, I command you, by the memory of the dead whom we can claim as ancestors in common, to tear from your heart, as you would tear a thought of daguerre this image which has bewitched your reason. My daughter, thank Heaven, left no child—not an ancestral stain. Be it a girl who has been brought up by a thief—a girl whom a woman has taken to her house to Jasper Losely sought to make an instrument of fraud and harassment and disgrace, be her virtues and beauty what they may, I could not, without in-

tolerable anguish, contemplate as the wife of Lionel Haughton. But *resolve* her as your wife! Admit her within those walls! Never, never; I scorn to threaten you with loss of favor, loss of fortune. Marry her if you will. You shall have an ample income secured to you. But from that moment our lives are separated—our station ceases. You will never again see nor address me. But oh, Lionel! can you—can you inflict upon me this crowning sorrow? Can you, for the sake of a girl of whom you have seen but little, be to me the instrument of torment for your father's fault, complete the ingratitude I have experienced from those who owed me most? I am not blind to it. I know that you wrote—did not urge this suit in person. I should not have been able to confirm my passion; we might have parted foes. As it is, I restrain myself with difficulty! That woman, that child, summon them to me! Am I not the last affection left to my ruined heart? No! You will not be so cruel! Lionel, I lift my hand you, to Lady Mountfort. See again neither her nor the imposter she has been cherishing for my disgrace. This letter will be your excuse to break off with both—with both!

"GUY DARRELL."

Lionel was stunned. Not for several hours could he recover self-possession enough to analyze his own emotions, or discern the sole course that lay before him. After such a letter, even such a benefactor, no option was left to him. Sophy must be resigned; but the cruel means used him to the earth—crushed the very manhood out of him. He threw himself on the floor, tossed, groaned, and at last sprang up and rushed, each from each, in convulsive spasms.

But send that letter to Lady Mountfort! A letter so wholly at variance with Darrell's dignity of character—a letter in which rage seemed hardly the uncontrolled fury! Some hidden language of hate and scorn, and even insult, to a woman, and to that woman who had been adored by Lionel so reverently to cherish the writer's name—so tenderly to scheme for the writer's happiness! Could he obey a command that seemed to lower Darrell even more than it could humble her to whom it was to be sent?

Yet disobey! Must but the letter itself compel exploit! Ah—and was there not some strong, misunderstanding, in respect to Lady Montfort, which the letter itself, and nothing but the letter, would serve to dispel, as a veil of disbelief, might not Darrell's whole mind undergo a change? A flash of joy suddenly broke on his agitated, exhausted thoughts. He forced himself again to read those blotted, imperious lines. Evidently—evidently, from the writing to Lionel—the subject Sophy—the man's wrathful heart had been addressing itself to neither, but suspicion only. Then with renewed hope, hope, He would send the letter, and with but few words from—perhaps the most important and immense despair at the thought of relinquishing Sophy—intimated his belief that Darrell took was, from some cause or other, of which Lionel could not comprehend, avenging himself on Lady Montfort; and claim for her, as for you her, if so, to forgive lines colored by hasty passion, and, for the sake of all, not to disdain that self-vindication which might perhaps at once soften a nature possessed of such depths of severeness as that which appeared now so cruel and so bitter! He would not yet despond—not yet commission ier to give his last farewell to Sophy.

CHAPTER VII.

The Man-eater continues to take his quiet steak out of Dolly Poole, and is in turn subjected to the sentimental knife of the darning-needle. Two sisters find the husband—try his fellow Man-eaters—one by that dead Sir Jeffery Dunstan, who used to make such capital apple of all he can do to be hanged.

MEANWHILE, the unhappy Adolphus Poole had been the reluctant but unfailing source from which Jasper Losely had weekly drawn the supplies to his wasteful and unscrupulous existence. Never was a man more constrainedly benevolent, and less recompensed by generous sacrifice by applauding conscience, than the doomed inhabitant of Alhambra Villa. In the utter failure of his attempts to discover Sophy, or to induce Jasper to accept Colonel Morley's proposals, he saw this unprincipled man fixed upon his entrails, like the vulture on those of the classic sufferer in mythological tales. Jasper, indeed, had accommodated himself to this regular and unlaborious mode of gaining "*so power ere*." In all cases a wealthy and old acquaintance, frighten him with a few threats, or force a death-like swale from agonizing lips by a few vigorous blows, carry off his last sovereign, and enjoy himself thereon till pay-day duly returned, was a combination of events that Jasper did not greatly care to improve; and truly believed he or Poole that his earlier energy had left him. As a consequence all of Jasper's former older and falls lower, indolence gradually usurps the place occupied by violent and active crime. Jasper was bitterly aware that his old somnolescence was gone; that never more could he enhance a maiden's fortune or a widow's jointure, when this truth was fully brought home to him, it made a strange revolution in his mind. He declared no longer for dress and gewgaws—sought rather to hide himself than to parade. In the neglect of the person he had once so idolized—in the coarse roughness which now characterized his exterior—there was that sullen despair which the vain only know when what had made them dainty and genteel is gone forever. The human mind, in deteriorating, fits itself to the humble into which it declines. Jasper would not now, if he could, have driven a cabriolet down St. James's Street. He had taken more and more to the vice of drinking as the excitement of gambling was withdrawn from him. For how gamble with those who had nothing to lose, and to whom he himself could have been ignorant, not hawk? And as he found that, on what he thus drew regularly from Dolly Poole, he could command all the comforts that his inbarrated tastes now desired, so an odd kind of prudence, for the first time in his life, came with what he chose to consider "a settled income." He mixed with ruffians in their nightly orgies; treated them to cheap potations; swaggered, bullied, boasted, but shared in no project of crime which might lead to evidence, but no gain. Such bold hope can a scheme which would not be attended. Jasper can prevent my son's marrying in such risks as he may propose, or letting him (if he were to ask it) into any adventure of his own. He may know that I am a safe oliver; they respect me: the law has never been able to lay hand on me. I am a lazy dog.

That fellow drinks, blabs, and boasts, and would bring us all into trouble,' they will have nothing to do with him. And I can not prevent his doing what he pleases out of his own muddled head, and will not, unless he reckless hand."

"But you will keep in his confidence, and let me know all that he proposes?"

"Yes."

"And meanwhile he must come to me. And this time I have more hope than ever, since his health gives way, and he is weary of crime itself. Mr. Cutts, come near—softly. Look!" and Guy drew Cutts away from Sophy, and you are screened by the blind. Look, I say, at those lines, in her face."

She pointed to a room on the ground-floor in the opposite house, where might be dimly seen through the blind a world grate, and a man's form, the head pillowed upon arms that rested on a small table. On the table a glass, a bottle.

"It is thus that his mornings pass," said Archella Cross; "and that bitter pity is the sum of her voice. "Look, I say, is he formidable now? can you fear him?"

"Very much indeed," muttered Cutts. "He is only stupefied, and he can shake off a dose of that like a dog does when a rat is in his kennel."

"Cutts, you tell me that he constantly carries about him the same old pocket-book which he says contains his fortune; in other words, the means of frighten his victims and giving him the money which is now the cause of his danger. There is surely no profit in one not pick or get picked, Mr. Cutts? Fifty pounds for that book in three hours."

"Fifty pounds! Why, ma'am, the man he sponges on would give more to have those papers in his power."

"Possibly; but Losely has not been dolt enough to trust you sufficiently to enable you to make such treasonable negotiations. Look! if the man's name and address be among those papers, you could make sure of the lodgment without bringing Jasper himself upon you; and even if Jasper were out of the way, you would not have the whole world over his victims. you know not the circumstances; you could make many out of those papers, blackmail their fears; and the man, who, I can tell you, is by nature a bully, and strong, compared with any one in his present state, would seize you by the collar; and you would be lucky if you got off the house with no other loss than the letters, and no other gain but a broken bone. Pooh! you know all that, or you would have stolen the book without the use of it before. Fifty pounds for that book in three hours; and if Jasper Losely does not live alive in three hours, fifty pounds more, Mr. Cutts. See! he stirs not—he must be fast asleep. Now is the moment."

"Fifty pounds in my room?" said Cutts, with contempt. "Why, he would know who did it—and where's the use of a bo-tomorrow?" said Archella Cross; "and one has a right to pick a pocket in the Queen's highways. In three hours you shall have the book."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mercury is the Patron Deity of Mercantile Speculators; as well as of crack-brained Poets: indeed, he is much more favorably regarded by the latter class, who forsee than of his protégés than he is to the latter.

"Possunt quia posse videntur."—VIRGIL.

Possit qui credit posse videtur.—OVID.

POOR men sitting with his wife after dinner. He had made a speculation that day; little Johnny would be all the better for it a few years hence, and would thank his father perhaps all the worse—but each for himself in this world! Poole was therefore basking in the light of his gentle household, approving smile. He had taken an extra glass of a venerable port-wine that had belonged to his relief from the estate of Uncle Sam. Commercial prosperity without conjugal felicity within, the walls of Alhambra Villa, would have made Poole in an enviable man. Does he look so? The ghost of what he was once, at least, about it. He leans back in his chair in; his clothes hang on him like bags; there is a wornried, haggard look in his eyes, a nervous twitch to his lips, and every now and then he looks at the handsome Parisian clock on the mantelpiece, and then shifts his position, pushes his convulsive hand, who asks "what ails him?" Little but nothing, and every now and then he fixes strange shapes in the mobile shapes in the coals.

To-morrow brings back this weekly spottra To-morrow Jasper Losely, punctual to the stroke of eleven, returns to remind him of that past which, if revealed, will blast the future. And revealed it might be any hour, despite the bribe for silence which he must pay with his own hand, under his own roof. Would he trust another with the money? Would he not himself, in person, go he visit Losely at his own lodging, and pay him there?—murder! Would he appoint him somewhere in the street—run the chance of being seen with such a friend? Respectability contemplates with offal.—Suppose that Jasper had on the last two or three visits been peculiarly disagreeable. He had talked loud. Poole feared that his wife might have her ear at the keyhole. Jasper had seen the parlor-maid in the passage as he went out and caught her round the waist. The parlor-maid had complained to Mrs. Poole, and said she should leave if so insulted by such an ugly blackguard. Fancy! what the poor lady-killer has come to! Mrs. Poole had been many more and more serious and troublesome on the subject of such extraordinary visits and now, as for the present—for the first —having roused her secret ire by his previous unmanly snubbings, and Mrs. Poole being one of those incomparable women who have a perfect command of temper, who never reply to angry words at the moment, and who can wait for an opposite calm and self-possession, pay off every angry word by an amiable sting at a right moment—Mrs. Poole, I say, then was calm.

"Sammy, duck, we know what makes us so cross; but it shall be the last time. Papa's most dreadful man comes to-morrow. He always comes the same day of the week."

"Hate you, Jasper, Mrs. Poole."

"Yes, Sammy dear, I'll hold my tongue. But Sammy shan't be impatient with his governess; for I know he is a mendicant—one of those sharpers or black-legs who took on in, and then cheat them, in our younger days, and so good heart can't bear to see him in distress; but shall not be an end to his visits."

"Mrs. Poole—Mrs. Poole—will you stop your fool's jaw or not?"

"Hold your dear hubby," said the angel, squeezing out a mild tear, "so will be in good hands to advise or to; for I've been silly to-day."

"You have," faltered Poole, "told your father —you have!" and the expression of his face betokens so plainly that Mrs. Poole was genuinely terrified. She had long felt that there was something unusual in the cause of her husband's remission to the insolence of so rude a visitor. But she knew that he was not brave; the man had been described to her as one prone to brutal violence. The man might probably be some former friend, or some one to whom Poole had ruined, either in by-gone discreditable sporting days, or in recent respectable mercantile speculations. Or—or that ghastly look a glance of the teal truth broke upon her; and she stood speechless and motionless as the conviction there was a loud ring at the street-door bell. Poole gathered himself up, and staggered out of the room into the passage.

His wife remained without motion: for the first time in her married life she felt afraid of him. Presently she heard a harsh female voice in the hall, and then a joyous exclamation from Poole that was instantly suppressed by those same hands, she went mechanically forth into the passage, and saw the street door shut, and her husband's dress disappearing within Poole's study, while Poole, who had opened the study door, and was holding it open, with deep humility observantly, turned his eye toward his wife, and striding to-ward her in a moment, seized her by the lip stairs, and stir not," in a tone so unlike his usual gruff access of command, that it cowed her into the most profound consternation which she habitually received, while smilingly obeying his manifest request.

Poole, vanishing into his study, carefully closed his door, and would have caught his lady round the waist to kiss her, but she would turn back, and, declining a seat, remained sternly erect.

"Mr. Poole, I have but a few words to say. He letters which gave Jasper Losely the power to extort money from you are in my hands. In his possession; they are in mine. You need fear no more annoyance from that quarter."

"Oh!" cried Poole, falling on his knees, "the blessing of a father of a family—a babe not six weeks' borne—the—the blessed Archella!"

"Get up, and don't talk nonsense. I do not give you those papers to prevent you from them. Instead of being in the power of a muddled, irresolute drunkard, you are in the power of a vigilant, clear-headed woman. This is in my power, and you will act as I tell you."

"You are my guardian angel. I am sure," said Poole, his grateful enthusiasm much abated. "Command me; but the papers can be of no use to you; I will pay for them handsomely."

"Be silent and listen. I retain these papers for my own purposes. Jasper Losely does not know that they ever passed to my hands; secondly, because you must inflict no injury on Losely beyond what you are so long as he does not himself up to the law, and the documents will be used against him. Thirdly, Jasper will not have nothing to fear, and nothing to pay. When Jasper Losely calls on you to-morrow, you will pay him as usual; but the week after he will make excuses. Decline peremptorily, and say plainly (his name must not be given up him farther. He will perhaps charge you with having hired some one to purloin his pocket-book; but you will not. Stop—your brother sees opens on the ground; a garden without. Ah! I have a thought. Is there a back entrance, in sight of the window. Point to them if he threaten you; summon them to your aid; you can call for help if he actually attempt violence. But when he has left the house, you must urge him to appear himself to have he let off unscathed. You can be at no loss for excuse in this mercy; a friend of former times—needy, unfortunate, whom habits of drink maddened for the moment—necessary to eject him, inhuman to prosecute—any story you please. The next day you can, if you choose, leave London for a week or two. Before you do so I will be drawn; he will most probably never trouble you again. I know his character. There, I have done; open the door, Sir."



STREET IN THE FISHERMAN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.



SHRIMPING AT BOULOGNE.

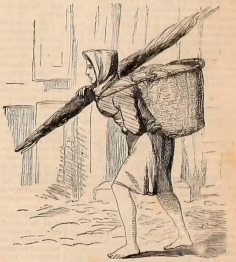
BOULOGNE.

I suppose that every American who has visited France by the way of England—as every American who is not imbued with Anglophobia is sure to do—has been, at least once in his life, to Boulogne. It is the natural landing-place of visitors to France.

Time was when Calais was the connecting link between our forefathers and the French. Every body remembers the absurd story of Elizabeth, who, in her starched way, swore that, for giving up Calais to the French, the name would be found after her death engraven on the stone she carried about in place of a heart. I am not informed whether any anatomical researches were made to verify the assertion of the maiden Queen. But for a hundred years or more Calais was engraven on the heart of many English gentlemen who had the misfortune to be incapable or unwilling to pay their debts at home. When the *régime* of steam began Calais paled its ineffectual fires.

Boulogne was nearer, and more easily got at. The English deserted Calais in a body, and its sun set. A railway leading from Paris and Rheims to Neufchatel, and thence to Boulogne, was built; and from that time Boulogne became not only the natural landing-place of every traveler who visited France from England, but also the home of those unhappy Englishmen whom the benighted English laws regarding debt keep in exile.

To Americans the chief peculiarity of Boulogne is its fishing characteristics. In days of yore, when Calais still reigned, Boulogne was a mere fishing-station. When civilization and insolvent Englishmen burst upon the primitive village the fishers discreetly retired with their wives and families to a remote corner of the town. There they still abide. There in a part of Boulogne—which strangers rarely penetrate—inhabited solely by fishermen and their kith and kin. Our illustration gives a fair idea of the principal street in the picturesque quarter. They are good people who live here. If the men are rough, they know the sea and the inhabitants thereof as well as any native of Cape Cod. If the women wear short petticoats, their hearts are in the right place. They are a high and mighty people, these fishers. They rank, in their own estimation, far above mere traders. And if the daughter of a genuine Boulogne fisherman were to marry a trader in dry goods, groceries, coal, or lumber, she would instantly be tabooed by her tribe. Walk through the "fishers' quarter." Try to make friends with the rude sons of the sea. The men say nothing: they are in the habit of leaving their thinking to be done by their wives. But the females of the fishing population are sharp as the most experienced ferrets of society polite; they will soon discover whether you are engaged in trade; and if you are, expect no warm welcome



BOULOGNE SHRIMP-WOMAN.



PASSENGERS LANDING AT BOULOGNE FROM THE FOLKESTONE BOAT.

from them. A generous commiseration is the best reception you can hope for. If, indeed, you are a "scorgon," traveling for pleasure, or if you happen to be a fisherman—even an amateur—then the fair ladies of the "Quartier des Pêcheurs" will receive you with true Gallic warmth. The gold fore at their table, the best place in their bed, the best bit in their house, and the red cheek of the hostess and her daughters to kiss night and morning, will be your portion. And, let me tell you, you may go farther and fare worse. In fact, you must be a fisherman to enjoy such luxuries.

The shrimp girls are supposed to be the lowest grade of the landscape-taking girls. In early youth many of them are comely and well-made. Ancestors, accustomed to the modest attire of the country girls, are at first amazed to see young women of extraordinary beauty walking the streets of the beach in skirts which do not approach the knee, and with which the wind plays absurd gambols. It is said (but this is, perhaps, a scandal) that in early youth the wind treats the morals of the shrimp girls as carelessly as their skirts; and that, in fact, it soon changes its policy. Wind and rain soon stain the finest face with unsightly tints and wrinkles; at twenty-five, if a shrimp girl is not married, adieu her chances of love in this life. Here lo delve the foaming surf for the shrimps which graces every dinner-table in every town on the British Channel; here to work early and late, sometimes by moonlight, sometimes under the noonday sun—the tide is the regulator—well or ill, fortunate or unlucky—for the rest of her days. No man is so hopeless that he can offer her a home or a heart.

Having seen the fishing quarter, the only remaining sight to see at Boulogne is the arrival of the Folkestone steamer, with its crowd of weather-faced English girls, paddling-headed Englishmen, and monstrous-looking Germans and Frenchmen. It is interesting to watch the boat arrive, and to scan the faces of the people on the pier—the pretty women, who are expecting husband or lover; the anxious debtor, who is on the look-out for the return of his emissaries to his creditors; and the portly French woman, who expects to see her son on his return from his terrible voyage to "le fin fond Albion." Those who have not seen a steamer arrive at Boulogne in which a discerning eye could not detect a comedy and a tragedy; the arrival of the Folkestone boat at Boulogne invariably supplies material for half a dozen dramas.

SURPRISING MALL-COACH ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN BILLY TREGEAR.

A TOUGH CORNISH LEGEND.

I MUST admit, by way of preface, that the story of Captain Billy Tregear is deficient in the rather essential element of probability. But as it is considerably more strange than the majority of fictions, there is presumably authority for its narration. It is be true. I can assert one thing positively—that such a person as Captain Billy Tregear really had an existence. But this is weak evidence, and establishes the authenticity of the incidents to be related, ascribed by popular belief to his career, about as clearly as Mr. Quickly's story of her neighbor's child of parents made one in the Queen Elizabeth had once visited the May-pole.

However, I will tell the story as I have heard it.

Captain Billy Tregear was bound on the *state de vyanse* to London Church Town. Captain Billy would seem to have been in more comfortable circumstances, or he may have been simply more luxurious and extravagant, than the Indian Nabobs. At any rate, Captain Billy traveled by mail, not by wagon—outside, of course.

Billy sat behind the coachman, in company with three rather unusual coach passengers. But as my kind of romance writing would have little interest to Billy, he perhaps saw no more singularity in them than in the rest of his fellow-travelers. They were evidently by no means the sort of people to be a habit of moving even in mixed society. One of them was an Indian woman. His companions were a bear and a monkey.

Captain Billy accepted their companionship cheerfully, as a perfectly natural and unobjectionable incident in his above-ground experiences.

At the outset of my story I ought to state that a sort of Alpine or Rubicon barrier of impossibility, which the reader may perhaps find some difficulty in getting over. But to be respectful to make an effort, with the assurance that, this obstacle surmounted, he will find the rest of my narrative by no comparatively plain sailing. He must make no effort, then, to believe—as implicitly, if possible, as I myself did when I was told—the assertion that Captain Billy Tregear, either from a defective knowledge of mankind, or from a high philosophic—the result of having had the sun too much in his eyes, whether in the literal or the metaphorical sense (both cases being possible in a Cornishman just come above-ground for a holiday)—mistook the bear for a human being, admitted the boys and tautore, but undeniably human.

You must bear continually in mind that Captain Billy had risen from the ranks to his present distinction in the depths of a tin mine. What could he know about man and beast in the upper, sunlit world? I could point out a score of gentlemen, either of whom, happening to be Billy's traveling companion on the occasion, might easily have been mistaken by Billy for a bear. Is it then a wonder that the simple, untutored Cornishman should have mistaken a bear for a gentleman?

I fear, in order to make my story at all probable (the difficulty enlarges as I approach it), I must fall back upon and cling to the hypothesis that Captain Billy had mounted the coach in a hazy and muzzy condition; and had come armed with a faux-bolleu after the manner of ingenious travelers that he could not have been in a state to judge by ocular demonstration of the outlines of his fellow-passengers; that he was merely aware of a dark, huddled-up figure of some kind sitting peculiarly beside him, whose outer and tangible garment appeared to be of a furry texture, and that Billy—of a natural consequence of his assumed condition—was disposed to be sociable and communicative.

The legend proceeds to state that Billy made several unsuccessful attempts to engage the bear in conversation.

We have hinted that the bear was taciturn. We have stated our reasons for his observing this apparently churlish demeanor. In the first place, he was naturally taciturn. He was a bear of language. In the second, he labored under the physical disadvantage of being muzzled. Billy, it may be added, was not able to avail himself of this physical inconvenience, or it is probable that he would have brought the bear to a still greater conversation than he did.

However, it took a long time to offend Billy. It would to talk. Having exhausted general topics—in which the stranger might be naturally supposed to take an interest—Billy addressed his remarks pointedly to the bear, but he must have been, so let us consider the matter settled interested and inclined to his expressing an opinion upon that or any other subject.

"Good sort of coat that for the pits," pursued the unhausted Billy. "Water'd trickle off it just like very thing like off a coat's back. Wouldn't it, now?"

The bear was obstinately silent; and here, I think, he was fully justified in being thus granted, at least.

Bill was not yet beaten. He pursued:

"Excuse my freedom, Sir, as a poor man and a perfect stranger; but might I ask what would be the cost of a coat like yours, Sir? I should like to have one, if within means?"

Still the bear was silent.

Captain Billy was now fairly huffed. Human blood is apt to get warm down in these gaseous tin mines, and Billy felt this was a poor return for his persistent civility. He opened and shut his hands, inserted his thumbs meekly, and looked at the air as if meditating vengeance, in a Cornish manner, at the earliest opportunity. Having mingled and mixed for a few haughty days over the back of the coach, and feeling himself in training for any encounter, Billy deliberately proceeded to provoke the bear by insult.

He spoke at that unoffending personage in the third person.

"Will I ain't a judge of breeding, perhaps, and ain't to a certain extent a gentleman?"

Billy was quite right. The bear was no gentleman.

The showman here interposed. He fully understood the state of the case, which he had watched from its commencement. Billy had unfortunately affectionately in his lap (and winking at the coachman and passengers), he said to Captain Billy—quite firmly fact—that Billy was a misdemeanor Italian with a

"You must not be offended with him. He does not understand your language. He is a Russian."

"Russhan, eh? said Billy, relieved because that peculiar fact by the explanation. "Bra-ave, ugly chap, sure he is, too. Can her wrunsel?"

"Oh, yes. The Russians have very fine wrestlers," said the Italian.

"Will! there's Scrauglers in Cornwall, too." The wrathful Captain again clutched the air as he spoke.

"You had better not try with him," the showman went on. "He has one terrible grip."

"So they say of the Wrastlers last year, last winter, but I throwed him over my head, and could have done it with my hat on."

"Ah! but the Russians have one hug of their own."

"Shall we? and it's thought a good'un," said Billy, tartly.

And then I think Billy must have sought solace in the coachman's box, and have expressed some contemptuous defiance against the Russhan nation collectively.

History, at any rate, insists upon the fact that, at the first halting-place, Captain Billy, on descending, discovered, to his utter chagrin, that the coach, knocked against his late neighbor, the bear, lately sawed to his master in dens-talking to *terra firma*, to the admiration of numerous bystanders, and became indignant at what he conceived to be the insult offered to Billy's flag at the hands of perfidious Muscovy. Billy rushed blindly at his adversary, and was felled to the boulders, after the manner of his country, preparing to initiate him into the mysteries of the Cornish hug.

The bear—which, Billy's idea was, had retaliated after the custom of his race and district. Equality, as a matter of course, Captain Billy Tregear didn't like that.

The bear was imperative to argument as on former occasions. To his horror, Billy felt sharp fangs entering a fleshy portion of his torso. It was a pity he had not better studied the Russian character.

"Here, I say! You're a clan-ing me. This ain't fair! Help! Murder!"

Billy's eyes rolled wildly in search of probable succor among the terror-stricken spectators. There was no help in sight. In the midst of his agony he looked upward, and saw the monkey, who had not yet been lifted from the seat on the coach to which his master had tied him. There was hope yet. Victory had already dawned against Billy. The British flag was nowhere. Prompt capitulation was the only safety. With the remnant of breath left to him, he screamed out imploringly to the monkey.

"I say, young gentleman, speak to your father in his own language, and tell him if he'll loose go I'll ax his pardon."

The bear's jaws finished here. At the time of my first becoming acquainted with it, Captain Billy Tregear was reported to be still alive and prosperous. I never learned how he got out of this dreadful pickle, and conjecture fails to suggest a probable means of his extrication. But I never like to inquire too closely into the reality of good stories. They always come out from the fire of scrutiny singed, like Michaelmas geese, of their feathery glories. I have not yet got over the pain of discovering, a few months ago, that Rob Roy was not only a dirty sheep-stealer, but that he sold his services to the English Government in the great Scottish rebellion.

"LIFE'S LITTLE GAME OF CARDS."

Ou! *Life*, it is a little game, which little players play, For little points of little worth, each in his little way! And if you'll lend your little ears a little while to me, You'll own, as little to your pride, what little folks are we!

If little Hops should be the stake, how little "dukes" and "Hearts"

Build little "castles in the air," on credit to Time's little marts!

If little castles tumble down, there is no little woe,

And little friends most kindly call to say "We told you so!"

If little Fame should be the game, how little people try Each little trick to circumvent their little destiny:

A little look they bestow on little print, their little minds to ease,

This "heads or tails" to win a game of—would to Heaven!—no "cards of dance!

If little Love is on the bread, what little lies are said! How little partners will "revoke!" what little "tricks" are played!

And when the little stake is won, the cards will "turn" on any;

The little winner often finds he's gained a little loss!

If silliest Miss Sentiment should take her turn to play, It is a very little while ere sad she turns away;

She knows the little of the game; and when she doth stand

A rural called Bailey, who holds the better hand.

And as we play—Life's little cote—Life's little game of cards!

Life's little sovereign, statesmen, wits, mobs, soldiers, lovers, bards,

Each playing for his little stake, as little you and I,

Into a little whole they drop the little mites we buy.

Then round a little tomb doth stand a little crape-clad crowd,

Then little eyes shed little tears for their little friend in shroud.

Then little warns look on and laugh at poor mortality!

Thus wrote, in soul-sick weariness, a silly little man,

Who'd wandered, little prefixing, from "Beersheba to Dan,"

And found—poor little simpleton!—in cynical distress,

That all the length, from end to end, was only—barrenness!

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

We have much pleasure in stating that Mr. C. H. Stanley, the famous antagonist of Staunton, St. Amant, Lowenthal, and nearly all the leading players of the past quarter of a century, has consented to furnish us with a Chess Chronicle. Chess-players may rely on finding in this record all the chess news of the world, and the most hotly-contested games. At the present moment, when the players of Europe are being beaten by Mr. Paul Morphy, chess news can hardly fail to be interesting throughout the country.—*Ed. H. W.*

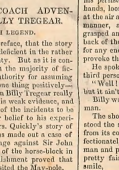
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. B. C.—We have pleasure in giving place to your beautiful Problem No. 1. It is number one in our scores then one.

CHESS IN PARIS.—By a telegraphic dispatch we learn that, in an encounter with Herr Horwitz, Mr. Paul Morphy has experienced a defeat. One swallow, however, does not make a summer—nor a dinner either! We await the issue of a series of games between the same eminences.

PROBLEM I.—BY EUGENE B. COOK.



BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and checkmate in five moves.

GAME I.

QUEEN'S PAWN TWO OPENING, OR SCOTCH GAME.

Played by New York in the year 1849, between Herr Lowental and C. H. Stanley.

WHITE. (Lowenthal.)	BLACK. (Lowenthal.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 4	P x P
4. Kt to B 3 d	P to Q 4
5. P to Q B 3	P to Q 6
6. P to Q Kt 4	P to Q B 3
7. P to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q R 4
8. P to K 5	P to Q 4 (a)
9. K P x P	Q x P
10. Castles	Castles
11. P to K R 3	P to K Kt 3
12. P to K Kt 4	P to K Kt 4
13. Kt to K 3	Kt x Q B P (b)
14. Q to Q 2	Q to R 4
15. Q Kt to B 5	Q Kt x P
16. Q R to Q B sq	Q Kt x B
17. P to Q R 3 (ch)	K to R sq
18. P x Kt	Q to R 6 (ch)
19. K to Kt 2	Q x Kt P (c)
20. Q R to K sq	Q to R 6
21. P to K 6	Q x P
22. Q to K 5 (check, etc.)	Drawn game *(d)*

NOTES.

(a) For the first ten or twelve moves we believe the plays on both sides to be correct and according to Hoyle.

(b) Some very sharp fighting now ensues, and the position becomes critical in the extreme.

(c) The combination here developed by White is certainly daring, but we are unable to discover a flaw in it.

(d) In the original record this move is stated as "P x Q B P, etc." We can make it obvious that Black may draw the game, and on Knight's square, whereas he would win easily by taking Queen with Queen's Pawn. But we do not understand the distinction which is drawn by the score.

GAME II.

Played at the New York Chess Club between Theodore Lichtenhein, President, and another prominent member of the Club.

WHITE. *(Mr. L.)*	BLACK. *(Mr. L.)*
1. P to K 4 (a)	K to B 2
2. P to Q B 3	P to K 4
3. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
4. Q to K B 2	P to Q 3
5. P to Q B 3	B to K 3
6. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
7. P to Q Kt 5	K Kt to K 5
8. P to K 5	P to K 3
9. B to Q 3	P to K 4
10. P to K Kt 4	P to K Kt 4
11. P to K R 4	P to K R 4
12. P to K B 4	P to Q 5
13. K to K 2	Q to R 5
14. Castles	Castles
15. P to K R 4	P to K B 3
16. B P x P	Q to R 5
17. P to K 5	P to K 4
18. K to K 1 d	Q to K R 3
19. Q to Q B 2	Q to K B 5
20. K Kt to K B 3	Q Kt to Q B 5
21. Q to K 2	P to K 5
22. Q x Kt (b)	P x Q
23. B to K 2	P to Q 6

NOTES.

(a) Mr. L. adopts the style of opening in order to throw his friend D. J. off the track, the latter gentleman having an ugly habit of playing the first move of Queen's Pawn two. "Ah, you don't catch me with your P to Q 4, do you?" which, when a game is given, is a delicate hand to break through.

(b) Our principal reason for having given this game to the reader for the purpose of calling attention to the daring and brilliant style which Mr. L. plays. We have seldom witnessed a more effective set of his moves. He J's play on the present occasion is by the way to be regarded as his usual standard.

(c) The game was eminently won by White, and really was a very fine specimen of play. But it is a reminder that we need be scolded by D. J. "Ah, you don't catch me with your P to Q 4, do you?" because to store of indirect loss; and, in other words, we should like White's game for stakes.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Is a certain city in Kentucky is a man who stands in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, by a peculiar kind of unanimity, as a notable benefactor. He has not to express the position he assumes in his own, would require the employment of several words, but the term "business man." But pride must have a fall; and in the fullness of time there arose in this community one who a circular setting forth the virtues of several kinds of clocks, among which ranked "the double clocks," "regulator winding clocks," "superior town clocks," etc. Our friend, with a generous impulse, determined to invest in town clocks, and gave an order to Mendenen, the Boston gentleman, for sixty regulators. The mistake was discovered when the invoice was received. Mendenen had sent sixty *regulators*. The generous Kentuckian was thunderstruck.

A son of the hotels in Washington several members of Congress made themselves conspicuous by calling to the waiter, "Waiter, bring me a fish." "Will the gentleman from Maine pass me the bread?"—"Will the gentleman from Ohio pass the butter?" etc., etc., etc. At last a gentleman present who was exceedingly annoyed by their convers'tion, and, observing that the waiter was about to obey, called his patiently requested, "Will the gentleman from Abbeville pass me his head?"

During the stamp-tail milk controversy of the present summer, a little Abolitionist called on Mr. Horace Greeley, got of the following, and survived it: Having failed to get the breakfast he hungered for, he sat down on his plate, and, holding up to his mother with the most earnest appeal, said, "Ma, I don't like to ask for more; for I know the hen that laid it was BRINDLE!"

TELEGRAPHIC CONUNDRUMS.

Why was the Telegraph Company like a peculiar kind of nutmeg?—Because it showed what Morse meant by good fun.

The enigma of what kind of fish would have been good for the immediate relief of the suffering cable? Answer—Perch as gents-purchased.

What kind of horses, and how accoutred, are necessary to the maintenance of the Atlantic Telegraph?—A pair of bays, with a bit of good management in the gallery of wake, without any reins, and a bridle which has been justly termed the marriage of England and America.

Why was the Atlantic cable which was landed on this continent like the baptism of a Christian on his death-bed?—Because the end was cancelled by water in the name of a Trinity.

Why would a speech on board the Niagara, just before landing the cable, have been a proper display in honor of the event?—Because it would have been a deck-orative demonstration.

Why is the Atlantic Telegraph like the Queen of England?—Because, without the British capital, it would lack several millions of being what it is.

HOW ALLIGATORS ARE CAUGHT DOWN SOUTH.

"When I was in the West Indies, Government offered a bounty for alligator hides. All sorts of traps were put into requisition, but the game was too knowing, and avoided all places which bore the slightest suspicion of foul play. Bullets had no effect upon their general health, and there seemed but little prospect of making any thing out of it. All attempts proved failures, and were on the point of being given up, when a Yankee appeared on the ground, who thought there might be a chance for a speculation after all. First he set about studying the habits of the animal, and noticed, among other peculiarities, that when it came out of the water early in the morning, it walked up the embankment, probably in quest of food, and when returning took the same track *invariably*, and entered the water at the same spot from whence it emerged. If the ground was disturbed during its morning excursion in its path, it might be seen walking over it slowly and with the greatest apparent caution, but NEVER *to leave its track*. Our observing Yankee took his measures accordingly. Watching his opportunity when the alligator leaves the swamp, he crawls noiselessly after it, and plants a thin stick into the sand, directly in the middle of the furrow made by the reptile's tail; then following it by a roundabout way, marks the spot where it turns to go back, and there also puts a stick into its furrow. Alligator is about entering the water, when he spies stick No. 1 right ahead of him in his track. He stops, eyes it attentively for a minute or two, during which time he is supposed to exclaim, mentally, 'Well there! I'll bet a five somebody has been here and put up a trap!' etc. Yankee mentally defies him to put up his money. Alligator suspects, and declines walking over that stick; consequently turns about, and with a negative flourish of its latter end, implying strong doubts as to any body's ability to come it over him, wends his way back to the other end of his journey, when lo! stick No. 2 meets his astonished gaze. He stops, ruminating in his mind what all this means, and declares that he never saw the like of it; and muttering and growling, turns to go home. He walks along thoughtfully until he comes to stick No. 1, and having probably forgotten that he saw it before, is confounded beyond measure at the singularity of these demonstrations, so he concludes to try the other end, where, of course, he finds stick No. 2; and there the poor creature keeps walking back and forth between the two sticks until he gets so used up that ...."

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

A White Mountain guide thus philosophically explains why it is that young ladies are more venturesome on the edges of precipices than the youths of the sterner sex: "A gal," says he, "when she gets into a ticklish place, allers expects a f ller will be a holding on to her, and she does it just out o' bravery [bravado]. But a man, when he makes a fool of himself in that way, knows he's got to stand it himself."

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is all that you do love."

Hood had a way of perpetrating puns peculiar to himself. What can be better than this description of Ben Battle in his conflict:

"The cannon ball took off his legs,
And he laid down his arms."

"Brudder Pete, did you see him see de log afore you saw him saw it?"

PETE. "De unintellectual stupendity of some niggers is perfectly incredulous! Why, I seed him saw it afore I saw him see, it's a consequential ensurance dat he saw *he* saw'd it afore he saw he seed it; but he couldn't help seein' he saw it afore he saw he saw'd it; for ef he saw de sawin' afore he saw de seein' or de sawin', consquinchilly he must a saw'd it afore he seed it, which is absurdedly—darefore, I must a seed it afore I saw it; *quod-dy rat demonstratum*."

Why is a hen, sitting on a fence, like a cent?—Because she has a head on one side and tail on the other.

Quoth Patrick of the Yankees: "Bedad, if he was cast away on a disolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' an' go around sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

A governess, advertising for a situation, says, "She is a perfect mistress of her *own tongue*."

A gentleman had a bad memory; a friend, knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over; and, being asked afterward how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

"John," said Mr. B., the other day, to his son, "John, you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a Revolutionary pensioner."

A man who was sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "for you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects."

A lady declared that she never could see
How the men could all smoke—"Why, it kills 'em," said she.
"I don't know," said Sam—"there's my father—ain't slow—
Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."
"But, Sir, if he never had used the vile weed,
He might have been ninety—he might, Sir, indeed."

Some years ago a bill was up before the Alabama Legislature for establishing a Botanical Medical College at Wetumpka. Several able speakers had made long addresses in support of the bill, when one Mr. Morrissett, from Monroe, took the floor. With much gravity he addressed the House as follows: "Mr. Speaker, I can not support this bill unless assured that a distinguished friend of mine is made one of the professors. He is what that college wishes to make for us, a regular root doctor, and will suit the place exactly. He became a doctor in two hours, and it only cost him twenty dollars to complete his education. He bought a book, Sir, and read the chapter on fevers, and that was enough. He was called to see a sick woman once, so he tucked his book under his arm, and off he went. She was a very sick woman indeed, and he felt her wrist, looked in her mouth, and then, turning to the husband, asked solemnly if he had 'a sorrel sheep?' 'Why, no, I never heard of such a thing,' said the man. 'Well, there is such things,' said the doctor, nodding his head knowingly. 'Have you got a sorrel horse then?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I drove him to the mill this morning.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'he must be killed immediately, and some soup made of him for your wife.' The woman turned her head away, and the astonished man inquired if something else would not do for the soup, the horse was worth a hundred dollars, and was all the one he had. 'No,' said the doctor, 'the book says so, and if you don't believe it I will read it to you—"Good for fevers—sheep sorrel or horse sorrel." There Sir.' 'Why, doctor,' said the man and his wife, 'it don't mean a sorrel sheep or horse, but—' 'Well, I know what I am about,' interrupted the doctor; 'that's the way we doctors read it, and we understand it.' Now," continued the speaker, amidst the roars of the House, "unless my sorrel doctor can be one of the professors, I must vote against this bill." The blow most effectually killed the bill, it is needless to state.

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with, "Don't be in a hurry Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this morning?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

Oh, the jolly brook trout!
Bless his spotted side!
He's a pretty cretur swimmin',
But he's prettier bein' fried!

On a recent occasion, at a village on the Sciota River, some boatmen were very much annoyed by the swarms of mosquitoes, and were complaining of them in presence of a stalwart darkey, who remarked that "the skeeters didn't trubble him." On hearing this, one of the boatmen bet him a quart of whisky that he couldn't lie upon the deck face downward, with his bare back exposed to the attack of the *blood-suckers*, for ten minutes. Nothing daunted, the darkey immediately placed himself in the required position, and the mosquitoes in large numbers began to *present their bills* in the usual mode. He endured their attacks without wincing for some five or six minutes, when one of the boatmen, perceiving that he would certainly win, procured a splinter of pine wood, and inserting it in the fire, applied the burning end lightly between the shoulders of the victim, who, bringing his hand around with a tremendous slap, exclaimed, "I kin stan' de *common* skeeters; but dat's a real gallinipper!"

Sambo having *nearly* won the prize, the boatman compromised by giving him a *pint* of whisky, and he was soon in a condition that defied the attacks of *either* "skeeters" or gallinippers.

Every one knows the custom which is prevalent in conversation before children, of *spelling* certain words, which they do not wish them to understand. A little girl of some five summers was just learning to spell. The above custom had been freely practiced in her presence, and she had got so that she understood why it was done. One day she was playing with a little friend, and her brother was teasing her. Wishing to get away from him, she turned to her companion and said, "May, let's go up stairs and play with the D-O-L."

There are various ways of pronouncing the word *tomato*. I formerly spoke it as if spelt to*may*to, until after the occurrence which I shall now relate. Some years since, while dining at a hotel in this city, I accosted one of the *colored gemmen* as follows:

"Waiter, hand me the to*may*toes!"

The negro looked puzzled for an instant, and glanced his eye up and down the table, until it lighted upon some *potatoes*, which he politely handed me. I rejected the dish, and said,

"I asked for the to*may*toes!"

"Yes, Sa!" he answered, his face assuming the same puzzled look as he glanced over the table, until, seeing a dish of *egg-plant*, he brought it to me.

Now, as I am extremely fond of this delicious vegetable, I helped myself plentifully to it—when, thinking he had discovered what I at first asked for, he leaned down and patronizingly whispered in my ear—

"We don't call 'em dat here, Sa! *we calls 'em egg-plants!*"

I will only add that when I asked for the "*tomatiusses*," they were immediately handed to me.

When Lord Townsend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating solicitations for "places." "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give except a captaincy of dragoons." "I accept it then," replied the Provost. "What, you take a captaincy!" answered his lordship. "Zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke." "And I accept it," replied the Provost, "merely to show you how well I can take a joke!"

Cardinal de Retz desired Menage to give him a few lectures on poetry. "For," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought me every day that I ought to seem at least to be somewhat of a judge." "It would be hard," replied Menage, "to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism without spending too much of your time. But I advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!' Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will surely be right."

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages to explain the *path*ology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—zigzag!

The Scotch sometimes make as amusing blunders as the Irish. At a meeting of the inhabitants of Gorbals, Baillie Mitchell in the chair, it was coolly resolved and unanimously agreed, amidst rounds of applause, that a new bridge be erected on the site of the present wooden one, at the foot of Portland Street, and that the bridge trustees be requested to repair and keep open the said wooden bridge *till the new one be built*.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Sept.* 27, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Sept. 25, 1858	$4,611,602....	$1,047,270
Corresponding week, 1857	3,596,747....	1,170,145
Increase	$1,014,845	
Decrease		$122,875

The export of specie was less than half a million, there having been no steamer from Boston.

Money is unchanged in value. Loans in demand on the best securities are made at 3½ @ 3 per cent., and paper sells at 4½ @ 5½ @ 7, according to quality and date. Exchange on Europe is high, and a heavy shipment of specie is expected on Wednesday. A California steamer will be due this week to replace the amount shipped.

In the Stock Market, the only movement of consequence has been the rise in Pacific Mail Steamship shares and Panama Railroad. The stock of both these companies has risen about five per cent. on the strength of the increased traffic they enjoy. The great railways to the West completed, on Saturday, their agreement for a new tariff and high rates of fare; the details have not been published. Their stock has not yet risen in consequence. The following has been the course of the Stock Market for the past week:

	Sept. 18.	Sept. 25.
Missouri 6's	84½	84¼
La Crosse Land Grants	24	25½
Delaware and Hudson	98¼	98
Pacific Mail	97	102
Panama	113½	117½
New York Central	78	78
Erie	17½	17
Hudson	27½	27
Reading	47	47
Michigan Southern	23½	23
Michigan Central	55	50½
Galena	83¾	82
Rock Island	68¾	64½
Toledo	33	33
Illinois Central	76	79
La Crosse	2½	3½
Milwaukie and Mississippi	16¼	16

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept.* 27, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite brisk for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, prices of which have advanced. The receipts, as well as the available supplies, have been moderate, and receivers have not been eager to sell....Cotton has been in better request at firmer rates....Provisions have been depressed....Coffee and Teas have been freely sought after, while Sugars and Rice have been less active....Naval Stores, Tobacco and Wool have attracted more attention at strengthening figures....Privately, the Dry Goods trade exhibits less vigor, the heaviest Fall orders having been filled. Yet the demand is good for desirable domestic productions, and prices of such are, for the most part, fairly sustained. The heavy auction sales of foreign fabrics have checked private transactions. Desirable styles of Dress Goods are less freely offered, and are wanted at good prices. Otherwise, the current movements are moderate, and prices are heavy and irregular. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $1,751,079 against $1,338,201 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $46,473,436 against $80,972,596 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl	$3 90	@	$5 25
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 25	@	5 80
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 25	@	5 50
Extra Western, per barrel	5 60	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 90	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 75	@	6 60
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 85	@	8 62½
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 25	@	4 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	72	@	76
Rye, per bushel	78	@	80
Barley, per bushel	90	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	48½	@	52
State Oats, per bushel	46	@	50
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	40	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	13½	@	13¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 85	@	16 90
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 90	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 25	@	12 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound	14	@	23
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound	4½	@	7½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	25	@	33
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6¾	@	8¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	50
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	23
Hops, new, per pound	12	@	16
Hops, per pound, 1857	7	@	9
Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	3 81¼
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50½	@	51
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 12½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	75	@	76
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

We annex a carefully prepared statement of the exports of the leading kinds of Breadstuffs from the Atlantic ports of the United States, from Sept. 1, 1857, to Sept. 1, 1858, and annually for eleven years preceding:

To Great Britain and Ireland.

From	To Date.	Flour, barrels.	Wheat, bushels.	Corn, bushels.
New York	Sept. 1, '58,	764,355	5,434,319	1,709,107
New Orleans	Sept. 1, '58,	282,149	610,251	851,184
Philadelphia	Sept. 1, '58,	94,043	170,400	493,383
Baltimore	Sept. 1, '58,	96,805	217,076	261,258
Boston	Sept. 1, '58,	8,067	——	8,020
Other Ports	Sept. 1, '58,	54,411	128,597	3,020
Total from Sept. 1, '57		1,290,430	6,550,643	3,317,802
To same time, '57		849,600	7,479,401	4,746,278
To same time, '56		1,641,265	7,956,406	6,741,161
To same time, '55		175,209	324,427	6,679,138
To same time, '54		1,846,920	6,038,003	6,049,371
To same time, '53		1,600,449	4,823,519	1,425,278
To same time, '52		1,427,442	2,728,442	1,487,398
To same time, '51		1,559,584	1,496,355	2,205,601
To same time, '50		574,757	461,276	4,753,358
To same time, '49		1,137,556	1,140,194	12,685,260
To same time, '48		182,583	241,309	4,390,226
To same time, '47		3,155,845	4,000,359	17,157,659
Total, for 12 years		15,340,639	43,240,334	71,628,530

To the Continent.

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Rye, bush.
From N. Y. to Sept. 1, '58	126,186	237,953	10,818	13,100
From other Ports to latest dates	176,914	152,475	6,030	——
Total to Sept. 1, '58	303,100	390,428	16,848	13,100
Total to Sept. 1, '57	483,344	2,875,653	543,590	216,162
Total to Sept. 1, '56	748,408	2,610,079	282,083	1,975,478
Total to Sept. 1, '55	7,763	4,972	308,428	85,569
Total to Sept. 1, '54	791,028	1,904,893	90,556	318,830

COMPARATIVE COTTON CROP STATEMENT—35 YEARS.

1857—8	3,113,962	1839–40	2,177,835
1856—7	2,939,519	1838—9	1,360,532
1855—6	3,527,845	1837—8	1,801,497
1854—5	2,847,339	1836—7	1,422,930
1853—4	2,930,027	1835—6	1,360,725
1852—3	3,262,882	1834—5	1,254 328
1851—2	3,015,029	1833—4	1,205,394
1850—1	2,355,257	1832—3	1,070,438
1849–50	2,096,706	1831—2	987,477
1848—9	2,728 596	1830—1	1,038,848
1847—8	2,347,634	1829–30	976,845
1846—7	1,778,651	1828—9	870,415
1845—6	2,100,537	1827—8	727,593
1844—5	2,394,503	1826—7	957,281
1843—4	2,030,409	1825—6	720,027
1842—3	2,378,875	1824—5	569,249
1841—2	1,683,574	1823—4	509,153
1840—1	1,634,945		

Freights were inactive. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5d. per bushel; and Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 825 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavy for Beeves, which were even more fully offered at somewhat lower prices....Milch Cows were in request at uniform rates....Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine have been more sought after, and have anvanced slightly....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Sept. 15.*	Week ending *Sept. 22.*
Beeves	4,703	5,304
Milch Cows	191	214
Veal Calves	570	567
Sheep and Lambs	12,563	12,807
Swine	7,390	10,305

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1774	Michigan	93
Ohio	870	Iowa	67
New York	829	Cherokee	63
Kentucky	258	Texas	54
Indiana	54		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 4½	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 00
" " per pound	3½	@	6
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather more active; supplies are ample; prices continue low.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$4 00
Pears, " "	1 50	@	15 00
Peaches, per basket	1 25	@	3 75
Plums, per bushel	2 50	@	6 50
Grapes, per pound	3	@	10
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 12½	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 75	@	3 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per barrel	87	@	1 12
Pumpkins, per 100	5 00	@	8 00
Corn, per 100 ears	37	@	62
Watermelons, per 100	1 50	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	62	@	2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	20	@	25
Celery, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Egg Plants, per 100	3 00	@	—
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15½	@	16½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13	@	14
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	62	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	50	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	1 00
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00

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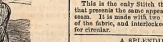
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE LOSS OF THE "AUSTRIA."

We are indebted to the polite kindness of Messrs. C. B. Richard, Boaz, & Co., agents of the *Austria*, for the accompanying accurate picture of the ill-fated steamer, which is taken from the print executed in Germany at the time she was built. The following description, the materials of which were supplied to the papers by the agents, explains how fine a ship she was:

THE AUSTRIA.

The *Austria* was one of the four screw steamers of the Hamburg line, the other three being the *Bavaria*, the *Hermann*, and the *Humboldt*. She is said to have been one of the finest, and, in proportion to her size, one of the strongest steamers that ever crossed the Atlantic. The *Austria* and *Saxonia* were both the same size, and were somewhat larger than the other two vessels of the same line, which were the first constructed by this company to which they belong. Both of the last-named steamers were constructed near Glasgow, on the Clyde, for the passenger and carrying trade between Hamburg and New York. They are composed of iron, and were fitted up with accommodations for first and second cabin and steerage passengers, of which they were each equally capable of carrying between 700 and 800.

The *Austria* was rated at about 3500 tons, and her cost $280,000. She was brought so long as the *Adriatic*, being 345 feet from stem to stern, but her carrying capacity was greatly reduced by her breadth of beam, which did not exceed forty feet. Her depth of hold was thirty-eight feet. The fact of her having caught fire is something remarkable, as she was almost wholly constructed of iron, the very slenderness being made of the same material. She was bark rigged, and her great length, as well as the sharpness of her model, and the large amount of mid-ship was capable of carrying, made her quite a fast vessel. The machinery is said to have been constructed on the latest and most improved plan, and her engines were of great power, and worked in such manner as the most beautiful. As to security here, she was a propeller, and was capable of making, under steam alone, from ten to eleven, and sometimes twelve knots an hour. She had four decks altogether, and her cabin accommodations were of a superior description. The state-rooms were richly furnished, and the first cabin, during its other attractions, possessed that of a fine-toned piano. In this cabin there were accommodations for fifty-four passengers, while those in the second were said to be amply sufficient for 117, and the steerage could accommodate a number of 600. All these apartments were, it appears, well ventilated and well lighted, and if the *Austria* was capable of carrying 800 souls, little fault could be found with the *Austria* being, in the matter of other ocean steamers, the number of life-boats, for she carried but as all steamers, by the size of the ship and by the number of passengers she was intended to carry.

In addition to the other accommodations, there was the usual one of a smoking-room, and there was also a large library of books, and sufficiently miscellaneous to suit any taste. An abundant supply of fresh water was always to be had, as there was a machine on board capable of condensing 2400 gallons per day. The water was conveyed to every part of the ship by means of pipes. A culinary department was on a scale proportionate to the number of passengers which the ship was intended to carry.

There were eight Francis's metallic life-boats, each of which, we are told, was capable of holding fifty persons, but all of which, it should be noticed, were entirely insufficient to the saving of the lives of between five and six hundred persons. She was divided into ten water-tight compartments. The owners of passenger ships never by any chance provide their vessels with too many life-boats; their mistakes are always on the wrong side.

The engines of the *Austria* were four hundred horse-power, and were, as we have said, devised and constructed after the latest model. The steering apparatus was provided with a patent gear, and the whole was inclosed, so as to protect the helmsman against the weather.

HER LAST VOYAGE.

The *Austria* sailed from Hamburg for Southampton and New York on 2d September, with the following human beings on board: In the first cabin, 68 persons, of whom 19 were children. In the second cabin, 111 persons, of whom 8 were children. In the steerage, 241 persons, of whom 20 were children. Making a total of 360 adults and 57 children, or 425 persons. The crew, including the captain and officers, numbered 113 men, so that there were altogether 538 souls on board.

On 10th September, at 2 P.M., a fire broke out in the steerage. It was caused by the imbecility of the boatswain, who was trying to fumigate the vessel by immersing a hot chain in a bucket of tar. The chain was too hot. It ignited the tar, and the bedding and light wood-work of the ship instantly caught fire. The ship was turned to a shell; and of the 538 souls on board only 67 were saved. These were taken off the wreck by the French ship *Maurice*, Captain Renaud, which happily came up with the *Austria* within a few hours after the outbreak of the fire, about 5 P.M., on the 13th. Twelve of these passengers were taken from the *Maurice* by the *Loire*, bound to Halifax, and have arrived here. We proceed to give, from the statements of the survivors, a connected history of this most lamentable catastrophe:

HOW THE FIRE ARISE.

Professor Glockenmacher, one of the survivors, thus describes how the fire originated: "On the 13th of September, Captain Hoffmann and the physician gave orders to have the vessel fumigated. The fourth officer was charged with the execution of the order. He ordered the boatswain's mate to take a bucket of tar and a piece of hot iron and go into the forward steerage to fumigate it. They heated a piece of chain and dipped it into the tar to cool it. However, but the chain was so hot that it set the tar on fire. At the same time the other end of the chain became too hot to hold, and the boatswain's mate let it fall, thus igniting the bucket of tar which, being already on fire, rapidly spread over the deck in all directions. The flames from the tar immediately set fire to the berths and mattresses in the steerage, and spread along the deck with incredible rapidity. In an instant it ran through the gangways to the hatchways at the entrance of the fore and second cabins toward the poop, blazing up through them like a blast furnace, and thus cutting off all retreat for those who were below.

In order to understand why the fire communicated to all parts of the vessel so rapidly, it should be stated that the day was very pleasant, the wind light with a smooth sea, and the vessel under steam and sails. Consequently, all of the portholes, state-rooms and doors in the lee-bends were opened to allow of a free circulation of air and a thorough ventilation. In less than five minutes, the upper deck amidships was on fire."

THE PANIC.

Mr. Henry A. Smith says: "Every one on board appeared perfectly wild. Some gave themselves up to despair at once, and engaged in loud and distressing appeals of prayer; others shrieked and screamed; others, again, swooned and became helpless, and almost unconscious of the awful fate that awaited them, of being burned alive. While but a small number, comparatively, of the brave seamen on board had presence of mind and firmness enough to act with any energy. Many there, indeed, were even those not with impunity, which too frequently exist in such cases to the saving of life, and boats, although ten in number, capable of large work effective service, were found unmanned, as it were, to the



THE STEAMSHIP "AUSTRIA," BURNED AT SEA SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.

chocks on which they were kept, as though they had been riveted to them with the expectation that they would never be required. The hose, designed for the extinguishment of fire, was out of order; and the captain, instead of organizing his officers and crew for energetic action in attempting to extinguish the flames, and, if deemed impracticable, in manning the boats and in something like systematic order endeavoring to transfer the passengers, women and children first, to the vessel in sight, was observed running about the deck of the vessel, apparently as wild and destitute of self-command as the most ignorant emigrant on board. Children were trodden under foot by the elder, unfeeling passengers; some ran up aloft into the rigging, as though they would be saved in that way; others, again, began to doff their heavy clothing, and others to prepare themselves for the final resort of jumping overboard and running the risk of being picked up."

THE SCENE ON THE BOWSPRIT.

Mr. Palicrusa says: "As the flames increased, the poor, miserable creatures on the bowsprit jumped into the water as their clothes caught on fire—dropping into the water 'like drops of rain in a heavy shower.' One woman, with two daughters, kissed them both, and then putting her arms around them, all three jumped into the water. An English lady, who came on board at Southampton with her husband, had three children with her—a girl about five years old, a boy about three, and a babe in her arms. The husband had jumped over, and as the flames grew hotter and burned more fiercely, she took her little girl, kissed her, and threw her into the water. She then took the boy, a fair, healthy little fellow, embraced him, gave him her last kiss, and threw him in. He struck on his back and struggled very hard, rising to the surface three separate times, calling out 'Mamma,' each time, in the most piteous tones, then sunk to rise no more. The poor woman then clasped her baby to her breast and jumped in with it, kissing it repeatedly as they sank to the bottom. A young man who was in the second cabin, and who said he was going to California, where he had a brother, had his sister with him, a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age. In order to save her from the fire he fastened a rope around her body, and, making one end fast to the deck, let her down over the side of the vessel. He then put another rope around his own body and let himself down; but the rope was not well fastened, and as he jumped over it slipped from under his arms and caught him around the throat. As he struck the water the waves dashed him up against the vessel's side, and falling back again he was quickly choked to death; his sister shrieking, 'Help! help! will nobody help my brother?'" Mr. Palicrusa says when he left the vessel the poor girl was hanging there, screaming and crying, with the waves dashing the dead body of her brother against her every few moments. An Englishman about fifty years of age, who came on board at Southampton with his wife, crawled with her out on the bowsprit as far as they could, and as the flames approached they clasped their arms around each other with one last kiss, jumped into the water and sank immediately. And so brothers and sisters, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, embracing each other, jumped into the waves.

THE SCENE ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

Mr. Charles Brews says: "The scene on the quarter-deck was indescribable and truly heart-rending. Passengers were rushing frantically to and fro—husbands seeking their wives, wives in search of their husbands, relatives looking after relatives, mothers lamenting the loss of their children, some wholly paralyzed by fear, others madly crying to be saved; but a few perfectly calm and collected. The flames pressed so closely upon them that many jumped into the sea; relatives, clasped in each other's arms, leaped over, and met a watery grave; two girls, supposed to be sisters, jumped over, and sank kissing each other. A missionary and wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant-steward, arm in arm, followed. One Hungarian gentleman, with seven fine children, four of them girls, made his wife jump in, then blessed his six eldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his own arms.

"I, about this time, was standing outside the bulwarks, holding on by the davits, leaning out to avoid the flames, which were leaping toward me. I saw a swamped boat under me, spinning by a rope still attached to the ship; as the oars were tied in her, I thought if I could get to her I would be enabled to save myself and others. I let myself down by a rope.

"When I looked around, the ship was a quarter of a mile away from me. I could see the ladies and gentlemen jumping off the poop into the water in twos and threes, some of the ladies in flames. Several hesitated to leap from the burning ship until the last moment, as the height was twenty-two feet, and were only, at length, compelled to throw themselves off to avoid a more painful death. In half an hour not a soul was to be seen on the poop."

ROASTED ALIVE.

Mr. Alfred Vexin says: "The flames leaped up the shrouds, and licked along the yards, till the sails were wrapped in flames, and burning fragments of them were continually falling on the persons of those below, and setting the dresses of the ladies on fire. One garment after another was in this way destroyed, and the loss of each only exposed them more and more to the intense heat. When they could no longer bear up under this torture they would jump overboard. Some, however, retained their position for a long time, determined to endure every possible suffering before jumping overboard; and some of the ladies were almost disrobed before they took the fearful leap into the jaws of death. The men, too, endured the scorching until they were forced to seek in a watery grave relief from their sufferings. They were generally ingulfed at once. The women who had any garments left would be buoyed up for a moment by them; but in a few minutes they disappeared so suddenly that it seemed as if some unseen power below had caught them and dragged them under."

HORRIBLE FATE OF THE FIREMEN.

Professor Glaubensklee says: "Some of the passengers who jumped overboard and saved themselves by swimming and floating on pieces of timber, told me that when they were in the water they saw agonizing human faces protruding from the lower tier of port-holes, close to the water, as though they were trying to force their way out, while the bright flames were shining behind them. These were probably the firemen and engineers, surrounded by a living wall of fire. When the *Austria* left Southampton she drew only sixteen feet of water, and at the time of this catastrophe probably a foot less, so that she was twenty feet out of water."

Mr. Berry says: "Hearing a loud cry of anguish, I looked over the steamer's side. I discovered a man's head protruding from a port-hole below, seemingly making efforts to force his way out of the narrow aperture, and on either side of his head the flames were streaming forth, leaving the inference that his body was already wrapped in flames."

LOVERS' EMBRACES.

Mr. A. Vexin says: "The steward and stewardess, who had succeeded in reaching the deck before the flames had extended into the cabin, were known to be lovers. They remained by one another, exhibiting the fondest affection. When forced by the heat to go overboard, they embraced and kissed one another, sprang into the water, and sank, locked in each other's arms. There were several newly-married couples on board among the German passengers. The husbands, in some instances, succeeded in getting hold of pieces of rope, which they tied about the waists of their wives in the hope of being able to save them."

A FATHER'S DEATH.

Mr. Charles F. V. Rosen says: "My father and I ran forward to escape the fire, and were followed by the other passengers. I saw the fire pouring out through the sky-lights. In ten or fifteen minutes more the cry ran fore and aft, 'To the boats!' All hands then crowded into the boats, which had been hanging in-board, but were now swung out by the davits. The first mate mounted the rail near the forward boat on the port side, in which they were sitting with a large crowd of other passengers. He ordered all of us to get out of the boat, so that it could be lowered. But as fast as one set got out others rushed into their places, and we also went back to our first seat. The first mate then took a sailor's knife and cut the tackle, and the boat fell into the water. Falling some twenty-five feet the boat filled and sunk, and all the people were washed out. I came up under the bottom of the boat, but I found my way out, and clambered into the boat. There were five or six oars lashed together, and they floated out. My father came up within reach of these, and seized hold of them with five or six others. He saw me in the boat, and called out to me, 'Oh, my boy, we are all lost!' In a short time one end of the oar drifted near the boat and I caught hold of it, to haul him in. I also asked a passenger near to assist me to save my father. We pulled together, but there were so many clinging to the oars we could not move them. The gentleman said, 'It is no use; we can not move them.' I then said to my father, 'Hold on, and do the best you can; it is impossible to move them.' He then drifted along near us, still clinging to the oars. In this way he held on for nearly four hours. I could not bear to look at him, and we drifted in silence. There was nothing in the boat to throw to him. During this time the boat rolled over several times, and many were drowned each time. I was so exhausted I could not get into the boat. I asked one of the passengers to assist me, and he kindly drew me into the boat. We drifted between two and three miles astern of the steamer, and could only see the flames rising above the deck. There was no conversation, except an occasional request by the first mate that the passengers would sit still, so as not to capsize the boat. My father by this time had drifted so near the boat that he caught hold of the stern. I was at the bow and could not reach him. Mr. John F. Cox said, 'Charley, your father has hold of the stern of the boat, and can get in.' I said, 'Oh, I am so glad that he is safe!' But he was so exhausted that he held on only about five minutes, and then sunk. Just before he let go he said to Mr. Cox, 'If my boy is safe, I am satisfied.'"

THE LAST PRAYER.

Mr. P. Berry says: "The scene had now become one of fearful terror. The passengers on board were made up of most all the European nations. There were English, Irish, French, Germans, Jews, Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, and a few Americans. Abaft of the wheel-house the Jews were kneeling together uttering the prayers of their peculiar religion. The Catholics were invoking their saints to save them; others rent the air with their wild shrieks; some sank down in quiet despair, indifferent to all that was going on about them; many rushed about in wild confusion, seeking some means of rescue, and a few remained quiet and serene."

SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW.

Mr. Alfred Vexin says: "In the midst of this fearful scene there was not the first indication that the officers of the vessel possessed the qualities necessary to their position. When women were screaming and in hysterics, children crying from the suffering they endured from the heat, and passengers rushing about in wild confusion, not knowing what was to be done, the officers behaved themselves like imbeciles or cowards. When the fourth officer ran up from the steerage, after carelessly or otherwise setting the vessel on fire, he rushed aft, jumped into one of the boats, followed by several of the passengers. As the boat was being let down the captain made a spring after it, but did not succeed in reaching it. He caught a rope, however, but the speed at which the vessel was running was so great that he was drawn under, and he was soon exhausted, let go his hold and sank. The boat was smashed under the propeller, and all on board of her were lost. Some of the passengers sought for buckets, but none were at hand."

Mr. Berry confirms the statement of other passengers as to the utter indifference displayed by various officers of the *Austria* as to the fate of the passengers. The fourth officer, on arriving on board the *Maurice*, congratulated himself on being one of the first to leave the steamer. When Hahn, the first officer, arrived, he promised to return soon with the life-boat on which he had been saved, and rescue from twenty-five to thirty whom he reported as clinging to the bowsprit and chains when he left. Subsequently, on being asked why he did not return, he said that the life-boat had been cut loose from the bark, by whom it was unknown.

Mr. Glaubensklee, it is but fair to add, contradicts this story, and asserts that the first officer of the *Austria* wanted to return with the life-boat, but was prevented by the captain of the *Maurice*, who said it was too dark for the boat to leave the ship.

A SAIL.

Mr. Glaubensklee says: "About three o'clock two vessels appeared in sight to the westward, the nearest one having proved to be the French bark *Maurice*, Captain Ernest Renaud. The other's name could not be ascertained, as she did not approach the burning ship, although signaled by the *Maurice*. Captain Renaud had sailed from Nantez, and was bound for Newfoundland from Mauritius, at which place he had stopped last."

THE RESCUE.

He also observes: "The wind died away, the *Maurice* remained motionless, and the hope which had heretofore animated the unfortunate survivors died away with it. The other vessel had disappeared in the distance. Another sail, however, soon showed itself above the horizon, probably the Norwegian bark which was seen cruising around the wreck next morning. When the bark *Maurice* had got within three-quarters of a mile of the steamer it fell calm, and Captain Renaud brought his vessel to, and lowered his boats. It was then half past five o'clock, three hours after the fire originated. What a terrible tragedy had been enacted during that brief period! Of nearly six hundred people not more than one-tenth survived!"

When the first boat from the bark approached the wreck, the poor creatures shouted, laughed hysterically, and shed tears of joy for their deliverance. Professor Glaubensklee, as the boat neared him, sprang into the water, and swam into her. He succeeded in reaching her, and proved to be the first person taken from the water. Four or five persons more were picked up, and then they hurried with their freight back to the brig. About midway between the steamship and the brig they encountered what they supposed was a corpse floating in the water face uppermost. The mate of the bark insisted on picking it up, when it proved to be the body of Theodore Eisfeld, who was restored to life soon after their arrival on the brig, although twenty-four hours later he had not quite recovered his consciousness.

When the rescued people reached the *Maurice*, they were kindly received by Captain Renaud and his men, who set about providing them with clothes, and binding up their wounds. Two boats were kept plying between the brig and the steamer until nightfall. At that time, probably from ten to twenty persons were hanging to the bowsprit of the steamer and the ropes suspended from it. Captain Renaud was afraid to risk the lives of his men in an open boat after dark, so the good work was suspended.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

The following list of cabin passengers of the *Austria* from Hamburg has been published: "Herm Sondheim, wife, and five children, New York; Miss Bridget Loughlin, New York; Carl Nettman, New York; T. Eisfeld, New York; Mrs. Julie Ebbinghaus and daughter, New York; A. Weissenborn, New York; A. E. Wiedmann, New York; E. Weisker, New York; Mrs. Sophie Jegel and child, New York; A. M. Starmunt, New York; W. Rosenthal, wife, and five children, New York; Miss Lena Meyer, New York; Miss Minna Smith, New York; Th. Glaubensklee, New York; Jos. Hope, New York; Ed. Adelsdorfer, New York; Ed. Bogel, New York; Julius Busch, New York; S. Kititaff, Minden; J. Bogel and wife, New Orleans; Mrs. Emilie Vezin and three children, Philadelphia; Hermann Thorbecke, Philadelphia; Miss Therese Van Mengershausen, Arnsberg; Mrs. Anna Paypers and three children, St. Louis; Miss Maria Herken, St. Louis; Gustav Kohn, Konigsberg; Jacob Friendly and wife, Wittelsdorf; Wilh. Stachel, Cincinnati; Miss Hedwig Dormitzer, Hamburg; F. Gorrisen and wife, Hamburg; Miss Caroline Howitz, Copenhagen; Miss Helene Wulf, Copenhagen; Fr. Bartels, San Francisco; C. D. Trott, Zanzibar; J. B. Massury, Zanzibar; R. V. Durfeldt, Dresden; Ad. Hermann, wife, and seven children, Igelo.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 9, 1858.

THE LOSS OF THE "AUSTRIA."

We devote a large portion of our space this week to the illustration of the terrible disaster which engrosses the public attention—the loss of the *Austria*, and the miserable death of over five hundred human beings. The reader will find elsewhere very copious accounts, from the lips of the surviving passengers, of the accident itself and of the causes which led to it.

We are ourselves led, by a review of the whole circumstances, to approve the calm and philosophic comments of the *Evening Post*, rather than the angry denunciations which have appeared in other journals.

The fire arose from the carelessness of a sailor, who was employed, under the supervision of a petty officer, to fumigate the 'tween decks by heating a chain and thrusting it into tar. The tar took fire, and the fire, which at first might have been covered with a hat, soon enveloped the whole ship. No effort whatever was made to check the conflagration. The captain did the best thing he could do after he had lost his presence of mind—he jumped overboard. The officers prudently made sure of their own safety in a boat, leaving the passengers to burn or drown as they chose. No attempt was made to work the pumps; no one, in authority, even tried to set the ship broadside to the wind. Panic and paralysis were the order of the day.

Of course it is very easy, as an esteemed German contemporary has done, to contrast this wretched scene with that which preceded the final catastrophe of the *Central America;* to pit Herndon against Heytmann, and his officers against the very prudent persons who ran away as soon as they could. It is natural to recall, on the occasion of a disaster like this, the noble heroism of the British sailors and soldiers on board the *Birkenhead* and the *Sarah Sands;* and it is very saddening, and even irritating to reflect, that if the officers and crew of the *Austria* had been endowed with one tithe the nerve and courage which animated these Englishmen and these Americans, we might not, at this hour, have had to deplore any loss of life.

But it is not given to all to be heroes. Better, as the *Evening Post* says, try to provide against similar accidents in future than expend breath in vain regrets over the past. Of course the surviving officers of the *Austria* will take to other callings, and will, as far as they can, conceal themselves and hide their shame from the public eye; but we have higher concerns to adjust than the settlement of their account with the persons who were under their charge. It is but too true that very few vessels are in a condition to go to sea, and to encounter the ordinary perils of ocean navigation—storms, rocks, collisions, and fires. It is too true that, in most of them, a sudden conflagration might be as murderous as this last was. To speak of fires only. Every ocean steamer is naturally fitted to contend triumphantly against fire. She has a boundless supply of water on every side. She has, in her engine, power enough to force volumes of water, in a few seconds, upon a sudden fire. Yet it is a fact, that hardly any of our steamers could, on a sudden alarm, bring their pumps into beneficial play. We wish to hope that none of the steamers which ply between this country and Europe may ever be exposed to such a calamity as that which we now deplore. But if they were, one must be unusually sanguine to hope that the disaster would be unproductive of loss of life. *No steamer sailing out of the port of New York is prepared to contend successfully against fire.*

The *Post* says, that ship-owners are proverbially reckless of human life, and intimates that, sooner than expend a few dollars to put their machinery in order, they will endanger hundreds of human lives. In this sentiment we heartily concur. We believe that no class of persons are so habitually reckless of life as the owners of sea-going vessels. And therefore we think that, in view of the recklessness which an ample insurance breeds in ship-owners, it is the duty of Congress to still further amend the laws which are now in force for the protection of passengers in sea-going vessels. It should be made imperative on such vessels to be provided thoroughly and completely against the natural accidents of the voyage. Means should be provided against the spread of fire, and against the injudicious management of life-boats. Until this is done we must expect to hear, at regular intervals, of such disasters as that which we illustrate this week.

RAILROADS, AND RAILROAD POLICY.

Since our last Number appeared the four leading railways to the West—viz., the New York Central, the New York and Erie, the Pennsylvania Central, and the Baltimore and Ohio—have agreed upon a tariff of fares for passengers and freight which shall be remunerative without being unfair to any of the four competitors. Mr. Barlow, the President of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, to whose tact and energy the adjustment of the competition among these roads is chiefly due, has been appointed umpire to decide which, if any, of them may hereafter assume the responsibility of violating the agreement.

Singularly enough, simultaneously with the meeting of the Presidents of our great railroads, the Presidents of the great English lines of road held a meeting at the city of London with a view to put an end to the ruinous competition which has latterly prevailed in Great Britain. The Englishmen have not been as successful as the American railway Presidents; of twenty-one gentlemen who met to discuss the subject, nine protested against the proceedings of the meeting. The remaining twelve drew a plan of a tariff of fares, which in their own language was calculated to "yield the largest amount of profit to the road, due reference being had to the interest of the public," and urged with peculiar earnestness the establishment of a Board of Arbitration to settle disputes among railway companies. But as the meeting was a mere private assemblage, the decisions of the majority could not bind the minority, and hence the resolutions, however wise and sensible they may have been, will necessarily go for nothing. The London *Times* suggests that Parliament should take in hand the general subject of a railway consolidation, and should itself create a board of railway arbitrators; but, in the event of opposition on the part of a few leading companies, it seems very doubtful whether even the Parliament could interfere without violating vested rights.

So far as the railways of this State are concerned, the right of the Legislature to interfere, to any extent it deems fit, is beyond reasonable question. Both the Central and Erie, at all events, have voluntarily placed themselves under the control of the Legislature. And it is more than likely that one of the leading subjects to be discussed at the forthcoming session of the Legislature will be the railway policy of this State. One at least of our leading roads verges on bankruptcy; it is high time that the supreme legislative authority should take its case in hand.

For our part, we declare unhesitatingly that we are opposed to any State interference in the finances of railway companies. We see no reason why railway companies should enjoy any higher privileges, or be subject to any graver disabilities, than stage-coach or omnibus companies. To our view, the Erie and Central Railroad Companies occupy the same ground as Messrs. Kipp and Brown, the omnibus proprietors, and every public carrier throughout the State. If, therefore, the Erie or Central Railroad Company apply this winter to the Legislature for relief from their pecuniary liabilities, we hope it will be refused. And if any member of the Legislature proposes to levy upon them taxes greater than their fair share of the burdens of the commonwealth, we hope that this proposition will be defeated. We desire to see railway companies standing squarely on their own bottom, like gas companies, steamboat companies, mining companies, and patent sewing-machine companies: making money if they can, losing it if they must, without let or hinderance from the great central authority.

The people of New York may rest assured that there is no safety outside of the great democratic principle of free trade and free competition. In a free and enlightened community, no honest commerce or calling requires governmental interference. If our railways are working on a wrong principle, it is far better they should break than that an example of State interference in such private concerns should be set. Every attempt, on the one hand, to limit the profits of a railway company, on the other, to come to its aid when it happens to be embarrassed, is a violation of the cardinal truth which underlies all the prosperity and progress of the United States.

It would be unquestionably the best policy for the railways of the United States to have a general understanding with each other with regard to rates and fares. At present rates, it is beyond doubt that very many of them must be drawing nearer to bankruptcy daily. But if their managers have not the sagacity and the self-control to come to such a mutual understanding, the State Legislatures ought not to step out of their legitimate province to help them. When Brown and Jones enter into a fierce opposition in the making of boots or peg-tops, nobody expects the Legislature to step in and make a law that boots or peg-tops shall be sold only at so much a dozen. The rule should work equally with regard to railways. If they choose to ruin themselves, it should always be borne in mind that the loss is theirs, not the public's.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

In the course of this or the ensuing week the remaining vessels of the Paraguay Expedition will sail for the rendezvous at Buenos Ayres. We believe that the expeditionary force is the largest national squadron that ever set sail from the shores of the United States. It consists of eight fine sailing vessels and eight steamers, and will carry men enough to conquer all the states of South America, if any such conquest were desired. The object of employing so large

a force against so insignificant an antagonist as Lopez, may be presumed to be a desire on the part of the Administration to give the ignorant races of South America a just idea of the strength and resources of the United States. It is known that Lopez refused to ratify our last treaty with him on the ground, among others, that this country was therein designated as "the United States of America," whereas he claimed that the name should have been "the United States of *North America*." Our fair friends will probably shortly discover that the distinction was immaterial.

Among the demands which Judge Bowlin, who is to go out as United States Minister to Paraguay, is instructed to press on the notice of the people of that state, one is very curious and striking. He will demand that United States citizens in Paraguay shall be treated as gaily, and shall enjoy the same measure of the citizens of Paraguay do here. Hitherto it has always been deemed sufficient to demand that United States citizens shall enjoy the same rights in foreign states as the citizens of the most favored nations; and it is notorious that our countrymen, in many parts of Europe, and in all Asia, are very differently situate from all races of foreigners here. Should Judge Bowlin carry his point, and obtain perfect reciprocity in this particular, the event will be a diplomatic precedent of very marked importance.

We shall endeavor to keep our readers fully and thoroughly posted in reference to the progress of this important expedition. In the second number of this journal we gave a very full account of Paraguay and its ruler; their late row with Brazil, and will receive, elaborate treatment at our hands.

THE LOUNGER.

LATE FROM SEPOY ISLAND.

Our great advantage of a weekly journal is that it can always have the news latest—and the latest news is usually the most delightful—because we know how to appreciate. Events follow each other so rapidly that the Quarantine Bell is never relieved to corners and small type in the daily papers; and, perhaps, by the time this page is perused—as well it is the course of human affairs—Army of Occupation will be withdrawn, those pretty little tents struck, the Quarantine vessels recalled, and the people patiently awaiting the pestilence of next summer.

The Lounger says "perhaps."

Meanwhile, as historical documents, the following, which have been placed in the Lounger's hands by citizens of the country, may be interesting, while enough to be despised in the venerable archives of the Sepoy Island Historical Society.

The Proclamation of the Governor strikes us as lofty and patriotic, while the Tariff seems to be characteristic and statesmanlike; while, from the Lord of the Army, it would appear that our boasted military is quite as well and as costly as ever, and the Proposals evince a regard for their earthen comfort which is not paid to praise.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

A large mob of armed men having ceased deliberately and viciously to destroy property upon which the peaceful and laborious dragging forth of sick and dying individuals having terminated—and the people of Richmond County and especially of the immediate vicinity not having expressed their profound repentance and even bending any of their energies to prevent the use of outrageously and brutishly defiled and trodden ashes—this having been re-established in the usual order and manner manner at the point of the bayonet and by the assistance of "rifles of long range and Rainbow Barrel" the incendiaries of an uncivilized community having ground in the firing of shipping and the property appealed by the wise position of eminent merchants to our consuming and unquenchable fire, the general sentiment throughout if I may say as the civilized word accept of course that part of the country at least of the atrocities for love could they be expected by and so by every enlightened not to say enlightening and besieging and mistaken people of whatever country they be taken as the slightest difference property to understand or even to mistake by which I mean to say no meaning of opposition in regard of course to the territorial rights and sovereign of citizens of a state of sovereignty to indeed immunity as it is very hard to convey to understand of which I am endeavoring to convey and which is to doing we are very apt to communicate impressions which it is very difficult to remove from understanding every effort and indeed in some respects endeavor to do understand as it fact in some different ways.

NOW THEREFORE,

In pursuance of all these considerations forwarnish as the aforesaid and statements and with which I am sure to all the pertinent matters into the most perfect of sincerity I would say that the most profound gratitude of which it may be all about if he can find out what limit may be

I THE GOVERNOR

and with the advice and consent of the Mayor declare the position of sending cards to Newcastle and I declare that by reason of the many proceedings of citizens and gentlemen on the part of the people of Richmond County and the well-known bold and principal actors and settlers in these deeds of arson and murder having been brought to the notice of Richmond County, I do hereby explain they ought to have suffered death from the hempen fever upon the spot they were found in the act of arson as I think sufficient in my judgment but the Sepoy Island was from the first hundred that the county and the many ladies found to be in a state of insurrection and the many ladies had better go home

BY THE GOVERNOR.

Dogberry, Mayor.

MESSAGE FROM THE HAVEN.

Governor of the Island:

I have an undoubted authority that it will not do to [illegible] and all of customary high crimes and misdemeanors and even reckless barbarians who burned the ships up at Quarantine, and have shelled the woods and have not lost one hair twenty of them should die every day of imported pestilence—which all law-abiding citizens will grant was a very moderate discount upon the pestilence—and will be satisfied with stopping and gorged with cotton. I have good reason to believe that these savages intend to set fire to the bay and harbor of New York, and the consequences of such a calamity I leave to the discernment of every citizen of the United States of the Union, and the compact seem of the consent of the Superintendent of Police. Our duty, gentlemen, is plain. The people of Sepoy Island are the immediate portion of the inhabitants of the city of New York, and I have been by been inclined to consider that, as a member of the Board of Health, I was possibly bound to take as much care of one portion of the city as another. Nevertheless, De I need to say that since I have become aware of the atrocious intentions above detailed, my opinions have undergone an entire change? I should be unworthy the chief magistracy of this great city if I did not feel the sense of the citizens for the offence of others. I therefore recommend that measures be immediately taken to introduce small-pox into the Fifteenth Ward, Spuyten Duyvil, Brownsville, and Jamaica, and that the Five Wards above the Twelfth, in order that the inhabitants of the Island may not upon Sepoy Island may be taught that they are not ruthlessly to kindle the waters of our beautiful bay, and that the Croton shall river with wasting conflagration ever unto Tubby Hook.

DOCKMEEP, *Mayor.*

P. S.—Captain M—— is quite of the same opinion.

SEPOY ISLAND.

DEAR LORDSON.—The gallant Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Regiment and a half, are not to be outdone by their equally gallant sight of a regiment and a half have been down here practising our training hearth-stones, and serving to every and particular portion of our bosoms. I send the following, upon a paper that was found on the hundred gross of pill-boxes brought out of Camp Washington eagle, last evening:

CAMP WASHINGTON, SEPOY ISLAND.

Memora. Anni Ruffini & Co., Sepoy Island, N. Y.

"GENTLEMEN.—The officers and soldiers of the Army of Occupation of Sepoy Island, feel their thanks to you for the hundred carboys of essence of peppermint which you so generously sent to them. They find that they are not only serviceable in removing pains in the stomach; and taking away the sense of sinking, but that contemporaneous friction upon the parts affected by means of the same, is found to be the most admirable effect in warming the hearts of the Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Regiment and a half, now constituting the Army of Occupation.

"With our kindest regards to your family,

"We are, respectfully,

"Your Obedient Friends,

"THE OFFICERS AND PRIVATES."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A lovely young lady was observed one watching with delight the evening parade of the eighth of a regiment, which has been for some time engaged in repressing the insurrection, was heard to ask his parent as they turned away, when the regiment turned to the left, "Papa, don't have the eighth of a regiment any enemies?" At that moment the Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth and a half, one of the most celebrated Sepoys, came up in his carriage, and the lady and her father were driven away in carry carnage and desolation into the heart of the island. How little an innocent child knew that his question was answered by the approach of the regiment!

If what another correspondent states to the Lounger be authentic, it would seem that the Army of Occupation, in the knowledge of the Governor's proclamation of recall. Thus:

PROPOSALS

for supplying the Army of Occupation at Camp Washington with ice received until further notice. There will be required:

Five hundred hogsheads of sugar Quines;
Five hundred barrels of Cuba Coffee;
Twenty tons of Jarvee Powder;
Ten tons of Gunpowder;
Fifty thousand Bibs Pills;
A sloop load of Epson Salts;
Blankets—Sheets—Pillows—Ladder's Cordial—Elixir Pro
Spanish Flies for blisters—Leeches—Syringes—Trusses
Lint—Court Plaster—Bandages—Bread Poultices and
Cod Rags in any quantity;

also,

Five thousand gallons daily of Hot Water for the feet, at 25 cents per thousand, *however, not to have been heated by a burning bargain!*

Ten thousand yards best Red Flannel for rubbing sinkmembers;

Five hundred Feather Beds—Foot-Stoves—Warming-Pans—Hot-Water Bottles—Ice Pitchers—Hot-Salt-Steps—Air Cushions—and India-Rubber Shoes.

Apply (prepaid) to the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding (between his shakes)

CAMP WASHINGTON, SEPOY ISLAND.

A lawless person asserts that he has seen an early copy of the dispatch of the Colonel commanding the late lamented army of service upon Sepoy Island to the Commander-in-Chief:

HEAD-QUARTERS, HOUSE OF A SEPOYNT.

To the Commander-in-Chief, &c., &c., &c.

SIR.—I have the honor to report the present state of the corps under my command, recently returned from active service.

Killed: none.
Wounded: none.
Missing: the whole.

Yours respectfully,
LOL, Colonel.

NOTICE TO SEPOYS.

The Lounger, while he is properly grateful to his friends who have furnished him with the foregoing documents, must, in justice, beg to say to them that he can not be expected to countenance* any wild, visionary scheme. He ventures to remind the Sepoy Islanders that laws must be obeyed. What on earth were they made for? Is there in Sepoy Island a single individual who ought to have been disobeyed? Is there any example of any people deliberately executing the law themselves, without being themselves executed for it, by force and justly? Had the intellects Washington and his confederates, Adams, Jefferson, Jay, Hamilton, Greene, and the rest, been successful in their private, we might now have been dwelling in the outer darkness of a republic instead of enjoying the mild sway of her gracious Majesty and the advantages of the national debt. Let us be grateful for what we have escaped, and be thankful. A republic is a very fine thing in theory, apparently incredible. Remember, then, that under no circumstances will a lawful

* For the meaning of this term, apply to Euan W. Peckham, Esq., Attorney for the State.

spouting people remedy their own grievances. It is a granddad better, in the interest of good order, that the Sepoy Islanders should leave, say, their city of their member every year without making a fuss, than that the dignity of Messrs. Seely, Sayer, &c., should anchor in the lower bay. What are the lives of mere Sepoys compared with the higher interests of Sepoydom?

The Lounger recommends to the Islanders not to forget these things—to pass out all their fires and go to bed at nine o'clock—and not to disturb the Army of Occupation.

* MR. LORLOUP.—You speak of the late Quarantine proposal as a monstrous thing. Now I am not an ass; and must be justified under certain circumstances—that I must have explained to which they not only will, but ought to, appeal, under extreme circumstances, may be very true; but I ask you, sir, what are the public services Sepoys do not place this question upon that ground.

"With them the case is this: The State can create no nuisance; but when the map order something which, by the operation of science causes, may become a nuisance, and the State properly provide that should it become such, it shall be subject to the common law of nuisance.

"But the State did in the act of 1799, by which the Quarantine was established on its present site. Consequently the matter became regulated and remediable in a manner by the proper authorities and in the legal manner. The learned counsel of Superintendent Tallmadge determined to take the slightest notice of this all-important fact, which is probably also not visible from South Street and Long Island, and to consider the issue still, are not even aware that there is such a fact to be an case.

"It is strictly a legal question, and as such will be determined by the Court.

"Your obedient servant,

LEX."

HOYT'S POEMS.

It is only paying a debt long and long due when the Lounger thus solemnly commends the little volume of poems by Rev. Ralph Hoyt, just now published for the purpose of helping him erect the Church of the Good Shepherd, which was destroyed by the tornado last June.

Long and long has this newspaper now foregotten, the Lounger read out aloud to listening Pinewoods the tender, delicate, beautiful poems, "Old," "Love," "The Jew," and "The World-side." The simple pathos, the natural sweetness, the purity of sentiment, the true aspects of nature, and the tender humanity, were borne in upon memory by the fond repeating refrain so that the music and the meaning were wile and gradually remembered.

Long ago, too, on a soft summer Sunday morning, the Lounger threaded his way across the city, and in an upper room near the East River, heard a sermon from the author, whose very name he had learned, as a boy, to love, and pleased himself by dining in the room and kindly preacher the thoughtful and sympathetic singer.

How gladly, therefore, now he pays the double debt, as he can only pay it, by telling his friends, far and near, of the little volume and of its worthy purpose! Of course, the Lounger's recommend would not disown, and of a purpose which every good man must approve. "For all we, like sheep, have gone astray," and it is not the least sweet association with the poet that he is the pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

The volume is dedicated to a scholar whose application a praise, Evert A. Duyckinck, and is published by Stanford & Co.

THE "AUSTRIA."

THE horror of this catastrophe can not be described. It is impossible to read the simple stories of the survivors without tears. The tale seems to have been told by the dead themselves, so constant and so terrible are the accidents at sea, and yet so familiar are they to the tragical. The melancholy truth is, that, despite all modern art and the progress of science and civilization, the sea is as savage and as fatal as in the great elementary days when it been subdued by man. We sound it, and map it, and lay rafts upon its surface, and hurry over it by steam more and more rapidly than ever before; but we can not master it so far as the wind—we can not fly beyond it, and although the calamity which two centuries now deprive was one that the sea on this occasion, yet it is the sea that gives it all its horror.

As the sea now is just as fearful as it would have been two hundred years ago. The only references to the victim is that he would be destroyed by cargo ship in a steam apparatus and venerated passings in his state-room. The Lounger is not going to embark with Columbus in his little shell of a caravel had no more reason for their fears of any passenger who takes a berth in any sea-going ship for any port of the world. But the reflection will up its mind that the dangers are not to be avoided—but a voyage must to like a race of boys over ground full of holes, the speed diminishes, but does not destroy, the chance of a fatal termination. Accidents attend it. Buckle tells us: human life is longer than it used to be. But it is not upon the sea that such a computation is made, and until we have reached the terrible list of railway disasters upon land, it is too early to hope for any safety upon the sea.

In the present case there seems to have been an instantaneous panic, paralyzing both the ship's company and the passengers. The fate of the latter who tried to do something for the common safety—passengers driven by the general terror and the rapidity of the flames. Even a man in the steerage who had intelligence enough to know that water only feeds the fire of burning tar could have done nothing against the universal conviction that water must, under all circumstances, extinguish fire. In the absence of any general knowledge of that fact, and of the ability to make one's self heard in the tumult, the panic was apparently inevitable.

And yet—that is the worst of it—every body knows that the existence of so equally fatal ecstasy upon every steamer that sails are not reduced by the tragedy of the *Austria*.

THE FALL FASHIONS.

THE fall fashions in music are to consist of Piccolomini and Johanna Wagner; and in both cases we can not complain that they are either old fashion or discarded. In fact, since Jenny Lind, although there have been better singers in London, there has been no Prima Donna who has excited so much attention and enthusiasm. That she is a Princess by birth is half the battle. That she is a scion of the famous old Italian family, the name of which seems in the history of musical excellents, has been quite enough for John Bull, who loves a long-descended duke, and kisses the feet of a genuine royalty.

That it will be enough for Jonathan, who shall dare to say? He is apt to go for the skill and the second table in the matter of nobility, and forced to eat his words cold. Still we can say both Maggie Piccolomini. She is not only noble, but she is young, and pretty, and fascinating. Dublin (the daughter does not win the word as Maggie might have been used in speaking of Jenny Lind, signifying a belonging to Dublin) is not particularly a lovely warbler. Young Dublin drew her home in her carriage, serenaded her, and was flattered by a kiss from the very fair singer. Then on there not stories of principalities and powers laid at her feet by enamored swains, whom she has very tenderly aside with the exquisite point of her adorable slipper, and moved smiling on to conquer new realms, from Dublin to Belfast.

Fortunately the manager is not compelled to remember this. He has yet youth, genius, and beauty. All the world knows her story: that she is a dear little wilful Italian lady, who would sing, and would excel, and would heaven, and would the divinity and the toast of Young Italy and of Young England. Now she will Young America and her.

In the "Figlia" and "La Traviata" she will captivate and agonize the tender heart of that enthusiastic portion of the fellow-citizens. She will be cheered, applauded, bouquetted, and be overwhelmed with the enthusiasm of the Italian air here. No worn voices freshly praised. No singer arbitrarily labeled irresistible. But irresistible by dint of genius, by the high breeding and accomplished audehood.

Let the manager (no other than our excellent Napoleon Ullman) count out carriage hire from his full of costs. The stalwart arms, the muscular legs, the lusty lungs of real Young America will make horses superfluous for Piccolomini.

Johanna Wagner is the woman of great fame, and unquestionably of great lyric power. But she did indeed in her representations—that is, Puge Wagner failed—to Johanna, on high stilts, and was unstamped in that mist. Yet no singer gains a London hearing without great merit. We shall be able to determine what they are. Of course, if she succeeds with us, London will insist upon having her at any price. That is always what London does, and London uniformly returns the compliment by failing.

When the present tremendous battle between the managers is fought out, the curtain will rise upon new managers, new scenes, and new singers. Viva Piccolomini! Viva Wagner!

What does Jenny Lind's silence
Must meet the Lounger face to face.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

THE *Lounger* has no right to poach upon the manors of his neighbors, especially when the owner is so satisfactory and charming as that of his wife who presides over the Literary columns of the *Herald*. Nevertheless, the Lounger is human (except in cases of South Street law, which he recommends should, under all circumstances, prevail, especially when destructive of the lives of innocent citizens). It is his business to look into all places, and to deal with all topics. He receives letters from every body, and answer every body's questions about every subject.

He must, therefore, my what a jolly, rattling, vivid, humorous, and shrewd volume is that of Mr. Sala, which is now issued by Rudd and Carleton as *Rambles and republished* by Tickner & Co. It describes a journey to Russia and Moscow there, sketching people, and places, and customs with a lively grace that wields the reader along delighted. Sala, and one of the most copious and diverting examining of the corps of writers which Dickens has collected for that journal. He has also edited for Bell Dickens and Thackeray; but he has quite enough of his own not to be spoiled by a foreign flavor. His book is heartily amusing and genially instructive.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MY LOVELY, LOVELORN LOUNGER.—I am afflicted with a cruel and deadly affection this week. Reading half a dozen newspapers, and finding half a dozen good things in them, I have been in a state of agony deciding in my respective credit. Then, again, I am absolutely puzzled at times to name the author of some familiar hymn: and it was only yesterday that I made a blunder, and accredited Cowper's sweet lines to Byron.

"Sometimes one finds a rich gem floating in the sea of literature, and he fails to grasp it with a firm hold forever. Something like twenty odd years ago I now a little verse which I have lost, and I want to save my life I could not find it since. It ran thus:

"'Down in Peabody, where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots,
Where the rich native withstands whistle
Around the lots,
Lived the prettiest girl you ever
Saw in Peabody,
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voice like a fife.'

"NOW, MR. LOUNGER, will you do me the favor to ask your book-worms to help me out of my present annoying fix, by informing me where I can find the author of this delectable morsel? Yours, JOE.

"CLEVELAND, OHIO, *Sept.* 1858."

Which of the Lounger's friends will be "fully" competent to help out the remaining stanzas? Does it occur to any reader that there may be no others, and that it is all a dark and cloudy mystery? Let us hope that none are so morbid as to believe it.



FORT LANGLEY, FRAZER'S RIVER.

THE FORTS ON FRAZER'S RIVER.

We give herewith reliable pictures of Forts Langley and Yale, Frazer's River, made from sketches taken on the spot. The recent gold discoveries and the rush of miners have imparted interest to the spot. Many of the poor fellows who have gone a gold-hunting in the Frazer's River country, and who are paying the penalty of their unwise haste, are now at this place. The editor of the *Alta California*, who has just returned from Frazer's River, thus describes life at Fort Langley:

"At six o'clock in the morning the massive bolts and bars are unlocked from the entrances to the stockade which surrounds the buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the English, Scotch, Irish, half-breeds, dogs, pigs, and chickens, begin to make their appearance in and around the establishment. At a later hour in the morning the door of the sales-room is opened, in the left seat to the northeastward of the chief trader's residence, and the business of the day begins. The door is scarcely opened when the small space allotted to customers inside the building is filled with people, and from that moment trade is incessant, and a continuous stream of coin flows into the till of the Company until noon, when a bell rings, and business ceases at once. Everybody leaves the store-house, the doors are closed, and all hands go to dinner. At the end of an hour business is resumed again, and the same dull and monotonous routine is gone through with until six P.M., when again trade is brought to a dead halt, the crowd disperses, and the business portion of the day is ended. Inside this trading warehouse there is a look of venerable antiquity that it would be difficult to match in any other portion of the world to-day. The scales used for weighing out the wet goods are the old style balances, with ponderous spelgin and beam, and capacious trays for the reception of merchandise, suspended from the one end, and one for the weights from the other. Everything else about the establishment is in keeping with this, and business is transacted exactly as it used to be in the quaint old towns of the thriving Knickerbockers and early tradespeople of staid New England.

"A bottle of whisky, or 'Hudson's Bay lightning,' as it is not inappropriately called, when sold to a purchaser, is first carefully corked, then a string tied around the neck, and a long strand so that it may be conveniently suspended from the finger, then a piece of paper is carefully wrapped around it, and the customer receives possession of his property. Such is the mode of conducting business, and, if I mistake not, it is to such customs that Young America applies the expressive title of 'old fogyism.'

"Most of these now in the employ of the Company at



FORT YALE AND THE GOLD HUNTERS' CAMP, FRAZER'S RIVER.

Fort Langley are men who have occupied the same position for a long period, ranging from ten to thirty years. Time, whisky, the rough and secluded life which they have led, intermingling with aboriginal society in all the everyday relations of life, have all done their work upon them, and fattened and developed the animal part of their natures to the decided detriment of their intellectual functions. There are, to be sure, some exceptions, but they are found only among those whose official positions have naturally prevented them from falling into the demoralizing and debasing habits of the *employés*, who seem only to live for the purpose of obeying the behests of their superiors in all things, filling up the Sundays, and other idle intervals, by getting drunk on the Hudson's Bay lightning aforesaid. Body, soul, and existence of these people, all are part of the assets of this monster monopoly."

Fort Yale now seems to be the main dépôt of the mining country. Our last advices from thence describe it as a scene of fearful bustle. Companies of armed men had been formed there to proceed up the river to fight the Indians. A correspondent, writing on 19th August, says:

"The river is going down again, having fallen five or six inches since yesterday morning. Temporary frame buildings are going up in all directions. Lots have been laid out by squatters, and in many instances have been sold at various prices. Gambling-houses—of which there are five here—are in full blast, night and day; and the number of houses where liquor is sold is about nine out of every ten.

"A meeting was held yesterday afternoon to effect some means of making a good mule-trail from here to the upper cañon; as it is reported that some 100 mules are now there, having arrived from Thompson River *via* Frazer. I do not doubt but that in a few weeks pack-trains will be leaving here daily for the Forks, which will render it an easy task for the miners to reach the upper country."

MR. MORPHY IN EUROPE.

WE give on this page an engraving of Mr. Morphy, as he appeared in the rooms of Queen's College, Birmingham, on 27th August, when he played eight games, blindfold, against eight members of the British Chess Association. And we subjoin Mr. Staunton's report (published in the *Illustrated London News*) of the eight games.

FIRST BOARD.—LORD LYTTELTON.

(*Allgaier Gambit.*)

WHITE,* *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Lord L.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. K Kt to K B 3d	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 5th
5. Kt to K 5th	P to Q 3d
6. Kt takes K Kt P	K B to K 2d
7. P to Q 4th	B takes K R P (ch)
8. K Kt to K B 2d	B takes Kt (ch)
9. K takes B	K Kt to K B 3d
10. Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q to K 2d
11. Q B takes P	Kt takes P (ch)
12. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
13. K B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	K to B sq

(To avoid the threatened loss of his Queen by K R to K sq etc.)

14. Q B to K R 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
15. K R to K R (5th)	

(Very prettily played.)

15.	B to K B 4th
16. Q to Q 2d	B to K Kt 3d
17. Q R to K sq	

and Black resigned.

* To say the White men were played by Mr. Morphy means no more than that, as his opponent used the dark ones, it was presumed he mentally adopted the opposite color.

SECOND BOARD.—THE REV. GEORGE SALMON.

(*Evans' Gambit.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. S.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to K B 3d
3. K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q 4th
5. P takes Q P	Kt takes Q Kt P
6. Castles	K Kt to K 2d
7. Kt takes K P	Castles
8. P to Q 4th	K B to Q 3d
9. Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q B to K B 4th
10. K B to Q Kt 3d	

(In these games Mr. Morphy overlooks nothing: the moment an enemy makes an attack the correct defense follows, as if every thing had been foreseen and provided for.)

10.	P to Q R 4th
11. P to Q R 3d	P to Q R 5th
12. Q Kt takes Q R P	Q Kt takes Q P
13. P to Q B 4th	Q R takes Kt
14. P takes Kt	

(He plainly saw that by taking the Rook he would be subjected to loss by—14. Kt to Q B 6th; 15. Kt to K 7th (ch); and 16. Kt takes Q P etc.)

14.	Q R to Q R 4th
15. Q to K B 3d	Q B to K Kt 3d
16. K R to K sq	K B to Q Kt 5th
17. K R to K 2d	Kt to K B 4th
18. Q B to Q Kt 2d	Q to Q R sq
19. P to K Kt 3d	Q to Q R 2d
20. Kt takes B	K R P takes Kt
21. K R to K 5th	B takes Q R P

(Better to have taken the Q's Pawn with Kt.)

22. P to Q 6th	B to Q Kt 5th
23. K R takes R	B takes R
24. Q to Q 5th	P to Q Kt 3d

(From this point, owing to an error on the part of the transcriber, the record of the game is no longer intelligible, which is to be regretted, as, upon the whole, it was perhaps the best-contested *partie* of the series, and excited more interest than any other. It was carried on after this for about twenty moves on each side, and was finally won, amidst general applause, by Mr. Morphy.)

THIRD BOARD.—MR. AVERY.

(*Sicilian Opening.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. A.*
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P
3. K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
4. Kt takes P	P to K 3d
5. Q B to K 3d	K Kt to K B 3d
6. K B to Q 3d	P to Q 4th
7. Kt takes Q Kt	P takes Kt
8. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2d
9. P to K B 4th	Q B to Q R 3d
10. Castles	

(Much better than taking the Bishop, because that would have enabled Black, after he had checked with his Queen and regained the piece, to impede White's castling.)

10.	B takes B
11. Q takes B	B to Q B 4th
12. Kt to Q 2d	B takes B (ch)
13. Q takes B	Q to Q Kt 3d

(This game of exchanging off all the pieces is rather favorable to the attacking player.)

14. Q R to K sq	Castles on K's side
15. P to Q Kt 3d	P to K B 3d
16. P takes P	K R takes P
17. P to K Kt 3d	Q R to K B sq
18. K to Kt 2d	Q takes Q
19. Q R takes Q	P to K Kt 3d
20. K R to K sq	P to K 4th
21. K R to K 2d	

(Foreseeing that, by taking the proffered pawn, he must have lost a piece.)

21.	P takes P
22. Q R to K 7th	Q R to K B 2d
23. P takes P	K R takes P
24. Q R to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2d
25. Q R to Q B 8th	K R to K B 3d
26. Q R to Q B 7th	Kt to K B sq
27. K R to K 7th	Q R takes R
28. R takes R (ch)	R to K B 2d
29. R to K 8th	Kt to Q 2d
30. Kt to K B 3d	R to K B sq
31. R to K 7th (ch)	R to B 2d
32. R to K 8th	R to K B sq
33. R to K 7th (ch)	R to K B 2d

And the game was abandoned as a drawn battle.

FOURTH BOARD.—MR. KIPPING.

(*Scotch Gambit.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. K.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
5. Castles	P to Q 3d
6. P to Q B 3d	Q to K B 3d
7. Q B to K Kt 5th	Q to K Kt 3d
8. P takes P	Q Kt takes P
9. Kt takes Kt	Q takes B
10. P to K B 4th	Q to K Kt 3d
11. K to R sq	Kt to K R 3d
12. P to K R 3d	

(Throughout the whole of this prodigious exploit the present move was the only instance in which Mr. Morphy was guilty of a miscalculation; and in this case the error is not at all obvious even to a player who has board and men before him.)

12.	Q B takes K R P
13. P takes B	Q takes K P (ch)
14. Q to K B 3d	Q takes K Kt
15. K R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 2d
16. Kt to Q R 3d	B takes Kt
17. B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	P to Q B 3d
18. P takes B	

(All this is very ingenious; but the loss of pawns and exposure of his King entailed by the slip at move 12 are not to be recovered; and he very soon appears to have made up his mind to abandon this game, and direct his attention to the others.)



MR. PAUL MORPHY IN THE ACT OF PLAYING EIGHT GAMES OF CHESS, WITHOUT SEEING ANY OF THE BOARDS.

18.	K R to K sq
19. Q R to Q B sq	P to Q 4th
20. Q to Q Kt 3d	K to Q B 2d
21. B to Q 3d	K R to K 6th
22. R takes R	Q takes R
23. R to Q Kt sq	Q takes K R P (ch)
24. K to K Kt sq	P to Q Kt 3d
25. R to K sq	Q to K Kt 6th (ch)
26. K to B sq	Q takes P (ch)
27. K to Kt 2d	Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
28. K to B sq	Kt to Kt 5th
29. R to K 2d	Kt to K 6th (ch)

And White resigned.

FIFTH BOARD.—MR. RHODES.

(*Kings' Gambit declined.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. R.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
3. K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
4. P takes P	P to Q 4th
5. P takes P	Q takes P
6. Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q to her sq
7. Q Kt to K 4th	B to Q Kt 3d
8. P to Q B 3d	Q B to K Kt 5th
9. P to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
10. Kt to K B 2d	Q Kt takes K P

(This capture was made in the expectation, perhaps, that White would take with the Q's Pawn, in which case Black, of course, must have gained a piece in return.)

11. Q to K 2d	Q B takes Kt
12. P takes B	Q takes K B P
13. Q takes Kt (ch)	K to B sq
14. K B to K 2d	Q to Q B 3d
15. K R to K Kt sq	P to K B 3d
16. Q to K Kt 3d	P to K Kt 3d
17. Q B to K 3d	Q R to K sq
18. K to Q 2d	K Kt to K 2d
19. K B to Q 3d	Q to Q 2d
20. Kt to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 4th
21. Q R to K sq	Kt takes B
22. R takes Kt	Q to K B 2d
23. Kt takes K B P	R takes R
24. Q takes R	Q takes Q R P
25. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2d

And White gave mate in three moves.

SIXTH BOARD.—DR. FREEMAN.

(*King's Bishop's Game.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Dr. F.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K B to Q B 4th	K B to Q B 4th
3. P to Q Kt 4th	K B to Q Kt 3d
4. K Kt to K B 3d	P to Q 3d
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P
6. K Kt takes P	K Kt to K B 3d
7. Q Kt to Q B 3d	Castles
8. Castles	Kt takes K P
9. Kt takes Kt	P to Q 4th
10. Q B to K Kt 5th	Q to K sq
11. K B takes Q P	P to Q B 3d
12. K R to K sq	Q to Q 2d
13. Kt to K B 6th (ch)	P takes Kt
14. Q B takes P	Q to Q 3d

(Had he taken the Bishop with Queen or Pawn, White would have won instantly by playing R to K 5th.)

15. Kt to K 6th	

(Beautifully played.)

15.	Q B takes Kt
16. Q to K R 5th	K B takes P (ch)
17. K to R sq	Q to K B 5th
18. R takes Q B	Kt to Q 2d
19. Q B to Q Kt 2d	B to Q 5th
20. P to K Kt 3d	Kt to K B 3d
21. P takes Q	Kt takes Q
22. B takes B	Kt takes K B P
23. Q R to K Kt sq (ch)	Kt to K Kt 3d
24. Q R takes Kt (ch)	K R P takes R
25. R takes P (ch)	K to K R 2d
26. R to K Kt 7th (ch)	K to R 3d
27. K B to K 4th (ch)	P to K B 4th
28. K B to Q 3d	P to Q Kt 3d
29. R to K Kt 3d	K R to K B 2d
30. Q B to K 5th	Q R to K sq
31. Q B to K B 4th (ch)	K to R 2d
32. R to K Kt 5th	Q R to K 8th (ch)
33. K to Kt 2d	K R to K Kt 2d
34. K B takes P (ch)	K to R sq
35. P to K R 4th	R takes R (ch)
36. Q B takes R	R to K sq
37. K to B 3d	And Black struck his colors.

SEVENTH BOARD.—MR. CARR.

(*Irregular Opening.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. C.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K R 3d

(This *bizarre* defense was adopted, we presume, with the notion that it would embarrass the blindfold performer, but it only tended to facilitate his victory by enabling him to bring his forces more rapidly to the attack.)

2. P to Q 4th	P to Q R 4th
3. K B to Q 3d	P to Q Kt 3d
4. K Kt to K 2d	P to K 3d
5. Castles	Q B to Q R 3d
6. P to Q B 4th	K Kt to K B 3d
7. P to K 5th	K Kt to K R 2d
8. P to K B 4th	K B to K 2d
9. K Kt to K Kt 3d	P to Q 4th
10. Q to K Kt 4th	Castles
11. K Kt to K R 5th	P to K Kt 4th

(What a deplorable game Black has now got by the vain attempt to perplex his adversary in the opening!)

12. P takes K Kt P	K R P takes P
13. B takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq
14. Kt to K B 6th	Q P takes P
15. K B to Q B 2d	Q takes P (ch)
16. Q takes Q	K B to Q B 4th
17. Q takes B	P takes Q
18. Q B takes K Kt P	Kt to Q B 3d
19. R to K B 3d	K to Kt 2d
20. B to K R 6th (ch)	K takes B
21. R to K R 3d (ch)	K to Kt 4th
22. R to K R 5th (ch)	K to K B 5th
23. K to B 2d	And Black surrendered.

EIGHTH BOARD.—MR. WILLS.

(*Sicilian Opening.*)

WHITE, *Mr. M.*	BLACK, *Mr. W.*
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2. K Kt to K B 3d	Q Kt to Q B 3d
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. K Kt takes P	P to K 3d
5. Q B to K 3d	K Kt to K B 3d
6. K B to Q 3d	P to K 4th
7. Kt takes Q Kt	Q Kt P takes Kt
8. Castles	P to Q 3d
9. P to K B 4th	P takes P
10. Q B takes K B P	K B to K 2d
11. Q Kt to Q B 3d	Q R to Q Kt sq
12. P to K 5th	P takes P
13. Q B takes P	Q R to Q Kt 5th
14. Q to K B 3d	Q to Q Kt 3d (ch)
15. K to R sq	Q B to K Kt 5th
16. Q to K B 2d	Q takes Q
17. K R takes Q	K B to Q B 4th
18. K R to K B sq	K B to K 2d
19. P to Q R 3d	Q R to Q Kt 2d
20. Q Kt to K 4th	Q B to Q 2d
21. Kt takes Kt (ch)	P takes Kt
22. Q B takes P	B takes B
23. K R takes B	Q R takes Q Kt P
24. Q R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3d
25. B to K B 5th	K to K 2d
26. K R to K R 6th	K R to Q Kt sq
27. B takes B	Q R to Q Kt 8th
28. Q R to K Kt sq	P takes B
29. R takes K R P (ch)	K to Q 3d
30. R takes Q R P	R takes R (ch)
31. K takes R	R to Q Kt 8th (ch)
32. K to K B 2d	R to Q Kt 7th
33. P to K R 4th	R takes Q B P (ch)
34. K to K B 3d	K to K 4th
35. P to K R 5th	K to K B 4th
36. P to K R 6th	R to Q 7th
37. P to K R 7th	And Black cried "Enough!"

Mr. Staunton adds:

"This was one of the last games finished, Mr. Morphy at the end having won six, drawn one, and lost one, of the eight played. And thus terminated a performance which may fairly be pronounced unparalleled; because, although we have lately recorded a similar one wherein more games were played simultaneously blindfold by Mr. Paulsen, it must be remembered that in that instance the contest extended over three or four sittings, and Mr. Paulsen was enabled, if he chose, and needed the assistance, to refresh his memory by consulting the chess-board during the intervals, while the games before us were all played out at once, Mr. Morphy never quitting the room from the first move to the last. What adds to the wonder is the fact that he rarely paused a minute to consider any move; and when, as was once or twice the case, a wrong one was announced to him—such as *K's* Kt so and so, instead of *Q's* Kt—he instantly corrected it, quietly observing, 'The *K's* Kt can not go to the square indicated; you mean, of course, *Q's* Kt. My answer is,' etc."

We are also happy to be able to give, from the same source, two of Mr. Morphy's games with Mr. Löwenthal, one of which he won, the other being won by his antagonist:

MORPHY AND LOWENTHAL—FIRST GAME.

(*Petroff's Defense.*)

WHITE, *Mr. L.*	BLACK, *Mr. M.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to K B 3d	K Kt to K B 3d
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3d
4. Kt to K B 3d	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
6. K B to Q 3d	K B to K 2d
7. Castles	Q Kt to Q B 3d
8. R to K sq	P to K B 4th
9. P to Q B 4th	B to K 3d
10. P takes P	B takes P
11. Kt to Q B 3d	Kt takes Kt
12. P takes Kt	Castles
13. Q B to K B 4th	B to Q 3d
14. B takes B	Q takes B
15. Kt to K 5th	Q R to K sq
16. P to Q B 4th	

(P to K B 4th appears to be more to the purpose.)

16.	B to K 3d
17. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
18. B to K B sq	B to K B 2d
19. Q to Q 2d	R takes R
20. R takes R	R to Q sq
21. Q to Q R 5th	Q takes Q P
22. Q takes Q B P	Q to Q Kt 3d
23. Q to K B 4th	

(He should now have played R to K 7th with much the better game; but Mr. Lowenthal can never be relied on.)

23.	P to K Kt 3d
24. P to K R 3d	Q to Q Kt 7th
25. Q to Q B 7th	Q to Q Kt 3d
26. R to K 7th	R to Q 8th
27. Q to Q B 8th (ch)	R to Q sq
28. Q to Q B 7th	R to Q 8th

(Symptomatic of a wish to draw the game.)

29. Q to K 5th	Q to Q Kt 8th
30. Q to K 2d	K to K B sq
31. R to K 5th	P to K B 5th
32. P to K B 3d	Q to Q B 8th
33. P to K R 4th	P to K R 3d
34. P to Q B 5th	K to Kt 2d
35. R to K 4th	Q takes P (ch)
36. K to R 2d	Q to Q B 8th
37. K to Kt sq	R to Q 7th
38. Q to Q R 6th	R takes Q R P
39. Q to Q 3d	R to Q 7th
40. Q to Q R 6th	R to Q 8th

(From this point winning for Black is almost a certainty; it is merely a question of time.)

41. P to K Kt 3d	P takes P
42. K to Kt 2d	Q to Q B 4th
43. K takes P	Q to K Kt 8th (ch)
44. B to Kt 2d	R to Q 7th
45. Q to K B sq	Q takes Q
46. B takes Q	K to B 3d
47. B to Q B 4th	B takes B
48. R takes B	R to Q 3d
49. K to K B 4th	R to K 3d
50. R to Q 4th	K to K 2d
51. R to Q R 4th	K to Q 3d
52. R takes R P	P to Q B 4th
53. R to Q R sq	P to Q B 5th
54. P to K R 5th	P takes P
55. K to B 5th	R to K 6th
56. K to B 4th	R to K sq
57. R to R 6th (ch)	K to Q 4th
58. R takes P	P to Q B 6th
59. R takes P (ch)	K to Q 5th
60. R to K R 7th	R to Q B sq
61. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to Q B 5th
62. K to K 3d	R to K sq (ch)
63. K to B 2d	

(Had he moved K to B 4th it would have been difficult for Black to win.)

63.	P to Q B 7th
64. R to Q B 7th (ch)	K to Q 6th
65. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to B 6th
66. R to Q B 7th (ch)	K to Q 7th
67. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to B 8th
68. R to Q Kt 7th	R to K 4th
69. P to B 4th	R to K 5th
70. K to B 3d	R to Q B 5th
71. R to K R 7th	K to Q 7th
72. R to K R sq	P queens
73. R takes Q	R takes R
74. K to K 4th	R to K 8th (ch)
75. K to Q 4th	K to K 7th
76. P to B 5th	K to B 6th
77. K to Q 5th	K to B 5th
78. P to B 6th	K to Kt 4th
79. P to B 7th	R to K B 8th

And White resi[gned].

SECOND GAME.

(Sicilian Opening.)

	White, *Mr. L.*	Black, *Mr. M.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to K 3d
4.	Kt takes P.	Q Kt to Q B 3d
5.	Kt to Q Kt 5th	P to Q R 3d
6.	Kt to Q 6th (ch)	B takes Kt
7.	Q takes B	Q to K 2d
8.	Q to K Kt 3d	

(If Mr. Lowenthal's original talent for chess were equal to his acquired, he might, perhaps, aspire to occupy a place in the first rank of living players, but—with all the advantage of incessant practice, a life, in fact, devoted to the game, and more knowledge of what can be learned by books of the openings and end-games than one player in ten thousand possesses—he will never, we fear, in any sustained struggle with a powerful and practiced player, do more than snatch a stray game. He has not a particle of self-reliance. If, through his great practical and theoretical familiarity with every debut, he can at the outset acquire a superiority, as in the present instance, he will sometimes, through that advantage, score the game; but, if his spring fail, he rarely or never recovers himself.)

8.		Kt to K B 3d
9.	Kt to Q B 3d	P to Q 4th
10.	P to K 5th	K Kt to R 4th
11.	Q to K B 3d	P to K Kt 3d
12.	P to K Kt 4th	

(This is well played, and insures the gain of a piece.)

12.		Q Kt takes K P

(Had he retreated the attacked Knight to K Kt 2d, White replied with Q to K B 6th and Q B to K R 6th.)

13.	Q to K 2d	Q Kt takes Kt P
14.	Q takes Kt	P to K 4th
15.	Q to Q R 4th (ch)	B to Q 2d
16.	Q to Q Kt 3d	P to Q 5th
17.	Q takes Q Kt P	Castles
18.	Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 3d
19.	K B to Kt 2d	P to K 5th
20.	P to Q B 4th	P to K B 4th
21.	Q to Kt 4th	Q to K 4th
22.	Q to K 7th	B to K 3d
23.	Q to Q B 7th	Q to K Kt 2d
24.	Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
25.	Kt to Q Kt 6th	Q R to Q Kt sq
26.	P to Q B 5th	Kt to K R 4th
27.	P to Q Kt 4th	K to B 2d
28.	Castles	P to K Kt 4th
29.	K R to Q sq	K R to Q sq
30.	Q B takes Kt P	K R to K Kt sq
31.	P to K R 4th	R to K Kt 3d

(After Mr. Morphy had made this move Mr. Lowenthal solicited an adjournment, to which his opponent immediately assented.)

32.	R takes Q P	Q R to K Kt sq
33.	Kt to Q 7th	R takes B
34.	P takes R	R takes P
35.	K to R 2d	Kt to K B 5th
36.	B to K B sq	

And very shortly Mr. Morphy surrendered.

The following was, we believe, the first preliminary battle between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Harwitz:

(Allgaier Gambit.)

	White, *Mr. H.*	Black, *Mr. M.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	P to K B 4th	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to K Kt 4th
4.	P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 5th
5.	K Kt to K 5th	K Kt to K B 3d
6.	K B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th
7.	P takes P.	K B to Q 3d
8.	P to Q 4th	K Kt to K R 4th
9.	K B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3d
10.	P takes P	Castles
11.	P takes P	Q B takes P
12.	Q takes K Kt P (ch)	K Kt to Kt 2d
13.	Q B takes P	Q to Q Kt 3d
14.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	B takes K Kt
15.	B takes B	P to K B 3d
16.	Q B to K Kt 3d	Kt to Q R 3d
17.	Castles (on K's side)	Q R to Q sq
18.	Q R to Q sq	K to R sq
19.	B takes Q Kt	B takes B
20.	K R to K sq	Q B to his sq
21.	Q to K B 3d	B to Q Kt 2d
22.	Q to Q 3d	Q R to Q 2d
23.	Q to Q Kt 5th	Q to her sq
24.	P to Q 5th	Kt to K B 4th
25.	B to K B 2d	K R to K Kt sq
26.	Q to her 3d	Q R to K Kt 2d

(The attack obtained, though tremendous in appearance, hardly warrants such a sacrifice as this.)

27.	Q takes Kt	R takes P (ch)
28.	K to B sq	B to Q R 3d (ch)
29.	Kt to K 2d	Q to Q 3d
30.	Q R to Q 3d	B takes R
31.	P takes B	Q R to K R 7th
32.	Kt to K B 4th	Q R to K R 8th (ch)
33.	K to K 2d	Q R to K R 7th
34.	Kt to K 6th	K R to K Kt 3d
35.	R to Q B sq	Q to Q Kt sq
36.	P to Q Kt 3d	K R to K Kt 7th
37.	Q takes K B P (ch)	K to Kt sq
38.	K to K 3d	R to K R 6th (ch)

(Curiously enough, he has nothing better to do: he can not take the Bishop on account of the threatened mate; and the check with his Queen at her Kt 3d, or of the Rook at K Kt 6th, is equally unavailing.)

39.	K to K 2d	R takes B (ch)
40.	Q takes R	R to K R 7th
41.	R to K Kt sq (ch)	K to R sq
42.	R to K Kt 2d	Q to K 4th (ch)
43.	K to B 3d	Q takes Q P (ch)
44.	K to Kt 3d	R takes R (ch)
45.	Q takes R	Q takes Kt
46.	Q to Q R 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2d
47.	Q takes Q R P (ch), and wins.	

LITERARY.

The fact has long been known to the public that Mr. Charles Lanman was engaged in preparing for the press a "Biographical Dictionary of the American Congress." A work so truly national and useful in its character has long been needed, and we are glad to know that the author has been eminently successful in obtaining the information he desired. He has not only toiled laboriously in the leading libraries of the country, but has traveled many thousand miles for the purpose of obtaining facts. His work is now in the hands of the printer, and as some of our readers, who have been in Congress, or who may have had friends there, may not have corresponded with Mr. Lanman, it affords us pleasure, for their benefit, to copy the subjoined circular to ex-Members of Congress, which we understand will be the last that can be issued:

"Georgetown, D. C., *September* 23, 1858.

"Sir.—I have nearly ready for publication a 'Biographical Dictionary of the American Congress, from the foundation of the Government.' With a view of placing you correctly on the record, in regard to dates, I should be pleased to have you favor me with information respecting your birth-place, the date of your birth, the nature of your education, your profession or occupation, and the public positions you have held. Your immediate attention to my request will be appreciated by me, and result to your own advantage. While I apply to you through a circular, I wish you to remember that any information you may communicate will be kept strictly confidential.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Charles Lanman,

"Author of the 'Private Life of Daniel Webster,' 'Adventures in the Wilds of America,' etc."

Ticknor & Fields publish one of the most readable books of the season. We allude to Sala's Journey Due North. The author is a young Englishman, who seems to have a considerable amount of the American in his constitution. He travels *con amore*. He is not to be put out by trifles, and not to be frightened by obstacles. He has a full stock of the Crockett characteristic which has been called go-ahead-ativeness, and, leaving England for St. Petersburg, he goes to St. Petersburg, at a time, and by ways and means that any one else could imitate, and yet in the face of difficulties which would have driven almost any one else away. Mr. Sala traveled alone, but he traveled first-class, and he met the usual companions of first-class travel on the Continent—"a prince, a fool, and an Englishman." Dashing off rapid sketches of these worthies as he goes along, he arrives at Berlin, and is there kept waiting some weeks for the ice to move from the Baltic, which happening, he proceeds to Cronstadt by steamer. The Russian police suffer a very amusing sketching at his hands. No traveler can fail to enjoy the humorous custom-house experience he gives us. Safe in St. Petersburg, the book, which is rather curiously entitled, is devoted to a description of Russian manners, customs, and things in general. Doubtless this is the best extant description of Russian life and people, as it is the most amusing and piquant. The author says he has not been in New England, but he has either been in America, or has so closely studied Americanisms, that he has adopted and used them more freely than any other Englishman. He uses also too much English slang; and any one who has supposed an English writer incapable of slang phrases will derive new ideas from Mr. Sala's "Journey Due North."

In passing, we remark that he says of the American Minister in 1856 (Mr. Seymour, of course), that he was the first person who dared to introduce into Russian society, among the higher classes, the custom of wearing a beard. The Monjiks, or lower classes, wearing beards, the higher ranks despise it heartily. But the American was soon followed by the English minister, and the custom became familiar to the Russians.

Here is a passage that illustrates our author's style of thinking, chatting, and writing:

"I wish the Germans wouldn't call Brunswick Braunschweig; it destroys the illusion. I can't think of the illustrious house that has given a dynasty to the British throne as the House of Braunschweig. It is cacophonous in sound as would be the house of Physic-bottles instead of the House of Medici, but our Teuton friends seem to have a genius for uglifying high-sounding names. They call Elsinore (Hamlet's Elsinore) Helsingborg; Vienna, Wein; Munich, Munchen; Cologne, Koln; and the Crimea, Krim. Can there be any thing noble, proper to a famous battle-field where the bones of heroes lie whitening, in the word Krim?"

Boys who were boys in Scotch families some twenty or thirty years ago, have the memory very clear in their minds of a certain book of "Sunday reading" known as "The Evangelical Rambler," and will welcome their old favorite, as now published by Carter & Brothers, under the title of The Sheepfold and the Common. This collection of narratives is eminently rich and delightful, possessing all those characteristics of pathos, feeling, truth, and heartiness which belong to stories of English and Scotch life. We have no doubt the book will be welcome to many families who love the old ways of the orthodox Church.

The Julia is a novel, published by Carter & Brothers, the heroine of which is taken from the lowest possible position in New York life, and becomes, by a not unnatural succession of circumstances, an actress of great renown. The hero, son of a bluff captain who commands his own brig, is a boy of good principles, who is brought under religious influences by the company of missionaries making the voyage on his father's vessel. The effect of this boy's after-life on the life of the actress; the yielding, first of the one, and then of the other, to the opposing attractions which their respective lives offer, this is the back-bone, so to speak, of the book, and upon this a skillful and interesting story is made to hang. The author's former work, "Vara," has been very popular.

We welcome, from Carter & Brothers, A Light for the Line, by the author of that capital and delightful book, "English Hearts and English Hands." It is only necessary to name the author to explain what the book must be.

Rev. John Todd, D.D., has written many of the most popular books for children extant. Hopkins, Bridgman, & Co. (Northampton) publish a little book, being the second series of his Lectures to Children, which will find many ready purchasers among the little ones and their friends.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM UTAH.

We have advices from Great Salt Lake City down to the 4th ult. Governor Cumming had returned to the city after a pleasure excursion of a couple of days to Cottonwood kanyon with some of the *élite* of Mormondom. General Grant and a man named Williams were tried and convicted of a breach of the peace. They were both found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of court. Breaches of the peace are becoming quite common in the streets of the holy city. Trouble is anticipated with the Indians. The mail of the 17th of August had been destroyed by them, and the carriers barely escaped with their lives. Colonel Harbin had been obliged to call upon General Johnston for an escort of soldiers to protect the herds of cattle he was driving to California. The Indians have declared their intention to rob every mail, and to stampede the stock of every emigrant train that attempts to cross to California. Colonel Lander had arrived in Salt Lake City. He reported that the wagon-road under his superintendence was progressing rapidly, and would be completed before the mountain snows set in. Brigham Young is still at Salt Lake City, but closely confines himself in-doors. Business was reviving at Salt Lake, and traders were coming in with their goods. Snow fell on the 5th ult. at Platte Bridge, about one hundred and fifty miles above Fort Laramie.

THE WILL OF THE RICHEST MAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The will of the late Ebenezer Francis is by law provable in Norfolk County, where the deceased had his domicile. His tax in Roxbury last year was $11,400. By the terms of the will about $117,500 are given to the descendants of two sisters, and there are sundry other legacies of $25,000 or $30,000 more. A trust fund of $100,000 is created for the payment of certain annuities—the surplus income of each year, after the payment of the annuities, to be added to the principal, and after the death of the annuitants, the principal is to be disposed of like the residue of the estate.

"The two daughters have direct bequests of $200,000 each, and the houses they now occupy. A bequest and devise to his grandson, E. Francis Thayer, and the interest of that grandson in the residue of the estate are rendered void by his death without issue before the testator. The remainder of the estate is devised to five trustees—the income is payable to each daughter during life. At the death of each daughter the income of her share is payable to her children during the trust. After the death of both daughters, the income for five years is devisible equally among all the grandchildren, and at the end of the five years the whole property is to be divided among the grandchildren, and the issue of any deceased grandchild.

"The executors of the will are Nathaniel I. Bowditch, Robert M. Mason (the sons-in-law), and Samuel W. Sweet, President of the National Insurance Company. The trustees are Nathaniel I. Bowditch, Robert M. Mason, Samuel W. Sweet, Israel Whitney, of Boston, and Joel Parker, of Cambridge. The estate is estimated at about $3,500,000."

A ROMANTIC STORY.

We read in the Cincinnati *Gazette:* "That wives will forget their marriage vows and run away, is every day exemplified; but husbands will not always follow over land and sea in search of vagrant crinoline. A case which came up in Justice's Court yesterday, however, sets an example for loving husbands that has no parallel on record; and, but for the criminal reality connected with it, would throw the latest romance into obscurity.

"It appears that the elder brother of a family residing in Naples, Italy, married a wife considerably his junior, and she became the 'old man's darling.' Like Melnotte, he'd 'have no friends that were not lovers,' and with pride he pointed to his pretty wife, and made her his idol, his temple of devotion, morning and evening. In an evil hour a younger brother, Michael Angelo Gitto, looked with loving eyes upon his sister-in-law, and she was won from her allegiance to her lord. The guilty pair made their escape to this country, bringing with them a little daughter, and leaving the husband and two little boys in their deserted Italian home. The brother-lover and his fair companion came to this city some months ago, and opened a confectionery store on Main Street. In time the husband learned their whereabouts, and, taking his two motherless boys with him, he sailed for Cincinnati, arriving here a day or two ago. He at once sought out the guilty pair, and implored the wife to return to her allegiance, but to no purpose. He was rudely spurned by both wife and brother; and, as a last resort, he had them arrested for adultery on Tuesday morning.

"The case was to come up before the Justice yesterday, but mutual friends interfered. Unlike the 'Misanthrope,' who feared the jeers of boys and girls, should they see him with his runaway wife upon his arm, the elder Gitto, with tears coursing down his cheeks, besought her on his knees to return with him to the sunny clime of Italy, and make his home once more a heaven of domestic peace. The scene was affecting; the picture being rendered complete by the pleading looks and tears of the little boys, who had accompanied the father in his long and tedious journey. There was a choice between the penalty for adultery and a husband's arms. The wife hesitated, the husband pleaded, friends counseled obedience, and all combined at length prevailed. She consented to return to Italy with her husband. The guilty brother agreed to pay the costs and lawyer's fees, the husband took his runaway wife upon his arm, and his children by the hand, and left the court-room so overjoyed with his recovered treasure that he actually kissed the hands of a friend who had been mainly instrumental in bringing about a consummation of his happiness under such peculiar circumstances.

"There is sufficient romance in this 'plain, unvarnished tale' to form the basis of a novel. A man who would follow a runaway wife from Italy, and then beg of her on his knees to accept his proffered forgiveness, can not be a bad husband, and deserves a better wife."

A BRITISH POLICEMAN TRAPPED BY NEW YORK SWINDLERS.

The *Herald* has the following: "Charles Brew, whose miraculous escape from the wreck of the steamship *Austria* was chronicled a few days ago, fell into the clutches of a couple of emigrant swindlers on Saturday, and was defrauded out of $250. Mr. Brew was on his way to Frazer River, *via* San Francisco, and being anxious to purchase a ticket for the California steamer of the 5th inst., took a walk toward West Street, when he ran afoul of two harpies keeping an office in Liberty Street, who induced him to buy a bogus ticket, for which he paid them $250. The fraud was soon afterward detected, when Mr. Brew went to the Mayor's office and made a complaint against the emigrant swindlers, who, finding themselves in a tight corner, disgorged the money, and apologized to the complainant for their conduct. It is a little singular that a man like Mr. Brew should have been victimized in the manner already described, considering he holds the office of Inspector of Police under the government of Great Britain. For many years he held the post of Inspector of Police at Cork, Ireland; and during the Crimean war he was appointed to an office in the commissariat department, where he conducted himself with so much ability that the Government rewarded him with the important position of Inspector-General of Police in the new gold region at Frazer River. It was while he was *en route* for the scene of his future labors that he was thus taken in and pretty nearly done for by a couple of New York emigrant runners. No wonder that men of ordinary intelligence and sagacity should be victimized by these rascals, when such a man as Mr. Brew should be drawn into the net. Why are these swindlers allowed to exist in our midst? Can nothing be done to relieve us of their loathsome presence? Will Superintendent Tallmadge never root them out?"

VIRGINIA DARE.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Miss Lander's statuette of Virginia Dare, which arrived in ship *Malabar* with Crawford's statue of James Otis, is unpacked, and can be seen for the remainder of this week at the room of the artist, Savings' Bank building, next the Museum. This beautiful work of art, which is in Italian marble of rare delicacy in color and texture, is about three feet and a half high, and represents Virginia Dare—the first white person born on the American continent—as she looked when standing on the shores of the great lakes, with the surging sound of the waves in her ears, and vague memories of her childhood's far-off home in her heart. She stands on the sandy beach, her fine head erect, and her folded hands resting upon the fishing-net which is gracefully drawn around her for drapery. Indian ornaments are on her arms and neck, and a beach-bird, the pet and companion of the young Indian maidens, is by her side. This statue *en petite* is full of originality and sentiment, and we hope ere long to see it reproduced the size of life."

EXPLOSION OF AN ANVIL.

The Chicago *Times* learns that in Lodi, a small village in Kane county, an election was held on Friday last, on the question of incorporating their town; that the opposition to the corporation carried the day, and were so elated thereat that they procured an old anvil, charged it with gunpowder and fired it with great glee, thus celebrating their victory. While a crowd of people was close about the anvil, it burst, with a tremendous report, one piece striking Dr. William Kennedy, the only surgeon in the place, and breaking his leg. A fragment of iron, weighing about ten pounds, struck a white oak post about six inches in diameter, and cut it short off as effectively as if hit by a twelve-pound cannon ball. Another piece, weighing six or eight pounds, hit George Brooks, a young man, the oldest son of L. Brooks, of Lodi, and inflicted a wound which is evidently mortal—the hip bone being smashed to pieces. The father of the wounded man carried his son home, but fainted on beholding the extent of his injuries.

PERSONAL.

A letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner, dated at Aix, September 11, says:

"My life is devoted to my health. I wish that I could say that I am not still an invalid; but, except when attacked by the pain in my chest, I am now comfortable, and enjoy my baths, my walks, and the repose and incognito which I find here.

"I begin the day with *douches*, hot and cold, and when thoroughly exhausted, am wrapped in shee and blanket and conveyed to my hotel and laid on my bed. After my walk I find myself obliged again to take to my bed, for two hours before dinner. But this whole treatment is in pleasant contrast with the protracted sufferings from fire which made my summer a torment. And yet I fear that I must return again to that treatment.

"It is with a pang unspeakable that I find myself thus arrested in the labors of life and in the duties of my position. This is harder to bear than the fire. I do not hear of friends engaged in active service—like Trumbull in Illinois—without a feeling of envy."

Crawford's fine statue of James Otis is safely placed on its pedestal in Mount Auburn Cemetery. The Boston *Transcript* describes it as graceful and majestic. The height is about seven feet. The costume is appropriate to the time in which his public services were called forth, nearly a century ago. A cloak is thrown over the shoulders, enveloping the left arm, by which it is retained. The right hand holds a pen and a manuscript.

Ex-President Comonfort, of Mexico, is in Massachusetts. He visited the encampment of the First Division on Friday, the day of the review by Governor Banks.

Captain Townsend, the slaver captain whose *Echo* was taken away from him, gets a "first-rate notice" in the Boston *Post:*

"Captain Townsend is far from looking the hardened villain one would naturally suppose him to be from his connection with this case. On the contrary, his personal appearance is such that Sylvanus Cobb, or any other 'blood and thunder' writer, could readily describe, in some silly story, in such glowing colors as to make a score of silly women 'fall in love' with him. He appeared in Court dressed in the 'latest style,' and with 'each particular hair' on his head in its proper place. He has a lengthy beard and a mustache of a very fine texture, and his features are prepossessing; his hands were incased in pink-colored kids, and he occasionally busied himself in taking notes of the testimony; he seemed at times a little nervous. At the conclusion of the testimony he spoke with two or three of the officers of the *Dolphin*, requesting them to call on him, and stating his hours for the 'reception' of visitors."

President Benson writes from Liberia that the prospects of that colony as a cotton-producing region are improving rapidly.

A private letter from Mohammed Pacha, received at Washington, expresses the delight of that personage at his recent visit here. No disappointment about the vessel is expressed. Neither before his departure nor since his return has been expressed the expectation that the American Government was "to have made a contract for a 74 for the Sultan."

The Donaldsonville (Louisiana) *Vigilant* notices an "affair of honor" which took place a few days ago, the parties being Mr. D'Artlys, of the Ascension *Flag*, and Mr. Edrington, of the *Young America*. The weapons were rifles; distance, twenty paces. Two shots were exchanged without injury, when the seconds interposed and effected an amicable adjustment of the quarrel.

There is a large disturbance in the military line in the little State of Rhode Island, arising from a conflict of jurisdiction between two major-generals, Green and Gould, each of whom claims command.

The Charleston, South Carolina, papers announce the death of the venerable Rev. Reuben Post, of that city. Dr. Post was a native of Vermont, in which State he graduated in 1814, and subsequently proceeded to a theological course at Princeton, New Jersey. He received ordination in July, 1819, and at the same time installation as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, in which charge he continued until February, 1836, when he accepted a call to Charleston, where he has ever since resided.

The lion killer, Jules Gerard, in a letter descriptive of a campaign against a monstrous lion, states that in the Algerian subdivision, Bona, there are at present no less than sixty of these ferocious beasts, who have destroyed in one year ten thousand head of cattle. In his hunting excursions, Gerard now makes use of the Devisne bullet, which explodes in the body of the animal.

Joshua R. Giddings is mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for the Governor of Ohio at the election to be held next year. Governor Chase will, probably, be returned to the United States Senate at the close of his present term. The Portage *Democrat* and several other Republican journals avow their determination to press Mr. Giddings as the man to succeed Governor Chase.

Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, thus speaks of his antagonist, Mr. Pryne: "Mr. Pryne is staying at the same hotel I do—the American. He is a small, heavy-built man, about thirty-six years of age, and wears a ruffian-like pair of whiskers. He is not a pretty speaker, by any means, and has rather a feeble voice, which he strains very much in speaking. His gestures are awkward, rapid, and violent, and are alike in season and out of season, agreeing exactly with the applause of the negroes and white ruffians who clap for him. He is a man of only moderate talents, and ordinary learning. He is bitter, unscrupulous, and unmitigated in his abuse of the South, and is familiar with the slang dictionary of Abolitionism. He has been in my room frequently, but I have never been to his. He is a kind of man who will board in the upper story of a hotel, and do without gaslight where board is *cheap*. He makes the acquaintance of free negroes, and low-down Abolitionists, with great facility; and I as often see him in conversation with negroes as white men. Gerrit Smith, who is worth two millions, is said to have a *bill of sale* of the man, and, I presume, defrays his expenses while he labors in the 'cause of human liberty.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

IS THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH A FAILURE?

The Valentia correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following interesting history of the cable since it was laid:

"From the time of landing the end, on the 5th of August, to Monday, the 9th, the cable continued in fair condition, though a slight defect of no consequence in working was observed in the insulation. Up to that evening nothing but alternate positive and negative currents had been received from Newfoundland, though words and adjustment messages had from soon after the landing been continually sent from Valentia. That evening, however, coil currents came with the words "send slower and repeat" from Newfoundland, being sent by Mr. Whitehouse's instruments, and received upon his beautifully constructed recording relay.

"During the whole of the week, from Monday, the 9th, to Saturday, the 14th, various adjustment messages were received and sent through the line, though, in consequence of their constantly requiring messages from Valentia to be repeated several times, it was evident that in Newfoundland the signals were not read with the same facility as those in the contrary direction to Valentia. This circumstance tended to prove that the fault which was observable was somewhere near the Irish coast, for any defect more than three hundred miles from either coast would affect the transmission and reception of signals equally at both ends. Accordingly the cable was underrun for the distance of about three miles from Valentia Island by Mr. Canning, cut, and tested through by Mr. Bartholomew, the electrical superintendent, who found that whatever fault existed was far out to sea. The ends were accordingly joined up again, without a new piece of cable being laid between Dowlas Head and the shore.

"From this to Saturday, the 1st of August, the fault was very variable both in its nature and its apparent distance from the Irish coast, it first appearing something like 500 miles distant, and gradually diminishing until

It became stationary at a point calculated with great accuracy to be nearly 270 statute miles from the Valentia end of the cable. All this period the electrical condition became daily worse and worse, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and by constant repetitions that the various official and congratulatory messages between the English and American authorities were transmitted to Newfoundland, the messages back to Valentia being in almost every case clear and distinct.

WHEN THE TELEGRAPH CEASED TO WORK.

"The condition of the wire became daily more faulty until the 31st of August, when a government message was dispatched through the cable for the North American colonies, and on the morning of the 1st of September a second government message was safely transmitted, but after it had been duly acknowledged, the insulation of the wire became suddenly worse, and it was found impossible to make them understand at Newfoundland. Words and messages were continually transmitted, but it was soon evident that on the American shore they could only just distinguish that signals were being sent, for the only answer received at Valentia was 'Repeat' and 'Don't understand,' and even these small phrases were only distinguishable at intervals; and since half past one o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 4th of September, no intelligible signal whatever has been received. Occasionally, however, very distinct reversals (as regularly alternating positive and negative currents are termed) have been received, sometimes so strong and good that had they been sending words from Newfoundland they might have been distinctly read on the reflecting galvanometer of Professor Thomson. When the line is not in use for the purposes of testing words, short messages are continually dispatched through the wire for an hour at a time, and then for the next hour the galvanometer is watched for the answers, which, excepting the reversals already alluded to, never come.

WHERE THE BREAK IS.

"From the time of the first cessation of the signals up to the present time Professor W. Thomson, Mr. Varley, and Mr. Edward Bright have been engaged day and night in testing, and have come to the conclusion that the defect is a loss of insulation about 270 miles (along the cable) from Valentia. This, calculating the amount of slack cable payed out during the later days of the submerging operations, would place the fault about 220 statute miles from shore, or somewhere upon the mountain range which divides the depths of the Atlantic from the comparatively shallow water leading from the Irish coast. Reference to logs and diaries kept by those on board the *Agamemnon* during the submerging operations show that this bank was crossed between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d of August, more than an hour before the expected time. It had been intended by Sir Charles Bright to allow a great quantity of slack cable to run out while crossing this point, in order that it might reach the bottom of all the inequalities which might exist there undiscovered by the sounding line. But, from some unexplained cause, the *Agamemnon* throughout the whole cruise steamed at a greater speed than was registered by the log-line. Owing to this circumstance the bank was reached at least an hour before the expected time, the first intimation received by those on board being a sudden decrease in the registered strain upon the dynamometer and an equally sudden falling off in the speed of the cable, the ship maintaining the same rate as registered by the log-line. Sir Charles Bright's attention was called to the circumstance, and he, seeing at once that the shallow water was approaching, or had actually been reached, ordered the weight to be taken off the breaks, and allowed a large quantity of slack cable to go overboard. It must always remain a matter of doubt, however, whether the falling off of the strain on and speed of the cable was observable at all until the top of the bank had been reached, and had this been the case it is quite possible that the cable may have remained suspended upon some projecting points in the steep, and its insulation sooner become gradually injured by its own weight. This is, of course, only a probable conjecture, based upon the facts above stated. But at the same time it is impossible to account in any other way for the cable having become damaged since its submersion.

THE SUBMARINE MOUNTAIN RANGE.

"The steep range above alluded to is often mentioned as a sloping bank—upon what ground it is difficult to say; for but two soundings were taken upon it—one at the bottom and another at the top—and these two soundings, though only eight miles apart, show a difference in elevation of 7200 feet. Of the nature of the intervening space no one can, of course, form any conjecture. Whether the sides of this submarine mountain (for it can be called nothing else) are broken by ravines and precipitous cliffs, in the same way as the sides of the mountains on land are, nothing but a close and careful series of soundings can ever determine. That such a series of soundings were not made by Commander Dayman at the point in question, when he sounded across the Atlantic from the *Cyclops*, was, we believe, due to the prevalence of bad weather at the time.

THE PROSPECT FOR THE FUTURE.

"It is perfectly conclusive, according to the experiment of Professor Thomson and Mr. Varley, that the water has reached the conducting wire in at least one place not less than two hundred and twenty miles from the shore, and as the currents received from Newfoundland vary from one two-hundredth to only one nine-hundredth part of the strength they should be, it would be deceiving the public to state that the fault is other than of the most serious nature. But still it is believed possible by some, with more delicate instruments, and with proper concert at both ends of the line, to work through during some part of each day, provided the condition of the wire becomes no worse. Negative currents of electricity are now used as much as possible in the transmission of signals, for were positive currents used the exposed portion of the wire, by decomposing the salt water in contact with it, would be oxydized through in a very short time. Mr. Henley, who has been for some days experimenting upon the cable, is sanguine of making the line again serviceable, by the use of his powerful magneto-electric machines, which are now on their way from London.

"Mr. Lundy, one of the electrical assistants, proceeds to Newfoundland on Tuesday, by the *Prince Albert*, from Galway, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the wire at the other terminus, and also for the purpose of arranging a day on which a certain known code of signals are to be sent at concerted times from both ends, and to endeavor thus to re-establish intelligible communication. Even looking at matters in the worst light, and supposing the cable as far as practicable working goes a failure, not only has the practicability of submerging it been demonstrated, but also the practicability of working and signaling through it."

FATE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The London *Star* says: "It is already well known that the proprietors of the *Leviathan* or *Great Eastern* steamer have, for some time, been in difficulties so great as to prevent them from finishing the vessel. At length, however, an arrangement has been made which affords a prospect of this great national project being ultimately carried to a successful issue, though by other parties than the present proprietors. A company has been formed in the city to purchase and finish the vessel, and work her between London and America. This association is called the British and American Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company. It has been got up by a number of commercial gentlemen, one of whom is Mr. Hughes, the late superintendent of Messrs. Scott, Russell, & Co.'s yard, and, in fact, of the building of the *Leviathan* throughout. After a series of negotiations with the original company, arrangements have been made for the purchase of the vessel for £250,000, being less than one-third of the amount she had cost, viz., £800,000, and less than the material would fetch if the vessel were broken up, and sold by auction in 'lots.' The company has been registered under the Joint-Stock Companies Acts, 1856–57. The advertisements will appear in a day or two. The capital is fixed at £500,000, in shares of 10s. each, of which 2s. 6d. is to be paid on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, and the remaining 5s. in installments, at intervals of two months. It is intended to finish the vessel between this and the spring, and if there is any time to spare, she will be used for the purpose of exhibition. It is then proposed to place her on the route between Liverpool and Portland, United States, the port to which the Canadian mails are at present carried, and thence by rail to Toronto, Ottowa, Quebec, and the other British settlements in North America."

VALUE OF THE TELEGRAPH CABLE IN IRELAND.

A sale of goods and chattels of a rather novel description took place lately at the custom-house in Cork. The receiver of Droits of Admiralty put up to auction about 800 fathoms of the Atlantic telegraph cable, which was found about two months ago. There were two lots, each containing about 400 fathoms, which, after a tolerable share of competition, were purchased by the Receiver himself at 10*d*. per fathom. The balance of the proceeds, after deducting the Receiver's dues, will, doubtless, scarcely satisfy the demands of the salvors.

PROGRESS OF PUSEYISM.

The *Western Times* reports as follows: "In administering the Holy Communion on the first Sunday in August, at a fashionable watering-place near Exeter, the officiating clergyman allowed the clergy only to take the cup into their hands, firmly holding it in his own hands, while the laity drank of the sacramental wine. A mother and son communicated that morning side by side. The son was a clergyman, not of the High Church, and had the chalice placed in his hands; the mother had the cup held to her lips by the officiating minister, but none of the wine reached her. Another step toward Rome. It is expected that choristers in white surplices will soon form another grade in the same direction."

A CARDINAL IN THE LOCK-UP.

A singular adventure befell an Italian cardinal during the recent high ecclesiastical demonstration at Ballinasloe. The distinguished individual being introduced to a convent in that town, promised to call upon the sisters on the following morning and give them an early mass, before his departure by train for Dublin. But they are earlier birds, it seems, in Italy than on the west of the Shannon, for when the Monsignor presented himself at five o'clock, A.M., before the door, wrapped in a mantle, such as Jesuits wear, which covered both his quality and purpose from the external world, the whole town was locked in the arms of Morpheus. In vain did he knock and pull at the bell. The ladies were not yet out of their first sleep; and an old woman, who thrust one of her eyes out of the attic casement shut it down again with a bang, having first threatened to call "the poalus." Nor was her denunciation without its effect. A guardian of the night, baton in hand, came upon the disturber, and roughly demanded,

"What are you doing there?"

"As you see," replied his reverence. "I knock and ring;" and, suiting the action to the word, he took another strong pull at the knob, and performed a loud sassarara with the knocker.

"Oh! come, my good fellow," said Dogberry, "this is too much of a good thing; go home to your wife and tell her to take care of you."

"I am wedded here," said the Monsignor, with dignity, laying his open palm carelessly upon the sill—"wedded to this institution, and have no other wife in the world;" and again goes the knocker, rat-tat-tat tatterarararara ra!

"Is it married you say you are; and to the blessed ladies in this house?" cries the enraged preserver of the peace. "You b——y Souper! I'll tache you to keep a civil tongue in your head, I will!" And thereupon he seized a fell grip of Monsignor's collar, and drove him on before him, gasping, foaming, sputtering, and recalcitrating even to the door of the station-house, into which he pushed him with such a will that it was a mercy his reverence did not tumble headlong over a woman who was down on her knees washing the passage.

"The Cross of Christ be over us all!" exclaimed the startled woman, rising from the ground, and in a moment recognizing the Monsignor, whom she had seen on the previous day adumbrating the Cardinal. "What has his reverence been about? Was he larking?"

"I believe you," said the policeman. "But what are you talking about reverence? It's a big jumper he is, and nothing else."

An explanation quickly ensued, of which the result was, that the Monsignor, still "in a sultry chafe," walked forth disenthralled, emancipated, and free, leaving the penitent street-keeper on his marrow-bones.

ELECTRICITY USED IN DENTISTRY.

A correspondent of a contemporary says: "The application of electricity for producing anæsthesia in tooth-drawing is a recent discovery of Brother Jonathan's, and appears to be creating a considerable sensation on the other side of the Atlantic. Should it prove all that is said of it, it will indeed be a boon, and from my own experience I must confess it promises well. The letter of your Chester correspondent will probably induce a desire in many of your readers to try the experiment, but the *modus operandi* being omitted, it may not be readily understood in what manner the current is to be applied. The apparatus for the purpose is extremely simple, and consists principally of the common electro-magnetic machine used in medical electricity, a single cell, and a pair of plates constituting a Smee's battery, and a small electro-magnetic coil with a bundle of wires for graduating the strength of the current. One end of the thin wire conveying the secondary current is attached to the handle of the forceps, and the other end of it to a metallic handle to be placed in the hands of the patient. The instrument touching the tooth completes the circuit, and the current passes instantaneously. The wire attached to the forceps should be made to pass through an interrupting footboard, so that the continuity of the wire may be made or broken in an instant by a movement of the right foot of the operator. The advantage of this arrangement is that it allows the instrument to be placed in the mouth without risk of producing a shock in coming in contact with the lips, cheeks, or the tongue, which would interfere with the quiet of the patient. A hole drilled in the end of the left handle of the forceps and the end of the wire tapered to fit rather tightly allows the substitution of one pair of forceps for another with scarcely a moment's delay. The importance of this subject is so great that numbers will doubtless immediately have recourse to it, so that we may soon expect its real merits to be fully ascertained."

QUEER STORY BY AN INFURIATED BRITON.

A correspondent of the *Northern Whig* makes the following singular statements: "Having just arrived here from America, I consider it right to mention a circumstance which, I think, merits some attention from the British public. On the 10th of August last I took my passage on board the American ship ——, New York, Captain ——, master, bound for Liverpool. When a short time on board I discovered, no little to my surprise, and, indeed, much to the terror of several nervous passengers, that I was in company with a party of lunatics. This may astonish your readers, but it is quite true. As they entered the ship their ghastly visages, staring eyes, and unmeaning looks unmistakably indicated that the intellect was gone. There were about sixteen of them. It will naturally be asked if some Yankee asylum had disgorged its unhappy inmates. This, I understand, was literally the fact. These poor creatures, who, perhaps, long since emigrated to the blessed country of the Stars and Stripes, and had spent the vigor and strength of their days in enriching the bloated republic, have been at length sent home to remain a tax upon this country, or an insupportable burden on their unhappy relatives, although they contracted their frightful malady upon American soil. The passengers suffered much uneasiness and annoyance during the whole voyage, as these maniacs had no person to look after them, but were allowed to range through the ship both day and night, rummaging through the berths of passengers, as I supposed, in quest of food, and screaming and yelling in a most hideous manner. Of course, having no person to take charge of them, their persons were foul and filthy, and their actions disgusting in the extreme. It is a crying shame that these madmen and mad women were suffered to wander unguarded among the other passengers. If the United States is to return its lunatics to this country, it should charter a vessel specially for that purpose, and not mix them, unprotected, among sane people. It was a woeful sight to see these miserable wretches conveyed from the ship in a cart up the streets of Liverpool. My history of them ends here. During the passage acts too odious even to contemplate were committed among themselves and some of the seamen. Surely some inquiry ought to be made into this strange affair; for I can positively say a more horrible and a more disgraceful occurrence has seldom happened. The captain denied all knowledge of their being lunatics. Let this be so or not, he can, at all events, give some explanation of this mysterious business."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT BIARRITZ.

The *Morning Post* says: "It is really pleasing to see their Majesties walking quietly along through the crowd, stopping on the cliff to see the bathers in the Vieux Port or on the beach, near them many persons passing and repassing, and all this in such a quiet and tranquil manner that a stranger would little suspect that imperial majesties were at his elbow. The Emperor walks out each day, wearing a blue frock coat, and with but the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. Nothing to distinguish him as the ruler of this mighty nation is apparent; and although those near whom he is passing bow, the act is but one of common politeness, and his Majesty bows in return, and walks slowly along, almost unnoticed as it were. To say that the Empress does the same would not be strictly true. She can not walk along unnoticed; for her toilets are ever so tastily arranged, and her kind and gracious manner so attractive, that insensibly the crowd is drawn after her, and she is forced to bow and smile on all sides. The ladies walking about the cliffs never seem so happy as after they have bowed to her Majesty, and get in return a bow and smile equally as kind and gracious to one and all. Really there is a great charm about the Empress Eugénie."

LORD PALMERSTON'S LAST BON-MOT.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* of Brussels has the following: "Lord Palmerston, during the last days of his residence at Paris, saw more than once Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Cowley, Lord Howden, Baron de Rothschild, and M. Thiers. M. Thiers came up from his retreat at Franconville, where he is completing the last two volumes of his *History of the Empire*, to see the ex-Minister. At one of their meetings at the Hotel Bristol, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was present, and, the conversation having turned on the state of Turkey, M. Thiers asked Lord Palmerston if he thought the 'sick man' was about to die? The English statesman replied, according to his custom, by pleasantry: 'I was one day walking in the streets of London,' said he, 'when a person told me that my pocket handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket, and that I should lose it. Thank you, Sir, I answered, but I believe that unless some one pulls it out it will not fall! Well, Turkey is in the same position; if she be not thrown down she will, I am convinced, maintain herself perfectly.'"

RECOVERY OF M. DE PENE.

M. Henri de Pène, the contributor to the Paris *Figaro*, who was so dangerously wounded by Lieutenant Hyènne in a duel near Marseilles about four months ago, has taken up the pen again, and writes a letter to the Brussels journal, *Le Nord*, from the baths of Nauheim, in Germany. M. de Pène states that he has completely recovered from his wounds, and is now restored to perfect health.

MORPHY'S RECEPTION IN PARIS.

A gentleman now in Paris writes as follows: "The greatest of living French sculptors, Lequesne, the pupil and successor of Pradier, has asked Morphy to sit to him for his bust in marble. Morphy gave him the first sitting yesterday. The bust will be exhibited at the Exposition des Beaux Arts. This is, I think, the highest honor Morphy has as yet received. But I can assure you they treat him here like a god. He dines with his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick on Sunday. The other night, at the Théâtre Français, half the audience stood up and looked at him—he perfectly unconscious until it was pointed out to him. Every body seeks introductions to him, and the old players of the time of Labourdonnais treat him with the greatest reverence."

THE MATRIMONIAL EPIDEMIC AMONG THE SOLDIERY.

The *Nouvelliste* of Rouen says: "A few days since Marshal Duke of Malakoff applied to the municipal authorities of Maromme for a copy of the register of his birth. His fellow-countrymen may conclude from this proceeding that the statement of his intended marriage is authentic." More military marriages are talked of. Marshal Canrobert is said to be about to marry the Duchess of Soto Mayor. The Empress takes much interest in the promotion of the match, and doubtless finds great amusement in mating the Paladins of France with the beauties of the Spanish Court. The contagion of matrimony, indeed, spreads among the military notorieties of France. Colonel Charras, who was arrested with Changarnier and Cavaignac on the memorable night of the 2d of December, being now in exile, is about to marry, at Bâle, the daughter of a wealthy Alsacian manufacturer, a Monsieur Kestner, who employs 4000 workmen, and will endow Madame Charras with a commensurate fortune.

DECAPITATION BY RAILWAY.

As the engine-driver of the last train from Sceaux was, a few evenings ago, bringing a number of passengers to Paris, he felt the locomotive pass over some resisting substance; and, on arriving at Bourg-la-Reine, mentioned the fact, and said, "I think we must have gone over a dog." On some of the men belonging to the station going back on the line, they found the head of a young girl, and, farther on, the body. It proved to be that of a servant in a family, who had placed herself intentionally across the line in order to meet with death, for having been blamed by her mistress for some fault which she had committed. The girl's father was a man employed on the line.

CONTEMPORANEOUS FRENCH LITERATURE.

A Paris letter says: "We are looking forward with a great deal of interest to the appearance of a new novel by M. Ernest Feydeau, the author of 'Fanny,' which, in a few months, has run through three editions—a successful career, which is of itself alone a loud condemnation of the corrupted state of this society.

"This popular novel turns altogether upon the tortures endured by the lover of an adulterous woman when he thinks upon and sees the husband's rights. Who on earth but a Frenchman could have thought of such a disgusting subject! Yet this book is said to be under every lady's pillow in France. M. Sainte Beuve praises it to the skies. M. Jules Janin has written a most eulogistic preface to the third edition! The title of the new novel is 'Daniel.' Did you read Madame Bovary when it appeared? It enjoyed and enjoys great popularity, and, like all French books of late date, turns upon illicit conversation. An adulterous woman is the heroine of it too; but it is interesting as being a mirror of provincial life which these people admit for faithful. The provinces are represented as gangrened as the capital.

"Nobody seems to have any idea that there are such things in the world as principles which honorable people would sooner lose their life than abandon; feminine chastity and fidelity to marriage-vows are looked upon as matters indifferent as salutations; its heroes and heroines all lie, some of them steal, and every body who appears in the book seems persuaded that as long as his bed is provided with an agreeable woman, his board with a plenty to eat, and his wardrobe with plenty to wear, he is derelict to no duty of the station of life to which it has pleased Heaven to assign him. How long society can keep together, rotten to the core, as French society is admitted to be, I can not vaticinate. You will see in your exchanges the Holy Bible is prohibited in some departments by a decree not five days old; the Bible prohibited and 'Fanny' and 'Madame Bovary' sold! The Government is said to find Belial no bad moulder of slaves."

ITALY.

ARE WORKS OF ART SINFUL?

A singular trial is about to take place in Lombardy. A wealthy man of that section lately died who possessed two pictures by Rubens—one the portrait of a woman, the other a zodiac—two pictures of high merit, and well known in the country to which they belonged. When the priest arrived to confess the dying man he demanded to see the pictures of Rubens. They were shown him: he declared them indecent, because they were nude figures of women, and refused absolution to the moribund unless he gave orders for the burning of the pictures. He was obeyed, was absolved, and then died. To-day, the son and heir to the estate has brought suit against the confessor for having abused the mind of the dying man, and diminished the value of the succession 30,000 francs. Such a process, if intelligently conducted and pleaded, will be of immense value as a precedent.

PORTUGAL.

SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE MADEIRA?

Mr. Richard Smith, the proprietor of the Botanic Gardens in the Island of Madeira, is now in Lisbon with the expectation of obtaining the patronage and assistance of the Portuguese Government for his very valuable and useful botanical and horticultural labors. This gentleman states that there is a probability that the yield of wine in Madeira, this year, will be some 600 pipes, whereas, in former years, it used to average between 15,000 and 16,000 pipes. The farmers, however, are still attending to the cultivation of the grape, and planting new vines in the districts where the old ones have died out, so that there is every hope that the island may be again restored to its vine-producing condition. An unqualified contradiction may be given to the assertion, so freely promulgated in England, that the inhabitants of Madeira have ceased to attend to the cultivation of the vine.

TURKEY.

THE SICK MAN GETTING WORSE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is very positively stated here, on the strength of letters from Constantinople, some of which are understood to have been received in official quarters, that there exists a conspiracy to get rid of the present Sultan, and to replace him by his brother, Abdul Aziz. Some of these letters assert that, when the recent stormy scene occurred at the Porte, when Abdul Medjid so vehemently apostrophized his ministers, and accused them of leading the empire to ruin by dilapidation of the finances, the Sultan added that he knew that a certain party desired to put his brother to reign over them in his stead, but that they would not find it so easy a matter to make away with him, and that they would do well to bear in mind that he was a descendant of Soliman and of Mohammed II., and the son of Mahmoud. It is further stated that the conspiracy had gone so far that the majority of the foreign embassadors at Constantinople had thought proper to inform certain leading persons in the plot that, if Abdul Aziz came to the throne by violent means, he would not be recognized by the European powers. All this is news of rather a startling character. With Turkey in the European concert, and brought so near to us by steam and frequent intercourse, one fancies that the day of sack and bowstring must be gone by, never to return. If the facts be as above stated, we must soon have confirmation of them. Meanwhile, the source from which they reach me is sufficiently trustworthy to warrant their communication to you. From the same quarter I learn that Turkey and Persia have been on the brink of a complete rupture, and that it was to prevent this, and to reknit the almost severed thread of diplomatic negotiations, that Ferukh Khan remained at Constantinople."

REFORM IN THE SERAGLIO.

An order has been issued that none of the palace ladies are to go out shopping, and all merchants have, according the hatt, been warned not to lend money or goods under any circumstances. A large quantity of jewels bought on credit have been returned, with a fair compensation, to those who furnished them; so that the price of diamonds, which had risen lately to a fabulous height, has fallen considerably. All the buildings which can remain without being destroyed by the approaching rains have been stopped, and those which can not are to be covered in temporarily, and then likewise deferred for better times. The commission named to inquire into the expenditure and debts of the palace and civil list have likewise not been idle, and have come on the traces of the most impudent peculations.

A FASHIONABLE LADY IN TROUBLE.

The *Journal de Constantinople* gives an account of a very important arrest which had just taken place in that city: "Among the passengers who had arrived from Syra by the steamer *Agia Sofia*, which runs between Liverpool and Constantinople, touching at the above port, was an elegantly dressed lady. On landing, she appeared very anxious about her baggage, and requested an Englishman, who was attached to the steam company's office, to accompany her to the custom-house, hoping that by his assistance she might have the examination got through more readily and with less rigor. She also expressed anxiety lest her dresses and other articles of toilet should be rumpled. The Director of the custom-house, Abdallah Hiffet Bey, assured her, with the greatest courtesy, that nothing should be injured, but that her trunks must be opened. This was done, and the very first looked at was found to have a false bottom. On this, the Director had all the rest of the baggage removed into an inner room, and requested the lady to follow him there. A further search was then made, and two other trunks were found to be made in the same manner, and to have carefully packed in them forged notes of 20 piastres, to the total amount of 1,230,000 piastres, made up in packets of 1000 each. The lady herself was afterward searched, and there were found, carefully sewed in her under garments, 20,000 piastres more of the same notes. The lady and her baggage were immediately sent off to the Ministry of Police, and on her way thither she betrayed the utmost alarm and agitation. On being interrogated by the Minister she gave her name as S—— C——, that of one of the first families in the East. She stated that she was a native of Moldavia, and was a married woman. She was afterward removed to the prison for women and carefully watched, and on the following day was taken to the Porte and examined by the Grand Vizier himself. It is believed that she is only the agent of a band of forgers who have made Syra their head-quarters."

AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE ON THE ZAMBESI.

The following interesting letter has been received from Dr. Livingstone, the distinguished African explorer:

"MAROBERT, ZAMBESI, 21st June, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As you will no doubt feel anxious to hear how we get on with the launch, I am happy to be able to inform you that we entered what is called West Luabo (properly Luave) on the 15th of May, and, finding a fine safe harbor, we proceeded at once to take out the three compartments of the *Marobert* from the *Pearl*. The first day was sufficient for getting her into the water and putting her together, by the admirable and simple contrivance your son invented. We had only to stand on a compartment in sufficient numbers to sink it down, and, drawing it to the middle section, the bolts slipped in with the greatest ease; on the evening of the third day she was ready to act as pilot to the larger vessel, and has been doing admirable service ever since. She goes puffing away on this great Zambesi now, to the infinite disgust of hippopotami, whole herds of which rush off pell-mell as soon as we approach them, and the crustiest old bachelor among them dares not do her battle. It would be an immense boon if Government would send out such vessels to run up creeks and rivers, and chase slavers, instead of taking it out of the poor sailors' muscles at the oar, but you would require to make them broader than this, and not quite so long; the length might be borne with if they were four or five feet broader, and no objection would be taken to this, as the men-of-war could carry them with ease between masts. Allow me also to suggest, as an improvement, two plates near the bottom of each compartment, with plugs which, when the compartments were once put together, might be taken out and bolts inserted. I mention this because our after-compartment shows some symptoms of the bottom bolts, or dowels, becoming loose. I venture, also, to suggest the greater width, as we can't carry luggage at present, and four feet additional width, with, perhaps, a little more power, would make her perfect. She has done exceedingly well, and tows a large launch far better than we expected. Now, as I am done with criticism, which you may think sufficiently presumptuous, I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. Laird and all your family.

"(Signed) DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"JOHN LAIRD, Esq."



THE BURNING OF THE "AUSTRIA"—SCENE 3 P.M.—ON SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.—[SEE PAGE 641.]



THE BURNING STEAMER "AUSTRIA," AS SHE WAS SEEN BY THE "ARABIAN" ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1858.—[SEE PAGE 641.]

THE POISONED MEAL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—THE POCKETS.

The story takes us across the Channel to Normandy, and introduces us to a young French girl named Marie-Françoise-Victoire Salmon.

Her father was a poor Norman laborer. Her mother died while she was a child. From an early age Marie had learned to get her own living by going out to service. Three different mistresses tried her while she was a very young girl, and found every reason to be satisfied with her conduct. She entered her fourth place, in the family of one Monsieur Dumesnil, when she was twenty years of age. This was the turning-point in her career; and here the strange story of her life begins.

Among the persons who often visited Monsieur Dumesnil and his wife was a certain Monsieur Revel, a relation of Madame Dumesnil's. He was a man of some note in his part of the country, holding a responsible legal appointment at the town of Caen, in Normandy; and he honored Marie, when he first saw her at her master's house, with his special attention and approval. She had a fair, innocent face, and a modest, winning manner; and Monsieur Revel became almost oppressively anxious, in a highly paternal way, that she should better her condition by seeking service at Caen, where places were plentiful and wages higher than in the country; and where, it is also necessary to remember, Monsieur Revel himself lived.

Marie's own idea, however, of the best means of improving her condition was a little at variance with the idea of her disinterested adviser. Her ambition was to gain her living independently, if she could, by being a seamstress. She left the service of Monsieur Dumesnil of her own accord, and without so much as the shadow of a stain on her character, and went to the old town of Bayeux to try what she could do by taking in needle-work. As a means of subsistence, needle-work soon proved itself to be insufficient; and she found herself thrown back again on the old resource of going out to service. Most unfortunately, as events afterward turned out, she now called to mind Monsieur Revel's paternal advice, and resolved to seek employment as a maid-of-all-work at Caen.

She left Bayeux with the little bundle of clothes which represented all the property she had in the world, on the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. It will be well to notice this date particularly, and to remember—in case some of the events of Marie's story should seem almost incredible—that it marks the period—the wicked and tyrannical period—which immediately preceded the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

Among the few articles of the maid's apparel which the bundle contained, and to which it is necessary to attract attention at the outset, were two pairs of pockets, one of them being still in an unfinished condition. She had a third pair, which she wore on her journey. In the last century a country girl's pockets were an important and prominent part of her costume. They hung on each side of her, ready to her hand. They were sometimes very prettily embroidered, and they were almost always large and of a bright color.

On the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, Marie left Bayeux, and early on the same day she reached Caen. Her good manners, her excellent character, and the modesty of her demands in the matter of wages, rendered it easy for her to find a situation. On the very evening of her arrival she was suited with a place.

The family consisted of Marie's master and mistress, Monsieur and Madame Huet Duparc (both highly respectable people); of two sons, aged respectively twenty-one and eleven years; of their sister, aged seventeen years; and of Monsieur and Madame de Beaulieu, the father and mother of Madame Duparc, one eighty-eight years old, the other eighty-six.

Madame Duparc explained to Marie the various duties which she was expected to perform, on the evening when she entered the house. She was to begin the day by fetching some milk, that being one of the ingredients used in preparing the hasty-pudding which formed the favorite morning meal of the old gentleman, Monsieur de Beaulieu. The hasty-pudding was always to be got ready by seven o'clock exactly. When this had been done, Marie was next required to take the infirm old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, every morning to mass. She was then to go to market, and get all the provisions that were wanted for the daily use of the family; and she was, finally, to look to the cooking of the food, and to make herself additionally useful (with some occasional assistance from Madame Duparc and her daughter) in every other remaining branch of household work. The wages she was to receive for performing all these conflicting duties amounted to precisely two pounds sterling of English money.

She had entered her new place on a Wednesday. On Thursday she took her first lesson in preparing the old gentleman's morning meal. One point which her mistress then particularly impressed on her was, that she was *not* to put any salt in the hasty-pudding.

On the Saturday following, when she went out to buy milk, she made a little purchase on her own account. Of course the purchase was an article of dress—a piece of fine bright orange-colored stuff, for which she paid nearly the whole price on the spot, out of her small savings. The sum of two sous six deniers (about a penny English) was all that Marie took credit for. On her return to the house she showed the piece of stuff to Madame Duparc, and asked to be advised whether she should make an apron or a jacket of it.

The next day being Sunday, Marie marked the occasion by putting on all the little finery she had. Her pair of festive pockets, striped with blue and white, and wonderfully smart to look at, came out of her bundle along with other things. When she had put them on, she hung the old work-a-day pockets which she had worn on leaving Bayeux to the back of a chair in her bedchamber. This was a little room on the ground-floor, situated close to the dining-room, and perfectly easy of access to every one in the house. Long afterward Marie remembered how pleasantly and quietly that Sunday passed. It was the last day of happiness the poor girl was to enjoy in the house of Madame Duparc.

On the Monday morning she went to fetch the milk as usual; but the milkwoman was not in the shop to serve her. After returning to the house, she proposed making a second attempt; but her mistress stopped her, saying that the milk would doubtless be sent before long. This turned out to be the case, and Marie, having cleaned the saucepan for Monsieur de Beaulieu's hasty-pudding, received from the hands of Madame Duparc the earthen vessel containing the meal used in the house. She mixed this flour and put it into the saucepan in the presence of Madame Duparc and her daughter. She had just set the saucepan on the fire, when her mistress said, with a very remarkable abruptness:

"Have you put any salt in it?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," answered Marie, amazed by the question. "You told me yourself that I was never to put salt in it."

Upon this, Madame Duparc snatched up the saucepan without saying another word, turned to the dresser, stretched out her hand toward one of four salt-cellars which always stood there, and sprinkled salt into the saucepan—or (to speak with extreme correctness, the matter being important), if not salt, something which she took for salt.

The hasty-pudding made, Marie poured it from the saucepan into a soup-plate which her mistress held. Madame Duparc herself then took it to Monsieur de Beaulieu. She and her daughter, and one of her sons, remained with the old man while he was eating his breakfast. Marie, left in the kitchen, prepared to clean the saucepan; but before she could do so, she was suddenly called in two different directions by Madame de Beaulieu and Madame Duparc. The old lady wished to be taken to mass, and her mistress wanted to send her on a number of errands. Marie did not stop even to pour some clean water, as usual, into the saucepan. She went at once to get her instructions from Madame Duparc, and to attend on Madame de Beaulieu. Taking the old lady to church, and then running on her mistress's errands, which were much more numerous than usual, kept her so long away from the house that it was half past eleven in the forenoon before she got back.

The first news that met her on her return was that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been suffering ever since nine o'clock from a violent attack of vomiting and colic. Madame Duparc ordered her to help the old man to bed immediately; and inquired, when these directions had been followed, whether Marie felt capable of looking after him herself, or whether she would prefer that a nurse should be sent for. Being a kind-hearted, willing girl, always anxious to make herself useful, Marie replied that she would gladly undertake the nursing of the old man; and thereupon her bed was moved at once into Monsieur de Beaulieu's room.

Meanwhile Madame Duparc fetched from a neighboring apothecary's one of the apprentices of the shop to see her father. The lad was quite unfit to meet the emergency of the case, which was certainly serious enough to require the attention of his master, if not of a regularly qualified physician. Instead of applying any internal remedies, the apprentice stupidly tried blistering. This course of treatment proved utterly useless; but no better advice was called in. After he had suffered for hours without relief, Monsieur de Beaulieu began to sink rapidly toward the afternoon. At half past five o'clock he had ceased to exist.

This shocking catastrophe, startling and suspicious as it was, did not appear to discompose the nerves of Madame Duparc. While her eldest son immediately left the house to inform his father, who had been absent in the country all day, of what had happened, she lost no time in sending for the nearest nurse to lay out the corpse of Monsieur de Beaulieu. On entering the chamber of death, the nurse found Marie there alone.

"He died suddenly, did he not?" said the nurse.

"Very suddenly," answered Marie. "He was walking about only yesterday, in perfect health."

Soon afterward the time came when it was customary to prepare supper. Marie went into the kitchen, mechanically, to get the meal ready. Madame Duparc, her daughter, and her youngest son, partook of it as usual. Madame de Beaulieu, overwhelmed by the dreadful death of her husband, was incapable of joining them.

When supper was over, Marie assisted the old lady to bed. Then, worn out though she was with fatigue, she went back to the nurse to keep her company in watching by the dead body. Monsieur de Beaulieu had been kind to Marie, and had spoken gratefully of the little attentions she had shown him. She remembered this tenderly now that he was no more; and she could not find it in her heart to leave a hired mourner to be the only watcher by his death-bed. All that night she remained in the room, entirely ignorant of what was passing the while in every part of the house—her own little bed-room included, as a matter of course.

About seven o'clock the next morning, after sitting up all night, she went back again wearily to the kitchen to begin her day's work. Her mistress joined her there, and saluted her with a scolding.

"You are the most careless, slovenly girl I ever met with," said Madame Duparc. "Look at your dress! How can you expect to be decent on a Sunday, if you wear your best pair of pockets on week-days!"

Surely Madame Duparc's grief for the loss of her father must have been slight enough if it did not prevent her from paying the strictest attention to her servant's pockets! Although Marie had only known the old man for a few days, she had been too deeply impressed by his illness and its fatal end, to be able to think of such a trifle as the condition of her dress. And now, of all the people in the world, it was Monsieur de Beaulieu's daughter who reminded her that she had never thought of changing her pockets, only the day after the old man's dreadful death.

"Put on your old pockets, directly, you untidy girl!" said Madame Duparc.

The old pockets were of course hanging where Marie had left them, at the back of the chair in her own room—the room which was open to any one who chose to go into it—the room which she herself had not entered during the past night. She left the kitchen to obey her mistress; and taking the old pair of pockets off the chair, tied them on as quickly as possible. From that fatal moment the friendless maid-of-all-work was a ruined girl.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE ARSENIC.

On returning to the kitchen to go on with her work, the exhaustion against which Marie had hitherto fought successfully, overpowered her the moment she sat down; her heavy head drooped, her eyes closed in spite of her, and she fell into a broken, uneasy slumber. Madame Duparc and her daughter, seeing the condition she was in, undertook the preparation of the day's dinner themselves. Among the dishes which they got ready, and which they salted from the cellars on the dresser, were two different kinds of soup—one kind, for themselves, made from fresh "stock"—the other, for Maria and the nurse, made from old "stock." While they were engaged over their cookery, Monsieur Duparc arrived from the country, and Marie was awakened to take the horse he had ridden to the stables, to unsaddle the animal, and to give him his feed of corn. While she was thus engaged, Madame Duparc and her daughter remained alone in the kitchen. When she left the stable it was time for her to lay the cloth. She was told to put plates for seven persons. Only six, however, sat down to dinner. These six were, Madame de Beaulieu, Monsieur and Madame Duparc, the youngest of their two sons, Madame Beauguillot (sister of Madame Duparc), and Monsieur Beauguillot (her son). Mademoiselle Duparc remained in the kitchen to help Marie in serving up the dinner, and only took her place at table after the soup had been put on. Her elder brother, after summoning his father home, had not returned to the house.

After the soup had been taken away, and while Marie was waiting at table during the eating of the second course, young Duparc complained that he felt something gritty between his teeth. His mother made precisely the same remark. Nobody else, however, agreed with them, and the subject was allowed to drop. When the second course was done with, the dessert followed, consisting of a plate of cherries. With the dessert there arrived a visitor, Monsieur Fergant, a relation of Madama Duparc's. This gentleman sat down at table with the rest of the company.

Meanwhile, the nurse and Marie were making their dinner in the kitchen off the soup which had been specially provided for them—Marie having previously placed the dirty plates and the empty soup tureen from the dining-room in the scullery, as usual, to be washed at the proper time. While she and her companion were still engaged over their soup, young Duparc and his mother suddenly burst into the kitchen, followed by the other persons who had partaken of dinner.

"We are all poisoned!" cried Madame Duparc, in the greatest terror. "Good Heavens! I smell burned arsenic in the kitchen!"

Monsieur Fergant, the visitor, hearing these last words, politely stepped forward to echo them.

"Burned arsenic, beyond a doubt!" said Monsieur Fergant. When this gentleman was subsequently questioned on the subject, it may not be amiss to mention that he was quite unable to say what burned arsenic smelled like. Neither is it altogether out of place to inquire how Madame Duparc happened to be so amazingly apt at discovering the smell of burned arsenic?

Having settled that they were all poisoned, and having even found out (thanks to those two intelligent amateur chemists, Madame Duparc and Monsieur Fergant) the very nature of the deadly drug that had been used to destroy them, the next thing the company naturally thought of was the necessity of summoning medical help. Young Monsieur Beauguillot obligingly ran off (it was apparently a very mild case of poisoning, so far as he was concerned) to the apothecary's shop, and fetched, not the apprentice this time, but the master. The master, Monsieur Thierry, arrived in great haste, and found the dinner-eaters all complaining of nausea and pains in the stomach. He naturally asked what they had eaten. The reply was, that they had eaten nothing but soup.

This was, to say the least of it, rather an unaccountable answer. The company had had for dinner, besides soup, a second course of boiled meat and ragout of beef, and a dessert of cherries. Why was this plain fact concealed? Why was the apothecary's attention to be fixed exclusively on the soup? Was it because the tureen was empty, and because the alleged smell of burned arsenic might be accounted for on the theory that the remains of the soup brought from the dining-room had been thrown on the kitchen fire? But no remains of soup came down—it had been all consumed by the guests. And what is still more remarkable, the only person in the kitchen (excepting Marie and the nurse) who could not discover the smell of burned arsenic, was the person of all others who was professionally qualified to find it out first—the apothecary himself.

After examining the tureen and the plates, and stirring up the wood ashes on the fire, and making no sort of discovery, Monsieur Thierry turned to Marie, and asked if she could account for what had happened. She simply replied that she knew nothing at all about it; and, thereupon, her mistress and the rest of the persons present all overwhelmed her together with a perfect torrent of questions. The poor girl, terrified by the hubbub, worn out by a sleepless night and by the hard work and agitation of the day preceding it, burst into a hysterical fit of tears, and was ordered out of the kitchen to lie down and recover herself. The only person who showed her the least pity and offered her the slightest attention was a servant-girl like herself, who lived next door, and who stole up to the room in which she was weeping alone, with a cup of warm milk and water to comfort her.

Meanwhile, the report had spread in the town that the old man, Monsieur de Beaulieu, and the whole Duparc family, had been poisoned by their servant. Madame Duparc did her best to give the rumor the widest possible circulation. Entirely forgetting, as it would seem, that she was on her own showing a poisoned woman, she roamed excitably all over the house with an audience of agitated female friends at her heels; telling the burned-arsenic story over and over again to every fresh detachment of visitors that arrived to hear it; and finally leading the whole troop of women into the room where Marie was trying to recover herself. The poor girl was surrounded in a moment; angry faces and shrill voices met her on every side; the most insolent questions, the most extravagant accusations assailed her; and not one word that she could say in her own defense was listened to for an instant. She had sprung up in the bed, on her knees, and was frantically entreating for permission to speak in her own defense, when a new personage appeared on the scene, and stilled the clamor by his presence. This individual was a surgeon named Hébert, a friend of Madame Duparc's, who announced that he had arrived to give the family the benefit of his assistance, and who proposed to commence operations in a calm, business-like manner, by searching the servant's pockets without farther delay.

The instant Marie heard him make this proposal, she untied her pockets, and gave them to Surgeon Hébert with her own hands. He examined them on the spot. In one, he found some copper money and a thimble. In the other (to use his own words given in evidence), he discovered "various fragments of bread, sprinkled over with some minute substance which was white and shining. He kept the fragments of bread, and left the room immediately without saying a word." By this course of proceeding he gave Marie no chance of stating at the outset whether she knew of the fragments of bread being in her pocket, or whether she was totally ignorant how they came there. Setting aside, for the present, the question whether there was really any arsenic on the crumbs at all, it would clearly have been showing the unfortunate maid-of-all-work no more than common justice to have allowed her the opportunity of speaking before the bread was carried away.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening. The next event was the arrival of another officious visitor. The new friend in need belonged to the legal profession—he was an advocate named Friley. Monsieur Friley's legal instincts led him straightway to a conclusion which advanced the progress of events seriously. Having heard the statement of Madame Duparc and her daughter, he decided that it was his duty to lodge an information against Marie before the Procurator of the King, at Caen.

The Procurator of the King is, by this time, *no* stranger to the reader. He was the same Monsieur Revel who had taken such an amazingly strong interest in Marie's fortunes, and who had strongly advised her to try her luck at Caen. Here then, surely, was a friend found at last for the forlorn maid-of-all-work?

The French law of the period, and it may be added, the commonest principles of justice also, required the Procurator to perform certain plain duties as soon as the accusation against Marie had reached his ears. He was, in the first place, bound to proceed immediately, accompanied by his official colleague, to the spot where the alleged crime of poisoning was supposed to have taken place. Arrived there, it was his business to ascertain for himself the condition of the persons attacked with illness; to hear their statements; to examine the rooms, the kitchen utensils, and the family medicine-chest, if there happened to be one in the house; to receive any statement the accused person might wish to make; to take down her answers to his questions; and, lastly, to keep any thing found on the servant (the bread-crumbs, for instance, of which Surgeon Hébert had coolly taken possession), or any thing found about the house, which it might be necessary to produce in evidence, in a position of absolute security, under the hand and seal of justice.

These were the plain duties which Monsieur Revel, the Procurator, was officially bound to fulfill. In the case of Marie, he not only neglected to perform any one of them, but actually sanctioned a scheme for entrapping her into prison, by sending a commissary of police to the house in plain clothes, with an order to place her in solitary confinement. To what motive could this scandalous violation of his duties and of justice be attributed? The last we saw of Monsieur Revel, he was so benevolently disposed toward Marie that he condescended to advise her about her prospects in life, and even went the length of recommending her to seek for a situation in the very town in which he lived himself. And now, we find him so suddenly and bitterly hostile toward the former object of his patronage, that he actually lends the assistance of his high official position to sanction an accusation against her, into the truth or falsehood of which he had not made a single inquiry! Can it be that Monsieur Revel's interest in Marie was, after all, not of the purest possible kind, and that the unfortunate girl proved too stubbornly virtuous to be taught what the real end was toward which the attentions of her over-benevolent adviser privately pointed? There is no evidence attaching to the case (as how should there be?) to prove this. But is there any other explanation of Monsieur Revel's conduct, which at all tends to account for the extraordinary inconsistency of it?

Having received his secret instructions, the commissary of police—a man named Bertot—proceeded to the house of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, disguised in plain clothes. His first proceeding was to order Marie to produce the various plates, dishes, and kitchen utensils which had been

used at the dinner of Tuesday, the seventh of August (that being the day on which the poisoning of the company was alleged to have taken place). Marie produced a saucepan, an earthen vessel, a stewpan, and several plates piled on each other, in one of which there were the remains of some soup. These articles Bertot locked up in the kitchen cupboard, and took away the key with him. He ought to have taken the additional precaution of placing a seal on the cupboard, so as to prevent any tampering with the lock, or any treachery with a duplicate key. But this he did not do.

His next proceeding was to tell Marie that the Procurator Revel wished to speak to her, and to propose that she should accompany him to the presence of that gentleman forthwith. Not having the slightest suspicion of any treachery, she willingly consented, and left the house with the commissary. A friend of the Duparcs, named Vassol, accompanied them.

Once out of the house, Bertot led his unsuspecting prisoner straight to the jail. As soon as she was inside the gates, he informed her that she was arrested, and proceeded to search her person in the presence of Vassol, the jailer of the prison, and a woman named Dujardin. The first thing he found on her was a little linen bag, sewn to her petticoat, and containing a species of religious charm, in the shape of a morsel of the sacramental wafer. Her pockets came next under review (the pockets which Surgeon Hébert had previously searched). A little dust was discovered at the bottom of them, which was shaken out on paper, wrapped up along with the linen bag, sealed in one packet, and taken to the Procurator's office. Finally, the woman Dujardin found in Marie's bosom a little key, which she readily admitted to be the key of her own cupboard.

The search over, one last act of cruelty and injustice was all that remained to be committed for that day. The unfortunate girl was placed at once in solitary confinement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APPLE-TIME AT UNCLE JERRY'S.

I wonder who doesn't love to be in the country in apple-time, when the boughs bend down under the weight of the ripe, juicy fruit!

Uncle Jerry has apple orchards on the hill, and under the hill, and behind the barn, and even the great red farm-house stands in an apple-orchard.

Every autumn I like to go to "Sunny Meadow" and pass a week at Uncle Jerry's, and help gather apples with his boys and girls.

Early in the morning I am wakened by his jolly voice shouting to Billy, and Robby, and Liddy, and Polly, and half a dozen others, to "come along with the ladders and baskets and poles to put into the cart." Then I know the merry work is to begin. I spring out of bed and dress myself as quickly as you could say "Jack Robinson," and run down stairs to be with them and help enjoy the sport.

Aunt Debby won't let me go a step till I have eaten some of her fresh brown bread and milk. She says she can't come yet, because she must make some September butter, and Polly must "tidy up" the house; but they will follow by-and-by, with the other wagon and the one-eyed mare.

In we all scramble, and sit on the bottom of the cart. Uncle Jerry takes the whip, and marching alongside of the oxen, commences a long string of outlandish words, such as "Whish!" "Whop!" "Kerbrike!" "Bake!" "Whop wa ho!" and a great deal more, of which I never clearly comprehended the meaning, and, between you and me, I don't believe the oxen did either; I know they would have walked on just as sedately if Uncle Jerry had said, "Come, 'White Face'—come, 'Whisker,' we are going to gather apples on the hill."

Oh, how full the trees hang! How large and tempting the rosy apples look! They make my mouth water so that I must eat one before I begin to pick. Sitting on a bushel basket, I am just in the act of meeting my teeth in a juicy "Seek-no-farther," when I hear a shout over my head.

"Look out, Cousin Letty; you'll get pelted!"

Up I spring again, knocking the great basket over in my hurry, and just escape a shower of apples on my head. That little rascal of a Robby is up in the tree, looking like his bird namesake, with his red calico apron on, shaking the boughs till his hat flies off, and his white hair dances over his little round head like a wick-yarn mop, when Aunt Debby shakes it out the back window.

Down come the apples by the hundreds; sounding in their quick fall like a troop of wild horses galloping over the field.

After a few minutes of this violent exercise Robby sits back upon a branch to rest, and eat the big apple which he cabbaged and pocketed when he first climbed up. All the rest of us dart down at the fruit, like bees upon clover. Baskets are filled quickly, and Uncle Jerry hoists them upon his broad shoulders and upsets them in the cart.

The whole orchard is delicious with fragrance! I think an apple smells as good as it tastes. I know peaches are rich flavored and plums are luscious, grapes are tempting and pears are "*kill'n*," as they say in the "Bowery;" but give me a ripe, juicy, crispy *apple* and I am willing to forego all the others. I heartily join with Mary Howitt in her song of

> "The apple-tree,
> The bright, rosy apple-tree!"

When the tree has been shaken until it looks *breathless* there are still a dozen or so of kingly great fellows, standing by their fortress while life remains. Then pitiless Uncle Jerry takes the long pole and comes on to the attack. After a few determined pokes he fetches them rolling to the ground, and tosses them in, with their red brothers, ready for market.

So we go from one tree to another, stripping them of their "recruits" until they are left naked and forlorn to brave old Winter's blasts, and shake their bare arms in defiance at the wind.

There comes Aunt Debby, jogging along with the horse and wagon. The old mare is continually turning to the left, because she has no eye on that side, and she is dying of curiosity to see what lies on the *blind half* of the road. This keeps poor Aunt Debby pulling at the other rein, until, out of patience, she gives them a great jerk, and calls the mare a "*pesky old critter!*" The astonished animal holds her head up in the air and stretches open her mouth, thinking she is desired to stop. Then Aunt Debby, with determined severity, gathers up the reins and lays them soundly over the mare's back, assuring her that if she don't "git along" she'll find a way to *make* her!

Uncle Jerry stands in the orchard laughing; and says, "Mother's a good 'un; she fetches 'em up to the mark!" and Aunt Debby drives victoriously in at the bars.

When both cart and wagon are filled we take leave of the orchard under the hill. Next day we sweep clean of apples the orchard *on* the hill; then the one behind the barn; and last of all, the orchard where the house stands. This contains the rarest and most delicious fruit of all. Here grow the "pumpkin sweetings," and the "blueberry-mains," and one tree of golden, pear-shaped apples, which Uncle Jerry calls "rattle-boxes," because the brown seeds shake loosely about in the core.

When I bid good-by to the good folks my pocket and carpet-bags are stuffed well with the fairest apples to be found, by dear Aunt Debby and the children, and they send me off with cordial invitations to repeat my visit "next apple-time."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The wreck and the life-boat in a fog.

The next day, a little after noon, Jasper Losely, coming back from Alhambra Villa—furious, desperate, knowing not where to turn for bread, or on whom to pour his rage—beheld suddenly, in a quiet, half-built street, which led from the suburb to the New Road, Arabella Crane standing right in his path. She had emerged from one of the many straight intersecting roads which characterize that crude nebula of a future city: and the woman and the man met thus face to face; not another passer-by visible in the thoroughfare; at a distance the dozing hack cab-stand; round and about them carcasses of brick and mortar—some with gaunt scaffolding fixed into their ribs, and all looking yet more weird in their raw struggle into shape through the livid haze of a yellow fog.

Losely, seeing Arabella thus planted in his way, recoiled; and the superstition in which he had long associated her image with baffled schemes and perilous hours, sent the wrathful blood back through his veins so quickly that he heard his heart beat!

Mrs. Crane. "So! You see we can not help meeting, Jasper dear, do what you will to shun me."

Losely. "I—I—you always startle me so! —you are in town, then?—to stay?—your old quarters?"

Mrs. Crane. "Why ask? You can not wish to know where I am—you would not call. But how fares it?—what do you do?—how do you live? You look ill—Poor Jasper."

Losely (fiercely). "Hang your pity, and give me some money."

Mrs. Crane (calmly laying her lean hand on the arm which was darted forward more in menace than entreaty, and actually terrifying the Gladiator as she linked that deadly arm into her own). "I said you would always find me when at the worst of your troubles. And so, Jasper, it shall be till this right hand of yours is powerless as the clay at our feet. Walk—walk; you are not afraid of me?—walk on, tell me all. Where have you just been?"

Jasper, therewith reminded of his wrongs, poured out a volley of abuse on Poole, communicating to Mrs. Crane the whole story of his claims on that gentleman—the loss of the pocket-book filched from him, and Poole's knowledge that he was thus disarmed.

"And the coward," said he, grinding his teeth, "got out of his window—and three policemen in his garden. He must have bribed a pickpocket—low knave that he is. But I shall find out—and then—"

"And then, Jasper, how will you be better off?—the letters are gone; and Poole has you in his power if you threaten him again. Now, hark you; you did not murder the Italian who was found stabbed in the fields yonder a week ago? £100 reward for the murderer."

"I—no. How coldly you ask! I have hit hard in fair fight—murdered, never. If ever I take to that, I shall begin with Poole."

"But I tell you, Jasper, that you are suspected of that murder; that you will be accused of that murder; and if I had not thus fortunately met you, for that murder you would be tried and hanged."

"Are you serious? Who could accuse me?"

"Those who know that you are not guilty—those who could make you appear so—the villains with whom you horde, and drink, and brawl! Have I ever been wrong in my warnings yet?"

"This is too horrible," faltered Losely, thinking not of the conspiracy against his life but of her prescience in detecting it. "It must be witchcraft, and nothing else. How could you learn what you tell me?"

"That is my affair; enough for you that I am right. Go no more to those black haunts; they are even now full of snares and pitfalls for you. Leave London, and you are safe. Trust to me."

"And where shall I go?"

"Look you, Jasper; you have worn out this Old World—no refuge for you but the New. Whither went your father, thither go you. Consent, and you shall not want. You can not discover Sophy. You have failed in all attempts on Darrell's purse. But agree to sail to Australasia, and I will engage to you an income larger than you say you extorted from Poole, to be spent in those safer shores."

"And you will go with me, I suppose," said Losely, with ungracious sullenness.

"Go with you, as you please. Be where you are—yes."

The ruffian bounded with rage and loathing.

"Woman, cross me no more, or I shall be goaded into—"

"Into killing me—you dare not! Meet my eye if you can—you dare not! Harm me, yea a hair of my head, and your moments are numbered—your doom sealed! Be we two together in a desert—not a human eye to see the deed—not a human ear to receive my groan, and still I should stand by your side unharmed. I, who have returned the wrongs received from you by vigilant, untiring benefits—I, who have saved you from so many enemies and so many dangers—I, who, now when all the rest of earth shun you, when all other resource fails—I, who now say to you, 'Share my income, but be honest!'—*I* receive injury from that hand! No; the guilt would be too unnatural—Heaven would not permit it. Try, and your arm will fall palsied by your side!"

Jasper's bloodshot eyes dropped beneath the woman's fixed and scorching gaze, and his lips, white and tremulous, refused to breathe the fierce curse into which his brutal nature concentrated its fears and its hate. He walked on in gloomy silence; but some words she had let fall suggested a last resort to his own daring.

She had urged him to quit the Old World for the New, but that had been the very proposition conveyed to him from Darrell. If that proposition, so repugnant to the indolence that had grown over him, must be embraced, better, at least, sail forth alone, his own master, than be the dependent slave of this abhorred and persecuting benefactress. His despair gave him the determination he had hitherto lacked. He would seek Darrell himself, and make the best compromise he could. This resolve passed into his mind as he stalked on through the yellow fog, and his nerves recovered from their irritation, and his thoughts regained something of their ancient craft, as the idea of escaping from Mrs. Crane's vigilance and charity assumed a definite shape.

"Well," said he, at length, dissimulating his repugnance, and with an effort at his old half-coaxing, half-rollicking tones, "you certainly are the best of creatures; and, as you say,

> 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
> I ne'er could injure you,'

ungrateful dog though I must seem, and very likely am. I own I have a horror of Australia—such a long sea-voyage! New scenes no longer attract me; I am no longer young, though I ought to be; but, if you insist on it, and will really condescend to accompany me, in spite of all my sins to you, why, I can make up my mind. And as to honesty, ask those infernal rascals who, you say, would swear away my life, and they will tell you that I have been as innocent as a lamb since my return to England; and that is my guilt in their villainous eyes. As long as that infamous Poole gave me enough for my humble wants I was a reformed man. I wish to keep reformed. Very little suffices for me now. As you say, Australia may be the best place for me. When shall we sail?"

"Are you serious?"

"To be sure."

"Then I will inquire the days on which the vessels start. You can call on me at my own old home, and all shall be arranged. Oh, Jasper Losely, do not avoid this last chance of escape from the perils that gather round you."

"No; I am sick of life—of all things except repose. Arabella, I suffer horrible pain."

He groaned, for he spoke truly. At that moment the gnaw of the monster anguish, which fastens on the nerves like a wolf's tooth, was so keen that he longed to swell his groan into a roar. The old fable of Hercules in the poisoned tunic was surely invented by some skilled physiologist to denote the truth that it is only in the strongest frames that pain can be pushed into its extremest torture. The heart of the grim woman was instantly and thoroughly softened. She paused; she made him lean on her arm; she wiped the drops from his brow; she addressed him in the most soothing tones of pity. The spasm passed away suddenly, as it does in neuralgic agonies, and with it any gratitude or any remorse in the breast of the sufferer.

"Yes," he said, "I will call on you; but meanwhile I am without a farthing. Oh, do not fear that if you helped me now, I should again shun you. I have no other resource left; nor have I now the spirit I once had. I no longer now laugh at fatigue and danger."

"But will you swear by all that you yet hold sacred—if, alas! there be aught which is sacred to you—that you will not again seek the company of those men who are conspiring to entrap you into the hangman's hands?"

"Seek them again, the ungrateful, cowardly blackguards! No, no; I promise you that—solemnly; it is medical aid that I want; it is rest, I tell you—rest, rest, rest."

Arabella Crane drew forth her purse. "Take what you will," said she, gently. Jasper, whether from the desire to deceive her, or because her alms were really so distasteful to his strange kind of pride that he stinted to bare necessity the appeal to them, contented himself with a third or a fourth of the sovereigns that the purse contained; and after a few words of thanks and promises, he left her side, and soon vanished in the fog that grew darker and darker as the night-like wintery day deepened over the silenced thoroughfares.

The woman went her way through the mists, hopeful—through the mists went the man, hopeful also. Recruiting himself by slight food and strong drink at a tavern on his road, he stalked on to Darrell's house in Carlton Gardens; and, learning there that Darrell was at Fawley, hastened to the station from which started the train to the town nearest to the old Manor House; reached that town safely, and there rested for the night.

BOOK IX.—CHAPTER I.

The secret which Guy Darrell did not confide to Alban Morley.

It was a serene noonday in that melancholy interlude of the seasons when autumn has really ceased—winter not yet visibly begun. The same hired vehicle which had borne Lionel to Fawley, more than five years ago, stopped at the gate of the wild, umbrageous grass-land that surrounded the antique manor-house. It had been engaged, from the nearest railway station on the London Road, by a lady, with a female companion who seemed her servant. The driver dismounted, opened the door of the vehicle, and the lady, bidding him wait there till her return, and saying a few words to her companion, descended, and drawing her cloak around her, walked on alone toward the Manor House. At first her step was firm, and her pace quick. She was still under the excitement of the resolve in which the journey from her home had been suddenly conceived and promptly accomplished. But as the path wound on through the stillness of venerable groves, her courage began to fail her. Her feet loitered, her eyes wandered round vaguely, timidly. The scene was not new to her. As she gazed, rushingly gathered over her sorrowful, shrinking mind memories of sportive, happy summer days, spent in childhood amidst those turfs and shades—memories, more agitating, of the last visit (childhood then ripened into blooming youth) to the ancient dwelling which, yet concealed from view by the swells of the undulating ground and the yellow boughs of the giant trees, betrayed its site by the smoke rising thin and dim against the limpid atmosphere. She bent down her head, closing her eyes as if to shut out less the face of the landscape than the images that rose, ghost-like, up to people it, and sighed heavily, heavily. Now—hard by, roused from its bed among the fern, the doe that Darrell had tamed into companionship had watched with curiosity this strange intruder on its solitary range. But at the sound of that heavy sigh, the creature, emboldened, left its halting-place, and stole close to the saddened woman, touching her very dress. Doubtless, as Darrell's companion in his most musing hours, the doe was familiarized to the sound of sighs, and associated the sound with its gentlest notions of humanity.

The lady, starting, raised her drooping lids, and met those soft dark eyes, dark and soft as her own. Round the animal's neck there was a simple collar, with a silver plate, fresh and new, evidently placed there recently; and as the creature thrust forward its head, as if for the caress of a wonted hand, the lady read the inscription. The words were in Italian, and may be construed thus: "Female, yet not faithless; fostered, yet not ungrateful." As she read, her heart so swelled, and her resolve so deserted her, that she turned as if she had received a sentence of dismissal, and went back some hasty paces. The doe followed her till she paused again, and then it went slowly down a narrow path to the left, which led to the banks of the little lake.

The lady had now recovered herself. "It i a duty, and it must be done," she muttered and letting down the vail she had raised on en tering the demesne, she hurried on, not retrac ing her steps in the same path, but taking th into which the doe had stricken—perhaps in th confused mistake of a mind absorbed and abser —perhaps in revived recollection of the local ties; for the way thus to the house was shorte than by the weed-grown carriage-road. Th lake came in view, serene and glassy; half lea less woodlands reflected far upon its quiet wa ters; the doe halted, lifted its head and sniffe the air, and, somewhat quickening its pace, va ished behind one of the hillocks clothed wi brushwood, that gave so primitive and fores like a character to the old ground. Advanci still, there now, at her right hand, grew out the landscape the noble turrets of the unfinish pile; and, close at her left, under a gnarled fa tastic thorn-tree, the still lake at his feet refle ing his stiller shadow, reclined Guy Darrell, t doe nestled at his side.

So unexpected this sight—he, whom she ca to seek yet feared to see, so close upon her w —the lady uttered a faint but sharp cry, a Darrell sprang to his feet. She stood bef him, vailed, mantled, bending as a suppliant

"Avaunt!" he faltered, wildly. "Is this spirit my own black solitude conjures up—or it a delusion, a dream?"

"It is I—I!—the Caroline dear to you on if detested now! Forgive me! Not for mys I come." She flung back her vail—her e pleadingly sought his.

"So," said Darrell, gathering his arms rou his breast in the gesture peculiar to him wh seeking either to calm a more turbulent mo ment, or to confirm a sterner resolution of heart—"so! Caroline, Marchioness of Mo fort, we are then fated to meet face to face last! I understand—Lionel Haughton sent, showed to you, my letter?"

"Oh, Mr. Darrell! how could you have heart to write in such terms of one who—"

"One who had taken the heart from my

som and trampled it into the mire. True, fribbles will say, 'Fie! the vocabulary of fine gentlemen has no harsh terms for women.' Gallants, to whom love is pastime, leave or are left with elegant sorrow and courtly bows. Madam, I was never such airy gallant. I am but a man, unhappily in earnest—a man who placed in those hands his life of life—who said to you, while yet in his prime, 'There is my future—take it, till it vanish out of earth!' You have made that life substanceless as a ghost—that future barren as the grave. And when you dare force yourself again upon my way, and would dictate laws to my very hearth—when I speak as a man what plain men must feel—'Oh, Mr. Darrell!' says your injured ladyship, 'how can you have the heart?' Woman! were you not false as the falsest? Falsehood has no dignity to awe rebuke—falsehood no privilege of sex."

"Darrell — Darrell — Darrell — spare me, spare me! I have been so punished—I am so miserable!"

"You!—punished!—What! you sold yourself to youth, and sleek looks, and grand titles, and the flattery of a world; and your rose-leaves were crumpled in the gorgeous marriage-bed. Adequate punishment!—a crumpled rose-leaf! True, the man was a— But why should I speak ill of him? It was he who was punished, if, accepting his rank, you recognized in himself a nothingness that you could neither love nor honor. False and ungrateful alike to the man you chose—to the man you forsook! And now you have buried one, and you have schemed to degrade the other."

"Degrade!—Oh, it is that charge which has stung me to the quick! All the others I deserve. But *that* charge! Listen—you shall listen!"

"I stand here resigned to do so. Say all you will now, for it is the last time on earth I lend my ears to your voice."

"Be it so—the last time." She paused to recover speech, collect thoughts, gain strength; and strange though it may seem to those who have never loved, amidst all her grief and humiliation, there was a fearful delight in that presence from which she had been exiled since her youth—nay, delight unaccountable to herself, even in that rough, vehement, bitter tempest of reproach; for an instinct told her that there would have been no hatred in the language had no love been lingering in the soul.

"Speak," said Darrell, gently softened, despite himself, by her evident struggle to control emotion.

Twice she began—twice voice failed her. At last her words came forth audibly. She began with her plea for Lionel and Sophy, and gathered boldness by her zeal on their behalf. She proceeded to vindicate her own motives—to acquit herself of his harsh charge. She scheme for his degradation! She had been too carried away by her desire to promote his happiness—to guard him from the possibility of a self-reproach. At first he listened to her with a haughty calmness, merely saying, in reference to Sophy and Lionel, "I have nothing to add or to alter in the resolution I have communicated to Lionel." But when she thus insensibly mingled their cause with her own, his impatience broke out. "My happiness! Oh, well iave you proved the sincerity with which you ichemed for *that!* Save me from self-reproach!—me! Has Lady Montfort so wholly forgotten hat she was once Caroline Lyndsay that she an assume the part of a warning angel against he terrors of self-reproach?"

"Ah!" she murmured, faintly, "can you ippose, however fickle and thankless I may eem to you—"

"Seem!" he repeated.

"Seem!" she said again, but meekly—"seem, id seem justly; yet can you suppose that when became free to utter my remorse—to speak of atitude, of reverence—I was insincere? Darll, Darrell, you can not think so! That letr which reached you abroad nearly a year ago, which I laid my pride of woman at your feet, I lay it now in coming here—that letter, in iich I asked if it were impossible for you to rdon, too late for me to atone—was written my knees. It was the outburst of my very art. Nay, nay, hear me out. Do not imagine it I would again obtrude a hope so contemptisly crushed!" (A deep blush came over her eek.) "I blame you not, nor, let me say it, your severity bring that shame which I ght have justly felt had I so written to any n on earth but you—you, so reverenced from infancy, that—"

Ay," interrupted Darrell, fiercely, "ay, do fear that I should misconceive you; you ld not so have addressed the young, the fair, happy. No! you, proud beauty, with hosts, doubt, of supplicating wooers, would have st that hand into the flames before it wrote young man, loved as the young are loved, t without shame it wrote to the old man, reviced as the old are *reverenced!* But my t is not old, and your boasted reverence was ocking insult. Your letter, torn to pieces, returned to you without a word—insult for lt! You felt no shame that I should so ly reject your pity. Why should you? Red pity is not rejected love. The man was less old because he was not reconciled to

iis construction of her tender penitence—explanation of his bitter scorn—took Caro- Montfort wholly by surprise. From what iing agonies of lacerated self-love came that which was but self-depreciation? It was mpse into the deeper rents of his charred desolated being, which increased at once earning affection and her passionate de- Vainly she tried to utter the feelings that led upon her!—vainly, vainly! Woman murmur, "I have injured you—forgive!" when she can not exclaim, "You disdain me, but I love!" Vainly, vainly her bosom heaved and her lips moved under the awe of his flashing eyes and the grandeur of his indignant frown.

"Ah!" he resumed, pursuing his own thoughts with a sombre intensity of passion that rendered him almost unconscious of her presence—"Ah! I said to myself, 'Oh, she believes that she has been so mourned and missed that my soul would spring back to her false smile; that I could be so base a slave to my senses as to pardon the traitress because her face was fair enough to haunt my dreams. She dupes herself; she is no necessity to my existence—I have wrenched it from her power years, long years ago! I will show her, since again she deigns to remember me, that I am not so old as to be grateful for the leavings of a heart. I will love another—I will be beloved. She shall not say with secret triumph, 'The old man dotes in rejecting me.'"

"Darrell, Darrell—unjust—cruel; kill me rather than talk thus!"

He heeded not her cry. His words rolled on in that wonderful, varying music which, whether in tenderness or in wrath, gave to his voice a magical power—fascinating, hushing, overmastering human souls.

"But—you have the triumph; see, I am still alone! I sought the world of the young—the marriage mart of the Beautiful once more. Alas! if my eye was captured for a moment, it was by something that reminded me of you. I saw a faultless face, radiant with its virgin blush; moved to it, I drew near—sighing, turned away; it was not you! I heard the silvery laugh of a life fresh as an April morn. 'Hark!' I said, 'is not that the sweet mirth-note at which all my cares were dispelled?' Listening, I forgot my weight of years. Why! because listening, I remembered you. 'Heed not the treacherous blush and the beguiling laugh,' whispered Prudence. 'Seek in congenial mind a calm companion to thine own.' Mind!—oh frigid pedantry! Mind!—had not yours been a volume open to my eyes, in every page, methought, some lovely poet-truth never revealed to human sense before! No; you had killed to me all womanhood! Woo another!—wed another! 'Hush,' I said, 'it *shall* be. Eighteen years since we parted—seeing her not, she remains eternally the same! Seeing her again, the very change that time must have brought will cure.' I saw you—all the Past rushed back in that stolen moment. I fled—never more to dream that I can shake off the curse of memory—blent with each drop of my blood—woven with each tissue—throbbing in each nerve—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—poison-root from which every thought buds to wither—the curse to have loved and to have trusted you!"

"Merciful Heaven! can I bear this?" cried Caroline, clasping her hands to her bosom. "And is my sin so great—is it so unpardonable! Oh, if in a heart so noble, in a nature so great, mine was the unspeakable honor to inspire an affection thus enduring, must it be only—only as a curse! Why can I not repair the past? You have not ceased to love me. Call it hate—it is love still! And now, no barrier between our lives, can I never, never again—never, now that I know I am less unworthy of you by the very anguish I feel to have so stung you—can I never again be the Caroline of old!"

"Ha, ha!" burst forth the unrelenting man, with a bitter laugh!—"see the real coarseness of a woman's nature under all its fine-spun frippery! Behold these delicate creatures, that we scarcely dare to woo! how little they even comprehend the idolatry they inspire! The Caroline of old! Lo, the virgin whose hand we touched with knightly homage, whose first bashful kiss was hallowed as the gale of paradise, deserts us—sells herself at the altar—sanctifies there her very infidelity to us; and when years have passed, and a death has restored her freedom, she comes to us as if she had never pillowed her head on another's bosom, and says, 'Can I not again be the Caroline of old!' We men are too rude to forgive the faithless. Where is the Caroline I loved? *You*—are—my Lady Montfort! Look round. On these turfs you, then a child, played beside my children. They are dead, but less dead to me than you. Never dreamed I then that a creature so fair would be other than a child to my grave and matured existence. Then, if I glanced toward your future, I felt no pang to picture you grown to womanhood—another's bride. My hearth had for years been widowed. I had no thought of second nuptials. My son would grow up to enjoy my wealth, and realize my cherished dreams—he was snatched from me! Who alone had the power to comfort?—who alone had the courage to steal into the darkened room where I sate mourning? sure that in her voice there would be consolation, and the sight of her sympathizing tears would chide away the bitterness of mine?—who but the Caroline of old! Ah, you are weeping now. But Lady Montfort's tears have no talisman to me! You were then still a child—as a child, my soothing angel—A year or so more, my daughter, to whom all my pride of House—all my hope of race, had been consigned—she whose happiness I valued so much more than my ambition, that I had refused her hand to your young Lord of Montfort—puppet that, stripped of the millinery of titles, was not worthy to replace a doll!—my daughter, I folded her one night in my arms—I implored her to confide in me if ever she nursed a hope that I could further—knew a grief that I could banish; and she promised—and she bent her forehead to my blessing—and before daybreak she had fled with a man whose very touch was dishonor and pollution, and was lost to me forever. . . . . Then, when I came hither to vent at my father's grave the indignant grief I suffered not the world to see, you and your mother (she who professed for me such loyal friendship, such ineffaceable gratitude), you two came kindly to share my solitude—and then, then you were a child no more!—and a sun that had never gilt my life, brightened out of the face of the Caroline of old!" He paused a moment, heeding not her bitter weeping; he was rapt from the present hour itself by the excess of that anguish which is to woe what ecstasy is to joy—swept along by the flood of thoughts that had been pent within his breast through the solitary days and haunted nights, which had made the long transition-state from his manhood's noon to its gathering eve. And in that pause there came from afar off a melodious, melancholy strain—softly, softly borne over the cold blue waters—softly, softly through the sere autumnal leaves—the music of the magic flute!

"Hark!" he said, "do you not remember? Look to that beach-tree yonder! Summer clothed it then! Do you not remember! as under that tree we stood—that same, same note came, musical as now, undulating with rise and fall—came, as if to interpret, by a voice from fairy-land, the beatings of my own mysterious heart. You had been pleading for pardon to one less ungrateful—less perfidious—than my comforter proved herself. I had listened to you, wondering why anger and wrong seemed banished from the world; and I murmured, in answer, without conscious thought of myself, 'Happy the man whose faults your bright charity will admonish—whose griefs your tenderness will chase away! But when, years hence, children are born to yourself, spare me the one who shall most resemble you, to replace the daughter whom I can only sincerely pardon when something else can spring up to my desolate being—something that I can cherish without the memory of falsehood and the dread of shame.' Yes, as I ceased, came that music; and as it thrilled through the summer air, I turned and met your eyes—turned and saw your blush—turned and heard some faint faltering words drowning the music with diviner sweetness; and suddenly I knew as by a revelation, that the Child I had fostered had grown the Woman whom I loved.—My own soul was laid bare to me by the flash of hope. Over the universe rushed light and color! Oh, the Caroline of old! What wonder that she became so fatally, so unspeakably beloved! As some man in ancient story, banished from his native land, is told by an oracle to seek a happier isle in undiscovered seas—freights with his all a single bark—collects on his wandering altar the last embers of his abandoned hearth—places beside it his exiled household gods; so all that my life had left to me, hallowing and hallowed, I stored in you. . . . . . I tore myself from the old native soil, the old hardy skies. Through Time's wide ocean I saw but the promised golden isle. Fables, fables!—lying oracle!—sunken vessel!—visionary isle! And life to me had till then been so utterly without love!—had passed in such arid labors—without a holiday of romance—all the fountains of the unknown passion sealed till the spell struck the rock, and every wave, every drop sparkled fresh to a single star. Yet my boyhood, like other men's, had dreamed of its Ideal. There at last that Ideal, come to life, bloomed before me; there, under those beech-trees, the Caroline of old. Oh wretched woman, now weeping at my side, well may you weep! Never can earth give you back such love as you lost in mine."

"I know it, I know it—fool that I was—miserable fool!"

"Ay, but comfort yourself—wilder and sadder folly in myself! Your mother was right. 'The vain child,' she said, 'knows not her own heart. She is new to the world—has seen none of her own years. For your sake, as for hers, I must insist on the experiment of absence. A year's ordeal—see if she is then of the same mind.' I marveled at her coldness; proudly I submitted to her reasonings; fearlessly I confided the result to you. Ah! how radiant was your smile, when, in the parting hour, I said, 'Summer and you will return again!' In vain, on pretense that the experiment should be complete, did your mother carry you abroad, and exact from us both the solemn promise that not even a letter should pass between us—that our troth, made thus conditional, should be a secret to all—in vain, if meant to torture me with doubt. In my creed, a doubt is itself a treason. How lovely grew the stern face of Ambition!—how Fame seemed as a messenger from me to you! In the sound of applause I said, 'They can not shut out the air that will carry that sound to her ears! All that I can win from Honor shall be my marriage-gifts to my queenly bride.' See that arrested pile—begun at my son's birth, stopped a while at his death, recommenced on a statelier plan when I thought of your footstep on its floors—your shadow on its walls. Stopped now for ever! Architects can build a palace; can they build a home? But you—you—you, all the while—your smile on another's suit—your thoughts on another's hearth!"

"Not so!—not so! Your image never forsook me. I was giddy, thoughtless, dazzled, entangled; and I told you in the letter you returned to me—told you that I had been deceived!"

"Patience—patience! Deceived! Do you imagine that I do not see all that passed as in a magician's glass? Caroline Montfort, you never loved me; you never knew what love was. Thrown suddenly into the gay world, intoxicated by the effect of your own beauty, my sombre figure gradually faded dim—pale ghost indeed in the atmosphere of flowers and lustres, rank with the breath of flatterers. Then came my lord the Marquis—a cousin, privileged to familiar intimacy, to visit at will, to ride with you, dance with you, sit side by side with you, in quiet corners of thronging ball-rooms, to call you 'Caroline.' Tut, tut—ye are only cousins, and cousins are as brothers and sisters in the affectionate House of Vipont; and gossips talk, and young ladies envy—finest match in all England is the pretty-faced lord of Montfort! And your mother, who had said, 'Wait a year' to Guy Darrell, must have dreamed of the cousin, and schemed for his coronet, when she said it. And I was unseen, and I must not write; and the absent are always in the wrong—when cousins are present! And I hear your mother speak of me—hear the soft sound of her damaging praises. 'Another long speech from your clever admirer! Don't fancy he frets; that kind of man thinks of nothing but blue-books and politics.' And your cousin proposes, and you say with a sigh, 'No: I am bound to Guy Darrell;' and your mother says to my Lord, 'Wait, and still come—as a cousin!' And then, day by day, the sweet Mrs. Lyndsay drops into your ear the hints that shall poison your heart. Some fable is dressed to malign me; and you cry, ''Tis not true; prove it true, or I still keep my faith to Guy Darrell.' Then comes the kind compact—'If the story be false, my cousin must go;' 'and if it be true, you will be my own duteous child. Alas! your poor cousin is breaking his heart. A lawyer of forty has a heart made of parchment!' Aha! you were entangled, and of course deceived! Your letter did not explain what was the tale told to you. I care not a rush what it was. It is enough for me to know, that if you had loved me, you would have loved me the more for every tale that belied me. So the tale was credited, because a relief to credit it. So the compact was kept—so the whole bargain hurried over in elegant privacy—place of barter an embassador's chapel. Bauble for bauble—a jilt's faith for a mannikin's coronet. Four days before the year of trial expired, 'Only four days more!' I exclaimed, drunk with rapture. The journals lie before me. Three columns to Guy Darrell's speech last night; a column more to its effect on a senate, on an empire; and two lines—two little lines—to the sentence that struck Guy Darrell out of the world of men! 'Marriage in high life.—Marquis of Montfort—Caroline Lyndsay.' And the sun did not fall from heaven! Vulgarest of ends to the tritest of romances! In the gay world these things happen every day. Young ladies are privileged to give hopes to one man—their hands to another. 'Is the sin so unpardonable?' you ask with ingenuous simplicity. Lady Montfort, that depends! Reflect! What was my life before I put it into your keeping? Barren of happiness, I grant—saddened, solitary—to myself a thing of small value? But what was that life to others?—a thing full of warm beneficence, of active uses, of hardy powers fitted to noble ends! In paralyzing that life as it was to others, there may be sin wider and darker than the mere infidelity to love. And now do you dare to ask, 'Can I again be the Caroline of old?'"

"I ask nothing—not even pardon," said the miserable woman. "I might say something to show where you misjudge me—something that might palliate; but no, let it be." Her accents were so drearily hopeless that Darrell abruptly withdrew his eyes from her face, as if fearful that the sight of her woe might weaken his resolve. She had turned mechanically back. They walked on in gloomy silence side by side, away now from the lake, back under the barbed thorn-tree—back by the moss-grown crag—back by the hollow trunks, and over the fallen leaves of trees that had defied the storms of centuries, to drop, perhaps, brittle and sapless, some quiet day when every wind is lulled.

The flute had ceased its music; the air had grown cold and piercing; the little park was soon traversed; the gate came in sight, and the humble vehicle without it. Then, involuntarily, both stopped; and on each there came at once the consciousness that they were about to part—part, never perhaps in this world to meet again; and, with all that had been said, so much unspoken—their hearts so full of what, alas! their lips could not speak.

"Lady Montfort," at length said Darrell.

At the sound of her name she shivered.

"I have addressed you rudely—harshly—"

"No—no—"

"But that was the last exercise of a right which I now resign forever. I spoke to her who had once been Caroline Lyndsay; some gentler words are due to the widow of Lord Montfort. Whatever the wrongs you have inflicted on me—wrongs inexpiable—I recognize no less in your general nature qualities that would render you, to one whom you really loved and had never deceived, the blessing I had once hoped you would prove to me."

She shook her head impatiently, piteously.

"I know that in an ill-assorted union, and amidst all the temptations to which flattered beauty is exposed, your conduct has been without reproach. Forget the old man whose thoughts should now be on his grave."

"Hush, hush—have human mercy!"

"I withdraw and repent my injustice to your motives in the protection you have given to the poor girl whom Lionel would wed; I thank you for that protection—though I refuse consent to my kinsman's prayer. Whatever her birth, I must be glad to know that she whom Lionel so loves is safe from a wretch like Losely. More—one word more—wait—it is hard for me to say it—Be happy—I can not pardon, but I *can* bless you. Farewell forever!"

More overpoweringly crushed by his tenderness than his wrath, before Caroline could recover the vehemence of her sobs he had ceased—he was gone—lost in the close gloom of a neighboring thicket, his hurried headlong path betrayed by the rustle of mournful boughs swinging back with their withered leaves.



DONATI'S COMET, AS IT APPEARED SEPTEMBER 30, 1858.

THE COMET.

We give herewith a fine view of the comet as it now appears to the naked eye. All are agreed that so magnificent a phenomenon was never before seen within the lifetime of the present generation.

We gave, in a recent number, the scientific facts respecting the comet. Within three days after this paper meets the public eye—that is to say, on the 7th October—the comet will reach its nearest point of approach toward the earth. It will then be 52,000,000 miles distant from us—rather more than twice as near as the sun. It will, of course, seem much larger and brighter than it is now. From that day it will decline in brilliancy and size until, toward the close of the month, it disappears altogether. Throughout this month it will be seen from seven to nine in the northwest, and from three A.M. to daylight in the northeast.

Mr. W. C. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, writes as follows respecting the comet:

"Donati's comet will, in a few days, appear to increase rapidly in size and brilliancy. *It will be nearest the earth on the 9th of October, at which time its brilliancy will be nearly three times as great as on the 23d of September*, and its distance from us about fifty-two millions of miles.

"According to Mr. Hall's computation, the tail of this comet, on the 23d instant, extended to the length of 67 ten millions of miles. The nucleus will be near the bright star Arcturus, October 6, and nearest the earth's orbit on the 9th.

"Some confusion seems to prevail in regard to there being two comets, similar in appearance, now visible to the naked eye, but such is not the case. Donati's, which is seen in the northwest after sunset, is the same which has been seen in the northeast before sunrise in the morning. This is owing to the considerable northern declination of the comet, with a right ascension differing but little from that of the sun. I mention this because I have had several letters from different parts of the country, asking the inquiry whether there are two comets now to be seen by the naked eye.

"Encke's comet is barely visible to the naked eye. Tuttle's third comet of 1858 can now be seen only with the assistance of a telescope. W. C. Bond.

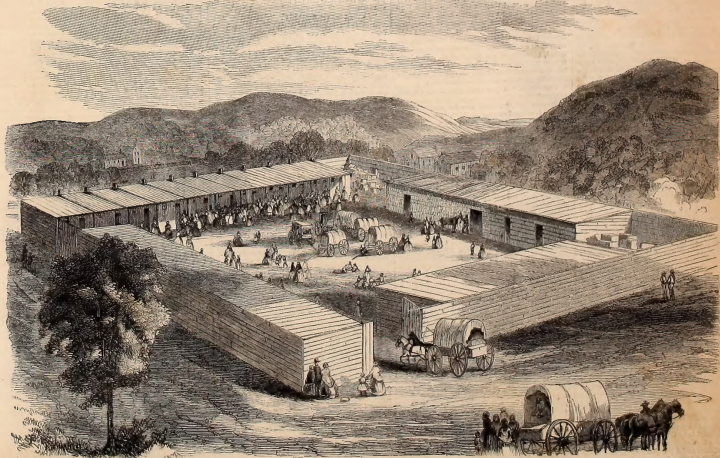
"Harvard College Observatory, *Sept.* 25."

PROVO, UTAH TERRITORY.

FROM OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENT.

Provo, *August* 21, 1858.

This strange little city of Provo has vastly changed within a few weeks. When I first entered it, about two months ago, the "Lion of the Lord" was domiciled here, with his fructuous



BRIGHAM'S SHANTIES AT PROVO CITY.—[From a Photograph by Behr & Mogo.]

wives and crescent children, his mountain hosts of mounted men, and his moved people. Then every evening one was shocked by the beating of most unmartial sounds from out the cracked heads of demoralized drums, calling the faithful to the diurnal practice of arms. Then the very air was burdened with the sounds of war. The whole people felt that the immediate future was pregnant with most important events. Intense expectancy pervaded their minds. Thus, dirty, destitute, ragged, and naked, many of them without houses or homes, abode in temporary brush wigwams, waiting the decree of their god (Brigham) as to their future fate. Who can tell all that was felt and suffered then? For many, even then, did not believe in or recognize the divinity of their blaspheming leader. I heard some whispered heart-tales at that time, but will not tell them now. Still, there was life in Provo; the place was densely crowded; every body was aroused and active; while now it is dull as the eternal tomb.

Just across the street here, opposite my hotel window, is a raised platform, shaded with trees, which spot is denominated the Bowery. It is the great Mormon church in this town. There Brigham used to smile his blessings, hurl his curses, and thunder forth his blasphemies upon his people. As the time and excitement have passed away, how strange and superhuman seem some of the meetings that I have attended there! Those wild, fanatical, excited harangues and vast audiences compare curiously enough with the present quiet, dullness, sparseness of people, and ennui of life.

As there is little news of interest in the Territory now, perhaps a reflex letter will pleasure your readers more than one of present or prospective pretensions. It was late on Saturday night when I first came into Provo, in company with three gentlemen from California. We put up at this, the Provo House, then kept by a Mr. Redfield. It is the only hotel in the place, and was already crowded. After some little effort on the part of our landlord we were given a small room for a local abiding-place during the night. We spread our blankets on the floor, and divesting ourselves of hats and boots, measured our lengths upon the planks. Fifty miles, *à cheval*, after dinner, inclined us strongly to the arms of Somnus, so we were soon enjoying the solacing and refreshing embrace of the god.

The landlord's bell awoke us in the morning. On turning over I observed that the door leading into the adjoining room was open, and that two men lay on their blankets with their heads almost in the door-way. One of them, a heavy-built, muscular man, with a broad grin on his face, looked at us curiously, and said to the one nearest to him,

"How are you, Sir?"

"Very well, I suspect. Whom may I call you?" was the reply.

"I am generally, if not always, called Bill Hickman," rejoined the heavy, muscular man.

We were all not a little surprised to find ourselves in such close proximity to the most notorious murderer and assassin in all Mormondom; but none showed it much, save our young companion, Charley Samson, who, to speak the truth, was really not yet half awake, and had only received some vague impression about Bill Hickman being around. Charley sprang out of his blankets to the middle of the room, looked around in every direction, like a man on the plains who is straining his eyes to see if Indians are near, then fixed his glance on Bill Hickman and companion, who was his younger brother, a doctor. The act, attitude, and expression were so ludicrous that both parties burst out into an uncontrolled fit of laughter. This thoroughly awoke Charley, and also gave him time to recover himself, which he did by "playing out his hand" to considerable advantage. As soon as we ceased laughing he, with as much apparent earnestness as before, threw up both hands, as if in the most absolute astonishment, and exclaimed, "*Est il possible!* Can it be that I have slept all night with Bill Hickman and am not dead, and have not got my throat cut, nor am not stabbed in the back?" Then, after feeling of himself, as if to be fully satisfied of his entirety and soundness, he rushed to the head of his bed, took up his revolver, and examined it. That, too, was there, and all right. "But my pocket-book!" exclaimed he; "where is that?" He felt for it. It was in his pocket, and had not been disturbed. Charley then very innocently declared that Bill Hickman could not be such a bad man after all. The amusing way in which this scene was enacted kept us all in a roar of laughter. Bill Hickman laughed louder than any one else; but there was not that naturalness, that hilarity about it which characterized his first outburst of mirthfulness; perhaps some of Charley's words touched him deeper than he cared to show. It all passed off pleasantly, however, and Charley and Hickman became fast friends. Indeed, it must be confessed that Bill Hickman is a much more agreeable companion than two-thirds of the Mormon men. I regard him as the ablest man in the Mormon ranks to lead a small body of desperate or determined men on a dangerous expedition. Great kindness is sometimes expressed upon his countenance. He is a man susceptible of strong affections as well as bad passions. Porter Rockwell is an infinitely harder looking man. Hickman is not a true Mormon. He cares little about any religion. He is in Mormondom because of polygamy. He is the happy or unhappy husband of five wives. It may be that Brigham understands why Bill Hickman is one of his followers; and, according to his rule with men whom he doubts, has tested his devotion by giving him a constant succession of desperate crimes to enact. A strange way of testing true religious devotion! Hickman can doubtless meet all such tests without much hardship.

It was no slight cause for mental excitation to think of being in a civilized country where a mortal man claimed to be God of this world; but only three blocks lay between me and the domicile of the man of such awful pretensions. Immediately after breakfast I took a letter of introduction from a Mormon Church dignitary, late of San Francisco, and started to see Brigham. The above illustration will give your readers a faithful impression of his premises.

Though I knew Brigham had appropriated nearly an entire square block of ten acres in the centre of Salt Lake City for his residence there, nevertheless I was not a little surprised that he should take a whole block for his temporary residence in Provo. It will be observed his house is surrounded by a high close board fence. The fence around his premises in Salt Lake City is of solid stone and masonry, twelve feet high. Why are all these inclosures built? They will not keep all secrets in, for they sometimes get out. Ah! but they do keep many, many secrets in. Brigham's house, or shed, in front of which is seen a great crowd of women, is built of rough, unplaned boards; it is about three hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high to the eaves, with a slightly-inclined board roof. The main street runs along at the outer front of this building; and it should be observed that the building has neither a door nor window at either of the ends or the side fronting the street. What does that mean? In order to get into the house you have to go through the high board fence, and then enter by the back side of it. No light comes in from the street; no one in the house can see into the street, or know what is going on there; nor can any one from the street get a glimpse of the domestic arrangements of a would-be God. The house is very rough and unfinished, the apartments being only partially separated by boards. Brigham's family is so large that the building was excessively crowded; great inconvenience was felt by the women, though they only assumed to live in the most primitive manner. The other buildings seen upon the premises are sheds used for the storage of Brigham's property. So much for the Prophet's house at Provo. Now for what I saw there. It was a very pleasant morning, and Brigham's whole herd of women and drove of children seemed to have been turned out into the inclosure to be aired. I passed through the gate seen in the left of the engraving, and was right in the crowd before I knew it. They paid no attention to me, doubtless considering me one of the brethren. The women and children, of all ages and sizes, were mixed up in beautiful confusion. How each cow—as Heber C. Kimball calls his wives—could tell her own young, was more than I could decipher. The better halves of the Prophet talked together here and there, and sometimes hallooed to each other across the yard. Some of the younger children were crying, and their mothers were seeking to pacify them. Other children were playing, hallooing, running, gamboling, shoving, tussling, etc., etc. Nothing that children ever do seemed to be omitted there at that particular time. Though it was Sabbath morning, a more perfect bedlam I never heard. It was certainly a most delightful place for a live prophet to receive his inspirations in. Having inquired of an elderly looking woman for the President—for it is by that name the Mormons now call Brigham—she sent for Brigham's private secretary. While waiting for his arrival there was a good opportunity for noticing more particularly the harmonious internal arrangements of Brigham's family. The women were dressed very indifferently; there was an absolute absence of crinoline, also of starched skirts; nor were the number of skirts abundant. The form and condition of the *femmes* showed very plainly, nor could they be set down as less than very plain-looking women, with harsh, unsmiling countenances. There were traces of beauty on some of them, but they were badly tanned; they seemed coarse; while a depressed expression sat upon their countenances. The children were barefooted, bare-legged, and bare-headed. Two little fellows near me got into a controversy, one alleging that the other had taken his marble, when the following language passed between them:

FIRST BOY. "If you don't give it up I'll tell mother."

SECOND BOY. "I don't care for your mother; my ma is as good as your ma."

FIRST BOY. "No, she ain't; your mother is only Big Betsy."

SECOND BOY. "If you call my mother names I'll tell father."

FIRST BOY. "What does father care about your mother; she ain't pretty. Oh, I would not have my mother called Big Betsy!"

SECOND BOY. "I am as good as you are for my father is your father."

FIRST BOY. "No, you ain't; for your mother ain't as good as my mother."

SECOND BOY (*in a passion*). "You are a liar!"

FIRST BOY. "I'll whale you!"

SECOND BOY. "I'll tell father, and he'll tie you up."

FIRST BOY. "No, he won't, for my mother won't let him; she'll tell him you were to blame."

How this fine controversy between the juvenile prophets ended I can not tell, for I was here interrupted by the entrance of Brigham's secretary. I suspect, however, from their growing ire, that they either tried on a little fight, or carried the quarrel to their mothers, when the phase of affairs would not probably be much bettered. Such is a sample, doubtless, of the harmonious family relations of Brigham's children.

The secretary conducted me out of the inclosure, and half a block down the street, to Brigham's office, where I was introduced to the awful presence of the Prophet—a gross, fat man, with the air of a country farmer. He seemed more devoted to business than religion during my interview with him. But, without developing the purposes and nature of that interview, I will return to his harem.

It was next Sabbath evening, just after dark, that I found myself passing Brigham's house in a rather novel position. I was a Gentile, accursed by the Mormon law, and yet one of the sisters hung upon my arm. She was the fifth wife of a man whom she loathed. She was still young, and even fair; but woe sat on the throne of her heart. We passed down the sidewalk right in front of Brigham's house, when she possessed me of the following facts: "This end of the President's house," said she, meaning the right end of it, as seen in the engraving, "is occupied by Brigham's first wife. She must be forty years old now, but is still a very pleasant and entertaining woman. She was married before Brigham joined the Mormons. For a long time she was his only wife, as it has not been many years, you are aware, since polygamy was introduced among our people. It took Brigham a long time to get her to consent to his going into polygamy; but as he was determined to do so, she thought it was better for her to seem, at least, to consent. Still it cost her a terrible struggle; she has never entirely recovered from it, nor has she yet overcome her scruples on that subject. She treats Brigham's twenty other wives kindly, courteously, almost maternally; but there is no joy in her own heart. She still loves Brigham, is strongly devoted to him, and exercises considerable influence over him. He at least respects her; for he treats her with more deference than any other of his women. He has given her his mansion-house in Salt Lake City, which is the finest building in the Territory, to be occupied exclusively by herself and children, their wives and husbands. Here she is crowded into a small apartment, and her family arrangements are, necessarily, very uncomfortable. But she little regards external arrangements. She has a warm, devoted heart, and would have made an honorable man a true, noble wife where monogamy is the rule. But alas! poor woman, her heart has been wrung with intense woe for many years; and there are many, many others in this Territory like her. Oh! you have no idea of what some of our women suffer. They have to keep it to themselves, too; for if it got out, just as likely as not, the preachers, next Sunday, would call the names of the women right out in church, and scold them fearfully before all the people. It is the women of the finest feelings who suffer most, and such a public notice and retribution would torture them beyond description. Ah! if it was not for polygamy—that curse of our people and religion—we might live happily here in these isolated valleys of the mountains; but as things are, God only knows what will become of us. Some of us pray for your army to enter; but what good will that do to us women? We know how you Gentiles—I use the term not for a reproach—regard us unhappy victims of polygamy. We can not be honorably settled as wives among you; we can not become worse—you understand me—than we now are. So what shall we do? Truly the way of the transgressor is hard; but ought those of us who are in the sin, from beginning to end, contrary to our own wishes and power—who are subjected to it by unbending fate, or the dictum of parents—to receive such an overwhelming punishment as this we have? I tell you those traces of woe and anguish that you speak of seeing upon all our young women are begot by mental labor to see themselves out of this thing, or how to live conscientiously in it. We are in profound woe, profound difficulty, profound uncertainty. None can see her way out of it; to none does the future come as a vision of brightness.

"In the third apartment here is one of the earliest of Brigham's wives on the polygamous system. She is a German woman; was very beautiful when she was married, but it has since departed, and with it the affection of her lord, as you Gentiles sometimes call the husband. She has five children.

"In the next apartment is Polly Muggins. She was in the first band of emigrants that arrived from Europe after our people were settled here. On seeing Brigham her love, fancy, as well as her religious enthusiasm, seemed to have been exercised. She desired to become his wife. Yes, the coarse, ill-looking, ignorant Irish girl aspired to be the bride of our Prophet; and, what is more, she achieved her design. This, doubtless, seems curious enough to you; but I will tell you how it was done. Brigham allows every body to approach him. She went to him one day, and told him that she had read somewhere in the Old Testament about Jacob serving seven years to obtain Rachel for a wife, and that she wanted to invert that example, and serve him seven years for nothing, if he would only marry her at the end of that time. Brigham agreed to do so, and the contract was closed. She has borne him two fine sons. But the rest of the women look down upon her as the ignorant Irish servant-girl, though she is better than some others of them.

"In this next apartment, among other women, lives one twenty-five years old. She is called handsome and graceful; has been married five years, and has no children. You know enough of our religion to understand in what kind of a position that places her. Poor, unhappy creature! she is contemned alike by the Prophet and people, and especially by the Prophet's other wives. A barren tree has no honor among us.

"In the apartment next to Mrs. Brigham Young, first, I should have remarked, are some old women, formerly the wives of our first and principal Prophet, Joseph Smith. They have since been married by Brigham. He took them with the Prophet's mantle.

"Here is the apartment of Emma Clifford. She is a celebrity among us. Her room, though I have never been in it, I will venture to say is better fitted up and furnished than that of any other of Brigham's women. Miss Clifford came here from Boston. She is a young lady of dignity, wit, and accomplishments. Brigham saw and loved her. She refused his suit, denied his power, and laughed at him in his face. He, used to sycophancy and flattery, became more and more bewildered in his attachment to this beautiful, erratic creature, who was so different from every other woman around him. She scorned him, and prided herself in doing it; while he bowed but the lower at her footstool, and worshiped. Yes, this our Prophet did bow to the footstool of a fair, frail, flirting woman, and worship! It seems strange to me, as it doubtless does to you, but true it is, that he who has such awful power over things in heaven and on earth had not power to keep his manhood erect from the feet of this woman. She regarded him not, and would not resign herself to his embrace. He is not used to being thwarted in this valley; so when fair means failed he tried foul ones. He got her to his house and drugged her, then enacted a deed which, to our law, is more criminal than all others. To save her honor she married him. In due time she brought forth a beautiful boy, but has had no children since, and swears that Brigham shall never again have a child by her. She lives strictly in accordance with this oath. Brigham still loves her, and she can do almost any thing she likes with him. She moves about his premises like a queen, and regards the will of none other than herself. She is, I believe, the only woman that Brigham loves, and she knows it. She leaps upon a horse, and goes here, there, or any where, as her will directs. She mingles familiarly with Gentiles, and has, I am told, been the means of saving many of their lives. If she learns that evil is brewing against any of them, she goes and warns them. To my knowledge, a little over a year ago, she entered a Gentile house late at night, went into a man's bed-room, where he was asleep, and ordered him to be gone—to fly for his life. He obeyed instantly; but ere his bed was cold maskers were in his room, and ere an hour fleet horses were on his track; but his warning was well given; he understood the minutiæ of the plot, and escaped. Brigham once offered Miss Clifford $5000 if she would leave him and return to her friends in Boston. She agreed to do so, and made the necessary preparations for her departure; but when she was ready Brigham refused to give up her child. She is said to have replied: 'Do you think I will leave my boy in the hands of such a devil as you? No, never! I will stay here; yes, I will stay here now till I dance over your dead body, and chant at your grave.' And she still persists in it, that she will yet dance over Brigham's grave."

The apartments in Brigham's house, as seen in the engraving, are only partially separated. They have a lath partition about six feet high between them, so whatever is said or done in one room can be seen or heard in the next. This has given rise to some gossip in regard to the nocturnal arrangements of the parties. When the multitude of children have to be "tied up" at night, their squalling rolls from end to end of the building, like the deafening roar of harsh trumpets. Then the Prophet must have a good opportunity for enjoying the sweet and holy calm of divine inspiration!

I had by this time arrived where it was necessary to part from my pleasant companion. So I will here close this letter by remarking that the only two items of news are, *first*, that Judges Eckels and Sinclair have gone south to Fillmore, to fix the time for the sitting of the Supreme Court; and, *second*, that General Johnston has had to employ part of his army to prevent the Indians from committing depredations on the Mormons.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

GRAND MATCH IN PARIS.

MORPHY *v.* HARRWITZ.—A private communication from Paris enables us to lay before our readers the latest state of the score in this highly exciting contest, and to congratulate the amateurs of America upon the satisfactory position in which their champion and representative therein stands. We have the greater pleasure in so doing for the reason that no man living can tell whether, or no, these two gentlemen are not now engaged in fighting *for the Chess championship of the whole world!* The first two games in the match were won by Harrwitz; the last three were scored by Paul Morphy, who has now *four more to win.*

For the following beautiful specimen of Chess play we are indebted to our friend, Mr. D. Fiske, co-editor, with Paul Morphy, of the New York *Chess Monthly;* wherein, with an occasional exception in our own favor, these games will be *exclusively* published.

GAME II.

Between Messrs. Harrwitz and Paul Morphy; being the fourth game occurring in the match now in course of play in Paris.

	BLACK, *Morphy.*	WHITE, *Harrwitz.*
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
3.	P to Q 4	P × P
4.	Q × P	Kt to Q B 3
5.	B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2
6.	B × Kt	B × B
7.	B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
8.	B to K R 4	Kt to K R 3
9.	Kt to Q B 3	Q to Q 2
10.	Castles (K R)	B to K 2
11.	Q R to Q	Castles (K R)
12.	Q to B 4 (check)	R to B 2
13.	Kt to Q 4	Kt to K Kt 5
14.	P to K R 3	Kt to K 4
15.	Q to K 2	P to K Kt 4 (*a*)
16.	B to Kt 3	R to Kt 2
17.	Kt to K B 5	R to Kt 3
18.	P to K B 4 (*b*)	P × P
19.	R × P	K to R
20.	R to R 4	B to K B
21.	B × Kt	B P × B
22.	R to K B	Q to K 3
23.	Kt to Kt 5	Q to K Kt
24.	R to B 2	P to Q R 3
25.	Kt × B P	R to Q B
26.	Kt to Q 5	B × Kt
27.	P × B	R to Q B 2
28.	P to B 4	B to K 2
29.	R to R 5	Q to K
30.	P to Q B 5 (*c*)	Q R × P
31.	R × P (check)	K × R
32.	Q to R 5 (check)	K to Kt
33.	Kt × B (check)	K to Kt 2
34.	Kt to B 5 (check)	K to Kt
35.	Kt × Q B P	

White resigns.

The time occupied by this game was three hours—rather a low average, considering the importance of the occasion.

NOTES.

(*a*) A very hazardous move, as it exposes the position of his King considerably, without, as it appears to us, affording him an attack of any thing like a commensurate value.

(*b*) The attack, if such there were, has already changed hands, and Black's defense is, of necessity, really servile.

(*c*) This move, and those ensuing, are *Paul Morphy* all over. It is likewise *all over* with Harrwitz. It is rare, indeed, that, against such a player as Mr H., opportunity is afforded for the display of such brilliancy as is exhibited in the closing moves of this *partie*.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN Irish counsel was asked by the Judge "for whom he was concerned;" he answered, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if *my* grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old!"

While a member of the Sophomore class, of B—— College, the dullness of lecture-room duties was dissipated by the following incident. Our instructor was examining the class upon some previous lectures, and the question "From which one of the three sons of Noah are we supposed to be descended?" was given to Davis, who, in a bold tone, answered, "Shem, Sir." Whereupon, of course, the boys laughed, heartily. Professor Campbell checked their hilarity, and reproved them for being so uncourteous as to laugh at the mere *lapsus linguæ* of their fellow-student; and, turning toward D., said, "Come, now, Mr. D., tell us from which one do we derive our paternity?" D. looked red and confused. A little fellow, from Kentucky (who proved himself scarce to D.'s subsequent search), sitting next to D., earnestly whispered to him, "Ham! Ham!" And, sure enough, D. sung out, at the top of his voice, "Ham, Sir," and wiped down one side of his countenance with his "rag." Mr. C. was evidently most strongly tempted to augment the *boys*-terous peals of laughter that re-echoed in Chapel Hall—but he did not; and, with an effort, succeeded in subduing his smiles and his students; then, with a compassionate look at D., he said to the next one on the list, "Will you be so good, Mr. E., as to correct the errors into which Mr. D. has fallen?" "Yes, Sir," said he, smoothing his whiskers and emitting sparks of intelligence from his brown eyes; "it was Jephthah." For a few moments silence did not reign.

The following may serve to show how green a man can be, and yet "keep" the year 'round. The laws of the State of Maine, in regard to the publication of the intention of marriage, are somewhat Puritanic, and require more time to be consumed in the publication than is agreeable to those who are impatient to enjoy the bliss of wedded life. The consequence is, that many couples rush into the neighboring State of New Hampshire, where they are at once made man and wife, with a degree of celerity that often astonishes the old folks at home. The little city of Portsmouth, right on the line of the State, seems to be the most popular resort of the marrying people; and hardly a day passes that does not there witness the devotion of its Maine neighbors to the Union. A short time since a couple from the Pine-tree State visited Portsmouth for the laudable purpose of being married. The gentleman was evidently inexperienced in these matters; for it should be borne in mind that in this affair, as in all others, there must be the first time. However, the landlord, well understanding the wants of his guests, speedily secured the services of a clergyman, who, with a subscribing witness, met the happy man in the parlor of the hotel. After exhausting all the commonplace conversation, the clergyman, thinking, perhaps, that our hero would like to have the performance begin, meekly inquired "if the lady was ready?" "What!" exclaimed the candidate, with a look of surprise, "you don't want nothing of her, do ye?" "Yes," said the clergyman, with difficulty restraining his risibles, "it will be essential to the proper consummation of the marriage that she should be present." "Wa'al!" rejoined our friend, "I guess she'll come down if you want her to—I'll go and see;" and, at once, started for the lady's room, whence he soon returned, leading by the hand the fair maiden, who, like Barkis, *was* willing, and the happy couple were quickly made one, agreeably to the statute in such case made and provided.

An Irishman, writing from Philadelphia, the other day, to his friend in the "ould counthry," concluded a letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it's so or no—I'll visit ould Ireland before I leave Philomadelfy."

A California correspondent gives the following incident of backwoods life in Arkansas: "I one evening rode up to a farm-house, and asked accommodations for the night. The good man of the house told me to 'light,' and so I 'lit' and went in. A young woman was busy preparing the table for our evening meal. After a while she called out to a tow-headed boy who had been amusing himself by digging in the ground with a knife or a stick, 'You Sol, bring that thare knife here, yous allers a diggin' with them ar knives, you'll keep on tell you lose 'em all.' 'That ar boy,' turning to me as she spoke, 'has lost knives, it is amazin' to tell; we hain't got nuf to set table.' At this the boy came into the house, went to the table, said nothing but went from plate to plate, took up each knife, examined it, laid it down, and when he had gone around the table, said, 'Sal, you tell a lie; I hain't lost nary knife, for here is old butch, casey, one prong, no handle, and caney.' These gastronomical instruments were in such constant use that they had acquired distinctive appellations. The origin of most of these terms is obvious. Upon examination, 'caney' was found to be a knife with a bit of cane for a handle. 'Sol' was evidently opposed to any attempt at keeping up appearances in such a desperate state of circumstances."

The Boston *Courier* is responsible for the following: "A few days ago Senator Wilson visited the Charleston Navy Yard, and after walking about and visiting the premises, he reclined against the fence which surrounds the ordnance park, to rest himself, when a lynx-eyed watchman came up to him and told him to 'move along, for people were not allowed to be on the fence in that yard.'"

Two men up in New Hampshire went a fishing. One was totally ignorant of figures, the other, probably, had been to the "Rule of Three." After catching a large quantity of the finny tribe they proposed to divide them and return. In counting them it was found they had forty-nine hickory shad (a small fish, very full of bones, and worthless) and one large, fine, fat bass. They were puzzled to know how to divide them, as both wanted the bass. After a while a happy thought struck the man of figures, and he told his companion he would divide them according to the rules of arithmetic, which proposition was readily agreed to. He then, with pencil and paper and with a knowing look, commenced, "Twice five is ten. Five times ten is fifty. Forty-nine from fifty leaves one;" and with an astonished gaze said to his companion, "The bass is mine." The other, picking up his shad, started off, and remarked, "What a great thing it is to have a little eddication!"

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over its shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the animal as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper around its neck, bearing this motto: 'When this you see, remember me.'"

"Dad," said a young hopeful, the other day, "how many fowls are on this table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two."

"Two," replied the smart boy. "There are three, Sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man; "I'd like to see you prove it."

"Easily done Sir—easily done. Ain't that one?" said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first, "and ain't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son; "really, wife, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Oct.* 4, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite depressed for Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Oats, and prices of these have steadily favored buyers. The supplies have exceeded the requirements of purchasers. The demand has been mainly for home use. Barley has been actively sought after at improved rates. Cotton has been freely dealt in, and has advanced....Provisions have been freely offered at generally easier prices, yet the inquiry has been restricted....Groceries have been in moderate request at about previous figures....Rosin, Spirits-Turpentine, Hides, Leather, Tobacco, and Wool have attracted more attention....Desirable styles of Dry Goods, which have been needed, have not been freely offered, and prices for such have been generally sustained. Domestic Cottons have been less sought after. Woolens are also rather sparingly inquired for, and even Cassimeres are attracting little attention. The demand for foreign fabrics runs mainly on choice fancy styles, of which the available supply is moderate. These pay fairly. Staple Goods are not active, and the tendency of the market is in favor of buyers. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $1,295,477 against $1,097,966 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $47,768,918 against $82,070,562 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 40	@	$4 40
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 25	@	5 40
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 90	@	5 20
Extra Western, per barrel	5 25	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 65	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 40	@	6 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 60	@	8 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 20	@	4 10
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 58
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 26
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	69	@	73½
Rye, per bushel	79	@	80
Barley, per bushel	1 05	@	1 10
Western Oats, per bushel	48	@	51
State Oats, per bushel	45	@	49
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	40	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	13¼	@	13½
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 90	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 90	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 00	@	11 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11¼
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	16	@	21
Cheese, per pound	5	@	8½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¼	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	40	@	48
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	23
Hops, new, per pound	12	@	16
Hops, per pound, 1857	7	@	9
Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	51	@	52
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@	2 37½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	74	@	75
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

Freights continued inactive. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 3½d. @ 4½d. per bushel; and Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in port on Saturday was 774 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were not so freely offered, while the demand was good....Milch Cows were moderately inquired for at unchanged prices....Veal Calves were plenty and heavy....Sheep and Lambs were dull, and prices tended downward....Swine were less abundant, and were in request at slightly improved rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Sept.* 22.	Week ending *Sept.* 29.
Beeves	5,304	4,095
Milch Cows	214	170
Veal Calves	537	575
Sheep and Lambs	12,807	12,386
Swine	10,305	8,687

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	969	Indiana	428
Ohio	838	Kentucky	87
New York	741	Texas	68

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5½	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	7 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5¼
Live Swine, per pound	4¾	@	5¼
Dressed " "	6	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are well stocked with the leading kinds of Produce, for which there exists a fair inquiry at uniform prices.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$ 3 75
Pears, " "	2 00	@	16 00
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@	4 50
Grapes, per pound	2	@	12
Quinces, per 100	1 25	@	1 75
Citron, per 100	2 75	@	5 50
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 12½	@	2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 00	@	3 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 50
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per barrel	87	@	1 25
Pumpkins, per 100	5 00	@	8 00
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	2 00	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	62	@	2 25
Tomatoes, per bushel	31	@	44
Celery, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Cauliflowers, per dozen	62	@	3 50
Salad, per dozen heads	15	@	25
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 50	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	18	@	18½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13½	@	15½
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	62	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	50	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	75	@	87
Black Ducks, per pair	—	@	75
Teal, per pair	37	@	50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Oct.* 4, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 2, 1858	$3,303,980	$1,079,315
Corresponding week, 1857	2,596,054	1,627,240
Increase	$707,926	
Decrease		$547,925

This time last year the contraction of imports had begun; hence, in part, the apparent increase this year, as shown above. The export of specie was $1,076,404, against which we received $1,570,924 from California. The banks this afternoon will show, it is supposed, about $29,000,000. The Sub-Treasury now holds a trifle over eleven millions.

Money is as cheap as it has been any time this year. On Government or State securities it can be borrowed at 3 per cent; and on good railroad securities, or first-class short paper, at 4. Exchange on Europe continues to rate high; we quote sterling at 110, and francs at 5.12½.

The stock market has been more active within the past week; Panama, Pacific Mail, and New York Central being the chief favorites. Pacific Mail sold as high as 109, but reacted afterward to 104½, at which price it closed.

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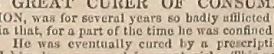
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FOLITE BOY. "Oh! arter you, Mum."

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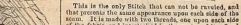
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

The widow had but only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
But day and night,
Though fruitful oft, and weak, and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's might—yes! to sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Though friends were fewer:
And cheerful at her daily care,
A little cruth upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, and now I see,
Though cheerful and resign'd, still she
Has sorrow'd much:
She has—HE gave it tenderly—
Much faith—and carefully laid by
A little cruch.

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

GERARD HALLOCK is known from one end of the country to the other as the senior editor and proprietor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, which position he has occupied for thirty years, universally esteemed and respected by all who have known him, whether through the columns of the *Journal* or in private life. Few men have exerted so powerful an influence on the nation, and yet there is no one more modest and unwilling to receive the reward of fame. That he has made at least two Presidents of the United States (Polk and Taylor) has been frequently said, and there is no room to doubt the fact; yet he is the last man to acknowledge it or to admit his own power in the political world.

Mr. Hallock is a man of rarely compounded character. Modest and retiring to a fault, loving only his own quiet ways, and finding the keenest pleasures in the privacy of a very small circle of friends, he has a mind of powerful cast, a clear and almost prophetic view of the ways of the country and its political relations, a broad and comprehensive appreciation of men and events, a thorough knowledge of the world and the influences which sway its destinies, and a courage to do and to maintain the right at whatever sacrifice. Whatever men may think of his views, we have yet to see the man who ever dared impute to Gerard Hallock an interested motive or a word of obscurity. He was never known to do an act or write a line for the sake of fee or reward. His characteristic stands out in all his life, and it is this which has challenged and won for him the profound respect and esteem of his brother editors, and the universal confidence of the mercantile and political world. When men now speak about the *Journal of Commerce* for any position that paper has taken, then it is as if they were trembling lest its position be the best one. "Gerard Hallock says so," has long been an end of discussion in New York among a large and influential portion of its citizens. It is this confidence in his integrity, this perfect reliance on his incorruptibility, which has given to Mr. Hallock the power for great or evil which he wields in the affairs of the country. He is not only a model editor, but he is a model man.

His life, if written, would fill a volume with the history of the progress of the age for the past thirty years. We can but outline his incidents; and we shall fill outline well, given one of the most interesting sketches with which we could enrich our columns.

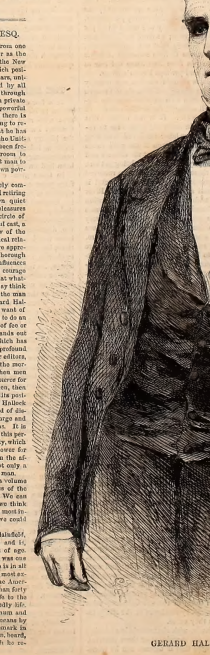
Gerard Hallock was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, March 18, 1800, and is, therefore, now fifty-eight years of age. His father, Rev. Moses Hallock, was one of those noble men whom praise is in all the country. A memoir of this most excellent divine is published by the American Tract Society. For more than forty years he broke the bread of life to the rising people, in a lofty and godly life. Having a salary of $361 per annum and a small farm, he added to his means by teaching; and it is worthy of remark in this day, that the price for tuition, board, fuel, lights, and sundries, which he received from his pupils, was but $1 33 per week. On these means, however, he supported his family comfortably, and gave three of his four sons a college education. Two of them were in Williams College at the same time, namely, Gerard and the brother who is now so well known as the Rev. Dr. Hallock, of the American Tract Society. Gerard entered in 1815, being then fifteen years and a half old. Though he had but a few months of preparation—having devoted most of his time to the farm, and not expected to enter college at all until seven months before doing so—he took at once a high stand, especially in languages, and college men will appreciate the compliment which was often paid him by his class-mates in manner weather, when they did not care to work, but called class-meetings, of which he was the center, and to which he read and expounded the hastily passages of Sophocles and Euripides which some of them had not the patience to unravel. He graduated in 1819, with the Greek oration and a poem, two of the highest honors. Having spent two years in teaching at Amherst, he went, in 1821, to Andover, where he enjoyed the instructions of President Bennet, and also gained a knowledge of German under Professor Upham. In 1823 he opened a private school in Salem, Massachusetts, where, in addition to his pupils in Latin and Greek, he had a class of seven clergymen whom he instructed in Hebrew. This class consisted of Rev. Elias Cornelius, D.D., Rev. Brown Emerson, D.D., Rev. Professor Worcester, Rev. Professor Monnicher, Rev. John Whitter, Rev. Mr. Oliphant, and Rev. Mr. Williams. He also instructed in German Dr. Abel L. Pierson, then a young and promising physician, who, after a bright career, perished in the terrible accident on the New Haven Railway at Norwalk.

This was the experience and preparation of Mr. Hallock for the editorial life upon which he was now about to enter, and which he has continued in such a brilliant and successful career in this great metropolis to the present time. In 1823 or thereabouts, Mr. Hallock, while in Salem, heard of an opening in Boston for a weekly newspaper, and being encouraged by the friends of the enterprise in that city, undertook its establishment. His capital was $200, loaned by those friends in small sums, no one loan exceeding $75. On this he established the *Boston Telegraph*, in 1824, a weekly, partly secular and partly religious, which was so successful that before the end of the year he was invited by the proprietor of the *Boston Recorder* to assume the latter journal. This was done in 1825, on equal terms, and Mr. Hallock repaid the kind loans of his Boston friends. Two years later he sold out his half of the *Boston Recorder* for $2500, and purchased one half of the *New York Observer*, into which establishment he was invited by the Messrs. Morse, then its proprietors, and of which well-known paper he became the sole acting editor, and so continued until 1828.

In the year 1827 or thereabouts, Mr. Arthur Tappan had established in New York a newspaper entitled *The Journal of Commerce*. Mr. Tappan's principles were then, as since, decidedly abolitionist. The paper did not succeed, even with such men as William Maxwell, of Virginia, and Mr. (since then Rev. Dr.) Robert Baird, of Hartford, on its editors. A gentleman, authorized by Mr. Tappan, called on Mr. Hallock, and informed him that the *Journal of Commerce* would be discontinued, within one week, unless he (Hallock) would take hold of it, and at the same time propositions were made to Mr. Hallock to form a partnership with Mr. David Hale, which should assume the whole responsibility of the concern. The proposal was sudden, and Mr. Hallock asked time to consider it. The call was given but twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time the same gentleman called and Mr. Hallock accepted the propositions, and became, with Mr. Hale, the proprietor of the *Journal of Commerce*.

We have been somewhat particular in this account, because the history of this paper is one of the most interesting histories of our age, as will presently appear. Using this time, for a period of thirty years, dating which Mr. Hale continued his partner and confidence up to his death in 1848, Mr. Hallock devoted himself exclusively to the editing of the *Journal*, until it has become not only highly remunerative pecuniarily, but has obtained a position of influence second to no other paper in the land, and a circulation unequaled by any paper of its class in America.

When Mr. Hallock entered the *Journal* office the paper was in bad order, having a small subscription list and a great load of unpaid debts. A new paper might have been started with less labor than was necessary to raise this one out of the slough of Despond into which it had fallen. A short time sufficed to show the sum of Mr. Hallock's and Mr. Hale's views and feelings could not expect to retain the support of the new abolitionists of the *Journal* under its former administration. A new course and an independent one was taken. Owing allegiance to no man and to no party, the editors determined to publish an independent sheet, whose circulation should depend on the fact that people could not do without it. They inaugurated a new era in American journalism. The times were troublous in Europe. The great revolution of 1830 was approaching. There was an intense anxiety in America for news. The new partners bought and equipped a small schooner, called her *The Journal of Commerce*, and sent her out to cruise for packet ships, get the European papers and bring them in one, two, or more days ahead of the vessel's arrival. This was the first American news-boat of the class. The other papers had only one boat, cruising in the harbor. The idea was laughed at. "They are fools, and will only ruin themselves all the sooner," said the other editors. But it soon proved their wisdom. The Sandwich telegraph sound announced "The arrival of Queenston's offing, standing in, going." "More lecturers." *The Journal of Commerce* passing the Hook." From the crowd would begin to collect in the *Journal* office. As soon as could be delivered, an open-air evening edition was ready, and then Mr. Hale would sometimes read the news aloud to hundreds of listeners, while the others were sold by thousands. This was the commencement of New York Extras. For a short time, the new enterprise remained sufficient. Messrs. Hale & Hallock lately had engaged another, called *The Morning Bulletin*, a 9 by ten schooner, which carried successfully for years for the paper which was now taking the lead of all others.



GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

An association of the press was at length formed, and a small vessel fitted out for them to endeavor to compete with the little squadron of the *Journal of Commerce*. Dates settle conclusively the priority of the *Journal of Commerce*, which was equipped and sending in 1840, long before any other such boat was heard of. The Association first hired a pilot-boat after this, and then purchased a vessel. Revolutions ensued, Europe was quiet, and the papers found the expensive squadron no longer necessary. The *Journal* had "made its fortune," and there was no longer any doubt of the success of the eight or ten daily news papers which were then in existence in New York every one has since perished, or been merged in some other, except the *Journal of Commerce*, which alone survives under its original name, and as *Herald Courier*, now the favorite and *Express*.

No contest with its triumphs on water, the *Journal of Commerce*, in January, 1841, established a daily express from Philadelphia to New York (still eight relays), by which it was able to publish the proceedings of Congress and all other Washington and Southern news, one day in advance of all its morning contemporaries. The trade furnish attach to this, but proved to be a fruitless opposition line, which continued only eight or ten days. Swift was Government and its agents to express itself from Philadelphia, commencing January 31, 1842. Thereupon the *Journal of Commerce* published 24 miles of horses to Washington, and was thus able to beat the Government express regularly one day, and sometimes when horses were fed scarce of Philadelphia, two and even three days. Once the *Norfolk Virginia Beacon*, published the entire message of Washington, and ran the Washington news two consecutive days from the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which was delivered by steamer before it had any advices from Washington! The *Journal* express employed 24 horses, and often made the whole distance of 227 miles inside of 20 hours! In 1850–'59 the *Journal* again set a Washington express in connection with the Courier, which it took into the arrangement because there was no other morning paper which had glass enough for even an opposition.

These great performances of the *Journal* did not, however, secure more permanently advantages to its proprietors. This was the foundation of expenses for news; this, it is not too much to say, made newspaper property. But for this, the age of telegraphs and would have been postponed for a half or a full century. For King, to the reflecting mind to perceive that Mr. Morse would have had no great demand for his invention if the newspapers of the day had been content with its adoption by the express. The *Journal of Commerce* never schemers and expresses were the first supporters of the line. Enterprisers, of the Atlantic Telegraph.

Out of this great association of the Press, as fanciful bullion which is known to the public but by its title appearing over the usual inscription in the editorial column, and of which Mr. Hallock has been President from its formation to the present time."

We have no wish here to barter further the influences growing out of the establishment of the *Journal of Commerce* as the public has very well done it, but our readers as do for themselves without assistance. They are modest."

Mr. Hallock has now been thirty years in the office of editorial chair, always as sole editor or chief of the editorial department. For a short time he was associated with Mr. Hallock's position in politics has always been independent. He has never allied himself closely with any party. Independence is not neutrality. He is always on one side or the other. He supported Mr. Polk and General Taylor with every force and power. The prominent position of the *Journal of Commerce* on the political questions of the present day is well known to most explanation. The *Journal* has been the firm, consistent, and unflinching supporter of the Administration, without asking therefor favor or reward. The Union, and its able individuals, has been the object of their hot and no man, from Maine to California, has done more for its preservation and perpetuity than he. From a retirement seldom invaded by strangers, he can control a tremendous influence, which is felt daily at Washington, and respected in all parts of the land. Looking at Mr. Hallock's purity of character and devotion to the country and its interests, his personal friends recommend work of years and its results, as proved in many closely contested elections, that his vigorous pen has been powerful from all, whether agreeing or disagreeing with him, we know no man in the country by whom, in a time of uncertainty like the present, the eyes of the Democratic party would more properly be directed for leadership in the approaching struggle.

We have but a brief span to devote to the private life and character of Mr. Hallock, and yet it is one that has his friends would most enjoy our comments. To what we have said of his moral qualities, it may be proper still add an exceeding gentleness and sensibility of character which wins the affection of every one who enquire in contact with it, he will have before him a true man. His success in life has been great. He has been a laborious man, and his industry and skill have been always well repaid. His tasteful and elegant residence is at New York, to which he can repair once a week for the benefit of rest. He is one of the largest owners of real estate, perhaps the largest, in that city, and his wealth is not used for self any more than is his position in the party. He is a conservative man of a desirable and noble mind, and a man of business, he endeavors to serve others. Have a church, which was completed in 1852, at an expense of $75,000, $30,000 of which Mr. Hallock paid, and he has since added to this more than $20,000 in the payment of salaries, etc. The church, which was founded under the care of Rev. Dr. Sikes with 25 members, has now over 200, and the portion of the city in which it stands has undergone a radical and decided reform. Other and numerous benevolent objects have experienced his liberality. The Southern Aid Society is prominent among these—an institution which was founded through his agency and by his large benevolence, to support among the clergy in destitute portions of the South, after the American Home Missionary Society had made its settlement, city principles the test on which they would render aid to clergymen or people. Just perhaps no benefit to which Mr. Hallock is entitled equal those which are due him for his aid rendered in effecting the purchase and emancipation of worthy persons from slavery. So distinguished has been his success in this way, that probably a hundred slaves owe to Mr. and his exertions through the columns of the *Journal of Commerce* their freedom and comfortable circumstances. The abolitionists have no opponent at the North so powerful and constant as he; but they are in the habit of sending all who wish to effect the freedom of wives or children to his purse and application, and if the applicant be worthy he never asks in vain.

Mr. Hallock is now in the prime of life, vigorous active, and wholesome in his habits. He is a thorough and earnest man; and we believe it to be his heartfelt wish that he may live to see the Union restored, prosperous and fortified opposed, that he may remain long years at his post, to be as he has the model of an upright, active, and honest editor and man.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

THE FATE OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE reports which reach us from England on the defects in the Atlantic cable leave no room for doubt that the fault in working it previous to its failure. There is at least one serious blemish at a distance of over two hundred miles from Valentia, and it is more probable that another lesion, still further out to sea, interferes with the transmission of messages. It would be possible for the Company to raise the cable as far as the first presumed defect; but the experiment would cost an enormous sum of money, and it is not likely that the copper wire used in the present cable are too fine for practical use. As a work, the wires are doubtless sound, and probably in a measure perfect; and it is certain that the corrosive power of the sea will presently eat them through; and, accordingly, if they were not protected by a covering which our passing through them would in a very short time burn them to a cinder, were they useless. Such the sad but practical result of the experiments which have lately been made with the cable.

Let us not, however, hastily conclude that our rejoicings over the laying of the cable were premature. The first time it was laid, currents traveled successfully from Trinity Bay to Valentia, the great problem of intercourse telegraphing was solved, the grand and fatal practical difficulties were overcome. The first spark which flashed from shore to shore proved, first, that a cable could be laid in great Atlantic storms; and, secondly, that neither the length of the cable nor its submersion opposed any insurmountable obstacle to the transmission of the electric current. Henceforth the successful establishment of the Atlantic Telegraph is merely a question of time and money.

We take for granted that measures will be taken this winter by the present Company to insure the delivery next spring of such a fresh cable, to be laid in July or August, 1859. We presume that the Company is incumbered by the capital stock of their Company, or by some similar financial method, raise the money required for the new cable and the new expedition. And there can be little question but the Governments would continue to lend to the enterprise the aid which they so generously afforded. It is not a little curious that of the only two business messages that were sent across the cable in the days of its success, one was from the Government to the Governor of Canada, countermanding an order sent previously by mail for the dispatch of five regiments from North America to England, and then saved the British Government a useless expenditure of over two hundred thousand pounds.

It is on occasions like this that the strength of the Anglo-Saxon character comes out. It is persevering in the face of disasters, patient adherence to a fixed purpose, resolute fortitude under disappointment which distinguish the Anglo-Saxon from other races. There never was an occasion which called more loudly for the exercise of these virtues than this. And we hope that, when the time comes to renew the glorious adventure, our Government may not be backward in offering its aid, as it did to the Company; and that this time it may not only tender the *Niagara*, but at least as many ships of the British places at the disposal of the adventurers.

THE FRAZER RIVER DISCOVERIES.

FORM months, or thereabouts, have elapsed since the United States were reliably advised of the discoveries of gold in large quantities on the banks of rivers which disembogue in the Gulf of Georgia. Ever since that time the public in the Atlantic States have remained in that each fortnightly mail from California would convey the practical intelligence that a certain number of ounces had been shipped to San Francisco or New York. That particular item of news, it is but true to say, has not yet come to hand.

A general digest of the last four months' news from Frazer's River would present many inconsistencies. All parties, however, agree on some points. All admit that there is gold on the river which are classed as auriferous; and all testify that, up to latest dates, these rivers have been too high to permit the gold-seekers to ascertain the quantity in which the precious metal is distributed along the sand of the river bed. These are, we may say, the only two pertinent points on which there is no variation in the mass of testimony before us. Every other question is open to argument. Men of equal experience and equal claims to credit report in the most contradictory sense of the same localities; some asserting that men can make thirty dollars a day by working in the sand, others that only a dollar's no gold at all! Some authorities predict the speedy settlement and rapid progress of British Columbia; others indulge in remembrance of the late excitement an ephemeral delusion, and prophesy that it will speedily subside. Letters have appeared in the newspapers recounting the fortunes made by lucky land speculators at Victoria; letters have also appeared expressive of the gratitude of gold-seekers at being permitted by Providence to return from Frazer's River to California, penniless, but sound in wind and limb. It is not to be wondered at that the two points first mentioned, all is doubt and uncertainty.

The merchants of New York have given evidence of their sagacity by waiting to hear of actual shipments of gold dust before they consigned goods to Frazer's River. In London they have been more venturesome. We hear of several vessels laid on there for the new gold fields. On the other hand, our people have not followed the cautious example of the merchants. Independently of the ten or fifteen thousand who have gone to sea by left California for Frazer's River, at least two thousand have left the Atlantic States within the past few weeks with the same destination. One may judge of the extent of the movement by the perils of the navigation which every passenger by the Pacific Mail Company will make thirty percent. divided this year; its rival, the Nicaragua Company, has only seen one of its steamers, and has bought the Collins steamers *Atlantic* and *Baltic*, to run from San Juan del Sur to San Francisco, and perhaps Frazer's River.

For all this, we would caution our country readers against rushing precipitately to Frazer's River. Men who go there to make their fortunes, mine will either die there, or will return as poor as they went. It is not certain that gold exists there in sufficient quantities to remunerate industrious labor employed in seeking it; nor is it at all sure, even if the gold exists there in sufficient quantity, that the climate and physical geography will permit its being got out. And even if these two obstacles were removed —if it were found that the precious metal is as abundant and as accessible in Frazer's River as it is in California—we should still caution our country friends against leaving their homes and their prospects in chase of gold. For every man who has left California for Frazer's River has cursed their stars that they ever went there. The prizes in such lotteries as gold-hunting are magnificent, but they are few and they are the heritage of the industrious, the watchful, the energetic, and the prudent. And where is the country where these three last-named qualities, watchfulness, energy, and prudence will not insure success in any calling? No man is hurt by a little foreign travel and a little self-dependence and hardship; but no man should go to Frazer's River without, like a good general, first securing a safe retreat to his own quarters.

IS QUARANTINE NECESSARY?

THE recent destruction of the Quarantine Hospital on Staten Island, by virtue of an accidance of fire, and the consequent loss, in some places the hospital was situate, and to whose regulations in regard to nuisances it was by the act creating the Quarantine Board, suggested-ed inquiry into the general theory of quarantine.

The old idea, in pursuance of which this and all other quarantine hospitals were established, was that disease was communicated by contagion; in other words, that the atmosphere into a healthy and well-ordered community of an infected locality carried with it disease, or a bale of goods or clothing from a place where disease was prevalent, was calculated to breed the same disease in said community. To carry out this theory, persons and property coming from places where what the facility called infectious or contagious diseases—such as cholera, plague, small-pox, and yellow fever—were prevalent were forbidden to enter large and healthy cities, and were for a specific time immured in lazarettos and hospitals. It was supposed that their confinement would, by some peculiar process, disinfect them, and rid them of the unwholesome taint they had acquired by residence in the sickly locality whence they came.

Modern science has characteristic audacity has questioned the soundness of these theories. It has been urged that if disease can be transmitted to a distance by persons or property, the concentration in one particular locality, and especially in so confined and insalubrious a locality as a hospital, of such persons or property would be well calculated to develop that disease in the shortest period of time, and in the most aggravated form. And it has been lately asserted that if persons and merchandise coming from sickly ports were at once scattered throughout a healthy city, and separated from each other, the chances of extinguishing the disease, if it existed, would be much greater than now. The hardy innovators who propound these views would have us abolish all quarantines, and devote the money spent in maintaining them to such purification of our cities as would at once render the existence of epidemics impossible in those limits.

There is this, at all events, to be said in favor of the new and startling views—they are sustained by experiment. For many years there has been practically no quarantine at Havre, Antwerp, and Liverpool—the three greatest shipping ports in Europe. A number of, if not all of these ports, sick soldiers and passengers—suffering from all manner of diseases—are received into special hospitals, and treated; but at none of them are ships, merchandise, and human beings hastily disburthened from quarantine to the public by reason of their coming from sickly ports. And every one can testify that there is no instance in modern times in which the epidemic has been originated at any one of these three ports by the arrival of vessels from diseased ports.

If London, and Havre, and Liverpool can do without quarantine, it is asked by the skeptics, why not New York also? Is New York more susceptible than they?

There is one reason why quarantine will not be abolished at this port. The office at Staten Island is the most lucrative berth in the State. It is calculated that the present incumbent has received over $1,000,000 as fees, perquisites. It is hard for any political party to give up an engine of corruption so powerful as this. Hence it will more difficult to abolish it than the shipping merchants, out of whose pockets this enormous sum is extracted, and who are now selfishly struggling to retain the quarantine hospitals on Staten Island at the cost of scores of lives every year. It would not at least make some thorough inquiry into the great question: Are quarantine hospitals necessary at all?

THE RETURN OF GENERAL PAEZ.

IN a few days the famous General Paez will return to his own home in Venezuela. Young men who read these lines may wonder who General Paez is, and why he is famous. But the history of the great man who is about to leave us belongs to the past. He is himself a venerable man, and those who have long since been laid under the sod.

In those great contests which began nearly forty years ago, and which ended in the emancipation of the Spanish colonies in South America, General Paez, then a stripling, bore a prominent part. Among a people born to liberty and self-government, he was an ardent partisan of the democratic principle; among men who knew nothing of the mechanism of free institutions, he divined them; among politicians prone to change, and not always wedded to strict rectitude, he was ever one to avoid the principles he adopted in youth, and never committed an act or uttered a word that the strictest integrity of the purest sense of honor could question. When he was scarcely a man, he was a leader in councils, and a famous captain in the armies of his country. As nature ordained, he was the chief on whom all the best and wisest of the Venezuelans looked for counsel and guidance. In his old age, faction contrived to overthrow and exile him. In his disgrace and misfortune, he was a man to be as brave as he had been in the hour of his proudest triumph. Eleven years ago the Venezuelans exiled him to the Azores and Canary Islands. He came to New York, where he knew he could study the working of the institutions he loved, and where the fame of his age to man them, and perceive the methods by which their purity could be maintained. For eight years he lived a quiet private existence among us; not enjoying any ill-gotten spoils, as his enemies the Monagas are now doing, but living upon his private means, as he came a hero stamped in the mould of Aristides Cincinnatus, and Timoleon.

At length the countrymen have awakened to a sense of the fatal error they committed in exiling this great man. The present President, Monasisting of the first men of Venezuela, has been sent to invite him to return; and the aged patriot, if not to resume the reins of power, has been superior to private resentments, has cheerfully accepted the offer, and is about to leave us. The least that we can do is to testify our sense of the respect we feel for so truly noble a character. It has been suggested that he should be sent home in a national vessel. This is good so far as it goes; but it is not enough. We are decidedly of opinion that before General Paez leaves our shores he should take some public opportunity of letting the world, and especially Venezuela, know how highly they venerate him,

and how great a boon his own country has conferred on itself by persuading him once more to take refuge in its bosom.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.

THE MESSRS. HARPERS have now in press a work which, we trust, is destined to effect a revolution in what we may call moral legislation. The Messrs. the physicians of the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, has, under the orders of the Board of Ten Governors, been employed for several years in collecting statistics and facts with regard to that blot on our civilization which modern moralists term the "Great Social Evil." Having set about to give to the public the fruit of his researches in the shape of a report, which forms upon examination only the work, we may say, contains all that is ascertainably known, and all that is worth knowing, about the Social Evil from the Occult Years to the present day. The chapters which refer to antiquity reveal an amount of research equally rare and valuable. The legislation of Europe, from the first repressive edicts of the Middle Ages to the present time, is elaborately and philosophically reviewed. The work ends with the most complete array of figures that have ever seen the light in reference to the Evil in the United States. Never have the statistics of this Mayor, reported to Dr. Sanger, and the police throughout the United States brought to bear for the work they alone have proved to be worth, the Evil, in its past history and its present bearings, is for more fully delineated in this work than it has ever been before. Nor can any subsequent account prove satisfactory unless it appropriate the material and the arguments used here.

Facts prove that, in reference to this painful subject, our legislation has been really unconscious. Light is now thrown on this whole question; it will be our own fault if we do not benefit by it.

THE LOUNGER.

SQUIER WESTERN UPON POPULAR EDUCATION.

WE spoke a week or two since of the refusal of several thousand citizens by the police to vote in the city, for want of proper accommodation, as one of the most dangerous signs of the times, and something to be especially deplored in a country whose permanent prosperity and future development depend so absolutely upon popular education.

Among ignorant people there is a very natural prejudice against intelligence. It is notorious that farmers have a peculiar jealousy of what they call "book-farming;" as if the experience of a neighbor ceased to be experience because it was told it with a pen to a thousand people, instead of telling it with the tongue to one person. "We don't want no schools!" said a citizen of Richland County lately; "there is Jethro's son—he committed forgery, and was sent to the State Prison. Now if he hadn't been educated he couldn't have committed forgery."

The argument is laughable enough, but it is quite universal and influential. It is so unreasonable that it is hardly to be answered, and we will not make a man who would seriously say such a thing perceive that his argument not only denies the advantage of any degree of instruction in any direction, but that it would be just as sensible to say that a man's eyes should be put out and his hands cut off, because if he had no eyes or hands, he could not steal. But his tongue should be pulled out lest he might blaspheme. Does not the Rockland County citizen see that, if a man's hands may become the instruments of theft, they may also be the tools given him by God to do his work and make his living with; and that experience may show how that men generally forge because they can write?

The reader may smile at a sober reply to such an argument. But if he lived long in a country neighborhood he would be amazed at the opposition opposed to increased taxation for schools, who would take just this ground; and if the reader were a member of the School Committee, and should be interested in popular education, he could not accomplish this end by smiling at the arguments of his opponents.

But it seems that this jealousy of knowledge is not confined to our own country districts. It seems, but that in England also even Members of Parliament take the same view sometimes. At a late meeting of his constituents a certain "gallant" Major Beresford, M.P., appeared, and made an extraordinary speech for a legislator. He declared country as much as possible. He declared, for instance, that he would have died sooner than vote for the admission of Jews to Parliament; and, at another subsequent meeting about schools, he expressed his opinion that popular education never might be carried too far. He did not wish "to see the lower classes educated beyond a certain point of learning which are only suited for those who occupy a higher position." He was willing, it seems, that the great mass of the people should be taught to read and write, and to have "that knowledge which is calculated to make them good and useful citizens."

What is a good and useful citizen, in a question which the gallant Major, M.P., has probably not considered, or about which his ideas are immensely confused. Was Robert Stephenson a good and useful a citizen as Major Beresford, M.P.? Is there any incorporated reason why the son of a gallant major should be entitled to wider education than the son of the most eminent of English engineers?

It is sad enough to read this pitiful talk, which belongs to the Middle Ages, gravely uttered by an English lawyer to-day. It is sadder to know that, in this country, there are plenty of people who would have loudly cheered the gallant Major as he resumed his seat.

LOYALTY TO LAW.

THE London *Times* thinks that the people of this country hold to the right of insurrection, and quotes the Sun Democrat in support of its opinion.

The meaning of this statement is, that the tendencies of a republican government are to lawlessness. But the fact is precisely the reverse. Loyalty is respect for law. It is ingrained and instinctive in the American nature; and although under the circumstances of the old democracies of history the danger was constantly to anarchy, the very reverse of this tendency is found to exist under our present conditions of popular education and intelligence.

European peace and obedience to law are owing to the "order" of Warsaw. A strong military despotism will ever be continued to hold the people in check. But every man knows that the single exception to all that force is the signal for the erection of barricades and the rebellion of the people. What is the peace of Paris, of Vienna, of St. Petersburg, of Madrid, or of Milan? It is loyalty to law? On the contrary, it is the cowering quiet of the conquered. In New York there is a population, in city and suburbs, of nearly a million. Yet the unimportant order there are fifteen hundred policemen and some fifteen hundred militia—not a separate class farming as army. The peace of the city is preserved by the general intelligence and general prosperity of the people. Nowhere in the world, except in this country that a rising of any mass of people, outside of law, has been free evidence of the fact that order not failed to be preserved by law.

Wherever education and prosperity go hand in hand intelligent loyalty to law—not an inbutred and forced submission to it—is the necessary characteristic of the people. And in this connection it is only a formalist, or a demagogue, who contends every year that Governor Seward's speech at Rochester and dangerous insurrection. In Greece and Italy the people are unanimated because they were such only in name—for without education and intelligence a republic is impossible—and the history of all the old democracies is simply the history of successful rivalries between certain leaders. The strongest man always took the city, and held it in the interest of the leader who maintained and invested the ignorant rabble.

Our large cities are directly opposite direction. If our Government is ever subverted, it will not be by lawlessness; it will be by combination of the spirit and sustenance of our assimilation of the forms of law. This very tendency of order, this love of loyalty by law, such as our people have ever displayed, will be used by the enemies of a genuine republican system of free institutions, to accomplish its ends—to destroy that system, and establish a despotism. And the only possible defense against such a danger is the universal diffusion and promotion of a system of education which will constantly tend to make every citizen by the intelligent appreciation of its objects and limitations.

"Railroads are quite a feature with us, three important ones having their principal depots here, viz., the Peoria and Bureau Valley; Peoria, Burlington, and Quincy; and the Eastern Extension, making direct connection, east, and west. A fourth is now in process of construction to go out through Missouri, to be called the Peoria and Hannibal Railroad. The eastern road has one of the finest draw bridges across the Illinois at this place that can be found in the world. Running parallel with this, and a short distance above, is another bridge, of similar construction, for the wagon and foot passengers—the toll to gentlemen of the latter, and ladies free.

"But our space will not allow any more of stargazing, we have no less than three daily, mail six or seven weekly papers.

"But I must draw this long letter to a close, without having either space or inclination to half the great points in my subject to do so, however, would take too much time, but, by the way, if you should ever come to Illinois, and will call at my ancestors *sanctorum*, I will take great pleasure in doing the honors with all the certainty of a genius.

Yours truly, WESTERN."

THE ATLANTIC WIRE.

THE lungs of the illumination have burned out, the rockets have left the stars in the sky, and the gorgeous towers and palaces built of fire have exhaled for their beauty and are not. The banquets have been spoken, and the sermons preached, and the odes sung. The union of two continents has been finally celebrated; time and space have been bowled by orators and poets; but still the sea rolls and roars, and still rules the waves.

That the experiment of transmitting messages has failed is clear enough, but there is no reason to believe that it will not presently succeed. We have only tried off our guns a little too soon. We have rung our New York bells in mid-summer. But the great occasion still remains. The practical victory is won. The difficulty was in laying the wire, and that has been laid. Professor Morse's Boston did not come too soon; for his part of the work was done, and the New World is of very little importance to them.

But only the men who do not think mark will say that. Virtually to make Liverpool and America one people, is to take an enormous stride in civilization. It is impossible to dispose of it by saying that American news is not interesting to England. American news must be interesting to England. It is the news of a new hemisphere of the world and control the future. Civilization, or the progress of man, is a fluctuating movement of politics. It is the soul-inflating flower which blossoms upon them bought. And it is not the commercial facilities, but the moral union, which is the grand final result of the enterprise, which has not failed, but is merely delayed.

THE LOUNGER'S LITTLE JOKE.

MR. LOUNGER—As the Atlantic Telegraph has almost ceased to be a weather, and will, no doubt, soon cease to be conversational theme, I will offer something better, copied from Sir Thomas Browne. He does not seem to have been successful in his experiments with the bodkin ingenuity has only to set itself to work, and we shall soon hear of

THE TELEGRAPH SUPERSEDED.

"There is a council of letter notes, and whispered thereto the wind with some attention; credulous and vulgar auditors readily believing it, and more judicious and disinterest heads not altogether rejecting it, as not unsuch it excellent, and if the effect would follow, mentionable before a scrupulous and wight consistence like reason, and easier on earth with Mesiopus in the moon. And thus is preluded from the sympathy of two lutes touched with the same headstone, and placed in the centre of two distances and remote rooms, whereof the one, strelled round about them, one friend keeping one, and another the other, and agreeing upon hour to make it will communicate. For then, saith tradition, at what distance soever the one is removed, the other is observed unto any letter, the other, by a wonderful sympathy, will move unto the same. But hereof, notwithstanding experiences can make no truths for having expressly tried many, they have not yet found any thing to the number of the Latine letters, divided each into twenty-three parts, and placed upon two sides or months answering to the same chord, touched with the same headstone, and at the same time, whereby, upon the motion of any one, although but at the distance of half a span, the other would stand like Hercules' pillars, and if the experiment be true, as I cannot say no more at set. Nor is it not possible that any body should have no boundaries, as the air and the wind, or it is regardless thereof, as the fact that distance which scarce at hand it can not perform by the help."

The above is from a book just two hundred years old. It can not be the result of more perseverance than Thomas, then let the idea return to the same editors from which the above is copied, and see what they can do.

"GREENWOOD STABLE COLLEGE,
WEST-HOBOKEN, N.Y., September, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER—Should DR. WEBSTER make a mistake? The ballot down this way will call it 'calle'fication;' and we think that the ballot, as usual, is correct. And why isn't it 'calle'fy the nature? And if the pencil is short, don't it 'calle'fy the nature to sharpen it? What right has he, then, to pronounce it 'calle'fication?' And, besides, it seems to us that the pronunciation of the spelling of it is always thought it was derived from *calleo*, *hardy*, and *calleo*, *strength*; and not, as he says, from *calleo*, *beautiful*, strength. Has he forgotten the adjective *calle'ior*? Surely he ought to know things. Mr. Lounger, if the word is properly "calli'fication," why should we always call it "calle'fication?" Should DR. WEBSTER always call it "calle'fy" if he wants us to *follow* him, let him find us in right paths. YOURS,

—S. L. has so fully explained these things that the Lounger can do no more than expose him to the odium which, Christmas, quite sure that S. L. will take care of himself in the encounter.

"GIBBELL, *September*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In your issue of 11th September notice is taken of the "Times" and "Tribune" reporting the President's and Queen Victoria's telegraphic speeches.

"In referring to your comments, in a previous number of your paper, respecting the President's message, he says: *I differ with you, but not with a tenth of you upon any difference!*

"Now, if the President's message was not 'good and grammatical (which it seems Mr. Collins is trying to make the Lounger acknowledge), Mr. Collins must admit that the above sentence of his is ridiculous and ungrammatical. And if the 'President has tricked with the Queen's English,' Mr. Collins is guilty of the same offence; and if you can find the opposite opinion, I beg leave to differ from you. Please call this to know whether you support my difference.

Respectfully yours, H. M. B."

—H. M. B. must now learn how extremely captious a critic must be. Let him look at his last sentence and comment upon it. "If my use of the opposite opinion, I beg leave to differ from you." Impossible! The Lounger is the one who holds an opposite opinion, is the Lounger also the one from whom H. M. B. differs?

—CHARITOV takes the following view of the Dissidents. It is the stock stanza of his poem to that river:

"His own rolling waters his messages bear
To the Dissidents' country, and cross in the air
And the clouds are his couriers, coming from far,
With tidings of peace every month.
Oh, yes, Mississippi is the father of waters!
The ocean acknowledges his sway,
And the rivers and seas are his sons and daughters
And are joyful his will to obey."

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—A subscriber in East Feliciana, Louisiana, in regard to the Lounger's use of the word *donated* runs in addition of the spats in a pack of cards, says:

"There is something 'fun' as regards the Lounger's definitions. He has condemned the use of the word *donated* and 'fun' *once*, and evidently intends to 'down' it and 'fun' it *somehow!* for all that. And Mr. Lounger, you should not *play* such 'hands' on your subscribers!"

—DEAR LOUNGER,—Dreary teachers, in solemn black, tell us, with grave-yard intonation, that the 'universal is the language of the heart,' and we tacitly bow at the part of it we call free. New England, which fearful of meetings, has, as the country grows, set aside a Thanksgiving among us, whose name signifies at least 'six sings' (sixpence) in Shillingtown.

"There is one separation, however, and by no means the least noticeable that human art is called to suffer, which I have never heard alluded to in a sermon, whose subject the song of the heart—separation of lovers. Some thoughts on this worn-out, though not hackneyed subject:

"FAREWELL TO AN OLD SHOE.

"Friends must part, and man is fated
Still to lose or be forsaken;
Long and well have we been mated—
Now I am alone, forsooth.

"Trinity, ours, is gloomy blindness,
Thou in street and parlor shone;
Lonely, lonely, loneliness—
Now thy glories all are flown.

"Art, alas! no more can make thee
Smooth! Or let or high-heel'd wight
Scarce the bunniest bugear 'd take thee—
I so more must call thee mine.

"Fashion never more can brook thee:
Linings long have worn away;
Strings and buckles, rotten through—
Time has marked thee for his prey.

"Long thy sole and upper leather,
Firmly sewed by cordwain'r hand,
Fagg'd united on together—
Now, alas, they're forced to part.

"Clad by then, my foot has often
Noiseless trod the darkened room,
While a goodly form reposed
Stole upon disease's gloom.

"Clothed with thee, I've climbed the mountain,
Over hill and valley roved,
Lingered by sequestered fountain;
Rambled through the leafy wood.

"Ah! what joy I'd then in toving!
With what endless ease I'd go!
Whether over rough or smoothing,
Never thou pinched hoof or toe.

"But what, now, will good I do thee?
Still of worth I've cared to dwell;
Cares on each upcurved foot send me—
Farewell, I sigh farewell!"

—S. NORTHSIDE BEAM." O. M. SHERINGAM.

—M." ALICE" wants the sex to derive some advantage from the Atlantic wire, and suggests:

"I see that 'Bell, Block, & Co.,' and Mr. O'Shaughnessy, have secured a right to the said cable, if any Truth they declare, and have cut it in sections, With brass, and silver, and gutta percha covered To be worn by the gents, and have sold off a few: Now why don't the Ladies secure some part? Not in bulky pieces, as heavy as rocks—For how could any lady bear such unwieldy bulk?
Which Frank commissioned most kindly to give me A neat finished sample, which I'll now show: But wrought up in bracelets, to capture them stupids, Encased over with bands, and gutta percha'd, Engaged in their airy and graceful gymnastics: For last, but not least, in the shape of a collar, I don't mean them things which your shoe-mercants barter—

But naught more or less than a regular *curtain!* Now, don't become alarmed at this same electricity, At what I assert with the gravest simplicity. It is not 'touch me soon,' for I'll tell you the cable; And, only just think, each morn we'd be able To say that to each other, 'Good morning, Alice!' We all have agreed that this would be a size, And I've written each word that I've intended, And hope that for this you will not be offended. Receive a small place in your nursery's chains For other warm friends, not forgetting your

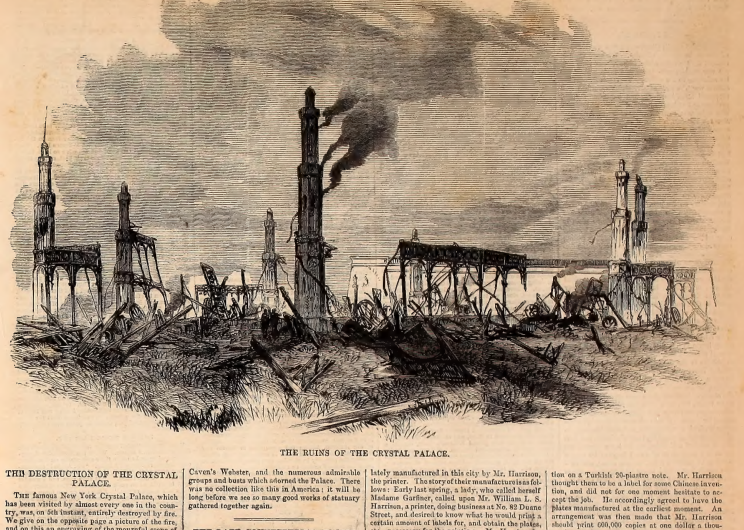
"ALICE."

—The Lounger agrees with "MERITABLE." They are very pretty poetry. Does M. know the verses with the same refrain,

"Go where the water giddeth gaily ever,
Giddeth always, nowhere else that I intended be,
Go listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me."



DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE BY FIRE, OCTOBER 5, 1858.



THE RUINS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE famous New York Crystal Palace, which has been visited by almost every one in the country, was, on 5th instant, entirely destroyed by fire. We give on the opposite page a picture of the fire, and on this an engraving of the mournful scene of desolation presented by the ruins.

The fire is understood to have been the work of an incendiary. The Fair of the American Institute was being held in the building at the time; all the goods on exhibition, and about 3000 spectators, were in the Palace. At about five o'clock, flames were detected in the north nave near Forty-second Street. Attempts were at once made to bring the hydrants (of which there were eight in the building) into play; but the rapidity with which the flames spread along the pitch-pine floors, and the bursting of several gas-pipes, rendered the struggles unavailing. The inmates rushed to the doors, and fortunately escaped without injury. But hardly any of the property exhibited was saved. Within twenty minutes after the discovery of the fire the dome fell in with a tremendous crash; half there been any living beings in the Palace at the time they would have perished. One or two bold men succeeded in carrying out show-cases of jewelry and other valuable objects; but the bulk of the articles on exhibition must have been destroyed within a very few minutes of the first outbreak of the fire.

The Palace was built, as will be remembered, in 1852–53, for the great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, which was held here in the latter year. It was opened with great *éclat* by President Pierce, in July of 1853. Since the close of the Exhibition it has been used for various concerts, fairs, and balls; but it has never, we believe, proved a profitable property for its owners. Not many weeks have elapsed since we gave a fine engraving of the presentation in that building of medals to Cyrus W. Field and his associates in the telegraph enterprise.

The loss to the public and to private individuals by the destruction of this fine building is very severe. It was the finest edifice of its kind in America. It was the only building in New York in which such a ceremony as the presentation to Cyrus W. Field could have taken place. It was by far the best building we have for fairs and great public assemblies. The exhibitors, who had all they had sent to the *fair*, were, it is said, 3360 in number. Many of these had contributed valuable works of art and industry; the *chef d'œuvres* of their particular branch of production. Chickering's pianos, for instance, of which there were twelve in the building, were valued at $6000. There were, among other valuable objects, three steam calliopes worth $2000; jewelry from Ostby's worth $2000; two large panoramas; a vast number of sewing machines; $15,000 worth of plows; $2000 worth of surveying instruments from one maker's; and, generally, mechanical implements, furniture, machinery, etc., of every kind and of the most perfect description. But more noteworthy even than the destruction of these objects—because less easily replaced—was the loss of the fine statuary in the Palace. Every one remembers Kiss's Amazon, the cast of Thorwaldsen's Christ and his Apostles, Marochetti's Washington, Caven's Webster, and the numerous admirable groups and busts which adorned the Palace. There was no collection like this in America; it will be long before we see so many good works of statuary gathered together again.

THE LATE COUNTERFEITS ON THE TURKISH BANK.

We give herewith accurate representations of the two sides of the counterfeit Turkish Bank-notes lately manufactured in this city by Mr. Harrison, the printer. The story of their manufacture is as follows: Early last spring, a lady, who called herself Madame Gardner, called upon Mr. William L. S. Harrison, a printer, doing business at No. 82 Duane Street, and desired to know what he would print a certain amount of labels for, and obtain the plates, etc., necessary for the printing. Mr. Harrison informed her of his price, when she left; but in a few days after she again called, and ordered *four* dozen of electrotype plates to be made, representing the latest herewith engraved, and which is the inscription on a Turkish 25-piastre note. Mr. Harrison thought them to be a label for some Chinese invention, and did not for one moment hesitate to accept the job. He accordingly agreed to have the plates manufactured at the earliest moment. An arrangement was then made that Mr. Harrison should print 500,000 copies at one dollar a thousand, and that they should be done within a certain given time. The work was accordingly finished, and all delivered, with the exception of about one quarter of the bills, which, together with the plates, were left in Mr. Harrison's care, until they should be called for.



THE STATE SEAL ON THE BACK.

The following is the translation of the inscription on the bills:

To be paid to the bearer without interest.

Tersah en Sultan asri.

[The seal being surrounded by the rays of the sun.]

TWENTY PIASTRES, TO BE USED IN PLACE OF GOLD, DESERVED AT THE BANK OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

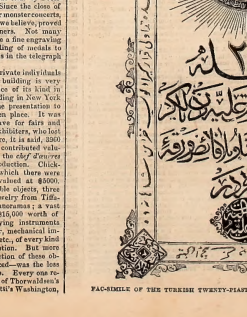
Seal of the Minister of the Mint.

To be paid to the bearer without interest.

With the counterfeits in her possession, Madame Gardner, or Seventi, as she was sometimes called, departed for Turkey. Her arrival there was thus described in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, quoting the *Journal of Constantinople*:

"Among the passengers who had arrived from Syra by the steamer *Aghia Sophia*, which runs between Liverpool and Constantinople, touching at the above port, was an elegantly dressed lady. On landing, she appeared very anxious about her baggage, and requested an Englishman, who was attached to the steam company's office, to accompany her to the custom-house, saying that by his assistance she might have the examination got through more readily and with less fuss. She also expressed anxiety lest her dresses and other articles of toilet should be mangled. The Director of the custom-house, Abdulah Effendi Bey, assured her, with the greatest courtesy, that nothing should be injured, but that her trunks must be opened. This was done, and the very first locked at was found to have a false bottom. On this, the Director had all the rest of the baggage removed into an inner-room, and requested the lady to follow him there. A further search was then made, and two other trunks were found to be made in the same manner, and to have carefully packed in them forged notes of 20 piastres, to the total amount of 1,320,000 piastres, made up in packets of 1000 each. The lady herself was afterward searched, and there were found, carefully sewed in her under garments, 20,000 piastres more of the same notes. The lady and her baggage were immediately sent off to the Ministry of Police, and on her way thither she betrayed the utmost alarm and agitation. On being interrogated by the Minister she gave her name as Sosa—, that of one of the first families in the East. She stated that she was a native of Moldavia, and was a married woman. She was afterward removed to the prison for women and carefully watched, and on the following day was taken to the Porte and examined by the Grand Vizier himself. It is believed that she is only the agent of a band of forgers who have made Syra their head-quarters."

Mr. Harrison's innocence is obvious, and he has been honorably acquitted. By the shrewdness of his office 400,000 of the counterfeit "labels" were found, which the lady had been in the habit of using to label fires. The Turkish piastre is worth, at the present rate of exchange, about three cents;



FAC-SIMILE OF THE TURKISH TWENTY-PIASTRE NOTES, COUNTERFEITED AT NEW YORK.

es that each of the labels which Mr. Harrison was to deliver at a dollar a thousand was worth sixty cents or thereabouts. A quarter of a million of money lay on his shelves in unexpected safety. Had the boys but known of its value what rare sports there might have been on the Bosphorus!

LITERARY.

Gould & Lincoln (Boston) publish a uniform set of the works of Hugh Miller. We have recently noticed the "Footprints of the Deluge," and shall likewise call our readers who desire to complete their sets by referring to the others. Dan O'Connell's Repentance was the first of Mr. Miller's works which attracted attention. He had published nothing previously but local matter of no public interest. The next was FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE, a book of rare shrewdness, and a book of so much learning and instruction. Then followed THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR, which was a scientific and intelligible refutation of what had then taken great hold on the public mind, "The Vestiges of Creation." The remarkable work we last noticed without a struggle to the overwhelming force of the Creamery season's arguments and facts. Infidelity never received a more telling blow. Mr. SCHMUCKER AND SCHOOLMASTERS was a glorious commentary on the passage of Holy Writ—"The heavens declare the glory of God." Nature had taught him the lessons he now made so plain to weaker intellects. Then in this order was a passage over which we have pondered with deep feeling many times since the melancholy week we last unfinished author. It is that in which he describes his interview with an insane woman, and his own consequent misgivings. When he wrote it he could have had little idea of the fate that awaited his own magnificent intellect. Then followed OUR ROCKS was his dying testimony to the truth of God and of science as one truth. The grand model of a perfect man, who, in health, lives within his standard, and worked by it always, and knew that he was wrong when his work was not to be fairly measured by it, his works should be in every house in the land, where children will learn to read them. A love like unlimited Christianity and to believe in the truths he so triumphantly vindicates. Those who have not read them should not imagine the charm which he throws around his subject, or the entrancement into which he leads the reader. It would be a shame to the whole family as he reads, to tramp over the hills with such a companion, and hear his eloquent words with the stones for texts. Kit North would have been eloquent with his own thoughts, and would have poured out a thousand glorious passages of mirth and wit. Wilson, a man of self-make, would have poured out the full flow of eloquence. It will require many authors to speak in nature's voice, simple, sober, and sublime words that would never be forgotten. He is dead, and his works remain. Thank God for the talent of printing with new force.

Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. issue a volume of SERMONS TO THE CHURCHES by Dr. Wayland, The learned divine, whose name is known throughout the country, has labored to make his sermons suitable to every denomination, and hence the catholic tone he has given to his style. His success appears to be complete in this respect. To say that the sermons are eloquent is but stating what is a matter of course. To add that they possess the additional attraction of being practical, and as sermons appear to be most perfect, perhaps it is to be hoped that such as these will secure the popular ear.

In A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE, published by Chapman & Hall, we find much that is interesting, but chiefly to Yorkshiremen and their readers. There are many of the manners and customs of Yorkshire, however, that are not wholly unlike some parts of America, and, on this account, the volume will repay an examination. We make room for extracts from a popular religious ballad which is worth preserving:

"O what a deal we hear and read
About influences and ways sweet,
Of lines which are, or may be made;
And selling pigs by pokes a trade.

Allow me, as an old Dean
To point you to another line,
Which does from earth to heaven extend,
Where real pleasures never end.

Of truth divine the rails are made,
And on the Rock of Ages laid;
The rails are God's laws of love,
Firm as the throne of God above.

One grand first-class is used for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
There's room for all the world inside,
And high walls keep out devils wide.

About a hundred years or so
Wesley and others said they'd go;
A starting post they made,
That Wesley and his friends might ride.

The nine-and-fifty years, they say,
Whoever lives, is sure May,
Another coach was added then
Unto this all-important train.

Jesus is the first engineer,
He does the gospel engine steer;
Where guards are wise, exile others stand
Close by the way with flag in hand.

CHORUS.

'My Son,' says God, 'give me thy heart'—
Make haste, or else the train will start!"

MR. G. VANDENHOFF is announced to read Longfellow's forthcoming Poem on the evening of the day of its publication, in Boston, 18th October. Of course he is prepared beforehand. He is engaged to read from Shakspeare before the Mercantile Library Association in this city, and we congratulate our fellow-citizens on the intellectual treat which they will enjoy if they go to hear him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE great overland route to California, commenced at St. Louis on 9th, having been 23 days, 4 hours in making the journey. The first daily mail here communicated to the President, he replied as follows:

"WASHINGTON, October 5, 1858.

"*John Butterfield, President, etc.*

"SIR,—Your dispatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph of the energy of American enterprise. We are indeed within Mr. Bates, the superintendent, a thousand miles of home. Another week will see the overland mail here ahead of the time table, having traversed the hardest and most difficult portion of the entire distance. We have invoked sight and day, the Argus-footed messenger, to speed the time of your progress. We have suffered but our detention of conspicuous, and feel sure we shall not be disappointed. Let me, as the first lover, share I managed to write you while the coach changed horses. I have scarcely time to write you a line. Mr. Dodge, the postmaster, will hand you this letter of acceptance, and the crack crossing and route too frequent to admit of your stopping with him. We are doing finely, and astonish the natives with the facility of our progress. I will, as I go, write you a more extended letter. I can so when the route is fully established, and have no pen but a pencil. Mr. Bates will hand you the mail, the specimens and fruit Bishop certainly, and I dare say not forget. We have had fine weather, though I fear the coldest weather, though I fear the extreme rainy days and cold nights of the mountains will be encountered. At night comes on I have to keep putting on clothes, and as we approach the Rocky Mountains I shall have to put on my overcoat. I am writing in the coach, and can only use one side mail, since we left St. Louis. This place is the residence of Governor Stanly, and the residence of Major Thomas, and now has two companies stationed there. I will, on my return, write you a more extended letter journey from Fayetteville, Arkansas, where my last letter left me. The overland mail is now going through to San Francisco safely and in time."

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

A Washington correspondent telegraphs: "Dispatches have been received at the Indian Bureau from the Interior Department of the Interior from New Mexico, giving account of a fight between a party of Mexicans, under Captain M'Lowe, of the Rifles, who returning from Santa Fe to Fort Defiance, encountered a band of Navajo Indians and a few friendly Indians and Mexicans, under Captain John Lowrie, stationed at Fort Defiance. The fight took place, he discovered a large body of Indians attempting to capture their stock. Lowrie immediately pursued and attacked the Indians, who had signified by their warlike demonstration of attacking the troops. The fight lasted, not at a distance of three to four hundred yards from the fort, and resulted in the defeat of the Indians, a party of them, with their chief, being captured. A sharp fire of arrows and bullets. M'Lowe's command, consisting of 25 men, was surrounded, and finally defended the fight, and took a large amount of property, among it, the chief's blanket. This is the same band which protected the murderer of Major Brooke's servant. Major Brooke, commanding the Rifles, has ordered that this gentleman meeting servant Indian war, and that the Indians be punished for their crime. The Indians, consisting of about three hundred mounted riflemen and infantry, and the Indians remained in the vicinity thousand natives. They are defiant; for when Lowrie's command left the fort they were fired on by the mounted Indians. The Indians are under the control of General Indian war. The Department is, in view of their unprovoked attack upon the troops, determined to put the overland routes, will act with determined vigor."

ARRIVAL OF A SURVIVOR OF THE "CENTURION."

On Saturday last a boat was seen to put to sea in the John Street Church, at which Mr. Berry, one of the survivors, and Captain Hall, of the ship Centurion, of Boston, and landed at the wharf. Inquiries elicited the startling intelligence that the Centurion had been wrecked, and that Mr. Berry, with a friend of his, had made the hazardous passage to be delivered to their respective families in care of Captain Hall, who had picked them up. Into the water. His friend was lost, while he was obliged, in the absence of any means to keep his head above the, to preserve with which he had provided himself on board, and which he had secured to his person. He was picked up by the surface, he saw the perceived some distance off, and he immediately struck out in that direction, succeeded in reach it, but he reached it first and saved himself. He thought that his friend had perished, and that he was the only one left to tell the fearful tale to him, or to let him be exhausted that he thought life was ebbing away in the struggle. The boat had reached to this shore to save the French bark in the distance, and an same-date case has been followed. Mr. Berry was picked up by Captain Hall after two hours and more nearly unused by the boat, and, when he was taken on board, he was in a state of utter exhaustion, his legs in the Saviour's love, that he was almost deprived of the power of speech. He was, at the time of his being hour, he would experience the same torpor he felt when he was picked up. He was taken to the residence of his brother-in-law in Jersey.

THE TRADE IN SQUAWS.

A correspondent writes:

"NEW TRADING POST, on the Upper Cut, 19 miles south of *Pawnee*, THIS TERRITORY, August 30, 1858.

"A new trade is springing up between the Pawnee and the Pimlico Indians—that of selling and buying squaws. At the January, when a party of Pawnees visited the Pimlico Aleuan, having a squaw who signified her wish to have a younger husband. She was accordingly sold to him for his rifle to Cedar, where they were quartered, leaving the squaw in the hands of the Pimlico. Soon after the United States troops, and sold her to Dragoon, she has a fair prospect of having her desires more than realized. It is understood that this trade is to continue to a large trade.

"A few days since a voice of crying was heard in the streets; I went out and saw an Indian dragging along his squaw, whilst she was crying bitterly. I asked him what was the cause, he replied, 'Keta admet no'—that's what I want, having conceived a desire for another squaw husband, and, probably, she was to likewise accommodated. There are sudden change here who have no thing to do or think of, to furnish all the disinterested parties with a fund of entertainment."

PUNISHED FOR LEAVING A SAILOR ON A DESERT ISLAND.

AT Boston, on 4th inst., in the United States District Court, Hamon J. Aspinwall, late master of the bark Caroline Amelia, master of ship Betsey Williams, of New York, and Lewis Hamilton, of Boston, and Thomas Jones and John Francis, a colored man, one of his crew, in the month of November, 1853. The mate of this vessel, Mr. Weston, has already been convicted of an assault upon Francis with a deadly weapon, for which the penalty of one eye was destroyed.

Mr. Weston testified to the fact of his being put on shore on the island of Desolation. He asked the captain, the witness was below in irons; the irons were knocked off, and he was put on board a boat, the captain instructing them that if they could not land Francis without getting their boat stove, to throw him overboard, and let him get ashore as best he could. He says that as he was leaving the vessel Francis gave him one or two short kicks, and said that if he should live and any one should ask of who put him there, to answer, "Captain Aspinwall kicked me ashore." They gave him a few articles of clothing and a few things from the cabin, after which the ship sailed away, and he was left the only soldier on the island. He was there about two years. He lived on raw animals, and was obliged to kill them by taking refuge in a hut, which he made of sticks, stuff, and skins. Sometimes in the habit of going down to the beach before starting to look for a ship, because his island was not much frequented by ships, and he was the sand. Finally the ship *Old Hector* touched at the island, and he was taken off and carried to Valparaiso, where he remained seven months and a half in the hospital. There were two vessels in the harbor at the time, but others, and also some evidence for the defense, which the court refused to hear. Aspinwall was sentenced to a fine of $100, and also assessed $80 damages to the negro Jones.

In the island of Desolation, in the Indian Ocean, and was formerly used by the Peruvian Government as a penal station, and was afterward abandoned, but sometimes visited by whalers for the head of the wild chickens in the island, and this is the only inducement to the rescue of Francis.

A SAILOR SAVED HER LIFE BUT LOST HER JEWELS.

WE read in the *Cincinnati Gazette*: "Some persons are born under a lucky star, or are protected by some guiding Providence. Among the many local escapes of ourselves murmuring at the derangement of their plans by a lady, residing in Cincinnati, who was preparing to leave a visit in Europe, where she has been spending the last two years. She had first procures to be sent to the Austrian the lady used the amount necessary for a certain passage by the Cunard line of steamers, with instructions to select her a good stateroom. He did so directly, and the passage-ticket in the office location in the vessel; and on her arrival in Hamburg, she found that the room in the vessel was overlaid with passengers, and the room assigned her in the steerage. Her trunk, containing her jewelry and valuable dresses, had been forwarded to Antwerp, to await the return of her passage-money, but he declined to refund it. A bargain was struck with the captain, and the lady was either compelled to accept such quarters as he had reserved for, or to return to her home and lose her passage-ticket. She determined to accept the latter alternative, and proceeded to secure passage in another steamer.

After the arrangements had been made, and before the *Austria* sailed, a boiling took possession of her mind that the vessel was unsafe. Where passengers would meet with some terrible accident, and that she herself would be lost. Under the influence of this fear she refused to go on board, and, just as the vessel was about quietly borne trouble without waiting for it to cause any unfavorable impression, and the vessel sailed, and the lady was either compelled to accept such quarters as had been reserved for, or to return to her home and lose her passage-ticket. She determined to accept the latter alternative, and proceeded to secure passage in another steamer.

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THE SAD STORY OF HOPE.

The Philadelphia *Press* mentions a case of distress of those concerned with the ship Hope, Jacobs. The wife of Mr. Theodore Jacobs, of Baltimore, is now with the relatives in Philadelphia, and while they have no doubt of her loss, she cannot yet be convinced that she is dead; either he was not on board the *Astoria* though he went to her for trial and actually paid for his passage, or if he was, that he must have been among the few who were rescued. Mrs. Jacobs is a lady of fine appearance.

It may be within the knowledge of many of our readers that a dispatch was sent by the Navy Department to be left for Europe on the 31st of August, and was never delivered. The dispatch was for Lieutenant Hollins, who was deeply attached to him, never did, because she was not in Europe, and could not be found. Lieutenant Hollins was in Baltimore when I was last, and was engaged as far as we know, and she repudiates the name of wife—consequently she is not a widow. Still, however is placed for him at the table where still stands his accustomed chair. Every day at the bell, we are informed, awakens the cherished emotion of her heart that the loved one is near.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON HIS NATIVE STATE.

The *Tribune* gives the following as an extract from a speech delivered by Senator Douglas at Vermont, at Concord, a town which was born in a valley in Vermont, with the high mountains of New Hampshire in view. The surrounding rich valleys of Vermont. Where I was born, and where I played in my childhood. I went up to visit them seven or eight years ago, for the first time since I was a child. When I got there they treated me very kindly. They received me in the Congressional Church of that village, and on the seats with their distinguished guests, and conducted upon me the services of the day. I was told that as they did on Old Hickory at Cambridge many years ago, and I got up and spoke to them. I remembered just as much of the Latin as he did. When they got through with the services of the day, I was told I should again see for a speech; and I got up with my heart full of gratitude to the people of Vermont for the kindness that had been shown me. Vermont is the most glorious spot on the face of this globe for a man to be born in, provided he emigrates from it before he is twenty-one.

A MUTE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

We read in the *Express*: "It is seldom we have witnessed a more impressive scene than that which took place at the Church of Boston, to Mr. Trist, of Philadelphia, late of the well-known Mexican Treaty, and Miss Virginia Hildalgo, a lady born and bred in Southern Mexico, the pretty parish church at New Brighton, Staten Island. She is a Roman Catholic, and has been educated such from infancy. So sweet sound had ever enchanted the listening ears of the bridal party. But the intelligent and expert which flashed from the dark eyes of the lovely bride proved that she was not wholly unfamiliar with the finery her sweet favored sisters.

The solemn and impressive beauty of the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, between grace and force of the ritual, was heightened by the fact that it was unfamiliarly and impressively delivered by the officiating ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Irving performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, who officiated for signs with wonderful facility and rapidity, the bride and groom responding to the signs of the clergy as dictated by their clergyman. Several times the signs language of the attesting minister. A few letters—a word or two—and the hands were joined together—and to 'God, who had 'bound together'—the tight clasped hands—the soul-speaking glance upward, away upward again a few words—the hands placed to kissing upon the lips—and all was said and done—solemn and binding and all was over. No one moved for some moments; so still was the air, so complete a glimpse of the Holy Land, and we longed for one more glance into that silent spirit-land. The ceremony was over. It was beautiful, grateful, befitting the church-grave; we have but quiet happy-smile left behind a heaven! God bless them, they did quietly passed away—alone with their mute happiness.

THE SCHOOL CONVENTION AT BUFFALO.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* says: "Mr. C. J. Hoag, of Lockport, Niagara, was crossing alone in a small boat from Navy Island to the Canada shore, when he was overtaken by a violent storm. Finding that he was unable to row against the wind, he let his boat drift with the current, and succeeded in rigging his craft, and so often would it be overwhelmed by the waves and carried off. He made sail by far for, when he at length succeeded in clambering on board, he found himself about two miles above the falls, and so far distant from the shore as to be almost unable to help himself. The boat was then carried by the current to the falls, and Mr. Hoag landed into the rapid current, which swiftly bore him to the falls. There was indeed the valiant, the heroic, he had been offered for five years. On the morning after the storm, he was found by a party of men, who had assembled at the accident, recollecting something that was drowned would come ashore at the foot of the rapids. Mr. Hoag, the proprietor of the Clarendon place he had not heard before, to make inquiries both of the boat the other, and the body was found and returned. On the morning of the storm of Niagara Long, at a place once called Albion, and the body known for the storm of the waters. Thither the invalid went, and by a judicious use of the waters, and by exercising the remarkable quality in health that in the course of five weeks he could walk with ease. He was also restored to a state of robust health."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The Hartford *Press*, in describing a game of cricket, gives the following remarkable incident: "Mr. Athan Alvord had hooked a stump tightly round his right arm behind the elbow, and was running to the wicket when he was thrown down by the ball. Soon a large throw became apparent, and the effect was quite startling. A short distance that of a pistol, was heard across the playground, and the arm was found to be broken in two places, the end dangling a short curve beyond. On an immediate examination of the wound, it was found that the bone was broken short off, just above the point where the stump had been placed."

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.

The Cincinnati correspondent hears violet New York during the past week of the Fall Trade, and says: "Crowded together in the streets, appearances on the stage, they became restless and fidgety. 'Let's go to the ball,' says one. 'Where?' 'Well, Mary?' 'I don't like it.' 'I don't care.' 'It ain't nice, and I wonder I can't brought to the ball.' 'Oh, I don't know.' 'The folks will laugh at you.' 'After one or two rings and a hesitation, the blushing Mary said: 'Well, I'll go.' 'It ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable!' 'O be loath, Mary!' 'Nonsense!' 'I'll not be seen there.' 'Mary, you know it wore an air of declension;' 'it is the first time I ever went at a friend, and I suppose I shall the last, so I'm just going to stay it out if they dance every rag off their backs.'

DE SAINT OR DE SAUTY?

The Hartford *Press* publishes a letter of the name which have been written on the Telegraph, says: "The cable has come to us from the Old World must write about Trinity Bay, why not select the only interesting subject that has been there, and which is calculated to give us the true orthography of his name? Thus:

"There came a gentleman
Why will you act so naughty?
And when we asked him what your name was,
De Sauty, or De Sauty?

That's the way I should have bombard my muse,
Shut up there in your shanty,
And solve the problem, sirs for all—
De Sauty, or De Sauty?"

PERSONAL.

Colonel William Preston, of Louisville, Kentucky, has accepted the post of Embassador to Spain, vice Augustus C. Dodge, resigned.

M. de Corvaia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Sardinia, has arrived at Washington and presented his credentials, giving, it is said, to gall Paris, in consequence of the Emperor's refusal to receive the Sardinian Minister from Genevieve.

Palmer, the sculptor, has completed his statue of the "Present Child." It represents a little child who had just risen from its mother's knee, and is about to walk on, with the purpose of reaching them. She had fed them, and cared for them, and taught them to kneel and believe, and she had done all. One morning she discovered with surprise and grief that the time had come for them to be answered for their sudden disappearance, she takes up the decretal and sets it in the form of a prayer, and she records for their explanation of the cause of her sad and unexpected bereavement. The child is represented as standing with the paper in its hand, and the expression of sorrow, and of full to the repetition of its mother.

Professor D. Huntington, of the New York Mercantile Library Association a lecture upon "The History and Science of Language," which is highly spoken of, attained by experiments from a magnificent apparatus, constructed expressly for the purpose.

Lord and Lady Napier have left this city for Niagara Falls by way of Albany, where they will be met by Secretary with Senator Seward, by whom they will be accompanied on their journey westward.

A son of A. G. Talbot, M. C., from Kentucky, has made the debut for the first time in the New York Opera, with the vaudeville in Kentucky.

General Hubbell, of Tennessee, now confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, has been declared by the jury of inquiry to be insane. Insanity, liability it has been necessary to keep him in the Asylum constantly.

Lord Napier has conveyed to the Secretary of State, very unconditionally, the very valuable real estate upon which the British Legation stands.

A Democratic paper, referring to a thrashing which a Democratic orator received at the hands of a black at an opponent, says: "Thompson, the gentleman mulcher, has, this General, this Congressional sophist, with the spirit of the tiger, seized him cane, rushed upon the gentleman, and in a most disgraceful manner beat him over the head and face till he was drenched in blood!

"Argument having failed, it seems violence and bloodshed must be resorted to for the conquering of Democracy."

Jean Chandor Gregorich, a young Hindoo, of high caste, who has embraced Unitarian Christianity in India, has been engaged during the past year in the New Jerusalem Church in Philadelphia, having come to America for the purpose of pursuing a medical education. He is said to be a gentleman of rare intelligence and high culture.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WHY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH IS A FAILURE.

Mr. Varley, a famous English electrician, has reported on the Atlantic Telegraph. He sums up his results as follows:

"1. There is a fault of great magnitude at a distance of between 245 and 300 statute miles from Valentia, but the locality can not be more accurately ascertained until a portion of the cable, 20 or 30 miles in length, has been tested against my standard of resistance, and until the log has been consulted to ascertain the amount of slack payed out. I would suggest that the piece of cable at Greenwich be carefully measured and tested against my standard, in order to obtain the most correct estimate of the distance of the fault. Assuming, however, that it is 270 miles, and allowing 22 per cent. for slack, it is possible that the chief defect is in shallow water—410 fathoms.

"2. The copper wire at the faulty place above alluded to does not touch the iron covering of the cable, as is proved by its forming a voltaic element, which gives rise to a continuous positive current from the copper wire varying very little in tension.

"3. The insulation of the wire between Valentia and the fault is perfect, or at least contains no defect of sufficient importance to be perceptible, or to materially influence the working were the cable otherwise perfect.

"4. The copper wire is continuous, and consequently the cable has not parted. Faint signals, or reversals, are still received from Newfoundland, but the power used will shortly eat away the exposed copper wire in the faulty place by electrolytic decomposition.

IS THERE ANOTHER FAULT?

"The actual resistance of the fault appears to be at least equal to ten miles of the cable, but is most probably greater.

"Taking it at its lowest resistance, viz., 10 miles, and assuming that Newfoundland is only using 180 cells of Daniel's battery, the strongest current received thence during my stay was only 1-24th part of the force that it should be were there but this one fault. When it is, however, borne in mind that on the other side they are probably using more power, and also that the defect first alluded to probably offers more resistance than that assumed, viz., 10 miles, it is evident that there is another and more distant fault, the approximate locality of which I could not pretend to estimate at this end without being able to speak to Newfoundland.

"From authentic *data* shown to me at Valentia I am of opinion that there was a fault on board the *Agamemnon*, before the cable was submerged, at a distance of about 560 miles from one end and 640 from the other.

IS THE COPPER WIRE STRONG ENOUGH?

"It is not at all improbable that the powerful currents from the large induction coils have impaired the insulation, and that had more moderate power been used the cable would still have been capable of transmitting messages.

"To satisfy myself on this point, I attached to the cable a piece of gutta percha-covered wire, having first made a slight incision in the gutta percha to let the water reach the wire; the wire was then bent so as to close up the defect. The defective wire was then placed in a jug of sea-water and the latter connected with the 'earth.' After a few signals had been sent from the induction coils into the cable, and, consequently, into the test wire, the electricity burned through the incision, rapidly burning a hole nearly one-tenth of an inch in diameter.

"When the full force of the coils was brought to bear on the test wire by removing them from the cable and allowing the electricity only one channel—viz., that of the test wire—the discharges, as might be expected, burned a hole in the gutta percha under the water half an inch in length, and the burned gutta percha came floating up to the surface.

"The foregoing experiments prove that when there are imperfections in the insulating covering there is very great danger arising from using such intense currents.

"The size of the present conducting strand is too small to have worked satisfactorily, even had the insulation been sound. With a strand of larger dimensions less intense currents would be required, and both speed and certainty increased."

ELOPEMENT OF A WARD IN CHANCERY.

It is not often that the vigilant watch which the Court of Chancery keeps over its wards has been so successfully thwarted as in the recent case of a young and wealthy lady of the age of seventeen, who, for some years past, resided with her mother in a county town in Sussex. A lieutenant in one of the line regiments stationed near the town, not being disposed to go through the formality of obtaining the Chancellor's consent, and unwilling to wait until the lady had arrived at that mature age when the assent of his lordship would not be required, proposed, and the proposition met with the approval of the lady, that she should elude the care of the stern dragon of the Court of Chancery. A few days since the pleasant little villages, the town of Walsham, and some other places in Norfolk, were visited by the young couple, and last week the marriage of Lieutenant —— and Miss —— was duly solemnized in the church of Southripp, by the curate of Archdeacon Glover. There were, of course, many anxious inquiries after the missing lady, and Inspector Field, with his assistants, assisted by all the power of the awful Court of Chancery, was scouring the country in every direction. The lady was at last tracked to the secluded village referred to, but only in sufficient time for her pursuers to learn that the bird and her mate had flown. After many inquiries it was found that on the evening after the marriage the "happy pair" had traveled to London in the *coupé* of a first-class railway carriage, which they had specially engaged. Thither the fugitives were followed by their tireless pursuers. Once more the latter were behind time, and they had the satisfaction of learning that every arrangement had been made respecting the passports, and that the request of Lord Malmesbury to give aid and succor to Mr. and Mrs. ——, "British travelers visiting the Continent," had been duly complied with by the authorities at Boulogne. Last week the baffled officer proceeded to Paris to disturb the serenity of their honeymoon, by serving them with the terrible notices of the Court of Chancery. In the capital of France, however, these notices are nothing more than waste paper, and the happy couple, so long as they reside there, may defy the threats of the all-potent Lord Chancellor.

FRANCE.

PELISSIER'S BANNS OF MARRIAGE.

A late Paris paper heads the weekly list of banns published with the names of Pelissier and Paniega. They were published at the Mairie of the 1st arrondissement of Paris, and were worded as follows: "His Excellency Aimable Jean Jacques Pelissier, Duke de Malakoff, Marshal of France, Member of the Privy Council, Vice-President of the Senate, Embassador of his Majesty the Emperor of the French to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, decorated with the military medal, etc., residing at Paris, in his hotel, Avenue des Champ Elysées, son of the defunct Pierre Pelissier and of Catharine Chartier, his wife; and Mademoiselle Maria Isabel Sophia Andrea Francisca de Paula Valera de la Paniega, residing at Paris, Avenue des Champs Elysées, 87, daughter of Don Jose Valera y Viana, Marquis de Paniega, landowner, and of Donna Maria de los Dolores Alcala Galiano y Pereya, Marquesa de la Paniega, his wife, residing at Madrid."

THE MATRIMONIAL EPIDEMIC IN PARIS.

The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The Duke de Malakoff gave a dinner, three days before ours, which cost him $1000. You know the Duke, who is not sixty-six years old, is to marry a lady of four-and-twenty—the Marquise Soffa Valera, an intimate friend and companion of the Empress, who made the match, and gives the bridal *trousseau*. It is said the Empress gives the dowry, which, it is whispered, will be $200,000. The bride is very poor, but very beautiful and accomplished. I confess I can not repress a smile when I look on the old Marshal, who is evidently as old as his certificate of birth avouches him to be, and think of his marrying a pretty young woman, who was not born when he celebrated his fortieth birthday! He is, as you know, as rough as poor General Taylor, and has no fortune except what he may save (if needed any can be saved) out of his present income of $100,000 annually, which is derived from various sources. Since I have touched upon the diplomatic corps, let me say it is rumored here the Marquis de Turgot is transferred from Spain to Berne, because he was constantly quarreling with the Duke d'Alba, the Empress's brother-in-law. M. de Turgot was, as you may remember, Mr. Pierre Soulé's adversary in the well-known duel. The salary at Madrid is 140,000 francs ($28,000), while at Berne it is only 60,000 francs ($12,000)."

MORPHY'S CONTEST WITH HARRWITZ.

The chess match which was in progress at Paris between Paul Morphy, the American, and Harrwitz, the German, has been temporarily interrupted by the indisposition of the latter. The London *Express* of the 22d September announced that the score stood: Morphy, 4; Harrwitz, 2; which would leave Morphy three games to score to win the match. The London *Sunday Times* states that Morphy had won six of the seven games, but does not give Harrwitz a score. There is very little doubt but that by this time Young America has beat the veteran player, and established his claim as being the greatest known living chess player. The matches with Staunton and Anderssen, which will soon be played, will convince all the doubters on that point.

WHAT OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS ARE GOING TO COST US.

A letter from Paris says: "The materials prepared for the coming season do not denote any decrease in the extravagance in toilet which has been so remarkable for the last few years. The fabrics are gorgeous, the prices even higher, and the profusion of trimmings and decorations on the increase. What was once the great charm in high damsels' toilet—simplicity—is now entirely lost sight of. Flounces and furbelows, laces, ribbons, jets, bugles, feathers, and flowers, are all worn together, and without the discrimination of time and circumstances.

"There are magnificent new black silks, which the looms of Lyons have sent us for the winter; these silks are so wide that only three breadths are necessary for the skirt. The texture is thick, but very soft, and the price not *very* moderate, from $12 to $14 per yard."

AN AUTHOR IN A SAD SCRAPE.

Some conversation has been caused, especially in literary and theatrical circles, by a scandalous trial that has just taken place. The accused were M. Roger de Beauvoir, *homme de lettres*, and Bruille *alias* Bache, actor. M. Roger de Beauvoir's claim to the quality of "man of letters" is founded upon his having written some indifferent vaudevilles and worse novels. It is not known what his right may be to the high-sounding name of De Beauvoir, but it did not seem to be recognized by the Tribunal by which he was tried, and which addressed him as plain Roger. He has got himself into an awkward predicament. Long separated from his wife (a daughter of Madame Doze, the ex-actress); he was desirous of reducing the allowance he made her and obtaining possession of his children. Accompanied by Bache, a fellow of considerable humor and powers of mimicry, he went one day to his mother-in-law's house. His wife resided there, but she was out. He presented Bache as Secretary-General of the Prefecture of Police, said he had come to serve summonses with respect to the allowance and the children, was very violent, and made a great uproar—so much so that the neighbors all came to their windows. Some time afterward Madame de Beauvoir and her mother were at the theatre, when the latter pointed out to her daughter the Secretary-General of Police. "That a Secretary-General!" cried the daughter, "why, it is Bache, the actor." A complaint was made to the authorities, and hence the trial, just over. M. Roger, being evidently more giddy than befits his years, will have an opportunity of reflection during a year's imprisonment, to which he is condemned. He has, however, given notice of appeal. Bache, who seemed to have personated the police agent merely to oblige his friend, got off with three months of the same penalty.

ARISTOCRATIC SMUGGLERS.

A correspondent of the Brussels *Indépendance* writes from Ostend: "On Saturday last, on the arrival of the steamer from London, the Custom-house officers, while examining the luggage of the passengers, conceived some suspicions of the amplitude of a crinoline worn by the Countess D—— R——, who was accompanied by Major K——, both Russian subjects, and who landed at Ostend. The officers thought it their duty to repeat an examination made in the first instance with a delicacy which the position of the passengers justified. This led to the discovery of a great quantity of silks, neckerchiefs, and other articles of dress, amounting to the value of about £120. A *procès verbal* has been drawn up against the noble delinquents."

HAS EACH NATION ITS PECULIAR SMELL?

M. Texier inquires, with amusing pertinacity, what has become of the English travelers, who sow their gold broadcast on the Continent at this season. The innkeepers on the Rhine await their evening prey, and marvel whither the English can have fled. M. Texier says, in the *Siècle*, that he saw a group of fifteen taciturn travelers, with English coats, English habits and manners, and speaking our language; but behold! they turned out to be Americans. This rencontre took place on the Lake of Lucerne. M. Texier says: "I don't know whether others have made the observation, but it appears to me that each nation has its own particular smell. You can not escape the odor of sausages throughout Germany; in England the ruling odor is caoutchouc. You land at Folkestone, Dover, or Newhaven, and India-rubber follows you to London, Dublin, and Edinburgh; nor can you escape the acrid perfume on your return home, as your clothes are impregnated with it." But this year, on the Rhine, the *Siècle* finds that the smell of sausage prevails, though an occasional whiff of caoutchouc reveals that Englishmen have passed there.

TOUTING FOR BUSINESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes: "A traveler who had passed with a guide safely through the Brèche de Roland, in the Pyrenees, suddenly conceived the idea of clambering an adjoining peak, simply because he was told that every one who had yet attempted it had paid the forfeit of his life. The more the guide endeavored to dissuade him the more firmly he resolved to accomplish the task or perish. He had already achieved a third of the ascent of this almost perpendicular crag, overhanging a rocky gorge two thousand feet below, when, to his surprise, he heard the sound of hard breathing just behind. Looking over his shoulder, he beheld a stranger clinging by his hands and feet, and yet toiling steadily and manfully up the same fearful path. 'Ah!' exclaimed he, 'you come to share with me the glory of this undertaking?' 'Not a notion of the sort.' 'You want, then, doubtless, to enjoy the sublimity of the prospect from the top?' 'Nothing further from my intention.' 'Are you aware that every step is at the hazard of your life?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Then, let me ask, what on earth can bring a sane man on such an errand?' 'I *have* an object.' The Englishman smiled; both set to work again, resolutely digging their nails into the granite clefts. At last, finding themselves on a plateau a few feet square, covered with ice, they halted for a few moments, when the stranger, raising his hat, respectfully observed, 'You can hardly deny, Sir, that you are at every step encountering great risk, nor can you, I think, under the circumstances, fail to admit the value of my wares.' 'You have, at least, chosen,' said the Englishman, 'an extraordinary spot for disposing of them, with the clouds a thousand feet beneath us, and the thermometer much below freezing.' 'Oh! not a word about that. I've got all we want at hand—pen, ink, and paper, and you can use my shoulder for a desk. I am an agent to the Company for Insurance against Accidental Death. Before you go higher let me entreat of you to think of your family, and to fill up this form.' The Englishman smiled at the oddity of the proceeding, signed the form, gave a check for the premium, and was never heard of afterward. The agent cautiously descended, satisfied with his commission, and at having zealously discharged his duty to his employers."

GERMANY.

HUMBOLDT AT NINETY.

M. Von Humboldt has celebrated his ninetieth birthday. An English correspondent, writing from Berlin, says that "never did a conqueror receive congratulations from so many persons and such great distances, as the post-boy had to carry on Tuesday morning to the well-known house in the Oransienburger-strasse. Those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a peep at the fifth volume of *Kosmos*, which is still under his hands, assert that neither in style nor contents does it in the least yield to the four volumes which preceded it. Humboldt himself is said to be of opinion that he will die next spring, just after having completed the last of the tasks he has undertaken. But his friends who observe him speak differently, and are bold enough to predict that this time he will prove to be altogether in error, and that a very different celebration from that which he anticipates will next year take place in his house."

PERILS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Augsburg *Gazette* contains a letter from Zara (Dalmatia) dated the 9th, in which we read: "The electric telegraph here has been the cause of an affecting disaster. During a violent storm, yesterday, two of the telegraph posts were thrown down, but without breaking the wire. When the storm was nearly over, an official of the telegraph office and some artillerymen set about replacing the posts. Instantly three individuals who touched the wire received terrible electric shocks; two were killed on the spot, and the third received serious injuries on the head and the upper part of his body."

ITALY.

HOW THE OFFICIALS WERE BADLY SCARED.

The Naples correspondent of the *Times* says: "A panic was lately created among the officials of several departments of the Government by the discovery of a mare's nest. On the 1st inst. a bale of goods, such as are used in silk factories, arrived at the address of a French gentleman engaged in the Royal Institution of St. Leuccio. The previous formalities having been gone through by Signor Calabro, one of the Custom-house officers, they proceeded to visit the bale, when, lo and behold, twelve balls, covered with plates and brass nails, were found. Calabro affirmed that they were useful in weaving. Cavalier Sava, who was called as a high authority, declared that they were infernal machines. Signor Taglioni was then consulted, as being a great mechanic, and being connected with the police. The inspection was made in the presence of the Prefect, and at the Prefecture, and the conclusion of the wise man was that the balls were incendiary bombs. A report was made to His Majesty, and another meeting held, the great Generals of Artillery, Nunziante and Agostino, being invited. 'Nothing could be clearer; they were bombs,' and Taglioni, long in the service of the King, was ordered to test them. Love even such as his failed, however, in presence of personal danger; but at length he promised to do so, simply in his own house, and received one of the diabolical balls. A day passed, and nothing was done. Taglioni's family would not permit it. 'A widow, and fatherless family'—such was the picture which haunted their imagination. At length Taglioni was shamed into a solemn promise to perform the experiment in a grotto at his villa at Posilippo. An inspector of police accompanied him—instructions from Generals Nunziante and Agostino were given him. From a great height the ball was cast into the grotto, and the assistant of Taglioni hurried into concealment. No sound was heard, and the idea was that the ball had fallen upon soft material. It was sought for, and again cast down on a harder material; the aching ears of the attendants tingled with expectation—yet all was silence. The devil was then opened; but, instead of being a bomb, it was recognized to be a wooden ball, covered with plates, such as are used for gymnastic purposes in Marseilles. All the other devils were likewise opened, and proved to be only balls; and Naples is laughing at her authorities—Custom-house, and police, and military, who have been frightened out of their propriety by twelve wooden balls from France."

MADAME RISTORI A REVOLUTIONIST.

A correspondent of a London paper writes: "A day or two since you were told that the Venetians have recently displayed as much hostility to Austria as the Lombards, and the following facts will serve to corroborate the statement: Some days ago Signora Ristori played Judith, in Giacommetti's drama of the same name, in the Theatre St. Samuel at Venice, and there was a perfect storm of applause when she pronounced the words 'Name my name to your children, and tell them that that war is sacred which is waged by a nation against a people that invades the country given unto it by the Almighty.' The noise made by the audience was tremendous, and invectives against Austria were not wanting. There were loud cries of 'Encore, encore!' but, as the actress could not repeat the passage without the permission of the police, she left the stage in order to obtain it. The Commissary was absent, and, as the tumult continually increased, Ristori at last returned to her post, and did what was required of her. The lady was rewarded for her complaisance by tremendous cheers; but when she quitted the stage she was overwhelmed with reproaches by the Commissary, who had returned to the theatre just after the four lines had been declaimed for the second time. The *employé* threatened to arrest her, but the public was in such a state of excitement that he did not venture to put his menace into execution. The end of the matter was, that strict orders were issued by the police never again to give Giacommetti's *Judith*."

TROUBLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN SOLDIERS.

A letter from Rome, of the 14th ultimo, in the *Daily News*, says: "Hostilities have broken out afresh between the French and Roman soldiery in this city. On Saturday morning, four French soldiers of the 40th Regiment of the line were discussing with the puzzled master of a *café*, near Saint Andrea della Valle, the propriety of their receiving change for a Napoleon which they had not, as yet, produced, when a Roman dragoon came in to ask for a wafer to seal a letter he was about to send to his mother, at Velletri. Whether the dragoon showed his disapprobation of the unreasonableness of the French soldiers by some gesture or not, certain it is that they turned wrathfully upon him and struck him, following him out of the *café* into the street, where, in self-defense, he was obliged to draw his sword upon them, and a combat ensued, in which, in spite of the odds against him, the dragoon, with his long weapon, might have had the best of the encounter, had he not got entangled with his own spurs while turning short round to defend himself from the assaults of one of his foes who had attacked him in the rear, and fallen to the ground a helpless prey to the sabres of his cowardly assailants. The dragoon's head was split open before he could be rescued, and he would probably have been hacked to pieces if a patrol of French soldiers had not opportunely arrived, having previously been sent for by the master of the *café* to settle the difficulty about the Napoleon. The four soldiers fled, pursued by the patrol, toward the Via del Sudario, where they were captured and brought back. The wounded man was taken immediately to the hospital, where he is still in imminent danger although not yet dead. So much irritation was produced among his fellow-soldiers on hearing of the affair that the colonel of the dragoons gave orders for the barracks to be closed and every man to remain within; but being Sunday morning, and after mass, many dragoons were already out on leave, and these repaired in menacing attitude to the French barracks near the Cancelleria Palace, where, however, the officers succeeded in preventing any further conflict. It is expected that one or two of the French soldiers who commenced the quarrel, will be shot, in accordance with the severe measures ordered by General de Guyon on a similar occasion, shortly before his departure for France."

TURKEY.

THE REVOLT IN THE HAREM.

The *Times* Paris letter contains an amusing sketch of the proceedings of one of the favorite sultanas, in open defiance of the economical regulations of her sublime lord and master. After incurring, in one day, enormous liabilities, she sent an account of the outlay to Riza Pacha. The minister went in astonishment to the Sultan, and received for answer that he had better "leave that sultana quiet, for that otherwise she might play him some ugly trick." Another sultana having called in the services of a Greek doctor, to operate upon a whitlow, the Sultan himself made a present to the surgeon of about £400 sterling. After these facts the chronicler naively inquires, who can believe as serious the Sultan's professions of reform? A person who has recently had insight into the bills of the persons who were in the habit of supplying the ladies of the Sultan's harem with goods states that for a pair of stockings, which in Paris would cost ten or twelve francs, a sum equivalent to three hundred francs was charged.

GREECE.

RESTORATION OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

A correspondent, writing from Athens, under date September 4, says: "The Queen Regent has just signed a Royal decree for the re-establishment of the ancient Olympic games, after being discontinued for nearly 1500 years. They are to be held at Athens, in the ancient Stadium, which is still in a very perfect state of preservation, and requires very little more than a good cleaning out, and are to take place on the first three Sundays in October, every fourth year, commencing in 1859. The games are to include horse-races, wrestling, throwing quoits, and other athletic sports, singing, music, and dancing; besides which there is to be an exhibition of flowers, fruits, cattle, and other articles of Greek produce or manufactures. This eccentric idea was formed by a wealthy Peloponnesian named Evangelos Zappas, who resides at Jassy, in Moldavia, and who has liberally endowed the games by placing at the disposal of the Hellenic Government 400 shares in the Greek Steam Navigation Company, besides the sum of 8000 Dutch ducats *in natura*. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee appointed each Olympiad by the Greek Government, and will consist of gold and silver medals, and wreaths of silver leaves and flowers. The former will contain an effigy of the king, while on the reverse will be engraved the name of the founder, 'Zappas,' and the date, or rather the number, of the Olympiad. The winners of the prize-medals will be entitled to wear them at the button-hole, suspended by a blue and white watered silk ribbon."

EGYPT.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

A letter from Alexandria, of the 3d, says: "A small Greek trading vessel arrived in this port about a fortnight ago with two boys on board, who reported that, on the previous day, Captain Constandi and his son and daughter were murdered in the most brutal and cold-blooded manner that has been heard of in modern times. It appears that the *Eftihia* left Candia, bound for Alexandria, having on board a general cargo and eight persons, including the captain, his son and daughter, two sailor boys, and three Turks, who were passengers. From the evidence of the boys, every thing went on satisfactorily until they were about fifteen miles from this place, when the Turks ascertained from the captain the position they were in. No sooner was this information acquired by them than they murdered the captain and his son, violated the daughter, and then she also was doomed to the same fate which she so lately witnessed her father and brother suffer. The boys, who were eye-witnesses to these cruel deeds, fled, through fright, to hide themselves among the cargo in the hold.

"The Turks, who had so far finished their inhuman work, and not taking the trouble to search for the two boys, in order that there might be no one left to tell the tale, thought that it would answer their purpose as well to fasten the hatches of the hold, and, after gathering all the valuable articles that they could find, set fire to the vessel, and put off to the shore in her boat. Luckily, the fire did not do much injury; and the boys, after an hour's exertion, succeeded in extricating themselves by a trap-door.

"In all probability the murderers would have made their escape but for the strict quarantine regulations which are at present in force here; and in attempting to land they were taken into custody by some officials who are stationed up the coast. In the mean time the vessel arrived, and thus helped to carry out the end of justice. The three murderers were quickly brought down here, and, without much trial or delay, were as quickly condemned to die. The scene which followed took place at six o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August, and although no one can doubt its justness, it must have been as horrible a spectacle as I have ever heard or read of. The three culprits were led forth at the same time to three of the most public places in the town. The first was strung up in the market-place, on a hook at a butcher's shop; the second suffered a similar fate in front of one of the principal mosques; and the third was hung in the gate of the custom-house, in sight of the ships in the harbor. After hanging for four hours, with a large placard suspended from the neck of each, in Arabic characters, stating the nature of their crime, as a warning to others to deter them from committing such barbarities, they were cut down, and buried in the ground allotted to murderers. Thus ended the dreadful drama which is the subject of this letter."

CHINA.

AN IMPERIAL PROCLAMATION.

The following is one of the proclamations of the Imperial Commissioner addressed to the Chinese soldiery, and intercepted by the allies:

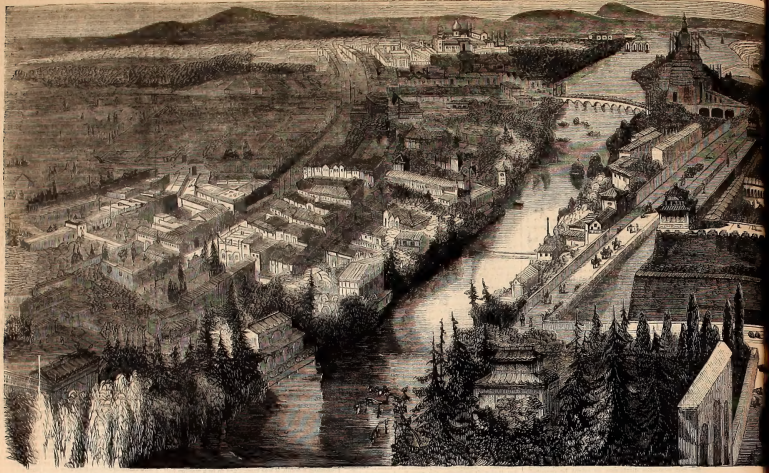
"1. Whoever catches an English or French rebel chief will receive a reward of 5000 dollars. 2. Whoever cuts off the head of a rebel barbarian will receive a reward of 50 dollars. 3. Whoever catches a rebel barbarian alive will receive a reward of 100 dollars. 4. Whoever catches a traitor will, on producing satisfactory evidence, receive a reward of 20 dollars. 5. Whoever can manage to burn or take a large war-steamer will receive a reward of 10,000 dollars. 6. Whoever can manage to burn or take a shallow-water steamer will receive 2000 dollars, and be recommended for further reward."

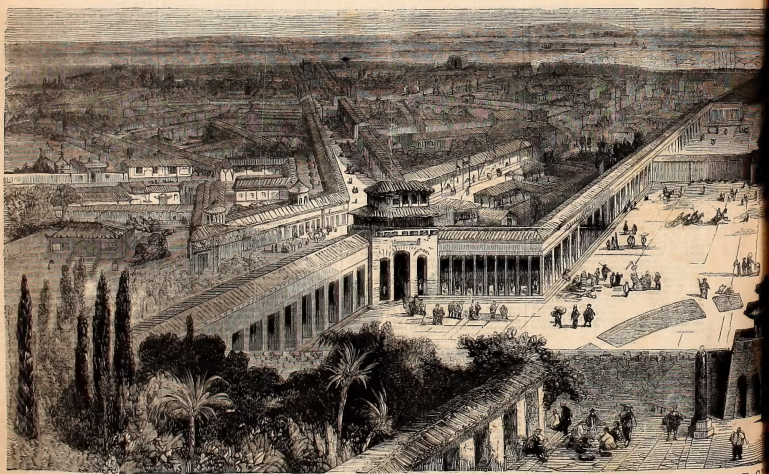
THE LAST MANIFESTO OF THE BRAVES.

The "braves" of the Province of Canton had put out the following manifesto: "The nation of the red-haired foreign dogs is well known as a nation of thieves, and they often offend our middle flowery kingdom. We, Braves of the Kwang-tung province, in the year of Taoukwang, besieged Elut (Captain Elliott), and decapitated Pa-ma on the southern bank. It is a pity that we had not then killed them all, and then they could not on the 11th moon of last year, along with the French devils, pretending that they did not want to fight, have scaled the walls of the city, and burned not less than ten thousand houses and shops, robbed the people of their properties, polluted our women, pulled down houses, destroyed properties, and, what was worst of all, knocked down people with sticks without the least cause. They issue proclamations daring to give instructions to the people. We, the subjects of the celestial court, highly praised by the Emperor, will not submit to these barbarians. We have ascertained that there are only two or three thousand English and French dogs in the city, but our numbers are thousands and thousands; and if every one of us carry but a sword to kill every foreigner that we meet, we shall soon kill them all. If any one trade or supply provisions to the foreign dogs, we shall arrest and punish him according to the village regulations. All those who are in the employ of the foreign dogs must leave their employment in one month, and after one month, if they still stay with the foreign dogs, and do not return to their native villages, the elders of the villages will hand over their families to the authorities to be punished, as if they were the red-head rebels. And if any village refuses to obey these regulations, we, the Braves, will level that village and punish the offenders of the Celestial Court. All those who have blood and life ought to share the troubles of our Emperor. Those that doubt this must be treated as thieves, and every royal subject can kill them. The Americans, Spaniards, and other foreign nations are on good terms with ours. The stoppage of trade is solely caused by the English and French dogs, and complaints must be made against them alone and not us.

"The Braves of Kwang-tung Province."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKI





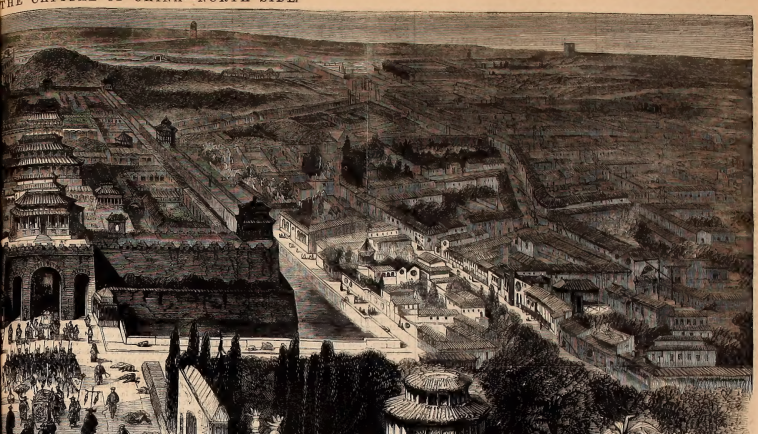
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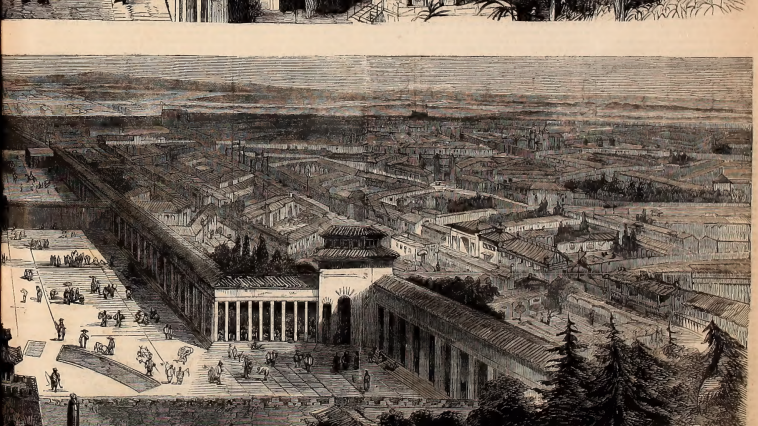
PEKIN, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.

THE new treaty just concluded between the United States and the Chinese Empire will probably enable us to have a Minister resident at Pekin. Hitherto, as every one knows, Pekin has been forbidden ground to barbarians. One or two embassies have penetrated its walls; but the embassadors have been compelled to travel in closed chairs, so that they saw very little more than they would have done had they been mere trunks—to which humble object one of the noblemen who made the journey compared himself. Now we shall soon know as much about Pekin as we know of Calcutta or Delhi. A few lines of history and description may prove an interesting preface to the books which threaten us with elaborate accounts of the Chinese capital.

Pekin, of course it is needless to say, is well known in China to have been founded many thousand years before the Christian era, and several thousand before the Creation and the Deluge. It seems to have been the principal political city in the empire at the time of the Tartar conquest; it was on the hill behind the palace which is seen in our illustration that the last Chinese monarch of the pure native dynasty cut his throat. On the dreadful night which witnessed the end of the sway of the Chinese Monarchs, the Tartar hills, fifteen miles distant, were red with the flames of the imperial palace; the city, all built of brightly-painted wood, was a sea of fire; the convoy which con-

THE CAPITAL OF CHINA—NORTH SIDE.





OF PEKIN—SOUTH SIDE.

veyed the Tartar plunder to a place of safety was, it is said, thirty miles long.

Misfortunes fell heavy on Pekin. Scarce twenty years after the conflagration and the massacre which heralded the overthrow of the native dynasty, an earthquake overwhelmed the whole city, and buried 300,000 souls in the ruins. A few years afterward another like disaster cost Pekin 100,000 inhabitants. For the last two hundred years every generation has seen some riot or popular outburst which has been quenched in seas of blood.

To guard against riots no provision has been made by the Chinese law. Earthquakes are provided for by the laws respecting buildings. These laws forbid the construction of any edifice over one story high. Thus there is not a two-story house in all Pekin. The size and distribution of houses are likewise fixed by law. The size of every man's door is graduated according to his rank, and so is the architectural front of his house. A "common man" may not have columns before his door; a man of letters may have three rows; a mandarin five; a prince seven; the Emperor nine. So with the roof. The Emperor's roof is yellow, the princes' green, common citizens' blue or gray. Every thing is fixed by law, nothing is left to choice.

If the estimate which has been made of the population of Pekin—2,000,000 souls—be correct, nearly one twentieth of the whole number are independent of the laws concerning buildings, for they inhabit none. A hundred thousand people sleep every night in the streets, in the ruins, on the river, or

in some adjacent field. Yet, strange to say, among these "vagabonds," as our laws would call them, are many of the richest merchants of the city. They are peddlers, set up their booths in one of the wide streets early in the morning, and do business till late at night. Among these open-air dealers are seen confectioners, priests, actors, jewelers, money-changers, tobacconists, shoemakers, booksellers, scribes, literary men, doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, and retailers of every commodity that can minister to the uses or luxuries of the Chinese people. The rule in Pekin, as in most Eastern cities, is that each trade or calling has a ward or street specially appropriated to it; but the street dealers are bound by no such restriction, and travel where they please, to the grievous injury of the stationary merchants.

Pekin, it must be remembered, is divided into two parts, the Chinese city and the Tartar city. The best street in the latter division is appropriated to soldiers. At the time of the conquest they seized it, houses, furniture, and, in many cases, occupants also; latterly, the merchants have been encroaching on them, and by paying freely have ousted them out of many a "corner lot."

Soldiers are not permitted to spend the night in the Chinese city; there, as in other civilized communities (the State of New York excepted), civilians have rights which the military are bound to respect. The Chinese soldiery are at home, however, in the Tartar wards. There they are sovereign. The lower picture on the preceding pages represents a portion of their domain. In the background, on the left, the spectator will easily distinguish the Russian church and convent; and, on the right, not very far from the fortifications which separate the Chinese from the Tartar city, the melancholy remains of the Jesuit cathedral—a sad relic of the enlightened age when the Government of China was swayed by the intelligent priests of Europe. In the same picture the Imperial escort will be noticed on its way to the great Temple of Heaven.

The Tartar city is, so to speak, the citadel; while the Chinese portion of Pekin is the city proper. All the amusements and all the best society of Pekin are in the Chinese city. There, and there only, are to be found the famous Houses of Flowers, filled with the lovely bayadères of Londja; there are gathered all the great actors and singers of China; there are the famous gambling-houses where the princes and the chief mandarins lose their hundreds of thousands of a night; there are the manufactories of those exquisite objects in porcelain and glass which have carried the Chinese name throughout the world; there, too, are the places of execution, where poor creatures are beheaded, or sliced, or tortured, or starved to death, at the will of some malicious or cruel magistrate. The Chinese part of Pekin is, in fact, what the old Athenians would have called The City.

At noon every day in that city six great theatres are thrown open to the public. The performances last till sundown, as at ancient Athens. It would not be honest to say that they are instructive, or moral, or even artistic. We know enough of the repertory of the Chinese theatres to say that, as a rule, their plays are both dull and indecent. An old resident in China states that the performers who had "a season" here, at Niblo's, some years since, were very fair types of the average of Chinese actors; those who saw them need not be told that neither their acting nor their singing rose even to mediocrity. Possibly the *double-entendres* of the dialogue compensate the Chinese for the lack of histrionic or vocal excellence.

Next to the theatres, the most fashionable places of resort are the bazars of jewelry and books. It has already been mentioned that each trade has a street, or a series of streets, of its own. All the Pekin jewelers are gathered together in a long street with some adjacent alleys. There the most valuable jewels of Asia and the most costly wares of Europe are offered for sale. It is rare that in the grand shops any bargaining is heard. The dealers have a language of their own, which is expressed by signs with the fingers. When a mandarin wishes to buy a ring, he steps into the shop and looks at it. The dealer makes a queer sign with his fingers. At this the mandarin shrugs his shoulders and his eyebrows, and intimates to the dealer that he is a scoundrel, who should be put in the *cangue* at the very least. The dealer, nowise abashed, bows politely and makes fresh motions with his fingers, intimating that he will "come down." The mandarin then telegraphs. Reply from the dealer; rejoinder from the mandarin; final telegraph from the dealer—all of them mere digital operations, and not a word being spoken on either side. The bargain is made or broken off without the use of the tongue by either party.

The book bazar is a famous lounge. Literature, as every one knows, is the ruling power in China. Literary merit is the key to all offices of state. No one is any thing until he has taken a literary degree: there are as many degrees in Chinese literature as there are grades in our public service. So far as the outside world is enabled to judge, Chinese literature is not particularly worthy of cultivation. Fiction abounds; but Chinese fictions remind the erudite reader of Moll Flanders and Crébillon fils rather than Walter Scott or Dickens. Chinese philosophy is eclectic, and some of the philosophical treatises are very able; but, as with us, the best lettered Chinamen prefer a lively novel to the most elaborate ethical performance. At the great libraries in the book bazar the *literati* of Pekin assemble daily, and discuss the plot and characters of the last new novel with an earnestness unknown in this practical meridian. Monsieur Huc, whose travels in China still remain the best work we have on that country, gives some amusing stories of their discussions.

It would be comparatively easy to run on to any length in description of the famous city of Pekin, and of the curious usages which govern its inhabitants. But we shall return to the subject. Mr. Reed does not seem to be playing a very memorable part among the diplomatists at present in China, and he may not even go to Pekin. But his successor can hardly fail to visit the imperial city, and we shall take pains to keep our readers *au courant* of what he sees and records.

THE POISONED MEAL.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—THE EVIDENCE.

We have followed Marie to the cell door. She has been illegally arrested by a stratagem; she has been illegally imprisoned as condemned felons are imprisoned; she has not been heard in her own defense; and she has never been confronted with her accusers. Thus far, the case is one of suspicion only. Waiting until the end of the trial before we decide on whom that suspicion ought to rest, let us now hear the evidence by which the Duparcs and their adherents proceeded to justify their conspiracy against the liberty and the life of a friendless girl.

Having secured Marie in solitary confinement, and having thus left the house and all that it contained for a whole night at the free disposal of the Duparcs, the Procurator Revel bethought himself, the morning after the arrest of his prisoner, of the necessity of proceeding with something like official regularity. He accordingly issued his requisition to the Lieutenant-Criminel to accompany him to the house of Monsieur Duparc, attended by the medical officers and the clerk, to inquire into the circumstances under which the suspected death by poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu had taken place. Marie had been imprisoned on the evening of the seventh of August, and this requisition is dated on the morning of the eighth. The document betrays one remarkable informality. It mentions the death of Monsieur de Beaulieu; but is absolutely silent on the subject of the alleged poisoning of seven persons at dinner the next day. And yet, it was this latter circumstance only which first directed suspicion against Marie, and which induced Lawyer Friley to lodge the information against her on which the Procurator was now acting. Probably Monsieur Revel's legal acumen convinced him, at the outset, that the story of the poisoned dinner was too weak to be relied on.

The officers of the law, accompanied by the doctors, proceeded to the house of the Duparcs on the eighth of August. After viewing the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu, the medical men were directed to open and examine it. They reported the discovery in the stomach of a reddish, brick-colored liquid, somewhat resembling the lees of wine. The mucous membrane was detached in some places, and its internal surface was corroded. On examining the reddish liquid, they found it to contain a crystallized sediment, which, on analyzation, proved to be arsenic. Upon this, the doctors delivered it as their opinion that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been poisoned, and that poison had been the cause of his death.

The event having taken this serious turn, the first duty of the Lieutenant-Criminel (according to the French law) was to send for the servant on whom suspicion rested, to question her, and to confront her with the Duparcs. He did nothing of the kind; he made no inquiry after the servant (being probably unwilling to expose his colleague, the Procurator, who had illegally arrested and illegally imprisoned her); he never examined the kitchen utensils which the Commissary had locked up; he never opened the servant's cupboard with the key that had been taken from her when she was searched in prison. All he did was to reduce the report of the doctors to writing, and to return to his office with his posse-comitatus at his heels.

It was next necessary to summon the witnesses and examine them. But the Procurator Revel now conveniently remembered the story of the poisoned dinner, and he sent the Lieutenant-Criminel to examine the Duparcs and their friends at the private residence of the family, in consideration of the sickly condition of the eaters of the adulterated meal. It may be as well to observe, here as elsewhere, that these highly-indulged personages had none of them been sufficiently inconvenienced even to go to bed, or in any way to alter their ordinary habits.

On the afternoon of the eighth the Lieutenant-Criminel betook himself to the house of Monsieur Duparc, to collect evidence touching the death by poison of Monsieur de Beaulieu. The first witness called was Monsieur Duparc.

This gentleman, it will be remembered, was away from home on Monday, the sixth, when Monsieur de Beaulieu died, and only returned, at the summons of his eldest son, at half past eleven on the forenoon of the seventh. He had nothing to depose connected with the death of his father-in-law or with the events which might have taken place in the house on the night of the sixth and the morning of the seventh. On the other hand, he had a great deal to say about the state of his own stomach after the dinner of the seventh—a species of information not calculated to throw much light on the subject of inquiry, which was the poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, was next examined. She could give no evidence of the slightest importance touching the matter in hand; but, like Monsieur Duparc, she had something to say on the topic of the poisoned dinner.

Madame Duparc followed on the list of witnesses. The report of her examination—so thoroughly had she recovered from the effects of the dinner of the seventh—ran to a prodigious length. Five-sixths of it were occupied with her own sensations and suspicions, and the sensations and suspicions of her relatives and friends, after they had risen from table. As to the point at issue—the point which affected the liberty, and perhaps the life of her unfortunate servant—she had so little to say that her testimony may be repeated here in her own words:

"The witness [Madame Duparc] deposed, that after Marie had helped Monsieur de Beaulieu to get up, she [Marie] hastened out for the milk, and, on her return with it, prepared the hasty-pudding, took it herself off the fire, and herself poured it out into the plate—then left the kitchen to accompany Madame de Beaulieu to mass. Four or five minutes after Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten the hasty-pudding he was seized with violent illness."

Short as it is, this statement contains several distinct suppressions of the truth. First, Madame Duparc is wrong in stating that Marie fetched the milk, for it was the milkwoman who brought it to the house. Secondly, Madame Duparc conceals the fact that she handed the flour to the servant to make the hasty-pudding. Thirdly, Madame Duparc does not mention that she held the plate for the pudding to be poured into, and took it to her father. Fourthly, and most important of all, Madame Duparc altogether omits to state that she sprinkled salt, with her own hands, over the hasty-pudding, although she had expressly informed her servant, a day or two before, that salt was never to be mixed with it. At a subsequent stage of the proceedings she was charged with having salted the hasty-pudding herself, and she could not, and did not, deny it.

The examination of Madame Duparc ended the business on the day of the eighth. The next morning, the Lieutenant-Criminel, as politely attentive as before, returned to resume his inquiry at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc.

The first witness examined on the second day was Mademoiselle Duparc. She carefully followed her mother's lead—saying as little as possible about the preparation of the hasty-pudding on the morning of Monday, and as much as possible about the pain suffered by every body after the dinner of Tuesday. Madame Beauguillot, the next witness, added her testimony as to the state of her own digestive organs, after partaking of the same meal—speaking at such prodigious length that the poison would appear, in her case, to have produced its principal effect (and that of a stimulating kind) on her tongue. Her son, Monsieur de Beauguillot, was next examined, quite uselessly in relation to the death by poison which was the object of inquiry. The last witness was Madame Duparc's younger son—the same who had complained of feeling a gritty substance between his teeth at dinner. In one important respect his evidence flatly contradicted his mother's. Madame Duparc had adroitly connected Monsieur de Beaulieu's illness with the hasty-pudding, by describing the old man as having been taken ill four or five minutes after eating it. Young Duparc, on the contrary, declared that his grandfather first felt ill at nine o'clock—exactly two hours after he had partaken of his morning meal.

With the evidence of this last witness the examinations at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc ended. Thus far, out of the seven persons, all related to each other, who had been called as witnesses, three (Monsieur Duparc himself, Madame Beauguillot, and her son) had not been in the house on the day when Monsieur de Beaulieu died. Of the other four, who had been present (Madame de Beaulieu, Madame Duparc, her son, and her daughter), not one deposed to a single fact tending to fix on Marie any reasonable suspicion of having administered poison to Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The remaining witnesses called before the Lieutenant-Criminel were twenty-nine in number. Not one of them had been in the house on the Monday, which was the day of the old man's death. Twenty-six of them had nothing to offer but hearsay evidence on the subject of the events which had taken place at, and after, the dinner of Tuesday. The testimony of the remaining three, namely, Lawyer Friley, who had lodged the information against Marie; Surgeon Hébert, who had searched her pockets in the house; and Commissary Bertot, who had searched her for the second time, after taking her to prison, was the testimony on which the girl's enemies mainly relied for substantiating their charges by positively associating her with the possession of arsenic.

Let us see what amount of credit can be attached to the evidence of these three witnesses.

Lawyer Friley was the first to be examined. After stating what share he had taken in bringing Marie to justice (it will be remembered that he lodged his information against her at the instance of Madame Duparc, without allowing her to say a word in her own defense), he proceeded to depose that he hunted about the bed on which the girl had lain down to recover herself, and that he discovered on the mattress seven or eight scattered grains of some substance which resembled the powder reported to have been found on the crumbs in her pockets. He added further, that, on the next day, about two hours before the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu was examined, he returned to the house; searched under the bed, with Monsieur Duparc and a soldier named Cauvin; and found there four or five grains more of the same substance which he had discovered on the mattress.

Here were two separate portions of poison found, then. What did Lawyer Friley do with them? Did he seal them up immediately in the presence of witnesses, and take them to the legal authorities? Nothing of the sort. On being asked what he did with the first portion, he replied that he gave it to young Monsieur Beauguillot. Beauguillot's evidence was thereupon referred to; and it was found that he had never mentioned receiving the packet of powder from Friley. He had made himself extremely officious in examining the kitchen utensils; he had been as anxious as any one to promote the discovery of arsenic; and when he had the opportunity of producing it, if Friley were to be believed, he held it back, and said not one word about the matter. So much for the first portion of the mysterious powder, and for the credibility of Friley's evidence thus far!

On being questioned as to what he had done with the second portion, alleged to have been found under the bed, Friley replied that he had handed it to the doctors who opened the body, and that they had tried to discover what it was by burning it between two copper pieces. A witness who had been present at this proceeding declared, on being questioned, that the experiment had been made with some remains of hasty-pudding scraped out of the saucepan. Here again was a contradiction, and here, once more, Friley's evidence was, to say the least of it, not to be depended on.

Surgeon Hébert followed. What had he done with the crumbs of bread scattered over with white powder, which he had found in Marie's pocket? He had, after showing them to the company in the drawing-room, exhibited them next to the apothecary, and handed them afterward to another medical man. Being finally assured that there was arsenic on the bread, he had sealed up the crumbs, and given the packet to the legal authorities. When had he done that? On the day of his examination as a witness—the fourteenth of August. When did he find the crumbs? On the seventh. Here was the arsenic, in this case, then, passing about from hand to hand, and not sealed up, for seven days. Had Surgeon Hébert any thing more to say? Yes, he had another little lot of arsenic to hand in, which a lady-friend of his had told him she had found on Marie's bed, and which, like the first lot, had been passed about privately for seven days, from hand to hand, before it was sealed up. To us, in these later and better days, it seems hardly credible that the judge should have admitted these two packets in evidence. It is, nevertheless, the disgraceful fact that he did so receive them.

Commissary Bertot came next. He and the man named Vassol, who had helped him to entrap Marie into prison, and to search her before she was placed in solitary confinement, were examined in succession, and contradicted each other on oath, in the flattest manner. Bertot stated that he had discovered the dust at the bottom of her pockets; had shaken it out on paper; had placed with it the little linen bag, containing a morsel of the sacramental wafer, which had been sewn to her petticoat; had sealed the two up in one packet; and had taken the packet to the proper office. Vassol, on the other hand, swore that *he* had shaken out the pockets, and had made up the packet; and that Bertot had done nothing in the matter but lend his seal. Contradicting each other in these details, both agreed that what they had found on the girl was inclosed and sealed up in *one* packet, which they had left at the office, neglecting to take such a receipt for it as might have established its identity in writing. At this stage of the proceedings the packet was sent for. Three packets appeared instead of one! Two were composed of paper, and contained dust and a little white powder. The third was the linen bag, presented without any covering at all. Vassol, bewildered by the change, declared that of these three separate objects, he could only identify one—the linen bag. In this case, it was as clear as daylight that somebody must have tampered with the single sealed packet which Bertot and Vassol swore to having left at the office. No attempt, however, was made to investigate this circumstance; and the case for the prosecution—so far as the accusation of poisoning was concerned—closed with the examination of Bertot and Vassol.

Such was the evidence produced in support of a charge which involved nothing less than the life or death of a human being.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—THE SENTENCE.

While the inquiry was in course of progress, various details connected with it found their way out of doors. The natural sense of justice among the people which had survived the corruptions of the time, was aroused to assert itself on behalf of the maid-of-all-work. The public voice spoke as loudly as it dared, in those days, in Marie's favor, and in condemnation of the conspiracy against her. People persisted, from the first, in inquiring how it was that arsenic had got into the house of Monsieur Duparc; and rumor answered, in more than one direction, that a member of the family had purchased the poison a short time since, and that there were persons in the town who could prove it. To the astonishment of every one, no steps were taken by the legal authorities to clear up this report, and to establish the truth or the falsehood of it, before the trial. Another circumstance, of which also no explanation was attempted, filled the public mind with natural suspicion. This was the disappearance of the eldest son of Monsieur and Madame Duparc. On the day of his grandfather's sudden death he had been sent, as may be remembered, to bring his father back from the country; and from that time forth he had never reappeared at the house, and nobody could say what had become of him. Was it not natural to connect together the rumors of purchased poison and the mysterious disappearance of this young man? Was it not utterly inconsistent with any proceedings conducted in the name of justice to let these suspicious circumstances exist, without making the slightest attempt to investigate and to explain them?

But, apart from all other considerations, the charge against Marie was, on the face of it, preposterously incredible. A friendless young girl arrives at a strange town, possessing excellent testimonials to her character, and gets a situation in a family every member of which is utterly unknown to her until she enters the house. Established in her new place, she instantly conceives the project of poisoning the whole family, and carries it out in five days from the time when she first took her situation, by killing one member of the household, and producing suspicious symptoms of illness in the cases of all the rest. She commits this crime having nothing to gain by it; and she is so inconceivably reckless of detection that she scatters poison about the bed on which she lies down, leaves poison sticking to crumbs in her pockets, puts those pockets on when her mistress tells her to do so, and hands them over without a moment's hesitation to the first person who asks permission to search them. What mortal evidence could substantiate such a wild charge as this? How does

the evidence actually presented substantiate it? No shadow of proof that she had poisoned anybody is presented, to begin with. The evidence against her is evidence which attempts to associate her with the actual perversion of poison. What is it worth? In the first place, the witnesses contradict each other. In the second place, in no one case in which powdered substances were produced in evidence against her had those powdered substances been so preserved as to prevent their being tampered with. Two packets of the powder pass about from hand to hand for days, and no care has been given to witnesses who can't produce them, or account for what has become of them; and one, which the witness says he made it up with his own single packet, suddenly expands into three when it is called for in evidence.

Careless as they were of assuming even the common external identity of the article, the legal authorities and their friends, the Dupuys, felt that there would be some risk in trying their victim for her life on such evidence as this, and so they tried her on Cora. It was impossible to shift their ground and charge her with poisoning accidentally; for in that either could not, or would not, account on ordinary grounds for the presence of arsenic in the house. And, even if this difficulty were got over, and a jury of it were alleged that arsenic purchased for killing vermin had been carelessly placed in a room with salt-cellars on the dresser, Madame Dupuy could not deny that her own hands had salted the hasty-pudding on the day, and that her servant had been too ill through exhaustion to cook the dinner on the Tuesday. It was impossible to charge her on serious interests of the vilest kind at stake, which made the girl's destruction a matter of necessity, if she could not be successfully charged as a poisoner. Now, she was not only accused of the murder of Monsieur de Beaulieu, but of robbing her former mistress, Madame Dumesnil (a relation, be it remembered, of Monsieur Revol's), in the situation she now occupied, and of conspiring to aid in robbing Madame Dupuys; and of robbing the shopwoman from whom she had bought the piece of orange-colored stuff, the purchase of which is mentioned in an early part of this narrative.

There is no need to hinder the progress of the story by entering into details in relation to this second charge. Suffice it to say that it was not deemed that the so-called evidence in support of the accusation of theft was got up by Procurator Revel, by Commissary Gabelle, or by Monsieur Dupuys; he will know beforehand what importance to attach to it, and what weight to give to it, when the question of the unhappy prisoner's innocence or guilt.

The preliminary proceedings were now considered to be complete. During their progress Marie had been frequently interrogated, in person, by the legal authorities. Fearful as her situation undoubtedly was, she seems to have maintained self-possession enough to declare her innocence of poisoning and her innocence of theft firmly. Her answers, it is needless to say, were not believed. No legal help was assigned to her; no such institution as a jury was in existence in Languedoc. Procurator Revel collected the evidence. Procurator Revel tried the case, Procurator Revel delivered the sentence. Let us now translate the latter, for the irresponsible judge and unscrupulous enemy had no difficulty whatever in finding her guilty. She had been arrested on the evening of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. Her doom was pronounced on the seventeenth of the same month, hundred and eighty-two. Throughout the whole of that interval she remained in prison.

The sentence was delivered in the following terms. It was written, pointed, and placarded in Caen; and it is here translated from the original French:

"The Procurator Royal of the Bailwick and Civil and criminal Bench and Presidency of Caen, having taken cognizance of the documents concerning the legal specially constituted against Marie-Francoise-Victorine-Salmon, accused of poisoning; the said documents consisting of an official report of the capture of the said Marie-Francoise-Victorine-Salmon on the seventh of August last, together with other official reports, etc.

"Requires that the prisoner shall be declared duly convicted of

"I. Of having, on the Monday morning of the sixth of August last, cooked some hasty-pudding for Monsieur Faisant de Beaulieu, and served it to Monsieur Huet-Dupuys, in whose house the prisoner had lived as servant for the space of twenty-four first day of the said month of August; and of having put arsenic in the said hasty-pudding while cooking it, by which arsenic the said Monsieur de Beaulieu died poisoned, about six o'clock on the same evening.

"II. Of having on the next day, Tuesday, the seventh of August last, put arsenic into the soup which was served, at noon, at the table of Monsieur and Madame Dupuys, her employers, in consequence of which all those persons seated at the table and ate of the said soup were poisoned and made dangerously ill, to the number of seven.

"III. Of having been discovered with arsenic in her possession, which arsenic was found on the said Tuesday, in the afternoon, in one of the pockets of the prisoner, but upon the mattress of the bed on which she was resting; the said arsenic having been recognized as being of the same nature and precisely similar to that which the grocer discovered to have been put into three packets at his shop, that which was found the next day, in the body of the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu, and in the sarcepan in which the hasty-pudding had been cooked, of which the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten.

"IV. Of being *strongly suspected* of having put some of the same arsenic into a cane tabby cupid, a piece of timber about a foot square, to which is attached a wire spring, by the use of the proper moment by means of a spring; and two penny-pieces of King George's reign. Its sabots a rural spot, deposits the cage on the ground at the foot of a tree, retreats to a little distance, and then balancing the pennies, one on each finger, calls his bird to come. Now, if there is such a thing as a cockrobin in the vicinity, he immediately exposes himself. Birds, poor men, love their weaknesses, and jealousy and inquisitiveness are the especial weaknesses of cockrobins. "Chink! chink!" is the cadence of the male bird to his mate; and an unwonted "chink" affects him to that degree that he is almost thrown off his perch. Accordingly, round goes his head, rounder and brighter, with all the keenness of curiosity and the greenness of hitherto unknown "Chink, chink!" he goes the chest of that distinguished jingler, George V. The deluded bird sets his head lovely, and he says in his heart, "What the dickens does that mean, I should like to know!" "Chink, chink, chink, chink!" He can stand it no longer. His quick vision has detected the cupid in the cage, and he escapes down to it with an explanation of the stranger's intentions, and may be to require immediate satisfaction. But, first, I am sorry to say, he makes a hasty examination slight on the board than the spring that hitherto concluded the cage is released and inclosed both the caged bird and the wild one.

"Trolling for Larks"

can only be followed in the dead of night. Setting a watching for larks are known to frequent, the snarers provide themselves with a long net. This is formed of a square side with strong or loaden weights, to keep it close to the ground. Stretching the net out to its fullest extent, two men take a corner of the side that is not weighted, and slowly drag the field, until the fluttering and screaming of the birds proclaim that the nets they have made a good haul. All in the dark the men go on their knees, and thrusting their hands through the meshes, make their captures, which they slip into stout cages. These are long wooden boxes, with a wooden bolt on the top, to which is fastened the leg of a stocking, which hangs loosely inside, thus making it an easy affair to drop the birds in, and an impossible one for them to get out again. It generally happens that as many larks are taken about the net by this system. Indeed it is almost impossible to take them at all, except with the assistance of two hands. But it is explained by the fact that the sense of hearing is very acute in the lark—the slightest noise, if it be at all unusual or startling, alarms them. These larks are used to the trampings of cattle, but not to the footing of human beings. Therefore, the snarers take each one of the dragging-ropes in their hand, and lead a horse by the bridle with the other; the men are undisturbed by the trampling of the four-footed creature, and the tidgets, dragging up the net, the snarers, are not detected.

"Lying out" for Nightingales

is practiced only by the most enthusiastic birdcatchers. It is pursued without excitement, even although the birds, when caught in prime singing condition, fetch a high price, the difficulty in catching them is not so great as to make the trade unprofitable. This is how it is practiced. A trap exactly similar to the cockrobin trap is used, except that a man lies in a cage, a hook is driven in the centre of the board, and on the hook is impaled a lively mealworm. The singing is to discover a bird frequented by a nightingale. You must watch him by day, then, in order to pass the night there, and see him well off in the morning, before you may set your trap. Then you dig the ground up within a few yards of the bush and bury the trap so that only the writhing worm in the middle of the net is visible, and cover the whole over with the color of fresh earth as possible. Then you must retire and watch for the chance of the bird flying and the worm's tempting a hungry bird for food in the morning. If the worm happens to be still there, and the struggling attracts the attention of the nightingale, then you have a chance of catching him; if not, you must wait until this early collection of circumstances does occur.

In "Pegging" for Chaffinches,

again, you appeal to the nature of the bird, and, as palpitation is the ruin of the robin, so is impunctuality the downfall of the chaffinch.

Before you think of going pegging, you must get the thoroughly good pegging chaffinch. These birds are trained to the business. As soon as the new year's bird's-nesting season sets in, the young (which you will know by the beak turning blue), you must put the cage in a most black bag, and keep it there up in a dark place. He will perhaps sulk a little at first; if so, he will require a little encouragement. But the astonishing what cold water will bring him out—the rasping of a tobacco-pipe on the box, the tapping of a bunch of matches, or scraping a bow on a fiddle. In a little time he will pipe away as well in the black bag as he would out of it. Then, by degrees, you must set him to being handled. Stand his cage on the table at your elbow, carry him about the house, or in the garden, and if he'll stand all this, and sing as he goes, you may venture a pegging trip with him. If you have sufficient cruelty and hardness of heart, you can save yourself all the trouble of learning how to sing in a bag by putting the bird's eyes out. All good pegging Chaffinches are either blinded or their eyes are "sealed." The blinding is done by the hot iron, every fine needles to the end of a stick, making them feel hot, and thrusting them into the little creature's eyes. The "sealing" is done by holding the redhot needles very near the eyes till a white film covers them. This latter torture has the effect of blinding the bird for a time only—in a few months the film wears off, and he recovers his sight.

Besides the blinding bird, you will require a stuffed chaffinch—or "stall"—looking as much like life as possible. Then you must have a few pegging pegs. These are made of whalebone, and must be eight inches long, and about as thick as an ordinary match. They must be fixed with pegs, and of a stout needle in end.

Then you must use some lardines; and good birdlime it must be, or all your other preparations are of no avail. It should be so plastic that a piece the size of a small pea may be drawn out in a thread half a yard long.

THE TRAP.

A bright, warm May morning is the best time; and, supposing you to have every thing in perfect readiness, you take the stall, the lime in a little box, and your decoy in his cage, tied in a handkerchief of the most unobtrusive color—you start off. When you get into the country, you will presently hear, perhaps one, perhaps two chaffinches singing quite out loud. Now for business. Mark the tree that contains the stoutest singer, take out your bird-lime, and with a pencil-case smear several of the pegs, and smear another all over with bird-lime. Stick the perch on which stands the stuffed bird into the ground, and fasten to it the one containing the wild songster; and, about six inches above the "stall," drive the lime peg. Then the decoy (still in the bushkerchief) at the foot of the tree. If he is a good bird, the singing of the wild chaffinch will soon stimulate to the utmost his emotions to drown the voice of the other; if he is a coward, he may still defer a combat, and in that case the decoy will whine and "chirrup" pitifully. However, suggesting him to be "a good brazen bird," he may with double fury and fearful work himself into a rage, and flutter hers and there—screaming out his name in defiance—to find the intruder. Presently his eye catches the stuffed bird on the peg; he has not the least doubt but that he has discovered the intruder's name, with an eye, he sees he swoops sheer on to the stuffed bird's back; the sticky peg puts a stop to his career, and there he either he hangs there, or he brings the peg down with him, and runs screaming along the ground till you overtake him.

A Stunner.

These clever decoy chaffinches, whose arts my friend the Nightingale had described, astonished me. Said I to him, "I should like to see one of your feathered friends, you get out of."

"No," he replied, with a mournful shake of the head; "I ain't got one. Pegging chaffinches is dangerous; and that's what I am—a pegger. All I know a uncle now! he belongs to Nell White, he is a pegger, and he's got one."

"In the Row, eh? A publisher, I presume?" asked I.

"I don't know about a publisher," said he; "I only know he's a stunner. Why, that finch, Sir, has been pegged fifty-and-forty times, and yet still runs! Joy-yi! But you won't catch *him* from one end of Cora Row to the other."

"And where is Club Row, my friend?" I asked, further.

"Walk, you see, there's a many ways of getting to it. There's the Ilolt-gate way, and the Church-way, and the Brick Lane way, and so on. I'll tell you what, if you like to go with me to-morrow morning, I'll not only show you the way, but the bird I was pegging on to."

So it was agreed that I should meet him at eight o'clock on the following morning at the railway station in Shoreditch; and, punctual to a moment, he was there.

THE START.

We took the first street past the station, and in less than two minutes we were lost in such a congestion as I had never saw before. Carriages in the narrow road, crowding the narrow, dirty pavements, people in window, and crowding the boarded tops, and cellar openings, were thousands of men and boys, buying, and selling, and chaffering, and disputing. The streets were full of sheep, and lean and beat, and old donkeys, all ribs and hare shoes; there were good Newfoundpuppies, pet kids, and goats with venerable beards and villainous eyes; there were weasels, and ferrets, and turtles, and foreign birds, fantastically clipped and shaved; and musk-eyed, red-mouthed, horrid bull-dogs. There were fine fat pigs for the eating, and white and white mice, and cats, whether Angola, Chinese, or Persian. There were grass, and hay, and straw, and wild and domestic. But especially there were singing birds of every variety. Over this shop a thrushing, with its wings clipped, was screaming, and chattered, and abused a blackbird hanging a few feet off, who scarcely smiled and whistled for his dissipated, drunken, cobbler-looking bird as he was. Finches there were, of the "bull," and the "cock-bull," and the "gold" kind, who "twirled" and "chewsitted," and "chickscolded," according to their respective breeds. Green birds "be-Lewised;" and larks, hung in grimy cages, dancing sadly on their six inches of turf, sang magnificently. A parrot, for their behoof, seemed accounted for in no other way; and I am convinced that Dr. Isaac Watts' Window would have spoken, that of all the larks in Club Row, nineteen out of twenty are insane. I saw ravens, too, and jackdaws; but in Club Row they were not the cunning, mischief-loving countenance peculiar to their kind. They rather presented a penitent and reformed air; but their nature is notoriously artful, and I'm afraid those birds employed their penitential moments in devising strange devilries for the time when they should be unwarily taken to the bosom of some unprincipled and unsuspecting family.

BIRD-CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.

—In England, as well as upon the Continent of Europe, are found men who make a science of catching the feathered songsters of the woods; and who await themselves for the purpose of pestilent use of several kinds, from close observation of the manners and habits of their victims.

"Jingling the Robins,"

is a simple art, but it is founded upon close observation of nature. If you move about poisonous men are jingled for by statesmen, bankers, dowagers, lemits, and cringes, every day. The jingler has a pocket full, with a cane tube capped; a piece of timber about a foot square, to which is attached a wire spring, by the use of the proper moment by means of a spring; and two penny-pieces of King George's reign. Its sabots a rural spot, deposits the cage on the ground at the foot of a tree, retreats to a little distance, and then balancing the pennies, one on each finger, calls his bird to come. Now, if there is such a thing as a cockrobin in the vicinity, he immediately exposes himself. Birds, poor men, love their weaknesses, and jealousy and inquisitiveness are the especial weaknesses of cockrobins. "Chink! chink!" is the cadence of the male bird to his mate; and an unwonted "chink" affects him to that degree that he is almost thrown off his perch. Accordingly, round goes his head, rounder and brighter, with all the keenness of curiosity and the greenness of hitherto unknown "Chink, chink!" he goes the chest of that distinguished jingler, George V. The deluded bird sets his head lovely, and he says in his heart, "What the dickens does that mean, I should like to know!" "Chink, chink, chink, chink!" He can stand it no longer. His quick vision has detected the cupid in the cage, and he escapes down to it with an explanation of the stranger's intentions, and may be to require immediate satisfaction. But, first, I am sorry to say, he makes a hasty examination slight on the board than the spring that hitherto concluded the cage is released and inclosed both the caged bird and the wild one.

"Trolling for Larks"

can only be followed in the dead of night. Setting a watching for larks are known to frequent, the snarers provide themselves with a long net. This is formed of a square side with strong or loaden weights, to keep it close to the ground. Stretching the net out to its fullest extent, two men take a corner of the side that is not weighted, and slowly drag the field, until the fluttering and screaming of the birds proclaim that the nets they have made a good haul. All in the dark the men go on their knees, and thrusting their hands through the meshes, make their captures, which they slip into stout cages. These are long wooden boxes, with a wooden bolt on the top, to which is fastened the leg of a stocking, which hangs loosely inside, thus making it an easy affair to drop the birds in, and an impossible one for them to get out again. It generally happens that as many larks are taken about the net by this system. Indeed it is almost impossible to take them at all, except with the assistance of two hands. But it is explained by the fact that the sense of hearing is very acute in the lark—the slightest noise, if it be at all unusual or startling, alarms them. These larks are used to the trampings of cattle, but not to the footing of human beings. Therefore, the snarers take each one of the dragging-ropes in their hand, and lead a horse by the bridle with the other; the men are undisturbed by the trampling of the four-footed creature, and the tidgets, dragging up the net, the snarers, are not detected.

"Lying out" for Nightingales

is practiced only by the most enthusiastic birdcatchers. It is pursued without excitement, even although the birds, when caught in prime singing condition, fetch a high price, the difficulty in catching them is not so great as to make the trade unprofitable. This is how it is practiced. A trap exactly similar to the cockrobin trap is used, except that a man lies in a cage, a hook is driven in the centre of the board, and on the hook is impaled a lively mealworm. The singing is to discover a bird frequented by a nightingale. You must watch him by day, then, in order to pass the night there, and see him well off in the morning, before you may set your trap. Then you dig the ground up within a few yards of the bush and bury the trap so that only the writhing worm in the middle of the net is visible, and cover the whole over with the color of fresh earth as possible. Then you must retire and watch for the chance of the bird flying and the worm's tempting a hungry bird for food in the morning. If the worm happens to be still there, and the struggling attracts the attention of the nightingale, then you have a chance of catching him; if not, you must wait until this early collection of circumstances does occur.

In "Pegging" for Chaffinches,

again, you appeal to the nature of the bird, and, as palpitation is the ruin of the robin, so is impunctuality the downfall of the chaffinch.

Before you think of going pegging, you must get the thoroughly good pegging chaffinch. These birds are trained to the business. As soon as the new year's bird's-nesting season sets in, the young (which you will know by the beak turning blue), you must put the cage in a most black bag, and keep it there up in a dark place. He will perhaps sulk a little at first; if so, he will require a little encouragement. But the astonishing what cold water will bring him out—the rasping of a tobacco-pipe on the box, the tapping of a bunch of matches, or scraping a bow on a fiddle. In a little time he will pipe away as well in the black bag as he would out of it. Then, by degrees, you must set him to being handled. Stand his cage on the table at your elbow, carry him about the house, or in the garden, and if he'll stand all this, and sing as he goes, you may venture a pegging trip with him. If you have sufficient cruelty and hardness of heart, you can save yourself all the trouble of learning how to sing in a bag by putting the bird's eyes out. All good pegging Chaffinches

THE KISS.

"I saw him kiss your cheek!" "'Tis true."
"Oh, modesty!" "Twas strictly kept:
He modest in the crowd; at home
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

CABLE CHARMS.

Pendant from bracelet on her arm
She pointed to a cable charm;
Some rival's gift—my looks betrayed
A jealous pang—seen by the maid.
"Lady," I said, "were I but able
To send a current through that cable,
From the battery of my heart
I would to yours a flame impart;
But I fear that, of a surety,
I'd find a want of continuity."
The sprightly girl at once replied—
"This cable, Sir, you have not tried;
But telegraphing here, you'll find,
Differs from others in its kind.
The cable, elsewhere, gives the sparks
Which make the telegraphic marks;
But here the sparks supply the cable,
And, by a slight poetic fable,
Flashes at times across it flit;
In short, it serves to sharpen wit,
The signals being nods, and sighs,
And such expression from the eyes,
As gives excuse for little chat,
Now on this, and now on that,
Which pave the way for more advances,
And give a meaning to the glances
Which every cunning woman can
Send out to you behind a fan;
And if, perplex'd, the suitor lingers,
These cable charms employ her fingers—
Just as a nun will count her beads
When a composed mind she needs—
Each added charm brought in collusion
Just serves to hide her own confusion,
And by these movements, if expert,
You tell the true one from the flirt,
And she detects the roguish larks
Of those who are mere empty sparks.
Thus, dear Sir, you can be able
To send a message through the cable,
And be assured more words 'twill yield
Than any laid by Morse or Field;
But then you must remember, too,
This, like the ocean cable, 's new,
It may require more wires than one
Before the experiment is done;
Each operator here may need
Time, that he the signs may read,
And, if he fail to make discov'ry,
The cable 's lost beyond recov'ry;
For who the pow'r can yet command
Of drawing cables from the strand?
Where it was laid it must remain,
With other trinkets on the chain.
Then let no gutta-percha charms
Beget in you such false alarms,
Nor think that in this cable 's lurking
A current which some rival's working;
But when you, through the wiry thing,
Have signalized a plain gold ring
On that finger—which is the part,
The poets say, leads to the heart—
A current 's form'd, to all futurity,
Of never-ending continuity."

DARNED STOCKINGS.

One chilly afternoon you might have seen a little girl about eleven years old sitting alone in a small parlor. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and Puss slept comfortably on the rug; the canary sang cheerily from his cage in the window, and even the stiff portrait of an old lady, which hung over the mantle-piece, seemed to smile because a ray of winter sun lay across its folded hands.

In fact every thing looked cheerful except Ruth, who sat on a stool with a very long face. Her whole hand and arm were thrust into a very long white stocking, and her fingers peeped out at the toes through holes which it was her afternoon's task to darn. She held a very long darning-needle, attached to a very "long yarn," and, according to the moderation she used in passing her needle back and forth, it would evidently take a very long time to mend the holes.

Ruth, indeed, looked quite miserable; and if you had used your eye-glass you might have discovered a tiny tear twinkling upon her eyelash.

After working indolently for a while Ruth dropped her hands into her lap and heaved a deep sigh. Puss looked up a moment, disturbed by the sudden motion, and then, with a wide gape, composed herself for another nap.

"I wish I were a cat!" sighed Ruth. She gazed vacantly at the fire.

"I wish I were a grown lady; then I could put out all my sewing. At any rate, I would *never* darn stockings!" Her eyes now raised themselves to the picture.

"I wonder if grandma ever worked. She always sits there with her hands before her. Happy picture! Oh, if I might sit with mine before me, and not feel that I *must* mend these horrid holes! Darning stockings is the most disagreeable work in the world!" Ruth stretched her arms, and a prick from the long needle reminded her of her duty. Immediately the corners of her mouth went down, and her stocking came up, and slowly the needle recommenced its journey.

The parlor door opened and a lady entered, carrying a deep basket, filled to the brim with unmended socks and stockings.

Ruth looked round, and groaned at the sight of them.

The lady, cheerfully coming forward, seated herself in the rocking-chair, and began looking over the contents of the basket. "Have you finished mending that stocking, Ruth?" said she.

"No, ma'am," sighed Ruth, despondingly.

"I am afraid you are not industrious, my dear."

"Oh, mother! how can I be, when I have all these dreadful holes to fill? I do *hate* to darn!"

"Are you not willing to help me a little when I have so *many* in the basket, dear Ruth?"

Ruth sighed. "Yes, mamma, I wish to help you, of course; but I wish it was upon any thing in the world but darning stockings. Why won't you put them out to be done, or have a seamstress come to the house?"

"We can not have *all* the goods and luxuries of this world, my daughter; and as I can only choose a *little*, I prefer to have our dresses made for us, and do the *mending* myself."

"How delightful it must be to have plenty of money! Oh, I do wish we were rich, and could keep a seamstress and a dress-maker too, like Mrs. Longpurse, over the way!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Oh, Ruth, don't be envious. Poor Mrs. Longpurse is a cripple. Her hands hang uselessly by her side. She would give all her riches only *to be able* to darn her own stockings at this moment."

"Well, then, mother, I would be willing to mend *all* the stockings, if I might just sew the holes over and over, instead of traveling back and forward, back and forward, and only get an inch ahead in half an hour."

"Sew them up!" exclaimed her mother, laughing. "Why, Ruth, that would be almost as bad as the way Miss Betsy Bluestocking mended hers."

"How was that, mamma?"

"She *pinned them up!*"

"Did she really, mamma?" said Ruth, amused.

"Yes, she did indeed. I saw her going up stairs once, and there were two pins, one in each heel, straining together two obstinate-looking holes, which promised very soon to break their bonds."

Ruth laughed heartily. "Oh, that was too bad! I would rather have gone with the holes gaping than to have *pinned* them together; wouldn't you?"

Her mother looked doubtful. "I suppose the holes let in the cold. I will tell you something stranger yet; for Betsy Bluestocking had no mother to teach her any thing, so there was some excuse for her; but, neat and particular as Mrs. Stitchintime is, she told me once that she *never* had mended a hole in her stocking in all her life."

"Oh, mamma, she shouldn't tell such fibs! She has spent a week at a time with us, and I have seen her, with darning needle and yarn, at work upon stockings, and she was a long time about it too."

"Both the lady and yourself tell the truth, my dear. She always *darns the thin places before they come to holes.*"

Ruth laughed again. "Oh, what a catch that was, mamma! Well, I suppose Mrs. Stitchintime goes upon the principle of that proverb about nine stitches—what is it, mother?"

"A stitch in time saves nine."

"Yes—that's it. Look, mamma! while we have been chatting here I have darned all the holes!" and with a cheerful face Ruth clipped off the shortened yarn.

"I am very glad, and much obliged to you," said the lady, taking the stocking. "It is nicely done, too. Now you may play with Puss; but, before you go, let us make a resolution always after this to follow Mrs. Stitchintime's rule, and never allow ourselves to darn a *hole* in our stockings again."

THE BUTTON:

AN EXPERIENCE OF A NEW YORK DETECTIVE, RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I expect you've no idea how scientifically burglars do their work sometimes. It's a regular trade; I don't know but you might call it one of the arts and sciences. Folks generally think a burglar is a rough-looking villain, with a horrid face and bushy eyebrows, who breaks into any house or store where he thinks there's any thing worth taking, and kills every body that makes any resistance. Just let me show you a burglar (turning to the Rogues' Gallery), one of the best of them. There, that fellow, number 203; you wouldn't think *he* was a rascal; he looks more like an Episcopal minister, doesn't he? Now that fellow had as nice a kit of tools as you'd care to see. His "skeletons," with movable wards, were made with a polish on 'em. Give him a chance and he'd open any lock in town. He never "weeded" a place till he knew just where he was to go and what he was to do. If it was a store, he'd have been through it carefully, under the pretext of buying goods, or finding some Mr. Jones or other among the clerks. He'd find just the right time for his job, if he waited weeks. I suppose he *might*, possibly, quiet any body that disturbed him, if it was really necessary, and he had a large "swag," but he would avoid the risk of a murder from principle.

I was going to tell you of some smart work there was done some years ago by three men, down in Maiden Lane and thereabouts.

I think 'twas in the fall of the year, and for some weeks, every Monday morning regular, there came complaints to the Chief that some store had been entered and goods taken away without being charged. The Chief sent for the patrolmen of that ward, and was pretty sharp with them, telling them to keep extra look-out Saturday and Sunday nights, threatening to dismiss them if this sort of thing went on. But it did; and the merchants complained of the inefficiency of the police and all that; till, finally, the Chief declared he was ashamed of himself, and vowed something should be done.

One Monday morning three of us "specials" were sent for to "the Hall," and there we found a Maiden Lane merchant making a complaint. He kept a wholesale furnishing-store, and had found that morning that some few thousands' worth of goods had gone off on free-trade principles.

The Chief says to us:

"Now men, I want this little matter attended to *sharp*. I don't want to see you again till this Sunday trade is stopped. Go with this gentleman and he'll show you what's been done."

We saw the Chief was in earnest, and as we'd heard about the charges of inefficiency, we had our own pride up, and were determined to do all we could.

When we came to the store we took a general survey. The windows and doors were all right, no locks broken, nothing to show how any body could have got in or out, except in the regular way. We can often tell what "school" of thieves to suspect by the way the work has been done. In the "Hatters' Bank" case, for instance, as soon as we saw how neatly the job had been done, we had our suspicions at once. But here, all that there was out of the way was the boxes broken open and the goods gone. We didn't suspect the clerks or porter, for it wasn't likely that all the clerks and porters of the various stores that had been robbed were dishonest.

Well, there seemed a poor show for making much in this case, and our plan seemed to be to watch round for the next attempt, and meanwhile to "turn up" (search) some of the "fences" (receivers of stolen goods) to see if we could find any of the property; though it's only by chance that you ever make any thing that way, the "fences" are too "fly" (smart). But while examining the premises and discussing our plans we were all the while at work, learning the kind of goods taken, the store mark—that is, the cost and price marks fastened on the goods or written on them; we went over the whole store very carefully. The place had been swept out Saturday night, of course, and the rascals had done their work so quietly and thoroughly that there was no more litter about than if the goods had been taken down for some customer.

While overhauling some of the boxes we came upon a case of suspenders; the box had been roughly opened, and we found that out of the dozen three pairs only had been taken out. The rascals were *three*, then, we supposed. That was something learned, though it didn't amount to much. We looked about to see if we could find the old suspenders, for we thought they might have put the new ones on at once; but if they did they were "fly" enough not to leave any such mementoes behind them.

Just as we were coming away, Reed (one of us) picked up a rumpled newspaper that lay in a corner, and as he did so a button dropped out. He picked it up, and says he,

"Walling, see here; *this* may lead to it. It's all we've got, any how."

It was a black prunel button, coat size, and had evidently been worn, for the threads in it showed that it had come off somebody's coat. I thought that it might have come off the coat of one of the clerks, and as the pattern was rather peculiar—it had what they call a "dome centre," a new pattern then—we concluded to overhaul the coats of the establishment. No one had been with us when we found the button but one of the partners—the clerks were all below—and he took me down with him to make comparisons. We went through the closet where the clerks hung their coats—they usually wear linen coats or something cheap to work in—but we found no buttons to match. The partner said he was quite sure no such buttons had been worn by any one connected with the store; he should have observed it if there had been, the button was so peculiar. Indeed, as I said before, we hadn't suspected the clerks from the first.

Well, we came away, and says Reed to me and Shadbolt (the other officer), "That button's the only clue we've got to 'em, and it's my opinion we can get 'em by that."

He seemed to have so much faith, that I rather yielded to him, though I thought less of the chance than he seemed to. We reported progress, such as it was, at head-quarters, and Shadbolt and me were ordered to go into the button trade; Reed was wanted for something else, I forget what. The robberies that had been committed were important, in number and the amount taken, and we two officers were directed to give our whole attention to the matter, on whatever clue or in whatever way we thought best. We had nothing but the button, for the suspenders didn't promise much help in finding them, though they might serve to identify them when they were found; and after a consultation together, we concluded to try to find the rest of that set of buttons.

Well, we went to all the rendezvous of "cross-men" (thieves) all over the city, the drinking-saloons they frequent, the corners where they "loaf," the oyster-cellars, dance-houses, lodging-houses, the private "cribs," the low theatres, the pits and third tiers of more respectable places—*every where*; I should like to know where we *didn't* go! There was a race out to the Fashion Course, and we went there; and a regatta up the river, and we went there; and a launch over to Brooklyn, and we were there. And so it went on. By day we were every where where there was a crowd—and "cross-men" love a crowd where there's "thimbles," "props," and "dummies," to "prig" (watches, breast-pins, and pocket-books); your regular burglar doesn't go into that business much—that's interfering in another trade—but he likes to be along on such occasions; and at night we were at all such places as I've mentioned. We were at work three weeks. It seems a good while to think of, but it wasn't so long while we were at work, because it seemed all the time as if we were just agoing to succeed. We did think we'd got our man several times, but on working up alongside and taking out our button we'd find that it wouldn't match.

One night we were at the Chatham Street Theatre; I was up in the third tier, and Shadbolt was below, at the door. While I was looking quietly round, Shad comes up, all out of breath, and says he,

"There's three fellows just stopped at the ticket-hole, and one of 'em's got on the buttons, I think. I'm afraid they know me, so I'll keep shady."

"Well," says I, "you stay out in front till I call you or send for you."

"All right," says he, and he slips away, just as the three fellows come up. I was afraid they'd see him, but as they stopped at the bar a minute, he had a chance to get down stairs very prettily.

The light wasn't very clear up there, and I couldn't make out the shapes of their buttons; but as only one wore a black coat, I knew which one to steer for. I got up as if to change my seat, loafed out to the bar, and came in again and sat down right next to my man with the black coat. I looked over my play-bill very carefully, and at the same time took a side glance at his buttons. They were the same pattern as the one I carried in my pocket; and to make it a sure thing, one of the row of buttons was newer than the rest, and of a slightly different pattern, showing that one of the original set had come off and been replaced.

It wouldn't do to try to arrest them there, for there were more birds of that feather in the place, and they would have turned to and made a row, and in the confusion my birds would fly away; I couldn't be sure of more than one at any rate. So my plan was to "pipe" them (follow), and either nab them in the street, with Shadbolt's aid, or track them to their lodgings. It was rather late, and I hadn't long to wait. I knew that Shadbolt was on the look-out below, and at the "break-up" I followed my men down stairs. At the entrance the crowd was too great to try a nab and be sure of getting them all, so I "piped" along. I felt sure, from their looks, that they belonged to that ward, and I thought they'd run in somewhere close by; so, as I passed Shadbolt, I gave him the sign to stay where he was "till called for," and I followed the game. They went into two or three "lushing kens" (drinking places), and I waited for them, humbly, outside; and at last they started straight for "the Points."

In those days the Five Points was a much worse place than it is now—whether it's owing to the Mission Houses or to Captain Dowling I don't know—and as I walked along at a little distance behind my parties, I got my club out of my pocket and run it up my sleeve, so as to be ready for any thing. I knew the country I was going over pretty well, and had my eyes open, so I felt comfortable.

Well, I tracked the three young gentlemen into one of the shilling lodging-houses; and as you've been through these, you say, you know that one of those houses is a nice place to catch a rogue in. Dark, dirty, rickety stairs, winding round from story to story; back entrances and side entrances, underground passages, alley-ways leading to other streets; all sorts of ways to get in and out of these dirty rat-holes. I wasn't going in alone, not because I was afraid, but because I knew it would take at least two of us to catch them when we found them. I was pretty sure that the parties didn't think themselves watched by their manner; and as they'd been drinking a good deal, I thought they'd be sure to go right to bed. But though I wanted Shadbolt, it wouldn't do for me to leave; they might have gone in only on some business, and be coming out, and then, if I was away, they'd get off. I didn't know just what to do then, but a man happened to come hurrying along as I was standing in the door, who looked "square" (honest)—there was a gas-light close by—and says I to him,

"Friend, will you do me a favor?"

He looked scared to be spoken to by any one just there and then, but he stopped, and said he would if he could. So I asked him to go to the theatre, as it was in the way he was going, and tell a man he'd find near the door—I described Shadbolt—that some one wanted him at that corner where I was. He said he would, and went on, and presently Shadbolt came along. Well, we talked over our plans a little, and then we went and got the landlord of the house—he was a sub-landlord, and dealt directly with the tenants—and got him to take a lantern and go through the house with us. If we'd have gone alone, rapping at the doors, and asking the people to open, the thieves would have smelt rat, and got away somehow; but we knew they would recognize the landlord's voice, and so open and let us in. Well, we went from room to room, turning up a bed here and a bed there, and, finally, we came to a room where the landlord knocked several times, and at last there was a "Who's there? What's wanted?" I recognized the voice in a minute; it was the young fellow I'd sat next to in the theatre; and I whispered to Shadbolt that we'd got to the right place. The landlord made them get up and open the door, and as soon as there was a crack I put my foot inside, so they couldn't slam it to and lock it when they saw us. As they opened the door very slowly and cautiously, I seized the lantern, gave the door a shove, and stepped in. There he was.

"Dress yourself, young man," says I.

"Get up, boys," says he, without replying to me.

"What's up?" says one of them.

"Why, d—n it, we're 'copped!'" says he, for he knew Shadbolt right off.

They didn't make any trouble, dressed themselves quietly, and we took them off. As they were dressing we recognized the suspenders. All three of them had on suspenders alike, and of a pattern the same as those in the store. So in about ten minutes from that time we had them "in hock" (the cells). It was a good long chase, night and day for three weeks, and there was some satisfaction in having at last done our work, especially as we had so small a clue to begin on.

Wait a minute: the best part's to come yet. We'd caught the thieves, but we hadn't recovered all the "swag" they'd been collecting so long. Of course it was a good thing that we'd got them, so that they couldn't trade for some time; but there had been some thousands of dollars' worth of goods stolen, and we wanted to get some, if not all, of that.

We managed this very neatly, but I can't tell you just how it was done. There are some tricks in our trade that it wouldn't do to have the "cracksmen" of the city know, as they would, of course, if they were printed.

It was somehow in this way: Say that next morning an old man comes to see the three fellows we've caught; say that some one of our officers, loafing round, suspects him to be a friend of one of the "fences" he'd "turned up" a little while be-

fare; say that we think the old man has come to see the boys, and promise to help them all he can on condition that they won't "squeak" on their "fence" (expose him); say that we offer every facility for conversation between the parties through the grated doors of the cells, and that an officer is so situated as to hear all that is said. This being the arrangement, it is not difficult for some one to "pipe" that old man home, overhaul his premises, and find lots of "swag." Never mind just how it was done; anyhow, we got about seven thousand dollars' worth from that "fence," and had him "cut up" for two years and four months, and the three young gentlemen went along to keep him company. The goods we found were claimed not only by parties in Maiden Lane, but by Brooklyn merchants, and one lot by a lace merchant on Broadway.

We got a good deal of credit for the way we worked the case, and I think myself there was 't any thing to be ashamed of about it.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

THE accompanying engraving represents a majority of the vessels composing the great Paraguay expedition. The entire list of the squadron is as follows:

Frigate *Sabine* (flag ship—W. Brandford Shubrick, Commodore), Captain Adams.
Frigate *St. Lawrence*, Captain Holl.
Sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, Commander Farrand.
Sloop-of-war *Preble*, Commander Jenkins.
Brig-of-war *Dolphin*, Commander Sheridan.
Brig-of-war *Bainbridge*, Lieutenant Renshaw.
Brig-of-war *Perry*, Lieutenant Tilghman.
Steamer-of-war *Fulton*, Lieutenant Almy.
Steamer-of-war *Water Witch*, Lieutenant Pegram.
Steamer-of-war *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce.
Steamer *Memphis*, Commander Marchand.
Steamer *Atlantis*, Commander Ridgely.
Steamer *Caledonia*, Commander Case.
Steamer *Southern Star*, Commander Pennock.
Steamer *Watertpiet*, Commander T. T. Hunter.
Steamship *Supply*, Lieutenant Stanly.

Some of these vessels are on foreign stations at present, and could not be included in our picture. Thus the *Bainbridge* is on the coast of Africa, while the *St. Lawrence*, *Falmouth*, *Preble*, and *Perry* are all on the coast of Brazil; the *Sabine*, the flag-ship, in our own waters. This fine vessel, which was kindly photographed for us by Mr. Rogby, will, together with the *Harriet Lane*, *Water Witch*, *Fulton*, etc., give the public a very fair idea of the squadron.

The little *Water Witch*, which figures so prominently in the accompanying engraving, is, in a measure, the cause of the expedition. In the fall of 1853, while engaged in a scientific exploration and survey of the Parana and Paraguay rivers, she was wantonly fired upon, by orders of Lopez, from the Paraguayan fortress of Itapira. The pretext for the outrage was the unwillingness of Lopez to suffer any foreign vessel to enter the waters of his state; and as he has always refused to make any compensation either for the affront or for the injury (the *Water Witch* was hulled, and one man was killed), it is presumable that he still adheres to the policy which dictated the act. It will now devolve on Commodore Shubrick and Commissioner Bowlin to endeavor to awaken him to juster views of international comity.

The plan of the expedition is thus given, on seemingly official authority, in the *Herald*:

"The plan of the Government is, we understand, after the fleet has made its rendezvous at Buenos Ayres, to send up Commissioner Bowlin to Asuncion in one of the small steamers, with demands on the Government of Lopez for full and immediate satisfaction; the remainder of the squadron ascending the river as far as circumstances will permit, and at a supporting distance. Should he fail, the squadron will be put in motion, and all the vessels drawing from nine to twelve feet will push on to their work, and the remainder will lie at the bar at the mouth of the Paraua, and maintain a vigorous blockade of the Paraguay. This itself will be a serious blow to Lopez, as it appears by the reports made to the Secretary of State by the late Consul, that since the attempt of the American company, steamers and trading vessels, doing a very considerable business, most of them the property of Lopez, are now multiplying on the river."

It is not likely that the expedition will confine its labors to Paraguay. While it is on the coast of South America, it will probably settle all our outstanding accounts with the nations of that part of the world. The squadron is the finest we have ever sent abroad in time of peace; let us hope that it will do its duty in a manner worthy of the gallant officers who sail under Commodore Shubrick.

THE THREE POETS.

WHEN the mist of the morning rose on high
A lark went singing up the sky,
Singing and shining in the sun,
Bright with the day ere the day began.

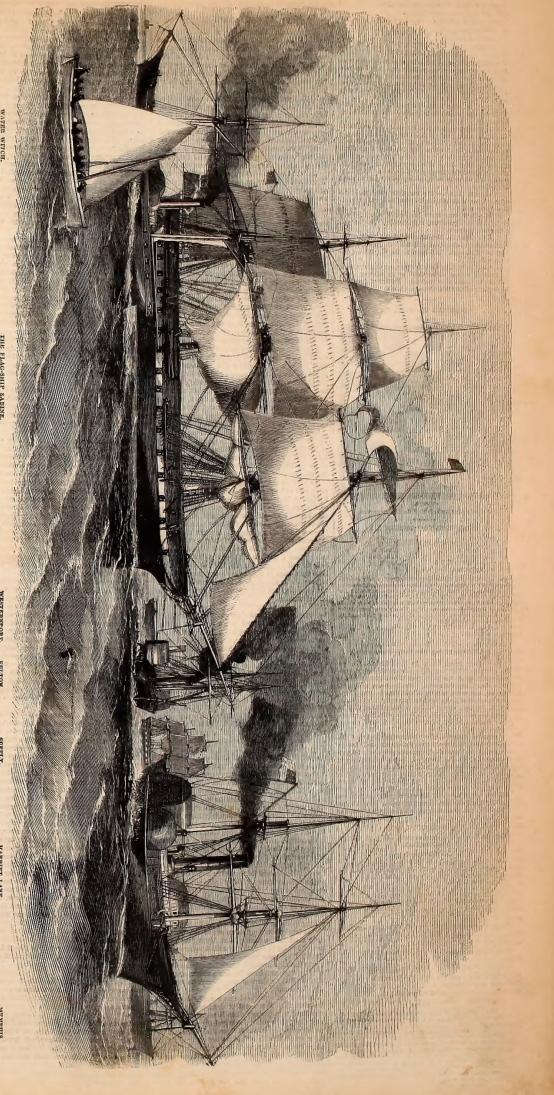
"I am the bird of morn," sang he,
"And the morn, I think, is made for me;
Its earliest light caresses my wing,
And it always rises when I sing!"

The mist rose higher in the sky,
As a noble poet wandered by;
He saw the bird, and he heard its song,
And he smiled, for his faith in himself was strong.

"Sing on, little bird, and soar and shine,
You can never o'ertake these thoughts of mine;
And for my songs, when the songs do come,
Let the whole world hear them and be dumb."

But now the sun rose, as of old,
In all his pomp of purple and gold;
The lark was drowned in a sea of light,
And the poet dropped from his giddy height.

"There is no poet," the poet said,
"Like the beautiful, bright, old Sun overhead;
Never a word does he sing or say,
But his smile is the golden poem—Day!"



CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. D. (Philadelphia).—There must be some error in the transcription of the position sent, as it is obviously wrong. As regards your solution of Problem I., in common with many of our correspondents, you *have got the pig by the wrong ear.* (*Vide* solution below—this also to D. Y., J. M., and I. R.)

J. K., L. F., and D. C.—Your solutions to Mr. C.'s beautiful Problem are the only true ones that have come to hand.

J. G. (Brooklyn), H. S. (Baltimore), and some others.—C. H. S. is much gratified to see his old friends already flock around him in his new position. Much matter is on hand for early attention. By-the-way, several letters are to hand from other wielders of the goose-quill in Caissa's cause (nothing offensive, gentlemen, intended), on the subject of exchanging with *Harper's Weekly*. All applications must be made to the publishing department of the paper.

"Canfield" (Utica).—The neat little skirmish at the odds of Queen's Knight is laid aside for—in all probability—future use.

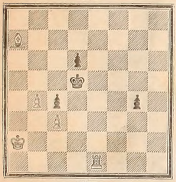
K. G.—Your three-move Problem is certainly very pretty, but *slightly* wanting in originality. We give you a diagram, however.

E. J. G. (Fond du Lac, Wisconsin), and Dr. N. C. R. (Philadelphia).—Received with thanks. Due attention may be relied upon. *Ad interim*, Dr. R. will see answer to S. W. D.

L. S.—It is the King alone that can not Castle over an intervening square commanded by an adverse piece. Nor can he Castle when in check. Neither of the above regulations affect the action of the Rook.

PROBLEM II.—BY K. G.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM I.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q × B (*a*)	P × Q
2. R × Kt (ch)	R to R 2
3. R to B 8 (ch)	K to Kt 2
4. R from R 6 to K B 6	Any thing
5. R checkmates.	

(*a*) A peculiarity in Mr. Cook's problems is particularly exemplified in this fine stratagem. We allude to the great variety of means by which the first player might *apparently* effect a mate within the stipulated time. Thus, "R to B 8 (ch)," "Q to B 8 (ch)," or "Q to B 6," all look very attacking moves; but in neither case can checkmate be *forced* in less than six moves. We can spare room but for one variation, however, to which our attention has been directed by various correspondents, thus:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to R 2
2. Q to B 8	Kt to K Kt
3. Kt × Kt	P to Kt 4

And White can not mate in less than three more moves.

NEW YORK CHESS CLUB, 29 *Bond Street*.—We are happy to be enabled to report most favorably of the present condition of the New York Chess Club, which is more flourishing than ever. Meetings are held each evening, and some matches of considerable interest are now in course of play among its members. That between Dr. B. Raphael, winner of the fourth prize at the late grand tournament with Mr. F. Perrin, attracts much notice; the score, so far, being in Mr. P.'s favor at the rate of five to one.

CHESS IN EUROPE.—The all-absorbing topics of discussion among the amateurs and chess *savans* of Europe continue to be the brilliant successes and wonderful performances of Mr. Paul Morphy. Latest dates inform us of his continued advance in the great match now pending between himself and Harrwitz; the score then standing, Morphy, four; Harrwitz, two; the former gentleman having won his four games consecutively, without even a *draw*. After Harrwitz comes Anderssen, and next our old friend and *monitor*, Howard Staunton. May the best man win! and, of all things, the best of humor continue to prevail!

GAME IV.

Between Messrs. St. Amant, of Paris, and C. H. Stanley, of New York.

(*Sicilian opening.*)

WHITE, *Stanley*.	BLACK, *St. Amant*.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2. P to Q B 4	Kt to Q B 3
3. Kt to K B 3	P to K 4
4. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 3
5. B to Q 3	Q B to Kt 5
6. P to K R 3	Q B to R 4
7. Kt to Q 5	Kt to K B 3
8. P to K Kt 4	B to K Kt 3
9. Q to B 2	Kt × Kt
10. B P × Kt	Q to K B 3 (*a*)
11. P × Q Kt	Q × K Kt
12. P × Q Kt P	Q × R (ch)
13. K to K 2	Q R to Q
14. Q to R 4 (ch)	K to K 2
15. Q to B 6	K to B 3
16. B to Q B 2 (*b*)	Q × R P (*c*)
17. Q to B 8	K to Kt 4
18. P to Q 4 (dis. ch)	K to R 5
19. Q × R (check)	

Black resigns (*d*).

NOTES.

(*a*) An enticing sort of move, and one apt to take the fancy of a player in an off-hand game. It is risky, however, as the sequel will show.

(*b*) With the benevolent intent, no doubt, of advancing his Queen's pawn, and thus unmasking the attack of Q B.

(*c*) "K B to K 2" would, probably, have prolonged the game; but its ultimate loss has been a fixed fact for some moves.

(*d*) The above game was played, with others, on occasion of an entertainment extended to M. St. Amant by the amateurs of New York, when that distinguished player passed through this city, some years since. The result of eight games thus contended was the scoring of four games by each party.

COUSIN JOHN.

MY gracious, Hannah, if you ain't a sight to behold! Laud sakes! child, where have you been all the morning? Here we've most done dinner, and there ain't nothing fit to eat, I don't believe. We've just ate up the last of them berry pies. But my sakes! child, you look as if you'd had berries enough for one spell—your mouth and hands is all black with 'em now.

Aunt Myra's tongue, if possible a more untiring member than even her ever-busy hands, might have run on in an uninterrupted flow for an hour longer had not the current of her ideas been checked by a turn so startling and sudden that the conversational tide overflowed its banks in one "Bless my soul!" of such fullness and energy, that it seemed to have exhausted her well-springs of language, and put a temporary stop to the torrent of words.

The cause of the interruption was simply this. When Aunt Myra first beheld me, mud-stained, and berry-stained, heated, tired, and hungry, her motherly compassion for my condition made her, for the moment, forgetful of every thing but my wants; but following the direction of my eyes, her own rested upon an apparition which filled me with dismay, and made my cheeks blaze redder than the July sun had done before, blushing first at the thought of my appearance, and then more and more with shame that I should have blushed at all, till the tears fairly started to my eyes from very vexation. And the source of all this disturbance was neither more nor less than a rather handsome and very well-dressed young man, who sat at the dinner-table calmly finishing the last piece of Aunt Myra's lamented berry pie, and between the mouthfuls taking a cool and impartial survey of myself, and, if I might judge from the half-smile that lurked in the corners of his eyes, forming a not too favorable estimate of my personal attractions.

I have no vanity, I feel sure of that; but no girl could help feeling vexed to make her first appearance before a person whom she had heard talked about for the last three weeks, as I had Mr. Hampton (I knew at the first glance it was he), looking as I did then, my dress muddy and wet, and torn by the briers, my hair half fallen down, my face heated, and, worst of all, my lips and teeth blue as indigo from the berries I had been eating all the morning.

Cousin John stood looking on, silent as usual, but I believe in his heart not sorry to see me looking my ugliest before the stranger. However, I felt grateful to him for putting an end to the embarrassing scene by carrying Mr. Hampton off with him to the marshes.

As soon as they were gone I ran up to my own room and had a good cry—I had been such a fool. I might at least have explained how I got my dress so wet and dirty; that in trying to take a shorter way home, I crossed the brook, and, slipping off one of the stepping-stones, fell into the water. But I never think of any thing at the right time; and any explanation afterward only makes one appear ridiculous. It was no indication of vanity, certainly, that I tried on that night to make myself look as well as possible; and if I did spend more time than usual in persuading every perverse curl to stay in its proper place, it was surely no more than was required to remove the unfair impressions of the morning.

I dreaded meeting them again, so I waited till tea was all ready, and then quietly slipping into the room was introduced as we sat down at the table. There was nothing in Mr. Hampton's manner to revive my annoyance, but Cousin John gave me a comical little look which made me feel vexed all the evening. Some persons' looks speak so plainly that they seem to have no need of words to express themselves, and Cousin John is evidently of that opinion, if one may judge from his sparing use of the organs of speech. At that time especially, I remember, for days together, it would seem to me that he hardly spoke ten words, but would sit there hearing every word that *we* said, and making his comments in his own mind. It is a very provoking way, and used to make me feel so constrained that I dare say I must have appeared very silly and awkward. But Mr. Hampton never seemed to be conscious of it at all, but rattled away, sense or nonsense as it might happen to be, and certainly made himself very agreeable. I used to wonder, when Cousin John had said so much to me of Mr. Hampton being his friend in College, and such a good fellow, that he did not seem to enjoy his visit more. It could not be envy; for though Mr. Hampton was certainly more elegant in dress and some little matters, no one could ever be more a true gentleman than Cousin John, even in his overalls and farm boots; besides, of course, he must have been glad that we all liked his friend. Whatever might have been the cause, the fact was that all the time Mr. Hampton staid at the farm Cousin John seemed to have taken a vow of silence; and just from common civility I was obliged to exert myself to supply his deficiencies as far as I could, and do all in my power to entertain his guest, which was not by any means a difficult task, for I never saw any one more inclined to be pleased, or more willing to do his share in pleasing others.

One lovely morning as we sat at breakfast (an early meal at the farm), Aunt Myra proposed to us to ride over to the old saw-mill—a place which, dignified by some name worthy of its beauties, might have led romantic tourists many a mile out of their way, and have become a centre of attraction to all the seekers of the picturesque throughout the county.

Aunt Myra's proposal met a ready acceptance from us all. It was one of those bright, breezy, exhilarating mornings when it seems easier to do any thing than to sit down quietly within doors, so we were soon mounted upon such horses as the farm could furnish and cantering gayly along, all three abreast; but soon we turned into one of those lovely little wood-roads, where the trees meet overhead, and our horses' feet make no sound on the soft carpet of pine-leaves that lie thick on the ground. The road was too narrow for three horses, and Cousin John said he would ride on in front to show us the way; but I suppose he remembered that I already knew it, as he was soon out of sight. We tried to overtake him; but Mr. Hampton's horse was either tired or very lazy, for he could not make him go faster than a walk. So it was a long time before we reached the mill, and we had a great deal of conversation by the way. Mr. Hampton talked about country life; he said he was tired of the city, and thought of buying himself a farm somewhere in the county, and interesting himself in agriculture. I suggested that in a country neighborhood like ours he would find great lack of society; but he said, surrounded by such beautiful nature, he should never want more society than that of one or two friends, and if he—What more he was going to say I do not know; for just at that moment my horse gave a sudden start, and continued to prance and jump for five minutes, so that Mr. Hampton was afraid I should be thrown, and tried to persuade me, when Nelly at last stood still enough for me to dismount, to let him ride her, while I took old Ben. But I was confident I could manage little Nelly, and, indeed, for the rest of the ride she was as gentle as a lamb. But Mr. Hampton's plan of farming-life was not mentioned again.

When we arrived at the mill, there was Cousin John's horse, but its rider was nowhere visible. We called him, but received no answer, so we strolled off to the waterfall, and there we found him, sitting on a rock, throwing pebbles into the water. He was so deeply engrossed in this absorbing occupation that he did not look up till we spoke to him, and then I thought he seemed rather out of temper, though I do not know what could have vexed him. However, we all sat down together a little while to rest, and the water rushing over the great stones in its bed was so noisy, and withal so musical, that it was no wonder we all grew silent as we sat there listening to it. At last Mr. Hampton started up, saying that he wished to trace the course of the brook higher up; he was convinced we should find it beautiful enough to repay us for the walk. I could not refuse to go with him, especially as it was his last day with us (his visit had already extended far beyond its intended limits, and to-morrow he must certainly leave us). So we went, without Cousin John, who, rather ungraciously I thought, declined to accompany us on the pretext of being tired; though how a man who can swing a scythe from sunrise to sunset could be tired by an eight miles' ride I did not know.

There was a grassy path along the corner of the brook—a remnant, perhaps, from its working days, where, in winter, logs were dragged down to the saw-mill—but, encroached upon by the bushes and young trees, the cart-road was narrowed to a mere footpath. We wandered on and on, every turn of the brook showing us new and more enticing glimpses of beauty, and leading us farther than we should have gone, till at length I felt really tired, and was glad to consent to Mr. Hampton's proposal that we should sit down on the trunk of a tree which had fallen partly over the brook and rest. The woods were full of blackberries, and, making a basket of some large leaves, he went off, and soon brought it back to me full of berries. "I am almost as much of an expert in this branch of woodcraft as Miss Annie herself," said he, with a smile which showed very well he had not forgotten our first meeting, and I took courage then to tell him something of the annoyance I felt at my absurd appearance on that day. "First impressions, you know," I said, "are so often indelible." "They are, indeed," said he. "Little did I think when you entered Aunt Myra's door-way, and stopped short, blushing like a wild rose-bud, how the whole course of—" "Mercy!" screamed I, "there goes my handkerchief into the water! Please catch it; there, it's stopped by that stone!" and, not waiting for Mr. Hampton's assistance, I rescued it myself, and brought it, dripping, to shore upon the end of a long stick.

Being roused to animation by this little incident, I found myself quite sufficiently refreshed to walk back to the mill, which we did at a very brisk pace, having no occasion now to loiter in admiration of the scenery which was no longer new to us.

We found Cousin John just where we left him, and I sat down by him and gave him an account of the beauties he had missed, and made him promise to follow the brook up with me himself some future day. Here Mr. Hampton, looking at his watch, remarked that we had barely time to reach home before dinner, and Aunt Myra might be anxious if we were late; so we mounted and rode home. We were all tired and silent—hungry, perhaps.

The afternoon I spent in my own room. After tea we were all in the garden; Cousin John, seized with an untimely fit of industry, diligently weeding the strawberry bed, and I, perhaps inspired by emulation, trying to train up a climbing rose. Some of the branches were too high for me, and Mr. Hampton begged to be allowed to assist me.

"I have been rather a lazy fellow most of my life," said he; "but I mean to reform, and perhaps you will give me my first lesson in usefulness. If you knew how much pleasure it gives me to be able to do even a little thing for you, and to feel that I am earning—"

"A dollar a day," said I.

He took no notice of my impertinent interruption. He did not seem to hear it, though he stopped short in what he was saying, and abruptly exclaimed:

"Miss Annie, I must leave the farm early to-morrow morning: too early to hope to see you. I have spent here the six happiest weeks of my life. I never knew what life might be before, and now that—"

The conclusion of his sentence was suddenly cut short by the most furious outbreak of barking and cackling combined, accompanied by distracted cries of "Hannah, Hannah!" from Aunt Myra. I rushed to her assistance, and succeeded in capturing and carrying off in disgrace the cause of the disturbance, a vicious little terrier, who had found some means of getting into the poultry-yard, and was making sad havoc among the broods of young ducks and turkeys.

The next morning, after breakfast, Cousin John asked me if I would ride with him again. I consented, of course, feeling a little surprised, for he always devoted his mornings to work. He turned his horse's head down the mill-road, and after a few commonplace remarks about the beauty of the morning and the scenery, he sank into entire silence; but this was not so unusual with him as to excite in me any speculation with regard to its cause.

When we came to the fallen tree we sat down as before, and then Cousin John began to speak.

"Annie," said he—in such a strange, forced voice that it frightened me; I thought at first that he was angry with me; that I had offended him in some way—"Annie," he went on, with a little hesitation, "I have made a promise, undertaken a charge, which is difficult to execute. I must speak to you upon a matter where a third person's intervention is embarrassing, and I had better speak at once, that I may keep my word honorably. Hampton wished very much to see you again before he went away; he had much to say to you that he felt unwilling to write; he tried to say it yesterday, but was interrupted. In short [and here Cousin John's manner grew more than ever cold and severe]—in short, he loves you, and wishes to make you his wife; but felt so much discouraged by something in your manner yesterday, that he dares not see you again or write to you until I can give him some hope of such an answer as he wishes. I ought, in justice to him, to say that I have a great respect for his character and talents, and think he would make you very happy, if—you love him."

Cousin John stopped, waiting for my answer, but none came. "I must write to him, Annie," said he; "what shall I say?" Still no answer; till at last it came, in violent, irrepressible sobs—no tears, only those choking sobs. "Annie! what is the matter? My dear Annie, what have I said? Dear, dear little Annie! My *own* Annie!" Then came the tears—a full flood—but they were wept on his breast, and his hand wiped them away.

I do not know what answer Cousin John wrote to Mr. Hampton; but, after all, I do not think he could have been unhappy very long, for he had only known me six weeks.

I always loved the country; and Cousin John thinks, under Aunt Myra's training, I shall make the best of farmer's wives—certainly the happiest.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

UNCLE. "George, have you got a pocket-book?"
NEPHEW. "No, Sir."
UNCLE. "Then I am very sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to put in it."
(George visits his uncle again, fortified with a large wallet.)
UNCLE. "George, have you got a pocket-book yet?"
NEPHEW (whose countenance brightens up). "Yes, Sir."
UNCLE. "Oh! then, I am quite sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to buy one."

Some five or six years ago, on one of the lower circuits of Arkansas, a negro was on trial for the murder of his master. The proof was positive—he had confessed the murder. There was no occasion for any argument to the jury, but the prosecuting attorney (since elevated to the bench) made a vehement address to the jury, and in his peroration (having spoken more than an hour), with excited looks, distended nostrils, and sinking voice, turned to the poor stupid negro, who was looking at him in amazement (possibly thinking him crazy), and pointing his quivering finger in the criminal's face, exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "Oh, you monster in human shape! shake not your gory locks at me, for, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, 'as Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man!'" and took his seat, the drops of sweat dripping from his face. The reader can easily imagine the effects of such a speech upon the court, bar, and bystanders.

Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they *did not* see him steal it. The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said, "If there are twelve who *did not* see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

THE SENIOR WRANGLER TO HIS BRIDE.

Being a Mathematical Madrigal in the simplest form.

Charmer, on a given straight line,
And which we will call BC,
Meeting at a common point A,
Draw the lines AC, AB.
But, my sweetest, so arrange it,
That they're equal, all the three:
Then you'll find that, in the sequel,
All their angles, too, are equal.

Equal angles, so to term them,
Each one opposite its brother!
Equal joys and equal sorrows,
Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother,
Equal—oh, divine ecstatics—
Based on Hutton's mathematics!

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—For Sale: A handsome young bird dog. Any sportsman in want of a good bred dog to swim after his own heart, can find such cheap, by applying, etc.

Among the many ancient tombstones in the "Pawtucket Cemetery" at Haverhill, Massachusetts, is one from which the following inscription is copied:

JOHN SWODDOCK,
Died February, 13, 1707-8,
and in ye 76 year of his
age.
He lived honestly all his life,
Died aged and never had a wife.

HOW TO MAKE A LADY STICK OUT HER LITTLE FINGER.—The best way of securing this effect is to put on the finger in question a handsome diamond ring. The mere desire to display the diamond to the best advantage is sure to make the lady stick out her little finger in the most charming manner possible. When the effect begins to fail, substitute another ring of greater brilliancy. Success must attend these repeated efforts.

A Hartford paper asks why the Atlantic cable is like a turnip?—Because the thing never was beet!

A waggish candidate coming, in the course of his canvass, to a tailor's shop, "What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

Douglas Jerrold said there was no finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church.

At a party once the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the other convenient subject besides the weather, when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously (as she explained) said, "If I were you, and you me, I would have married long ago."

The wind was blowing a gale. As I passed the corner of Winter and Tremont streets, I noticed a crowd of persons looking upward. I found my old friend, Mr. Brown, in the midst—all eyes were centred on his observations. At length a smart Yankee stepped up to him and asked: "What is it, Sir? What is it?"

"Nothing; oh nothing, my friend—I was only looking to see how high the wind is."

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato-patch or a flower-garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

"The most quiet place I know," said Zekiel, "is W——, in Mississippi; there's no quarrel, nor rowdyism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another, he's quietly shot down, and that is the last of it."

By Telegraph, from our Indiana Correspondent.
What popular singer does crushed Indian corn, steeped in vinegar, remind you of? *Pickle' hominy!* (*Piccolomini!—Oh!*)

A witty dentist, having labored in vain to extricate a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

CANNIBALISM AND EDUCATION.—When the inhabitants of Ningpo, China, saw the acts of benevolence which were performed by an enthusiastic but somewhat eccentric English lady, who at an advanced age and in the possession of a handsome competency, had chosen that far-away city as her sphere of usefulness, they were heard to say among themselves, "It is not true; she does not eat the children." They had evidently been taught that the school she had sought to establish was but a trap whereby she proposed to herself the means of obtaining cannibal delicacies.

LOOK AT HOME.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaller; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yoursel', meenister?" "Yes, John; you must look at your circumstances and mine!" "Verra true, Sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I can not tell you that." "Weel, Sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Oct.* 11, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been very heavy for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. The supplies have exceeded the requirements of home dealers, who have been the principal buyers. Holders have been anxious to sell, and prices have declined materially....Cotton opened vigorously, but closed tamely at reduced rates ....Provisions have been plenty and depressed....Groceries have been in fair demand. Molasses is lower; other articles are essentially unchanged. On Saturday, October 9, 50 tierces New Crop Rice brought $4 00 per 100 pounds....Naval Stores, Hides, Hay, and Tobacco have attracted considerable attention....Wool has been rather less sought after, yet it has been rather stiffly held....Dry Goods have been less freely dealt in, and prices of other than the most desirable styles (which have been scarce and firm) were lower and irregular. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $934,268 against $776,738 the corresponding week of last year.... The value of the imports since January 1 reached $48,703,181 against $82,847,300 the same week last year ....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and uproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.........	$3 00	@	$4 00
Superfine to extra State, per barrel...	4 75	@	5 00
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 70	@	5 00
Extra Western, per barrel............	5 00	@	8 25
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	5 25	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel...........	4 90	@	6 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	5 25	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel................	4 15	@	4 85
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 12	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel................	77	@	1 22
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel.....	70	@	74
Rye, per bushel......................	75	@	76
Barley, per bushel...................	1 00	@	1 05
Western Oats, per bushel.............	48	@	51
State Oats, per bushel...............	45	@	48
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	40	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel............	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	13¼	@	13¼
Mess Pork, per barrel................	16 50	@	16 75
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	14 25	@	14 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6	@	8¼
Lard, per pound......................	10¼	@	11
State Butter, per pound..............	15	@	26
Western Butter, per pound............	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound....................	4¼	@	8¼
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 75	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9¼	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound................	6¼	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	24	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound.......	6¼	@	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon....	32	@	43
Hyson Teas, per pound................	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..........	—	@	22½
Hops, new, per pound.................	12	@	16
Hops, per pound, 1857................	6	@	8
Hay, per 100 pounds..................	55	@	75
Tallow, per pound....................	—	@	10
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds...	3 81¼	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon.......	50	@	—
Tar, per barrel......................	2 12½	@	2 37½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds.......	1 70	@	1 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon..............	73	@	74
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco....................	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool..............	25	@	38

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were somewhat firmer for Beeves, which were even less freely offered, while the demand was fair....Milch Cows were in limited request at unchanged prices....Veal Calves were dull and heavy....Sheep and Lambs were less plenty, yet they were sparingly sought after, and prices were languid....Swine were abundant and in request, at, however, slightly-reduced rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Sept.* 29.	Week ending *Oct.* 6.
Beeves......................	4,095	3,785
Milch Cows..................	170	206
Veal Calves.................	575	629
Sheep and Lambs...........	12,386	10,863
Swine.......................	8,687	12,086

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio..........	1060	Indiana........	209
New York......	877	Michigan......	66
Illinois.........	492	Pennsylvania..	43
Kentucky......	352		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 6	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound..............	4	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 00	@	7 00
" " per pound.........	3¼	@	5¼
Live Swine, per pound...............	4¼	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5¼	@	7¼
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been more active, the supplies and demand having been generally good. Prices of the principal commodities have been sustained.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel..............	$1 00	@	$3 75
Pears, " "	2 50	@	17 50
Peaches, per basket..................	1 50	@	4 50
Grapes, per pound....................	3	@	12
Quinces, per barrel..................	3 00	@	5 75
Citron, per 100......................	2 00	@	5 00
Lima Beans, per bushel..............	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel............	1 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel..........	1 50	@	2 50
Onions, new, per barrel..............	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel..................	75	@	1 50
Beets, per barrel....................	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per 100 bunches............	1 25	@	1 75
Cabbage, new, per 100...............	1 25	@	4 50
Parsnips, per 100 bunches...........	2 00	@	2 75
Cranberries, per barrel..............	10 00	@	11 00
Barberries, per barrel...............	3 00	@	—
Squashes, per barrel.................	75	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per 100....................	5 00	@	7 00
Corn, per 100 ears..................	37	@	50
Watermelons, per 100................	4 50	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel...........	50	@	1 75
Tomatoes, per bushel................	31	@	43
Celery, per dozen bunches...........	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen...............	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches..............	3 50	@	—
Cauliflowers, per dozen..............	75	@	2 25
Salad, per dozen heads..............	15	@	25
Parsley, per 100 bunches............	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen....	18	@	18½
Eggs, Western, per dozen...........	13½	@	15½
Chickens, per pair..................	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound....................	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair......................	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair.....................	62	@	1 00
Geese, each.........................	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound..................	16	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen..................	1 00	@	2 50
Woodcock, per dozen.................	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair..................	62½	@	87½
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen..........	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen...................	1 50	@	2 00
Reed Birds, per dozen...............	62½	@	87½

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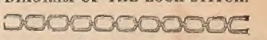
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STUPID, BUT OBSERVING CHILD. "Who knows but that some of these 'ere days I may have my fine hoops, big dresses, and walk Broadway all day, like some of these pretty Ladies do?"



IMPUDENT BOOTBLACK. "Black yer boots, mum?"

COUNTRY SKETCHES.



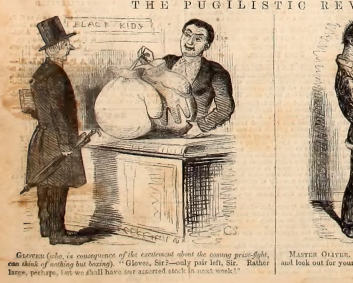
WHICH IS THE CALF IN QUESTION?

FIRST FARMER. "Ain't he a fine calf?"
SECOND FARMER. "Well, I never saw any thing so elegant in my life."
LADY. "Oh! he's beautiful."
CITY GENTLEMAN (*smoking cigar*). "Pon my soul these 'country people have some taste after all. They seem quite struck by my appearance."



FARMER CRONK. "Wal now, Deacon, that's a purty nice hog o' yourn."
FARMER BONK. "Wal, I can't say much for him now, but he'll look purty smart when I get him fattened up a bit."

THE PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.



GLOVER (*who, in consequence of the excitement about the coming prize-fight, can think of nothing but boxing*). "Gloves, Sir?—only pair left, Sir. Rather large, perhaps, but we shall have our assorted stock in next week!"



MASTER OLIVER. "Now, Governor, keep your stomach in and chest out and look out for your precious wind when I put in my left."

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A TARGET EXCURSION.

[REPORTED BY OUR FRENCH CONTRIBUTOR.]

MONSIEUR THE EDITOR,—I go to recount to you, according to my promise, of the great target excursion which I have witness in the Broadway and down on Sepoy Island, last Thursday. I have behold, in my country, very fine movements military. Have I not witness fifty, sixty, seventy thousand of our braves evolutionizing on the Champ de Mars, with his Majesty Imperial and the lovely, lovely Eugenie on the end of them? Am I not myself *caporal* in the Garde Nationale, Third Division, Sixteenth Regiment, Second Battalling? I am soldier, Monsieur, and I know the duties of a military.

Therefore, when my friend the sergeant Stubbs gave me to assist at the evolutionnaires of the Spread Eagle Guard, I respond on the field, with my hand on my heart—" Behold me ready, Sergeant!"

The heavens were propitious. It was magnificent time when the Spread Eagles assemble themselves together at the cafe before plunging into the martial arena, and suffer themselves to be refresh with some delightful cobblaxes. I myself let myself go to the charms of a cobbhaire, even two. Then we march.

In front promenade the divine brand of your Dollworth, with a most grand sash in front, six and a half feet at least, and a leg of much force. His wave his leg, and he wrive his arms until, non *Dieu!* I was much afraid they should come off; but they never do. The band played Yankee Doodle, and *La Marseillaise*, and Hail Columbia, and *Guerre aux Tyrans*, and the small boys they was touch by the music, and they cry, "Go it, Mose!" which, I suppose, is Yankee for *encore*. After the band follow a young brave with banner—" Stars and Stripes" of course—and I see by the physiognomy of my comrade that he would die for that banner if any body would insult her. But nobody dare. Then follow the invited guests with the prizes—myself with some jewelry, and Monsieur Darup with an *epergne*, and other friends with card cases, and cake baskets, and garlands of flowers, and plated spoons, and gold watches, and lottery tickets, and gold pieces of money, and benbons, and all sorts of prizes.

Last of all march—ah! how proudly!—the braves, with the captain at their head. He is fat —much fat—the captain; his heart is fat, *grea;* he's name is Bluff, and when he is not a military, he is a manufacturer of them useful and delightful articles which you call sausages. He say to me, "Frenchy, my boy, let me see an Englishman look that flag in the face and I make sausage-meat of him." And I see in his eye that he would; but the Englishmen didn't look at his flag. Never; no, not one. *Pardon!* At least he didn't catch any of them at it. The men of the Spread Eagle Guard were *mene de la vieille*. They said—*mon bleu!*—they had never run from an enemy. And indeed you should not find in all history the record of any such fact. As we march down your Broadway an immense omnibus block up the way. The moment was critical. Behold the face of the Captain Bluff growing red, and the sabre of him flashing in the sunshine. I reconnoitre discreetly. I behold a movement in the *corps d'armée*. A natural but profane expression rises to the lips of the noble young standard-bearer, and two of the Guard, with the ardor of youth, prepare to immolate the charioteer, the stage, and the horses. I throw myself, like a true son of France, into the breach. I cry:

"Wherefore, my friends, these angry menaces? From the City Hall, Mayor Tinan and his Aldermen contemplate you incessantly. Shall you now—"

At this moment the incident driver of the omnibus let loose an oath. Captain Bluff he shouts: "Forward!" I perceive that blood must flow. The driver brandish his whip. I clench my teeth, and whisper thy sweet name, Therese; when, I know not how, the stage pass on, and we promenade as before. No doubt, thanks to the clemency of our valiant braves, this worthless life of the miserable cochonan was spare.

The Captain Bluff mustered his men, and finding none kill, wound, or missing, march on with the colours of a true military. We stop at a cafe, and permit ourselves to be refresh with some cobblaires, then embark on board the boat for Sepoy Island, firmly resolve to sell our lives dearly if the atrocious insurlaires should attack us as they have attack and massacre so many other brave regiments. The gracious Providence protected us; we perform the prelious voyage in safety.

Presently landed us on the field martial—a plain rugged, where so many of your braves have first seen the fire, and which, I am certify, has been the scene of most noble exploits of a military character. We deploy, and the Captain Bluff, in a stern voice, orders:

"Stand at Ease! Make Ready! Load!"

Behold our baskets, which I, in my military enthusiasm, had hardly noticed, opened, and hams, and sandwiches, and sausages, and bottles of beer and whisky distributes among our heroes. With the moderation of my race, I just coquet with a lovely cobblaire; the braves eat and drink with true martial appetite; who knows when or where a soldier may get his next meal? This during. Lieutenant Triggins sets up his target at a long distance, and reports to his captain that all it ready for action. At this the latter, who had been so complaisant as to give us the enema of their company, retreat, and would set convole themselves until each shall have a glass (or two) (or three) of champagne or a very small cobbleirs.

Then the captains seize a gun and fire at the target. He miss. The lieutenant fire; he miss too. All fire in turn; nobody hits. At last the private Knabs puts a ball into the wood, and thees is a terrible great cry, and private Knabs is a hero. I rush to him to embrace him, but the lordly-brought fellow will not suffer me, crying, "Paws off, Frenchy!" I despise his insolence, and offer to shoot myself.

"You shoot yourself!" rears Sergeant Stubbs, laughing.

"Make no the pleasure of leading me a gun," say I, wishing to be polite, as all my countrymen are.

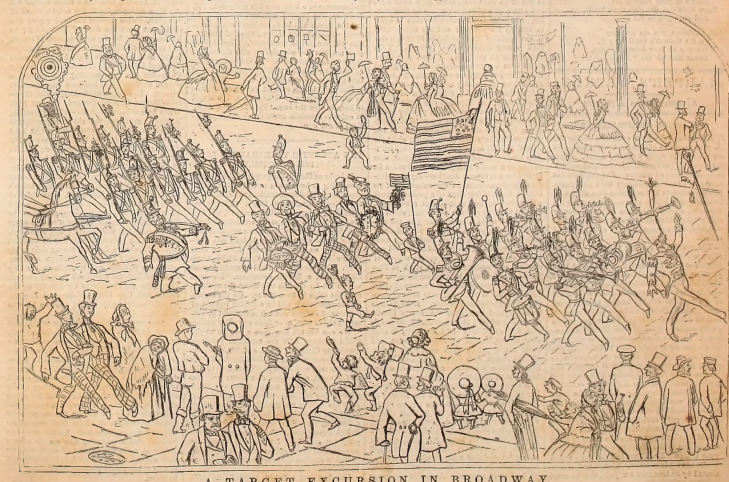
Triggins hand me a gun, and I vise the target. It was a very long way off—four or five mile, it seem to me—and the stupid gun was not like our Paris guns; it wouldn't fire straight. So when I fired I shall not hit the target; but my ball would go through the body of a stupid pig which was indiscretly wandering through a field.

"Well done, Frenchy!" says some braves; "he's drawn blood!"

"Blood!" I cry myself; "I will fight myself with thee with a sword on this field!" for I was not to be plenumented with impunity, being a military myself, and of rare military.

But the lieutenant assure me that no insult was meant; that it was the custom of you Americans to pleasant each other; and she believe me! I take cobblaires together and embrace.

The firing had go on all the afternoon—it should be nothing but puff, puff, puff! for many hours—and a great many balls were planted in the target. Several times in the course of the day we might be alarmed by rumors of attacks from the Sepoys, but our brave captain have drew us up in order of battle (ah! I thought of thee, my Therese, on these thrilling moments!); but the cowardly polroons never made their appearance. I enjoy



A TARGET EXCURSION IN BROADWAY.

that the polite agony of the miserable incendiary proprietor—at seeing somebody else's property going—was quite overcome.

At last we revolver ourselves homeward. Every one had won a prize except the drummer. All the bottles were empty and the sandwiches were gone. It was impossible to confectionate the least collibaire. So the captain he commanded "Right shoulder backward!" and we march. Our perils were not over though. On our way to the boat we were attacked in flank by Mrs. O'Flaherty, a lady of the noble Irish race, who cried aloud that we had stolen her pig, and that we were murderers; but when I, on the suggestion of our captain, gave her two dollars, she prayed Heaven to preserve our lives; and swore that we were true braves. Yet I now am aware that the pig which died from the fault of my gun belonged to another person, who is going to make a process against the company for damages and interests.

Altogether, Monsieur the Editor, it was a most delightful day's pleasure; and I shall be very happy to go another together with anyone whom I have an opportunity.

THE SONG OF THE BELLE.

A PARODY.

What the Belle said to the Men.

TELL me not, you hurried grumblers,
Women know not what they mean!
That their minds are wrapped in blunders,
Or incased in erinoline!

Life is frail, life is earnest—
To get married is our goal—
"Maid thou art—to maid remainest"
Never shall or be the toil.

What the Belle said to herself.

But the chase is long, and time is fleeting—
Our means are shining and brave,
Often follow a retreating
Man with one leg in the grave.

How those rich young men are cherished,
Who are looking for a wife;
And the "dews" who've dropp'd and perished
Mark the footsteps of the rest.

What the Belle said to the Women.

Talk to no man, bow'er pleasant,
Who is not prepared to wed;
Choose one who can make you presents—
Who is willing to be bled.

Lives of all fast men remind us
We can have a jolly time;
And, departing, leave behind us
Bills for what we bought "on time."

Bills for dry goods that some other,
Knowing that we can't refrain—
Some good-natured friend or brother—
Paying, we'll contract again.

If, perchance, you have to borrow
Of your friends, in any way,
Learn to put off till to-morrow
Him you promised to-day.

If the world should of you tattle
Stories of your married life,
Show them you can give them battle,
And are equal to the strife.

If, perchance, you are pursuing
In the German's heading gait,
What may be your heart's undoing,
Swear that 'tis but "Kismet"—Fate!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

POLITICAL OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE newspapers have contained during the last week long lists of Custom-house office-holders removed to make room for others. Each of the personality of the officials displaced and appointed we have no concern. Judging from the names, the bulk of both acts were democratic. But the principle of the change—no, charge of incapacity ever having been brought against the dismissed officials, no pose of extraordinary flexibility being adduced in favor of their successors —demands the grave concern of every loyal citizen.

The practice of rotating public officials—in other words, of dismissing all existing office-holders at each Presidential election, and distributing them by partisans of the successful candidate for the Presidency—began with General Jackson, and is without question the worst of the legacies left the country by that great man. The corrupting tendency of the practice, and its practical antithesis with regard to the public service, were long since detected and exposed. So was of any character was ventured, for the last six or eight years, to defend the theory of a system which installs corruption as the ruling principle of every political contest, and peoples the public departments with officers who can not possibly perform their duties correctly. When General Pierce was elected to the Presidency, it was fondly hoped by many of his warmest partisans that he would at least mitigate the severity of the evil. Many of the best and staunchest Democrats throughout the country would have been glad to see him retain in office meritorious public servants, even though they were Whigs. Mr. Pierce had not the stamina to attempt the innovation. Though he had been elected by no immense a majority that he could safely have afforded to establish a precedent so rare as that of making of needy pensioners, he had not the nerve to do so. Mr. Buchanan has had no such chance. He was elected by a bare majority; one can hardly expect him to disappoint partisans without whose aid he would probably have been defeated. Presidents are but men, after all.

But how long is this universally condemned practice to last? While that face can we prophesy to overcome the admitted evils of the non-rotation system, if we maintain among ourselves a fallacy far more fatal to national integrity and sound public administration than any which prevails in the kingly countries of Europe? This is the time to reflect on the matter. We are preparing every where for the great contest of 1860. It will be in the power of the President chosen in that year to remove, at his option, put an end to the evil, and inaugurate a new era of common sense and honesty. Is there character enough among leading politicians to press such a view on candidates?

RAILROAD POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE our last number appeared Mr. Charles Moran, of this city, has been re-elected President of the New York and Erie Railroad at the annual meeting of the stockholders thousand dollars. At the time Mr. Moran was first chosen to fill the post he was covered with the prestige of a very remarkable negotiation; he had "placed" four millions of Erie bonds, at a heavy discount, it is true, but at a time and under circumstances which appeared altogether fatal to the negotiation. It was not unnatural, considering the circumstances of the Erie, and the need they had of a great negotiator, that Mr. Charles Moran should have been chosen President. His re-election can not be explained by similar grounds. At a time when the President Moran has utterly failed to sell the bonds on which the solvency of the Company depended; as an educated, his management of the aggregate stock and bonds of the railways of the United States. Of this very large sum of money a portion is now seen to be unsaleable. It is evident by speaking the first mortgage bonds of our railway companies are a drug on the market, even as the New Jersey Central, the New Haven and Hartford, and a few other companies here and there, prove a regular and a handsome dividend. The balance is either irretrievably lost by passengers and merchandise than in order to develop the country; and the consequence is, that business barely sufficient to sustain one road is now divided among several. Take Chicago as an example. A short time since there were but two roads running westward from Chicago; there are now eight, all terminating either at the city of Chicago or in its neighborhood. Again, the devices of financiers have gravely impaired the value of the stock and bonds of most of the popular roads. One road—as the Reading, for example—contriving, by some strange management, to run seven millions into debt while paying eight per cent. dividends; to meet the debt it issues mortgage bonds at seventy cents to the dollar, thus adding at a stroke $900,000 to the burden its owners have to carry. Another—say the Michigan Southern—by the ingenuity of its trouble, that nothing short of a prodigious stock will relieve it, and creates one accordingly, issuing bonds to the full value of the road (as read in the world ever has paid) on the property forced before it pays a dollar on the old stock. Another—say the Illinois Central—having the revenue for "shares" on its floating debt—created and increased in order to favor untrue reports of earnings and expenses in the office in New York—than for all its working expenses.

It was the operation of these causes of dissolution that led to the collapse of 1857, the misery which took place last year. It might have been supposed that, after the severe lessons taught our national finances during the revulsion, they would have had the sagacity to alter their tactics, reform their management, and adopt a new system. The re-election of Mr. Charles Moran, with the salary granted to him in flush times, is only one of the proofs we see that no such thing has been done.

A temporary stagnation in business is favoring speculation in stocks. In the months of February and March last there was an insane speculation in railway stocks in Wall Street, not based on any increase in the value of the property, but wholly and altogether on speculative grounds—each buyer distrusting the real success of an ocean cable; it can hardly be expected to sacrifice its interests to patriotic considerations.

The laying of a British transatlantic cable, with a revenue guaranteed by the British Government, would, in case of hostilities, be of the utmost importance to that country. Hostilities with Great Britain, though in the highest degree improbable, are not quite so utterly impossible that we could be indifferent to the establishment of an exclusively British telegraph across the ocean. To the event of such hostilities relegraphic communication between Great Britain and Great Britain would give a great advantage to our adversary. And, in any case, it would be inconvenient for the people of the United States to be dependent on the good-will of a foreign power for telegraphic communication with Europe.

Under the circumstances, steps should be taken without delay for the laying of a new telegraphic cable on the ocean. Let the two ends of a cable to the Azores, and thence to Portugal, may now be hopefully revived. Experience shows that, after all that has been said and written about the bottom of the ocean, little or nothing is really known on the subject; the reasons that need to be urged in favor of this exclusive advantages possessed by the "telegraph plateau" have been pretty thoroughly refuted by the facts. No one can tell whether the bottom of the sea between this and Portugal may not really be better adapted for the reception of a cable than the supposed level between Newfoundland and Ireland. It is all guess work and blind experiment; and can be settled as soon as feasible as another. There is, at all events, no reason why, if a cable may be laid from Trinity Bay to Valentia, another should not be laid from Cape Cod to the Azores, and from thence to the north cape of Portugal. And if the next winter months are spent by an American Company in obtaining the requisite chartures from the Government of Portugal, mean manner's concessions between Ireland and Newfoundland will, in all probability, enable them to provide the right sort of cable at once, and to lay it with the first attempt. On the national interest requires that no time should be lost.

MUNICIPAL JOKES.

EVERY body knows that in Europe "the powers that be" can not be sued. Judges, under the old feudal dispensation, were the creatures of the crown; Princes, and the power, under whatsoever name; it was, of course, out of the question to expect them to entertain a complaint against their servants. Here, we understood to have ordered things differently. You may sue the State and you may sue the city; you may sue the Governor and you sue the Mayor; you may sue any body, in fact. But after you have sued and got judgment, the case is changed.

There is a gentleman in this city by the name of Lowber, who has a claim against the city for a sum ranging in the neighborhood of $200,000. This Lowber has been urging this claim ever since the days of Bellevue-hill; he has been suing the city in all manner of courts, and getting all kinds of executions, and adopting all sorts of methods to get his two hundred thousand dollars. On the other hand, our city Controller has been resisting Lowber with a dogged obstinacy that has almost become heroic. First he set up the Corporation Counsel—Master Richard Busteed—against him. When he was checked down—by an execution, it must be confessed, was not by any means as difficult as Richard's antecedents might have led one to suppose—he threatened to sue Mr. Whiting. He was knocked down too; and the inexorable Lowber still pressed on, demanding his two hundred thousand dollars. There being nobody else to set up, the Controller leaped into the breach himself and swore he wouldn't pay. Lowber obtained a writ of mandamus against him; he fined a sum of executions; he said he would sell the city property, and leave the Mayor and Controller nothing to cover their heads; but still Master Flagg stood out, and called his gods to witness that he wouldn't pay. Without knowing it, Lowber himself satisfied himself of the Controller's decision, seized the portraits and furniture in the City Hall, and sold them at the sheriff's auction. They were duly bought in for $50,000 by the Mayor and City Chamberlain; and Lowber, with the money in his pocket, went on his way rejoicing.

The proceeding will strike our country friends as very droll. Either Lowber's claim was just, or it was not. If it was just, why didn't the Controller pay it? If it was not, why was not the proper means taken to establish its injustice? There must to some standard in such matters, and one can not see why the city should be less strictly bound by the decisions of the courts than private individuals. If the rights of the city against Lowber were not adequately defended, why did not the Controller adopt proper measures to substitute fresh counsel for those who were delinquent? Let the precedent go forth that a controller may on his private judgment resist the decrees of court, and we shall very soon have controllers in league with knaves to buy public property at auction at half its value.

The sale of the portraits and furniture at the New York City Hall has its ludicrous side; but it has a serious side as well. An example of no good auspice has been set. The center it is neutralized the better.

THE LOUNGER.

"SAUNTER, Or, 1858.

A Wit. Mr. Longfellow hits his own correspondent a hit in Harper's Weekly. Asked to be elected to our young Yankee it check champion on his return home? Very well thinks Hiawatha-either the chief or the Spirit of Mr. Staunton showing his knowledge of how to weather wind would be quite appropriate. *Has Gottschalk no skill, mein Herr?* CHEAP-ISM.

This note suggests what we in this country might have done, and further suggests what would since a Mexican singer appeared at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society at the old Apollo Rooms. She sang very wonderfully, with a voice of flexibility and power. New York thought it was all very well-she laughed delightfully, had a pretty singer, but a little sharp, and that was all, until she went to Paris and London, where she has been long recognized as one of the most valuable of the Prima Donnas.

Then we think of Jenny. There was a good pun upon her name made by the *Courier and Enquirer*, which called her sweet songster. She was a nightin-gale Zerlina, arch, fascinating, simple, coy, and she sang deliciously. Who didn't envy Maretzek, that shepherd in the moss and toilet-paper, who had such the cutest little lambs? Every body was delighted, always! It was very pleasant, and what's to be Done? She went to Europe, and stands at the very head, side by side with the best.

Why did we have to learn from over the water the way of the brief? Why do we never trust our opinions until they are echoed from over the water?

Who reads an American book? inserted Sydney Smith. We read the written career for his more by adding the Parliamentary Debates. We not only finish a life, it also still affects politics in quite a certain degree. There are plenty of people who do not believe in American books because they are American. There are a great many readers who will accept upon faith the London *Saturday Review*, which, in concluding a review of a novel called "Theobald's," which it says has been considerably noticed in the United States, and of which we are very sure most of our readers never heard, says:

"The author of Theobald's has also written a life of Mr. Prescott in Lord Macaulay's, Mr. Longfellow's, Mr. Tennyson's, or Mr. Emerson's; Mr. Cayley, of Washington Irving's, Mr. Lockhart's, or Lord Stanhope's, Mr. Brougham, of the North American Review to the Encyclopædia Britannica? Surely, in the space allowed for publication, and it would be easy to find parallels among theologians."

The apparent point of this assertion disappears before a little thought. But our purpose now is to remark that this kind of research is impossible in other ways than those of literature. It implies an imitation, or want of confidence in our judges and make our own models-as well as form our own opinions and abide by them.

Paul Morphy was just as wonderful a player last autumn in New York as he is now in Paris. He played here at the Saint Nicholas Hotel for several days. He did his great blindfold feats. The newspapers talked about him copiously. Many persons went to see him. But there was no sensa question whether Morphy or Paulsen were the better player.

Paul Morphy goes to England, and is welcomed by the veteran of Caissa. He plays in Lord Lonsdale's successfully at once. He plays in Germany enough to return to as special news; so that, probably, a great many American learned of him for the first time from the news summary upon the arrivals of the steamers. He crosses to Paris, and the impending contest between the veteran Labourdonnais instantly becomes a topic of Continental conversation. He enters the Café de la Régence, and the *habitués* own a master. He seats himself in the chair of all the great players, and proceeds to contest his championship of the world. Is there any wondering and delighted over his game? He sends a correspondent to the Continent to his distinguished players. The Duke of Brunswick is summoned to France to behold the apotheosis of his favorite player. Amateurs and players of all degrees race and turn from the stage to look upon the Mexican man of chess-"the greatest chess intellectual" of Caissa.

All over this country, now, we know all about him. We are satisfied that our Morphy is a great fellow-as after the victory of the Americus we believed implicitly in Captain Sprague. What kind of opinion shall we prepare for his return? What kind is specious and splendid enough to entice him?

Of course it is very clear that a man can not really control the championship of the world until he has played with the best players. But it is equally clear that we do not recognize our home or our own prophets. Rarey did Ohio great honor, but he has done in London. But the Queen and some lords were in the library; and it is the

It is that applause, not our own observation, which apprised us that there was something admirable and notable in Rarey; and it is the applause of Paris, not any perception of ours, which has made Paul Morphy famous.

LA PICCOLOMINI.

Mr. Napoleon Dickman has issued his first bellows, and there is one point in it which attracts his genius. The reader will remember that, last year, we used to be favored with specimens of criticism from the same hand, and that the most elaborate was that which heralded the first appearance of Piccolomini. The reader will also recall how great that triumph was.

Now it is the characteristic of genius to be not only undismayed but cheerful under defeat. Yet it would be very hard for the manager to make the public forget the sanitive failure of Mozart to fulfill the plenitude of the lacrimose tear or even the literature of French criticism) promulgate of the manifesto. Still, it was necessary to begin a new campaign with a renewed battle-cry. How could it be done in the face of that other?

There was but one way to do it, and that Mr. Ullman has adopted. He has confessed that he made a mistake; and, more than that, he confirms the judgment of the public, by saying:

"The Director would not be understood to say that the Philharmonic Society has not had its errors to answer. Mistakes that have been made by him, as well as others in the management of whatever is in the decline, have been justly dealt with by the public, and there has been no lack of support or encouragement to engage such stars only as should, by their freshness, give new life and vigor to the public taste. Such was the Alboni, even as they tried sustained it on the other."

Of course, after that, the most incredulous reader will not find it very easy to believe in the power of the programme, which promises as Piccolomini, Johanna Wagner, and Labordo, with Hebert and Koch Brothers.

For reasons which he has already stated, the Lounger has no doubt of the Philharmonic success. But perhaps she should have come to us a year earlier, for although the Atlantic wire is not practicable, Europe is still very near to the England by listening intently we can hear what is said in Paris. Piccolomini, the little impostor-but the Alboni was said very much the same of Jenny Lind. A Boston correspondent may say that he has not spoiled La Piccolomini with a thornless and leafless rose. Very well, but what is the use in a prosperous lady? Ever since that day she has received praise of a kind symbolized by the rose-perfectly unadulterated, and only a simple *soupçon* of every form of censure. Therefore, he agrees, the pretty princess of Portici, Violetta, and now plain Susanna, particular boxes, and shucks all good musicians and careful actors.

It is very sad that he adds that she is as privately irreproachable as Jenny Lind, since he predicts a success for the Italian which will not equal that Grisi's. But, above all, let us try and make up our own minds about her.

FRESH TOADS!

The Lounger begs pardon of John Bull. He regrets having spoken of the Queen's subjects for a while in a tone beyond that of the Yankee. But he begs, first, his eye's are opened.

It is not many weeks since a paragraph courses through all the newspapers stating that, upon some occasion, the Prince Consort had fished with a rod in his hands at a common basin, and wiped them upon the towel which had been provided for all to take citizens. A similar remarkable spectacle was witnessed by the Lounger, several years since, at the opening of the New Reading Room in Bumble, there was "no much people for de chair" to that Queen from the Duke of Sussex. The Duke was compelled to wash the Presidential hands in a lavish with other people, and stand to the queue waiting to turn for the towel to dry them.

On that occasion it was impossible not to remark the fact and to observe that the hands of the Lounger did Mr. Fillmore the natural justice to supposing that, like other decent people, he preferred to wash his hands before and after he ate his lections. He did the same in the instance of Mr. Buchanan. But, then, the couldn't have had a private room, and that was all.

But the free and enlightened newspapers of this happy land commented unfavorably on the common basin and dirty towel, and drew thence evidence of the unfitness of royalty to govern a free people, by insisting upon the thrilling scene of the great man, our President, to whom Popes are accustomed to kneel and kiss the toe, with the reverend hands upon a crash roller. Of course the London *Times* was quoted, and the Lounger, upon reasoning replied, that a bloody tyrant of a king would have pampered his feudal state by asking for fresh water and a clean towel.

The hit was fairly earned and the Lounger, who had been reading the London *Times* in the papers was only the more disgusting because totally uncalled for. That dirty towel should have been changed at the time.

But it seems the President is not to be allowed even to wash his hands in peace. A morality of distinction: and "VISITOR," who is apparently what is called a "religious" correspondent of some newspaper, has, this moment, in honor of the President, the most tremendous toad that was ever swallowed by a human being. The President Pierce's hands, but "VISITOR" has wiped him all over with the very dirtiest kind of towel. The accounts of the English visitors, which we published a few weeks since, is mild and decorous compared with the disgusting account of that which, for it ought not to be abridged, is as follows:

"Mr. Buchanan's retinue at Wheatland consists of a gentleman of the name of Forney, who is the leader. He came to the door to answer our call, and in a moment, before we had time to announce the business which called us out, and, entirely growing us, conducted us to the parlor. He is a man of medium size, intelligent, while he commenced by asking us to the state of religion in the neighborhood, and then went on to give us a minute account of that peculiar institution of his head which he often sees reference to in the papers, denominated a cowlick him. The substance of the account is, that he eyes are not affected by it, but that it is a source of trouble. This he thinks, was always the condition of his head from infancy, and that it is like the natural growth of his neck which is a noticeable feature of his portly physique.

"Nothing about this truly great man is more wonderful than the ease and simplicity of his manners in private life. He throws off all reserve, and makes his visitor feel quite at home in a few minutes. While we were conversing, a gentleman was called in without a card and saluted the President, 'Good-morning, Sir,' and handed him a more recent paper. He also addressed the man's nationality. Mr. B. replied with a bow, 'Good-morning, Sir,' took the papers, and the man left.

"A more pleasing instance of this freedom from consideration and pride was his manner at church on the preceding Sabbath. He walked from his residence, to be sure, in two miles, as the church is in the opposite suburb of Lancaster, and came a little after the service began. His feet were covered with dust, and the perspiration was standing on his forehead. No offer was made in the congregation; he quietly entered his own pew, and remained during the service. A palm-book was handed to him, and he almost participated in the song of praise. He seemed greatly interested in the sermon, which was upon the duties and responsibilities of kings and all others in authority, as well as of all under authority. It was based upon the 2d chapter of Romans, and was said to be a Christian,' and, besides possessing extraordinary merit as a sphere discourse, was delivered with eloquence and power.

"After church the President walked decently, and entirely unattended, through the streets of Lancaster. What strongly impressed upon that entirely plebeian, apparently childless of self, and not expecting admiration, was the entire absence of any thing like pride. Maybe traits of this nobility exist?"

The Lounger has closed with the boots and the perspiration stand upon the forehead of a President of the United States, as they might in the case of any other gentleman who walked a mile and who had walked to church on a hot Sunday along a country road, is a phenomenon so incredible that the mind refuses to accept it all at once.

But why did "VISITOR" omit the touching and beautiful detail which the reader of his letter will as well assured as if he had stated it at length, namely, that the Lounger recovered from his astonishment at the audacity of the perspiration and the dust, he lay down but upon his belly and licked the dust from the President's boots.

HIDDEN VALLEY, MADISON CO., N. Y., Oct., 1858.

WITH a wealth-a very Ormus and Ind, dear Lounger-of things much better, have you room for a little more? If so, I have but it may find some one to look up the rate verse which suggests the question, shan't my poor *Denial* shall return to suggest. C. O. W.

DENIAL.

C. O. W. KNOX.

Hist then the four-leaved clover left in blow,
Nor through the cradle as its chosen brook?
The glutch-flower to spend its bloom along,
Nor wished for a fall of cartlest violet?
Passed the bright shell, and left it on the shore,
Nor flicked the crimson acorn from the wood?
Nor asked the rose that we touched her head,
Nor noted the rein that in her hair was bound?
Did you not gather and proud the treasured heat
Mere dear than all things else the world contains?
Did ever dreaming nor kissed the lips
Whose sweet and eloquent silence said, "I love,"
Nor heard the voice that, in its every tone,
Was full of music?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MR. LOUNGER.—How should a gentleman's calling card be written—

"MR. JOHN SMITH'S'
"JOHN SMITH'S'

"Your old friend, B. R."

The simplest solution of this dilemma is to think what you would say if, upon calling and not "getting in," you found the door shut in your face. Would you say, 'Tell Mr. Jones that John Smith called,' or 'Tell Mr. Jones that Mr. John Smith has called?' Or, you will call for the purpose of saying just that. In London some years since, a wealthy engraver had issued a reduced photograph of the person upon his card.

"LOUNGER.

"DEAR LOUNGER:

Oh! young folks who skip over novels in yellow.
And think Eugene Sue an exceeding smart fellow!

Mr. Bayard Taylor's book from "The Lands Direct" in *Harper's Magazine* for September, has recalled a question that has occurred to me several times before in. Whether or not the writings of Eugene Sue are to be classed as "yellow-covered." I believe that sometimes he translates as much, and I have heard them so termed by others; then again, I have heard persons who were reputable gentlemen, and who were probable judges of the matter, style some of his works as being equal to any thing ever written by Dickens or Scott. Indeed, I have read better of Sue's books-the 'Wandering Jew' and 'Mysteries of Paris'-and I think the latter is rather "yellow-backed," not yet equal to "Guy Mannering" or "Ivanhoe" or "Rob Roy." Will you favor me by writing to the tenor of your way, will you inform me what position is claimed for the works of Eugene Sue?

"Your friend,

"A LOUNGER WHO IS AT HEIRS OF THE WORK."

"The literary" position of Eugene Sue is not high. His style has no special excellence, and his invention is poor. Does not the book in the "Mysteries of Paris," of which the story is interesting, although horrible. But its chief value is its picture of the lower world of Paris. That was, in itself, absorbing. But Sue did not, like Dickens, use and elaborate his material. He gave it to us raw.

"PRINCETON, *September* 21, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER.—Will you please inform me the benefit of your readers, *Edgar Poe's poems on The Raven, A Dream Land* would oblige, Yours with curiosity to read it. A. M. F."

—It is a laudable and natural curiosity, and may be gratified by consulting the "Poets of the Nineteenth Century," published by the Harpers.

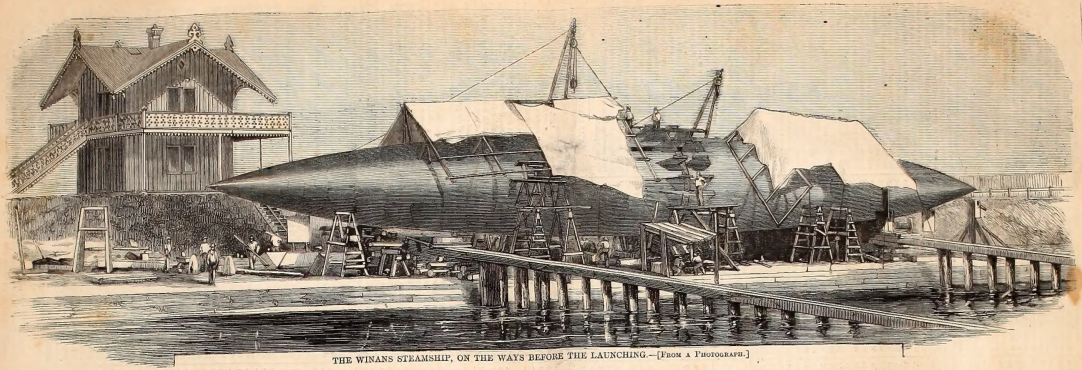
—The Lounger presents his compliments to W. S. F., but he agrees with his friend and not with the other correspondent.

—In the Lounger's box lies much more verse, but it must remain there. For instance:

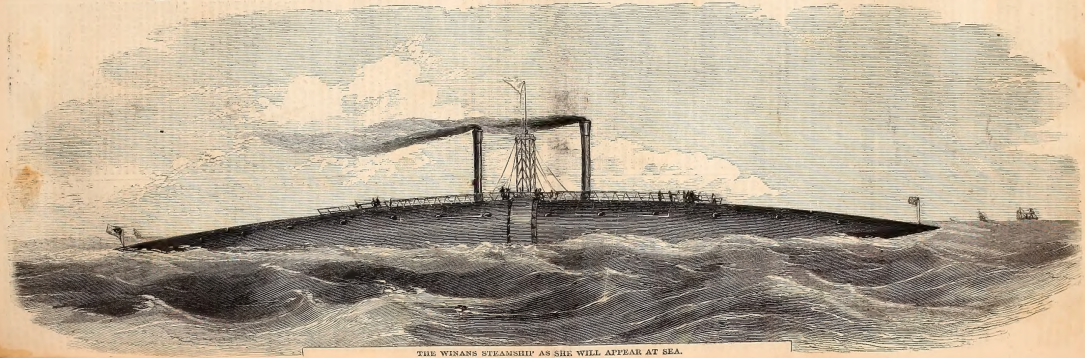
"The cry has sunk beneath its pall,
Hist! It now hath died—
The rain upon the house-top fall,
And the hour no sound betide."

and, a little behind time and without rhyme, some lines upon the wedding of the Prince Royal:

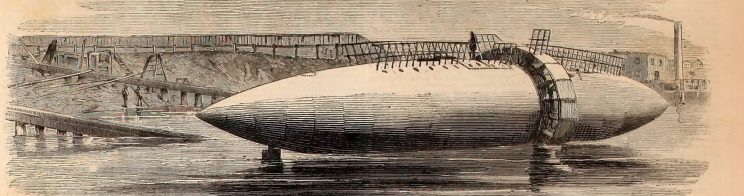
"To an assembly most august,
For royalty is here—and nobles, high
In Church and State—the pride of Britain's realm."



THE WINANS STEAMSHIP, ON THE WAYS BEFORE THE LAUNCHING.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THE WINANS STEAMSHIP AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA.



THE WINANS STEAMSHIP AFTER BEING LAUNCHED.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

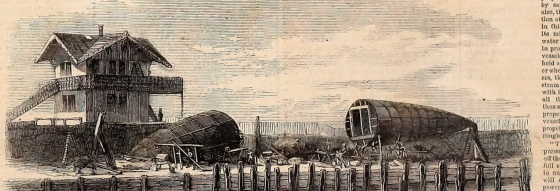
THE WINANS STEAMER.

We give herewith a correct picture of the famous Winans steamer, now building near the Ferry Bay, at Baltimore, by the Messrs. Winans of that city. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not heard of this vessel, we will observe that, if successful, she will inaugurate a new era in naval architecture. She is like nothing now afloat. She has no keel, no masts, no rigging, no deck, no cut-water, no blunt bow, no round or square stern. In shape she resembles nothing so much as a huge cigar. Round the middle of the cigar runs a round ring, attached to which are flanges, set at the correct angle to strike the water and propel the vessel. The ring is made to revolve rapidly round the vessel by four powerful steam-engines placed midships. The deck is only a segment of a circumference of sixteen feet; upon it are riveted four settees, upon which passengers will take the air. There are rudders at both ends, in shape like spades, with a blade four feet by three. We will only add that the vessel is sixteen feet in circumference at the widest part, and 180 feet long; and that her owners expect her to cross the Atlantic in four days. The following is their description of this striking novelty:

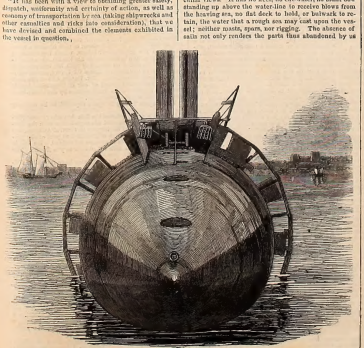
"It has been with a view to obtaining greater safety, dispatch, uniformity and certainty of action, as well as economy of transportation by sea (taking shipwrecks and other casualties and risks into consideration), that we have devised and combined the elements exhibited in the vessel in question,

"Experience has shown that steam power on board sea-going vessels, when used in aid of sails, insures, to a great extent, dispatch, certainty of action, and uniformity in the time of their voyages. Now, we believe that, by discarding sails entirely, and all their necessary appendages, and building the vessel of iron, having reference to the use of steam alone, those most desirable ends may be even still more fully obtained.

"The vessel we are now constructing has reference to these objects, and is for the purpose of experiment, to enable us to test the accuracy and practical value of our peculiar views. It has no keel, no cut-water, no blunt bow standing up above the water-line to receive blows from the heaving sea, no flat deck to hold, or bulwark to retain, the water that a rough sea may cast upon the vessel; neither masts, spars, nor rigging. The absence of sails not only renders the parts thus abandoned by us useless, but their abandonment in a vessel such as ours will, we believe, most materially promote safety, easy movement, or diminished strain of vessels in rough weather, will save dead or non-paying weight, insure simplicity and economy of construction, and will give greater speed in smooth water, less diminution of speed in rough water, as well as diminished resistance to moving power at all speeds, in all water, and result in abstracting the



BUILDING THE WINANS STEAMSHIP.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



END VIEW.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

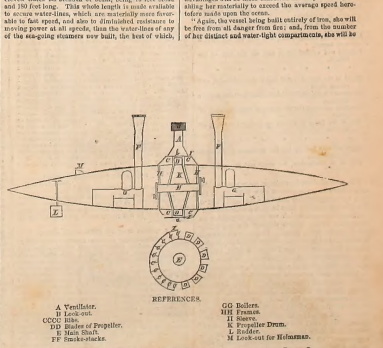
looking to speed and ease of movement, have a length of only eight times their breadth of beam. The portion of our vessel not immersed has the same lines as that immersed, so that it will pass easily through the heaviest sea; while, from its form and construction, no water can be shipped that will sensibly augment the load, or endanger the safety of the vessel, which may, we believe, be propelled at its highest speed in rough weather with an impunity which is far from being attainable with vessels, as now built, to be propelled wholly or in part by sails. It is believed, also, that the plan and position of the propelling wheel in this vessel is such that its minimum hold of the water will be much greater in proportion to tonnage of vessels than the maximum hold of the propelling wheel or wheels in ordinary steamers, thus enabling the full steam-power to be applied, with its maximum effect, at all times, and uniformly, thus making available those properties of the hull of the vessel which allow it to be propelled at full speed in the roughest sea.

"The engines are high pressure, and have a cut-off that variable from 1 to full stroke. They are four in number, and, combined, will exert three-fold more power in proportion to displacement of water than those of the most powerful steam-packets now built.

"The boilers are similar to locomotive boilers in plan and construction, and can consume about 50 tons of coal in 24 hours.

"The above peculiarities of construction, it is believed, will enable the present vessel, even notwithstanding the disadvantage she will labor under from her small size, to make better speed in smooth water than usual. It is believed, however, that the greatest advantages will be those exhibited in heavy weather, enabling her materially to exceed the average speed heretofore made upon the ocean.

"Again, the vessel being built entirely of iron, she will be free from all danger from fire; and, from the number of her distinct and water-tight compartments, she will be



REFERENCES.

A Ventilator.
B Look-out.
CCCC Ribs.
DD Blades of Propeller.
E Main Shaft.
FF Smoke-stacks.
GG Boilers.
HH Frames.
I Sleeve.
K Propeller Drum.
L Rudder.
M Look-out for Helmsman.

LONGITUDINAL AND CROSS SECTIONS.—[NOT DRAWN TO SCALE.]

comparatively free from danger of sinking in case of collision or other mishap, as any one or even several of the compartments might be filled with water without seriously endangering her safety. And further, the form of the vessel, while it makes her stronger than usual, is such as to afford the least possible hold for the wind and waves; so that the danger of injury from heavy seas and storms is small. For these reasons, it is believed that the vessel will be an unusually safe one.

"The fact that every portion of the hull or outer shell of the vessel is arched in all directions, and the entire material is in the best possible position and form to resist the various strains that it can be subjected to at sea, gives it an important advantage in point of strength, safety, and buoyancy over any other sea-going vessel.

"The form and construction is remarkably plain and simple, resulting in great economy of material and workmanship, and facility of construction. The less the weight of material the greater, of course, the capacity for carrying paying freight, and the less will be the resistance to moving power in proportion to such freight. With 200 tons of coal on board, the present vessel will displace about 350 tons of water, and will accommodate about 20 first-class passengers and the United States mail, with room to spare for small valuable packages, specie, etc.

"We believe that shorter average ocean passages than have yet been obtained are desirable, and may be had by vessels constructed on our plan; and if they are confined to carrying passengers, the mail, specie, and such other freight as can well afford to pay a high rate, in consideration of extra dispatch and safety, we believe that they will pay better and be more useful than the vessels now used for these purposes.

"We believe, further, that the same principles and properties which adapt our vessel to high average speed, also adapt it to the cheap, safe, and sure transportation of freight as compared with vessels using sails only, or sails and steam combined. The small hold which the wind and waves have upon a vessel constructed on our plan, its easy movement through the water, the greater amount of freight that may be carried in proportion to weight and cost of vessel, the small risk to vessel and freight, and greater regularity in the time of making voyages, must, in our opinion, give to it great advantages in any competition, where economy, speed, and certainty are the results to be obtained.

"We also believe that due speed for passengers, and due economy for tonnage, when speed is not required, will justify the use of steam on our plan, on many routes in a smaller and cheaper class of vessels than any which can now be profitably employed."

LITERARY.

The most notable book of the past week is Mr. Longfellow's new poem, The Courtship of Miles Standish, published by Ticknor & Fields, in their usual style of tasteful elegance. The poem occupies one hundred and fifteen pages of a 12mo volume, the remainder of which is made up of certain fugitive pieces, among which we find that magnificent poem on the death of the Iron Duke, and some other of the author's best efforts of this class in late years.

The volume brings up the collection of Mr. Longfellow's hitherto ungathered poems to the present time.

With the principal poem, "Miles Standish," it would be a sin to quarrel, since it is exceedingly rich, delicate, and pleasant, full of those touches of rare skill in which no one can hope to imitate the author, and abounding in passages of complete beauty. We can not, however, avoid the impression, which we state with some hesitation, that, as a whole, it is inferior to the most which Mr. Longfellow has before published. It may be difficult to define wherein this inferiority consists. The most obvious remark would be that the poem is unequal—that there is too much flatness, too much that is commonplace—in portions of it. Yet this is a matter of taste; and others would, perhaps, consider the same passages beautiful for simplicity. There is, undeniably, a little too much of the Massachusetts Historical Society here. But even this will find admirers among lovers of poetry who are also inclined to antiquarianism. Such passages as the following illustrate our meaning:

"He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish, in Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded:
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.

* * * * * * *

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge, of London.

* * * * * * *

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together."

The first of these is, perhaps, more pardonable, as it occurs in an argument with Priscilla, to induce her acceptance of Miles as a husband; but it is rather antiquarian even in such a conversation.

These, however, which we mark in passing as blemishes, by no means destroy the prevailing beauty of the whole poem. The story on which it is founded is historical. Miles Standish, having lost his Rose, loves "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," and desires to make her his wife. In spite of his ordinary rule, which he emphatically enunciates, to do himself what he would have well done, he sends John Alden to ask Priscilla to be his wife. But John Alden also loves Priscilla. Nevertheless, he goes like a man and does his friend's errand, and does it boldly, in spite of Priscilla's refusal, until she overpowers and puts him to flight with the brief sentence, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" The rage of Miles Standish at John Alden in consequence of this result; his fury, which found vent on the Indians; his subsequent better thought, and long residence in the forest, while he caused the news of his death to be sent to Plymouth, that John and Priscilla might have no obstacle to their marriage; and his return to honor the wedding—these, and accompanying incidents of Puritan life in the colony, are the substance on which the poem is wrought. Our brief space forbids long extracts; but that we may illustrate what we have said, we give two short passages. The first illustrates the commonplace style of portions of the poem. It follows the slaying of the Sachem by Miles Standish, in the first battle with the Indians:

"There, on the flowers of the meadow, the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling, at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
'Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!'"

While the following reaches those regions of beauty into which few poets have so far traveled and carried their readers as Mr. Longfellow. It follows the description of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, on her return voyage to England; and it is but one of numerous passages which are sufficient to rank the poem among the great works of this period:

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord, and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a grave-yard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping."

The London *Athenæum*, of September 25, contains a review of Mr. Longfellow, *apropos* of the present poem, which is excessively vulgar, personal, and unworthy even of that illiberal sheet. It is manifestly written by a disappointed English poet, angry at the spreading reputation of the American poet in England, and, from the sweeping condemnation of the fugitive pieces in the volume, with two exceptions, we are led to believe that the author was one of the innumerable Englishmen who strove to be poetical on the occasion of the death of the Great Duke, and were totally shaded by Mr. Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque-Ports;" by far the greatest, if not the only poem which that event brought out, and so accepted in England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FALL ELECTIONS.

Since our last paper went to press elections have taken place in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota. All the returns are not to hand as yet; but enough is known to certify that the Republicans have been generally successful, and the Administration generally beaten. The opposition majority in Pennsylvania (where the Know Nothings fused with the Republicans) is set down as 25,000. Glancy Jones is defeated, and out of the whole Congressional delegation it seems that there are but four Buchanan Democrats. In Ohio the Opposition majority is set down at 15,000; six of the Congressmen elect are Democrats. From Indiana nothing is yet reliably known; some accounts assert that the Democratic State ticket has been elected. In Iowa there is said to be a Republican gain. No returns are yet to hand from Minnesota.

IRA STOUT TO BE HANGED.

The following is from the Rochester *Union*: "This morning Sheriff Babcock received the following letter from Governor King, declining to interfere with the sentence of death now resting against Ira Stout:

'State of New York, Executive Department,
'Albany, *October* 14, 1858.

'Sir,—A petition, dated the 30th of September, said to have been composed by and under the hand of Ira Stout, asking for a commutation of the sentence of death pronounced against him for the murder of Charles W. Littles to imprisonment for Life, was received yesterday. The petition was without signatures, and fully admitted that Stout was guilty of the homicide. My own sense of duty, and a great regard for the feelings of the convict, admonish me not to withhold from him my decision in respect to this case. His crime was of the highest character that man can commit; his guilt was clear; the evidence, and verdict of the jury, left no grounds for doubt; and the law declares that the life of a murderer is forfeited. Applications and appeals, to some extent, have been made to me in behalf of Ira Stout, and I have not been able to find in them any ground for changing the sentence pronounced against him. You will, therefore, earnestly request him to dismiss the hope of interference on my part with the sentence of the law, and bid him prepare to meet the change which in a few brief days awaits him. May his humble repentance plead for mercy with Him who alone has power to save.

'Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
'John A. King.

'A. Babcock, Esq., Sheriff of Monroe County.'

"The intelligence of Governor King's determination was communicated to the prisoner this forenoon, but we are not advised as to the immediate effect. It is clear, however, that he had pretty much abandoned hope of commutation."

A QUEER WAY TO KILL ONE'S SELF.

A New Orleans paper says that a German shoemaker, living on Josephine Street, between Annunciation and Chippewa streets, Fourth District, New Orleans, attempted to commit suicide lately by cutting a tremendous gash in his throat. He took the precaution to place a bar across the door to prevent being disturbed; but somehow the people around got wind of it, and crowded up to the door just after he had inflicted the wound. We learn that after he made the gash in his throat he took a bottle of wine, and, uncorking it, placed the mouth into the wound, and let the wine run in until it bubbled up and ran over, mixed with his blood. To prevent the crowd from advancing, he kept throwing at them bottles and lasts. It was some time before any one would attempt to enter, and it was not until some person present had pulled off a door for a shield, advancing behind it, that he was finally secured by throwing the door on him. He had commenced taking another bottle of wine through his artificial throat before he was knocked down. He was placed in a cart and taken to the Charity Hospital, where his wound, an ugly but not a fatal one, was attended to. This is the first case which we recollect of where a man ever acted in such a singular and unaccountable manner. Where he got the idea of pouring the wine down the wound would be hard to say. We don't think it could be beat.

BALLOON RACE IN THE WEST.

"Sporting" circles in Cincinnati are elated at the prospect of rare fun in the clouds. The great balloon race, so long talked of, is to come off on Monday, the 18th instant. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "The inflation of the balloons, each containing 26,000 cubic feet of gas, will commence at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the ascension will take place at 4 o'clock precisely. A committee of five well-known citizens have been chosen, who are to act as judges, etc. They will decide whether the weather in the morning shall justify the inflation of the balloons. When the inflation has commenced the aeronauts must go. Each may take up a passenger, at his own discretion. The success of either will be in relation to distance, not height. Arrangements will be made for each aeronaut to send down, at every town passed, in a parachute, a 'log,' or note, containing the name of the balloon which passes, and any incident occurring on the trip, which will be sent by telegraph, so that the citizens here and elsewhere may be continually posted of the whereabouts of the aeronauts, and the success attending their aerial flight. Monsieur Godard and Professor Steiner each expect to be up *three or four days*."

PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT.

The Brooklyn *Times* says that "there are eleven men in the service of the Messrs. Harper, the united term of whose employ is 308 years; eleven more, 226 years; a third eleven, 220 years, and a fourth eleven, 174 years. Facts so creditable both to employers and employés, deserve publication." One of the above has been in the employ of the firm for thirty-seven years.

ALL THE SOPHOMORES OF BROWN UNIVERSITY EXPELLED.

The Providence *Tribune* says: "For years it has been the custom of the Sophomore Class of Brown University to 'smoke out Freshmen,' *i. e.*, at the commencement of each year to enter the rooms of Freshmen and smoke till they became sick, or acknowledged themselves sick of the operation. The custom was adhered to by the present Sophomore Class, who 'did the work up *Brown*.' Weeks have elapsed and nothing was said against the course pursued. Monday afternoon, however, the Sophomores, one by one, were called upon to visit the President. The following questions were asked: First, 'Were you engaged in smoking out?' Second, 'Will you sign an agreement never to engage in any thing of the kind again?' Many were enabled to say 'No,' in reply to the first question, but *all* declined to answer 'Yes' to the second. Each was, in consequence, dismissed from College. The class is united in the determination not to be fettered by the stringent regulations necessarily imposed upon them by an affirmative to the second query. And, consequently, Brown University is without a Sophomore Class—a circumstance without a parallel in the history of that institution."

A PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Boston *Journal* says: "A piece of granite was exhibited at the Merchants' Exchange this morning, bearing on its surface the exact resemblance of the top part of a tree, or shrub, all the lines of the foliage being clearly and perfectly visible. It is supposed the sprig or branch of a tree accidentally fell into a crevice in the rock, which afterward, by the action of frost, closed up, and in course of time the fresh green bough became petrified into solid rock. The block of granite was found in Wolfborough, New Hampshire. It has been inclosed in a neat box bearing a suitable inscription, and is intended as a present to Queen Victoria."

HOOPS INCONSISTENT WITH SALVATION.

The *Independent* says: "The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of the United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian profession, seems to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord."

FIGHT WITH A FIERCE PIG.

The Abington *Standard* relates that, several days since, as Walter Davis, a young man in the employ of Amos S. Reed, at East Abington, was endeavoring to drive a savage boar into a pen, the ferocious animal turned upon him, and drove him into a corner, near a high board fence. The boar leaped at him with the ferocity of a tiger, but was kept at bay by Davis for some ten minutes; but, finally, by a tremendous leap, the savage animal came so near that the pole was useless. As he made a spring, Davis jumped over him; but in doing so, the boar drove his tusk through a thick kip boot, and almost completely through his foot, throwing him back into the corner. Before the beast could pursue the advantage he had gained, Davis was up and running for dear life. The boar followed him to the door of the yard, striking him once above the knee, cutting a gash six inches long and an inch deep at one end. The ferocious animal was subsequently secured in his pen.

BEING JILTED A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "Some six months ago a young gentleman, boarding at the Spencer House, caught cold in his breast, producing rheumatism and such general derangement of the system that he was unable to attend to business. The rheumatism extended to every portion of his body, and he suffered intensely, being often compelled to lie in bed for several days at a time. His physicians, of whom he had the ablest, prescribed in vain, and their unfortunate patient was finally advised to go South, as the only chance of recovery.

"What added an additional pang to the young man's condition was, that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, and the day fixed for their nuptials had already passed some three weeks. It was with great effort he consented to begin his travels, and nothing less than the assurance that it was the only way to save his life would have induced him to undertake the difficult step. He would not care, the afflicted said, on his own account; but to die just as he was on the point of being united to 'Clarissa' was more than he could bear with firmness. And then, he continued, how would she support his absence? How could she be herself when he was hundreds of miles away, and liable at any moment to a fatal termination of his disease?

"At last, the patient deeming it better for his own sake and that of the lovely Clarissa, he departed, taking with him the fond remembrance of her tearfully-tender adieu. He visited the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, the mild climate of Florida, and the genial shores of Cuba to no purpose. All the medical gentlemen with whom he consulted told him he could not live; that the most that could be done was to render him easy, and retard as long as possible his steady progress to the grave.

"Weary of physicians, attempted cures, and life itself, he came home to die, and again went to the Spencer House, thinking he would there receive from the kindly proprietors all the attention he could at any place not in every sense a home. He was carried from the boat to the hotel, and, more dead than alive, placed in the comfortable apartment he had before occupied. On the sixth day after his return he learned that his betrothed—thinking her lover could not survive, and wishing, probably, to lose no time in her connubial relations—had been married the day previous to another person, more wealthy, if less meritorious than he. All the friends of the deceived lover thought that this would prove fatal at once, in his then state of health; but instead of their anticipations being realized, in a week from the day of the reception of the unsuspected news he arose from his bed and rapidly recovered, and in less than a month was as well as ever."

A BEAR BEATEN BY A HORSE.

The Adrian *Watch Tower* tells the following story: "Bears are more numerous this season than for several years in the central counties of the State, and adventures with them are quite common. Mr. D. Cross of Fairfield, who recently visited Eaton County, related to us an affair which occurred four miles east of Eaton Rapids, which presents an example of maternal care by a mare for her colt that is rarely exhibited by the horse kind, if it was not a hair-breadth adventure. A mare with a colt by her side, was feeding in a pasture, when she was approached by three bears—an old one and two cubs nearly full grown. Alarmed for the safety of her colt, the mare forgot the usual fear of the horse for these animals, and attacked them with such vigor that they were forced to retreat. They were pursued so closely that one of them was compelled to seek safety, and remain in a tree until the owner of the mare, who had watched the whole proceedings, went to his house for a gun, returned, and shot it.

PRETTY WIDOWS MAY SHOOT CONSTABLES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The North Carolina papers announce the acquittal, at Raleigh, last week, of Martha Morgan, a handsome young widow, aged about twenty-two years, charged with the murder of Alexander Allen, a constable in Johnson County. A writer to the Petersburg *Express* says: "Martha Morgan, the prisoner, was indigent, but proverbially honest. Through her own exertions and the kindness of a few neighbors she supported her little family. Some months since, Allen, the constable, forcibly entered her abode and levied on the effects of her scanty household, for the purpose of selling the same. She remonstrated and importuned him to desist. Regardless of her entreaties, he persisted in taking possession of her furniture, and added insult to injury by heaping upon her a volley of abuse. Being without a protector, and feeling deeply aggrieved, in a moment of frenzy she seized a shot-gun and shot her persecutor down. The Jury having come into court, rendered a verdict of 'Not Guilty!' The result was received by an immense concourse of visitors by one universal outburst of applause."

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

At Portland, Maine, a cute Yankee advertised a lecture on the "Humbug of Spiritualism," the point of which would be "letting the cat out of the bag;" admission, five cents only. A large audience gathered at the City Hall on Wednesday evening, and the lecturer, after a few words on the nature of humbug, took from beneath his desk a bag, which he promptly opened, and out *sprang a veritable cat!* The audience, fortunately for the lecturer, relished the joke, and amidst the burst of applause that followed he let himself out of the lecture-room.

THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* says the fight between Morrissey and Heenan comes off on 20th inst. A party from Albany intend to be present. To complete arrangements they had a meeting to talk over matters. One gentleman, just returned from New York, informed the meeting that he had an interview with Joe Coburn on Tuesday, and learned from him the reason he gave up training the Benicia Boy was that he struck such tremendous blows that he would as soon act as groom to a trip-hammer. Coburn allows that Heenan will break Morrissey's neck in the third round, and thus finish up the fight in eight minutes. Coburn says only one thing can cause the Benicia Boy to lose the battle, and that is "too much confidence or too little pluck." He has the power and science, he says, to whip a regiment of ordinary men, and all before breakfast. From all this it will be seen that Coburn has a very exalted opinion of Heenan. Should the Benicia Boy whip Morrissey, we understand that Aaron Jones will take him to England for the purpose of fighting Tom Sayres, the champion. Jones, like Coburn, insists that Heenan is the strongest fighter in the world, and could, if he pleased, whip a yard full of wild cats.

PERSONAL.

The Charleston *Mercury* has the following: "John Ashe Alston died last Friday on Sullivan's Island, after a short illness, from bilious fever. Mr. Alston was one of the few men in our community who are men of leisure, and yet men of usefulness. He cultivated and enjoyed society, at the same time that he was active in all public enterprises looking to the improvement and refinement of life. He was a relative of the late Washington Alston, and possessed the refined tastes of his illustrious kinsman. He was largely instrumental in getting up the Frazer Gallery, and to him, more than to any other, must be attributed the existence of the Carolina Art Association, which was so successfully organized in our city during the last winter. Our society, our city, and our State have sustained a loss in the departure from among us of this just model of a Carolina gentleman."

The Providence *Journal* says: "Mr. Palfrey has been prosecuting his researches in this city amidst the abundant evidences, of the character of Roger Williams, as attested by friends and enemies, by those who praised him for the doctrine and practice of soul-liberty and those who made it an offense against God and man, by his contemporaries and by posterity. There has arisen lately a morbid disposition on the part of some historical students to reverse the opinions of the world upon its great men, and to seek, among all the disadvantages of time and distance and imperfect records, for evidence to contradict the settled convictions that were established in presence of all the facts and circumstances, and by those who had, in every respect, the best opportunities for forming a judgment upon them."

Hon. Jefferson Davis and a small party of aldermen and scientific men went down Boston harbor in a steamboat excursion, at the invitation of the Mayor. After examining Minot's Ledge Light-house they proceeded to Marshfield, and thence were taken in stages to the Webster Place. The party dined in the Mansion House, and in reply to a toast, Mr. Davis made an extended speech, concluded with personal allusions to Daniel Webster, suggested by the visit to his tomb.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, is about to give himself a vacation from his professional labors, which have been so arduous as somewhat to impair his health, by a visit to Europe. He sailed on Saturday with his two youngest daughters, in the steamer *Arago* for Havre, intending to pass a year or two abroad. Mr. Butler, one of the most virtuous and disinterested of our distinguished public men, will be followed in his departure by the kind wishes of thousands of his countrymen.

Washington Irving is again reported to be seriously ill.

Colonel Kinney informs the San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* that he has concluded his negotiation with the Mormons for the sale of his interest in Central America, and has received an earnest of $200,000 as part of the purchase-money. He is to receive $2,000,000. He was in San Antonio on the 29th ult., on his way to Austin. The *Herald* says:

"Some of our prominent citizens have requested Colonel Kinney to permit his name to be put before the people for the next gubernatorial election. This he declines, saying that his private business in this State and in Central America will require his undivided attention."

The Boston *Traveller* learns that young Sidney Coolidge, of Boston, has reached Charleston, South Carolina, having made his escape from a Mexican prison. Coolidge, who went out to Mexico as an engineer, joined one of the revolutionary parties in that country, and was captured in one of the encounters of late so frequent there.

Among the passengers by the *North Star* who arrived here on Friday were Mademoiselle Piccolomini, and her suite of ten persons, together with the members of her Majesty's Opera Company, engaged by Mr. Ullman. Mademoiselle Piccolomini has taken rooms at the Union Place Hotel, where her presence has excited quite a sensation.

Lieutenant Wise, of the navy, well known as the author of "Los Gringos" and other popular books of travel, has been for some time at Baden Baden for the benefit of his health, which had been dangerously impaired by an accident at the Washington Navy Yard a few months since. By the arrival of the *North Star*, however, his friends are apprised of a most encouraging improvement in his bodily condition. Lieutenant Wise is a nephew of Governor Wise, of Virginia, whose name he bears, and the son-in-law of Edward Everett.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg *True Southron*, writing from Livingston, Madison County, Mississippi, on the 28th ult., says that within a mile of his house resides the grand-niece of Oliver Cromwell. This lady is

Mrs. Anna Maria Lowe, widow of Eugene Lowe. Her maiden name was Crowell, and she came from North Carolina to Madison County with her late husband. Her father, John Crowell, was the son of John Crowell, or Cromwell, the brother of Oliver Cromwell.

Benjamin Paul Akers, the sculptor, has returned from Rome, after an absence of four years, and taken up his residence at Newport. He brought fifteen pieces of marble with him, and many more are ready.

Governor Banks and lady attended the parade and ball of the Lancers, at Worcester, on the 13th instant. Major Sibley, of Dunstable, took escort. Mrs. Banks wore a rich ball costume, consisting of white satin trimmed with point lace and green velvet, and looked lovely. Mrs. Banks was presented with elegant bouquets on quadrille, and was universally courteous to the ladies, and very affable to all about the weather and the crops.

The Jump and Perdicus difficulty is settled. Senator Gwin and Mr. Sam Clinton publish a card in the Washington Union, stating that matters are settled. The belligerents have had an interview and have shaken hands.

The Wheeling correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "Senator Pugh, on a large Ohio Liberty Party, is a gentleman at the hotel, wherein he says, most emphatically, that he will always support the Democratic party."

The *Evening Post* has the following: "A ROYAL TOAST.—The Queen, through her ministry—pretty well, thank you."

Likewise Queen Victoria.

Likewise the Empress Eugenie.

Bayard Taylor is expected by the next Hamburg and Southampton steamers. Mr. Taylor was successfully delivered of a daughter at Gotha, on Tuesday week last.

The St. Paul *Pioneer and Democrat* of the 8th instant says:

"Senator Fitch, of Indiana, accompanied by a few of his friends and guides, left this city a few weeks since to enjoy a buffalo hunt on the Coteau, where large herds of buffalo are reported very plenty. The Senator and his friends were well provided with a mounted escort, tents and ammunition. It is now reported in this city, on good authority, that the hunting party have been met with by a band of Yankton Indians, who, to quench them for their propensity to shed white blood, took from them all the guns belonging to the hunters, maltreated and insulted them, and finally compelled them to return to camp the slaughter of buffalo and disappointed the country. Dr. Fitch and his friends left immediately for Fort Abercrombie.

One James Young, a respectable individual, and also a financier in Newark, has fallen into difficulties, and a gentleman appeared on that place yesterday with a commission to discover a James Thorp, who was entitled to the sum of $27,000, left for a plaintiff by the late Thomas Ellis. The teamster turns out to be the man. He was born on the estate, but was carried off by the Indians, had his schooling at Norristown, Pennsylvania, is married, and is said to be industrious and worthy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE LATEST FROM THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

LETTERS from Valentia report that no improvement had taken place in the electrical condition of the Atlantic cable. The fault, however, did not get worse, for the insulation remained at about the same degree from the first telegram was discernible. The opinion that the fault was caused by the cable being in contact with some ground ground, although Professor Thomson's opinion was directly opposed to such a supposition, was now generally entertained. Mr. Canning, the engineer in charge, was living and repairing the cable during October, which is generally a fine month in the Irish Channel. The most magnificent magneto-electric machine had arrived at Valentia, and been put in position, and with it the most delicate instrument Mr. Hooley longed to be able to work through the cable during some part of the night, when the air should prove irreproachable. It was the unanimous opinion that the cable was not injured by the storm of the middle of August, which destroyed the cable would tend permanently to strengthen the confidence of capitalists in which the electrical department of the undertaking had been interrupted. Beyond the continuance of the fine weather, nothing was to be done with the cable until the preconcerted experiments at both termini of the line had been made. They had been fixed for the middle of the month of October, and would, it was expected, demonstrate the practicability of working the cable with the most powerful and defective condition.

HOOPS DENOUNCED AT A BIBLE MEETING.

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at the Exeter Hall, Kingsway, Colonel Sir H. Marriot said he was sorry to be obliged to speak of the ridiculous fashions of the present day—especially among the ladies. All their time and energies seem devoted to the one purpose of decorating their heads with that would soon require nothing but a winding-sheet. He regretted the extreme size of the hoops. The fashion had prompted them to copy the dress of the French lancers. He was sorry to see them, he said, as he saw them here and in this hall. Hoops were given to women for an ornament, but this had become a deformity of dress. This, however, according to the fashion, they were prepared to have entirely forgotten, as they now were so strewing for the back. He hoped that the fashion would be acted upon. If they could only hear what the men said of grievous fashions they would, he was sure, be soon abandon them. The ladies present appeared to be very much amused at the remarks, but there was a great deal of pleas from the gentlemen. The Rev. S. Langton said he could not agree with Sir Henry Marriot that many of the ladies were entirely devoted to dress, as they were to be found at all seasons in carrying out their charitable and even not for their invaluable assistance the Bible Society and other good institutions of that description.

CURIOSITIES OF ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

Among the curiosities of royal life is the one on earth while to state that, though the Mayor of Leeds gave up his seat to the Queen, he did not give up his right of sitting bare his lady was not invited to dine with her, or even to sit her. The Mayor himself, on the occasion of his dinner with a number of gentlemen attended to dine with the Queen; but the lady was not asked to sit her own house to all of her own guests.

HOW THE QUEEN LIVES AT BALMORAL.

A correspondent of the *North British Mail* says: "The Majesty necessarily divides her time between Balmoral, Windsor, without any attempting to lay back so much rich and gear. We had pointed out to us, in a recent visit, her self-contained Majesty's every-day life. Here at her Balmoral tartans are made—a small cottage on the Dimhole. At the weaver's door is a pretty garden, a croquet table, and his tartans are highly prized as the only true Balmoral tartan. We said above a word or two on the Bible—the Queen's father—her, as the exalt stepped at Crathie. We got to Ballater on Saturday, and drove down to Crathie Church, and having got a hint to enter the Queen's pew, we did so, and got quietly into it, and sat in the Queen's pew. Majesty, Prince Albert, and the children, with their attendants, were in the pew. Their seats without any ceremony, and the Presbyterian form of worship during divine service, and first the Sacrament. The Queen and Prince received, we could see no difference. Her Majesty had no attendants with her but the gentlemen and ladies in waiting during the church."

A RAFT TO HOLD FRAZER RIVER GOLD.

The *Builder* says that a large iron fire-proof strong-room has just been supplied by Messrs. Chubb & Son to the Bank of British North America, and shipped to Vancouver's Island. The room is more than 12 feet long, about four inches deep, and seven feet wide, and is constructed entirely of wrought iron, with the best locking materials. The interior is fitted with massive drawers and shelves, and with safes, hermetically sealed with lead gaskets, and the exterior is secured by two large doors, each fitted with two locks and bolts, weighing twenty tons all round. The room was shipped in parts, and will be fastened together from the interior on arrival at the destination. The total weight is thirteen tons and three-quarters of a ton.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

Lord Castlehaven, it is true, announces to the public that he has "clearly established the principle of aerial navigation;" that the accident, or aerial charter, in the construction of which his lordship has spent several years, is "nearly finished," and proved the perfection of its plan by a trial of the manner in which it has been carried out, it is his intention of forming a company for the purpose of bringing it into use, and then for the whole world to witness, as it were, the realization of the Arabian Nights' tale, and his lordship ministering to the happiness and prosperity of nations.

A PROFANE DIARY COMING OUT.

The Critic says that the Rev. Sydney Smith rumors fly about the Rev.'s literary curiosity in forthcoming which he left behind him in a diary, and of which we have had, it is said, a specimen in the shape of a private journal kept by the celebrated Lady Holland. The Rev. Sydney was a humorist, and the publication of this singular document in its French, and, as might be expected, in its English dress, has created a sensation not unlike the reach of either sacre or cyrophilis. Forewarned is forearmed, and those who have the misfortune to be connected with the character will give the secrets of the modern Messalina time to "blow over." Among them is that one of the dissatisfies of this remarkable document, and that not the least remarkable portion of the period are contained in that comprising the Russian royal family, and its allies, engendered by the presence of the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, as it was then known, and in her quarter. For the satisfaction of these interested, we may state that the diary is in the hands of the Messrs. Bentley, so may state that the document has been purchased by that eminent publishing, and that the publication is to be thoroughly entire.

A WONDERFUL WORK.

The *Northern Daily* says: "There is now living at Lofthouse, in Yorkshire, a woman who is said to be regarded as a living wonder. Her name is Mary Wilkinson, and she is the mother of a family of upwards of 104 years. What is still more remarkable, she continues to enjoy the most wonderful health and vigor for her age; can relate circumstances that transpired ninety-six years ago, and has a memory as retentive as that of a man of the age of 65 years than our exceeding 100. She can read without the aid of spectacles, and can thread the finest needle with the greatest facility. She is the great-grandmother of Mr. M'Nay, Old Bond street, and Mr. Wilkinson, of Bond street, and is in receipt of a pension from the Society, dark brown eyes and intelligent countenance and has a fine head of hair, which is not yet entirely white. She is a distance of thirteen miles, almost every quarter, and can be examined."

FRANCE.

HOPES OF NEW ISSUES TO THE THRONE.

It is whispered that the hereditary question is again in a condition to afford topics that the Imperial dynasty of France does not exhaust the subject. Such is the angle life of the young prince.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF FORTIFICATION

All the French ports on the Atlantic are to be put in a state of defence. 150,000 000 francs have been allocated for the fortification of the port of Havre, of which 12,000,000 francs are to be devoted to the defence of Dunkirk. Cherbourg, Brest, Rochefort, La Rochelle, and Bayonne are to be executed at Calais and Boulogne, Toulon, Marseilles, Ajaccio, Bastia, Antibes, Nice, and Cherbourg.

THE MARRIAGE OF ROTHSCHILDS AT PARIS.

A correspondent of the *Lord* says that all the chiefs of the Rothschild family throughout the world—at Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, and Naples—are just now assembled at Paris, the occasion being the approaching marriage.

MODERN PLAYING BLINDFOLD IN PARIS.

The *London News* says: "The extraordinary feat of playing eight games of chess with antagonists seated on board, was performed on Monday, at the Cafe de la Regence, in Paris, by M. Louis Paulsen, a native of Silesia. The portion of the Cafe de la Regence more particularly appropriated to the feat was the apartment on the first floor usual to the public, and in it sat the eight gentlemen who were to be opposed to M. Paulsen, namely, MM. Jaenisch, Arnous de Riviere, Journoud, Jun., and to which two billiard tables are placed, was upon the left hand side of the room. Blindfold players sit with their backs to the chessboards.

A certain line was marked out, beyond which only two gentlemen could pass. M. Journoud and M. Arnous de Riviere, the challengers, therefore, occupied seats on either both sides. The latter gentleman officiated for the four absentees. The names of the players were written on a Guibert, and the former for the last four, MM. Lequesne, Jaenisch, Barnewitz, and Anderssen, all of whom, with having their places, in the presence of about two hundred persons, who had paid an admission fee of five francs each. The boards, and signifying that in every one of the eight games M. Paulsen had the first move, commenced operations at half-past 7 o'clock. The games played differently, so as to lead to what is called the "Scotch game."

The play went on without interruption for more than three hours, when M. Paulsen had conquered seven of his eighteen adversaries. The defensive result was that the remaining eight games were drawn. The names of the opponents being variegated in the following order: MM. Journoud, Barnewitz, Jaenisch, Arnous de Riviere, Journoud, Barnewitz, Blewitz, and regards cut last pair the. The games were then resumed, and at 11 o'clock on the following morning M. Guibert. At the end of this wonderful exhibition M. Paulsen was signal such as applause.

WHY LADIES PAINT.

M. Theophile Gautier has just published, in Paris, a directly written treatise on "Why Ladies Paint." He says that the practice is not confined to the demi-monde, but only just thirty-five pages, each page being of satin, a fine, and delicately perfumed with the odor of violets, and bordered by one small streak of red. In this little volume he says that the ladies paint in order to be in "With the instinct of harmony which characterizes them, they have discovered that the tint of the skin, their dazzling conventional dress, between in pearl-colored satin, and the dull, heavy color of the face, which, assisted, was a dissonance—the obtain skin look. Hence the use of rouge and white. Ladies, then, are but following the same as painters do in order to harmonize the various shades of their picture. Nevertheless, M. Gautier does not approve of the practice of painting, but still it should be in keeping with the manner of the wife of Rubens, who painted her face with a brush, and in this one thing necessity of applying white to the female skin is the result of artificial life. Women, he says, live in a white—a thing of rose-water on the cheeks relieves it, and the eyes, surrounded by white, gain in vivacity and brilliancy to the eyes; and in this wise we are brought to the privilege of paint.

HIGH RENTS IN PARIS.

A letter from Paris says: "Rents are every one demanding a price for apartments which neither the middle nor the working classes can afford to pay. Hundreds of the best class of apartments in Paris have merely doubled. The value of a thing, as you know, is what it will bring. Well, landlords find their property doubled in value, and get paid accordingly. Hundreds of the rich are the rule of the working people, and before compelling the office of repair, the Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Malakoff the inhabitants of Crown domains. But in this country, and hence the dissatisfaction of the people, including the Emperor himself. "The Queen can not be induced to agree to such an arrangement, and the Emperor, with the consent of Queen Victoria, to another, and hence her husband and herself have been obliged to live in the most expensive hotels, and upon his generosity for the amount of the annual income. The Queen, however, has refused to accept any of the income, and the present instance is not an exception to the rule. One would suppose that the subscription of sovereigns and his wife would not require a large expenditure; but the sense of dependence appears to be quite as grating to royal personages as to those in the ordinary relations of life.

AUSTRIA.

A SPECIMEN OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Here is a specimen of religious liberty in Austria, a countryman in the neighborhood of Mariazell met a procession of pilgrims on their way there, and neglected to take off his hat while it passed. This is an offence under the new criminal code, and the fellow was in the unenviably trial for it by the landgerichtt at Vienna. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labor.

ITALY.

A PRIEST CAPTURES SIX BRIGANDS.

The Giornale of Turin has the following story: "The parish priest of Varetton was called up a few nights ago from his bed by a band of brigands, who wanted him. He was entering home, accompanied by two villagers, between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. The brigands, with his companions entered the house, they were astonished to find themselves in the power of the priest, who, seizing, he took to a room of the ceiling. They were six in number, and the priest and his two women alive, and they succeeded in binding them, one by one. She has stated that a number of brigands, headed by the servant of the priest himself, were in the house, when the priest, with his two women, came up with the brigands, and, despite their threats, pressed themselves of every thing of value, and then bolted her parents and herself. The priest, first of all her lover, went home with the two men, and ordered his servant to open the door. The latter, at the same time, made objection, but the priest having insisted, down he came, and was secured in the same way. The rest of the bands, and nearly all the inhabitants of the village have been arrested, and are now in the prisons of Turin. The priest, however, including the servant, six bandits, with booty which they had taken from the passengers house. All the six were instantly secured.

AFRICA.

ANDERSSEN TURNED UP AGAIN.

Intelligence has been received from Mr. Charles Anderssen, who left the Walvish Bay, on the expedition to explore the Orange country in the direction of the River Zambesi, and who was supposed to have perished through the hostility of the natives of his journey, he was compelled to return, owing to the failure of water and the depletion of his guides.

CUBA.

THE EXPLOSION AT HAVANA.

The New York *Herald* has a long and recent but the following particulars of the late disaster in Havana.

The explosion took place, at half past 10 in the Naval Magazine at Havana, situated at the head of the harbor, and immediately opposite the city. It was caused by the fire of gunpowder, several hundred loaded shells, together with a large quantity of rockets, and other fire works. The shock and effect, as described by the residents, was terrific beyond belief.

The explosion was heard at the distance of about the ground, 23 dead bodies and 163 wounded are about the number as far after take possession of the city. For some moments the air was filled with all descriptions of missiles, shells, rockets, cannon balls, &c., and reported a long distance from the building and into the harbor.

"No damage was done to the vessels at anchor. The Spanish steamer of war Isabel was lying directly in front to the slope of Fort Atares, nearly a quarter of a mile off.

"The principal effect of the explosion was produced on the new sugar warehouses, in the immediate vicinity of the magazine, which were shattered to pieces, and the roofs and beds separate have been the greatest. At the mill of Mr. Aldama, on the Cerro, 15 persons were injured and sixteen men, only four remained. Many bullets were actually yet embedded in the walls of the building.

"The destruction of the pile of sugar warehouses, and the damage done to the mill of Mr. Aldama, Arango, and the others in course of construction, was complete, and the owners will not be able to commence grinding the present season, and it is doubtful if they can get the machinery repaired in time to do so. The damage done to the mill of Don José Maria Bassetti and the edifice of the Royal Economical Society.

A CUBAN ROMANCE.

A letter from Havana says: "Some time ago a young Cuban of this city went to New York, where he gave himself up to dissipation. Among the fair ones who in his peregrinations he met a handsome young girl, whose name I will not mention. It was both love at first sight, and she reciprocated. Rumor says that their intimacy was carried to such a length that she went privately but on her part, at least, it appeared that they were to be married. Her parents, however, interfered, particularly the father of her lover. At last, the young girl was sought out in the city, and, by the aid of the police, was found and taken back to her parents. Her lover returned to Cuba, ostensibly to attend to some business affairs, but in reality to forget her in a career and redress his promises of marrying her. For a while he succeeded in doing so, but at last he again met the most ardent amatory epistles to one or the other of the ladies. The result was many duels, and more love. Poor Kate sorrowed and sorrowed, and wrote, and wrote, and received no answer. At last she left New York—stop—nothing from him her heart ailed. So a few days ago she arrived in Havana, and the first news that she had of her lover was to see him and her betrothed see sought out his family, but inquiring with trembling anxiety for him. He was not there, and was not for months, and was then quietly sleeping in the cemetery. Poor Kate! Poor lover, and all because he refused to leave his world to join her betrothed in another. So she took to her bed, and for days and days was supposed to be dead in her bed. A dagger, a box of opium, several bottles of laudanum, and a few other contemplating her effects, which have been taken charge of by the authorities.

MEXICO

A BAND OF ROBBERS PUNISHED.

Some Americans have been shooting robbers in Mexico, and the following is the story:

"It may be some gratification to Mr. Hargrave to know that many thieves and murderers have met with a reception, and politely invited him to take off his shoes, coat, vest, white cap, and pants, which he very politely and cheerfully ran from his to the fire, face forward, while they stood in the rear with their guns cocked, and as he was hastily turn to go and lie down and unbuckle, when down he would fall, and the guns would be discharged, and the robbers would run up and take the clothes, and, after a short consultation, would leave. Mr. Hargrave's two engineers on top let off their long guns, while a breakfast was passed forth from inside the coach. It was the 16th of September—a sad independence Day for the Republic of Mexico, and a glorious one for the Texans. Mr. Hargrave still lived the robbers passed through it, and most cheerfully without hitting any one, and another shot was fired, and another robber fell dead.

"The engineers in the coach at the time were Colonel Jack Hamilton and Mr. Ed. Brown, R. A. Brown, Rudolph, Wolf, Thompson, Lamaster, and Elton. One robber was killed and two wounded, and the wounded were hung him, but the Chief Engineer, Colonel Talcott, protested, and he was left to die. Colonel Talcott soon turned over to the Alcalde of the nearest town—Acadamo.

THE COURTIN'.—[By Professor J. Russell Lowell.]



"ZEKLE CREP' UP, QUITE UNBEKNOWN,
AN' PEEKED IN THRU THE WINDER."



"SHE HEERD A FOOT, AN' KNOWED IT, TU,
A RASPIN' ON THE SCRAPER."

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu
A raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' fitered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.



"YOU WANT TO SEE MY PA, I 'SPOSE?"
"WA'AL, NO; I COME DESIGNIN'—"



"TO SEE MY MA? SHE'S SPRINKLIN' CLO'ES AGIN' TO-MORROW'S I'NIN'."



"THE LAST WORDS PRICKED HIM LIKE A PIN, AN'—WA'AL, HE UP AND KIST HER."

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my pa, I 'spose?"
"Wa'al, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin' to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other;
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*;"
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An'—wa'al, he up and kist her.

When ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot, pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is, they wuz cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.



"AN' ALL I KNOW IS, THEY WUZ CRIED IN MEETIN' COME NEX' SUNDAY."

THE WEDDING EVE.

I.

SHE sits upon her little bed,
  And muses by the musing moon:
Ere this to-morrow she'll be wed!
  Ere this? Ere this? How strangely soon!
An obvious blank of ignorance
  Lies full across her forward way,
And shadows, cast from unknown chance,
  Make strange and dim the coming day.
She must not muse too much! Vague fear
  O'erfilms her apprehensive eye;
And she may swoon, with no one near,
  And haply so, unmarried, die.
Her faithless dread she now discards;
  And now remorseful memory flings
Its glory round the last regards
  Of home and old accustom'd things.

II.

Her father's voice, her mother's eyes
  Accuse her treason: all in vain
She thinks herself a wife, and tries
  To comprehend the greater gain:
Her unknown fortune nothing cheers
  Her loving heart's familiar loss,
And torrents of repentant tears
  Their hot and smarting threshold cross.
When first within her bosom Love
  Took birth, and beat his blissful wings,
It seem'd to lift her mind above
  All care for other earthly things;
But, oh, too lightly did she vow
  To leave for aye her happy nest;
And dreadful is the thought that now
  Assaults her weak and shaken breast:
Ah, should her lover's love abate;
  And should she, miserable, lose
All dear regards of maiden state,
  Dissolved by time and marriage dues.
Once more, forebodings vague alloy
  Her golden hope with nameless blame!
But dread, she trusts, will turn to joy,
  Like sombre smoke to sudden flame.
With instinct of her ignorance,
  The simple virgin's vailed guide,
She casts to Love the reins of chance,
  Nor recks what henceforth shall betide;
And, so determined, she collects
  Her scatter'd senses, much abused
By fear, that monstrously reflects
  God's order'd future all confused.
And now to rest! At day's first gleam
  They'll come to wake her to her pride,
And weary looks would ill beseem
  Her lover's decorated Bride.

THE POISONED MEAL.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—HUSHED UP.

THE saddest part of Marie's sad story now remains to be told.

One last lamentable resource was left her, by employing which it was possible, at the last moment, to avert for a few months the frightful prospect of the torture and the stake. The unfortunate girl might stoop, on her side, to use the weapons of deception against her enemies, and might defame her own character by pleading pregnancy. That one miserable alternative was all that now remained; and, in the extremity of mortal terror, with the shadow of the executioner on her prison, and with the agony of approaching torment and death at her heart, the forlorn creature accepted it. If the law of strict morality must judge her in this matter without consideration, and condemn her without appeal, the spirit of Christian mercy—remembering how sorely she was tried, remembering the frailty of our common humanity, remembering the warning word which forbade us to judge one another—may open its sanctuary of tenderness to a sister in affliction, and may offer her the tribute of its pity, without limit and without blame.

The plea of pregnancy was admitted, and, at the eleventh hour, the period of the execution was deferred. On the day when her ashes were to have been cast to the winds, she was still in prison, a living, breathing woman. Her limbs were spared from the torture, her body was released from the stake, until the twenty-ninth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. On that day her reprieve was to end, and the execution of her sentence was absolutely to take place.

During the short period of grace which was now to elapse, the situation of the friendless girl, accused of such incredible crimes and condemned to so awful a doom, was discussed far and wide in French society. The case became notorious beyond the limits of Caen. The report of it spread by way of Rouen, from mouth to mouth, till it reached Paris; and from Paris it penetrated into the palace of the King at Versailles. That harmless, weak, unhappy man, whose dreadful destiny it was to pay the penalty which the long and noble endurance of the French people had too mercifully abstained from inflicting on his guilty predecessors, had then lately mounted the fatal steps of the Throne. Louis the Sixteenth was sovereign of France when the story of the poor servant-girl obtained its first court-circulation at Versailles.

The conduct of the King, when the main facts of Marie's case came to his ears, did all honor to his sense of duty and his sense of justice. He instantly dispatched his royal order to suspend the execution of the sentence. The report of Marie's fearful situation had reached him so short a time before the period appointed for her death, that the royal mandate was only delivered to the parliament of Rouen on the twenty-sixth of July.

The girl's life now hung literally on a thread. An accident happening to the courier, any delay in fulfilling the wearisome official formalities proper to the occasion, and the execution might have taken its course. The authorities at Rouen, feeling that the King's interference implied a rebuke of their inconsiderate confirmation of the Caen sentence, did their best to set themselves right for the future by registering the royal order on the day when they received it. The next morning, the twenty-seventh, it was sent to Caen, and it reached the authorities there on the twenty-eighth.

That twenty-eighth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, fell on a Sunday. Throughout the day and night the order lay in the office unopened. Sunday was a holiday, and Procurator Revel was not disposed to desecrate it by so much as five minutes performance of week-day work.

On Monday, the twenty-ninth, the crowd assembled to see the execution. The stake was set up, the soldiers were called out, the executioner was ready. All the preliminary horror of the torturing and burning was suffered to darken round the miserable prisoner before the wretches in authority saw fit to open the message of mercy and to deliver it at the prison-gate.

She was now saved, as if by a miracle, for the second time! But the cell-door was still closed on her. The only chance of ever opening it—the only hope of publicly asserting her innocence, lay in appealing to the King's justice by means of a written statement of her case, presenting it exactly as it stood in all its details, from the beginning at Madame Duparc's to the end in the prison of Caen. The production of such a document as this was beset with obstacles; the chief of them being the difficulty of gaining access to the voluminous reports of the evidence given at the trial, which were only accessible in those days to persons professionally connected with the courts of law. If Marie's case was to be placed before the King, no man in France who was not a lawyer could undertake the duty with the slightest chance of serving the interests of the prisoner and the interests of truth.

In this disgraceful emergency a man was found to plead the girl's cause, whose profession secured to him the indispensable privilege of examining the evidence against her. This man—a barrister named Lecauchois—not only undertook to prepare a statement of the case from the records of the court—but further devoted himself to collecting money for Marie, from all the charitably-disposed inhabitants of the town. It is to be said to his credit that he honestly faced the difficulties of his task, and industriously completed the document which he had engaged to furnish. On the other hand, it must be recorded to his shame, that his motives were interested throughout, and that with almost incredible meanness he paid himself for the employment of his time by putting the greater part of the sum which he had collected for his client in his own pocket. With her one friend, no less than with all her enemies, it seems to have been Marie's hard fate to see the worst side of human nature, on every occasion when she was brought into contact with her fellow-creatures.

The statement pleading for the revision of Marie's trial was sent to Paris. An eminent barrister at the Court of Requests framed a petition from it, the prayer of which was granted by the King. Acting under the royal order, the judges of the Court of Requests furnished themselves with the reports of the evidence as drawn up at Caen; and after examining the whole case, unanimously decided that there was good and sufficient reason for the revision of the trial. The order to that effect was not issued to the parliament of Rouen before the twenty-fourth of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-four—nearly two years after the King's mercy had saved Marie from the executioner. Who can say how slowly that long, long time must have passed to the poor girl who was still languishing in her prison?

The Rouen parliament, feeling that it was held accountable for its proceedings to a high court of judicature, acting under the direct authority of the King himself, recognized at last, readily enough, that the interests of its own reputation and the interests of rigid justice were now intimately bound up together, and applied itself impartially, on this occasion at least, to the consideration of Marie's case. As a necessary consequence of this change, of course, the authorities of Caen began, for the first time, to feel seriously alarmed for themselves. If the parliament of Rouen dealt fairly by the prisoner, a fatal exposure of the whole party would be the certain result. Under these circumstances, Procurator Revel and his friends sent a private requisition to the authorities at Rouen, conjuring them to remember that the respectability of their professional brethren was at stake, and suggesting that the legal establishment of Marie's innocence was the mistake, of all others, which it was now most urgently necessary to avoid. The parliament of Rouen was, however, far too cautious, if not too honest, to commit itself to such an atrocious proceeding as was here plainly indicated. After gaining as much time as possible by prolonging their deliberations to the utmost, the authorities resolved on adopting a middle course, which, on the one hand, should not actually establish the prisoner's innocence, and, on the other, should not publicly expose the disgraceful conduct of the prosecution at Caen. Their decree, not issued until the twelfth of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, annulled the sentence of Procurator Revel on technical grounds; suppressed the further publication of the statement of Marie's case, which had been drawn out by the advocate Lecauchois, as libelous toward Monsieur Revel and Madame Duparc; and announced that the prisoner was ordered to remain in confinement until more ample information could be collected relating to the doubtful question of her innocence or her guilt. No such information was at all likely to present itself (more especially after the only existing narrative of the case had been suppressed); and the practical effect of the decree, therefore, was to keep Marie in prison for an indefinite period, after she had been illegally deprived of her liberty already from August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, to March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Who shall say that the respectable classes did not take good care of their respectability on the eve of the French Revolution!

Marie's only hope of recovering her freedom, and exposing her unscrupulous enemies to the obloquy and the punishment which they richly deserved, lay in calling the attention of the higher tribunals of the capital to the cruelly cunning decree of the parliament of Rouen. Accordingly, she once more petitioned the throne. The King referred the document to his council; and the council issued an order submitting the Rouen decree to the final investigation of the parliament of Paris.

At last, then, after more than three miserable years of imprisonment, the victim of Madame Duparc and Procurator Revel had burst her way through all intervening obstacles of law and intricacies of office to the judgment-seat of that highest law-court in the country, which had the final power of ending her long sufferings and of doing her signal justice on her adversaries of all degrees. The parliament of Paris was now to estimate, in all its importance, the unutterable wrong that had been inflicted on her; and the eloquent tongue of one of the first advocates of that famous bar was to plead her cause openly before God, the King, and the country.

The pleading of Monsieur Fournel (Marie's counsel) before the parliament of Paris remains on record. At the outset he assumes the highest ground for the prisoner. He disclaims all intention of gaining her her liberty by taking the obvious technical objections to the illegal and irregular sentences of Caen and Rouen. He insists on the necessity of vindicating her innocence, legally and morally, before the world, and of obtaining the fullest compensation that the law allows for the fearful injuries which the original prosecution had inflicted on his client. In pursuance of this design, he then proceeds to examine the evidence of the alleged poisoning and the alleged robbery, step by step, pointing out, in the fullest detail, the monstrous contradictions and improbabilities which have been already briefly indicated in this narrative. The course thus pursued, with signal clearness and ability, leads, as every one who has followed the particulars of the case from the beginning will readily understand, to a very serious result. The arguments for the defense can not assert Marie's innocence without shifting the whole weight of suspicion, in the matter of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death by poisoning, on to the shoulders of her mistress, Madame Duparc.

It is necessary, in order to prepare the reader for the extraordinary termination of the proceedings, to examine this question of suspicion in some of its most striking details.

The poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu may be accepted, in consideration of the medical evidence, as a proved fact, to begin with. The question that remains is, whether that poisoning was accidental or premeditated. In either case, the evidence points directly at Madame Duparc, and leads to the conclusion that she tried to shift the blame of the poisoning (if accidental) and the guilt of it (if premeditated) from herself to her servant.

Suppose the poisoning to have been accidental. Suppose arsenic to have been purchased for some legitimate domestic purpose, and to have been carelessly left in one of the salt-cellars on the dresser—who salts the hasty-pudding? Madame Duparc. Who—assuming that the dinner next day really contained some small portion of poison, just enough to swear by—prepared that dinner? Madame Duparc and her daughter, while the servant was asleep. Having caused the death of her father, and having produced symptoms of illness in herself and her guests, by a dreadful accident, how does the circumstantial evidence further show that Madame Duparc tried to fix the responsibility of that accident on her servant before she openly charged the girl with poisoning? In the first place, she is the only one of the dinner-party who attributes the general uneasiness to poison. She not only does this, but she indicates the kind of poison used, and declares in the kitchen that it is burned—so as to lead to the inference that the servant, who has removed the dishes, has thrown some of the poisoned food on the fire. Here is a foregone conclusion on the subject of arsenic in Madame Duparc's mind, and an inference in connection with it, directed at the servant by Madame Duparc's lips. In the second place, if any trust at all is to be put in the evidence touching the finding of arsenic on or about Marie's person, that trust must be reposed in the testimony of Surgeon Hébert, who first searched the girl. Where does he find the arsenic and the bread-crumbs? In Marie's pockets. Who takes the most inexplicably officious notice of such a trifle as Marie's dress, at the most shockingly inappropriate time, when the father of Madame Duparc lies dead in the house? Madame Duparc herself. Who tells Marie to take off her Sunday pockets, and sends her into her own room (which she herself has not entered during the night, and which has been open to the intrusion of any one else in the house) to tie on the very pockets in which the arsenic is found? Madame Duparc. Who put the arsenic into the pockets? Is it jumping to a conclusion to answer, once more, Madame Duparc?

Thus far we have assumed that the mistress attempted to shift the blame of a fatal accident on to the shoulders of the servant. Do the facts bear out that theory, or do they lead to the suspicion that the woman was a parricide, and that she tried to fix on the simple, friendless country girl the guilt of her dreadful crime? If the poisoning of the hasty-pudding was accidental, the salting of it, through which the poisoning was, to all appearance, effected, must have been a part of the habitual cookery of the dish. So far, however, from this being the case, Madame Duparc had expressly warned her servant not to use salt; and only used the salt (or the arsenic) herself, after asking a question which implied a direct contradiction of her own directions, and the inconsistency of which she made no attempt whatever to explain. Again, when her father was taken ill, if Madame Duparc had been only the victim of an accident, would she have remained content with no better help than that of an apothecary's boy? Would she not have sent, as her father grew worse, for the best medical assistance which the town afforded? The facts show that she summoned just help enough barely to save appearances, and no more. The facts show that she betrayed a singular anxiety to have the body laid out as soon as possible after life was extinct. The facts show that she maintained an unnatural composure on the day of the death. These are significant circumstances. They speak for themselves independently of the evidence given afterward, in which she and her child contradicted each other as to the time that elapsed when the old man had eaten his fatal meal, before he was taken ill. Add to these serious facts the mysterious disappearance from the house of the eldest son, which was never accounted for; and the rumor of purchased poison, which was never investigated. Consider, besides, whether the attempt to sacrifice the servant's life be not more consistent with the ruthless determination of a criminal than with the terror of an innocent women who shrinks from accepting the responsibility of a frightful accident—and determine at the same time whether the infinitesimal amount of injury done by the poisoned dinner can be most probably attributed to lucky accident, or to premeditated doctoring of the dishes with just arsenic enough to preserve appearances, and to implicate the servant without too seriously injuring the company on whom she waited. Give all these serious considerations their due weight; then look back to the day of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death; and say if Madame Duparc was the victim of a dreadful accident, or the perpetrator of an atrocious crime!

That she was one or the other, and that, in either case, she was the originator of the vile conspiracy against her servant which these pages disclose, was the conclusion to which Monsieur Fournel's pleading on his client's behalf inevitably led. That pleading satisfactorily demonstrated Marie's innocence of poisoning and theft, and her fair claim to the fullest legal compensation for the wrong inflicted on her. On the twenty-third of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-six, the Parliament of Paris issued its decree, discharging her from the remotest suspicion of guilt, releasing her from her long imprisonment, and authorizing her to bring an action for damages against the person or persons who had falsely accused her of murder and theft. The truth had triumphed, and the poor servant-girl had found laws to protect her at last. Under these altered circumstances, what happened to Madame Duparc? What happened to Procurator Revel and his fellow-conspirators? What happened to the authorities of the Parliament of Rouen?

Nothing.

The premonitory rumblings of that great earthquake of nations which History calls the French Revolution, were, at this time, already beginning to make themselves heard; and any public scandal which affected the wealthier and higher classes involved a serious social risk, the importance of which no man in France could then venture to estimate. If Marie claimed the privilege which a sense of justice, or rather a sense of decency, had forced the parliament of Paris to concede to her—and, through her counsel, she did claim it—the consequences of the legal inquiry into her case which her demand for damages necessarily involved, would probably be the trying of Madame Duparc, either for parricide, or for homicide by misadventure; the dismissal of Procurator Revel from the functions which he had disgracefully abused; and the suspension from office of the authorities at Caen and Rouen, who had, in various ways, forfeited public confidence by aiding and abetting him. Here, then, was no less a prospect in view than the disgrace of a respectable family, and the dishonoring of the highest legal functionaries of two important provincial towns! And for what end was the dangerous exposure to be made? Merely to do justice to the daughter of a common day-laborer, who had been illegally sentenced to torture and burning, and illegally confined in prison for nearly five years. To make a wholesale sacrifice of her superiors, no matter how wicked they might be, for the sake of giving a mere servant-girl compensation for the undeserved obloquy and misery of many years, was too preposterous and too suicidal an act of justice to be thought of for a moment. Accordingly, when Marie was prepared to bring her action for damages, the lawyers laid their heads together, in the interests of society. It was found possible to put her out of court at once and forever, by taking a technical objection to the proceedings in which she was plaintiff, at the very outset. This disgraceful means of escape once discovered, the girl's guilty persecutors instantly took advantage of it. She was formally put out of court, without the possibility of any further appeal. Procurator Revel, and the other authorities, retained their distinguished legal positions; and the question of the guilt or innocence of Madame Duparc, in the matter of her father's death, remains a mystery which no man can solve to this day.

After recording this scandalous termination of the legal proceedings, it is gratifying to be able to conclude the story of Marie's unmerited sufferings with a picture of her after-life which leaves an agreeable impression on the mind. If popular sympathy, after her release from prison, could console her for the hard measure of injustice under which she had suffered so long and so unavailingly, that sympathy was offered to her heartily and without limit. She became quite a public character in Paris. The people followed her in crowds wherever she went. A subscription was set on foot, which, for the time at least, secured her a comfortable independence. Friends rose up in all directions to show her such attention as might be in their power; and the simple country girl, when she was taken to see the sights of Paris, actually beheld her own name placarded in the showmen's

tills, and her presence advertised as the greatest attraction that could be offered to the public. When, in due course of time, all this excitement had evaporated, Marie married prosperously, and the Government granted her its license to open a shop for the sale of stamped papers. The last we hear of her is, that she was a happy wife and mother, and that she performed every duty of life in such a manner as to justify the deep interest which had been universally felt for her by the people of France.

Her story is related here, not only because it seemed to contain some elements of interest in itself, but also because the facts of which it is composed may claim to be of some little historical importance, as helping to open a correct view of the captious of society in France before the Revolution. It may not be amiss for those persons whose historical point of view absolutely centred in the days of the Reign of Terror, to look a little further back—to remember that the best cure of prejudice is unrelated hate—for something like one hundred years, the case (with minor changes of circumstance) of the lackey was true against the people; now, all over France—and then to consider whether there was not a reason and a necessity for a wonderful last necessity, for the French Revolution. That Revolution has expelled, and is still expelling, its excesses, by political failures which all the world can see. But the social good which it indisputably effected remains in full force. Abuse, as an example, the administration of justice in France at the present time. Whatever its shortcomings may still be, an innocent French woman could be hanged, now, at an innocent French woman was once treated, in a period full minutes from our own time as the end of the last century.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"AND this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a vocalist like that!" So thought Mr. Adam Ross, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of Mr. Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Otthar, the head-mason.

As he spoke an handsome, young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. But he was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other since they could know the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to Annie that he should ask her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer to the sacristan's child but a pair of industrious hands, while Master Otthar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorry against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, wandering disconsolately to rest out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, their other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day—the festival was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to be on his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and mere unexpected work of Master Joss sent him on his entrances. In the height of his indignation the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to you and my dear daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—and think her well off in the cowardly mason."

From time immemorial it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest spire, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore specified in his contract with the corporation, if it never occurred to him that his intended sonin-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to his doing so.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on breaking the matter that afternoon to Master Otthar, he was met by a flat—but not overcourteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the sacristan left, deserted at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for as long or as short a time from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was want to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours! Hurrah! the sacristan is growing valiant! hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She's never present: that is a sad, tempting Providence; and who knows whether that thought of her dangerous situation as she may beat turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, by the Holy Virgin! I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool; I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my own daughter and child. Come, my boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, with five hundred florins in his pocket, you don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, and have charge of all the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that it was not standing in a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to end in death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he whipped himself into a suit of the most gorgeous, from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Otthar swallowed his disgrace in the best way he could, and, with Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and confidential conferences with a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening, and in the early morning the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, and in its golden case, bade him farewell. Follow Laurence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterward assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Many a time had the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred winding steps, ending in a small, narrow gallery; then five steps ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more cold steps—still the banner of gorgeous cloth! Now, a few prayers blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar.

Now, then, with the banner by your side—look down mark the sunny, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through it.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps and the rail. Hold on by the handle—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope and let you down by it. Farewell!" And these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and, with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze chilled his hot cheeks. He looked upward, he was with the banner, to study himself on a part of the huge cathedral, and, looking down, he could see men, after two or three daring steps still higher, to tremble the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"My God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor youth, as he clung convulsively on the iron rail, laying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt as lonely, as utterly forsaken as if he were at the uttermost end of the round and strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his grasp. "Annie, Annie, life for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm through the rail, and with both hands supported the golden staff, surmounted by a crescent, and a cross, and a weathercock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—was covered with clouds, and the lights and hurries glanced upward from the great city below. "Annie, Annie!" his lips uttered, and on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of the emperor.

Hurrah! hurrah! long live the emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly air; "now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "it doesn't it look now as if that luminous thing of a crescent were inclining—as wishing me an evil 'good-night?' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amidst the pedals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coin of vantage for his foot to rest on.

"Ah, Laurence! never tightly together, and shouted: "Italian, Laurence! Albert here! throw me the rope below and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly he shrieked and called.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud, and the sighing wind seemed to answer him with mocking laughter.

"What shall I do?" What shall become of me?" Now overcome by fatigue, he dared not stir one hair-breadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his head began to swim within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered, pressing his clenched teeth. "The cords below will thine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no, the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come back, they will come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand on his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"Curse!" he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cry, repeated, living curiously around the tower, seemed to mock:

"Even I alone an emperor, and this is my domain."

While he was passing, two more steel conversation together at the foot of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Have you managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan—"

"Oh, no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of Gabriel, or Gabriel's work."

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself and fetch the gardener down. He trusted me, and no one was within call. But I think, Master Otthar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a bird shot from the sky."

And as the two villains took their way down a narrow street, they heard the news that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear words of mockery, and, I will bring thee down in safety."

"Ah! that voice was from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

Or only promise to give me your love, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just a kiss, and I'll be gone! I was a present your first-born child, and I'll tear you away instantly as if you were floating on down."

"Ah! Annie, Annie!" he cried, "to die with gentleness who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel, wildly.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been dreaming. The moon was high in heaven, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had? Am I really in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a sigh of relief, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Life or death, for death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw yourself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so sweet? Oh, Annie, Annie, I pray for me, the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Arise, arise, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed grasp, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburned young man—Joss not Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had made him foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown into a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him.

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened toward the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man.

"Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God! look up, look up to the spire!"

Arnold rushed toward the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"Tis he! it must be he, still living!"

"Oh God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my boy? Oh that we may not be too late!"

The boys were found in the old man's pocket; and all days, even before the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, leaving the trick of the trap-door, went through a door.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss. A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see any thing from this. I'll climb over the top."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared on the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the spire, but, then't Gabriel—he's gone."

"A ghost! you dreaming deuderlead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up!" And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on as fast as you can! I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length a half-unconscious form was deposited in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment he soon recovered all his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a corner hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my clothes!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rose colored yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure came to see him and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who not continually by his bedside as watching the dawning sister, Hope, and Annie, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his consciousness came not to say, in a word, as would be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this!" By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had half of that Lawrence! If I once had that Otthar by the throat!" But both these worthies had fled out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel, toward evening; "tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old, wrinkled, gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while the bright sunlight played with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very red as he looked at the young fellow's sight; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles.

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch; "it is a request not to be denied of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and live on roots and herbs, as they only did of yore. I want to see her from pain."

A few way, indeed, to save Annie from pain! He cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed toward the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and tender embrace. "Dearest, dearest love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. Annie, Annie, Annie, I am here, your lovely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And do yourself no eaters by only half of your love; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hub-storm of kisses—that, indeed, it is said—how truly I know not—that sensitive in the general world, and which is therefore so carefully clore contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Gabriel, poor boy, he was heard to say to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, he have you and yours to give me yours."

It does not appear that any of jealous man made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes soon recovered their day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sorrowful love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

LANDMARKS.

I.

THREE grassy fields, and a ridge of corn,
An old house, and a space
For lilies 'twixt the road and the door,
And you will know the place.

II.

But not so much by the grassy fields,
And not so much by the space
For lilies 'twixt the road and the door,
As by a smiling face

III.

That you will see looking out for me—
A face so sweet and gay,
That you can not take a step beyond
The dear old house all day.



AN ELEPHANT STEEPLE-CHASE AT RANGOON, BURMAH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AN ELEPHANT STEEPLE-CHASE.

WE give on the opposite page a picture of a novel sport invented by the British officers in India—steeple-chasing on elephant-back. The artist of the picture sends to the *Illustrated London News* the following detailed account of the sport:

"The ditch is the third leap, though the first in the picture. It was three feet and a half deep by seven broad. 'Grainbags,' who was heavily backed, was the first in, and out again; and not one, that I observed, cleared it. They all went at it like—elephants! and the riders, I do declare, evinced rare powers of 'sticking.' They were in jockey costume, but rode with a staff and flag instead of a whip.

"I subjoin the 'card' of the steeple-chase; and I think it only fair to state that, in my opinion, the artist, having heavily backed the 'favorites'—which happen to be those making most play—allowed his pencil to be carried away, a little, by his feelings when he was portraying *them*."

ELEPHANT STEEPLE-CHASE (CATCH WEIGHTS).

A Sweepstakes of 1 r., H.M. 68th Steeple-chase Course, open to all Elephants, steered by Mahouts and ridden by Officers; the winning Mahout to receive 5 rs. from the stakes, and the rider the balance, and a "piece of plate" from the staff. The decision of the stewards to be final. The elephants to be mounted opposite the grand stand. Those mounting will draw lots for elephants on the course. The following was the result:

Captain Vaughan's "Soorul Jumal"	1
Mr. Marshall's "Delhi Bully"	2
Major West's "Tearing Villain"	3
Mr. Harrison's "Shuffling Jinny"	4
Mr. Saunderson's "Ghurreeb Purwar"	5
Mr. Stuart's "Slashing Tom"	6
Captain Light's "Daisy Clipper"	7
Captain White's "Lall Singh"	8
Mr. Blair's "Pandey"	9
Major Morant's "Blowhard"	10
Captain Ewart's "Grainbags"	11
Lieutenant Kay's "Smiler"	12
Lieutenant Foord's "Ponderous Polly"	13

Captain E. A. B. TRAVERS, *Secretary*.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER II.—RETROSPECT.

There is a place at which three roads meet, sacred to that mysterious goddess called Diana on earth, Luna (or the Moon) in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions. At this place pause the Virgins permitted to take their choice of the three roads. Few give their preference to that which is vowed to the goddess in her name of Diana: that road, cold and barren, is clothed by no roses and myrtles. Roses and myrtles vail the entrance to both the others, and in both the others Hymen has much the same gay-looking temples. But which of those two leads to the celestial Luna, or which of them conducts to the infernal Hecate, not one nymph in fifty divines. If thy heart should misgive thee, O nymph!—if, though cloud vail the path to the Moon, and sunshine gild that to pale Hecate—thine instinct recoils from the sunshine, while thou darest not adventure the cloud—thou hast still a choice left—thou hast still the safe road of Diana. Hecate, O nymph! is the goddess of ghosts. If thou takest *her* path look not back, for the ghosts are behind thee.

WHEN we slowly recover from the tumult and passion of some violent distress a peculiar stillness falls upon the mind, and the atmosphere around it becomes, in that stillness, appallingly clear. We knew not, while wrestling with our woe, the extent of its ravages. As looks the day after a flood, as a field the day after a battle, is the sight of our own sorrow, when we no longer have to stem its raging, but to endure the destruction it has made. Distinct before Caroline Montfort's vision stretched the waste of her misery—the Past, the Present, the Future—all seemed to blend in one single Desolation. A strange thing it is how all time will converge itself, as it were, into the burning-glass of a moment! There runs a popular superstition that it is thus in the instant of death; that our whole existence crowds itself on the glazing eye—a panorama of all we have done on earth—just as the soul restores to the earth its garment. Certes, there are hours in our being, long before the last and dreaded one, when this phenomenon comes to warn us that, if memory were always active, time would be never gone. Rose before this woman—who, whatever the justice of Darrell's bitter reproaches, had a nature lovely enough to justify his anguish at her loss—the image of herself at that turning-point of life, when the morning mists are dimmed on our way, yet when a path chosen is a fate decided. Yes; she had excuses, not urged to the judge who sentenced, nor estimated to their full extent by the stern equity with which, amidst suffering and wrath, he had desired to weigh her cause.

Caroline's mother, Mrs. Lyndsay, was one of those parents who acquire an extraordinary influence over their children, by the union of caressing manners with obstinate resolves. She never lost control of her temper nor hold on her object. A slight, delicate, languid creature too, who would be sure to go into a consumption if unkindly crossed. With much strong common sense, much knowledge of human nature, egotistical, worldly, scheming, heartless, but withal so pleasing, so gentle, so bewitchingly despotic, that it was like living with an electro-biologist, who unnerves you by a look to knock you down with a feather. In only one great purpose of her life had Mrs. Lyndsay failed. When Darrell, rich by the rewards of his profession and the bequest of his namesake, had entered Parliament, and risen into that repute which confers solid and brilliant station, Mrs. Lyndsay conceived the idea of appropriating to herself his honors and his wealth by a second Hymen. Having so long been domesticated in his house during the life of Mrs. Darrell, an intimacy as of near relations had been established between them. Her soft manners attached to her his children; and after Mrs. Darrell's death rendered it necessary that she should find a home of her own, she had an excuse, in Matilda's affection for her and for Caroline, to be more frequently before Darrell's eyes, and consulted by him yet more frequently than when actually a resident in his house. To her Darrell confided the proposal which had been made to him by the old Marchioness of Montfort, for an alliance between her young grandson and his sole surviving child. Wealthy as was the House of Vipont, it was among its traditional maxims that wealth wastes if not perpetually recruited. Every third generation, at farthest, it was the duty of that House to marry an heiress. Darrell's daughter, just seventeen, not yet brought out, would be an heiress, if he pleased to make her so, second to none whom the research of the Marchioness had detected within the drawing-rooms and nurseries of the three kingdoms. The proposal of the venerable peeress was at first very naturally gratifying to Darrell. It was an euthanasia for the old knightly race to die into a House that was an institution in the empire, and revive, phenix-like, in a line of peers, who might perpetuate the name of the heiress whose quarterings they would annex to their own, and sign themselves "Darrell Montfort." Said Darrell inly, "On the whole, such a marriage would have pleased my poor father." It did not please Mrs. Lyndsay. The bulk of Darrell's fortune thus settled away, he himself would be a very different match for Mrs. Lyndsay; nor was it to her convenience that Matilda should be thus hastily disposed of, and the strongest link of connection between Fulham and Carlton Gardens severed. Mrs. Lyndsay had one golden rule, which I respectfully point out to ladies who covet popularity and power: She never spoke ill of any one whom she wished to injure. She did not, therefore, speak ill of the Marquis to Darrell, but she so praised him that her praise alarmed. She ought to know the young peer well; she was a good deal with the Marchioness, who liked her pretty manners. Till then, Darrell had only noticed this green Head of the Viponts as a neat-looking Head, too modest to open its lips. But he now examined the head with anxious deliberation, and finding it of the poorest possible kind of wood, with a heart to match, Guy Darrell had the audacity to reject, though with great courtesy, the idea of grafting the last plant of his line on a stem so pithless. Though, like men who are at once very affectionate and very busy, he saw few faults in his children, or indeed in any one he really loved, till the fault was forced on him, he could not but be aware that Matilda's sole chance of becoming a happy and safe wife was in uniting herself with such a husband as would at once win her confidence and command her respect. He trembled when he thought of her as the wife of a man whose rank would expose her to all fashionable temptations, and whose character would leave her without a guide or protector.

The Marquis, who obeyed his grandmother from habit, and who had lethargically sanctioned her proposals to Darrell, evinced the liveliest emotion he had ever yet betrayed when he learned that his hand was rejected. And if it were possible for him to carry so small a sentiment as pique into so large a passion as hate, from that moment he aggrandized his nature into hatred. He would have given half his lands to have spited Guy Darrell. Mrs. Lyndsay took care to be at hand to console him, and the Marchioness was grateful to her for taking that troublesome task upon herself. And in the course of their conversations Mrs. Lyndsay contrived to drop into his mind the egg of a project which she took a later occasion to hatch under her plumes of down. "There is but one kind of wife, my dear Montfort, who could increase your importance; you should marry a beauty; next to royalty ranks beauty." The Head nodded, and seemed to ruminate for some moments, and then, *apropos des bottes*, it let fall this mysterious monosyllable, "Shoes." By what process of ratiocination the Head had thus arrived at the feet, it is not for me to conjecture. All I know is that, from that moment, Mrs. Lyndsay bestowed as much thought upon Caroline's *chaussure*, as if, like Cinderella, Caroline's whole destiny in this world hung upon her slipper. With the feelings and the schemes that have been thus intimated, this sensible lady's mortification may well be conceived when she was startled by Darrell's proposal, not to herself, but to her daughter. Her egotism was profoundly shocked, her worldliness cruelly thwarted. With Guy Darrell for her own spouse, the Marquis of Montfort for her daughter's, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been indeed a considerable personage in the world. But to lose Darrell for herself, the Marquis altogether—the idea was intolerable! Yet, since to have refused at once for her portionless daughter a man in so high a position, and to whom her own obligations were so great, was impossible, she adopted a policy, admirable for the craft of its conception and the dexterity of its execution. In exacting the condition of a year's delay, she made her motives appear so loftily disinterested, so magnanimously friendly! She could never forgive herself if he—he—the greatest, the best of men, were again rendered unhappy in marriage by her imprudence (hers, who owed to him her all)! yes, imprudent indeed, to have thrown right in his way a pretty coquettish girl ('for Caroline is coquettish, Mr. Darrell; most girls so pretty are at that silly age'). In short, she carried her point against all the eloquence Darrell could employ, and covered her designs by the semblance of the most delicate scruples, and the sacrifice of worldly advantages to the prudence which belongs to high principle and affectionate caution.

And what were Caroline's real sentiments for Guy Darrell? She understood them *now* on looking back. She saw herself as she was then—as she had stood under the beech-tree, when the heavenly pity that was at the core of her nature—when the venerating, grateful affection that had grown with her growth, made her yearn to be a solace and a joy to that grand and solitary life. Love him! Oh certainly she loved him, devotedly, fondly; but it was with the love of a child. She had not awakened then to the love of woman. Removed from his presence, suddenly thrown into the great world—yes, Darrell had sketched the picture with a stern but not altogether an untruthful hand. He had not, however, fairly estimated the inevitable influence which a mother, such as Mrs. Lyndsay, would exercise over a girl so wholly inexperienced—so guileless, so unsuspecting, and so filially devoted. He could not appreciate—no man can—the mightiness of female cunning. He could not see how mesh upon mesh the soft Mrs. Lyndsay (pretty woman, with pretty manners) wove her web round the "cousins," until Caroline, who at first had thought of the silent fair-haired young man only as the Head of her House, pleased with attentions that kept aloof admirers, of whom she thought Guy Darrell might be more reasonably jealous, was appalled to hear her mother tell her that she was either the most heartless of coquets, or poor Montfort was the most ill-used of men. But at this time Jasper Losely, under his name of Hammond, brought his wife from the French town at which they had been residing since their marriage, to see Mrs. Lyndsay and Caroline at Paris, and implore their influence to obtain a reconciliation with her father. Matilda soon learned from Mrs. Lindsay, who affected the most enchanting candor, the nature of the engagement between Caroline and Darrell. She communicated the information to Jasper, who viewed it with very natural alarm. By reconciliation with Guy Darrell, Jasper understood something solid and practical—not a mere sentimental pardon, added to that paltry stipend of £700 a year which he had just obtained—but the restoration to all her rights and expectancies of the heiress he had supposed himself to marry. He had by no means relinquished the belief that sooner or later Darrell would listen to the Voice of Nature, and settle all his fortune on his only child. But then, for the Voice of Nature to have fair play, it was clear that there should be no other child to plead for. And if Darrell were to marry again, and to have sons, what a dreadful dilemma it would be for the Voice of Nature! Jasper was not long in discovering that Caroline's engagement was not less unwelcome to Mrs. Lyndsay than to himself, and that she was disposed to connive at any means by which it might be annulled. Matilda was first employed to weaken the bond it was so desirable to sever. Matilda did not reproach, but she wept. She was sure *now* that she should be an outcast—her children beggars. Mrs. Lyndsay worked up this complaint with adroitest skill. Was Caroline sure that it was not most dishonorable—most treacherous—to rob her own earliest friend of the patrimony that would otherwise return to Matilda with Darrell's pardon? This idea became exquisitely painful to the high-spirited Caroline, but it could not counterpoise the conviction of the greater pain she should occasion to the breast that so confided in her faith, if that faith were broken. Step by step the intrigue against the absent one proceeded. Mrs. Lyndsay thoroughly understood the art of insinuating doubts. Guy Darrell, a man of the world, a cold-blooded lawyer, a busy politician, *he* break his heart for a girl! No, it was only the young, and especially the young when not remarkably clever, who broke their hearts for such trifles. Montfort, indeed—*there* was a man whose heart *could* be broken! whose happiness *could* be blasted! Dear Guy Darrell had been only moved, in his proposals, by generosity—"Something, my dear child, in your own artless words and manner, that made him fancy he had won your affections unknown to yourself! an idea that he was bound as a gentleman to speak out! Just like him. He *has* that spirit of chivalry. But my belief is, that he is quite aware by this time how foolish such a marriage would be, and would thank you heartily if, at the year's end, he found himself free, and you happily disposed of elsewhere," etc., etc. The drama advanced. Mrs. Lyndsay evinced decided pulmonary symptoms. Her hectic cough returned; she could not sleep; her days were numbered—a secret grief. Caroline implored frankness, and, clasped to her mother's bosom, and compassionately bedewed with tears, those hints were dropped into her ear which, though so worded as to show the most indulgent forbearance to Darrell, and rather, as if in compassion for his weakness than in abhorrence of his perfidy, made Caroline start with the indignation of revolted purity and outraged pride. "Were this true, all would be indeed at an end between us! But it is not true. Let it be proved." "But, my dear, dear child, I could not stir in a matter so delicate. I could not aid in breaking off a marriage so much to your worldly advantage, unless you could promise that, in rejecting Mr. Darrell, you would accept your cousin. In my wretched state of health, the anxious thought of leaving you in the world literally penniless would kill me at once!"

"Oh, if Guy Darrell be false (but that is impossible!), do with me all you will; to obey and please you would be the only comfort left to me."

Thus was all prepared for the final *dénouement*. Mrs. Lyndsay had not gone so far without a reliance on the means to accomplish her object, and for these means she had stooped to be indebted to the more practical villainy of Matilda's husband.

Jasper, in this visit to Paris, had first formed the connection, which completed the wickedness of his perverted nature, with that dark adventuress who has flitted shadow-like through part of this varying narrative. Gabrielle Desmarets was then in her youth, notorious only for the ruin she had inflicted on admiring victims, and the superb luxury with which she rioted on their plunder. Captivated by the personal advantages for which Jasper was then pre-eminently conspicuous, she willingly associated her fortunes with his own. Gabrielle was one of those incarnations of evil which no city but Paris can accomplish with the same epicurean refinement, and vitiate into the same cynical corruption. She was exceedingly witty, sharply astute, capable of acting any part, carrying out any plot; and when she pleased to simulate the decorous and immaculate gentlewoman, she might have deceived the most experienced *roué*. Jasper presented this Artiste to his unsuspecting wife as a widow of rank, who was about to visit London, and who might be enabled to see Mr. Darrell, and intercede on their behalf. Matilda fell readily into the snare; the Frenchwoman went to London, with assumed name and title, and with servants completely in her confidence. And such (as the reader knows already) was that eloquent baroness who had pleaded to Darrell the cause of his penitent daughter! No doubt the wily *Parisienne* had calculated on the effect of her arts and her charms to decoy him into at least a passing forgetfulness of his faith to another. But if she could not succeed there, it might equally achieve the object in view to obtain the credit of that success. Accordingly she wrote to one of her friends at Paris letters stating that she had found a very rich admirer in a celebrated English statesman, to whom she was indebted for her establishment, etc.; and alluding, in very witty and satirical terms, to his matrimonial engagement with the young English beauty at Paris, who was then creating such a sensation—an engagement of which she represented her admirer to be heartily sick, and extremely repentant. Without mentioning names, her descriptions were unmistakable. Jasper, of course, presented to Mrs. Lyndsay those letters (which, he said, the person to whom they were addressed had communicated to one of her own gay friends), and suggested that their evidence against Darrell would be complete in Miss Lyndsay's eyes if some one, whose veracity Caroline could not dispute, could corroborate the assertions of the letters; it would be quite enough to do so if Mr. Darrell were even seen entering or leaving the house of a person whose mode of life was so notorious. Mrs. Lyndsay, who, with her consummate craft, saved her dignity by affected blindness to the artifices at which she connived, declared that, in a matter of inquiry which involved the private character of a man so eminent, and to whom she owed so much, she would not trust his name to the gossip of others. She herself would go to London. She knew that odious, but too fascinating, Gabrielle by sight (as every one did who went to the opera, or drove in the *Bois de Boulogne*). Jasper undertook that the *Parisienne* should show herself at her balcony at a certain day at a certain hour, and that, at that hour, Darrell should call and be admitted; and Mrs. Lindsay allowed that that evidence would suffice. Sensible of the power over Caroline that she would derive if, with her habits of languor and her delicate health, she could say that she had undertaken such a journey to be convinced with her own eyes of a charge that, if true, would influence her daughter's conduct and destiny—Mrs. Lyndsay did go to London—did see Gabrielle Desmarets at her balcony—did see Darrell enter the house; and on her return to Paris did, armed with this testimony, and with the letters that led to it, so work upon her daughter's mind that the next day the Marquis of Montfort was accepted. But the year of Darrell's probation was nearly expired; all delay would be dangerous—all explanation would be fatal, and must be forestalled. Nor could a long courtship be kept secret; Darrell might hear of it, and come over at once; and the Marquis's ambitious kinsfolk would not fail to interfere if the news of his intended marriage with a portionless cousin came to their ears. Lord Montfort, who was awed by Carr, and extremely afraid of his grandmother, was not less anxious for secrecy and expedition than Mrs. Lyndsay herself.

Thus, then, Mrs. Lyndsay triumphed, and while her daughter was still under the influence of an excitement which clouded her judgment, and stung her into rashness of action as an escape from the torment of reflection—thus were solemnized Caroline's unhappy and splendid nuptials. The Marquis hired a villa in the delightful precincts of Fontainebleau for his honeymoon; that moon was still young when the Marquis said to himself, "I don't find that it produces honey." When he had first been attracted toward Caroline, she was all life and joy—too much of a child to pine for Darrell's absence, while credulously confident of their future union—her spirits naturally wild and lively, and the world, opening at her feet, so novel and so brilliant. This fresh gayety had amused the Marquis—he felt cheated when he found it gone. Caroline might be gentle, docile, submissive; but those virtues, though of higher quality than glad animal spirits, are not so entertaining. His own exceeding sterility of mind and feeling was not apparent till in the *têtes-à-têtes* of conjugal life. A good-looking young man, with a thorough-bred air, who rides well, dances well, and holds his tongue, may, in all mixed societies, pass for a shy youth of sensitive genius. But when he is your companion for life, and all to yourself, and you find that, when he does talk, he has neither an idea nor a sentiment—alas! alas for you, young bride, if you have ever known the charm of intellect, or the sweetness of sympathy. But it was not for Caroline to complain; struggling against her own weight of sorrow, she had no immediate perception of her companion's vapidity. It was he, poor man, who complained. He just de-

tected enough of her superiority of intelligence to suspect that he was humiliated, while sure that he was loved. An incident converted his growing indifference into permanent dislike not many days after their marriage.

Lord Montfort, sauntering into Caroline's room, found her insensible on the floor—an open letter by her side. Summoning her maid to her assistance, he took the marital privilege of reading the letter which had apparently caused her woe. It was from Matilda, and written in a state of misdirected excitement. Matilda had little enough of what is called heart; but she had an intense selfishness, which, to a point of self-sacrifice, simulates the place of a heart. It was not because she could not feel for the wrongs of another that she was not feel anguish for her own. Arabella was avenged. The cold-blooded snake that had stung her to the forge of the colors-caught in Matilda had learned from some anonymous correspondent (probably a rival of Gabriella's) of Jasper's false vows and love adventures. But half-recovered from her confinement, she had risen from her bed to write from Paris (for the pleasure of which her husband had left her)—when this wretched Gabriella—triumphant in the full base knowledge to whom Jasper had presented her—to whom, by Jasper's dictation, she had written a letter declaring that her—whom she had employed to plead her cause to her father—soon Gabriella—soon her at her own invitation—Jasper at her own friend—burst into vehement wrath—roused up the confidence of her self-loving pride to write a denunciation from her husband, go back to her father, tell her wrongs, appeal to his mercy, Gabriella calling, equally, on Jasper, and tell of the cruel part her father shall know that your plan for his pardon through Madame la Duchesse was to witness to blacken his name, and to frustrate his marriage. Do not think that he will suppose you did not concert a new project of love. I know how you too well, pretty innocent." No match for Gabriella's diplomacy, Matilda threw down the house, leaving Jasper whistling an air from *Fra Diavolo*; returned alone to the French town, from which she now wrote to Caroline, pouring out her wrongs, and without seeming sensible that Caroline had been wronged, and unconscious of fear that her father might believe her an accomplice in Jasper's plot, and refuse her the means to live upon her own wretch, wrote to whom she longed every epithet that her indignation could engender, but to Jasper. The letter was not the letter, blurred and blotted, was incoherent, almost raving. In fact, Matilda was then seized by the mental fever which hurried her to the grave. To the Marquis much of this letter was extremely uninteresting—parts of it wholly incomprehensible. He could not see why it should so overpoweringly affect his wife. Only those passages which denounced a scheme to frustrate some marriage meditated by Mr. Darrell made him unusually attentive. Caroline must see and demand explanation. But Caroline, in the anguish to which she awakened, forestalled his inquiries. She had now thoughts for any counsel,—how she had wronged Darrell—how ungrateful and faithless she must seem to him—how all the impulse of her remorse, and in the childlike candor of her soul, artlessly, ingenuously she poured out her love to the husband she had taken as counselor and guide, as if seeking in speech some balm for the pain of a new sentiment that might render her less loyal to the responsibilities which linked her future to another's. A less sensitive mind would have, in so noble a confidence (however it might have pained him for the time), a guarantee for the happiness and security of his whole existence. He would have seen how distinct from that ardent love which, in Caroline's new existence of life, would have bordered upon guilt, and been condemn as guilt against duty, was that which was the infantine, venerating affection she had felt for a man so far removed from her by years and the immeasurable amount of intellectual eminence which a young husband, trusted with every thought, every feeling, must soon leave her in the eclipse. A little forbearance, a little of delicate and generous tenderness, at that moment would have secured to Lord Montfort the warm affection of a grateful heart, in which the grief that overflowed was not for the irreplevin of love, but an earlier lover, but the repentant shame for wrong and treachery to a confiding friend.

But it is in vain to ask from any man that which is not in him! Lord Montfort listened with sullen, stolid displeasure. Lord Caroline should feel the slightest pain at any cause which had awakened her compassment to a man whom Darrell, and had raised her to the rank of his marchioness, was a crime in his eyes never to be forgiven. He condemned, not only Caroline, but, Mrs. Lyndsay had shamefully deceived him; and fully believed that she was not only accomplice with Jasper in that artifice which he was quite gentleman enough to consider placed those who had planned it out of the pale of his acquaintance. And when Caroline, who had fled from his wife vehemently to plead her lord's countenance, came to a close, Lord Montfort took up his hat and said, "I beg never to hear again of this love and wrong and reparable family connections. As you say, you and your mother have been very kind to me, and you you don't seem to understand that you have behaved much worse to me. As to condescending to write to him, and enter into explanations how you came to be Lady Montfort, it would be so towering to me that I would never forgive it—never. I would just as soon that you ran away at once—sooner. As for Mrs. Lyndsay, I shall forbid her entering my house. When you have done crying, order your things to be packed up. I shall return to Montfort to-morrow."

That was perhaps the longest speech Lord Montfort ever addressed to his wife; perhaps it was also the rudest. From that time he regarded her as some delicate benefit to his manhood, which he entertained a profound aversion. Lord Montfort's character had originally much mild the streets, and the Darrell passed it on homebuck. It was but one look in that one moment of wrath, but it was sufficient to haunt her—a look of such stern disdain, but also of such deep despair. No language can exaggerate the misery of a wife who, by a inhuman countenance, when a great and tortured spirit appealed to it, could misjudge to a fault that comprehends. The crushed heart, the ravaged existence, were buried before her in that look, and she felt that her punishment began. It might not be rents of the precipice in the flesh of the Titan-woman, but the consciousness, without word, they parted. To him that moment decided the flight from active life to which his hopeless ambition had led him, and wooing the jaded, weary man. In safety to his very conscience, he could find that he was unable to encounter one whom it convulsed his whole being to remember was another's wife. In that moment of mental agony he had resolved that he also would to which Guy Darrell's political disposition contributed, and which, if it was impossible but what he should be brought frequently into collision with Lord Montfort, the blood of a house who had been Darrell's friend was connected—the most powerful patrician of the party of which Darrell was the acknowledged chief. Could he escape Lady Montfort's presence, her name, at least, would be continually in his ears. Thus, in that brief hour, he could no more hide from the sun.

This feeling, in the torture it occasioned him, completed his resolve on the instant. The next day he was in the groves of Fawley, and remained for weeks after in the retirement from a farewell address to his constituents. A few days after, the news of the Marquis's death reached him; and as that event became known, it accounted to many for his retirement for a while from public life.

But to Caroline Montfort, and to her alone, the secret of a grief that was to be remembered was unmistakably revealed. For a time she was tortured, in every society she entered, by speculations and surmises brought before her the memory of his genius, the arousing sound of his name. Gradually, as he receded more from the world, the world soon forgets; and by degrees Darrell became as little spoken of as he was absent.

Mrs. Lyndsay had never, during her schemes for Lord Montfort's marriage, had any deep design on Darrell. And when, to her intimate amuse and mortification, Lord Montfort, before the first month of his union was expired, became, in the fewest possible words, to dispel her dream of a future in which she should preside at the houses, of Vipont, as the lawful regent during the life-long minority to which she had contemned both his wife and his understanding, the lethargic Marquis, she hastened by letter to exculpate herself from all share, even, even of the blame on Caroline. Alas! had not she always warned him that Caroline was not worthy of him?—him, the greatest, the best of men, etc, etc. Darrell replied by a single cut of his trenchant, unsparing pen, that cut through her cushion of down and her veil of gauze like the sword of Damocles. Mrs. Lyndsay's business never came back upon Mrs. Lyndsay. Lady Selina was crushingly civil. The pretty woman with the mannish, was never out of all the misery she had occasioned, went to Rome, studied, studied, studied, and was never her as Caroline had done, fell at last into a real consumption, and faded out of the world elegantly and sentimentally, as ladies whose life leaves its thorns behind it.

Caroline's character developed and exalted by the responsibilities she had accepted, and by the purity of her grief. She submitted, as a just retribution, to the solitude and humiliation of her wedded lot; she earnestly, virtuously strove to banish thought as to the moral contrast that could recall to her more of Darrell than the remorse allowing so darkened a life that had been to her calculated so hopeless, and to the world so confiding. As we have seen her, at the meeting of Montfort House—the first moment of her griefs—fly to the side of her ungenial lord, though he was to her but as the owner of the house in which she had found a refuge, and in a delicate, watchful conscience that kept her as honest in thought as she was irreproachable in conduct. But vainly, in summoning her intellect to the relief of her heart—vainly had she striven to make that heart as honest. Unconsciously, that night eclipse the memory of the man in whom she had placed her confidence, in its depths of unsuspected sweetness—which had been withdrawn from her existence before she could fully comprehend its worth, or appreciate its worth.

At last she became free once more; and then she had dared thoroughly to examine into her own heart, and into the nature of that hold which the image of Darrell still retained on its remembrances. And precisely because she was conscious that she succeeded in preserving her old childish affection for him free from the slightest taint of warm love which would have been guilt if so encouraged, she felt the more free to volunteer the statement which might prepare for a more delicate benefit to his remaining years. Thus, one day, after a conversation with Alton Morley, in which Alton had spoken of Darrell as the friend, almost the virtual guardian, of her infancy, and, alluding to a few lines just received from him, inquired whether Caroline the picture of Darrell's melancholy wanderings and blighted life—that had she, on the impulse of the moment, written the letter which had reached Darrell at Malta. In it she had spoken of her sorrow to the deceit that had been practiced on herself—far too delicate to recall a second, which she felt to be an insult to his dignity, in which, too, the deceiving parties were his daughter's husband and her own mother. She had spoken very true woman can understand why she thus wrote to Darrell, and every true man can understand why Caroline had shrunk her failed in its object, and was returned to her in scorn. Here was the yearning of meek, powerless affection, and his the rebuke of supercilious, embittered, indignant love.

But, at last, in her grief, with its interior life, gifted before her, by a grief the most intolerable she had yet known, the woman became aware that it was a profound penitence for the injustice—it was despair for the lover she had lost. In that interval, out of the depths of her misery and struggling elements of her life-long self-reproach, love—the love of woman—had blushed softly, timidly, as the love of youth at its first sight. Strange—but the very disparity of years seemed to aid. She, the maturer, the powerful woman, was so much nearer to the man, still young in heart, and little changed in person, than the mere girl of seventeen had been at the grave friend of forty! Strange but those reflections presented to her mind as they were deeper in the core of the wild mortal breast than all that early chivalrous homage which had ripened her years into the ideal of dreaming poets. Strange, strange, strange! But where there is nothing strange there is no deep experience.

And with this revelation of her own altered heart came the clearer and fresher insight into the nature and character of the man she loved. Hitherto she had recognized but his virtues—now she beheld also his failings—holding them *as if virtues*, loved him more; and, loving him, more despaired. She recognized that all-perfect, all-powerful human pride, which, interwoven with his sense of honor, became as relentless as it was unconscious. She also comprehended now, that the more he loved her, the less he would forgive; and, recalling the unexpected gentleness of the farewell words, she felt that in his promised blessing lay the sentence that annihilated every hope!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

CANNON.—A distinguished commercial gent, whom travel is fast bringing to be a sage, if would appear in Bankruptcy Commissioner to determine which was the more worthless paper, that he had lent on his travelers' thorough life: "I never believe notes than one half the value I am, because I am a victim of what I know, not a word of what I say. If others were equally cautious there would be no such thing as bills in the world."

THE COMET AND ITS TAIL.

The appearance of the Comet, which is now starring the fair heavens, has given rise to a great deal of speculation, which, as usual, has resulted in failure. Nobody has, as yet, given a satisfactory explanation of the motion of the queries what the Comet is? Some astronomers say that it is a planet, and that it has risen in the other side of it, but for all that they have not been able to discover its existence. Two theories of the constitution of Comets which have not yet been published, and which we have reason to believe are correct, are as follows. Professor Mapes, of the Agricultural Department, and Quashee Hickeys, according to some observers, was a color blind negro and also diaphanous. Comets are the ghosts of departed planets. Natural as well as supernatural philosophy teaches that nothing can annihilate the rays of light: and your Comet generally has a tail. Analogy proves throughout nature. But the Comet be a planet in the first stage of its development, a celestial baby preparatory to a terrestrial tadpole?

That eminent scholar and wit, Fletchly Flashby, was dining, the other day, at an inferior Revere House, when the latter happened to remark to his wife, "By-the-way, my love, I have got you another dress, and friends not to send you that rise." "I suppose," said Flashby, "you should, yourself, my dear Horace, and said *Autem tenuitis, amen*."

A GRACEFUL CONFESSION.—"The proper study of Mankind is Man."

The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but the tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Oct. 18, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the week ending the past week are derived as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 16, 1858	$2,253,911	$1,768,159
Corresponding week, 1857	3,209,795	1,475,000
Decrease	$1,034,913	$454,559

The exports of specie was $686,354, against which $1,200,000 was received from California. The banks now hold about $12,000,000 and the Sub-Treasury $10,000,837. There is no change in money to report. We quote loans on government securities at 5 per cent.; on railroad stocks, 6; first-class short paper, 6; longer paper, 6 @ 7; second class paper, 6 @ 8 @ 10. Foreign Exchange was quiet during the week, closing generally at 107½ @ 110 for sixty days, and 109½ @ 111 for sight.

Stocks have generally exhibited a declining tendency. There is a good demand for speculative securities, and the heavy sales are for cash. Prices are lowering freely in State Stocks and Bonds. The following table shows the closing prices of the week compared:

	Oct. 9	Oct. 16
Missouri 6's	82½	82
New York Central	83½	83
Erie	17	16½
Hudson	28	28
Reading	49½	49½
Panama	116½	116½
Michigan Southern, preferred	60	60
Michigan Central	64	64
Galena	84½	84½
Rock Island	66½	66½
Illinois Central	82	82
Illinois Central, preferred	92	92
Pacific Mail	105	105

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Oct. 18, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Dry Goods Market have continued quite heavy for the leading kinds of Broadcloth, with generally more sellers than buyers. Cotton has been somewhat offered and purchased to, however, much reduced prices, and Woolens have been, for the most part, neglected. Groceries have been in fair demand for Sugars and Coffee and a shade ... Hay, Hides, Tobacco, and Seeds have been lightly dealt in. ... The Dry Goods trade ... Provisions ... the movements in some quarters ... and speculators of any remarks. ... We append a review of the ... the leading quotations for the leading articles:

Ashes, Pots, per hundred lbs.	$4 12½	@	$4 40
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 25	@	4 65
Superfine to Western, per barrel	4 15	@	4 35
Extra Western, per barrel	4 40	@	5 00
Extra Genesee, per barrel	4 75	@	5 00
Corn Meal, Jersey, per barrel	3 75	@	3 87½
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 00	@	5 00
Rye to Superfine Flour, per bbl.	3 75	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 15	@	4 35
White Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 24	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	68	@	69
Rye, per bushel	75	@	76
Barley, per bushel	1 05	@	1 10
Western Oats, per bushel	48	@	50
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	44	@	46
Barley and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	48
Mess Pork, per barrel	19 00	@	19 50
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 50	@	16 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 50	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@	10 00
Old Mutton, per pound	6	@	7½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	10½
Butter, Ohio, per pound	15	@	16
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	13
Cheese, per pound	7½	@	8½

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Oct. 11.	Week ending Oct. 18.
Beeves	3,195	4,653
Milch Cows	93	75
Veal Calves	623	672
Sheep and Lambs	19,345	18,564
Swine	10,000	10,000

The range of prices according to the actual sales at the Cattle Stock at the leading Cow Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Cows to premium Beeves, per pound	5	@	6
Common to Milch Cows, per head	30	@	45
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	7 00
" per pound	3	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	5
Dressed "	5	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were dull and prices were pretty good. Prices of the principal commodities were ruled thus:

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WAYNE-TOWN MARKET.

Apples, new, per bushel	$1 00	@	$3 75
Peaches, per basket	2 50	@	3 00
Peaches, per bushel	1 00	@	2 00
Pears, per dozen	3	@	13
Quinces, per barrel	2 00	@	4 00
Grapes, per lb.	3	@	10
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Pumpkins, each	6	@	12½
Potatoes, sweet, per bushel	1 25	@	2 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel	75	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@	1 50
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 75	@	4 75
Beets, per 100 bunches	1 75	@	4 75
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 75	@	3 00
Cranberries, per barrel	8 00	@	14 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 00	@	2 00
Squashes, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per dozen	50	@	1 00
Watermelons, per 100	4 50	@	10 00
Mushrooms, per quart	25	@	37½
Tomatoes, per bushel	37	@	45
Celery, per dozen bunches	37	@	50
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Cattle, per head	3 75	@	6 25
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	1 25
Cabbages, per dozen	75	@	1 25
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	19	@	19
Eggs, Western, per dozen	19	@	19
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	10	@	12½
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	50	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	14
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	1 50
Woodcocks, per dozen	4 75	@	6 00
Partridge, per pair	62½	@	87
Quail, Dartmouth, per dozen	62½	@	87
Deer, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	62½	@	87½

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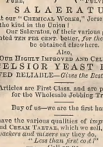
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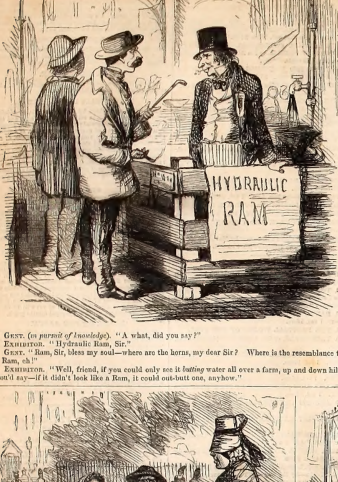
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SCENE—AN AGRICULTURAL FAIR.



GENT. (*in pursuit of knowledge*). "A what, did you say?"
EXHIBITOR. "Hydraulic Ram, Sir."
GENT. "Ram, Sir, bless my soul—where are the horns, my dear Sir? Where is the resemblance to a Ram, eh?"
EXHIBITOR. "Well, friend, if you could only see it *butting* water all over a farm, up and down hill, you'd say—if it didn't look like a Ram, it could out-butt one, anyhow."



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Uncle JOSH. and Aunt DEB., for the better purpose of witnessing the affair, have just been congratulating themselves on the beautiful prospect, when, heavens and yeath! the whole atmosphere is filled with flying buckwheat, gravel, black sand, small stones, rye, straw, &c., completely blowing the unfortunate pair into a prize wagon occupied as a cake and cider establishment. Uncle Josh is under the impression that he had selected the wrong end of dern'd newfangled-machine to see the fun!



DISGUSING FOR AUGUSTUS.

AUGUSTUS (*who was rapidly coming to the point*). "Then, Emily!—Oh, may I call you Emily?—Sweetest!—best!—say that you will not go—without——"
OLD WOMAN (*cuts in*). "Any doughnuts to-day, Marm?—any apples, or candies?"



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MRS. SPRAT (*with indignation*). "The Groom, Mr. S.!—The Groom put me up!—No, Sir! Put me up yourself! A pretty Husband you are! Groom, indeed!"

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MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.

OUR lady readers will be glad to see the accompanying portrait of the famous Mademoiselle Piccolomini, who has just arrived in this country to fulfill an engagement at the Academy of Music in this city. She arrives among us fresh from European triumphs scarcely less enthusiastic than those which created the fame of Alboni and Jenny Lind.

By birth Mademoiselle Maria Piccolomini is a Tuscan. She first saw the light in the old town of Sienna, among the moth-eaten and mouldy relics of the Middle Ages, and under the shadow of some of the richest products of the genius of the Medicean era. Her family was noble. There have been Counts of the name. More than one Prince Piccolomini is mentioned in Italian chronicles. Greater than these, two Popes — Pius the Second and the Third — were named Piccolomini, and sprang from the same race as the gifted vocalist. They say that she is naturally proud of her family connection with the Papal chair, and that, with pardonable weakness, she long looked forward to the election to the Papal throne of her cousin, Cardinal Piccolomini, now almost in his dotage at Rome. Had he been chosen to succeed Gregory XVI., as Mademoiselle Piccolomini is reported to have wished, it is supposed that she would have become superior of one of the greatest convents in Italy, and would have devoted her great powers to the reform of conventual abuses.

Fate willed it otherwise. When Gregory died, Maria Piccolomini, a precocious child, with an uncommonly fine soprano voice, threw her whole soul into the art for which nature had fitted her. Her parents were opposed to seeing their child figure on the boards of a theatre; but their scruples were overcome. It is said by those who had ample means of obtaining information that their means were limited, and that the high-spirited girl insisted on contributing to their support instead of being a burden to them. At thirteen she commenced her studies at Florence, with a view to fit herself for the lyric stage.

A correspondent informs us that at this period an English nobleman who was residing at Florence met the young girl at the house of a Professor under whom she was studying, and was fascinated by her beauty and extraordinary grace. Young as she was, she was woman enough to be pleased with the unequivocal attentions of the Englishman. He accompanied her to her lessons, and escorted her home; listened to her songs, and drank in the music of love while she practiced the soft melody with the performance of the greatest artists of the century, that not a fault or a blemish could escape them. Who shall describe the nervous tremor which thrilled through the heart of our poor little Italian girl as she ventured upon a part so finally illustrated by the greatest lyric geniuses of the age? She sung it, however, with infinite feeling; she acted like a consummate mistress of the art. When the opera was over frantic applause proclaimed the *début* of "the little Maria" a complete success. Twenty consecutive nights was the opera repeated; and on each occasion the success of the *débutante* was made more certain. On the last night of her engagement, as she issued from the theatre to return home, she found that the young man of Florence had unharnessed her horses, and were prepared to draw her carriage to her residence. Her Southern blood boiled at the sight.

"No, no," she cried, with flashing eye and flushed cheek: "men should have more pride than to undertake the office of beasts! Italy, gentlemen, has higher and nobler duties for you all than to draw a singer's carriage through the streets!"

With which just reproach she left her admirers, and escaping from the theatre by a side door, found her way home quietly, not a little shocked, she said, to find that so much ardor had been wasted by her countrymen for such a purpose.

The next four years of her life were spent in Italy. No audiences in the world are so admirably fitted to train a singer as those of the great Italian towns. In the theatres of Venice, Florence, Genoa, Milan, and Naples, if a singer should make a false note, a great groan from the whole pit and parquet would testify their detection of the crime. No false reputations can pass current there. In this School Piccolomini was trained. She acquired during her training not only sound musical principles, but principles of a higher order; she became at an early age deeply imbued with patriotic feelings, and those peculiar yearnings for independence which absorb the energy of the best Italians. On one occasion, during her triumphant career in some Italian city, the young men of the town assembled round her dwelling to serenade her. She was furious at the attempt. Bursting open the window, she appeared before them on the balcony, and with her grand tragic air quelled the noise, and silenced the music with a wave of her hand and a glance of her eye.

"Peace!" she cried. "Keep your strength for Italy; our country needs this energy of yours far more than I do. *Addio!*"

And she entered her room, closing the window after her, and leaving her audience not a little abashed by the wholesome reproof.

In 1856 Mademoiselle Piccolomini was invited to leave Italy and appear before an English audience. Her career, as well in France as in England, has ever since then been one of unmitigated success. She has performed all the great soprano parts in the popular operas, and in each and all has won enthusiastic applause. Nice critics have picked flaws in this or that performance; but the public at large, as well in London as in Paris and Italy, have fairly idolized the beautiful young singer. It may truly be said of her that she has won as many hearts as she has had attentive listeners.

Her greatest part is said to be that of Violetta, in *La Traviata*. This opera has been so frequently performed, and so well received throughout this country, that it were a mere waste of time to criticise it at present. It has an established place in the repertoire of every opera-house in the United States; and whatever exceptions may be taken to the subject or the story, it will none the less continue, for years to come, to be one of the most attractive operas of the day. Many critics have expressed surprise at



MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

the perfect rendering of the part of Violetta by Mademoiselle Piccolomini. She is known to be as pure, and as far above the least breath of scandal, as Bonny Lind herself; yet in this part she portrays, with a vividness which has rarely been equaled, the erring agnes, the passionate love, and the heart-rending remorse of a poor creature, to whom death's weakest pang is the fearful prospect of punishment for a life of sin. With the intuition of true genius she has divined every point which, in real life, have been, and ever will be, strangers to the ears of virtue.

It is not often that the highest gifts of genius are allied to the best moral endowments; we have every reason to believe that Mademoiselle Piccolomini is as amiable and as truly good in private life as she is great and admirable as an artist.

BLACKBERRIES.

I.

Black as Beauty's tresses,
Sweet as Love's caresses,
Darlings of the people, beloved of high and low,
Dear to age and childhood,
Glowing in the wild wood,
Peeping to the sunshine in every green hedgerow,
Berries of the bramble,
How I love to ramble
Through the shady valleys, and pluck you as I go!

II.

Your luxuriant treasure,
Spotless, out of measure,
Fills me with such feeling of recklessness and joy!
With such sense of rapture
At the wealth of capture,
Prodigal as sunbeams where the wavelets toss and play!
I laugh at Time and Toil,
And on his sunny dial
Turn back the creeping shadows and feel I'm yet a boy.

III.

Come hither, little maiden,
With wicker basket laden,
And then, oh pennant merlin, with cheeks like dawning day!
We'll all go forth together,
Free as the wind and weather,
And pluck the luscious blackberries that ripen by the way.
You of the world unweeting,
I from the world retreating,
To taste a simple pleasure, and prize it while I may!

CHARLES MACKAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT.

WITHOUT doubt the leading event of last week was a large number of the people of New York, and the other large cities—was the prize-fight which took place between Morrissey and Heenan not far from the city of Baltimore. For months there were, of no small import—congressional nominations, speeches of political aspirants, dinner of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, the success of Miles Standish, arrival of steamers from Europe, departure of war-vessels for Paraguay—but all of these were overshadowed and swallowed up by the great boxing-match at Long Point. On Thursday, especially, there was nothing heard of—by boys, we mean, all over the country—but the great prize fight, and the wonderful skill and science, and luck and pluck, and gentleness and behavior generally, of Morrissey and his antagonist, the Benicia Boy.

The popularity of prize-fighting as a newspaper topic is unquestionable. The New York authority pronounces that a report of a prize-fight will sell a newspaper more widely than the news of a Presidential election, or of the loss of a steamer like the *Arctic*. On Wednesday afternoon, men of high social standing met each other with the invariable remark, "Any thing from Baltimore?" On Thursday morning, the rush for the paper which happened to contain the only report of the fight was frantic. Copies were in demand at a shilling a piece, and at 10 A.M., in some parts, the holder of a newspaper would say, the market for *Heralds* was buoyant at a quarter. The prize-fight was, we venture to assert, the only topic discussed that day, except in bank-parlors, counting-rooms, and offices generally throughout this city—to say nothing of bar-rooms, and places of like character. What are we to infer? That the brutal element in our nature is simply veiled over by social habits, but that it will tear away the veil under adequate provocation? Is there a Bank President in New York who could resist being present at a ball-fight if he thought nobody would recognize him?

The best joke, decidedly, about the fight has been the classification of the combatants according to political belief and national affinity. Thus we have been told that one of them is a Republican, the other a Democrat. It is touching to think that Mr. Morrissey had policies in his eye when he planted his left on the nose of Heenan; who, in like manner, thought of "the Union," and the shocking designs of the Abolitionists, as he hit out from the shoulder. Even the roly from the nose of Morrissey. Such views outrage the sense. Again, we are noticed that Morrissey represented the foreign element, while Heenan typified the Native American bruiser. Both, we believe, are Irishmen, if not by birth, at least by descent, education, name, and sympathy. The poignant chagrin which true patriots must feel on hearing of the defeat of Heenan by a foreign champion is mitigated by the reflection that, in this case, the nativity of our noble American was decidedly Cork. Heenan, then, after all, in the present condition of the intellectual labor market, who would expect a native of Massachusetts or Virginia to earn his living by prize-fighting?

TELEGRAPHIC CENTRES.

THE world has always had its great centres of thought and action. Power of mind, power of political and social progress, every power essential to civilization, has concentrated in them. The pioneers of every age have gone out from them.

It must be so in the very nature of things. Not more necessary is such a central organ as the heart in the body, sending the vital current to the extremities and keeping all parts warm and healthful, than are such centres of intellect and business for the life and vigor of humanity. Concentration is as essential to power. Society never grows without developing its full force. Men in mass are as true to it as they are in individual combination to the law of self-preservation. It has never failed to show itself. And in modern age it has exhibited itself in the most prominent style and with the utmost intensity. A few pieces make the world. They are seats of the very essence of the expression and power of value at the great financial centres, and that the best possible evidence of a commercial revival is the increased action of our specie hoard, and a tight money market here. But this, with money at three per cent., and an enormous specie reserve in the banks, city people seldom hear in mind.

The truth is detected by an inquiry into the movements of commercial staples. Let us take, for instance, the usual constituents of the morning and evening meal of every family throughout the country—tea, coffee, and sugar. It can be shown by commercial statistics that, from being great tea-drinkers, the people of the United States have become, as a general rule, consumers of coffee, and that they are now, in the Northern and Western States, drinking their coffee without sugar.

For the past six or eight months at least, the sales of imported teas at this port (which is the key to the whole) have been unusually small, and the prices ruinous to the importer. Just twelve months ago this year there was every possibility that our supply of tea might be cut off for years, and the price rose, in a very short time, to a point which left a profit of 100 per cent. to the importation. But what happened? People, throughout the country, were poor, and could not afford it; and consequently what, on the other, families throughout the North and West began to dispense with tea—to abandon it in price—and in many cases to adopt coffee as a substitute. This was only discovered when the crash ran home, which had been holding their property together, and the long depression of 1857 attempted to realize on them at the advance in value. They found it impossible. Nobody wanted it. At first it was understood that the failure of the market was the result of the revolution, and the holders, arguing that, as the stock of goods in the country must necessarily be very low, people would be sure to come forward to buy in a short while, resolved to hold on. But the spring and summer of 1858 passed. From time to time the pulse of the market beat about the vaccination rules. No advance worth mentioning was realized. The stock of tea in the interior must have been exhausted, and yet there was at this present moment no demand in so small that teas are actually selling in this market at 40 and 50 per cent. loss on what they cost to import. In a word, a gentleman who are in the habit of importing and consuming annually over 20,000,000 lbs. of tea, have not imported this year with one fourth of that amount. Tea-drinking for the present has almost ceased.

On the other hand, coffee has been in steady demand throughout the year. It soon recovered from the depression caused by the financial crisis, and has been active, at a fair price, almost ever since. The importers of coffee are almost the only merchants who have done well this year.

But sugar, like tea, has been abandoned. It will be remembered that the sugar dealers of this and the other ports contrived, in 1857, to raise the price very considerably—so much as to drive purchasers out of the market. The crisis came, and the combination failed. Prices fell. The enormous losses of prominent sugar importers were the most serious theme of rumor. After the depression of the winter months the holders of sugar confessed themselves with the assurance that, as sugar was a necessary of life, and as the stock held in the country was very large, the market would soon revive. Like their brethren of the tea-market, they waited for better times. They never came. Spring and summer elapsed without revival in sugar. The country grocers did not want any. Even the city grocers only bought "from hand to mouth." Enormous stock on hand seemed, but, contrary to all experience, prices did not go up. For the past three months less sugar has been sold in the trade than was ever known during the like period before. At the present time the stock on hand is so small that any sudden demand would create the price of sugar at a moderate cent.; and before the next crop came in, the market might be altogether cleaned out. Even now, however, the price is steadily declining.

These curious phenomena can only be explained on the hypothesis that the people of the United States, as a whole, have given up tea-drinking, and are taking their coffee without sugar.

THE PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

SEVERAL hundred gentlemen met together at Brussels, on the 27th inst., and organized themselves into a Convention which they seem to have called the "Congress of Literary and Artistic property." The object of the Convention was declared to be the reform of the copyright laws in force in Europe, and the establishment of a uniform law for the protection of literature and art. It was supposed, in this country, that the bulk of the members of the Convention would be authors and artists. It seems, however, that M. Scribe, the dramatist, was the only French author of note who was present, and that Victor Hugo, Lamartine and Alexandre Dumas, were absent. Literature was represented by Mr. Robert Bell, who is said to be a dramatic author; and English Art by Mr. Knight, of the Illustrated London. Of the three hundred members present, all but a score or so were either booksellers, publishers, or lawyers retained by prominent bookselling houses.

The first question taken up by the Congress was that of the rights of the right of property-eyed by an author in his works. This topic was fully and thoroughly discussed, and the Congress at last succeeded in yeild the point for which authors have so long contended, and to limit the right of property, in a book or work of art, to a period not less than fifty years after author's death. The next important question dealt with was the subject of duties and postages on books: these the Congress unanimously pledged to be impolitic. The only other noteworthy matter which the Congress seems to have decided is contained in the following resolution, which was adopted:

"That all formalities which fetter booksellers in the circulation of works be suppressed."

Whether such reforms as are here proposed are calculated to benefit authors and artists generally, is a matter of some importance—though, if the governments of Europe can be persuaded to act upon them, they may prove beneficial to the publishers and booksellers.

The *Siècle*, one of the most able of the Paris journals, does not think much of the labors of the Congress. It says:

"Literary property, such as it has been understood by the Congress, no longer merits the name, since the essential character of it (duration) has been refused. Whereupon we have to observe to these legislators of Belgium, as Congress envieged every thing in clouds of eloquently. It is also to be observed that when it adopted a wise measure, it proceeded in a fort already accomplished, and which formed part of our laws. Decidedly, if a Belgian poet has not been wanting to celebrate the new congress, it would be difficult for him to compare them to those of Mechlin. Nor will it be seen nothing of the great question of literary property by the Congress of Brussels; it will be what it has been—a Congress of booksellers and haggers."

If European literature and art have no better protection than such "congresses," they ought to command the respectful sympathy of a generous world.

MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to a portrait and biography of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, the famous singer who arrived in this city last week, in search of Music. She is to be followed by Joanna Wagner, than whom, perhaps, there never lived a more accurate.

The remark we wish to make on the appearance of these gifted singers in this country has reference to the development of extravagance, if such a word can be used in regard to the gratification of musical taste.

A few years ago the people of New York were glad to go to hear any fourth or fifth-rate singing individual from pre-eminent in the concert. Now nothing will "take," in this metropolis, but the greatest stars of Europe—and these stars, in a profusion which would be considered very liberal in a London or Paris manager. No expense is too great for opera managers or opera goers. It may be safely said that, in one way and another, more money is spent on the gratification of the taste for operasinging musical in New York than in any city of the Old World.

It is so with other luxuries. Much has been said about the want of a hereditary class of wealthy people here. But if we had dukes and lords by the hundred, it is doubtful whether we should spend more than we do for costly singers, fine pictures, expensive works of art, gorgeous books, and grand houses. London and Paris, in comparison with New York, are careful and even niggardly.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN.

If the recent days were not the Indian summer, the Indian summer is supplanted by a rival quite as lovely and bewitching. It has been perfectly Piccolomini weather—provided you forget the autumn. So bright, so gay, so sweet, so soft, the atmosphere has lain upon the earth like a warm flush upon a hectic cheek! Disease has been forgotten in beauty, and Death in splendor. It was too fair to last, yet it lasted; and those of us who secretly believe that the Indian summer comes in November are already forecasting delight.

Then scarcely will the regular old Indian summer have gone before Thanksgiving will be coming in, escorted by a procession of pumpkins, and trumpeted by gobbling turkeys. Then Father Christmas, with snowy locks, will pass us on to the New Year, and snow-birds and January thaws begin to presage spring. So, like sailors that skirt a continent stretching from headland to cape and bay, we mariners of time sweep from one point of beauty to another, and circumnavigate the year.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

She came, and smiled, and conquered. The curtain rose before a vast assembly crowding the most striking opera-house in the world—every place filled, and every eye expectant. The slow, unmeaning, and low sounds of the introduction ended. A scene of lights and revelry and splendor succeeded. There was a doubtful murmur of expectation, and then a small, plump, rosy, radiant, refined figure advanced to the footlights, was greeted with solid, hearty applause—but with no enthusiasm—bowed and smiled, smiled and bowed, until every body saw that the personal charm of the new Prima Donna had not been exaggerated, and then the play proceeded.

La Traviata is the poorest and most degenerate of all operas, and yet it is the one best adapted for the peculiar talent of Piccolomini. When the curtain fell upon the first act, and she was warmly recalled to be applauded and caressed with admiring eyes, and showered with bouquets, which she gathered in her arms, and gracefully smiling and bending with unaffected enjoyment of the triumph of the moment, it was clear that in Piccolomini we *had* a lovely woman with a dramatic talent as fresh and flexible as her sweet, soft, girlish voice; who could not sing very skillfully, but whose musical declamation and acting were so harmonious that the effect of the whole was delightful.

When the drop fell upon the second act it was clear that her voice had a tearful pathos, a natural plaintiveness rather than passion, which went straight to the heart, and gave it a pleasure like that of the best private singing of ballads by twilight fires and by sweet domestic voices. Through the last act—which is the most disgusting and dreary of any act in any opera—there was the same persuasive tenderness, never reaching the heights of great passion, but sweet and simple and beautiful.

It was, upon the whole, a singularly complete and harmonious performance. It was all in the same key, all in exquisite keeping. Other singers are more effective in certain points and passages, which are followed by dead, indifferent intervals. But Piccolomini's is the most even, uniform, and proportioned performance of any that we have ever seen upon the operatic stage, excepting Jenny Lind's. It is never great, but always good.

We say that *La Traviata* is admirably adapted to her power, because, as she is not a good vocalist, but declaims rather than sings, using her voice merely to shade and color the libretto, as it were, she would appear best in an opera which was a long musical declamation rather than in one which bubbled over with distinct melodies and songs, as in operas which are dependent upon the singing and not the acting. *La Traviata* is a play set to music, *La Somnambula* is a story told in a series of songs. We do not say which is most truly an opera, because an opera is a very vague affair. Modern taste sets, now at least, to the former.

Charming, sweet, fresh, lovely, smiling, joyous Piccolomini! The audience acknowledged the kind and degree of the spell. It was nothing grand, nothing imposing or impressive; it was not a great artist or singer, or woman; but it was a delightful little lady. Nobody was thrilled, nor did any gust of enthusiasm sweep the audience; and when all was over, instead of a burst of acclamation, as at the end of operas in which the composer's object has been musical effect and not a dramatic situation, and in which, consequently, the last scene is generally the culmination of musical interest and skill—instead of this there was a quiet sense of pleasure in a very agreeable evening, made a little restless by uncertainty and expectation both on the stage and in the house.

But who is not glad to know that the days are come in which we are not to sit at the second table and eat the feast cold after Europe has gorged itself, but that we are to have the singing birds in their prime, and the roses in the bud!

THE PROUD DAY.

The profound excitement is over. The long expectation is past, and the event which honors the century and the country is accomplished. Every man may now feel prouder of his manhood, and rejoice to see that in an event so truly inspiring and noble his fellow-citizens have felt an interest, which shows how essentially refined and humane are the popular sympathies and the instincts of the public. No wonder the telegraph toiled to throw the least circumstance into the fullest light. No wonder the newspapers—those reverend conservators of public morals, those sincere advocates of just causes, those independent interpreters of the popular sentiment, seeking only the "terewth"—published the reports in double-leaded paragraphs, with imposing heads worthy the august say and deed.

It is not the successful working of the Atlantic wire that we celebrate, nor a Pacific railway completed, nor the safety of the remainder of the Austria's passengers, nor bloodless settlement of the Paraguay trouble, nor a new invention, nor the discovery of a new poet or philosopher, or of a new island or continent, or of some boon to the race by which pain may be lessened or crime diminished—not at all, not at all. Such trumpery events we leave to dull aldermen, ministers, professional philanthropists, old women, and religious newspapers. That's a spoony kind of thing, that no gentleman has time for. Here is game worthy the mettle of a man.

The great event over which public interest has been hanging, and after which it breathes more freely with noble pride is, that "Heenan came up staggering and looked pitiful, the fight being entirely out of him from Morrissey's severe hitting in the latter part of the fight. He was hardly able to stand up; and when Morrissey went up to him his guard went down, and Morrissey hit him a very severe blow on the jugular, which knocked him out of time, and he fell on his face, Morrissey stepping away from him. Both Heenan and Morrissey were very badly cut, and had to be brought away on beds."

It is delightful to know that the due celebration of this auspicious event is not to end here. Gentlemen in Wall Street and elsewhere—who have been so profoundly pained by the atrocities upon Sepoy Island, who could not bear to think of a law being set aside, and, above all, who shuddered at the crying inhumanity of the Sepoys—are preparing a reception for the Hon. John Morrissey which shall be worthy of that companion, if not friend, of the late lamented William Poole, whom the city buried with stately obsequies, worthy, also, of the great and glorious event in which he has distinguished himself, and of the profound interest manifested in its issue by the public aforesaid.

The friends of true courage, of manliness, and simple worth—all who believe that the duty of men who enjoy means and leisure, and opportunities of education, is to promote a high public interest in manly and honorable pursuits, and who wish, by showing in what subjects they are interested, to stimulate the ambition of the working men of the country, meet daily in Wall Street and its purlieus to prepare an ovation which shall express the pride and satisfaction of gentlemen in the distinguished public career of the Hon. John Morrissey.

TO VICTORIA REGINA.

A sudden summer-lightning flash! revealing
All cloud-land, gleaming in the gathering night,
And on the dim horizon slowly stealing
In forms of ghostly beauty, still and white!

Through the blank darkness snowy peaks are flushing,
Wild magic lights and tender shadows play;
From glacier caves come foam-wreathed cataracts rushing,
And Alpine realms dart instant into day.

Thus have thine eyes' quick flashes for me lighted
The future, dark with mist-wreaths, vague and wild,
And shown me glory, where I, yet benighted,
Saw but a gloom of toppling storm-clouds piled.

New vistas open—labyrinths of beauty—
Bright spiritual glimpses—angel forms—
And more—the higher heaven of love and duty,
Where quiet stars outwatch our earthly storms.

Pure, piercing lightnings! beautiful in terror!
Before whose glance the false and foul are driven,
Flood all my heart! till cleansed from every error,
It breathes the air of stainless summer heaven!

O. L. R.

Nightingale House.

THE NEW POEM.

Pierre d'Auvergne, one of the old troubadours, says, "Every good song is quite different from every other;" and all songs which did not directly treat of love were called by them *sirventes*, or the squires of songs, not songs themselves. As the songs themselves had this difference of rank, so had the singers. The troubadour—*trovatore*, or *troveur*—was the poet, who found, invented, created the poem; the *jongleurs* were the minstrels, who sang the song in public.

Who is not reminded of these things by the circumstances that attend the new poem of Longfellow's? The Saturday evening of its publication restored to Boston a pleasure which we have thought went out with chivalry, or survived only in the eternal Middle Age of Eastern cities. The *jongleur* sang once more a song which he had not composed and his audience had never heard. And so charmed were they, so successful was the enterprise, that new *jongleurs* arise in every part of the country, and happy throngs sit delighted to hear how

"In the old colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan captain."

Hearing the long roll of musical story they sit delighted and touched, like Arabs by the fire in the desert, or Syrians at the *café* in Damascus, listening to the deeds of Antar the hero.

For all men are at heart the same, and to that heart every poet sings. The grace, the melody, the tenderness, the pathos, the cheerfulness which inspire, and soothe, and charm—the spell of the troubadour, who conquers by pure music—that of the dramatist, who shakes with terror—that of the epic bard, who commands by descriptive power—are all genuine, natural, and human; yet "every good song is quite different from every other."

It is singular that the most scholarly and elaborate of our poets, whose genius has seemed to many too much in love with literature, should be the one who has sung the most national of our songs. "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are purely American; and yet they have the nameless poetic grace, and are entirely free from that sense of barrenness and commonplace which so many secretly feel must be inseparable from poetry that treats of home. Longfellow touches the actual facts of our history, as Tennyson the long, level fens and common landscape of England, with the essential charm of poetry. His genius goes to the shores of Acadie, and muses upon that exquisitely bitter episode of history the world follows; and whenever the school-boy reads of it his mind will rise into the realm of beauty and love the poet has created about it; as, when he reads of the stern, grim men who stepped upon the rock at Plymouth, he will remember at the same moment the lily and the rose which the poet has found there, and tosses to us in the new volume.

"But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part:
Like the river swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart,"

as he sings of Oliver Basselin.

What a beautiful service it is to compel us to reflect upon all the soft and gentle spots in those tough hearts—to think of the simple feelings that swayed and rang in the lives of the old Puritans as the slim, bowing grain whispered in the graveyard—in God's Acre—on the hill above Plymouth! The poet has opened a window looking to the warm south, and a ray of tender light streams in and softens the face of the portrait that was so stern.

As, walking with an artist through a pleasant country, we find a picturesqueness of which we had not dreamed, so reading history with a poet we are amazed at the passages of beauty which had escaped our duller eyes. For the poet is the seer as well as the sayer.

It is no wonder that so beautiful a poem should draw new readers into the public field. The troubadour Longfellow is happy in his *jongleurs*; and we notice that Miss Virginia Vaughan, a young lady whom private report most warmly praises, is to make her first public appearance on Thursday evening at Dodworth's rooms as a reader of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Let us hasten to hear from a fresh womanly voice the old, old story, newly told, of

"Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

MORE "SENTENCES."

Trespassing love, like a fox, is often caught in a trap.

Writing Poetry.—When emotion finds utterance, the right words spring to the impassioned thought like particles to a magnet.

It is a modest act and a pretty thought—that of the fern-leaf hiding its flower.

The new snow of the morning is often heard at evening in the brook.

When humor titillates the nerves, laughter is born; when sorrow presses them, tears are brought.

Dat am a *felin'* paw, as Congo said when the cat scratched him.

A Fair Slander.—The girl who undertook to write *amanuensis* could never get beyond *a-man*—.

Lovers are galvanic batteries in connection. They who meddle with the wires are apt to get shocked. (A shocking pun.)

American literature has a curiosity—a man who *talks poetry* with a *prose-pen*: as such he is Thoreau.

Matron.—"Those are the camels, my son."
Boy.—"Oh! with their *backs up*!"

The heart is a well of emotion. Not he who can agitate its surface most is the greater master, but he who reaches deepest, waking the sweetest ecstasy. Thus Wordsworth, Hood, Brontë. Labor, and talent, and learning, must all succumb to the quiet reachings of the heart by simple men in earnest.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"New York, *October*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—My attention has been called to a 'criticism' upon my 'criticism,' signed 'Otsdawa.' Your correspondent rejoices in a most musical name (a lady, I suppose), and is quite witty at my expense. However, as she has attacked me, she must not complain if I accept your proffer to 'fight my own battle,' and prove that she has more *wit* than true critical taste.

"Otsdawa quotes my line, 'I *differ with* you, and wish to know if you support my difference,' and asks, 'Does he wish it to be understood that he differs *with* you, or that he differs *from* you?' Again, she says, 'And yet he asks whether you *support* his difference. What *does* he mean?'

"If Otsdawa will permit me, I will state what I consider the true use and meaning of the verb 'differ' and preposition 'with' in my sentence. To 'differ' means, as used by me, 1. To disagree, not to allow; 2. To contend, to be at variance, to dispute: all of which significations require the use of the preposition *with*, not *from*. The substantive *difference*, in the sense of the verb *differ*, means in my sentence *disagreement*, which disagreement I ask you, my Lounger, to support, sustain, or admit—of course, after due explanation and argument on my part, which I think I gave in my last note.

"In support of my position I will adduce some of the most classic writers of the English language, for Otsdawa's benefit:

"'There are certain measures to be kept, which have a tendency rather to gain than to irritate those who *differ with* you in their sentiments.'—Addison.

"'Others *differ with* me about the truth and reality of these speculations.'—Cheyne.

"'Here, uncontrolled, you may in judgment sit;
We'll never *differ with* a crowded pit.'—Rowe.

"These I might multiply many times over; but enough. Otsdawa would have me convey the meaning, or give me the option so to do, of *separateness*, the *being distinct from*, etc., which would, in my sentence, have destroyed the sense I wished.

"Men differ *from* brutes; the stars differ one *from* another, etc.; but you and I, dear Lounger, differed *with* each other. Is Otsdawa satisfied now?

"With great modesty—in which, however, I must yield to your correspondent—I am, as ever, very truly yours,
Tom Collins."

—"Jon," who wrote to the Lounger lately hoping to unearth the remaining stanzas of a poem which he imperfectly remembered, has found two comforters. "J. P. S.," of Boston, and "Ye Clerk," of Augusta, Georgia, satisfy his wish as follows:

"Up in Podunk, where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots:
Where the winter whirlwinds whistle
All round the lots—

"Lived the slickest gal you ever
Saw in your life;
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voice like a fife.

"As I sat by her a courtin',
Calm and serene—
With her apron she was sportin',
Checkered and clean.

"Mingled was our hash together;
All day we sat,
A chawin' gum in winter weather,
Happy as fat.

"Long I stuck to her like teasles,
Summer and fall;
But she went off with the measles,
Ankle and all."

"Jonesburo, *Sept.*, 1858.

"Dear Mr. Lounger.—We have another little baby at our house—it is a dear little girl! Don't it startle you? Why, I am sure it did every body here; and, as you are such a regular visitor, I felt as if you were an intimate friend. Every body is in ecstasies over the dear little stranger! All say it is so pretty and so sweet! And it is just on this point that I wish to write to you. For once in my life I wish to be convinced that I am wrong.

"I wish you could just see the little darling! To be sure sister has another one—a boy—that could call me aunt *almost* by the time I took off pinafores; but this is a girl, and, as a matter of course, she is to be a great belle, very pretty, and extravagantly accomplished, which causes my present uneasiness. Now, when the little boy was born, I was not much surprised nor disappointed that he did look like other babies; but this little girl surely would surpass all others. I must confess that, for several hours, it was with great difficulty, and some doubt, that I could distinguish the child from the flannel wrapper (why will mothers persist in wrapping their infants in *red* flannel?—the contrast, certainly, is not *striking*); but when I did succeed sufficiently to base an opinion upon, you can hardly imagine my horror to see the little divinity looking for all the world like all other babies that I had seen; the same scarlet complexion, ugly nose, and doubtful colored but certainly squint eyes, that were the distinguishing characteristics of Sal Simpkin's mother's fat, ugly baby.

"Although I have not seen many new-born babies, I fear I have some misgivings about 'our little baby,' as we so affectionately call her; but its grandma, for whom the child is named, confidently assures me that it is perfectly beautiful; and as she is older, and seen more of them than I have, she ought to know better; and didn't the doctor say it was the finest child he ever saw, and he *ought* to know. To be sure, he said the same thing about Sal Simpkin's mother's brat, and Nancy Jones's sister's too; but then he knew well enough he could not flatter our folks as he evidently did them, so you see I must, or rather ought, to give up to the opinions of older persons who are more capable of judging than I can possibly be.

* * * * *

"I suggest that the *little beauty* (I will call her so, any-how!) is bow-legged; grandma replies that all babies are so *at first*: if I hint that the complexion is *most* too red to be becoming, she tells me all babies are so *at first*: if I don't like the shape of its nose, or object to the curve of the chin, I am told that *all* babies are so *at first* (what horrid objects must *all* babies be *at first*, except ours!); but she points out in how many ways 'our baby' surpasses all others, and how very sweet it is all the while it lies perfectly listless, more like a bundle of cast-off clothes than any thing else.

"If I *still* persist in not seeing all these things, I am afraid you will think I am a very blind girl, or, what is worse, won't see. Won't you take it for granted that it is a very uncommon baby? I want every body to think so—and tell me your views about new-born babies. I have great confidence in your opinion, even though you be a bachelor. *Do* convince me that my fears are groundless, and that our baby is what they say it is. I don't think I am skeptical about it, but I shouldn't need if you show me that I am. * * * * Puss."

—Did Miss "Puss" ever read that story, in the old reading books, of the old workman who had been all round the world, and heard all the famous bells ringing their loudest peals and sweetest chimes, but when he returned to the village where he was born, and in whose church-tower hung the first bell he had ever moulded, he heard its clear sweet voice calling to him in the twilight, and clasping his hands, he sank down, weeping with pride, and melancholy, and remembrance? He had heard grander bells, louder bells, more famous bells, but none so dear and touching as his own.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

—"O. L. R." is dissatisfied with "Visitor's" explanation of the President's neck, and suggests another theory, which, if the Lounger dared to publish, would procure his condemnation for High Treason.

—Orlando Pegtop wishes to know if the Lounger be a person or a myth. Why, Pegtop, if Daniel Lambert were but grass and the shadow of a shade, you should know that all Loungers are mere rubbish.

"OLD FATHER SAWYER."

REV. JOHN SAWYER, of Bangor, Maine—who died on the 14th inst., aged one hundred and three years five days—was perhaps the oldest minister in the United States. He was familiarly called "Old Father Sawyer," as he furnished a remarkable instance of physical and intellectual activity continued to a "green old age." New England is noted more than the other States for long-lived men; and the native place of Father Sawyer could hardly have been far from "the land of steady habits."

Never until a few months before his death had he been laid upon the shelf by the failure of his natural powers either of mind or body. He was born in October, 1755, at Hebron, Connecticut, to which place, three years ago, he returned from Bangor, when on the verge of his second century. The year of his birth was that of Braddock's defeat. He was four years old when Wolfe fell at Quebec; twenty when the Declaration of Independence was signed; and thirty-six at the Inauguration of General Washington. He voted at every Presidential election; and, as he said, "always voted right." In his earlier years he served for a time in the army during the Revolution; and when asked, recently, if he knew that he had ever killed an enemy in war, he replied that "he didn't know that he had ever actually *shot* one, but he had done his duty by *shooting at them*." He would have received a pension from the Government as a Revolutionary soldier but from the fact that there were *no living* witnesses to offer the necessary testimony that he had served.

He pursued collegiate studies at Dartmouth, and graduated at the age of thirty years, when he entered the profession of the ministry, in which he performed active services for more than seventy years. During the larger portion of this time he was a missionary in Maine, and about twenty years ago founded the present "Bangor Theological Seminary."

His wife, Rebecca Hobart, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, died in 1836, at the age of seventy-six. He had five children, only two of whom are still living. At the time of his death he had great-grandchildren as old as seventeen.

His visit to Hebron in 1855 was in compliance with a public invitation of the citizens of the town. In view of the approaching centennial anniversary of the old man's birth-day they assembled in town-meeting, with Ex-Governor Peters, of Connecticut (himself a venerable man), as chairman, and by a unanimous vote extended to him the hospitalities of the place. He arrived on Friday, 8th June, from Boston, by way of Springfield and Hartford, on the same day. In the evening, immediately after his arrival, he was asked by one of the committee if he was not greatly fatigued, and he replied, "So far from being fatigued, I could now, if occasion required, stand and talk to a congregation for three quarters of an hour." What makes this answer the more surprising is that Father Sawyer never went to Europe "for the benefit of his health." On the following Sunday he preached in the Congregational Church at Hebron, and, as a preliminary to the service, administered the ordinance of baptism to four children in an interesting and novel manner. It was a warm, fine day, and the ceremony was performed in the open air, on the green near the church. Father Sawyer, in addressing the audience, mentioned that nearly a hundred years previous his father and mother had brought him, as an infant in their arms, to be baptized at that same spot.

After remaining a few days at Hebron he paid a visit to this city, stopping while here at the house of his grandson, Mr. French, the publisher. Shortly after his arrival a company of young ladies, from a female seminary in Brooklyn, called in a body to see him. After ranging themselves in a circle in the parlor, with the old man in the centre, they sang several songs, to which he listened with great pleasure. When they concluded, he rose and said, "Well, young ladies, you have sung to me; now I will sing to you," and struck up the old hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" which he sang from beginning to end with a clear voice, and without hesitation or apparent difficulty. During his stay in this city Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring called upon him. When Dr. Spring was an infant his father invited our patriarch —then in the vigor of manhood—to pay a visit to his house; and Father Sawyer related to Dr. Spring that he had held him, when a babe, in his own arms! At the close of the interview Dr. Spring—himself fourscore years of age—advanced to the venerable man, and, kneeling down before him like a child, asked his blessing!

On the return of Father Sawyer to Maine he attended the annual meeting of the "Maine General Conference of Congregational Churches," in whose proceedings he took part. During the sessions one of the ministers—a man in the prime of middle life—came up to him and said, pleasantly, "Father Sawyer, when you die I want to preach your funeral sermon." "Oh!" exclaimed the old man, promptly, "how do you know that you will *live long enough*?"

In October of the same year, when his centennial day came round, a public celebration of the event was held in Bangor. A large audience assembled, and the aged man, whose back was bending under the burden of a hundred years, made a clear, connected address, distinctly, and at times fervently uttered, and *an hour and a quarter in length*; at the close of



THE LATE REV. JOHN SAWYER, OF BANGOR, MAINE.



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT HAVANA, ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1858.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

which he seemed to be able to go on, with equal ease and vigor, an hour longer!

Of the many anecdotes that are told of "Old Father Sawyer" we have space only for one or two. After he had passed his eightieth year he was in the habit of going out on Saturdays from Bangor to preach in the neighboring towns and villages, returning home on Mondays, and he made a point of meeting those engagements through rain or shine. On one occasion, however, a violent snow-storm having arisen, his friends attempted to persuade him not to go. At first he would not listen to them, but ordered up his horse and wagon, and set out. After going a short distance, however, he was compelled to return; and on being asked, piously, "why he didn't go on?" he replied that "the weather was too bad *for the beast!*" Only two or three years ago, when his grandson, who was about to take a drive with him, attempted to assist him into the chaise, the grandfather turned round and pushed him away, saying, "Now, don't meddle!" Still more recently, he was seen, on a summer morning, driving alone, before sunrise, from Garland to Bangor; and on being accosted afterward by a young man, "why he had got up so early?" replied that "he had better to take to town, and it would have melted on the way if he had lain abed like young men."

Only a few months ago he made an address, an hour in length, to a Sunday-school in Bangor. It is somewhat remarkable that, though he had been a public speaker for seventy-five years, his voice should have been the last of his physical powers to show feebleness and decay. When he became old man he had a desire to live a hundred years, but after he attained the five years he had a desire to die rather than to live; and for some time before his death he looked upon his end with all the cheerfulness with which a young man looks upon life.

GENERAL PAEZ.

WE place on record on this page the portrait of one of the greatest heroes of South America, General José A. Paez, the friend of Bolívar, and the liberator of Venezuela. His approaching departure from this country for his own home, in compliance with the invitation of the Venezuelan Legislature, will render the publication opportune at the present time.

General Paez was born about the year 1791, in the town of Araure, Barinas, in Venezuela. He was brought up as country boys are in that cattle region. At sixteen he was intrusted by his father with an order on a neighboring town for a sum of money. On his return home four robbers attacked him. A shot from his pistol killed the nearest; and the young man looked so fiercely at the survivors, and prepared to make such play with his sword, that they made their escape. An unfeigned feeling of horror at the deed he had done filled the breast of the young Venezuelan: he had not the heart to return home, but fled to a neighboring cattle station, and entered the service of its proprietor. There the insurrectionary movement of 1810 found him. His master joined the rebels; Paez followed the example, enlisting as a private soldier. The Government party were for the time successful; but, in 1812, Bolívar made his appearance on the frontier, and Paez and his friends raised a little army to join him. Again fate was against



GENERAL PAEZ, OF VENEZUELA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

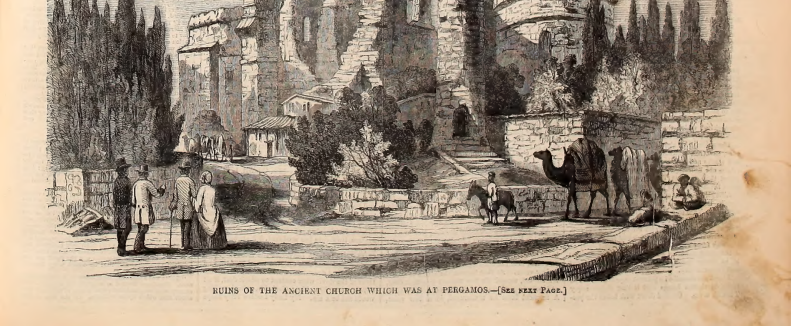
him. The insurrectionists were overcome, Paez was made prisoner, and sentenced to death. At the dead of night he and his comrades were marched out of their prison to the place of execution. Paez, on being summoned, begged the guard to wait a moment, as he could not find his hat; to which the officer on duty brutally replied that he need give himself no trouble about his hat, as in a few minutes he would have no head to wear it on. He was actually at the place of execution when his pardon, which his friends had extorted from the governor, was handed to the officer in command.

A few months later, having again involved himself with the revolutionaries, he was again arrested, and sentenced to death. This time he broke out of his prison with the aid of his fellow-captives, and made his way into the interior, where he raised a band of partisans, and carried on a guerrilla warfare against the Spaniards. He was at this time the Marion of the Venezuelan War of Independence.

For the next seven years Paez was the most prominent soldier and chief in Venezuela. In 1816, when he was barely twenty-five years of age, he was chosen military chief of the revolutionary party, and during the long and trying period which elapsed before the Spaniards were overthrown, he was the centre round which the true patriots of Venezuela gathered. For several years the fate of the revolutionary party hung in the balance. Paez was obliged to receive in his camp, to clothe, and to feed hundreds of brave men who had been driven from their homes by the Spanish soldiery: how he kept them alive and together the Spanish officers could not imagine. At length Bolívar had been successful at home, and was able to afford substantial aid to Venezuela. His first proposition —which was based on no selfish motives, but on the broadest views of public policy—was that Paez should acknowledge his authority: this the great-hearted Venezuelan, with very rare disinterestedness, at once did; and both together prepared to resist the Spaniards. They received their reward at the battle of Carabobo, in 1821, when the Spanish authority was finally overthrown in Venezuela. Paez was left to finish the war, which he did in a manner that elicited the applause of soldiers throughout the world.

During the existence of the Colombian Confederacy Paez voluntarily occupied a secondary position; at the dissolution of that nationality he took the lead in assembling the Congress of Venezuela. In 1830 he was chosen chief of the State of Venezuela; and under his auspices a republican constitution, modeled on the constitutions of our Northern States, was adopted and put in force. In 1831 the Monagas made their first attempt to subvert the Government, but were promptly put down by Paez. In 1835 his term as President ended; he declined a re-election, and Doctor José M. Vargas was elected. The Monagas family rebelled again, were again put down by Paez, who was invested with dictatorial authority for the purpose by the Congress, and were graciously pardoned for the second time.

From 1839 to 1843 General Paez was again President of Venezuela. Under his administration the finances and commerce of that State flourished admirably; all the debt was paid off, and a surplus of $3,000,000 left in the treasury. Refusing a re-election, he again retired to private life in 1843. An attempt was made to reinstate him in 1847, but he resolutely refused to accept office again; and, conceiving that the ambition of the Monagas family would never rest quiet till one of the two brothers had attained the chief magistracy, he prevailed upon his friends to vote for José T. Monagas for President. He was elected. But, like Louis Napoleon, he no sooner found himself in power than he began to subvert the Constitution, suspended the authority of the laws, misapplied the public money, and ended by sending a file of soldiers into the legislative halls to shoot and bay-



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH WHICH WAS AT PERGAMOS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

cent the members of the Venezuelan Congress. Thus amidst bloodshed and rapine, was the Constitution of Venezuela overthrown.

Paez did not submit. He raised a body of troops and endeavored to put down the usurper. But resistance was against him. After a long and arduous struggle he was overpowered and made prisoner. Monagas, who had so often experienced the clemency of Paez, had no pity for him in his old age and misfortune. He immured him in an unwholesome dungeon at San Antonio, and kept him there, apparently in the hope of his death, until the peremptory order of the Congress forced the indignant outcry of the civilized world compelled him to set him free. He was banished for life, and gathered strength and rallied in thunder to the Arctic shores, while the spirit with the world which had once scorned at length worshiped the Nazarene whom they preached—when I reach home, this sad narrative verily help forward.

It is Sabbath evening in Ferguson, when Archibald arrives. He is filled—full of the old note death, though Satan had his seat in the city. As we are accustomed, we have read the passages indicated second chapter of Revelation, which refer to this Church of Ferguson, and we have imagined the Lord to use the sure of two-edged sword, when John addressed his warning words. And then, gathering in my text, we have talked of Sunday evenings at home, till Dr. Sweetman made the evening breezes solemn and melodious.

And now I see the gathering family in the parlor, the night-wind blows cold, and a chill creeps over me even as I write. I would—I would to God I might behold, Ephesus, Smyrna, Sardis, and the —violet-perfumed—that comes across my sister's grave.

We were young together. She went early to the great assembly. Lo, I have wandered far and wide, and I have gathered the fruits of all climates. I have been at Smyrna, Ephesus, Laodicea, Philadelphia, Sardis, Pergamos, and on a Sunday evening, at Pergamos, on the plains of Asia Minor, and the same stars that look down on me, the same moon, have given me their reflection in the old church-yard. How different our fates on earth! When shall we again be together?

The pleasure of our journey has been sadly interrupted since I commenced this letter, which I now finish in a steamer, on the Ægean Sea, which we have been staying at Pergamos.

It is a little more than a week last, some years ago, I formed a most delightful acquaintance with an American gentleman who, like myself, was a wanderer. We met first in the Holy Sepulchre in the Holy Land, and then separated—he to go to India, I to return to Italy. I have frequently thought of him in my travels, and when we came through Smyrna I learned that he was expected there shortly.

On Monday last he arrived at Pergamos with his tents and camels, and I rejoiced to see him here with him for seven months among the Tucomens of Asia Minor. He followed us instantly on hearing of our departure, and overtook us at Thyatira. The meeting was right joyful, and, as he had not been at Pergamos, he proposed that we spend Saturday evening to give him opportunity to examine the city.

He complained a little when he arrived, but did not appear to be seriously ill, and we had a delightful evening—talking over old times, and promising ourselves new adventures together.

On Tuesday evening we set all together in Mrs. Kate's room, quietly mingling our talk. He was left first, bidding us good-night in a cheerful voice, and retired to within five minutes. I called at his tent as I passed on my way to my own.

When I came into the tent I found my friend lying on his camp-bed, with his head from the stool on which he had been seated while writing a few words in commemoration of me.

I called loudly for assistance, and Sir Charles and Miss Grandison came with the servants. We stood him up and walked him about the encampment, and after an hour of constant exertion we succeeded in restoring consciousness. It was impossible to say that sense or understanding returned. Being without medical attendance, we were, of course, in a terrible fear, but we judged that Selim, on our unfortunate friend's favorite mare to ask all at Pergamos to be calmed, and that the extraordinary endurance of this noble animal, who seemed indeed to know the errand on which she went. The journey of fifteen hours was accomplished by Selim in ten, without resting except for a few minutes' change of horses, on the night of Wednesday and Thursday Doctor ——, a skilful English physician of Smyrna, arrived, but the case was past help long before that.

Mr. ——'s physical debility had been observed by all of us for several days. He had walked on Wednesday morning that he was sinking rapidly Toward sunset he spoke, for the first time, but not to be understood.

He talked of his friends in the East, especially of Ashhurst, Hallow, and Sweetman, all of whom for many years. He seemed to think he was with him in various parts of the Arabian desert, if we could judge by the names he used, and he appeared to be of such places.

He spoke almost only in Arabic, and then mostly of familiar places in which he and I had been together; but when I addressed him in the same language he made no reply to me.

Toward midnight he began to imagine himself near Jerusalem, and he two or three times spoke in Italian, and in phrases that led us to believe that he thought himself accompanied by a lady of whom I had occasionally heard him speak in former times.

At one o'clock on Thursday morning Doctor —— arrived. But he said our friend could not live two hours, and it proved even so.[1] Achmed entered, and, bending over the bed, spoke some words in Arabic, to which, much to our surprise, Mr. —— replied in a clear voice. At that instant the sun rose brighter, the dying man lifted his face toward the east, and looked eagerly we thought, then clo sed his eyes. A moment later he murmured, in a low voice, "Lucia, mi Lucia," and then, in clear English tones, he said, "Sweetman—valley—shall walk in white!" and then he did not speak or move any more.

I may be pardoned for adding that he was a brave man, a gallant friend, and one of whom this world was not worthy.

He lies buried under the walls of the old church of St. Theodore, where he will be found in the morning when Antipas and Eumenes and every Christian, Pagan, and Moslem of them all shall awake.

Commissioners have for the month of the Secretary, on the Dardanelles, which we shall reach, if prepared, in about eight days, to negotiate and publish our object in seeing the cities of the Seven Churches.

LITERARY.

THE HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, CALLED METHODISM. By John Stevens, LL.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. The title of this work describes its purpose with rare felicity. It views Methodism, not as a sectarian interest, but as a religious movement, invigorating the Protestantism of England and America, and creating the most active section of the Protestant Christianity of our day. In the letter of view consists, as we conceive, its signal excellence. Dr. Stevens's treatment of his subject. Histories of Methodism, by Methodist authors, have generally been limited in scope to the interests of the religious bodies which they severally represent. Southey's charming narrative is marked by high sympathies in the Wesleyan body, and his total inability to appreciate the motives of the leaders of the great revival. The recent work of Isaac Taylor, though more philosophic than any which had preceded it, is yet far from being adequate to the task before us. Dr. Stevens aims to treat the history in a catholic spirit, and therefore delineates, with impartiality and power, the career of the founders of Arminian Methodism, he does ample justice to the transparent sincerity, the noble devotion, and unquenchable zeal of Whitefield, the founder of Methodism in its Calvinistic form, and to the extraordinary practical ability and quiet power of Southey, while he applies philosophical analysis to his theme more happily and far more successfully than any of his race. In his view, Methodism belongs to universal Christianity, and the historians of the Wesleys with the Moravians it is brought into connection with the purest forms of early Protestantism; while the contrast is strongly drawn between these and corrupted Dissenting ministers and clergymen of the Church of England during the period. The effort to reclaim the masses of Great Britain was by no means uncertain in its origin or in the instruments which it employed. Its success in a large degree was given them by Dr. Stevens the prominence which they may justly claim.

The materials of the history of Methodism are ample, and possess a dramatic interest rarely found in the annals of the Church. The literature of the movement were in every way remarkable. Such was an Arminian like Fletcher of Madeley, such Wesley, the lyric poet, and Whitefield, the almost inspired orator—whose power over the cool Franklin and the philosophic Hume was so great as to sway over the beginning kingsword colleges—would be remarkable characters in any period of time. The field of action embraces England and America. The amount of opposition encountered by the leaders, from the thoughtless populace who stood aghast at such exhibitions of an earnest religious spirit as were not possible of the vile villages of England, was sufficient to call forth their utmost energies, and to develop qualities of heroic endurance; while the persecution of the preachers—men directly from the people, and speaking in the homely, forcible language of everyday life—and the novelty of field-preaching, are symptoms of a fervent evangelism breaking away from the cold formalism of the time. These and other materials are managed by Dr. Stevens with masterly skill. The narrative never flags, and the interest of the narrative never for a moment flags. Incident follows incident in quick panoramic succession, and the reader is carried from a few decisive touches, or is portrayed in warm coloring, as in the second volume, into the most minute parts of the life and labors of Whitefield.

We have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that this work will become the standard history of the subject. The volume now before us traces the early life of the leaders in the seventh parsonage; their student-life at Oxford, where the club of pious reformers was organized; their religious development under the direction of the Nonjurors; their exclusion from the pulpits of the Establishment and their entry upon a necessary, unprecedented, field-preaching, and closes with the death of Whitefield. The second and third volumes will illustrate the unexampled progress of Methodism in England, and the fourth its history in America. Incidental to the main subject, and yet narrative, the volume before us pictures the condition and habits of the people of England during the last century, and presents a series of facts amply justifying the ardent yet irregular labors of the Wesleys and their coadjutors. We look for the next subsequent portions of the work with great interest.

MY LADY LUDLOW, by Mrs. Gaskell. is the last new story published by Harper & Brothers in the library of select novels. Mrs. Gaskell has become a popular favorite, and her works, both in England and South, Mary Barton, and other stories of English factory life, are not only the choicest of their kind, but rank as among the most readable and admirable sketches of life and character that modern literature has produced. Manchester life as portrayed with a distinctness and a vividness that is said to have converted the most rigid people in Manchester into diligent newspaper readers, and those who had denounced works of fiction as inventions of the devil were constrained to admit that the novels were like Mrs. Gaskell's, novel-reading would not be a sin. My Lady Ludlow fully keeps up the reputation of the author. It is a story of England and of English family history. In its incidents reach the hearts of Americans with full force, and it is characters are just such as Americans appreciate and enjoy. The main features of the novel illustrate Mrs. Gaskell's peculiarly clear insight into the sensitions of the human heart, and those emotions as evinced in the relative position of the rich and the poor, the dependent and the powerful. A charm, that can be appreciated by all who know what country social life means, overspreads the whole story. Every woman, and child has individuality which is easily recognized The book is therefore a delightful companion to the fireside, and will be welcomed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

THE Salt Lake mail to the 15th of September, arrived at Leavenworth, on the 20th inst. All was quiet in the Territory, and good feeling prevailed between the Mormons and the U. S. troops. Harney was both at Salt Lake City. Two feet of goods and provisions were constantly arriving from California. The supply trains from the States were also arriving in good condition and great numbers. Col. Alfred Cumming, Governor, and Secretary were not at the Sweetwater, on the 15th inst. Col. Kane, with the troops, was at Green River. Colonel Johnston are concentrated in the encampments. Brigham Young had issued a proclamation on the 15th. About 4000 men were also at Fort Bridger, under Colonel Alexander.

GENERAL WALKER RESIGNED.

The following despatch reaches the public to-day in Associated Press:

WASHINGTON, *Saturday, October 23, 1858.*

It has always been understood that, in order that the military expedition would soon start for Nicaragua, the following circular will give you particulars:

MOBILE, *October 9th, 1858.*

"SIR.—You are advised that, on the 10th day of November next, the steamer will leave this port for Aspinwall. She will take any passengers and *freight* that may offer. Passage money, $75 each person. Freight, $40 per ton. Persons desiring to take passage will please advise me of it as soon as possible, in order that passage may be secured for you and your companions. It will be well for you to arrive here three or four days previous to the sailing.

"Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM WALKER."

These circulars are printed in a neat form, as may be seen, and have been sent to General Walker's many friends all over the country.

OFFICIAL LIST OF THE PASSENGERS BY THE AUSTRIA.

The official list of the passengers who were on board the steamship Austria, when she was destroyed on the 13th inst. by fire, has been published. The Austria was in the Havre Packet Company in this city. The list as we received exhibits a total of two hundred and 68.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

The great prize-fight between Morrissey and Heenan came off, as was announced, on Pine Orchard, Long Point Island, about seventy-five miles from Buffalo. The town is the most beautiful, and been by far the most central one on the whole line of the Lake Shore. Several steamboats were chartered for the occasion, and the Arrow, Captain Rice, was chosen for the flight, and staked out according to the rules of the Ring.

IN THE RING.

The ring was formed at 20 minutes past one o'clock on the Monday. Sue was the first to step his corner into the ring, which was received accordingly with cheers. Adam Jones and Johnny Mackay. We also received with loud cheers Morrissey and his seconds, Joe Coburn and Owen, placed for his accommodation. About four minutes afterwards Heenan was ushered from his corner, Gallagher, Tooney yards distant, and, approaching the ropes, stepped in the ring. Heenan and his seconds, Tom Sayers handsomely with Heenan and his seconds, and retired to the opposite corner, where his corner was also stakes placed there.

The referee called an exercise of applause and cheering, and from its interest it was plainly perceptible that the crowd was with Heenan. Morrissey's friends, however, from their numbers, were the most cheering and they were immediately proceeded with, by the appointment of Mr. Bennett, as stakes-holder, and Mr. Wakeman, Police Boy, and of Mr. William Mulligan on the part of Morrissey.

CHOICE OF AN UMPIRE.

Some difficulty occurred in choosing an umpire. Several names were proposed and objected to. The Chippewa editor—Mr. Thomas Long—Judge Mullett, and a friend of the Benicia Boy, proposed Professor Page, of Boston, as the umpire. Mr. Bennett objected to Professor Page's umpire. The other party, however, refused to have their own nominee withdrawn, and, at last, Judge Mullett, Mr. Morrissey now advanced into the centre of the ring, and proposed Professor Page. Mr. Bennett objected to him, from the circumstance of so many persons having been present who reported for Page's party; but Mr. Morrissey, was satisfied that the other did not wish to fight. He would not withdraw Page's name, and would do so, and he therefore proposed that Professor Page should be the umpire. Mr. Page, to act as referee.

THE FIGHT.

"After the applause which greeted this proposition had subsided, Morrissey and Heenan shook hands, Morrissey stated 'That he also was equally desirous of fighting as Mr. Morrissey himself was, and he would only ask to be allowed to do so.' Loud cheers arose at this manly declaration.

"It was then agreed by the respective umpires that the men should fight for 20 minutes, then rest for another well-known and highly respected sporting gentleman, Mr. Bennett, the stakes-holder, announced that the announcement was the signal for the men to fight. Heenan was then placed in the men's station then entered the ring, and, at 2 o'clock, Morrissey was announced to as the time-keeper.

"Heenan was then about seven minutes to four o'clock, Messrs. Morrissey and Heenan advanced to the scratch and shook hands. The men then retired to their corners, and, returned to their corners, until 'time' was called, and the fight commenced.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE FIGHT.

The Detroit correspondent furnishes the scene at this interesting moment: "Read Morrissey's plume waving proudly over the head of his champion. Page retires, who, in his pea-green skin and Russian leather boots, looks like the Baron Munchausen. Tom Cunningham, Barney Aaron, Patterson, and various other friends of Morrissey, are in attendance, and Hughes, Coburn, and Wakeman.

"Heenan is now entering the ring: it was evident to the Morrissey faction when Heenan entered the ring that he was in good condition for between applause, whereas Morrissey's reception was received with a storm of cheers. Heenan next advanced with cheerful alacrity, and shook his opponent cordially by the hand, the crowds exchanging similar genial courtesies. This hearty salutation was hardly different—Heenan looking and acting with great modesty, while Morrissey blustered and bullied around, offering was threatened to severe knocking their ears knocked, that he would win the fight, and one gentleman in the crowd that he would wipe Heenan within an hour.

"There was a vast difference, however, in their appearance. Heenan looked like a gentleman, modest, yet manly, and lean, and there was a look of sweet and true about him which spoke volumes. Of the two, he was

too finely drawn—weighing only 168 pounds, when his proper fighting weight should have been 176. His eye, the index of physique, looked clear and bright, and full of savage resolution. Heenan, on the other hand, looked pale and dull of eye, and his muscles, though large, lacked consistency. He had a loose boyish air about him, and he resembled an Illinois Hoosier rather than the firmer compactness of Morrissey. Altogether he looked soft, and scarcely cut for a day's work—owing, as afterward shown, to the condition of his leg, of which I before apprised you, and which confined him to his room down to the day of battle. It was in a condition which should have prevented his seconds from allowing him to fight, for which the character of the ground gave sufficient justification.

"There were about one thousand persons on the stand, among whom were a party of British officers from Canada."

THE BETTING.

We quote the *Clipper*: "The betting at the commencement was $500 to $300, which we saw taken at once; $100 to $70 was freely offered. Morrissey himself offered to lay his opponent $1000 to $500 that he won the fight, but the offer was rejected—the Benicia Boy stating that he had no money. Morrissey also offered to lay $500 to $300 that he gained the first knock-down. Even betting on the first blood, first fall, and first knock down was currently offered. There was, however, but little betting done—the friends of Morrissey displaying the greatest confidence in him and willing to lay the above odds to any amount.

"Among the few bets we saw laid was one between the trainers of the men. Shepherd, Morrissey's trainer, laid Aaron Jones 'ten English Sovereigns' ($50), that Morrissey would win the fight, which was accepted by Jones."

THE FIRST ROUND.

The *Clipper* report says:

"Round 1. As the men toed the mark their appearance and condition were anxiously and eagerly scanned. The Benicia Boy towered above his opponent considerably, and his powerful and herculean appearance seemed to give him an immense advantage over Morrissey. His arms and shoulders were well covered with muscle, but we fancied that his skin did not betoken that high state of condition so absolutely requisite for the sustaining of a protracted and arduously contested conflict. His chest is broad and well developed, and, altogether, his appearance betokened the possession of immense strength and activity. The only point against which the slightest cavil could be raised is the comparative narrowness of his loins, as contrasted with his great width of ribs and chest. The deficiency in condition which we have noticed might be attributed to the fact, which was subsequently communicated to us, that he had been unable for some days past to take his exercise, owing to the breaking out of a sore on the lower part of the leg, and which had confined him to bed for three or four days previous. His attitude and position were unobjectionable; his left well extended and bent, and his right well up and ready for action, either offensive or defensive. The appearance of Morrissey, as far as condition was concerned, was such as to redound the highest credit upon his trainer, Mr. Shepherd, and his assistants, Burns and Lawrence. It was perfection itself; and we never witnessed any candidate for pugilistic honors whose condition could have surpassed that of Morrissey. It was evident that the skill and experience of his trainer, Shepherd, were of no common order, to produce such a result upon his pupil. His entire skin bore that clear appearance, conjoined with that faint ruddy tinge, which is so characteristic of vigorous health and the most perfect condition; and it was evident that he was fit to encounter and sustain the most protracted exertions. His position also was artistic and excellent, and his guard showed him to possess a thorough knowledge of the science of offense and defense. But little time was lost in sparring, as, after a little feinting for an opening, Morrissey let fly his left, but was stopped neatly. He tried again, and got home on the face, but was heavily countered by the Benicia Boy on the left eye. Morrissey returned with a stinger on the nose, and was again countered with a tremendous left-hander on the side of the same organ, causing the claret to flow freely, and gaining for the Benicia Boy '*first blood!*' Again both countered with tremendous force at the same time, Morrissey on the nose and the Benicia Boy on the mouth, and some terrific exchanges ensued. At length they clenched, near the ropes, and some heavy hitting ensued, Morrissey punishing his opponent on the ribs, and Heenan getting in on the face. They then broke away, and again countered each other with unflinching resolution on the face and ribs, Heenan hitting out straight as an arrow with his dangerous left, and Morrissey returning severely on the ribs. The Benicia Boy, when near the ropes, endeavoring to get home a tremendous left-hander on the head, missed Morrissey, who dodged the blow, and struck it full against one of the posts. They again clenched, and, after mutual fibbing, broke away. They met again in the centre of the ring, and a succession of heavy exchanges ensued, both fighting with a determination seldom, if ever, witnessed before. The Benicia Boy repeated his visitations on Morrissey's face with his left and right, but received some heavy returns on the mouth and body. At length they clenched, and a desperate struggle for the fall ensued. Morrissey succeeded in getting the crook, but the Benicia Boy eluded it, and, after a determined struggle, during which the excitement of the spectators was most intense, he threw Morrissey, and gained the first fall. This round lasted *five minutes*, and a more terrific one was never witnessed. The fighting was of the severest character—no flinching or retreating on either side; the hitting and counter-hitting was tremendous, and without an interval's pause. The men, indeed, fought almost to a stand-still; for when they came up for

SECOND AND THIRD ROUNDS.

"2. It was difficult to say which was most fatigued. They both came up to the call of time promptly, but both considerably exhausted. No sooner had they reached the scratch than Morrissey led off with his left, but was stopped. He tried again, and got on the mouth, and was heavily cross-countered on the nose, the Benicia Boy repeating the visitation twice in succession. Morrissey again planted his left on the mouth, and his right heavily on the ribs; but Heenan, from his superior length of reach, was able to get in his left without a return. He hit strong and straight, and Morrissey fought rather wild from exhaustion. At length they clenched, and in the struggle the Benicia Boy's hand was seen in a suspicious manner in the face of Morrissey, which gave rise to the cry of 'foul,' under the idea that he was gouging. In the fall, Morrissey was thrown by the Benicia Boy, both going down together. An appeal of 'foul' was made to the referees, but not allowed, although the Benicia Boy was warned against so doing again.

"3. Both prompt to the call of time; although both with 'bellows to mend.' Morrissey forced the fighting and got home his left on the face, following it up with his right on the ribs. Heenan countered, but was beautifully stopped twice in succession. He would not be denied, however, and cross-countered heavily on the eye and nose, but received a terrific left-hander over the region of the heart; and, as he came to close quarters, Morrissey administered a severe upper-cut, which caused a fresh supply of the ruby to distil from the nose. At last they clenched near the ropes, and some mutual fibbing ensued, Morrissey's blows being the heaviest and most effective. Both struggled hard for the fall, but Heenan was at last thrown heavily, Morrissey falling heavily upon him. This round was decidedly in favor of Morrissey, the Benicia Boy apparently feeling the effects of the tremendous fight in the first round.

THE CHANCES EQUAL.

"4. Neither very prompt to time, but Heenan most fatigued. At the scratch he let go his right, but was out of distance; he tried again, and got home on the face, which staggered Morrissey. The latter returned on the mouth, and, as Heenan came in, administered a spanking upper cut, which caused the blood to flow freely from Heenan's nose. The latter lunged out, but was out of distance, and again Morrissey got home on the ribs. They clenched, and some rattling exchanges ensued, until there was a breakaway. Again they cross-countered, Heenan on the eye, and Morrissey on the ribs and mouth. They again clenched, and the superior strength of Morrissey enabled him to gain the fall.

"5. Both came up slow to time; Morrissey's left eye was in mourning, and his nose was consequently swollen, but he appeared to have got his second wind, while the Benicia Boy was exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of distress. The former saw his advantage in forcing the fighting, and went into the Benicia Boy. He led off with his left, but was cleverly stopped; he tried again, and put in his left on the face twice in succession, causing Heenan to stagger. The latter countered, but was neatly stopped, and again did Morrissey get heavily on the ribs. As Morrissey bored in, the Benicia Boy steadied himself, and, with a well-delivered and straight left-hander, met Morrissey as he came, and hitting him fair, knocked him off his legs; the yielding nature of the ground, however, tending to produce this result. *First knock down for Heenan.*

HEENAN LOSING GROUND.

"6. Morrissey came up, improving every round, while the Benicia Boy was falling off. The former took the initiative by leading off and getting home on the mouth. The carmine again flowed freely. The Boy let fly his left, but was neatly stopped; he got in his right, however, but not heavily. Both were out of wind, and stood looking intently at each other for a short space of time, when they were called to the scratch. Morrissey led off again, and got in his left on the face, Heenan countering him on the eye. Morrissey would not be denied, and planted a rattling right and left on the face and ribs. They clenched, and Morrissey, who was so much the stronger man, threw Heenan and fell upon him.

"7. The Benicia Boy evidently becoming weaker, and Morrissey seemed improving. On reaching the scratch the former led off, but was easily stopped, and Morrissey countered on the neck. He tried it again, and although he received a heavy right-hander on the eye, he again got home a heavy rib-roaster. Some exchanges in favor of Morrissey ensued, and, in the struggle for the fall, Heenan was thrown heavily. A cry of foul was raised against Morrissey, but was not allowed.

"8. Morrissey led off and forced the fighting in Heenan's corner. He lunged out his left and caught the latter on the ribs smartly, and planted his right on the mouth. Benicia Boy countered on Morrissey's face, but without inflicting much injury. He laid himself open, however, to Morrissey's attack, his weak state being painfully evident. In the close Morrissey threw him with great force.

THE VICTORY.

"9. Morrissey at scratch and led off promptly, as it was evident that the Benicia Boy was fast failing from weakness. He countered him twice in succession on the face and ribs, while Heenan could only get home his right once. He almost turned round from the impetus of his own blow after missing Morrissey, as he was unable to judge the distance correctly. Morrissey followed him up to his own corner and forced the fighting, planting his right occasionally on the body and his left on the mouth and nose, and causing copious distillation of the carmine. At length they closed, and the Benicia Boy was thrown.

"10. Morrissey again led off; but it was evident that the fight would be decided in his favor. He was strong on his legs, and came up to his man with determination. With the other it was clear that nature was exhausted from the tremendous hitting which he had received. Morrissey, indeed, bore evidence of the great powers of hitting of his opponent. His left eye was nearly closed, his mouth and nose out of shape, and a cut over his eye. Morrissey got home a heavy facer, and was countered by Heenan on the brow. He let go his left, and again visited the mouth, and, as Heenan came in, met him with a dangerous upper cut, which took effect, rendering the Benicia Boy wild in his delivery. Again did he deliver the upper cut, and with effect, as it almost turned him round. Morrissey clenched and threw him easily.

"11 and last. Morrissey got heavily home on the mouth, and avoided the return. He then, as Heenan staggered in, gave him an upper cut, which caused him to turn almost round. Morrissey met him, and planted a tremendous blow on the neck, which again almost turned him round. He followed it up with two terrific right and left-handers on the ribs and throat, which sent Heenan down.

"When time was called the Benicia Boy was still insensible, and his seconds, seeing the state of affairs, threw up the sponge in token of defeat."

COURTESIES OF WAR.

The *Times* Correspondent, writing the day after the fight, says:

"All the courtesies of war were observed with the most delicate grace. At the close of the fight Morrissey was carried over to his fallen foe, and in true French style kissed his hand in token of his valor. Both were borne from the field in the same wagon. This morning Heenan left 'his card' on Morrissey, and Morrissey sent in return a gift of one hundred dollars to Heenan, who, although he declined a purse presented, accepted Morrissey's gift in token of amity.

HOW MORRISSEY WEARS HIS LAURELS.

"Morrissey, the victor, who remains, is staying at the International, but, for *striking* reasons, has not delighted the Buffalonians to-day with a vision of his disfigured mug. He has, however, received in his private boudoir several of his leading friends, among others Mr. Mulligan, who plays the Talleyrand to this fistic Napoleon, and who exhibited no ordinary powers of diplomacy in the preliminary negotiations of Wednesday. Morrissey is said to express very frankly that he felt no ordinary pleasure when his task of yesterday was at an end. He went into the ring, he states, with a full conviction that he should not gain a bloodless victory, and that he should get his brain-pan pretty well knocked up, but we question whether he anticipated it would be quite so hot as it turned out to be in the first six rounds. He says, indeed, it was a much tougher job than he expected, and does not disguise the fact of his being glad when it came to an end. He adds, also, that whoever fights Heenan for the future must put up with a good deal more punching than will do him good. To-day he was challenged by Heenan's friends to another conflict for $5000 a side, which, however, he declined. Previously to entering the ring on Monday he declared his intention of making it his last appearance, and he may now well retire from the field with glory. He says that he has a family, and that his wife's connections are very properly opposed to his present pursuits. It is his intention to set up a drinking-saloon, where the fame of his past exploits will doubtless insure him many customers and future wealth.

HOW HEENAN BEARS HIS DEFEAT.

"Heenan, after taking a bath in the manner of the olden gladiators, and having slept for a few hours, rose refreshed as a giant, and sat all the morning at Bloomer's, smoking his cigar and discussing the delicate details of the fight. He speaks of the strife of Wednesday with the most graceful levity, and, beyond a slight injury to two of his left-hand fingers, does not carry a single scar. He attributes his defeat entirely to his being thrown off his training by the state of his leg, which, from near the knee to the ankle, was one mass of sore, irritated, too, by the application of a blister. From Tuesday week he did no out-door work, and the last few days was unable to walk. Indeed, both he and his backers exhibited no ordinary pluck in fighting under such circumstances, more especially as the violation of the rules in the selection of the strand instead of sod gave them ample justification for claiming the stakes, or, at all events, postponing the battle. He declares his conviction that nothing but this defect prevented his whipping Morrissey, and is eager for another fray. Although, apparently, not beaten until the sixth round, he states he felt himself give way in the second, and unable to follow up his blows after the first round, in which he punished Morrissey so terribly, and which Jones, who has seen a hundred fights, declares to be the severest he ever witnessed in the ring. During the sixth round, he states he could not see Morrissey, and lost much strength in striking wild. Morrissey, he says, whether right or not, forced him into this fight, and he is determined, in turn, to force Morrissey to fight him. At present it is his intention to resume his position as deputy to Surveyor Hart, between whom and Heenan a most romantic friendship exists, and he leaves Buffalo this evening for town.

DISGUST OF AARON JONES.

"A more disgusted Britisher than Aaron Jones it would be difficult to find. His opinion of the American Ring is of the most contemptuous description. The idea of men going to see a pugilistic set-to armed to the teeth, is a notion to him as novel as it is *not* pleasing. We really believe he is right when he says that 'it's not the way they do such things at 'ome.' One little incident struck him as particularly queer. In one of the rounds Heenan was fighting Morrissey up into his (Heenan's) corner. Fearing, in the clench, one or both of the men would fall on him, Jones endeavored to move a little on one side, when the Mulligan, clapping his hand on a six-shooter, cried, 'Keep still—(a slight expletive)—or I shoot you down'—(another slight expletive). There is no doubt that Jones, unaccustomed to such scenes, was in very natural fear of his life all the while he was endeavoring to do his duty."

HEENAN'S CHALLENGE.

The following card appears in the papers:

"*To the Editor of the New York Express:*

"Sir,—Myself and friends not being satisfied with my defeat by John Morrissey, on Wednesday last, through sickness, which laid me on my bed for six days previous to the day of fighting, and I only met him on that day to prevent animadversions from himself or his partisans, being totally unfit for the struggle; and, to show that I wished to fight under all disadvantages, I waved my right to claim a turf-sodded ring, according to the first article of the new London Rules. I hereby challenge him to fight me for $5000 a side or upward, and the Championship of America, in four or six months from the first deposit. John C. Heenan."

THE EXECUTION OF IRA STOUT.

At Rochester, on 22d October, Ira Stout paid the penalty of his crime with his life. At fifteen minutes past two o'clock the procession, headed by Deputy-Sheriff Warner reached the jail. The military were drawn up in line so as to open a passage to the jail. As soon as they had arrived and taken the places assigned them by the officers, the prisoner, Ira Stout, was brought down from his room to the gallows. He was supported by Deputy-Sheriffs Pond and Marrill, and followed by his spiritual advisors, Messrs. Hotchkiss, Cutting, Boardmann, and others.

The prisoner was arrayed in a suit of black, and wore on his head a white cap. His step was tolerably firm, considering the fact that he had a spell of fainting about noon. On reaching the gallows he took a seat, while Deputy-Sheriff Warren read the death-warrant in a distinct and forcible manner. At the conclusion of the reading Mr. Warren told the prisoner that the time had arrived to put the warrant into execution, and that if he had any thing to say he had now an opportunity. Stout did not rise; but while seated, in a clear and firm voice, said:

"Gentlemen,—I am of the opinion that there has been considerable vindictiveness in this matter, and where there is vindictiveness it is difficult to speak. I have left my oracle, which contains an expression of my feelings as a dying man, and that contains all I have to say."

Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss then, standing at the prisoner's right, said he would read the whole of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, at the request of the prisoner, and he read it, the prisoner meanwhile seated, with his head supported by his right hand. At the conclusion of the reading of Scripture Mr. Hotchkiss said he would address the Throne of Grace, hoping that the prisoner would find strength to follow in a short prayer. Mr. Hotchkiss then made an impressive prayer, which interested the audience if it did not the prisoner.

THE LAST SCENE.

The prayer concluded, Mr. Hotchkiss conversed a moment inaudibly with Stout, and then said that he desired him to say that he did not feel strength to pray, but heartily adopted the whole prayer he had just heard. The deputy sheriffs, officers, and friends then shook hands with the prisoner, and Deputy-Sheriff Warner put the rope about his neck and drew the cap over his face. While the officers were pinioning his arms, Stout stood quite erect, and remained in that attitude till the last. He was quite firm in his demeanor, and gave the same complacent smile to all in bidding adieu that he gave at all times, when conversing, since his arrest.

All being ready, and the spectators standing in breathless silence, at twenty minutes past three o'clock Sheriff Babcock pulled the fatal line, and Ira Stout was suspended three feet from the floor. Not a sound was heard in any direction save the heavy fall of the weight which did the fatal work. The death of the ill-fated man was not as sudden as could be desired. His struggles for eight or ten minutes were severe, and caused the spectators to turn away in disgust.

His neck was probably not dislocated, and he died by a slow process of strangulation. Drs. Hall, Avery, James, and Miller stood near, and in eight minutes after the drop fell they said his pulse was as full as in life. At the end of half an hour his body was cut down and placed in the coffin, preparatory to being taken to the residence of his mother in Exchange Street.

PERSONAL.

Captain James Goodrich, aged eighty-nine years, died at his residence in Elm Street, New Haven, on Sunday morning. He was, in early and middle life, engaged in the East India trade, and made a handsome fortune in it; but lost a goodly portion of it by the European cruisers during the war of Napoleon. He has long been waiting for justice from his own country in respect to his losses by the French; but he has not lived to see his claims recognized.

The Reading (Pennsylvania) *Gazette* announces the appointment of J. Glancy Jones as Minister to Austria.

Martin Lane, for nearly thirty years cashier of the Cambridge Bank, Massachusetts, died at his residence in Cambridge, October 16, at the age of seventy-three years. "He was," says the Boston *Courier*, "a native of Northampton, a brother of the Hon. Ebenezer Lane, the former Chief Justice of Ohio, and was much respected for his integrity and simplicity of character. He was the father of Professor Lane, of Harvard College."

The Rev. Theodore Parker has been confined to his house by illness for the past ten days, and it will probably be a fortnight, says the Boston *Transcript*, before he will be able to appear in public.

A Cincinnati paper notices the last solitary banquet of a "last man's" club in that city. In the cholera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine once together as long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be sealed and drunk in memorium by the last survivor. The first réunion was held on the 6th October, 1832; and, on the 6th October, 1858, Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends whose empty chairs and empty plates were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

General Robles, Mexican Minister, is to be married to a Washington belle upon his return to the United States. In a letter just received the General says he has been unable as yet to enter Mexico, and the period of his return is uncertain.

The Court of Appeals have reversed the judgment in the case of Cancemi, convicted of the murder of Policeman Anderson, and have ordered a new trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

A few days since, in London, a young woman named Frances Johnson, on being brought up at the Mansion House police-court charged with attempting to commit suicide, stated that she had been driven to that act by the conduct of her father, who not only treated her and her sisters harshly, and refused to support them, but suggested that they should betake themselves to "the street" as a means of earning a livelihood. The girl having become chargeable to the city of London Union, Mr. Johnson was brought up on the 2d on a charge of neglecting to maintain his daughter, and her statement being uncontradicted, he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labor.

PROFITS OF HORSE-TAMING.

The partnership between Messrs. Rarey and Goodenough has been severed; "and while the latter," says the *Illustrated London News*, "has returned to Canada with a cool ten thousand as his moiety, after deducting expenses, the master spirit has taken a journey to Sweden, and purposes seeing Lapland before he returns. It is surprising how the system takes every where."

WHAT IT COSTS TO GO TO LAW.

Nearly ten years ago a gentleman named Hartley died, and bequeathed by will upward of £100,000 to the Corporation of Southampton, to be expended in measures to promote the intellectual improvement of the inhabitants of that town. The will was disputed by distant and dubious relatives of the testator, and litigation has been going on up to the present time in the Court of Chancery. It has ended in a compromise, at the recommendation of the counsel engaged on both sides, and the litigants have withdrawn their claims for £22,500, thus leaving about £78,000 for the Corporation; of that sum, however, the law costs have to be deducted, amounting to nearly £35,000, and legacy duty amounting to nearly £4500, so all that remains to carry out the dying wish of the testator is £39,780. Much indignation is felt in Southampton that, after the reform of the Court of Chancery, litigation can last so long there, and its expenses be so enormous. The cost of taxing—that is, reducing—the law-charges was nearly £1000.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR FIRST, JUSTICE AFTERWARD.

"On the trial of the engineers and others accused of negligence in the affair of the late accident on the St. Germain Railway," writes a Paris correspondent, "M. de Lapeyrière, the managing director of the Western Company, was called as a witness. He did not answer to his name, and, after a pause, M. Victor Lefranc, the barrister, said that M. de Lapeyrière was detained in Paris by duties which he considered paramount. To this cavalier answer to the subpena the judge replied, with dignity and warmth, 'M. de Lapeyrière has been summoned to attend here personally, and among his duties as a director we know of none more imperative than that of obedience to the call of a court of justice.' M. Lefranc rejoined, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, 'But what if the obstacle proceeded from a sovereign order concerning a train in which the sovereign proposes to take a seat? This is just the case.' The judge sat rebuked and silent."

THE QUEEN'S OPINION OF THE EMPEROR.

Le Reveil publishes the following anecdote, the perfect authenticity of which it guarantees: "It is the custom at the Court of St. James's that, at the evening dinner, the children take their place at the table of the Queen, who then dismisses all the servants, and converses *en famille* on her plans, her ideas, and her friendships. Some time after her return from Cherbourg one of the young Princes, quitting the Royal table, and finding himself in a saloon with some strangers, approached a person of high rank for whom he has a very particular affection, and said to him, in a loud voice, 'Oh! mamma said to-day at dinner that she was much attached to the Emperor Napoleon, that she had great confidence in him, and that he was her best friend.' At this moment came up a Prince older than the speaker, who reprimanded his brother for his indiscretion; but the words were repeated next day in all the drawing-rooms of London—repeated and applauded."

SPAIN.

CIVILITY TO BANDITS.

The official advertisement sheet of the Spanish Government, called *Diario de Avisos*, contained, a few days ago, an advertisement requesting four men who, armed with short carbines, in the month of June last, robbed seven passengers in the Prado, to "present themselves before the judge of the northern district of Madrid, or to take up their temporary abode in any of her Majesty's jails." The official sheet of Seville contains an advertisement to the like effect, addressed to some bandits who have been exercising their profession in that province.

ITALY.

CAREER OF A LUCKY GROOM.

Baron Ward, the famed Yorkshire groom, who played so important a part at the Court of Parma, has just died at Vienna. The history of this extraordinary man is full of remarkable events. He left Yorkshire as a boy in the pay of Prince Lichtenstein of Hungary, and after a four years' successful career on the turf at Vienna, as jockey, he became employed by the then reigning Duke of Lucca. He was at Lucca promoted from the stable to be valet to his Royal Highness. This service he performed up to 1846. About that period he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court. Eventually he became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance, which office he held when the Duke abdicated in 1848. At this period he became an active agent of Austria during the revolution. As Austria triumphed he returned to Parma as Prime Minister, and negotiated the abdication of Charles II., and placed the youthful Charles III. on the throne, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated before his own palace in 1854. As soon as Charles III. came to the throne the then Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister Plenipotentiary, to represent Parma at the Court of Vienna. This post he held up to the time of his royal patron's tragical end. When the present Duchess Regent assumed State authority, Ward retired from public life, and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian Dominions. Without any educational foundation, he contrived to write and speak German, French, and Italian, and conducted the affairs of State with considerable cleverness, if not with remarkable straightforwardness. Baron Ward was married to an humble person of Vienna, and has left four children. Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than Ward—the groom, statesman, and friend of sovereigns.

THE HOLY LAND.

MURDER OF AN ENGLISH LADY AT JERUSALEM.

Miss Creasy, an English lady long resident at Jerusalem, left her residence, situated near the Damascus Gate, on the evening of Friday, the 3d ult., with the intention of proceeding to the British consul's encampment. Under the impression that Miss C. was at the consul's, her absence appears not to have occasioned any anxiety in the minds of her friends in the city until the afternoon of Monday, the 6th. On Tuesday, however, tidings reached the consulate that Miss Creasy was missing, and nowhere to be found. Immediate search was made in every direction, but all in vain until Thursday morning, the 9th, when the remains of poor Miss C. were found, in an advanced state of decomposition, lying in a field near the consul's ground, but some distance off the path. A deep wound was found on the temple, occasioned, no doubt, by a stone, as one was found close by the body covered with blood. The little property which she had about her—such as a ring and the contents of a small bag—were taken; and the body of this poor Christian lady was left to be devoured by the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. After this discovery the Europeans who were living outside the walls, under tents, immediately broke up their respective encampments, and returned to their homes within the city. The bearing of the native population toward the Christians, especially European, has been such as to create deep anxiety in the minds of the residents. What are we to expect when such a barbarous outrage is perpetrated under the very flag of the English consulate, and upon an inoffensive English lady, and near the consular residence?

CHINA.

BAKED ICES.

One of the army of occupation at Canton writes: "In China they *bake ices*. An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate with the grateful contents."



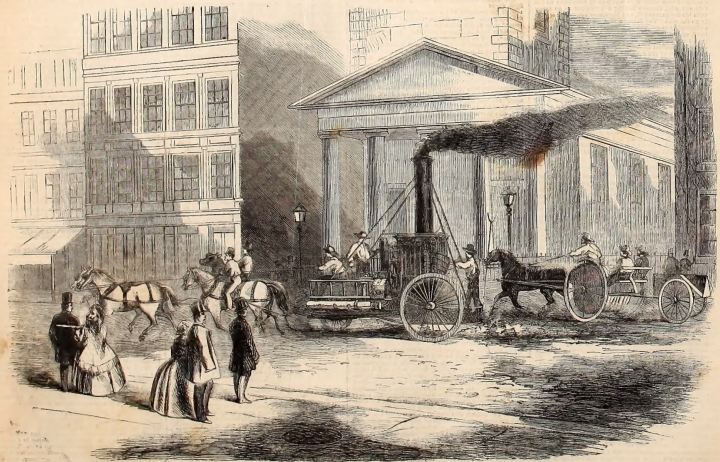
A FIRE AT CINCINNATI.

FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CINCINNATI.

THE exhibition in Wall Street last week of a steam fire-engine from Philadelphia, naturally directs attention to the Fire Department of a city where steam long ago superseded manual labor in driving fire-engines. We allude, of course, to Cincinnati.

The first move made in Cincinnati toward the establishment of the existing system was in 1852, when Mr. A. B. Latta, of that city, invented and constructed a fire-engine to be run and worked by steam. After many disappointments and delays, an appropriation was obtained from the City Council to aid in its construction; and it was finally brought out for public trial. This engine the city bought, and at first gave such general satisfaction that Octotor following, Mr. Griffin Taylor, another citizen of Cincinnati, agreed to advance the builder ten thousand dollars for the construction of another of the same kind, modified by several important improvements of the inventor's devising. This second machine was finished in 1854; and its performance so far exceeded the promise of the first, and exhibited so much power and capacity of service, that several of the citizens, with the aid of some of the insurance companies, made up the requisite sum and bought it, and presented it to the city. It hence took the name of "Citizens' Gift." This is a fine, heavy, strong, and reliable machine. As is seen in the cuts she has the locomotive power attached, and by this, when steam is raised, she is chiefly propelled. Four powerful horses are generally attached to her, however, to drag her home and to move her out before the steam is up. This splendid machine works a double cylinder and a double pump, and is of herself capable of extinguishing any ordinary fire, not under very destructive headway, in a few minutes.

The performance of this energetic engine is not equaled by that of any other in the world. In an experimental trial of her capabilities, at the time of the great Railroad Celebration in Cincinnati, last year, she ran four squares and was throwing two fine streams through two hundred feet of hose that had been laid and run up a ladder five stories high, in precisely six minutes from the tap of the



STEAM FIRE-ENGINE ON THE WAY TO A FIRE.

bell, at which moment she was standing cold and unhitched in the engine-house. Her last throw was a horizontal stream from an inch and a half nozzle a distance of two hundred and eighty-seven feet. To work this machine, including the horsemen, requires the services of ten men.

Mr. Latta, soon after the construction of this engine, designed and constructed one of a smaller size, represented in our second cut. Steam may be got up in these in five minutes, and they do not require so copious a supply of water, two ordinary fire-plugs being sufficient for their demand. The larger machines must depend upon the immense cisterns with which Cincinnati is so well supplied. Where there are no such cisterns they would fail for want of water. Four of this class of engines are capable of throwing upon a fire, in ten minutes after an alarm, nearly 21,500 gallons of water per hour. Of the larger class Cincinnati has now three, whose united powers equal to the discharge—without vacations, interruption, or cessation—of 197,150 gallons per hour; so that the whole seven can throw upon a fire a volume of water equal to over 178,500 gallons an hour. The full power of the twenty-eight hand-engines in use previous to the introduction of these steam machines, which required the constantly renewed labor of several hundred men, was only equal to the discharge of 121,200 gallons an hour. The smaller engines require the services of one engineer, one fireman, and five men to manage the hose-reel and hose, of which each is provided with one thousand feet. A small tender is attached to carry fuel. This size may be drawn by men; but horses, for any species of fire apparatus, are so much more efficient and desirable that the labor of men in this branch of the fire service may profitably be dispensed with.

In the Cincinnati department the entire round of the fire apparatus—the steam-engines, hose-reels, hand-engines, and hook-and-ladder carriages—are all drawn by horses. This saves the men a heavy amount of labor, which, under the old system, often exhausted their strength before they arrived at the fire.

A few months after the efficiency of the steam fire-engine had been well established to the public satisfaction, the great movement was made in Cincinnati in favor of a total reorganization of the fire department. An ordinance was passed through the City Council abolishing the volunteer companies, and establishing the pay system, by which course all the fire apparatus became the property of the city, the men who worked them were employed and paid by the city, and its authorities assumed entire control of the department in every branch of its service. This was a reformatory measure of the most salutary character, and was attended with the most beneficial results.



A STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

The change encountered much opposition at first from the incredulous adherents to the old system, and was only finally carried through and established on a firm and successful basis by the perseverance and ability of one man—a man of tried energy and experience, and who, happily, possessed the unrestricted confidence of all parties to the controversy to which the introduction of so radical a change in a long-established custom has given rise. To Miles Greenwood, a public-spirited manufacturer who gave the time and labor of two years to its government and organization, the city of Cincinnati, and, prospectively, the whole country, is indebted for the triumphant introduction of that admirable fire-system for which the city has been now for several years distinguished. Not only was all opposition to the innovation speedily silenced, but the entire voice and approbation of the community was heartily won over to its support. Not a man could now be found to consent to even a temporary return to the old irresponsible and turbulent volunteer system.

The management of matters at a fire is as orderly and well ahead said as quiet, as the commencement of exercises in a church. We might be forced to admit a little exaggeration here; but if we had said town-meeting instead of church, we should have maintained the fairness of the comparison. The truth is, there is very little noise at a fire now, and no confusion. Any disorder or misconduct among the firemen themselves is altogether out of the question. The Mayor can as certainly rely upon the firemen—not only for keeping orderly themselves, but for resisting and checking disorder in others—as he can upon his own police. A finer, and more trustworthy, and intelligent body of men can not be got together, for any municipal occasion, than the tap of the fire-bell will call out in ten minutes upon any square of the city of Cincinnati.

The Fire Department of Cincinnati consists of one Chief Engineer and two Assistant Engineers, elected every two years by the City Council, and one Captain and two Lieutenants for each company of thirty men. The Chief Engineer has a salary of one thousand dollars a year, and exercises exclusive command over all other officers and men. He is to superintend and systematize the work at fires, and examine into the condition of the apparatus, and watch over the general force. The Captains are appointed by a Board of Supervisors, and have jurisdiction over their respective companies and are to preserve order and enforce the discipline, and make periodical returns of the condition of the men, and of all other matters intrusted to their care. The men are engaged and paid by the Board of Supervisors, and may be discharged any moment on complaint of misconduct. No one must absent himself from the city for forty-eight hours without providing a substitute; and for absence from duty, in case of fire, each member is subject to a deduction from his pay. Of the thirty men belonging to each company, five are attached to the engine-house, and of these two must be always on duty at each house. No independent associations, or companies or clubs of firemen, are permitted. The alarm system is very simple and effective. There is a central watch-tower overlooking the city, to which is attached an immense alarm-bell, whose deep toll may be heard in any corner of the city. The town is also provided with an indicator, consisting of four red balls; corresponding with the number of fire-districts into which the city is divided. There are illuminated at night, and may be seen from a great distance. The tops on the different alarm-bell-districtsnet over the city of course correspond, in case of fire, to the number of balls exhibited on the main tower, and the location of the fire is readily traced.



THE SMALL STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

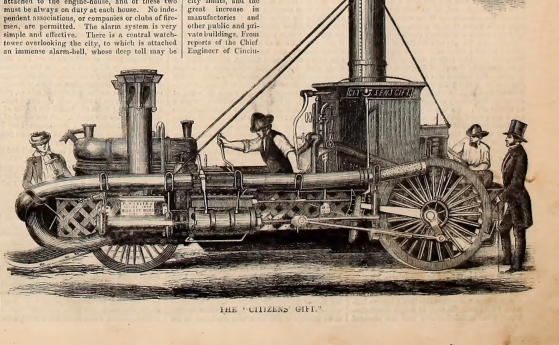
The excellence of this system, including in the estimation no auxiliary value of steam as the chief element of power, is developed in its economical and effective working. It accomplishes, in the most thorough and expeditious manner, the prime object of any fire system, which is to put out the fires as soon as they break out. It does not prevent them—this could scarcely be expected—but it arrests their progress, and prevents the destruction of property. Under the Cincinnati system a fire is promptly subdued. It is a standing rule with the Cincinnati firemen never to let a fire get beyond the house in which it may have originated; and in this design their efforts are generally, we had almost said uniformly, successful. What is wanted to suppress a fire is water, promptly applied; and this can be poured on by the unwearying steam-engines in an irresistible deluge, adequate, in a reasonable period, to the extinguishment of the flames of Vesuvius. A fire must have seized on some uncommonly combustible material if it is not put down in the building in which it originated. Steam fire-engines are capital investments for insurance companies. They could well afford to furnish and support two or three in every large city in the country. An experienced underwriter of Cincinnati lately remarked that his Company "felt a great deal more secure against serious loss with a hundred thousand dollars at risk in a block than they formerly did with forty thousand." And with reason. The annual average loss in that city, under the old hand-engine system, was about six hundred thousand dollars; the introduction of steam machines has reduced the average to two hundred thousand—notwithstanding the enlargement of the city limits, and the great increase in manufactories and other public and private buildings. From reports of the Chief Engineer of Cincinnati we make up the following table of comparative results:

Year ending	Loss.	Insurance.	Loss over Insurance.
April, 1854.....	$602 903	$520,069	$0,850,617
" 1855.....	178 856	84,831	93,945
" 1856.....	376 035	160,750	215,285
" 1857.....	143,119	107,469	39,650
" 1858.....	380,784	239,051	140,733

It will be observed that the aggregate of losses for the three years ending in April, 1857, was $581,630; being $76,876 less than for the single year ending in April, 1854.

Of the sum lost in 1858, $250,000 occurred in three fires; one of them a large furniture warehouse, six stories high, and two squares from any competent supply of water; in which $160,000 worth of property was destroyed, of the most combustible description; $60,000 of the same amount was lost in the machinery and materials of a sugar refinery. These cases do not, therefore, affect the estimate we have indicated of the comparative protective advantages of the new system. The annual cost to the city of the Cincinnati Department is about $90,000; but this is regarded as the maximum expense, many items included in the cost of the first few years being of the nature of permanent expenditures, which will not soon require to be repeated.

On the evidence, then, we are constrained to conclude as we began; the steam fire-engine is not only a success, it is a splendid triumph. It is the surest protection against the spread of fire that a city can possess. We may add the statement that has recently come to our knowledge, that the



THE "CITIZENS' GIRL."

Board of Underwriters of the city of Louisville have proceeded one of the Lieutenants of the Police Department of that city, and that the use of the Metropolitan Police Force in the event of St. Louis Board have also ordered two as a donation to their city. Both belies will doubtless find their profit in these prudential yet generous donations.

TRIED FRIENDSHIP.

It is not many years since the making of a new street in the City of London swept away the house and play-ground of the Bruvers' School. My father was a stock-broker, and he sent me to this school; but as one of the fashionable people whom there were but twelve, who were dressed in black gowns—not as the son of a gentleman who could pay for my education. I wore a trencher cap, the only thing which distinguished me from the foundationers, though I was very proud of the distinction, as were all of the commoners of the College, as I have since discovered.

We thought ourselves superior to the foundation-boys, though we did not object to play with them. Sometimes, however, we did not scruple to joke upon their difference of position. A favorite method of tormenting them was to think of their like sheep; for none of these boys, unless their friends paid for them, were provided with any other clothes than the long blue gown, the only visible proscribed for their dirt in the founder's will. We had other and a worse idea of the wisdom of the founder. We said prayers in Latin, and sang reddenings of Christmas-line in doggerel Latin verse. Sometimes, on boy's admission to the foundation, not even his friend's payment, if he was a commoner, provided him with fights. In the year when I commenced, we were at school from six o'clock till eight, each brought his little roll of current coin for his lunch, and he paid seven-pence-halfpenny at Cowan's, the waxchandler's, and which he stuck upon an iron pin standing upon his desk; and these seven-pence objected to the school's heavy charge for fires had always been permitted to bring each a shilling in small log as a contribution to the fire-fund, for we boasted that we never burned wood.

I have lived to my second old age, but I was never a strong boy, and could not take pleasure in the rougher games and amusements which the boys delighted in. I had, besides, a pride in being manly dressed, and had a dread of getting a rent or soil upon my frill. My dear mother, perhaps loving, and neat black silk waistcoat, with its starched collar, and the pride of her heart was the crowning glory came when I first put on a pair of Hessian boots—a small, but beautifully polished and elastic-sided boot, with a little tassel dangling at the top, with black tassels hanging from the fronts. They were made by Gilkinson, and I believe if any boy had wished to establish the superior respectability of our school over Merchant Tailors', or Saint Paul's, he would have begun by challenging them to match this pair of Hessians. Gilkinson indeed grew rich! and I never could spend a twopence to the shoe-black round the corner, who would polish them all the way up, tucking in more paper round the tops to keep up the roundness from being soiled. Even our master, Dr. Crouch, was at last overcome by them. He praised them, tried one; but, one day, I having given him a sharp answer, he aimed at me a blow with his cane as I sat upon the third form, the highest form of other boys. I knew not what prompted me to such a thing, though most likely it was a desire to preserve my external appearance from injury; but I mentally raised my right leg with both hands, presenting my long, tasselled boot, and felt upon the sole. Some boys tittered at this. A second and a third blow followed, but I, with wonderful dexterity, I watched these off in the same way. A faint murmur of applause expressed the delight of the school. The Doctor paused, reddened. He hesitated a moment, and then declared me to come down and walk into his room. I complied in great fear; but, to my surprise, when I had got there he only pointed out to me the impropriety and ridiculous habit of my manner of protection, and let me off with an apology. When school was over, one darling boy came up to me, took my hand, and stroked my boot with his hand as you would do a favorite horse, and he put upon a rose, which made us all laugh; and, at the next visit of Master Garnett, the cleverest boy in the school, effectually made Lucas cure me of their pride, and ridiculed by the nickname of Hess from that day forth.

Garnett was the quick-witted leader of mine with whom I formed a friendship. I was too fond of him then, and joined too little in their amusements, to know them well; though we were often at play, and I to them. But Garnett was an exception. Why this was so at that time, I could, perhaps, be hard for me to tell. Certainly, if a similarity of character be necessary to close intimacy, it would be harder still. He was a fine, high-spirited, fond boy; fair haired, but then browned by sun and wind, and strong and active as a thorough-bred.

I never saw him fight, or heard him brag of his power, or insult any one. He would put on one of a quarrel as a gentleman puts on his coat; it never entered the head of any of us that he was restrained by fear. It was rather that type of character we always deem; but in other things careless of his appearance. His collar, sprinkled with ink, was crushed and wrinkled; his black neckerchief hung with the knot under his left ear, leaving its ends to be walked the street. His pockets gave him as ways rent, and he generally had one ragged corner tucked into his pocket, which got him the good-humored nickname of Tatter-Garnett. I have no doubt that if he could have been dressed as I was, he would have felt like a malefactor being in chains.

I have spoken of his gown, which was another reason why it was remarkable that I became intimate with him. He was, in fact, a foundationboy. Even foundation-boys were not educated gratis, as the founder had intended. Ingenious societies, which no one dreamed of, might be avoid the absurdity of the perpetual mutton diet, had nevertheless been employed to defeat the charitable aims of his will. Nor could a presentation to the foundation be obtained without interest with the great city people, who managed the charity, and generally gave their patronage to members of their own clans who were reduced, but still like to pay school fees less heavy by two-thirds than ours. Nobody in the school, however, thought the worse of Garnett for being a foundation-boy. Each farm was a far greater objection still to my becoming intimate with him. His father was a lawyer, a stock-broker, but of a lower grade; and even from this lower grade he had miserably fallen. Repeatedly seen in the same lamentable way by me, he did not recognize such men as old Garnett. He had a mother, but only a mother in name; in a court out of Saint Swithin's Lane; on the door of which his name was painted, but with the word "private" to each letter. I myself at last had, only not to enter without knocking, for this, besides being a dirty, miserable hole, was a gin-shop, and kitchen. He hung about the Stock Exchange in a greasy old coat and a rusty hat, or loitered on the steps of other city establishments, talking with other men as greasy and rusty as himself, about money lent and lost of interest due, but had no money to try for himself, and would hardly have been interested to try on sell for others. He must have had strong resolution to keep him to the fair himself to us to shabby in appearance even for the father of a foundation-boy. Garnett, the Prince Scissor; and, when he visited his son, made an appointment to meet him in the garden of Saffery Hall, where the boys of the foundation assembled to and fro together.

Notwithstanding all these things, I had a profound admiration for Garnett's noble qualities, and what were, to me, his marvelous powers. It often happened that I was held up before him as a fit of active life and spirit, are slow in acquiring book knowledge; I was not slow in it, but I learned from it most things. There was no Pons Asinorum at which he broke down. His verses had rarely a false quantity. He was in the fifth form, made have been a wonderful knowledge of algebra. He could drive through the Latin Grammar as he in all sports was equally dexterous and clever. Many boys were jealous of him; but no shadow of such feeling fell on me. I gloried in his success as if it was my own, and was fond of praising him to my knowledge; for what was there that Garnett could not do? "Ah!" I used to say, "I wish you could hear Garnett." I was proud of knowing him—proud of his notice, proud of walking with the others in the school, to be his friend and constant companion. Walking with him, with his arm in his, or leaning on his shoulder, I was always cheerful and content, for I never thought of his shoes' appearance. I gloried in his power as he was running, about where they pleased. Some day I am in Gilkinson's vicinity, and there I am looking at the painted giants and the sculptured tombs, and wearing their sainted fingers at the monuments of the past was then the present of the great stone hall. Others found their way into St. Paul's, or pried into the mysteries of the several walks of the old Royal Exchange, until the merchants came at four o'clock, and the beadles turned them out. In fine weather, with a boat on the anglers took a little willow stick and line and trudged into the fields about Mile End, or down Old Ford and Leytoe, or into one of the docks, where they caught small flounders in between the floating timber. But I and my companions seldom preferred the old Custom-house quay, and the bank that skirted the Tower moat. There, though some-times we wandered all along the tor-moun alleys through the wharves at the river side, peeking our way among crates of fruit, and bales of wool and hogsheads of sugar, and merchandize of every kind, and sometimes getting a few pennies from some of the few spots among the wharves which are picturesque, still preserving as it does a Dutch appearance, by reason of the gable ends of houses there, and the trees. It was pleasant, on a hot day, to stand under the shade of those trees, and watch the water washing up, and gaining step by step with the rising of the tide, or to see the watermen's boats shooting the little arches in the river under the arches of old London Bridge. In such spots thousand things occurred to us, which the running stream would carry a cork or feather of you threw in, and slowly carry the boat of a lazy steerer—coal rushes, bundles of hay, ows where cattle were feeding, and studied by sturdy cows' heads, which would throw six their pants and fish for gudgeons all day long. There was no prohibition in the school of boating or bathing; indeed, no one inquired where we were, or what we did, on holidays. Sometimes we got a watermen into a boat, and, if Garnett's purse could row, would hire a boat when he could induce the owner to trust him for it, and pull himself; while I sat in the stern cradled in Garnett's clothes from injury, and steering. We have been, in this way, at Putney, and have floated a gravelly pit of beach for bathing. Garnett could swim, dived, and performed feats there as if it was his natural element, and he tried hard to teach me, holding up my chin and directing me how to strike with my hands and feet. But I was clumsy and did not float easily, and grew timid when the water covered me above my chin.

One day we had been upon one of these trips, and were returning in the river, near Chiswick, in the forenoon. The weather had been warm, and clouds had come up, and a little rain began to fall; with this, and cold, Garnett and me found run in the shore for shelter, and, if the rain continued, have our boat at a boat-house to be taken on to London, while we took the coach home. To do this, I began to turn her head across stream. Midway in the river was a current, and this suddenly began pulling like as against the tide, and the alteration of our course, looking to them like an act of rivalry, or an attempt to pass them with one rower, or cut them out, as it was called, they set up a cheer and began to pull with more force. We accepted this till they were close upon us, and my bad steering did not help to prevent a collision. They cut our boat right across, and in an instant we were struggling in the water. The strong arm of Garnett held me up for a time; but the river rowed and the stormman of the other boat rose suddenly to assist us, and in so doing swamped their boat also. One of them seized my companion, and reconsidered him that he lost his hold of me. After this I was only conscious of a dark and dark, a great roaring of water in my ears; but rose again, saturated and confused, and found myself alone. One of my friend could save me yet. So, indeed, it proved; for when I came to life again, in great pain, and vomiting, I was lying in bed in a white, washed room, with Garnett there—and I knew that I owed my preservation to him. Amongst a hale man, while the rower from the other boat was hanging to him, had so exhausted him that when took me he could support me but a little while, and only recovered breath by floor. In less than a minute more again, and the chin above water until help arrived; but the occupants of the other boat were drowned.

I was confined to bed for a serious and long illness. It ended with a dangerous fever. Garnett watched and tended me with the skill of a man. When it was safe to do so, they removed me to a little country-house of my father's at Isleworth, and there I recovered. Then, with a cane, and having a garden hidden by a high red-brick battered wall, in a house called Grange Walk. It was that the busy streets and shops of London have long ago spread over this neighborhood, and deprived old Isleworth of its former rural character but I have often stood at the door in the wall of our garden looking into the lane, and for very over a field of oats or barley in which the reapers were at work, and seeing no houses any where, but the fields stretching with a painted spire-board swinging between two elms before its door.

In this spot I remained at last began to recover, and wasted as I was, could put on my clothes once more, and walk about the sheltered garden with a stick. Garnett was always with me. Till this time I had never brought him to my house—not that my father objected to him, for indeed, I was rather consideration for him, and, perhaps, some fear that he would refuse to come, knowing my father's position and circumstances. Now, however, all such thoughts were at an end. My father said to me,

"My gratitude to your young friend is, of course, very great, and any thing I could do to advance him hereafter would be my duty; but you know I can not be brought into contact with old Garnett. It would not do, and I would not have it on any account."

I thought this very unfeeling; but I answered that I did not wish to see him, and I shall be to come.

"I dare say not," said my father; "he is a fine young fellow, and has, I am sure, a great deal of good sense."

On another companion in my illness—a gentler, if not a kinder or a better nature. This was my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden, who lived in one of the yards behind the Monument, where the Sun Fire Office stands, with some changes of name which had been established ever since the reign of William the Third. At that time the ancestor of Alice's name—merchant whose ships trebled in the Indian seas—had come over from Amsterdam, to which city he had retired for a time with wealth. Some of the Vanderlindens had served certain periods in the Amsterdam house, and had come back to England with their wives; but Alice's mother was an English woman, and Alice had herself no trace of the Dutch type of Dutch beauty—the abundant light hair, and smooth, round, cheerful countenances of Hobbima's pictures. She was dark-haired, with large, dark, somewhat pale, but very beautiful, I thought, though then scarcely fifteen, which city I was in the last of that season, and in this she stands beside a little table, while on the other side are two Greek columns hung with heavy folds of crimson drapery, and with her dark purple beauty and her plain black dress. On the table is a basket made of the straw colored wood of palms, such as our French prisoners were then allowed to make and sell. In this basket she used to bring me needlework, and a book of plain little articles that might please or amuse me in my long illness.

Her second visit I believe to be the kindness and indolence of my sick room, when she was gone. I had no other pleasure than to think of her—to go on again the moment she had told us, giving to all the women in them only one sweet face. At some state she would have pulled the basket, but iron bell across the garden. At the sound of her step all the hesitation and peevishness of my low-mess—not a trouble—was a look of pure unmixed pleasure to me than to hear her read.

Garnett liked her; he could not feel that dreamy pleasure in her society which I did. He used to tell her droll things, and laugh with a boisterous hilarity that she could not resist. Her way words have differently to regarded her. I talked to Alice of everything by turns, and she would sit and listen with perfect love by me; so that we became all great friends. I wanted to let me very soon; and at last could even put a ring over a glove, and give me notice that he would close-haste me with that piece and no other. Alice, who knew nothing of the game, would watch him do this, and laugh when he succeeded; but it never ruffled me. Garnett knew an infinite number of things which would amuse me. He was particularly skilful in jugglers' tricks with cards, and balls, and other more elaborate apparatus, which made him a still greater favorite with us all. I have nothing more to tell of Garnett than that Alice and I were one day a gold finch in a lacquered cage, which I kept for years, till the bird grew old and blind, and lost half his feathers.

My school days came to an end soon after my recovery. In the very last term there was a great examination, to be followed by a formal adjudication of prizes in the presence of the friends of the scholars and patrons of the school. I had won prizes at such examinations, and felt little doubt that I should win prize this time—in Greek, in Euclid and in Roman history; but none knew the result until the public day. I was told that the winners would be called up to the table by the master, and presented with the prizes in the presence of the company. I had no objection to win something on this occasion—the crowning point of my school life, and the arrangements of the distribution felt more excited than I had ever felt before. Walking to and fro in the lane before the house—Garnett was with me—during the whole that day—I met my godfather, old Mr. Mey, who was a lawyer, and who looked for Messrs. Goodwin, or in Stocks Market as he called it, from its name when he was a boy. Alice Vanderlinden was learning to play on the harp, I thought, somewhere behind then every; but I was too nervous to say more to her than "good-morning." My godfather asked me what prizes I meant to take.

"I may perhaps get one in Euclid, Sir," I answered.

"We shall be there," said Alice. "I hope you will gain it."

"So you have given all your time to Euclid?" said my godfather.

"I have given my best in other things," I replied; "but I have many clever school-fellows who have done the same."

My face flushed as I said this with a thought that never before had caused me any shade of pain; but it passed away quickly. I felt that they had left me, I continued walking about the street till most of the boys had gone to their home. When I went in and took my place I looked round the room, and saw Garnett at a distance from where I sat. He was in unparently gay, and the boys were being filled up. I could not go over to speak to him. After, too, was there any of my godfather and other friends, sitting among pompous aldermen, and merchants, and rich city traders, in a semicircle round the table, so conspicuous that I was not sorry to sit behind, where I could see from unobserved.

Garnett took two prizes early in the ceremony. The prizes in Roman history fell to other boys, and I concluded that these were adjudged to Euclid; and as yet my name had not been mentioned. When my name be heard, I glanced round at Alice, and saw her looking attentively at the table. The names were called, but mine was not among them. The fifth was the last of the class for Euclid; and the second—some movement in the school told me so before they called it—my name Garnett, who advanced to the table in his gown as a foundationboy, and took the little case of books, which was the prize, with a bow to the governors. The master spoke some words of compliment as he sat down, smiling to the boys' ellows. I then glanced again at Alice a moment before. She was then looking round the room, as if in search of me, for she could not have seen me when I sat down. When the prize was given she was looking down with a thoughtful expression. When she glanced, I thought, for my failure?

I did not come to see my friends just then; but with a confused effect which I was afterward ashamed. I stole away, before any of the rest, to walk down by the wharves alone. I was at the foot of the riverground I saw some one stealthily peeping round from the corner of the lane—some one who with a look of delight on seeing me, and of shame to the end of the lane I saw the same figure walking away up a yard which was a thoroughfare. I overtook back before I had passed it long, and, looking behind me after a while, I saw the same person still in the same place, and then I turned round, and ducking the head, and shrinking back in a manner which even to me was ridiculous, my lady-cross. It was old Garnett, more shabby and greasy than ever. He was watching for his son, and he had seen him acting—I and all—the end of his examinations, and unwilling to be seen by the company in the shabby dress.

I knew that Garnett would soon join his father, and walk away with him into Salters' Hall Garden, and I was afraid to think that he had been would not miss me; but it was a rare thing indeed, and it was not there I saw him next day from the river without Garnett. Something of the feeling which had come upon me unawares when talking to Alice, and my godfather, and the boys who would compete with me returned. What it was exactly I hardly could have told then, but I felt that it did injury to my whole nature. Never till then had I dreamed that I regarded my old friend and schoolfellow with the bitterest thought of envy; but now I remembered that my preparation for this same day had been neglected from all other such occasions. I had never told Garnett these things in which I had taken most pains, and which I knew he had neglected, and I began things he could do the cowardice with which I now state away from him to walk about alone.

There was some public festival that day, on what occasion I have now forgotten; but all along the narrow street bridge the barges and small vessels had colors flying, and from some of the wharves large fires were burning. The streets were quiet; the day, though at the beginning of November, and rather cold, was fine and cheerful, and the exercise of walking, and the bustle that I saw, helped

to raise my spirits. I determined to shake off my gloomy thoughts and ungenerous feelings, and go back at once. As I drew near the school again I met Garnett just coming from Salters' Hall Garden. He came up to me and shook hands, looking so cheerful and so far from suspecting what had been my feeling that I was struck with remorse. I would gladly have told him the whole history of that day, but dared not, lest even a breath of such a sentiment as envy should so change our friendship that it could never be again what it had been.

Nor was this all. I could not rest without giving some active tokens of this feeling toward him. When I went into my father's counting-house I begged my father to take him also, that he might serve his articles with me, which was agreed to. And now Garnett, living in the house with me, and being my constant, faithful companion, as before, all thought of that unlucky day soon vanished. Such was his openness and generous nature, that no dream of rivalry had ever ruffled it. I could not help feeling this, and growing to admire him and respect him more and more. Indeed, I had become now so used to his society—for I had no other friend—that when he had been absent in the country on business for a few days the place seemed empty, and I as if all the habits of my life had suffered violent change. Nor even when his term was ended, and he began business for himself, were we less together; for his office was not far off. He took at first some troublesome business, which my father did not care to have, but which to him was welcome; and with this, and some connection which he secured for himself, he soon began to make a little way. The most remarkable change, however, which this introduced was in the appearance of old Garnett. From the first the son had treated him as the head of the new business, writing up on the door of his office the words, "Garnett and Son;" and now the old man was seen no more loitering about the courts in the city, or chatting on door-steps with his old companions. Whether he was the chief of a fraternity of greasy, shabby old men, which fell into complete dissolution when he resigned his post, or whether he helped at once to clothe them better, or by what other surmise to explain the fact, I know not; but certain it is that, from that day, even his old associates seemed to have vanished. Some of their faces and other characteristics I knew well; but I often looked for them in vain, wondering where they had gone or what had become of them. Old Garnett himself was, indeed, so changed that it would have been hard to recognize him if I had not been prepared for it. His long, gaunt figure had become more upright. Over his few thin gray hairs he had put a neat brown wig. His white cravat, though still touched with a little of the old mouldiness, was broad and full, and ornamented with a large pin; and his blue coat with metal buttons, his Hessian boots, and gray pantaloons, wrinkled and shrunken as they looked, were infinitely superior to any thing I had ever seen him wear. But the crowning ornaments were his thick-rimmed silver-gilt double eye-glass hanging round his neck, and the spotted Malacca cane with which he walked about. Every body noticed the change; and it was a pleasure to me to hear what they said of his son. Was I not right, who from the first had seen in Philip Garnett one of the noblest fellows in the world?

Alice often saw, and talked with the old stock-broker; and even my father was not too proud to recognize him now, but would shake hands with him when they met in the street, and say, "How d'ye do, Garnett? How d'ye do?" when some such conversation as this generally took place:

"Oh, pretty well, thank you; all but the old enemy."

"Troublesome again, is he?" said my father, who had no notion of what complaint he was speaking.

"He never lets go of me."

"How does business thrive?"

"Very well; only our Phil—"

"Your son?"

"Yes: he is so very—" Here the old man would raise his hand, and shake it several times in the air, and wink, as if my father must understand that better than any words.

"No serious complaint against him, I hope?" said my father, puzzled.

"No, no," replied Garnett, dropping into a whisper; "but the fact is, he is hardly fit for this business. He won't look abroad. He has talent enough to make a Goldsmid; but he'll never be one. I might have had a share in a courier the other day with a Hamburg house—a glorious chance; but no."

"A good sign," said my father. "Depend upon it, he has a longer head than most young fellows, and will beat us all in time."

At this old Garnett would shake his head and go up the street, shaking it still, and talking to himself aloud, while he flourished his cane to and fro, sometimes striking pieces of waste paper or leaves from the ground, and tossing them high into the air, in a way which I used to fancy yielded a relief to his mind, as best expressing to himself how he would strike moral obstacles from his path had he but as a young and vigorous man to begin the world anew.

"Poor old Garnett!" my father used to say. "What little brains he had are clearly gone." My father had indeed a high opinion of the prudence of the son; and when a kind of business was offered to him which required a surety for a considerable amount, my father voluntarily undertook to give the bond.

Alice Vanderlinden had now grown into a woman. All the time I had been in my father's counting-house she had been our playmate and our friend. The Vanderlindens being my relatives, we passed to and fro between the two houses, as if they were but one—Garnett and I often dining with Alice and her father, when she sat at the head of the table as mistress of the house. Nobody else ever dined there, save the old head clerk; occasionally a Dutch correspondent of the house, equally grave; and once or twice Garnett's father, whose oddity pleased Mr. Vanderlinden. Alice's life was dull enough, but she did not complain; but took to her duties, her household accounts, and the huge bunch of keys which she kept in her basket, with a sort of matronly dignity which often made me laugh, and yet was beautiful in my eyes. Month after month, in winter and in summer, she saw nothing but the square paved yard under her window, and its sooty-looking tree, whose leaves came out late and dropped off early, except on Sundays, when she went to church in a lane close by, running down to the river, where a sleepy preacher, in a pulpit carved and ornamented by Grinling Gibbons, drawled out discourses which had no merit but their shortness.

Shall I say that in all this time I had no secret from my old school-fellow and loved companion, my more than friend and brother, and that our trust and confidence was so perfect, and without shadow of reserve, that there was not a thought or feeling, or inward wish, which could have been imagined to be mine, of which he could not speak, or say it could not be, because unknown to him? Not one. For how could I speak of that which, even to myself, was still vague and shapeless, and only to be guessed from signs and hints, by which he himself might have known it, but did not any more than I? So it was until one memorable day.

I was in the long drawing-room in the Vanderlindens' house, with Alice and her sister. I had been with them more than ever lately; for Garnett had been away on some business in the north of England. Something led me to talk of him, as indeed I often did with Alice, to whom he was as familiar a companion as myself. I was never tired of praising his good qualities, his kindness to his father, his great talents; and Alice would always join me, adding something to my praises. But this day, for the first time, she avoided the subject.

"It is a droll thing," said I, hardly noticing this, "that poor old Garnett, fond as he is of Philip, thinks him not half so business-like as himself."

Alice was silent, bending over her work, while I continued:

"The old gentleman has all kinds of wild dreams. He thinks that, with Philip's talents, he ought to command wealth; and all in a moment."

Alice was still silent: but I was walking to and fro in the room, and looking out of windows, as I spoke, at the withered leaves, which were twirling about in little eddies in the yard—so that even now I hardly observed that she made no response.

"For my part," said I, "I feel sure that whatever he does is best: for what is there he could not do, and do well? At school he threw us all into the shade; and in my father's counting-house every body remarked his industry and good sense. You have heard your father speak of this. Do you remember?"

She made some answer, but so faintly, that I looked round.

She had dropped her work, and was arranging the beads of a necklace on her younger sister, who was sitting beside her on a stool, with her head lying back in her lap. There was a slight confusion in her manner, so unusual with her, that it struck me in an instant; and when she looked up, her face was crimson.

What life was ever yet so long and so perfect in its happiness that it could outweigh the misery which that moment cost me! I said no more to Alice; nor she to me then. I wanted time to think over the suspicion which had now entered my mind, to steal its peace and rest for many a day and many a night. I loved Alice deeply; had loved her all along. Witness the anguish of my heart that day.

I had been so much with her—had known so little obstacle to my seeing or talking with her—had so seldom missed her for one day—that even the happiness I owed to her had become part of the habit of my life, and passed unquestioned. There had been no break in all that long time of pure delight by which I could measure or guess its absolute perfectness. Had I ever gone away from home, even for short periods, as Garnett had, I could not have failed to have known it. Would that I had! or that something else had told me, or prompted me to speak to him of it long before.

How could I doubt that she loved Garnett? Her silence, her confusion, her flushed and troubled countenance, when I spoke of him, told me better than words, or any sign could tell me. Never before had she shown this. Perhaps his long absence had made her more than ever mindful of him. It was possible that my words, coming at the very moment when she was thinking of him, had startled her with a suspicion that I knew her secret, and sought to wring it from her; though Heaven knows how far this had been from my thoughts. But why had I not suspected this before? Who could help liking Garnett? Who that had been with him so much as she had been, seeing all that was great and generous in him, his power, his talent, and his happy temper, could fail to love him? Had I not myself done all I could—ay, even to that very hour—to make him still more glorious in her eyes?—voluntarily abasing myself before him—taking a pleasure, even—so perfect was my friendship—in confessing my inferiority in all those things which could touch a heart so tender, and so good as hers?

I felt it was in vain to regret, and yet how often and how deeply I did regret that Garnett had not from the first suspected my feeling toward her. I knew too well his nature to doubt what course he would have taken. He would have stifled all thought of any thing but brotherly affection; or, if he could not trust himself, would have shunned her for my sake. I was sure he would. Yes; even this he would have done; for when did I ever know him willing to purchase pleasure for himself at any cost of pain to me? But there are sacrifices too great—sacrifices impossible even for a friendship such as his. If, in all his steady industry—never dreaming of my affection for her—he had cherished a hope of winning her one day, and had revealed this to her by some word or action—and if she, as was too clear, loved him no less—it must be so. I thought I would satisfy myself of this; and, having done so, would henceforth be true toward him, as I had ever been. This was plainly what I ought to do. It should not be said that my friendship had been mere idle words, a selfish bond to be broken without scruple, even for such a cause. This was my final resolution. But oh, the trial! Oh, the pain and sorrow of that time!

I was glad that he was away; because it gave me leisure to think on these things, and to recover something like calmness. I even saw Alice as before, carefully concealing my trouble, not mentioning Garnett again, but determining to wait for any other thing which might confirm my suspicion. I saw them meet when he came back, and there was the same look of confusion in her face when she caught my eyes upon her; a look of trouble, so far beyond all doubt, that I felt that some kind of hope, which I had secretly held till then, was suddenly gone; and with that went out, and left them there.

Garnett had come back from his journey pale and ill; and indeed there had been, for a little while, a change in him which, slight as it had been till now, was visible to me. I had not spoken to him, taking it for some care of business, which it was better to try to dispel by talking of other things; and now it was too late. I dared not question him; but guessed what it was, in various ways; yet all having reference to the one idea that haunted me at all times, and in all places; but never with one bitter thought toward him—never with a doubt that even his secrecy, so unusual as it was, must have good reason for it.

Something, indeed, weighed heavily on his mind. I could not doubt that; I felt it when I was with him, in every tone and movement. Some months had passed like this, when one evening I went to his counting-house to talk with him on some trifling matters. He generally took tea with his father, or sometimes alone in his room, among his papers, where he would sit till it was late, writing or reading. I came down a passage into his house, and could see into his room in the daytime, across a grated area on one side. This evening he had not drawn down his curtains, and with the light in the room, I could see through the wire blind of his window. His tea-service was beside him as usual; but the fire was out, and the lamp beside him threw a dim light even with its shade. Garnett was seated at his table, where he had evidently been busily engaged. His arms were resting on the desk, and his face was buried in his hands. He was not asleep; for I saw him move, look up, and then return to the same attitude.

It might have been merely weariness, or perhaps some feeling of illness resulting from his unceasing labor; but I felt that there was something more than this. In spite of my own trouble I was touched with compassion for him. What could that grief be in which I might not soothe him? The question startled me, even then, as if it had never come before, by day or night, to torture me. But I resolved that I would not be silent any more. That night should bring my trouble to some issue.

Garnett opened the door to me, and I followed him in. He asked me if I had seen his father, who had been away, he said, nearly all day, on business, and had promised to return earlier. I took this for a passing remark, and answered that I had not seen him.

"You are in trouble, Garnett," I said; "what is it?"

He started slightly, and answered, Nothing—nothing that he need weary others with; he was not well.

I was not deceived by this; I knew that there was something more; some cause for that depressed and anxious look, which, for some reason, he would not tell me.

"Phil," I said, after a while, "you must tell me this; for I can not rest until I have done my part to relieve you. Is it not for my sake you are silent?"

He made some involuntary motion that looked like assent; but seemed to check himself.

"Come," I said, laying my hand upon his arm, "let me try to guess it. Your trouble is in some way connected with my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden?"

To my surprise, he looked at me calmly; shook his head, and even smiled. It was clear to me that he felt relieved, for his tone was at once more cheerful. "Why, Hess," said he, shaking hands with me, in his old way, "this tells me quite a long history. You have got into your head that I had fallen in love with your cousin, and hoped to rob you of her—for yours, if I can interpret signs, she shall be one day. Absurd! Never in my life did I dream of such a prize. I was always a poor man even when I thought myself most prosperous; and she always rich compared with me. Besides, I never thought of this."

His sudden change of manner, and the unexpected declaration which he had made, struck me dumb. What folly had I been guilty of! How had I racked myself without any cause, where but one plain, outspoken word had sufficed to end all in a moment!

"What could make you think this, Hess?" he continued. "So often as I have seen her, if I had nourished such a thought, it could not have been secret. It was a thing which her father must have known—and which you, above all, could not have been ignorant of."

I could only grasp his hand, and say "God bless you, Phil!" and own that I had been hasty and unjust toward him.

"Why it would have been a base thing," he continued, "to steal into her house, and try to win her in the way you have imagined."

"It is true, Garnett," I said, after a while; "quite true. I thought my friendship for you perfect, absolutely without spot or stain—such a friendship as must be rare indeed. Now I know that there was something wanting, something that could have made such thoughts as I have lately encouraged quite impossible."

"Think no more of it," said Garnett. "Alice, I am sure, will find that she has no less affection for you; and her father, I know, esteems you too well to regret this. May you all be happy!"

He said this, as he held my hand, with so much tenderness, and in a tone so low and impressive, that all my anxiety about him returned. I pressed him again to tell me what ailed him; but he tried to treat it lightly, and promised that I should know all by that night week. While he was speaking, I heard a tapping at the outer door at which I had entered. Garnett rose when he heard it, and bade me hastily good-night, letting me out by another way. I heard him afterward open the other door and let in his visitor; and I could hear two voices, one of which I felt sure was that of his father.

So now I was sure that all my long suspicion of Garnett's rivalry was but a bad dream. A great load was off my heart; but something of it still remained. Why had Alice looked confused at the mention of his name? Why was she silent when I talked of him? Why did her face flush crimson when I asked her to bear testimony to his goodness? This, indeed, was no dream; and the truth to which it pointed was scarcely less fatal to my hope. But even this suspicion was happily soon ended. I spoke boldly to Alice's father, and to Alice herself; and the last remnant of my foolish doubts, with all of fanciful or real that had stood between me and my happiness, vanished in a moment.

The truth was simple. I learned it from something that I heard from Alice's father, some hints accidentally let fall by his Dutch correspondent, who was then in London, and often dined with them; and finally I learned the truth from Alice's own lips. It was this. On the very afternoon of the day when I was first startled by Alice's confusion, Garnett's father had been with them. He was more than usually garrulous, and seemed elated by some success, or the hope of some success. He talked of his son's prospects, and in his foolish way said he deserved to marry Alice, and he was sure he loved her, and should marry her one day. Few persons now heeded what poor old Garnett said. But Alice could not forget it. It grieved her; and was the cause of her trouble and confusion when I spoke of him, and when she met him. That was all.

It was exactly one week after my visit to my old friend that I had this last conversation with Alice. On that very night, or before then, Garnett had said that I should know what was the meaning of his recent change of manner; but my own happiness was so great that I had no foreboding. I hastened to his chambers soon after dusk, the hour at which I had gone before. As I came down the passage I saw that the room in which he usually sat was dark. The whole house, indeed, seemed empty and deserted, with nothing but blank windows all the way up; for the merchants and business men having chambers there lived elsewhere, and were gone at that time. The iron knocker fell with a dull, dead sound, which made the silence when I waited for an answer to my summons still more oppressive. An old woman who was the housekeeper came at last, and told me Garnett had gone away with his father early that morning, and had left a letter for me, which she gave me.

I took the letter, and bade her good-night, and she closed the door. Then I read it, tremblingly, by the light of a street-lamp. It told me that Garnett had fled; that his affairs were in so great an embarrassment that he dared not stay; that he had taken his father with him; that he could never hope to see me again, or make clear to me how he fell into this trouble. He bade me do him, in my thoughts, what justice I could, when all should become known; spoke of my father's suretyship, and of his hope, one day, if life and health should last, to regain something of his lost name; and ended with the simple word, Farewell.

Oh, what an end to all our years of friendship! Bitter fruit of such a life of promise! But the worst of all was still to come. His flight was known by the morrow, and terrible rumors were abroad. It was said that there were not simple debts only, but forgeries—acceptances in fictitious names, negotiated by him; by Garnett, my old school-fellow and friend, whose name to me was honor itself. A crime was charged against him for which, in those days, men had again and again been given to the hangman. Even my father, whose loss by his flight was considerable, shook his head, and said there could be no doubt. A reward was offered for his apprehension, and the walls placarded with his name. Nobody doubted of his guilt.

Save one. My friendship had been tried before, and proved, and now could not be shaken. Some mystery there was, beyond my power to guess, but my faith was not the less. I knew him best; admired him, loved him still. Not all the proofs that would have taken his life could change my thoughts of him. Show me a man, I thought, who, from such a height of purity and worth, fell without a warning thus. Others, seeing his flight, might have laid their crimes to him; but he had no hand in them. My sorrow for him was great; but it was sorrow only. Many a night I thought of him in his exile: but I did him no wrong, thank Heaven! even in a thought.

Nor did Alice. Month after month, till several years were past, we looked for his return as a joyful event, that must happen one day—when all this mystery would be cleared up; but the time was long. My father died. Alice (now my wife) and I, with our little children, lived in his old house; but we often passed to and fro, dining in the old Dutch merchant's mansion, where her aunt, so long my father's housekeeper, had taken Alice's place. And still there were no tidings of my poor friend

Garnett. Attempts had been made to trace his flight; and it was believed, from some circumstances, that he had fled to Holland. But we dared to speak of him, the Vanderlinden connection in Amsterdam might have helped us to discover him; but, in the world's eyes, he was still a forger. At length, however, something like a trace of him was revealed. The clerk of their house in Amsterdam, staying in London, and dining, it appeared, at Mr. Vanderlinden's, told us that an old man, very decrepit, had once or twice inquired if they had heard of me at their office; if I were living, and well. But he had lately ceased to come.

Time could never more restore to me my lost friend; but it brought us consolation. Late on one bitter winter's night, as Alice and I were sitting together by the fire, we were startled by the sound of a coach driving into the quiet yard in which our house stood. It stopped at our door, and the bell was rung. Alice turned pale, as I did; for the same anxious hope had struck us both. I took the lamp in my hand, and went down myself.

There was a hackney-carriage at the door, with two trunks upon it; the horses were standing in the biting air, steaming in the light of my lamp. The driver had the cab-door open, and was calling to his passenger to alight. "He had dropped asleep," he said; "tired enough, I dare say, for he has just come off a sea-voyage."

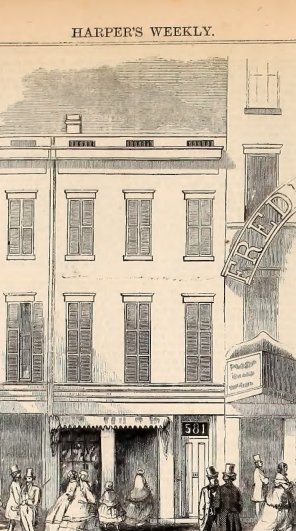
He called to his passenger again, and seemed to shake him, as I rushed to the door, holding up the light, which showed me the inside of the vehicle. Huddled up in two cloaks, and lying sideways on the seat, was the figure of a tall man, with thin gray hair. It was poor old Garnett.

"He seemed very weak when he got in at Dept.," said the coachman. "I think he must be ill."

"He is dead!" I said, as I felt his hand, and threw the light upon his ghastly features. "Dead!"

The doctor, whom the man fetched, confirmed my belief. The wintry weather, and the sea-voyage, and an illness from which he seemed to have been suffering, had destroyed the last weak remnant of his life. He had something to tell us, we knew; but his lips were sealed in death, and we could only gather it from the papers in his trunks, which were addressed to me. They contained letters between himself and his son. A memorandum, like a will, in the handwriting of my old school-fellow—whom I ascertained had died suddenly in Amsterdam, of an epidemic fever, not long before—was also there; and from these, and many papers in the father's hand, I pieced out his dreadful story. It was the old man's dream of making wealth rapidly by speculation which had involved them. The forgery was his; the ruin and disgrace all brought by him. Garnett had no choice but to access his father or to fly. In Amsterdam he had made a friend, and found employment in a merchant's house; and there were traces among his papers of an intention of going to America shortly before his sudden death. He had scraped together a small sum of money, which the old man, on the day of his leaving Amsterdam, had deposited in the hands of the Vanderlindens there, for their creditors in England.

So the dark cloud that had rested on him passed away, and left no stain upon his brightness, for none who had known him remained ignorant of his story. I told it, touching tenderly the weakness of the poor old man, who had really loved his son, and in this miserable way had dreamed of lifting him to wealth and honor. I told it in the old Brewers' School, to another generation of boys, who had long heard of his name with only evil associations. I told it to his creditors, whom I called together at my house. I grew rich by my business, and by the wealth which others bequeathed me; and it was but a small thing to me to pay his debts, even to the last guinea; but I would leave nothing undone that could restore his name, long after loved and honored by us all.



THE GAMBLING-HOUSE 581 BROADWAY.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR IN A GAMBLING-HOUSE IN BROADWAY.

A most startling and mysterious occurrence divided public attention, last week, with the great price-fight. An Irish servant girl, who had lately been a servant in the gambling-house kept by Willis at 581 Broadway, had been arrested on a charge of larceny preferred against her by her late employer. On Tuesday last, this girl voluntarily made oath to a series of facts which, if substantiated, would go to show that a most atrocious murder had been lately committed in the gambling-house in question. The girl's affidavit was as follows:

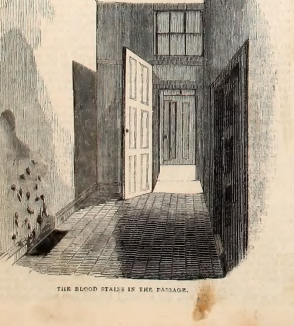
Catharine Mallaran, being duly sworn, deposes and says—I reside at No. 254 East Fourteenth Street; in the month of August last this deponent was employed and went into the service of Robert L. Willis, of No. 581 Broadway, and further that she continued in his employment until Sunday, the 19th of September following; and this deponent adds that on that Sunday evening, and at or about the hour of two or three o'clock in the morning of that Sunday night, she was awakened by a cry of distress and noise in the lower part of said Willis's house; and this deponent says that, on listening, she distinctly heard some one certain, in the entry way of the house, in the lower part of said house, "in the Lord's name spare my life, and I don't care what you do to me:" deponent says that she heard the said Willis say in reply at the time, "The God damn fresh son of a b—, damn him," deponent could not distinctly understand what else was said, but there were some other hard words and some noise below stairs; deponent says that she arose the next morning about a quarter past five o'clock, and commenced to wash the foul linen of the family; deponent further says that between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon she went to the cistern to empty some rods, and on removing the cover she saw what seemed to her to be the part of a coat sleeve to cull just above the surface of the water in the cistern; deponent further says that she took no particular notice at the time; deponent went again to the cistern, about half past one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, to empty some more wash rods, and on removing the cover from the same cistern she plainly and distinctly saw the upper part of a man's head and upper part of the face, including the forehead, eyes, and a portion of the nose, above the water in the cistern; that he had dark brown hair upon the head and dark whiskers; deponent noticed most distinctly that he was wet upon, or partly upon; deponent was much frightened, and shut down the lid of the cistern, and ran away, with the information caused by her fright; deponent further says that she soon afterward saw her sister, to whom she related these facts, and her sister made her leave the house forthwith; deponent adds that when she arose on the morning after she heard the disturbance in the lower part of the house, and of the day she saw the dead man in the cistern, she saw a large quantity of blood upon the wall about the lower entry way of the house, and saw the colored man, Henry, in the act of cleaning it off with soap and water; deponent further says that she spoke to the colored man, Henry, about scouring the walls, and that he told her to mind her own business; deponent adds that in about four weeks after she had left the house she was arrested by officer James E. Duffy, in charge of stealing some articles from said Willis, and also that deponent's sister was arrested on the same charge with deponent; deponent says that she was most anxious to report the fact of seeing this dead man in the cistern, but her sister would not let her, but told her if she did it would be just such a case as Dr. Burdell's was; that she would be locked up as a witness or get herself in some difficulty about it. Deponent further says that the policeman (Duffy) saw her several times before he arrested her on the false charge of larceny, and pretended as he wanted to hire her to live with him. Deponent adds that, after her arrest, Willis came to the police-office and told deponent that if she said nothing about his house that the charge would go easy with her, and that Jones would be no further trouble about the matter, or words to that effect. Deponent further says that the said Willis keeps a gambling-house at the above house and street, where various and different persons come together for gambling purposes, and further deponent saith not.

On the strength of this affidavit, Justice Connolly made a descent on the house, and arrested a number of persons who were playing faro in the gambling saloon. On examining the premises, several blood stains were found in the passage leading out of the house, and similar stains were discovered on the lid of the cistern and the fence adjacent. Efforts had seemingly been made to remove these by scouring them. The stains were scraped off, and handed by the police to Dr. Chilton for analysis, in order that it should be ascertained, if possible, whether the blood was that of a human being. The cistern, of which very few idea can be formed by our engraving, is very small and narrow. It has been cleaned out by the police, but no further traces of a murder were brought to light by the operation.

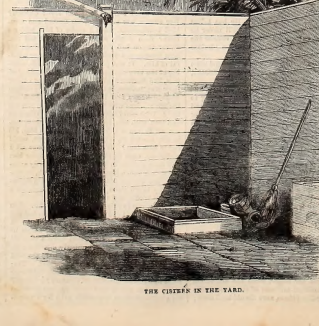
It is possible, of course, that the declarations of the girl were prompted by malice, or that her senses deceived her on the night in question; but as the blood stains appear to offer some corroboration of her testimony, it is due to justice that a thorough investigation should be had. It seems that a week before she made her affidavit to her late employer was informed of her alleged discoveries, and of her intention to disclose them. Had a murder been committed, time would thus have been afforded to the guilty party to make away with all traces of his crime.

The house, 581 Broadway, is a plain, unpretending brick structure, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. The ground-floor is occupied by a store, which has no communication with the gambling-house. On the second floor are two handsome rooms, luxuriously furnished, and adorned with paintings and fancy prints. In the back room stands the faro-table, an oblong table covered with green baize, with an indentation at the middle, on one side, for the dealer. In this room was found, among other curious gamblers' tools, a pair of singular shears, which the "knowing ones" say are used to cut court cards so that they may be distinguished, in dealing, from cards of less value.

Willis, the keeper of the house, has been held to bail in a sum of $1000 to answer the charge of keeping a gambling-house. The investigation into the other charge is being proceeded with.



THE BLOOD STAINS IN THE PASSAGE.



THE CISTERN IN THE YARD.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

A cold night; sharp frost; winter set in. The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, the fire burns clear, and the lights are softly shaded in Alban Morley's drawing-room. The old bachelor is at home again. He had returned that day; sent to Lionel to come to him; and Lionel had already told him what had transpired in his absence—from the identification of Waife with William Losely, to Lady Montfort's visit to Fawley, which had taken place two days before, and of which she had informed Lionel by a few hasty lines, stating her inability to soften Mr. Darrell's objections to the alliance between Lionel and Sophy; severely blaming herself that those objections had not more forcibly presented themselves to her own mind, and concluding with expressions of sympathy, and appeals to fortitude, in which, however brief, the exquisite kindness of her nature so diffused its charm, that the soft words soothed insensibly, like those sounds which in Nature itself do soothe us we know not why.

The poor Colonel found himself in the midst of painful subjects. Though he had no very keen sympathy for the sorrows of lovers, and no credulous faith in everlasting attachments, Lionel's portraiture of the young girl, who formed so mysterious a link between the two men who, in varying ways, had touched the finest springs in his own heart, compelled a compassionate and chivalrous interest, and he was deeply impressed by the quiet of Lionel's dejection. The young man uttered no complaints of the inflexibility with which Darrell had destroyed his elysium. He bowed to the will with which it was in vain to argue, and which it would have been a criminal ingratitude to defy. But his youth seemed withered up; down-eyed and listless he sank into that stupor of despondency which so drearily simulates the calm of resignation.

"I have but one wish now," said he, "and that is, to change at once into some regiment on active service. I do not talk of courting danger and seeking death. That would be either a senseless commonplace, or a threat, as it were, to Heaven! But I need some vehemence of action—some positive and irresistible call upon honor or duty that may force me to contend against this strange heaviness that settles down on my whole life. Therefore, I entreat you so to arrange for me, and break it to Mr. Darrell in such terms as may not needlessly pain him by the obtrusion of my sufferings. For, while I know him well enough to be convinced that nothing could move him from resolves in which he had intrenched, as in a citadel, his pride or his creed of honor, I am sure that he would take into his own heart all the grief which those resolves occasioned to another's."

"You do him justice there!" cried Alban; "you are a noble fellow to understand him so well! Sir, you have in you the stuff that makes English gentlemen such generous soldiers."

"Action, action, action!" exclaimed Lionel. "Strife, strife! No other chance of cure. Rest is so crushing, solitude so dismal."

Lo! how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief at different stages of life! Chase the first day-dreams of our youth, and we cry, "Action—Strife!" In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, Hope speaks, and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illusion in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and Hope is silent; she has no more words to offer—unless, indeed, she drop her earthly attributes, change her less solemn name, and float far out of sight as "Faith!"

Alban made no immediate reply to Lionel; but, seating himself still more comfortably in his chair—planting his feet still more at ease upon his fender—the kindly man of the world silently revolved all the possible means by which Darrell might yet be softened and Lionel rendered happy. His reflections dismayed him. "Was there ever such untoward luck," he said at last, and peevishly, "that out of the whole world you should fall in love with the very girl against whom Darrell's feelings (prejudices, if you please) must be mailed in adamant! Convinced, and apparently with every reason, that she is not his daughter's child, but, however innocently, an impostor, how can he receive her as his young kinsman's bride? How can we expect it?"

"But," said Lionel, "if, on farther investigation, she prove to be his daughter's child—the sole surviving representative of his line and name?"

"*His* name! No! of the name of Losely—the name of that turbulent sharper who may yet die on the gibbet—of that poor, dear, lovable rascal Willy, who was goose enough to get himself transported for robbery!—a felon's grandchild the representative of Darrell's line! But how on earth came Lady Montfort to favor so wild a project, and encourage you to share in it?—she who ought to have known Darrell better?"

"Alas! she saw but Sophy's exquisite, simple virtues, and inborn grace; and, believing her claim to Darrell's lineage, Lady Montfort thought but of the joy and blessing one so good and so loving might bring to his joyless hearth. She was not thinking of morbid pride and mouldering ancestors, but of soothing charities and loving ties. And Lady Montfort, I now suspect, in her scheme for our happiness—for Darrell's—had an interest which involved her own!"

"Her own!"

"Yes; I see it all now."

"See what? you puzzle me."

"I told you that Darrell, in his letter to me, wrote with great bitterness of Lady Montfort."

"Very natural that he should. Who would not resent such interference?"

"Listen. I told you that, at his own command, I sent to her that letter; that she, on receiving it, went herself to Fawley, to plead our cause. I was sanguine of the result."

"Why?"

"Because he who is in love has a wondrous intuition into all the mysteries of love in others; and when I read Darrell's letter, I felt sure that he had once loved—loved still, perhaps—the woman he so vehemently reproached."

"Ha!" said the man of the world, intimate with Guy Darrell from his school-days; "ha! is it possible? And they say that I know every thing! You were sanguine — I understand. Yes, if your belief were true — if there were some old attachment that could be revived—some old misunderstanding explained away—stop; let me think. True, true — it was just after her marriage that he fled from the world. Ah, my dear Lionel! light, light! light dawns on me! Not without reason were you sanguine. Your hand, my dear boy; I see hope for you at last. For if the sole reason that prevented Darrell contracting a second marriage was the unconquered memory of a woman like Lady Montfort (where, indeed, her equal in beauty, in dispositions so akin to his own ideal of womanly excellence?)—and if she too has some correspondent sentiments for him, why, then, indeed, you might lose all chance of being Darrell's sole heir; your Sophy might forfeit the hateful claim to be the sole scion on his ancient tree. But it is precisely by those losses that Lionel Haughton might gain the bride he covets; and if this girl prove to be what these Loselys affirm, that very marriage, which is now so repugnant to Darrell, ought to insure his blessing. Were he himself to marry again—had he rightful representatives and heirs in his own sons—he should rejoice in the nuptials that secured to his daughter's child so honorable a name and so tender a protector. And as for inheritance, you have not been reared to expect it; you have never counted on it. You would receive a fortune sufficiently ample to restore your ancestral station; your career will add honors to fortune. Yes, yes; that is the sole way out of all these difficulties. Darrell must marry again; Lady Montfort must be his wife. Lionel shall be free to choose her whom Lady Montfort approves—befriends—no matter what her birth; and I—I—Alban Morley—shall have an arm-chair by two smiling hearths."

At this moment there was heard a violent ring at the bell, a loud knock at the street door; and presently, following close on the servant, and pushing him aside as he asked what name to announce, a woman, severely dressed in iron gray, with a strongly-marked and haggard countenance, hurried into the room, and, striding right up to Alban Morley as he rose from his seat, grasped his arm, and whispered into his ear, "Lose not a minute; come with me instantly—as you value the safety, perhaps the life, of Guy Darrell!"

"Guy Darrell!" exclaimed Lionel, overhearing her, despite the undertones of her voice.

"Who are you?" she said, turning fiercely; "are you one of his family?"

"His kinsman—almost his adopted son—Mr. Lionel Haughton," said the Colonel. "But pardon me, madam—who are you?"

"Do you not remember me? Yet you were so often in Darrell's house that you must have seen my face, as you have learned from your friend how little cause I have to care for him or his. Look again; I am that Arabella Fossett who—"

"Ah! I remember now; but—"

"But I tell you that Darrell is in danger, and this night. Take money; to be in time you must hire a special train. Take arms, though to be used only in self-defense. Take your servant, if he is brave. This young kinsman—let him come too. There is only one man to resist; but that man," she said, with a wild kind of pride, "would have the strength and courage of ten, were his cause not that which may make the strong man weak and the bold man craven. It is not a matter for the officers of justice, for law, for scandal: the service is to be done in secret, by friends, by kinsmen; for the danger that threatens Darrell—stoop—stoop, Colonel Morley—close in your ear;" and into his ear she hissed, "for the danger that threatens Darrell in his house this night is from the man whose name his daughter bore. That is why I come to you. To you I need not say, 'Spare his life—Jasper Losely's life.' Jasper Losely's death as a midnight robber would be Darrell's intolerable shame! Quick, quick, quick!—come, come!"

BOOK X.—CHAPTER I.

Brute force.

We left Jasper Losely resting for the night at the small town near Fawley. The next morning he walked on to the old Manor House. It was the same morning in which Lady Montfort had held her painful interview with Darrell; and just when Losely neared the gate that led into the small park, he saw her re-enter the hired vehicle in waiting for her. As the carriage rapidly drove past the miscreant, Lady Montfort looked forth from the window to snatch a last look at the scenes still so dear to her, through eyes blinded by despairing tears. Jasper thus caught sight of her countenance, and recognized her, though she did not even notice him. Surprised at the sight, he halted by the palings. What could have brought Lady Montfort there? Could the intimacy his fraud had broken off so many years ago be renewed? If so, why the extreme sadness so evident on the face of which he had caught but a hurried, rapid glance? Be that as it might, it was no longer of the interest to him it had once been; and after pondering on the circumstance a minute or two, he advanced to the gate. But while his hand was on the latch he again paused; how should he obtain admission to Darrell? how announce himself? If in his own name, would not exclusion be certain? If as a stranger on business, would Darrell be sure to receive him? As he was thus cogitating, his ear, which, with all his other organs of sense, was constitutionally fine as a savage's, caught sound of a faint rustle among the boughs of a thick copse which covered a part of the little park, terminating at its pales. The rustle came nearer and nearer; the branches were rudely displaced; and in a few moments more Guy Darrell himself came out from the copse, close by the gate, and, opening it quickly, stood face to face with his abhorrent son-in-law. Jasper was startled, but the opportunity was not to be lost. "Mr. Darrell," he said, "I come here again to see you; vouchsafe me this time a calmer hearing." So changed was Losely, so absorbed in his own emotions Darrell, that the words did not at once waken up remembrance. "Another time," said Darrell, hastily moving on into the road; "I am not at leisure now."

"Pardon me, *now*," said Losely, unconsciously bringing himself back to the tones and bearing of his earlier and more civilized years. "You do not remember me, Sir; no wonder. But my name is Jasper Losely."

Darrell halted; then, still as if spell-bound, looked fixedly at the broad-shouldered, burly frame before him, cased in its coarse pea-jacket, and in that rude form, and that defeatured, bloated face, detected, though with strong effort, the wrecks of the masculine beauty which had ensnared his deceitful daughter. Jasper could not have selected a more unpropitious moment for his cause. Darrell was still too much under the influence of recent excitement and immense sorrow for that supremacy of prudence over passion which could alone have made him a willing listener to overtures from Jasper Losely. And about the man whose connection with himself was a thought of such bitter shame, there was now so unmistakably the air of settled degradation, that all Darrell's instincts of gentleman were revolted—just at the very time, too, when his pride had been most chafed and assailed by the obtrusion of all that rendered most galling to him the very name of Jasper Losely. What! was it that man's asserted child whom Lionel Haughton desired as a wife? was the alliance with that man to be thus renewed and strengthened? that man have another claim to him and his in right of parentage to the bride of his nearest kinsman? What! was it that man's child whom he was asked to recognize as of his own flesh and blood? the last representative of his line? That man!—*that!* A flash shot from his bright eye, deepening its gray into dark; and, turning on his heel, Darrell said, through his compressed lips,

"You have heard, Sir, I believe, through Colonel Morley, that only on condition of your permanent settlement in one of our distant colonies, or America, if you prefer it, would I consent to assist you. I am of the same mind still. I can not parley with you myself. Colonel Morley is abroad, I believe. I refer you to my solicitor; you have seen him years ago; you know his address. No more, Sir."

"This will not do, Mr. Darrell," said Losely, doggedly; and, planting himself right before Darrell's way, "I have come here on purpose to have all differences out with you, face to face—and I will—"

"You will!" said Darrell, pale with haughty anger, and, with the impulse of his passion, his hand clenched. In the bravery of his nature, and the warmth of a temper constitutionally quick, he thought nothing of the strength and bulk of the insolent intruder—nothing of the peril of odds so unequal in a personal encounter. But the dignity which pervaded all his habits, and often supplied to him the place of discretion, came, happily for himself, to his aid now. *He* strike a man whom he so despised! he raise that man to his own level by the honor of a blow from his hand! Impossible! "You will!" he said. "Well, be it so. Are you come again to tell me that a child of my daughter lives, and that you won my daughter's fortune by a deliberate lie?"

"I am not come to speak of that girl, but of myself. I say that I have a claim on you, Mr. Darrell; I say that, turn and twist the truth as you will, you are still my father-in-law, and that it is intolerable that I should be wanting bread, or driven into actual robbery, while my wife's father is a man of countless wealth, and has no heir except—but I will not now urge that child's cause; I am content to abandon it, if so obnoxious to you. Do you wish me to cut a throat, and to be hanged, and all the world to hear the last dying speech and confession of Guy Darrell's son-in-law? Answer me, Sir!"

"I answer you briefly and plainly. It is simply because I would not have that last disgrace on Guy Darrell's name that I offer you a subsistence in lands where you will be less exposed to those temptations which induced you to invest the sums that, by your own tale, had been obtained from me on false pretenses, in the sink of a Paris gambling-house. A subsistence that, if it does not pamper vice, at least places you beyond the necessity of crime, is at your option. Choose it or reject it as you will."

"Look you, Mr. Darrell," said Jasper, whose temper was fast giving way beneath the cold and galling scorn with which he was thus cast aside, "I am in a state so desperate, that, rather than starve, I may take what you so contemptuously fling to—your daughter's husband; but—"

"Knave!" cried Darrell, interrupting him, "do you again and again urge it as a claim upon me, that you decoyed from her home, under a false name, my only child; that she died in a foreign land—broken-hearted, if I have rightly heard; is that a claim upon your duped victim's father?"

"It seems so, since your pride is compelled to own that the world would deem it one, if the jail-chaplain took down the last words of your son-in-law. But, *basta, basta!* hear me out, and spare hard names; for the blood is mounting into my brain, and I may become dangerous. Had any other man eyed, and scoffed, and railed at me as you have done, he would be lying dead and dumb as this stone at my foot; but you—are my father-in-law. Now, I care not to bargain with you what be the precise amount of my stipend if I obey your wish, and settle miserably in one of those raw, comfortless corners into which they who burden this Old World are thrust out of sight. I would rather live my time out in this country—live it out in peace, and for half what you may agree to give in transporting me. If you are to do any thing for me, you had better do it so as to make me contented on easy terms to your own pockets, rather than to leave me dissatisfied, and willing to annoy you, which I could do somehow or other, even on the far side of the Herring Pond. I might keep to the letter of a bargain, live in Phillip's Town or Adelaide, and take your money, and yet molest and trouble you by deputy. That girl, for instance—your grandchild; well, well, disown her if you please; but if I find out where she is, which I own I have not done yet, I might contrive to render her the plague of your life, even though I were in Australia."

"Ay," said Darrell, murmuring—"ay, ay; but"—(suddenly gathering himself up)—"No! Man, if she were my grandchild, your own child, could you talk of her thus?—make her the object of so base a traffic, and such miserable threats? Wicked though you be, this were against nature!—even in nature's wickedness—even in the son of a felon, and in the sharper of a hell. Pooh! I despise your malice. I will listen to you no longer. Out of my path!"

"No!"

"No?"

"No, Guy Darrell, I have not yet done; you shall hear my terms, and accept them—a moderate sum down; say a few hundreds, and two hundred a year to spend in London as I will—but out of your beat, out of your sight and hearing. Grant this, and I will never cross you again—never attempt to find, and, if I find by chance, never claim, as my child by your daughter, that wandering girl. I will never shame you by naming our connection. I will not offend the law, nor die by the hangman; yet I shall not live long, for I suffer much, and I drink hard."

The last words were spoken gloomily, not altogether without a strange dreary pathos. And amidst all his just scorn and anger, the large human heart of Guy Darrell was for the moment touched. He was silent—his mind hesitated; would it not be well—would it not be just as safe to his own peace, and to that of the poor child, whom, no matter what her parentage, Darrell could not but desire to free from the claim set up by so bold a ruffian, to gratify Losely's wish, and let him remain in England, upon an allowance that would suffice for his subsistence? Unluckily for Jasper, it was while this doubt passed through Darrell's relenting mind that the miscreant, who was shrewd enough to see that he had gained ground but too coarse of apprehension to ascribe his advantage to its right cause, thought to strengthen his case by additional arguments. "You see, Sir," resumed Jasper, in almost familiar accents, "that there is no dog so toothless but what he can bite, and no dog so savage but what, if you give him plenty to eat, he will serve you."

Darrell looked up, and his brow slowly darkened.

Jasper continued—"I have hinted how I might plague you; perhaps, on the other hand, I might do you a good turn with that handsome lady who drove from your park gate as I came up. Ah! you were once to have been married to her. I read in the newspapers that she has become a widow: you may marry her yet. There was a story against you once; her mother made use of it, and broke off an old engagement. I can set that story right."

"You can," said Darrell, with that exceeding calmness which comes from exceeding wrath; "and perhaps, Sir, that story, whatever it might be, you invented. No dog so toothless as not to bite—eh, Sir?"

"Well," returned Jasper, mistaking Darrell's composure, "at that time certainly it seemed my interest that you should not marry again;—but *basta! basta!* enough of by-gones. If I bit once, I will serve now. Come, Sir, you are a man of the world, let us close the bargain."

All Darrell's soul was now up in arms. What, then! this infamous wretch was the author of the tale by which the woman he had loved, as woman never was loved before, had excused her breach of faith, and been lost to him for ever? And he learned this, while yet fresh from her presence—fresh from the agonizing conviction that his heart loved still, but could not pardon. With a spring so sudden that it took Losely utterly by surprise, he leaped on the bravo, swung aside that huge bulk which Jasper had boasted four draymen could not stir against its will, cleared his way; and turning back before Losely had recovered his amaze, cried out, "Execrable villain! I revoke every offer to aid a life

that has existed but to darken and desolate those it was permitted to approach. Starve or rob! perish miserably! And if I pour not on your head my parting curse, it is only because I know that man has no right to curse; and casting you back on your own evil self is the sole revenge which my bel'ef in Heaven permits me."

Thus saying, Darrell strode on—swiftly, but not as one who flies. Jasper made three long bounds, and was almost at his side, when he was startled by the explosion of a gun. A pheasant fell dead on the road, and Darrell's gamekeeper, gun in hand, came through a gap in the hedge opposite the park pales, and seeing his master close before him, approached to apologize for the suddenness of the shot.

Whatever Losely's intention in hastening after Darrell, he had no option now but to relinquish it, and drop back. The village itself was not many hundred yards distant; and, after all, what good in violence, except the gratified rage of the moment? Violence would not give to Jasper Losely the income that had just been within his grasp, and had so unexpectedly eluded it. He remained, therefore, in the lane, standing still, and seeing Darrell turn quietly into his park through another gate close to the Manor House. The gamekeeper, meanwhile, picked up his bird, reloaded his gun, and eyed Jasper suspiciously askant. The baffled gladiator at length turned, and walked slowly back to the town he had left. It was late in the afternoon when he once more gained his corner in the coffee-room of his commercial inn; and, to his annoyance, the room was crowded—it was market-day. Farmers, their business over, came in and out in quick succession; those who did not dine at the ordinaries, taking their hasty snack, or stirrup-cup, while their horses were being saddled; others to look at the newspaper, or exchange a word on the state of markets and the nation. Jasper, wearied and sullen, had to wait for the refreshments he ordered, and meanwhile fell into a sort of half doze, as was not now unusual in him in the intervals between food and mischief. From this creeping torpor he was suddenly roused by the sound of Darrell's name. Three farmers, standing close beside him, their backs to the fire, were tenants to Darrell—two of them on the lands that Darrell had purchased in the years of his territorial ambition; the third resided in the hamlet of Fawley, and rented the larger portion of the comparatively barren acres to which the old patrimonial estate was circumscribed. These farmers were talking of their Squire's return to the county—of his sequestered mode of life—of his peculiar habits—of the great unfinished house which was left to rot. The Fawley tenant then said that it might not be left to rot after all, and that the village workmen had been lately employed, and still were, in getting some of the rooms into rough order; and then he spoke of the long gallery in which the Squire had been arranging his fine pictures, and how he had run up a passage between that gallery and his own room, and how he would spend hours at day, and night too, in that awful long room, as lone as a church-yard; and that Mr. Mills had said that his master now lived almost entirely either in that gallery or in the room in the roof of the old house—quite cut off, as you might say, except from the eyes of those dead pictures, or the rats, which had grown so excited at having their quarters in the new building invaded, that if you peeped in at the windows in moonlit nights you might see them in dozens, sitting on their haunches as if holding council, or peering at the curious old things which lay beside the crates out of which they had been taken. Then the rustic gossips went on to talk of the rent-day, which was at hand—of the audit feast, which, according to immemorial custom, was given at the old Manor House on that same rent-day—supposed that Mr. Fairthorn would preside—that the Squire himself would not appear—made some incidental observations on their respective rents and wheat crops—remarked that they should have a good moonlight for their ride back from the audit feast—cautioned each other, laughing, not to drink too much of Mr. Fairthorn's punch—and finally went their way, leaving on the mind of Jasper Losely—who, leaning his scheming head on his powerful hand, had appeared in dull sleep all the while—these two facts: 1st, That on the third day from that which was then declining, sums amounting to thousands would find their way into Fawley Manor House; and, 2dly, That a communication existed between the unfinished, uninhabited building and Darrell's own solitary chamber. As soon as he had fortified himself by food and drink, Jasper rose, paid for his refreshments, and walked forth. Noiseless and rapid, skirting the hedge-rows by the lane that led to Fawley, and scarcely distinguishable under their shadow, the human wild-beast strided on in scent of its quarry. It was night when Jasper once more reached the moss-grown pales round the demesnes of the old Manor House. In a few minutes he was standing under the black shadow of the buttresses to the unfinished pile. His object was not then to assault, but to reconnoitre. He prowled round the irregular walls, guided in his survey, now and then, faintly by the stars—more constantly and clearly by the lights from the contiguous Manor House—more especially the light from that high chamber in the gable, close by which ran the thin frame-work of wood which linked the two buildings of stone, just as any frail scheme links together the Past, which man has not enjoyed, with the Future he will not complete. Jasper came to a large bay unglazed window, its sill but a few feet from the ground, from which the boards, nailed across the mullions, had been removed by the workmen whom Darrell had employed on the interior, and were replaced but by a loose tarpaulin. Pulling aside this slight obstacle, Jasper had no difficulty in entering through the wide mullions into the dreary edifice. Finding himself in profound darkness, he had recourse to a lucifer-box which he had about him, and the waste of a dozen matches sufficed him to examine the ground. He was in a space intended by the architect for the principal stair-case; a tall ladder, used by the recent workmen, was still left standing against the wall, the top of it resting on a landing-place opposite a door-way, that, from the richness of its half-finished architrave, obviously led to what had been designed for the state apartments; between the pediments was a slight temporary door of rough deal planks. Satisfied with his reconnoitre, Losely quitted the skeleton pile and retraced his steps to the inn he had left. His musings by the way suggested to him the expediency, nay, the necessity, of an accomplice. Implements might be needed—disguises would be required—swift horses for flight to be hired—and, should the robbery succeed, the bulk of the spoil would be no doubt in bank-notes, which it would need some other hand than his own to dispose of, either at the bank next morning at the earliest hour, or by transmission abroad. For help in all this Jasper knew no one to compare to Cutts; nor did he suspect his old ally of any share in the conspiracy against him, of which he had been warned by Mrs. Crane. Resolving, therefore, to admit that long-tried friend into his confidence and a share of the spoils, he quickened his pace, arrived at the railway-station in time for a late train to London, and, disdainful of the dangers by which he was threatened in return to any of the haunts of his late associates, gained the dark court wherein he had effected a lodgment on the night of his return to London, and roused Cutts from his slumbers with tales of an enterprise so promising, that the small man began to recover his ancient admiration for the genius to which he had bowed at Paris, but which had fallen into his contempt in London.

Mr. Cutts held a very peculiar position in that section of the great world to which he belonged. He possessed the advantage of an education superior to that of the generality of his companions, having been originally a clerk to an Old Bailey attorney, and having since that early day accomplished his natural shrewdness by a variety of speculative enterprises both at home and abroad. In these adventures he had not only contrived to make money, but, what is very rare with the foes of law, to save it. Being a bachelor, he was at small expenses; but besides his bachelor's lodging in the dark court, he had an establishment in the heart of the City, near the Thames, which was intrusted to the care of a maiden sister as covetous and as crafty as himself. At this establishment, ostensibly a pawnbroker's, were received the goods which Cutts knew at his residence in the court were to be sold a bargain, having been obtained for nothing. It was chiefly by this business that the man had enriched himself. But his net was one that took in fishes of all kinds. He was a general adviser to the invaders of law. If he shared in the schemes he advised, they were so sure to be successful that he enjoyed the highest reputation for luck. It was but seldom that he did actively share in those schemes—lucky in what he shunned as in what he performed. He had made no untruthful boast to Mrs. Crane of the skill with which he had kept himself out of the fangs of justice. With a certain portion of the police he was indeed rather a favorite; for was any thing mysteriously "lost," for which the owner would give a reward equal to its value in legal markets, Cutts was the man who would get it back. Of violence he had a wholesome dislike; not that he did not admire force in others—not that he was physically a coward—but that caution was his predominant characteristic. He employed force when required—set a just value on it—would plan a burglary, and dispose of the spoils; but it was only where the prize was great and the danger small that he lent his hand to the work that his brain approved. When Losely proposed to him the robbery of a lone country house, in which Jasper, making light of all perils, brought prominently forward the images of some thousands of pounds in gold and notes, guarded by an elderly gentleman, and to be approached with ease through an uninhabited building—Cutts thought it well worth personal investigation. Nor did he consider himself bound, by his general engagement to Mrs. Crane, to lose the chance of a sum so immeasurably greater than he could expect to obtain from her by revealing the plot and taking measures to frustrate it. Cutts was a most faithful and intelligent agent when he was properly paid, and had proved himself so to Mrs. Crane on various occasions. But then, to be paid *properly* meant a gain greater in serving than he could get in not serving. Hitherto it had been extremely lucrative to obey Mrs. Crane in saving Jasper from crime and danger. In this instance the lucre seemed all the other way. Accordingly, the next morning, having filled a saddle-bag with sundry necessaries, such as files, picklocks, masks—to which he added a choice selection of political tracts and newspapers—he and Jasper set out on two hired but strong and fleet hackneys to the neighborhood of Fawley. They put up at a town on the other side of the Manor House from that by which Jasper had approached it, and at about the same distance. After baiting their steeds, they proceeded to Fawley by the silent guide of a finger-post, gained the vicinity of the park, and Cutts, dismounting, flitted across the turf, and plunged himself into the hollows of the unfinished mansion, while Jasper took charge of the horses in a corner of the wooded lane. Cutts, pleased by the survey of the forlorn interior, ventured, in the stillness that reigned around, to mount the ladder, to apply a picklock to the door above, and opening this with ease, crept into the long gallery, its walls covered with pictures. Through the crevices in another door at the extreme end gleamed a faint light. Cutts applied his eye to the chinks and keyhole, and saw that the light came from a room on the other side the narrow passage which connected the new house with the old. The door of that room was open, candles were on the table, and beside the table Cutts could distinguish the outline of a man's form seated—doubtless the owner; but the form did not seem "elderly." If inferior to Jasper's in physical power, it still was that of vigorous and unbroken manhood. Cutts did not like the appearance of that form, and he retreated to outer air with some misgivings. However, on rejoining Losely, he said, "As yet things look promising—place still as death—only one door locked, and that the common country lock, which a school-boy might pick with his knife."

"Or a crooked nail," said Jasper.

"Ay, no better picklock in good hands. But there are other things besides locks to think of."

Cutts then hurried on to suggest that it was just the hour when some of the workmen employed on the premises might be found in the Fawley public house; that he should ride on, dismount there, and take his chance of picking up details of useful information as to localities and household. He should represent himself as a commercial traveler on his road to the town they had quitted; he should take out his cheap newspapers and tracts; he should talk politics—all workmen love politics, especially the politics of cheap newspapers and tracts. He would rejoin Losely in an hour or so.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. D. (Charlestown, Mass.).—Your solution to Problem II. is quite right; as also are those of A. O. W., C. D., F. R., and G. H. Problems wherein the stipulations are to mate within a given number of moves, are looked upon in the light of *end games;* therefore the same rules which govern play across the board are alike applicable to them.

N. C. R. (Philadelphia).—Received with pleasure. Position in common with that sent last week, and, in much other good company, stands over for attention in due order.

E. J. G.—Very pretty indeed. We give you place readily—the more so as it is not too difficult; having some on hand that are scarcely *soluble* without the aid of *nitric acid!*

S. W. D. (Philadelphia).—Amended position shall have attention. You will perceive that there is no error in our No. 2; and, in fact, we don't mean to have any errors at all in this column. If you want any thing in that line we must refer you elsewhere.

L. D.—We do not like the spirit in which your letter is written. In Chess there should be no feelings of nationality; and among good and true players there are none. In our opinion, *and his own*, Mr. Morphy has been throughout treated with the most perfect courtesy and respect during his stay in Europe. You go too far, also, in quoting Mr. P. M. as a *sample* of American chess-play; whereas he is a sort of brilliant meteor among the whole constellation of his fellow-luminaries. "My eyes! what tails we've got!" as the fixed star said to the comet. If we are not much mistaken, by-the-way, before *our* comet returns home there will be a perfect galaxy of *fixed* stars left behind him!

P. S. (Walnut Hill, near Lexington, Ky.).—Your letter is received with much pleasure. Solution all right, of course. Pray do us the favor to send a blindfold game between those little prodigies of yours. (A son of eleven and a daughter of ten years!) It would be alike interesting to ourselves and readers.

H. F. B. (Philadelphia).—Shall have early attention; as also J. P. M., L. M. P., "Jacobus," and some others.

R. M. C. (Smithfield, Va.).—The King can not Castle out of Check, and your opponent has not a leg to stand upon. As to doing so, and "taking the consequences," it is all stuff and nonsense. He might shoot you and say the same thing.

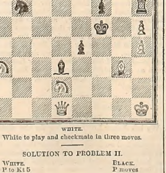
J. L. (Lowell, Mass.).—Glad to find that a Chess-Club is on the eve of establishment in what you term your *City of Spindles.* Long may it *wave!*

"Draw Game" (Philadelphia).—You must really obtain some elementary work, and *exhibit* it in small doses, or ask some old lady in your neighborhood. Any one, we should think, could answer your queries who had ever attempted to play a single game.

PROBLEM III.

BY E. J. G., OF FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM II.

White.	Black.
1. P to Kt 5	P moves
2. B to K Kt	P moves
3. R to K 3	K moves
4. R to K 5, double check and mate.	

Chess in Paris. *Signal triumph of the American Champion, Paul Morphy.*—The great match, Harrwitz *vs.* Morphy, has been just brought to a conclusion, which, although satisfactory in the completest manner as an evidence of Mr. M.'s superior skill, bears with it a circumstance to be regretted in the inability of Mr. H., in consequence of continued indisposition, to play out the number of games stipulated in the agreement. The final state of the score, on the resignation of Mr. Harrwitz, stood as follows: Morphy 5, Harrwitz 2, drawn 1. Considering that Mr. Morphy's five games were scored consecutively, it is obvious that Mr. H. was decidedly overmatched; and that even had Mr. M.'s friends permitted him to extend a further term for delay of fifteen days, as suggested by Mr. H.'s advisers, no conceivable result than that of defeat was likely to ensue. The game which we now print is the sixth game occurring in this world-renowned encounter.

GAME V.

(Philidor's defense.)

White, *Morphy.*	Black, *Harrwitz.*
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to K B 3d	P to Q 3d
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. Q takes P	K Kt to K B 3d
5. P to K 5th	P takes P
6. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
7. K Kt takes P.	Q B to K 3d
8. Q Kt to Q B 3d	K B to Q 3d
9. K Kt to Q B 4th	Q B takes Kt
10. K B takes B	K R to K sq (ch)
11. Q B to K 3d	K to K 2d
12. Castles on Q side.	P to Q R 3d
13. Q B to K Kt 5th (a)	Q Kt to Q 2d
14. Kt to K 4th	P to K R 3d
15. Q B takes Kt (ch)	Kt takes B
16. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
17. K R to K sq (ch)	K to K B sq
18. R takes R (ch)	Kt takes R
19. B to Q 5th	R to Q Kt sq
20. B to K B 3d	P to K Kt 3d
21. P to Q B 3d	K to K 2d
22. R to K sq (ch)	K to K B sq
23. K to Q B 2d	Kt to Q B 2d
24. K to Q Kt 3d	Kt to K 3d
25. K to Q R 4th	P to Q Kt 3d
26. P to Q Kt 4th	K to K 2d
27. R to K 3d	K to Q 2d
28. B to Q 5th	P to K R 4th
29. P to K R 4th	R to K sq
30. K to Q Kt 2d	R to K Kt sq
31. R to K B 3d	K to K 2d
32. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th
33. B takes Kt	K takes B
34. K to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 4th
35. K to Q Kt 5th	P takes Q Kt P
36. Q B P takes P	P takes K R P
37. K takes P	R to Q Kt sq (ch)
38. K to Q R 5th	K to Q 4th
39. R to Q 3d (ch)	K to Q B 5th
40. R takes Q P	R takes Q Kt P
41. R to Q 4th (ch) (b)	K takes R
42. K takes R	P to K B 4th
43. P to K B 4th	K to K 6th
44. P to Q R 5th	K to K B 7th
45. P to Q R 6th	K takes K Kt P
46. P to Q R 7th	P to K R 6th
47. P "Queens" (ch)	K to K Kt sq
48. Q to K B 3d	

And Black resigns.

Notes.

(a) No rest for the wicked. Mr. M. attacks at all points as near simultaneously as possible.

(b) After this admirable and most effective coup the game is won by force.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Advice Gratis.—Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor, if he can. Every man ought to get married, if he can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can. Every wife should please her husband, if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue, if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth, if he can. Every man ought to mind his own business and let other people's alone, if he can.

A good Plan.—A friend of ours had a better method of sending money by mail than that of registering the letter at the Post-Office. When he is lucky enough to have money to send to his friends through the mail, he places a large *black* seal upon the letter, and writes underneath *in haste!* Such letters always get to their destination in safety.

THE LIBELERS OF THE FAIR SEX.

Men do not libel women one half as much as women do. Here is a proof of it:

Bosom Friend. "Do you mean to tell me that she never fainted?"

Intimate Acquaintance. "No—never tried even! and there never was so good an opportunity!"

Bosom Friend *(triumphantly).* "Then she's reserving herself. You may be sure she has some other faint in view."

Woman's constant Torment.—Dust.

Man's greatest Plague.—A woman continually brushing the same.

Nuts for Poor Men.—It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little? After all, is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and, lastly, in bearing up under it, when you have lost it?"

EVENING FASHIONS.

Emily. "Shall you dress much to-night, dear?"

Lilian. "No—as little as possible—I am going to a ball."

A SERENADE TO THE COMET.

Air—"*Com' e Gentil.*"

Comet genteel!
Pray, how do you feel?
Is't annoying to bear
The popular stare.
You are spied and pursued
In a manner most rude;
For every night
We at you take a sight.

We watch your movements, Comet, as though you were the Queen,
And stare you out of countenance whene'er you're to be seen.

Comet, ladies genteel
Can bear a good deal
In the way of a stare,
If their faces are fair;
But possibly you
Dislike being on view,
And perhaps our rude gaze
Makes you red in the face.

If you would 'scape our staring, Comet, wear a vail;
Or get your friend the Dog-star to bite off your tail!

Spurgeon sometimes comes out with a good thing. "Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the Ark to a Committee on Naval Affairs, it's my opinion it wouldn't have been built yet!"

A testy lawyer lately, in one of our courts, found himself bothered with a knotty witness who wouldn't explain, as he desired, the difference between the "thick" and "long" kinds of whalebone.

"Why, man," he said, "you don't seem to know the distinction between thick and long."

"Ya'as, I dew."

"Explain it, then."

"Wa'al, you're plaguy thick-headed, but you ain't long-headed, no haow!" said Greeny.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two *seconds* to fight a duel.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, Monday, Oct. 25, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of corresponding weeks last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 22, 1858	$3,047,039	$2,217,137
Corresponding week, 1857	3,986,331	1,754,444
Increase		$462,693
Decrease	$939,292	

The export of specie was $466,556. The banks hold 6-day, 10 all probability, $18,246,000 of this, leaving $5,505,317; and there is an arrival nearly due from California. Money continues to rule at extreme rates. Prime, some extra business having been made as low as 12 per cent. per annum; good to prime endorsed, 15 per cent. per annum; and 4 months paper of the best passage on Europe is quiet, without alteration in price.

Specie have been active movement, and the rates have advanced. There is considerable demand for state stocks and railroad bonds. Investments in "money stocks" have sympathized to some extent. The advance is somewhat descriptive. Illinois Central, Michigan preferred, Panama, Rock Island, New York Central has been quite considerable. The market closed on Saturday with considerable buoyancy. The following table will show the movement of the leading in this class of securities:

	Oct. 9.	Oct. 16.	Oct. 23.
New York Central	87¾	88¼	90¾
Erie	19¾	19¾	20
Erie, preferred	45	45	46
Reading	47¾	50¼	51¾
Michigan	14¾	13½	15¾
Michigan Southern	32¾	34	34¾
Michigan Southern, preferred	54½	54½	56
Michigan Central	56¾	58¼	57
Illinois	84	85¼	87
Rock Island	60¾	62¾	65¾
Toledo	52	54¼	55¾
Illinois Central	82	83	85
Pacific Mail	103	104¾	106¾

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Oct.* 25, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been freely supplied with the leading kinds of Breadstuff, and prices have generally tended downward. The demand has been restricted, home dealers having been the principal purchasers. Toward the latter Flour and Meal attracted more attention, and sellers exhibited less eagerness to realize, while buyers were more anxious to meet their previous views. Provisions have been moderately dealt in, and prices have not varied considerably. Groceries have been in fair demand, and prices unchanged. Molasses, which have favored buyers.—Hay is now plentiful, and in a steady market. Seeds, Tobacco, and Seeds continue depressed.—Hides have arrived very freely, and have declined 4 @ 5 cts. per lb.—Leather, Oil, Naval Stores, and Oils have been in moderate request.

Tobacco and Wool have been pretty generally dull at full rates.—The Dry Goods Trade is dull. Cottons are in fair supply at about former quotations. Woolens in general, nor is there any active inquiry for them. Prints are in good request, and prices rule very low.

Foreign Goods are very sparingly sought after. Really desirable styles are not in stock. Importations of these are generally light. Cloths and Clothings are depressed and unsettled. Auction sales of any importance have rarely ensued. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $743,502 against $744,111 for corresponding week of last year.....The value of imports since January 1 reached $50,616,998 against $110,751,198 same week, last year. Other movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations. We have been revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Common round Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@ $4 00
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 20	@ 4 70
Superfine to extra Western, per barrel	4 20	@ 4 65
Extra Western, per barrel, choice	4 70	@ 5 00
Fancy to extra Western, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 85
Round to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 00	@ 9 00
Fancy to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 75	@ 4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 15	@ 4 25
Wheat, Spring, per bushel	1 10	@ 1 25
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@ 1 55
White Western Corn, per bushel	70	@ 75
Yellow Western Corn, per bushel	70	@ 75
Southern Oats, per bushel	38	@ 42
Canada, including, per pound	41	@ 43
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 40	@ 16 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 50	@ 15 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@ 10 00
Hams, per pound	6	@ 8½
Lard, per pound	10	@ 10½
Butter, per pound	15	@ 18
Western Butter, per pound	13	@ 18
Cheese, per pound	8	@ 9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@ 4 00
Cotton, Middling, per pound	10½	@ 10¾
Cotton, Fair, per pound	9	@ 9¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	32	@ 34
New Orleans Molasses, per pound	43	@ 46
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	57½	@ 60
Brown Sugar, per pound	6	@ 6¾
Refining Sugar, per pound	6¾	@ 7
Crushed Sugar, per pound	8¾	@ 9
Powdered Sugar, per pound	8¾	@ 9
Coffee, Rio, per pound	10	@ 11
Coffee, Laguayra, per pound	10	@ 11
Tobacco, Kentucky, per pound	6	@ 12
Tobacco, Seed Leaf, per pound	6	@ 12
Tobacco, Havana, per pound	50	@ 75
Seed, Clover, per bushel	4 50	@ 5 00
Seed, Timothy, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Seed, Flaxseed, per bushel	1 50	@ 1 60
Straw, per 100 pounds	50	@ 60
Hay, per 100 pounds	70	@ 80
Hops, new crop, per pound	12	@ 15
Coal, Liverpool, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Scotch, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Sydney, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Anthracite, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Bituminous, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Cannel, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Orrell, per ton	4 50	@ 5 00
Coal, Lehigh, per ton	6 00	@ 6 50
Coal, Liverpool, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Scotch, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Sydney, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Anthracite, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Bituminous, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Cannel, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Orrell, per chaldron	30	@ 35
Coal, Lehigh, per chaldron	30	@ 35

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Oct. 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	2,832	1,457
Cotton, packages	107,580	97,580
Cotton, bales	6,332	14,374
Sugar, hogsheads	5,603	1,000
Sugar, tons	435	1,000
Sugar, bags, mats, &c.	11,050	23,711
Hemp, number	228,177	73,134
Leather, hides	1,098,000	177,000
Molasses, hogsheads	18,647	6,293
Molasses, barrels and barrels	1,100	1,000
Oil, barrels	9,575	29,542
Beef, corned, barrels	1,000	1,000
Pork, barrels	2,500	2,500
Rice, bags	2,703	753
Saltpetre, bags	25,001	25,001
Tobacco, bags	19,457	4,400
Tobacco, cases	24,671	14,241
Tobacco, trunks, hogsheads	7,662	11,241
Tobacco, trunks, boxes	14,145	8,705
Wines, Manufactured, glgs.	80,169	28,452
Tallow, Cwts. barrels	unknown	8,000

Total Exports of Toys from all Ports in China to United States for the year ending July 1.

	1855.	1857.	1858.
Total Gross	74,350,874	17,295,721	11,107,253
Total Net	19,371,396	7,912,675	11,122,253

Freights were quoted firmer, but not active. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 6d. @ 7½d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 30s. @ 37s. 6d. per ton. The tonnage of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was:

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were fully equal

heavy for Beeves.....Milch Cows were in fair demand at steady rates.....Veal Calves were less numerous, and at decoding prices.....Sheep and Lambs were depressed.....Swine were inactive and less sought after.....Imported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Oct. 19.	Week ending Oct. 26.
Beeves	3,613	3,171
Milch Cows	125	213
Veal Calves	665	859
Sheep and Lambs	13,948	17,431
Swine	1,100	1,100

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock in the Drove Yards at Forty-Ninth Street market was as follows:

Common to Medium Beeves, per pound..$ 5 @ $ 7½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head..25 00 @ 65 00
Veal Calves, per pound.....5 @ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head.....1 87 @ 6 00
Swine, dressed, per pound.....5½ @ 6
Do. fat, not dressed.....5 @ 5½
Dressed.....7 @ 8
Breeding Pigs, each.....5 00 @ 8 00

The Country Produce Markets exhibited no important change, and were dull and dressed fair. Prices of the principal commodities were quoted as follows:

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@ $ 4 00
Apples, dried	3 00	@ 4 00
Peaches, per bushel	1 50	@ 4 00
Grapes, per pound	1 50	@ 4 00
Quinces, per bushel	50	@ 1 00
Citron, per 100	1 25	@ 4 00
Melons, per dozen	1 00	@ 3 00
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@ 2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 75
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 75
Turnips, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 75
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Cabbage, per 100	1 00	@ 4 50
Celery, per dozen roots	25	@ 50
Parsnips, per 3 bunches	2 00	@ 3 00
Cranberries, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cauliflower, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Spinach, per barrel	50	@ 1 00
Squashes, per dozen	50	@ 1 00
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@ 87
Leeks, per dozen	62	@ 87
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ —
Egg Plants, per dozen	50	@ 1 75
Salad, per dozen heads	50	@ 62
Eggs, N. Y. and Penn., per dozen	19	@ 20
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	18	@ 19
Eggs, Western, per dozen	17	@ 18
Chickens, per pair	50	@ 75
Fowls, per pair	50	@ 75
Ducks, per pair	62	@ 1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@ 1 00
Turkeys, per pound	10	@ 12
Turkeys, per pound	16	@ 18
Geese, per pound	10	@ 12
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@ 4 25
Partridges, per dozen	6 25	@ 7 50
Snipe, Dowitcher, per dozen	87½	@ 1 00
Snipe, Yellow-leg, per dozen	87½	@ 1 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	62½	@ 87½

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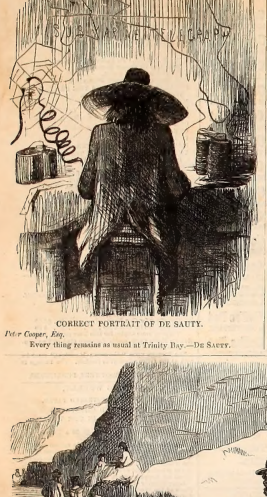
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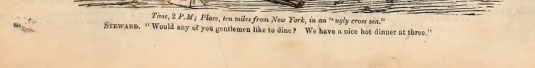
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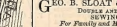
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.

We give herewith portraits of the Democratic and Republican candidates for Governor, Judge AMASA J. PARKER and Hon. EDWIN D. MORGAN. We should have been glad to combine with these the portrait of the American candidate; but, after some labor and trouble, we have found it impossible to procure one. The contest evidently lies between the Democrat and the Republican; the American, as in the contest of 1856, may take away votes from the one and the other, but can hardly hope for success himself.

It has rarely happened that the nominating conventions of the two parties have pitched upon two men so eminently worthy of the position of Governor as Edwin D. Morgan and Amasa J. Parker. It is very satisfactory to know that, whichever of the two is elected, the chief magistrate of the State will be a high-minded, able man. Whether the subsidence of the Kansas agitation swells the Democratic vote by all those citizens who lolled to Fillmore in 1856, or the disgraceful squabbles and dirty tricks and rowdy conduct of the Democratic leaders in this city repel respectable men from the support of the Democratic ticket, the State will still be safe, and a better man than the present Governor will be elected.

Edwin D. Morgan, who is the Republican candidate, is a New York merchant. Like many of our best men, he is a New Englander by birth. His father, Jasper Morgan, still resides at Windsor, Connecticut, at the ripe old age of seventy-five years. His son, the present candidate, was born in Berkshire, Massachusetts, on February 8, 1811. At the age of seventeen, with his common-school education and a capital of thirty-seven and a half cents, he went to seek his fortune at Hartford, Connecticut. The young men of the present day will smile at hearing that he bound himself to a Hartford trader at a salary of $60 for the first year, $75 for the second, and $100 for the third. It was, we understand, while he was in this employ that the adventure befell him which has already been chronicled in the papers. The story runs as follows:

Mr. Morgan was yet a clerk, and was but nineteen years of age. A trip to the great city was but then made with such facility as at this time, but he had served for two or three years in the store, and acquired the confidence of his employer, he was permitted to go to New York, and, to combine business with pleasure, was intrusted to make sundry purchases of tea, sugar, etc., and also corn, which was then becoming an article of import, instead of export. The visit was made, and Edwin returned in due time, coming home by the old steer route. After being greeted and welcomed, his employer inquired as to the corn. The price was very satisfactory, but his employer doubted if the article would be of good quality at so low a rate. Edwin immediately drew a bottle, first from one pocket and then from another, as samples, and the old gentleman expressed his approbation. It had been usual for the dealers to purchase two or three hundred bushels at a time, and he then inquired of Edwin as to the quantity, but was perplexed by the answer that he had bought two cargoes, and that the vessels were probably in the river. "Why, Edwin," said the astonished old gentleman, "what are we to do with two cargoes of corn?—where can we put it?—where can we dispose of it?" "Oh!" replied Edwin, "I have disposed of all that you don't want at an advance: I have shown the samples to Messrs. A. B., who with three hundred bushels, C. & Co., three hundred, etc., etc. I could have disposed of three cargoes if I had had them. I stopped into the stores as I came from the stage offices and made sales."

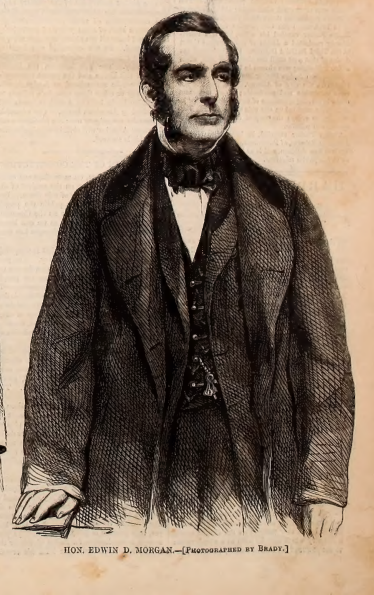
It was a new phase, and out of the old routine, but the gains and results were not to be questioned. The following morning Edwin was at the store, as always, in season, and had taken the broom to sweep out the counting-room, when his employer entered. "I think," said he, "you had better put aside the broom; we will find some one else to do the sweeping. A man who can go to New York, and on his own responsibility purchase two cargoes and make sale of them without consulting with his principal, can be otherwise more advantageously employed. It is but that he should become a partner in the firm for which he is doing so much." Although out of age, he was forthwith taken into partnership, and from that day to this, success, which Governor Banks says is duty, has marked all his operations.

About the year 1833 Mr. Morgan removed to New York, and established himself here as a wholesale grocer. He was prudent, and used his small capital—$1400—with sagacity and discretion. He was thus enabled to pass through the trying times of 1837–'42 without disaster, and gradually to increase his fortune, until now he ranks among the richest merchants of the city. He occupied a prominent position in New York for many years before he cared about assuming public duties. At length, in 1849, at the request of many gentlemen of his political faith, he became a member of the Board of Assistant Aldermen; and in the following year he was elected State Senator. This rank he held for four years; and though not a showy debater, he earned the respect and confidence of all who had to do with him. During the Fremont excitement he was elected chairman of the Republican Committee in this city, and acquitted himself so ably of the functions of that onerous post that his party felt they could do no less than nominate him for Governor. If he is elected, the State will not suffer.

His opponent, Judge Parker, is one of the most popular, and most deservedly popular, men in the State. He has occupied for some time a very prominent position in the Democracy of the State, having been the Democratic candidate for Governor in the year 1856, when the Fremont excitement caused the election of Governor John A. King.



HON. AMASA J. PARKER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



HON. EDWIN D. MORGAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

He was born, in 1807, at Sharon, Connecticut. His father was a clergyman—the Congregational pastor of the parish of Ellsworth. His grandfathers, on both sides, were old Revolutionary soldiers. It is presumable that the Rev. Mr. Barker was unable to afford his family means to live in affluence; for as soon as his son completed his collegiate course he undertook to support himself. He was but sixteen at the time; and he marked had been the ability which he displayed at college that he was chosen principal of the Academy. For four years he filled this responsible position with credit and honor. Many of his pupils were older than himself; but it is said that never during his administration was the discipline of the school, or the standard of study in the juvenile principal called successfully in question.

When he was twenty years of age he resigned his office at the academy, and began to study law in the office of Mr. W. Edmonds. He completed his studies with his uncle, Colonel Amasa Parker, a successful lawyer of Delhi, in Delaware County, and was admitted to practice in his uncle's partner. For fifteen years the firm enjoyed a large and lucrative practice; and, during that period, the subject of this sketch was ascribed to the regular business habits and untiring energy of the junior partner.

Meanwhile, Amasa J. Parker had made a conspicuous debut on the political stage. During the seven years of 1828 he had retained the office of city and county attorney for General Jackson; and had won so much attention and respect from his fellow-citizens of the party, that, in 1835, he was elected to the Legislature. He occupied a prominent position as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and gained such esteem among his people that, in 1836, he was elected member of Congress.

The period was a critical one—the United States Bank controversy, the hard money quarrel, and the Seminole war, were political questions of the day. Mr. Parker was a prominent speaker on all these topics, and assisted himself as much as he was the confidence of the President and the regard of his colleagues. To the day of his death General Jackson kept up a friendly and confidential intercourse with him.

In 1841 he was appointed Judge of the Third Circuit, and from that time he has resided at the city of Albany. The most prominent event of his judgeship was the trial of the anti-rent leaders in Delaware County. The whole county was in a state of insurrection, and a military force was established there at the time Judge Parker opened his Court of Oyer and Terminer. Three jails were full of prisoners awaiting their trial. At the opening of the Court Judge Parker announced his determination to proceed until he had disposed of the docket. And he kept his word. Every one of the rioters was tried at that term; two were sentenced to death for murder, and several to long terms of imprisonment. Not one against whom there was reasonable evidence escaped punishment. The lesson was severe but wholesome; it raised Judge Parker's reputation throughout the State.

In 1846, when the Constitution was amended, Judge Parker vacated his office, but was immediately re-elected a Judge of the Supreme Court in the Third Judicial District. He discharged the duties of that post until the election of 1853, when he was elected to the bench in his native county.

Since then Judge Parker has practiced his profession in the city of Albany. His practice has been extensive and profitable; in all important cases involving questions of constitutional law he is usually retained on one side or the other. Personally, he enjoys the respect of all parties irrespective of politics.

Judge Parker married, in 1834, Miss Harriet Langdon Beckley, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He has five children, and is so happy in his family as in his public relations.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

MR. PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, it is averred, intends to make the Pacific Railway the leading card in the new game which commences in December, and will suggest a practicable scheme whereby that great national enterprise may be carried to a practical conclusion. The public will await with anxiety the announcement of the opinions which he has formed on the subject. Every new event in connection with the Mormon war and settlement of the American Territories upon the Pacific tends to show more clearly the necessity for the immediate construction of the railway by the United Government. Although the last accounts from the Fraser River are not so warmly colored as was anticipated, there is still no reason to doubt that gold exists in British Columbia in sufficient quantities to attract thousands of emigrants to its shores. The British Government have taken early position for two years, and have made arrangements for the organization of offices in that Territory which show their ideas of its importance. A Governor and a Bishop every British Colony has, however small; but all are not blessed at once with a Police and a Superintendent of Public Works. Mr. Pallizer and his scientific corps are already in the Territory; the engineer officers have gone to run the boundary line; and now Colonel Moodie is appointed to superintend the construction of roads. These movements indicate that the Government of her Britannic Majesty are well pleased to have discovered that they possess, on the Pacific coast, a country which may be used as a counterpoise to the power of the United States; and they like it wise show that, should any practicable scheme be submitted for the construction of a railway to the Pacific through British territory, it is not unlikely to receive executive and legislative assistance in England.

There is no use concealing from ourselves the fact that the British possess a route for a railway through the prairies watered by the Saskatchewan and other rivers flowing into Lake Winnipeg which is far superior to ours. It has cool, water, and a fertile soil, and a climate not more severe than that of Minnesota. And if the people of the State we have named have seen out an expedition over-land through the British territory, and they contemplate the establishment of lines of steamers on the rivers which will probably, without any railway at all, obtain the produce from the centre of Columbia in passed there are seven hundred and fifty miles of river traversable by a small steamer, with a depth of water nearly to the base of the mountains. A company has been chartered by the Canadian Legislature, with large powers, to construct a railway, but which proposes, as a first step, to supply these lines of navigation with steamers. An Engineer officer, whose likewise been started to construct a railway across the continent, and in the present state of the Pacific steamer trade, and with the important national advantages which would flow from the possession of this great highway of the world, it would not be surprising if the British should make a bold effort to outdo us. If it should be continued, as is said, that there is a pass through the mountains in British territory at a very little hundred feet above the level of the plains, we may look for a rapid rise in British Pacific Railway stock.

The difficulties which lie in the way of the construction of this railway in any section of the country are not greater than those which encountered at the South than in the North; but, at the same time, there are none which can not be surmounted by American energy and perseverance. One important advantage we possess in a more perfect knowledge of the country to be traversed and the establishment of many routes and construction of roads in many sections. We have a start of some years of preliminary labor, and have all its results to profit by as must be encountered. Be the estimated cost large or small, the construction of the road is a matter of necessity. The link between the Pacific States of this Union and the parent communities are not to be severed by the Rocky Mountains. In one way or other there must be a railway to the golden lands, built by American hands and controlled by American heads. The great rivals contests for sovereignty over the pestiferous soil of Central America will sink into insignificance when this is secured.

THE REFORM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

We have heretofore, on more than one occasion, expressed our views on the subject of the reform of the Constitution—in our State. Before this paper reaches the public the people will have decided whether or no the Constitution requires reform. So far as we are here, no opposition to the proposed changes has been developed in any quarter.

The most important reform that is proposed, in our view, relates to the Judiciary. The persons who will contest the Convention for the reform of the Constitution—in our city, people should decide to have such a Convention—will advocate a return to the old plan of appointing Judges during good behavior. We will do so on the ground that the present tenure of office by the Judges destroys their independence, their independence, and saps the foundation of the administration of justice.

There can be no question but the greatest defect of our public administration is the systematic failure of justice. Burglars, thieves, murderers, and defaulters of our people, escape punishment under our present system. This is universally admitted.

It is the universal belief that this failure of justice arises from two causes—the want of power in the Judges, and the defective plan on which justice is dealt out. The former defect (if it exists) can only be corrected by a repeal and modification of the jury law. The former evil depends on the principle of the Judiciary system.

At present, under the existing situation, Judges are as obvious servants of the populace as Members of Congress. They are bound to consult popular feeling, and to cringe to the popular leaders in delivering every sentence. For consider their situation. A popular lawyer, with a practice of $10,000 or $15,000 a year, accepts a nomination for Judge of this or that Court, and is elected. He loses his practice instantly. His oldest and best clients, finding him out of reach, go to new counsel, and transfer their business to them. All goes well at first. The Judge, who, it must be presumed, has laid by something for a rainy day, pays part of his household expenses with his salary, and enjoys a high and reputable position. But time wears on, and the day of re-election comes round. The Judge occupies a peculiar position. If he be defeated and thrown back on his profession, he will have to begin the world anew; his clients are gone, his new advisers. He can only secure a renewal of his term as Judge by cringing to the public, and making himself subservient to the political leaders.

Such a dilemma who can wonder that Judge Jones or Smith submits to the insults of Mr. Blister, who crosses the examination of the Democracy? Blister holds the Judge's fate in the palm of his hand. If the Judge dares to administer justice to Locofocos, and to punish Burke's client—the notorious gambler and blackleg—according to his deserts, he will lose Blister's support in the approaching Convention. If, when Blister tells him, in open Court, that he is "an infamous Judge," he ventures to send the lawyer-bravo elect to jail, where he belongs, for so outrageous an offense against decency, the Judge will find him so active in every way that all hopes of a renomination must be abandoned. Under such circumstances, what can a Judge do?

An independent Judiciary is the first condition of wholesome social organization. If every other effort is to be made to popular intimidation, the Judges should be free to contend against the pressure. Therefore it is that the best men in the State desire a reform in our system, so as to place the Judges beyond the control of Blister and his fellow-creatures. Before these lines are written the question will be settled. Let us hope that the popular verdict will be in a sense calculated to produce a reform which is sadly needed.

THE OPENING OF THE NICARAGUA INTEROCEANIC ROUTE.

At length, after an interval of many tedious months, the Nicaragua route between the two oceans has been reopened. On 6th November the steamer *Washington* leaves this port for San Juan del Norte with passengers for California; the boats are on the lake ready to receive her people; and on the Pacific the *Hermann* awaits their arrival at the wharves on San Francisco. There can be no doubt but this route, which once was so popular, and which possesses the remarkable advantage of the Panama route that it is not quite healthy at all seasons, will soon become as much frequented as ever.

General William Walker has declared that he will cut his Christmas dinner in Granada. His adventures are the talk of nations in the Southern papers. But the owners of the new line do not seem to be overwhelmed by his menacing proximity. They consider that he has done his best; that he had a fair chance and threw it away; and that now he does not command sufficient force to be formidable. The President's proclamation will doubtless keep the Southern officials wider awake than they were when Walker last sailed in North America.

It is, in fact, exceedingly doubtful whether, under the most favorable circumstances, General Walker could now achieve any thing in Nicaragua. Had he possessed that rare commodity—common sense—he would never have left Nicaragua, and would now have been dictator of that unhappy country. Failing in common sense, he is an outcast; and the great line between mob Rule and Autocratic possession is about to be opened without his permission. Let us hope that it will be kept open, and that it will be patronized as it deserves.

THE MASSACRE IN THIRTIETH STREET.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the illustration of the terrible catastrophe which has formed the chief subject of conversation in this city for the past week. It suggests many serious reflections.

The young man who murdered his father and brother, deliberately, committed suicide in a fair type of a class of young men who flourish in this city. His vices and his passions are those of a distinct minority of our youth. Our daily papers have been at some trouble to find out the motive of his fearful deed. Their pains to that end have been in vain. It is not necessary to be acted on the impulse of ungoverned passion, unrestrained by moral or filial considerations. He was quiet and reserved at the time of the murder. He was not, as murderers are usually said to be, under the influence of spirituous liquor. He had no adequate provocation. He slaughtered his family purely from rage. He had not been leading an abandoned life; the Sabbath before the murder he attended divine service as usual, and the very evening before the one on which he killed his father and his family he spent at a social gathering at the house of his pastor. Every motive or predisposing cause, in fact, was wanting.

It is not right to consider his an exception. Case of Rodgers, the murderer of Swanson, is a perfect parallel. Rodgers killed Swanson—whom he had never seen before, who had offered no provocation, and whose death was no benefit to his murderer—precisely from the same reasons which led Gouldy to murder his father. Other parallel cases abound. In all, the motive of the murderer is wanting. The deed is suggested by a savage impulse of passion, unchecked by deference to public opinion.

It is just that moral scruple which appears to be wanting in the organization of some of our New York youth. Many of the murderer's remiss in teaching children that the passions must be curbed and the desires restrained for the sake of order and decency. Without denying that success covers all sins, and that no man need take heed for any thing but his own aims and objects, it has become a part of the creed of a section of our people. The consequence is the crimes which defame our civilization. The case of a lad who is robbed of all those instructions naturally follows the paternal example; he does not cheat his companions, for love of money, but in the vain view of doing so obeys the bent of his inclinations, and commits crimes of violence without scruple or remorse. In a country where principle was generally reverenced instead of profit, Rodgers would have stayed in his island, and Gouldy would have swallowed down his rage.

We are, in this country, in some manifest respects, retrograding in our civilization. In many points we are in advance of the world; in many others we are in arrear of the Turks. There is no better test of the latter position than the habitual incapacity to govern one's passions. It is the characteristic of the Cosmanche and the Turk; it is the habitual characteristic of many members of young New York. All men, in all states of life, are subject to annoyances and provocations; the civilized men bear them in patience, because their civilization teaches them to curb their resentment; but the savage and the young New Yorkers know nothing of so wholesome a curb. They are taught by experience to know no other guide than their own will; and, in consequence, they see their elders override every principle in the pursuit of their aims; and they naturally follow the example. It is very melancholy; but it is quite natural.

THE "NEW BRICK CHURCH."

ON Sunday, 31st October, the new church building in course of erection at the corner of Fifth Avenue, by the congregation of which Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring has for so many years been the pastor, was opened for the public worshiped in the "Old Brick Church," was solemnly dedicated to the service of God. The Old Brick Church, torn down last year to make room for necessary improvements, was one of the chief landmarks of the city generally. Ninety-one years ago its corner-stone was laid, on a piece of ground "in the fields, out of town," granted by Trinity Corporation, for a yearly rent of little value. In 1857 the chief part of the town lies beyond it, and the property, the most central in the city, was valued at near half a million of dollars.

Rev. Dr. Spring (whose portrait will be found in our Number for May 7, 1853) was ordained minister over this congregation on August 10, 1810. For more than forty-eight years he has held his place in the worship of God; and on Sunday last an immense concourse assembled to hear the venerable old man, still hale and vigorous, preach the dedicatory sermon in the spacious and tasteful edifice which his congregation have just completed. It was an affecting event in their lives and in ours; but we hope than to himself. May he be long spared to continue his career of usefulness!

THE LOUNGER.

ORDER IN WARSAW.

"NEVER INLOOK, October, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Mayor Tucker's plan of punishing the island with yellow fever is progressing admirably. The new board of hospitals, with its new secretary and temporary state and temporary brick, are being rapidly finished. The Mayor, Common Council, and the Army of Occupation has retired behind it into temporary barracks.

"But though the Mayor calls them temporary—and I and all other sensible friends of the Administration praise the call them temporary—yet the Mayor and Captain M. do not call them so. Their book says, and I, as umpire in the matter; the Mayor especially, and particularly Captain M., say that the temporary brick barracks, because they are one story high; just as brick-castle are temporary for the same reason. But a figure-head was openly but evening that they were called temporary because they were to last for a long time, as residence did, and no longer.

"It's really dreadful for moderate, conservative men like me, to be set at the feet of Samuel Dodgerty, and listen to the calm wisdom of Captain M. on the early decadence of brick houses there terrible fellows talk. There is but one sentiment among them all. There seems to be but one party and one platform upon that question. I shudder when I think of it, and I cry out so as to disturb my body; oh, my country! what will become of thee?

"Do you wish to know that sentiment, dear Lounger? I have already told it to you. It is implied in what the Mayor said to me. It is, that the buildings will go with the soldiers! Oh, Heavens! And then there will be corrupt and secret meetings of Judges planning against the grass, and the eloquent Evarts, and the equally eloquent Noyes, will sell in vain after epithets and rhetoric sufficient for three horses!

"My dear Lounger, When I reflect upon the happy days, that, alas forever, from these shores—when I recall the fortunate yellow age, as, half my self—when we had our scenes of cases of fever and constant deaths from the Quarantine pestilence outside the walls—when we had our primary meetings thronged with attendees fresh from infected ships—when we had our regular annual panics and futile efforts for selling life—when our hospitals not inclosure opened wide its gates to visitors, and welcomed every home to their friendly shelter—when I reflect—then I think of the sweet and peaceful days in which I nevertheless remain, with the most unbounded respect of no small, and M. or N. told us it was here, and it was going to be a very large one you never did see, and to finish of them, 'departed never to return,' and sometimes excellent. Oh, terrapin, and 'Sweet,' and sometimes 'magnificent gloria mundi,' and sometimes, 'Equitibus unum.' For there be comfort in good Lucca, Lieut. Fleetwood Pushme?

"I try to compose my mind for the future. It is clear that it is nothing but the army which supports the new buildings, and I endeavor to forget the sad reminiscences of our once lovely island when the pest-house is gone—when the fashionable who can not move away, but no fear of the deadly destroyer down here to find in the club—when our political meetings are not controlled by ethical influences—but, in the place of these, the healthful and pleasant houses where lately disease reigned absolute monarch.

"But my mind sickens at the picture, and I turn away. You have read my 'Distrest Village,' and 'Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and Blair's 'Grave?' The elegiac spirit of those poems is the mood of my mind as I contemplate the changed scene, O Evarts! O Noyes! O Tiemann! O Gallagher! M. & N.—Ha! I remember for these things!

"With many tears, I am, Dear Lounger,

"Your servant,

"Weathercock Chair."

Mr. Crape has our tenderest sympathy. His nature is evidently too finely strung for a world of Sepoys. He will find a safer table comfort in the reflection that the buildings, however they may be called "temporary," will certainly last until next year, and the Mayor will have the satisfaction of not punishing the wicked islanders by another good honest bout of yellow fever. There is great hope to be indulged that at least twenty Sepoys will be taken off by the pestilence next summer. It is not many, indeed, but under the circumstances it secures the number may be largely increased. We can not help for a declination of the island in one year; but Mr. Crape, the Mayor, and you and M. or N. may enjoy the pleasing consciousness that they have done all that was possible to promote that result.

Only let them not weary of well-doing.

CASSA.

Whether Mr. Paul Morphy can beat Mr. Howard Staunton in a match of chess may be a question; but he has certainly been lion at the game of good manners. Judgment and temper are Staunton by default. He has shirked and delayed and prevaricated, and in his paper his boon intimated, and attacked, until it is clear to all the world that he is afraid to meet Morphy and play with him. If that opinion of the opponents of the first is not be defeated, the crown will fall from his head without a single regret from any quarter. The whole world will wish Morphy to win, and will sympathize in his success.

The genius of this wonderful youth is as inexplicable as that of a poet. He seems to play by a marvelous instinct. His combinations in eight simultaneous games are beyond calculation. There is a kind of fate in his play, and it is not surprising that Mr. Harrwitz should have declared in a statement, for that Mr. Staunton's temper is deranged.

Ought not the Common Council to give him a dinner upon his return?

"Dear Mr. Lounger.—Who were brought up upon wholesome fairy tales mistrust your modern spirits, and would say your youngest boy is the eggspert. To show that we are still in the faith of 'the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water,' I inclose the accompanying verses.

"Evening in the Field.

"At eve she wandered through the fresh-sown grass,
Along a hedgerow bordering waving corn,
The barf was spirit with the sunset's glow,
And all along the silent fields were borne
The distant strains and scattered notes
Of oats, and boat-songs from the twilight sea.

"Sweet tempers rang from woods and meadows far,
Where the wild songsters hid in their good-by;
The day had faded, but one soft, huge star
Grew into glory from a cloudless sky,
While o'er the dim horizon's dreamy glow
A shimmering mist crept gently, soft, and slow.

"And 'thus,' she sighed, 'thus o'er my heroscope,
While love's own planet burns before my eyes,
All trembling with the beauty they hope,
Thus do the heavy mists of doubt arise,
And dreary twilight decks the living light,
And all things chill and shiver to the night.'

"Her soul grew sick with vague, uncertain fear,
When down its waves, upon the waters hay,
A little meadow lark, that carolled near,
In quick anticipation seemed on way,
Listen, and heart, from far across the sea
I breathe the song the breezes brought to me.

"'Oh! let no mists of gentest gather o'er love.
All dim and vast,
And dreams of dead affections rise before thee
From out the past.

"'Before Love's dewy dawn dark shadows fleeing
Set sunlight free!
Trust to Love's sun, its very vital being—
Oh, trust in me.

"'Then welcome Hope! Adieu to weary grieving,
For all life through;
The feelings purest, sweetest, are believing
And praying true.'

"C. O. Nightingale.

"Nightingale House, Or., 1858."

THE LECTURES.

The lectures are beginning again. There may have been some want of interest last year in consequence of the universal trouble; but this year the announcements are not fewer nor less promising than in any former season. The Lyceum is now so firmly established that there can be no question of its existence, but only of its influence. And that is so good as any patriot could wish. The most popular lecturers are men of large and generous sympathies, who may treat a variety of subjects; but whatever is treated is handled in a broad and inspiring manner.

When you reflect that from the middle of November to the end of March, on every evening except Sunday, in every place of a thousand inhabitants and more, all through New England and the Middle States, people are incessantly going to hear from thousands to listen to an hour's discussion of every possible topic, political, social, literary, scientific, and social topic, and that the speakers are compelled by the necessities of the case to an eloquent and striking method, you may easily imagine what the influence of the Lyceum must be.

Has any other lecturer would give us his diary in print! If only some lecturer dared to do so! What tales of wit and humor and character! What fun and pathos and picturesque scenes! What cold and cold beds, and cold rooms—every thing cold but the welcome which they encounter!

—And yet how closely must every lecturer combine the statistics of accidents upon railroads!

—And wonder where the next train starts to come in!

—And how many autographs he is going to write.

—And how many pounds of post-cheese he is to eat.

—And a thousand other interesting questions.

Among the new men ask Lambert how many new laborers he is to find in the vineyard?

It is pleasant to remark how slowly the number of Lyceum lecturers changes. We have been three seasons that sprear this year in the list of the Boston Lyceum, and the audience was as fresh and full of promise. Thomas Hicks, the painter, is to lecture upon "History and Mission of Art," and Richard O'Gorman upon "Goldsmith and his Friends." Hicks's admirable eulogy upon the lamented Crawford, read before the Century the last winter, showed great skill in picturesque narration, with a noble and beautiful philosophy of art. Mr. O'Gorman's public appearances, except at the bar, have been limited to a few occasional addresses, but his eulogy upon Meagher was the tenderest of the lamented Crystal Palace. But he is so fascinating and eloquent an orator that we may be very sure his portrait of his countryman Goldsmith will be a living picture.

Mr. Donaldson deserves the public gratitude which brings forward a new and good lecturer. The field is broad, the harvest ripe—why are the workmen not more numerous?

A NEW READING.

That vague personage, "a gentleman of this city," is perpetually producing new dramas of "sensation" for the theatres. He need not be a poet, but he now contents himself with writing them. "A gentleman of this city" generally falls in these productions. Sometimes he is a lord, or a young lady of this city has done a very difficult thing of business easily, and, as we learn, has done it successfully. To read any poem to an audience is not easy; but to read a poem in hexameters, alternately in Greek and English, as Professor Felton Standish, in a manner to please a public assembly, is a performance which, we believe, is unique. We, therefore, to be congratulated upon her *debut* as a public reader; and will, perhaps, give neuter opportunity of hearing her read Homer, that we may some production of more concentrated dramatic power than the "sensation" drama of the century.

Whoever can read well in public should be able to act. The skill which Mrs. Kemble shows in reading is a theatrical skill. Strictly speaking, it is not reading at all; it is a dramatic monologue. Who may, therefore, fairly look for Mrs. Kemble's appearance upon the stage; and there her career will depend solely upon her talent. There can be no doubt that she will have a generous hearing whenever she chooses to command it. Her success in the other capacity will depend upon her natural inspiration and skill. Melpomene waits for, and always welcomes, a fresh and able interpreter. May Miss Vaughan prove to be such!

DAYBREAK.

John Morrissey, the victor in the recent brutal fight near Buffalo, has written a letter to the papers, which is a curiosity in its way of composition. He declares that he has fought his last fight; that he stated, before the battle, that he should thereafter confine the business of pruning, and leave the result of the conflict might be; and now he has kept his word, he remains his determination, and vows to live cleanly in all coming time.

The letter in which he announces this agreeable and wise resolution is a model composition. It asserts that he will not be pigeoned nor bullied into further fighting. It declares that he is "game," which he knows how to defend himself. There will hardly be two parties upon that question. The plaintiff in the fight is not likely to dispute the point.

We congratulate Mr. Morrissey upon his determination and his literature. When he says, "My duties to my family and myself require me to devote my time and my efforts to purposes more laudable and advantageous," he is not only announcing a disposed citizen and honest man agrees with him. When he says, "I have a character to sustain," he is setting myself, and trust to the countenance of all fair men to sustain me in my peaceable determination," he not only shows that he knows what he is but is bound to respond.

Let him hold fast by his resolution. Let him believe that heart and brain are quite as respectable as muscle. Let him understand that in this country every man who is resolved to retrieve a doubtful reputation can do it if he *will* do it. And let him read the letter, especially the last sentence after the fight, that, "intending never again to be engaged in a prize-fight, I strove to conduct myself with all manliness and decorum, having in some degree to relieve myself from the public opinion of the community, he shows an understanding of the case which is the best possible augury of the success of his intention.

If he will be the champion of good order and decency, as he proposes, he will find that he has vindicated himself in public estimation.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK.

To look upon a great picture of a great painter for the first time—to hold in the hand a new book—from a famous tree—to talk with a poet, or a philosopher, or statesman, when they talk wisely—are all among the chief pleasures of life. But to read the life of a great man, told by a great man, who is able to see and reveal to others the springs of power and influence, is the highest of all literary enjoyments, except the reading of a new poem such as only the great poets write.

That enjoyment is provided for the public by the publication of the first two volumes of Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia, which the Harpers have just finely. We have not yet read it. We have taken it in hand and looked into it, and tasted it with hungry eyes, here and there—and we find the deep, rich taste of the great genius descriptions—the keen, white flashes of perception, and the pure bright spirit of true thought.

It is a question already answered in many minds whether Carlyle is not the profoundest and most powerful of modern thinkers and authors. Certainly his immense power is beyond question. In this book, also, his characteristic erudition in the most unpromising directions is equally evident. But no scholar was ever less cumbered with his learning. He has all the grander his class mail—which is merely strengthened the force of his arm and the speed of his movement.

The opening picture of this book is so alluring that few readers will consent to turn away without reading the whole. We hope we shall all have done so, we can talk farther of it.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Here follows a life-like portrait of the Lounger, which he has pleasure in pasting upon the outside of his letter-box:

"Your Lounger, like all his class, seems to be a fresh-air sort of a fellow. From the way in handles his pen, and from his reflection to the Queensboro (I take it he has Number retired here), one would expect to see, if he, and him, a fellow going at a 5.40, with a dog, a fowling-piece pack his breeches legs crammed into his boots his hat on a shooting-cap, and the angle of vision about forty-five degrees above the horizon, with a 'long wise stick in the corner of his mouth stomping 'round like a blind mule tied to a cabbage-stok in a thunderstorm, generally."

The post-bag "Try—," "R. I.," "Germantown," intrust their poems to the Lounger. But he thinks the pleasure of the public and the fame of the poets will be greater if they remain secured by not printing them. That resolution indicates his opinion.

—The following has an air of satire:

"Macedalia, Ohio, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—As I see you have numerous letters you receive from time to time questionably are concerning Fox's 'Raven;' that the impression has got out that I am the author of a 'paragraph-grieved, self-sanctifying Lounger, I feel encouraged to make a request which, perhaps, you have received many times. There is a poem called 'Peculiar Lost'—written, I believe, by one Poe—which I have been much annoyed by, and have great curiosity to see. Please print it in your next paper, immediately after two or three of Shakespeare's plays for the benefit of your readers. They must be more than interesting, consisting of title like as the contents not wholly pay office them. Besides, we shall owe you big the books.

Respectfully,

"M. T. Hard."

—"A Student" is clearly correct.

"Franklin College, Georgia, Oct., 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—Perhaps a brief word of it but not, you publish a verse written by 'R., of Baltimore,' in which there occurs the word 'unreclaim.' This word is not in any of the modern standard pronounced dictionary. I know that poets are privileged occasionally to coin words; but it appears to me that, in this instance, the word 'unreclaim' would express an idea directly opposite to that which the poet intended. Please enlighten me as soon as it is convenient.

Student."

—Apropos of the renewed interest in transatlantic communication awakened by the laying of the wire, the Lounger receives the following letter. Who will help him answer it? The letter begins with a quotation from a speech at the cable-banquet:

"In 1838 the little British steamer *Sirius*, Captain Roberts, was sold to Canadians, ventured from the highlands of Britain, and, in spite of the wind, anchored off the Battery, where a multitude as astounded as it. In these dog-days, the bright Dog-star, Sirius, had dropped from the constellation of Canis Major, and, through the Steam then conquered wind and ocean wave, and sold for a mess hushed up.'

"Did not the *Savannah*, an American steamship, make the trip from savannah—ing on record between New York and Liverpool? It was in 1819, I think, that she went over, and I recollect to have read the accounts given of the people's astonishment at seeing the ship gliding into an English port without the aid of tug or sails, and that she had gone out in heats, at first, to render her assistance, supposing, from the smoke rushing by her fiery funnel, that she was on fire. Is my memory at fault? I believe, with a view to selling her to the Russian government, she sailed from Liverpool (I think that was the ship she made in England) she went to St. Petersburg, but failing in the expected sale to the Czar, she returned to New York and was continued in use many years, but whether with steam-power or sail I entirely forget.

"I may be wrong in the date, but I think, at any rate, that the *Savannah's* ocean voyage preceded that of the *Sirius*, though undoubtedly practical results followed the latter which did not attend the former. But, for the honor of our country, let us have the true history, if the facts are to be had. If the *Savannah* did cross the ocean, it is to be corrected, that they may not again, as I, and doubtless many readers, have often done, claim what belongs to our countrymen.

"I think that many of your readers would thank you for a brief account of the voyage of the *Savannah*.

"Respectfully yours, J. S. H.

"Rochester."

"Louisville, Kentucky, October, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—Do you call the following lines 'poetry?' If you do, you may publish them in your valuable Weekly; if not, please say what you term true 'poetry.' Here it is:

"To Frances.

"*By Jupiduvenal.*

"Frances,' tis on thy love we long agree,
Where friendship's features ever play—
That feelings have for all and high,
That deck the ever-smile eye—
That form serene, beautiful and fair,
But picture ornate beauties there."

—If the Lounger might be permitted to express an opinion upon this poetry by a negative, he would say that the above stanza is not true *poetry*.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—As the friend of 'Silas Hannon' and 'Ancient Cymbals *fair play* for the latter. You published 'Brain,' and, now, why not give 'Ancient' a hearing in reply? *Fair play*, dear Lounger—fair play —Let justice be done if the heavens fall—I call for 'Ancient.'

A Subscriber.

—The Lounger does not recall that he has received any note from Ancient. If he has, it has probably gone away, without any unjust intention upon the Lounger's part.

—Muncit propounds a learned inquiry to the Lounger. It is funny as well as learned. So long that it is not best not to spoil it by cutting:

"Homo, 'a man of family,' writes to protest against the fashion, which he declares is beginning to infect good society, of 'eliping the front hair of the head over the eyes,' and then of the fixing the same." If, however, it be really coming, it will come. Homo might as well protest against the coming of snow. Fashion does not depend upon any law of beauty, or fitness, or propriety. It is purely arbitrary and mutual arbitrary. There may be reason in Alexander's having pulled his hair over his eyes to hide his face, because he may have a wry neck. But when others of straight necks have their profiles taken, because of Alexander's example, then it is a fashion.

NOTHING NEW.

"There is nothing new!" is as old Ono,
Gravely quoting threadbare Solomon—
"There is nothing new beneath the sun!"

"Ah! what foolish wisdom this!" I cried.
"Adages are pompous robes that hide
The nakedness of that which gives no shade.

"Nothing is new?—No silver second falls
Tinkling through creation's echoing halls,
No answering music blooms: sans waves and calm!

"Spring, when she floats across the hills and seas,
Hangs not her last year's garlands on the trees.
Last autumn's fruits were not the fruits of now.

"Nothing is new? Ingenious sophist, go!
Lift up your cradle's coverlet of snow—
Is the baby new you look or hope to know?

—But T. Bagg states that his "ladye fayre" wished him to write to the Lounger, and wonders whether it were from admiration of the Lounger—for she had none of him—or that she with to elevate R. T. B. into good society? There is yet one possibility not suggested—she may have wished to get rid of T. B. Yes—even that. Some women would be capable of it.

—"Doolpack's" story is in the Lounger's hands. He read it with pleasure, and will not be printed for many reasons. Had she been reading Brownbig when she wrote "Fear-talk?"

—From much verse in his box—and why does the verse so generally sink to the bottom of the box?—the Lounger can not select "Hope" nor "Ship's" sonnet from Columbus, Ohio, but will print the following, which he thinks is written abundantly every day, the following:

WHAT I WOULD BE.

I would not be a garden flower,
Just to please the eye,
With my beauty for an hour,
Then silently die.
I would be the fruitage joyous
Of the growing vine,
Making the life glad and glorious
With my golden wine.

I would not be the weak fama shining
On the page of fame,
To every idle hereon inclining
In exquisite strife.
I would be the sympathies star-fire
Thou couldst trust to guide
Thy every feet through the gloom and mire
When the lamp had died.

SHADOW.

Dark hair, that sweep'st across a brow
Whereon soft light, like moonlight, lies;
A tender smile in the curves
A sadness in the sirious eyes.

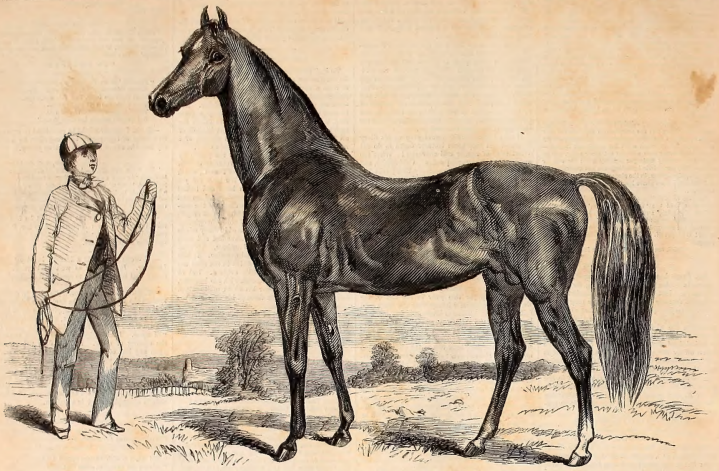
The eyes are oftenest turned aside.
Full shin with tears, but there should be
Within their shadowy depths a love
It were not best that I should know.

At times the shadow tries to speak;
But what the trembling lips would say
I never knew, for as they move
The face grows faint and fades away.

And in the mind of memory low,
A gush and flow of happy words,
The only sound my spirit hears
Is like a song birds.

And so it comes from day to day;
Yet still I look and listen ever
To catch the words that never come,
The words I'd make my soul to hear.

Shirley.



THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE "CONSTERNATION," OWNED BY J. B. WELSH, OF SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

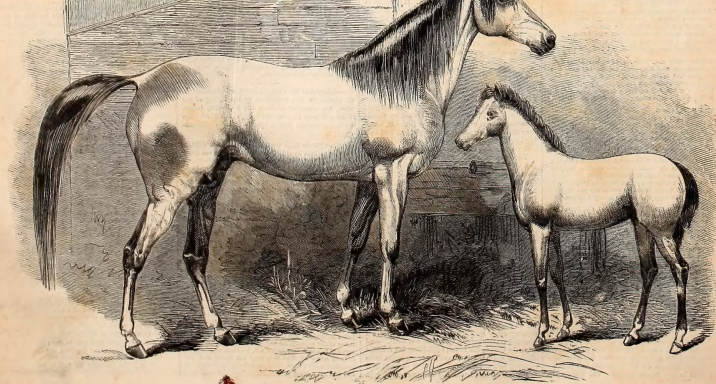
We give herewith three of the great attractions of the Horse Fair just held at the Eclipse Course, Long Island. The horses chosen for illustration were "Consternation," a thoroughbred; "Caliph," a pure Arabian; and the celebrated colt "Orion."

"Consternation," who was even more admired than his rival the beautiful Arabian, was bred by Mathew Hornsey, at Stittenham, Yorkshire, England, 1841. Imported by Mr. Albert, June, 1845. Now owned by J. B. Welsh, Syracuse, New York. Got by Confederate out of Curiosity, by Figaro.—Her dam by Waxy.—Her dam Bizzarre by Peruvian, out of Violante by John Bull, sister to Skyscraper, by Highflyer, by Herod, by Flying Childers, etc. Confederate by Comus out of Mariuorues, by Cervantes out of Sally, by Sir Peter, by Highflyer, by Herod, by Flying Childers. Figaro by Hephaestus, by Sir Peter, out of Mrs. Hervey, by Eclipse.

The famous Arabian Stallion, "Caliph of Cairo," was imported by Judge Richard B. Jones, Consul-General of the United States for Egypt, having been presented to his little nephew by Abbas Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, when a colt of a year and a half old. This beautiful creature is now in his eighth year. His coat is of a most glossy texture, resembling a beautiful piece of white satin. His mane and tail, as also his knees and hocks, are black, and he is, perhaps, the fairest specimen of a perfect Arab ever seen in this country.

"Orion," the colt, is the property of John Hudson, Camden County, New Jersey. He was sired by Caliph, dam a Morgan mare. He is five months old, and has been greatly admired by all who have seen him.

The closing cavalcade of the Horse Fair was in the language of a spectator, "an imposing spectacle, comprising, as it did, some magnificent stallions and brood mares. Some of the colts and fillies looked remarkably well, and their fine appearance gave much hope for the future. There was a fair representation of thorough-bred stallions, native and imported, a few of them being very fine horses. The trotting stallions were more numerous, and of a superior class."



THE ARAB HORSE "CALIPH OF CAIRO," AND COLT "ORION."



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL RECEIVING HIS COMRADES' CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS PROMOTION TO THE RANK OF CORPORAL.

THE SON OF FRANCE AGAIN.

So much interest attaches to the little boy who is heir to the throne of France, that we make no apology for giving another picture of him. The accompanying engraving represents him in the act of receiving a company of his comrades in arms who have come to congratulate him on his promotion to the rank of corporal. What will be the future boyhood and manhood of one whose infancy was marked by such scenes?

THE CALABOOSE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

FEARFUL SUFFERINGS OF GENTILE PRISONERS—INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

[*From our Utah Correspondent.*]

SALT LAKE CITY, *September* 20, 1858.

THE last United States official who left Salt Lake Valley was, I believe, Dr. Hurt, the Indian Agent. He is a most worthy man, and withal exceedingly good-looking. If any thing besides his national patriotism and devotion was needed to secure to him the abiding hatred of the Mormon men his good looks was all-sufficient. They could not and would not pardon his fine form, his magnificent beard, and brilliant eye—he should be avenged for them. So, last winter, they sought to maim him—to inflict upon him the most brutal, savage, and disgusting outrages—outrages so shocking that they can not even be named in a public sheet. The less brutal Indians (a band of whom chanced to be in Salt Lake City) rescued the Doctor.—They seized him, by brute force put him upon his horse, and ran him off, pursued by a band of assassins, or Danites. The Indians, however, outpaced their more savage pursuers, and conducted Dr. Hurt across the mountains safely into General Johnston's camp.

But all our citizens were not so fortunate in making their escape. The story of some of them is written in bland, and pain, and nakedness, and filth, and vermin, and destitution, and want of every kind, in the cells of the calaboose,* or prison, an engraving of which is herewith presented. It is a wretched mud hovel, and last winter it was cold, hideous, and nasty. The unhappy denizens of it during that time were Messrs. F. M'Neil, W. H. Faloon, and Charles Miles. The first two entered Salt Lake City on the 15th of October, 1857, en route for California. They proceeded south as far as Fillmore, finding on the way the bodies of two Americans murdered by the Mormons. They saw the effects of the slaughtered men in the hands of the Mormons, and heard the latter specify the exact amount of money the former had when they were assassinated. Finding they could not proceed farther without being deprived of that part of their composition commonly denominated the corporeal, they preferred resigning their dreams of the Golden State rather than their breath and bodies; so they turned northward, intending to reach General Johnston's army if possible. Before doing this, however, they attempted to go to California under the protection of the Saints; so they sold their horses to one of the members of the "Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ throughout all the World," for and in consideration of his taking them to California. To the honor of the pious brother among Gentiles, be it known that he faithfully fulfilled one part of his contract—by persistently keeping the horses; and to his honor among the Saints, be it known that he faithfully (according to their faith) broke the other part of the contract—by persistently refusing to conduct the gentlemen to California.

On returning to Salt Lake City they were joined by Mr. Charles Miles and a young man named Brown. The whole party then started for, and succeeded in getting within thirty miles of, Camp Scott when they were stopped by the Mormon Guard and made prisoners; thence they were sent, under the charge of a band of armed men, back to Salt Lake City. While they were at Weber River Mr. Brown was taken sick, and consequently was not guarded very closely; so, one night, while the Mormons were praying to their material, polygamic, and polytheistic gods, he made his escape, and eventually reached General Johnston's camp. The remaining three—Faloon, M'Neil, and Miles —were imprisoned in Salt Lake City, in the *adobe* or mud house seen in the engraving.

The building is divided into cells, and is surrounded by a high board fence, only one part of which is shown in the illustration. The calaboose was always guarded by eight men, who were changed every day, so fearful were the Mormons lest the prisoners should escape. The guard were ordered not to let either of the prisoners leave the house. A sentry walked before the house and another before the gate all the time, day and night. The prisoners' arms and moneys were taken from them; they were not supplied with any clean or fresh clothing; they were unable to purchase any themselves. So there they lived all winter long, ragged, almost naked, filthy and lousy from compulsion, without occupation or diversion. At night they threw themselves upon the floor, heart-sick and head-sick, with deep, unutterable woe; in the morning they rose from their dirty beds whelmed with disgust and wretchedness. Each day had repeated the united miseries of its preceding ones. Yet these men were not branded with any crimes; their hands were not stained with any misdeeds. Their crime was that of being American citizens; that was the beginning and end of their offending. And yet this all occurred in the domains of the United States, in the year 1858. One of those men had been a civil officer—an agent of our Government to a foreign land; still, here he was, within his own brave, mighty, and fire-loving native land, subjected to such inhuman suffering because he was a citizen of his country, and would not bend his knee a supplicant or an adorer of the vile wretch, impostor, and blasphemer who has so wronged, debased, and enslaved an unfortunately ignorant people.

During the winter Mr. Miles was taken out under the pretense of being sent to California. As he has never been heard of since, he is supposed to have been "sent to hell across lots"—the way Brigham, in a sermon, threatened to send there not only all Gentiles but all Saints who believed his enmity.

While Governor Cumming was in the city last spring, M'Neil obtained some money with which he purchased liquor, and getting the guard drunk with it one night, he escaped, went to the Governor, and told him how the prisoners were situated. The Governor declared he could do nothing for them; he was himself guarded and spied upon by the Mormons, though he claimed



THE CALABOOSE IN SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOOD.]

that they had then recognized him as Governor, and that he exercised full executive authority in the Territory. M'Neil was caught by the Mormons and lodged in the calaboose again, but after remaining there two days was taken out and carried no one knew whither. Shortly after, the body of a man was found floating down the Jordan, with deep flesh wounds upon it; the report instantly spread, and was for a long time credited, that it was the corpse of M'Neil. Such was not the case, however; for on the 10th of May ten armed Mormons took Fabens from the calaboose and M'Neil from the Territorial prison and forced them south. They were met at different points by fresh guards, who conducted the prisoners down into the far southern part of the Territory. M'Neil was kept with ball and chain on him at Salt Creek. Fabens got a file from a Mormon who had apostatized in head and heart, and with it filed the chain from M'Neil's leg and threw it into the creek. It was some time before the guard found it out; they then flew into a passion about it, but had no other ball and chain to put upon him. The chain had worn into his flesh very badly.

The guard left them at Cedar City, and they were ordered by the President to go further south. They considered their only hope was in flight: so on Saturday, the 5th of June, they started and fled northward, traveling by night and resting during the day. By traveling at night, and when there was danger of being apprehended, taking to the mountains, they succeeded in reaching Salt Lake City on Monday morning the 21st of June. The United States Commissioners were here then as well as many other Christian citizens of our Republic, the Mormons having condescended (as they would have us believe) to accept peace and the President's pardon. So Fabens and M'Neil were protected and cared for by us Gentiles. Shortly after this Fabens was boarding at the house of one of the sisters whose lord had taken unto himself a second better half, leaving the first to "root hog or die" as best she could; that little act had the potent effect of illuminating her religious understanding. She could no longer see Joe Smith as a prophet; the internal evidence of Brigham's divine inspiration ceased; in short, she apostatized, and wanted to commence a suit against her husband for adultery, for leaving her and marrying another woman; but there was one little difficulty in the way, she had not any means for beginning or carrying on such a suit. Mr. Fabens, too, has long been waiting to commence a suit against Brigham for false imprisonment, but, perhaps, the same difficulty impedes the progress of his suit.

He was with Walker in Central America during the wars there, and is, consequently, quite a filibuster. Had not General Johnston had the discretion to send the volunteers to the States before discharging them, he (Fabens) would have taken a band of them and played the big Indian game of the Mormons back on them with compound interest, by sweeping some night through the valley and running off all their best or fleetest animals and starting to California with them. "Once let me get started," said Fabens, "and all hell can't catch me." He was sometimes, however, engaged in the planning and execution of more honorable exploits. There were keeping house for Judge Eckels, before his departure East, a giant-framed, hardy Englishman and his wife—a delicate woman—who were formerly Mormons, but on apostatizing, their son, an only child, was taken from them and kept in the valley. They fled to the army, and have clung to it ever since, hoping only for the recovery of their child. The mother loves him as a mother only loves; she lives but on the hope that he lives. Her prayer day after day, and month after month, has been, "My son! my son! oh, give me back my son!" The boy is, too, his father's hope and pride, so no effort is spared to obtain him. On arriving in the valley, last spring, it was deemed more expedient to ascertain where the boy was, and obtain him privately, if possible, than to issue a legal process for him. So Fabens was dispatched to the south part of the Territory, where it was understood the child was kept, to see if he could be obtained. Fabens acted up to the emergencies of the case, but the boy could not be found. Mr. and Mrs. Wardsworth were sad indeed on learning this. Judge Eckels used to make every effort to cheer the unhappy mother; sometimes he would do it by telling her very queer stories. When the utmost gloom and want prevailed in Camp Scott last winter, he entered the cabin one night, and seeing Mrs. Wardsworth greatly depressed, he said to her,

"Well, I have just written to my wife, and told her that at last we have had to come to it."

"Come to what, Judge?"

"I told her that we have been reduced to mule steaks, that they had sent me a great piece of a dead mule, and that my housekeeper, Mrs. Wardsworth, in the most melancholy mood, began to prepare it for dinner; but she had no sooner placed it on the fire than it commenced braying, whereupon Mrs. Wardsworth ran out of the cabin and screamed at the top of her voice, 'The Mormons! the Mormons!'"

Mrs. Wardsworth could not help a burst of laughter at this very just caricature of her constant brooding fears of the Mormons, arising chiefly from the anxiety for her son.

Though the majority of the women in Mormondom are from the very lowest class of society, and possessed of an ignorance so great that an intelligent person can not imagine how it is possible for it to exist in this age, still there is occasionally among them a woman who has been seduced from the upper walks of life. When the three hundred apostate Mormons arrived at Camp Scott last spring from Salt Lake Valley, naked, destitute, and suffering, there was one woman who instantly attracted the attention of every Gentile who looked upon that crude mass of wretchedness. There was that in her manner, her bearing, and general appearance, though destitute as the rest, that indicated that she had been bred in a very different society, and amidst far different scenes. She complained not nor asked for any thing; but the soldiers, with that magnanimous burst of feeling, of sympathy and chivalric devotion characteristic of them, stripped themselves of their own clothes to cover her nakedness and forced money upon her. The soldiers' wives gave her of their apparel till she was soon neatly attired. She was found to be a lady of fine accomplishments, superior education, and brilliant conversational abilities. All who knew her learned to admire and pity her. She was the wife of a man named Southerland. Her maiden name she rarely if ever mentioned. She did not want it to be generally known, but it is known, and she is said to be, and she claims to be, the daughter of the chief editor of the London *Times*. If this is so nothing should prevent her father from aiding her now. She is married to a man of whom little can be said. She accepted him, according to report, as a last resort to keep out of polygamy.

When the army entered last spring, there were quite a number of persons came with it whom the Mormons did not care about seeing. Among these was Mr. Bridger, the old Man of the Mountains, after whom Bridger's Fort is named. Now Bridger is quite a character. He has lived out in these mountains many years. He first told the Mormons where this valley was. During their first winter here they owed their salvation from starvation almost entirely to him; but they have since ill-treated him, for they soon learn to hate every man who knows too much about them. Bridger, knowing this country perfectly, also the Mormons, was an important man for General Johnston, who always kept him employed as guide. If any officer wanted to know any thing about the country he would always go to Bridger to find it out. Sometimes, however, they would be astounded by his statements; for instance, he always persists that the sun now rises several miles further to the north than it did when he first came to the country. No amount of reasoning will convince him otherwise, for he says he has natural objects marked which prove it. Like all mountain men, he is very modest as to his own experiences and adventures. At one time Mr. Bridger informed a group of officers that he had discovered a great crystal rock or mountain on the plains, which rose thousands of feet perpendicularly above the level desert sand. The crystal was so pure and beautiful that he could see through the whole vast rock just as he could through a window. He was interrogated:

"You know where the rock is?"

"Yes."

"Who other than yourself has seen it?"

"Nobody."

"Why, has no one but you ever seen it?"

"Why, how could any one else see it when it is fifteen days from wood, water, and grass!"

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS is a man of remarkable intellect. His NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, for Academies and Schools, published by Harper & Brothers, is the evidence of this. It is no ordinary school-book. It is a clear and telling account of the phenomena of nature and their causes. It speaks to the mind of the student with all the force of the human voice. This results from the author's admirable manner of conveying instruction. Perhaps the best illustration we can give of this is by saying that the book, although a text-book for students, is in reality a readable volume for any one who enjoys scientific information. We have seldom met with a book of more interest for an evening's examination and perusal; and applying this remark to its character as a text-book, the value of the work will be apparent at once. It conveys information as a matter of interest, and teaches the student the employment of every new fact or principle which he acquires. Thus it fixes its contents indelibly on the mind, and when the scholar has forgotten all the dry details of the ordinary text-book, he will find the instructions of Professor Loomis fresh and clear in his memory. We therefore commend the book to teachers in schools and colleges throughout the country, as probably the most valuable text-book on Natural Philosophy hitherto offered to their hands.

REV. DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD was a missionary to the Nestorians, who died at his post two years ago. He was a man of mark even in the devoted band of missionaries in the East, among whom are such men as Calhoun of Abeiya, Thomson of Sidon, Eli Smith of Beyrout, Goodell of Constantinople, Perkins of Oroomiah, and others whom we could name, whose praise is in all the churches. Such men are the pioneers of civilization as well as of religion, and the age has arrived when their services are beginning to be acknowledged by those who scoff at their religious objects. Stoddard was a New England man, and carried to the Nestorian country his New England character. He taught the natives after a Yankee plan, and with distinguished success. His Memoir, edited by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., and published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., is therefore a valuable and an interesting book. It is chiefly composed of Mr. Stoddard's own letters, and these involve not only his personal history, but that of the mission, and a great amount of valuable information about the Nestorians and other Oriental people. We should be glad to make extracts from these letters. One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. Stoddard was his knowledge of astronomy, which he carried with him to the Eastern plains, and which enabled him to make observations, calculate eclipses, and also furnish valuable contributions to scientific knowledge. He found that at the mission station at Mount Seir the air was so pure and clear that he could see the moons of Jupiter with the naked eye—a fact which opened a new light to his mind on the powers of the old Chaldeans, whose astronomical observations without telescopic aid have been sources of wonderment to later ages. Many stars are visible to the eye there which are here seen only through glasses. The elongation of Saturn's ring, and even the phases of Venus, Mr. Stoddard observed without artificial aid. But these are indeed trivial circumstances in the life of a noble and self-sacrificing missionary compared with his labors for his fellow-men. The volume contains abundant proof of his worthy service of his Master; and the reader is interested in the progress of his labors—its trials and sufferings, its triumphs and rewards—until he scarcely knows whether to rejoice or lament that the end came, and God took him to enjoy rest, which he needed if ever man needed it. The book is one of the most valuable biographies of the day. We can not lay it down, however, without adding that its interest is due to the subject, and not to the skill of the editor, whose work is done in a very slovenly style. The first, and introductory, chapter is but half intelligible from its introversions and obscurities; such as piety which has *twined its notes* around a grave, graves which are "sending forth the testimony and incentive of genius and scholarship and gentlemanly culture, sanctified by grace," etc., and like sentences. The subject was worthy a more experienced and careful hand; and it should not have been undertaken by a clergyman whose pastoral duties are, as the editor says of his, so very arduous that he has only been able to give the book "a summer's vacation, and such rare hours of leisure and relaxation as a city pastorate will permit."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PROCLAMATION AGAINST FILIBUSTERS.

THE President has issued a proclamation against Walker. He says, therein, after a long preamble: "The leaders of the former illegal expeditions of the same character have openly expressed their intention to renew hostilities against Nicaragua. One of them, who has already been twice expelled from Nicaragua, has invited, through the public newspapers, American citizens to emigrate to that republic, and has designated Mobile as the place of rendezvous and departure, and San Juan del Norte as the port to which they are bound. This person, who has renounced his allegiance to the United States, and claims to be President of Nicaragua, has given notice to the Collector of the port of Mobile that two or three hundred of these emigrants will be prepared to embark from that port about the middle of November.

"For these and other good reasons, and for the purpose of saving American citizens who may have been honestly deluded into the belief that they are about to proceed to Nicaragua as peaceful emigrants, if any such there be, from the disastrous consequences to which they will be exposed, I, James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought it fit to issue this, my proclamation, enjoining upon all officers of the Government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active, and faithful in suppressing these illegal enterprises, and in carrying out their standing instructions to that effect, and exhorting all good citizens, by their respect for the laws and their regard for the peace and welfare of the country, to aid the efforts of the public authorities in the discharge of their duties."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT FOR DOUGLAS.

Mr. Breckinridge has published a letter, in which he says: "I have often, in conversation, expressed the wish that Mr. Douglas may succeed over his Republican competitor. But it is due to candor to say that this preference is not founded on his course at the late session of Congress, and would not exist if I supposed it would be construed as an indorsement of the attitude which he then chose to assume toward his party, or of all the positions he has taken in the present canvass. It is not necessary to enlarge on these things. I will only add, that my preference rests mainly on these considerations: That the Kansas question is practically ended—that Mr. Douglas, in recent speeches, has explicitly declared his adherence to the regular Democratic party organization—that he seems to be the candidate of the Illinois Democracy, and the most formidable opponent in that State of the Republican party, and that on more than one occasion during his public life he has defended the Union of the States and the rights of the States with fidelity, courage, and great ability.

"I have not desired to say any thing upon this or any other subject about which a difference may be supposed to exist in our political family, but I did not feel at liberty to decline an answer to the courteous letter of your Committee.

"With cordial wishes for the harmony of the Illinois Democracy, and the hope that your great and growing State, which has never yet given a sectional vote, may continue true to our Constitutional Union,

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE."

GENERAL PAEZ AT WASHINGTON.

General Paez, accompanied by P. J. Rojas and two other members of the Venezuelan Delegation, and Mr. Herran, the New Granadian Minister, and Mr. Pombo, his Secretary, proceeded to the Executive mansion at Washington last week, and was there introduced to the President by Mr. Cass, in pursuance of a previous arrangement. General Paez said he had come to bid farewell to this nation, through its President; that he considered the United States his second home, and expressed the hope that the sympathies bestowed upon him in his exile would be extended to Venezuela. The high respect and gratitude he felt for the United States would daily increase at his fireside, and when justice or the good name of the United States required it, his friendship would be abundantly manifested as a tribute which he owed to this people, whose illustrious chief now received his adieu. The President, in reply, said he was happy to see the man who had won so great a name in the Columbian War of Independence, and who had made so many sacrifices for his country. General Paez being known as the defender of Constitutional liberty, it was gratifying to the President that he had received the nation's sympathy. With all his heart he wished him triumphant success on his return, and that Venezuela may consolidate her liberties under such an eminent leader. Entertaining the warmest feeling for the prosperity of Venezuela, he desired that the two countries would maintain the most friendly relations. If any difficulty should arise between them, he entertained no doubt it could be amicably adjusted. The interview, as General Paez subsequently remarked, was of a highly gratifying character. General Paez will dine with the President, and also with Mr. Cass, before his departure, and, as a further evidence of the friendship of our Government, will return to Venezuela in about three weeks in a national vessel tendered him for that purpose.

MRS. CRAWFORD IN ITALY AGAIN.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "We mentioned the recent departure of this estimable lady for Italy; and it may be desirable for lovers of art and native genius to know that her object in revisiting Rome is to superintend in person the fulfillment of her gifted husband's last wishes in regard to the completion of several works partially executed at the time of his death. Crawford's studio has continued open and his workmen active since that melancholy event, which has only tended to add a new though sad attraction to the scene of his prolific toil. His house also has remained with all its precious articles of *virtu* and its many valuable works of art precisely as he left it two years ago. Many complete models of half-finished statues give ample employment to his master workman, who is familiar with his method and plans, and is conscientiously elaborating them. It is thought that two years more will be required to achieve the commissions, both government and private. The present, therefore, is a rare opportunity to secure good copies of Crawford's favorite works, under the supervision of his very competent agent, and from the original models. It is hoped the entire collection of casts will yet be secured and kept together, either in New York, his native city, or here, where his memory is so fondly cherished."

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A BALLOON.

The Troy *Times* says: "M. La Mountain, the balloonist, on Saturday last published in the *Whig* a proposition for a loan of $2500, to be applied to the construction of a vessel for navigating the air; the purpose being to accomplish a trip across the Atlantic, starting from this point and landing somewhere in England. He proposes that every person subscribing shall become a stockholder in the enterprise; and says that 'such arrangements will be made with stockholders as will secure to them a return of their money, with good interest, before the ship leaves land, or a continued interest on it, as they choose.'

"This proposition has called forth an inquiry from a professor in one of our educational institutions, designed to test the theoretical knowledge of the balloonist with regard to the subject of transatlantic aerial navigation. He is asked whether he will be able to stem the various currents of wind which blow near the surface between Europe and America? How long can his ship sustain sufficient buoyancy to keep up? What rate of motion will it be capable of in still air near the surface of the earth? His answers to these queries will show whether he possesses sufficient knowledge of the various air currents to enable him to make the experiment of crossing the ocean with his balloon. Whether such an enterprise is practicable or not is another question. There seems at least to be a general disposition in favor of experimenting in the matter; and we see no reason why, in such things, America should be in any degree behind the other peoples."

THEODORE EISFELD'S CONDITION.

The *Times* says: "We have been favored with the perusal of a letter just received from this gentleman, concerning whom so much anxiety is felt. Mr. Eisfeld is still in Fayal, and the state of his health prohibits the possibility of his return this winter. The terrible shock occasioned by the catastrophe to the *Austria* terminated in an inflammation of the lungs, under which Mr. Eisfeld is still suffering. He desires it to be known, therefore, that for the season, at least, he will be unable to resume his duties in this city as Conductor of the Philharmonic and teacher of music. With rest and the genial climate of the Azores, we may reasonably hope to have him restored to us early in the spring. It is pleasant to hear that he is meeting with kindly attention from the good people of Fayal. He speaks with heartfelt gratitude of their many favors. Mr. Eisfeld's struggle for life was more desperate than seemed possible to those who knew his feeble habit of body. After leaving the ill-fated vessel he swam for two hours and a half, until, thoroughly exhausted, he became insensible and sank. An under-current brought him to the surface in time to be rescued by the boat of the *Maurice*.

A SCHOOL-GIRL MARRIED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

The Maysville (Kentucky) *Express* of the 20th ult., has the following: "On Wednesday night last, a man past the middle age of life, in company with a girl about thirteen or fourteen years of age, came to this city on the Paris stage and stopped at the Lee House. The next day they were out in the city some hours, and when they returned he claimed that they were married, but it was earnestly denied by the young lady, who gave the following account of the elopement, which really looks more like an abduction than any thing else. She is an orphan, and is possessed in her own right of several thousand dollars. She was living with her guardian, in one of the interior counties, the wife of whom is the sister of the man who claims to be her husband. She has been going to school, and has not yet finished her education, and declares that she has had no thought of marrying any one, and certainly never contemplated such a union with the man who was with her. The wife of her guardian and this man and herself went to Paris for the purpose of shopping. While there it was proposed to her to come to Maysville for the purpose of completing her purchases, to which she cheerfully agreed. She supposed the whole party were coming until she got into the stage, when she learned that the lady was going to return home, and that she was to accompany this gentleman. The next morning after their arrival here, he proposed that they should go out in town to make their purchases. He took her to the ferry-boat, and when she asked him if that was the way to the stores, he told her it was, as all the best stores were on the other side of the river. In Aberdeen, she says, some 'little old man' asked them to 'stand up and join their right hands,' which she refused to do; nevertheless he pronounced them 'man and wife.' On their return to the hotel, at the instance of the man, who registered their names as gentleman and lady, they were placed in one room. Her screams, on his attempting to take some privileges with her, brought to her aid some of the attachés of the hotel, who listened to her earnest denial of their marriage and to her pleading for protection, and placed her in a separate room. At her instance, she was the next day (Friday) sent to a relative's in another county, where she said she would be protected, while the gentleman went on a boat down the river."

HUNTING DEER WITH A STEAMBOAT.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press*: "Captain Cole, of the steamer *Columbia*, on his last trip down, when a short distance this side of Point aux Barques, saw a deer in the water about three miles from land. The boat was headed for the animal, and after arriving within a short distance of him, was stopped. The deer came near the gangway, and a rope was thrown over his head, by which he was drawn on board in an exhausted state. He was kept alive until the next day, when he regained his strength and activity, and made so much trouble that he was killed and served up to the passengers and crew, who were much gratified with their change in fare.

LIFE IN KANSAS.

A correspondent of the *Missouri Republican* gives a graphic description of his experiences in Kansas. He went into a tavern, where he saw stout big men lying on all sorts of beds, shaking with ague, while in an adjoining room teamsters were hugging and kissing their sweethearts, who sat in their laps, and the oxen were lying down by the door-sill, resting. Dogs, cats, hogs, and fowls seemed to be in partnership, enjoying squatter sovereignty. Dust and sand were flying in clouds, and the mosquitoes came down in swarms. The thermometer stood at 90° in the shade. At dinner it was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The old dame came in with a frying-pan from the kitchen, and emptied its contents on a plate. It had no name, and its colors were as various as a rainbow. Small taverns may be met with on every road, with "Entertainment for man and horse" chalked on the sign.

PERSONAL.

The personal breach between the President and Mr. Corcoran is reported to be caused by the former's refusal to require the dismissal of Muruaga from the Spanish Mission, after the little difficulties between the banker and secretary which so agreeably diversified life at the Federal capital a few months ago.

Dr. Randolph, a celebrated Spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture at Utica, on Sunday last, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that Spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry.

Senator Davis has left Washington for Mississippi. The Washington *Star* says that in the course of his recent Northern tour his health has greatly improved.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng is announced to lecture in New Haven on *The Life and Character of the Missionary Judson*.

Sir William Don, the amateur actor who figured in this city not long ago, has been convicted, at the Sunderland (England) police court, of an assault upon an actor, and sentenced to a fine. The suit was brought by one Edward Burchell, who prayed relief for "willful damage to a hat, coat, shirt; his property, valued at £1 5s." Sir William got enraged at something that went wrong before the curtain at the Lyceum Theatre, where he and

Burchell were performing, and revenged himself by banging Burchell's valuable person against the properties.

Mr. J. B. Gough is suffering from an attack of illness at Orkney, and has been advised to proceed to Edinburgh, and put himself under medical treatment.

Balfe has set to music Longfellow's poem "Daybreak," one of the pieces in the volume of "Miles Standish."

Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, of Boston, communicates to the Boston Society of Natural History his intention to make another attempt to reach the North Pole, and asking for the influence of the Society in behalf of this subject. The letter was accompanied by the report of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia on the same letter. On motion of Professor Parsons, the subject was referred to a Committee to be nominated by the President and reported at the next meeting.

The Boston *Advertiser* states that but $7000 was paid to Hiram Powers for a duplicate of the Webster statue, the original of which was lost at sea. Out of the sum indicated, which is smaller than report has made it, Mr. Powers has to pay the bronze-founders who cast the statue.

A short time since an interesting widow left her home at Freemantown, N. J., between two days. Four days after, a well-known hat-manufacturer left the place very suddenly, leaving his wife behind. Neither he nor the widow have been heard of since. It is supposed that they are living together in Texas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE "AUSTRIA."

THE London *Times* publishes the following:

"SIR,—We the undersigned, first, second, and third officers, and six of the crew belonging to the *Austria*, having arrived in England on board the *Ireland*, Captain Jackson, from Fayal, have read the different statements of passengers about the loss of our vessel, and beg to add our statement showing what has been done on our part: we leave it to every one to judge whether we have done our duty or not. The full protest having to be made up before the competent authorities at Hamburg, we here only give account of what we personally experienced.

"The second and third officers had the watch, and were on deck when the first cry of fire broke out at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, the 13th of September. The captain, who was in his cabin at the time, came instantly up the bridge and gave orders to attend to the pumps. The engine at the same time was put at half speed, and the signal was given to work the steam pump. There was a regularly organized fire-roll for our vessel, each man having his place marked out at the pumps, and being exercised to their use.

"At the command of the captain the men of the fire-roll ran below to the pumps and began working them, but immediately found that they drew no water, the pipes being precisely at the spot where the fire broke out, and the lead having therefore melted. The steam pump could also not work for the same reason. The men were, moreover, forced to leave the pumps as the fire and smoke surrounded them. In the course of fifteen minutes from the commencement of the fire the three decks were in a blaze. It was impossible to stop the engine, as one could not get to it on account of the fire.

THE BOATS IN GOOD ORDER.

"There was hardly any wind at the time, merely the draught caused by the motion of the vessel. The captain, seeing the impossibility of overpowering the fire, then ordered the men to lower the boats. There were on board eight boats, viz., three Francis's metallic life-boats, capable of containing sixty persons each; two wooden and one metallic life-boats, capable of containing each fifty persons; two smaller wooden jolly boats, capable of containing from thirty to forty persons each.

"The boats were in perfect order, ready, and so fastened that they might be lowered in the shortest possible time. There existed a regular boat-roll on the vessel, so that each man knew to which boat to attend to in case of need, under the command of an officer or sub-officer. The men were hindered in getting to the boats by the frantic passengers, who already had rushed to them. We tried to repel them by all means in our power, but in vain. The boats on the starboard soon caught fire, this side being most exposed to the flames. On the larboard four boats were lowered, but three of them were smashed before reaching the water by the people over-crowding them, and one boat alone got safely afloat.

HOW THE CAPTAIN PERISHED.

"After the captain had given the command to lower the boats, he was seen by us to jump down from the bridge, probably intending to keep the passengers in order. In running aft to the quarter-deck he had to travel through the fire, which now already separated the fore part from the aft part of the ship. The captain, breaking the flames, was much injured; he was seen later by the first officer standing on the quarter-deck, larboard side, apparently stunned by the injury he had received from the fire, and some passengers say they saw him jump overboard.

HOW THE OFFICERS BEHAVED.

"The single boat which reached the water without being smashed was one of the large metallic life-boats; it was at first, when lowered down, filled with people; but the weight was so great that many of them fell out when the boat reached the water. Thirty succeeded in keeping on, but the boat capsized several times, being full of water, and seven men were drowned thereby. There then remained in the boat the undersigned first officer and six of the crew, besides one steward, and fifteen passengers. It was three o'clock when our boat got free of the steamer, and we were left immediately behind, the vessel still going ahead, and we being unable to manage the boat, so that we soon were separated from the vessel. We tried hard to bale the water out of the boat, but did not succeed till we constructed a raft of the oars and masts belonging to the boat, and got the passengers upon it; then we got the boat clear of water, and took the passengers in again. About one hour after having left the steamer we got sight of the French bark *Maurice*, and pulling to her, we reached her at eight o'clock, where we found already the third officer and some of the passengers.

"The second officer was taken up by the *Maurice*, swimming, at half past eight o'clock. He had been pushed overboard the *Austria* at half past two o'clock by the rush of the passengers who jumped into his boat and smashed it. He kept afloat, swimming, for six hours without any thing to hold on.

"The third officer left the steamer at five o'clock. He remained on the deck of the *Austria* till he saw that no boat was left, and was driven by the fire overboard; but kept on to it by a rope alongside of the vessel till five o'clock, when he jumped off, the iron plates of the vessel getting red hot. He then took to swimming, and caught hold of some pieces of floating wood, by which he held himself afloat till half past six o'clock, when he was taken up by the French boat, much injured by the flames."

PRIORESS BEATEN AT NEWMARKET.

The race for the Czarowitch Handicap at Newmarket, for which the American horse Prioress was first favorite, was won by Rocket by a head only, Prioress and the Brewer running a dead heat for the second place. Thirty-five horses ran.

MORPHY'S CHALLENGE TO STAUNTON.

The following letter will be read with interest:

"CAFE DE LA REGENCE, PARIS, *October*, 1858.

"HOWARD STAUNTON, ESQ.,—On my arrival in England, three months since, I renewed the challenge to you personally which the New Orleans Chess Club had given some months previously. You immediately accepted, but demanded a month's delay, in order to prepare yourself for the contest. Subsequently you proposed that the time should be postponed until after the Birmingham meeting, to which I assented. On the approach of the period you had fixed I addressed you a communication requesting that the necessary preliminaries might be immediately settled; but you left London without replying to it. I went to Birmingham for the express purpose of asking you to put a stop to further delay by fixing a date for the opening of our match; but before the opportunity presented itself you came to me, and, in the presence of Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Avery, and other gentlemen, you stated that your time was much occupied in editing a new edition of Shakspeare, and that you were under heavy bonds to your publishers accordingly. But you reiterated your intention to play me, and said that if I would consent to a further postponement until the first week in November, you would, in a few days, communicate with me and fix the exact date. I have not heard further from you, either privately by letter or through the columns of the *Illustrated London News*.

"A statement appeared in the chess department of that journal, a few weeks since, that 'Mr. Morphy had come to Europe unprovided with backers or seconds;' the inference being obvious that my want of funds was the reason of our match not taking place. As you are the editor of that department of the *Illustrated London News*, I felt hurt that a gentleman who had always received me at his club and elsewhere with great kindness and courtesy should allow so prejudicial a statement to be made in reference to me—one, too, which is not strictly in accordance with fact.

"Permit me to repeat what I have invariably declared in every chess community I have had the honor of entering, that I am not a professional player; that I never wished to make any skill I possess the means of pecuniary advancement; and that my earnest desire is never to play for any stake but honor. My friends in New Orleans, however, subscribed a certain sum, without any countenance from me, and that sum has been ready for you to meet a considerable time past. Since my arrival in Paris I have been assured by numerous gentlemen that the value of those stakes can be immediately increased to any amount; but for myself, personally, reputation is the only incentive I recognize.

"The matter of seconds can not, certainly, offer any difficulty. I had the pleasure of being first received in London by the St. George's Chess Club, of which you are so distinguished a member; and of those gentlemen I request the honor of appointing my seconds, to whom I give full authority in settling all preliminaries.

"In conclusion, I beg leave to state that I have addressed a copy of this letter to several editors, being most desirous that our true position should no longer be misunderstood by the community at large. Again requesting you to fix the date for commencing our match, I have the honor to remain, Sir, your very humble servant,

PAUL MORPHY."

COURT GOSSIP.

The London correspondent of the *Times* has the following: "Count and Countess Persigny have been for some days the guests of the Queen, at Balmoral. It hardly needed this to prove how much the Ex-Embassador is liked in the governing circles here. His successor is expected to return to his post next week, immediately after his marriage; but his inefficiency is only equaled by his unpopularity; and it is thought that on the first opportunity he will give place to M. Persigny. What qualities Mlle. Paniega may have for discharging the duties of fascination and condescension as wife of the French Embassador remains to be seen; curiosity being chiefly excited among English women of fashion about her *trousseau*, which is said to be superlatively tasteful and splendid. But nobody had a higher character for dressing well than Madame Walewski, and nobody adheres more devotedly to a bad *toilette* than Madame Persigny. I remember the first time I met her was at a reception at the house of one of the late Ministers, where the grand-daughter of Marshal Ney appeared in a very elaborate but frightfully ill-made and unbecoming costume, and where the sole impression she made with her odd and abstracted look was that of suggesting an unfavorable comparison with the pretty and coquettish descendant of the celebrated Prince Poniatowski. The witchery of dress is one to which English women are in general painfully conscious that they possess no claim. Most of our fine ladies make an autumnal pilgrimage to Paris in search of attractions for the wearing season. When Lady M——, the aspiring widow of a distinguished baronet, returned the other day, with the baggage of beautificatidees, the first person she encountered was the dowager Marchioness of A——, with whom she had long sought to vie in flirtation and extravagance. "I have almost ruined myself. Of course I went to Camille; she has made me a *Mauve* velvet, with such Mechlin lace!—fifteen hundred francs! and a *groséille-des Alps* that cost eleven hundred; and a *basque*—such a love—but such a price!' 'Don't waste time telling me, my dear friend, for I really don't understand *cheap* dresses!' Under his old signature of S. G. O., Mr. Sydney Godolphin Osborne continues to rail in the columns of the *Times* against the increasing prodigality and extravagance in female dress; but no remonstrance is of any avail, and the striking example afforded by her Majesty Queen Victoria on all occasions in the opposite direction, simply affords a subject of never-ending ridicule."

FRANCE.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The marriage of the Duke de Malakoff with Mademoiselle Paniega was solemnized in the Imperial chapel of St. Cloud on the evening of the 12th ult., in the presence of the Emperor and Empress and a numerous and brilliant assemblage. Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, and M. Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave away the bridegroom, and M. Fould, Minister of State, and a Spaniard, the Marquis de Casa Rierra, did the same office for the bride. The Duke is said to be in his sixty-seventh year, and his bride in her thirty-third. They had arrived in England.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The nuptial benediction was given by the Bishop of Nancy, first chaplain of the Emperor. After the religious ceremony all the distinguished company present assembled in the *salons* of the palace to offer their congratulations to the 'happy couple.' The Emperor saluted the bride on both cheeks, and it was observed that the bride bore all her blushing honors with great self-command. The Duke was, as usual, full of smirks and sudden hitches of his person, apparently taking the whole affair as an excellent practical joke. The manners of the great Crimean hero, it may be said in passing, seem to have left a peculiar impression in England. The Queen, it is said, can with difficulty keep her countenance in his presence, especially if the gallant Marshal be dancing, which feat he executes much after the fashion of a *cabant et asnières*. He has a singular fashion of seizing hold of ladies' bouquets and suddenly dropping them after submitting them to his olfactory nerves, exclaiming, '*Ah—ah—c'a sent bon*.' It has been stated, too, that the Marshal is in no hurry to part with the Emperor's pranks in the way of opening the doors at Albert gate, after the manner of his predecessors. Perhaps the new relation he has contracted with the Empress's friend, Mademoiselle Sophia de Paniega, may change all that. The Duke and Duchess have already quitted for England. It has been suggested by the Duchess of Somerset and the Duchess of Manchester, whose rich furniture has been made to suffer by the Duke's habit of expectoration of an evening, that a spittoon of Worcester china would be an appropriate nuptial present to him on his arrival. Among the foreigners of distinction who affixed their signatures to the marriage contract were the Countess de Montijo, the Duke de Rianzares (husband of Queen Christina), Prince and Princess Zartoriski, Marshal Narvaez, M. Bravo Murillo, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Carleton, etc."

MORPHY'S TRIUMPHS IN PARIS.

The match between Morphy and Harrwitz has been resigned by the latter, on the plea of ill health, the score standing at close: Morphy, 5; Harrwitz, 2; drawn, 1. With characteristic generosity Mr. Morphy accepted the resignation, but declined the stakes, 250 francs. At the last dates Herr Anderrsen, the celebrated Prussian player, was on his way to Paris, to play the young American. The eminent German master, Heyderbrant, is also in Paris by this time, and will have a joust with Morphy.

MORPHY TO PLAY WITH THE EMPEROR.

The *Herald* says: "Recent advices from Paris state that the Emperor Napoleon has requested Morphy to give a specimen of his blindfold playing at the Tuileries, before the ladies of the Imperial Court, and has also consented to be beaten at chess by the young American at the odds of a rook. There is now reason to believe that before leaving Paris Morphy will have a chance to contend with Herr Von der Lasa, the great chess analyst and player, who has recently left Rio Janeiro, where he has acted as Embassador from one of the German courts for some years past. The meeting of these two chess masters will excite great interest among the lovers of this beautiful game."

THE EMPRESS GOING TO SEE THE POPE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Advertiser* states that the Empress Eugénie has a strong desire to visit Rome, to obtain the personal benediction of the Pope, and that the Emperor will accompany her Majesty.

AN IMPERIAL GIFT.

The Emperor has made a present to the Empress's mother, Madame de Montijo, of the splendid mansion in the Champs Elysées, bought of the Marquis de Lauriston. The value of this property, greatly augmented by improvements, is now not less than four millions of francs.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT A BALL.

A letter from Rheims, describing a late ball at the Hôtel de Ville there, says: "The Emperor danced with Mademoiselle Werlé, and the Empress with M. Werlé, the Mayor of the city. The young lady who was the Emperor's partner seemed much overcome and scarcely able to speak, but his Majesty's kind manner soon put her at ease, and toward the end of the quadrille she was talking away as gayly as possible. As for her Majesty, she was, as usual, most gracious. She had a most lovely toilet, and wore a diadem of diamonds and a necklace of large pearls. Her dress was of white tulle, the jupe being covered with a sort of embroidery that was perfectly beautiful.

A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR DRESS.

The Empress has just purchased of Mademoiselle Vergennes, the grand-daughter of the Marquis de Vergennes, lady-in-waiting to Madame Victore, aunt of Louis Seize, the dress in point d'Alençon given by the city of Rouen to that illustrious lady on a visit there with Louis Quinze. The Empress has paid the sum of fifty thousand francs for the dress.

THE LAST MIRACLE.

It is recounted that a deaf and dumb lad of sixteen, a native of St. Briac, near Dinan, in Brittany, has seen the Virgin, who appeared to him blazing in beauty and surrounded by stars. The celestial visitor opened the conversation by asking his age, to which inquiry he replied, "I don't know." She then told him, and proceeded to recount the whole history of his life, and a variety of other circumstances within his knowledge; she concluded by saying, "Hereafter you shall speak like any other person; meet me again to-morrow night, and I will tell you some wonderful things." The boy came, faithful to the tryst, and the Virgin then pointed out to him three mysterious letters in the tail of the comet, and explained that they symbolize prophecies of events to come. He is not, however, at liberty to make known the things that were told him until the expiration of a year from the date of the vision. The boy now speaks and hears perfectly well. Such is the story which, according to the *Union Malouine et Dinnanaise*, the natives of the village of St. Briac are ready to prove upon the hide of any skeptic.

AMERICAN SCHOOL-GIRLS WATCHED BY SPIES.

The *Post* publishes the following extract from a recent letter of a young American girl in Paris: "I want to tell you a queer accident that befell me the other day. As my friend —— and I were walking away from the Garden of the Tuileries, about six o'clock, and talking about Napoleon I., I saw a soldier near us, who happened to overhear the word Napoleon; whereupon he pricked up his ears, picked up his gun, and followed us from there all the way across the bridge, where we, being a little frightened, took a carriage for home. He watched us for a time, and seeing there was nothing wrong, went back. I suppose he took us for conspirators. You know this Napoleon has spies at every corner, and if they hear the name Napoleon, they immediately suspect something is wrong, and try to find you out. He is a horrid man, as you know, and the greatest coward living. All these beautiful things that he is doing to keep his people amused show as much as any thing that he is afraid."

A GENERAL'S GHOST WALKING THE EARTH.

The *Gazette de Cologne* publishes the following strange story, which was communicated by its correspondent from Coblentz, and which, it appears, is at present the subject of general conversation in that city: "It is very well known that underneath the Fort Empereur François, near the Cologne road, the monument of the French Republican, General Marceau, who fell at Altenkirchen, had been erected; the body of the General having been buried at Coblentz, on Mount St. Pierre, where may now be found the principal part of the above-mentioned fort. The monument of the General, which was a truncated pyramid, had been removed when the building of the fortifications of Coblentz was commenced. It was, however, subsequently reconstructed at the place where it now remains by the express order of the late King Frederick William III. M. de Stramberg, who in his *Rheinischer Antiquarius* gives a very detailed biography of Marceau, in making mention of this monument states that several persons had alleged that they had seen the General on different occasions at night long after his death, mounted upon a white horse, and enveloped in a cloak of the same color (the French Chasseurs), riding toward Mount St. Pierre. It is stated that a soldier who was on duty at this Mount at midnight has just seen this white spectre, mounted upon a gray horse. Not receiving any answer to his demand, the soldier fired three times at the object. A patrol having come to the spot in consequence of those shots, found the sentinel extended upon the ground in a state of unconsciousness, and in a frightful paroxysm of fever. He was transported to the hospital, where he became dangerously ill, and throughout his delirium he could speak of nothing but the aforesaid apparition."

RUSSIA.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

The committee of nobles in the Government of Wilna has taken the following resolutions in regard to the emancipation of the serfs: 1. The arrangements relative to the amount to be paid annually by each serf after his emancipation is to be completed within twelve years. 2. The amount is to be fixed "once for all;" that is, that no periodical charges are to be made. 3. The peasant's house, outhouse, and garden are not to be separated from the estate of the landed proprietor, and, consequently, they are to remain his property. 4. None of the arrears of the peasants previous to the day of the publication of the Imperial ukase are to be paid. 5. The peasants may either farm the land from the proprietors or purchase it. 6. The establishment of a bank, into which each serf shall pay three silver rubles per annum during "the twelve years of transition," and out of which he shall subsequently receive, as a loan, a certain sum with which to begin business.

PRUSSIA.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REGENCY.

The Prussian *Staatsanzeiger* publishes the following decree establishing the regency:

"*To His Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia:*

"In replacing me in the direction of the affairs of the government during the year which has elapsed since the commencement of my illness, your Royal Highness has given me a great consolation, for which I return you my sincere thanks. Now that I am, by God's will, still prevented from the state of my health from devoting myself to the cares of government, and now that the physicians have advised me to make a journey during the winter in a southern climate, I invite you, in consideration of the continued hinderance of governing myself, to exercise the royal power in my name as Regent, according to the inspirations of your conscience, and being responsible only to God, until the moment I shall be again able myself to fulfill the duties of my royal functions, and beg of you to take the necessary measures to that effect. I reserve to myself to make ulterior arrangements respecting those affairs of my royal house which concern my person. (Signed) "FREDERICK WILLIAM.

(Countersigned) "VON MANTEUFFEL, VON DER HEYDT, VON BODELSCHWINGH, VON FLOTTWELL, VON MANTEUFFEL 2."

The Prince Regent had issued a decree in which he assumes the responsibility conferred upon him, and convokes the Diet for the 20th of October.

THE POOR OLD KING OF PRUSSIA.

A letter from Berlin, of the 12th ult., says: "The King has left. I am still under the emotion experienced on witnessing the departure. I can only write a few lines. Their Majesties the King and Queen having left Potsdam at fifty-eight minutes after twelve, reached the station here at half past one. An immense crowd had assembled and greeted the King with enthusiastic shouts of 'Long live the King; may you speedily return in good health!' 'God bless the King!' The King, much moved, placed his hand on his heart and bowed repeatedly. 'I thank you, my children,' he said. After taking leave of Field-Marshal Wrangel and the Prefect of Police the train started. All along the line crowds greeted the royal party with shouts of 'Long live the King!' At the Anhault station the Ministers Manteuffel and Von der Heydt entered the royal carriage to take leave of their Majesties. The same shouts and marks of sympathy were evinced here by the assembled multitude; but when the King covered his face with his hands, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaimed, addressing the Prince of Prussia, 'Do you hear those shouts, William? *Auf baldiges Wiedersehen!* Good-by! *Au revoir!*' there was not a dry eye at the station. It is impossible to describe the emotion of the Prince of Prussia. The Queen sobbed aloud, and every man present wept. The train left at 1 45."

ITALY.

ABDUCTION OF A JEWISH CHILD.

The Jewish *Messenger*, published in this city, contains the following account of the abduction of a Jewish child at Bologna:

"Marnato Mortara, an Israelite of Jeggis, lives at Bologna, with his family, and there carries on an honorable business. On the evening of June 23, his house was invaded by the police, who, accompanied by a stranger, intimated to him as well as his wife, the order given by the inquisitor to possess themselves of one of his boys, an interesting lad six years of age, named Edgar, under pretense that baptism had been administered to him, without indicating any circumstance either of time or place.

"The miserable parents, struck as by lightning at the idea of seeing their darling boy carried off, excited the compassion of the agents of the police, who consented to delay the execution of the mandate in order to gain time to report to the authorities, guarding, in the mean time, the house of the child. The friends of the family could only see the inquisitor, who said he could not answer the order given, nor explain how or by whom baptism had been administered. The time spent in useless attempts only led to the mother, overwhelmed with sorrow, tearing herself from six young children, and dragging herself to Modena, where her parents reside, and where she was taken so seriously ill from grief, that well-founded fears are entertained for her life.

"On the following evening at ten o'clock, the terrified child, snatched up in the arms of the police, was torn from the bosom of the father and thrown into a conveyance, which, surrounded by an armed force, drove off among a large crowd which had assembled, and which cursed such a monstrous deed, and such a reprehensible abuse of power.

"Poor Mortara, who could not, in consequence of special conditions imposed upon the Pope's Jewish subjects, loudly proclaim a parent's right, writhed like a worm, imploring again and again the local inquisitor to restore him his child! The only reply he received was, 'All depends upon Rome.' Thus far the narrative."

CHINA.

WHAT IT WILL DO TO SEND THERE.

An Englishman, writing home on the subject of the Chinese trade, expresses himself as follows: "The description of goods which will enter into consumption most extensively among the people of these parts at present are heavy cottons. Chinese plain white and yellow nankeens are much used by these people. Of this description, the Americans are at present almost the monopolists. This may seem a hard and unpalatable fact, but it is none the less true. The American gray drills command buyers before the lighter English cottons. Whether it is that they can make them for less than ourselves, I do not know. However, this shows the real necessity there is for our manufacturers to put on steam, and do their utmost in producing, at the lowest possible cost, a material heavy, close, and well made. There are consumers of an almost unlimited quantity of such goods—not only in China, but far north. They need not be twilled cloths. At present our T cloths, a narrower and closer cloth than shirtings, come the nearest to what is wanted. These will be taken off in large quantities at Nin Chwang. They use clothing of this kind when they go up with padding. The cotton wadding could, I presume, be obtained cheaper here; and cloths only in the piece are those which England could supply to advantage—an assortment, heavy cloth predominating. A few white shirtings of even texture, for use as white, and to wash, consequently not made up with starch; handkerchiefs, and some cheap furniture prints; a few camlets and woolens would be a desirable trial. Fancy cottons, a few on trial. Coal abounds, and vegetables and fruit are said to be very fine. For this port, Shanghai must be the dépôt, as it would be unwise to send a cargo direct until the position of the market upon the latest advices had been ascertained.

JAPAN.

THE UNITED STATES CONSUL AT HAKODADI.

The United States frigate *Mississippi* has been to Japan. An officer writes as follows to the *Herald:*

"As the ship neared the town we discovered the American flag flying on shore, which proved to be on the premises of Mr. Rice, our Consul, who is a genuine Down-East Yankee, hailing from Maine. His very aspect and size are sufficient to impress these half savages. He stands six feet and weighs over two hundred and twenty-five pounds, with handsome long black whiskers, and a keen, sharp eye. He possesses all the qualifications to enable him to discharge the duties of his office to the satisfaction of his government. On several occasions the Governor of the place attempted to interfere with him, but has always got the worst of it. The Governor is reported to be a very arrogant and despotic man; and, as you will see, endeavored, during our stay, to make the forepart of our visit any thing but agreeable. Shortly after our arrival our gentlemanly Captain (Nicholson) sent him his respects, and requested him to appoint a day to receive his visit. The Governor feigned sickness, and would not fix on a day. After some consideration, he however yielded, and politely received our Captain, and during our sojourn showed all the attention due his rank. He also endeavored to throw obstacles in the Consul's way in regard to his supplying the ship with provisions, etc., but our six-footer Down-Easter soon brought him to terms. Since then his Excellency has been quiet.

QUEER HABITS OF THE JAPANESE.

"The morals of the people are in rather a low state, if one can be allowed to judge from the manner in which they enjoy the luxury of bathing. They have numerous bathing-houses, in which males and females, young and old, all bathe together in a perfect state of nudity, while crowds of spectators stand around to witness the sport. Modesty seems to be an accomplishment that the ladies of Japan have not yet learned. Ladies of rank and women of the lowest character, married and single, gentlemen and loafers, bathe together, apparently as unconcerned at the moral effect of the scene as if they were enjoying the sports of a picnic party. Houses of a certain character appear to be a Government monopoly, for those disposed to visit them have to procure a ticket, backed by a Custom-house official."

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK was last week the scene of one of the most appalling tragedies on record. A young man of twenty years of age, a member of a most respectable and affluent family, in a fit of rage, murdered his father, mother, brothers, and servants, without cause or provocation, and ended by killing himself.

The murderer's name was Frank Goulby. He lived at No. 217 West Thirtieth Street. He is reported to have been a wild young man, who had been a sailor, and got tired of the sea; who had been a clerk in a dry-goods store and got tired of that; and who, at the time of the murder, was living in idleness at his father's house. The immediate cause of the catastrophe is thus narrated by the reporter of the *Herald*:

THE CAUSE OF THE MURDER.

About three months ago his father deposited the sum of $30 in one of the savings banks to the credit of his son, with an understanding that it was not to be touched until the young scholar got his business. Being short of funds, young Goulby attracted the bank-book from his father's desk one night, and the father missed the sum of $10, with which he went on a frolic. The breach of trust was discovered by the father on Tuesday, and when he soon came home about ten o'clock that night he spoke to him about it. The youth answered by curses himself by saying that the money belonged to him. His father reprimanded him for his conduct, but the only reply he got was a low, chuckling laugh, full of meaning and fiendish wickedness, as the sequel too truly proved. To-day all raised for the night when young Goulby came home. Mr. Goulby, Sen., was waiting up for his son, and when the latter rang the door-bell he was sitting in the front bedroom, on the second floor. Mrs. Goulby being in bed in the back room adjoining. After "Frank," as he was generally called, had left his father with the intention of going up stairs to bed, the former informed his wife of the result of the conversation, and remarked that there was something wrong about the laugh that Frank gave vent to when he took his departure. Mr. Goulby continued to sit up in the front room, while his wife returned to the rear bedroom and went to bed.

MURDER OF THE FATHER AND MOTHER.

A few minutes afterward Mrs. Goulby heard a scuffle and a fall in the front room. "It is possible," she thought, "that Frank has struck his father!" At this moment Frank came into her room, partially raised the netting from around the bed, and dealt her a heavy blow on the head with a hatchet. She screamed and sprang up, and he repeated the blow twice, when she fell heavily to the floor, breaking down the netting as she fell.

MURDER OF THE BROTHERS.

The murderer then passed through the hall bedroom where his two brothers slept. They had both risen, hearing the noise, and were shouting inside their father. Nathaniel, nine years old, was kissing him. The murderer struck each a murderous blow on the head with the same hatchet he had used upon his father and mother. He left them both prostrate and covered with blood, and passed on to the landing.

ATTACK ON THE SERVANT GIRLS.

Elizabeth Carr, in her evidence, gives the following account of the outrage on this fiendish wretch:

She heard screams of "Murder, murder!" which proceeded from Mr. and Mrs. Goulby's room. She said, she soon hurried on their dresses as quickly as possible, and Joanna went down stairs before her. On getting to the second floor she saw Frank with a hatchet in his hand, striking his mother and Joanna, both of whom fell.

Elizabeth wrested the hatchet from the murderer, and he, taking her room in the third story, but could not fasten the door for want of a bolt or lock. He followed her and said, "Give me the hatchet, Lizzie; I do not wish to kill you, I only wish to escape." He then wrenched it from her, and gave her three blows with it on the head, when he left her for dead, as she supposes. About a minute or so afterward she heard the report of a pistol, and thinking it was fired at her she ran down stairs and out of the front door, and alarmed the street, when she met a gentleman and lady, to whom she said, "Help! help! Oh, my God! Frank is murdering the whole family. Rouse the neighbors!"



THE NEIGHBORS BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE NO. 217 WEST THIRTIETH STREET.

ESCAPE OF THE SISTERS.

Most providentially the murderer's sisters escaped. Miss Mary Eliza Goulby explains her escape in her evidence as follows: "I heard a noise, and opened my bedroom door and looked out; I heard screams and cries of murder; I opened the door and saw my brother Frank in the hall, striking the girl Joanna Murphy; then I went into my room and locked the door; I was very much frightened; I could not say whether he had any thing in his hand or not; there was some light in the room; I soon afterward heard other cries of distress, but I was unable to recognize the voice; I heard cries of murder, and then I raised my window and called about for assistance; soon after that assistance came, and I came out of my room; I went down stairs and found the room crowded; I don't know whether the assistance came from my cries or not; I was very much frightened; I could not say whether I heard the report of a pistol or not; my room is on the same floor with deceased's bedroom; I think I heard the report, but I am not sure; I thought, at first, that there were thieves in the house, and that my brother was injured while trying to protect the family."

THE SCENE WHEN THE NEIGHBORS APPEARED.

The neighbors and some policemen were roused by the cries of murder, and hastened to the house. With some difficulty they made their way in by bursting the door. One of them, Mr. William J. Brown, was one of the first to enter. He gives the following account of the fearful scene which met his eye:

He met Mrs. Goulby at the foot of the hall stairs staggering and hallooing for help. She threw herself forward, and was caught by Mr. Brown. She was all covered with clotted gore, and said, in a very subdued voice, "We are all murdered." Mr. Brown assisted Mrs. Goulby up stairs to the second story. The first sight that met their eyes on going into the front chamber was Mr. Goulby, who was lying in the door-way, with his feet on the threshold and his head inward. Mr. Brown put his hand on his pulse and breast, but felt no signs of life. The two servant girls and Mrs. Goulby were in the room, the two former in their night clothing, and supported in chairs. They were bleeding and completely covered with gore. Mr. Brown directed the two officers who came to the scene to close the door, so that if the murderer was in the house he could not escape. One officer remained at the door, and the other aided in rendering assistance to those persons who were injured. Mr. Brown suggested that Mr. Goulby should be raised up, but added, "No, he is dead, and as he is he is until the Coroner comes." They, however, did raise him up, and in doing so he gasped for breath. Mr. Brown remarked, "There is life in him; let us do what we can for him." They then laid him on the sofa, and Mr. Brown's son went for Dr. Campbell, who lives in the same block, and who came immediately. A little brandy was administered to Mr. Goulby, and he rallied a little, but relapsed again. Several other physicians came afterward, and all considered his case hopeless. He has one wound on the side of the skull, and another at the back of the head more than an inch deep, and through which the brain protruded.

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

After the indiscriminate slaughter of the entire household, as already recited, Frank pulled off his boots and coat, and proceeded to his own bedroom, and there completed the work by blowing his brains out. The *Herald* reporter thus describes the scene when the police and neighbors entered the murderer's room:

Stretched upon the floor, near the door, lay the corpse of the unfortunate young man, his feet extending toward the door and his head toward the fire-place. His left side lay against a wardrobe which stood by a glass partition which separates the front and back room. The deceased lay with his head bathed in blood, a portion of the brain scattered around his body. He was dressed in black pants, white shirt, and had on a loose gown. The bed, which stood in the northwest corner, had the appearance of having been late upon. In his hand was firmly clenched a three-barrelled pistol, with which he had concluded the last act in the tragedy by blowing his brains out. He was still breathing when the police arrived, but in a few seconds afterward he uttered a deep groan, and then all was still as death.

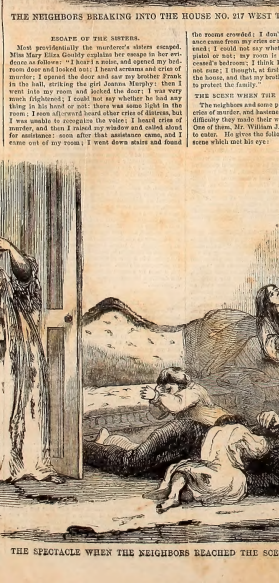
He was shot through the right parietal bone, the ball entering a little above and behind the ear, and lodging in the substance of the brain. The aperture in the skull caused by the entrance of the ball was nearly two inches in diameter. From this cavity the brain oozed in large quantities and mingled with the blood upon the floor. The deceased lay on his back with his feet toward the door, and, covered with gore as he was, the spectacle presented was a most horrible one indeed.

CONDITION OF THE UNHAPPY FAMILY.

The *Herald* reporter thus describes the condition of the family on the day following the murder:

Mr. Goulby during the day was lying upon the sofa, and attended by several of his friends and the physicians. He was conscious at times, but is not aware how he was injured, or the unfortunate fate of his son. About four o'clock in the morning it was feared by his friends that he was dying. It was thought best to allow his wife to see him; and on doing so he immediately recognized her, and asked her the cause of his injuries. He spoke of Frank in a commendable way. At last, to God, the scene being most affecting and bringing tears in the eyes of every one present, during the day he recognized Rev. Mr. Crawford, and several others who were present; but during the afternoon he appeared at times out of his mind, and talked to himself considerable.

In the rear or back room lay Mrs. Goulby on a bed in one corner; in another corner were several articles of linen, covered with blood from the unfortunate wounded. The wall and bedstead were bespattered with blood, and yet nearly all had been cleaned off early in the morning. Mrs. Goulby was comparatively easy most of the day, and bears with great fortitude her unfortunate and critical situation. She is fully aware of the dangerous condition of her husband and youngest son, Nathaniel, and expects every moment to hear of their death.



THE SPECTACLE WHEN THE NEIGHBORS REACHED THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

Nathaniel and Charles, the two boys, are comfortably provided for in the little front bedroom. Nathaniel is said to have completely astonished the physicians when they were compelled to remove a portion of his skull, by never shrinking in the least while they were performing the operation of sawing off a portion of it—that which was broken. He spoke to his mother several times during the morning, and once remarked to her, "Cheer up, mother! we will all get well." Another time, when his mother appeared somewhat excited, he said, "I feel well, dear mother; if father was with us, and felt as well as I do, I should be so happy." The poor little fellow, it is thought, will never recover.

The two small children and Mary were the only ones unharmed. As the affrighted neighbors passed through the room in which the girl was, the little girl, two years old, sprang up and said, pleasantly, "I am not hurt."

STILL LIVING.

The *Herald* of the 30th ult. says:

The injured members of the Goodly family, together with the two servant girls, are about the same. Mr. Goodly, it is thought, has improved a little, but not to such an extent as to leave any hope for his recovery. During yesterday morning he talked considerably, and made a request that he might be changed again, as the bed did not seem comfortable. He appeared to be aware of his dangerous condition, and expressed himself ready to die. On one occasion he desired the Rev. Mr. Luskin to pray with him; two or three times he asked for Frank, and wanted to know if Frank had injured him. He seemed to have a faint idea that Frank was connected with the affair, but whenever he spoke of him his attention was called to other matters. During the morning he had more natural color in his face. He is attended by his brother-in-law, Captain Edwards, and the Rev. Mr. Crawford.

Mrs. Goodly remains about the same. The two boys have somewhat improved, but Joanna Murphy, the girl, continues in a very low state, and will not survive long.

CHARACTER OF THE MURDERER.

We read in the *Times*: The Rev. Mr. Crawford, who was well acquainted with young Goodly, corroborates the statements that have been made respecting his peculiar habits and disposition. He was a coward, and from a boy was afraid of boys half his age and size. He never looked any one straight in the face, but always dropped his eyes while speaking or being spoken to. He was revengeful, obstinate, and morose. In intellectual qualities he was below mediocrity. The secretiveness of his disposition was eminently noticeable to all his friends. He was slow and heavy in his movements, and as a boy took very little part in the sports of his companions. The motive or impulse that urged him to the commission of the deed will probably ever remain a mystery.

The *Herald* says: Frank is said to have been constitutionally vicious, and under the influence of the lower propensities. His head, a vicious index, was malformed, and somewhat resembled the idiotic type of cranial development. Moral and religious impressions were particularly evanescent. Hence it had been the constant annoyance of the father how to restrain his conduct.

A gentleman, a warm friend of Mr. Goodly, says that, though Frank was in no way possessed of much shrewdness, yet he had a strong desire to do for himself, and had longed for the time when he could start business for himself. In conversation with an old gardener of Mr. Goodly's, about three weeks ago, young Goodly said that he was anxious to get a situation so that he could be independent, and remarked that he thought his father might set him up in business, as he was careful of his money, and had a certain sum laid up in the Savings-bank. The above gentleman says that he never knew Frank to tell a lie; that he had often heard his father ask him questions regarding his conduct, and he always told the truth, whether it pleased or displeased his father.

One who knew him at school says: Perhaps the chief characteristic of his entire course at the Charlottesville school was an absolute moral imbecility. He would be read out in chapel in the morning, before the whole school, for some misdemeanor, and never seem to know or comprehend the fact. He bore a disreputable name, but it was not as much from possessing positive bad passions, or from marked viciousness, as from a want of moral character, moral feeling, and moral understanding. It would seem from his education, as developed at school, that he must have been laboring under a temporary fit of insanity when he enacted the late horrible tragedy that he did, not realizing the heinousness of his crime—its awful consequences upon himself and the unfortunate victims of it. There was, indeed, an expression about his face which was marked and peculiar. It would commonly have been called a foolish, verdant, silly look; it may have, however, been an indication of such a mental development, or want of development, as should have subjected him to such care and government as are not applied to ordinary children.

He never had his lessons at school, was always a great trial to his teachers, and especially to the principal. His career there, as elsewhere, was inglorious. Occasionally he would manifest some diligence in the practice of penmanship, for he said his father wanted him to become a good penman, as that he might be a clerk.

HIS DUELLO.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Goodly remarked to one of the attendants that she was in great dread of the dead body of Frank, and begged them to remove the body away from the house during the evening. Her wish was granted, and shortly after six o'clock an uncle of young Goodly called on Mr. Merritt, undertaker, No. 149 Eighth Avenue, who, in company with two other gentlemen, proceeded with a hearse to the residence, where the body was very quietly taken down stairs, placed inside the hearse, and taken to the above number. It was the intention of the uncle to have the body placed in a vault for the night, but there being none in that vicinity, they contented to let the corpse remain in the back room of No. 149 Eighth Avenue.

The body was placed in a plain mahogony coffin, with a Britannia plate, bearing the following inscription:

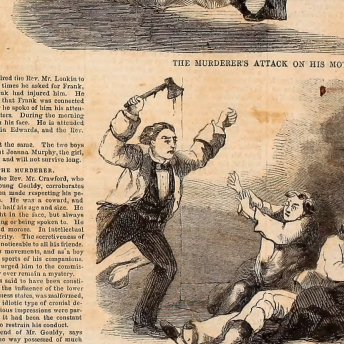
FRANCIS A. GOULDY,
DIED OCTOBER 26, 1858.
Aged 19 years.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery. The hearse was followed by a carriage containing an uncle of the deceased, a brother of Mr. Goodly's first wife, Mr. Joseph Lonking, an acquaintance, and Mr. Haight, sexton of the Thirty-fourth-street Methodist Church. He was buried in his father's lot. No funeral ceremony took place, and scarcely a person was aware that the body had been removed from his father's house.

Mrs. Goodly seems much relieved at the removal of the body. It was hoped that young Goodly's burial would cause the crowd which surrounded the house to disperse, but a large number still assemble daily and gaze at the windows.



THE MURDERER'S ATTACK ON HIS MOTHER.



THE MURDER OF THE LITTLE BOYS.



THE MURDER OF THE SERVANT GIRL.

THE MURDERER AS HE WAS FOUND BY THE POLICE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK X.—CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)

THE bravo waited—his horse grazed—the moon came forth, stealing through the trees, bringing into fantastic light the melancholy old dwelling-house—the yet more melancholy new pile. Jasper was not, as we have seen, without certain superstitious fancies, and they had grown on him more of late as his brain had become chronically heated and his nerves relaxed by pain. He began to feel the awe of the silence and the moonlight; and some vague remembrances of earlier guiltless days—of a father's genial love—of joyous sensations in the priceless possession of youth and vigor—of the admiring smiles and cordial hands which his beauty, his daring, and high spirits had attracted toward him—of the all that he had been, mixed with the consciousness of what he was, and an uneasy conjecture of the probable depth of the final fall—came dimly over his thoughts, and seemed like the whispers of remorse. But it is rarely that man continues to lay blame on himself; and Jasper hastened to do as many a better person does without a blush for his folly—viz., shift upon the innocent shoulders of fellowmen, or on the hazy outlines of that clouded form which ancient schools and modern plagiarists call sometimes "Circumstance," sometimes "Chance," sometimes "Fate," all the guilt due to his own willful abuse of irrevocable hours.

With this consolatory creed came, of necessity, the devil's grand luxury, Revenge. Say to yourself, "For what I suffer I condemn another man, or I accuse the Arch-Invisible, be it a Destiny, be it a Maker!" and the logical sequel is to add evil to evil, folly to folly—to retort on the man who so wrongs, or on the Arch-Invisible who so afflicts you. Of all our passions is not Revenge the one into which enters with the most zest a devil? For what is a devil?—A being whose sole work on earth is some revenge on God!

Jasper Losely was not by temperament vindictive; he was irascible, as the vain are—combative, aggressive, turbulent, by the impulse of animal spirits; but the premeditation of vengeance was foreign to a levity and egotism which abjured the self-sacrifice that is equally necessary to hatred as to love. But Guy Darrell had forced into his moral system a passion not native to it. Jasper had expected so much from his marriage with the great man's daughter—counted so thoroughly on her power to obtain pardon and confer wealth—and his disappointment had been so keen—been accompanied with such mortification—that he regarded the man whom he had most injured as the man who had most injured him. But not till now did his angry feelings assume the shape of a definite vengeance. So long as there was a chance that he could extort from Darrell the money that was the essential necessary to his life, he checked his thoughts whenever they suggested a profitless gratification of rage. But now that Darrell had so scornfully and so inexorably spurned all concession—now that nothing was to be wrung from him except by force—force and vengeance came together in his projects. And yet, even in the daring outrage he was meditating, murder itself did not stand out as a thought accepted—no; what pleased his wild and turbid imagination was the idea of humiliating by terror the man who had humbled him by disdain. To penetrate into the home of this haughty scorner—to confront him in his own chamber at the dead of night, man to man, force to force; to say to him, "None now can deliver you from me—I come no more as a suppliant—I command you to accept my terms;" to gloat over the fears which, the strong man felt assured, would bow the rich man to beg for mercy at his feet;—this was the picture which Jasper Losely conjured up; and even the spoil to be won by violence smiled on him less than the grand position which the violence itself would bestow. Are not nine murders out of ten fashioned thus from conception into deed? "Oh that my enemy were but before me face to face—none to part us!" says the vindictive dreamer. Well, and what then? *There* his imagination halts—there he drops the sable curtain; he goes not on to say, "Why, *then* another murder will be added to the long catalogue from Cain." He palters with his deadly wish, and mutters, perhaps, at most, "Why, *then*—come what may."

Losely continued to gaze on the pale walls gleaming through the wintry boughs, as the moon rose high and higher. And now out broke the light from Darrell's lofty casement, and Losely smiled fiercely, and muttered—hark! the very words—"And *then!*—come what may."

Hoofs are now heard on the hard road, and Jasper is joined by his accomplice.

"Well!" said Jasper.

"Mount!" returned Cutts; "I have much to say as we ride."

"This will not do," resumed Cutts, as they sped fast down the lane; "why, you never told me all the drawbacks. There are no less than four men in the house—two servants besides the master and his secretary; and one of those servants, the butler or valet, has fire-arms, and knows how to use them."

"Pshaw!" said Jasper, scoffingly; "is that all? Am I not a match for four?"

"No, it is not all; you told me the master of the house was a retired elderly man, and you mentioned his name. But you never told me that your Mr. Darrell was the famous lawyer and Parliament man—a man about whom the newspapers have been writing the last six months."

"What does that signify?"

"Signify! Just this, that there will be ten times more row about the affair you propose than there would be if it concerned only a stupid old country squire, and therefore ten times as much danger. Besides, on principle, I don't like to have any thing to do with lawyers—a cantankrous, spiteful set of fellows. And this Guy Darrell! Why, General Jas, I have seen the man. He cross-examined me once when I was a witness on a case of fraud, and turned me inside out with as much ease as if I had been an old pin-cushion stuffed with bran. I think I see his eye now, and I would as lief have a loaded pistol at my head as that eye again fixed on mine."

"Pooh! You have brought a mask; and, besides, *you* need not see him; I can face him alone."

"No, no; there might be murder! I never mix myself with things of that kind, on principle; your plan will not do. There might be a much safer chance of more *swag* in a very different sort of scheme. I hear that the pictures in that ghostly long room I crept through are worth a mint of money. Now pictures of great value are well known, and there are collectors abroad who would pay almost any price for some pictures, and never ask where they came from; hide them for some years, perhaps, and not bring them forth till any tales that would hurt us had died away. This would be safe, I say. If the pictures are small, no one in the old house need be disturbed. I can learn from some of the trade what pictures Darrell really has that would fetch a high price, and then look out for customers abroad. This will take a little time, but be worth waiting for."

"I will not wait," said Jasper, fiercely; "and you are a coward. I have resolved that to-morrow night I will be in that man's room, and that man shall be on his knees before me."

Cutts turned sharply round on his saddle, and by aid of the moonlight surveyed Losely's countenance. "Oh, I see," he said, "there is more than robbery in your mind. You have some feeling of hate—of vengeance; the man has injured you?"

"He has treated me as if I were a dog," said Jasper; "and a dog *can* bite."

Cutts mused a few moments. "I have heard you talk at times about some rich relation or connection on whom you had claims; Darrell is the man, I suppose?"

"He is; and hark ye, Cutts, if you try to balk me here I will wring your neck off. And since I have told you so much, I will tell you this much more—that I don't think there is the danger you count on; for I don't mean to take Darrell's blood, and I believe he would not take mine."

"But there may be a struggle—and then?"

"Ay, if so, and then—man to man," replied Jasper, mutteringly.

Nothing more was said, but both spurred on their horses to a quicker pace. The sparks flashed from the hoofs. Now through the moonlight, now under shade of the boughs, scoured on the riders—Losely's broad chest and marked countenance, once beautiful, now fearful, formidably defined even under the shadows—his comrade's unsubstantial figure and goblin features flitting vague even under the moonlight.

The town they had left came in sight, and by this time Cutts had resolved on the course his prudence suggested to him. The discovery that, in the proposed enterprise, Losely had a personal feeling of revenge to satisfy, had sufficed to decide the accomplice peremptorily to have nothing to do with the affair. It was his rule to abstain from all transactions in which fierce passions were engaged. And the quarrels between relations or connections were especially those which his experience of human nature told him brought risk upon all intermeddlers. But he saw that Jasper was desperate; that the rage of the bravo might be easily turned on himself; and therefore, since it was no use to argue, it would be discreet to dissimulate. Accordingly, when they reached their inn, and were seated over their brandy-and-water, Cutts resumed the conversation, appeared gradually to yield to Jasper's reasonings, concerted with him the whole plan for the next night's operations, and took care meanwhile to pass the brandy. The day had scarcely broken before Cutts was off, with his bag of implements and tracts. He would have fain carried off also both the horses; but the hostler, surly at being knocked up at so early an hour, might not have surrendered the one ridden by Jasper without Jasper's own order to do so. Cutts, however, bade the hostler be sure and tell the gentleman, before going away, that he, Cutts, strongly advised him "to have nothing to do with the bullocks."

Cutts, on arriving in London, went straight to Mrs. Crane's old lodging opposite to Jasper's. But she had now removed to Podden Place, and left no address. On reaching his own home, Cutts, however, found a note from her, stating that she should be at her old lodging that evening, if he would call at half past nine o'clock; for, indeed, she had been expecting Jasper's promised visit—had learned that he had left his lodgings, and was naturally anxious to learn from Cutts what had become of him. When Cutts called at the appointed hour, and told his story, Arabella Crane immediately recognized all the danger which her informant had so prudently shunned. Nor was she comforted by Cutts's assurance that Jasper, on finding himself deserted, would have no option but to abandon, or at least postpone, an enterprise that, undertaken singly, would be too rash even for his reckless temerity. As it had become the object of her life to save Losely from justice, so she now shrunk from denouncing to justice his meditated crime; and the idea of recurring to Colonel Morley happily flashed upon her.

Having thus explained to the reader these antecedents in the narrative, we return to Jasper. He did not rise till late at noon; and as he was generally somewhat stupefied on rising, by the drink he had taken the night before, and by the congested brain which the heaviness of such sleep produced, he could not at first believe that Cutts had altogether abandoned the enterprise—rather thought that, with his habitual wariness, that Ulysses of the Profession had gone forth to collect further information in the neighborhood of the proposed scene of action. He was not fully undeceived in this belief till somewhat late in the day, when, strolling into the stable-yard, the hostler, concluding from the gentleman's goodly thews and size that he was a north-country grazier, delivered Cutts's allegorical caution against the bullocks.

Thus abandoned, Jasper's desperate project only acquired a still more concentrated purpose, and a ruder simplicity of action. His original idea, on first conceiving the plan of robbery, had been to enter into Darrell's presence disguised and masked. Even, however, before Cutts deserted him, the mere hope of plunder had become subordinate to the desire of a personal triumph; and now that Cutts had left him to himself, and carried away the means of disguise, Jasper felt rather pleased than otherwise at the thought that his design should have none of the characteristics of a vulgar burglary. No mask now; his front should be as open as his demand. Cutts's report of the facility of penetrating into Darrell's very room also lessened the uses of an accomplice. And in the remodification of his first hasty plan of commonplace midnight stealthy robbery, he would no longer even require an assistant to dispose of the plunder he might gain. Darrell should now yield to his exactions, as a garrison surprised accepts the terms of its conqueror. There would be no flight, no hiding, no fear of notes stopped at banks. He would march out, hand on haunch, with those immunities of booty that belong to the honors of war. Pleasing his self-conceit with so gallant a view of his meditated exploit, Jasper sauntered at dark into the town, bought a few long narrow nails and a small hammer, and returning to his room, by the aid of the fire, the tongs, and the hammer, he fashioned these nails, with an ease and quickness which showed an expert practitioner, into instruments that would readily move the wards of any common country-made lock. He did not care for weapons. He trusted at need to his own powerful hands. It was no longer, too, the affair of a robber unknown, unguessed, who might have to fight his way out of an alarmed household. It was but the visit which he, Jasper Losely, Esquire, thought fit to pay, however unceremoniously and unseasonably, to the house of a father-in-law! At the worst, should he fail in finding Darrell, or securing an unwitnessed interview—should he instead alarm the household, it would be a proof of the integrity of his intentions that he had no weapons save those which Nature bestows on the wild man as the mightiest of her wild beasts. At night he mounted his horse, but went out of his way, keeping the highroad for an hour or two, in order to allow ample time for the farmers to have quitted the rent-feast, and the old Manor House to be hushed in sleep. At last, when he judged the coast clear and the hour ripe, he wound back into the lane toward Fawley; and when the spire of its hamlet-church came in sight through the frosty starlit air, he dismounted—led the horse into one of the thick beechwoods, that make the prevailing characteristic of the wild country round that sequestered dwelling-place—fastened the animal to a tree, and stalked toward the park-pales on foot. Lightly, as a wolf enters a sheepfold, he swung himself over the moss-grown fence; he gained the buttresses of the great raw pile; high and clear above, from Darrell's chamber, streamed the light; all the rest of the old house was closed and dark, buried no doubt in slumber.

He is now in the hollows of the skeleton pile; he mounts the ladder; the lock of the door before him yields to his rude implements but artful hand. He is in the long gallery; the moonlight comes broad and clear through the large casements. What wealth of art is on the walls! but how profitless to the robber's greed! There, through the very halls which the master had built in the day of his ambition, saying to himself, "These are for far Posterity," the step of Violence, it may be of Murder, takes its stealthy way to the room of the childless man! Through the uncompleted pile, toward the uncompleted life, strides the terrible step.

The last door yields noiselessly. The small wooden corridor, narrow as the drawbridge which in ancient fortresses was swung between the commandant's room in the topmost story and some opposing wall, is before him. And Darrell's own door is half open; lights on the table—logs burning bright on the hearth. Cautiously Losely looked through the aperture. Darrell was not there; the place was solitary: but the opposite door was open also. Losely's fine ear caught the sound of a slight movement of a footstep in the room just below, to which that opposite door admitted. In an instant the robber glided within the chamber—closed and locked the door by which he had entered, retaining the key about his person. The next stride brought him to the hearth. Beside it hung the bell-rope common in old-fashioned houses. Losely looked round; on the table, by the writing implements, lay a pen-knife. In another moment the rope was cut, high out of Darrell's reach, and flung aside. The hearth, being adapted but for logwood fires, furnished not those implements in which, at a moment of need, the owner may find an available weapon—only a slight pair of brass wood-pincers, and a shovel equally frail. Such as they were, however, Jasper quietly removed and hid them behind a heavy old bureau. Steps were now heard mounting the stair that led into the chamber; Losely shrunk back into the recess beside the mantle-piece. Darrell entered, with a book in his hand, for which he had, indeed, quitted his chamber—a volume containing the last Act of Parliament relating to Public Trusts, which had been sent to him by his solicitor; for he is creating a deed of trust, to insure to the nation the Darrell Antiquities, in the name of his father, the antiquarian.

Darrell advanced to the writing-table, which stood in the centre of the room; laid down the book, and sighed—the short, quick, impatient sigh which had become one of his peculiar habits. The robber stole from the recess, and, gliding round to the door by which Darrell had entered, while the back of the master was still toward him, set fast the lock, and appropriated the key as he had done at the door which had admitted himself. Though the noise in that operation was but slight, it roused Darrell from his abstracted thoughts. He turned quickly, and at the same moment Losely advanced toward him.

At once Darrell comprehended his danger. His rapid glance took in all the precautions by which the intruder proclaimed his lawless purpose—the closed door, the bell-rope cut off. There, between those four secret walls, must pass the interview between himself and the desperado. He was unarmed, but he was not daunted. It was but man to man. Losely had for him his vast physical strength, his penury, despair, and vindictive purpose. Darrell had in his favor the intellect which gives presence of mind; the energy of nerve, which is no more to be seen in the sinew and bone than the fluid which fells can be seen in the jars and the wires; and that superb kind of pride, which, if terror be felt, makes its action impossible, because a disgrace, and bravery a matter of course, simply because it is honor.

As the bravo approached, by a calm and slight movement Darrell drew to the other side of the table, placing that obstacle between himself and Losely, and, extending his arm, said, "Hold, Sir; I forbid you to advance another step. You are here, no matter how, to reurge your claims on me. Be seated; I will listen to you."

Darrell's composure took Losely so by surprise that, mechanically, he obeyed the command thus tranquilly laid upon him, and sunk into a chair—facing Darrell with a sinister under-look from his sullen brow. "Ah!" he said, "you will listen to me now; but my terms have risen."

Darrell, who had also seated himself, made no answer; but his face was resolute, and his eye watchful. The ruffian resumed, in a gruffer tone, "My terms have risen, Mr. Darrell."

"Have they, Sir? and why?"

"Why! Because no one can come to your aid here; because here you can not escape; because here you are in my power!"

"Rather, Sir, I listen to you because here you are under my roof-tree; and it is you who are in my power!"

"Yours! Look round; the doors are locked on you. Perhaps you think your shouts, your cries, might bring aid to you. Attempt it—raise your voice—and I strangle you with these hands."

"If I do not raise my voice, it is, first, because I should be ashamed of myself if I required aid against one man; and, secondly, because I would not expose to my dependents a would-be assassin in him whom my lost child called husband. Hush, Sir, hush, or your own voice will alarm those who sleep below. And, now, what is it you ask? Be plain, Sir, and be brief."

"Well, if you like to take matters coolly, I have no objection. These are my terms. You have received large sums this day; those sums are in your house, probably in that bureau; and your life is at my will."

"You ask the moneys paid for rent to-day. True, they are in the house; but they are not in my apartments. They were received by another; they are kept by another. In vain, through the windings and passages of this old house, would you seek to find the room in which he stores them. In doing so, you will pass by the door of a servant who sleeps so lightly that the chances are that he will hear you; he is armed with a blunderbuss and with pistols. You say to me, 'Your money or your life.' I say to you, in reply, 'Neither: attempt to seize the money, and your own life is lost.'"

"Miser! I don't believe that sums so large are not in your own keeping. And even if they are not, you shall show me where they are; you shall lead me through those windings and passages of which you so tenderly warn me, my hand on your throat. And if servants wake, or danger threaten me, it is you who shall save me, or die! Ha! you do not fear me—eh, Mr. Darrell!" And Losely rose.

"I do not fear you," replied Darrell, still seated. "I can not conceive that you are here with no other design but a profitless murder. You are here, you say, to make terms; it will be time enough to see whose life is endangered, when all your propositions have been stated. As yet you have only suggested a robbery, to which you ask me to assist you. Impossible! Grant even that you were able to murder me, you would be just as far off from your booty. And yet you say your terms have risen! To me they seem fallen to—nothing! Have you any thing else to say?"

The calmness of Darrell, so supremely displayed in this irony, began to tell upon the ruffian—the magnetism of the great man's eye and voice, and steadfast courage, gradually gaining power over the wild, inferior animal. Trying to recover his constitutional audacity, Jasper said, with a tone of the old rollicking voice, "Well,

Mr. Darrell, it is all one to me how I wring from you, in your own house, what you refused me when I was a suppliant on the road. That means are pleasanter than foul. I am a gentleman—the grandson of Sir Julian Losely, of Losely Hall; I am your uncle-in-law; and I am starving. This must not be; write me a check."

Darrell dipped his pen in the ink, and drew the paper toward him.

"Otho! you dread me, eh? This is not done from fear, mind—all out of pure love and compassion, my kind father-in-law. I only write me a check for five thousand pounds—come, I am moderate—your life is worth a precious deal more than that. Hand me the check —I will trust to your honor to give me no trouble in cashing it, and bid you good-night, my—father-in-law."

As Losely cursed with a mocking laugh, Darrell sprang up hastily, threw open the small casement which was within his reach, and flung from it the paper on which he had been writing, and which he wrapped round the heavy armorial seal that lay on the table.

Losely bounded after him. "What means that?—what have you done?"

"Saved your life and mine, Jasper Losely," said Darrell solemnly, and catching the arm that was raised against him. "We are now upon equal terms."

"I understand," growled the tiger, as the slaver gathered to his lips—"I think by that paper to summon some one to your aid."

"Not so—that paper is useless while I live. Look forth—the moonlight is on the road, and low—can you see where that paper has fallen? On the ledge of a garden that your feet may at once reach. It faces the window of a room in which one of my household sleeps; it will meet his eye in the morning when the shutters are unbarred; and on that paper are writ these words, 'If I am found in night murder, Jasper Losely is the murderer,' and the paper is signed by my name. Back, Sir—would you doom yourself to the gibbet?"

Darrell released the dread arm he had arrested, and Losely stared at him, amazed, bewildered.

Darrell resumed: "And now I tell you plainly that I am ready to no terms yet with you, and I can sign my hand to no order that you may dictate, because I know well the sign myself a coward—and my name is Darrell!"

"Down on your knees, proud man—sign you shall, and on your knees! I care not how for gold—I care not now a rush for my life. I came here to handle the man who thinks that to last has so scornfully humbled me. And I will, I will! On your knees—on your knees!"

The robber flung himself forward; but Darrell, whose eye had never quitted the foe, was prepared for the assault, and the latter, missing his object, lost his balance, struck against the edge of the table which partially interposed his way, and fell to the earth, and was only saved from falling by the close neighborhood of the wall, on which he caught with a shock that for the moment well-nigh stunned him. Meanwhile Darrell had gained the hearth, and snatched from it a large log. The robber, Jasper, recovering himself, dashed the long matted hair from his eyes, and, seeing unmarmayed the formidable weapon with which he was menaced, covered for a second and deadly attempt.

"Stay, stay, stay, parricide and madman!" cried Darrell, his arm flashing brightly with the brand. "It is not my life I plead for—it is yours. Remember, if I fall by your hand, no hope and no refuge are left to you! In the name of my dead child, and under the eye of avenging Heaven, I strike down the fury that blinds you, and I scare back your soul from the abyss!"

So ineffably grand were the man's look and gesture—so full of sonorous terror the swell of his matchless and conquering voice, that Losely, in his midmost rage, stood awed and spellbound. His breast heaved, his eye fell, his frame collapsed, and his very instinct was to cleave to the parched roof of his mouth. Whether prayer or no suddenly rushed to his lips and there continued, or whether the startled miscreant might not have lashed himself into renewed courage, unstoppable crime, is matter of conjecture. At that instant simultaneously were heard hurried footsteps in the passage without, violent blows on the door, and voices exclaiming. "Open, open—Darrell, Darrell!" while the bell at the portals of the old house rang fast and shrill.

"He's in it!" growled Losely, recovering himself at those unwelcome sounds. "But do not think that I will be caught thus, like a rat in a trap. No—I will——"

"Hist!" interrupted Darrell, dropping the brand, and advancing quickly to his guest.

"Hist!—let no one know that my daughter's husband came here with a felon's purpose. Go down—leave, I say. It is for my house's honor that you should be safe." And suddenly placing both hands on Losely's breast, Darrell forced him into a seat.

During these few hurried words the strokes at the door and the shouts without had been continued, and the door shook on its yielding hinges.

"The key—the key!" whispered Darrell.

But the brave was stupefied by the sudden news with which his rage had been cowed, his design baffled, his position changed from the man dictating laws and threatening life to the man protected by his intended victim. And he was so slow in even comprehending the meaning of Darrell's order, that Darrell had scarcely snatched the keys less from his hand than from the pouch to which he at last mechanically pointed, when the door was burst open, and Lionel Haughton, Alban Morley, and the Colonel's servant were in the room. Not one of them, at the first glance, perceived the inmates of the chamber, who were at the right of their entrance, by the angle of the wall and in shadow. But out came Darrell's calm voice—

"Alban! Lionel!—welcome always; but what brings you hither, at such an hour, with such clamor? Arrest, too?"

The three men stood petrified. There sate, placidly enough, the stern, dark form, the hands on its knees, its head bent down, so that the features were not distinguishable; and over the chair in which the host reclined was thrown, carelessly gathered up, leased Guy Darrell, with quiet ease—so natural that it was not startling to his face, which, though very pale, was serene, with a slight smile on the firm lips.

"Well," muttered Alban Morley, slowly lowering his jaw, at last, "I am surprised!—yes, for the first time in my life, I am surprised!"

Surprised, perhaps, to find me at this hour still up, and with a person upon business—the door locked. However, that explanation will later. Of course you stay here to-night. My business with this—this person is over—and, indeed, open that door—leave is the key. See the wretched Losely at the shoulder, and whispered in his ear, 'Rise, and speak not!'—(Losely— Sir, I need not detain you longer. Allow me to show you safely out of the grounds of my house."

Jasper rose like one half-asleep, and, still bending his form and hiding his face, followed Darrell down the private stair, through the library, the hall, and the hall, and Colonel's servant lighting the way; and Lionel and Morley, still too much astounded to speak, stood by the rear. The servant drew the heavy bolts from the front door. And now the household had come, Alban, Lionel, and their men! Let the thunderbolt, then the footman, then Fairthorn.

"Stand there!" said Darrell, as he softly opened the door himself to Losely. "Sir," said he, then, as they stood in the moonlight, "mark that I told you truth—you were in my power; and if the events of this night can lead you to acknowledge a superior Power, you will recall with a shudder the crime from which you have been saved, why, then, I too, out of gratitude to Heaven, may think that you have not been free others from the peril of your despair."

Losely made no answer, but, as he went with a fast, furtive stride, beaming out of the moonlit sward into the gloom of the leafless trees.

CHAPTER II.

If the Lion ever was the Fox's bide, still he wears it as a skin.

WHEN Darrell was alone with Lionel and Alban Morley the calm with which he had before startled them at his own defence broke in thanks with deep emotion. "Forgive me; not on the presence of a servant will I say all. You have saved me from an unnatural strife, and my daughter's husband from a murderer's end. Alban, by what chance are you here, and my danger? Were you sent to my aid?"

Alban hastily explained. "You say judge," he said, in conclusion, "how great was our anxiety, when, following the instructions of our uncle, which we found on the table in the front portals, we made our entrance into you pile of ruins, to find the door already open, and feared we might be too late. But, meanwhile, the poor woman waits without in the carriage that brought us from the station. I must go and relieve her mind."

"And how hither," cried Darrell, "to receive my gratitude. Stay, Alban; while you leave me with her you will speak aside to Mile; with him tell her briefly that no harm has come to be made on the house, and came to frustrate it, that your services were unnecessary, and that I was more a half-insane mendicant than a robber. Be sure, at least, that his identity with Losely be not uttered. Hasten, Alban, and no affair lightly. Public men are exposed, you know, to assault from crack-brained miscreants; or stay—I was once a lawyer, and continued Darrell, whose irony had become so ingrain as almost to pass for real, "I am a match against oil trial there are men so out of their wits as to fancy a lawyer has ruined them! Lionel, tell poor Dick Fairthorn to come to me." When the musician entered, Darrell whispered to him, "Leave your violin—run open your casement—step out on to the parapet —you will see a lighted window; it is a scrap of paper wrapped round my old armorial seal. Bring it me just as it is, Dick. That poor young Lionel, we must keep him here a day or two; mind, no prickles for him, Dick."

CHAPTER III.

Arabella Crewe versus Guy Darrell; or, Woman versus Lawyer. In Which Lawyer Meets with a Foe in Private Parlor, fool to foot and tongue to tongue, Lawyer has not a chance.

ARABELLA CREWE entered the room; Darrell hesitated—the remembrances attached to her were so painful—then, with a bow, he took a low one to her, perhaps, his very life? He thought of Isabel's letter, and felt that he must sweep away all earlier recollections, and, advancing quickly, extended that hand to her, his stern woman-hating look gone, his voice the proffered greeting.

"You owe me no thanks," she said, in her harsh, ungracious accents; "I sought to save not you, but him."

"Her!" said Darrell, startled; "you feel no resentment against the man who injured and betrayed you?"

"What my feelings may be toward him are not for you to conjecture; man could not conceive them. Women, I say, women. What they are here I might blush for; what they are now, I could own without shame. But you, Mr. Darrell—you, in the hour of my uttermost anguish, when all my future was laid desolate, and the world lay crushed at my feet—you—man, chivalrous man!—you had for me no human consolation—you thrust on my storm-tossed spirit even—you saw in my woe nothing but my error—you sent me forth, stripped of reputation, branded by your contempt, to famine of the streets. And you wonder that I feel less resentment against him who, with all his faults, loved me, who, knowing me wronged, only disdained my guilt. The answer is plain—the scorn of the man who would recompense losses to a woman no memory to mitigate its bitterness and gall. The wrong done by the man she loves and can leave, what they have left to me, an undying sense of a past existence—radiant, joyous, hopeful; of a time when the earth seemed covered with blossoms, just ready to burst into bloom; when the clouds seemed to float in the sky, and hues as the sun seemed about to rise. The memory that I once was happy, at least then, I owe to him who spurned and betrayed me. To you, when happiness was lost to me forever, what do I owe you, Sir?"

Struck by her words, more by her impressive manner, though not recognizing the plea by which she had before appealed to Darrell's better nature, Darrell answered gently, "Pardon me; this is no occasion to refer to matters which anger on my part; but reflect, I entreat you, and you will feel that I was not too harsh. In the same position any other man would have been less severe."

"Any other man!" she exclaimed; "say, positively! but would the scorn of any other man so have crushed me? Was he not, in spite of his wicked do not sure so against the good; but the scruf of the good leaves us malignant against error itself. Have I not been mad? Am I not to be indulgent. It should know human errors and frailties, with its large generous forces, such errors itself when it deigns to be human, that, where others may scorn, genius could pity. She paused a moment, and then slowly resumed. "And pity was my due. Had you, sir, when you found yourself in reputed honor, but said to me, 'Thou hast sinned —thou must suffer; but sin itself needs consolation, and where error forbids fear to speak —why, then, I might have been gentler to the unhappy child who erected against you the influences of Heaven than I have been. That is all—no matter now. Mr. Darrell, I would not shed tears now with angry and bitter emotion. Colonel Morley tells me that you have not only lent the man, whom you could not expel, a roof, but that you have guarded the secret of his degradation. For this I thank you. I thank you, because what I feel of that kind and delicate pity existence I have taken into mine. And I would have said also that in his own service as a menial I saw my soul from its own temptations. Are you large-hearted enough to comprehend me? Look in my face—have you seen his, if generosity love is erased and blotted out of both."

Guy Darrell rose from his chair, extended that partook of awe.

"You too," said the grim woman, after a pause, and approaching him nearer—"you too, have loved, I am told, and you, too, were forsaken."

He recoiled and shuddered.

"What is it that is the part of its ancient folly? I should like to know! I am curious to learn if there be a man who can feel as woman! Have you ever forgotten? Have you ever disdain? have you only vengeance? have you pity? Are have you forgiven, absolutely forgiven, the living the affection from which it sprang, that still the life wrenched from you shall owe, decayed, to your own?"

Darrell impatiently waved his hand to forbid further questions; and it needed all his sense of the service this woman had just rendered him, in spite of her haughty displeasure at the close an approach to his torturing secrets.

Arabella's bright eyes rested on his knitted brow, for a moment, wistfully, musingly. Then she said, "I see! man's inflexible pride—no pardon there! But, ere, at least, that you have suffered."

Darrell's groaned Darrell impulsively, and pressing his hand to his heart.

"You have! and you can evil! Follow-sufferer, I have some vague sugar against you, but should pity, but let each respect, the other. A few years hence—then—this!"

"Ay—ay—this child! you will be truthful. You will not seek to deceive me—you know that she—Isabel—is doomed by that sentence, and by his convict father—she is no daughter of my love!"

"What! would it then be no joy to know that your line did not close with yourself—that your name might live?"

"Come, madam, cease—it matters not to a man now to a race when it perish, or to a perish at last with honor. Who would have either himself or his lineage live on into a day when the crown is blotted and the shield disgraced? No; it shall be Matilda's child, not hers, and I will not say what they do, for the calamity which the will of Heaven may inflict. If, as I have all reason to think, the child be imposture, and she live me the sole comfort to which I would cling amidst the ruin of all other hopes."

"Verily," said Arabella, with a kind of musing wonder in the tone of her softened voice; "verily, has a man's heart the same throb and fibre as a woman's? Had I a child like that false-eyed mother with the frail and fickle power, and the brave spirit that ennobles errors, what would be my pride in that child! Talk of shame—disgrace! Fie—fie—the more the evil of others darkened one so innocent, the more cause to love and shelter her. But I—am childless! Shall I tell you that the offcast which lies heaviest on my conscience has been my cruelty to that girl? It was given an infant to my care. Lone in her dim daughter of the face, false, mean, deceiving friend, who had taken my confidence, and bought, with her supposed heritage, the man sworn by all oaths to me. I saw in her, your descendant, your rightful heiress. I projected a journey with your daughter and yourself. Think not I would have abducted her from your side! No. I would have kept her without culture, without companionship, as befits not a child of a higher lot; and when I gave her up to her grandson the convict, it was a triumph to think that Matilda's child would be an outcast. Terrible thought! but I was mad then. But that poor convict whom you, in your worldly wisdom, would have left to perish, stuck to his breast what was flung away as a worthless weed. And in that flower keep the promise of the bud, never flower so fair as promise gave you wanted stem! And yet you would bless me, if I said, 'Pass on, children! you shall be a nothing to you!'"

"Madam, let us not argue. You are right; man's heart and woman's must each know throbs that never are, and never should be, familiar to the other. I repeat my question, and again I implore your answer."

"I can not answer for certain; and I am fearful of answering at all, lest on a point so important I should mislead you. Matilda's child, Jasper affirmed in me. The before believed him—I believed him. I never had the confidence of a mother."

"Till what? For Heaven's sake, speak."

"Till about five years ago, or somewhat more, I saw a letter from Jasper to Isabel Darrell—"

"Ah! which made you suspect, as I do, that the child is Arabella Darrell's daughter?"

Arabella reared her crest as a serpent before its striker. "Arabella's daughter! You think so. Her child can be Arabella's child for whom I have just pleaded to you! *Her?* My subject was Matilda's child. Matilda that idea had never before struck her; evidently it never should be; evidently something was passing through her mind which did not allow that idea to be dismissed. As Darrell was about to address her, she exclaimed, impatiently, "No! say no more now. You may hear from me again should I think it necessary to pursue this doubt one way or the other. Farewell, Sir."

"Not yet. Permit me to remind you that you have saved the life of a man whose wealth is immense."

"Mr. Darrell, my wealth in relation to my wants is perhaps immense as yours, for I do not want at all. Farewell."

"But this unhappy outlaw whom you would save from himself—this wretched felon may be a burden and a charge. After what has passed to-night, I do tremble to think that penury may whisper relief to his self-reproach, that he may accept. Let me, then, place at your disposal, to be employed in such manner as you see best, whatever may be sufficient to secure an object which we may here have in common."

"No, Sir; I am rich, and I am free. I freely—whatever he be, never with my consent shall the Jasper Losely be relieved from my alms. If money can save him from shame and a dreadful death, that money shall be mine. I have said it—that money shall be forfeited as a recompense without atonement? I say not that I should love the child if I seek to save him.

The iron-gray robe fluttered an instant, and then vanished from the room.

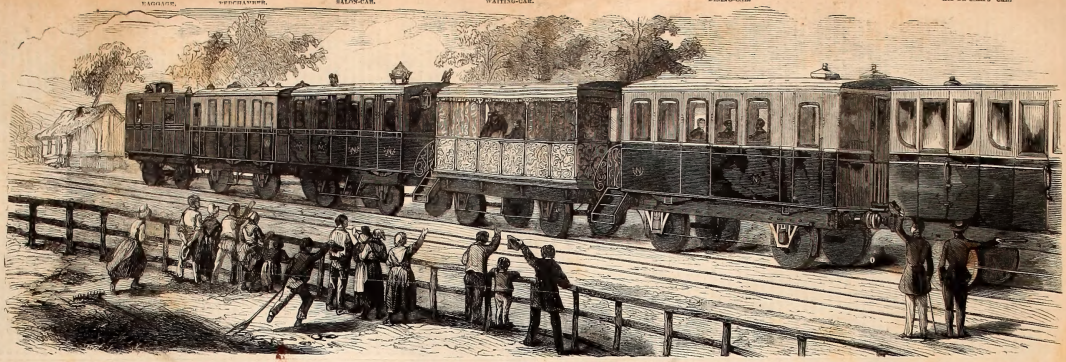
When Alban Morley returned to the library he saw Darrell at the further corner of the room on his knees, his head buried in Darrell thank Heaven for the mercies vouchsafed to him that night. Let your prayer be for all! Might life yet be bettered and gladdened? Was there might in the grim woman's words that might whisper hopes that self-reflection would ripen into influences over action? aught that might soothe and calm the past? Impossible, Pity might subjugate Scorn? In the royal shade of that soul does Pride *only* fortify Honor? Is it but the sense of honor the imperial despot? Would it bind, as its rival, the meanest? Would it chain, as rebel, the least? Would it mar the dominions that might be serene by the treasures it wastes—by the wars it provokes? Impossible! Pride is the sovereign! From Heaven, indeed, descends the precept— "Know yourself!" but the sense is taught us by the old heathen oracle. But what old heathen oracle has told us *how to know?*

THE FRENCH EMPEROR TRAVELS BY RAIL.

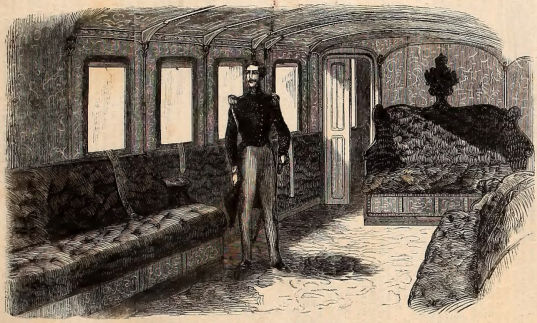
We have thought our readers in this country would be curious to see how the Emperor of France travels when he is not making a campaign, he condescends to honor a railway with the care of his person. A few days ago the same train was remained an account of the President's journey from Lancaster to Washington: he took his seat in the royal carriage, and the rest of the force, washed at the common basin at some station where the train stopped for refreshments. The train was delivered from the enjoyment of his Havana by the common bell announcing "all aboard."

They order things differently in France. The Imperial train is, in the first place, uncontaminated by the companionship of common cars. The luxury locomotive which has the felicity to draw the Emperor draws no vulgar mortals; its whole length is reserved for royalty and its suite.

Six grand and magnificent cars, or "wagons," as they call them in France, compose the Imperial train. Of these the first is appropriated to the baggage, over which the Imperial valets preside—



THE FRENCH IMPERIAL RAILWAY TRAIN.



INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL SALON-CAR.



INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL BEDCHAMBER-CAR.

themselves majestic and superb toward mere railway directors. Next comes the bathroom. This is fitted up with every convenience and luxury. Satin, damask, broadcloth, and ormolu glitter on every side. The bed is provided with springs which yield so gently and smoothly that the roughest sea will not disturb the sleeper. Thick curtains shut out the light. Soft carpets receive the naked feet of the Emperor and Empress in that solemn retreat. The toilet-table is provided with every convenience. His Majesty's moustache is civic and his hair trimmed with as much care while the train is bowling along at twenty-five miles an hour as if he were at the Tuileries or Fontainebleau. When the Emperor leaves the bed he steps from her bed, a perfumed bath, heated by the locomotive, awaits him. Her maids are provided with cosmetics and all the thousand appliances of female toilet. When she gets up, the engineer is signaled to "slow the train, in order that the delicate and inscrutable mysteries of the Empress's toilet may not be disturbed by the wayward jars or shakes." A roomy section of the baggage-car is devoted to hoops. Cases past counting lore with silks, laces, and fine linen. Every thing is there—dress, chaussure-furniture, and attendance—so that the director can insist that her Majesty her self is comfortable—at their expenses—as she might have been at her own in the Tuileries (*Apropos*, we do not see where her maids sleep: must we infer that they share the apartment of the aide-de-camp, with such a sword beside me in the Presidential car?).

Next to the sleeping apartment is the salon, when the Empress receives company while the train is in progress, and the Empress, at a convenient decade, so contrived with the aid of ingenious springs as to be steady under all circumstances—can write despatches, and reads the news of the day. Prefects of departments obtain audiences here, and discuss the affairs of their departments in cheery tones of an hour. It is of course a gorgeous room, as rich and as comfortable as money can make it.

Beyond this is the ante-chamber, or "platform, as the French call it—an open car, where the six de-camps-extreme visitors until the Emperor gives their assistance to the drawing-room. The next car is a long, little dining-room, where they are served, painted, and furnished; and beyond this is the chamber of the "gentlemen-in-waiting."

The whole thing is simple—as our illustration will show. It is a very pretty arrangement—for the Emperor; and if all our readers were so prepared, we should strongly recommend its adoption in this country. For the railway, which furnishes the carpets, and the damasks, and the silks, and the lace curtains, and the smooth furniture, and the mosaics, and the coin generally, it may, however, be a very different operation.

JOHN SINGER'S STORY.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

"It was the 25th of July," said John, when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's sister, I went on board the *Cambria*, in B——, harbor, for the United States. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of sago, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick too, and could have followed their example: but in that case we should have had an helpless family; so I forced my resolution, and waited on the rest as well as I could through it all.

"The youngest of the children got over it first; my wife suffered most, and we had been five days at sea before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to come on deck. When at last she got into the fresh sea-air, she revived her at once—grew appetite and strength returned, and her old cheerful spirits and activity as well. She set to work to put things in a more comfortable trim, and make our little cabin quite a parlor.

"We had reason to be thankful that we were separated in all respects from the steerage passengers. They numbered about fifty to sixty in all, and were not only of the poor and miserable, but of the dirty and degraded class. Nearly all were Irish, and almost a third of them were Catholics. I will say that for them, poor souls!—were much better than the men, and the women were much worse: the visitors to our conduct and language. I don't think the whole steerage could have numbered five shillings among them, and the captain part had nothing but rags for clothing. They habitated entirely on the rations issued to them, and about these, and a small stock of tobacco which seemed to be common property, they were quarrelsome day and night. Soon after sunrise each ration sent them all below, and shut down the grated covering of the hatchway; but I noticed that he and we without a doctor on board.

"One very unpleasant sight soon besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there accommodation for any—the *Cambria* carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yet I could not help thinking we made but slow progress compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were always built for sailing, and not for trade, like the *Cambria*—we were doing well enough.

"From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew on the deck, but also, when the weather was not rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am now a living man, and that I and mine are not lying fathoms deep in the rolling sea. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that passed between them caused me to lie awaiting their next, and stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping by the sailors, the water gained on the ship, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder. At what they might, within twenty-four hours, the crew of course, were quite aware of their condition, and they would muttiny and seize the boats and abandon the ship. I had observed that there was no sail in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his Wits' end, and knew not what to do. He thought of putting back west of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, sailing on east was almost attended by desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would be carried away. I myself, in the darkness, the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned in, and I lay awake all night over my discovery.

"You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I think prudence kept me not allowed to unsettle my wife, and to prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it all over, again and again, and finally with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their footsteps on the deck, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind every thing that it was possible to do. At last to the mate—a determined man, who seemed to promise us a chance of life; and what I said was well appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet must morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and found myself in a cold sweat and in the vortex of the tea, and none to save them.

"Next day, when on deck, my self-control never to behave as though ignorant of every thing: it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I observed that the mate and the captain spoke, and knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the conversation between the two officers. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock in the morning I was raised the whole of the day to hurt that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The sun was accompanied by a thick mist which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal flag was hoisted in the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but I understood of its terms, and was unable to ask the rain-mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it loaded with shot, and to fire off one or two. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of the steerage men, who clustered round the discharge, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that these also were signals of distress, and that no help was near on the day it passed away, and nothing here in sight.

"Another night came on before even the mist blew off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole sea-view was again clear to the horizon on all sides. It was about nine o'clock when a sail was heard cautiously round; the mate himself ran to the mast-head with a lantern, and remained there with it in his hand sunk, and only a long streak of yellow light shone in that direction. The line evening had brought the passengers on deck, and the lights were inclined to dance and be merry. All my wife's boys, too, met into their berths, and rambled playfully among the cordage. It made my heart break to look at them. My wife was not suffering so much as I was, for she knew it was that I beckoned her into the cabin, and shut the door. She took both her hands in mine, and looking her sorrowfully and solemnly in the face, said:

"'Betsy, my loving wife, can you, for the dear children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be to us all as a man and brother?'

"It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a moment, she knew all. She sat down, covered her face with a great effort.

"'I think, my child, I know it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it. Let me help you, and I will bear it—indeed, indeed, you shall not have to reproach me with weakness.'

"I put myself by her, encouraged her as I had promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word.' I then told her what I had discovered, and how the knowledge had come into my possession. She heard the whole with more fortitude than I had hoped, and but she turned stone-color at my words, and from the calmness with which she spoke I knew that the danger which I had feared had turned into a stone.

"'What are we to do, John? I will obey you in all things. Is there any hope of life? My children—my children?'

"'Hope there is,' said, 'not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you.' I then gave her directions—first, to put the children to bed without undressing them; then, with the help of her niece, to pack up some small parcels of preserved meats and sweet biscuits, and to have them ready secretly for the children at a moment's notice. I gave her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her from reflection as far as possible on our situation, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly supportable to myself.

"I then went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which, the day before, had contained all sorts of rubbish, had been cleared out, and that some barrels and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pair of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in their places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

"It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of the ship, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all the passengers to their berths. There was some demur among the steerage men, but the captain insisted, and he quieted them by the promise of a bottle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience, were soon in possession of the grog, and we had the hatches bolting down on them while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and sounded in my ears like the tolling of a death-bell. I sat like a cat on the watch with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and a brace of pistols in the deceive pocket. It was a moonlight night, and I could see plainly all that took place round the long-boat. From time to time things were brought and put into it; among the first, the ship's compass and chronometer.

"Before midnight the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were apparently asleep. The mate came on tip-toe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if our party were awake. The footsteps of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, where he immediately signaled the lowering of the long-boat. The mate crew were last for roof to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the word, and handed the rest up the next minute; and then the long-boat was hauled toward the slings, and was in the act of being suspended, when I, at last to the moment, and rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

"They paused in their work, and glancing silently at one another, began to gather round me.

"'Back to your number, Singer!' said the captain. 'You seem alarmed; has any thing disturbed you?'

"I had taken my station against the bulwarks under the slings, before I replied.

"'No, sir, I have no alarmed without reason,' I said. 'You know whether I speak truth. When I tell you there is no reason enough to—'

"'You are dreaming,' he returned; 'but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to retire to your berth.'

"'That's of no use, captain,' I replied; 'pray, understand me once for all. I have every thing, I don't intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as a chance remains. You don't leave the ship unless you take my family on board.' As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side. "'Ah, ah! Betsy and the children on deck with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden me. Refuse to demand,' I went on,' and we make the passengers on deck. Speak, Betsy, speak. Who will escape, then; you can tell better than I.'

"The men looked aghast at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a moment all was silent.

"'Come, come,' at last said the captain, stamping his foot, 'this is Singer's right; all it can be expected for him to do otherwise. We must have the family with us. Call them up, and then we shall trust to being picked up; that's what it is, eh?, according to my opinion.'

"'Yes, sir, nothing else to be done,' was the captain's answer. 'Be quick, boys; put in the children, and make way.'

"Two or three barrels, and as many bags, and a large hamper, were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as I hung over the side; two rumen followed, and it was lowered into the sea. I had leaped down, and was in the boat. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried about all, with the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwithstanding the confusion of most of the moment, I could not help pitying that miserable man, as he lingered and lingered on board, and seemed as reluctant to leave us even after another for delaying the final abandonment of his ship. The mate in the longboat shouted to him to come; but he seemed as though he did not hear, and continued loitering about, asking for every article which the crew of the deck was strewed, as if in search of something, though he knew not what. Maybe time once he was about to descend, and called to the mate to wait until I began to doubt whether he would quit the vessel at all, and I was about to call to him to the rain and share the miserable fate of the castaways. But he, like myself, had a wife and children in the long-boat, and the love of them no doubt tugged at his heart-strings, and urged him to self-preservation. Just as I was calling to him to come, he withdrew the bolt which fastened down the grating over the steerage; and then, signing to me to keep off, he said in a whisper: 'They are awake; I heard them talking.' The Lord have mercy upon them! I will never cast them off.'

"We were no sooner in the boat than the men pushed off and moved rapidly away, as if desirous not to get out of sight and hearing of the miserable beings left all unconscious of the fate that was fast approaching them. We made but little way, however, because our boat was too heavily loaded. The captain gave orders to have certain things thrown overboard, and some indispensable provisions transferred to the other boat, which was less heavily laden. These formed so far some relief within a stone's-throw of the *Cambria*, from which I could see the passengers coming up a moment. The noon shone so brightly that every rope of the deserted vessel was visible, and all the familiar objects on the deck which had met our eyes before. Nearly all the sails were set, and showed ghastly-white beneath the moon; but the vessel being without guidance, they flapped idly this way and that, like the wings of a wounded bird. Slowly the head of the vessel turned round, and, as she drifted before the wind, advanced toward the boats. Just then I saw a figure in a white night-dress running frantically about the deck—now peering over the side, now with hands clasped above its head, gazing up at the sky, but uttering no cry. Then it disappeared, and within a minute, from the hollow hull of the vessel, came a tumult of voices—of women and children mingled with the fearful cries and shrieks, as the forlorn and wretched creatures ventured out on deck. The boats all rowed to the little boat at the stern, fought savagely for the possession of it, and succeeded in the vain attempt to get it clear—the next instant the vessel of them perishing before the eyes of the rest. And now the cries and shrieks were at their greatest. then, the cries and the curses, and the long dismal howls and wails all mingling together, were soon heart-rending and horrible to hear. Next with rig my oars to my dying day. They soon caught sight of our boats, as the mass, and rushed for the awful sounds, poured upon their oars, and gazed on it if frustrated by the tempest. As the sinking ship lurched heavily nearer and nearer, we nearly pulled a few strokes sufficient to maintain our distance, and then paused to watch again. The poor doomed wretches, stretching their clasped hands toward us in the agony of their help we could not afford them; and anon goaded to madness by our silence, for we answered them not a word, they poured curses from heaven upon our heads. It was a dreadful and sickening thing to be aligned to fly from the distress which we could not have willingly risked our lives to alleviate. But, alas! there was no help for it; and all we could do was to add in their agony our bitter reproaches to their own. For more than two hours was set the agonizing scene, and then how horrible! It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the Cambria went down, and the last drowning cry of the wretched passengers rose to the sky. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer.

"The dead silence that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonizing cries that preceded it. The boats, which had the strong men robbing like women; but at them sounds the captain, who had kept his head in the dreadful moments of the wreck, roused himself and in a calm, severe voice, ordered the men to their oars, and steered toward the spot of the noble. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, engaged in the duties which had fallen entirely on me by poor sinking ship; but when the boat began to move, I was recalled to my proper senses, and then I thought of my family, and how they were to win in, almost bewildered me again. I turned my head, and there I was in a short distance of a fullforward found, had fainted the moment I had joined her in the boat, and had beheld nothing of the horrors that I had witnessed over us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, who was almost as helpless as herself, and had covered the children in the bottom of the boat. We were all huddled together, with the captain at the stern and the mate was quite calm, were fortunately warm and dry; I put a little brandy to Betsy's lips, and after a few minutes she opened her eyes, looked before she revived and looked round. The captain was very kind to her, and encouraged her to keep up and make her part I had taken; on the contrary, they endeavored to encourage me by telling that they endeavored to encourage me by telling that there was no use there to be picked up, at the farthest in a day or two, and that, unless we had rough weather, all would be well.

"The day was now beginning to dawn, and there was soon light enough to see the surrounding sea. Our boat and two sails were visible, they said, though I could not see them; but they were too far off to attract the sight of any vessel that might sail, and none were attempted. All that day we rowed on in an almost calm, and the weather favored the boats relieving vessel. Whether the captain felt the confidence he expressed with regard to our being picked up by a sail, I do not know. The afternoon he caused an account to be taken of whatever provisions were on board the boats, and the whole fly distributed according to the numbers in each, and put us all upon an allowance, which, he said, would last for five days, with care, for seven days and more. The sweet biscuits and the spirits in my wife's store were added to the general stock—a letter to be used only for cases of sickness or exhaustion. I had little inclination for food myself, but I made my self eat, to meet the complaints of the children at the scanty meal allotted them that day. I saw it was my duty to keep up their spirits by cheering reproof; what grieved me still more was that my wife would not touch her allowance, but shared it with the youngest children.

"Toward evening a sail appeared to the north-east, which the captain said was a brig. We hoisted a shawl on an oar for a signal, and turned our boats toward her, and we had the pleasure of being seen in the gloomy furrows. The boat lay very deep in the water. The captain signaled that there was room for no more, and that we were as of a part of our weight; but all they could do was to take

one of the water-casks, which they hauled on board with a rope. We threw over a few of the articles which could best be spared, and thus lightened the boat a little. Meanwhile the weather grew worse—the billows began to break in foam, and the spray dashed over us in showers. With the aid of hammer, a saw, and a piece of sail-cloth, we managed to rig up at the stern a rude bulwark against the breakers, which would else have swamped us. It now began to rain, and that in a way that promised a continuance of wet for some hours at least. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin—and all more than ever impressed with the extremity of our misery and peril. My wife scarcely spoke a word, unless it was to quiet and comfort the children, who now cried bitterly, and would not be consoled. The men no longer talked hopefully; but I could see them straining their eyes through the darkness, as it descended rapidly upon us, in search of some passing vessel.

"I think we all tasted the bitterness of death many times that night. Had the swell of the sea, as we expected, increased and brought the wind in its track, nothing could have saved us from sinking. It pleased God, however, to compassionate our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and showed us—oh, happy sight!—a large vessel bearing full down upon us, not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and a minute after we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I can not tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the gladness and the gratitude of such a time they only know who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

"The good ship which had saved us was *La Pucelle*, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and seemed pleased beyond measure of their good fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig, bound for Cardiff, to which, with many hearty good wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in three days more, in the Bristol Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife's received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped."

Such was Singer's account of his first sea-voyage, twenty-seven years ago.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

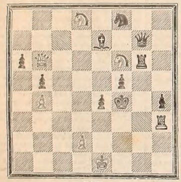
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jacobus." We print your seven-move Problem, of which we think highly.——Correct solutions to Problem II. have been received under the following initials: "J. C. K." (Kingston, C.W.), "R. D. C." (Washington), "J. L. C." (Evansville, Ind.), "R. M. C." (Smithfield, Va.), "C. H. K." (New Orleans), and "Emma" (Brooklyn). Incorrect ones from those ensuing, viz.: "G. W. D., Jun.," "C. R.," and "M. K." Correct solutions to No. III. are to hand from "A. O. W.," "S. T.," "Emma," and "D. R." Those by "Fip" and "L. M." are unsound.——"W. H. E." (Augusta, Ga.). We shall be but too happy in endeavoring to aid you in the establishment of a sound basis for your intended Club; *ad interim*, will make the necessary inquiries, and report progress.——"B. W." (Cleveland, O.). Right glad to renew your acquaintance. With regard to your *blindfold* game, *au revoir*.——"H. F. T." (Sag Harbor). Two or more Bishops, of the same colored *diagonal*, may clearly have existence in the case named in your letter; viz., on the choice of a player advancing his Pawns to the extreme *rank* of the board.

*** We had promised ourselves a long chat this week with sundry correspondents, but are forced to condense under high pressure. For an excuse we must refer to the space occupied by Mr. Morphy's eight blindfold games.

PROBLEM IV.—By "JACOBUS."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in seven moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM III.

	White.	Black.
1.	Kt to Q B 2	B takes Kt (best)
2.	Kt to B 4	any thing.
3.	Q or Kt checkmates.	

Morphy in Paris.—During an interval occurring in Mr. Morphy's late match with Mr. Harrwitz, Mr. M. not only delighted the Parisians, but, we may well say, *astounded* them, by an exhibition of his wonderful powers as a blindfold player. The following eight games (with notes by Mr. Howard Staunton) were on this occasion conducted by Mr. M. against a corresponding number of players of the highest grade; and, as will be seen, with complete success—seven of them being scored to Mr. M.'s account, and the remaining game terminating in a draw!

BOARD NO. I.—MR. BOUCHER.

(Philidor's Defense.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. B.)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3
3.	P to Q 4	P takes P
4.	Q takes P	Q Kt to Q B 3
5.	K B to Q Kt 5	Q B to Q 2
6.	B takes Kt.	B takes B
7.	B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
8.	B to K R 4	Kt to K R 3
9.	Q Kt to Q B 3	K B to K 2
10.	Castles on K side	Castles
11.	Q to Q B 4 (ch)	K to R sq
12.	K Kt to Q 4	Q to her 2
13.	Q R to Q sq	K R to K B 2
14.	P to K B 4	P to Q R 4
15.	P to K B 5	K R to K B sq
16.	K Kt to K 6	K R to K Kt sq
17.	P to Q R 4	Kt to Kt 5
18.	Q to K 2	Kt to K 4
19.	B to K Kt 3	Q to Q B sq

(To enable him to capture the Bishop, which is about to take the Kt, with the Q's Pawn.)

20.	B takes Kt	Q P takes B
21.	K R to K B 3	

(The attack looks already irresistible, but the actual finish is charmingly accomplished.)

21.		Q B to Q 2

(By this move Black may be said to lose a piece. His best course—but that a bad one—was possibly to retreat this Bishop to K's square.)

22.	K R to K R 3	

(Threatening mate in two moves.)

22.		P to K R 3
23.	Q to Q 2	K to R 2

(To avert the promised mate, by R takes Pawn, etc.)

24.	Q takes Q B	B to Q 3
25.	K R takes K R P (ch)	

(The termination is very pretty—quite an elegant little problem.)

25.		K takes R
26.	R to Q 3	

(And Black has no possible means of escape; for, if he play Q to K sq, White simply captures the Queen for nothing: if B to Q B's 4 (ch), then follows K to B sq, etc.)

26.		K to R 4
27.	Q to K B 7 (ch)	

And wins; the battle having lasted about seven hours.

BOARD NO. II.—MR. BIERWIRTH.

(French Opening.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. B.)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 3
2.	P to Q 4	P to Q B 3
3.	K B to Q 3	P to Q 4
4.	P takes P	K P takes P
5.	K Kt to K B 3	Q B to K Kt 5
6.	Castles	K B to Q 3
7.	P to K R 3	Q B to K R 4
8.	Q B to K 3	Q Kt to Q 2
9.	K R to K sq	K Kt to K 2
10.	Q Kt to Q 2	Q B takes Kt
11.	Kt takes B	P to K R 3
12.	Q to Q 2	Q to Q B 2
13.	P to Q B 4	P takes P
14.	K B takes P	P to K B 4
15.	Kt to K 5	Ctls. on Q side
16.	K B to K 6	B takes Kt
17.	P takes B	K to Q Kt sq
18.	Q to Q B 3	

(A very ingenious move. If Black take the Pawn with his Queen, he of course loses her by "B takes Q R P (ch)," etc., and if with the Kt it costs him at least a piece.)

18.		Q Kt to Q Kt 3
19.	Q to Q R 3	Q Kt to Q B sq
20.	Q R to Q B sq	P to K Kt 4
21.	P to K B 4	P takes P
22.	Q B takes P	Q R to Q 5
23.	Q to K 3	Q R to K 5
24.	Q to K B 3	Q to Q Kt 3
25.	K to K R 2	Q R takes R
26.	R takes R	Q to Q Kt 5
27.	R to K 2	K Kt to K Kt 3
28.	Q B to Q 2	Q to Q Kt 4
29.	K B takes Kt	R takes B
30.	B takes K R P	R to K R sq
31.	B to K Kt 7	R to K R 2
32.	B to K B 6	R to K B 2
33.	Q to K R 5	Kt to K B 5
34.	Q takes R	

And Black surrenders, after a struggle of nearly nine hours.

BOARD NO. III.—MR. BORNEMANN.

(King's Gambit declined.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. B.)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	P to K B 4	K B to Q B 4
3.	K Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3
4.	P to Q B 3	Q B to K Kt 5
5.	K B to Q B 4	K Kt to K B 3
6.	P takes P	B takes Kt
7.	Q takes B	Q P takes P
8.	P to Q 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
9.	Q B to K Kt 5	P to Q R 3
10.	Q Kt to Q 2	B to K 2
11.	Castles on Q side	Q to Q 2
12.	Kt to K B sq	Cstl. on Q side
13.	Kt to K 3	P to K R 3
14.	Q B to K R 4	P to K Kt 4
15.	Q B to K Kt 3	Q R to K B sq
16.	Kt to Q 5	K Kt to K sq
17.	P to Q 4	P takes Q P
18.	P takes P	K Kt to Q 3
19.	K B to Q Kt 3	B to Q sq
20.	K R to K B sq	K Kt to Q Kt 4
21.	Q to K 3	P to K B 4
22.	P takes P	Q R takes P
23.	Kt to Q Kt 6 (ch)	

(A manœuvre altogether unforeseen by Mr. Bornemann.)

23.		P takes Kt
24.	K B to K 6	Q R to Q 4
25.	K R to K B 7	Q Kt to K 2
26.	K to Q Kt sq	

(No hurry: poor Black is in the toils, and escape impossible, do what he can.)

26.		K R to K sq
27.	Q R to Q B sq (ch)	K Kt to Q B 2
28.	K B takes Q (ch)	Q R takes B
29.	P to Q 5	

(Capitally played. Black can take it only at the expense of a piece.)

29.		Q Kt to Q B 3
30.	P takes Kt	K R takes Q
31.	P takes Q R (ch)	

And Black gives up the battle, after fighting for above nine hours.

BOARD NO. IV.—MR. GUIBERT.

(Irregular Opening.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. G.)
1.	P to Q 4	P to Q 4
2.	P takes P	Q takes P
3.	Q Kt to Q B 3	Q to her sq
4.	P to Q 4	P to K 3
5.	K Kt to K B 3	K B to Q 3
6.	K B to Q 3	K Kt to K 2
7.	Castles	P to K R 3
8.	Q B to K 3	P to Q B 3
9.	K Kt to K 5	Q Kt to Q 2
10.	P to K B 4	Q Kt to K B 3
11.	Q Kt to K 4	K Kt to K B 4
12.	Q B to K B 2	K B to Q B 2
13.	P to Q B 3	Q Kt to Q 4
14.	Q to K B 3	Q to K 2
15.	Q R to K sq	K B takes Kt
16.	Q P takes B	

(White thus early has acquired a vast superiority in position; his forces are all in the field, and his King safely housed, while the adversary's men are out of play, and he is prevented from castling by the threatened move of Q B to Q B 5.)

16.		P to K R 4
17.	Q B to Q B 5	Q to her sq
18.	Kt to Q 6 (ch)	Kt takes B
19.	Q B takes Kt	

(The Bishop, so posted, is invincible.)

19.		P to K Kt 3
20.	Q to K Kt 3	

(Threatening to take the K Kt P with his K's Bishop, and thus win off hand.)

20.		Kt to K 2
21.	Q R to Q sq	B to Q 2
22.	Q R to Q 2	P to K R 5
23.	Q to K Kt 4	Kt to K B 4
24.	K B takes Kt	K P takes Kt
25.	Q to K B 3	Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)
26.	K to R sq	Cstl. on Q side
27.	P to Q B 4	P to K R 6
28.	P to K Kt 3	B to K 3
29.	Q to Q B 3	Q R to Q 2
30.	K R to Q sq	P to Q B 4
31.	K to K Kt sq	K R to Q sq
32.	Q to Q R 3	P to Q R 3
33.	B takes Q B P	Q to Q B 3

(This saves Black's game, as his opponent, on account of the threatened mate at K Kt 2, is unable to exchange Rooks.)

34.	B to Q 6	P to K B 3
35.	Q R to Q 5	

(Admirably played; and this blindfold and with the thousand shifting combinations of seven other games to keep in mind! Verily it makes one's brain ache only to think of the strain.)

35.		B takes R
36.	R takes B	R takes B
37.	P takes R	K to Kt sq
38.	Q to Q 3	R takes P
39.	Q to Q 2	

(He obviously could not take the Rook because of the mate before-mentioned.)

39.		R takes R
40.	P takes R	Q to Q B 4 (ch)
41.	K to B sq	Q to Q B 5 (ch)
42.	K to B 2	Q to Q B 4 (ch)

And the game was declared drawn, having lasted about nine hours.

BOARD NO. V.—MR. LEQUESNE.

(Irregular Opening.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. L.)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3
2.	P to Q 4	Q B to Q Kt 2
3.	K B to Q 3	P to K 3
4.	K Kt to K R 3	K Kt to K 2
5.	Castles	P to Q 4
6.	P to K 5	K Kt to Q B 3
7.	P to Q B 3	K B to K 2
8.	P to K B 4	P to K Kt 3
9.	P to K Kt 4	P to K R 4
10.	P takes P	K R takes P
11.	Q to K Kt 4	K R to his 5
12.	Q to K Kt 3	K to Q 2
13.	Q Kt to Q 2	Q to K R sq
14.	K Kt to K Kt 5	K Kt to Q sq
15.	Q Kt to K B 3	K B tks K Kt
16.	P takes B	K R to K R 6
17.	Q to K Kt 2	Q Kt to Q B 3
18.	Q R to Q 2	Q Kt to K 2
19.	Q R to Q B sq	Q R to Q B sq
20.	P to Q Kt 4	P to Q R 3
21.	P to Q R 4	Q to K R 4
22.	Kt to K sq	K Kt to K B 4
23.	K R to K B 3	K R to his 5
24.	K R to K B 4	K R takes R
25.	Q B takes R	P to Q B 4
26.	Q Kt P takes P	P takes P
27.	R to Q Kt sq	P to Q B 5
28.	K B takes Kt	K Kt P takes B
29.	Kt to Q B 2	B to Q B 3
30.	P to Q R 5	Q to K R 5
31.	Q to K Kt 3	Q to K R 4
32.	Q to K Kt 2	Q to K R 5

At this point, neither party being disposed to vary his moves, the game was resigned as a DRAWN BATTLE.

BOARD NO. VI.—MR. POTIER.

(Petroff's Defense.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. P.)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	K Kt to K B 3
3.	K B to Q B 4	Kt takes K P
4.	Q Kt to Q Kt 3	K Kt to K B 3

(It is to be regretted that Mr. Potier did not take the Kt rather than retreat, as many amateurs would have been pleased to see Mr. Morphy carrying out the attack of this interesting and comparatively novel *début*.)

5.	Kt takes K P	P to Q 4
6.	K B to Q Kt 3	K B to K 2
7.	P to Q 4	P to Q B 3
8.	Castles.	Q Kt to Q 2
9.	P to K B 4	Q Kt to Q Kt 3
10.	Q to K B 3	P to K R 4
11.	P to K B 5	Q to Q B 2
12.	Q B to K B 4	K B to Q 3
13.	Q R to K sq	K to B sq
14.	Q to K Kt 3	P to Q R 5
15.	K Kt to Kt 6 (ch)	

(Finely played.)

15.		K to Kt sq
16.	Q B takes B	P takes Q
17.	Q B takes Q	P takes Kt
18.	K B P takes P	P takes K R P (ch)
19.	K to R sq	B to K Kt 5
20.	Q R to K 7	Q Kt to Q 2
21.	Q B to K 5	K to B sq
22.	Q R to K B 7 (ch)	

(The termination of this *partie* is as elegant and finished as that of the first game.)

22.		K to Kt sq
23.	Kt takes Q P	P takes Kt
24.	K B takes P	Q Kt to Q Kt 3
25.	K B to Q Kt 3	

And Black abandons the game.

BOARD NO. VII.—MR. PRETI.

(Sicilian Opening.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. P.)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2.	P to Q 4	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3	P to K 4
4.	K B to Q B 4	K B checks
5.	P to Q B 3	P takes P
6.	P takes P	K B to Q B 4
7.	K Kt takes K P	Q to K B 3
8.	K B tks K B P (ch)	K to B sq
9.	K Kt to Q 3	K B to Q Kt 3
10.	K B to Q Kt 3	P to Q 3
11.	Q B to Q R 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
12.	Castles.	K Kt to K R sq
13.	P to K 5	Q to K Kt 3
14.	K Kt to K B 4	Q to K Kt 5
15.	K Kt to K 6 (ch)	

(This is more effectual than taking the Queen's Pawn with Queen at once.)

15.		Q B takes Kt
16.	Q takes Q P (ch)	K to B 2
17.	Q to Q 7 (ch)	K to K Kt 3
18.	K B takes B	Q to K Kt 4
19.	K B to Q 5	Q Kt takes K P
20.	K B to K 4 (ch)	K Kt to K B 4
21.	Q to K 6 (ch)	Q to K B 3
22.	K B takes Kt (ch)	K to K R 4
23.	P to K Kt 4 (ch)	Kt takes P
24.	K B takes Kt (ch)	

And Black surrenders.

BOARD NO. VIII.—MR. SEGUIN.

(Philidor's Defense.)

	White (Mr. M.)	Black (Mr. S.)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3
3.	P to Q 4	P takes P
4.	K Kt takes P	K Kt to K B 3
5.	Q Kt to Q B 3	K B to K 2
6.	K B to Q 3	Castles
7.	P to K B 4	P to Q B 4
8.	K Kt to K B 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
9.	Castles	Q B to K Kt 5
10.	Q B to K 3	P to Q R 3
11.	P to Q R 4	P to K R 3
12.	P to K R 3	Q B takes Kt
13.	Q takes B	Q Kt to Q Kt 5
14.	Q R to Q sq	Q to Q B 2
15.	P to Q Kt 3	Q Kt takes B
16.	P takes Kt	K R to K sq
17.	P to Q 4	Q to Q B 3
18.	P takes Q B P	P takes P
19.	P to K 5	Q takes Q
20.	K R takes Q	Kt to K R 2
21.	Q R to Q 7	Q R to Q Kt sq
22.	Kt to Q 5	B to K B sq
23.	B to K B 2	

(To enable him to play the Rook to the Queen's side.)

23.		K R to Q sq
24.	Kt to Q Kt 6	R takes R
25.	Kt takes R	R to Q B sq
26.	R to Q B 3	R to Q B 2
27.	Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
28.	R takes P	R takes R
29.	B takes R	Kt to K 3
30.	B to K 3	P to K Kt 3
31.	P to K Kt 4	Kt to Q sq
32.	K to K B 2	Kt to Q B 3
33.	K to K 2	P to Q Kt 4
34.	P takes P	P takes P
35.	K to Q 3	K to B sq
36.	B to Q B 5 (ch)	K to K sq
37.	K to K 4	K to Q 2
38.	K to Q 5	Kt to Q sq
39.	P to K B 5	P takes P
40.	P takes P	P to K R 4
41.	B to Q Kt 6	Kt to Q Kt 2
42.	P to K 6 (ch)	

(Every step is made with the same precision by Mr. Morphy, in this, the conclusion of the last game, after ten hours of unexampled mental tension, which he exhibited in the outset of the first *partie*.)

42.		P takes P
43.	P takes P (ch)	K to K 2
44.	K to Q B 6	Kt to Q sq (ch)
45.	B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
46.	K to Q 6	K to K sq
47.	P to K 7	

And Mr. Seguin gave in.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

A Chinaman stepped into a jewelry store in San Francisco, and inquired if they had any "consistencies?" On being asked to explain himself, he didn't know what consistency was, but had been told it was a jewel.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in all the world of Nature. Only one ass spoke like a man, but hundreds of men daily talk like asses.

A notice of a new novel says, "The style is so brilliant that the printer, with the copy before him, can set up the type without any other light, in the darkest night."

"Why, my dear Sir, are you always gazing at the sunsets?" "Just because they are the only golden prospects I ever have before me."

The following toast was given recently: "The Ladies!—may we kiss the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss!"

An advertisement lately appeared headed "Iron bedsteads and *bedding*." We suppose the linen must be *sheet*-iron.

Somebody says that General Scott undergoes a metamorphosis every morning. When he first rises he is General *jes' up*.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and then they want every thing.

Tennyson describes a lover clinging to the lips of his mistress in a passionate kiss till he draws her whole soul through it. Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through them.

A poor Irishman was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remonstrated. "Ah, my honeys," said he, "I would not be afther parting with it, but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, November* 1, 1858.

The Foreign Trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending October 30, 1858	$4,804,098	$1,257,289
Corresponding Week, 1857	2,336,347	1,893,121
Increase	$2,467,751	
Decrease		$635,832

The apparent increase of the import entries is chiefly due to the paralysis which overwhelmed trade at this time last year. The movement in specie last week was moderate. We shipped $593,510 to Europe, and about a million to the South, against a remittance of $1,472,979 from California. The Sub-Treasury holds $9,151,581, the banks about $28,000,000. Money was rather more active during the middle of the week, but on Friday and Saturday it fell again to our last quotations, namely, 3 per cent. for call loans, 3½ @ 5 for first-class short paper, 5 @ 6 for the best long paper. Exchange is flatter; it closed on Saturday at 109¼ @ ½ for sterling, and 5.15 @ 5.13¾ for francs.

The movement on the Stock Exchange has been active, though on Thursday a reaction was caused by the realization of profits by the bulls. Prices declined an average of 2 per cent., rallying on Saturday to within 1½ per cent. of the highest points. The universal opinion is that the market is a rising one. The following table will show the movement of the week:

	Oct. 23.	Oct. 26.	Oct. 30.
Missouri 6's	90½	90¼	89½
New York Central	86¾	87¾	86½
Erie	15¾	18½	16½
Hudson River	31¾	35	33½
Reading	51½	54	52½
Panama	121½	123½	121½
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	54½	55½	54½
Michigan Central	59	60	58½
Galena	83	83½	80½
Rock Island	69½	69½	68½
Illinois Central	85	89½	87
Pacific Mail	106	107½	106½

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, November* 1, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been moderately active for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, which have arrived somewhat less freely, and prices of Wheat and Corn close more firmly....Cotton has been in limited request at drooping rates....Groceries have attracted more attention, including Coffee and Sugars, prices of which have favored factors....Provisions have been freely offered and purchased at irregular quotations....Hay, Hides, Leather, Spirits-Turpentine, Fish, Oils, Tobacco, and Wool have been in good demand, and close buoyantly....Transactions in Dry Goods are confined for the most part to what jobbers are selling to the near-by and local retailers. The inquiry for these is moderate, chiefly for really desirable fabrics, which have not varied much in price. Otherwise business is dull, and quotations are irregular. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted $1,236,688 against $720,604 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $51,662,774 against $85,620,393 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Oct. 20.	Week ending Oct. 27.
Beeves	4,971	4,298
Milch Cows	212	212
Veal Calves	680	595
Sheep and Lambs	12,431	10,729
Swine	18,338	10,846

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 9½
Common to extra Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	6 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are well stocked, and moderately active. Prices have not varied much.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per bbl.	$1 25 @ $3 50	Egg Plants, per dozen	37 @ 50
Pears, " "	4 00 @ 20 00	Garlic, 100 bunches	3 50 @ 4 00
Grapes, pound	5 @ 18	Cauliflowers, per 100	4 00 @ 7 00
Quinces, per barrel	2 25 @ 6 00	Salad, per doz. heads	20 @ 30
Citron, per 100	87 @ 2 50	Parsley, 100 bunches	1 00 @ 2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00 @ 4 00	Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	19 @ 21
Beans, per bushel	37 @ 87	Eggs, Western, per doz	17 @ 18
Potatoes, per barrel	75 @ 2 00	Chickens, per pair	50 @ 75
Potatoes, sweet, "	1 25 @ 2 50	Fowls, per pound	12 @ 15
Onions, per barrel	1 25 @ 1 75	Fowls, per pair	50 @ 1 25
Turnips, per barrel	75 @ 1 00	Ducks, per pair	62 @ 1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25 @ 1 50	Geese, each	1 00 @ 1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25 @ 1 50	Turkeys, per pound	14 @ 16
Cabbage, per 100	1 00 @ 4 00	Pigeons, per dozen	1 25 @ 2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25 @ 1 75	Woodcock, per dozen	3 00 @ 4 00
Cranberries, per bbl.	9 00 @ 14 00	Partridge, per pair	56 @ 75
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00 @ 6 00	Snipe, Dowicher, doz.	62½ @ 87½
Spinach, per barrel	37 @ 50	Plover, per dozen	1 50 @ 2 25
Tomatoes, per bushel	50 @ 62	Venison, per pound	9 @ 12
Celery, dozen bunches	62 @ 87		

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From the Home Journal.

LIFE AT THE COURT OF VERSAILLES.

Among the palaces of France, the *Palais des Thermes*, the *Louvre*, the *Palais Royal*, the *Elysée*, and others through them were, that of Versailles was pre-eminent. When LOUIS XIV. ascended the throne of France he became dissatisfied with his beautiful palace at St. Germain. From his window he could discern, at no great distance, the towers of L'Eglise St. Denis, beneath whose ground vaults reposed the ashes of the Kings of France, and this royal sensitive, too much in love with life ever to reflect on death, determined to remove from the shadow which these sacred walls threw daily over his mind; and he had not been the friend of VERSAILLES, at the cost of $100,000, he erected a palace for himself, his favorites, and his court, which, for the splendor of its style, the opulent dreams of luxury and gratification which it presented to the artist of many nations included the immense park, in the centre of which the king's palace was embosomed, and, as if by magic, a magnificent city took the place of hill and dale, fern and forest, and wealthy lords reared their princely houses near the royal residence, and a hundred thousand citizens soon thronged the streets of gay Versailles.

Babylon, in all its glory, was eclipsed by this modern seat of splendor and voluptuousness, and millions toiled for years, through length and breadth of the land to feed their insatiable maw. Princes paid, and to administer to their indulgences, the treasures of the world were lavished, the enticements of aristocratic pomp and pride, crowded the brilliant *salle de l'Opera*, and the gorgeous *Galerie des Etrenes*. Prodigality and voluptuary ruled the hour. This was fashion's home; and here, king over his own ever-changing fanciful creation, LOUIS le jeune-tate and prime, to royal mistress and to the Queen of France, and as LA MAIN, the Court confidante, presided. In an matters of dress, of taste, of decoration, his decision was supreme. He held the power of the throne of the Bohee, and each morning after the entrée and the *petit lever*, the Court Journal announced the changes and improvements introduced into the etiquette of the palace, since LA MAIN approached to dress the king, and not by any fault of hers is the list ever various and tedious as to warn by majesty: and no article, from the cut of a coat to the dress robes, could be worn unsanctioned by this dignitary. After breakfast, the services of LA MAIN terminated again into requisition to dress the monarch for the cabinet. Again for dinner; and after the dinner hour, at the imperious regulation, self-satisfied and exacting upon every other point, ever bowed in empire-ship to the will of *Madame du Barri*.

LOUIS XIV. passed from the scene, and, in course of time, his grandson, LOUIS XV., came to the throne. Nothing was changed, but place to him was MADAME LA MAINE, who ruled as potent in the court as the king, and the king was the most powerful man in France.

But he, too, passed away, and his descendant, VICTOR LA MAINE, found the garments in which the Bourbons Louis and the unfortunate MARIE ANTOINETTE wore before the altar at Versailles, in consummation of that nuptial union which terminated in the most melancholy tragedy the world has ever known.

Political dynasties changed, the Bourbons were driven from their throne, and restored to it; but though different monarchs swayed the sceptre over the land, the family of LA MAINE remained the same. Whatever the change, the reigning monarch but succeeded father, grandfather, after generation, and decided what was and was not fit to adorn the royal form, and set off with advantage the queenly beauties who thronged the court. And when the sun of energy, of action, and of ambition, came to usurp the place of the sensual, the voluptuous, and the vain, when the Corsican soldier ascended the throne, to do, to, day after day and night after night, to promote the prosperity of France, though all the varied changes, one would have thought that a man like LA MAIRE would have been overlooked, and that few would have cared to have exchanged. "My occupation's gone!" but no, LA MAIRE was retained, and the Empress EUGENIE, with her consummate taste, was consulted before the dressmaker took the rock of St. Helena, and replaced the lunatic on the throne, a certain Assistant LA MAIRE, and left the King of Rubbish still, as he had been during the reign of the Citizen King, Napoleon followed previously, the LA MAIRE, with a tenacity that scarcely has a parallel, and without the least fear of accident, kept ground of their wonderful capacity for the role they played, held their position, and from her, when the throne was a ascended the circle, and driven once more the Bourbons to the wall, LA MAIRE was found in the Tuileries. LA MAIRE, who received from the dethrone of LOUIS XV., in the *Confessier de L'Imperatrice*, and still wears the sceptre over the world of Fashion. True, the LA MAIRE no longer confers their presence to Versailles, but one LA MAIRE, who, from his throne, Reeves St. Augustin, Paris, dictates to all Europe the style and fashion of our garments. He spoke, and colossus expanded its general alarums, or contracts its vast dimensions within the sphere of its circumscribes, and to his nod of LA MAIRE the ladies of our own country are indebted for nearly all the graceful novelties in shape of materials, robes, etc., that are worn by the elite. So great has been the influence of this man, that the Empress EUGENIE has not let her own house scarcely to circumvent the trade with this country to a single depot, where, at all hours, his latest novelties will be found, and through which all orders will reach him. The person whom he has selected for this important place is our well-known gentleman, Mr. WM. B. MACCOMBER, No. 259 Broadway, whose name has long been a synonym of all that is elegant, distinguished, and tasteful. In order to afford a place where the fair denizen of our clime may at all times have access to her advantages, and where he could have sufficient space to keep the largest assortment of which he is in receipt promptly in view, Mr. MACCOMBER has leased and fitted up the spacious and elegant premises, No. 259 Broadway, which have the entrance of Pelton, 161 Always find the latest novelties of the fickle goddess. Mr. MACCOMBER receives one of the principal fashions of Paris a part of our own metropolis; and we predict that he will not be long ere the branch house of LA MAIRE in Broadway will be as famous as the great original of Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.

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CONTRACTOR MCDARBER. "Say the drink ov Whiskey and the hundred *cints nich*, an' I'm yer man. Look at me spicimins! Did yes iver see sich a beautiful batch ov *Ish*'s, aither fur Stim', drinkin', or votin'? Ther's one chap (*do yez observe him*) I hould at two dollars a head, and divil a cint less—he's the d—l at votin', and ish, murther! whin it comes to the *fore*'—shud back to me if he aint wurth his weight in *goold!* Will yes take him at two dollars, widout the whiskey?

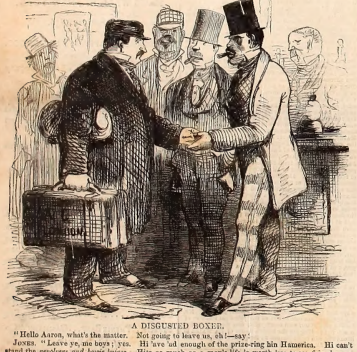


BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

SCENE ON ELECTION DAY.—*Solemn and impressive* UNDERTAKER *to highly nervous but enthusiastic* VOTER. "My friend, on this fearful and momentous occasion I approach you in my capacity of undertaker, to inform you that I am now furnishing coffins at greatly reduced rates. Can I have the pleasure of taking your measure before you approach the polls?"

LIFE INSURANCE PRESIDENT (*with highly hysterical expression*). "Friend, think before you sacrifice your life—think, oh, think! of your wife and children! Hem! we are insuring lives to-day forty per cent. below usual rates; can we have the pleasure of your custom?"

Nervous man was seen ten minutes after in Hoboken making tracks for the centre of Jersey.



A DISGUSTED BOXER.

"Hello Aaron, what's the matter. Not going to leave us, eh?—say'

JONES. "Leave ye, no boys; yes. Hi 'ave 'ad enough of the prize-ring hin Hamerica. Hi can't stand the *revolvers and bowie-knives*. Hits as much as a man's life is worth 'ere to see *fair play*, ye know, let alone being so unfortunate as to win a fight, hi say. Hi am sorry to mention it, but it's too blasted 'ot 'ere for me, bless me soul! so hi am off to Hold Hingland again."



MASTER TOMMY, in order to better explain to his venerated Grandma all about the late prize-fight—its mysteries, and how the victory was gained—pitches into her, giving her one, two, three, and an upper cut on the nob; when, fortunately for Granny, Tom's ma came to the rescue. Tom cried "foul," and immediately skipped round the corner. When last seen, was squaring off at a board *fence*, with much satisfaction to self and three small toys."



Great chess match (*upon the Morphy system*) between Mr. and Mrs. Castletop against their daughter Blanche and her intended, young Charley Rookton.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 98.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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THE NEW BRICK CHURCH IN FIFTH AVENUE.

We herewith present an engraving of the New Brick Church in Fifth Avenue, which was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on 31st October. The venerable pastor, Rev. Dr. Spring, officiated on the occasion with his usual solemnity and earnestness. His text was in Leviticus, xix., 30: "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary." After a few words of joyful gratitude on the auspicious occasion, he proceeded to set forth the reasons why men should reverence the sanctuary—1. Because it is the house of God; 2. For its moral and religious power; 3. For its conservative influence; and, lastly, for its social influence in the community. These considerations were urged with remarkable force, and with a beauty of illustration in some measure peculiar to Dr. Spring, but at this time with more than his usual felicity. Perhaps the best passage in the sermon was his exhibition of the conservative influence of the sanctuary. Having completed the discussion of the theme, the pastor called upon the people to stand up, and the whole assembly rose and stood, while, in measured and majestic words, he devoted the house to the worship of the Triune God:

It will be remembered by the subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* that in No. 19 we gave a portrait of Dr. Spring and a view of the "Old Brick Church" in Beekman Street. That venerable building, which had been used as a church for ninety years, was pulled down last year to make way for a row of massive stores; and the congregation and the pastor moved "up town." They selected a site on the corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, on the top of Murray Hill, in the most aristocratic quarter of the city, and there they have built their new house—of which the engraving on this page will give the reader a very fair idea.

Dr. Spring, the venerable clergyman, whose name will ever be identified with this handsome building, is now in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His cause here thirty-eight years ago, and ever since, in the eloquent language of the New York *Observer*, "has stood like a pillar in the midst of this great city, a tower of strength in the times that tried men's faith, and patience, and principle; the patron and friend of Christian benevolence; the wise and prudent counselor of the young and old; the example of holy living and patient continuance in well doing, while change and decay have been going on around him. He has buried more than one generation. He has preached more than seven thousand sermons! He has made full proof of his ministry! About three years ago he was threatened with blindness. For many long and weary months he was in darkness. A skillful operation removed the *cataract*, and he now reads and writes with ease, and bids fair to continue long the pastor of the flock that he came to in his youth—his first, his only, his beloved charge."

The new church is a massive building. The ground measurement is 75 by 145 feet; main auditory, 50 feet in height. With the galleries, from 1500 to 2000 people can be accommodated. The spire is 250 feet high, the cap-stone weighing 2500 pounds.

The interior of the church is admirably arranged. The organ is behind the pulpit, and a recess, or organ-loft, at its side, is designed for the leader of the congregational music. There are three aisles, leaving four blocks of pews, 146 in all, on the ground floor, which will seat 1200 persons. The galleries have 18 pews on each side, 36 in all, seating 200 more. Scagliola columns behind the pulpit support a ceiling; and the old tablet, "Holiness to the Lord," known to all frequenters of the Old Brick Church, is renovated and placed here. The pulpit is in a semicircular recess, and the general effect of this end of the church is very grand. The vestibules of the church are laid with marble; the gallery stairs are of oak. Rooms for the pastor, the trustees, and church purposes are provided; and there is a fine lecture-room in the rear, on Thirty-seventh Street. The old bell is in the new spire, to call, in its old tones, the children to worship as it has called their fathers. The church is lighted by one large chandelier of 100 burners, with an arrangement for lighting and extinguishing them all at one instant. The spire is to receive a fine clock, and this is the only apparent indication that the erection is not complete.

The Building Committee, of which Paul Spofford, Esq., is chairman, have given the church their time and labor, and to their admirable taste, care, and foresight alone, we believe, is to be ascribed the magnificence and appropriateness combined which make the New Brick Church one of the great architectural ornaments of New York city.



THE NEW BRICK CHURCH IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ODE TO AN OLD HUMBUG.

Yours sadly of late wellnigh run out,
Retired Physician,
Have taken such a time about,
That I have very little doubt
That you are hearty, hale, and stout,
In good condition.

Your grave is not already dug,
Its presumption
Is, you creep to it like a slug,
And cling to life with tightish hug.
You say that you've found a drug
To cure consumption.

So soon from Earth about to pass,
As you assure us,
The scythe so close upon the glass,
Ready to sever your ripened grass,
Why not divulge it to the mass,
And gratis cure us?

Of doing good then you'll enjoy
The noble pleasure,
And in that track shall, old boy,
Which pays in gold without alloy,
Which never panic will destroy,
Invest your treasure.

Oh, you old quack and public bore!
No longer falter,
And fumble at death's latch no more;
Hang yourself up behind the door
By your East Indian Hemp, before
Twined for your halter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

THE ELECTIONS.

SINCE our last Number went to press elections have been held in seven States. In five out of the number the Republican party has been successful. In New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, and New Jersey, the Republicans have carried all before them—every thing but the sentiment of the Know-Nothings, but generally, as in the State of New York, without their aid and in defiance of their opposition. In Illinois there were two parties in the field—Douglas Democrats, Administration Democrats, and Republicans. The first of the three names has been the successful; the last has been beaten. As for the Administration Democracy, they seem to have polled so small a vote that it is likely they themselves contend they did not run a separate ticket. Finally, in the little State of Delaware, which sends one representative to the Congress, the Administration has been successful.

In these days it is usually the fate of Presidents to administer the government with a majority of Congress politically opposed to them during the last two years of their term. Mr. Pierce came to the end of his task two years with an opposition majority than with a Congress devoted to his interests. Mr. Buchanan will enjoy no opportunity of verifying the opinion of his predecessor. In the next Congress the Opposition will have a majority of over forty.

So far as the practical business of the country is concerned, it makes little difference whether the Congressional majority be Democratic or Republican. Both would, under ordinary circumstances, take a like view of leading questions of legislation and government.

MR. REED IN CHINA.

THE London *Times* has obtained what none of our American papers have been able to procure—a copy of the United States treaty with China. On examining it, and with the evidence of men who have been witnesses of the late diplomatic imbroglio in China, the *Times* comes to the conclusion that Mr. Reed has sacrificed the interests of the United States to his pique against England, and has concluded a treaty which confers upon American citizens far smaller privileges than they might have obtained had their interests been advocated by a minister of greater skill and clearer mind. The article in the *Times* is evidently from the pen of Lord Elgin's attaché, Mr. Oliphant.

Some of our papers have undertaken to deny the statements of the London *Times*, and to defend Mr. Reed. They have an arduous duty before them. The facts tell their own story, and that story is conclusive.

Mr. Reed was appointed to the Chinese mission in default of Mr. Walker, who was the man of all others who should have been accredited to Pekin. Mr. Reed was chosen, not from any suspicion of his diplomatic ability (he had never been abroad in any public capacity), but simply because he was an Old Line Whig, who, during the contest of 1856, had preferred, like most of his brethren, Buchanan to the Fremont ticket. It was considered only right that those Whigs should be rewarded; and Mr. Reed was chosen to receive the guerdon on behalf of his sect. He brought to bear on the mission the experience of a Philadelphia lawyer of average reputation.

It seems that he no sooner arrived in China than he fell under the influence of Count Portalis, the Russian envoy. He must be borne in mind by every one that the natural interests of Russia in China are antagonistic to those of the rest of the world. Russia alone of all the nations enjoys regular diplomatic intercourse with Pekin. Russia carries on a large trade with China, which is transacted at Kiakta and other inland entrepôts. Russia has no merchant navy to speak of, needs but few Chinese products, and has little to send to China. In all these respects the position of Russia is antagonistic to that of the United States. The United States have no minister at Pekin; have no inland commercial intercourse with China; and might, under proper regulation, carry on a large commercial intercourse with the Chinese empire in teas, silks, and American manufactures. Yet, notwithstanding the favorable diplomatic relation between Mr. Reed and Count Putiatin, it seems that the latter is recognized throughout China as the counsel-keeper of the former.

The treaty concluded by Mr. Reed between the United States and China is less advantageous than the British and French treaties, inasmuch as it does not provide for a resident American embassy at Pekin, does not secure to United States citizens in China the protection of their own officials, and does not open to the United States people any of the rivers or inland ports of China. On every one of these points, have secured all these concessions; Mr. Reed, who seems to have been led by the nose by his Russian friend, contended for none of them.

Mr. Reed left this country at a time when the Russian war had aroused a very remarkable anti-British feeling in the hearts of the American people. Russia was the favorite of the moment—not that we liked her any more, but that we hated her less. Mr. Reed seems to have taken this popular whim as the guide of his conduct, and to have basely lost sight of the real interests of the United States in his haste to please Russia and to spite Great Britain. That result is one which the ostensible friends of China, have made far worse terms with her than the merciless enemies of China, which enforced their demands with shot and shell.

We never thought much of Mr. Reed as an ambassador. A man on an equality with practical diplomatists, and with diplomatic vivacities, without apprenticeship, than he can make himself at once without knowledge. Such was Mr. Reed was a novice, and blundered accordingly. It remains to be seen what will be the result of his blunders. If the United States treaty with China is what the London *Times* represents it to be, it should on no account be ratified by the Senate. Mr. Reed may be sufficiently forced to escape with some contempt and derision; but no treaty between the United States and China should be ratified which secures for the United States such advantages as will enable us to contend on an equal footing with Great Britain for the great China market, which is destined to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, commercial movement in the world.

SAWYER'S TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE new version of the Greek New Testament, by L. A. Sawyer, has just made its appearance from the press of Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. The community have been prepared for a work of sterling merit by the recommendations of a number of eminent clergymen of various denominations, published in the newspapers and in a circular from the publishers. We had ourselves looked forward to its issue with considerable interest, not only on this account, but also because the task is one of the highest importance as well as the greatest difficulty. The highest qualifications, of a peculiar sort, of those now progressing in certain quarters, in our judgment demonstrates the impossibility of any one man, with all ordinary skill, to revise, whatever may be its faults, whether alleged or real. Still we look with decided favor upon any well-conceived and judiciously executed attempt to improve that version, or to make another, for critical purposes, more exactly conformed to the original text. Mr. Sawyer's translation, however, notwithstanding the indorsement which numerous learned divines granted to the circular, and which is set forth in another fulsome prospectus, appears to us to evince a decided incompetency on his part for so delicate and difficult a task, both in point of judgment and scholarship. We think he has erred in accepted interpretations of the text, in his mode of translation; for great as are its critical merits, it departs so widely from the landmarks of modern usage, and introduces so many singularities, that it will be long before it becomes the acknowledged standard, if indeed it ever attains that rank. Knapp's or Hahn's text would have been much more acceptable to scholars in general, and the Elzevir or Mill's text, with the corrections noted in the margin, would have been better still. As Mr. Sawyer has given no footnotes, there is no indication of his considering any variations from the received text. He has also adopted an entirely new arrangement of the chapters and verses, without giving the old one in any way; so that it is impossible to find any given passage in his book. There is no indication to remedy this inconvenience. In his zeal for introducing an entirely modern style, he has avoided the distinction carefully observed in the original between the singular and plural of the pronoun of the second person, employing "you" both for *thou* and *ye*. He has every where substituted "change of mind" for *repentance*—a very feeble representative of the sense, involving no small difficulty. But we have discovered throughout the book other renderings of various words which seem to us to show that he is neither master of the Greek language nor of a good English style. Such literalisms as "casts forth" for *brings forth*, in Matt. xii. 35; xiii. 52, are the merest schoolboy renderings. Similar instances are of constant occurrence. Still worse is his rendering "Do nothing from" for *nothing through strife*, in Luke iii. 3, where he has entirely missed the idiomatic use of the original term. So in multitudes of passages. "Virtuous Woman" is perhaps a misprint in the same chapter; but the following absolutely ungrammatical sentence, from the preceding verse, can hardly be charged upon the printer: "And his parents knew it not. But supposing that he was in the company went a day's journey" are but a few out among their revelations and acquaintances." Really, a polishing of "twenty years" ought to have produced greater accuracy and elegance than are discoverable here or in most parts of the book. In many passages, however, the original text is represented in Mr. Sawyer's version; and if it shall be able to survive the prejudice which must result from the assertion in favor of the antique style of the common version, and which such offenses against good taste as we have pointed out are calculated to increase, a revised edition may yet meet with considerable favor. In its present form, its chief value will be as a specimen of one of the unsuccessful attempts in the same line, which our day seems destined to produce.

THE DECLINE IN IMMIGRATION.

THE total number of immigrants landed in this port up to November 3 is only 70,525, about one-fourth the number which used to arrive to the same date a few years ago. The cause of the decline is obvious. Since the Encumbered States Act went into effect in Ireland the condition of that country has rapidly improved; and the wretched failure of the political attempts of 1848 has diverted Ireland's mind into better and more practical channels. Germany has lost so much blood that it is now in a healthy state, and the progress of German manufactures is of great importance to the entire population. Throughout Europe, for many years, the harvests have been good; a blessing which must be attributed partly to the bounty of Providence, and partly to the improved agricultural methods of the day.

That the United States are a better country for young men to settle in than any of the countries of Europe must be obvious to all who study rightly the economical consequences of an abundance of cheap land and absolute freedom, industrial, political, and social. No country of Europe offers such opportunities of well-doing to the hardy emigrant as the United States. The laborer is better known, therefore, and no such feeling existed as love of home, it would follow that in course of time Europe would be depopulated. The United States would be filled with foreign immigrants of every race, type, and nation.

But the check to the operation of the rule are powerful. Notwithstanding the large emigration to America, a very imperfect notion of the prosperity of immigrants here is entertained in Europe. In the rural districts of Continental Europe the United States are still a land of adventure, a land of mystery, of peril. No man will risk himself here if he have any prospects at all at home. Furthermore, the home feeling is very great in the mind of all the European races. Germans, English, Scotch, French, and Irish regard their native States as the dearest country in their native land. They would rather stay at home and live moderately, than come here and live luxuriously. This feeling may be unphilosophical; but it is natural, and it is general.

It is likely that, for the present, the operation of these two checks will tend still further to diminish our European immigration. We may possibly fall to a nominal figure. What bad harvests occur in Europe it will increase; but so long as the soil is fruitful it must fall off. The merchant's ledger is one point of view. Our annual consumption of European labor has been large and lucrative. Every able-bodied immigrant who arrives is a source of profit to this country. If immigration ceases, the development of the country will be checked, the rise in the value of land will stop, the production of wheat and the consumption of foreign merchandise will be reduced. These are grave evils. And it is after all a sorry consolation to reflect that a decrease in our foreign immigration is likely to be followed by a decrease of pauperism and crime. Sound economy teaches that the material benefit we derive from an annual importation of a hundred thousand Irishmen more than counterbalances any moral injury they may inflict, and any inconvenience they may cause.

CONFESSIONALS.

A CONTROVERSY is pending in England which deserves attention in this country, for the reason that a portion of our people invariably insist on copying the English in their oddities rather than their virtues.

Many years have elapsed since Tractarianism, otherwise called Puseyism, first made its appearance in Great Britain. The theory of Dr. Pusey and his followers was that, at the time of the Reformation, the Anglican Church, in its anxiety to widen the breach between itself and Rome, had abandoned many practices which might profitably have been preserved; and that the interests of true religion would be subserved by a revival of these practices. Revived which was projected by the Puseyites referred chiefly to matters of form—the costume of priests, the form of worship, the manner in which be recited, the fashion in which altars should be dressed, the observation of saints' days, the retention of week-day services, etc., etc. The end appeared to be that the Church of England might be brought more on behalf of the attractiveness of forms to seduce men to enlist under the banner of religion. They sought to render divine worship artistically attractive. They were met by vehement opposition. They were denounced throughout the length and breadth of England by the most influential persons and the most popular men. As a natural consequence, opposition attracted popularity; the Puseyites, denounced by the people, gained the sympathy of the privileged classes. Puseyism was a success, in a word. Fashionable people draped their altars and their pulpits, and fashionable people did the face of the minister as he sang the Liturgy; poor little babes were denied interment save in consecrated soil, and fashionable people had their letters on the "eve of St. Barnabas" or on "Saint Cecilia's Day."

The success of the movement has led to attempts to introduce further innovations. At least one English bishop and clergy throughout Great Britain have been recently instructed to establish confessionals. In one instance a poor woman, on the verge of her confinement, was refused by a minister of the quotations to her such as no decent woman could answer without shame. Other clergymen have encouraged the amatory confessions of young bearers; and young ladies, with the morbid appetite which so often characterizes the sex, have eagerly seized the new opportunity of whispering their secrets into a male and privileged ear. Of the consequences both a storm of which no one can foresee the end.

A portion of the Episcopal Church in this country has always been more English than American. At least one of the leading Episcopal organs in the United States has been always strongly predisposed in favor of Anglican manners. Many Episcopal ministers have eagerly embraced every Puseyite innovation as soon as it made its appearance in Great Britain.

It is reasonable to expect that the new theory of confession should obtain equal favor at the hands of our Tractarians. It is true that, while, if the novelty fights its way in England, we may expect to see confessions-boxes in some of our leading Episcopal churches. But in every class—married as well as single—may expect to be summoned to give an account of their inmost thoughts to a priest. They may even expect to be occasionally questioned on subjects on which no modest woman ever allows her mind to dwell.

This is not a sectarian journal, and we have no concern with sectarian quarrels. It is our province to chronicle things as they occur—occasionally registering our protest or recording our applause. But, as chroniclers, we will venture to say that if our Episcopalian ministers do follow the English in their last innovation, and to establish the confessional as an American institution, they will run a greater risk than they imagine. The American people, it may be safely asserted, will not readily submit to have their wives and daughters cross-questioned by priests on matters which they do not confess to their husbands and fathers. Much confidence depend upon it that the confessional will not become an established institution in the United States without serious evils which can do no good to the cause of sound religion.

WHAT COTTON IS DOING FOR US.

MANY reliable estimates set down the cotton crop of the United States this year at the high figure of four millions of bales. It is coming to market much earlier than usual. The receipts at Southern ports are 200,000 bales (in round numbers) in advance of the receipts of last and other average years to same date. So large have been the arrivals at Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, that specie has been shipped from New York to the South to buy bills on England more cheaply than they can be had here. The price is satisfactory. And, considering the condition of Europe; peace every where; prosperity in Germany, Ireland, Spain,

and other countries which have often lately been in the deepest distress; a large accumulation of money at the financial centres; a fair prospect that new markets for European manufactures will be opened in China, Japan, British Columbia, and elsewhere; there is no reason to expect that the price will decline.

In an article published some months back in this journal, we showed that in the most active commercial year the United States ever knew—1856—the cotton of the South was our chief stand-by and set-off against the enormous consumption of foreign goods in the great cities and throughout the country. But for the copious supply of cotton, and the high price it commanded, the United States would have incurred a debt to the foreign world which it would have taken years to discharge.

It seems now that the cotton crop is going to be the means of setting the trade of the country on its legs again. Our other great staple—breadstuffs—is in an unpromising condition. Excellent harvests have been the rule throughout Europe, and the price of all kinds of breadstuffs rules so low that it is estimated that a loss of at least a million of dollars has been incurred by the parties who sent breadstuffs to New York this fall. At present rates—and they are likely to be unchanged for some months—flour and wheat can not be sent abroad and sold so as to repay the producer in the West.

Our cotton, on the contrary, if the crop fulfills present expectations, will not only nobly reward the planter, but will go a long way toward liquidating the debt we are incurring to Europe for dry goods and foreign manufactures. More than this: the early receipts at the Southern ports, by suggesting shipments of specie from New York, have given trade the first wholesome impetus it has had since the revulsion. The four or five millions of specie we have sent to the South were worse than useless in our bank vaults here. In the South they will be eminently useful. They will generate and feed traffic throughout the Southern country. And coming back to us, as they will, by various channels through the South and West, they will, on their journey, serve usefully to restore credit and foster wholesome commercial enterprise. The revival of trade will hereafter be dated from the early fall receipts of cotton at the South, and the movement in specie which they occasioned.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.—COOPER INSTITUTE.

Peter Cooper's Institute, as it approaches completion and gets into working order, attracts more and more of the public attention, and great is the wave of visitors which daily rolls through its spacious halls. Thus far the most attractive feature of the establishment is the elegant suit of rooms occupied by the New York School of Design for Women.

This fine line of studios, which extends the entire length of the edifice, is, with its admirable array of casts and other artistic properties, and with its numerous pupils at desk and easel busily plying the graver or the pencil or the brush, a very pleasant sight—more pleasant with the thought that all the fair students are laying up stores of intellectual enjoyment for coming days; and, pleasantest of all, with the knowledge that most of them are preparing themselves for honorable and competent self-maintenance as engravers, as designers for the publishers and the art manufacturers, as teachers of drawing and painting, as workers in various branches of industrial art, or, may be, as artists in higher walks.

The School has, during the six years since its foundation, done so much, with very humble means, toward the realization of its great end—the opening of new and suitable avenues of industry to women—that we may safely expect the happiest results from it in its present prosperous and promising condition.

With these beautiful rooms and the admirable appointments, and with the instructions of Mr. Richards, to whom the lady-managers have recently confided the professional direction of the School, there is certainly nothing in the way of *opportunity* left for the pupils to desire.

To those of our lady readers who love art and would study it wisely, be their object profit or simply pleasure, we commend our School of Design for Women.

THE LOUNGER.

AFTER ELECTION.

A Lounger must not be a politician, but even Loungers, clergymen, and women must be aware that there has been an election. And regarding it as spectators, they must be delighted to witness the smooth working of our republican machinery.

We all know, of course, that there is a certain number of illegal votes cast at every election. People who, in daily business, try to force twice two to make three or five, according as they are buying or selling, are not very likely to blaze out in perfect purity upon election day. Neither is a candidate always able to allow a bottle of Champagne or a half eagle to stand between him and an office, and sometimes the scenes at the polls are depressing to any Lounger who may have been musing upon the rights of man and the philosophy of government. For there appears always to be an uncomfortable proportion of drunken, riotous, and dilapidated fellow-citizens at the polls. The decent people vote and quit. Toward sunset, the decent people quit without voting.

But let no Lounger make the city or its purlieus the standard of the matter. In this country the cities do not rule, as they do in all others. It is the sober voice of the rural districts that usually secures the general result. If a philosopher plant himself in the New York Tombs to speculate upon a republican form of government, he will very rapidly arrive at the conclusion that it is a failure. But neither the Tombs, nor the city itself, nor any city, are the nation, the people, the country.

A general election is a process not unlike a great snow storm. As, later in the year, the flakes will fall softly and silently, roofing the houses anew, changing the complexion of the fields, tufting the woods with sparkling blossoms, building huge walls, filling up chasms, and recreating the whole landscape—so fall the little ballots, softly and silently, and under their gentle pressure, old doctrines, forms, policies, parties, sink out of sight, and the political aspect of the country is created afresh.

Under the influence of our democratic institutions popular education is now becoming so universal, and shows its influence so continually in the readjustment of affairs, that any doubt as to our future development seems to be foolish and vain. The great principles which underlie our government, and which were so clearly stated by the men who formed it, can not fail, in the natural progress of an enlightened people periodically making their own government, to be more and more developed.

There was never a period when the lover of his country, and of his whole country, had less reason to doubt the perpetuity of the State laid so wisely by our forefathers. Loungers, clergymen, and women may take no side in politics, may look on merely, and watch the struggle; but they can not fail to admire the justification which our elections constantly give to the great fundamental truth of Democracy, that the people best know their own rights and the policy which will secure their enjoyment.

THE PICCOLOMANIA.

Somebody coins the above word to express the popular enthusiasm for the new prima donna. Mr. Willis thinks that the secret of her success is the wafting of invisible kisses from pouting lips. Others merely confess the fascination without trying to explain it. Youth, freshness, girlishness, archness, and refined manners, all have their part in the charm. She certainly has not a great voice, but then it is fresh and sweet. She certainly is not a fine singer, but then she behaves as if she were; and if you do not get the note from her mouth, you receive its equivalent from her eyes. She is certainly not a grand actress—like Pasta, for instance—but she is arch and uniform, intelligent and charming. Moreover, she is young and a princess. *Que voulez-vous?*

Meanwhile the fact is that the Academy is nightly crowded, and that she enters upon her third week with undiminished enthusiasm.

We are now promised Laborde and Poinsot. The former is not unknown here. She left pleasant memories in Astor Place. "Faultlessly regular" in her singing, like Tennyson's Maud in feature, she is one of the most elegant and elaborate musical artists we have ever had. Poinsot has a fair field, and will have as much favor as she deserves. In fact, it is getting to be understood that the New York opera is taking rank with that of other civilized cities. What city in the world can produce a fairer array than Piccolomini, Gazzaniga, Laborde, Poinsot, Carl Formes, and Florenza? And Johanna Wagner is promised.

On the other side of the sea Grisi is in her decline; Persiani is no more heard; Cruvelli has retired; and Alboni, Mario, and Tamberlik are the brightest names.

Simultaneously with this triumphant avatar of the opera in America the drama declines. Forrest is reported to be on the eve of leaving the stage. Miss Cushman has chosen England for her career and Italy for her home. Burton's Theatre has been for some time closed. A clever company at Wallack's plays light pieces; and Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been shining, a star, for a fortnight at the Broadway. But no new stars are rising, unless we may except the young Mr. Booth and the promise of Miss Vaughan. Mr. Bourcicault and Miss Robertson present a kind of picturesque melodrama with success. But the musical glasses have supplanted Shakespeare.

It is a little strange that, after the great successes of Fanny Ellsler and Madame Augusta a dozen or more years ago, no Cerito or Rosati has tempted fortune upon these shores. But the ballet was always a delicate exotic among us. Possibly it requires the opera to prepare the soil. Say what we will, the American people, as any self-governing and educated people is always likely to be, is more earnest than a society which governments labor to amuse that they may forget to think. Consequently the Lyceum or popular lecture system holds its own as an entertainment more cognate to our general taste.

It is not the least agreeable commentary upon the character and tendency of the people.

CHEAP LITERATURE.

Lord Brougham, who is now eighty years old, and who has fought many a good fight, is still fighting. He no more lays off his armor than Humboldt, who is ten years older. Probably Brougham looks at Humboldt and thinks himself a mere boy.

He has lately delivered two addresses, both of them remarkable. The first was at the inauguration of a statue of Sir Isaac Newton. The last is upon Popular Literature, in which he mentions several interesting facts.

Thirty-five years ago, Lord Brougham issued a pamphlet, now in its twenty-third edition, announcing that a society would be formed to help self-education among the working classes. It was done, and cheap books, maps, and essays, simply written and admirably suited for their purpose, were issued. This was not enough. The field opened before them; and the *Penny Magazine* was commenced. It was published weekly, at one penny, and reached a circulation of *two hundred thousand*. It contained a fine engraving, sometimes costing three hundred dollars, with two or three others, more ordinary, and eight pages of reading.

This enterprise stimulated others of a similar kind. John Cassell, who rose by his industry from poverty to wealth and influence, prepared and published a great variety of useful and entertaining popular periodicals, and inspired others to do likewise. Among these are the *London Journal*, which at one time sold five hundred thousand, and now sells three hundred and fifty thousand; Cassell's *Family Paper*, illustrated, two hundred and eighty-five thousand; the *Family Herald*, two hundred thousand; *Popular History of England*, one hundred thousand. Lord Brougham estimates that the *Penny Magazine* had a million weekly readers, and some of the periodicals that followed twice as many.

He disposes of the sneer that the information conveyed is very superficial, and that a little learning is a dangerous thing, thus: "Here is a well of precious water, and we have got a little of it in a tankard. What signifies, say the objectors, such a paltry supply? It would not wet the lips of half a dozen of the hundreds who are athirst. True, but it enables us to wet the sucker of the pump, instead of following their advice to leave it dry; and having the handle, we use it to empty the well and satisfy all. A person gains some information, it may be only a little. Say the objectors, he is superficial. Would he be more profound if he knew nothing? The twilight is unsafe for his steps. Would he be more secure from slipping in the dark? . . . . Suppose, as must happen in many cases, that no great progress shall be afterward made, at least it is certain that the proportion is most inconsiderable of those who are not the better for what they have learned; and of those who are the worse for it, the number can not really be said to have any existence at all."

He shows that it is foolish to call the writings of such men as Professor de Morgan in mathematics, Sir David Brewster in natural history, and Lindley in botany, "sixpenny science."

The whole address is full of the stinging good sense which always marks whatever Brougham says. And how much he has done, even if Baron Brougham and Vaux has not fulfilled all that Henry Brougham promised! Upon the whole, he has been on the right side—the side, that is, of wise progress. Science, the law, politics, and literature have been equally his field, and from each he has borne away laurels. When his voice is hushed, as in the course of nature it must soon be, let us remember what he did, and not regret what he might have done.

A CORRECTION.

In speaking last week of new lecturers the Lounger carelessly placed Mr. Hicks and Mr. O'Gorman in the same course, that of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library. But it is in the course of the *New Chapel* in Brooklyn that Mr. Hicks delivers his discourse upon *The History and Mission of Art*. Yet we were correct so far that we gave to Brooklyn enterprise the credit of presenting two new names of admirable promise.

In Boston we observe among new names in the lecture-room those of John W. Forney, George D. Prentice, and Francis P. Blair, and in Albany Washington Hunt. In this city Bayard Taylor has opened the Mercantile Library course with a crowd and éclat; and Henry Giles and Edwin P. Whipple, both among the favorite lecturers, will follow.

A HARD WINTER.

We are to have a hard winter. Ladies who have nothing to wear might wisely begin to discover how they can give part of it to the destitute, for out of the willingness to give some kind of help is quite sure to come. Gentlemen who are in a similar condition of nothing to do, may reasonably reflect how they can assist poorer gentlemen in the same straits.

Buckle says the moral sense never improves; that it is always about the same, and always has been. Roman Catholic historians and essayists assert that pauperism came in with the Reformation; that before Luther there were no proper beggars. It would not be easy, perhaps, to maintain both these doctrines fully. And yet Buckle might fairly ask, are the well-to-do people of New York to-day more accessible to the cry of starving brethren than the comfortable citizen of Athens or Rome would have been? If he did so ask, Buckle might answer upon the authority of Isocrates, that nobody was so poor in Athens as to be compelled to beg, until the latter days.

It can not be denied that it is still a curious inquiry in a Christian community, who that has been smitten on one cheek first turns the other? Or who sells all that he has and gives to the poor, in order that he may inherit treasures inaccessible to moth and rust?

Metaphorical?

Highly so.

The question now is, not so much about a Christian community, as what can we do to help the poor this winter.

To this question a writer in the *Evening Post* returns a striking suggestion, which we are glad to repeat for the consideration of the many thoughtful and benevolent Roman Catholics in the city. About two thirds, or three quarters, of the suffering poor in New York are Roman Catholics. They are relieved by Protestant societies and private charities. That is all right so far. But if, as the writer states, the Roman Catholic churches do nothing for these poor people, and if the Archbishop has been able, by asking his parishioners, to get a hundred thousand dollars for building a cathedral, ought not the Archbishop to ask, and would not those parishioners desire to be asked, that they should also contribute something, in common with their Protestant brethren, for the relief of those poor?

It is not to be put upon sectarian but upon common Christian and humane grounds, and it may easily be made a matter of policy. For if a skillful enemy of the Roman Church should say to his workmen of that communion, "Here, you have no money, and I have no work for you; but your ministers insist upon your giving them money to build churches with, and refuse to give you money to buy bread with," would he not wield a strong argument with the people whom he addressed?

It is a practical, not a sectarian question. It is not absolutely essential that great cathedrals should be built, except by people who can afford to build them. It is a noble and beautiful work to rear a stately church for the worship of God. But among starving people God is worshiped by charitably feeding them.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES BY CHARLES LAMB.

Some months since Mr. Thomas Allsop, whose name is not entirely unknown to the readers of Charles Lamb's letters, and who wrote "Recollections of Coleridge," was reported as compromised by the attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon for which Orsini suffered. He came to this country, and brought with him various unpublished manuscripts of Lamb and Coleridge—chiefly of the former—which have passed into the hands of the Harpers. In the next number of *Harper's Magazine* will appear a story of Charles Lamb's, hitherto unpublished; and in a subsequent number a selection from the notes—all marked by his characteristic quaintness. It is not often that any thing by so universally beloved an author remains so long unknown to the public.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"Philadelphia, *October*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—I am a Yankee; that is, I have been brought up one, although born in the sunny South, and having spent eighteen years of my life in the Nutmeg State, I came to 'ye goodlye citye of Penne;' and from the time I came here to the present I have been assailed and sneered at, and heard so much of the outlandish expressions of the Yankees, from those who know nothing of the Yankees, nor of correct expression, that I am tired of it, and I am indignant, and I am anxious to hear some one's opinion, and know of none I would prefer to yours.

"I have yet to hear in New England such expressions and perversions as these:

"'*I haven't saw him.*'

"'*I seen her.*'

"'*I did not get to go.*'

"And what language is it that authorizes a man to speak of *welwet*, and *wiolin*, and *vhiskers*, if not that of Sam Weller? But, dear Lounger, please cool me off, and do not let the Yankees be slandered, and believe me a

"True Blue."

—True Blue may wisely confide in the Yankees to take care of themselves. They have generally known how to do it. The usual slang put into their mouths is as unlike their provincial speech as possible. Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, and the theatre, are responsible for the extravaganzas of character and conversation that pass current as genuine Yankee. The purest and truest Yankee is to be found in Lowell's *Biglow Papers*; and the little poem of his published, with Hoppin's illustrations, in the *Weekly*, two or three weeks since, is an exquisite and faithful specimen of that peculiar lingo. That poem also conveys the sincere and beautiful feeling which belongs to the Yankees as a race, hidden under that grotesque and quaint form. The use of W for V is mongrel Dutch, not utterly unknown in the State of the Knickerbockers.

"Dear Lounger,—Will you be so good as to inform your readers in what history is to be found an account of 'the Maiden Queen' having lost Calais? See *Harper's Weekly* of October 2, p. 637.

"Yours ever, Newark, N. J."

—Newark, N. J., must look sharply at his history—any authentic history—and he will find that after the famous treaty of Chateau Cambresis, of April 2, 1559, which terminated the wars of France in Italy, and gave Spain nearly seventy years' predominance in the Peninsula, Calais was delivered up to France. It was the first year of Elizabeth.

"New York, *October*.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—The other day, in looking over a late Number of "Harper's Magazine," I came across an interesting article on "Epigrams;" but I was unable to discover in the collection one which has always seemed to me as remarkably fine.

"When West had finished his great painting of "Adam and Eve," he called in his friend Butler to see it. Butler looked at it a few moments, and then, with his eyes still fixed on the painting, said:

"'Adam and Eve, their lot was hard:
Hard by every one confessed—
Turned out of Paradise by God,
And murdered afterward by West.'

"One word more and I have done." What is '*Majesty*' stripped of its externals?

"Majesty—*a jest!*

"Yours, Verdure."

—Sam Sightseer sends an account of a political meeting in the country. It is not very striking, and is very long. Singularly enough, the writing is feminine. The moral is that the wit of political speeches is not very funny, and their spirit too often irreverent.

"Boston, *November*, 1858.

"Mr. Lounger.—Will you please inform one of your admirers what author wrote all his works with one pen? It is well known that Eliot wrote his Indian Bible with one pen; and Dr. Warner wrote his 'Ecclesiastical History' and 'Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer' with but one gray-goose quill; but whose 'mighty pen' sufficed to write all that he ever published? Answer me that, if you please. Yours respectfully,

"H. P. A."

—The Lounger can not answer.



MAYOR TIEMANN'S RACE TO THE VOTING-PLACE AS THE ESCORT OF UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

THE LATE ELECTION.

We illustrate herewith two scenes of the late election in this city. The lower engraving is an accurate representation of the polling-place, No. 488 Pearl Street, taken during the hours for voting. As the bottles and casks show, it is a drinking saloon or tavern. On one side of the room were ranged rows of liquor casks; on the other side stood rows of bottles and kegs, and the counter, over which an active young man presided. The walls were adorned with old targets, and placards in favor of the Irish candidates among the Democracy. The ballot-boxes stood in an inner room, the door of which is shown in our engraving. Through the outer room a stream of ruffians, of all degrees of lowness, men were pushing and crowding all day. Several scrimmages took place in the vicinity, and in a row which occurred between the voters at this place and the Five Pointers pistols and guns were freely used, and at least one man was shot. We leave the reader to apply the moral.

The other engraving represents a droll scene which took place in the Fifth Ward, to which Sickles and Wilkesites were rival candidates. Some soldiers from Governor's Island were coming over to vote; the opposite party garrisoned the landings and refused to allow them to set foot on shore. Four of the soldiers, however, landed in Brooklyn, and took the Hamilton Avenue Ferry to the city. When they arrived the crowd surrounded them, and positively declared that they should not vote. We must let the *Herald* reporter tell the remainder of the story, which he does in very graphic style:

"As the mob had evidently made up their minds that not even this small complement of the force from Governor's Island should reach the polls, they pressed around them as soon as they left the ferry-boat, and commenced jostling and shouldering them about. The Mayor now appeared with his squad, and told the soldiers that they must run for it if they expected to reach the voting-place in time. His own squad were ordered to protect them in their race across the Battery to No. 93 Greenwich Street, where they expected to deposit their ballots. It was about twenty minutes to five when they commenced the race, and as there remained but exactly eighteen minutes before the polls closed no time was to be lost. Away they went, as fast as their legs could carry them,



THE VOTING-PLACE, NO. 488 PEARL STREET, IN THE SIXTH WARD, NEW YORK CITY.

in a straight line for No. 35, guarded by two of the Mayor's squad and four or five others, among whom was the Mayor himself, with three hundred of the opposing crowd hanging close on their rear. The affair, in some of its aspects, is said to have been the most amusing that ever took place on an election day; and if the Mayor runs as well when he is again a candidate as he did on this occasion, he will distance all competitors. Whatever doubts there may be in regard to his qualities as a Mayor, those who saw his performances on the Battery yesterday must admit that he is a perfect 'hoss' when there's any running to be done. Away they went, as we have said, as fast as their legs could carry them, and close behind them three hundred partners, yelling and hooting at the top of their voices. About forty of the police were behind in the rear, and brought up the rear. A cloud of dust marked the course of the dreadful rout as it swept over the Battery; the quiet pedestrians gazed with astonished eyes on the race, wondering what it all could mean. There were the four soldiers in their uniform leading off in the race, and there was the Mayor, and Sergeants Croft and Denman close alongside of him and the crowd of three hundred, yelling as only a crowd can yell; and last of all came the main body of the police force. The soldiers, like the Mayor, turned out to be 'fast,' and kept their distance well from the start. In fact, they were rapidly leaving their persons behind, and had already passed out of the Battery gate facing Greenwich Street, with a fair prospect of reaching the polls, when, to the dismay of both soldiers and Mayor, and the undisguised delight of the crowd, a formidable-looking array of about one hundred and fifty of the denizens of the First Ward was observed precisely in the very place where they should not have been at such a time—right in the way of the soldiers, and completely blocking up the road to No. 35. Here was a terrible state of affairs; and what made matters worse, it was but approaching the moment when the polls were to close. Not more than fifteen minutes were left—time was precious, and a desperate and final effort must be made to get in the four votes. But how were they to accomplish this?—that was the rub. The soldiers, and the Mayor, and the two sergeants, and the three or four friends of the soldiers, attempted to force their way through; but just as they were in the act of doing so the chief magistrate himself was collared by a powerful fellow, about six feet high, and made in proportion, who was about to impose on the municipal executive in a rather summary manner when the offender was himself collared by Sergeant Croft, and finally lodged in the Second Ward station-house. He was subsequently released, however, as the Mayor found, on investigation, that he was endeavoring to clear a path for the soldiers, and imagined that his Honor was one of the opposing crowd. But here they all were within a stone's-throw of the polls, the long-sought-for No. 32, and now but ten minutes of the fifteen were left. The police force, who brought up the rear, now made their appearance, and commenced a series of pushes and shoves, intermingled with an occasional application of their clubs; but the mass was not to be driven from their purpose in this way. The police might shove, and the soldiers might shove, and so might the Mayor; but after all, the crowd did the greatest part of the shoving; and when the long-wished-for two minutes to five came, and the door of the polling-place was closed, such a yell of delight and triumph was never before heard in the First or any other ward. One soldier succeeded in getting within a few feet of the door, but he was immediately pounced upon by half a dozen men and carried off bodily a considerable distance down the street, and quietly deposited upon the sidewalk. Thus terminated the grand race for the polls; and although the Mayor was defeated in the end, it is to be hoped he will be successful the next time."

THE PRIMROSE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[The common field primrose, that grows in such beautiful luxuriance in the meadows and woods of the British Isles, is unknown in Australia. Two or three years ago it was reported in a newspaper of Melbourne, Australia, that an English primrose had been imported in a wardian-case, and would be brought on shore from a ship in the harbor, to be exhibited in the city. This announcement excited a great sensation. Upward of three thousand people turned out into the streets to see the gentle stranger brought ashore, and the pressure of the crowd was so great that it was found necessary to call out the police to preserve order, and to make a lane, through which the primrose might be escorted on shore, to be seen by all her admirers.]

Sun comes!—make way, ye people!—stand reverently aside;
She comes!—the gentle traveler, in purity and pride:
Shower welcomes fair upon her,
To show befitting honor;
And give her love and homage from hearts and kindling eyes;
And believe her, and receive her, with a thousand sympathies.

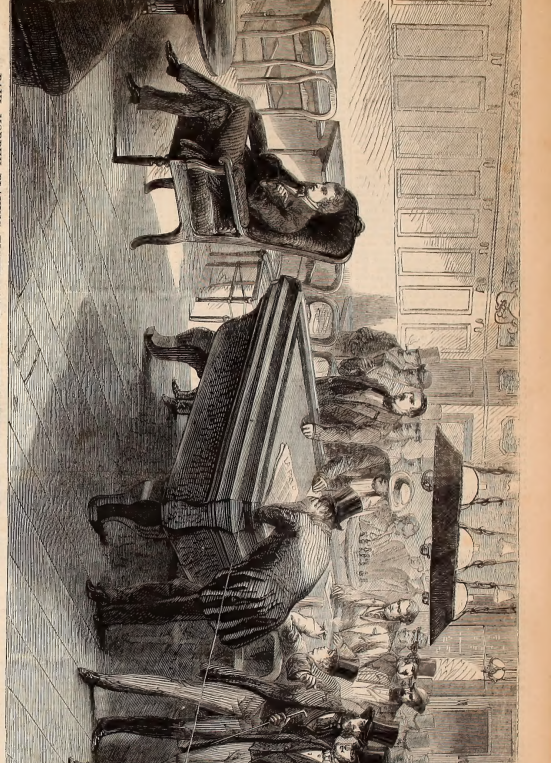
She has crossed the stormy ocean, a pilgrim to our shore,
As fresh as Youth and Beauty, and dear as days of yore;
Stand back! for she is tender,
And delicate, and slender;
And a rude, too boisterous greeting, well-meant although it be,
Might endanger our sweet stranger, from the land beyond the sea.

Oh! the love that she awakens, and the smiles, twin-born with tears,
That her pleasant face upsummons from the depths of other years!
When we were blithe and youthful,
And fresh of heart and truthful,
And roamed by rumpling rivers, and woodland pastures wild,
To meet her, and to greet her, in the valleys where she smiled!

How often, in life's morning, when none but she was nigh,
And the blithe free lark above us sprinkling music from the sky;
Beside the stile we've smiled,
Until evening hours belated,
To breathe the youthful passion, that was told as well as coy,
To some maiden, love-beladen, full of innocence and joy!

How often, in life's noontime, when our boys and girls were young,
We have taken them to meadows, where the early blossoms sprung;
And the well-beloved for land;
And were there many a garland
Of buttercups and daisies, and primroses blushing fair,
And entwined them, and enshrined them, 'mid the clusters of their hair!

Stand back, ye joyous people! ye shall see her every one;
Ye shall see her, but not touch her—where we place her in the sun;
She shall smile on you serenely,
And cheerfully and queenly,
And pour upon your spirits, like the dew from Heaven's own dome,
The feelings, and revealings, and memories of Home!



PAUL MORPHY PLAYING EIGHT GAMES OF CHESS WITHOUT SEEING THE BOARDS, AT THE CAFE DE LA REGENCE, PARIS.

PAUL MORPHY IN PARIS.

THE accompanying engraving represents our famous chess champion, Paul Morphy, in the act of playing eight games of chess without seeing the boards, at the Café de la Régence, at Paris. We gave the games in our last Number. The following description of the scene, written by a by-stander, was given in our paper at the time of its occurrence:

"The portion of the Café de la Régence more particularly appropriated to the use of chess amateurs was open as usual to the public, and in it sat the eight gentlemen who consented to be Mr. Morphy's antagonists. The other part of the Café farther on, and in which two billiard tables are placed, was appointed to the use of the blindfolded player, who sat at the end, with his back to the public.

"A certain line was marked out, beyond which only two gentlemen could pass, M. Journoud and M. Arnous de Rivière, who had undertaken to announce the moves on both sides. The latter gentleman officiated for the four first players, MM. Bouvier, Rieuvilh, Bonnemann, and Guibert; and the former for the last four, MM. Loquenne, Potier, Preti, and Seguin. At half past 12, the combatants having taken their places, in the presence of about 250 lovers of the noble game, the play commenced by Mr. Morphy taking the move, and signifying that in every one of the eight games he played K P 2. Some of his opponents replied by the similar move, while others played differently; some to lead to what is called irregular openings.

"The play went on without interruption for not less than ten hours, during which time Mr. Morphy never took the slightest refreshment. The definitive result was that the

blindfold player won six of the games, and drew two, his opponents being vanquished in the following order: MM. Petri (after seven hours and a half), Potier, Baucher, Bornemann, Bierwith, and Seguin (at half past 10). The two players who succeeded in drawing their games were MM. Luquesne and Guibert. At the end of this wonderful exhibition Mr. Morphy did not appear much fatigued."

LITERARY.

THE long waited volumes at length make their appearance, and the expectation of the public is satisfied. Harper & Brothers publish two volumes of CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It has been for a long time doubted whether Mr. Carlyle would do the work at all. Rumors that he had failed to find material and had abandoned the intended book prevailed. But henceforth no such rumor will be believed of him. Where he got the material is not to be guessed at. The labor of collecting it must have been immense; but that the evidence of it is before us this labor would appear incredible. Prussia has been ransacked. Every garret, if they have garrets, has yielded its treasures, not alone of the personal history of Frederick, but of public history and private anecdote, as well of his own time as of his predecessors and ancestors for generations. The book, which at the first is appalling and frightens away the reader, becomes, when once opened and commenced, attractive, irresistible, and we at once admit that Carlyle has here accomplished his greatest work. We are interested, delighted, entranced. We read, not rapidly, skimmingly, as some books, but slowly, line by line, page by page, with devout interest. The life opens up before us. The people walk and talk in our presence. We see them, not as the author sees them, but in their own persons, only quaintly dressed up as he must needs dress them. And as they walk along he comments on them, sharply or lovingly, with all his Carlylish impertinence and severity or inimitable loving-kindness.

We can not be expected to give more than a brief sketch of the book in the columns of the *Weekly*. This much, however, we may do to direct the attention of readers of all classes toward it.

Mr. Carlyle sets out with one of his deeply-shaded pictures—a view of Frederick at our distance from him—or Friedrich, as he calls him pertinaciously—and in this swiftly but boldly-drawn picture one may, perhaps, find reasons for the long delay that Mr. Carlyle has made in producing the promised biography. The proportions of the great Prussian shrank on examination, and the author, who, perhaps, with his accustomed enthusiasm, had ranked him as a God, is at length fain to confess that "Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods, and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last a questionable hero, with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished."

Nevertheless the author proceeds to show "how this man, officially a king withal, comported himself in the eighteenth century, and managed *not* to be a liar and charlatan, as his century was," and this in his own style, as we have before said. Friedrich was born January 24, 1712, "a small infant, but of great promise or possibility;" but before going on with his life, Mr. Carlyle pauses a little to tell us of his father and his grandfather, Friedrich I. of Prussia, who was still alive, only at this point adding that the infant survived the cannonading that followed his birth, and was named Karl Friedrich, of which he afterward dropped the Karl, and wrote the other *Frédéric*.

Frederick William, son of Frederick First, and father of Frederick the Great, with his several marriages, and his innovations on old customs in Prussia, appears first in the rank of the ancestors, and then Sophie Dorothée, his mother, and afterward his grandmother, wife of the first of the Fredericks, is introduced on her death-bed, dying quietly and calmly out of the old world. In all the first volume Mr. Carlyle has a way of working backward, which is not unpleasant, but rather attractive to the reader. As he writes he is reminded of something, which he falls back upon, and then of something else and something else, in all which he but follows the inclination of the reader, whose curiosity has already suggested the very questions the author proceeds to answer. Thus, after the death-bed scene, we have life, and pleasant life, sketches of this same Sophie Charlotte, and her literary tastes and ways; and we are in this way led back into the history of all the ancestors and predecessors of the great Fritz.

A grand story this of the old Teutonic lines, the romance of chivalric ages now standing out on every page. Here, for instance, is a dash at old Friedrich Barbarossa, which sounds like one of his own trumpet blasts:

"On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then: one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig River), is understood to have been one of his Houses; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's *Limpid*, from its clear spring water), in the Pfalz (what we call *Palatinate*), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year, thinking to himself, 'Let us end with one clear act of piety:' he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero. 'Woe is me, my son has perished, then?' said he once, tears wetting the beard, now white enough: 'My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!' and gained great victories, and even found his son, but never returned home—died some unknown sudden death, 'in the River Cydnus,' say the most. Nay, German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder, says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand, rocky look of the place. A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow, winking—only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment, asked him something about the time it was, then drooped his eyelids again: Not yet time, but will be soon! He is winking as if to awake—to awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with, Ho, every one that is suffering wrong, or that has strayed guideless, devilward, and done wrong, which is far fataler!"

Mr. Carlyle rambles with infinite freedom and delight among the old stories of Teutonic chivalry. The house of Brandenburg and the Hohenzollerns he builds up as a child builds up a card-board house, easily, jauntily, pleasantly, and one is lost in wonderment to know where the cards came from. And when the whole is complete he returns to Friedrich the Great and the last great prince of the line, his education conducted by his father, who kept him on short allowance of sleep and food, and was especially anxious to keep him clean, and all the other little and grand events in his young life. Greatest and funniest of all royal orders is that of which the last sentence preceding the kingly sign-manual of Frederick William is this: "You will also look that he learn to put on and off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and *not so dirty!*" Think of that. Frederick the Great was this boy whose father said he must not be so dirty. And so, with the youth of the boy and his mother's anxiety for a marriage with England, a double marriage of the prince and his sister Wilhelmina with the Hanoverian line, the first volume is ended. Of course the reader hereof will not imagine that we have even given an outline of it. We have but passed over it. Every page is crowded with matter of the utmost interest, and the reader who opens any where in the volume will be irresistibly drawn along from page to page by the rich and splendid lustre which Mr. Carlyle has given to the story of the German principalities. We leave the second volume for a future notice.

THE HOUSEHOLD WAVERLEY of Ticknor & Fields is fast approaching completion in its unimpeachable style of beauty. We can not too highly praise its convenience and elegant.

We remember with keen pleasure the enjoyment we experienced in reading "The Adventures of Captain Priest;" and we welcome, therefore, with a certainty that we shall enjoy it, a new book from the same pen. PINEY WOODS TAVERN, published by Peterson, is a Texas story of life, and apparently of fun, which we reserve for a winter evening, when a hearty laugh will help to keep one warm.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS—NEW YORK.

SINCE our last Number went to press elections have taken place in seven States. In New York there were three parties in the field—the Republicans, Democrats, and Native Americans. The Republicans have carried the State by about 17,000 majority. The State officers elect are:

Office.	Name.	Politics.	Residence.
Governor	Edwin D. Morgan.	Rep.	N. York.
Lieutenant-Governor	Robert Campbell	Rep.	Steuben.
Canal Commissioner	Hiram Gardner	Rep.	Niagara.
State Prison Inspector	Josiah K. Everest.	Rep.	Clinton.

The Congressional delegation will stand as follows:

Republicans	26
Anti-Lecompton Democrats	2
Administration Democrats	6

This is a loss of six votes to the Administration. The State Senate will stand as follows:

Republicans	16
Democrats	13
Americans	2
Vacancy	1

MASSACHUSETTS.

In this State the Republicans have been successful. The State officers elect are:

Governor	Nathaniel P. Banks	Republican.
Lieutenant-Governor	Eliphalet Trask	Republican.
Secretary of State	Oliver Warner	Republican.
Treasurer	Moses Tenney, Jun.	Republican.
Auditor	Charles White	Republican.
Attorney General	Stephen H. Phillips	Republican.

The entire Congressional delegation is Republican.

NEW JERSEY.

The returns in this State foot up a total loss to the Democrats. The following shows the names and political complexion of the Congressional delegation:

Dist. Present Congress.	Next Congress.
1—Isaiah D. Clawson, Rep.	John A. Nixon, Rep.
2—George R. Robins, Rep.	John L. N. Stratton, Rep.
3—Garnett B. Adrain, Dem.	Garnett B. Adrain, A. L. D.
4—John Huyler, Dem.	J. R. Riggs, A. L. D.
5—J. R. Wortendyke, Dem.	Wm. Pennington, Rep.

All the above are elected by very heavy majorities. In the Legislature the parties will stand as follows: Senate—Opposition, 8; Democrats, 13. House—Opposition, 35; Democrats, 25. This gives the Opposition a majority of five. The Opposition elected to the House are about equally divided between the Americans and Republicans.

MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN.

The Republicans have about held their ground in Michigan. The following are the State officers chosen:

Governor	Moses Wisner	Republican.
Lieutenant-Governor	E. B. Fairfield	Republican.
Secretary of State	Nelson G. Isbell	Republican.
Super. of Pub. Instit'n	John M. Gregory	Republican.
Treasurer	John M'Kinney	Republican.
Com. State Land Office	James W. Sanborn	Republican.
Auditor General	Daniel L. Case	Republican.
Attorney General	Jacob M. Howard	Republican.
Board of Education	Witter J. Baxter	Republican.

In Wisconsin, latest returns state that the Republicans have held their own.

THE ILLINOIS ELECTION.

Nothing is yet definitely decided with regard to Illinois. The contest between the Democrats and the Republicans has been a very close one. The prospect appears, at present, to be that the Democratic State ticket has a small majority, and that Senator Douglas will obtain a re-election as Senator.

THE GOULDY FAMILY.

The Gouldy family yet survive the effects of their injuries. The condition of the father, son, and domestic is critical, yet they have lived a week longer than the most sanguine physicians could expect. Mrs. Gouldy is, we are happy to say, rapidly recovering, as also her son Charles.

THE FRAZER RIVER MINES.

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* has lately visited the Frazer River gold mines. His report is very long and elaborate. We extract the following particulars:

"'At 'Mosquito Bar,' the first passed above Fort Hope, I found about forty men at work, averaging from a dollar and a half to two dollars per day. The strata of pay dirt was from one to four inches only in thickness.

"'Fifty-four Forty Bar,' just above, seems to have been completely worked out above high-water mark, and abandoned for the present.

"At 'Union Bar' there were a hundred and fifty men at work, making from fifty cents to a dollar and a half per day to the man, although a few of the claims were paying as high as three dollars. The strata of pay dirt five to six inches thick. The general testimony of the miners here and at nearly every other point on the river is, that thus far their claims pay better as the water recedes, the gold becoming coarser and more abundant. I should have before remarked that the metal found in these banks is in the shape of exceedingly fine dust, very difficult to save even by amalgamation with quicksilver.

"'Canada Bar.' The fifteen or twenty miners here are doing a little better, and making perhaps three dollars per day each. The laborers all look sad and discouraged, *hoping* that they will do better when the river falls, and declaring that if this hope fails them they must suffer severely next winter.

"SANTA CLARA BAR" TO "TEXAS."

"'Santa Clara Bar' furnishes present employment to fifteen or eighteen men, who are making from two to four dollars per day. Upon 'American Bar' there are over a hundred men at work, making from three to twelve dollars per day, and some few as high as sixteen dollars per man, with improving prospects as the river falls.

"On 'Puget's Sound Bar' less than twenty men were making fair wages. The forty-odd men at 'Victoria Bar' were averaging five dollars per day; and at 'Alpha Bar' the average of thirty men was estimated at about a dollar per day.

"On 'Strawberry Island'—a large island in the river, midway between its two banks—there are over a hundred miners, more than half of whom were idle, waiting for the fall of the river, so that they could get at their claims. Those who were at work were making from fifty cents to a dollar per day. They do not doubt, however, that they shall do well when the river falls, as they have obtained fair 'prospects' by wading out in the stream.

"'Texas Bar' was one of the first on which rich diggings were struck, and it is still paying the claimants handsomely. The original company of ten claimants have mostly sold out to advantage, and left with from two to three thousand dollars each in their pockets. Their successors are working a 'sluice,' bringing the water from a creek nearly a mile distant. They employ sixteen laborers at five dollars per day. The profits of each proprietor in this sluice company amounts to from forty to fifty dollars per day. Eighty or ninety others are at work on the same bar with 'rockers,' making from eight to sixteen dollars per day each. On a bar just above them the few long-visaged miners at work say they 'are not making grub.'

"EMORY'S BAR" TO "FORT YALE."

"At Emory's Bar there are some two hundred men at work who are making from fifty cents to five dollars per day: when the river was down they made from five to ten dollars per man. At Trinity Bar there were about thirty men at work, hardly making expenses. The few miners at present on Benicia Bar were idle, waiting the fall of the water.

"'Hill's Bar' is about the best on the river, and furnishes employment to some three hundred men, who have built up quite a town on the bluff. The miners are averaging from one to two ounces per day to the man. Here also the testimony is that the bar pays better as it approaches the river bed. The metal is a fine float gold, and has been dug here, in some instances, from a strata of earth lying ten feet under a bank of red sand. Three sluices have been erected here to work over the tailings, which are found to pay well; but thus far the supply of water is too limited for constant work.

"At and near Fort Yale there are a few miners at work, making from one dollar to five dollars per day. At 'New York Bar,' just above, there is a small company of New Yorkers at work, with little success at present."

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore has been staying in the city for some days with his bride. He spent some time in the Harpers' establishment, the various departments of which he visited and examined with much interest. Mr. Fillmore looks well and strong. He speaks as though he had taken leave of politics forever.

We see by the Philadelphia papers that "Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" has been giving his clever entertainment of "Song and Chit-chat of Travel in Many Lands" in that city, and has been enthusiastically received. His friends are hoping to see him soon again in New York.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini, on returning from St. Stephen's church on Sunday, October 31, missed her watch, a valued *souvenir*. The town was instantly flooded with posters offering $100 reward for the recovery of the *bijou*, which was subsequently found in the church.

Mr. C. Oscanyan, the eminent Orientalist, has accepted several engagements to lecture upon the "Social and Political Affairs of Turkey;" and commences his tour at New Haven next week. No man in America is better fitted for such a task than Mr. Oscanyan.

The Rev. James Pratt, rector of St. Stephen's, Portland, has resigned, to accept the charge of the parish of the late Rev. Dudley Tyng of Philadelphia. Mr. Pratt has been rector of St. Stephen's over twenty years; salary, $5000.

The Rev. Horatio Stebbins, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Portland, has been invited to King's Chapel, Boston, and, it is said, will accept; salary, $6000.

Dr. David Dale Owen and his brother, Dr. Richard Owen, are about establishing a School of the Practical Sciences at New Harmony, Indiana.

The Florence correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* writes to that paper as follows: "The second bronze cast of Powers's Webster is just finished. If possible, it is more perfect than the one lost at sea. It should be exhibited at Washington before being placed on its pedestal in Boston. I doubt if there is a nobler portrait-statue extant. 'Webster seems to fill every part of it,' said one of our gifted countrymen, this morning, after contemplating it for an hour.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pierce are expected here within a few days from Switzerland, *en route* for Rome, whither his friend and biographer, Mr. Hawthorne, has preceded him. Mr. H. passed the summer in a pleasant villa in this vicinity with his family. The reading public will probably not be disappointed in its expectation of another book from his pen."

The Boston *Transcript*, speaking of the bad arrangements for the sale of tickets to Mr. Curtis's lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, says: "Some of the dresses torn at Mr. Curtis's lecture last week cost three times the price of a reserved seat," viz.: $1×3=$3.

Jerome N. Bonaparte, Jun., arrived in the *Fulton*, direct from France, and is now stopping at the New York Hotel. Jerome N. Bonaparte is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, the only brother of Napoleon the Great now living. He is a descendant of the American branch of the Bonaparte family, Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, having been his grandmother. His father, Jerome Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon the Great, still resides in Baltimore, Maryland. Young Bonaparte has probably returned on furlough to visit his relatives in this country. He graduated at West Point several years ago, and was there distinguished as the best swordsman in his class. In the examination of 1850 he was reported among distinguished cadets for proficiency in mathematics, French, and Drawing. Shortly after the accession of the present Emperor of France to power, young Bonaparte joined the French army as a second lieutenant. He was in the Crimean war, and has been successful in obtaining position under the banner of France.

The Hon. Rufus Choate has made the valuable donation to the Boston Public Library of a set of the Massachusetts Reports, the Revised Statutes, and other legal authorities—in all, seventy-two volumes.

General James Keenan, of Pennsylvania, United States Consul at Hong Hong, who came home a few months ago, on leave of absence, is in Philadelphia, making arrangements for an early return to his post.

A Philadelphia printer, Philip Lynch, who entered the office of the *Inquirer* twenty years ago, a poor lad, has been elected to the Legislature in California, and has made a fortune in farming and stock-raising.

Messrs. Meagher and Paez went to Central America in the early part of this year, and remained four months in Costa Rica. During the whole of that time they were occupied in the exploration of the country. What they saw, heard, and thought of it, the narratives which Mr. Meagher is now delivering at Niblo's Saloon sufficiently show. The narrative is accompanied by illustrations, painted on canvas by Mr. Joseph Kyle, of this city, from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. Paez.

THE DANGER OF OFFICIOUSNESS.

The *Herald* reporter tells the following story: "A rich case came off before Justice Brennan at the Essex Market Police Court last week. A strictly virtuous but officious lady came into court with an infant in her arms, which had been left on her hands by one of her neighbors, under the following somewhat peculiar circumstances: There resided at No. 31 Thompson Street a California widow, whose appearance led the complainant and other of the neighbors to think that she had recently given birth to a child. Such a state of things could not be permitted to exist without an investigation, and accordingly the complainant volunteered to enter the widow's apartments and make a search of the premises. On confronting the widow, and questioning in regard to the matter, the latter denied the soft impeachment, and gave her interlocutor to understand that she had discovered a mare's nest. But indignant virtue was not to be baffled so easily. She suspected that the widow's bed contained something unusual, and darted forward to make an examination. To her joy and satisfaction she found a little child reposing under the sheets, and in triumph she bore the infant down stairs and forthwith proceeded to the Police Court. An officer was at once dispatched to the scene of the excitement, with orders to arrest the widow and bring her before the magistrate. Upon inquiry the policeman learned that the widow had packed up her traps and had taken her departure for parts unknown. The result of the officer's mission was communicated to Mrs. Meddle, whose chagrin at having had the baby left upon her hands was the source of much amusement to all who were in the secret. Justice Brennan expressed himself sorry that the complainant should have fallen into such a trap, but advised her to take care of the infant. Fearing that she would be made the laughing-stock of the community if she adopted the child, she at first refused, but subsequently consented to become the future guardian of the little innocent."

A NEW THEORY OF THE COMET'S TAIL.

The Boston *Courier* says: "Professor Pierce's theory may be concisely stated to be the discovery of the law under which the tail is formed. While planets and comets describe their orbits about the sun, and are attracted to the centre by a law of force, which varies inversely as the square of the distance from this centre—the particles of the tail move under the influence of a repulsion which follows the very same law as gravitation, of a decrease with distance. The force of the repulsion is about three and a third times as great as that of gravitation. Each particle of the tail describes an independent orbit of its own, unaffected by any cohesive attachment to the comet itself, or to the neighboring particles of the tail. The orbit of each particle is a hyperbola, with the sun in the focus of the opposite branch, so that its convexity is turned toward the sun; and the orbit is tangent to the parabolic orbit of the comet at the point where the particle leaves this body. The forms of the tails of the remarkable comets of 1680, 1744, and of the present year, computed by this theory, have been found to coincide remarkably with observation, although they were of the most distinctly various characters."

TERMINATION POINT FOREVER CLOSED TO VISITORS.

We learn from the Hamilton *Spectator* that constant change, the law of nature, reigns too at Niagara. Every year the outline of the wonderful cataract changes, as the mighty waters slowly but surely wear away their channel, carrying in their embrace now a small fragment, then a huge mass of rock, into the chasm below. Years ago, our readers well remember, Table Rock yielded to Time, and at successive periods pieces of it have fallen. On a visit to the Falls, a day or two since, we observed another change has occurred, meriting at least a passing notice. Every sight-seer must recollect the path which, commencing below the brink of the ravine on the Canada side, almost opposite Prospect House, leads beneath Table Rock, and which those who desire to go "under the sheet of falling water" used to traverse in their water-proof habiliments.

It led to Termination Point, as a spot a long distance under the cataract was called, and the adventurer who dared air and flood to reach it, blinded by spray, deafened by the terrible roar which the beating of million tuns of water on the rocks below produces, used to receive a certificate of his having accomplished the feat. The oil-skins are yet in requisition, the guides yet demand and receive their fees, and the certificates are yet given. Termination Point, too, may yet exist. But no mortal being can visit it. It never could be seen from the shore end of the cavernous tunnel—one side rock, the other water, and the floor a composition of both—which led thither. And the path to it is now cut off. The road along which one used to grope has fallen away. One can still walk about a yard under the cataract, but then the hardiest and most courageous must pause, no further foothold is afforded, and another step would lead one to an intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries which it is here forbidden us to know. Ere long, doubtless, now that the stratum of soft rock below has fallen and been pounded to clay, the upper mass will fall. And then another step will have been taken in the slow and tedious course in which Niagara has eaten its own way back from Queenstown, and is, if geologists say true, to wear itself away somewhere above Chippewa.

A QUEER FISH.

We read in the *Tribune:* "We were yesterday shown a singular-looking monster of the deep that was captured by Mr. Hiram Tweedy, a boatman at the foot of Christopher Street, North River. Mr. T. was in his boat a short distance from the pier, when his attention was attracted by a monstrous head protruding from the water. In an instant he seized his boat-hook, and succeeded in capturing the fish, which was found to be about four feet in length, and weighed twenty-five pounds. The head was similar in shape to the rim of a man's hat, the body resembling the body of a cod-fish. On the top of the head, about six inches from the snout, were two eyes as large as a cent, while just beyond were two small horns, surrounded at the base by long hair. The mouth of the monster, set around with sharp teeth, was of sufficient capacity to take in the head of a child six or eight years old, and its great tongue seemed to be covered with little prickles. It had no gills, and the only breathing apertures were two holes in the snout. On each side were two great fins, while protruding from its belly were two hands, with five fingers, and almost as perfect as a human hand. In its mouth were found six or eight small fish, and the probability is that the monster was taking his dinner when Mr. Tweedy hooked him from his native element."

THE GREAT GAMBLING-HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.

The death of a noted gambling-house keeper at Washington has induced a correspondent of the Boston *Post* to give the following review of his place:

"His 'establishment' was upon Pennsylvania Avenue, between the National Hotel and the Capitol. Let us approach and look at it.

"You enter by a door of variegated stained glass, which, by gas light, reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Ascending a flight of stairs you reach a door, pull the bell, and instantly a small aperture opens, and you are greeted with a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory, set in black, which nominally belong to Sambo, but which, in fact, are the property of the proprietor. A glance suffices. You have filled Sambo's eye, and are deemed passable. The door is at once opened, and you are ushered into the ante-room—the vestibule of hell! This room is not large, but elegantly appointed—the chief attraction being the sideboard, which is of solid marble and white as Diana's breast. Here are arranged in long and glistening columns decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliants, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host.

The spacious 'Sporting hall' is now visible. The floor is covered with carpeting from the Orient, of immense cost and marvelous beauty. The walls are adorned with superb paintings of the old masters and the new, while pendent from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence; with mirrors of mammoth size reflecting your form and features from a score of glistening embrasures. Along the hall, at convenient distances, are ranged circular tables of polished rosewood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark-visaged men, who heed you not—their eyes having another and stronger attraction. One would naturally suppose this to be a theatre for jests, drollery, and song, or bacchanalian revelings, or pugilistic encounters. Far from it. On the contrary, all is hushed, silent, and sepulchral.

'No real voice or sound,
Within those cheerless walls is found.'

You are oppressed with the fearful stillness and awful silence which pervades the place. A laugh, a joke, or even a curse would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath or half-subdued sigh is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of lungs and life.

THE SUPPER.

"An hour's inspection satisfies your curiosity, and you are about taking your departure when a soft hand taps you on the shoulder, and a low voice: 'Please don't leave, Sir; supper will be ready in a few minutes.' At precisely half past ten o'clock the doors of the dining-hall are thrown open, and 'Supper's ready' proclaims an immediate armistice between the combatants, and invites to a more healthy and rational duty. The long tables groan beneath their burden of gold and silver plate, and the heaps of delicacies which surmount and adorn them. Here are venison from the brown forests of Maine, turkeys from the broad savannas of the West, canvas-backs from the placid Potomac, trout from Superior, and salmon from the St. Johns; together with fruits, flowers, and wines for every taste and from every clime.

"The repast over, you are permitted, with a patronizing invitation, to 'call again,' to make your retreat to the open air, there to thank Heaven that you are not a worshiper within this magnificent yet cheerless abode.

HOW A SENATOR BROKE THE BANK.

"One night's work, a few days previous to the close of the last session, made sad havoc among the coffers of this den. It is said that a distinguished Senator won on that night $180,000, which broke the bank and caused a temporary suspension. A new house, however, was soon purchased by him, and was magnificently decorated, when the 'king of terrors,' the great unbeaten and unchallenged, stepped in and closed the game of life forever."

A PETRIFIED WIFE.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Inquirer* says: "A few days since, a gentleman residing in Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a second time, wished to remove the body of his wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were made to that effect, and laborers opened the grave in the usual manner; but when they reached the coffin they could not lift it, so great was the weight. After obtaining considerable assistance, however, the men succeeded in raising the coffin from the tomb. They then could not resist the temptation of peering into the coffin and learning the reason for its unusual weight, and found, instead of the remains of a corpse, a stone figure, the exact counterpart of the woman who had died. This strange story soon spread, and hundreds and thousands of persons were present to see the strange spectacle.

"The husband took the body of his departed spouse home, and has it there now, where it is visited by hundreds of the curious and scientific. The body seems to have been petrified, and to have become a perfect stone woman. The probability is that the body has become adipocere, and will before long melt or crumble."

A ROBBER'S CAVE.

The Franklin (Pennsylvania) *Citizen* of the 27th inst. has the following: "About five miles from this place, near where the Pittsburgh road crosses Sandy Creek, a singular discovery was made by a Mr. Mason. While hunting bees he noticed, under some rocks, a buffalo robe and other evidences of the presence of some animals less laborious and less honest than those he was in search of. Being somewhat frightened, he called others, who, after some search, discovered jewelry of different kinds, worth, in all, about $100. In addition to this, a pair of boots and pantaloons, a vest, cravat, and fine coat were picked up near the jewelry dépôt. The circumstance induced ten of the adjacent citizens to repair to the spot and lie in wait that night for the return of the depositors, but through the imprudence of kindling a fire after night nothing was effected. In dispersing next morning a sack of flour, three freshly-dressed chickens, and a blanket were found unconcealed, as though they had been hastily left. Several other articles, such as powder, caps, an old revolver, augers, a bottle of chloroform, etc., were picked up."

A MAN SMOTHERED IN A CHIMNEY.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of November 1 says: "Between seven and eight o'clock last evening a young man, aged twenty-two years, named Richard Dillon, was smothered to death in a chimney of a house of bad character, known as 'Mrs. Price's,' in Shippen Street, a few doors below Fourth, north side. His death was the result of his own recklessness and passion, and occurred in the following manner, as near as the facts could be gleaned from the people about the house, who were unwilling to give any information to the reporters; thus forcing them to gather their facts from the disjointed and contradictory statements and conversations which went on in the room where the young man lay dead:

"Dillon is a plasterer. His mother and sister reside near Fifth and Carpenter streets. For quite a long time Dillon had been living with a woman as his mistress. We heard her name mentioned at the scene of the accident, coupled with the remark, uttered by a flippant young girl, that 'Annie —— would not be back from the theatre in time to see Dick;' but we do not know that she is in any way blamable for the occurrence of last night. Dillon quarreled with his mistress, and she left him not long since, but he was aware that she resided at Mrs. Price's. Yesterday afternoon he had been drinking with a companion, and they went out and bought two 'black jacks.' This was about three o'clock. Dillon was next seen, between seven and eight o'clock, at Mrs. Price's, and he declared that his mistress was up stairs with another man, and he would see her. Rushing up the narrow, steep stairs from the front room on the lower story (where there is a bar), Dillon forced the door of the third story room, where he supposed 'his woman' was locked. He raged around on a landing a while, and then climbed the ladder leading to the roof, for the purpose of getting down into the room by the chimney. In the dark, or in his drunken rage, he dropped into another chimney just beside the third story flue, but stuck fast when his body was just opposite the third story landing. Here his cries were heard, as well as the noise of the detached bricks and mortar which fell on the fire-place in the lower story. Efforts were at once made to rescue him by the mistress of the house and by neighbors; but although he once held on to a rope which was let down to him, he could not be drawn up, and was finally rescued by breaking into the brick-work of the chimney. A hole about three feet long was made, and he was drawn out alive; but he died soon after being carried into the room into which he had tried to get. Here we saw his body, and his sister, a good-looking young woman of about twenty, weeping bitterly over it, while half a dozen young men and women discussed the affair as coolly as if he had only been asleep instead of dead.

SUICIDE OF HIS MISTRESS.

"This event was only the first act in the drama. It seems that Dillon had another mistress, who lived in Pine Alley, and who went by the name of 'Annie Smith,' an assumed name. Dillon had quarreled with this girl, and threatened to kill her, and she had declared her intention of drowning herself in consequence of his threats. She declared her intention to commit suicide to several persons during the evening, and had gone so far as to give away her few effects to different parties when intelligence of the death of Dillon was brought to her. She then said 'Good-by!' to those who were about her, and went away. This morning, at daybreak, her body was found floating in a dock in the Delaware, between Lombard and South streets. The coroner was sent for to hold an inquest, and we accompanied that official to the spot. The body of the wretched woman was tied to a boat in the dock, and the water, as it rippled over her face, wafted her scarcely disheveled hair about upon its surface. Upon the wharf hundreds of curious gazers were gathered, and among the throng there were many females who belonged to the same abandoned class as the poor suicide, and who seemed drawn to the scene by some irresistible attraction. Mothers were there, too, with their little children, all pushing and struggling to look upon the body of the

"'One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.'

"The body was finally dragged out of the river and laid upon the wharf until the dead-cart should arrive."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ceremonies of proroguing the Imperial Parliament took place with the accustomed formalities on Tuesday the 19th. The Lord Chancellor said: "By virtue of the commission which has just been read, I declare, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, that this Parliament is prorogued until Friday the 19th November next."

STATE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A dispatch from Valentia reached London on the night of the 20th, stating that intelligible signals were again being received from Newfoundland through the cable. The signals were very distinct, and the words received were, "Daniells now in circuit." Authority was at once given to use the Daniells battery likewise at Valentia.

In his letter to the press announcing the gratifying fact, Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, says: "This, however, though encouraging, must not be regarded as a permanent state of things, as it is still clear there is a serious fault in the cable, while, at the same time, it is not at present absolutely clear that any except the most extraordinary, and, to the cable, dangerous efforts can be made, more especially on this side, to overcome the existing obstacles in the way of perfect working."

It is said that the Company will probably send out one of Henley's new and powerful electric machines to Newfoundland.

The Dover and Calais cable has been broken.

STAUNTON BACKS OUT.

The following letter appears in the London *Illustrated News*:

"LONDON, *October* 9, 1858.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter I have to observe that you must be perfectly conscious that the difficulty in the way of my engaging in a chess match is one over which I have no control. You were distinctly apprised, in answer to the extraordinary proposal of your friends that I should leave my home, family, and avocations, to proceed to New Orleans for the purpose of playing chess with you, 'that a long and arduous contest, even in London, would be an undertaking too formidable for me to embark in without ample opportunity for the recovery of my old strength in play, together with such arrangements as would prevent the sacrifice of my professional engagements.' Upon your unexpected arrival here the same thing was repeated to you, and my acceptance of your challenge was entirely conditional on my being able to gain time for practice.

"The experience, however, of some weeks, during which I have labored unceasingly, to the serious injury of my health, shows that not only is it impracticable for me to save time for that purpose, but that by no means short of giving up a great work on which I am engaged, subjecting the publishers to the loss of thousands, and myself to an action for breach of contract, could I obtain time even for the match itself. Such a sacrifice is, of course, out of all question. A match at chess or cricket may be a good thing in its way, but none but a madman would for either forfeit his engagements and imperil his professional reputation. Under these circumstances, I waited only the termination of your late struggle to explain that, fettered as I am at this moment, it is impossible for me to undertake any enterprise which would have the effect of withdrawing me from duties I am pledged to fulfill.

"The result is not, perhaps, what either you or I desired, as it will occasion disappointment to many; but it is unavoidable, and the less to be regretted since a contest wherein one of the combatants must fight under disadvantages so manifest as those I should have to contend against, after many years' retirement from practical chess, with my attention absorbed and brain overtaxed by more important pursuits, could never be accounted a fair trial of skill. I have the honor to be,

"Yours, etc., H. STAUNTON.

"PAUL MORPHY, Esq.

"P.S. I may add that, although denied the satisfaction of a set encounter with you at this period, I shall have much pleasure, if you will again become my guest, in playing you a few games, *sans façon*."

FRANCE.

STRANGE INSPIRATION OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

A most singular event, which has just happened in Paris, has given rise to new excitement among the mystical coteries which form a great portion, and the very best, of Parisian society. At the breaking up of the great *retraite* of the clergy, which took place at St. Sulpice a few days ago, the Archbishop of Paris, a member of the privy council, and quite in the confidence and intimacy of the Emperor, spoke in the most extraordinary manner concerning the doleful aspect of public affairs since the 14th of January, which had completely changed the position of the country and the attributes of the government. "Messieurs," said the prelate, "I dismiss you to your respective duties, with the earnest prayer that you will unite in prayer and fasting and good works to turn aside the evil which is hovering over us. A frightful danger threatens the country—a danger which our order will be the first to share. Time is not accorded to us to avert it—for it is here—even while I speak it is here, and knocking at the gate. I am not permitted to add more in the way of warning—neither must I reveal the nature of the danger with which we are threatened; but rest assured that it is imminent and deadly. When the exalted post I now occupy was first imposed upon me I refused it, as you all know, with the greatest earnestness. Overruled by those above me, the post has been, as it were, forced upon me, and my mission upon this earth, therefore, made clear. I would have turned from me this bitter cup, but am now prepared to drink it to the very lees. Forget not that upon us must fall the weight of expiation which this nation has accumulated, and that *we* must become the first victims of the great sacrifice which is already laid upon the altar, awaiting the hand which shall apply the first spark to the offering. The smoke and the incense of those who have gone before have not availed. Remember Quelen, whose moral life was all extinguished by the destruction of his palace and the malediction of the people. Then came Affre in 1848, whose voluntary sacrifice was not yet accounted of sufficient import, and more was still demanded. Sibour, in 1857, might be thought to have satisfied the ire of an irritated God; but it is not so. Worse than all, this remains to be fulfilled, and my very name would seem to be a warning of my fate. . . . . Go, then, Messieurs. I say 'adieu,' and dare not '*au revoir*.' Reflect on these things; watch and pray. Be vigilant and valiant in the good cause, and when it falls let it be with the dignity worthy of the power it once owned, and of the hope it still possesses." This wonderful inspiration, uttered in a tone of the deepest conviction, is said to have produced an effect not to be described upon the assembly of priests of all ages, of all degrees, and from every province, assembled at St. Sulpice, to celebrate the *Grande Retraite*, the most solemn ecclesiastical observance among all those celebrated in the Gallican Church.

ARE HOOPS TO BE ABOLISHED?

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes that crinoline has been dethroned and banished, and that it has been succeeded by a new fashion, "long and draped and floating, like a Muse's costume." The writer adds: "And none but women of grace can wear the new dress. What hours of study must be spent before the train can be managed—before the wearer can walk into a drawing-room, or take a seat at table, or a stroll in the street."

The Providence *Journal* does not credit the story. It has been repeated too often, and the next arrival has always brought us news of a wider expanse and of more numerous folds. Besides, every body knows that "a Muse's costume" would not be comfortable or proper.

A SEBASTOPOL FOUNDLING.

Parisian sympathy is very much interested, just now, in the accounts given of the growth and accomplishments of a child found asleep in his cradle at the sacking of Sebastopol. The French soldier, who first came upon the little unconscious creature, took him carefully in his arms to bear him to a place of safety—intending to fully adopt and rear him as his own. But an English officer, a man of wealth and high social position, chanced to meet him with the babe impressed to his bosom, and, on inquiring into it, offered to buy his prize. Upon consideration of how much better off the little "enemy" would be, with the rank and means of his proposed step-father, the soldier agreed, giving up the boy and receiving *one pound* as the price. Delighted with his impromptu baby, the officer took him to England, and, though a bachelor, had him properly cared for by his wealthy relatives. He is, at present, daily seen mounted on his little pony, and riding in Hyde Park with his adopted papa, one of the very handsomest and most promising lads in all England! The fashionable news of the *Court Journal* is incomplete without mention of him, and the French papers copy it with national interest as the little Russian-born, French-found, and English-raised orphan. He certainly is a well-*off'u'n*, considering.

SOCIAL PROSPECTS AT PARIS.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "It is already announced that the coming season will be even more than usually gay, and preparations on an extensive scale are being made. Numbers of visitors of high rank and great wealth are expected. Private theatricals will be still more in vogue than last winter, if we may judge by the large number of orders already received by the inventor of the *portable theatre*, that has taken the place of the screen formerly made the representative of all sorts of scenery in the drawing-room. The little *theatre des salons* is any thing and every thing that suits the occasion; a palace, a cottage, a gipsy camp, a church, a boudoir, or a garden; it has its stage, its side scenes, its prompter's box, its drop curtain. To all these advantages it adds that of being pack-up-able by means of the withdrawal of three or four screws, in five minutes, if the room is needed for a dance after the play is over; nor does it take longer to put up than to take down. The whole thing may be had for the trifling sum of 500 francs, and those who have hitherto refrained from having private theatricals, on account of the difficulty in getting them up without scenery, may now indulge their taste freely. Some two hundred of these useful contrivances have already been ordered. Should the present fine weather be prolonged, the reopening of the aristocratic salons will be delayed several weeks. There will not be any great fêtes until the return of the court from Compiègne, whither it will go on the Emperor's arrival from the camp, though the contrary had been surmised. The autumn is, in a great many of the provinces, the finest part of the year. Another more imperative reason why the winter season should commence so late is, that fashion commands the going out of town when summer is almost over, and returning to it when winter is well upon us—a farther proof that fashion is often at variance with common sense and good taste."

MYSTERIOUS CONSPIRACY.

The following marvelous story appears in the *Droit*: "A few days ago, as a lad of seventeen years of age, a pupil of the College d'Alençon, who was on a visit to his parents at Mortagne (Orne), was taking a walk, a boy slipped into his hands a piece of paper, and ran away. The paper contained these words: 'Monsieur Emile,—Be kind enough to go to-morrow, at seven o'clock in the evening, to the cemetery, on an important affair.' The lad went somewhat earlier than the hour mentioned, and, while waiting for the writer of the letter, amused himself in pruning shrubs and arranging flowers on the tomb of a member of his family. As he was so engaged he felt himself stabbed in the shoulder by a sharp instrument, and at the same moment a cord was thrown round his neck and pulled tightly. As he happened to have a knife in his hand, he cut the cord, and turning round perceived, in spite of the darkness which prevailed, a well-dressed man. This latter stabbed him in the breast and the thigh, but only slightly, and the lad in his turn stabbed his assailant in the breast. At length the lad broke away from his assailant and took to flight, and the latter went away in a contrary direction. The lad had no idea who the man was, nor his reason for attacking him. The police are endeavoring to clear up the mystery. The cord which he says was thrown round his neck was found in the cemetery."

PHOTOGRAPHING AN EXECUTION.

The study of photography has become so general as to induce some of its students to start a newspaper devoted to its theory and practice; and, accordingly, the first number of *The Photograph News* appeared on Friday last. Among other matters, we have an account from an enthusiastic student of the art in Algeria, who states that he has succeeded in photographing the flashing blade of the guillotine in its descent, as well as of figuring the culprit's head during the instantaneous fall from the machine into the basket. The occasion was that of the execution of six Arabs for a cold-blooded murder.

"The criminals were not brought on the scaffold together, but led up one at a time. The first was the Sheik, who seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. So rapidly was he bound to the plank and thrust under the axe that I had barely time to insert the plate-holder, and get the instantaneous movement in order, before the sharp edge descended, and his head rolled into the basket. This picture was quite successful, and so was the second; but the third was dim, the fourth was nearly, and the fifth and sixth were wholly invisible. How to account for this I know not, unless the atmosphere around the scaffold became in some way affected by the blood, the odor of which was distinctly perceptible to me."

GERMANY.

A MAN'S WIFE CHOPPED UP BEFORE HIS EYES.

A private letter communicated to the *Evening Post* has the following curious story of the distribution of the relics of an Austrian Archduchess:

"The body of the Saxon Princess Margaret (recently deceased), wife of the Archduke Charles, was laid upon a block and chopped in pieces, in order to send different parts of the body to various parts of the country. The chopping-up process took place in the Chapel of the Castle, in the presence of the dead woman's husband. Extended upon a red-draped block lay the naked white corpse, surrounded by priests chanting in Latin, youths swinging censors, and a number of men armed with choppers, saws, and other instruments. First the heart was cut out of the body, inclosed in a golden case, and placed in an urn. It was then sent to Rome, to be consecrated by the Pope, after which it was sent to the Loretto Chapel, and thence returned to Vienna. But it was not to rest here. Ten cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birth-place, and six Austrian bishoprics claimed the privilege of possessing all, or a part of the sainted Margaret's body. The Bishop of Prague would be content with the arms, the Bishop of Salzburg wished to obtain the head and shoulders, while the Bishop of Linz anxiously desired to possess the two middle fingers. The Vienna consistory was obliged to decide between the claimants, and the heart was at length forwarded to the Common Council of Insbruck, in Tyrol, accompanied by two autograph letters of the Archduke Charles—one of which was directed to the Chief of the Jesuits—in which the hope was expressed that 'Tyrol, the always faithful,' would 'for all time cherish the memory of the Archduchess, who was a saint upon earth.'

"Had the heart alone been separated from the body, the chopping-up process would soon have been finished; but the Church demanded more. Hence the Archduke Charles directed the cutting open of his wife's abdomen—which was done. The intestines were taken out, placed in copper, silver, and golden capsules, and sent with an autograph letter to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where the said intestines were first exhibited upon the altar, and then buried beneath the altar. Hereupon the two middle fingers were severed from the body, and sent with another autograph letter to Dresden. All that remained of the Archduchess was then wrapped in red velvet, and laid in state on a catafalco; and ultimately the mutilated corpse was placed in a coffin and deposited in the imperial tomb."

ITALY.

A MAN ARRESTED FOR SENDING BIBLES TO ROME.

About a fortnight ago two trunks were seized in the Custom-house of Civita Vecchia, the experienced eyes of the examining officers having detected false bottoms to them, which, being raised, displayed a quantity of Bibles and other prohibited works. The merchant to whom the trunks were addressed, for the purpose of forwarding them to Rome, protested his total ignorance of their contents, and was therefore not molested by the police. A few days after a young man named Frederici, the son of a small merchant in Civita Vecchia, was arrested at the Post-office, just as he had received his letters. A domiciliary visit of the police to his residence was productive of little or no evidence against him, but he was, notwithstanding, sent to Rome a few hours afterward, handcuffed, and escorted by two gens d'armes. It appears that he was in correspondence with some political refugees at Genoa, and the police managed to intercept the letters on both sides.

LOVE AND MURDER.

Two years ago a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of the sisters Ferni, the violinists, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 francs a year. Ferni replied he would do so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying any thing further; but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered. Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at La Scala; but they had not been long there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venesia, and repeated his suit. Mademoiselle Virginia, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. "Is that your fixed resolution?" asked the Sicilian. "It is," replied the young lady. On which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap, and then stabbed himself with a poniard. Surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters above mentioned was addressed to the police of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved.

MEXICO.

FEARFUL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from the city of Mexico:

"I wish it were in my power to give one cheering item of news, but as it is I can not. Day after day we hear of nothing but robbery after robbery, sack after sack, etc. The ordinary circumstance of a diligence robbery, or the plundering of a small town, the tying up of an *administrador* of a hacienda, and forcing him to give a draft on his employers for $1000, $2000, or $3000 for his life, and such like affairs, have sunk below mediocrity and lost their former positions as items of gossip, except it may be among the parties themselves or the friends of the parties interested. The number of poor creatures thrown out of house and home is daily on the increase. It is estimated that some six to eight thousand people have taken refuge in this city. To come here costs money, and you may, therefore, calculate the number who have no money that are driven from their homes throughout the country. The number is tamely estimated at over 250,000 persons. This is the number now, and still the work goes on."

BRAZIL.

MADAME LA GRANGE AT COURT.

The following is an extract from a letter from Madame La Grange, who is in Brazil:

"The day after our arrival we were presented to the Emperor Don Pedro II. This deserves a few details. In Europe we are accustomed to see the sovereigns, and places of their abode, surrounded by a pomp quite unknown here. I will bid adieu to all reflections, however, and relate simply that which occurred. We arrived at *a house* comfortable enough in appearance—nothing more. At the door we were asked: 'You desire to see the Emperor?' 'Yes.' 'You are strangers?' 'Yes.' 'Enter.'

"On the first floor we were received in a small saloon very simply furnished. Two chamberlains came and conversed with us regarding France, which they admired, the voyage by England, which they doubted, the talents they gave you credit for, in language the most Parisian. Other persons arrived, and all waited. Suddenly the door opened, a handsome man appeared, seemingly young, who, seeing M. Pereira da Silva speaking with us—we made the voyage together from England, and through the same sufferings became fast friends—he approached him with an extended hand and an expression of pleasure and affection. 'Is this Madame La Grange?' asked the Emperor. M. da Silva having replied 'Yes,' his Majesty commenced talking French with us like a Russian! I confess this reception put me more at my ease than when I was presented to Meyerbeer in his Berlin! His Majesty graciously thanked me for having had the courage to cross the ocean and come so far in search of a million, not in reis, and conducted us presently to the Empress, who received me more as a countess than an artist, which was quite the contrary to the reception of the Emperor. My husband, who made me Countess, was enchanted. I, who made myself artist, was more delighted to be considered *en esimia virtuosa* than as a noble lady! Their Majesties receive daily after dinner till the hour of business. I have been told Don Pedro II. works like a student in the polytechnic school; he wishes to undertake certain extensive works, which he will himself superintend."

AUSTRALIA.

EXPLORATION OF THE INTERIOR.

Dispatches have been received from Mr. Babbage, who was still prosecuting his exploration, but he does not appear to have succeeded in finding any country that can be easily made available. His letter, dated June 16, describes the finding of Mr. Coulthard's remains. The body of the unfortunate man lay under a scrub bush, and at a short distance from him his canteen and other bush accoutrements. Upon one side of that canteen, offering a convex surface of tin about twelve inches long and ten inches deep, is scratched with a nail or some other rough-pointed instrument the following inscription:

"I never reached water I do not know how long it is since it is that I left Scott and Brooks but I think it Monday bleeding pomp to leive of his blood I took his black horse to look for water and the last thing I can rember is puling the saddle off him & letting him go until now is not good I am not thshure how long it may be wether 2 or 3 days I do not know My Tung is stkig to my mouth & I see what I have rote I know it is this is the last time I may have of expressing feeling alive & the feeling exu is lost for want of water My ey Dasels My tong burn I can see no More God Help"

Major Warburton has also returned to Adelaide from his exploring tour, but he does not seem to have been more successful.



HUSKING THE CORN IN NEW ENGLAND.



DRIVING HOME THE CORN.

A CORN-HUSKING IN NEW ENGLAND.

We give herewith three pictures of the famous corn-husking festivals of New England. For the benedit of those who have never seen a "corn-husking," we may explain that when the Indian corn has been gathered in the corn-house, or the barn, the neighbors are all invited to the husking. This consists simply of stripping the leaves or husks from the full ripened ears, which is done by hand. The ears are thrown into a heap, and the husks gathered in a corner. The scene is one of great merriment, and usually winds up with a banquet and social games.

A New England husking, however, has been so well described by Barlow, in his inimitable poem in praise of "Hasty-pudding," that it would be unpardonable not to give an extract. The third canto thus commences:

The days grow short; but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various task prolong,
And yield new subject to my various song.
For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest-home,
The invited neighbors to the husking come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And corn no husks lie ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut-ear he sole the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid the prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and riper as her waist,
She walks the round, and rolls one favored beat,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.

Various the sport, as are the wit and brains
Of well-pleased beaux, and commending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile, the housewife plies her evening care
The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare;
* * * * * *
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats, as at the corn before.



THE DANCE AFTER THE HUSKING.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

The Man-eater humiliated. He encounters an old acquaintance in a traveler, who, like Shakspeare's Jaques, is "a melancholy fellow;" who, also, like Jaques, hath "great reason to be sad;" and who, still like Jaques, is "full of matter."

JASPER LOSELY rode slowly on through the clear frosty night; not back to the country town which he had left on his hateful errand, nor into the broad road to London. With a strange desire to avoid the haunts of men, he selected—at each choice of way in the many paths branching right and left, between waste and woodland—the lane that seemed the narrowest and the dimmest. It was not remorse that gnawed him, neither was it the mere mercenary disappointment, nor even the pang of baffled vengeance—it was the profound humiliation of diseased self-love—the conviction that, with all his brute power, he had been powerless in the very time and scene in which he had pictured to himself so complete a triumph. The very quiet with which he had escaped stung him. Capture itself would have been preferable, if capture had been preceded by brawl and strife—the exhibition of his hardihood and prowess. Gloomily bending over his horse's neck, he cursed himself as fool and coward. What would he have had!—a new crime on his soul? Perhaps he would have answered, "Any thing rather than this humbling failure." He did not rack his brains with conjecturing if Cutts had betrayed him, or by what other mode assistance had been sent in such time of need to Darrell. Nor did he feel that hunger for vengeance, whether on Darrell or on his accomplice (should that accomplice have played the traitor), which might have been expected from his characteristic ferocity. On the contrary, the thought of violence and its excitements had in it a sickness as of shame. Darrell at that hour might have ridden by him scatheless. Cutts might have jeered and said, "I blabbed your secret, and sent the aid that foiled it;" and Losely would have continued to hang his head, nor lifted the Herculean hand that lay nerveless on the horse's mane. Is it not commonly so in all reaction from excitements in which self-love has been keenly galled? Does not vanity enter into the lust of crime as into the desire of fame?

At sunrise Losely found himself on the high road, into which a labyrinth of lanes had led him, and opposite to a mile-stone, by which he learned that he had been long turning his back on the metropolis, and that he was about ten miles distant from the provincial city of Ouzelford. By this time his horse was knocked up, and his own chronic pains began to make themselves acutely felt; so that when, a little farther on, he came to a wayside inn, he was glad to halt; and after a strong dram, which had the effect of an opiate, he betook himself to bed, and slept till the noon was far advanced.

When Losely came down stairs the common room of the inn was occupied by a meeting of the trustees of the high roads; and, on demanding breakfast, he was shown into a small sanded parlor adjoining the kitchen. Two other occupants—a man and a woman—were there already, seated at a table by the fireside, over a pint of half-and-half. Losely, warming himself at the hearth, scarcely noticed these humble revelers by a glance. And they, after a displeased stare at the stalwart frame which obscured the cheering glow they had hitherto monopolized, resumed a muttered conversation; of which, as well as of the *vile modicum* which refreshed their lips, the man took the lion's share. Shabbily forlorn were that man's habiliments—turned and returned, patched, darned, weather-stained, grease-stained—but still retaining that kind of mouldy grandiose, bastard gentility, which implies that the wearer has known better days; and, in the downward progress of fortunes when they once fall, may probably know still worse. The woman was some years older than her companion, and still more forlornly shabby. Her garments seemed literally composed of particles of dust glued together, while her face might have insured her condemnation as a witch before any honest jury in the reign of King James the First. His breakfast, and the brandy bottle that flanked the loaf, were now placed before Losely; and, as distastefully he forced himself to eat, his eye once more glanced toward, and this time rested on, the shabby man, in a sort of interest with which one knave out of elbows regards another. As Jasper thus looked, gradually there stole on him a reminiscence of those coarse large features—that rusty, disreputable wig. The recognition, however, was not mutual; and, presently, after a whisper interchanged between the man and the woman, the latter rose, and approaching Losely, dropped a courtesy, and said, in a weird, under voice, "Stranger, luck's in store for you. Tell your fortune?" As she spoke, from some dust hole in her garments she produced a pack of cards, on whose half-obliterated faces seemed incrusted the dirt of ages. Thrusting these antiquities under Jasper's nose, she added, "Wish and cut."

"Pshaw," said Jasper, who, though sufficiently superstitious in some matters and in regard to some persons, was not so completely under the influence of that imaginative infirmity as to take the creature before him for a sibyl. "Get away; you turn my stomach. Your cards smell; so do you!"

"Forgive her, worthy Sir," said the man, leaning forward. "The hag may be unsavory, but she is wise. The Three Sisters who accosted the Scottish Thane, Sir (Macbeth—you have seen it on the stage?), were not savory. Withered, and wild in their attire, Sir, but they knew a thing or two! She sees luck in your face. Cross her hand, and give it vent!"

"Fiddledee," said the irreverent Losely. "Take her off, or I shall scald her," and he seized the kettle.

The hag retreated grumbling; and Losely, soon dispatching his meal, placed his feet on the hobs, and began to meditate what course to adopt for a temporary subsistence. He had broken into the last pound left of the money which he had extracted from Mrs. Crane's purse some days before. He recoiled with terror from the thought of returning to town and placing himself at her mercy. Yet what option had he? While thus musing, he turned impatiently round and saw that the shabby man and the dusty hag were engaged in an amicable game of *ecarté*, with those very cards which had so offended his olfactory organs. At that sight the old instinct of the gambler struggled back; and, raising himself up, he looked over the cards of the players. The miserable wretches were, of course, playing for nothing; and Losely saw at a glance that the man was, nevertheless, trying to cheat the woman. Positively he took that man into more respect; and that man, noticing the interest with which Losely surveyed the game, looked up, and said, "While the time, Sir? What say you? A game or two? I can stake my pistoles—that is, Sir, so far as a fourpenny bit goes. If ignorant of this French game, Sir, cribbage or all-fours."

"No," said Losely, mournfully; "there is nothing to be got out of you; otherwise—" He stopped and sighed. "But I have seen you under other circumstances. What has become of your Theatrical Exhibition? Gambled it away? Yet, from what I see of your play, I think you ought not to have lost, Mr. Rugge."

The ex-manager started.

"What! You knew me before the Storm!—before the lightning struck me, as I may say, Sir—and falling into difficulties, I became—a wreck? You knew me?—not of the Company?—a spectator?"

"As you say—a spectator. You had once in your employ an actor—clever old fellow. Waife, I think, he was called."

"Ha! hold! At that name, Sir, my wounds bleed afresh. From that execrable name, Sir, there hangs a tale!"

"Indeed! Then it will be a relief to you to tell it," said Losely, resettling his feet on the hob, and snatching at any diversion from his own reflections.

"Sir, when a gentleman, who is a gentleman, asks, as a favor, a specimen of my powers of recital, not professionally, and has before him the sparkling goblet, which he does not invite me to share, he insults my fallen fortunes. Sir, I am poor—I own it; I have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, Sir; but I have still in this withered bosom the heart of a Briton!"

"Warm it, Mr. Rugge. Help yourself to the brandy—and the lady too."

"Sir, you are a gentleman; Sir, your health. Hag, drink better days to us both. That woman, Sir, *is* a hag, but she is an honor to her sex—faithful!"

"It is astonishing how faithful ladies are when not what is called beautiful. I speak from painful experience," said Losely, growing debonnair as the liquor relaxed his gloom, and regaining that levity of tongue which sometimes strayed into wit, and which, springing originally from animal spirits and redundant health—still came to him mechanically whenever roused by companionship from alternate intervals of lethargy and pain. "But now, Mr. Rugge, I am all ears; perhaps you will be kind enough to be all tale."

With tragic aspect, unrelaxed by that *jeu de mots*, and still wholly unrecognizing in the massive form and discolored swollen countenance of the rough-clad stranger, the elegant proportions, the healthful, blooming, showy face, and elaborate fopperies of the Jasper Losely who had sold to him a Phenomenon which proved so evanishing. Rugge entered into a prolix history of his wrongs at the hands of Waife, of Losely, of Sophy. Only of Mrs. Crane did he speak with respect; and Jasper then for the first time learned—and rather with anger for the interference than gratitude for the generosity—that she had repaid the £100, and thereby canceled Rugge's claim upon the child. The ex-manager then proceeded to the narrative of his subsequent misfortunes—all of which he laid to the charge of Waife and the Phenomenon. "Sir," said he, "I was ambitious. From my childhood's hour I dreamed of the great York Theatre—dreamed of it literally thrice. Fatal Vision! But, like other dreams, that dream would have faded—been forgotten in the workday world—and I should not have fallen into the sere and yellow, but have had, as formerly, troops of friends, and not been reduced to the horrors of poverty and a faithful Hag. But, Sir, when I first took to my bosom that fiend, William Waife, he exhibited a genius, Sir, that Dowton (you have seen Dowton?—grand!) was a stick as compared with. Then my ambition, Sir, blazed and flared up—obstreperous, and my childhood's dream haunted me; and I went about musing—[Hag, you recollect!]—and muttering 'The Royal Theatre at York.' But incredible though it seem, the ungrateful scorpion left me, with a treacherous design to exhibit the parts I had fostered, on the London boards; and even-handed Justice, Sir, returned the poisoned chalice to his lips, causing him to lose an eye and to hobble—besides splitting up his voice—which served him right. And again I took the scorpion for the sake of the Phenomenon. I had a babe myself once, Sir, though you may not think it. Gormerick (that is this faithful Hag) gave the babe Daffy's Elixir, in teething; but it died—convulsions. I comforted myself when that Phenomenon came out on my stage—in pink satin and pearls. 'Ha!' I said, 'the great York Theatre shall yet be mine!' The haunting idea became a Mania, Sir. The learned say that there is a Mania called Money Mania*—when one can think but of the one thing needful—as the guilty Thane saw the dagger, Sir—you understand. And when the Phenomenon had vanished and gone, as I was told, to America, where I now wish I was myself, acting Rolla at New York or elsewhere, to a free and enlightened people—then, Sir, the Mania grew on me still stronger and stronger. There was a pride in it, Sir—a British pride. I said to this faithful Hag—'What—shall I not have the York because that false child has deserted me? Am I not able to realize a Briton's ambition without being beholden to a Phenomenon in spangles?' Sir, I took the York! Alone I did it!"

"And," said Losely, feeling a sort of dreary satisfaction in listening to the grotesque sorrows of one whose condition seemed to him yet more abject than his own—"And the York Theatre alone perhaps did you."

"Right, Sir," said Rugge—half dolorously, half exultingly. "It was a Grand Concern, and might have done for the Bank of England! It swallowed up my capital with as much ease, Sir, as I could swallow an oyster if there were one upon that plate. I saw how it would be the very first week—when I came out myself, strong—Kean's own part in the *Iron Chest*—Mortimer, Sir; there warn't three pounds ten in the house—packed audience, Sir, and they had the face to hiss me. 'Hag,' said I, to Mrs. Gormerick, 'this Theatre is a howling wilderness.' But there is a fascination in a Grand Concern, of which one is the head—one goes on and on. All the savings of a life devoted to the British Drama and the productions of native genius went in what I may call—a jiffy! But it was no common object, Sir, to your sight displayed—but what with pleasure, Sir (I appeal to the Hag!), Heaven itself surveyed!—a great man struggling, Sir, with the storms of fate, and greatly falling, Sir, with—a sensation! York remembers it to this day! I took the benefit of the Act—it was the only benefit I did take—and nobody was the better for it. But I don't repine—I realized my dream: that is more than all can say. Since then I have had many downs, and no ups. I have been a messenger, Sir—a prompter, Sir, in my own Exhibition—to which my own clown, having married into the tragic line, succeeded, Sir, as proprietor; buying of me, when I took the York, the theatre, scenery, and properties, Sir, with the right still to call himself, 'Rugge's Grand Theatrical Exhibition,' for an old song, Sir—Melancholy. Tyrannized over, Sir—snubbed and bullied by a creature dressed in a little brief authority; and my own tights—scarlet—as worn by me in my own applauded part of 'The Remorseless Baron.' At last, with this one faithful creature, I resolved to burst the chains—to be free as air—in short, a chartered libertine, Sir. We have not much, but thank the immortal gods, we *are* independent, Sir, the Hag and I, chartered libertines! And we are alive still—at which, in strict confidence, I may own to you that I am astonished."

"Yes! you do live," said Jasper, much interested—for how to live at all was at that moment a matter of considerable doubt to himself; "you do live—it *is* amazing! How?"

"The Faithful tells fortunes; and sometimes we pick up windfalls—widows and elderly single ladies—but it is dangerous. Labor is sweet, Sir; but not hard labor in the dungeons of a Bridewell; she has known that labor, Sir; and in those intervals I missed her much. Don't cry, Hag; I repeat, I live!"

"I understand now; you live upon her! They are the best of creatures, these hags, as you call them, certainly. Well, well, no saying what a man may come to! I suppose you have never seen Waife, nor that fellow you say was so well-dressed and good-looking, and who sold you the Phenomenon, nor the Phenomenon herself—Eh?" added Losely, stretching himself, and yawning, as he saw the brandy bottle was finished.

"I have seen Waife—the one-eyed monster! Aha—I have seen him!—and yesterday too; and a great comfort it was to me too."

"You saw Waife yesterday—where?"

"At Ouzelford, which I and the Faithful left this morning."

"And what was he doing?" said Losely, with well-simulated indifference. "Begging, breaking stones, or what?"

"No," said Rugge, dejectedly; "I can't say it was what, in farcical composition, I should call such nuts to me as that, Sir. Still, he was in a low way—seemed a peddler or hawker, selling out of a pannier on the Rialto—I mean the Corn-market, Sir—not even a hag by his side, only a great dog—French. A British dog would have scorned such fellowship. And he did not look merry, as he used to do when in my troop. Did he, Hag?"

"His conscience smites him," said the Hag, solemnly.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Why, no. I should have liked it, but we could not at that moment, seeing that we were not in our usual state of independence. This faithful creature was being led before the magistrates, and I too—charge of cheating a cook maid, to whom the Hag had only said, 'that if the cards spoke true she would ride in her carriage.' The charge broke down; but we were placed for the night in the Cells or the Inquisition, remanded, and this morning banished from the city, and are now on our way to—any other city; eh, Hag?"

"And the old man was not with the Phenomenon? What has become of her, then?"

"Perhaps she may be with him at his house, if he has one; only she was not with him on the Rialto or Corn-market. She was with him two years ago, I know; and he and she were better off then than he is now, I suspect. And that is why it did me good, Sir, to see him a peddler—a common peddler—fallen into the sere, like the man he abandoned!"

"Humph! where were they two years ago?"

"At a village not far from Humberston. He had a pretty house, Sir, and sold baskets; and the girl was there too, favored by a great lady—a Marchioness, Sir! Gods!"

"Marchioness?—near Humberston? The Marchioness of Montfort, I suppose."

"Likely enough; I don't remember. All I know is, that two years ago my old clown was my tyrannical manager; and he said to me, with a sneer, 'Old Gentleman Waife, whom you used to bully, and his Juliet Araminta, are in clover.' And the mocking varlet went on to say that when he had last visited Humberston, in the race-week, a young tradesman, who was courting the Columbine, whose young idea I myself taught to shoot on the light fantastic toe, treated that Columbine and one of her sister train (being, indeed, her aunt, who has since come out at the Surrey in *Desdemona*) to a picnic in a fine park. (That's discipline!—ha, ha!) And there, Sir, Columbine and her aunt saw Waife on the other side of a stream by which they sate carousing."

"The clown perhaps said it to spite you."

"Columbine herself confirmed his tale, and said that, on returning to the Village Inn for the Triumphal Car (or bus) which brought them, she asked if a Mr. Waife dwelt thereabouts, and was told, 'Yes, with his grand-daughter.' And she went on asking, till all came out as the clown reported. And Columbine had not even the gratitude, the justice, to expose that villain—not even to say he had been my perfidious servant! She had the face to tell me 'she thought it might harm him, and he was a kind old soul.' Sir, a Columbine whose toes I had rapped scores of times before they could be turned out, was below contempt! but when my own clown thus triumphed over me, in parading before my vision the bloated prosperity of mine enemy, it went to my heart like a knife; and we had words on it, Sir, and—I left him to his fate. But a peddler! Gentleman Waife has come to that! The Heavens are just, Sir, and of our pleasant vices, Sir, make instruments that—that—"

"Scourge us," prompted the Hag, severely.

Losely rang the bell; the maid-servant appeared. "My horse and bill. Well, Mr. Rugge, I must quit your agreeable society. I am not overflowing with wealth at this moment, or I would request your acceptance of—"

"The smallest trifle," interrupted the Hag, with her habitual solemnity of aspect.

Losely, who, in his small way, had all the liberality of a Catiline, "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*, drew forth the few silver coins yet remaining to him; and though he must have calculated that, after paying his bill, there could scarcely be three shillings left, he chucked two of them toward the Hag, who, clutching them with a profound courtesy, then handed them to the fallen monarch by her side, with a loyal tear and a quick sob that might have touched the most cynical republican.

In a few minutes more Losely was again on horseback; and as he rode toward Ouzelford, Rugge and his dusty Faithful shambled on in the opposite direction—shambled on, foot-sore and limping, along the wide, wasty, wintry thoroughfare—vanished from the eye, as their fates henceforth from this story. There they go by the white hard mile-stone; farther on, by the trunk of the hedge-row tree, which lies lopped and leafless—cumbering the way-side, till the time come to cast it off to the thronged, dull stack-yard; farther yet, where the ditch widens into yon stagnant pool, with the great dung-heap by its side. There the road turns aslant; the dung-heap hides them. Gone! and not a speck on the Immemorial, Universal Thoroughfare.

CHAPTER V.

No wind so cutting as that which sets in the quarter from which the sun rises.

THE town to which I lend the disguising name of Ouzelford, which in years by-gone was represented by Guy Darrell, and which in years to come may preserve in its municipal hall his effigies in canvas or stone, is one of the handsomest in England. As you approach its suburbs from the London Road it rises clear and wide upon your eye, crowning the elevated table-land upon which it is built; a noble range of prospect on either side, rich with hedge-rows not yet sacrificed to the stern demands of modern agriculture—venerable woodlands, and the green pastures round many a rural thane's frank, hospitable hall; no one Great House banishing from leagues of landscape the abodes of knight and squire, nor menacing, with "the legitimate influence of property," the votes of rebellious burghers. Every where, like finger-posts to heaven, you may perceive the church-towers of rural hamlets embosomed in pleasant valleys, or climbing up gentle slopes. At the horizon the blue fantastic outline of girding hills mingles with the clouds. A famous old cathedral, neighbored by the romantic ivy-grown walls of a ruined castle, soars up from the centre of the town, and dominates the whole survey—calm, as with conscious power. Nearing the town, the villas of merchants and traders, released, perhaps, from business, skirt the road, with trim gardens and shaven lawns. Now the small river, or rather rivulet, of Ouzel, from which the town takes its name, steals out from deep banks covered with brushwood or aged trees, and, widening into brief importance, glides under

* *Query*—Monomania.

the arches of an ancient bridge; runs on, clear and shallow, to refresh low fertile dairy-meadows, dotted with kine; and finally quits the view, to brake and copse close round in narrowing, winding way: and that which, under the city bridge, was an imposing peaceful stream, becomes amidst rustic solitudes, an insignificant babbling brook.

From out the largest villas in these charming suburbs came forth a gentleman, middle-aged, and of a very cold and supercilious countenance. A young lady without a bonnet, but a kerchief thrown over her sleek dark hair, accompanied him. The gentleman, with both hands affectionately round his arm, and scarcely lifting his nose to stand upright, sniffed and catch cold, nor to step into puddles and wet his feet, and to be sure to be back before dark, as there were such shocking reports in the newspapers of persons robbed and garoted even in the most populous districts. The gentleman did not to listen to the beggars in the street, and allow himself to be taken in; and before finally releasing him at the gate, the daughter took great-coat up to his chin, thrust two pellets of cotton into his ears, and gave him a parting kiss. Then she watched him tenderly for a minute or so as he strode on with the step of a man who meant to do all the fostering admonitions and coddling cares.

As soon as he was out of sight of the lady and the windows of the villa, the gentleman cautiously unbuttoned his great-coat, and removed the cotton from his ears. Whistled a tune, and "my mother, does Anna Maria," muttered the gentleman; "and I am very glad she is so well married."

He had not advanced many paces before, from a branch-road, he came in sight that led to the railway station, when another gentleman, much younger, and in somewhat shabby clothes, issued from a minister of our Church, came suddenly upon him. Each with surprise recognized the other.

"What!—Mr. George Morley!"

"Mr. Hartopp!—how are you, my dear sir? —What brings you so far from home?"

"I am on a visit to my daughter, Anna Maria. She has not been long married—only a year. Stop. Old Jessop is one of the principal merchants at Gravesend—a wealthy and respectable family. The young couple are happily settled in a remarkably snug villa—that is it with the portico, and a handsome garden in front, to the right. Very handsome town, Ouzelford; you are bound to it, of course?—you are visiting there, eh. I am going to look at the papers in the City Rooms—very fine rooms these are. But you are straight from London, perhaps, and have seen the day's journals? Any report of the Meetings? Any news of the Conference?"

"Not that I know of. I have not come from London this morning, nor seen the papers."

"Oh! Clarke's a strange fellow, my dear fellow-disciple; but perhaps he is your servant?"

"Not so, but my wavering companion—indeed my guide. In fact, I came to Ouzelford in the faint hope of discovering there a poor old friend of mine, of whom I have long been in search."

"Perhaps the Jessops can help you; they know every body at Ouzelford. But now I meet you thus by surprise, Mr. George, I should very much like to ask your advice in a matter which has been much on my mind the last twenty-four hours, and which concerns a person interested to discover at Ouzelford, though I certainly was not in search of him—a person about whom you and I had a conversation a few years since ago, when you were staying with your worthy father."

"Eh?" said George, quickly; "whom do you speak of?"

"That singular vagabond who took me in, you remember—called himself Thorpe, and whose name William Loseby, a returned convict. You would hardly think that he was connected with the man himself had pleaded guilty on his trial."

"His whole character bears out the charge, then, Oh, Mr. Hartopp, that man cannot be connected to him!—a planned, deliberate robbery —an outrage of the most shocking sort—and the man—that!—he who rejects the money he does not earn, even when pressed on him by anxious, imploring friends who know how poor and voluntarily forth, aged and lonely, to wring his bread from the humblest drudgery, rather than incur the risk of injuring the child with whose existence he had charged himself—he a dark midnight thief! Believe him not, Hartopp, his voice may say it. To screen, perhaps, some other man, he may even confess the fact. But what of him? Have you really seen him, Mr. Arthur Ouzelford?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday. I was in the City Reading-room, looking out of the window. I saw a great white dog in the street below—I knew the dog at once, Sir, though he is disguised by attachment to his natural coat, and his hair is as long as a Peruvian lama's. 'Tis the Isaac Lewis of old, I'll self; and behind Sir Isaac I saw Chapman, so to call him, carrying a basket with peddler's secure, and, to my surprise, Old Jessop, who was with the man, with a great deal of reserve and dignity, compass indeed (but that I know him well) rather talking to Chapman quite affably, and actually buying something out of the basket. I saw that Chapman must stay, and was soon lost to sight. Jessop comes into the reading-room. 'I saw you,' said I, 'talking to an old fellow with a French dog.' 'Such a good old fellow,' said Jessop; 'has a way about him that gets into your very heart while he is talking. I should like to make you acquainted with him.' 'Thank you for nothing,' said I; 'I am already quite taken in.' 'Never fear,' says Jessop, 'he would not take in a fly—the simplest creature.' I even I chuckled at that, Mr. George. And does he

live here,' said I, 'or is he merely a wandering peddler?' Then Jessop told me that he had seen him for the first time two or three weeks ago, and assisted him cordially, looking on him as a mere tramp; but Chapman answered so well, and showed so many pretty things in his basket, that Jessop soon found himself buying a pair of habit-cuffs for Anna Maria, and in the course of talk it came out, I suppose by a sign, that Chapman was a freemason, and Jessop is an enthusiast in the mysteries of nonsense, master of a lodge or something, and has a great love of initiation. In short, Jessop took a great fancy to this gentleman, invited him to dine, apparently, and actually recommended him to a lodging in the cottage of a widow and her sister in the outskirts of the town, and had once been a pupil in the Jessop family. And what do you think of that, Mr. George? Is not that a singular coincidence? A pair of worsted mittens as a present for me; and what's more, I have them on at this very moment—look! neat, I think, and monstrous warm. Now, I have hitherto kept my own counsel. There is a little—a very little—resemblance in the man who took me in.' But this concealment, I am sure, is not to be continued. The old man, I assure you erect, even if the man did once commit a crime, in spite of your charitable construction of it, and widow and two sisters blubbering out his graces, and decrying perhaps his livelihood, I am sure he would, if he were still be really a rogue, a robber, perhaps dangerous, ought I—ought I—in short—you are a clergyman and the subject concerns the interests of God?"

"My dear Mr. Hartopp, do not vex yourself with this very honorable dilemma of conscience. Let me only find my poor old friend, my benefactor I am with you, Sir, in the first reasonable time, and I shall not hesitate to make him aware of my care. Do you know the name of the widow with whom he lodges?"

"Yes—I think: for I saw the town well enough to conduct you, if not to the house itself, still to the neighbourhood. Perhaps you will allow me to accompany you; I should like it very much—for, though you may not think it, I can this night I have been in search of Chapman, I never was so interested in any man, never was so attracted to any man, and I am much haunted me at night, thinking that I behaved too harshly to him, and that he was about on the side world, and, in his poverty, and in his little girl, whom he had trusted to me. And I should have run after him, perhaps, but that I was on this morning, and said 'Let me serve you,' if it had not been for the severity with which he took to his own work as a thief. I am much shocked for mentioning their very names, by a man whose opinion I value, and who is himself considered in the highest respect—a man of the finest honor, the weightiest character—I mean Guy Durrell, the great Durrell."

George Morley sighed. "I believe Durrell knows nothing of it," he said, sighing; "I prejudiced against him by the misdeeds of the younger, to whose care you (and I can not blame you, for I know your kindness) left me. The same transfer, which might have proved calamitously fatal to me—he is hardly less dangerous to you."

"Sir, is not with her grandfather now? She lives still, I hope? She was very delicate."

"She is with me—is under my care."

These last words were spoken as a horseman, riding fast down the road, passed by the bridge that was now close at hand, came, without warning or heed, so close upon our two pedestrians, that George's horse's hoofs nearly struck in pluck Hartopp aside from the horse's hoofs.

"An impudent, overbearing fellow, indeed!" said the mild Hartopp, indignantly, as he brushed from his sleeve the splash of dirt which had been suspended by the hoof. "He must be drunk!"

The rider, gaining the bridge, was there detained at the toll-bar by some carts and waggons, and the two gentlemen passed him on the road, giving the careless attendant at his gloomy, unobservant countenance, and the powerful horse received from the two payments and the change wrought by that expenditure of excess, on a vivid display of their contempt for such symmetry once so admirably combining Herculean strength with elastic elegance. Entering the town, they came to the end of the road of the nearest inn. George Morley and Hartopp, after a brief but kind leave-taking on Morley's traveling companion, Merle, passed on toward the other extremity of the town, and after one or two inquiries, found "Mrs. Bridget's Cottage Row," they came to a few detached cottages, very prettily arranged in front, with flowers growing in front the roofs of the city and the gleaming windows of the great cathedral, with something not large gothic in the view. Mr. Hawke's dwelling was at the extreme end of this Row. It has been, perhaps, the abode of a sea-faring man, who was standing at the door of the neighboring cottage, plaiting straw, informed the visitors that Mrs. Bridget's two sisters were gone out for the day, and that her lodger, who had his breakfast and dinner with her, had left him but at that hour he was pretty sure to be found in the Cora-market or the streets in its vicinity, where offered for sale his wares of cane and wicker and "fresh" him. George consulted apart with Merle, and decided on dispatching the gentleman with the boy for his guide, in quest of the peddler, Merle being of course instructed not to let out by whom he was accompanied, lest Wasle, in his obstinacy, should rather abscond than encounter the friends from whom he had fled. Merle, and a curly-headed urchin, who seemed delighted at the idea of bunting up Sir Isaac and his master, set off, and were soon out of sight. Hartopp and George opened the little garden-gate, and sat down upon the garden seat at the back of the cottage, to seat themselves patiently on a bench beneath an old apple-tree. Here they waited and conversed while the hand on George observed that one of the casements on that side of the cottage was left open, and, unvoluntarily rising, he looked in; surveying with interest the room, which, he felt sure at the first glance, must be that occupied by his self-exiled friend: a neat, pleasant little room—a bull-finch in a wicker cage on a ledge within the casement—a flower-pot beside it. Doubtless the window, which faced the southern sun, had been left open by Wasle and his cane in order to cheer the bird and to gladden the plant. Wasle's well-known jug, a delicate specimen of china, and him by Sophy's fairy fingers, lay on a table near the fire-place, between casement and door; and George saw with emotion the Bible which he himself had given to the wanderer lying also on the table, with the pocket-handkerchief of Wasle had of late been obliged to employ in mending. Wasle's habitual neatness was evident in the aspect of the room. To George it was evident that the very chairs had been arranged by his hand; that he had contrived, perhaps, that fresh coat of varnish to the wretched portrait of a man in blue coat and buff waistcoat, representing, no doubt, the haunted spouse of the hospitable widow. George beckoned to Hartopp to come and look within; and as the worthy trader peered over his shoulder, the clergyman said, whisperingly, "Is there aught something about a man's home which attests his character?—No 'pleading guilty' here?"

Hartopp was about to answer, when they heard the key turn sharply in the outer door, and had scarcely time to withdraw from back from the casement when Wasle came hurriedly into the room, followed, not by Merle, but by the tall ruddy-faced boy-woman whom they had encountered on the road. "Thank Heaven," cried Wasle, "there is a chair, "sort of chair out of hearing now! Now you may speak; now I can listen! Oh, wretched son of my lost friend, where is he? Have you sought to save by the sacrifice of all my claims to the respect of men, for what purpose was it that you left me? For what left that you can take away! Is it the child again? See —see—look round—search the house! Oh, where is not here."

"Bear with me, if you can, Sir," said Jasper, in tones feebler and almost meek, "if you, at least, can say nothing that I will not bear. But I am in my right when I ask you to tell me, without prevarication, even, if Sophy, though not actually within these walls, be near you, in this room or in the neighborhood?—in short, still under your protection?"

"Not in this town—nor near it—nor under my protection!" said Wasle.

"Do not swear, father; I have no belief in either men's words. I believe your simple answer. Now comes my second question—remember I am still strictly in my right—where is she?—and under whose protection?"

"I will not say. One reason why I here abandoned her is that my headaches, which you might not trace her in tracing me. But that is out of your power again to discover. I will not say. Your insolent, hateful, shame her, by proclaiming yourself her father; but regain her you must not, cast her to infamy and ruin —never, never! She is now with no powerless, miserable convict, for whom Law has no respect, but a man of wealth and influence, a church-warden, a man of character, and, I believe, a christian. Ask Jasper, Jasper, be humane—she is so delicate of frame—she is sensitive to reproach, to scorn, to neglect, and to know—I—I am not fit to be near her now. I have been a treacherous, shifty tregnant, and have forfeited by it. Let the felon's bread is on me! But you, you, who never loved her, you can not mean her harm. You can not breaking at her as mine is now—you, you—to rise up from the reeking pestilence in which you have left me to choke, and say, 'Give, second from God's day with me'—Jasper, Jasper, you will never, you can not; it would be the malignity of a devil."

"Father, hold!" cried Jasper, writhing and livid: "I can bear from you more than I do to that thing of pink and white. I know better than you the temptations and the cowardice of the man whom dupes make idiots. At each turn of the street you may find them in hatefulness—those weak and helpless, just the same sunshine display or senseless toys; but every man dandling his own doll. Neither he call it sweetheart nor daughter, makes the same pulling boast that he has an angel of purity in his puppet of wax, that you have in your girl I owe nothing. You know what I owe to you. You led me not seek her, and, if I am her father I will not forfeit it; it does not misbecome me more, and can it wound you less, when I come to you, and remind you that I am the man?"

"Jasper!" faltered the old man, turning his face aside, for shame of his cowering head himself, contrasting the cynicism with which Jasper spoke of other ties not less sacred, took this father's reproach.

"And," continued Jasper, "remembering how you once treated me with what influence you proved that love, it is with a bitter grudge against that girl that I see her thus take that place in your affections which was misbestowed on me. I degrant against me if I owe quittance to approach her. Will I deny the malignity of a fiend? Because I would not quietly lie down in yonder kennels to starve, or sink into the grade of those whom your daintier chief disdains; upon into an garded arena, or cowardly shelters by blind walls; while in the paltry girl, who you say is so well provided for, I see the last and sole resource which you have from being still more degraded, still more afflicted by your son."

"What is it you want? Even if Sophy were in your power, which she is not, what could you

believe your vale, nor deign even to look into it?"

"He might at last," said Jasper, evasively, still living on all that wealth, an answer heir than a remote kinsman in the son of a bargeman spendthrift by a linen-draper's daughter—he should need a grandchild five to see you honored, bounteous, good—live to think your mother watched as from heaven with a smile on your children—he should both join her at last—you purified by my atonement? Or, and when I saw you so zealous, so hardened, exulting in vice as a gallows-brave and partner in a gambler's hell—or, worse still, living on ill-gotten gains, miserable sooner, even the ultimate of that vile Desmarets—my son, my son, go! that Lazy's son blotted out of my world forever!—then, then I should have died if you had not said, taunting of the lie which fell among the gold from my pocket, 'But the child lives still!' Believed you—oh yes, you—for in that belief something was still left to me to cherish, to love, to live for—even!

Here the old man's hurried voice died away in a prostration of grief, in which, not all reproaches though he was, slid from his chair, and bowed himself at his father's knees, covering his face with fell hands that trembled.

"Sir, Sir," he said, in broken, reverential accents, "do not—do not let me see you weep, or can not believe me, but I say solemnly that, if there be in me a single spark of that which makes the human being, it is for you. When I consented to leave you to bear the sentence which should be mine, I was prepared to go to the last box beauty selfish than absurdly vain. I finished myself to love my good fortune—that I might have a tinsome some rich girl!—and that you would return to share wealth with me; that the evening of your days would be happy: that you would be repaid by my splendor for your own disgrace! I said when I finished my first fraudulently get from the father-in-law who spurned me the capital of his daughter's fortune, pitifully small though it was compared to my expectations, my first idea was to send half of that sum to you. Father—I was living still in the hope that I might nothing so silly as a good intention—nothing so bad as a good action. That mocking-she-devil, Gabrielle, took me. Then the world—I—of that —I even tribe! Lock against one—wish! double the sum—double it again! Lock with one—how talk the tide? how flitter the capital just at the turn of dividend? Soon a good deed seemed even to think of you—of still, when I did, I said, 'Life is long; I shall win back to him.' I shall share then—not of circumstances, basta!—that life twaddle or holiness! Let me be left to my bench, needle, and electric spasm.

"So, as you say, you found me at Paris. I told you where I had placed the child, not conceiving that Arabella would part with her, or even doubt the sincerity of my first generous bounce—my, I took for granted that you would find a home, and that with your wife—your country cousin; but fancying that your occasional visits to her might comfort you, since it seemed by letters you so much loved the child lived. Thus we parted—you, it seems, only anxious to secure that child rather than having run my hands or those of Gabrielle Desmarets; I hastening to forget all but the riotous life round me, till—"

"Till you came back to England to rob from me the treble of the only love that ever would never wear contempt, and to tell the good man with whom I thought she had so safe a shelter that I was a convicted robber, by whose very love her infancy was sullied. Oh Jasper! Jasper!"

"I never said that—never thought of saying it. Arabella Crane did so, with the reckless human-will, to have given her credit for it take the child from you. Why? Partly because I needed money so much that I would have sold a hecatomb of children for half what I was offered to bind the girl to a servitude which was very honorable, since yourself did first placed her there—and partly because you had shrunk, in terror, from appealing to her, and frankly you were living, like myself, from hand to mouth; what could that child do to you but a drag and a bother?"

"What do you mean? Oh, I remember now! When Gabrielle was in London, and I had seen you on the Bridge. Who could have told you that I meant to get the child from you at that time?"

Wasle was silent. He could not betray Arabella Crane; and Jasper looked perplexed and thoughtful. Then gradually his countenance lost its fallen and scowling expression, and he seemed to become more clear to him; and he cried, with a fierce

start and a swarthy flush, "But whoever told you that I harbored the design that it whitens your lip to hint at, lied, and foully. Harkye, Sir! many years ago Gabrielle had made acquaintance with Darrell, under another name, as Matilda's friend (long story now—not worth telling); he had never, I believe, discovered the imposture. Just at the time you refer to, I heard that Darrell had been to France, inquiring himself into facts connected with my former story that Matilda's child was dead. That very inquiry seemed to show that he had not been so incredulous of my assertion of Sophy's claims on him as he had affected to be when I urged them. He then went on into Italy. Talking this over with Gabrielle, she suggested that, if the child could be got into her possession, she would go with her in search of Darrell, resuming the name in which she had formerly known him—resuming the title and privilege of Matilda's friend. In that character he might listen to her when he would not to me. She might confirm my statement—melt his heart—coax him into terms. She was the cleverest creature! I should have sold Sophy, it is true. For what? A provision to place me above want and crime. Sold her to whom? To the man who would see in her his daughter's child—rear her to inherit his wealth—greet her as his own honor. What! was this the design that so shocks you? *Bosts—basts!* Again, I say Enough! I never thought I should be so set to on matter excuses for what I have done. And if I do so now, the words come forced from me against my will—forced from me, as if in seeing you I was again but a wild, lawless, willful boy, who grieved to see you subdued by his own pride, though he forgot his grief the moment you were out of sight."

"Oh Jasper," cried Waife, now fairly placing his hand on Jasper's guilty head, and fixing his bright soft eye, swimming in tears, on that downcast, gloomy face, "you repent! you repent! Yes; call back your mysterious evil in back! Let it stand before you, now, visible, palpable! Lo! I see it! Do not you? Penitence, joyous Insight! Will, then, willful, as you say! Wild from exuberant life; lawless as a bird is free, because as it is innocent of all unfed, exulting wings; willful from the ease with which the bravery and beauty of Nature's radiant Darling flow my way for each opening made through our yielding hearts! Silence! It is there! I see it, as I saw it rise in the golden air when guilt and ignominy first darkened round you; and my heart cried aloud, 'Not on him, not on him, on me that grievous sin and hope and promise—on me, whose life, useless hitherto, has had all genuine power given to it to fall the shame!' And my lips obeyed my heart, and I said, 'Let the lawe' will be done—I am the guilty one!' And—cruel—cruel was the stunny Boyhood then so long departed from you! On his young soul, you had left no impression in craft and fraud—that when you stole into my room that dark winter eve, threw yourself at my feet, spoke of the haughtiest child, and, in fear that you should be thrust from an industrious home and calling, said I—I smile, I—in fear not; the need of your firm likes you; he has written to me; I am trying already to raise the money you want. It shall be raised, no matter what it cost me; you shall be saved; my *Lizzy* can shift sooner know that we are not one; shun temptation henceforth; be but honest, and I shall be repaid!' What! even after you you were coldly meditating the crime that will make my very grave dishonored!"

"Meditating—no! no! How could I? Not till after what had thus passed between us, when you spoke with such indulgent kindness, did I even know that I might more than save myself—by money—not raised at risk and loss to you! Immediately, you had left me in the lumer room, while you went forth to speak with Gonston. There I overheard his talk of notes he had never counted, and might never miss: describe the very place where they were kept; and then the idea came to me irresistibly—better rob him than despoil my own generous father. Sir, I am not pretending to be better than I was. I was not quite the novice you supposed. Covering pleasures or shows not within my reach, I had shrunk from stealing upon to supply the means; I had not had the same forbearance for the superfluous wealth of others. I had learned with what simple tools old locks may fly open; and none had ever suspected me, as I had no fear of one, small need of premeditation; a nail on your mantelpiece, the cloven end of the hammer lying beside, to crook it when hot from the fire that blazed before me! I say this to show you that I did not come provided; nothing was planned beforehand; all was the project and work of the moment. Such was my haste, I turned myself to the bone with the red iron—feeling no pain, or rather, at that age, bearing all pain without wincing. Before Gonston left you my whole plan was then arranged—my sole instrument fashioned. You guess. But how could I foresee that there would be detection? How imagine that, even if moneys never counted were missed, suspicion could fall on you—a better gentleman than he whom you served? And had it not been for that accursed cloak which you so kindly wrapped round me, when I set off to catch the night-train back to ——; if it had not been, I say, for that cloak, there would have been no evidence to criminate either you or me—except that unlucky £5 note, which I pressed on you when we met at ——, where I was to hide till you had settled with my dame. And why did I press it on you?—because you had asked me if I had wherewithal about me on which to live meanwhile; and in so save you from parting with your purse, said, 'Yes;' showed you some gold, and pressed on you the bank-note, which I said I could not want—to go, in small part,



JACK IN A TIGHT PLACE.—*See next Page.*

toward my debts; it was a childish unconsistent, out wish to please you; and you seemed so pleased to take it as a proof that I cared for you."

"For me!—no, no; for honor—for honor—for honor! I thought you cared for honor; and the proof of that was, blessing into those credulous hands the share of your midnight plunder!"

"Sir," resumed Jasper, persisting in the same startling combination of feeling, gentler and more reverential than could have been supposed to linger in his breast, and of the moral obtuseness that could not, save by vanishing glimpses, distinguish between crime and its consequences—between dishonor and detection—" Sir, I declare that I never conceived that I was exposing you to danger; nay, I meant, out of the money I had taken, to replace to you what you were about to raise, as soon as I could invent some plausible story of having earned it honestly. Stupid notions and clumsy schemes, as I now look back on them; but, as you say, I had not long left boyhood, and fancying myself deep and knowing, was raw in the craft I had practiced. *Bosts! basts! basts!*"

Jasper, who had risen from his knees while speaking, here stamped heavily on the floor, as if with anger at the heart-stricken aspect of his silenced father; and continued with a voice that seemed struggling to regain its old imperious, rollicking, hurly swell.

"What is done can not be undone. Fling it aside, Sir—look to the future; you with your peddler's pack, I with my empty pockets! What can save you from the workhouse—me from the halter or gibbet? I can not unless the persons sheltering that girl will buy me off by some provision which may be shared between us. Tell me, then, where she is; leave me to deal in the business as I best may. Pooh! why so scared? I will neither terrify nor kidnap her. I will shuffle off the crust of blackguard that has hardened round me. I will be sleek and smooth, as if I were still the exquisite Lothario adopted by would-be ruffians, and spoiled by willing beauties. Oh, I can still play the gentleman, at least for an hour or two, if it be worth my while. Come, Sir, come; trust me: out with the secret of this hidden maiden, whose interests should surely weigh not more with you than those of a starving son. What, you will not? Be it so. I suspect that I know where to look for her—on what noble thresholds to set my daring foot; what fair lady, mindful of former days—of girlish friendship—of virgin love —warps in compassionate luxury Guy Darrell's rejected heiress! Ah, your looks tell me that I am hot on the scent. That fair lady I knew of old; she is rich—I helped to make her so. She owes me something. I will call and remind her of it. And—for, Sir, tut—you shall not go to the workhouse, nor I to the halter."

Here the old man, hitherto seated, rose slowly, with feebleness and effort—till he gained his full height; then age, infirmity, and weakness seemed to vanish. In the erect head, the broad massive chest, in the whole presence there was dignity—there was power.

"Hark to me, unhappy reprobate, and heed me well! To save that child from the breath of disgrace—to place her in what you yourself assured me were her rights amidst those in whose dwellings I lost the privilege to dwell when I took to myself your awful burden—I thought to resign her charge forever in this world. Think not that I will fly her now, when you invade. No—since my prayers will not move you—since my sacrifice to you has been so fruitless—since my absence from herself does not attain its end; there, where you find her, shall you again meet me! And if there we meet, and you come with the intent to destroy her peace and blast her fortune, then I, William Loxely, am no more the felon. In the face of day I will produce the truth, and say, 'Robber, change place in earth's scorn with me; stand in the dock, where thy father stood in vain to save thee!'"

"Bah, Sir—too late now; who would listen to you?"

"All who have once known me—all will listen. Friends of power and station will take up my cause. There will be fresh inquiry into facts that I held back—evidence that, in pleading guilty, I suppressed—ungrateful one—to ward away suspicion from you."

"Say what you will," said Jasper, swaying his massive form to and fro, with a willing gestures which spoke of cold defiance, "I am no hypocrite to fear respect when such threats would frighten. If you choose to thwart me in what I always held my last resource for meat and drink, I must submit. In the dock even, perhaps, a heavier charge than one so stale. Each for himself; do your worst—what does it matter?"

"What does it matter is not a father should accuse his son! No, no—no, no—such crime this must not be!—Let it not be!—let me complete my marriage-vow! I ask no reverse of destiny's decree, except before the Divine Tribunal. Jasper, Jasper—child of my love, spare the sole thing left to fill up the measure of the bond that you laid waste. Speak not of starving, or of fresh crime. Say—share this refuge! I WILL WORK FOR BOTH!"

Once more, and this time thoroughly, Jasper's hideous laugh rang and rang through the room, as he forced the lingering human sentiment writhing from him by that word, which the quiet and voice of his injured father had called forth with spasms and throes, as a sear calls the long-buried from a grave. But as that laugh died away, and all his arms pleadingly toward him, Jasper, with a quick, rapid stride—half panic, half confidence—forward, caught both the hands in his own strong grasp, lifted them to his lips, kissed them with fervor, gazing the hour with a rapid stride, said, in hoarse broken tones, "Share your refuge! share your toil! like! like! and loyal downright did you see me daily—hourly as I am! You work for both!—you—you!" His voice ceased; he flung the hands impatiently, then hurried on: "As for that girl—you—you—you are right, I could not, I will not try to deceive you—try to wrestle against hunger, despair, and thoughts that whisper sinking men with devil's breath. I will try—I will try—I will, I accept not, keep your threat—secure me—give me up to justice—punish me—but if you would crush me more than by the heaviest curse, never again speak to me with such dreadful tenderness. Cling not to me with such a release me, I say; there—there—off. Ah! I did not hurt you? I knew that I—you can bless me—you—you! And I dare not bless again! Let me go—let me go—let me go!" He wrenched himself away, and, with a heart's chief quivering with loud tone his father's pathetic soothings—out of the house—out into the night—out to sit in the shades of the falling eve.

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

MACK JONES IN TWO ADVENTURES.

I.

A FIGHT IN WHICH BOTH COMBATES WERE VANQUISHED, OR, "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

OUR would have to examine many specimens of his race before he could find such another sample of humanity as Mack Jones. His height was six feet seven inches under the standard, and weight only 160 lbs.!

Never did such length of bone carry so little flesh before. Mack was a stranger to fat in full training for running or fighting.

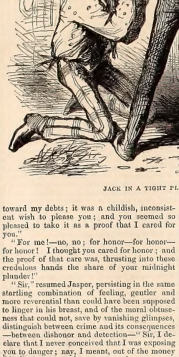
It was said by those who knew him from infancy, he had joints like a camel between the hips and knees. The accuracy of this statement is not well vouched, but one thing is certain, his gait was very much like the kind legs of that ungainly animal in motion. The most striking thing about him, out of the general order of nature, was the unusual length of his arms and fingers. When the former extended downward, with the palms open, the latter would reach his knees. He could, with ease, tie his wrist to his knee, and touch his big toe with his middle finger.

His face, by no means handsome, had a great deal of good-natured expression, exhilating, also, an uncommon degree of cunning and shrewdness. It was an expression index to his character, as all his acquaintances would willingly have testified.

He was kind hearted, and, at times, liberal to profligacy; yet when necessary, he had a vein of rapacity for raising the needful. He was eminently characterized by great self-possession, and always seemed perfectly at home in any company and any where.

He was standing, one evening, between dusk and dark, in the main street of a small village (which must not be named), surrounded by a group of thoughtless, laughter-loving young men, who were amusing themselves at the striking hits of dry humor with which Jones's conversation on such occasions usually abounded. While the crowd was thus being amused, there approached, very unceremoniously, an individual who gave unmistakable evidence of hostile feeling toward the tall gentleman.

John Jack—for such was the name of the intruder—was the terror of the village, was of common size, with bony, angular features, clear complexion, and uncommonly hard honest face—possessed great excitability of temper and mind,


MACK JONES'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE GOURDS.—*See next Page.*

fearless when aroused, and ready to fight at the least shadow of offense.

And what was remarkable, notwithstanding the numberless fisticuffs in which he engaged, he always came off second best—never had been victorious in a solitary battle. He was a glorious fellow, though. Fifty winters had not chilled in the least the gushing flow of youthful feeling; which bivvles us all when young. In things touching the heart Jack never grew old; time had imprinted some wrinkles about the eyes and mouth of him, but had utterly failed to make any impression on the inner man. When he was in his teens, he associated altogether with young men.

Such a disposition, and a couple of beautiful and lovely daughters, made us unanimously appoint unto the young tracks about town. His voice was peculiar; although it was not very remarkable, yet when he was enraged, it resembled, in tone, the growl of a tom-cat about to engage in fight.

Reclining on a lounge, he commenced, in a decidedly angry manner, as follows: "Mack, you have got to do one of three things: pay me, fight me, or take a foot-race!"

"I wouldn't make a fool of myself if I was in your place," replied Jones. "You are a powerful, and Solomon sharp; but neither of them, I calculate, could forbid me from running off in a shout him. I am out, at this present juncture, therefore can't respond. We have been friends too long to fight or race; and pay I never would do, although I am a coward, with good locomotive powers, she's run."

With an oath, Jack pitched at him on hearing his answer to his propositions; Mack coolly and modestly, with his long legs, landed him on the floor; then stretching his arm to the fullest extent behind him, and, with his head turned in the adversary so far in his rear, the latter, with his fists, could scarcely reach the least vulnerable part of Mack's person.

"Hurrah Jack! hurrah Jack! give it to him, Jack!" shouted all the boys about.

Mack knew he had no friends, and, to throw the crowd on the wrong scent, commenced crying, "Nuff! 'nuff! Take him away, Jack!"

"Hurrah, Jack! give it to him!" was the only response.

Jack's blows soon grew faint, and suddenly ceased, when he fell on his knees. "Boys, he is choking Jack!" cried Mack. (*See engraving on first page.*)

Instantly they were separated, when it was soon discovered Wood was not for wrong. Jack's face was as purple as blood could make it; and his tongue protruded some inches.

It was some time before he was able to speak, but when breath and sensation returned, he turned loose on the young men, with a tremendous oath.

"You are a nice set of friends, hallooing 'hurrah Jack! hurrah Jack!' when I was getting choked to death! You heard the man halloo. Why couldn't you part us then? I have powerful mind to make us fight until we both hollered. When I was raised, when one cried out, 'That would do!' you bet I couldn't have had a hand in it, and if I was life; he had a tight grip on my gozzle—had turned my stop-cock, you bet. Mack, you remember our engine. Nice friends, indeed! What more did you want me to do after the man hallooed? I have fought with him since I was a boy, and if a man I ever made hallow, and got badly whipped myself, at that, and friends all around too! Blast such luck."

Here one of the young men interposed, and said he ought not to think hard of Mack, because he supposed he was whipping Jones badly.

"Yes, very badly; he choked me in fixed, there was no part of him in two feet of me I could have hurt. I never was so near the *next*, and, at the mass time, so far from the next as I was at that fight before. I would as soon fight a thirty-foot o'ershot wheel in full motion, as the long-armed ape! If I ever fight him again, it will be with 'hollow-ware and cutlery,' certain. And if you are my friends, and any one of you ever strikes that revolver (I don't want any but a good one, else he will hold up and use it carrying distance), I will give him another turn."

At this suggestion, Jones's tall figure was seen gliding swiftly down the street, through the now darkening twilight.

II.

AN AQUATIC ADVENTURE

A few evenings after the fight of such singular termination, a number of gentlemen were enjoying the agreeable and social pastime of smoking, which is common to Southern latitudes in the summer months.

The sheet of water known as "Walker's Mill-Pond" had been selected for their ablutions. A more lovely and enticing spot in hot and sultry weather could not be imagined.

A large spring was the sole tributary to this pool of fresh and living water. Gushing from under a huge rock on an elevated chain of hills, it makes its way through copper ore, and, consequently, mineral; it reaches the first even surface, where it finds the rock dam, making a body of clear and limpid water, some hundred yards in length, three feet wide, and six deep. This sheet of crystal is stretched on the side of a long slope, constantly fed, at most every fry of the sun at meridian. But this luminary had gone down behind the western hills, casting an unbroken shadow not only on the beautiful reservoir but the whole circumjacent hill-side. This moment had been selected as the most fit and proper for bathing. Among the crowd, in all his full proportions, stood Mack Jones, ready for the cooling element. One by one, all plunged in but him. What a strange sensation we experience on entering a cold bath! As the head and limbs sounds and extracts the caloric from our bodies how disgusted we are to cry out, make a strange noise, catching our breath at short intervals!

Every one loudly and vociferously called on Jones to plunge in—declared it was glorious! delightful! etc. "I can't swim a lick; can pretty good to wade, but have several times presumed too much on my altitude, and stepped beyond what was wholesome," said Jones. "Oh, come on! no danger here; no place in the whole pond over your head!" After repeated assurances, and scalar demonstration that he would be safe, Mack Jones fell in with a splash resembling that made by a good-sized cow. He was immediately under unfeigned surprise that one so old as he was, and had traveled so much, had never learned so indispensable an art. "I have kept time to the girls all my life to learn, but can't come it—never could get the step right. I can't swim, but can waltz and dog-fashion, on my side, back, and every way; and when I get my head come up the other would go down in spite of me. I don't know as I can't circulate in deep water; swimming is the only thing I ever could not learn. I've tried at various times a boy approached with two huge gourds, each under each arm to a half-bushel measure. He had attached to these gourds a long rope, designed to tie them under his arms, to use as a life-preserver, and in this manner he would have learned to swim. Some one suggested to Jones if he would put in the gourds, his feet they would keep up that end, and all he would have to do would be to strike up his hand with his hands. "I am surprised I never had thought to think of it before; that is just the very idea!" He soon borrowed the gourds and rope, and once two gentlemen had each float tied so fast to each foot that they could not sink, could disengage them. At his request two of his friends floated, by holding to the rope, on each side the middle of the pond. As he lay on the surface, supported by one on each side, his legs resembled poles with matting down them. "I wish I had packed a cow sunfish now; just know it; have a power in my hands, feet, and head to make me navigate before; bound to float unanimously once any how."

For further, gentlemen! no man touch! all hands stand back!" shouted Jones. "Mack, you are who supported him let go, and stepped suddenly back." The rope was tightened. The float made its quickest succession three or four swimming motions with his arms; then, spouting out of his mouth about a pint of water, he turned, with his pearsal but the gourds." Then, as his head sunk under the surface, their mischievous natures got apart, and as quickly came in contact again. Jones before or since did two gourds perform exactly such gymnastics. He was not content to strive either under the water, but occasionally would get a foot from the surface, and, with it above the water, with a guard on it.—(*See engraving on preceding page.*) Discovering no one was desiring to be under water, he commenced what should be a "fair fight"; he commenced crawling with his hands, feet, and head, on the mill-side. The gourds ceased their strange motions, and remaining on the surface as two summer rocks, did, before he reached the dam, what he was began to rise, shewing that he was imbibing the fluid. Having reached the dam, he lay as if on a traveler by "field and by flood;" so he crawled on. So much in his head rose above the water he commenced carolling, in a voice like a small portion of the mill-pond. His companions were in a state of the most inquired amusement, scarcely why in the world he didn't use his arms? Mack found he, as he urged his face with one of his long, bony hands, "if I hadn't used my arms," and that darted faithfully. I never could have got my head in the air, and consequently would be the centre of the pond, *media bolus*, with the forked end up, pitching about—Jones Behmen and Georgo Fox. Newton himself" plowed with Behmen's heifer;" and so we owe, indirectly, the most interesting inquiries of the present age to a theosophising shoemaker. The great William of Lave, the Methodist reformer, was a tailor, and one of the Methodist movement of the last century, and —so some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of the present—considered the head of the house was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impulses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could write a book that would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon shoemakers, but of his (Jones's) novel transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor, honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Gridin, and the life of his beloved sweet-heart, Anne Mess.

William Gridin and Anne Mess had been engaged since she was fifteen and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop, during the following, to sigh over the loves of two thirty or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of both parties at short intervals!

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was made by an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were fairly trial to the poor girl; but the latter presented a little less fiercely. For, although her masters never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—because the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such. Her coldness was worse than the little servant's life very bitter to her by her infinite application of "Thou shalt not." Every thing that was humane, refined, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like a burning sword, to keep off Anne's hands, and longings. Added to all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs. Darah, having incurred the troubled goodness' ladies in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by others, it was to her time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would employ a laundress more than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants' cousins; she found them expensive, but the latter the worse; for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers' were usually ravishing.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William Gridin often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years' steady love, under great difficulties, to set a wedding-day. Even at this time being twenty, and in twenty-five.

During these five years of courtship both had worked very hard and saved some money. William's situation was as good as his sweet-heart's was unpromising. He had always thought, and almost hoped, too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing for vestry wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent upon him; his love was pleased with the belief that he should bestow a very thing on her, and receive nothing from her in return. His circumstances were entirely his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded wife.

But the long self-reliance of his sweet-heart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to be kept by husband—to be tangible goods. In the kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that "if she had thousands he should be her more than any." She should like to have the thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the thousands, and was not one of her master's heiress, she would do what she could toward enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She was secret stocking for her lover, fat-between, and hardly-earned guineas. When William talked of his being to be kept, and even completed buying, the loving maiden invariably smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected addition to her comfort and pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's wages were £1 per week his sweetheart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this for he was a steady man; on Saturday evening, and for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of his Sunday with her, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

IT so fell out, between the second and third asking of the banns, that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be stopped immediately harm by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

"Now, Anne, you have no convenience of my house, Anne Mess," she said. "You would stay under my roof, although you could not serve me given for warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed! —you, who had your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—I am not rich enough to keep rich people and idlers. I think I have performed well the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants that have left my situation have wished themselves back again."

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and explain all and combined the banns of her lover to Mrs. Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task, however, she succeeded in it at last.

"I am sure, missus," she said, "I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses.

"I am sorry you are sorry, dear Anne," answered the lady, with a gratified smile and folding of the hands.

"No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down as for some one, would you be so very kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Gridin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?"

And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

"Anne Mess, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house," answered her mistress. "I have always warned you of the folly and mistress of young women, who have their followers, to spy upon their lovers. I know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the first person who comes to see you. I never heard such a thing in my life, and I have been providing up and down, looking into these windows." So the girl left, disgraced.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, but she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her self-support; and she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and real rest home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the indisposition of her little capital—overtook her almost the bed left her mistress's house. To save expense, she was about to be obliged to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do it, but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a porter; and that involved a shilling. "Economy," as she delighted to call it.

So that the only night as a shadow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was to be, the lady-hood began to evince itself in a very visible manner.

He panted, and puffed, and blowed, and perspired greatly, and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavored to conceal stumbles himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in sighs and noises, and in his unconscious compression and lifting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them; she could not restore to him his lost breath nor lessen his fatigue; and so, for the rest of the way, she imitated him in every thing she could.

When she had arrived in her room, and did pressed by her porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter effects of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill for when she opened it, she was more than sick. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, suffocating, and gasping; her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little porter. The landlady readily consented on providing a supper for her; as she heard her poor guest was to have a cook, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had determined upon a frequency at three-halfpenny nuggets, which were to cost them hopeful sixpence in her mind a half at sixpence apiece. In rather a disappointed tone, therefore, she told Anne that she had nothing but nothing to eat. She poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow any thing. The landlady said she would send her some new-laid bread-and-butter, and kind that wonderfully cured headache and fever; indeed, she talked for that, if any of the neighbors were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and was glad to hear her landlady's panacea of the needful last which held such eggs; but Anne was also unable—no one could swallow—to eat any of these methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should be well in the morning.

But although she went to bed she could get no sleep; all the long night she was in a burning fever and sweat. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, if a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart, who lived a few miles out of town. She remembered that he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. Worn to the utmost of mind, but, as she fondly hoped, had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, and, by judicious shopping, and by a good word for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweet-heart had removed.

But, on the morning cause, she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and raving incessantly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her invalid; and going up to look after her, found her in that fearful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where it had come from, nor whence relations she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered her removal to the workhouse; so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time that the sick could keep her and a nurse without injury to herself, out of Anne's little store; and then she offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, and the high mercy of three two cormorants. Their negligence produced by their greed. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

UNHAPPY William Gridin, for natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place he was walking up and down before the door in his usual manner, humming and coughing. He had come to see if he could get a glimpse of Anne. He concluded that Mrs. Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Anne was purposely encouraging the absence of her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearing the time when she should be a servant to be hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. Anne was not there, evidently! persons had been in and round heed gave him a series of short, sharp coughs, indicating what he should say or depart.

"Well," he said to himself, "she is now more than her mistress's. I will knock at the door."

He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs. Darah had done with his Anne, and would keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no wages.

"Is Anne Mess at home?"

Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much. She was a young man there, and that it was her—Mrs. Dorla's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and cheerily out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying that "if they only knit their heads together for five minutes they were sure to correct each other." William uttered a strong and angry word or two, and he wished Lisa knew the full force of it, but she was, bride the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the melancholy man settled and composing; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and he thought only of giving any law to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and he thanked under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he knew that Anne was in the habit of such place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman became on Mrs. Darsh's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet his friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found that they had only arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles he homeward, and, giving himself up to his own alone, a miserable man, sitting himself down to be tormented, as no one ever so twice as eager, to wonder, and even to suspicion.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his errand, regularly and vainly. He had whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive what ear what: she had pitied him, and he was too great a man for her to love it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest this explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such eyes and such words, that such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and such a rush through the assembly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, he came to the door, tossing wearily, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. At night, after night he came from work to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still with no news of her, for the people were country the suggestion of the young shopmen; he knit it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light; on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a sort of half-mood, he thought it out.

His shop was still unfinished, and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking for goods. But he went about his purchases poorly, with a heavy and half-drawn heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making these preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her strange silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her falsity, had so tortured him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked tremendously as a foreman at the docks; it was for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every last nail and shoe in his shop had his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household life which he was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

AT last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health, but her face was quite genuine. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every atom of her dress to help pay for her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawnbroker's for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud Anne, to write to William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, and was sent and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any more help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and hope and fear that arose from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent off to him, or would have taken her to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She could then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the mystery of her sayings, and the sad way in which it was kept, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her dispositions was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Wherever she had found any difficulties, instead of standing over it crying, she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She looked to see what could be its restoration. This hope gave her great rest and engrossed her terrible woe. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright prospect had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of William, when, restored to her work-singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself, "It will would make me happy. He would love me. I recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state."

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which could have left her sitting in the dark with the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the contemplation of her relations to her William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt, and misery she was causing to the true heart of her William. When that Quakerly impulse sprung up in her she scrubbed, or polished, or mended more vigorously than ever, and hastily started into her eye she used it as mercilessly as she could, and looked it down again. She felt that if she looked at the present she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end in view that her mind could be kept calm and moral since for work. And while she was at work her eye never left the end in view, and her work every thing but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? What was the end for her eyes? What incessant striving? Would William love her the less for having suffered and died? Would he love her the more for having but one grown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better than to suppose that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that he was not the man to measure out one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little trait was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. She thought she could support it for her work. In a few weeks she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay for her lodging.

William, in the mean time, not having, like Anne, an enraged fountain of her sorrow to overflow, pined out silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement, and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was to him a source of misery. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him, and it was gone. He was aware that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its active worth. It had been no very considerable, it was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was not quite sure of his happiness. It was a truth, by trusting in heartless and well-acted deceit. Before him, he could see nothing but unbearable misery: in the future, his friends would exercised themselves worryingly on the course of Anne's strange departure, would talk of her love, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he assisted the awful and maddening conclusion that she had deceived and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark foggy night, about a week after Anne's departure, after a dull day, all through which his toily had been taken up by business, but he himself by the very vexation of his thoughts, he was returning to his own which startled him, it was so like Anne. He could almost have sworn that it was her face. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog. The other glimpse he had of it occurred on the occasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. "Whose is the name?" he asked himself as those she chooses in preference to me?" He went home with these thoughts turning at his heart.

Still he doubted, and still he himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave, hard battle with his suspicions. The fact that he knew Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the feeling of her last kisses was unmistakable. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he received another shock to his faith. A man seemed fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly pressed on across at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment all strong enough to take back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, shielding and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; and suddenly suddenly in a more public thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what she was, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Also he thought to himself, what matter it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in her element, near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very hypocrisy, then, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the goldfields—visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the intense desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether left to himself in his indignation and woe, as his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of every thing—shop, and house, and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or purple? or blue? or picked out with different colors?

He pushed them, answering: "Oh, my how."

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that any how was always wrong. time for any answer.

"I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall not be here, then, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand."

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or he was drunk, and began to pass their jokes through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present to fill, and twenty pounds. William, however, in would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while he said to William:

"Here you are the person in the parlor, Sir?"

"What person? No," said he.

"There was one came for you an hour ago," said the lad, "and she told me she should wait until you came in."

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen, and impliedly, and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window between the shop and the shop, Anne had been watching him come and come in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that she had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the till and sobbed. She need not go to work to him, for she feared the sense of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

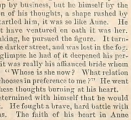
Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realize its full, and separated to their different places of rest. It asked if he had not passed her one night in the fig. She answered yes, and that the night and the next morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had ever seen that veil out before, but demanded. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it; it was a silent one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived the mistake, and withheld. She added all the misery of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, "just for variety's sake," he would not listen to, but demanded as the only penance that they should be married before any more explanations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; not as a matter of recompense, he united them to set, drink, and dance at his wedding.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM V.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in five moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L. You must write more plainly. For our own errors we are responsible: for those of others we must be held harmless.——C. M. S. Quite unintelligible. How can King take Queen?——A. Chesterton. Nothing quite correct; also those sent by G. T., L. M., C. T. C. W., and J. W. C.——C. M. M., Jersey. F. S., Jun. You are on file for consideration; also G. T. and E. L.——L. Lloyd (Florence). Truly welcome. You will hear from us next week.——C. S. D. (Birmingham). The question mooted is one round. Our own opinion is that a Pawn advanced to the eighth square may at once not be promoted, at the option of the player.——T. L. We print the Problem which you forward, and will give solution next week. In the mean time, you may rest assured that the mate can be given within the stipulated number of moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 3 (ch)	K to B 4 (best)
2. Q to K P (ch)	K to B 3 (best)
3. R to B 5 (ch)	K to Kt 4 (best)
4. Q to K 3 (ch)	K to Kt 5 (best)
5. Q mates	K to Kt 4
	K moves

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Nov. 8, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been freely supplied with Flour, which has been in fair demand at, however, reduced prices. Wheat and Corn have been held higher; hence they have been less active. Barley has been moderately sold in at-second Rye remains. Oats have been in good request, and have advanced..... Cotton has been depressed, and the market has declined. Provisions have been more sought after, closing firmly at our quotations. Groceries have been in fair demand. Rice, almond, and Sugars have increased in value.... The exports from this port for the week ending Saturday last, as per Custom-House Books and Shipping List, were as follows: These are generally stiffly held. Other articles remain unchanged. The exports from this port for the week ending Saturday last were $917,553 against $645,065 the corresponding week of last year. The value of the imports during the same week amounted $62,850,707 against $36,175,439 the same week last year. The movements in specie continue to be more active, and unproductive of any remarkable significance..... We append a revised list of the ruling quotations for the leading articles:

Almonds, Jordan, soft shell, lb.	$1 00	@	$1 75
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 00	@	4 70
Superfine to extra Western, per barrel	4 05	@	4 35
Extra Western, per barrel	4 40	@	5 00
Superfine to extra Southern, per barrel	4 70	@	5 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 70	@	6 00
Fancy to Double Extra Ohio, per barrel	5 00	@	6 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 15	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per bbl.	3 75	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@	1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel	0 0	@	1 30
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	71	@	72
Rye, per bushel	70	@	75
Barley, per bushel	90	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	31	@	33
Oats, Jersey, per bushel	37	@	38
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	43	@	46
Canadian Oats, per bushel	40	@	42
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¼	@	12
Lard, Prime, per pound	11	@	11½
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 75	@	00 0
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 50	@	17 00
Hams, per pound	8	@	8½
Lard, per pound	8	@	8½
Prime Butter, per pound	20	@	22
Western Butter, per pound	17	@	17
Cheese, per pound	10	@	11
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 70	@	3 87
Coffee, Rio, per pound	9 10	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4 4 8	@	7
Sugar-House Syrup, per gallon	31	@	37
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@	6½
Crushed Refining Sugars, per gallon	8	@	8½
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Gunpowder Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Domestic Whale Oil, per gallon	0 0	@	0 0
Sperm, per gallon	1	@	1
Hogs, new, per pound	10	@	10
Beeves, per pound	6	@	8
Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@	65
Straw, per 100 pounds	50	@	50
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	0	@	0
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@	2 50
Pitch, Common, per 100 pounds	1 50	@	1 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon	63	@	63
Boiled Linseed Oil, per gallon	0	@	0
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
Clover Seed, per pound	6	@	6½
Timothy Seed, per bushel	0 0	@	0 0

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Nov. 1.	Week ending Nov. 8.
Beeves	4,392	5,056
Milch Cows	90	112
Veal Calves	595	703
Sheep and Lambs	10,127	11,000
Swine	10,346	17,567

The range of prices according to last advices of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday were as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..... $ 0 @ $ 9
Ordinary to prime Cows, per head..... 0 0 @ 0 0
Veal Calves, per pound..... 3½ @ 7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..... 2 00 @ 7 00
Swine..... 5½ @ 7½
Live Swine, per pound..... 0 0 @ 0 0
Dressed " ..... 6½ @ 8½
Dressed Pigs, each..... 1 00 @ 1 50

The reports from Produce Markets have been well stocked, and have been generally active. Breadstuffs were steadied much.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per bushel	$1 25	@	$ 3 50
Pears,	4 00	@	10 00
Quinces, per pound	2	@	4
Quinces, per barrel	2 25	@	4 00
Cherries, per basket	1 00	@	2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Cranberries, per bushel	1 00	@	1 50
Peaches, per basket	75	@	1 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 00	@	2 75
Onions, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 00	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbage, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 50
Cranberries, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Squashes, per 100	2 00	@	3 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	0 0	@	0 0
Celery, per dozen roots	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen	50	@	1 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	3 50	@	4 00
Cauliflowers, per barrel	3 50	@	4 00
Salad, per dozen heads	25	@	50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00	@	1 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	20	@	22
Eggs, Western, per dozen	19	@	20
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	11	@	12
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	1 50
Woodcock, per dozen	4 00	@	4 00
Quail, per dozen	2 00	@	2 00
Snipe, Dowitcher, per dozen	62½	@	87
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Venison, per pound	9	@	12

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov. 8, 1858.*

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 6, 1858	$1,650,311	$1,193,703
Corresponding week, 1857	1,601,030	1,504,260
Increase	$1,631,155	
Decrease		$312,553

The export of specie was insignificant. The rise of specie to the South, however, continues, and the banks certainly hold less to-day than the 1st Monday, though estimates as to the amount of their reserve vary as much as two millions of dollars. Money is not urged in price, the effort of the banks to raise it having failed. Foreign Exchange has fallen below the specie shipping point.

Stocks are lower and dull, the speculative flurry of the past fortnight having collapsed. The following table will exhibit the decline during the week:

	Oct. 30.	Nov. 6.
Missouri 6s	87½	87½
New York Central	86	84
Erie	16¾	15¾
Hudson River	36¼	33
Reading	51	51¼
Panama	134	119
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	59½	57
Michigan Central	83½	79
Galena	84	78
Rock Island	83½	81
Illinois Central	87	83
Pacific Mail	104¼	100¼

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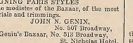
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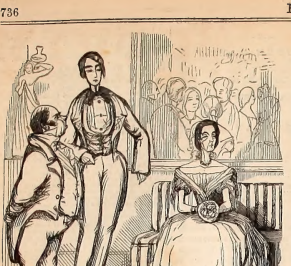
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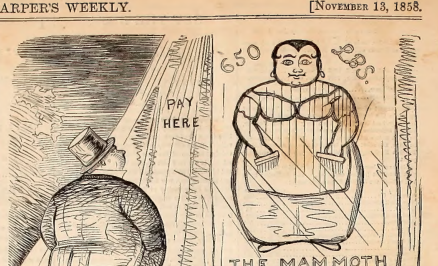


COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

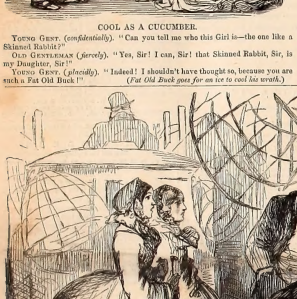
YOUNG GENT. (*confidentially*). "Can you tell me who this Girl is—the one like a Skinned Rabbit?"

OLD GENTLEMAN (*fiercely*). "Yes, Sir! I can, Sir! that Skinned Rabbit, Sir, is my Daughter, Sir!"

YOUNG GENT. (*placidly*). "Indeed! I shouldn't have thought so, because you are such a Fat Old Buck!" (*Fat Old Buck goes for an ice to cool his wrath.*)



OLD MOGYNS. "A very disgusting exhibition! I wonder they tolerate such things in a civilized community!"



NEW ARRANGEMENT.

DETERMINED OMNIBUS STARTER. "But, Madam, I insist. The New Regulation went into operation this morning at daylight, and reads: '**Every Lady**, on entering an Omnibus, shall leave her Hoops in charge of the Conductor, and receive a Check for same,' &c. So, Mam, off with them, and take your place inside!"

The venerable MISS TITBAT is fearfully horrified at such proceedings: won't do it; indeed, she won't do it. The beastly man to insult a Lady so! But then, if she only had her new Five Dollar set on, she don't know but she might do it! But to have her old home-made net a dangling on top of an Omnibus, oh! my gracious! MISS TITBAT walked.



"Which of you Ladies will have the goodness to step off the sidewalk to let me pass?"

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A NOTICE TO LADIES.
REMOVAL FROM 415 TO HIS OLD STAND, 361 BROADWAY.
GEO. BULPIN,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS,
having purchased from the Assignees of Louis Victor Arnaud & Jean Jacques Lamentaise, the entire stock of their estate, including not only the
SUPERB STOCK OF PARIS CLOAKS AND MANTILLAS,
lately on exhibition at 361 Broadway, but also the balance of the Estate in Paris, to the amount of nearly ONE MILLION FRANCS, and now on its way to this country, embracing, in addition to
A MOST SUPERB ASSORTMENT OF
VELVET AND CLOTH CLOAKS AND OPERA CLOAKS,
AN UNRIVALLED COSTLY COLLECTION OF
PARIS MANUFACTURED FURS,
has much pleasure in state, in connection with the event, that he has RE-LEASED HIS OLD, COMMODIOUS, AND MOST POPULAR STORE,
NO. 361 BROADWAY,
and will remove, and reopen here on MONDAY, November 1, having found the premises recently occupied by him in Brunswick Buildings, although elegibly located, entirely too small for his still increasing trade.
THE FIRST GRAND EXPOSITION FOR CITY RETAIL TRADE, AT
BULPIN'S OLD PREMISES, No. 361 BROADWAY,
Took place on
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1,
On which occasion was displayed
COSTLY PARIS MADE FURS
IN
RUSSIAN SABLE CARDINALS,
RUSSIAN SABLE SETTS,
HUDSON BAY SABLE CARDINALS,
HUDSON BAY SABLE SETTS,
RUSSIAN MINK CARDINALS,
RUSSIAN MINK SETTS,
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SIBERIAN SQUIRREL CARDINALS,
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All of which, having to be converted into cash within the next 40 days, will be offered at astonishingly low prices.
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(Next door to Thompson's Saloon.)
New York City.

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NOVEMBER OPENING.
THURSDAY THE FOURTH.
THE GRANDEST DISPLAY OF
WINTER GARMENTS
FOR
LADIES' WEAR,
IN CLOTH AND VELVET,
EVER MADE IN NEW YORK.
AT 200 CANAL STREET
AND 479 BROADWAY.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!
CHARLES MITCHELL & McLINTOCK.
592 Broadway,
A few doors below Houston Street,
Have opened this morning a very handsome lot of velvet and cloth cloaks, consigned to them for immediate sale. The ladies are invited to examine this very cheap lot of goods.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 99.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE accompanying portrait of Mr. Thomas Carlyle is said to be very faithful, though we can not but wonder that a man of sixty-three should wear so youthful an appearance. Possibly the wholesome physical training which the essayist and historian underwent among the hills of Western Scotland, on his farm of Craigenputtoch, may have enabled him to defy the injurious hand of Time.

Sixty-three years ago, at any rate, Thomas Carlyle, the son of a walled-in farmer in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, was born at the paternal residence, not far from the village of Ecclefechan. His youth was spent—like that of all Scotch boys of his station—at the grammar-school; emerging from which, and fired by the sanguine tales of Edward Irving, then a university student at Edinburgh, he obtained his father's consent to leave his home and go to Edinburgh to study. He does not seem to have acquired a very decided love for university life. Writing on the subject years afterward, he irreverently speaks of "side-bound pedants" and a "vain jargon of controversial metaphysics, etymology, and mechanical manipulation." Still, other allusions to this period of his life justify the belief that he was a conscientious student; a promiscuous and voracious reader, too, "fishing up out of the chaos of old libraries more looker than had been known to the very keepers thereof." At the age of twenty-three (an age, by-the-by, at which most American youths would be indignant to be still at college) Carlyle was forced to choose a profession. His father desired him to enter the Church. He preferred to become a teacher of mathematics.

Three dreary years he spent in teaching Euclid to the boys of Fifeshire, occasionally diverting his leisure by literary and scientific studies. His first published work was a translation of Legendre's "Geometry," the standard text-book used by the French colleges. It was well received, and remunerated the author.

Carlyle's favorite studies were mathematics and German. He had given the world some fruit of his aptitude for the former; he now showed with what profit he had cultivated the latter by publishing, in parts, in the London *Magazine*, a "Life of Goethe," and directly afterward a translation of "Wilhelm Meister." This latter work made his reputation. Competent critics pronounced the translation a marvel of correctness and elegance. The young Scotchman was earnestly solicited to continue the labor he had begun, and to naturalize Goethe in Great Britain. The translation had the further effect of introducing Carlyle to Goethe; a long and confidential correspondence was begun, and never ended till the death of the patriarch of German literature.

In easy circumstances, successful, almost famous, Carlyle was now able to relinquish his engagements as a teacher, and to settle in life as a man of letters. He married a very beautiful lady, a lineal descendant of John Knox, and with her went to live on a farm in the western part of Scotland, "among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea." Here the philosopher had no neighbor nearer than six miles; no village nearer than two hours' ride on horseback. How much of the peculiar self-reliance of Carlyle's mind may be traced to his solitary life on this oasis in the desert it might be curious to inquire. Shut up in this prison, with no one to instruct, amuse, or disturb him, Carlyle wrote nearly all the great compositions which have won him his fame as an essayist. Led by natural inclination and by his reverence for Goethe to peculiar study of the German writers, he obtained a knowledge of them such as few Germans possess, and acquired that semi-Teutonic style which to many critics regard as a blemish in his best works. Here he wrote his touching "Life of Burns," and his admirable essay on Jean Paul Richter; here "Sartor Resartus" was composed, and from hence hawked, unsuccessfully, through all the publishers' offices in Great Britain, till Fraser kindly took it up, and printed it in parts. Here were made the immense studies which have served as the foundation for Carlyle's later works.

In 1834, encouraged by the remarkable success of "Sartor Resartus," and a new path seeming to open to him by some fortunate speculation in public, Thomas Carlyle removed to London, where he has ever since lived. The "Letters of Cromwell" were the first fruits of his residence in a city where large libraries were to be explored, and the work of a Dryasdust sifted by the hand of a Carlyle. Next followed courses of lectures on various subjects; on "German Literature," on "European Culture," on "Heroes and Hero-worship." The "History of the French Revolution," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and the "Life of John Sterling," employed his leisure for several years, till, about the year 1852, he resolved to abandon all other pursuits in order to achieve his *magnum opus*—a work for posterity—the "Life of Frederick the Great."

It is said by those who know him, that no constitution but an iron one could have undertaken and performed the labors which this work has cost him. Volumes past counting, in half a dozen different languages, he carefully read and extracted their juice; libraries by the score he ransacked with diligent perseverance and indefatigable industry. Nor could any one but so practised a writer and mathematical a thinker as Carlyle have reduced his immense masses of material into the compact and symmetrical shape in which they are presented in the volumes of his Friedrich which have already appeared.

Mr. Carlyle is a Democrat. A foolish sneer on the people of the United States has been ascribed to him by some who have witnessed his ill temper at impertinent intrusions on his privacy by illiberal Americans on this side of the water. But no man in Europe is more thoroughly imbued with the principles which underlie our institutions than Thomas Carlyle.

THE LAST FRENCH MIRACLE.

IT is well known to all the world that the Holy Virgin has lately appeared in France. It does not appear that she manifested her presence to the Court, though the Empire would be none the worse for a miracle of the kind. Nor is it clearly shown that her apparition was followed by any transparently useful consequences—as, for instance, the discovery of the flaw in the transatlantic wire, or the detection of the latest fraud on the public finances. The Virgin appeared, if we are to believe contemporary chroniclers, to a young peasant girl, thirteen years of age, named Bernadette Soubirous; and, beyond annoying this child somewhat, and also causing a fountain to spring forth in a grotto (in a country where no complaints were ever made of a scarcity of water), she hardly seems to have done any thing which, in a vulgar, materialist point of view, was worth the trouble of a bodily reappearance in the world. Still, the miracle can not be doubted by any loyal adherent of the Pope without grave peril.

The circumstances of the case are these: Bernadette Soubirous, whose portrait we give on this page, is a young girl of thirteen, residing in the country near the town of Lourdes, in France. A very timid, nervous girl, stunted in her growth, and subject to asthma. In February last Bernadette went out with her sisters to gather fire-wood and chips. They traveled along the borders of the River Gave, a small stream flowing past Lourdes. In the course of their walk they came to a little trickling stream, a few inches wide, which flows into the Gave. Into this stream Bernadette's companions boldly plunge. She alone, with the proverbial timidity of her sex, hesitates on the brink. Her friends call her, and she decides to follow them. She takes off her shoes and stockings and dips a tender little foot into the water. This was the moment which the Virgin selected for the performance of its miracle.

Just as Bernadette places one foot in the water, the other remaining on dry land, she hears a low, rumbling sound. Looking round, she perceives what on one side all is tranquil and noiseless; on another, equally exposed to wind, all is movement and rustle. Trees bend over, shrubs shake about—even the sand flies in the air. Petrified and amazed, Bernadette stands still, with one foot in and the other out, until, at the mouth of a grotto which is situate on the other side of the stream, she sees a pale white figure, which she at once recognizes as the Holy Virgin. A total skeptic might perhaps inquire how she came to recognize the Virgin so quickly; but we have not space to consider minute cavils of this character. Recognizing the Virgin, and well acquainted with the mode of procedure to be adopted in such a case, the little girl of thirteen begins to repeat her beads, and before she has half got through her saying the strange figure has vanished. Here-



THOMAS CARLYLE.—[From a Photograph.]

ly rejoining her friends, she inquires if they have seen nothing? On their negative reply she concludes that she has been selected as a special instrument of God's providence.

A day or two afterward Bernadette revisits the spot. There again, at the entrance of the grotto, she sees the white form. A companion fails to discern any thing, but Bernadette is positive. Again she goes to the weird scene, and now the white figure stands, smiling, and accosting Bernadette in pure French, bids her visit the grotto fifteen times on fifteen different days, and promises satisfactory results. The young girl complies. Every morning her daily work is neglected; she goes to the grotto with several companions. She sees the Virgin each time, though no one else does; at last the spectacle is too powerful for her; like another Semele she sinks overpowered by the supernal vision, and sinks to the earth in a convulsion or an epileptic fit.

Meanwhile a spring makes its appearance on the spot where the Virgin was first seen, and crowds of deformed and sickly children, and even adults in waters must partake of the virtue of holy water.

The mayor of the city, with an eye very to profit, has taken care that the facts shall be set forth in the local papers. And from all the country round about many persons have flocked accordingly to Lourdes, to the their hundredweight in the atmosphere, purging fairly for board, lodging, and other necessaries to the people of Lourdes, and considerably increasing the emoluments of the thrifty people of that locality. Examples have been made to discredit the miracle. Surgeons and physicians have held a convention, has named a little Bernadette physiologically and anatomically, and have reported that she was the victim of a sad delusion. Even priests are indolent, under the pressure of the sadly materialist journals of Paris, have confined their attention to some such solution about the miracle. But the people are not to be deterred by these crackers. The mayor of Lourdes, and the landlords generally thereof, are quite satisfied that the miracle really took place, and that little Bernadette is very little less than a saint. And really, considering the interest the investment pays them, no mere dollar-and-cent philosopher ought to censure them.

MAZED KATE OF CLOVELLY.

BY CAPERN, THE POET POSTMAN.

[The author of this song is an English postman, who spends his time in delivering letters, and composes poetry as he goes along.]

Unsun the cliff by the western shore,
Woodpecker, and jay, and dove
Looking for one she must never see more,
In the little cove down by the sea!
Where no one ever stopped from the lofty granite looses
To peer on the "holes" below,
All thick as the bees in the honey-suckle,
And white as the driven snow!
And rude-shelled crabs crept out of the holy,
Like birds o'er the rainbow sea,
To spurt upon the flat fish the gushing pale play
Some laughter were than she.
Wandering, and wild, and storm-reeled hazel,
With hands by the sea embowered,
And rustling sweet tales to the gazel,
That broke on the shell-strewn ground,
She sat 'neath the sea-washed boulders bare
Thrown up by the troubling main,
Singing a song to all who hear,
And this was its sweet refrain:
"My Willy is out in the boat in the bay
To snare the bright herring for me;
And I with my song, in the heart of day,
Will snare the bold son of the sea."

Wearily were one long dark night,
Which followed a blustering eve;
The sun in the east saw the tiny light
That flickered near Kate's cave.
Many and many a time she rose,
And looked from her cabin door,
But, grief of grief! no sign of rest,
The fisher came home no more.
That night, in lieu of the sweet refrain,
Thorn word forth a sorrowful wail—
"My Willy is out in the cold again
She shrieked to the billowing gale.

Long Katie, with in its all wee-bagone,
Was seen on the little quay,
With a scarlet rag—and her monotone
Full sad on the strangers' ear.
And when the reason for fading would come,
She waved it above the sea—
A token of love he gave her, my sonne—
The flag of his own "Bonny Bee."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN LARGE CITIES.

RECENT occurrences have suggested inquiry into the capacity of large cities for self-government. Violations of law and fallacies of practice in New York have, to some minds, appeared to imply that the blessings of safe government could not be obtained in large cities through democratic instrumentality. Leading presses have argued that, so far as metropolitan cities were concerned, democracy was a failure.

Two points should be made on this question. In the first place, no one but a mere school-boy expects to find a perfect government. All governments devised by human ingenuity are defective. There never was a government which did not fall short of its purposes in some respects, and there is no reason to suppose that there ever can be such an one. Imperfection is the law of human nature, and it is a law to which humanity in the aggregate is as obedient as humanity in the individual. The question, therefore, to be decided by the politician is relative, not absolute. To simply indicate faults in an existing system, and thence proclaim it a failure, is worse than useless: to be of service, the critic must likewise, and at the same time, point out another system from which these and other equally injurious defects. Until he does this, his criticisms deserve to command no attention. The man who, looking at the rowdyism and anarchy which obtain in New York, tells us that popular government in that city is a failure, has no claim on the attention of the public until he is prepared with some new plan by which rowdyism and anarchy can be suppressed, and the other serious perils encountered. It is not worthy that none of the assailants of civic democracy have ventured to suggest a substitute for it. Nor are they to blame on that account. A municipal government, resting on a basis not democratic, is simply impracticable here. Such a government would either be hereditary or appointed by some outside power. No one has proposed that New York should be ruled or administered under a hereditary mayor; the very mention of such a system is conclusive against it. Nor has any one proposed that the municipal government of this city could be safely appended to the list of presidential or gubernatorial appointments. Such a proposal would meet with general derision; as between the present system and such schemes as these no one would hesitate. The question is not, Is it possible to conceive a system, not democratical, which would not fail under one or the other of these two heads?

For the rest, there is some exaggeration in saying that democratic government has not been successful. Boston is governed democratically; and all admit that it is well and wholesomely governed. Philadelphia does not present any such disgraceful scenes as imply a failure of government. Even New York, with all its rowdyism, has had a more efficient police under its bad government far more than any other city in the world. It is true that there are defects in the government which should imperatively be a cure. Frauds are committed at elections. Riots and crimes abound. Justice is not always administered as it should be. But no notoriously and fatally adulterated. The laws are neither obeyed by the people nor executed by the magistrates. But all these evils, no doubt; but do they involve a radical failure of the democratic principle? We do not think so. Nine-tenths of the violent and riotous and cheering frauds committed in this city are the work of foreigners not Germans, who are among the best of our citizens, but Irishmen who have not been educated to practice self-command or to value self-respect. They are an accident here, and it is one of the best results of the working of our institutions. By-and-by they will be absorbed, partly in the rural districts and partly by pecuniarization, and then New York will be orderly. All our other troubles arise from ultimitative principles, and from applying the plan in extending the elective principle to subordinate elective offices. We have reversed to the public—absolutely all until such a task—the duty of electing Judges, Sheriffs, Controllers, and other executive officers, who should clearly be appointed by the Executive. That is by because these functionaries are elected by the people for brief periods that they fail to do their duty—but for those who are thus elected by the Mayor *during good behavior*, they would without doubt do their best to execute the laws. It would be their interest to do so. It would be fatal to them to neglect their duty. And if our city magistrates really did their best to have the laws executed, there would be an end of the disgraceful scenes which bring municipal democracy into doubt.

For our part we see no ground for supposing that the misgovernment of New York discredits the democratic system. On the contrary, if that democratic system were not in existence, the riot out—if the democracy did not tie its own hands, and neutralize its own strength by assuming responsibilities for which it is not fitted—there seems every reason to suppose that New York would be as well-governed a city as there is in the world—even despite the foreign immigration.

WHETHER TRUTH-TELLING BE A GOOD THING OR NO.

DR. WILLIAM W. SANGER, Physician of the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, has published a pamphlet entitled "Second Annual Report," contracting no small attention. Some critics are displeased with Dr. Sanger and his book, because, in the course of his narrative, he has stated facts and drawn pictures which are not suited for the eye of youth. A leading journal of this city has commended the book as of high terms, and admitting that it does not contain a word that can offend the most fastidious, has yet found occasion to censure the author for his narrative brief notices of the Evil as it existed in ancient times.

The History of the Social Evil now published by Dr. Sanger is not a private book, written for the purpose of making money. It is an official report, imposed on Dr. Sanger by his chiefs, the Governors of the Alms-house. He was by them, some years ago, commissioned to collect all the facts relating to the Social Evil—not only in this country but in other countries—not only at this time but in ancient times—in order that they, being possessed of the fullest information on the subject, might be enabled to present to the Legislature a matured plan for the suppression or regulation of the Evil. They—the Alms-house Governors—found themselves in the position of guardians to the unfortunates, who were the victims and instruments of the Evil. They were bound to nurse, feed, clothe, and cure the wretched outcasts, at the expense of the people of the city of New York. They felt satisfied that the existing practice was wrong as well on economical as on moral grounds. They were convinced that, as things were, the health of their inmates was endangered, the public morals were tainted, an enormous expense was incurred, and a gross mockery of law and common sense was practiced. Therefore it was that, impelled by irresistible considerations to seek a change for the better, they sedulously sought to obtain all possible light before they undertook to suggest legislation, and therefore they directed their servant, Dr. Sanger, to amass all the facts that he could by any endeavor or expense accumulate together, and lay them before the Board in the shape of a Report.

For our part we are free to admit that, in our opinion, Dr. Sanger has performed his task in so admirable a manner as to win for himself an unperishable name. All the existing literature, from the Vedas to the Mercantile Libraries of the cities of the United States, contain fewer facts on the matter in hand than his single volume. Every modern State, from the Pacific world, and the United States, have been thoroughly ransacked; and while Dr. Sanger modestly abstains from recommending any particular legislation on the subject, the information he imparts with regard to the working of the various systems that have been tried, is of unbiased man for the grave duty of discussing repressive schemes.

Exception has been broadly taken to the chapters on antiquity on the ground of their nudeness for the drawing-room and the college lecture. But we are conscious that any work of any kind on this subject could be fit reading for boys and girls? And would Dr. Sanger's work have been complete without some notice of the earliest and most striking systems of legislation on the subject? Such studies are not neglected in the history of Aspasia and Phryne. But could the historian of the Evil ignore a name like that of Messalina, the wife and leader of fashion and the confidant of Pericles? Could he pass over in silence the wonderful Phryne, the mistress of Rome, and the errors which led to its failure? Had he done so, he would have devolved upon some successor the task of writing a most essential part of his work. In our opinion, when the critic admits that "there is not a word in this portion to offend the most fastidious" he has put his own criticism, and supplies all the defense of the work that can be needed. A common sewer must be hygienically available.

Other critics denounce the elaborate account of the Evil in the United States. Certain it is that the evil which is described, in his admirable work on the Evil in Paris, has shed such light on the subject as Dr. Sanger has done in his letters, and which by no means fill any more of moderate courage how the thing could be done. Let us have as many cables as possible; but, for Jersey's sake, let us always be remembered that Cyrus W. Field and his associates were the men who first showed how the cable could be laid.

FRAUDS OF IRON-MAKERS.

WE engrave on another page the explosion of the steamer *Pocahontas*, which took place a few days ago in the North River, and cost the lives of all on board save one man. Fragments of the boiler were found on the shore where they up, examined, and pronounced utterly unsuitable for the purpose which they filled. As this is by no means the first instance in which human life has been sacrificed by the insufficiency of boilers, it is well that the public attention should be drawn to the subject.

Six years ago, Congress, awakened to a sense of duty by the frequency of accidents on board boats plying in United States waters, passed a general law for the governance of steamers. By this law various obligations and restrictions were imposed upon steamboat men; rules were made to guard against collisions; it was made obligatory on steamboat-owners to make provision for the safety of passengers; and, among other matters, a species of inspectorship of boiler iron was created and conferred upon the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, who was Secretary at the time, lost no time in carrying the above provisions into effect. His order, July 1853 he issued a circular to the manufacturers of boiler iron, prescribing the manner in which their boiler plates must be stamped. He drew broad lines of distinction between C. plates (plates made with charcoal), and C. H. plates (plates hammered before being rolled), and again between C. No. 1, C. No. 2, C. H. No. 1, C. H. No. 2, C. No. 3, C. H. No. 3. He ordered, moreover, ordering makers to stamp their plates in three different places, and directing their attention to the clause of the Act of Congress, which laid

penalties on delinquents. The directions of the Treasury Department, coupled with these clauses of the Act of 1852, which devolved upon steamboat builders the duty of choosing for their boilers only the best qualities of iron, would, had they been faithfully obeyed, have placed explosions outside the pale of probability.

Unfortunately, like too many of our laws, they have been violated with impunity. It is well known to the trade that the manufacturers of boiler iron stamp their product as they please, irrespectively of the truth. No. 2 or No. 3 iron is constantly stamped C. No. 1 or C. H. No. 1. And steamboat-builders, pursuing their usual policy of conniving at the destruction of human life for the sake of saving expense to their own pockets, have conspired with iron-makers to defeat the ends of the Congressional enactment. The builder of a steamboat, instead of going to the expense of buying safe boiler-plates in accordance with the law, conspires with the iron-maker, and receives from him inferior plates marked with the brand of the proper quality of iron. The consequence is that boats like the *Petrel* explode, and valuable lives are lost. We do not regard this case as an exception. We are led to believe that a large proportion—probably a majority—of the boilers which are put into new steamers built here are made of iron falsely stamped, and utterly unsuitable for the purpose designed for it.

The fraud was foreseen in the Act of Congress. Specific penalties were affixed to the fraudulent stamping of iron, and the owners of boats using unsuitable iron for boilers were threatened with severe punishment. Unhappily—like the law forbidding tippling on election day—these sound provisions of Congress remain a dead letter because it is no one's duty to enforce them. Of the inspectors appointed under the Congressional Act the less said the better. Their emoluments perhaps do not justify them in pursuing a path of strict integrity. Certain it is that neither they nor any other Federal officers seem to care about enforcing the law, which is openly and notoriously violated every day of the year at a fearful cost of human life.

THE LOUNGER.

MORPHY TRIUMPHANT.

WHETHER the prodigious boy plays or does not play he seems equally to conquer. He played with the great Continental champion, Harrwitz, and beat him. But he has beaten the great English chess-master without playing. Mr. Staunton declines the contest. After insulting Morphy in the *Illustrated News*, and insinuating that he had no money to back the bets, and trying several other miserable subterfuges, he has now written a smooth note upon satin paper and pleads engagements and want of practice. But he offers to play Morphy a few games *sans façon!*

Of course, a champion ceases to be a champion when he declines a challenge. A champion, by virtue of his position, accepts battle from all comers.

Having thus vanquished Harrwitz and Staunton, it is understood that Paul Morphy now awaits a meeting with Herr Andersen, the victor in the chess tournament at London. When he has defeated him the young American will be ready to return to his country, in which his career has awakened an enthusiasm for the game unequaled in history. *Vive Caissa!*

FICTION IN FACT.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his letters, says that nature and experience do all the work for a novelist, if he will only keep his eyes open. Is there any thing in the most extravagant humorous invention of Dickens which surpasses the following advertisement from a late London newspaper?

FUNERAL CAUTIONARY NOTICE.—The "SHILLIBEER" is the only carriage for economic cemetery transit that enables the mourners to follow their departed friends without the risk of incurring disease by sitting over the corpse in hot weather, as in all other cheap vehicles.—City road, near Finsbury Square and Brighton. The original economist for funeral requirements to any extent of pomp or humility. Established 1841.

THE FIRST ATLANTIC STEAMER.

IN reply to the inquiry of J. E. H., of Rochester, published two weeks since, the Lounger has received several ample and satisfactory letters, for which he thanks his correspondents.

D. F. G., Raleigh, quotes from Dr. Lardner's Lectures on Science and Art, vol. i. p. 345, in which that worthy, but not very sound *savan*, declares it to be a well-known fact that the steamers *Savannah*, *Curaçoa*, etc., had crossed the Atlantic long before the 25th of August, 1837, just before the voyages of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*.

W. B. C., of New York, sends an extract from the petition to Congress of Mrs. Charlotte Taylor (a contributor to *Harper's Magazine* of some interesting microscopic articles), as follows:

"That your petitioner is the only surviving child of the late William Scarborough, of Savannah, Georgia, who, being an energetic and enterprising man of great mechanical genius, caused to be constructed in the years 1818 and 1819, with his own means and those of every friend he could enlist in the effort, the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic—'*The Savannah*, of Savannah,' Captain Stevens Rogers, of New London, Connecticut, commanding. For the details of the voyage she refers to the accompanying sworn statement of Captain Rogers, and prays that they will grant her some pecuniary acknowledgment, etc., etc.

"Captain Stevens Rogers swears, under date New London, Connecticut, May 2, 1856; that he is aged sixty-eight years; that he was the sailing-master of the steamship *Savannah* on her trip to Liverpool, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, etc., etc. Said steamship was built at the city of New York in the year 1818, the builders being Ficket and Crocket. She was designed for a Havre packet, and was purchased by William Scarborough, of Savannah, and was named, at his suggestion, '*The Savannah*;' he having told me that, in his opinion, the ocean would be navigated by steam, and he intended that his own State and city should have the credit of sending the first steamer across the Atlantic. Her castings were made in New York, and her boilers at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, by Daniel Dodge. She left New York under canvas, and arrived at Savannah in the early part of May, 1819. President Monroe was then in Charleston, South Carolina, and Mr. Scarborough directed us to go there and give the President an invitation to come to Savannah on the steamship. The President declined, because the people of Charleston did not wish him to leave their State in a Georgia conveyance, but said that he would visit us at Savannah. So we returned. A few days after we got back the President arrived and came on board the vessel with his suite and several naval officers and citizens. The vessel was navigated by steam, and we proceeded down the river upon an excursion. The President dined on board, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the vessel, and told Mr. Scarborough that when she came back from her trip across the Atlantic to bring the vessel around to Washington, for he thought there was no doubt the Government would purchase her, and employ her as a cruiser upon the coast of Cuba.

"We sailed from Savannah for Liverpool on the 20th of May, 1819. Moses Rogers, my brother-in-law, was master and engineer. I was sailing-master, and Mr. Blackman was third officer. We made the port of Liverpool in twenty-two days after leaving Savannah, fourteen of the twenty-two under steam. The only reason why the whole voyage was not performed by steam was the fear of the fuel giving out. Off Cape Clear the Admiral at Cork dispatched a ship to our relief, supposing that we were on *fire*. At Liverpool we caused a great deal of excitement, and some suspicion, as having some design to release Napoleon from St. Helena. From Liverpool we proceeded to Copenhagen, and from thence to Stockholm. At both places she excited great curiosity. At the latter place she was visited by the Royal Family, Mr. Hughes (our Minister), and Lord Lyndoch. Lord L. went with us to St. Petersburg. On the passage he desired us to bring the vessel from steam to canvas. He held his watch and noted the time—fifteen minutes. So delighted was he that he exclaimed, 'I blame no man born in the United States for being proud of his country; and were I a young man I'd go there myself!' The Emperor of Russia came on board at Cronstadt, and was much pleased with the vessel. Captain Rogers goes on to state that he has in his possession a gold snuff-box presented to him by Lord Lyndoch, upon which is the following inscription: 'Presented by Sir Thos. Graham, Lord Lyndoch, to Stevens Rogers, sailing-master of the steamship *Savannah*, at St. Petersburg, Oct. 10th, 1819.'

"We sailed from St. Petersburg to Arundel, in Norway; and from thence to Savannah, in twenty-five days, steaming on her passage nineteen days. We went from Savannah to Washington, in accordance with the suggestion of President Monroe, but the Government did not buy her. She was there sold at auction, and turned into a packet. Our worthy Captain winds up by saying that Scarborough ruined himself by her, and died, poor fellow!

"Can any of your correspondents tell me whether our Government ever made any pecuniary acknowledgment to Mr. Scarborough's daughter, 'Charlotte Taylor?' Moses Rogers died some time ago. Is our brave old captain still alive? Yours always, W. B. C."

This statement is corroborated by A. H. S., New York, who adds:

"On the *Savannah's* approach to Liverpool, with sails furled and American colors flying, the piers were thronged by many thousand persons, who greeted her with the most vociferous cheers; and, before she anchored, the decks were so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty the crew could move from one part to another in the performance of their duty. After a few days she steamed to Copenhagen; from thence to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, but drew too much water to reach the latter place. She lay, however, opposite the city, six miles distant, for some time; when she finally returned to Savannah, where she was divested of her steam apparatus, and used as a sailing packet to New York. She subsequently went ashore on Long Island and broke up. It is singular that no other steam vessel attempted the voyage for nineteen years after, for there is no doubt but many of the steam-ships in the St. George and British Channel were perfectly able to do so long before the little *Sirius* made her successful voyage in 1838."

THE ATLANTIC WIRE.

OF all our famous popular enthusiasms that of the Atlantic wire was the fiercest and most evanescent. The London *Times*, which laughed at our eagerness and processions and illuminations, now laughs at our sensitiveness in being so angry with its laughing. It treats us like a father—like an uncle; and says we must really not take what it says so much to heart. If you make fools of yourselves, says the *Times*, don't make yourselves greater fools by being angry with us for pointing out the fact. This is a singularly conciliatory strain, and will tend to heal any soreness that the original criticism may have created. However, if you want a quiet house you mustn't keep a bull in the parlor. And so, if we wish to maintain decent terms with the London *Times*, we must not humor it by noticing its remarks upon our conduct.

Mr. E. O. Wildman Whitehouse, late electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, proposes to restore reason to our enthusiasm, and inaugurate new honors to Mr. Field. "I will undertake, at my own cost and at my own risk, to reopen communication with Newfoundland; and, further, to maintain it for a given number of years, at a moderate per centage upon the gross receipts of the Company, this being payable so long only as the line shall be kept by me in good working order."

This offer is contingent upon the result of an examination of the wire, which he is confident will show it to be essentially uninjured; and it will certainly be hard if the permission be denied him. If he is right in his suppositions, and restores the usefulness of the wire, ought not the Common Council to burn up the rest of the City Hall in his honor?

HANSOM.

HANSOM is that handsome does: or handsome is that Hansom does—read the proverb as you will, it is still true that Hansom does handsomely. It is the public cab of London that is now spoken of—a kind of street-gondola, of which the driver sits behind, and the passenger looks out upon the world uninterrupted. It is hung very low, and looks like a square chaise. It has a wooden boot, which comfortably boxes you in. You communicate with the driver through a little valve in the top, and you pay him reasonably, by a prescribed tariff, posted in the cab. Of the comforts which are luxuries, the Hansom cab is one. Why, then, should the Hansom cab not cross the sea, and sail the streets of Gotham?

Echo answers, why? as usual. In fact Echo is never very suggestive, and we must apply elsewhere. Experience says that the omnibus, at a sixpence fare from the Battery to Murray Hill, defies every conceivable competition. That is doubtless true for travelers going from point to point upon an omnibus route. But why should not the patronage now bestowed upon hacks, such as it is, go to Hansoms? You say there is no reason, if somebody will start the cab.

So the Lounger believes. There is no reason why a gentleman, or two of them, or—which is much more natural and beautiful—a gentleman and lady, should not take a brisk, swift, neat Hansom cab for their calling, their shopping, and their multitudinous runnings round. And the Hansom day must come.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"NEW ORLEANS, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—Emboldened by the grace with which, I have observed, you submit to catechetical trespasses upon your politeness, I take the liberty, always with respect, of propounding a question or two myself, indulging the hope you will accord me the courtesy of reply at your early convenience.

"We have, in this Crescent City of ours, some crack orators, who, in despite of the yellow scourge which still continues its ravages among us, will engage in disputes, and, in no gentle mood, do battle for intellectual superiority.

"The argument lately has been on the rules of order in debate, and, as usual, the opinion of each is sounder than his neighbor's. But to the purpose of this communication.

"1st. Does a report—having resolutions, or recommendations, as appendages—when adopted, carry with it, in the adoption, those resolutions or recommendations? Or is it necessary, by special motion, to adopt or reject, as the feeling may be, the resolutions or recommendations, singly or altogether? That is to say, must an independent motion be made for the passage of the resolutions?

"2d. What difference, if any, is there in the phrases—'a *majority* of votes shall decide,' and, 'a *plurality* of votes,' etc.?

"3d. Does the notice given at a meeting, of an intention to move, at the *next* one, for a *re*-consideration of an action of the meeting, arrest such action for the time being, preventing its execution until the fate of the motion for reconsideration be ascertained? And what influence, if any, does it exercise upon it?

"Yours truly. W. G."

—Question first. The paper before a committee may be a bill, resolutions, draft of an address, etc., and it may originate with the committee, or be merely referred to it. If the former, the committee reports it and the vote is taken in the House upon the separate clauses. If the latter, and amendments are reported, the amendments only are read, and the question is taken separately upon each.

—Question second. A majority is more than half the whole number. A plurality is the highest of several numbers. Thus six votes is a majority of ten. But if ten votes are cast for three candidates, and one of them received four, he would have the plurality.

—Question third. No; it exercises no influence.

—EURICA, of Virginia, wishes to know what kind of music is best for beginners, hard pieces or easy. She prefers hard: so does the Lounger.

—SEVERAL READERS in Baltimore call the Lounger's attention to a very remarkable speech of the Archbishop of Paris to his clergy, at the close of the *retraite* of St. Sulpice, in which he predicts some terrible blow about to fall upon France, and which the priestly order will be the first to feel. He gives no hint of his meaning, but says, in conclusion: "Go then, gentlemen; I say adieu, but I dare not say *au revoir*. Reflect on these things. Watch and pray. Be vigilant and valiant in the good cause, and, when it falls, let it be with the dignity worthy of the power it once owned, and of the hope it still possesses." The speech made a profound impression. But if he means the decay of the Church in France, he must know that great institutions only slowly decline, they do not tumble down like a tree blown over. The decay is internal, and the moment of greatest weakness may be the one of strongest appearance.

—CARRIE says she has "young friends who write beautiful letters," and appeals to the Lounger to give them a chance. They have only to give him the beautiful letters and he will furnish the chance.

—J. P. L., Painesville, Ohio, wishes the Lounger's views of murder as a fine art. But De Quincey, of whom J. P. L. speaks, has exhausted that subject.

—From Lowland Cottage, Twiggs County, Georgia, MARION communicates his religious emotions upon a moonlight night. Having done so, he modestly concludes:

"But language is too weak for the description I fain would give. Therefore, dear Lounger, excuse this poor, feeble attempt, and accept the regards of

"Yours truly, MARION."

—Here is a last touch of autumn landscape not unskillfully sketched:

MORE AUTUMN "FRUIT."

"From my window I still see birds, though they are quiet, their flutter more gentle than usual, happy, but plaintive, talking in lisps, most affectionate and sweetest of sounds. It is autumn upon them; spirits they are, gentle earth-spirits, astray from the spring and the warm south. And now, as I see, the little flock is a brood, a mother and her children, wandering, at leisure, from shrub to shrub, or [illegible] dotting the branches; anon on the ground seeking their way through the stubble, quiet little creatures, cheerful in sorrow, wary, not eying, yet seeing each other, unheeding the moths and butterflies wandering by, so near, they touch them, almost; still seeking for food, till, at the firelock's sound, they rise in concert.

"Already how slant is the sun's ray, growing fainter and fainter—a twilight at noon—as if something were ailing the spheres, yet duly recording day and night. The sun is a ruddy sphere, waxing milder and larger as it wanes—a *day-moon*. It is a time of spheres, an orb by day, and orbs at night, hearing, though unheard, the wisdom and noises of the worlds, and the sound of kindred autumns lighting their zones.

"The maize-field is pleasant now, with sunshine browning the ears—the beauty of art; toil and art united; man's recompense—rude homespun toil, yet delicate art—fit haunt for Ceres, old hallowed fable, worthy this western scene. But dearer the thought of the lost race whose birth-right it is—our own now, and never to perish, but duly each autumn to shine forth mourning the race—*not* yet extinct, but wandering on with the panther and deer, and dying with them.

"Forth goes the youth strolling in forests, visions of squirrels and fountains greeting his sight; the pictured foliage around him; the pale herbage of the lowland by springs and quagmires, and the silence, fall on his boy-sense, stirring the man, the future melancholy man.

"F. G."

—H. W. S. R., West Point, is too severe. Undoubtedly the inadvertency he mentions betrays the origin of the article, but the whole is a very innocent and very excellent piece of humor.

—MARY G., Alder Creek, sends the Lounger several copies of verses. Mary, your time is lost in writing them. Reflect upon this stanza:

Pay heed to the stars—their teachings sublime;
They speak of their wanderings unfettered by time.
You may learn what this vastness no more may conceal,
And read there of glories you can not reveal.

—E. A. G., in a feminine hand, sends a last stanza to the Podunk poem. But the humor of that performance seems to the Lounger quite exhausted.

—OMEGA would like to know the origin of the phrase, "Taking you down a button-hole lower." Of this it is to be said that it would be difficult to take any person or thing down higher, and that it is only a form of "taking him down a peg." It is an obvious slang phrase.

"UTICA, MISSOURI, *October*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Does it ever occur to you Metropolitans that we who dwell beyond the Mississippi are deprived of a great privilege—that of a personal acquaintance with those whose writings charm our home-lives and make our winter firesides so pleasant?

"You at least can *see* them sometimes, if not know them personally.

"Why do not authors in these days follow the good old custom of commencing their books with a portrait of themselves?

"How much do we desire to see good Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass while reading their quaint experiences of country-life, and are led to exclaim, 'Verily *their* portraits would be a good thing to have in the country!' Luckily, however, the famous 'Knickerbocker Gallery' has satisfied us partially in this wish in that treasure of a gallery of portraits of those whose writings have been for years as household words.

"But we have all been reading and re-reading 'Tent Life' and 'Boat Life,' and intend that 'The Old House by the River' and 'Later Years' shall beguile some of the long evenings that are in prospect before the buds swell again. *One of us* just now asked, 'How old a man is William C. Prime?' We (the other two of us) could not tell, so we agree to ask the kind Lounger to have a portrait and biography of the aforesaid Prime, with some account of Miriam, placed on record on the initiatory page of some early number of the incomparable *Weekly*.

"As a slight return for such a favor, or rather in appreciation of it, we would say to the Lounger that should he desire to feast his eyes on the beauties of this prairie land in gorgeous October costume—the railroad is most done—we should be most happy to give him a cordial welcome to our fireside, show him in our library every number of the *Magazine* and *Weekly* ever issued, and then introduce him to the deer, the prairie-chickens, the quail, the ducks, *id est omnes genus*, that do now abound.

"Faithfully, L'OCCIDENTE."

—The Lounger is not surprised at the laudable curiosity of L'Occidente. But does his correspondent not know how much charm there is in mystery? Suppose he should say the venerable author of whom you inquire flourishes still in a green and serene old age. His legs, which were shot away in the famous Battle of the Nile, won by Admiral Coligny over the combined Swedes and Brazilians, have been replaced by a pair of most excellent corks, upon which he lightly springs in the discharge of his duties as United States Marshal for Block Island—an office which he fills and adorns, and which was given him by President John Adams in testimony of his bravery in the battle. His thin and straggling locks fall upon his attenuated shoulders; but Nature, fond, but not willing to endow one of her children with all her graces, has denied him a beard. Reserved and morbidly retiring, he shuns the haunts of men, dreaming dreams of his vanished youth, and chasing pirates off Montauk?

Would that suffice? Could not the Lounger's correspondent now single him out of the busy crowd of Gotham, when, by chance and rarely, he is seen gliding, a reverend ghost, along the wharves?

"INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, *October*, 1858.

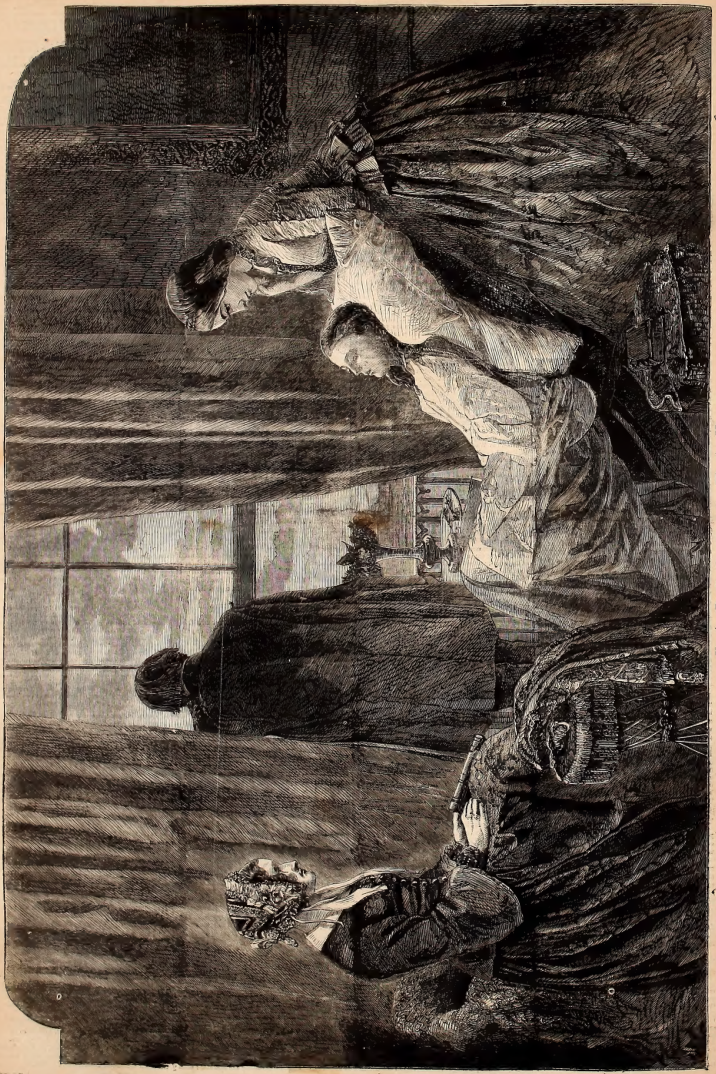
"FRIEND LOUNGER,—Two friends wish to know the name of the author of 'What will he do with it?'

"One declares it to be 'Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer,' and holds to his opinion with firmness; the other, with equal steadiness, maintains the name to be 'Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.'

"The disputants have agreed to refer the vexed question to the well-known sagacity and profound learning, but particularly to the strict sense of justice, always displayed by the Lounger in his decisions on any subject; and they therefore await his decision with all patience.

"Yours fraternally,
"INQUISIDOR."

—The Lounger's compliments, and begs to reply, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, son of General Bulwer and Miss Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Hants, where he now resides when not at his town residence, Park Lane, London.



FADING AWAY.

FADING AWAY.

THE picture on the opposite page is a novelty in art. It is an engraving made from a photograph, the photograph being taken from life. In a word, Mr. Holdroyd, of London, has begun to engrave pictures with living models, and to photograph them from life. This is even ahead of Mr. Bonaly, who, we believe, has never got beyond the portrait business. From the engraving we now publish the public will probably be inclined to augur well of Mr. Robinson's project.

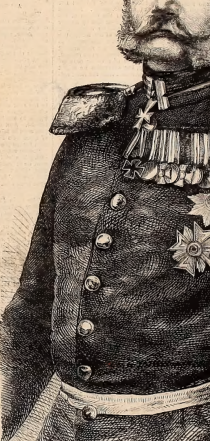
THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

THE accompanying portrait is that of Prince Frederick William Louis, brother of the King of Prussia and, by royal appointment, since October of last year, Prince Regent during the King's unhappy lasting illness.

Frederick William Louis was born on the 22d of March, 1797, and is therefore already in his sixty-second year. He began his public life on his birth-day, March 22, 1807, entering the First Regiment of Prussian Royal Guards as Ensign; passed successively in the war against Napoleon I.; was made Major in 1821; General in 1836; Major-General, and received the command of the Infantry Guard, in 1838; became General of Division in 1839, and finally, in 1825, as Lieutenant-General, received from his father, the reigning King, command of an army-corps. Upon the death of his father he took the title of "Prince of Prussia," which, by the law of succession, belongs to the heir to the throne, where this is other than the brother of the reigning monarch. March 1st he was made Governor of the Provinces of Prussia; and in the same year spent some time in England, where, besides observing the peculiarities of the British Government, it is supposed he laid the basis for the marriage between his son Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles (born 18th October, 1831), and the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, Victoria Adelaide Mary (born 21st November, 1840).

During the public career the Prince of Prussia has abstained from taking part with any of the political parties that have struggled for the ascendency in Prussia. His opinions were never certainly known; and he surprised the Prussian public by not every important political step he took. An American resident in Berlin wrote of him last year:

"It is not yet possible to foretell what part will play the Prince of Prussia will when his destiny calls him to the throne. All that is known in this respect is, that the Prince does not share the liberal views of his brother, and of all those views have led in the darkened hour. The education of the Prince was founded on an epoch one of the most terrible in the Prussian annals, 1806 to 1808, he impressed his character with a stern rigor. Later they have attributed to the Prince, who appeared to have a real predilection for the military re-



THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

sided in Russia, a very decided one for Russia itself. When the Prince was deliberated on the development of representative institutions, he appeared to evince the strongest views in giving his consent to these reforms; and, in the session of the Prince declared himself that the Diet decreed by the ordinance of January 3, 1847, appeared to him to be but the result of concessions which the Crown had granted. In the days of 1848, and after that period, the Prince was the object of blind aversion to revolutionists. However, stern passages made later some mysterious to gain the Prince the Lib- ers, and the Princess Royal assured many of her sympathies for the ill members of Parliament, even the King had reduced the Imperial Diet, this Parliament offered to the Prince of Prussia put the head of the army-which the Dalmiusts and the Grand Duchies to stifle the last convul- of the same Germin revolution and wished to transport the crown of Prussia Empire to Berlin. The act sanit at the sitting of the in which the King took his ne- ver constitution. The Prin- ce, did not conceal her opposi- mission of M. Manteuffel to Olmütz, by which the danger of a war with Austria was averted. ces even in some measure to contradict each oth- ments from their ensemble that the character ssed, and firm—of the Prince, a stranger to in- ion, has never varied. Once hated, suspected, ed by the violent party, he appears now as- ensitive and champion of Prussian nationality, ssed by the zeal of popular sympathies."

far as his conduct of the Regency has shown a ruler, he seems pacific, patient, judicious- his politics, and tolerant in religious mat-

AMALER DAGON.

TO the inexpressible privilege of belong- to the inexpressible privilege of belong- ing but circle one's self must be certainly ed of being acquainted with those that de- them. If we are not the rose ourselves, at least let us get as near to that flower as possible, that when we return to our company we may with truth have something to congratulate ourselves upon. My rose is Sir John Aighton, Baronet, or, as I feel myself sometimes justified in calling him, Cousin Jack—a man who has dined with me less a person than our Sovereign Lady the Queen; a man who is on the committee of the Humane Society, and the third best whist-player in Britain. I except, of course, Field-Marshal Bang, whose fame is more than European, and Lord Charles Five-to-two, who is known to have never missed a trump since he was of the age of thirteen.

I was extremely surprised to see him in town the other day, at a time when, according to his own confession, there was "not a single soul in all London;" by which he meant, of course, no decent of its upper circles.

"Well, Harry," cried he, extending three lav-

I really did not believe that it was possible for any body reared in the best circles to laugh as the baronet laughed at this reply. I don't think any body ever saw him with tears in his eyes before.

"It's a man," he cried, as soon as he found breath to speak; "it's Amalek Dagon; and do you really mean to tell me that you never heard of the great Dagon before?"

"Never," said I; "never, upon my word, except as a heathen god."

Cousin Jack looked down upon me—he has a way of doing that, although I am taller than he—with an expression as if he was contemplating some rare and curious zoological specimen.

"Come along," exclaimed he, "come along. I would not have missed this for a couple of pesies. Have you ever chanced to catch the name of Palmerston, or of Betting Davis, or of the Tipton Slasher? Indeed! Well, I'm astonished to hear it. This is Trafalgar Square, and that is the Na-

tional Cruet-Stand; and now you shall see another British institution, who is quite as well known in his own line."

He turned into the Strand, and rang at the private door of a house of genteel appearance. A tidy-looking servant-girl answered the summons, but requested us to give our names before informing us whether her master was at home. Having carried the baronet's card up stairs, she returned immediately and ushered us into a room on the first floor, plainly but handsomely furnished. A short and rather vulgar-looking person, but perfectly well-dressed, rose from the sofa at our entrance, and put aside a sporting paper that he had been reading.

"How are you, Dagon?" said my cousin, nodding carelessly. "I have brought a friend of mine to look at you, who has never heard of your existence before."

The little man smiled in a somewhat sinister manner, but professed himself charmed at making the acquaintance of any friend of Sir John's.

"What is your last achievement, Amal?" inquired my cousin, with the air of a man who asks for information for somebody else. "Any thing about you in *Bell's*?"

"An account of a boat little thing we did upon the Eastern Counties last week—that's all; a mere trifle; but rather laughable, too."

"Go on; tell it, Dagon," said my cousin, yawning ungallitely; "it's sure to be sure to do."

"Well, Sir," replied the little man, addressing himself to me, "there has been a great deal of picking up, you must know, on that line of railway lately."

"Shares improving," interrupted I, innocently; "that's all I've heard."

Mr. Amalek Dagon looked interrogatively toward my cousin, as though he would say, "Can this ridiculous ignorance be actually *bona fide*, or is it affected?"

Sir John Aighton, Baronet, indulged in a roar of laughter which would have done honor to a cockheaver.

"No, Sir," replied the little man, subtly, again addressing himself to me; "I did not exactly allude to the shares; I meant the sharpers. The card-sharpers and the thimble-riggers have been doing a great stroke of business upon that line, of late, particularly upon the Cambridge gentlemen. A young fellow-commoner, son of General Bluster—whom you know, Sir John—came to me only the other day, about his family-watch and other matters, which he had made over to them; the money was gone, of course, beyond recovery, and we had a great deal of difficulty even about the ticker. You see, they're an exceedingly low set of practitioners, these thimble people; quite gentlemen, Sir, will little or no connection among respectable persons."

"I should imagine that was the case with most of that sort of gentry," observed I, "except, perhaps, in involuntary connection with the police."

Here Mr. Dagon gave a sort of forbearing smile, which could scarcely be called appreciative.

"So," he continued, "I determined to put them public nuisances down. I took a place in company with three young gentlemen of my acquaintance, from the Bluntsnich Station to Cambridge, and two of the parties for whom I was in reality got into the same carriage. They had not much luggage besides a small carpet-bag, but within that there were three stout sticks, and a good piece of wood, out of which they ingeniously constructed a table to play at cards upon. When we four, who seemed to be all strangers to each other, declined to join in the amusement, they showed themselves desirous of conforming to our fastidious tastes by producing three thimbles and a pea. It's the simplest game to look at, as you may have observed, but I should recommend you not to play it in a mixed company. I warned my young friends not to do so upon this occasion, but they persisted, and they accordingly lost their money. one sovereign, two sovereigns, a five-pound note, went very rapidly into the pocket of the individual who handled them simple domestic implements. Presently one of the losers got so excited that he offered to lay twenty-five pounds upon the next event.

"Now, hands off," cried he, "I'll bet that the pea is not under either of these two thimbles;" and, doing them, he verified his statement; "therefore I need not say that it must, of course, be under the third."

The two men protested that this was not a fair way of winning the wager, but my three young friends got so excited as to protest that they would throw the others out of the window unless the money was paid; which at last it was. For my part, I rather took the side of the sharpers in this dispute, although I observed that the words in which the bet was made could be of no consequence with two gentlemen who knew so easy to see, they were. "I myself," said I, "am not in the secret, but I can name the very thimble under which the pea was hidden, for fifty pounds; the thing being to me as clear as daylight."

The two proprietors of the table considerated this as somewhat too hasty a judgment to come to, but I was actually induced to lay the money.

"This," said I, then, their hands being withdrawn from the board, "is the thimble under which the pea is hidden."

You bet fifty pounds on that," cried they, excitedly.

"Done!" replied I, lifting the thimble. "Here is the pea; and there," continued I, lifting the others very swiftly, "there is no pea, as I told you."

"All that they had won, and all that they had had originally in their possession, was restored to them by the sharpers, to the amount which they had thus incurred. They got out, short of their expectations, at the very next station

and they will not, I think, trouble the Eastern Counties' passengers again for some considerable time."

"And how in the world," inquired I, "did you manage to win that money?"

"Why, you see," replied M[illegible] Dagon, with an ingenuous air, "these gent[illegible] to withdraw the pea [illegible]emen were accustomed [illegible] nipulations, so th[illegible] altogether during their manipulations upon the co[illegible]t nobody could possibly pitch which di[illegible]ering thimble; in order to evade pea [illegible]aculty I took the precaution of taking a [illegible] my own, with which, by a little sleight of hand, I supplied the deficiency."

When my admiration at this device had been sufficiently expressed, my Cousin Jack entered upon an explanation of the business which had brought him to the retreat of Mr. Amalek Dagon.

"You see, Amy, I was obliged to come up to town about another matter; but finding myself there, I could not go away without getting you to clear up a certain mystery which has puzzled us down in Warwickshire greatly. And this is it: Stuart and Ross (both of the Rhadamanthus Club) and myself have been staying together for a few weeks at Leamington, and were at one time sadly in want of a fourth man: neither the points nor the play of those we met with suited us; or rather they did not suit Stuart, who will never sit down twice with any man who has lost him a trick. At last a stranger appeared at our hotel, who turned out to be just such a performer as we wanted—only he won thirteen hundred pounds of us in six days. Now you know my play well enough; that of my two friends is scarcely inferior. I want to know, therefore, who was the man who could so spoil, and how he effected it."

"You are quite sure that it was the strange gentleman who really won the money?" inquired Mr. Dagon, quietly.

"Quite sure," replied my cousin, laughing, and without the least trace of annoyance. "You are right enough to be suspicious (for such things are not unknown even at the Rhadamanthus), but you are a little oversharp this time."

"Then the fourth person," said Mr. Dagon, thoughtfully, "must have had hazel eyes and a pair of very beautiful hands. He also had a trick of twitching his upper lip, which is a very foolish habit indeed for any gentleman who does not wish to be recognized."

"That's the man, Sir," cried my cousin, with evident satisfaction, "who did three of the best whist-players in England out of thirteen hundred pounds in a week."

"Well, Sir John," repeated the other, coolly, "and I know a man who deserves to have won it more than he—Charley Leger, as hard-working, pains-taking a young fellow, mind you, as ever breathed—a lad who has improved his natural gifts (and what a touch that fellow was born with!), as I believe, to the very utmost. He allotted two of the best and pleasantest years of his life—when other young men are but too apt to give themselves up to vice and dissipation—entirely to the perfection of that art which has cost you so dear."

"It must have been very high art indeed that could have protected his fingers," observed my cousin, "from three such pairs of eyes as he had upon them."

"It was," answered Mr. Dagon, enthusiastically; "Charley Leger absolutely can not himself discover, by vision, when he is in the act of transposition. The way in which he legged you was this. As soon as he got a pack of cards into his possession he set a finger-nail mark in the left-hand corner of the back of each court-card, so minute as not to be seen by the naked eye, and only to be felt by his own miraculous sense of touch. Whenever he dealt, his practiced thumb recognized unerringly these indentations, and at once, by sleight of hand, gave his adversary the next card but one, instead of the honor which belonged to him by right. He might have given him an honor also, it is true, but the odds, of course, were, upon the whole, immensely in Charley's favor. It must have been he, for there is no other man in England, save himself, who can be certain of doing that trick."

"Thank you," said my cousin, rising. "I thought you would be able to tell me all about the gentleman. Have you any more questions, Harry, to put to the great Dagon before you depart into the realms of Ignorance?"

"I want to know," said I, "what Mr. Dagon means by saying that his young friend could not even catch himself when he was cheating."

"Oh!" said the little man, good-naturedly, "that is very easily explained. You see, Mr. Leger applied himself to this difficult study of his for at least two years: in the latter portion of his probationary time he was accustomed to sit opposite a looking-glass; nor did he venture to practice his profession, and take in the public, until he was unable to perceive his own agile transpositions in the mirror—that is to say, until he could take in himself."

LITERARY.

DR. CABELL, of the University of Virginia, has prepared a work, which Carter & Brothers publish, on the TESTIMONY OF MODERN SCIENCE TO THE UNITY OF MANKIND. Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander, of this city, introduces the volume in a brief but noble article, which, in his own masterly style, contains the sum of all human reasoning on this subject. Our space forbids any attempt to go over Dr. Cabell's grounds of argument. It is enough to say that, with a clear, simple, and yet overwhelming array of facts, of which no man living is more capable of judging the value and selecting the apposite than the learned professor, he disposes of the visionary notions of Agassiz, and the twaddle of Nott and Gliddon, and buries them one and all. After such a burial it is vain to dig for their remains. The truth of the Mosaic story is abundantly verified from nature, and the Bible is [o]nce more shown to be unimpeachable in its history as in its ethics. Dr. Cabell's plan is not abstruse or difficult. He shows first that the deductions made from certain supposed facts by these new theorists are false deductions, and then he deliberately shows that there are no such facts. The argument falls before its foundation, and then the foundation is demolished. We have never seen a more thorough annihilation of a creed and a believer than Dr. Cabell here administers to the theory of a diversity of origin in different families of the human race.

A. D. F. Randolph publishes THE LYRA GERMANICA, Second Series, in the beautiful style which admirers of the First Series will remember. The volume consists of translations by Catharine Dinkworth, of German hymns of the past centuries, many of them exceedingly rich and delightful, many of surpassing beauty, while some are flat and soulless. There is a musical and inspiring, almost inspired hymn of Paul Gerhardt, who died in 1676, another of Conrad Hojer in 1584, and many others that we might mention specially. The book will form a valuable addition to our religious lyrical poetry, and for Sunday afternoons and quiet places we know of nothing more appropriate as a companion.

Randolph publishes several books for the younger people, which we must be content with naming rapidly. KENNETH AND HUGH, by the ever popular "Cousin Kate," whose name now appears as Catharine D. Bell, will attract the eyes of certain youngsters we wot of. TABBY'S TRAVELS; or, the Holiday Adventures of a Kitten, we read to a small boy (nearly six feet high), and he enjoyed it amazingly; THE BABES IN THE BASKET is a story of rare interest about an old slave, who escaped a West Indian massacre with two young children of her mistress in a "fruit and chicken" basket, brought them to New York, and worked and well-nigh died for them till their parents found them and their faithful guardian; and OUR LITTLE GIRLS, a small book of childish ways and loveliness, which has also tempted us for an hour from more substantial but not half so interesting reading. This is really a delicious little lot of books from Randolph's.

We have pleasure in calling attention to a new edition, from Carter & Brothers, of Dr. Murdock's TRANSLATION OF THE SYRIAC NEW TESTAMENT. The author's name and the work are, of course, well known to the learned world. They might be well known, with benefit, to families where the study of the Scriptures is a favorite employment. The Syriac version possesses points of great interest, and a comparison of this with the received translation in ordinary use is instructive to any reader.

Let every one who is a lover of the beautiful, as well as every one charitably inclined, buy a copy of Rev. Ralph Hoyt's SKETCHES OF LIFE AND LANDSCAPE, published by Stanford & Delisser, of which the profits go to the Church of the Good Shepherd, lately destroyed, in this city. And having been bought, it will be read without doubt, as every thing by the author of "Old," and "Rain," and other delicious poems, is read. It is illustrated.

Ticknor and Fields publish a volume of Miscellanies by Charles Kingsley, consisting of his articles on SIR WALTER RALEIGH, THE SCHOOL OF ALEXANDRIA, and other scholarly productions of the author. The reader of "Amyas Leigh" will find much to attract and instruct him in the first named article, while the second will lend new interest to "Hypatia." Much that Mr. Kingsley writes is learned, much lamentably superficial, much nervous and forcible, and much weak and watery; while it is all readable, and all to be read with care and due exercise of the reason and judgment. He is a pleasant companion, but a dangerous teacher, and, having made you his friend by his winning style, will be apt to poison you unless you are careful and watchful.

Lippincott & Co. publish a very attractive book by Mr Frank Goodrich, the well-known Dick Tinto. MAN ON THE OCEAN is a collection of remarkable voyages, giving their history and chief events from the time of Noah to the laying of the Atlantic cable. To the young these histories always prove attractive, and the large amount of instruction in this volume will add to the pleasure with which the children will read it. At the same time, it is not to be regarded as a child's book, but as a very complete history of navigation, especially illustrated in long and adventurous voyages, the improvements in ship-building, and in means of crossing the sea, from early times to the present. The chief fault to be found with the book is, that in taking so broad a field Mr. Goodrich has not given himself space for a full account of any one voyage, and hence we miss much that would be interesting, as well as much that is important, to give the reader a fair idea of the adventures of Cook, La Perouse, Drake, and many other worthies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE GOLD MINES.

OUR dates from Victoria, Vancouver Island, are to October 8, and from the mines on Frazer's River to October 4. The river has fallen, and considerable gold was being taken out; but the weather was so cold and unpleasant that many of the miners are deserting the country and returning to California. By two steamers, which arrived in San Francisco on the 11th and 12th October, over eight hundred persons returned from the Frazer River region.

THE EXECUTION OF RODGERS, THE MURDERER.

Rodgers, the murderer of Swanson, was executed in this city on Friday, 12th. Energetic efforts had been made by many influential persons to procure a commutation of the sentence, but Governor King was inflexible. From first to last he refused to interfere on behalf of the prisoner, alleging that the state of New York required the law to be rigorously vindicated. We take from the New York *Times* the following account of the affair:

THE EVE OF THE FATAL DAY.

"On Thursday afternoon he took final leave of his aged mother. The scene may be imagined, and needs no description. He spent the night in walking the corridor, sitting by the stove, and retiring occasionally into his cell to pray, attended by Father Duranke of the Sixteenth Street Church, who passed the night with him. He was then in the charge of Deputy-keeper Finlay. About 3 o'clock he lay down upon the floor of his cell, and soon fell asleep. The keeper awoke him at 6 o'clock, when he renewed his devotions, and at 8 o'clock was taken to a little room in the Female Department of the Prison, which had been converted into a Chapel. Here mass was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Neligan, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, assisted by Father Duranke. The father, two sisters, two brothers, and a brother-in-law of Rodgers were present. After the ceremony he took leave of them. The scene, by those who witnessed it, is said to have been most heart-rending. On returning to his cell he declined any refreshment. The Reverend Fathers Curran, of St. Andrew's Church, and Sanguinetti, of the French Catholic Church, in Canal Street, now joined him, and, with the clergy before-named, assisted him in his devotions, all other persons being, at his special request, prohibited from entering his cell.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

"Early as 10 o'clock, about eighty persons, who had been furnished with tickets of admission by the sheriff, were awaiting the time of execution within the walls. Without, a large crowd, some eight or nine hundred had collected. In Leonard Street, there are three houses, from the roofs of which a tolerable view of the yard of the prison can be commanded, and these roofs were thronged with people, who, it was understood, had paid sums ranging from 10 to 50 cents each, for the privilege of seeing what they could see. The hour of execution was fixed by Sheriff Willet at 11½ o'clock, and at that time there were about one hundred spectators within the prison. Among them were Judge Hilton, of the Court of Common Pleas, Justice Connolly, and sundry respectable, but private persons. At the time appointed, the deputy sheriff, deputed for the office, entered the cell of the condemned, and pinioned him. Rodgers said he was glad that the hour had arrived, and assisted, as far as possible, in the preparation for his death. The procession was formed, the sheriff and his deputy leading the way. Rodgers followed, with a firm step, between two of his reverend advisers, Father Curran and Sanguinetti attending. The doctors followed, four in number, Dr. Covil, the resident physician of the City Prison; Dr. Quackenbush, Dr. Woodward, and Dr. Barry. Rodgers held a crucifix in his hand, and on the bosom of his shirt a small cross of plaited grass, given him by Father Sanguinetti, was fastened. He showed no trepidation. Even when he joined in the responses of the service for the dying, when the priests knelt, and he attempted to kneel and was unable to do so, because the rope around his neck restrained him, he did not flinch for one instant. He looked sickly, the consequence of thirteen months' confinement in a narrow cell, but otherwise he might have been supposed a spectator rather than the chief actor in the scene.

THE DEATH SCENE.

"At twenty-two minutes before twelve o'clock the rope was cut. For nearly a minute he swung around, and vibrated to and fro, from the force of the ascent and the corresponding force of the fall. Then he commenced to struggle, and for eight minutes his quiverings were fearful. He so far loosened his right arm from the rope that pinioned him that he was able to thrust his hand within his shirt bosom, where he tore at his heart, as if there was the seat of all his pain. He had probably no consciousness—the doctors said the action was merely muscular and involuntary, but it was sickening to behold. After eight minutes his pulse ceased to beat. After hanging forty minutes, he was lowered, and deposited in a plain stained coffin. His brother and a male relative—his brother-in-law, as was understood—entered the yard while he was suspended, and received his remains. And then a terrible scene occurred.

DISPOSAL OF THE CORPSE.

"His mother, sisters, and brothers were in the prison, awaiting the custody of his remains. On the coffin containing the body being brought into the outer yard, they threw themselves upon it, and the spectacle that followed was too harrowing for description. The face of the deceased, which was horribly contorted, was exposed, but they bent over it, kissing the swollen lips, from which the tongue protruded, till finally one after the other fainted, and the oldest *habitues* of the Tombs had to retire, unable to bear the scene. Eventually the corpse was removed in a hearse to the residence of the parents, and thus the execution ended."

A FEARFUL OPERATION PERFORMED ON ONE'S-SELF.

A well-known citizen of Richmond recently received a letter from his son, a physician, now in California, giving an account of a surgical operation performed upon himself, the details of which border upon the marvelous. Chancing to see the description in question, we solicited it for publication, and now place it before our readers, feeling well assured that they will read it with interest. One hardly knows which the more to admire, the skill of the operators or the fortitude of their patient.

"It," the letter proceeds, "is now a month since I have been here. I was getting on so slowly in Marysville that I thought I would come to San Francisco to have an operation performed to see why the principal bone in my leg did not unite. After lying upon my back in Marysville for 103 days, it was time I think. Besides, my physicians there and myself differed as to the cause, and being confident that my leg would not get well for a year, perhaps, with their *let-alone treatment*, I concluded to have it cut down upon and thoroughly examined. Dr. Cooper, an acquaintance of mine, and an excellent surgeon, in whom I have much confidence, has charge of my case. At my request, and in the presence of some dozen or more physicians, he operated. An incision seven inches long was made upon the inner surface of the leg, then another at right angles; the flesh was carefully dissected from the bone throughout that extent, so as fully to expose the fracture, etc. The bones were pried apart, and eight pieces of bone of different sizes removed. The ends were then well scraped, and after drilling six holes three silver wires were introduced to bring and hold the ends together. The operation was a severe one, but I bore it without taking chloroform. I had suffered so much with the leg, and being anxious to get well, I could have stood any sort of operation. It is now thirty-five days since the operation, and I shall get up to-day week—confident this time that all is right, for the bone has united and all is firm. It will be a month or so after I get up before I will be able to walk without my crutches. I feel first-rate, and enjoy my time in bed as well as any body could, for I let nothing disturb my mind. Agreeable books and cheerful company, of which I have enough, keep me quite busy."

A FINGER FOR A LIFE.

The Keokuk *Journal* of the 23d relates this incident: "At the Lincoln meeting in Carthage, Illinois, yesterday, Captain Appler, of this place, was there with his field-piece firing a salute, which he had been employed by the Republicans to do. The powder being bad, in the course of the firing the gun went off prematurely. James Lynch was at the muzzle, ramming the cartridge, when it ignited. Captain Appler, who was at the vent, finding a premature discharge was inevitable, called 'Get away, Jim!' holding on to the vent till the fire burned his finger off up to the first joint, and until Lynch had escaped the range of the ramrod. It is seldom, in chronicling an incident of this kind, that we find men possessing the nerve and heroic fortitude that Captain Appler displayed on this occasion to save his friend from an untimely death. Both were considerably burned by powder, but neither dangerously hurt."

AN INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* says: "A national cricket match—none of your 'eleven of Canada against eleven of New York'—but a regular top-lofty affair, between the United States and England, is now on the *tapis*, as the public will now for the first time learn through your columns. Although this match has been for some time talked about in the cricketical circles, it was not until Monday, November 1, that a formal meeting was held to take it into consideration. The St. George's Club was convened on Monday evening last, for the purpose of taking the initiatory steps to bring about the proposed match. Last summer the Secretary addressed a note to the 'Lords' Club, Marylebone,' to ascertain whether and upon what terms the best eleven of England would visit the United States, for the purpose of playing a friendly match. An answer came that they would come over for one hundred pounds sterling per man—enough to pay passage to and fro and expenses—the party to consist of thirteen persons—eleven players, one umpire, and one scorer. Your English readers are aware, though your Puritan readers probably are not, that the eleven of the Lords' Club are regarded as the best in the realm. They do nothing but play cricket, and earn, on an average, from four to five pounds a week. It is understood that if the proposed match comes off, *the eleven* will be composed of six or seven professionals and four or five young sprigs of nobility. The St. George's Club propose to raise seven thousand dollars to defray the hospitalities, and have resolved to *do it*. Letters were directed to be written to Lord Napier and Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, soliciting their donations and co-operation. Should favorable answers be received, they will impart to the affair additional *eclat*. If not, it will nevertheless go on; for the J. Bulls have made up their minds that the thing must go, and go it will."

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW ORLEANS EPIDEMIC.

The New Orleans *Delta* relates the following, as one of the incidents of the yellow fever epidemic in that city: A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Claiborne Street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feelings of kindness strongly developed went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home, up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me any thing; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you."

A DROLL BET ON THE ELECTION.

The Batavia *Herald* has the following: "Harry Wilber and Mr. Hascall of the first part, and Thomas Yates of the second part, in the heat and ardor of the political confidence, yesterday, they had of the success of their candidates—Morgan and Parker—unitedly staked the strength of their confidence in the following wager: The parties of the first part were to give their check on the Bank of Genesee for the sum of $50, as wager first; and the said parties of the first part were to draw a two-horse wagon-load of unhusked corn into Ellicott Hall, in the evening of yesterday, and, with the party of the second part, were to husk it out during the evening; and if the parties' first aforesaid candidate (Parker) loses his election in the State, the said first parties should forfeit or yield to the said second party the $50 wager, and wheel in a wheel-barrow all of said husked corn, with their own hands, to the house of the said second party, as wager second. And so, *vice versa*. Hence, we may now expect soon to see Harry, with his colleague, to the music of Gardner's Band, wheeling our friend Thomas some corn for his pigs.

"Since committing the above to type, Harry and Hascall, like wheel-barrow veterans, have begun rolling the corn up to Thomas, led on by Gardner's Band, playing, first, 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' and ending up with 'Yankee Doodle,' loud enough to burst their drum-heads and split their fifes."

TOM CORWIN'S LAST.

The Ohio *Press* says: "At a trial recently held at Yellow Springs, growing out of a difficulty between some of the students and faculty of Antioch, the 'Old Wagon Boy,' who represented the faculty, was exhibiting to the jury a foil or cane, belonging to one of the students, which was probably used in the melee. Tom was in his usual happy mood, and brought down the house frequently by his witty illustrations of the noble science of fencing—now parrying imaginary thrusts, and anon throwing himself fiercely upon the attack. At last, having exhausted his full store of pleasantries, with one fell thrust he made feint to strike one of the students, Mr. Fisher, who sat near by, and, with look of unfathomable gloom and the voice of a Stentor, he thundered out, 'And what would you do, Sir, being unarmed, if I should attempt to pierce you through?' Imagine the roar of laughter which greeted this last eloquent effort of the 'old stumper' when the half-frightened student, collecting again his wits, sprang to his feet, and successfully mimicking Corwin's most bombastic style, exclaimed, 'I'd welcome you, Sir, with bloody hands to a hospitable grave.'"

SHOT WITH WATER.

A young German of Chicago, named Simon, says the *Press* of that city, committed suicide on Saturday last in the following strange manner: He went into a shed, took a gun, and loading it with water, placed the muzzle in his mouth and fired, completely shattering his head. When found he was standing in the corner leaning on his gun. The room presented a terrible appearance, being completely drenched with blood and covered with pieces of head and brains. The cause of the suicide is traced to the refusal of Simon's father to permit him to marry the girl of his choice. The same paper chronicles the death of a child at the public school by the fall[illegible]ing of a keg of nails upon his head from the roof of the school-house, which is undergoing repairs.

PERSONAL.

The Boston *Traveler* says: "Letters recently received from Mr. Sumner represent his health as being consid[illegible]ably improved. He writes that the physicians at A[illegible] will probably attribute his improvement to the bath[illegible] Dr. Brown Sequard will think it the result of the mo[illegible] and his friends at home may suppose that relaxation from labor is the cause; but of the fact that he is mu[illegible] improved in health there is no doubt. He was ab[illegible] leaving Aix for Paris when last heard from." The B[illegible]ton *Herald* has the following: "A New Bedford gen[illegible] man, who has recently returned from Europe, states it [illegible] be the opinion of Mr. Sumner's physicians that he [illegible] never recover from the effect of the injuries from wh[illegible] he has been suffering for over two years. His men[illegible] and physical system is much shaken, and, although [illegible] may survive for years, there is little probability that [illegible] will ever be able to resume the duties of public life."

The post of Consul to Trieste, one of the most valua[illegible] in the gift of the President, is bestowed upon Mr. Re[illegible] of Philadelphia.

M. H. Bovee, who, as a Senator of Wisconsin, was [illegible]ive and prominent in effecting the abolition of the D[illegible] Penalty in that State, is about to canvass the State [illegible] Illinois in advocacy of the Anti-capital Punishm[illegible] cause.

On Monday afternoon, as Mr. Josiah Quincy, Sen[illegible] Boston, was crossing Park Street, at its junction [illegible] Tremont Street, he was knocked down by a carriage, [illegible] wheels of which passed over his legs. No bones [illegible] broken, however, neither was Mr. Quincy seriously [illegible]jured, though his head was badly cut at the back of [illegible] right ear, in consequence of its contact with one of [illegible] sharp pavements. After a few hours of rest Mr. Q[illegible] became quite comfortable, and no fears of a serio[illegible] sult are entertained by his physicians. He will be [illegible] the streets as usual in a day or two.

Perley Poore writes from Washington to the B[illegible] *Journal*: "Miss Lane has not yet returned from [illegible] to Philadelphia. Mr. Corcoran and daughter will [illegible] the winter at Cuba. Governor W. B. Laurence, of R[illegible] Island, is here, an applicant, *on dit*, for a foreign [illegible]sion. General Filibuster Walker is at Brown's [illegible] Senator Nicholson, of Tennessee, is at Kirkwood's. [illegible] Mr. Haley, formerly of Massachusetts, has been e[illegible] Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Freemas[illegible]

Sir Charles Bright, who has lately been knight[illegible] his share in laying down the Atlantic telegraph, [illegible] youngest individual on whom that honor has bee[illegible]ferred for many years. He is only twenty-six y[illegible] age, having been born in 1832.

M. Adolphe Reichenheim, a wealthy Jewish me[illegible] of Berlin, being desirous to testify the estimation in [illegible] the character and attainments of Alexander von [illegible]boldt are held by him, made, on the occasion of the

inent man's eighty-ninth birthday, a donation of 5000 thalers to the society established for the purpose of affording aid to poor students of the Jewish persuasion, the condition being attached to it that the sum so placed at their disposal should be administered as the "Humboldt Fund."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH TO BE WORKED AT LAST.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Whitehouse in the London papers:

"I have not tested nor in any way examined the state of the cable since my return to Valentia, nor shall I, of course, do so, after all that has passed, until I receive definite permission from the Directors for such examination to be made by me.

"It is, therefore, from previous observations, and from a careful review of all that has occurred since my departure from Valentia, that I now state my strong conviction that our cable is recoverable—readily recoverable; and if such opinion be correct, the reopening of communication with America will at once follow the adoption of the proper measures.

"A few days' testing, guided by the experience gained during the manufacture and subsequent use of the cable, will in all probability enable me to ascertain this beyond doubt.

"If the result of this examination be such as to satisfy my own judgment, I shall then be prepared to make to the Company the following offer:

"I will undertake at my own cost, and at my own risk, to reopen communication with Newfoundland, and, further, to maintain it for a given number of years, at a moderate percentage upon the gross receipts of the Company, this being payable so long only as the line shall be kept by me in good working order.

"I now, therefore, request the Directors' permission for such examination of the cable as shall be necessary to enable me to make an offer in the terms above stated.

"I am, etc., G. O. Wildman Whitehouse,
"Late Electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company."

THE QUEEN'S SONS SETTING UP IN LIFE.

A London paper contains the following: "The Prince of Wales, attended by Major Lindsay, went down to Portsmouth on Wednesday last, to see Prince Alfred off. The parting between the royal brothers was very affectionate, and the royal cadet seemed also much moved at parting with his old friends and instructors—Dr. Minter, of the royal yacht, and Naval Instructor Jolly, of the *Illustrious*. The latter gentleman is now appointed tutor to Prince Arthur.

"The young sailor Prince seemed in the best of spirits, and at once at home with the young gentlemen selected (for no officer has been appointed to the *Euryalus*, we believe, whose character and merits have not first been submitted for her Majesty's approval) to be his *compagnons de voyage*. Mr. Walton, of Gosport, was honored by her Majesty's commands to fit out the young Prince; and it may be interesting to those young gentlemen who are studying to enter the navy, and others already admitted and serving, to know that Prince Alfred will enjoy no immunity from his royal rank, that his outfit is no better nor more extensive than theirs, that his chest is the exact and strict 'regulation' article, and if his servant has a cabin allotted him, the Prince, his master, slings his hammock on the lower deck, and berths himself therein the same as the other cadets, and with the same chance of 'cobbing,' though probably not with the like probability of receiving that introductory infliction. Her Majesty had the Prince's chest and outfit sent up to Buckingham Palace for her own and the Prince Consort's inspection, and on its return to Mr. Walton on Wednesday for shipment, the Queen and Prince were both pleased to express their high satisfaction with the equipment. The chest is of polished oak, and the toilet utensils white metal electro-plated. The kit was of the usual character, and no superfluities.

"The Prince of Wales will shortly receive a commission in and join the army."

FEARFUL ACCIDENT TO A YOUNG LADY.

The neighborhood of Clifton was thrown into a state of the most painful excitement, in consequence of the death of a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman residing in the neighboring county of Gloucester, under circumstances of the most appalling description. The young lady in question, Miss Mary Richmond, was about eighteen years of age, and is understood to be a granddaughter of the Rev. Leigh Richmond. Miss Richmond was on a visit to a connection of her family, residing near Richmond Park, Clifton. On Friday she was observed to wander to a cliff, called "The Lion's-head Cliff," which stands at an elevation of upward of three hundred feet from the road below, and from which is obtained magnificent views of the Avon, the Hot-wells, the Leigh Woods, Ashton, and the surrounding scenery. From this tremendous height the unhappy young lady fell. The precise circumstances which led to the terrible accident are differently stated; but that it was an accident, and not, as at first stated, a suicide, there can be no reasonable doubt. According to one statement, Miss Richmond was absorbed in the perusal of a book, and that she unconsciously walked over the edge of the precipice; another account states that she was endeavoring to gather one of the rock plants which grow in the crevices of the limestone formation, and that in her efforts to reach it she overbalanced herself, and so fell. In her descent she was observed to beat against the projecting points of the cliff, and, finally, to pitch on her head on the winding road which skirts the river. Assistance was at once afforded, but the unfortunate young lady was beyond the reach of any human aid, having been dashed almost literally to pieces. Her face was shockingly torn and mangled, her lower jaw being broken and forced in on one side, several of her ribs and her arms and thighs broken, and the flesh of her legs torn and lacerated. This is the fourth or fifth accident of the kind which, during the last twenty years, has occurred from the same cliff.

BULL-TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Nottingham paper says: "His Grace the Duke of Portland, highly approving of the system of Mr. Rarey, in reference to the taming of horses, sent his groom, Mr. James Thompson, to undergo a course of instruction under that eminent master. Since Mr. Thompson's return to Welbeck he has tried the system on a valuable but very vicious bull, an Alderney, and which had become almost unmanageable, and even a terror to his keeper. He practiced a short time on him in his shed, and then took him into the open park. After operating on the bull for a short time, Mr. Thompson and two friends each lay down between his legs, the beast having nothing attached to him except a cord to his nose. He was as tractable and docile as a child.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

A curious incident happened to Mr. Bright while at Nice. One morning he unexpectedly received a visit from the chamberlain of the Empress Dowager of Russia, then residing there, and who expressed a wish that he should be presented to her. As he was much out of health at the time, he asked permission for one of his family to accompany him, which was at once granted, and both were conducted next day into the Imperial presence. The aged and worn widow of Nicholas desired them to be seated, and then, in terms of much dignity and grace, thanked him for the part he and his friends had taken in the Parliament of England in the endeavor to avert the Crimean war. The rugged nature of the Lancashire manufacturer was not wholly proof against the penetrating accents of unavailing grief thus addressed to him; and his eyes filled with tears as he expressed, in reply, his gratification at learning from such lips that the efforts of himself and his friends had been appreciated in Russia.

ILLNESS OF THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been attacked with a very painful disease—inflammation of the kidneys—and a few days ago his life was all but despaired of. His medical advisers have given it as their opinion that no danger now exists, but he is prohibited from preaching just yet. The following is the copy of a letter addressed to his congregation:

"Beloved friends and kindred in Christ.—The days seem like weeks, and the weeks seem like months, since I went up to the house of the Lord. My heart and my flesh are crying out for the assembly of the saints. Oh, how I long to hear once more the solemn shout of the festal throng who with the voice of joy and praise keep holy day!

"I am slowly rallying. My great struggle now is with weakness. I feel as if my frail bark had weathered a heavy storm which has made every timber creak. Do not attribute this illness to my having labored too hard for my Master. For His dear sake, I would that I may yet be able to labor more. Such toils as might be hardly noticed in the camp for the service of one's country would excite astonishment in the church for the service of our God.

"And now I entreat you, for love's sake, to continue in prayer for me. When ye find access to God, remember me. Mind, it is not by the words of your mouth, nor yet by the cravings of your heart, but it is by the precious blood of Christ, you must draw nigh to God. And when ye find His sweet presence, and are bedewed with His holy anointing, then pour out your souls before Him, and make mention of me in your supplications.

"Yours to love and serve in the Gospel,
"C. H. Spurgeon.

"Clapham, *Tuesday evening, October* 26, 1858."

FRANCE.

PROSECUTION OF COUNT MONTALEMBERT.

The *Moniteur* announces that the journal entitled the *Correspondent* has been seized for an article by Count de Montalembert on England and India, and that a prosecution is to be instituted against the writer and publisher, who are accused of attacks against the principle of universal suffrage, the authority which the Emperor is invested with by the Constitution, and the respect due to the laws. They are further charged with attempting to excite the people to hatred and contempt of the Government, and endeavoring to disturb the public peace. The article in question contains strong language. In one place the Count says: "Finding the foul marasmus creeping over me, my ears tingling with the low tittle-tattle of ante-chambery and the yells of fanatics who think themselves our masters, or hypocrites who think we are their dupes, suffocated by the servile and corrupting miasmata of a loathsome atmosphere, I left France for England to take a bath of fresh air."

In another place he says: "Returning to France I find, in *L'Univers*, 23d May, 1858, Parliamentary Government styled a farce, with scenic decorations. Happy country, and happy clergy, whose organ gives such sound information in such decorous phraseology."

The prosecution of so distinguished a man as the Count de Montalembert was expected to produce considerable excitement, and it was regarded as an indication of great confidence in its own strength by the Government.

ROSSINI'S NEW HOME.

The Paris municipality have offered Rossini a most eligible site, planted with full-grown trees, in the delightful suburb of Passy, where he is about to construct an Italian villa. The *maestro* had found his native Bologna insufferably dreary, dismal, and dull; nor is that to be wondered at while the present nightmare suffocates all human activity in that devoted town. He tried Florence; but that city he found a vast caravansera of passing strangers, without a permanent circle of social enjoyment. Paris has fulfilled all his requirements, and he erects his tent in that metropolis of taste, refinement, and intellectual as well as artistic cultivation.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS.

A Paris letter-writer says: "It is now, I believe, quite certain that the Emperor has resolved to build a new opera-house. A year ago, when the pretty Hôtel d'Osmond, opposite the Rue de la Paix, was pulled down, a report that the new opera was to be built on the site was indignantly denied by authority. Nevertheless there was much foundation for the report, and the scheme for establishing the new opera there is even yet on the tapis. A rival project is, however, under consideration for building an opera-house on the south side of the Place de la Concorde, which would harmonize, in point of architecture, with the Ministry of Marine on the opposite side.

WHETHER HOOPS ARE TO BE ABOLISHED OR NO.

A letter from Paris contains the following: "It was said, some time ago, that when the Queen and the Empress met at Cherbourg their Majesties had a solemn deliberation on the grave question whether or not the doom of crinoline should be sealed, and the august personages came to the conclusion that at the end of the winter it should be. Whether this *on dit* were true or false I can not take on myself to affirm; but I have heard on excellent authority that the Empress and some of her ladies have lately been engaged in making all manner of experiments on dress, as regards form, and development, and color; and that the result is that they have determined before long to inaugurate a violent reaction to the present style—that is to say, to have dresses short enough to display the foot and ankle, instead of trailing on the ground; to diminish immensely their prodigious development; and in place of colors more or less staid to have the brightest and gayest hues imaginable."

NEW PARISIAN MANIA.

A Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "The fashionable clubs have got a new hobby. Large wagers are laid on the exit of promenades performed from one given point to another in Paris, on foot, by one of the members of said clubs—the difficulty consisting in the walking the distance *blindfolded*. Thus, it is not unusual to meet, on a fine starry night, a number of persons escorting one of these adventurous wights. A Mr. de St. R—— wagered one thousand francs against thirty thousand that he would walk blindfolded from the Bastile to the Madeleine; and after overcoming the numberless difficulties and obstacles such a feat presented, he succeeded in winning the bet, having, very probably for the first time in his life, earned his money by the sweat of his brow."

PAUL MORPHY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

We read in the *Times:* "From a letter dated Paris, October 20, from Paul Morphy, the young champion of American chess, we learn that it is the intention of Mr. Morphy to meet Anderssen and Lange, who propose to play with him in Paris during the holidays, if he can possibly remain there so long. Mr. Morphy's immediate return home is desired, it is said, by his relatives at New Orleans. Mr. D. W. Fiske, a member of the New York Chess Club, informs us that the statement which has been published to the effect that Mr. Von der Lasa, the Prussian Minister at Rio de Janeiro, was going to Paris to play with Morphy is incorrect. Letters recently received from Mr. Von der Lasa state that it would be impossible for him to leave Rio de Janeiro at present, and that if he could he would not go to Paris to play with Morphy, whom he considers and acknowledges to be a better chess-player than himself."

AN UNGRATEFUL DANSEUSE.

A truly Parisian anecdote of a danseuse, a bouquet, rich lace, and a prodigal count, we find in a late French paper. M. le Comte de M——, one of the many admirers of the brilliant star in the constellation of the ballet at the Grand Opera, Madame X——, desiring to furnish her with a new evidence of his infatuation, caused to be procured a magnificent bouquet, composed of the choicest and most expensive flowers, arranged with consummate taste. In order to preserve his gift-offering from the banalites of Parma violets, moss-roses, or camelias, he resolved to send it in an original manner. He bought in the Rue Richelieu, in one of the large establishments in the neighborhood of the Bourse, a superb lot of lace. Whether Point d'Alençon, d'Angleterre, or Malines, is of little consequence; sufficient that it was twenty metres in extent, and cost three thousand four hundred francs!

One evening the bouquet, swathed in the precious tissue, parted from a loge, and fell at the feet of the sylphide. Madame found the flowers charming, and exultingly placed them in a Bohemian vase, first extracting their costly envelope. The lace was submitted to the verdict of a neighbor, who passed it to a young clerk familiar with silks, gimps, and embroidery; and, as chance would have it, it happened that he was precisely the person of whom the purchase had been made. He recognized the goods, and immediately revealed the prodigalities of his customer by indicating the price of the merchandise.

Informed of these details, an idea traversed the brain of the rival of Taglioni and Elssler. Disdaining all trophies of victory, indifferent to the homage of enthusiasm, she resold to the clerk the *souvenir* of an evening's success, at a loss of thirty per cent. on the original cost! And now the twenty metres of lace tranquilly sleep in the merchant's paste-board, waiting until a new bouquet or a ball-dress shall awaken them!

At the principal restaurants of Paris is sold choice and rare Bordeaux wine "returned from India." At the negotiant's, in the Rue Richelieu, they have invented "lace returned from Madame X——!"

PRUSSIA.

INAUGURATION OF THE REGENCY.

At one o'clock on Tuesday the members of both Chambers assembled in the White Saloon of the Royal Palace. The Prince Regent, after having thanked them for the patriotic unanimity with which they had co-operated in the establishment of the Regency, took, with a firm voice, the constitutional oath. The President of the First Chamber thanked his Royal Highness in the name of the country, and the President of the Second Chamber gave three cheers for the King and Prince Regent. The Minister President (Von Manteuffel) then declared the Diet closed.

The municipal authorities of Berlin have presented the following address to the Prince Regent: "Illustrious Prince Regent,—The whole country, and with it the principal place of residence of our sovereigns, represented by us, feel profoundly and sincerely the bitter sorrow of knowing our King and beloved master is still suffering. But we bless our Celestial Father for not having, in His bounty and goodness, left the country an orphan, and having given it in your Royal Highness, in this time of trial and affliction, the Royal master from whom the country expects the benefits of a just, mild, prudent, and strong government, such as it has always had for four hundred years, and such as is required by its welfare, liberty, and high mission. We pray the King of kings to accompany your Royal Highness with His blessing in the frequently thorny path of government, and to protect you with His powerful arm against all danger. May your Royal Highness deign to receive this expression of profound respect, love, and fidelity!"

The Prince replied: "I sincerely thank the authorities and delegates of the town of Berlin for their address on the occasion of my accession to the Regency of the kingdom. The more the cause of this temporary institution of a Regency is sad and sorrowful for our dear country the more painful to my heart is the duty which falls on me. But precisely because a duty is imposed on me, God, whose impenetrable decrees have charged me with it, will give me the force to accomplish it. On this point our sentiments are the same; and we incessantly address to Heaven our united prayers that our King and master, completely cured, may soon resume his august Royal functions."

ROBBERY OF A QUEEN.

On her recent passage through Leipsic—on the 13th ultimo—the Queen of Prussia was robbed of a box containing one five-hundred-thaler bill, several one-hundred-thaler bills, a number of gold coins, some articles of *virtu*, and, as a German paper significantly remarks, "last, not least," some manuscripts—possibly important state papers—in the Queen's handwriting. The Berlin *Zeit* estimates the value of the articles stolen at one thousand Fredericks d'or. The police have not the faintest clew to the perpetrator.

ITALY.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE POPE.

A correspondent of the *Continental Review* writes: "Possibly you may remember an accident which happened to the Pope in a building contiguous to the church. The floor of the upper portion, overweighted by prelates and other holy men, gave way, and the assembly found themselves on the ground-floor without having gone down stairs. None of them were hurt, and the credit of this lucky escape was naturally given to the Virgin and St. Peter. In order to reward his friends in need, the Pope had the interior of the church 'restored;' that is to say, the walls have been covered with loud-toned paintings and plaster of Paris medallions. One of the paintings is devoted to a faithful representation of the miracle, and displays the falling down of the room—the Virgin seated on a cloud, and St. Agnes, kneeling on another cloud, imploring her aid for his Holiness. Another painting shows the consummation of the miracle—the scene in the lower room. The Pope is standing upright, supported by St. Peter, and prelates are either falling or lying on the floor."

THE ABDUCTION OF THE JEW BOY.

The abduction of the Jewish boy is still the great subject of interest. The *Siècle* says: "The name of the medical attendant of the Mortara family at Bologna is Saragoni. In his certificate, dated 31st July, 1858, he declares that it was at the age of one year that the little Mortara was ill of a worm fever, which, however, caused no fear for his life. 'Professor Daveri and myself,' he says, 'felt perfect confidence on that point, and we informed the father, mother, and relatives of the child, and the servants of the family, of the fact of no danger existing.' It was, then, at the age of one year and not six that the little Mortara must have been baptized—if he were baptized at all, which is extremely doubtful. The servant, Anne Morisi, who did not speak of the baptism which she pretends to have administered until after five years of absolute silence, was not quite sixteen at the time of the indisposition of the boy! What a minister to confer a sacrament with all the formalities necessary for rendering it valid!"

A letter from Turin of the 23d says: "Is the baptism of young Mortara really proved? The Holy Office, it is true, affirms that it is; and its decision forms the basis of the conduct of the Holy See. But on reflecting well it is not difficult to prove that the decision of the Holy Office is unfounded and iniquitous. It rests on nothing more than the simple declaration of a girl, sixteen years of age, who was of loose conduct, and without education. She says that not knowing how to administer baptism, she applied to a druggist named Lepori, who told her. But Lepori says that this statement is false. His assertion destroys that of the woman, and that suffices to overthrow the plausible argument on which the Holy Office relies to consider the administration of baptism as certain and proved. It is not, then, proved that the child has been baptized."

FEARFUL MURDER BY A PRIEST.

The *Débats* contains the following letter from Rome, dated the 23d: "We have a most painful incident to record. The day before yesterday a priest was brought into the prisons of the Holy Office, guilty of assassination, accompanied with circumstances which excite special horror and disgust. The crime was committed in the little village of San Giulianello, five or six miles from Velletri. The following is the version most accredited, and which, unfortunately, appears to be too true. A small sum of money had been stolen from the curé of the place. He denounced a man of the country; but in default of evidence the accused was released. Furious at being at once frustrated of his vengeance and robbed of his money, the priest resolved to procure for himself the revelations which he wanted; to do this he enticed into a lonely grotto the son of the man whom he suspected, a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Having bound him by surprise, he commenced applying a sort of torture, by piercing him slightly with a knife. The boy remained firm, either knowing nothing or not wishing to say any thing. The sight of the blood further excited the miserable priest, and ultimately the boy succumbed under thirty-two wounds. When the body was discovered it became the duty of this very priest to inter it. Those who assisted at the ceremony thought they observed in him a strange emotion at the moment of pronouncing absolution over the coffin. The next day the brigadier of the Carabiniers having called upon him for the certificate of the registry of death, he seemed yet more troubled. The suspicions already excited were increased, and he was arrested."

THE POPE AND MISS DIX.

Miss Dix has lately visited the Pope. She gives Dr. Franks the following account of the interview:

"I visited the lunatic asylum, and my heart revolted at the sight. I did not see sick persons whom man should pity, unfortunates whom we should endeavor to cure; they were brutes in chains, the dens of which seemed never to have been cleaned. Several days after my visit to the lunatic asylum I was presented to his Holiness the Pope, who knew the object of my travels. The Pope asked me in the most friendly manner whether I had yet visited the asylum at Rome. I had the courage to answer, 'Yes, I am convinced that your Holiness has not yet paid it a visit.' Pio Nono quickly raised his head, and only bowed, with an expressive, attentive look. I understood him, and related to him, in a voice full of emotion, all the horrors and barbarism I had witnessed. I ventured, trembling within myself, upon a bold expression on the unchristian treatment of the unhappy beings. The respect-commanding man of Christendom listened with earnest attention, and said, briefly, after I had concluded, 'Come again in a week's time,' and I then left his presence. My anxiety was unutterably great. The Protestant, the stranger, had perhaps risked too much. Although I was conscious in my heart of my good intentions, I yet passed a sleepless night, and a day of deep inward agitation. It created a sensation when the holy father, two days after I had been presented to him, suddenly, while taking one of his drives, stopped before the gate of the asylum, and spent an hour in it. The week had passed, and I stood, as I had been commanded, in the Vatican before the Pope. In a manner as grave as it was calm, Pio Nono said to me: 'I have appointed a commission, charged to lay before me propositions concerning the erection of a lunatic asylum, conformably to the rules of humanity and morality, in the shortest time possible. When you visit Rome again your just and pious wishes will have been fulfilled. I thank you for your communications. May Heaven bless you!' I bent my knee, deeply moved, not before the head of Catholic Christendom, but before the wise prince and the good man."

SPAIN.

WHETHER AN ORPHAN IS LIABLE FOR THE SINS OF ITS PARENTS?

A Spanish peasant, named Santos, was some time ago taken in the conscription, but he petitioned against being compelled to serve, on the ground of his having to maintain an orphan sister, a minor, which, according to the law in Spain, is a sufficient cause for exemption. It was, however, proved to the Tribunal of Segovia, before which the case was brought, that the said sister was not born in lawful wedlock, but some years after the widowhood of the mother, and consequently the exemption was not allowed. The man appealed to the Council of State in Madrid, and the council has just declared that female orphans can not be punished for a fault they did not commit, nor be deprived of the support of their brothers, and that consequently Santos shall be exempted from military service in order to support his sister.

PORTUGAL.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE WITH FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following: "The Minister of Foreign Affairs has received this morning a telegraphic dispatch, under date the 23d of October, from the Minister of the Emperor at Lisbon, announcing that the Portuguese Government had decided on restoring the ship *Charles Georges*, and setting at liberty Captain Rouxel."

A telegram from Lisbon, dated Monday, says: "This morning, at seven o'clock, the ship *Charles Georges* was restored, and the captain, Rouxel, set at liberty. The exact amount of indemnity that Portugal has engaged to pay, on the requisition of the French Government, is not yet fixed."

TURKEY.

THE WABASH ASTONISHING THE TURKS.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 16th October, says:

"The fine American frigate *Wabash*, the arrival of which I noticed in my last, has caused no small excitement at the Porte, as well as among diplomatists. It seems no one was aware of the size of the vessel, and, according to the wording of the application which was made at the Porte for her passage through the Dardanelles, a vessel of small size was expected. Of course size is a relative idea, and probably what is large at Stamboul may look small in New York. As America is not a party to the treaty which fixes twenty-one guns as the limit of the size of any man-of-war allowed to pass the Dardanelles, I don't know whose idea of large and small will ultimately prevail. In the mean time the frigate is the lioness of the Golden Horn, and, unless the diplomatists resolve to sink her under the weight of their dispatches, I am afraid it will be rather difficult to move her out of the comfortable position which she occupies, in the teeth of treaties and embassadors."

A Constantinople telegram of the 16th says:

"The United States Legation obtained a firman to admit only a corvette. On the appearance of the *Wabash*, the Porte drew up a protest, a copy of which was sent to the embassadors of the great Powers, and the American ship prepared to withdraw."

RUSSIA.

THE SHIP-RAISING AT SEBASTOPOL.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Gowan:

"I have raised whole the 16-gun schooner *Smelia*, the steamers *Turk* and *Groznoi*, and also the 16-gun brig *Aenas*, the *Parassiane*, and *Strella*, and am now engaged on the steamers *Danube* and *Odessa*, which will be raised in a few days. In addition to the above, I have entirely removed the hulls of two old line-of-battle ships and a frigate, that were formerly used as prison-ships; also the frigate *Havanna*, and the line-of-battle ship *Sagodul*, with the exception of her keel, which is buried in over twelve feet of soft mud. My forces are now engaged in the removal of the 120-gun ship *Constantine*, line-of-battle ship *Paris*, and transport *Benezau*, which are ships in the middle of the harbor, and are rapidly being removed. The tornado has not injured the sunken ships to the extent generally supposed. The Russian Government are now repairing the steamer *Turk*, which is in excellent order; her hull is quite sound, with the exception of her upper works; her engines require some slight repairs; the commission that examined her decided that it would require but five per cent. of her value to restore her to complete running order. The other vessels are in equally as good a condition. I beg further to remark, that I contracted to clear the harbor of Sebastopol, and shall complete the work in a faithful manner. The various contradictory statements that have appeared have undoubtedly arisen from the fact that an American company came here with a wonderful pump (Gwynne's), by which means they supposed they could exhaust the water from the ships and float them. After ineffectual attempts for some six months, they abandoned their work, and departed for America, *via* Constantinople. Not wishing to depreciate the power of their machinery, they reported the impossibility of the ships ever being removed, which has now been practically refuted.

"I am, etc., John E. Gowan."

PERSIA.

AN EXPENSIVE PRIME MINISTER.

A letter from Teheran of the 15th September says:

"The examination made into the accounts of Mirza-Agha-Khan, ex-Sadragan (Prime Minister), who, with his two sons, is still in custody, has revealed facts which are almost incredible. Thus, though his salary was not less than 1,000,000 francs a year, he appropriated annually 6,000,000 francs; and during the war with England he levied on all the country a tax, which he called 'Tax for the Holy War,' which amounted to 12,000,000 francs; but of that sum only one fourth went into the treasury, the three others not having been accounted for by him and his creatures. It is alleged that one or two influential parties have strongly solicited the Shah to take this individual into his service again, and on his refusal have even employed threats. But the Shah has remained firm."

THE *LAY* OF THE CABLE.

TELLING OF ITS *INLAYS* AND *OUTLAYS*, ITS *RELAYS* AND *DELAYS*.



I.

This is the great electric *wire;*
Could the mind of humanity ever aspire
To any thing lower, or any thing higher,
Than a submarine, telegraph cable?



II.

Here is the *poor man* who first projected,
What richer and greater ones quite rejected,
But sharper ones seized, and at last perfected,
The famous Atlantic cable.



III.

This is the *steamer*, so strong and stout,
That carried the wonderful cable out,
And made such a puffing and smoke about
The famous Atlantic cable.



IV.

This is the wild and raging *sea*,
That leaped and roared so angrily,
And seemed exceedingly cross to be
At sight of the ocean cable.



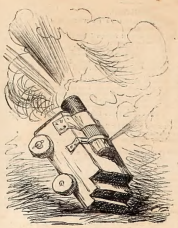
V.

This is the fierce and terrible *whale*,
That spouted torrents and thrashed his tail,
Conspiring with every adverse gale
To destroy the ocean cable.



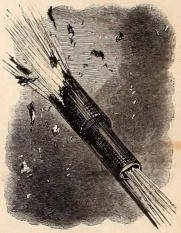
VI.

This is the *iceberg*, towering high,
Whose top disappeared in the misty sky,
Approaching its jagged sides so nigh
As to threaten the ocean cable.



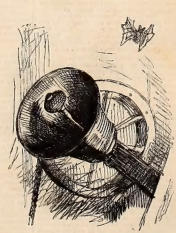
VII.

This is the *cannon* that roared and blazed,
At which the dull codfish were greatly amazed,
And the hopes of the sharks were exceedingly raised,
As it told the success of the cable.



VIII.

This is the *rocket* that soared so high,
Announcing to neighbors remote in the sky
That time and space were as things gone by,
Since the great event of the cable.



IX.

This is the *bell* whose brazen tongue,
In token of triumph, so madly rung,
Proclaiming aloud, as it swayed and swung,
The success of the ocean cable.



X.

This is the *drum*, so loud and deep,
That waked all the citizens out of their sleep,
To tell them the news, which *it seems wouldn't keep*:
The success of the ocean cable.



XIII.

This is the splendid triumphal *car*
In which stood the hero distinguished afar,
Like a victor returned from a glorious war,
Having *put down* the mighty cable.



XVI.

Here's poor little *Justice*, who tumbled flat
From the airy position in which she sat,
Feeling sure she had little to do with that
Affair of the ocean cable.



XI.

This is the *man* who gave the oration,
And scattered such compliments over the nation,
And talked of the Union and civilization,
On the text of the ocean cable.



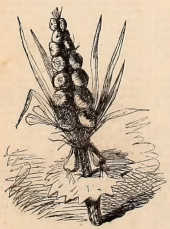
XIV.

This is the elegant *piece* of *plate*
Presented to one who had honored the State
By the watery glories acquired of late
In the cause of the ocean cable.



XVII.

This is the ravenous *crocodile*,
Who came to these banks, from the banks of the Nile,
On a fishing excursion, exploring a while,
And snapped off the ocean cable.



XII.

These are the graceful *bouquets* presented,
So tastefully made and so charmingly scented,
So *appropriate* to those who were thus complimented
On account of the ocean cable.



XV.

This is the grand *illumination*,
Got up as a suitable demonstration
(Regardless of cost) by this liberal nation
On account of the ocean cable.



XVIII.

This is the *figure* now cut by the nation
On account of that wonderful celebration;
"Sic transit"—you know the quotation—
And the end of the mighty cable

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

Gentleman Walls does not forget old friend. The old friend remembers Archipelago in Pyrdenee, and is under the influence of Bacchus. Mr. Hartopp has at last a Gentleman Waiter.

WAITER fell on the floor of his threshold, exclaiming, sobbing, moaning, as voice itself gradually died away. The dog, who had been shut out from the house, and remained ears erect, head drooping, close at the door, rushed in at Jasper Leech. The two followers of the open easement now stole round; there was the dog, its paws on the old man's shoulder, trying to attract his notice, and whining for it.

Tenderly—reverentially, they lift the poor martyr—some ecstasy in the act—some pain, stain, from question; the dishonoring brand transmuted into the hallowing cross? And when the old man, after the usual inquiry-restorationics, his head was pillowed on the breast of the speaker, noble subscriber to the Benevolent Ireland, with instinctive deference for repute and respect for law, was kneeling by his side, clasping his hand, and as Waite glanced down, confusedly wondering, Hartopp exclaimed, half sobbing, "Forgive me, you said I should repent if I knew all! I do repent! I do! Forgive me—I shall never forgive myself!"

"Have I been dreaming? What is all this? You here, too, Mr. Carew? Oh, yes—yes! there was ASSYRIA. Gone! all—gone—gone! lost, lost! Ha! did you overhear me?"

"We overheard you without that window! See, spite of yourself, Heaven lets your innocence be known, and in bad hands—unconscious of your self-sacrifice."

"Fools! you will never betray me, either of you—never!" A father turn against his son!—horrible!"

Again he seemed on the point of swooning. In a few moments more his mind began evidently to wander somewhat; and as he muttered, with broken, unintelligible, half wandered words over the whole town in search of the pedlar, and told that he had been sent out on by-street, stopped and accosted by a tall man in a rough great-coat, and then hurrying off, he found he the strangers' address, to report his ill success. Hartopp and George had led Waite up stairs into his sleeping-room, laid him down on his bed, and were standing beside him watching his troubled face, and whispering to each other in alarm.

Waite overheard Hartopp proposing to go in search of some medical assistance, and answered piteously, "No, that would scare me to death. No doctors—no saves-druggers. I know it myself—quiet and kindness! I shall be well to-morrow."

George drew the curtains round the bed, and Waite caught him by the arm. "You will not let out what you heard, I know; you would stand how I love him, now care for son's judgments; but how dreadful it would be to make all I have done—I do to witness against my Lizzy's child! I—I! I trust you—dear, dear Mr. Morley; make Mr. Hartopp swear to it. If he would not drive me mad, not a syllable of what he heard must go forth—'twould be base in him."

"Nay" said Hartopp, whispering also through the curtains; "I don't see that I shall be called on, though 'tis very hard not to tell Williams, at least, that you did not take me in. But you shall be obeyed."

They drew away Merle, who was wondering what the whispered talk was about, and not a word or two more and there, and left the old man not quite to solitude—Waite's hand, in quitting George's grasp, dropped on the bed's head.

Hartopp went back to his daughter's home in a state of great excitement, drinking more wine than usual at dinner, talking more magisterially than he had ever been known to do, and in consequence misunderstanding against the world; observing that Williams had been unpardonably overbearing, and should be pensioned off: in short, casting the whole family into the greatest perplexity to guess what had occurred to the build man. Merle found himself a lodging, and rent a house, and came in to what were supposed to Waite and himself for the next three months, and found all the appears so perversely contradictory, that he ceased to trouble his head on the future then he was before the scheme was cast. George Morley remained in London, and kept up, from time to time, to Waite's room, but not fatiguing him with talk. Before midnight the old man slept, but his slumbers were much perturbed, as if by fearful dreams. However, he rose early, was better, but free from fever, and in full possession of his reason. To George's delight, Waite's first words to him then were expressive of a wish to return to Surrey. He had dreamed," he said, "that he had heard her voice calling out to him to come to her in pain. He would not revert to the scene with Jasper. George once ventured to touch on that reminiscence, but the old man's look became so imploring that he desisted. Nevertheless, it was evident to George that Waite's desire of return was induced by his belief that he had become necessary to Sophy's protection. Jasper, whose memory would probably be very short-lived, had clearly discovered Sophy's residence, and as clearly Waite, and Waite alone, still retained some hold over his ragged beast. Perhaps, too, the old man had no longer the same dread of encountering Jasper, rather, perhaps, a faint hope that, in another meeting, he might more availingly soften his son's heart. He was not only willing, then—he was eager to depart, and either regained or assumed much of his old cheerfulness in setting with his hostess, and taking leave of her and her children, but later parting with Merle, on whom he forced his latest savings, and with the contents of his panier. Then he took aside George, and whispered in his ear, "A very sweet, kind-hearted man, Sir; can you deliver him from the Planets?—they bring him ruin and trouble. If there no opening for a cobbler at Humberston?"

George nodded, and went back to Merle, who was saying his errands with his customary "My good friend," and the scholar, "Do me two favours besides all the favours of which I am already honored in conducting me back to a revered friend. First, let me buy of you the contents of that basket. I love old-world curiosities. I would divide them as heir-looms; next, as we were travelling in the same direction for some younger days, are you look to a craftwhich does not seem to have prospered, you were brought up to country occupations, and can well leave the sheep, their cure and their maladies. Well, I have a few acres of arable land in my own hands, not enough for a bailiff—too much for my gardener—and a pretty cottage, which once belonged to a shepherd. Come, I will trust him a horse-one; it is now vacant, and at your own charge, and take it off my hands, and my stock off my hands; we shall not quarrel about the salary. But, hark-ye, my friend—on one promise—give me the basket. Don't leave the Stars to mind their own business."

"There you have me!" said Merle, who, at the earlier part of the address, had evinced the most grateful emotion, but who, at the proviso which closed it, looked very much puzzled and displeased. "Please your Reverence, not to think I'm not as much grateful to you as your his Significator at Birth for a mess of portrich! There was that fortin chap, Gully-Lee—he stuck to the stars, as you may see by his almanacks—and the stars stuck by him, and brought him up to Parliament, and down to Queer Street and again hin. He had Maleties in his Ninth House, which belongs to Parsons."

"Contrary, I hope," interpolated, dear Mr. George?" said Waite, persuasively. "Suppose Merle persevere in his system of casting astrological schemes to himself, or at least only talk of them to you; they can't hurt you, I should think, Sir? I would not like to see you lose Merle; and the Chaldees, who were the great astrologers, were regarded as sages, and not as fools. Merle, George, who is the great scholar, will convince you of that."

"Contrary, I hope," said George, as Mr. Merle will leave my children and servants, and his parish generally, in happy ignorance of the future, I give him the fullest leave to discuss his sciences with myself whenever we can together on matters of which I am wholly ignorant, and perhaps I may—"

"Be convinced!" said Waite, with a twinkling gleam of the playful Humor which had ever greeted along his thorny way by the side of Sorrow.

"I did not mean that," said the Parson, smiling; "I mean the contrary. Merle! Merle? Is it not a bargain?"

"Sir—God bless you!" cried Merle, simply; "I see you mean it, and that is my own flight. And what Gentleman Waite says as to the value, is my contrairy opinion."

This matter settled, and Merle's future secured in a way that his stars, on his reverse of fate, never bargained to find, George and Waite walked on to the station, Merle following with the basket, and the friendly Parson Sir Isaac charged with Waite's bundle. They had not gone many yards before they met Jasper Leech coming out of the inn in Prospect Row. He was vexed at learning Waite was about to leave so early; he had set his heart on coaxing him to return to Gatesboro' with himself—astounding Williams and Mr. Hartopp—enchanting the whole town at High Street, that, in deeming Mr. Chapman a good and a great man indeed. His own fault he thought, he had not been taken in. He consoled himself at first for Waite's refusal of this kind invitation and unexpected departure by making proudly the side him to the station, finding it thronged with townspeople come to see the departure of Onezford—in whose presence he kept bowing his head to Waite with every word he uttered, and, calling down to the station to arrange for his own name and importance—he told him confidentially that the game then I had the elderly gentleman, and see that he and his companion had a carriage to themselves all the way, and that Sir Isaac had a comfortable good portable box. "A very great man," he said, with his face up, "only he will not let me have it known—just at present." The guard stares, and promises all deference—opens the door of a carriage, and Jasper sees—sees—sees Waite that he and his friend shall not be disturbed by other passengers. The train begins into movement—Hartopp runs on by its side along the stand—his hat off—kissing his hand; Waite, with a grave inclination under the dark hood, and is lost to sight, he turns back, and seeing Merle, says to him, "You know that gentleman—the old one?"

"Yes, a many year."

"Have heard any thing against him?"

"Yes, once—at Gatesboro'."

"I envy you," said Hartopp; and he went off with a sigh.

CHAPTER VII.

Jasper Leech in his Element. O young Reader, whosoever thou art, on whom Nature had bestowed her magnificent gift of physical power with the joys it commands, remember that perhaps there is no more closing this chapter, pause a moment and think—What will thou do with it?—Shall it be heroic—or God-like? With what advantage for life—to delight or its perils—feels horse with ease, and glories along beneath thee when thou art full of it, and even thy clown's Mind that exercises the Heroic, and what it is to be conscious of power, and to be able to say to thyself, and feel that strength is not only formed to thy shame and the torture. The Wealth of the life will be to thy Misery. Thou wilt not feel it, will gotten the use of Sense. Will help give and forget—take. Then hast none. Will teach taught—and give it!

JASPER LEECH, on quitting his father, spent his last coins in payment for his horse's food, and on fiery drink for himself. In haste he mounted—in haste he rode on to London, not even pence for the toll-bars. Where he found the gate open, he dashed through them heedlessly, where closed, as the night advanced, he forced his horse across the fields, over hedge and ditch—sometimes once the animal falling with him—more than once thrown from the saddle; yet, on he rode, in spite of all, and arrived stretched Cutts' lodging. Cutts was, however, in the club-room of those dark associates against whom Lucky had been warned. Oblivious of his solemn promise to Arabella, Jasper entered the revelers to be stinted into the room, and toward the chair of honor at the far end of it, on which he had been accustomed to lord it over all his groups he had pressed out of Pooles purse. One of the biggest and most dejected of the gang, he had been placed at the point of dignity, and, refusing sadly to yield it at Jasper's rude summons, was seized by the scruff of the neck and literally hauled on the table in front, coming down with clutter and much temper and clamor. Jasper seated himself coolly, while the hubbub began to swell—and reared for drink. An old man, who served as one of those cavaliers, went out to obey the order; and when he was gone, those near the door heard him call out to some one, "Here's a gentleman!"

The confounding of the innumerable uproar gathering, and waited but the moment to explode. Jasper, standing on his bloodshot eyes, saw Cutts within a few chairs of him, seeking to conceal himself as much as

"Cutts, come hither?" cried he, imperiously. Cutts did not stir.

"Throw that cur this way—you who sit next him."

"Don't, don't; his mad fit is on him; he will murder me—murder me, who have helped and saved you all so often. Stand by me!"

"We will, by God!" cried Williams, the one groping for his case-knife, the other for his weiver.

"Do you fear I should lop your ears, dog!" cried Jasper, "for shrinking from my side with your tail between your legs. Push! I scorn to waste force on a thing so small. After all, I am glad you left me; I shall enjoy more the full find your baseness at an inn in the village of —. I will pay for its hire whenever we meet again. Meanwhile, I had another matter—I'll charge you. *Mille tonnerres!* why does that wretched table-cloth cover the bench? the rock of tobacco smoke; saw the man he had dislodged, and who, never mastered from amazement by his fall, had kept silence on rising, and was now ominously interchanging muttered words with those who sat near him, were also on their legs. Jasper turned from him contemptuously, with some contempt in his tone, fierce since, noted the lowering frowns on either side the Pandemonium; and it was only with an angry flash in his eyes that he mastered, on closing his survey, the bar dropped across the door, and two forms, knife in hand, stationed at the threshold.

"Abs! my jolly companions," said he, then, "you do right to bolt the door. Prudent families can't settle their quarrels too snugly among themselves. Come here one or persons to give you all a proper scolding; and if some of you don't hang your heads for shame before I have done, you'll be a pretty game than I think, for whenever you come to the Bar?"

He rose as he spoke, and brushing his sinewy arms across his wide chest. Most of the men had risen too—some, however, remained seated. Those who had risen looked more than all. Every eye was fixed on him, and many a hand was on a clasp-knife.

"Come of the earth!" burst forth Jasper, with voice like a roll of thunder, "I stooped to come among you, and you repay me by mutiny. Was any one of you too poor to pay up his club fees by a shrewdish of Forgetfulness? said, 'Brother, take!' Did brawl break out by your jollities—were knives drawn—a threat in dagger—pistol in hand crack down my sacred, crushed back the coward murder. If I did not pity your rapacities, it was because they were sneaking and pitiful. I came as your Patron, not as your Pal; I did not meddle with your secrets—I did not touch your plunder. I owed you nothing. Offal that you are! to me you owed deference, meat, and considerability. I gave you mirth, and I gave you Law; and in return ye laid a plot among you to get rid of me—how, ye white-livered scoundrels? Ode not by those lists, and knives, and bludgeons. All your pigeon breasts clubbed together had not manhood for that. But to pain off upon me some dastardly deed of your own, by snares and scraps of false evidence—false oaths, no doubt—to smuggle me off to the hangman. That was your precious contrivance. One again I am here; but this once only. What for Cowards, to laugh at, and spit at, and spurn you. And if one man among you has in him the spirit of a man, let him step forward now as traitors who planned that pitiful project, and be then a dozen, they shall curry the mark of this hand till their cowardly flesh be like shredded steak!"

He ceased. Though each was now hustling the other toward him, and the whole pack of miscreants was closing up, like hounds round a wounded stag, the only one who found a mollitongue was that thin splinter of life called Cutts!

"Look you, General Jas, it was all a mistake your ever coming here. You were a fine fellow—very particularly in the matter of doing business—large prizes and lots of rose. That don't suit us; we are quiet Englishmen. You brag of beating and bullying the gentlemen who admit you among them, and of not liking the Bar—Bar or rule; I say that one thing is quite out of order—to proceeded for it. How do we know, you see, that you will not, could not be made one, since you say you owe us nothing, and hold us in such scorn? Truth is truth, and facts of you. You say you will come this once: very well, you have spun your yarn—now! That's all we want; you're free, and never trouble us again. Gentlemen, I move that General Jas be expelled this club, and ex-pelled from Humberston."

"I second it," said the man whom Jasper had flung out of the room.

"Those who are in favor of the resolution hold up their hands; all—carried unanimously. Gentlemen, he is expelled."

"Expel me!" said Jasper, who, in the mean while, regained his self-control, "Expel me! I've cleared the space round him, and stood resting his hands on the heavy arm-chair from which he had risen.

A hostile and simultaneous movement of the group brought a roar or two of derision upon him. Up rose the chair on which Jasper had leaned—up it rose in his right hand, and two of the assailants fell as if hit as with a thunderbolt's blow. With his left hand he wrenched a knife from the hold of the fourth, and then armed with blade and buckler, he sprang on the table, towering over all. Before him was the man with the sword-cane, a gentleman from the rest—ticket-of-leave man, who had been transported for forgery. He had already fairly whipped this knave to Cutts. Cutts drew back the hesitating arm. "No; the noise! bludgeon sticks!" Beware, as Cutts drew, Jasper passes as a hawk on its quarry, darted Jasper's sword on the former's and the next instant, flinging the chair in the faces of those who were now swarming up the table, Jasper had seized with the revolver, and by his left clutched from its startled owner, and its six barrels threatened death, right and left, beside and before and around him, as he turned from face to face. Instantly there fell a hush—instantly the assailants drew back, and for that time the sheltering would make the hand tremble or the ball reserve. Whoever Jasper looked in the face, he coiled. He laughed with audacious mockery as he surveyed the screamers.

"Now, you, your rear, each of you—down that knife, down that bludgeon! That's well. Down revolver! Down sword-cane! Down fists—down! Pile them here on the table at my feet. Dogs, what do you fear?—death? The first who moves dies!"

Mute and servile as a repentant Legion to a Caesar's order the knives piled their summit.

"Umber dear, poor you two. You, orator Cutts, go in front; light a candle; open the door, Cutts. Now, then, you, Sir, you, who was with a parting cup—to your healths? Thank you, Sir. Here, you, Cutts, hand me down from the wall—each of you. Line my way. He, ho!—you harm me—you daunt me—you—you! Ha, ha! Gentlemen, farewell! Cutts, your rear, and cheer. 'That this meeting records the retraction for the reproaches of General Jasper and entreats him humbly to remain, the pride and ornament of the club?' Those who are for this motion will signify by their hats and cheers as one against it, theirs. Carried unanimously. Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind vote to give but I'll see you hanged first; and till that sight directs me—gentlemen, your health!"

Descending the room has ceased, he passed slowly down the room unscathed, unmenaced, and, with the knife in his hand, at the threshold strode along the passage to the street-door. There, seeing Cutts with the light in his hand, he unscrewed the pistol, locked the cape, and giving it to his quondam associate, said, "Hand that to Arabella, with my kind compliments. One word—speak truth, and fear nothing. Did you send help to Darrell?"

"I—I—I swear it."

"I am sorry for it. I should like to have heard so trusty a friend lifted over. Go back to your pals. Understand now why I scorned to work with such rotten tools."

Cutts, relieved of the pistol, locked the outer door, and followed Jasper, who, on quitting the house, had turned to itself if he had more solid brains and less liquid fire in them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jasper Leech's descent under the influence from which Paterhead was borne by Black Harper. He forgets a promise, renounces a scheme, yields a river side; and a door thence on the Rising Sun and the Grim Woman.

JASPER had satisfied the wild yearnings of his wounded vanity. He had vindicated his claim to hardihood and address, which it seemed to him he had forfeited in his interview with Dora Bell. With cruel creet and a positive sense of elation, of animal joy that predominated over hunger, fatigue, remorse, he strided on—he

knew not whither. He would not go back to his former lodgings; they were probably known to the set which he had just flung from him, with a vague resolve to abjure henceforth all acquaintance, and trust to himself alone. The hour was now late—the streets deserted—but he might not be at rest so long as he could himself to the loathed dictation of Arabella Crane? Well, his woe preferred even that to bombling himself to Darrell, after what had passed. Darrell's parting words had certainly implied that he would not be a welcome or a treaty as he had shown himself to threats. But Jasper was in no humor to entreat. Mechanically he resolved to stride on toward the solitary district in which Arabella held her home; but by the time he was so far advanced as to shrank from disturbing the grim woman at that hour—almost as respectfully afraid of her eyes and stern voice as the outlaw he had quitted were of his own crushing hand and leveled pistol. So, left to himself in one of the dim squares of Bloomsbury, he gathered himself up under the sheltering porch of a spacious mansion, unaware that it was the very house which Darrell had once occupied, and that from the parlor the Black Horse had borne away the mother of his wife. In a few minutes he was fast asleep—sleeping with such weary, dreamless soundness, that the policeman passing him on his beat, after one or two vain attempts to rouse him, was seized with a certain compunction, and suffered the weary outcast to slumber on.

When Jasper woke at last in the gray dawn, he felt a strange numbness on one side. It was even with difficulty that he could lift himself up. That sensation gradually wore away, and was followed by a quick tingling down the arms to the tips of the fingers. A gloomy noise rang in his ears, like the boom of funeral bells. Then the pavement seemed to be sliding from under him. Then he dreamily remembered that which he ascribed to cold and want of food, and rather agreeably surprised not to feel the grave of his accustomed pains, Jasper raised himself to Podden Place. The house was still inclosed. It was not till after the funeral that had been pretty often repeated, that the bolts were withdrawn from the door, and Bridgett Gregge appeared. "Oh, it is you," she said, she said, with much sullenness, but with no apparent surprise. "Mistress told me that I was to come while she was away; and I'm to get you the bedroom you had, over the stationer's, six years ago, if you like it. You are to have your meals here, and have the best of every thing; that's mistress's orders."

"Oh, Mrs. Crane is out of town," said Jasper, much relieved; "where has she gone?"

"I don't know."

"When will she be back?"

"In a few days; so she told me. Will you walk in and have breakfast? Mistress said there was to be always plenty in the house—you might come any moment. I'll scrape your feet."

Jasper heavily mounted into the drawing-room, and impatiently waited the substantial refreshments which were soon placed before him. The cocoa was doubtful, as if it had been left but the day before—the prim book-shelves—the empty keel-cases—the bunches of lavender easy-chair—the footstool—the sofa, which had been added to the original furniture for his express comfort, in the days when he was first adopted as a son—nay, on the hearth-rug the very slippers, on the back of the chair the very dressing-gown, graciously worn by him while yet the fairness of his form justified his fond respect for it.

For that day he was contented with the negative luxury of complete repose in all these, as in every attempt to move, he felt the same numbness of limb as that with which he had woke, accompanied by a kind of pricking light at the back of the head, and at the junction with the great seat of intelligence—the top of the spine with the great mainspring of force; and, withal, a reluctance to stir, and a more than usual inclination to doze. Before the next day, though these unpleasant sensations continued, his impatience of them and his haste of solitude made him anxious to go forth and seek some distraction. No distraction left to him but the gambling-table—no company except the low-victims in that sucking whirlpool. Well, he knew a few gaming-houses, and went out all night. Wishing to add somewhat to the miserable remains of the £1 borrowed on the horse, that made all his capital, he lost £5 more, got, indifferently, to oblige him with two or three sovereigns, if she had any to spare, he might borrow them in the neighborhood till her mistress returned. Bridgett answered, with illsimulated glee, that her mistress had left positive orders that Mr. Lorely was to have every thing he could for except—money; and then colored with wrath and shame; but he said no more—whistled—took his hat—went out—returned to the gaming-house—lost—lost still—ing, and returned moodily to dine in Podden Place. The austerity of the mansion, the loneliness of the evening, began now to inspire him with unmitigated disgust, which was added in fresh accession to his old scorn of mourning for the absent Arabella. The affront put upon him in the matter which Bridgett had so pointedly repeated, made him yet more distastefully contemplate the dire necessity of falling under the rigid despotism of this determined guardian: it was like going back to a preparatory school, to be indicted of pocket-money, and sit in a dark corner! But what other resource? None but appeal to Darrell—still more intolerable; except —he paused in his cogitation, shook his head, muttered "No, no." But that "except" would return! Except to forget his former pride, and his own promise—except to hunt out Sophy, and extract from the generosity, compassion, or fear of her protectress, some such conditions as would break from Darrell. Jasper felt that he doubt now that the girl was with Lady Montfort; he felt that, if she really loved Sophy, and knew his blighting her name in the world, whether of Matilda or of Darrell himself, he might much more easily work on the fears and nerves of a woman, shrinking from all noise and scandal, than he could on the stubborn pride of his resolute father-in-law. Perhaps it was on account of Sophy—perhaps to plead for her—that Lady Montfort had left town. Yes, that was perhaps the grief visible on that lady's countenance, as he caught so hasty a glimpse of it, might be occasioned by the illness of her child. If so, there might be now some breach or dissension between her and Darrell, which would render the Machiavelian still more accessible to his demands. As for his father—if Jasper played his cards well and boldly, he might yet secure the favor of his disobedience; he might coax or threaten Lady Montfort into the favor of the head of the present Lord, and, on learning it, proceeded at once to Richmond—on foot, and with no less small, scarcely perceptible economy, nolly contiguous to Lady Montfort's villa. Here he found two or three carriages standing before the river side; and entering into conversation with them about their craft, which was sufficiently familiar to him, he learned that the Montfort set out on that tide in the holidays of his youth, and proceeded to Jasper's boat, and looked over and unsuspectingly answered. "Yes, there was a young lady with Lady Montfort; they did not see me come. They saw me, but they left me on the lawn—seen her, too, at church. She was very pretty"—Jasper's heart bounded—"and one of his father he only heard that "there had been an old gentleman such as he described—lame, but with one eye—who had been observed creeping up in a cottage on Lady Montfort's grounds. They heard his dog bark at the boat, and the basket—they did not know if for sale; if so, perhaps for a charity. They supposed he was a pedestrian, for they had heard no sound or odition to the young lady. But Lady Montfort's own coachman, who had driven her down, could, no doubt, give him all the information he required. Jasper was too wary to call on the coachman. He had learned enough for his present end. Had he prosecuted his researches further, he might only have exposed himself unnecessarily and to the chance of his inquiries being repeated to Lady Montfort by one of her servants, and even setting her on the track of one who, if her father had cautioned her against him. It never occurred to him that the girl might not have told, have returned; and those to whom he confined his interrogatories were quite ignorant of that fact. Jasper had no doubt whatever, therefore, but that the only Lord Montfort. His self-love was much from presenting to him the idea of an outlook, and to whom he had been once presented on equal terms, as the bridegroom of her friend and the confidante of her own love affairs, as a gullishments that bespoke so utter a fall. Better, even in all extremities, to conciliate—cajole—the gentleman; more likely to excite pity for suffering—less likely to suggest excuse for rebutting the claims, and showing him to the door. Not indeed, so dressed, in that villainous pea-jacket, and with all other habiliments to match, would any servant admit him?—could he get into Lady Montfort's presence? He must go back—wait for Mrs. Crane's return. Yes, that was the course he had his wish—half a reform in itself—to cast off the outward shell of his present degradation.

Accordingly he went back to his London hotel better spirits, and so absorbed in his hopes, that he was not arrived at Podden Place to be aware that, from some obliquity of vision, or want of the accustomed habitual keenness of sight and muscle, his hand twice missed the knocker in sounding—first above, then below it; and when, at length, actually in the act of knocking, the solid iron: the sense of touch seemed suspended. Bridgett appeared. "Mistress is come back, and will see you."

Jasper did not look charmed; he winced, but screwed up his courage, and nodded his head—slowly—heavily. From the landing-place above glared the eyes of his uncle—the dead and almost quailed his bold spirit nearly six years before; and almost in the same words as then, a voice as exciting, but less stern, said,

"So you come at last to me, Jasper Lorely—you are come, Jasper Lorely—Jasper, the step noiseless as a specter's, Arabella Crane descended the stairs; but she did not, as when he was last under her roof, hang over the rails to hand or gaze into his face. Rather, it was with a shrinking avoidance of his touch—almost a thing like a shudder—that she glided by him into the open drawing-room, beckoning to him to follow. He faltered after her, but felt a hesitancy to retreat—to fly the house; his superstitious awe of the mysterious influence of her will more strongly than ever. But her help at the moment was necessary to his very hope to escape all future need or fear, and, though with a vague foreboding of unconjecturable evil, he stepped into the room, and the door closed on both.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.

It is many years since the events which called the accompanying papers into his transpired. Why they are now published by my own consent is one of those unexplainable points which occur in our lives, and which, when they are presented from a morbid desire to excite the sympathies of others to our own mental and physical distresses.

I am a poor man, with which fortune has drawn, both by my uncle, and by Mr. Withering, my uncle's attorney and friend, I employed it was his intention to publish them during his lifetime, but perhaps I lacked courage to do so. My uncle has now been dead some years, and I believe I am doing nothing but his will in giving them to the public.

I have just been looking in my glass. A compliment paid me by my housekeeper has awakened my attention to the fact that I am not growing old as fast as I might. Fifty-seven is the age which sets the marks of time should show, and yet my hair is not drawn with a single hair of gray, while my face has not those inevitable wrinkles which should follow fast upon forty. I am not smooth and fair, but I am not ashamed of myself, and will tell me I bear my age well, especially well, when it is considered that my life, or that part of it which is important to anyone, complied with several distress of no ordinary kind. I am again in the native place of my birth, after an absence of thirty years; I was absent by my own free will, but it is now no home to me. Time has wiped out every thing in the hearts I once knew, or has so blunted my memory that I recognize them no longer; where I once stood upon the footing of friend, I am a stranger, now spring rows and groups of marble palaces; the dirty streets of the business localities are given to the small, scattered habitations, which to overflowing with the wealth of the world. Do people live here as they did? Are there still friends who were my dear and particular friends but thirty years since, not one familiar face can I find in the throng which passes away a thousand in a day. I was once familiar comes to my ear or my eye. There was a favorite walk of mine, which, from a wealthy and successful lawyer, who thirty years ago swept my little seven-and-six-pence office in a day, has become the resting-place and sipping his wine in the club-room when I heard his name mentioned. I remembered him as a boy, for he was honest. An honest lawyer was what I wanted. I sought an introduction; but Mark never would have recognized in Lorely, Jr., Dudley Wells, of the Brazilian Army, his old master Lorely's boy. He is a rich man, and lives in Fifth Street. I sincerely enjoyed his astonishment when, after a short time, I announced myself under my own name.

Four years upon the coast of Africa, from Sierra Leone to the Cape, would, I flatter myself, ripen man's personal; to say nothing of five years' indiscriminate knocking about the world, and twenty in the army and navy of his Majesty the Emperor of the Brazils. I am told that I even speak my native tongue with a foreign accent. This may be; but I wished to find an honest lawyer, and I employed Mark Withington with this view. I am glad to say that my accounts, I must congratulate thirty years in my life.

The sole member of my family left to me on reaching my majority was my brother Alfred. By nearly seven years Alfred was my elder. By him, and him alone, was centred all the heart all the wealth of affection I would have bestowed on father and mother, sister and friend. Alfred married, I have received it, only those can tell who had loved as I. Save me I had Alfred was all to me. I did not for twenty years since first my memory served me so fay and was, we had never known a day—a single hour—a single circumstance asunder. We were as inseparable in thought and sympathy as we were in person. No two persons so alike. In our walks we were seen together, in our business one. It would have been folly for any of our partnership to have visited the same place without the other. Such a proceeding was unknown in our experience, and would have been altogether unjust and imperfidence. We were known under the sobriquet of the "Shadows;" and many an old citizen has still his old customary slip back in the street, when he sees himself few in New York but knew the two who, dressing alike, walking alike, and talking alike, were known to those who did not know their names by the above title. We both loved Carrie Mansfield. I have had a struggle with a long time how I should bring out this declaration. My story is untold without it, and yet the task is to me wringing memories from the dead, bringing back, in all their ghastly horror, that which time has buried, or buried by hundreds of fathoms on the grave.

Carrie Mansfield was an only child. Dark and fiery in her nature as she was in her person, scarce a day passed with my brother or myself that some fierce cause of quarrel did not arise, and flashing black eyes to flash forth their fires in anger, until, as often we could not tell which of the two began it when the storm was over, that we would never see Carrie Mansfield again, or peril our happiness on a probability that for what would appear to be a week. As often as this pledge was made so often was it broken, and the first grave words which fell from my brother, not that he loved her, but that he should love any one sufficiently to deceive me. I was not jealous of her, that she loved him better than me. If it were so I could have surrendered her without a word, but that she should have won my brother from me—that she should have been the cause of his first deceit, almost I hated Carrie Mansfield.

How I struggled with this discovery for months! —how I endeavored to believe that it was my heart bursting. I sought every little chance to win him back! How, with a burning passion, I still avoided Carrie Mansfield as much as her presence was death to me! And then when I saw, by his haggard face and sunken eye, that all this weary battle was breaking the life of my brother, I cast myself on my knees before him and plead to him, by the memory of our dead mother, by the sacredness of friendship, to tear away the bond that held him to this woman, and be once more my brother and my brother. He listened to me with a stolid look, and as I rose to throw myself in his arms he repulsed me with a push and a curse that astounded me. "And I?" From that day we never spoke to each other but in a cold, formal way. From that day it was my brother's intention to leave soon for Europe, there to spend the remainder of his life. I was to remain in New York to look after our joint maiden name. He came to the office, but only at such hours as I was known to be absent. We never met at the places to which we formerly went together. I avoided them—I avoided my brother. He had done me great wrong, and I never forgave it. It must be for him to bend, and then I would not remember that I was the one who had the first agony I had suffered from that wrong. So time went on; and it was announced to me that a certain day my brother and Carrie Mansfield would visit my brother to a foreign land, never to return. The acknowledgment that was to be made to me. It was the third day before the sailing of the ship, and my brother had made no offer of reconciliation.

I had been to the office that day, and, as I had been any my absences would not have been again noticed, I left it at an early hour, and, as I had to wish to speak to me, or would he prefer that we should part in this unnatural manner? What should I say to my brother? What did I do?

I had finished business for the day—such business as I had to do—and my aide, Jones, came in after me, to execute—and was passing slowly up toward Broadway, when I saw my brother coming down. He was accompanied by no one except the street, as I could plainly see, to avoid me. He was going to the office. I would therefore not go to him. I would not part with my brother so. I watched him on to recrossed the street and passed into the building; and then I turned and walked up and back to the door. I stopped a moment. I knew that I was about to do a cowardly action—that I might collect myself and think what I should say to my brother, and how I should endeavor hurriedly away. I entered. And then with confidence I went up stairs. I had my hand at the speaking-tube, when I heard voices within in altercation; my brother's, and—great Heaven! could it be?—Carrie Mansfield's. I did not wish to listen, but I was transfixed. I heard him say,

"You are a fiend!"

"And if I am, who made me so but yourself? You have trifled with me on the web of deceit and you are my master."

"If I have been your master, I am so no longer. I am free from you, and you shall never have you the liberty which you have so long wished. Go—you make me evil."

"You shall not leave me! I will follow you over the earth."

"You shall not!" And he laughed and, as I could plainly hear, struck his clenched fist upon the table.

And then I could hear her speak again. This time it was in a pleading voice.

"Alfred, I implore you—I implore you do. I am wrong—I am wrong—but I love you; let that love plead my excuse. Think what sacrifices I have made for you; and do not leave me."

Sacrificed! What did she mean? How my heart throbbed! What did she mean? Was I the wretched threshold? Why did I stay?

My brother's voice was low, but I lost none. He words I did not hear at first. When I could distinguish, he said,

"I am unchangeable, Carrie; let it be final. I will not destroy your peace and mine forever. All the love I possessed between us is buried under our own bosoms; so let it remain. I shall seek new life in a distant land—you, one who can make you happy. Let us part in peace."

There was a deathly stillness for a few moments and I wished that I could go to them, but I had no desire. I had no power to go further; and I has a stolid shriek, and the single word, "Wretch!" escaped my lips. I do not know that I spoke it, but for my hand had reached the knob my brief sound it quickly. He said, hoarsely, as he pulled me,

"Take care of her."

I turned and left the room. Miss Mansfield upon the floor. It was only the work of a minute to raise her head on my arm. Fortunately, I had not far exposed—soon brought assistance. A rings was procured; and I carried her in my arms and placed her in a coach. Then I left her at her home she partially recovered, and I could directly hear her say,

"He did not strike me; it was my own hand."

I was glad—yes, I was glad that my brother had not so forgotten himself as to strike her. I let her go. Literally, I let her go. Literally, I literally drove hurriedly away. That evening, and next day, and the next, I sent to know how Miss Mansfield was. The answer was,

And now came the day that my brother sailed. And I went early to the office. I would believe but that Alfred would at the last moment to me, or extend some invitation for me to go home. I sent away the boy that we might be when we were; I choked down my fears, burned with a agony of fever; I paced the Nine, ten, eleven o'clock passed; the ship sail resolved. Yes, from the first of that very day my brother I shall never forget the agony the death of that hour?

Twelve! and the boom of the gun from t

parting ship came to my ear with the clang of the bells that announced the hour. O God! my brother. Then I would have flown to him through every obstacle; then it was too late. My head fell upon my desk in deathly sickness, and a gush of tears for hours told me more than I had known till that time. I went into the street as one who had lost all. Had a pestilence struck the city it could not have seemed to me more deserted. I hurried to my home, though I had not seen my brother there for many days; yet the knowledge that he was under the same roof satisfied me—now he was there no longer.

As I entered the old housekeeper advanced to to me with a grave face. A letter! who from?

A letter from my brother. O Heaven! it was written at ten o'clock. The messenger had just returned, stating he could not find the office. It was well that he did not personally return it to me; I would certainly have killed him. It read:

"Brother, I am wrong. Come to me—come to the ship!—Forget all. ALFRED ———."

Thirty-five years have passed since that day, but the agony of it is on me yet. It was too late; no one knew where my brother had gone; I could not write; his destination after reaching London was unknown. I must only wait, and hope that time would reveal it.

Days passed; and I had partially calmed back into my business routine, when I one day received a note from Miss Mansfield. She wished to see me. I hesitated, but yielded. That evening I spent at her house—the first time I had been there for a year, save only when I gave her into the arms of her mother from the carriage. She cried bitterly at our meeting—they were true tears. She loved my brother; she confessed it with broken sobs. She knew she had lost him by her own violence and temper. It had taught her a bitter lesson; but it should be a well-heeded one. I thought my heart was dead to Carrie Mansfield, but before that evening had passed I knew I was wrong. I loved her still; but—she should never know it.

Months passed away. I had grown to be a recluse from all society. I could not go among my old friends without hearing them talk of my brother, and I hated to hear any one talk of him but Carrie. I went nowhere but to her house. I could not avoid it. Many and many a time had I felt the spell that was wound about me, and as often I persuaded myself of my ability to resist. At last the time came; and, one year after my brother's departure, I offered myself to Carrie Mansfield and was accepted. We were married.

I will draw a vail over the next five years of my life. It seems like one long dark dream. Thank God, we had no children born of our hate! That five years brought me from independence to poverty; from liberty to slavery; from honor to degradation. And then she left me. Left me in darkness and in disgrace, and went forth to live a life of shame and sin; to traffic in the beauty that commended her for the moment, but cursed her for time! I never saw her again. It was well it was so. But long years afterward, while upon the coast of Africa, I had letters from home, one of which, from undoubted authority, informed me that she had been stabbed in the street at New Orleans. Her murderer had never been discovered, but was supposed to have been one of the desperate men who had been her only society in that city. From my brother I have never heard since. Until my return to New York, where I hear he has been seen several times within the past ten years, so altered with poverty that he was only recognized by his name.

It was for this I wanted the services of Mark Withington. I must discover my brother, if he be on the face of this earth. I must be reconciled to him; and, if he be poor, I must share with him the wealth I have so easily gained.

My name is Mark Withington. I am an Attorney at Law. My office is at No. 18 Pine Street, up stairs; where I shall be happy to transact any business in my line with dispatch, trusting to give satisfaction. General George D. Wells, late of the Brazilian service, my respected client, has placed in my hands the foregoing manuscript, which he has requested me to fill out and finish, charging for the same professionally, but at the same time divesting it as much as possible of legal forms, and making it as interesting in a literary way as possible. I stated to the General that I am not a literary man; but, nevertheless, as it is his belief that I can do his bequest, I have therefore only to obey.

When the task of finding the General's long-lost brother was first placed in my hands it promised but little hope. Those who had reported having seen him within the last few years scarcely remembered the fact. To account for this it must be remembered that Mr. Alfred Wells was supposed to be poor; in fact, showed this circumstance strongly in his appearance: therefore none of the witnesses held conversation with him. No clew, therefore, could be obtained to his past or present place of residence. He had not been seen for two years. This was to me a convincing proof of his change of residence to some other city. Under this belief I betook myself to that mighty engine the press, and an advertisement in the New York *Herald* announced that any information of Mr. Alfred Wells would be handsomely rewarded, on application to Mark Withington, Attorney at Law, etc., etc. Some time had passed away when a letter, written in a female hand, and posted at Baltimore, cautiously asked what was wanted of Mr. Alfred Wells; with a promise that I would answer, directing to Martha Jones, Baltimore, Maryland. Here was a clew. Instead of immediately answering this letter I wrote to Martha Jones, stating the simple truth, which you, no doubt, say is almost an impossibility for a lawyer, but which, in this case, served my purpose best; and leaving it with my clerk to be mailed the day after my departure, I hastened to Baltimore. A few hours in advance of the mail, and a letter of introduction to the postmaster soon settled all that. Mrs. or Miss Martha Jones, when she called or sent for the letter, would be followed, her identity established, after which I would call on her or him personally.

Next day I received a note from the postmaster. The letter had been called for by a tall, handsome, dark-eyed woman of about twenty-eight, who had been followed till she had found her way into a respectable house in a distant part of the city. A carriage, and the lapse of an hour, found me waiting in the parlor of that house while my card was carried to its mistress, who soon entered the room.

"Mrs. Jones, I presume," I said, as she entered. She turned very pale, but in a moment recovered herself, and answered,

"That is not my name."

I did not believe it was. I was sure that so stately and aristocratic a beauty must have a better name than Jones. I said something about a letter; what it was I do not exactly remember: I was rather overawed by her great, dark eyes.

"I have been followed, it seems," resumed the lady. "And to you, Sir, I suppose, I may look for the cause. You are," she said, "Mr. Withington"—and she looked again at the card she held in her hand—"a lawyer?"

I must confess I felt excessively mean as I acknowledged the fact. I was never before ashamed of my profession; but in a few minutes I summoned sufficient courage to go into a statement of the matter, and show why I did not wish to trust the chance of my correspondent writing again; and I concluded by saying, "And now, Madam, will you permit me to ask your name?"

"My name is Wells."

"Wells!" I said, in astonishment. Here was a new phase in the mystery. Had Mr. Alfred Wells, in his age and poverty, provided himself with this beautiful creature as a wife, or could she be his daughter?

"Wells!" I repeated to myself in my astonishment, as though I never had heard the name before. The lady smiled, as I suppose, at the expression undoubtedly which my countenance wore, if it was any index of what was passing within.

"Will you permit me to understand this matter, Madam?" I said; but before I could proceed the lady interrupted me.

"I will permit you to ask no farther questions, Sir, without the presence of my husband."

Her husband! That was the very thing I wanted; and so I told her. She left the room; and as I was watching the door, expecting to see her lead Mr. Alfred Wells forth as the representative of that title, she re-entered, handing in a tall, dark man of about thirty-five, whom she introduced as her husband. I gazed at the gentleman, as I suppose, with a foolish stare, and stammered out:

"I believe there must be some mistake here. I am seeking for Mr. Alfred Wells, formerly of New York City, and—"

"He is my uncle."

Uncle! Why the man might have knocked me down with a feather. Uncle!

"Mr. Alfred Wells is my uncle; but I am not permitted to state where he can be found until I am informed for what purpose the inquiry is made, and by whom."

I could only repeat "Uncle" and—

"Who was your father?" I asked, abruptly.

"My father was George Wells, who died abroad many years ago."

Whew! Here was indeed a new position for the matter, or, to use a somewhat illegal phrase, "A horse of another color." My client, the General, had never informed me of this. In fact, I distinctly understood him to say that he never had any children.

"Did I understand you that you were a son of Mr. George Dudley Wells, the only brother of Mr. Alfred Wells, late of New York city?"

"I am."

Whew! again, and I drew a long breath. My legal education was at fault in this matter. I did not dare to tread another step without consultation with my principal. It took but a few minutes to elicit the fact that Mr. Dudley Wells, the gentleman who now stood before me, was fully cognizant of the whereabouts of Mr. Alfred Wells; but the consent of the old gentleman must be procured to an interview, which could only be done by a full statement of all the matter. I left Mr. Dudley Wells and the dark-eyed wife, promising to see them again soon, and promising also full explanation and satisfaction, and in a couple of hours was hastening on my way back to New York.

It required but a few minutes of conversation with my respected client, General Wells, to convince me that there was something more to be unraveled in this case than the mere residence of Mr. Alfred Wells. The General confirmed my previous understanding that he had never had a child, and that Mr. Dudley Wells and his dark-eyed wife were impostors.

That night again we were on our way to Baltimore, and the following day saw us awaiting the appearance of Mr. Dudley Wells in the parlor of his own house. I could see the eyes of my client open as this handsome couple entered the room. They certainly looked like any thing but impostors. I did not introduce the General, as I knew that he would not permit me to introduce him by any feigned name, and the declaration of his own would at once bring about an explosion. I spoke of him as one who sought Mr. Alfred Wells that he might make restitution for some business failings of years past.

"My uncle," said Mr. Dudley Wells, "is unable to see any one on business. He is ill, very ill, he says—too ill to be seen; but I will transact any business for him."

I asked him if he held a power of attorney for that purpose.

He did. I asked that I might see the document. He opened a desk and brought it forth. I looked at the signature and the seals. It looked all right. It was dated the previous day. Mr. Alfred was therefore in Baltimore; most likely in that very house. I handed the paper to the General.

"This is indeed his signature," he said. "I would recognize it in a moment, though I have not seen my brother's hand for thirty odd years."

"Your brother's hand," gasped out Mr. Dudley. The cat was out of the bag now, sure enough. "Then you are my father!" and he stepped hurriedly toward the General.

"I am George Dudley Wells, but I am not your father."

"Not my father? Are you not the brother of Mr. Alfred Wells, my uncle? Are you not my father, whom I have supposed dead for twenty-five years?"

"I am the brother of the signer of this paper, but you are not my child. Thank God, I never had a child."

"What is this, uncle, what does this mean?" and Mr. Dudley Wells, but half-restrained by his wife, hastened toward a door standing partially open. "Follow me," he said.

We followed him through a passage, and were suddenly ushered into a partially-darkened room. It was a moment or two before my eyes became accustomed to its tone. When they did, I saw the General kneeling before a pale and ghastly man, who, wrapped in a blanket, was propped by pillows in a large chair. The General, that stately man, was kissing the hand of the invalid, who only stared vacantly on him, as he sobbed out the word "Brother." It was a strange scene. Even Mr. Dudley forgot, for the moment, the cause of his excitement, and the reason of his sudden entrance into the presence of the General's brother.

The old man (I must so call him; he looked thirty years the senior of the General. His hair was white, his teeth were gone, and all the marks of a man of eighty were on him) looked wildly about the room, fixed his hollow eye first on Mr. Dudley, then on myself, and lastly on his brother, whom he only then seemed to recognize. He laid his hand on his head, brushed back the hair, and looking steadily in his face some minutes, said, "Yes; yes. My brother George, my dear brother. So you have come back. They said you were dead; but I knew you would not die without seeing me."

The General clasped the hand of his brother to his breast. He was crying; I could hear his sobs distinctly. Had it not been so very unprofessional, I could have done something very like it myself.

"Ah! it is very long ago; I have done very wrong, brother, but oh! dreadfully have I been punished; but you must love him for my sake, not for hers, and forgive my deceit."

What was this? Love who, for his sake, not for hers? What did he mean?

"Kneel to him, Dudley; kneel, and ask his forgiveness."

The General had risen from his knees and dropped his brother's hand. Did he have an instinctive idea of what was coming? Mr. Dudley had advanced to the chair of the old man.

"What do you mean, uncle? speak; explain."

"Not uncle, boy. This day I must tell the truth. Father. I am your father, Dudley; I have deceived you. Brother, he is her child. Forgive him for my sake. Oh, George, forgive me, your brother; I did not know the end!"

It was all told. The General stood motionless, staring fixedly at his brother; his lips were bloodless, the color had gone out of his face, and that grayness which comes only once in a lifetime sat upon him. In that moment ten years of age were heaped upon him. I saw it plainly. Mr. Dudley bowed his head upon his hands and wept aloud. The beautiful wife laid her hot face to his hands, and whispered comfort. I alone stood the spectator of this, and tried to persuade myself that I held no interest save a professional one. The old man is speaking.

"Listen to me, brother. Nothing that I can say will atone for this great sin. I am passing away; in a few short days I shall be of the things that were. The Lord receive my soul! I was wrong, but oh! what can man do under the mastery of a wicked woman. I loved her, I adored her, but I lived to hate her, to fear her. She fell; but she fell as much by her own passion as by my act. Oh! believe me, brother, it was so. When that boy was born I took him at his birth and persuaded her that he was dead. The secret was known only to ourselves and to the old nurse who had been her confidant from a child. She made me hate her, and I deserted her. From that moment I never knew peace. The world had no place of refuge for me. Weary year after year I beat about upon its breast, and then at last I came back. It was only then that I knew you had married her, had lived with her, and that she had left you, to lead a life of shame. Oh! the horror of that discovery! The mad frenzy of hate I garnered for that woman! I swore to pursue her if she were upon the face of the earth, and to avenge our wrong as far as her miserable life would answer it. And I passed on my errand of blood. I sought through every city in the land, but found her not. In despair I was about giving up the task, and offering my own life as a substitute—for you—for the love of my brother. And then I walked the street one rainy night, in New Orleans, in the midst of the fever-season. She came to me—close to me; she puffed her liquor-tainted breath in my face—she laid her hand on my arm. She did not know me, the vile reptile! I called her name; she had only time to utter one shriek, and I killed her—struck through her corrupted heart, and then I spurned her with my foot. Since that night I think I have been happier. I killed her—she deserved to die—and I am happier; yes, I am happier."

I can not see that the ends of this recital can be gained any better by dwelling on the after-part of this dreadful scene. Mr. Alfred Wells died upon the third day. He had been for a long time dying—so his physician said—and the coming of his brother only hastened the end. The General has grown frightfully old within the year since these events transpired. Mr. Dudley Wells and his beautiful wife, and their still more beautiful children, are portions of my worthy client's household; and only a few weeks since I had the pleasure of drawing a will entirely in their favor. I had no idea the General was so rich, and I am sure I heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Wells on their good fortune. I am sure they deserve it. The General is a very delightful man. No time is spent so pleasantly with me as the quiet dinners we take together at Dudley Place. The past, as relates to the family, is the only interdicted subject.

Your obedient servant,

MARK WITHINGTON, *Attorney at Law.*

THE LATE EXPLOSION ON THE NORTH RIVER.

THE engraving on next page represents the explosion of the propeller *Petrel*, which took place opposite the foot of Jay Street, New York, on the 6th instant. The *Petrel* was quietly steaming up the river; in passing the *Broadway*, which vessel was lying at her wharf, the engineer came on deck and saluted her; he was still waving his handkerchief when the explosion took place. The scene that ensued is described as being most terrible. The propeller was blown to pieces, and all who were on board were killed, with the exception of the fireman, Downey. The body of the engineer, Henry Brink, was blown fully one hundred feet into the air, and, in its descent, fell upon the promenade-deck of the steamer *Broadway*, crushing in the deck with its weight, and forcing its way through to the saloon below. The body of the unfortunate man was mangled in the most shocking manner; one of his legs was entirely blown off, while his entrails protruded to the length of several feet.

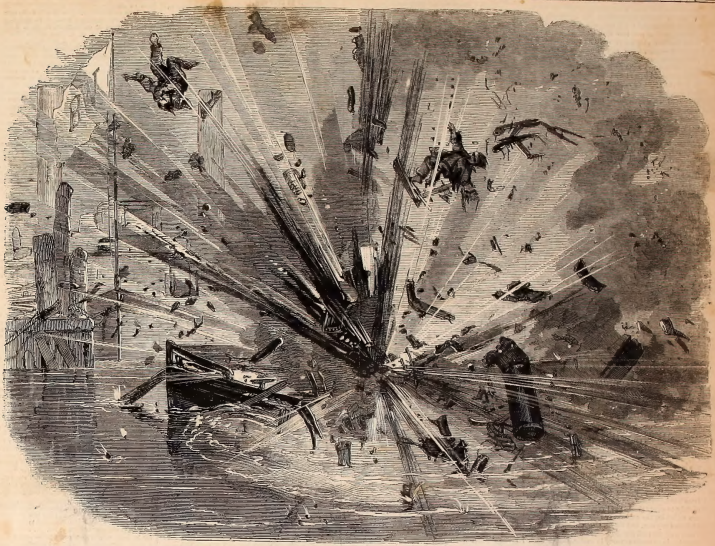
Mr. Lawrence, the clerk of the *Broadway*, in describing the scene, states that he observed the little propeller going past the pier, and heard the usual salutation from the steam-whistle; he swung his handkerchief by way of recognition, when she instantly exploded. The smoke-pipe and fragments of the boat were blown in all directions; heard a crash near him, and, on turning his attention that way, saw the dead body of a man, which had fallen through the deck. At a distance, floating in the water, he discovered the fireman, whom he promptly rescued by means of a small boat, and subsequently assisted in conveying him to the New York Hospital.

No cause has been assigned for the accident. It probably arose from the defective quality of the iron in the boiler.

A SELF-PROPELLING STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

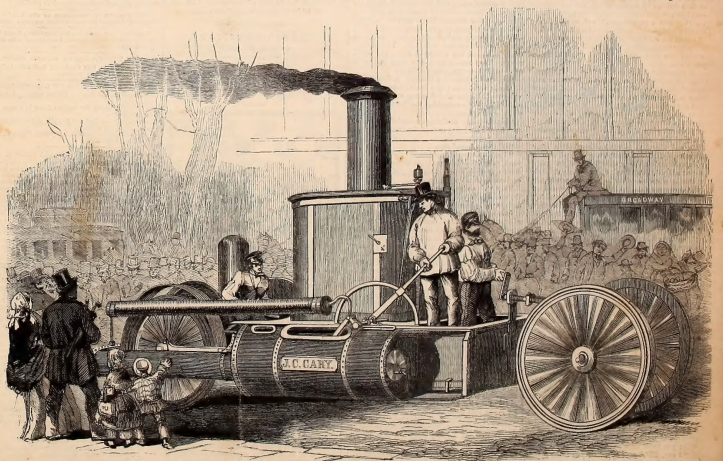
WE give on next page an engraving of the new steam fire-engine, the "J. C. Cary," built at the Novelty Iron Works, by Lee & Larned, under a contract with the city, which, on 5th instant, was brought out and tested before Street Commissioner Cooper and other officials. This engine, from its peculiar construction and its very remarkable performance on this its first public trial, seems destined to play an important part in bringing about the inevitable substitution of steam power for that of human muscle in working fire-engines. It is in the fullest sense of the term a *steam* fire-engine, being the first ever built which dispenses alike with man and horse power, not only in working the pump but in "running the machine." It is essentially a street locomotive, capable of propelling itself over any ordinary road or street, carrying with it a powerful rotary pump, of Cary's patent, so arranged as to be driven by the same engines; with the other usual appurtenances of a fire-engine. The intention is to keep steam at all times at a working pressure, so that the engine can be started at a moment's warning; the boiler being so thoroughly clothed that a small amount of fuel will supply the loss of heat by radiation, and maintain the required pressure, at a trifling expense compared with that of keeping a force of horses, hostlers, and drivers at all times in readiness. It can be run at any rate of speed which the state of the streets will allow, the steering apparatus, combined with the power of instantaneously reversing the engines, giving to the steersman and engineer the most perfect control over its movements; in fact, it can be brought to a full stop within a much shorter space than an ordinary omnibus in rapid motion. This power of promptly starting and rapidly moving itself to the point where its services are needed, is justly considered by the inventors as constituting an important improvement on the steam fire-engines heretofore in use in Cincinnati and elsewhere. The engine, of course, arrives at the fire with steam up; and as it is the work but of a moment to throw out of gear the locomotive part, the whole power can at once be applied to work the pump as soon as the necessary hose attachments can be made.

On the occasion of its trial, already referred to, the powers of the "J. C. Cary," both as a locomotive and a fire-engine, were subjected to very severe tests. It ran from the Novelty Works to the Bowling Green—the place of exhibition—through Avenue C, Fourteenth Street, and Broadway, threading its way without difficulty through the crowded streets, and ascending at a high speed the heavy grade from Canal to Duane Street, though the pavements were slippery from the effects of the recent storm. It reached the large hydrant near the Bowling Green at a quarter before three; but little time was taken by the members of the Empire Engine Company, No. 42, which had volunteered to do escort duty and to take charge of the hydraulic performances, in attaching the supply hose, and in a very few minutes it commenced work, with steam at 180 pounds and still rising, and for an hour and a half, with such interruptions only as were required for changing pipes and nozzles, continued to throw water in a volume and with a force never before witnessed in this city, and unsurpassed, it is believed, even by the best performances of the largest class of Cin-



EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "PETREL," ON THE NORTH RIVER.

cinnati engines, which greatly exceed it in weight. The best results, as regard height and distance, were obtained with a single stream, 1¼ inches in diameter, though the two streams thrown through two 1¼ inch nozzles did nearly as well. The former, when played for distance, was held steadily at 226 feet, and at times reached as far as 252 feet; of the height no accurate measure could be had, but by comparison with the high buildings and flag-staffs near by, it was estimated by good judges at not less than 160 feet. On the horizontal throw the force of the stream was impaired by the thick branches of the trees on Bowling Green, through which it was necessary to play. The quantity of water thrown per minute with these streams was about 700 gallons. As a



THE SELF-PROPELLING STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, "J. C. CARY."

final test the discharge hose, 250 feet in length, was taken to the top of a two-story building, about 60 feet in height, from which the 1¼ stream was thrown horizontally 140 feet, and a height above the building of not less than 80 feet. From the same position, playing through an open butt of 2½ inches diameter, water was thrown, at the rate of 200 gallons per minute, a horizontal distance of over 60 feet. To the firemen and insurancemen who witnessed it, and who knew what a mass of water by and the effect which such a mass of water and pouring it upon a fire from above is to large a body and with such force, the result of the experiments was at once the most decisive and the most astonishing proof of the power and the utility of the new engines.

After this trial, to test still further its locomotive powers, the engine, with fourteen or fifteen men on board, was run, by direction of the Street Commissioner, through Beaver, Broad, Wall, Pearl, Fulton streets, to Broadway, and thence through Barclay, Greenwich, and Murray streets, to the house of the Empire Engine Company, where, after a short delay, it returned in triumph to the Novelty Works, having won the unqualified approbation of the city officials and the admiration of the thousands who had witnessed its performances.

The remarkable power exhibited by this engine depends principally upon the peculiar construction of the boiler, which is a novel form of the upright cylindar boiler, combining in a degree hitherto unattained the lightness, safety, strength, and safety essential for steam fire-engine purposes. The engines are also marked by extraordinary beauty, modified by a judicious adaptation of Mr. J. K. Fisher's well-known—or, at least, often described—arrangement for application of power to the driving-wheels, for the purpose of propulsion, through the intervention of an intermediate shaft, pinions, and and rubies rods; in combination also with Curry's rotary pump.

THE TRAP.

A DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.

BEFORE the telegraph came into use the counterfeiters—or "horse-dealers," as they call themselves —drove a much better trade than they do now. When they had started a good bill it would run two or three days—or a week even—before the public generally would find it out. Recently, however, as we have had the telegraph all over town, they find themselves bought up with a short time. Thomas Carpenter has arranged a plan which spoils their fun completely. Just as soon as information is received at any station-house of counterfeit bills offered, that station communicates directly with head-quarters, giving a description of the bill; from head-quarters the news is telegraphed immediately to every station in the city; the patrolmen are called in, the captains are posted with the description to them, and they go back at once to their beats and warn all the dealers that it would be extremely likely to receive money in business—that such a bill is out. So, in an hour after the counterfeiter starts a new bill, the whole city is on its guard against it.

But two or three years ago there was no such preventive system, and counterfeiting flourished. It was a regular trade. I could show you a man, who lives in his carriage and drives his team, who made a fortune by counterfeiting, and has retired —at least, we have never heard anything against him. He was a manufacturer, and supplied the country trade—and, by-the-way, that reminds me of a good story I'll tell you, presently, as an offset to my country "horse-dealer," got "took in." It was while I was with Chief Matsell—say about three years ago.

A messenger came down, late one afternoon, from one of the up town stores, asking me to come up and see if I could recognize a couple of fellows they had arrested on suspicion. I went up, and had any bill bills on them, but thought they might have disposed of them in some way while being arrested: they have plenty of ways of getting rid of the stuff when they fear it dangerous—you've heard of the young fellow who swallowed some bills, and they had to send officer Speeze after them? Well, I had worked a good deal among counterfeiters, and they thought I could identify them; so I went up. I took a look at them through a hole in a curtain which hung before the door. No bills, but were detained in the sitting-room—and I thought I'd seen them somewhere; still I couldn't fix them. However, I determined to have a word about them before they were let go, and it didn't take me long to arrange a little plan that worked first-rate.

They were told that somebody had been sent for to recognize them, and that he couldn't come in the next morning; as they must make themselves comfortable at home—"and you'll only have to about it a good deal at first—declared they'd make trouble for any body that turned a key on them—but, finally, they submitted, as of course they had to. But before they were taken down to their cells I had the gas turned out in the entry-way, and had got comfortably arranged in a cell between the two selected for them. The door of my cell was left a little on the swing, as it always was to do it, and when they were brought down they were hustled in the cells, and the doors shut to; but they hadn't a chance to look into mine as they went by; besides, I was under the bed, so that, as soon as the door, and an old coal-basket hid me well. There was no one else in the cells, and I arranged with the sergeant that, if any came in during the night, they should be put in the cells at the other end of the corridor. It was a quiet ward—never many arrests or lodgers. I told the door-man to be about just as usual, stir the fire, etc.; but to be up stairs a good part of the time.

Well, it wasn't long before my man began to talk; you know there's only grating in the doors.

"I say, Bill," says one, "do you think there's any body down here besides us?"

"No," says Bill; "it's too early yet."

"I haven't heard no one stir; have you?"

"No; I don't you it's too early; there won't be nobody brought in this two hours yet."

"Well then, see here, Bill; just you!" close to the hole; I want to talk with you."

"Mind you talk low, then; some of those d—d beggars may come sneaking down there. I know they'd put us next to each other—but if there's any thing to say you can whisper it. I'm sure you there may be some one brought in before we think."

"Well, Bill, this is what I want to say. This here job of ours is a bad one. I don't like it. I can't think who it can be, but it may be some d—d spy that'll have us put under a line. Never mind that, though; I've got to stand my chance, but they can't hold you. You haven't been with us long enough to be 'spotted' yet. They'll have to lay up before the 'beak' in the morning, but there won't be nothing against you, and you'll step out free."

"I hope so."

"I know so! they can't hold you. And now I want you to do me a favor for me. You can hear if I talk lower?"

"Yes, I can; you're all right."

"Well, there's a man coming to town to-morrow from Orange County, somewhere, to buy 'horses.' We don't know who he is, but he'll look for the signs from Joe—he's been out there; and I was to meet him at eleven o'clock at the Mount Vernon Hotel, and sell him all the 'horses' he wants. D—n it! There comes the door-man! How long will you have to stay here?"

"About a year. Hullo! here's the door-man. Any more news, Jim?"

They gave orders for some supper, and as soon as the door-man was gone they began again. Bill says,

"Tell fast there! our time's short."

"All right. Well, I'm to meet and meet this man for me. Take him round to the old man's, and make as good a trade as you can."

"All right—all right! Go on."

"D—n it! No you don't; I forgot that. I wish that was sure there wasn't nobody down here but us."

"Well," says Bill, "I haven't heard the least sort of noise, and I've been listening."

"No; I'll risk it. He's a new customer, and he mustn't come and find nobody to entertain him. Well now, listen careful! As you go into the hotel, just on the stroke of nine, mind you, take off your hat—if you've got a cap, better—and scratch the top of your head. He'll see you, for he'll be looking for you at the door. Then you'll pull out a handkerchief and blow his nose loud; you're then to go along by him and show him the two-finger sign—you know what that is?"

"Yes."

"And he'll return it, and then you begin talking as you see fit."

"All right; I'll manage it for you. Is the old man all right?"

"Yes, he'll be all ready."

The two rose from the table to complete their arrangements before their supper came in; and it was lucky that they had, for there happened to be an unused mattress and bed-clothes in another cell. The cells were so filled up that they could hardly have been managed to talk if they had not been.

I passed out while they were eating their supper, not taking any care to escape their notice.

"Well, Captain," says Carter, as I came out, as soon as he saw me, "I've you been in there all the time we've been talking?"

"Yes, I've been in there all the time, and never been hearing every word we've said! He's been in the cell between us all the time!"

And they went off, cursing, and laughing at themselves and me and their luck. They'd been pretty sold, and had neglected to blame but themselves. They needn't have been fools enough to talk out their secrets in such a place.

Carter counted me five hundred dollars to let them off; but I told him I couldn't do it; told I had known him in the city for a long time, and that him I'd give *him* something for the "two-finger sign," but says he,

"No, d—n it! You've got enough." Then he asks me if I am going to meet the Orange County man.

"Of course I am," says I.

"You'd be a fool if you didn't," says he; "and you'll be a fool if you don't let him sell. I'll be bound! Was there ever such a d—d unlucky, *foolish* piece of business as this?"

They were to keep them two precious rascals at the station till I called for them; and I went away and got ready to meet my country customer.

Just as the City Hall clock struck nine I walked into the office of the Mount Vernon. I had my hat and scratched my head, carelessly looking round as if I wanted to find some one. I was presented to no one, rightly as the country people take out his big red handkerchief; he blew his nose in hand that I thought I should have it all, and I waited to laugh so to think how he was going to be "done," that I really had to turn away to hide my face. This was a countryman, and I wanted the two-finger dodge; but as I hadn't got it, I must get along without it. I walked along by the place where country was sitting, and as I passed by him I stooped down to pick up something, and whispered,

"We're *cotched!* Follow me out!"

He looked at me for a moment, and I led him to a low drinking-place, where I knew there was private room, just out of Chatham Street, and there we had a talk. I pretended to be very cautious, and asked him boldly if he was prepared to give me the finger sign. He showed it to me at once—this way: the little finger and the one next to it, on the left hand, stuck out straight, and the other two held down by the thumb.

"All right!" says I. "What kind of horses do you want to buy? Any bills in the mark?"

"Well," says he, "I think the darks travel best, don't you?"

"They sell best," says I; "but I never drive myself."

"Why, Joe told me that you were one of the best drivers he ever saw."

"Well, but you'll see, if he, the man who was to meet you—and he *is* a good driver—has had to leave town for a few days, and he sent me to trade with you. Did Joe give you his name? Carter, wasn't it?"

"Yes, 'cuss Carter. It's all the same to me, as long as you trade fair. If I can find a good dark at thirty" that is, thirty cents on the dollar), "I'm your man."

"How do you like *them?*" says I, and handed him a five-dollar counterfeit—the one of the drawer bank. I'd got it only the day before from a woman that tried to pass it off in Canal Street, at a milliner's.

He looked it over carefully.

"That's the ticket," says he; "I want a *pile* of that."

"Well," says I, "come round with me to the old man's, and I can get you as much as you want. Ever been there?"

"No," says he; "I never been to York but once before, for all I've lived so near."

"Well, come along. Follow me a little way off: but come close up if I whistle."

"All right!" says he; and we started.

When we came to the door, about half-past ten —we found it was snowing fast and fibrious. What with the snow driving, and the stores mostly shut up, and my man not knowing any thing, scarcely, about the city, I knew he couldn't tell where I was taking him. I went in, gave him a few turns round the neighborhood, and then out past the Hall of Records, and, in fact, City Hall, by a back door, through the dark passages—he following like a dog—and, finally, right into the Chief's private office!

"Old man," says I, giving the Chief a wink, "here's a customer for some dark horses. Can we accommodate him?"

"I presume so," says the Chief.

"Make him sign the bond to agree; and out he stuck his two fingers, almost into the Chief's face. I never could to laugh were in my life. The Chief was "fly," and held up his two fingers in the same way; not a sign of a smile either.

Well, they two bargained for some "horses" at their "—the Chief was up to all the flash terms—and he was just going to open his drawer to take out the bills, when I whistled, when he looked up and says to greeny,

"Do you know where you are, my friend?"

"Well, not exactly," says he, looking round; "I suppose—"

"I'll tell you," says the Chief. "You're in the office of the Chief of Police!"

The man looked up to the door and let out my laugh. I couldn't *help* it. I laughed till I ached, and the Chief laughed too.

"So you're sold, are you greeny. "You can't come that game over *this* child! I suppose you have been trying it on some of the boys in this city as I look. It's a d—d good joke; but you can't sell me, sir."

Well, Sir, we couldn't convince that man that he was in the Chief's hands till I took him and locked him up in the cells. Then he began to believe it; and he "took on," I tell you.

He peeved just the man we wanted. We sent Bill to complete it, got evidence to convict Carter, and Bill, and Joe, and two more; and then we let him go, as he was no use to us.

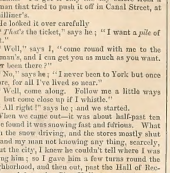
I guess he hasn't been to town to buy "horses" since the Chief "sold" him that "dark" lot.

CHESS CHRONICLE

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM VI.

Dedicated to the Projector and Committee of Examination of the American Union Problem Tourney, by WALTER BARNES, of New York, to whom one of their Prizes was awarded.



BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Since our last issue contributions of Problems, etc., have been received from so great extent—many of them possessing marked merit—that, in order to keep our "long list" upon our Historitian intended with our correspondents, we shall be under the necessity hereafter, independently of the usual diagram, to give weekly a number of such strangems as may be favorably received by the lovers of enigmas; and in the meantime shall take into consideration the most concise and appropriate form of notation to adopt for such purpose. We take this opportunity, also, to inform our friends that we intend to avail ourselves of the proffered assistance of one of the most skilled Problem composers of the present day to act as *examiner* of such contributions; and on whose award we shall think it based if, in this department, our chess column be cultivated. Among the authors whose productions are now under the consideration of our examiner are the following, viz.: "CURIOUS," J. W., J. L. W., Jos. Cooper, Jr., Dr. B. (Pittsburgh), C. C. L. (Beverley Chess Club, Mass), "JACOBUS," J. S. B. (Buckingham, Va.), H. P. B. (Philadelphia), and some others. They shall all have their favors duly acknowledged soon after they have been received from J. G. W., T. F. S., Jun. (Fond du Lac), J. F. Columbus, Geo. J., J. B., and C. S.; and to No. IV. from A. G. W., N. C. B., G. C. B., F. A. K. (Jamesville, Wis.), R. C. S., Jun. (Cincinnati), Rev. G. W. B. (Canton, Ohio), E. A. D. (Otsego, Ill.), E. J. G., J. K. D., and C. D. A. (Washington), in reference to J. G. W. (University of Va.). Limit as to time for the consideration of merits must be arranged only by mutual agreement of the contestants. In all matches of correspondence there can be no sense of responsibility come to—nay half an hour at the outside; but, for our own part, if we can find out and can't solve in ten days, ten or fifteen minutes, we don't believe he would do so in a week——. If, in this way, we set ourselves right for the composition of Problems have been ever printed. Their would be hard, we think, to find a rival.—J. G. (Nashville), and W. H. B. (Philadelphia). The principal modern works are by Lewis, Walker, and Staunton. The *Handbook* by the latter is the latest, and we take, therefore, to be the most valuable. You can procure it from Mr. Staunton, 16 Bedford Row, London, or from others. In the blindfold game with M. Gullet, Mr. Harper played the Evans. "CURIOUS," "J. L. W." and "CASSIA" will perceive above that the subject of notation is for our consideration.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM V.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Castles	Moves.
2. K to B 2	P moves
3. R to B 3rd	P moves
4. R to B 2	K moves
5. R to B 4 double check and mate	

The concluding moves in the solution to No. V., and, for the consideration and mention of the gentlemen, will be strikingly similar to our Problem II. Had we noticed the coincidence before time, we should not have given it place. We think Mr. K. C. has overlooked the 4th latter, must plead guilty to a little plagiarism, to use a mild term.

NEW YORK CHESS CLUB, 314 *Broadway*.—We are pleased to be enabled to report very favorably of this flourishing association of amateurs. In fact, we could name no Chess Club in any part of the world which ours could not hold its own, whether for number or average of merit. Most interested at present is on the topic embracing a match with the Philadelphia, a great Chess Club among themselves, and the foundation of a national fraternity of chess champions. Paul Morphy: A magnificent chess-board, with pieces of solid gold and silver, is spoken of as commissioned for the present last mentioned. Whatever offering should be decided upon, we are under low opinion it would certainly be ready for presentation in but a very few days.

Among the Chess Clubs which have taken the signature "Il Stanton," which we printed last week, wherein their Chairman effectually declines the challenge proposed with the great Chess champion, Paul Morphy, has been the only one which has responded to the call, and, at least, the most profound dissatisfaction and regret. For our own part we cannot say that, while appreciating many harsh expressions which we have heard and read touching Capt. M. Chessmen in this matter, we cannot but regret that the Chess-playing world had a full right to expect that the long-beholden trial of strength between the reputed representatives of European and American players would not have fallen through.

Since the publication of Mr. Morphy's match with Herr Harrwitz, he appears to have been comparatively inactive. His engagements have been occupied by visits, mess from visiting Paris, and Mr. H., anxiously looked for by hosts of admirers and friends at home, can only afford further time for travel on his Quixotic journey in pursuit of which he has already made his circuit of the civilized field. We may look for him toward the end of the ensuing year.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—"As much honor as you like, my son, but a very small share of money-getting."

A MESSAGE TO BE WHISPERED IN THE EAR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—"It's never too late to mend."

THE FEAST OF GENIUS.—"You may have a dozen kites, but it requires a very knowing hand indeed to be able to fly even one of them."

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD JOKER.

There are jokes, like diamonds, that take infinitely more time to find than to polish.

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW.

Miles Standish, old Puritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy.

Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles in a rage takes and breaks it off.

Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend of the family.

If you call the tale Standish staff poetry, *Punch* will soon send you a lot of Miles.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That there is a good deal to encourage a man in Patrick, a man who has had the privilege of picking up his English pronunciation in the streets of Dublin, a native of the Emerald Metropolis, a family from Lancashire, a Scotch doctor, a Welsh half-blood, and a Dutch Sweet Lassage.

That Plutus, Pluto, and Plutarch are only different names of the same deity.

That, as a general rule, monkeys are extremely likely to be delicate if exposed to their proper climate.

That when Saturn devoured his own children a mega-Dentum pie formed one of the dishes at the feast.

That a geologist is very likely to be a partial auriferous, though regardless gentleman in the matter of a sepulchre, he is sure to be properly attentive to the position of his grave.

THOUGHTS WHILE WAITING FOR THE NEXT OMNIBUS.

To confound wealth with happiness is to mistake the means for the end. The rich may be well fed, but a lark and fork would give you an appetite.

The wealthy accomplishment to receive from another confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we say to ourselves.

Most fashions are ridiculous, but one is obliged to twist into the shape in order to avoid appearing more ridiculous.

EXPLODING THE TRUTH.—Columbus, in his peculiar line of discovery, and new way of bringing continents to the new earth, must have taken a leaf from the book the Atlantic Telegraph; and more especially must this larger name be considered so, from what we have been told at his time into consideration, as compared with the enlightenment of the present period. Never let it be forgotten that Columbus had but one pole to guide him in his search of a new continent. The Atlantic Telegraph, on the other side, has had the advantage of two poles—a positive and a negative pole. And yet, with this interior error, Columbus discovered an America, whereas the Atlantic Telegraph is still in search of an Europe or some spot, with the exception of Ireland.

UPPER-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

Q. Give an example of the degree of comparison.

A. Positive, Tosh. Comparative, Treacher. Superlative, Tea-clash.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, Nov.* 15, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 13, 1858	$2,917,879....	$870,810
Corresponding week, 1857	2,372,183....	1,426,905
Decrease	$545,696	
Increase		$555,095

The export of specie was only $142,136. It is uncertain how much specie has been sent to the South, but it is not likely that much has gone, and we received on Friday $1,664,634 from California. It is probable, therefore, that the banks now hold about $27,750,000 in coin. The Sub-Treasury balance has fallen below eight millions.

Money is, if anything, cheaper than it was last week. Loans are freely offered on all securities on call, at 3 per cent., and the best short paper is done at 4; good paper at ninety days is taken at bank at 4½ to 5½.

Stocks are much lower than they were at this time last week. The reports of earnings which have been published show that the Western roads are earning no money; and this must, of course, be the rule with such lines as New York Central, which depend on them for business. The following has been the course of the market for the past week:

	Nov. 6.	Nov. 13.
Missouri 6's	89½	89¾
New York Central	83¾	82½
Erie	16¾	16¼
Hudson River	32	32¾
Reading	51¼	50¾
Panama	119	119
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	52¾	51
Michigan Central	55	53
Galena	75¼	73¼
Rock Island	65¾	64¼
Illinois Central	83¾	79¼
Pacific Mail	106¾	103

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, Nov.* 15, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have exhibited increased vigor for Flour, which has been in good demand at improved prices. Wheat and Rye have been held above the views of buyers. Hence they have been lightly dealt in. Corn opened briskly and buoyantly, but closed heavily, with a downward tendency. Barley and Oats have been in fair demand....Cotton has been less sought after, at reduced rates....Provisions have been in good demand at, however, irregular prices....Groceries, Naval Stores, and Oils have been less freely dealt in....Tobacco and Wool have been in fair request at full quotations....Hides and Leather have been active, and have advanced slightly....The Dry Goods trade is without activity. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $570,966 against $614,604 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $53,146,673 against $86,790,043 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and uproductive of any remarkable alterations.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 25
" " per pound	3½	@	5¼
Live Swine, per pound	4¾	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets continue to be well stocked, and are moderately active, at uniform prices for the leading articles.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$ 3 50
Quinces, per barrel	2 25	@	6 00
Citron, per 100	1 00	@	3 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 25	@	1 75
Dried Peaches, per pound	14	@	16
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 00	@	2 25
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	2 00
Turnips, per barrel	62	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbage, per 100	1 00	@	4 00
Cabbage, Red, per 100	1 50	@	4 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 50
Cranberries, per barrel	7 50	@	14 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Spinach, per barrel	37	@	50
Tomatoes, per bushel	75	@	—
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@	87
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	4 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	3 50	@	6 00
Salad, per dozen heads	20	@	30
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	24	@	26
Eggs, Western, per dozen	21	@	23
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	4 00
Partridge, per pair	56	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 26
Venison, per pound	9	@	12

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS FOR DECEMBER.

Contents.

My Lady Ludlow. (Concluded.)
The Poisoned Meal. (5 Chapters. Complete.)
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Calling Bad Names.
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Scene.—PATER FAMILIAS *in Library, deeply engaged in Ledgers, Bills, &c. Enter Young Hopeful.*

"Ah, William! yes—it's you, is it? Well!—have—I not insisted on your being at home at 9 o'clock, eh? But never mind; I am so busy just now—can't talk to you. Go to your Mother, William—and try to be a better boy!" (*Exit William, whistling.*" Had I a donkey wet wouldn't go," &c.)



Scene.—Kind and Affectionate MOTHER. "Dear William (he is so cold, poor dear, being out in the night sir)—William, have you seen your Father?"

"Yes—hic—Ole Guv'nar hard at it—expected a row—hic. Ole Feller, I'll lick him some—hic—day—will—sure—hic."

"Now dear, do not talk in such a manner. You will be a good boy, won't you? Give me your Pistol, Willie, do! you know you are at home, now! I'll take good care of it for you; and when you wish it to-morrow, I will give it you. There, now, be a good Willie, and obey your Mother (gives her his Revolver). I was certain you would listen to your Mother! What a kind, obedient child I have got, to be sure!"



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 100.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE average edition of *Harper's Weekly* exceeds *Seventy-five Thousand* copies.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart is a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell:
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell:
Fell, to be trampled as the filth of the street:
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.

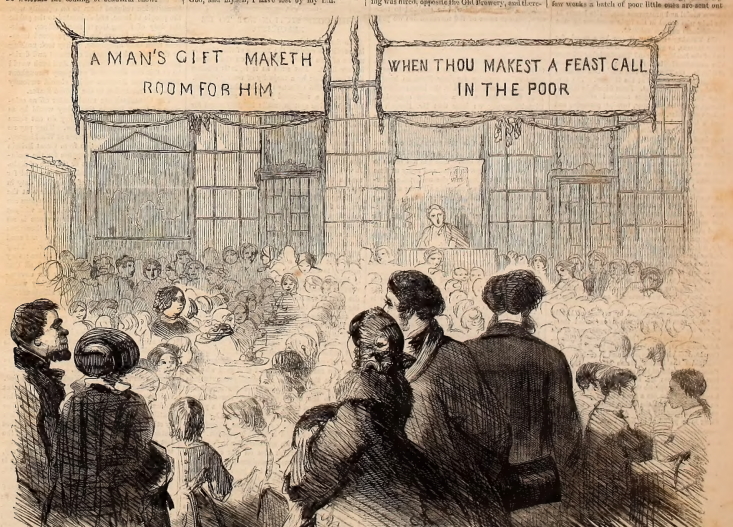
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a shroud of the beautiful snow!

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER OF THE FIVE POINTS CHILDREN.

We engrave below one of the most interesting scenes of city life—the dinner which is given annually on Thanksgiving Day to the children of the Five Points by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many hundreds of our readers doubtless visited the building and witnessed the happy feast of the little ones on Thursday last, thousands who were not present read of the scene in the daily papers.

The Five Points Mission was established some years since by some charitable ladies of New York, about to their male acquaintances. A small building was hired, opposite the Old Brewery, and there in school was held, and relief, food, clothing, and soap and water were freely offered to all poor children. The scheme was a bold one. At that time the Five Points were the ancient of New York vice and crime. Pickpockets, burglars, prostitutes, murderers, and malefactors of every line made the Five Points their head-quarters. They naturally regarded the reformers with an evil eye. Menaces of vengeance against the disturbers of their peace were not wanting. Still the ladies who had started the enterprise proceeded it with unflagging courage, and month by month their sphere of usefulness expanded. Even the very rapscallions of the vicinity, finding that the ladies of the Mission sought nothing beyond the good of the children to whom they offered hospitality, ceased to insult them, and secretly wished them well. After a time it became obvious to the principal lady-manager, Mrs. Dodd, that the building occupied by the Mission was inadequate; a more commodious edifice was essential to the fulfillment of the aim of the Mission. At a meeting of the friends of the enterprise this energetic lady confided her views to the eminent Christian and capitalist, Daniel Drew. He espoused them with warmth; and mainly through his exertions the Old Brewery building—the nest of some four to five hundred of the poorest and worst class of our population—was purchased by the Mission. Workmen were at once engaged to fit the establishment for its new uses; and, in a short time, convenient school-rooms, a neat chapel, and suitable offices were contrived. At the present time the Mission is doing a world of good. It is one of the largest and most admirably conceived institutions in the country. Some nine hundred and fifty-one children, of both sexes, are educated daily in the building, and every few weeks a batch of poor little ones are sent out



THANKSGIVING DINNER TO THE POOR CHILDREN OF THE FIVE POINTS, AT THE LADIES' HOME MISSION, ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1858.

West, under the charge of one of the missionaries. Thus, as things are managed at present, the Five Points, instead of being a nursery of vice and crime, is really furnishing the West with some of their best settlers. The building of the Ladies' Home Mission is spacious and well ventilated. There are two large school-rooms—one for very juvenile pupils; the other for scholars of more mature growth. Both are usually filled. We can testify to the happy and cleanly appearance of the pupils.

Here the Gospel is preached to the poor, and many have received it as tidings of great joy. Many who have drifted to this gulf of despair—this lowest point of wretchedness—have here had their crazy barks refitted, and with new hope have begun again the voyage of life. The records of the missionary present glimpses of fearful tragedies; the terrible present almost effacing the remembrance of the past of promise. Men who have enjoyed an elegant sufficiency are here brought, by that mighty leveler, Intemperance, to the hunger and cold of a garret in the Five Points; women daintily nurtured are found in the extreme of poverty and suffering; yea, there are sometimes to be found here men who have graduated at our colleges and taught in our public assemblies, who have lost all self-respect, all manhood, and who live but to gratify the thirst that has ruined them.

Many striking and touching anecdotes are told by the friends of the Mission. One boy, instructed in the Mission-school, and now employed as clerk in a store, wrote an earnest letter to his intemperate father. The father left his apple stand, and had the letter read to him in the opposite store, and his heart was so touched when he learned whence it came, that he at once came to the Mission and took the pledge.

There are deeds, too, of Christian charity and love wrought by these Mission children. A little orphan boy, beaten and cruelly used by the man who claimed authority over him, ran away, and slept for many nights in a wagon, fed by these ministering children. One of them took him home with her, and made up a little bed in the corner of the room for the little stranger, and then brought him to the Mission-school. There he would have been sheltered, and fed, and taught, and clothed; but, during the missionary's absence, the man who claimed the poor child came to the school and demanded him, and carried him off to his miserable home, whence the Mission may still rescue him.

Five hundred have been sent to the West, and the most cheering reports are received from them. One boy, who had no home and no one to look after him, who sold papers by day and slept in carts by night, was invited to the school by one of the ladies of the Mission. He scorned to come in at the door, but he got in through the window; and he at length cheerfully acceded to the proposal made to him to seek a home in Illinois. Adopted in a kindly Christian family, surrounded by all the loving charities of home, this boy bids fair to have a useful and prosperous life. His letters to the lady who called in the little wanderer breathe thankfulness and contentment.

On Thanksgiving Day it has been usual, for many seasons, to give the children of the Mission and of the locality a grand Thanksgiving Dinner. The commissariat is provided by the benevolence of friends. On Thursday last nearly two thousand children were "dined" at the Mission. The supply of viands was liberal. From friends in Homer, New York, the managers received seventy-four barrels of apples, potatoes, turnips, parsneps, and other vegetables, while friends in Cazenovia have sent a hundred barrels of apples, etc., and six boxes of clothing. Fulton Market contributed one cart-load and one large wagon-load of provisions, and some dealers in Washington Street added another cart-load to the number. Then there were, in the words of the managers, "several loads from the hotels," and private families were no less generous in their charity. There were chickens without number, a whole army of Thanksgiving turkeys, and in addition to these, several pigs, lambs, and enough beef to make three or four head of cattle. All this was cooked at Sweeney's Hotel, and the cooking received full justice. Besides these good things there was a gigantic loaf presented by the proprietor of Crook's dining saloon in the Bowery, which was a perfect wonder in its way. This loaf weighed one hundred pounds, was six feet long and two feet broad, and the flour of which it was made was of the best description. As for pies, there seemed to be no end to the quantity or variety, and however short this year's crop of fruit may have been, there was certainly an abundance at the Mission.

The Mission was visited by crowds of kindly disposed persons, all of whom expressed themselves highly pleased with the appearance of the children, and the general look of the establishment. Addresses were made to the pupils by the Rev. Drs. Crooks, Holdrich, Newman, and Wakeley.

Besides the Ladies' Home Mission, the Five Points is the site of two other meritorious benevolent institutions; Mr. Pease's House of Industry, which is just opposite the Mission, and where five hundred children ate a good Thanksgiving Dinner on Thursday; and the Union Mission, where seventy were liberally fed. After all, there is something to be proud of in New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 27, 1858.

LAST YEAR'S TRADE.

THE official tables of the commerce of the United States for the fiscal year 1857–'58 have just been published. They show, as was expected, a surprising increase in the exports of this country, and a large decrease in the imports. Our exchanges with the world at large leave a balance to our credit of $42,031,271 for the year. Last year we had a balance in our favor of $2,070,000. Former years always left us in the world's debt.

The principles of commerce are now becoming better understood than they were in the days when it was considered a grand thing to have a large export and a small import trade. It is now well known to all commercial men that there exists a necessary proportion between the imports of a country and its exports, and that a nation which takes little from foreign countries can not expect them to take much from it. If our imports fall off permanently, so will our exports; if we desire the foreign world to buy freely of our cotton and breadstuffs, we must buy freely of their wares and products also. Trade generates trade; if we cease to buy British manufactures, they will find some other country from which to import flour and cotton; and if we take all the surplus which the manufacturers of Great Britain can produce, they will take all the cotton and corn we can grow.

It is not therefore at all desirable that our imports should fall below a reasonable figure. Last year we took, in round numbers, $262,000,000 of foreign goods and merchandise; the year before we took $348,000,000. Next year, in all probability, our consumption of foreign wares and merchandise will be nearer $350,000,000 than $300,000,000. And if it exceeds three hundred and fifty millions, we may rely upon it that the foreign world will be enabled to take so much the more of the merchandise we produce.

MEXICO.

At latest accounts the Spaniards were about to renew their endeavors to obtain either payment of or security for their Mexican bonds. Regiments now stationed in the island of Cuba were under orders for a Mexican campaign. Simultaneously we hear that Mr. Forsyth is about to return from Mexico, and that the President is looking round for some one to succeed him.

As to the Spanish movement, it can not amount to any thing. Spain can not afford to go to war with any one. She has not funds to support her own government and army in time of peace. Much less can she undertake a foreign war even against so feeble a Power as Mexico. More than this, were Spain to make war upon Mexico, the old relations of the two countries would awaken considerable sympathy for the ex-colony, and with all her troops and all her ships of war, Spain would probably come out of such a contest a loser. This is not unknown to the advisers of the Queen of Spain. We therefore expect nothing from the Spanish menaces.

The question with regard to this country is very different. That Mexico has failed in her treaty engagements with the United States is notorious; it is also matter of notoriety that United States citizens have been repeatedly outraged, both in their persons and their property, by the Mexican authorities. It may not be generally known—but it is none the less a fact—that many American citizens residing in Mexico at the present time have actually been reduced to call themselves Englishmen, and to seek from the British consular and diplomatic authorities a protection which their own diplomatic agents were unable or unwilling to grant. The Minister and Consuls of the United States, as a general rule, have proved utterly incompetent to protect their fellow-countrymen from violence and rapine at the hands of the Mexican authorities. In some instances, no doubt, their impotence has arisen from their own want of energy and pluck; but in the majority of cases they have been paralyzed by the notorious unwillingness of the Cabinet at Washington to incur any expense or responsibility for the mere protection of the United States citizen. The various Governments of Mexico have felt safe in imprisoning or despoiling American citizens—and they have done so to their hearts' content.

The newspapers of the past week state that the President has resolved to substitute, in the room of Mr. Forsyth, some man of more energy and capacity, with an ultimate view to the re-establishment of law and order in Mexico. The civilized world would rejoice to see such a design consummated. Thus far, certainly, Mr. Forsyth has effected nothing; and if any fresh man could either conclude a treaty with Mexico by which a stable government of any kind could be established there, or could render a temporary military occupation of that country necessary, he would confer a boon upon Mexico, commerce, and civilization. But it is not easy to see how any diplomatist could achieve such a purpose.

The English bond-holders, who are disgusted at the failure of the Mexicans to pay the interest on their bonds, are quite anxious that the United States should annex Mexico. John Bull is willing to forego his jealousy of the territorial expansion of the United States for the sake of getting his interest promptly paid. But it is not so easy as our neighbor supposes to convert Mexico into a part of the United States, either as Territories or as States. There exists among the people of the United States a wholesome and very proper aversion to the commingling of foreign races with our genuine Anglo-Saxon stock. Our experience of a Celtic admixture is not calculated to encourage further experiments in the same direction. Moreover, the annexation of Mexico would revive the slavery question in a very difficult and delicate shape. Mexico has abolished slavery, and established a system of labor in its stead which suits the views of the Mexican people. Were Mexico annexed to the United States the South would naturally propose, and the Mexicans would naturally resist, the re-establishment of slavery there. This would lead to a quarrel which would not improve the relations between the Northern and Southern States.

On the whole, it is doubtful whether, under any circumstances at present apparent, the United States could be induced to take Mexico under their protection or into their confederacy. It is, in many respects, one of the finest countries in the world. In other respects it is the most unfortunate. Its people are incapable of governing themselves. They have not the pluck which seems inherent in every Anglo-Saxon community, however small; they can not defend themselves against robbers and murderers. And they are cursed with a Church which, not content with grasping all the property and revenues of the country, insists on holding the consciences of the people in its keeping, and renders them utterly unfitted either for decent subordination to a bad, or honest co-operation with a good, government.

THE CONSTITUTION NOT TO BE REFORMED.

To the astonishment of every one, the popular verdict is against the reform of the Constitution of this State. The vote on the subject is very light. But such as it is, it is against the Convention by a majority of nearly 30,000. Barely 100,000 citizens recorded their suffrage in favor of a reformed judiciary and a purer administrative system, while 130,000 voted for the maintenance of things as they are. The most striking circumstance in connection with the event is the fact that every newspaper which expressed an opinion on the subject was in favor of the Convention. Not a single journal was opposed to a reform of the Constitution. It would seem to follow that the press is by no means the omnipotent engine men take it to be.

Many reasons are given for the failure of the project for reforming the Constitution. It is said that the people were ignorant of the designs of the reformers. Certain it is that the plan of reform was sprung upon the public at the eleventh hour—was not the consequence of any popular movement or agitation—and was, from first to last, a matter of uncertainty and mystery to the people at large. It is quite likely that many votes were cast against the Convention by citizens who were unacquainted with the aims of the reformers, and who were unwilling to reopen the old vexed questions, for fear of increasing the mischiefs without amending the faults of the present Constitution.

It is likewise intimated that many existing office-holders voted against the Convention, and induced their friends to do likewise, for fear of personally unpleasant consequences. One can readily understand that men who are strong in the esteem of primary conventions should object to a transfer of the appointing power to the State executive; but do these persons control votes enough to defeat a project which is indorsed by 100,000 citizens?

Whatever be the cause of the failure, that the project has failed is beyond question. We need not say that we are sorry for it. We believe that the darkest blot on our civilization grows out of the maladministration of justice; and there is no question but justice is maladministered because the judges are creatures of primary conventions, and dependent on political leaders for their daily bread. Had the Convention abolished the elective judiciary system—as we believe there is no doubt it would have done—it would have rendered a substantial service to the State. As it is, the boon remains to be sought at the hands of a future community of voters.

In the year 1866, the Legislature is, by the Constitution, bound to submit to the people the question, whether or no they will have that charter reformed. At the rate things are progressing at present, there can be very little question what their reply will be. But until then it seems to be conclusively settled that we must suffer with patience the curse of an elective judiciary and all the lesser evils of the present Constitution.

WHETHER THE BRITISH PROVINCES ARE GOING TO BE ANNEXED.

There has been some talk in the newspapers of the annexation of the British Provinces of North America to this Republic. Some of the journals seem to think that in a few years these Provinces will, as a matter of course, form a part of the Confederacy of the United States. One or two extreme Northern papers have gone so far as to designate the plan on which these new members would be admitted to the Union, and their status fixed in the national councils.

The writers who speculate on the annexation of Canada and the minor provinces of British North America to the republic of the United States evince very little acquaintance with the feelings and condition of the British colonists. It may safely be said that no people or clan in the world entertain so lively a dislike of this country as the Canadians. In them—as in many of the old colonies before the Revolution—loyalty to the British sovereign is intensified beyond any thing ever conceived by the inhabitants of Great Britain. And in proportion to their attachment to their Queen is their hatred of foreign and rival nations. No journals in the world are so bitterly inimical to the United States as the Canadian papers; and in this particular they faithfully reflect the feelings of their readers. So far as popular feeling is concerned, it would be easier to persuade Portugal or Tuscany to sue for admission to the Union than Canada.

Nine years ago a movement was made in Montreal and other cities of Canada in favor of annexation to the United States. It sprang from the reluctance of the old British Tories to submit to the wise and salutary system of self-government established in Canada by the British Crown. These old Tories—a contemptible minority in the Province—had, previous to the establishment of self-government, been a petty aristocracy, dividing the spoils among their kith and kin, and lording it over the rank and file of their fellow-citizens. The new Canadian Constitution reduced them to an equality with the people at large, and delegated to the public the duty of filling Government offices. Disgusted at the innovation, they proposed to secede from their allegiance. They took nothing by the motion but general contempt and derision throughout the Province. And such would be at this day the fate of any party throughout British North America which should seriously advocate annexation to the United States.

The Canadians are much better off as colonists of Great Britain than they would be as members of this Union. They do not share our cross—the slavery question. They pay no taxes to support federal leeches at Washington. They enjoy such protection from Great Britain that they are put to no expense for the maintenance of standing armies or the hire of diplomatists. Their foreign relations are paid for by Great Britain. Part of the police duty in their cities is done by British soldiers at the cost of the British public. Their frontiers are protected by the same British troops without costing them a dollar. Their revenue is all their own. They draw hundreds of thousands annually from England; and they do not send a dollar to the British Exchequer. They could gain nothing by joining this Union: they would lose part of their revenue and all that England does for them. Under the circumstances—feeling of loyalty apart—they would be insane to seek to change their allegiance.

RETROSPECT OF CRIME.

The Metropolitan Police have just presented their annual report. The catalogue of crime is formidable, and we are sorry to say that the commitments and convictions bear no proportion to the actual crimes committed. At least half the crimes committed in New York go unpunished. We alluded in a recent Number to the flagrant violation of the law which forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors on Election Day. The police justify their indifference to the breach of this law by stating—with perfect truth, we believe—that not one of the persons whom they arrested at the last election for selling liquor has been prosecuted. So it is; where the police do their duty, the District Attorney neglects his; where he is ready to act, they are remiss; between the two, rogues are sure to escape.

The following table will show the nativity of the individuals arrested for crime in this city: "Ireland, 36,065; United States, 10,208; Germany, 5932; England, 2598; Scotland, 886; France, 367; Canada, 201; Italy, 157; Spain, 47; Poland, 43; Sweden, 20; Norway, 11; Holland, 10; Prussia, 10; China, 8; West Indies, 6; Denmark, 6; Switzerland, 8; Bel-

gium, 2; Nova Scotia, 1; Mexico, 1; Chili, 1; Unknown, 4287."

Such tables as this will tend to console us for the injury which is inflicted upon the country at large by the large decrease in the emigration from Ireland.

THE LOUNGER.

MOUNT VERNONANA.

"MR. LOUNGER,—What do *you* think of the agreement of Mr. Edward Everett to write for the New York *Ledger?* Yours truly, ?"

Look a moment and see.

Mr. Everett is not only a scholar, but he is a valetudinarian, and a person of fastidious taste and liberal fortune. He is also an orator of fame greater than that of any American. He has, moreover, reached an age that relieves him from the control of the fiery impulses and passionate aspirations of youth. Upon the evening of the 22d February, now nearly three years since, he charms his native Boston* with the smooth sweetness of his oration upon Washington, and resolves to appropriate all the proceeds accruing from that discourse to the purchase of Mount Vernon. He comes to New York, which offers him the freedom of the city. And thenceforth he goes up and down the land, and, in large towns and small ones, crowds gather and hang upon his voice while he repeats his oration. The crowds pay an admission fee. Mr. Everett devotes all the receipts to the great object; and when the ladies step forward to hail him in his work he lays at their feet some thirty or forty thousand dollars.

The ladies solicit subscriptions, and Mr. Everett speaks. The country is charmed to see its women hastening the pious work. And it is a good, a generous, and a patriotic work. It is a shame that it is not effected spontaneously—that we can suffer Congress to spare thousands of dollars for trade, but not a cent for filial piety!

Now when a man says to Mr. Everett that he will give him ten thousand dollars for the Mount Vernon purchase, if Mr. Everett will write a series of articles for his paper, he merely proposes to him to continue his work—only instead of preparing something for two or three thousand people to hear, he is to prepare something for two or three hundred thousand to read.

And who is to judge of the "dignity" of the medium? Would it not be "dignified" for Mr. Everett to make five thousand dollars by delivering his "Washington" in a circus-building, or a market, or a warehouse, or a railroad dépôt? Can not the theme and the speaker and his eloquence "dignify" any place in which he chooses to stand?

The New York *Ledger*, so far as we have noticed, is a paper of perfect decorum. It is a proof of its proprietor's sagacity that it is so. It is free from the usual faults of journals—malice and bitter partisanship. It is devoted strictly to the amenities of literature. Along its columns the gusts of politics never blow.

Among those columns Mr. Everett can walk as calmly as Plato under those of the Academy. And if he will only talk as wisely, there will probably be very little more trouble about the "dignity" of his position.

BIRDS IN THE BUSH.

THERE are probably as sweet birds in the woods as we have ever heard sing. The other day it seemed as if all the warblers were on our side of the sea; but suddenly two new names come floating over, as if old Europe wished her upstart child to know that she yet had treasures left.

Place aux dames. Here is Mademoiselle Miolan, now Madame Carvalho, "quite without a rival in her sex." A more wonderful vocalist than Sontag, Persiani, or Cinti Damoreau. She easily achieves the impossible. Her intonation is infallible. "There is no genuine music-lover who, having once heard her, would not willingly go *any distance* on foot to hear her again." But her voice is thin, expressionless, and unsympathetic.

Enter Monsieur Faure. "The most perfect singer in Europe." Not yet twenty-eight, and has a voice of such compass that he can sing both William Tell and Arnold in Rossini's opera. A profound musician, with a style and method like those of Crescentini and Nozzari, heroes of seventy years ago. He is exceedingly handsome, has splendid costumes, and has forced the *Opera Comique* in Paris to give him fabulous prices.

All this we learn from a lively correspondent of the Boston *Courier*. But we confess the picture is sobered a little by a stray remark in another part of the letter. He speaks of Frezzolini as "one of the last really great singers of Italian music." And if that be his standard of great singing, what are we to think of Miolan and Faure?

But in none of their foreign theatres can they sing Don Giovanni as we have heard it sung lately in New York. Let Miolan and Faure approach, and New York will decide their claims!

LATEST FROM JUPITER.

THE Lounger, grateful to his correspondent N. R. for the present intelligence, would also be very glad of any tidings from Saturn or Mercury, or any where else in the neighborhood.

"If Jupiter is inhabited by human beings formed like ourselves, but bearing the same proportion in size to *that* planet as we to ours; if it contains, equally proportioned, the same species of animals; if all inventions, conveniences, and contrivances—such as dwellings, carriages, steamboats—in fact, if every thing is similar there to what we have on earth, but fourteen hundred times larger, the dimensions, by earthly measurement, will be something like this:

"A Jupitarian gentleman will stand, in his stockings, about eight thousand feet, or twenty-four times the height of the steeple of Trinity Church, or over one mile and a half. One of his feet will occupy sufficient ground for fifty houses twenty-five feet front, one hundred deep, with gardens two hundred and fifty feet deep; and his nose will be over two hundred feet long. A mouse will be in bulk more than four times, and a horse over one hundred and forty times that of one of our ordinary houses. A street like Broadway, in a Jupitarian city, would stretch once and a half across the Atlantic, and in width as far as from New York to Yonkers. The roof of a Jupitarian dwelling-house must exceed in height three piled up Chimborazos, and in one of its parlors a Mount Blanc will find room. A carriage from Jupiter would be too large to stand across Manhattan Island, and a steamboat would take up a berth all the way to Poughkeepsie; but, to contain it, the Hudson would have to be widened to three times its present width. A Jupitarian cigar would encumber half the width of Broadway, thirty to forty feet high, from Chamber to Canal; and all the human beings that inhabit our earth could be amply accommodated in a Jupitarian house, equal to a forty feet square house with us, having seven thousand stories, ten feet high, and covering an area of three millions one hundred and thirty thousand square feet."

* He was born in Dorchester.

BLACK FRIDAY.

ABOUT a fortnight ago a boy was hung in New York. It is a terrible story—too terrible not to be often told, that it may be long remembered.

We are not going to discuss the question of capital punishment. We only say that if capital punishment were often inflicted as it was upon Rodgers, it would very soon be abolished.

If society is to take life for crime, it is bound to do so instantly, and with as little suffering as possible. It is bound to do it in such a way that the moral solemnity of the act shall not be mixed with physical horror, or with any circumstance which gratifies the fierce curiosity of a crowd, large or small.

If a man must be executed, let him be deprived of life without a pang, in the presence of the immediate officers of the law, of the clergy in attendance, and of six or eight of the chief magistrates, who shall be, *ex officio*, the only witnesses. Then let the body be coffined, and delivered to his friends at their house; while a short certificate of the fact of execution is signed by the witnesses, and published in the papers.

Let there be no more rope-slipping, and slow strangulation, and convulsive action of the hands; and other prisoners putting up pieces of glass to reflect the scene; and careless officials joking; and relatives unvailing the face and falling, shrieking and fainting, upon the corpse in the prison-yard; and then minute reports of every detail of horror in the daily papers.

Unquestionably more people are demoralized by the reports of such scenes than can possibly be benefited by knowing that they occur. And if there be any reason for having executions comparatively private, as the law enacts, the same reason should prevent their being made public in the newspapers.

It is "news" indeed. But so it is "news" that decent men are sometimes seen in gambling-houses and other places; but the facts are not therefore to be published and served up to the family in the morning. Such reports are not published to promote public order, but to pander to a prurient curiosity.

It is high time, too, that the gallows, the clumsy contrivance of a barbarous age, should give place to a surer instrument. If the object of capital punishment be to deter criminals by physical suffering, let us roast our murderers at slow fires. If the object be to show that society conceives the offender to have proved that his life is too dangerous to be endured, then let his life be taken in the surest way science can invent. The guillotine and the garrote are both better than the gallows, for they spare the spectator even the appearance of suffering in the victim.

ONE AND ALL.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Some of your readers have accused me of inconstancy, and say that I have addressed half a dozen ladies through your columns with equal warmth of affection. I repel the accusation indignantly. Like the old poets, I like to address the beloved one under a variety of endearing names. Victoria Regina, A. H., and the rest, are all one and the same person. I am a *single minded* individual, and do not believe in minced hearts. I will not call myself "*whole souled*," for that epithet is usually applied to the "early called," like "the late lamented William Poole," who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives" and liberal of drinks and treats. If any one is interested in my little affair, here is the result.

SONG.

"My love is mine! my love is mine!
What have I done to be so blest?
Is it for me those sweet eyes shine,
And say, 'I love thee—be at rest!'

"Alas! I know she loves not me,
But some pure image of her heart;
And yet I dare not say—be free!
Thou lov'st unworthily—we part!

"No! pure and steadfast stars of even,
That gently deign to guide me on,
Ye are my only hope of heaven!
Without you all of life were gone

"Shine on me still, oh lovely eyes!
Till I become what I would be!
Till from my worthless self I rise
To all your *faith* beholds in me!
"O. L. R.

"NIGHTINGALE HOUSE, *Martinmas, Nov.* 11."

RAVELING.

WHAT though Antoine and Jerome have retired, Francois and Gabriel, in immortal youth, will still delight our eyes—will still be flattened like pancakes and expanded like balloons—will still dive through clock-faces and reappear under hats. They preach perpetual sermons upon politics—by illustration. They show the virtues and possibilities of India-rubber. There is no knot so intricate that they will not tie it with their bodies. There is no knot-hole so imperceptible that they will not dart through it like light through a key-hole.

The Ravels, namely; who else? New York might as well undertake to pass a winter without Christmas as without the Ravels. In fact, what is Christmas without those wonderful winks and motions, that fun and fairy which belong to the Ravels?

Perhaps they are human beings like the rest of us. Quite probably they are. Possibly they eat dinner, and drink lager beer, and go to bed between sheets, and snore, like other men. But why should they? why don't they pillow their chins upon the Orient wave when they are tired, and dine with Dr. Veron when they are hungry? Why don't they sleep in the great bed of Ware, and drink out of the Heidelberg tun? Why don't they go shopping with the purse of Fortunatus or Baron Rothschild and buy handsomer dresses than Eugénie? Why not pull Louis Napoleon's nose, clap the Pope on the back, and take snuff with the Grand Lama? What on earth do they wear hats and bonnets for, and pay board? Why don't they swallow the napkin, and appease the landlord by pulling a dozen silver forks out of the salt cellar? and when the landlady complains vault from her shoulder to the ceiling and disappear through the ventilator?

To think of their condescending to live like the rest of us, who can never hope to jump through the eye of a needle! To think of their quietly walking down stairs instead of descending lightly upon sheeny vans. It teaches us all humility. Let us, then, go and take front seats, and learn humility.

MANNERS AND MORALS.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I am a young housekeeper, with means comfortable, but not overabundant. Last week, with the approval of my husband, whose wishes I always consult in such cases, I made up my mind to invite a small party of my relatives and friends to take tea and spend the evening with us socially. Accordingly, I called upon and invited some five-and-twenty, all of whom accepted my invitation, and apparently with great pleasure. Having, at considerable labor and expense, provided refreshments sufficient in quantity and variety for all of my guests, judge of my feelings when more than one-half of them failed to come; and not only did not come, but, *having promised*, did not think it worth while, by note or message, to apprise me of their defection. The consequence was, that I and those friends who did come were kept nervously waiting more than an hour beyond tea-time, and had then to sit down to a tea which was not more than half enjoyed.

"Now, Mr. Lounger, not being a fashionable, or much of a society, woman myself, I beg to inquire whether, in your opinion, the absentees acted as became ladies, or treated me with justice, on the occasion referred to? Is such treatment kind, courteous, or polite? It has occurred to me that your position may enable you to save some of your lady friends, by justly denouncing such (as it seems to me) thoughtless and heartless conduct.
"Yours, MIGNIONETTE.

"P.S.—The Rev. Mr. Milburn, in a late lecture on 'What a Blind Man saw in England,' stated that when a gentleman there accepted an invitation to dine with a friend, a note of the fact was carefully entered into his memorandum-book, and that nothing less than a broken leg, the death of his wife, or some such calamity, would prove a satisfactory excuse for not punctually observing his appointment. Would that similar engagements were held more sacred with us than they are!"

—If each one of these guests had known he was to find a thousand dollars in his tea-cup he would certainly have gone—or, if inevitable accident prevented, would have taken painful care to explain his absence. Can we, then, not do for love, among friends, what we would do for money?

If you can suppose cows and horses invited to pasture, but not hungry, you can fancy them doing precisely as the friends of "Mignionette" did—not going, and saying nothing. But shall we look to the stable for our manners? Politeness is not superficial. It is a matter of the heart. It is the pleasant and comely acknowledgment of mutual humanity. A humane man can no more slight a kind word, or look, or request, than he could strike a child. All kindness has the appealing quality of childhood. It is both beautiful and dependent when it asks something.

If a person can not take the trouble to recognize kindness he is not very likely to do a kindness. He betrays his own selfishness. The persons mentioned by "Mignionette" were probably only selfish. Will they, and all inclined to do like them, not be made a little more thoughtful by her note?

BULL AND BRIGHT.

ONE of the most remarkable of recent events is Mr. John Bright's speech at Birmingham. Bull and Bright do not pull exactly together, but Bright pulls in the direction in which Bull must ultimately draw.

His speech was made actually at Birmingham, but really to England and to all who watch with interest English development. The English press, except the extremely radical, criticises it very sharply. But although Mr. Bright has been ill, his speech is by no means sick. It is a remarkably robust and hearty speech, or rather speeches, for there were two, or one in two parts. It is a very significant speech, also; for when thoughts are openly uttered by public men in England, they are thoughts that have been long maturing. English orators pay the English public the compliment of believing that if they speak too suddenly and rashly they will not be heard with much respect afterward, nor be so likely to attain public position.

When, therefore, a man like John Bright makes a speech and England listens, and the universal English press comments, whether favorably or adversely, we may be very sure that the speech is significant.

And well it may be. For in ancestral England—in England where a vast mass of the laboring people are workmen in factories—a man says in the chief factory town, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the peers are to be your masters, as they boast that their ancestors were the conquerors of yours, serve them. But if ye will serve only the laws of your country—and laws in the making of which you have been consulted—then we may go straight on to discuss this question of parliamentary reform." "I am now going to attack the House of Lords." "I confess I am not able to discover one single important measure, important to human or to English freedom, that has come from the voluntary consent and good-will of the House of Peers."

Fancy Lord Thomas Noddy, or that exemplary nobleman the Marquis of Steyne, reading this some mellow morning in his comely "*Times!*" What though the *Times* thunders? What though Lord Thomas swears? Mr. John Bright still asks, "How can I reconcile free representation of the people in the House of Commons with the irremediable and unchangeable dispositions which reside in the hereditary House of Lords?"

That question, once fairly asked, must be answered sometime and somehow; and it is not the least curious coincidence of the whole that it is asked by the member for Birmingham and under a Tory ministry.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"BUNTERSVILLE, *November*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—In the *Harper* of the 13th inst. H. P. A. desires to know what author wrote all his works with one pen. Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to inform him that it is me.
"Respectfully, JOHN PATCH."

—H. P. A. will notice the interesting fact that "me" is the author of whom he inquired.

—"I, the second descendant from the Scarborough, owner of the steamship *Savannah*, of Savannah, Georgia, must sit down here in old South Carolina," and thereupon sends to the Lounger an account substantially the same as that already published. G. G. U., Worcester, Massachusetts, sends a similar account.

"PHILADELPHIA, *November* 15, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—You complain that all the *poetry* in your 'Letter-Box' sinks to the bottom. I can not hope that the inclosed will rise very high; but still I hope it will not sink *entirely* to the bottom.
"Yours, S. W. D."

A YEAR AGO.

One year ago, how short it seems!
How soon from us its hours have fled!
Its by-gone days are like the dreams
That fancy o'er our path has shed!
Each week a withered yellow leaf
Has fallen from the tree of Time,
Its green existence just as brief:
'Twas nurtured in a softer clime
A year ago.

—There is more, but the Lounger can not make light of it. It has gone down.

"SHARON, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *November*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—In reference to the loss of Calais, very reliable historians inform us that it was the immediate cause of Queen Mary's death.

"Calais may have been yielded to France by treaty in the first year of Queen Bess, for the very good reason that the French *had captured it* the year before, much to the disgust of the sanguine Mary. Indeed, not only the larger histories, but even the epitomes for schools—such as Worcester's, Goodrich's, and Lempriere's—all agree that the *post-mortem* inscription on the pericardium was prophesied by Mary instead of Elizabeth.

"*Apropos de bottes*—one question. The word Caissa, which I suppose has some reference to chess. Please inform me of its meaning, derivation, etc. I do not find it in either my French, Spanish, German, or Italian dictionaries, and am half inclined to attribute to it a Sepoy origin, and account for its absence from the lexicons by the supposition that it has been detained in quarantine all this while.

"Will it appear in Worcester's forthcoming Magnum Bonum? Yours,
"HANS ORFF."

—The Lounger thinks that Hans Orff will find the facts to be as follows: On the 4th of August, 1347, Calais was taken by Edward III. of England, after a siege of eleven months. On the 8th of January, 1558, under Queen Mary, it was recaptured by the Duke of Guise, after a siege of eight days. Queen Mary died November 17, 1558; and she it was who said that Calais would be found engraved upon her heart. Queen Elizabeth was crowned January 15, 1559; and by the general peace of Chateau Cambresis, April 2, 1559, Calais was *secured* to France. The actual capture was under Mary; the solemn cession under Elizabeth.

Hans Orff must wait patiently, and he may learn more about Caissa.

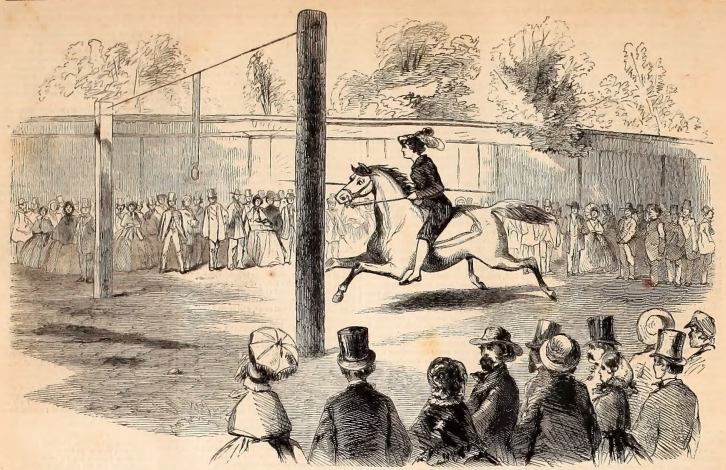
"DEAR FRIEND LOUNGER,—You have a corner in the *Weekly* where you permit correspondents to let off their superabundant gas, the afflicted to bemoan their condition, the aggrieved to vindicate their tarnished honor, and the critics—to point out all of our mistakes, either in grammar or rhetoric, fact or fiction.

"'DONATI'S COMET.' (I quote from the *Weekly* of the 8th ult., page 653.) Donati is placed in the possessive case. Is this proper? I understand the possessive case to imply possession, ownership, property. Who gave Mr. Donati the title-deed to this comet, and when was it given? This being answered, when did he exercise the right of ownership or property, or when did he reduce it to possession? I doubt not but that this comet was first discovered on the 2d of June last past, and that Mr. Donati was the discoverer. Besides, I have no other opinion than that he is a law-abiding citizen, and that he does not arrogate to himself undue honor; but somebody else gave him this honor—and didn't somebody else make a mistake? *The Comet Donati*—would not this be correct, and would it not give as much honor as if *s* was appended?

"Do give us light. Yours ever,
"WM. T. K."

"BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA, *November*, 1858."

—The rule among astronomical men is to indicate comets by their numbers. The name of a person is given in compliment, and for the sake of identification by the unlearned. In that view it is proper to say Donati's or Halley's Comet—not the Halley Comet.



THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR—THE TILT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY NIXON.]

THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR.

[*From our own Correspondent.*]

THE Fourth Annual Fair of the Alabama State Agricultural Society was held in Montgomery, the capital of the State, between the 1st and 6th days of November, 1858.

The grounds are beautifully located upon the banks of the noble Alabama, occupying a large, level, grassy plain, to the north of the city. The space inclosed is ample, and the facilities afforded for display are on a scale commensurate with the rapidly improving interests of this young and flourishing State. In addition to a large number of well-arranged stalls for cattle, hogs, and horses, there is a finely graveled training course: a grand amphitheatre for the examination of stock, and for the exhibition of hippodromic performances; a commodious two-story edifice for the proper display of mechanical contrivances, as well, also, for the use of exhibitors in the department of the fine arts; a substantial gin-house, for the purpose of testing improvements in the preparation of our great southern staple, together with fixtures for pressing and baling cotton already ginned.

There are characteristic points of difference between a show of this kind in the Northern, and such a display as we are now describing in the Southern States. In the former, distinctive prominence is given to those mechanical appliances which represent the interests of the mighty grain-growing countries of the North and the imperial Northwest. The eye is bewildered by the multiplicity of inventions for reaping, garnering, threshing, fanning, and grinding the exhaustless products of the cereal regions. There, too, are to be seen the infinitely varied modifications of machinery by which the numberless processes of manufacturing operations are carried on. There are more perfect planing apparatus; simpler contrivances for drilling, or boring, or filing; a new cog-wheel; a trifling, yet important modification of ratchets and pinions; some novel methods of printing calicoes, or weaving domestics, or spinning cottons; a new valve in an old piston-rod; an ingenious key, or an unassailable lock. There are men from the sooty forge and the clanking anvil; men from the dusty flouring-mill and the odorous laboratory of some noted perfumer: men whose ears are daily stunned by the whirr of spindles and the clatter of looms; men who listen forever to the groanings of ponderous



THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR—THE AMPHITHEATRE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY NIXON.]

DR. N. B. CLOUD, SECRETARY OF THE ALABAMA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

wheels and the incessant puffings of busy steam-engines.

At a Southern Fair, on the contrary, the eye at once discerns the habits, tastes, and pursuits of a people wholly given to agricultural and pastoral employments. But few machines are on exhibition, and those relate exclusively to the interests of the farm and to the homely duties of the planter. Here is, perhaps, a corn-sheller and separator, and there is a bit of mechanical ingenuity applied to the grinding of corn and the crushing of the cane. And only does the visitor discover at a glance that the tillage of the soil is the noble vocation of the sturdy and happy yeomanry around him, but he sees with equal readiness that the one great, engrossing, controlling idea is the growth and culture of cotton. On every hand, in every variety of phase, is this one absorbing topic represented. Here is a long row of beautifully ginned and securely packed cotton bales, with their fleecy samples exposed to view. Read the label on this bale. It is intended for the cultivation of the young cotton plant. Stop to observe this veteran, one old man, who industriously plies an ungainly wooden machine to and fro all the day long. "What is that concern for, Master?" "That is Carter's Cotton Planter, the outstanding cost entrance for evenly dropping and kiverin cotton seed in the world!" What is the use of all these cogs, and spirals, and files? The answer shows us how young Elliott goes to the planter's gin-house, takes the broken, imperfect gin saws, and in a few hours makes that busy file rest and rewhet every tooth to its pristine sharpness. The crowd rushes toward the discordant creakings of some huge fixture on yonder side of the Fair grounds. I ran too, and am "in at the" packing, tying, and discharging of a beautiful compact cotton bale, weighing six hundred pounds. I see a fellow belaboring best upon twirling a crank for an admiring crowd, and thrusting my spectacles through some cronny in the living wall, I find a man explaining how some cute Yankee, way up in Vermount, is trying to "do" the Alabama planter with a cotton-picking contrivance, full of wheels, and screws, and levers. Thus it is in every ible; you see the embarrassment of the mighty staple in the central fame of this great, warm, shrobbing, Southern heart.

I can not tell you of the various equally characteristic accompaniments. Your readers must imagine the shining faces of the darkeys, their retty white teeth, and their red guffaws. You must not hear of the rolling carriages, the flying steeds, and the panoramic beauty of gaudy finales, the long, trailing throng of amused spectators, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the braying of asinine quadrupeds, the inspiriting strains of the band, in which an important "called passun" fiercely struck the clanking cymbals and the thundering drum, the exciting sports of the arena, the air torn with outrageous noise, when some gallant young Godfrey of Bouloigne, or Richard Coeur de Lion, riding a tilt in *frock-coat* and *standing-collar*—alas, Ivanhoe! — bore triumphantly away the suspended ring upon his wooden lance.

A word about this year's exhibition. It was declared by those entitled to know to be a decided success, a marked advance upon former shows of the kind in this State. Very many fine cattle were on the ground, chiefly Devon, Durhams, and Ayrshire breeds. Milch cows fetched at the sales from $60 to $155. Berkshire pigs were sold at $30 per pair. Several fine stallions were in the ring, one valued at $4100. Another splendid Morgan horse, the property of Colonel Ferrell of East Alabama, so closely contested the premium with his costly competitor, that skillful judges required time to discuss their points.

But lest you might take it for granted that Alabama is devoted wholly to grosser pursuits, I am constrained to refer to a fine collection of pictures in oil, crayon, and pastel, together with several very creditable specimens of industrial art, such as designs for wall paper, carpets, table-covers, dress goods, etc., all furnished by the pupils of the Tuskigee Female College. This is the first effort to develop this noble section of artistic genius in the Southern country in connection with a literary institution. As an evidence of the favor with which it was received, the executive committee made a special presentation of a splendid silver pitcher to the College, through its President the Rev. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb.

A new product of the laboratory also took a prize before a special committee of scientific men. It is a disinfecting agent, superior, they say, to Labarraques French liquor. The fortunate discoverer is Professor John Darby, of Auburn, Alabama, a man of scientific acquirements of a high order.

In fancy needle-work, in embroideries, in patch work, in home-made counterpanes, quilts, and similar goods, in leather work, wax and fruit ornamentation, in all these departments our fair Alabamians were tastefully represented.

The success of the late fair is due mainly to the energetic efforts of Dr. N. B. Cloud, the indefatigable Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, of whom an excellent likeness accompanies this notice. To him more than to any other single individual, perhaps, is to be attributed the origination and perpetuation of our State Exhibitions. The worthy Secretary is a native of Edgefield District, South Carolina, and removed to Alabama in the spring of 1838 to engage in the practice of his profession. With his professional business he soon associated the pursuit of agriculture, to which he had been bred up from early life. He was very successful as a farmer. In 1852 he established the *American Cotton Planter* in the city of Montgomery. — Beginning, under manifold discouragements, with a subscription list of 500 or less, it now stands foremost in the ranks of agricultural journalism in the South, with a growing popularity, and a current list of about 6200 subscribers. Its success is worthy of its active and intelligent editor. — Although great and deserved praise is due to Col. Cloud, the widely-known President of the Society, as well also to Col. Pollard the Treasurer, and to various other influential members of the Agricultural Association, yet the chief honor must undoubtedly rest with Dr. Cloud. I would add, that although "bearded like a pard," and decidedly military in his appearance, the Secretary is one of the most genial, kindly, and affable of gentlemen.

THE LATE MADAME PFEIFFER.

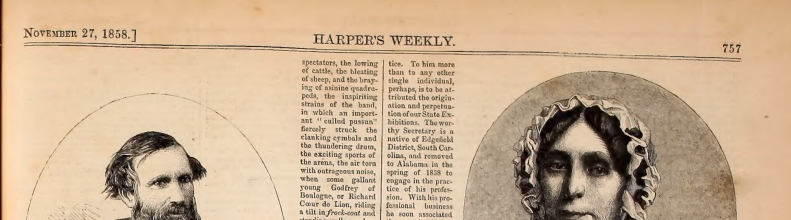
THE LATE MADAME PFEIFFER.

News arrived last week that Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the famous traveler, had died at Vienna on 27th October, aged 61 years. We present herewith her likeness to our subscribers.

Madame Pfeiffer was a Viennese by birth, having first seen the light in that city in 1797. Her earliest youth was disturbed by a vague hankering after foreign travel. She was one of those persons who justify the remark that travelers, like poets, are born to the vocation. She never saw a postilion, it is said, without bursting into tears, and bewailing her sad fate in having been born a girl, and so debarred from the delight of riding post-horses from place to place. Long before she reached womanhood she persuaded her parents to take her with them on a traveling tour through Germany. This only whetted her appetite for travel; she would probably have undertaken her great journey twenty years sooner but for an invincible Doctor Pfeiffer who happened to meet her, and induced her to undertake the journey of life with him. In a word, she married; and two sons rapidly arriving, she found her domestic duties so engrossing that, for a period of twenty years or thereabouts, her innate propensity was subdued. At the end of this period her husband died. Her sons were established in life. And the old longing for travel revived in her as strong as it had been in the days when she cried to see the postilion.

With no ties to bind her, and means enough to undertake a moderately expensive tour, Madame Pfeiffer started to visit Jerusalem, made the tour of the Holy Land, and on her return home wrote her first book of travels. It succeeded. People were curious to read the experiences of a lady traveler, and the public verdict was favorable to the work. Thus encouraged, Madame Pfeiffer planned and executed a tour of greater originality and extent. She traveled laboriously through Scandinavia, and thence to Iceland, publishing the journal of her wanderings on her return. Iceland, like the former one, pleased the public, and was kindly treated by the critics. Her view of Iceland may not be as sound and as philosophical as those of other travelers; but they were more curious and interesting, and were widely read. In the course of this journey she had been frequently embarrassed by her sex and her unprotected situation. Her courage and good sense, however, surmounted all obstacles, and confirmed her in the opinion that a woman may do any thing provided her head and heart be right.

Filling her purse with the profits of these works, and with what little means she had of her own, she devoted the next ten years to elaborate journeys around the world. Her first circumnavigation of the globe was by way of Brazil, Chili, China, India, Persia, and the Mediterranean. This occupied two years, and involved an amount of physical exertion rarely found in the weaker sex. At least once during this journey her life was in imminent peril. A runaway negro slave in Brazil attacked her in a lonely place, threw her down, and cut her badly with a knife; strangers who happened to pass at the time just succeeded in rescuing her from his hands. Her second great voyage was to the Cape of Good Hope and Cafraria, the Indian Archipelago, California, Central America, and the United States. It occupied three years, and was a work of great labor. Though by no means a scientist, and but slenderly acquainted with political economy, Madame Pfeiffer was a lady of remarkable powers of observation, rare common sense, and acute perception. Her courage was frequently put



ANGLO-AMERICAN MONUMENT AT HONG-KONG.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to the test during her residence in the Indian Islands. Many of the islanders are cannibals, and the lady certifies that more than once she would have been served up in a hash but for her solemn assurance that she was too tough to be a palatable dish. In this country she fared well. For a time in New York she was lionized, and civilities were paid to her such as few females have ever received. She frequently declared that the troubles of the early part of her voyage were obliterated by the pleasant recollection of the kind welcome she met with here.

After spending a couple of years in rest at home, and preparing another volume of travels for the press, Madame Pfeiffer again set out, in 1857, on a voyage of circumnavigation. Her first object was to explore South Africa and the Mauritius. She spent some months in Caffraria and the vicinity; thence, finding the labor and perils of internal travel in Africa beyond her means, she crossed over to Madagascar. Every one knows that Madagascar is ruled by a savage woman, who does not clearly distinguish between Christians and devils. This woman had been instrumental in causing the death of many Christians; when Madame Pfeiffer appeared in her dominions, she felt satisfied that the little German woman had sinister designs of some kind or other, and, being benevolently disposed, instead of taking her head off, she ordered her out of the island by the first ship. Madame Pfeiffer attempted, unsuccessfully, to resist. All she took by her obstinacy was a severe fever, with which upon her, and rather dispirited hopes, she returned to Vienna for the last time.

It was in the spring of this year that she reached her home. With her usual energy, she undertook, at once, to write another volume of travels. She persevered in the task long after the fever, which she never wholly shook off, should have suggested rest and absence from labor. Not until disease had absolutely paralyzed her physical energies did she cease to write. Her malady at length overpowered her, and after a brief struggle she succumbed.

Madame Pfeiffer was not, as her travels would lead one to suppose, a masculine woman. She was small of stature and rather frail. Her bones were small, and her muscular system by no means so largely developed as to warrant the idea that she was naturally capable of great or prolonged exertion. She owed to her mental energy her capacity for the great labors she performed. It is pleasant to read in her books that never, in all her travels, in all quarters of the globe, among all races of men, was she insulted or her purity assailed. Such facts prove that there is something good after all in humanity.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MONUMENT AT HONG KONG.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

HONG KONG, 10*th August*, 1858.

I SEND you herewith a drawing which, I think, will be interesting to our countrymen at home.

On one side of the town of Victoria, Hong Kong, is the Happy Valley—a delightful spot, much frequented by foreigners. In a fork of the road leading to it is a very pretty green lawn, in the midst of which stands a granite obelisk; upon its base is an inscription stating that it was "erected by the officers and crews of the United States steam frigate *Powhatan* and her Britannic Majesty's sloop *Rattler*, in memory of their shipmates who fell in a combined boat attack on a fleet of piratical junks, off Kuhlan, August 4, 1855."

On its reverse, side by side, English and American, are the names of those killed:

Rattler.	*Powhatan.*
Geo. Mitchell, A.B.	John Pepper, Sen.
Jas. Silvers, Carp. Crew.	Jos. A. Halsey Sands.
John Massey, Gunner, R.M.A.	Isaac Coe.
	J. Mullard, Marine.
N. M. Cliffe, Private, R.A.	B. F. Adamson, Marine.

This appears to be a favorite resort of the Chinese, as well as the countrymen of the killed, in which they may exercise their devotions. Under the tree which shades it are any quantity of half-consumed joss-sticks, left there to burn "for joss."

LITERARY.

IT is seldom that we are called on to notice the publication of a work of so much importance as Dr. Sanger's Report to the Board of Governors of the New York Alms-house, now published by Harper & Brothers, under the title which defines the work A HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION.

From such a subject the very nature of the virtuous man shrinks back with horror, and the verdict of the unthinking public is apt to be that it were better not to publish such records of infamy and shame. But reflection and the perusal of such a volume as this will lead to another conclusion.

It is in vain that, in this day, we seek to hide vice and keep it imprisoned in its accustomed secret haunts. It is vain for us any longer to seek to shut out from our own eyes and the eyes of others the appalling fact that shame and crime abound in our streets, in our public places, in theatres, churches—nay, in our very neighbors' houses. The time has arrived—has long ago arrived—when it became the duty of the good, the honest, the public-spirited, to look this fact boldly in the face; to acknowledge at once that New York is not far behind the worst cities of the world in this respect; that virtue is no more worshiped, vice no more detested here than in Vienna or Florence; and to seek some means for the separation of the evil from the good. When the Austrian Government proposed to license houses for the residence of females of bad character in Vienna, and consulted the English Minister as to his opinion of the expediency of the plan, he tartly suggested the building, first of all, one roof to cover the entire city. Dr. Sanger's statistics reach an awful proximity to a similar idea, since it would seem impossible to find a street, from the lowest in the Sixth Ward up to the stately Fifth Avenue, in which such houses do not now abound. It is therefore but a weak and cowardly shrinking from the truth that leads men to desire any longer to prevent the publication of these facts. When we can not walk the streets in the evening without meeting hundreds of the fallen plying their trade, and publishing, in their painted faces and gaudy attire, the same sad story; when we can not ride up town in a stage toward evening without having the company of daughters of shame, making their character manifest to all inside and outside; when dignitaries of our city are indicted for rows in brothels, and the courts are crowded to hear such trials, and the newspapers filled with the details of them; when our most respectable daily papers seek with avidity, and at great expense, information about brutal prize-fights, reports of divorce cases, or any others which involve the wreck of name and fame, and evidence the debased character of our city population—in these times, we say, such a book as this is timely, and it is folly to say that its contents should be suppressed.

We have no space to review the work in *extenso*. Dr. Sanger has devoted to it an amount of labor and research which is scarcely credible to one who has not examined the result. Passing, with the pen of an accomplished scholar and historian, over the history of this vice in former ages, and of the legislation which from time to time has been brought to bear on its suppression, and giving a full and accurate account of the progress and of the retrogression of public opinion on the subject in various ages and countries—sketching briefly, tersely (and with such caution and good taste as the most fastidious reader can not find reason to complain of), the story of erring humanity in all times and places, the author proceeds to collect the statistics of England and America, and to lay them before us in their awful simplicity. A brief summary of some of these statistics will suffice to show the aim of the author in his report to the Ten Governors. A series of thirty-seven questions put to 2000 females of abandoned character, in New York, elicited such information as this: Of the 2000, 1400 were between 15 and 25 years of age; 762 were natives of the United States, and the numbers are from different States in this order: New York, 394; Pennsylvania, 77; Massachusetts, 71; New Jersey, 69; Connecticut, 42; Maine, 24; Rhode Island, 18; and so on, in smaller numbers. Of those from abroad (1238 in all) 706 were from Ireland, 249 from Germany, 104 from England, 52 from Scotland, 17 from Switzerland, 13 from France, etc. Of the 2000, 714 can read and write well, 546 imperfectly, 219 can read, and 521 can do neither; 490 are married women, 294 widows, 71 living with their husbands! 933 were formerly servants, 499 unemployed, 121 dress-makers, 105 tailoresses, (showing the sorrowful fact that the ill-paid sewing women are more frequently forced to shame by poverty than any other class of working women).

The fathers of 440 were farmers, of 259 laborers, of 139 carpenters. We find not a few whose position in life would indicate that their daughters must have been accomplished females. 6 were clergymen's daughters, 31 naval officers', 19 physicians and surgeons', 13 lawyers'; 5 were children of "men of property."

Our remarks on the book must close abruptly here. Let it find its way into the hands of every legislator and man of public position in America, and we are convinced that we shall before long see the good effects of the work which Dr. Sanger has accomplished in the suppression of temptations to vice, the regulation of the morals of the community by wholesome laws, and the shutting out of our streets and highways, our theatres and concert-rooms the bold, unblushing sign-boards of shame and degradation.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS will never cease to be the grandest religious epic poem, and new editions and new illustrations will constantly appear. But we have seen no edition, not even the superb issue of the Presbyterian Board, which surpasses, to our taste, one now published by Carter & Brothers in this city. The illustrations are colored wood-cuts. They are rude, old-fashioned, and strike the eye at first as common and cheap, but on examination they grow upon the mind, they become *Bunyanesque*, startling, and noble. The faces bear studying, and one seems for the first time now to be making the acquaintance of Christian, Christiana, Mercy, and all the little ones. Mr. Ready-to-Halt in one of these pictures is worth the whole volume, so perfectly is his face in character as Bunyan meant him. The artist has certainly caught the spirit of the Tinker. We can not but think that steel-plate illustrations of the Pilgrim are out of keeping, and that these rude and yet skillful and speaking pictures are such as would have delighted the Dreamer himself beyond all others.

Scribner publishes PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY, by Miss Anna C. Johnson, who is well known to fame as Minnie Myrtle. The volume is unique in character. The author appears to have visited Germany for the purpose of wandering, without restraint of plan or purpose, among all classes, and taking guides and interpreters wherever she might find them. The result of her travels is a volume full of information and incident, on the daily life of German peasants, in which we find a great amount of new and valuable matter. The book is what it professes to be. It is not a common book of travel, but the record of an observing woman's intercourse with all classes of German society, and it probably gives a more complete idea of German manners and customs than any thing heretofore published. An amusing characteristic of Miss Johnson's book is her stalwart defense of America and Americanisms of all kinds. She declares, emphatically, that no castle in Germany equals in furniture, so far as comfort goes, a New England cottage; and she seems to be amazed at the idea that any German who has once visited America can return to his own land. Her remarks on the custom of choosing wives, and the attempt of a German who has visited America to find a wife after his return to Germany will amuse all readers, and especially those who are from "Vaterland."

NEW ENGLAND'S CHATTELS is the title of a story published by H. Dayton, which is really of more worth than its title indicates. The design of the author is to show the shocking condition of New England poor-houses, especially in those towns where the paupers are sold annually to the lowest bidder, and there is much that is worth reading and thinking of in his book. He writes with force and effect, and, on a more popular theme, would probably produce a work to which he might without regret attach his name.

Carter & Brothers have increased their list of books for the young, by adding SIDNEY GREY, a Tale of School Life; and THE BEAUTIFUL HOME, by the author of "Ministering Children." They also publish MEMOIRS OF MRS. JUKES, a Christian lady from England, whose residence in Ohio, where her husband was a clergyman, endeared her to many who will accept this book as a pleasant memorial of her.

Carter & Brothers also enrich the libraries of all readers of sound doctrine, and all admirers of the good and great men of the seventeenth century, by the publication of ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON'S COMPLETE WORKS, in one octavo volume. The collection is full—more so than any English or Scotch edition—and the mention of the pious bishop's name is sufficient to remind the reader of the character of all his writings. No man in the Episcopal Church ever sustained a higher reputation for simple and devoted piety; no man was more vilely assaulted; but the dirt that was thrown at him fell off and left his character pure and shining. The memory of those days, when he stood between the Crown and the Covenant, a noble defender of the truth, such as the world saw few of in his day—contrasting, on the one hand, with the unscrupulous wickedness of Sharpe, and, on the other, with the bigotry and intolerance of the infatuated supporters of the League. The memory of those days is precious to all lovers of the truth, and will be recalled by them as they read again the peaceable and peace-teaching works of the Bishop of Dunblane.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish AFTER DARK, by Wilkie Collins. The author has here collected some of his best stories and united them by a slender thread, making them the narrations of a sick and half-blind artist, whose wife writes them down as he relates them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

RECENT advices from Utah state that the command under Captain Homes, which was recently dispatched to Humboldt to settle the Indian difficulties reported to exist there, has returned, and announced that there had been no Indian difficulties in that region, as had been stated, and that the story of the violation of the Government mail was false. Dr. Forney, the Indian agent, was on his return to Salt Lake City.

Governor Cumming had decided that the Utah Legislature must meet at Fillmore City, notwithstanding the tenor of the resolution passed at the joint session of 1856, which designated Salt Lake City as the place of meeting. The legality of the proceedings of the last Legislature are also questioned by the Governor, from the fact that they are signed by Brigham Young only, and that too at a time when Governor Cumming himself was in the Territory, under a commission from the General Government, and had already issued his proclamation covering the period when said Legislature was in session. The Governor maintains that the approval by Young of said proceedings was, on his part, a usurpation of the executive authority.

There are accounts of further disturbances among the Utes Indians in the southern part of the Territory. The bodies of two murdered men had been found, and considerable stock had been driven off by members of the tribe.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The message of Governor Bragg, of North Carolina, shows that the debt of the State is $5,879,595. A large portion of this debt has been incurred by loans and subscriptions to State works. A considerable portion falls due next year. The Governor suggests the expediency of making permanent provision for relief. The revenue of the State is $507,000 annually. Changes in the application of the revenue and assessment laws are recommended, and the establishment of a Sinking Fund is again urged, as in a former message. The State has no military organization, and needs one; a recommendation of that subject is contained in the message. The progress of the boundary survey between Virginia and North Carolina is reported satisfactory, and the great importance of the work is urged. The geological developments of the State survey show that an abundance of iron and coal exists, and Dr. Emmons, the State geologist, is mentioned with favor. The penal and charitable institutions are in good condition. The Governor of North Carolina, like the Governor of Georgia, does not trouble himself about national affairs. He is content with the State as it is.

WALKER FILIBUSTERS KEPT AT HOME.

A clearance has been refused for the *Alice Painter*, the vessel in which the Walker "emigrants" were to leave Mobile for Nicaragua. A dispatch from Mobile states that the greatest excitement exists there on account of the detention. On Friday, 19th, about four hundred of the "emigrants" surrounded the office of the agents who supplied them with tickets, and demanded immediate transportation or the refunding of the passage-money. The crowd was at length pacified by assurances from the Deputy-Collector that definite instructions from Washington must soon arrive. It is positively denied by Señor Yrisarri that he has furnished these men any passports.

GAMBLING A KEY TO LEGISLATION.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* says, *apropos* of Pendleton's sale: "These gambling resorts have increased fearfully at Washington within the last ten years, and it is notorious that they have done more to demoralize legislation than all the other debasing and corrupting influences which have been brought to bear upon weak, venal, or needy members of Congress. I was deeply impressed by the silent but eloquent witnesses of this fact, when the drawers of Pendleton's desk were opened yesterday, and numerous bills relating to schemes before Congress were exposed to public view. The misery and wretchedness and degradation inflicted upon men and families by these hells are appalling, and even the imperfect disclosures which have reached me accidentally, exhibit a state of morals in Congress which would astonish the country, if exposed. Some of these gamblers, and others who are concerned as capitalists with them, are openly employed as lobby agents, from their supposed ability to control votes through obligations incurred by members, and the fact is one of common town talk, that their tables are the daily resort of a large class of such voters in preference to the hotels.

"Strange as it may seem, the influence has so ramified that it was feared, at one time, in the early stages of the Kansas struggle, last session, when the House was nearly equally divided, that the scale would be turned by a turn of the screw upon particular members who were known to be in the power of the gamblers."

A ROMANTIC STORY.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* tells the following story:

"Some years ago there lived in Boston a young man, of one of the best families in the city, handsome, intelligent, well educated, of agreeable manners and address, and exceedingly popular with all who knew him. Still he was most generally known as a very 'fast' young man, and noted for his extravagance in the expenditure of money, his disregard for those conventionalities and moralities of which society requires the observance of all within its pale. The result of such a career need not be described, as it is seen every day in all great cities, happening in despite of the precepts of the judicious and the warning examples of the imprudent. The last chance that seemed to be left for the reinstatement of the subject of our story in the good opinion of his friends, of himself, and of the world, was a voyage in some responsible capacity that should test the sincerity of his desire to redeem himself.

"By the aid of friends he procured such an opportunity, and left his native city as the commander of a merchant vessel, bound on a long and somewhat hazardous voyage. In the course of it he found himself among the Feejee Islands, and having occasion to go ashore on one of them, he visited the rude dwelling of a native chief, who entertained him hospitably, and, as he was about to depart, asked him to pray to the Christian's God, with and for that savage family!

"Here was a dilemma. The attitude and act of prayer had long been strange to the youth, and he was not prepared for such a request; and in default of his ability to comply with it, the Feejee chief (who had probably been visited and taught by some wandering missionary who had casually landed upon that island) raised his voice in prayer, while the native of a Christian and civilized land, himself unused to devotion, stood by and listened! Was not this a striking scene? But mark the result. Our young sailor returned to his ship, and in due course of time to his home. Hastening to his brother, a clergyman of the Episcopalian Church, residing in the neighborhood, he told him the story of the prayer he had heard put up by a savage islander in that far-distant ocean, and confessed to him that that prayer had been followed by an answering effect, in the conversion of him who was so strangely called upon to listen to it.

"He now desired to redeem the time he had so sadly wasted, and to devote himself actively, and in the most self-sacrificing way, to the cause of religion. Steadily adhering to his purpose, he became a church member, a candidate for orders in the church, and an accepted missionary to Africa, whither he is about to go, under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But not alone.

"On 1st instant, the services of the day being finished at Trinity Church, that superb and spacious temple was almost immediately filled to overflowing by a crowd of expectant spectators of a most interesting scene. The clergyman alluded to in my narrative came in and took his place in the chancel.

"The front portals of the church were thrown open, and a bridal party entered and advanced to the altar, where a fair young bride (the daughter of one of the officiating minister's most respectable parishioners) was united in wedlock to the hero (for is he not a hero?) of my narrative; whose labors as a missionary of Christianity she has devoted herself to share."

AWKWARD ACCIDENT TO A BOY-HUNTER.

A lad whose parents had positively forbid his hunting, at Petersburg, Virginia, started out on Wednesday, without their knowledge, on a gunning excursion. He had proceeded but a short distance in Dinwiddie County before he espied a squirrel in the topmost branches of a very tall double oak. This young Nimrod, being an excellent marksman, succeeded in killing the squirrel, but it lodged on a limb, and though several additional shots were discharged, all failed to dislodge the little animal. The huntsman proceeded to ascend the tree, and had nearly reached the object of his pursuit when he slipped and fell into the crotch of the tree, where he became so firmly wedged, that all efforts to extricate himself proved unavailing. Fortunately he is blessed with a Stentorian pair of lungs, which he called to his aid, and made the forest ring with his cries for help. An old colored man heard his lamentations, and procuring an axe, soon relieved the youth from his disagreeable and painful situation. He escaped with only a few very severe scratches, but lost the entire leg of a pair of new pantaloons, which betrayed his truancy to his parents upon his arrival home, and for which he received a sound thrashing, and was sent to bed on an empty stomach.

EXCOMMUNICATION BY TELEGRAPH.

We read in the Boston *Courier:* "Some years since an unhappy misunderstanding arose between the worthy minister of an Episcopal Church in one of our country towns and a worthy gentleman, his leading and wealthiest parishioner—in fact, the patron of the parish, and, if we mistake not, the actual builder of the house of worship, without whom it could not have been at all, and by whose aid it was principally sustained. The result of such a controversy could not be doubtful for a moment; the priest, perforce, yielded to the layman, and was compelled to resign his charge.

"We will suppose that, naturally, in a controversy of this sort, some high-handed things may have been said and done by the prevailing party which could scarcely be reconciled with the meekness of the Gospel profession, in full communion with which the lay brother was. At all events the successor of the deposed minister, after being inducted into his office, felt it his duty to administer a certain degree of discipline to the offending layman, in virtue of the sacred office he held: and, in fact, intimated, so that it reached the ears of the party concerned, his purpose to suspend him from the communion. To this discipline the gentleman in question was by no means disposed to submit. Accordingly, upon receiving a letter directed in the well-known handwriting of his pastor, and guessing its contents, of which he did not choose to be informed, he returned it to the reverend man unopened. Several similar efforts met with the same ill-fortune; nor was the clergyman more successful in employing personal means of making known his designs; for the recusant parishioner steadfastly refused any intercourse of this sort; and when it happened that he was about to meet his clergyman in the street, 'he passed by on the other side.'

"It seemed a really hopeless case; but who shall reckon the extent of the final perseverance of the saints? And what man can count upon being victorious over the resolute fidelity of the Church? After the lapse of some time, the clergyman was called away from home to attend a convention at a distance. At his first stopping-place, a bright thought occurred to him; he took his way to the telegraph office, and thus, in a mode not to be suspected, communicated to his parishioner the fact of his suspension from the holy ordinance of communion. The latter was struck aghast at first, but saw there was no help for it. 'Well,' said he, 'I see the telegraph is not only a means of communication, but of *ex*-communication, too.'"

FIGHT WITH A BEAR IN THE WATER.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press:* "Passengers by the Port Huron boats describe the killing of a large bear in the neighborhood of that place, a day or two since, in a peculiar manner. A man who lives on the American side had occasion to cross the St. Clair River early in the morning, and on the way across discovered a large bear, who was engaged in the same mission as himself, viz., endeavoring to gain her Majesty's dominions. He immediately made for the animal, and being able to make better head-way through the water, soon overtook him, and struck him on the head with one of his oars, having no other weapon. The bear turned on him, and, with the utmost coolness, commenced climbing into the boat, the man, in the mean time, belaboring his skull with the oar with all his might. The assailing party by this time found that he had caught a Tartar, and that he was likely to become the captured party himself. This apprehension was rendered nearly a certainty by the capsizing of the boat just as his bearship had nearly accomplished loading himself into it. The man, now thoroughly frightened, found himself in the water, clinging to one side of the boat, with the bear looking at him over the

inverted bottom from the other side. He then made a desperate effort, righted the boat, ducked the bear and got in again, but was no sooner aboard than the bear made another rush at him and upset the boat again. A lively scene of flounderings followed, which were fast bringing matters to a crisis, when the battle was ended by the arrival of another man in a boat, who had witnessed the fight from the shore, and come off to the assistance of the first adventurer. He split the bear's head open with an axe, killing him instantly. The animal weighed over 400 pounds.

PERSONAL.

The Washington *Union* says: "We are advised by a private telegraphic dispatch from Memphis, that the Hon. William K. Sebastian has been re-elected to the United States Senate for six years from the 4th of March next, by the Legislature of Arkansas, now in session. The vote was nearly unanimous."

The Hartford *Times* says that the friends of Governor Seymour have received letters from him since his departure from St. Petersburg, announcing that he expects to meet ex-President Pierce in December, at Rome, and that he will not reach this country before the 1st of January, and possibly not till spring.

Mrs. Douglas, the accomplished lady of the Senator, was taken suddenly ill a few days since, an illness painful and dangerous to herself, and the consequences of which were doubtless the cause of much regret to her immediate family and friends generally. We are pleased to learn that she has partially recovered, and is, in fact, as well as could be expected.

General Paez will start for Venezuela in about ten days. He has been waited upon by General Sandford, and invited to be present to inspect the city militia with Governor King, on Evacuation Day (25th), and to lunch with the Governor and officers. The invitation, it is understood, was accepted.

Bishop M'Ilvaine is greatly improving in health, and may be expected in this country in a few weeks.

Mr. Hawthorne has gone to Rome. A book is expected from him next March or April.

Senator Broderick, of California, has arrived at St. Louis. He left Salt Lake October 1, and encountered a great deal of snow and severely cold weather on the mountains. By the upsetting of the stage, some distance west of Kansas city, Mr. Broderick had a rib broken, and was otherwise severely bruised. He also had a foot frozen while passing through the mountains.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* says: "Cozzens has returned in high spirits from Brussels. He has had a chat with King Leopold and with the Duke of Brabant, and seems to have been highly impressed with the beauty of the Duchess. She is a sister of the present Emperor of Austria, and is considered to be a strong likeness to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Sparrowgrass is as humorous as ever, and it is a great treat to hear him relate some of his experiences, his face radiant with fun, and shifting his hat accessorily, in a slightly defiant manner, Young *a la* America! An old English gentleman informed him that the present American embassador in London, Mr. Buckingham, was a very pleasant person, upon which Sparrowgrass took the liberty to remark that, having a letter of introduction to that functionary, he happened to know that his name was Dallas: whereupon the old English gentleman beat a retreat, remarking that he confounded the name of the embassador with that of the President *Buckingham!* To relish the story in its vegetable raciness you must have it fresh from the sparkling Catawba lips of Sparrowgrass himself."

Ole Bull is traveling in Norway. As he was lately walking quietly through the street of the small town of Dramen, smoking his cigar, he was suddenly accosted by a police officer, who led him off to the Commissary of Police, by whom he was sentenced to pay a fine for violating the police regulations, which forbid smoking in the streets. Unfortunately, Ole Bull had come out without putting his purse in his pocket; he was consequently sent to prison, and it was not until the next day, on ascertaining who he was, that the official sent an order for his release. The Norwegian journals have taken up the cause of the *artiste*, and at the present moment the cigar of Ole Bull has assumed the magnitude of a question of high importance.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* having stated, on the authority of an Indiana journal, that the distinguished Senator who won $180,000 in a gambling-house last winter, in Washington, was the Hon. James A. Pearce, of Maryland, the Hon. Tom Corwin writes to that paper, contradicting the statement. Tom says: "I know Mr. Pearce well; I know he never did play at any game during my long and intimate acquaintance with him. Mr. Pearce is not that style of man."

A correspondent of *Galignani's Messenger* sends the following, dated Nice, October 29:

"General Garibaldi, cousin of the murdered man, has just left Nice for the little estate which he cultivates on the island of Madalene, a dot on the Mediterranean off the coast of Sardinia. The former defender of Rome is popular in this town, on account of his honesty when in power and of his unassuming manners. He has not abandoned his position of captain in the merchant service, and is about to depart on a South American voyage. His son is also a sea captain; his daughter has been adopted by a wealthy family of Nice."

Colonel Moody, Royal Engineers, and late Governor of the Falkland Islands, is at present stopping at the Clarendon. This gentleman goes out as Commissioner of Lands and Works to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia.

Captain Gossett and Lady Anne Gossett and children are also at the Clarendon. Captain Gossett is son of the late Sir William Gossett, Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, and is in the Royal Engineers. We believe that he accompanies Colonel Moody to Vancouver's Island.

Mrs. Amelia Pinkney, one of the most accomplished ladies of Annapolis, Maryland, died on the 4th inst., in the 80th year of her age. The Annapolis *Gazette* says:

"Her industry was wonderful. The records of the State Department bear evidence of a skill in penmanship, and a capacity for business, rarely met with in women. After her 70th year she wrote 1500 closely written pages, full of the stores of her rich mind and cultivated taste, solely for the perusal and gratification of those who cheered the last years of her bodily suffering. When past her 70th year she wrote in six weeks 500 verses of poetry, on the subject of the Queens of England, without the erasure of a line or change of a word."

In the Circuit Court at Batavia, before Judge Davis, Barber G. Buell recovered $1450 in a suit against the Central Railroad Company, in consequence of injuries received on the cars at Bergen, in October, 1857.

Ex-Governor Schley, of Georgia, is exceedingly ill at his residence in Augusta. He has been confined to his room for several days by a severe attack of disease, and on yesterday, we learn, was affected with paralysis.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal* says: "A young man came up, immediately after it was known that we had increased (by $30,000) the missionary appropriation for the year, and said he would give $1000 the coming year."

Hon. Jefferson Davis returned to his residence in Warren county, Mississippi, on the 5th inst. The Vicksburg *Whig* says that his health is almost completely restored.

The heirs of Ebenezer Francis, of Boston, besides the donation of $5000 to Dr. Jackson (to whom the testator left only $500), have presented a like sum to Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, and Dr. Gannett, of Boston. Total, $15,000.

A correspondent from Springfield, Illinois, announces the very serious illness of the Hon. Thomas L. Harris, of that State. The writer fears that he will never be able to leave his bed again. To his many friends throughout the country this announcement will give great pain.

Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, made a speech recently in Liverpool, at a banquet at which Lord Brougham presided. He spoke in response to a toast in honor of the clergy of all denominations.

Mr. Jonathan Moses, now resident at Exeter, New Hampshire, writes for a Portsmouth (Massachusetts) paper certain reminiscences of the early years of the town, and signs himself "A Portsmouth boy in his ninety-third year."

Mrs. Julia Branch, who figured at Rutland as the advocate of the "Free-Love" doctrine, has prepared a lecture with the suggestive title of "Mrs. Grundy."

The Wyoming *Mirror* says: "We are pleased to hear of the improvement of Senator Halsted's health, and hope for his entire recovery. He will be able to be in his seat at the commencement of the session."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORPHY AND STAUNTON.

MR. MORPHY has published a letter from him to Lord Lyttelton, President of the British Chess Association, in which, after reviewing Mr. Staunton's conduct, he closes as follows:

"From Mr. Staunton I now appeal to the great body of English chess players—I appeal to the British Chess Association—I appeal to yourself, my Lord, as the Mæcenas of English chess. And as I visited your country for the purpose of challenging Mr. Staunton—which challenge he has repeatedly accepted—I now demand of you that you shall declare to the world it is through no fault of mine that this match has not taken place.

I have the honor to remain, my Lord, yours, very respectfully, PAUL MORPHY.

"CAFE DE LA REGENCE, PARIS, *October* 25, 1858."

Mr. Edge, Mr. Morphy's friend, thus sums up the controversy:

"To sum up the whole matter, I will state the naked facts:

"1. Mr. Morphy came to Europe to play Mr. Staunton.

"2. Mr. Staunton made every body believe he had accepted the challenge from Mr. Morphy.

"3. Mr. Staunton allowed the St. George's Chess Club to raise the money to back him.

"4. Mr. Staunton asked for a delay of one month, in order to brush up his openings and endings.

"5. Mr. Staunton requested a postponement until after the Birmingham meeting.

"6. Mr. Staunton fixed the beginning of November for the commencement of the match.

"If all this do not mean 'I will play,' then is there no meaning in language. I beg to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, most respectfully yours,

"FREDERICK MILNE EDGE.

"HOTEL BRETEUIL, PARIS, *October*, 20, 1858."

THRILLING STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

Mr. John Fowler, a cabin passenger on board the *Eastern City*, furnishes a graphic account of the burning of that vessel on the passage from Liverpool to Melbourne, South Australia. The *Eastern City* was a ship of 1368 tons burden, and the property of Messrs. Baines & Co., of Liverpool. She was commanded by Captain Johnstone, and had a crew of 47 men, including officers. She left Liverpool on the 10th of July, with 180 passengers and 1600 tons of general cargo.

According to Mr. Fowler's narrative the *Eastern City* reached the equator on the 11th of August, after a long continuance of contrary and baffling winds, and the passengers were in expectation of reaching Australia in 70 or 75 days. On the 21st of August the wind blew strong from the northwest, and on the following day it increased to half a gale, with a heavy sea, the ship rolling a great deal, and frequently going from twelve to fourteen knots an hour.

FIRE AT SEA.

On the 23d the wind veered round to the southwest, but the sea continued high, and at 2 P.M. an alarm of fire was raised, and smoke was seen issuing from the fore hatch. The passengers and crew were all ordered on deck, and it was believed that all had obeyed the order; but it was afterward discovered that one of the steerage passengers, named M'Lean, was missing, and he is supposed to have been suffocated in his berth. Hopes were entertained at first of extinguishing the fire, as it did not seem to increase; but after half an hour it was found that no progress was made, notwithstanding the vast quantities of water that had been pumped into the hold. It was now apparent that the only chance was to endeavor to smother the fire. Accordingly, blankets, shawls, plaids, and old sails were used for that purpose, but all in vain. The women and children, about 60 in number, were removed to the poop. The captain hauled up the courses and put the ship before the wind, had the boats provisioned, and every thing in readiness to lower away at a moment's notice. Both passengers and crew worked all night in their endeavors to subdue the flames, the captain cheering them all the while, and never leaving the deck for a moment. His courage is described as admirable, and he never ceased to comfort the women and children by assurances that they would be all safe in the boats.

GLOOMY PROSPECT.

To add to their danger they were more than 600 miles from the nearest land, the boats could carry no more than one-half of the persons in the ship, and the sea ran so high that no boat could be launched in safety, nor live long, crowded as they must necessarily have been. Their only chance was of being picked up; but this was a forlorn hope, as they were out of the track of vessels; and those who realized the full extent of their danger felt that their destruction was simply a question of hours. Still they worked with a will, adopting every means to smother the fire. The morning of the 24th broke at length, but the sea still ran high, and the ship scudded before the wind. About noon the fore-yard came down by the run, but without injuring any one. There was evidently very little hope, and many of those on board became quite resigned to their terrible fate. The decks became very hot, and the flames were expected every moment to be seen issuing from the bows, and they were in dread of the foremast giving way, which must have precipitated their fate, as its fall must have torn up part of the deck, through which the flames would burst. At this stage the captain, purser, and Mr. Fowler threw bottles overboard, containing details of the sad catastrophe. Their rescue from impending death is thus described by Mr. Fowler:

THE RESCUE.

"The captain, chief officer, purser, doctor, Mr. Warner, the other chief cabin passenger, and myself, went into the saloon at 2 o'clock P.M. to eat something, for we were all becoming faint. We were eating what we believed to be our last meal, but we were all calm, and even cheerful, Captain Johnstone asking to be excused for the manner in which he was breaking up the preserved salmon, which, with a few biscuits, was to form our dinner; and I for appearing at dinner in such a guise, being literally covered, hands and face, with tar. At about 2.30 o'clock P.M., and when about to say 'Good-by,' in case of not meeting again before the final catastrophe, we were startled with the cry of 'A sail!' I do not know how we all tumbled on deck, but we were there in an instant. How I looked to windward, and how faint and ill I felt when I at first failed to perceive any thing but the ocean and a few black clouds just at the edge of the horizon; how we all at last saw the sail, just like a distant gull—she was coming down upon us—close by the edge of the sun's rays on the sea; how we all cheered and wept, and prayed, and laughed, and clasped each other's hands, and cheered again; how great rough fellows hugged each other and wept like children; how men, who had probably never prayed before, muttered sincere thanksgivings; and how those who had preserved the greatest indifference when death seemed so near, were now completely overcome, I can not describe. I shook hands with at least one hundred, many of them rough, illiterate men, but who had worked with a high courage in the hour of danger, and who were now as sincere in their feelings of thankfulness as the best of us. In less than half an hour from the time we first sighted her, the vessel, which proved to be the *Merchantman*, of and from London, with troops for Calcutta, passed close under our stern. How we cheered her, and she returned our cheer as only British soldiers and sailors can cheer. Our captain hailed through his trumpet, 'We are on fire; will you stand by us?' to which Captain Brown returned a hearty, 'Ay, ay, and send my boats to assist you.'

ALL SAFE.

"Soon two of the *Merchantman's* boats and three of our own were launched; but the sea was still high; and we expected every moment to see some of them swamped or dashed in pieces alongside; but thanks to ability and care of Mr. Punnell and Mr. Jones, the first and second officers of the *Merchantman*, and of our own officers in charge of the boats, they were conducted between the two vessels without a single accident. We first embarked the women and children, and by 8 P.M. we were all safely on board the *Merchantman*, our captain being the last to leave.

"On arriving on board the *Merchantman*, every thing had been provided by Captain Brown for the relief and comfort of the rescued passengers, in which he was assisted by Captain Dawson, commanding the troops. They had prepared hot tea and biscuits for 400. The women and children were accommodated in the cuddy and officers' rooms, and the crew and passengers mustered and told off to mess with the soldiers and sailors without the slightest confusion. The *Merchantman* stood by the burning ship during the night, and at about 2 A.M. the flames burst forth over the topgallant forecastle. Soon after the foremast went over the side, and in half an hour the main and mizzen masts went, and soon after she was a mass of flames. We could see her still burning until about 5 o'clock A.M., when the *Merchantman* having stood for Table Bay, the distance became too great for us to distinguish other than a dark cloud resting against the dim horizon, which was the last we saw of our ship. We in the first cabin saved a portion of our luggage, but the whole of the other passengers and the majority of the crew lost every thing. But we were all truly thankful for our preservation from a terrible and inevitable death, and we all feel that the finger of Providence was in it; for had the *Merchantman* not been obliged to put into Rio de Janeiro, in consequence of the illness of her medical officer then in charge of the troops, she could not have been so far out of her course, and in a position to rescue us."

FRANCE.

THE LATEST MIRACLE.

Chartères, in Champagne, France, has just been astonished by a new miracle. Its church contains the relics of St. Caprias, in whose honor pilgrimages have been made from time immemorial. This pilgrimage was very popular formerly, but for the last fifty years has fallen off a good deal, although St. Caprias had never been invoked in vain for the cure of the rheumatism. On the 20th ult., during the mass of the first day of the annual novena in honor of the Saint, the wife of a vine-dresser named Brion, aged about forty, went into a trance, during which she says she saw distinctly, in the midst of a light more brilliant than the sun, an old man with a venerable face (probably St. Caprias). From that moment of ecstasy, this poor woman, who for more than ten years has been completely paralyzed throughout her right side, walked with great difficulty by the aid of crutches, and had completely lost her voice, recovered her speech and the use of her limbs so perfectly that she cried out loud enough to be heard by every body in the church, "*Ah! quel bonheur!*" and straightway leaving the place, she walked alone, and without the aid of her crutches, to the shrine, as if she had always been well. Since that time nothing has occurred to lead one to suppose the cure is not a permanent one. Mrs. Brion now walks the streets of the village, which a few days ago were so toilsome to her, with a light step, and it is her continual joy to tell all whom she meets what she has experienced.

MORPHY'S SUCCESS IN PARIS.

In a letter to the *Herald* we have the following: "St. Arnaut says, in a late article, 'Paris has been pining for a hero for years past, and now we have a hero among heroes.' Paul Morphy can not go any where without being pointed at; all the shopkeepers know him and address him by name; at the theatres or opera he is stared at. Scarcely a paper appears without some information as to his movements. And yet, to my own personal knowledge, no man has ever done less to court popularity than this young hero. All that is laudatory is also honest, or he would not be continually appearing in the *Charivari*, *Punch*, etc., papers which never interfere with any man until he is universally known. Duchesses have sent after him to their *chateaux*, countesses and other *grandes dames fête* him at their hotels, and princes of royal blood invite him to their boxes at the opera. Never since the Il Puttino has chess knight-errant met such courtly favor.

"There remains but one victory for Morphy to gain—that over the German champion, Anderssen. Anderssen, however, can not leave his duties until the middle of December, and Morphy talks of quitting Europe in November. I can assure you that his departure will be universally regretted, and Morphy himself would prefer remaining through the winter. Surely his family ought to feel that a man "so gifted by high Heaven" belongs to the world rather than to himself; and as he is only just beginning life, surely three or four months will make but little difference. Should he leave for his home before spring, his relatives may rest assured that no determination on their part will be able to resist the immense pressure which will be brought to bear upon Paul Morphy to return to Europe next year."

GERMANY.

THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE DANSEUSE.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates from a German paper the following curious story:

"A very pretty danseuse has lately created great excitement at Berlin. Mademoiselle Lilienthal made so many pirouettes one fine evening on the stage of the Theatre Royal that she turned the head of Herr Comptoir, a rich millionaire of Vienna, who was on a visit to the Prussian capital. The beautiful limbs of the fair Terpsichore touched his heart so deeply that he demanded her hand in marriage. Of course you will say that she at once accepted the offer. Not at all. She made her conditions, as follows: 1st. An apartment separate from that of her husband; 2d. A carriage and servants for herself; 3d. Fifteen thousand francs a year for her toilet; and, finally (for she calculated every thing), three hundred thousand francs in case of separation. Mr. Comptoir subscribed to these slightly unreasonable conditions, and last week all the gay world of Berlin witnessed, in the cathedral, the marriage of the millionaire with the danseuse."

RUSSIA.

FRAUDS DETECTED BY ASTRONOMY.

A St. Petersburg letter says: "The result of the calculations lately made by the well-known astronomer, Professor Struve, of the University of Dorpat, relative to the true geographical positions of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the distance between the two capitals of the empire, is, that the actual length of the railroad is, by astronomical observations, no less than 88½ versts (about 60 miles) shorter than its nominal length of 607 versts, or, in other words, that the Government, for whose account the railroad was constructed, has had to pay about one-seventh of the value, or twelve millions of rubles, more than it ought to have paid. As the rolling stock of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway is furnished by an American company, who are paid for the same at so much per verst, it follows that in this quarter the Government have been paying also a most fearful overcharge. The Emperor was in the most violent state of excitement on learning the above, and gave immediate orders for the strictest investigation into the facts of the case to be made, with the view to inflict the most summary judgment on the parties inculpated in this nefarious transaction."

TURKEY.

THE "WABASH" AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following letter from the commander of the steam frigate *Wabash*, whose visit to Constantinople has occasioned so much comment, has been received at the Navy Department:

"FLAG SHIP 'WABASH,'
"CONSTANTINOPLE, *October* 20, 1858.

"SIR,—On my arrival at Constantinople the most lively demonstrations were manifested by the authorities. A moment after anchoring, Rear-Admiral Mehemed Pacha, our guest in the United States last winter, came on board, offering the warmest congratulations and all the conveniences of the port. The usual visits were made to the several heads of departments, and received with a degree of ceremony very unusual under similar circumstances, evincing a desire to acknowledge and reciprocate in every possible manner those civilities which were extended to their officers.

"Previous to our reception at court I was presented to the Sultan, as he was passing from the Mosque to his barge—I, in company with our Minister, Consul-General, and many others, being there for the purpose of witnessing the ceremonies. Such a presentation was entirely unprecedented, and the especial mark of favor thus bestowed can be only attributed to the kindly feelings entertained by his Majesty for the United States. Upon this occasion the Sultan expressed most cordially his pleasure at our visit, and stated that he had issued orders for every attention to be shown us, etc.; and in reply to an invitation to visit the ship, answered he would certainly do so.

"On Monday, the 18th, I, together with the officers of the ship, was presented at court, and experienced a most flattering reception.

"Yesterday the Sultan came on board. His Majesty went throughout the ship, manifesting much interest in every thing. He was pleased to compliment us upon the beauty of the model, her efficient and warlike appearance, and her admirable condition. He also reiterated his friendly feelings for our country, wished us to prolong our stay, and particularly desired that the President of the United States might be informed of his visit to the *Wabash*.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"E. G. F. LAVALLETTE, *Flag Officer,*

"*Commanding Mediterranean Squadron.*

"To Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C."

SIR HENRY BULWER IN LIMBO.

The London *Times* contains the following extract from a commercial letter dated at Constantinople: "Sir H. L. Bulwer was passing the streets at Pera on horseback, preceded by his groom, on the 20th of October, being a holy day (the nativity of Mohammed), some of the Sultan's levy driving in their carriages, the horse of the groom touched one of their horses, and the rider struck him with his whip; the groom used his whip also. Sir H. Bulwer endeavored to separate them, when the remainder of the eunuchs rushed on the embassador and struck him several blows. The embassador was arrested and taken to the police station at Pera."

JAPAN.

HOW THE EMPEROR LIVES.

A Japan letter makes Mr. Consul Harris thus describe the Emperor: "The Emperor is, as you may suppose, very rich, and yet I am positive that his table and clothing do not cost him $500 a year. Why that sum would not more than pay for the gloves of a Broadway dandy with us! You have doubtless seen the thick, soft matting with which the floors of their houses are covered. Well, the floors of the palace are covered in the same way, and this matting serves as the Emperor's bed, as well as that of the poorest house serves as the bed of his poorest subject. He stretches himself out, with a wooden pillow under his head, and sleeps a sleep rarely granted to his brother monarchs. To see a Japanese thus sleeping, with his head abruptly raised five or six inches, you would predict a stiff neck or future spinal affection as a general result; and yet there is not a more healthy people living.

"'What did the Emperor look like?' one of us asked.

"'Quite a fine looking man, with a soft voice and pleasant smile. I suppose he is some thirty-five years old. In fact, I know he is; for, as it is considered polite in Japan to ask one his age and how many children he has, I was, of course, polite. Poor fellow! He has what one of us would consider a miserable life. He does not leave the palace but once in two years; and then, as he passes through the town, every one must leave the streets and close the doors and windows of their houses. Their custom does not allow them even to look at him. This is the temporal Emperor of Jeddo, of whom I now speak; the case of the spiritual Emperor, at Miaco, is even worse, for he never leaves his palace. He is venerated so much that they can not even run the risk of his being looked upon by the crowd.'

WHAT THE JAPANESE HAVE DONE WITH OUR PRESENTS.

"Speaking of Commodore Perry, I asked him how the Japanese had treated the expensive presents which that officer had presented them, on the part of the Government, three or four years back?

"'Well, I know I am going to surprise you now,' he replied. 'You know that Commodore Perry gave them, among other things, a circular railroad, an engine and a tender, and a brass boat howitzer—one of the Dahlgren guns. They have a large house built for the safe keeping of this railroad, and every now and then take it out, lay the track, get up steam, and then away go a dozen or more high officers upon a circular pleasure trip. Japanese engineers have charge of every thing, and are never at a loss in the discharge of their duty. I suppose that they will soon have a track laid from Kanagawa to Jeddo, but I doubt if the railroad will pay in any other part of Japan; the country is too broken. As for the boat howitzer, they have had one thousand cast exactly like it, and mounted them in the forts of their different ports. And now here is something else that will surprise you. Upon both Fourths of July that I have passed here, and once upon Washington's birthday, they fired a salute of twenty-one guns with these howitzers. Mr. Heuskins and myself attended, with the American flag flying, and the people exhibited the greatest good feeling and enthusiasm. One might almost have imagined them Americans.'

"'What have they done with the electric telegraph that was presented them?' I asked.

"'Little or nothing, I think. But I am not certain. They are making astonishing headway, however, in the groundwork for future intercourse with the world.'"

CANADA.

ANOTHER LIVING CORPSE.

A Montreal paper has the following: "A few days ago a respectable man in the employment of one of the largest mercantile houses in Quebec took passage in a schooner for Baie St. Paul, on a visit to his relations. He carried with him a good stock of wearing apparel, and a check for the amount of his wages—a considerable sum. On the voyage he fell sick, and apparently died—or, what is more probable, became insensible from some narcotic administered to him. The captain of the schooner having taken possession of his clothing and money, sent two of the crew ashore to bury the dead passenger. They dug the grave, threw him in, and had begun to cover up the body, when the dead man, contrary to all law in such cases made and provided, suddenly sat bolt upright, and inquired, 'Have we arrived at last?' The amateur sextons took to their heels and fled, leaving their task but half accomplished. The corpse vindicated its vitality by cries which brought the assistance of a gentleman fishing in the neighborhood, and the half-buried victim was released from the grave, well cared for, and, as soon as it was fit to travel, forwarded home. In the mean time the false sea captain proceeded on his voyage. Arriving at St. Paul he told of the death of his passenger and his burial, and gave to his friends a portion of his worst clothes, retaining his best, and the check for his wages. When asked whether he had no checks or money, he denied it. Proceeding thence to Quebec he changed the check, invested the money in flour, and returned with flying colors, little dreaming that the buried man was following in pursuit."

MEXICO.

THE CITY ATTACKED BY THE LIBERALS.

A battle has been fought between the Liberals and Zuloaga's forces in the City of Mexico. It seems that the place was besieged by 5600 Liberals, under General Blanco, on the 14th of October, and on the following day the attack took place; but notwithstanding Zuloaga had not more than 1000 men, Blanco saw fit to withdraw after several encounters, although not thoroughly defeated. It is believed that he might have taken entire possession of the city had he been so disposed.



THANKSGIVING DAY—WAYS AND MEANS.



THANKSGIVING DAY—ARRIVAL AT THE OLD HOME.



THANKSGIVING DAY—THE DINNER.



THANKSGIVING DAY—THE DANCE.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

THE PREPARATION.

The days before "Thanksgiving,"
What busy days they were!
How Father, Mother, Jane, and I,
All labored to prepare.
The wagon-loads of fruit and grain
That poured upon us then;
The merry laughter of the maids,
The jesting of the men;
Oh! 'twas a sight to make one jump
(At least a boy like me),
Of custards, jellies, cakes, and pies,
Such quantities to see.
My Mother said, "Now, Ben, my boy"
(You see my name is Ben),
"Go search the hay-loft well for eggs,
Where hides the tufted hen;"
The turkeys, too—poor witless things!—
That gobble round our door,
Must sacrifice their tender breasts
For our "Thanksgiving" store.

THE ARRIVAL.

It came at last, the day itself,
With all its lavish cheer—
Our Pastor *said* it ought to be
Most *cheerful* of the year—
And with it came the joyful guests,
Brimful of mirth and life,
And brother Joe (who's married now
To such a handsome wife)—
And Joe shone like the sun itself;
And *she*, so spruce and gay,
That Father, laughing, said it seemed
Just like a wedding day.
The children, in their wild delight,
Were boisterous now and then;
But soon became more orderly
At a hint from *Uncle Ben.*
Cousin Maria, too, arrived
With little Sophy Lee,
Who (Mother often says) would make
Such a nice wife for me.

THE DINNER.

The dinner came, but here, alas!
I find description weak,
For words to suit those pumpkin-pies
'Twere vain indeed to seek;
And all the fair array of meats,
Of fowl, and flesh, and fish;
'Twas *too* much good enjoyed at once,
With nothing left to wish.
I've read of old Pythagoras,
And Epicurus, too;
I wish they had been there that day,
How they'd have *stared*! 'tis true:
And when the cider sparkled forth,
And all was converse gay,
We pitied those poor countries where
There's no "Thanksgiving Day."
But Mother, in her kindly heart,
Never forgets the poor;
And many an humbler board was spread
From her abundant store.

THE DANCE.

The evening twilight settled down,
More friends and neighbors came,
Chatted in groups apart, or joined
The shout-provoking game.
The pine-knots blaze upon the hearth,
The fiddlers have begun,
We danced—oh, what a real dance!
The very soul of fun!
Both old and young joined hands in turn,
Joe and his blooming wife,
The children, too, danced in between—
I tell you it was—life!
And Father danced, and Mother, too;
'Twas wonderful to see
How young they looked there opposite
To Sophy Lee—and me.
I'll wind up with the very words
I've often heard them say:
"Thank God for all his annual gifts,
And this—Thanksgiving Day!"

THE BOY-LOVE OF OLIVER WHARTON.

CHAPTER I.

I have stopped trying to count the gray hairs in my mustache now, and am in no risk of being classified under the banners of Young America. But if there be one thing which, at the calm distance of old age, I look upon with peculiar satisfaction, it is this modern day's recognition of boy-rights.

When I went to school the theory that any male person under the statute age of twenty-one years might, by the remotest possibility, be any thing but in the wrong where he differed from some one older than himself, would have been held, supposing any philosopher rash enough to propound it, as blank infidelity as well as the nebular hypothesis.

Subject to this healthful state of public sentiment, I began my career at Mounchesney Boarding-school, under the benign auspices of Dr. Aristodemus Hyde. For the six years that I spent there but three consoling ingredients entered into my cup of bitterness—the first, the consideration that constant severe friction produces condensation and callosity of surface; the second, that dear knowledge to school-boys, that I should one day be big enough "to thrash him myself;" the third, he had a daughter.

Among the boys I was called "Spider-legs," and rumored to be studying for the ministry. In neither respect were the boys altogether cherishing a fallacy: for, in the first place, I was a spindling lad of fourteen; and in the second, I had been from infancy destined to the Church, through the widely obtaining notion that feeble constitution, taciturnity, and a leaning toward weak tea, were evidences of a peculiar fitness for that profession. But however much I might be chastised by the Doctor, or satirized by my school-fellows, I never was degraded from one lofty sentiment—that of pure, whole-souled boy-love for the child of my inquisitor—Lucy Estcott Hyde, who, on going back to the old Mounchesney church-yard three days ago, my eyes read, with a libation whose vintage was nigh thirty years old,

WAS BORN ON THE 11TH OF AUGUST, 1813,
AND DIED ON THE SAME DAY OF THE SAME MONTH,
1831.
AGED JUST 18 YRS.

That was all the slab said through its moss. Clear as ever of mildew, lichen, and dust, the inscriptions on my heart told the rest.

It would have been wonderful if I had been the only one of Lucy's school-boy lovers. She was a dark, passionate brunette; a girl of that mature, voluptuous moulding, that queenly but winning carriage, that voice which is tuned to be set to such words as "*I love you!*"—and saying any thing else would be terrible to hear—which in a girl older than himself infallibly drive wild a half-mannish boy.

So she did have many lovers. *All* of our set were so. And I doubt whether her tormentingly blissful sway found any rebels until you came to the little chaps in pinafores. With a view to her complacency what martyr deeds were done by us, in the way of combing the front hair upward into a precipice painfully steep to look upon, brushing our black stockings till our calves were in a state of congestion, and stuffing the heels of our shoes with paper-wads to be nearer the light of her countenance. Not a jack-knife in school whose edge of deplorable obtusity did not tell of hard maples beautiful with her initials; not a deep pool of the little river, back of the garden, but had glassed back eyes precociously suicidal for her sake; not the tie of a neck-ribbon, not the set of a knee-buckle, not the cock of a hat, that had not been jealously rehearsed in her imaginary before it appeared in her real presence. Ah me! if to live is to be loved (and in my life I have learned that *not* to be loved is *not* to live), she lived long though she died early.

But the three adorers with whom particularly my story, and hers also, has to do, were myself, Joe Twining, and Peter Carlson.

Between Joe and myself there was all the zeal without any of the bad blood of rivalship. From the day I came to Mounchesney I had begun to love him as mine own self, to feel reciprocal attractions toward him as the complement of my own nature. For he, the strong, was as a fort to me, the puny; while the results of my patient labor were ever shared with him, the impatient and uncareful. We each knew the other loved Lucy—neither of us wished the other the shadow of a chance, but each feared his rival had one, in the poems on one side, the prowess on the other. Yet we were as generous in our antagonism as the lovers of Rose Salterne. Many a time after the lights were put out in the little dormitory we shared together did we mutually confide what we thought our successes or our *désagrémens* with the maiden, listen to each other with a sincere sympathy, then say, each to each, "Well, I hope *I* shall have her; good-night!" and go to sleep.

But if we two held our rival love, so to speak, in common, we neither of us certainly owned any communion with Lucy's third boy-lover, Peter Carlson. A more miserable and selfish oaf, so early in life, I have never met in all my experience. The form and face of the boy were repulsive at first sight. We compared him to Scarron without the soul of song; had Quilp or Quasimodo then been drawn, I don't think we should have done him much injustice in likening him to these. Over a low, beetling forehead his ragged tufts of sandy hair straggled like patches of ill-conditioned moss; beneath them his small eyes looked out like a bear's from his thicket, dull and heavy, unless they twinkled malignly at somebody's pain or the success of some mean trick. His nose was an obstinate stub, his mouth coarse, large, firm, and cruel. His arms were disproportionately long, his thick, blunt fingers always bent as if he were choking cats or distressing the hands of smaller boys; and his heavy trunk was so irrationally elevated by a pair of long, crooked legs as to suggest that the scaffolding was too high when that portion of him was put up. But all this could have been endured if his outer boy had not been a perfect type of his inner. He was a creature for whom no other purpose can be imagined than to punish so much of the world as he lived in for its sins. Incapable himself of feeling remorse, generous shame, or any of those spiritual pains which might punish a better boy, his bad heart went on unwhipped in its enjoyment of that class of cruelties which seem intangible to corporal chastisement, overturning his companion's schemes of happiness and muddying the water of our pure pleasures by disgusting suggestions, untimely rakings up of reconciled grievances, and garbled reports of what one of us had said of the other. Meanwhile he stood near under safe cover, and blinked in the only comfort that it was possible for him to feel.

Yet, would you believe it, Peter Carlson was the favorite boy of Dr. Aristodemus Hyde? *The* boy, who showed how benignantly the school succeeded on juvenile material—who took the medal as the best sample of Unblamable Lad, in the half-yearly exhibition—of whom the Doctor said to visitors, "Not good-looking, but fine mind; unimpeachably moral;" until visitors were confounded into the theory that it was an invariable law of nature that all good, studious boys should be ratty and mean-faced. In fine, he was the boy who had all of the holidays and ha'pence, none of the kicks and floggings.

Yet—as much as such a creature could, and in his way—he loved Lucy Hyde. That is, he wanted to possess her—to travel side by side with her adown the vale of life, pinching her and hearing her scream. The Doctor knew this, and secretly favored the boy's propensity toward his daughter; for Peter was a rich orphan—rich in his own right—in fact, it was rumored among us of Mounchesney School that there was no end to his riches, except the end this way. It might, one day, be a match, if the ugly little gold-fish was played adroitly—and then how pleasant it would be to reflect that your dear daughter was impaled on pins whose points were real diamond, in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of this life! As a Christian and a parent, he could not do less for her and answer to his own conscience.

So, when Peter had a cold of those dimensions which excused *him* from getting out of bed, the Doctor sent him neguses, "with Miss Hyde's compliments"—in which Miss Hyde had never twirled a spoon—plum-cakes, "made by Miss Hyde, for *him* expressly"—and bought at the baker's—moral books about good and ugly children, who died early of spinal complaint and sanctity, to solace his lonely hours—"Miss Hyde thought they might please him"—if she had known of them at all, she would have wished they might have poisoned him, like sumach.

There was no mistaking the way in which she felt toward him. She was a year older than he—only sixteen then, yet a perfect woman in every respect—and the cringing cruelty of his attentions were met by her as indignities. I have seen her move her seat, saying, "Wretch!" when she found herself within range of his blinking eye—and once, when, on some boy's picnic of ours, she was present, and, in a fit of grotesque knightliness, he pressed to his lips the hand that had just ladled out his glass of punch (for every body drank punch then), she snatched it away, wiped it on her little white apron, and gave him a look which, in a maiden as Andalusian in birth as she was in looks and soul, would have been pregnant with stories of a stiletto.

It was then I saw his bad face, too, and caught its look of patient vengeance; and, I tell you, it was dangerous!

CHAPTER II.

Not till one night of June—just before we were going home for the summer vacation—did I know, certainly—though, before, I had feared—which of us two, Joe or me, Lucy Hyde loved. Up to that very night I regarded the question as one of those where the odds are the difference. We, both of us, like Carlson, were only a year younger than Lucy—to both of us at the same time, in that leafy month, had come our fig-leaves of perfect manhood, in the shape of suits of thorough grown-up clothes, sent by stage from home. And our own unanimous opinion decided that we looked vastly well in them, and were, altogether, lads of person to shine in any woman's eyes.

There was half an hour between evening prayers and the bed-bell; and, having been working hard over Demosthenes Peri Stephanou ever since supper, wanted fresh air, and walked out into the play-ground. The moonlight shone bright as day, marking, in clear relief, every object, from our idle cricket-clubs, that lay upon the gravel by the door, down to the willows on the margin of the little river at the end of the garden. And those willows looked so beautifully that, although the garden was tabooed save on solemn anniversary occasions, I determined to rebel, and seek the cover of their boughs, as something in the semblance of a forest to rest in. Besides, *her* name was on one trunk—the clandestine result of my jack-knife—and that would be food for a melancholy pleasure.

So I stole down the bare hard-trampled play-ground and leaped the palings. For a while I strolled about in the gratification of merely doing the forbidden; and then I bent my way to the willow-clumps on the bank. I was right by their shadow, when I heard within it the sound of voices, and started back. Shrinking behind a lilac-bush, I looked, breathlessly, and saw—oh, what a sight for a poor boy-lover, loving his first love, to see, all lonely and uncomforted!

Leaning against a willow trunk sat Joe Twining, and, pressed tightly to his breast, their lips meeting passionately, reclined Lucy, more queenly beautiful for her submission to a power which was more eternal than hers.

And the boy-dream went off of my eyes quietly as a mist, leaving an awaking which was like conscious, inevitable death, turning the voluptuous moonlight from a bath of melancholy luxury into one of ice and brine. I looked at Joe's jetty waves of hair, and then wandered, with my fingers, through my own thin, light-brown locks—I saw his great, intense black eye—my own seemed to behold itself reflected, pale-blue, pensive, and near-sighted. I looked down at my own long, lank supports, and sneered as malignantly as Peter Carlson—"Spider-legs!"—then glanced at Joe, the strong-limbed, the hero-modeled, and, with rigid severity, gave him the benefit of the difference. Yea, in all things was I as cruelly just to myself upon that night as Rhadamanthus; for I had lost my boy-love—the greater part of my young soul—and despised the fool who had once so doted as to think that he could stand by such an one as Joe Twining, in the sight of a passionate woman, just knowing her first days of love and fire!

I stood and gazed upon the scene, with a delirious fascination of pain. I could not drink enough of the wakening-cup through my eyes, and I crouched quietly, wanting and waiting to hear something that might sting me. At last it came.

The lips of the two parted at length, and the low, manly voice of Joe Twining said, resolutely,

"Yes, I know, darling Lucy, we have a great while to wait—five long years it may be; for I have to go to college—to sea—or into the army: I don't yet quite know which, and I shall be nearly twenty-one before I get any profession. But if you will wait for me, I can bear any thing, fight any thing. God bless you, Lucy! Will you?"

"Yes, forever!" spoke the girl's voice passionately. "But when you are gone—those months, those years—what shall *I* do? My mother is dead—there is no one to reason with me, to advise me, and I shall be left all alone in my shame!"

Shame! what shame? I almost uttered these words aloud, and half darted from my cover. Lucy was now near eighteen, Joe was still nearer seventeen, and I, the bodily immature boy yet in thought the man, knew enough of young blood to be sure that it was warm. And could they—could they—have sinned? He, my almost brother against her—she, my deified love against herself? The agony of that suspicion of her was so much worse than my trampled-out love that I banished it instantly with the words, "God can not let it be!" But *what* shame? The question was sealed, labeled, filed away to be answered afterward.

The retiring bell must have sounded loud enough for us to hear it from the house, but if it did, we did not notice it; being all of us too much occupied then in what were really to each of us, though in our different ways, the decisive concerns of a lifetime. I was gathering myself up to crush out, or to endure—they were busy with the hope of perpetuating, love.

There came a little creak as of a gate unlocked and swinging back, and of a sudden in our sight stood Dr. Aristodemus Hyde. It was not for me he was looking. I need not have shrunk into deeper shadow to avoid discovery; for he passed me unseen or unnoticed, and walked straight and savagely on toward the lovers. They both leaped up, and stood, as befitted their strong natures, unbending before him.

"A beautiful piece of business, Miss! beautiful, I do declare! And very nice for you, my young master! You both probably know that it is not my habit to forget. No! nor shall I. And that Mister Joseph Twining was out in the garden I flogged three boys last week for entering—with my very well-behaved young lady, and alone at ten o'clock at night—will be a very easy and pretty thing to be remembered—remembered! Go to your room, Sir! Come with me, Miss!

This last was spoken tigerishly, and might have fired a lad less prominent in the muscular virtues of young manhood than Joe Twining. He deliberately put his arm around the waist of the young girl and said, quietly,

"I shall do no such thing!"

For a moment the Doctor stood passive. An exigency of that kind—an exigency of revolutionary boyhood—was hitherto unfamiliar to him. Theory, theologic, æsthetic, and governmental, were with him, but *fact* was decidedly against him.

He met the fact by rushing at Joe Twining, seizing him by the collar as he would have done two years before, and bringing his hand toward the left ear of that young gentleman.

Not quite, though—for Joe was ready with another fact—and before I could collect my senses the Doctor was lying at his feet, unable, as they say, in the polite circles of P. R., to come to time. And then came out the noble nature of the boy, for he knelt down over the prostrate form of his tyrant and said, as he loosed his stock,

"Forgive me! God forgive me, and you, Lucy, for he was *your* father!"

On the morrow Joe Twining was expelled, with an attempt at making him desperately ignominious, such as only those hoary wretches ever venture, who, from willfully perverse education or unconvertibly bad nature, love to damn the spirit that resists them, by setting on him a canker spot that may eat into all the robustest efforts of an after lifetime. Such there were in my day in schools and colleges. I pity them, wheresoever at this day they survive.

Do not distrust my motive. I am paying up no old scores, for *I* was not expelled from either school or college.

What passed between Joe and Lucy Hyde I do not know. I only am aware that our parting—his and mine—was unchilled by the breath of any memory of that night-scene in the garden. I never hinted my knowledge of it—of that, his crowning success in our rivalry, he, for the first time in our friendship, made no confidant of me, sparing my pain most brotherly.

And after that, orphaned of his strong arm and stronger affection, I went home for the hot weather holidays.

CHAPTER III.

Early in August I came back to Mounchesney. The theory of that school was to make the year's dog-days and ours commence as near as possible together. For that *a boy* might have health to look after, at that day would have been as absurd a paradox as the assertion that he had rights.

So I returned into the austere desk-rows and the hot blank play-ground, to find no character there of any prominence save that afflictive dispensation of mysterious Providence, the oaf, Peter Carlson. I had lost my half-soul on that night of June—when Joe was expelled, I parted with most of the rest of it—and it did not seem to anger the remainder in the least, when our Quilp hailed me with a boisterous slap on the shoulder, and made overtures toward familiarity.

For nearly a week I did not see Lucy Hyde. She came no longer, as usual, to any of our rude boarding-school meals with us, and her light foot never sounded on the steps up to her father's pinnacle of work-hour observation. But at last I caught sight of her at her window.

Changed—oh! changed, by tears and thought, so that I trembled with pain.

And in our community it was evident that something novel was brewing. "Some portent hung on the wings of the to-come." For every now and then my little next neighbor in the desks would nudge me and say, "Look at that ape!" and invariably, when I looked, I beheld Peter Carlson in deep communication with the Doctor, bending beside him on the rostrum, over a classic which they

made believe decipher, while they were evidently concerned in something else.

There came a morning when all this reached its end. I look back to that morning as one of the way-marks of my life—a time when I was, perhaps, in as much agony as it is possible for me ever to suffer.

The gardener, going out early to the banks of the river with his pruning-shears, discovered it. It began to be rumored before breakfast among the boys, and we grew pale; then said, "No, it is a cheat!" But, being only the subject of whisper at the table, we trembled and left our small dole half touched. It was confirmed when we met in the school-room, and that subordinate said, solemnly with a voice which reverence curtailed of its fees, etc.:

"Boys, Miss Hyde was found drowned this morning in the river behind the garden."

The corner-lines of the gray school-room walls seemed to wave and run spirally like serpents. The floor rocked under me, and I grasped the bench. Yet I did not grow faint. Exigencies make natures look more firm. I sprung from my bench, and in an instant was past the teacher and out of the room. Then—before I knew it—over the garden palisades and into the bank of the stream.

The old man, paralyzed from his wonted stern mien, had yet given no orders; and the gardener had the usual dread of the lower classes of touching a drowned person till the officer came. So the boy there still, where the swift rush of the current had washed her on shore.

Floating, fathoming, in a black, treacherous pool, rocked by the curls of its eddy, with her glorious black hair tangled in the willow roots, Lucy Hyde was dreadful in death. The last fiery agony had died utterly away from her lips, and they were dark as a sparkless coal next to their beloved. Even a smile was on her mute face, as if she saw him beckoning whither she had gone, and her eyes were closed, their long fair lashes drooping quietly as in sweet dreams of him. And over her bosom were crossed the marble-white round arms that seemed to fold him.

It was not I that they seemed to fold! Yet, forgetting all earthly visibility—calling its clamor in the one cry of torture that went up out of my soul —I knelt on the dripping bank, and, with one hand around a willow, bent and drew her gently up upon the land. Nor took I from my only beloved in death that blessed watch, for another hour, my lips denied my bo-heart in life; and, in an agony like her hand and I, sat down upon the roots beside her, whispering,

"Would to God—would to God I had died for thee!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was the day after her funeral—that pageant of dreary pain, of which I remember nothing save that I walked in the crowd, that miserable one the deepest stricken of all, yet who has no right to give vent to signs of his mourning, and that when the clods fell echoing I well-nigh leaped in with them—that the Doctor, one of school-days, called me into his study. Not deigning to ask pity, or let sorrow soften his sternness—yet for that all the more pitiable—he did not act icily with me and hold out to me in his hand a letter, post-marked Springfield, the place where Joe Twining lived.

"Read that," said he.

I took it from him, opened it hurriedly, and, in Twining's hand, found the following words:

"SIR—I have been a villain. It is I who brought the darkest upon your child's head, to which she has died. She ended with her own life. I shall have fled—you will not find me; but, before I go, my conscience goads me to confess all.

I stood speechless for a moment, and then read it over once more, the desperate hope of finding some clew which might prove it an imposture. But no; his very hand and signature, to the last curve of the y's and g's.

I looked, maddened, into the Doctor's face. Whether it was bad, or the effect of the letter that melted him, I know not; but, like a great hill-torrent fired by the sudden thaw, the hard, cold fountains of his deep were broken up, and he uttered the fierce and bitter cry,

"Where is he? Where shall I find him? Tell me! Before God, tell me! Do you know?"

His very fury stilled me. I checked myself, and answered,

"No! As God lives, I do not! But, from the day, every force of my nature—every power of my mind—all the patience of my soul shall be given by God I swear it!—to this one end, of hunting him through the world! For your broken-hearted daughter was my life!"

If man at all, I was a very young one. But man was strong in purpose. And that night, by the willows where I had found Lucy Hyde in her beauty's arms—under the very tree I had carved with her name, on the bank whence she had leaped from shame into the fatal silence, unreproached and made fiercely resolute by all these associations of dread memory—I joined hands with Peter Coffson, reconciled to him by his unity with me in purpose; and we both called the Great Avenger to witness that some one, some shadow—some power or ill, we would be quits with him who had done Lucy Hyde her wrong.

Like him I was an orphan; yet, unlike him, not rich. The little patrimony that my father, dying in his early manhood, left me was not quite sufficient to keep me as a gentleman's son. So that my guardian was not liberal enough to me to spend as much of it as could be spent at a boarding-school. I now wrote to him and told him that I was ready for college, but that, my health being broken down, I should like to travel a year first; and would be obliged to him if he would consent to honor my drafts upon him from the various parts of the country through which I might journey.

He was an easy man, with plenty to attend to in his own affairs, and the next mail brought his letter of assent to all my plans. The next step was to sit down by the side of Carlson, write and exchange with him copies of our vow for tokens of our earnestness; then spend a day with my elder brother and sister, in an adjoining town; bid them good-by, and set off on my mission of retribution.

The day before my starting saw me seventeen. Do you think it incredible that one so young should take such terrible resolve, and set forth on it so calmly? Remember, then, that I had lived all my life in the nurturing atmosphere of earnest thought, and think how the last few days since I had known her wrongs are of that sort which ripen manhood in a night.

I went first to Springfield, where lived the family of Joseph Twining. Of old I had enjoyed the hospitalities of their table. To learn where to now would have been to betray them; so I stopped at a small Inn, and called on them set forth on it with a pose of making probing inquiries of their sorrowful neighbors. Evidently they knew nothing of his guilt. They were in a great distress at his departure, which took place almost instantly on his receipt of Lucy's note, and which he had abandoned him, they said; and he had gone off one morning, talking wildly of going into the army. It was very kind—very brotherly for the two such acts as interest in looking for him. If I found him, would I bring him back? The night of his flight another wrung my heart; I almost promised that I would. Then Lay, with a sigh, turned from the pool, as in the garden, lay before me, and I extended my self.

Oh, it would take days to tell you how I followed that man! Often tired and sick—sometimes hoping to meet him week in a large town, out of the reach of all help were I to be dying—sometimes marry sheltered, for want of the means to travel, and even then, as I grew well, relentless, unmitigated.

Ever and anon, I received letters from my guardian, my brother, and my sister, asking the cause of my long wandering; begging me to return and take some steps in my profession. But I answered them evasively, and kept on.

I had learned from what Joseph Twining entered the army. Once I saw his name gazetted as the brave leader of a little band against a great force of Seminole Indians in Florida. "Cap'ain" before it; and if the detailed report of his prowess were true, he had won more than that title. I followed him to the spot of encampment; he had been ordered elsewhere a month before. Again I heard of him as the leader of a force we men from the scaling-ladder to the Mississippi border. Now nobody of that set did or dares me back remorsaful from his trail. He had saved three. How dare he claim safeguard from that, when he had slain one? and that, O God! how much to me!

At last the terrible slaughter in the everglades of Florida began to call for vengeance, and the public mind was agitated every where with the necessity of sending our countrymen to those fatal, treacherous and bottomless, tangled morasses. Volunteers flocked to the Gulf—where the danger was most imminent, as he always had. Be heard of it, and pursued him.

CHAPTER V.

It the wilds midway between Fort King and the Withlacoochee River I heard, at last, that Twining and his men had encamped, for a week, on a companion but my ride—no guide but a foot-path —"Journey-cake" to eat. I had come upon it in that veriest jungle that I stepped, one nightfall, to the fire-ring around the funereal moss as my gala-couch, to celebrate my twenty-first birth-day with a revival of my vow of retribution—though, in all the years since I had made it, my resolve had not waxed old.

There were perhaps ten persons gathered about on that occasion with me. To rest, to cook, to sleep, like myself, they had laid themselves down in the wilderness, a day's ride or two from Seminoles to which, not the fear, though often the tomahawk, of the savage was a care. Yet our camp-fire was small, and of the driest sticks that the hammocks knows smoke as a dog does the buck, and he is not to be betrayed to invite, perhaps, the foe. Nor was may say of entertaining him when he has come unbidden. We stupped our venison; then began to talk, which, with cards, was to be our pastime till we set our guard and slept.

And we talk was of Joseph Twining.

"Where to find him?" answered an old hunter, in the tongue-and-speech speech of woodmen, evil or white. "Ax the gal-lant Seminoles who will never bloody their mocassins again, though they were the last Injun devils had! They'll tell you what that comes and goes. Ask the deer and the swamp-fox. Not me; I don't know. He's here, and there, and every where—all to once. Them as don't like the critters finds him quick enough—that's sartain."

"Is he brave?"

"I reckon you sin't long in the glades—to you?"

"He is, then? I am glad to hear it. I hope to see him."

We fell into the first watch. They fell on myself and a tall Spaniard, who had been sitting moodily by the fire—hitherto, I had noticed, in no conversation. The pleasure of keeping vigil with this taciturn person was increased by the discovery that he understood English, and demonstrated that he was about to be reassured, and that night felt it necessary to sleep with one eye.

"Good-night, Prophet Antonio," said the hunter who had talked to me of Joseph Twining. "Let me know if you die before them out-glades [wickedly], stranger; bury him decently if he cats stick!" After which salty jest and his companions drew their blankets up to their eyebrows and went to sleep.

Antonio and I fresh primed our locks, laid our knives on the ground beside us, and drew our legs under our blankets. We sat cross-legged the live oak under which we had stopped; I mounted guard on a gray, mossy stone, about ten yards off from him—a long distance for talking; but neither he nor I were in that mood—so it was near enough.

In that death-like silence of the glade—death-like beyond tones, or any solitary place but a dead heart—the whole bitter past came trooping by me, with open record in its hands; and I read, and read, and read; and the one hurt ineffaceable sentence was,

"I shall be left all alone in my shame!"

"No, Lucy, no!" I groaned through my tightshut teeth. "Not alone; for I will be with you—yes, evermore, till I slay it not! 'Till then, help me God, I journey and endure!"

Thinking such thoughts, I sat, an absorbed and brooding thread-bare mind. Lay I can not tell. The last coals of the camp-fire had burned out, and the full moon, just rising, was beginning to flood all those pathless places with silver, when I lifted my head from its moody dejection and looked across to the opposite stone.

Good God! there sat the Spaniard, still as ever, but with Lucy's picture in his breast, and a fixed, steady stream of the life-blood pouring from his neck! I leaped up, but a grip like eagle talons seized my throat from behind and I saw a long, thin hunting-knife gleam right over my breast. Quick, but deep-hilted to my heart, and then I felt the clutch on my windpipe relaxed. I sprang to my feet, turned, and there stood a fiendish savage, in the wild dress of Seminole half crushed in the circle-like grasp of a tall white man braced against his back. The hunter's hands—one clutching three toward his new enemy—thrusting hindward over his shoulder—and plain, in that moonlight as almost daylight, I saw the keen point pierce my preserver's blanket, and doubtless—O God, to think it—his heart. Then I saw the Indian's head cocked close by the Indian's ear, the hammer fell, and with the report and a wild beast shriek ended all the devilry he could do in this world.

My saviour stepped over the prostrate carcass of the warrior, and coolly stood admiring the mistake of the new fully wakened throng, who rushed to meet him with bare murmured plaudits that must have been like music.

And what was the name they cried?

Antonio Twining!

No! I did not dream. For one moment the awful sense of sudden death but a few rounds past impending, the gratitude that I owed for its averting, and to his, kept me dumb-stricken.

Then I sprang to my weapons, and standing forth before them all, and close in front of him, asked calmly,

"Joseph Twining, do you know me?"

The soldier faced me intently for an instant, and then with a shout of joy sprang to catch me in his arms, crying,

"Bless God for the sight! My dear Oliver Wharton!"

It stopped back a pace or two, muttering his head in a maze.

"One moment—hear me, Joseph Twining. I am a murderer and have come to slay a murderer. I frankly acknowledge I would have killed as I might the bear or the wolf that crossed me.

"You did save me a life. We are this night made mutual debtors. But the balance is an unequal one. I have come to Florida to-day and to day these four years to strike that balance with him who brought shame and death to *Lucy Hyde!* Now, I am not set is to oblige me to you. But I, her sworn avenger—you as a soldier bearing the sword of justice—have no choice. We are both to wipe out the old darkened score. The life you have saved is to a drop to the ocean. I offer you in return the contents of mine!"

Doubtless he did not. For though at *her* name the strong man's head covered his face with his hands as one who walks again in sleep through the passages of some old remembered home, and then turned to the rest of my words with the same perplexed astonishment that was on the faces of those around him. Ye solve his doubt, I came closer and whispered in his ear,

"Remember who drove *Lucy* Hyde to the river —remember Seminole Jack!"

In a moment, all look of vague wonder vanished from his face, and a fiend-like eye flashed like a lion's, and with his hand trembling on the hilt of his bowie-knife, he cried out,

"Speak that word again of *her*, and, by the God who hears me, were you ten times my brother, I'll be your dead set!"

In my turn I stood wonder-stricken. He kept on.

"Look you, Oliver Wharton. For the four years since her paroxysm left the earth this was too keen a blade for me to entrust over me, my angel, in the heaven where she sits, her eyes clear from all sorrow. The knowledge that she was there looking, made all life as one long penance to me—as the unconquerable.

"In the light she has given me tireless heart and nerve, in temptation many a time has she saved me from sinning against her memory. And to-night, while I was ransoming that life of mine—I sprang you to insult her holy name—I should have been struck to the heart by that! Well! Let who swelters at the stone yonder but for her presence, standing as even between me and death—I say, that, though your words have shown you too low to touch it, and see what she has done for me—"

He stood, passionate fingers he drew from his breast a small gold locket, suspended about his neck from a strong steel chain, and put it in my hand.

O Heaven! To see that face again after all these years! It could endure but one glance at it, and turning it around, save in the thick plate which protected it at the back the dent of the Seminole's knife piercing through clear to the ivory!

I handed it back to him, and then, with an effort to be calm, said,

"It is true, Joseph Twining; but if the wronged, the murdered one is more than on earth, all you good for ill, it is not the province of her avenger to pass by the sin. I have looked; will you also?"

So speaking, I drew from my breast the only remembrancer of Lucy Hyde I had ever owned. Not her angel's face of loving—no! but that packet which for four years had been burning against my heart to keep it red hot till its mission was accomplished. It contained the two papers; that letter from Joe Twining which *her* father had put into my hand the day after the funeral, and Peter Carlson's copy of our oath of retribution. I held them out to Twining, and said, "Read!"

The moon was not bright enough for the deciphering of those long clotted and folded characters, so again we, in a little fire of dry sticks, broke which he and I knelt down.

His eye first fell upon Peter Carlson's paper, and he read it eagerly, but with the same look of wonder that had met my former words.

"Peter Carlson!" he cried, at last, growing, growing, as he read in silence, he drank in his own letter down to the last word.

For a moment I thought the strong man was about to real and fall. Then he sprang, like a wounded lion in his fell, and, in a scream that, forgetting all warrior caution, rent the woods, "God damn him! Oh! could even that fiend have held mercy while I was by? Was I to die also?"

We bent our heads close together at the fire, and, laughing with a force which delivered almost too much to guide the eye, he showed me the stamp on the corner, first of one paper, then of the other, which I had not noticed before, and knew but *Peter Carson* had ever used paper of that stamp in all the island!

And I had never noticed it before.

Wildening as a lightning-bolt, but as dazzling the clear, the truth fell upon my soul. Who had been the demoniac author of this four-years' lie, that, starting with a forged letter, prevented, prayed and wandering—who the malignant rival—the forger—the blight of Joe Twining's honor—my friend's enemy—the thing to be hunted, strengthened—the ever-present nightmare of an old father's last heart—the blackener of the dead girl's stainless remembrance. I knew it all.

I looked one solemn question.

"Joseph Twining, the wrong which I have done you is greater than I dare ask you to forgive. May all, and He, that can be taken for into His Heaven, forgive it me. But tell me one thing. I once heard her call you 'brother.' Did you know it—You will leave me all alone in my shame!" What shame?"

"The shame of hearing that fiend's constant insulting advances, sanctioned by her father. Did a day before the end, that I left her, and myself, she wrote to me, saying, 'On the morrow I must answer in, and my father swears it shall be so.' Yes." I do not know. If you can not come, there is no way to help it. We shall surely marry on such a day."

And whether that letter was intercepted, delayed on the road, miscarried, or what, I can not tell. It was concluded but that I had, all covered with post-marks and directions, on the front, "*Lucy Hyde, Miss Carlson's Seminary, Springfield.*"

But should my justice sleep? Her eyes, purged in that night of horrors, amidst death and revelation, unsealed from their long, heavy mourning-wood and mountains, over streams and valleys, looked down upon Carlson.

"Let me go alone," were the words I spoke to Joe Twining. "Honor, your country, her memory, require that you should not. I am not a man's life. I am not wanted in the field or the fort. Let my brief days of unrelieved sundering be consecrated to striking home a truth as I would have done the lie. My retribution, though you stay, shall be mine. Let me be the knowledge of the truth we are one."

We parted from him when I had come to stay in tears and fervent blessing.

And it was on a clear October morning that I entered Mobile harbor, from which I should travel straight to my victim's house. My knife was sharp, my pistol primed, my soul resolute.

The negro who opened the door said his master was at home. Would I walk up into his office? "Yes," I replied, and followed the servant, who ushered me into the library.

A grown man—I had taken his account with the dead into His hands—and Lucy Hyde was avenged.

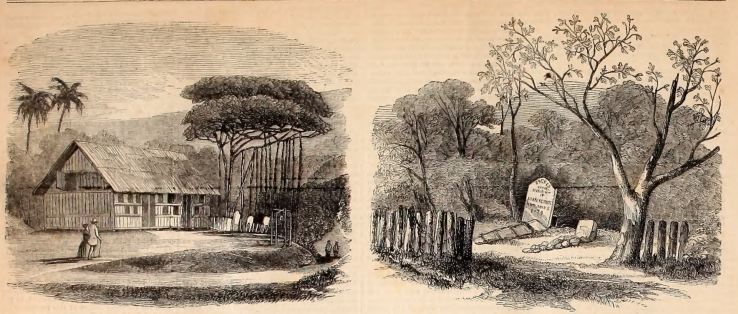
THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

We laid him, weeping, on his couch,
But when he slept he smiled,
And when he woke he thought
Looked sweetly on her child;
His life was dear to her
His little hands had striven
In vain to deck that mournful robe
That floated back to heaven.

"Oh! will she never come again?"
He sobbed at twilight hour—
"Then let me sleep and dream once more,
For then we are not parted."

In vain we told him she had fled
Away from worldly care,
And, pointing to the sunny skies,
Had now her dwelling there;
His pallid cheek still paler grew,
His eye no more smiled beaming,
But when our little orphan smiled,
'Twas then he was dreaming.

Once more we saw the angel come,
We saw, half broken-hearted,
His hands he had clutched the snow-white robe—
They never more were parted.



CHURCH ON PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. GRAVE OF ADAMS, THE MUTINEER.

A ROMANCE OF SHIPWRECK.

THE ship *Wild Wave*, Captain J. N. Knowles, left San Francisco on the 9th of February last, bound for Valparaiso. On the 5th of March, at 11½ A.M., she was lost on the Island of Jeno, seventy-five miles northwest of Pitcairn's Island. The wreck occurring in the daytime, the crew of the ship was saved, as also the provisions, and gold to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which last the captain prudently landed without the knowledge of his crew. The true seaman is honest and reliable; but the "beach-combers," who chiefly man the ships now trading in the Pacific, are a set to whom no species of crime comes amiss, and who have not the clearest ideas as to the rights of property, especially in cases of shipwreck.

After remaining on the Island of Jeno for ten days, Captain Knowles started in one of his boats for Pitcairn's Island, in the expectation of there obtaining relief from the colony founded by the mutineers of the *Bounty*. He did not know that the entire colony had been transported three years ago, by the British Government, to Van Diemen's Land. He found the island deserted; and was, further, so unfortunate as to lose his boat in the surf, while effecting a landing on the harborless shores. Here, then, were four men, Captain Knowles, his mate, Mr. J. F. Bartlett, and two seamen, thrown upon their own resources, upon an island generally known to be deserted, and not lying in the track of vessels in any usual trade. Happily they found among the articles left on the island by the old residents, tar, oakum, sail-cloth, and some tools. With these aids they set about the construction of a boat; cutting down trees, shaping planks by hand, putting in *tree-nails* or wooden bolts where nails were lacking, and in other ways making the best of their circumstances.

The vessel—a rude, open boat—was built, and they started for Tahiti, a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles. The prevailing winds, however, were against them; in their rockle-shell, with only one square sail, they could not beat to windward; and so they finally shaped a course for Nukahiva, one of the Marquesas group, and noted as the scene of Herman Melville's adventures, distant also over thirteen hundred miles from their starting-place. The long and venturesome voyage was fortunately accomplished; and on their arrival they were taken on board the United States sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, just sailing for the Society Islands. Thence the captain and his well-preserved gold returned to San Francisco in a French vessel of war, while the *Vandalia* sailed to the rescue of the balance of the crew left on *Jeno*.

Captain Knowles deserves much credit for his perseverance and energy under circumstances which would tempt most men to inaction. No doubt he will find his reward among American ship-owners.

In the largest of our illustrations our artist has depicted the scene of the brave crew starting in their rough boat, through the surf, on their voyage of nearly fifteen hundred miles over a trackless ocean.

Our other illustrations represent scenes on the now deserted isle; concerning whose romantic history a few words will not be amiss here. It is a volcanic isle, with fertile soil, but not overabundantly watered; situated in lat. 25° S., and long. 130° W., to the southeast of the Society group; only seven miles in circumference, and with an almost inaccessible shore. It was seen and named by Carteret in 1767, again seen by Cook in 1773; but owes its chief interest to the fact of its colonization by a portion of the mutineers of the British ship *Bounty*, in 1790. Of these ill-fated men a part remained in Tahiti; but nine British sailors, together with six Tahitian men and twelve women, set out in the *Bounty* and finally reached this then scarcely known isle, where their leader, Christian, persuaded them to destroy the vessel and settle down. The sailors were a vicious set. In ten years all but one had died violent deaths, and there remained only Adams, one of the very worst characters of the nine, together with the women and nineteen children. When he found himself alone Adams took thought of his position, and at last thoroughly reformed. A Bible and an Episcopal prayer-book not only led him to the truth, but enabled him to instruct the women and children in "these things necessary for their salvation." So great was his influence that, where once all had been drunken violence, there presently reigned industry and morality. The small space of arable land was laid out and planted; a church was built, where the veteran mutineer humbly proclaimed the Gospel; and when, in 1814, after a lapse of thirty-four years, a ship at length, by accident, touched at the lost isle, the astonished captain was hailed in good English by a tawny descendant of old Lieutenant Christian (named, to commemorate his birth-day, Thursday October Christian), and found a people simple and peaceful in their habits, contentedly practicing the manners and customs of an English country hamlet, in this out-of-the-way nook of the world.

In 1825 Captain Beechey found on the island 66 persons. In 1831 the colony, then numbering 87 persons, was removed to Tahiti at the instigation of some over-benevolent individual, who feared that the small isle would not support so many. But having lost twelve of their number by sickness, the balance gladly returned to their old home. In 1829 John Adams, the sole survivor of the mutineers, died. The wooden tablet above our his grave in our illustration, bears the words, "Sacred to the Memory of John Adams. Died March 5, 1829." This tablet was formerly put into its place only when ships visited the island. It is now permanently placed. In the grave to the right lies the wife of Adams's son, George.



THE SHIPWRECKED CREW, OUTWARD-BOUND FROM PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, COMING THROUGH THE SURF.

In 1852 the island had 21 families, making altogether 170 souls: 82 males, and 88 females. At that time there were but two survivors of the first generation born on the island. Several strangers succeeded at different times in locating themselves in the colony. Among these the most remarkable was the Baron de Thierry, who afterward made himself King of the Marquesas, and latterly abandoned savage life and taught music in California.

In 1855 the entire colony was removed at the expense of the British Government to a spot of land granted them in a fertile valley of Van Diemen's Land; and the island is once more deserted.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK XI.—CHAPTER I.

"The course of true love never does run smooth!" May it not be because where there are no obstacles, there are no tests to the truth of Love? Where the course is smooth, the stream is crowded with pleasure-boats. Where the wave swells, and the shoals threaten, and the sky lowers, the pleasure-boats have gone back into harbor. Ships fitted for rough weather are those built and stored for long voyage.

I pass over the joyous meeting between Waife and Sophy. I pass over George's account to his fair cousin of the scene he and Hartopp had witnessed, in which Waife's innocence had been manifested, and his reasons for accepting the penalties of guilt had been explained. The first few agitated days following Waife's return have rolled away. He is resettled in the cottage from which he had fled; he refuses, as before, to take up his abode at Lady Montfort's house. But Sophy has been almost constantly his companion, and Lady Montfort herself has spent hours with him each day—sometimes in his rustic parlor, sometimes in the small garden-plot round his cottage, to which his rambles are confined. George has gone back to his home and duties at Humberston, promising very soon to revisit his old friend and discuss future plans.

The scholar, though with a sharp pang, conceding to Waife that all attempt publicly to clear his good name at the cost of reversing the sacrifice he had made, must be forborne, could not, however, be induced to pledge himself to unconditional silence. George felt that there were at least some others to whom the knowledge of Waife's innocence was imperatively due.

Waife is seated by his open window. It is noon; there is sunshine in the pale blue skies—an unusual softness in the wintry air. His Bible lies on the table beside him. He has just set his mark in the page, and reverently closed the Book. He is alone. Lady Montfort—who, since her return from Fawley, has been suffering from a kind of hectic fever, accompanied by a languor that made even the walk to Waife's cottage a fatigue, which the sweetness of her kindly nature enabled her to overcome, and would not permit her to confess—has been so much worse that morning as to be unable to leave her room. Sophy has gone to see her. Waife is now leaning his face upon his hand, and that face is sadder and more disquieted than it had been, perhaps, in all his wanderings. His darling Sophy is evidently unhappy. Her sorrow had not been visible during the first two or three days of his return, chased away by the joy of seeing him—the excitement of tender reproach and question—of tears that seemed as joyous as the silvery laugh which responded to the gayety that sported round the depth of feeling with which he himself beheld her once more clinging to his side, or seated, with upward loving eyes, on the footstool by his knees. Even at the first look, however, he had found her altered; her cheek was thinner, her color paled. That might be from fretting for him. She would be herself again, now that her tender anxiety was relieved. But she did not become herself again. The arch and playful Sophy he had left was gone, as if never to return. He marked that her step, once so bounding, had become slow and spiritless. Often when she sate near him, seemingly reading or at her work, he noticed that her eyes were not on the page—that the work stopped abruptly in listless hands; and then he would hear her sigh—a heavy but short impatient sigh! No mistaking that sigh by those who have studied grief: Whether in maid or man, in young or old, in the gentle Sophy, so new to life, or in the haughty Darrell, weary of the world, and shrinking from its honors, that sigh had the same character, a like symptom of a malady in common: the same effort to free the heart from an oppressive load; the same token of a sharp and rankling remembrance lodged deep in that finest nerve-work of being, which no anodyne can reach—a pain that comes without apparent cause, and is sought to be expelled without conscious effort.

The old man feared at first that she might, by some means or other, in his absence, have become apprised of the brand on his own name, the verdict that had blackened his repute, the sentence that had hurled him from his native sphere; or that, as her reason had insensibly matured, she, herself, reflecting on all the mystery that surrounded him—his incognitos, his hidings, the incongruity between his social grade and his education or bearing, and his repeated acknowledgments that there were charges against him which compelled him to concealment, and from which he could not be cleared on earth; that she, reflecting on all these evidences to his disfavor, had either secretly admitted into her breast a conviction of his guilt, or that, as she grew up to woman, she had felt, through him, the disgrace entailed upon herself. Or if such were not the cause of her sadness, had she learned more of her father's evil courses; had any emissary of Jasper's worked upon her sensibilities or her fears? No, that could not be the case, since whatever the grounds upon which Jasper had conjectured that Sophy was with Lady Montfort, the accuracy of his conjectures had evidently been doubted by Jasper himself; or why so earnestly have questioned Waife? Had she learned that she was the grandchild and natural heiress of a man wealthy and renowned—a chief among the chiefs of England—who rejected her with disdain? Was she pining for true position? or mortified by the contempt of a kinsman, whose rank so contrasted the vagrancy of the grandsire by whom alone she was acknowledged?

Tormented by these doubts, he was unable to solve them by such guarded and delicate questions as he addressed to Sophy herself. For she, when he falteringly asked what ailed his darling, would start, brighten up for the moment, answer—"Nothing, now that he had come back;" kiss his forehead, play with Sir Isaac, and then manage furtively to glide away.

But the day before that in which we now see him alone, he had asked her abruptly, "if, during his absence, any one besides George Morley had visited at Lady Montfort's—any one whom she had seen?" And Sophy's cheek had as suddenly become crimson, then deadly pale; and first she said "No," and then "Yes;" and after a pause, looking away from him, she added—"The young gentleman who—who helped us to buy Sir Isaac, he has visited Lady Montfort—related to some dear friend of hers."

"What, the painter?"

"No—the other, with the dark eyes."

"Haughton!" said Waife, with an expression of great pain in his face.

"Yes—Mr. Haughton; but he has not been here a long, long time. He will not come again, I believe."

Her voice quivered, despite herself, at the last words, and she began to bustle about the room—filled Waife's pipe, thrust it into his hands with a laugh, the false mirth of which went to his very heart, and then stepped from the open window into the little garden, and began to sing one of Waife's favorite simple old Border songs; but before she got through the first line the song ceased, and she was as lost to sight as a ring-dove, whose note comes and goes so quickly among the impenetrable coverts.

But Waife had heard enough to justify profound alarm for Sophy's peace of mind, and to waken in his own heart some of its most painful associations. The reader, who knows the wrong inflicted on William Losely by Lionel Haughton's father—a wrong which had led to all poor Willy's subsequent misfortunes—may conceive that the very name of Haughton was wounding to his ear; and when, in his brief, sole, and bitter interview with Darrell, the latter had dropped out that Lionel Haughton, however distant of kin, would be a more grateful heir than the grandchild of a convicted felon—if Willy's sweet nature *could* have admitted a momentary hate—it would have been for the thus vaunted son of the man who had stripped him of the modest all which would perhaps have saved his own child from the robber's guilt, and himself from the robber's doom. Long since, therefore, the reader will have comprehended why, when Waife came to meet Sophy at the river-side, and learned at the inn on its margin that the name of her younger companion was Lionel Haughton—why, I say, he had so morosely parted from the boy, and so imperiously bade Sophy to dismiss all thought of meeting "the pretty young gentleman" again.

And now again this very Lionel Haughton to have stolen into the retreat in which poor Waife had deemed he left his treasure so secure! Was it for this he had fled from her? Did he return to find her youth blighted, her affections robbed from him, by the son of Charles Haughton? The father had despoiled his manhood of independence; must it be the son who despoiled his age of its only solace? Grant even that Lionel was worthy of Sophy—grant that she had been loyally wooed—must not that attachment be fruitless—be fatal? If Lionel were really now adopted by Darrell, Waife knew human nature too well to believe that Darrell would complacently hear Lionel ask a wife in her whose claim to his lineage had so galled and incensed him. It was while plunged in these torturing reflections that Lady Montfort (not many minutes after Sophy's song had ceased and her form vanished) had come to visit him, and he at once accosted her with agitated inquiries—"When had Mr. Haughton first presented himself?—how often had he seen Sophy?—what had passed between them?—did not Lady Montfort see that his darling's heart was breaking?"

But he stopped as suddenly as he had rushed into this thorny maze of questions; for, looking imploringly into Caroline Montfort's face, he saw there more settled signs of a breaking heart than Sophy had yet betrayed, despite her paleness and her sighs. Sad, indeed, the change in her countenance since he had left the place months ago, though Waife, absorbed in Sophy, had not much remarked it till now, when seeking to read therein secrets that concerned his darling's welfare. Lady Montfort's beauty was so perfect in that rare harmony of feature which poets, before Byron, have compared to music, that sorrow could no more mar the effect of that beauty on the eye than pathos can mar the effect of the music that admits it on the ear. But the change in her face seemed that of a sorrow which has lost all earthly hope. Waife therefore checked questions that took the tone of reproaches, and involuntarily murmured, "Pardon."

Then Caroline Montfort told him all the tender projects she had conceived for his grandchild's happiness—how, finding Lionel so disinterested and noble, she had imagined she saw in him the providential agent to place Sophy in the position to which Waife had desired to raise her; Lionel to share with her the heritage of which he might otherwise despoil her—both to become the united source of joy and of pride to the childless man who now favored the one to exclude the other. Nor in these schemes had the absent wanderer been forgotten. No; could Sophy's virtues once be recognized by Darrell, and her alleged birth acknowledged by him—could the guardian who, in fostering those virtues to bloom by Darrell's hearth, had laid under the deepest obligations one who, if unforgiving to treachery, was grateful for the humblest service—could that guardian justify the belief in his innocence which George Morley had ever entertained, and, as it now proved, with reason—then where on all earth a man like Guy Darrell to vindicate William Losely's attainted honor, or from whom William Losely might accept cherishing friendship and independent ease, with so indisputable a right to both! Such had been the picture that the fond and sanguine imagination of Caroline Montfort had drawn from generous hope, and colored with tender fancies. But alas for such castles in the air! All had failed. She had only herself to blame. Instead of securing Sophy's welfare she had endangered Sophy's happiness. They whom she had desired to unite were irrevocably separated. Bitterly she accused herself—her error in relying so much on Lionel's influence with Darrell—on her own early remembrance of Darrell's affectionate nature, and singular sympathies with the young—and thus suffering Lionel and Sophy to grow familiar with each other's winning characters, and carry on childlike romance into maturer sentiment. She spoke, though briefly, of her visit to Darrell, and its ill success—of the few letters that had passed since then between herself and Lionel, in which it was settled that he should seek no parting interview with Sophy. He had declared to Sophy no formal suit—they had exchanged no lovers' vows. It would be, therefore, but a dishonorable cruelty to her to say, "I come to tell you that I love you, and that we must part forever." And how avow the reason—that reason that would humble her to the dust? Lionel was forbidden to wed with one whom Jasper Losely called daughter, and whom the guardian she so venerated believed to be his grandchild. All of comfort that Lady Montfort could suggest was, that Sophy was so young that she would conquer what might be but a girl's romantic sentiment—or, if a more serious attachment, one that no troth had cemented—for a person she might not see again for years; Lionel was negotiating exchange into a regiment on active service. "Meanwhile," said Lady Montfort, "I shall never wed again. I shall make it known that I look on your Sophy as the child of my adoption. If I do not live to save sufficient for her out of an income that is more than thrice what I require, I have instructed my lawyers to insure my life for her provision; it will be ample. Many a wooer, captivating as Lionel, and free from the scruples that fetter his choice, will be proud to kneel at the feet of one so lovely. This rank of mine, which has never yet bestowed on me a joy, now becomes of value, since it will give dignity to—to Matilda's child, and—and to—"

Lady Montfort sobbed.

Waife listened respectfully, and for the time was comforted. Certainly, in his own heart he was glad that Lionel Haughton was permanently separated from Sophy. There was scarcely a man on earth, of fair station and repute, to whom he would have surrendered Sophy with so keen a pang as to Charles Haughton's son.

The poor young lovers! all the stars seemed against them! Was it not enough that Guy Darrell should be so obdurate? must the mild William Losely be also a malefic in their horoscope?

But when, that same evening, the old man more observantly than ever watched his grandchild, his comfort vanished—misgivings came over him—he felt assured that the fatal shaft had been broken in the wound, and that the heart was bleeding inly.

True; not without prophetic insight had Arabella Crane said to the pining, but resolute, quiet child, behind the scenes of Mr. Rugge's show, "How much you will love one day!" All that night Waife lay awake, pondering—revolving—exhausting that wondrous fertility of resource which teemed in his inventive brain. In vain!

And now—(the day after this conversation with Lady Montfort, whose illness grieves, but does not surprise him)—now, as he sits and thinks, and gazes abstractedly into that far, pale, winter sky—now, the old man is still scheming how to reconcile a human loving heart to the eternal loss of that affection which has so many perishable counterfeits, but which, when true in all its elements—complete in all its varied wealth of feeling—is never to be forgotten, and never to be replaced.

CHAPTER II.

An offering to the Manes.

Three sides of Waife's cottage were within Lady Montfort's grounds; the fourth side, with its more public entrance, bordered the lane. Now, as he thus sate, he was startled by a low timid ring at the door which opened on the lane. Who could it be?—not Jasper! He began to tremble. The ring was repeated. One woman-servant composed all his establishment. He heard her opening the door—heard a low voice; it seemed a soft, fresh young voice. His room-door opened, and the woman, who, of course, knew the visitor by sight and name, having often remarked him on the grounds with Lady Montfort and Sophy, said, in a cheerful tone, as if bringing good news, "Mr. Lionel Haughton."

Scarcely was the door closed—scarcely the young man in the room, before, with all his delightful, passionate frankness, Lionel had clasped Waife's reluctant hand in both his own, and, with tears in his eyes, and choking in his voice, was pouring forth sentences so loosely knit together, that they seemed almost incoherent;—now a burst of congratulation—now a falter of condolence—now words that seemed to supplicate as for pardon to an offense of his own—rapid transitions from enthusiasm to pity—from joy to grief—variable, with the stormy April of a young, fresh, hearty nature.

Taken so wholly by surprise, Waife, in vain attempting to appear cold and distant, and only very vaguely comprehending what the unwelcome visitor so confusedly expressed, at last found voice to interrupt the jet and gush of Lionel's impetuous emotions, and said as dryly as he could, "I am really at a loss to conceive the cause of what appears to be meant as congratulations to me and reproaches to yourself, Mr.—Mr. Haught—"; his lips could not complete the distasteful name.

"My name shocks you—no wonder," said Lionel, deeply mortified, and bowing down his head as he gently dropped the old man's hand. "Reproaches to myself!—Ah, Sir, I am here as Charles Haughton's son!"

"What!" exclaimed Waife, "you know? How could you know that Charles Haughton—"

Lionel (interrupting). "I know! His own lips confessed his shame to have so injured you."

Waife. "Confessed to whom?"

Lionel. "To Alban Morley. Believe me, my father's remorse was bitter; it dies not in his grave, it lives in me. I have so longed to meet with William Losely."

Waife seated himself in silence, shading his face with one hand, while with the other he made a slight gesture, as if to discourage or rebuke farther allusion to ancient wrong. Lionel, in quick accents, but more connected meaning, went on—

"I have just come from Mr. Darrell, where I and Colonel Morley (here Lionel's countenance was darkly troubled) have been staying some days. Two days ago I received this letter from George Morley, forwarded to me from London. It says—let me read it—'You will rejoice to learn that our dear Waife'—pardon that name."

"I have no other—go on."

"Is once more with his grandchild." (Here Lionel sighed heavily—sigh like Sophy's.) "You will rejoice yet more to learn that it has pleased Heaven to allow me and another witness, who, some years ago, had been misled into condemning Waife, to be enabled to bear incontrovertible testimony to the complete innocence of my beloved friend; nay, more—I say to you most solemnly, that in all which appeared to attest guilt there has been a virtue, which, if known to Mr. Darrell, would make him bow in reverence to that old man. Tell Mr. Darrell so from me; and add, that in saying it, I expressed my conviction of his own admiring sympathy for all that is noble and heroic.'"

"Too much—this is too, too much," stammered out Waife, restlessly turning away; "but—but, you are folding up the letter. That is all?—he does not say more?—he does not mention any one else?—eh—eh?"

"No, Sir; that is all."

"Thank Heaven! He is an honorable man! Yet he has said more than he ought—much more than he can prove, or than I—" He broke off, and abruptly asked, "How did Mr. Darrell take these assertions? With an incredulous laugh—eh?—'Why, the old rogue had pleaded guilty!'"

"Sir, Alban Morley was there to speak of the William Losely whom he had known; to explain, from facts which he had collected at the time, of what nature was the evidence *not* brought forward. The motive that induced you to plead guilty I had long guessed; it flashed in an instant on Guy Darrell; it was not mere guess with him! You ask me what he said? This: 'Grand nature! George is right! and I do bow my head in reverence!'"

"He said *that?*—Guy Darrell? On your honor, he said that?"

"Can you doubt it? Is he not a gentleman?"

Waife was fairly overcome.

"But, Sir," resumed Lionel, "I must not conceal from you, that, though George's letter and Alban Morley's communications sufficed to satisfy Darrell, without farther question, your old friend was naturally anxious to learn a more full account, in the hope of legally substantiating your innocence. He therefore dispatched by the telegraph a request to his nephew to come at once to Fawley. George arrived there yesterday. Do not blame him, Sir, that we share his secret."

"You do? Good Heavens! And that lawyer will be barbarous enough too; but no—he has an interest in not accusing of midnight robbery his daughter's husband; Jasper's secret is safe with him. And Colonel Morley—surely his cruel nephew will not suffer him to make me—me, with one foot in the grave—a witness against my Lizzy's son!"

"Colonel Morley, at Darrell's suggestion, came with me to London; and if he does not accompany me to you, it is because he is even now busied in finding out your son, not to undo, but to complete, the purpose of your self-sacrifice. 'All other considerations,' said Guy Darrell, 'must be merged in this one thought—that such a father shall not have been in vain a martyr.' Colonel Morley is empowered to treat with your son on any terms; but on this condition, that the rest of his life shall inflict no farther pain, no farther fear on you. This is the sole use to which, without your consent, we have

presumed to put the secret we have learned. Do you pardon George now?"

Waife's lips murmured inaudibly, but his face grew very bright; and as it was raised upward, Lionel's ear caught the whisper of a name—it was not Jasper, it was "Lizzy."

"Ah! why," said Lionel, coldly, and after a short pause, "why was I not permitted to be the one to attest your innocence—to clear your name? I, who owed to you so much more than my debt! And now—dear, dear Mr. Losely—"

"Heh! Wife!—call me Waife st-ill—and always."

"Willingly! It is the name by which I have accustomed myself to love you. Now, listen to me. I am dishonored until at least the mere pecuniary debt, due to you from Jasper, is paid. Hist! hist!—Alan Morley says so—Darrell says so. Darrell says 'the sum must be an 6normous one before it be canceled.' Darrell lends me the means to do it; he would share his fortune with a pigeonwing like me. Before I could venture even to come hither, the sum due to you from my father was equal to—I forget—to some yesterday evening—saw Mr. Darrell's lawyer. I have taken a great liberty —I have insured this sum against loss in the purchase of an annuity for you. *Mr. Darrell's* lawyer had a client who was in immediate want of the same sum to you, and, not wishing permanently to burden his estate by mortgage, would give a larger interest by an annuity than to any the public offices would; excellent landed security. The lawyer did not like to part with the opportunity slip, so I ventured to act for you. It was all settled this morning. The purchase was on this paper, which will leave you free. Of course the sum due to you is not exactly the same as that which you mentioned to me before I was born. There is the interest—compound interest; nothing more. I don't understand such matters; Darrell's lawyer made the calculation—it must be right."

Waife held the paper, glanced at its contents, dropped it in confusion, amaze. Those hundreds lent swelled into all those thousands returned! Large sums—always small things—intensively—arithmetically—down to fractions. So that every farthing seemed, indeed, a thing to be lawfully done. And that sum invested in an annuity of 4500 a year!—income which, to poor Gentleman Waife, seemed wealth unspeakable!

"It is quite a business-like computation, I tell you, Sir," said his son-in-law, with a pride that cried Lionel, dismayed at Waife's look and gesture. "Compound interest *will* run up to what seems a large amount after a very child has grown up. That you can't deny Cocker and calculating tables, and that sort of thing. Now, Sir, I hope you can not have an eternal load of disgrace on the head of Charles Haughton's son."

"Poor Charlie Haughton," murmured Waife. "And I was feeling bitter against his memory —bitter against him—for—for—for—I could not touch us the injustice that dwells in anger! But —but—this can not be. I thank Mr. Darrell humbly—I can not take his bounty."

"It is not his money—it is mine; he only advances it to me. To me—to him still—I owe for he defeates the 4500 a year from the allowance he makes me. And I don't want such an absurd allowance as that before gambling with the Guards into the line—I mean to be a soldier in good earnest. Too much independence spoils a soldier—only gets one into scrapes. Alban Morley says the same. Darrell, too, says 'Eight or ten gold bits a day are enough for the payment of a father's debt!' You can not grudge me that luxury—you dare not!—why? because you are an honest man."

"Softly, softly, softly," said Waife. "Let me look at you. Don't look off Jasper's—don't let us think of money! What a look of your father's that is! Ah, Sir, you have been to see me! Charlie's sweet bright playful eyes—that might have turned aside from the path of duty—a mere father's effect! And you have a happy laugh, too, at the slightest joke! But this is not Charlie's—it is all your own cheering, with gentle finger, Lionel's broad truthful brow). Poor Charlie, he was grieved—you are right—I remember."

"Sir," said Lionel, who was now on one knee by Waife's chair—"Sir, I have never seen a woman for his blessing—not even Guy Darrell. Will you put your hand on my head; and oh! that in the mystic world beyond us, some angel may tell Charles Haughton that William Losely has blessed his son?"

Solemnly, but with profound humility—one hand on the Bible beside him, one on the young soldier's bended head—William Jasper blessed Charles Haughton's son—and, having done so, invocation by his sons opened, and blessing was followed by embrace.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing so obstinate as a negative's hope; nothing so eloquent as a lover's tongue.

HIPPARCHUS there had been no reference to Sophy. Not Sophy's name, but Lionel Haughton's son had knelt to Waife and received the old man's blessing. And Waife could see no long forgetful of his darling—nor his anxiety on her account. The expression in his varying face changed suddenly. Not had Jasper before, Lionel Haughton was the last man in the world to whom willingly he would have consigned his grandchild. Now, of all men in the world Lionel Haughton would have been his choice. He sighed heavily; he comprehended, by his own changed feelings, how tender and profound an affection Lionel Haughton might have won for a heart so fresh as Sophy's, and so tenacious of the impressions it received. But they were separated forever; she ought not even to see him. Uneasily Waife glanced toward the open window—rose involuntarily, closed it, and drew down the blind.

"You must go now, young gentleman," said he, almost churlishly.

The quick lover's sense in Lionel divined why the blind was drawn, and the dismissal so abruptly given.

"Give me your address," said Waife; "I will write about—that paper. Don't now stay longer—stay—yes!"

"Do not stay, Sir. I am not lingering here with the wish to see—*her*!"

Waife looked as easily contented; I could but have asked him to inquire, and satisfied himself. But he would not even hear me."

"He will hear you now, and with respect."

"He will!" cried Waife, joyously. "And if we should ingratiate—and if Sophy should prove to be, as I have ever believed, his daughter's child, would he not own, and receive, and cherish her?"

"Alas! Sir, do not let me pain you; but that is not my hope. If, indeed, it should prove that your son received your child, and was related to him—if she should be the child of mountain, not of plain—pardon me, Sir, that is my hope, my last hope—for then I would kneel once more at your feet, and implore your permission to be her husband. Ask me her hand."

"What! Mr. Darrell would consent to your union with the child of peasants, and not with his own grandchild?"

"Sir, Sir, you mock me to the heart; but if you knew all, you would not wonder to hear me say, 'I dare not ask Mr. Darrell to unite my union with the daughter of Jasper Losely.'"

Waife suppressed a groan, and began to pace the room with long and rapid steps.

"But," resumed Lionel, "go to Fawley yourself, Sir, and you will see how unfounded is the priest of kindred blood? Has it not been hallowed by all that makes Age and Childhood so dear a blessing to each other? Has it not been borne together? Were you not the first who thought her, in her infancy, necessary to you as a Mother in Nature, and pray to a Father which is in Heaven? Would all this be blotted out of your souls if she were now the child of the Jasper whom it chills you to remember? Sir, if there be no sin to a parent's charge, there is no sin to why have you taken such vigilant pains to separate a child from him whom you believe to be her father?"

Waife stood motionless and voiceless. This insistance appeared to him like cruelty.

"And, Sir," added Lionel, in a lower, sadder tone—"can I ask you, whose later life has been one sublime self-sacrifice, to consider me, rather than you might call Sophy grandchild, but as the husband of Sophy Losely, and the infant angel whom Heaven sent to your side when bereaved and desolate, and know also then how you bought Oh, Mr. Losely, you will see me that Sophy may not be your grandchild. Her home is not with you. Its separate attachment will not less replace to you your lost son—and on your knee her children may learn to lisp the sacred name of father as taught to her. Go to Darrell—go—go! and take me with you!"

"I will—I will," said Waife, musing, and snatching at his hat and staff—"Come—come! But Sophy should not learn that you have been forbidden—that I come away with you; it might set her thinking, dreaming, hoping—all to end in greater sorrow. Let her be cut out of the room, to examine the old woman, and to write a few hasty lines to Sophy herself—assuring her, on his most solemn honor, that he was not now flying from her to resume his vagrant life—that, without fail, placed in Darrell's power, he would return to her that night or the next day.

In a few minutes he reopened the room door, and, beckoning silently to Lionel, and then stole into the quiet lane with quick steps.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

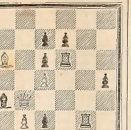
BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"DERBY."—In Problem IV. it is true that Black can take White Queen on the second move; but should he do so, White can mate on the third move. Key-move, Kt to Them 2. K takes Q; 3. Kt checks; and 4. Rook mates.

"TOM."—Your solution is correct, and welcome. The contributions of G. B. L., C. D., and P. B. W. thus far received, are acceptable, and we hope for a course to the publishing of enigmas, as referred to in our last. Contributions by Love having been received, enquiries are very closely debred at the present day. In such contingency the query is drawn.——J. H. W. We think our Nov. IV., by "JACQUES," has been well digested, and is quite new.——Correct solutions of Problem VI. have been received from A. O. W. (who will accept our thanks for his kind notation), C. T., "An Old Player," "A Constant Reader," and "A Subscriber," also correct as to No. V. in every particular.

"CONSTANT READER."—Your favor received—but not yet formerly. Lewis, Walker, and Staunton are among the best players in England. Lewis is the pound; and Staunton turns up in note at temporary suits.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VI.

White.	Black.
1. Kt to Q 8	Takes P (ch)
2. Q to R 5 (ch)	K to Kt 5 (best)
3. Q to R 2	Any thing
4. K checkmates	
1. Or (?)	B to Q 7
2. Q to R 5 (ch)	K to Kt 5, etc.
3. R to K 6	Any thing
4. Q checkmates	

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.

PHILADELPHIA versus NEW YORK.

The Chess world is there parts, as also in Philadelphia and its vicinity, has been set all agog by the announcement, and, in fact, commencement, of a consultation match between the strong men of the respective Chess circles of those cities; said match to be played through the telegraphic wires, gratuitously placed at their disposal by the *American Telegraphic Company*. The match was to consist of eleven games, of ten moves to games, should the latter become necessary to effect a decisive result—each side having the assistance by consultation, when players, although advising among themselves, are prohibited to touch the pieces until a move be decided upon. The Philadelphia Committee of players embraced Messrs. H. F. Montgomery, N. G. Thomas, F. Randolph, Lewis Elkin, and S. Lewis; for their surpass they named Mr. C. H. Stanley, of New York. The Committee of the New York players are Messrs. Theodore Lichtenstein, C. G. Mead, James Thompson, D. W. Fiske, and F. Perrin, being represented by Professor Alien, of Philadelphia, as their second.

On Tuesday evening last the New York players assembled punctually at six o'clock at the Eutaw's Room in the Merchants' Exchange, where the amplest accommodation, both for the parties engaged and for the public at large, were provided by Mr. Walker, the proprietor. The Philadelphians assembled at a like hour at their temporary quarters in the office of the Telegraph Company.

Although six o'clock was the time named for the commencement of the first game, yet accidental delay occurring, the first game, failing to the lot of New York, was not made until near seven, at which hour the attendance was very large. Twelve moves only were then made, when, according to a preliminary agreement, half past nine o'clock named the adjournment of proceedings until the evening following, when, at a similar hour, the remaining moves to Rotunda were promptly recorded. Seven additional moves were added to the game on this occasion, when it was again adjourned until Saturday, the 20th instant, and hard fighting may be expected.

THE GAME.

New York.	*Philadelphia.*
1. P to Q 4 (a)	P to K 3
2. P to K 4	P to Q 4
3. Q Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3
4. K Kt to B 3	B to Q 3
5. P to K 5	Kt to Q Kt 5
6. B to Q 3	P takes Kt
7. Q B P takes P	Kt P takes P
8. Q B to Q R 5	Q B to Q 2
9. Q Kt to Q 2	P takes Kt
10. Castles	P to Q 5
11. B takes Kt	B takes B
12. Kt to K 3 (b)	Q to D 2
13. Q to K Kt 4	Q to Q 3
14. Q to K B 3	Q B to K 3
15. P to K 6	B to Q 2
16. P to K R 4	Q B to K R 4
17. P to K R 5	Q to K 3
18. B to Q Kt 2	P to K R 4
19. P to K B 4	Q to K 2

And the game was adjourned, New York having the move.

NOTES.

(a) A proposition of the New York players having been declined by the party of the other part, that "P to K 4" should constitute the first move in the game, New Yorkers pretty resolutely chose that they would be taken to look for a other game, and they hereon set accordingly.

(b) Here the game was adjourned, New York having the move, and it was resumed on Saturday last.

(c) As has period the game was adjourned, to be resumed, at and following by embrace.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A NYC recently calling at the house of a friend, found Saturday afternoon engaged in hunting a number of black spots, which had been received in a light by her two daughters, the Misses Schoolboy. "A Lighter!" cried to take away Charley's marbles," said Mamma, "and I don't know what to do with them." "Why, mother, Ma," cried the young hero. "Exactly," said the wit.

"Wheels to receive, and marble to retain."

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A divided, nowadays.

Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of sound should be upside, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be gould. Mr. Sheridan tells us that Lord Erskine, in his younger days, pronounced the word short, by saying "I have a great mind to fire at a sparrow flying in a wind." An illiberal critic retorted that this proved Erskine, by saying, "If I may be so bold, I should be glad to be told why you pronounce it so short."

In society, wheelers don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the candle doesn't associate with the pound; and figtron turns up its nose at temporary suits.

ALL ABOUT NOTHING.

An apostate is a human wind-mill, who makes his bread by turning.

We should not care so much about growing old, if others didn't see it.

Unpopularity principally arises from a desire to please and the fear of not succeeding.

You may compare imagination to a pretty young girl who cheats at cards. The cheating is so agreeable, and without its playful, that, for the pleasure of the game, you rather encourage the young lady in her tricks.

A Frenchman writes letters home about his own affairs. He is Leicester Square, or America—as say, or subscribe himself—and he is not to be blamed. The Frenchman's letters are interesting, his great fault is in thinking about how to get back again to France. He never should have come at all for our country. He would get a fresh, set view in the world to catch a glimpse of his beloved Paris. To be in the Universe compared to the four corners of the boulevards. Elsewhere are only so many realms of exile.

PHYSIOLOGY OF PUBLIC ORATORY.

In public oratory words would seem to take a far higher rank than in private life. You hear many a male orator in Democratic, stuttering to express himself, say that he was not a ready speaker, but he never heard any one use the word in private conversation, or as Irishmen—the more honest to express himself, "I am not a ready speaker, I really was not prepared for this."

NOTIONS, BOTH RUDE AND CRUDE.

Love is a Satirical, Friendship a Conservative.

Many a man would get on much better with it as a large one.

Those who never admire others are rarely admired themselves.

The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of conferring one.

The reason why justice is so often denied is because it is demanded as a favor. Why should it be? Rights are solicited as a favor it would be much more frequently granted.

Money is but the means to an end—a means to live, and, but if others run away from him, instantly he gets rid of it, and, if it strikes us that he is a fool, we are following the good example that had been set to them in the first instance by the fugitive.

Flattery to a French fashionable woman becomes, after a time, sweet and indispensable as tobacco to a man with the one as with the other, it all depends upon the delicacy of the application.

Fame is a Temple no one can only mount a step at a time.

A Frenchman would say: "*Je vous aime mon par de dessus.*"

Instantly another is attacked, how eagerly we all cry out "Stop thief!" when we have been robbed ourselves, or calling in his services till the very last moment ourselves! Isn't it just to punish the same with philosophy?

A Steuben County friend writes to *Harper's Weekly*: "I have an acquaintance by the name of Peas Orton. He is a man of original ideas, and thinks for himself. His definition of accessaries and luxuries of life would be interesting to many of your readers, especially to the farmers. One day having an order on a small country store, I found him there. He was in search for anything they had in the store. He inquired if they had any pickles. They had not. He inquired if they had any olives. "Olives, then," said he, "I guess I'll take about three pounds." He then inquired for anchovies, sardines, and other luxuries, but, "Olives then," said he, "I'll take his head and deliberated for some time; but at last said, as though he had not heard any different opinion, "Well, I guess I might as well take a couple pounds more of them olives." Pickles was weighed out, and the bill for olives, and the inquiry repeated, "What next?" Peas said he, "I guess I'll take a keg of that ale and call it study. The merchant sagaciously suggested that he had some very fine Scotch whisky. "Whisky," said he, a smile irradiating his countenance as though the suggestion had been a ray of light from heaven, "Whisky, I'll take a barrel of that, and now, boys, to business."

One of the neatest replies we ever read of was that of a certain cat marshal, who, being found fault with by his sovereign for not having subscribed for a newspaper, said, "Please your Majesty, I will try and do better next time."

"Taking the one with the other," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation are the most extraordinary people I ever met with. Some of them are very fond of me, and others cut me. Such are the facts."

A man recently united two days to-gether, and was sent a *fortnight* afterward.

Squibbs wants to know whether doctors, by looking at the tongue of a negro, can tell what skin it is.

A duel was fought in Mississippi, last month, by S. Knott and A. W. Short. The result was, Knott was shot, and Short was not. The seconds determined no second shots should have been fired then Knott.

Oh, Lord—Such a man recently took a lawyers have of dressing up deeds and documents. It is almost enough to frighten a person to death to look at the bill of fare. The following is a fair sample: "Suppose a man wished to give another a deed for the purpose of making a legal declaration, and saying, 'I give you that orange,' he must set forth in the deed that he was seized in his hereby give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, title, claim, and demand of, in and to that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all rights and appurtenances thereto full power to sell, suck, bite, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away to any person he may think proper, as fully and entirely as I, the said A. B., could do if I had not executed these presents," and so on to the end of the chapter, or any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature to the same may be necessary or convenient."

OLD SAWS WITH MODERN READINGS.

"Don't count your Chickens before they are Hatched." "Anonymous" is not always considered the best way to be rich.

"Look before the Goose in anee for the Gander."—The ordinary admonition which suffers for the female of the species, and which is often the cause of mistakes on the part of the same species.

"Speak when Spoken Alone."—Suffer a healthy sufferer to remain in solitude.

"Look before you Leap, Horsehead, and he will ride to the Devil."—Good counsel to a metaphysical man, previous to set of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon.

"The least Said, the soonest Mended."—The minimum of words generally associated with the greatest promptitude to action.

"Let us all Wind that blows nobody Good."—That gale is truly directed which puffects benefaction to non-subscribers.

"Looking two Ways for Dinner."—Scrutinizing in quest of a Cook-shop on both sides of the street.

A Stitch in Time saves Nine."—The first concentration of a needle in any one direction, to avoid lateration.

"Go Marry."—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single blessedness! "Go marry!" is written on every thing beautiful but the eye that upon, beginning with the birds of paradise and ending with apple blossom.

Mr. Oberon, a man about town, was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off? "Oh, it was very amusing," replied Oberon, "the ladies were sewing, and the gentlemen were sewed."

A priest said to a peasant when he thought rude, "You are a fool." "Your reverence," replied the man, "has explained the clodhopper," as I feels myself and you confess me."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov. 22, 1858.*

THE foreign trade of the port for the week and since compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 20, 1858	$811,134	$1,598,126
Corresponding week, 1857	738,350	2,111,469
Increase	$72,199	
Decrease		$703,344

The following table of the trade of the United States for the last fiscal year has been published in the papers:

	Imports.	Exports.
For the year ending June 30, 1858	$338,768,567	$324,644,412
Duties thereon	41,944,779	
Specie and Bullion	10,174,490	
Total Imports for the year	$389,243,159	
Exports for the Year 1857-58		$326,964,842
Domestic Produce	$281,581,603	
Foreign Produce	39,609,781	
Domestic Specie and Bullion	$42,407,540	
Foreign do	16,626,901	
	$59,033,147	

Total Exports for the year $704,644,431

The exports of specie for the week have been small—only $15,523. Foreign Exchange now rules too low for specie to go abroad. Sterling is quoted at 108½ @ 109; Francs at 5.10 @ 5.15. Money is unchanged in value. We quote call loans at 5 @ 6 per cent. Exchange, par, ⅛ @ ¼ ; longer date, and second-class, 5 @ 6 @ 9 @ 10, according to the quality of paper.

Stocks declined in the early part of the week, but have since recovered, and are now generally a shade better or higher; the speculative downward movement is declining in tendency. The following will show the movement of the week.

	Nov. 13.	Nov. 20.
Missouri 6's	90½	91
New York Central	92¾	93
Erie	16	16¼
Hudson River	32¼	34¾
Reading	51¼	52¾
Michigan Southern	19¾	20¾
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	41	41¾
Michigan Central	70	71
Galena	73½	77¼
Rock Island	67¾	68¾
Illinois Central	79¼	79¾
Pacific Mail	103	105

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Nov. 22, 1858.*

During the early part of the week Flour, Wheat, and Corn were in full request at steadyer rates, but for the past two days they have been in dark demand at declining prices. Rye and Barley have been in moderate request for, and have advanced. Oats have been dull and heavy; Cotton has been more sought after, and declines a shade firmer. Provisions have been unsettled, but are now in better request. Sugar and Coffee have been quiet. Naval Stores, Oils, and Tobacco have been rather lightly dealt in. Hides, Leather, and Wool have been in active demand and improving in price, and has been in fair request. The occurrence of Thanksgiving Day has interrupted trade to a great extent, and heavier sales from first hands have been made than reflect or had leaked out, especially as regards Cotton and the late Winter and early Spring trade, for which fair purchases have been obtained. Groceries, Drugs, and Dyes have been plenty. Heavy Western have been the shipments, for the week ending this day, of Flour and Wheat, as compared with the corresponding week in 1857, and the aggregate from the opening of navigation, as per Auditor's Canal Report, is 1,000,000 bbls. of Flour, and some week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unprovided for in the annexed table aforesaid.... We append a revised list of the closing prices for the leading articles:

Uncoated State Flour, per bbl	$4 40	@ $4 70
Superfine to some Western, per bbl	4 30	@ 4 50
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 00
Extra Western, per barrel	4 70	@ 5 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 00	@ 7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 00	@ 7 75
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 00	@ 9 00
Fancy to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	4 00	@ 4 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 37
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 27	@ 1 37
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	78	@ 79
Rye, per bushel	76	@ 77
Barley, per bushel	70	@ 75
Western Oats, per bushel	37	@ 39
State Oats, per bushel	40	@ 42
Barley and Peas, Can. per bushel	67	@ 67
Southern Oats, per bushel	40	@ 42
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11½	@ 11¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@ 14 05
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 00	@ 9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@ 7½
Lard, per pound	10½	@ 11
Rubs Butter, per pound	12	@ 16
Western Butter, per pound	12	@ 16
Cheese, per pound	7	@ 8
Tallow, per 100 pounds	$ 7 75	@ 8 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	29	@ 32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon		Nominal.
Rice, Java, per pound	4	@ 4½
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@ 55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24½	@ 25
Hops, new, per pound	19	@ 25
Hops, per pound, 1857	15	@ 18
Hay, per 100 pounds	45	@ 70
Straw, per 100 pounds	30	@ 40
Coals, per 2,000 pounds	$ 5	@ 6
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50	@ —
Tar, per barrel	2 37½	@ 2 75
Common Resin, per 310 pounds	1 00	@ —
Linseed Oil, per gallon	65	@ —
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@ 14
Real Leaf Tobacco	12	@ 20
American Fleece Wool, per pound	32	@ 35
" Pulled Wool	27	@ 30

Freights were dull. For Liverpool—Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d., per barrel; Grain, 4d. @ 5d., per bushel. To London, 7.7½d. @ 1d. per 100 pounds; Wheat, 5d. @ 5½d. per bushel. For other ports proportionate rates.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavily stocked with Beeves, but prices were tolerably firm. The demand was good.... Milch Cows have been in fair request at full rates.... Veal Calves were jobbed at a cheaper.... Sheep and Lambs were pretty actively inquired for at somewhat lower prices, and were in more abundant and in demand on Southern rates.... The total receipts at the Abattoir and City Markets last week and the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Nov. 20.	Week ending Nov. 13.
Beeves	5,156	5,119
Milch Cows	91	97
Veal Calves	674	650
Sheep and Lambs	10,934	11,845
Swine	5,210	5,045

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio	1631	Kentucky 135
Illinois	823	Missouri 92
Indiana	1,000	New York 1
Iowa	1	Pennsylvania 1

The range of prices according to the quality of the Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Fore to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5	@ $ 6¼
Common to fair Milch Cows, per head	32 00	@ 70 00
Veal Calves, per pound	7½	@ 8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@ 6 00
" per pound	4	@ 5½
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@ 6
Dressed	6½	@ 7½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather dull during the week. The demand for the leading kinds has been moderate. Supplies generally have been fair. Eggs are plenty and low. Poultry is in fair request. Game have been more freely offered.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF PRODUCTS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 75	@ $ 2 50
Quinces, per barrel	1 00	@ 3 00
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@ 3 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@ 4 00
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Dried Peaches, per pound	4	@ 5
Dried Apples, per pound	3½	@ 4½
Pickles, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 00	@ 2 75
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Turnips, per barrel	75	@ 1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 12	@ 1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Cabbage, per 100	1 25	@ 4 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	1 25	@ 4 00
Pumpkins, per 100	11 00	@ 16 00
Squashes, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Spinach, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 00	@ 75
Celery, bleached, per dozen bunches	25	@ 50
Celery, Sieg, per dozen bunches	20	@ 25
Lettuce, per dozen bunches	25	@ 50
Cauliflowers, per 100	3 00	@ 8 00
Salsify, per dozen bunches	25	@ 50
Parsnips, per 100 bunches	1 00	@ 3 00
Eggs, N. N. and N. J., per dozen	25	@ 25
Eggs, Western, per dozen	25	@ 25
Chickens, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Fowls, per pair	50	@ 1 00
Turkeys, per pound	10	@ 12
Turkeys, per gobbler	8	@ 14
Geese, per pound	10	@ 12
Ducks, per pound	10	@ 14
" black, per pair	50	@ 75
" red head, per pair	50	@ 75
" canvas-back, per pair	1 00	@ 2 00
" widgeon, per pair	37	@ 62
Pigeons, per dozen	12	@ 25
Woodcock, per dozen	2 00	@ 4 00
Partridges, per dozen	2 00	@ 3 00
English Snipe, per dozen	75	@ 1 00
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Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@ 12

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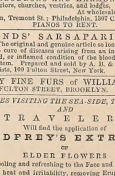
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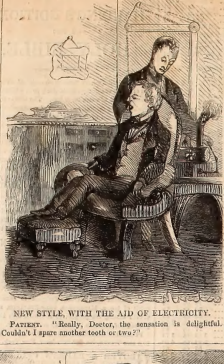
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OLD STYLE OF TOOTH-DRAWING.

DENTIST. "One or two more pulls, Sir, and the tooth's bound to come."



NEW STYLE, WITH THE AID OF ELECTRICITY.

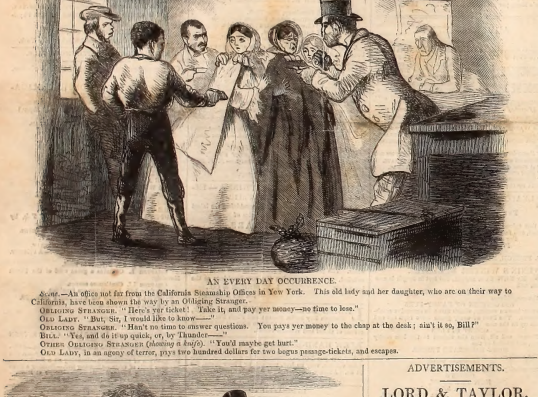
PATIENT. "Really, Doctor, the sensation is delightful. Couldn't I spare another tooth or two?"



OLD GOBBLE. "What's that, Em'ly? Read that again, my dear!"

EMILY. "By a wonderful provision of nature, the camel is enabled to take in a great supply of food, having been supplied for that purpose with three stomachs."

OLD G. "Wonderful provision of nature? I should just think it was. Three stomachs? I wish I was a Camel!"



AN EVERY DAY OCCURRENCE.

SCENE.—An office not far from the California Steamship Offices in New York. This old lady and her daughter, who are on their way to California, have been shown the way by an Obliging Stranger.

OBLIGING STRANGER. "Here's my ticket. Take it, and pay yer money—no time to lose."

OLD LADY. "But, Sir, I would like to know——"

OBLIGING STRANGER. "Han't no time to answer questions. You pays yer money to the chap at the desk; ain't it so, Bill?"

BILL. "Yes, and do it up quick, or, by Thunder——"

OTHER OBLIGING STRANGER (*showing a knife*). "You'd maybe get hurt."

OLD LADY, in an agony of terror, pays two hundred dollars for two bogus passage-tickets, and escapes.



OLD GENTLEMAN (*who has a watch-case for Grammar*). "My dears, there's your mother calling you."

WILD BOY OF THE WEST. "Oh, her sin't a callin' o' we; us don't belong to she."

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THE CUTTER "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

We engrave below the cutter *Christopher Columbus*, in which Mr. Charles R. Webb has recently crossed the ocean. As she is only 45 tons burden, she and her owner are attracting a good deal of attention.

Every one remembers the arrival at Liverpool, in July, 1857, of a small craft named the *Charter Oak*, only 23 tons burden, from New York, her owner and builder having performed the perilous passage across the Atlantic in this frail bark with a single companion. The adventurous navigator, whose name is Charles R. Webb, has now accomplished a second enterprise of the kind, having arrived at Southampton on 2d October, in a small cutter named the *Christopher Columbus*—this time accompanied by two boys, both eighteen years of age, neither of them previously acquainted with nautical pursuits. The cutter sailed from New York on the 19th of August, and occupied forty-five days in the voyage. She is only 45 tons burden, 33 feet in length over all, 5 feet keel, 16 feet in width, and the mast is 50 feet 6 inches long. She has no raised bulwarks, the deck being merely protected by a stout rope sustained by iron stanchions. Her greatest draught of water is 6 feet. A more frail-looking bark in which to cross the stormy Atlantic it is scarcely possible to conceive.

The *Christopher Columbus* was built at Stamford, Connecticut, in seven months, every part of the work being executed by Webb himself, except the stepping of the mast and the rigging, even to the cutting down and shaping of the timber with which she is constructed. Webb is a native of Stamford, twenty-nine years of age, and a shipwright by trade, his nautical knowledge, as he tells us, having been gained while working as a carpenter on board a Liverpool packet-ship. This is the seventeenth voyage he has made across the Atlantic—nine out and eight home. The two boys by whom he was accompanied in his daring adventure are named George Coles and Sam Scobell. The voyage has been conducted throughout on strict temperance principles, and the stores of provisions were of a very modest and un-epicurean character, comprising only biscuit, mackerel, and hams, with a little salt beef. The vessel is built of oak, and sloop-rigged. A plain cabin, with sleeping recesses on either side, in the centre of the vessel, the stores occupying either end, constitutes the whole internal economy of this remarkable craft.

Not the least curious part of the whole affair is the log, kept in a very rough manner on a few sheets of foolscap paper stitched together, the entries all made in pencil, ink being evidently an unknown commodity on board. We subjoin a copy of the log for the benefit of nautical readers who may feel interested in the daily progress of so very remarkable a passage.

"Aug. 19th.—Passed the Hook Light, 8 A.M. Wind, N. 12 noon, lat. 40 31; distance sailed, 76 miles.

"20th.—Noon, lat. 40 11; 112 miles. Wind, N.W. 8 P.M., spoke ship *Arrow*, bound to Liverpool.

"21st.—10 A.M., passed full-rigged ship bound west. Noon, lat. 40 26; 88 miles. Wind, S.W.

"22d.—Light air of wind to the southward; cloudy; no observation; 45 miles. Passed three vessels.

"23d.—Fresh breeze, N.W. Lat. 40 51; 122 miles.

"24th.—Fresh breeze, N.W. Lat. 41 6; 138 miles.

"25th.—Light breeze, W. Lat. 41 23; 120 miles. 10 P.M., light breeze, N.

"26th.—Light breeze, N.E. Lat. 41 20; 94 miles. 4 P.M., passed a large ship bound west. 8 P.M., N.E.; hove to.

"27th.—Wind, N.E. 6 A.M., passed a large ship bound west. Lat. 41 23.; hove to.

"28th.—Wind, N.E. Lat. 41 52. Hove to.

"29th.— Wind, E. Hove to. No observation.

"30th.—4 A.M., got under way. 6 A.M., light W. winds. Noon, lat. 41 4. 4 P.M., wind, S.W.

"31st.—Wind, S.W. 10 P.M., passed a ship bound west. Noon, lat. 42 57; 143 miles.

"Sept. 1st.—Light winds, foggy; no observation. 6 P.M., wind, N.W.

"2d.—Dead calm. Lat. 43 54. On the Banks; 4 P.M., two vessels in sight to the southward.

"3d.—2 A.M., wind, N.E., foggy, rainy. 6 A.M., dead calm. Noon, lat. 43 52. 4 P.M., light air, N.W.; 8 P.M., calm.

"4th.—Light air from the south. Lat. 43 52. Made sail 2 P.M., ship in sight bound west.

"5th.—Wind, S.S.W. Lat. 44 45; 133 miles. Afternoon, wind, W., foggy.

"6th.—Wind, W.; foggy, rainy, and squally. No observation; 131 miles.

"7th.—Rainy; fresh westerly gales. No observation; 138 miles.

"8th.—Fresh gales, west. 10 A.M., ship passed us steering east. Lat. 46 46; 138 miles.

"9th.—Heavy westerly gales. No observation; 123 miles; hove to. 12 P.M., gale broke, leaving a tremendous cross sea running.

"10th.—Light breeze, west; made sail; commenced rairing. No observation; 60 miles. 6 P.M., wind shifted to N.E.; still raining. 8 P.M., have to again. 10 P.M., blowing hard. 12, made sail.

"11th.—4 A.M., have to again. 6 A.M., blowing hard from N.N.W. 10 A.M., saw two ships under close-reefed topsails. Noon, lat. 47 25. 6 P.M., have to, still blowing hard. 8 P.M., made sail.

"12th.—Wind, N.W. Lat. 47 46; 139 miles.

"13th.—Wind, N.E. 8 A.M., sail in sight, close-reefed. No observation; 86 miles. 6 P.M.,



THE CUTTER "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

light winds N. & here to. 19, wind, E., blowing hard.

14th.—Lat. 47 44; blowing hard, E.

15th.—Light breezes; lat. 46 55.

16th.—Strong breeze, N. 6 A.M., made sail. Noon, lat. 46 47; 26 miles.

17th.—Wind, N.W., equally. Lat. 47 16; 144 miles.

18th.—6 A.M., saw a large ship steering west. Noon, lat. 47 58; 121 miles; very squally.

19th.—Beautiful day; very little wind. Lat. 47 58; 40 miles. 4 P.M., light breeze, E.; 8, blowing a gale; here to 9; a ship passed her steering west.

20th.—8 A.M., blowing a gale from the eastward; noon, lat. 47 19; here to. 4 P.M., a brig passed us steering east, under close-reefed topsails. 9, blowing hard and raining.

21st.—2 A.M., made sail, light breeze, W.; 8, wind dying out. Noon, lat. 47 1, dead calm; 4 P.M., wind, W., and squally; 12, here to.

22d.—Wind, N., blowing hard, raining. 10 A.M. spoke the brig *Foretell*, of Saccarappa, lat. 48, longitude 12. 6 P.M., passed a piece of floating wreck. 10, wind, N.W.

23d.—Wind, N.W. 6 A.M. spoke the ship *Covenant*, of Bath, bound to Pembroke, lat. 48 15, long. 10 10; 107 miles. 2 P.M., spoke Hermanah, outite brig *Pallas*, P. E. Island.

24th.—Dead calm. Lat. 48 32; 69 miles. 6 P.M. spoke the brig *Robert Cushman*, bound to Charleston, lat. 49 20, long. 12 15.

25th.—Wind, S.W. Lat. 49 40, long. 10 W.; 85 miles.

26th.—Wind to southward. Lat. 49 50; 42 miles.

27th.—Light airs. Lat. 49 50; 37 miles. Calm.

28th.—Light breezes from N.E., with rain; foggy. No observation. 16 miles. Hazy at night.

29th.—Calm and hazy. Lat. 49 50; 17 miles. Shore at noon. Wind, N.E.

30th.—8 A.M., light here N.N.E. 10 A.M., split scudding sail. 2 P.M., wind, N.W.

"Oct. 1st.—8 A.M. made Start Point, bearing E. by N."

SOMEWHERE TO GO.

'Twas on a moonlight Sunday eve,
In warm October time,
I sat alone, and listened to
The calling church-bells' chime;
And every one that reached my ear
Were stronger bells to me,
For I was in the stranger's land,
Far o'er the distant sea.

I took my glass from off the wall,
I gazed into its deeps,
And pondered as I thought of Time,
How stealthily he creeps.
The wrinkles mark my sunken cheek.
The silver tinge my hair,
My eye has lost its lustre now,
And speak is world of care.

Ah, me! I can not help the thoughts
The chiming bells will bring—
These Sabbath eves when I was young
And happy as a king.
The sorrow now that swells my heart
I had not learned to know,
And every Sunday night that came
I'd somewhere then to go.

I have a memory to-night
That fills my lonely room—
A sunny face, a winsome smile
That lightens up the gloom;
I have a memory of an eye
That made my own to glow,
On Sunday nights, in times when I
Had somewhere I could go.

On Sunday nights, with extra care,
I stood before my glass,
And studied that I should not let
An imperfection pass.
I dressed for eyes that thought me quite
A model of a beau,
And marry were the Sunday nights
I'd somewhere I could go.

I have a memory of some curls
That often swept my cheek,
A head that pressed my bosom, till
I lost the power to speak.
I have a memory of an arm
As white as driven snow,
That clasped my neck on Sunday nights
When somewhere I could go.

For I was young, and she was pure,
And all our dream was love—
I thought my pride Abigail
An angel from above.
The future was a casket locked,
It opened sure and slow,
And closed upon the Sunday nights
When somewhere I could go.

Ah! well, the time has passed away,
And I am here alone,
And baby Abbie, whom I loved,
Has sworn of her own.
The dark-brown curls that swept my cheek
Have lost their wildering flow;
The thirty years of Sunday nights
Since I could somewhere go.

Yet, 'tis a pleasant memory,
Though I am here alone,
To know my gentle baby-love
Has sworn of her own.

For I am sure amid those loves
My own must slightly glow,
As she recalls the Sunday nights
When I—could somewhere go.

Then let the years roll swiftly by,
And leave me here alone,
To listen to the chiming bells
Of unfamiliar tone.
I'll live upon the memories
That in my heart are known,
Though Sunday nights may come, and I
Have nowhere now to go.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

BANK REFORM.

SINCE our last paper went to press, a pamphlet has been published on the reform of the currency. It is signed by George Opdyke, Charles G. Hunt, James Gallatin, and John Eadie. It reviews certain existing or alleged defects in the currency system, and suggests, in order to remedy them, it is necessary to repeal the usury laws; to suppress all bank-notes under $100; to establish a system of banking by the General Government; to prohibit all loans by banks over and above the aggregate amount of the capital paid in; that the capital of all banks shall be compel all banks to keep an amount of specie on hand equal to twenty per cent. of their discounts.

It is well known that the conferences which have led to the birth of this pamphlet were suggested by the difficulties and confusion into which our banks were forced by the crisis of last fall. In the summer of 1857 the choice of city, in defiance of the warnings of their wisest advisers, persisted in expanding their loans until the disproportion between discounts and specie was so monstrous that a panic was inevitable. It came. The banks, too late, attempted to curtail their loans. In the endeavor they broke; and the Clearing House, equivocal, unmistaken law of the State was deliberately violated by the Judges of the Supreme Court, in order to save the community from the grave inconvenience of a general bank suspenstion. Smarting under a consciousness of an unmerited violation of law, many bank officers have been fidgeting ever since; the result of their throes is the pamphlet in question.

Of this pamphlet it may be said, in the words of the old critic, that there is much in it that is new, and much in it that is good, but the iniquity is that that which is new is not good, and that which is good is not new. Every one who was competent to form an opinion on the subject, was long ago satisfied that the absurdity known by the name of usury laws ought to be swept from the statute book. In like manner, no one contends that the issue of small notes is useful or even safe. Thus for the pamphleteers have the customary public authority with them.

But when we come to consider their proposal with reference to the requirements of the two counts, the case is very different. The general principle of a bank is that it shall be able at all times to redeem its notes, and is subject to restriction, and in this wise: As, in fact, bullion is not intrinsically more valuable than paper; as a man can not drink his gold coin himself with, or shelter himself under gold or silver; and as it is merely by universal consent that these metals derive a value, and are being accepted by the leading mercantile nations as representatives of specific values, there is an impossibility in establishing other representatives of value, even of so worthless a nature as white paper. All that is requisite to place white paper on a par with specie is, that the public shall be convinced that it will continue to represent as much wheat and as much land as the like amount of specie represents. To establish a sound banking law exists, this is the case. In the State of New York, for instance, no one doubts that city bank-notes will forever remain at par with specie. They possess two resources—their specie and their capital—the former a real, the latter an imaginary resource; but both, under the circumstances, equally valuable. Bank-notes are as valid representatives of real values, such as land or wheat, as coined specie. The principle of modern banks, therefore, is that they shall be at all times able to pay in coin so much of their circulation and deposits as their credit will generally render them liable to be called on to redeem.

The question, therefore, which modern financiers puzzle their heads to determine is this: How much is a bank's credit worth? On the face of it no specific answer to the question can be made. Credit is one of those speculative creatures of fancy which can not be governed by fixed rules, and yet the ton, or the dollar. Yet financiers throughout the world have dared to estimate its price in figures. In England for many years it was considered safe for a bank to hold in specie one pound for every three of its liabilities. The idea was, that under all circumstances, two-thirds of the creditors of a bank would forbear to press it for coin. The New York pamphleteers, Messrs. Opdyke & Company, are more liberal. Judging from the temper of the New York community, as evidenced on 13th October, 1857, they are prepared to assert that four-fifths of the creditors of New York banks may be safely relied upon as men who will not run the bank for specie, but will think that if coin be kept on hand in quantity sufficient to pay the remaining fifth, the banks will be safe. If by any impossibility the bank should enlarge its discounts, or part with its specie so that it should only have on hand coin enough to pay one-sixth instead of one-fifth of its creditors, then it would be in a fatal position.

It suffices to state these positions to show their absurdity. In a time of panic, as every body knows, a bank may be unsafe though it hold an amount of specie equal to even half or three-fourths its liabilities. It is utterly ridiculous to measure public confidence by figures, and to say that four-fifths, or three-fourths, or two-thirds of the creditors of a bank will be content with notes instead of specie. If the panic be decided, no bank will be safe which does not contain a dollar of bullion for every dollar it owes; and if it does so, there will be no panic, and the bank will be a losing concern.

The only guarantee that can be devised for bank solvency is a general diffusion of sound principles of trade, and a resolute selection by shareholders in banks of the best men to control their administration. If banks had no cause to mystify and thereby encourage private capitalists to lend, at usurious rates, to railways and other speculative enterprises, they must expend their capital to follow. If they persist in trying to make dividends on their capital at a time when the business of the country does not remunerate any one, they must expect to lose. The best guarantee for the people and the best check on the banks is the public which we have, provided the judges will have the honesty to execute it. As to the plan of limiting the discounts to a fixed amount, it is as silly as if one were to propose that no man should spend more than so much a year. Messrs. Opdyke & Co. mean well; they are manifestly with a desire to be useful in the matter, had better try if some means can not be devised to make the judges do their duty; beyond this, their efforts are likely to be superfluous, and may provoke derision.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE ON MEXICO.

EITHER has it that President Buchanan will, in his forthcoming Message, take decided ground in favor of armed intervention in Mexican affairs by the United States. The State Department has now before is well-authenticated cases of outrages committed by the Mexican Government upon United States citizens. The President can not neglect these without betraying his trust. He will not falsify the Mexicans have adhered to the stipulations contained in the treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo it remains to be seen; certain it is, at all events, that the various governments which from time to time have held sway in the Mexican States have each and all of them failed to comply with the promises made by Mexico to the American grantees of the Tehuantepec route. It is difficult to see how the President can shirk this grievance. And, independently of the specific injuries involved in these cases, it is very doubtful whether the controlling influence exercised by the United States on this continent does not involve a responsibility which implies a quasi-guarantee of peace and order throughout the entire continent.

Let us illustrate the case: Brown, Jones, and Smith are settlers in a country far removed from civilization. Brown forbids any further intercourse independent of each other. Brown has —in theory—no right to interfere with Jones, or Jones with Brown. Yet, in practice, these are the conditions of social existence—if Jones or Smith lead so disorderly a life that people can not visit Brown without danger, or if any one of the three so conduct himself as to give a bad name to the neighborhood, an obligation to reform is imposed on the injured member of the community. In civilized society Brown may look to Smith or Jones to maintain decency of or riotous conduct; in a state of nature he may compel his neighbors, by the exercise of force, to restrain themselves soberly and decorously. This is precisely the case of the United States and Mexico. Strictly speaking, the United States have no right to interfere with Mexico. Mexico is as independent of Northern control as Paraguay or Brazil. It is a free country—a republic like this. Yet, so vitally important is it that commerce and civilization should be suffered to progress securely, that when the United States government sees that a mob, or rich merchants, stop mails, suspend postal communication, arrest the administration of justice, and set at nought the laws of humanity, rapine, and general disorder and crime, it becomes incumbent, on any neighboring nation which has the power to interfere—just as Brown is bound to interfere in the domestic concerns of Smith or Jones when the latter disturb his peace, impede his intercourse with the outside world, and damage the fair fame of his locality.

Mexico has evidently reached the turningpoints in her history. Thirty years have been elapsed since she threw off the colonial yoke. Since then she has tried, in turns, every possible form of government, from the despotism and imperial despotism to a democratic republic. All have proved equally unsuccessful. She has gone from bad to worse, until, at the present time, neither trade nor property are safe within her borders and even life is imperiled unless some powerful government, such as the British Consul, condescends to protect it.

It seems that it is the bounden duty of this republic to take some steps to restore the tranquil sphere from the danger and disgrace brought upon it by the conduct of the Mexicans. The leading European powers have also declared to interfere in the affairs of Greece and Rome—not with a view to conquest or profit, but solely in order to avoid the scandal and danger of permanent anarchy in an established nation of Europe. We should do the same in Mexico. We do not desire territorial aggrandizement. We would rather not accept Mexico as a gift. But it is for our own and the United States interests, it is due to the civilization of the age, that we—who will not suffer England or Spain to subjugate Mexico—should put an end to the state of lending what aid may be necessary to re-establish order in that country, be the cost what it may.

THE PARDONING BUSINESS.

In an article published in this journal more than a year since, we had occasion to relate the history of the policy of the British with regard to the execution of sentences of transportation on criminal offenders. We mentioned that for many years sentences of transportation were merely nominal. A man who was sentenced to Botany Bay for fourteen years went out and then got his liberty; he who was exiled for life was liberated after eight or ten years' servitude; while the convict sentenced for four years, got off with six months. Some two or three years ago the attention of the authorities was directed to the defective practical working of this system; it was shown that in a majority of cases pardons were granted to men not arrested for crime; and while, in a few cases, pardoned convicts reformed, the interests of society were generally sacrificed to the sentimentality for the comfort of criminals. On this discovery the British Government retraced its steps. It directed that in all cases convicts must serve out their term religiously. This, we believe, is the system at present. We are led to conclude that it works satisfactorily.

In this State we adhere to the system which has been abandoned by the British. Hardly any of the sentences pronounced by the Courts are faithfully executed. A man sentenced to ten years State's prison for heinous crime serves a term and is pardoned out. He who is sentenced for five years, serves one, or two at most. He who is sentenced for one year, scarcely remains long enough to learn the name of acquaintance of the turnkeys. Under the present State Constitution the only important function left to the Governor is the exercise of the pardon; we must say that our Governors use it pretty freely.

The last case in which the prerogative has been used by the Governor of this State has been in pardoning one Jackson, an emigrant servant girl, who had been tried for and convicted of rape upon an emigrant girl in Brooklyn. The case was very clear. Two girls were decoyed by Jackson into a house of ill-fame—into a place of safety and outraged. It appears since the trial that the girls' testimony was not at variance as might have been supposed. On the strength of this the judges united in a recommendation to mercy, and the Governor forthwith pardoned. We confess that we are at a loss to imagine what motives led to this misjudged exercise of clemency. There was no palliation in the outrage. Had the girls been of the lowest order of degraded females, the guilt of their assailants would have been the same. To expect ignorant girls to make no mistakes, and not to contradict themselves, under the circumstances attending the trial, is absurd. We still half exacted at the memory of the outrage, is unreasonable. And that emigrants are habitually the victims of the unscrupulous of villains known as emigrant runners no one can doubt. The necessity of an example was obvious. Jackson nevertheless, with no mercy signed by the judges, and the clergymen, and the leading men of Brooklyn, every one knows how easy it is to get people of every station to sign such documents; a conscientious Governor should pay no attention whatever to them.

Jackson, however, has been pardoned out, and simultaneously one of the most horrible cases of outrage and infamy has been published in the papers. The Governor may congratulate himself on the result of his clemency. Let it

THE LOUNGER.

CAISSA.

A CORRESPONDENT lately asked about this Goddess or Nymph. He suggested that I should have said nothing upon the subject, and that even Smith and Anthon were at fault. It was very apt information at a time of such universal interest in the game of chess as the present—a time when thousands of dollars are staked over the contests are doubtless spread with the game now pending between New York and Philadelphia—and a question which the learned Dr. D. W. F., "the best authority," clearly answers as follows:

"*Caissa* is the heroine of Sir William Jones's poem on the Game of Chess, one of the finest productions of his pleasing pen. In this poem he explains the etymology of the word; and I have no doubt that the name was invented by himself. He thus introduces her:

"A lovely Dryad ranged the Thracian wild,
Her air enchanting and her aspect mild:
To shade her beauty Love and Wit was all her fury.
Averse from Hymen and the Cyprian fair,
O'er hills and valleys was her time spent,
And fair Caissa was the damsel named.'

"It was to please her that Mars found out the game of chess:

"He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And called it Caissa from the Dryad's name.
(*Whence Ablon's sons, who most its praise confess,*
Approved in the play, and named it thoughtful Chess.)

"The whole poem was written in 1763, when the author was only sixteen years of age. Its idea was taken from Vida's Scacchia, ludus, or the game of chess which *Scacchia*, which is legitimately derived from *Scacchi*, the modern Latin word for chess. Since the publication of Sir William Jones's poem *Caissa* has been regarded as the Muse or Goddess of Chess; and the adjective *Caissan* (or, or relating to, chess) has been frequently used by writers on the game. D. W. F.

"ASTOR LIBRARY, Nov., 1858."

LANDOR IN EXILE.

THE muse has followed poor Landor to the Tuscan shore; and she looks backward with yearning and regret, and the man never looked. "Farewell, Val d'Arno to some humble hamlet far away; and turning, sings:

WITCOMBE.

Witcombe! few seek with these their resting-place:
But I, when I have run my course,
Will throw my bones among the thorns and turf:
Although malignant waves on them should flow,
Here strand on, and a hundred years
My hoary head above the blazing surf,
Perhaps my dreams may see me here,
And what I could not in long life forget.
My fancy may remember me too dear;
Perhaps some gentle maiden passing by
May beave from true-love hour a generous sigh,
And say "*So happier than who sleepest here.*"
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A UNIVERSITY.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is growing old. But, happily, far from showing any sign of senility, it is renewing its youth and winning fresh laurels. Apparently struck with the fact that a rich institution of learning should be of some practical use to men and women in the world, it has opened its doors for a month to popular courses of lectures by most capable men; and it at this moment more of a University, in the true sense of that word, than any college in the land.

It is an interesting fact, too, and one to be especially remarked during the present excitement with a project of a Library for Women, that the venerable College, which has hitherto treated lightly by the Harvard and Yale, the Dartmouth and Union men, as a mere city High School, and has been long the most closed door of learning possible to mankind, has not only opened its doors to these admirable lectures, but has opened them to women. Not in any of the expansive cynicism, Yet it is a beautiful instance of gallantry of the old school—of the kind that the Lord of Misrule commends. It is an inspiring spectacle, that of our venerable Columbia lifting its hat and making low bows of welcome to the sex!

And why not?

Doubtless the good old College reasoned thus: "If it be proper—if the clergy and faculty and the entire civic municipality agree that it is proper for women to hear miscellaneous evening lectures upon morals, science, literature, and history—is there any impropriety in their going to hear these lectures upon the same subjects? What is every professor *duly* learned in science and letters, in a college may go ahead?" And thereupon the courtly Columbia seizes by the hand its sister, the modest, smiling, whispers, "This way, ladies; this way!"

Miss Blackwell—a sketch of whose career, from "Chamber's Edinburgh Miscellany," was lately published in the *World*—and Miss Hunt both bear witness to the difficulties they encountered in getting to lectures at Harvard—which, after all, they did not succeed in hearing. And Professor Agassiz often lectures in Cambridge, at the college, to a dozen or twenty young men more or less interested in the subjects; while hundreds of women who would gladly hear are not admitted. Yet the very same evening the genial Professor might be sure in a hall, in the very same town, upon the very same subjects, and the hall be crowded with intelligent men and women.

There is such a profound difference between needle-dim and needle-doubt!

This movement of Columbia College, this reform—if a Lounger might respectfully use such a word in speaking of that honored institution—has not yet been visited by the public indignation. In truth, the newspapers unhesitatingly report that often more than half the audience is composed of women. And with these annual courses of lectures and the Library for Women, which is open the Astor and other public libraries, the use of which is not restricted by sex), we may all feel that good steps are taking—that the world moves—and that, whatever the other rights of women may be, their right to the best education which the times afford is about as clear as that of men.

OPERATIC.

But not musical, this time; for we mean the Professional quarrel.

It is certainly an immensely important the rows of small opera people are! Every season we have papers full of cavilings, and manifestoes, and ridicule, upon subjects of the least possible interest to any human being or thing except an opera manager and his necessities.

Yet as journalist—although the gust has blown over—we must say a word; at least, a word; at least, a Lounger may be sufferer to have his say. If you drop the mouth of a Lounger from talking of an opera quarrel, what will you have? Sing of him? Or to open it?

Mr. Dillon regards Prima Donnas in the light of merchandise, and naturally chafes at their dictation. Perhaps, if we are, love my dog. If you do not like my Prima Donna's conduct, sir, If you insult me, I cut off your admission, and insult you in public again.

The Lounger knows something about this business. It is not five hundred years since he was a prisoner in the upper gallery of the opera for a morning paper. He didn't like the *Lucia* of Madame Nobolini—he thought her a disagreeable artist—and he said so frankly.

Oh! Heaven!—as the historian of the Great Frederick's opera time came messengers, manager, and agents. "What has happened? How has this management offended? Why the hidden wrong has dictated an article so injurious to the opera, so mortifying to Madame Nobodini? That Prima Donna Landon loves her bed is not concerning from pure charity. Can nothing be done? Would a bouquet accept after the opera and the hostile critic to appreciate the performance more justly? Don't—don't, we beseech you!" Say nothing, if you will, but we beseech you—be politic.

What could any foolish-hearted Lounger say to such a piteous call? He could not bribe—he was indeed, but he was troubled by a sense of duty. He had undertaken to tell the public what he knew. To operate it, were to——To be silent, was to shirk his responsibility. To condemn it, was to occasion pecuniary loss to the hanging of a man with chagrin. It was a pitiful dilemma.

But still, if Mr. Dillon will put Signor Sobodini in Attracos—unless you have some better reason than the idle word of an idle gossip in an operahouse.

Let us hope these troubles are over. They only serve to show us that the opera is a thing precarious, precarious, and its profits—except to a very few and rarely—is not at all extraordinary.

DECIDEDLY A QUESTION.

SIDNEY SMOKEWAY with the laying of the Atlantic wire, so that it was possible for him to be about to serve us, Lord Carlingford, in England, announces to the public that he is about to test experimentally the principle of lateral navigation," that the airbroker, or aërial chartist, in the construction of which his friendship has long been engaged, is now ready to show and proved the perfection of its principle, and of the manner in which it has been carried out, it is now a question *decidedly a question* for the paying of bringing it out, and then for the whole world to witness the most thoroughly-*de facto* discovery, advancing civilization and administering to the happiness and prosperity of mankind.

What can be more delightful? While our messages flash under the sea, we shall fly over it. The sea-serpent will be nothing. We shall have messages of brine, useful, chemically, in correcting the atmosphere, but feed from all kinds of ocean. Ships, also, unlucky passenger should chance to tumble out of the airbroken.

PORTRAIT OF BOLIVAR.

One of the picturesque heroes of modern times, whose name is familiar to every child in the world, is Simon Bolivar. Lander, who always honored republicans, dedicated one of his books to the Liberator. Although it might be difficult to show now that Bolivar was a very great leader, and has many claims upon South American hero as the foe as well as its friend of Bolivar, have recalled the name of the hero. The Legislative committee of Venezuelans who have come to New York to recall General Paez to his loyal countrymen, having seen a poor portrait of Bolivar in the City Hall, have just presented the city with a likeness of "our most illustrious fellow-citizen, Simon Bolivar, the eminent son of Caracas, the liberator of Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia."

Our friends in the country, when they come to town, will look at Bolivar. It might be well City Hall and looking upon the portrait; but those who can not come may be glad to see a picture of Bolivar, drawn by the pen of his biographer.

"Simon Bolivar is five feet four inches in height; his carriage is light and graceful; his body is compact, his lived brown; his eyes are of a middle size and such deep in his head, which is covered thinly with hair; his mustaches give him a dark and wild aspect, particularly when he is in a passion. His whole body is thin and meagre. He has the appearance of a man sixty-five years old. In walking his arms are in continual motion. He can not walk long, but becomes soon fatigued. He lives his hammock, where he sits or lolls. He gives way to sudden fits of resentment, and becomes in a moment a madman, throws himself into his hammock and utters curses and imprecations upon all around him. He likes to indulge in sarcasm upon absent persons; musts only light French literature; is bold, rude, and passionately fond of waltzing. He is fond of hearing himself talk, and of giving tasks. His activity, and destitute of, and from without, he is perfectly free from passion and desire of temper. He then becomes timid, mild, docile, and even submissive. In a great measure he conceals his faults under the politeness of a man educated in the so-called best sense, and possesses an almost Asiatic talent for dissimulation, and sufficiently mankind better than most of his countrymen.

It is curious at a moment when the South American struggles, and Bolivar himself, have entirely passed into history, to find in the reports of daily events in the city of New York the public farewell of General Paez, the Venezuelan hero. We seem to have turned back a few pages: and the fame of Bolivar is forgotten when Paez says of him: "He was my chief, my companion, and my friend."

And now Paez is himself the hero of a new honorable history. A brave old soldier, who has fought and suffered for his country's independence and as long as his country will atone for his long forgetfulness, and crown his latest days with prosperity and peace.

THOSE SEPOYS.

One of the excellent daily papers has received the most startling news from Sepoy Island. The fact seems to be that there is something as remarkable, but in the associations of that wretched region that you may as well believe the worst thing you can think of Sepoys, and then that will not be bad enough.

However, their wind-bag is pricked this time. It seems they have been giving money, and holding meetings, and have contracted for the destruction of the Anglo-Saxon buildings of temporary brick, temporary trick, and temporary slate. An officer of the United States army is now engaged in the real dollars to be succeeded in conquering the garrison. This he is to do by conducting a Sepoy corps to the grounds; pretend that they will do a deal mea, in parties of twenty each (making, by accurate arithmetic, ten parties), every man to be paid two hundred dollars. For that sum he is to plant short scaling-ladders against the walls—in many cases his fellows he is to climb over and attack the Army of Occupation, supposed by that time to be reduced to a mere handful of fifty-seven five hundred of the staunchest Sepoys surround the walls, destroy them, ditto the buildings—and engage, finally, all hands, banner and music, with the brave soldiers who have been so valiantly mounting guard over the property and the public fever. The whole to occur upon the arrival of a smaller force and a larger subscription than are at present required.

There is not the slightest error of the cock or the crow in the plan in this story. It is evidently authentic and accurate. It "has come to the knowledge of the Commissioners of Emigration." That settles it. It is simply a case of reading and acting before it happens. Sepoy conspirators always have their plans known beforehand. They are wise to communicate their plans to the estimable gentleman who furnishes Sepoy Island news for the daily papers. They can't resist his profound sagacity. He warns it all out, even to the numbers and prices—even to the two hundred dollars in the exact sum subscribed, and each of the advancing party is to receive two hundred dollars.

But why not make it twenty hundred dollars at once? Is it possible that he has not heard the price? Has he not heard how that the programme of attack is to be published in the daily papers of New York, and announced from all the Sepoy pulpits on the previous Sunday? That his Excellency the Governor, and the Honorable Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and the Chief of Police are to be invited as distinguished guests? That the ferry-boats are to run every five minutes on that day, and every arrangement made to accommodate the public?

Alas! he has not any such things are always managed. The Lounger therefore advises his friends to keep a sharp look-out for the two hundred dollars, the nine hundred dollars apiece, with short scaling-ladders at eight dollars a score, and the five hundred Sepoys assembling and shouting for the privilege at about thirty dollars a head. And when seen, make a note of.

But seriously, what is to be done with these misguided Sepoys, who threaten to prove so serious and lasting an annoyance? Is there no more patient intelligence and good citizenship refuse to be absurdly exposed to deadly pestilence and disease? Is every other means have been tried and failed, what are you going to do about it? When a community of such people is established in a city, should it await the operation of law for the removal of a deadly pest, and—knowing perfectly well that the operation of the law is thwarted, and will continue to be thwarted, by a despotic money interest—quietly renovate the pest, what are you going to do about it? What can you do about it, except maintain the peace—if that be your pleasure—by a foreign force superior to that of the community?

What was that process called when England drove out the Jesuits?

Is that the way a republican state should maintain an institution confessedly destructive of the very of scores of innocent lives, and maintain it among a people who have been and protested until so long, that domestic affection can ask them to bear and protect any longer?

THE LYCEUM.

An English gentleman has lately written to the London *Times*, complaining of the lordly air assumed by the noblemen who, in the recess of Parliament, go down into the counties and lecture to the people at the Mechanics' Institutes.

If they do assume this air, it is without any especial reason as the lectures themselves. The performances of the Earl of Carlisle and Lord John Russell in the Lyceum are not overwhelming for interest, information, or eloquence. They are as dry and didactic as the sermons of dyspeptic divines. And it is clear enough that the crowd is drawn together, not from any interest in the "Duties of Today," but in my Lord's opinion of that property, but simply to behold an Earl or a Duke in the flesh. The superior air of the speaker, which Mr. Adolphus Osborne complains of, is the reflection of the modesty air of the audience.

The Lyceum, as we understand it, has not yet rooted itself in England. There are Mechanic Institutes at which weekly lectures are delivered, but they are not popular lectures. When there is, the effect upon English social and political civilization will be as marked as it already is upon ours.

The Lyceum in this country, to-day, is very different from what it fifteen years ago. The themes discussed are less recondite. They come home to the thoughts and experience of the average mass of every audience. The audience, in fact, demands every year to be less and less amused, merely: but to be more and more instructed in a real way. It tolerates the boldest expression of thought, so it be true to be honest and calm; and it listens to more striking than to hear public speakers saying openly, and with patience, if not applause, on the part of the audience, what would have caused them to be suppressed eight or ten years ago.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER BOX.

BOSTON, *November*, 1858.

MR. LOUNGER,—I am desirous of adding a morsel to the weekly banquet which you provide, with so much taste, for the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. I think that a few cents venom which have been lying idle in my breast for several years, on account of your modesty, may not know; is an illusion fitter applied to a polished and rugged cloak; and has thence been transferred to poor me compound from the dregs of *Harper's*.

Harmless The prior of St. Bethlem's gave,
Cloth Gilded To Bethlem's sons, and eke wife and slave,
Cherished Sixteen short hours, not ever loud,
Blue Devils Which made the night.

Mercury and Venus met appear,
Hooked by too near their weight to prove,
Yet still were mutually dear.
Ambition is no cure for love.

Meanwhile, on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
A high Troy citizen for the nonce;
Then on his back he laid the weighty load,
The trophies of a conquest,

One ancient hen she took delight to find.
Whose heart domineering swept her aged breast,
While as a well-dill all the world around,
To like a clown in regal purple dress'd.

Next Canus, reverend also, went feeding slow,
Which as a well-dill all the world around,
To stop the fearful, and too faint to go:
"Let Apollo be taught to ride, and trumps they were
Yours respectfully, H. P. A.

"CHICAGO, *November*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Thank your lucky stars, the Hog Interest is not represented to Chicago.

"Your piece of public resort will have a short respite, until the Hogs return from their feeding.

"In Chicago the genus Hog is now to be found in all parts of the city, except the Young Men's Association reading-room; time, 9 A.M., as witness the following:

"A gentleman entered the room and stretched open on the floor, and while engaged on one side thereof Mr. Hog entered from the other, and his position on the floor. The gentleman has probably nearly finished the column, and if course would soon turn it to a new page. Mr. Hog, with a true sense of politeness, has taken his position, and there will remain until the original reader has finished or Mr. Hog has discovered that there is room left on the success of his superior fleeting attitude.

"We are not well pleased with the name of the Hogs *Long Hogs*—that we think of promoting them with some more appropriate.

"Perhaps, Mr. Lounger, you would be kind enough to suggest something appropriate.

Yours, admiringly, CHICAGO.

—The Lounger would humbly suggest that a good family name for the new order would be an appropriate and appreciated a testimonial as any other. It is one, too, of the distinguishing traits of the country familiar with the family of Hogs would be profoundly interested. Should the ceremony take place in Chicago, may the Lounger upon "CHICAGO" to send him the details, which he will most gladly publish to the world.

—Persons writes from Vermont, enthusiastically of a good-looking Church's pictures, which, indeed, deserve enthusiastic praise:

"I am no connoisseur myself. I know nothing of criticism, and therefore I will attempt merely a very little in poetry. But living in Vermont, near the lake and mountains of this lovely land, I know what Nature is, and can be found in cities; and when I see Mr. Church's pictures I am satisfied. Nothing. This is truth. I know what it is, and I appreciate and do reverence accordingly. What a mercy-ground is this! I am delighted and satisfied beyond! What wonderful appreciation of sympathy and tenderness for all the myriad forms of nature!"

She then turns to Thackeray, whom she can not like:

"It is of no use for you men to defend Thackeray. With few exceptions, I am happy to say that the universal feminine world detests him. *Ebenezer ne vend his* and I firmly believe that this is the sole reason that he sneers at and disparages us poor, dear little beasts, as he condescendingly calls us."

The ladies are the Lounger's.



ARAB GIRLS AT SCHOOL, IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MADAME LUCE.

MODERN ALGIERS.

THE popular idea of Algiers, derived from books of travel and biographies of famous pirates, represents it as a place where corsairs hold their revels, where lovely young women are sold every day to the highest bidder at a few dollars a head, and where the Bashaw bowstrings a dozen Christians every morning before breakfast, just to satisfy himself of the stability of his religious principles. My fondest wish, in youth, was to go to Algiers on board a large man-of-war, which I had been taken to visit, and to blaze away at the place and people until not one stone was left upon another, and no bearded creatures stood on his legs to face me.

In fact, Algiers is a fair French town, not unlike Marseilles or Bordeaux, with French *cafés*, French shops, French liquors, French soldiers, French costumes, and French *grisettes*. The aboriginal population exists, it is true; but glory has departed from them, and *absinthe* and other French institutions ruin the day. In a few years there will be nothing Algerian about Algiers—nothing Moorish about the old strong-hold of the old Moorish freebooters. Musulmen and Jew are both slowly fading away before the irresistible Frenchman.

Our illustrations may be regarded as embalming a society which will soon be a thing of the past. One of them represents a couple of Moorish ladies overtaken in a rain-storm. Rain is a rare occurrence at Algiers. For eleven of the twelve months, on an average, the sky is clear, and the native ladies can carry on their flirtations and gossip upon the roofs of their houses under the canopy of heaven. But it does rain sometimes, and then 'tis a painful sight to see the poor Moorish ladies struggling through the mire. Their dress, to male eyes, seems to consist of innumerable folds of cotton or linen wound round and round head, body, and *limbs*; there are so many folds that under a fair shower of rain the wearer runs some risk of being washed AWAY. A late traveler tells a story of a very virtuous Moorish lady who was overtaken in so heavy a storm that even her *yashmak* was washed off her face, and she was forced to walk through several streets with her features exposed to the public gaze. She bore it patiently for a while, but after a time the indignity was too terrible for her feelings. Rushing through a crowded street to a wharf, she plunged into the Mediterranean, deeming death a fit expiation for her accident.



KABYLE BOYS.



MOORISH LADIES IN A STORM.

Another of our engravings represents a female school in Algiers. This school, which has already become famous, is directed by a hero-



WOMEN OF THE OULED-RIAH TRIBE.

...e of the name of Madame Luce. She was one of the first French settlers in Algiers, and many years ago she conceived the project of educating the Arab and Moorish girls of the city. Obstacles and difficulties beset her on every side. The French Government regarded the female sex as a necessity in the economy of the human race, but save no reason why any pains should be taken to educate females. The Emperor would give no money to Madame Luce; he would not protect her against her enemies. Finding that without Government protection she could not struggle against the difficulties of her task, this noble-hearted woman converted all her private property into money, even pawned her gold thimble, and went to Paris to see Napoleon. She succeeded in obtaining an interview, and in the few minutes which were granted to her, she spoke so sensibly and so forcibly that she obtained what she had sought—first, the protection of the French soldiery; next, an allowance from Government for her school. On her return from France it was reopened with éclat. As soon as it was known that the Government was on her side, everybody hastened to send his daughters to Madame Luce's establishment; and now, we are told, she has as many pupils as may be seen in any of our common schools. Her system is excellent. She teaches sewing of all kinds, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and geography; she does not interfere with the religious views of her scholars. The Jewish girls pray after their fashion, the Mussulmans girls have the Koran read to them, the Christians read the Bible and their devotional works. Some of Madame Luce's pupils have already done her credit. One of the most worthily-earned prizes at the late Paris Exhibition was bestowed on a deaf and dumb Arab girl, who was educated by Madame Luce, for samples of embroidery.

Our two other illustrations represent the Kabyle boys, who are the porters and waiters at the hotels and cafés of Algiers, and the Ouled-Riah women. The Ouled-Riahs are an old Arab tribe which for many years successfully resisted the attempts of the French to subjugate them. Nestled in their mountain fastnesses, they were almost inaccessible, and when they sallied forth from their haunts in search of plunder or battle, they generally contrived to measure their time correctly that they were sure to succeed. The Ouled-Riahs as a tribe were crushed out, twelve years ago, by the present Duke of Malakoff, French Ambassador to England, then plain Colonel Pelissier. The terrible story of the final extinction of the clan was thus told by the *Akhbar* of Algiers, of the 5th July, 1845:

"Colonel Pelissier was busy in pursuing the Ouled-Riahs, who have never yet submitted, as they dwell in immense caverns, which it would be madness for the troops to enter. On the 18th of June, being closely pursued, the Ouled-Riahs fled to their usual place of refuge. After having surrounded the caverns, fagots were lighted and thrown by the French troops before the entrance. This demonstration was made to convince the Arabs that the French had the power, if they pleased, of suffocating them in their hiding-places. Then the Colonel threw in letters, offering them life and liberty if they would surrender their arms and their horses. At first they refused, but subsequently replied they would consult the French troops would withdraw. This condition was not accepted, and more burning fagots were thrown in. A great tumult now arose from a discussion as to whether there should be a surrender or not. The party opposed to a surrender carried their point, and a few of the inmates escaped. Colonel Pelissier, wishing to spare the lives of those who remained in the cavern, sent some Arabs to exhort them to surrender. They refused, and a few women, who did not partake of the savage fanaticism of the majority, attempted to fly, but their husbands and relations fired upon them to prevent their escape from the martyrdom. Colonel Pelissier then suspended the throwing of the burning fagots, and sent a French officer to hold a parley with the Ouled-Riahs, but his messenger was received with a discharge of fire-arms, and could not perform his mission. This state of things continued till the night of the 19th, when, losing all patience and all hope of subduing these fanatics, who formed a perpetual nucleus of revolt in the country, the flames converted and rendered intense. During this time the shrieks of the unhappy wretches who were being suffocated were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fagots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered, and found five hundred dead bodies. About one hundred and fifty, who still breathed, were brought into the fresh air, but a portion of them expired afterward."

PART OF THE REMAINS OF FORT PITT, SKETCHED IN JANUARY, 1854.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

ON Thursday last the people of Pittsburgh and the vicinity assembled to celebrate a memorable event. One hundred years ago, on the 25th November, the fort which bore the name of Fort Duquesne, and which stood on the site of the present railroad depôt at Pittsburgh, was taken from the French by the Provincial and regular troops under General Forbes; and thus the French scheme of domination on this continent was overthrown, and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon element was forever secured.

The point where the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers blend their waters to form the Ohio was pointed out, in the middle of the last century, by both French and English engineers as a commanding site for a fort. Accordingly, in January of 1754, when the great struggle began for the control of the lakes and the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio, that point was contended for by both parties. The French had built forts at Erie, Waterford, French Creek, and Venango (these names, of course, were given to the sites long afterward); the Virginians under Governor Dinwiddie, and acting in concert with the Ohio Company, a trading corporation, directed Major Washington to raise two hundred men, and to erect a fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. The duty of breaking ground at the site was deferred to the second in command, Captain Trent, who arrived on the spot in March, 1754. On 7th April following he was attacked by a body of 1000 men, mostly Indians, under Monsieur Contrecœur, and forced to evacuate the place. The French continued the works he had begun, and on the completion of the fort gave to it the name of Fort Duquesne.

Every one remembers that it was to recover that post that the miserable expedition of Braddock was undertaken. The fort would probably have fallen into the hands of the British had the expeditionary force reached it, for the French commander had resolved to surrender. Luckily for him, the skilful attack of Captain Beaujeu's command, and the stupidity of Braddock, saved him the disgrace; and for some time longer the fort remained in the hands of the French.

When William Pitt took office one of his first aims was the recovery of Fort Duquesne. He saw that so long as the French held that point the British colonies on the sea-board would be unsafe. He accordingly gave directions to fit out an army under General Forbes, and took measures to obviate the errors which had proved fatal to General Braddock. General Forbes set out too late in the season, and but for a series of accidents which dispirited the French, he would have shared the fate of his predecessor. Luckily for him, the French tried to repeat the manœuvre they had played against Braddock; a corps d'armée sallied forth and attacked Colonel Boquet's force, which was some days' journey in advance of the main army; the English won the day; and the Indians, as usual after a defeat, fled, leaving the allies to make the best of the disaster. This accident so disheartened the garrison of the fort that, as the main army under Forbes approached, they evacuated it, and burned the buildings to the ground. On 25th November, 1758, Colonel Washington encamped on the site, which was covered with ashes and burning timbers strewed around the remains of thirty tall chimneys.

It is this memorable event which the Pennsylvanians celebrated on Thursday. One of our engravings represents the railroad depôt, which stands as nearly as possible on the site of the old fort. The other, which is taken from a painting in the possession of the distinguished amateur, Mr. John M. Falconer, represents a part of the fort which was built by the English on the site of Fort Duquesne. After the reoccupation of the point by the army under Forbes, a new fort was built under the directions of Colonel Boquet, and named Fort Pitt. After the peace a town grew around this fort, and borrowed from it its name—Pittsburgh. Stores and buildings gradually encroached upon the old fortifications, and at length effaced them altogether. In January, 1854, Mr. Falconer endeavored to trace out its walls, but was unable.

THE RAILROAD DÉPÔT AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, ON THE SITE OF FORT DUQUESNE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ROGERS.]

He discovered, however, a part of some of the old buildings, and painted them. Our engraving is taken from his picture.

LITERARY.

IT has been a work of pious affection for Dr. Strickland to prepare THE LIFE OF FRANCIS ASBURY, the pioneer Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and he has produced such a book as might have been anticipated from the man and the subject. (Carlton & Porter, publishers.) It is no ordinary biography. We have the story of his life and his work here; and we follow him from his first boy-sermons (for he was a boy when he began to preach) in England to the consecration of himself to mission work in America—on shipboard, where we find him preaching, lashed to the mast in a gale of wind—into American forests—up and down the country, in all seasons and all weather, working like a man who was in earnest, sowing the seed in all parts of the land, and beholding the fruit with his own eyes before he was gathered to the fathers. Bishop Asbury's life is full of interest to all who would study the character of a faithful, self-denying minister of God's Word. Dr. Strickland has brought out very clearly the self-sacrificing character of his hero—for that he was a hero no one who reads the book will doubt or deny. With abilities that might command any situation in life, with powerful friends, whom he made for himself in every part of the country, he preferred the itinerant life of labor which he began in his youth, and which he never left off until he was stopped in the midst of his journeying by the call of the dread messenger. He had and he hoped for no reward here. He lived as a sojourner seeking a better country. We say he had no reward. Perhaps he felt that it was enough to see Methodism growing up in America under his fostering care, until the despised few who worshiped in the old William Street loft, in New York, had become the nation of Methodists, whose hymns and prayers ascended from every valley east of the Mississippi. Perhaps it was a reward worth living for, and in the end dying for, to know that through his labors, in a very large degree, the Methodist Church had attained a position of influence and strength, and a hold on the affections of the community, second to no Church in America. This, indeed, he had for his consolation; and in this view Dr. Strickland's book ranks among the important contributions of the day to religious history.

From Mr. J. K. Curtis, 83 Bleecker Street, we have received a work which, at the first glance, might strike the reader as a great waste of paper, but which, on examination, proves to be a remarkably interesting and valuable book. It is AN ARRANGEMENT OF TRADESMEN'S CARDS, POLITICAL TOKENS, ELECTION MEDALS, MEDALETS, etc., current in this country for the last sixty years, by Charles J. Bushnell, Esq., of this city, who is well known as one of the most assiduous and careful collectors of American coins and medals. The *cui bono* question which is put by most persons who examine this curious catalogue has its answer in the same way that all such questions directed to historical and genealogical subjects are answered. Of these medalets a vast majority are of no present importance; but many of them are already of much interest, and all of them will become so in time. To collectors, of course, Mr. Bushnell's work will commend itself as a careful and accurate catalogue; while we are persuaded that a great many who are interested in antiquarian subjects, but who have not devoted any attention to this branch, will be interested and gratified by an examination of the book before us. The work is but the commencement of Mr. Bushnell's enterprise. He proposes to bring out a further issue on American coins, which will possess much more general value than the part now before us. The two together will be the first complete work on American Numismatics; and the next generation will thank the accomplished author for his labors, if this one does not. The work is illustrated with examples of some of the most interesting tokens, first among which are the tokens of Motts, jewelers, issued in New York in 1789, and Talbot, Allum, & Lee, shipping merchants in this city, issued in 1794, and again in 1795. The latter, a copper token of the size of a penny, brings now at auction sales from two to three dollars—so rare has it become.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN LAWYER, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, is one of those books which we have frequently condemned. If any woman attempts to be her own lawyer with the aid of this book she will need more lawyers than New York can supply to rectify the blunders she will make.

Peterson publishes THE FOUR SISTERS, by Miss Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt. The Swedish lady dedicates the book to the memory of Downing. We have not had time to examine it; nor will the admirers of Miss Bremer wait for any opinion on its merits.

PLAIN WORDS TO YOUNG MEN, by Augustus Woodbury, published in Concord by E. C. Eastman, belongs to a class of works, not uncommon of late, whose aim is to reach the morals and the manners of young men at one hit. Mr. Woodbury writes frankly, heartily, and with force and feeling.

We have heretofore noticed with favor Mrs. Hornby's IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL, which is now republished by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia. Few modern books of travel have been received with so much praise in England. The book is gossipy, most emphatically readable, contains all sorts of talk and twaddle about Constantinople and the Turks, and if it should ever happen to be translated into Turkish for Eastern readers, will make it somewhat unsafe for Mrs. Hornby to venture her little head on the banks of the Bosporus, where sacks and caiques are not wholly out of vogue, even under the mild rule of Abdul Medjid.

ISABELLA ORSINI, published by Rudd & Carleton, is another novel of the Beatrice Cenci sort, unreadable, unintelligible, and abominable.

We are glad to see a new edition of the sacred writings of the Mormons. James O. Wright & Co. publish THE BOOK OF MORMON, which is the Bible of those fanatical people. With the history of the production of these stupid yet ingenious writings our readers are familiar. A glance at the book will not harm any one, and the curious will be glad to possess and examine it carefully.

JACK AND HARRY, or Pictures for the Young, by Mary and John Howitt, is an elegant book for the small folks, published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, and calculated to elicit shouts of delight in the nursery. The illustrations are large, and excellently designed for young capacities of enjoyment, while the text is too well known to need comment.

We have to regret the want of space for a fuller notice than we are obliged to give of Dr. Sprague's fifth volume of ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT, published by Carter & Brothers. This volume is devoted to the Episcopalian clergymen, and fully sustains the high reputation for accuracy and correctness, as well as for interest and value, which the former volumes had established. The plan of Dr. Sprague possesses especial attractions. Instead of a general biographical encyclopedia, written in uniform style and by one hand, we have here judicious, careful, and reliable digests of biography, nearly every one of which is accompanied by one or more letters from personal acquaintances of the subject of the memoir, or from persons who have had opportunities for special knowledge of his life and character. These letters are among the most attractive features of the volume, as of the former, and add ten-fold to its value as a historical work, while we are not to be understood as insinuating that the work of Dr. Sprague's own pen is any less readable or valuable. The series may challenge comparison with any biographical works extant. We call the attention of our readers in the country to this set of works, as most admirably suited for presents to pastors, and as works which, in every house, will prove inexhaustible funds of instruction, interest, and worthy example for children growing up to maturity.

A book, by Professor H. F. Massmann, the old "Turnmeister," has been published at Berlin, entitled THE HIGH SCHOOL: A Dream—[Die hohe Schule. Ein Traum.] It abounds in anecdote of the German Professors, of which this is a specimen:

"Professor Thomas Haselbach, of Vienna, lectured publicly for *twenty-two* years on the first chapter of Isaiah, without ever having come to an end; his colleague and admirer, Aegidius Guthmann, divided his lectures on the first five verses of Genesis into twenty-four volumes. Crusius lectured eight years on the Psalms, without going through the first half. Petrus Pontanus used to chalk on the doors of his lecture-room, when he was in his cups, a group of P's, which meant, *Petrus Pontanus, Professor Publicus, Propter Pocula Prohibetur Prælegere.* Eobanus Hesse took a pitcher of wine with him into the pulpit, drinking a mouthful at every fine passage of the poet on whom he was lecturing, till at last every passage appeared fine to him. Friedrich August Wolf, at Berlin, when he had no mind to lecture, or wanted to work for himself, used to put up a bill in his lecture-room, with the words, 'I shall be ill for a week.' Professor Walch, at Göttingen, on the contrary, fell really ill during the vacations, because he could not then read to his auditory."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Message of Governor Allston to the Legislature of South Carolina was delivered on 23d ult. The message is conservative in tone, concise, and well written. It calls the attention of the Legislature to the duty of electing a United States Senator in the place of Senator Evans; refers in terms of congratulation to the progress of the railroads and other internal improvements of the State; recommends the investment of Southern capital more in Southern improvements and less in Northern securities; refers in terms of disapproval to incendiary resolutions against slavery by the free State Legislatures, declaring such resolutions undeserving of a response, and exhorting the States to cultivate moral virtues, industrious domestic habits, and to observe scrupulously all the federal obligations. He then refers to the recent slaver cases, as presenting in strong relief the devotion to law and order of the people of South Carolina, but expresses regret at their occurrence, as productive of unwonted excitements. He questions the propriety of interfering in such a manner with the commerce of the inhabitants of Cuba, and expresses the belief that while the navy of the United States may, under the Constitution, be charged with preventing a slave-trade between the coast of Africa and our own shores, it is policy to let foreign nations regulate their own affairs and enforce their own police. The remainder of the Message is confined to State policy, recommending, among other things, a repeal of the usury laws.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

The Message of Governor Willard was delivered last week. It is very brief, and confined exclusively to the causes that rendered the extra session of the Legislature necessary. He animadverted to some length upon the failure of the last Legislature to make appropriations for the maintenance of the State officers, the State institutions, and for the payment of the interest of the State debt. He urged the immediate action of the present Assembly upon these important subjects. He further recommended the erection of another State Prison in the northern part of the State, and concluded by expressing the hope "that wisdom and patriotism would guide the action" of those he addressed.

THE CASE OF THE INDIANA SENATORS.

Both Houses of the Indiana Legislature have adopted resolutions declaring the election of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, United States Senators from that State, illegal, unconstitutional, and void. As the dispute about these Senators will be apt to lead to discussion during the next session of Congress, the following explanation of the state of the case, from the *Herald*, will be found interesting and useful: When the Nebraska Bill was passed, in 1854, both the Indiana Senators (Messrs. Bright and Pettit) were Administration Democrats, and supported it. Mr. Pettit's term expired in 1855; Mr. Bright's in 1857. The Indiana Legislature only meets biennially. At its next meeting after the passage of the bill there was a Nebraska majority in one House, but an anti-Nebraska majority in the other and on joint ballot. The Nebraska men succeeded, however, in preventing a joint Convention, so nothing was done, and Pettit's seat remained vacant. At the next meeting of the Legislature, two years after, a similar opposition between the Houses bid fair to lead to a similar result. But the Democrats procured a joint Convention, with a Democratic majority in it, which re-elected Mr. Bright, and elected Dr. Fitch to fill the vacant seat of Mr. Pettit. A formal protest was made at Washington. The new Legislature just elected has taken the matter in hand, and the result is the adoption of the resolution before mentioned.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SONS IN TROUBLE.

The editor of the St. Joseph *Journal* has been shown a letter from David H. Burr, Esq., late Surveyor-General of Utah, to Mr. Hockaday, dated October 22, from which we make the following extract to show how matters are progressing in the Holy Valley:

"The Mormons are tolerably quiet at present, though occasionally they show the cloven foot. Yesterday, Joe and Brigham Young (sons of the Prophet) went into Gilbert & Gerrish's store and were impudent to Gilbert, when he collared them and summarily ejected them from his store. Joe got on his horse, and, drawing his revolver, attempted to ride in and shoot Gilbert, but Brigham, being a little more discreet, prevented him. A crowd gathered around, revolvers were drawn, and a trifle then would have produced a collision. If Joe had not been stopped he would certainly have been shot. Some Mormons went then and arrested them both, pretending to take them to the calaboose."

GAMBLING AND GAMBLERS AT WASHINGTON.

The Daily *Times* has a letter from Washington on Pendleton's death. The writer says: "I need hardly say that the stories afloat of Pendleton's having lost $180,000 in one sitting, and other like pieces of poetry, are mere rosy fictions. I do not believe that, either at Pendleton's or any other faro bank, here or in New York, $10,000 was ever lost or won at one sitting. The capital with which a bank opens a game here never exceeds $10,000, and on suffering a loss of $5000—a matter of rare occurrence—the bank generally closes for the night. At Crockford's £5000 was the limit of loss, and he never allowed it to go beyond. There is a story, somewhat uncertain, of a Western contractor having lost $8000 at Pendleton's, but this is the largest sum even fable ascribes to his faro bank. As a rule, the wealth and winnings of gamblers are highly colored. With the exception of one or two in New York, there is no gambler, either at the political or commercial capital, possessed of any amount of wealth. The odds at faro in favor of the bank, as calculated by the keenest players at Baden, is, here as there, 2¼ per cent.; and their advantage lies, far more than on this percentage, in that feature in players' natures which, in their losing luck, forces them, in the hope of regaining, to lose more and more, until they reach a heavy loss, whereas they seldom have the daring to take full advantage of a favoring fortune. Pendleton, though for the last two years, as he neared the verge of the grave, he tried to grasp every thing on the margin, died worth only $38,000. Of this sum he bequeathed three-fourths to his wife, and the other to his mother for her life, with remainder to some relatives.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE AND THE PRESIDENT.

"His wife, the daughter of Mr. Mills, the builder of the Capitol, with whom Pendleton ran away early in his career, and who naturally shared to some degree the notoriety of her husband, is a woman of much personal and mental charm, and has always been treated here with as much attention as possible, considering the circumstances of her position. She is said to have carried on a considerable correspondence with Mr. Buchanan, and since her husband's death the President is known to have paid her a visit of condolence, and expressed his regret that he was not aware of the day fixed for her husband's funeral, or he should have attended as a mark of his respect.

PENDLETON'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE.

"That Pendleton had much influence in political matters, or ventured to exercise any, I do not believe. He probably attained his highest ambition in this direction when dispatched as delegate from the capital to the Cincinnati Convention. But in the lobby he was a power, and wielded more influence than any single individual, even Thurlow Weed, could command. He held a large number of Congressmen (and those of the loosest and most unprincipled class), and even a stray Senator or so, in the iron wrench of pecuniary obligation, and when a fat contract had to be carried, or foul job lobbyed through, no huntsman ever brought his pack up to their work with a severer leash. His influence may be judged from the fact that when, some time since, the keen and crafty proprietor of perhaps the largest commercial steam fleet in the world, and one not in the habit of taking a false measure of men, had occasion for a visit to Washington, his first move was to make Pendleton a present of a pair of carriage-horses, and he fed at his table every day. It is also a fact that a gentleman who went to Washington to obtain the return of a large amount of duty, paid Pendleton $10,000 for his interest. A few weeks faro, and a Congressman is cleaned out. Where does he then dine?—At Pendleton's. Where does he drink?—At Pendleton's. When he needs money, perhaps to return home, where does he mortgage his mileage?—At Pendleton's. He belongs to Pendleton. 'Is not Evelyn true?'

OTHER WASHINGTON GAMBLING HELLS.

"Next in rank to Pendleton was and is Pringle's, some doors below the National, on the Avenue. The proprietor himself passes the greater part of his time in a drunken dream, from which he seldom wakes; when he does, he is quiet, gentlemanly, and reserved, with a range of knowledge bounded on every side by faro. The house is remarkable for having two sets of employés, one for day and one for night, the game being eternal. Breakfast, lunches, dinners, and suppers are served in constant succession, and devoured by crowds of hungry Southern and Western men.

"Next in order, within two doors of Pringle's, comes the Virginia House. The visitors here are made up of some who visit one house, some the other, and some few who visit this exclusively—the latter principally Virginians. Though the faro case here does not represent perpetual motion, as at Pringle's, they never lose a chance, are prepared at all hours, and never leave the house except to shave. The entertainments, though not directed by a delicate taste, are very good.

'One after one the Lords of Time advance.'

Next, and last, comes Monteiro, a Virginian of Spanish extraction, who deals at the 'Corner House,' opposite the National. This house is, perhaps, the nicest in Washington, and is almost exclusively patronized by the Legations. The suppers, as compared with the others, are gay and graceful, and the appearance of the young *attachés* of an evening, in full-dress and white tie, after one of the diplomatic dinners which follow each other in the season with the rapidity of the celebrated fruits in the enchanted garden,

'Scarce one is gathered ere another grows,'

gives a perfumed air to the rather dingy apartments, which is pleasant. There are, besides, a herd of small cattle of no account."

DEATH OF HON. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Letters from Paris announce the death, in that city, Nov. 8, of the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, of this city. His disease was diabetes. The *Times* thus epitomizes his biography: "He was born at Kinderhook, in this State, in December, 1795. He studied law with Ex-President Van Buren, and when admitted to practice, became his partner. Mr. Butler served with credit in the State Assembly, was afterward associated with Judge Duer and John C. Spencer in the work of revising the Statutes, and became Attorney-General of the United States during the Presidency of General Jackson. Subsequently, he was appointed United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. Mr. Butler took an active part in politics, was a warm supporter of the doctrines of the Democratic party for many years, but in 1847–'48 bolted with the Barnburners, under the lead of John Van Buren, and entered with great zeal into the exciting Presidential canvass of that period. When the new party, however, retraced its steps in 1850–'51, Mr. Butler stood aloof, took no part with his former political associates, and became a strenuous opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska Pro-Slavery movement. Latterly he had withdrawn from public life, but his Free-Soil tendencies remained unaltered. His devotion to professional engagements having seriously impaired his health, he left the city in October last on a voyage to Europe, hoping for a restoration of his energies. He arrived in Paris, Nov. 3, and died there Nov. 8. Mr. Butler was an active supporter of charitable enterprises and a man of urbane manners."

A CLERGYMAN SUING FOR HIS SALARY.

A suit was tried in the Circuit Court last week, before Judge Emott and a jury, in which the Rev. David J. Patterson appeared as plaintiff, and the First Reformed Dutch Church as defendants. The suit was brought to recover six months' salary, due on the 1st of July, 1858. The defense set up a plea that the Society was not an incorporated body, and, therefore, could make no legal agreement for pastor's salary, and also that the services were not worth the amount claimed. The jury, after hearing all of the circumstances in the case, rendered a verdict for plaintiff, awarding $392 68—the full amount claimed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A VESSEL, it appears, has arrived at Valentia with seven miles of the shore end of the cable on board. She is called the *Stag*, and Captain Kell, her commander, is making arrangements to lay this portion of the wire with all possible speed. In connection with the arrival of the *Stag* at Valentia, the Munster *News* says: "There is one rather dangerous reef of rocks lying about one mile and a half or two miles outside the mouth of Valentia harbor, called the Coast Guard Patch. On this rock there are about ten fathoms at low water, and about twenty-six fathoms all round it. Unfortunately, as the *Agamemnon* entered the harbor, owing to the wind being unfavorable, she was obliged to lay the cable over this spot. It is thought that the drifting of the cable over this place might have partially caused the injury which has stopped the working for so long a period. From this point it will, of course, be removed, and deposited in the most secure and level channel in the harbor. With the view of discovering such a channel, Captain Kell has, for the last few days, been closely sounding every approach to the bay, both on the Valentia and the Lough Kay side of the Beginish Island. As there is already between four and five miles of the shore end of the cable laid down, the additional seven miles which will be added to it by Captain Kell will render the rope quite secure against any injury from the wash of the tide. It is understood that Mr. Henley, whose powerful magnetic-electric machines have for some time been used at Valentia, has undertaken to superintend the electric operations at Valentia for a short period."

The London *Times* recommends the use of the Hughes instrument.

THE LAST FROM MR. WHITEHOUSE.

Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician, has published a reply to the last and curt epistle of the secretary to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, in which he declares that recent experiments upon a faulty piece of cable raised from the harbor of Valentia have satisfied him that the system of testing hitherto relied upon is to the last degree fallacious and inconclusive. He adds that, during his recent stay at Valentia, he learned that on one occasion, after the official messages had been worked off, the superintendent at Newfoundland gave the clerks permission to amuse themselves by sending currents through the cable. Being free from responsibility for any errors arising from haste, they worked Mr. Whitehouse's apparatus with unusual rapidity, and the clerks at Valentia received perfect signals while this was going on. Mr. Whitehouse asserts that the conversation was kept up in full words by the aid of Thomson's galvanometer. This statement is so extraordinary that we are almost constrained to suppose Mr. Whitehouse has been deceived. Practical telegraphers, on the other hand, are of opinion that, in reading the last message, the powerful imagination of the clerks was more serviceable than the delicate needles and reflector of Mr. Thomson. So confident, however, is Mr. Whitehouse of the accuracy of his information that he makes it the basis of a series of calculations. These lead him to form the hopeful opinion that, after paying all necessary working expenses, and laying aside £50,000 in the first year as a reserve, there will be a margin of receipts by the transmission of messages through the present defective cable amply sufficient to pay all shareholders ten per cent.

ALMOST A FRENCH INVASION.

The Cork *Reporter* tells the following story: "The inhabitants not alone of Queenstown, but of the entire surrounding country, were on Tuesday night dreadfully alarmed by being startled from their peaceful slumbers by a powerful cannonade from one of the war-ships in the harbor. The consternation was increased by its being after the hour for firing signals, and by the cannonade being irregular and long continued. The first impression that arose from this most extraordinary occurrence was that some hostile squadron had, under cover of the darkness, endeavored to surprise the port. It was soon found, however, that the cause of alarm proceeded from the *Hawk*, the captain and first lieutenant of which were on shore at the time. It was 10 o'clock, and the second lieutenant, from what inspiration remains to be discovered, conceived the idea of piping all hands on deck and putting them through the evolutions of defense consequent upon being surprised by an enemy. The captain of the *Hawk*, and soon after him the admiral of the port, hastened on board, and after the gentleman had been about half an hour 'surprising the natives,' put an end to his sport. In order to ascertain the entire of the facts of this most unaccountable proceeding, we dispatched a reporter to Queenstown, to learn them at the Admiralty House, but the functionaries there seemed to make light of the matter, and were unwilling to give information. It is stated generally that the gentleman was not in such a state as to understand fully the nature of what he was doing, and that he has been put under restraint to await an investigation into his motives for placing Queenstown in a 'state of siege.' We have just learned that the officer in question has been in the service for some years in China, and has returned in ill-health, which probably has occasioned this strange conduct"

SPORT INDEED!

A court authority says: "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge lately went on a visit to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, and shot over the park preserves, in which 435 pheasants, 56 partridges, 54 hares, 18 rabbits, and one woodcock were killed. On the following day his Royal Highness, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord G. Manners bagged 245 pheasants, 68 partridges, 73 hares, and 26 rabbits, in four hours, in the Links preserves. The game killed by his Grace and friends, with an average of three guns a day, for upward of a fortnight, is 857 pheasants, 2700 partridges, 690 hares, 129 rabbits, and 2 woodcocks; and the bag made by Mr. Bell, the park-keeper, during September, as presents for the tenants, etc., were 5082 head, which, in consequence of the unusual abundance of game, is scarcely missed."

GAVAZZI AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

Signor Gavazzi delivered an eloquent lecture, on 2d November, at Manchester, upon "Oliver Cromwell," discussing his merits in the threefold capacity of politician, warrior, and Christian, and pronouncing him to be, on the whole, the greatest man that England has ever produced. At the close of the lecture, some of the audience, unasked, tendered subscriptions to the lecturer for the purpose of aiding to raise a national monument to the great Puritan hero, and a committee was appointed to assist in carrying out the object.

WHOLESALE POISONING WITH LOZENGES.

It appears that a person named Neale, a wholesale confectioner at Bradford, England, has been in the habit of mixing a large quantity of plaster of Paris with peppermint lozenges, as a substitute for ground sugar—twelve pounds of the plaster to forty pounds weight of sugar. This lozenge-maker was in collusion with a Mr. Hodgson, of the same place, a druggist. To disguise the knavery, the two tradesmen, in their dealings, called the plaster "daft" or "alibi," and the confectioner's messenger went to the druggist's shop for the material thus designated. A few days since a raw apprentice, in the service of the druggist, unacquainted with the password, went up stairs to his master, who was ill in bed, to ask for instructions, and was told to proceed to the cellar for twelve pounds of "daft," in a corner of which he would find a cask containing the material. In the cellar

he found two casks, one containing "daft" the other arsenic, and the boy served Neale with arsenic instead of plaster of Paris. A retail dealer, named Hardaker, bought a considerable quantity of this abominable mixture, sold the lozenges in the market-place of Bradford, and the result was the fearful and wholesale poisoning of from 150 to 200 persons. Glaring, rank dishonesty has been the cause of the calamity—the determination of Neale to undersell his honest competitors.

NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING BURIED ALIVE.

A sensation has been caused at Nuneaton, Warwickshire, in consequence of a young woman of that place having come to life after her apparent death. Preparations were made for "laying her out," the bell tolled, and the shutters were closed; but in a few hours after her supposed death she became warm, and ultimately convalescent. She states that during the time she was in the trance she could distinctly hear the conversation of those near her.

CAN A WOMAN BE A SEAMAN?

In an action for wages by a steward and stewardess of an American vessel, a delicate question arose, on the 2d, in the London Court of Common Pleas. The Lord Chief Justice said that part of the claim was for wages for the plaintiff's wife, and she could hardly come under the Merchant Seaman's Act. Mr. Jones, a counsel learned in the law, submitted that the terms of the Act would not only apply to seamen but to seawomen as well, because she had signed articles, and would, therefore, according to the Act, be a seaman. There was much laughter during this argument, and at the conclusion the Court said it must take time to look into the authorities upon the subject.

THE WIFE OF THREE MEN.

The Hampshire *Independent* says that a charge of bigamy has recently been heard at the Town Hall, Southampton, which revealed transactions of a most extraordinary kind. The facts are as follows: Some years ago a man named Collins was married to a woman at Fisherton Church, Salisbury. For being concerned in some machine riots Collins was transported within a few weeks of the birth of his daughter. A short time after Collins's banishment his wife marries another man (as she did not like single blessedness) named Kemish. When Collins's daughter had grown up to womanhood Kemish takes a fancy to her, and by agreement with the mother, who had for years been styled Mrs. Kemish, he marries the daughter at the same church at which the mother had been married to Collins, and at the same time and place at which Kemish marries the daughter (after, it must be recollected, he had been married to the mother many years), the mother, Mrs. Collins, alias Kemish, was actually married to a man named Pitt; so that the woman Collins has married three men—Collins, Kemish, and Pitt; and Kemish has married both mother and daughter; and Pitt finds out that the woman he now has is not his wife. Kemish and the woman Pitt, Kemish, or Collins, are both bailed to appear for their trial at the next assizes.

DEATH FROM SKINNING A SQUIRREL.

The Worcester *Herald* says: "A few days ago, at Bewdley, a child about nine years of age, named Michael Holder, was amusing himself with cutting up a dead squirrel that was in a putrid state, when the virus in the flesh inoculated his system through a slight wound on his finger, or a wart upon the hand. So active was the poison that it baffled the best medical advice, and after lingering in great agony for many days death terminated his sufferings."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following letter, which the Emperor has addressed to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, Minister of Algeria and the Colonies:

"ST. CLOUD, *Oct.* 30, 1858.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have the liveliest desire that, at the moment when the differences with Portugal relative to the *Charles-Georges* have terminated, the question of the engagement of free laborers on the African coast should be definitively examined, and finally settled on the truest principles of humanity and justice.

"I energetically claimed from Portugal the restitution of the *Charles-Georges*, because I will always maintain intact the independence of the national flag; but in this case even it was only with the profound conviction of my right that I risked with the King of Portugal a rupture of those friendly relations which I am glad to maintain with him.

"But as to the principle of the engagement of the negroes my ideas are far from being settled. If, in truth, laborers recruited on the African coast are not allowed the exercise of their free-will, and if this enrollment is only the slave-trade in disguise, I will have it on no terms; for it is not I who will any where protect enterprises contrary to progress, to humanity, and to civilization.

"I beg you, then, to seek out the truth with the zeal and intelligence which you bring to bear on all affairs about which you employ yourself.

"And as the best method of putting a term to what is a continual cause of dispute would be to substitute the free labor of Indian coolies for that of the negroes, I beg you to come to an understanding with the Minister for Foreign Affairs to resume with the English Government the negotiations which were entered upon a few months ago.

"On this, my dear cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. NAPOLEON."

LAMARTINE GOING INTO EXILE.

Poor Lamartine quits his patrimonial estate next week, and the property which he trusted in vain to public liberality to enable him to save will be sold under a judge's order. It is understood that, after taking farewell of his Paris friends, the ruined poet and politician, who bitterly feels the cold comfort to which he has been treated by his countrymen, will cross the Channel and reside henceforth in England.

RACHEL'S TOMB.

Galignani has the following: "The approach of the 2d of November, the day devoted by the Catholic religion to the memory of the dead, occasions great activity in the different cemeteries at Paris, in order to have the tombs in course of erection completed by that day. Among those which have been recently terminated is that of Mademoiselle Rachel, at Père-la-Chaise. It is on the right on entering the part of the ground appropriated to the Israelites. It is a small chapel in the Greek style, over the door of which the word 'Rachel' is carved, with two crowns and a diadem. There are also two corbeilles in stone, highly polished and filled with flowers. The tomb of Alfred de Musset has also been just finished. A marble bust of the deceased is placed on the monument and a weeping willow planted in front of it, while on the eastern side is engraved a verse from his works, in which he speaks of that tree, and expresses a wish to have one planted near his last resting-place. Workmen are also employed in constructing the mausoleum of the Queen of Oude."

DEATH OF A DWARF.

We read in *Galignani*: "A dwarf named Richebourg, who was only 60 centimetres (23½ inches) high, has just died in the Rue du Four St. Germain, aged ninety. He was, when young, in the service of the Duchess d'Orleans, mother of King Louis Philippe, with title of 'butler,' but he performed none of the duties of the office. After the first revolution broke out he was employed to convey dispatches abroad, and, for that purpose, was dressed as a baby, the dispatches being concealed in his cap, and a nurse being made to carry him. For the last twenty-five years he lived in the Rue du Four, and during all that time never went out. He had a great repugnance to strangers, and was alarmed when he heard the voice of one; but, in his own family, he was very lively and cheerful in his conversation. The Orleans family allowed him a pension of 3000 francs."

A CHINESE FEAST AT PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "A few days ago Prince Napoleon gave a grand dinner in his Pompeian palace to his political, literary, and artistic friends. The dinner was in keeping with the character of the house and with some of the guests as well, one of whom was a Chinese *savant*. Some of the dishes were Chinese, and part of the wine was from Siam. Among the dishes were swallows' nests, the greatest of Chinese delicacies, cooked in the Nankin mode; fins of a shark, fried; *olothuries à la mandarine; the interior of a sturgeon à l'octogénaire; aux rondelles de bambou; olothuries* in salad, with pheasant jelly; rice *des immortels*; fowl, with Japanese curry; spinach with *balichas*, a dish much esteemed at Rome under Augustus; rice in Chinese fashion; Indian curry, etc."

IS WALKER A FRENCHMAN?

He adds: "Let us enregister a strange report in regard to Walker, which has furnished gossip for a week to the Paris journals. In 1847, the last year of the reign of Louis Philippe, and a year famous for its scandals, political and social, a Monsieur G., an aid-de-camp of the Duke de Nemours, was caught in the act of cheating at cards in a distinguished circle at Chantilly, and was obliged in consequence to leave the country. It was said that he went to Mexico, and that he died in that country. But lately a girl, the daughter of a ship-captain, whom he had seduced, and who had followed him into exile, returned to Paris, and by some unexplained misunderstanding of the girl's history, it was announced that Walker, the famous Central American filibuster, was none other than the expatriated aid-de-camp of the Duke de Nemours. And all Paris believed this cream of *canards*!"

HOOPS DENOUNCED BY THE PRIESTHOOD.

A provincial synod of prelates was held six months ago at the obscure town of Periguex, in Perigord, presided over by Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux. The statutes were sent to Rome for approval, and have at last come back duly indorsed. One is against crinoline, and its publication has created a terrific uproar on the banks of the merry Garonne. Another anathema is launched against social clubs (*cercles*) of every kind. Neither of these two clerical attempts to interfere with what does not concern them has the slightest chance of being submitted to by the laity.

HORRIBLE DELUSION.

The proprietor of a house in the Square Napoleon, at Bellville, France, lately received a visit from one of his tenants, a woman of some fortune, aged about forty-five. She informed him that being in a great embarrassment she had come to implore his assistance. "I have," she said, "a dreadful secret to impart to you. I lately killed two of my children, and got rid of their bodies by cutting them up into small pieces and throwing the morsels at different times into the Seine or the canal. I always took the bits of flesh out in a small basket, and no person paid the slightest attention to what I did. But the heads and some of the bones remain, and I do not know how to get rid of them. I have therefore come to ask you, as you are a kind-hearted man, to aid me in causing them to disappear; or, if you do not like to do that, deliver me up to justice, for I am most miserable. I wish to be dead, but have not the courage to terminate my existence." The proprietor of the house then remembered that for several days he had not seen the children alluded to, and he naturally received a severe shock from his tenant's statement. Seeing that she had become greatly excited he persuaded her to return to her own apartment and remain quiet. He then considered it his duty to inform the Commissary of Police of what he had heard, and on that magistrate proceeding to the residence of the self-accused murderess, he found her apparently in expectation of seeing him. "I was sure you would come," she said. "Take me into custody; I make no resistance." She then gave minute details of the manner in which she had, she declared, put the children to death, and concluded by affirming that the heads would be found in a box in the next room. The magistrate went there but the box was empty. The commissary then made some inquiries, from which it resulted that the two children had been taken to the country some days before by their grandmother, and he soon arrived at the conclusion that the poor woman who had accused herself was affected with mental alienation, which led her to imagine herself a murderess. She has since been placed in a *maison de santé*.

PRUSSIA.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REGENT.

It really does seem as if the change of Government in Prussia is likely to be productive of a fairer and freer trial of the constitutional system in that country. With reference to the coming elections, Von Flottwell, the interim Minister of the Interior, has intimated to the whole of the functionaries in the department that they had better abstain altogether from presenting themselves as candidates, and leave the field open to private persons. Now, as these functionaries were the principal parties who tampered with the elections, the Prussian people will have a chance of getting a fair representation in the Landtag. According to advices from Berlin, Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen has been charged with the task of forming a new cabinet. The following members of the new Prussian ministry have been appointed: Prince Hohenzollern, President of the Council; M. Schleinitz, Foreign Affairs; M. Bathman Hollweg, Public Instructor; General Bomin, War. The rest of the Ministers are to be dismissed as soon as the arrangements for supplying their places are completed. The *Daily News* remarks that the Prince Regent of Prussia would manifestly have found it impossible to carry out a more liberal and progressive policy with the Manteuffel administration still in office. Their dismissal was inevitable.

A PRIME MINISTER GUILTY OF STEALING.

In Prussia the press appears to be under a surveillance nearly as degrading as that to which it is exposed in France. A story is current, now that the Manteuffel Ministry has fallen, which was hushed up two or three years ago in Berlin, respecting the abstraction of State papers of great consequence from the escritoirs of distinguished people in that capital, and which, had the press been free, would have astonished the world. The story connects Baron Manteuffel with letter-pilfering and the basest espionage, and the stolen dispatches are said to have been forwarded by Count Munster, at Paris, to the Foreign Office at Berlin. Among the papers was a diary which gave an account of the daily vacillations of the King's mood respecting the Eastern question. "A copy of a report on the conduct and language of the Prince of Prussia while engaged in the military inspection in Westphalia, had come into the Prince's own hands. This report had been prepared by a spy in the service of General Von Garlach. The Prince brought the whole transaction under the King's notice, and the very temporary disgrace of Garlach was the consequence of this discovery. Now that we have Herr Steittart's story before us, it appears that Manteuffel was actually and habitually cognizant of the abstraction of papers by these disgraceful means, and this miserable espionage formed part of his system." What a picture this is of the inner life of Royalty in Prussia!

PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM AT HOME.

We read in the *Builder*: "It will interest many of our readers to learn that the Princess Frederick William of Prussia sedulously cultivates her talents as an artist in her new home. The Princess makes practical use of her skill in drawing in the furnishing and decoration of her residence, and is having a studio fitted up in the new palace in Berlin. Her Royal Highness appears to be a great favorite, and many anecdotes are told to show her kindness. Shall we step out of our way to give one? At the last fair in Berlin, where every thing was to be bought that pleases young and old, there was one stall which was filled with things that are comforting and useful, such as felt shoes and slippers, worsted stockings, and woolen gloves. The Princess had been looking from the windows of the palace upon the various groups and knots of people in the fair, noting the harmony and contrasts of color with an artist's eye, when her attention was called to this stall, in which sat a lone woman to whom none went. The following day the same scene presented itself—the solitary figure and no customers. The Princess at last determined that there should be one customer, at any rate, and accordingly intimated that her pleasure was to walk. On reaching the bottom of the stairs she told the attendants that they could remain there while she advanced to the gate. Entering the stall, she asked the price of the contents; to which the woman replied that it would far exceed the purse of a young lady—it would amount to twenty-four thalers. The Princess had not twenty in her purse at the time, but the Prince luckily appeared in sight; four thalers were borrowed, and more old women than one made happy, for the contents of the stall were distributed as soon as bought. The story is told as characteristic of the kind heart of the English Princess."

DIVORCE IN PRUSSIA.

In Prussia clergymen frequently refuse to marry divorced persons, and these persons are consequently obliged to go into another state to be united. Recently a Prussian *gendarme* wanted to marry a divorced woman, and as the clergy of his native place refused to celebrate the ceremony he applied for leave of absence to go to Gotha to have it performed. In compliance, however, with the request of the clergy, his superiors refused leave. Thereupon the woman petitioned the Prince Regent, and his Royal Highness having caused inquiries to be made respecting her, from which it appeared that her divorce had not been caused by any fault of her own, ordered that a fortnight's leave should be given to him, and that it should be mentioned in the books that it was expressly accorded to enable him to marry.

GERMANY.

THE BLIND KING OF HANOVER.

The present King of Hanover is, as is well known, unfortunately blind. But the loss of the inestimable blessing of sight has, as is frequently the case, sharpened the other faculties to an extraordinary degree, and in the King it is especially manifest in the faculty of hearing. This sense is so acute that his Majesty is enabled, after listening attentively for a few moments to the performance of an orchestra, to say without hesitation the number of performers it contains; of course time being given for every instrument to be played in the overture or symphony selected as the experiment. The King, like most of the members of our royal family, is himself an accomplished musician

ITALY.

THE POPE'S DEFENSE IN THE MORTARA CASE.

The *Giornale Officiale di Roma* at length contains a note, in reply to the indignant outcry of the Press of Europe against the abduction of the boy Mortara. This tardy manifesto of the Papal Court, instead of containing elaborate arguments, fortified by documents and precedents to justify the act, is nothing but a *jejune* indorsement of the bigoted doctrines of the *Univers*. The following is the whole of it:

"The *Univers* of October 24 publishes a long and learned article, by Father Gueranger, in which, *apropos* of an event which has led to much noise on the part of the irreligious press, it is demonstrated that *naturalism* has taken possession of most minds. It shows that many Christians, having lost the true spirit of the church to which they belong, manifest, on the contrary, great anxiety, not for the sovereign domination of Christ, of whom they are members by baptism, but *for the authority of the natural family;* not for the rights of the church, but for *the Pagan prejudices of modern society*, and those ideas of personal liberty which seem to them a conquest to which every thing else is to be sacrificed. They consent to look upon faith and Christian practices only through the perverted medium of naturalist prejudices."

The *Gazzetta del Popolo* publishes a private letter giving an account of the journey of young Mortara from Bologna to Rome, from which it appears that his conversion to Christianity is not by any means so far advanced as was pretended some time ago by an ultramontane paper. It is stated that the poor child did nothing but cry all the way, and call for his father and mother. The sergeant, under whose charge he was, having endeavored to force a chaplet into his hands with a little cross at the end, the boy did all he could to reject it, crying that he wanted the name of God, such as it is worn by other Jewish children. The father, in one of the visits which he was allowed to pay his son, told him of the hopes he had that the Pope would relent and restore the boy to his parents, at which the boy expressed the greatest joy. The letter concludes with an account of the journey of the father and mother to Rome, of the indignities they were exposed to in endeavoring to obtain audiences, and of the calumnies which had been studiously spread among the populace regarding them, viz., that it was their intention to go and murder their own child! in consequence of which their lives were in danger in passing through the streets of Alatri, whither the boy had been conveyed.

THE BOY STANCH IN HIS CREED.

The *Mercantile Courier* of Genoa contains some details of the visit of the parents of Mortara to Altara, and which ended in their not seeing their child, and being ordered from the town because they had no passports. On their return to Rome the Secretary of State promised that they should see the child. The mother has given an account of this interview. She says he was evidently struggling between fear of the people with whom he lived and his love for his parents; "but the latter at length prevailed, and he declared that he would return home with us. I told him he was born a Jew, and that, like us, he ought to persist in his faith." "Dear mother," he answered, "I repeat the creed of the Jews every day."

TORTURE AT NAPLES.

A Naples letter of the 26th October says: "On the evening of the 25th September a young workman in the manufactory on the Irno was barbarously murdered. For ten days the author of it was unknown; still, as the deceased was a nephew of a native of Potenza, domiciled in Salerno, a police spy, this man threw suspicion on two or three young men, fellow-workmen of the murdered man. Those persons were arrested the day before yesterday *per misure di polizia*, and though the proofs of their innocence were clear, the commissary of police determined to extort from them a confession of guilt, and in order to do so exposed them to the following trial: They were consigned to the executioner and a first sergeant of gendarmerie, called Vigues, who, after binding their hands, made them go round the courts of the prison, giving them at every two paces a blow on the shoulders with a 'bull's nerve,' or leathern strap armed with nails, repeating at every blow, 'Confess, carrion, or thus you shall die!' After having been beaten for half an hour, morning and evening, they were left half dead till the following morning. This barbarous treatment was repeated for three days, including the present. Their relatives have entreated the Archbishop of the Jesuits, the parish priests, and many others, to put an end to this pitiless barbarity, but in vain. It is in such a way that 'investigations' are conducted in this unhappy country."

DROLL RELIGIOUS RITES AT GENOA.

A singular specimen of the character of the religion professed by the inhabitants of the neighborhood and also of the town of Genoa, notorious for their fanaticism, was offered a few days ago at Arenzano, near the "Superb City." A religious fête, the Cesacci, is celebrated in that place by processions, in which the male population indulge in trials of strength: the man who can carry the longest a gigantic wooden crucifix is rewarded by general esteem, and takes the place of honor in the drinking bout which follows the match. After all the money collected for the celebration of the fête has been consumed in drink the crucifix is sold to the highest bidder, and the libations recommence with fresh vigor. The enlightened portion of the clergy endeavored to put an end to this disgraceful custom, and the curé of the place announced his intention of devoting the funds collected for the celebration of this year's fête (eight hundred francs) to the restoration of the church steeple, which is sadly in want of repair. This decision provoked the indignation of the people, who dispatched a deputation to the Archbishop of Genoa, in order to have the reforming curé called to his senses. But the Archbishop and the authorities of Genoa pronounced themselves completely in favor of the curé, and dismissed the deputation. The latter, on its return, excited the population to disorder, and the offending curé was beaten severely in the church, when about to read mass. The deputation has been marched off to prison in consequence.

RUSSIA.

THE CZAR AND HIS NOBILITY.

The Emperor Alexander has addressed the nobility at Moscow, or rather the nobility of the whole empire, in grave and severe terms, on the apathy they have displayed in reference to the abolition of serfdom. A deputation of the nobility of Moscow having been introduced to the Czar, in the Kremlin, he said that it was impossible to thank them for their co-operation. They had neither been the first, nor the second, nor the third, to answer to his appeal. This had grieved him profoundly. The eyes of Russia were, he said, fixed on Moscow. He asked them to give him the opportunity of defending them. "I am," he said, "attached to the nobility; but I desire the general good." A letter from St. Petersburg says it is evident that the nobility silently oppose the wishes of the Emperor. The people of Russia have an unbounded confidence in the Czar. This alone prevents a terrible outbreak.

INDIA.

A MORTARA CASE AT MADRAS.

The Madras *Athenæum* contains a report of a remarkable case tried in the Supreme Court of Madras on the 24th of September. A respectable native, of the Chetty caste, had a son who was being educated at Patchappah's School, a native educational institution. The son appears to have attended school for upward of a year, when, in some way or other, he was led to the Scottish Mission, and there requested to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. One of the missionaries appointed an instructor, and the youth appears to have gone to the Mission premises for a period of about three months. The boy's father then went on business to Pulicat, and the boy took the opportunity of running away from home to the Mission premises. He was received by the missionaries, and lived at the Missions. When the father returned he made inquiries and found where his son was. He instantly went to the Mission and applied for the restoration of his child. He was told by one of the missionaries that his son was at perfect liberty to go away if he chose to do so; but the son, on being appealed to, refused to accompany his father. The latter then obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the case was argued. The question for the court to consider was, whether the youth was of an age to act for himself. The father and other members of the family swore that the boy was a little over thirteen. The son swore that he believed himself to be sixteen, because his mother (who is now dead) had told him that he was sixteen. The judges decided that the weight of evidence was that the boy was fourteen, and that the father was entitled to the custody of the child, observing that the court had nothing to do with the question of religion which was mixed up in the case. After the delivery of the judgment the father approached his son in a supplicating attitude, and with tears in his eyes asked him to come home. The boy remained firmly seated in his chair, and refused to move. Two officers of the court were ordered to assist the father in carrying off the refractory youth, who then declared that he feared ill-usage. The Chief Justice informed him that if he received any ill-treatment he might apply to the court for protection. The boy then quietly walked away with his father.

A PARSEE CLUB.

The Bombay *Times* has the following: "We understand that a club has been formed by several Parsee gentlemen—the head-quarters being a garden near the Gowalla Tank—with the view of affording their wives the privilege of mixing in the society of males. It is a *sine qua non* for each member of the club to be present with his wife. Before their evening meals the individuals composing the little interesting party, mixing promiscuously among themselves, take an airing along the garden walks, and probably fancy themselves strolling in the bowers of Elysium for the while. While at their meals, no scrupulous restraint crosses the gentle flow of witticisms and harmless repartees; and the members separate after an evening's rational amusement."

THE FALKLAND ISLES.

A MODEL COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

The Falkland Islands contain a population of only *twenty-seven*, men, women, and children, and yet the British Parliament lately passed the following salary appropriations to the officers of the colony: Governor, £800 per annum; magistrate, £400; chaplain, £400; surgeon, £400; surveyor-general, £300; first clerk and acting colonial secretary, £300; second clerk, £150; clerk to stipendary magistrate, £96; school-master, £32; magistrate's department, £192; total, £2836 a year. It is understood that all the salaries are pocketed by three or four persons.

ST. DOMINGO.

A DROLL STORY OF THE NEGRO EMPEROR.

The *Chronique Parisienne* contains the following facetious story: "The Emperor, Faustin I., who imitates France in all things, and has, like her, princes, marshals, dukes, counts, colleges, and universities, recently resolved to establish an academy of forty members, like the world-renowned French Academy. But it was not easy to select the forty, every inhabitant of the empire who could write his own name thinking himself qualified. So his Majesty decreed that 3000 of his subjects, who possessed the reputation of being the most lettered of all, should, on a given day, assemble at his palace and be subjected to a literary test. When they were collected he announced that the test was the writing of the word *citron*, and that those who made no error in the spelling should be members of the Academy. Pens, ink, and paper were brought; each of the 3000 people wrote the word, and the judges of the land and the bench of bishops were charged to examine the 3000 papers. They proclaimed that 39 only of the candidates had written the word correctly—that is, with a C, the remaining 2961 having used an S. 'Only thirty-nine!' cried the Emperor, 'and we want forty. Well, I will be the fortieth member myself.' 'Sire,' cried the judges, 'your Majesty will no doubt deign to submit to the test?' 'Of course,' exclaimed Faustin; and in a large, bold hand he wrote Xitron with an X. The judges looked puzzled for a moment, and then, after glancing at each other, proclaimed that his Majesty had passed triumphantly through the ordeal. The Emperor was thereupon proclaimed, amidst the enthusiasm of the assemblage, a member of the Academy. 'And I will be perpetual secretary, too,' added his Imperial Majesty, with pardonable vanity."

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF PRIESTLY DESPOTISM.

The following anecdote is from the *Herald* correspondence: "During religious processions nowadays it is not safe to stand up in the streets. Every one is expected to kneel down in the presence of the imageries that are carried at the heads of processions. The other day a procession was moving by one of our public houses, the doors of which were crowded with spectators, most of whom kneeled, but two remained standing, paying, as they thought, due respect to a ceremony they did not believe in, by taking off their hats. A priest at the head of the procession ordered them to kneel, with a vehemence that more became an enraged negro driver in ordering slaves than the Christian expostulation of an apostle of Jesus Christ. The standing gentlemen not falling down like vassels, the priest violently shook a massive golden cross to heaven, and after calling down anathemas upon their heads, in the name of Jesus Christ declared them excommunicated. This operation caused the whole procession to stop, and created a scandal before a multitude of people most disagreeable to the two gentlemen, whose modesty and good manners would have forced them even to kneel in a public street in presence of a religious procession, rather than to have been made the objects of so much disagreeable attention. This is the first time in many years that the priests have dared to go so far, and if this act be sanctioned by the government, as it must be, from the fact that now the clergy are the government, may we not be alarmed at their audacity, and justly fear that they are not idly talking when they speak of the restoration of the Inquisition?"

DARLING DORA M'ILVAINE.

THE rain fell softly on the grass,
Ah me! the summer rain;
I waited for the storm to pass,
The sun to shine again;
Ah me! the treacherous rain!
Will the sun e'er shine again?

While I stood beneath the shed,
Listening to each pattering drop,
Wondering when the clouds o'erhead
Would think it time to stop,
I saw her running down the lane,
Flying from the summer rain.

Saw who? Why, Dora M'Ilvaine:
Woe is me! that fatal day,
Watching in the summer rain
For the storm to pass away.
Years will glide too slowly by
Ere I lose that memory.

Darling Dora M'Ilvaine;
Seven minutes by the clock
Did I beg, and beg in vain,
For one single chestnut lock:
Dora, Dora, 'twas to me
All of an eternity!

I have seen some maidens fair
Skilled to win a trusting heart,
I have seen some chestnut hair
Braided with a wondrous art:
Chestnut hair and hazel eyes
Is not where the magic lies.

Never till that summer day,
As I watched the falling rain,
Had I seen that little fay,
Darling Dora M'Ilvaine;
Never since that summer rain
Heard of Dora M'Ilvaine.

Love is counted not by years,
Dora, Dora; well we know
Lovers' vows and lovers' tears
Are the things of long ago.
In those fast magnetic times
Dallying love is worst of crimes.

Twenty golden minutes fly
While she made my soul rejoice
With the laughter of her eye,
With the music of her voice;
Hazel eyes and teeth of pearl,
Dora was a pretty girl.

Dora was but sweet thirteen,
Half a woman, half a child,
Childlike grace and haughty mien,
Free and guarded, coy and wild;
Such a winsome woman fay
Never saw I till that day.

Dora! time and space has passed,
I shall never see them more;
When our lots in life were cast
We were placed on either shore.
Never shall we meet again.
Darling Dora M'Ilvaine!

A STREET IN NAPLES.

ONCE I was a boy in Naples. How I got there, I can hardly tell you. But being, at an age when most boys are cursing Cæsar and the Aunbeta Majora, thrown upon my own resources in Europe, and fairly provided with money, I drifted to Naples, as ships and rafters drift naturally to the fairest sand-beach in their vicinity. When I arrived in that magnificent city the Custom-house seized my trunks; a friend, ripe in official experience, warned me that a *scudo* was the solution of the problem: I gave it cheerfully (so one grudges money lent those who work hard for it), and took my first lesson in life à la *Napolitaine*. I pitched my tent on the Largo di Castello, within hearing of the grand music at the San Carlo, and within sight of the dear old bay.

It does not cost much to live at Naples. At one time when I was there—considered a good one, that I was but sixteen at the time, and had, for all means, the usual allowance of a Paris student, say $500 a year, with occasional presents at New Year and so forth—I had four full-grown men-servants and two horses. My major-domo was a Swiss, who received a dollar a day for his services; the others divided between them another dollar. Once or twice, meeting Americans there, I was ashamed of my equipage and suite, as unbecoming one so young and a student; but Guillaume, my major-domo, was not to be convinced. Monsieur might do as he liked. Monsieur might clean his boots if he wished, said the Swiss, little thinking that that operation was quite familiar to us as to most students. But if Monsieur wanted to see Naples, and not lose his time and his money, Monsieur must not interfere with his (Guillaume's) arrangements. The discussion invariably ended in my acquiescence in the *statu quo*, and on the day following I found my suite increased by a small boy or a flower-girl. Had I persisted, Guillaume would have impressed a regiment into my service.

Those were the days of Neapolitan tranquillity: before the régime of spies and *sbirri*, before the era of priestly despotism; before royal aristocracy culminated; before the outbreak of 1848. Naples was a pleasant place in those times. And many a happy day did I spend there, driving over the country from Virgil's tomb to *Baiæ*, from Sorrento to Pæstum, up to Caserta, round the bay, and away through the Solfatara into the depths of the cavern where dogs and men so often breathe their last breath.

Pleasantest of all haunts was the evening walk into the great streets—Chiaja, or Toledo, or del Porto—to watch the singular people of Naples come out of their daylight holes, and earn or spend their scanty livelihood. In an early number of this journal we described a street scene in Naples; the accompanying picture illustrates it well. In the words of one who knew the place by heart:

> "Every tinder under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; barbers plotting how letters for amorous swains; beggars mope counting clearly that all who do not give them a carlino will be served up hot in another world; big delicacy out of calderons, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, thinking little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjuror over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazzaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, carricoli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along as a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and bones could not be broken."

Not the least interesting of the Neapolitan street gentry are the singers. An eminent composer, who happens at present to be traveling through Italy, lentsinging stopped my way. In spite of the spell of the City of the Dead, in spite of impatience to break through the crowd of crippled, leprous, idiot-eyed beggars, who encircle one there with a hideous net—I could not choose but listen. Violent as the voice was, it was an alto of the best quality, which adolescence might change into a bass as weighty and sweet as Labloche's, were it not locked and strained at the gates of Pompeii. There was no elegance, no expression; and yet there was that "sun ecche" of time, accent, and motion, which betokens a happy southern, musical organization. Had it was—the music flowy—the occasion worse than impertinent; yet, with my head full of newer impressions, I have that square boy's song in my ears at the moment of writing—a day and a half after undergoing it."



STRADA DEL PO

T4FG2G:

A DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.

I THINK it's best, since the story I am to tell is like to be a long one, to work as close as I can to the facts. It is the longest case I ever was on, and one of the sharpest, and if I can remember to stick to my text, and not go cruising round from Dan to Jericho—or Beersheba, one of the two—I think I can make out a story that you won't get tired listening to. Some of my friends tell me a good parson was lost to the world when I turned policeman. Well, anyhow, here's a straight yarn

this time, if I know how to spin it, and I'll do my best, I promise you.

It happened in the winter of 185—a desperate cold winter, as perhaps you may remember—that there were so many burglaries down town, and so much complaint about the "inefficiency of the police"—that used to be the cry—that the Chief put some of us "specials" at work on regular night duty. There were several squads, five picked men in each, under the command of a sergeant, and our duties were to see that the patrolmen kept their beats, for one thing; but mainly to try to nab some party of burglars at work—catch enough to frighten and save him a sudden blow with something that *cut*; we could hear the ball *spat* into poor Kinner's body. I don't suppose you ever heard *that* sound. Well, in the rush that followed, the other prisoners struggled like good ’uns, but they couldn't get out of it; but Leon—that was the name of the man that gave the blow: Kinner said he knew him—he got off, running like a deer; and I after him. The storm was so furious, though, that I couldn't keep him in sight; and I couldn't track him, for the wind swept the pavement clean of snow. I beat the alarm as I went along, and hoped some patrolman would stop him; but after running a dozen



AT NAPLES.

on the rest. I tell *you*, it was cold work! I often thought that I should like to haul one of those old grumblers that was always complaining about the inefficiency of the police out of his bed, where he'd be all cuddled up under the blankets, and start him out on a beat in a northwester. Guess *he'd* step into a cellar, once in a while, for a hot "toll" *too*. It's such a deal easier to find fault, with the thermometer at "temperate," than to do patrol duty at "twenty degrees below."

Speaking of "hot toll," though, I'd rather have hot coffee any time—and that brings me back to the story, with a short turn, and "carve me right."

My party was out one night—a little, fine, tingling snow blowing like old Boreas himself—and we'd just been together into Mike's for some coffee —he kept near the top of Warren then—and we'd cossed him to keep open for us that night. We came out together, and was just a-going to scatter round a little, when, looking up street, I saw a gaslight stop flickering, and gradually go out. I knew that meant mischief, so I sent three men round the blocks into Chambers Street, to come out above and head off the rascals, and I and the rest of us sneaked up, quietly, right toward 'em. We met the patrolman on the way—the thieves had fol-

lowed him, and turned off the gas right behind his back—and we told him to follow us. We worked along slowly, to give the other men time to get round, and came smack upon the villains, all seven of us together, including the patrolman, just as they were about to enter a large silk-house—wholesale —on business. The fellows saw there was no use making a muss, at least, I mean they appeared to think so; but just as we were a-going to march them off, one of them gave a yell, and they all made a dash to get off. Only one got loose, however, and as the man that had him made a rush at him with his "billy," the villain turned on him,

and gave him a sudden blow with something that

blocks, without seeing a single patrolman, I concluded that it was useless to *try* that chase any further, in the teeth of a northeast snow-storm, and though I was sorry to give it up, I had to let him go. I went then right to the City Hall, and there I found the rest of my party; prisoners safe; but poor Kinner—they'd brought him in half-dead, with a horrid gash down his left cheek and neck! The blood was flowing—well, I'll skip that. He was attended to, of course.

Now you may bet that we were keund to catch the Leon—Louis Leon, he was called—a French rascal, a regular galley-bird; he'd lived and worked in London some time, and had been in this country a couple of years, and had always been lucky, never caught, though we knew well enough what he was for him. Kinner had spotted him once at the races, from a description. Now Kinner was a first-rate fellow, and we vowed we'd revenge him, swore we'd have Leon, dead or alive, before Kinner got well.

I won't take time to go into details; but we "turned up" every "crib" in town where we thought there was any chance of finding him, and spent two weeks, three of us, doing our best.

One morning we were sitting over the fire at the Hall, and Kinner, who was the senior, when one of the men says to the other,

"I say, John, you remember how them two fellows tried to get away with a rush that night when we were fetching 'em in? Well, one of 'em, just as they started, sung out to the other, '*Current wheat!*' or something that sounded like that. Did you hear it?"

"Yes," says John: "I remember hearing 'em say something in Dutch or French, but I didn't think any thing more of it, because I didn't understand what they meant. Sergeant [turning to me], you've been across the pond: did you ever hear any lingo that sounded like that?"

I'd been trying to think, from the moment I first heard them repeat the words. The "wheat" sounded French to me, and presently *knit* came into my head; and then the "current" changed into *guarante*.

"Listen, boys!" said I. "Was *t* any thing like this?" and I gave them "*gwat zele knit!*" quick and loud.

"*That's* it!" say they; "that's it, exactly! What does it mean?"

"Well," says I, "that's French for *forty-eight*; and, if it means any thing, it means that this is the number of some den where they were to meet if they got away."

Number 48 was tried pretty thoroughly for some days, but no luck. You see we didn't have to search 48 Fifth Avenue, nor 48 Madison Square; we knew what streets to look in. Well, after 48 was served out, all there was left of that guess was to turn it round and make 84 of it, and try that. We had *licit* sure, all along, that Leon was too "fly" to live at *any* common resort of "cracksmen." We should have to look for him in some quiet place—perhaps in a very respectable neighborhood. We had tried the 48 in many streets where you wouldn't think of looking for a thief. Well, the long and the short of it is, that at 84—call it Yellow Street; there may be respectable people living there now—we found a house that answered our purposes. Our way was to make inquiries of the right kind of people in the neighborhood—old women, for example—as to whether that house was to rent, who lived there, etc.; different questions, you know, to different folks, as the Yankee peddler said when he was asked what prices he got for his clocks: "Different prices," said he, "according as I feel feels." We found out, from these inquiries, that the parties that lived in that house—no one knew their business—went in and out at all times, day and night, but especially at night; that there was an old man and a young man and a woman living there, besides boarders or visitors.

It would take too long for me to tell how we made sure that Leon lived there. It is enough to say that a journey-man tailor (one of our men) hired a room across the way, and settled the matter in less than three days. We found out that Leon was at home one night, and three of us made them a visit. It was rather too bad to get into a burglar's house with skeleton keys, but we did; we got in, found Leon asleep with his woman, and the old man—the girl's father—in the next room. I turned my dark-lantern full in his face, and, says I,

"Wake up, my boy! Some friends come to see you!"

He turned over, wide awake in an instant, and he knew us. I can't give his words, for they were a strange mixture of French and English; but the amount of it was that his fate had come at last, and he might as well give up to it peaceably. The woman got up and sat on the bed crying; the old man was secured, and one of my men was searching the house while Leon dressed.

"Vill you 'ave some eau de vie?" said he; "some good brandy, mon ami?"

"No, I thank you," said I.

"Bien! but you will smoke the *cigar* vit me. I got you one tres bon cigar!" and he went to his clothes. Lucky for me that I stepped behind him. I was just in time to see him reach out his hand for a revolver that lay on the shelf, when I brought my "billy" down whack on his arm, just above the elbow, and broke it. What with his pain and the surprise, and his anger at having his pretty little plan spoiled, his face wasn't particularly amiable when he turned round on me. I asked him afterward if he intended to shoot me?

"Certainment, mon ami," said he; "of course I shoot you, to get away."

After this little affair we got our prisoners off to the station-house quietly enough, though the young woman wept some—and a surgeon was sent for to mend my rough work. The house was searched, with no results, except some jewelry that, I believe, was recognized by a lady up town; but on searching them every one found some documents that proved to be of considerable value.

If you please, I'll light a fresh cigar—not one of the Leon brand—and give you the rest of the story. If I'm not mistaken, the best of it is to come.

In the coller of Leon's coat we found two papers. One was a small piece, old and dirty, containing the address of a house or store, some kind of place, in a street in Philadelphia: I knew it was there, for I recognized the name of the street—I've lived there. It had been so long between the folds of the cloth that the perspiration had soaked into it.

The other paper was a letter, written on very thin paper—a half sheet—and was tucked in on the other side of the coller, opposite to the place where I found the address. This piece had evi-

dently been just sewed in. Here it is—see what you can make of it:

"3 — k1bh — m45 — h4 — r3bq — r4f — y2 — 1 — s44q — t4fg2 — q21x2f, ht2 — f3sth — y1b. = 3 — k1bh — 1 — e13f, & — 1 — x21q2f, h4 — y1w2 — 1 — h21y — 4r — *htf22.* = H4 — qf3j2 — 3b — *5rgh2f P45bhm.* = 3 — gt1xx — n2 — 3b — h4kb — 3b — htf22 — k22wg. = Kf3h2 — h4 — y2 — kt2f2 — h4 — y22h — t3y.

"1qqf2gg — T2bfm — X1b32f, X1bg3bsn5fst."

It *is* all Greek to you, I presume; but it is easy enough to make it out if you go to work in the right way. Now such puzzles always please me. If I had thought that the letter contained nothing worth knowing I should have tried to understand it, just for the fun of it. As it was, for both reasons I went to work, and could read it all in about two hours.

It isn't any thing to boast of, though; for the cipher is perfectly simple. It didn't take an extra smart head to plan *that* out. I've *seen* puzzlers, though—some that took all my spare time for weeks.

You think it doesn't look easy? Why, just look here: See the number of *figures* there are, and notice, too, that 5 is the highest. Now there isn't a word, even the shortest, but what has a figure in it; some more than one. And now tell me what five different letters there are in the alphabet, one of which *must* be in every syllable. "The *vowels*," of course. And so you see what a *start* we have: a—1, e—2, i—3, o—4, u—5; and one or more of these in *every word*.

If you like I'll give you an idea of how I went on. It won't take long to show you how to begin; and the farther you get the easier it grows.

Printers say that *e* is the commonest letter in the language. Now look through and see how many 2's there are. Don't that help prove that my first guess about the vowels was a good one?

Now, in the next place, *the* is the commonest *word* in the language, and we have learned the last letter of it—it's a "2." So let's see if we can find any word of three characters ending in 2.

There's only one, and that's in the second line—"ht2." Strange, rather, that there's no more; but business men often leave out short words. This is a "the," we may be sure; for no one could well write a letter without at least *one* "the;" and as this is the only combination of the kind, and as it ends in e (2), why, this *must* be "the." So *h* stands for *t*, and *t* for *h*: at least, this is a fair guess, and we can prove it by substitution.

Now *th* is a common combination at the beginning and end of words. Let's see if we can find an *ht* any where. The first one we come to is "htf22." Now substitute, and leave out the *f*, and we have *th.ee*; and you can't *help* putting an *r* in the vacancy, and making *three* of it. So we learn that *f* stands for *r*.

Very well. Now we have a, e, i, o, u, t, h, and r; and we can use these to find more. Let's look for a word with one or more of these in it.

There's one in the second line, "f3sth," in which the *s* is the only one we don't know. Substituting, and leaving out *s*, we have ri.ht. Isn't this *right*, plain enough? And so *s* stands for *g*.

One link more in the chain! Read along till you come to "s44q," which equals *goo.*, or, fuller, *good*. Easy, you see. Well, since *q* stands for *d*, that's an important gain, for there are a great many d's in words. You can find plenty of them in this letter.

Now, besides the vowels, we have the letters which stand for t, h, r, g, and d. With these you can go on, and make out the rest without any trouble.

The letter amounts to this: Henry Lanier, of Lansingburg, wants Leon to find for him "the right man," of whom to buy a *pair* of matched horses, and a leader, so that he can make a team of *three*. He wants them to use in *Ulster County*. Lastly, he says he is coming to New York in three weeks, and asks Leon to write to him, appointing a meeting somewhere with the horse-dealer.

Perhaps you think that I didn't get paid for my trouble, deciphering this letter. Well, you may think differently, after you have heard me through.

Mr. Lanier, to whose remarkable ingenuity we owe this doubly mysterious letter, thought himself *very* smart, undoubtedly; he didn't imagine that any one, even with the letter deciphered, could understand *his* game. But he betrays himself, in this way: The words "pair," "three," and "Ulster County" are underscored in the original; but of what use to emphasize them? Why not say that he wanted to buy three good horses; and, especially, of what possible use can it be to add that the horses are to be used in *Ulster County*? Moreover, why write an ordinary business letter about buying horses in *cipher*?

The mystery of all this is more easily understood by me than it would be by you; for I happen to know, as do the police generally, and many outside of the police, that "horses" is the "flash" term for *counterfeit bills*. So then, my translation of the strange letter is, that Mr. Henry Lanier, of Lansingburg—a noted resort of counterfeiters by-the-way—wants to meet a party in New York who will get up for him the plates from which to print counterfeits on the Ulster County Bank, and I suspect, from his emphasis of "pair" and "three," that he wants the denominations of 2's and 3's.

Now it is desirable that this horse-trade be interfered with. We can easily prevent the success of this particular plan; but this is not enough. We want to catch Lanier and his gang—for there are always several of them working together; and we want, besides and particularly, to catch them in such a way that we can *prove* them counterfeiters, and place them where they can do no more injury to the public.

My plan to accomplish this—a plan which was approved by the authorities—was to induce Leon to reply to Lanier, informing him that "the right man" would meet him at a place named, and would deal with him personally, "no third parties or go-betweens," on this business. I proposed to personate one of the "horse-dealing" fraternity; to work for him in procuring plates, and to lead him just far enough to make him indictable and convictable as a maker of counterfeit money; and *then* to nab him and as many more as I could entangle with him.

You doubt the *fairness* of the plan. Well, it *is* a debatable question; but you remember the "bogus baby case"—Mrs. Cunningham's "blessed baby"—which was managed by the District Attorney; that is *authority* for this kind of cheating.

My plan was a good one, though I say it; but would Leon help me in the first step, namely, writing to Lanier to come and meet "the right man?" He might and he mightn't; probably the latter. However, I could only try him, and I did. By this time he had taken rooms at the Egyptian Hotel, commonly called "the Tombs," and there I made him a visit. He seemed glad to see me, and talked as kindly with me as if I had not been the cause of his carrying his right arm in a sling.

"I'm sorry I had to do it," said I.

"It is all right," he replied; "if you not break the arm, I shoot you, *sure!*"

After an exchange of compliments, he praising my pluckiness in arresting him, and I, in return, doing justice to his acknowledged character as being the most successful of "cracksmen," I told him of my having read the letter, and hinted at having Lanier & Co. more completely in my power than was true. I advised him to shorten his own term of imprisonment by acting as our decoy-duck in bringing the counterfeiters into our hands.

"Now," said I, "*you're* 'foul,' and nothing but 'squeaking' on them can prevent your having the extreme penalty of the law. You're sure of being convicted on both counts, the burglary and the assault with intent to kill, and together they will send you up (to Sing Sing) for a century or so; and besides, we've got the Lansingburg gang 'foul,' *too*; we've surrounded them completely. Now, it will give us some trouble to get them, but if you will help us, it will *save* us trouble, and, in return, we'll do all we can to shorten your time."

His black eyes glistened as he looked up in reply:

"I have my character! I *never* 'squeak!' You catch Lanier how you please. *Moi*, I hold my *honneur!*"

It was a capital illustration of "honor among thieves." I couldn't but admire his principles; and I couldn't stir him, not an inch. Arguments, inducements, promises, were all thrown away, and I left him a little disheartened. Leon had made up his mind to endure his imprisonment to the uttermost minute, and would have staid in prison for the remainder of his life rather than expose his friends.

Well, I went home and considered. I smoked a bunch of cigars over my considerations, and they seemed like to *end* in smoke, when, on feeling in my vest pocket for a match—I am careless enough to carry them there—I pulled out a little dirty scrap of paper, which, on being opened, proved to be *that address*—one of the papers I found in Leon's coat collar. I had forgotten it entirely; but here it was, and I brightened up at once with an indefinite assurance that this would help me somehow. The more I looked at it the more I feared that its evident age would make it worthless; and yet I knew I should not rest satisfied till I had turned over this stone, and made the most of what might be under it.

So down to Philadelphia by next train: find the place—French milliners: go to a Philadelphia detective, an old friend, and inquire about them: he says they haven't been "spotted:" I tell him of my job, and what I want: my plan, to enter their store without their knowledge, if possible, and see what there is to be seen: he agrees to help: watch the place: on Sunday, when they are gone to mass—store locked—we get in by back-door: examine thoroughly: find, in a box in the cellar, silks, ribbons, laces that my friend pronounces stolen, the description of just such goods having been left with the police: he is *positive* that these are stolen: overhaul their writing-desk—lock a simple one—secret drawer, of course: find *letters from Leon*, addressed to *his* "*dear sisters:*" that's enough: have got the sisters under my thumb, and a new hold on Leon: my friend promises to keep mum for a while: I take the ambrotypes of the milliners, which I find on their table, and one of the letters; and—back to New York next morning.

Now I repeat my visit to Leon.

"My good friend," I say, "do you recognize these pictures, these letters?"

"*Mon Dieu! mes sœurs!* How you get these? What have they done? *Sacré nom de Dieu!* What is all this? *Tell* me, my friend!"

This was just what I wanted.

"Well, Leon," said I, "you see that your good luck has left you. I've 'got you foul,' every way. I've been through your sisters' place in Philadelphia, and have got *them* under my thumb. Their fate depends on you. Now let's make a bargain. You serve me, and I'll serve you. Will you talk?"

"Yes; it is easy to talk."

"Well, in the first place, you don't want your sisters tried and sentenced as receivers of stolen goods—"

"No! *Mon Dieu!* My *sisters!* It is all that I have in the world!"

"Well," said I; and then I went on and told him the whole story, from finding the address in his collar to searching his sisters' premises.

"D—n it!" says he, "I had been lucky so long that I had grown careless. I had forgotten that the address was left there."

"Now," said I, "you see that I have them in such a way that I can hold them or let them go. Which shall I do?"

He said nothing for a few minutes; then,

"I agree!" says he. "You give me your word not to do harm to my sisters, and I give you Lanier."

"Very well," said I; and we shook hands over the bargain. As he was rather particular, I went so far as to kiss the Book with him.

And now, by your leave, I will try to bring my story to an end.

Leon's letter to Lanier was written on a scrap of paper—the fly-leaf of a book—in pencil, and amounted to this, as near as I can remember:

"*Tombs.* I'm caught at last; but did your errand before I got nabbed. On the 13th, at eight in the evening, corner of Broadway and Canal, lower, west, 'the right man' will wait for you: short man, light, drab hat with a weed, dark clothes, spotted cravat: sign—you say 'Montreal'—he, 'Canada.' He is A 1 on horses. This is mailed by a sure hand. Good luck. Can't write more.

"L. L."

This was written in cipher, like the other. Leon assured me that Lanier did not know his handwriting, and that the cipher would convince him that the letter was all right. I felt rather scary about sending it, fearing that Lanier had read the newspaper report of Leon's arrest, and would be doubtful of my letter's genuineness, and so keep away; but I concluded to send it. Lanier proved to be just the man I judged him to be from his making use of such a simple cipher for his correspondence; he had that second-rate cunning which is always planning and scheming, and paid such particular attention to little things as to overlook, entirely, the grand points of a risk.

I was at the corner of Broadway and Canal at the time, dressed, of course, for my part in the play; and at eight, precisely, a little bit of a fellow came out of the drug-store, and ran up to me.

"Hullo! Charley," says he, "when did you leave *Montreal?*"

"How are you?" says I; "glad to see you. I left Montreal three weeks ago, but I've been traveling some time since then in *Canada* West."

Well, the result of our conversation—and we had a long one, at a private room in an eating-house—was, that I should get him two plates—2's and 3's, on the Ulster County Bank—he to meet me every few weeks, to see if the engraving suited him, and to pay the current expenses. I was a journeyman in an engraving office, and could get up just the nicest kind of plates. Of course I didn't forget to speak of Leon, and to congratulate Lanier that our matter had been settled before he was caught. I needn't go into particulars; but I flatter myself that I left nothing undone.

And now began the work. I tried at various engravers to find the necessary "rollers"—I don't know as you understand the process of bank-note engraving; if you don't, it's really too late now to go through all that—and, as I expected, the most desirable rollers were in the hands of the most honest engravers. I had to prove to them who I was before I could get what I wanted, but when they understood what lay I was on, they were very glad to help me. I got just the patterns I wanted and a good man to work for me. At the end of three weeks I met Lanier again and showed him my progress, and he paid me down the first installment of the necessary funds. So it went on, slowly, for nearly three months—note engraving is slow work—Lanier more and more pleased as the job went on. Another man came with him, sometimes, and I was introduced to a third who lived in the city, and I found out all sorts of news, a little at a time, news that I made good use of afterward. Finally, the plates were completed, and I got about six thousand dollars' worth struck off to be ready for a last meeting when our little arrangement was to terminate, and I was to give up the plates and the six thousand, and receive my pay in full. The meeting was to be at the rooms of Green, Lanier's city friend. He had rooms in a lodging-house in Frankfort Street. I had been told that I might meet some ladies—which I didn't like at all, but couldn't well object to—and true enough I found two there, Green's wife and Lanier's mistress. Quite a nice little party we made, Green, Lanier, and Farley—who came with Lanier from Lansingburg, and myself and the two ladies. Four gentlemen who had not been invited were waiting outside to come in—four good fellows, all ready for my signal. Well, as soon as I had passed over the plates and bills, and got my pay, we sat down to supper, and a jolly one it was. As it was to be the last my friends would have in some time as good I let them enjoy it, and I was the more willing since the mixture of brandy and roast duck, and Champagne, and oysters, and claret, and brandy again, and so on, was making my men an easier prey. It was a very miscellaneous kind of a supper, in dishes, glasses, and manners. The women got as merry as a fiddler's elbow; Mrs. Green even admitted to me, very confidentially, that she really didn't know whether she was "afoot or a-horseback." It was a wild kind of a time, I tell you.

But what a change came over the spirit of that dream when I quietly unlocked the door and in walked my waiting friends! I won't attempt to describe the scene. You may imagine men red with liquor turning pale with fright, dropping their glasses and staggering to their feet, eyes staring, jaws dropped, almost stupefied with terror: women clutching hold of the men and shrieking: and then, oaths and blows and bottles flying—I got this cut over my eye in that scrimmage—and a general row-de-dow. But it was soon over; we were too many for them; and in less than half an hour we had them all under lock and key.

All there is left to tell now, is, that those three men, and one more that I caught up to Lansingburg, are now at Sing Sing. Leon's there too.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was eight o'clock of an evening toward the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westering rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydeview Villa, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. The children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or "Miller," as Mrs. Black—since she had been rising in the world—called her children's nurse, had heard them lisp their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs. Black did not like to do this office for her children herself.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound she hastened from the house, and, striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was any thing but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr. Milton that when Eve saw Adam she slackened her pace; and we have all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

"You're late, Jeanie," was the greeting of her lover.

"I came as soon as I could," she replied; and, arm in arm, they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr. Black came in his wife roused herself; and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: "Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out I will consider it proper to question her."

"Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?"

"Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love affair."

"And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work."

"That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?"

"Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take!"

"Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off."

"I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery."

"If she *is* going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert."

"Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful."

"She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need for overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking!"

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydeview Villa to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open, honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: "I am happy—very happy; I have every thing to make me so." Now it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: "I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?" He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But "over all there hung the shadow of a fear." A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fullness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: "They cost me nothing. Mrs.

Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit George's."

"That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that."

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country it was Jessie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste, he was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overseeing propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade herself that it was far better than if he had gone in opposite directions.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such!—who are unreasonable to the last much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried jesting on the subject, and her own heart grew miserable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money—she was afraid to ask.

Then you see poor Jessie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George feared this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to his taste than home, generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, at quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbors began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterward of a friend in a letter, "I almost felt the fire burn, and thought o' trying the flyting; but thankfu' was I that I bridled, for I had nothing to reproach myself wi' after."

It was one morning, when he had come child, a girl, was about six months old, that George, not as usual to his work, no look go action, not the slightest, showed that he contemplated doing so, but other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried "Father!" to him. But he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not in fact—not as hope it did not, for it was sent in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was on the road, and could not speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, grasping the child's hand in hers, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile to them every time she passed. Then, next to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A meal which any husband in Georgy did not come; half pass, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another hour, but he did not have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old comfortable picture of a wife Villa ever again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a happy and contented one presented; but any one who had known Jessie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the brightness of youth had passed from her features, and its light however from her eyes. Her countenance had a pale under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, but not with any sense of passion for saving, and his rapidly-developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say? What could be done to prevent the recurrence of these terrible vices, before his very being was arrested over powered by the fatal habit?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept the unconsciousness of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The solitary woman sat down beside the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of any passer-by to the window. Toward the on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden to the fields beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day had scarcely departed to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the village, which was composed of only a few steps, echoing on the loosen road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Toward the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the comrades sounded its relief from the neighboring fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and lullily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of darkness over his land. Then Jessie, who had curled up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to their labor. Jessie knew that still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth. In an instant conjecture was lost in the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momently she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, and ate some of it as she had been seeking, for she grudged every sound that interrupted with the listening watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr. Brown heard her question he looked surprised.

"Mrs. Armour," he said, "your husband left my employment yesterday morning; he drew all his money which was in my hands, and, as I understood, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—"he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to £19 16s. 6d."

Jessie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, turned homeward. Where could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly sixpence. She went to a neighbor, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. That's it. She, in her poverty, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than twenty miles, a coach coming up, she paid it, 6d., and made the rest of her journey on foot—Edinburgh.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a former master, with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly manner encouraged her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—Georgy was a "foreigner"—and to him she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

Mrs. Armour, how's a' wi' ye? an' how's the gudeman? I'm glad to see ye, woman."

This greeting was kindly meant, and, as requested a private word with Mr. Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

"Ye dinna ken where he's round—But it's no possible."

That's what I think, Mr. Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?"

"That's what we mun try an' find out. I'll just step across to Leith, an' see if they ken aught o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he will be there as anywhere."

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs. Armour up stairs, and put her under the care of his wife, who, as she was a small easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances—and who was also a relief to have taken a decided step toward solving the mystery; and the kindliness of Mrs. Boyd was very soothing, while she put on her out-door garment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr. Boyd left, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. He looked grave, but not sad, as he would every where but into Jessie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

"Now, Mrs. Armour," he began, "I open up your heart; we've a' our trials; an' after a', it's no so bad as it might be. Ye'll do fine your family as yet; ye'll no want friends."

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: "Did you see him? For why can't you tell it? Is he dead?"

"No; he sailed this morning for America."

All color went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: "Left me—left us! Oh, my God, my God! what will I do?" As for Mr. Boyd, he went down stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

If things could be seen in their true light, the poor have always the best of it, and so in the end it is supposed. Next day Mrs. Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—not much, but sufficient—in her purse—sufficient for her immediate wants.

There were many circumstances residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they were kind, charitable, unostentatious; both lived in cosy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, amongst whom she was supreme; sat at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been loved, had loved, and won. She was a married house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list which contained the names of vessels leaving and arriving.

The former had "gone through" a good deal; had struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way we look at it whether a love unrequited is not a better than never to have loved at all. Hers had not been altogether a bed of roses, which it once and forever hallows all it touches.

Well, very soon—for had news travels fast—these ladies heard of Jessie's unhappy circumstance, and met to lay their heads together as to what was to be done to help a woman in her position. To the dignitaries against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being worthy of what to be. Then the former she had never seen the man to whom she could intrust a daughter, and the latter declared that all the men were so ready to be deceived, poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the fair speeches that were made to them.

After some discussion, it was agreed because to the conclusion of offering their young relative a home—which, in addition to saving her from sitting she might do for herself would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Mrs. Armour, and explain to her the position she was in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on her to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as a very liberal one.

"Jessie," said she, "we will give you twenty pounds a year, and will promise never to have any thing more to do with George Armour."

At first, Jessie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very multitudinous green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in the light of her own innocence, had given her discrimination, without a word or a sign, brought about to strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Black went home to rejoice Miss Ragle with the account that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jessie could not unsee herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

In her school was a little village, flanked through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office-ways; even its nurse and its ball, in a way that might have made the place interesting, had it been less in existence, blank for its deliberation.

The moment it was more than rumored that Mr. Armour was great, but it fructified in a way which would have the blossom must have encountered front in the setting. In a day or two people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs. Armour found herself left to a wonderful village quiet twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty, and in the course of a month found her furniture removed and herself established as a village schoolmistress.

The "branches" which Mrs. Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework. Her school was well attended; children liked to go to her, and had a "way" with them. Indeed, every one had a kindliness for her in their petty schoolmaster, who rather thought that she pushed out his interest. Her own child, a little boy, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and mutter.

As by perpetual attrition water wears the rock, and as the gradually accumulative action of the tiniest cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, dry up the tears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build over hope, even over the most crushed and mangled a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs. Armour was not her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy, and her little school, and little annuity answered remarkably well: but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she learn. All that hope would let awake, wondering over what he could to doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think that he was comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and then, when the latter impression an expes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the usual light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often found herself looking out for him at the school-her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions after the years passed on, and no clew came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his disappearance.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had settled in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had prospered in a modest but comfortable way, and resided on that, during his travels in America, he had met a fellow-countryman, and hearing the name of George Armour. They had traveled the same route for two days, and were passing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two were drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the merchant Jessie's ears else immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it. Her own circumstances and domestic arrangements were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had known more than a general acquaintance in the drowned men, he could not give so happy gratification as he could have wished. He also left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She was a widow indeed, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if she had seen the body laid in the grave. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, grieved for the death of a lost man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a drawback on his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her self-denial he said to have done for his making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it let her rest at rest. Any one who had ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without reproach or blame; but the neglected and deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ROME, IMPORTANT WORKS, *November*, 1858.

VERYTHING has been lately very much frequented by our people—a collection of some of the most charming of these now in Europe, as you will believe, is that of the Misses Hosmer, consisting of the warm-hearted wife and the daughters of our Minister to Paris, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Kennedy, formerly the Secretary of the Navy. I may not name more private individuals; but there were N——d's, and I——s's, and E——'s, to complete the society by the functions of hospitality and refined social intercourse. These had the best houses in the place, and seemed to enjoy thoroughly bathing, riding, and driving all the day, and meeting in each other's salons in the evening for music, dancing, and tea. To us an American was an introduction to this pleasant party,—and I not enjoy being with them? None but a habitual exile can understand how much the enjoyment of the burning familiar names and expressions; of meeting some one who has valued your *fathers*, or who knows others of your race—has touched though almost. I owe, too, I was not indifferent to other pleasures of very interesting nature, conferred on me. I acknowledge to a longing "for the delights of Capua," even amidst the refinements of Parisian cookery; and I must say the deviled crabs and spicy shavers of this summer at Venice, and the delicious fish and game, the nothing of seeing tea fit fowls or ducks lying side by side in the dishes—the extravagances unknown in these lands, but pleasant, nevertheless, to those who have been appetites and have good cheer.

Rome has been very full this season. The new aristocratic of English watering-places. The latter for the last few years, with a few weeks of the yachting season; but here they are established long-er, and is kept up by the circumstance of many of the "old families of Rome" having beautiful villas and cottage ornées, in which they receive visitors and give fêtes. A few days since I was on the pier, which is here the fashionable drive, when I observed Sir A——C——d looking, with evident curiosity, at the approaching boat from Civitavecchia, and then scanning its passengers with an air of eagerness and then disappointment. Then saw approaching the special steamer of the Admiral in command at Portsmouth, Sir George Seymour. Her flag was flying, which is the sign of passengers was on board; and soon it was said, "It is Lord Palmerston," which proved true. I rushed with others to see him disembark, and wished to see how vigorous is still his frame and how erect his gait. He came down with Lady Cowper, to spend two days with his dear friend and old college chum, Sir A. C——d. I have such an admiration of the man that it was a pleasure to see him alive so closely on his walk up the long pier, and to examine how fine a specimen he is of the hardy brow keen eyes, and saturnine but pleasant mouth. I had seen him in other days; but as we can none of us, live forever, I felt I should have no such another opportunity of looking at the Lion of England, the head and sagacious director of its processes and its rights. One of the evenings of his stay here was given to a soirée by which the graceful hospitality of the host gratified the English and sojourners in Rome, but which I missed by being on a visit to a friend's villa, and I was sorry to miss without its fruit in materials for this letter, since, on Sunday, in the Roman Catholic chapel, at Cowes, I had an opportunity of hearing the Cardinal Wiseman preach. The party I went with were Catholics, and were with the greatest regularity of *convents*, and I was placed just in front of the altar (from which a Cardinal always preaches). His name in that position so well known to the Church, and with which pictures will have made you familiar, by his ruddy face, more than that is usual, complexity; not so fresh, but as wise, redeeming the time, let reasons the days are evil." I was delighted with an hour, and was delivered with a warmth of manner not without its charm. But I ought in vain for any thing like fervor or declaration or even valuable inference. It was a pomp of words, vague and unsatisfactory, which, at times, some graceful imagery, or nothing for the mind to carry away or retain. The Cardinal is accused of being addicted to the pleasures of the table, and that during, perhaps must require a considerable supply of food. The brow is not intellectual; but there is a sensuality in the expression of the mouth and the lower part of the face which takes away the effect of this, and renders the combination altogether unpleasant. I was at Rome, eight years ago, when he received the Cardinal's hat, and was present when, by through his secretary, to the two nuncios which it is customary to give on these occasions—one a year or two before, the other at the time of his investment. The beautiful and lamented Princess Maria presided upon both of these occasions, and first evening adorned with all the ancestral diamonds; the second, all the pearls of the princely Borghese, which, for centuries, have been exclusive to her. I remember, as the first of these occasions, being told, before any one appeared, by the Cardinal's secretary, that the Pope had the intention of warning him "Archbishop of Westminster," a title which, as being that of a Protestant Englishman, turned pale with emotion at what he considered this insulting assumption and assertion. Mr. Hallam, the historian, was present, and—went up to him to confer with him on the subject. Mr. H. pronounced it "impossible;" but it was true, nevertheless, and almost the very first thing the Cardinal did after he had announced his name. The Pope was deceived by the representations of the prelates who were directly gratified by the event. Do not think it is only as a pendant to my picture of the Cardinal that I refer to you that we have had on the island Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher. I did not see or hear him; but a gentleman who did both described him to me as a greasy-looking little man, with lank hair and fat fingers; intensely vulgar, but eloquent and powerful, with all that influence over his hearers which is derived from earnest conviction on the part of the speaker and congregation. Perhaps my letter is already too long. The next will probably reach you from Paris. Ever.

A STORY OF FAUNTLEROY THE FORGER.

WHAT I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account. My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking firm of Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly-respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself, in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the intimation with a kind appearance of interest; and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep on my legs at starting; and that, if he found I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that; and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty and generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the first difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to my connection, and so forth, I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy, telling me to call on him, at the banking-house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion; and on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright and gay and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted every body. The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking-house, I can tell you!

"Well, young Trowbridge," says he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, "so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet? No? Just on the point of beginning—eh? Very good. You will have your difficulties, my friend—and I mean to smooth one of them away for you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear.—Bank with us."

"You are very kind, Sir," I answered, "and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion—if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid I am afraid I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than three hundred pounds of surplus cash in the world, after paying what I must pay, before I set up my office. And I should be ashamed to trouble your house, Sir, to open an account for such a trifle as that."

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Fauntleroy. *Are you* a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you like. Stop! I haven't done yet. When you open the account speak to the head cashier. Perhaps you may find he has got something to tell you. There! there! go away—don't interrupt me—good-by—God bless you!"

That was his way—Ah, poor fellow! that was his way!

I went to the head cashier the next morning, when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My checks, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr. Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily; being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me, when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first-rate transaction, which would give me profit and position and every thing I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security beforehand for a very large amount.

In this emergency I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heaps of papers about him, and the same hearty, easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon, with some little hesitation and nervousness; for I was afraid he might think that I was taking an unfair advantage of his former kindness to me. When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines on it, in his rapid way, handed the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking-house for the whole amount, and for more, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then; and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime, the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all. But I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on to the later time, and to the terrible discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating. During this interval—thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset—my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good large offices and a respectable staff of clerks; and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock, on a certain Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written, all the people who had appointments with me had been received—I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going home, when one of my clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very important business.

"Did he mention his name?" I inquired.

"No, Sir."

"Did you not ask him for it?"

"Yes, Sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was."

"Does he look like a begging-letter writer?"

"He looks a little shabby, Sir; but he doesn't talk at all like a begging-letter writer. He spoke sharp and decided, Sir—and said that it was in your interests that he came, and that you would deeply regret it afterward if you refused to see him."

"He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then."

He was shown in immediately. A middling-sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome-looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner; dressed in a style of shabby smartness; eying me with a bold look; and not so overburdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in. I had never seen him before in my life; and I could not form the slightest conjecture from his appearance to guide me toward guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fixing his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradations of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

"Is your name Trowbridge?" he began.

"Yes," I answered, dryly enough.

"Do you bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Answer my question, and you will know!"

"Very well, I *do* bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham—and what then?"

"Draw out every farthing of balance you have got before the bank closes at five to-day."

I stared at him in speechless amazement. The words, for the instant, absolutely petrified me.

"Stare as much as you like," he proceeded, coolly; "I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you, again; and look sharp about it."

"Draw out my money!" I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. "Are you in your right senses? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first houses in the world? What do you mean—you, who are a total stranger to me—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?"

"I have explained myself. Act on my advice, or not, just as you like. It don't matter to me. I have done what I promised; and there's an end of it."

He turned to the door. The minute-hand of the clock was getting on from the twenty minutes to the quarter.

"Done what you promised?" I repeated, getting up to stop him.

"Yes," he said, with his hand on the lock. "I have given my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good-afternoon."

He was gone before I could speak again. I tried to call after him, but my lips had suddenly got dry, and the words seemed to stick on them. I could not imagine why, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute-hand was on the quarter. My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had had time to think I am perfectly certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manners of the stranger—the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank toward which his words pointed—the chance that some underhand attempt was being made by some enemy of mine to frighten me into imbroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which he was associated as partner—all these considerations would unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have found time for reflection; and as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on that memorable day.

As it was I had just time enough to act, and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made at the beginning of the week had so far decreased my balance that the sum to my credit in the banking-book barely reached fifteen hundred pounds. I snatched up my check-book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and ordered one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed. What impulse urged me on, except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment, I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the influence of the vague, inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had aroused in me, without stopping to analyze my own sensations—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door the clerk had started for the bank; and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover my control over myself until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank-notes, and had locked them up in the safe, my better sense seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before or since as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honor and the credit of his house—and that on the word of an absolute stranger—of a vagabond, if ever there was one yet! It was madness, downright madness, in any man to have acted as I had done. I could not account for my own inconceivably thoughtless proceeding. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe and looked at the bank-notes again. I locked it once more, and flung the key down on the table in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly—telling me in the plainest terms that I had risked depriving myself of my best and kindest friend henceforth and forever.

It was necessary to do something at once toward making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that as soon as I began to cool down a little. There was but one plain, straightforward way left now out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and, without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door and asked for him I was told that he had not been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room. I sent in my name at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other; and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarrassing and humiliating on my side. Still I could not go home. I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview, I should have been far more uneasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief, the bank-porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in. What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them is more than I can tell now. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was talking about at the time. The one circumstance which I remember clearly is, that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man; and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balance by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for any thing I knew to the contrary, might, after all, have been only started in jest. Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent look, which I had observed on his face when I came in, remained on it while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him even to keep up the appearance of listening to me. And when, at last, I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up the hope of getting any farther, all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few civil, commonplace words:

"Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologizing. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more about it; and bring the money back on Monday if you still honor us with your confidence."

He looked down at his papers, as if he was anxious to be alone again; and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting, sadly enough, that I had not yet made my peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on the Sunday. He was not there; and his servant could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it now but to wait till his week-day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning half an hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account as soon as possible after the bank opened. On entering my office I stopped, with a startled feeling, just inside the door. Something serious had happened. The clerks, instead of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

"Have you heard the news, Sir?" he said.

"No. What is it?"

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale; I felt my knees trembling under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham had stopped payment!

"The circular has not been issued more than half an hour," continued my managing clerk. "I have just come from the bank, Sir. The doors are shut—there is no doubt about it. Marsh & Company have stopped this morning."

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew who was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday had taken instant possession of all my thoughts; and his words of warning seemed to be sounding once more in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the bank, when not another soul outside the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house, when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft that I had so bitterly reproached myself for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me, and why had he brought it to *my* ears?

I was still groping, like a man in the dark, for an answer to those two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me, when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first. While I and my clerks were still discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office, and overwhelmed us with the news that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when that fearful news reached me. My fellow-merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy's fellow-trustees had come up to London to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking-house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone into the city to make an appointment with their stock-broker for a future day, when their fellow-trustee might be able to attend. The stock-broker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot, with a view to saving as much time as possible, and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out, down to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the document authorizing the selling out was produced; and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's signature, the forged signature of their own names. This happened on the Friday; and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded, on the Saturday. On the Monday I heard from my friends the particulars which I have just narrated.

But the events of that one morning were not destined to end even yet. I had discovered the failure of the bank, and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened, in the strangest and the saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or his guilt. Before my friends had left my office—before I had exhausted the arguments which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me, in favor of the unhappy prisoner—a note, marked immediate, was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I looked at it. It was written from the prison by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me, when I recognized his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I obtained the order, and went to the prison. The authorities, knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, were afraid of his attempting to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out as they opened his cell-door. The other, who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerately affected to be looking out of window the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head drooping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees, when I first caught sight of him. At the sound of my approach he started to his feet, and, without speaking a word, flung both his arms round my neck.

My heart swelled up. "Tell me it's not true, Sir! For God's sake, tell me it's not true!" was all I could say to him.

He never answered—oh, me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms round my neck; and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear. "Did you get your money out?" he whispered. "Were you in time on Saturday afternoon?"

I broke free from him, in the astonishment of hearing those words.

"What!" I cried out loud, forgetting the third person at the window. "That man who brought the message—?"

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand on my lips. "There was no better man to be found after the officers had taken me—I know no more about him than you do—I paid him well, as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of his errand."

"*You* sent him, then!"

"I sent him."

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world, by taking on myself the arrangement of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crimes he had committed, so I could do him the last little service he was ever to accept at my hands with a clear conscience. I say nothing in defense of his character, nothing in palliation of the offense for which he suffered. But I can not forget that in the time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to greater intellects than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood toward others, and his steadfast truth toward me. It is as certain as that we sit here that one of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this world was the effort he made to preserve me from being a loser by the trust that I had placed in him.



SOCIAL HALL, SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE MORMONS.

FROM OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENT.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, *Sept.* 11, 1858.

I SEND you herewith representations of the Social Hall, Council House, Candland's Saloon, and the store of Livingston, Kinkead, & Co. The Social Hall is used both as a church and theatre. This need not seem strange when it is remembered how theatrical all Mormon religious services are, from baptism up to the endowment—the most shocking and loathsome of all their institutions. Nothing is more erratic than a Mormon church service. It is the post-office, newspaper, legislature, Bible, almanac, temporal, spiritual, and social director of the people. There is no kind of order as to the programme of performances, reading, singing, praying, preaching, reading letters, or any thing else may come first; in many respects the service resembles a politicni meeting—the speakers talk to the people, and the people frequently question the speakers. But though there is all this absence of form and seeming freedom of expression, nevertheless the harangues of the preachers amount strictly to this: they declare that faith and obedience are the chief of Christian virtues, that Brigham is a prophet, that they know it of



SCENE IN SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

their own absolute and certain knowledge; they testify to the miracles that he has performed, that they have beheld said miracles, and know of a certain truth that he did perform them. Some of the silliest things in the world are narrated as marvelous miracles performed by Brigham. The speakers then labor to make the people believe that their present and prospective prosperity, as well as their eternal felicity, depend entirely and absolutely upon their believing and obeying the prophet Brigham.

Young will then get up, and for a little while he is his "dear brethren;" then in the name of the Lord of Hosts he will command them to do this or to do that, which they will do, of course, under peril of eternal condemnation. This applies both to matters of business and matters of conscience or religious faith. Sometimes this command is addressed to the whole assembly, and at other audience. Thus when Brigham was building his splendid Lion House, which is said to have cost fifty thousand dollars, as he was nearly completing one day in a sermon he held this language: "I have a mansion for you completed, and how much are you willing to do it?" Now I want every one of you who is to hold up his right hand." The right hand of every carpenter in the audience was raised.

"In the name of the Lord, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I command you to build the Lion House!" roared forth Brigham. The carpenters were fairly caught in a net woven by their own right hands. They resolved, and they labored, so Brigham got his house shingled for nothing.

At almost every meeting of the Saints, many by the prophet, writing at a desk, the reporter, George J. Stansbury. He is quite an able man; but I can never look at him without remembering the time that Ramsby wanted to marry his cousin—he took her to the parsonage for him to be united to her—and was a happy unit. Brigham looked upon the damsel, who stood before him so delicately fair and blushingly modest, that he could not control his desires, so up he refused to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony the betrothed lovers, and himself claimed the beautiful girl to his own bosom as Mrs. Brigham Young seventeenth and himself there was instantly "made one flesh." Ramsby? Ramsby? Mayhap he is dead. Bless it. Brigham's objections to marrying cousins were all conquered by his own passion, and cleared in church that the time was shortly coming when his son by one wife could marry his daughter by another or his father by another and the same one. It is a very common practice here for a man to marry two sisters on the same day.

Brigham, ever since his return from the South to Salt Lake City, has kept secreted in his fortified and guarded house. Even his building could not begin in order to have the Gospel locked up for a season, as we have had no preaching since, save the one meeting that I know of as being held here took place on a Sunday evening, a few weeks since, in the Social Hall. I cannot learn what was the text, when word was taken in that some Gentiles were approaching, whereupon the congregation was dismissed in the middle of a speech by somebody.

That which most entitles the Social Hall to public notoriety, however, is the peculiar kind of meetings that have ordinarily been held therein every Saturday afternoon. They are wonderful in a kind unprecedented in history. The gross and shocking vulgarity there indulged in, entitle them to scalding and eternal condemnation. Hither I have seen the vilest mouthed man in all Mormondom, the man who sinks sin and loathsomeness to the very morsel under his tongue—presides at these meetings.

The Council House is the large square building seen at the right of the next engraving. It is built of stone, and is about the dimensions of the Tabernacle, which, more a million of dollars (in labor and money) have been lavished in the said, for the foundation of the Temple is not yet above the earth. The scene from the top of the Council House is very beautiful. Though surrounded on every view of the entire city; the valley for a hundred miles north and south; the rough and rugged Wasatch Mountains on the east, rising abruptly and close to the valley, their summits crowned with eternal snow; the West Mountains, far away, with ridge rising behind ridge, and peak above peak, and rolling away as far as the eye can see, into the blue ethereal sky. This commands a grand view of the whole of Great Salt Lake, with the vast islands in it, and the great mountains beyond beyond. That lake is an incomprehensible curiosity. It evidently covered, at one time, the whole valley around for hundreds of miles. It has now, for centuries its discovery, and is still, rapidly retiring from the land or drying up. It has no visible outlet or outlet, and several large rivers of fresh water flow into it. It is certainly a much greater curiosity in nature than Niagara Falls or the Mammoth Cave. Instead of being below the surface of the ocean, like the latter, it is four thousand two hundred feet above it. Three pails of water make one pail of salt. It is the purest and most beautiful salt I ever saw, being perfectly white on the shore, and have lived in Salt Lake many times. One can not sink in the water by any effort of the strongest will to do so very pleasant, for the water is so strongly impregnated with salt, that, if it enters the mouth, eyes, or nostrils, it stings and burns like so much fire. When the aquatic luxuriator gets any of this water into his mouth or nose, it is necessary for him to make for fresh water in the quickest possible time or he may be strangled. Persons have been so completely strangled in Great Salt Lake that they have drowned in water not above their arms. Beautiful strings of fresh water border upon the lake, while the adjoining mountains have large quantities of petrefied salt in them. The lake is eighteen miles from Salt Lake City.

There is no spot in the whole city that I enjoy as much as the Council House. The upper story of the building is divided into halls in which some very noted meetings have been held. It was there the United States Commissioners met the Mormon dignitaries and held counsel with them. Some scenes were there then and there acted. How the Mormons swore, and foamed, and boasted, and bragged, and blackguarded, has all been made public. How Cradlebaugh, the late acting justice in the Mormon church, spoke of the President's Message in a way that is not legitimate to be published in a newspaper. Commissioner Powell gave him a most scathing rebuke for it. But Snow rose again, and became a follower. The passage in this Message of the President is a lie—a foul, slanderous, unfounded lie!"

"Hold on there!" roared out Major M'Culloch, who is but little accustomed to talking before assemblies, because he always has his own say his words as directly and pointedly to the mark as he does his rifle ball. "That sixth proper tidal, and what you letter keep-and way are," for you don't gain anything by getting excited. You say every word in the President's Message is a lie. Now, then, why are you making all this fuss about it? You just read that last clause in the Message, which says the army are to remain in here; and if that is a lie, there is no necessity of getting mad or excited about it. If it is a lie, you know that it will come in here, and all that can't stop it." Snow, in the vulgar phrase of the Missourians, "takes the cake." I know that was said in Major M'Culloch's words that convinced every Mormon present that the army would not be withdrawn from Utah.

When the army entered the city it passed along the street right in front of the Council House, then early morning till late at night its bands, with colors flying and drums beating, burned along the streets, followed by their every step by the munitions of war. Not a man left his post, not an animal strayed; but, step by step, as regularly as the tolling bell, and as solemnly as a funeral moving on, the soldiers passed through the city, between the dwellings of the Saints, and through the dust from off their feet, as a testimony against the city. The Mormons were much surprised at the perfect order and discipline of the army.

There is no other building in the Territory which will remain standing for ages. Every other structure of Gentiles who are, or have been, here this year as Camilla's Saloon. It is the little building seen between the Council House and the Lion, and the store of Livingston and Kinkead, on the left of the accompanying engraving. That is the saloon that was the only house in all Salt Lake City where a man who was so wicked as to be a Gentile could obtain a mouthful of food. Camilla coined all the money in the Territory, and he always has his safe open when any customer is in the saloon, even though it be in a small way. So, when the Gentiles began to flock in here this spring, he took that saloon, put a man in it to sell the most substantial prizes, at the same time forbidding every one else from purchasing. The Mormons, for there was one David Candland, a little speck of a fellow, put up in the neatest possible trim, with his eyes constantly twinkling, and his tongue going like a night hen's remark that I have never yet seen a Gentile who was not a knave. Such they are. They are sunken, or dark, or ghastly, or glaring. There is certainly some mania in all Mormon eyes; none of them can keep you straight in the face for a time. Well, to return to Candland. He is a man of some education and ability, and was once a commissary, a preacher, a theatre manager, and a barber. He never told me that he had been a barber; but then that is a profession that he must have once have obtained his manners any where else than in a barber-shop. He is a little, dark, sneaking man (poor creatures! he don't seem capacitated to more than half attend to one), but they have never seen him without a smile. He is the only man in the chivalric Gentiles were scouted; not even so much as one of their wives ever came to it. The best beings! I guess they have not got many specs to be seen any where.

In 1849, Mr. Candland furnished us good country eating three times a day at ever-varying prices. As other Gentiles came in, and began buying for board, we would have to ask him every day, and then we would probably miscalculate how much money we would require for the next day's board. The custom was to pay our bills every Saturday; but no one, when he went to pay, knew what he could ever tell what it would amount to. Sometimes we were charged a dollar and a half a day, two dollars a day, or three dollars a day—all in the same week. So no one ever understood mathematics more than Candland. He bill but the very accommodating and very gentlemanly Candland. Besides this, he had a very smiling way of leaving himself entirely out of reckoning in the small amount of half a dollar every Saturday, under the head of "sundries," or some very scarce; that he "could not make change," etc., etc., so that we would be always and persistently forgotten before the morning breakfast. In fact Candland, I must be remembered, has been the manager of a Mormon theatre in the city of Great Salt Lake, also an actor; so his little peccadilloes are not to be wondered at; he was merely playing; and I am sure we Gentiles were very much in the wrath of our money in amusement. Our ex-missionary, ex-barber, ex-theatre manager, and now ex-host, used to practice a little on some of his old professions by occasionally sticking up handbills on his premises for us to read. One of these, I remember, read as follows:

IF in consequence of the ENTIRELY high price of all kinds of Provisions, and the COMBINED SCARCITY of the same, I am compelled to raise the price of my board,

DAVID CANDLAND.

11. B takes Kt	B takes B
12. Q takes B	Q Kt to Q 2
13. Q to K 4	Q Kt to Q 3
14. Q to K B 3	Q Kt to Q 2
15. Q to K 2	R B to Q 3
16. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 4
17. P to Q Kt 3	B to K 3
18. B to Q Kt 2	P to K 4
19. Kt to K B 3	K to K B 2
20. Kt to K 5	P to K Kt 3
21. Q Kt to Q	R to B 3
22. Q to K 3	P to Q 5
23. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
24. P to K 4	Q to K B 2
25. P to K 5	P takes P
26. R takes P	P to K B 4
27. Q to K 4	P to K B 3
28. R to Q Kt	P to K B 3
29. Q to K B (ch)	K to K 2
30. K to B 2	R to B 2
31. R to K 2	P to Q B 4
32. K to Q 2	B to Q (ch)
33. K to B 3	P to K 5
34. P to Q R 4	P to K R 3
35. P to R 4	P takes P (en passant)
36. P takes P	P to K B 4
37. R to K 2	R to Q 2
38. R to Kt	R to Q B 2
39. R to K B (ch)	K to Q 2
40. R to Kt	R to K 2
41. P to Kt 4	R to K 7 (ch)
42. K to B 4	R to K 2
43. R to K 7	R to Q Kt 2
44. P to R 5	R to K B 2
45. P to R 6	R to K 2
46. R takes P	R to K 7
47. R to K 2	R to Q B 2
48. K to K 3	P to R 3
49. K to K 4	P to R 4
50. P to R	R to Q B 2
51. R to R	R to Q K 2
52. R to K 2	R to Q B 2
53. R to K 7	R to K 2
54. R to K 2	R to Q B 2
55. R to K 7	R to K 2
56. R to K 2	Drawn game.

At this stage of the proceedings the New Yorkers telegraphed to inquire if their opponents were not satisfied that the game should be drawn? They replied in the affirmative, the following complimentary messages passed between the contestants:

"PHILADELPHIA.—We consent to a draw, and congratulate the Chess Committee on the able manner in which they have conducted the game.

"NEW YORK.—Dear Sirs: We congratulate Philadelphia upon the formation of the first game of the telegraphic correspondence which is equal to contests by parties, and which can be a source of no dissatisfaction to either."

The New Yorkers played in the Rotunda of the Mechanics' Exchange, the players being protected from the crowd of spectators by a force of police. Chessboards were placed on tables in various parts of the hall, and the moves were received by the telegraph from Philadelphia. Bulletins thus describe the close-playing from there:

"The playing is in a small apartment, a peep into which can be obtained by the initiated at the door of which is strictly barred, except to the Philadelphia chess champions, the New York players, and the secretary of the players. Around a small table in this room four men are gathered, with five intelligent heads, all at a chess-board. The pieces upon the board and the moves are profoundly Greek to us; but we unconsciously find ourselves repeating over and over again with the chess eyes and earnest gestures, are discussing the move which shall next be made, and then passing with their fingers upon the board the probable effect of the next step in the game. After a somewhat long diffusion of explanation, the views are reconciled, the four champions agree, the move is made, and in a few minutes the result is seen by carrying the intelligence not only to New York, where the anxiously waiting men manoeuvring figures also, but all over the country. North, South, and West. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston are represented, and as the spoods over the wire to the move just made; and in the rooms in New York and Philadelphia analyze the game, and fortify themselves for contingencies.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov. 29, 1858.*

THE foreign advices of the packet of the past week compare as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Specie.	Merchandise.
Week ending Nov. 27, 1858	$736,816	$1,761,858
Corresponding week, 1857	1,221,941	3,731,053
Decrease	$1,302,075	$1,318,203

The export of specie was only $399,711, against which we have received $1,134,033 from California. Money is slightly in demand, though we can not quote any advance in the rates of discount. Sterling exchange is 9@9½ buying, 9¾@10 for bankers', and 10@10⅛ for best acceptable. Stocks are generally lower, and dull.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov. 29, 1858.*

THE movements in the leading kinds of breadstuffs during the week have been limited, but prices have been mainly for home use. The changes in prices were favorable to buyers up to the close, when the week manifested rather more firmness.....The probable closing of the canals by the middle of December has caused a pressure.....Cotton has been in very active demand, especially during the last few business days, and prices advanced.....Provisions have been in good request. Pork closes lower.....Groceries, Hides, Leather, Tobacco, Coals, Oils, and Tallow have been moderately dealt in.....The principal sales of Metals have been of Iron and Copper. Prices are unvarying.....Some really desirable and scarce styles of Dry Goods have been disposed of at full and heavier prices. Generally the business during the week amounts to $384,573 against $1,000,000 in the corresponding week of last year. The value of the imports at this port for the week ending November 27 reached $384,573,649 against $868,663 the same week of last year. The week's transactions have been moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.

Freights continued dull. For Liverpool—Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Wheat, 6½d. @ 8d. per bushel; Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 18s. 6d. per ton. For other ports unchanged.

The Live Stock Markets, last, Wednesday, was decreased for Beeves.....Veal, Calves, Sheep, Veal Calves were in fair demand.....Sheep and Lambs were dull. Hogs were in good demand, and prices were 1c. higher than last week.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the Market during the week, is as follows:

Beef to fair quality Beeves, per pound	3	4@	5 c.
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	30	00@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound		3@	4
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3	00@	7 50
" per pound		5@	6½
Live Swine, per pound		4@	5¼
Dressed "		6@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1	00@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather busy for Vegetables and Fruit. A lively business, however, has been transacted in Poultry. Eggs have ruled moderate, the supplies having been far more extensive than the requirements of dealers and purchasers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 102.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The average edition of *Harper's Weekly*—which is the only newspaper in the country that gives the News, the best Stories, and the finest Illustrations that can be procured—exceeds *Seventy-five Thousand* copies.

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THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA.

WE in New York, who have railroad, steamboat, and telegraphic communication north, south, east, and west, and who have had but recently the belief that our almost daily arrivals of steamers from Europe were to be supplanted in importance by immediate electrical communication with all parts of the Old World, can but faintly estimate the enthusiasm with which the arrival of the first overland mails from St. Louis were received in San Francisco, and indeed throughout all California. The people of California had been accustomed to receive with grateful joy, for years, the semi-monthly mails of the steamers; and when they found that, instead of twice a month, their new mails were to come twice a week—that the great overland mail which had for years been talked about was not a myth, but a decided reality—they evinced an enthusiastic joy which it would hardly have been reasonable to expect of us in New York. They are, as it were, but a colony of the East—just as the London *Times* tried to show we were but colonies of the Old World, and therefore had so much powder to spare on the cable.

But the great overland mail is a fixed fact; and as such, we propose to enlighten some of our readers concerning it. This is necessary, because, in spite of the many scientific publications which have been made with regard to it, many people have no idea whether it goes by the South Pass or not; when the fact is, its most southern point is full six hundred miles below the South Pass. This popular desire for information can only be met—and met properly—by a brief but comprehensive description of the whole route, showing at a glance its advantages and disadvantages, what it is doing, which way it goes, and all about it, in a very few words.

The "Butterfield Overland Mail" was authorized, at a late hour of the session, by the Congress of 1857, which provided for a compensation of six hundred thousand dollars per annum for a term of six years. The route was expressly set forth in the Act to be such "as the contractors may select;" and as Congress could not agree over the matter, it was passed in this shape to the hands of Postmaster-General Aaron V. Brown to award the contract. Messrs. John Butterfield, William B. Dinsmore, William G. Fargo, J. V. P. Gardner, M. L. Kinyon, Alexander Holland, and Hamilton Spencer—most of them well known in New York—were the successful bidders; but, strange to say, instead of being allowed to select their own route, they were compelled to adopt one which made their mail a semi-circle, and took them nearly four degrees further south than they wished to go, and than there was any need of going—and thereby hangs a tale. The contract was signed on the 16th of September, 1857, and on the 16th of September, 1858, stages started simultaneously from St. Louis to San Francisco, and have continued running ever since semi-weekly, making their passages nearly always inside the contract time, which is twenty-five days between the two points.

The mail is exclusively a letter mail, and the only papers carried are by the courtesy of the Overland Mail Company, which we should have said before is a stock company formed by the contractors, who, being mainly the principal managers of several of our largest express companies, will doubtless soon have an express for light packages running as rapidly as the mail.

The route, starting from St. Louis, is 160 miles on the Pacific Railroad; thence through Western Missouri, a pretty-thickly settled part of the State, to Springfield, in Greene County; thence over the line into Arkansas, touching at Fayetteville, in Washington County, and over the Ozark Mountains to Van Buren, in Walker County, on the Arkansas River, opposite Fort Smith, where it meets the mail from Memphis, Tennessee; and both mails proceed thence on a common line to San Francisco. We have now been traveling 468 miles through a comparatively well-settled country, where the stations are about ten or fifteen miles apart, at farmhouses, and some comfort may be seen. In the depth of winter there may be a little trouble from snow, but very little. At Fort Smith we ford the Arkansas River, and take a short cut through the Choctaw nation reserve, in the Indian Territory. The Indians are very friendly. Crossing the Red River at Colbert's Ferry, the route leads through the almost undiversified prairies of Texas, through Sherman, Gainsville, Phanton Hill, and Fort Belknap, to Fort Chadbourne, on a branch of the Little Colorado, in Texas, a distance of about 467 miles from Fort Smith, with no settlements after leaving Sherman. There is, however, little danger here, as the Indians are seldom troublesome—or, in fact, in the vicinity in any formidable numbers. At Chadbourne the wild part of the route may be said to have commenced; for, after a ride of about eighty miles to the source of the Concho River, another tributary of the Little Colorado, the edge of the great staked plain is reached, where for seventy-five miles there is no water. The Camanche Indians are sometimes troublesome between the Little Colorado and El Paso all along here, but none have disturbed the Mail Company yet. The route



THE OVERLAND MAIL STARTING FROM SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE EAST.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

leads up the level bank of the Pecos River, through the rough Guadalupe Pass, and then across rolling table-lands to El Paso, on the Rio Grande. Here, on the route the celebrated Comanche Trails, Indian Emba, Sierra Alta mountains, and other objects of note, attention being, rather long, as there are no inhabitants but the employés of the Company from Chihuahua to Franklin, a distance of 241 miles—not a house or a settlement—and little else but prairies and picturesque mountains, including the Organ Mountains, Indian Pass, and the American town on this side of the Rio Grande River called Franklin, the route proceeds up the Rio Grande, and after fording it, through the Mesilla valley and the lower part of the Upper Territory of Arizona to the Gadsden purchase to Tucson, the first settlement of any consequence from El Paso—except, perhaps, Mesilla—a distance of 214 miles from that place, over rough hills, mountains, and plains, and through a "Dondadil" Pass. The route, I understand is taken to Los Angeles, crossing many miles of heavy sandy desert—about thirty miles of which are in a level California valley—and connecting Upper California by a series of most lovely valleys, whose fertile lands and varieties of climate astonish the beholder. Los Angeles is celebrated for its delicious fruit—especially grapes, from which the most luscious wine are made. Here, also, begins the Sierra Nevada mountains, in but ninety-four miles distant, and last dividing line in the route. At 824 miles from Tucson, a distance which, until the last two hundred miles, has few charms for the botanist, and many for the geologist and mineralogist. From Fort Tejon to San Francisco the route is pretty well settled—a distance of 300 miles. Indeed, when within five or six hundred miles of San Francisco the scenes seem to change as if by magic, and the cheerless deserts and mountain passes are gladly resigned for the green valleys.

Such is the route, as it is understood, from the Atlantic States to San Francisco (2729) miles, which was traveled by the first mail stage-coach, according to the correspondent of the Missouri Republican, in half an hour less than twenty-four days. The Western mail made the distance in an hour or two less time; but the trips have since been made in shorter time, and there seems to be no doubt in the minds of most of those who discuss of a few horses by overdriving, the distance could be made in twenty days. Should this be done, the Southern route might actually have an advantage over New York in the transmission of mail matter to California.

But there seems to be no probability of this yet. The Company will not, doubtless, run their stock to death when they don't get any extra pay for it. Then there is another consideration—the pastures at Fort Smith don't look well. The Pacific Express, Northwestern, and Eastern mails are obliged to wait twenty-four hours, sometimes longer, for the use of the comparatively small Southern mail. This often occasions the anticipation of the whole mail by the steamer's sun when it arrives at New York is preceded but two or three days by an overland mail from St. Louis. This must be rectified in some way, as the passengers begin to complain.

There are accommodations for six passengers in each stage; and that for the stages have run pretty well—those from San Francisco especially. The Company is rapidly establishing stations for eating. As the wagons travel night and day, sleeping must be provided for them, though it is stated after the first few days it takes care of itself. Tired nature regulates that matter, and the old man has ceased the plains a few times he gets accustomed to both rough eating and sleeping. If the passengers should be dissatisfied with the way, before long, are a train of spring wagons following each mail. Even at this early day the mail has been assaulted four times on the Company's stations the following: three times by Indians, and once by robbers, of which there is plenty all the way through on a large portion of the route. There is no doubt that emigrants across the plains will now have a more certain guide, and that as the wilderness home by the mail stations will rest disappear, their places will not be completely refilled.

The necessity for military protection of this route through the dangerous Indian countries and rough mountain passes has been thoroughly demonstrated, and needs no inducement here. But without going into the very broad question which Indian policy is forced on us—without discussing the point whether it is designed to establish a Southern Pacific railroad at the earliest possible moment, or merely disinterested motives of the Postmaster-General and the President in placing the line where it is—it may be observed that thorough military protection is as requisite as the mail-bags themselves. It will take up more along the line than simply the force itself, check the Indians more thoroughly, and, in short, be a source of benefit all around the board.

It has been suggested—say, broadly asserted—that this route never ought to have been run so far south—that it is illegally placed where it is—that a route three or four degrees north would be better and cheaper—and that the experience of scientists, as well as practical, men demonstrate these facts. Undoubtedly, if there is the slightest atom of truth in all these charges, it should be lifted out; and perhaps that fact might form the subject of a future article in this paper. All we can say now is, that we merely have given an fair a record as possible, and that there can be no doubt that may route is better than none. The people of California have thought so for years; and could the enthusiasm which greeted the arrival of the mail-coach from the East be witnessed by our apathetic New Yorkers, who hardly read their "five days later news" from California by the overland mail, they would learn to appreciate this truly great enterprise.

Besides there will be many travelers over the route from among those who love adventure, and to a sufficient interest in the wild scenery of nature to risk a little for the enjoyment of them. To those men that are content to go where others go, and very few of it presents some curious feature in the intelligent mind, and the dullest could not but revel in fabulous wealth. The Colorado and the mountain scenery, the broad western rivers, the boundless prairies dotted with groups of trees, the deserts, some of which present the most surprising curiosities in the way of animals and vegetable; the mountains, the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada Western life, and all the concomitants of a journey like this, will not fail to interest the observing mind. Besides the country, must make it one of unflagging interest to a mind of any activity. It is said when that country was in a liquid or incandescent state. And according to the age of the quartz a the quantity of the gold contained in it. Geologists are calculate to a nicety how much gold will be found in a quartz vein, simply by the appearance of the quartz. Such gold mines are more difficult to work than plain sand diggings. The quartz must be crushed, and the gold extracted by machinery. Considerable time is taken to lose none of it. The quartz must be crushed fine enough, or some of the gold will remain attached to the stone; it must not be crushed too fine, or the gold particles will escape with the stream of water running through the machine. This is not readily be imagined. It is less tempting system of mining than plain diggings; but gold seekers may rest assured that it is the only system which will secure permanent and reliable returns for the outlay incurred.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

GOLD DIGGING.

THE latest accounts from Frazer's River are melancholy in the extreme. The miners have generally left the mines, and returned to the diggings; in instances in extreme penury, have betaken themselves to other callings, or have availed themselves of the liberality of the British Mail Steamship Company and made the best of their way home to California. After waiting all summer for the rainy season, they discovered, late in the autumn, that the falling of the streams was simultaneous with the formation of ice; and therefore that, as the water was the power concerned, the Frazer River mines were a failure.

The newspapers which continued these disheartening accounts of the failure of the mines had them glowing stories of the richness of the gold mines of Kansas. Persons who have spent the summer in Pike's Peak write home to their friends they will return to the gold mines of Kansas and will make fortunes.

The simple truth is, that the soil of nearly all North America is more or less impregnated with gold. Wherever there are mountains, gold is found in the valleys of the Atlantic States. And streams which course down their sides. There is, for instance, gold in abundance in Lower Canada, near the line between it and that Province and the United States. Gold has been found in large quantities in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Virginia—as one or two gold-mining enterprises are being actively prosecuted. In New Carolina gold mines are of great and special value. In Georgia one of the finest gold mines in the world is being worked—whether profitably or not we have not ascertained—and one which does not involve the quantity of the precious metal contained in the mine. For years quantities of gold have been sent to the Southern Atlantic States, and sent to the mints. Gold we know exists in Tennessee, though perhaps in small quantities. It has been long the case in Iowa and Wisconsin. In Arizona and Sonora it is known to abound. In Mexico, it would have been a perfect mistake if it were not but for the greater piety of silver. In Nicaragua, Honduras, and New Granada, the Indians have for a century been digging gold in the way of bringing gold dust down to the sea-shore to exchange for knives, looking-glasses, buttons, and rum. And in Peru the discovery of the metal is abundant; the best authorities state that it is equally plentiful in Oregon and Washington Territory, and in Utah. Gold in California Bay have been, for a hundred years, in the habit of getting it out of the beds of streams and carrying it to the factors' depots. In a word, gold is hardly a spot on this continent, with the exception of level plains, far from mountain ranges, which does not contain gold.

Why no means follows that the precious metal can every where be extracted with a fair profit or for many. As the experience of all mineers teaches, wet diggings can never be permanently profitable. In California and Australia large sums have been made by the owners of lucky places in the bed of auriferous streams. But for every successful digger in a wet place twenty equally energetic and industrious diggers have starved. Wet diggings are altogether a matter of luck. The miner works away with it a certain quantity of gold. It may deposit it here, or there—a hundred miles from its source, or five hundred, or only a hundred yards. All is chance. The miner who chances to find upon gold-lasting sand may make $10,000 or $100 out of his location; he has no guide, no principle to enforce it. All is pure luck. It is much the same with dry diggings, though they have proved very profitable in Australia. They are, it need hardly be said, the beds of streams of which the sources have dried up. They have, over wet diggings, the advantage of being more handy to work in respect of yield. They stand on the same footing. The gold may have been deposited by the current here, there, or any where; by the north, by the south, by the round, or by the hundred weight. There is no test but actual exploration with pick and rocker.

The only gold mines which can be safely relied upon are quartz veins containing the precious metal imbedded in the quartz. Of course, as we have before observed, gold deposits of an earlier date than the wet or dry diggings. The gold found in quartz was ejected from the molten which that quartz was in a liquid or incandescent state. And according to the age of the quartz a the quantity of the gold contained in it. Geologists are calculate to a nicety how much gold will be found in a quartz vein, simply by the appearance of the quartz. Such gold mines are more difficult to work than plain sand diggings. The quartz must be crushed, and the gold extracted by machinery. Considerable time is taken to lose none of it. The quartz must be crushed fine enough, or some of the gold will remain attached to the stone; it must not be crushed too fine, or the gold particles will escape with the stream of water running through the machine. This is not readily be imagined. It is less tempting system of mining than plain diggings; but gold seekers may rest assured that it is the only system which will secure permanent and reliable returns for the outlay incurred.

THE FUTURE OF RAILWAY PROPERTY.

THE winter which is just beginning is going to put to the test the theories which were first advanced in the United States about eighteen months ago with regard to the principle of the American railway system. It was in the spring of 1857 that certain daring economists first advanced the opinion that there were no two kinds of railways—roads built to make money by carrying passengers and freight, and roads built to develop new country: and that whereas most of the countries of Europe had studiously adhered to the former class, the United States always had gone in for the latter, to its cost. However these opinions were new, and were warmly combated; their authors were alternately derided and answered; even the editor of HARPER, which appeared to bear them out in their deductions, was sat down by many as the fruit of infant nefariousness. Then came September. The season which is already upon us is going to test the question at issue between these theorists and their opponents.

If the railroads of the United States have been constructed by sensible people with a view of earning an income by the transportation of passengers and freight, then they will, during the coming winter, pay, after working charges expenses, and leave a trifle of profit over; for though the season is dull, it is not a season of panic and stagnation, and evidently an improvise which can not make money except during a period of excitement and expansion, is not much to commend it on general principles. If, on the contrary, railroads of the United States do not earn an income this winter, though they continue to increase the improvement of soil, and the scientific cultivation of old land, the inference will be strong that they were built less as money-making enterprises than as instruments of territorial and agricultural development, and that the return to be expected from them is not immediate through the medium of enhanced land values, than direct in the shape of dividends.

The question can only be answered next spring. Thus far, it is clear that the business of the leading roads tends to show that they will not need any income this winter. There are exceptions, of course. The New Jersey roads were built on the principle which obtains in Continental Europe, in consideration of a heavy tax paid by them to the State, they were secured against competition. Other lines, here and there, have also a monopoly. Thus, the New Haven and Hartford road enjoys a monopoly of a large amount of paying traffic. Topographical accidents have given the Central Pacific and Ashtabula road against competition, while it is an essential link in the railway chain between the Atlantic and the West. Similar circumstances establish exceptional cases for a few other roads. These companies are earning very large dividends. But when we turn from them to the leading roads of the North and West we find a very different state of things.

Four great lines serve as arteries in which the blood of commerce flows from the great Western country to the sea-board. These are: the New York Central, with its allies, the Hudson River road and boats, connecting New York with Albany; the Erie road, and Erie, connecting New York directly with Lake Erie; the Pennsylvania, with its recent connections from Pittsburgh to Fort Wayne and Chicago, connecting the Lake-continental system with Philadelphia and the Baltimore and Ohio, connecting Baltimore with Cincinnati, and thence with St. Louis and the Mississippi. Among the roads of the Far West, the most important are the Galena and Chicago and the Illinois Central, the latter, both of which serve to bring the produce of the extreme Western country to that great central depôt—the fairest metropolis of the Lake country—CHICAGO.

Thus far, as we have said, the earnings of all these leading roads fall far short of what they used to be, and are in many instances actually below the necessary expenses of the roads. Many explanations of this phenomenon have been adventured. It has been said that the decline in railroad receipts has been caused by the poor quality of the late crops. Other causes have been cast on the wisdom of the policy pursued by individual managers. Accidental mishaps have been made to bear a share of responsibility for the untoward decline. But we apprehend that none of these causes will suffice to explain the unprecedentedness of these leading railroad lines, if it should prove next spring that they have earned no income for six months. If, next April, it should appear that the Illinois lines have earned, during the winter, only half what they used to earn, and the four great roads in the section named only two-thirds their usual receipts, the inquirer will need to look beyond temporary causes to find the true secret of the event.

And if he should find that while, in proportion to the growth of the country, railroads have been unduly multiplied, and the expenses of one good road parceled out among three or four; if figures should convince him that the aggregate traffic of each particular railway has gone on steadily increasing from year to year, though the share of each carrier has naturally diminished in proportion to the number of rival enterprises established to divide it with him; he will necessarily conclude that the ruling principle of railway earning is the mere sacrifice of the railway enterprises for the sake of the country they developed. He will decide that railways, like some other instruments of enlightenment, benefit the country where they are built by consuming their own vitals.

CASE.

THE MORTARA CASE.

SECRETARY CASS has replied to the appeal of the Jews respecting the Mortara case, by stating that, the boy being a foreigner, and the offense having been committed in Italy, civil, this Government can not interfere. If his reply were as perfect in a grammatical as it is in a political sense, it would leave nothing to be desired.

No doubt the United States can not undertake a system of kidnapping on behalf of the oppressed throughout the world. This country, through a mistaken timidity, allows its citizens to be carried into the service of foreign potentates without one word of protest. Not a year passes but some citizen of the United States is seized in some German country and compelled to serve for a stated period in the armies of its prince. Scores of United States citizens are now serving against their will in the Prussian army. Appeal has been made to Mr. Cass, but that official has invariably replied that a naturalization as a citizen of the United States does not operate to discharge the burdens which natives of foreign countries incur by the fact of their birth. Under these circumstances, when the Government of the United States is confessedly incapable of protecting its own citizens against the claims and rights of which Israel is reasonable to expect it to intervene on behalf of a foreign Jew.

The day will come, it must be hoped, when the title of citizen of the United States will operate as a safeguard to its bearer throughout the civilized world. But it will not be in our day. Much less will the United States, in our time, so far as can be judged at present, take any manly interest among the nations of the world in favor of liberty of conscience, or the rights of independent belief.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE theory of a Champion, in the old ages of chivalry, was, that he was created, was that the Champion was ready at all times and in all places, on foot or on horseback, with the sword or with the lance, to do battle against all comers for the cause of which he was the Champion. The Champion at a coronation defied the world on behalf of the newly-crowned king; the Champion of a fair lady offered to combat to the death all and several who denied that she was the "fairest and virtuousest" of her sex.

Has the word changed its meaning? When that lovely product of civilization, the Irish Champion of American pugilism, Mr. Morrissey, declared that he would fight no more, he accompanied the declaration with the announcement that he resigned "the belt" to any one who chose to claim it. But when Mr. Stanislaus Kelly, the English cracksman, came over to meet Paul Morphy, he said not a word about acknowledging the superiority of his challenger,

and his friend and patron, Lord Lyttelton, the President of the British Chess Association, while admitting that, in his opinion, Mr. Staunton should have met Mr. Morphy, still declared that the Englishman was, under the circumstances, justified in declining the contest.

It would seem to follow that Mr. Staunton has resigned, in effect if not in words, the title of Champion. Perhaps he acts as little value on it as Mr. Morphy. Certainly, if he would have done himself more credit than falls to his lot at present had he accompanied his refusal to play with Morphy with a manly and unreserved ment that the championship of Chess, which had so long been credited to him, now devolved on his young and spirited antagonist.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FIRST SNOW.

How softly it fell all day long! There was no wind to whirl it into drifts, and the lovely, complete, glittering weaving of that pure winter garment of the world went on in almost a warm air in-doors. The fields, brown since October, lay grateful shortly in brightness. The trees, resting and bare since the early November gusts, were robed enduringly and closely all over; feathery tuft and drooping spray standing equally out of their object et it—somehow with an air of meekness, like cattle in a storm—content to be. The evergreens revived, gurgled and grew black in the face as it eagerly swallowed the thick-falling morsels. The silent, splendid covering was absolutely pure and effective like the spirit that makes the crooked paths straight and the rough places even.

The Lounger's readers remember that he lately praised Ralph Hoyt's poems. Will they read them again from his "Snow," and say with how much justice he was praised?

"

"The winter, yet there is no sound,
Along the air,
Of windy wood or bare habile-ground;
But gently there,
The snow is falling—all around
How fair—how fair!

"The second fields would masquerade;
Feathered
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
How grand, even,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

"Even the old posts that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars
Of sleet and rain,
High-capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

"The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning mean
Like Memnon's music of old time—
That voice of tone!
So mystical here, and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

"To delve his threshing John must his:
His sturdy axe
Can all the subtle damp defy;
How wader he through!
While dainty milk-maids, slow and shy,
His track pursue.

"Each to the hour's allotted store:
The woodman's ring
The broken harness to repair;
The sleigh 'd adorn;
So cheerful, tranquil, snowy, fair,
The winter morn."

What simple Dutch fidelity, and a pure objectivity, which is very unusual in our modern poetry.

ROBERT OWEN.

Robert Owen lately died, nearly ninety years old. He would have died a rich man if he had known how to bring his wishes into works. He spent a great deal of money, tried a great many experiments, and failed in almost every thing he undertook. His benevolence and his practicality were very unequally matched. He was a man without a sense of social misery. His philanthropic enthusiasm proposed to bridge it, his benevolence cut down for that purpose all the timber it could find, and when it had laid out money, and time, and labor, the well-designed bridge would not reach the river, and his bridge would fall short. The old man would never believe it. He disbelieved it for eighty-eight years, and died thinking his bridge was just in the eye of completion.

The Lounger remembers a very characteristic illustration of this indomitable faith, or utter and ludicrous credulity, of Robert Owen. When he was last in this country he was sitting one evening in a circle of philosophers and poets, to whom he was telling the story of his life and of his schemes. He was with famous people, and his general success, as he considered it. "I assure you," said he, earnestly—his pleasant, bald, old face beaming with light as he spoke—"I assure you Prince Metternich himself has spoken to me very favorably of my projects!"

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Owen—that is interesting!" said Joey, upon whom the effect was lost.

"Why, when I was in Vienna, many years ago, I succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Prince, who received me very graciously. For full fifteen minutes I unfolded to him my schemes. He listened with profound interest and attention. Then he rose, and, looking at the clock in the room, said, 'I see most now excuse me, Mr. Owen —but— and the great statesman said it with a very marked emphasis—*but your suggestions are of exciting attention. Gentlemen, good-day!* Oh, yes, Prince Metternich was a practical man, and he granted that my plans were valuable!"

Robert Owen lived to be an old, old man; but he had a joy's enthusiasm, and was of singularly guileless character. He spent a large fortune in his enterprises, and in a question (is it?) whether he did not live as honorably and usefully for mankind, by spending his money in trying to help them, as he would had he invested fabulous wealth by successfully helping himself.

SONNET BY MRS. KEMBLE.

In the new volume by Mrs. Kemble, just about to appear from the press of Ticknor & Fields, the Lounger has had the pleasure of reading a few of the sonnets, and he having first read in these columns of the Lounger, "Mr. Jones's Party," we have taken one of them. But this striking sonnet is new and beautiful:

WINTER.

I saw him on his throne far in the north,
Him we call Winter—piercing him ever,
As aged cart, whose bones are all of silver,
Drew o'er the fiery element his car.
But 'mid his robes of snow-pall, whence they
Was crowned with jagged lichen, and forth
From his keen sight-glance there issued a light,
Broad, daring, pitilessly cold and bright.
His breath like silver spears pierced the air,
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet,
His finger on high and fleecy summits stood,
Forbidding lay—motion nor sound was there—
Nature was frozen dead—cold, cold and bare.
A wintling-bird fell o'er her body fair,
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of snow.

IMPUDENCE.

Our Hebrew fellow-citizens are holding meetings all over the country to express themselves upon the Mortara outrage in Italy. And certainly there has been nothing in the modern history of Europe lately come to light in public affairs. The facts of the case are familiar enough; but there is something unprecedented in the way in which so small a pinful outrage.

That in the age of the world—the fourth century after Luther, our Church should claim the right of privicel appropriation of any body whatsoever in all the land, by the kind of process through which the boy Mortara was passed should be the serious proposition that but extinguish the whole old gentleman Pio Nino, for body snatching, is positively sublime in its impudence.

Shall we not have a word about it, English or American boy, that there might have been a vexillation of tables!

Only, in that case, the boy, although sprinkled by ten thousand nursery maids, would never have been touched!

A WORD UPON LONGFELLOW.

The Lounger's correspondence, as it has his own impression of the poet, and states it so as to be sure to interest our readers, although they will not confess the pleasure they take in reading it.

* * *

"We may consider Longfellow also a Hafiez, but differently—as the Yankee of his whole nation—though he is, really, not Yankee at all. Friedrich is also one of the Hafizy and Minnis of New England, howbeit these daughters are not worthy of the name. I say that the country is so divided on its national poet. His friends claim too much, and his enemies certainly not a great deal. But he is a good district, which his detractors are loth to admit. There is no poet in the United States anywhere whoever he is one, not by formal introduction, but by the personality of his works. Longfellow is every where apparent; for, of all the poets, Longfellow is pre-eminently the poet of nations—the Pegasus of poetry, generally speaking. In the first place, he has never been at a sensat at Springfield—moving with a grand martial tread, or (in the Yankee manner) with the gait of a prude at a denizen of the universe. Note the activity in his poem on the Iron Horse, the Luck of Edenhall, and almost literally 'see the French war-steamers *speeding over*.' Even in his epics and his dramatic and didactic poems is evident. The popularity of the 'Psalm of Life' is owing to its free-life movement. So with the Hiawatha—familiar as household words. It is this current that carries you through the work. The principle that regulates the hexameter in 'Miles Standish' and 'Evangeline,' no less than the trochaic in Hiawatha.

"Mr. Longfellow's love of the antique is seen in his treatment of it when he takes up subjects many a choice and spreads over the ruins a beautiful, dreamy haze. But it is with the busy air of a traveler—as, particularly, in the Golden Legend; with the impression that the old city is alive with 'toil and traffic' but more active and industrious than any of the 'works' of the poet. In this respect Longfellow is related to Macaulay. Each seems to have a high idea of activity. It is his fate, he has little art. In America the artist is yet to appear that will combine the light and shade of poetry and to give brilliance to his thoughts, so Longfellow treats his subjects rather too much.

F. G. finds fault with his similes, too carefully studied and nicely adjusted; too merely ornamental, and falsely introduced. He says he quarrels a little with Miles Standish, but concludes:

"Mr. Longfellow has him in almost every vein—poet and dramatic—and every form is so perfect that independence is never forgiven; and yet he is not distinguished for originality, and his style of thought is so rich, according to the character of his movement. You have the chink of the knight's armor, not the guitar of the troubadour. F. G."

IMPORTANT QUERY.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—It is too dreadful to believe—and yet I am afraid it is true—and yet I must confide to your sympathetic bosom. The very thought of some things is overwhelming. Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, need to say that the idea of my gentleman's making proposals for my hand was not to be thought of later. Poor lady! it was undoubtedly so. A kind Providence prevented her succumbing to any such proposition, by causing it to be withheld.

"But this thought of mine is not of the same kind. It is a kind of impression based upon experiences. In one word, dear Sir—and you must excuse it there, can there be such a monster as—my pen refuses to write the name—and therefore whisper the word—a FEMALE DOG?

"Now, Sir, strike but hear.

"One day last week I was walking in Broadway, and stopped, as usual, at Springfield, to dinner. Before leaving my seat I very carefully spread my travelling-shawl on what I must necessarily be next, and, sure of having secured my place, went calmly to consume the mid-day grog. Just before the train started I returned and entered the car, while I had carefully noted. I went to my seat, and found it occupied by two—pugs in bonnets. Unable to believe my eyes, I waved, and said, incredulously—seeing my garment upon the back of the seat—'Ladies!' Instantly belong to either of you, *ladies*?

"No!' crisp, and with a wag of the head.

"I pulled it off the seat and laid it over my arm, looking at the—beings for some kind of human recognition that they were not dogs—but they were dead, and that they were sorry to accommodate me.

"Not a sign of any such acknowledgment could I see. "It is too dreadful for belief! But I repeat, and through you, Sir, I ask them honestest beings—is there such a creature as a female of the Hog Family?

"And, if so, does it not surpass the wildest imagination that there should be two in the same car and upon the same seat? Yours respectfully,

"AUNT CHARLOTTE."

—The Lounger does not venture a reply.

DARBY, DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Lounger presents his compliments to his correspondent in the above town, and desires to say to him that, as he is willing to publish, as a communication, any thing that seems to him a fair criticism of any tactic of interest, he can not refuse to publish this communication it is not. The Lounger has an implied contract with his readers that he will be open to speak his mind, in speaking, and not somebody else in a mask of him; and he is sure that his correspondent, and all others, will see that it is not consistent with that honesty would persuit no other course.

MADAME MARIO.

THIS lady, who has just come from Italy, and has begun her lectures, brings, we understand, the most unqualified praise from the best judges of people in Italy—the Brownings and others.

She proposes to speak, in the present condition of Italy, and to tell us a few secrets of the Government and spirit that are now paramount there. Madame Mario is a private letter, speaks of her eloquence in description as remarkable—as beyond that of all the speakers we have heard. Of course it does just after the Mortara business, which has renewed the public interest in that fearful system of iniquity which, under various names, controls all cities in Italy, she can hardly fail to excite attention to her lectures. She proposes, we believe, to be impossible that she should have other than a generous reception in the metropolis of a free country, and we wish her success fully and generally—a joys that liberty for which enthusiastic and high-hearted Lady Dorcas!

Madame Mario's opening discourse deeply interested the audience in her story and herself.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—THE LOUNGER has another account of *Cuisea*, which he will risk room for next week.

"FRIEND LOUNGER.—Having seen in the columns of thy paper a notice of the School of Design in Peter Cooper's Institute, and having two young friends who would like to attend the evening classes, but have not where to apply to, I thought thee would have the kindness to inform me, or refer me to some address of the principal of the establishment; and perhaps thee would know how long it would be necessary to attend, in order to be able to enter to become a proficient in the art; or what sum would be required for tuition, at the expense of tuition.

"Will thee answer this through thy paper soon as convenient. RUTH.

November, 1858."

—Pupils who mean to devote themselves to drawing as a profession, or professional support are taught at the rate of five dollars a quarter for drawing, and ten dollars for painting. Mr. T. Addison Richards is the principal, and the person to address. "Will it be long for proficiency?" How long would it take a man of no talent to learn to paint like Titian? Ask the talented and unfortunate of the pupil must answer that question.

"MESSRS. FETRIDGE.—A friend and myself have had a dispute about the relative signification of the words 'or' and 'honesty;' and probably your Lounger can inform me whether a dishonorable man can be honest, or stor versa; or whether one can exist in the individual without the other. Respectfully,

"H. B., JUN."

—Honesty is rather a term applied to conduct, and honor to sentiment, when we compare them in this way. The bigger part them as of similar import. The word honor has also a derived, factitious meaning which applied to reputation. It is really the homage paid to worth; but it is perverted to mean a regard to conventional ideas of worth. Thus "a man of honor" according to "the code" might kill his best friend in a duel if he touched his nose, and be a man of honor, and clearly mean but one thing. An honest man can not be dishonorable, nor a truly honorable man—one who is loyal to moral rectitude—dishonest. But "a man of honor," in the technical sense, can very easily be a dishonest man. Among this latter class honor is a name and an appearance, not a reality. Aaron Burr was a man of honor, but he could hardly be called an honorable man.

—RECTOR HOUSE, of Philadelphia, begs the Lounger to use "his eloquent pen, and ask the assistance of other eloquent pens, to help persuade the ladies not to regard the publication of their names by crowned heads." But does R. H. suppose that there is any woman in Philadelphia or New York who would wear hoops with satisfaction a moment after hearing that England had restored the style to fashion?

—JOS. TURNER, D'Hartis, Medina County, Texas, desires the truth of the snake story told by Mr. Domenech in the Weekly of June 12. It seems to be a case of Touts.

—Hear the melancholy voice of "THOMAS JONES."

"DEVILS ISLAND, *December*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I write to inquest to you, not 'the voice of nature,' but what you more frequently hear, the murmur of a man who, until a short year ago, was a gay bachelor.

"If I am ill-natured or peevish in the observations I may make from time to time, you must excuse me when I tell you that for the last three nights I have not 'slept a wink,' and have been kept in a state of misery by the cries of bad habits, and have been 'enjoying myself.' Yer see, Mr. Lounger, I married two, or, rather, was unwisely presented me with a son and heir. I was ejected from my respectable, but tiny apartment, and when I suggested that I was in the habit of taking a nap at night, and wished to have mine I could accommodate myself, I was told I might sleep on the floor if I had the heart to sleep under such circumstances—that I was a brute to think of sleep at all, that I had not the natural *progeny* that likelihoods so feelingly mentions—that, in fact, I had no right to sleep when I was not disturbed. For mine thus I was not allowed to see either the mother or the child. I was left to the tender ministrations of the maids of the 'Mary would not let me touch the bundle of hopes' for fear I should drop it, and, when I suggested that I did not fondle it and love it, they said I had no feeling. My present state is one of love without sight, and consequently refuse a sight.

"I am in a state of consolation, however, in thinking, privately, and very *privately indeed*, that the baby is a sight, and a sound, and a smell, and a noise, and I could be met with such a relief that I have given up in despair. I merely wished to say to you privately, Mr. Lounger, that, to know to what sex my offspring belonged, as I asked, 'What do they say?' 'Thing!' has been the reply. I wonder a thing!' was the only and indignant response of the insulted grandmother. I assure you, Mr. Lounger, all unfeeling as I feel to smaller lives my self-esteem are not so easy-goed as to warrant him in being so fond of sight.

* * *

"I would not grumble so much if I could be any existence when I got up in the night. I can do very little with power, as there is no a great deal of very little matters wherein I can not serve my boy (but, being a bachelor, I am not understand this.)"

Jones finally proposes to engage the Lounger to plead with his Mrs. Jones, and all other Mrs. Joneses, that they shall put their babies out to nurse.

"I agreed to you by all the ties that bound us when mutual sympathies were more fervent and warm. I know that in the kindness of your heart you will not refuse, and with the weight of your influence, I do not fear failure. Very respectfully,

"THOMAS JONES."

Has Thomas reflected that, according to his own statement, he is inviting a beholder to exhort the Mrs. Joneses to put out their infants? Why, Thomas, the Lounger would be covered with eclogue should he attempt it. Fancy Mrs. Jones receiving such a letter! "And pray, Sir, what on earth do you know about it?" Mr. Jones, having ceased to be a bachelor, has a right to speak.

—In his last volume Longfellow has a poem upon Newport. The Lounger, who knows the Lounger intimately, has written the other poet assisted in the composition.

TO NEWPORT.

I love this good old sea-port town,
That so close by the ocean lays!
This dear old town of mine,
Where I spent my boyish days.

I love its, quaint old-fashioned streets,
And its old New England ways—
The beauty and virtue one meets
Speak of the Puritan days.

Here a Berkley used to dwell—
From that rock, with paper and pen
To gratify his love to tell,
He wrote for the good of men.

In the quaint old cemetery
Of Charles the Second, the charters
And the island's peace it almost cost
For Proserpine's the name to baster.

But still, high on old Trinity's steeple,
On the topmost part of all,
A crown looks down on Columbia's people,
Where in peace they dwell.

The old mill, it stands on the hill
Where at hull we used to play
And the old wind mill, the top-rolling hill
Hurried us in fair weep.

For at midnight when the waves are high,
And strong blows and mist hides the sky,
Like a flock of moonlight flitting by,
"Angels"—so she said—"are Northman's bride.

And the hollow tramp is heard of him
Who o'er the wave was borne,
And once was seen, though the mist so dim,
With all his armor on.

But best of all thy charms, oh town!
To the stranger and to thee,
Is the balmy breath that comes down
From the great ocean in the sea.

Your lanes, green, and shaded beaches so fair,
The cooling glow of the sun in the sand,
The spouting horn, when the sea breaks there,
Fascinates Glen, Acquidneck, the beautiful land.

NARRAGANSETT.

VIEWS IN JAPAN.

We give herewith four pictures of Japan, from sketches made by officers attached to the embassies which have just succeeded in making their way into that empire.

One of our engravings gives a very fair view of the city of Jeddo, the capital. Some travellers who have recently visited Jeddo describe it as the finest city in that part of the world. Every nobleman and prince lives in a palace, and though the architecture of the palaces is subject to certain uniform laws, some of them are of such size that ten thousand retainers of the lord and master are sheltered under the same roof. They must be such edifices as the Roman nobles of the Imperial *régime* used to inhabit with their thousands of slaves. The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the city:

"The town stretches for miles round the bay. I suppose it is the largest in the world, for it covers more ground than London, with between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of people, which, if I recollect right, is more than the London population. Jeddo, without exception, is one of the finest cities in the world; streets broad and good, and the Castle, which includes nearly the whole centre of the town, built on a slight eminence. There are three walls or inclosures round this quarter. Within the inner the Tycoon Emperor and heir-apparent live. The houses are built in regular order, forming wide streets some forty yards broad, kept in perfect order; an immense courtyard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each inclosure, in the midst of which is the house of the owner; the houses containing the followers, servants, stables, etc., form the large inclosure. They are built of one uniform shape. The gateways leading to the court-yard are exceedingly handsome, of massive wood-work, ornamented with lacquer and other devices. From the road that leads by the moat to the second wall is one of the finest views I ever recollect seeing—on one side of the Gulf of Jeddo, with the high hills rising beyond, while on the other is a portion of the great city of Jeddo, with its trees and gardens, picturesque temples, and densely crowded streets, extending as far as the eye can reach beyond the interior; then there is a view of the trees and green fields in the distance, far away beyond a thickly-built suburb; but the most striking view of all is that close by—the well-kept green banks of the second defence, rising some seventy feet from the broad moat below, with grand old cedars, over a hundred years of age, growing from its sides. The fine timber, the lay of the ground, the water-lilies in the moat, the grandeur, good order, and completeness of every thing, equal, and in some ways far surpass, any thing I have ever seen in Europe or any part of the world. We made an expedition into the country. The cottages were surrounded with neatly-clipped hedges; the private residences as well railed and kept as any place in England. The same completeness and finish exist in every thing."



A JAPANESE NOBLEMAN GOING A HUNTING.

Another of our engravings represents the Royal Palace or Castle at Jeddo. This building, or rather row of buildings, has been greatly admired by the visitors. A correspondent writes:

"The aristocratic quarter of Jeddo is wide and somewhat dreary, containing the residences of 300 hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half a dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in the same mansions 10,000 retainers. Passing through the spacious and clean street, we arrive at the outer moat of the King's Palace: crossing it, we are still in the Princes' Quarter, but are astonished as we reach its farther limit at the scene which now bursts upon us—a magnificent moat, seventy or eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which runs a massive wall composed of stones, Cyclopean in their dimensions. This is crowned, in its turn, by a lofty palisade. Towering above all the spreading arms of giant cedars proudly display themselves, and denote that within the Imperial precincts the picturesque is not forgotten. From the highest point of the fortifications, in rear of the palace, a panoramic view is obtained of the vast city with its ten millions and a half inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The palace alone is computed to be capable of containing 40,000 souls."

Of the Emperor himself, Mr. Harris, the United States Consul to Japan, gives the following information to a countryman:

"The Emperor is, as you may suppose, very rich, and yet I am positive that his table and clothing do not cost him $500 a year. Why that sum would not more than pay for the gloves of a Broadway dandy with us! You have doubtless seen the thick, soft matting with which the floors of their houses are covered? Well, the floors of the palace are covered in the same way, and this matting serves as the Emperor's bed, as well as that of the poorest house servant as the bed of the greatest subject. He stretches himself out, with a wooden pillow under his head, and sleeps a sleep rarely granted to his brother monarchs. To see a Japanese thus sleeping, with his head abruptly raised five or six inches, you would predict a stiff neck or torture spinal affection as a general result; and yet there is not a more healthy people living.

"What does the Emperor look like?" one of us asked.

"Quite a fine looking man, with a soft voice and pleasant smile. I suppose he is some thirty-five years old. In fact, I must be in for, as it is considered polite in Japan to ask one his age and how many children he has, I was, of course, polite. Poor fellow! He has what one of us would consider a miserable life. He does not leave the palace but once in two years: and then as he passes through the town, every one must leave the streets and close the doors and windows of their houses. Their custom does not allow them even to look at him. This is the temporal Emperor at Yeddo, of whom I now speak; the case of the spiritual Emperor at Shiera is even worse; for he



GENERAL VIEW OF JEDDO, THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

never leaves his palace. He is venerated so much that they can not even run the risk of his being looked upon by the crowd."

Our other engravings will give some idea of social life at Japan. One of them, from a Japanese sketch, represents a nobleman and his suite going a hunting. A propos of this picture, and of the Japanese dogs, a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

"You would have laughed had you seen the expression of Cimmo-no-kami's face when I told him, during my second visit to Yedo, of a strange fact concerning dogs. You've heard it, I suppose, but he had not. I said to him: 'Cimmo-no-kami, do you know that if you see a dog with a white spot upon any part of his body, that the end of his tail will also have a white spot?' He thought first that he had not understood me, but when the question was repeated to him, he looked singularly puzzled. 'It is, of course, a joke of yours,' he at length replied. 'Not at all,' was my answer. 'Send out now and bring in all the spotted dogs you can find, and I'll convince you before dinner.' Of course, there was a dozen dogs with more or less white spots about them introduced in a very short time, and, as I had expected, they all had white tips to their tails. Cimmo-no-kami examined them all himself, looked more puzzled than ever, and finally said that 'these dogs certainly uphold the story, but that he would find a dozen before the next day that would refute it.' I laughed, and told him that the whole of Yedo wouldn't produce such a dog, and he said: 'Well, we will see.' So you may imagine the white-spotted dog-hunt which came off that evening. Still they failed to find the one they wanted. It soon got to the Emperor's ears, and finally became the talk of Yedo. One day they thought they had me. A dog was dragged into my room in a most triumphant manner.

"'See here!' exclaimed Cimmo-no-kami, 'here is a dog with a white spot on his back and a black hill! What do you say to that?'

"'Part the hairs on the end of his tail, and tell me what you see,' I replied. They did so, and looked up with a disappointed air. They had discovered some milk-white hairs on the very tip, that had been concealed by the outer ones. After that they gave it up."

The habits of the Japanese are singular, according to correspondents. One writes:

"In their personal cleanliness the Japanese present a marked contrast to the Chinese; no deformed objects meet the eye in the crowded streets; cutaneous diseases seem almost unknown. In Nagasaki, toward evening a large portion of the male and female population might be seen innocently 'tubbing' at the corners of the streets. In Jeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and presents a curious spectacle, more especially if the inmates of both sexes ingeniously rush to it to gaze at him as he rides ploddingly past."

Another says:

"Every Japanese is allowed one legal wife, but he may have as many 'second wives' as his means will admit of. The manner in which they obtain their 'second wives' is regulated by law. It must first be proved that the girl's relatives are unable to support her, and then she may become a 'second wife,' in order to avoid begging. The children are all adopted by the legal wife, and thus you find hundreds of Japanese who do not know their own mothers. You were wondering a while since at the great number of children that crowd around us wherever we stop; this is because they all do know their own fathers—something like your Mormons in the United States."



JAPANESE LADIES.

AN INCIDENT.

IT was the Indian Summer,
Blue and golden was the sky,
When on a prison scaffold
A gaily youth stood to die,
For a deed of murder done
In his drunken revelry.

He glanced upon the faces
Of those who stood around,
But in their serious aspect
No kindred being found;
For his deadly crime had severed
The bonds that Nature bound.

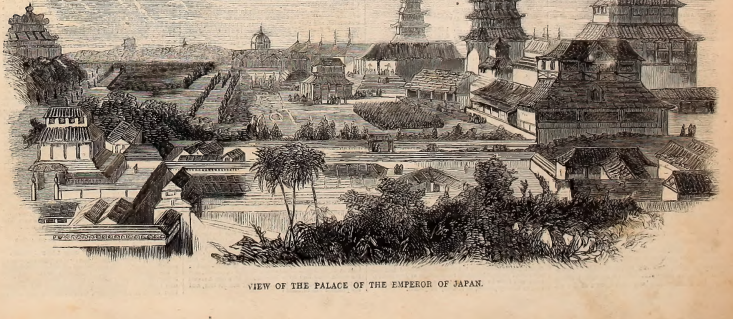
One last look on the heavens,
Which smiled as they were wont
When his loving parents held him
At the baptismal font—
Then, a little guiltless infant;
Now, a felon—horror gaunt!

One last thought of the meadows,
One last look at the sun,
And then his eyes are blinded—
The work of death 's begun;
A few convulsed sharp pangs and then
The work of death is done!

Swinging idly, like vile carrion,
In the face of day so fair—
His body faintly quivering,
Eyes fixed in death's grim stare—
He hangs, a blighting horror,
To poison God's sweet air.

And ye who read this story,
Though ye now so proudly throng
The siren halls of pleasure,
Ye may stumble into wrong;
Temptation 's bright and sudden—
Suffering is dark and long!

Even the noblest of the nation,
The proudest in the land,
Ye who boast a spotless honor,
Yet may bear the felon's brand
Unless ye have the courage
The wine-cup to withstand!



VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

LITERARY.

Carter & Brothers are first in the field with two of the most superb Gift Books ever offered to the appreciation of the public. The Book of Proverbs has been supposed incapable of illustration; but Gilbert, the well-known artist, has achieved a success in this instance which is worthy of unqualified praise. The idea which so impresses us, and which we are very certain will attract the attention of all lovers of art, is the illustrating of the book of wise sayings by scenes in history which prove the truth and wisdom of those sayings. "A wise son maketh a glad father" finds its illustration in the welcome which the princely Joseph gives to his old father coming down to Egypt. "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding" is obviously made true in the story of the Prodigal Son. But Mr. Gilbert has not confined himself to sacred history; and no one of the pages in the book strikes the reader with greater force, on account of its fitness, than that in which the passage "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings," is shown to be the truth in the picture of Benjamin Franklin at the French court before the King and his courtiers. On the whole, we think this book justifies some degree of enthusiasm in a notice of it, and that it will prove one of the most acceptable of the tributes of Art to the holiday season. It is a companion to the "Book of Job," published last year by the same house; and, like that, is a fine specimen of typography, as well as of luxury in binding that would have enchanted Grolier.

The other book which Carter & Brothers publish is in the same splendid style of typography, illustration, and binding. It is Lays of the Holy Land, from ancient and modern poets, with illustrations (from drawings and photographs), which equal, if they do not surpass, in execution any specimens of wood-engraving hitherto seen. Of the delicacy and accuracy of the drawings we are able also to speak with perfect satisfaction. Bethany stands on the page before us; Tyre is here in very truth; the water seems to ripple in the Pool of Siloam. No work of any kind that we have hitherto met with, not excepting Roberts's large plates, approaches the fidelity of these exquisite little cuts. But, besides these, there are not a few which exhibit the great advance of modern art in engraving. We can not avoid the mention of a plate illustrating the Finding of Moses, by Millais, finished up with Pre-Raphaelite care, and indicating a most careful study of the Egyptian monuments and woman nature. Why should not an Egyptian princess, three thousand years ago, lift up her dress, when she steps toward the muddy edge of the rushes, with the air and fashion of a Parisian lady crossing the Rue de la Paix? We like that picture much; and though the artists do much dispute about it, and call it a picture of the Egyptian lady's tournure instead of the Finding of Moses, it is nevertheless a page to study and enjoy. As to the letter-press, it is only necessary to remind the reader that among the finest poems in our language are those which are strictly Lays of the Holy Land. We are especially pleased at meeting here some old favorites long out of print, now most fitly preserved in these gorgeous covers, which can not be too rich and magnificent for such contents. Who can read or think those lines of Bernard de Morlo,

"To thee, oh! dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep,"

without weeping? Already we have passed an evening in repeating these glorious old hymns and poems of the great men who, in all times, have sung the glory and the sorrow of Jerusalem.

Songs of the Woodland, the Garden, and the Sea, is the title of A. D. F. Randolph's contribution to the holiday table—a book of rich poems, illustrated with colored engravings, copied close after Nature in her dead leaves, crimson and brown and golden; her flowers of infinite variety; and, above all, the varied and delicate beauty of her sea-mosses. The volume itself consists of a selection from all the poets of Nature, and the combination of Poetry and Art is a success, which makes this a book to which lovers of Nature will turn with especial pleasure.

We note with pleasure that in this volume Mr. Randolph has preserved some fugitive pieces of rhyme which have been traveling anonymously up and down the country, and which deserve the elegant resting-place he furnishes them. The selection is made with taste and judgment.

Dust and Foam is the life, for ten years, of a rollicking, jovial sailor. Published by Scribner. Mr. Warren, the author, left New York in 1849 for California, in one of those ships which many will recollect were bought by parties of young men and fitted out for the gold regions. He was President of his company. At Rio he resigned, and took passage on one of the old Long Island Sound steamers, which was sent around to San Francisco, and on her he had a perilous and eventful voyage. Thus he commenced a life which, in the following years, led him up and down the west coast, to the various groups of Pacific islands, to Australia and East Indian islands, and to and fro in the Pacific Ocean generally. His story is told simply, frankly, and sometimes with thrilling effect. We have not often met with a book so thoroughly attractive. He writes freely, without much polish; but one fancies as he reads that he hears the sailor telling his yarns, and it is vain to resist the frequent impulse to shout with merriment over the adventures of the free-and-easy American, who seems to have been always the same "jolly mariner," in a gale of wind with the ship gaining on the pumps hour by hour, as in the groves of the Pacific islands, among the dark beauties of the Kanakas. "Dust and Foam" is certainly a very readable book.

It is not often that a new poet is born; for, the old saying to the contrary notwithstanding, poets generally grow, and are not produced Minerva-like. But we have certainly an exception before us. Dr. Holland has long been known as the author of "The Bay Path," an admirable American novel, and more recently as the writer of "The Letters of Timothy Titcomb," of which we recently spoke favorably. We presume no one judged from either of these books that the author was or would be a poet. But Mr. Scribner publishes now Bitter Sweet, on the title-page of which, with a boldness he need not be ashamed of, the author has placed his name in full, and we have no hesitation in transferring it to the list of acknowledged poets. "Bitter Sweet" is a remarkable work. Running through it is a story of exceeding beauty. The scene is a New England Thanksgiving at a farm-house, and the actors are the returning children who gather at the old place. The theory of the book is that children of any farm-house, who go out into the world, bring home the same lessons of human nature that kings and warriors learn in higher spheres. So on a Thanksgiving evening Ruth, and Grace, and David, and Mary talk and tell their stories one to another, and the children play, and there is a scene at the end that suddenly lets you into the secret of the whole. Easy versification and admirable use of language are among the least merits of the poem. There is a keen perception of the beautiful, a far-seeing religious philosophy, and a knowledge of all that is beautiful in the golden rules of the Christian faith which Dr. Holland possesses; and to these he adds the ability of the true poet to think and to write. Hence a book is produced which takes high rank at once.

We shall not pause to speak of faults—for that there are such is a matter of necessity; but the pervading beauty of the whole at present forbids our thinking of these, and we prefer the more agreeable duty of the critic in pointing out the merits. In one part of the story Ruth and David go down into the cellar to draw a pitcher of cider; and this same cellar invasion gives the author the opportunity for one of the finest portions of the book. Not to speak of the vividness with which, in passing, the scene itself is laid before the mind, the barrels and the bins, Ruth calls David's attention to one and another of the stores, and David thereupon moralizes; and between the two we have as artistic a passage as the mind of a poet has ever conceived. We regret our want of space to give specimens.

The Household Waverley of Ticknor & Fields continues in regular succession, and approaches completion. The "Fair Maid of Perth" is the last issue, and the whole set seems to have been made with reference to the ordinary width of a drawing-room book-case, of which it will fill one shelf exactly.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. COBB'S BUDGET.

Mr. Secretary Cobb has completed his official estimates of the Federal Expenditures for the fiscal year, commencing on the 1st of July next. He puts those Expenditures at $73,217,947—a little over seventy-three millions of dollars. Here are his items:

Civil list, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous, including expenses of collecting the revenues from sales of public lands and expenses of courts....	$11,629,535 11
To supply deficiencies in the revenues of the General Post-Office	6,382,000 00
Pensions............................	852,000 00
Indian Department........................	1,866,419 49
Army, proper, etc., including miscellaneous objects........................	15,658,886 28
Military Academy........................	185,938 00
Fortifications, ordnance, etc.............	2,165,766 00
Naval establishment	13,500,370 00
Total..............................	$52,241,315 78

To the estimates are added statements showing:

1. The appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, made by former Acts of Congress, of a specific and indefinite character, as follows:		
Miscellaneous, including expenses of collecting revenue from customs.	$5,624,410 14	
Compensation to the General Post-office for mail services	700,000 00	
Arming and equipping the militia..................	200,000 00	
Civilization of Indians......	10,000 00	
Interest on the public debt...	1,963,314 36	
		$8,497,724 50
2. The existing appropriations, part of which are required for the payment of the liabilities of the present fiscal year, but which will not be drawn from the Treasury until after June 30, 1859, and the balance applied to the service of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, viz.:		
Civil list, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous	$4,270,957 24	
Interior Department (pensions and Indians)	1,603,602 83	
War Department	3,361,091 76	
Navy Department	3,243,255 45	
		12,478,907 28
Total.........................		$73,217,947 46

MR. BUCHANAN ON THE DANGERS OF THE UNION.

Mr. Buchanan has written a letter to the Fort Duquesne Committee, in which the dangers of the Union are thus portrayed: "I regret to say that the present omens are far from propitious. In the last age of the republic it was considered almost treasonable to pronounce the word disunion. Times have since sadly changed, and now disunion is freely prescribed as the remedy for evanescent evils, real or imaginary, which, if left to themselves, would speedily vanish away in the progress of events.

"Our Revolutionary fathers have passed away, and the generation next after them, who were inspired by their personal counsel and example, have nearly all disappeared. The present generation, deprived of these lights, must, whether they will or not, decide the fate of their posterity. Let them cherish the Union in their heart of hearts—let them resist every measure which may tend to relax or dissolve its bonds—let the citizens of different States cultivate the feelings of kindness and forbearance toward each other—and let all resolve to transmit it to their descendants in the form and spirit they have inherited it from their forefathers; and all will then be well for our country in future times.

"I shall assume the privilege of advancing years in reference to another growing and dangerous evil. In the last age, although our fathers, like ourselves, were divided into political parties which often had severe conflicts with each other, yet we never heard, until within a recent period, of the employment of money to carry elections. Should this practice increase until the voters and their representatives in the State and national Legislatures shall become infected, the fountain of free government will then be poisoned at its source, and we must end, as history proves, in military despotism.

"A democratic republic, all agree, can not long survive unless sustained by public virtue. When this is corrupted, and the people become venal, there is a canker at the root of the tree of liberty which will cause it to wither and to die."

NO PROTECTION FOR FOREIGN JEWS.

The following letter of the venerable Secretary of State has been written in reply to a letter from Mr. Abraham Hart, the President of a Hebrew congregation in the city of Philadelphia:

"Sir,—I have received and submitted to the President your letter of the 19th instant, respecting the alleged forcible abduction from his parents of a Jewish child by the public authorities of Bologna, in the Papal dominions, and asking some expressions of condemnation on the part of this Government

"This occurrence took place within the territories of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen. It is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from an interference in the internal concerns of any other country. Certainly there is nothing in the circumstances of this case, as they are reported, which would impose this reserve upon the Government. But it is deemed proper to adhere to the established principle which has heretofore regulated its conduct in its intercourse with other nations.

"Lewis Cass.

"To Mr A. Hart, President of the Congregation 'Mickve Israel,' Cherry Street, Philadelphia."

A NOBLE HERO.

We read in the New Haven *Register*: "The recent courageous and even desperate act of Captain Brooks, keeper of the Faulkner's Island Light, in rescuing the captain, his wife, and crew, from a wreck, in Long Island Sound, deserves more than a passing notice. It will be remembered that Faulkner's Island itself is more than two miles from land, and that its only inhabitants are the keeper of the light-house and his family, Captain Oliver N. Brooks. The wreck lay upon Goose Island, some two miles from this; but Captain Brooks could see, with his glass, the persons in the rigging, and the sea lashed into unusual fury, making a breach high over its decks, and threatening instant destruction. It was too sad a sight for the brave man to endure; and provided as he was by Government with nothing but a small sailboat, to go between the island and the main land, he would have been fully justified in leaving them to a fate horrible to think of. His wife was on shore, and he was alone with his family of little children; but telling them of the peril he was about to assume—a fearful peril, from which he might never return—he kissed them, and calling upon God to protect them and bless his endeavor he jumped into his frail skiff, and steered boldly into the storm and the billows. Those on board saw the attempt, and even in their agony wondered at his boldness, predicted its failure, and grieved at what they considered an unnecessary sacrifice. But still the brave man, relying upon Providence, kept up his heart and hopes, and although every wave threatened him with destruction, he reached at last the wreck, and hailed the desponding crew with words of cheer.

THE RESCUE.

"By the most skillful management of his boat, now shooting past, and once over the very wreck itself, he at last managed to pick them off, one at a time, and then turned for the shore. But it was only by constant bailing and tremendous efforts that the boat was kept above water, and at last reached the island, with its inmates exhausted, and nearly dead with hunger and exposure. On the shore, waiting for their father, were the little children of Captain Brooks, who, with tears and screams of joy, saw the boat tossed violently upon the land by the angry waves, with its overtasked load of rescued mariners, who were immediately transferred to the light-house residence, and made welcome and comfortable. A gentleman familiar with the circumstances, and also with the dangers of the sea, assures us that it was the most daring feat he ever read of, that the boat was entirely unfit for such a service, and that nothing but unrivaled coolness, great skill as a boatman, and the hand of Providence over all, made the effort successful. Captain B. thought it at least an equal chance that he should be lost; though, with a proper life or surf-boat, he wouldn't have hesitated an instant about going to the wreck when he first discovered the danger, and might have saved the life of the little girl—the captain's child of three years—who fell from his exhausted arms into the sea, half an hour before Captain B. reached the wreck. We have known Captain Brooks for several years as one of the most faithful men in the light-house service, and means will be taken to call the attention of the Government to his merits, and hope that he may be provided with a boat suitable for the kind of service he is so frequently called upon to enter. There should be also, at such an exposed point, an assistant keeper; for had Mr. Brooks been lost in his effort to save the crew of this vessel, there would have been missing to the mariner in Long Island Sound, on that night, the ever-steady beacon-light of Faulkner's Island. If ever hero deserved the public reward of bravery, that man is Oliver N. Brooks, the solitary watcher on a sea-girt island."

A CONVICT SHOWERED TO DEATH.

A colored convict was showered to death in the Auburn Prison on 3d. The convicts, having gained information of the fact, became greatly excited, and a general rebellion was feared. The convicts in the shop where the colored man worked went to their cells shouting and hallooing. No disturbance took place during the night.

A NUN RELEASED BY THE POPE.

The Washington correspondent of the *Traveller* has the following, relating to a dispensation granted by the Pope, through American official influence:

"While the papers are full of comments on General Cass's letter of refusal to interfere in the Mortara affair, on the ground that 'it is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from all interference in the internal concerns of other countries,' it may be well to 'ventilate' a rumor now current in this city. It is said that the daughter of a highly respectable family of this city (in which, by-the-way, ex-President Pierce was quite intimate) took the vail at the convent in the adjacent city of Georgetown, and that after a while she found the vows distasteful, and that by the personal, if not official, interference of President Pierce, Major Lewis Cass, Jun., Minister near the Court of Rome, was induced to interest himself in the matter, and, by his personal intercession with the Pope, to obtain a 'dispensation,' which has released the young nun from her vows, and has allowed her to again enter the world. If this be so—and it has obtained credence among many—it would appear that 'intervention' can be practiced whenever there is sufficient occasion for its exercise."

LUCKY WINDFALL.

According to the Cumberland (Maryland) *Alleganian*, an old man named John Brobst, living in the Glades, in that county, recently discovered that he was the rightful owner of a large tract of land in the richest mineral region of Pennsylvania, underlaid with immense seams of coal and iron, and valued at $8,000,000. Brobst, it is said, lived on the land fifty years ago, became involved through his brother, mortgaged his property to its then full value, and came to Maryland, where he has ever since lived in indigent circumstances. The property subsequently passed into the hands of his nephews, who afterward sold it to a wealthy company. The difficulty of giving a good title led to the fact that Brobst was still alive. He was searched out, found, and taken on to Pennsylvania, and, according to the *Alleganian*, has sold out all his right for the sum of $2,000,000.

STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

At the Nail Factory, South Troy, on Sunday week, a lad six years of age died of croup, having suffered terribly for several days. Two days before his death he called his father to his bedside, and told him that he was not going to live, for he had a beautiful dream when he was asleep that told him so. He dreamed that he stood upon the earth, he saw God in heaven looking sweetly down upon him; that He let down a golden chain, which fell upon the ground at his feet; and that, as he stooped to look at it, God told him to take hold of the chain, and He would draw him up to heaven and give him a crown of gold. Sunday week the little spirit was set free, and the promise was fulfilled!

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Dr. Holmes told the story of the heroine of his poem, "Avis," at the close of a lecture in Charlestown recently. It seems that a little colored girl was brought to the State Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, in such a state of disease as to present a most revolting spectacle to all connected with the establishment. It seemed as if nobody would care to touch her, or could look at her without disgust and dread. Under these circumstances "Avis" volunteered to take charge of her, and did so night and day, "giving body and soul to her," as Dr. Holmes says, until she was restored to life and health.

A MAN WALKING ABOUT WITH HIS HEAD OFF.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "An accident occurred in a pottery in the lower end of Fort Street, in the outskirts of the city, some days since, resulting in the death of an employé of the establishment, which furnishes a most singular instance of the tenacity with which life clings at times to the human frame. The man, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, was engaged in the room where the machinery employed in cutting and pulverizing the clay is situated. This machine is a large wheel, with heavy knives or cutters placed at equal distance on its circumference. Some disarrangement of the wheel attracted the attention of the unfortunate man, who attempted to reach into the wheel and adjust it while it was still revolving. In this, however, he miscalculated the speed at which the machinery was running, and, before he could withdraw himself from under the knife, it struck him on the back of the head, low down in the neck, completely severing the upper and back portion of the skull, on a line close to the top of the ears, and cutting through and removing a considerable portion of the brain. The most singular circumstance was that the man, in this horribly wounded condition, walked into an adjoining apartment where other workmen were, and afterward walked to a carriage, in which he rode to his home, surviving the accident nearly half a day. We doubt if another case of such extreme tenacity of life can be found in the records of accidents, but the actual occurrence of the above circumstance is vouched for by competent authorities, and is beyond a doubt."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR IN ENGLAND.

An English journal says: "It seems that we are to have another Great Exhibition in 1861, on the same plan but with a larger basis than that which drew so many millions of people to London in 1851. If this undertaking should at all approach in success the former one, the probability, almost the certainty is, that it will be continued decennially. Mr. C. W. Dilke, who was mixed up so largely with the last one, is the primary mover in the new undertaking. At present the speculation is hardly launched. A preliminary inquiry will take place by the Council of the Society of Arts—first, to ascertain whether the Commissioners in the former exhibition will consent to act again, and if not, how far they will assist the new undertaking."

PRINCE ALFRED ON HIS OWN HOOK.

The sailors of the *Euryalus* have an anecdote among them to the effect that two of the midshipmen, during the voyage to Lisbon, blackened Prince Alfred's face, while he was asleep in his berth, in that spirit of mischief for which these young gentlemen are notorious. The Prince made no complaint, but was up like a skylark before gun-fire next morning, and cut away the hammock-strings of the two young gentlemen who had served him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion.

DEATH OF ROBERT OWEN.

The famous Socialist, Robert Owen, is dead. His son, Mr. R. Dale Owen, in a letter to a friend, thus describes the last scene in the life of his father:

"It is all over. My dear father passed away this morning at 6¾ o'clock, and passed away as gently and quietly as if he had been falling asleep. There was not the least struggle—not a contraction of a limb or muscle—not an expression of pain on his face. His breath gradually became slower and slower, until, at last, it ceased so imperceptibly that even as I held his hand I could scarcely tell the moment when he no longer breathed. His last words, distinctly pronounced about twenty minutes before his death, were, 'Relief has come.' About half an hour before, he said, 'Very easy and comfortable.'

"His great object appeared to be to convince us that he did not suffer, and that he was satisfied with our attentions to him. He is to be buried on Monday next, in the same vault in which his father and mother lie. The rector, Mr. John Edwards, who has kindly called upon him five or six times since he has been here, will officiate."

MR. MORPHY TO SPEND THE WINTER IN EUROPE.

An English journal says: "Mr. Morphy has yielded to the earnest solicitations of his numerous friends in France and England, and has elected to pass the winter in Europe. His decision can not fail of giving a still greater stimulus to European chess. Herr Andersson, also, has made final arrangements for being in Paris on the 12th of December; so that this much-expected match will really come off. After its termination we shall probably again see Mr. Morphy in England; and plans, we know, are already afloat for giving him the reception he merits."

STAUNTON PERCEIVES THAT MORPHY HAS WRITTEN A LETTER.

The following letter appears in the *Illustrated London News*:

"Sir,—My attention has at this moment been directed to a passage in a letter of Lord Lyttelton to Mr. Morphy, wherein allusion is made to the 'suppression' of a portion of Mr. Morphy's letter to me, which you published, together with my answer, in your paper for October 23. I have not seen the epistle to which Lord Lyttelton's is a reply; but I *plead guilty at once to having omitted, when sending you Mr. Morphy's jeremiad and my answer, a couple of paragraphs from the former.* My reasons for omitting them were, in the first place, because they appeared to me to be irrelevant to the main point between Mr. Morphy and me; secondly, because I knew if the letters extended very much beyond the limited space you apportion to Chess, they were pretty certain of being omitted, or, as Mr. Morphy phrases it, '*suppressed*' altogether; and thirdly, because I had already written to a friend in Paris, with whom, through my introduction, Mr. Morphy was living upon intimate terms, an explanation touching the notice Mr. Morphy professes to be so concerned at; and from my friend's reply, which intimated that Mr. Morphy was about to write to me in an amicable spirit, I of course supposed there was an end to the matter, and that I should be permitted to pursue my work, and this young gentleman his play, without further misunderstanding. That, after this, and in the face of my endeavors through your journal to set his blindfold and other chess exploits before the public in the most advantageous light—in the face of every civility which in the extent of my opportunities I have endeavored to show him from the first moment of his arrival in this country—he could reconcile it to his sense of honor and honesty to impute to me a willful suppression of any portion of his letter, does, indeed, amaze me, and I can only account for it by supposing he is under the influence of very ill advisers, or that his idea of what is honorable and honest is very different from what I had hoped and believed it to be.

"I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

"H. Staunton.

"Monday, Nov. 15."

THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF AND LADY JERSEY.

The *Times* correspondent says: "We have every day some new story of the strange and capricious *brusquerie* of the Duke of Malakoff. The last *on dit* is, that Lady Jersey, having undertaken to make a favorable impression upon him, had persisted in detaining him longer than usual in conversation, without having any thing

very new or particular to say. His interest in her ladyship's sentimentalisms speedily died out; for a time he listened on in silence, and then yawned undisguisedly, though without effect, and, in short, made every sign which he could think of that he was thoroughly bored. The patroness of Almack's and faded queen of fashion still, however, persevered, and began at length to explain to him why she believed that every period of life had its compensating happiness. His Excellency could resist no longer, and to her ladyship dryly said: 'I dare say you are right, and you must be a good judge, for I have heard that when young you were very beautiful; that always you have been very rich; that you have had many children, and now, when you are old, you have only one daughter left upon your hands.'

"The last piece of this explosion was perhaps the hardest to bear, as the still beautiful, but now almost *passé* Lady Clementina Villiers, after having been talked of as the probable bride of some of the first nobles in the land, remains still unmarried."

RAREY'S TOUR IN THE NORTH.

A London paper contains the following: "Mr. Rarey has once more returned to London, and the confederacy is dissolved between him and Mr. Goodenough, who departed for Canada about two months since. The former gentleman has spent about eighteen or twenty days in Lapland, and instructed a class of two hundred at Stockholm, on his way back here. As in England, he numbered several of the Swedish ministers among his pupils, and gave a grand exhibition in the Royal Riding-School before the Crown Prince and his suite. Two subjects were brought to him; one, a well-bred colt of four or five years old, as wild and nervous as a roe-deer, and which had never had any thing but a halter on. This one occupied him forty minutes, and the process of giving it confidence was so interesting that the whole company rose from their chairs almost at the outset, and never resumed them till he rode it round the ring and played with it at his will. The second was a bay half-bred Arab mare, whose hind feet no man had ever yet been able to shoe, and whom only one groom in Sweden durst approach. Biting and hind-leg vice were her peculiar 'vanities,' and she was so violent when she was led into the ring and delivered over to him that, at one time, several of the spectators feared she would make a summary end of him. However, he was not to be daunted, and assured the Crown Prince that he had been beaten by no horse yet, and that if he could find one to defy him his whole system must be a deception. The result proved that he had not misjudged his power, as he brought her cleverly to hand in an hour and twenty minutes. The Crown Prince then stepped forward, shook hands with him most warmly, and presented him with a gold medal as a memento of his victory. The system seems to be creating quite as much enthusiasm on the Continent as it did in England, and Mr. Rarey and Cruiser bid fair to be in modern what Alexander and Bucephalus were in ancient history. We believe that there is every probability of his being engaged by the Government to instruct the army rough-riders. A commission has been appointed to investigate his system, and it is understood that they have reported most favorably."

THE THACKERAY AND YATES QUARREL.

A case which promises to be of considerable interest in literary and club circles, and which will raise an important and novel point, is to be tried by one of the common law courts at Westminster. It arises out of the dispute between Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Edmund Yates, both members of the Garrick Club, which arose out of circumstances already laid before the readers of the *Weekly*. Mr. Yates having declined to retract the statements he had made in the *Town Talk*, with regard to Mr. Thackeray, the latter submitted the correspondence which had passed between Mr. Yates and himself, together with the copy of the article to which he had taken exception, to the Committee of the Garrick Club. Mr. Yates having heard that Mr. Thackeray had adopted this course, wrote to ask the committee to suspend their judgment until he could prepare his own version of the case; and subsequently wrote to the committee questioning their right to entertain the matter at all. "The article," he said, "may be in exceedingly bad taste, but the committee is not a committee of taste." The committee, at a special meeting, resolved that it was competent to them to entertain Mr. Thackeray's complaint, that the complaint itself was well grounded, and that the practice of publishing such articles, being reflections by one member of the club against any other, would be fatal to the comfort of the club, and intolerable in a society of gentlemen. The committee further resolved that Mr. Yates was bound to make "an ample apology," or retire from the club. Mr. Yates declined either to retire or to apologize, and stated he would appeal to a general meeting on two questions—first, whether the case between Mr. Thackeray and himself was such a case as should be submitted to the committee at all; and, secondly, "Whether Mr. Thackeray has any right to call for an apology from me when he had so arrogantly and coarsely addressed me." The result was that Mr. Yates's subscription was returned, and it was intimated to him that he was expelled the club. He has therefore instituted an action against the committee for trespass, in refusing to allow him to enter the club, and this will raise the important question, as affecting the rights of members generally, whether the club had the right to expel Mr. Yates or not. It is understood that there will be a large array of legal talent on both sides. The Attorney-General has been retained for the committee of the Garrick Club. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., is to lead the case on behalf of the plaintiff, Mr. Edmund Yates.

THACKERAY'S OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes: "A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of meeting at the house of a mutual friend the satirist of the day, 'Thackeray,' whose lectures in your principal cities drew together such large audiences some time since. During the course of the conversation a young American lady present said to Mr. Thackeray, 'I have been long afraid to see issuing from your pungent pen a rather severe book upon the United States and the American people.' 'You need fear no such thing, my dear madam,' replied the tall author, 'for I promised I would not write such a book, and after the kindness I received at the hands of all in America, I am sure I could not be so ungrateful as to say ill of the people that made me feel so much at home.' So I may safely predict that the author of 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' etc., will not give to the world such a trying-to-be-smart-and-funny-and-missing-it-ever-so-much book as Dickens's Notes on America."

MARRIAGE OF THE RICHEST GIRL IN ENGLAND.

We read in an English paper: "On Wednesday, at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the Hon. Miss Loyd, the only daughter of Lord Overstone, bestowed her hand on Major Robert Lindsay, of the Scots Fusilier Guards. The building was completely crammed, every coigne of vantage seized, eager eyes were gazing through the fly-lights of the old-fashioned doors, expectation was at its height, when, shortly after the termination of morning prayer, the entry of two or three elegantly-attired ladies into the church proclaimed the first arrival. They were followed in rapid succession by others of the wedding party, whose dress, we are afraid, continued to be a subject of greater discussion than the personal merits of the wearers, till the entrance of the gallant bridegroom, accompanied by his 'best man,' attracted all attention to himself. The bride was soon afterward led by her father to the altar. Her extreme beauty, heightened by her agitation, was universally regarded with the most respectful admiration. The scene at this moment was brilliant in the extreme. At the termination of the marriage service the party was shown into the vestry, where the usual signatures were affixed to the parochial register, after which the new-made wife, resting on her husband's arm, passed down the aisle to the carriage which awaited them. Here the prettiest part of the day's proceedings took place, the children of the parish, ranged on each side holding baskets of flowers, strewed the path with their contents, when, amidst the joyous clashing of the bells, and the gratulations of their friends, the newly-wedded couple, after partaking of an elegant *déjeûner* at the residence of Lord Overstone, in Carlton Terrace, proceeded on the customary marriage tour. The ceremony was performed by the very Rev. the Dean of Litchfield, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, vicar of the parish. The bride was attired in a white satin dress elegantly trimmed with lace, the bridal vail was of the most costly material, and was confined to the back of her head by a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were costumed in white silk, with cashmere cloaks of the same color, plain bonnets with white feathers tipped with ruby, with which color in velvet the whole costume was relieved."

FANATIC ASSAULT ON HOOPS.

The *Liverpool Mercury* gives the following account of an outrage committed on the person of a young lady near Liverpool: "A young lady, about twenty, of slender frame, reduced by a fever, from the results of which she is slowly regaining convalescence, was proceeding along Boundary Road, when there came toward her two men, the taller one of whom extended a large pocket knife, and exclaiming, 'Look, look, look!' jerked it open. He then said, 'That's to cut the ropes;' and she, presuming that crinoline was meant, at once confessed that she had not any. The taller man affirmed that she had, holding the knife over her; and the lesser man grasped her shoulder tightly with his hand, and commenced pushing her across the road. There was no one within sight at the time, so that a show of resistance, or a call for help, seemed hopeless. The taller man repeatedly said, 'I must cut them;' and the lesser man, who also produced an open knife, said, 'If you make the least resistance I shall stick the knife through you,' at the same time pointing the blade toward the young lady's breast. The lesser man, still holding the young lady by the shoulder, pointed the knife to her bosom, and repeating the threats he had previously made, the taller man raised her dress, grasped her petticoats, and commenced cutting with the knife. Two women were heard approaching, whereupon the men renewed their threats with emphatic impressiveness. The skirts and dress were temporarily dropped; both men stood in front of her as if in conversation; and the women passed by, looking with curiosity, but without suspicion of the outrage that had been temporarily suspended. When they had passed, the dress was again lifted up, and the underskirts cut just in the same way as before; and subsequent examination showed that three skirts had been cut through, the cuts in each being about a foot in length. After completing their work, they replaced the victorine which had been turned round, straightened the lady's cloak, and did all in their power to set right her disordered dress; and then, saying something about catching the omnibus which was heard approaching, they politely took their leave, both wishing her 'Good-by' with apparent reluctance."

ARREST OF A MAN FOR A MURDER COMMITTED THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

A man has been apprehended at Fleur-de-lys, in Monmouthshire, charged with committing a murder in one of the Welsh counties thirty-three years ago. The circumstances of the case, so far as they are at present reported, are briefly these: In or about the year 1826 a man named Thomas Price, alleged to be the prisoner, lived in Carmarthenshire, where he was paying his addresses to a young Welsh woman. Another young man, named Lewis Williams, became attached to the same girl, and frequent quarrels arose between the rivals through the coincidence of their choice. The girl herself seems to have first encouraged one and then the other, but exhibited no decided or permanent preference for either, and this increased the ill-feeling between Price and Williams. At length they agreed to "fight out" the dispute in a field, and both repaired there alone for the purpose. A struggle took place, in the course of which Price got his opponent to the ground, and, while in that position, stabbed him with a knife. The unfortunate man died soon after, and his murderer escaped. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the latter, but the police could never find any trace of him until last week, when a man, who formerly knew all the parties, happened to be on business at Fleur-de-lys. Here he saw the prisoner, and declared him to be no other than Price, who committed the murder described. Price still retained his name, and had been living in the place where he was found ever since the occurrence. He was apprehended and brought before the magistrates at Newport on the 13th, but remanded before any particulars were gone into. Communication was at once made with the Carmarthen police, and the depositions taken at the coroner's inquest on Williams obtained. The prisoner is a gray-headed man, and, not being called upon to say any thing, was silent while before the magistrates.

HOW CLERGYMEN GET LIVINGS IN ENGLAND.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "An amusing story is told of the present Lord Chancellor, who, though himself unspoiled by his elevation, begins to suffer in popularity from the faults of others, and more especially from the ridiculous airs which certain members of his family give themselves. The keeper of the Great Seal has upward of three hundred benefices in his gift. Many of these are very small, but others are endowed with very respectable incomes. As may be supposed, each successive Chancellor is worried to death with applications, not one in twenty of which it would be possible for him to satisfy. For the first three months Lord Chelmsford's love of popularity, coupled with his genuine good nature, induced him to send considerate and oftentimes explanatory replies to the letters of clerical tormentors. But finding the Plague of Parsons did not abate, and that every son, nephew, and cousin in holy orders, of every acquaintance he ever had when he was in the navy or afterward at the bar, seemed resolved to establish intimate relations with him by means of correspondence, he made up his mind, in a moment of despair, that he would not confer a living on any representative of any friend of his youth; and that he would cause such, his inexorable determination in matters ecclesiastical, to be sternly communicated to all whom it might concern. Great was the dismay and grievous the reproaches caused by this *l'ordre impitoyable;* but the sprightly ambition of some cunning curates did not die with despair. While Lord Chelmsford was enjoying the autumnal breezes at Brighton, a young gentleman of fascinating voice, aspect, and address, who had felt himself called to the ministry, but whom no undiscerning bishop seemed likely to call to the receipt of pastoral custom, wended his listless way toward that great marine loitering-place of wealth, and rank, and fashion. He had not been at Brighton very long when he ascertained that it was the Chancellor's habit to frequent a church of which a friend of his was chaplain. Without communicating his discovery to his reverend acquaintance, he offered obligingly to take for him occasionally part of his duty. The unconscious chaplain, glad to be relieved for a Sunday or two, gratefully accepted the office, and his accomplished substitute got up an amazingly powerful discourse for the following Sunday. The great man came as usual, and was much impressed by the eloquence and earnestness of the young apostle. The day after, a mutual friend delighted him with the tidings that, having thrown himself in the Chancellor's way, he had been asked by his lordship the name of the youthful *Boanerges*, and that he had obtained leave to present him. Then, but not till then, the astute preacher let drop enough of his family history to inform Lord Chelmsford that his father and he had been messmates in the West Indies half a century ago. Believing that his new favorite had not infringed his admonitory rule, he assured him of the interest he took in his advancement, and promised to provide for him."

THE DEAD ALIVE.

An English country paper has the following: "The young girl whose singular restoration to life has been previously recorded is still living. Having had an opportunity of inquiring into this very remarkable affair, we are enabled to give the following particulars: The girl, whose name is Amelia Hinks, is twelve or thirteen years of age, and resided with her parents in Bridge Street, Nuneaton, and dwindling away under some unaccountable complaint, about three weeks ago she, as her friends imagined, died. The corpse was then removed to another room. The body was rigid and icy cold. It was washed and laid out with the usual deathly accompaniments (penny pieces being placed over the eyes), and the coffin was ordered. For more than forty-eight hours the supposed corpse lay beneath the winding-sheet, when it happened that her grandfather, a very aged man, came from Leamington to the neighborhood of Nuneaton. On going with a female relation to see the corpse, the old man removed one of the copper coins, and although the eye remained closed, he fancied he saw a movement beneath the lid. The female with him at first ridiculed the idea, but on looking more closely, she too observed a movement. The medical attendant was then apprised of the circumstance, and although he at first treated the matter as a delusion, the application of an instrument to the region of the heart soon convinced him that there was life within the apparent corpse. The body was then removed to a warmer room, and the existence of life soon became apparent. By degrees animation was restored, a loud sneeze placing the fact of her being a living subject beyond all doubt. When speech was restored, the girl described every thing that had taken place from the time of her supposed death. She knew who had closed her eyes and placed the coppers thereon. She also heard the order given for her coffin, and could describe the various remarks made over her as she lay in her death-clothes. At first on her restoration she refused all sustenance, and on some aliment being forced upon her, she became frightfully excited, and though in a state of extreme debility, it required great force to hold her. Since that period her conduct has been very strange. She entertains a wish to destroy her father and mother, and on one occasion, when they were asleep in the same room with herself, she arose from her bed in the dead of the night, went down stairs for a light, and having first destroyed, by burning, some needle-work, which she knew her mother 'set great store' upon, she set fire to the curtains, and then retired to her bed, from which it was thought impossible she could have moved. In fact so mysterious was the origin of the fire that her parents were at a loss to account for it, until the girl herself confessed having been the cause. She now lies in such a state that she can neither be called alive nor dead, the former state being only ascertained by a careful examination of her pulse. Were it not that there is no motive for deception, and the parents being creditable people, we should imagine that there was some *ruse* in this very extraordinary affair, which is causing considerable excitement in Nuneaton and the neighborhood."

FRANCE.

THE COST OF COURT LIFE.

A letter from Paris says: "The expense caused the Emperor by his visit to Compiègne is described to be prodigious; all the household is there, and the household is vast in number, and dear to keep; the hunting establishment is there, and it exceeds in number and magnificence, and consequently in cost, that which Charles X. used to maintain—and yet dearly did that royal Bourbon love hunting, and right royal was his *venerie;* guests of high degree are there, and have troops of lackeys with them; and last, but not least, the entire companies of various Paris theatres are taken down twice or thrice a week to amuse the distinguished party; and what in pay, and presents, and traveling and 'incidental expenses,' those companies absorb a good deal. Nor is it only the Emperor's purse that bleeds; the guests themselves have to buy uniforms of green and gold for the hunts, and the ladies are required to appear in two new dresses a day."

THE EMPRESS IN FAVOR OF ROMANTIC MARRIAGES.

The young officer of the Cent Gardes, who, rallied by his comrades for his love of a young girl without fortune, and who, considering her reputation compromised by their fool-born jesting, had boldly resolved to marry her, has been reinstated in his commission, which he was forced to resign in order to fulfill his intention. The Empress has most generously insisted on this act of justice, and, moreover, has appointed the young lady to an official situation about the person of the Prince Imperial.

LAMARTINE BEGGING IN PUBLIC.

A meeting of the committee of the Lamartine subscription was held on the 15th at the Hôtel du Louvre. M. de Lamartine, in an impassioned speech, the delivery of which lasted not less than two hours, explained the state of his private affairs, and justified himself from the charges of prodigality which he said had been calumniously brought against him. The amount of his debts had, he said, been exaggerated; it was only 2,200,000 francs, and he had this year paid off 900,000 francs. The chairman, M. Vavin, put the question to the meeting whether the Lamartine subscription should be abandoned or continued, and it was unanimously resolved that it should be continued, and a new appeal made to the country.

DI VERNONISM IN FRANCE.

The Court continues its hunting operations in the forests of Compiègne, but these last few days have been such dampers to the chase, in the way of rain, mud, and mist, that the festivities are likely to be cut short. The prowess of Imperial Eugénie has spread a contagion of Diana Vernonism among the ladies of France. All the autumn not only archery and fencing had its fair adepts, but rowing-matches on the Seine, between St. Cloud and St. Germains, were feminine amusements; and Mademoiselle Alphonsine C—— feathered an oar or a scull against all comers. It is true that Madame Lefay is for some years a prominent winner on the turf; and as to game licenses, lady fowlers have paid the tax at Strasburg, Melun, Lille, Tours, and Poictiers. The last town had already its historic Diana.

A NEW CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A. M. Jobard has published a book on sea-sickness which possesses some novelty. He states that sea-sickness is caused by the mechanical action of the bowels, which are made to vibrate by the heaving and pitching of the vessel and to strike against the diaphragm. The liver and gall-bladder, thus exposed to repeated action and percussion, emit a larger quantity of bile than usual, and retching is the natural consequence. M. Jobard, therefore, simply proposes to tie down the intestines, so as to prevent the jolting, which may be effectually done by two belts, one passing under the thorax and the other between the legs."

A SINGULAR CASE OF MADNESS.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: "One of the most brilliant talkers in Paris has been carried to the mad-house! I allude to M. Malitourne. Dr. Veron, in his memoirs, speaks of him in these words: 'M. Malitourne is, above all, a fascinating talker; he divines the impressions of those who listen to him, their momentary thoughts, and he gives life to these impressions and thoughts by just and piquant words. He said of M. de Chateaubriand; "He is the republican the most devoted to the monarchy we have in France."' He used to say, during the Restoration, 'I shall cease to fear a new revolution the moment our legitimate princes begin to believe themselves *chez nous*, and cease to believe themselves *chez eux*.' I asked M. Malitourne to recall some of the witty remarks he so often makes in conversation; he replied, 'It is with my *esprit* as it is with my money—I have never been able to bring myself to write down my expenses.' M. Malitourne has frequently received prizes from the French Academy, he was an able contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and he has frequently been employed by the Government. He lived entirely by his pen, and, as he spent little money (he dined every day with Dr. Veron and had a free ticket to all of the theatres), he did not fatigue himself by labor. He was writing a work—'Des Caracteres de ce Siecle'—when he read a suit for libel brought against a vulgar fellow who sold slanders for biography. He took it into his head that his book would be regarded as a slander, and he be tried as a libeler. He became alarmed and threw his book into the fire. In a few days it became evident he was crazy, and he was carried to Bicetre. He has been greatly relieved by his stay there; his mind is as calm if not as lucid as formerly; he is as good humored and smiling as ever. His madness lies in thinking himself naked. When his friends go to see him, he instantly recognizes them, but before he will say a word to them, he makes them give him their coat or cloak to hide his nakedness. Then he talks with his wonted grace and brilliancy, and when his friends get up to go, he returns the borrowed garment, saying: 'It is right you should be covered when you go into the street.' And he accompanies them to the door, adding, as he shakes hands, 'I can't go any farther; you know the reason why!' and he returns to his chamber smiling and blushing. What a painful affliction! Death is ten thousand times preferable to it! Let me add, to the honor of Dr. Veron, that he pays M. Malitourne's board at Bicetre, although the Minister of the Interior insisted that the Government should pay it."

SWITZERLAND.

MORE TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

Excessive cold has for some days past prevailed in Switzerland, and on the 7th it caused a loss of life. Eight villagers of Evolène were returning from the fair of Aosto by the glacier of Aola, when three of them walked on in advance. After a while the five found the three lying on the snow, and unable to proceed; they had become benumbed and had sunk to the earth. The five tried all they could to make them rise, and even beat them with sticks, but in vain. Fearing at length that they themselves would be overcome with cold, four of them went away; but the fifth, named Favre, who was an intimate friend of one of the three, named Beybrison, took him on his shoulders, and with immense difficulty carried him a distance of two leagues, when his own hands, feet, and nose having become frost-bitten, he was obliged, in spite of the other's earnest entreaties, to abandon him to his fate. On hearing of what had happened, twenty-two young men of the village set out to search for the three men. They easily found Beybrison, but he was quite dead. The bodies of the other two having become buried in the snow could not be discovered.

ITALY.

ARE THE FRENCH TO REMAIN AT ROME?

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Rome, under date November 10, says: "The question of the French occupation stands, according to the best information I have as yet been able to obtain, pretty much as follows. The Papal Government, that is to say, the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, or perhaps I should say Cardinal Antonelli and the Pope, would like to get rid of their allies. They are of opinion that they could get on very well without French bayonets, and keep the peace with their own resources. In this belief it is thought they are mistaken. Persons well able to form a just appreciation of the situation, believe that disturbances would quickly follow the withdrawal of the French troops. Of these there are now about 5000 in the Papal States, including, of course, those in this city. Were they to leave, the Swiss (of whom there are hardly 4000) would be all the Government could depend upon, and they would not suffice. As to the Roman troops, I am positively assured that no reliance could be placed upon them, and that they would be much more likely to join in a revolution than to cooperate in its suppression. The Roman army numbers, I believe, about 10,000. All these points considered, it is pretty evident that the French can not yet be dispensed with, without danger to the existing order of things."

ATTEMPT TO POISON MADAME RISTORI.

A letter from Parma states that a diabolical attempt has been made there to murder Madame Ristori by administering to her some real poison in a cup from which she was to drink on the stage. Of course the Austrian Government is charged with the crime.

WHAT POWERS IS DOING.

A Florence correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says: "Through the kindness of Mr. Powers, an opportunity was afforded me of seeing his bronze statue of Webster, at the foundery here, the day before it was prepared for shipment. It is a noble figure, of more than life size, representing Webster as standing erect, his left hand resting on a bundle of fasces, while his right hand holds across his breast a roll of manuscript. The costume is modern throughout, and the dress-coat is buttoned over the chest. I was greatly disappointed in the head of the statue; it appeared to me a failure as to form, likeness, and intellectual expression. The statue was cast in one piece; the bronze is quite different in color from that of the Munich foundery, being dull and muddy-looking. Mr. Powers has just completed, at his studio, a copy of the Fisher Boy, for the Hon. Hamilton Fish, and is now engaged on a bust of Mrs. Wade Hampton, whose brother, the Hon. John S. Preston, is now residing in Florence."

A PRIEST SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR DENOUNCING HOOPS.

A curé of Issoverdi, near Genoa, taking umbrage at the gay dresses worn by some of his fair parishioners, launched out in the pulpit into a furious denunciation of vanity; but, instead of questioning the taste of the parties, he questioned their virtue. Great indignation was felt by the women at a suggestion conveyed in any thing but diplomatic terms, and an action was brought forthwith against the curé. The latter pleaded in vain that he had been carried away by the spirit of eloquence; in fact, that he had made the suggestion in a Pickwickian sense; he has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and ten francs fine.

TURKEY.

WHAT IT COSTS TO RETRENCH THE SULTAN'S EXPENSES.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Daily News*, after detailing an affair which shows the corruption still prevailing in the administrative department, says: "To this, however, I may add mention of one other matter of fact which I do not remember to have spoken of yet, but which is in itself a whole volume of expository comment on the economy-farce to which Riza Pacha is playing the part of stage-manager. What do your readers suppose are the proper official emoluments of this high-priest of the retrenchment mysteries himself? 115,000 piastres a month as Seraskier, 115,000 as Grand Master of the Artillery, 80,000 as Mushir of the Palace, and 60,000 of a life-pension, together with 200,000 piastres' worth of rations—or a yearly total of 6,840,000 piastres, at the present rate of exchange about £460,000 sterling! Fabulous as these figures read, they truly represent the aggregate of the various salaries pocketed by this economic pluralist, who thus swallows up in his own person nearly one-sixteenth part of the whole nominal income of the state! The fact carries with it its own comment, and offers a more powerful exposition of the sincerity of the Government in its present pretense of retrenchment than a whole column of argument could supply."

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS AND TURKISH INTOLERANCE.

The correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes: "I saw a scene, the other day, which certainly would have given occasion to an uprising here, if any thing could. The foundation-stone of an English church was publicly laid by Lord Stratford, in the very midst of a Turkish quarter in Pera. If the distinct object of the founders had been to do the greatest possible violence to the most sacred feelings of the Turks, it really seemed to me that they could not have chosen a more appropriate site for this church. It is completely and closely surrounded by Turkish dwelling-houses, and on one side stands a mosque, whose minaret brushes against the temporary wooden fence that has been erected around the church lot. The other day, when prayers were offered, hymns sung, and addresses delivered, in the midst of a large company of Englishmen, on that very spot groups of Turkish women were gathered around, watching with the most intense interest and anxiety every part of the ceremony. In the midst of one of the groups was a dervish, who was as intently gazing upon the scene as the rest, and seemed to say the glory of Islamism is departed. While the proceedings were going forward it came to be one of the hours for prayer, and the *Imaum* went up on to the top of the minaret to give notice to the neighborhood, according to invariable custom. But his issuing from the hole in the minaret upon the gallery was observed by some of the Embassador's *Kavases* (guards of honor) below, who, putting their fingers to their mouths, beckoned to him to be still, and he remained a silent though sad spectator of the scene, leaning over the balustrade of the minaret for a full hour! The women below said to one another, in a suppressed tone, 'See how our poor Imaum weeps!' A few years ago such a thing could not be seen in Turkey; but now things have greatly changed; and I think you will agree with me in saying that the minds of the Turkish populace here can not be in a very inflammable state, or they would not have allowed so veritable an occasion for rising to pass unimproved."



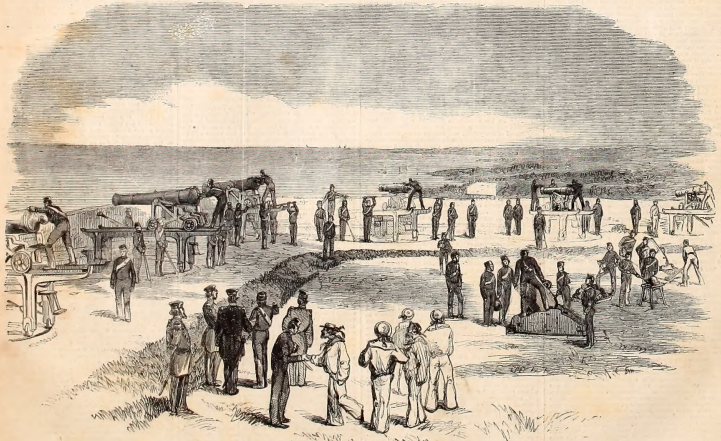
THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

THE "SABINE" AT ANCHOR IN GRASSY BAY, BERMUDA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION—THE "SABINE" AT BERMUDA.

THE public are generally aware that the United States frigate *Sabine*, the flagship of Commodore Shubrick, having been overtaken by a "cyclone" or hurricane on her way to the La Plata in the last week of October, was obliged to put into Bermuda for repairs. Our attentive correspondent has sent us from thence a couple of photographs—of the good ship at her anchorage, and of the reception of the United States visitors on shore. She anchored at Grassy Bay opposite the Royal Navy Yard, and was immediately visited by the British officers on the station, and every facility and assistance were offered for the purpose of effecting her repairs. The correspondent of the *Herald* writing from Bermuda thus describes the kind reception granted to our countrymen by the islanders:

"The Governor seems to have made it a point to treat our Admiral with the most distinguished consideration, as well as the most cordial hospitality. Captain Hutton, the senior naval officer on the station, has cheerfully afforded every assistance in repairing the injuries sustained by the vessel, and certainly has most materially aided by his own efforts the departure of the *Sabine*. The dock-yard, with its excellent mechanics, was placed completely at our command; and, although our own men sufficed in most instances, when supplied with proper means, the kindness was no less appreciated. The personal attentions of that officer deserve every acknowledgment. For the officers of the Twenty-sixth Cameronians we can but always entertain a grateful sense of the elegant entertainment with which we were honored at their hands. It was then, probably, for the first time, that the garrison of Bermuda resounded with a toast to the President of the United States and the stirring music of 'Hail Columbia.' It is a matter of regret, while every personal courtesy has been extended to the officers of the *Sabine* that could evince respect to the nation or add to our own obligations, that we should be unable to make any return. The state of the vessel and the continual repairs she has been undergoing would not permit of that pleasure."



THE OFFICERS OF THE "SABINE" VISITING THE FORTIFICATIONS AT BERMUDA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]



THE MAILS CROSSING A TORRENT IN THE RAINY SEASON IN INDIA.

INDIAN LETTER-CARRIERS.

THE accompanying illustrations will enable the public of the United States to judge of the dangers and difficulties which beset the transmission of the mails in India. The first depicts the slinging of letter-bags across a swollen stream in India during the rainy season. The *dawk-runner*, or mail-carriers can overcome every ordinary obstacle, such as heat, rain, rock, and jungle; but a swollen torrent stops them. When, therefore, the rains swell the mountain streams so as to render them unfordable, the people of the vicinity take time by the forelock and sling a rope across them. By an ingenious handling of the end of the rope the bags are got across, and a fresh runner starts off with them at once.

The other engraving represents the catamaran postman, who comes out on his log through the surf to board ships on their arrival in India. These famous boatmen have been thus described:

"As ships approach the coast passengers' eyes are strained in the direction of the land, not yet in sight. The interest is getting more intense every minute, when a small, dark object is descried among the distant waves. Now it dips, now rises, now battles with the waves, and now it disappears entirely beneath a huge roller, only, however, to reappear on this side. Soon it becomes evident that the novel object is a specimen of the natives of the land ahead. He is kneeling on a small float, or solid piece of wood, shaped something like a canoe, but not hollowed, possessing just sufficient buoyancy to keep the occupant from sinking. The rapidity with which the voyage is going now becomes apparent, for the strange boatman has shot past, well-nigh, 'Ope, ope, ope!' with all his might; and long before the many curious eyes directed toward him have had any chance of gratifying their curiosity he is out far away over the stern, making vigorous efforts with his paddle to keep up sufficient way to enable him to grasp the rope which the sailors have thrown to him in compliance with his strangely-sounding request. The interest increases as you watch with straining eyes his chances of gaining what appears to be deliverance from certain peril. While you are thus engaged another rope has been thrown with a more dexterous hand, and this he has clutched and made fast to his tiny bark; in another instant the dark stranger has 'shinned' up the side, six the chains, on to the deck, and 'Catamaran Jack' (as the sailors familiarly term him), with his conical cap of basket-work, his only attire, saving scanty drawers of calico, stands confessed; the briny elements rose down his body in small streams, forming little pools on the deck where he is standing, and the passengers gaze at him with eager curiosity. He is not, however, abashed at this; but forthwith proceeds to smile the string of his cap, from the warmth



CATAMARAN BOATMAN BOARDING A SHIP WITH LETTERS.

lining of which he produces a letter wrapped in a small piece of calico. The letter he hands to the captain, and the calico is replaced in his helmet for future service.

"These adventurous postmen paddle forth in all weathers, and when the sea is very rough they are frequently washed off their seats. Being excellent swimmers, however, they think nothing of such accidents, but regain their catamarans with astonishing activity. With all his activity, however, Jack's calling is a dangerous one. Sharks swarm on the Coromandel coast, and Jack has frequently to do battle with them. In these encounters the paddle is the means of defense, and is used with a desperation equal to the emergency. Although for the most part victorious, many of these boatmen fall victims to the voracity of the shark—the most deadly enemy to swimmers in tropical seas."

LINA FERNIE.

CHAPTER I.

"I tell you, John, you're just a fool!" exclaimed Widow Harland, regarding her son with pettish impatience and astonishment.

John looked very headstrong, and willful, and desperately in earnest about the subject under discussion. "It is always a hard word with you, mother," said he, deprecatingly. "What can you have against Lina?"

"Have against her! She's the most conceited, selfish, uppish, wasteful wench in all Brigham!" was the uncompromising reply. "Marry her! She'll break your heart in a twelvemonth! She'd break any honest man's heart with her idleness and love of finery."

"She has an uncommon pretty face, mother; and isn't it women's ways to like to set it off a bit?" pleaded John. "You never saw any harm in her until I took on with her."

"It is not for me to lightlie a neighbor's daughter when she is nought to me; but when you talk of bringing in a lass like Lina Fernie, and setting her up over your old mother's head, then it's time to speak, I think. I hoped you would have acted more sensible when it came to seeking a wife, John. A fine young man like you, with a well-plenished house to bring her to, and work the year in an' the year out. Why, you might have the pick of the parish!"

"And that's what Lina is: she's the pick of the parish. Show me her match any where!"

"I say nought about prettiness; for red and white, and blue eyes like a wax doll's, Lina would be hard to beat; but they won't bake your bread, or guide your house, John, mind that! What can she do?—there's the question."

"Why, I suppose, mother, that, like other girls, she can learn. She's only young."

"I don't like her bringing-up. I don't like the family, John. They have never borne very good characters, either at home or abroad."

"And is poor Lina to be blamed for that?"

"Have you spoken to her yet, John?"

"No. I thought I must speak to you first."

"Well, then, I've said my say. If it had been Mary Jenner, or Libbie Frost, I would have been glad to make way for either of them; but it goes sorely against the grain with me to give place to Lina Fernie."

"Mary Jenner's older than me, mother; and Libbie Frost's downright ugly."

"I don't mind of hearing you say so till Lina came home from her aunt's in London."

"Libbie's well enough for some things, but I could not fancy to marry her if there was not another woman in the world."

Mrs. Harland sighed deeply, and plied her knitting-pins fast; John continued to hover about her, scarcely satisfied to act against her counsel, yet fully bent on getting Lina Fernie for his wife.

"I wasn't a beauty, John, as well you may see," said the mother, with a wistful smile; "yet your father fancied me, and I don't think he ever regretted his choice. I was a good, useful article, he used to say."

"You're a deal better like than Libbie Frost now; and, mother, there'd be you to put Lina in the way of things, you know," he insinuated.

"She's not one that will take kindly to teaching; but I wish you would not talk to me about her any more. If your heart's set on her, I know you over well to expect to see you change it."

John acknowledged that his heart was set on Lina, and that a miserable man he would be that day he thought she looked coldly on him; and finding his mother really indisposed to indulge him with any further conversation on the subject, he strolled down the neat little garden into the village street, and turned naturally toward Lina's cottage.

Lina was standing on her door-step, having a gossip with a neighbor. She haunted the door-step very much, and never scrupled to hold any body in talk, man, woman, or child, young or old, rich or poor, friend or stranger, who passed by that way. She had not an atom of shyness. Indeed, John's mother was much more correct in her estimate of the village belle than was John himself. Lina was very pretty, very; nobody could gainsay that. Her complexion was of creamy fairness, with a brilliant but delicate bloom; her hair was bright golden, her figure was short, but plump. Lina knew she was a beauty, and liked other people to know it, too. She had no objection to the assiduities of the handsome young mason. Indeed, the longer her train of admirers the better Lina liked it; so when she saw him coming toward the cottage she bridled her white neck, and looked as captivatingly unconscious of him as ever she could—a needless wile, for poor John was already prostrated by the power of her charms, and perfectly incapable of a single reasonable reflection with regard to her.

As he approached, Meggie Sanders, the other gossip, drew off, and Lina invited John into the house. He accepted the courtesy gratefully; for there was only the deaf old grandmother sitting by the fire, and she would take no heed to their conversation. John had not at any time a skillful tongue at commonplace chat, and his present absorbing feelings for Lina made him even less fluent than usual—a matter of which the girl was clearly sensible; but, by-and-by, he got one of Lina's nice little hands in his hard brown ones, and after remarking that it was as white as a lady's, he said, with a glowing blush on his honest face,

"Lina, I want you to give it to me?"

"Give you my hand, John! Why what in the world could you do with it?" asked she, feigning not to understand him.

"I mean, Lina, will you be my wife? Do you like me well enough?"

"Why, John, I never so much as thought about you!"

"But will you try to think about me? Oh, Lina, I think of you night and day, and get no peace for thinking of you!"

Lina laughed merrily, and tried to pull away her hand; but John held it fast all the same, and would not let it go until she answered him.

"I don't want to be married, John," said she, half pettishly; "and besides, I know your mother is cross, and does not like me. She thinks that fright Libbie Frost would suit you better."

"But I don't think so, Lina; and so, what does it matter? You would soon get round my mother, for she is real good. She scarcely knows you."

"Yes, she does; and she always looks at me as if she were jealous about you—and I'm sure she needn't be."

"Don't say that, Lina, don't. I'd rather she was ever so jealous than that you should not care for me. Do you care for me, Lina, darling—"

"Just a little bit; about as much as that," and the rural coquette measured off the first joint of her little finger as the amount of her affection for the ardent young mason.

"It's a beginning, Lina. It will be the whole hand soon;" and John looked not dissatisfied.

"Don't be over sure, John. Didn't I tell you I'd no thoughts of marrying yet? Oh, it's dull, ever so dull, to get married when one's young!" and the lively maiden lifted up her hands in horrified deprecation of such a weariful fate. John's countenance fell.

"But not if you liked me, Lina?" insinuated he, imprisoning the little hand again. "Don't be unkind."

"I don't like you much, John, you know—you are over old for me; I do believe you're thirty, at least?"

"Nay, Lina, I'm not so old as that, neither. I'm only eight-and-twenty," replied John, earnestly.

"And I'm eighteen—there's ten years between us. No, no, John; you're too old, you're too old!" and Mistress Lina shook her head, and looked seriously bewildering out of her blue eyes.

"I always knew you were a famous scholar, Lina, but I did not think you'd learnt ciphering, either;" said John, with feigned surprise. "A clever little wife like you would be the making of me—you would, indeed. Why, if I ever get to be a master builder, you could help me with the books."

"I hate books, and I hate summing worse than any thing!" retorted the perverse damsel, pouting.

John looked down at her half grieved and half admiring. She looked prettier than ever when she was rebellious. "Now, Lina, that's just to plague me," said he; "as if I were not bad enough without. Just give me one smile before I go—here's your father coming."

"La, John, how silly you are! Well, I'm going to Bartinglas feast on Thursday, and you may go with me if you like—does that please you?" John showed by his face that it did, and then, as Lina's father reeled round the hedge, he departed; for old Fernie was quarrelsome in his cups with friend and foe, but especially with a friend.

CHAPTER II.

To Bartinglas feast together went John and Lina, it being generally understood now by the friends and relatives of both parties that they were keeping company. But if John anticipated that he should keep Lina to himself all the day of the feast he was woefully mistaken. The admiration of one was by no means sufficient to satisfy her craving, and she gadded about from place to place in search of other acquaintance, letting John see that he was far from necessary to her. But his greatest grievance was, that when it was decent time to go home, Lina announced her determination to stay for a dance that was to take place in the long room of the public house. John was not a frequenter of public houses, and the idea that Lina should wish to enter such a place and join in such revelry as these rustic dances are, equally mortified and astonished him. He remonstrated and she pouted; she said he might go home and she would return with her cousins; but to this he would not agree, and the end was that Lina capered through half a dozen country-dances with half a dozen fresh partners, while John propped his back sulkily against the white-washed wall, and looked on disgusted. If he had broken with her that night, as she tried her utmost to make him do, it would have been all the better for him; but John was infatuated; and though it hurt him to see his mother's grieved and angry face when he told her the reason of his late return from the feast, still he would not listen to a single word said in disparagement of Lina, and he would have bitten out his tongue rather than utter one.

From that evening at Bartinglas poor John never had a happy hour again, never a day's peace or ease of mind. Though Lina soon after pledged him her word that she would marry him in the fall of the year, she could not resist the often recurring temptation to exercise her attractions on other young men; and as John was naturally of a sudden and violent, or rather jealous, temper, her conduct tried him severely. In vain he expostulated, in vain he reasoned, in vain he pleaded; Lina would only pout her dissatisfaction at his lectures, and tell him if he did not like her he was free to leave her; but poor John felt to his sorrow that he was less free than ever. His mortification and disappointment had a wretched effect on his temper; he became morose and irritable, even to his mother, and with Lina herself high words became quite common—rather, indeed, the rule than the exception when they met.

Mrs. Harland, when she knew that her son and Lina were really promised to each other, made a duty of the necessity, and tried to know her intended daughter-in-law better; but Lina always showed her a repulsive, unfriendly face, and, finally, the widow, losing all patience, gave up the vain attempt, and left her to her own devices. To one thing, however, she made up her mind, and that was, that she would not continue to live in the cottage with her son when he brought home Lina as his wife, and when the time for the wedding drew near she began to make preparations for retiring elsewhere. Lina made no secret of how glad this arrangement made her, for she was afraid of Mrs. Harland's serious integrity; but John regretted his mother's resolution for many and good reasons.

CHAPTER III.

It wanted but three weeks of the day fixed for the marriage, when John, going one evening rather later than usual to the Fernies' cottage, found seated there in the most friendly way, conversing with Lina, a smart young clerk out for a holiday, whom Lina told her lover she had known at her aunt's in London. The clerk was a good-looking, conceited young sprig, who evidently had a comfortable assurance of his own personal attractions. He called Lina, Linny, and made a hundred allusions to past events and amusements, while John sat by chafing and galled at his impertinent familiarity, which Lina had not any notion of checking. To do the young city clerk justice, he had no idea whatever that the ponderous young mason, who was so slow of speech and heavy of step, could be a wooer of Linny, whom he thought of seriously for himself; and he gave him several broad hints that his room would be more acceptable than his company. But John staid perseveringly on, until Lina contrived him an errand to the top of the village, and sent him away, whether he would or no.

"Who is that fiery-faced clown, Linny? He lords it over you finely!" lisped the genteel clerk.

Lina colored and stammered. She was ashamed to acknowledge John before this young spark; who despised a far better man than himself.

"Oh! he is a mason. He works with my father," said she.

There was a fine bush of monthly roses trailing over the cottage walls, from which Lina always culled a few to embellish her work-table. It happened that some had been newly-gathered that afternoon, and she had taken one out of the cup and was playing with it while John was in the cottage. When John came back from the errand on which she had dispatched him the rose had changed its place from her fingers to the city clerk's button-hole—a transference which caught his jealous eye in a moment. He gave her a glance, to which she replied with one of coquettish defiance; and as the young stranger presently went away and left them together, he began to be very angry.

"I tell you what, John Harland," retorted she, passionately, "if you had not got my word I'd never marry you. I like Tom Freeling's little finger better than your whole body!" John's eyes blazed, and he dashed away from the cottage in a fury. The heartless girl had quite warped his honest, manly nature. He scarcely knew what he did for the next hour or two. It was late when he arrived home, and his mother was waiting up for him. It had begun to rain, and a distant rumble of thunder echoed in the sky. Mrs. Harland got up from her chair to bolt the door when he came in; but he impatiently forbade her, as he was going out again very early in the morning. She asked where he was going to; but as he seemed not to hear, and did not reply to her question, she said further: "Need I sit up, Johnny, I'm tired with washing to-day?" He seemed startled by her weary tone, and turned round to kiss her. This touch of now unusual tenderness quite broke down the old mother's reserve. "Oh! John, John! you've not been like yourself lately; what ails you? what's amiss?" and she hung about him affectionately. He put her quietly aside, after a minute or two, and bade her go to bed.

Long before daylight John was ready. He took down a gun that hung over the chimney, deliberately cleaned it, loaded it, and concealing it partially under his coat, he left the house stealthily, and set off on the high-road to Bartinglas. His countenance was wicked and deadly under the cloud of night. But no one met him; no one saw him to suspect on what evil errand he was bound. He had heard the young clerk say to Lina, out in the garden, before they parted: "Early to-morrow morning I'm going over to Bartinglas. Meet me there at noon, Linny, and we'll have a walk in the wood without that spying fiery-faced clown to watch us!" "Hush, he'll hear!" was Lina's response; and, on the instant, there came a devilish thought into John's head. "I'll spoil your meeting. I'll be beforehand with you, my fine gentleman—you shall not ridicule me to Lina again!"

As he walked, the rain continued to stream down in torrents. When he came to a little thick copse by the road-side, he hid himself among the trees. There was partial shelter for him overhead, but he stood in the tall wet reeds and grass. No matter: the chill did not cool his hot blood, nor quench the fire of jealous rage that was consuming him, and he waited there until the morning began to break through the dense watery clouds. Then he established himself under a careful covert, where he could see the road from Brigham, but would be himself unseen by any one approaching from that direction. The rain had ceased, but a thick vapor rose from the fields and dense vegetation about him. His watch was prolonged; he began to feel pains in his limbs and head, and giddiness. He found that he could scarcely steady his hands to raise the gun; not from any failure in his purpose, but from sheer physical inability. At last he heard the trot of a pony on the road, and the clear whistle of the young clerk. With a mad haste he tried to raise the gun. But his arm failed him. It was suddenly struck with such weakness that he could not lift the weapon above his own breast; and in that moment his deadly chance was lost. He sprang out into the road, with the intention of dragging the stranger from his horse and beating him to death; but his foot slipped on the mud of the bank, and he fell prostrated on his face. The clerk, hearing the noise, turned, rode back, and recognized the mason whom he had seen at Lina's cottage.

"Eh! what, poaching!" he cried, as John reared his indignant head and stumbled upon his feet; "take my warning, Giles, if that's your name, and leave the game to them it belongs to. There's only one step, and that a short one, as I've heard say, between poaching and sheep-stealing." And with that he trotted off, whistling his tune, and leaving John more wroth than before. He was half mad as he staggered home and restored the gun to its place over the chimney. His mother was just stirring. He had sense enough left to crawl into his chamber so stealthily that she should not suspect he had been absent all night. But for any rest he could get, he might have had his body stretched upon the rack and the tooth of an active devil gnawing at his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

It was full three months before John Harland set foot over the threshold again; and when he did so at last, it was as a gaunt spectre, crippled and deformed by rheumatism in almost every limb. Toward the close of a sunshiny September afternoon, when the village was empty, every available hand being engaged in the harvest-field, he said to his mother, who was sitting with her knitting in the open door-way,

"Mother, how long is it since Lina Fernie came to see after me? I haven't heard her voice for days—weeks, I think."

"It is weeks, John. Be advised by me, and give up thinking about her," was the pleading reply.

"It is all very easy to say give up thinking about her; but it is none so easy to do," said John, bitterly. "I mean to hear my fate from her own lips; and if you'll reach me down my plaid I'll go and see her now—she never goes to the harvest."

"Wait a bit longer, John; wait a bit longer—you can't bear any thing yet."

"And you think she'll have nothing more to say to me?" asked the young man, hoarsely.

"Oh, Johnny, lad! don't look so wretched, she's never worth it. She's never worth thy good heart!"

A miserable contortion passed over his features as his mother uttered the last words. No one but himself knew what evil intentions had been bred in that good heart, which a merciful Providence had frustrated. He rose with a stick and crutch and hobbled to the door. Oh, what a wreck he was! But not such a wreck as he might have been if God had left him his strength unparalyzed on that terrible night when he went out intent on shedding blood. His mother brought his plaid and wrapped it all round him, and then kissed his sallow, sickly face fervently.

"Remember, Johnny, thee has me always, me that loved thee first, and will always love thee best!" she cried, as she let him go.

"Something tells me I'll have need to remember it, mother," he replied; "but I can't bear this torture of waiting any longer, and I'll know the worst at once."

She watched him down the village street, and saw him disappear within Fernie's cottage; not five minutes elapsed before he came out again. It was sad—oh, it was more than sad—to see the painful haste with which he toiled up the sunny, dusty street. His mother ran to meet him, and helped him in doors, not thinking of questioning him, so terrified was she at the expression of rage and agony that convulsed his features. He dropped upon the settle with a groan, and hid his face. After a moment he burst into a womanish passion of tears, which shook his crippled form vehemently. The mother watched him, and knew what it meant. The whole hope, dream, joy of his life was gone from him—forever gone.

It was many weeks before John brought himself to speak of his brief interview with Lina; he then told his mother what had passed.

"Lina," said he, "was sitting by the window, and she gave a scream when she saw me. 'Eh, John, but what a miserable lamester you are!' and laughed. I suppose there was something startling in my changed looks. I asked her if she meant to keep her word by me; and her answer was, 'Nay, John, I never loved you much, and you must be out of your head to think I shall marry you now!' And so I left her, laughing at my hobbling walk. That's Lina!"

CHAPTER V.

John Harland is a gray-headed old man now—harsh, bitter, unlovely: tainted through and through with the poison of his disappointment. A kind word, a kind deed, are not altogether strange to him, perhaps; but he hides them, as something of which he is ashamed. He says all the world is selfish, and crafty, and cruel.

As for Lina, beautiful, vain, unfeeling, she has been in her grave these many, many years: though where she lies, or how she died, we can not tell. No one wept for her, nor felt for her, but him whom she despised. John knows what became of her. His charity found her in her despair, and gave her a grave; but how, or when, or where, he never said; and none of those left in Brigham who knew her care to ask. She was not much beloved.

OLD CUSTOMS.

SIR JOSIAH CUTLER, a wise and great man in his generation, sending out instructions from the East India Company, in the reign of King Charles the Second, imperiously told Mr. Yarx that he expected his orders were to be his rules, and not the laws of England; which were a heap of nonsense compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen who hardly knew how to make laws for the government of their own families, much less for the regulating of companies and foreign commerce.

Other persons, not so learned or so wise as Sir Josiah, were of the same opinion for the same reasons. The farmers of Sussex, for instance, found it simply impossible to live unless they were allowed to export the wool of the sheep that fed upon their great downs; and even the most inspected of the Sussex hangers-on, with a very peculiar kind of smuggling, which consisted in getting prohibited goods ashore in Sussex, by following trade, as it was called, became regularly organized in defiance of the law, and was carried on to a vast extent in from fourteen to sixteen of the Sussex coast. The smugglers trusted the farmers, and the farmers trusted the smugglers. A kind of code of honor, or local morals, was established among them, and was rarely infringed on. In such a state of things, the discretion of a foolish legislature—the revenue-officer who interfered with their business became a nuisance to the people's eyes, the well-to-do; while the free-trader, as he was then generally called, was considered the friend of all. The poor, who lived by land-trade, feelings taken rest in these parts a century and more ago. Had there been existed a Sussex free-trader, a clergyman, or a gentleman, who had not actively sympathized with the unlawful trade.

A curious and interesting revival of this degree in which this spirit had spread and corrupted the minds of the people, is to be found in the history of the murder of Daniel Chater and William Galley, which occurred in the neighborhood, in the year that twenty-five hundred and fifty-eight years, which we will now relate, with strict adherence to the facts, as sworn to at the trials of the murderers.

In September of that year one John Dymond, a shepherd, and, no doubt, an agent for others, agreed with a number of smuggling men, over from the Sussex coast to the island of Guernsey to smuggle a large quantity of tea. The tea was purchased, their price, and proceeded, like business-men, to execute their commission; but unusual ill-luck befell them. On the very night that they left with a revenue-cutter, which gave chase. They were forced to throw several cases and packages overboard and the revenue-officers, though they captured no men—and were not likely to capture any men while the farm-houses and the village-alehouses are beyond in the country—carried the vessel into the port of Poole, in Dorsetshire, and lodged its cargo in the custom-house there.

Such an interference with the trade of the neighborhood fell upon it like an insane cannon-ball excitement. The ladies' lace, the landed gentleman's claret, might be cut off next; no one was sure that of his tenants might be wanting; for, though at every burial the deceased was declared on oath to be buried in woolen dead-clothes, the farmers could still find no sufficient demand for their fleece without sending it abroad. The whole country, for a circle, ought to be done; and although the respectable portion of the population were disinclined to be the first to move, the free-traders of the county might safely reckon upon public sympathy in any reasonable attempt to administer a lesson to the obnoxious enemy.

Toward the end of the month a body of smugglers, to the amount of sixty-and-odd men, held a night meeting by torch-light in a solitary part of Charlton Down. All were well provided with fire-arms, and Dymond, the nominal proprietor of the seized cargo, was there. At this meeting a plan was arranged, by which the goods should be taken between the sixth and seventh of the next month, they proceed to act. They appear to have had little fear of any thing except the company of soldiers; who, being but lately posted in the neighborhood, might be supposed to be wanting in sympathy with the general feeling of the inhabitants. To meet this difficulty, portions of the gang were stationed at different places on the road to meet them; and, about thirty of the number, well armed, marched gayly into the town of Poole, and openly surrounded the revenue-officers, and broke into the custom-house. Here, to their great joy, they found the whole of their cargo of tea—and that, to the fourteen hundred weight—a quantity in those days of very large value. This, in the midst of a large town and by a bright moon, they loaded on packhorses, and then rode leisurely away through the streets and along the highroad. They took only boldly afterward and the men, or guess their names, to say what was the quantity of the seized portion of the tea, or discover any one, far or near, who had seen any thing or know any thing whatever of these proceedings. The very next morning, with shoulders the farmer laughed a horse laugh; the landed gentleman visited over his claret a large grunt. His Majesty's proclamation, posted up at hallgates and at fences, was torn down or daubed with mud. The local roll-call was found memorably silenced. Somebody may have had information to give, but nobody was found inclined to it.

Very there lived at that time at Poolbridge, in Hampshire, close adjoining, a shoemaker named Daniel Chater, who was in receipt of a small pension for time with the spirit of these time and neighborhood, and who had for both kinds of reasons been poor; a distraint for rent may have been hanging over him. Money, by a certain day and hour, may have been absolutely necessary to save him from ruin or disgrace. This man knew Dymond, and it happened that the acquaintance had professed at daylight, after the breaking open of the custom-house, through Poolbridge. How little Chater would have had any say one way or the other in the large would be as base as to betray the party in evidence by a touching circumstance. Seeing Chater standing in his little garden by the mud-side, Dymond stopped one of the horses, dismounted, and shaking hands with his acquaintance over the fence, conversed with him for a moment. Dymond then drove on with the rest of the gang. After the King's proclamation was read, a suspicion had, somehow or other, arisen against Dymond; Chater then recalled this fact, and felt no doubt that he was one of the party. Chater accordingly opened a correspondence with the custom-house officers, one of whom, a Mr. Galley, was then in communication with a letter to Major Batten, a Sussex Justice of the Peace, which instructions to pass through Poolbridge, and to call upon Daniel Chater for the following their business secret, as they hoped to escape the vengeance of the smugglers.

The shoemaker and his companion rode away quietly through the Sussex lanes, taking counsel by the way that they came from their object, where they were forced to inquire after Major Batten. They then found that the Justice of the Peace was at Stanstead, near Rowland Castle. To this place they accordingly set out, going through Leigh, where they were entertained at dinner, and Alton, and asked of them their way. The Austins were going in the same direction, and were able to direct them. All this had caused delay; and, on arriving after Major Batten, they had been compelled to put their horses into the hands of grooms—a revelation which, if the officer should happen to be known to any one in that party, might have been dangerous. But the officer had come from Southampton, many miles off, and had no opportunity, or, perhaps, inclination, to inquire, was clearly to go on without delay upon their business. Just, running down to the kitchen to get a cup of tea and the Sunday about noon, and being hot and weary, they stopped at the White Hart, a good inn kept by Mr. Austin, in the village of Alton, near Selborne, in the same village. Payne it still is common usage, when the family of the master of the family had no doubt too deep a rout in the neighborhood to be without the common feeling of the place and time. They were slightly known about them men. One of them, at least, was a good judge of meat, and, as they sat down to their eating and drinking, she called Austin, their receiving guide, aside, and told him "she was afraid they were not what they seemed to be." They, after a fensive suspicion had never crossed the mind of Austin. He said that they were going to Major Batten's—that he "did not suspect any harm, for they were merely carrying a letter to the Major."

This, however, was enough to put the host on the correctness of her surmises, and she privately sent one of her blacksmith sons, who was then in the house, to Major Batten, to warn Austin and William Carter, who lived hard by. What the son was sent to tell them he wanted to be going, and asked for their horses; but Mrs. Payne told them that the man was gone out with the key of the stables, and that he was riding, which, it is supposed, was but a trick of hers to occasion delay. Austin and Carter, however, had no doubt of "a pot of hot" and while that was getting ready Carter privately left the White Hart, mounted his own saddle, and told them her suspicions concerning the two strangers, who were going with a letter to Major Batten. The Justice advised George Austin to go away about his business, telling him "as he supposed they had a warrant to search for the officer and his friend; but, with a strange hesitation, they lingered about the house waiting for the stable-key. So far from taking alarm at the number of men who now came dropping in one after the other, they satisfied themselves as finding as much good company, and smoked and drank till their business almost faded from their minds. Dusk was coming on, and, although not drunk, they were hardly in a fit condition to do their work properly, and were probably in a very unsafe temper for the delicate duty of arresting a gentleman, and a justice of the peace. Chater grew sleepy-eyed, and talked foolishly about himself and his wrongs, and about a great many men hod been shoemakers. Jackson, taking advantage of this, talked with Dymond apart, and asked him how he did, and where Dymond, the shepherd, was. Chater said he believed he was in the house, and that he did not know; adding, like a fool, as indeed the drink had made him, "that he was a very good shepherd himself, which he was sorry for, but could not help it."

Galley soon after came into the garden, suspecting that Jackson was persuading him not to persist in giving information to the revenue; and upon Galley's desiring his friend to come in, Jackson said, "What is that to you?" and, being a powerful man, struck the unfortunate revenue-officer a blow which set his mouth and nose bleeding, and which, Jackson afterward, in self-defensively, said he was the King's officer. Upon which, with another oath, "You a King's officer? I'll make a King's officer of you!" and another gift, "I'll serve you so again." Offering to strike him again, one of the Payne cried, "Don't be such a fool; do you know what you are doing?"

The two strangers now became uneasy, and wanted, at all events, to be going; and Jackson, Carter, and the rest of the smuggling party perceived that something was necessary to be done at once. It up; for they were sorry, they said, for what had happened. Night having now overtaken them, it would be very unpleasant to ride in the dark through a nation. They decided to stay, and the party sat down again together in the house at the hour for closing the door of the White Hart, but the whole of the guests remained. Their number had increased—and this fact alone ought to have alarmed the officer and his companion still more; but they were now in a state of mind which disregarded of seeing the only friend of the Government in the whole neighborhood, and talked of bringing down the smuggling party to assault and sometime in his foolish eyes, the room became a court of law, in which he held forth, to a ninety-looking judge and jury, upon the wickedness of smuggling; for, blinded by his drunken folly, he did not see the darkening faces of the men about him, nor note the ominous silence in which they listened to his virgin words. Nor was Galley more sober, although, with the habitual prudence of his profession, he nudged his friend from time to time, and bade him hold his tongue. In this state the two were at last led up to bed.

And now the White Hart doors are closed; the place is shut up, the lights are out, save in one room—the room in which the strangers had been sitting—where the company that they had left there still lingered—not a one of them offering to stir. Smoothing was in the minds of all; although, perhaps, not one of them knew exactly what was to be done. Nor did any vision visit the two strangers, with a sudden shudder of fear, that they were to pass them from their drunken sleep, or warn them of the horrors of that night.

After a while two of the gang stole up stairs, listening at the door. Hearing the snoring of the drunken men, they entered the room. Here they found Galley and Chater lying in their clothes upon the bed, and, without any more ado, or with any much too sound asleep to heed them, they took from his pocket the letter to the justice. This was then handed down the road in the kitchen to the smugglers, to whom it revealed exactly the deceiver's errand. The inflamed their rage still more; and they held a consultation as to what was to be done. One proposed to take them both to the sea-side, to Emsworth, to murder them, and throw them in. One, more humane, offered to the letter open, and read it to them, to show them that was objected to, as there was a probability of their coming back and betraying every thing. Another, still more humane agreed, he would take them away to some place, where they should be confined till the business was what should be the fate of Dymond, the shepherd; and, in the mean time, all should allow threepence a week to support them, and contribute it. Another urged that Dymond, should there should be the same. But the majority were in no mood for mercy or delay. The wives of both Jackson and Carter were present; and Jackson's wife sprang up, and, with a furious shout, declared that "if they let them escape they'd they come to hang us?" But even this was far from satisfying their cruel purpose.

Up to this time the movement. He went up into the room in which the two men were lying, and, having fastened the door, he seized a large poker on his horseman's boots, he sprang upon the bed, and began to strike the sleepers on the face and head with the poker. He struck till they were covered with blood; beating them at the same time with a short, thick cudgel which he also had brought. Jackson's wife encouraged him, and, when the men got up, and found themselves seized at once, and dragged down stairs. Prayers for mercy were brought them only oaths, and blows, and warnings that they were to be hanged. Jackson's wife took them out of the house; but one of their number returned to the room for the letter, which he swore that he would shoot through the head any person who should mention what he had seen or heard.

Meanwhile, having taken their horses from the stable, and mounted two men of their own (which were found afterward, stained with blood, by the road-side), they placed them both upon one horse, "binding their legs together under the belly; Jackson having acted particularly for a time as their guide. Before they had proceeded they proceeded a little way, when Jackson, who was like a furious maniac, cried out, "Why not, you cut their throats now?" And then all fell upon them with whips, save the one who was leading the horse; for the roads were so bad that they were obliged to go slowly. That fury tortured the men till they came to Woodcot, which we may hold to have been the place where they began. Here their victims, writhing with the pain, fell off, with their heads under the horse; their legs, which were bound together over the back. When their tormentors found this they set them upright again, and continued their journey, with the cry, "Lie, lie!" and shoulders till they came to Dean, about half a mile further; the horse still going at a very slow pace, and the sufferers, over the rarity, broken roads, which increased their agony. Here they slipped, and threw the horse again, as before, with their feet in the air.

This time, however, they were weak to get up upon the horse at all; upon which the tormentors separated them, and two of the smugglers mounted upon Payne's horse. Carter they left to Galley, on his back, where the torture was continued, till the two smugglers, themselves receiving a blow from Galley, cut to the others to desist. All this time Jackson rode beside the two men, with a pistol in each hand, swearing that the groaned loudly he would blow their brains out. They then agreed to go up with them to Harris's house, at Rowland's Castle, which was the property of John Caryll, a Catholic gentleman, and a friend of the past Popes. Here they left Galley fixed on his horse, meaning to throw him down into the well. The wretched man rejoiced at this, begging them to let him do so, and to put an end to his misery. But even the dooms fell to fall off once more, and they had to remount him on the saddle, with his hands downward, as a leather does a calf, and once tripped and fell over a bank near the house. But the poor fellow groaned very much, and cried aloud that he could not bear it; and at last said, "I am falling, I am falling." One of the gang giving him a push, he fell heavily, and some thought he had broken his neck and was dead; although, from a horrible circumstance afterward discovered, it was known that he was not.

It should be mentioned, in considering these barbarities as an indication of the feeling against the revenue-officers in those days, that not one of these men had any direct interest in the case of Dymond and the smuggled tea, which had been taken out of the custom-house at Poole, a place further distant from them than London, and separated by a whole county. Nor were they, in the usual sense, smugglers, or importers of smuggled goods; but were only persons interested in smuggling, more or less.

So little was Galley to be dead, they then laid him upon a horse; and as they were going up a dirty lane, one said, "Let us kick a place to carry them in." So little were they afraid of discovery, that they went to the house of one Pescod, and, knocking at the door, the master being in bed, demanded why he said they had got two men whom they wanted to bring into the house. The girl told them her father was ill. But they insisting that she should go up and ask him to let them in, she did, and returned to say that her father would not allow her body to be brought there; and the men returned for their carriage.

It was now some hours past midnight; the weather being very raw and cold. Coming to the house of Pescod, they went with the bodies into the hatched of the Red Lion there, and his family, at the same down and made them a fire, and got them feed. They now told the landlord that they had had an engagement with some officers, had lost their horses, and were afraid that several of the people were killed. The body of Galley they kept concealed in a low manner at the back of the premises. When they had refreshed themselves they went away; but one of them shortly after came back to the house, and told the host that he had left a place hard by where he had before concealed some goods. The landlord said he remembered it, but he could not go with them. The smugglers insisted he should; and they then took a candle, a dark lantern, and spade, and went away, and returned the rest. Coming to the spot they were in a thick copse-wood pulley, deep down among briers and withered leaves—they began to look for him, the landlord of the Red Lion watching with them. His curious attention to the fact of digging, and next morning, he helped, and did not think what it was for. At this late they hastily thrust the body of Galley, all stained with blood, in his blood-stained clothes—dead, as they thought him; but a terrible incident was put forward found that he was alive. He remained, for his hands were discovered held up to his face, as if to keep the dirt, as they shovelled it upon him, out of his mouth and eyes.

Thus did poor Galley at length find release from his barbarous murderers. He was not dead, however, it was milder and more merciful in its speedy end than that which befell the shoemaker, who was left to die by the side of the body of his dress. Where they had buried Galley, all the gang save two, returned to the White Hart, and there sat eating, drinking, and smoking the whole of the day. The two that had not joined them were found in charge of Daniel Chater's unresisting victim; who, losing the influence, and the chief cause of this part of the day's proceedings, determined to submit to even worse torture than his companion had endured. Mills, an old man, and his companion, accordingly led him to a place called a shilling, or turf house, belonging to Mills, and there set him down on the border of a lane and nostrils, save when a breath of wind came to his relief, and then he could hear the carriages and passengers. On the Wednesday, being the third night after the outrage at Rowland's Castle, the whole gang met at the Red Lion, to consult what further cruelties to inflict on Chater, who was still alive. "Let us dispatch him," said "Let us hold a gun, clap the muzzle to his head, and we will tie a long string to the trigger, when we will all of us lay hold of it and fire it off." But this was rejected, "as it would put him out of his pain too soon." Finally, they left the Red Lion, and went to the house of Harris's, in Ladybolt Park, there to treat him as they had intended to treat Galley.

Up to this time Chater was suffering the most horrible torture; being continually visited by one or other of the enemies, who came to the hole and struck him cruel blows. When at length the whole party came down to the turf house, Tupner, and Mills, and Pescod, sat a long time in talk, and dancing and gesticulating like a madman, rushed at the wretched man, and cut a long gash, exclaiming, "Down on your knees to prayers!" The poor shoemaker accordingly knelt down slowly and feebly, and, as he did so, began to pray; but when he was so engaged, one of their number went behind him and struck him, agricultural-like, with a "preaching villain," and saying, "We have done for Galley, and we will do for you!" Then Tupner, in the wantonness of provocation the poor man who was indeed now too weak and wretched even to complain, and with his face bent down to the knife across his nose, whereby he almost cut both his eyes out. Still the wretched creature only uttered a groan, and let his head fall. Tupner was not yet satisfied, rushed at him in another fit of frenzy and violation, and, but this time with a knife, so that the knife made a deep gash across his forehead.

They then placed him on a horse, and set out for Harris's Well, Tupner whipping him all the way, till coming to a deep hollow, they threw him down, and swore if the blood should stain the saddle he would destroy him instantly. Then, for the second night, they came to the well in the park, which was between twenty and thirty feet deep, and ordered the wounded to keep the cattle from falling in. Tupner then pulled a cord out of his pocket, and tied it with a noose round the neck of their victim, and took him get over the palos to the well. The poor man, scarcely unwilling to obey, pulling at the noose commenced by some decayed palos, would have gone through this, but was prevented by the others, who would not have it over, having all the while the rope round his neck, and being extremely weak.

As soon as he had got over the palos, Tupner

took one end of the rope and tied it round the rail in the opening where the poles were broken, there being no roller to the well, which was dry and abandoned. They then pushed him into the well; but the length of the rope would not suffer his body to reach within knee-deep in it, so that the upper part appeared above the low brick parapet, hanging by the rope about the neck. Here, however, as his body leaned against the wall, the weight did not strangle him; and, after a quarter of an hour, they got over into the rope, and dropped him headforemost, down. They then listened, and could still hear him groan. At this they went to a man who had a gardener, and who lived by, and asked him to lend them a ladder and a rope, which he did; but they could not move the ladder, and returned without it to the well, where they could still hear the unfortunate Chaser feebly moaning. At this, they opened the old gate-posts that were lying on the ground there for firewood. They cast down the gate-posts with some heavy stones; when, listening again, they could hear nothing, and were satisfied that he was dead. After that they killed the dog that they had stolen, took Mr. Ellis off, and cut it into small pieces, and made away with them, to prevent any discovery. Galley's body was not found till long after. Chaser, who discovered in the well, presented a piteous spectacle, with the rope about his neck. His eyes appeared to be cut or pecked out; his tongue and ears were gone, and the flesh "came short off" when they lifted the body.

At least fifteen persons were actively engaged in these horrible murders. Many others had been spooly spectators of much that had been done, and had rendered assistance to the confederates both for three days they had gone about the country; but the Government could obtain no tidings whatever of the missing men. Galley's body was found all blood-stained by the road-side, as we have stated, and it was supposed that they had been either murdered or carried abroad by the smugglers, but how no one appeared to know. A proclamation was issued, with a large reward; but for seven months no information was received as to who were the murderers. At length, however, in the usual course of such histories, a magistrate received a letter from one who had withstood some part of their proceedings; and, shortly after, one of the murderers coming in, and voluntarily surrendering himself, mercy from first to last was sworn he became King's evidence, and the greater number were tried and sentenced to be hanged—some of them in chains.

While awaiting their execution, being all brutal and stupid dunces and well ignorant, it gave them behaved with extreme levity, eating and drinking regularly without any seeming concern, and talking freely to the people who, according to the custom of the time, were allowed to come in and see them. On the day appointed, a great crowd of sixty, asked the clergyman, gayly, when he thought they should be hanged. Being removed, he answered that, "According to the common course of nature, he could not have lived above a year or two longer: that, as to the world, it gave him little trouble, as he had but small hand in it. As to the charge of smuggling, he owned he had been concerned in it for a great many years; but that he did not think there was any harm in it. He said, he did not remember to have done anything worse done; though, if he had, he should not have thought it any great crime." One said, he "had had many engagements with the Custom-house officers and been wounded three times." Another, when asked they must go by water, he answered, "What a-devil do they mean by that? Could not they do our whole business last night, without stirring us out now again, and vex us and disquiet us?" But there were some hats handed; and Jackson, one of the crudest of the wretches, was so sooner measured for the chains in which he was to be hung; than he was struck with such terror that he died in a few hours after. The others, however, was unchanged to the last. He cursed the executioner for making him measure on tip-toe, and bade him "not hang him by inches."

We live in a better age; but many foolish surgeons are still attentive on severe punishments, as well, violating great principles, and needlessly prevent-ing the smuggler's trade in certain articles of tea or three times greater amount than the value of the goods themselves—most of these articles comprising, like tea and brandy, a large value in a small bulk. The risk of carrying such things, like all other risks, is more or less justly estimated and insured against, at a certain price. When this price is less than the duty, smuggling; in spite of customs-houses and coast-guard, is certain, the revenue will be cheated, and the bold smuggler rises over shadow of his old popularity.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

CHAPTER III.

FIVE next two years of Mrs. Armour's life were of a chequered and cheerful character. Happy in thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was no thing on her mind on secret anxiety or trouble to keep down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, yet kingdoms restored, deeply-seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr. Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the long-standing hostility between even the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said "No."

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour first crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a mid-summer Sunday morning, still and balmy.

By-and-by, the country people, as the villagers call them, came dropping in: young blooming women with their children, middle-aged matrons, old faces of a true which cast even the curtains of the time-shaken pews, and the very cushions of the trees, whose dreary days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: there were the sturdy yeomen and their wives, their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in.

At last the congregation are all in.

Mrs. Armour was present too. It would have been something like a miracle if one of her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The shadows of the windows were all cast on the pavilion—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon began, when an unusual incident occurred.

The leaden casement, bringing up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he purposed heard likely to attract attention, but which sat at the other side below, and which opened on the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, would see whether it was open or shut. He wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejectment. But no; when he arrived at Mrs. Armour's seat he found it open, sitting at the window sill, and whispered a few words; that individual nodged and whispered back, and so all the way he marched Mrs. Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till the gat out, much wondering what was the matter, and other wondered or carried abroad by the smugglers, but how no one appeared to know. A proclamation was issued, with a large reward; but for seven months no information was received as to who were the murderers. At length, however, in the usual course of such histories, a magistrate received a letter from one who had withstood some part of their proceedings; and, shortly after, one of the murderers coming in, and voluntarily surrendering himself, mercy from first to last was sworn he became King's evidence, and the greater number were tried and sentenced to be hanged—some of them in chains.

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We live in a better age; but many foolish surgeons are still attentive on severe punishments, as well, violating great principles, and needlessly preventing the smuggler's trade in certain articles of tea or three times greater amount than the value of the goods themselves—most of these articles comprising, like tea and brandy, a large value in a small bulk. The risk of carrying such things, like all other risks, is more or less justly estimated and insured against, at a certain price. When this price is less than the duty, smuggling, in spite of customs-houses and coast-guard, is certain, the revenue will be cheated, and the bold smuggler rises over shadow of his old popularity.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

CHAPTER III.

DURING eight years that had been tossing from one State of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his meagre pecuniary gains, sometimes idling, and losing both his sense and his money in intoxication and riot, George Armour had known many wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the letter line, which they knew gave him sore distress. They dwelled him, in a cautious sort of way, before for any thing he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except that sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more wicked and adventurous blackguards of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold quickly shook by left his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherds, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military army; but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He drank; he gambled; he drank; he gambled; and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate experience of success, of gold in his coat-tails, of gold in his pocket, and, which in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him for the sweetest limits of a life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the digging; and even the memories of his, in after time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and this time, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even in this last adventure; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the store most likely to sell well in gold fields. By this venture he came rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting letter—but, if any thing, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him, that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise he had not a day to run. He is come to that, though he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr. Boyd, and inquire of him as to his children's prospects; and he was answered in a few words, as we have seen, at her door on that Saturday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's house, it was very faint indeed. He still retained the idea that he was a person better than many he had known; and when he looked back on his past career, it was in a dim sort of way of saying something of an introductory kind, that he thought it was a necessary question. He had not deserted his wife and family, he could say to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, but such as were only faintly hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was a victim of circumstances rather than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She listened to his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had not undergone any change as a seeking man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not bear it. Mary Magie and Miss Galer therefore stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Galer, left to herself, would gladly have continued it. She had not a penny but the allowance which her husband doled out to her as if he had made it himself. Mary Magie was a place like that ought, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to was a hard one to endure. His children, although told that he was their father, had not the slightest affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them away from his presence when they came.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with any overflowing love. In fact, he was universally disliked by his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of M'Coll, whom he had known already in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not know his character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be generous; and when he got a penny, M'Coll accompanied him in his rides, and found him business enough to keep him from which hung so heavy on his hands. The entire change from his former habits to comparative quiet, and the want of excitement, told on his health, although it was short-lived.

The poor man, in his daily bearing, M'Coll's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, invited himself to dinner. Mrs. Armour by taking turns with sitting up at night with him. Jennie also showed him kindness; but the latter was not so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should be interested, Mrs. Armour, to the sick-soul a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; evidently the thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although, if he could help it, he would have never preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the riddle was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected M'Coll in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want any thing, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George's filled Mrs. Armour with a most cherished spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Whatever the husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words—which any lady would have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief glimmer of happiness, and the last remembrance of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, M'Coll came, and Jennie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jennie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, for less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—the best-slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall, although in this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly at the alert if required.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but could not for hours, although aware of many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper, and, on hearing a noise, she was at once awake, she suddenly awake, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was not that, however, however, that it was being withdrawn, and the new M'Coll in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to the bed's-side, and she heard him say: "She's as sound as a top." Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened; the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the opening. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face, and a frame gazed at her in a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings were almost forth, but knowing the stinging reprobate she was likely to meet, she had kept them down. On this forenoon's gleam of kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she stood by the door: him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and drew the candle nearer.

Then George asked: "Have you got witnesses?"

"All right," replied M'Coll; "when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second."

"Begin, then," said Armour.

And M'Coll, in a low voice, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jennie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. That, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and gave him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although resisting struggles, she sprang forward, and, laying her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she had her hand on her husband's arm, and said: "George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, for they are flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?" and she pointed to the will which he had just signed. Then, turning to the other, she said: "M'Coll, you were once a friend to my husband and a ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, although they were not awed, were moved before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, filling the useless paper, said: "I suppose, Armour, I may as well go."

"Yes, go now," replied George; "and come back to-morrow night, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it."

M'Coll shook away; he had still enough of confidence in his friend to be aware that, if he returned the following evening, Mrs. Armour had had in her husband's bedside; and that in these handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look behind now—then, George's eyes were also quick in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now my story is really done, except that I must say that Jennie remained in her native country, and left much under her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honor to her.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE "JEANIE JOHNSON."

We give herewith an engraving of the terrible destruction of a ship, its captain's wife and child, and the crew of the British bark *Jeanie Johnson*, which was consumed at sea on the 31st of October. The *Jeanie Johnson* sailed from Quebec for Hull, with a cargo of deals, on 8th October. On this the terrible gale which for some so much misfortune struck her, and she began to make water. On the day she was 150 miles to the west of Cape Clear, and the pumps were washed away. We give the remainder of the story in the captain's own words:

"At about seven o'clock I turned in to the main rigging, as they did not know the moment the vessel might go over. My wife was in bed with the child, with her child, and I came to her and told her that 'we must all take to the main rigging.' She got up and dressed herself and the child, and she would go. So great was the fire then, that in a very few minutes I had to leave her—forget that she had been containing it had been washed overboard, except the mizzen-mast part of the vessel, near the forestalk, which we could not get near, on account of the heavy sea that were now always rolling in

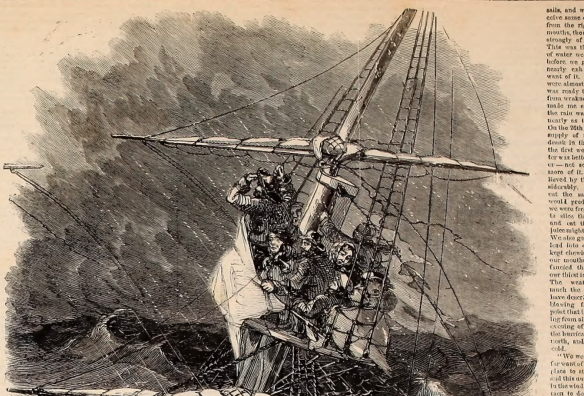
interruptedly over the vessel. We were, consequently, without water. We secured ourselves in the maintop with canvas and ropes, which served us for shelter also. We could not sleep any, scarcely, that night. At seven o'clock the next morning, 23d, we saw a sail to leeward; she was also a bark, and she passed within about a mile of us. We managed to set a signal of distress, but the bark passed us without taking any notice of it, and we supposed that she did not see it. The storm continued in rage violently, and we were in continual danger, expecting the mainmast to go over the ship's side. The 23d was spent in a miserable manner by the whole of us. Our clothes were wet. We could not stretch ourselves, but were all huddled together without room to stir. Some of the men went down to the top of the deck-house for the purpose of stretching their legs. My child was quiet, sometimes slept a little, and occasionally cried for a drink, which he could not get. I can not say that my wife was more frightened than any of the rest of us, or that she said more about the danger. We kept our flag of distress flying constantly, but no vessel hove in sight after the bark passed until the 24th. On the 23d we all began to feel the want of fresh water. Every part of the vessel, except the upper part of the cabin and the mast, was always under water. On the night of the 23d some of the men slept on the roof of the cabin, and every night afterward till we were rescued.

On the 24th, at noon, we saw a ship to leeward of us and to the westward; but she did not notice us. I sometimes managed to get down from the rigging to stretch my limbs; but my wife never came down from the time she went up but once, when she tried to take a sleep in the cabin. This was on the sixth day after she went up to the mainmast. She no sooner lay down, however, than a large sea came over the stern of the ship, washing into the cabin, and sweeping away the bed she was sleeping on, and drenching herself and the child with water. She then went up to the rigging again, and never came down afterward till the vessel came along to rescue us. On the night of the 24th our rudder was unshipped by a heavy sea, which also carried away the counter under it, and the ship was then perfectly unmanageable, and tossed round and round by the wind and waves. The want of water was greatly felt by every one on board now. On the 26th some light showers fell, but they were so dashed about by the force and fury of the wind that we could not catch them in the sails, and were glad to receive some drops which fell from the rigging into our mouths, though they tasted strongly of salt and tar. This was the first supply of water we received; and before we got it we were nearly exhausted for the want of it. My wife's lips were almost parched, and I was ready to faint myself from weakness. The water broke me sick; and when the rain was over we were nearly as thirsty as ever. On the 28th we had another supply of rain, which we drank in the same way as the first we got. This water was better than the other — not so brackish, and more of it. We were relieved by this supply considerably. We could not eat the salt beef but it would produce thirst, and we were frequently obliged to slice the raw potatoes and eat them, that their juice might wet our mouths. We also got small pieces of lead into our mouths, and kept chewing them to keep our mouths cool; and we found that this allayed our thirst in some measure.

The weather continued much the same way as I have described it; the wind blowing from the same point that it had been blowing from all along, until the evening of the 29th, when the hurricane shifted to the north, and we had intense cold.

"We were now exhausted for want of proper sleep or a place to stretch ourselves; and this cold with the change in the wind almost drove me on to despair. My wife was now the greatest sufferer. She could not stretch her limbs at all, and was completely benumbed and thirst. My child was also suffering very much from the same causes, and cried aloud for. The wind continued in the same point until the 30th and 31st, and the weather continued cold. On the 30th some water, hail, and rain fell. We caught some of the hail, and relieved our thirst more than we had hitherto been able to do. About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 31st we espied a sail to windward; she bore down on us, and passed under our stern after 6 o'clock. She proved to be the Dutch bark *Sophia Hendrich*, Captain Vanderleef, from Amsterdam, bound to New York. The captain then came to leeward, and hove his vessel to close by us. He then spoke us, thus:

"'Have you any bread?—We have not.' He then lowered his quarter-boat and sent her over to us. Five of us got into her, and she conveyed us to the *Sophia Elizabeth* again. There was a very heavy sea running at the time, and it was with great peril that the boat got to us. She then made two other trips, and took the remainder of us off; and it



THE CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN'S WIFE, AND CREW OF THE "JEANIE JOHNSON" HOUSED IN THE MAINTOP DURING THE GALE.



AN OPIUM-SMOKING SALOON.—[See next Page.]

was after six o'clock in the evening when we were all safely seated and the vessel again on her course. Of course we left the week she was moored in the same condition as when her rudder had been unshipped, and the next day about in all directions. We could scarcely move when we were roused; but we met with great kindness from the captain and crew of the *Sophia Elizabeth*. I could not say why; but to touch any fruit for several days, and even to-day my taste came no some pale. The limbs of every one of us became so sore that we could not walk the deck of the vessel for the first two or three days. My wife and child were very sick and suffered much after the wreck, and my wife could not stretch her limbs for nine days. From this fact we infer that women suffer still delicate from the effects of their sufferings. I will always feel deeply grateful to the captain and crew who rescued me and my wife and child from the condition we were in on board the wreck."

AN OPIUM-SMOKING SALOON.

The engraving on preceding page will give a fair idea of the famous opium-smoking saloons which abound in all Chinese cities. The habit of smoking opium, and the fatal consequences which usually have already been described in this journal.

Around the room in which the opium-smokers sit are placed wooden or cane couches, with wooden pillows for the head, these being chosen in preference to softer materials as being cooler. A girl minister to the wants of the debauchees—lights their pipes, gives them cups of tea they desire it, and finally, when they are overcome by the drug, helps to carry them into an inner apartment. Two pipes, each of which is about the length and size of whiffs, will overcome a beginner; an old hand will continue smoking for a long time. The accompaniment of the *Illustrated London News* thus describes the scene depicted in the engraving:

"In the house devoted to their use, these infatuated people may be seen, at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some are entering, impatient to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to exhibit during the day; others lounging and talking under the effect of the pipe; while the couches around are filled with their different occupants, in the last stage, while an idiot smile upon their countenances proves them too completely under the influence of the drug to regard passing events, and feet seem unable to be checked for consumption. The last scene of this tragic play is generally to be seen in the streets of the suburbs, where a corpse, or dead-house, where its those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-pipe can bestow, with an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hastening."

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *November*, 1858.

I do not know why—it is, perhaps, because I am growing old—but this impression is often more colored by one's inward sensations than by outward objects—but certainly the first aspect of Paris does now fill me with joy rather than sadness, as of yore, when reaching it from its sunnier and seaboard sister capital. But certainly not look enchanting yesterday. There was fog and a chill easterly wind. The Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix are in all the dirtier and wet state of the consequent upon the laying down of a huge sewer, which is to carry them all that way, and convey every desirable project, but not pretty to witness in execution, and seeming to dim the glories of the shop-windows and to make them look as if in a fog.

This afternoon a bright October sun made a drive in the Bois de Boulogne pleasant; and there all is in order, and so well-ordered and wellkept and giving amusing enjoyment and life to the many persons, not only to the "carriage people" (to make use of an English vulgar expression), but to groups of sauntering pedestrians and those larger families of "Pa" and "Ma" and two babies which one sees so commonly in the public walks and gardens in France. Papa carries the baby proper, and mamma leads or our other brother. There they are, the *Parisian* family. I will never by be incensed in number, only when baby and brother must get tired and be carried. But as to prices one that, in fine weather, one always sees these family groups, which is in England, in the same class, are strictly confined to the monday; and one wonders how they can afford to be idle on other day's here. I suppose it is their way to *faire soirée* days and name days, etc.

It is the improvement in the Bois de Boulogne which, I should think, have done more to reconcile the Parisians with Louis Napoleon than any other of the great and manifold improvements which his perverse liberality has given to their capital. Indeed, when one hears that "the Emperor is unpopular," one is tempted to inquire "for what reason" excepting that of the historical fickleness of the people. Even the Red Republicans will admit that their country can require "a master" and "a strong government," and that they do not understand or appreciate liberty as it is understood and valued in other countries where it is as essential as the breath or the blood of life. I, for one, never held a higher place among the nations than at this moment, and the interest which its real prosperity are day by day augmenting. There are, to be sure, some ugly statistics showing a decreasing population; and that in consequence, as pointed out by the tendency of the working-classes to congregate in towns, and by past years of insufficient harvests and disturbed government; and, upon the whole, I do not believe the French have been more suitably governed since the days of Louis XVIII. than they are now. Indeed, I have heard many Legitimists say so personal and are they of this, that should they, by the death of the duke de Bordeaux, be released from their present allegiance, their party would rally to the Emperor Louis Napoleon in preference to the Comte de Paris or any other of the Orleans family.

One missed, in one's drive to-day, the presence of the ever-lovely Empress and the little Prince and his imposing escort. And if Napoleon *ait mais pour dire la vérité*, one missed all one's loves and admirations. There were many strangers—Russians, Italians, Brazilians, Chilians, Mexicans, and Americans—and equipages of every kind, but latter are in numbers in Paris, as usual at this season, and invading the best shops, and toying with thing most *statiques* and *recherchés*; and what they reject will be rot aside by the artful marchands for the less discriminating English *jeune filles*. The autumnal fashions have not really appeared. They are kept back always until after the 1st of November—all Saints' Day. When the solemnity and sadness of that day and the succeeding, *le jour des morts*, are passed, then the gayeties of winter commence. Another day I shall, aided by some lady friend, be able to give you more on this subject. I am sure, will be thought not the least interesting part of my letter by your lady readers.

I have not yet had the English friend who drove me to the Bois de Boulogne, and who is to be my companion the winter of 1858-9. Then, so told me with a grumbling tone, "my countryman had secured all the best apartments, for which I am to pay a very exorbitant price." The English complain very much of us for this. They have, as it were, created in consequence of the influx of the subjects of the Princes Frederick William of Prussia in her married life. It seems strange, indeed, how many Princes and Princesses originated; for nothing can be more false and unfounded. A lately dined with a gentleman, a gentleman who, short time since, spent a week at Babelsberg in attendance upon the young Prince and offered what he was in an either case to say, he says nothing can be more evident or more charming than the bearing of the Princess Frederick Pair. My informant dined every day for a week, and made several excursions with the Prince and Princess Frederick William, and was struck at the heart of the latter (and which, at the age of seventeen, is not likely to be counterfeit) as something very much resembling a love-affair between this, their stories to the contrary were so reiterated and so circumstantial as to leave no doubt. There was some coloring of truth in them; but so numerous were the anecdotes recited to me in proof of this pretended affair in the matter, that I can no longer feel any doubt but that this eldest darling of the good Queen Victoria is as free as air and as heart of the latter (and which, at the age of seventeen, is not likely to be counterfeit) as something very much resembling a love-affair between this Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

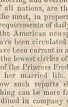
The contemplated marriage of Mlle. Mocquard was full of another recent marriage between a very different sort of couple. It is that which the timely death of the Comte Walewski has just made known to the contract with a young lady who, though of good birth and connections, has been reduced to the most gradid hereof by losing his concubine. They were married at Grimbilzi; and it is said the Governor have invited Lord Cardigan to be present (supposed) ignoring the presence of my Lady Cardigan; upon which her husband has written of this intelligence. Lord Cardigan wrote again to the Governor, and sent a fiery challenge purporting his readiness to meet him with pistols when and where he would appoint. I have not heard whether any answer was returned to this extraordinary letter; but it will be a more formidable affair than the fatal cavalry charge at Balaklava in which Lord Cardigan undertook to fight all those who will not receive my lady. But it is well that circumstances have altered this grand old man's ideas of the duello, and the conspicuous position of the parties made it to glaring and so dreadful.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

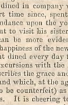
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"GIBBEL."—In giving place to your beautiful Chess strategem below printed, we congratulate you as being the author of the finest Chess composition to which we have ever seen. It is well adapted to come next in succession to Jaenisch's "Cunning Bishop" problem. If we are quite right, the mass of communications with which we have invited Chess Players to favor us with new attention to such as we could work with. C. H. S. thanks the many correspondents who have responded to his request (1.847) as a subtle-vice.—Solutions to various Problems have been received from "Constant Reader," "Jessamine" (Glenville, Ala.), A. C. W., E. G., Geo. A. E., A. B., and "Ajax." We shall be glad to receive some few others; but although several of them as to the Problem in No. 1 are correct, we are not sure than three complete solutions have yet received us.—"Constant Reader," "Jessamine," "Ajax," "Constant" and "Nanno" are right throughout each variation. Mr. Jessamine's solution of No. 2 is correct in all instances.—J. S. (East Orange, Del.). Any elementary book with out purpose that the present. The early Chess Player's Companion can be very well learned from books.——C. H. A. (Madison, Ga.), also W. H. E. (Mobile), and others. Your solutions are right but we do not find it practicable to spare time for pressing and forwarding the back numbers of the *New York Chess*. The best way, we think, would be for our friends to address a letter to the publisher of the New York Chess Club, 834 Broadway.——G. Always glad to hear from you. Your Problem is on file for early attention as also those of "Jacques." "T. Stroud," Dr. K., "Processular," J. R., H. F. R. (Philadelphia), F. W., Jun. (Syracuse), J. P. M., H. F. M. (Boston), R. R. M. (Va.), F. H. M.——One word, by-the-way, to our contributors in general. We had rather not receive more than one problem at a time from any one party, as we would prefer that a second be not sent until the first may have been published or rejected. Two problems at several cases, as many as six from one party. We would suggest that the amount of work designated in six would have been better employed if *concentrated* upon one, two, or three problems. The examination of each Enigma question is unavoidably postponed this week, and will appear in our next number.——In the New Chess Club, MASS. Both letters received—reply next week.——C. U. T. (Brooklyn). The old gem to which you refer were reprinted long, long ago. There is but one Chess Player in Jerusalem, and that is very clearly defined in all modern works. It can be effected only under the following circumstances: Provided that neither King nor Rook has been previously moved; that the King's Rook is struck at the time of intended castling; and that he does not pass over, in such act, a square commanded by an adverse piece; also that no piece be between the King's and Rook's squares. The method of castling, then, is, move the King two squares toward the Rook, and place the Rook on the square next to the King on the other side whence the Rook started. Thus, if K. to Q. (2nd or 3rd.). A player can not be compelled to move a piece touched, if by so doing he would leave his King in check. The only penalty you can enforce is to make him move his King.



PROBLEM VIII.
BY "GIBBEL."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 3	K moves (1)
2. Q takes P (ch)	K moves
3. Kt checkmates.	
1. Or (2)	R to Q or Kt 5
2. Q to B 3 (ch)	K to Q 5
3. Kt to Kt 6 (checkmate)	
1. Or (3)	Kt takes Kt
2. P to D (ch)	K moves
3. R checkmates	

THE TELEGRAPHIC MATCH between New York and London.—Hostilities between the belligerents in this case are for the present suspended. We are inclined to believe that both parties are somewhat surprised at find the length of time likely to be consumed in its conclusion. The London players have taken their places to which to accomplish a dream game, renders it by no means improbable that many or thirty would be found necessary to place either in advance by even a single move.

CHESS IN EUROPE.—But little matter of interest appears to have transpired since our last notice in Europe Atlantic Chess. One fact we resent with a sort of pleasurable regret, which is, that we are not likely to receive Mr. Morphy's reply to his sultry country so soon as was anticipated. He will probably pass the winter in Paris, which will give him the opportunity of encountering Herr Anderssen, one of the few great players that he has not already met, and—but no matter.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BARNEY WHITE, of the Green River country, or Kentuckians express it, was one of those rare men of whimsy every-country something like him, but not identical. Big emotions, irrepressible humor, and rough, ill-constructed intellectual machinery, were the chief ingredients of this singular man. One day he and a friend were discussing the fact that the Kentucky River was lower than ever. "It will all his rainy enough, big sledge-hammer logic in the following animated appeal: "Barney," says he, "what is a river?" "Why, you fool, what's the issue when it's brought to a test is, Perhaps you'd throw it down and dry it over a stove, and have an everlasting *pow-fo-de-ee*, so that is an end of it. I'll be hanged if I know what it is."

The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication-table. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is yet in good preservation.

Stanton S. Coffy, of Rural County, Kentucky, is an illustration of the consequences of my debut in the legislature, and constantly swollen with big notions of his superiority, and, consequently, of his dignity, after delivering his prairie scuffer into the cultivated fields of his neighbors, he was accustomed to commit some such freaks of which the following is but one out of a thousand. Legislating in Frankfort, on the 10th of July, he said: "I tear down on Cumberland River t'other day, an' 'rected it was a Sunday, an' I stopped at Lafayette Hall; an' it kept getting cooler and cooler, an' when I got outside Mr. Crenshaw's house it was a little cooler (and I swore) an' I cut down an' went into the house, an' found a lot of people there waitin' for Mr. Crenshaw to preach a funeral sermon."

Henry the Eighth, after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duke of Milan; but the answer was—"I have had but one head; if she had two, one should have been at his service."

The following notice was posted up in the County of Kent, Delaware, in the year 1811, by the Magistrates of London on account of the lawlessness of the harvest-men: "*Resolved, himself nor any of his tenants till the 10th* of September."

An alderman having given courteously fat while in the Court of Queen's Bench, "Widened at the expense of the Corporation."

The following "pair" of Josephine's books was published in Philadelphia in the year of the first century, and has a slight resemblance to some of the book and patent medicine "mills" of the present day:

"King Arthur to Josephine, his dear friend, sendeth greeting. I have read over the book still great pleasure; and it appears to me that there least done it much more accurately, and with greater care, than the other writers who have made out of those books. Farewell, dear friend."—*Life of Florent Josephus, 4to.*

Aunt Betsy has sold many good things, among the rest, that a woman is like a will, because every man should have one of his own.

At Cairo, on Cumberland River, in Tennessee, an old man, James Brown, was presided before the Mayor, on which was addressed as follows:

"Jeems Brown, you are fined five dollars for the fuss in your lick."

"What fuss?"

All the fuss I'm-ble-s. (Obliv-ious-ness.

"Five dollars."

DIVETAR *de bis patiendi*.—"Hem! very odd! I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with his tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, that's where you've pointed more than one of them, no matter how many I take out!"

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to sea. On his return he was kindly by a friend with a cigar in his mouth.

"What made you leave home?" said his friend.

"Father and mother were so annoyed," said he, "I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I went to sea."

Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of meteors, etc., "Did you ever see a comet here, Miss?"

"I have seen many by reputation, but I have all yet seen," was the reply.

Passing by our court-house, a few days ago, my attention was attracted by the following notice, which is certainly wise or otherwise:

NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I this day come to the determination to notify all persons not to trade with Sary P. Jonson while the execution of my bargain is in her hands, as the contract, I will be my house with and may case or providence. She has got my property and I have got her'n, and any person of the right size contracts on my property will be shot.

August 10, 1858.

SOPHIA JOHNSON.

In the southern part of Kentucky, the winter after the Presidential election of 1856, reports of the insurrection of the negroes, and incendiary fires, and, in some cases, great fast armed parties scoured the country, and Vigilance Committees were formed in many places, before which all suspected negroes were brought, and lawfully tried by a jury of their peers. Their fate was generally a terrible one.

The Committee in Hopkinsville had before them an old Negro named Bird, and the chairman, who was a noted old line Whig, and more noted for his eccentricities than for his legal acumen, addressed the prisoner:

"Bird, you know what you are here for; and we wish you to tell us the truth. Have you been guilty of this insurrection?"

"Well, sah," answered Bird, energetically, "I been Whig all my life, and Whig yet; I bet my money on the Whig ticket all the time; I had electors, and Clay and the other white folks what told me to bet it ought to reckon I'm a Whig. That's all I know about the insurrection."

A man of laughter followed: and Bird's entire ignorance and indolence were substituted to by a unanimous discharge.

"I was lately traveling," writes a correspondent, down the Green River, "when I overtook a man who the following colloquy occurred, at the top of their voices, between us, in spite of the attempts of the coachmen on the shore:

"'Hallo, Jackson! what will you charge to take me and my two horses and wagon and my wife and two children across the river?'

"Five dollars each for you and your wife and the children, and the ordinary space for the horses, and five dollars for the wagon.'

"'Too much, by Captain; it's too much. But—hallo, Jackson! will you trust 'Til do. I'll go if you throw the children in?'"

A Miss, whose one year at a boarding-school has only tended to make her more of a fool than she was before, being fondness for polysyllabic words, lately addressed a boy who was about to take a seat in a railway shed already quite crowded, "Oh, my dear Miss B——, how can you be so *inelegant* as to *incommode* your companions in that manner?"

"Do you think your classe is healthy, Bob?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then what's the way they isn't."

"I don't care what some folks say; but I never knew a new cash to complain of being out of health."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY, P. M., *December* 3, 1858.

The foreign import trade for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports	Exports.
Week ending Dec. 4, 1858	$1,200,141	$1,017,529
Corresponding week, 1857	2,700,141	1,318,918
Increase	$1,500,000	$301,389
Decrease		$301,389

The above is a remarkable exhibit. Money is without change; it may be quoted, as before, at 6 per cent. for call loans. Commercial paper is offered at ninety days paper, 4 @ 5 per cent.; first-class, single name, 5 per cent.; first-class, double name, 6 per cent.; over which rate according to quality. Exchange on Europe is higher again, and the selling (bankers') at 109 @ 109¼ commercial, 108½ @ 109; francs 5.15 @ 17½.

In stocks there is nothing to report. The Stock Market is in a state of stagnation, without great fluctuation in prices, and without interest. Hard coal has appreciated 4 Wall Street have the whole field to themselves, and are buying and selling on their account without much profit or loss.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY

THE movements in the leading articles of breadstuffs have been restricted. Flour has been in pretty fair demand, and has amounted to 21,358,250 barrels $24,100 the corresponding week of last year.....The value of the imports during January 1 reached $57,000,000 against $38,629,577 the same week last year. The movements in provisions have been unimportant. Small receipts of many remarkable alterations.

Freights—New York to Liverpool—Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 5d. @ 6d. per bushel. To London—Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 2s.; Grain, 6d. @ 7d. The Country Produce Markets are generally dull.

The range of prices according to the latest sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first quality Beeves, per pound	$ 7.00	@ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25.00	@ 45.00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½c.	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2.00	@ 7.00
Do. per pound	4½c.	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½c.	5½
Do. dressed	6	6½
Breeding Pigs, each	1.00	@ 2.00

The Country Produce Markets are generally dull, at

The following Extracts from a few of many Testimonials giving evidence of the efficiency of

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

OR COUGH LOZENGES,

may be read with interest by PUBLIC SPEAKERS, SINGERS, and others, requiring the same article:

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches for years.—"I have always changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began by thinking very well. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparing them, they are decidedly and essentially the best, and the first of the great Lozenge School."

From Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D., New York.—"I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purposes, and recommend them to the Public generally."

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Butler's Female Institute, New York.—"I am in the habit of using with Benefit,in during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches."

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for Ladies and children,

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The same also applies to Ladies' Winter HEAD-DRESSES and Misses' and Boys' HATS and FLATS. The Store will be

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(*Journal.*)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

J. GURNEY'S
NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC AND FINE ART GALLERY,
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In announcing the opening of a new Photographic and Fine Art Gallery, Mr. GURNEY desires to call the attention of the public to a few facts:

That he is the oldest established Daguerreotypist in the United States.

That his rooms were first opened in the year 1840, at a time when the art was in its infancy, and questions as to the existence of any other establishment now in existence; and that during a period of eighteen years he has devoted his entire attention to the perfection of the Photographic Art, and has advanced from time to time large sums of money to assist others in demonstrating their supposed discoveries.

That he has spared neither time nor expense in accomplishing this design, and now, thanks to the correct judgment of an appreciative community, he can truthfully say that he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

In order to keep pace with the improvements of the age, and retaining every convenience to his patrons, he has, at great expense, fitted up a new establishment, which, he believes, in elegance and convenience, surpasses any other in the world, occupying the new white marble building, No. 707 Broadway, built expressly to accommodate his increasing business, and for the further improvement of the Photographic Art.

Leading through the

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EXHIBITION GALLERY,

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DAGUERREOTYPE OPERATING ROOMS.

These have been arranged under the personal supervision of Mr. GURNEY, on an entire new principle, combining all that is necessary to make this department perfect.

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This portion of the establishment has also been under the direct control of Mr. GURNEY, who was the first to introduce the new styles and improvements in Photography. Of course there may be many imitators in the field, but there are "none on the wing of every ensuing discovery, look to" GURNEY merely refers to his patrons for evidence of what especially ever those of any others.

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This is the highest branch of all, where artists of the first distinction labor for the perfection of art; where, day after day, the portraits of some fortune is set forth to perpetuate fading beauty. It may be safely stated, that these pictures will compare with the productions of the best European Artists.

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This is the studio where the unfinished Photograph receives its life-like colors, and where, by the most delicate process, the picture increases in correctness and beauty of tone, until the shade of the cheek, giving life in water colors, let the stick of hardened pencil assert a truth, and requires the most pencilling. It is an interesting process, and one which will repay a visit.

Besides these departments, there are many others devoted to the minor branches of the business, such as preparing plates, which requires a thorough knowledge of the principle of daguerreotyping.

The particular styles of pictures which Mr. GURNEY is now producing are as follows:

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Mr. J. GURNEY, having thus furnished his patrons to the public, desires their approval for the success of his new establishment. Upon the foundation of that plinth he expects to still further elevate the standard of Photography and its various branches. Combining all the imitative arts in his Gallery, with perfection of finish, delicacy of touch and a subdued softness incomparable in its texture, he believes he can safely challenge the rivalship of any other establishment.

J. GURNEY,
Photographic Artist,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. II.—No. 103.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHATEAU DE W——, *November*, 1858.

I AM among the chateaux, and happy to be so in this cold November weather, for they are well warmed by calorifères in the passages and sparkling wood fires in the chimneys; and the long evenings are agreeably spent in this choice and intimate society. Time enough by-and-by for Paris theatres and Paris soirées. The Emperor remains in his Chateau of Compiegne until the end of the month. Why should I not follow this illustrious example and remain here?

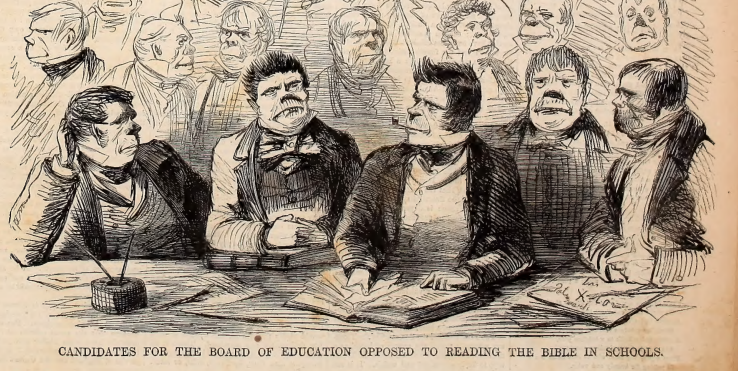
I accompanied my hosts, the other day, to a dinner at the Duke de M——'s. The party was not large—only some of their country neighbors, but among them were some of the most polished and agreeable persons of Paris society. The absence of all Imperialists allowed recent political events to be discussed with more freedom than would have been courteous under other circumstances. Portugal and the affair of the *Charles-George*, and the spirited and sensible letter which the Emperor has addressed to Prince Napoleon upon the subject of this free negro emigration, which, it is evident, was as little *free* as possible—these, and, above all, the prosecution of Monsieur Montalembert, were discussed upon with that indescribable tone and wit, and at the same time shrewdness, which give such a charm to French conversation, very much degenerated, as I suppose it is, since its palmy days of fifty or sixty years ago, but still, thanks to the readiness with which their language aids their talent, by far the most perfect of colloquial exhibitions. It is said the Emperor is in a devout mood, and has made this manifestation of his horror of the slave-trade as a set-off against his unwillingness to interfere in the *New Mortara* case against the decision of Pope and cardinals. As for Count Montalembert, I think England and the English are so disliked by all parties in France that he would have met with more sympathy if he was to be tried for abusing rather than for praising their faithful allies. The Emperor is supposed not to have wished to notice this publication, but to have been urged on to do so by his ministers. I doubt this. The prosecution seems to me quite in harmony with all Louis Napoleon's political acts—that absolute and bold repression, without regard to consequences, of all offences and insults, more or less disguised, emanating from the press, and directed against his rule and government. He said it should be so in the beginning of his *assumption* of supreme authority, and he has kept his word.

Have you noticed, lately, some impertinent remarks in one of the Paris newspapers in regard to America and Americans? I think they are rather indicuant on this side of the Atlantic at our having *promised* to measure ourselves with European diplomatists and secure a prize treaty with China and Japan. Then, too, the French dislike the idea of sympathy and a good understanding existing between the English and the Americans. In the first place, they can not understand it, for they consider them *natural enemies*; and as all Frenchmen think we should never have been a nation but for their potent aid and gracious permission, they think it ungrateful of us to oppose their policy or ideas in any way. I am not sorry to see the feeling springing up in France about Americans, particularly if it could tend to make the latter more regarded than they have hitherto been of the *only* bond which must ever unite them with the English—they being the sole possessors of liberty and its institutions—those rights which make men, in the true sense of the word, of the English and their descendants—and which circumstance, if the *will* of the two nations were united, and their material resources combined, would not only make them a bulwark against all aggression, but the dictators and regenerators of the world. You will perhaps think I am unjust in claiming for ourselves and cousins the sole possession of freedom, since Sardinia bravely holds on her way, and Prussia has changed her course, and the vessel promises to nobly obey her helm; and there are other symptoms in other lands. I grant there is hope in all this; but as I have not space here to unfold my thought, I must content myself with repeating my belief that England and America are the only countries where true liberty exists.

You probably know what a *vieux garçon*," as they are commonly called, is, but for such of your readers as do not I will describe them. It is a printed notice, sent to one's acquaintances in France, of the events in the family, of births, marriages, and deaths, and calling upon you to rejoice or to mourn with them accordingly. Among a number of such pagers sent to me here to-day by my concierge is one which has so touched and saddened me (I mean an ordinary notice) that I am tempted to transcribe it for you and them, to give you the little I know of the history of the young creature whose early death it announces:

"Monsieur Joseph Dunon and Mademoiselle Adèle Dunon inform you of the death of Mademoiselle Marie Dunon, their grand-daughter and sister, who died at Paris the 28th of October, 1858, aged twenty-one years. Pray for her soul."

Opposite to the apartment I have occupied for several years in the Rue de ——, at Paris, is the rather humble shop of a modiste and lingère. It has changed hands lately; but five or six years ago it was occupied by a coarse-looking woman of unprepossessing mien and repulsive countenance, named Michel, and who was assisted in her business by a young girl, as extraordinary contrast to herself, and whom every one remarked for her gentle, subdued air, and pretty face and form. She was called the niece of the woman Michel, who, by-the-way, had a bad reputation in the quarter, and was said to be harsh and exacting toward Marie and her younger sister Adèle, who also worked in the shop. A bachelor should not be supposed to have much to do with modistes, but I had often little matters to arrange and commissions to execute, in which I asked counsel and aid from my neighbors, to whom I became very well known. It was a pleasure to me, when returning from my club before dinner, to see, through the lighted window of the shop, Marie diligently plying her needle, with her little sister Adèle, who had not "her fatal gift of beauty," sitting as close to her as she could, or in the summer evenings, to see them in the door-way of their little shop, their arms round each other's waists, and breathing such air as the narrow street afforded. The woman Michel never left them until they were locked up in their little entresol bedroom at night, and then she always went out until a late hour, presided to one of the minor theatres. On Sundays, after mass, she took the girls to a distant part of Paris, to visit their only remaining parent—their paternal grandfather. This was their only recreation; and sometimes, if it rained, they were deprived of this. It was from this cause that I had made the acquaintance of Joseph Dunon. One evening I went into the shop to inquire about some ochre they had in hand for me. Madame Michel at the moment was in the back shop, and, from the sound, engaged in cooking their supper, when Marie said to me, "Monsieur is so good. I am very uneasy about grandpapa.



CANDIDATES FOR THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OPPOSED TO READING THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

It rained on Sunday, and we could not go to see him, and when that happens he generally manages to send us a message; but this is Thursday, and we have heard nothing. He is so very old!" and the tears stood in Marie's beautiful eyes. "I will go and see about him to-morrow," I said. She quickly gave me the address, almost in a whisper, as Madame Michel looked suspiciously in at the door. Five or six months after this I saw, on two or three occasions, a gentleman, very stately, small, with a gray-headed, confidential-looking man-servant in earnest conference with Madame Michel. Marie had left them in the shop; and one evening I noticed her there, evidently weeping, though her face was turned from the window, and I felt she was in trouble. I was called away about this time for a short interval, and on returning I perceived I was neither Marie nor Adèle in the shop. I did not like to attract notice to my acquaintance, so I simply bought a bun, so I was obliged to wait, but I was not sorry; but when I went in that night to my concierge's lodge for my bed-candle she burst out to me:

"Pretty doings we have had here in Monsieur's absence. Marie Dunon has been off to the Préfecture de police for ten thousand francs. I saw her with my own eyes last Thursday morning at five o'clock, looking bilarity, and about half-past nine a carriage by that old man-servant's door, with two men, and Marie and Adèle in their bonnets and shawls, and the old man's trunk on the roof. I went to the street, to speak to her sometimes for my sake,' and the carriage drove off."

I was indignant at this recital. I could not sleep all night; and I determined to start next morning to go to the gratuitous, and take a day in my efforts to remedy this foul crime. Accordingly we found me knocking at old Dunon's room door, of five pair of stairs. I found him sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, a warm fire in the chimney, coffee, and very fragrant tobacco smoking upon the table for his breakfast, and he walked upon by the little darling of his existence, —all of which, he told me with exultation after the first salutations were passed, he owed to the love and care of his little Marie, who was quite a good marriage, and gone to live at Strasbourg, having placed her sister at school, and settled a good weekly sum upon him. He was afraid, he said, that he was too old to hope to see her again, and he should miss the sight of her pretty face; but she was happy, and it was well for her, and he must be content. Could I guess who the old man? and what good would it effect? No; I came away leaving him in his delusion, and the next day I had these lines from Marie:

"MONSIEUR,—Do not undeceive grandpapa or my sister, who think I am happily married. I have been sold, but to an old man, Monsieur, and perhaps the holy Mother of God will listen to my prayer, and that I shall not live very long.

"MARIE."

Four years have passed since then. I have sometimes seen Marie Dunon in the dusk of a summer's evening, being whirled to the Bois de Boulogne by the side of a well-known Paris voluptuary. Sometimes I have caught a glimpse of her sweet and always sad face in a closed box at the opera or theatre, and in company with the same individual. Twice I have met her at German watering-places, and always with the same well-known Count de ——. The last time was this summer at Baden-Baden, and I thought I remarked then that her Cashmere was wrapped more closely around her in the evening promenade, and that her cheeks were whiter and paler, but I never thought of death until I received this "Faire Part."

Adieu. L.

IN THE STREETS.

I.

On sing, if you please, of the waving trees,
Of the sunshine and the showers!
Though it may be health, and it may be wealth,
Yet work is very charming.
I hate the formal grove, where the people can stare
At your clothes by the light of the morning,
I like the night best, when the fools are at rest,
And I'm all at the liberal dawning.

II.

Oh sing, if you will, of the musical fill,
Of the meadow and the mountain!
But the spot for my feet is the stone-clad street
And my music the old Park fountain.
When the night comes down on the glorious town,
Without a thought on the weather,
As bold as a hawk I start on my walk
With a heart like a dancing-bird's feather.

III.

The night hath a spell that answers me well,
It puts me all on a level:
If my clothes do not suit, or the holes in my boot,
Why, the critic can go to the ——.
For why should I care in the street and the air
Are as free to me as to any,
The millionaire bold, with his jewels and gold,
Or the wretch who has never a penny.

IV.

There is many a sight on the streets at night
To make the blood thrill the faster,
An oath and a blow for the fallen low,
From her grandsire lord and master;
A curse and a knife to a helpless wife,
And a kick for a pleading daughter,
From a jolly big man, who as loud as he can
Is yelling for brandy and water.

V.

It is capital fun, when the fighting is done,
To see him go into the grocery;
And the bar-keeper come, with his poisonous rum,
And admiringly brush off his raggery.
I admire it so, I invariably go
To speak to the wife broken-hearted,
In exchange for her frown I pay to the bar-keeper
That "last spirit" and the brute should live parted.

VI.

And the street is the place for an omnibus race,
If the driver has only been drinking—
The chances are strong for a capital song,
He will catch some old fellow unlooking;
And then what a joke to see the old boy broke,
For the life he can not take a target!
But the driver can't stay, as the horses away,
And reads it next day in the paper.

VII.

I have a taste for a wrap-like waist,
For a beautiful foot in a gaiter,
So I go by night, when the gas shines bright,
To the opera, or Niblo's, or Astor.
Then beauties I see, though they can not see me
Through the glass of my opera-lorgnette,
I enjoy all the show, and at quietly go
And rejoice with myself on the saving.

VIII.

But of all the delights that I drink in of nights
A well-kinded fire is positive;
'Tis peculiarly fine to see the light shine,
And I can not help getting specurious;
Ah, then for the fun of the crackling coal!
And the bells, how they shout in the chorus!
For I pull and I tug at the gas plug,
Lest Forty gets water before us!

IX.

In the street and the muse it is splendid to go
And stand near the blaze till the morrow,
To get thoroughly wet in the midst of the storm,
And watch its last glimmer to sorrow.
Then off all the delights that I wish for of nights
The rank of the highest I borrow:
'Tis a music most dear to the listening ear
Of the shivering watcher and waiter.

X.

You may sing, if you please, of the perfumed breeze
That floats over hill-side and heather;
The country may do, with its flowers, for you,
But the town is the singer for rather.
But the town, like a bride that is decked in her pride,
Shall blossom and bloom forever;
Through every fair season shall look gay,
And the flowers shall fade on them never.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

EIGHTEEN months ago the public debt of the United States but slightly exceeded twenty-five millions of dollars. Now it exceeds fifty-four millions, and it is abundantly evident that before we are a year older it will exceed sixty millions.

This is not the fault of the Government, or of the public policy of the country. There have been, within the past two years, no unusual and extravagant appropriations. There were, no enormous outlays for unproductive works of internal improvement. On the contrary, the public expenditures have been less profuse than usual; many wholesome projects have been postponed for the sake of economy; just completed capital forts have been left unarmed unredressed; several branches of the public service have been less efficient than they might have been had the finances in charge of them been remunerated with a less niggardly hand. The financial embarrassment in which the United States happens to be placed arises from no fault of the Administration. It springs simply from a failure of income.

The United States derive the bulk of their income from two sources—the sales of public lands and customs duties on foreign imports. Unlike other civilized nations, they levy no direct taxes on their citizens, impose no pecuniary tolls on industry, locomotion, industry, or agriculture. The receipts from customs are to those from public lands as 10 to 1, or, some years, as 15 to 1. It is, in fact, he said, in general terms, that the customs represent a fair back-bone of the financial system of the country. This revenue is dependent on the consumption of foreign products by the people of the United States. When they are poor and minded to economize, the consumption but a small quantity of foreign dutiable goods, and the income from customs falls off; when they are rich and feel like being extravagant, the consumption of foreign goods increases, and the customs revenue is augmented in proportion. The first consequence of the revulsion of 1857 was to impel people of every class to retrench their expenditures; it was this retrenchment which reduced the public income and placed the nation in the attitude of a borrower.

The President and the Secretary of the Treasury naturally regarded the issue of bonds as a means of supplying the deficiency in the Treasury, to be inconvenient and unfair. It is not right that, in time of peace, we should throw upon future generations the burden of supporting the government of the present day. They therefore recommend an increase of duties on certain imports, in order to swell the customs revenue to an adequate figure.

It is very doubtful whether this expedient would attain the end proposed. The imposition of a duty on iron would, for instance, largely stimulate home production; and as the country is not likely to be a large purchaser of railroad iron for some time to come, it is quite possible that a material increase in the duty might operate simply as a check on importation. So with other articles. The feeling of the people, just now, is to economize. If Congress contributes to the success of this or that foreign fabric or commodity by means of a new tariff, it is quite possible that the public may dispense with its use. Hence, till this year, we article regarded as so generally indispensable as tea; yet, as we showed the other day, since the revulsion the people of the United States have almost altogether dispensed with it, and have drunk coffee, in many instances, without sugar. It is quite essential, therefore, whether an increase of duties would necessarily produce an increase of revenue.

Apart from this consideration, the plan of depending on fluctuating tariffs for a public income is, theoretically and practically, open to grave criticism. It is only a few years since the gravest evils were introduced into the government by the superabundance of revenue; it were only fair to say that the tariff was arranged expressly in order to reduce the public income. Now it is proposed to increase the duties again. If, next year, the revenue, and importations recommence on the old standard, in 1859 Congress will again be called upon to reduce the duties. Thus the tariff of the United States will be perpetually changing, commercial calculations will be eternally liable to defeat from Congressional movements, and the public revenue will oscillate regularly between injurious plethora and impending bankruptcy. Surely this is not the financial system which ought to prevail.

There is no reason why at once an experiment should not be made to establish a system of direct taxation. There is no city or county in the United States which is not taxed directly for municipal, county, or State purposes. A federal tax would be understood at once; would be paid without flinching; and might be collected without inconvenience. If it were found to work well the whole system of customs duties might be abolished, and injury to trade, one, and with a manifest advantage to the commerce of the country. Who will take the lead in pressing these views on the attention of Congress?

SHALL POSTAGE BE INCREASED?

WHAT the Government fixed the rate of postage at thirty years ago, respective of distance, and obliged letter-writers to pay the postage in advance, quiet people, ignorant of politics, felt satisfied that "all right" had been reached, and that they would hear no move of the postal system. It seems, from Mr. Brown's report, that we are not quite so well off as most of the nations as ever, and that some new and startling change is impending. The Secretary himself recommends the adoption of a uniform five-cent rate in lieu of the present three-cent one.

It is needless to say that this proposal will meet with no favor either from the public or from Congress. The luxury of cheap postage has been too thoroughly relished to be now abandoned without a severe struggle. It is contrary to all experience to retrograde in such a matter. We may have a two-cent rate; but never a rate over three cents.

Yet it is unreasonable to expect the people of Texas to pay postage to four millions a year, as they are now doing, for the support of the Post-office. It is not fair that the people of New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and Ohio should be taxed to this extent for the support of unproductive mail routes in thinly-settled portions of the country.

A large item might be deducted from the Post-office expenditure were a little common sense exercised in the progress in the regulation of the franking and ocean mail systems. There is no reason why thousands of dollars should be paid out every year—as is the case at present —for the dissemination, under Congressional franks, of party political documents. If the party to be benefited by the circulation of these documents can not pay postage on them, let them stay where they are. It is monstrous to see the people called upon to pay for the transportation of the Hon. Jones's views on Kansas, or of the Hon. Smith's designs on Mexico. In the second place, the sums paid for ocean postage are out of all reason. We will not weary the reader by presenting the statistics of our ocean postage; but we are not exaggerating when we say that our ocean steamers receive from the Post-office Department, on an average, one thousand dollars, for a service which they would gladly perform for ten dollars, or even five dollars, for any merchant. There is no reason why the matter should cost more to transport than flour, hardware, silks, or laces.

It should be charged, like other merchandise, according to bulk and weight; and no more should be paid for it than a price for the freight of the most perishable and valuable kinds of merchandise. A very large proportion of the Post-office expenditure has grown out of the practice of voting, from corrupt motives, large subventions to ocean mail lines. If these two leaks were stopped the requirements of the Post-master-General on the Treasury would be greatly relieved.

For the rest, rather than raise the rate of postage, we would like to see the Post-office Department established altogether, and the business of carrying letters placed on the same footing as that of carrying freight and passengers. We apprehend that no difficulties would flow from a transfer of the Post-office business to the express companies. They would carry letters more expeditiously than the Government. They would be responsible for their safe delivery, which the Post-office is not. They would do it at a much more moderate charge. They would save the national Post-office, with its forty thousand hired servants, wiped out of existence, one of the most powerful sources of political corruption would disappear.

THE FILIBUSTERS IN NICARAGUA.

As was expected, a party of Walker's filibusters have effected a landing in Nicaragua, and are by this time on the soil or near the coast of Nicaragua. They will have to run the gauntlet of the land-and-sea-of-war of that State; but it is presumed that they know enough to evade capture by her Majesty's cruisers. Commodore Paulding is employed in more useful duty than arresting filibusters. So now the Nicaraguan question assumes a new phase.

Those who have known William Walker have never placed any reliance in the assurances of his enemies that his sun had set—that he had exhausted his luck in his Sonora connection with Nicaragua. Whatever the man's faults of heart or head may be, there is no doubt that his will is indomitable, his purpose fixed, and his energy very remarkable. During his late visit here he made no secret of his intention to land in the territories of Nicaragua; and considering every thing—the great courage of the man, the general sympathy the United States feels for his aim, and the political weakness of the United States Government, and the decided failure of the Nicaraguan efforts to reconstruct a native government, it would not be surprising if he kept his word. Five hundred Americans are quite capable of keeping Nicaragua in confusion. Already one hundred and eighty of them are either on the spot or near it; perhaps before this paper reaches the public eye the remainder will be there.

Without undertaking a defense of the filibuster principle, or of the conduct, or of William Walker in particular, we will say that as a restoration to supreme power in Nicaragua would be by no means an event prejudicial to the interests of commerce and civilization, the effort of Nicaragua there has been no such thing as order or good government there. Even the municipal government of the city of New York compares favorably with the late Hispano-native government of Nicaragua. One set of rogues has succeeded another, and has traded, like its predecessors, on the only valuable asset Nicaragua possesses—its one boon of—the transit route. It has been sold first to one, then to another; every body has been paid for it, no one has realized it to any of the purposes for which it has never been opened. The people of the country are described as living in less terror of the return of Walker than of their own Government inspires. Commerce, agriculture, production, and civilization are at a stand-still. Now is there any ground for fearing that this is a mere transitory state of things. Experience teaches that anarchy, disorder, and industrial and commercial stagnation are the normal condition of the Spanish-American nation in Nicaragua. So long as that magnificent country remains in the hands of its present possessors things can not improve.

Walker has made many mistakes. There was a time when the whole Nicaraguan world would have gladly recognized his authority as ruler of Nicaragua. He threw away the opportunity. He was not absolutely necessary to destroy himself in a war with the neighboring States; yet he did so, to his ruin. The transit route was essential to the prosperity of the country; yet he closed it. These mistakes have cost him all the vantage ground he once possessed.

It may be presumed that he has taught him wisdom, and that if fortune were again to set him over the head of Nicaragua he would neither quarrel with his neighbors, nor forfeit the esteem of foreign States, nor close the natural avenues of commerce. If he subjected a new policy in these respects, it can not be denied that the world at large would be a decided gainer by his restoration.

These speculations may, of course, be overthrown by the capture of his "emigrants" by British or American cruisers. But we should imagine that the naval officers of these two countries have some higher aim in life than the humiliation of petty policemen. If the naval service of England and the United States offer

no nobler occupation than this, "Jack Tar" had better try his hand at some new trade.

MEXICO AND CUBA.

The President does not recommend instantaneous war on Mexico; he only advises a recourse to hostilities in the event of the permanent overthrow of the party of which Comonfort and Juarez are representatives, and the ultimate triumph of the Church faction. Should Zuloaga consolidate his empire, Mr. Buchanan holds that there exist adequate grounds for declaring war upon him. But as there appears to exist very little prospect of his subjugating the entire people of Mexico, the chance of hostilities seems distant enough.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of Mr. Buchanan's domestic policy, no sagacious observer can deny that his foreign policy is entitled to general approval. Though he has not succeeded in settling the Central American question; though France continues to exact differential duties from our ships; though Spain has made no reparation for the numerous outrages committed on United States vessels and American trade; though we have made worse terms with China than other nations; though our friendship with Russia has not been worth a dollar to us, and our regard for Germany has not availed to protect American citizens from being impressed to serve in German armies; still, there can be no question but Mr. Buchanan has done the best he could under the circumstances, and that American diplomacy stands as high as it did under Mr. Pierce's administration.

In point of fact our political relations with Europe amount to very little. They are at best questions of dollars. A few dollars more or less would settle all the pending questions between the United States and Spain and France. Great Britain is sincerely anxious to keep out of the pending imbroglio with regard to Central America. Germany only waits for a distinct expression of opinion from this country to respect the title of United States citizen. The really important foreign relations of the United States are those which concern the smaller States of this continent—Mexico and Cuba.

Let us hope that they are coming to a head. For forty years Mexico has been a scene of almost uniform and unvaried anarchy. Government has succeeded government without benefit to the people, without security to life or property, without safety for foreign commerce. The rule of the Church, of which Zuloaga is the pliant tool, is probably the worst that has been tried; for under it foreigners have been despoiled and imprisoned as ruthlessly as Mexicans, and petitions for redress have been treated with absolute contempt. If the President's recommendations are followed by suitable Congressional action—if Sonoro and Chihuahua are garrisoned by United States troops, and moral and material aid are granted to the Constitutional party in Mexico—it is possible that the final collapse of that republic may be delayed, or perhaps avoided altogether. If Congress refuses to abide by the policy of the Administration, the probability is that the country will be driven perforce into a war of conquest.

Again, as to Cuba. In the event of a war between the United States and a leading European Power, it would be essential to the United States to seize Cuba. This country does not propose to rob the Spaniards of the island; it offers to buy it. Spain will not sell: what is to be done? The President requests Congress to appropriate money enough to enable him to close a bargain in the event of Mr. Preston, the new minister, being able to conclude one. We shall see whether this request will be complied with. If it is not, look out for another Lopez.

THE LOUNGER.

"Lynn, *November*, 1858.

"My Dear Lounger,—I venture to address you, as a friend of the public and of poor suffering humanity, to ask of you a little advice.

"I am a young man in the mercantile profession, nearly twenty-one years of age, and of good family. I have been in my present business almost four years, but I can not say that I take much interest in it. My work, I know, is done with diligence and dispatch. But my progress in life does not keep pace with my desires or abilities. I earn scarcely enough to keep me in the indispensables of life.

"The grand wish of my life, the hope in which I have indulged for these many years, has been to earn my livelihood by my pen. But the reputation of 'writing for the papers' will not satisfy me.

"I know what you will say with regard to the trials and struggles of young authors. The tale of misery and woe, of abuse and neglect, has been too often told. I know that, in nearly every instance, a firm determination and resolve to conquer have been the secret of their success.

"What a joy must be that of the young author who, after years of patient labor, is at last enabled to bring the public mind to a just appreciation of his merits and works!

"I have read 'Lives of Great Men.' They 'all remind us' that energy and determination can be relied upon like true and steadfast friends. It cost them all their time and labor to make themselves noticed. I have plenty of ambition, but, I fear, not an equal amount of energy. But give me a path in which to travel, or, in homelier phrase, put me in the right track, I promise to march forward boldly and resolutely. And that, my dear Lounger, is what I humbly ask of you. Your advice, I know, is worth having. You may imagine the condition I am in. You have heard of similar cases, no doubt. And last, but not least, do not read my letter with contempt nor indifference.

"It is truly sincere. Placed in your situation you, no doubt, are often bored by long letters on all subjects and from all classes of people. I hope this will not bore you. Whether it does or not, it certainly will be the last annoyance I shall ever give you. Whatever may be the result of sending this sheet, my earnest endeavors to be *something* shall not be wanting, and, remembering the words of our Longfellow, shall still 'learn to labor and to wait.'

With great respect,

"Yours, D. G."

—The Lounger prints the whole of "D. G.'s" letter, as a specimen of so many anxious, restless, eager questions which every literary man receives, and which he ought to be willing fairly and patiently to answer. The Lounger has answered such before, but he gladly does it again, urging J. W., as well as D. G., to reflect seriously upon what he says.

"*My progress in life does not keep pace with my desires or abilities.*" That it does not keep pace with your desires is very likely; but how do you know that it does not with your abilities? If you are *able* to go faster why do you not? What you mean, if you think of it closely, is it any thing more than that you *think* your abilities might achieve finer results? The probability is that you are wrong.

"*The grand wish of my life * * * has been to earn my livelihood by my pen.*" Is that because you have the instinct of genius, or is it merely a wish springing from vanity? If you want to prove it, write something; send it to a publisher if it be a book, to an editor if it be an article. Now of a thousand *MSS.* which publishers receive, they find about two hundred, say, worth considering at all. Of these they may publish fifty. Of these fifty books, ten may possibly yield the author a little sum, after long delay; and of the ten, one may make him a reputation. "D. G." has but to count the number of authors of any eminence at all in this country; calculate how many of them live by pure literature; and then think of the scores of MSS. that are read and refused every week. School-books, when they are fortunate and standard works, pay; and a lucky young author, who makes a hit, may also make some money by his hit—what are "D. G.'s" chances of being that one?

Suppose he writes a magazine article, and it is accepted, being the one out of fifty that is not thrown away. There are but three or four magazines in the country that pay contributors liberally. He might get fifty dollars for his article. He could hardly expect more than one to be accepted monthly, and he would get six hundred dollars a year. But to have his papers regularly accepted they must be uncommonly good, or else must seem to the editor full of promise of popularity. Is D. G. ready to supply that kind of article?

He may prefer the newspapers. Let him, then, before he relinquishes his present employment, come to New York and try his hand at getting engaged upon a newspaper. There are, at least, a hundred men waiting eagerly upon the spot for every vacancy that arises. Is he better qualified than they? Then he can not hope to be editor of a journal at once, even if he succeed in writing an occasional editorial. But to paragraph and report and write at large upon a newspaper would no more seem to him to suit his "abilities" than "the mercantile profession."

"*A firm determination and resolve to conquer*" (a literary aspirant must learn the meaning of the word tautology) "*have been the secret of their success.*" No, that is not quite so. That does not explain Irving's success, nor Cooper's, nor Hawthorne's, nor Emerson's, nor Prescott's, nor Bancroft's. The first point in all these cases was the essential excellence of the work. And probably if they had done excellent literary works and the public had been unmoved, they would have turned to other excellent works and have done them. A dull man can "resolve" quite as stubbornly as a clever man. Success, indeed, is incalculable; but if it come, it is the reward of the cleverness, not of the dull resolve. Of course merit is not always successful; nor is success always evidence of merit. But it *is* always evidence of adaptation to a purpose. The *Ledger* is successful, because its conductor knows precisely what his great diocese want to read. But he might not chance to think D. G.'s or Walter Scott's stories pat to his purpose.

"*Put me in the right track;*" yes, but that is the very weakness of the whole thing. Give me a *pou sto*, cried Archimedes. But Shakespeare did not. He put himself in position. D. G. proposes to fight a battle, not to serve as a soldier. Now a General must decide for himself. He has nobody but himself, and wants nobody else, to fall back upon.

The Lounger is lengthening rapidly. But if D. G. really feels willing to risk all, if he be seriously willing to be pinched with hunger and sadly and doubtfully to snap at any kind of work that offers, let him come to New York and write wrappers, if he can do no better. The Lounger knows men in New York, at this moment, of the same literary aspirations, who would write wrappers—if only they could find them to write. From that, let D. G. calculate his chance of rising into "a hit." Don't read about Keats, and Dr. Johnson, and Goldsmith, and the noble host who have starved before succeeding, and suppose that if you only starve hard enough, you will at last succeed. If you have a good employment do not mistake your ennui, which is incident to every calling, as a prompting to desert it, or as a proof that you can do something else better. At least, begin your literature while you are sure of a dinner. See how it flourishes and promises. Let the world taste your peaches and find out if it wants them, before you plow up your whole estate into a peach orchard.

And do not misunderstand. "If God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true." But, first of all, be sure that it is he who calls, and not your own vanity, indolence, ignorance, and conceit of ability. The dignity of human pursuits lies in the character of the workman. Old George Herbert sings, with quaint solemnity:

"Who sweeps a room, as by His laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

A merchant, or a merchant's clerk, may "live by his pen" quite as honorably as the poet or the historian.

Will D. G. and J. W., and many others, take what the Lounger says as kindly as he means it? If your object be "to make a hit," instead of to help somebody or something, you are merely inordinately vain. It is just as true in Literature as in morals, that whoever would find his life must lose it. If you adopt Literature for your own glorification, you may be very sure that God has *not* called *you* "to explore Truth and Beauty."

A WORD TO THE LADIES ONLY.

Mrs. Nancy Dobley presents her compliments to the Lounger, and begs through him to say a word to the ladies *exclusively*. Gentlemen are expected and invited to omit this paragraph, and skip to the next.

The word, dear fellow-ladies, has reference to the mud—to walking in the mud and slush—to crossing the streets in the mud and slush—and to keeping our garments unsoiled from the mud and slush.

Are we aware, ladies, that we have a habit, in these days, of lifting our skirts very high indeed when we cross the street?—that it is already remarked by gentlemen—and that to watch a well-dressed and careful woman wade across Broadway is a favorite occupation of men whose admiration is not flattering?

Mrs. Dobley has seen with pain some of her fellow-ladies apparently forgetting the great fact of hoops; forgetting that the hoop makes a great lift of a little lift. And if the skirt can not be lifted altogether from the mud and slush, why, in the name of Victoria R., shall we not all wear the Balmoral, and let that take its chances?

"OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE."

In the *Weekly* for December 4 was published the first of a series of letters from Europe, to which the Lounger especially commends the readers of this paper. They are written by a person who "moves habitually in the highest society," whose European connections of many kinds are such as to secure a familiar acquaintance with people and aspects of life generally unknown altogether, or very unsatisfactorily reported; and the reader who trusts himself to this sagacious and agreeable companion will be sure of great amusement and instruction. Matters of public importance are so fully discussed in the newspapers, and foreign politics are such mere speculations to us, that special correspondents can illuminate them very little. But our new friend is to open to us private doors, and catch for us the fleeting hues of society, and to tell all those delightful details which reveal the form and pressure of contemporary life in the gayest country of the world.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

One of the handsomest books that has ever come from the handsome-book-making hands of Ticknor & Fields is the "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," just published. It is most tastefully bound and most daintily tinted and most clearly printed. It is of pleasant size and convenient form. The head of the hero from the Lodge Portraits embellishes the front of the book, and a good picture of Penshurst, the seat of the Sidneys, of which Ben Jonson and Waller sing—and a fac-simile of Sir Philip's writing, satisfactorily help to complete the work.

This Life of Sidney is partly anonymous, only the initials of the author's name are given at the end of a singularly modest preface, and the dedication "To my son," does not betray the sex of the author. But for all that we see a woman's face in the cloud: and it shall not be counted among the least glories of this youth whom History and Literature have conspired to praise, that three hundred and four years after his birth, a woman in the interior of a distant country collects the facts of his life and weaves them into this simple and beautiful story.

Perhaps no man of so general a fame ever achieved less. The material for his biography is very slight. His friend and idolator Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, wrote his Life, and the Sidney Papers contain several of his letters. The author of the present Life mentions some of the other sources of intelligence about him. Oldys, indeed, declares that he knew two hundred authors who had praised Sidney—and except Hazlitt and Horace Walpole, "none named him but to praise." But wherever the student comes upon Sidney, it is coming upon a track of light. A rare, symmetrical character, he wore some of the superficial conceits of his age, as a man dresses in the fashion of his time and land—but the substance of his character was Christian heroism. Sidney was a gentleman in old Dekkar's sense.

He was born in 1554. He went to Oxford; was in Paris during the slaughter of St. Bartholomew; traveled upon the Continent in Germany and Italy, partly with Hubert Lanquet; returned to England when he was twenty; was sent as embassador to Austria when he was twenty-one; became the friend of the great William of Orange; returned to England, and wrote the letter which dissuaded Elizabeth from marrying the French "Mounseer:" quarreled with Lord Oxford at Court, and when the Queen rather favored Oxford, withdrew to his sister's seat at Wilton ("Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother"), and wrote the "Arcadia;" chafed in idleness, and planned a trip to America; was the friend of Spenser and other literary men, Hakluyt having dedicated his first volume to him; and finally, after writing "The Defense of Poesy" and the "Sonnets," he was appointed by Elizabeth Governor of Flushing, went thither in November, 1585, and on the morning of the 22d September, 1586, was shot in a skirmish, lingered for twenty-six days, and died on the 19th of October.

That is the substance of his story. He was not the greatest among the great men with whom he lived, but there was none of them better or nobler than he. In all history there is no more graceful or heroic figure, no man for whom we have to make less allowance. The very brilliancy of his position sometimes half inclines an occasional reader to believe that his heroism was rather silken and perfumed than stern and simple. But no one who has studied his career faithfully but will find in him the same stuff of which his father, Sir Henry, and his nephew, Algernon, were made, and confess that history and the human heart are justified in loving him, both for what he was and for what he might have done.

The author of this "Life of Sidney" has brought together the facts with enthusiasm, and has done us all a service in putting his whole career within easy grasp. The Life by Dr. Zouch is in all stately libraries, but it is a cumbrous and unsatisfactory performance. The sketch prefixed to Lanquet's correspondence with Sidney is, upon the whole, the best of previous biographies, excepting, of course, the original of Fulke Greville.

The young men of America could propose to themselves no higher standard of true gentlemanly honor than the character of Sir Philip Sidney.

MORE CAISSA.

The mysteries of this goddess are many; and among the most profound the Lounger places the following letter:

"New York, *December*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—It grieves me to observe that, notwithstanding the high authority whence your information was derived, you have been led into error as to the derivation of the title of the goddess *Caissa*, before whose altar the army of chess-players bow and worship.

"My high respect for the authority which you quote (*vide* Lounger, December 4) would render me dumb, but that, being indebted to neither informant nor historian, I speak of facts within my own personal knowledge.

"The true origin of the term Caiss-a was in this wise:

"Many centuries ago, and long before the noble game was ever thought of, the supremacy of the chess-board was disputed by two well-known amateurs—William the Conqueror and Childe Harold. After long delay occurring, through the heavy literary engagements of the former player, they at length met in deadly conflict on the checkered field. The play on either side was of the highest order; and on the hundred and fifty-sixth move a position the most critical had ensued. At this period of the game William the Conqueror (playing the Black men) thus addressed his antagonist:

"'Ha, hah! by my faith I have thee now! Know then, my Bloomer, that thou art a Case!'

"'Sayst thou so, bold Boa-constrictor? Though *Conqueror* thou art called, I'd have thee know thou canst not come it o'er this *Childe* just so! I further tell thee that, this very day, Sir, if I'm a *Case*, 'tis thou that art a *Caissa!*'

"After a few more moves the game was won by White in handsome style.

"The terminating moves in the above *partia* resulted in a very pretty position, which, being fortunately present, I noted down. It forms a problem of much intricacy; its stipulations being: 'White to play, and checkmate in *a pig's eye*.' The game was contested at the new *down town* chess club, which was opened, free of charge, under the superintendence of Mr. C. H. Stanley, on Monday, at No. 149 Fulton Street.

"I am, dear Lounger,

"Yours faithfully,

"Checkmate."

THE MUSES IN BROOKLYN.

Our stately neighbor, Brooklyn, since it has discovered that it is the third city in the country, resolves to depend no longer upon its older sister for an occasional visit of the Muses. It proposes to domesticate them. It has, therefore, begun to agitate for an opera house: and that Painting may not linger behind Music, the artists resident in Brooklyn have organized the Graham Art School of the Brooklyn Institute, for Life-study and general improvement. The trustees of the Institute favor the project by warming and lighting a proper room for the purpose, and the meetings to be held on Monday and Friday commenced on Monday of this week. There are already twenty-five members, and Messrs. Charles Parsons, H. W. Herrick, B. F. Childs, and H. S. Beckwith were elected officers for the year.

May the Brooklyn Muses prosper!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—"Wall Street" wants the Lounger to publish Hood's "famed Bridge of Sighs" in "the next week's edition." Wall Street must have patience. Milton's Paradise Lost, Shakespeare's works, and the ninety-three volumes of other British poets, have precedence on the file for insertion.

A *CHARADE* FOR *FAST* YOUNG LADIES, BY A *SLOW* YOUNG MAN.

I saw her at the opera,
Where next but one we sat,
And when she raised her opera-glass,
My *First* lay in her lap.
Ah, how divine she looked that night!
My eyes I ne'er removed,
Save once, when with a haughty glance
My *Second* she reproved.
Between the acts her father rose;
But ere he reached the door
He dropped my *Third*, of value great,
And left it on the floor.
My *Fourth* and last is, like my *First*,
For maidens fair alone;
For want of it at home, abroad,
They never can atone.
Against the wearing of my whole
Papas *will* make objection,
Causing thereby, to daughters fair,
Deep fits of low dejection.
But I with them must still confess,
Upon mature reflection,
That as a general thing it is
"*A very great protection.*"
And now, young ladies, *fast* and fair,
These lines for your inspection
Can not, I think, expect escape
From full, complete detection.

H. D.

GLIMPSES AT LIFE IN WASHINGTON,

OBTAINED THROUGH AN EYE-GLASS.

BY PAUL POLKAFOOT.

My hotel is Willard's. I go there somewhat as a matter of course, being to Washington. I arrive a day or so before the "assembled wisdom" of the nation gets together in that wonderfully-bedizened new gilt saloon yclept the Capitol, *feat* Captain Meigs. Because Willard's is, *par excellence*, the Northern hotel of Washington. To be sure the National is "kept" by a pair of enterprising Yankees, while I strongly suspect one Mrs. Willard to be absolutely a Virginian. Never mind that. As my young friend and pitcher, Fitz Alamode of New York, says, Willard's is the most noisy of all the Washington *caravanseries*, and generally contains the biggest lot of fools goe-urks. Besides, too, it is almost under the shadow of the White House, and it is even possible, of a clear morning, to get a sniff of the ravishing odors which arise in the aristocratic kitchens around Jackson Square.

I met my old friend and patron, General F——, in the Rotunda, looking as rotund as ever, and even more rosy about the gills. The General is a Southerner—an Honorable—owns a plantation, with lots of "niggers" thereunto appertaining; has a wife and babies (all at home, Mrs. General included); always has a good appetite for dinner, and, after a long and interesting series of experiments, has come to the conclusion that old Bourbon whisky, if unadulterated with water, is rather beneficial to health than otherwise. General F—— may, therefore, be considered as at the height of human felicity. His person confirms the truth of this observation.

"I've got some of the genuine old corn-juice in my room, Polkafoot," he said, looking at me kindly through his gold-bowed spectacles. "Come up to-night—room No. 4001—and if your palate hasn't been spoiled by drinking your thin Yankee potations during the recess, the first swallow will make you happy for a week. You want something of that sort, Polkafoot, to give a generous flow to your blood, and fat you up; 'gad, you're thin as a razor. You'll never make any thing, my boy, until you can get up a little more rotundity. Look at me now!"

The General glanced affectionately downward at the visible parts of his own ample person, and somewhat intrusively, I thought, advanced one of his stout, muscular legs, though at the same time he good-naturedly patted me on the shoulder. I can't say that I was pleased with the comparison thus instituted. I pride myself on having a somewhat elegant figure, you see. It is a *sine qua non* with the young ladies whom I affect that the young gentleman of their ideal should be "both slender and tall;" and as my person satisfies this proclivity on their part, I have hitherto "traveled" somewhat extensively "on my shape." The idea of becoming fat and parsy, like the model now set up before me, therefore, was not agreeable. Delicately I hinted as much. The General growled a reply, with rather more than his usual energy of speech.



OFFICE OF A FASHIONABLE HOTEL AT THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

"Bah! Polkafoot, I was nearly as stout as I am now when I married Mrs. General. 'Gad! I think that was one of the very things she took into account. A sensible woman wants a man, Polkafoot —not a crane. Look at that leg! It would mount, respectably, half a dozen young sprigs like your young friend Fitz Alamode there. Certain chalk-faced, silly, romantic young school-girls may prefer such attenuated specimens of humanity; but a real woman, Sir, likes a man to have legs. (The General slapped one of his own, here with, in a cussing way.) I've equipped all my boys in that style, Polkafoot; and, 'gad, I'll bet they're the first things a flesh and blood woman sets eyes on. Now you New Yorkers cultivate the—the—"

As the General evidently hesitated for lack of a word, and I suspected what he wanted to say, I ventured to remark that the *intellectual style of leg* was doubtless what he meant.

"That be hanged!" the General snorted. "I mean that you cultivate the Shanghai pattern, instead of the flesh and muscle necessary to the order and happiness of society." I stared in doubt what was meant by this allusion; and the General accordingly proceeded to explain. "I hold," he continued, dogmatically, "that the lack of proper physical development among your city gentlemen is the source of all sorts of evils in your social world. What is the reason we hear, every once in a while, of some educated and accomplished young lady running off with her father's coachman, or an Irish hod-carrier, and thus overturning all the natural and reasonable barriers which society has erected against the intrusion of the *lot polloi*, eh? I'll tell you. It's because your legs are not stout enough to sustain the social edifice. Why did Mary Ann Baker go and marry John Dean? Because, Sir, the women like a man to have a man's *physique*—that's why; and they are not to blame for it, either. As for some of the other sores of society, still more lamentable in a moral point of view, they must be attributed to the same cause. What supports the——"

The finality of the discussion was that we went to dinner together; and, in answer to an inquiry, I suggested claret to begin on. "Too thin, Polkafoot—too thin altogether; but you shall have it if you like," said the General, dogmatically, at the same time writing on a wine-card, as I observed, an order for one bottle of red Bordeaux and another of Burgundy. Then he handed the same to the expectant waiter, whom he called "boy," and who at once darted off without further instructions. I had just time to observe that the "boy" in question was at least forty, and black as the Ace of Spades. *En passant*, I would remark that Mr. Willard's waiters, in deference to the feelings of his anti-Slavery boarders, are all "boys" of another color; namely, of the sort that, I believe, are invariably born with a shillalah in one hand and a Democratic ticket in the other. They never can rival Sambo as a table-waiter.

We sat long after the ladies had risen, and then we started for the upper stories, to indulge in a weed apiece. On the way, in the ladies' promenade, I caught sight of an old acquaintance, one of the belles of the hotel.

"Do you know that lady yonder, General? Now, Sir, I can confute your theories by a living example of one who cares more about brains than legs," said I, triumphantly. The General peered through his spectacles in the direction indicated, and answered gruffly, but at the same time with a dull sort of enthusiasm,

"That's Miss B——, the belle of Kentucky. Fine woman, Polkafoot! Observe what an expanse of bare neck and bosom she displays, eh? 'Gad, it makes an old fellow young again to look at such living statuary! No need even to say, 'By your leave, Miss!'"

"Very true, General; but her companion is the one I mean, Miss L——, of Baltimore. Her dress is a deal more modest, and though she's a belle in her third season, I tell you she's a girl of sense. Now, General, brains——"

The remark was not finished, because at that moment I caught Miss L——'s eye, and immediately got a friendly bow and hand-shake from her. Then she introduced me to Miss B——, who re-



THE WHITE HOUSE AND PUBLIC GROUNDS.

sponded with one of those formidable, sweeping bows, or courtesies, which form so conspicuous a feature of the Lancers' Quadrille, and which it seems to be the aims of fashion to make as long and comprehensive as possible. I might have repeated the Lord's Prayer at least twice while Miss B——'s head and body described the required arc, but of course I didn't. On the contrary, I immediately bent my body so as to form an acute angle with my legs, and in this shape remained standing, much to my discomfort, and I fear, to the disarrangement of my digestion, until, after the lapse of several minutes, during which the General stood gravely by, Miss B—— asked, with an engaging air, whether I had yet made any call in Washington. I told her I had only just arrived, and that, with her permission, my first call would be upon the belle of Tennessee. She said if I meant her she should be delighted. I said I had lately been in company with a gentleman, an admirer of hers I believed, from whom I reckoned I had taken a complaint. Ah, what was that? Admiration of the belle aforesaid, I answered, gallantly. Oh, you are a flatterer, she cried, with a desperate attempt to blush. But who was the gentleman in the ought of course to know that. I said I didn't know as she ought to learn from me; the gentleman should sing his own serenades under the windows of his beauty. She thought the remark poetical, but not obliging. I told her I desired particularly to be considered obliging by the ladies, and therupon added that the gentleman in question was the Baron Grubb, minister from Deutchland. "Oh, the dear Baron, how she should scold him for talking about her!" Miss B——, cried, with affectation of great severity. Then she asked if I didn't think Grubb was a very pretty name. I told her I did, very; but I thought Baron was prettier, and Lord better than either. She said she saw that I was a wicked wit, and she expected the ladies would have to be dreadfully cut up this season, because they liked clever people with titles. I said a title was like the lamp Diogenes carried about Athens at mid-day to find an honest man with: it was almost impossible to discover a clever person in Washington except one had a title to guide the search. Miss B—— cried, "Oh!" in a very suspicious manner. She began to think my wit decidedly plebeian, and accordingly raised her eye-glass in order to put a little more distance between us. The General interposed by saying that I was the great-grandson of an Earl, and the eyeglass was suddenly dropped again. (The General knew my family history—my great-grandfather's name was Earle.) Miss L—— gave a turn to the conversation by saying there was to be a "hop" in the hotel that night were, and that as I was so useful to the ladies last season, she hoped I might be relied on to aid them in the same manner the ensuing one. I replied that she might reckon on my most devoted attention to her wishes; that it was my dearest aspiration to make myself acceptable to her in any and all possible ways. This was so near the truth that I suspect my manner was more than usually earnest, for Miss L—— blushed slightly, though without withdrawing her eyes, or betraying any girlish embarrassment. She knew very well I was in love with her. She knew, too, that I wasn't "eligible." So, with the kindest intentions in the world, she endeavored to be my very good friend, at the same time that she constantly but delicately and considerately kept throwing cold water on my passion. But it wouldn't do. I was too much of a sensible, to be like that of young ladies in general, in denying herself the glory of a conquest merely to save the feelings of an admirer, that my passion only flamed up the higher hopelessly. Well, I am not writing a chapter of confessions. Besides, if you think I am a lover of the hypochondriacal description like Werter, or of the sentimental sort like Lamartine, it is not my image you have got on your retina, but another man's. Not that man, but another man's.



THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

Nevertheless I recollect quite distinctly how, at one of Senator Douglas's grand "evenings" last season, I was commissioned to get a glass of water from the supper-room; how I struggled through the frantic and hungry crowd, holding it aloft as the youth in Longfellow's poem did his banner; how, amidst a hot fire of Champagne corks, and the general ruin of the gossamer outworks, consisting of tulle, tarlatan, etc., erected for the protection of the ladies, I bore (through snow and ice) my welcome trophy to the thirsty lips of Miss L——. My reward was something that's laid away in the snuff-box of memory, like a Touka bean in my uncle's box of Macouboy. Then, at Senator Seward's, wasn't it I who drew on her overshoes with trembling hands and palpitating heart? Oh! Paul Pulladeof, why the deuce are you not "eligible?" What is the use in being a fellow unless you are a —— of a fellow?

I spent the evening with the General, spite of Alamede's entreaties that I would go and make a round of calls. We ought at once, he said, to call on the members of the Cabinet, in order that we might get invitations to their "receptions." I told him Now Year's would be time enough for that, because then we would go the whole round, take a drink, leave our cards, and thus be ex regle with a comparatively small outlay of trouble. Then he wanted particularly to go to Senator Slidell's. I knew that was solely to enable him to air his French with madame and her charming daughter; but as I don't speak French, I was immovable. The result was that he went his way and I mine. I don't pretend to say that mine was the best.

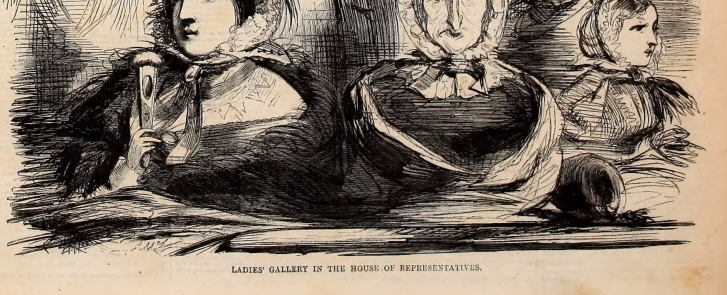
It was eleven when the General and I got through breakfast—time for the General to go to the House, and assume his place among the representatives of the nation. "How do you do, Baron?" said I, musing that distinguished *plenipo* upon the stairs. The Baron imparted to me, in a confidential manner, the fact that he was very well, adding, however, still more confidentially, "*Ich bin schläfrig* quite a little, because I have yesterday received dispatches from my Government, which I have sit up all night, nearly, to examine; therefore, I have not much sleep."

I replied, carelessly, that I understood the heir-apparent of his Serene and Exalted Highness was about to make proposals for Miss Lane, the President's niece; I presumed, therefore, that his dispatches related to that subject. The Baron very cagerly and earnestly assured me that such was not the fact, for which assurance I expressed a due sense of obligation.

Then I passed on, in order to report myself as being in readiness to begin shaving my aunt Talitha and my pretty cousin Virginia, from Swaggpodle, in York State, the lions of the capital. I haven't hitherto referred to these parties, have I? Well, concerning aunt Talitha little is to be said, except that she is a good, honest, domestic, old lady, who has hardly ever been out of sight of her native village before, and never wants to be again, if her own protestations are to be believed. It was solely for Virginia's benefit that she consented to leave her knitting-work and come on here to mingle in—no, not to mingle in, but to be among, for a season, the gayeties of Washington. And Virginia? Well, she is a very pretty girl, under eighteen, and my aunt Talitha's daughter. A somewhat unsophisticated beauty, to be sure, but quick-witted, naturally graceful, and, as I have before said, very pretty—besides having about her various "taking ways," which renders her company quite as agreeable to her male cousin as any girl he knows. I found them both dressed to go out; aunt Talitha said she didn't see me at breakfast. No, I had not left the table. Aunt Talitha lifted up her hands in astonishment. The dear old soul said she had just breakfast four hours ago, and thought she was unconscionably late then; but she couldn't get it before, because, she supposed, Mr. Willett's folks had overslept themselves. Virginia told her mother how it was, when the old lady hesitantly denounced the fashion of late breakfasting as being nothing but sheer laziness and sinful waste of time; the representatives of the nation, she said, ought to set the country an example in behalf of early rising and industry. I considered the thing so extremely funny that I laughed at it, till my aunt, who thought I was laughing at her very excellent maxim, began to take offense. So I had to explain. "My dear aunt," I exclaimed, "I beg you will throw away all ideas of sitting up the people's representatives as an example in the practice of any of the virtues, at least. If you want to teach the most successful method of wasting time in the easiest way to steal, you'll find them capital good instructors; but industry and honest labor have long been out of date here. Did you ever hear about the Forty Thieves, aunt?" She said she had read about them in the "Arabian Nights." I said I didn't suppose, then, that the Forty Thieves who were members of the last Congress, She exclaimed, with a good deal of astonishment, that she didn't know that the people elected thieves to Congress—it was a crying shame if they did. I replied that the propensity for stealing was, probably, inchoate when they were elected, but that it very quickly became developed after they got here. Ashamed of being compelled to say such trite things, I added that it was time for us to go down to the Capitol, if we were going; and though my aunt said that she didn't care to see "such doings" as I hinted at, she, nevertheless, gave us the pleasure of her company—a circumstance that compelled us to walk.

Virginia wanted to know when I was going to take her to call on the President? I asked her, by way of a Yankee reply, whether she had any idea what would be the nature of the interview? She said she hadn't. I said that she would be introduced to Mr. Buchanan, and that he would ask her, with an air of deep interest, the following question: "Have you visited the Smithsonian Institute, Miss?" If she said No, he would advise her, gravely, to go and see it; and would then relapse into a solemn and moody silence. How did I know? Oh, that's just what he says to every lady who calls on him, and that's all. Virginia thought it was very funny that Mr. Buchanan couldn't say more original than that; and said it was no wonder he had always remained a bachelor. I told her we would go to the Smithsonian first, and thus deprive him of half his regular speech; perhaps that would force him to say something else, but I doubted it. Virginia thought we had better not do so then; it might embarrass Mr. Buchanan, and then she should probably be embarrassed herself, which would be apt to make the interview very distressing to both. I said, recklessly, that I didn't care; for which bitter speech my pretty cousin reproved me severely.

I told my aunt it was a mile and a half at least down to the Capitol, and asked her if we hadn't better take an omnibus? She said a mile and a



LADIES' GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

half was no sort of a walk; besides, she wanted to see the shops along Pennsylvania Avenue. I believe she did see them all, as well as all they contained; but at last her attention was riveted by a near view of the Capitol. She thought that was a very big and grand house, and she supposed the members of it must be big and grand too. I said it would do; but that it occupied a very disrespectful position—with its rear turned toward the city and the President's, and its front southward, like a horse harnessed at the tail-end of a cart. We went round, in order to enter in front. My aunt wanted to know what that naked man alongside of the steps was going to do with that great ball he had in his hands; and what the Indian girl by his side was at? I told her it was a statue of Columbus, and I had heard say that he was in the act of challenging the statue of Washington, at the other end of the square, to play a game of ball with him; but I thought it was intended to represent Columbus holding a ball of yarn, and about to teach the Indian girl how to knit. My aunt said that was very good of him; but added, a little timidly, that he and the girl both would look better if they had more clothes on.

While my aunt was looking at and admiring the pictures in the Rotunda, Miss B—— came sailing by, accompanied by the Baron. She honored aunt Tabitha and Virginia with a haughty stare through her eye-glass, but affected not to see me at all. My pretty modest *little* cousin was quite cut up by that splendid person's supercilious air—I think somebody must have blown on the General's story about my being the great-grandson of an earl; and her inspection of my companions no doubt satisfied her that I was altogether too much of a plebeian to be recognized thus publicly by the grand-daughter of a Tennessee judge. However, I caught the eye of an old acquaintance just then, who drew me a little one side, in a confidential way, and, after a few commonplaces, told me that he was a candidate for the vacant mission to Siam, and wanted me to help him by getting General F—— to write him a letter of recommendation. I asked if he had ever met the General? He said he had not; but he thought that would make no difference, as I could write the letter and get the General to copy and sign it. I told him I would speak to him about it. Just then one of the members from New York, Hon. J—n C——e, emerged from a door on the other side, and passed rapidly across the Rotunda, casting furtive glances about him. He evidently caught a sight of the applicant for the Siam mission, and, fearful of being button-holed by him, pulled his hat down over his eyes and made splendid time for the door leading to the Hall of the Representatives. But the candidate saw him, headed him off, and pounced triumphantly down on him. The honorable gentleman made a desperate effort to pass with just a nod, but the candidate seized him by the shoulder and held him fast while he poured out the history of his claims to office, and solicited the impatient Representative's influence in getting him the mission.

"These office-seekers are worse than the plagues of Egypt!" said Mr. C——e to me, the next day, with an energetic imprecation that sounded vastly like an oath. "I'd as lief be bored to death by Guinea-worms as to be beset as I am by them. Now that fellow who wants to go to Siam, I don't know him at all, or just barely to speak, and yet he came to me yesterday, and what do you think he wanted me to do? Why, in the first place, he asked me to write a letter for him, take it around, and get it signed by all my friends in the House and Senate, and then to go with him and urge his case personally on the President and Cabinet! I told him I had something else to occupy my time. I wish he and his whole tribe might be sent to Siam or—the devil!"

The Rotunda is the rendezvous of these borers and of the lobby; and the members tell me it is almost impossible for them to pass through there without being waylaid by some of them. This fact explains why I see members and senators come sneaking into the Capitol by unexpected side passages, darting furtive glances around them as they emerge from the cover of a pillar, seeking cover again as quickly as possible, and at last bolting into their respective chambers as if they were afraid a constable was at their heels. In my aforetime simplicity I imagined that these gentlemen avoided observation because they were oppressed with a lingering sense of shame for some of their actions; but I perceive now that I gave them too much credit. Then, when I saw a member sneaking about in this way, I always, in consideration of his feelings, pretended not to see him; but now I understand it I have no sympathy with them. I think they ought to get every body an office who asks them for one. I think it is the duty of a Representative to provide an office for every one of his constituents—at least for all those who voted for him, or spent their money to elect him.

Aunt Tabitha was delighted with the magnificence of the halls, tiled floors, and stairways of grained marble, to be seen in the new part of the Capitol. I ventured to introduce her into one of the committee rooms. The richness of the furniture, and the fresco adornments of the walls struck her as being something very gorgeous. Virginia hesitated about going in, because there sat the clerk, in a stuffed easy chair, with his feet on a table, lazily smoking a cheroot, and it seemed like going into a gentleman's private apartment. Aunt Tabitha wanted to know, as soon as we went out, if that gentleman wasn't the *chairman* of the committee. I answered that I guessed he was. It is impossible for me to describe the effect produced upon the dear old lady by the blazing splendor of the new Representative hall. The gilt, the glitter, the painting, carving, the wonderful ceiling, and all that, quite overcame her. She looked down upon the members, lounging in their red morocco-covered chairs, with a species of awe. "Do you think you'll ever be a member of Congress, Paul?" she asked, in a reverential whisper. I answered that all young Americans expected to be members of Congress some day or other, and I supposed that I might reasonably entertain the same idea. My aunt looked as if she thought I might, and then her attention was drawn away by the rising of a member to address the House. The member happened to be the Hon. L—— M. K——, of South Carolina, who frowned, tossed his head, strode back and forth in the aisle, gesticulated, and spoke in such an impressive style that the old lady was quite rapt. "That's real eloquence," she whispered to me, as the honorable gentleman sat down, stroking his beard and glancing up at the galleries to observe the effect he had produced. It seems he caught somebody's eye up there, for he smiled sweetly, bounded from his seat, disappeared for an instant, appeared again in the gallery, and dropped down alongside of the smiling and gratified Miss B——. A smart flirtation sprung up at once, and I could see that the Baron looked unhappy. Soon quite a bevy of members had collected around the charming young lady in the gallery. Another batch left the hall, in a body, to go over to the corner and get a drink (as I learned on inquiring at the bar afterward). A member from New England, who had evidently been up late the night before, stretched himself out on a sofa and went to sleep. A member from the South lighted a cigar and very composedly puffed away on it in a corner. Some put their feet up on their morocco-covered desks. Some stood around and talked. Some wrote and franked letters. The clerk read away on some bill or other, which nobody listened to; the reporters scribbled away, and the member from New England, asleep on the sofa, at last actually snored. He had just been re-elected for another two years, and therefore didn't care whether school kept or not. I didn't either. Because, in fact, as the old lady very soon became so much absorbed in the proceedings that any further present attention to her was needless, I found it quite agreeable to devote myself assiduously to my pretty cousin. By-and-by, however, Fitz Alamode came and sat down by us. I think Fitz is a little inclined to be sweet on Virginia. In fact, he did us all the honor of gallanting her back to the hotel, leaving me to the sole charge of my aunt.

Ten o'clock, p.m.—The member from the Swampoodle district has just dropped into my room, and says that young Alamode has been asking him about what fortune Miss Virginia is likely to have. I was delighted to hear that he had the sense to tell Fitz a few thousand dollars was all, and that he had said nothing about the rich old relative who has put down her name in his will for a very large cargo of the desirable spoons. I shall take care that the confounded little fortune-hunter don't hear of that.

A few minutes later I had the honor of a call from the correspondent of the New York *Daily Thundergust*. He told me that it was positively determined to remove Collector Schell, and that the vacant place was going to be conferred, at the instance of Hon. D. E. Sickles, upon the Benicia Boy. He added, by way of confirmation, that Mr. Buchanan had that very day been seen to take the Benicia Boy into a clothes-press, where a long and entirely private consultation had been held, the particulars of which he had obtained in detail for the *Thundergust* exclusively, and sent on by telegraph to that journal.

To-morrow my aunt is going again up to the House, while Miss Virginia and myself are going to call on the President.

LITERARY.

SELF-MADE MEN, by Chas. C. B. Seymour, published by Harper & Brothers, is a book which deserves wide circulation. It is a collection of well-selected and admirably-digested biographical sketches of men who, by dint of industrious and virtuous perseverance, have attained wealth, eminence, or usefulness; and to such men the minds of the young can never be too frequently directed. For a present to a young man we know nothing better than such a volume—at once a source of interest and a gallery of noble exemplars. Boys will study its pages with intensest admiration; for real life presents scenes that romance does not, in which the reader is able to appreciate the moral because he knows that the story is truth, and from which he derives a lesson that no tale of fancy can equal. To be such a man, to achieve such a success, to conquer such an enemy, to crush such a temptation—these are the objects of ambition which the volume offers, and which the reader seizes on and adopts as his own.

The author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," Mr. George Wood, has written another curious book, and Derby & Jackson have published it. The title, FUTURE LIFE; OR, SCENES IN ANOTHER WORLD, sufficiently explains to those who remember Peter what they may expect in this work, which does not equal its predecessor in any respect, but nevertheless possesses the interest of a very odd book. Peter Schlemihl—whether with or without his shadow does not appear, but with one Mrs. Jay, a New York lady—having passed through death, visits other worlds inhabited by various orders of beings, among whom angels and the redeemed souls of the former denizens of this sphere seem to be wandering; and with these various spirits Peter and his friend hold converse, not on fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge, or any other subjects of that lofty and spiritual character, but mostly on crinoline and the opera, and other topics that may be supposed to interest the earthly readers of the story. Some truth is taught, some sharp things are well said, and some follies satirized; but, on the whole, we do not think that Mr. Wood's good hits repay us for the very commonplace notions we get from his book of the future life, and the inevitable conclusion at which we arrive that some members of higher circles in the "future life" are very stupid people, who had learned very little in this world and have made no advance in the other.

Derby & Jackson also publish a novel, WHILE IT WAS MORNING, by Virginia F. Townsend, which we have not been able to read except in passages here and there, from which we have marked the book as written in a simple and delicate style that promises well for the whole.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes has written some very popular stories, and C. M. Saxton now publishes two of them in one volume—DORA DEANE and MAGGIE MILLER.

Dr. Macduff's STORY OF BETHLEHEM, written for the young in the Doctor's admirable style, and illustrated profusely, is a fine book for the small folks about Christmas time. Carter & Brothers publish it.

MATTHEW CARABY is an American novel, published by Mason Brothers, the interest of the story turning on the death of a city merchant, who, becoming insolvent, insures his life largely and commits suicide by smoking morphine in a cigar. One of his clerks, whose history has been the burden of the previous portions of the story, is tried for the murder, and acquitted with the aid of the insurance companies and a providential witness. The book is not above the average of late novels.

R. M. Dewitt publishes THE TENANT HOUSE, a novel, by A. J. H. Duganne, to which more than usual attention is invited by the array of distinguished names appended to commendatory letters. The author has made a story out of the abundant material which such places as the Old Brewery furnish; and one can hardly doubt, while reading, that the descriptive portions are drawn from reality, and terrible reality. The plot does not commend itself to ordinary notions of the probable. The various inhabitants of the barrack-houses are led through the mazes of a romantic story, and turn out to be, most of them, children of wealthy parents, or in some way connected with wealthy people, and in the end are pretty much all made comfortable by the accidents of life more than by the results of industry. All this, however, is the author's license as a novelist, and designed to bring before the world, in a readable form, his sketches of real life in the haunts of poverty, and in this view the book is calculated to do good. The work is further commendable in the fact that it teaches distinctly and clearly the influence of the Christian religion in reforming vice and reclaiming the destitute. Mr. Duganne has had means of information on the subject of tenant houses in New York which give to his relations the value of careful observation, and make them worthy the serious attention of all who desire to relieve the destitute and abandoned.

A young English lord, Lord Dufferin, in 1856, went in his yacht, *The Foam*, to northern latitudes, and touched at Iceland, where he had the jolliest of times for some weeks, visiting the Geysers, and getting gloriously drunk with the Icelanders, and making after-dinner speeches of the funniest kind in French, English, and, above all, in the funniest Latin. Prince Napoleon came along with his fleet, and took *The Foam* in tow behind *La Reine Hortense* steamer, and they pushed off for Jan Mayen, a lonesome island within the Arctic circle. But the Prince got out of coal, and shook off the yacht to pursue her own voyage by wind; and she did reach that desolate shore, and return thence to Norway, and at length sailed northward until this little craft, with but two inches of thin plank to resist the ice, actually reached a latitude within one hundred miles as far north as any expedition has hitherto attained. Lord Dufferin wrote letters to his mother, and told her of all his fun, fact, and fancy as he went on this strange pleasure-trip in a yacht; and these letters form the volume of LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES, which Ticknor & Fields have now republished, and of which we have once before casually spoken. If we do not mistake, we related then the story of the cock who became crazy when the sun did not set any more, and actually drowned himself in a fit of nervous excitement. The book is a very careless and reckless lot of stuff, which will not increase the young lord's literary reputation, but will amuse readers more than any thing of the sort that has recently appeared. His Latin speech at the dinner is the gem of the story, and worth the price of the volume.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS met on 6th inst., and proceeded to business. In the Senate, Senator Mason gave notice that he would, on Tuesday, call up the case of the schooner *Amistad;* permission granted by 24 to 19. The President's Message was received and read. Comments thereon were made by Senators Bigler and Hale.——In the House, seats were drawn for, and several notices of bills and resolutions were given. The Message was then received and read.

On 7th, in the Senate, Senator Wilson gave notice of a bill to appropriate 1,000,000 acres of public lands for the support of free schools in the District of Columbia. Senator Gwin gave notice that he would call up the Pacific Railroad Bill at an early day. Some other personal matters were noticed.——In the House, a resolution requesting the President to take steps for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was referred to the Committee of the Whole; a motion to lay on the table having been negatived by 93 to 90. Mr. Billinghurst moved to take the Pacific Railroad out of the hands of the Select Committee appointed on the subject; lost. Mr. Bernhisel offered a resolution to refund to Utah the expenses incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1853, and to construct a wagon-road from Bridger's Pass to Salt Lake City. Mr. Stevens offered a resolution for a wagon-road through Washington Territory.

On 9th, in the Senate, Senator Iverson gave notice of a motion to abolish the franking privilege, and to substitute a commutation in money. Several memorials were presented, and the standing Committees were appointed.——In the House, the standing Committees were appointed. Mr. Harris gave notice of bills to render Territorial Governors and Judges elective, to admit sugar and salt free of duty, and to amend the naturalization laws. The case of Judge Watrous was then taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Ready, Houston, Craige, Reagan, Cochrane, Chapman, and Tappan.

On 10th, in the Senate, considerable routine business was transacted.——In the House, Mr. Boyce moved to admit Lieutenant Mowry as Delegate from Arizona; objected to. The case of Judge Watrous was then further discussed by Messrs. Billinghurst, Ready, and Davis.

On Saturday, the Senate not being in session, the House was occupied all day with the Watrous impeachment.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was sent into Congress on December 8. It is longer even than such documents usually are. We can of course only find space for a few very brief extracts. After alluding to the settlement of the Kansas and Utah questions, and throwing out some suggestions as to the organization of future Territories, the President passes to our foreign relations.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION.

"I am gratified to inform you that the long pending controversy between the two governments, in relation to the question of visitation and search, has been amicably adjusted. The claim on the part of Great Britain, forcibly to visit American vessels on the high seas in the time of peace, could not be sustained under the law of nations, and it had been overruled by her own most eminent jurists. This question was recently brought to an issue by the repeated acts of British cruisers in boarding and searching our merchant vessels in the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent seas. * * * Remonstrances were addressed to the British government against these violations of our rights of sovereignty. The British government promptly avowed its recognition of the principles of international law upon this subject, as laid down by the government of the United States, in the note of the Secretary of State to the British Minister at Washington, of April 10, 1858, which secure the vessels of the United States upon the high seas from visitation or search in time of peace, under any circumstances whatever. The claim has been abandoned in a manner reflecting honor on the British government, and evincing a just regard for the law of nations, and can not fail to strengthen the amicable relations between the two countries.

"The British government at the same time proposed to the United States that some mode should be adopted, by mutual arrangement between the two countries, of a character which may be found effective without being offensive, for verifying the nationality of vessels suspected on good grounds for carrying false colors. They have also invited the United States to take the initiative, and propose measures for this purpose. While declining to assume so grave a responsibility, the Secretary of State has informed the British government that we are ready to receive any proposals which they may feel disposed to offer having this object in view, and to consider them in an amicable spirit. A strong opinion is, however, expressed that the occasional abuse of the flag of any nation is an evil far less to be deprecated than would be the establishment of any regulations which might be incompatible with the freedom of the seas. This government has yet received no communication specifying the manner in which the British government would propose to carry out their suggestion; and I am inclined to believe that no plan which can be devised will be free from grave embarrassments. Still, I shall form no decided opinion on the subject until I shall have carefully and in the best spirit examined any proposals which they may think proper to make."

THE CASE OF MEXICO.

In relation to Mexico, the President says: "The imposition of the contribution upon foreigners is considered an unjust and oppressive measure. Besides, internal factions in other parts of the republic were at the same time levying similar exactions upon the property of our citizens, and interrupting their commerce. There had been an entire failure on the part of our Minister to secure redress for the wrongs which our citizens had endured, notwithstanding his persevering efforts. And from the temper manifested by the Mexican government he had repeatedly assured us that no favorable change could be expected until the United States should 'give striking evidence of their will and power to protect their citizens,' and that 'severe chastening is the only earthly remedy for our grievances.'

"Abundant cause now undoubtedly exists for a resort to hostilities against the government still holding possession of the capital. Should they succeed in subduing the Constitutional forces, all reasonable hope will then have expired of a peaceful settlement of our difficulties.

"On the other hand, should the Constitutional party prevail, and their authority be established over the republic, there is reason to hope that they will be animated by a less unfriendly spirit, and may grant that redress to American citizens which justice requires, so far as they may possess the means. But for this expectation, I should at once have recommended to Congress to grant the necessary power to the President to take possession of a sufficient portion of the remote and unsettled territory of Mexico, to be held in pledge until our injuries shall be redressed and our just demands be satisfied. We have already exhausted every milder means of obtaining justice. In such a case this remedy of reprisals is recognized by the law of nations, not only as just in itself, but as a means of preventing actual war.

THE PROTECTORATE OVER CHIHUAHUA AND SONORA.

"But there is another view of our relations with Mexico, arising from the unhappy condition of affairs along our southwestern frontier, which demands immediate action. In that remote region, where there are but few white inhabitants, large bands of hostile and predatory Indians roam promiscuously over the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora and our adjoining Territories. The local governments of these States are perfectly helpless, and are kept in a state of constant alarm by the Indians. They have not the power, if they possessed the will, even to restrain lawless Mexicans from passing the border and committing depredations on our remote settlers. A state of anarchy and violence prevails throughout that distant frontier. The laws are a dead letter, and life and property are wholly insecure. For this reason the settlement of Arizona is arrested, while it is of great importance that a chain of inhabitants should extend all along its southern border, sufficient for their own protection and that of the United States mail passing to and from California. Well-founded apprehensions are now entertained, that the Indians, and wandering Mexicans, equally lawless, may break up the important stage and postal communication recently established between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions. This passes very near to the Mexican boundary, throughout the whole length of Arizona. I can imagine no possible remedy for these evils, and no mode of restoring law and order on that remote and unsettled frontier, but for the Government of the United States to assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, and to establish military posts within the same; and this I earnestly recommend to Congress. This protection may be withdrawn as soon as local governments shall be established in these Mexican States, capable of performing their duties to the United States, restraining the lawless and preserving peace along the border."

THE CUBA QUESTION.

"It has been made known to the world by my predecessors, that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished, the last relic of the African slave-trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. All the territory which we have acquired since the origin of the government has been by fair purchase from France, Spain, and Mexico, or by the free and voluntary act of the independent State of Texas in blending her destinies with our own. This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation.

"The island of Cuba, from its geographical position, commands the mouth of the Mississippi, and the immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, from the valley of that noble river, now embracing half the sovereign States of the Union. With that island under the dominion of a distant foreign Power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is exposed to the danger of being destroyed in time of war, and it has hitherto been subjected to perpetual injury and annoyance in time of peace. Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy while the existing colonial government over the island shall remain in its present condition.

"While the possession of the island would be of vast

importance to the United States, its value to Spain is, comparatively, unimportant. Such was the relative situation of the parties when the great Napoleon transferred Louisiana to the United States. Jealous, as he ever was, of the national honor and interests of France, no person throughout the world has imputed blame to him for accepting a pecuniary equivalent for this cession.

"The publicity which has been given to our former negotiations upon this subject, and the large appropriation which may be required to effect the purpose, render it expedient, before making another attempt to renew the negotiation, that I should lay the whole subject before Congress. This is especially necessary, as it may become indispensable to success that I should be intrusted with the means of making an advance to the Spanish government immediately after the signing of the treaty, without awaiting the ratification of it by the Senate. I am encouraged to make this suggestion by the example of Mr. Jefferson previous to the purchase of Louisiana from France, and by that of Mr. Polk in view of the acquisition of territory from Mexico. I refer the whole subject to Congress, and commend it to their careful consideration."

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

"The public debt on the 1st of July, 1858—the commencement of the present fiscal year—was $25,155,977 66.

"During the first quarter of the present year the sum of $10,000,000 has been negotiated of the loan authorized by the act of 14th of June, 1858—making the present outstanding public debt, exclusive of Treasury notes, $35,155,977 66. There was, on the 1st of July, 1858, of Treasury notes issued by authority of the act of December 23, 1857, unredeemed, the sum of $19,754,800—making the amount of actual indebtedness, at that date, $54,910,777 66. To this will be added $10,000,000 during the present fiscal year, this being the remaining half of the loan of $20,000,000 not yet negotiated.

"The rapid increase of the public debt, and the necessity which exists for a modification of the tariff, to meet even the ordinary expenses of the government, ought to admonish us all, in our respective spheres of duty, to the practice of rigid economy. The objects of expenditure should be limited in number, as far as this may be practicable, and the appropriations necessary to carry them into effect ought to be disbursed under the strictest accountability. Enlightened economy does not consist in the refusal to appropriate money for constitutional purposes essential to the defense, progress, and prosperity of the republic, but in taking care that none of this money shall be wasted by mismanagement in its application to the objects designated by law."

A REVENUE TARIFF.

"It is our true policy to increase our revenue so as to equal our expenditures. It would be ruinous to continue to borrow. Besides, it may be proper to observe that the incidental protection thus afforded by a revenue tariff would, at the present moment, to some extent increase the confidence of the manufacturing interests, and give a fresh impulse to our reviving business. To this, surely, no person will object.

"In regard to the mode of assessing and collecting duties under a strictly revenue tariff, I have long entertained and often expressed the opinion that sound policy requires this should be done by specific duties, in cases to which these can be properly applied. They are well adapted to commodities which are usually sold by weight or measure, and which, from their nature, are of equal or of nearly equal value. Such, for example, are the articles of iron of different classes, raw sugar, and foreign wines and spirits.

"In my deliberate judgment, specific duties are the best, if not the only means of securing the revenue against false and fraudulent invoices, and such has been the practice adopted for this purpose by other commercial nations. Besides, specific duties would afford to the American manufacturer the incidental advantages to which he is fairly entitled under a revenue tariff. The present system is a sliding scale to his disadvantage. Under it, when prices are high and business prosperous, the duties rise in amount when he least requires their aid. On the contrary, when prices fall, and he is struggling against adversity, the duties are diminished in the same proportion, greatly to his injury."

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The authorized strength of the army, as posted, is 18,165, but the actual strength, on July 1, was 17,498. These troops compose the whole numerical force of our army, distributed through the States and Territories of the entire Confederacy, manning all the fortifications occupied by the troops, holding all posts now garrisoned, defending all our extended frontiers, and protecting, as far as possible, the different routes extending across the continent, from the Mississippi Valley to our possessions on the Pacific.

In speaking of the war with the Indians on the Pacific, the Secretary says that a permanent peace has been established by treaties entered into with them, and the army has been already distributed to points where the presence of a force was greatly needed.

The Secretary says he has attempted, as far as possible, to meet the just wishes of Congress in reducing the expenses, and the estimates of the next fiscal year are less than the appropriations for the last by the sum of $9,160,488. They are less than the estimates laid before Congress at the last session by the sum of $2,736,408. They amount, in the aggregate, to $18,010,090; and he entertains a strong hope that the expenditure may be still further reduced in the course of another year.

REPORT OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

For the support of the navy and marine corps, and all other objects under the control of the Navy Department, for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1858, the estimates were $13,803,212; appropriations, $14,240,247; expenditures, $13,870,684; there having been some curtailment of expense by reason of a falling off in the revenue. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859, the estimates were $14,616,298; appropriations, $14,508,354; these having been largely retrenched in consequence of a diminution of the revenue, and again increased by appropriating $1,200,000 for eight light draft war-steamers, which were not embraced in the estimates. For the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1860, the estimates are $13,500,370, including $674,000 for completing the eight light draft steamers, authorized at the last session of Congress, and not including the usual compensation of $985,850 for steamship and mail service.

POST-OFFICE REPORT.

The Postmaster-General says that the expenses of the Department, over and above its resources, have regularly increased ever since the reduction of postages. It would, however, be obviously erroneous to suppose that the charge upon the Treasury is to progress in a ratio proportionate to what it has been for the last few years. Our postal system is now extended over the whole country, from one ocean to the other.

The Postmaster-General proposes, in lieu of the franking privilege now allowed by law to members of Congress, that the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House of Representatives, or such other officer as may be designated for the purpose, furnish the members with postage stamps to be used on all letters, public documents, and packets transmitted by them in the mails, and keep an account of the stamps furnished to each member, to be paid for out of the contingent fund of the House.

To avoid dissatisfaction and the practical inconvenience of having different rates of postage regulated by distances, it is respectfully submitted whether one uniform rate of five cents for all distances would not enlarge the usefulness of the Department, and diminish, if it did not entirely prevent, such heavy drafts upon the Treasury, and best promote the interest and convenience of the people.

The whole number of post-offices on 30th June last was 27,977, of which 400 are of the class denominated presidential; whole number established during the last fiscal year, 2121; number discontinued, 730; increase, 1391; number of postmasters appointed, 8284. Of these 4525 were to fill vacancies occasioned by resignation, 998 by removals, 278 by deaths, 292 by change of names and sites, and 2121 on establishment of new offices. Whole number of offices December 1, 1858, 28,573. On the 30th June last there were in operation 8296 mail routes. The number of contractors was 7044. The length of these routes is estimated at 260,603 miles; total amount of transportation, 78,765,461 miles, and cost $7,795,418.

Compared with the service reported June 30, 1857, there is an addition of 18,002 miles to the length of routes, and $1,173,372 to the cost. The total estimates for the current year are $10,615,947. The total expenditures of the Department in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, amounted to $12,722,470. The estimated receipts and expenditures in 1859: expenditures, $14,776,520; means, $11,094,393; deficiency, $3,682,127.

REPORT OF THE LAND-OFFICE.

The report of the Land-office covers five quarters. During that period there were 15,209,570 acres of public lands surveyed, which, with former surveys, made a quantity of 61,951,046 acres of the public lands surveyed and ready for market on the 30th September, 1858, which had never before been offered at public sale.

During the same period there were sold for cash 4,804,919 4-100, from which was realized $2,534,192 20, located with Military Land Warrants, $6,083,110 00, and reported Swamp Land Grants of 1,401,565 8-000 acres; making an aggregate of cash sales, land warrant locations, and swamp selections of $12,183,594 54.

DEPARTURE OF THE FILIBUSTERS FROM MOBILE.

Telegraphic messages from Mobile state that the schooner *Susan*, Captain Marcy, sailed from that port on 6th inst., with 140 passengers and well provisioned, but without a clearance, on pretense of being bound on a coasting voyage. Before reaching Mobile Point, she was overhauled by an armed boat from the cutter *M'Clelland*, and stopped. The passengers on board the *Susan* threatened the cutter men with violence.

Finally, after some delay, the cutter *M'Clelland* fired into the *Susan*, but no damage was caused. Lieutenant White, of the cutter, remained on board the *Susan* "as a guest."

A VISIT TO BERLIN HEIGHTS.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* publishes the following letter, purporting to be written by an itinerant showman who called one day upon the communists of Berlin Heights:

"Here i am at Berlin Hites amung the Free-Lovers. I arrove hear last Toosday & bitterly doo i cuss the Day i ever sot foot in this retched place. I hearn tell of these Free-Luvirs for sum time & i thawt ide cum and see that kind of kritters they was. I pitcht my tent in a field near the Luv Cure, as they kall it & unfoldid my bannir to the Breese. Bimby the people kommensed fur to pour into my show & i begun for to kongratulate myself on doing a stavin bisness. But they ur a corney-lookin set, i must say. The mens fases was all kivered with hair and they looked half starved to deth. The wimmen was wus nor the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds and straw hats, with fadid green ribbins onto them, & they all kerrid bloo kotton umbrellers in their hands. Bimeby a perfekly orful looking femaile presentid herself to the dore. Hur gound was skanderlously short, & hur trowsis was shameful to behold. Sez she, 'Ar, kin it be? yes, tis trou, O tis trou?' Sez i, '15 sents marm.' Sez she, '& so ive found you at larst—at larst, O at larst.' Sez i, 'Yes yu has found me at larst & you wood have found me at fust if you had cum sunner.' Sez she, 'Ar you a man?' Sez i, 'i think i air, but if yer dowt it yu may address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postidge pade, & she will dowtliss giv yu the required infurmashun.' Sez she, 'Then yu air what the wurld cawls marrid?' I sed, 'Yes marm, i air.' The eksentric female then grabd me by the arm & sez she, in a wild voise, 'You air mine, O you air mine!' 'Scarcely,' sez i, as i released myself from her irun grasp. She agane clutched me by the arm & sed, 'You air my affinerty.' Sez i, 'What upon arth is that?' 'Dost thow not know?' sez she. 'No marm,' sez i, 'i dostunt.' Sez she, 'Listen man, & ile tell ye. Fur years ive yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the wurld sumwhares, altho i knowd not thy name or plase of residunce. My hart sed he wood cum & i took currige. He has cum—he is heur—yu air him—yu air my affinerty! O tis two mutch—two mutch!' and she bust out a cryin. 'Yes,' sez i, 'i think it is darn site two mutch.' 'Hast thow not yearned fur me?' she yelled, ringing her hands like a femaile play actor. Sez I, 'not a yearn.' Bi this time a grate krowd of free lovirs had kollectid around us, & they all kommensed fur to holler 'shame,' 'brute,' 'beast,' etsettery, etsettery. I wus jest as mad as a Martch hair. Sez i, 'yu pack of ornery critters go away frum me & taik this retchid woomun along with yu. My name is Artemus Ward, & ime in the show bisinis. i pay my bills & mind my own 'fairs. ime a married man & my childrun all look like me if i am a showman; I dont go in fur setting the laws of my country at defiance. I aint in favur of privatearin or nothing else illegal. I think yure affinerty business is cussed nonsense, besides bein outrajusly wicked. I pored 4th my indignation in this way until i gut out of breth, when i stopt. I took down my tent & i shall leeve town this evening. A. Ward."

A CONSCIENTIOUS EDITOR!!!

"Mr. Deck," says an Ohio editor, "is an American by birth, and one of the most respectable men in our community. His height is six feet—straight as an arrow—and weighs, when stripped, 206 pounds. He proposes to fight Tom Hyer for $5000 a side. His huge and giant-like frame indicates him to be a man of very superior strength; *and, though we hope the two combatants may never meet, yet if a transaction so disgraceful should ever occur, we predict for the Buckeye Boy the championship of the world.*"

A YOUNG LADY IN A TRANCE.

We read in the Boston *Journal*: "We have been informed of the following singular case, which we publish in the hope that it may elicit information which will solve the mystery connected therewith. On Monday morning last, as the train from Fall River reached Bridgewater, a young lady, apparently seventeen or eighteen years old, and well dressed, who was on board, complained of sudden illness, and requested to be left at that station. Her wish was complied with, and she called for a hackman and requested to be taken to the best hotel in the place. She was taken to the Bridgewater Hotel and shown to a room, when she immediately retired. As she did not appear the next morning, the landlord went to her room and knocked, but received no answer. He then had the door opened, and found the young lady in bed, and, apparently, in a sound sleep. Efforts were made to awaken her, but they were unsuccessful, and physicians were called in. Their efforts to restore her to consciousness up to this morning were ineffectual, and she remained in the same condition as she was found on Tuesday morning. The physicians say that there are no evidences of poison about her, and they do not know what to make of the case. She has nothing with her to indicate who she is or where she belongs. Her luggage consisted of a valise, in which was a note addressed to Abigail MacIntyre; and also a Bible, in which was a recommendation of one church to another (what churches they were our informant does not recollect). She had, also, in her pocket railroad checks from Fairhaven to Middleboro', from which it is surmised that she may have come from Fairhaven or New Bedford. The incident creates a great deal of interest in Bridgewater."

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* says: "Some twelve or fourteen years ago Harlow Case was a respectable and esteemed citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of assistant-postmaster under Mr. Dorsheimer, and was for many years intrusted with the more important duties of the office. A member of one of the Baptist churches, upright in every walk of life, married, and the father of a family, he seemed to be as firm in the straightforward paths of virtue as any other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he received the appointment of Collector of that port under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment was one universally approved, and the numerous friends of Case in this city were rejoiced at his success in life. While holding that office he was intimate in the family of a Mr. F——, one of his assistants. Mrs. F—— was young, beautiful, impassioned, and a fatal attachment grew up between the two, which remained unsuspected until the truth was made known by the sudden elopement of Case with Mrs. F——, and the simultaneous discovery that he had absconded with Government funds to the amount of some $34,000. From that time forward nearly all trace of the guilty pair was lost. The family of Case, bereaved and betrayed, remained hopeless in their grief. Mr. F—— engaged in a long but fruitless chase of the fugitives. And now from off the sea come tidings, a broken, half-told story of lonely wanderings in foreign lands; a full recital of a never-ceasing remorse, with pitiful and solitary deaths in far-away islands and on the stormy waters of the Indian Ocean. Both victims of unhallowed passion are asleep—the mother in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an avenging God upon him, and sends to his abandoned home this message of his sorrow."

PERSONAL.

A letter from Senator Sumner, dated Paris, Nov. 18, says:

"To-morrow morning there will be a consultation of physicians on my case, to ascertain where I am now, at what stage I have arrived, and what remains to be done. I regret that I can not announce the result of this conference by the steamer that takes this letter. I fear that it will be against my return this winter to my public duties. At all events, I shall not return before January. * * * * My summer, down to the close of August, was most painful and harassing. My sufferings were complicated. There seemed to be hardly an ache or smart in nature which did not visit me, and at times with an intensity which was overpowering. But now I am comfortable. Two physicians express the opinion that I have made a most perceptible advance. I think so too. I am sure of it. At times I have despaired; but now I am confident that I shall be as well as ever. I can not express the disappointment I feel in this protracted separation from my duties. I long—oh, how I long!—to have my natural health, and once more renew my old labors—twelve or fourteen hours a day."

The Hon. James Chesnut, Jun., elected Senator from South Carolina for the short term, is between forty and fifty years of age, and a graduate of Princeton. According to the *South Carolinian*, he will go to Washington about the 1st of January.

The Howard *Tribune* announces the marriage of the Hon. John U. Pettit, Member of Congress from the XIth District of Indiana, to Miss Brenton, daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Brenton.

A Queen's messenger left yesterday afternoon for New York, having in charge a young girl named Polydore, who has been brought from Utah by Judge Eckles, in obedience to instructions from the United States government. She was taken from England by her mother some years since, and her father prevailed upon the British authorities to make an application for her restoration. This has been complied with, and the girl was given to the British Minister here, who will have her sent home by the *Africa*, which will leave New York on Saturday. The mother of the girl, we understand, followed her to this city, and may endeavor to obtain possession of her.

"Perley" writes to the Boston *Journal* from Washington, the 5th:

"The 'Club House' fitted up by Mr. Pendleton just prior to his death, in what was Flint's Hotel, was formally opened last night. Engraved invitations were sent out to all gentlemen in society here, with members of 'the profession,' and at the bottom are the hours at which the table is to be spread during the winter. 'Dinner at 5; Supper at 10; Breakfast at 12.' From this it may be inferred that those who 'fight ye Tiger' will rise late in the day, and commence business operations early in the evening. The *Roi des Cartes* is Mr. Hall."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECALL OF LORD NAPIER.

The London *Morning Post* (anti-ministerial organ) announces the recall of Lord Napier, and the promotion of Mr. Lyons from Florence to Washington. It says the assigned cause of his recall is Lord Napier's tendency in favor of the Monroe doctrine. The London *Globe* (anti-ministerial) confirms the report; but says that Lord Napier will have a European mission, the Government merely making the change in the regular course of diplomatic promotion, being perfectly satisfied with Lord Napier's course.

And the *Herald* (semi-officially) to the same effect: "We have authority for denying the accuracy of this statement. The probable removal of Lord Napier to a European post is not caused by any dissatisfaction on the part of the Government with his Lordship's opinions or conduct in the United States. His appointment to a European mission is in the regular course of diplomatic promotion; the zeal and ability which he has always shown in the performance of his public duty have entitled his Lordship to the best consideration of Her Majesty's Government."

It is understood that Lord Napier goes to Berlin, as the successor of Lord Bloomfield, who retires on a pension.

LORD NAPIER'S SUCCESSOR.

The successor of Lord Napier is to be Richard Pemell Bickerton Lyons, who, by the death of his father, the distinguished Admiral, has just become Baron Lyons. Lord Lyons is at present *attaché* to the legation at Florence, and entre-resident at Rome.

FRANCE.

SENTENCE ON MONTALEMBERT.

Count de Montalembert has been convicted in Paris for his publication of a "Debate on the State of India in the British Parliament," and sentenced to 3000 francs fine and six months imprisonment, amidst great excitement.

HOW GRAND LADIES LIVE AT PARIS.

A Paris correspondent writes: "In Paris the season has fairly opened; but one great lady, one noble leader of fashion, is not there, and will not be. A northern clime has the honor of her birth, she is nearly connected with royalty itself, and a marriage with the son of one of France's greatest generals has acclimated her in Paris, where she has long shone as one of the brightest of the bright on the horizon of fashion. Alas! her glory is eclipsed. There was a time when a great lady did arrive from the north with plenty of rubles or florins and a noble name. Madame de —— received her with charming affability, introduced her to the world (of course the world *comme il faut*), and to the best dress-maker, the most fashionable jeweler, where, to secure Madame de ——'s guidance, was the sole, the great ambition of every new fragile bark launched in the maelstrom of Parisian life. But sublunary glory is perishable. Last winter certain unpleasant rumors began to circulate. 'What a beautiful dress you have here!' says Madame A to Madame B; 'it must have cost something.' 'I gave six hundred francs for it.' 'Why, that's dreadful! I have one of the same kind that cost me four hundred.' 'I bought mine from Madame de ——'s dress-maker.' 'What a pretty bonnet, Princess!' 'Indeed! you think so? It cost me one hundred and fifty francs.' 'Too dear by half.' 'I got it from Madame de ——'s milliner.'

"Such dialogues led to revelations; and here is the dénouement. This winter Madame de —— receives from the principal northern ladies of her acquaintance a score of letters, all composed in about the following terms, which are an authentic sample:

"'Dear Madame,—We are beginning to think of our fall toilets. Be so kind as to drop in during the morning; we shall agree on the stuffs and bonnets I need. You know I have every confidence in your exquisite taste. As heretofore, you will have the goodness to accept forty per cent. for your commission.

"'Believe me, dear Madame, etc.,

(Signed) "'Comtesse de ——'

"I give you this little story because it contains a moral which some of your lady readers who have shopped in Paris may recognize, and others who have yet that pleasure before them may need."

TWO GREAT PURCHASES.

"Paris is talking a good deal this week of two purchases. Count Duchatel has bought for his wife a ruby, a single ruby, for which he has paid $80,000, which makes her the mistress of the finest casket in Paris, except that enjoyed by the Empress—mind, I say enjoyed, for the Empress's casket does not belong to her, but to France. The Countess Duchatel's casket is worth a million of dollars. Monte Christo, the famous villa built and inhabited by Alexandre Dumas, has been again sold. None of its proprietors keep it long; they soon grow tired of it, perhaps because they are annoyed by visitors, or the arrangement of the house is inconvenient. Heaven only knows through how many (and what) hands it has passed since 1849, when the auctioneer entered it in the suite of the sheriff. The new landlord is Dr. Evans, the well known American dentist of the Rue de la Paix. Talk of sowing dragon's teeth to raise an army! That might do well enough for antiquity, which possessed neither the printing press, nor the electric telegraph, nor the steam-engine; but for modern times, which possess all of these and more wonders, the true magic is to pull out men's teeth; pull out enough, and you may raise armies, equip navies, and have the world at your feet."

AN AMERICAN EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes: "A want long felt by Americans visiting Paris is likely to be answered. With but a few days or weeks in Paris, the visitor finds it impossible to learn of the location of American artists, or, knowing it, to visit them, scattered as they are over this large city. It is proposed to establish a gallery in some central location, in which our artists can exhibit their pictures. Several resident Americans have generously offered to subscribe a sum sufficient to defray the preliminary expenses of this worthy object, and it bids fair to become one of the institutions of this city of attractions."

BOA CONSTRICTORS SWALLOWING BLANKETS.

The Jardin des Plantes has received from Cayenne a considerable cargo of boa constrictors; the largest is about two feet in diameter and thirty feet long; the day he was put in his cage he swallowed his blanket; the keeper saw him when the blanket was almost entirely swallowed, he took it by the end and pulled it out of his mouth. These beasts are torpid all day, but when night comes they hiss loudly, and the rattlesnakes ring their rattles with great noise.

ANOTHER PHILANTHROPIST PUNISHED.

The Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police has been engaged with some amusing cases. It has sentenced to a heavy fine a philanthropist who provided the natives of one of the suburbs of Paris with remedies for all their bodily and moral ailments. Like Dulcamara, he had an *elisir d'amore*—"to inspire love by magnetic attraction." He, however, told his customers that it would not act unless they kept their nails and teeth scrupulously clean. The benefactor of mankind was making a large income out of this specific when the police interfered.

BELGIUM.

A DINNER WITH THE KING.

The correspondent of the Washington *States* writes of a dinner at the palace at which he was a guest: "There were two American ladies present—one the wife of a Belgian diplomat, who used his diplomacy to win an American wife. She was in pink silk, trimmed with white lace, simply *coiffed* with pink flowers in her hair. The other is a friend of yours—the wife of the American Minister to the Belgian Court, Mrs. Fair, of Alabama. She wore a dress *à la Pampadour*, for the description of which I must refer you to the costumes of Louis XIV. All I can say of it is, that it was white, in some way trimmed with green, and one of the most striking novelties of the season. She was coiffed *à la Mary Stuart*, like the Duchess, with flowers so arranged that I could not tell whether they were natural or artificial. The *tout ensemble* was a masterly combination of simplicity and elegance, which defies all description, and which elicited several delicate and well-turned compliments from her partner in the dance, the heir-apparent to the throne, that, Ariel-like, I was enabled to overhear, and jot down in my memory for future use.

"I had the advantage of knowing Mrs. Fair before, but never had I seen her so radiant with beauty. At dinner she was seated between the King and the Prince, and smiled and chatted with both with an ease and graceful unconcern that made me think she had spent her life at courts. Shall I now tell you of the rich service, truly royal in its splendor of gold; of the two waiters to every guest; the different wines to each of the innumerable courses; the music of the King's band, celebrated over all Europe for its exquisite performance? I can but allude to all this, or my paper and your patience are fast giving out.

THE KING A LOVER OF THE AMERICANS.

"A few words only of the King. He is a most charming old man, full of graceful courtesy and an unaffected simplicity of manners—a perfect model of a citizen king—the chief magistrate of a free people. After dinner he conversed almost the whole evening with the American Minister, telling him how he trusted solely to the affections of the masses, with every part of which he came in daily contact; how he needed neither guards nor soldiers: and were it otherwise, he would not wish (!) to be a monarch for an hour. Gradually the two gentlemen grew merry; and one standing close and listening, without having the appearance, might have heard the American tell the other stories of a certain original judge, who, in times gone by, dealt out the law in rather a quaint fashion, in or near the capital of Alabama State.

"I may observe that, from the King downward, the whole of this nation profess the most sincere affection for the United States, whom they resemble in many points. At the dinner I speak of the American Minister and his wife had the place of honor, both in the drawing-room, at the table, and indeed were the only ones of the diplomatic corps invited. On all occasions the most marked distinction and courtesy has been shown them; and although this is in a great measure due to their personal popularity, yet a portion of it must be ascribed to the nation which they represent.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS TO MARRY A BARON.

"As this is pre-eminently a gossiping letter, I shall wind up with a little bit of news, of which I am not at liberty to speak otherwise than in hints, and even that only in your ear of ears. A certain American heiress of immense wealth, and whilom a great Washington belle, quite a Ko-i-noor in priceless setting, a few days ago arrived in Brussels for the purpose of being married to an Austrian baron. The whole thing is as yet a secret, or supposed to be. The ceremony is to be performed first by a clergyman of the bride's persuasion, at the American Legation, and then by the Pope's nuncio at the hotel of the Austrian embassy. Now guess who can."

TURKEY.

A STORY OF THE HAREM.

A good story is told of the favorite Sultaness. The other day the Sultan sent her word by a eunuch that he was about to pay her a visit. "Has he got a pass to come from Riza Pacha?" she replied. Riza Pacha is, as you know, the minister charged with the reforms the Sultan is trying to introduce into his Court, and with whom the Harem is offended, because he curtails their extravagant expenditure of money.

THE JAFFA OUTRAGE.

A letter recently received by the Boston *Journal*, from Beirut, dated October 29, says:

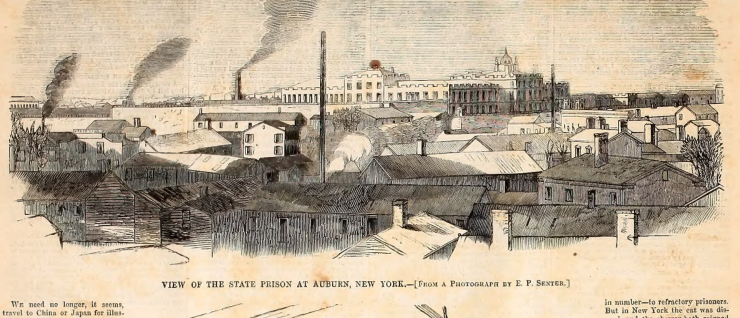
"The fifth and last murderer implicated in the Jaffa outrage, captured at Nablores, on being brought to Beirut, and his case examined into, proved not to be the real murderer. The governor of Haifa, who allowed the real man to escape, is himself now in surveillance here, and will be kept so till the real murderer be forthcoming.

"The United States frigate *Wabash* arrived here on the 26th, and is now at anchor in our roads. Several American ladies visited her, and while yet on board they were somewhat startled by the firing of a salute in honor of the Pasha, then leaving the ship. She is to sail soon, and the *Macedonian* will take her place, and remain on the coast till the Jaffa outrage is settled."

A postscript, dated November 1, adds:

"The *Wabash* leaves to-day for Tripoli and Jaffa."

TORTURE AND HOMICIDE IN AN AMERICAN STATE PRISON.



VIEW OF THE STATE PRISON AT AUBURN, NEW YORK.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. P. SENTER.]

WE need no longer, it seems, travel to China or Japan for illustrations of torture. A visit to our own penitentiaries and prisons will furnish all the horrors that the most curious appetite can desire.

A year ago we published an account of the poor-houses of this State. Our account was derived from the Report of a Legislative Committee. It showed, in brief, that, as a general rule, paupers and other inmates of State benevolent institutions were not properly fed; that they were not adequately protected against the cold; that the sexes herded together promiscuously at night; and that, in many instances, poor wretched idiots, half-starved and ill-clad, had actually frozen to death in their cells in State institutions.

We now present a far more fearful picture of the mismanagement of our public institutions for the confinement and correction of criminals. On 24 inst. a convict named More, imprisoned in the State Prison at Auburn, was showered to death by the prison officials. The circumstances of the case are simply as follows:

The convict, More, was a negro. He is certified to have been a man of naturally pleasant temper, but violent when crossed. On 1st inst. he was said to have been in a bad humor; he was seen, or is said to have been seen, to sharpen a knife, and to mutter threats against some one; on the strength of which he was, on 2d inst., seized by several keepers or deputy-keepers of the State Prison, and by them dragged toward the shower-bath for punishment. It seems that he stood in dire dread of the shower-bath. Like most negroes, he entertained a lively fear of cold. He knew that the water of the shower-bath would be very cold indeed; and, after vainly appealing to the feelings of his captors to release him, he broke away from them and fled—*be it remarked—to the shop where he was in the habit of working.* At the door of the shop a convict arrested him; a keeper and his assistants swiftly followed; he was dragged by main force, and after many violent struggles, to the shower-bath; all the water that was in the tank—amounting to from three to five barrels, the quantity is uncertain—was showered upon him in spite of his piteous cries; a few minutes after his release from the bath he fell prostrate, was carried to his cell, and died in five minutes.

It is this homicide which we this week illustrate.

The use of the shower-bath as a means of coercing criminals into submission to the orders of prison authorities began to be general about the year 1845. In that year a convict at the Auburn State Prison was whipped by order of competent authority, and died under the lash. The public indignation which was aroused by the event led to the abolition of whipping as a punishment in the prisons of the State of New York. It was preserved in other States, as, for instance, in Connecticut, in which State Prison wardens are authorized to this day to administer stripes—not over ten in number—to refractory prisoners. But in New York the cat was disused, and the shower-bath reigned in its stead.

This bath varies in the several penal establishments of this State. In some the culprit stands, and receives the shower in a standing position. In others, as at Auburn, he sits in a chair which reminds one of the old "stocks." His legs and arms are pinioned: his neck fits into a sort of dish, which closes tightly round his throat. As soon as he is fastened therein, a cloth is put into the dish to prevent the water escaping too fast. The string is then pulled, and the stream falls. If the convict does not keep his head well erect, with his mouth as high above water as his position will allow, he will suffocate. Indeed his attitude and the machine are such that he feels perpetually in imminent danger of suffocation. The consequence is that his sole thought while he is under the shower is to keep his mouth and nose above water; and the agony of this effort is aggravated by the fact that his neck, feet, and arms are tightly pinioned. Our illustration will enable the reader to judge of the feelings of the culprit who is adjudged to endure this penalty.

Of course, the severity of the shower-bath as a penal method is proportioned to the character of the victim and the season of the year. In August a shower-bath is no great hardship to a white person, though to a negro accustomed to tropical heat it may be less pleasant. In November no one cares about being placed under a fall of water for many minutes; and least of all a negro, who is far less capable of bearing intense cold than a person of the white race. Very few white men, however robust, would be able to endure a ten minutes' flow of ice-cold water at the present season. The negro More, it seems, was subjected to an incessant stream of water at 32° Fahrenheit for half an hour. It is no matter of wonder that he died after.

It is clear that some coercive methods must be employed in prisons to reduce culprits to subordination; though, of course, nothing can justify their being murdered by angry keepers. We give illustrations of the various methods which are at present employed in the Auburn and other State prisons for the subjugation of refractory convicts.

One is the pulley. This instrument of torture consists of a system of pulleys connected with rings, which are attached to the wrists of the culprit and to one of his ankles, so that so long as he is under the process his whole weight rests on one leg; the sensation of having his arms raised above his head becomes after a time excessively painful; and, if the punishment be prolonged, it becomes almost intolerable.

Another method of punishment is bucking. This has long been in use among the negroes in tropical countries. It consists in fastening the hands tightly, passing them over the knees, and thrusting a stout stick between the inside of the knees and the arms. Thus spitted, the



THE NEGRO CONVICT, MORE, SHOWERED TO DEATH.



THE YOKE.

convict is helpless, and may be relied about hither or thither, as his rulers please. No evil consequences have ever been known to flow from this punishment.

Another penalty used at the Auburn State Prison is the crown. This is a simple helmet of metal, which is worn over the head. It is suspended by pain, and is rather a badge of disgrace than a method of torture. It may be compared to the fool's cap which is in use in most of our schools.

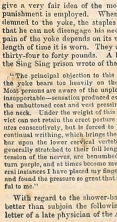
The yoke is a bar of iron four or five inches wide, and from five to six feet in length, with a staple at either end to fasten the wrists, and one in the centre to encircle the neck. Our engraving will give a very fair idea of the mode in which this punishment is employed. When a culprit is condemned to the yoke, the staples are tightened so that he can not disengage his neck or hands. The pain of the yoke depends on its weight and on the length of time it is worn. They usually vary from thirty-four to forty pounds. A late physician of the Sing Sing prison wrote of the yoke:

"The principal objection to this punishment is that the yoke bears too heavily on the cervical vertebræ. Most persons are aware of the unpleasant—and, in fact, insupportable—sensation produced even by the weight of the embattened coat and vest pressing upon the back of the neck. Under the weight of this instrument the convict can not retain the erect posture for even a few minutes consecutively, but is forced to bend forward in his continual writhing, which brings the entire weight of the bar upon the lower cervical vertebræ. The arms are generally stretched to their full length, and, from steady tension of the nerves, are benumbed; while the hands turn purple, and at times become much swollen. In several instances I have placed my fingers beneath the yoke, and found the pressure so great that it was actually painful to me."

With regard to the shower-bath, we can not do better than subjoin the following extract from a letter of a late physician of the Auburn State prison, addressed to a Select Committee of the New York State Assembly of 1851:

"The form of the shower-bath is that of the common sticks, with a reservoir of water above it, having a head of fifty-four inches, measuring from the surface of the water to the perforated plate at the end of the discharging-tube. The offender, being stripped of his clothing, is placed in a sitting posture in the stocks, with feet and hands securely fastened, and his head contained in a sort of hopper, the bottom of which encircles his neck so closely that the water will not run off as fast as it can be let on, the water being under the control of the keeper by means of a cord attached to a valve in the bottom of the reservoir. From the perforated plate the water falls about eighteen inches, when it strikes the head of the convict, immediately fixed, thence passing over the whole surface of the body. When the reservoir is full, the force of the blow upon the head is nearly equal to a column of water seventy-two inches in height. This force is somewhat reduced by the intervention of the perforated plate—a late modification in the instrument.

"To the mechanic, who calculates the influence of mere matter upon matter, the power of this column of water must possess considerable importance. But to the physiologist, who can alone judge with any degree of correctness of the influence of a stream, generally at 32° Fahrenheit, falling upon the head and thence covering the whole body, the suffering induced, and danger incurred, must appear monstrous in the extreme.



EXTERIOR OF A CONVICT'S CELL.

"In an essay on the employment of water in surgery, by Alphonse Auguste Amussat, of Paris, translated by Professor Frank H. H. Hamilton, Buffalo University, there are some applicable remarks on the physiological effects of water.

"'The application of cold water,' he says, 'especially in winter, produces horripilations and shiverings, which continue more or less time. I have lately seen, in one of the hospitals of Paris, a man who had his hand crushed. The surgeon, after having amputated two fingers, submitted the hand to continued irrigations of cold water. The patient assured me that during eight days he experienced constant chills, despite all the means employed to keep him warm.

"'Issues says he saw a female with whom a superficial burn seemed to indicate cool applications, and who was seized with tetanus soon after their use had been commenced.

"'Gouraud reports a case of Guyenot's, in which, having been applied an hour or two upon a strangulated hernia, the hernia was reduced, and the surgeon, obliged to return to an operation, found the opinions frozen.

"'Who will affirm,' says Mr. Earle, 'that the application of a powerful refrigerent upon a large surface will not, by repelling inward upon the viscera the blood which originally abounded upon the diseased part—and I may add on the surface of the body—occasion congestions, and give birth to those complications to which I have alluded? The facts are every where to be seen, and the practitioner ought to profit by them.'

"'I have collected,' says Amussat, 'also several cases of patients who, having been submitted to irrigations with cold water, have suddenly died with tetanic nervous malady.'

"These extracts are made to show how powerful and even dangerous the effects of cold water upon the system are, even when employed by the most experienced hands.

"Most convicts have great dread of this mode of punishment, but as the emotion of fear to the unreflecting mind presents little or no barrier to the commission of crimes having their origin in the emotions, it does not prevent a violation of rules which are in opposition to the instincts; still, when the offender sees the penalty with no hope of escape, this most depressing of the passions augments the danger to which he is about to be exposed. This psychological effect is at once seen and realized, unis before entering the sticks, and a pallor as deathlike is induced, that the officer on duty dares not subject the offender to this ordeal. There, in one instance, heard the convict scarcely breathe for the keeper not to make him an immediate. Who is able to comprehend the condition of mind under such circumstances?

"To illustrate the effects of this mode of punishment, I will cite a few instances.

"Convict number 8502, aged about thirty years, of sanguine nervous temperament, was brought to the hospital in a perfect unconscious state, and with convulsive twitchings of the muscles. His mouth filled with frothy saliva, no perceptible pulsations in the radial ar-



THE CROWN.

tery, but little external heat, and very imperfect respiration. Stimulants were administered, as I was credibly informed, with about two gills of cold water. His body was rubbed with stimulants and warmly covered with blankets. In about two hours, deglutition was partly restored, when brandy and other stimulants were administered. In four hours after entering the hospital his consciousness returned.

"This individual was on nearly destroyed that he had passed into a state of coma, quiet mental state that immediately preceded death by drowning. He said, that at last he had this delightful sensation of falling, and then it was all over. He suffered from cramps in his lower extremities for about three months after.

"In this case the entire inability of the keeper to judge of the potency of the punishment was peculiarly manifest. The convict, who was in good health and spirits, presented to him no objection to its application. In matters within his comprehension, this keeper had good judgment, and, whilst, was of a humane disposition, but of either his temperament or idiosyncrasy of the convict he knew nothing, and consequently was incapable of wielding judiciously a means so powerful.

"In my presence, convict number 6495 was shower-ed with one and a half barrels of water. During the operation the muscles of the chest and abdomen were severely exercised. When taken out of the sticks, his skin was cold and shrivelled; there was no perceptible pulsation in the temporal or radial ar-



THE PULLEYS.

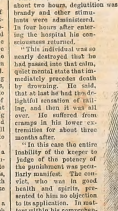
teries, and he complained of severe cephalalgy. He was shower-ed as long as the officer on duty dared to continue it. He made no acknowledgment of his fault, and, in my opinion, would not have concluded to do so still it was too late to be able to accomplish it. This convict possessed a nervous bilious temperament, which is known to resist to the utmost every means employed to render its possessor subservient to the will of others.

"In this instance the keeper did not desist from any unfavorable appearances, but because, as he remarked, he had applied as much water as he thought safe. To the physiologist, however, the physical condition thus induced must appear to be of the most serious character. That the punishment here continued much longer, there would, in all probability, have resulted organic lesion from internal congestion.

"Convict number 8502 was showered with two and a half barrels of water. This punishment I did not witness, but from the observation of the keeper, that 'the water was off him as it would from a duck, without his feeling it.' I was induced to interrogate the convict myself. To my surprise, he replied that he would have died before acknowledging any thing. He said the water made his head ache; that he felt cold, and that his flesh had the sensation of being asleep. His temperament was nervous bilious, the bilious predominating.

"Convict number 4565, aged 38 years, of sanguine nervous temperament, and in good health, was showered with three pails of cold water. He was taken from the sticks in convulsions, which lasted about thirty minutes, when he was conveyed to the hospital. When I saw him, about an hour afterward, he had evidence of the brain, accompanied with severe cephalalgy; was laboring under great derangement of mind, and mentioned his belief that he had transpired. He said he had been struck on his head, but there were no external signs of violence. He was bled thirty ounces, and took a cathartic potion. The venesection partly relieved the pain, but not the derangement. The cathartic operated freely, and on the following morning his mind was apparently clear, but his head still ached. He said he felt as though his head was 'bound with a band of iron.' Under the use of blisters, after several days, the pain and constriction gradually subsided.

"Convict number 4189 was showered previous to my connection with the Prison. He told me that while in



INTERIOR OF A CONVICT'S CELL.

the stocks 'his head ached as though it would certainly be split open,' and as it suddenly stopped, and he felt quite easy. He came out of the stocks as one lame feels no more pain. Instantly he came to comfort his mind, hopelessly incurable, though at times he comforts it understandingly about the punishment.

The cricket number 5669 was showered with six pails of water, discharged on his head in a half inch stream. Shortly after he fell into convulsions, from which he emerged with a mind totally deafroyed. He was pardoned in twelve months afterwards, and a report subsequently reached the prison that he did not long survive his liberty. The foregoing probably is an exaggeration with the prison.

"Cowfair number 5668, seventeen years old, and of lymphatic temperament, was showered with three barrels of water, which, as usual, in the effect, as the number before, which shows how unwise it is, as a means of punishment, in many cases.

"The instances I have selected for your reflection are the extremes of surgery overdone—but, seven, nevertheless, they go to show how inappropriate it is to place this punishment in hands totally inadequate to its comprehension.

"In the recent repetition of the shower-bath—I was informed by an officer who for several years had acquired more information in regard to the effects on the personal observation than any other individual in the prison—under the crowbar lock alive to resist its infliction, and that several applications to a powerful current or caution is to use."

In spite of what honest the shower-bath has continued to be commonly employed in our prisons, as well at Sing-Sing as at Auburn. At the latter the prison a hose is occasionally substituted for the shower; and it has at times been applied so closely to the face of the patient that, simultaneously with the flow of water upon the face, blood has gushed from the nose, ears, and mouth, and has been it is believed the bone has not been used. At the same time it is quite clear that, under certain circumstances, the dread of ice-cold water through the pores of a shower-bath may prove even more fatal than a shot from a bow.

It is not upon a man in a perspiration, as was the case with the negro More, who had just fought might and main with his keepers, that a shower of ice-cold water could not but be highly dangerous.

Mr. Shilney, the experienced warden of Wight's Island, who has been upward of thirty years engaged in the administration of prisons in this section of country, has been heard to declare that he has never found it necessary to administer any corporeal punishment whatever to his convicts. He is believed that he regards the cat, under proper guidance, as the wholesomest instrument of correction, but he has never needed even that ally; and it must be admitted that he has had more experience than any of our prison managers.

The chief error in the management of our State prisons arises from the liberty which subordinates enjoy in the matter of punishments. Subordinate prison officials are appointed on political grounds by Prison Inspectors, themselves creatures of party political conventions. They are seldom men of character, experience, or education. Not unfrequently they are jail birds, who have acquired their claim to their appointments by shoulder-hitting. The late Secretary of Auburn appears to be a natural result of this system. The man More was murdered simply because the punishment he endured was inflicted by ignorant and unskilled subordinates without prison discipline, and were animated more by vengeance than by the philosophical desire to have the prison regulations carried out. They killed him because he resisted and struggled for his threatened life. The judicious warden would have subdued him without difficulty.

All that remains now to be done is the duty of the District Attorney. An inquest has been held on the body of the negro. Eight men constitute the jury, six of whom are said to have been prison contractors. They refused to allow the prison physician to deliver his evidence, as he wished; and found the absurd verdict that the man's death had been "hastened" by the use of the shower-bath. It is clear that if any notice is to be taken of this poor creature's death the District Attorney must move in the matter. It remains to be seen whether he will do so; or whether the civilization of the State of New York is to be disgraced by the torture and homicide, by State officials, of a poor convict in a State prison.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM IX.

BY "JACOBUS."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. F. M. (Boston). Your solution to "Gnosea's" new beautiful Problem is quite correct; as also are those of Dr. K., J. B. K., D. T. S., and E. H. C. Very many unsuccessful attempts are to hand, including those of C. T., L. B., G. T., and C. M. We find that our friends, generally, agree with us in the opinion that this position is among the best of its class which has ever been published.——"Deserter." Do you think that your last visit of all the honours in the whole wide world? With such sublime and happy views of themselves and their belongings the sisters could not fail to be maximally amiable; apart from a stolid existence in the elder, and a craving selfishness in the younger, they were amiable. They were very peaceable wives in a house, but then they ruled and their husbands obeyed. This was the congial arrangement under the circumstances.

Ellen Ashton was the only survival she was two-and-twenty; a woman without romance, without tenderness, without gewsiality, sympathy, or anything else but that cold quality which are the vital breath of domestic life. A man might almost as well take a cucumber to wife as such a being as this animated clay for a wife. Mr. Percival Meakin was not a great character, but he had enough of the leaven of manhood in him to experience a considerable annoyance from Cecily's coldness and her sister's indifference. The selfishness and system, by her care of her father, and her pride of station, and though not in love, he thought she would make a suitable partner. He was disappointed; but a few failures convinced him of the fruitlessness of attempting to work any change in her, so he retook himself to field pursuits, and went often from home, while she droned on her placid, half-contented round of life at Hardington, neither receiving nor paying visits when they could be avoided.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Monke's life was not unlike that led by Cecily and her husband, at least in its monotony, perhaps under pressure of boredom, perhaps from more vivacity of temper in the wife than Mr. Cholmondeley's, there got into certain excesses which speedily cramped the revenues of Frophsbourne. Cecily, indignant that Eliza had not provided for her spouse better, refused to receive either of them at Hardington, and was glad to find a reasonable excuse for doing so in her when they forsook the Fens and went to live abroad.

For several years neither sister bore children, but, at last, Eliza wrote to announce a daughter and in reply Cecily sent word that, three months before, she had blessed Hardington with a son and heir.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEIR OF HARDINGTON. Lord of the Manor of Hardington, Godfather George Percival Monke, Lord of the Manor of Hardington.

Such was his superscription of the wizened, monkey-faced boy she had brought into the world. Never "my baby," "my poor little weakling baby," never "Cecily, for pity's sake be pride, or delight," but always Heir of Hardington, Lord of the Manor of Hardington,—representative of so many acres and so much money, and so many neglected responsibilities.

Poor little Godfather George Percival Monke! How he was doctored, and iron-framed, and nonsine-tanted, flagellated, and goaded and spurred, bolstered, and hypnised! No baby of any sagacity but would have made haste to die under such ordeal, rather than be preserved to the inheritance of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. But George, being a baby, and a boy, lived through it, and at twelve years old was about as foolish, as conceited, and as helpless a lad as the town of Monke ever produced. By that time he had outgrown the iron frame, and could walk straight on his own legs, and could also repeat every particular of the estate he was to inherit: tell you its value under the old leases, and what it might be made to produce under the new leases now in; and also he could exact reverence to himself from tenant and servant as their master in embryo. His father said he was a fool.

There was a grain of good in him, of course, as there is in everything God-planted, until the sin-blown tares of the world spring up to choke it. Poor George! he was to be more sorry to see pain; he was kind to animals; he was not ungenerous; and he worshipped his mother. She never caressed him without reduplicating him. "You ought to do this," "You must learn to do that," "Such and such things become you and your rank," were the speeches constantly on her lips, though never accompanied with an incitement to any high or noble rule of life. If she had lost him she would have grieved for him as the lost heir of Hardington, but as the one child whose birth-pangs had almost cost her life.

She thought him her notion of the duties of property, and so it was; but her notion was low to put most money out of it, and how to put the least into the hands of the servants and tenants, steadily acted. For him there was a sermon in each stone of the village of Hardington—a village not pretty by any means, ill-ordered, nor well-situated, nor well-manured, but still quite good enough for Mrs. Percival Meakin so long as the cottagers were punctual with their rent.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is no knowing into what depths of stultified folly the lad might have meandered but for a little circumstance that befell him when he was about sixteen. He was riding an ill-broken pony through the village of Grenside, when it took fright and ran away with him, kicked him, and broke his arm. The youth was picked up and carried into the house of the curate of the parish, whose wife put him to bed, and sent for his mother and the doctor. The doctor came and set the limb, and his mother came to nurse him; but finding her own comforts restricted in the curate's abode, she soon left him to recover without her attendance. She acted all-justly; Francis George could not have been in better hands.

Mr. Proby was a plain, steady-going, worthy clergyman, and his wife was an excellent woman; a woman of talent and education, of enthusiasm and genuine warm-heartedness. Curate-like, Mr. Proby had a house full of children—hearty, noisy, generous, mischievous boys, and laughter-loving, pretty girls, all the family more than struggling; but Katie was a real beauty, a copy of her mother —nearly; if not quite, as handsome as her mother had been at the same age. There was no nonsense about Katie—no silly affectation of boyishness, no still sillier affectation of premature womanliness. She was a thorough girl—tall, slight, agile—as graceful as a gazelle, and as good a climber, skipper, and general play-fellow as brothers could wish for; and yet she was an adept at needle, a good nurse, a fair housekeeper, a scholar, and a sympathising companion to every body. A great part of the attendance upon Francis George fell to Katie and she took to it with a cheerful alacrity and kindness all her own.

There was not much about the young gentleman to attract liking; he did not become a favorite in the house with any body; unless, perhaps, Katie's dog, then dubbed him, in fact; and even their mother, kind as she was, found him too exacting and impatient of contradiction to be civil to. Illness necessary: so, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to return home, he was not pressed to stay longer. Every one was glad to get him rather gladly than otherwise—Katie included.

Francis George went to Hardington as a return to polite regions. Francis George missed something. He missed the handsome face of a woman who had surrounded the curate's hearth, and made his family as one; he missed the cheerful voices and laughter and, indeed, all he missed was Katie's and the good-humored attentions. His mother was like a machine, after Katie's departure. Francis George tried to thaw her by telling her stories of the ways and customs of the curate's house; but Mrs. Percival Meakin was not to be thawed, and was gruffies at Hardington gate by breathing on them as to thaw her by any such process. She became more and more impatient of any allusion to the friends, and told him that his gratitude was absurdly overestimated.

Yes; Francis George had a fund of obstinate, pertinacious, unforgetting gratitude in his disposition, which he strongly acquired from Katie. It was the nearest approach to any decided virtue that he had ever displayed. Mr. Proby's father and mother insisted on compensating Mrs. Proby for the trouble and expense of their son's recovery, but Francis George could not be persuaded to forget Katie as a canceling of his debt. He turned his pony's head towards Grenside nearly every day he rejoined after the health of the Probys, as if, instead of being a hardy race, they were a family of chronic invalids. He contrived to go out to the grey hardington, to answer his questions and receive his messages; and when Katie left home to visit on his fine and a nervous stammer in his voice, he told her he had brought her a little present.

"I thought you had let my mother know; but I spent all my quarter over it," said he, in a hurried whisper, trying to put a necklace into her hot hands; but Katie, clasping those little members behind her back, shook her head in a resolute way, which he could not accept positively, for his pugna would not like it—especially if Mrs. Percival Meakin did not know.

"Oh! but do, Katie! I should never have bought it but for you. It is a watch and chain." Katie shook her head more determinedly. "In the first place, it had cost him an immense effort of self-denial to make the purchase at all; and in the second, he had been full a month in raising up his courage to offer it. It was cruel indeed to reject it; and he "Do, Katie!" was so entreating.

"No, no, no!" she replied; "you ought not to have spent your money in such a foolish way."

"It is not foolish. Look here, Katie! I like you better than any body in the world, except my mother; that is to say, I love you best."

Katie ran away laughing, with her hands over her ears, and was soon called to her to stop, the more she would not.

"Katie, if you won't have it I'll throw it into the road!" he cried at last; and as she still paid no heed, he turned round toward home, and was out of sight of the house in a minute.

For more than a week after this rebuff he did not appear at Grenside at all. He was apparently disappointed that Katie would not accept the gift. She had told her mother the whole story—the threat included—and Mrs. Proby included—and her mother had he would be so wild as to put it in execution; so that, when one of the Proby boys came home excitant, with the enormous case in his hand, proclaiming that he had found it among the long reeds by the brook, they were unfeignedly surprised. They had not given Francis George credit for so much spirit, and both of them liked him the better for the added spirit amongst them. Katie, in her father's orders, even wrote him a kind little letter, when the watch was sent back to him.

The next day he came to see them again, making no allusion either to the watch or to his long absence, and then regularly resumed his old with active constancy. The Probys, one and all, were very kind to him; but with the foolish prejudice he used to make about his property, his dignity, and himself! How he did bore poor Katie and her mother with their watch-table, when he tangled every red, and disordered every box and basket into confusion in his search. He had a stupid trier at home, who taught him a little Latin and Greek, but left him as ignorant of commonplace matters as a magpie or a Hindoo. Katie had not asked him where America was, whether it was hard or water or cream-cheese, he could not have told you.

It was an awful shock to the heir of Hardington when, a long time after, he offered his hand, his heart, and his futurity to the poor curate's daughter, and was refused. He was in real, hard earnest, poor long-limbed, feeble-minded fellow; and when Katie blushed rather angrily, and said "No," with unmistakable tone, he could not clearly came into his eyes.

"I thought you liked me, Katie; haven't I been coming here for years? You don't know, I can't

tell you how fond I am of you? I'd do any thing for you, Kathy—that I would! My own sweetheart I would, 'spluttered he, with frightful energy.

"I'm so sorry, Francis George, I am so very sorry," replied Katie, a little frightened and subdued.

"It is of no use to be sorry; if you don't like me, you can't help it, and I don't care what becomes of me if you don't. But it is too bad. I could not have believed it!" This anti-climax to his emotion almost made Katie smile; but, checking the impulse, she replied, that she was very unwilling to be, and left her discomfited suitor alone.

Francis George Percival Monke was only nineteen when he thus exhibited himself, and had never felt his mother's sprus-strings for a single day.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. AND MRS. CROSSCONFLUX MONKE continued to reside abroad, for or less dissatisfied with their daughter was of an age to be introduced into society, and then they brought her home, to England, and, at her aunt's invitation, to Hardington. The two sisters had made a compact for the reunion of their family, by marrying one to their children; and each was formally told of this compact before they met. The elder Miss George received the announcement in solemn silence, and Flora received it with an expressive giggle and a hope that her cousin was handsome and witty, and not unopish, like so many of the English gentlemen she had seen abroad.

Flora Monke had no hereditary right to be pretty, but she was pretty, even beautiful; and her fortune and expectations gave her the use of a much prettier than she was. Her aunt received her with such gratulation, and her cousin George received her a stolid composure which did not promise any keen susceptibility to her charms. She was piqued, and told her mother that he was dull.

If Flora expected to be courted, and flattered, and worshipped by her cousin, she must have been disappointed, for he kept as much out of her way as ever he could, and never said a civil thing to her; a peculiarity for which his mother made up by the task she morning when they were alone. She still treated her son as authoritatively as when he was a boy in tunics.

"Francis George, you are a dull wooer," she said, with slow sarcasm, "if Miss George received your proof of you."

"I don't like Flora," replied Francis George, gravely.

"But you must learn to like her, since she is to be your wife!"

"Mother, if Flora Monke was the only woman left in the world I would not marry her. I don't like her."

Mrs. Percival Monke grew red all over her dull gray face. The tone in which her son made assertion and contradiction she had ever heard from her son since he was very small; and he had grown so that she could not have looked more indignant or surprised.

"Francis George Percival Monke!" she cried, with strangling, choking dignity, "do you know who I am and who you are?"

The young man spoke vividly at her awful voice, but the stolid resolution of his visage did not relax a muscle. He was to be full as obstinate as his mother, and when they had come to a pass like —when each was equally determined—then began the tug of war.

"Yes, mother; I am heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington," said he, in that formula which had been dinned into his ears since he made his mother laugh; for, at this moment, it sounded ridiculous enough.

"Deplume you of those distinctions, Sir, and do you know what you are then?" said she, bitterly.

"My father says I am a fool," replied Francis George; "other people are of a like opinion—"

"Not such a fool as they take you to be," said his mother. "You have as much sense as nine men in ten if you will use it, and you must use it now in contending your self-willed opinion with your cousin Flora. I say you shall marry her—and soon, too!"

"And I say I will not! I am almost of age, and I shall be my own master in that matter at least."

The young man spoke quietly but firmly. His mother, looking up at his face, felt herself in a contrarity slipping from her grasp. Her weak, awkward, foolish boy was, as it were, become a man by magic. There he stood calmly, doggedly, obstinate but sinewy, a face far from vacuous; expressive, indeed, of a brute courage and obstinacy which, being provoked, would never slumber again. But for his foolish training he would have been a fine young man; as it was, he had been wise enough to inform that mass of matter. The old habit of love and fear of his mother were strong upon him yet; she saw it, and hoped to triumph still.

"You ought to be glad that Flora will have you," she said, "and you ought to have a pleasure in reuniting our disseverel property. If you do not marry Flora, you may be your own master, but you shall not be master of any thing else while I live, and when I die you shall have nothing but the bare estate; that I promise you."

"I don't care for Hardington. I don't see any good it has ever done either you or my father or me. I think it is a miserable place," replied Francis George, in perfect good faith.

His mother's eyes fixed him as if she thought him a maniac in a dangerous mood.

"Will you be pleased to explain yourself, if you are not raving; which I only suspect," said she, fiercely.

"Why, mother, what good has it done us or any body?" persisted he her. "My father is always away in London, and hates it. You sit at work all day as hard as if you worked for bread, and nobody comes near you; and, instead of it, you only make me marry a girl I don't love. Then there's the village. Such dirty old houses and people, and no schools. If we were paupers instead of people of ten thousand a year we could not have a greater heap of misery outside the gates than we have. What is the object of the Hardington money if we don't spend it? I say again, I don't care for Hardington. Mr. Prosby's sons are better off than I am; because they have been well brought up and they have got professions. When I am among fellows of my age I feel like a fool, and I am a fool."

That is a fact beyond doubt," replied his mother, dryly. "I am glad that you have come over decrying Hardington—you shall leave it—you shall have a profession."

"I'll not! I'll not! I'll not! I've said I shall be an idle gentleman no longer!"

There was a disagreeable tone in this threat which made Flora look up from her work and all over. It was a rather critical act of his, this sudden changing of the leading subject to that which had walked so long and humbly. He felt vexed, too, in a stupid sort of way, at having vexed his mother, and was glad that Flora had made a timely concession when Flora came into the room—Flora in a gay morning dress, and looking pretty as a maiden to attract a man's fancy, most people would have thought, but, as it seemed, not the star that could guide Francis George.

"Flora, our young gentleman takes umbrage at the gifts of fortune, and despises them—bronze, is he not?" said Mrs. Percival Monke.

Flora glanced from one to the other with a puzzled air, and concluded that was the moment for Francis George went out and left his mother to explain the little or no amount of information which, in consequence of her explanation was, that the Hardington Monkes and the Crossconfluxe Monkes separated oddly the next day, and that Flora's precocious her first campaign in town. Francis George had told nine where she was to go, as he was no more trouble with her airs and graces.

CHAPTER V.

THE lawyer who managed the business affairs of the Monkes was Mr. Leatherhead; a dry, cleverish, retiring gentleman old fellow, who greatly aped the elder of the co-heiresses' style of saving and managing her property. He said she had a brain of an acute sort of his own, and, in fact, it was a pity her son was so little like her. He thought he was a simpleton; but you see, for a man of varied experience, was extremely astonished when he received from her the following letter:

"HARDINGTON MANOR, Oct. 31st, 1851.

"SIR,—I am sure you will hear me your valuable assistance in a private matter. I am in a difficulty at heart. He is bitten by some of those radical views for the regeneration of society, which are sometimes written by in every quarter, and I think a year's confinement in your office may tend more toward his cure than all the preaching in the world. Make him your pupil, your clerk, and show him no respect or distinction, as that would only serve to make him more self-conceited. I mean from me than a clerk's salary at a low rate, and I should wish to secure your services for a year. Therefore the more likely is he to become sensible of his folly in his fancied philanthropic views, and to see that I will be given them up. I quite renounce him. He will be to you, and if you do not, I shall.

"Yours, etc., CECILY P. MONKE."

"Ah! she has commenced the wedged end of it!" Miss Cecily's plan for uniting Hardington and Frogholmes has gone off—that's the true interpretation of this document. What'ye'ye want with me? Well! I suppose I must try to humor both."

Thus it was that Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, became a lawyer's clerk. His mother thought he would soon sicken of such indigious work; but Leatherhead's sedentary work; but, contrary to her expectations, he took to it kindly, and accommodated himself to his new position with cheerfulness and alacrity. He made a friend among his fellow-clerks in the person of Mr. Prosby's eldest, and the pair took rooms in the same house, and lived together in great amity.

"Francis George is no fool!" said old Leatherhead to himself. "He is a better fellow, and a more sensible fellow than I ever thought him. He is at that silly mother of his who has had her own will so many years that she has lost her judgment."

Yes. Francis George began to develop a plain, useful kind of ability; he had no genius, but he had conscientiousness, and a sort of unpretending honesty of purpose. He had grown painfully sensible of his deficiencies, and was making laudable use to see with what diligence he strove to repair these in his leisure evenings. The manuals of popular information that he read, the facts and facts that he committed to memory, the instructive lectures that he attended, gave beyond the calculation of his biographer. Odds and ends of his undigested miscellaneous knowledge were continually bursting from him, like sparks from a new pill rag-bag, to the sly and secret amusement of his companions, who, in return, gave him a laugh at him outright; for his good temper made him liked, and his romantic circumstances made him interesting.

For six months he remained in the lawyer's office, generally improving both in mind and manner, as the conceit of himself was rubbed out of him by constant contact with other young fellows wiser and better than he. Then his mother made a proposition to him, whether he was willing to accede to his father's object in sending him to London. George had not tasted the sweets of liberty in vain; he wrote an affectionately respectful letter to his mother, telling her he spent a double number of hours on which decision his father secretly upheld him. Mrs. Percival Monke, in her turn, received her hasty banishment of her son, and would have been glad to recall him on almost any terms; but she was much too tenacious of her maternal authority to stoop to him and say so, therefore the breach between them widened. The sudden marriage of Flora Monke with a penniless ensign, utterly overthrowing her design for the reunion of Hardington and Frogholmes, exasperated her still more against her son; and, in the first bitterness of her disappointment, she inclined to have him home again.

"HARDINGTON, March 18, 18—.

"FRANCIS GEORGE.—You must have heard of your cousin Flora's elopement with Frederick Stubbs: then you can sufficiently see what a fool you have been. I throw you off entirely now. You have acted the part of an undutiful and ungrateful son. You have taken from me the sole object for which I lived. Hardington and Frogholmes can never be one; and you, cruel, indifferent, wicked, unworthy boy, are the sole cause. You need not write to me, and you are now aware of your ill-regulated notions of affection: I believe in deeds, not in words. I can think of but one more reason for writing to you. You do not have Hardington when I die: but while I live, not a single sixpence shall you have. You may live anywhere and how you can; and the worst wish I wish you is, that you may have children of your own, they may bring you dearer feelings than generally as you have wrung mine. And so, I remain,

"Your injured and aggrieved mother,

"CECILY PERCIVAL MONKE."

Francis George showed the letter to his father who only shrugged his shoulders, and wished his wife would give him his full discharge from Hardington, that, being without corralling his neighbors but the young man dutifully endeavored to soften her feelings toward him, and his failure was not chargeable on him.

Woman's a riddle, indeed!" cried old Leatherhead, when the letter was wrote to him that she should henceforward stop her son's allowance, and that he must maintain his own independently of her. "Woman's not always a pleasant riddle!"

Francis George would have had no difficulty in doing so, for his expectations had so been so disposed; but, as old Leatherhead advised him not, and very wisely, to make any change, he remained without difficulty to his fate; resigned himself all the more readily, because Mr. Crispy had got a client for a few miles from town, and had brought his family to reside there. Willie went down every Saturday and visited until Monday, and Francis George always made him discourse about his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, when Willie was back, until Willie was tired of the subject.

"Come down, and see them yourself. I'm sure you will be welcome," Willie suggested, one day; and without any more formal invitation Francis George went.

CHAPTER VII.

WILLINGHAM PARSONAGE was a pretty spot, quite rural, though almost within sight of London smoke, and the young Prosbys flourished there quite as well as they had ever done in the wilds of Yorkshire—indeed better. Katie happened to be in the garden cutting flowers for the drawing-room vases, when her future lover's cab at Crispy George arrived. She colored up as beautifully as the roses in her hand when her former lover bowed low before her, and immediately proposed to go and seek her mother; as no one gainsayed her, away she flew. Mrs. Prosby was busy in her work-room when her daughter ran in, laughing, but confused, with mischievous eyes and a rosy face.

"Mamma, guess whom Willie has brought home! I was never so startled in my life," she cried, out of breath; "I never saw any body so ugly and awkward in a couple of years before!"

Mamma looked over her spectacles and looked out of the window, where she saw her son and his companion walking.

"Is it Francis George Percival Monke, Katie?" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, and so altered. Don't you remember how foolish he was, and how we used to laugh at him?"

"Hush, my dear, the window is open, and he may hear you. I must go down and receive him; but Willie must have let us know. I wonder the room must be got ready for him, I suppose?" and Mrs. Prosby laid aside spectacles and thimble, and went down stairs to welcome her son's friend.

When Katie followed her, about ten minutes after, it was to find Francis George looking as much as she was capable of assuming on short notice; but she could not prevent a bright and rosy mischief consciousness flickering in eye and cheek as she faced Francis George. He blushed, too, and commented a little when he began to speak, especially in his old way; which put her at her ease more than any thing else could have done. He was very attentive, and appear to his lost advantage before her, and to impress her with a worthier opinion of his character than she had ever had. He began to epitomize a very solid lecture that he had heard a few evenings before. He ought to have understood that that curled about her pretty mouth better than he did. Sharp-witted Katie understood him well enough, and kind-hearted Katie did not fail to encourage him to shine to the utmost; but she thought his subject rather of the gravest for almost the first few minutes after they met.

"You are becoming quite a scientific character, Francis George," said Papa Prosby, at dessert after dinner, when the young gentleman had made what he thought a very impressive display of his new learning. "It is really creditable to you to have acquired so much solid information."

Francis George felt so pleased, and glanced at Katie to see if he had elicited her approbation also. Katie smiled to conceal her temptation to laugh, and he was thrown back on himself. He went home on every subject of interest in which he was sufficiently well up to converse, from the latest improvement of travels and biography, of poetry and romance, took their turn, until, if there was a doubt about what he knew, it was a doubt whether he did know too much. Katie would have been glad to hear him converse on everyday matters, but Francis George, with an old reputation to destroy and a new one to create, was not to be beguiled into trivialities. When he left Willingham early on Monday morning with Willie Prosby, he left it in the pleasing consciousness that he had inspired every body with respect for his learning.

"A well-informed young man," Mrs. Prosby gravely affirmed of him to be.

"Not so dull as he was, either," said Katie.

"Out of evil good has come," observed the clergyman. "His banishment from Hardington turns out a most providential."

"But it is a great shame, papa!" cried Misters Katie, firing up and looking very pretty; "it a great shame that his mother should have quarreled with him because he would not marry Flora Monke: it would have been strange if he had liked her, I think, such a sarcastic girl as she was, and such a flirt!"

Papa Prosby lifted his eyebrows, a little amazed at his daughter's decision of speech; and Katie, conscious that she had spoken rather harshly, blushed and looked down.

Francis George became a constant visitor at Willingham after this, and strove laboriously to win favorable opinion from all the family. If his beauty talk bored them a little sometimes, they bravely bore it; and, knowingly, Katie could have offered evidence that he was capable of more interesting discourse when he had her ear alone. In the garden, in the dining-room, in the quiet parlor-walk, does any body think that while Francis George was talking with a certain young lady sometimes to Katie's ears, that he was holding forth on interesting geological speculations? Would any body credit that Katie contemplated her shoe too so steadily, when they paused under the old yew, that she was meditating on the revelations of heavenly bodies? Or does any body imagine for a moment that when they sat so long on the little summer-house, they were both in a trance upon the circle, discussing the secret of perpetual motion? If any body does, any body is very much mistaken.

I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him," said Mistress Katie one day at her mother's knee. Then they were in the room of Mrs. Prosby's study, and much talk, even more serious than sentimental, and the daughter was making her confession. "I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him. I am sure he's very fond of me. He is a good, faithful fellow, mamma, who would never have sought me out again, when he knew how I used to make fun of him behind his back."

Mamma dare not undertake to say. "Katie must judge for herself," she added; "Katie was most capable of judging."

But you think him good, mamma. You think his principles sound and temper not bad?"

"Yes, love, papa and I are quite satisfied on that head."

Then, mamma, dear, why are you so cold and doubtful about us?"

"Because, Hardington is in the way—his mother is in the way. Remember our difference of position."

"I wish he were never to be any thing more than a lawyer's clerk," sighed Katie, getting off her knees and gliding to the window. Francis George was impatiently pacing the lawn, waiting for her re-appearance, and in a minute or two Mrs. Prosby was alone.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS GEORGE PERCIVAL MONKE wrote to his mother, announcing his engagement to Katie Prosby, and his intention of marrying her soon. No answer was returned. He wrote to her again. Mr. Prosby wrote. Mrs. Prosby wrote. Katie wrote. No answer. Francis George then addressed his father, and the new service old gentleman wrote to him that he was free to please himself. His mother was perfectly indifferent to all his proceedings. If he wanted to know whether she would do any thing for him, he must answer to that—No.

So Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, married Katie Prosby, and took her home to a little six-roomed suburban villa, and went on toiling as a lawyer's clerk. Went on toiling through the best years of his life. Went on toiling until four children had been sent to him in the little six-roomed house. Went on toiling until the present life in its affectionate simplicity had quite obliterated the hard lines of the former life. Francis George's life; went on "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," until he had reached the middle period of the middle-class, quiet future which must come to him in the common course of nature.

There is plenty of space for happiness in a six-roomed suburban villa, with a garden of ten feet square—at least to the life of Francis George Percival Monke and Katie, his wife, testified. They had one care, and that was to give to their sons and daughters such an education as should put them forward in the world easily: this care was their only one. And this was their sorrow—Katie's first-born died, and was laid to rest in Willingham church-yard.

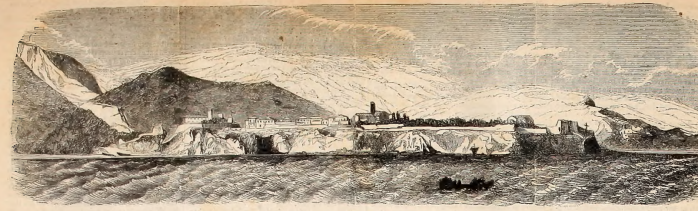
But however their cares, whatever their sorrows, whatever their joys, they were all mutual, and served but to draw closer together the links of affection and friendship that united the husband and wife. Neither ever regretted for a moment any sacrifice that had to be made for the other's sake.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is more than twenty years since the heir of Hardington and lord of the manor died. He has come to his kingdom at last, ripe in age, ripe in experience, and indifferent except to the best uses of that wealth, which, in the estimation of little its superfluities can influence our actual happiness in life.

His mother said, before she died, that she forgave him (forgave him what?), and sent for him to receive her blessing. Francis George, as usual always his awe and respect for her, fancies himself the last letter for it—perhaps he is the letter for him—I would not like to think that any kin of mine could carry an enmity against me into the other world. Whatever our wrongs, whatever our grievances, surely we can afford to lay them down with every other burden of life when we come to the grave-side!

There is a different rule in Hardington now from that which prevailed there once. Nowhere has the benefits of these times made itself more felt than there.



MONACO, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

THE latest newspapers from Europe inform us that the Emperor of Russia is in treaty for the purchase of the little principality of Monaco, on the Gulf of Genoa. This design of his seems to have aroused the most violent opposition on the part of his brother sovereigns; and,

in view of the excitement which is expected, we present the reader, this week, with two views of the town and territory of Monaco, and a picture of the Grand Staircase to the Palace—the principal attraction of the place to strangers.

Monaco is an independent principality about as big as a fair-sized American county, with a population of six to seven thousand, and a capital city of twelve hundred people. It overhangs the blue Mediterranean, whose expanse for many miles may be scanned from the windows of the handsome Louis Quatorze Palace. Adown the sides of the hills and in the valleys grow oranges, lemons, olives, and grapes; grain-fields dot the landscape here and there; the shrubbery is very lovely; the air even balmier than that of Nice; the people generally quiet, polite, and virtuous. A little Paradise on earth, in short. Happy in every respect save in its Government.

The Government of Monaco is despotic and patriarchal. The Prince does not, however, bowstring or behead his subjects from mere pastime. His tyranny is simply financial. He asks of his people a sum of $10,000 a year—that is to say, $1 75 for every man, woman, and child in the principality—and with this the honest man is satisfied. He goes to live at Paris on his income, and visits Monaco only in the season when a man of his fashion can not afford to be seen in town.

He has but his troubles though. Many years ago he quarreled with his brother sovereign, nearest neighbor, and old ally, the King of Sardinia. Like many another potentate, His Excellency of Monaco presumed on his feebleness, and most grievously insulted His Majesty of Sardinia. The latter, exasperated beyond endurance, declared war, and sent an army consisting of fourteen men, under an old and experienced sergeant, to invade the territory of Monaco and occupy a post which the rival potentates each claimed. The invasion was successful; Monaco, driven to sue for peace, agreed to the terms proposed by Sardinia, and the sovereigns were friends again. Ever since this little affair Sardinia, fearful lest some other power should follow the example she set, and seize Monaco, has graciously, at her own expense, garrisoned the castle of the Prince with 300 Sardinian troops.



STAIR-CASE OF THE PALACE OF MONACO.

A few years ago the Prince of Monaco was very hard up, having just returned from a most unlucky season at Baden. It occurred to him, while reflecting on his distresses, that the Grand Duke of Baden made a great deal of money by licensing gambling-houses in his dominions; and that he, the Prince, would retrieve his shattered fortunes in a remarkably short space of time if he did the like. Accordingly, experienced gamblers were hired by the Prince; and, next summer, *roulette* and *rouge et noire* tables were opened at Monaco. The fashionable world were notified that they could lose their money and blow their brains out as satisfactorily by the side of the blue Mediterranean as under the dusky sky of Germany. But they wouldn't take the hint. Baden had the prestige. Baden was near Paris, near London; near every where.—So, after waiting all summer, with his croupiers feeding on him, the poor Prince of Monaco was obliged to return to Paris poorer than ever.

His last device is the scheme to which we allude above. He wants to sell his principality to Russia. It would be a good thing for him; a good thing for Russia, which needs a Mediterranean port badly; but it is not likely to suit Sardinia and France quite as well.

If Russia owned Monaco she would keep a powerful squadron in the Mediterranean, and, by choosing her time properly, might renew her designs on Turkey with almost a certainty of success. A breakwater would convert the anchorage at Monaco into a large and safe harbor.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Guy Darrell's views in the invitation to Waife. LIONEL had but inadequately represented, for he could but imperfectly comprehend, the pro-



MONACO, FROM A HEADLAND, EAST.

found impression made upon Guy Darrell by George Morley's disclosures. Himself so capable of self-sacrifice, Darrell was the man above all others to regard with an admiring reverence, which partook of awe, a self-immolation that seemed almost above humanity—to him who set so lofty an estimate on good name and fair repute. He had not only willingly permitted, but even urged Lionel to repair to Waife, and persuade the old man to come to Fawley. With Waife he was prepared to enter into the full discussion of Sophy's alleged parentage. But apart even from considerations that touched a cause of perplexity which disquieted himself, Darrell was eager to see and to show homage to the sufferer, in whom he recognized a hero's dignity. And if he had sent by Lionel no letter from himself to Waife, it was only because, in the exquisite delicacy of feeling that belonged to him when his best emotions were aroused he felt it just that the whole merit, and the whole delight of reparation to the wrongs of William Losely, should, without direct interposition of his own, be left exclusively to Charles Haughton's son. Thus far it will be acknowledged that Guy Darrell was not one of those men who, once warmed to magnanimous impulse, are cooled by a thrifty prudence when action grows out of the impulse. Guy Darrell could not be generous by drachm and scruple. Not apt to say, "I apologize"—slow to say, "I repent;" very—very—very slow indeed to say, "I forgive;" yet let him once say, "I repent," "I apologize," or "I forgive," and it was said with his whole heart and soul.

But it must not be supposed that, in authorizing Lionel to undertake the embassy to Waife, or in the anticipation of what might pass between Waife and himself should the former consent to revisit the old house from which he had been so scornfully driven, Darrell had altered, or dreamed of altering, one iota of his resolves against a union between Lionel and Sophy. True, Lionel had induced him to say, "Could it be indisputably proved that no drop of Jasper Losely's blood were in this girl's veins—that she were the lawful child of honest parents, however humble—my right to stand between her and yourself would cease." But a lawyer's experience is less credulous than a lover's hope. And to Darrell's judgment it was wholly improbable that any honest parents, however humble, should have yielded their child to a knave like Jasper, while it was so probable that his own persuasion was well-founded, and that she was Jasper's daughter, though not Matilda's.

The winter-evening had closed. George and Darrell were conversing in the library; the theme, of course, was Waife; and Darrell listened with vivid interest to George's graphic accounts of the old man's gentle, playful humor—with its vague desultory under-currents of poetic fancy or subtle wisdom. But when George turned to speak of Sophy's endearing, lovely nature, and, though cautiously, to intimate an appeal on her behalf to Darrell's sense of duty, or susceptibility to kindly emotions, the proud man's brow became knit, and his stately air evinced displeasure. Fortunately, just at a moment when farther words might have led to a permanent coldness between men so disposed to esteem each other, they heard the sound of wheels on the frosty ground—the shrill bell at the porch-door.

CHAPTER V.

The vagabond received in the Manor House at Fawley.

Very lamely, very feebly, declining Lionel's arm, but leaning heavily on his crutch-stick, Waife crossed the threshold of the Manor House. George sprang forward to welcome him. The old man looked on the preacher's face with a kind of wandering uncertainty in his eye, and George saw that his cheek was very much flushed. He limped on through the hall, still leaning on his staff, George and Lionel at either side. A pace or two, and there stood Darrell! Did he, the host, not spring forward to offer an arm, to extend a hand! No, such greeting in Darrell would have been but vulgar courtesy. As the old man's eye rested on him, the superb gentleman bowed low—bowed as we bow to kings!

They entered the library. Darrell made a sign to George and Lionel. They understood the sign, and left visitor and host alone.

Lionel drew George into the quaint old dining-hall. "I am very uneasy about our dear friend," he said, in agitated accents. "I fear that I have had too little consideration for his years and his sensitive nature, and that, what with the excitement of the conversation that passed between us, and the fatigue of the journey, his nerves have broken down. We were not half-way on the road, and as we had the railway carriage to ourselves, I was talking to him with imprudent earnestness, when he began to tremble all over, and went into a hysterical paroxysm of mingled tears and laughter. I wished to stop at the next station, but he was not long recovering, and insisted on coming on. Still, as we approached Fawley, after muttering to himself, as far as I could catch his words, incoherently, he sank into a heavy state of lethargy or stupor, resting his head on my shoulder. It was with difficulty I roused him when he entered the park."

"Poor old man," said George, feelingly; "no doubt the quick succession of emotions through which he has lately passed has overcome him for the time. But the worst is now past. His interview with Darrell must cheer his heart and soothe his spirits; and that interview over, we must give him all repose and nursing. But tell me what passed between you—if he was very indignant that I could not suffer men like you and my uncle Alban, and Guy Darrell, to believe him a pick-lock and a thief?"

Lionel began his narrative, but had not proceeded far in it before Darrell's voice was heard shouting loud and the library bell rang violently.

They hurried into the library, and Lionel's fears were verified. Waife was in strong convulsions; and as these gradually ceased, and he rested without struggle, half on the floor, half in Darrell's arms, he was evidently unconscious of all around him. His eye was open, but fixed in a glassy stare. The servants thronged into the room; one was dispatched instantly to summon the nearest medical practitioner. "Help me—George—Lionel," said Darrell, "to bear him up stairs. Mills, light us." When they reached the landing-place, Mills asked, "Which room, Sir?"

Darrell hesitated an instant, then his gray eye lit into its dark fire. "My father's room—he shall rest on my father's bed."

When the surgeon arrived, he declared Waife to be in imminent danger—pressure on the brain. He prescribed prompt and vigorous remedies, which had indeed before the surgeon's arrival suggested themselves to, and been partly commenced by, Darrell, who had gone through too many varieties of experience to be unversed in the rudiments of leechcraft. "If I were in my guest's state," asked Darrell of the practitioner, "what would you do?"

"Telegraph instantly for Dr. F——."

"Lionel—you hear? Take my own horse—he will carry you like the wind. Off to * * * *; it is the nearest telegraph station."

Darrell did not stir from Waife's bedside all that anxious night. Dr. F—— did not arrive till morning. He approved of all that had been done, but nevertheless altered the treatment; and after staying some hours, said to Darrell, "I am compelled to leave you for the present; nor could I be of use in staying. I have given all the aid in my power to Nature—we must leave the rest to Nature herself. That fever—those fierce throes and spasms—are but Nature's efforts to cast off the grasp of the enemy we do not see. It now depends on what degree of rallying power be left to the patient. Fortunately, his frame is robust, yet not plethoric. Do you know his habits?"

"I know," answered George; "most temperate, most innocent."

"Then, with constant care, minute attention to my directions, he may recover."

"If care and attention can save my guest's life he shall not die," said Darrell.

The physician looked at the speaker's pale face and compressed lips. "But, Mr. Darrell, I must not have you on my hands too. You must not be out of your bed again to-night."

"Certainly not," said George. "I shall watch alone."

"No," cried Lionel, "that is my post, too."

"Pooh!" said Darrell; "young men so far from Death are not such watchful sentinels against his stroke as men of my years, who have seen him in all aspects; and, moreover, base indeed is the host who deserts his own guest's sick-chamber. Fear not for me, doctor; no man needs sleep less than I do."

Dr. F—— slid his hand on Darrell's pulse. "Irregular—quick; but what vitality! what power!—a young man's pulse! Mr. Darrell, many years for your country's service are yet in these lusty beats."

Darrell breathed his chronic sigh, and, turning back to Waife's bedside, said, "When will you come again?"

"The day after to-morrow."

When the doctor returned Waife was out of immediate danger. Nature, fortified by the "temperate, innocent habits" which husband up her powers, had dislodged, at least for a time, her enemy; but the attack was followed by extreme debility. It was clear that for days, perhaps even weeks to come, the vagrant must remain a prisoner under Darrell's roof-tree.

Lionel had been too mindful of Sophy's anxiety to neglect writing to Lady Montfort the day after Waife's seizure. But he could not find the heart to state the old man's danger; and with the sanguine tendencies of his young nature, even when at the worst, he clung to belief in the best. He refrained from any separate and private communication of Waife's state to Lady Montfort, lest the sadness it would not fail to occasion her should be perceptible to Sophy, and lead her to divine the cause. So he contented himself with saying that Waife had accompanied him to Mr. Darrell's, and would be detained there, treated with all kindness and honor, for some days.

Sophy's mind was relieved by this intelligence, but it filled her with wonder and conjecture. That Waife, who had so pertinaciously refused to break bread as a guest under any man's roof-tree, should be for days receiving the hospitality of Lionel Haughton's wealthy and powerful kinsman, was indeed mysterious. But whatever brought Waife and Lionel thus in confidential intercourse could not but renew yet more vividly the hopes she had been endeavoring of late to stifle. And combining together many desultory remembrances of words escaped unawares from Lionel, from Lady Montfort, from Waife himself, the truth (of which her native acuteness had before admitted glimpses) grew almost clear to her. Was not Mr. Darrell that relation to her lost mother upon whom she had claims not hitherto conceded? Lionel and Waife both with that relation now! Surely the clouds that had rested on her future were admitting the sun through their opening rents—and she blushed as she caught its ray.

CHAPTER VI.

Individual concessions are like political; when you once begin, there is no saying where you will stop.

Waife's first words on recovering consciousness were given to thoughts of Sophy. He had promised her to return, at farthest, the next day; she would be so uneasy—he must get up—he must go at once. When he found his strength would not suffer him to rise, he shed tears. It was only very gradually, and at intervals, that he became acquainted with the length and severity of his attack, or fully sensible that he was in Darrell's house; that that form, of which he had retained vague, dreamy reminiscences, hanging over his pillow, wiping his brow, and soothing him with the sweetest tones of the sweet human voice—that that form, so genial, so brotherlike, was the man who had once commanded him not to sully with his presence a stainless home.

All that had passed within the last few days was finally made clear to him in a short, unwitnessed, touching conversation with his host; after which, however, he became gradually worse; his mind remaining clear, but extremely dejected; his bodily strength evidently sinking. Dr. F—— was again summoned in haste. That great physician was, as every great physician should be, a profound philosopher, though with a familiar ease of manner, and a light, off-hand vein of talk, which made the philosophy less sensible to the taste than any other ingredient in his pharmacopœia. Turning every body else out of the room, he examined his patient alone—sounded the old man's vital organs, with ear and with stethoscope—talked to him now on his feelings, now on the news of the day, and then stepped out to Darrell.

"Something on the heart, my dear Sir; I can't get at it; perhaps you can. Take off that something, and the springs will react, and my patient will soon recover. All about him sound as a rock—but the heart; that has been horribly worried; something worries it now. His heart may be seen in his eye. Watch his eye; it is missing some face it is accustomed to see."

Darrell changed color. He stole back into Waife's room, and took the old man's hand. Waife returned the pressure, and said, "I was just praying for you—and—and—I am sinking fast. Do not let me die, Sir, without wishing poor Sophy a last good-by!"

Darrell passed back to the landing-place, where George and Lionel were standing, while Dr. F—— was snatching a hasty refreshment in the library before his return to town. Darrell laid his hand on Lionel's shoulder. "Lionel, you must go back to London with Dr. F——. I can not keep you here longer. I want your room."

"Sir," said Lionel, aghast, "while Waife is still so ill! You can not be thus unkind."

"Inconsiderate egotist! would you deprive the old man of a presence dearer to him than yours? George, you will go too; but *you* will return. You told me yesterday that your wife was in London for a few days; entreat her to accompany you hither; entreat her to bring with her the poor young lady whom my guest pines to see at his bedside—*the face that his eye misses.*"

CHAPTER VII.

Sophy, Darrell, and the Flute-player. Darrell prepares a surprise for Waife.

Sophy is come. She has crossed that inexorable threshold. She is a guest in the house which rejects her as a daughter. She has been there some days. Waife revived at the first sight of her tender face. He has left his bed; can move for some hours a day into an adjoining chamber, which has been hastily arranged for his private sitting-room; and can walk its floors with a step that grows daily firmer in the delight of leaning on Sophy's arm.

Since the girl's arrival, Darrell has relaxed his watch over the patient. He never now enters his guest's apartment without previous notice; and, by that incommunicable instinct which passes in households between one silent breast and another, as by a law equally strong to attract or repel—here drawing together, there keeping apart—though no rule in either case has been laid down—by virtue, I say, of that strange intelligence, Sophy is not in the old man's room when Darrell enters. Rarely in the twenty-four hours do the host and the fair young guest encounter. But Darrell is a quick and keen observer. He has seen enough of Sophy to be sensible of her charm—to penetrate into her simple, natural loveliness of character—to feel a deep interest in her, and a still deeper pity for Lionel. Secluding himself as much as possible in his private room, or in his leafless woods, his reveries increase in gloom. Nothing unbends his moody brow like Fairthorn's flute or Fairthorn's familiar converse.

It has been said before that Fairthorn knew his secrets. Fairthorn had idolized Caroline Lyndsay. Fairthorn was the only being in the world to whom Guy Darrell could speak of Caroline Lyndsay—to whom he could own the unconquerable but unforgiving love which had twice driven him from the social world. Even to Fairthorn, of course, all could not be told. Darrell could not speak of the letter he had received at Malta, nor of Caroline's visit to him at Fawley; for to do so, even to Fairthorn, was like a treason to the *dignity* of the Beloved. And Guy Darrell might rail at her inconstancy—her heartlessness; but to boast that she had lowered herself by the proffers that were dictated by repentance, Guy Darrell could not do *that*;—he was a gentleman. Still there was much left to say. He could own that he thought she would now accept his hand; and when Fairthorn looked happy at that thought, and hinted at excuses for her former fickleness, it was a great relief to Darrell to fly into a rage; but if the flute-player meanly turned round and became himself Caroline's accuser, then poor Fairthorn was indeed frightened, for Darrell's trembling lip or melancholy manner overwhelmed the assailant with self-reproach, and sent him sidelong into one of his hidden coverts.

But at this moment Fairthorn was a support to him under other trials—Fairthorn, who respects as he does, as no one else ever can, the sanctity of the Darrell line—who would shrink like himself from the thought that the daughter of Jasper Losely, and in all probability not a daughter of Matilda Darrell, should ever be mistress of that ancestral hall, lowly and obscure and mouldering though it be—and that the child of a sharper, a thief, a midnight assassin, should carry on the lineage of knights and warriors in whose stainless scutcheons, on many a Gothic tomb or over the portals of ruined castles, was impaled the heraldry of Brides sprung from the loins of Lion Kings! Darrell, then, doing full justice to all Sophy's beauty and grace, purity and goodness, was more and more tortured by the conviction that she could never be wife to the man on whom, for want of all nearer kindred, would devolve the heritage of the Darrell name.

On the other hand, Sophy's feelings toward her host were almost equally painful and imbittered. The tenderness and reverence that he had showed to her beloved grandfather, the affecting gratitude with which Waife spoke of him, necessarily deepened her prepossessions in his favor as Lionel's kinsman; and though she saw him so sparingly, still, when they did meet, she had no right to complain of his manner. It might be distant, taciturn; but it was gentle, courteous—the manner which might be expected, in a host of secluded habits, to a young guest from whose sympathies he was removed by years, but to whose comforts he was unobtrusively considerate—whose wishes were delicately forestalled. Yet was this all that her imagination had dared to picture on entering those gray walls? Where was the evidence of the relationship of which she had dreamed?—where a single sign that she was more in that house than a mere guest?—where, alas! a token that even Lionel had named her to his kinsman, and that for Lionel's sake that kinsman bade her welcome? And Lionel too—gone the very day before she arrived! *That* she learned incidentally from the servant who showed her into her room. Gone, and not addressed a line to herself, though but to condole with her on her grandfather's illness, or congratulate her that the illness had spared the life! She felt wounded to the very core. As Waife's progressive restoration allowed her thoughts more to revert to so many causes for pain and perplexity, the mystery of all connected with her own and Waife's sojourn under that roof baffled her attempts at conjecture. The old man did not volunteer explanations. Timidly she questioned him; but his nerves yet were so unstrung, and her questions so evidently harassed him, that she only once made that attempt to satisfy her own bewilderment, and smiled as if contented when he said, after a long pause, "Patience yet, my child; let me get a little stronger. You see Mr. Darrell will not suffer me to talk with him on matters that must be discussed with him before I go; and then—and then—Patience till then, Sophy."

Neither George nor his wife gave her any clew to the inquiries that preyed upon her mind. The latter, a kind, excellent woman, meekly devoted to her husband, either was, or affected to be, in ignorance of the causes that had led Waife to Fawley, save very generally that Darrell had once wronged him by an erring judgment, and had hastened to efface that wrong. And then she kissed Sophy fondly, and told her that brighter days were in store for the old man and herself. George said, with more authority—the authority of the priest—"Ask no questions. Time, that solves all riddles, is hurrying on, and Heaven directs its movements."

Her very heart was shut up, except where it could gush forth—nor even then with full tide—in letters to Lady Montfort. Caroline had heard from George's wife, with intense emotion, that Sophy was summoned to Darrell's house, the gravity of Waife's illness being considerately suppressed. Lady Montfort could but suppose that Darrell's convictions had been shaken—his resolutions softened; that he sought an excuse to see Sophy, and judge of her himself. Under this impression, in parting with her young charge, Caroline besought Sophy to write to her constantly, and frankly. Sophy felt an inexpressible relief in this correspondence. But Lady Montfort in her replies was not more communicative than Waife or the Morleys, only she seemed more thoughtfully anxious that Sophy should devote herself to the task of propitiating her host's affections. She urged her to try and break through his reserve—see more of him; as if that were possible! And her letters were more filled with questions about Darrell than even with admonitions and soothings to Sophy. The letters that arrived at Fawley were brought in a bag, which Darrell opened; but Sophy noticed that it was with a peculiar compression of lip, and a marked change of color, that he had noticed the handwriting on Lady Montfort's first letter to her, and that after that first time her letters were not inclosed in the bag, but came apart, and were never again given to her by her host.

Thus passed days in which Sophy's time was spent chiefly in Waife's sick-room. But now he is regaining strength hourly. To his sitting-room comes George frequently to relieve Sophy's watch. There, once a day, comes Guy Darrell, and what then passed between the two men none witnessed. In these hours Waife insisted upon Sophy's going forth for air and exercise. She is glad to steal out alone—steal down by the banks of the calm lake, or into the gloom of the mournful woods. Here she not unfrequently encounters Fairthorn, who, having taken more than ever to the flute, is driven more than ever to outdoor rambles; for he has been

cautioned not to indulge in his melodious reminiscences within doors before the children slept.

Fairthorn and Sophy thus made acquaintance, distant and shy at first on both sides; but it gradually became more frank and cordial. Fairthorn had an object not altogether friendly in encouraging this intimacy. He thought, poor man, that he should be enabled to extract from Sophy some revelations of her early life, which would elucidate, not in favor of her asserted claims, the mystery that hung upon her parentage. But had Dick Fairthorn been the subtlest of diplomatists, in this hope he would have been equally disappointed. Sophy had nothing to communicate. Her ingenuousness utterly baffled the poor fate-player. Out of an innocent, unconscious kind of spite, on reading to joy into Sophy's descent, he began to enlarge upon the dignity of Derrell, as the last scion of the long-winded genealogical memoir, the recital of which had, on a previous occasion, so nearly driven Mr. Slaughter from Fairthorn. He took her to see the antiquary's grave; its spoke to her, as they stood there, of Derrell's ambitious boyhood—his arid, laborious manhood—his determination to restore the fallen line—the very vow he had made to his dead wife he had so grievously revered. He sought to impress on her the consideration of what was the ingenest of one who belonged to a race with whom spotless honor was the all in all; and who had gone through life with utter security from the reasoning that race, and vindicating that honor. Fairthorn's cunning and tremble-while eye rested on her while he talked. She, poor child, could not divine why; but she felt that he was angry with his own speech of all. In vain, Fairthorn's prickly tongue was on the barbed point of exclaiming, "And how do you feel yourself born into this unsullied lineage?—how dare you think that the dead would not turn in their graves on their own walks round and round the walls of the Derrells for the daughter of a Jasper Landyl?" But the wonderful self-command which the musician's covert meaning in these heraldic discourses, Sophy, with a justness of discrimination that must have been intuitive, gathered from the more fantastic declamations of the grotesque genealogist of their subtle sense of pride and pathetic in the single image of the last descendant in a long and gradually-falling race, lifting it as a crown into power and note on the toiling shoulders, and standing on the verge of age, with the feeble consciousness that all this effort was successful only for his fleeting life; that, with all his gold, with all his fame, the hope of the name must sake for ever with him, the fame was a lying mockery, and that name and race would perish with himself, unless the earth yawned for him beside the antiquary's grave. And these restless maids her conceive a more soft and tender interest in Guy Derrell—one he had before admitted; they accounted for the mournfulness of his voice; they imputed to his voluntary ave of that statelines of bearing, which before had only chilled her as the effluence of pride.

While Fairthorn and Sophy thus matured acquaintance, Derrell and Waife were drawing closer and closer to each other. Certainly no two would be psychologists could suspect any genuine of taste, intellect, experience, or emotion, between two men whose lives had been so widely different—one whose faculties or mode of ordinary observer would have seen nothing but antagonism and contrast. Nevertheless, in these characters were strikingly dissimilar, yet there was that in each which the other recognized as familiar to his own nature. Each had been the victim of his heart; each had passed over the phenomena of self-sacrifice. Derrell had given up his youth—Waife his age;—Derrell to a Fetiche and the unexpiring Dead—Waife to a Son, whose life had become his term. The same, Nemo had been an idol; to the other, Nemo had been a weed cast away into the highway. To one man, unjurious, evanescent glory—to the other, a shame that had been borne with a sportive cheerfulness, dashed into perverse mirth by the world's customarily threatened to despoil Affection of its food. But there was a common chain in their joint experience of earthly vanities;—so little scope in worldly honors to the triumphant Master—so little of value in the vagrant Mime while his conscience meekly appealed to Heaven for the purity of his aims. And as beneath all the levity and whim of the man reared and nurtured, and fitted by his characteristic tendencies, to view life through its humors, not through its passions, there still ran a deep under-current of grave and earnest meditation—so beneath so, too, amidst the severe and stateliier texture of the once ambitious, laborious mind, which had conquered literary renown—amidst all that gathered-up intensity of passion, which admitted no relaxation of sorrow, and saw in Love but the aspect of Fate—amidst all this lofty seriousness of soul, there was yet a vivid current of appreciation of the fine sensibilities to the pleasurable sun-rays of life, which are sometimes found in a child, no matter how grave its vocations. True, affection at last may dull them, as it dulls all else that we took from Nature else our perception of all in life. Yet, in the wind of Derrell, affection had shattered the things most dear to man, and no more than it had marred its perceptive acknowledgment of the sympathies between fancies that move to smiles, and thoughts that beget grave solemn lessons, or melt to sad tears. Had Derrell been placed amidst the circumstances so that make happy the homes of earnest men, Derrell would have been mirthful; and Waife been placed among the circumstances that concentrate talent, and bridge round life with cultured thickgate and thought, Waife, too, would have been grave.

It was not in the earlier conferences that took place in Waife's apartment that the subject which had led the old man to Fardo, and brought him discussion. When Waife had sought to introduce it—when, after Sophy's arrival, he had looked wistfully into Derrell's face, striving to read there the impression she had created, and, unable to discover, had begun, with tremulous accents, to regret the haste that weighed on him—Derrell stopped him at once. "Friend," said he, "I perceive that it was in the very moment you first broached this sorrowful topic, on arriving here, and perceived how different the point of view from which we two must regard it, that your nerves were over-excited, and your speech unwise. It is not only till you are stronger that we know each other better. This subject is one that it becomes us to treat with all the strength of our reason—with all the calm which either can impose upon the other. Spare it, therefore, now. At present, talk we of all matters except that, which I promise you shall be fairly discussed at last."

Derrell found, however, that his most effectual excuse from the subject was unnecessary. Sophy was through another channel in the old man's affections, hopes, and fears. George Morley, in repeating the conversation he had overheard between Waife and Jasper, had naturally, while excusing the act for which he professed the bravado and cynicism of the son's language, and more than ever lightened the load of natural feeling by which the bravado and cynicism had been alternated. And Derrell had sufficient magnanimity to appreciate the repentance with which he approached a name associated with so many dark and baleful memories, and, avoiding on much as possible direct reference to Jasper's past life, to court a confidence on the subject of which he could not trust the life that yet remained. With whom else, indeed, than Jasper's father could Derrell so properly and so unreservedly discuss a matter in which their interest and their fear were in common? Was he not, in the most delicate sense compensation to Waife for the disappointment he would experience when Sophy's claims to be of kindred, to be could have no fear in leaving the old man's mind as to the ultimate fate of his darling child. Was he not, in the noble sacrifice, Derrell spoke to Waife somewhat in the same views which he had formerly instructed Colonel Morley to find out and to treat with Jasper. He heard from the Colonel almost daily. Allen had not yet communicated with nor even succeeded in tracing Mrs. Crane! But an account of Jasper's wild farewell visit to that set of diamonds, from which he could infer a bad triumphant, had reached the ears of a detective employed by the Colonel, and the latter daily good terms with Catts; and it was no small comfort to know that Jasper had finally broken with those miscreant allies, and that he could again been seen in their haunts. As Arabella had not returned to her home, that was a good sign, and neither he nor Derrell was acquainted with what the one bore, nor with what reason on the subject could be put to Waife during the earlier stages of his illness, so it was several days before the Colonel's letter arrived, announcing her out as Mrs. Crane of Polden Place—a discovery effected by a distant relative whom he had been referred at the famous school of which Arabella had been the pride, and who had left the place before the girl's marriage, to count-books by which the poor grim woman had since vainly sought to trace the fugitive's movements. But the house in Polden Place was shut up—not a soul in charge of it. The houses immediately adjoining it were empty. But the Colonel learned, however, from a female, servant in an adjacent house, that several days after she had seen a tall, powerful-looking man enter Mrs. Crane's street-door; that she had not seen him go out; that some workmen employed by this servant was closing up the house in which the servant, in the absence of her master, had carriage driving away from Mrs. Crane's door; that it was too dark to see who was in the carriage, but that she had noticed a woman's veil fall; fishy sure was Mrs. Crane's servant, Bridget Jones, and that she was not to be found.

Allen had been to the agent employed by Mrs. Crane in the letting of her houses, but had learned from him nothing more than that Mrs. Crane believed that Mrs. Crane had succeeded in recovering property of which a child, perhaps, accompanied him abroad. If with her, at all events, for the present, he was safe from the law. Derrell, and half one day he was absent, he gave him from his own guilty self. If, however, still in England, Allen had no doubt, sooner or later, to hunt him up.

Upon the whole, this conjectural information, though unsatisfactory, and not at all conclusive, Derrell made the most of it in his representations to Waife. The old man was not aware that Arabella was one but hard to comfort, never quarreling irrascably with Hope.

And Waife is rapidly recovering. Derrell, after spending the greater part of several days with him, thought it of study Sophy's sake he had been estranged for many years, takes to frequent absences for the whole day; goes up to the metropolis; neither does George, but the latter seems unusually animated and excited. At length, after one of these excursions, so foreign to his habits, he and George enter together the old man's apartment not long before the early hour at which the convalescent retires to rest. Sophy was seated on the footstool at Waife's knee, reading the Bible to him, his hand resting on her head, as she read. Derrell's heart touched both. George and Derrell; but Derrell, of the two, was the more affected. What young, pure voice shall read to him the Book of Hope in the evening of lonely age? Sophy started at some confusion, and as, in quitting the room, she passed by Derrell, he took her hand gently, and scanned her features more deliberately, more earnestly than he had ever yet seemed to do; then he sighed, and dropped the hand, murmuring, "Fardon me." Was he seeking to read in that fair face some likeness to the Damsel Innocent? If he had found it, what then? But when Sophy was gone, Derrell came straight to Waife with a cheerful brow—with a kindling eye.

"William Lovely," said he.

"Wallk, if you please, Sa," interrupted the old man.

"William *Lovely*," repeated Derrell, "justice demands that we keep no secrets, as I have pretered, but whether you were clearly, incontestably innocent of the act, and, in pleading guilty, did but nobilmly bear the penalty of another. There will be no new trial—there are none who would prosecute. I bring back to you the Queen's free pardon under the Great Seal. I should explain to you that this form of the royalty grace is so rare, even that it needs all the strength and affecting circumstance of your personal case to justify the Government in granting, not only to the interest I could bring to bear in your favor, but to his own humane impulses. This pardon under the Great Seal differs from an ordinary pardon. It purges the deed from the taint of felony—it remits all the civil disabilities which the mere expiry of a penal sentence does not remove. In short, as applicable to your case, it becomes virtually a complete and formal attestation of your innocence. Allan Raby will take care to supress those of your old friends who may yet survive of that revocation of unjust obloquy which this pardon implies. Come—Allen Morley, we forgive his book on a prince of the blood if but many of some jockey trick on the turf in Newcastle openly, and in broad daylight, if you please; and trust to us three—the Solister, the Author, and the Gentleman—to give to the pardon that value which your Sovereign's advisers intend it to have."

"Your hand now, dear old friend?" cried George. "You remember I commanded you never to shake hands as man and gentleman—a man and gentleman now borne me with yours."

"Ah, Jorge!" faltered Waife, and he held out to George's, the other extended in imploring appeal to Derrell—"is it possible? I vindicated—I cleared—and yet no felon's dock for Jasper!—the son not criminated by the father's acquittal—Tell me that! again!"

"It is so, believe me. All that rests is to force on that son, if he have a human heart, the conviction that he will be worse than a parricide if he will not save himself."

"And he will—he shall!—Oh that I could but get at him!" exclaimed the preacher.

"And now," said Derrell—"now, George, leave us; for you, upon equal terms, we two fathers can discuss family differences."

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"The smith, a mighty man was he,' &c.,

—a woman who comes in with her "good cheer," She's a blessing, reminding one of Wordsworth's

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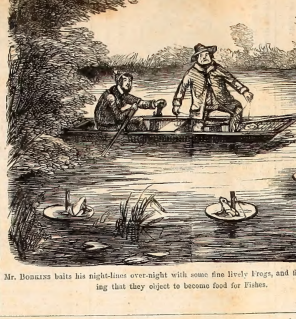
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PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1859.

The Proprietor of the NEW YORK LEDGER is gratified at having it in his power to announce in his Prospectus for the new year—1859—that all the old popular and eminent writers of the LEDGER staff have been retained, and new ones added. Among the latter we are pleased to mention the name of the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, who is to furnish a series of articles to be continued during the coming year, under the title of "THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS." For these articles alone we have already paid Mr. Everett for the heirs of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association the sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER, we need only state the simple fact that its circulation is larger than that of any other TEN literary papers in the country. Its great success is owing to the facts that its proprietor secures the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its tales and sketches, have gained for the NEW YORK LEDGER a position that no literary paper has ever before reached. We feel, and always have felt, since the LEDGER obtained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rests upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.

As to the future, we are not at a loss what to say. We prefer to promise rather than to promise. What we have heretofore done is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been, and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the regular contributors to the LEDGER are—

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, JOHN G. SAXE, STEPHENS COBB, Jr., EMERSON BENNETT, T. S. ARTHUR, VIC ROSS WALLACE, CARLOS D. STUART, COL. W. D. PUNLAP, and many eminent Lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges, and others, who write for the LEDGER anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current sequence of the LEDGER are now and will constantly be at the rate of *over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.*

FACTS like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and common sense will therefore be dispensed with. As we have already intimated, we shall leave promising to those who prefer to expend their force in that way, and content ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and attractive FAMILY PAPER in the world.

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N. B.—The number of the Ledger dated January 1st, 1859, will be a good one for subscribers to date from, as in that number the "MOUNT VERNON PAPERS," by the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, will be commenced. Mr. EVERETT'S articles will be copyrighted, so as to prevent publication in any other paper.

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MY CHRISTMAS SONG.

CHRIST was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christmas day,
It is clear and cold, and the year grows old;
Soon will it pass away.
"The King is dead—Long live the King!"—
This Christmas day the bells shall ring.

Christ was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christian town,
There's a fair array on bright Broadway
Of the walkers up and down.
God save and bless the merry throng
Whose hearts are filled with Christmas song!

A measure sweet, the beautiful street,
'Tis a poem of delicious rhyme;
The steady flow of the crowds below
Is keeping, keeping time.
Thank Heaven for this, that I belong
Where I can hear such Christmas song!

So here I stand, in this Christian land,
And look at the crowd below,
And amid the throng, as it glides along,
Is a man with locks of snow.
"Oh, beggar, beggar lame and gray,
Hast thou to beg this Christmas day?

"No friendly hand in this Christian land
Has lain in my palm in time;
In a kindly way, on this Christmas day,
Invited thee in to dine.
Oh, beggar, beggar gaunt and gray,
Is this for thee no Christmas day?

"Here I stand with an outstretched hand,
And view my lonely board;
For me doth wait, in silent state,
A dinner for a lord.
Come thou, this day, with me and dine,
And I will give thee rare old wine.

"For I have health, and I have wealth,
And I have friends a score;
The will's my own to dine alone
And drink on days of yore;
And thou, old man, my only guest,
Shall eat and drink this day the best!"

"Oh, stranger kind, the winter's wind
Hath chilled me through and through;
Full many a day hath passed away
Since I was dressed like you;
And many and many a weary year
Since I have seen the plenty here!

"Oh, gorgeous wine! its bubbles shine
Like rubies careless flung;
Each beaker brims with silent hymns
That make my heart grow young.
Oh, stranger, thou art good and true—
Here will I live, and die with you!"

"Drink deep and free till the bottom you see
Of every beaker and can,
And eat of the best as a welcome guest
My jolly and gay old man.
I make thee honored here to-day,
Eat thou, and drink, and go thy way!"

"Oh! false and vain are the hopes I gain
From the blushes of thy wine;
It brings from the dead the hours that fled
Can never again be mine.
Oh! weak, delusive, woeful dream,
How dark it makes the future seem!"

"Adieu! adieu! may the days be few
That thou may'st have to roam!
May it please the Lord of his own accord
To call thee speedily home!
Oh! beggar, beggar gaunt and gray,
'Tis bad to want on Christmas day.

"Christ was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christmas day,
It is clear, and cold, and the year grows old,
Soon will it pass away.
The King is dead—Long live the King!"—
This Christmas day the bells shall ring.

"The fire grows bright, while fades the light
Upon the busy street;
God bless the fire, I'll draw me nigher
Unto its cheerful heat.
The curtains draw and close the blinds,
Keep out the night and wintry winds.

"'Tis good to dine with glorious wine
On merry Christmas day;
'Tis very sad to be ill-clad
In winter on Broadway.
So learn this lesson well, old man;
Get rich as quickly as you can.

"Christ was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christmas day,
It is clear, and cold, and the year grows old,
Soon will it pass away.
The King is dead—Long live the King!—
This Christmas day the bells shall ring."

HOW RICH PEOPLE LIVE IN THE COUNTRY IN FRANCE.

[*Our Special European Correspondence.*]

"CHATEAU DE W——n, November, 1858.

"YOU are too soon for Paris. You have nothing to do there. Come here and help us to shoot a few hares, and see something of *cur vie de chateau* in France.

Such was the purport of a letter I received a few days ago, and such the kind invitation which is the cause of my letter being written from this hospitable abode; and I believe my observations from the chateau will have greater novelty than any I could have given you from the streets of Paris. There is really little known of French domestic life in other countries. They so seldom admit strangers to any thing like intimacy, or receive them in their homes—especially their country residences—that even in England there is an idea that French chateaux are gloomy, uninhabitable, uninhabited abodes, where the family live in two or three of the smallest rooms during *la belle saison*, while Madame receives her paree and her strength for the demands of a Paris winter, and Monsieur looks closely after his *fermiers* and their crops of corn, or the vineyards and the wine-making. This may be true of those graceless structures which meet the eye in traveling on the high-roads in France, so solemn and deserted, with an avenue of poplars leading to a door which seems as if no one ever had or ever could wish to enter it. But here, thirty miles from Paris, it is very different; and I am surrounded at this moment with every luxury and appliance of comfort that wealth and refined taste can procure. Shall I first describe the chateau or its inhabitants? Place membanus, since they are here in the majority. The lady of the house is still young enough to be very charming, and as Mademoiselle de Z—— had a reputation for beauty and grace not often attained in Parisian circles by the unmarried. The mother and grandmother of this lady, with their servants, are now here on their annual visit of two or three months. Also a married sister, with her husband, and children, and tutor, and governess, etc. I always say there never was a country where there were so many grandmothers as in France. Every one one meets seems to have three or four, whereas in America one knows such did exist, but one seldom possesses them. I am sure I never had any.

My host is a descendant of an old Huguenot



SANTA CLAUS PAYING HIS USUAL CHRISTMAS VISIT TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

family, and himself a zealous Protestant—one of that little band who, landed in the midst of Catholic France, possess much interest for their co-religionists in England and America. I have often said, and the more matter-of-fact and distrustful is what appeals only to the imagination. I wonder whether if Henri Quatre, resisting the promptings of his own sagacity and the persuasions of his counselors, had had as he in early faith, he could not, with his popular qualities, have made it the law of the majority of the kingdom? *Edinburgh* not; but I have my doubts. The Spaniards and Italians, with their ready faith and dreamy imagination, were *natural* Roman Catholics; but not so the French. There is a farm belonging to her but which was not an adherent of Mr. Thomas Murray's, the faithful friend and minister of Henry Quatre, and to which Madame de Maintenon often alludes in that charming sketch of her husband's life which has been published, in the quaint old fashion, among the several volumes of a late edition of De Pleins-Murray's papers and correspondence. All are interesting; and particularly the narrative of the wife, which breathes the old Puritan spirit of devotion to duty under every form. The French Protestantism is a class, stood out very distinctly in this country, and with a good deal of the exclusiveness of a body of opposition; the sympathies of those around them, and, indeed, now regarded with much jealousy and even fatally persecuted by the Romish and liberal party. They contain among them some of the most wealthy and intellectually distinguished inhabitants of France, and their moral good conduct and holy and extensive charities would be remarkable even in England, which is supposed to take the lead in these respects.

And now for the chateau. It is in the time and style of Louis Treize, and in length covers a good deal of ground. There is a large entrance-hall, paved with marble, which leads down to the right, left, leading to the principal apartments. The former consist of a billiard-room, then a very beautiful dining-room, the walls hung with old Beauvais tapestry representing birds and flowers, and the ceiling exquisitely painted in harmony with these and the finely-carved oak doors and panels. Separated by corridors is the kitchen, then, also modernized with painted ceiling and walls and oak carvings. On the left are the library, and the sleeping-rooms and dressing-rooms of the family. Those appropriated to guests are on the second story, and very comfortable, with those luxuries held only to be found in France, where the thick mattress of soft wool is made every year. The suite of rooms are very complete, those for ladies having such a dressing-room and a maid's room attached. Those of bed-and bachelors are equally comfortable, and with *English* sponging bath in each. The country is not very populous near the chateau, although highly so at a little distance; but there is a park with deer and ornamental water, and a kitchen-garden, and what they call a *Jardin Anglais*—a sort of wilderness of trees and shrubs—and there are walks overseen of old trees, and a carriage-road around, now rich in their autumnal foliage.

We had here yesterday a dejeuner d'adieu, to which all the gentlemen of the neighboring chateaux were invited, and it presented in the guests —as all social gatherings in France—the political changes have been so frequent—a great variety of parties and positions. There was a Legitimist Duke, of one of the oldest and proudest French families, who has enormous wealth, and who, with two or three feudal ancestors of note, has thought built a sumptuous one in this neighborhood. There was a scion of another noble house and historic name, and who was accompanied by a relative who is married to an American lady. He is a good-looking man, and a thorough-paced aristocrat. Sticking adherent of the Orleans family, and several other well-known *habitués* of the Parisian clubs and *beau monde*. The usual intelligence which the chateau is eleven o'clock; but to accommodate the supposed eagerness of sportsmen to get to the occasion an hour earlier. It was a regular repast of all the viands of a dinner, with the exception of soup. There was tea, and coffee, and liquors, and ices. Conversation was general and amusing, and the very genial and well-informed host kept it fully all serious or political subjects. The repast lasted an hour, and then we watched the sportsmen off, for, though we called "Au Revoir," they forred the society of the ladies. The shooting here is mostly en battue, which is very unsatisfactory, but perhaps less so for Frenchmen with their military habits. If the word of command is not obeyed, and any one leaves his position in which he is posted, his risk is very great.

I am only performing, of my promise to descant a this letter upon the autumnal fashions which I can attempt, to describe the dress of the ladies of the house, which is always most reflective of that which I had an opportunity of examining upon my return with them to the dejeuner. Madame de B—— *chatelaine* was in rich brown taffeta dress; the trimming of the skirt was only three bows of wide ribbon, disposed on each side en tablier, and with bows of rich silk cord inside the bows of ribbon. Long hanging sleeves, with inner ones and cuffs of plain cambric, and an embroidered muslin cap, trimmed with rose ribbons and Valenciennes lace, completed her simple and becoming *toilette*. Her sister, Madame de B——, was in a black moire dress of similar fashion, and a cap with cherry-colored ribbons; and her young daughter, of eighteen, was dressed in a dark-blue taffeta, with what they call a double skirt. I have neither time nor space to describe the grandmamma' dress. Suffice it that it was nicely appropriate to their age.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

THE TRIAL OF MONTALEMBERT.

IN a few weeks eleven years will have elapsed since the outbreak of the last great European revolutionary upheaval. History teaches us that, in Europe, political convulsions are periodical. Their periods can not be calculated with astronomical certainty; because, in revolution, but that the same generation never indulges twice in revolutionary movements. The governing generation of 1848 in all the leading political systems of Europe are so bad that popular outbreaks are the natural consequence of the people; but that, things considered, the people suffering caused by insurrections are so severe that a generation which has once risen in arms against its rulers never desires to repeat the experiment. These, of course, are mere empirical propositions: political science is yet too young to test their accuracy.

Assuming their general correctness, it follows that France is at the present moment not far from a revolutionary crisis. Never, since the first revolutionary outbreak, has France been quiet for eleven years, save only during the long reign of Louis Philippe, and the short reign of Louis Philippe. He had learned so much during his long struggle with adversity, and his long apprenticeship to the throne, that he was able to hold a balance between established authority and popular aspirations for a period of eighteen years, which was very satisfactory to the people. On the contrary, his government was less liberal in 1848 than it had been in 1831. In his maturity and old age he was less wise than he was in youth. Nothing is so much opposition by a semblance of free government as the attempt of such an emblem to enhance itself harmlessly in the papers; he engrossed so much of the public attention by his efforts to make his own power as many popular leaders by a skillful use of money, that he ruled France longer than any ruler since the days of Louis Quatorze. There was no exception to the law of periodicity which seems to govern French politics. It does not appear that the Emperor is following in his track.

For nearly ten years the policy of the Emperor Napoleon III. has astonished and baffled sagacious sagacity. He left nothing to chance. He studied out every combination, watched every turn in European politics, and finally—and a man who disbelieves in Fate; and he was rewarded by a career of absolutely unexampled success. He found himself in 1848 a poor, homeless, penniless, hopeless adventurer; he stove to be President, and was elected; he strove to be Emperor, and was elected; he was disliked the Constitution, and abolished it; he wanted money, and got it; he had an old grudge against Russia, England, and Austria—and made a end of England, and obtained it; he sought to be paramount in Europe, and garrisoned Rome, obtained dependencies in Africa, Asia, and overawed Germany; he craved personal popularity, and won at least an outward show of respect such as he often sighed for in vain when his uncle has enjoyed; there was no object, in short, on which he set his heart that he did not gain. His success in all that he has done, however, the old rule was not at fault. Success proved a worse teacher than adversity; so unbridled a career corrupted and thereby changed his intellect and slackened his energy.

In the month of January of the present year he began to make steps for the modification of regulations with regard to the press which irritated every one without really doing him any good. He imposed fresh restrictions on personal liberty in France. He suffered the army to assume an arrogant and insolent attitude to all subjects of law. He gravely imparted the good feeling existing between himself and the British people, and then fostered a conspiracy for assassination. He embarked in unwise foreign disputes, such as the late quarrel with Portugal. He conferred still further to irritate Austria. And now, last of all, he has prosecuted and procured the conviction of the Count of Montalembert, one of the most distinguished men in France, the head of the French Church, the only man of rank and influence who stood by him on the 2d of December. The charge is simply because the Count had expressed a preference for English liberty as contrasted with French servitude.

These evident errors would appear to foreshadow the operation of the law of periodical revolutions to which we have alluded. But, remember, it may be otherwise. Events may precipitate or may postpone the crisis; but the general explosion of the European affairs should warn all who have interests at stake in that quarter of the globe to prepare, at any moment, for a sudden and overwhelming catastrophe.

THE LATE HOMICIDE AT AUBURN.

THE public are waiting anxiously to hear of some steps being taken by the State authorities in reference to the homicide of the convict More at Auburn. The universal horror which it has felt for the convict himself, it is clear that the power of inflicting death can not be intrusted to an inferior officer of the State prisons, who, in every one knows, are occasionally selected from the least worthy class of the community, and not unfrequently from the very class employed of the penitentiaries. If an angry keeper may put to death a convict with impunity, there is no use in American prison discipline has begun.

No part of the late tragedy at Auburn was calculated to satisfy the public. How came the jury to be composed chiefly of prison contractors? Why was not the doctor's evidence taken, as a matter of course, and as he wished to be? How came the coroner to receive the absurd verdict that the convict's death was "hastened by the blows received from three body keepers" that he was a hale, hearty man before he was placed under the instrument of torture and death?

These absurdities are too glaring to pass unnoticed by an intelligent people. The public journals have appointed a committee of inquiry into the subject; and if the matter is suffered to lie over till the meeting of the Legislature, it will be all the worse for those who now seek to stifle inquiry.

If the prisons of New York are to be more modern editions of the dungeons of the Inquisition, it is right that the people should know the fact before they pay any more money for their support.

THE RIGHT OF VISIT.

WHETHER the right of visitation of foreign vessels in time of war has been abandoned by the British Government, is a question which does not seem to be settled. The Administration asserts that it has been abandoned, and has called on the to verify the nationality of a vessel hoisting a foreign flag. Other authorities aver that the abandonment is only simulated, and that British cruisers will continue to visit American vessels whenever they are so inclined. The assertions of both sides were much encouraged in their belief last week by the news of the boarding of the United States steamer *Washington*, by Lieutenant Lowry, officers of her Majesty's navy on that station. But it seems from the latest accounts that the British officers, on being called account for their conduct, that Commodore M'Intosh, distinctly disclaimed the pretension to visit American vessels as a matter of right, and asserted that they merely went on board the *Washington* to ask what the news was. So that, so far as the principle is concerned, the case of the *Washington* need no further be considered.

The points involved in the controversy between the United States and Great Britain are the visitation of vessels at sea, are very simple and few in number. Great Britain asserts that, as a vessel is not to be exempt from search in her seizure because she may choose to hoist the American flag, a general license may be said to have been granted to pirates; for, heretofore, every pirate will naturally hoist the stars and stripes when pursued, and will thus avoid punishment and impunity. The United States replies, though yielding the point in deference to our Government, still contends that it would be well for the leading maritime nations to agree upon a system under which it should be lawful for the war-ships of any leading nation to visit every suspected ship, no matter what the flag she hoisted. To this the United States reply that the danger incurred by prohibiting the right of search, and by offering an obvious bribe to maritime evil-doers, is less than the danger which would be incurred by giving this from the adoption of a system which would necessarily throw the police of the seas into the hands of Great Britain; for it is not to be supposed that piracy can be revived, as in the present state of commerce it would be very difficult for any pirate to find a port at which he could dispose of his stolen goods; and that, on the whole, we had rather see an occasional sliver or private engage punishment than have our merchant-service navy exposed to detention and insulting search at the caprice of any British naval officer.

Great Britain has agreed to our views, and the search question may be regarded as settled. It remains to be seen how the new plan will work. It is obvious that, at least for the present, it will give a remarkable stimulus to the African slave-trade. Already it is said that the yards in Cuba are busy in the construction of slavers and released through the culpable remissness of the United States officials, has landed a cargo of fine healthy Africans on the Southern coast. In parts of the South the African slave-trade is regarded as a legitimate traffic, which has been temporarily checked. However this opinion prevails there will be no difficulty in finding cargoes of Africans. And now that foreign nations are forbidden to interfere with any ship which owns a set of United States colors, the only impediment to the active revival of the slave-trade will consist in the ability and energy of the national vessels which are detailed to prevent it. Is it presuming too far upon past experience to say that such activity will not prevent the example of the *Wanderer* from being successfully imitated by other craft?

THE JURY SYSTEM.

THE absurdity of the jury system in criminal cases has again been illustrated in the case of Cancemi the burglar and murderer. This man is a policeman who caught a burglar in the act of robbing a house—shot him dead, and ran away, crying out to his pursuers, "Me no shoot!" He was four times tried and found guilty—twice of murder; the third and last time, through the obstinacy or stupidity of some members of the jury, of manslaughter. The idea of finding Cancemi guilty of manslaughter is too absurd to deserve criticism. The only question for the consideration of the jury was whether Mr. Cancemi the man who shot the policeman Anderson? If he was, he was guilty of murder in the first degree, and of the most aggravated kind; if he was not, he was perfectly innocent, and certainly the most injured man of the day. As to finding him guilty of manslaughter, the jury might as well have convicted him of rape.

Some of the newspapers consider this an instance of the maladministration of justice. In one sense it is so; but not in the ordinary sense in which that expression is taken. In the usual meaning of the words, justice is maladministered here because judges are ignorant, incompetent, or corrupt, and because magistrates interfere to cause criminals from judicial vengeance. But none of the advocates for a reform in the administration of justice have ventured to assail the principle of the jury system.

It is, however, to the defects of the jury system in its application to criminal trials that Cancemi's sentence—and many other failures of justice, for that matter—are due. It is evident that at least some of the men who were sworn on Cancemi's trial were not blessed with common sense enough to see that the man was either wholly innocent or else a most unmitigated assassin. There is no reason to believe that they were exceptions to the common rule of jurors. Every one who has had an enlarged experience of mankind will certify that three out of every five persons who are eligible as jurors are deficient in common sense, even in cases of reasoning, and that nine men out of ten are incapable of weighing the niceties of conflicting evidence, and distinguishing between false and reliable testimony. Yet it is upon the decision of such judges that the punishment of criminals depends.

The jury system has served its purpose in this world. It was invented by our ancestors as a safeguard against royal and lordly tyranny. It was a grand and a manly invention. To have established and maintained it reflects honor upon the people. Many ages may elapse before an innocent man from the vindictive prosecution of the king and his menials. But in our day it is quite out of place. In the days when it was of use judges held office at the pleasure of the sovereign, and would have been dismissed if they failed to render the judgments he desired. In our day, and in this country, there is no sovereign who can private judges to do his will. Judges are at present independent during their term of office. When the Constitution is amended, as it will be as soon as the people of this State have attended to its faults, judges will be wholly independent.

In either case, it would be safer to intrust to them the ultimate decision of criminal cases than it is to have that decision to twelve ignoramuses. They would be more likely, and they would err far less frequently than men who had not their experience to guide them; and it is much less likely that they will, during their training, would be placed in any privilege or passion that to that extensive influences would affect the minds of ordinary men.

These opinions, though by no means new, are not very popular. The time will come, however, when they will prevail; and the jury system, which has long survived its usefulness, will be consigned to oblivion.

THE LOUNGER.

THERE is pleasant news from the venerable *Knickerbocker* has raised its cudgel against what it will calls *The London Assassins*, for its uniform sullenness toward American authors. The difficulty with the *Athenæum* is an old one. It is not aware that the world moves. It does not in the least suspect that American literature may be able to stand upon its own feet. The *Knickerbocker* looks pleasantly about, and laughs good-humoredly at the clumsy depreciation of the ill-meaning journal.

And why should there be this incessant jealousy

and suspicion of American performance on the part of England? It almost seems as if the Englishman, as such, had never ceased sneering away from the leading-strings of the Mother Country—as if he thought there was necessarily but something recilious to all laws in the nature of the new country.

Now it is undoubtedly true that our literature smacks greatly of other influences than the pure American; and the same thing is relatively true of the English, and of all other. The German and French influence are perceptible enough in modern English literature. But the whole spirit of all modern literature, in any country whatever, is the same. It is a human, liberal, spirit; full of sympathy with the human race, and of respect for the individual. There were never, for instance, three more tremendous democrats—and each in an entirely different way—than Carlyle, Buckle, and Emerson; and the popularity of these writers and speakers in this country shows plainly enough the tendency of public sympathy. It is a purely Protestant and hopeful tendency.

Now that there is any kind of development or law in literature the positivist Adversaries never suspects. That a book is any thing more than a certain quantity of paper and more or less ingenious gravity printed upon it, has not yet penetrated the consciousness of the Adversary. Why, it is not yet sharp enough to tell what is going to come from what is not; and actually believes that the books of Sun Slick have some kind of relation to some kind of life or person as some time and place were where upon this continent.

Now that any Englishman should find any fun in the ghastly dreariness of Sam Slick's "humor" is an individual affair. Nobody can justly complain of it, whatever his indignation may be, any more than he can properly complain of the clothes which the individual Bull chooses to wear on Sunday. But that any Englishman in London, with weekly communication across the Atlantic and with plenty of accounts of this country, should really believe that there is any such lingo prevalent here as is printed in the broken dialogues of our books and our doings, is delicious. The English have the best reason to know that we are not natural fools; but they love to see us in the parody that we talk like such.

And with this quality of knowledge, and with no conception of literature as a science, the London *Athenæum* regularly calls every American book "stupid," "dreary," "dull," and so on. Of late the *Knickerbocker* recalls the *Athenæum's* notice of it "Nothing can be more special reading of the *Weekly*). "After half a column of generalities, without any allusion to the poem at all, it 'strike the whole of it, and 'recall' nothing but the close of the entertainment which, for once, it gives its readers, in this wise: 'The hallucination is said to be a Mr. Butler, of New York; and the *Yankee* origin is indeed apparent in jests and local allusions, neither very funny nor very intelligible to London readers. But the nonsense, on the whole, is drawn out with much spirit and ingenuity, and that the grave reader may find something in today's number of the *Athenæum* that he may safely skip—if he please."

If that be not an alarming case of humor, where shall we look for it? If the ton of a lightsome elephant, dancing cheerfully among eggs, there is no such spectacle to be seen.

"There was an old woman of Prague,
Whose words were excessively vague;
When they asked, 'Are those eggs?'
She answered, 'Perhaps.'"

"That oracular woman of Prague."

But, upon the whole, the most modest specimen of *Athenæum* wit is calling Longfellow Mr. Protracted Fellow.

American publishers are naturally beginning to emit the notices of the *A.*; from their advertisements, and American authors have learned to survive its sneers. At present the London *Athenæum* is merely the publishers' circular of the London trade.

PERPLEXITY.

Is it love, or only fancy,
That my life is so shaded
In her being, void of grace,
Wayward, sad, and young?
My life's heaven is strangely ebbed,
Swayed and perturbed by a doubt,
Which, if answered affirmatively,
Over me is hung.

F. G.

DOES F. G. remember
"Could not clear out-how, why some yow so cruelly
mock?" etc.

A NEW STATUE.

In Philadelphia there is a new statue, by Steinhauser, already erected. It is a boy playing the violin. The figure is slight, and lightly draped; one hand draws the bow across the violin resting on the heel, with long hair and youthful beauty, is turned upward toward the sky. It might be called Aspiration or Inspiration; for the face and attitude are full of ecstasy. The work is simple and beautiful, and wrought with ease, but without that exquisite finish which distinguishes the best statues both of Crawford and Powers. There is a springing lightness of movement which is very pleasing, as if the force of emotion almost drew the feet from the ground. New-light on a heaven-kissing hill"—is the spirit of Steinhauser's charming fancy, and enchanting its new home.

STATE MURDERS.

Is it generally understood that criminals in our state prisons are to be punished for misdemeanors so severely that they die under the infliction, and the only public critician convicted of a paragraph in some newspaper? Two or three weeks since a stout negro in the Auburn State Prison was "shoveled" for punishment, and although he begged, and promised, and prayed, the torture was so severe that he died in three minutes after it was over.

Nobody is guilty of course. In this sensitive and boasting century and country a prisoner is not left in a moment of that puny ball fairly flickering yonder near the sun, called the earth, and of that dot which I know to exist on it—New York, with its swarm of conceited human atoms."

The Lounger will try to find room next week for the exercise in *Saturn's rings*—a little rebuke, which our correspondent allowed himself.

—It seems that Henrietta gave Nemo a chaplet of flowers; among them a sprig from a cedarbox, which says, "Touch me not." Thereupon Nemo falls into uncontrollable verse, of which this is a strain:

"I live for thee"—expressive phrase!
Exciting wither and amuse,
That vanquish, lovely cruel hair,
Should thee her love for me declare."

That, also, would appear to be impossible.

"RICHARD, YOUNG, *Journal*, *Boston* 4, 1858.

"MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.—You will confer a great favor on me by letting me know who is the 'Blue Stocking' who wrote the article on Dickens, as given in your *Weekly* December 4, 1858, page 771.

As a citizen of one of the republics founded by the Liberty Boys, I take an interest in knowing the people and witty writer who has presented your many readers with such a clear explanation of the inner life of that great man.

Yours very truly, C. C. M."

—*Hasten de Bolmer, par Gen. Duendorp-Bulstein; contiuuée jusqu'à sa mort, par Alphonse Lefort* (Paris, 1858).—Ah, yes!

—This is a genuine challenge, which the Lounger is emphatically glad to receive. He thinks, however, that Chaucer is a good writer, and that Milton has produced some creditable verses:

"CHICOPEE, *Massachusetts*, *December* 1, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER.—I am a lover of the British poets generally, and Chaucer in particular. My means limit me, but every man has his favorites, and I have mine.

"Your correspondent says there are no gentlemen with whom I am very intimately acquainted, though if I see them three times a day I shake hands with them, and observe many new traits in them. Shakespere, of course, we must allow Prince of Poets; that he has numerous faults and blemishes, and that he sometimes sacrifices sense to fancy, is true. Perhaps I have had the pleasure of progressively feasting on the most elegant conceptions of Chaucer's poets. I know that some will question the propriety of placing Milton in the same category, but I dare to be the critic of prejudice.

"I am not versed in the use of language Byron is equal to Shakespeare, and often superior to him; that Hartley is as well read in Shakespeare as he is in Shakespeare; that as a poetical composition, Shakespeare has not written any thing equal to Milton's 'Allegro.' Mr. Lounger, if you decline to answer these, perhaps some Lounger-admirer will favor you with a learned proof and will give the same in maintaining my position.

"BRAND."

—E. A. S., from New Orleans, sings of Autumn:

"Fading
Are the leaves,
The summer's sweet
Bees they'll forsake the parent tree.
Like those who in their time are doomed to be;
Like them our mortal frames are made;
Though we may flourish yet we'll fade."

—The Lounger is greatly obliged to the singingbirds who inspire the aviary of the Letter-box. He does it ever occur to any imparial spectator that lounging, under certain circumstances, must be a serious business?

—Nebuchadnezzar, of "Louisiana," forgets that the Lounger considers that literary inquiry settled.

"MARSHALL, TEXAS, *December* 11, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In your issue of Nov. 27 you speak of the addition of Lyton to the name of Bulwer—as if it were something new; but you seem to give us the idea that he was born 'Edward Lytton Bulwer-Lytton'—a supposition in which you are mistaken. He was christened, I thought that he was born 'Edward Bulwer,' and at manhood added Lytton, thereby adding to his name, as others did 'Sir.' Now, two questions in regard to the wonderful Lounger:

"1st, if the gentleman was born of husband and wife on this country, his surname, as last name, would be that of his father, was this not Bulwer. Why is it not so in Europe? Do they assume both names of their parents, or is it a matter of fancy, or self-privilege?

"Second. What is the rule or law regulating the names of Europe? Are they governed by law, by fashion, custom, &c., and become, and great ones generally?

"DEAR LOUNGER.—If you will inform us on the subject you will do a good service to the young minds who are interested. Yours truly, DAVE FEAR."

—The novelist's father was named Bulwer and his mother Lytton. He was called Edward Lytton Bulwer. Upon the death of his maternal grandfather Edward succeeded to his estate and added the maternal name to his own. He, therefore, became Edward Bulwer Lytton, as in the preface to the "Caxtons," in 1849, where he puts only the initials E. B. L.

—Will N. R., the Lounger's special correspondent from the stars, have patience?

—Forcible Feeble, of Stafford County, Virginia, is a sarcastic wag; but he must not think to hide his light under a bushel. When he asks for the autograph of Mr. Lounger, he must expect the blushing blushes betray him. Could any reader doubt for a moment that the following lines were by Forcible Feeble himself?

"How I love when nobody knows,
As I've heard it said,
Wh' de tid o' me eyas an' de tips er me toes
All turned up to de daisies."

"DARIEN COLLEGE, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER.—In speaking of Mr. Everett, in the *Weekly* of November 27, you say, 'He is also an orator of fame greater than that of any American.' Isn't Mr. Everett an American?

"Respectfully, WISE."

—Mr. Everett is an American. The insertion of the word "not" after "any" will perhaps illuminate the difficulty.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Dec.* 18, 1858.

THE past week has been a quiet one in business as well as in financial circles. Toward the close of the week the exchange stiffened up, in consequence of the want of specie for shipment to Europe, and closed firmly at 1/2 @ 1/3 premium for sterling, and 6.13 @ 6.14 for francs. The drain of gold to the South continues. The only material change in the value of money when we quote at 6 @ 7 cent loans; 4 @ 5 for the best unlisty days paper, on demand; 7 @ 8 for 60 days to 4 months; 8 @ 9 for 6 and six months approved paper.

In the stock department there has, as usual, confined to the members of the Board. There is no material change in prices since last week, with the exception of Illinois Central, which, on reports of great discouragement in England, has fallen from one cent here. The market generally is dull and inanimate.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Dec.* 18, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been rather more active for the week, and without any great fluctuations. Corn, Rye, and Barley have been very lightly dealt in, the prevailing disagreeing almost total inaction in good request at buoyant rates.....A fair inquiry for Pork, Beef, Rice, Tobacco, Sugar, and Molasses, with Spirits Turpentine, Linseed, Lard, and Whiskey at our rates.....Flour has been in fair demand, and prices for Ohio Flour have advanced 10 @ 15c. Market closed heavy.....Hay, Hemp, Seeds, Rice, Tobacco, and Molasses dull.....Tallow was in fair request, and was firmer.....Wool continued in freely demand at strengthening prices.....Cotton has been dull and declining during the week. The demand has been quite limited. Destitute of features. Sales of 1,000 bales at our rates last, and prices of such have been nominal for the week.

The following is a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ashes, Pearls, per bbl.	$7 00	@ $8 50
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 25	@ 5 15
Superfine to extra Western, per barrel	4 25	@ 5 10
Extra Western, per barrel	4 95	@ 5 80
Superfine to extra Southern, per barrel	4 25	@ 5 15
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 15	@ 6 90
Superfine to extra Canadian, per barrel	4 25	@ 5 15
Superfine to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 25	@ 5 15
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@ 4 10
Rye Flour, per barrel	3 90	@ 4 00
Red Wheat, per bushel	0 0	@ 1 28
White Wheat, per bushel	0 0	@ 1 30
Rye, per bushel	77	@ 78
Barley, per bushel	70	@ 75
Western Oats, per bushel	53	@ 55
Southern Oats, per bushel	0	@ 0
Jersey and Penn. Corn, per bushel	68	@ 68
Western Mixed Corn, per bushel	68	@ 68
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12	@ 12
Hay, per 100 lbs.	0 75	@ 1 00
Hops, per lb.	0	@ 0
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	7 00	@ 9 00
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	0	@ 0
Lard, per pound	0	@ 0
Butter, State, per pound	0	@ 0
Western Butter, per pound	12	@ 16
Cheese, per pound	8	@ 9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@ 3 87
Dry Cod, per cwt.	2 75	@ 3 00
Cuba Sugar, per pound	0 0	@ 7
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	0	@ 0
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@ 8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	0	@ 0
Crushed Sugar, per pound	0	@ 0
Coffee Teas, per pound	17	@ 50
Tobacco, per pound	0	@ 0
Hogs, new, per pound	0	@ 0
Hogs, per pound	0	@ 0
Hay, per 100 pounds	0	@ 0
Tallow, per pound	0	@ 0
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	4	@ 0
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	0	@ 0
Tar, per barrel	2	@ 3
Rosin, common, per 310 pounds	0	@ 0
Linseed Oil, per gallon	0	@ 0
Whale Oil, per gallon	0	@ 0
Lard Oil, per gallon	0	@ 0
American Fleece Wool, per pound	0	@ 0
" Pulled Wool	0	@ 0

THE Live Stock Market last Wednesday was more active than usual, and prices rather firmer. Beeves were in good quiet; as were also Veal Calves.....Sheep and Lambs were in fair demand and prices.....Swine were in lively demand at improved prices.

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Dec. 13.	Week ending Dec. 20.
Beeves	3,500	3,500
Milch Cows	125	125
Veal Calves	400	400
Sheep and Lambs	8,110	6,717
Swine	20,000	20,000

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the Forty-fourth Street Railroad Depot was as follows:

Beeves, Extra	$0 0 @ $0 0
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	40 00 @ 80 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5 @ 6
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 25 @ 5 00
Swine, per pound	5 @ 6
Live Swine, per pound	5 @ 6
Dressed Hogs	6 @ 7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00 @ 2 00

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WHOLESALE DEALERS' AND JOBBING MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50 @ $ 3 00
Beans, per bushel	1 50 @ 1 75
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00 @ 2 75
Onions, per barrel	2 00 @ 2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	1 75 @ 2 00
Potatoes, per bushel	75 @ 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Onions, per barrel	2 00 @ 2 50
Onions, per bushel	62 @ 87
Cabbages, per 100	4 00 @ 6 00
Carrots, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 50
Cabbages, per dozen	1 00 @ 1 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 75
Parsnips, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Pumpkins, per 100	6 00 @ 10 00
Squashes, per dozen	1 00 @ 1 50
Celery, Roots, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Celery, Sage, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	1 50 @ 2 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	1 00 @ 1 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	30 @ 35
Eggs, Western, per dozen	21 @ 23
Fowls, per pound	6 @ 7
Ducks, per pound	6 @ 7
Geese, each	75 @ 1 00
Turkeys, per pound	8 @ 9
Wild Turkeys, per pound	10 @ 12
Ducks, per pound	0 @ 0
" black, per pair	37 @ 50
" widgeon, per pair	37 @ 50
" wood, per pair	37 @ 50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00 @ 1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	2 00 @ 3 00
Quails, per dozen	50 @ 75
Partridges, per dozen	1 00 @ 1 50
Hares, per dozen	1 75 @ 2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25 @ 37
Squirrels, each	0 @ 0
Venison, per pound	0 @ 0
Bear's Meat, per pound	10 @ 0

ADVERTISEMENTS.



CHRISTMAS—GATHERING EVERGREENS.

CHRISTMAS.

In wishing our friends a merry Christmas, we present them with four pictures of the season—gathering evergreens in the forest for chapel or hall room; the Christmas-tree with its wonderful foliage and fruit, more popular among children than the ripest peaches or ruddiest apples: the well-filled stocking at the foot of the bed; and last of all, the Christmas out of doors, with poor shivering creatures cowering under the storm, many of them, perhaps, with "nowhere to go." Let all who propose to spend a merry Christmas at home, with a Christmas-tree and sports of all kinds, think of the poor people who on that Christmas night have no warm fire to sit by, and no home to call their own.

Time was when it was unlawful to keep Christmas in New England. A penal enactment, we are told, actually forbade the pilgrims and their children from keeping Christmas; so closely was the day connected in their minds with the rites of the Church which they had reason to regard as their oppressor. In these Middle States and in the South Christmas Day has always been a popular holiday. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world is Christmas so heartily enjoyed as in New York. Every one remembers the lines:

"Hark! the merry bells chiming from Trinity
Charm the ear with their musical din,
Telling all throughout the vicinity
Holiday gambols are now to begin.
Friends and relations,
With fond salutations,
And warm gratulations,
Together appear;
White lovers and misses,
With holiday kisses,
Greet merry Christmas
And happy New Year!"

It seems a question whether the Yule-log was ever introduced into this country as a necessary part of the Christmas ceremonies. One authority says:

"'Twas Christmas eve! the supper board was spread,
The fire blazed high, with logs of hickory fed."

Others, however, speak of the Yule-log as being



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



SANTA CLAUS AND HIS PRESENTS.

selected some weeks before from the forests. It is known that the Yule-log must be something enormous in size—so large as to blaze brightly and fiercely in the hearth until the feast is over. Herrick gives the following song on the subject:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.
With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your paternes play,
That every tick may
Come while the log is tending.
Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare mince-pie
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

The favorite dish for Christmas Day in this part of the world seems to be—as on Thanksgiving Day in New England—roast turkey. It is curious to note, in this connection, that turkeys were introduced into the land of our forefathers contemporaneously with the Protestant religion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, the 7th, in the Senate, the list of Standing Committees was read and adopted by a vote of 41 to 20. Senator Mason gave notice of a bill to equalize the compensation of our foreign ministers. Senator Clingman introduced a resolution calling for all the correspondence on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Laid over. On motion of Senator Gwin, the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up by 26 to 15, and a speech thereon made by the Senator.——In the House, Mr. Clay moved a resolution calling for information as to recent British visits of American vessels off Nicaragua. Adopted. Mr. Clay offered a resolution of censure on President Buchanan, censured by Messrs. John Cochrane, Stevens, Reynolds, Adrain, and Houston.

On Tuesday, 14th, in the Senate, a memorial was presented by J. Horsford Smith, praying to be allowed to import iron duty free. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up in connection with an amendment of Senator Wilson to make the road follow the 42d parallel, and was discussed by Senators Stuart, Mason, Shields, Pugh, Iverson, Brown, Foot, Green, Fitch, Gwin, and



CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS.

Wilson.——In the House, after the reception of various reports, etc., the Watrous impeachment case was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Ward, Cochrane, Vallandigham, Bryan, Reagan, and Bingham.

On Wednesday, 15th, in the Senate, various petitions were presented. The Senate declined to call up Mr. Clingman's Clayton-Bulwer resolution by 25 to 24; also the Pacific Railroad Bill by 24 to 24; then went into Executive Session.——In the House notices of bills to alter the tariff were presented. The Watrous impeachment case was taken up, and, after a speech by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, the House resolved, by 111 to 92, that the evidence was insufficient to warrant the impeachment of Judge Watrous. The case of the contested election in the Third Congressional District of Baltimore was then taken up; pending discussion on which the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 16th, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced resolutions providing for the election of Territorial officers in Arizona (referred); and inquiring respecting the alleged landing of slaves from the *Wanderer*. Senator Clingman attempted to bring up his resolution for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, but was opposed by Senator Mason; leave refused by 28 to 22. A speech on the Pacific Railroad was made by Senator Bell. Mr. Townsend Harris was permitted to receive presents from the British Government. Other routine business was transacted.——In the House the Baltimore contested election case was taken up, and, by 108 to 90, Mr. Whyte was allowed to be heard on the floor. A resolution to declare the election void was tabled by 106 to 97. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and the subject of pensions to officers and soldiers engaged in the war of 1812 was discussed by Messrs. Phelps, Savage, Nichols, Burnet, Ritchie, Mason, and Dewart.

THE FIRST SHAD OF THE SEASON.

An affray took place on 18th, in Washington, between Hon. Mr. English, of Indiana, and Hon. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania. The *Times* says: "The parties met for the first time this session on Saturday, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and the Avenue. As they approached each other, English, ignorant of any ill-feeling existing, said, 'How are you, Montgomery? I am glad to see you;' at the same time extending his hand, which Montgomery declined, saying, 'I speak to no puppy, Sir!' English immediately struck him with a heavy lignum-vitæ sword-cane across the head, knocking him partially down and into the gutter, and breaking the stick. English stood with a piece of the stick and the sword—which had been drawn, not intentionally, but by the force of the blow—while Montgomery rose with a brick in his hand, which he, however, threw down, and English walked off. After English had gone some fifteen paces Montgomery again picked up the brick and threw it at English, who attempted to dodge behind a post. A piece of the brick struck English's boot-heel, but did no damage.

"Montgomery proceeded to a magistrate's office and procured a writ for English, while the latter returned to his room near by, armed himself, and then continued his walk. Hearing that Montgomery had sworn out a writ, English also proceeded to the office and gave bail for his appearance at court. Montgomery sent English word by the Lieutenant of Police that he would fight him, 'but not with weapons.' Montgomery weighs upward of two hundred pounds, and is regarded the stoutest man in Congress. English weighs about one hundred and fifty."

THE RIGHT OF VISIT CORRESPONDENCE.

We make the following extract from the British Government's dispatch renouncing the right of visiting American vessels:

"Her Majesty's Government, anxious to remove all possible repetition of the acts which appear to have caused so much excitement in the United States, and which might, if repeated at this moment, be detrimental to the good relations of the two countries, have sent further orders to the officers commanding the Cuban squadron to discontinue the search of any vessels of the United States until some arrangement, in the sense I have pointed out, shall be made by your lordship with the United States Government, or declined on their part.

"Should the Government of the United States not think fit to adopt some mutual regulation by which the officers of both States shall be enabled to verify the nationality of a suspicious ship, without offense to its crew or its country, her Majesty's Government will deeply regret that an opportunity has been lost to secure, honorably and forever, the two nations from those vexatious and irritating controversies which are inevitable as long as the letter of international law is made inflexibly to override those measures which experience and common sense recommend as necessary for the security of life and property on the high seas. I am, etc., etc.,

"LORD NAPIER, etc., etc." "MALMESBURY.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

From Mr. Cass's letter in reply we clip the following:

"The President is aware of the abuses to which the fraudulent assumption of the flag of one Power by the citizens or subjects of another may give rise, and he deeply regrets that the flag of the United States has ever been prostituted to unworthy purposes by such a reprehensible proceeding. At the same time he entertains a strong conviction that the occasional abuse of the flag of any nation is an evil far less to be deprecated than would be the establishment of a pretension like this, which is incompatible with the freedom of the seas. But, while avowing this conviction, he instructs me to say that the United States are not less solicitous than Great Britain that a remedy should be found for this false employment of national colors, to which Lord Malmesbury refers in just terms of condemnation; and the President, though not prepared to make any suggestions upon the subject, is yet ready to receive any propositions which the British Government may feel disposed to make, and to consider them with an earnest hope that the object may be safely and satisfactorily attained.

"But while communicating to his lordship these favorable sentiments of the President, it is due to the occasion to say that there are grave difficulties in the way of reconciling any kind of examination, looking to the detention of vessels, with that entire immunity which is so dear to the people of the United States and so important to all commercial nations. It is a practical question whose solution requires much cautious consideration; and all the assurance that can now be given by this Government is that it shall be discussed with an anxious desire that it may be so adjusted as to prevent the evil to be complained of, while at the same time the ocean shall be left free to the merchant vessels of all nations, each maintaining its own police without the interference with others."

VOYAGE OF THE "WASHINGTON."

The steamship *Washington*, of the Nicaragua line, arrived at this port last week from San Juan del Norte and Aspinwall. She left New York on the 7th of November, and arrived at San Juan on the 18th; learning there that the *Hermann* had not touched at San Juan del Sur, she proceeded after a week's delay to Aspinwall. Part of her passengers—such of them as had money to pay their traveling expenses to San Francisco—were taken to Panama and shipped on board the Pacific Mail Company's steamer. The remainder, greatly exasperated and distressed at the treatment they had received, were brought back to New York. While at San Juan the *Washington* was boarded by two officers of H. B. M. ship *Valorous*, who questioned Captain Churchill very closely about his passengers, etc., etc. Flag-officer M'Intosh promptly remonstrated against the interference, and a correspondence ensued between him and the British officer in command, which, we are assured, ended satisfactorily to all parties concerned. The presence of Sir William Gore Ouseley on board the *Valorous* gives an importance to this visit of British officers to an American ship which it would not otherwise possess.

THE CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT.

Dispatches from Commodore M'Intosh state that after the steamer *Washington* was boarded by the British officers, he demanded explanations, when Captain Aldham disclaimed any intention to exercise the right of search, saying he had merely boarded the *Washington* to get the news; in other words, he had merely made the vessel a friendly visit, the same as our own officers make to British vessels. Sir William Gore Ouseley and his secretary have explained the matter pretty much in the same way. The prominent fact occurs in the correspondence that Great Britain exercises a protectorate over the Mosquito Kingdom. Mr. Ouseley's secretary said the British had abandoned the right of search, and that therefore the visit was not made under it. Commodore M'Intosh thinks the explanation of the British, in respect to the visit of the *Washington*, satisfactory, frank, and fair.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON CENTRAL AMERICA.

In the course of a late Southern speech, Senator Douglas spoke in strong terms against the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which Great Britain had secured to herself an equal interest with the United States in the affairs of Central America. In the course of these remarks, he related a conversation that once took place between Mr. Bulwer and himself, at Washington, on the subject of the Central American treaty. Mr. Bulwer said he thought the treaty a good one, because it was reciprocal: the two contracting countries had equal privileges. "I agreed," said Mr. Douglas, "to consider the treaty a good one if I could have a little amendment added to it." "What is that?" asked Mr. Bulwer. "Why," said I, "the treaty secures equal rights to Great Britain and the United States in Central America; and after 'Central America,' I would have inserted the words, 'and Asia.'" "But," said he, "you have no interest in Asia." Said I, "you have none in Central America." "But," says he, again, "you have no *right* in Asia." "Very well," I replied, "and we don't mean that Great Britain shall ever establish any right in Central America."

THE LANDING OF THE "WANDERER'S" CARGO.

The Savannah *Republican* of 15th says: "The rumor which we announced in the *Republican* of Saturday relative to the landing of a cargo of Africans on the coast or islands near Brunswick, we regret to learn is borne out by many circumstances, which, though not strictly legal proof, are sufficient to carry conviction to any mind that this unlawful deed has been perpetrated. They were landed, we hear, on Jekyl Island, for which privilege it is said the negro traders paid $15,000, and that a steam-boat from this city went down and brought one hundred and fifty of them past Savannah and up the river to a plantation, from whence they were scattered over the country. It is said the cargo consisted of three hundred and fifty; but it is difficult to believe so small a vessel could hold so many.

"The *Wanderer*, on leaving New York, cleared for Trinidad, and thence to St. Helena, from whence she now hails, and accounts for being without regular papers now by stating that this Government had no consul there, and she could not obtain any. Captain Corrie has papers purporting to be from the native officials at St. Helena, but they lack the necessary seals.

"The report of the landing having come to the ears of Joseph Ganahl, Esq., District Attorney, he found that three persons had arrived in the Florida boat on Wednesday last. Circumstances directed the suspicions of District-Attorney Ganahl toward them, and he felt warranted in going before Judge Nichols, of the United States District Court, and taking the necessary oath for their arrest. Their names, as registered at the City Hotel, are Juan Bt. Rajesta, N. A. Brown, and Miguel Aguirvi, all hailing from New Orleans. As soon as it was reported around that the arrest had been made, Mr. Ganahl was approached to know what bail was necessary, to which he replied that it was not a bailable case, as the arrest was for piracy. They were put in jail, and, we understand, are provided with every thing of the best."

RETURN OF THE "NIAGARA."

The United States steam frigate *Niagara*, which left Charleston on the 19th of September, with the Africans taken from the slaver *Echo*, returned to this port last week from her philanthropic mission. The *Niagara* arrived at Monrovia on the 8th of November, and landed her dusky passengers at that port, together with provisions, clothing, and other stores furnished for their support and comfort by the American Colonization Society. Seventy-one of the negroes had died on the passage, leaving but 200 out of the original number received on board at Charleston.

SPIRIT-KISSES.

The Pawtucket *Gazette* relates the following pleasant incident of spiritual communication: "An enthusiastic believer was relating to a skeptic the spiritual performances to which he could testify, and among other things said that on a certain occasion the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and, seating herself upon his knee, put her arms around him and kissed him as much to his gratification as she used to when living. 'You do not mean to say,' remarked the skeptic, 'that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?' 'No, not *exactly* that,' replied the believer, 'but her spirit took possession of the body of a female medium, and through her embraced and kissed me.' We presume that believers are often as willingly deceived as this man was."

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant-General Scott sailed last week in the *Marion*, for Charleston. He declined the military escort which was tendered him the day previous. He was accompanied to the steamship by G. W. Blunt, Moses H. Grinnell, Mr. King, and a few other friends. Unknown to him a squad of the Life Guards, under General Wool, proceeded to the pier, and fired a salute of thirty-two guns when the steamer sailed. Several hundred people assembled and cheered, and the General waved his hat from the upper deck. He goes to inspect the fortifications of Charleston, Key West, New Orleans, and other southern cities.

The trial of Thomas Allibone and Thomas A. Newhall, on a charge of conspiracy against the stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania, terminated on Saturday by a verdict of acquittal, given by the jury without leaving their box. The District Attorney abandoned the case, and the court instructed the jury to find for the defendants.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, referring to the operatic people, writes: "When Lord Napier went to see them, Parodi said, 'We have seen by the papers that you have been in Virginia.' 'Yes,' replied the Minister, 'I can't move, it seems, without having my name in the papers.' 'True,' naively replied Brignoli, '*we* public characters are always chronicled.' His Lordship colored and looked unutterable things, while the Italian warblers enjoyed the joke, and have told it on every hand."

A new poem by John G. Whittier, entitled "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewell," is announced to appear on the 6th of January. The Samuel Sewell referred to was an eminent Massachusetts judge, belonging to the period of the Salem witchcraft.

A correspondent of the Vincennes *Sun*, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs. Douglas, relates that, at the Chicago celebration, Mrs. Douglas was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she; "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs; he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him, and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets; and, besides, he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with." His old white hat, however, rode out the storm, dilapidated, but safe.

The St. Paul's *Minnesotian* of December 4 contains the following item:

"Lord Cavendish, Mr. Ashley, and Lord Robert Grosvenor, about whose safety some fears were entertained, have arrived at Fort Gerry, Red River, in perfect health."

The *Albion* says that the sole reason of Lord Napier's recall is the delicate health of Lady Napier, who languishes under the trying climate of Washington.

The South Carolina Legislature, on 10th December, elected, on joint ballot, Colonel William H. Gist, of Union District, Governor for the succeeding term of two years. Colonel Gist was for many years a member of the Senate, and in 1848 was Lieutenant-Governor, during the term of Governor Seabrook. We believe that he never qualified as Lieutenant-Governor, but continued in his Senatorial seat, where he served for several years subsequently. Colonel Gist is very widely known throughout the State as a man of high honor and character. The fourth and final ballot resulted as follows: Whole number of votes, 159; necessary to a choice, 80. William H. Gist, 81; James H. Irby, 78.

A correspondent of the Rochester *Union* writes from New York that "Mrs. Cunningham, of Burdell murder notoriety, and her two daughters are living in an elegant mansion in Twenty-third Street, and apparently in easy circumstances. They give parties occasionally, and 'the head of the family,' it is said, was visible at the Opera the other evening. Augusta was married, recently, to a young Southern planter, and Helen, it is understood, is in a fair way to follow the example."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SAFETY OF THE "INDIAN EMPIRE."

THE steamship *Indian Empire* reached Broadhaven, County Mayo, on the 26th ult. All well on board, but her fuel exhausted, and a portion of her cargo and wood-work consumed, and short of provisions. The ship laid to for a week, within a day or two's steaming of Galway, during two furious storms.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Tralee *Chronicle* publishes the following letter from Valentia, dated the 21st November:

"Nothing of importance occurred since my last until Friday, when the weather was so fine that no further pretext could be advanced for not proceeding with the laying down of the shore end of the cable. The vessels accordingly proceeded to sea, and succeeded in submerging the few miles of shore cable, and in making a splice with the deep-sea portion about five miles off Douglass Head. This operation was easily performed, and it is much to be regretted that the remaining seven miles of shore cable left at Greenwich was not brought here and added to the part now laid down. Had this been done there is no doubt but the result would be satisfactory. This is more evident from the fact that, after passing the spot where the shore end terminates, some of the men, in their anxiety to continue the underrunning of the small cable, discovered a 'kink,' having the conducting wire exposed to the water, and, therefore, injuring to some extent the conducting power of the wire. The defective part was immediately cut out. But the underrunning was discontinued, though it is probable that other defects of the kind would have been discovered had they proceeded. This can not be said to be giving the present cable a fair trial. I am not aware that the shore cable has been tested since it was laid down, nor is there any person of sufficient experience here to do so; and when we recollect that some of the most eminent practical electricians of the day have differed materially in the manner and result of their testing, we must have very little reliance on the opinion of others of far less scientific experience. Nothing is therefore known of the present condition of the cable, or whether the laying down of the portion of the shore end has materially improved its condition, as the office has been shut up since the 1st inst., and the staff, with one exception, discharged (not removed to London, as has been asserted)."

FRANCE.

THE TRIAL OF MONTALEMBERT.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "On the day fixed, between nine and ten o'clock, I was one of a small group of men who clustered round the doors of the entrance of the Palace of Justice, in order to be present at the trial of M. de Montalembert. At eleven o'clock we were admitted, and a few minutes after twelve o'clock the proceedings of the court began. The chamber is extremely small, holds about one hundred and fifty people easily, and about two hundred closely packed. I should think we were, altogether, over two hundred. I counted only ten ladies in the trial chamber, including Madame de Montalembert and her young, unmarried daughter.

"In his examination by the magistrate M. de Montalembert, with quiet determination, held to all he had said, but did so without the slightest 'fuss.' In answer to one question put, he distinctly said, 'Yes, I do esteem the political institutions of England preferable to those by which France is at present ruled;' and on another occasion he replied, 'I did and do mean to say that I admire the freedom England enjoys, and regret that France no longer enjoys it also.' At this he was stopped by the President, and told he was repeating the offense for which he was then being tried. He bowed, and said, 'I can not state facts other than as they are.' Moderately and resolutely, with the moderation that belongs to true resolution only, he assumed the entire responsibility of the incriminated act on himself, and said, 'I will take it exclusively if you desire it.'

THE VERDICT.

"When the Judges came back, after a deliberation of one hour and a half, you clearly saw that they felt the falseness of their position. A large body of sergents de ville were marshaled into the court, and the following enormity uttered by the presiding Judge: 'We had counted on the reserve of the public—we have been mistaken; instead of one sergent de ville, we have sent for several. Their duty is to watch every individual present, and if any one makes the slightest sign, to arrest him and bring him before the tribunal.' Thereupon, addressing the policemen, 'Now,' said the Judge, 'place yourselves so as that no one shall escape you, and be vigilant.' These men placed themselves back to back so as to command both sides of the hall, and set-to to 'watch' while the sentence was read, which condemns Montalembert to six months' imprisonment and three thousand francs fine. To this I will add nothing. The crowd went away in forced and breathless silence; but do you think at the bottom of that silence lies any thing suspicious for the existing *régime* as it is actually constituted?"

A PARDON GRANTED BUT REFUSED.

The *Moniteur* of the 2d inst. announces that, in consequence of the anniversary of the 2d December, the Emperor relieves M. de Montalembert from the penalties of the sentence passed upon him. The London *Times* claims this as a triumph of the English Press, but at the same time censures the Emperor for numerous acts of vacillating he has displayed.

M. de Montalembert writes to the *Moniteur* to the following effect: "I have appealed against the sentence passed upon me. No power in France up to the present time has had a right to remit a penalty not definitive. I am one of those who still believe in the right, and I do not accept the pardon. I beg you, and if necessary, demand you to insert this." A letter from Montalembert to the Archbishop of Paris, published in the *Indépendence Belge*, declines the Archbishop's intercession for a remission of the penalty. Montalembert lodged a formal appeal against his sentence on the 2d inst.

FALL OF THE EMPEROR.

The French Emperor's horse fell with him lately while climbing a bank in the forest of Compiègne. Both horse and rider rolled to the bottom of the embankment; and the journals being forbidden to mention the matter, it is supposed that his Majesty was severely *contusionné;* and the suspicion is increased by the seizure and persecution of a poor open-mouthed prophet, who gave warning that, before the year is concluded, "all this will disappear (*tout cela disparaitra*), and without vengeance, bloodshed, or violence, but by the finger of God alone."

MORPHY'S GAMES.

The *Times* correspondent says: "Morphy continues to play nearly every day at the Café de la Régence, against all comers, giving odds to the weak, and showing his brilliant points to the strong. Among those he has lately beaten in even matches were M. Ludinski, a celebrated Polish player, who came to Paris expressly, and who got beaten seven straight games: M. Laroche, whom Mr. Morphy declares the best French player, and whom he beat with ease; and M. de Riviere, a player who takes rank next to, if not equal with, M. Laroche, and who, in his various contests with Mr. Morphy, has occasionally beaten him. This M. de Riviere is a brother of your Captain de Riviere, of Blount notoriety. He is a gentlemanly, handsome man, a reporter for the Press, a brilliant chess-player, as we have seen, and, like the Captain, speaks English, their mother having been a Scotch woman. I ought to mention that Morphy has also beaten, with ease, and with great mortification to his adversary, a Frenchman by the name of Erkel, who came and challenged him, backed by a numerous array of friends, with something of the air of mockery with which Goliah defied David. It did not take Morphy long to reduce his bombast to the smallest possible dimensions."

LAMARTINE'S OPULENT BEGGARY.

The *Times* correspondent says: "We had the melancholy spectacle lately of the millionaire poet standing two hours before the Committee of Relief at a special meeting at the Hôtel du Louvre, explaining in detail the state of his finances. From his own mouth we learn that he has been slandered in the sum of his debts—they are but 2,200,000 francs! Of this he has paid the last year 900,000, so that there remains due but 1,300,000. But what do you think of a man who can pay off in one year $180,000, and who goes begging for money? Is it a beggar or a millionaire that has such brilliant resources at his command?"

THE SCHOOLS' QUESTION IN FRANCE.

A case has occurred in France which has a curious bearing on our schools' question. There is a French law which makes it obligatory on manufacturers to send to school all their factory children who are under twelve. The school is the public one, which is Roman Catholic. Mr. Walker is an English lace manufacturer in St. Pierre, and he has been summoned for having two English children in his service without sending them to school. He pleaded that they were Protestants and the school was Roman Catholic; but the plea did not avail, for the judge, who said that a free school could not be established for every sect, decided against Mr. Walker, fining him six francs and costs, on the ground that the defendant's argument tended to create for foreign Protestants a position which would enable them to compete unfairly with Frenchmen.

GERMANY.

HUMBOLDT PERSECUTED BY A BOSWELL.

M. von Humboldt, it seems, is pestered by a Boswell. A Berlin letter to the Boston *Journal* says: "A German *litterateur*, of much dull learning and duller industry, has taken upon himself to be Humboldt's biographer without having any special qualifications for the task. He has attached himself, burr-like, to Humboldt, and will not be shaken off. Every word from the old man's lips, every letter he writes, is eagerly caught up, and chronicled or filed away by the German Boswell."

A LADY FINED FOR WEARING TOO LARGE HOOPS.

The *Indépendence Belge* states that a young lady, living in Hanover, has been sentenced by a court of that town to pay a fine of two francs "for having worn a dress which, occupying the whole breadth of the pavement, is an obstruction to the public way."

INDIA.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The campaign commenced on the 18th October. The rebels had been dislodged from many strongholds. Several engagements are reported, each resulting in victory on the British side, and heavy losses to the enemy. On the 30th the rebels were defeated near Mood Poor; on the 31st the Fort of Berwha was taken by storm; and on the same day the strong fort of Berra was captured; on the 23d a detachment was assailed by a thousand rebels, but they were repulsed, with the loss of men and guns; on the 27th the fort of Rohes was taken; and on the 29th Benes Madho, with 20,000 men, was captured, with loss.

Tantia Topee was a fugitive, his forces having been routed, with the loss of all their guns and six hundred killed.

The number of rebels was still very large, at the lowest estimate 50,000, but they are scattered about in small bodies.

The proclamation in which the British Crown assumes entire command over India, and promises an amnesty on certain conditions, was read throughout India on the 1st of November, and is said to have given great satisfaction to all parties.

Tantia Topee had applied to know on what terms he could surrender.

TURKEY.

THE SULTAN ON BOARD THE "WABASH."

A letter from the United States frigate *Wabash* says that, shortly after their arrival at Constantinople, "it was intimated to us that the Sultan himself was coming to visit us. In order to make us appreciate the distinguished honor of which we were to be the happy recipients, we were told that the only occasion on which the Sultan of Turkey ever condescended to visit a man-of-war was many years ago, when a Turkish line-of-battle-ship, commanded by his own brother, entered the port. A second invitation was tendered the Sultan by her captain, but, as it afterward appeared, with the intention of blowing her up when he arrived on board. An accidental circumstance having detained the Sultan—who expected no foul play—on shore, the design to make away with his life was frustrated, but the disastrous destruction of the splendid ship and her crew of 500 souls was accomplished. It need not, therefore, be wondered at that the Sultan entertains a strong prejudice against boarding men-of-war; and the fact that the first breach of this time-honored practice of abstaining from participation in all naval ceremonies, was made in favor of Americans, shows that we can inspire confidence, where nations much older and more experienced in the mysteries of diplomacy are looked upon with suspicion. While our illustrious guest was on board, two vessels, one entering and the other leaving harbor, ran foul of us, and I certainly imagined, by the dismay perceptible on the Sultan's face during the confusion incident to the mishap, that his memory was busy with the conspiracy above referred to, and that it was altogether probable he would not board even a Yankee frigate in haste again. Our officers endeavored to induce him to step down in the ward-room until the vessels would be extricated; but he strenuously refused, and said he would rather remain on deck. His aide, feeling an itching of curiosity, undertook to examine the musket belonging to one of the marines. In letting down the hammer his thumb was not strong enough to ease it gradually, and a smart snap was the consequence; but if the magazine had exploded the poor fellow could not have been more frightened. Every vestige of color left his face, and it was some time before his nerves became settled."

AFRICA.

WHAT OUR SQUADRON IS ABOUT.

A letter to the *Herald* from the United States frigate *Cumberland*, now on the coast of Africa, contains the following: "We have now been fifteen months on the African station, of which precisely twenty-two days have been passed on the usual cruising ground for slavers—thirteen of which twenty-two days we were at anchor—and with the exception of the boarding and overhauling of the *Cortez*, of which daring exploit you received some account last October, no slavers or any other vessels have been boarded by us, nor are likely to be, from present appearances.

"In consequence of the injured health of the ship's company, consequent upon that affair and a boat expedition two miles up the Congo River, it was deemed necessary by the commander-in-chief that the ship should remain three months at Madeira, in order to recruit the health and spirits of the officers and crew after such unprecedented fatigues and hardships—two weeks being the period usually allotted to the other vessels of the squadron. The remainder of the time has been passed at Cape Verde, and now—after an absence of eleven months from it—we are again on the coast of Africa.

"I merely give you this short account to convince your readers how much has been said, and how little actually done, toward contributing any thing to the suppression of the slave-trade. Our squadron on the west coast of Africa has never dreamed of such a thing."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

'Tis the eve before Christmas—come, gather to-night!
The Yule-log dispenses its welcoming light;
The tall, ivory candles are all in a blaze,
And the old hall is ringing with good Christmas lays!

II.

Come one and come all, then, smile in the cheer;
Leave far, far behind the dark burden of care—
Come, bind the green boughs round the wide, glowing hearth,
And join in the revel, the music, and mirth.

III.

The old will be here with their temples of grey,
And the young who have lived in this world but a day;
What with chatting and feasting and merry old song,
The night will pass gayly and swiftly along.

IV.

What reck we of Winter? The tempests may roar,
And the snow-drifts fill up every window and door;
The storm may rave on, but we heed not its din,
Though Winter without, it is Summer within.

V.

Fair fingers are decking with Holly and Bay
The old village font for the Festival day:
With Myrtle and Mistletoe, wreathing in green
The pulpit and chancel, the altar and screen.

VI.

Come all, then, to-night—'tis a season for mirth:
To-morrow we'll bar the door against Sorrow;
When the Magi of old found the long-sought-for boy,
They rejoiced," it is said, "with exceeding great joy!"

C. C. COX.

THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my aunt and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Greenfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing at the service proceeded; and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Just over my head was a pew at the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies, whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young—that is, relatively—as they stood up at the service proper. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox; and, by the contained closed stylish, yet unaffected, air of the head, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently interrupted by a look of pain. She was evidently an invalid. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and glossy-banded brown hair. In fact, it could not have been caused by either the singing or the slightness of the congregation, for neither there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at an inviting group of trees on rising ground, when we suddenly came into a by-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, Frederick first at one house and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man seated in a wicker-chair, were busily employed in some occupation which I could not see, but which, from the plaintive sound of the shrill voices, I guessed to be a well-known ancient, Mr. Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and, in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

"It is impossible to say, ma'am," he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, "without seeing the case. Twenty-three years of age, and has had her hearing thoroughly restored but a few years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier."

"I know nothing of the case, Mr. Morton, but have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr. Rawlins, is her medical man."

"Dr. Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, I have had many of the very patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all."

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

"Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?"

"She is the late Mr. Glenfield's third daughter."

"Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served in the army with Mr. Glenfield; he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best."

"But Mr. Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty."

"Dead! Ah! I remember the fover. But the other daughter—is she not deaf?"

"She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind."

"Blind! Poor things, poor things! Well, bring the young lady my morning you choose—that is, before ten."

"But, Sir," I replied, "Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield. It will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you."

"At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs. Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me. My subject is deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend, and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family."

"Very likely, Sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?"

"Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs. Smith at two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do any thing for your friend."

While he was speaking I had drawn out my pocket-book and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards had written, "Miss Glenfield, Wood Cottage, Wood Lane;" and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I did, said, "Good day, Miss. I take this fee, Miss Rawlins"—Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, "Miss Hill"—"merely by way of testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever advice or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and, rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;" and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the surgeon's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be on Wards Common the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that she had come, according to promise; that she had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had been somewhat unusually well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on. Mr. Morton answered somewhat briefly my professional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me. Dear Mrs. Rawlins [she wrote], You could ascertain positively whether Mr. Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—he is the only one, I believe, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively, because it would be desirable to the consequence frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. He is a very nice man, I think; but I would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr. Martin is not married, I shall not object, except at my home."

I was blunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. Amusement, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the artist and Amelia myself. But the Beconsfield visit was not my own; when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the evening train I had to take for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing how to wile away the time, I saw Mr. Morton accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as Mr. Morton, I should never have recognized as Mr. Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was more gay, and altogether he seemed to me as happy, and quite a handsome man.

"Just coming from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?" said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. "I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?"

"Quite well, Sir, thank you," answered I, rather distantly. "But how is Miss Glenfield?"

"Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I am detaining you from your friends," as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and, nodding and smiling, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what matter was there in my waiting a few hours for the train to Beconsfield?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, Caroline began the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr. Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

"Married!" exclaimed my mother, looking up in surprise. "No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who are always fancying a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost encourages vice."

"I don't know," said I, vexed to hear the Doctor depreciated, "what business Anne has to talk about her master's everyday life. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man."

"He may be, Louisa, in his profession," remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper: "but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion."

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning I went to a friend of mine who lived in Beconsfield, the vicinity of Regent Street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr. Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for Mrs. Morton?

"Work for Mrs. Morton and her family too," replied my friend; "but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr. Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely ever see him. He's never on sailing and struggling her shoulders—for Mrs. Morton tells me he is terribly stingy."

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but, before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr. Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my visit was to Caroline, was very anxious to know when he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I could not but be colored, and I assure you rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

"To tell you, Miss Rawlins," said he, hurriedly, "I should like to finish the cure at home." He hesitated. I looked at him, but comprehended what it meant. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His eyes overcame his hesitation, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good fortune. However, I endeavored to keep my complacidities in check, and to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanor, and her amiable and affectionate disposition. "But then," I added, "you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister."

"As to her sister," replied the aurist, "I like Rebecca exceedingly well: she is a dear girl, and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss. I shouldn't like to be troubled with my bride's list of relations. Again the word *wife*! but I presume I am safe in continuing: as you have heard anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, 'for I suppose,' I added, "Miss Glenfield has given her own already consent.'

"Why, no, Mrs Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled any thing as yet, and seems to have no object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs. Rawlins: I think Mrs. Rawlins must be ill, for I have called in vain several times to-day. I fill up to Mrs. Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that the daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting such adventurers! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have been used more kindly by Mr. Martin and Mrs. Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Beconsfield to-night, and request her to call on me to-morrow, although the essential part I consider settled already' and, my dear Miss Rawlins, I will request he arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be no expense, I assure you, Mrs. Rawlins, in the event of there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia's wedding-dress, and I will be so glad to see you. Of course, when she is in her own house she will have every thing at her own disposal. And there is another thing, Miss Rawlins, I shall want a bridal companion for her sister when I am from home."

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, presented with a bridal, which would be the first place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries of the wedding of another.

"I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins," resumed Mr. Morton, "that I am going this evening to Mr. Glenfield's to see the young lady's sister. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he is her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to her residing with us. Amelia is attended, if it was only to vex my brother's wife."

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and circumstances, when such may take place from the present concentration, my thing wilder than the result? Caroline was in the drawing-room, by whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the sun in utter darkness, the other daughter—a child—in a cradle, and the blunder itself could not break—behold them now coming back from their sombre prison to wealth, romance, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and finding no want of eyes as she leaned on her husband's arm; the deaf with her face in full beam, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think of the part I should take in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears would roll down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I was married from Mr. Glenfield's house. At the time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. Amelia was married from Mr. Morton's, received as such attention, and felt almost as much interested in the affair as myself. Mr. Morton was also done in that of one of his own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest Mr. Morton took in Miss Glenfield, since it really began to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindness to strangers; and as for his being parsimonious —so far as I have seen—it is rather *Mrs.* Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca seemed to know not what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought she could be happier than she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, should she also to see her sister."

THE AMERICAN JACK THE GIANT-KILLER AND THE EUROPEAN GIANTS.



There was once upon a time a little American boy whose name was Jack, or Paul, as some people pretend. This little boy was a very good chess-player; and when he had beaten all the chess-players of his own country, he crossed the sea with his little chess-board, and sent up his card to the great Bull Giant of England, Staunton, and asked him, "Would he be so kind as to play with him?" The Bull Giant, Staunton, was greatly shocked, as you see in the picture, at this impertinence of Master Jack, and went on reading his paper without minding him in the least.



But the great Bull Giant was not the only Giant in England. Other giants stepped up and said they would play with little Jack, and he beat them all. The rains of his victories ran through all the land; the papers were full of them; and the great Bull Giant couldn't open a paper without finding some account of little Jack and his great battles with the chess giants. So now he was much more shocked than before. You see what a pitiful face he has!



What vexed the great Bull Giant the most was the thought that he would be forced to play with Jack at last, and that Jack would perhaps beat him. So, to prevent this, the Bull Giant set to work, might and main, to read Shakspeare. You may perhaps think that this was queer work for a chess giant, and so do I. But the Bull Giant went at it, for all that; and when Jack came back and asked him again, "Would he play a game with him?" he answered, angrily, "that he couldn't think of such a thing; didn't Jack see how busy he was with his Shak-speare?" Here you see him very busy indeed, and I hope it does him good.



Then Jack, finding that the Bull Giant would not play, went away into France to fight the chess giants there. The French giants are mostly large men, with big eyes, and big beards, and big stomachs; and when they saw little Jack, with his little chess-board, and his quiet, modest way, they were taken aback, and could not even keep their pipes alight for staring at him. You see them here taking a look at little Jack, and not knowing what to make of him.



Presently up walks Jack to the biggest of the French chess giants, one Harrwitz, and offers to play him a game. Harrwitz was a very polite man, not like the great Bull Giant, and he answered directly "Yaw!" and sat down to make an end of Jack without mercy. Here you see him beginning to make an end of poor Jack.



But after they had played two or three games, which little Jack won, Giant Harrwitz changed his mind a good deal, and, in fact, suddenly fell very sick. He had a very bad disease, which is a terrible thing for giants—a sinking of the heart, and a weakness in the back-bone; and so of course he couldn't play any more. Here you see the poor Giant Harrwitz suffering terribly from this cruel disease, brought on by his games with little Jack.



By this time every body in France had heard of little Jack, and all the great people asked him to their houses, and the ladies crowded round him and talked to him, and they do say the pretty ones kissed him in dark corners (but this, for my part, I hardly believe); which did not please the French giants at all. But the ladies went on petting little Jack, as you see in the picture, and Jack, they say, went on bearing it in his old, bold way.



The giants, as you may fancy, were mightily vexed at having been beaten by little Jack, and they held a council together to see what could be done. They smoked a great many pipes, and they drank enough beer to float a big ship; but I believe they didn't succeed in finding out any plan to entrap little Jack. You see them here plotting, in a rather smoky and beery way, to circumvent brave little Jack.



So little Jack, having beaten all the giants, and finding no one to play with him, tied a handkerchief over his eyes and offered to play any body and every body blindfold. But the giants have had enough of him; some of them are sick, others are drinking beer and smoking, others are so busy reading Shakspeare that they haven't time to play with him. So ends the story of little Jack the American Giant-killer.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sophy's claim examined and canvassed.

"I TAKE this moment," said Darrell, when left alone with Waife—(ah, reader, let *us* keep to that familiar name to the last!)—"I take this moment," said Darrell, "the first moment in which you can feel thoroughly assured that no prejudice against yourself clouds my judgment in reference to her whom you believe to be your grandchild, to commence—and, I trust, to conclude forever—the subject which twice brought you within these walls. On the night of your recent arrival here you gave me this copy of a French woman's declaration, to the effect that two infants had been placed out with her to nurse; that one of them was my poor daughter's infant, who was about to be taken away from her; that the other was confided to her by its parent, a French lady, whom she speaks of as a very liberal and distinguished person, but whose name is not stated in the paper."

WAIFE. "The confession describes that lady as an *artiste*; 'distinguished *artiste*' is the expression—viz., a professional person—a painter—an actress—a singer—or—"

DARRELL (*dryly*). "An opera-dancer! I understand the French word perfectly. And I presume the name is not mentioned in the document from motives of delicacy; the child of a distinguished French *artiste* is not necessarily born in wedlock. But this lady was very grateful to the nurse for the care shown to her infant, who was very sickly; and promised to take the nurse, and the nurse's husband also, into her service. The nurse states that she herself was very poor; that the lady's offer appeared to her like a permanent provision; that the life of this *artiste's* infant was of the utmost value to her—the life of my poor daughter's child of comparative insignificance. But the infant of the *artiste* died, and the nurse's husband put it into his wife's head to tell your son (then a widower, and who had seen so little of his child as to be easily deceived) that it was his infant who died. The nurse shortly afterward removed to Paris, taking with her to the *artiste's* house the child who in reality was my daughter's."

"It seems very probable, does it not—does it not?" said the ex-comedian, eagerly.

"It seems to me," replied the ex-lawyer, "very probable that a witness entering into court with the confession of one villainous falsehood would have little scruple to tell another. But I proceed. This rich and liberal *artiste* dies; the nurse's conscience then suddenly awakens—she sees Mr. Hammond—she informs him of the fraud she has practiced. A lady of rank, who had known Matilda, and had seen both the infants when both were living under the nurse's charge, and observed them more attentively than your son had done—corroborates the woman's story, stating that the *artiste's* child had dark eyes instead of blue; that the *artiste* herself was never deceived; but, having taken a great fancy to the spurious infant, was willing to receive and cherish it as her own; and that she knows several persons who will depose that they heard the *artiste* say that the child was not her own. On this evidence your son takes to himself this child—and this child is your Sophy—and you wish me to acknowledge her as my daughter's offspring. Do not look me so earnestly in the face, my dear and respected guest! It was when you read in my face what my lips shrunk from uttering that your emotions overcame your strength, and your very mind deserted you. Now, be firmer. Your Sophy has no need of me—she is under your charge, and your name is cleared. She has found a friend—a protectress—in her own sex. Lady Montfort's rank gives to her a position in the world as high as I could offer; and as to mere pecuniary provision for her, make your mind easy—it shall be secured. But bear with me when I add, resolutely and calmly, that this nurse's attestation is to me a grosser and poorer attempt at imposture than I had anticipated; and I am amazed that a man of your abilities should have been contented to accept it."

"Oh, Mr. Darrell, don't say so! It was such a blessing to think, when my son was lost to me, that I might fill up the void in my heart with an innocent, loving child. Don't talk of my abilities. If you, whose abilities none can question—if you had longed and yearned for such a comforter—if you had wished—if you wished now this tale to be true, you would have believed it too; you would believe it now—you would, indeed. Two men look so differently at the same story—one deeply interested that it should be true—one determined, if possible, to find it false. Is it not so?"

Darrell smiled slightly, but could not be induced to assent even to so general a proposition. He felt as if he were pitted against a counsel who would take advantage of every concession.

Waife continued. "And whatever seems most improbable in this confession is rendered probable at once—if—if—we may assume that my unhappy son, tempted by the desire to—to—"

"Spare yourself—I understand—if your son wished to obtain his wife's fortune, and therefore connived at the exchange of the infants, and was therefore, too, enabled always to corroborate the story of the exchange, whenever it suited him to reclaim the infant. I grant this—and I grant that the conjecture is sufficiently plausible to justify you in attaching to it much weight. We will allow that it was his interest at one time to represent his child, though living, as no more; but you must allow also that he would have deemed it his interest, later, to fasten upon me, as my daughter's, a child to whom she never gave birth. Here we entangle ourselves in a controversy without data, without facts. Let us close it. Believe what you please. Why should I shake convictions that render you happy? Be equally forbearing with me. I do full justice to your Sophy's charming qualities. In herself, the proudest parent might rejoice to own her; but I can not acknowledge her to be the daughter of Matilda Darrell. And the story that assured you she was your grandchild, still more convinces me that she is not mine!"

"But be not thus inflexible, I implore you—you can be so kind, so gentle—she would be such a blessing to you! later—perhaps—when I am dead. I am pleading for your sake—I owe you so much! I should repay you, if I could but induce you to inquire—and if inquiry should prove that I am right."

"I have inquired sufficiently."

"Then I'll go and find out the Nurse. I'll question her. I'll—"

"Hold. Be persuaded! Hug your belief! Inquire no farther!"

"Why—why?"

Darrell was mute.

Waife passed and repassed his hand over his brow, and then cried, suddenly, "But if I could prove her not to be my grandchild, then she might be happy!—then—then—ah, Sir, young Haughton tells me that if she were but the daughter of honest parents—no child of Jasper's, no grandchild of mine—then you might not be too proud to bless her at least as his bride! And, Sir, the poor child loves the young man. How could she help it? And, at her age, life without hope is either very short, or very, very long! Let me inquire! I should be happy even to know that she was not my grandchild. I should not love her less; and then she would have others to love her when I am gone to Lizzy!"

Darrell was deeply moved. To him there was something in this old man—ever forgetting himself, ever so hurried on by his heart—something, I say, in this old man, before which Darrell felt his intellect subdued, and his pride silenced and abashed.

"Yes, Sir," said Waife, musingly, "so let it be. I am well now. I will go to France tomorrow."

Darrell nerved his courage. He had wished to spare Waife the pain which his own persuasions caused to himself. Better now to be frank. He laid his hand on Waife's shoulder, and, looking him in the face, said, solemnly, "I entreat you not! Do you suppose that I would not resume inquiry in person, nor pause till the truth were made amply clear, if I had not strong reason to prefer doubt to certainty?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"There is a woman whose career is, I believe, at this moment revived into fresh notoriety as the heroine of some drama on the stage of Paris—a woman who, when years paled her fame and reft her spoils, as a courtesan renowned for the fools she had beggared, for the young hearts she had corrupted, sought plunder still by crimes, to which law is less lenient. Charged with swindling, with fraud, with forgery, and at last more than suspected as a practiced poisoner, she escaped by suicide the judgment of human tribunals."

"I know of whom you speak—that dreadful Gabrielle Desmarets, but for whom my sacrifice to Jasper's future might not have been in vain! It was to save Sophy from the chance of Jasper's ever placing her within reach of that woman's example that I took her away."

"Is it not, then, better to forbear asking who were your Sophy's parents, than to learn from inquiry that she is indeed your grandchild, and that her mother was Gabrielle Desmarets?"

Waife uttered a cry like a shriek, and then sate voiceless and aghast. At last he exclaimed, "I am certain it is not so! Did you ever see that woman?"

"Never that I know of; but George tells me that he heard your son state to you that she had made acquaintance with me under another name, and if there was a design to employ her in confirmation of his tale—if he was then speaking truth to you, doubtless this was the lady of rank referred to in the Nurse's confession—doubtless this was the woman once palmed upon me as Matilda's *confidante*. In that case I have seen her. What, then?"

"Mother was not written on her face! She could never have been a mother. Oh, you may smile, Sir; but all my life I have been a reader of the human face; and there is in the aspects of some women the barrenness as of stone—no mother's throb in their bosom—no mother's kiss on their lips."

"I am a poor reader of women's faces," said Darrell; "but she must be very unlike women in general, who allows you to know her a bit better if you stood reading her face till doomsday. Besides, at the time you saw Gabrielle Desmarets her mode of life had perhaps given to her an aspect not originally in her countenance. And I can only answer your poetic conceit by a poetic illustration—Niobe turned to stone; but she had a great many daughters before she petrified. Pardon me, if I would turn off by a jest a thought that I see would shock you, as myself, if gravely encouraged. Encourage it not. Let us suppose it only a chance that inquiry might confirm this conjecture; but let us shun that chance. Meanwhile, if inquiry is to be made, one more likely than either of us to get at the truth has promised to make it, and sooner or later we may learn from her the results—I mean that ill-fated Arabella Fosset, whom you knew as Crane."

Waife was silent; but he kept turning in his hand, almost disconsolately, the document which assoiled him from the felon's taint, and said at length, as Darrell was about to leave, "And this thing is of no use to *her*, then?"

Darrell came back to the old man's chair, and said, softly, "Friend, do not fancy that the young have only one path to happiness. You grieve that I can not consent to Lionel's marriage with your Sophy. Dismiss from your mind the desire for the Impossible. Gently wean from hers what is but a girl's first fancy."

"It is a girl's first love."

"And if it be," said Darrell, calmly, "no complaint more sure to yield to change of air. I have known a girl as affectionate, as pure, as full of all womanly virtues, as your Sophy (and I can give her no higher praise)—loved more deeply than Lionel *can* love; professing, doubtless at the time believing, that she also loved for life; betrothed too; faith solemnized by promise; yet in less than a year she was another's wife. Change of air, change of heart! I do not underrate the effect which a young man, so winning as Lionel, would naturally produce on the fancy or the feelings of a girl who as yet, too, has seen no others; but impressions in youth are characters in the sand. Grave them ever so deeply, the tide rolls over them; and when the ebb shows the surface again the characters are gone, for the sands are shifted. Courage! Lady Montfort will present to her others with forms as fair as Lionel's and as elegantly dressed. With so much in her own favor, there are young patricians enough who will care not a rush what her birth—young lords—Lady Montfort knows well how fascinating young lords can be! Courage—before a year is out, you will find new characters written on the sand."

"You don't know Sophy, Sir," said Waife, simply; "and I see you are resolved not to know her. But you say Arabella Crane is to inquire; and should the inquiry prove that she is no child of Gabrielle Desmarets—that she is either your own grandchild or not mine—that—"

"Let me interrupt you. If there be a thing in the world that is cruel and treacherous, it is a false hope! Crush out of every longing thought the belief that this poor girl can prove to be one whom, with my consent, my kinsman can woo to be his wife. Lionel Haughton is the sole kinsman left to whom I can bequeath this roof-tree—these acres, hallowed to me because associated with my earliest lessons in honor, and with the dreams which directed my life. He must take with the heritage the name it represents. In his children, that name of Darrell can alone live still in the land. I say to you, that even were my daughter now in existence, she would not succeed me—she would not inherit nor transmit that name. Why?—not because I am incapable of a Christian's forgiveness, but because I am not capable of a gentleman's treason to his ancestors and himself—because Matilda Darrell was false and perfidious—because she was dead to honor, and therefore her birth-right to a heritage of honor was irrevocably forfeited. And since you compel me to speak rudely, while in you I revere a man above the power of law to degrade—while, could we pass a generation, and Sophy were your child by your Lizzy, I should proudly welcome an alliance that made you and me brothers—yet I can not contemplate—it is beyond my power—I can not contemplate the picture of Jasper Losely's daughter, even by my own child, the Mistress in my father's home—the bearer of my father's name. 'Tis in vain to argue. Grant me the slave of a prejudice—grant these ideas to be antiquated bigotry—I am too old to change. I ask from others no sacrifice which I have not borne. And whatever be Lionel's grief at my resolve, grief will be my companion long after he has forgotten that he mourned."

CHAPTER IX.

Poor Sophy!

THE next morning Mills, in giving Sophy a letter from Lady Montfort, gave her also one for Waife, and she recognized Lionel Haughton's handwriting on the address. She went straight to Waife's sitting-room, for the old man had now resumed his early habits, and was up and dressed. She placed the letter in his hands without a word, and stood by his side while he opened it, with a certain still firmness in the expression of her face, as if she were making up her mind to some great effort. The letter was ostensibly one of congratulation. Lionel had seen Darrell the day before, after the latter had left the Home Secretary's office, and had learned that all which Justice could do to repair the wrong inflicted had been done. *Here* Lionel's words, though brief, were cordial, and almost joyous; but then came a few sentences steeped in gloom. There was an allusion, vague and delicate in itself, to the eventful conversation with Waife in reference to Sophy—a sombre, solemn farewell conveyed to her and to hope—a passionate prayer for her happiness—and then an abrupt wrench, as it were, away from a subject too intolerably painful to prolong—an intimation that he had succeeded in exchanging into a regiment very shortly to be sent into active service; that he should set out the next day to join that regiment in a distant part of the country; and that he trusted, should his life be spared by war, that it would be many years before he should revisit England. The sense of the letter was the more affecting in what was concealed than in what was expressed. Evidently Lionel desired to convey to Waife, and leave it to him to inform Sophy, that she was henceforth to regard the writer as vanished out of her existence—departed, as irrevocably as depart the Dead.

While Waife was reading he had turned himself aside from Sophy; he had risen—he had gone to the deep recess of the old mullion window, half screening himself beside the curtain. Noiselessly Sophy followed; and when he had closed the letter she laid her hand on his arm, and said, very quietly, "Grandfather, may I read that letter?"

Waife was startled, and replied, on the instant, "No, my dear."

"It is better that I should," said she, with the same quiet firmness; and then, seeing the distress in his face, she added, with her more accustomed sweet docility, yet with a forlorn droop of the head, "But as you please, grandfather."

Waife hesitated an instant. Was she not right?—would it not be better to show the letter? After all, she must confront the fact that Lionel could be nothing to her henceforth; and would not Lionel's own words wound her less than all Waife could say? So he put the letter into her hands, and sate down, watching her countenance.

At the opening sentences of congratulation she looked up inquiringly. Poor man! he had not spoken to her of what at another time it would have been such joy to speak; and he now, in answer to her look, said, almost sadly, "Only about *me*, Sophy; what does that matter?" But before the girl read a line farther she smiled on him, and tenderly kissed his furrowed brow.

"Don't read on, Sophy," said he, quickly. She shook her head and resumed. His eye still upon her face, he marked it changing as the sense of the letter grew upon her, till, as, without a word, with scarce a visible heave of the bosom, she laid the letter on his knees, the change had become so complete that it seemed as if ANOTHER stood in her place. In very young and sensitive persons, especially female (though I have seen it even in our hard sex), a great and sudden shock or revulsion of feeling reveals itself thus in the almost preternatural alteration of the countenance. It is not a mere paleness—a skin-deep loss of color; it is as if the whole bloom of youth had rushed away; hollows, never discernible before, appear in the cheek that was so round and smooth; the muscles fall as in mortal illness; a havoc, as of years, seems to have been wrought in a moment; Flame itself does not so suddenly ravage—so suddenly alter—leave behind it so ineffable an air of desolation and ruin. Waife sprang forward and clasped her to his breast.

"You will bear it, Sophy! The worst is over now. Fortitude, my child!—fortitude! The human heart is wonderfully sustained when it is not the conscience that weighs it down—griefs that we think at the moment must kill us wear themselves away. I speak the truth, for I too have suffered!"

"Poor grandfather!" said Sophy, gently; and she said no more. But when he would have continued to speak comfort, or exhort to patience, she pressed his hand tightly, and laid her finger on her lip. He was hushed in an instant.

Presently she began to move about the room, busying herself, as usual, in those slight, scarce perceptible arrangements by which she loved to think that she ministered to the old man's simple comforts. She placed the arm-chair in his favorite nook by the window, and before it the footstool for the poor lame foot; and drew the table near the chair, and looked over the books that George had selected for his perusal from Darrell's library; and chose the volume in which she saw his mark to place nearest to his hand, and tenderly cleared the mist from his reading-glass; and removed one or two withered or ailing snow-drops from the little winter nosegay she had gathered for him the day before—he watching her all the time, silent as herself, not daring, indeed, to speak, lest his heart should overflow.

These little tasks of love over, she came toward him a few paces, and said, "Please, dear grandfather, tell me all about what has happened to yourself which should make us glad—that is, by-and-by; but nothing as to the rest of that letter. I will just think over it by myself; but never let us talk of it, grandy dear, never more—never more."

CHAPTER X.

Trees that, like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs,
give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height.
Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us, when,
like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the
lowlier droop their boughs.

USUALLY, when Sophy left Waife in the morning, she would wander out into the grounds, and he could see her pass before his window; or she would look into the library, which was almost exclusively given up to the Morleys, and he could hear her tread on the old creaking stairs. But now she had stolen into her own room, which communicated with his sitting-room—a small lobby alone intervening—and there she remained so long that he grew uneasy. He crept softly to her door and listened. He had a fineness of hearing almost equal to his son's; but he could not hear a sob—not a breath. At length he softly opened the door, and looked in with caution.

The girl was seated at the foot of the bed, quite still—her eyes fixed on the ground, and her finger to her lip, just as she had placed it there when imploring silence; so still, it might be even slumber. All who have grieved respect grief. Waife did not like to approach her; but he said, from his stand at the threshold—"The sun is quite bright now, Sophy; go out for a little while, darling."

She did not look round—she did not stir; but she answered with readiness—"Yes, presently."

So he closed the door, and left her. An hour passed away; he looked in again; there she was still—in the same place, in the same attitude.

"Sophy, dear, it is time to take your walk; go—Mrs. Morley is in front, before my window. I have called to her to wait for you."

"Yes—presently," answered Sophy, and she did not move.

Waife was seriously alarmed. He paused a moment—then went back to his room—took his hat and his staff—came back.

"Sophy, I should like to hobble out and breathe the air; it will do me good. Will you give me your arm? I am still very weak."

Sophy now started—shook back her fair curls—rose—put on her bonnet, and in less than a minute was by the old man's side. Drawing his arm fondly into hers, they descend the stairs; they are in the garden; Mrs. Morley comes to meet them—then George. Waife exerts himself to talk—to be gay—to protect Sophy's abstracted silence, by his own active, desultory, erratic humor. Twice or thrice, as he leans on Sophy's arm, she draws it still nearer to her, and presses it tenderly. She understands—she thanks him. Hark! from some undiscovered hiding-place near the water Fairthorn's flute! The Music fills the landscape as with a living presence; the swans pause upon the still lake—the tame doe steals through yonder leafless trees; and now, musing and slow, from the same desolate coverts, comes the doe's master. The music spells them all. Guy Darrell sees his guests where they have halted by the stone sun-dial. He advances—joins them—congratulates Waife on his first walk as a convalescent. He quotes Gray's well-known verses applicable to that event,* and when, in that voice sweet as the flute itself, he comes to the lines—

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise"—

Sophy, as if suddenly struck with remorse at the thought that she, and she alone, was marring that opening paradise to the old man in his escape from the sick room to "the sun, the air, the skies," abruptly raised her looks from the ground, and turned them full upon her guardian's face, with an attempt at gladness in her quivering smile, which, whatever its effect on Waife, went straight to the innermost heart of Guy Darrell. On the instant he recognized, as by intuitive sympathy, the anguish from which that smile struggled forth—knew that Sophy had now learned that grief which lay deep within himself—that grief which makes a sick chamber of the whole external world, and which greets no more, in the common boons of Nature, the opening Paradise of recovered Hope! His eye lingered on her face as its smile waned, and perceived that CHANGE which had so startled Waife. Involuntarily he moved to her side—involuntarily drew her arm within his own—she thus supporting the one who cherished—supported by the one who disowned her. Guy Darrell might be stern in resolves which afflicted others, as he was stern in afflicting himself; but for *others* he had *at least* compassion.

Poor Waife, with nature so different, marked Darrell's movement, and, ever ready to seize on comfort, said inly—"He relents. I will not go to-morrow, as I had intended. Sophy must win her way; who can resist her?"

Talk languished—the wintry sun began to slope—the air grew keen—Waife was led in—the Morleys went up into his room to keep him company—Sophy escaped back to her own. Darrell continued his walk, plunging deep into his maze of beechwoods, followed by the doe. The swans dip their necks among the water-weeds; the flute has ceased, and drearily still is the gray horizon, seen through the skeleton boughs—seen behind the ragged sky-line of shaft and parapet in the skeleton palace.

Darrell does not visit Waife's room that day; he concludes that Waife and Sophy would wish to be much alone; he dreads renewal of the only subject on which he has no cheering word to say. Sophy's smile, Sophy's face haunted him. In vain he repeated to himself—"Tut, it will soon pass—only a girl's first fancy."

But Sophy does not come back to Waife's room when the Morleys have left it; Waife creeps into her room as before, and, as before, there she sits—still as if in slumber. She comes in, however, of her own accord, to assist, as usual, in the meal which he takes apart in his room: helps him—helps herself, but eats nothing. She talks, however, almost gayly; hopes he will be well enough to leave the next day; wonders whether Sir Isaac has missed them very much; reads to him Lady Montfort's affectionate letter to herself; and, when dinner is over, and Waife's chair drawn to the fireside, she takes her old habitual place on the stool beside him, and says—"Now, dear grandfather—all about yourself—what happy thing has chanced to you?"

Alas! poor Waife has but little heart to speak; but he forces himself; what he has to say may do good to her.

"You know that, on my own account, I had reasons for secrecy—change of name. I shunned all those whom I had ever known in former days; could take no calling in life by which I might be recognized; deemed it a blessed mercy of Providence that when, not able to resist offers that would have enabled me to provide for you as I never otherwise could, I assented to hazard an engagement at a London theatre—trusting for my incognito to an actor's arts of disguise—came the accident which, of itself, annihilated the temptation into which I had suffered myself to be led. For, ah child! had it been known who and what was the William Waife whose stage-mime tricks moved harmless mirth, or tears as pleasant, the audience would have risen, not to applaud, but hoot—'Off, off,' from both worlds—the Mimic as the Real! Well, had I been dishonest, you—you alone felt that I could not have dared to take you, guiltless infant, by the hand. You remember that, on my return to Rugge's wandering theatre, bringing you with me, I exaggerated the effects of my accident—affected to have lost voice—stipulated to be spared appearing on his stage. That was not the mere pride of manhood shrinking from the display of physical afflictions. No. In the first village that we arrived at I recognized an old friend, and I saw that, in spite of time, and the accident that had disfigured me, he recognized me, and turned away his face, as if in loathing. An old friend, Sophy—an old friend! Oh, it pierced me to the heart; and I resolved, from that day, to escape from Rugge's stage; and I consented, till the means of escape, and some less dependent mode of livelihood were found, to live on thy earnings, child; for if I were discovered by other old friends, and they spoke out, my disgrace would reflect on you, and better to accept support from you than that! Alas! appearances were so strong against me I never deemed they could be cleared away, even from the sight of my nearest friends. But Providence, you know, has been so kind to us hitherto; and so Providence will be kind to us again, Sophy. And now, the very man I thought most hard to me—this very Guy Darrell, under whose roof we are—has been the man to make those whose opinion I most value know that I am not dishonest; and Providence has raised a witness on my behalf in that very Mr. Hartopp who judged me (and any one else might have done the same) too bad to be fit company for you! And that is why I am congratulated; and oh, Sophy! though I have borne it as Heaven does enable us to bear what of ourselves we could not, and though one learns to shrug a patient shoulder under the obloquy which may be heaped on us by that crowd of mere strangers to us and to each other, which is called 'the WORLD,' yet to slink out of sight from a friend, as one more to be shunned than a foe—to take, like a coward, the lashings of scorn—to wince, one raw sore, from the kindness of Pity—to feel that in life the sole end of each shift and contrivance is to slip the view-hallo, into a grave without epitaph, by paths as stealthy and sly as the poor hunted fox, when his last chance—and sole one—is, by winding and doubling, to run under the earth; to know that it would be an ungrateful imposture to take chair at the board—at the hearth, of the man who, unknowing your secret, says—'Friend, be social;' accepting not a crust that one does not pay for, lest one feel a swindler to the kind fellow-creature whose equal we must not be!—all this—all this, Sophy, did at times chafe and gall more than I ought to have let it do, considering that there was ONE who saw it all, and would—Don't cry, Sophy; it is all over now."

"Not cry! Oh, it does me so much good!"

"All over now! I am under this roof—without shame or scruple; and if Guy Darrell, knowing all my past, has proved my innocence in the eyes of those whom alone I cared for, I feel as if I had the right to stand before any crowd of men erect and shameless—a Man once more with Men! Oh, darling, let me but see thy old happy smile again! The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old. Be patient—be firm; Providence is so very kind, Sophy."

* "See the wretch who long has tost," etc.—GRAY.

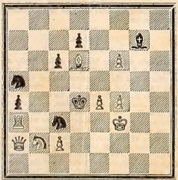
CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM X.

BY A. K.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PATTERSON" (Philadelphia). Mr. K.'s problem, which you were kind enough to inclose, is so pretty that we can not help serving it up on our gridiron of this week; although, as a principle, we are opposed to two-move positions.——S. L. (Florence). Too late! Will excuse you this once, however, as it is the first time we have caught you tripping. Our readers expect, by-the-way, that you incontinently send us a five-move problem *as is a problem* by way of atonement.——Solutions to Problem VIII. have been received from J. C. K., "IMPRIMIS," A. G. C. and J. A. C. (Albany), J. D. G. (Cincinnati), C. C. T. (Dunkirk), "SCHACHSPIELER" (Watertown), J. B. K., S. N., W. H. E., F. W. (Philadelphia), T. J. B. (Richmond, Virginia), E. W. N., C. U. P., J. E. T., Dr. H., "SUBSCRIBER," C. H., "NOVICE," W. M. R., C. W. R. (Evansville), W. H. E. (Augusta), W. H. C., and "TROIS TOURS."——Solutions to Problem IX. also received from J. M., L. R., C. T., and F. L. ——J. G. (Brooklyn). Received with pleasure.——"SILVER SPURS." Write to the Secretary.——T. D. (Auburn), T. J. B. (Richmond), "SUBSCRIBER." Quite right as to S. L.'s problem; also J. F. and C. T.——D. H. L. Each piece is represented by its initial letter, and Kt distinguishes Knight from King. K B P means King's Bishop's Pawn; and P to K 4 means Pawn to King's fourth square. Surely you understand now?——T. F. S. (Fond du Lac). Problems examined and found *wanting*. Also those of "SILENTIA," G. K., and M. R.——"NAYAUG." Solution quite right. Sorry to hurt your *feelinks*, but people with such outlandish names must take the consequences.——Thanks for invitation to checkmate trout in Roaring Brook. If ever that way, will throw a line and go in for a *draw*, anyhow.——"EXAMINER." What's the matter? Why don't you report progress? Let us hear from you sharp. ——F. W. (Philadelphia). Pleased to hear from you, and obliged by your attention in forwarding the "Bulletin."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 8 (ch)	Kt to Q 2
2. Q to B 4 (ch)	B to Q 4
3. P to K 4	Any thing
4. Q or Kt checkmates	

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA I.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K Kt	B takes Kt (*)
2. B to R 2	B takes B
3. Kt to B 3 checkmate	

(*) If "P to B 5 (ch)," White takes Pawn (ch), etc.; and if "K to K 4," Bishop checks at R 2, in any event forcing mate on the third move.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA II.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R takes dble. P	K to Kt 4 (*)
2. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K takes R
3. P checkmates	

(*) If "K to Q 4," Knight checks at King's third square, and next mates with Bishop.

ENIGMA III.

BY "PATTERSON" (PHILADELPHIA).

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

WHITE.—K at K R 3. Q at Q B. Kt's at K B 3 and Q Kt 4. P's at K Kt 2, Q 3, and Q 5.

BLACK.—K at K B 5. B at Q 3. Kt at Q R 4. R at K R. P's at K R 5, K B 4, K 6, and Q 5.

MORPHY IN PARIS.—Paul Morphy's chess career partakes of the marvelous in more ways than one. Not alone does he astonish the world by his unparalleled skill, whether exhibited across the board or without any board at all, but those best versed in the statistics of the game are almost as much nonplused by the inconceivable *evenness* of his play. He is the only chess-player that we ever knew who appears never to make an oversight or a weak move—or if ever, it is once in a moon's age. In corroboration of this statement we append a list of *killed and wounded*, being a short summary of his doings, so far, during his present sojourn in Paris:

EVEN GAMES.	Won by Mr. M.	Lost by Mr. M.	Drawn.
Laroche	5	0	2
De Riviere	6	1	1
Journoud	12	0	0
Budinsky	7	0	0
Boucher	2	0	0
Harrwitz	5	3	1
ODDS OF PAWN AND MOVE.			
Devink	0	2	0
Guibert	1	0	0
Lecrevain	5	0	2
Lequesne	3	0	0
Delannoy	4	0	0
CONSULTATION GAMES.			
De Riviere and Journoud	0	0	1
St. Amant and Lequesne	2	0	0
St. Amant and L. F. de L'E.	3	0	0

The following short and dashing encounter with M. Journoud is one of Mr. Morphy's latest successes. It took place at the Café de la Régence, and was witnessed by a complete *bevy* of dukes, marquises, and celebrities of every description:

(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (*Mr. M.*)	BLACK (*Mr. J.*)
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2. P to Q 4	P takes P
3. K Kt to K B 3	P to K 4
4. K B to Q B 4	K B to K 2
5. P to Q B 3	P to Q 3
6. Q to Q Kt 3	P takes P
7. K B takes P (ch)	K to B sq
8. Q Kt takes P	Q Kt to Q B 3
9. B takes K Kt	K R takes B
10. Castles	Q to K sq
11. K Kt to Kt 5	B takes Kt
12. B takes B	B to K 3
13. Kt to Q 5	P to K R 3
14. P to K B 4	Q to Q 2
15. P takes K P (dis ch)	K to K sq
16. Kt to Q B 7 (ch)	Q takes Kt
17. Q takes B (ch)	

White wins.

EPIGRAMS.

BY R. BULWER LYTTON.

On —— receiving the Cross of St. Anne.

IN ancient days—and no great loss—
They hung the knave upon the cross;
How differently they now behave,
And hang the cross upon the knave!

We thought it not a wonder slight
The ass of Balaam *spoke;*
Now every ass begins to *write,*
That ass is quite a joke!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUGHS.—We seldom have occasion to experiment in medicines—less seldom do we recommend to others that for which we have so great distaste ourselves. We have, however, of late, on one or two occasions, had occasion to use some of Dr. Brown's Troches, and experienced relief therefrom. —*Christian Mirror, Portland.*

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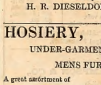
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RICH
SILVER-PLATED
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We Manufacture and Plate our own Ware, and are thus enabled to offer much inducements in regard to Quality and Price that can be guaranteed. Our Collection of *Articles* suitable for the *Holidays* exceeds any display we have ever before made. The new Coffee Tea, and Hot Water Urns are becoming very popular. To these, together with the assorted list, we invite especial notice.

Liquor, or Cordial Stands: Magic Perfumery and Cologne Stands, with Thermometer attached; Magic Castors; Tea Trays; Cake Baskets; Soup Tureens; Ice Pitchers; Spoons; Forks; Fillagree Card and Sugar Baskets; Wine Coolers; Champagne and Hock Bottle Holders; New Style French Tea and Coffee Pots; Bread Trays; Cake Baskets; Spoons; Filagree Card and Sugar Baskets; Wine Coolers; Champagne and Hock Bottle Holders; New Style French Tea and a Rich Breakfast Castors, &c., &c.

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